GOSPEL

Andrew Brewster.

GOSPEL SONGS

— COMPILED BY —

JAS. W. ACUFF

WM. D. EVRIDGE

PRICES

Single Copy	$ .40	Postpaid
Dozen	4.50	Postpaid
25 Copies	8.00	Postpaid
50 Copies	16.00	Postpaid
100 Copies	30.00	Postpaid

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THE TRIO MUSIC COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

WACO, TEXAS MEMPHIS, TENN.

GOSPEL SONGS

PREFACE

Paul says, "I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also." (I Cor. 14:15.)

The sweet singer of Israel said: "Through thy precepts I get understanding." Ps. 119:104.) With this Scripture before us in compiling this book, we have spared no pains in selecting such songs as will spiritually build up, encourage, admonish, and strengthen Christians; and will, we trust, be the means of leading many impenitent, disobedient sinners to a loving submission to God's holy will.

In Col. 3:16 we are instructed to let the word of Christ dwell in us richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in our hearts, to the Lord. Therefore, it is of great importance that the words of each song contain only scriptural sentiment—gospel truth.

The music is unsurpassed in sweet, flowing melodies and easy, appropriate harmonies. The book contains an excellent collection of solos, duets, quartets, choruses, etc.

We have not been unmindful of the splendid old songs we love so much to sing, but have included in this collection, many of the standard hymns—such as are scriptural in sentiment—enough to satisfy the lovers of the songs of bygone days.

We have, also, classified and arranged all songs so that they appear in the proper division, making a very convenient arrangement for evangelistic work.

We humbly submit GOSPEL SONGS for the consideration of a generous, Christian public, believing that it is in perfect keeping with the gospel of Christ; and, that it will meet with the approval of all true followers of the lowly Nazarene.

We wish to thank the many ministers who assisted us in the compilation of this book; and, humbly pray that many souls may be uplifted and made happy by it; that sadness and gloom may be dispelled from the lives of many weary, way-worn travelers by the singing of these sweet songs, and that the blessings of our loving, heavenly Father may rest upon it.

"Let the glorious gospel message,
Which we love so much to tell,
Echo until every nation
Shall the glorious anthem swell."

JAS. W. ACUFF,
WM. D. EVRIDGE.

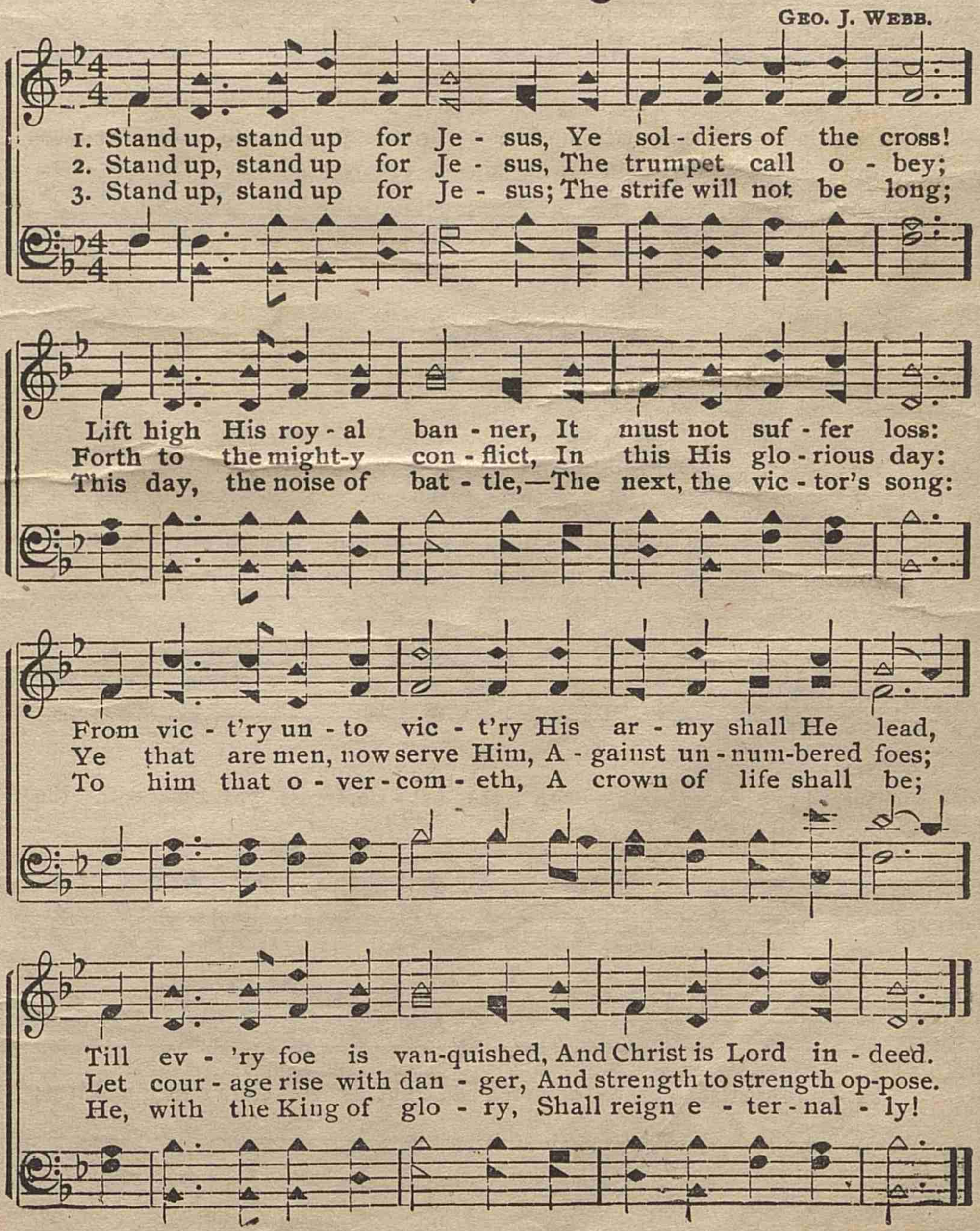
Waco, Texas, April 1, 1909.

GOSPEL SONGS

NO. 1.

Stand Up for Jesus.

GEO. J. WEBB.



NO. 2.

On with the Battle.

JENNIE WILSON. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY DEAN & ACUFF. JAS. W. ACUFF.

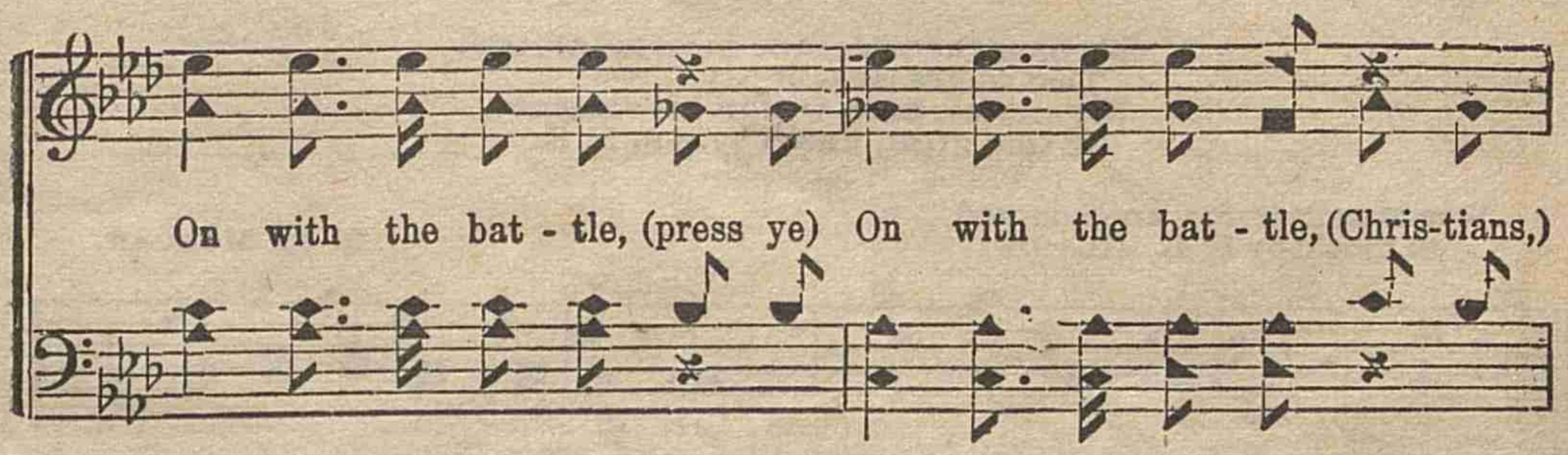
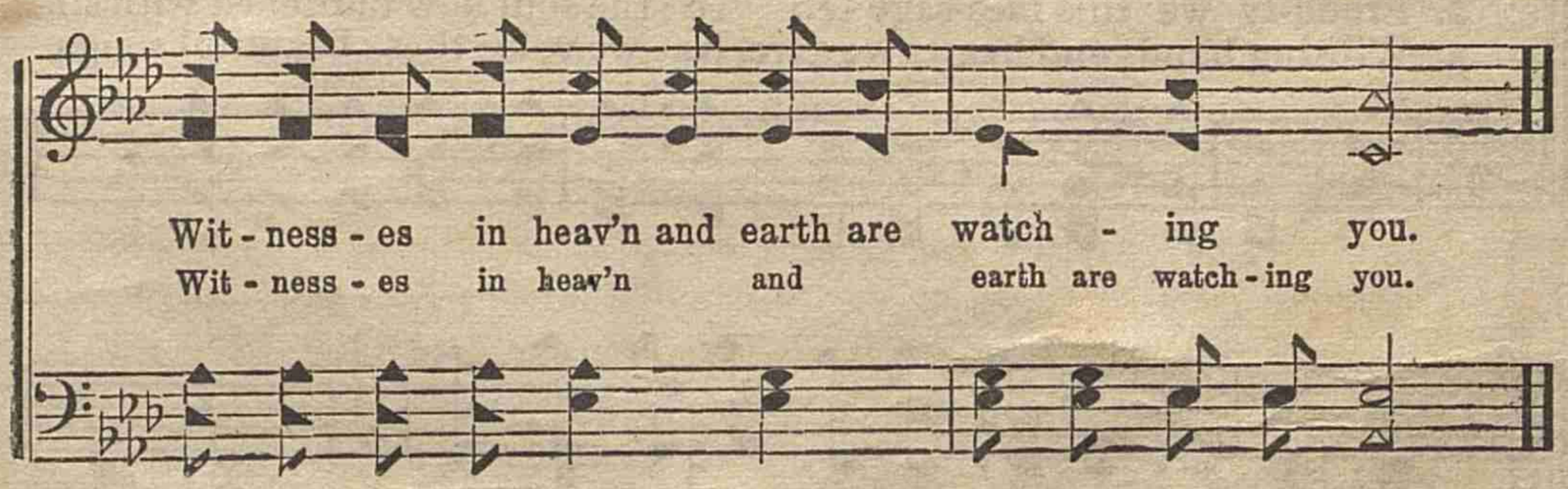
1. On with the bat - tle, let your cour - age nev - er fail In the con - flict with the might - y hosts of sin; Christ is your Cap - tain,
2. On with the bat - tle, let sal - va - tion's ban - ner wave Ev - 'ry- where in joy - ous tri - umph o - ver wrong; Send out the ti - dings,
3. On with the bat - tle, let the rule of e - vil cease, Lib - er- ate the cap - tives sin would fain de - stroy; Aft - er the war - fare

trust - ing Him you must pre - vail, O - ver en - e - mies a won - drous
Je - sus has the pow'r to save, Let the sigh - ing of the world be
there will come sweet rest and peace, When each vic - tor wears a crown of

CHORUS.

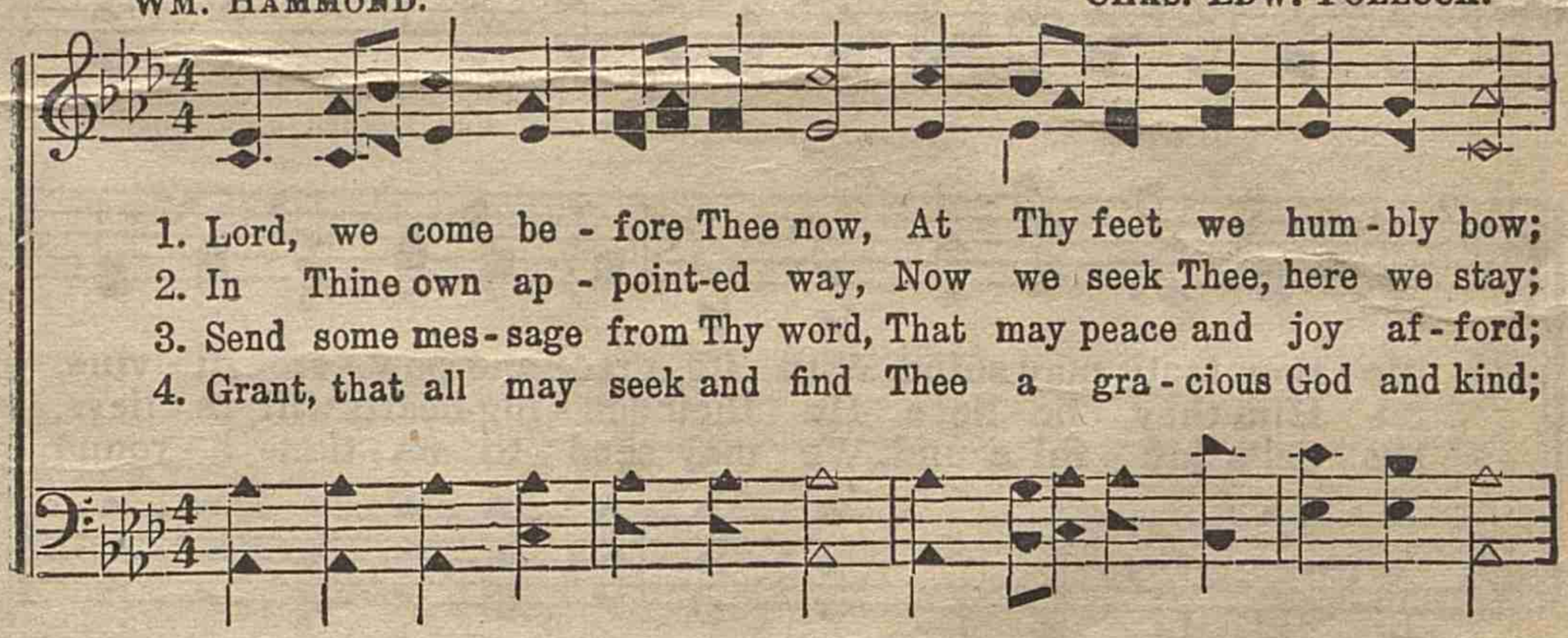
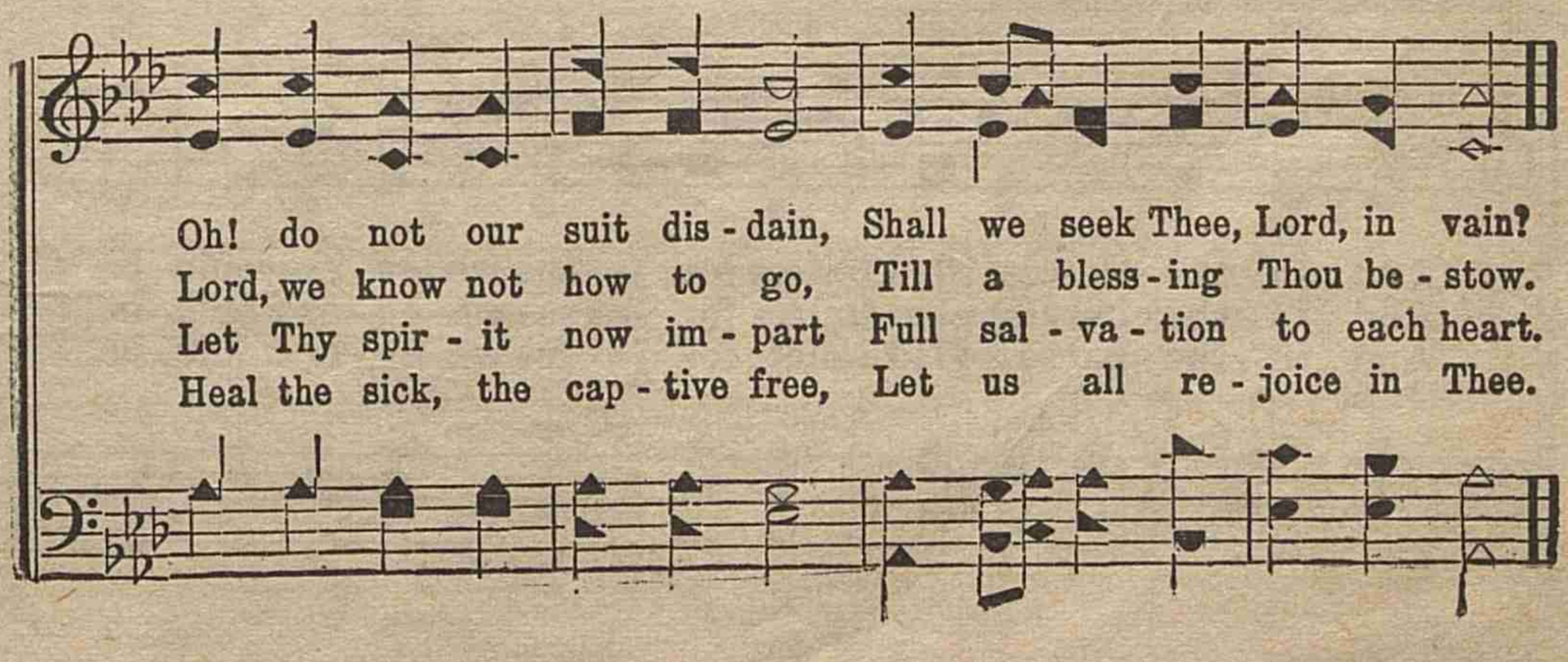
vic - t'ry win.
turned to song. On with the bat - tle, (press ye) On with the
last - ing joy.

bat-tle,(Christians,) Brave-ly march and fight as sol - diers strong and true;

On with the Battle—Concluded.

NO. 3.

Mattie, 7's.

WM. HAMMOND. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

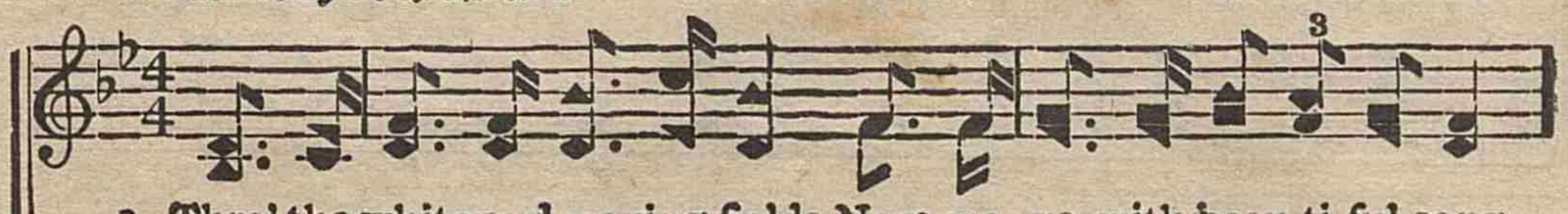
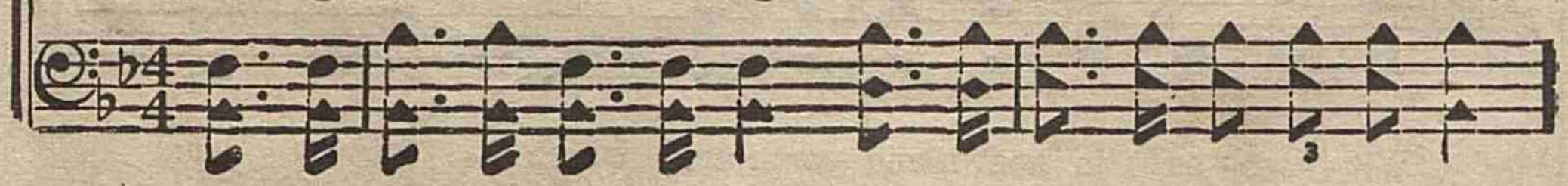
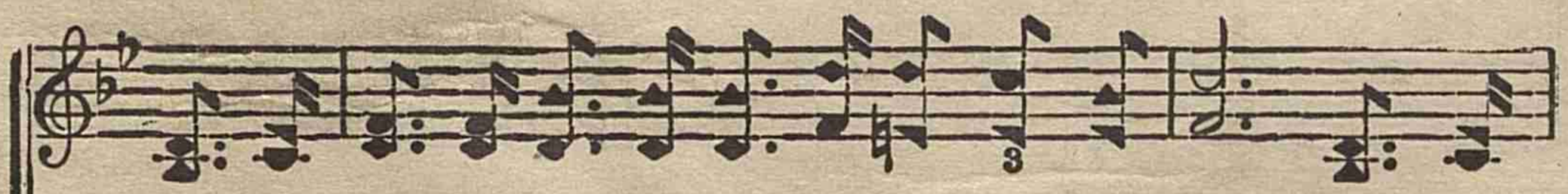
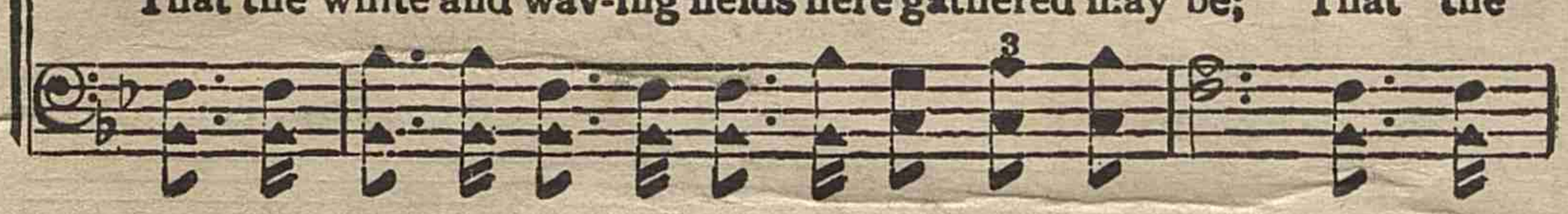
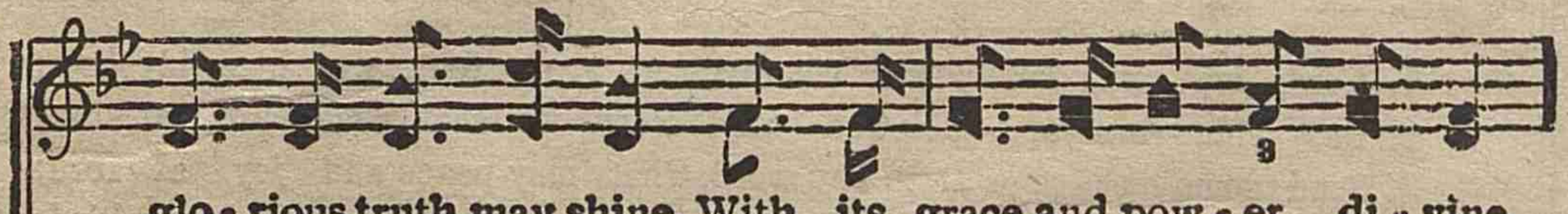
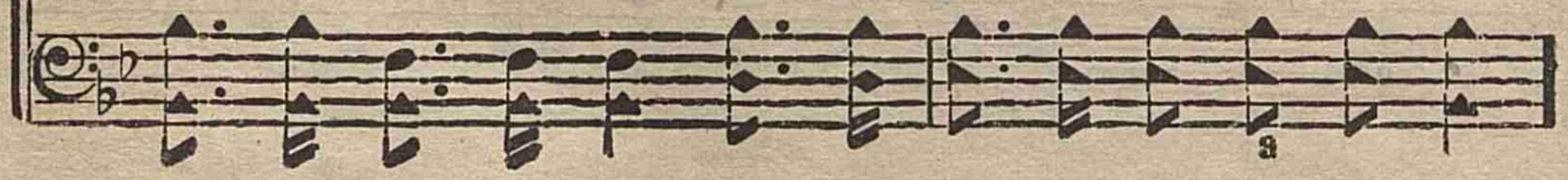
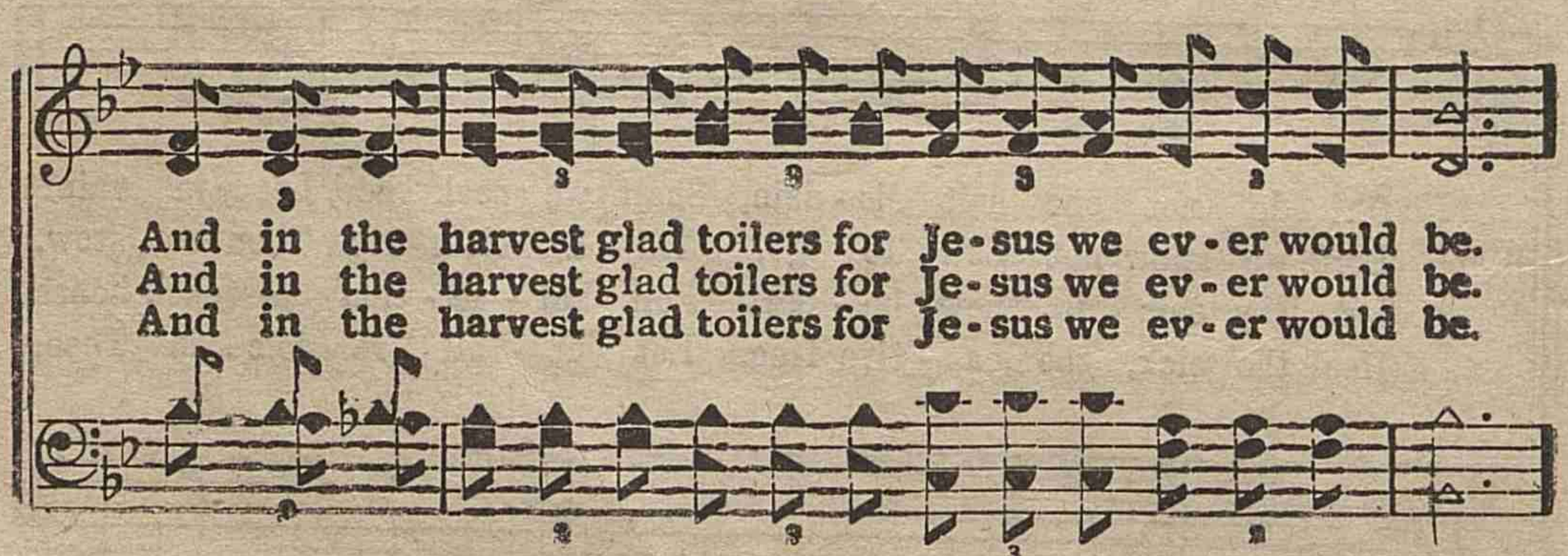


NO. 4.

The Waving Harvest.

We have the sweet and precious promise,
That wages He will pay,
For service, here, within his vineyard,
In that great, final day.—F. L. H.

Words written for, and adapted to music by F. L. HILAND.

R. M. MORGAN.

1. Thro' the white and waving fields, Now we go with beau-ti-ful song,
2. Proud-ly we this mes-sage tell To the soul now burdened with sin,
3. Will-ing hands and hearts we give, As we voice these beautiful songs,

That the bless-ed gos-pel light lost sin-ners may see; That its
That in Je-sus there is peace, and won-drous-ly free; That if
That the white and wav-ing fields here gathered may be; That the

glo-rious truth may shine, With its grace and pow-er di-vine,
on Him they be-lieve, He their ach-ing hearts will re-lieve,
gos-pel's joy-ful sound, We may send to na-tions a-round,

And in the harvest glad toilers for Je-sus we ev-er would be.
And in the harvest glad toilers for Je-sus we ev-er would be.
And in the harvest glad toilers for Je-sus we ev-er would be.

From "Gospel Gamer," by kind leave.

The Waving Harvest. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gos - pel in song..... un - to you we

The Gos - pel in song

bring, Of the great love..... of

un - to you we bring, And of the great love of

Je - sus we sing; Beau - ti - ful

of Je - sus we sing;

grain..... is wast-ing, we see,

The beau - ti - ful grain is wast-ing, we see,

Repeat Chorus softly.

And in the harvest glad toilers for Je - sus we ev - er would be.

NO. 5.

What Are You Doing?

Dedicated to my brother, E. W. Eiland, Cayucas, Cal.

"And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say"?—LUKE 6: 46.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. Are you lead - ing pre-cious souls, to the Sav - iour, my broth - er?
2. Do you heed His gen - tle voice, when to you He is plead - ing?
3. Will you go my broth - er dear, in the vine - yard and la - bor?
4. By and by, we'll hear His voice, say - ing—come ye faith-ful serv - ants,

Point - ing to the cross where He died; Do you tell them He's the
Say - ing there are loved ones a - stray; On the cross of Cal - va -
Soon, ah! soon, you'll reap your re - ward! Go and tell the wand'ring
Come ye, from the wide har - vest field; You have fed the hun - gry

way and the hope for the sin - ner? O! be-hold His pierc-ed side.
ry, I have pur-chased their redemption, Go and bring them back to - day.
soul, of the lov - ing Re-deem-er, Go, and preach His ho - ly word.
soul, and the bless - ing now awaits you, Thou shalt have a - bun - dant yield.

CHORUS.

Point them to..... mount Cal - va - ry,..... Where He
Point them to mount Cal - va - ry,

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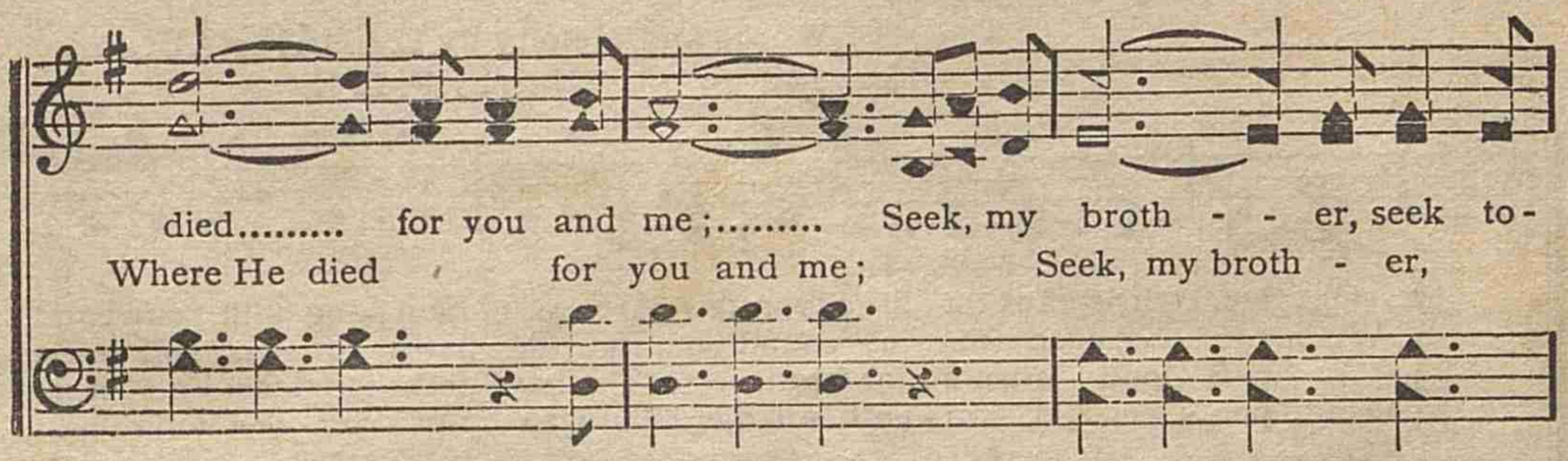
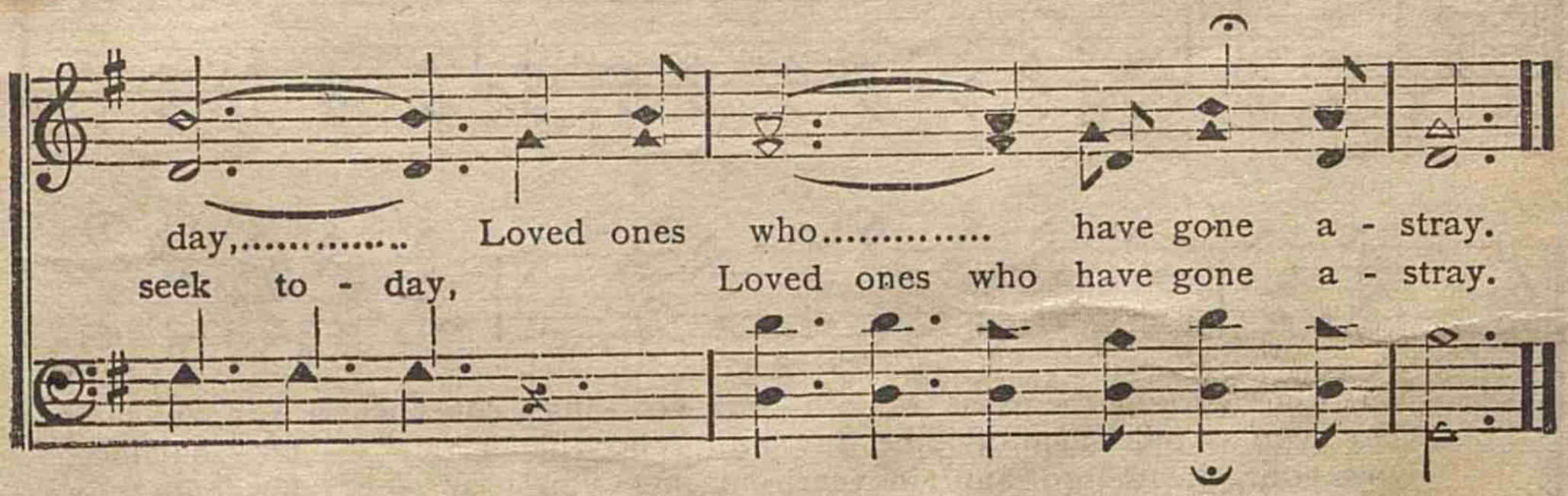
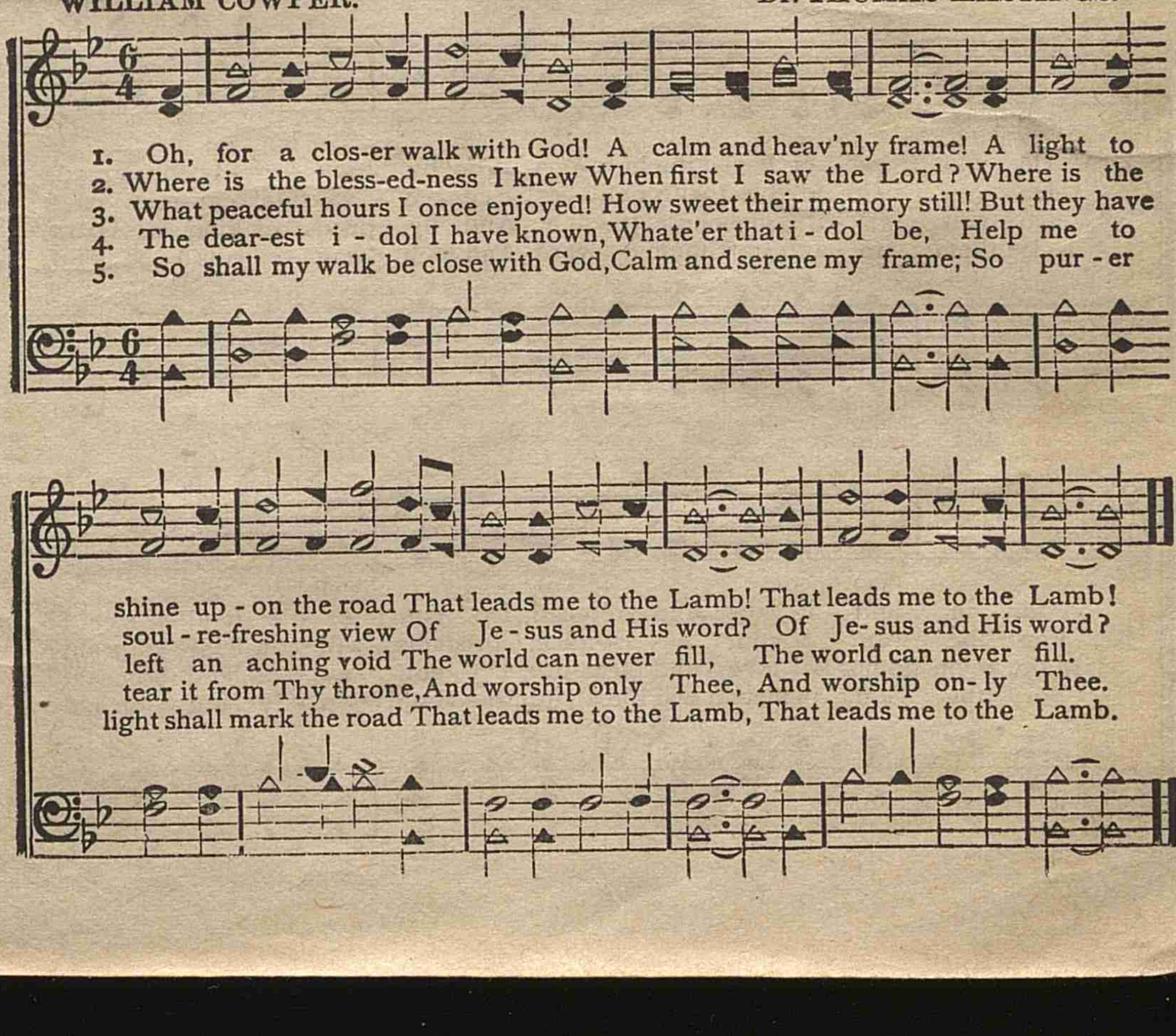
What Are You Doing?—Concluded.

NO 6.

Prayer.

"Walk in the Spirit."—GAL. 5 : 16.

WILLIAM COWPER. Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



NO. 7.

Lend Your Aid.

Words and Melody by E. S. BROUGHAUGH.
Har. by F. L. E.

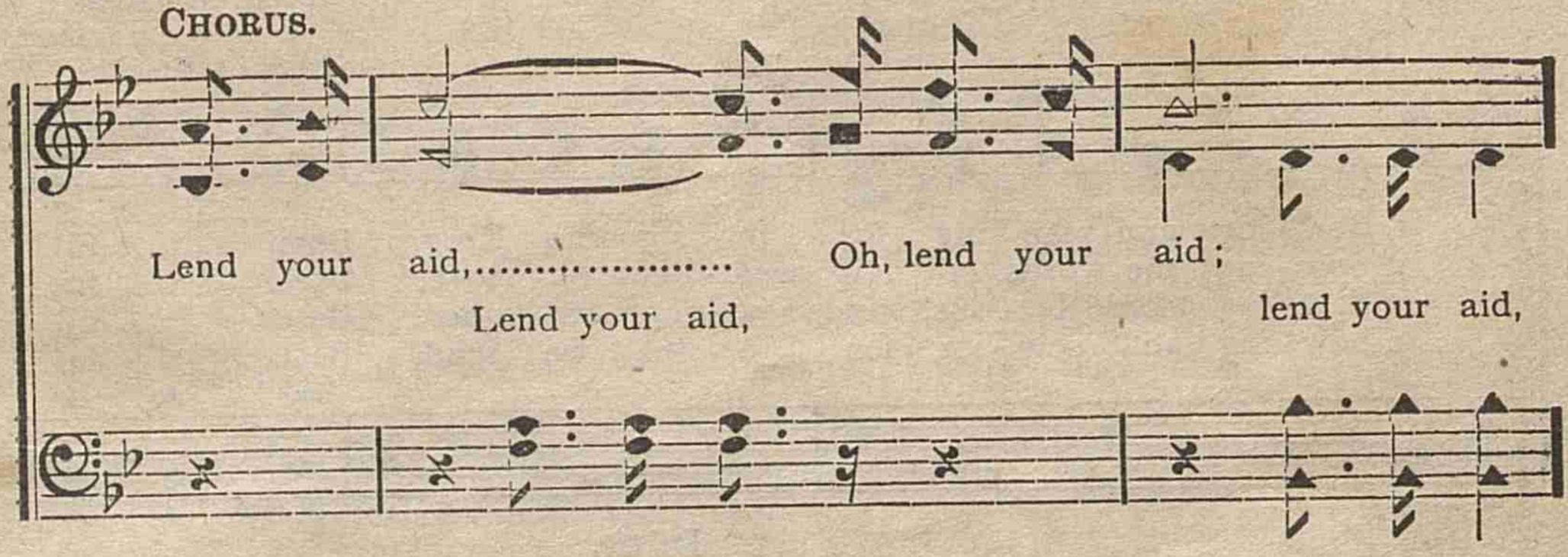
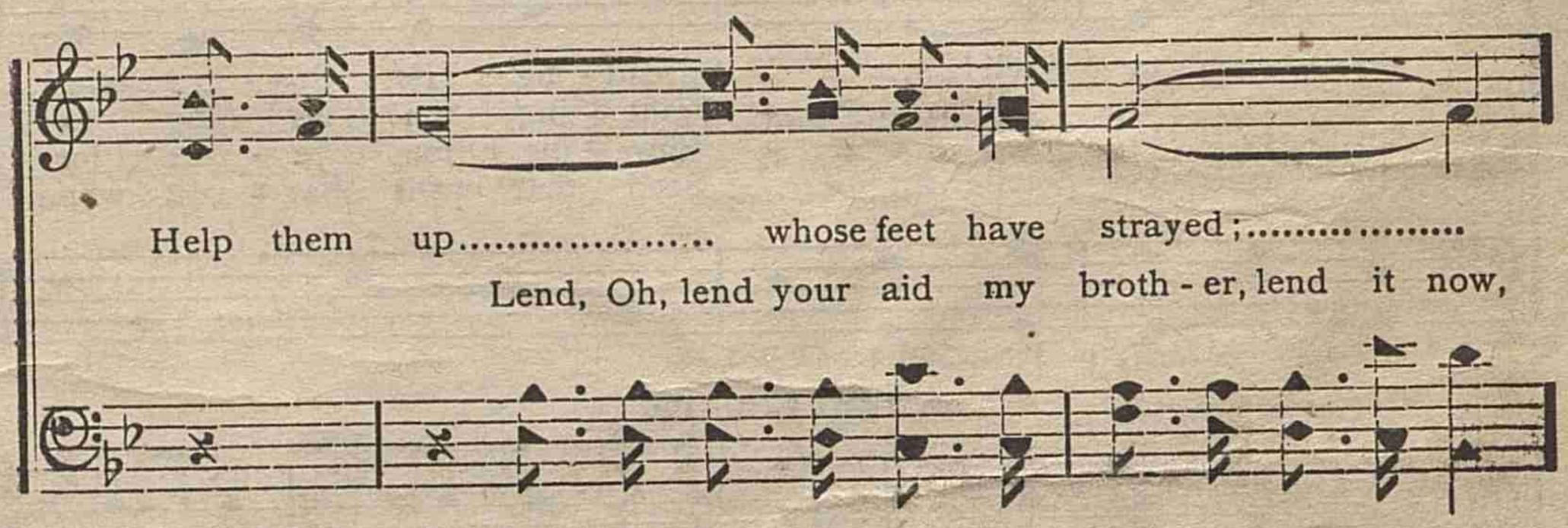
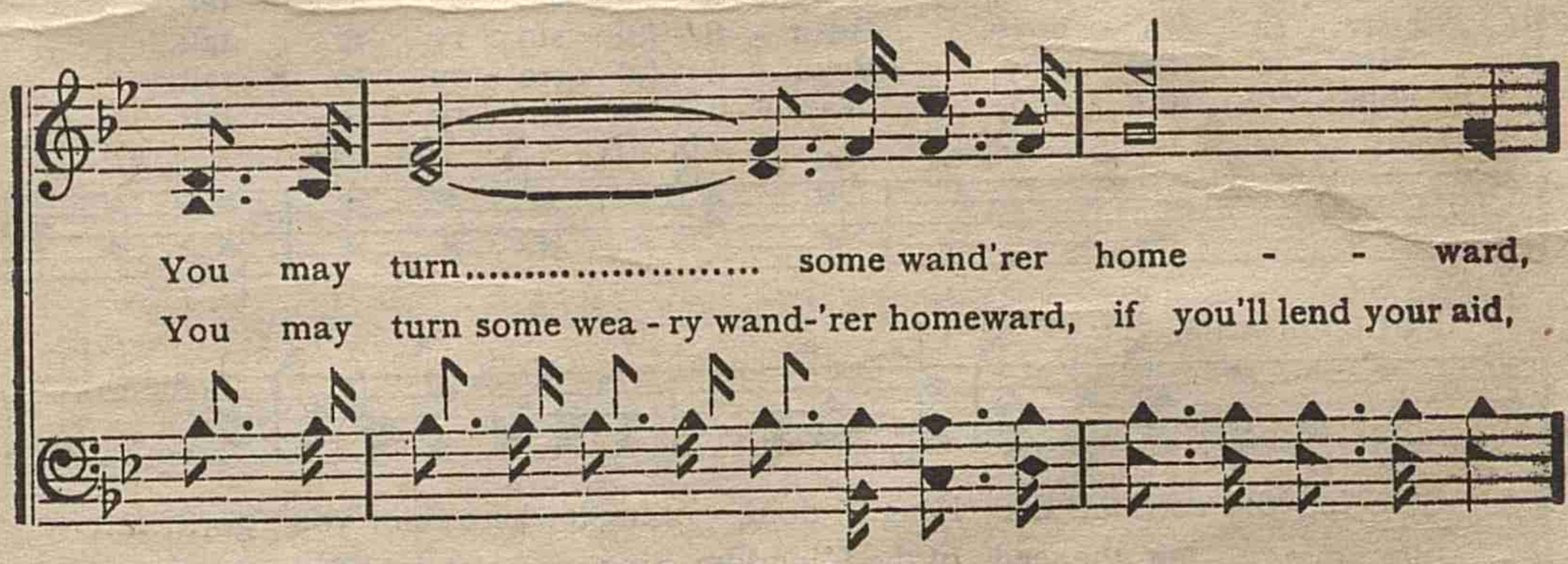
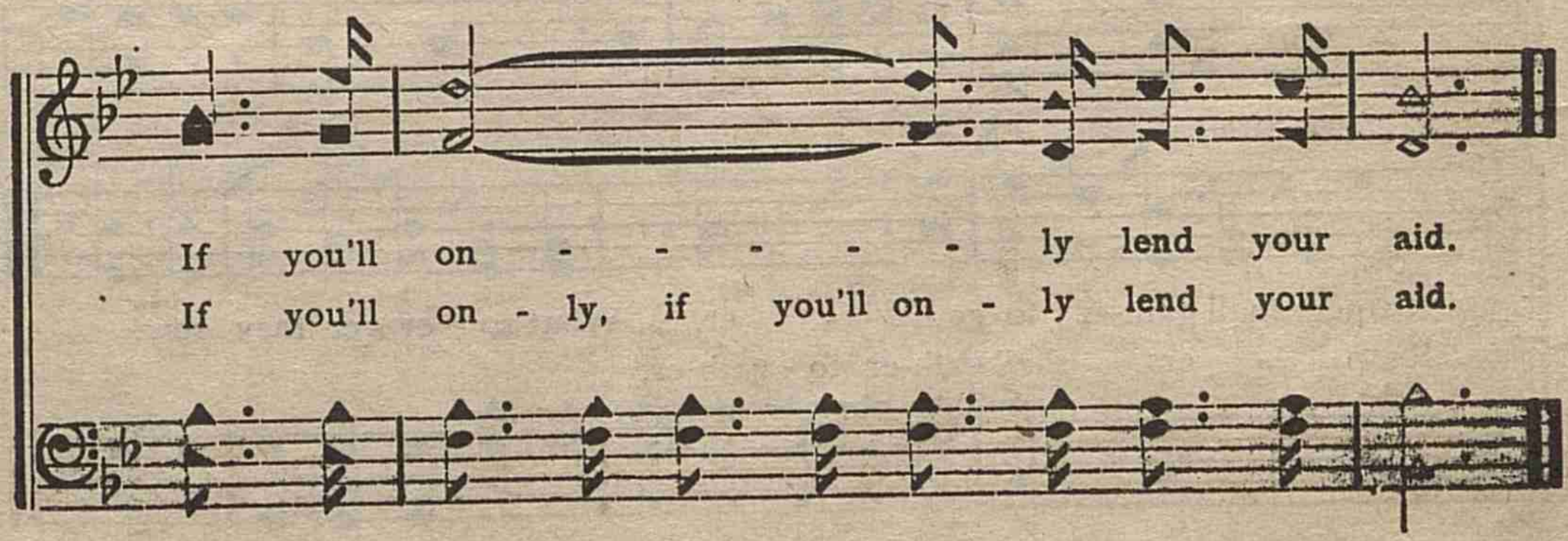
1. Oh you chris-tians on life's jour-ney, Are you help - ing with your hand,
2. When you see so ma - ny 'round you, In the paths of sin and strife,
3. As you look a-round at broth - ers, Who have wan-dered far a - stray;
4. Would you be a val - iant sol-dier? Turn to ev - 'ry one your light.

Mak - ing bright the paths of oth - ers, Giv - ing cheer where e'er you can?
Do you tell them of the Sav- iour, Who will give e - ter - nal life,
Does your heart go out in yearn-ing, Do you ev - er for them pray?
Help, oh, help the worn and wea - ry, Who have fall - en in the fight,

Do you ev - er feed the hun - gry, Who by pov - er - ty are made
Do you, who are blest with rich - es, See Sal - va- tion's cause un - paid,
Do you vis - it homes here, low - ly, And by deeds of kind - ness paid,
Raise them up, and start them on-ward, And full wag - es you'll be paid,

Poor in spir - it, low and wretched, Do you ev - er lend your aid?
For the want of your as - sist-ance, Christians, will you lend your aid?
Make them homes of love and pleas-ure, Do you ev - er lend your aid?
For the God of heav'n will bless you, If you'll on - ly lend your aid?

Lend Your Aid.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

NO. 8.

Beautiful Story to tell.

F. L. EILAND. S. A. MYERS.

DUET. SEMI CHORUS.

1. Sow - ing and reap - ing for Je - sus our King, Beau - ti - ful
2. Sow - ing the words of His won - der - ful love, Beau - ti - ful
3. Sow - ing for Je - sus, yes, sow - ing to - day, Beau - ti - ful
4. Sow - ing still sow - ing for Je - sus we send, Beau - ti - ful

DUET.

sto - ry to tell !..... Spread - ing His Gos - pel in
sto - ry to tell !..... Point - ing the err - ing to
sto - ry to tell !..... Sow - ing for Je - sus for
sto - ry to tell !..... Seed that we'll har - vest when

SEMI CHORUS.

truth as we sing, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.
heav - en a - bove, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.
He is the way, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.
com - eth the end, Beau - ti - ful sto - ry to tell.

FULL CHORUS.

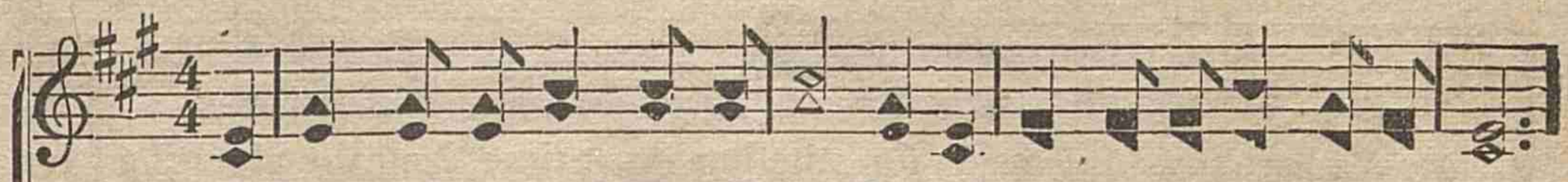
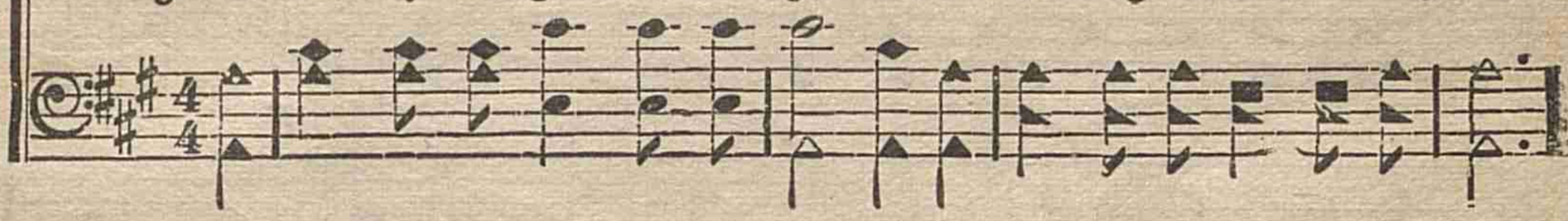
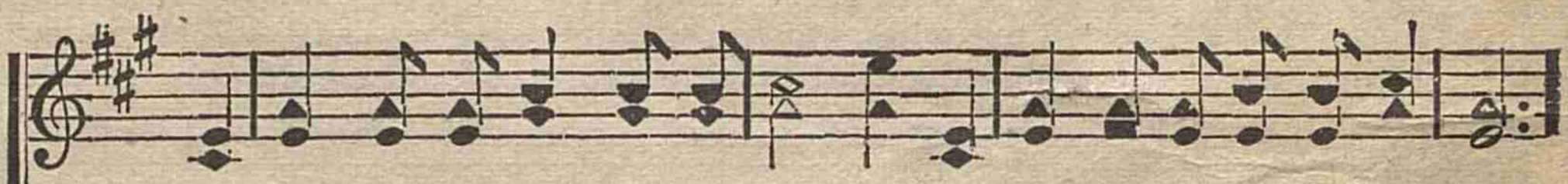
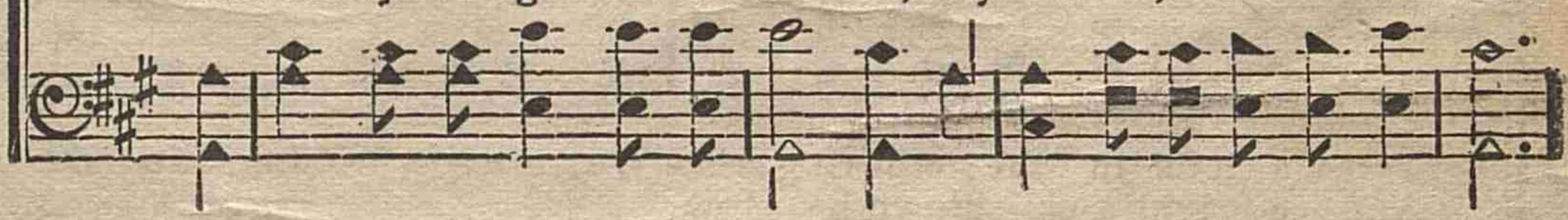
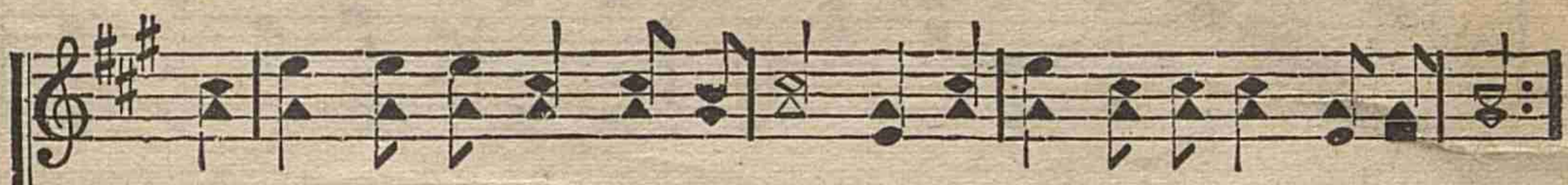
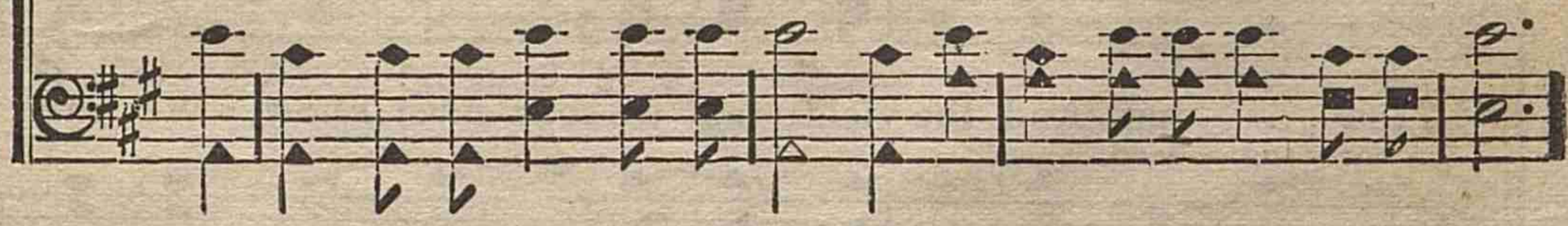
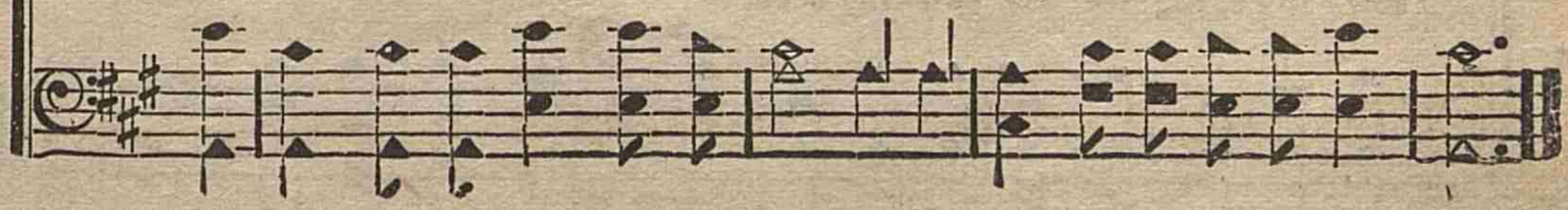
Sow- ing the seed of the King - dom, Sing it where ev-er you go,.....
Sow - ing the seed of the Kingdom, Sing it where ev-er you go,

Reapers shall gath-er to-geth - er, What-so - ev - er they sow.
Reap - ers shall gath-er to - geth-er,

NO. 9.

Willing and Ready.

Read the 8th and 9th verses of fourth division of Paul's Epistle, to the Philippians.

Words by F. L. EILAND. Music by ELLIOTT & EILAND.

1. My heart and my hand I would give Thee; I'm ready for something to do;
2. I've wast- ed the talent Thou gav-est; I've thrown the bright moments away;
3. If on - ly one grain I shall gath-er; For nearing the end it may be,

Too long have I stood as an id - ler, Too long to my Sav-iour un-true.
I've come un-to Thee, emp-ty hand-ed, No sheaves can I of - fer to - day.
I'm read - y to go in the har-vest, My Sav-iour, and la - bor for thee.

CHORUS.

My heart and my hand I would give Thee; My du - ty, I on- ly would know;

Where ev - er Thou may-est as- sign me, I'm will-ing and read-y to go.

NO. 10

We're Sowing Seed.

By every word and deed, do we, Some seed of some kind sow;
Which will bring forth a yield for God, Or for destruction grow.

W. L. EILAND. CHAS. C. DOWDY.

1. We are sow - ing seed for the har - vest-time, And the yield-ing for
2. Let us sow good seed, of our Fa-ther's love, For His king - dom
3. If in fer - tile soil, shall the fall - ing be, Of the seed that for

God must be; Lest with sor - row, we, from the field shall come,
here be - low, That when gar-nered in, He will say, "Well done,"
Him we sow, Then a gath - 'ring in, of the gold - en grain,

REFRAIN.

Tares a - lone in the gath-'ring see. We are sow - ing, we are
And a bright - er crown be - stow.
From the har-vest, we can but show. We are sow - ing seed, we are

sow - ing, And the yield - ing we soon must know; We are
sow - ing seed,

sow - ing, we are sow - ing, What, oh, what will the gath'ring be?
sow - ing seed, we are sow - ing seed,

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NO. 11.

Traveling Home.

Words and Music by A. J. JACKSON. Arr. by E. and T.

1. I'm trav-'ling to my home a - bove, Walk-ing in the way the
2. O sin - ner, come and go with me, Walk-ing in the way the
3. The road is love - ly and 't is strait, Walk-ing in the way the

spir - it leads; To that bright home where all is love, Walking in the way the
spir - it leads; And there the Saviour we shall see, Walking in the way the
spir - it leads; And soon we'll reach the gold-en gate, Walking in the way the

CHORUS.

spir - it leads. Walk - - - ing in the way,
Walk-ing ev - 'ry day, in the shin-ing way,

Walk - - - ing in the way,
Walk - ing ev - 'ry day, in the shin - ing way,

Walk - ing in the way, Walking in the way the spirit leads.
Walking ev'ry day, in the shining way,

18[illegible], by F. L. Eiland.

NO. 12.

I'm a Soldier of the Cross.

To battle go for Jesus, A soldier, brave, to be;
Go, boldly, sin to conquer, Till thou hast victory.

F. L. EILAND. J. B. TREAT.

1. It is now, my soul's delight, Since I've joined the glorious fight, I'm a
2. I will turn the hearts of men, From the wicked ways of sin,—In the
3 Tho', there may not many, be, Who shall turn, from sin, by me,—I'm a

sol-dier, I'm a sol-dier of the cross,—I will work with all my might,
ar-my, in the ar-my of the Lord! And each bat-tle I be-gin,
sol-dier, I'm a sol-dier of the cross, Yet, the bat-tle, I will press,

Guid-ed by His holy light,—I'm a soldier, I'm a sol-dier of the cross!
I will pray, for strength to win, In the ar-my, in the ar-my of the Lord!
Thro' my Savior's righteousness, I'm a soldier, I'm a sol-dier of the cross!

CHORUS.

My soul's de-light is here, to fight, is
My humble soul's delight, my humble soul's delight, is here be-low to fight, is

fight, In the ar-my, in the ar-my of the Lord; I'll
here be-low to fight, I'll

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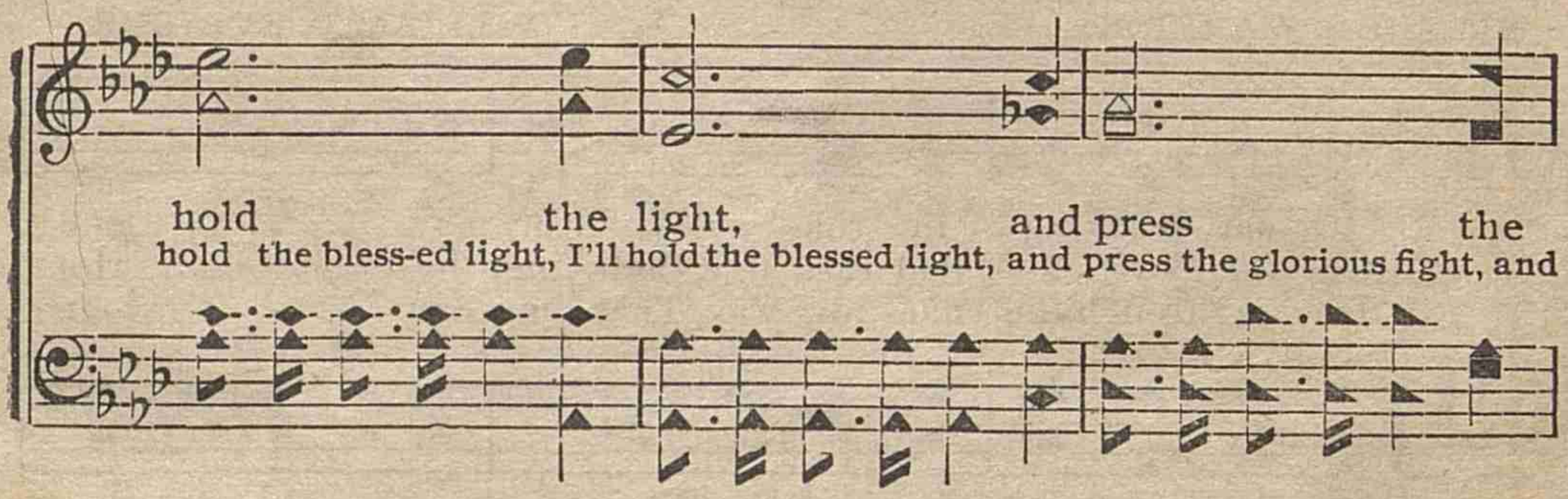
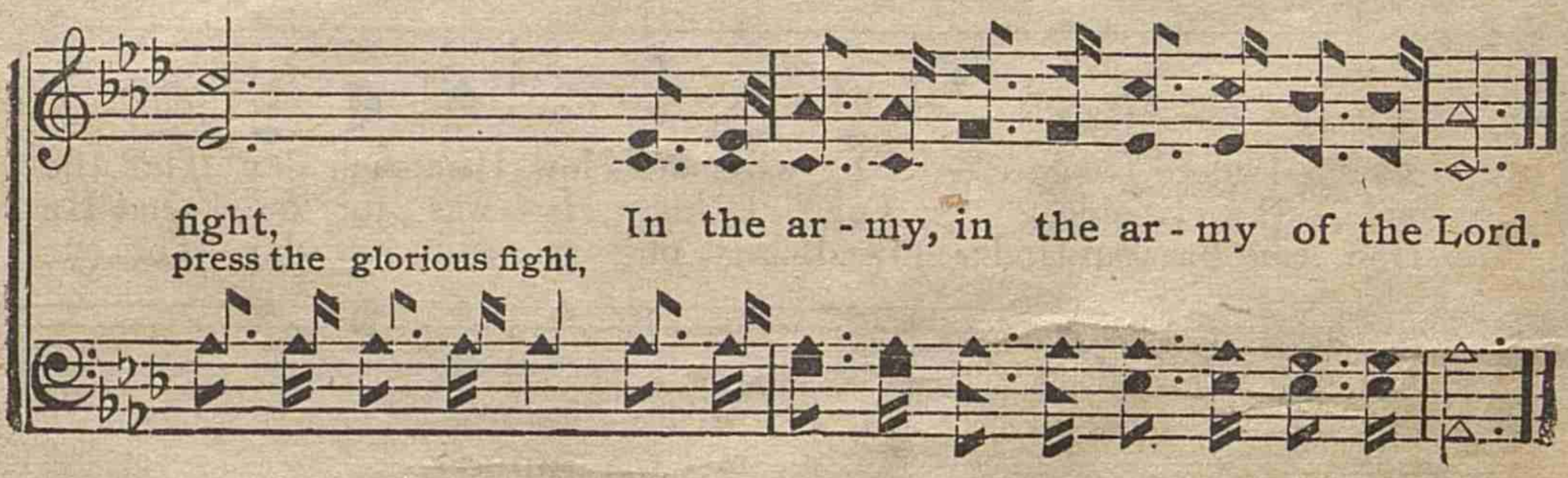
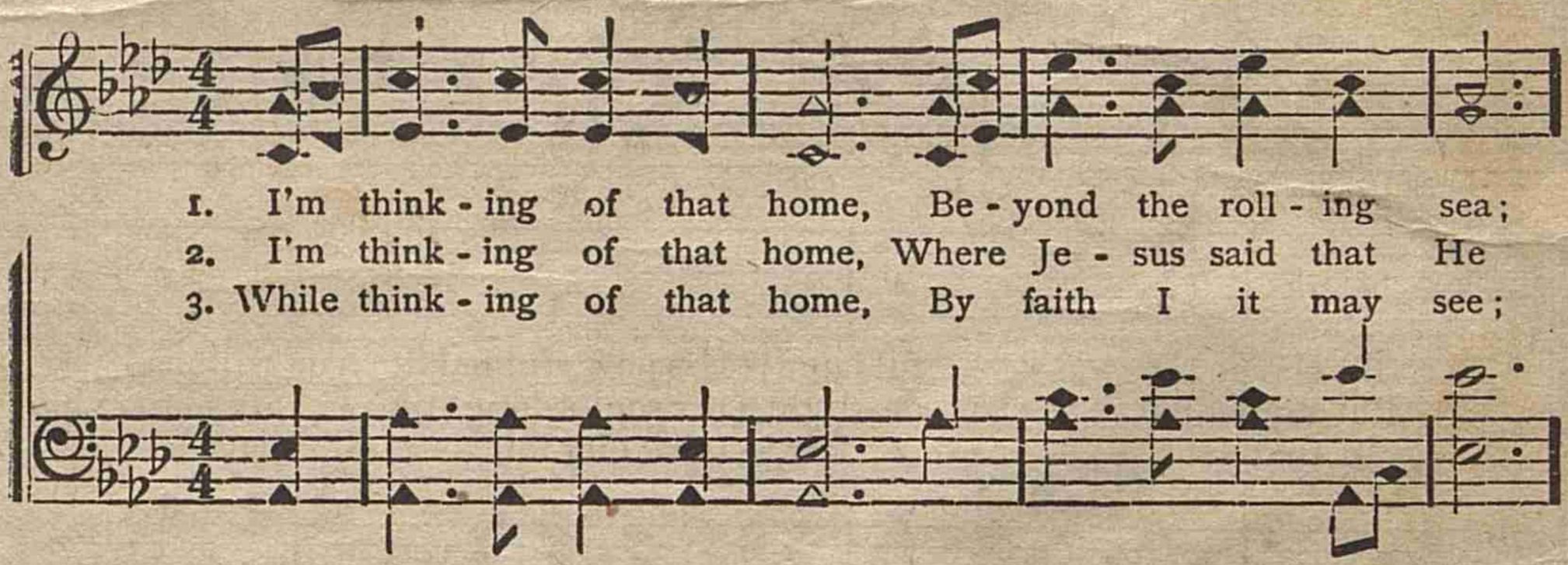
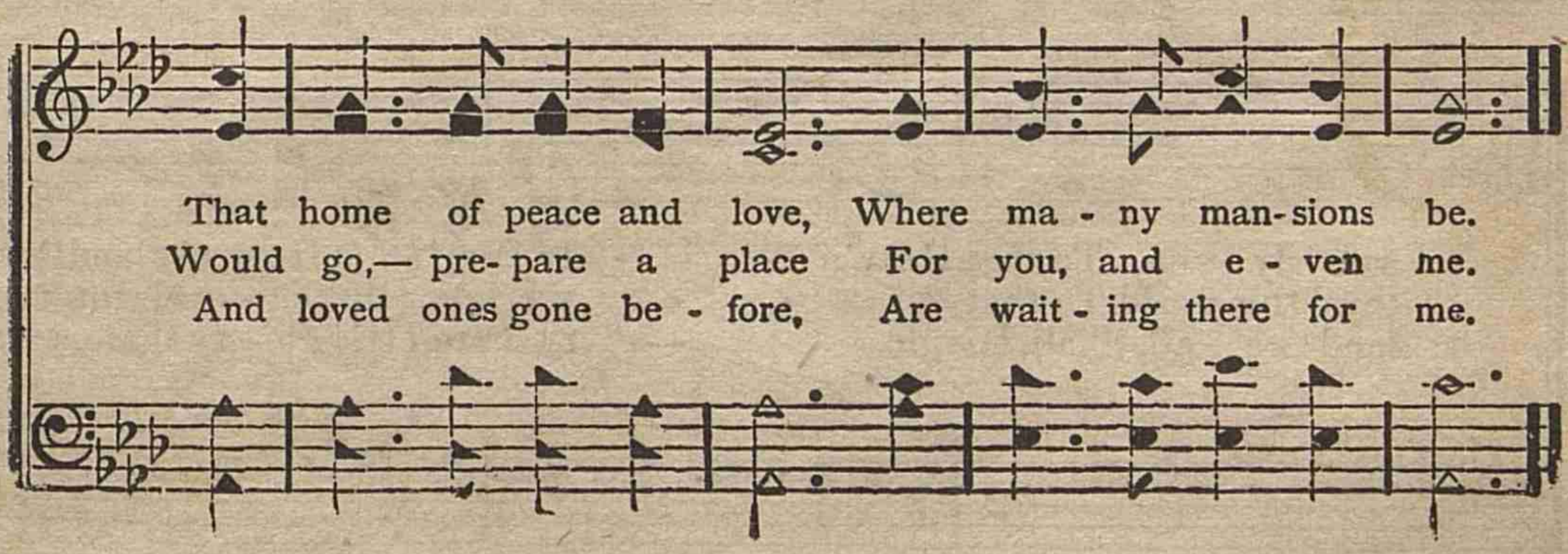
I'm a Soldier of the Cross—Concluded.

NO. 13.

I'm Thinking of Home.

H. W. E. H. W. ELLIOTT.





NO. 14.

Walking In The Way.

Eld. JOE S. WARLICK. WILLIAM D. EVRIDGE.

1. I am walk-ing in the way, Where my Sav - - - iour
2. Oh, the joys, I find each day, Walk-ing by His
3. It is through the nar-row way, That my Sav - - - iour

goes,—(where He goes,—) I will fol-low Him each day Tho' the
side, (by His side,) For, I know, it was for me, That He
trod, (my Saviour trod;—) Lead-ing on to end-less day, To our

CHORUS.

world op - pose: (me oppose:) He'll up-hold me all the way;
bled and died! (He bled and died!) Then I nev-er shall complain,
home with God! (our home with God!) There we all again shall meet,

By His pow'r - - - ful hand; (His pow'rful hand;) And will lead me
But my soul's de-light, (my soul's delight,) Is my journ'ying
In that cit - - - y fair,—(that city fair,—) In that bless-ed

safe-ly on, To that Heav'n - - - ly land! (that Heav'nly land!)
thro' this world, To that cit - - y bright. (that cit-y birght.)
land we all, Shall, His glo - - ry share. (His glo-ry share.)

NO. 15.

Toiling for the Master.

Words and Music by M. DUNAGIN.

1. Are you toil - ing dai - ly for the Mas - ter? Are you pray- ing,
2. Broth - er, broth - er, be you nev - er i - dle While there are so
3. Haste! O haste! you with this dy - ing mes - sage How He died up -

pray- ing as you go? Will you go and tell the dy - ing na - tions,
ma - ny souls to die; Lift your eyes, be - hold the gold- en har - vest,
on the cru - el tree, Tell them how He free - ly shed for sin - ners

CHORUS.

Now to the fount- ain of life they may go? } Toil - - - ing,
And let your ears hear the lost na- tions cry! }
His precious blood that their souls may be free. } Toiling with the na - tions,

Toil - ing,
Toil-ing day by day,

Toil -
Tell-ing of His dy - ing love!

Toil-ing for the

ing,
Mas - ter,

Toil - ing,
Toil-ing with the na - tion,

Pointing them to heav'n a - bove.

NO. 16.

I Glory in the Cross.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

F. L. EILAND. C. O. HARTSFIELD

1. My load of sin He has re-moved, And showed the cross to me;
2. To Him my life, my all I owe, And here the world shall see,
3. My wa.'r, my talk, my pray'r, my song, His love for me will show;

I'll take it up and fol - low Him, My glo - ry it shall be.
This bless - ed cross this wondrous cross, Up - held for Him by me.
While I my cross in meekness bear, Thro' this vain world be - low.

CHORUS.

I glo - - - - - ry in the cross, My
I glo - ry in the cross, the bless - ed cross,

soul, it doth set free! I glo - - - - - ry in the
I glo - ry in the cross, the

cross,..... I'm glad there's one for me!
bless - ed cross, for me!

NO. 17.

He Calls To-day, for Workers.

W. R. LATTA.

F. L. EILAND.

Earnestly.

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NO. 18.

Lean On His Arm.

E. L. EILAND, by per. W. M. RAMSEY.

1. Lean on the mighty arm of Je-sus, Hide in the hol-low of His hand;
2. Lean on the mighty arm of Je-sus, Wait you not for the morn-ing dawn;
3. Lean on the mighty arm of Je-sus, For 'tis the on - ly ref - uge sure;
4. Lean on the mighty arm of Je-sus, And of His boundless mer-cy share;

'Neath His pro-tect - ing wings a - bide you, Firm on the Rock of A - ges stand.
Ev-'ning of life may come and find you, And with your strength and courage gone.
Let not an-oth-er's in - vi - ta - tion, Now from this hope, your soul al-lure,
Drink of the ev - er liv - ing fount-ain, Down by the Rock of A - ges there,

CHORUS.

Lean on His arm,..... Hide in the hol-low of His hand!
Lean on His arm, His everlasting arm,

Lean on His arm,..... Firm on the Rock of Ages stand.
Lean on His arm, His everlasting arm,

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NO. 19

Gather in the Beautiful Golden Grain.

Words and Melody by E. W. EILAND. Harmony by J. S. TORBETT.

©, 1897, by F. L. Eiland.

NO. 20.

I'll Follow My Saviour.

J. S. D.

J. S. DUNCAN.

1. I'll fol - low my Saviour where ev - er He leads, His mer - cy, and
2. When thro' the dark val - ley of woe I shall pass, And Sa-tan would
3. Dear sin - ner, come fol - low your Sav - iour to - day, And ev - er be

good-ness I'll tell; I'll give to His service my heart and my hand, His
lead me a - stray; No dan-ger I fear from the Tempter's bold snare, For
faith - ful and true; He'll pi - lot you on to that beau-tiful home, Where

CHORUS.

I'll fol - - low Him

glo - ri - ous an - thems I'll swell.
Je - sus is lead - ing the way.
loved ones are wait - ing for you.

I'll fol-low Him on, yes, I'll

on thro' the shad - - ows of night,

fol-low Him on thro' the shadows, the shadows dark, shadows of night, He'll

He's lead - ing me on thro' this

guide me thro' sorrow and care, He's leading me on, yes, He's leading me on, Thro' this

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I'll Follow My Saviour.—Concluded.

vale here be-low,

vale, shadow'd vale here below, here below, To that beauti-ful home o-ver there.

NO. 21.

Choose To-day.

Miss EDNA DEAN. R. E. CAMPBELL.

1. Stop, dear sin-ner, Je-sus calls So ten-der-ly to-day;
2. Long you've wander'd on in sin, And heed-ed not His voice
3. He can wash a-way your sin, And make you white as snow,

Turn from all your sin-ful ways, And make Him now your stay.
Call-ing for your wea-ry soul, O, make Him now your choice.
Have His pre-cious blood ap-plied, To glo-ry with us go.

CHORUS.

Ten-der-ly He's call-ing you, Ac-cept Him while you may;

Hear Him plead-ing for your soul, Make Him your choice to-day.

NO. 22.

Life's Troubled Sea.

J. B. F

JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. I am on life's troubled sea, Sail - ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Tho' the tempests wildly sweep, O'er the dark and foaming deep,
3. When I see the light a - head, Then the storms, no more I'll dread,

Long - ing for that home where pleas - ures ne'er de - cay;
And the an - gry waves, like moun - tains 'round me roll;
It will lead me to that bright, e - ter - nal shore;

Soon I'll say to all, fare-well, For I'm go - ing there to dwell,
I will trust in Him who said, "It is I, be not a - fraid"
In that port I'll furl my sail, Fear - ing nei-ther wave nor gale,

Yes, I'm go - ing to that cit - y far a - way.
He will ev - er guide my wea - ry, trem - bling soul.
For the voy - age of my life will then be o'er.

CHORUS.

I am on..... the o - cean sail - - - ing,
I am on the o - cean sail - ing, I am sail - ing, sail - ing home,

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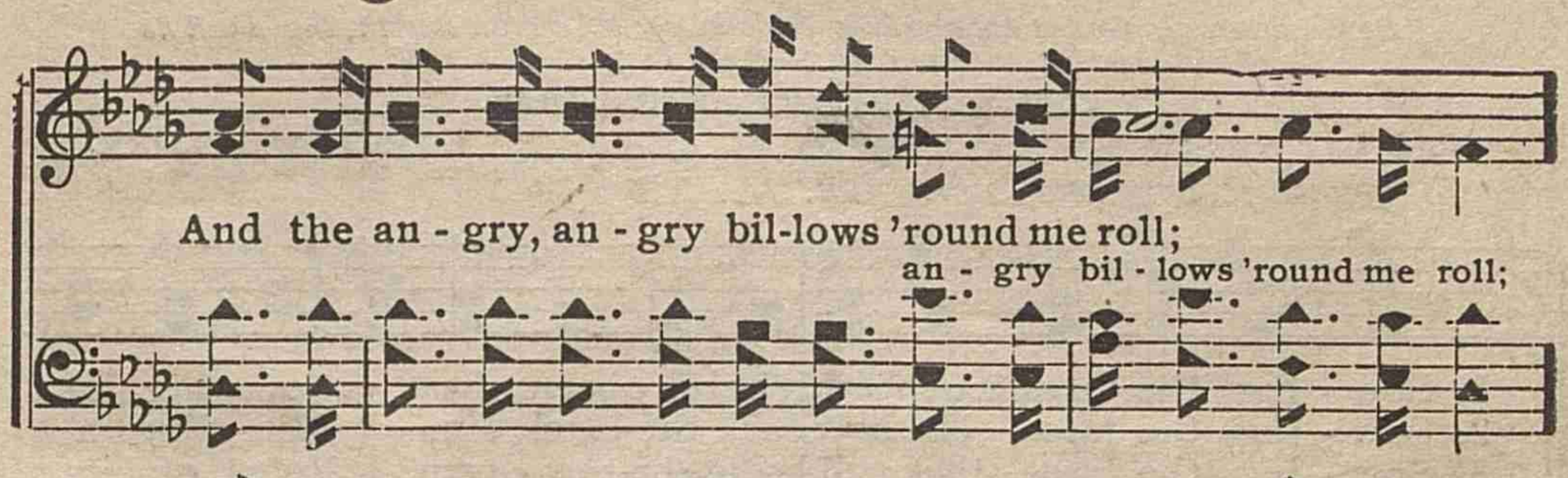
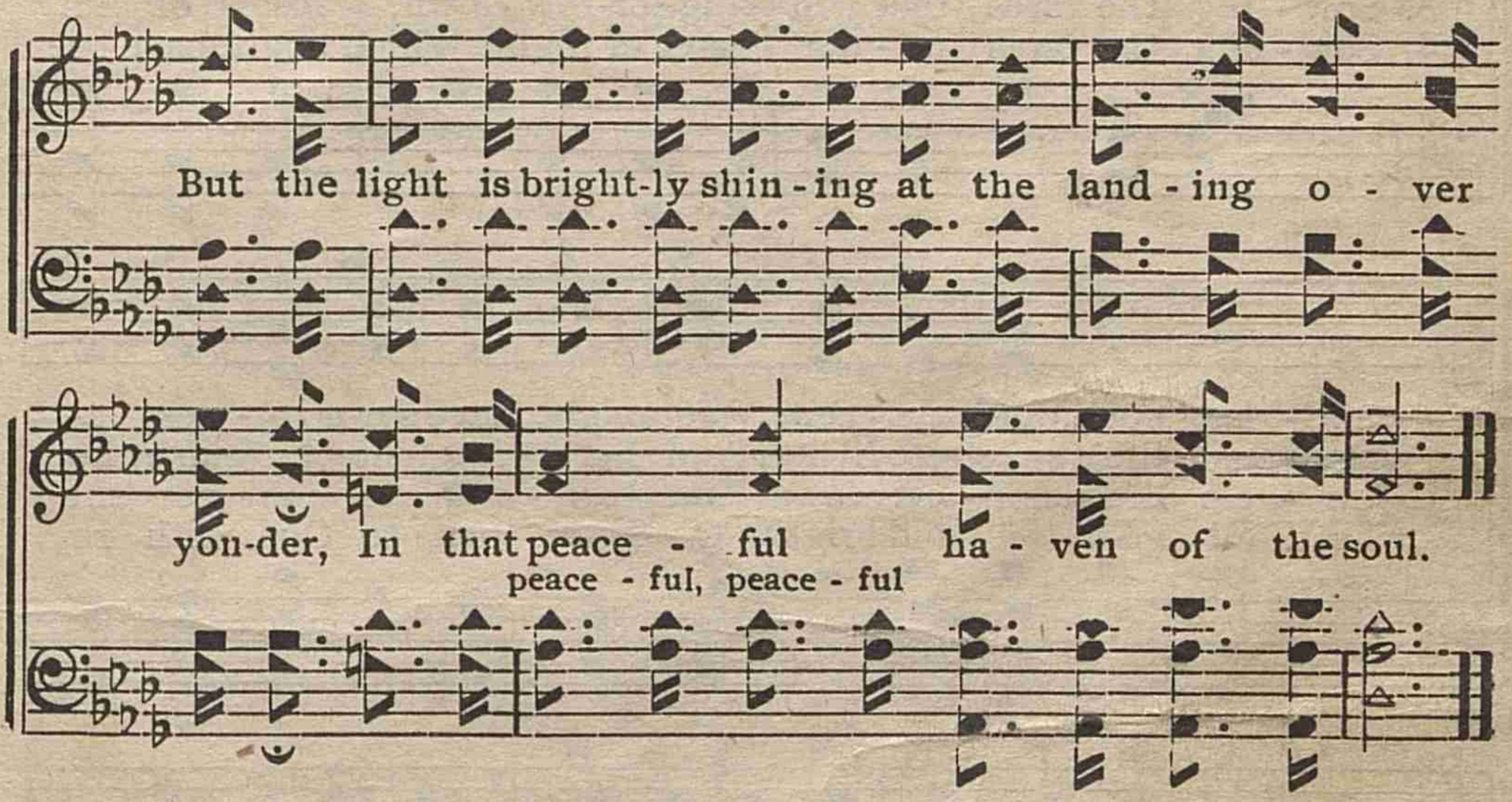
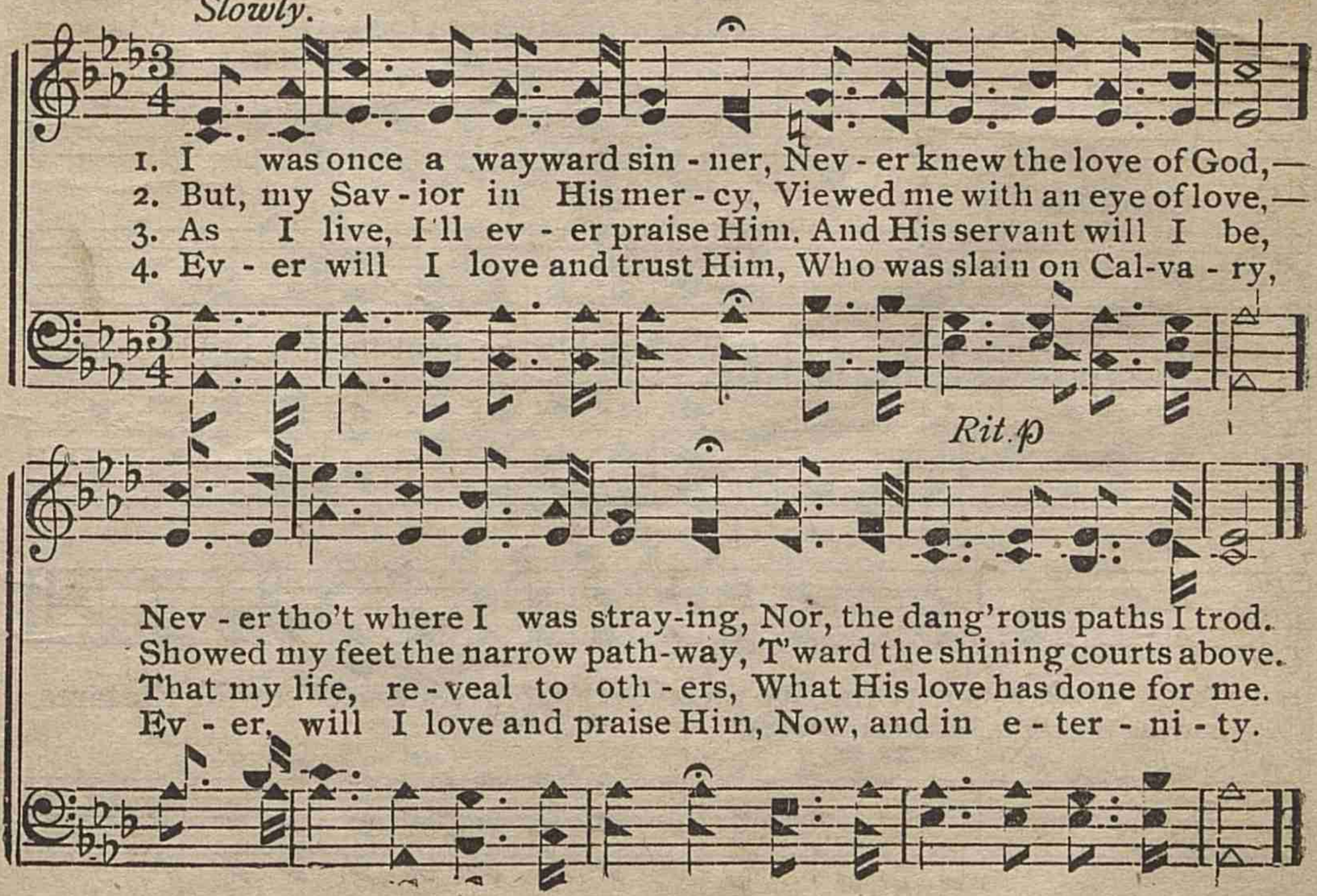
Life's Troubled Sea—Concluded.

NO. 23.

I'll Ever, Praise Him!

Oh, that every wayward sinner, Would the love of Jesus know,
Then to praise Him for salvation, As the shining way they go. E.

Miss HATTIE M. PETTY. Arr. by M. D. USSERY. W. H. FREE.

Slowly.



NO. 24.

Sowing the Tares.

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

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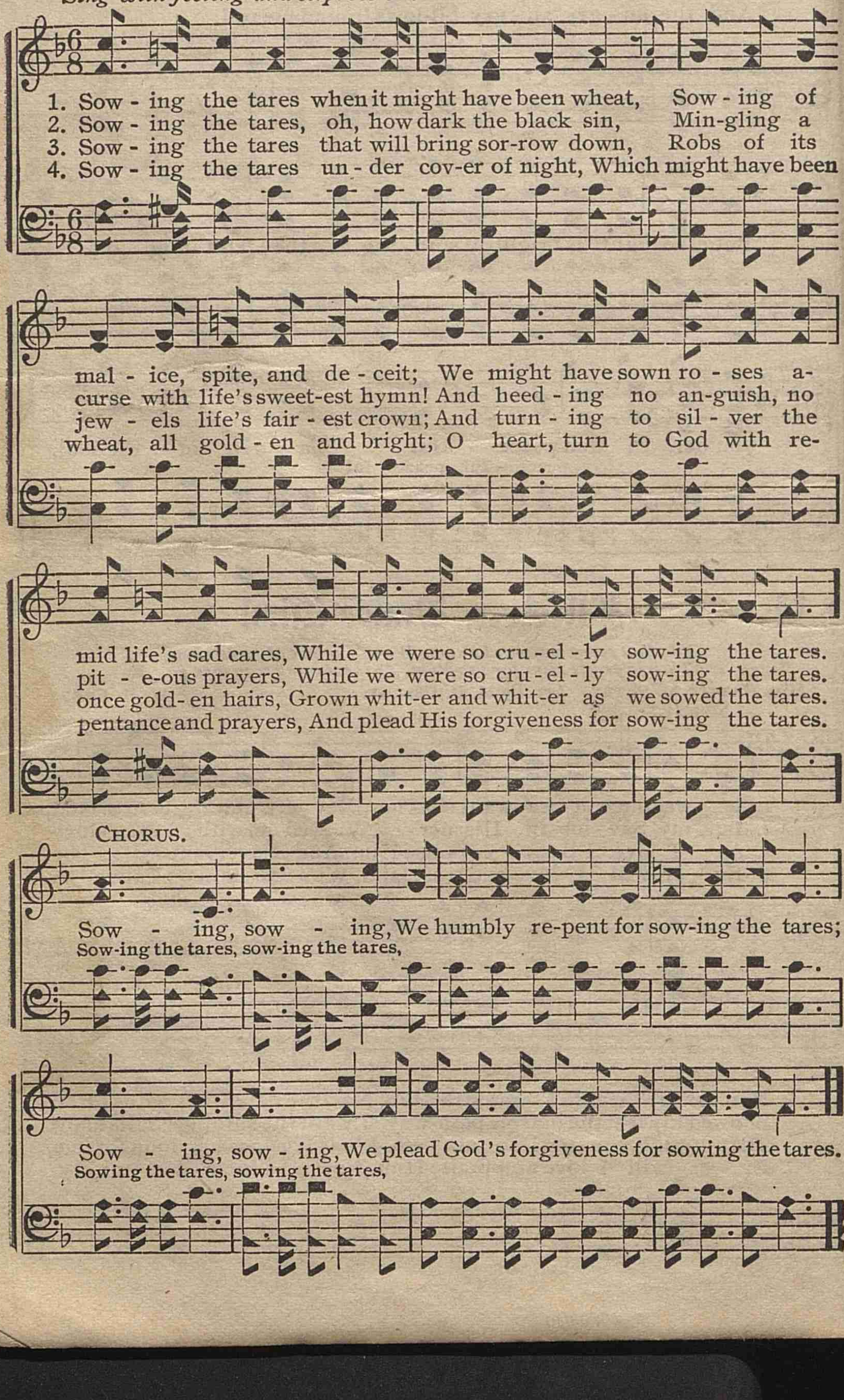
Words by a convict. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sing with feeling and expression.

NO. 25.

Beautiful Gleanings Bring.

Copyright, 1909, by The Trio Music Co.

F. L. EILAND. JAS. W. ACUFF.

1. Go, in ear - ly morn-ing, in - to the harvest white, Sing a song of gladness,
2. For the faint and weary, car - ry a smile of cheer, With the sad and drear-y,
3. In the name of Je - sus, gath-er the sheaves to-day, Read the precious promise,

la - bor with all your might; Let the words of Je - sus o - ver the na-tions ring,
weeping an anxious tear; To the heart that's aching un-der a load of care,
wa-ges, He you will pay; Go with great re-joic - ing, gleaning from fields of sin,

CHORUS.

With the com - ing eve - ning, beau - ti - ful gleanings bring. See the
Lend a hand of com - fort; cov - er its ail - ings there.
Thrust thy glowing sick - le, bring-ing the har - vest in. See, you there, the

beau - ti - ful har - vest white! Go and la - bor with all your might;
beau - ti - ful har - vest white! Go, ye there, and la - bor with all your might;

Let your anthems of gladness ring, Go. .... and beau-ti-ful gleaningsbring!
Let them there your anthems of gladness ring, Go, ye now, and beau-ti-ful gleanings bring!

NO. 26.

Gather the Golden Grain.

W. H. PARKER. Music and Chorus by G. H. RAMSEY.

1. Go, and gath- er gold - en grain, from the hill - side and the plain, There is
2. Go, and gath- er gold - en grain; do not lin - ger or complain, Hear the
3. Go, in - to the har- vest field, trust-ing, for a plenteous yield, The re -
4. When the har-vest work is o'er, we will rest on E - den's shore, And the

work for faith - ful la- b'rers ev - 'ry where; En- ter in with-out de- lay;
call for reap - ers, ring - ing, loud and clear; Go, and bear the sheaves a-way,
ward for faith - ful la - bor will be giv'n; Go, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day,
sheaves we here have gath-'red will be there, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty we'll dwell

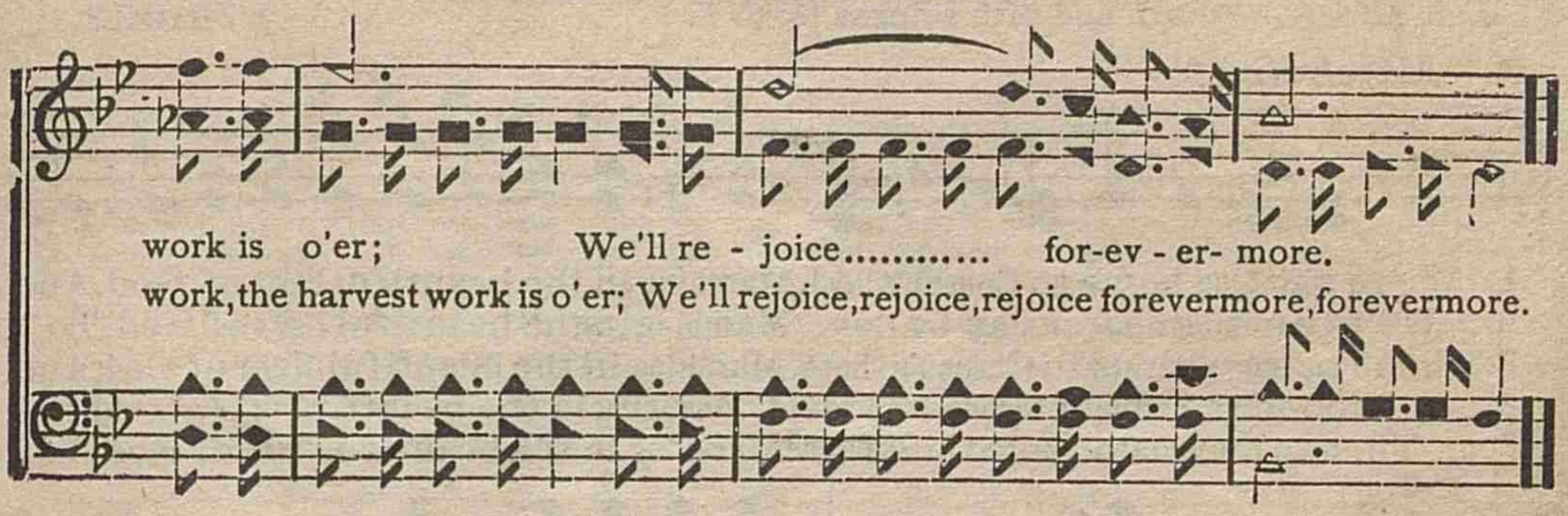
now, the earn- est call o- bey, Go, with will-ing hands and gather sheaves so dear.
ev - er toil- ing, night and day, In the gold - en har-vest gath'ring sheaves so dear.
gath'ring sheaves along your way, By and by 'twill all be gar-nered, safe in heav'n.
in the home we love so well, The re-ward of life e - ter - nal we shall share!

CHORUS.

Then we'll reap..... the gold - en grain, From the
Then we'll reap the golden grain, the gold- en grain, the gold-en grain, From the

hill - - - side and the plain,— When the har - - - vest
hillside, from the hillside, from the hillside and the plain,—When the harvest work, the harvest

Copyright, 1901, by G H Ramsey

Gather the Golden Grain.—Concluded.

NO. 27.

Praise Him in Song.

F. L. EILAND. FRANK S. MITCHELL.

NO. 28.

Marching in the Light.

J. B. MOON. Fourth and fifth stanzas by F. L. E. W. L. EVRIDGE.

March time.

1. We're marching home to Canaan's land, Marching in the beautiful light of God, And
2. We're marching nearer day by day, Marching in the beautiful light of God, To
3. Come march with us to Canaan's shore, Marching in the beautiful light of God, And
4. Around the shining throne we'll meet, Marching in the beautiful light of God, And
5. Then to a mansion bright and fair! Marching in the beautiful light of God, The

CHORUS.

soon we'll join the angel band, Marching in the beautiful light of God. We are
that sweet home where lov'd ones stay, Marching in the beautiful light of God.
dwell with Christ forevermore, Marching in the beautiful light of God.
cast our crowns at Jesus' feet, Marching in the beautiful light of God.
angels will at-tend us there, Marching in the beautiful light of God.

march - ing in the light, We are march -
marching, marching, marching in the beautiful light of God! We are marching, marching, march-

ing in the light, We are march - ing in the
ing in the beau-ti-ful light of God, We are marching, march-ing, marching in the

light, We are marching in the beau-ti - ful light of God.
beau-ti - ful light of God,

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NO. 29.

Arise, and Shine.

"*Arise, shine; for thy light is come.*" ISA. 60: 1.

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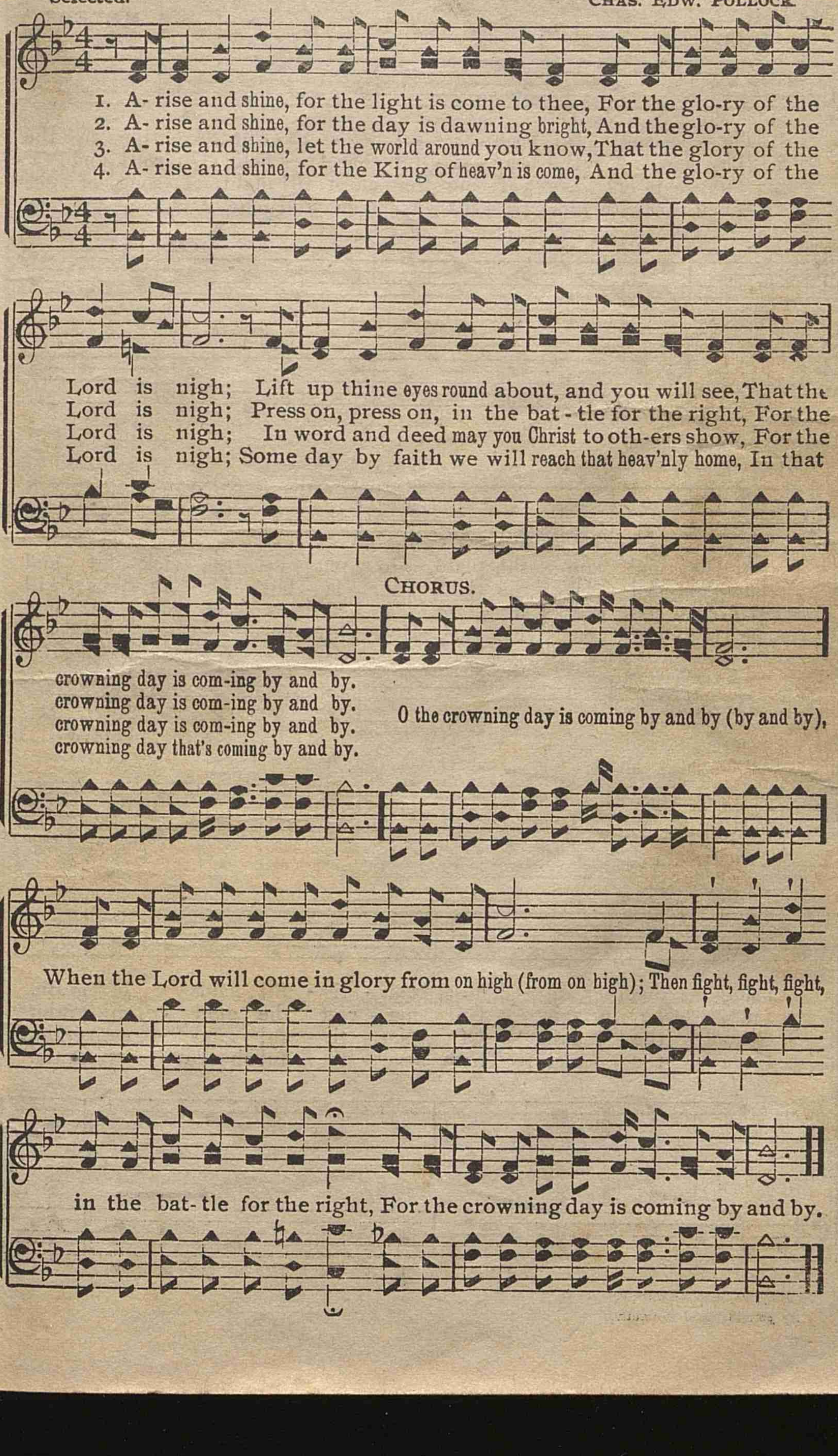
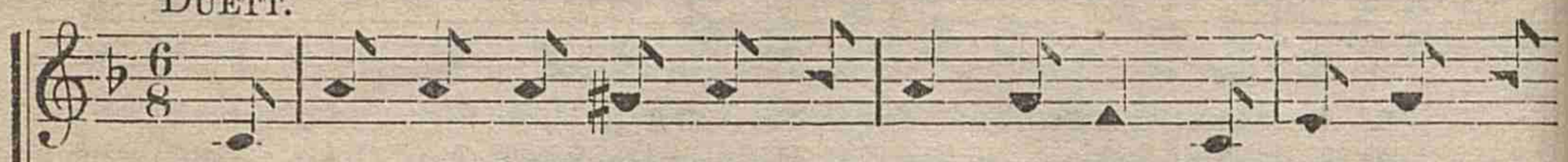
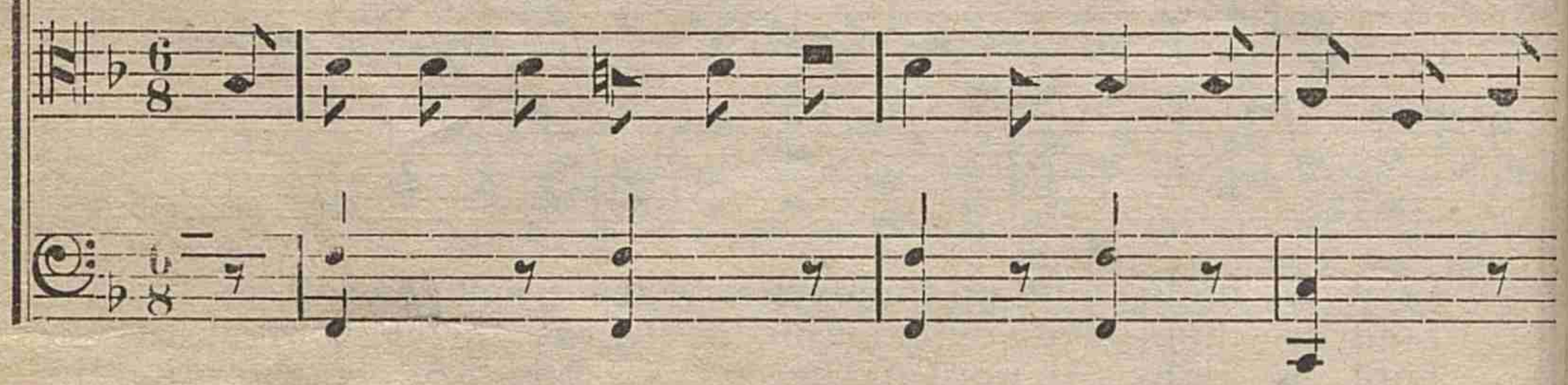
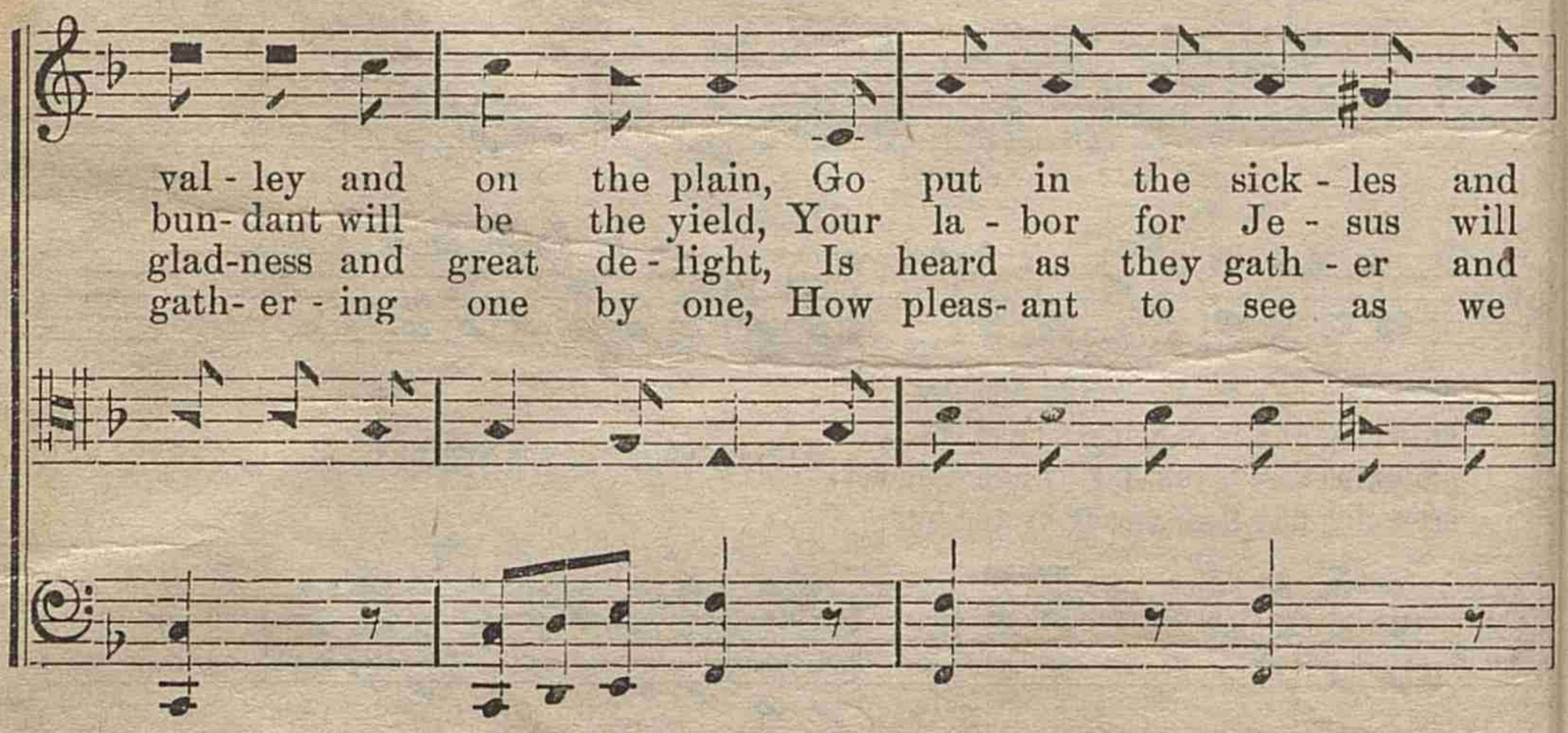
Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

NO. 30.

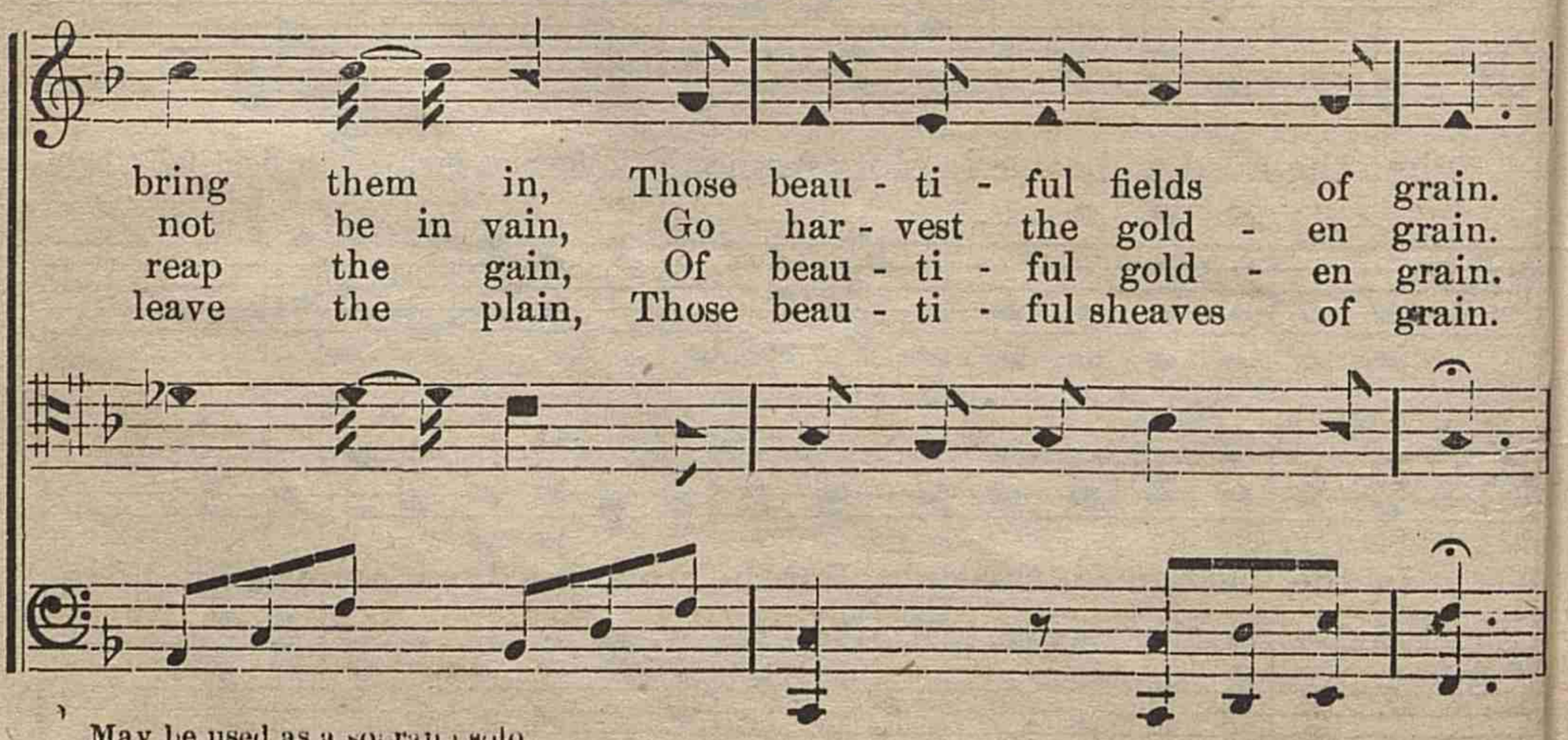
Beautiful Fields of Grain.

If sheaves for God, we'd gather in, That none shall, left, remain,—
Away, then, we should hasten, all, To reap the golden grain!—F. L. E.

S. A. M. S. A. MEYERS.

DUETT.

1. Those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful fields of grain, Are ripe in the
2. The world is the beau - ti - ful har - vest field, Go work, and a -
3. The reap- ers are toil - ing from morn till night, A song of sweet
4. When life with its tri - als is o'er and done, And home we are

val - ley and on the plain, Go put in the sick - les and
bun- dant will be the yield, Your la - bor for Je - sus will
glad-ness and great de - light, Is heard as they gath - er and
gath- er - ing one by one, How pleas- ant to see as we



bring them in, Those beau - ti - ful fields of grain.
not be in vain, Go har - vest the gold - en grain.
reap the gain, Of beau - ti - ful gold - en grain.
leave the plain, Those beau - ti - ful sheaves of grain.

May be used as a soprano solo.

By permission of the author

Beautiful Fields of Grain.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, those beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful fields of grain, We'll

har- vest them all..... We'll har - vest them

and gath - er them in,

all..... Those beau- ti - ful fields of grain.....

and gath-er them in, beau- ti - ful grain.

rit. p

NO. 31. Boylston.

A weeping, unto death, Was that our Lord did show,
That, we, His love, great love behold, And saving mercy, know!—F. L. E.

BENJ. BEDDOME. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond-'ring an - gels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin demands a tear; In

tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
thou as- ton - ished, O my soul He shed those tears for thee.
heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

NO. 32.

Shine it Abroad.

May we of the light received, Tell it for God, tell it for God!
Others toward Him to persuade, Shine it abroad, shine it abroad!—F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND. M. D. USSERY.

1. Let the life of Je - sus, in thine own be seen, Shine it a-broad,
2. Keep it ev - er gleaming, morning, noon and night, Shine it a-broad,
3. O - ver vale and mountain, and each waste of sin, Shine it a-broad,
4. Let the life of Je - sus, ev - er-more be thine, Shine it a-broad,

Shine it abroad,

shine it a-broad,
shine it a-broad,
shine it a-broad,
shine it a-broad,

Bright-er be its gleaming, if there's naught between,
Sweet per-sua-sion giv - ing, thro' its heav'nly light,
Sin- ners, shall be-hold it, by it, gath- er in,
Thro' the hope that cometh from His hand di-vine,

shine it abroad,

Shine it a - broad,..... shine it a - broad.
Shine it a-broad, shine it a-broad.

REFRAIN.

Shine it a - broad,..... the life of our Sav - - iour,
Shine it abroad, Saviour, shine it abroad,

Let it be seen,..... where-ev-er you go,
Let it be seen, where-ev-er you go,

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Shine it Abroad.—Concluded.

Shine it a - broad,..... the life of our Sav - - - iour,
Shine it abroad, Saviour, shine it abroad,

Let the sad world,..... this blessed-ness know.
Let the sad world, this blessedness know.

NO. 33.

Before Thy Throne We Bow.

As we come before Thee, Lord, May it be, a one accord,—
Be our hearts attuned to sing, Of the grace, our prayers shall bring.—F. L. E.

N. W. A. N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. Bless - ed Sav- iour, now, we pray, Be Thou, near us, all the day;
2. Gra- cious Fa - ther, hear our pray'r,—May we, now, Thy bless-ings share;
3. May our faith and trust, dear Lord, Ev - er, be in Thy blest word;

FINE.

While, be - fore Thy throne, we bow, Hear us, Lord, and, bless us now.
Guide us, safe - ly, all the way, To that home of end-less day.
Keep us, ev - er, near Thy side, Let us, in Thy love, a - bide.

D.S.—Let us in Thy love a - bide.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Sav-iour, Sav - iour, keep us near Thy bless-ed side, Sav - iour, Sav - iour,

NO. 34.

Ye Are the Light of the World.

Ye are the light of the world. MATT. 5: 14.

Dedicated to Rev. J. B. FLETCHER, Hico, Tex.

PEARL HATCHETT, arr. by E. S. D. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Oh, chris - tian, do not hide your light! For ye are the
2. Go show to all the path of right, For ye are the
3. Oh, do not let your light burn low, For ye are the

light - of the world, But keep it trimmed and burn - ing bright, For
light of the world, Go bring the stray - ing back to light, For
light of the world, But keep it bright and on - ward go, For

CHORUS.

ye are the light of the world. } For ye are the light of the
ye are the light of the world. }
ye are the light of the world. } For ye are the light, the

world,..... For ye are the light of the world;.....
light of the world, For ye are the light, the light of the world;

Then keep your lamps all burn - ing bright, For ye are the light of the world.

NO. 35.

Sowing Precious Seed.

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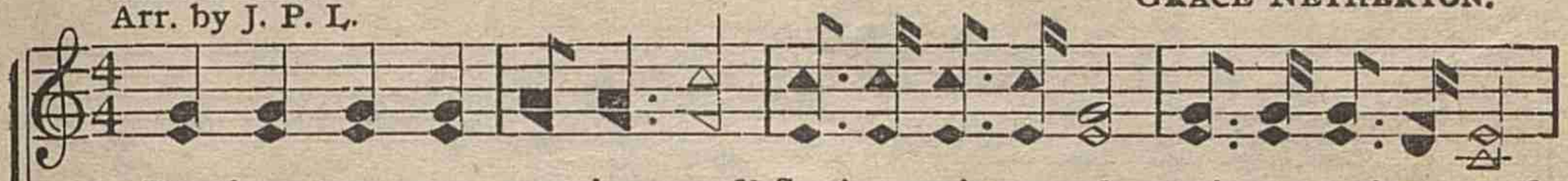
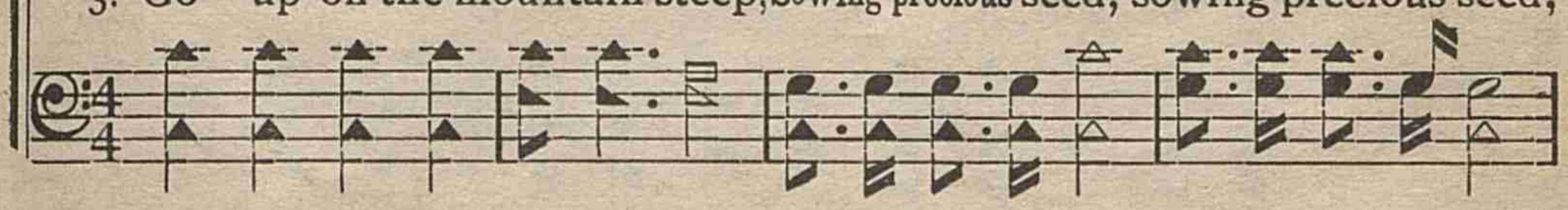
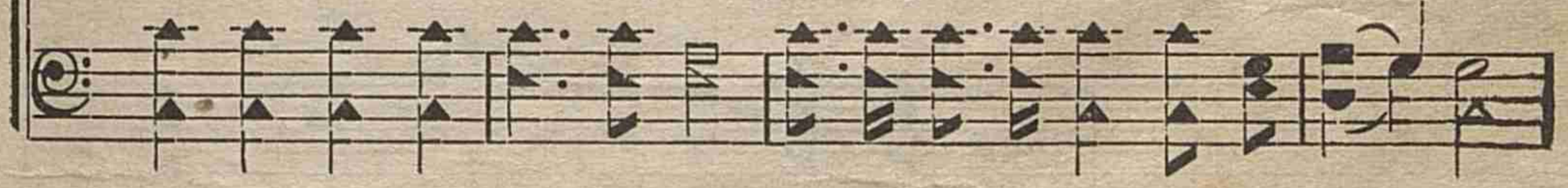
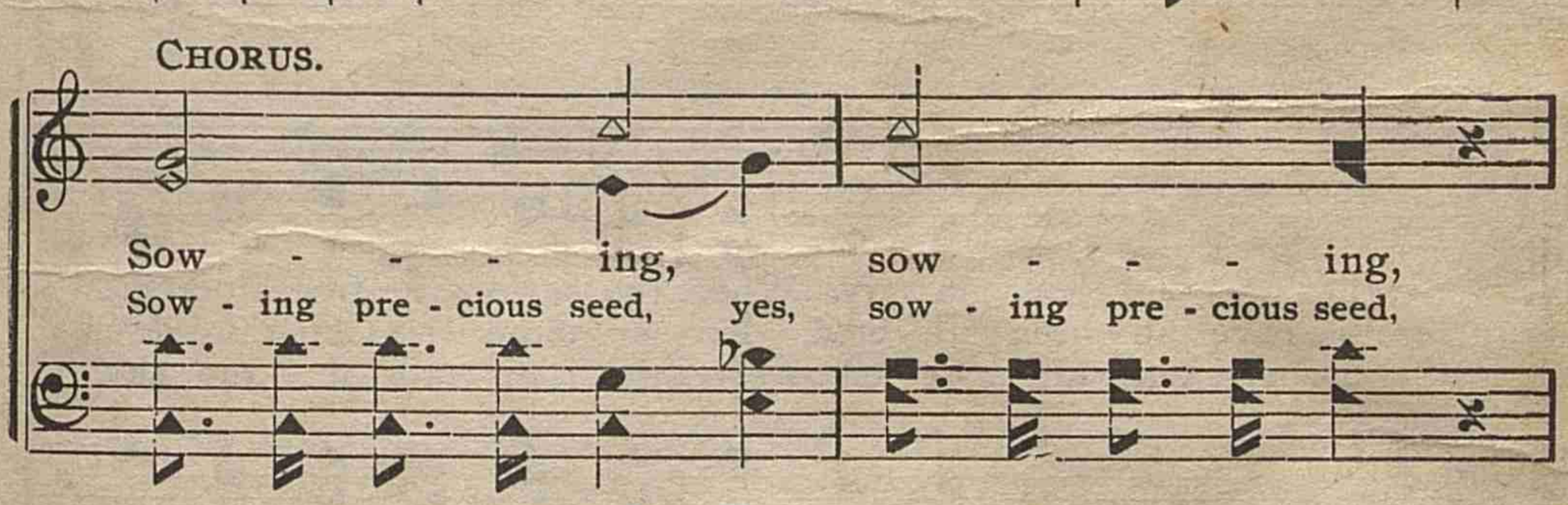
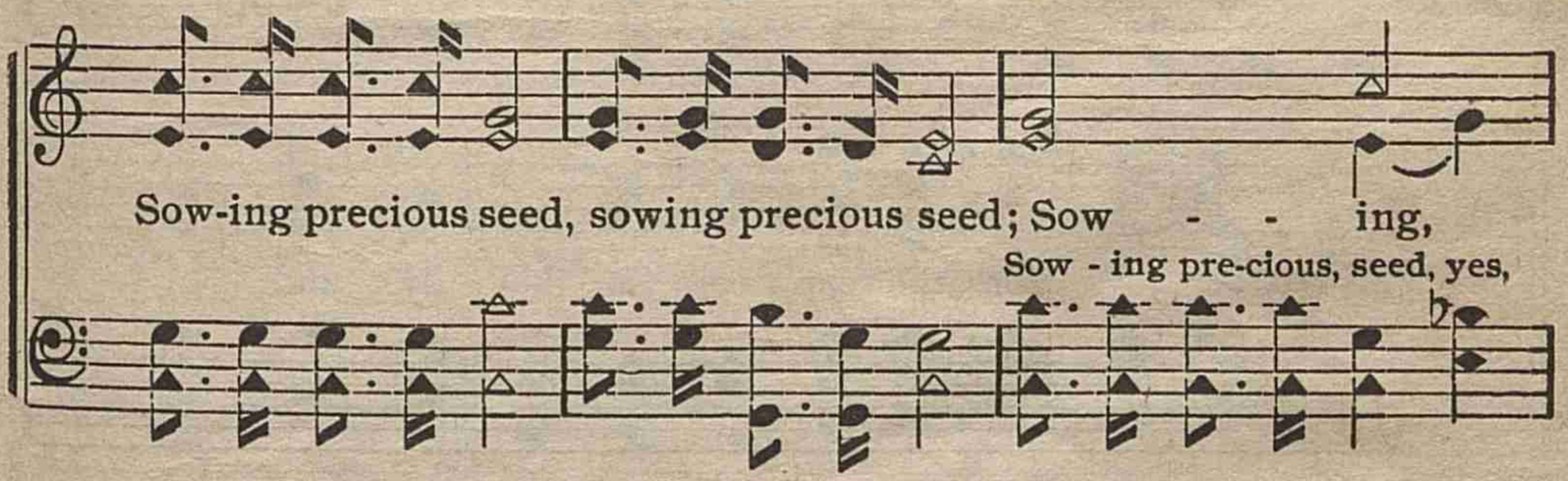
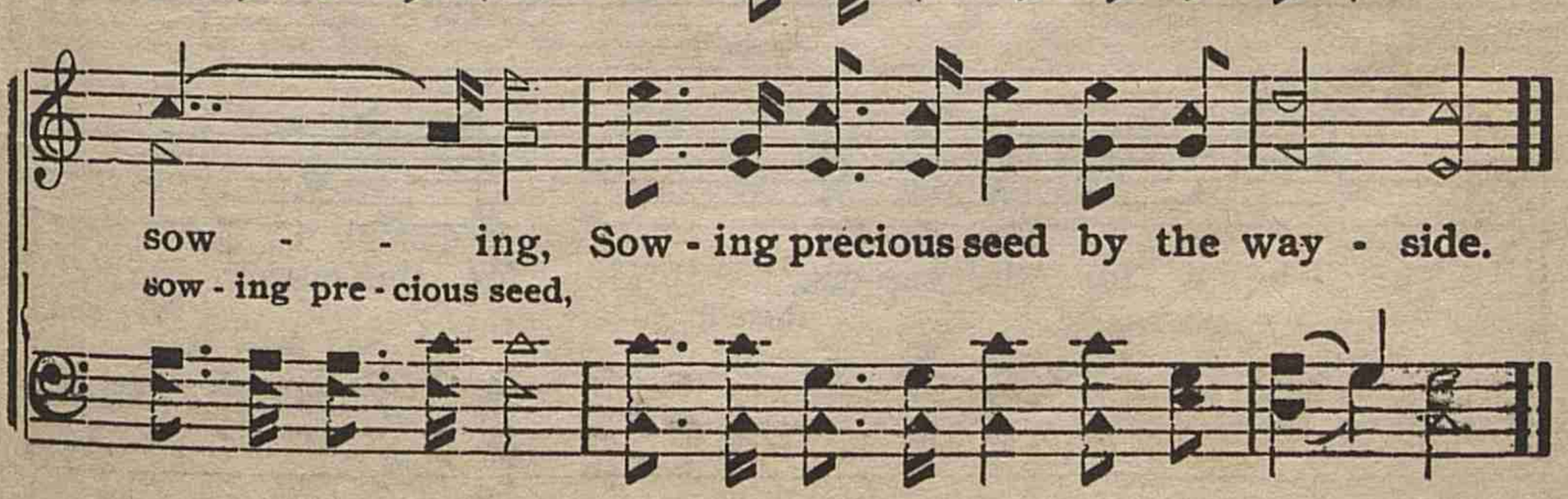
MEL. PEARCE.
Arr. by J. P. L.

GRACE NETHERTON.

1. Brother, are you sow-ing seed? Sowing precious seed, sowing precious seed;
2. Go in - to the des- ert way, Sowing precious seed, sowing precious seed;
3. Go up- on the mountain steep, Sowing precious seed, sowing precious seed;

Are you working, now, indeed—Striving ev'ry day for the Mas - ter?
Rescue those who've gone astray, Lead them gently back to the Master.
If you find a wand'ring sheep, Bring it back again to the Mas - ter.

CHORUS.

Sow - - - ing, sow - - - ing,
Sow - ing pre - cious seed, yes, sow - ing pre - cious seed,

Sow-ing precious seed, sowing precious seed; Sow - - ing,
Sow - ing pre-cious, seed, yes,

sow - - ing, Sow - ing precious seed by the way - side.
sow - ing pre - cious seed,

NO. 36

Joy for the Reapers, By and By.

Copyright, 1907, by Acuff & Evridge.

J. W. ACUFF. WM. D. EVRIDGE.

1. When the har - vest time is end - ed, And the sheaves are garner'd in,
2. When the might-y hosts of heav - en Shall the wondrous an-them swell,
3. In that glo-rious land of prom-ise, Where no tears be - dim the eye,

There'll be joy for the reap - ers, (in the) by and by; In the
There'll be joy for the reap - ers, (in the) by and by; When the
There'll be joy for the reap - ers, (in the) by and by; When the

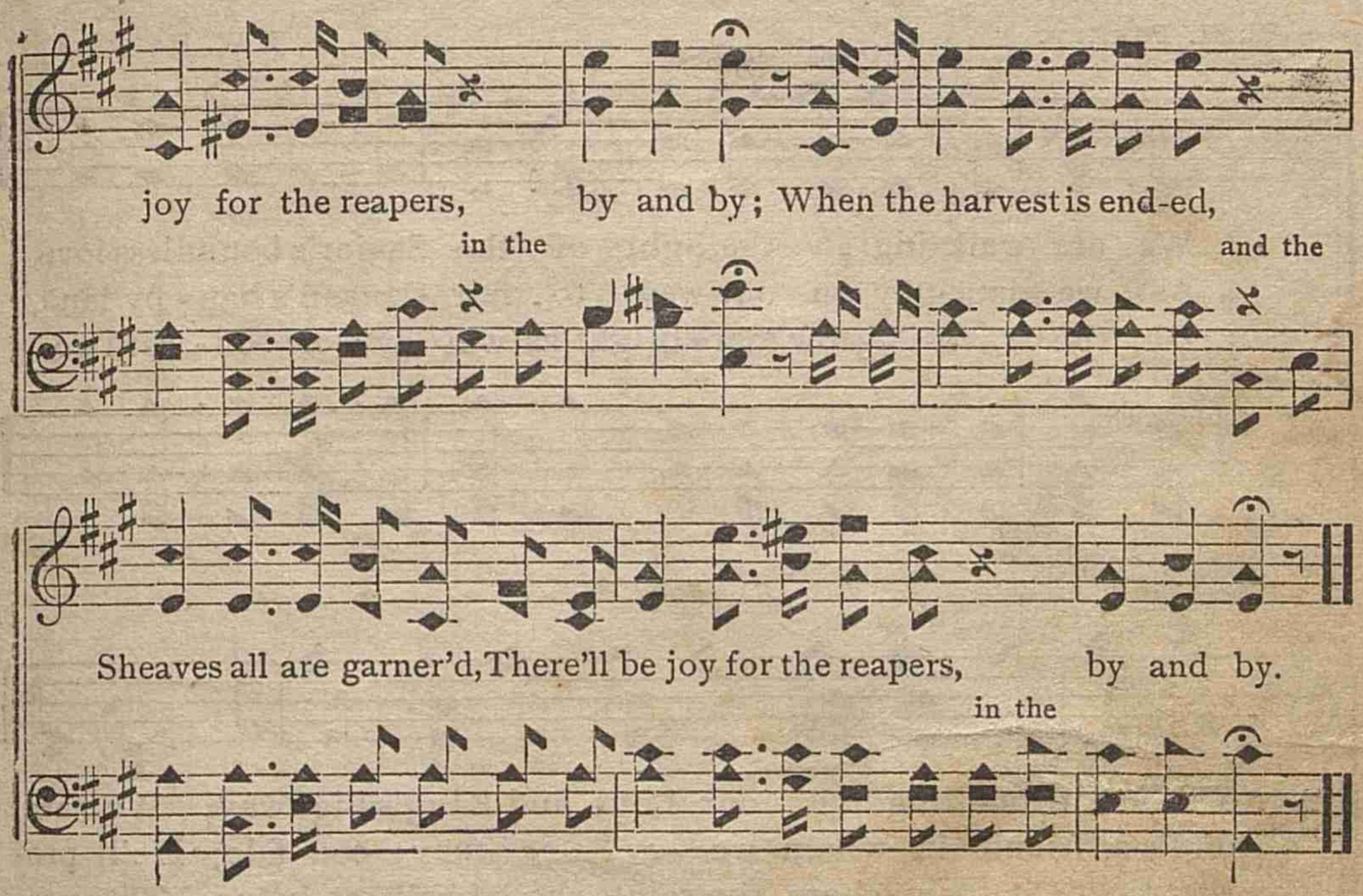
realms of end - less glo - ry, Where the sav'd are free from sin,
saints have all been gath - ered, Ev - er - more, with Christ to dwell,
ran-som'd ones are waft - ed To the por - tals in the sky,

There'll be joy for the reap - ers, (in the) by and by.

REFRAIN.

There'll be joy for the reap-ers, joy for the reap-ers, there'll be love and

Joy for the Reapers, By and By. Concluded.



NO. 37.

Amazing Grace.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son." — John 3: 16.

JOHN NEWTON. Dr. ARNE.

NO. 38. We Are Walking in the Light.

W. H. PARKER. J. W. HARKINS.

1. We are walk-ing in the light of the Savior's boundless love,
2. As we jour-ney on our way to fair Canaan's hap - py land,
3. Oh, the way will grow more bright, as we ev - er on - ward go

We are trav - 'ling in our Lord and King's highway; We are work - ing with our might, for the shin - ing crown a - bove,
There's a friend in whom we ev - er may con - fide; He'll pro - tect us day by day, He will lead us by the hand,
To the Cit - y where the saints shall dwell at home,—There can nev - er be a care, and no sor - row we can know,

And our bless - ed Sav - ior leads us on each day.
We can fear no e - vil by our Sav - ior's side.
Safe with Je - sus there—we ne'er a - gain shall roam.

Copyright, 1904, by Ramsey & Parker.

We Are Walking in the Light. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We are walk - - - ing in the light,—
We are walk - ing, we are walk - ing in the light, in the light,—

Our dear Sav - - - - - ior leads the
Our dear Sav - ior, our dear Sav - ior leads the

way, And our path - - - - -
way, leads the way, And our path - way, and our path -

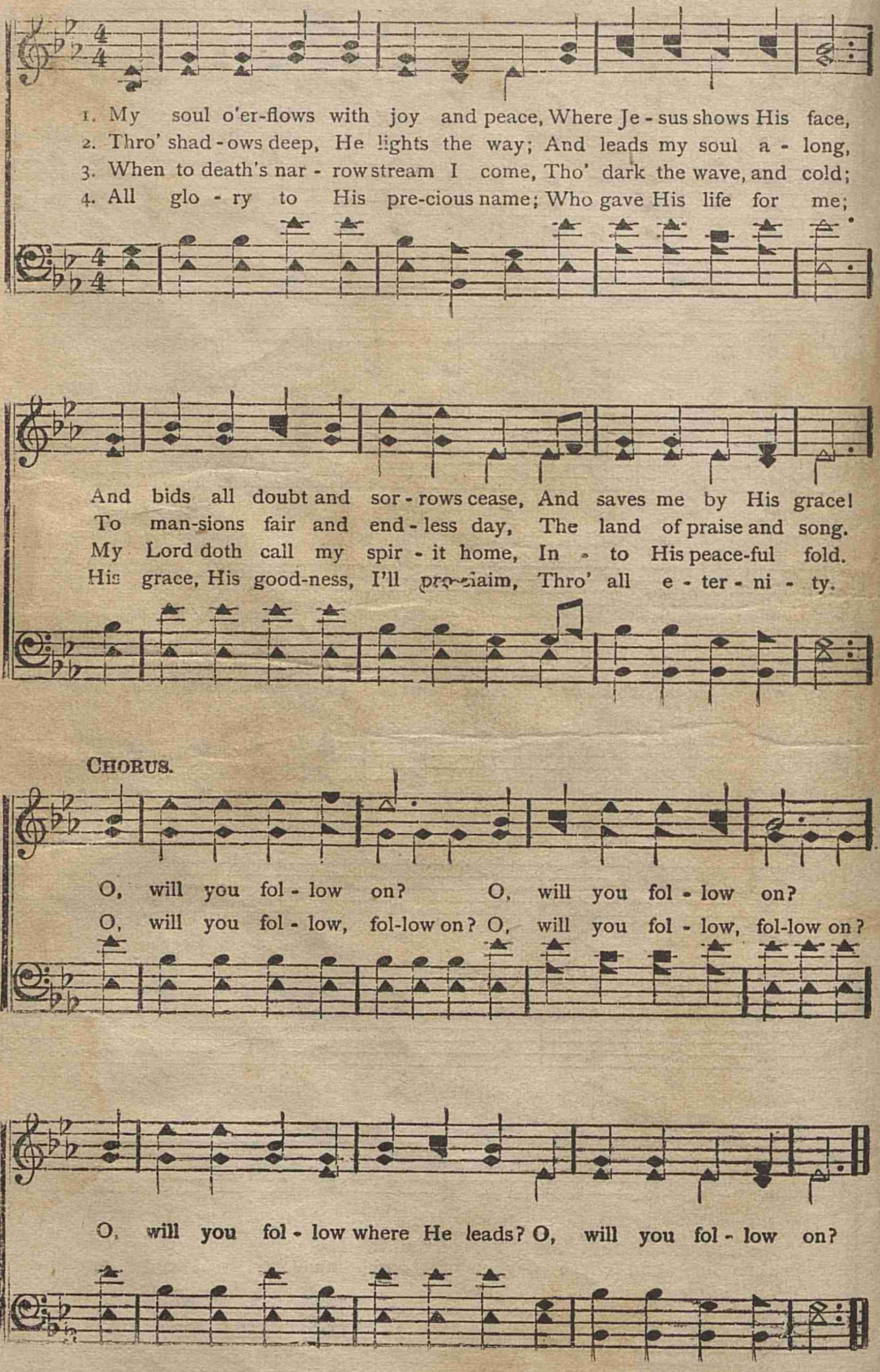
way is so bright, To the
way is so bright, is so bright, To the

realms..... of end - less day.
realms of end - less day, of end - less day, of end less day.

NO. 39.

Follow On.

Mrs. E. GREER FLOYD. Adapted by F. L. E. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.



NO. 40.

Call for Workers.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

J. H. S.

J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. In the vine-yard of the Lord, There is work for all to do;
2. Broth - er, sis - ter, hear the call! All a - long, your aid af - ford;
3. Mark the spir - it's dire - ful fate, Whereso-ev - er sin is found;
4. Oh, for work - ers strong and brave, Who will lift the ban - ner high;

Will you go and work to - day, With a pur-pose strong and true?
Let us strive to save the lost—Strive to save by work and word.
Come, and lend a help - ing hand, Let the shack-les be un - bound.
So the lost can see the way, To the man-sions in the sky.

CHORUS.

Heed the call, broth - er dear, For
Heed the call, broth - er dear, heed the call, broth - er dear,
work - ers to - day; Let your eyes
For work - ers, for work - ers, to - day; Let your eyes see the need,
see the need Of work - ers, to - day.
let your eyes see the need Of work - ers, work - ers, to - day.

NO. 41.

We're Marching On.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1st TENOR.

1. We are marching on,..... we are marching on,.....
2. To the E - den clime,..... to the sun - ny shore,.....
3. To the home so bright,..... to the home so fair,.....

1. We are marching on, we are marching on,
2. To the E - den clime, to the sun - ny shore,
3. To the home so bright, to the home so fair,

1st BASS.

To the land of light,..... to the land of love,.....
To the hap - py place,.....where the Sav-iour dwells,.....
To the home pre - pared,..... ..... for the pil - grim band,.....

To the land of light, to the land of love,
To the hap-py place, where the Saviour dwells,
To the home pre-pared, for the pil-grim band,

To the land of light, to the land of love,
To the hap - py place, where the Sav-iour dwells,
To the home pre-pared, for the pil - grim band,

We are march-ing on,.....Where the an-gels wait,.....

We are march-ing on, we are march-ing on, Where the an - gels wait,

We are march-ing on, we are march-ing on, Where the an-gels wait,

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We're Marching On.—Concluded.

at the gold - en gate,..... To con-duct us there,.....

at the gold-en gate, To con-duct us there

at the gold- en gate, To con-duct us there,

FINE.

to a man-sion fair,..... We are march-ing on.....

to a man-sion fair, We are march-ing on, we are march-ing on.

to a man-sion fair, We are march-ing on, we are march-ing on.

CHORUS.

We are march-ing on,..... hap-py pil-grim band,.....

We are march-ing on, hap-py pil-grim band,

We are march-ing on, hap-py pil-grim band,

D. S.

We are march-ing on,..... to the heav'nly land,.....

We are march-ing on to the heav'nly land, we are march-ing on,

We are march-ing on, to the heav'nly land, we are march-ing on,

NO. 42.

Wandering Child.

Isa. 1 : 18.

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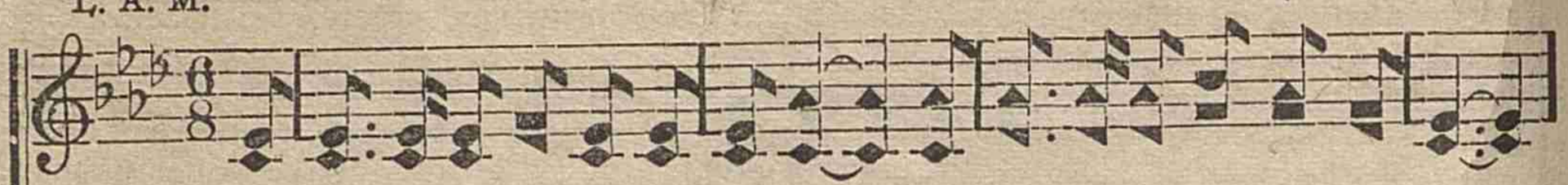
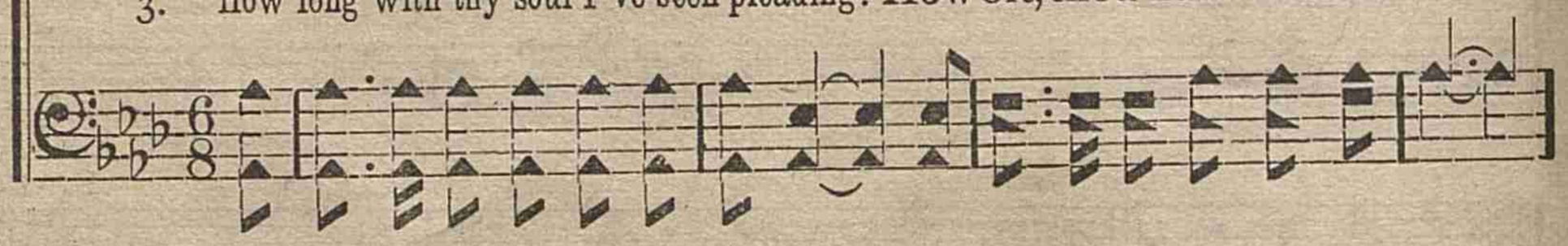
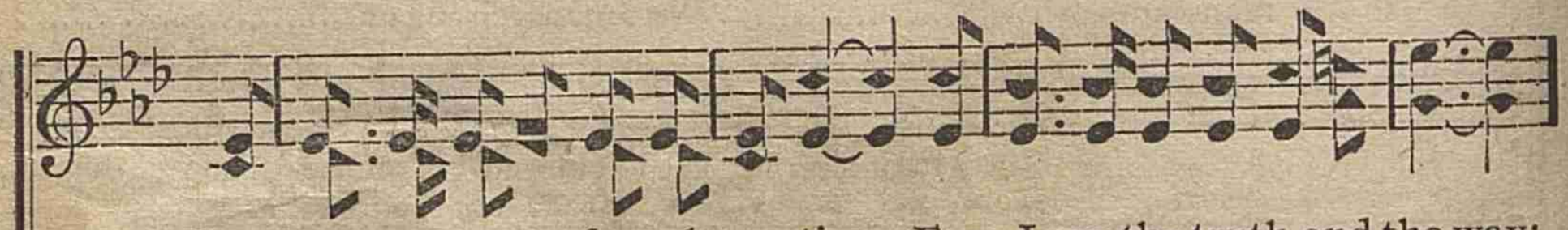
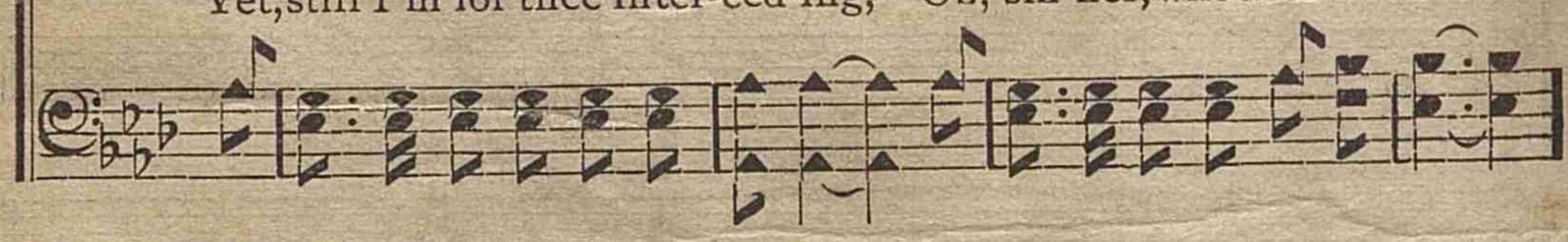
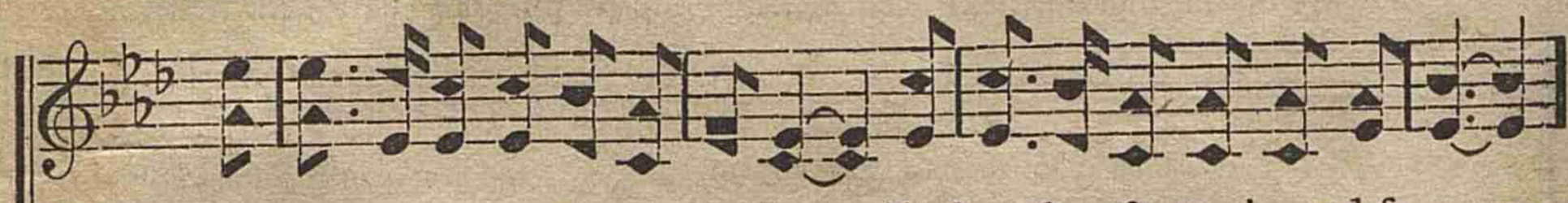
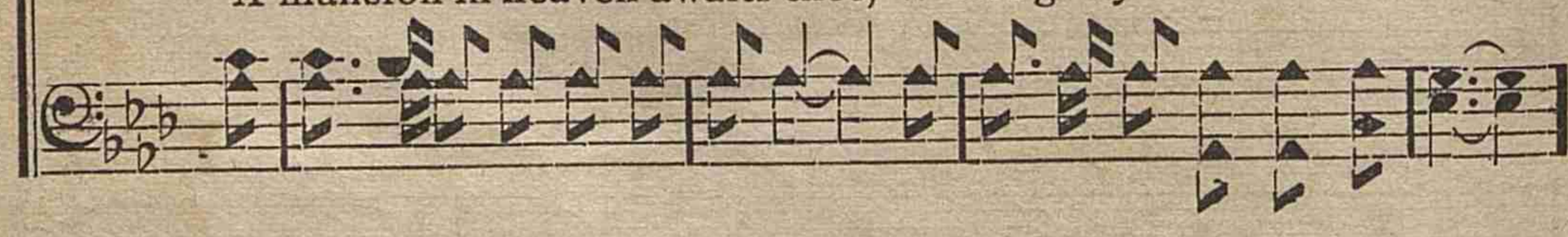
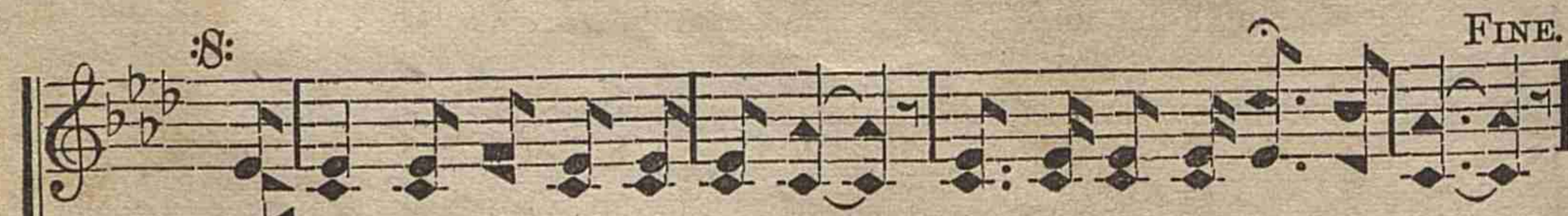
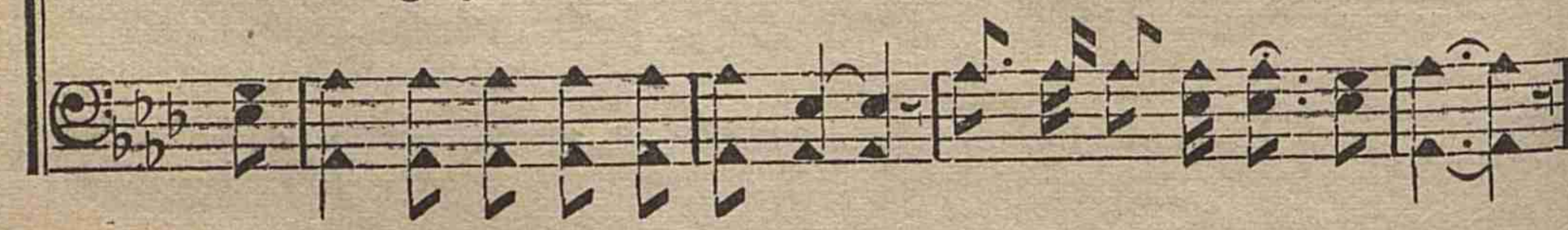
L. A. M.

Rev. L. A. MORRIS.



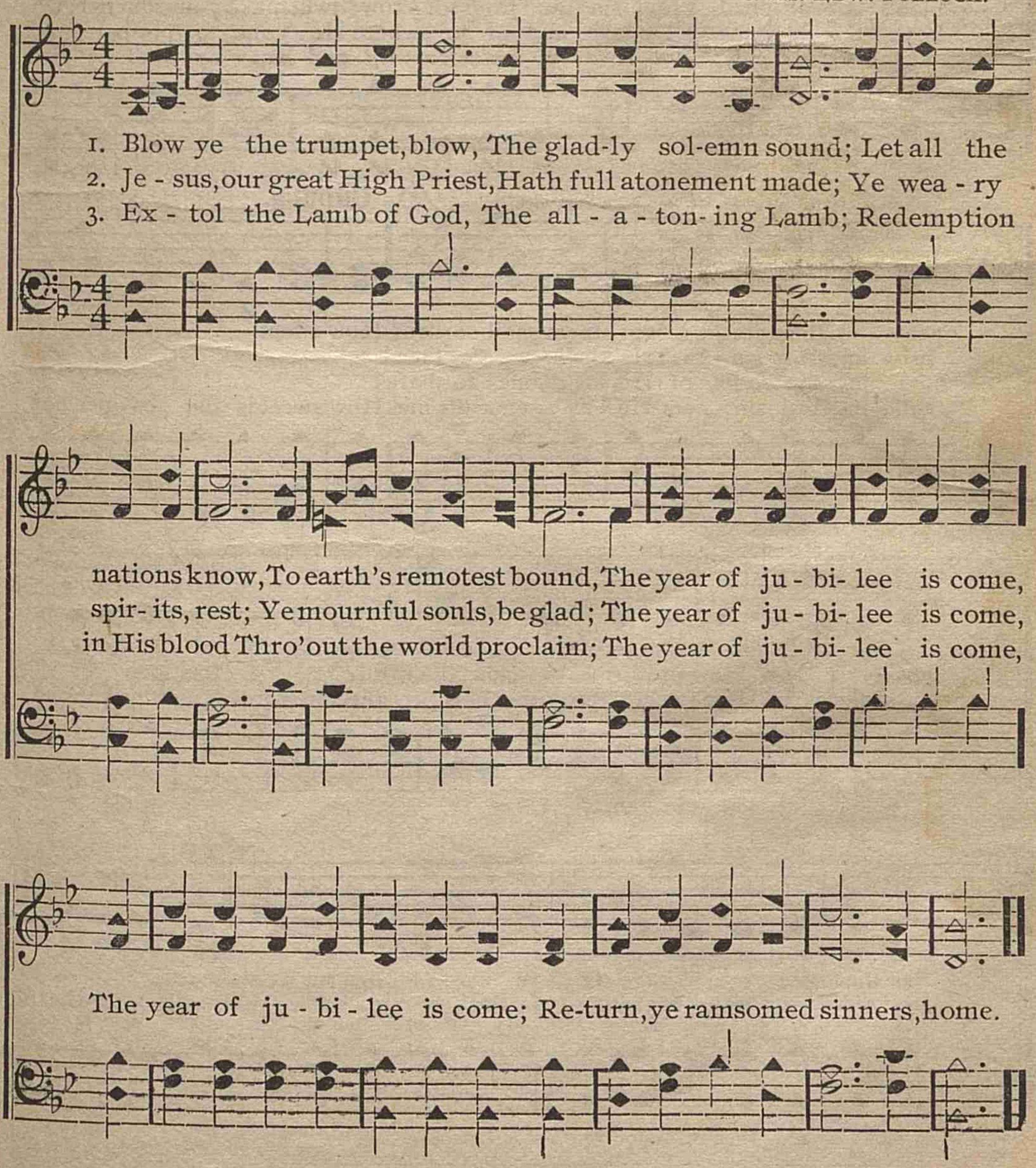
1. Oh, wandering child in the darkness, Thy Saviour is calling to thee;
2. "I once left the mansions of glory, For thee I descen-ded to earth,
3. "How long with thy soul I've been pleading! How oft, thou hast bidden me leave!

"Re-turn un- to me for sal- va- tion, For I am the truth and the way;
Thy soul was the theme of the story," Oh, sinner, now think of its worth;
Yet, still I'm for thee inter-ced-ing," Oh, sin-ner, wilt thou not believe?

My life was on Calva-ry giv-en To free thee from sin and from woe,
"I offered my life as a ransom, To free thee from sorrow and woe,
"A mansion in heaven awaits thee, Whose glory no mortal can know,

FINE.

D.S.—And though your sins be as scarlet, They shall be whiter than snow."

Wandering Child.—Concluded.

CHORUS. D.S.

NO. 43.

Emancipation. H. M.

C. WESLEY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



NO. 44.

The Gospel of Jesus.

T. D. L.

THOS. D. LEMMOND.

1. For all, who be-liev-eth on God's on-ly son, There's mercy and blessing when
2. Re - member, dear sinner, that Christ for you died, And if to your heart, then, His
3. From all paths of darkness, He asks you to come, And live with Him there in that
4. The gos-pel of Je - sus, is precious to all Who hears this sweet message, and

toil here is done; The gos - pel of Je - sus, oh! why not be-lieve? In
blood is ap-plied, From sin and from sor - row; 'twill make your soul free; Oh
beau - ti - ful home, Of love and of joy, where He's gone to pre-pare, A
an-swers His call; Be - lieve it, re-ceive it, and hap - py you'll be He's

CHORUS.

neav - en then you, a bright crown shall receive! How sweet is the
list - en, dear sin - ner, He's call - ing for thee!
home for the souls, of His lov'd ones to share!
call - ing lost sin - ners, He ev - en calls me. How sweet is the gos - pel, how

gos - - pel, How pre - - - cious the word! How love - -
precious the word! How sweet is the gospel, how precious the word! How lovely the mes-

ly the mes - - sage Of Je - - - - sus we've heard!
sage of Jesus we've heard! Of Je - sus, of Je - sus we've heard! we have heard!

NO. 45. Will You Wash in His Precious Blood?

S. J. O. S. J. OSLIN, by per.

1. There is a fount- ain o - pen'd wide, 'Tis the sin - ners cleansing flood;
2. O, look by faith to Calv'rys mount, There behold the Son of God;
3. Up - on the rug - ged cross He bled, Yes, He died for all the world;
4. Sus-pend-ed on the cur - sed tree, There in ag - o - ny He groan'd!

It flows from Je - sus' bleed-ing side—Will you wash His pre-cious blood?
He shed His blood—the heal-ing fount—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?
And there re - deem-ing blood He shed —Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?
'Twas all for sin- ners such as we—Will you wash in His pre-cious blood?

Will you wash in the crim - son tide,—In the stream of Calv'rys flood?
Will you wash, blessed crimson tide,—

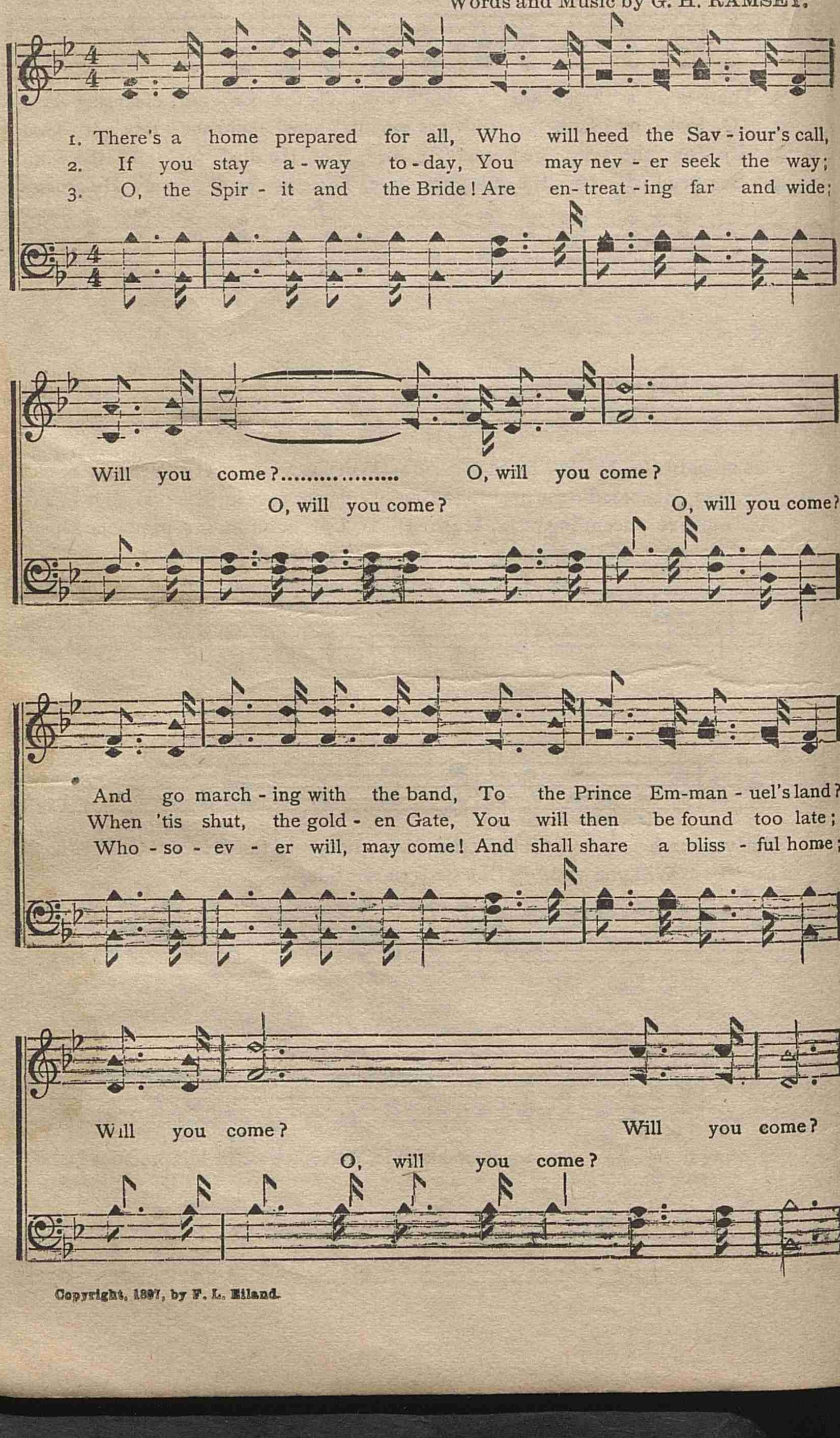
Flowing from Im-manuels side, Will you wash in His precious blood?
Flowing from,

NO. 46.

Will You Come?

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. 22: 17.

Words and Music by G. H. RAMSEY.



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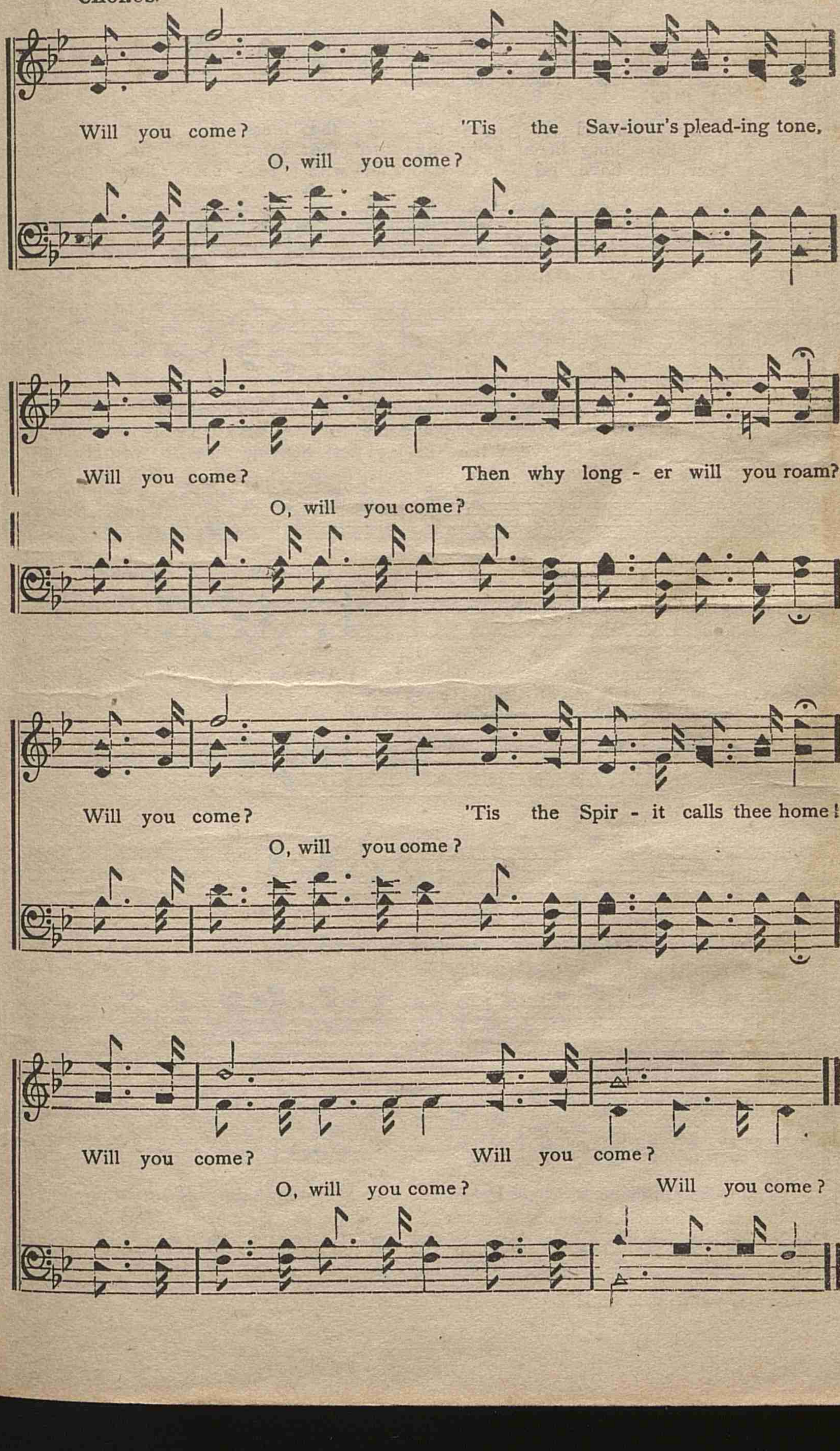
Will You Come?—Concluded.

CHORUS.



NO. 47.

Are You Ready to be Saved?

Suggested by a sermon preached by Elder T. R. Burnett, July, 4th, 1898.

S. D. S.

S. D. SIMONS.

1. You have heard the gos - pel of the bless - ed Lord, 'Tis the pow'r of God to save; Will you come, o - bey, ac- cord-ing to His word?
2. You have long been grop - ing thro' the vales of sin, From the way of life have strayed; Will you come to Je - sus? He will let you in,
3. You can have sal - va - tion, and with Je - sus live, In that land, be-yond the grave, Where the joys of heav-en un - to you He'll give,

CHORUS.

Be prepared to en - ter thou, the grave!
Hal - le - lu - jah, ma - ny souls He's saved!
If you'll trust His blessed pow'r to save!
} Are you read-y to be sav'd? yes, I'm Ready to be saved? Read-y for the call to go? You have I am long been wand'ring, you have long delayed, Will you walk the paths of sin no more?

NO. 48.

Hide You in the Blood of Jesus.

Rev. L. McHAN. JNO. P. BALLEW.

1. Come to this shel-ter, safe re - treat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
2. Come from the loathsome ways of sin, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
3. Come, for the dangers hov - er near, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;
4. Come, for your sins the Lord has bled, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus;

Come, for the storms around you beat, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, for the Lord will take you in, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, He'll protect you from all fear, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.
Come, tho' they be like crim-son, red, Hide you in the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Hide..... you in the blood,..... For the storms..... are rag - ing high; ..... Hide.....
Hide you in the blood, Hide you in the blood, Storms are raging high, Storms are rag-ing high; Hide you in the

rit.....

..... you in the blood,..... Till the dan - gers pass you by.
blood, Hide you in the blood,

NO. 49.

Don't You Want to Go?

J. F. M. J. F. MAYFIELD.

1. In that land be-yond the riv - er, There, un - fad - ing flow - ers grow,
2. In that land be-yond the riv - er, There, no chill - ing breez - es blow,
3. In that land be-yond the riv - er, There's a home for you, I know,
4. Oh, that land be-yond the riv - er, It is there, I long to go;

There's a home prepared, my brother, For the wea - ry ones be - low!
For that clime is al - ways sun-ny, Bright, and hap - py ev - er- more!
If you'll fol - low in the foot-prints, Of the Sav - iour here be - low!
Where they nev - er know a sor-row, Neith - er sick-ness, pain or woe!

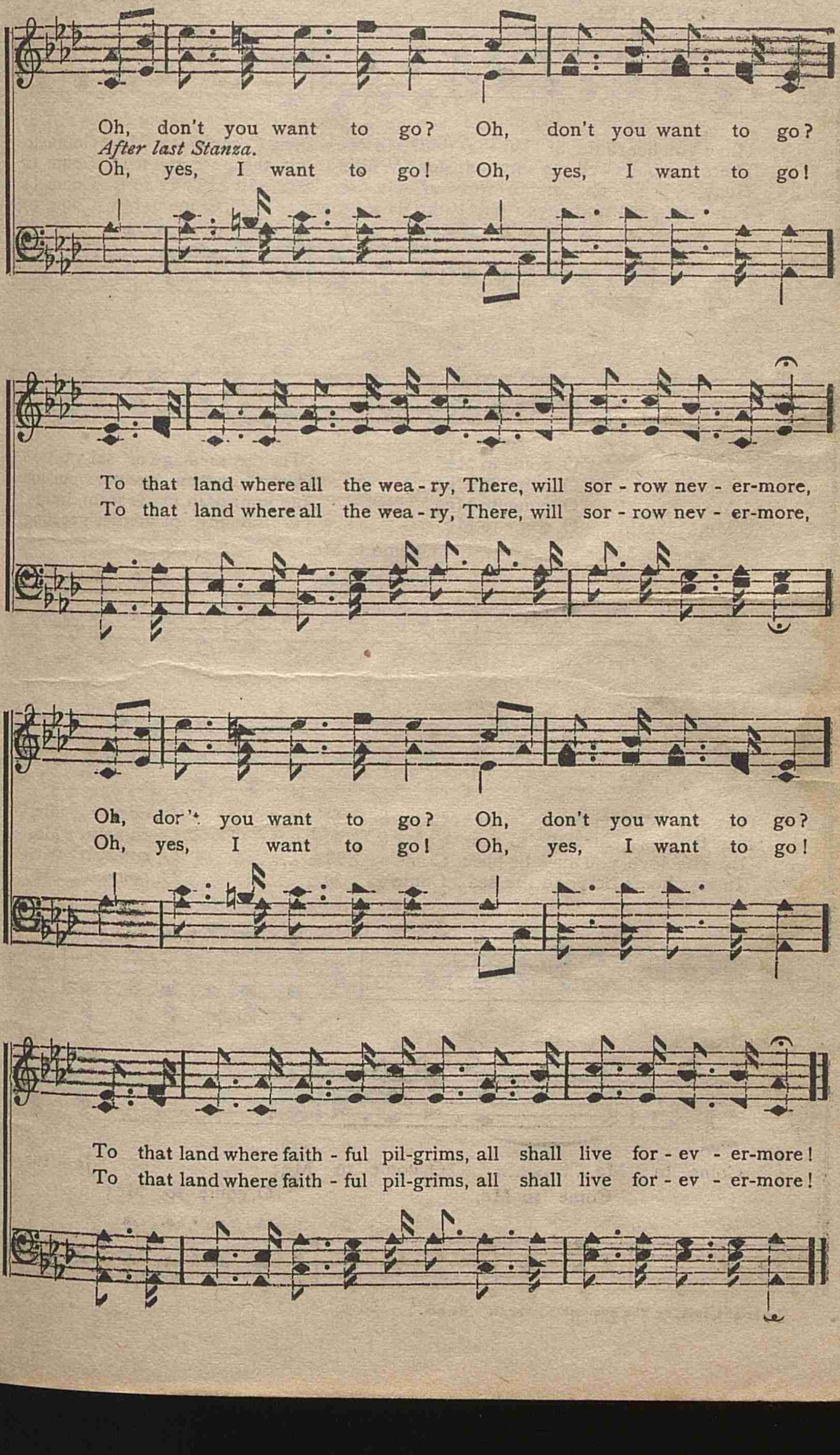
There, no sin can ev - er en - ter, There, all sor - row will be o'er,
And, that land, our bless -ed Sav-iour, Now in - vites you all to know,
He has gone to that fair cit - y; Would you there it's glo - ries know,
There, to dwell with Christ for - ev - er, And the dear ones gone be-fore,

'Tis a land of end - less glo - ry, Oh, then don't you want to go?
Hear Him call - ing now, dear sin -ner! Oh, then don't you want to go?
He ex - tends to all a wel-come, Oh, then don't you want to go?
In that land of end - less glo - ry, Oh, 'tis there I want to go!

Copyright, 1901, by J. F. Mayfield.

Don't You Want to Go?—Concluded.

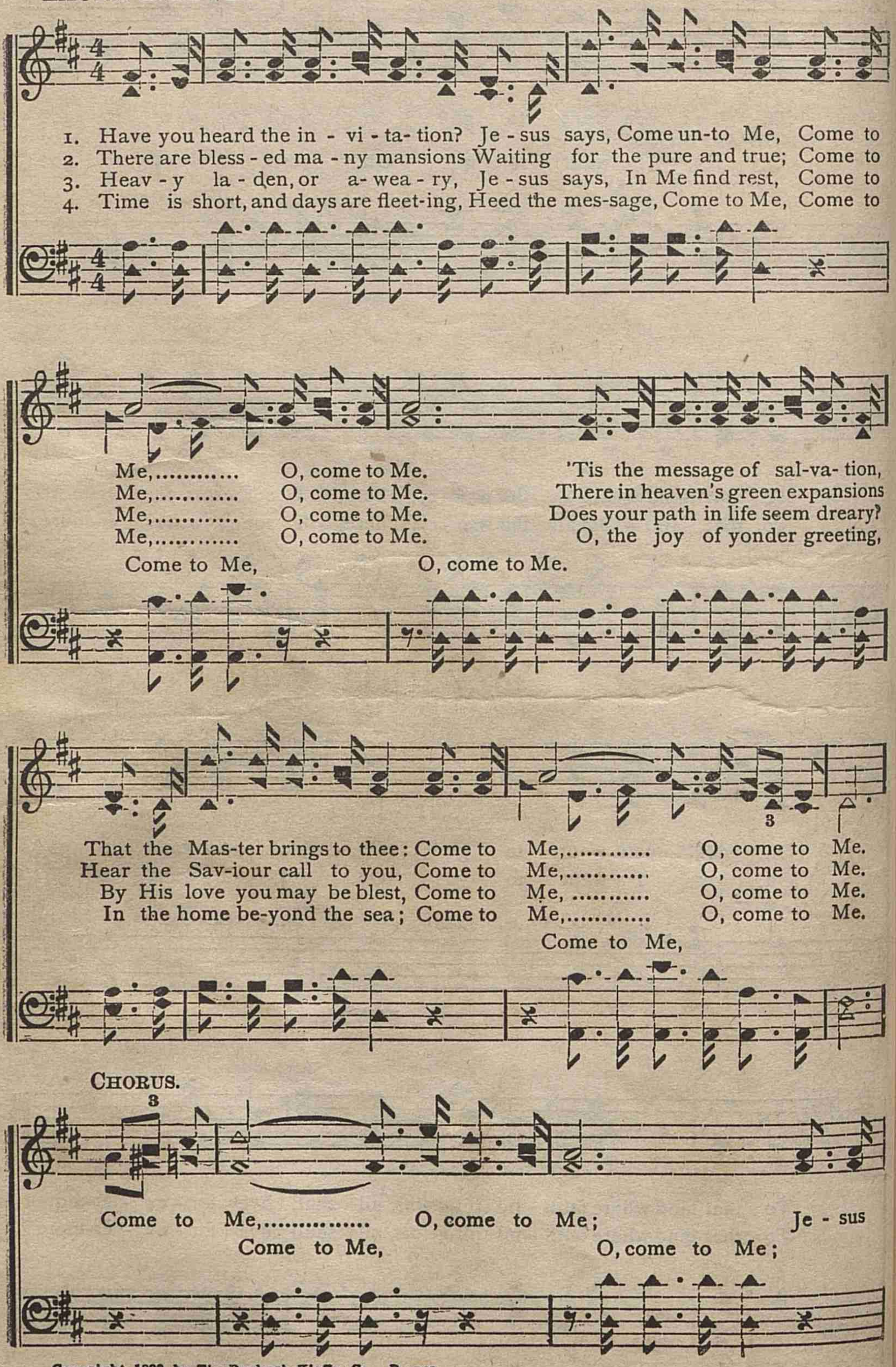
REFRAIN.



NO. 50.

The Gospel Invitation.

MATT. 11: 28.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. H. HALL.

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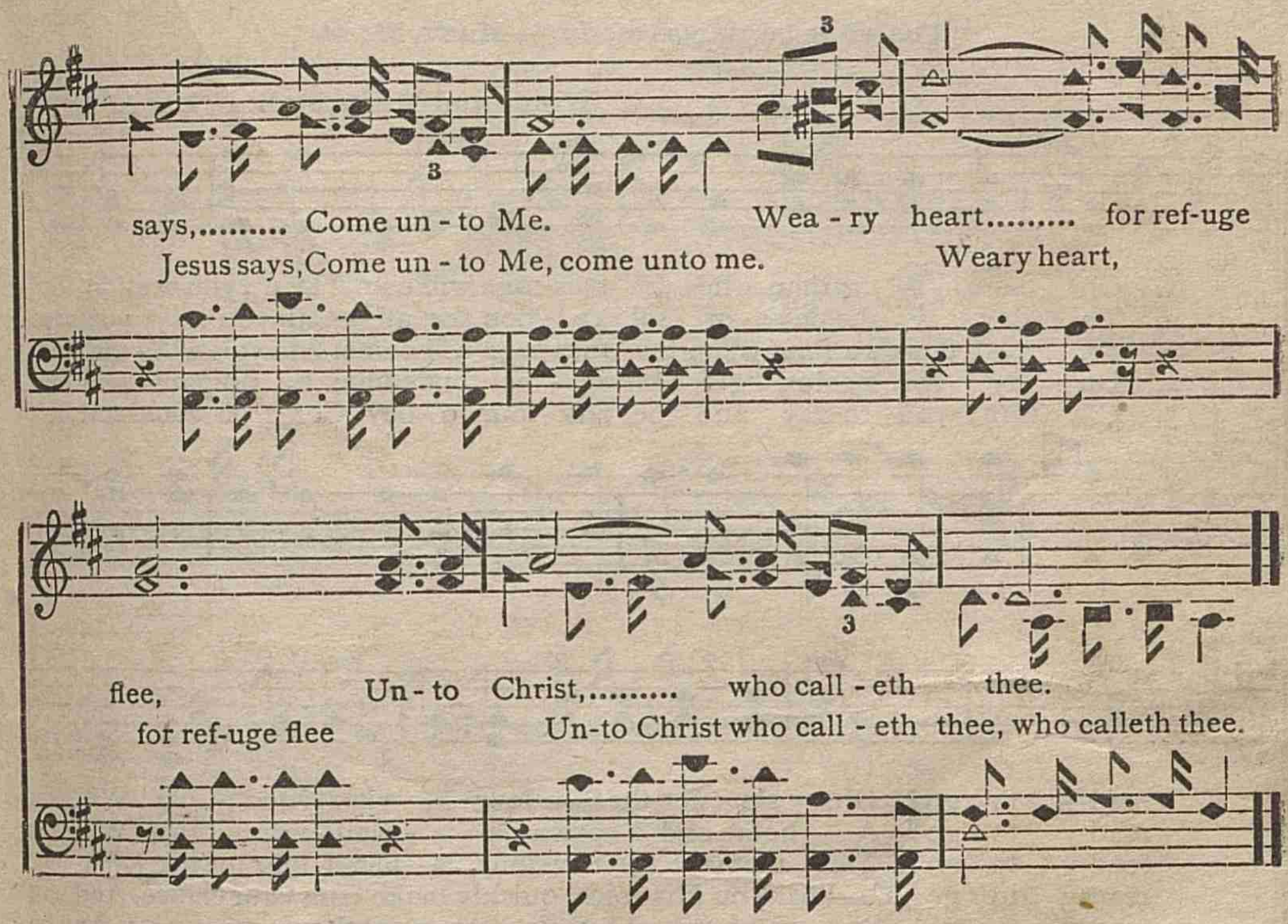
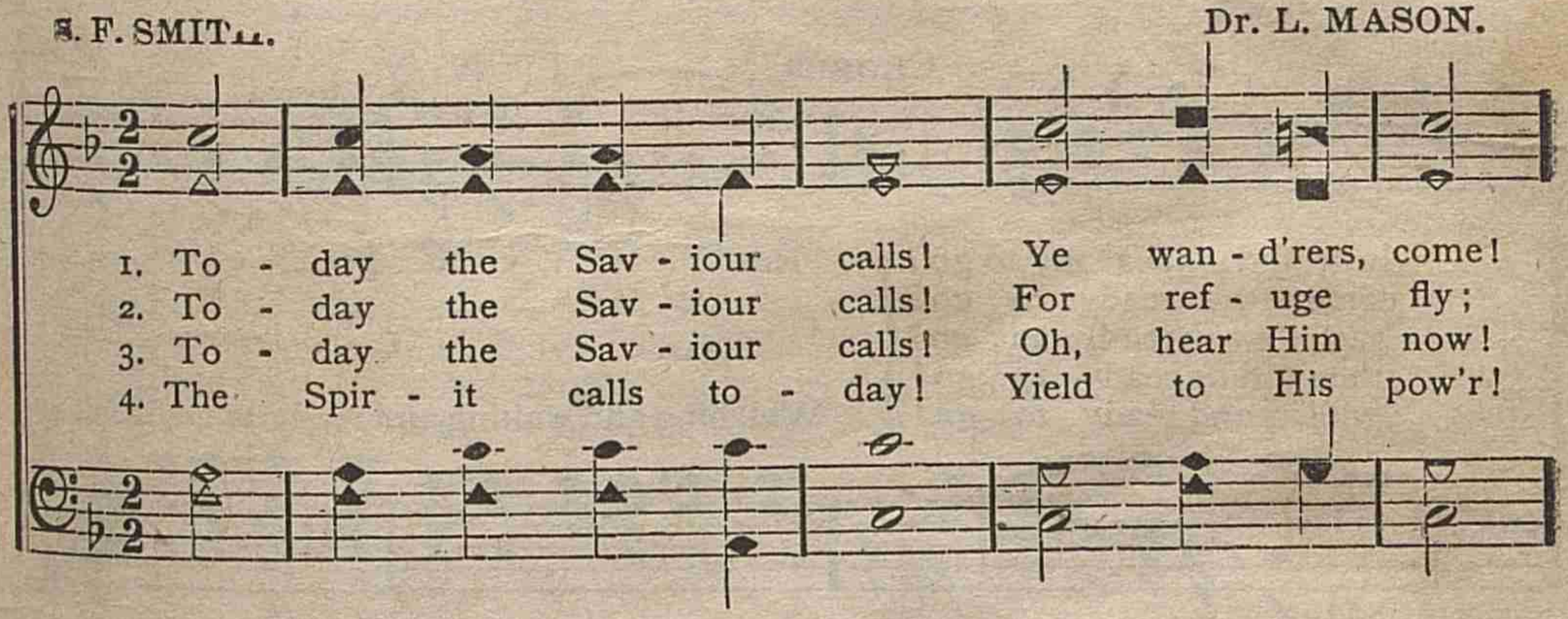
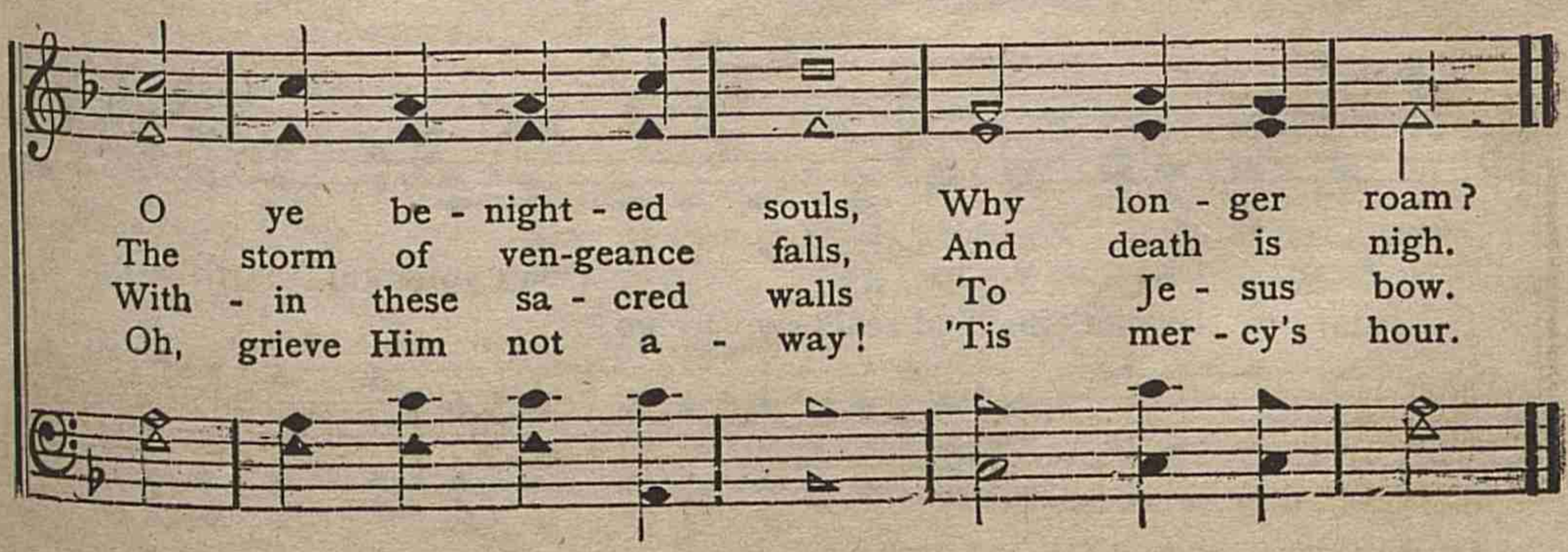
The Gospel Invitation.—Concluded.



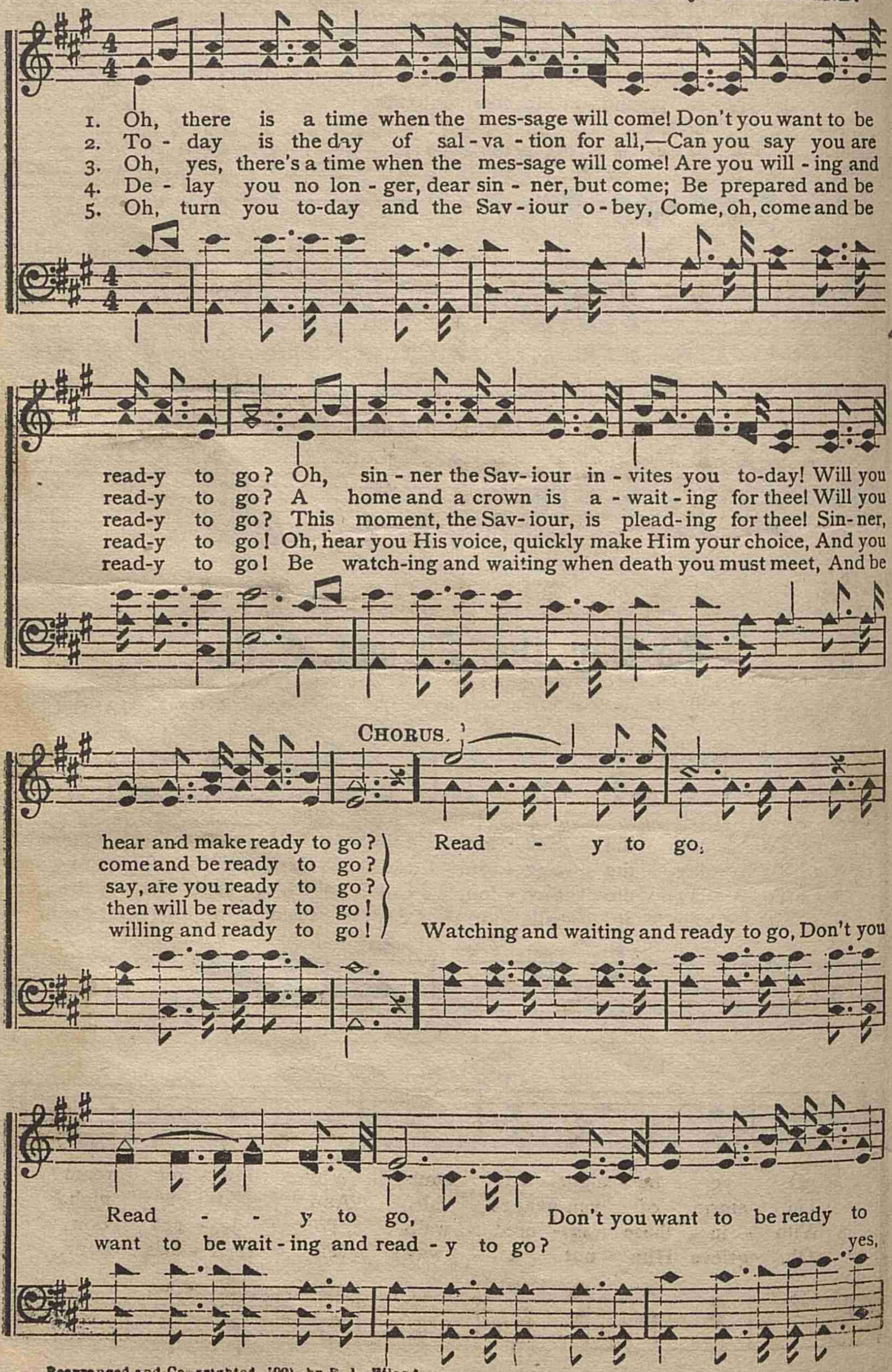
NO. 51.

To-Day the Saviour Calls.



NO. 52. Don't You Want to be Ready?

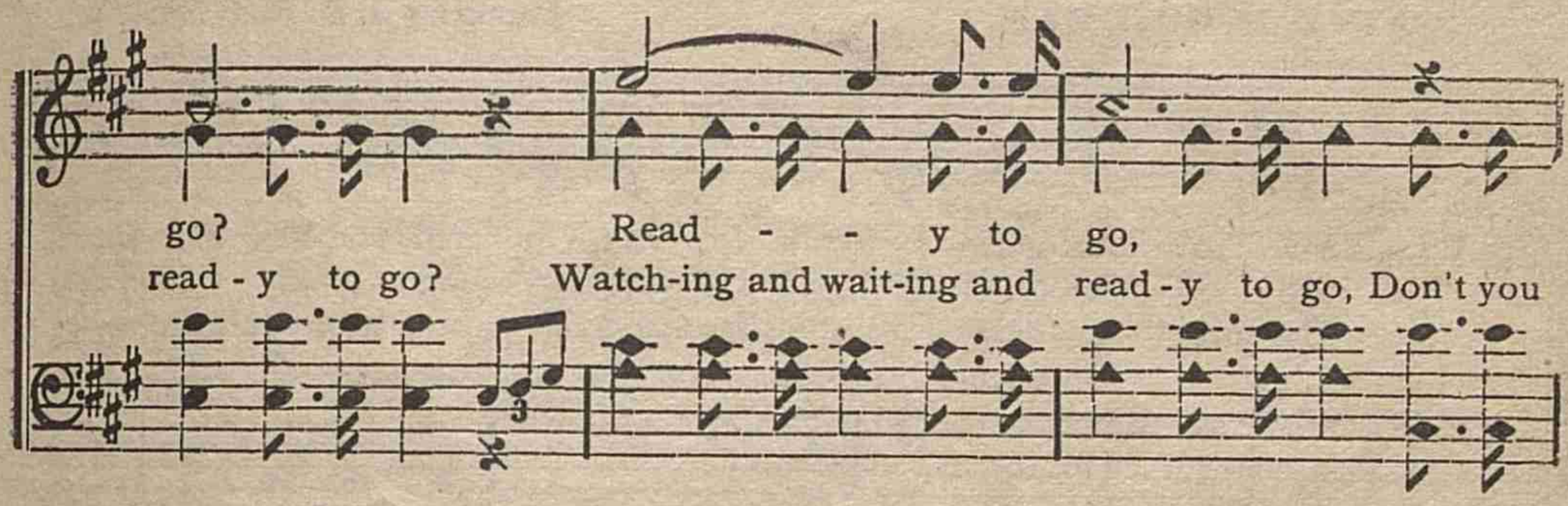
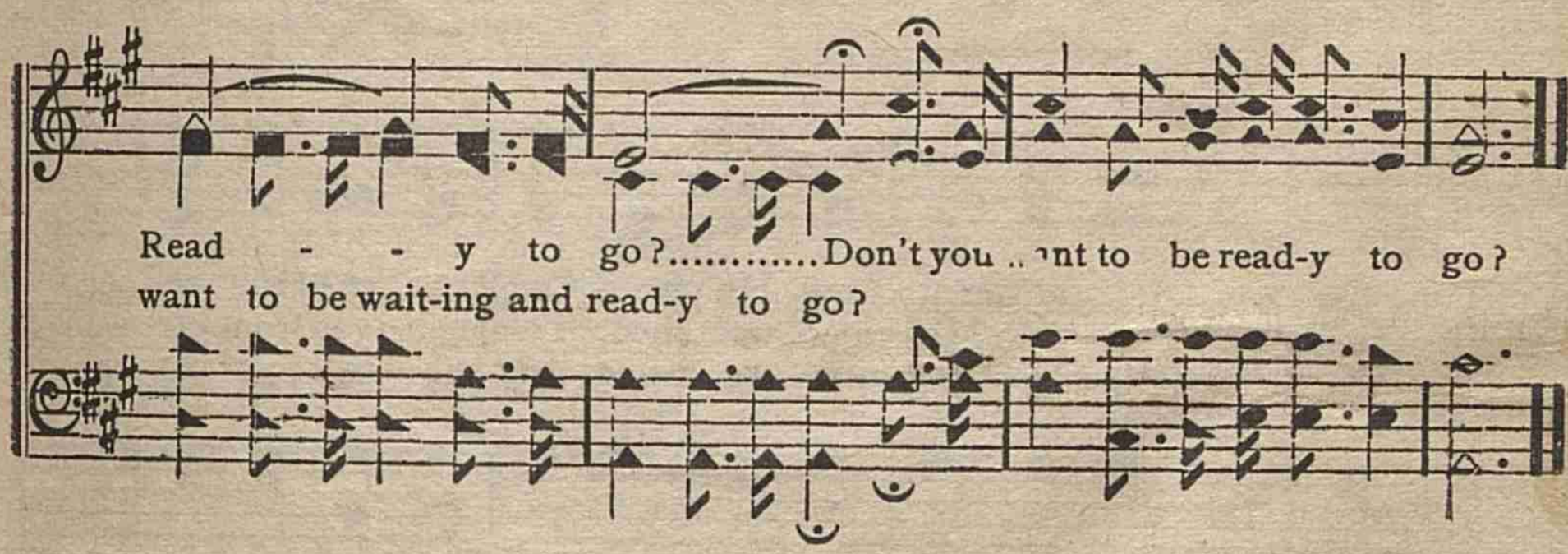
"Therefore be ye also ready."—MATT. 24: 44.

Words aud Music by F. L. EILAND.



Rearranged and Copyrighted 1901 by F. L. Eiland

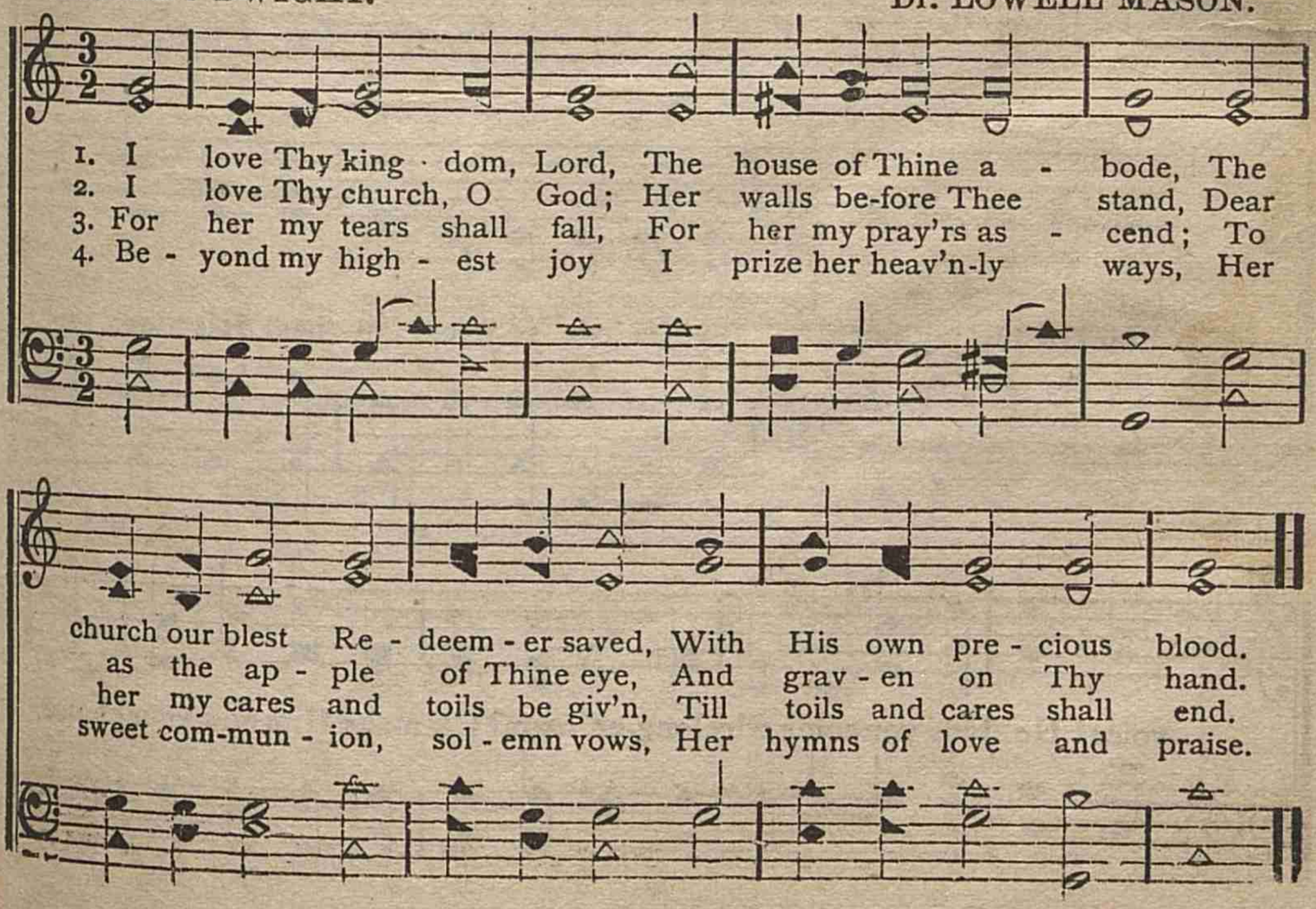
Don't You Want to be Ready?—Concluded.



NO. 53.

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; If I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Ps. 137: 5, 6.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

NO. 54.

Hear His Voice.

Words by D. M. GOODMAN. Music by J. D. PROVENCE

1. The Sav- iour gent - ly calls for you, Oh will you hear His voice?
2. Up - on the cross for you He died! In ag - o - ny and pain;
3. The might - y debt for you He paid; To save from death and woe;

In ten - der ac - cents now He pleads, Come, and in Him re - joice.
'Twas there for you His blood was shed, To cleanse you from all stain.
Oh come, His bless - ing now re - ceive; And on re - joic - ing go.

CHORUS.

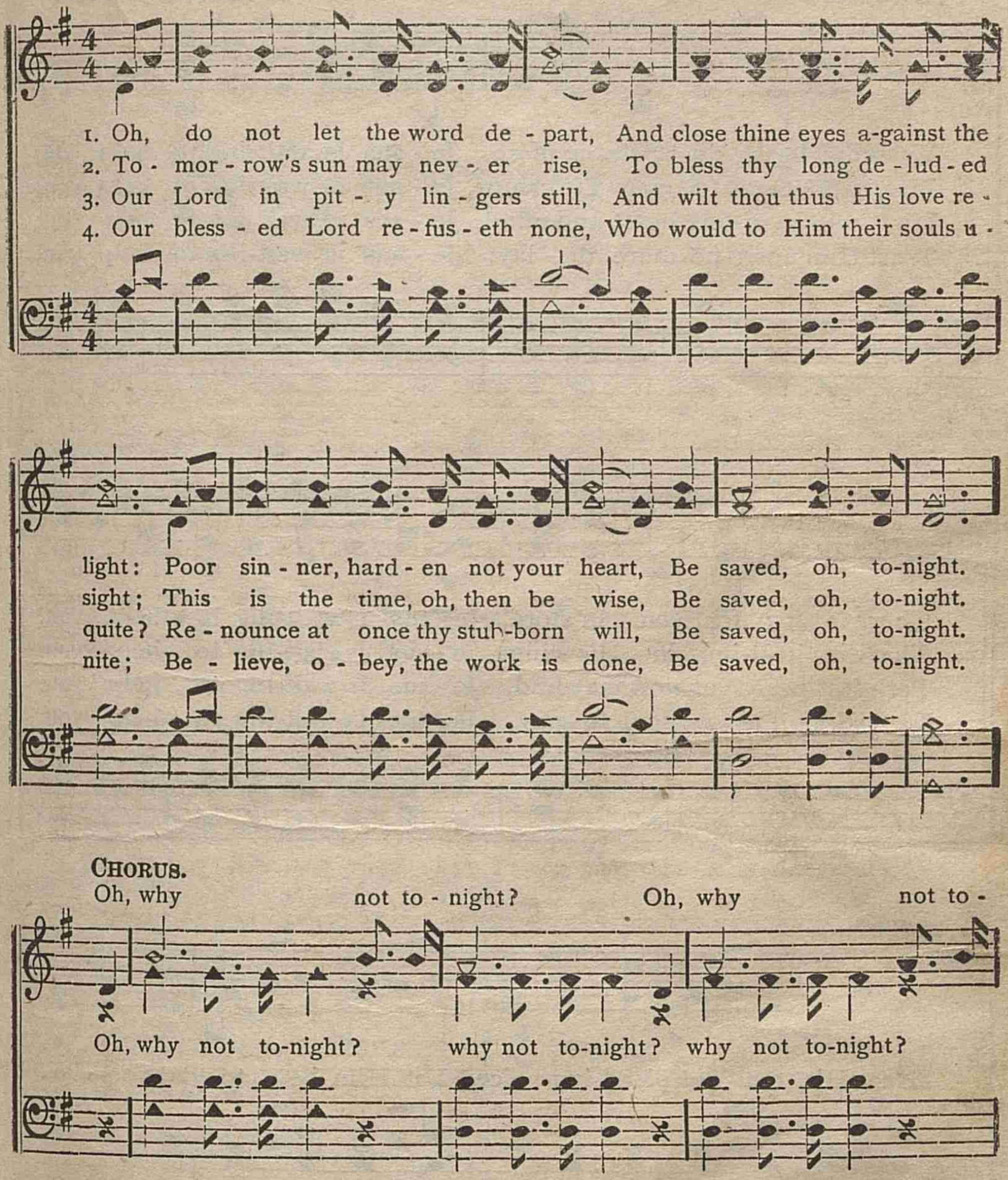
He calls, He calls, He
He calls you, will you come? He calls you, will you come?

calls for you!
hear His lov - ing voice! in His love re - joice, Oh hear His lov - ing

voice! He bids you come, why long-er roam? Oh make Him now your choice.

No. 55.

Why Not To-Night?

Dr. H. Bonar. F. L. EILAND.

NO. 56

Jesus is Waiting to Help You.

Copyright, 1909, by The Trio Music Co.

JAMES ROWE. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Wounded heart, de - spair no more, Je - sus is wait-ing to help you;
2. Life a - new to you He brings, Je - sus is wait-ing to help you;
3. He will com-fort heart and mind, Je - sus is wait-ing to help you;
4. Trust Him now; no more de - lay; Je - sus is wait-ing to help you;

There is joy for you in store, Je - sus is wait-ing to help you.
There is heal-ing in His wings, Je - sus is wait-ing to help you.
Per - fect peace you now may find, Je - sus is wait-ing to help you.
Let Him bless your soul to - day, Je - sus is wait-ing to help you.

CHORUS.

Hear His ten - der plead-ing voice; Let Him be to - day your choice;
He will make your soul re-joice; Je - sus is wait-ing to help you.

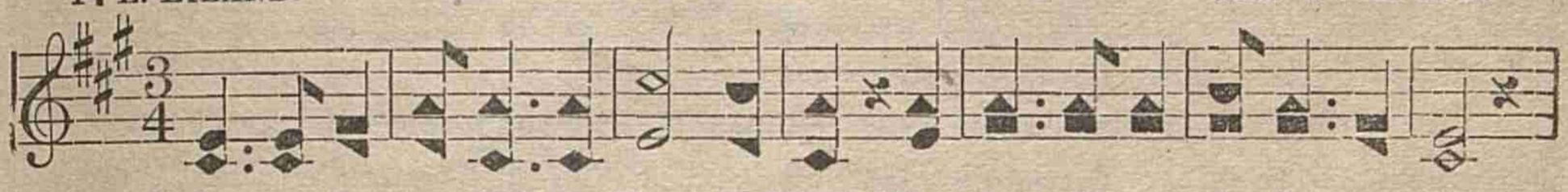
NO. 57.

I Am Not Ready.

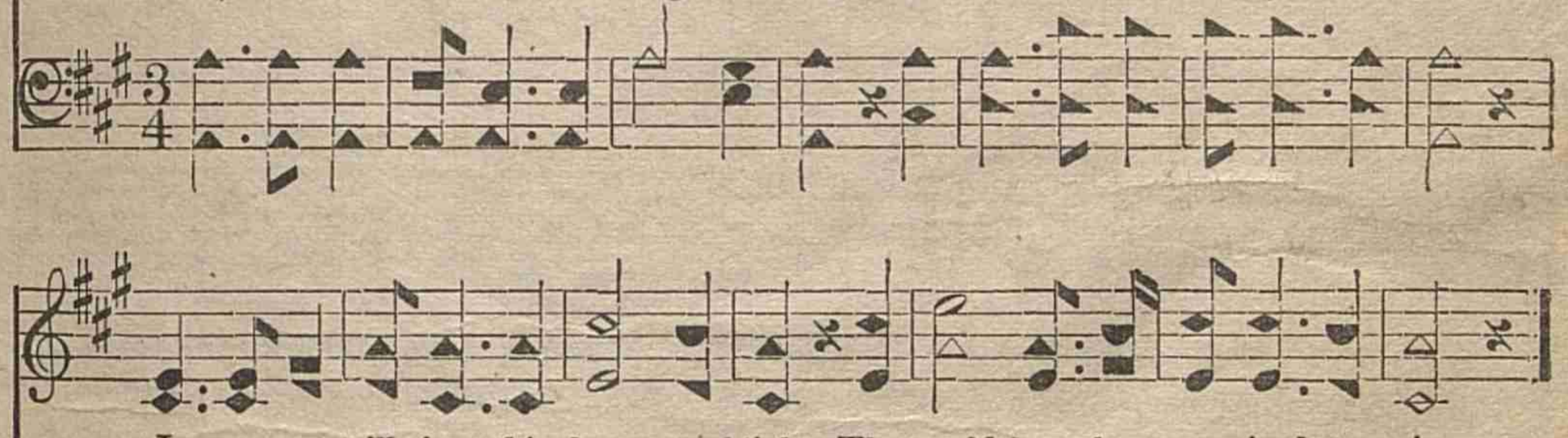
"To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart."—Bible.

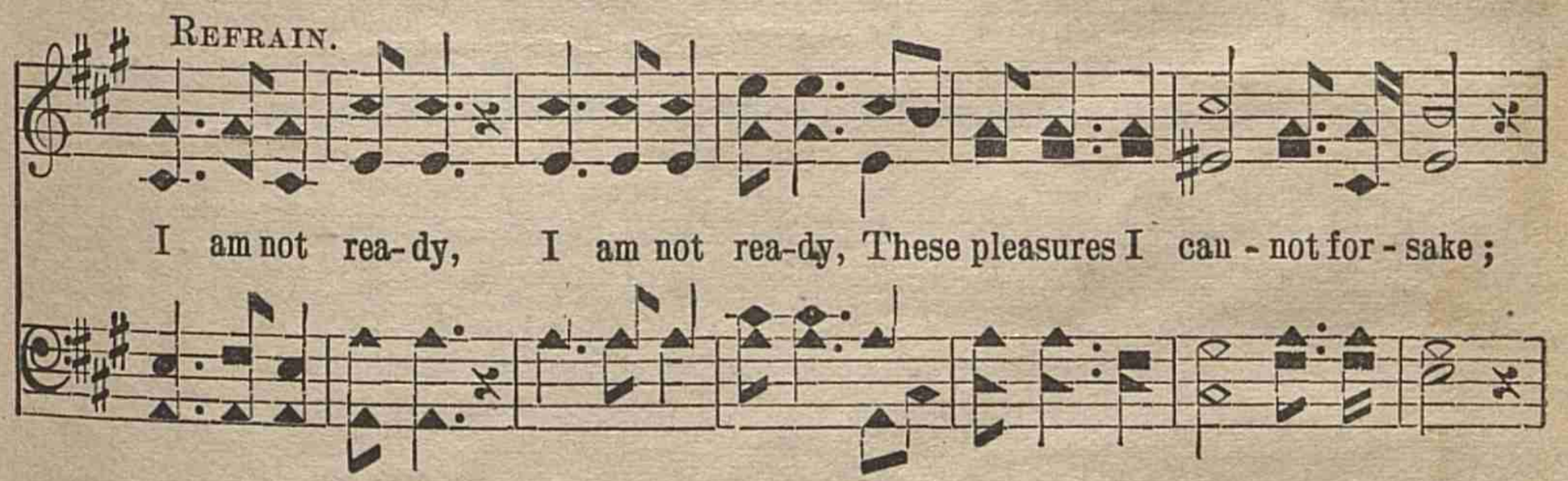
A more convenient season, friend,
Your soul may never bless,—
This is the day, thou shouldst secure
God's offered righteousness.

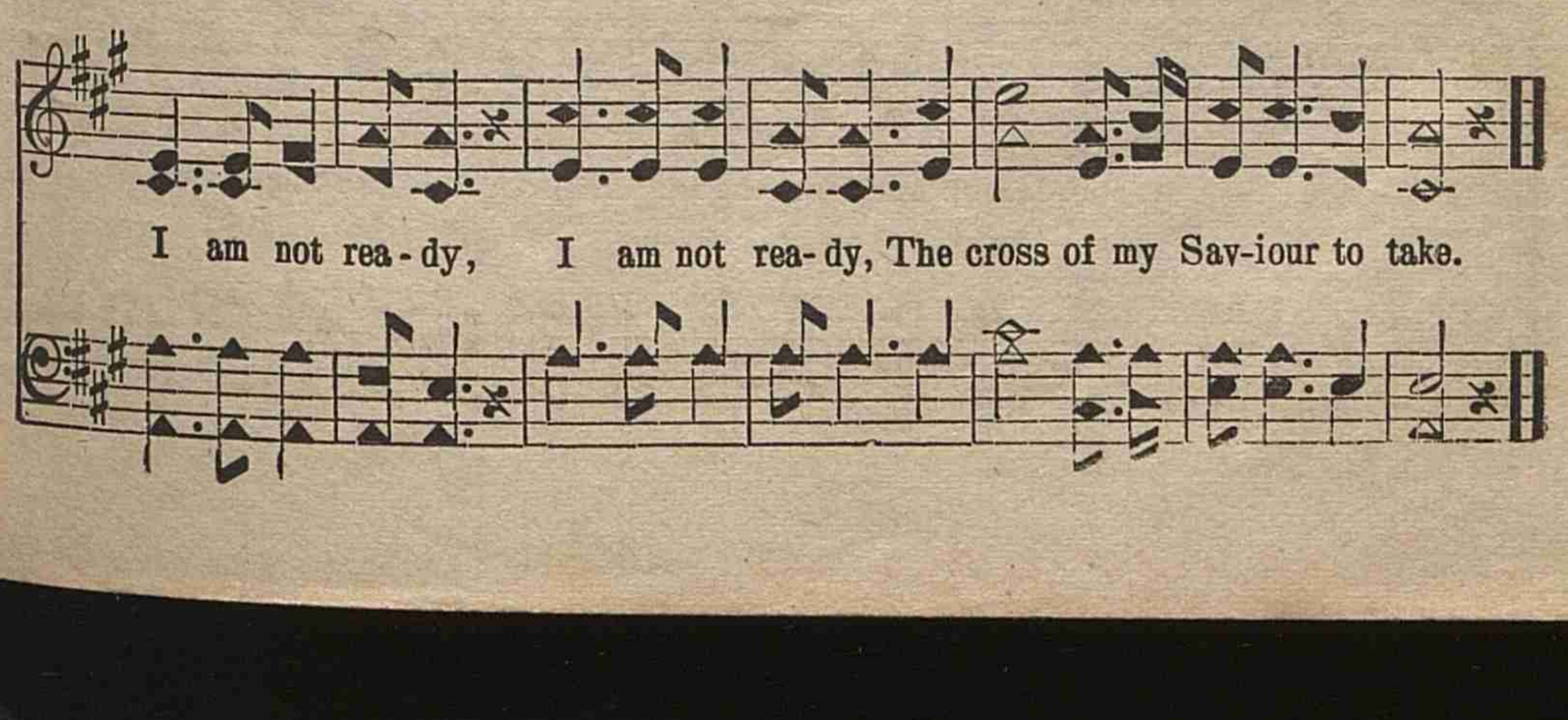
F. L. EILAND. Jas. W. ACUFF.



1. I am not rea-dy to choose to-night, The way of a pil-grim to live,—
2. I am not rea-dy this step to try—This glo-ry to bar-ter a-way!
3. I am not rea-dy, just yet, to part With pleasure so sweet to me here,—
4. I will get rea-dy, there's time for me,—The day of my youth is not past;
5. O, I have wait-ed too long, too long! The last call of mer-cy's with-drawn!



I am not will-ing, this hope to blight, The world, here has promised to give.
I can-not trust it, I'll pass it by, I'll wait till an-oth-er good day.
I will stay with them, and let my heart Feast on, with-out sad-ness, or fear.
Af-ter earth's glo-ries, e-nough I see, This course I will take at the last.
I am not rea-dy is my sad song! The day of sal-va-tion is gone.

REFRAIN.

I am not rea-dy, I am not rea-dy, These pleasures I can-not for-sake;

I am not rea-dy, I am not rea-dy, The cross of my Sav-iour to take.

NO. 58. Sinner, Won't You Heed the Call?

J. F. M. J. F. MAYFIELD.

1. Oh! yes, O yes, there's joy and peace, Offered now to one and all,
2. Oh! yes, there's room in Heav'n a-bove, Room for ev-'ry sin-sick soul;
3. There is a crown, a shin-ing crown, Brighter than the noon-day's sun,

And Je-sus stands with beck'ning hands, Waiting those who heed the call.
Yes, there is room for you and me, Room, for both the young and old.
A-wait-ing now, poor soul for thee, Come ye now, the Lord says, come.

REFRAIN.

Sin-ner, won't you heed the call? Sinner, won't you heed the call?

Yes, Je-sus stands with beck'ning hands, Waiting those who heed the call.

Copyright 1901 by J. F Mayfield

NO. 59.

Softly and Tenderly.

Copyright by Will L. Thompson, East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. pp

m

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass - ing from you and from me;
4. O for the won-der - ful love He has promised, Prom-ised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching,
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,
Shadows are gathering, death-warnings coming,
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon,

CHORUS.

m

Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,
Mer - cies for you and for me?
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me. Come home, come home,

Cres. *pp* *ppp*

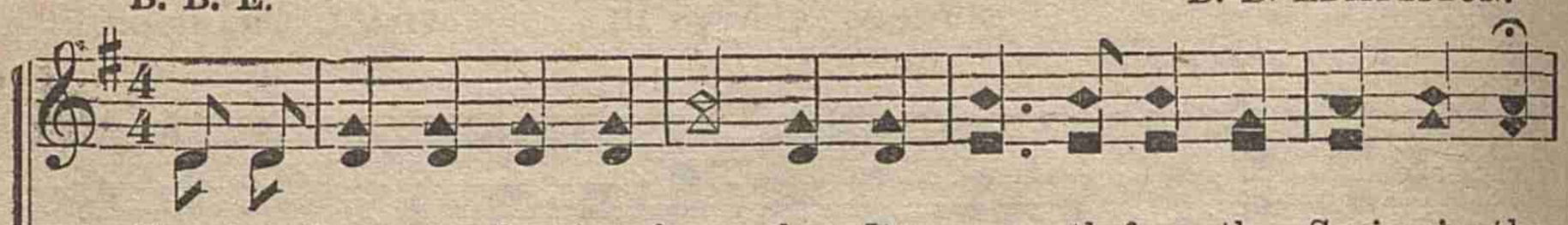
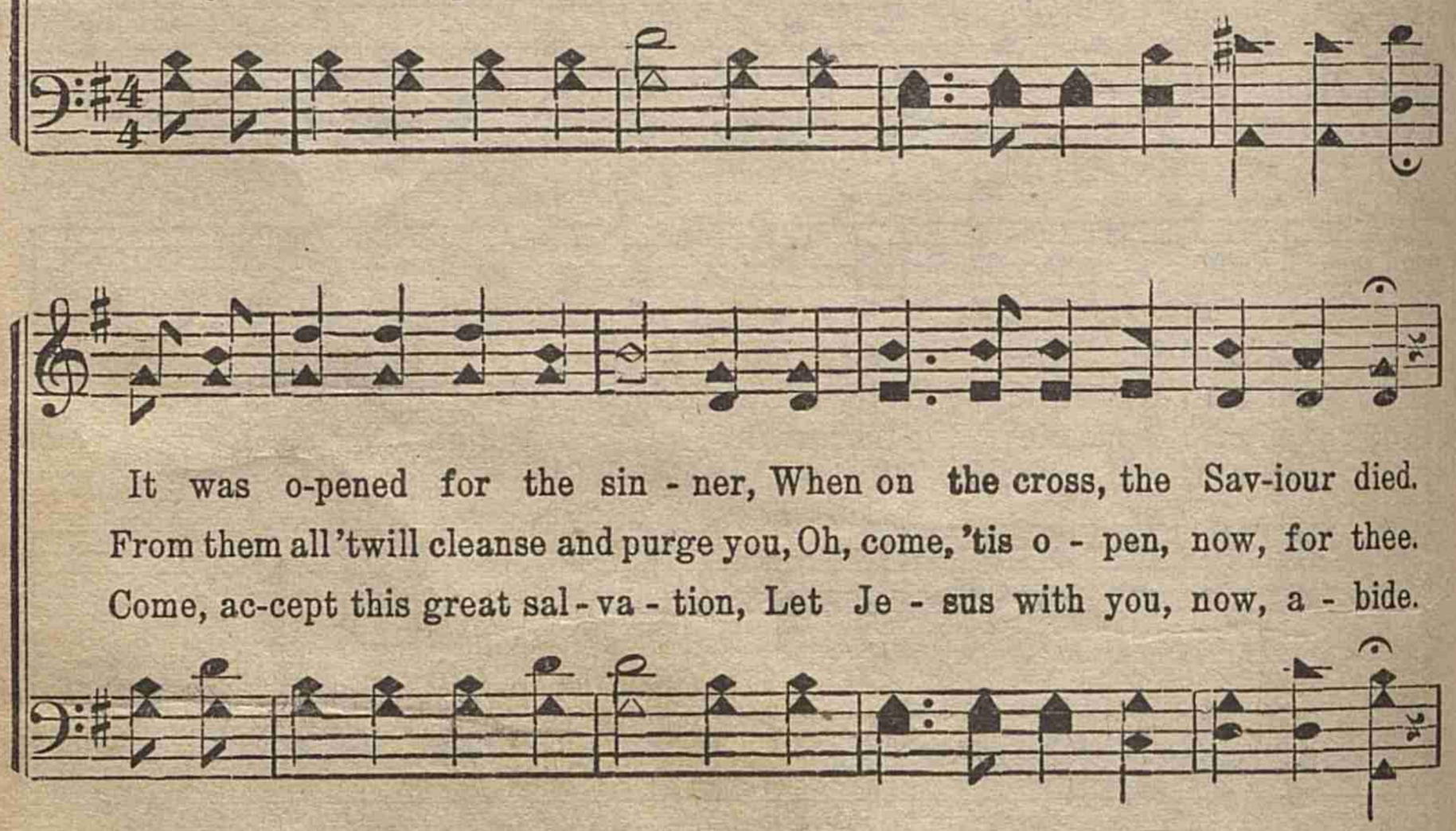
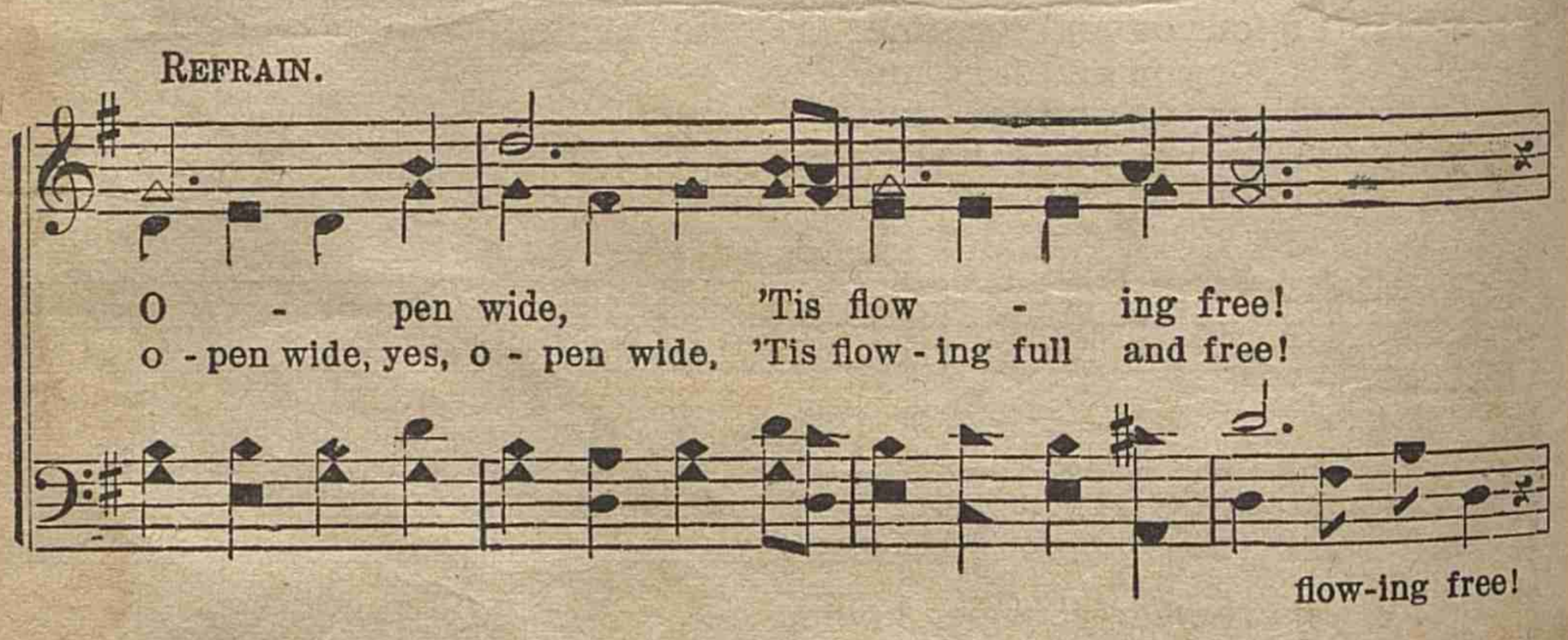
Ye who are wear-y, come home; ... Ear - nest-ly, ten - der - ly,

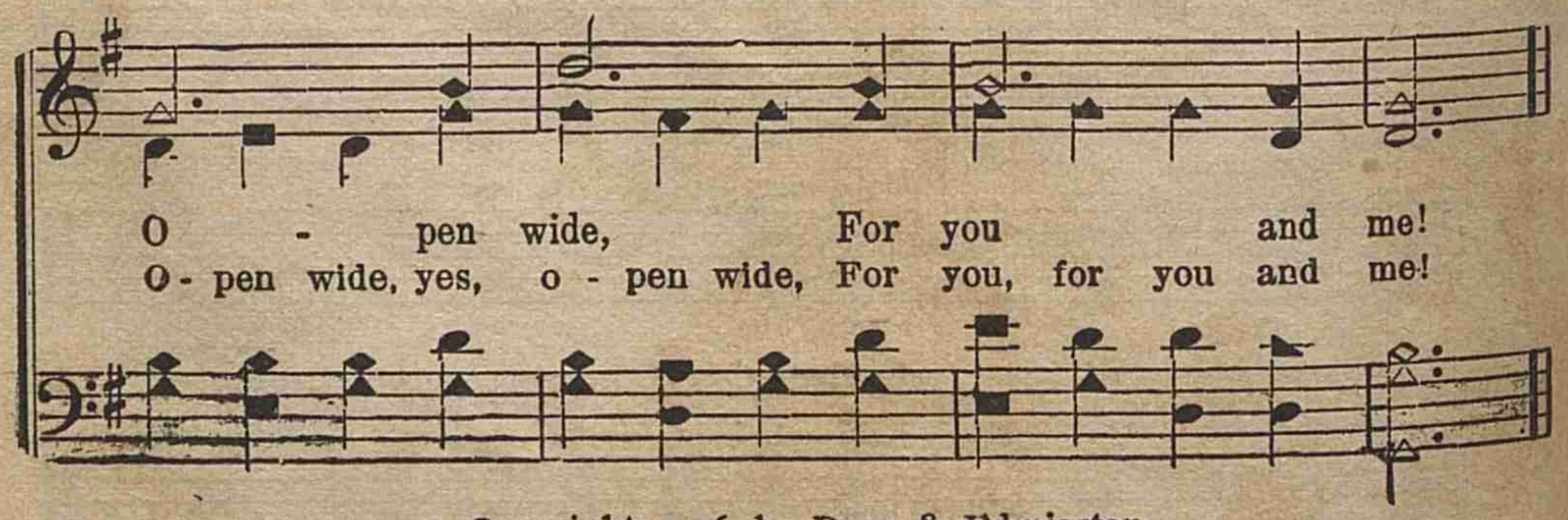
Rit. *pp*

Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

NO. 60.

The Open Fountain.

B. B. E. B. B. EDMIASTON.





Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Edmiaston.

NO. 61.

Come In.

M. D. U.

M. D. USSERY.

Slowly.

1. Oh, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is plead-ing to - day, Come
2. How sad, would it be, in the great jndg-ment morn, If
3. Oh, how can you slight Him, and turn Him a - way, Go

in, oh, poor sin - ner, come in, (come in,) The feast is now
dark-ness and death be your fate, (your fate,) Re - ject - ed by
on - ward, in dark-ness and sin? (and sin?) The feast is now

read-y, no lon-ger de - lay, Come in, oh, poor sinner, come in.
Je - sus, for - ev - er to stay, Shut out, at the beau-ti - ful gate.
read-y, He calls you to - day, Come in, oh, poor sinner, come in.

REFRAIN.

Come in,..... come in,..... The feast is now ready, come in;.....
Come in, come in, come in;
Come in,..... come in,..... The feast is now ready, come in.
Come in, come in,

Copyright, 1905, by Dean & Hensley.

NO. 62.

Don't Wait Too Long.

Copyright, 1908, by Emmett S. Dean.

JAMES ROWE. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. You oft have heard the Saviour's plea, And know that you His child should be,
2. "A lit-tle more of mine own way, A few more pleasures vain," you say,
3. You know that friends and loved ones wait And watch for you at heaven's gate,
4. Again His tender voice implores; Make mother's precious Saviour yours;

Yet still to His ap-peal you say "I'll wait a while," then turn a- way.
"And then, perhaps, I'll heed His plea, Seek pardon, and a Christian be."
That on your soul, which once was fair, These words still rest; "I'll meet you there."
Don't risk a - gain your priceless soul; Let Christ your future life con-trol.

CHORUS.

Don't wait too long, for death may come, And seal forev-er more your doom;

If you would join the ransomed throng, O wayward soul, don't wait too long.

NO. 63.

Sinner, Come Home.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean & Acuff.

GRACE MAYNARD. JAS. W. ACUFF.

1. There's a sweet voice call-ing Soft the tones are fall-ing, Sin-ner,
2. You have long been waiting,—Mercy's tide's a - bat-ing; Sin-ner,
3. To His sweet call hark-en, Ere your hopes all dark-en,—Sin-ner,

come, come home; Christ will give sweet rest To the soul distressed; Will you
come, come home; Yield to Him control, He will save your soul; Will you
come, come home; Soon His call may cease, Haste to find release; Will you

Sinner, come,

CHORUS.

come? will you come? Will you come? Hear Him

oh, will you come? oh, will you come?

gen - tly calling, Sinner, come, come home; Will you come?

Sinner, come, oh, will you come?

Soft the tones are falling, Will you come? will you come?

oh, will you come?

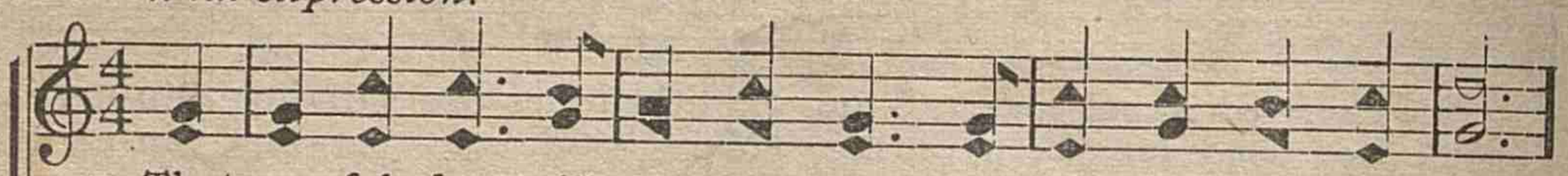
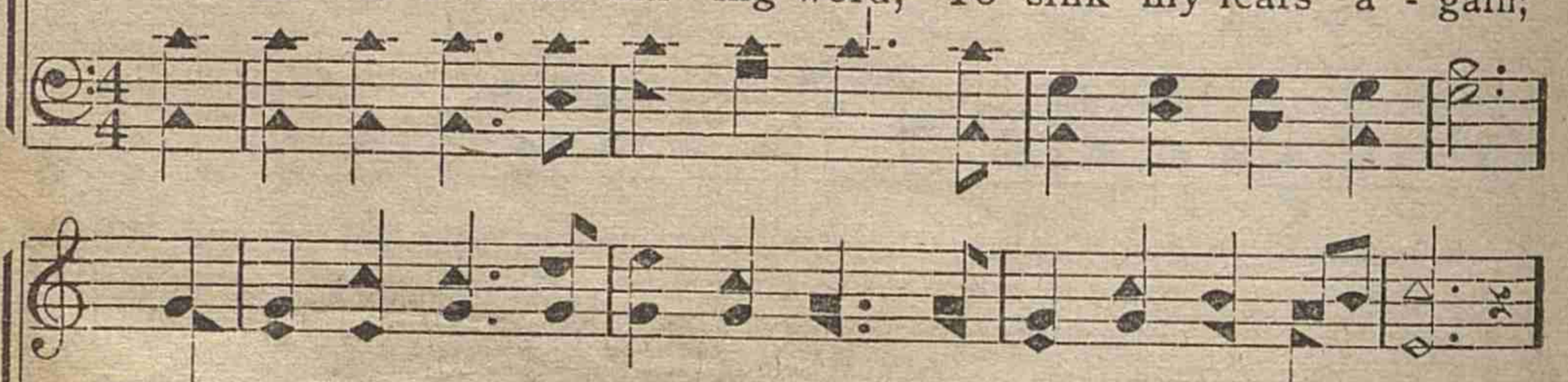
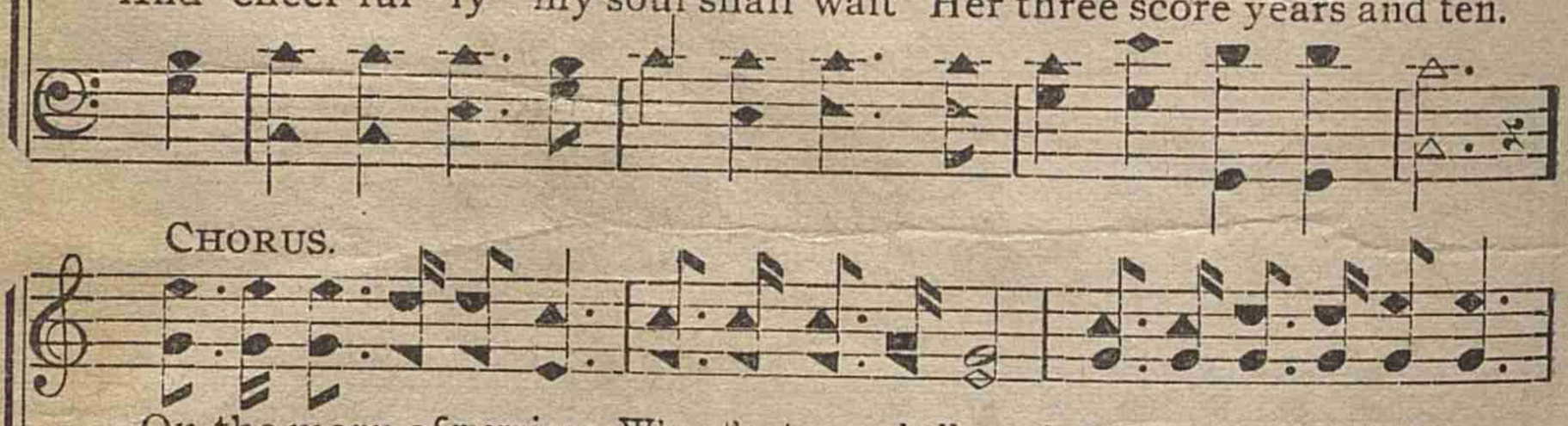
NO. 64.

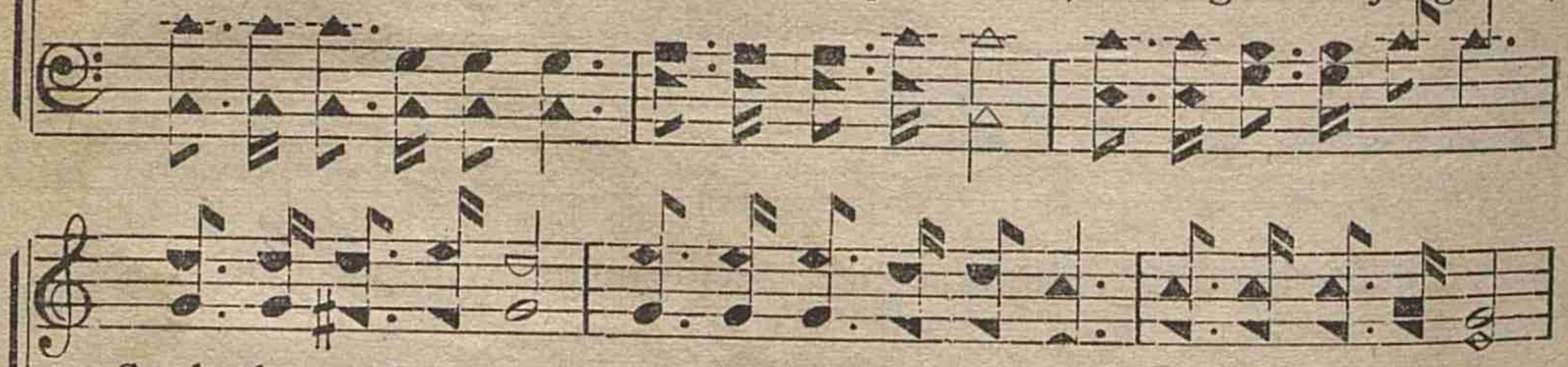
That Awful Day.

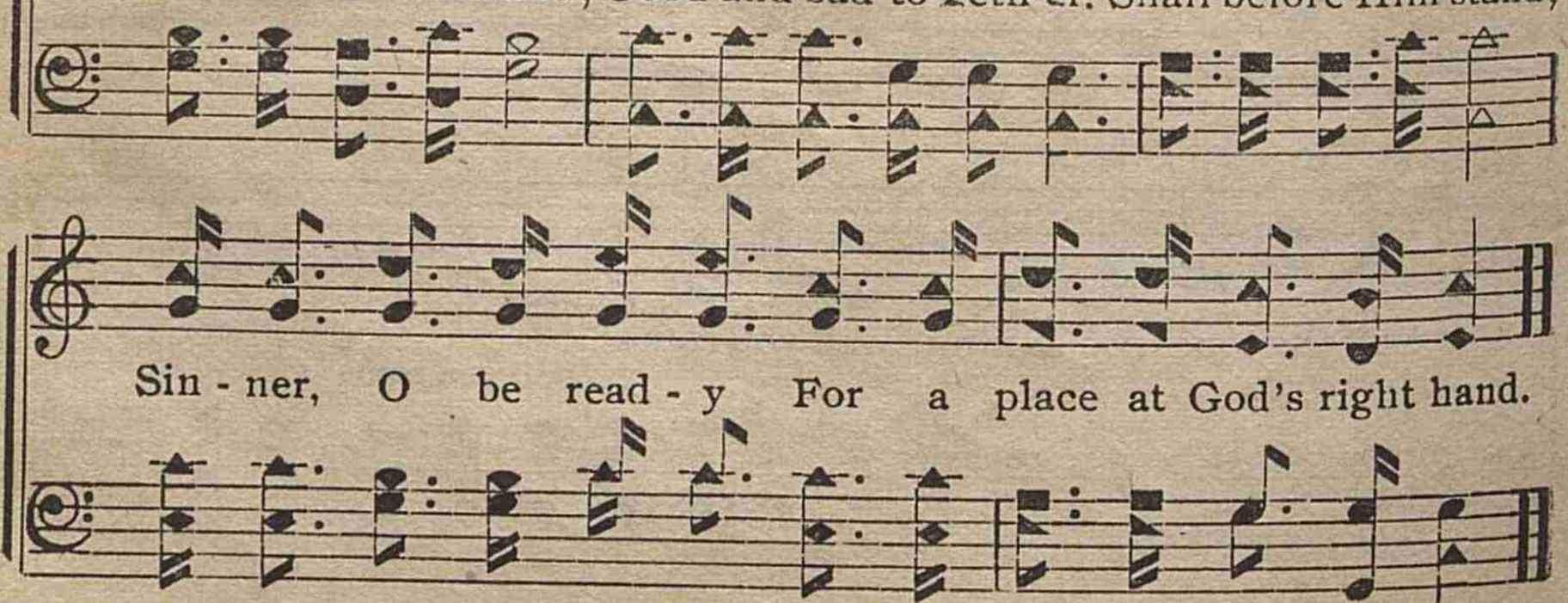
"The trumpet shall sound." I COR. 15: 52.

Copyright, 1907, by Dean & Hensley.

1. WATTS. Chorus and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With expression.

1. That aw- ful day will sure - ly come, Th' appointed hour make haste,
2. The love- ly Chief of all my joys, The Sov-'reign of my heart,
3. Je - sus, I throw my arms a - round, And hang up - on Thy breast;
4. O tell me that my worthless name Is grav - en on Thy hands!
5. Give me one kind as - su- ring word, To sink my fears a - gain;

When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.
How could I bear to hear Thy voice Pronounce the word, "Depart!"
With - out one gracious smile from Thee, My spir- it can - not rest
Show me some promise in Thy book, Where my sal-va - tion stands.
And cheer-ful - ly my soul shall wait Her three score years and ten.

CHORUS.

On the morn of mornings, When the trump shall sound, Calling to the judgment,

Souls the earth around; Good and bad to-geth-er. Shall before Him stand;



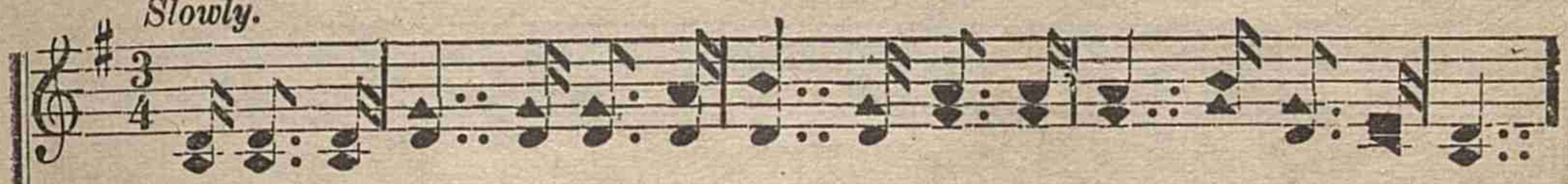
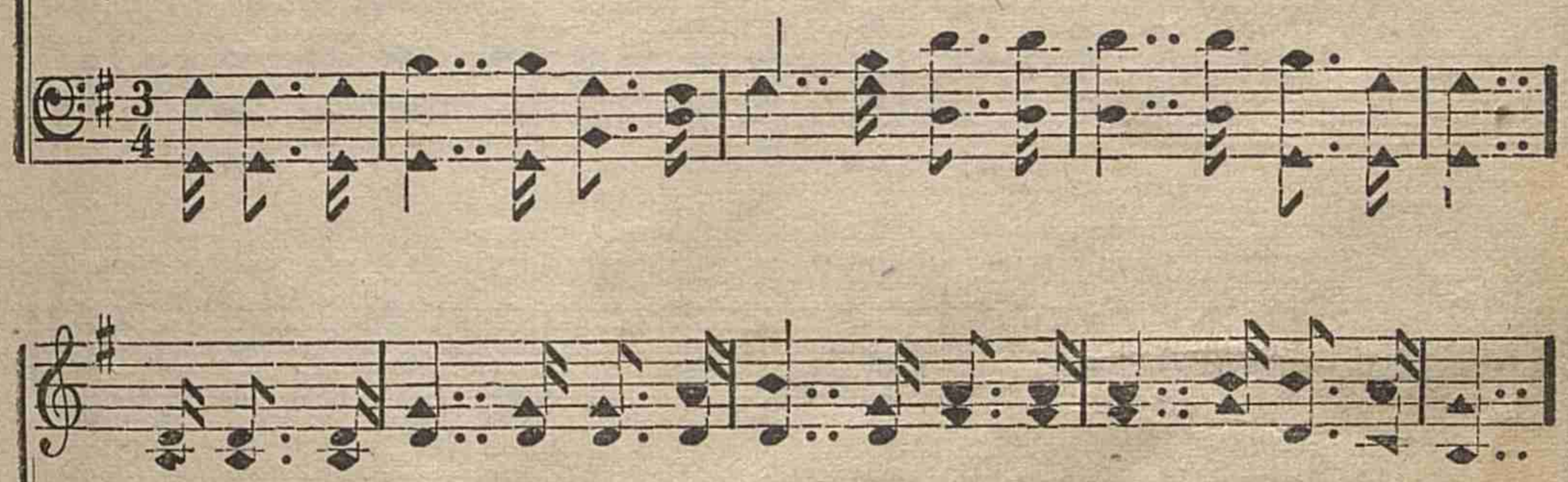
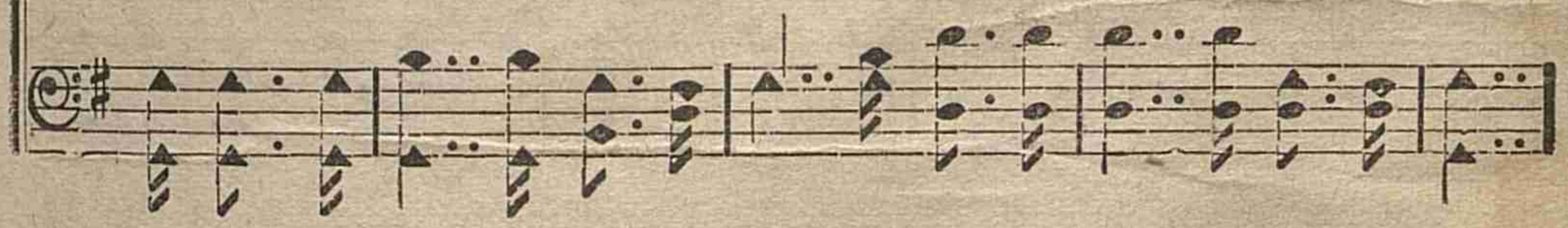
Sin - ner, O be read - y For a place at God's right hand.

NO. 65.

Too Late.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

Slowly.

1. Too late, 'twill be for you to cry, When mer-cies day has passed you by!
2. Too late, when death has barred the door, Your wail-ings can be heard no more!
3. Will you not heed the voice to - day, In - vit - ing you Christ to o - bey?
4. No long - er, there in sin a - bide! This all im - por- tant step de - cide!

When sol - emn night, of dark de-spair, Shall come up - on you halt-ing there!
Re - ject - ed, there, thy soul will be— Shut out, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!
And be prepared to en - ter there, A pure and spot - less robe to wear?
Come out, where Christ can touch thy soul, And at this mo - ment be made whole!

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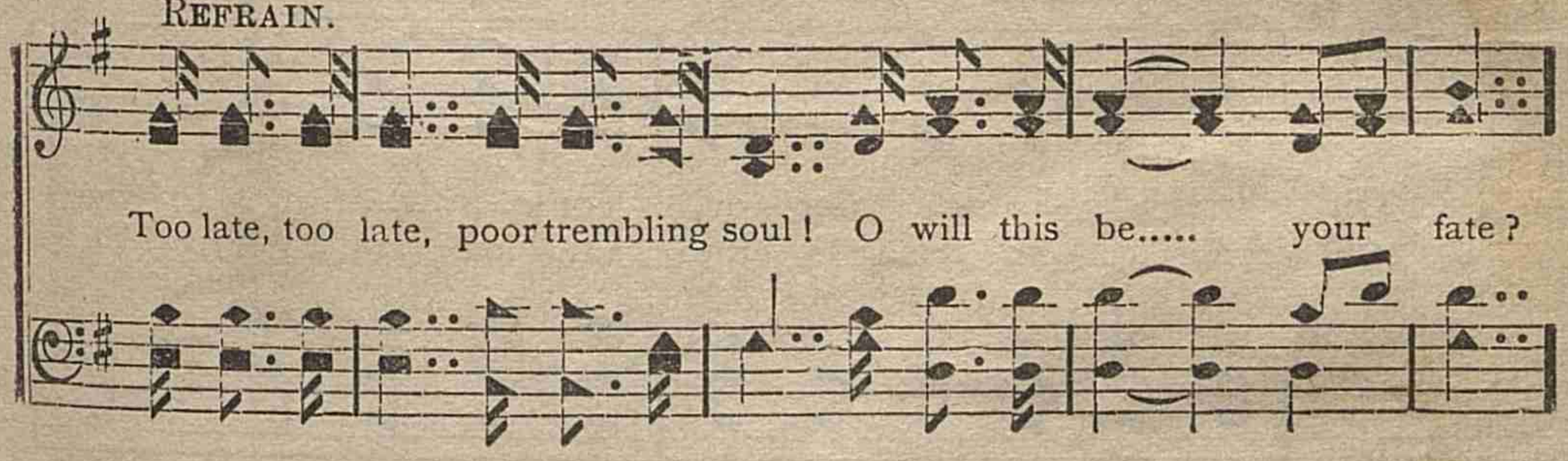
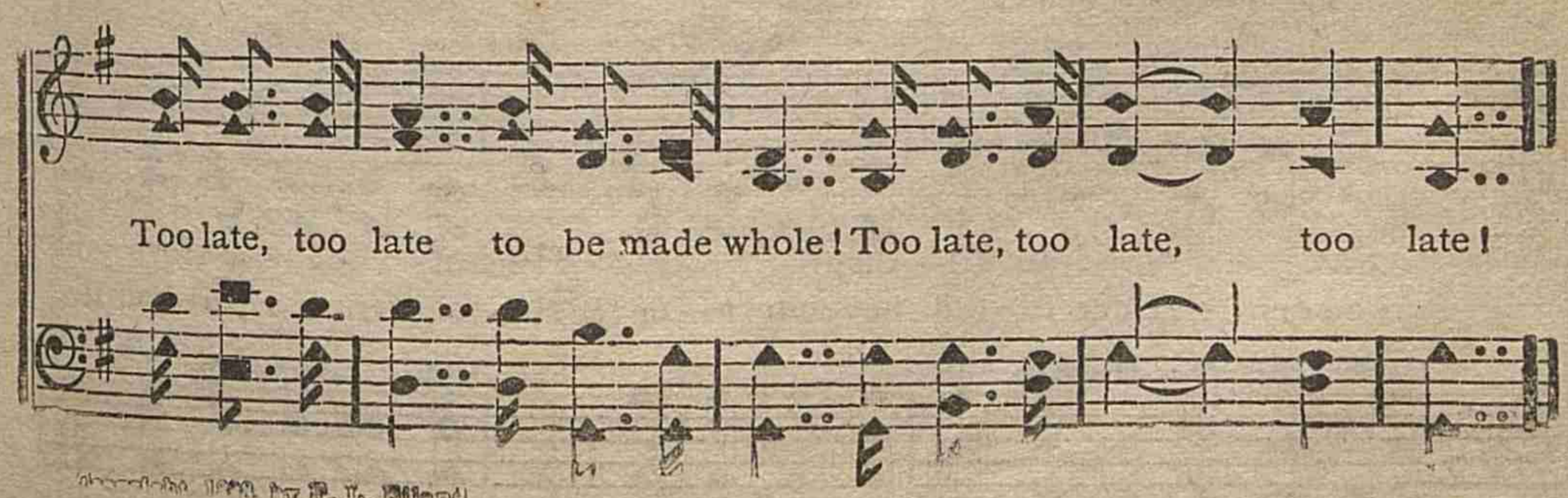

Too late, too late, poor trembling soul! O will this be..... your fate?



Too late, too late to be made whole! Too late, too late, too late!

NO. 66.

List the Saviour's Call.

Copyright, 1907, by Emmett S. Dean.

WM. D. EVRIDGE. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Oh, list the Sav- iour's lov - ing call, From realms beyond the sky!
2. When all mankind in sin was lost, A sword of jus - tice gleamed,
3. He trod the shores of Gal - i - lee, He climbed the mountain side!
4. He in - ter-cedes at God's right hand, For all the hu - man race;

He longs to save you from the fall, And yet you pass Him by!
He came to pay the dread- ful cost, That we might be re - deemed!
That He might res-cue you and me, On Cal - va - ry He died!
Oh, let us seek the countless band, For-ev - er saved by grace!

CHORUS.

Oh, wan - - der - er, come..... to the
Oh, wan - der - er, come to the Sav - iour to - day! Oh,
Sav - - iour to - day!..... He of - - fers you
wan-der er, come to the Sav-iour to - day! He of - fers you par-don, He

List the Saviour's Call.—Concluded.

par - - don full and free from your sin;
of - fers you par - don

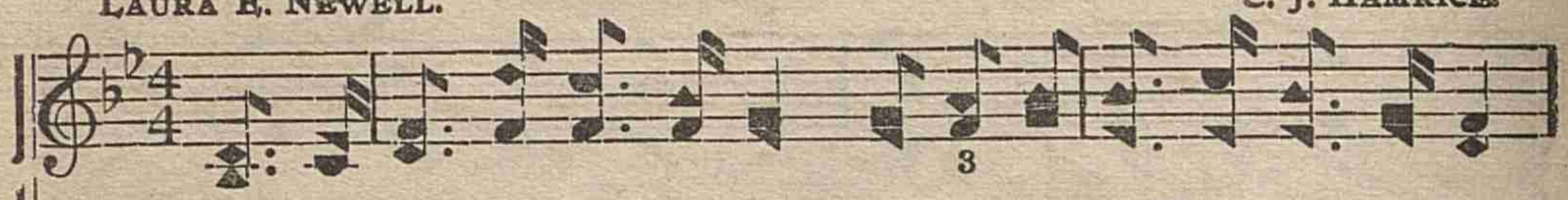
Oh, wan - - der - er, come..... to the
Oh, wan - der - er, come to the Sav - iour to - day! Oh,

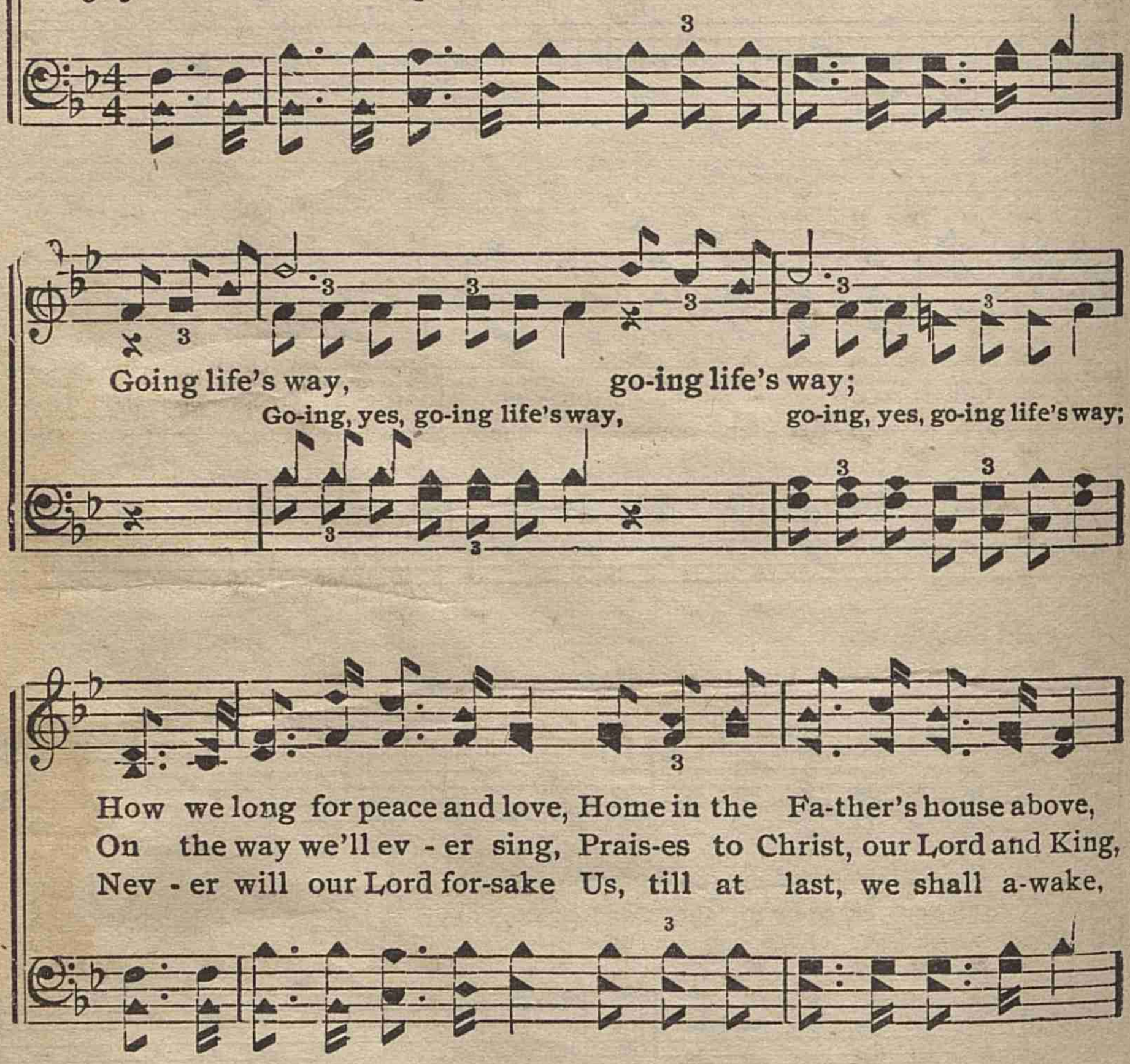
Sav - - iour to - day!..... A beau - - ti - ful
wan-der - er, come to the Sav-iour to - day! A beau-ti - ful man-sion, a

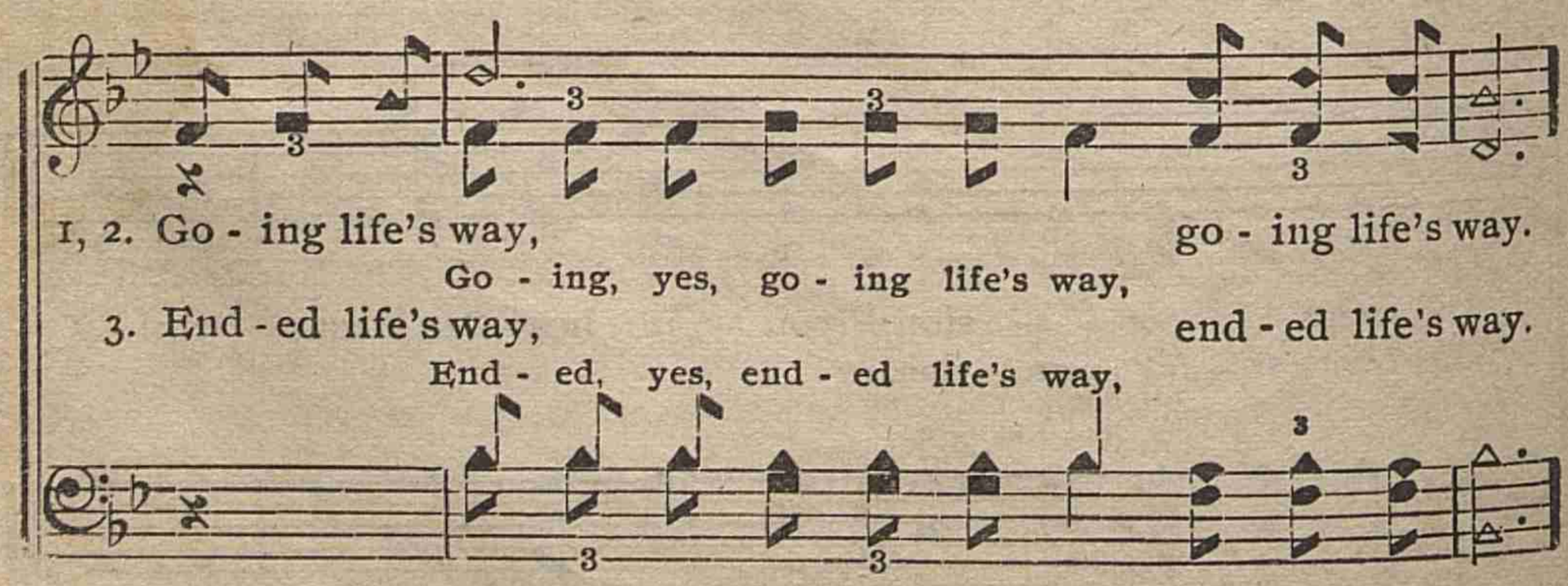
man - - sion, you in heav - en may win!
beau - ti - ful man - sion,

NO. 67.

Life's Way.

LAURA E. NEWELL. C. J. HAMRICE.

1. When the journey, toilsome grows, Many the conflicts, cares and woes,
2. Sweet the tho't that cares will cease, O-ver the tide, our joys increase,
3. Je - sus leads us, Shepherd, Friend, All of His own, He will de-fend,





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Life's Way—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Tho' the dark way, rug - ged may

Tho' the dark, wea - ri - some way,

be, 'Tis His own hand,

rug - ged, so rug - ged may be, 'T is the dear Sav-ior's own hand,

guid - ing, we see; Lead-ing us

guid - ing us, dai - ly we see;

to mansions a - bove,

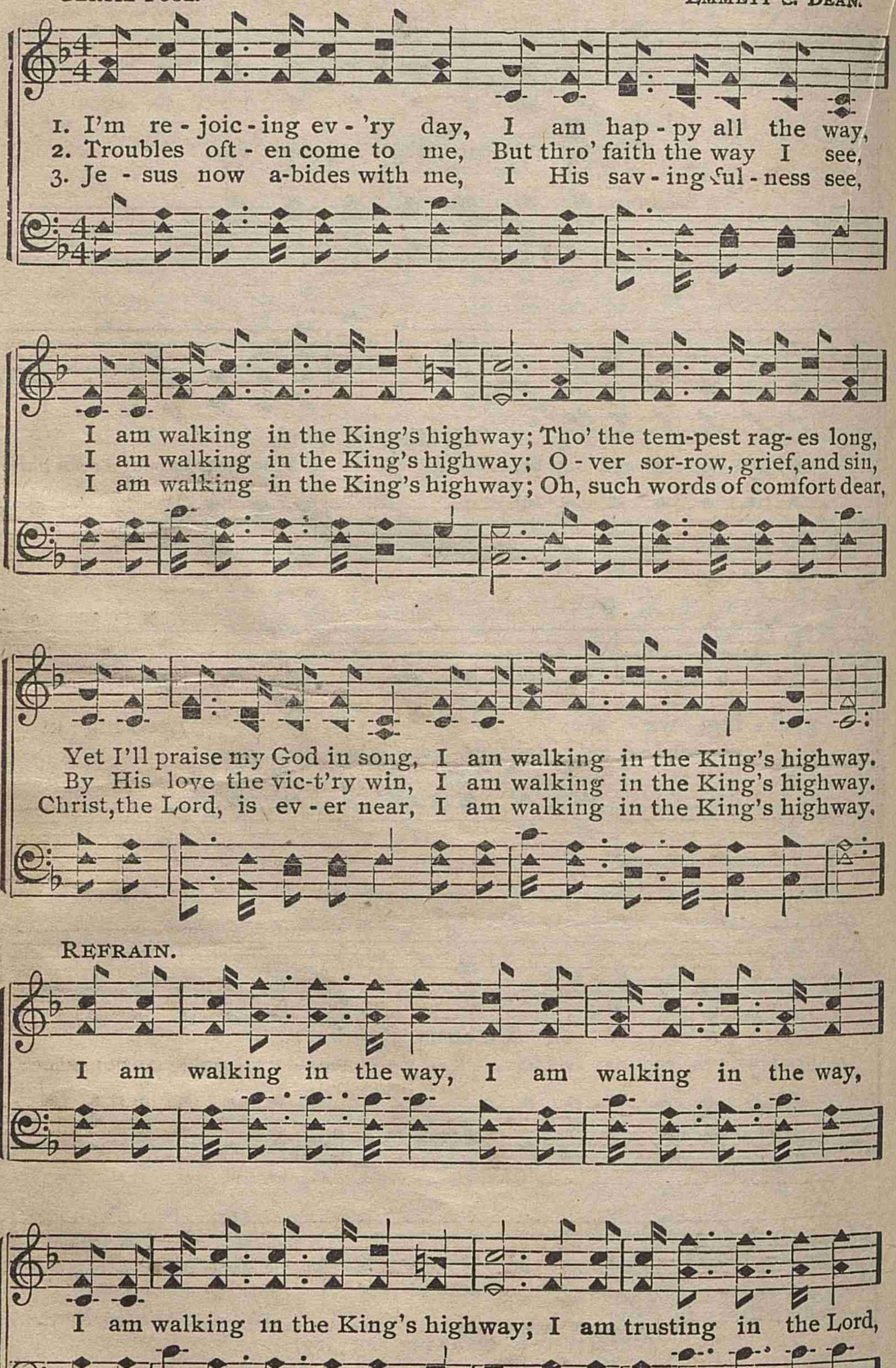
Lead-ing, yes, lead-ing us to mansions, bright mansions above,

Where there is joy, rap - ture, and love.

Where there is noth - ing but joy,

NO. 68.

The King's Highway.

GERTIE POOL. EMMETT S. DEAN.

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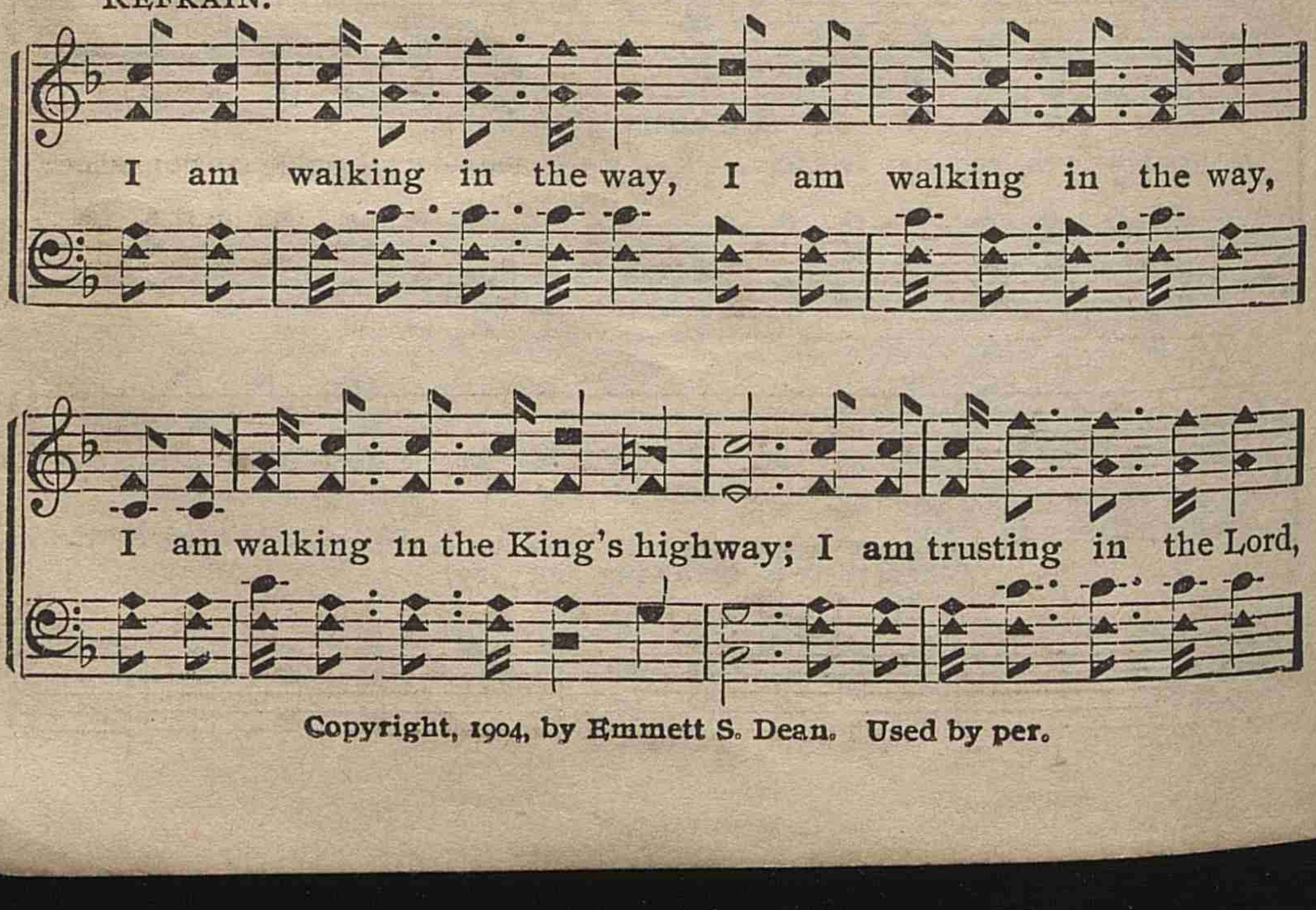

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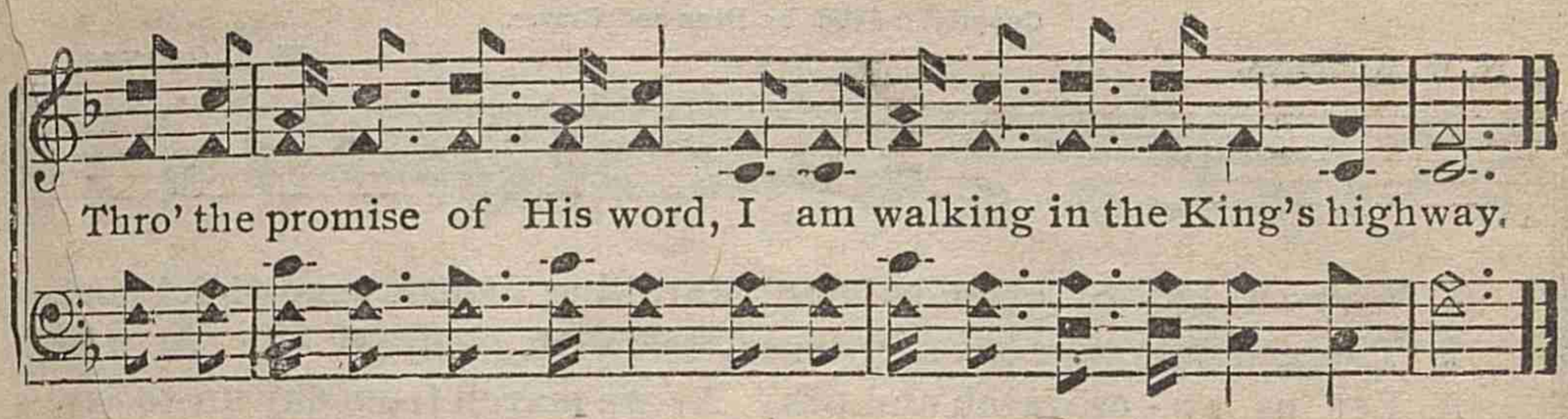
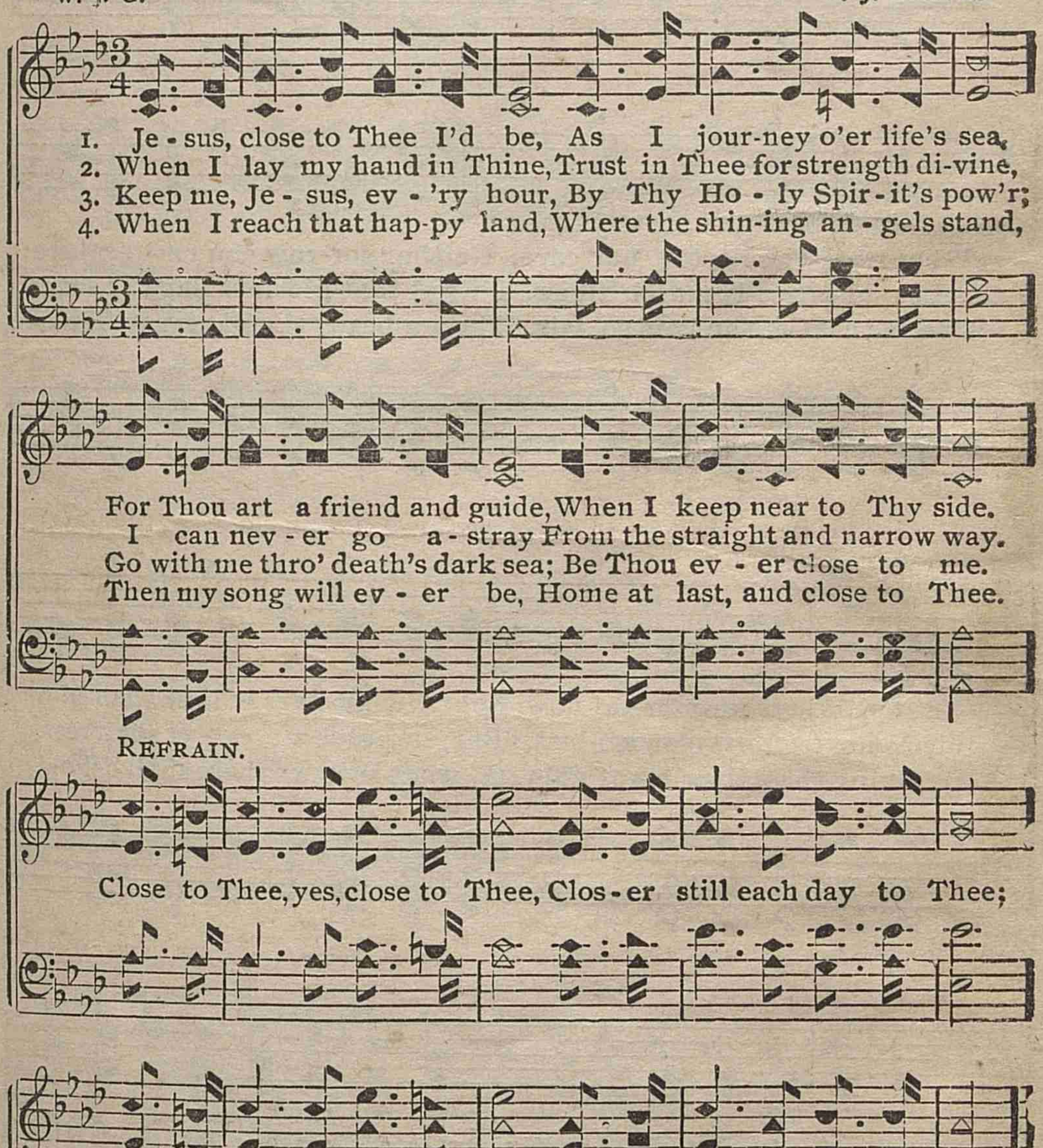
The King's Highway. Concluded.



NO. 69.

Close to Thee.

W. J. G. W. J. GRAVES.



REFRAIN.

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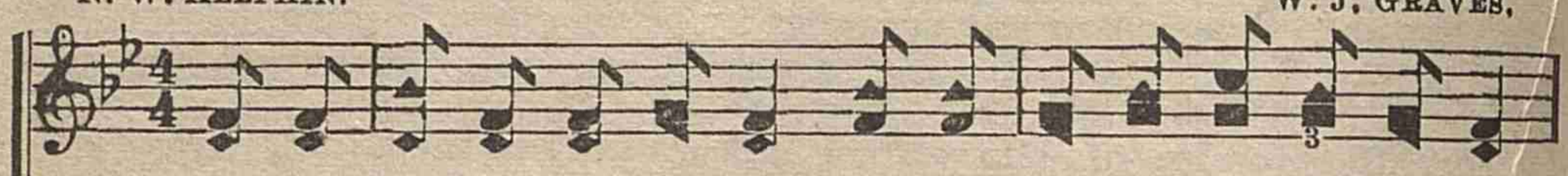
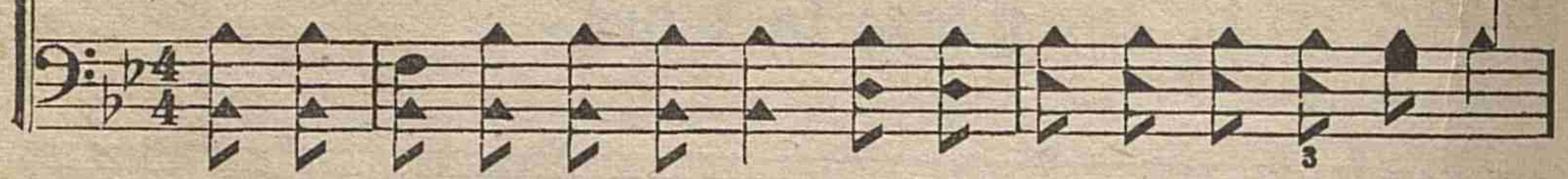
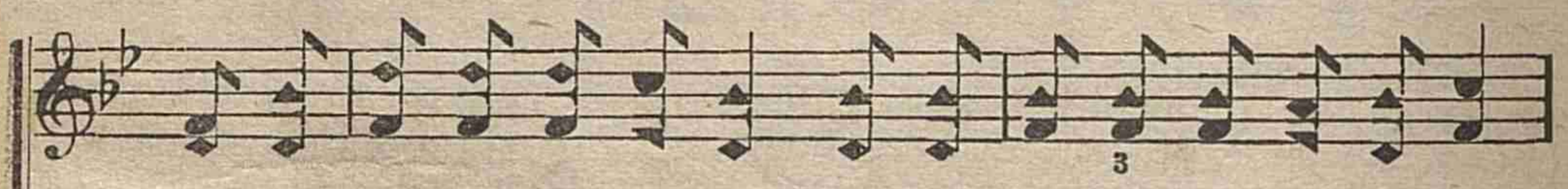
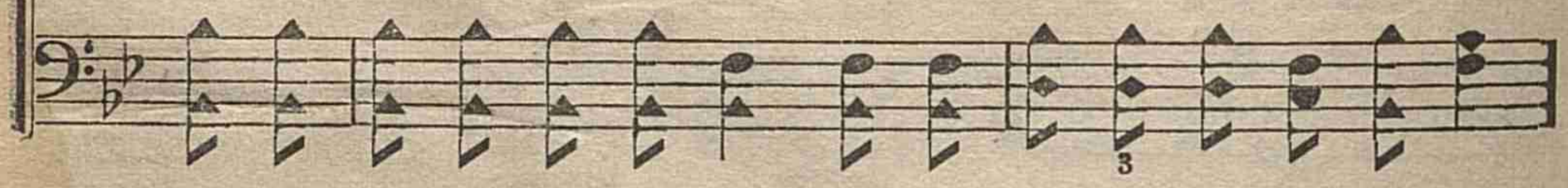
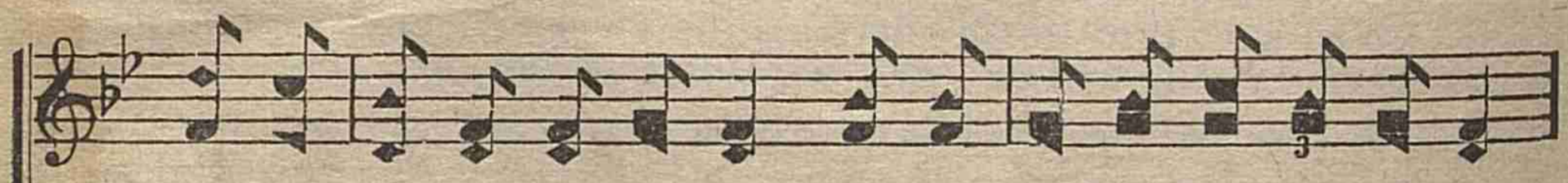
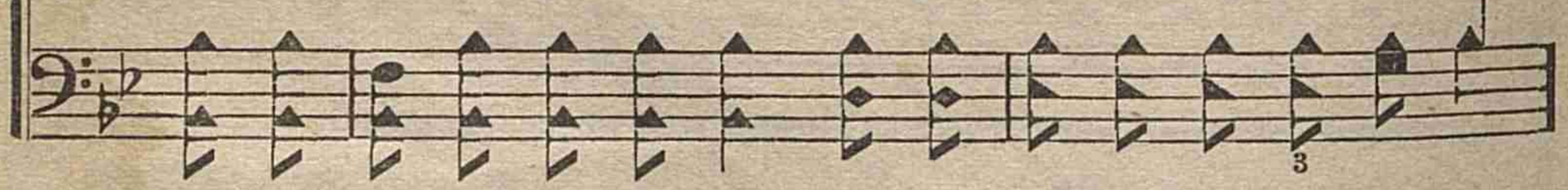
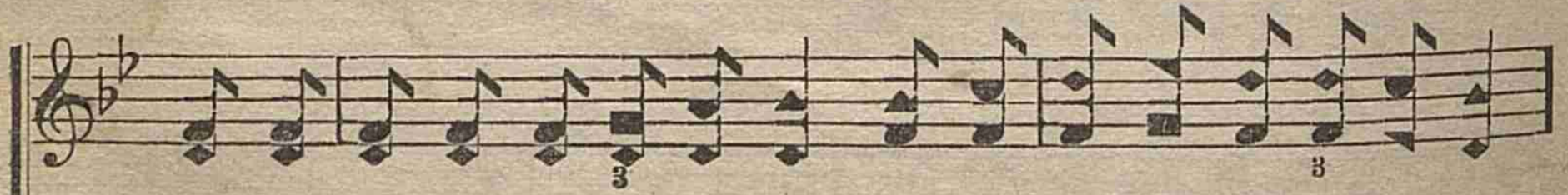
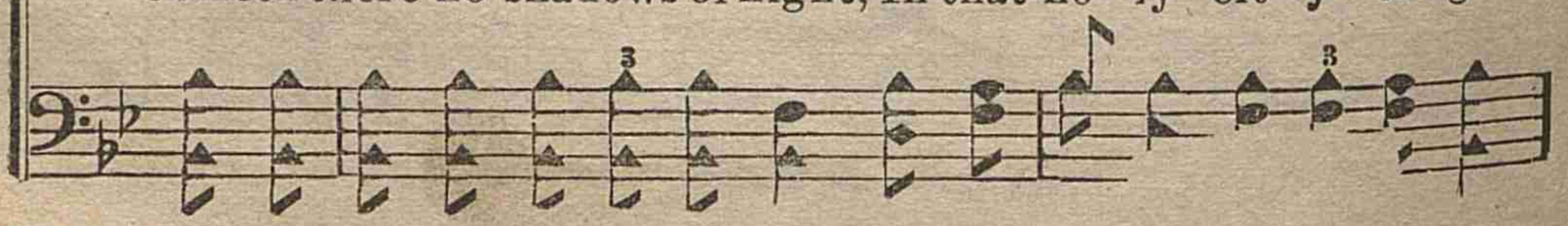
NO. 70.

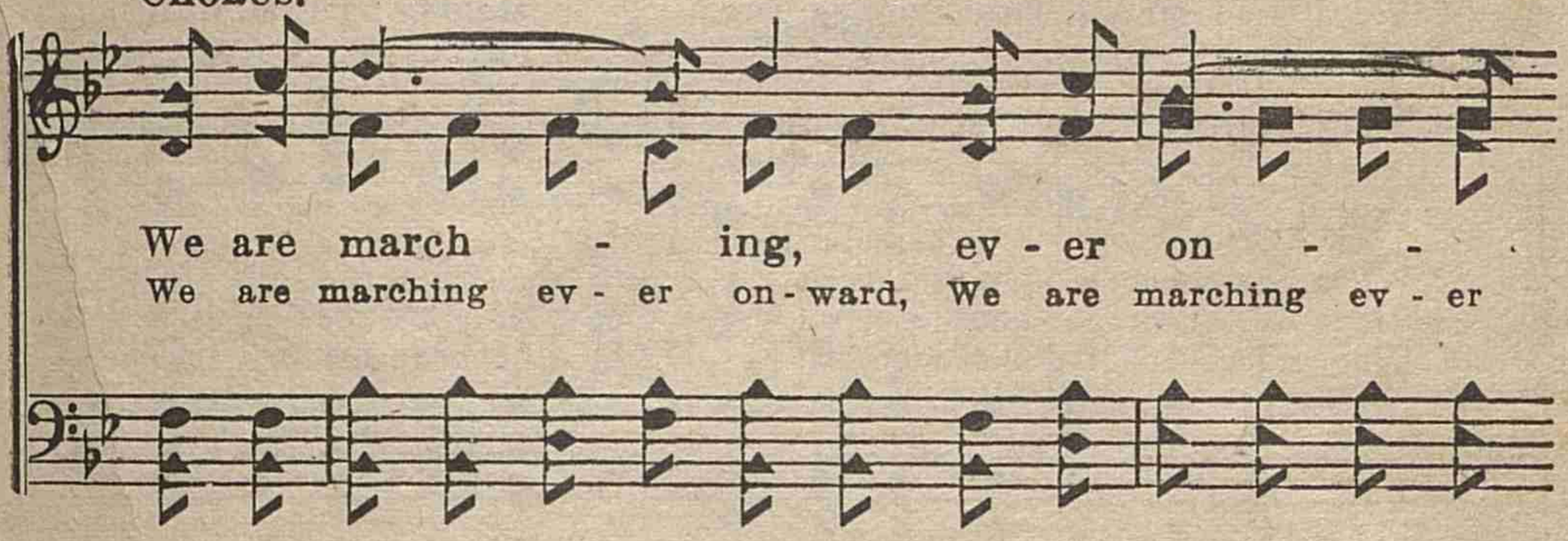
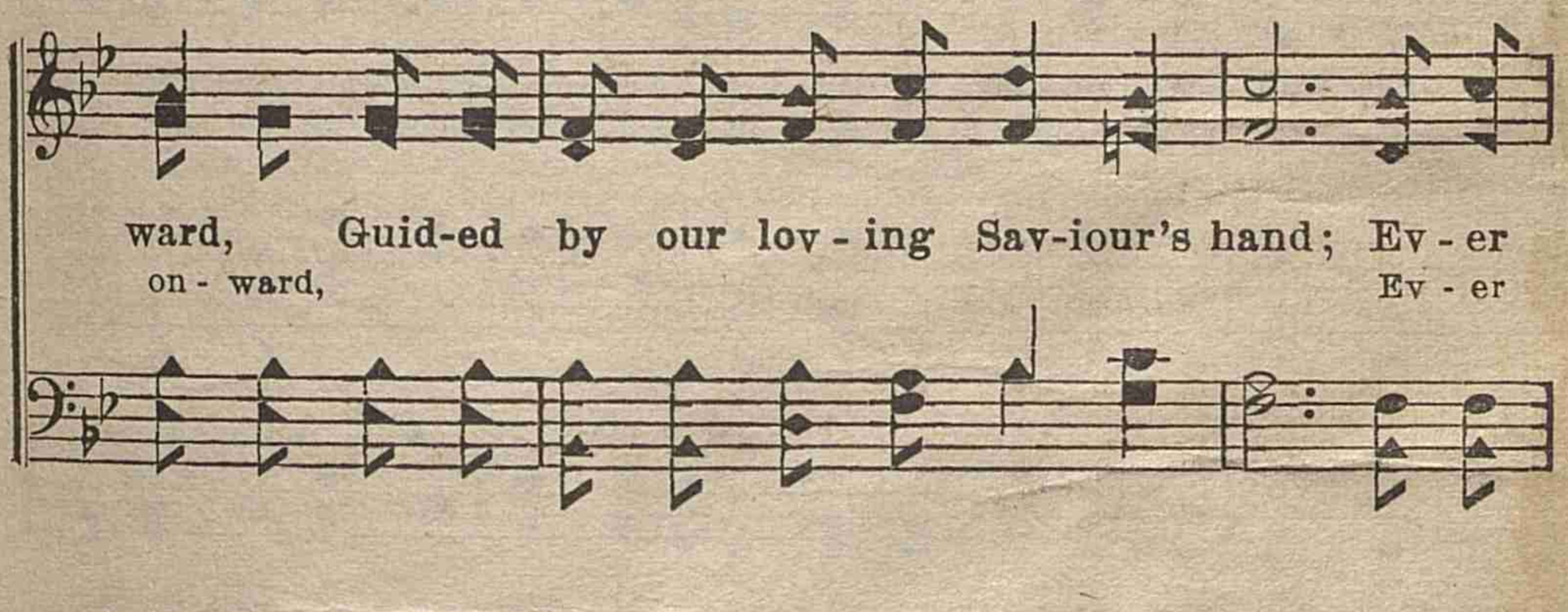
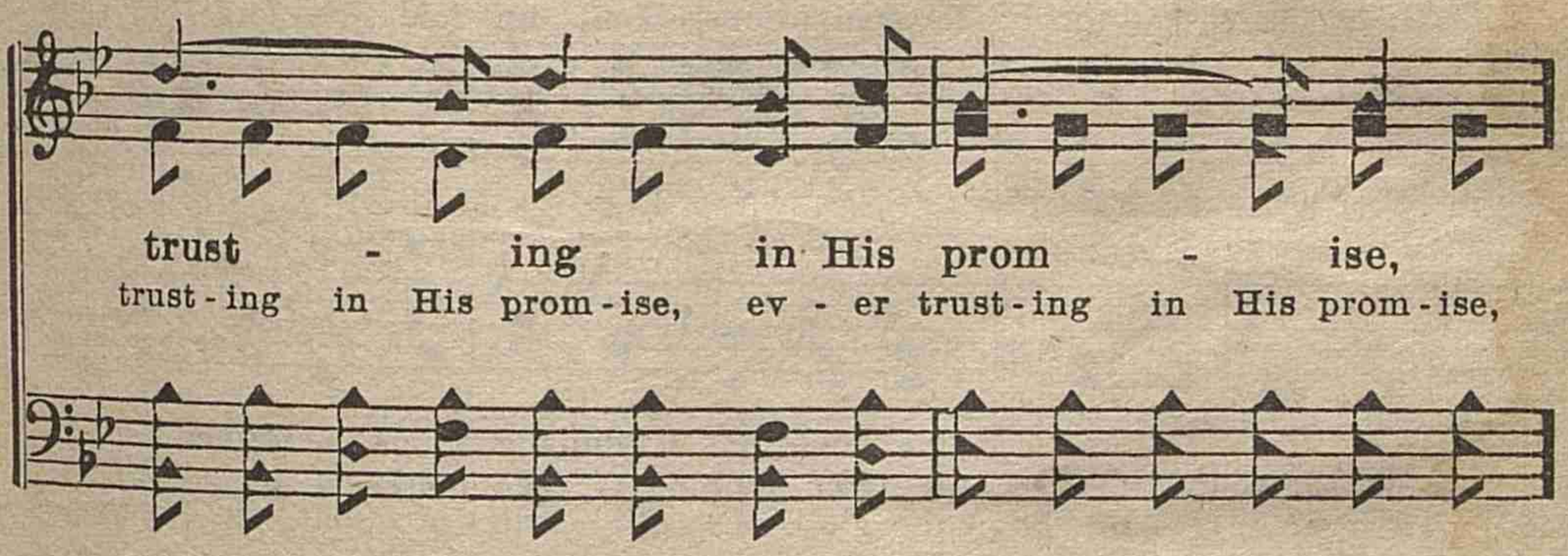
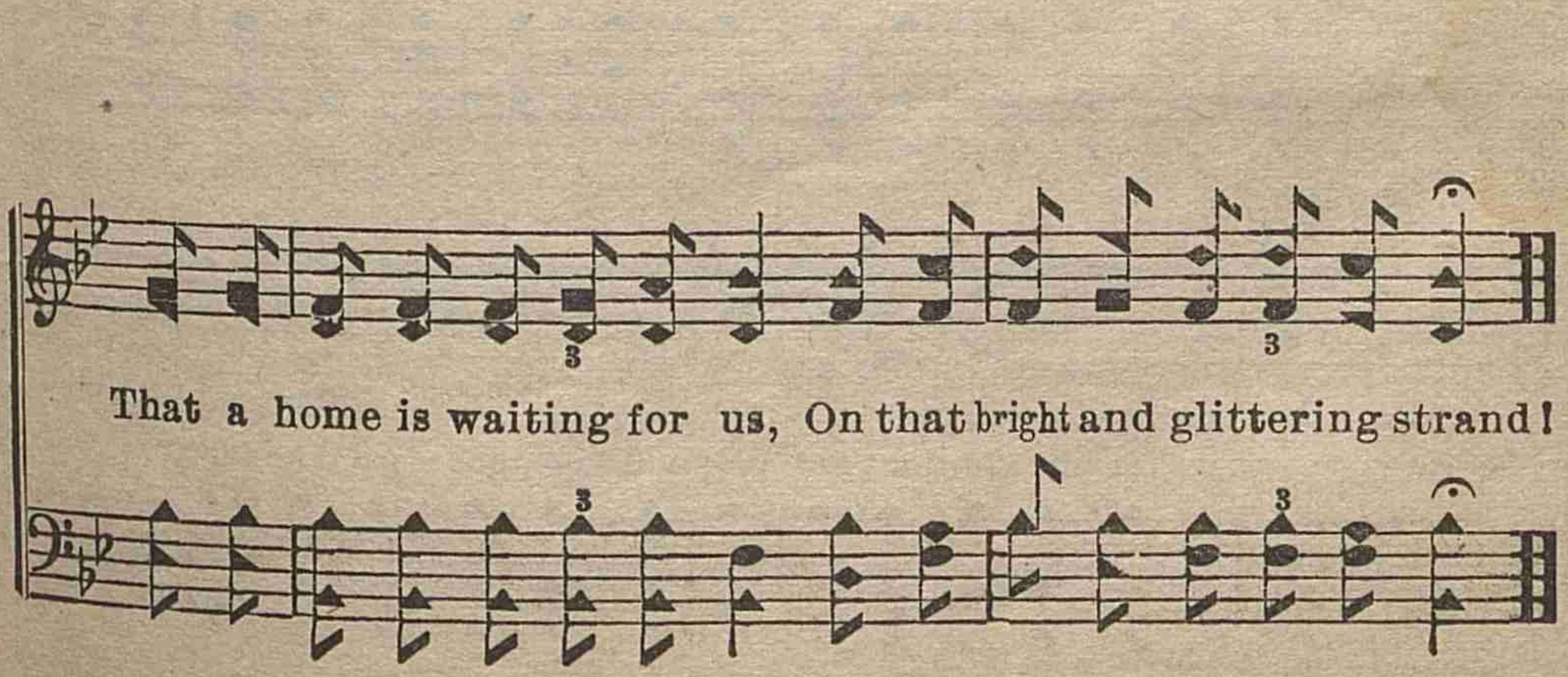
Marching Home.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean and Graves.

N. W. ALLPHIN. W. J. GRAVES.

1. We're a hap-py pilgrim band, Marching to that beau-ti-ful land,
2. Tho' our way seems dark and drear, Yet, with Jesus ev - er so near,
3. Let us ev - er watch and pray, As we march from day un-to day,

Where there'll be no toil nor care, Neither sor-row can en - ter there;
Let us brave-ly march along, T'ward that glorious land of song;
T'ward that Canaan land so fair, Where a beau - ti - ful crown we'll wear;

But where joys im-mor-tal flow, Robed in gar-ments whiter than snow
Where no troubles e'er mo-lest, But, in peace we ev - er shall rest,
Walking thro' the streets of gold, O what scenes we there shall behold,

Songs of praise and honor we'll sing Un-to Christ, our heaven-ly King!
Praising Him, who conquered the grave, For His mighty power to save.
Cometh there no shadows of night, In that ho - ly cit - y of light!



Marching Home.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



NO. 71.

City of Light.

By Bridges Chapel School, Titus County, Tex.
Arr. by J. W. ACUFF.

Melody by T. H. BLACK.
Har. by W. D. EVRIDGE.

1. When we meet in that bright cit - y, We shall know each oth - er there,
2. When we meet in that bright cit - y, Out be- yond the flam - ing sky,
3. When we reach that bliss - ful cit - y, Oh, what beau-ties we'll be-hold!

There we'll see our bless - ed Sav - iour, And a gold - en crown we'll wear!
Where the Lord in peace is reign - ing, And where pleas- ure nev - er die,
Scenes of which we oft have spo - ken, Yet, the half was nev - er told!

We will ev - er sing the prais - es, Of His nev - er dy - ing love,
We will walk in that bright cit - y, Clad in gar-ments pure and white,
When the splen- dor of those mansions, Shall un - fold be - fore our sight,

With the saints and ho - ly an - gels, Round the shin - ing throne a- bove!
Sing - ing prais - es to our Sav - iour, In a land of pure de-light!
Then we'll see and know the glo - ries, All with - in that cit - y bright!

CHORUS.

Let the glo - - rious gos- pel mes - - sage, Which we

Let the glo-rious gos- pel mes-sage, gos - pel mes- sage,

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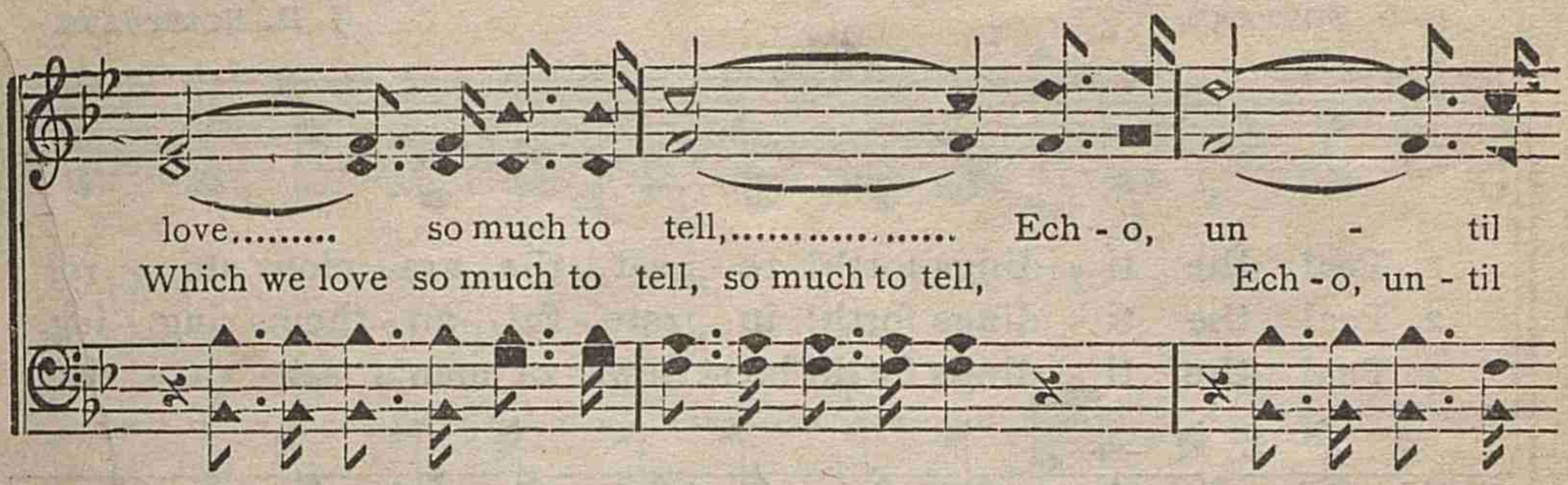
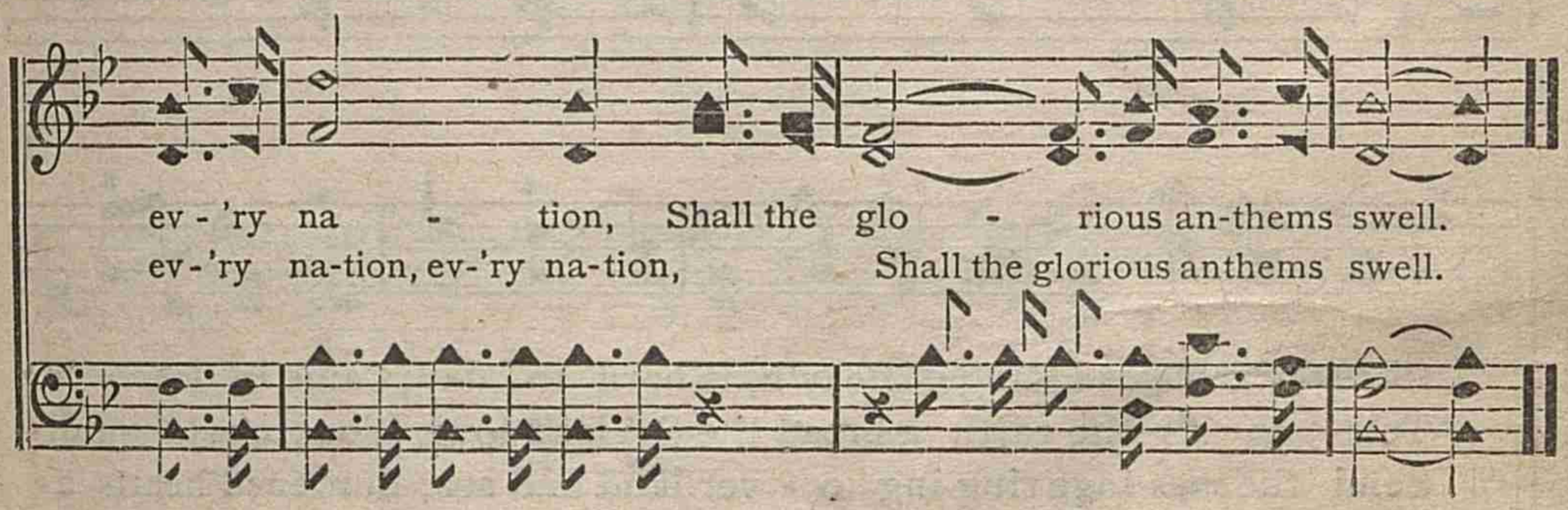
City of Light.—Concluded.

NO. 72.

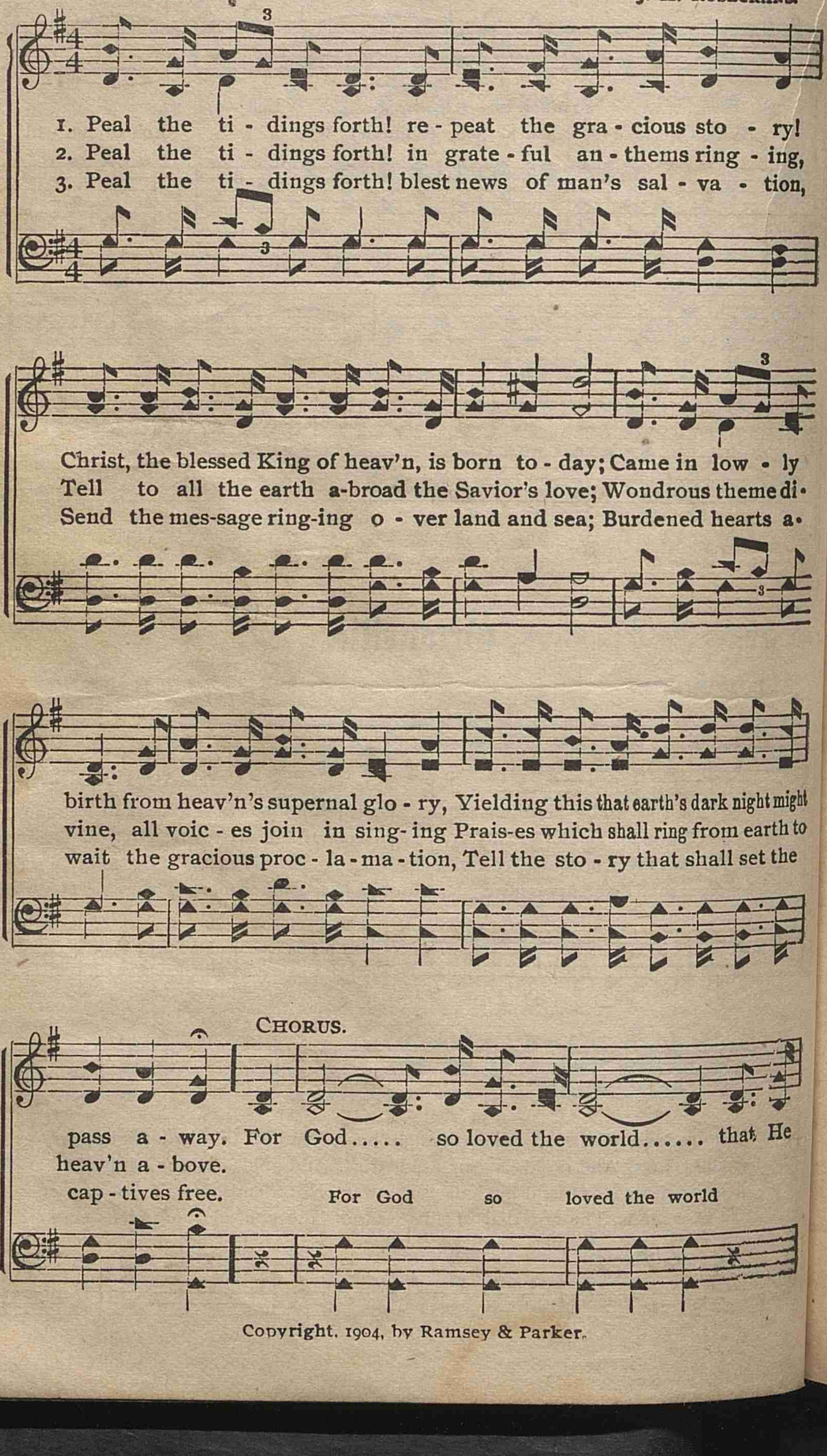
Ortonville.

P. DODDRIDGE. Dr. T. HASTINGS.

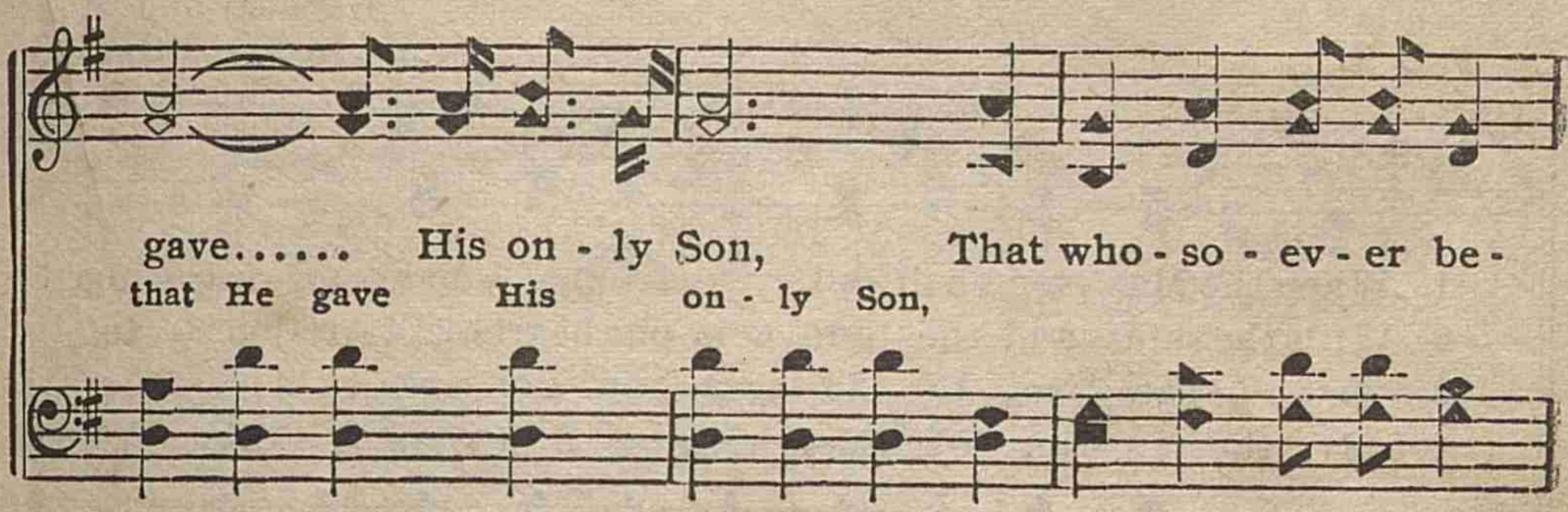
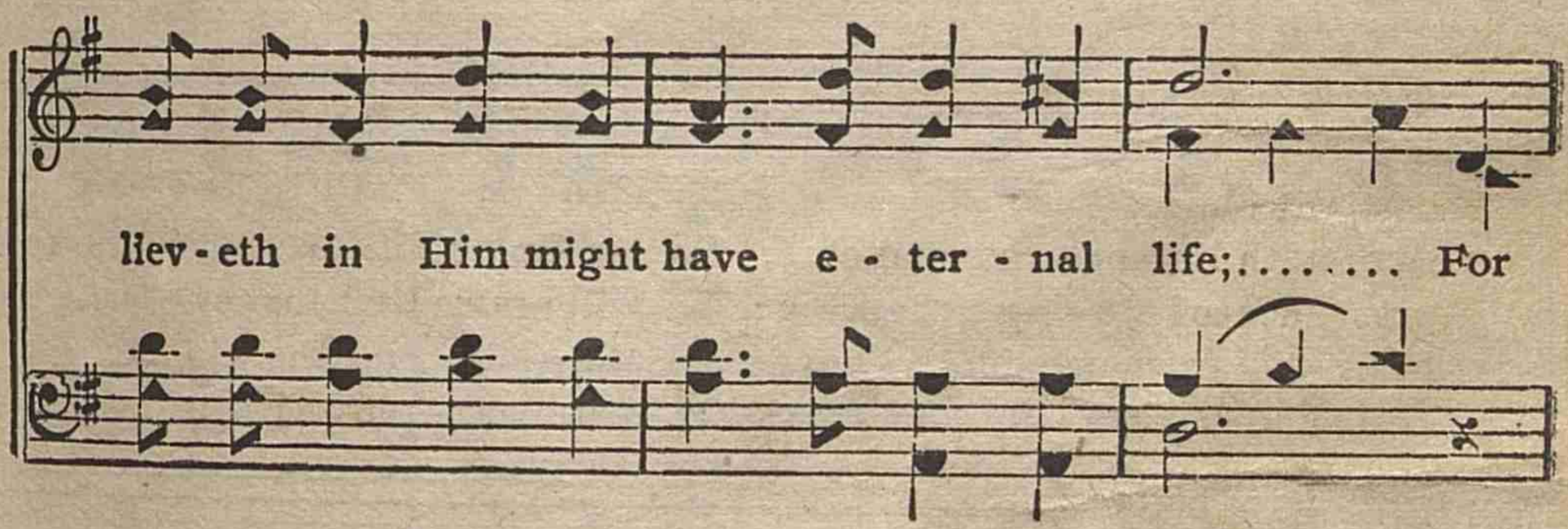
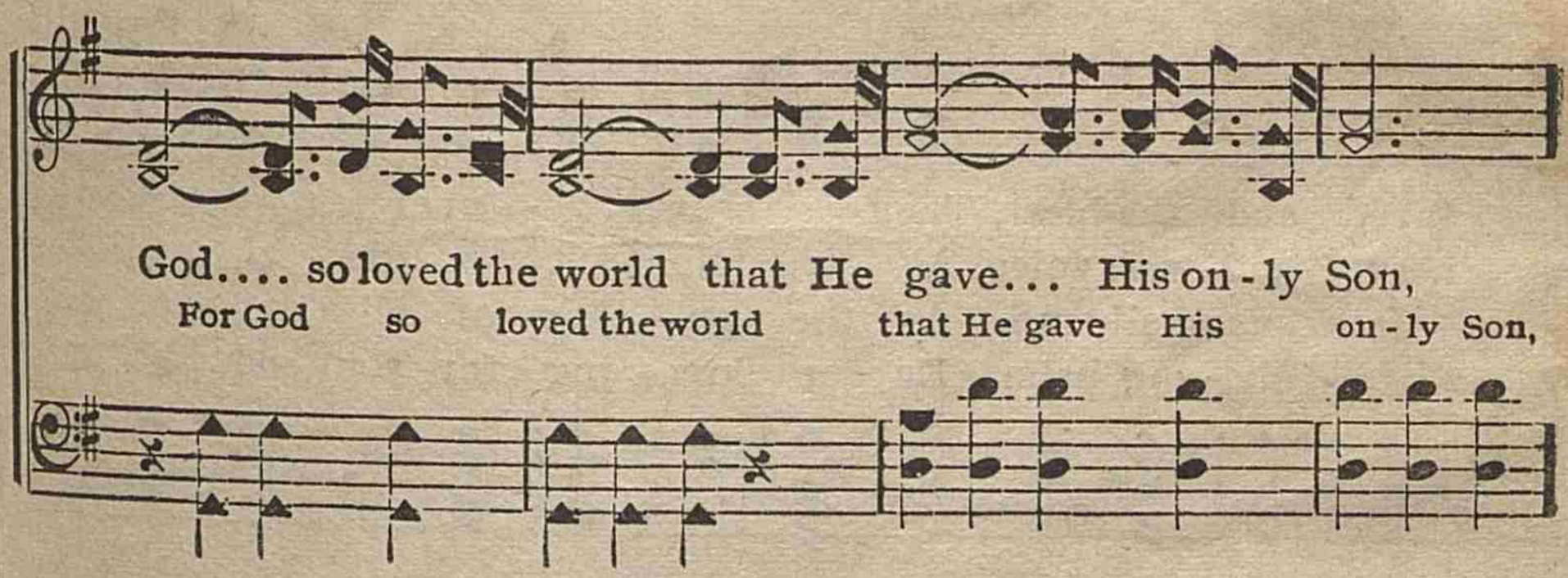
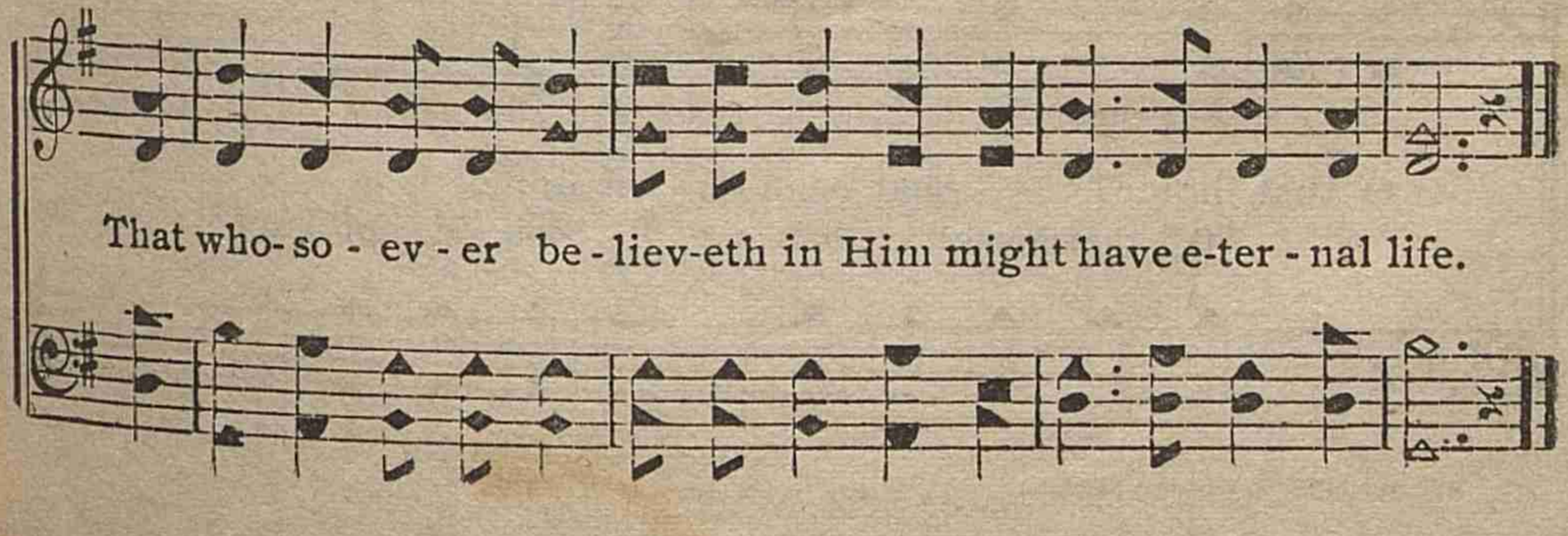
NO. 73.

Peal the Tidings Forth.

F. S. SHEPARD. J. H. ROSECRANS.



Copyright, 1904, by Ramsey & Parker.

Yeal the Tidings Forth. Concluded.



NO. 74.

That Beautiful Home.

F. L. E.

Harmony by J. E. T.
Arr. by F. L. EILAND.

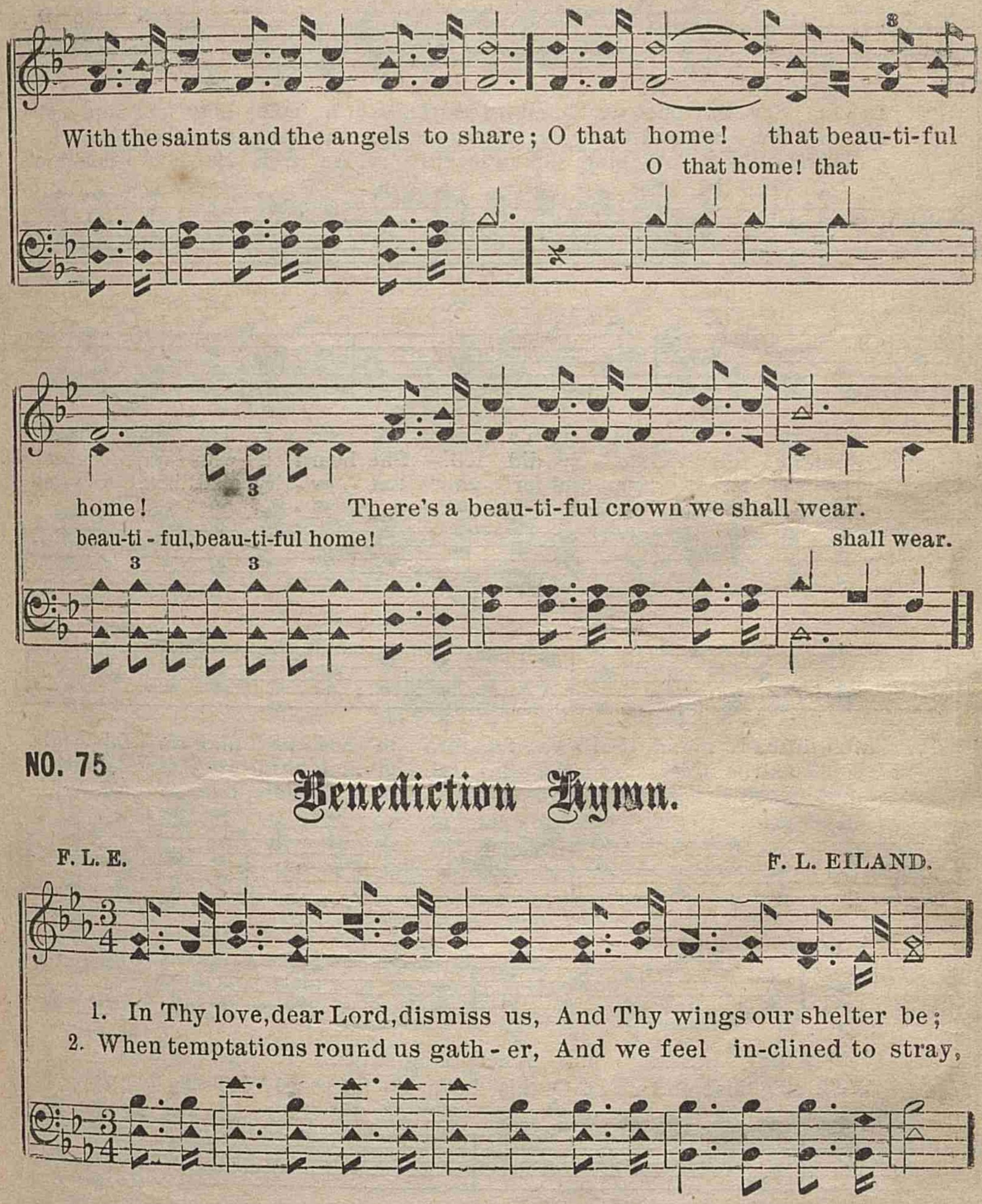
1. When the Mas - ter shall call us from la - bor to rest, From this earth with its sor - row and care, To a home with the an - gels, the
2. With the saints and the an - gels our hearts will re-joice, In the pres -ence of Je - sus, the King; We will praise Him for - ev - er, with
3. In ho-san - na to Je - sus, our voi - ces we'll blend, In that beau - ti - ful man -sion a - bove; All the praise and the glo - ry to
4. By the riv - er of life, ev - er flow - ing so calm, We shall rest and be hap - py and free; Of that wa - ter we'll drink, as a

saved and the blest, Then a beau - ti - ful crown we shall wear.
heart and with voice, All tri- umph -ant in glo - ry we'll sing.
Je - sus shall tend, As the au - thor of bliss and of love.
life - giv - ing balm, Ev - er flow - ing for you and for me.

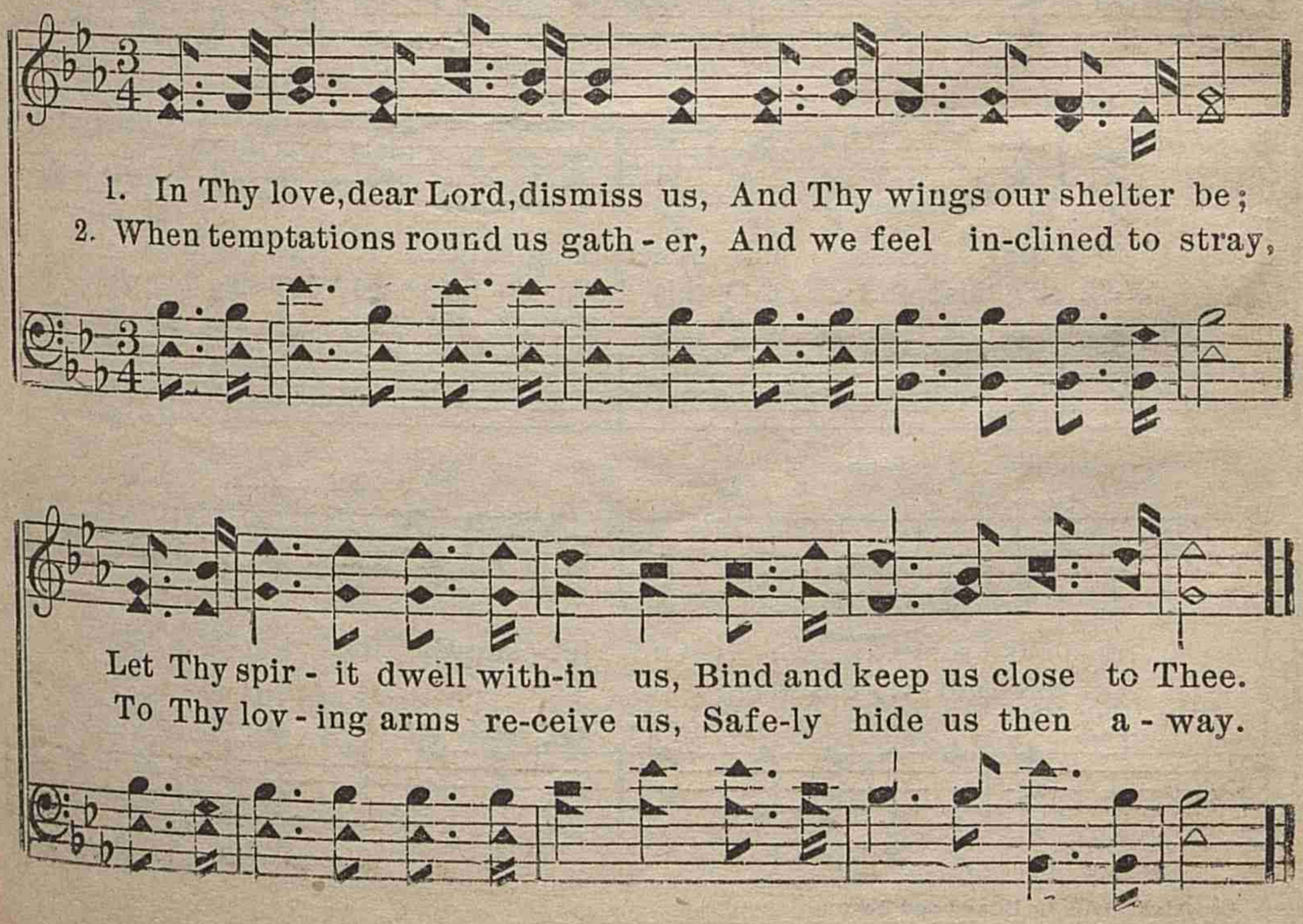
CHORUS.

O that home! . . that beau - ti - ful home!
O that home! that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

Copyright, 1892, by Bligh & Thomas.

That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

NO. 75

Benediction Hymn.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

NO. 76.

Jesus through Samaria.

J. B. H.

JOHN B. HICKS.

1. Our Sav-iour once wandered on earth as a man, Both foot-sore and wea-ry to Sa-ma-ri-a's land,— A sto-ry He told, most
2. Sore, wea-ry, and thirst-y, He came to a well, And there, to a wom-an, this sto-ry did tell,— She heard it with joy, for her
3. Then broth-er, let's sing this sweet sto-ry, so true, Sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus, for me and for you! Let ev-'ry glad heart this great

won-drous-ly grand, Sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus for poor sin-ful man!
soul could be free, And she this sal-va-tion thro' Je-sus did see!
mes-sage now tell, The same and sweet sto-ry, there, told at the well!

CHORUS.

We'll sing ..... this sweet song,..... this glo - - - -
We'll sing this sweet song, O, this beau-ti-ful song! We'll sing this sweet song,
ri - ous song,..... Of Je-sus who died on the tree!
O, this glo-ri-ous song,

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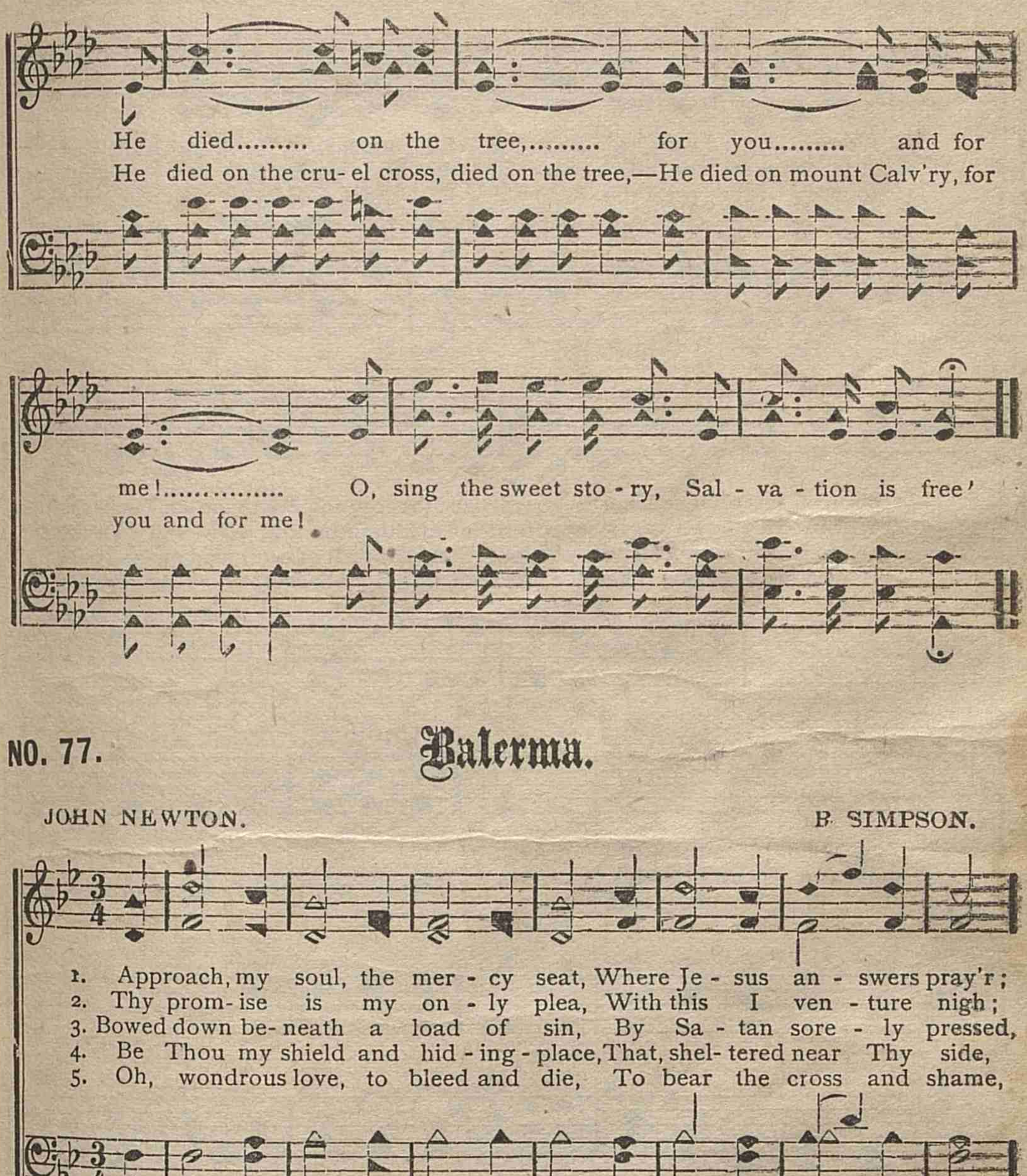
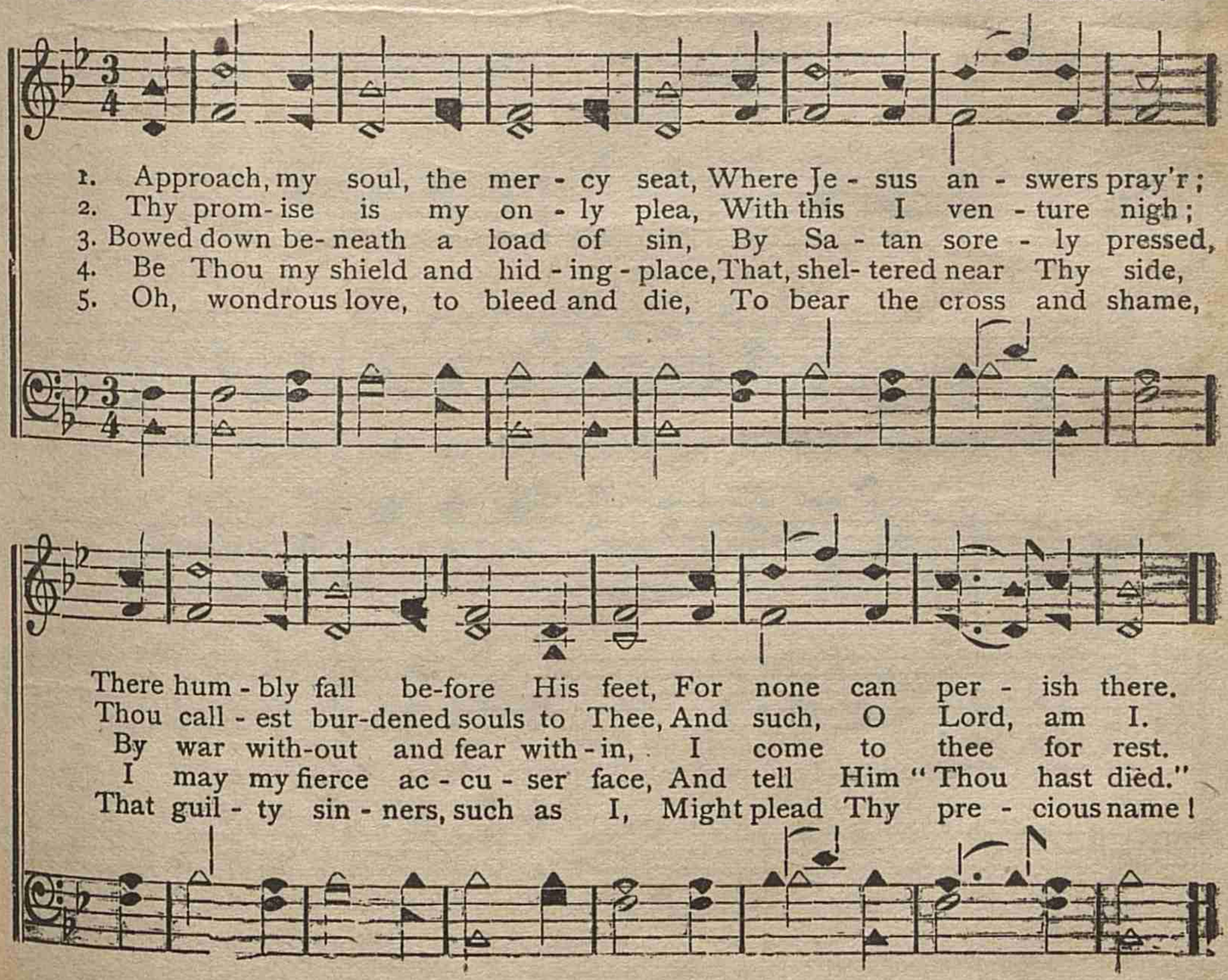
Jesus through Samaria.—Concluded.



NO. 77.

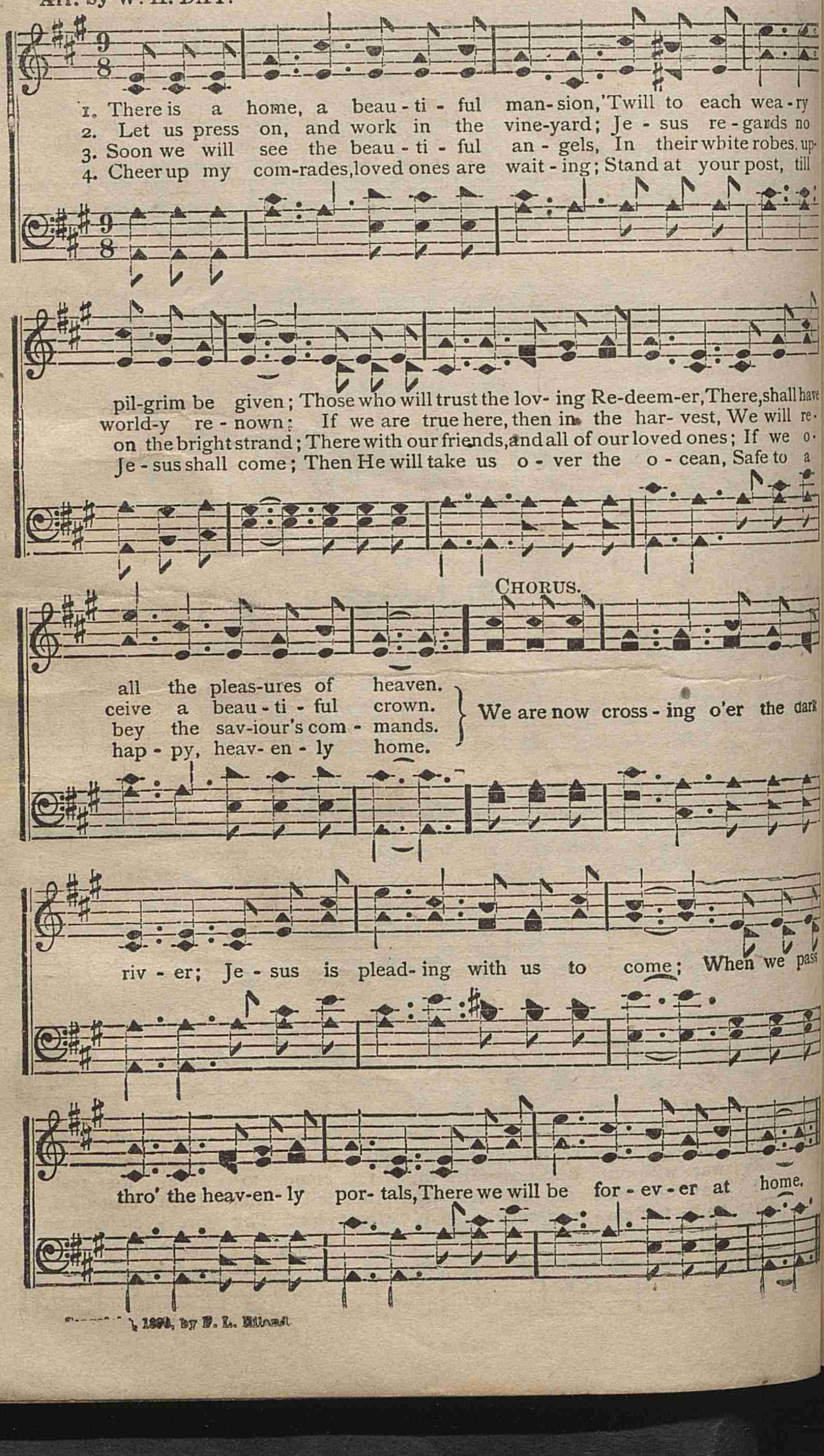
Balerma.

JOHN NEWTON. B. SIMPSON.



NO. 78.

At Home.

Words and Melody by JAMES B. FRANKLIN. JAMES W. DAY.
Arr. by W. H. DAY.

1894, by B. L. Hilard.

NO. 79.

Cheers Me Every Day.

Copyright, 1908, by Emmett S. Dean.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. The love of Christ fills my soul with song, Cheers me on my way—
2. O joy - ful theme of the song I sing, Cheers me on my way—
3. The hope of joy in that home a - bove, Cheers me on my way—

cheers me ev - 'ry day; Its sav - ing pow'r keeps me
cheers me ev - 'ry day; A - round my soul love's sweet
cheers me ev - 'ry day; I'll nev - er fear while His

safe from wrong, Cheers me on my way—cheers me ev - 'ry day.
ha - lo clings, Cheers me on my way—cheers me ev - 'ry day.
pre - cious love Cheers me on my way—cheers me ev - 'ry day.

REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry day (yes), ev - 'ry day, Cheers me on my way, ev - 'ry day;

Ev-'ry day (yes), ev - 'ry day, Cheers me on my way, ev - 'ry day.

NO. 80.

That Beautiful Home.

"I go to prepare a place for you.....that where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 2-3.

Words by H. W. ELLIOTT. Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far o - ver the sea, There are mansions of bliss for you and for me; Oh, that beau - ti - ful home so wond'rously fair,
2. In that beau - ti - ful home, a crown I shall wear, With the glo - ri - fied throng, their glo - ry to share; But the joys of that home can nev - er be known,
3. In that beau - ti - ful home, dear friends I shall meet, Who are waiting for me, my com - ing to greet; Re - u - nit - ed we'll be with Je sus our King,

That the Sav - iour, for me, has gone to pre - pare.
Till the Sav - iour we see, up - on His white throne.
While the a - ges roll on, His prais - es we'll sing.

CHORUS.

There's a beau - ti - ful home..... far o - ver the
a beau - ti - ful home

Copyright, 1897, by Emmett S Dean

That Beautiful Home.—Concluded.

NO. 81.

That Beautiful Land.

J. M. M. J. M. MURPHY.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land where the sun ev - er shines, And 't is
2. There are man-sions prepared in that beau - ti - ful land, Where life's
3. Day by day we are near-ing the home of the blest, Where our

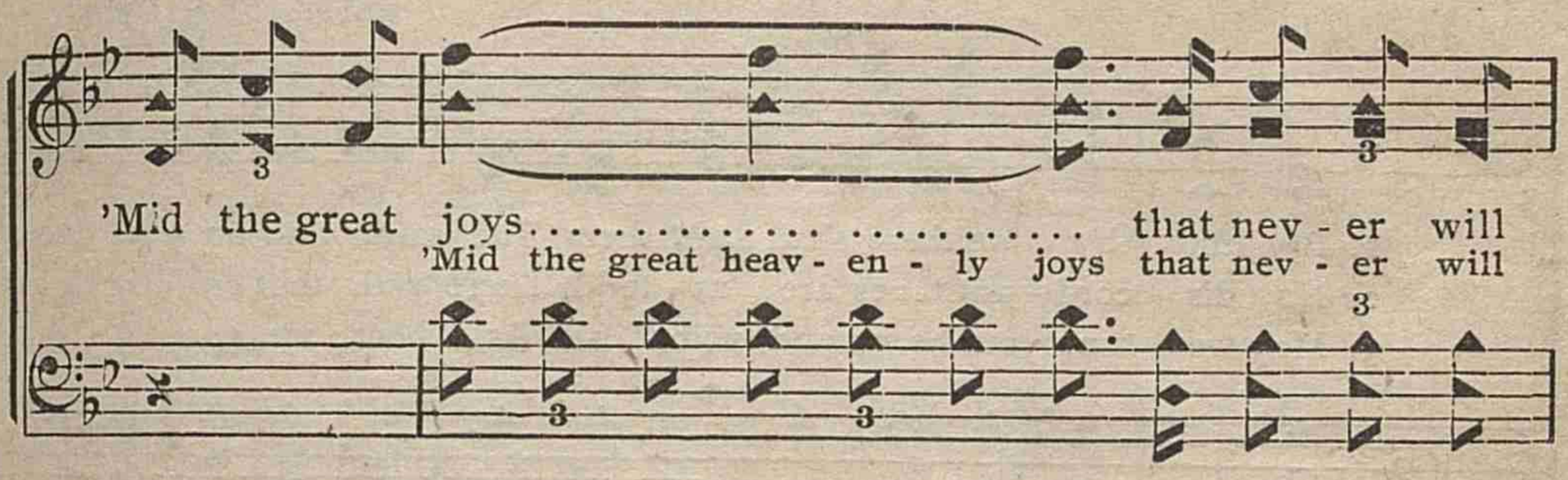
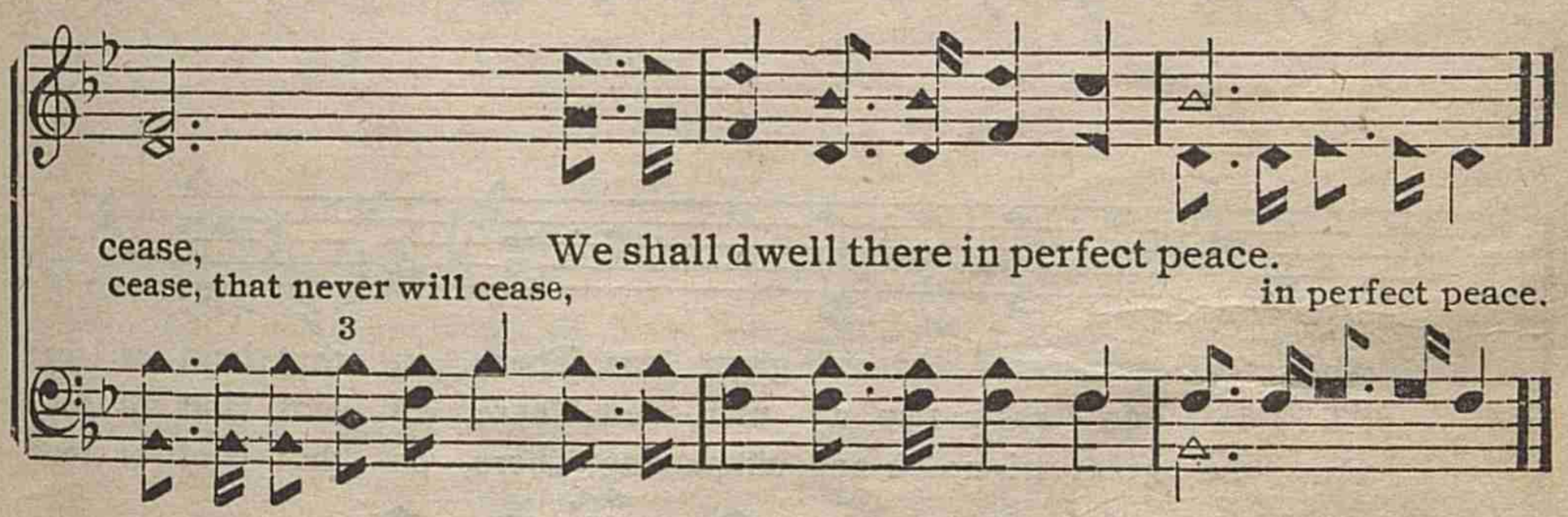
free from all sor-row, pain and care; There the ran - somed of
pure crys - tal wa-ters ev - er flow; Where the foun - tain of
friends, loved and lov-ing, watch and wait, Who have passed on be-

God shall for - ev - er a- bide, In those mansions of light so fair.
life flow - eth free - ly for all, We the rap - ture of heav'n may know.
fore, to the glo - ri - fied shore, And have en-tered the pearl-y gate.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land, ... so bright and so fair,
Beau-ti-ful, beautiful land, so bright and so fair, so bright and so fair,

Je - sus a - waits ..... our com-ing up there;
Je - sus a-waits our com - ing up there, our coming up there;

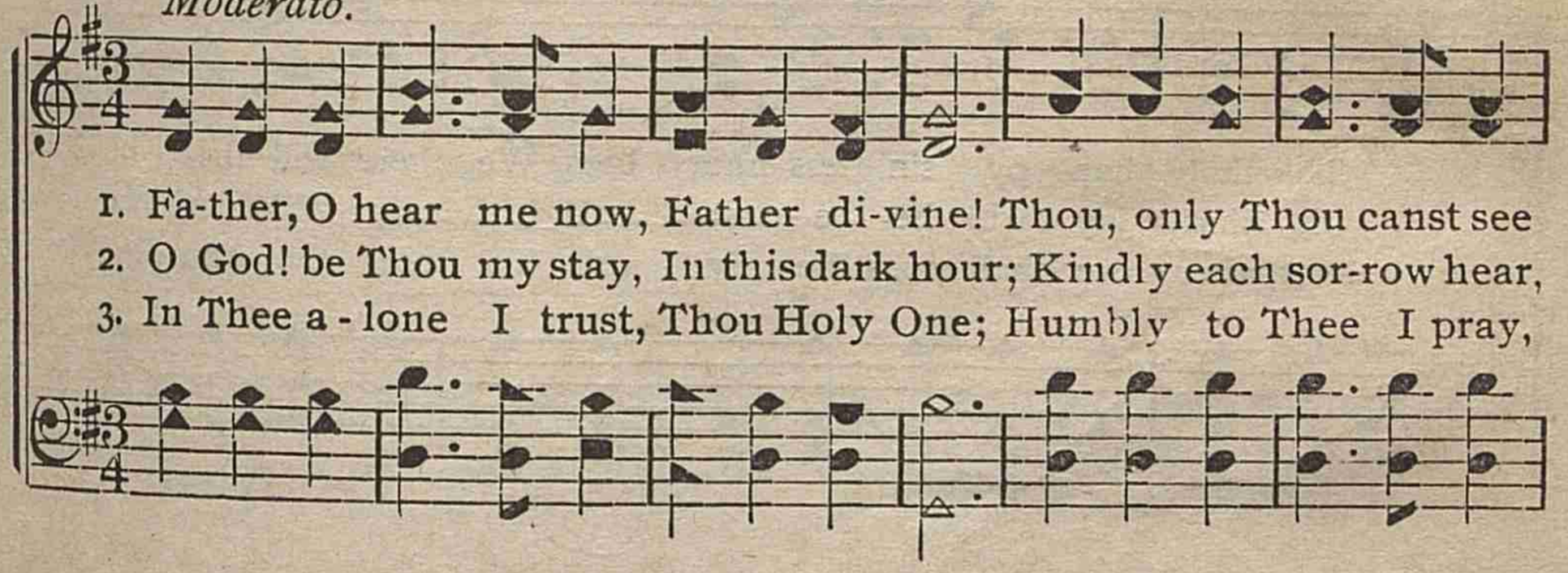
That Beautiful Land—Concluded.

No. 82.

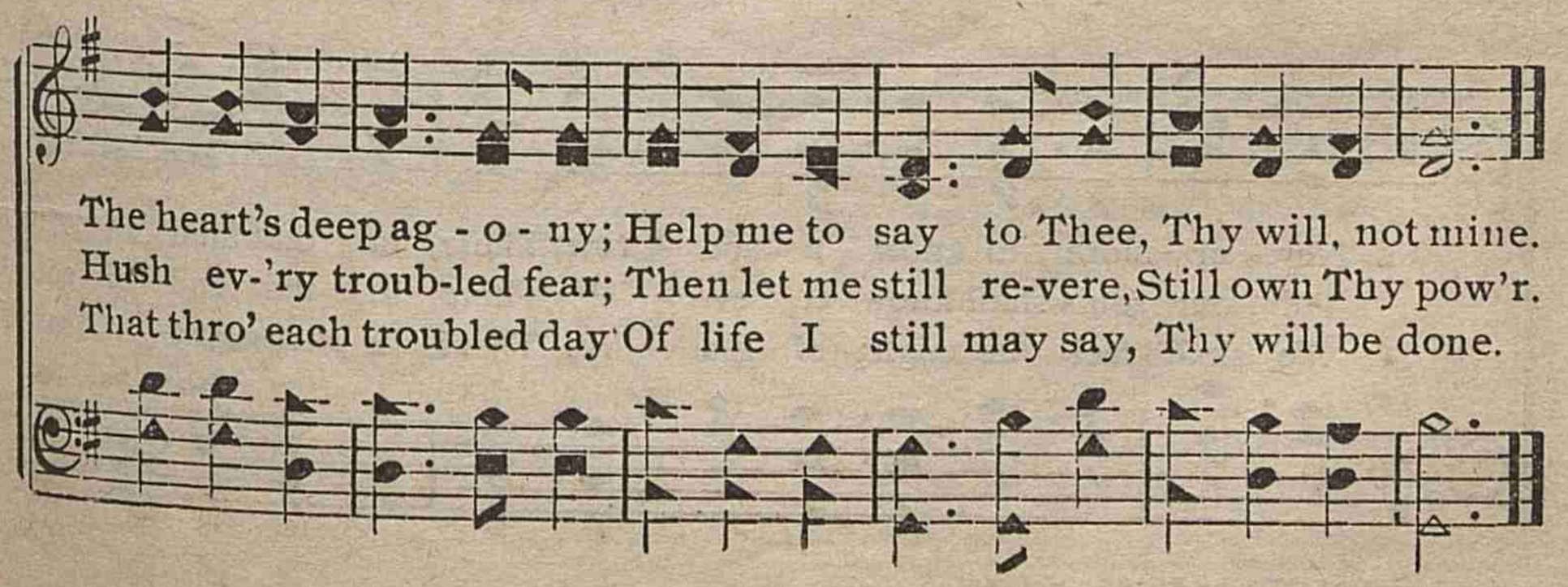
Father, O Hear Me.

"*Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness.*" PSA. 4: 1.

ANNA W. HALL. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Moderato.





NO. 83.

Over In That Land of Song.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. By and by we there shall meet them, The saints and an - gel throng;
2. No dis - cord - ant tones are ut - ter'd, There with that ho - ly throng,
3. May we tune our hearts and voic - es, As here we go a - long,

And the ran-som'd host will greet us, There, in that land of song!
All in Je - sus praise u - nit - ed, There, in that land of song,—
For the great tri-umph-ant sing - ing, There, in that land of song,—

To that hap - py sin - less num - ber, We there, will then be- long,
Oh, that joy t'will be e - ter - nal! And it will not be long,
That, when we shall cross the riv - er, To meet that shin - ing throng,

Nev - er more to know a sor - row, There, in that land of song!
Till our souls shall know it ev - er, There, in that land of song!
We shall feel its might of glo - ry, There, in that land of song!

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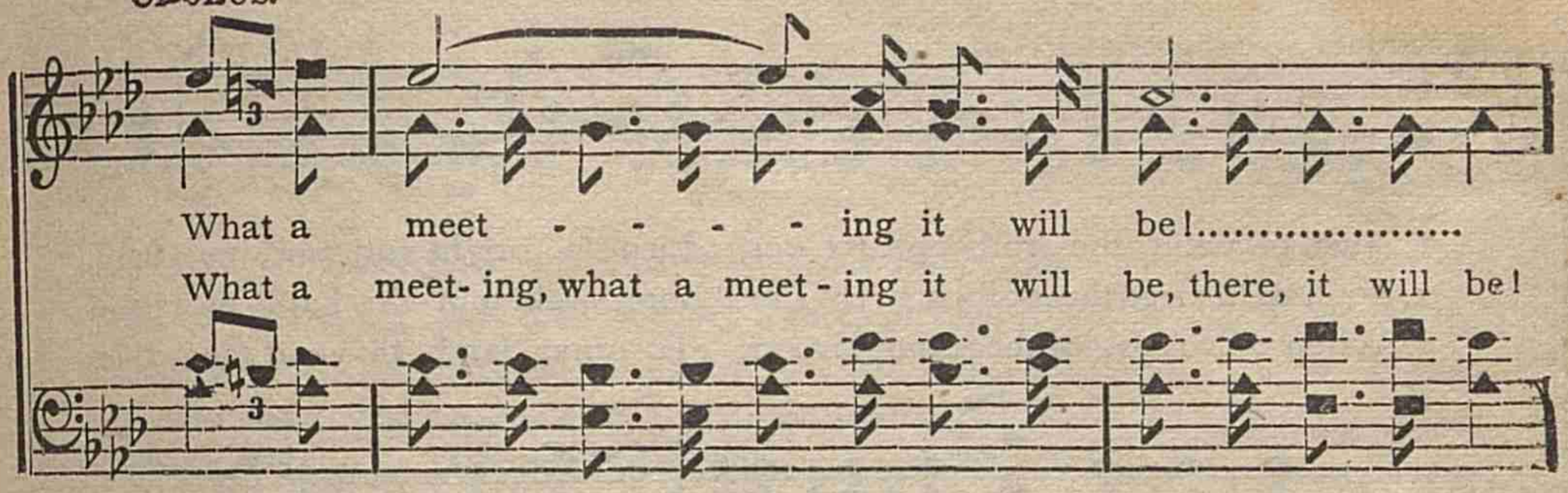
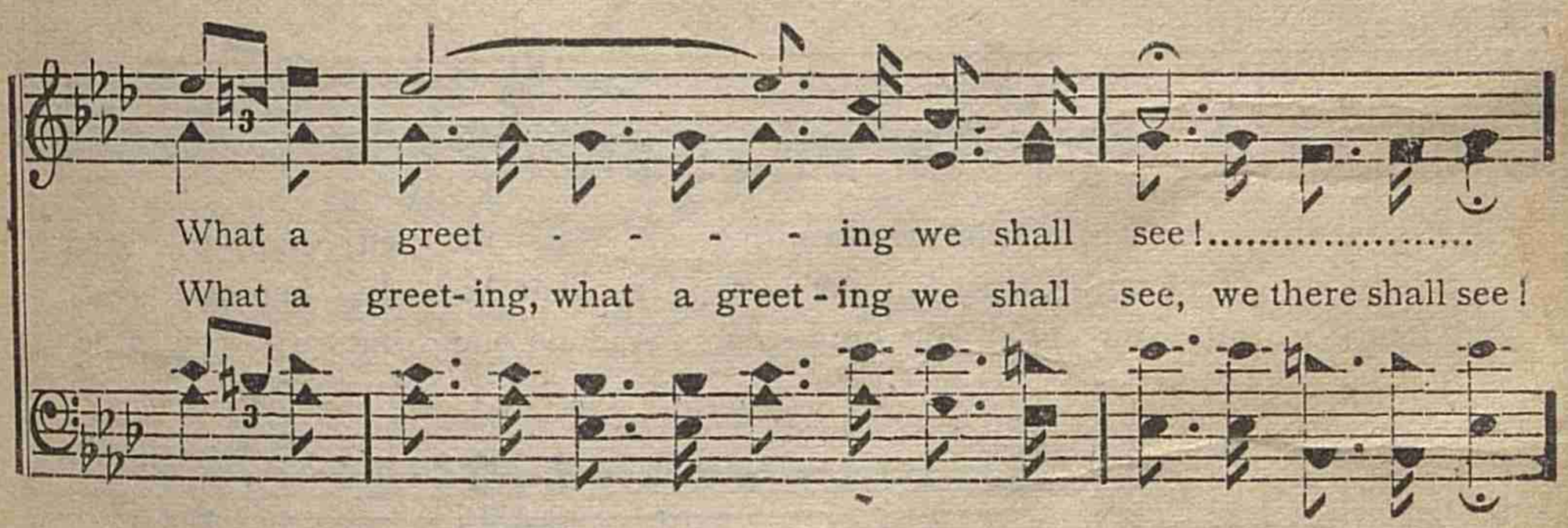
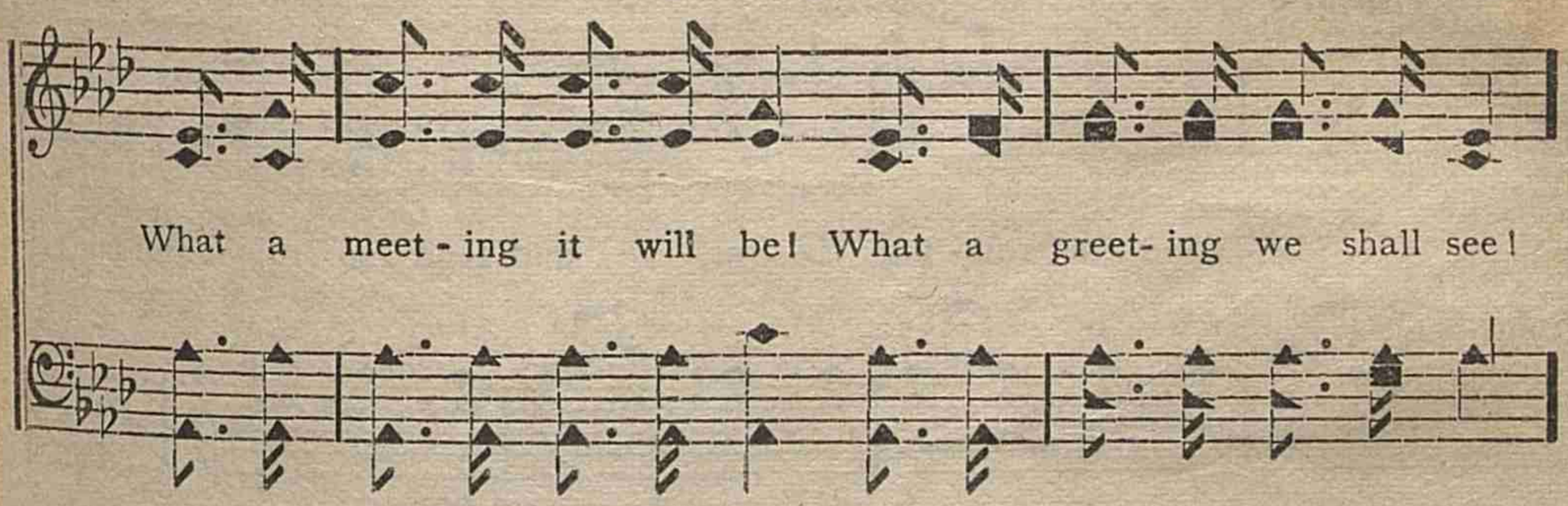
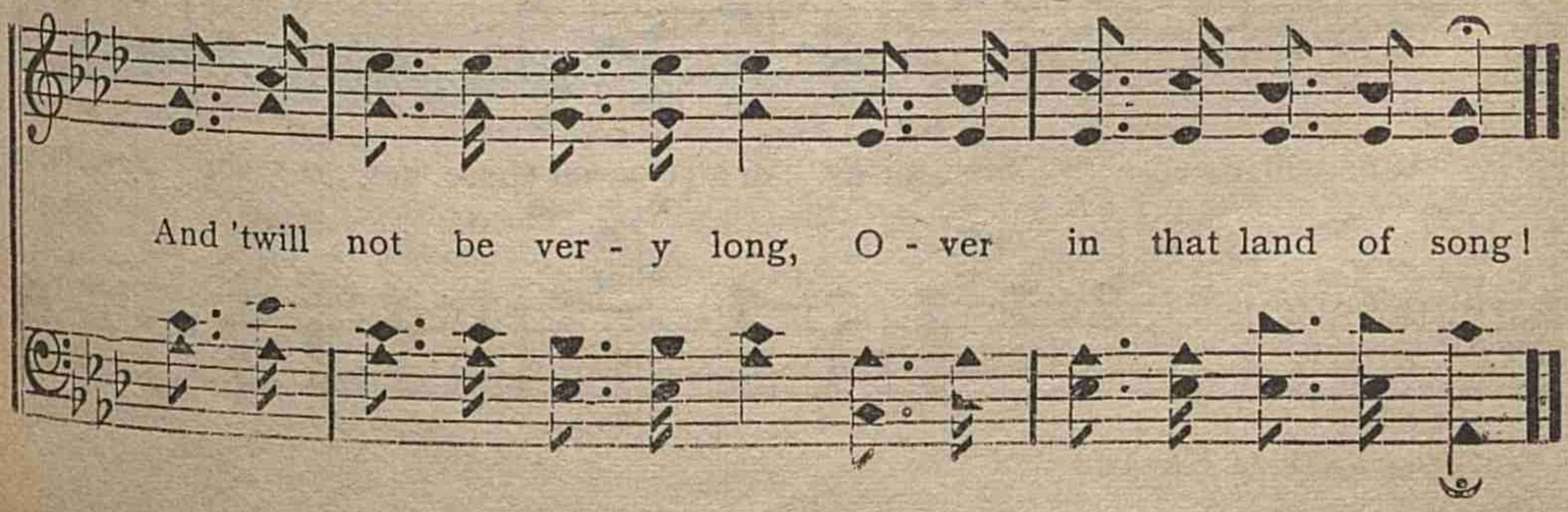
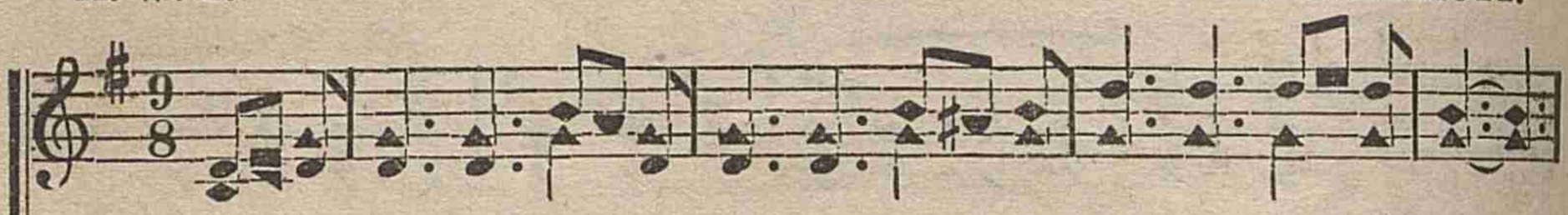
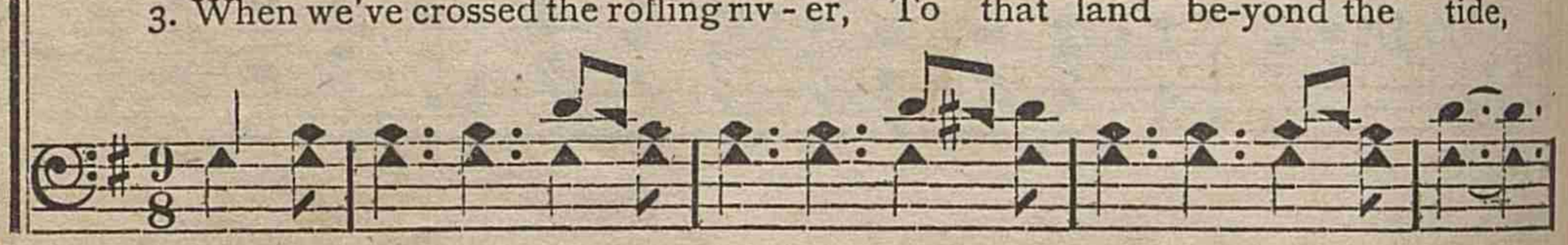
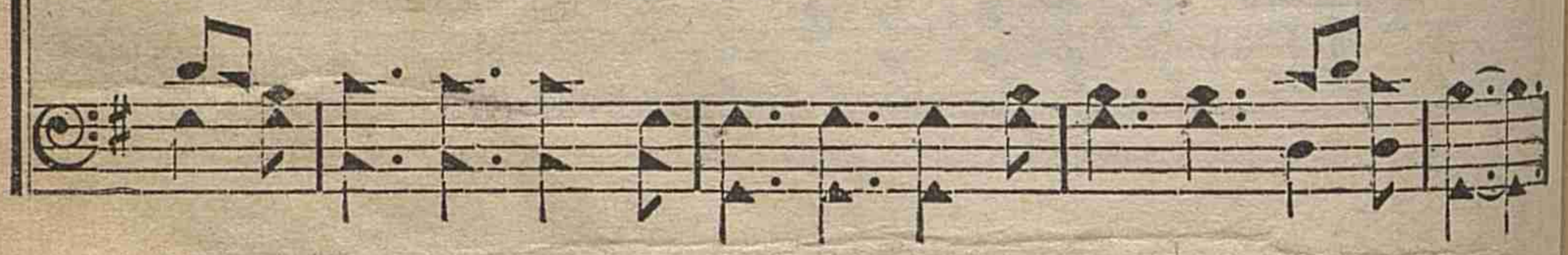
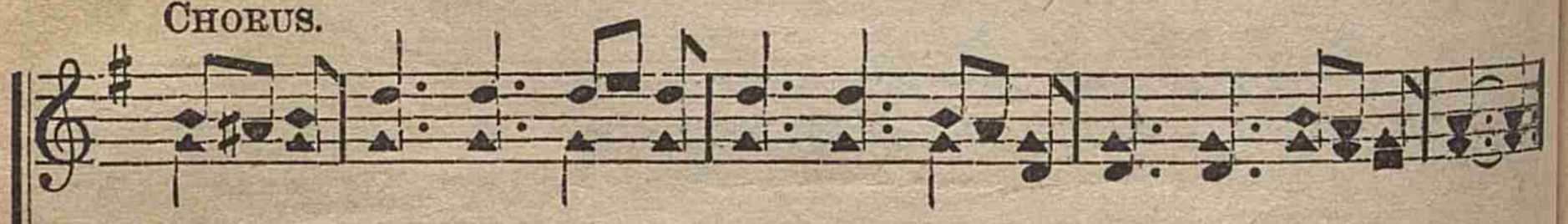
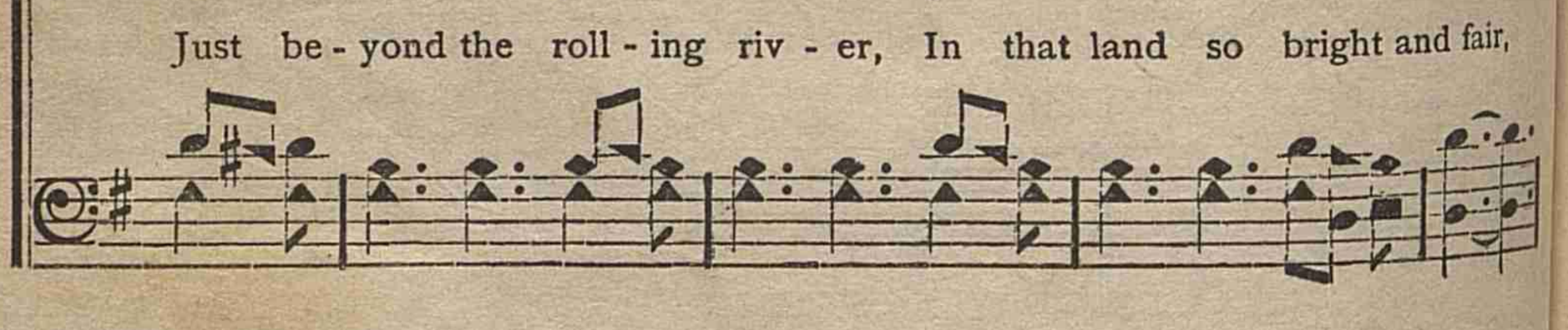
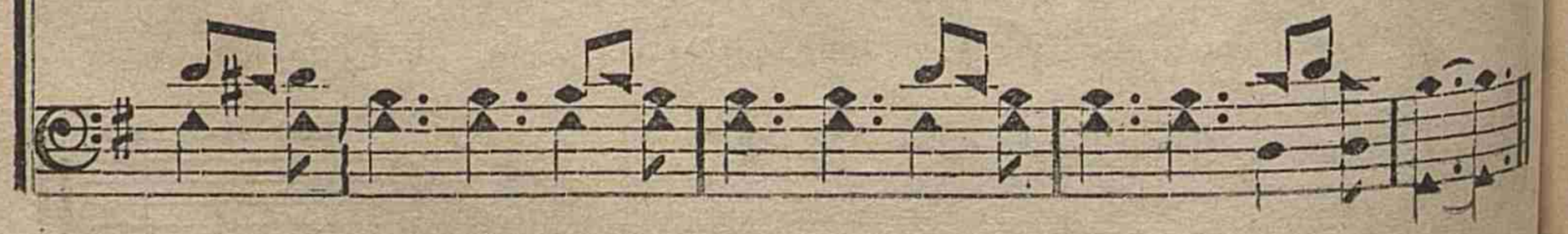
Over In That Land of Song.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

NO. 84. Just Beyond the Rolling River.

H. W. E. H. W. ELLIOTT.

1. Just be-yond the roll-ing riv-er, Lies a bright and sun-ny land,
2. Soon we'll cross the roll-ing riv-er, Soon we'll join the hap-py band,
3. When we've crossed the rolling riv-er, To that land be-yond the tide,

Where the saved with Christ are dwell-ing, A u-nit-ed, hap-py band.
There to dwell with Christ for-ev-er In that ho-ly, hap-py land.
Pearl-y gates on gold-en hing-es, Will be stand-ing o-pen wide.

CHORUS.

Just be-yond the roll-ing riv-er, In that land so bright and fair,

We will dwell with Christ for-ev-er; O-ver there, yes, o-ver there.

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NO. 85.

Not Made With Hands.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY EMMETT S. DEAN.

Arr. by J. K. S. Arr. by JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

1. My Saviour's gone a man-sion to pre-pare, In yon fair lands;
2. How won-der-ful the sto-ry I've been told, That in those lands
3. Just o - ver there, its splendor I can see, All fair it stands;
4. There, all the ransom'd, robed in spot-less white, Dwell in those lands,
5. When life is o'er, some morning bright and fair, I'll leave these lands;

In yon fair lands;

A - dorned it will be with jew - els rare, Not made, not made with hands.
The gates all are pearl, the streets are gold, Not made, not made with hands.
How wondrous this dwell-ing place for me, Not made, not made with hands.
Se - cure - ly with - in that home of light, Not made, not made with hands.
With all the redeemed, a crown to wear, Not made, not made with hands.

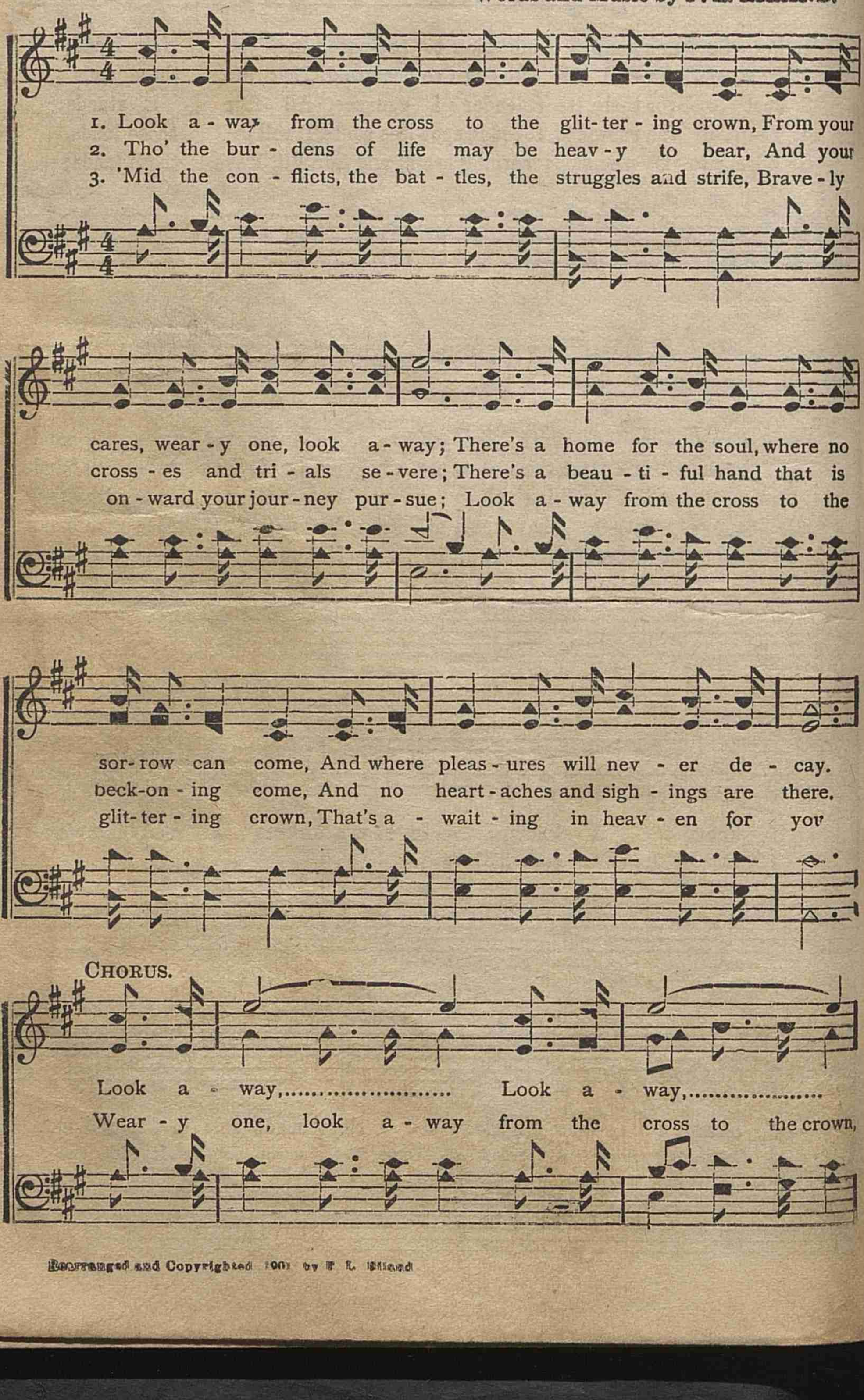
CHORUS.

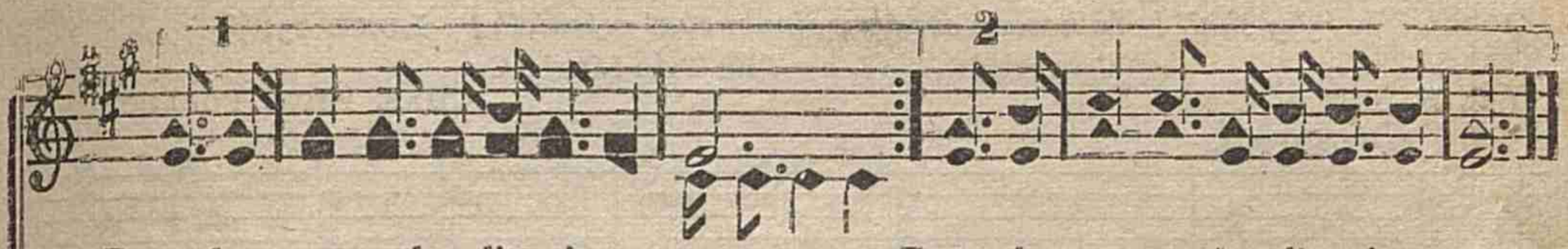
I know, I know, In heav'n for me a man - sion stands;
I know, I know, I know, I know,

A home, a home, Not made . . . . . with hands.
A home, a home, a home, a home, Not made, not made with hands

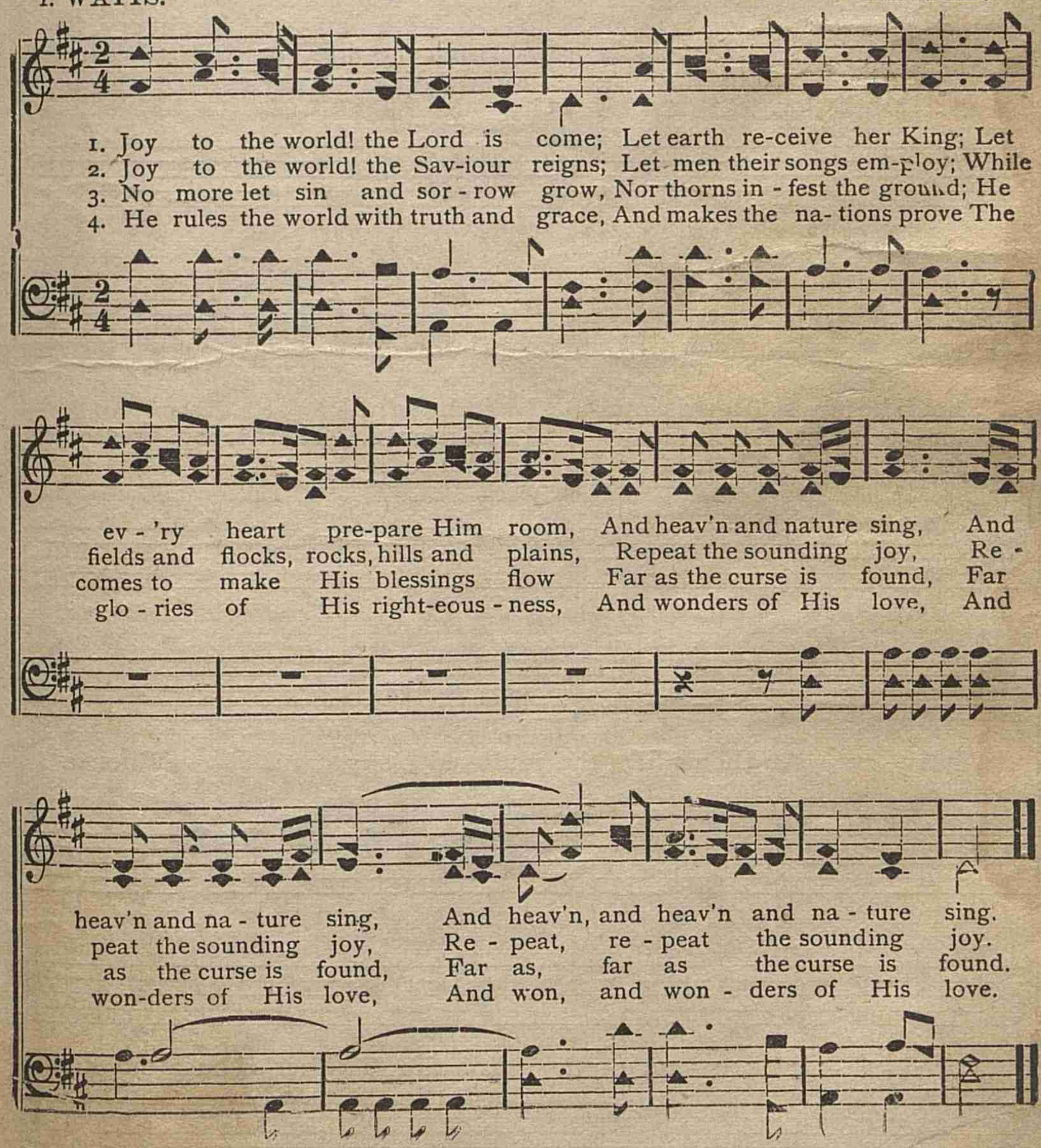
NO. 86. From the Cross to the Crown.

Leaving the home of a friend whom, my companion and I 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 its brilliancy and splendor, this title was suggested. Carlton, Tex. Sept. 10th. 1895.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

Rearranged and Copyrighted 1901 by F. L. Eiland

From the Cross to the Crown.—Concluded.

NO. 87.

Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. HANDEL.

NO. 88.

There is Joy in Heaven.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." LUKE 15: 7.

Copyright, 1908, by The Trio Music Co.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Animated.

1. When a soul re - turns from his sin - ful ways, There is
2. When a soul is saved from the pow'r of sin, There is
3. When the dy - ing saint doth re - joice and sing, There is

joy in heav'n; And the an - gels bright cry, Be-
joy in heav'n; When the life of faith he hath
joy in heav'n; And with rapture cries, "Death, where

There is joy, joy in heav'n;

CHORUS.

hold, he prays, There is joy in heav'n.
en - tered in, There is joy in heav'n. } There is joy, great joy in
is thy sting?" There is joy in heav'n.

There is joy

heav - en, An-thems fill the vault - ed sky, When a

vault - ed sky,

prod - i - gal re - turn - eth To the Fa-ther's house on high.

No. 89

O to be Watching

F. L. E. F. L. Eiland.

1. I have a home in a beau-ti-ful cit-y; I have a lov-ing
2. There I shall dwell thro' the a-ges e-ter-nal, The King of glo-ry
3. Out o'er the fair land of prom-ise to wan-der, The ransomed of my

Sav-ior there; I have a man-sion of won-der-ful beau-ty, For
to a-dore; Sing-ing the song of redemption, sweet sto-ry, A
joy to tell; And when I'm lost for a word to ex-press it, I'll

Chorus.

me He has gone to pre-pare.
pil-grim to be nev-er-more. O to be watching, O to be waiting,
shout the refrain, "All is well!"

And to be read-y, when for me He calls; Then will I shout, pass-ing

thro' the o-pen por-tals, "Safe, safe at home, ev-er-more!"

NO. 90.

Come and Walk With Us Now.

W. C. WELLS.
Word chorus by STELLA ADAMS.

First melody by F. L. E.
Chorus by FRANK COPELAND.

1. We are walk - ing to- day, with our Sav - iour and King, And our path grow-eth brighter each day, We are near - ing the gates, of that cit - y so fair, Come and walk with us now, in the way!
2. Sin - ner, come to the Sav - iour, He pleads with you now, Why, oh, why will you long- er de - lay? We, are trav-'ling a - long to that cit - y on high, Come and walk with us now, in the way!
3. We are march-ing a- long, to that ha - ven of rest, Where with Je - sus for - ev - er, we'll stay, There we'll know not a sigh, not a sor - row or care, Come and walk with us now, in the way!
4. Oh, how sweet is this life, when we turn from its strife, And the Saviour's commandments, o - bey, Sweet- est peace doth He give, and our hearts fill with love, Come and walk with us now, in the way!

CHORUS.

Hap-py are we, marching a - long,
Happy, so happy are we, as we go marching along,

ght, 1902, by F. L. Eiland and Emmett S. Dean

Come and Walk With Us Now.—Concluded.

Sing-ing of Him, now all the day,
Singing, we're singing of Him, singing of Him all the day,

Marching a - long, marching a - long,
Marching, we're marching along, marching, we're marching along,

Je-sus command-ing the ar - my now, marching this beau - ti - ful way!

NO. 91.

The Lord's Supper.

His body, and His blood discern, Draw nigh, with humble heart,
His death, to us these do show forth, And will, His life impart.—F. L. E.

Anon. Mrs. F. L. EILAND.

1. Here at Thy ta - ble, Lord, we meet, To feed on food di - vine;
2. He that pre-pares this rich re - past, Him-self comes down and dies;
3. Sure there was nev - er love so free, Dear Sav - iour, so di - vine!

Thy bod - y is the bread we eat, Thy pre- cious blood, the wine!
And then in - vites us thus to feast, Up - on the sac - ri - fice.
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me, Which owes so much to Thine.

Copyright, 1902, by F. L. Eiland and Emmett S. Dean

NO. 92.

His Word.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Led by His word to the fount - ain of life, Led there its
2. Led from the dark - ness and in - to the light, Led where His
3. Led from the bar - ren plain in - to the fold, Led where the

cleans -ing to know, Led thro' His blood to the foot of the cross,
bless - ings doth flow, Led to the throne of His mer - cy and love,
heal - ing leaves grow, Led in - to pas-tures of plen - ty and peace,

CHORUS.

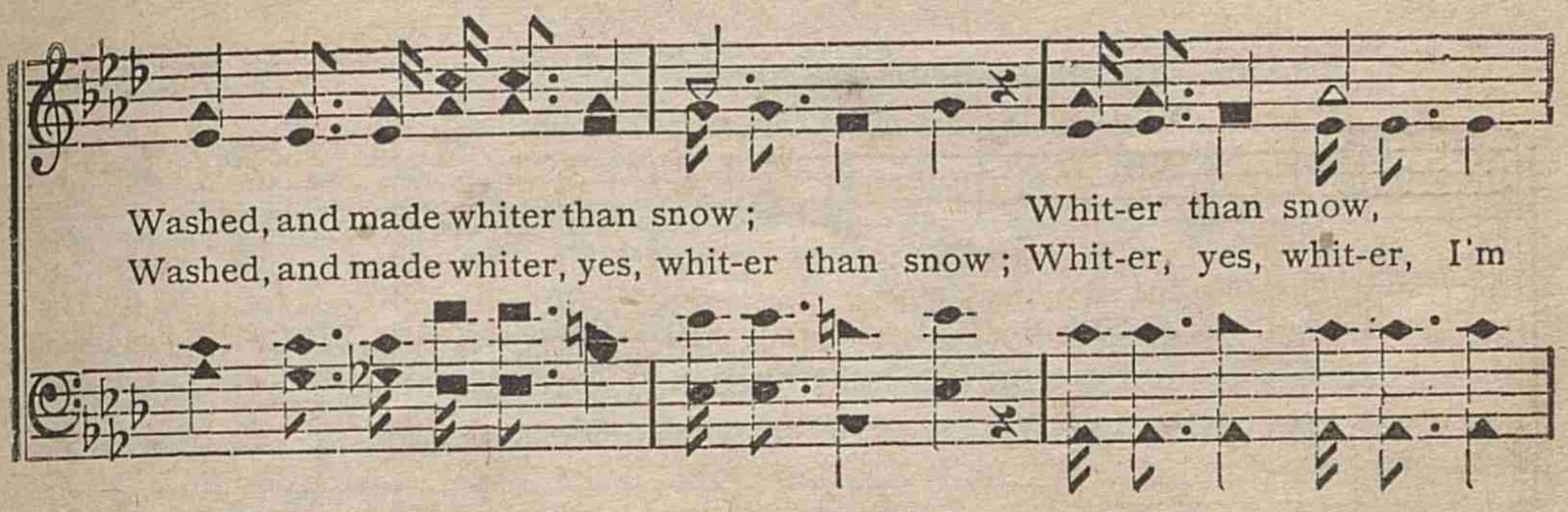
Wash'd, and made whiter than snow! Led to the fount-ain, pre- cious fount-ain,

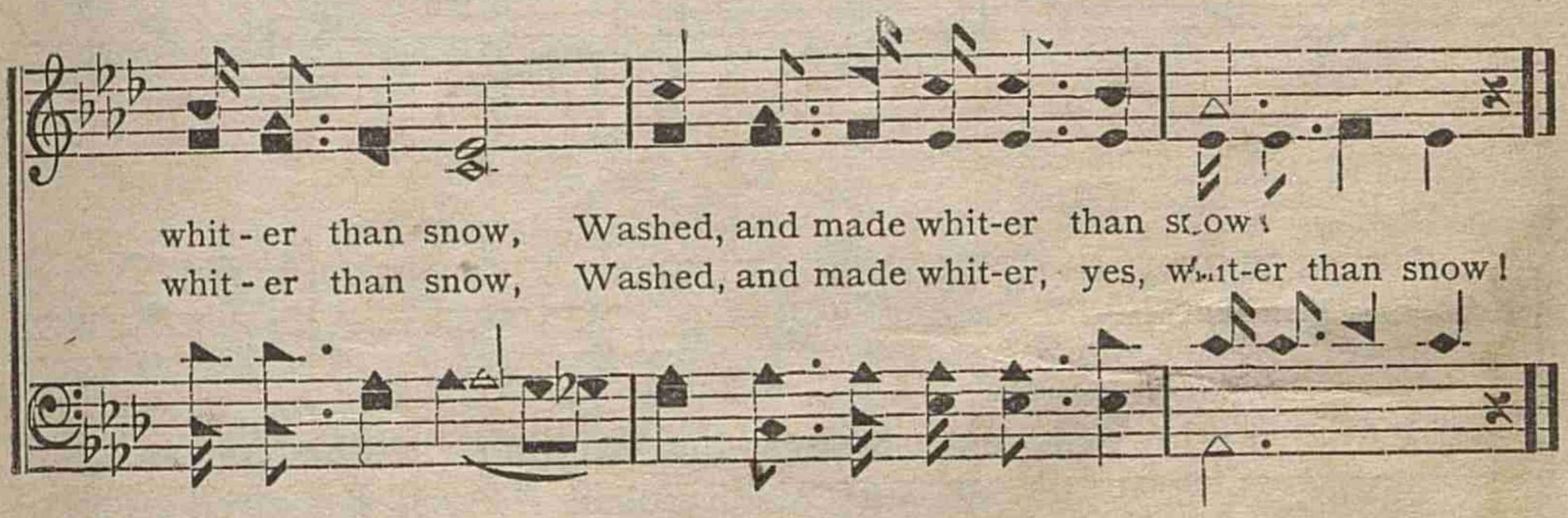
Led there its cleansing to know; Led to the fount-ain, precious fountain,

SECOND CHORUS.

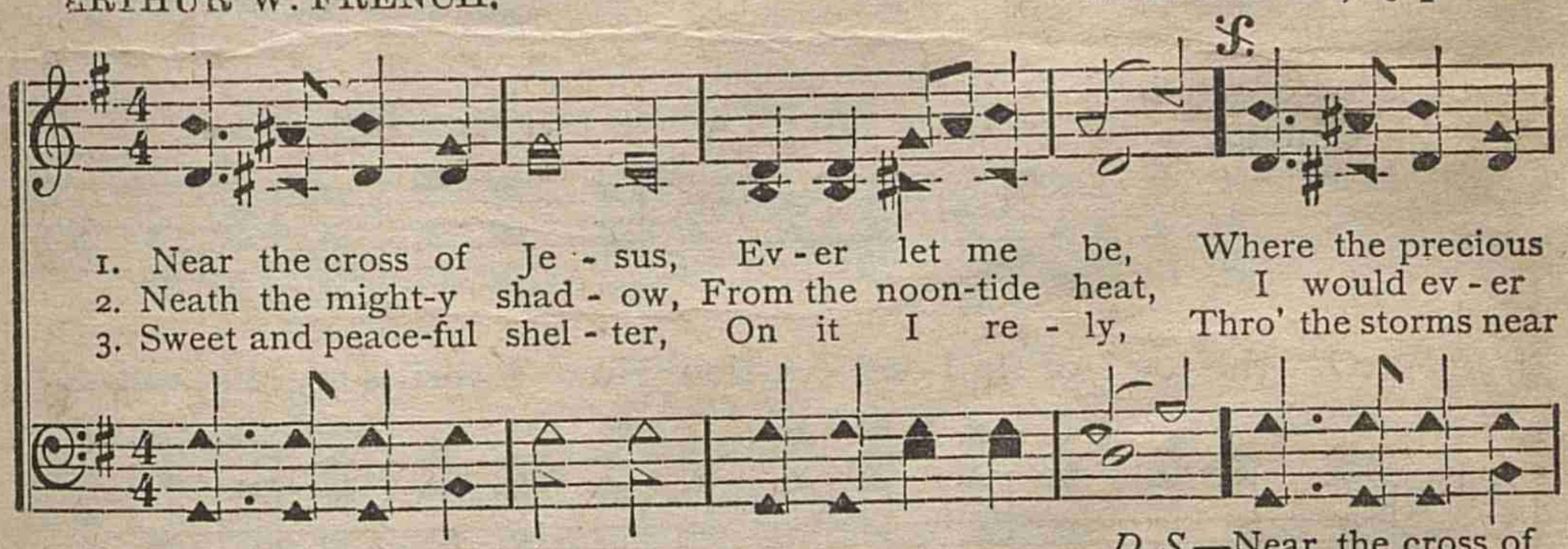
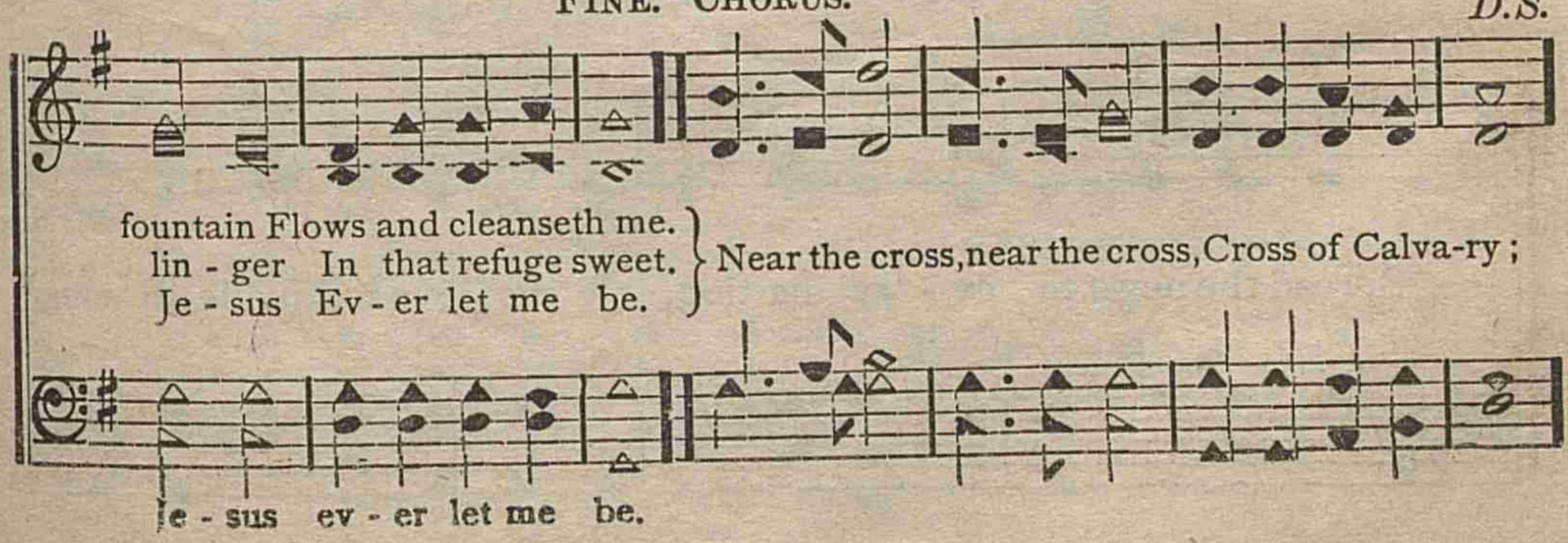
Whiter than snow, whiter than snow
Washed, and made whiter than snow! Whiter, yes, whiter I'm whiter than snow,

His Word.—Concluded.



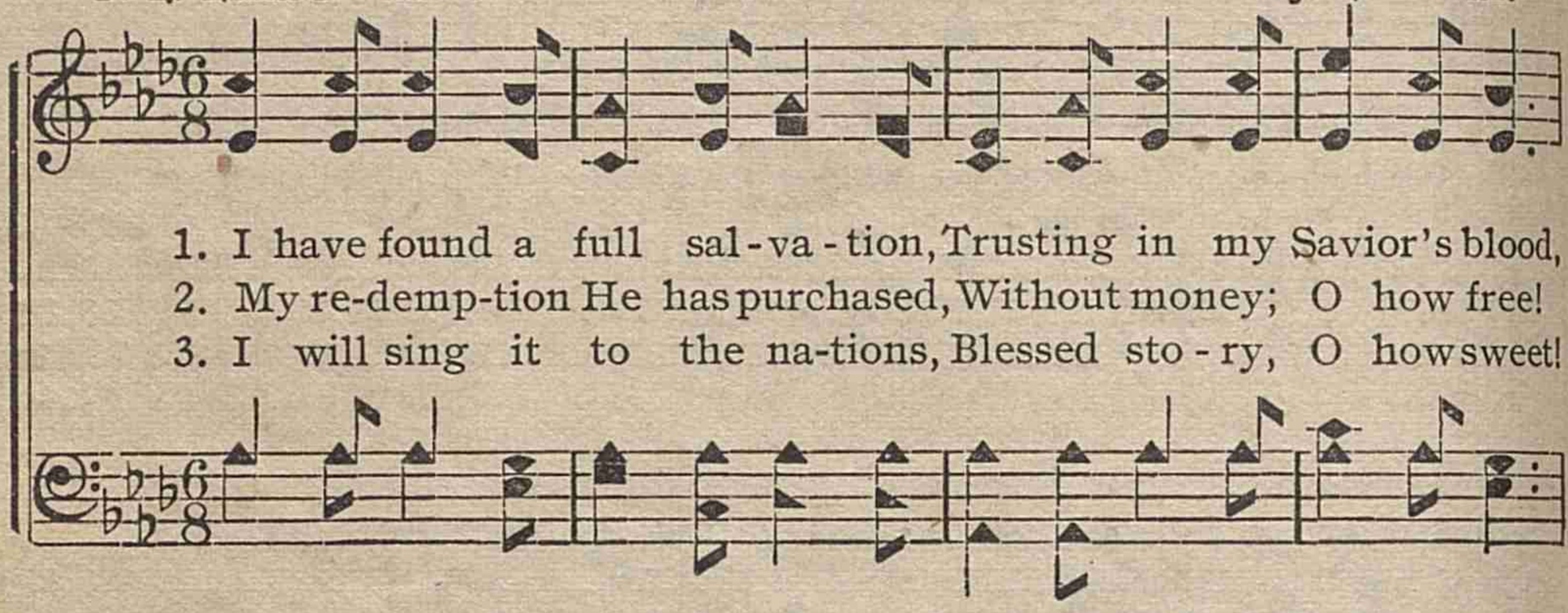


NO. 93. Near the Cross.

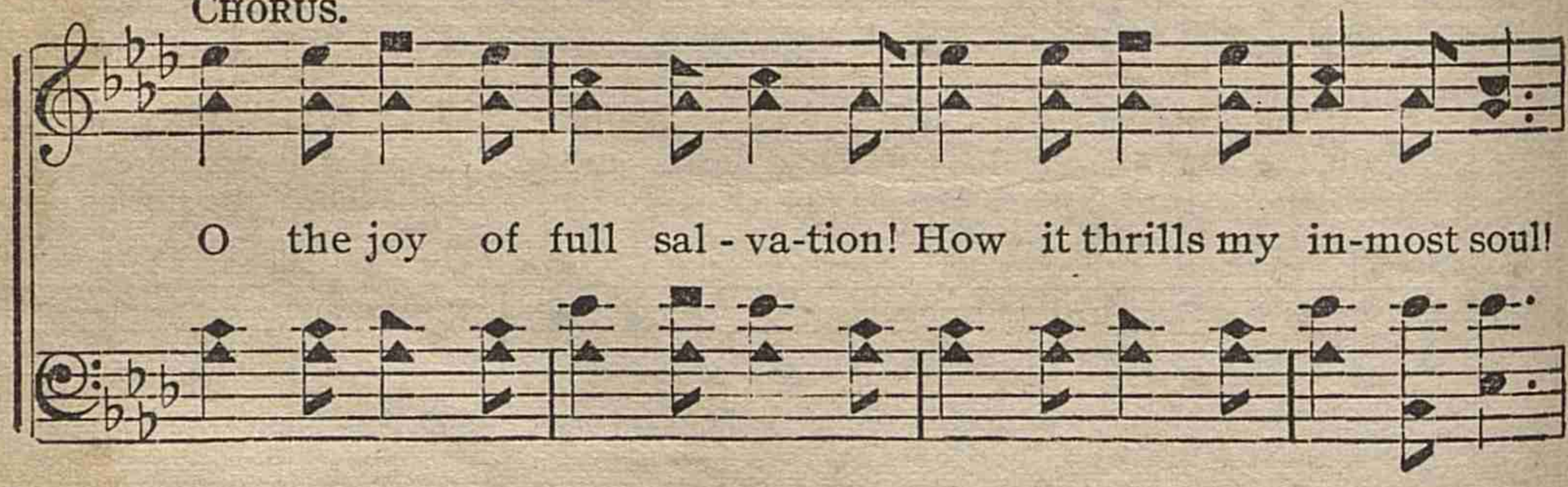
ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. A. OGDEN, by per.

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

NO. 94.

Full Salvation.

F. L. EILAND. Author of Chorus unknown. J. L. MOORE.



CHORUS.



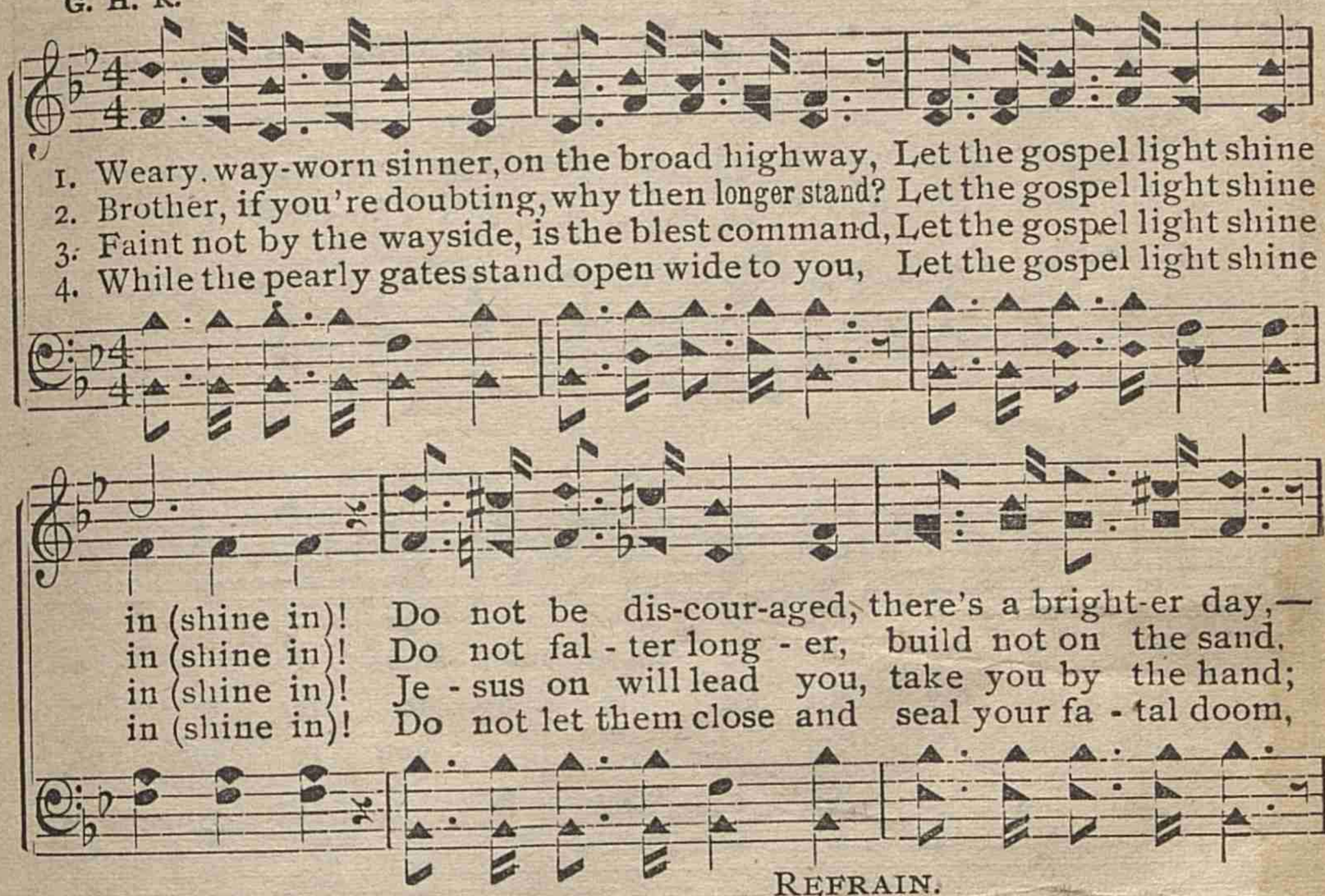
NO. 95.

Let the Gospel Light Shine In.

Be thy words and deeds a light,
The soul of man to win;
Speak and act then for the Christ
Who seeks to save from sin.

G. H. RAMSEY.

G. H. R.



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From "Gospel Garner," by per.

NO. 96.

My Soul is Redeemed.

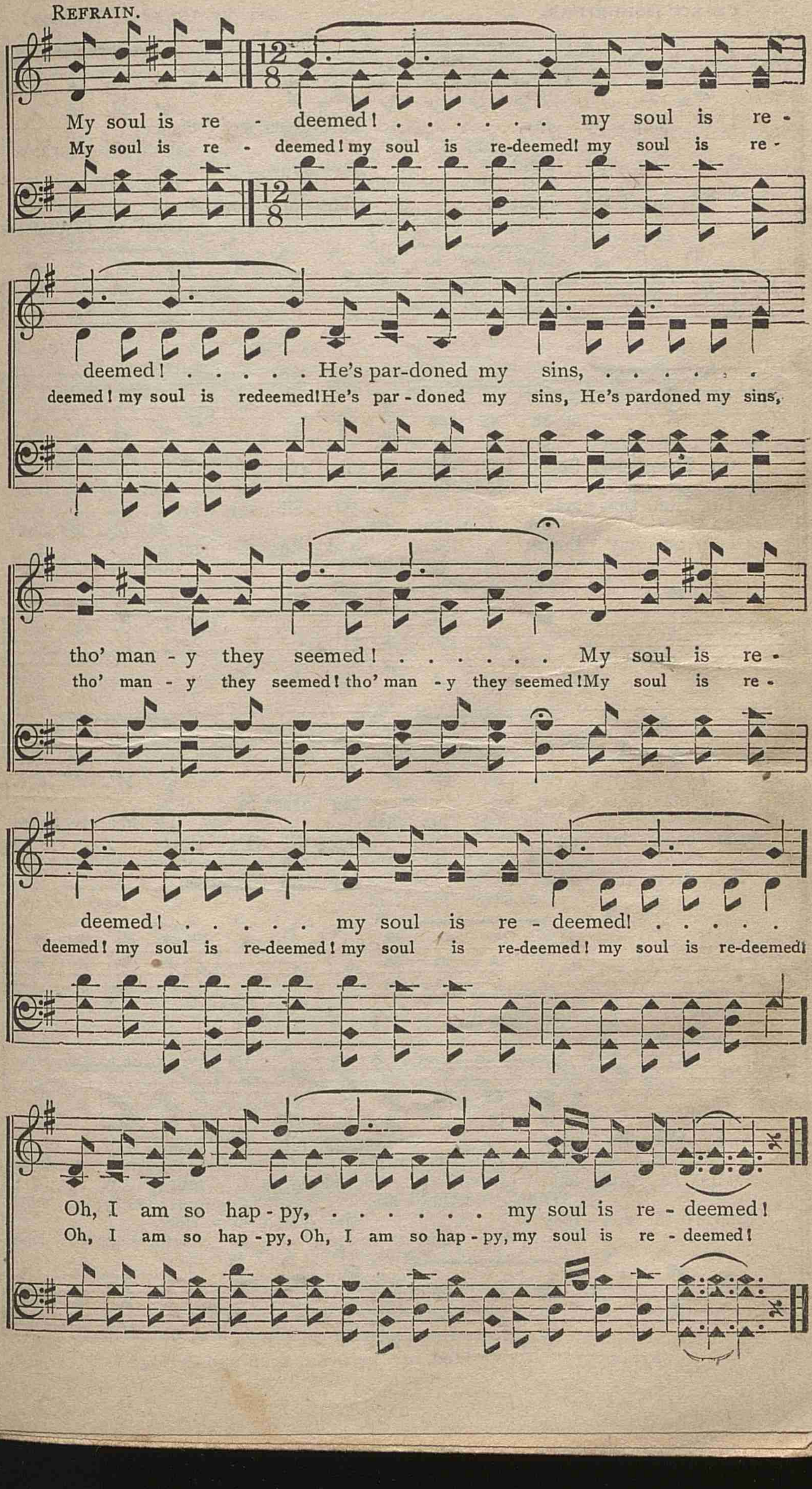
Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

ADA POWELL. EMMETT S. DEAN.

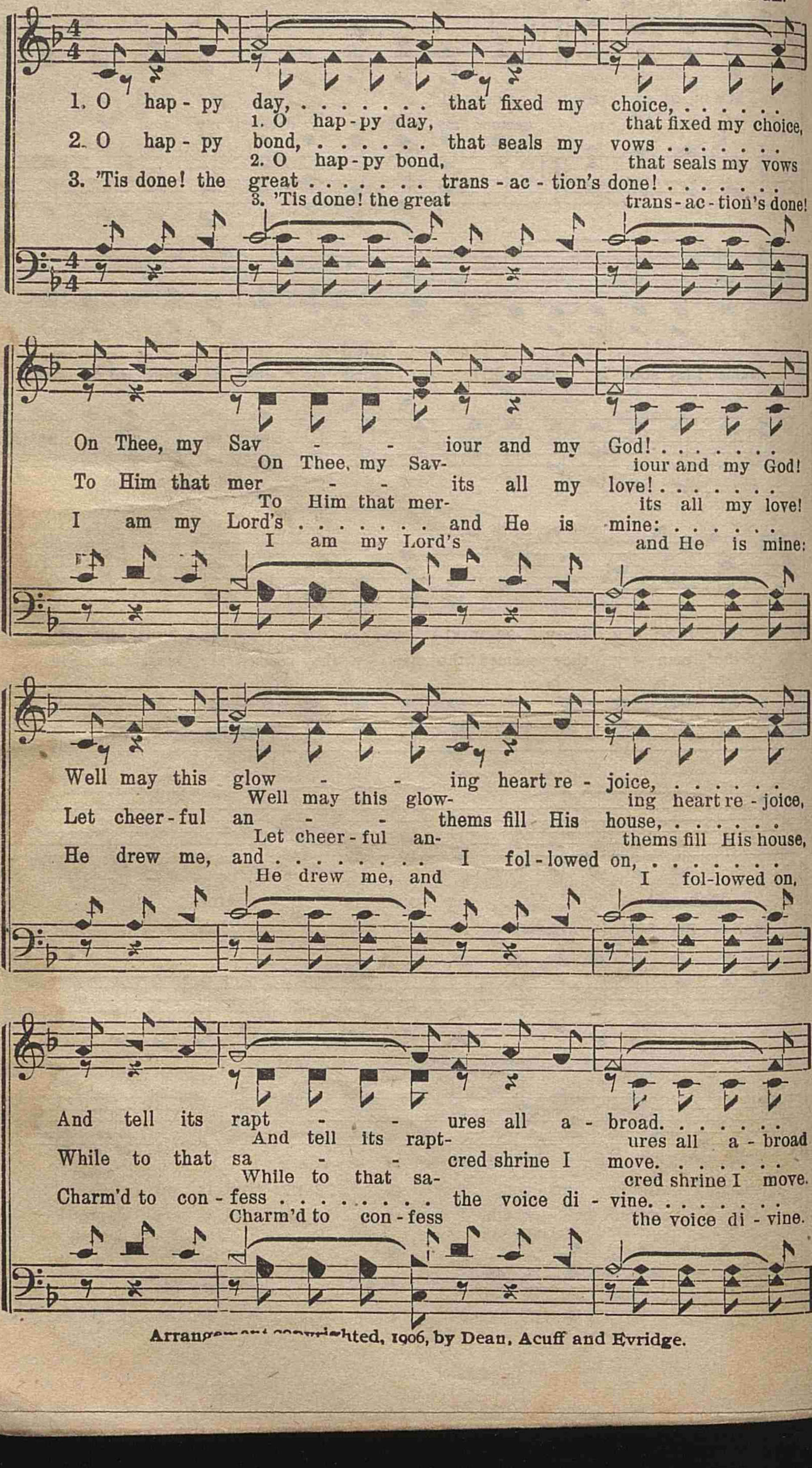
1. My heart is so full of my Sav - iour's dear love! He bids me to come to those man - sions a - bove! He par - doned my sins, tho' so man - y they seemed! Oh,
2. How pre - cious the thought that He saves me from sin, And o - pens my heart for the light to come in; The deep crim - son tide, all my sins have washed clean, Thro'
3. He saves all who come with a pen - i - tent grief; Your faith and re - pent - ance will bring you re - lief; You nev - er have of the great bless - ed - ness dreamed, You'll

I am so hap - py, my soul is re - deemed!
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, my soul is re - deemed!
know when you trust, and your soul is re - deemed.

My Soul is Redeemed. Concluded.

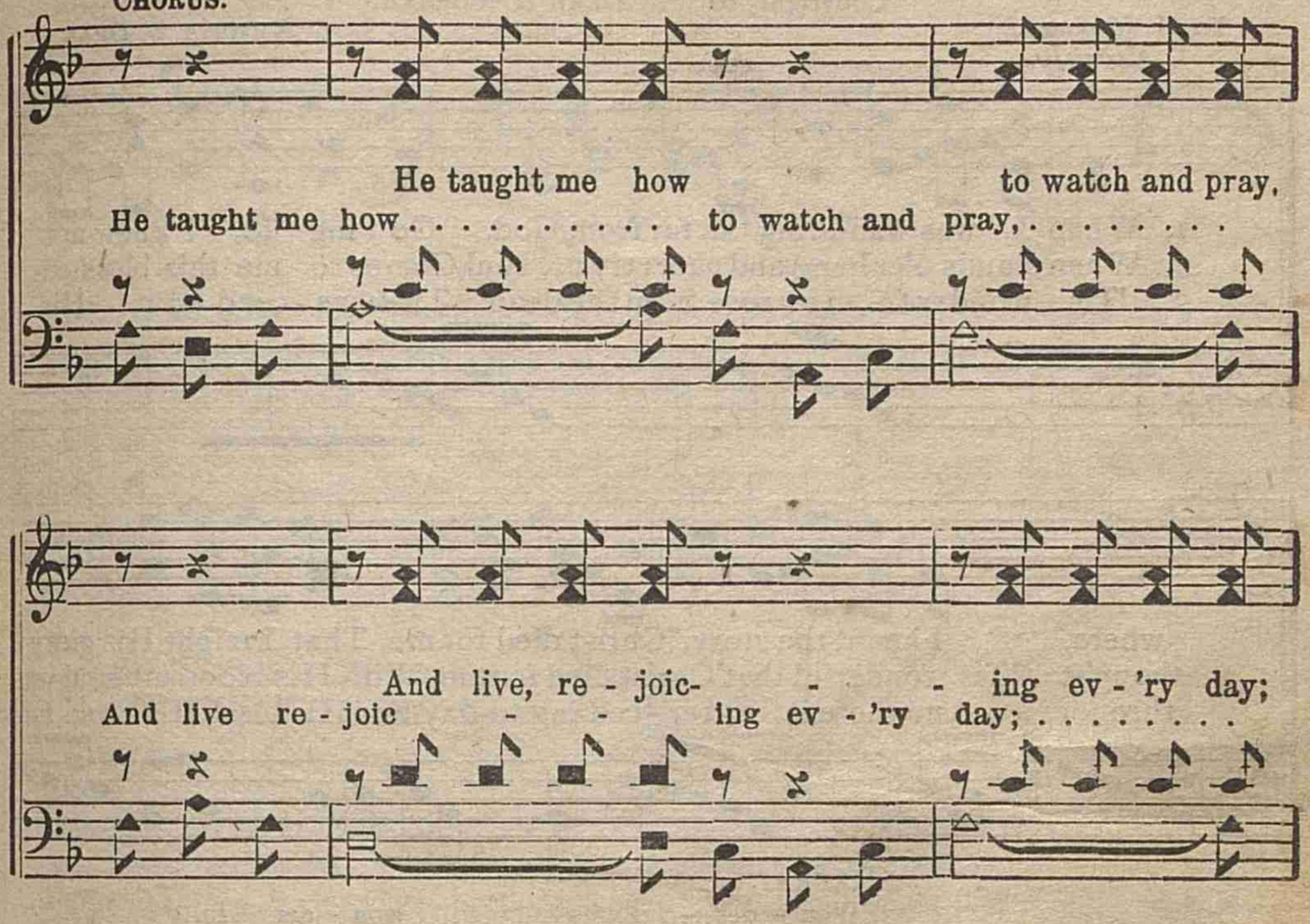
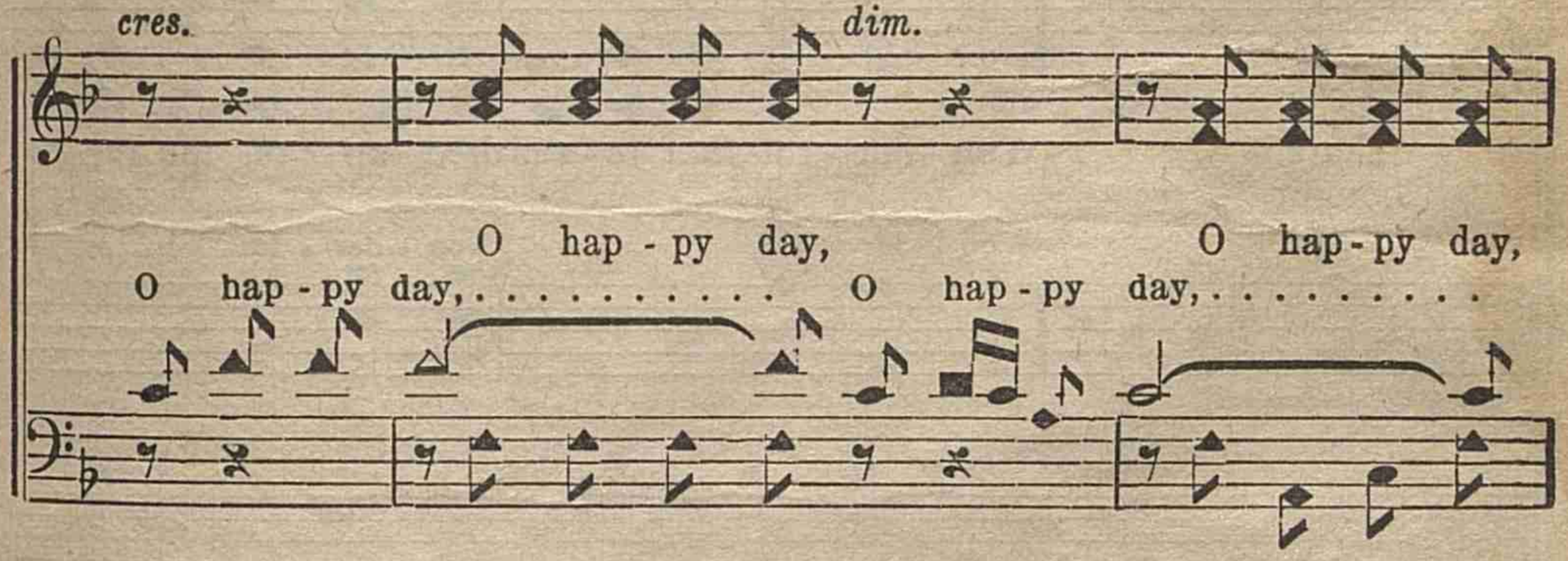
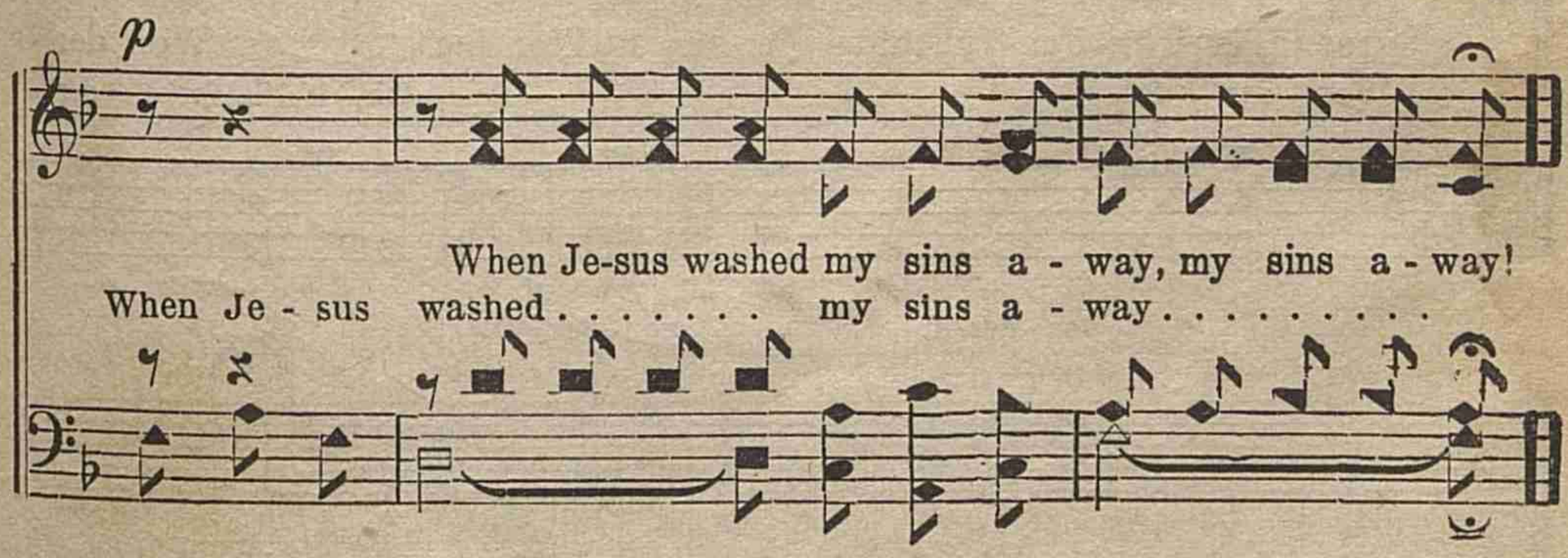
REFRAIN.

NO. 97.

O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. Arr. by ACUFF & EVRIDGE.

Arrangement copyrighted, 1906, by Dean, Acuff and Evridge.

O Happy Day.

CHORUS.



4 Now rest, my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him, of every good possessed.

NO. 98.

Wonderful.

Copyright, 1908, by DEAN & MORGAN.

R. M. MORGAN. EMMETT S. DEAN.

Slowly

1. When I was wand'ring far, far from God, Go - ing to, I knew not where,
2. When clouds o'er hang and cares try my soul, Comes to me this bless-ed thought:
3. 'Tis wonder-ful, He rose from the dead, Then as - cend-ed to His throne.

I heard the story, "Christ died for me, That I might His glory share."
'Tis wonderful that Christ died for me, With His blood my soul was bought.
And there is in - ter - ced-ing to-day For His blest, His loved, His own.

REFRAIN.

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

Faster. *p* *m*

Won - der - ful that Je - sus died up - on the rug-ged tree; 'Tis won-der - ful that Je - sus died for me!

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

dim. *p*

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

Oh, it is won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

m *f* *rall.*

won - der - ful, He died that all might be from sin set free; 'Tis wonderful, He died for me!

won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

NO. 99. We'll Join Them in the Morning.

Words by E. R. LATTA. Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. Be - yond the reach of care and pain, Where all is fair and calm,
2. Where saint - ed spir - it forms a - bide, And bear the harp and palm,
3. The mar - tyr throng in safe - ty dwell, And praise the conqu'ring Lamb,
4. Re - solved to gain that sin - less clime, By faith in Christ, I am;

They tell me there's a bright do - main, That has a Gil - ead balm!
They nev - er go un - sat - is - fied, For there's a Gil - ead balm!
The pa - tri- archs and proph- ets tell How blest that Gil - ead balm!
To list the an - gels - voic - es chime, And share that Gil - ead balm!

CHORUS.

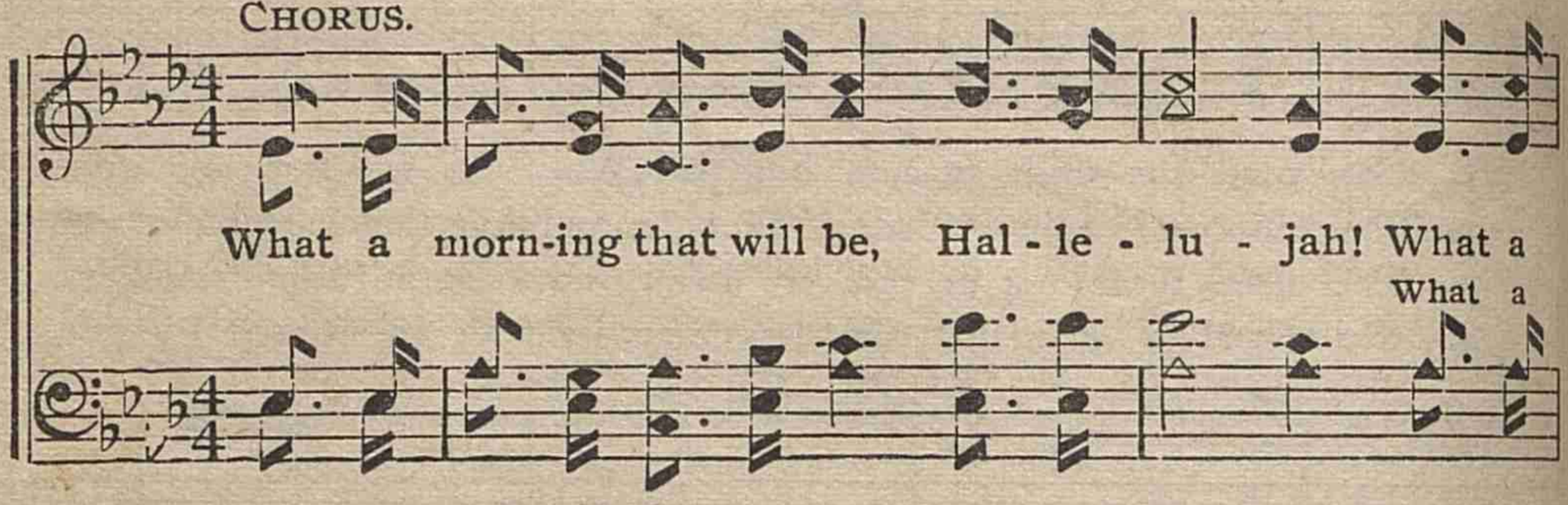
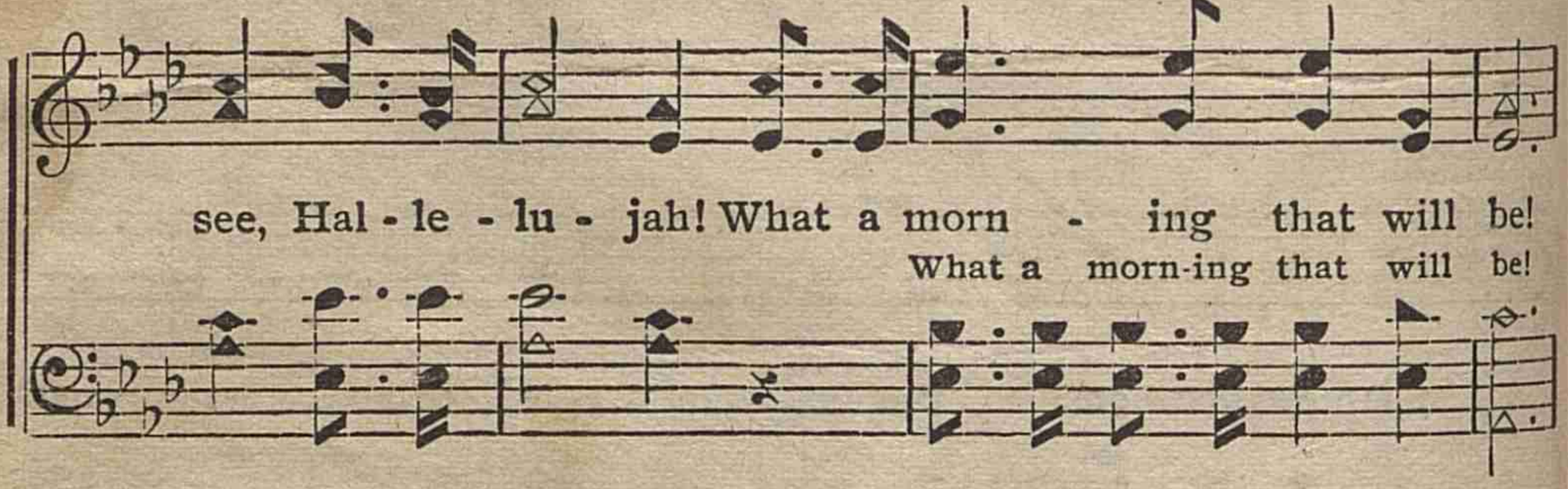
The brows that, here, no chap-lets wore, Are gold - en crowns a- dorn - ing!

We're go - ing to that bless-ed shore! We'll join them in the morn-ing!

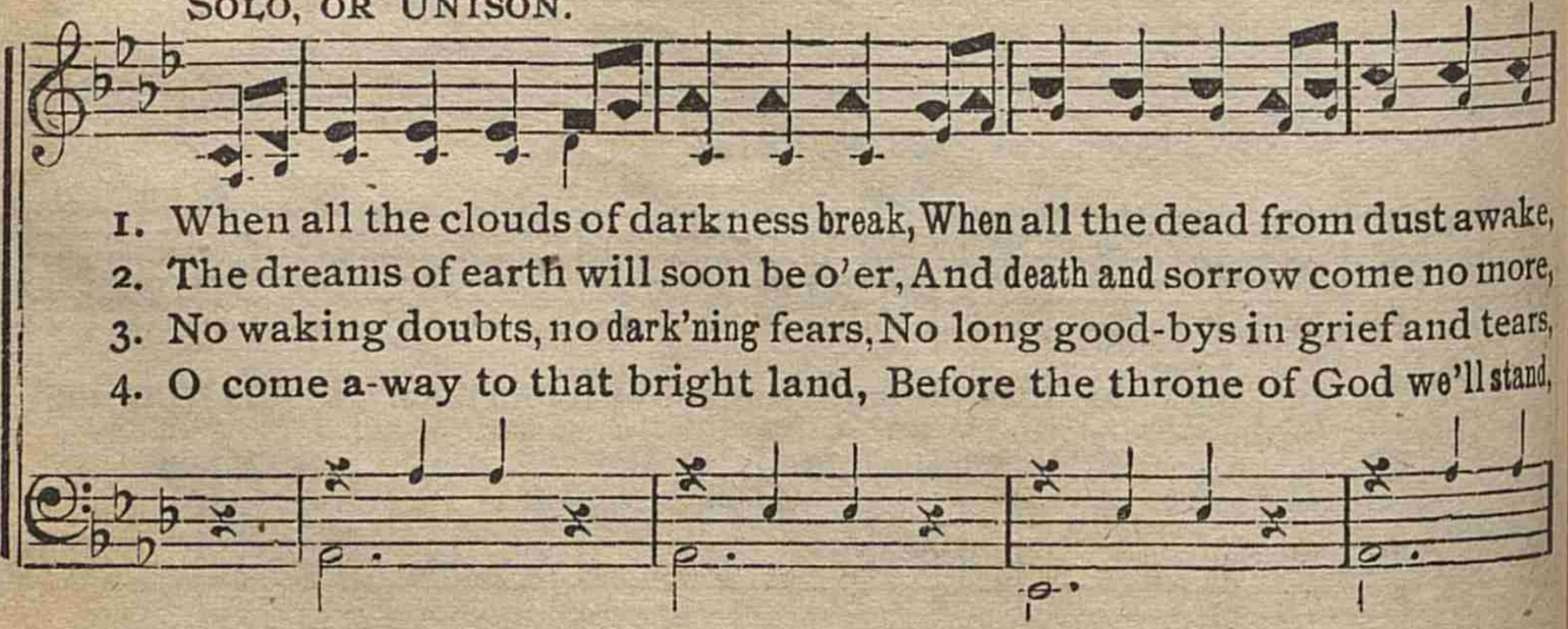
NO. 100

What a Morning That Will Be.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

CHORUS.



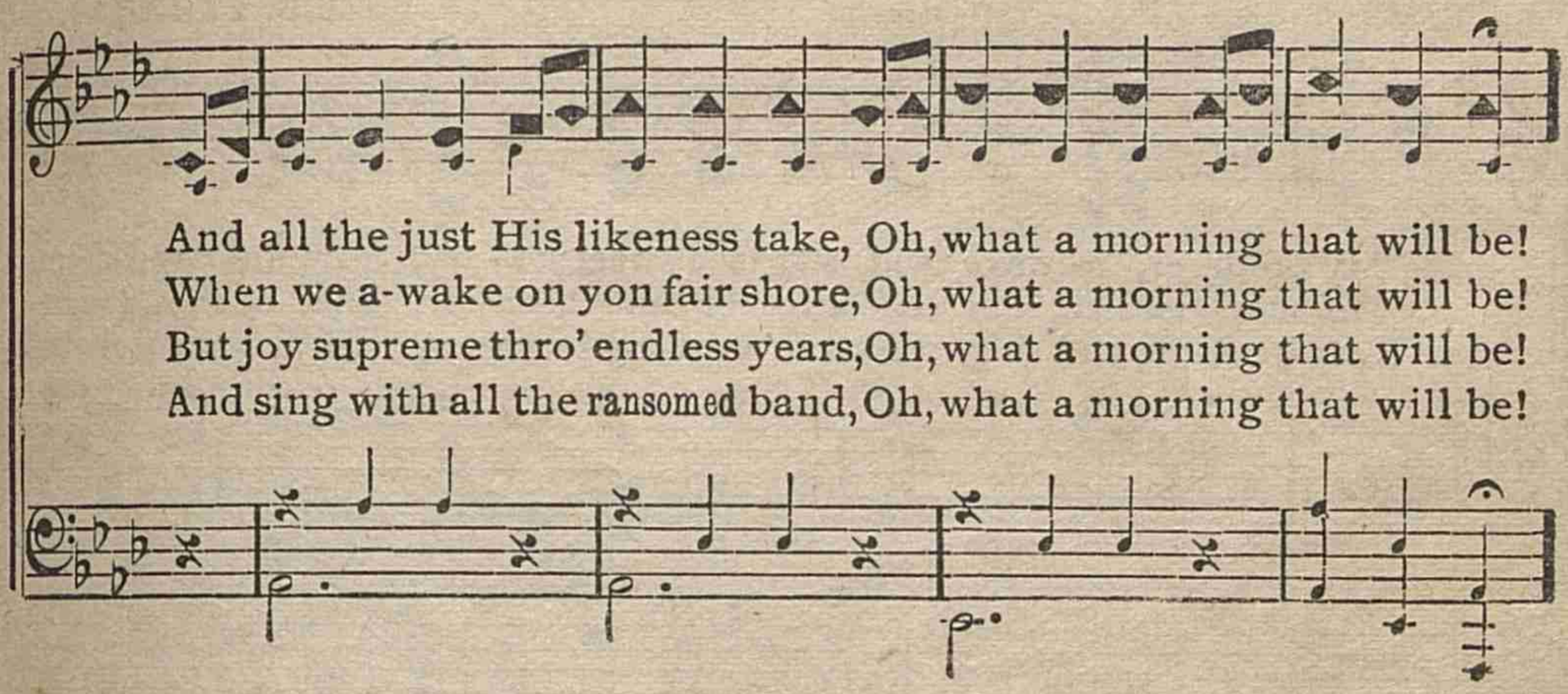
SOLO, OR UNISON.

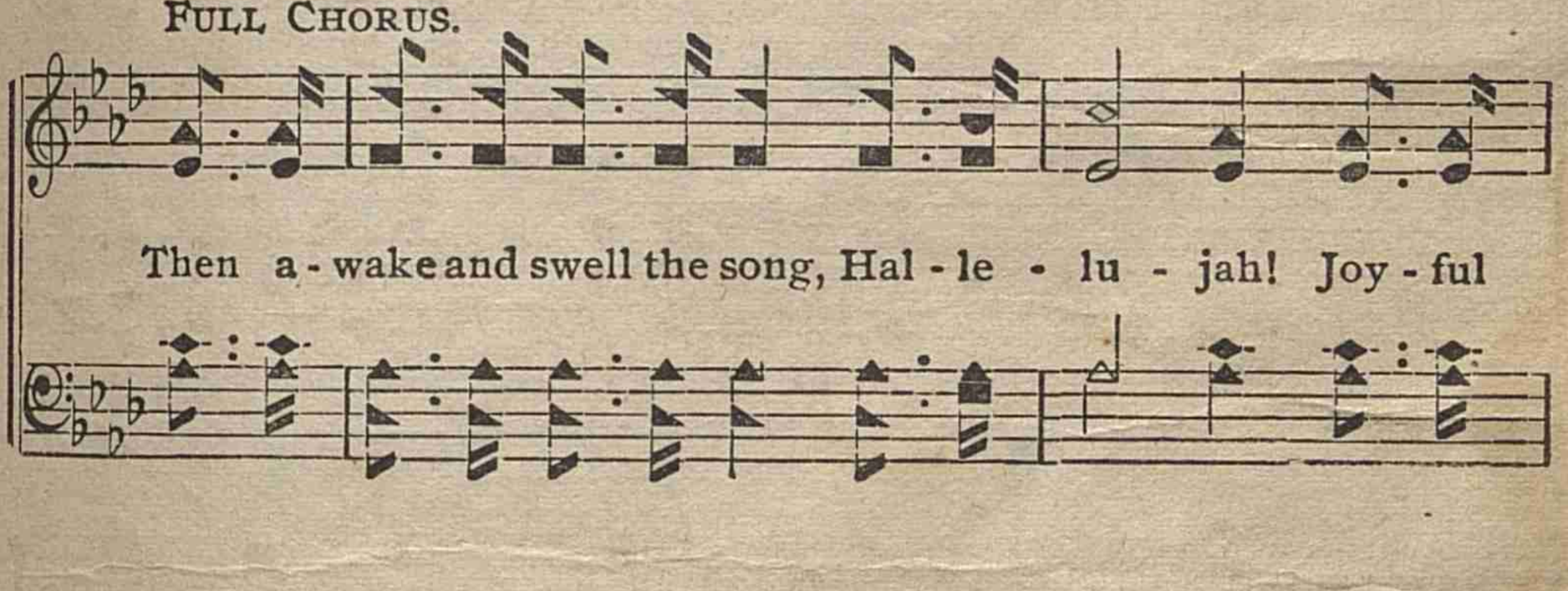


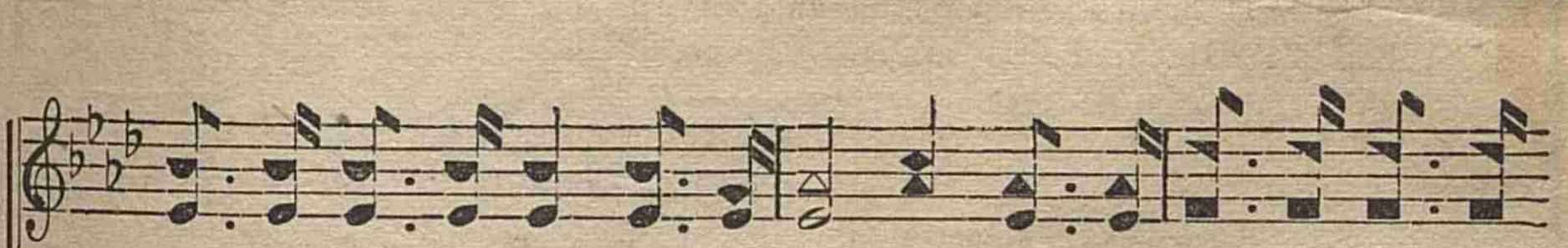
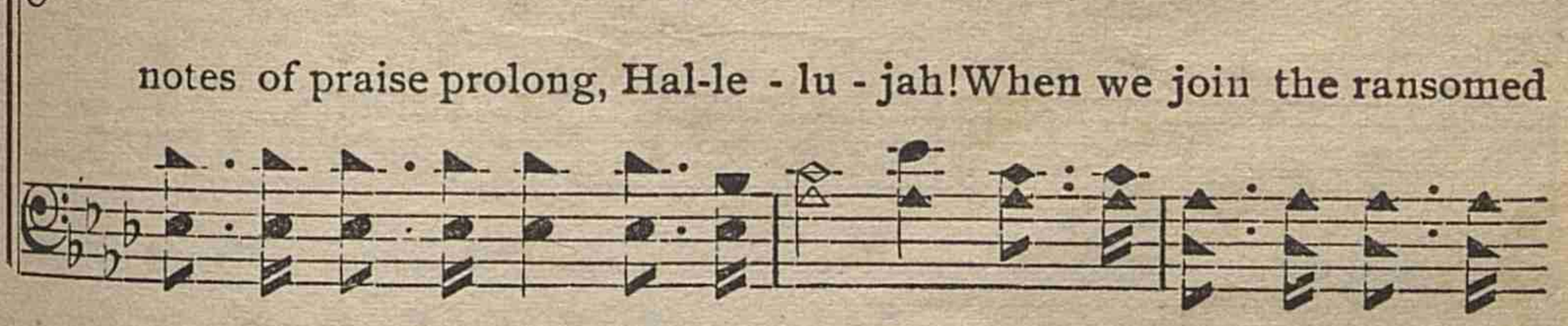
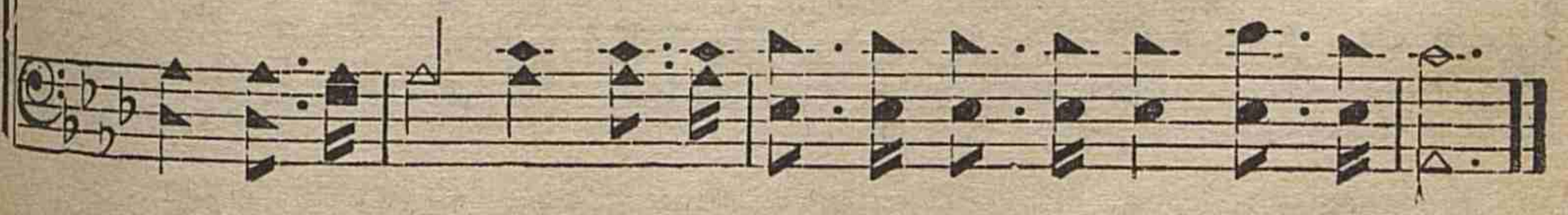
1. When all the clouds of darkness break, When all the dead from dust awake,
2. The dreams of earth will soon be o'er, And death and sorrow come no more,
3. No waking doubts, no dark'ning fears, No long good-bys in grief and tears,
4. O come a-way to that bright land, Before the throne of God we'll stand,

Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. From "Gems and Jewels" by per

What a Morning That Will Be. Concluded.



And all the just His likeness take, Oh, what a morning that will be!
When we a-wake on yon fair shore, Oh, what a morning that will be!
But joy supreme thro' endless years, Oh, what a morning that will be!
And sing with all the ransomed band, Oh, what a morning that will be!

FULL CHORUS.

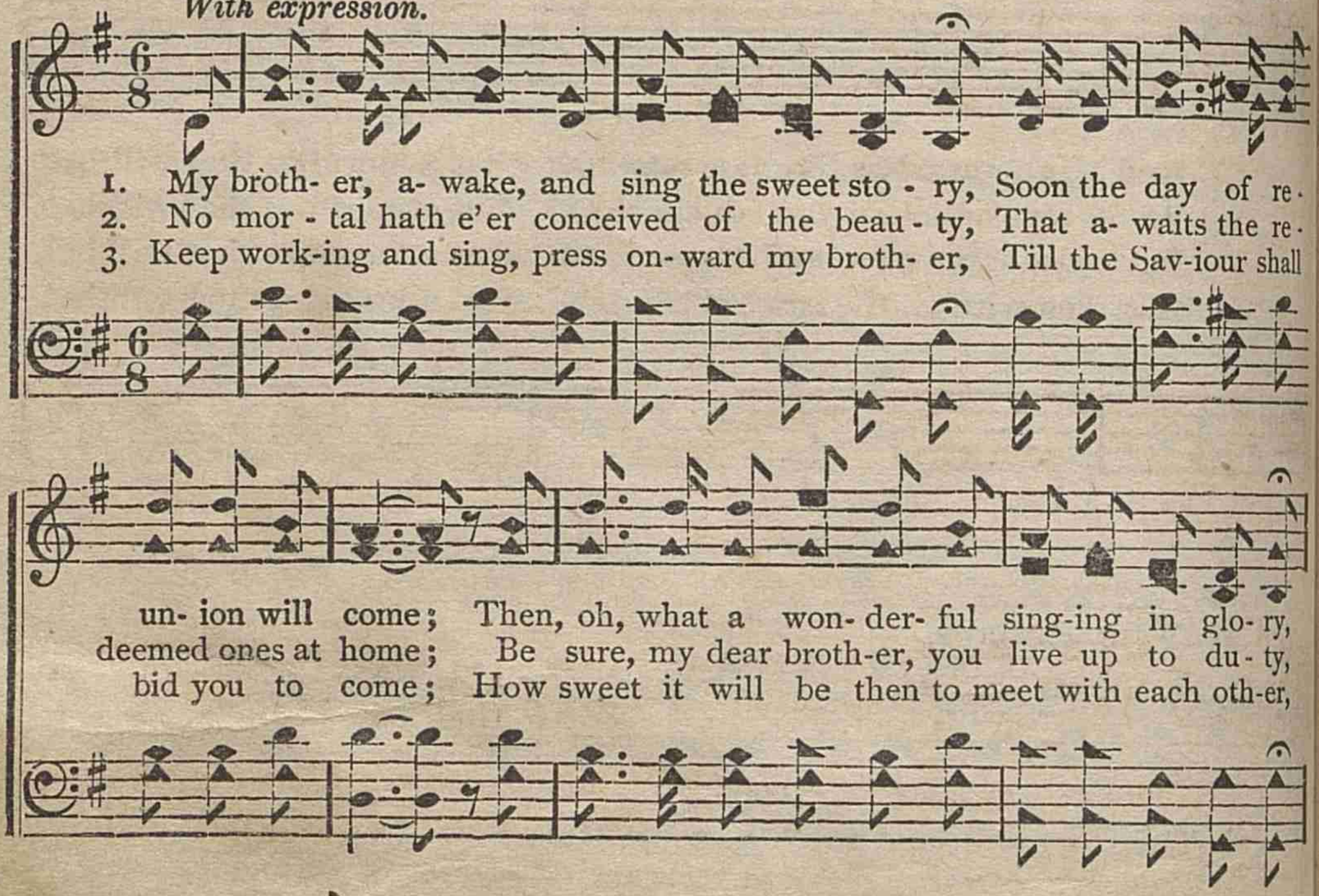
Then a - wake and swell the song, Hal - le - lu - jah! Joy - ful

notes of praise prolong, Hal-le - lu - jah! When we join the ransomed

throng, Hal-le - lu - jah! What a day of love and peace that will be.

NO. 101.

When All Redeemed Singers Get Home.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7 : 14.

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

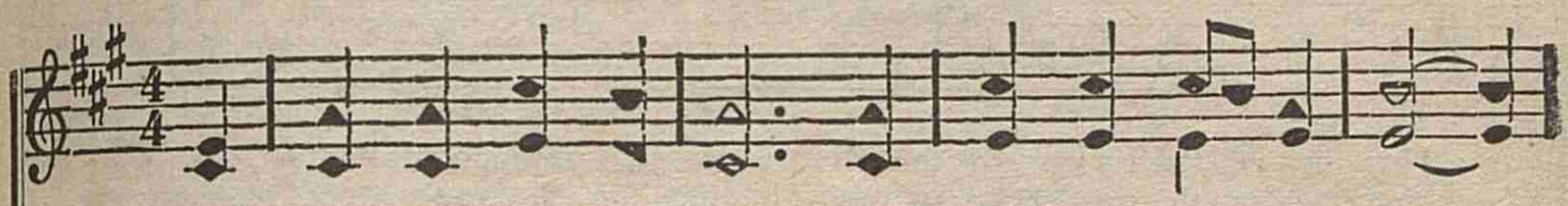
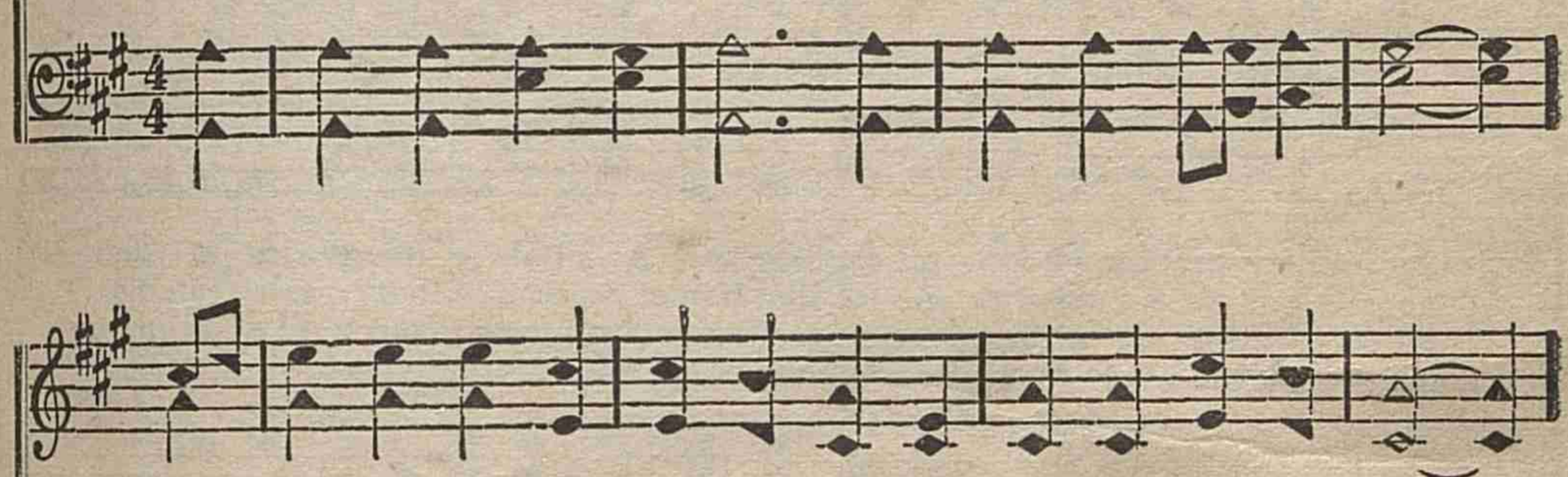
With expression.

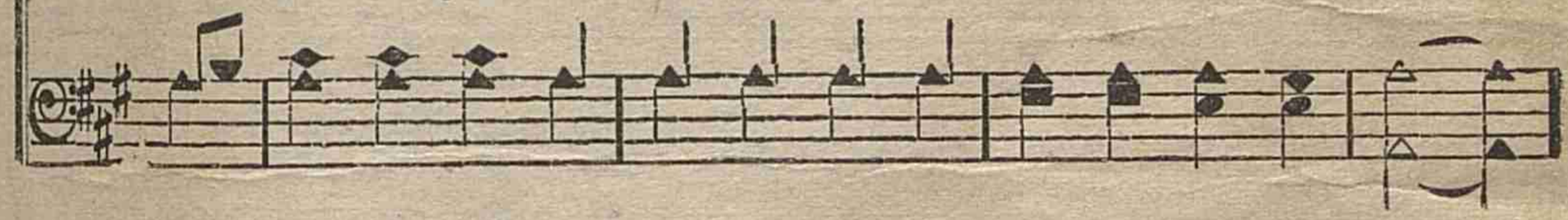


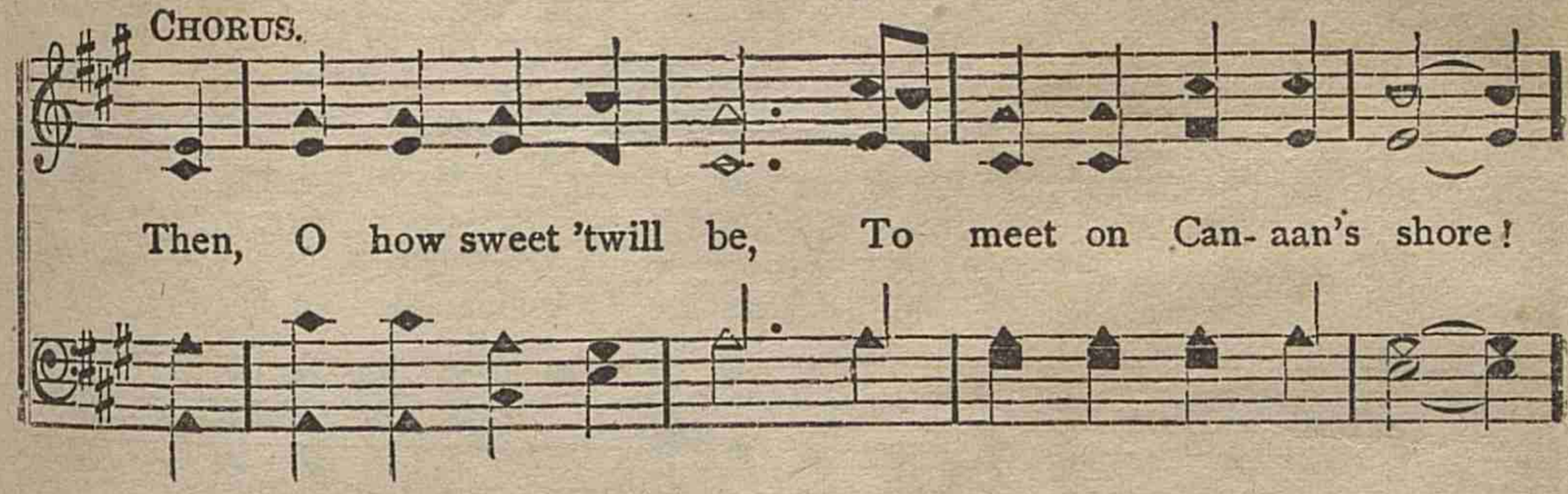
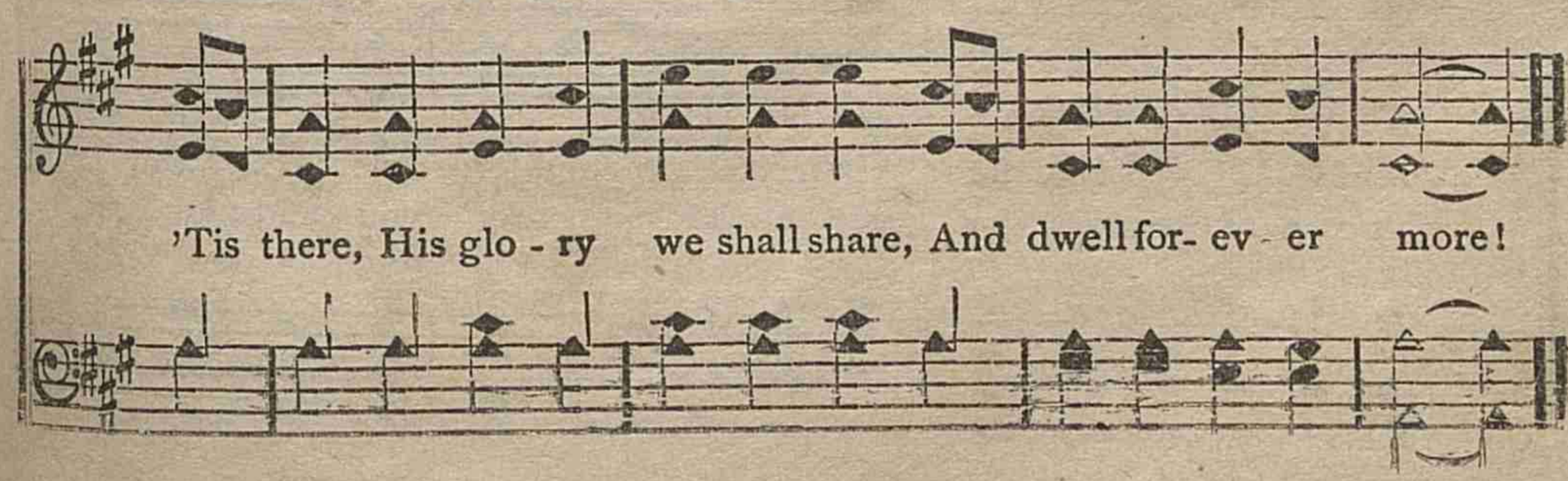
By permission.

NO. 102.

Jesus Calls us Home.

J. W. ACUFF. W. D. EVERIDGE.

1. When Je - sus calls us home, To dwell with Him a - bove;
2. O sin - ner, heed the call! And turn from sin and strife;
3. Then let us work and pray, While here on earth be - low;
4. This home, He of - fers you! If you, its joys would know,

We'll ev - er sing a - round the throne, Of His re- deem-ing love!
O - bey the ho - ly will of God—Ac- cept e - ter - nal life!
That He may in the judgment day, A crown of life be - stow!
Then have this pre-cious blood ap- plied, And to it with us go!



CHORUS.

Then, O how sweet 'twill be, To meet on Can- aan's shore!

'Tis there, His glo - ry we shall share, And dwell for- ev - er more!

NO. 103

Just Over the River.

W. H. PARKER. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er, by faith I can see; A mansion of beauty so fair;
2. Just o - ver the riv - er, no sorrow can come, No teardrops can fall from our eye,
3. Just over the river, we'll meet our dear friends, Who've gone to that heavenly shore;
4. Just o - ver the riv - er, our Saviour has gone, He's pleading dear sinner, to- day,–

Our Saviour prepared it for you and for me, And bids us its glories to share.
No pain and no sickness can en - ter that home, No soul in that country can die.
We'll dwell in that city where pleasure ne'er ends, And walk in the light ev-er - more.
The spir-it and bride, they entreat you to come, Come humbly, believe and obey.

CHORUS.

Just o - - - - ver the riv - - - - - er, by faith..... I can see;..... A man - sion of beau - - ty for you..... and for me.....
Just o - ver the riv - er, Just o - ver the riv - er, by faith I can see, by faith I can see, A man-sion of beau-ty, A man-sion of beau-ty for you and for me, for you and for me.

Copyright 1901 by G. H. Ramsey

NO. 104.

The Glory Port.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean & Edmiaston.

B. B. EDMIASTON. C. F. SMITH.

1. As the storm clouds gather 'round me, And the shifting scenes of earth go by,
2. Tho' sometimes my barque is driven Out of duty's line, as storms rage high,
3. When my faith be-gins to waiv-er, And my ev'ry hope, it seems, must die,

There's a light that's shining for me In the port of love beyond the sky.
Yet, I have a hope of land-ing, In the port of glo-ry, by and by.
Strength returns, with but a glimmer From the lights of glo-ry ports on high,

CHORUS.

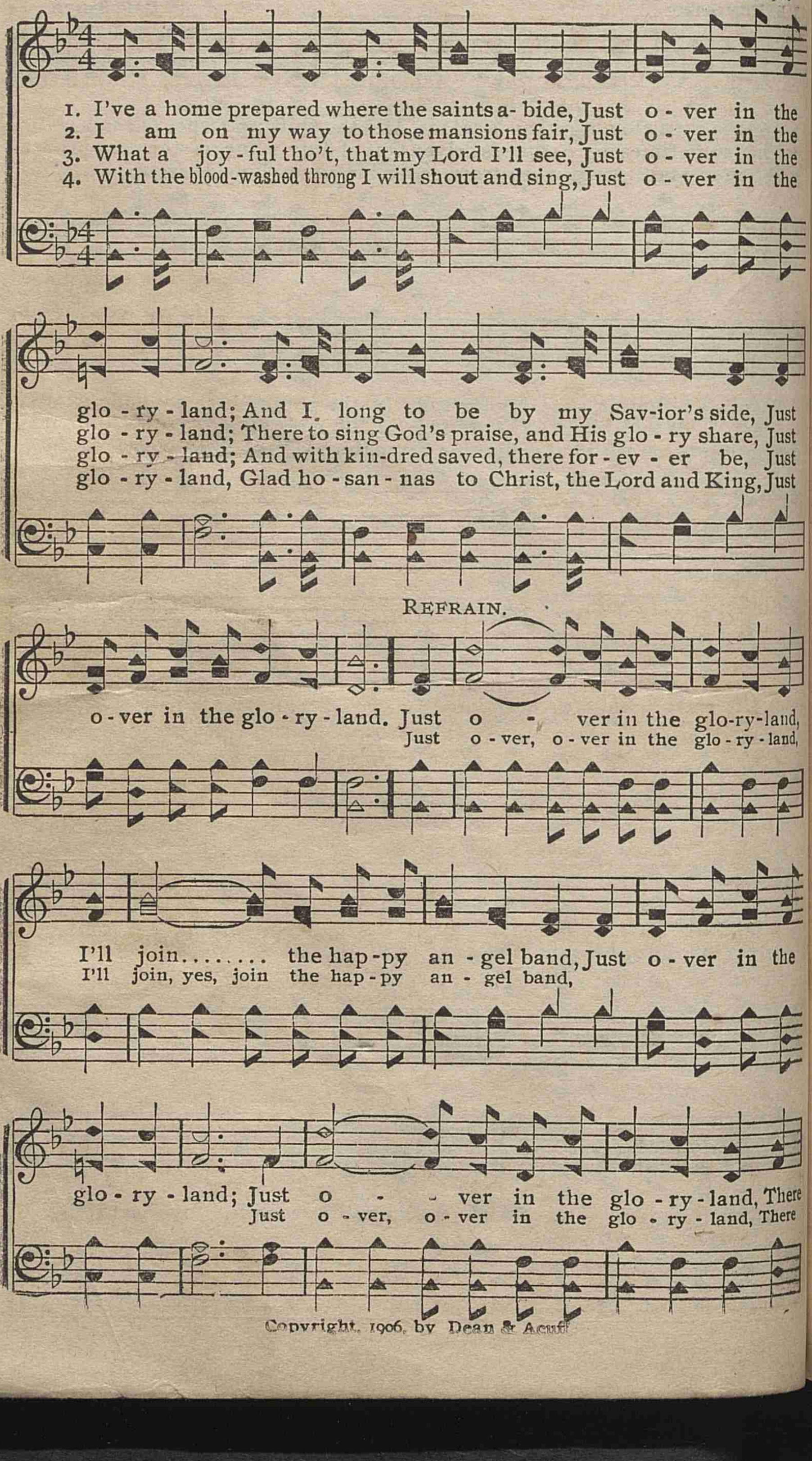
In sail - - - ing to the port, To the
I'm sail-ing, yes, I'm sail-ing to the port, the glo-ry port,

port of love, be-yond the sky; I'm sail - - ing to the
I'm sail-ing, yes I'm sail-ing to the

port, And I know I'll reach it, by and by.
port, the glo-ry port,

NO. 105.

Just Over in the Glory-Land.

JAS. W. ACUFF. EMMETT S. DEAN.

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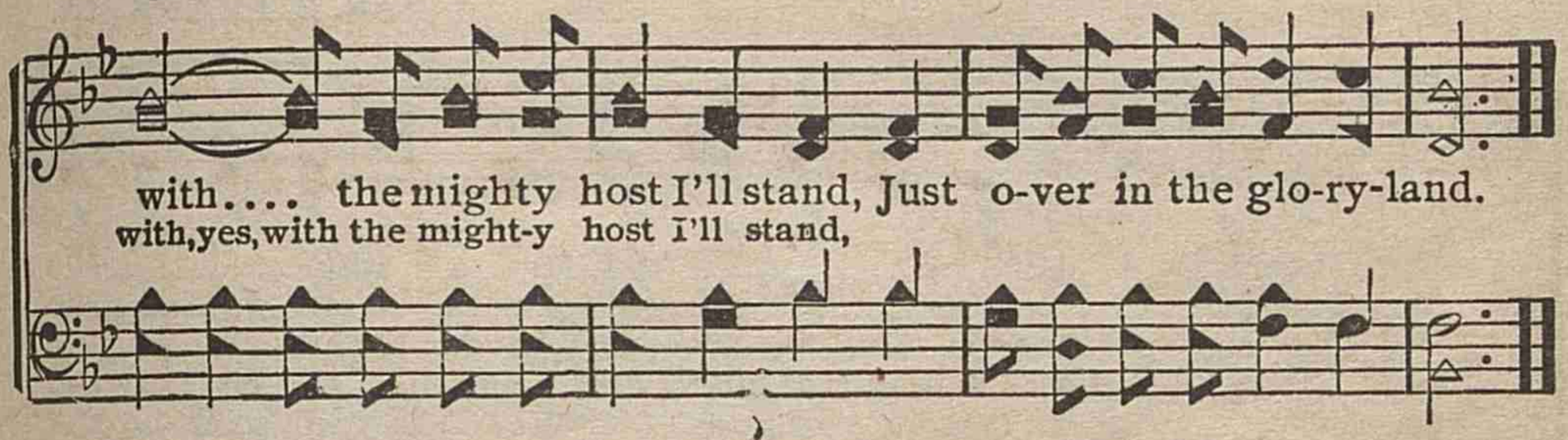
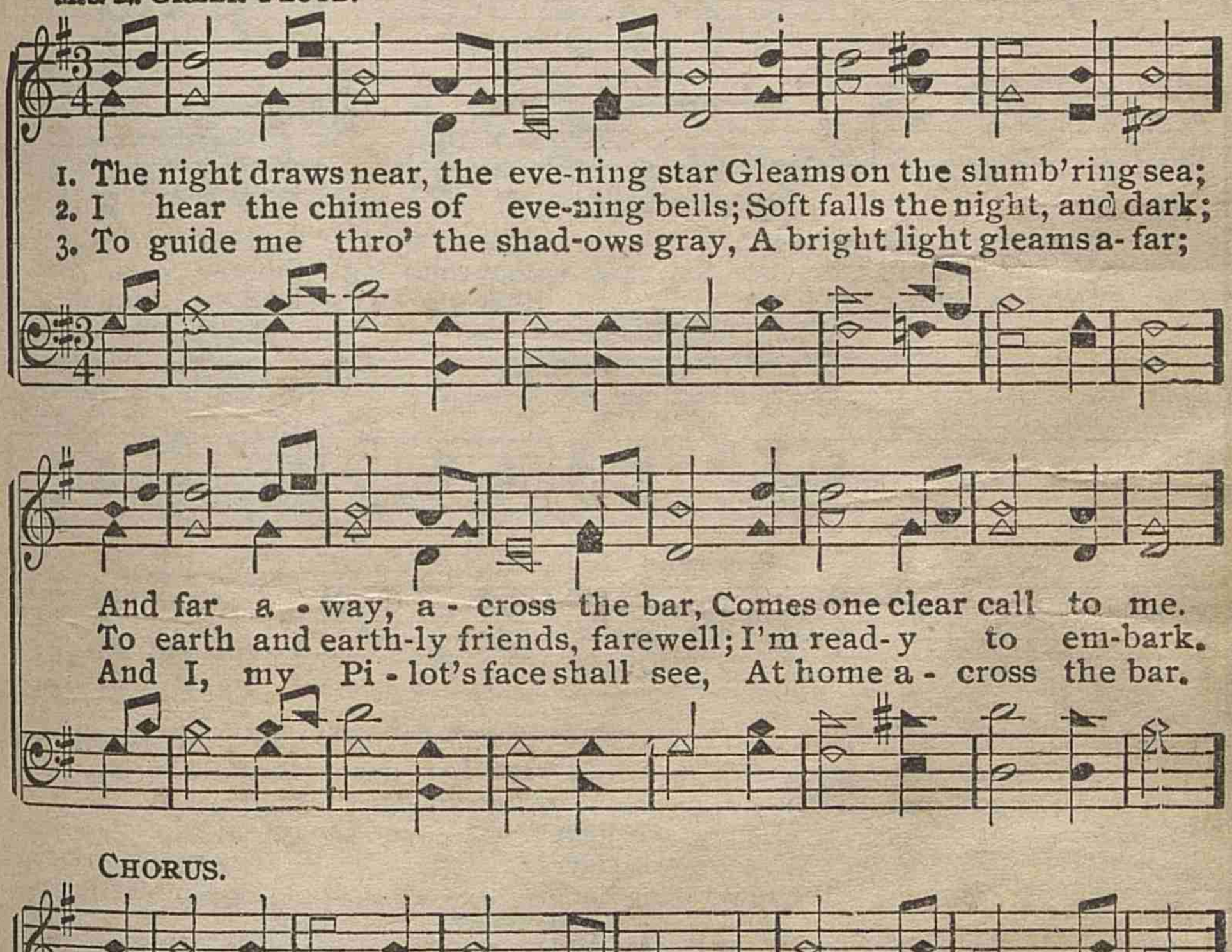
Just Over in the Glory-Land.—Concluded.

NO. 106.

The Boatman Calls.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.



CHORUS.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

NO. 107.

O, Home of Rest.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. There is a land..... tho' far a - way,.....
2. This life of care,..... will soon be o'er,.....
3. O, sin - ner friends,..... come join our band,.....

1. There is a land tho' far a - way,
2. This life of care, will soon be o'er,
3. O, sin - ner friends, come join our band,

Where joy and peace..... shall ne'er de - cay,—.....
We're near - ing now,..... that shin - ing shore,—.....
We're marching to,..... that glo - ry - land,—.....

Where joy and peace shall ne'er de - cay,—
We're near - ing now, that shin - ing shore,—
We're marching to, that glo - ry - land,—

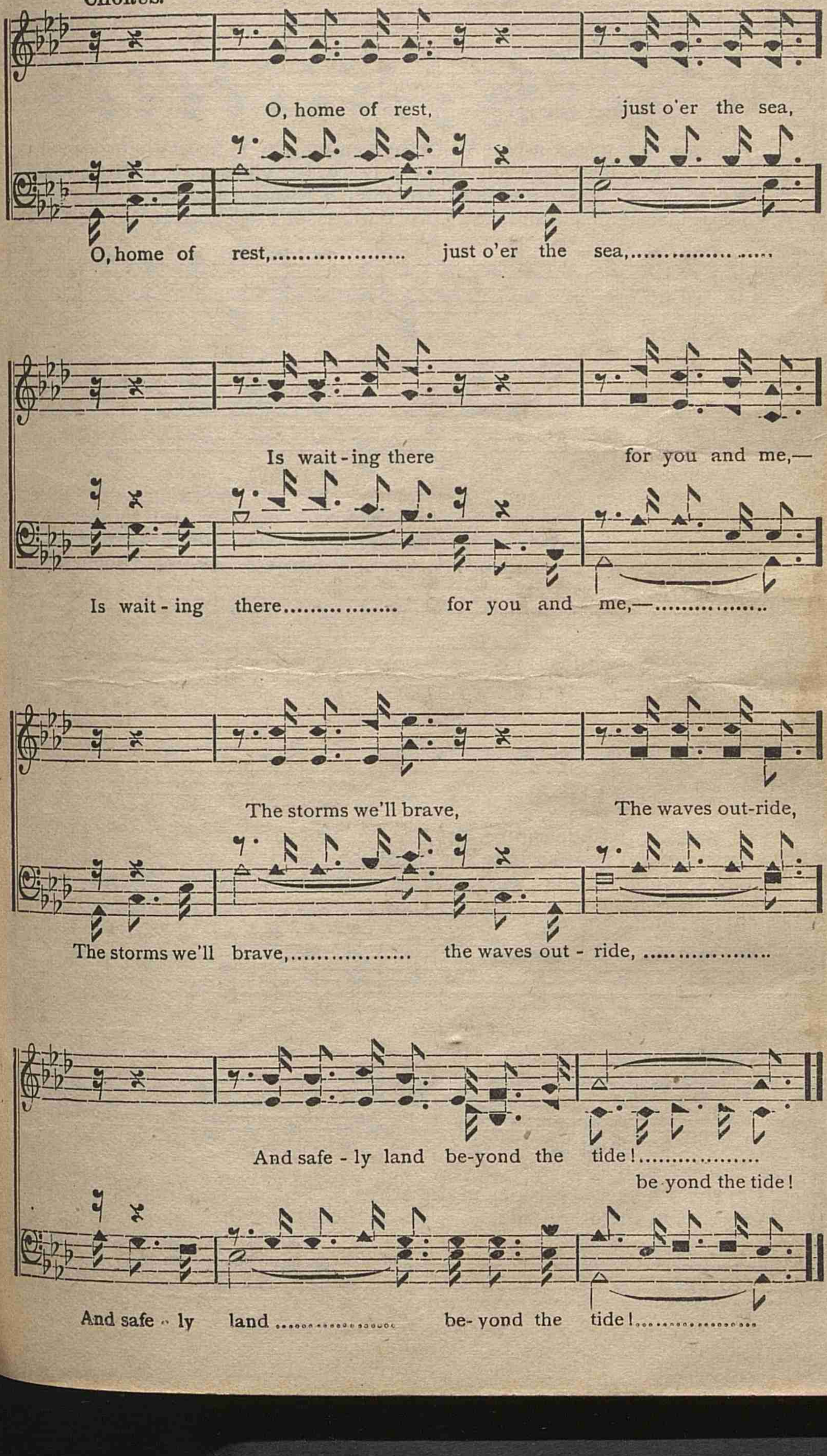
O, may we gain ..... that hap - py shore,.....
We soon will lay..... our bur - dens down,.....
We're go - ing home ..... where an - gels sing,.....

O, may we gain that hap - py shore,
We soon will lay our bur - dens down,
We're go - ing home where an - gels sing,

Where Je - sus reigns..... for - ev - er - more.....
And sing His praise - - es 'round the throne.....
A-round the throne..... of Christ our King! .....

Where Je - sus reigns for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.
And sing His prais - es 'round the throne, around the throne.
A-round the throne of Christ our King, of Christ our King!

O, Home of Rest.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

NO. 108.

On the Other Side.

Oh, what thrilling joy doth start in the faithful pilgrim's heart,
That he there shall soon abide with the happy glorified.

F. L. EILAND. WM. D. EVRIDGE.

1. We are go-ing to a-bide With the hap-py glo - ri-fied, When we reach that land of Cannaan by and by; (by and by,) Where no weeping we shall see,
2. We are walking ev-'ry day In the ho-ly, heav'nly way, With the Spir-it of our Sav-ior ev - er nigh; (ev-er nigh,) And no e - vil thing we fear,
3. We will ev-er watch and pray, And keep working ev'ry day, Telling sinners that this glory they may share; (they may share,) If our sto - ry they'll be-lieve,
4. 'Tis a lasting peace and rest, Thro' our Savior's righteousness, We are seeking to in - her - it by and by; (by and by,) Where we ev - er shall a - bide

For no sorrow there can be, Yes, the glo-ry of that country we shall try!
As we onward journey here Tow'rd that home by Jesu promised there on high!
They, salvation shall receive, And be hap-py in the ar - my go-ing there!
With the millions glo-ri - fied, In that country we are go - ing soon to try!

CHORUS.

On the oth-er side, on the oth-er side, Yes, the glo - ry of that
On the other side, on the other side,

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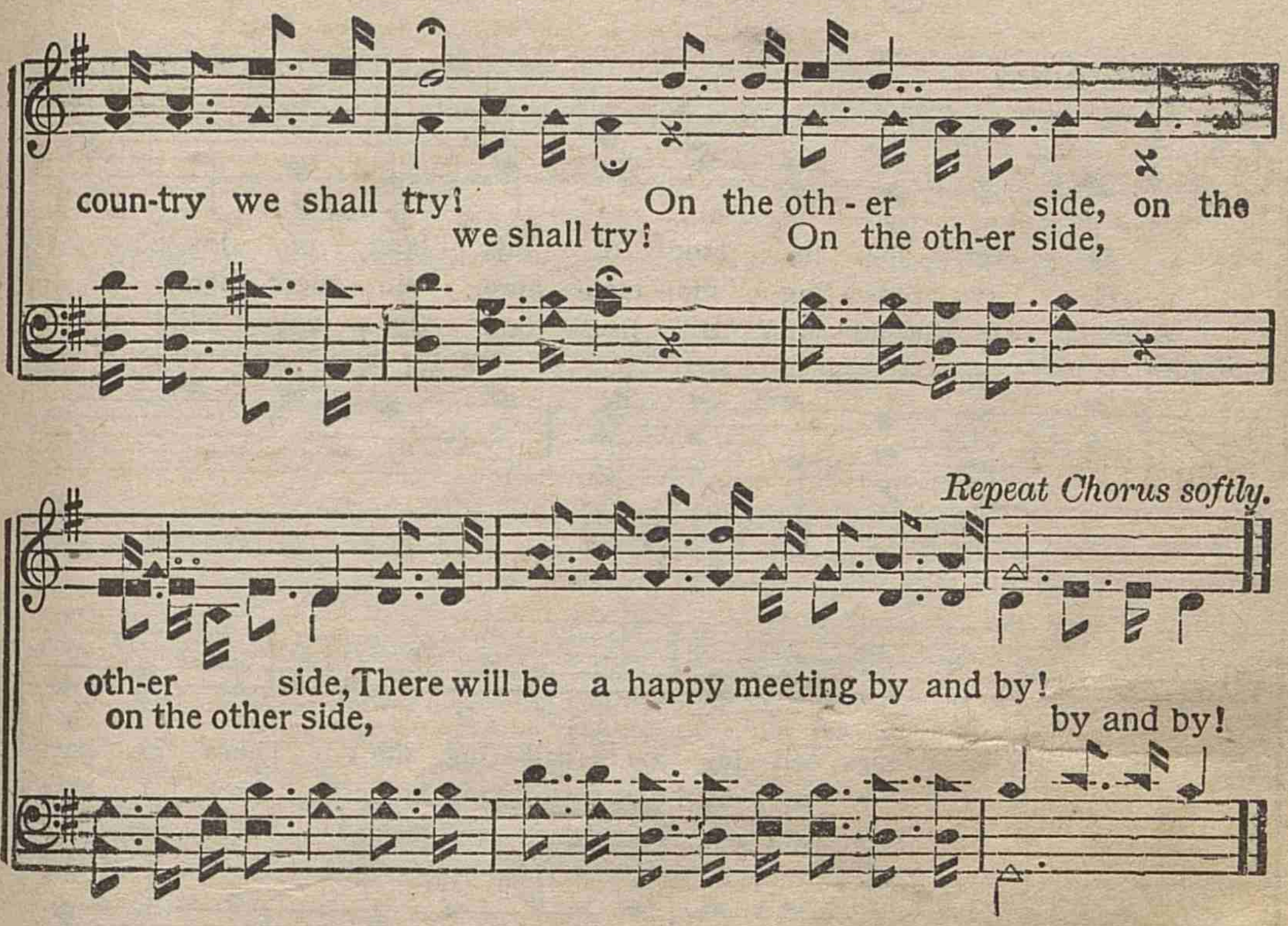
On the Other Side.—Concluded.



NO. 109. The Prince of Peace.

Thou Prince of Peace, whose precious name
We worship and adore,
Let every voice Thy love proclaim
Both now and evermore.

JOHN MORRISON. N. W. ALLPHIN.

NO. 110.

Almost at the Gate.

L. A. MORRIS. WALTER C. MITCHELL.

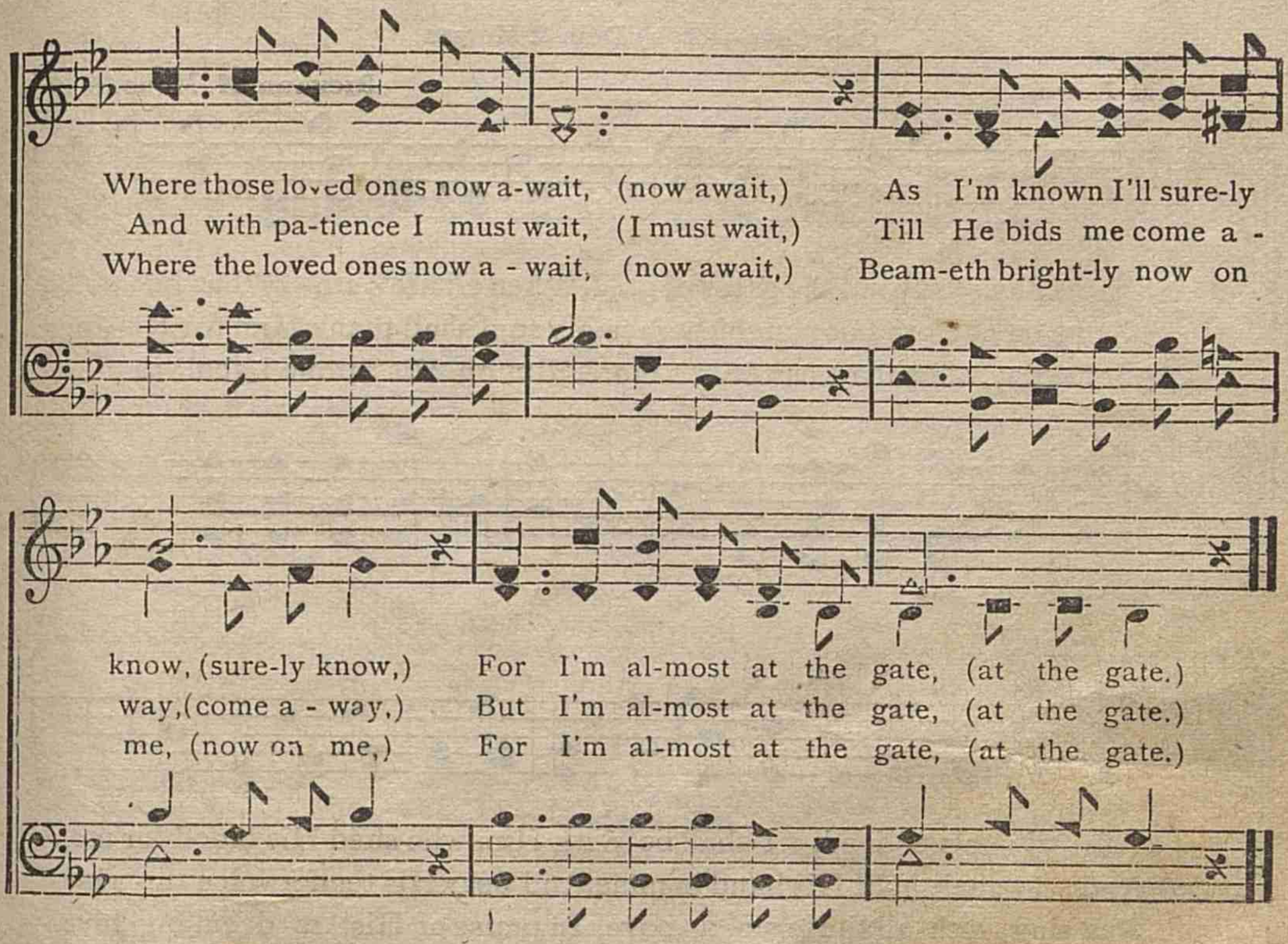
1. O - ver in the land of joy, (land of joy,)
2. Ev - 'ry pass - ing mo - ment here, mo - ment here,)
3. Earth - ly friend - ships all may fail, (all may fail,)

There are loved ones call - ing me, (call - ing me,) There no part -
Brings me near - er to my home, (to my home,) And I hear
Storms of life be dark and drear, (dark and drear,) Un - der Christ

ing scenes an - noy; (scenes an - noy;) From each sor - row all are
the loved ones near; (loved ones near;) Call - ing broth - ers haste to
I've spread the sail; (spread the sail;) And each storm but drives me

free, (all are free,) Soon be-yond this vale of woe, (vale of woe,)
come, (haste to come,) Still the Mas - ter bids me stay, (bids me stay,)
near, (drives me near,) And the light from o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,)

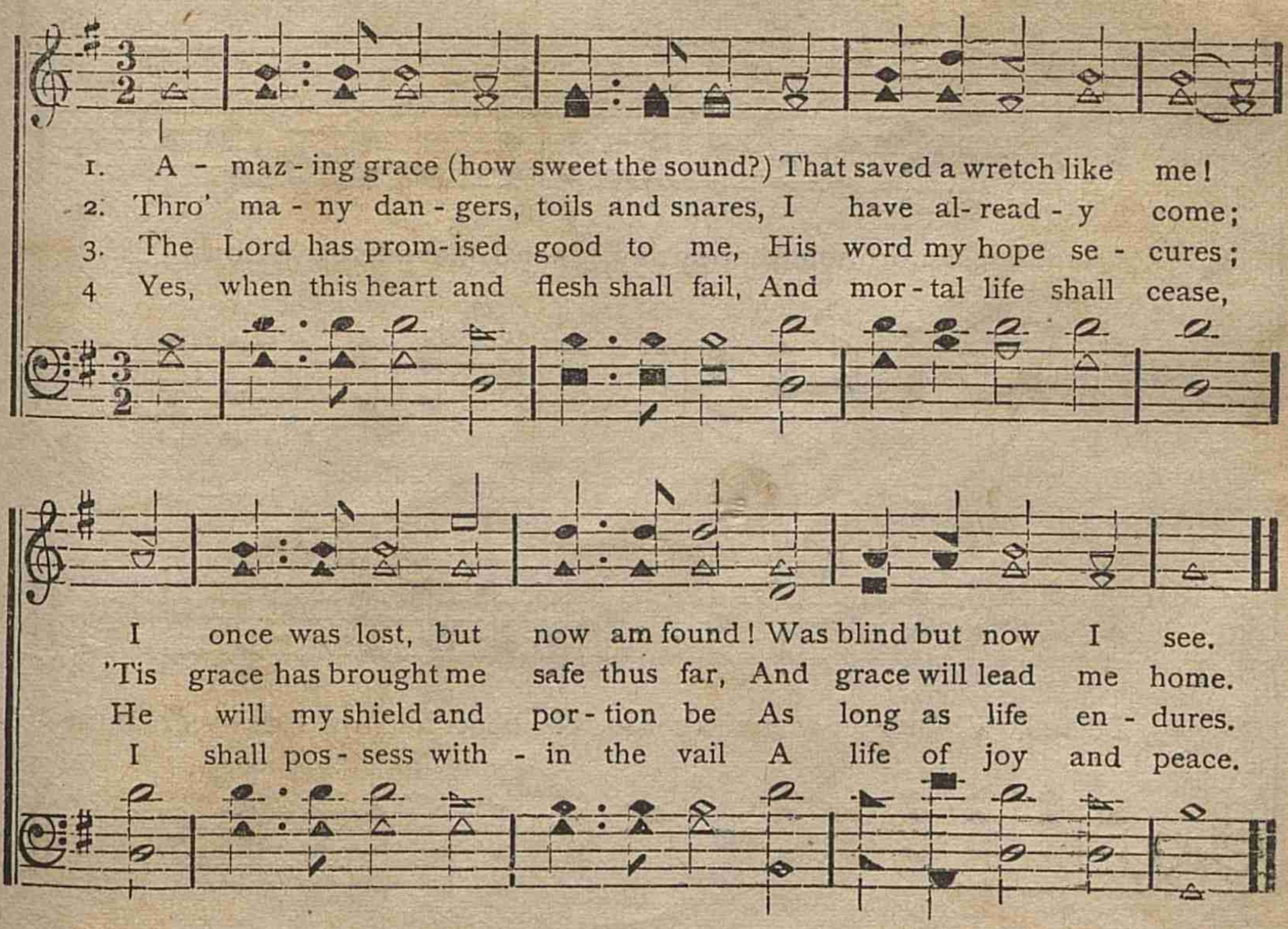
Almost at the Gate.—Concluded.



NO. 111.

Arlington.

JOHN NEWTON. Dr. ARNE.



NO. 112.

Some Day.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean & Morgan.

JAMES ROWE. RICHARD M. MORGAN.

1. Some day, be-yond the gates of gold, When all life's sto - ry has been told,
2. Some day, before His matchless face, My soul shall thank Him for His grace,
3. Some day, when tears can fall no more, Him on His throne I shall a-dore,

All tri - als end- ed, I shall be With Him who shed His blood for me.
And I shall hold His hand in mine, And hear His tender voice di - vine.
And sing, with all the hosts a - bove, In praise of His re- deem-ing love.

CHORUS.

Yes, some bright morn, some happy day, When I have left this house of clay,

I shall a- wake on heaven's shore, To be with Christ forev - er - more.

NO. 113.

Life's Ocean.

Copyright, 1907, by Dean & Evridge.

WM. D. EVRIDGE. IRA D. BRISTER.

1. We're sailing on life's o-cean wide, With Christ as Captain by our side;
2. O sin - ner, on this o-cean wide, Look up to Christ, in Him confide;
3. O precious tho't, that we have known This blessed Friend, our loved, our own,

Tho' rag-ing billows round us roll, With Him, we'll safely reach the goal.
Lay hold to-day and make it sure, That thy poor soul may be se-cure.
Whose blood, in death, for sin a-toned, And bridged the chasm to the throne.

CHORUS.

We are sail - - - - ing on, O'er life's
We are sail - ing on, sail - ing, sail - ing on,

surg - - - ing tide; And the light
O'er life's surging tide, life's deep surging tide; And the light doth shine,

doth shine From the oth - - - - er side.
bea-con light doth shine Bright-ly from the oth - er side.

NO. 114.

Over the Sea.

JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.
Theme by ELLA CROWELL.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. There's a call that comes to thee, O - ver the sea;
2. Ma - ny souls have gone a - stray, O - ver the sea;
3. There is work for us to do, O - ver the sea; O - ver the sea;

There's a call that comes to me, O - ver the sea;
Send the light to them to - day, O - ver the sea;
Great the work, the la - b'rers few, O - ver the sea; O - ver the sea;

Say - ing, "Seek the souls that stray, Bring them to the fold to - day,
Tell them of the One that died, On the cross, was cru - ci - fied,
Hear the plain-tive, plead - ing cry, And the wea - ry, hope-less sigh,

Send the light, now while you may," O - ver the sea.
Tell them of His bleed - ing side, O - ver the sea.
Of the souls a - bout to die, O - ver the sea. O - ver the sea.

CHORUS.

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea,

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Edmiaston.

Over the Sea.

Pre - cious souls have gone a - stray, O - ver the sea,
O - ver the sea,

O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea;
O - ver the sea, O - ver the sea;

Send the light now while you may, O - ver the sea.
O - ver the sea.

NO. 115.

My Refuge.

B. B. E. B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. When the shad - ows gath-er, And life's troub - les o'er me roll,
2. Je - sus knows my troubles, And up - on Him I re - ly,
3. Oh, how sweet to trust Him, And to keep Him ev - er near;

Then I seek the Sav-iour, Sweet-est ref - uge for my soul.
All my cares are light-er, And I know, to me, He's nigh.
He's a sure pro - tec-tion, Naught have I, with Him, to fear.

NO. 116.

The Evergreen Mountains of Life.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 23: 16.

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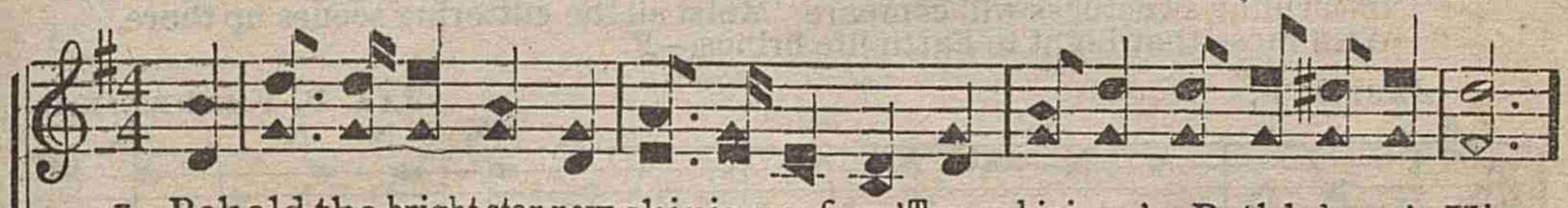
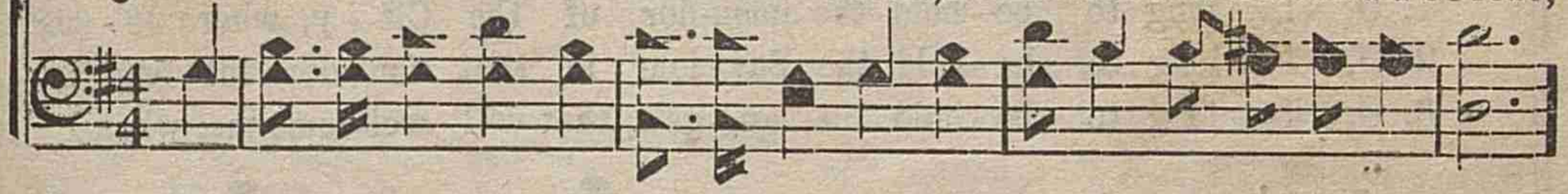
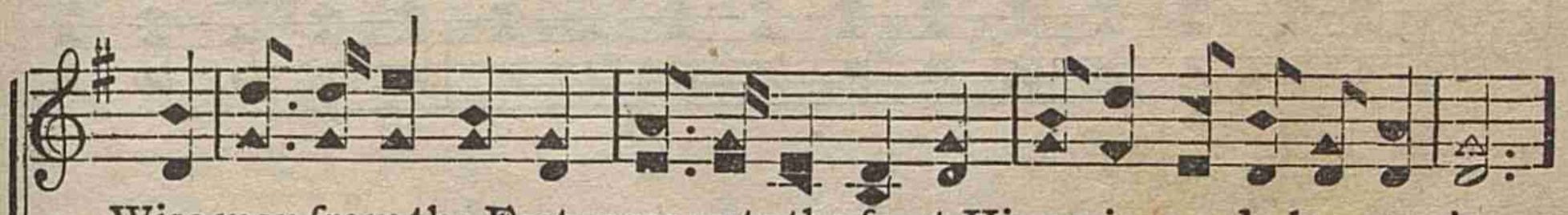
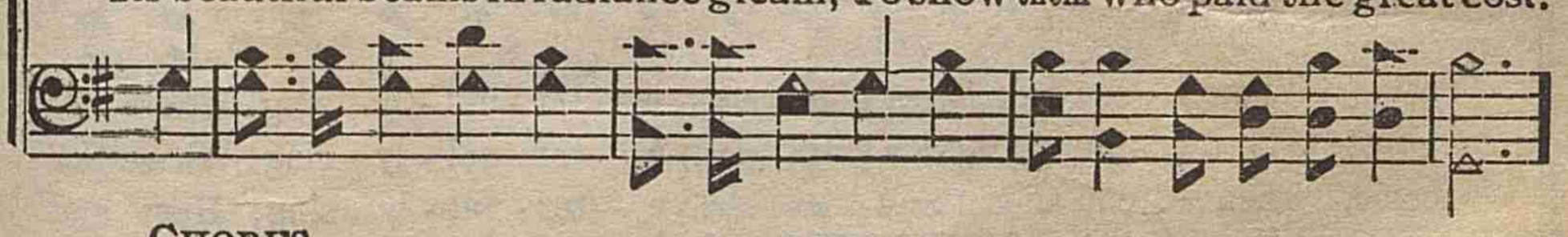
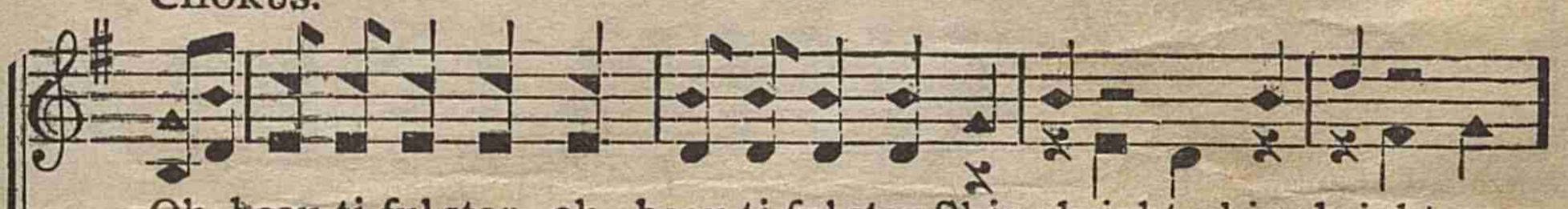
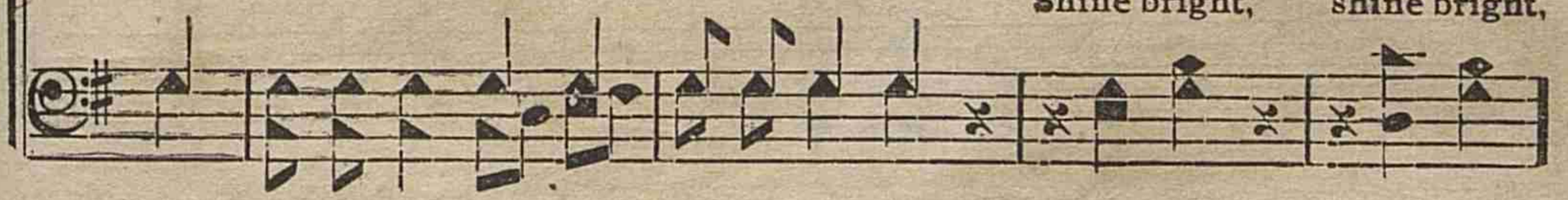
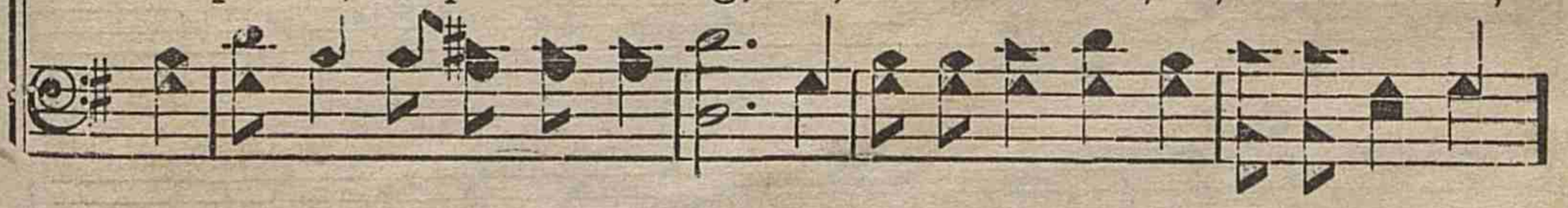
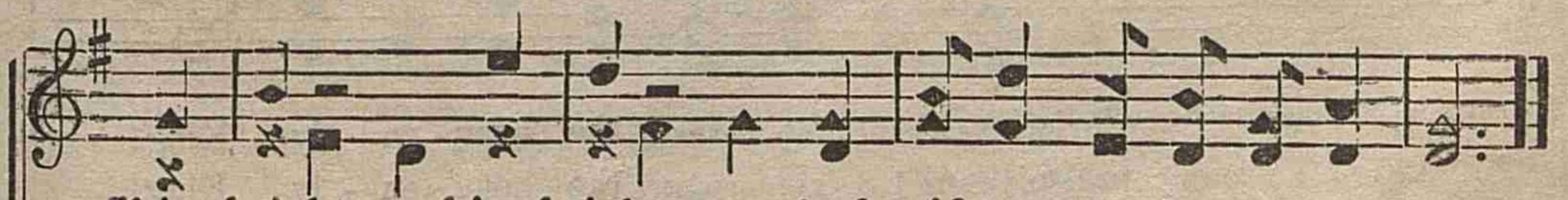
Selected. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With animation.

NO. 117.

The Beautiful Star.

J. R. CORLEY. J. W. GORDON.

1. Behold the bright star now shining a-far, 'Twas shining o'er Bethlehem's King;
2. Behold the bright star now shining a-far, To brighten our pathway be-low;
3. To nations who're blind this star doth now shine, It shineth that none should be lost;

Wise men from the East came unto the feast, His praises and glory to sing.
Its beams are of love from Jesus above, 'Tis guiding our footsteps we know.
Its beautiful beams in radiance gleam, To show them who paid the great cost.

CHORUS.

Oh, beau-ti-ful star, oh, beau-ti-ful star, Shine bright, shine bright,
Shine bright, shine bright,

Inspire us, His praises to sing; Oh, beau-ti-ful star, oh, beautiful star,

Shine bright, shine bright, And guide us to Je-sus our King.
Shine bright, shine bright,

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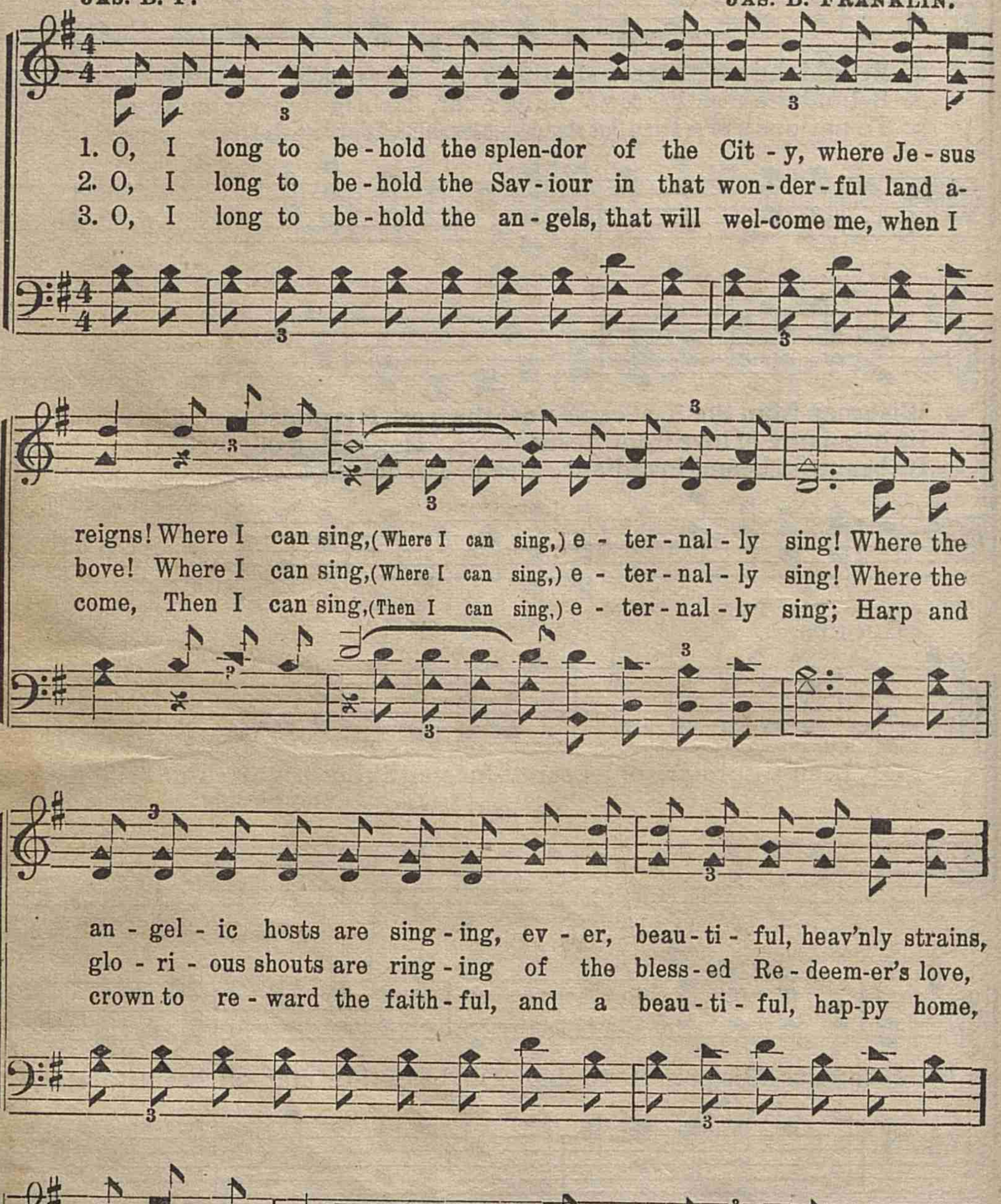
NO. 118.

There I Can Sing.

I wonder if in heaven fair The glorious things, which angels sing,
In thrilling sweetness will compare, 'Midst all the glittering scenes up there,
With those that Light to Earth-life brings.—F.

JAS. B. F. JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

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There I Can Sing.

REFRAIN.

There I can sing, ... e - ter - nal - ly sing! . . . . . .

There I can sing, e - ter - nal - ly sing!

Where the riv - er of life is flow - ing, and the beau - ti - ful tree is

grow - ing, There I can sing, ... e - ter - nal - ly sing!

There I can sing,

Windham.

NO. 119.

DANIEL READ.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth-er there;
2. De - ny thy - self, and take thy cross, Is the Re-deem-er's great command;
3. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new—

But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
Na - ture must count her gain but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.
Which hyp - o-crites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a - pos - tates nev-er knew.

NO. 120.

Beautiful Home.

J. L. G. J. L. GEORGE.

1. There's a bright and sun-ny clime, Just be-yond the riv - er of time,
2. In that cit - y bright and fair, We a crown for - ev - er shall wear,

Where the saved of all the a - ges ev - er shall roam;
There with saints and shin - ing an - gels ev - er to sing;

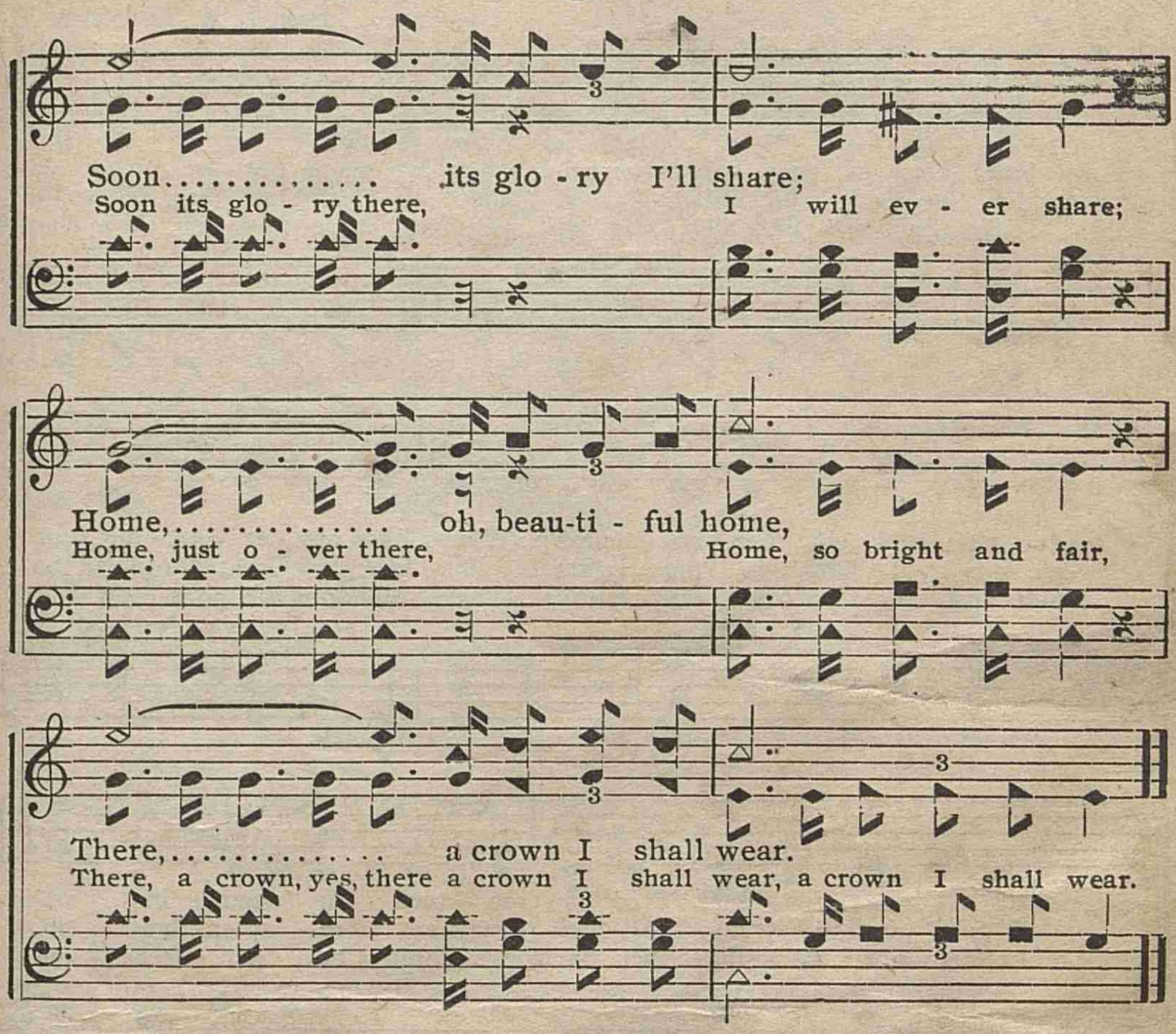
And when we have crossed the tide, We, with Christ shall ever a - bide,
We will walk the gold-en streets, Sing a song so won-drous-ly sweet,

In those bless - ed man - sions in that heav - en - ly land.
Ev - er prais - ing Christ, our Lord and heav - en - ly King.

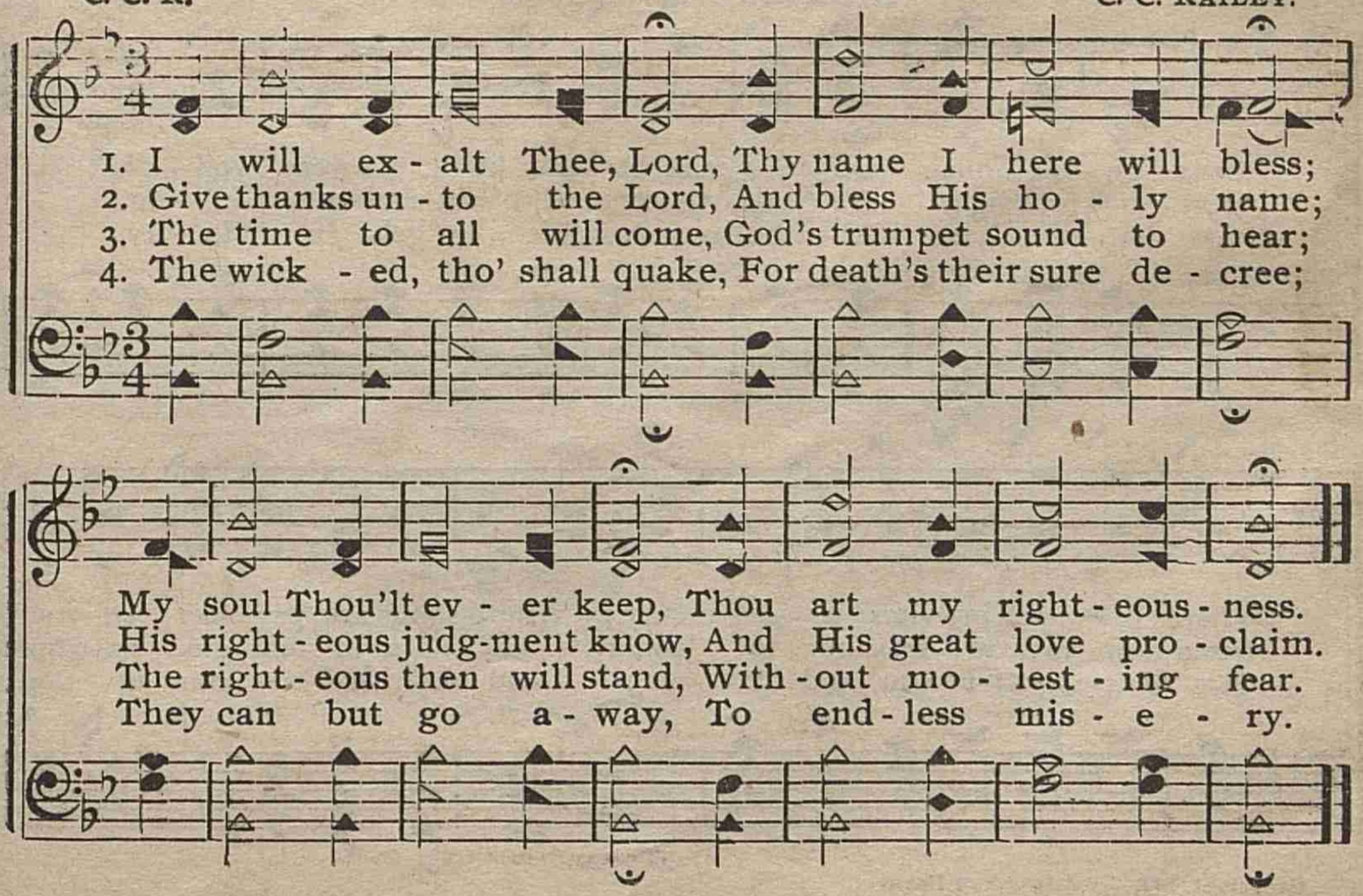
CHORUS.

Home,..... oh, beau - ti - ful home,
Home, just o - ver there, Home, so bright and fair,

Copyright, 1905, by Dean & Hensley

Beautiful Home—Concluded.

NO. 121.

Give Thanks.

C. C. R. C. C. RAILEY.

NO. 122.

The Beautiful Home Over Yonder.

L. A. M.

Rev. L. A. MORRIS.

1. How blest is the home where the saints are made per - fect, Where de -
2. Oh beau - ti - ful cit - y of life ev - er - last - ing, Where the
3. That beau - ti - ful riv - er will nev - er cease flow - ing, We shall

lu - sion and sin can - not come; Where bliss nev - er end - ing, and
glo - ry of God is the light; Be - fore His Great Throne all the
drink and be thirst - y no more; Where mill - ions are gone and still

praise all in con - cert, Shall en - rap - ture the soul in its
an - gels are cast - ing, All their crowns so re - splen - dent oh
mill - ions are go - ing, All our songs shall be per - fect on

REFRAIN.

heav - en - ly home. Oh the beau - ti - ful home o - ver yon - der!
won - der - ful sight. Oh the loved ones who wait for me ev - er!
that hap - py shore. All the saints and the an - gels in glo - ry,

Where Je - sus in - vites us a - way; Where saints are per - fect - ed and
Seem now to in - vite me to come; To share in that glo - ry where
Are wait - ing for you and for me; And soon shall we join in that

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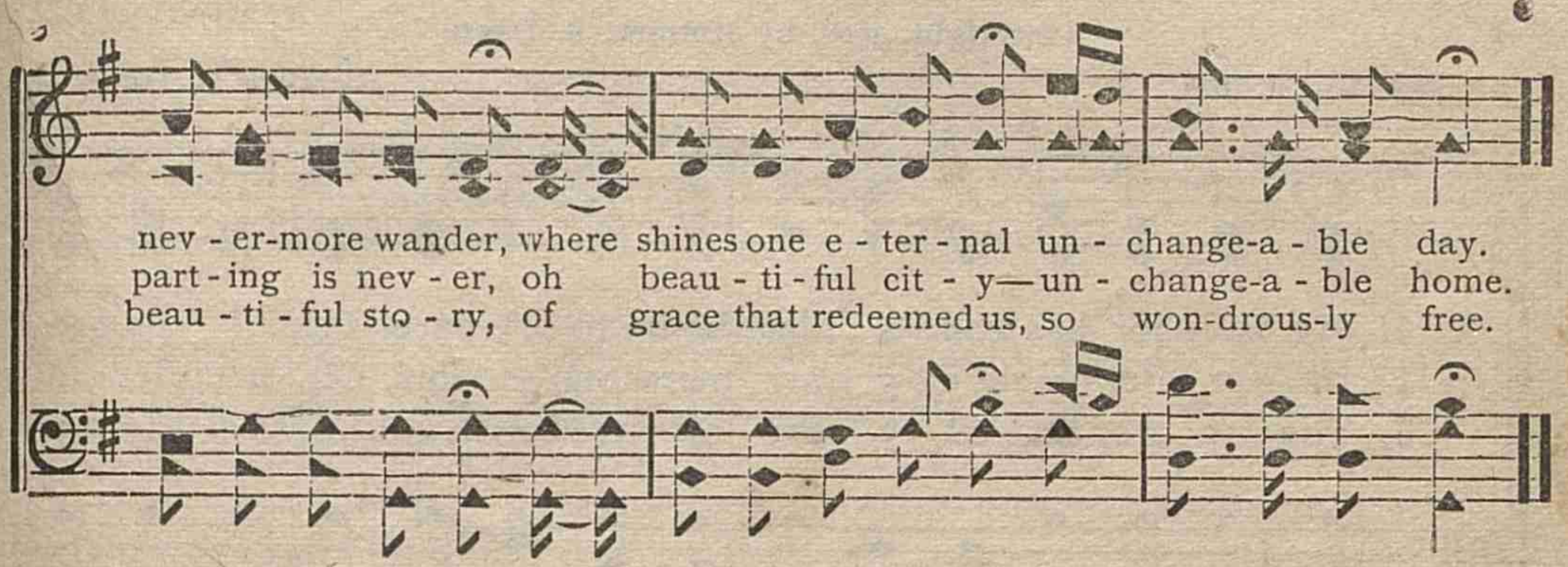
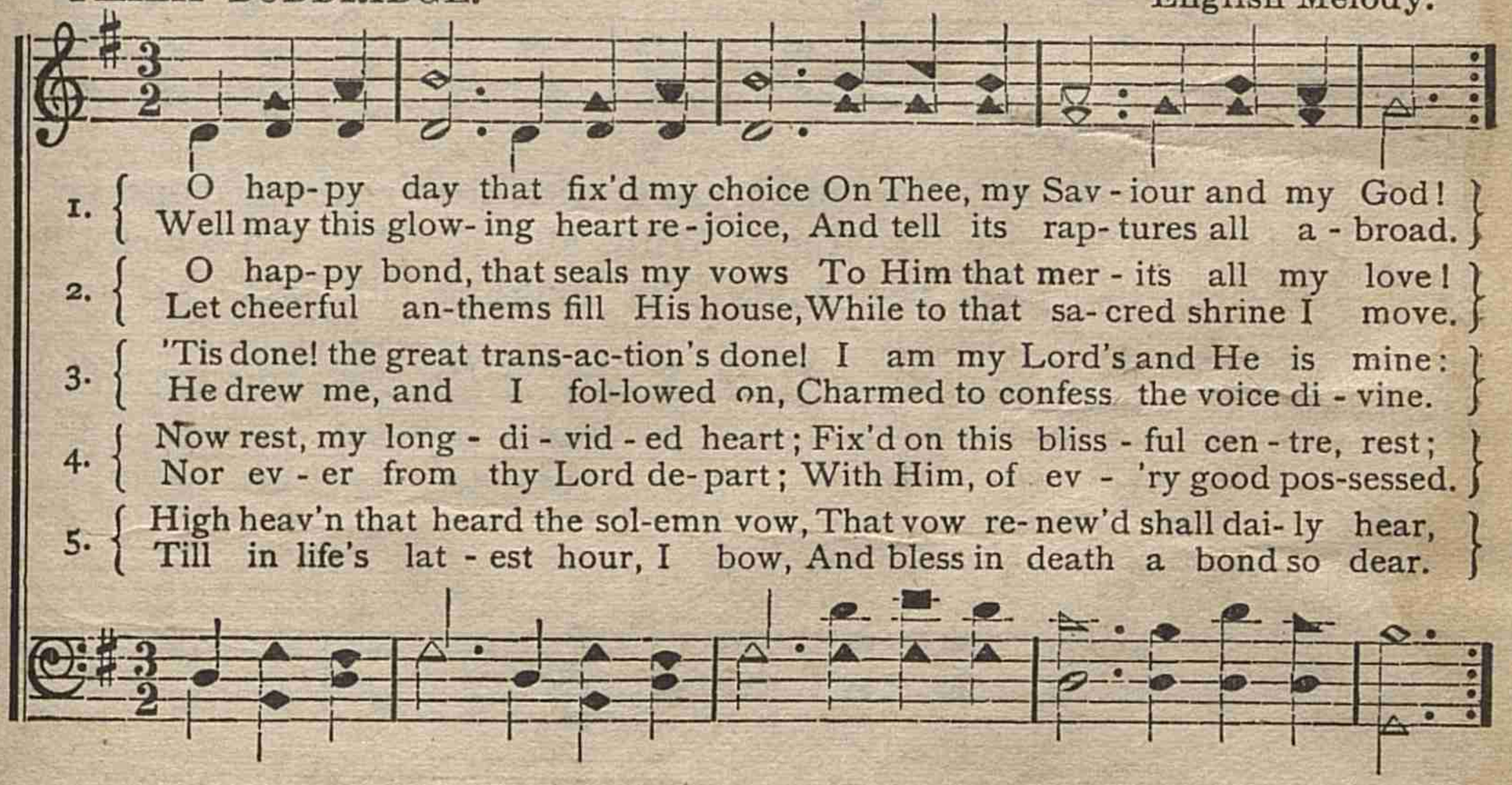
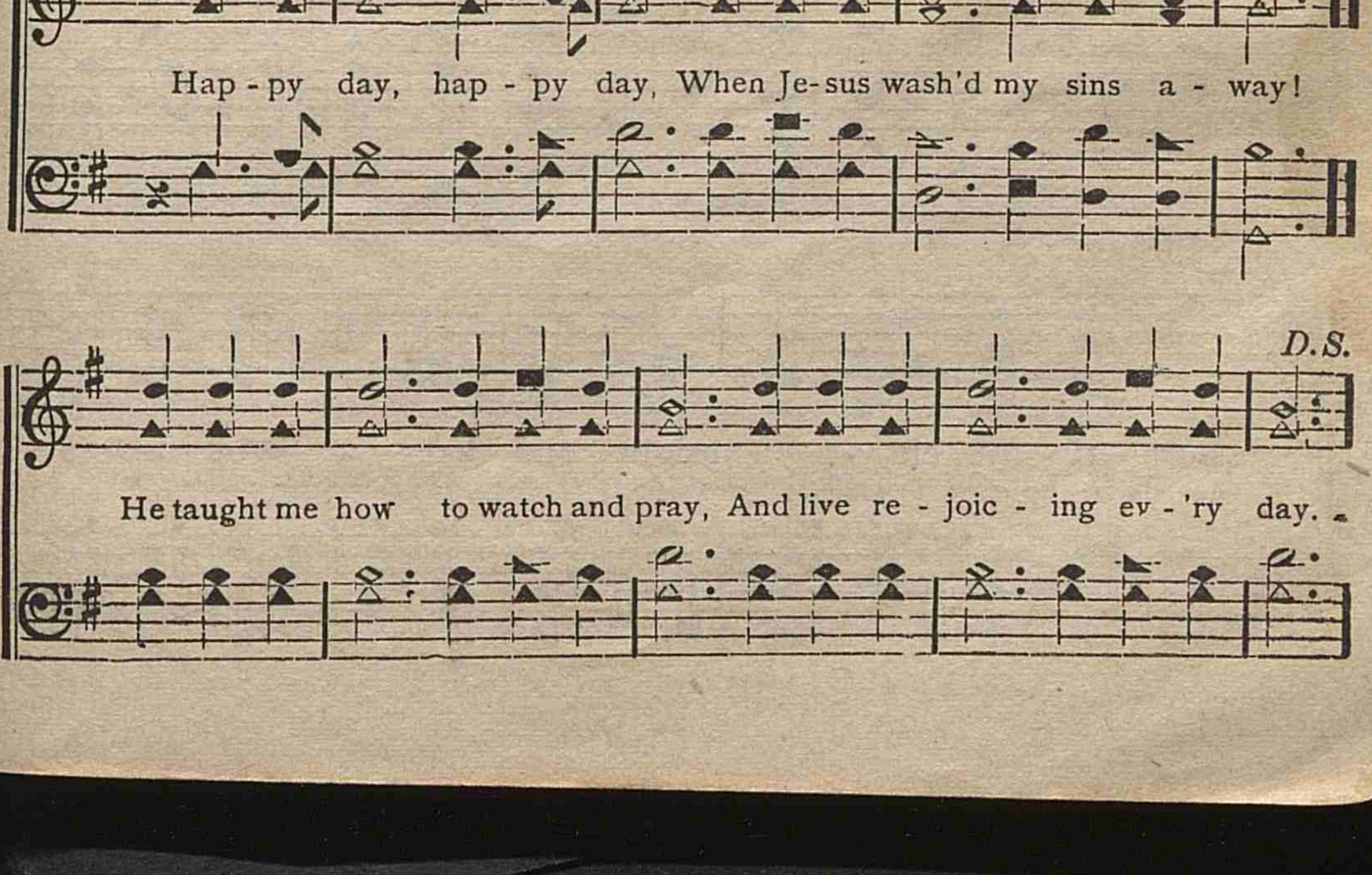
The Beautiful Home Over Yonder.—Concluded.

NO. 123. O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. English Melody.





NO. 124.

Beautiful City.

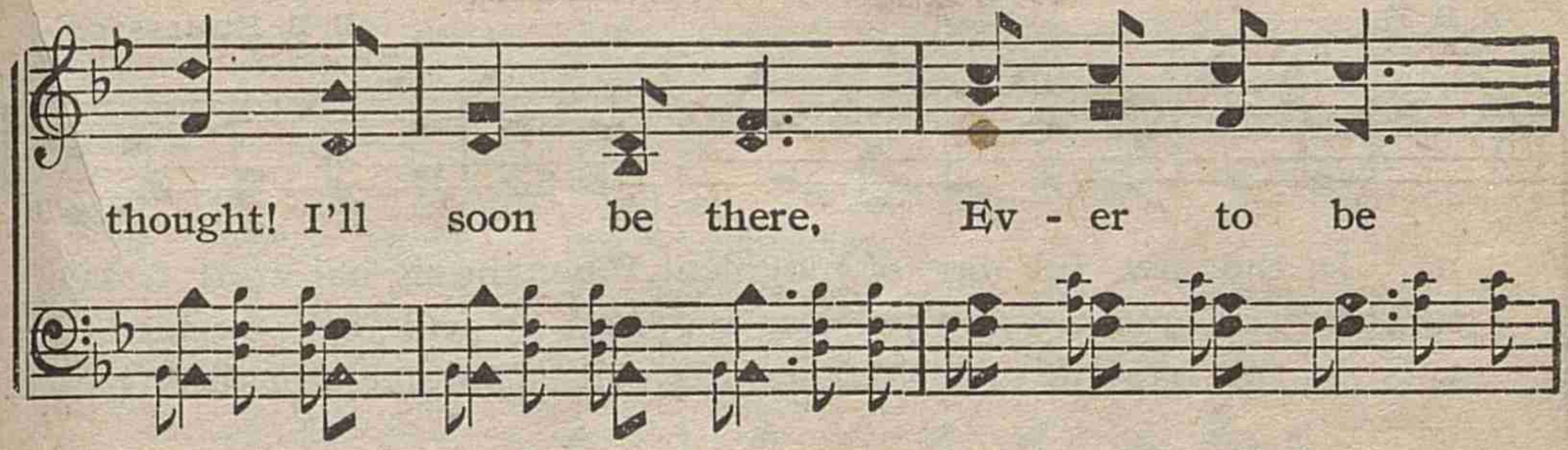
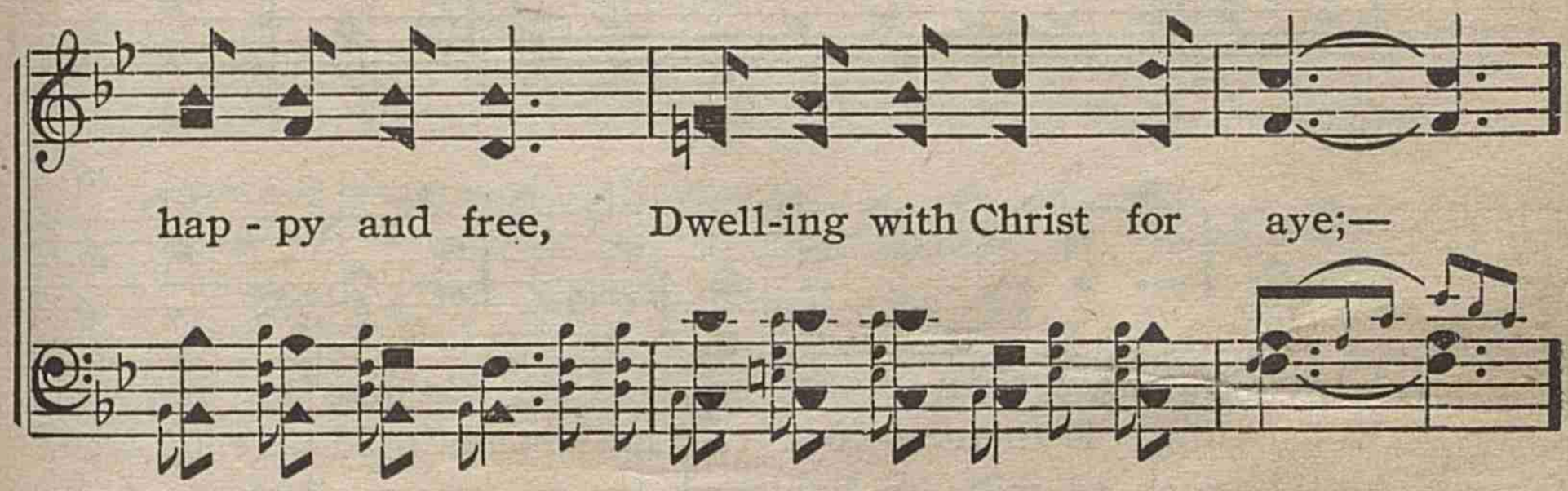
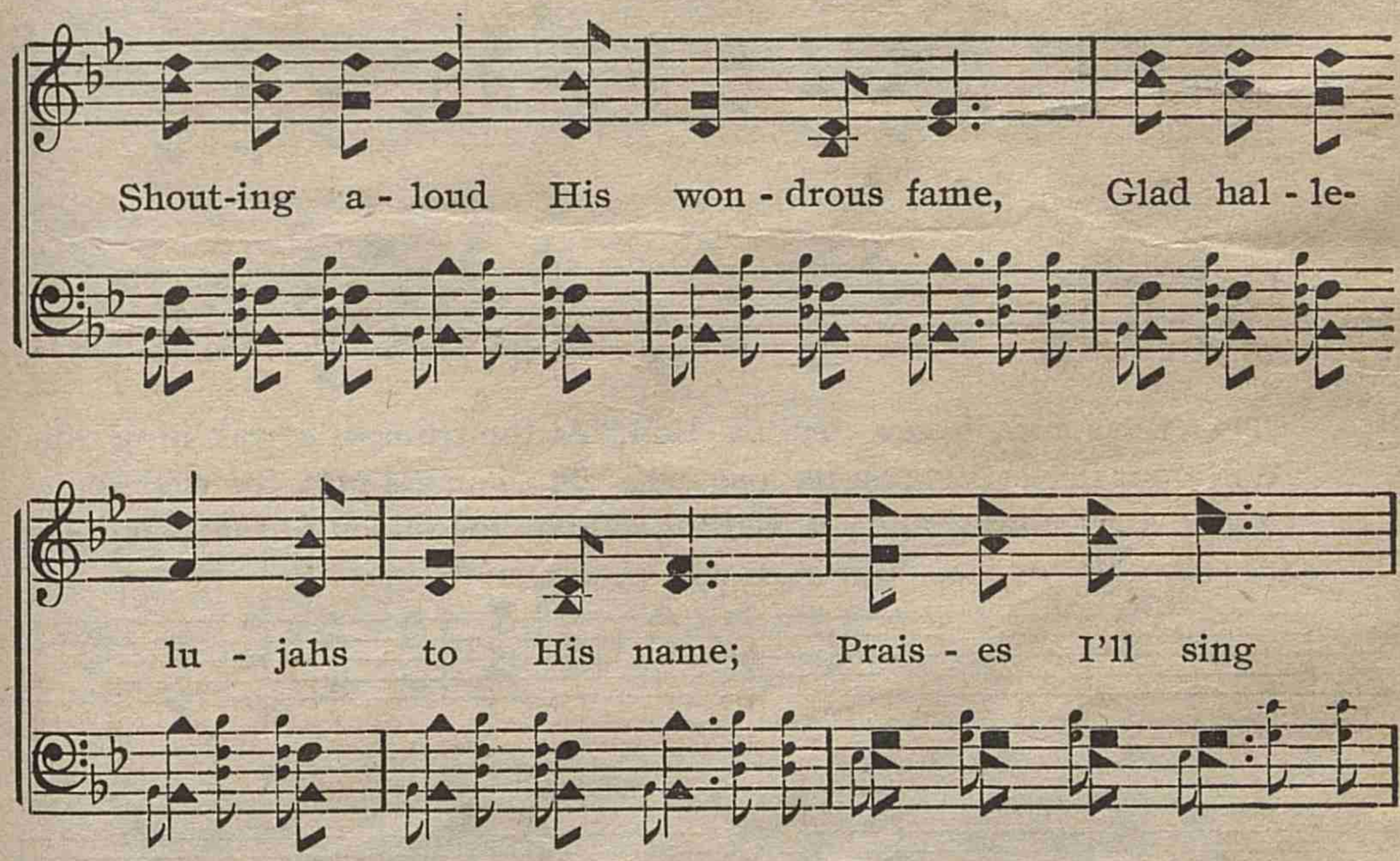
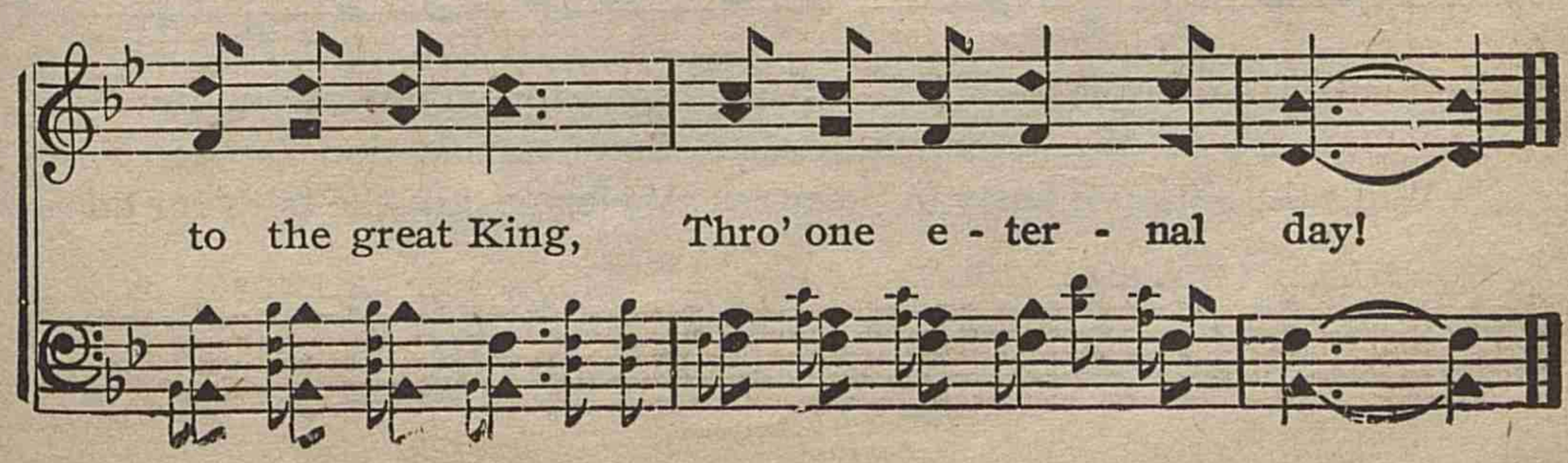
Copyright, 1908, by Emmett S. Dean.

JAS. W. ACUFF. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. My Sav - ior has gone a blest home to pre-pare, That I its great glo - ry may ev - er share; And with the re-deemed ones be hap - py and free, For - ev - er with Je - sus I there shall be.
2. In yon - der bright cit-y are mansions so fair, Oh, won-der - ful tho't that, I'll soon be there! With all of the ran-somed I'll ev - er-more sing Ho - san - nas to Je - sus, my Lord and King.
3. The streets of that cit - y are all paved with gold, Its beau-ty and gran-deur has ne'er been told; I'm long-ing its glo - ry and splendor to see, And dwell there with Christ thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful cit - y, bright and fair! Won - der - ful

Beautiful City—Concluded.

NO. 125.

The Judgment.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean & Edmiaston.

B. B. E.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. In the aw - ful day of judgment, When the sig-nal word is said,
2. There's a rec- ord now pre - par- ing, And it will be o-pened then,
3. In the res - ur - rec-tion morning, Aft-er judgment has been pass'd,

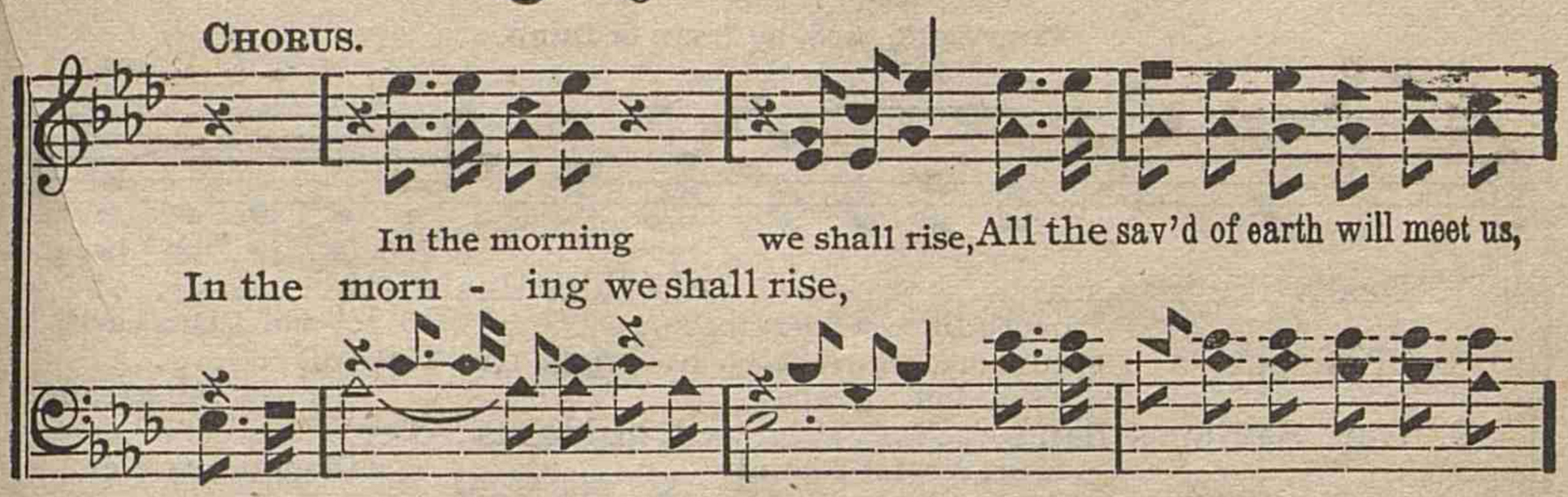
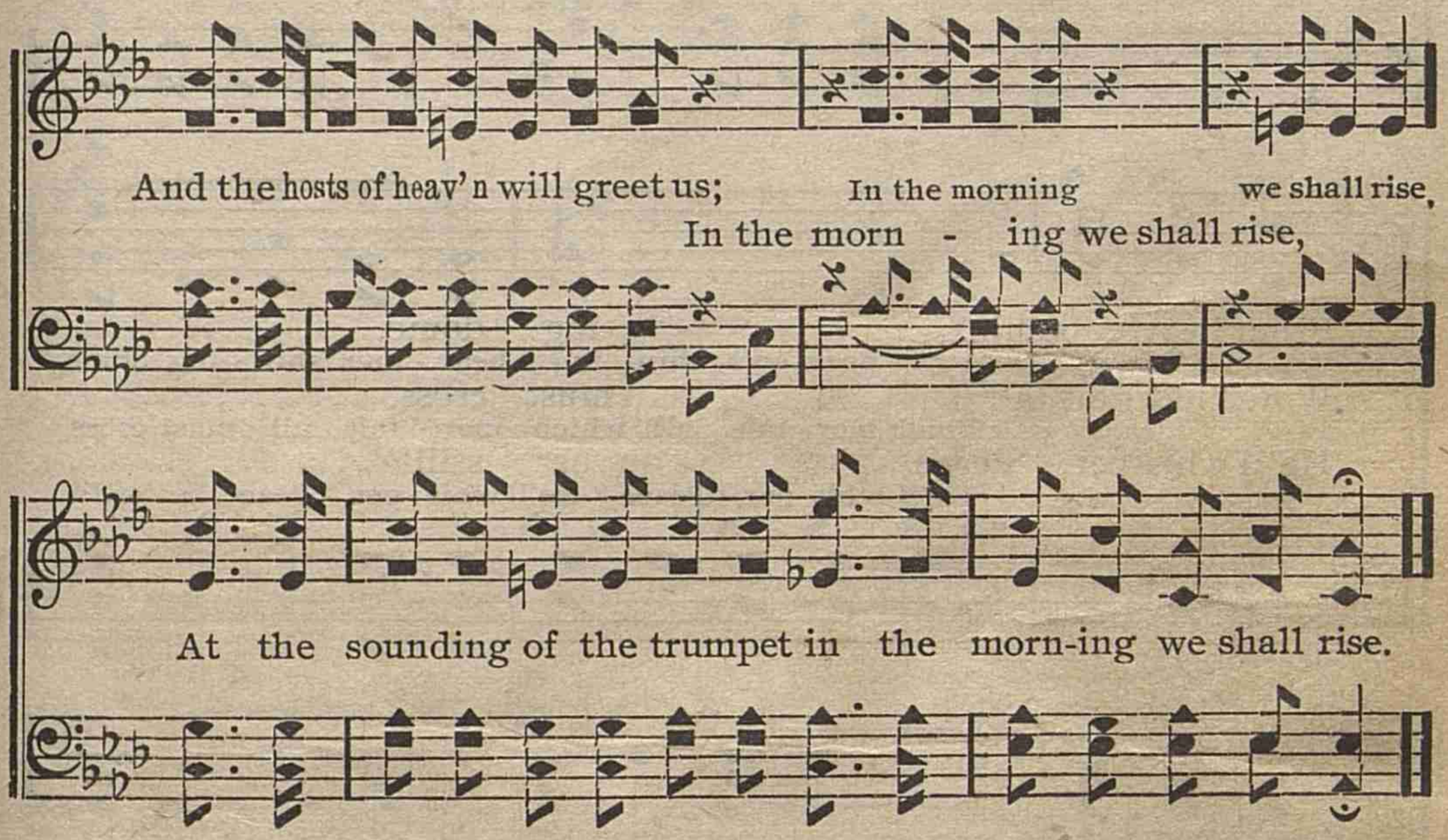
All the graves will then be opened, And the sea give up its dead:
Ev-'ry-thing is there re- cord - ed That's commit-ted here by men.
All the wick- ed will be banished, In - to out - er darkness cast.

Then the souls of ev - 'ry na - tion, At the trumpet's 'wak'ning call,
Will your deeds there on its pag - es, Be a pass-port for your soul,
What a weep-ing and a wailing, When the lost souls hear their doom,

Shall be - fore the great Tri - bu- nal, Stand for judgment, one and all.
Or there in the judgment, brother, Con-dem - na- tion on you roll?
While the shin-ing hosts of heav-en, Welcome all the faith-ful home.

The Judgment.—Concluded.

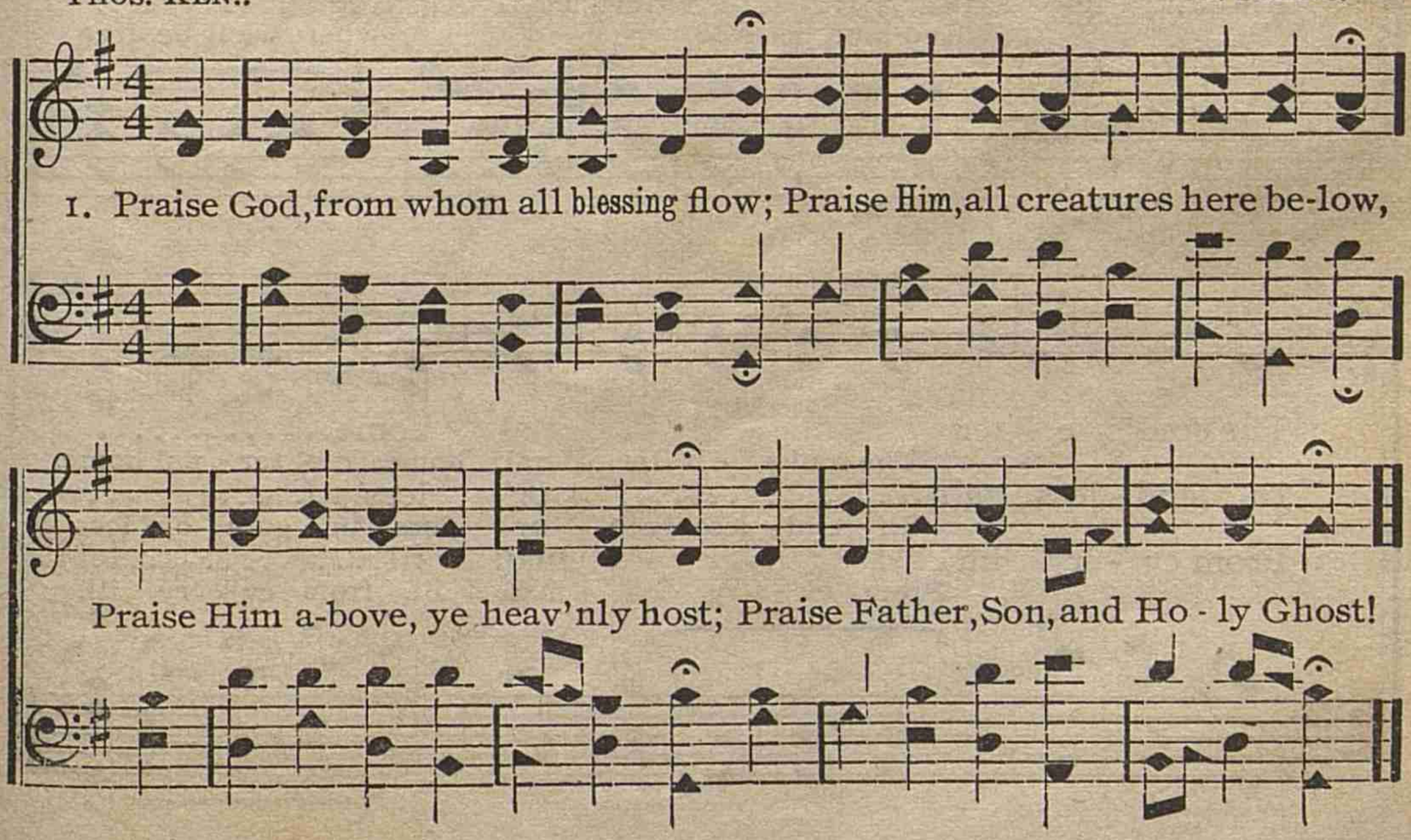
CHORUS.



NO. 126.

Doxology.

THOS. KEN.. G. FRANC.



NO. 127.

The Dividing Line.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean & Dunn.

L. L. D.

L. L. DUNN.

1. Death like a sea..... di-vides this earth.....
Death like a sea di-vides this earth

2. 'T is but a span..... a-cross the stream,.....
'T is but a span a-cross the stream,

3. Our Sav-ior's hand..... will guide us o'er,.....
Our Sav-ior's hand will guide us o'er,

From heav-en's shin - - - ing dome,.....
From heav-en's shin-ing, heav-en's shin-ing dome,

Which mor-tals all must cross,.....
Which mor-tals all, which mor-tals all must cross,

He'll whis-per, "Peace, be still!".....
He'll whis-per, "Peace," He'll whis-per, "Peace, be still!"

Be-yond this life..... in beau-ty lies.....
Be-yond this life in beau-ty lies

To spend a great..... e-ter-ni-ty,.....
To spend a great e-ter-ni-ty,

And land us safe..... where we'll be free.....
And land us safe where we'll be free

The soul's e-ter - - - nal home.....
The soul's e-ter-nal home, e-ter-nal home.

In end-less gain..... or loss.....
In end-less gain or loss, in gain or loss.

From ev-'ry hu - - - man ill.....
From ev-'ry hu-man ill, from ev-'ry ill.

The Dividing Line—Concluded.

CHORUS.

We'll have no fear..... while cross-ing o'er.....

We'll have no fear while cross-ing o'er

Its wa-ters deep and wide;.....

Its wa-ters deep, its wa-ters deep and wide;

Our Sav-ior's hand..... will lead us there,.....

Our Sav-ior's hand will lead us there,

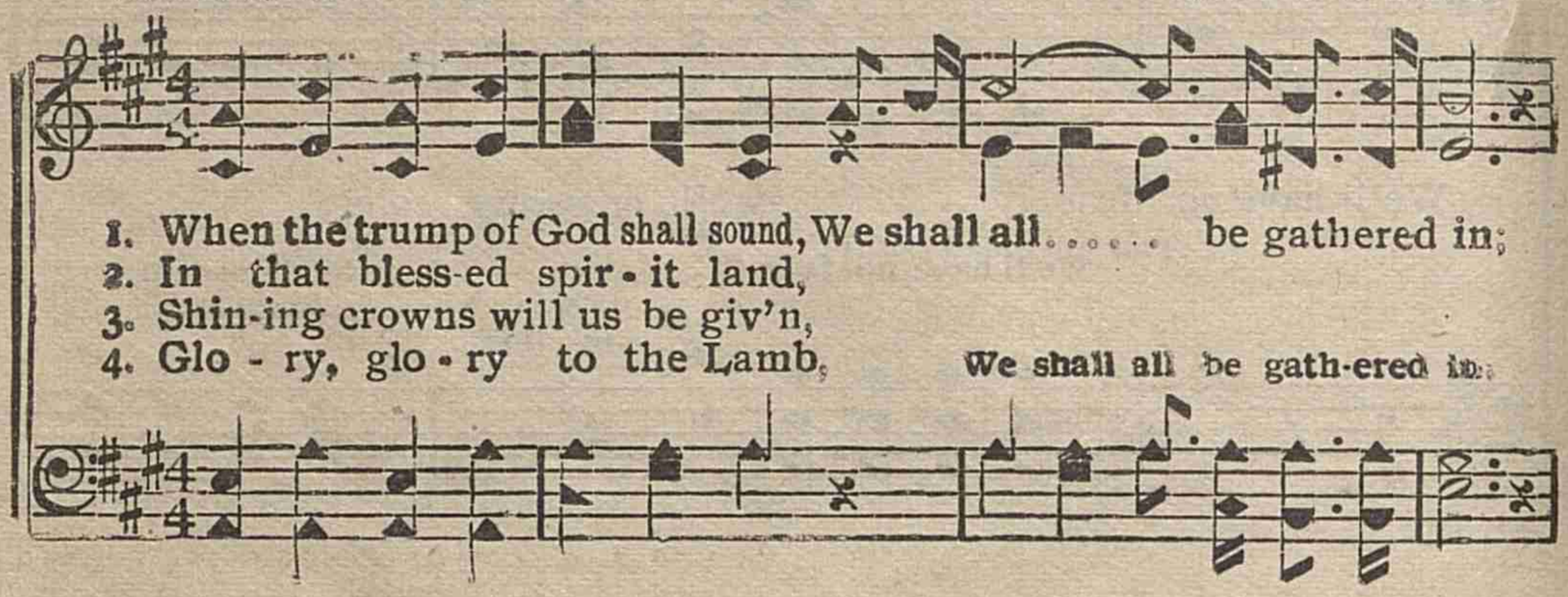
Safe on the oth - - - er side.....

Safe on the oth-er side, the oth-er side.

NO. 128.

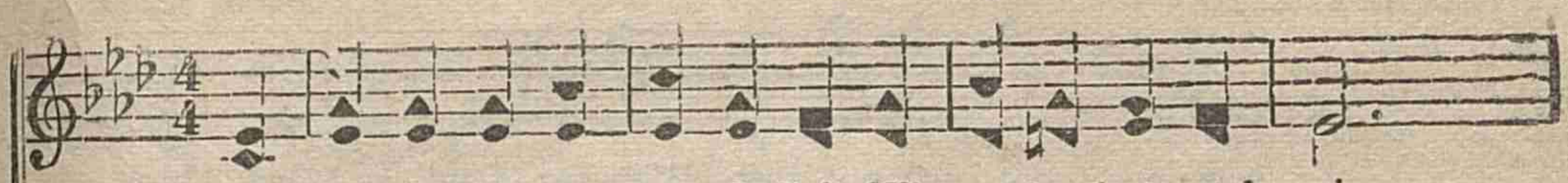
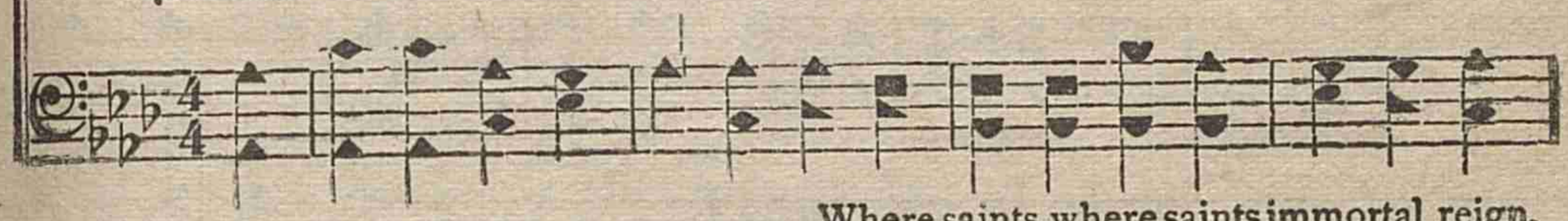
We Shall All Be Gathered In.

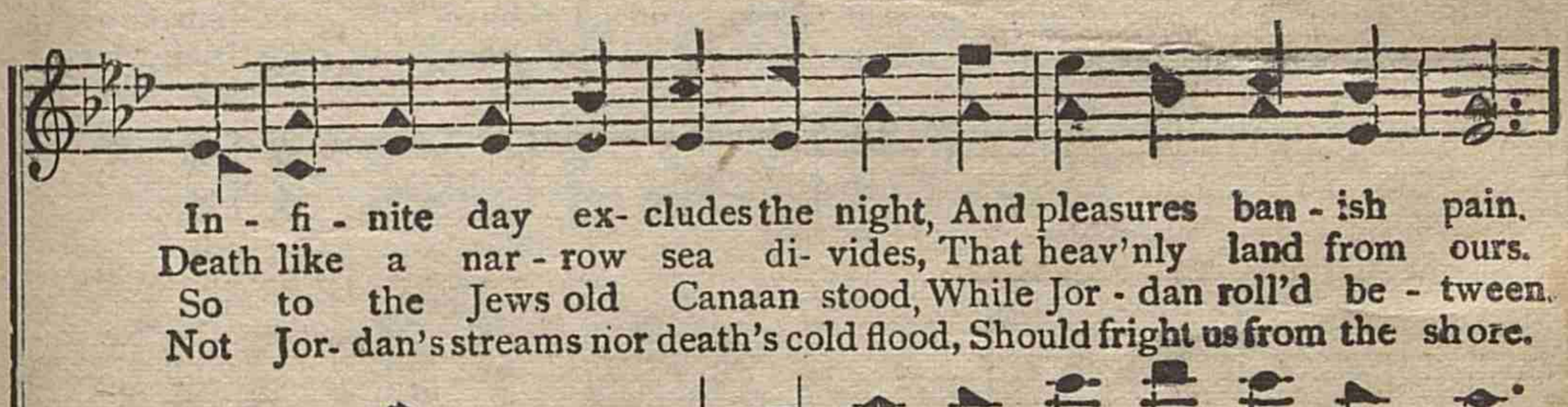
"For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ."—ROM. 14: 10.

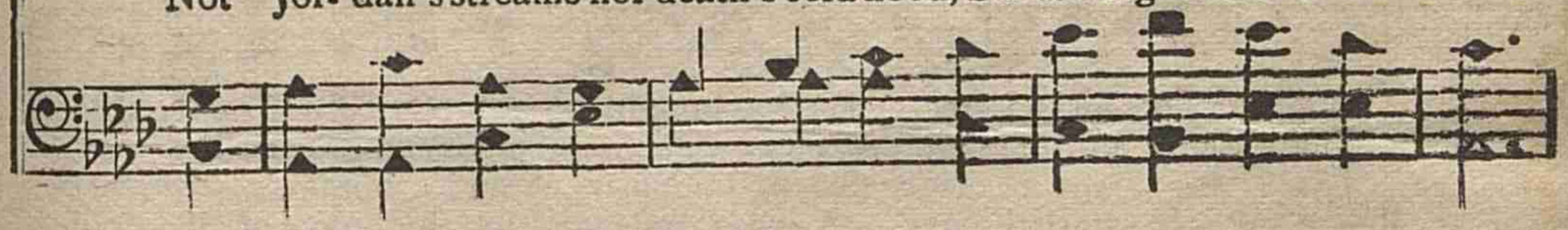
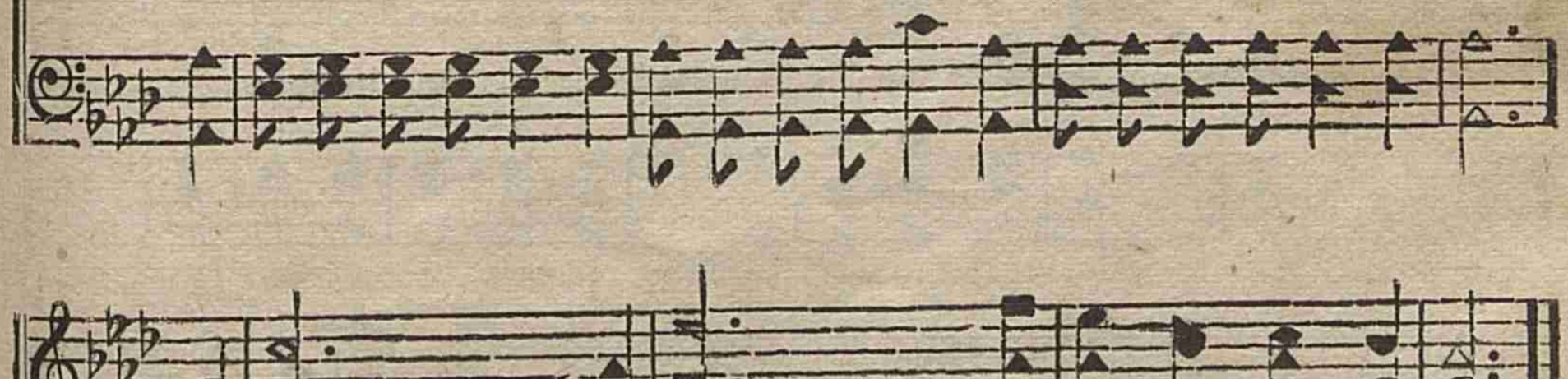
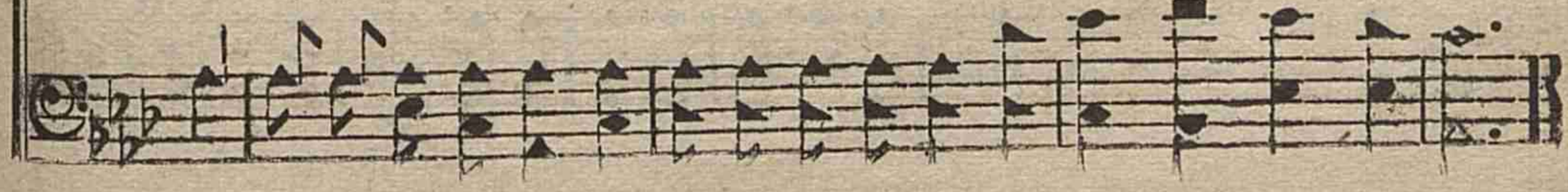
WM. D. EVRIDGE. EMMETT S. DEAN.

Copyright, 1904, by Dean & Hensley, and W. D. Evridge.

NO. 129.

Land of Pure Delight.

S. J. OSLIN, by per.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign;
2. There ev - er- last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er fad-ing flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swelling flood, Stands dress'd in living green;
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the land-scape o'er;

Where saints, where saints immortal reign,
And nev-er, nev- er fad-ing flow'rs,
Stands dress'd, stands dress'd in living green,
And view, and view the land-scape o'er,



In - fi - nite day ex- cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain.
Death like a nar - row sea di- vides, That heav'nly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jor - dan roll'd be - tween.
Not Jor- dan's streams nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

That hap - - py land . . . . We'll reach it by and by!
That happy sun-ny land, That happy sunny land, We'll reach it in the by and by!

The gold - - en strand The land be - yond the sky!
The hap-py golden strand! The happy golden strand!

NO. 130.

The Home of the Soul.

Words by WILLIAM I. FEAZELL.
Arr. by F. L. E.

Music by J. J. DAY.
Arr. by F. L. EILAND.

1. I was once but an out-cast With-out friend or home, Here a-
2. There's no ref-uge of safe-ty Save the home on high, Where the
3. And by faith in the prom-ise Of my Sav-iour, now I can
4. There I'll be with my Sav-iour, And the an-gels bright, While the

lone and with-out hope in my God, But I've found all in Je-sus
spir-it ev-er more can be free, There the grief and af-flic-tions,
see the bright man-sions so fair, And I have the as-sur-ance
a-ges con-tin-ue to roll, And tho' here, I be friend-less,

Who died on the tree, He has bought me with His own pre-cious blood.
The sin and the pain, When I've anchored nev-er more shall I see.
That my way is clear, To that coun-try and home o-ver there.
There, my spir-it shall have A sweet ref-uge in the home of the soul.

CHORUS.

Home sweet home, my heav-en-ly home, Where trials and troubles ne'er come,

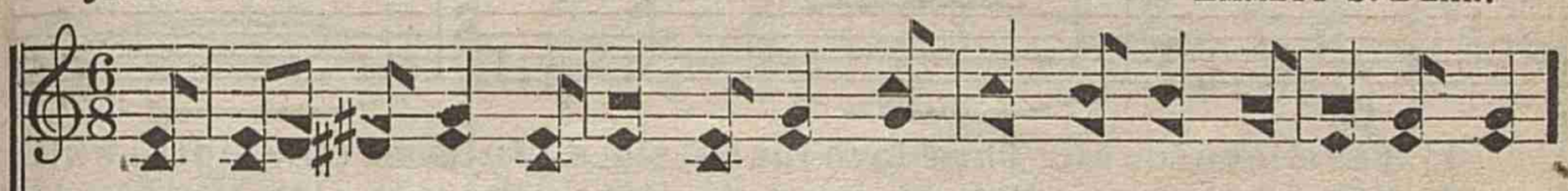
O grant dear Saviour, that oth-ers may have A place in the home of the soul!

NO. 131.

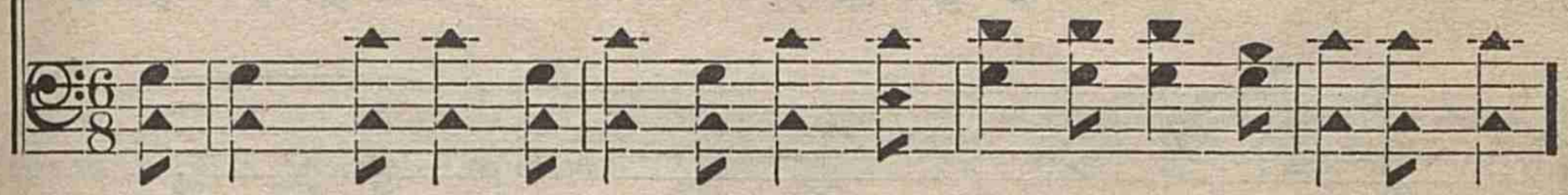
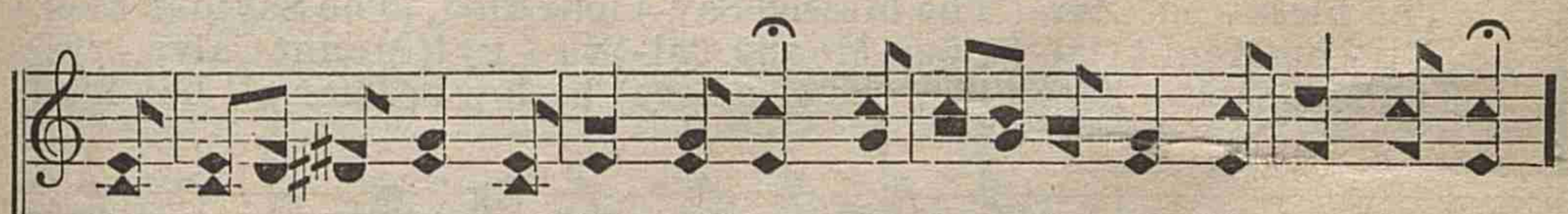
The Leader of the World.

Copyright, 1908, by Emmett S. Dean.

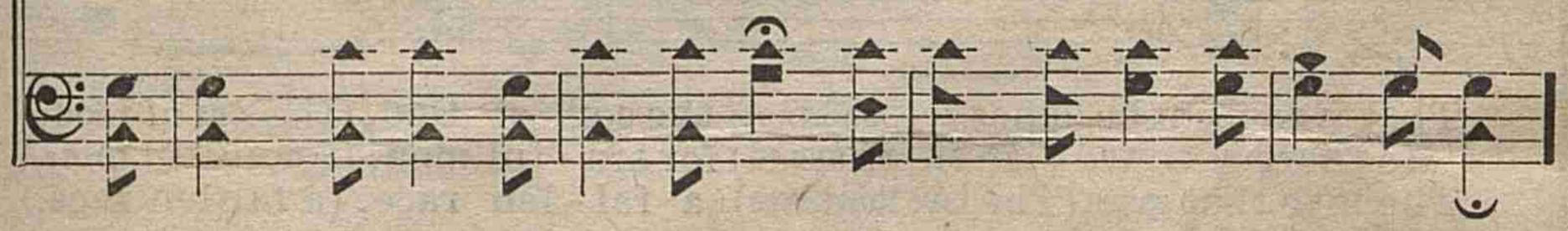
JAMES ROWE. EMMETT S. DEAN.

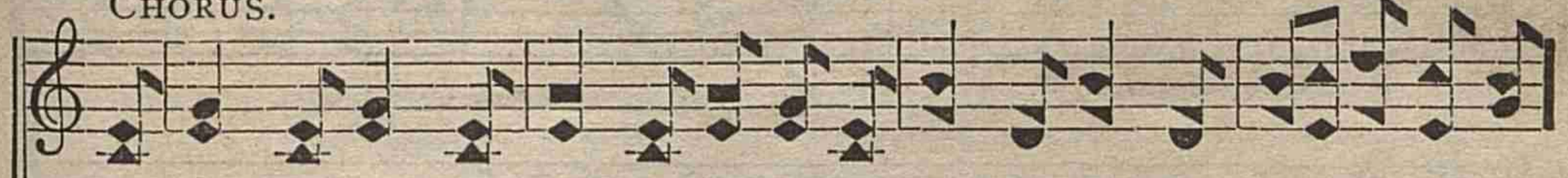


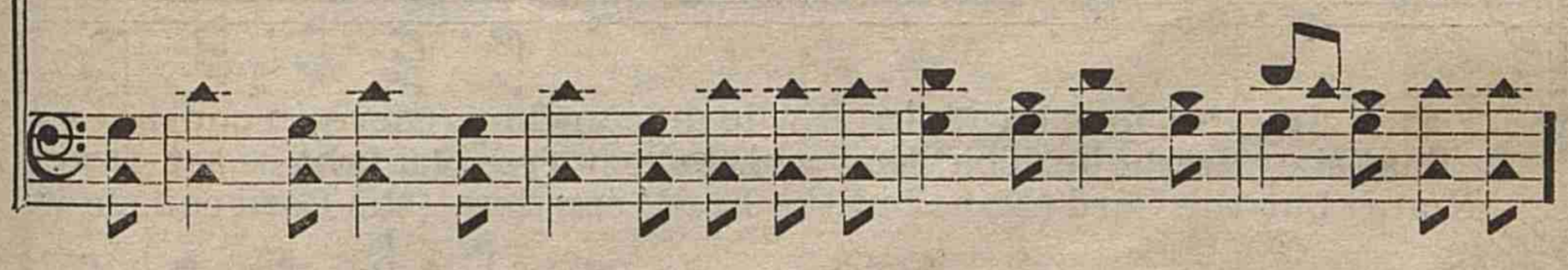
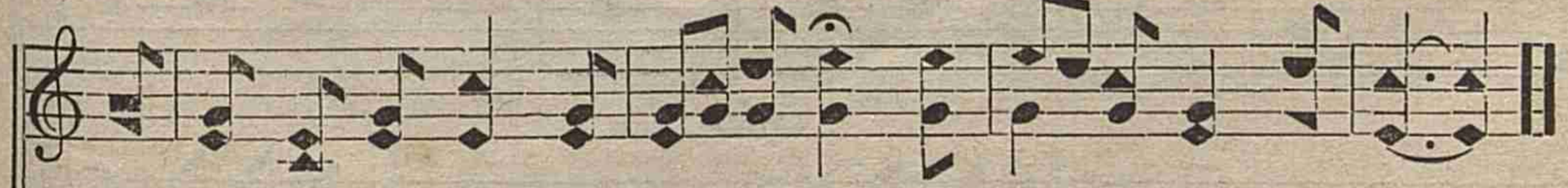
1. Christ is the Lead - er of the world; His ban - ner nev - er will be furl'd;
2. To - day, from Calv'ry's peaceful height, He floods the world with wondrous light,
3. His fol - low - ers increase each day, And sin and dark - ness flee a - way,
4. Oh that all na - tions of the earth Would praise His love and prize His worth,

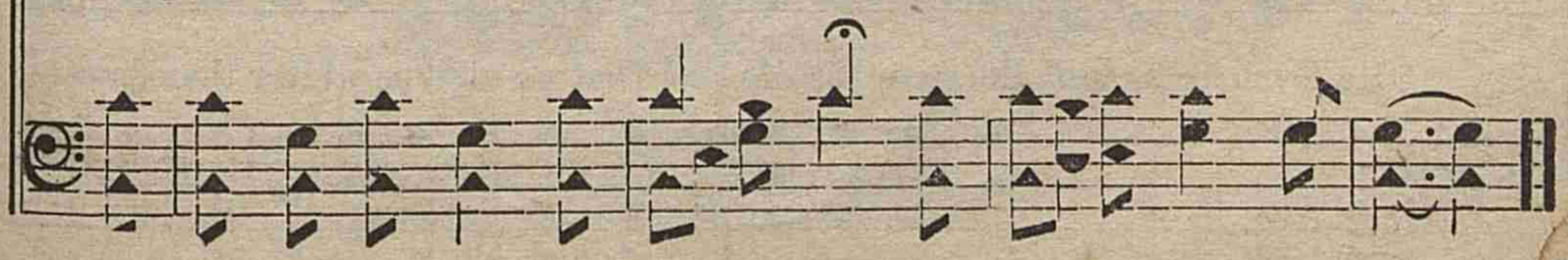


Tri - um - phant, on-ward He will go, Till bows be-fore Him ev - 'ry foe.
And swells the hearts of men with joy And peace which nothing can de-stroy.
For by His boundless love and grace, He saves and lifts the hu-man race.
And round His throne a - dor - ing fall, And crown Him King and Lord of all!



CHORUS.

Oh, laud His name in song and sto - ry; Oh, mag - ni - fy His matchless glo-ry;



Oh, praise and a - dore, for - ev - er - more, The Leader of the world!

NO. 132.

His Love.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean and Sheppard.

J. H. S. J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. Thro' love for all (Thro' love for all) the sinful world (the sinful world)
2. Behold you now (Behold you now) His bleeding side, (His bleeding side,)
3. Let us such love (Let us such love) more highly prize, (more highly prize,)

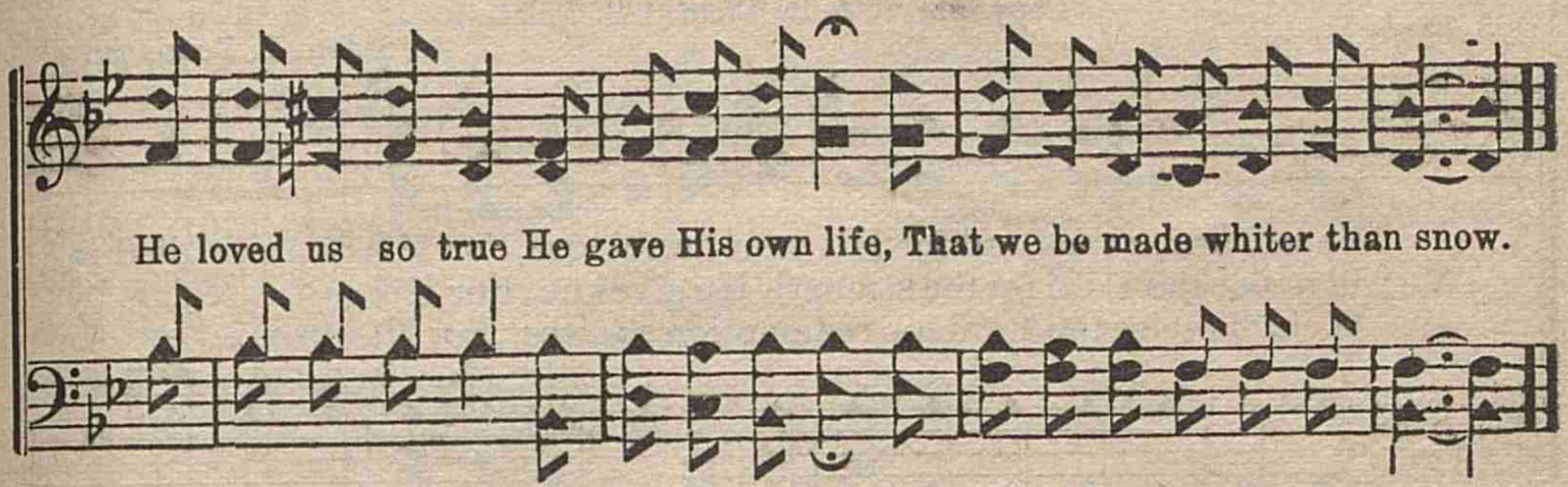
The bless - ed Sav-(The blessed Sav-) iour died, (The Saviour died,)
Up - on Mount Cal-(Upon Mount Cal-) va - ry!(Mount Calva - ry!)
Than all else here (Than all else here) be-low! (Than all be - low!)

That we might be (That we might be) the sons of God, (the sons of God,)
He there a-toned (He there atoned) for sin - ful men, (for sinful men,)
The love that saves (The love that saves) a fal - len race, (a fal-len race,)

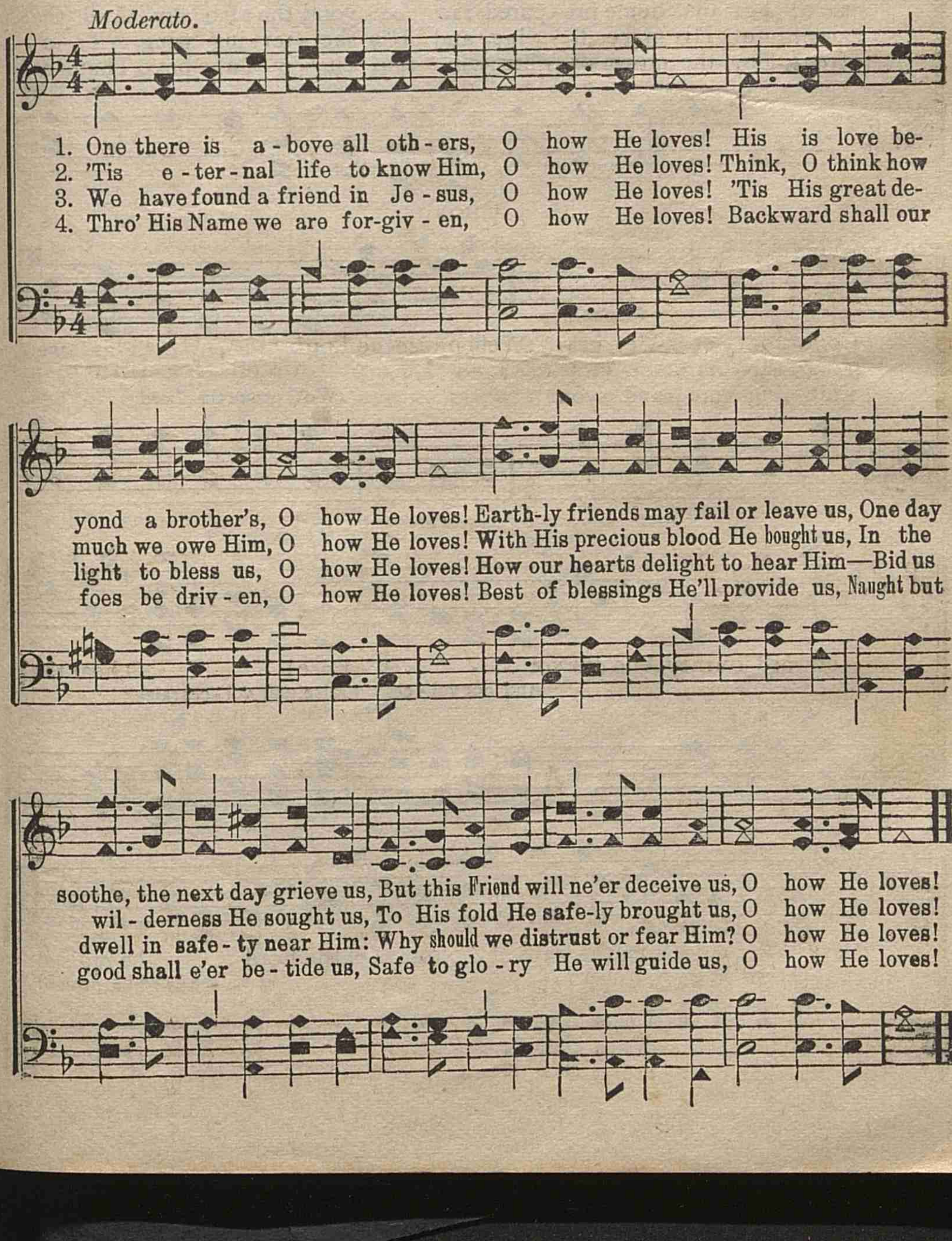
And in His love (And in His love) con-fide. (there-in con-fide.)
That they might be (That they might be) set free. (might be set free.)
None but the Lord (None but the Lord) can show. (the Lord can show.)

He loved us so well He gave His life blood That we might be whiter than snow!

His Love.—Concluded.



NO. 133. One There Is Above All Others.

CARITAS.

NO. 134.

Let the Lord be Praised.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

J. H. LAWSON. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

1. We will praise the Lord for His won-derful love, For His Son, who died to
2. We will praise the Lord for the strength He gives us, For His guidance day by
3. We will praise the Lord for redemption so sweet, For His promis - es so

save; For that home pre - pared far be - yond the blue sky, And the
day; For His grace di - vine, and His shel - ter - ing wing, All a -
true; For the crown of life in that cit - y a - bove, That's a -

CHORUS.

Com - fort - er He gave. We'll praise the Lord, as we
long the nar - row way.
wait - ing me and you. We'll praise the Lord,

onward journey, And our voi - ces raise; O, hear the
And our voi - ces raise, our voi - ces raise;

cry from the walls of Zi - on: "Let the Lord be praised."
O, hear the cry " Let the Lord be praised."

NO. 135.

Whiter Than Snow.

H. E. M.

H. E. MCAFEE.

1. Still I am sing - ing Jesus of Thee! Blessed Redeem - er,
Still I am sing Je-sus, of Thee! Bless-ed Redeem-er,
2. Je-sus, ac- cept the tribute I bring, (tribute I bring,) Not of myself, or
3. Still I am sing - ing, Jesus of Thee! (Jesus of Thee!) Simple, my tones of
4. When as my work is ending be-low, (ending below,) Bidding farewell to

precious to me Tell the good news where-ev-er I
pre- cious to me! tell the good news!
creed will I sing, (here will I sing,) On - ly Thy blood that sinners may
mu- sic may be, (simple may be,) Fill me with love as homeward I
loved ones below; (loved ones below;) Then will my soul mount upward and

go! Je-sus has washed me whiter than snow!
where-ev - er I go, Je-sus has washed, yes, whiter than snow!
know, (sinners may know,) Jesus can wash them whiter than snow, (yes, whiter than snow.)
go, (homeward I go,) Singing, I'm washed ev'n whiter than snow! (yes, whiter than snow.)
go, (upward and go,) Join the glad triumph, whiter than snow, (yes, whiter than snow.)

Whiter than snow! The beautiful snow! Whiter than snow! The
whiter than snow, beauti- ful snow, whiter than snow,

beau-ti - ful snow, Tell to the world, where-ev- er I
beau - ti - ful snow! Tell to the world,

go! Je-sus has washed me whiter than snow!
where-ev-er I go. Je-sus has washed yes, whiter than snow!

Copyright, 1898, by H. E. McAfee.

NO. 136.

The Good Shepherd.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Hensley.

Mrs. EUGENIA BRUTON. CASA H. CARR.

Slowly.

1. The nine - ty and nine that were safe in the fold, The
2. He passed thro' the val - leys so fer - tile and fair, And
3. And far in the night in a des - ert so wild, He

good Shepherd left,and went out in the cold, To seek for the one that was
sought him a - far on the mountains so bare;He crossed o'er the wa-ters so
heard the faint cry of the prod - i - gal child, And hastened to guide him safe

lost in the wild, The poor lone -ly wan -d'rer, the prod - i - gal child.
mur - ky and cold, To bring back the wan- der - er in - to the fold.
in - to the fold, No more to go wan- der - ing out in the cold.

CHORUS.

Faster.

Oh won - - - der - ful love . . . . of the
Oh won - der - ful love of the Shep - herd di - vine, . Oh

Shep - herd di - vine, . . . Who car - - eth for
won- der - ful love of the Shep-herd di - vine, Who car - eth for one more than

The Good Shepherd. Concluded.

one . . . . more than nine - - ty and nine. . . .
nine - ty and nine, Who car - eth for one more than nine - ty and nine.

NO. 137.

I'm On My Way.

Copyright, 1906, by Dean & Sheppard.

J. H. S. J. H. SHEPPARD.

1. I long to be with Christ, my King, In yon-der land of end - less day;
2. Oh, hap - py day! How sweet the tho't That Jesus, I ere long shall meet;
3. Will you not heed His call to- day? He is the way of peace and love;
4. Let ev -'ry one that's been re-deemed, Tell to the world the joy they feel;

A song of joy, Oh let me sing! I'm on my way, I'm on my way!
With an - gels vie around His throne, And cast my tro-phies at His feet.
Wherein the saints have gone before, To live with Him in heav'n a- bove.
That grace is free to all who come, Proclaim till all the na- tions yield.

REFRAIN.

I'm on my way! I'm on my way To man-sions bright beyond the sky!

I'm on my way! I'm on my way! To dwell with Je- sus, bye and bye.

NO. 138.

Call Back the Wanderer.

L. A. MORRIS. WALTER C. MITCHELL.

1. Oh, how ma - ny in dark - ness have gone a - stray, Oh, how ma- ny..... dai - ly wan - der, ... Oh, how ma - ny in
2. What a joy 'tis to know a - ny - where we go, We may lead them ..... and re - claim them..... To the Sav-iour who
3. Broth - er, think how the Sav - iour in - vites them home, Call the wan-d'rer,..... call the wan-d'rer,..... 'Tis a joy to the

Oh, how ma - ny wan - der from the way,
We may lead them, yes, re-claim them now,
Call the wand'rer, call the wand'rer home,

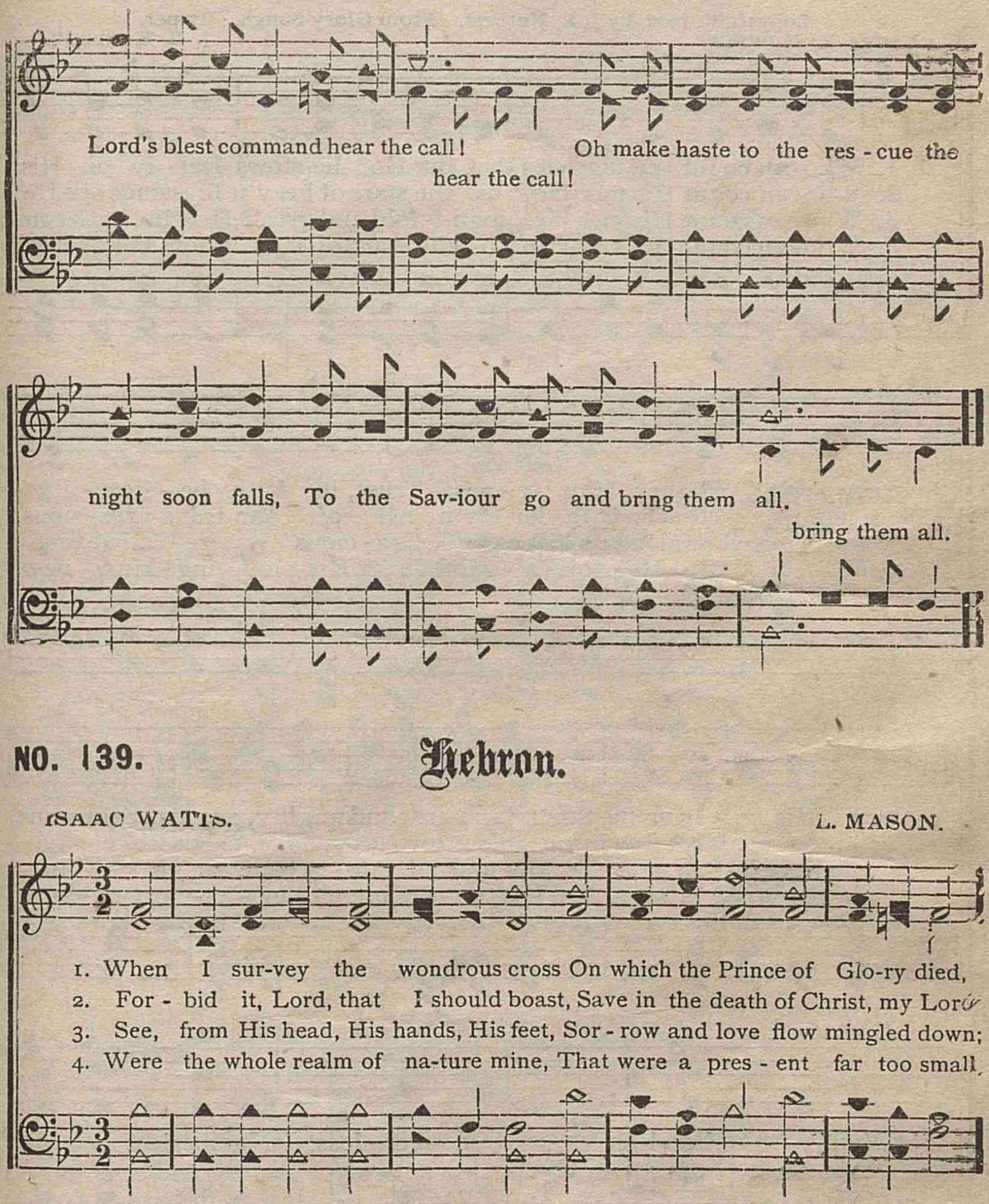
blind - ness now day by day, Ev - er wan-der from the light a - way.
died to re - deem from woe, Just be- cause He loved the wan-d'rer so.
an - gels when sin - ners come, There is glo - ry in the ran-somed throng.

CHORUS.

Oh, re - claim them,..... yes, re - claim them,..... 'Tis the
Oh, re - claim the wand'rer now, yes, re - claim the wand'rer now,

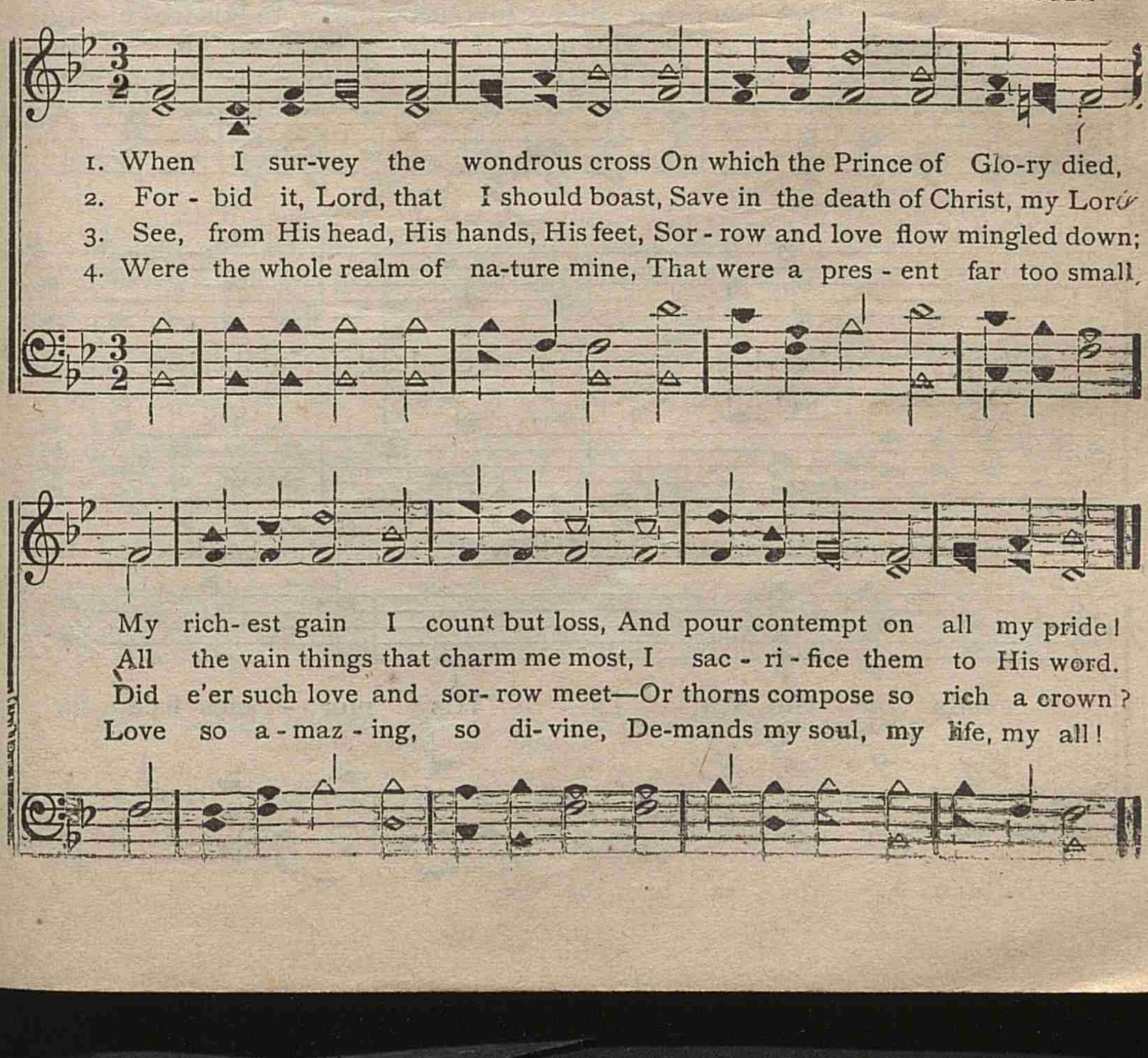
Copyright 190 by [illegible]

Call Back the Wanderer.—Concluded.



NO. 139. Hebron.

ISAAC WATTS. L. MASON.



NO. 140.

Numberless as the Sands.

Copyright, 1907, by J. B. Herbert. From Glory Songs. By per.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Who can count the mer-cies that our God be-stows Dai - ly on His
2. Who can count His mer-cies? as the stars of heav'n Blessings are He
3. Who can count His mer-cies, man-i- fold and great? He who, with com-
4. Who can count His mer-cies to the sons of men Whom His own will

peo - ple who in Him re - pose? Trust, in faith be - liev - ing
sends us, He who hath for-giv'n All of our trans-gres - sions,
pas - sion, viewed man's lost es-tate, Gra - cious - ly re - called us
suc - cor, till He comes a - gain? Great His lov - ing - kind - ness,

on His ho - ly name, Sov'reign Lord, and mighty, evermore the same.
and our souls set free From sin's grievous bondage, to His lib - er - ty.
who were lost in sin, To His fold of safe - ty bade us en - ter in.
whose reward is sure, And His ten - der mercies ev - er-more en-dure.

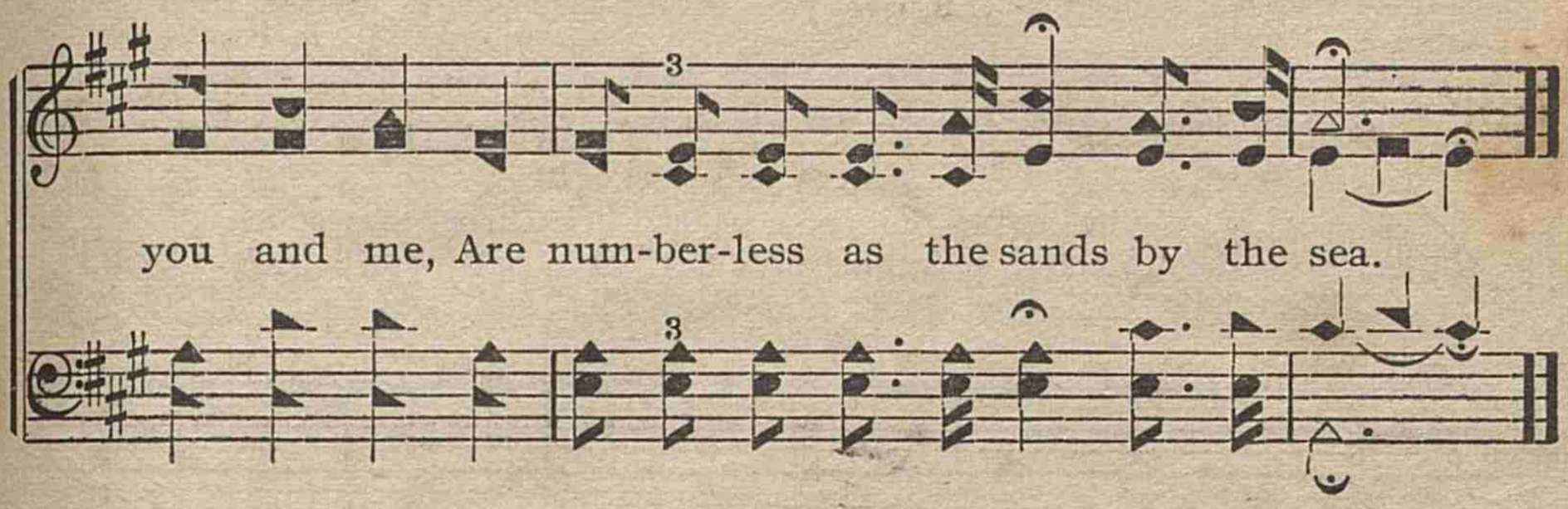
CHORUS.

Num - - ber- less, Num - ber - less, Numberless as the

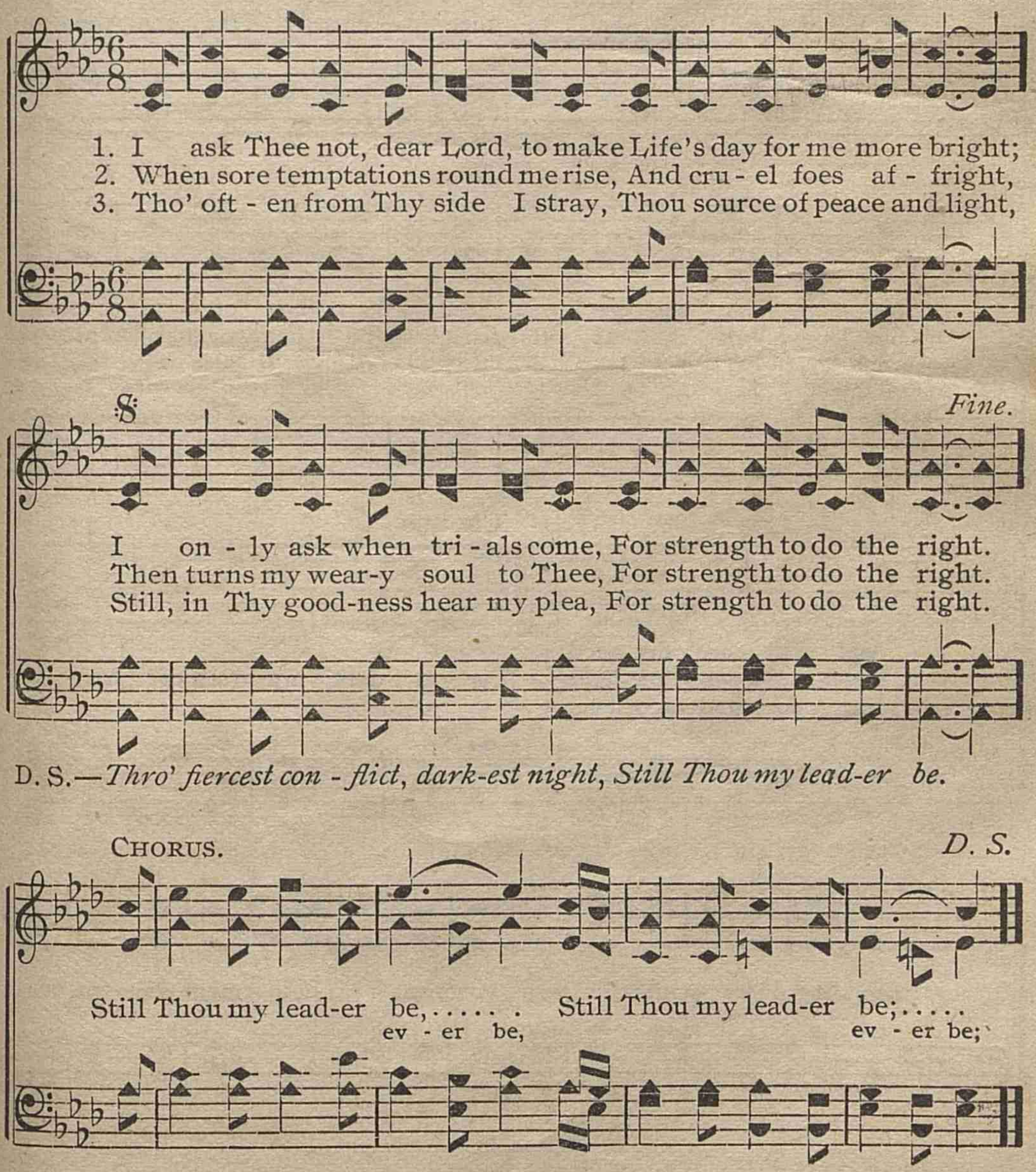
Num-ber-less as the sands, as the sands by the sea, Num-ber- less as the

sands by the sea; His mer - cies free, for

sands by the sea, by the sea;

Numberless as the Sands—Concluded.

NO. 141. Still Thou My Leader Be.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean & Morgan.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD. RICHARD M. MORGAN.

CHORUS. D. S.

NO. 142.

Contented.

F. L. EILAND. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Soul, why be con - tent- ed, Out of Christ to stay? With no hope of heav-en, And so much to pay? Jes - us is for-
2. Why ne - glect this inter-est? Let it pass you by? Seek- ing aft - er for-tune, Which must short - ly die? Mon - ey will not
3. Why then be con - tent- ed, With thy soul ex - posed, Till the gate of mer- cy, Shall to thee be closed? Has - ten then my

bear- ing, That you yet may heed:—Warn- ings oft' re - peat- ed,
pur- chase You a ti - tle, friend, To that world of glo - ry,
broth - er, Do not long - er wait, Soon you'll hear with sad- ness,

CHORUS.

And se - cure thy need.
Nor a sol - ace lend.
Oh, poor soul too late.
} 'Tis a debt, my broth-er! And 'tis com - ing due; Ques- tion, can you meet it? Judg - ment waits for you!

NO. 143.

Faith Like That of Joshua.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean and Sebren.

GEO. W. S. GEO. W. SEBREN.

1. God's peo - ple marched around the walls of Jer - i - co, Led by the great com-
2. God told His peo - ple that the walls would surely fall, If they would on - ly
3. Lo, when the ar - my had o-beyed the Lord's command, Standing ar-rayed, be-

mand-er, Josh - u - a; 'Twas that the pow'r of God might be made man - i - fest,
fol - low out His plan; March firm - ly on-ward when you hear the trumpet call,
hold-ing Josh - u - a, Loud they did shout, then fell the walls like crumbling sand,

CHORUS.

They marched around the cit - y ev - 'ry day. On - - ward, see them
Thus show the wondrous pow'r of God thro' man.
Show-ing the pow'r of God when men o - bey. On-ward, yes, onward,

march from day to day, 'Twas . . . . . the blessed Lord's command, With . . . . . a
'Twas His command, With faith in God,

faith like that of Josh - u - a, Walls . . . . . of sin can nev - er stand.
Walls, tow'ring walls

NO. 144.

Watch and Pray.

A. J. J.

A. J. JACKSON.

1. Oh the Saviour's gone to pre - pare a home, For His children while they
2. 'Tis a home so sweet, where the pil-grims meet, By the tree of life so
3. Sin- ner, will you start for that home to - day, And His ser- vice now be -
4. When He comes a- gain with the an - gel band, And the might- y trumpet

wait; (that wait;) Let us watch and pray till He comes a - gain, And 'twill
fair; (so fair;) Where the wa - ters flow, from the crys - tal stream, And I
gin? (be-gin?) If you look to Christ, and His prom- ise claim, He will
sound; (the sound;) Then the dead in Christ shall for - ev - er stand, For in

CHORUS.

Let us watch and

not be said, too late, too late.
trust that I'll be there, be there.
save you from your sin, your sin.
them no sin is found, is found.

} Let us watch and let us pray; 'Tis our

pray, Till He comes

Saviour's blest command, Till He comes, comes again, a - gain, a- gain, Let us

watch and pray till He comes a - gain, And 'twill not be said, too late, too late.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Jackson.

NO. 145.

What Would You Say?

Copyright, 1895, by W. H. Ruebush. Used by per.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. H. RUEBUSH.

m *Cres.*

1. Should you be summoned to stand at God's bar, There to ac-
2. O the great fol - ly of liv - ing in sin, Dy - ing at
3. Lo, the death-an - gel moves o - ver the land, Sum-mon-ing
4. Broth-er, be warned ere it grow - eth too late; Now is the

Dim. *m*

count for the deeds you have done, Yet in your sins and con-
last with - out hope in the Lord, Summoned to judg-ment un-
some to the judg-ment each day; If at his bar ere the
time, 't is sal - va-tion's great day; Once the door closed, if till

Cres. *f* *Dim.*

demned as you are, What would you say at the throne?
saved and un - clean, There to re - ceive your re - ward!
night - fall you stand, What to the Lord would you say?
then you should wait, What at God's bar would you say?

f REFRAIN. *Dim.*

What would you do, what would you say, If the death-angel should call you to-day?

f *Dim.*

What would you do, what would you say, If the death-angel should call?

NO. 146.

When Jesus Comes.

S. W. HENSLEY. WM. D. EVRIDGE.

1. When Je-sus for..... His jew-els comes,..... Oh, who will
2. Oh, may we all,..... a star-ry crown,..... Re-ceive from
3. Oh, sin-ner friend,..... will you not see..... The er-ror

When Je-sus for His jew-els comes,

heed the call, And say to Thee,..... dear Lord, I owe,.....
His own hand, And ev-er with..... the righteous be.....
of your way, And turn to Christ,..... ac-cept His grace.....

And say to Thee, dear Lord, I owe,

CHORUS.

My life, my be-ing, all? In that great day,..... when Je-sus
Per-mit-ted there to stand,
Ere dawns that awful day?

In that great day,

comes,..... Shall we His jew - els be? Will we a
when Je-sus comes, Shall we His jew - els be?

crown..... of life be giv'n,..... To wear e-ter-nal-ly?
Will we a crown of life be giv'n,

Copyright, 1905, by Wm. D. Evridge & S. W. Hensley.

NO. 147.

Turned Away at the Pearly Gate.

J. H. SHEPPARD.

Slowly.

1. All will ap- pear at the pearl - y gate, To hear their sentence, both
2. Some, in - to darkness, there, will be cast, To meet their des - ti - ny,
3. Some, there will hear, "Ye depart from me, I know you not," it is

small and great, Some there will *knock*, and will not be heard, Turn'd a -
aw - ful fate,— Weep-ing and gnashing of teeth, there'll be, Turn'd a -
then too late,— Sad- ness, will be un - to those who are, Turn'd a -

REFRAIN.

way, at the pearl - y gate! }
way, at the pearl - y gate! } Turn'd a-way at the pearl- y gate!
way, at the pearl - y gate! }
pearly gate!

Turn'd a - way at the pearl - y gate! Sad- ness will be un- to
pearly gate!

those who are, Turn'd a - way at the pearl - y gate.

Copyright, 1902, by Wiland and Dear

NO. 148. Shall I Meet You Up There?

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

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful home far up in the sky, And mansions prepared
2. In that beauti - ful land where no sorrow will come, We shall sing hal-le - lu -
3. No night shall be there, it is one endless day, No tears will be shed,
4. When my work here is done then the angels will come And take me a - way

by our Saviour on high; He wants me to live in that country so fair, And
jah around the bright throne; A beau-ti-ful robe and a crown we shall wear, And
God will wipe them a - way; No sickness and dying, no pain we shall bear, No
to my beau-ti - ful home, For - ev - er to dwell in my Father's own care, With

REFRAIN.

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

when I'm in glo - ry, shall I meet you up there? Shall I meet you up there?
live there with Jesus, shall I meet you up there?
parting with loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
angels and loved ones, 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

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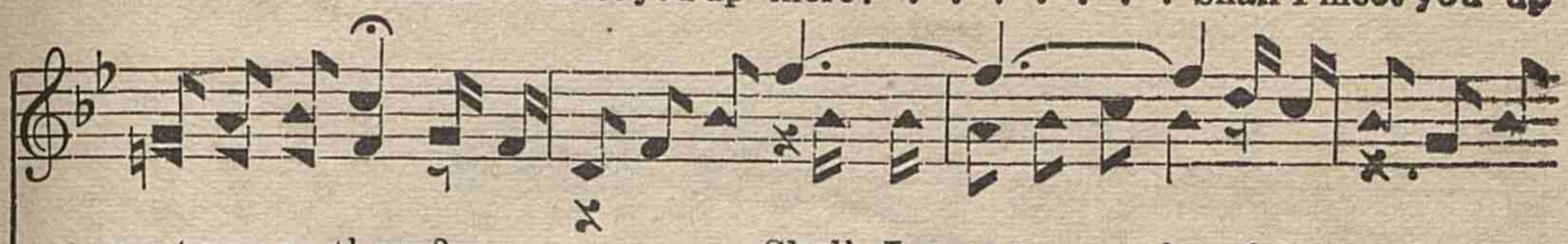
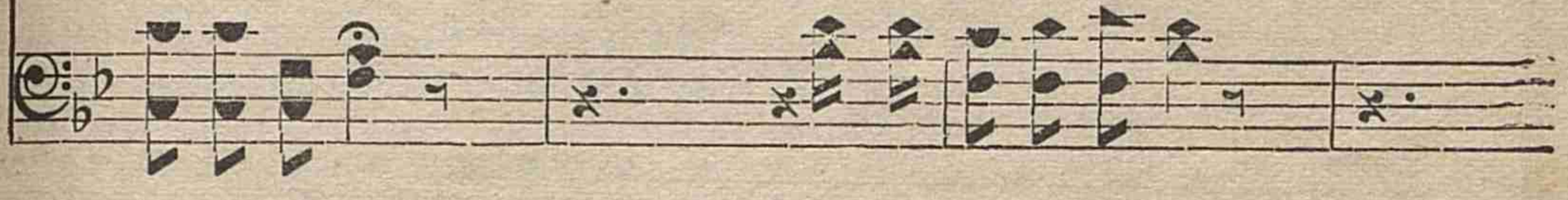
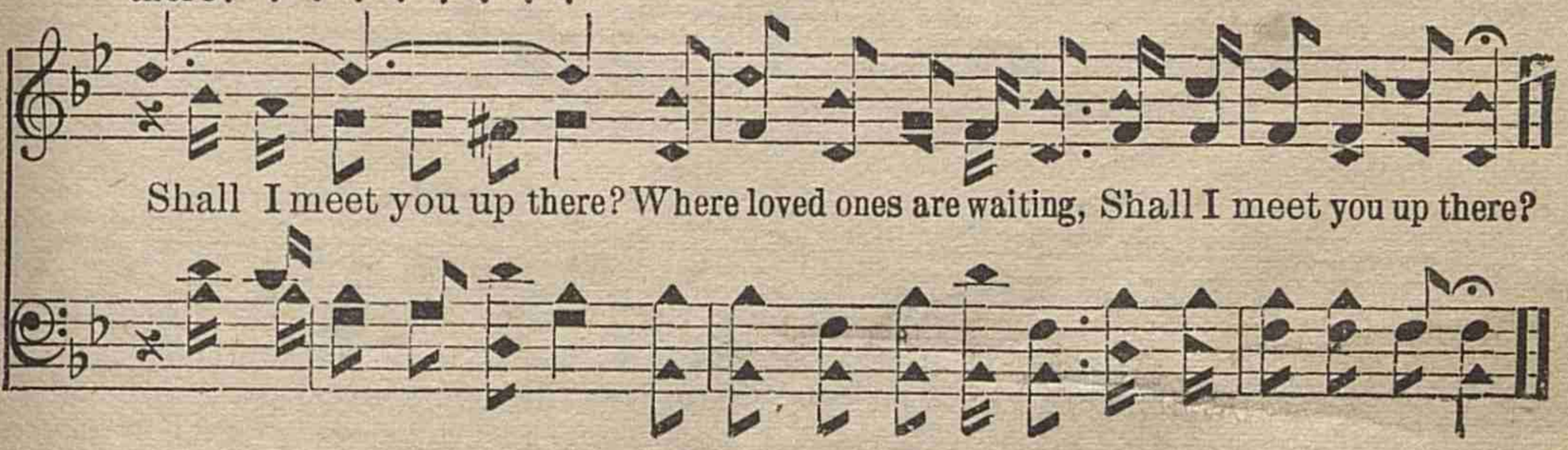
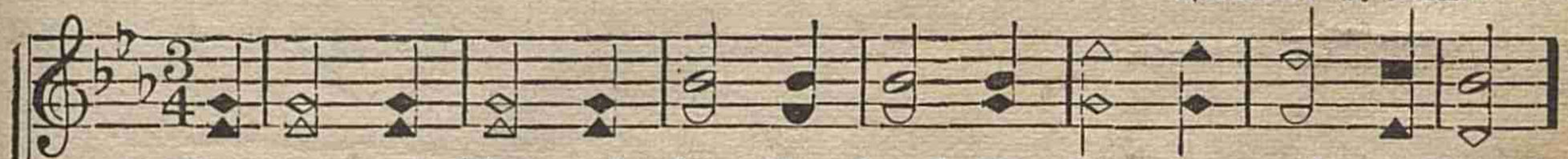
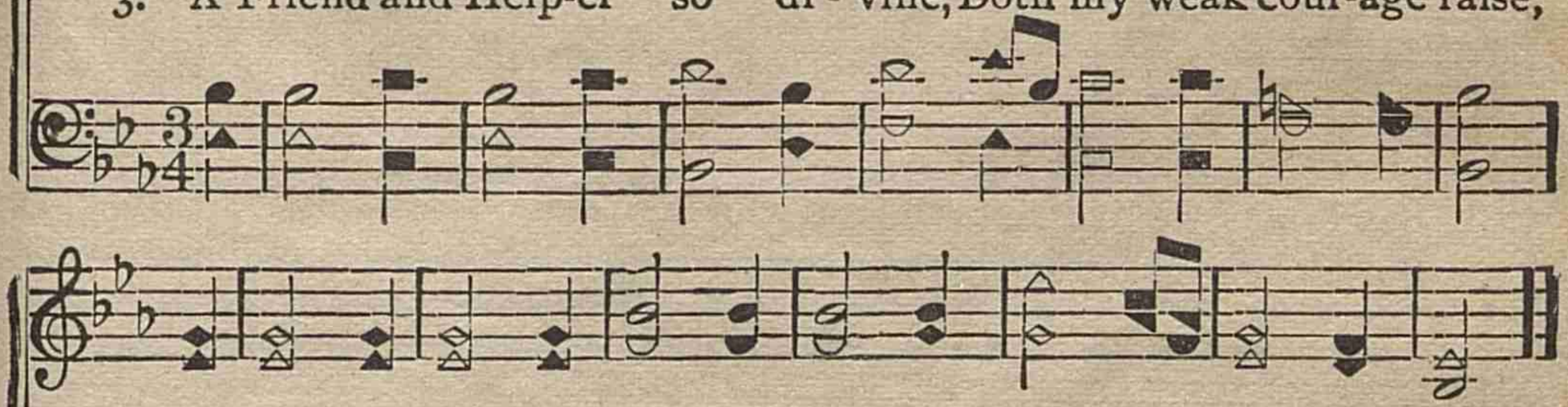
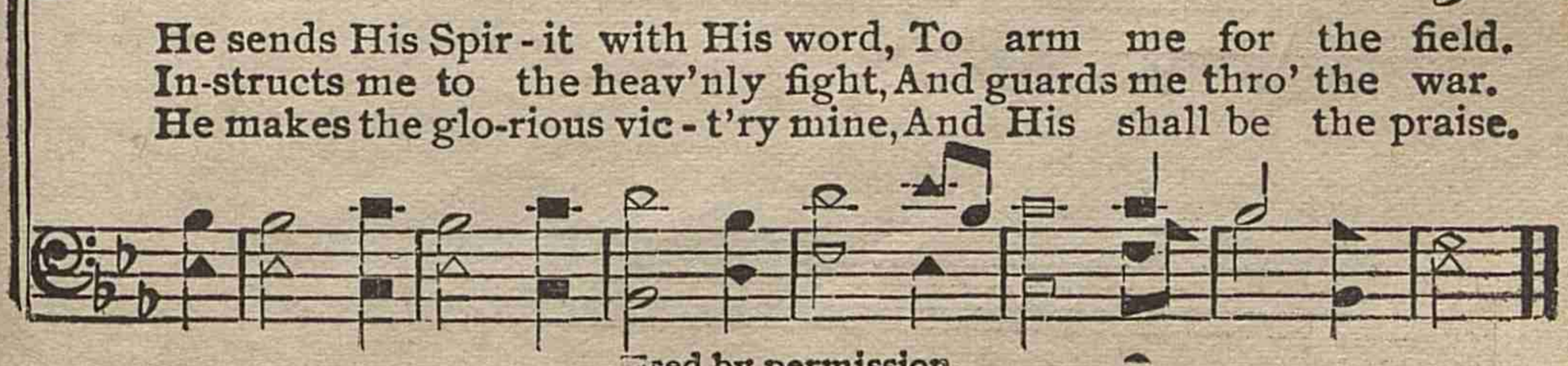
Shall I Meet You Up There?

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

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

there? . . . . . .

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

NO. 149.

He Makes My Soul His Care.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. For - ev - er bless - ed be the Lord, My Sav - ior, and my Shield;
2. When sin and hell their force u - nite, He makes my soul His care;
3. A Friend and Help-er so di - vine, Doth my weak cour-age raise;

He sends His Spir - it with His word, To arm me for the field.
In-structs me to the heav'nly fight, And guards me thro' the war.
He makes the glo-rious vic - t'ry mine, And His shall be the praise.



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NO. 150.

As the Life of a Flower.

LAURA E. NEWELL. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. As the life of a flow'r, As a breath or a sigh, So the years that we
2. As the life of a flow'r, Be our lives pure and sweet; May we brighten the
3. While we tar-ry be-low, Let us trust and adore Him who leads us each

live As a dream has-ten by; True, to-day we are here, But to-
way For the friends that we greet; And sweet in-cense a-rise, From our
day Tow'rd the ra-di-ant shore Where the sun nev-er sets, And the

mor-row may see Just a grave in the vale, And a mem-'ry of me.
hearts as we live Close to Him who doth teach Us to love and for-give
flow'rs nev-er fade, Where no sorrow or death May its bor-ders in-vade.

CHORUS.

As the life of a flow'r, As a
as the life of a flow'r,

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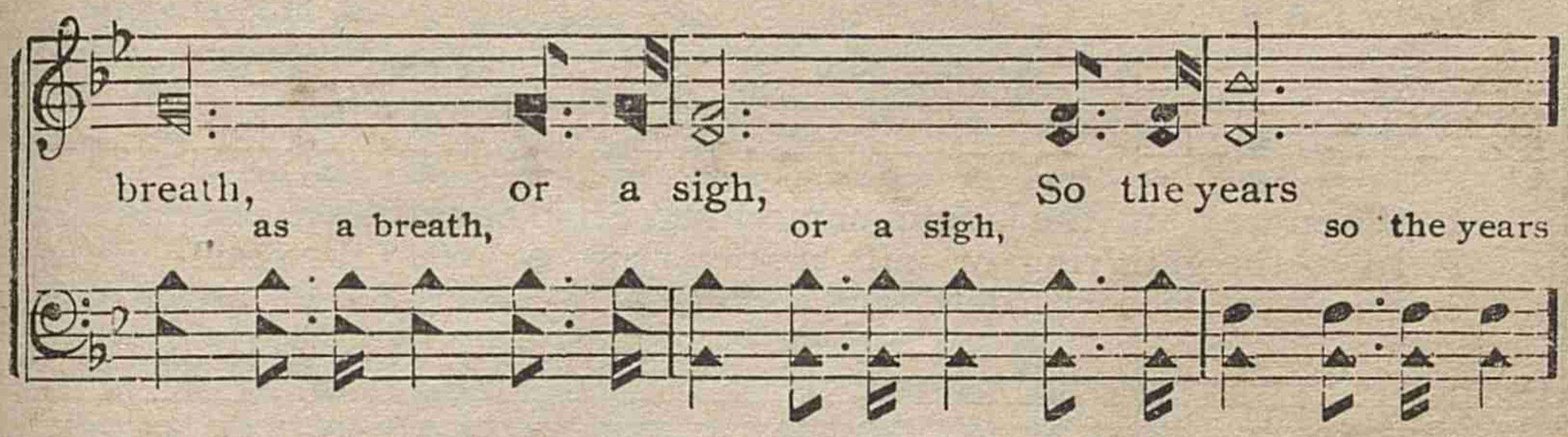
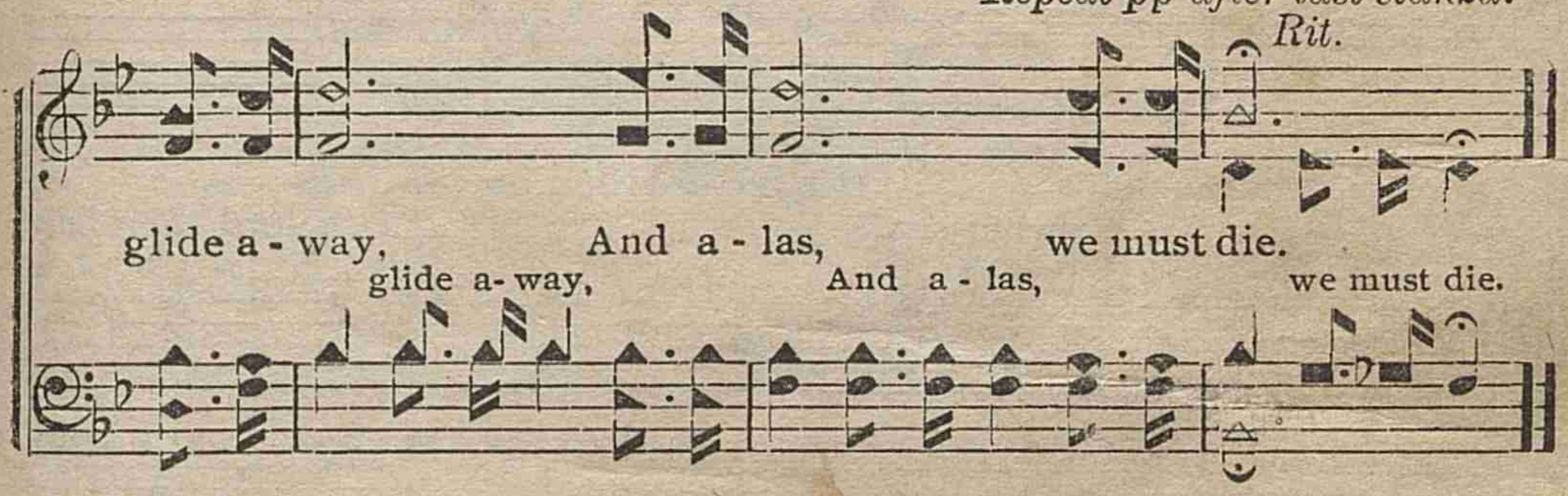
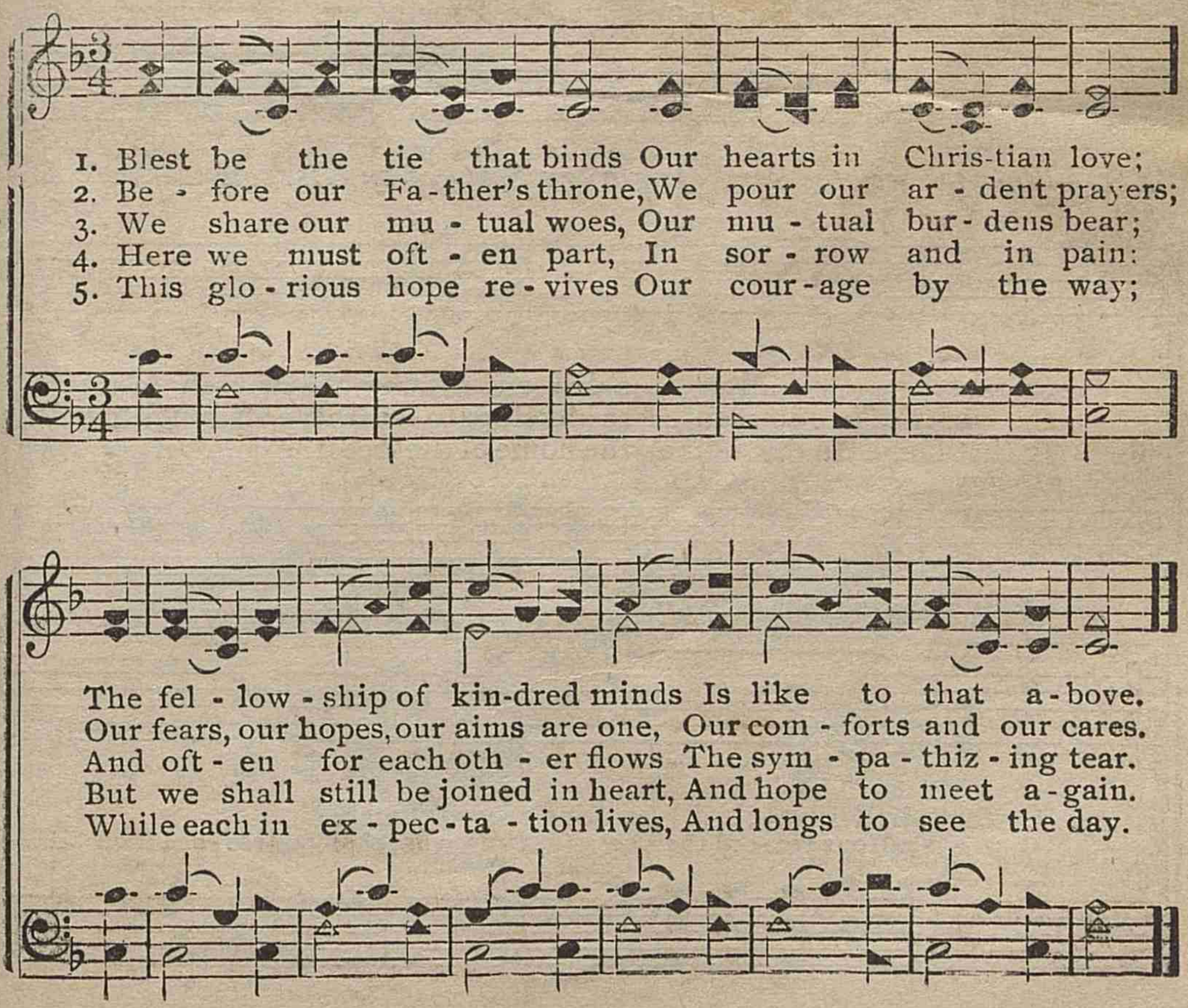
As the Life of a Flower. Concluded.



NO. 151.

Dennis.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAEGELI.



NO. 152.

What Shall Our Record Then Be?

M. M. B.
Arr. by J. B. F.

Copyright, 1908, by The Trio Music Co.

M. M. BALDWIN.

1. When we, in the judgment morning, Shall be gathered, one and all,
2. In the gath'ring of all na-tions Just be-yond the pearl-y gates,
3. Face to face with deeds and actions Which we here on earth have done,

O what shall..... our rec-ord then be?

O what shall our rec-ord then be?

Shall we hear the welcome plaud-it, Come ye, en-ter in-to rest,
Will a crown of life be giv-en, And a home for us a-wait?
Will our page with brightness sparkle, Proving we a crown have won,

D. S.—*When we see the King of glo-ry, Seat-ed on His snow-white throne,*

Fine.

Or shall we (Or shall we) be driv-en a-way (be driv-en a-way)?
Or de-nied (Or de-nied) these blessings to see (these blessings to see)?
In that home (In that home), the home of the free (the home of the free)?

O what shall (O what shall) our record then be (our rec-ord then be)?

CHORUS.

O what shall..... our record then be?

O what shall our rec-ord then be? O what shall our rec-ord then be?

What Shall Our Record Then Be?—Concluded.

D. S.

O what shall..... our rec-ord then be?
O what shall our rec-ord then be, our rec-ord then be?

NO. 153.

Remembrance. C. M.

TUNE—Auld Lang Syne. Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Hail! sweetest, dear-est tie that binds Our glow-ing hearts in one;
2. What tho' the northern win-ter blast May howl a-round your cot;
3. From Burmah's shore, from Afric's strand, From India's burning plain;
4. No ling'ring look, no part-ing sigh, Our fu-ture meet-ing knows.

Hail! sa-cred hope that tunes our minds, To joys be-fore un-known.
What tho' be-neath an east-ern sun Be cast our dis-tant lot:—
From Eu-rope, from Co-lum-bia's land, We hope to meet a-gain.
There friendship beams from ev'ry eye, And love im-mor-tal glows.

CHORUS.

It is the hope, the bliss-ful hope, Which Je-sus' grace has giv'n:

The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.

NO. 154.

Cling to the Cross.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

H. W. ELLIOTT. JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

1. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, The world you must lay down;
2. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, And nev-er lay it down;
3. Cling to the cross, my broth-er dear, And when your journey's done,

No one that tries to car-ry both Shall ev-er wear a crown.
And when you reach the gold-en gate You shall re-ceive a crown.
You will re-joice in heav-en o'er The crown that you have won.

REFRAIN.

Cling to the cross, O, cling to the cross, Cling to the

cross, and the world lay down; Cling to the cross, O,

cling to the cross, Cling to the cross and you'll wear a crown.

NO. 155.

Will You? And Will I?

"Strive to enter in at the strait gate."—LUKE 13: 24.

Copyright, 1891, by H. A. R. Horton. Used by permission.

H. A. R. H. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Some one will en - ter the gold - en gate, By - and-by, by - and-by,
2. Some one will gen - tly in death lay down, By - and-by, by - and-by,
3. Some one will call at the pearl - y gate, By - and-by, by - and-by,
4. Some one will sing the re-demp-tion song, By - and-by, by - and-by,

Taste of the bless-ings for them a - wait, Will you? and will I?
And from the Sav - ior re - ceive a crown, Will you? and will I?
Hear the sad an - swer, You are too late! Will you? and will I?
Join the glad chorus, the blood-washed throng, Will you? and will I?

Millions will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful, beau-ti - ful
Glo-rious re-ward to the faith - ful giv'n, Purchased by Je - sus, His
Darkest despair with the damned shall reign, Mercy's sweet voice cannot
Man - y will greet on the golden shore Loved ones of earth who've gone

to behold, Take of the glo-ries so long foretold, Will you? and will I?
bod-y riv'n, Happy is he who shall enter heav'n, Will you? and will I?
lull their pain, Some one will knock at the door in vain, Will you? and will I?
on be-fore, Join in the singing for-ev-er-more, Will you? and will I?

f *Repeat pp ad lib.*

Rit.

NO. 156

On the Cross.

F. L. EILAND.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. View the Sav - - - iour on the cross!.....
2. Dy - ing there..... ..... in mis - er - y!.....
3. There He died,..... ..... but lives a - gain—.....

1. View the Sav-iour on the cross! View the Sav - iour on the cross!
2. Dy - ing there in mis - er - y! Dy - ing there in mis - er - y!
3. There He died, but lives a - gain— There He died, but lives a - gain—

Dy - ing there..... for sin - ners lost!.....
On the cross..... of cal - va - ry—.....
Plead-ing with..... the sons of men!.....

Dy - ing there for sin - ners lost! Dy - ing there for sin - ners lost!
On the cross of cal - va - ry— On the cross of cal - va - ry—
Plead-ing with the sons of men! Plead-ing with the sons of men!

Ag - o - niz - - - ing, hear His cry!.....
See His pre - - - cious bleed-ing side!.....
Say - ing, "'twas..... on cal - va - ry,.....

Ag - o - niz - ing, hear His cry! Ag - o - niz - ing, hear His cry!
See His pre-cious bleed-ing side! See His pre-cious bleeding side!
Say - ing, "'twas on cal - va - ry, Say - ing, "'twas on cal - va - ry,

How, oh, how..... then pass Him by!.....
'Twas for you..... and me He died!.....
That I suf - - - fered much for thee!".....

How, oh, how then pass Him by! How, oh, how then pass Him by!
'Twas for you and me He died! 'Twas for you and me He died!
That I suf-fered much for thee! That I suf-fered much for thee!"

Copyright, 1899, by Em[illegible]

On the Cross.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the cold, dark tomb, my Sav - iour lay! Wrapt in

In the cold,..... dark tomb He lay!..... Wrapt in

si - lence there, there, 'neath the clay! Our re -

si - - - lence, 'neath the clay!..... Our re -

demp- tion, to proclaim, Our re- demp - tion, to pro-claim, Thro' His

demp - - - tion, to pro - claim..... Thro' His

ev - er - bless - ed name! Thro' His ev - er- bless - ed name'

ev - - - - er - bless- ed name!.....

NO. 157. How Could Jesus Love Me So?

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY DEAN & ACUFF.

JAMES ROWE. JAS. W. ACUFF.

1. Oh, how could Je - - sus leave His home (leave His home)
2. So won - der - ful . . . . . it seems that He (seems that He
3. Now, aft - er all . . . . . that He has borne, (He has borne,)
4. Oh, blest am I, ... that He has won (He has won)

In par - a - dise . . . . . a - bove, And o'er this storm - -
Could bend His head . . . . . di - vine, In shame, and die . . . . . .
My soul from sin . . . . . to free, In yon - der land . . . . .
Of me com - plete . . . . . con - trol, That He is now . . . . .

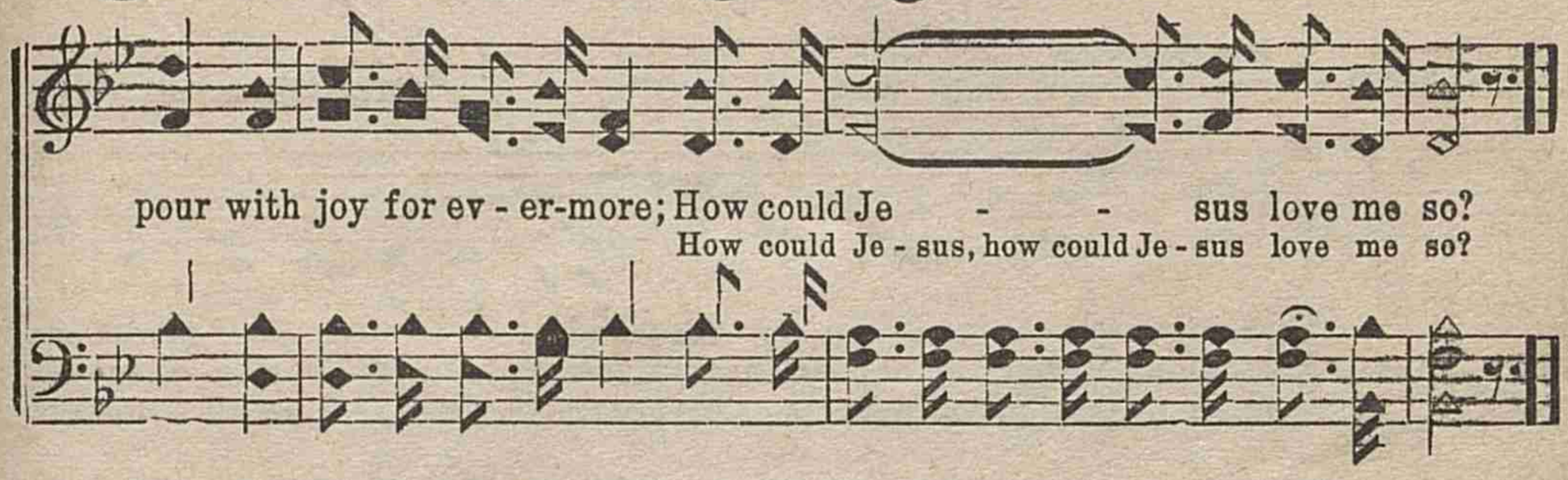
swept des - ert roam, (des - ert roam,) To prove for me . . . . . His love?
on Cal - va - ry (Cal - va - ry) For such a soul . . . . . as mine!
of fade - less morn (fade - less morn) He builds a home . . . . . for me.
my star, my sun, (star, my sun,) The sun - shine of . . . . . my soul.

CHORUS.

How could Je - - sus love me so? How could
How could Je - sus love me so? How could He love me so? How could

Je - - sus love me so? His praise I will out-
Je - sus love me so? How could He love me so?

How Could Jesus Love Me So?—Concluded.



NO. 158.

Now I Come to Thee.

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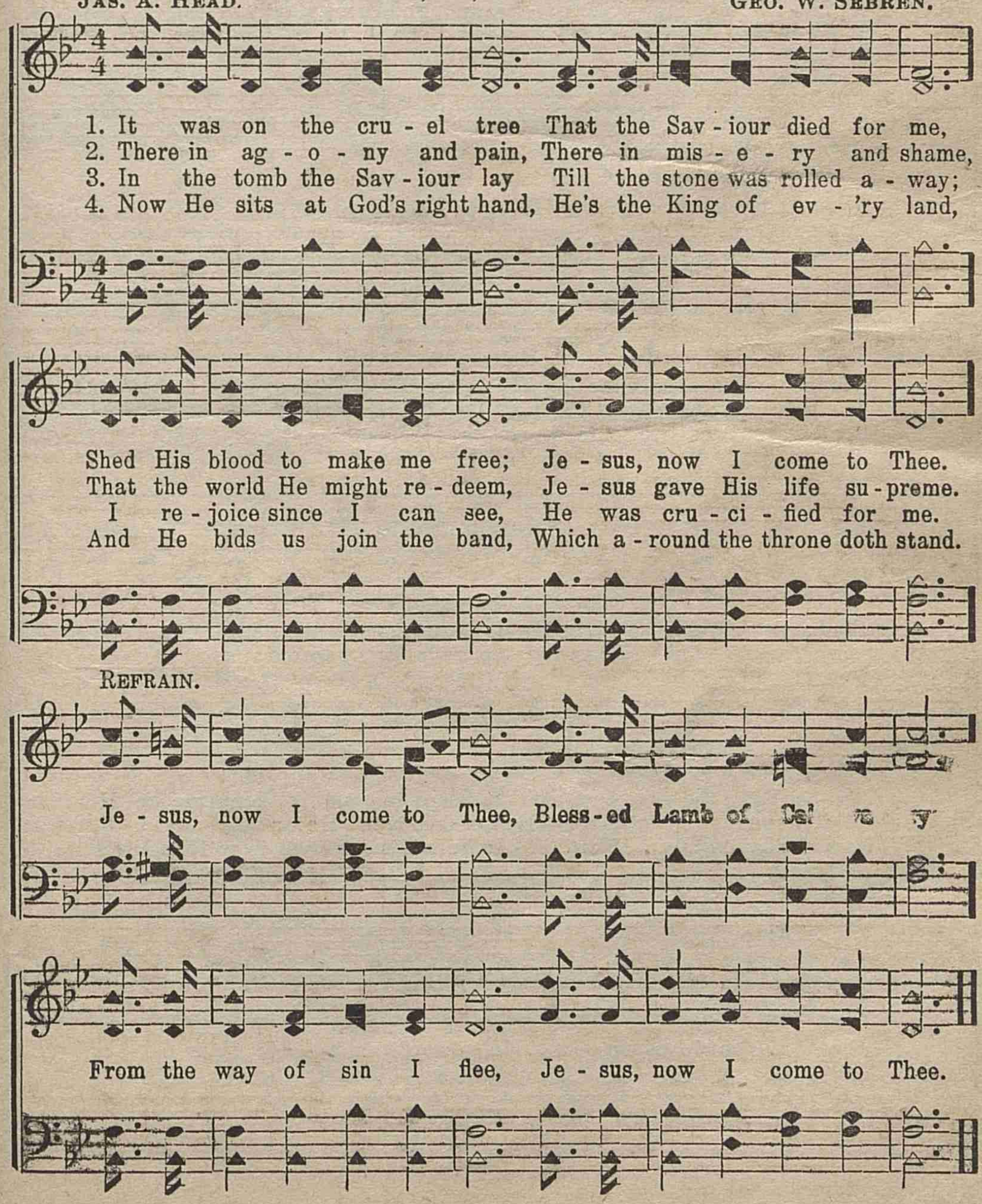
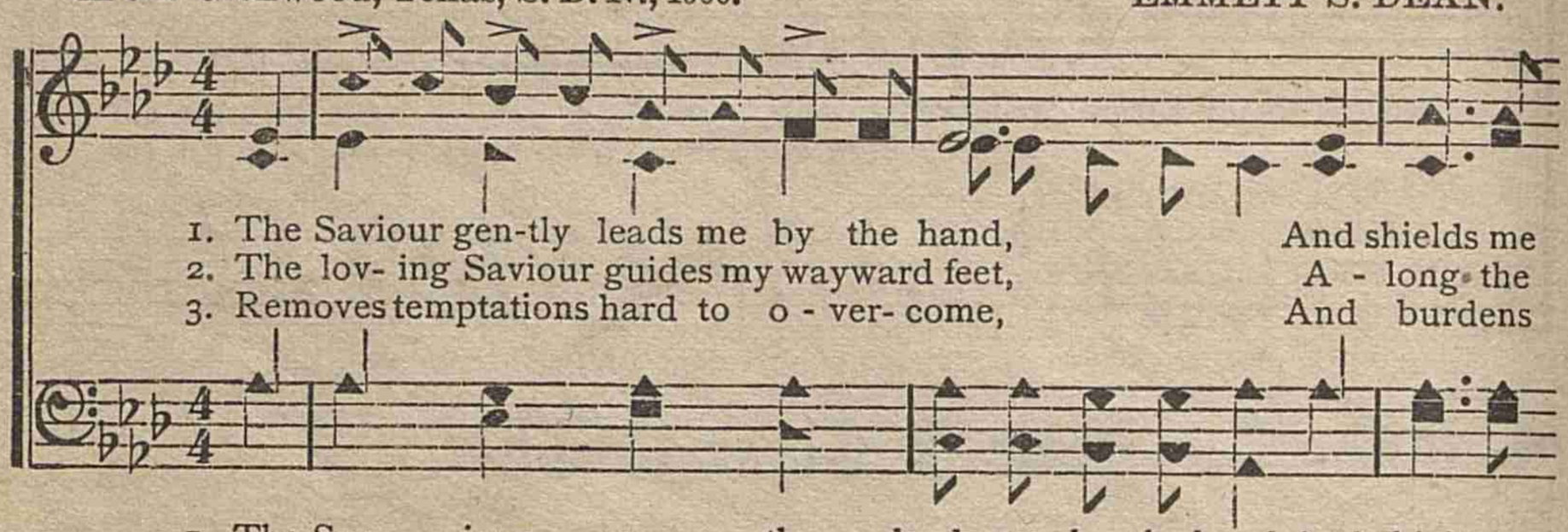
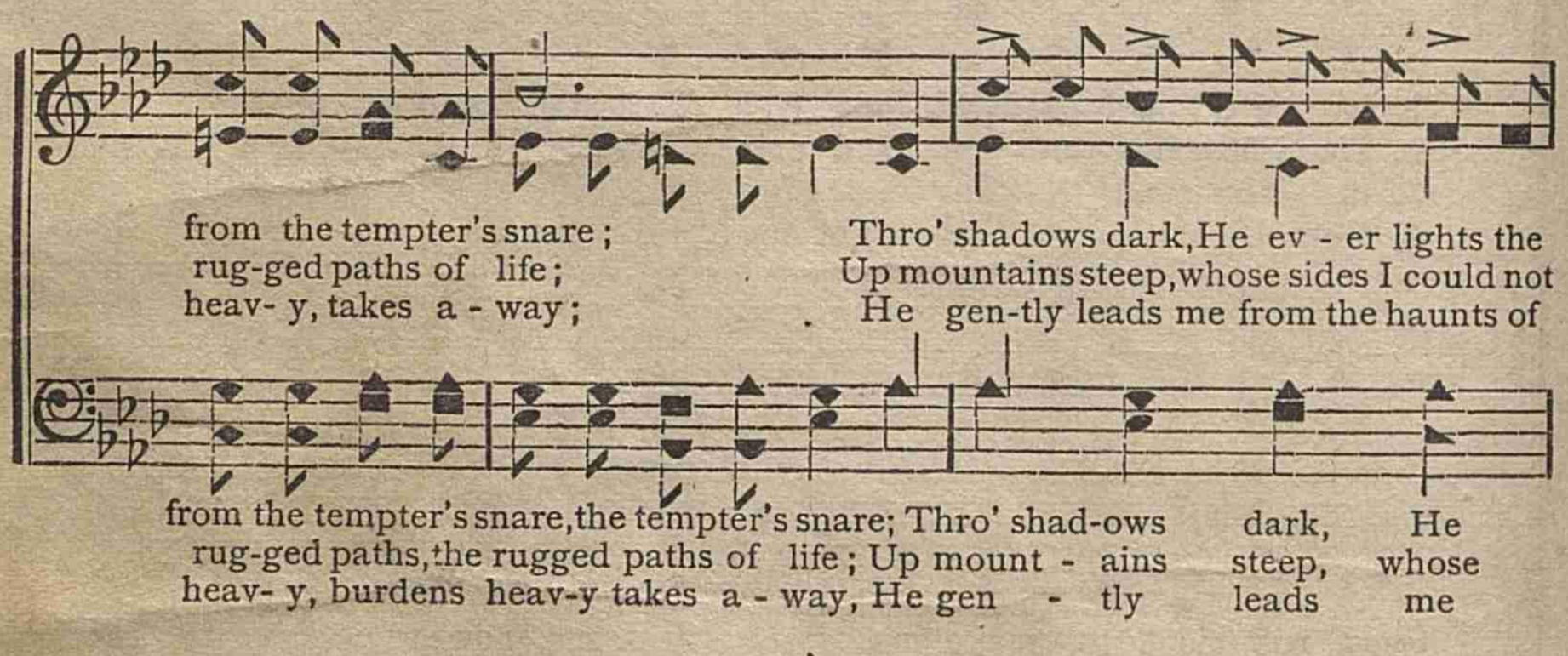
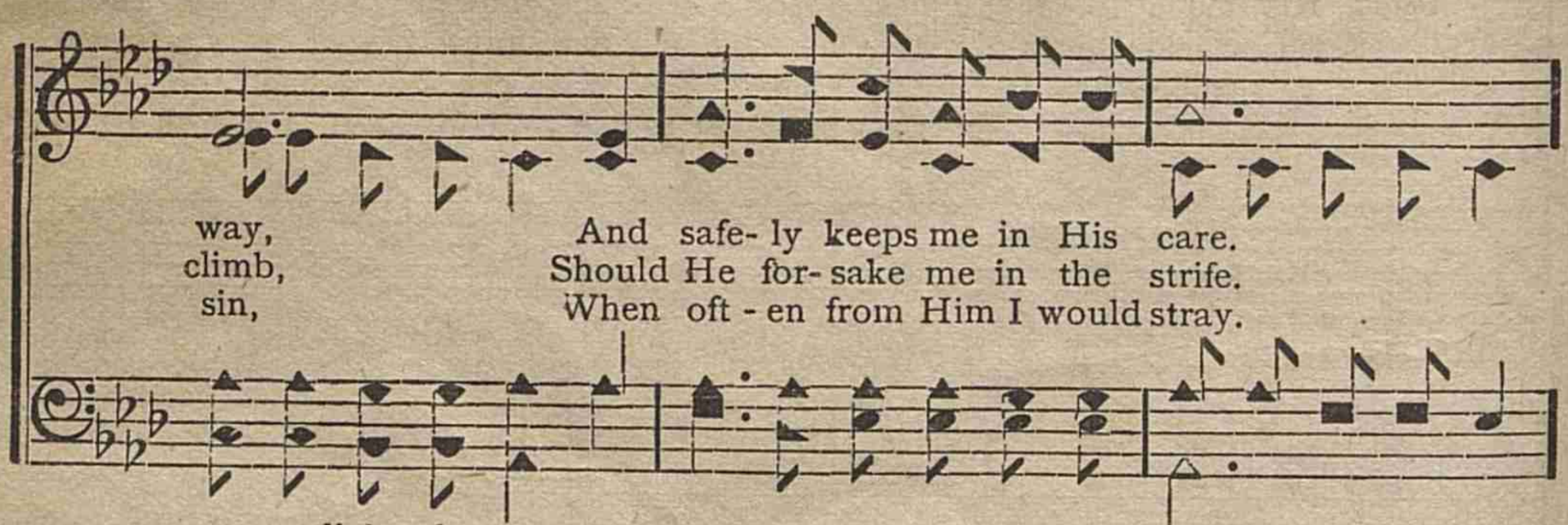
JAS. A. HEAD. GEO. W. SEBREN.

NO. 159.

He Leads Me.

Miss EULA FLORENCE,
in the Glenwood, Texas, S. D. N., 1900.

EMMETT S. DEAN.





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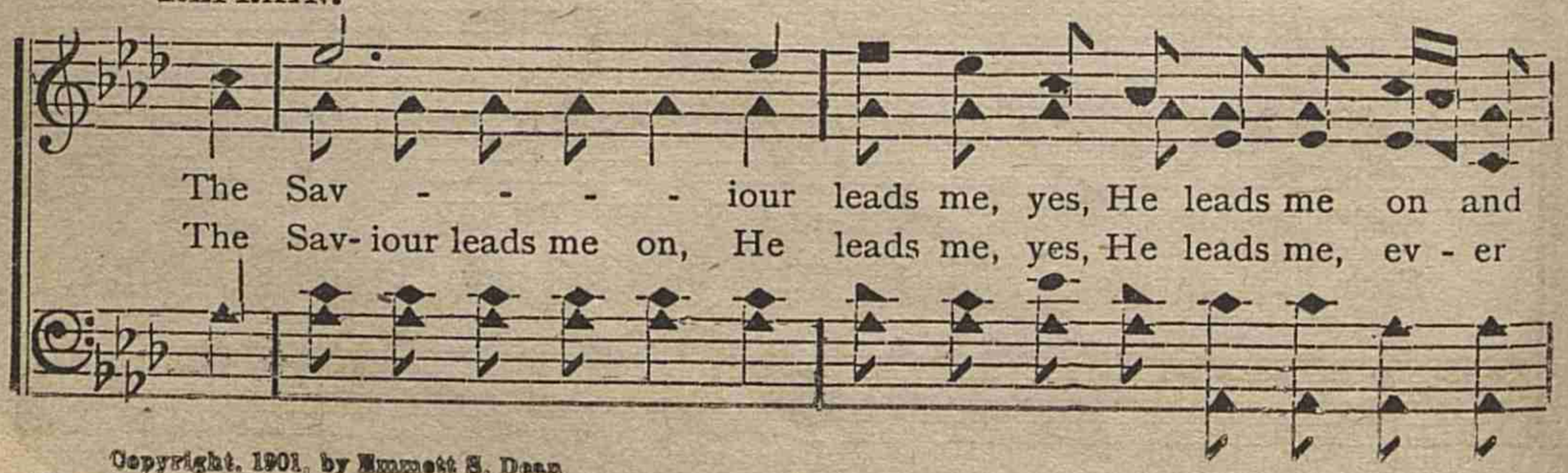
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He Leads Me.—Concluded.

on, Thro' shad- ows dark, He lights the way;
leads me on and on, He lights the way;

The Sav - - - - iour leads me, yes, He leads me on and
The Sav-iour leads me on, He leads me, yes, He leads me, ev - er

on, To man- sions fair and end-less day.
leads me on and on, that endless day.

NO. 160. Gratitude.

WATTS. Rev. AMI BOST.

1. My God, how end- less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry even-ing new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con - se - crate my days;

And morn-ing mer- cies from a-bove, Gently dis - till like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word re- stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
Per - pet - ual bless-ings from Thy hand Demand per- pet - ual songs of praise.

NO. 161.

How Sad Would It Be!

G. H. R. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. How sad would it be, then, if Je-sus should come, And leave me out-
2. How sad would it be, there, to see the great throng, Pass in at the
3. How sad would it be for the millions that day, Ex-pect-ing a

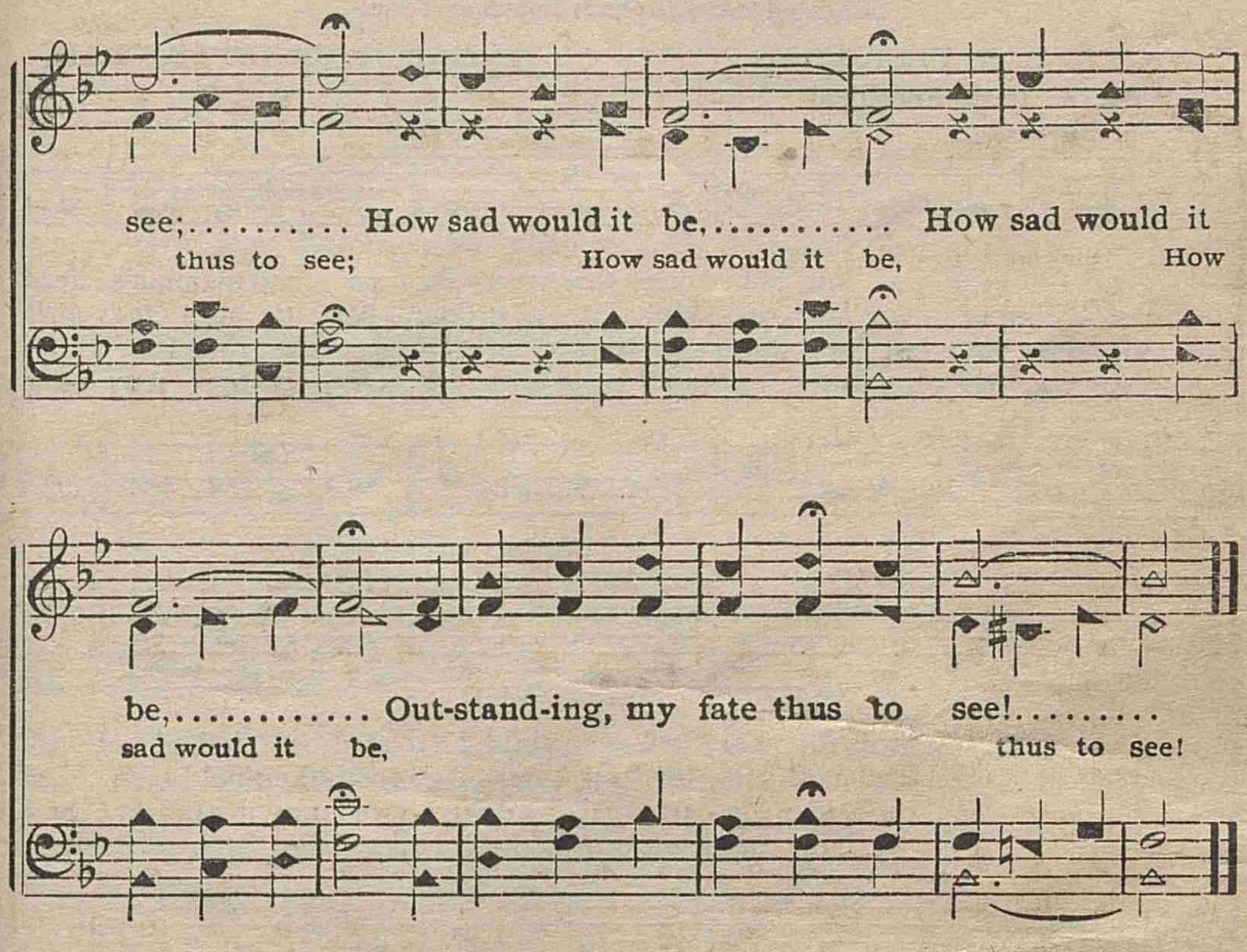
standing, a - lone; I'd know that the reapers had gathered the sheaves,
beau-ti - ful gate, While myriads outside, hear, "Depart ye from me,"
heav-en - ly crown, If turned in - to darkness and aw- ful dis - tress,

REFRAIN.

And left me to weep and to mourn! How sad would it be,.....
You're numbered with all who're too late.
By God's sin-a - veng-ing, just frown.
How sad would it be,

How sad would it be,..... Out-stand-ing, my fate thus to
How sad would it be,

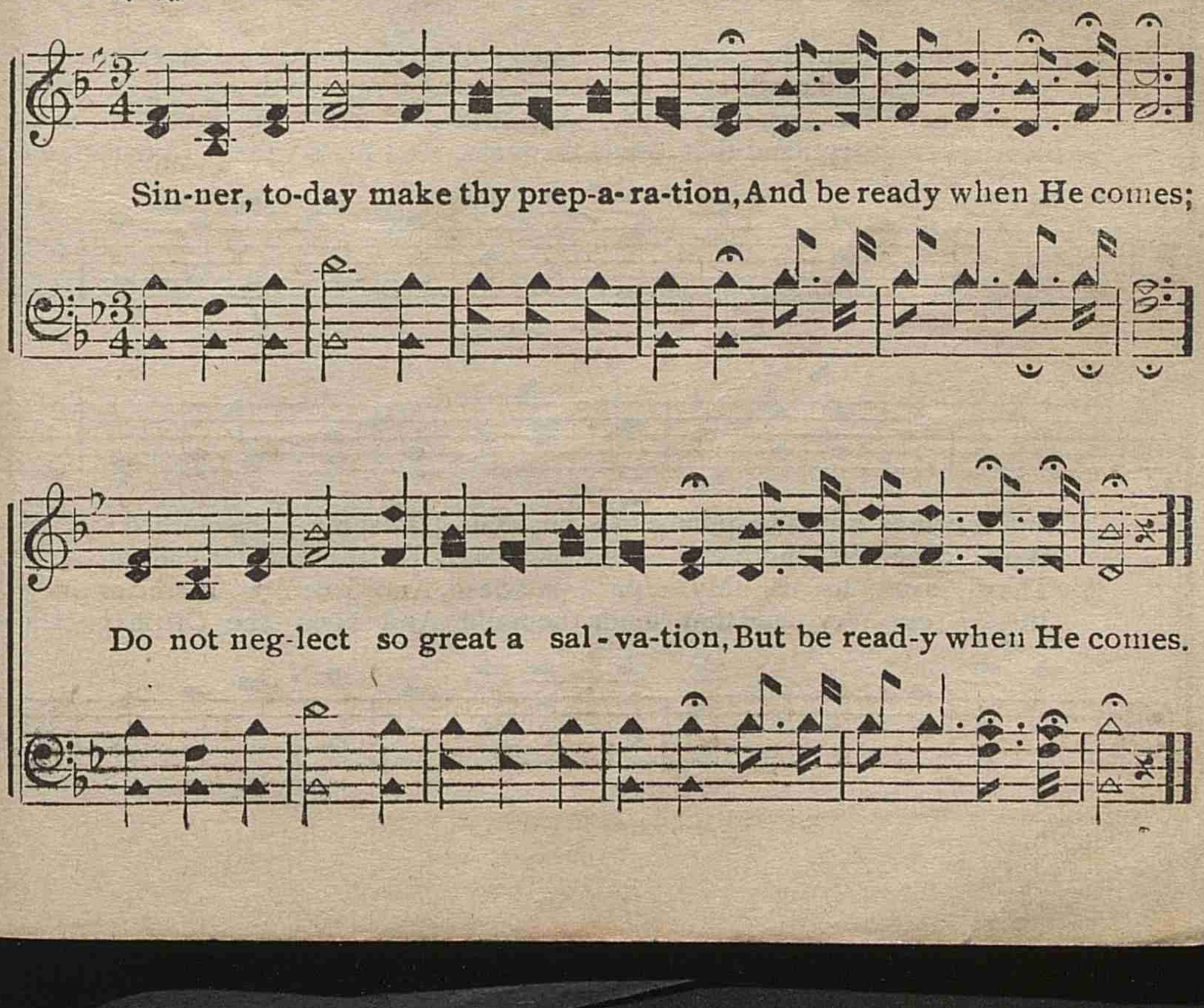
Copyright, 1904, by Ramsey & Parker.

How Sad Would It Be! Concluded.

NO 162.

Be Ready.

F. L. A.

F. L. EILAND.

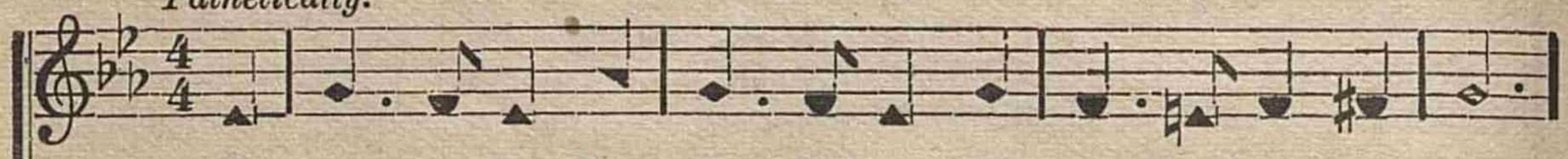
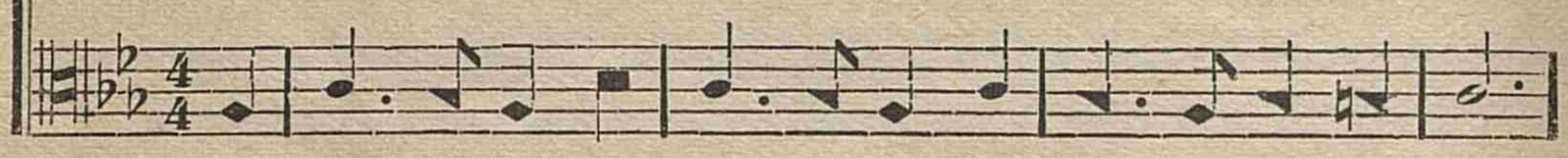
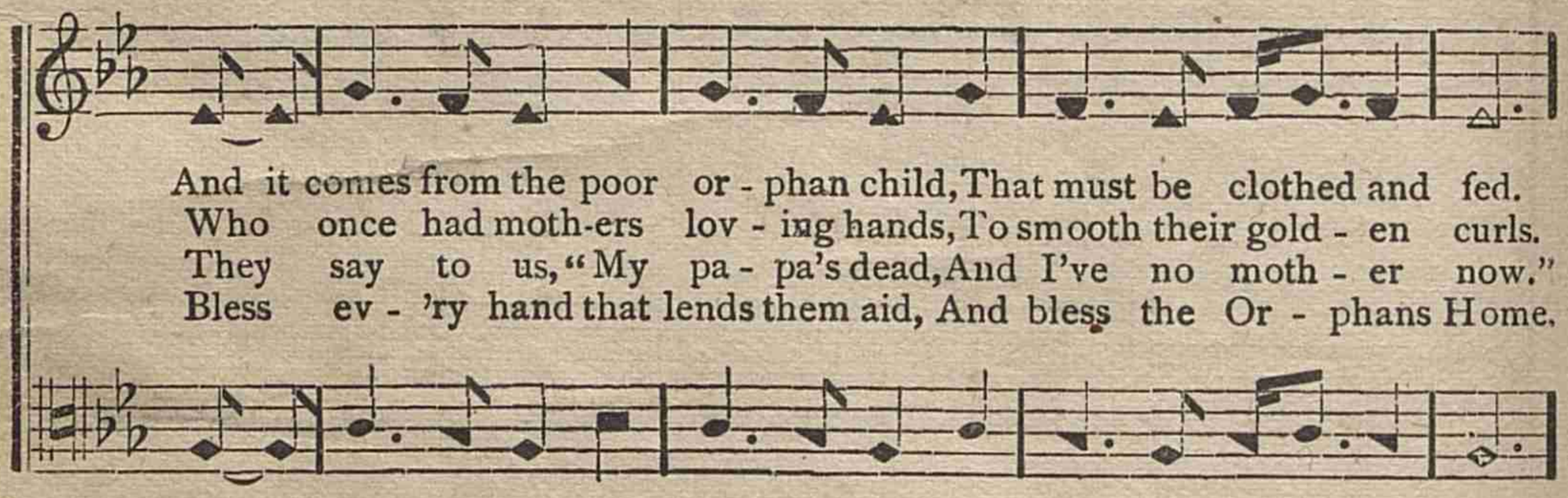


NO. 163. Saviour, Lead Them. (Orphans.)

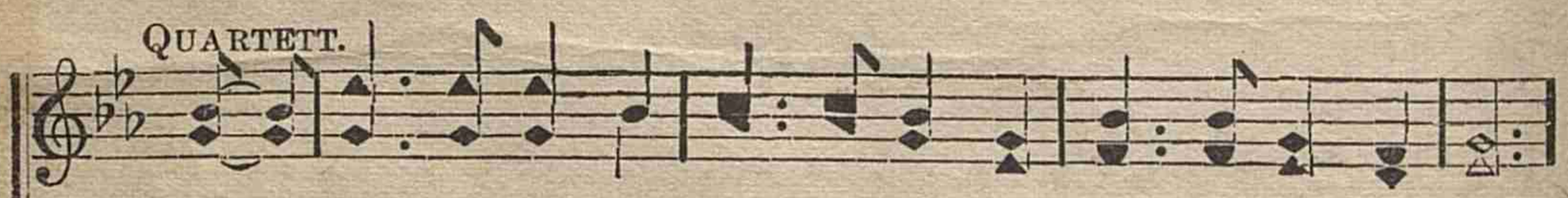
Dedicated to the Orphans Homes of Texas.

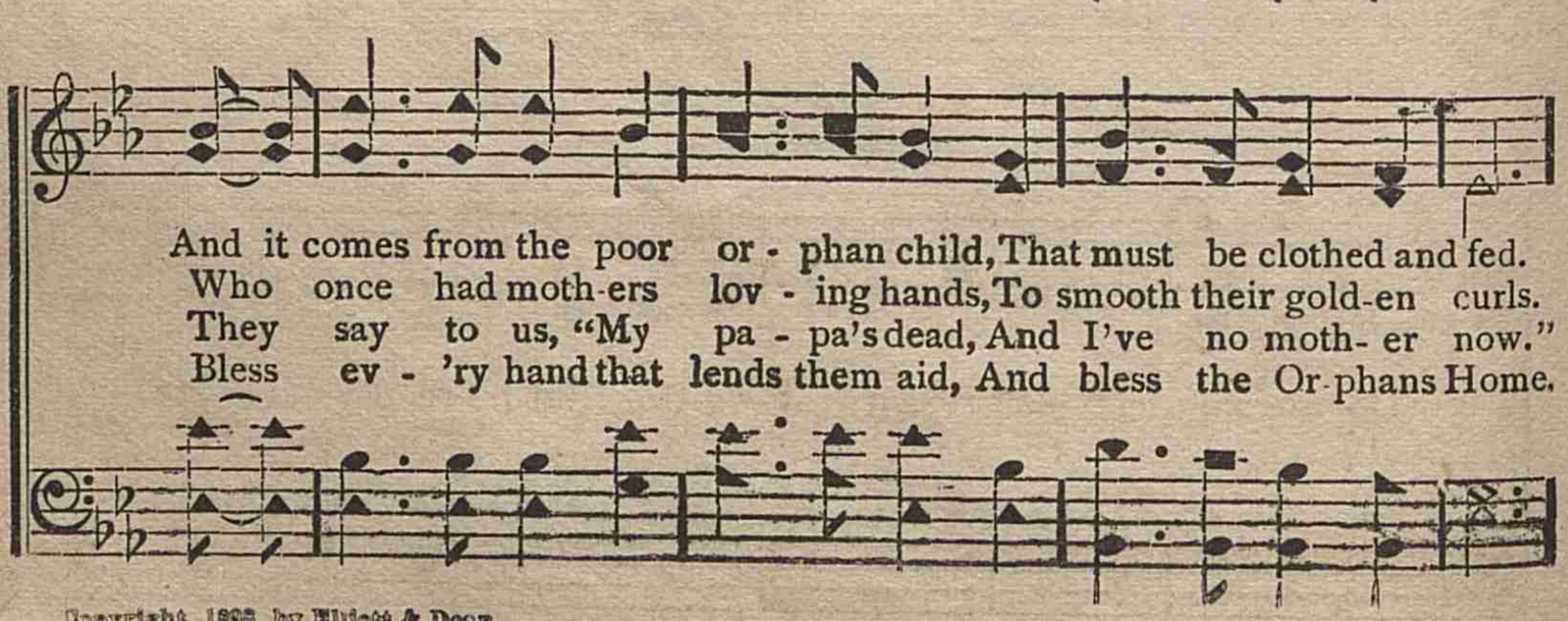
Words by H. W. ELLIOTT. **Music by EMMETT S. DEAN.**

DUET. Sop. and Ten.

Pathetically.

1. I hear a low faint voice that says, "Pa - pa and mamma's dead;"
2. Think of the ma - ny chil - dren now, Poor lit - tle boys and girls;
3. But now we see those once trained curls, Hang careless round their brow;
4. O! Sav - iour, ev - 'ry or - phan bless, Where-ev - er they may roam;



And it comes from the poor or - phan child, That must be clothed and fed.
Who once had moth-ers lov - ing hands, To smooth their gold - en curls.
They say to us, "My pa - pa's dead, And I've no moth - er now."
Bless ev - 'ry hand that lends them aid, And bless the Or - phans Home.

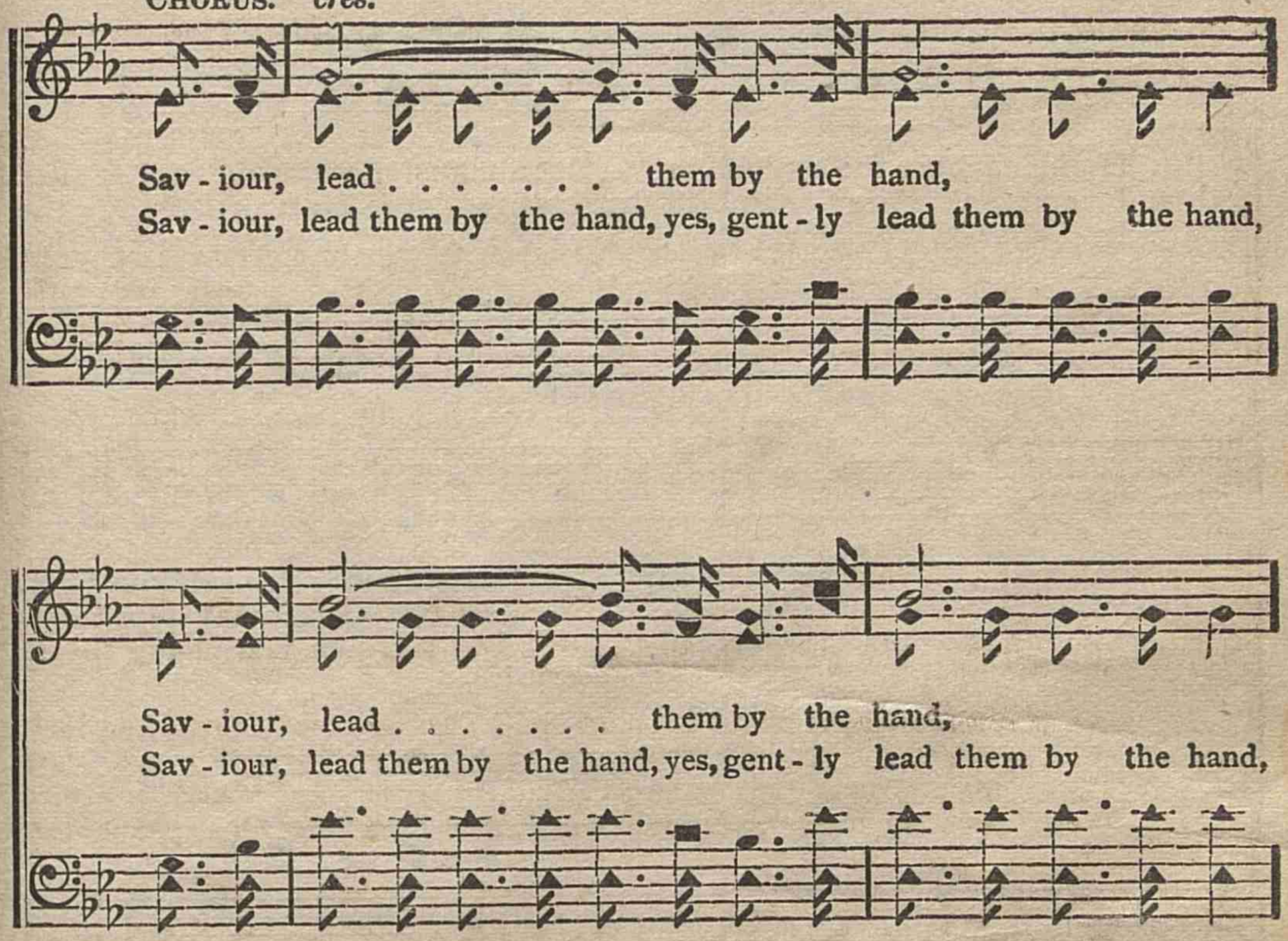
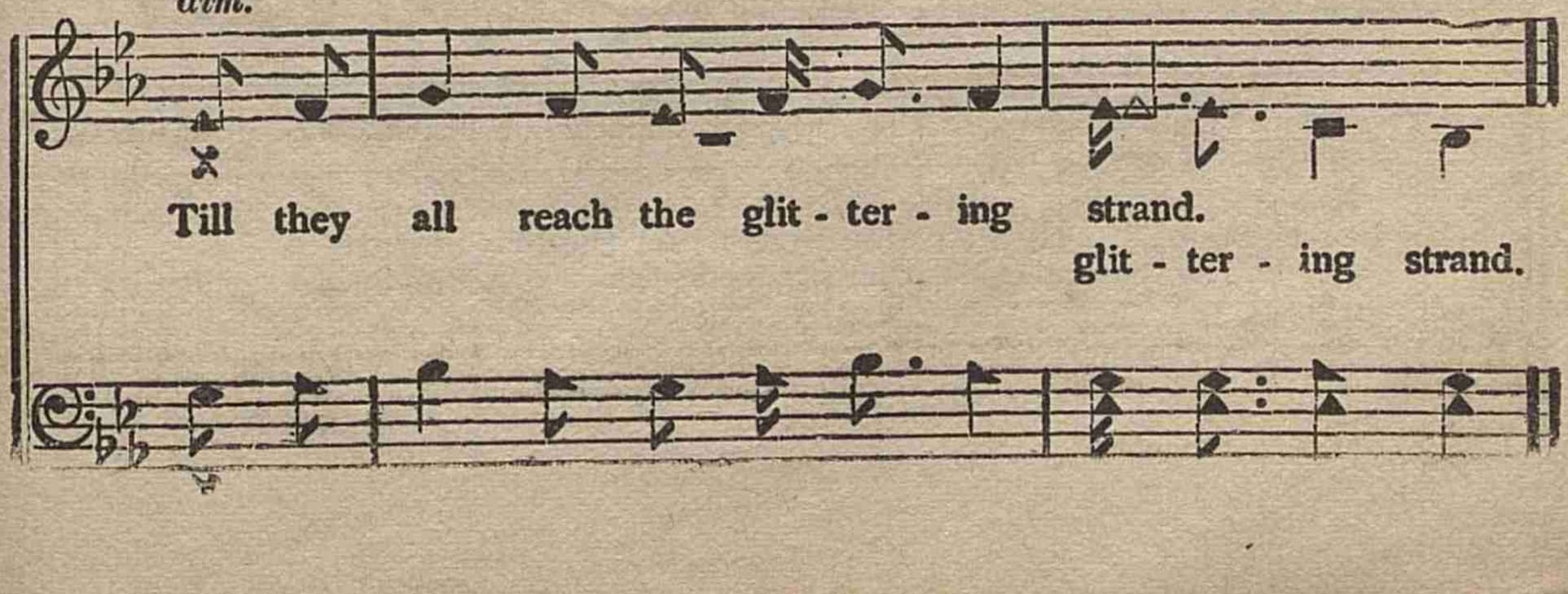
QUARTETT.

And it comes from the poor or - phan child, That must be clothed and fed;
Who once had moth-ers lov - ing hands, To smooth their gold-en curls;
They say to us, "My pa - pa's dead, And I've no moth - er now;"
Bless ev - 'ry hand that lends them aid, And bless the Or-phans Home;



And it comes from the poor or - phan child, That must be clothed and fed.
Who once had moth-ers lov - ing hands, To smooth their gold-en curls.
They say to us, "My pa - pa's dead, And I've no moth - er now."
Bless ev - 'ry hand that lends them aid, And bless the Or-phans Home.

Copyright, 1893, by Elliott & Dean.

Saviour, Lead Them. (Orphans.)—Concluded.

CHORUS. *cres.*

dim.

NO. 164.

For the Soul That's Redeemed.

Copyright, 1906, by Acuff & Evridge.

JAMES ROWE. WM. D. EVRIDGE.

1. Homeless here the soul may rove, But a mansion waits above, For the soul that's redeemed; Here the way is sel-dom fair;
2. Friends below are few and rare, Countless friends are waiting there, For the soul that's redeemed; Here by toil each day depressed,
3. In that hap- py world above There is peace and there is love, For the soul that's redeemed; And a crown is wait-ing there,

For the soul that's re - deemed;

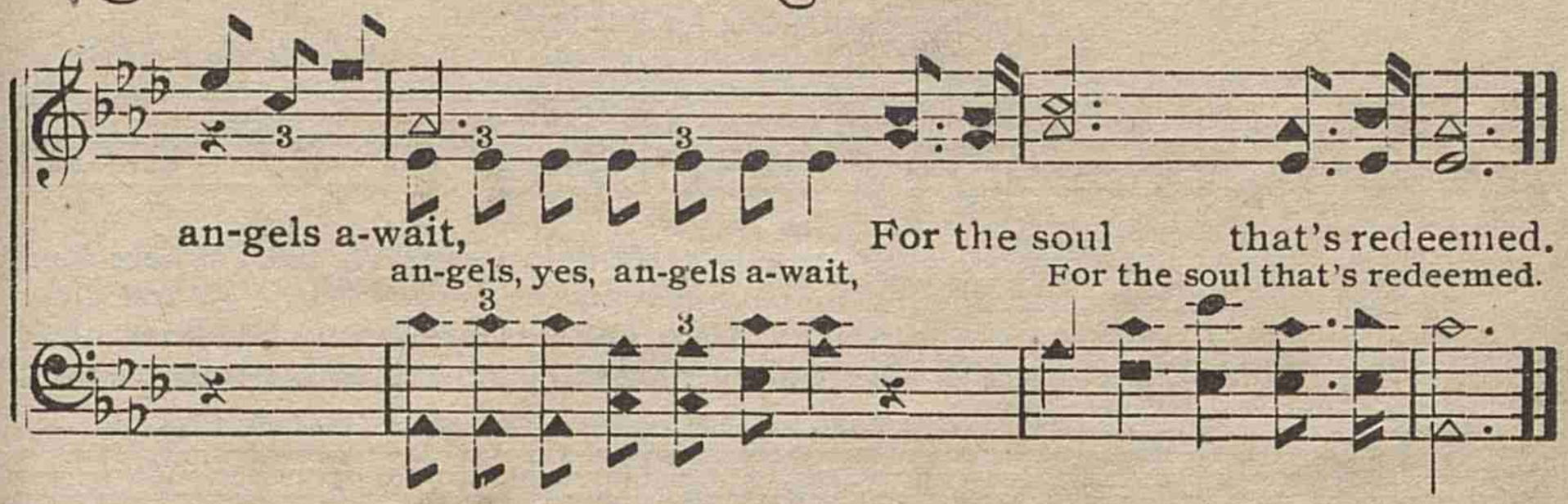
Streets of gold are shining there, For the soul that's redeemed.
Yon- der sweet, e- ter - nal rest, For the soul that's redeemed.
Decked with gems of beauty rare, For the soul that's redeemed.

For the soul

CHORUS.

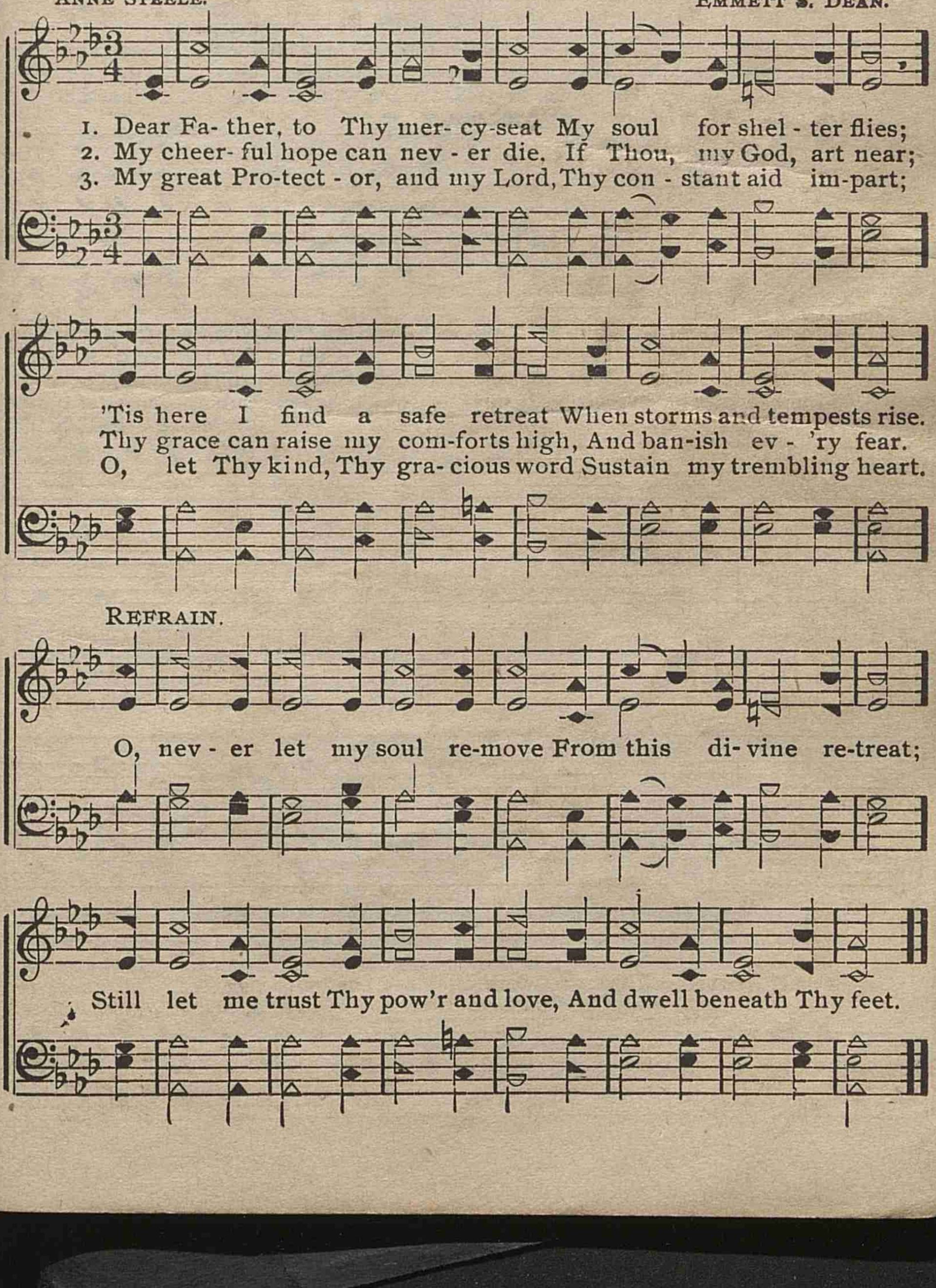
Brighter the way groweth each day,
Brighter and brighter the way groweth, yes, groweth each day,

For the soul that's redeemed; At the bright gate.
For the soul that's redeemed; At the bright, beautiful gate,

For the Soul That's Redeemed—Concluded.

NO. 165.

My Safe Retreat.

Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean.

ANNE STEELE. EMMETT S. DEAN.

NO. 166.

Cross of Calvary.

A special contribution for this book.

J. W. CARR. CASA H. CARR.

1. On the rug - - ged cross of Cal - va - ry, (I see,) Where the
2. Yes, He 'rose..... triumph- ant from the grave(He rose!) Burst the
3. He as - cend - - ed to His Father's throne, (above,) Sent the
4. Oh, that home..... He has pre-pared us there, (so fair,) There, we'll

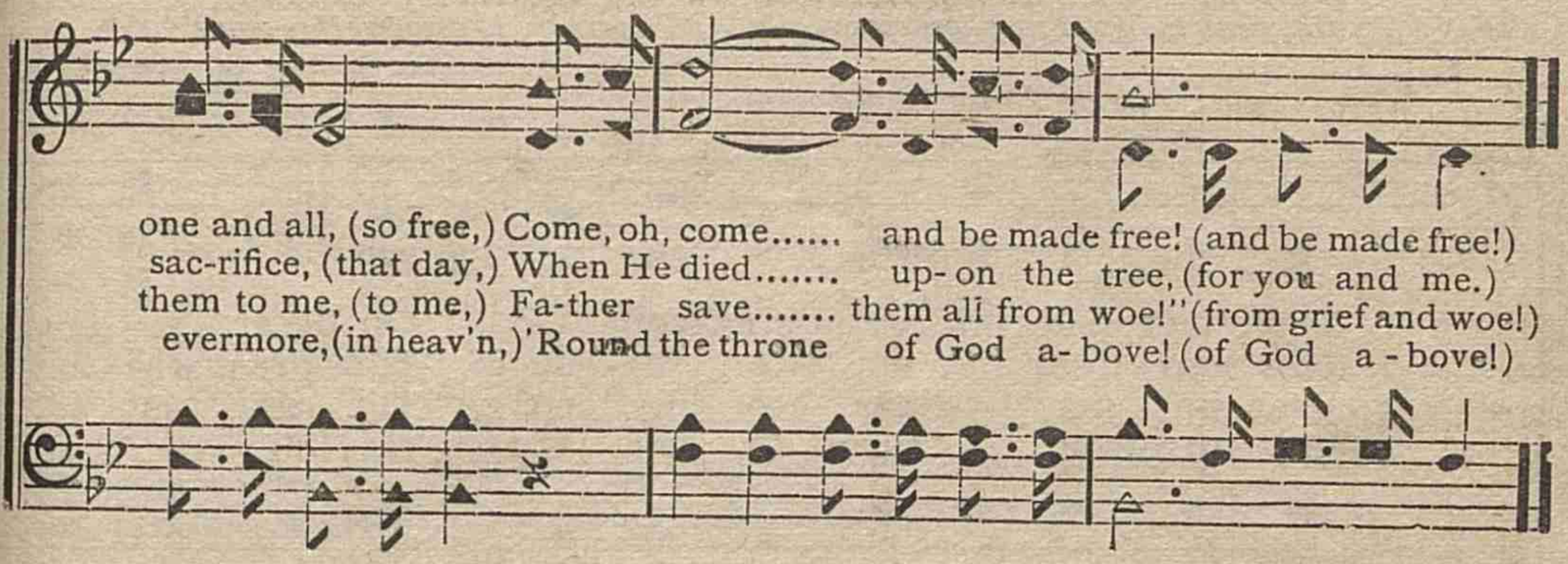
Son..... of God was slain,(of God was slain,)Hanging there,..... in shame and
bars..... a - sun-der there, (asunder there,) There He died,..... but now, He
Ho - ly Spir - it down,(the Spirit down,)Made a way..... that we might
dwell..... in perfect peace,(in perfect peace,)And the joy..... that there will

mis - er - y, (for me,) Suf - fer - ing..... with grief and pain,(with grief and pain,)
lives again, (a-gain,) Pre-cious Son..... of God so fair,) (of God so fair,)
all be one,(in love,) That we all..... might wear a crown!(might wear a crown!)
fill our hearts,(with love,) It will nev - - er, nev-er cease! (no, nev - er cease!)

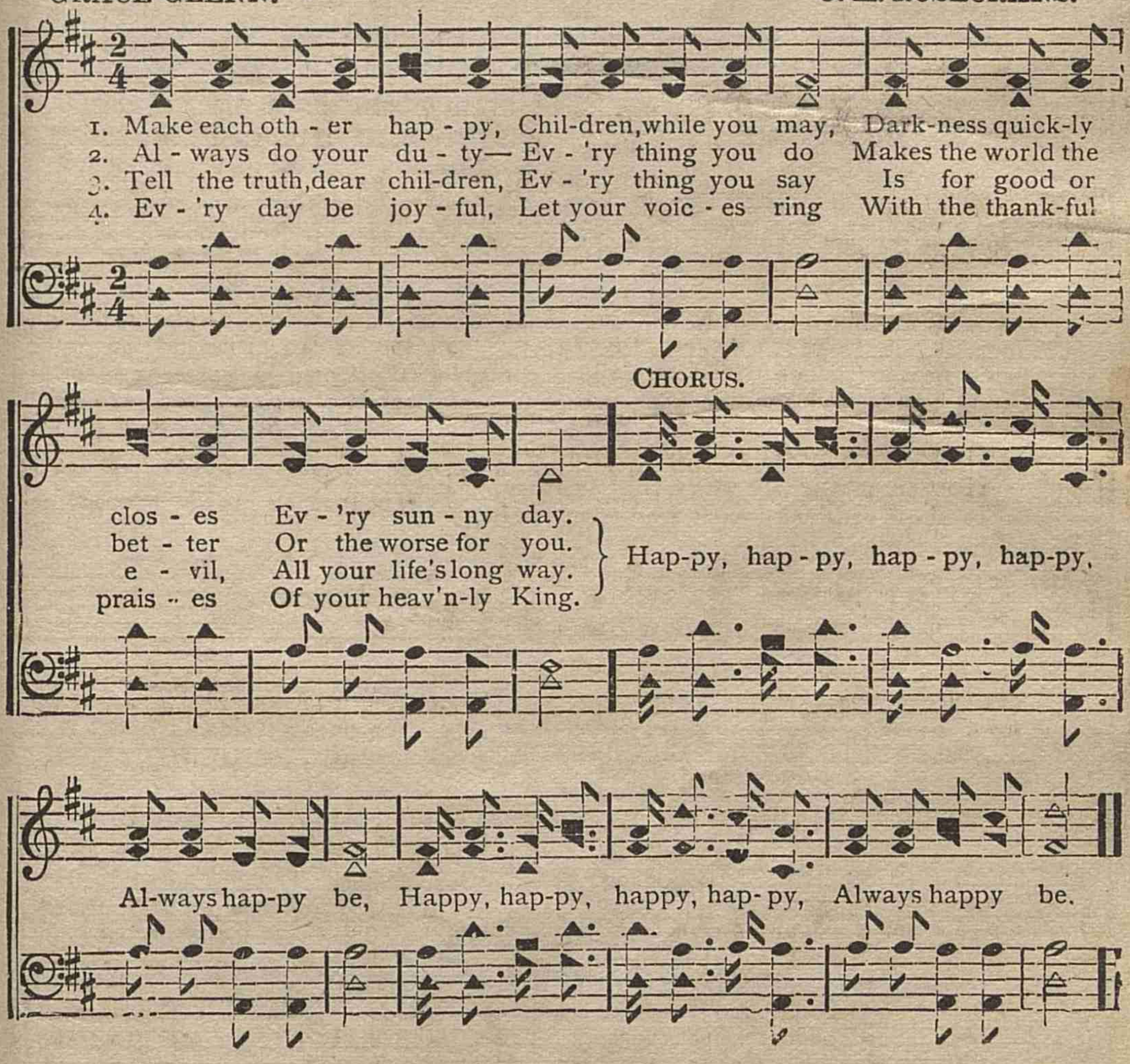
Oh, the grief..... He bore for sin - ful man! (like me,)While He
Oh, poor sin - - - ful man wilt thou not turn? (and live?) Turn, oh,
There He in - - - ter-cedes for lov - ing ones, (to-day,) Who o -
And the saints..... gone on will greet us there! (what joy!) In that

suf - - fered on the tree, (the cruel tree,) Shed His blood..... for sin-ners,
turn..... and be made free! (from all your sins!)There, He of - - fered up the
bey..... Him here be-low, (Him here below,) Saying, "Thou..... hast giv - en
home.... where all is love,(where all is love,)And we'll sing..... His praise for

Copyright, 1901, by J. W. and C. H. Carr

Cross of Calvary.—Concluded.

NO. 167. Make Each Other Happy.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

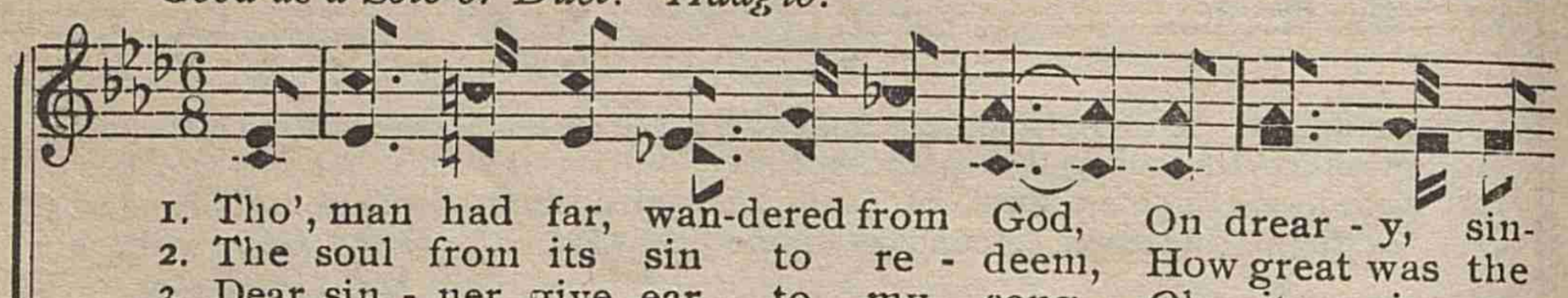


NO. 168 He Sends a Good Shepherd that Way!

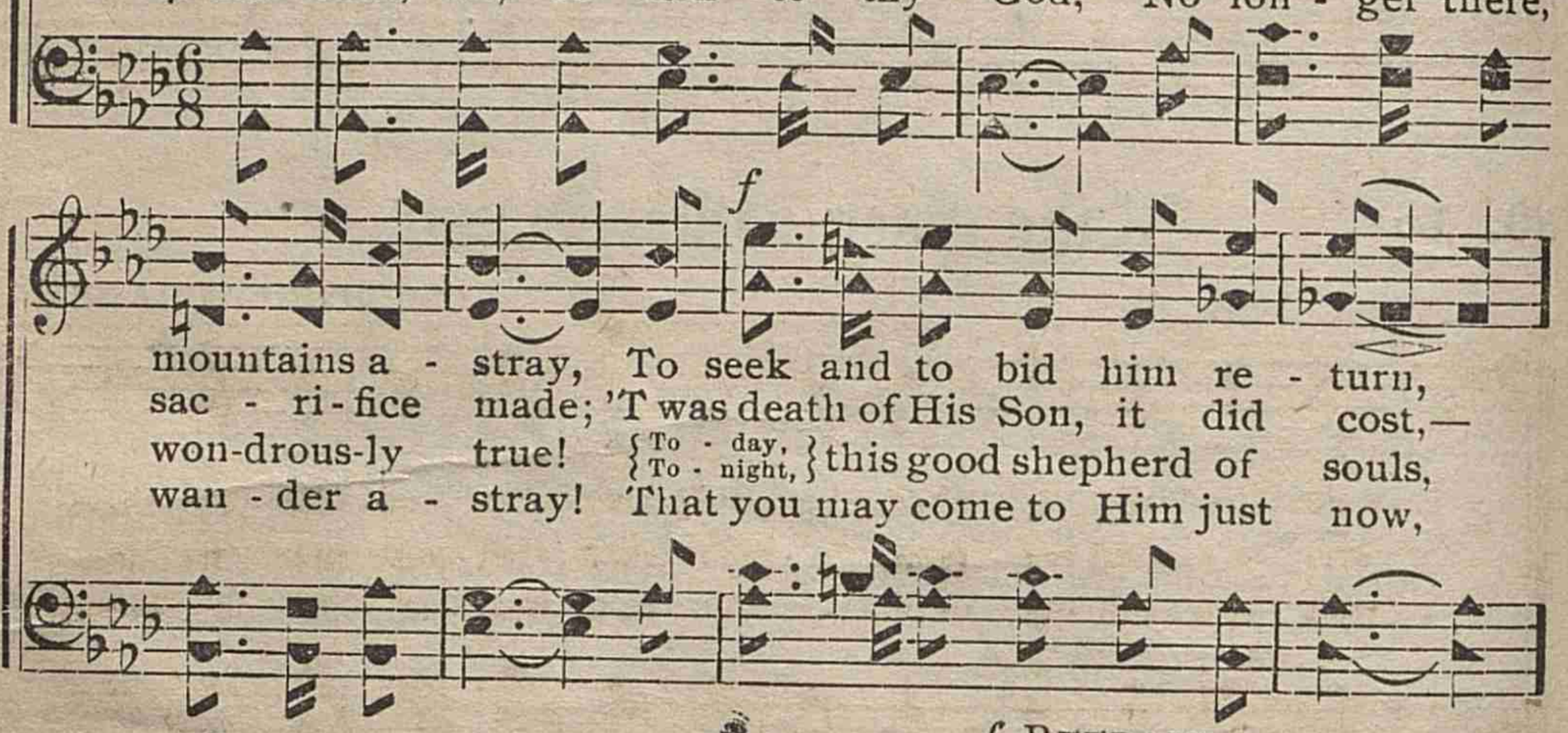
Sad soul, why yet, wander from God? There, going still farther astray,
Oh, hear the good shepherd who calls, And hearken, to come ye this way!

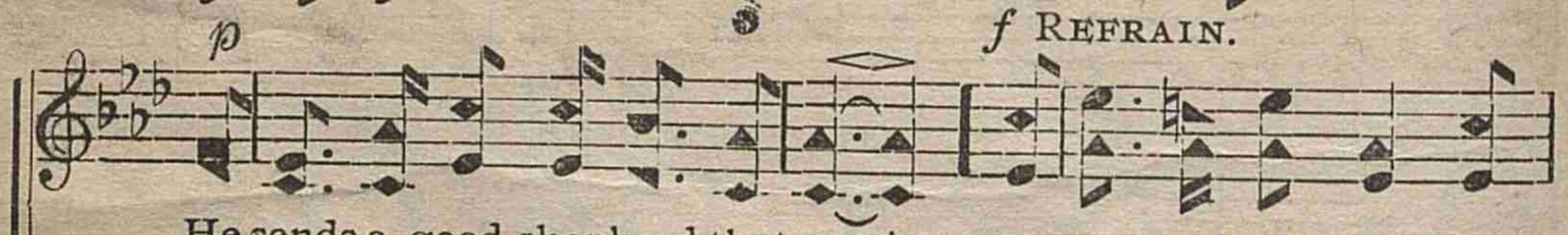
F. L. EILAND. J. W. ACUFF.

Good as a Solo or Duet. Adagio.

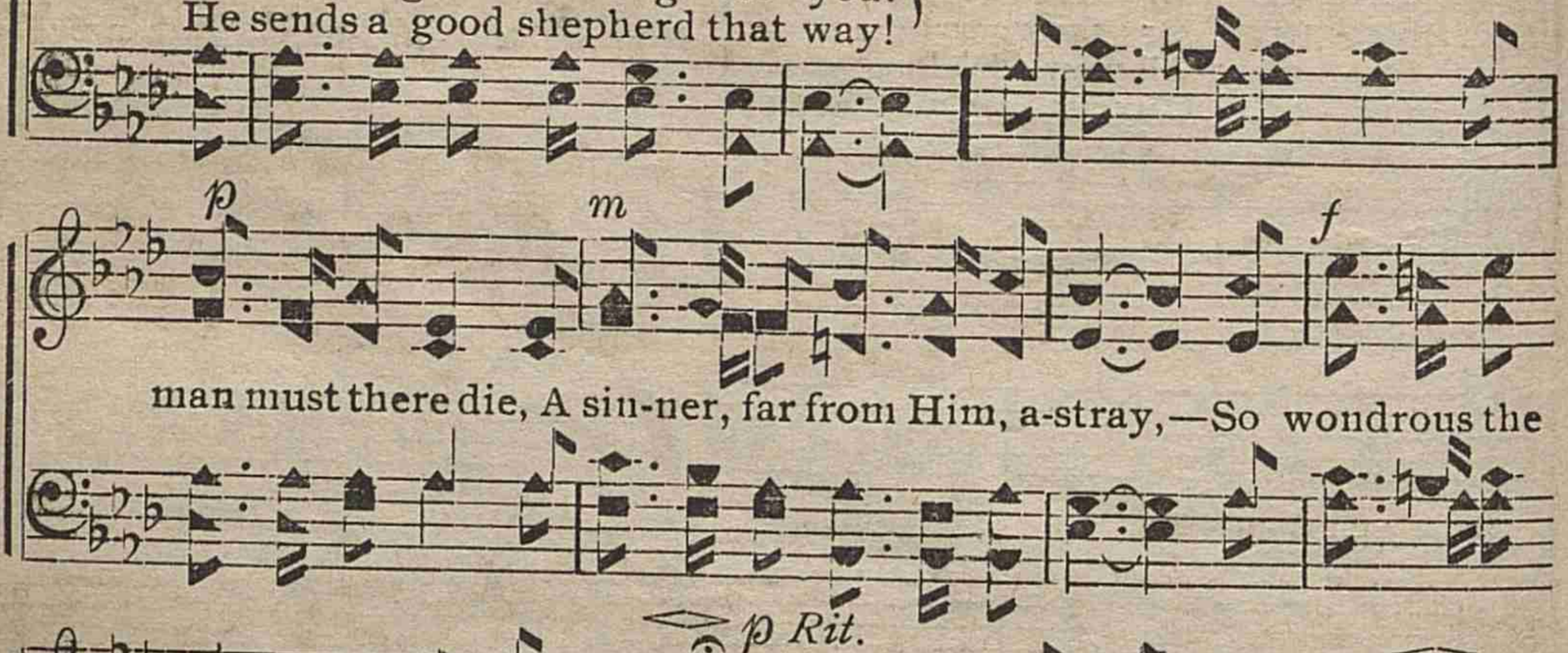


1. Tho', man had far, wan-dered from God, On drear - y, sin-
2. The soul from its sin to re - deem, How great was the
3. Dear sin - ner, give ear to my song, Oh, it is so
4. Re - turn, oh, re - turn to thy God, No lon - ger there,



mountains a - stray, To seek and to bid him re - turn,
sac - ri - fice made; 'T was death of His Son, it did cost,—
won-drous-ly true! {To - day, / To - night,} this good shepherd of souls,
wan - der a - stray! That you may come to Him just now,

p *f* REFRAIN.

He sends a good shepherd that way!
How dear was the price that He paid!
Is seek - ing and call - ing for you!
He sends a good shepherd that way!

His love, it did try, that

p *m* *f*

man must there die, A sin-ner, far from Him, a-stray,—So wondrous the

p Rit.

yearn, that he should return, He sends a good shepherd that way!

Copyright, 1905. by Dean & Hensley.

NO. 169.

By His Side.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.

1. When I am by His side, Who knows my ev-'ry care (my wants) my
2. I feel no dread of foes, For when they would come nigh (His arm) His
3. The storms tho' fierce and wild, Can give me no un - rest, (He calls) He

wants are all sup - plied, (sup-plied) And I'm con - tent - ed there.
arm a - round me goes, (it goes) And they must pass me by.
calls come near my child, (my child) Still near - er to my breast.

CHORUS.

Safe - ly hid - ing, hid-ing from all dan-ger, By my lov - ing Saviour's side,
Rest - ing.
Sweet-ly rest-ing on His lov-ing bo - som, And my wants are all supplied.

NO. 170.

Christ is All I Need.

BUNYAN. A. BUNYAN LITTLE.

1. When the shadows gather o'er my way, Christ is all I need,
2. When the judge of all the earth shall come, Christ is all I need,
3. I will stand behind the crim-son cross, Christ is all I need,
4. When I'm called to tread the way a - lone, Christ is all I need,

Christ is all I need; When temp - ta - tions fain would
Christ is all I need, And shall ques - tion as to
Christ is all I need; There I'll nev - er, nev - er
Christ is all I need, And I stand be - fore the

lead a - stray, Christ is all I need, Christ is all I need.
what I've done, Christ is all I need, Christ is all I need.
suf - fer loss, Christ is all I need; Christ is all I need.
great white throne, Christ is all I need, Christ is all I need.

CHORUS.

Shout His praise for glo - ry, tell the sweet - est sto - ry,

Christ is all I need, Christ is all I need; He's my dearest Friend, on

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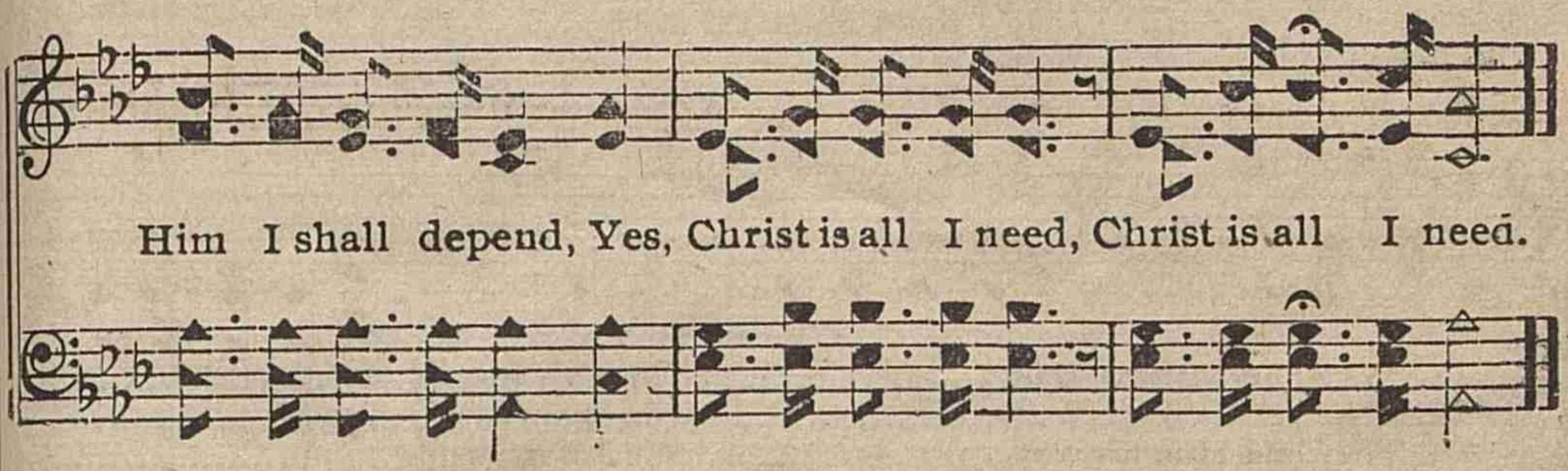
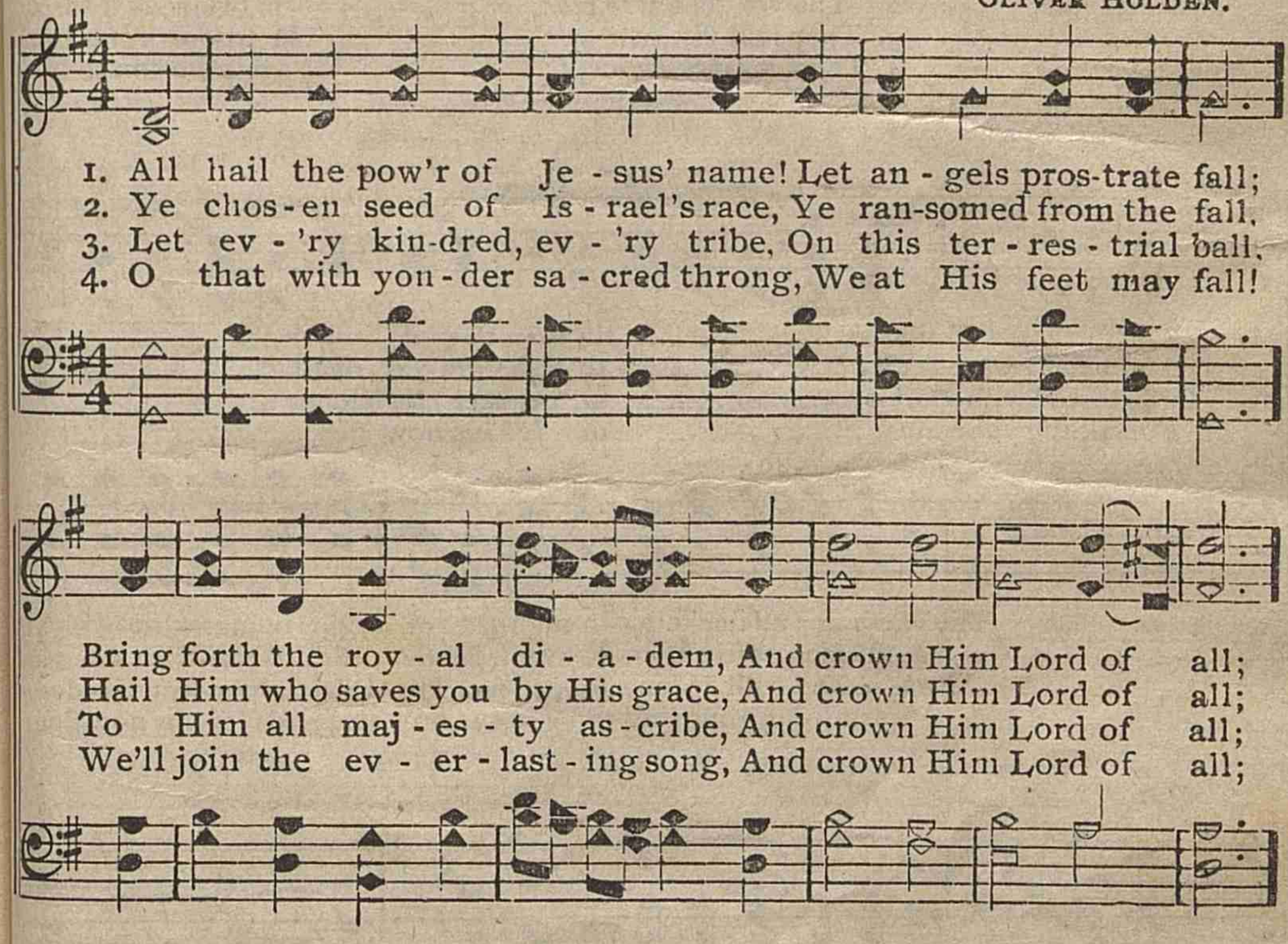
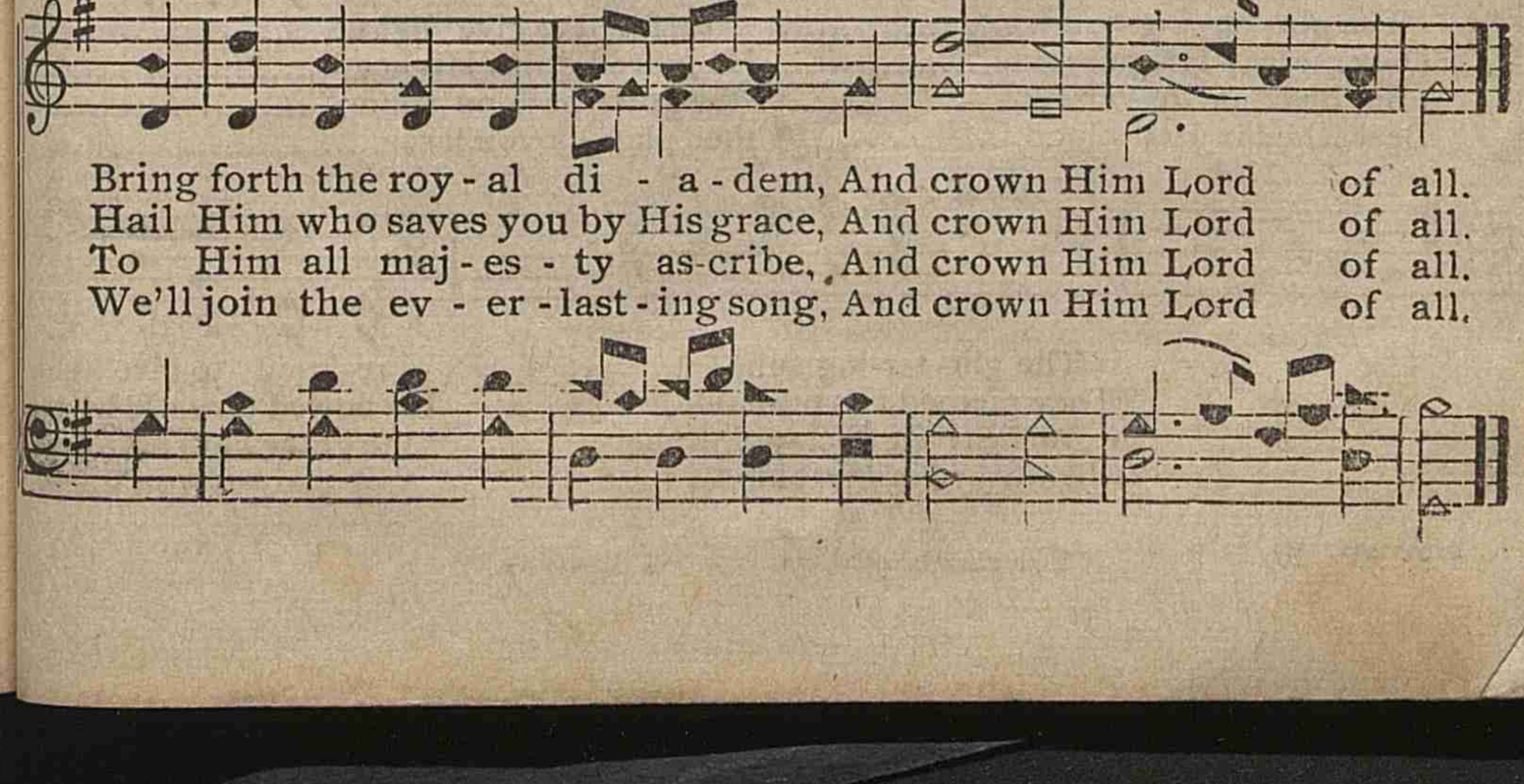

NO. 171.

Coronation.

The power of Thine all-glorious name, We hail, both great and small,
Comes forth the praise from every heart, To crown Thee, Lord of all.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

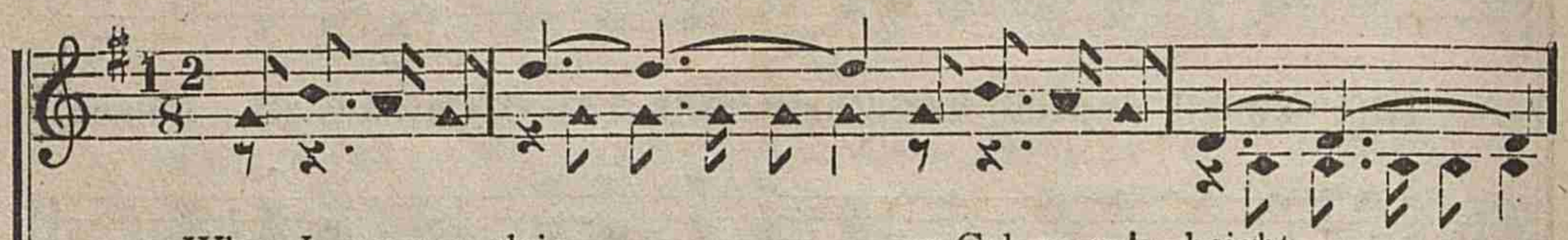
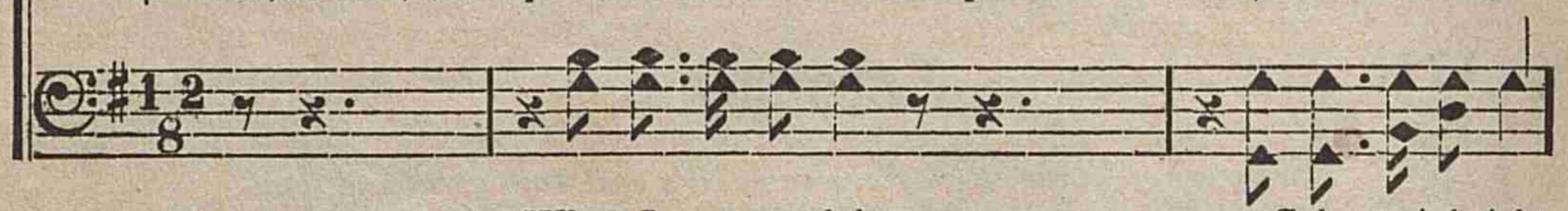
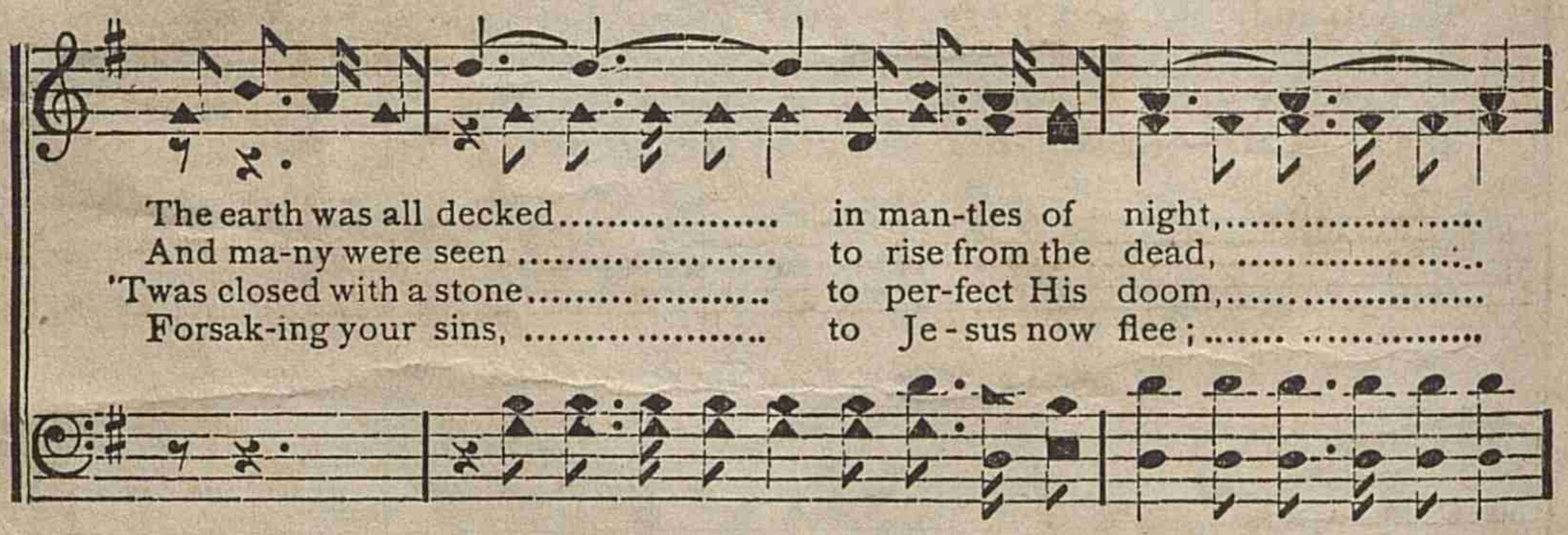




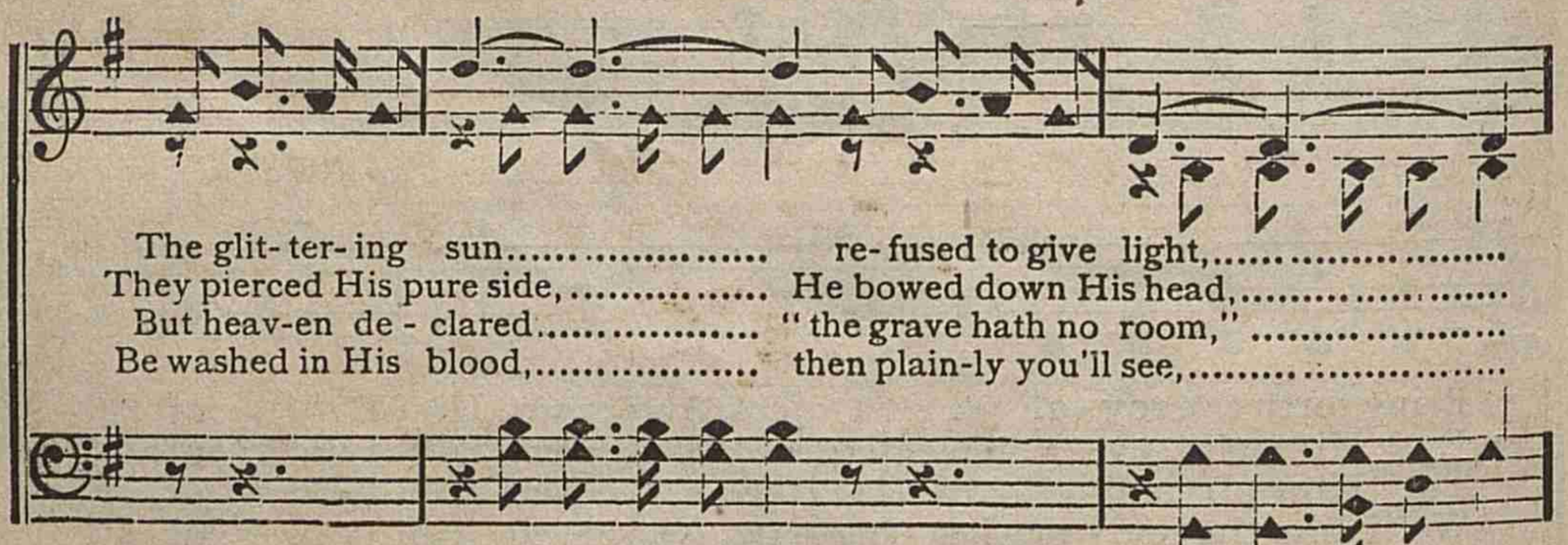
NO. 172.

He Ransomed Your Soul.

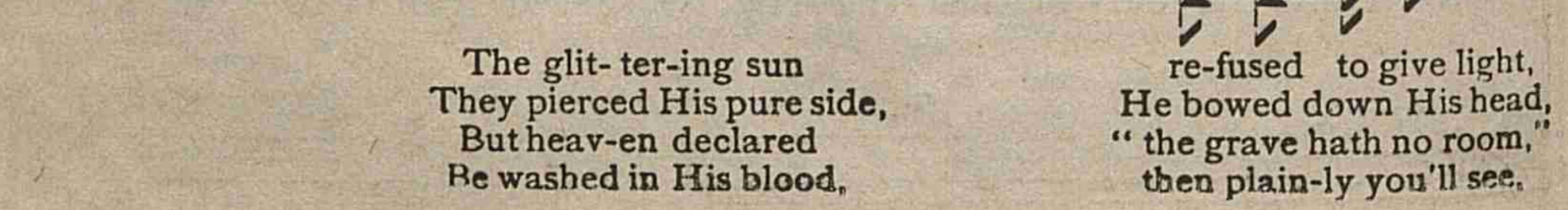
Read Matt. 27: 29-66.

Words and Music by G. H. RAMSEY.

1. When Je-sus was slain,..... on Cal- va-ry's height,.....
2. The veil then was rent, ... in twain as if thread,..... .....
3. They laid Him a - way ..... in Joseph's new tomb,.....
4. Then, sin-ner, ac- cept ..... this par-don so free,.....

1. When Jesus was slain, on Cal-vary's height,
2. The veil then was rent, in twain as if thread,
3. They laid Him a-way in Joseph's new tomb,
4. Then, sin-ner, ac-cept this pardon so free,

The earth was all decked..... in man-tles of night,.....
And ma-ny were seen ..... to rise from the dead, ...
'Twas closed with a stone..... to per-fect His doom,.....
Forsak-ing your sins, ... to Je - sus now flee; ....

The earth was all decked in man-tles of night, in man-tles of night,
And many were seen to rise from the dead, to rise from the dead,
'Twas closed with a stone to per-fect His doom, to per-fect His doom,
Forsak-ing your sins, to Je - sus now flee; to Je - sus now flee;



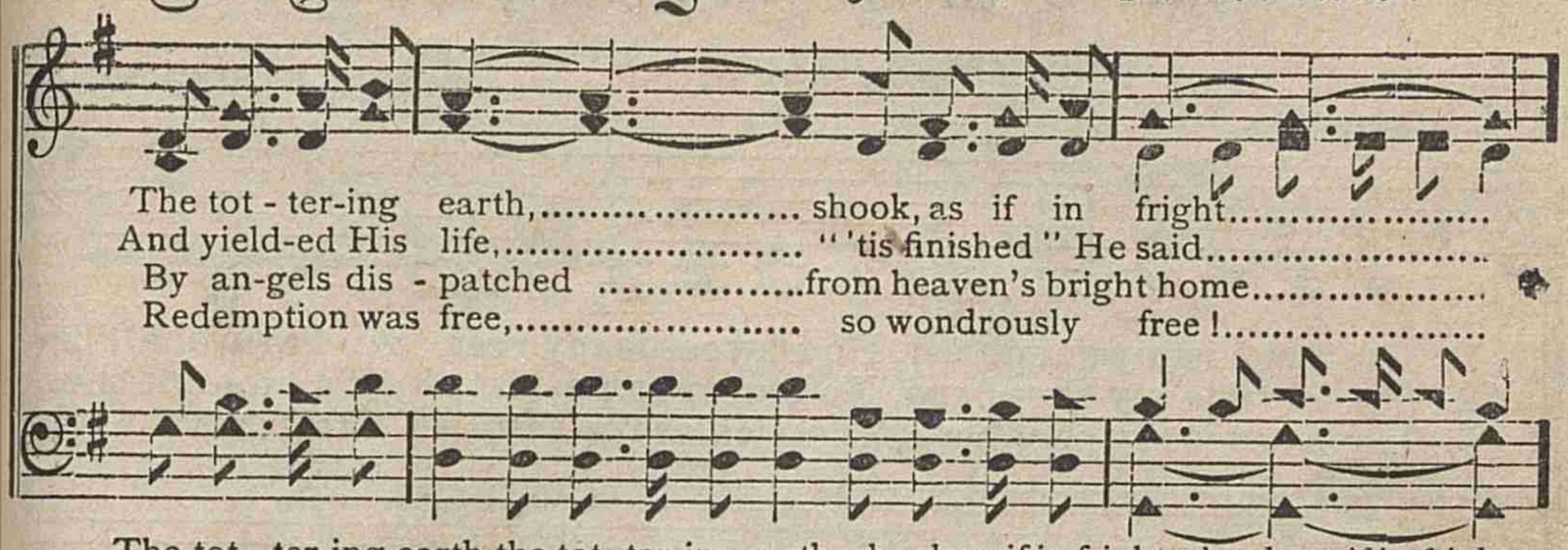
The glit- ter- ing sun..... re- fused to give light,.....
They pierced His pure side, ... He bowed down His head,.....
But heav-en de - clared..... "the grave hath no room," .....
Be washed in His blood,..... then plain-ly you'll see,.....



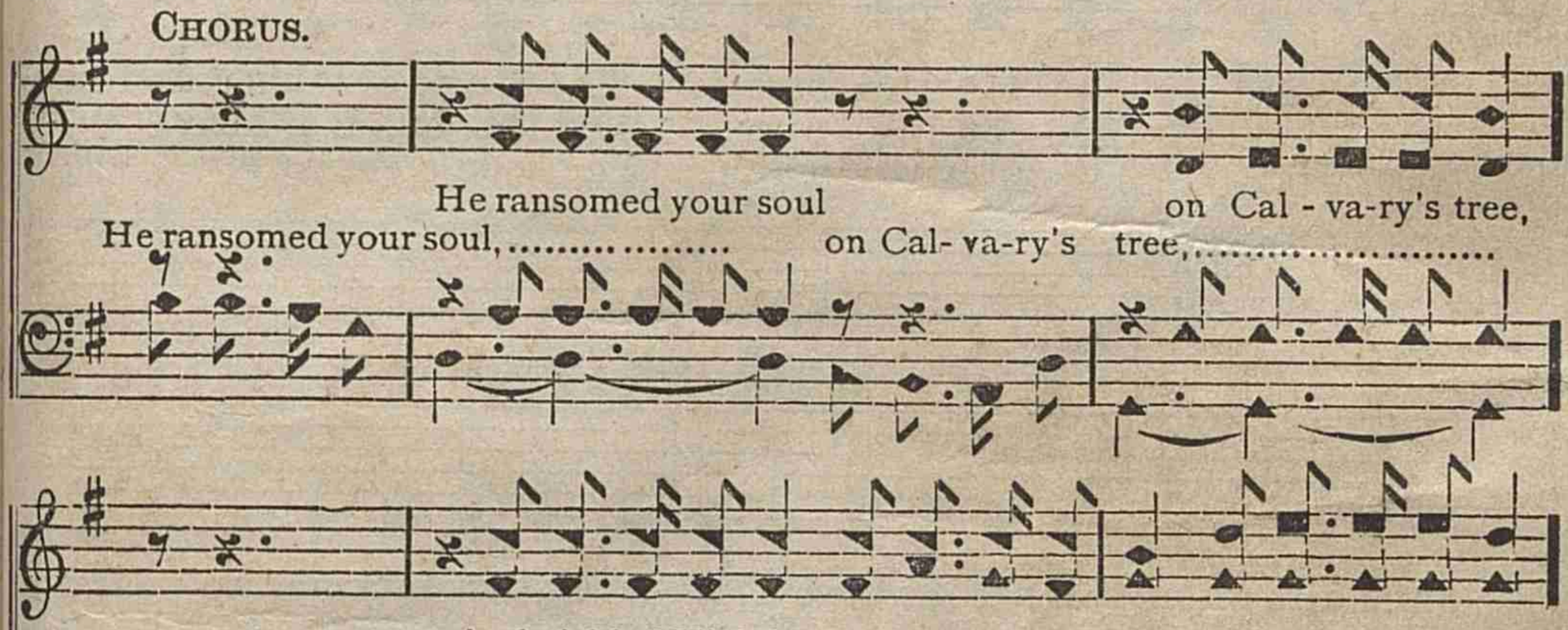
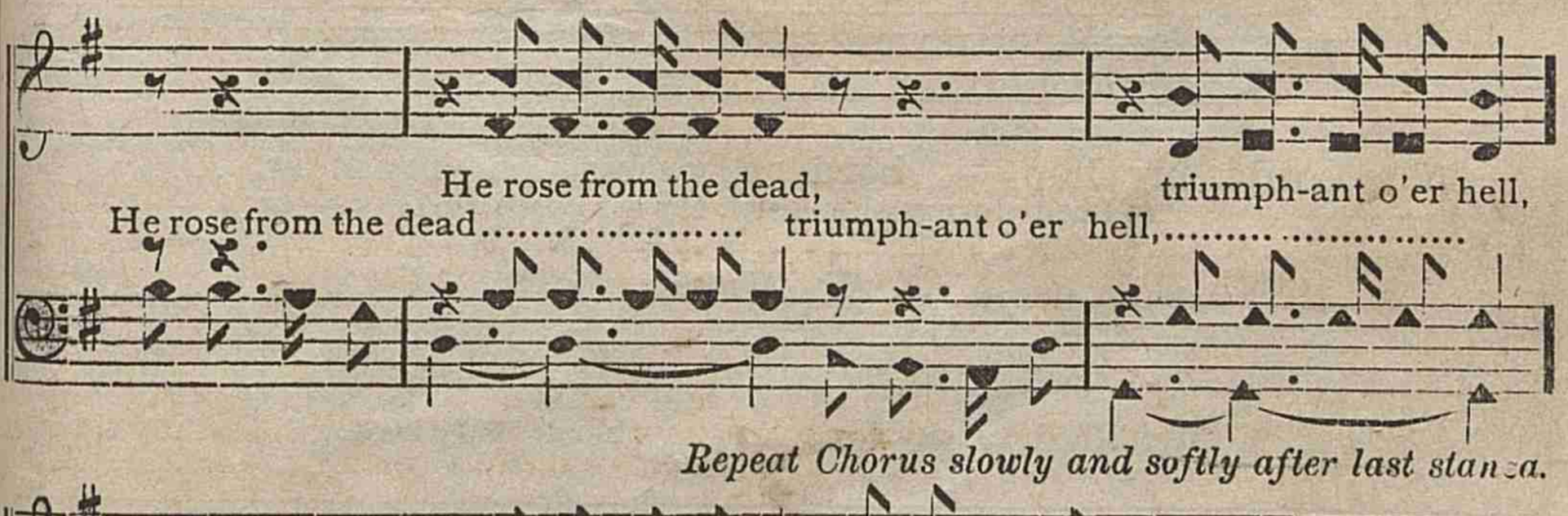
The glit- ter-ing sun re-fused to give light,
They pierced His pure side, He bowed down His head,
But heav-en declared "the grave hath no room,"
Be washed in His blood, then plain-ly you'll see.

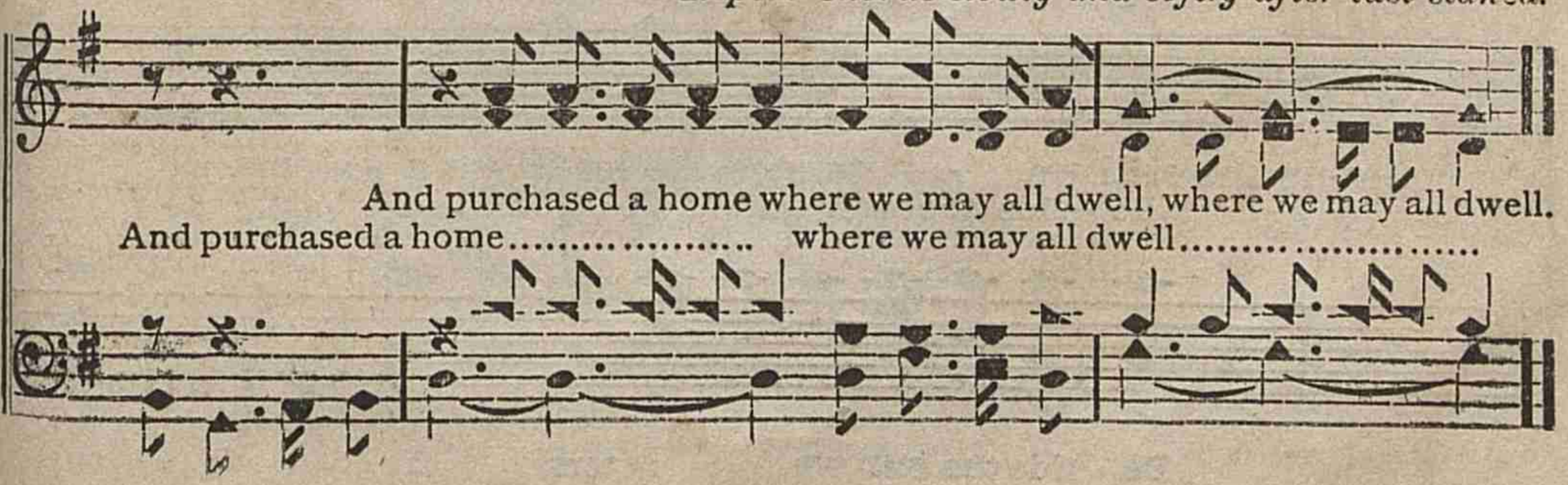
Copyright, 1899, by G. H. Ramsey

He Ransomed Your Soul.—Concluded.



The tot - ter-ing earth, the tot- ter-ing earth, shook, as if in fright, shook, as if in fright.
And yielded His life, and yielded His life, "'tis finished" He said, "'tis finished" He said.
By angels dispatched, by angels dispatched, from heaven's bright home.
from heaven's bright home,
Redemption was free, redemption was free! So wondrously free! so wondrously free!

CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus slowly and softly after last stanza.



NO. 173. The Lord Is My Shepherd.

Copyright, 1906, by The Ruebush-Kieffer Co. By per.

W. H. R.

WILL. H. RUEBUSH.

DUET.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, How sweet is my rest, No harm shall be-
2. The Lord is my shepherd, No storm can a-rise, To blot out the
3. The Lord is my shepherd, These vales for awhile Shall catch the sweet

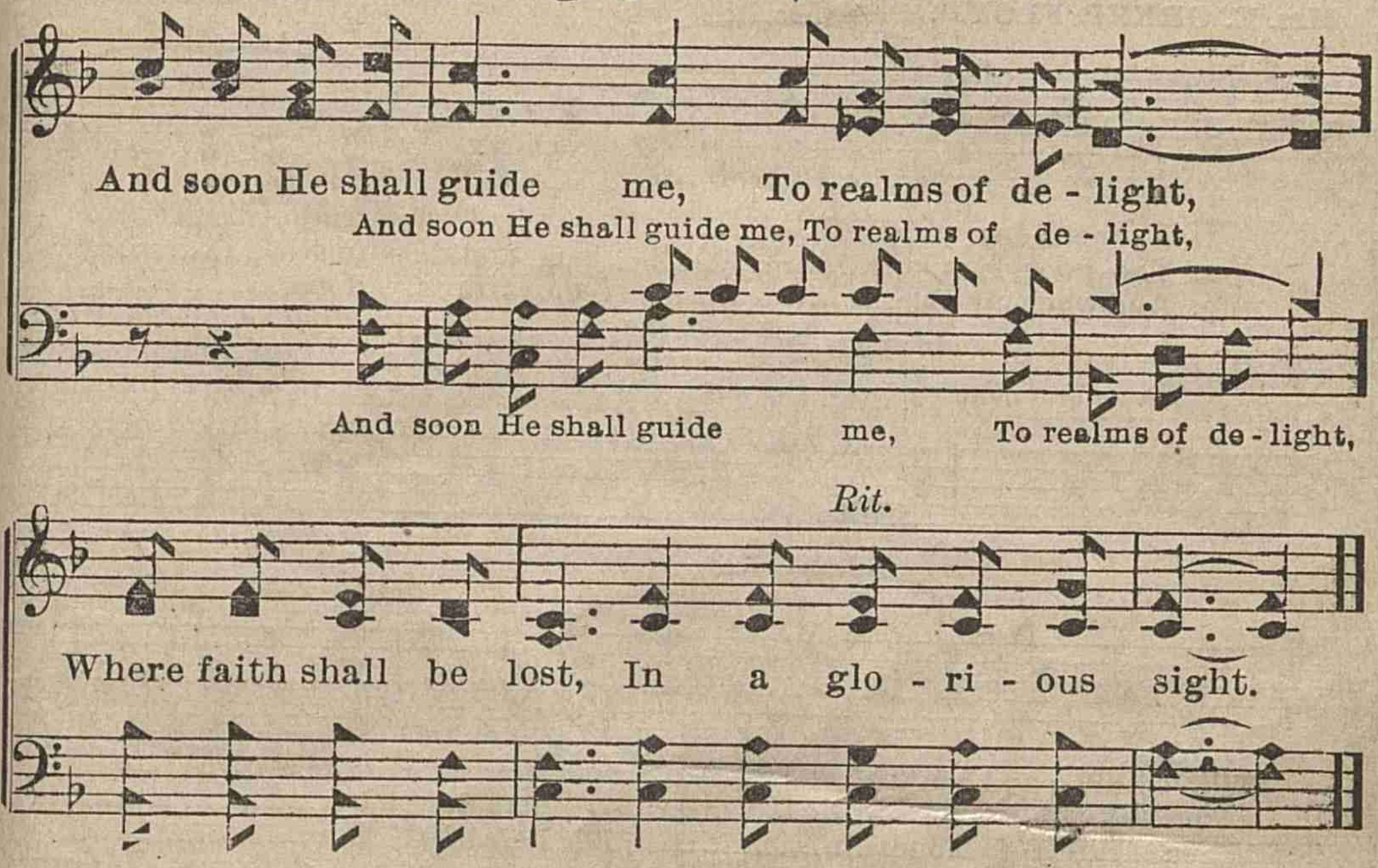
fall when By e - vil I'm pres'd, The din of death's val - ley,
vis - ion, Of His lov-ing eyes, And this much of heav - en,
sun-light, Of His bless-ed smile, And soon o'er the riv - er,

Falls dim on my ears, Like strains of sweet music, Its murmer ap-pears.
Is mine here below, To feel His sweet presence, His dear voice to know.
In peace we shall stand, And praise our dear shepherd, In Eden's fair land.

CHORUS.

The Lord is my shep - herd, My strength and my song,.....
The Lord is my shepherd, My strength and my song,
The Lord is my shep - herd, My strength and my song,

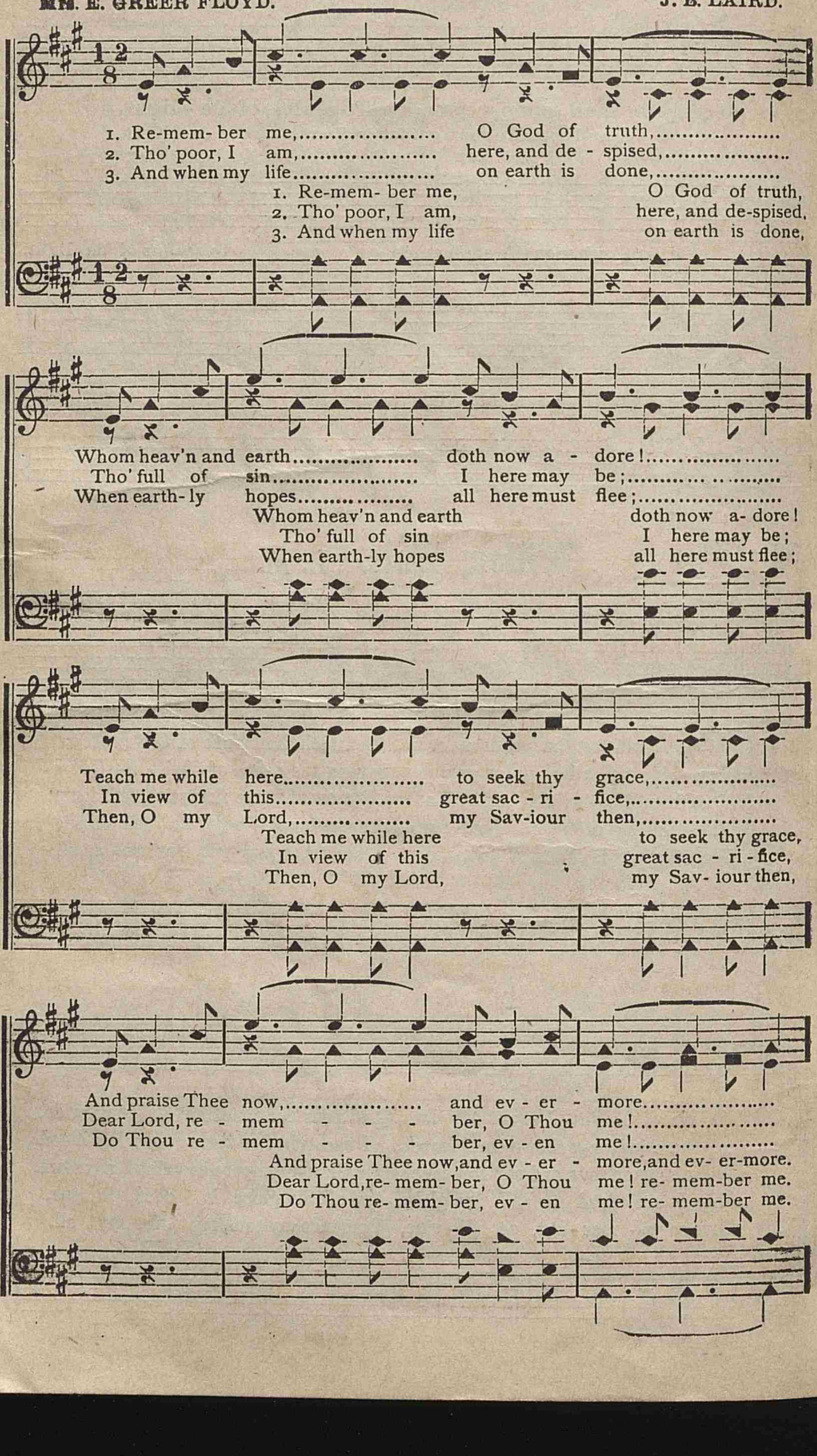
Beside the still wa - ters, He leads me a - long,
Be - side the still waters, He leads me a - long,
Be - side the still wa - ters, He leads me a - long.

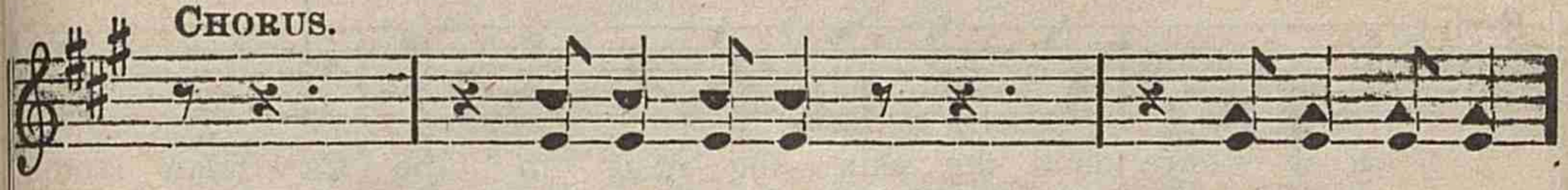
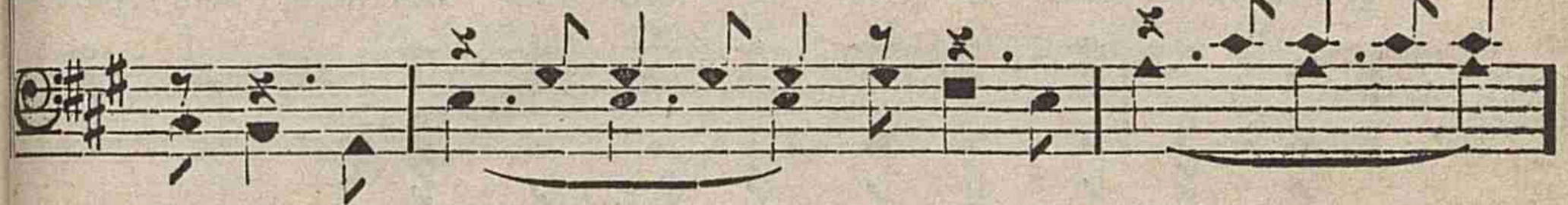
The Lord Is My Shepherd.—Concluded.

NO. 174. Willow Dale. L. M.

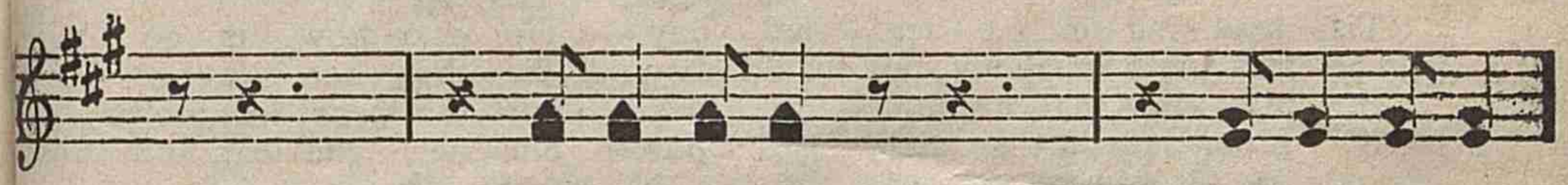
I. WATTS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

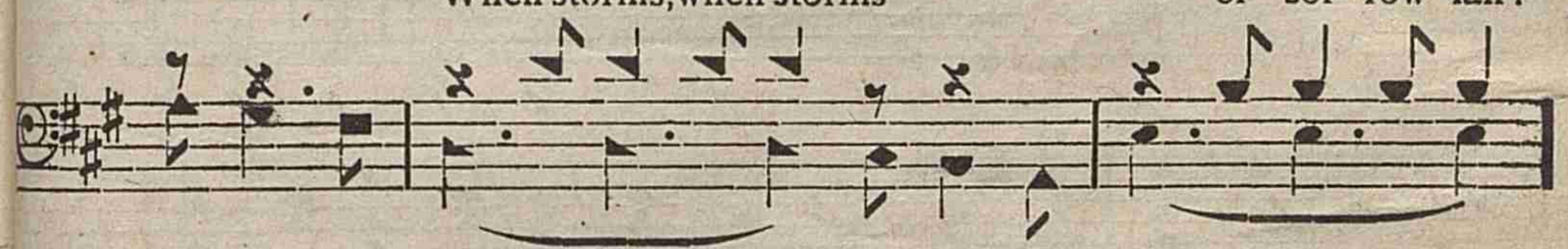
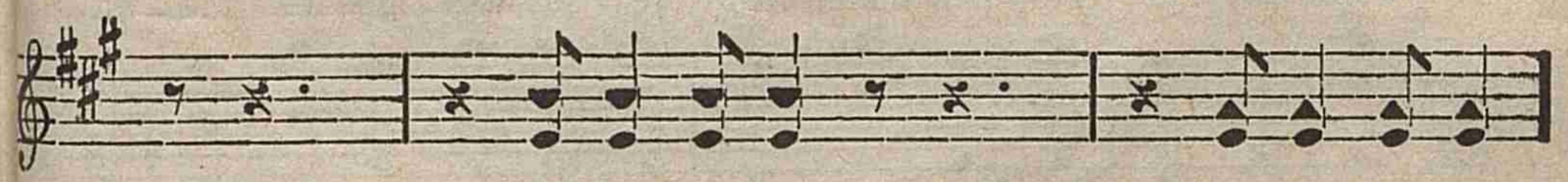
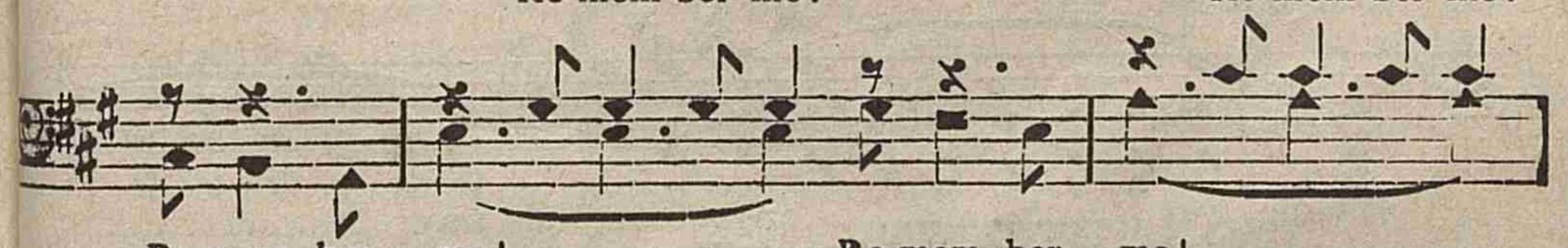
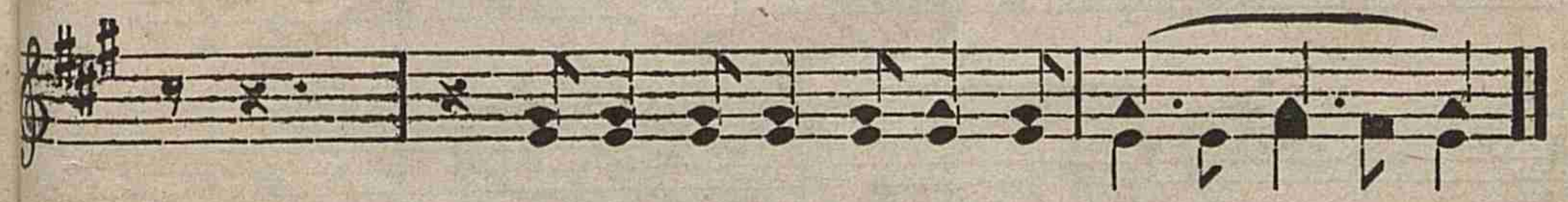
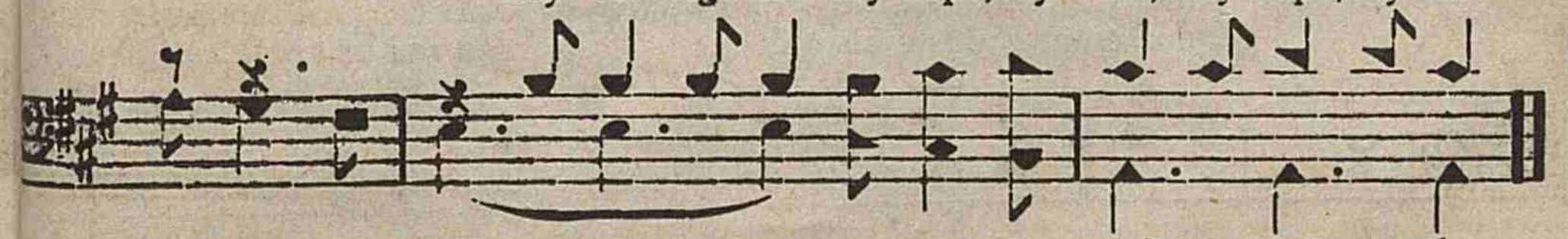
NO. 175.

Remember Me.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. J. B. LAIRD.

Remember Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Re-mem- ber me! Re-mem-ber me!

Re-mem- ber me!..... Re-mem- ber me!.....



When storms, when storms of sor- row fall!

When storms, when storms..... of sor- row fall!.....

Re-mem-ber me! Re-mem-ber me!

Re-mem- ber me!..... Re-mem- ber me!.....

My ref - uge and my hope, my all, my hope, my all!

My ref - uge and..... my hope, my all!.....

NO. 176.

The Shining Way.

F. L. EILAND. C. R. CURLEE. Arr. by F. L. E.

1. I have found the shin - ing road to the Ca - naan land,
2. On this way I've found the peace which I long have sought,
3. I can nev - er tell you, friend, all the joys I know,—
4. Earth, no pleas - ure can af - ford that will here, com - pare,—

'Tis lead - ing to e - ter - nal day,— He who now is go - ing
The feast with which my soul would stay,— 'Tis the her - it - age His
The bless - ings that are mine to - day; But, the peace of which I
No prom-ised gifts, so rich, can pay,— Sin - ner, you can find this

with me will hold my hand,—Yes, Je - sus will go all the way!
blood, pre- cious blood, has bought, And Je - sus will go all the way!
sing, you may find 'tis so, And Je - sus will go all the way!
road, and its glo - ries share, And Je - sus will go all the way!

CHORUS.

Shin-ing way,..... bright beauti-ful way;.....
Shining and beauti - ful way, Growing still brighter each day,

Sin- ner, come..... and walk in this way!
Sinner, come walk in this way! In this bright beautiful way,

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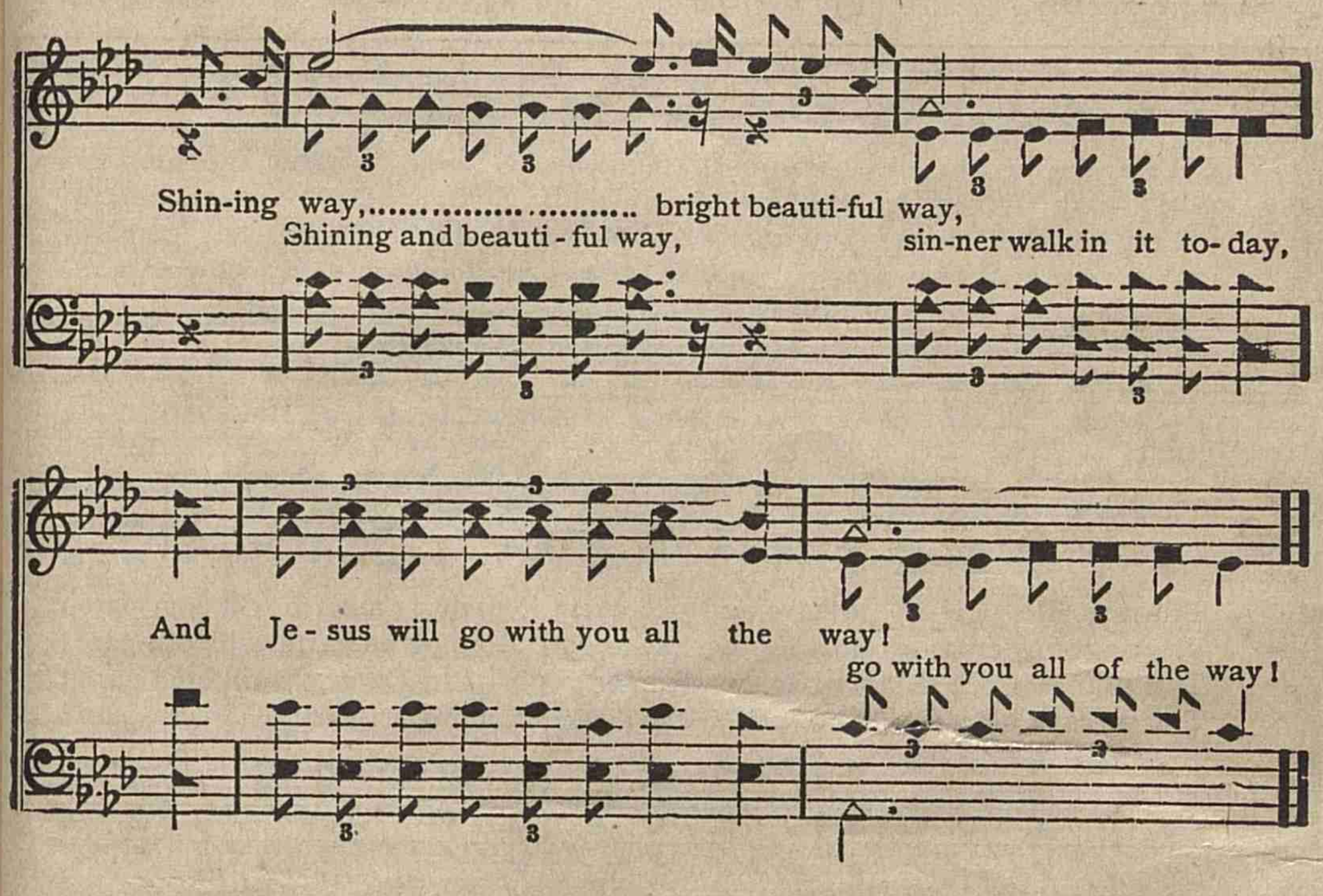
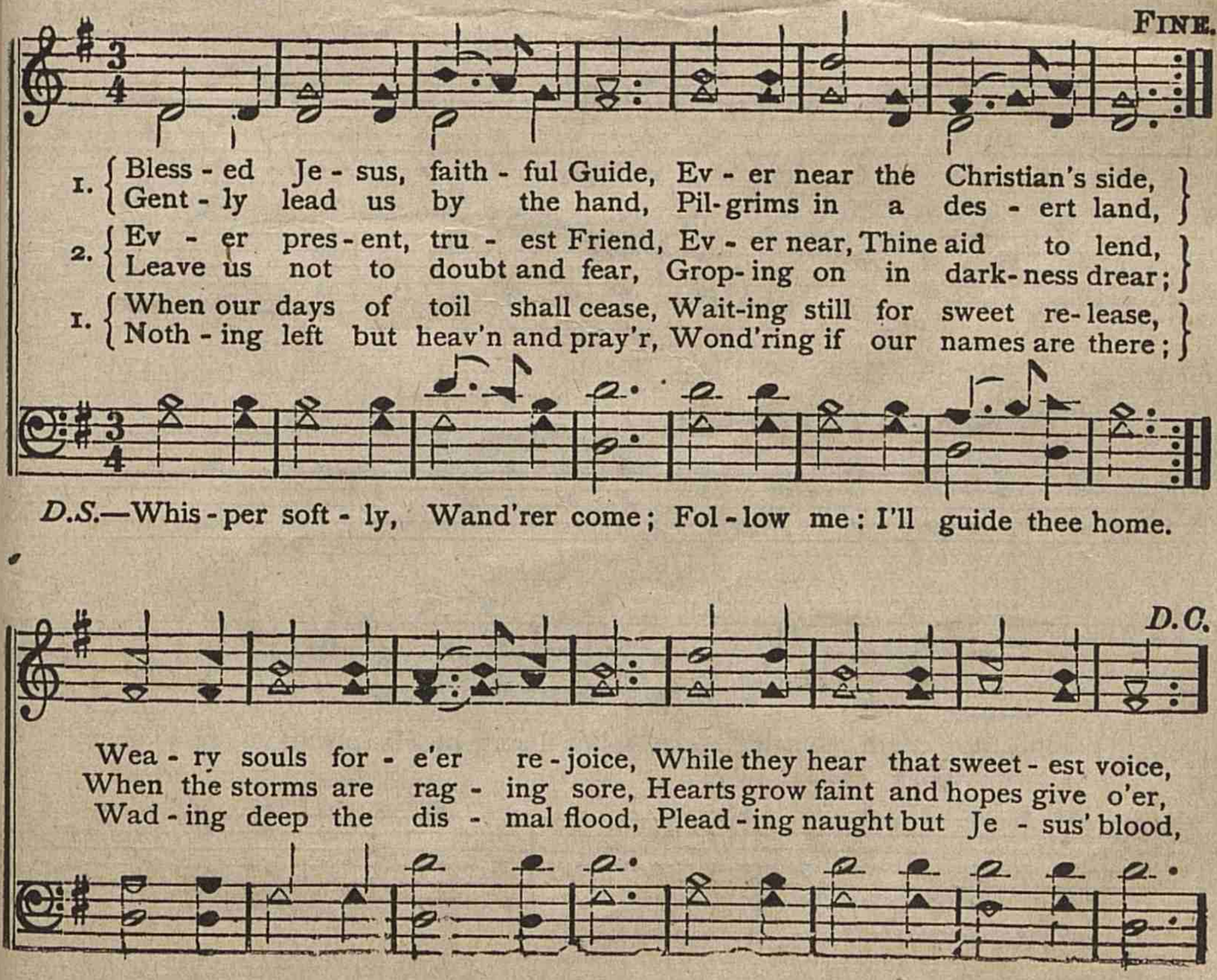
The Shining Way.—Concluded.

NO. 177. Guide.

M. M. W. M. M. WELLS.

FINE.



D.C.

NO. 178. Nothing on Earth Will Compare.

F. L. EILAND. W. C. NALLY. Arr. by F. L. E.

1. Trust-ing in Je-sus,—O won - derful theme! Nothing on earth will compare!
2. Do - ing His serv-ice with per- fect de-light, Nothing on earth will compare!
3. Pray-ing that oth-ers may trust in Him too, Nothing on earth will compare!
4. Sin - ner, in Je-sus there's per- fect re-lease, Nothing on earth will compare!

Trusting His pow-er to save and re - deem, Nothing on earth will com-pare!
Bearing our cross-es and liv-ing a - right, Nothing on earth will com-pare!
This is a work that we ev - er should do, Nothing on earth will com-pare!
Treasures in heav - en, un-search-a- ble peace, Nothing on earth will com-pare!

CHORUS.

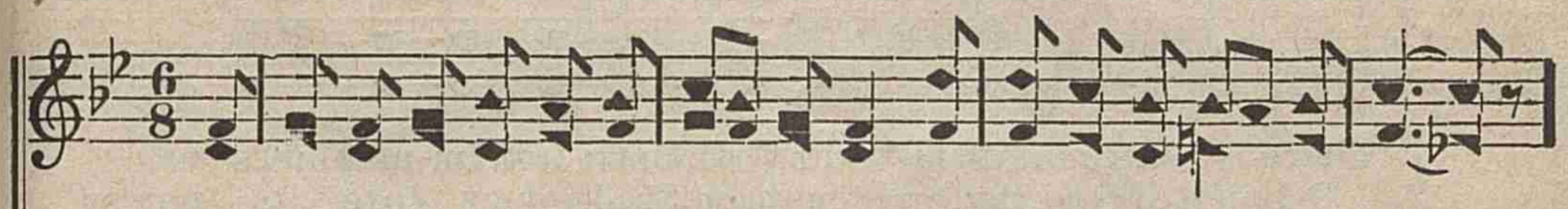
Glo - ry to God..... in the high - est, O,
Glo - ry, Glo - ry to God

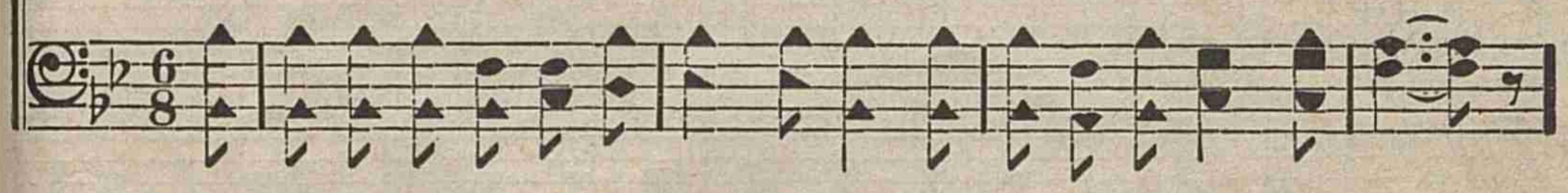
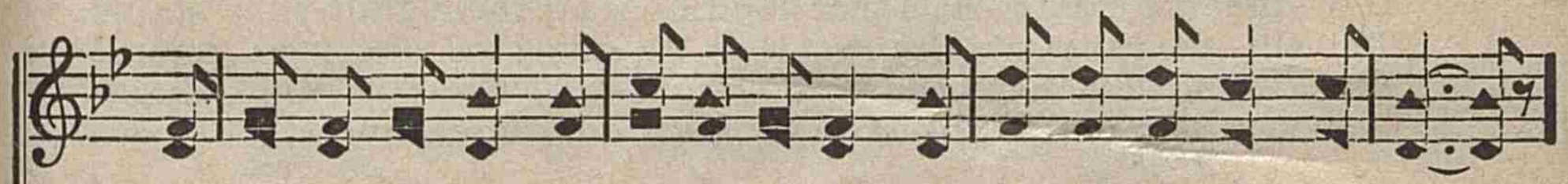
won - der - ful, won - der - ful theme!..... Glo - ry to
Wonderful theme! Glo - ry,

God..... in the high - est! We'll sing of His pow'r to re - deem
Glo-ry to God,

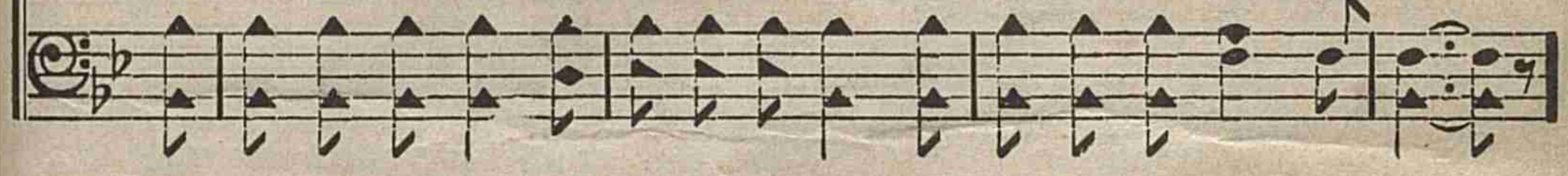
Rearranged and Copyrighted, 1901, by Eiland and Dean.

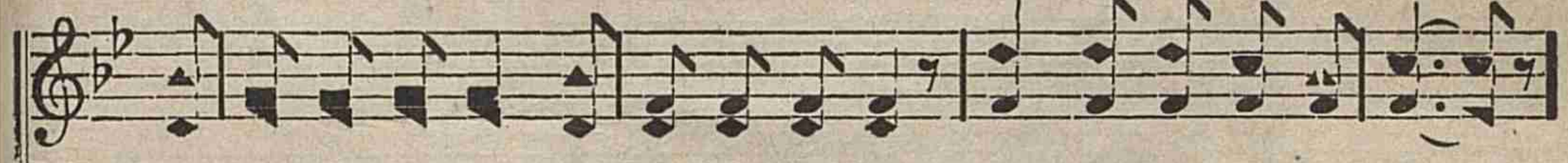
NO. 179. The Lord is My Shepherd.

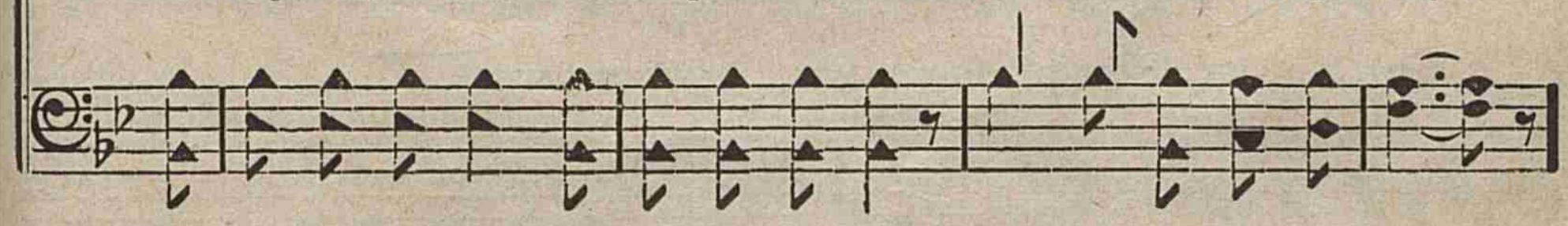
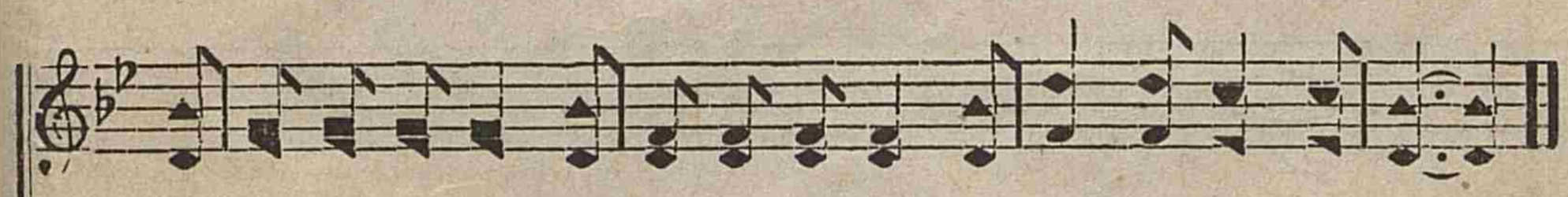
H. W. E. H. W. ELLIOTT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He leadeth me night and day,
2. When to the dark valley of death I come, No e - vil then will I fear;
3. The table is spread, and my soul shall feast; And never know want or care,
4. For - ev - er to dwell in the house of God, The shadows all past and gone,



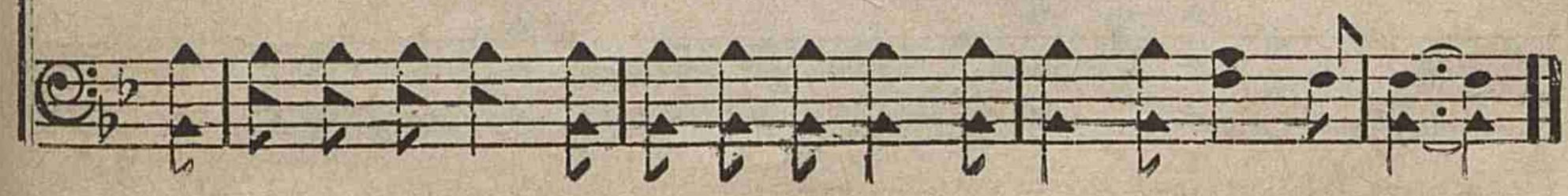
In pastures of green, by waters so sweet, He guide's me in wis - dom's way.
Thy rod and Thy staff, will comfort me there, And make my way bright and clear.
A- noint-ed with oil, my head, it shall be, My cup filled with pleasure there.
With Je - sus my king, His prais-es to sing, While a - ges roll on, and on.



CHORUS.

O, Shepherd, di-vine, sweet Shepherd of mine Lead me in the right way;



To heav-en a-bove, where Thee, I can love, Thro' one e - ter - nal day.



NO. 180.

Let Me Wash.

W. D. EVERIDGE.
Arr. by F. L. E.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins,
2. O Lamb of God, thy precious blood, Shall nev-er lose its power
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
4. When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

And sinners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransom'd Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no - bler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save.

CHORUS.

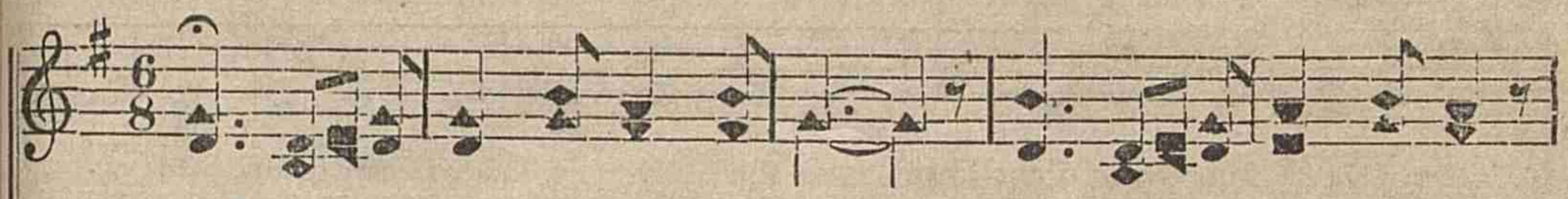
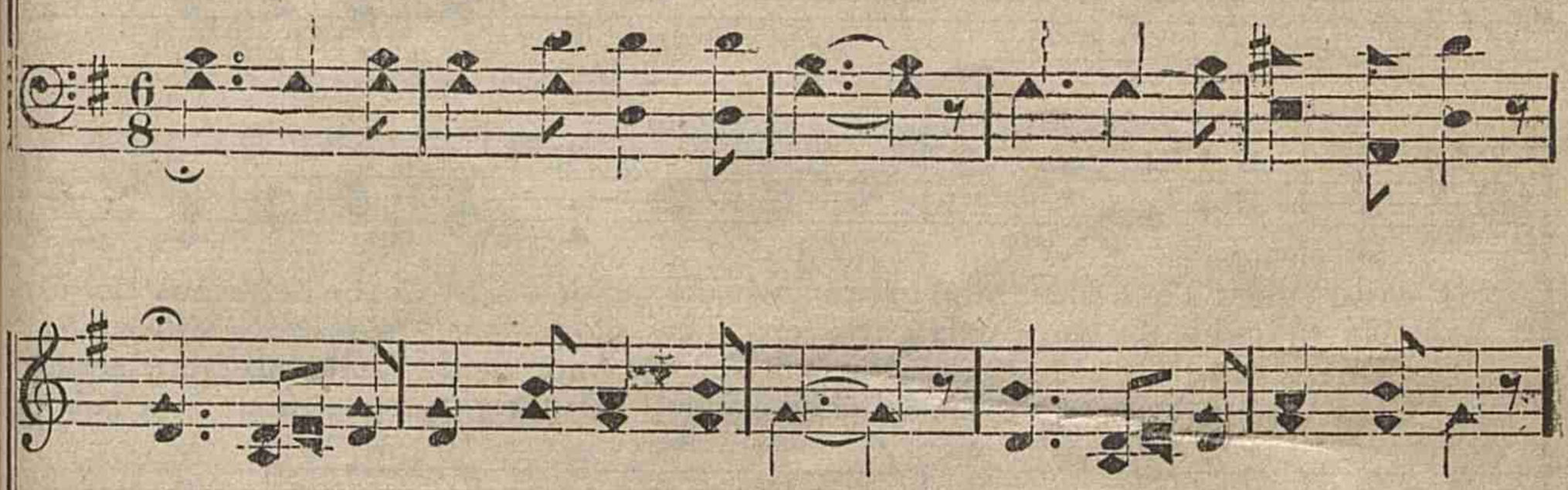
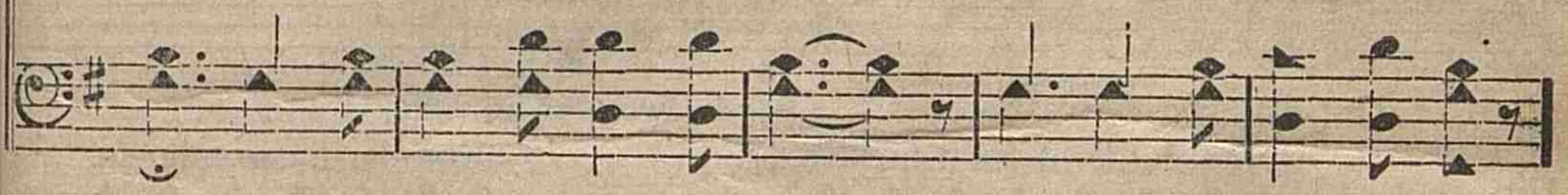
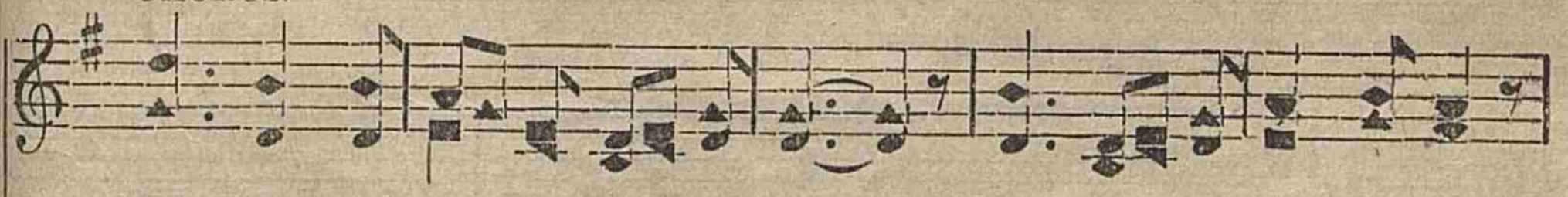
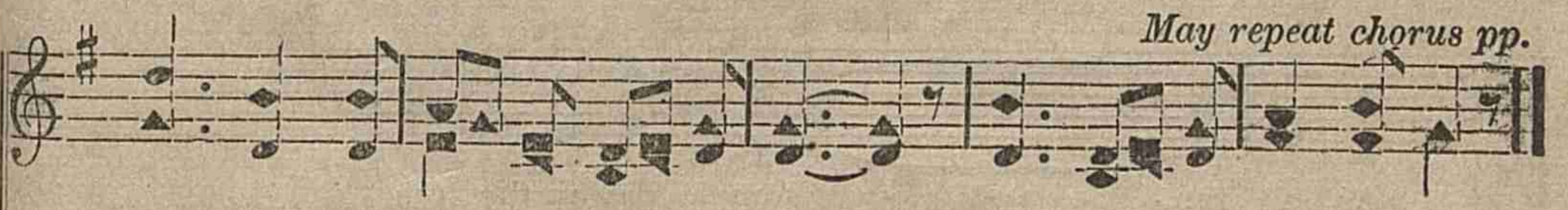
Let me wash . . in the foun - tain, Let me
in the foun-tain, in the soul-cleansing foun-tain,

drink of its cleansing flow, . . Let me wash . . . in the
cleansing flow, in the fountain, in the

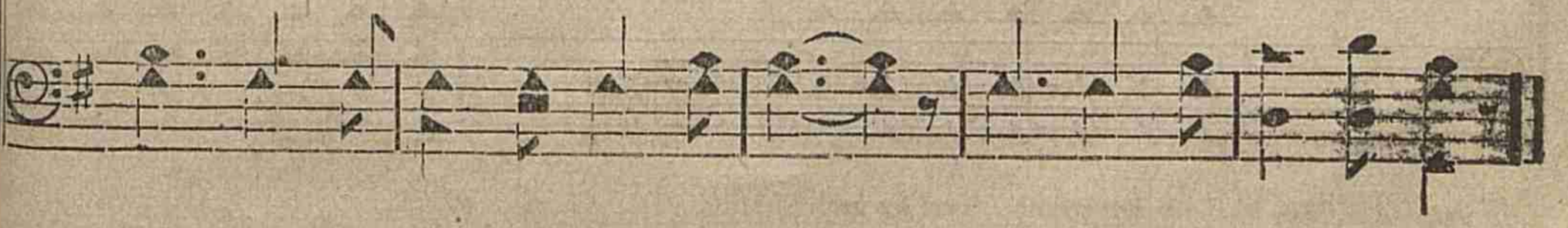
foun - tain, And I shall be whit-er than the sno
free - flow-ing foun-tain, now.

NO. 181.

Redeeming Love.

Mrs. E. GREER FLOYD. F. L. ELLAND.

1. O, wond'rous love to bleed and die, That you and I might live!
2. That we might live, He bore the cross, En - dured the pain and scorn,
3. Come, sin- ner, now, come seek His face; His love and mer - cy plead;
4. And when we reach that hap - py shore, In worlds beyond the sky;

For guilt-y wretch- es such as I, His pre-cious life to give!—
Stood trembling 'neath the cru - el lash, And wore the crown of thorns.
The con- trite heart He doth re - ceive, And help in ev - 'ry need.
We'll sing His praise for ev - er - more, Where pleasures nev - er die!

CHORUS.

All glo - ry, glo - ry, to His name, Who reigns in heav'n a- bove;

May repeat chorus pp.

Let all the world His might pro-claim, And sing re-deem- ing love!



NO. 182.

Wonderful Love.

ANNE STEELE. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Je - sus,—and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
2. Well might the heav'ns with won - der view A love so strange as Thine!
3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di - vine con - trol?
4. Oh, may our will - ing hearts con - fess Thy sweet, Thy gen - tle sway;

And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re - bell - ious foes?
No thought of an - gels ev - er knew Com - pas - sion so di - vine!
De - scend, O sov - 'reign love, de - scend, And melt that stub - born soul.
Glad cap - tives of Thy matchless grace, Thy right - eous rule o - bey.

CHORUS.

O 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonder-ful love,
won-derful, wonder-ful love, won-der-ful, wonder-ful love,

That brought ..... Him from heaven a - bove,
brought Him from heaven above, beau-ti - ful heaven a-bove,

As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,
ransom to die on the tree, suf-fer and die on the tree,

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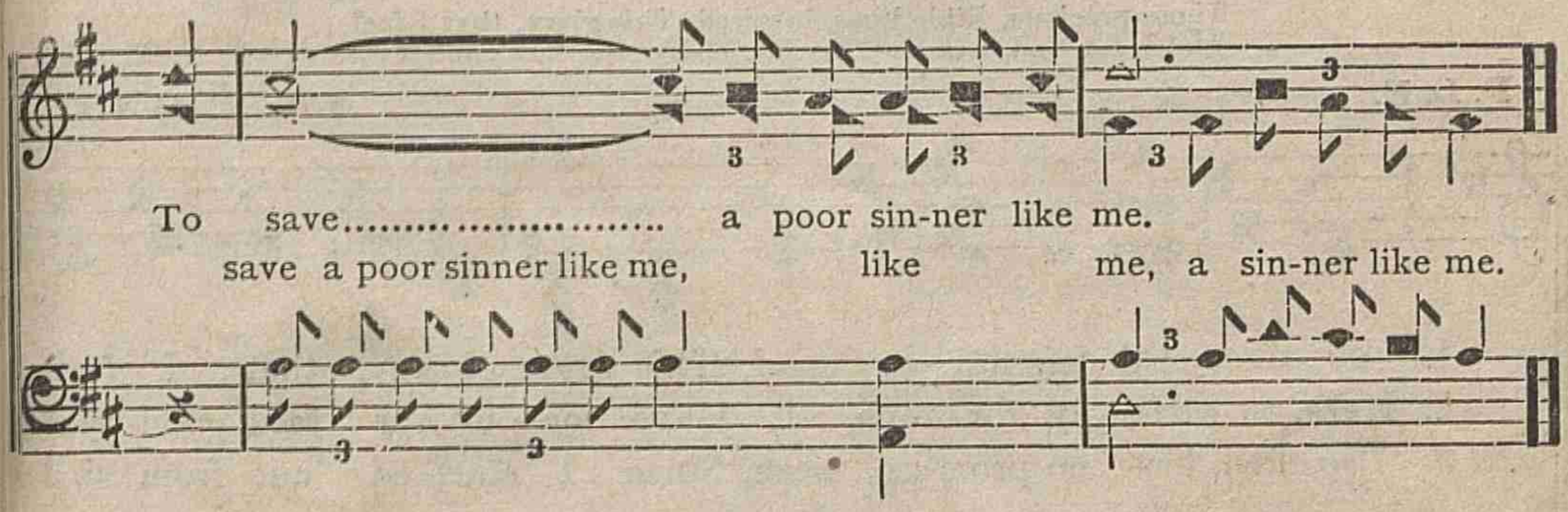
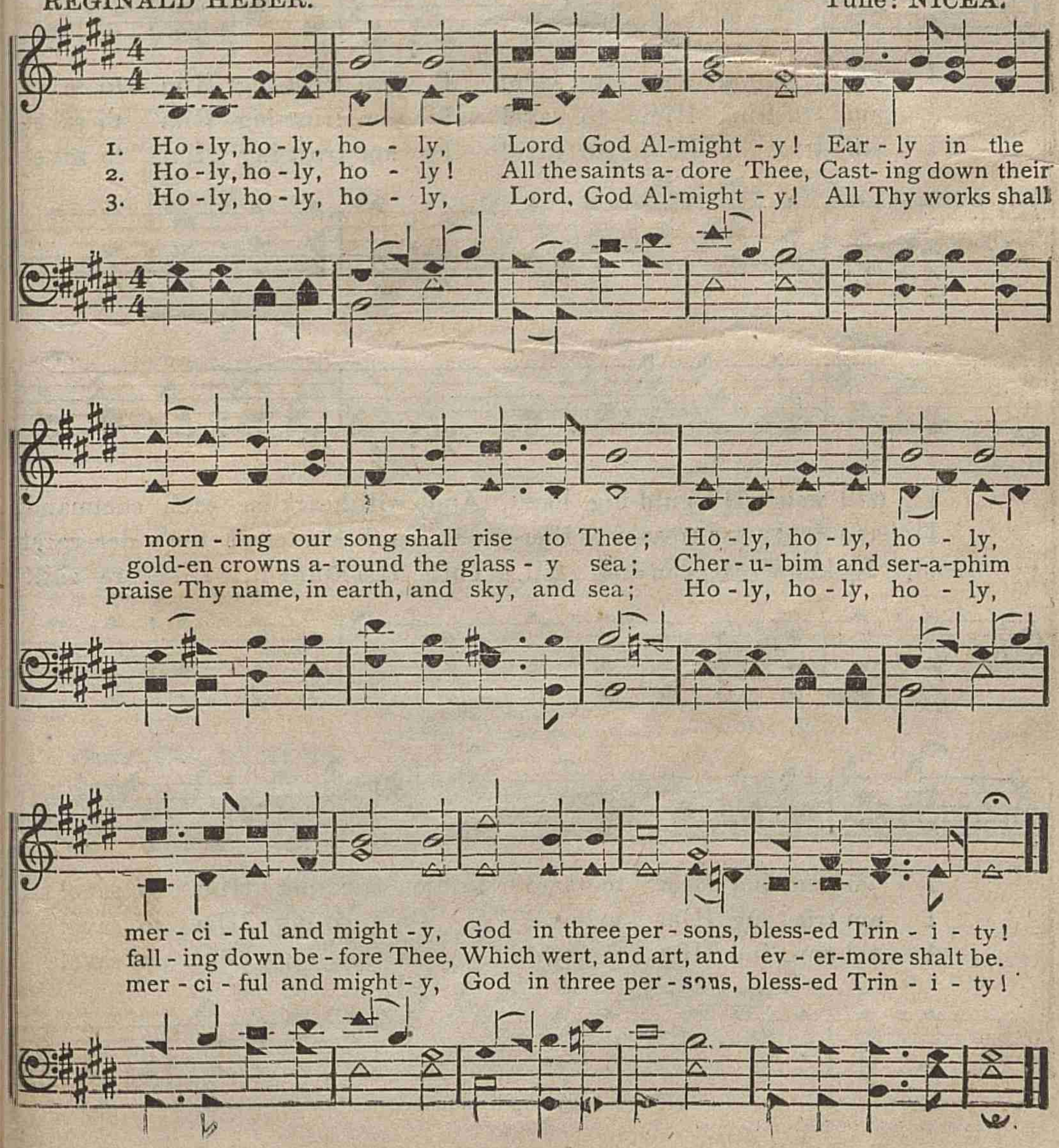
Wonderful Love.—Concluded.

NO. 183. Holy, Holy, Holy.

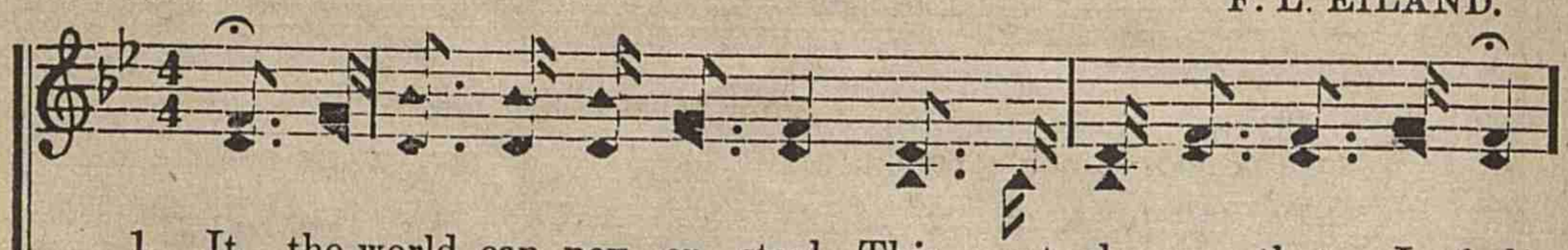
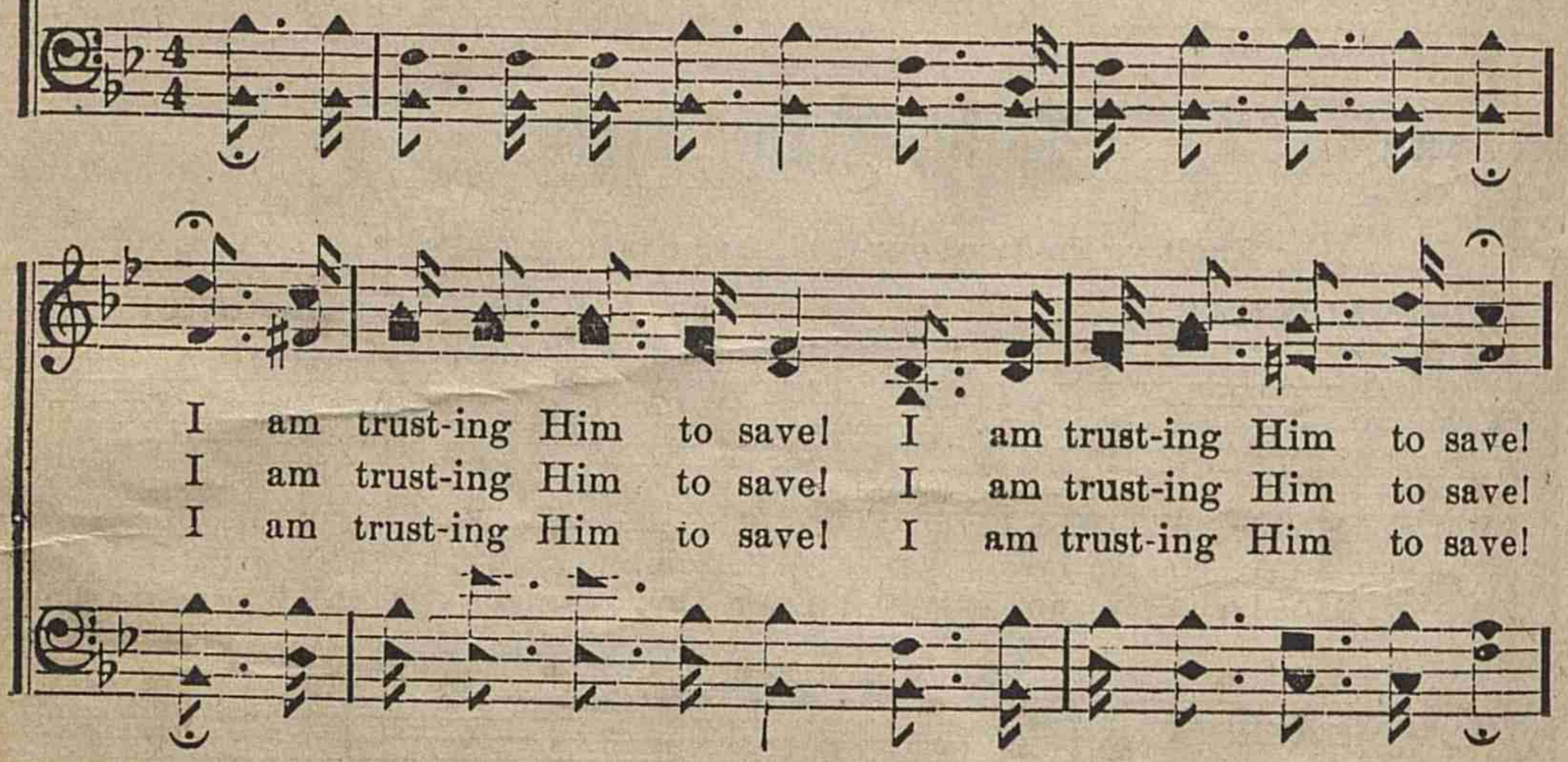
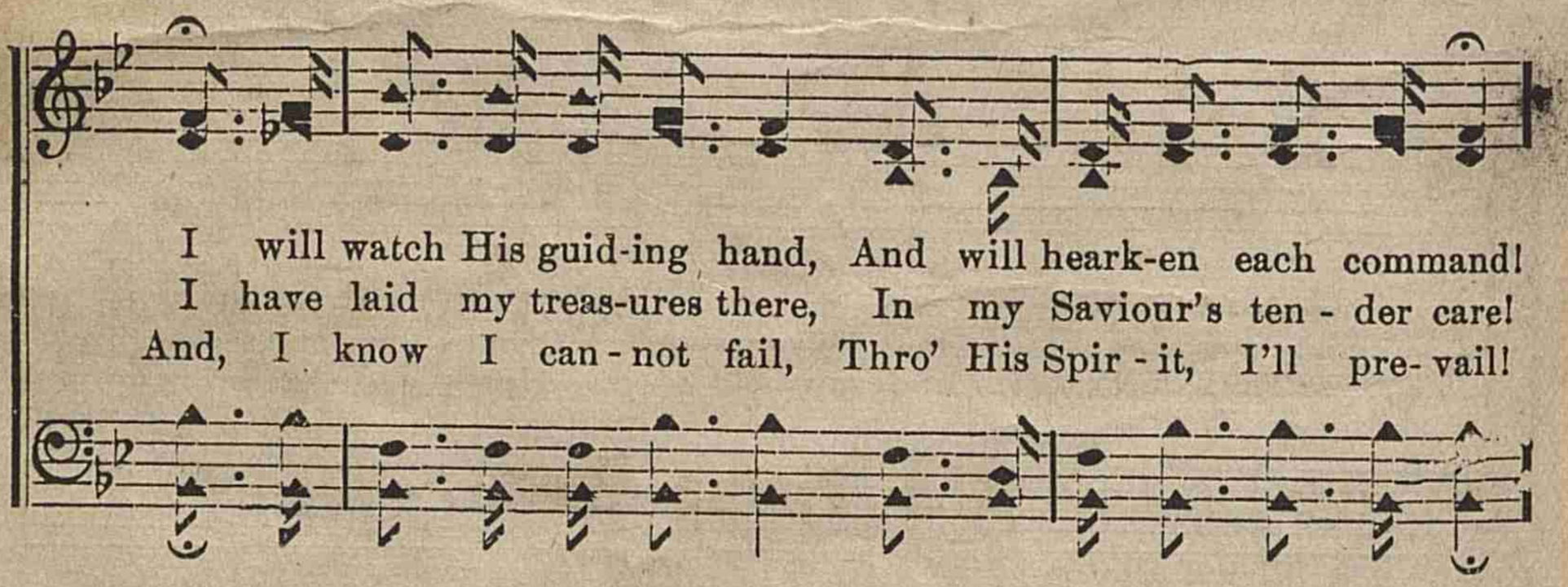
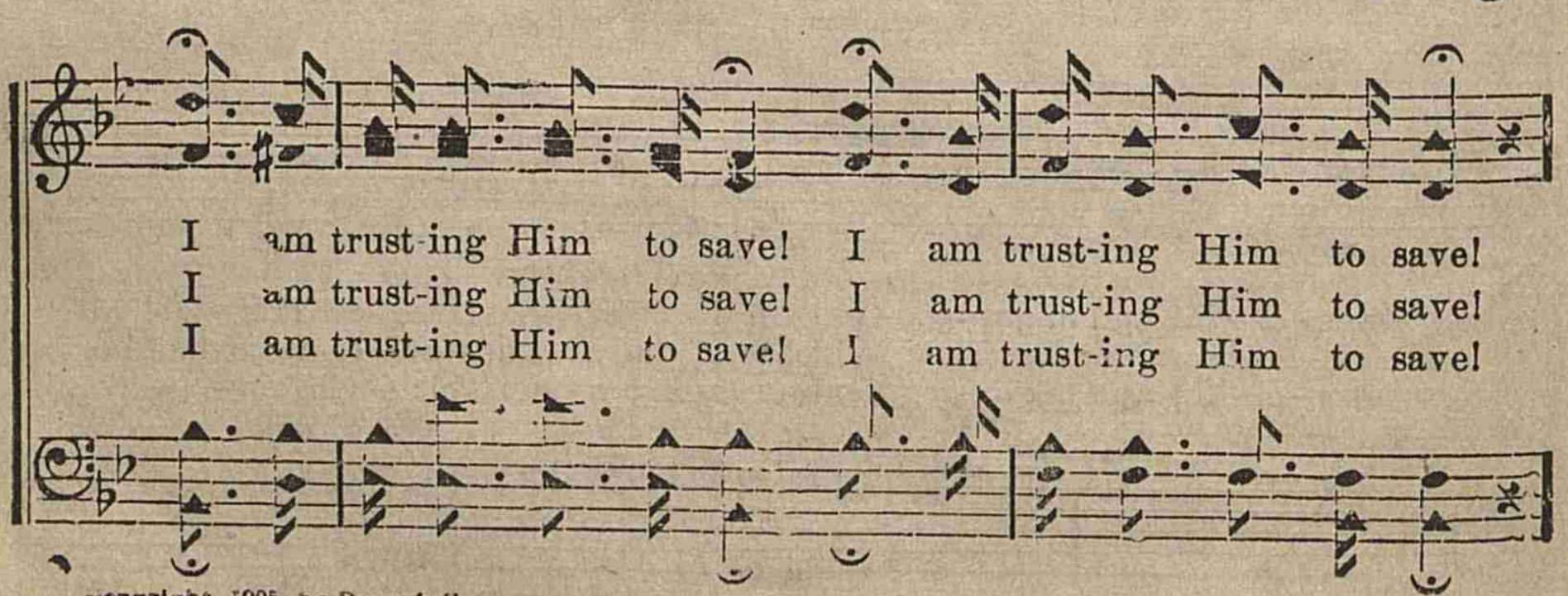
"Exalt ye the Lord our God, for he is holy."—Ps. 99 : 5.

REGINALD HEBER. Tune: NICEA.



NO. 184. I Am Trusting Him to Save!

Those precious, Bible lines, inspired, This glory, that I feel,
And I, for God, will live, is why, The world, "It, cannot steal!"—F. L. E.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. It, the world can nev - er steal, This great glo - ry, that I feel!
2. Here, to earth - ly for - tune, I, Have for - ev - er said good-bye!
3. Bro - ken, has no prom-ise, been, Since I start - ed out from sin!

I am trust-ing Him to save! I am trust-ing Him to save!
I am trust-ing Him to save! I am trust-ing Him to save!
I am trust-ing Him to save! I am trust-ing Him to save!

I will watch His guid-ing hand, And will heark-en each command!
I have laid my treas-ures there, In my Saviour's ten - der care!
And, I know I can - not fail, Thro' His Spir - it, I'll pre- vail!

I am trust-ing Him to save! I am trust-ing Him to save!
I am trust-ing Him to save! I am trust-ing Him to save!
I am trust-ing Him to save! I am trust-ing Him to save!

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I Am Trusting Him to Save!—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

I am trust-ing Him to save!
Trust-ing Him to save!

I am trust-ing Him to save!
Trust-ing Him to save!

This is why the world my glo-ry, can-not steal! (can-not steal!)

Repeat refrain softly.

I am trust-ing Him to save! I am trust-ing Him to save!

NO. 185. I'm Going Home.

What glory, it, doth ever bring,
To have a home, of which to sing.—F. L. E.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. WM. MILLER.

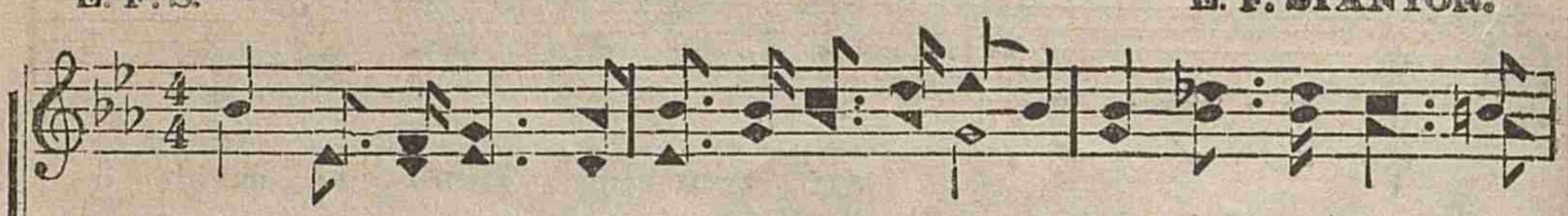
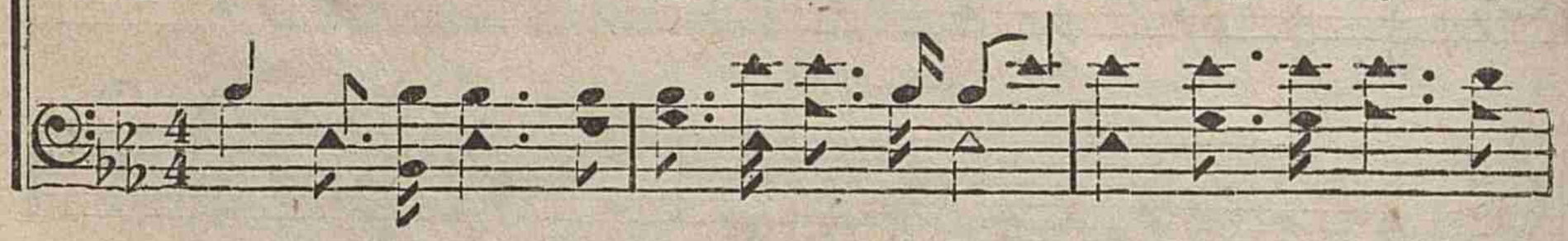
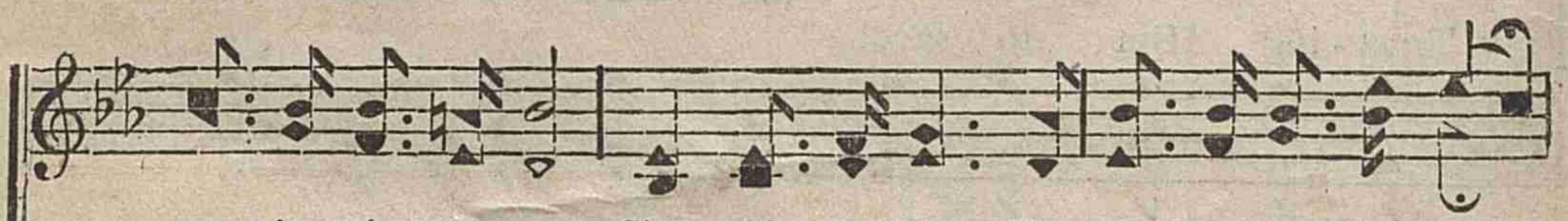
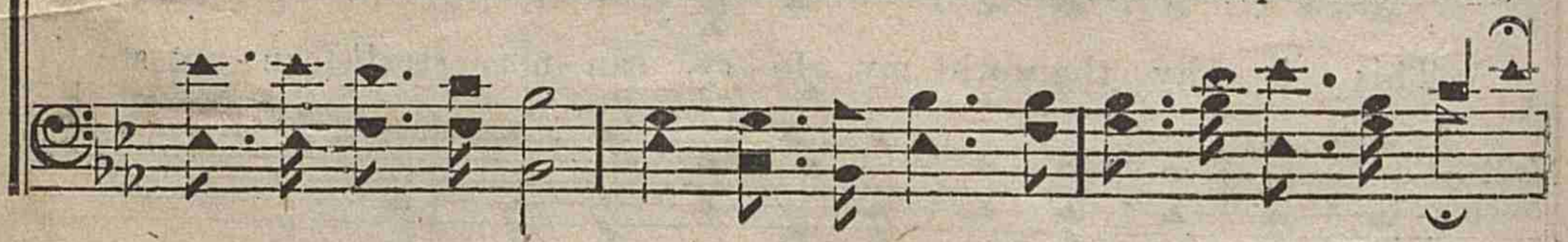
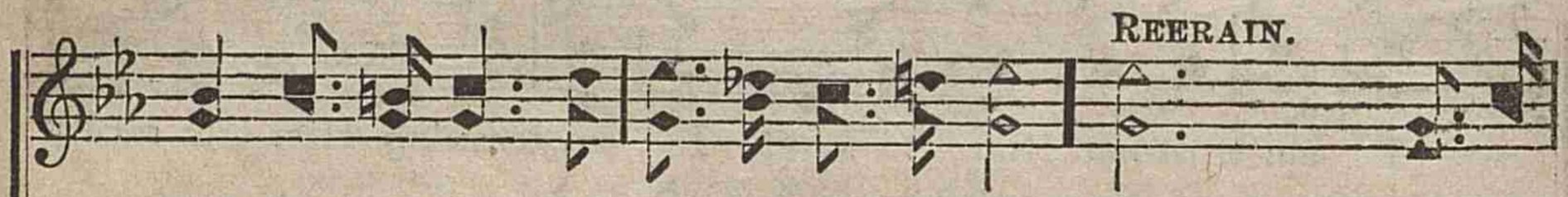
1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en-ter there;
It's glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }

2. { My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a-bove the star-ry sky;
When from this earthly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be. }

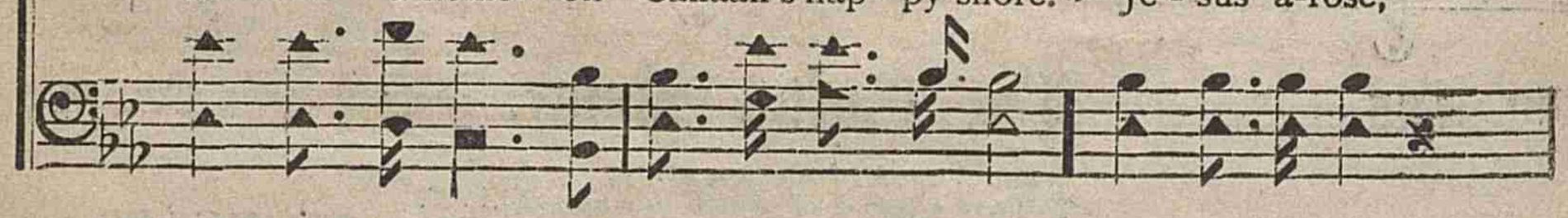
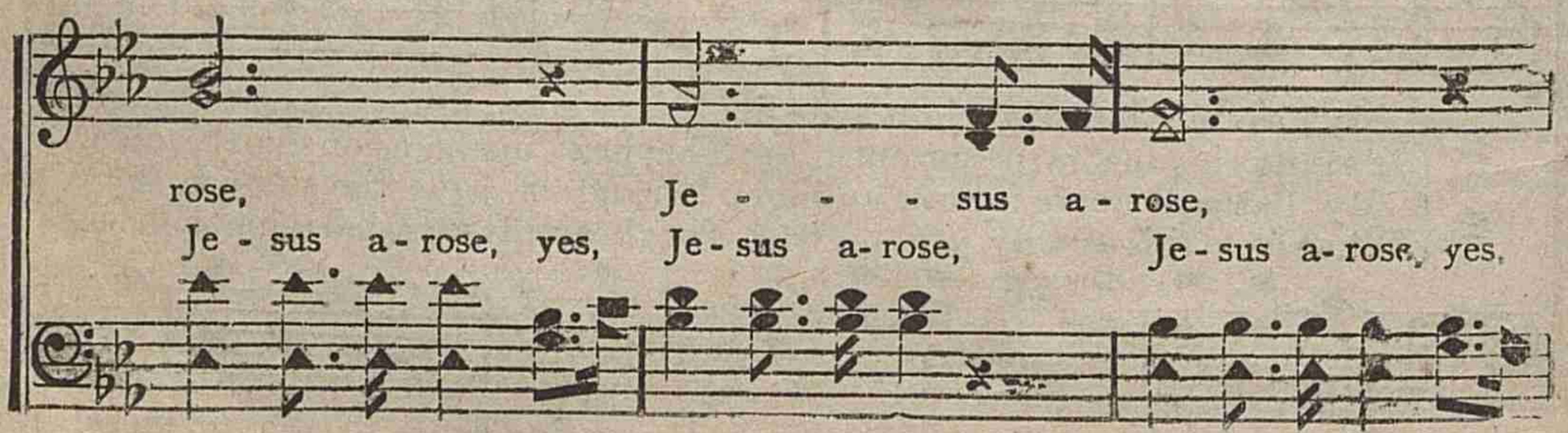
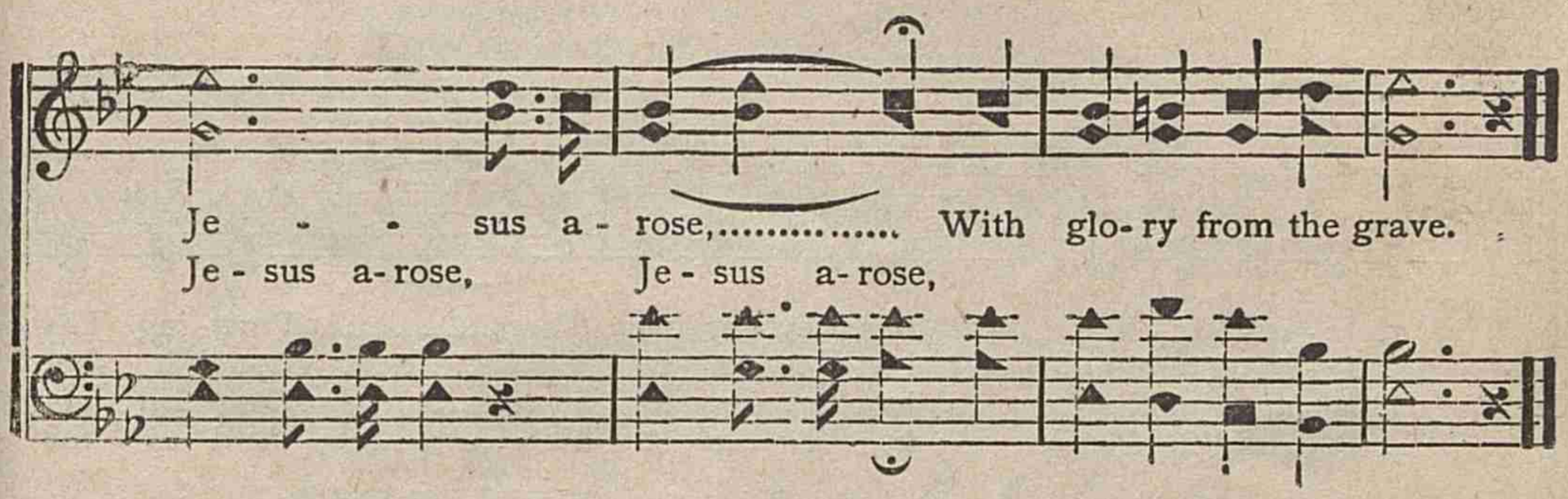
CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }

NO. 186.

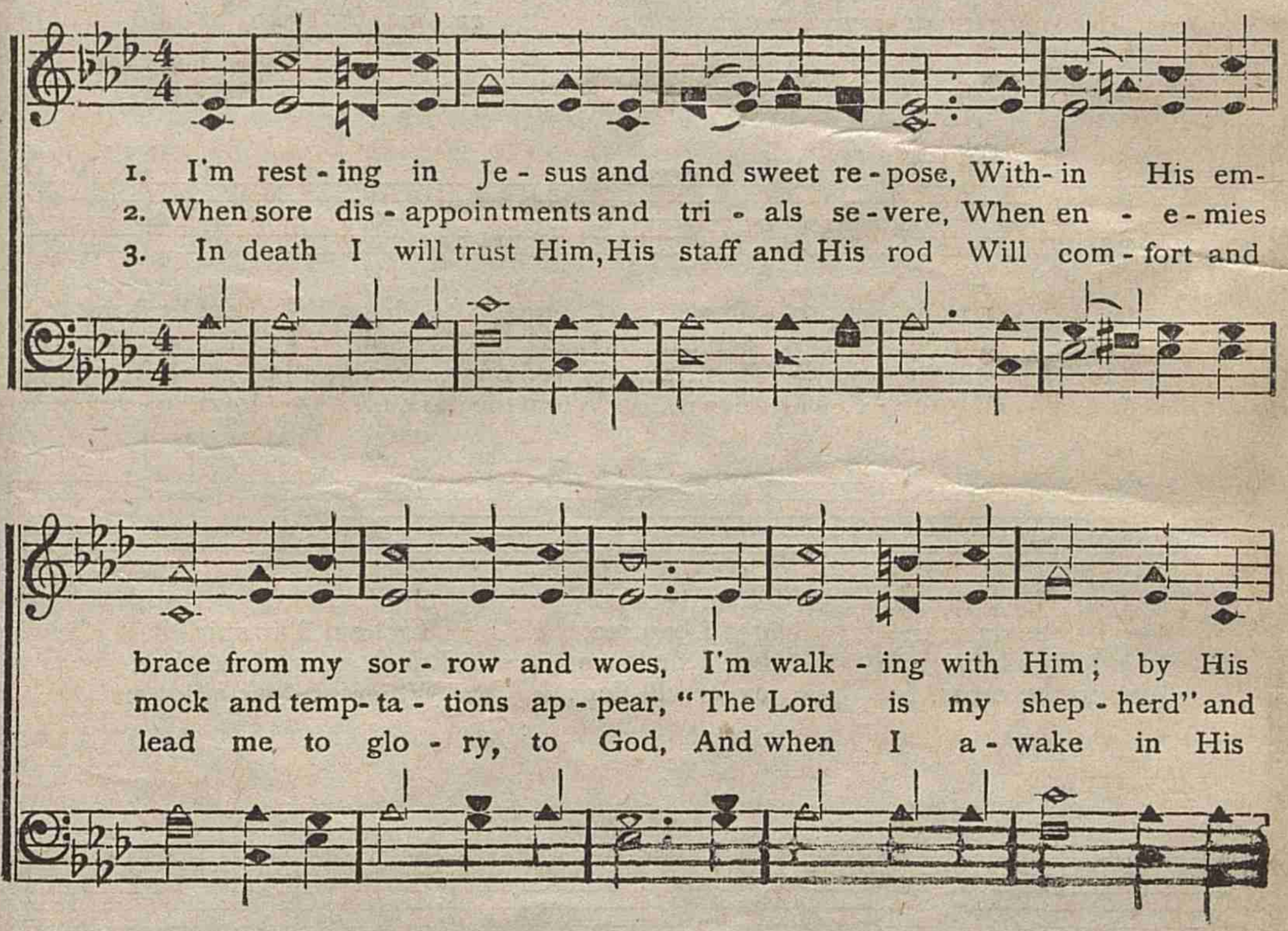
Jesus Arose.

E. F. S. E. F. STANTON.

1. Je - sus a-rose with glo - ry from the grave, Death lost its sting the
2. God's an - gel rolled the might- y stone a - way, Je - sus came forth, the
3. Je - sus a-rose and reigns in heav'n a - bove, O mag - ni - fy His

grave its vic - to - ry, Sing with de-light His won-drous pow'r to save,
liv - ing from the dead, "Come, see the place where once the Sav - iour lay,"
name for - ev - er more! We shall be raised and filled with per- fect love,

REEERAIN.

Tell - ing the news of peace and lib - er - ty.
"He is not here," the shin - ing an - gel said.
Giv - en a home on Canaan's hap - py shore.

Je - - - sus a - rose,
Je - sus a-rose,

rose, Je - - - sus a - rose,
Je - sus a - rose, yes, Je - sus a - rose, Je - sus a - rose, yes,

Jesus Arose.—Concluded.

NO. 187. Resting.

E. F. S. E. F. STANTON.



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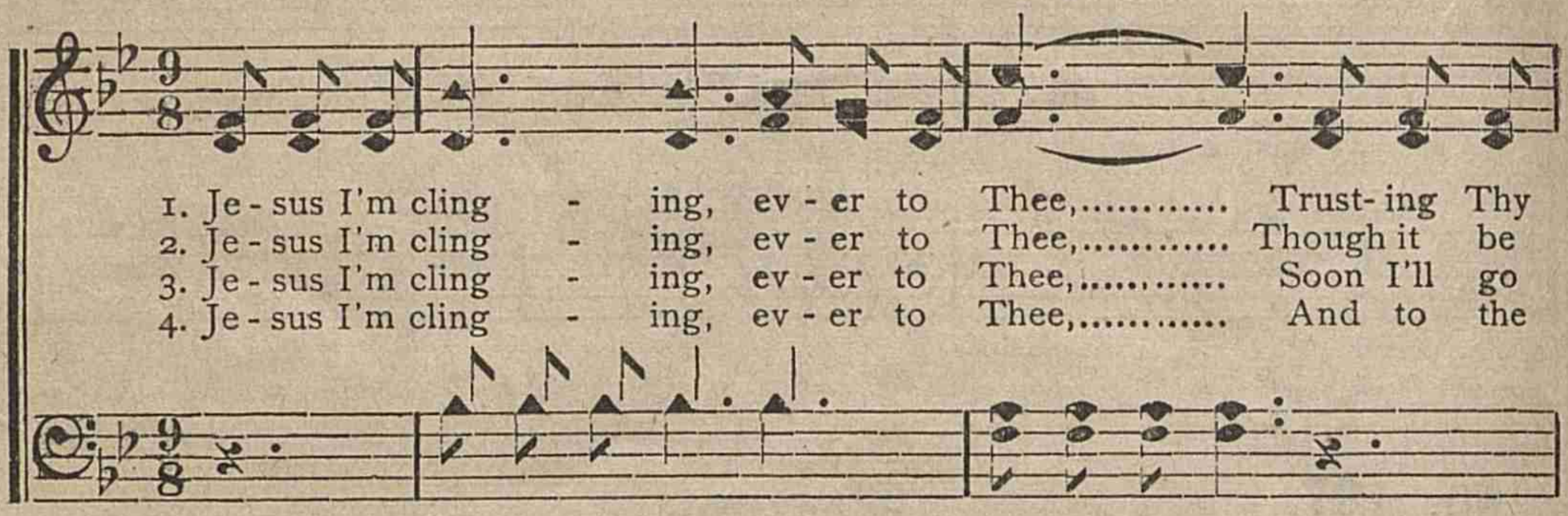
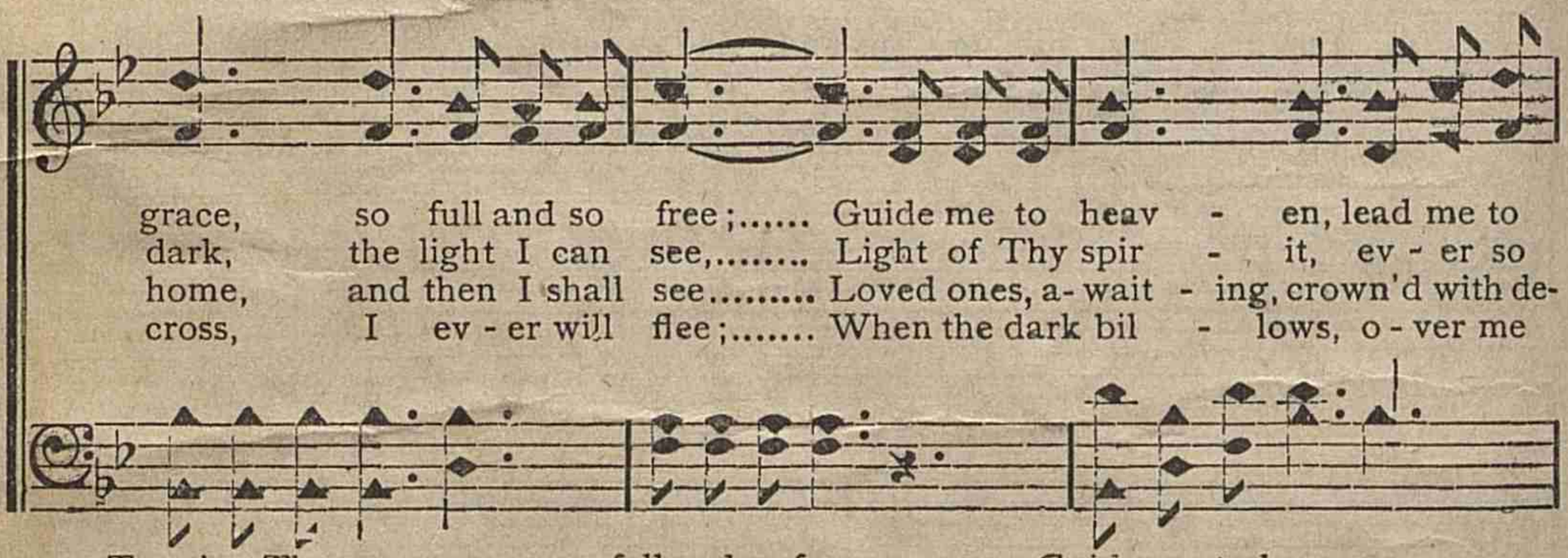
NO. 188.

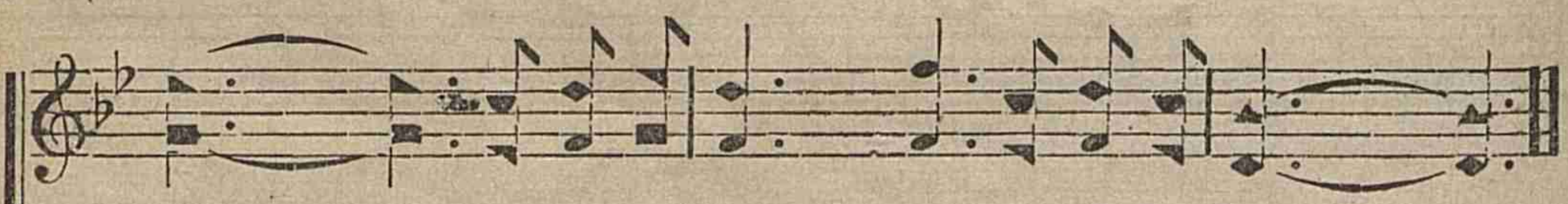
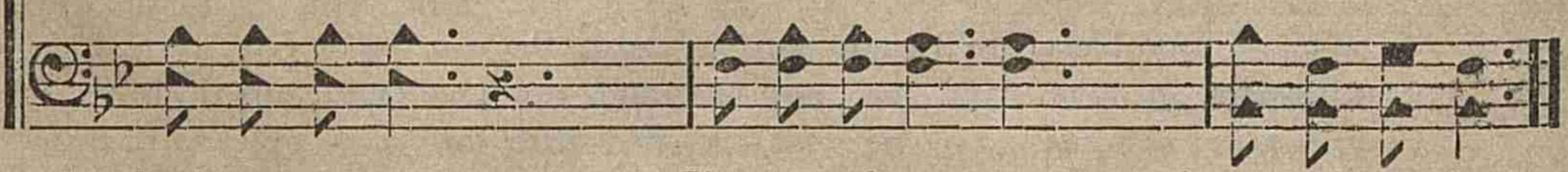
Clinging to Jesus.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.



1. Je - sus I'm cling - ing, ev - er to Thee,..... Trust- ing Thy
2. Je - sus I'm cling - ing, ev - er to Thee,..... Though it be
3. Je - sus I'm cling - ing, ev - er to Thee,..... Soon I'll go
4. Je - sus I'm cling - ing, ev - er to Thee,..... And to the

1. Je - sus I'm cling-ing, ev - er to Thee,
2. Je - sus I'm cling-ing, ev - er to Thee,
3. Je - sus I'm cling-ing, ev - er to Thee,
4. Je - sus I'm cling-ing, ev - er to Thee,

grace, so full and so free;..... Guide me to heav - en, lead me to
dark, the light I can see,..... Light of Thy spir - it, ev - er so
home, and then I shall see..... Loved ones, a- wait - ing, crown'd with de-
cross, I ev - er will flee;..... When the dark bil - lows, o - ver me

Trusting Thy grace, so full and so free; Guide me to heav-en,
Tho' it be dark, the light I can see, Light of Thy spir - it,
Soon I'll go home and then I shall see Loved ones, a-wait-ing,
And to the cross, I ev- er will flee; When the dark billows,

rest;..... Give me a home, a home with the blest.....
dear..... Leading me gen - tly, I shall not fear.....
light,..... In that bright cit - y, where there's no night .....
roll..... I shall find rest, sweet rest for my soul.....

lead me to rest; Give me a home, a home with the blest.
ev - er so dear Leading me gen - tly, I shall not fear.
crown'd with de - light, In that bright cit - y, where there's no nigi
o - ver me roll I shall find rest, sweet rest for my soul.

Copyright, 1892, by F. L. Eiland.

NO. 189.

I Want to Have a Crown.

I'm willing here to labor, Tho' often, I'm cast down,
'T will matter not up yonder,— I want to have a crown.

F. L. EILAND. E. D. CURRY.

1. I want to have a crown that day, As bright as oth-ers there,
2. I want to do my Sav-ior's will, Wher-ev-er I may be,
3. I want to trust Him ev -'ry day, For ev -'ry want and care,

And have a robe as white as snow, Such as im - mor-tals wear!
That, when He calls me there, to go, His face in peace I'll see!
And go at last to be with Him, A glorious crown to wear!

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful crown,..... won - der-ful crown,.....
Beau - ti - ful crown, won - der-ful crown,
Brighter than gold may it be;..... Beau - ti - ful crown,....
may it be; Beau - ti - ful crown,

Rit.

won - der-ful crown,..... Will it be waiting for me?....
won-der-ful crown, for me?

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NO. 190.

Jesus, I Love Thee.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean & Acuff.

G. W. G. G. W. GAVIN.

1. Je - sus, I love Thee, Thou art my friend; My soul doth enshrine Thee, to
2. While I'm on earth wilt Thou be my guide? Oh, may my love for Thee e'er
3. Je - sus, my Saviour, make my heart clean, Help me to be like Thee and

Thine my will doth bend; Thou art so lov - ing, so ten - der and
keep me by Thy side! Help me to show Thy great love, strong and
from Thy word here glean, Truths Thou hast giv - en so full and so

kind, I can not help but love Thee with all my soul and mind.
true, That all may learn and know, and their du - ty brave - ly do.
free, That I may dwell in heav - en for - ev - er - more with Thee.

CHORUS.

O joyful news,..... O blessed tho't,..... that Je-sus died my

O joyful news, O blessed tho't, that Jesus died, that Jesus

Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

soul to save; ..... And then a - rose..... triumphant-
died my soul to save, my soul to save ; And then a-rose

ly, ... A might-y vic - tor o'er the grave.
tri-um-phant-ly, A might - y vic-tor, mighty vic-tor o'er the grave.

NO. 191. Park-Place. 8, & 7.

C. WESLEY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Come, Thou long-ex-pect- ed Je- sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Israel's strength and conso- la- tion Hope of all the saints Thou art;
3. Born, Thy peo-ple to de- liv - er; Born a child, and yet a King;
4. By Thine own e - ter - nal spir- it, Rule in all our hearts a- lone;

From our fears and sins re- lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Dear de - sire of ev - 'ry na-tion, Joy of ev - 'ry longing heart:
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine all ef - fi - cient mer- it, Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

NO. 192.

I Love Thee.

"A friend loveth at all times."—Prov. 17: 17.

BIRDIE LEE FITZGERALD. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. I love Thee, my Fa - ther, Thy praise I will sing, For
2. Dear Je - sus, I love Thee for all Thou hast done, The
3. Oh, Spir - it, most Ho - ly, Thou Heav - en - ly Dove, As
4. I love Thee, oh, God! Thou hast healed my poor heart, And

from Thy dear hand all life's blessings I bring; My comforts and joys and Thy
pain Thou hast suffered, the praise Thou hast won; For Thy condescension, man's
com - forter, helper, Thou sharest my love; Thou hast borne me witness that
bid - den the pow-ers of darkness depart; While trav'ling thro' life and cold

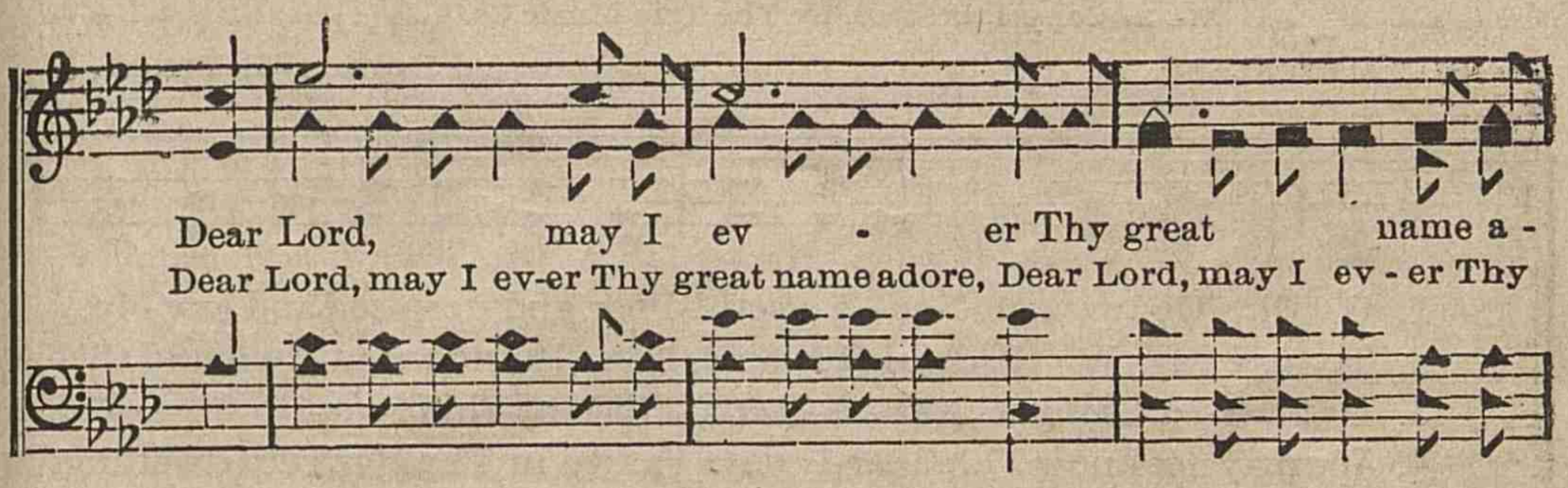
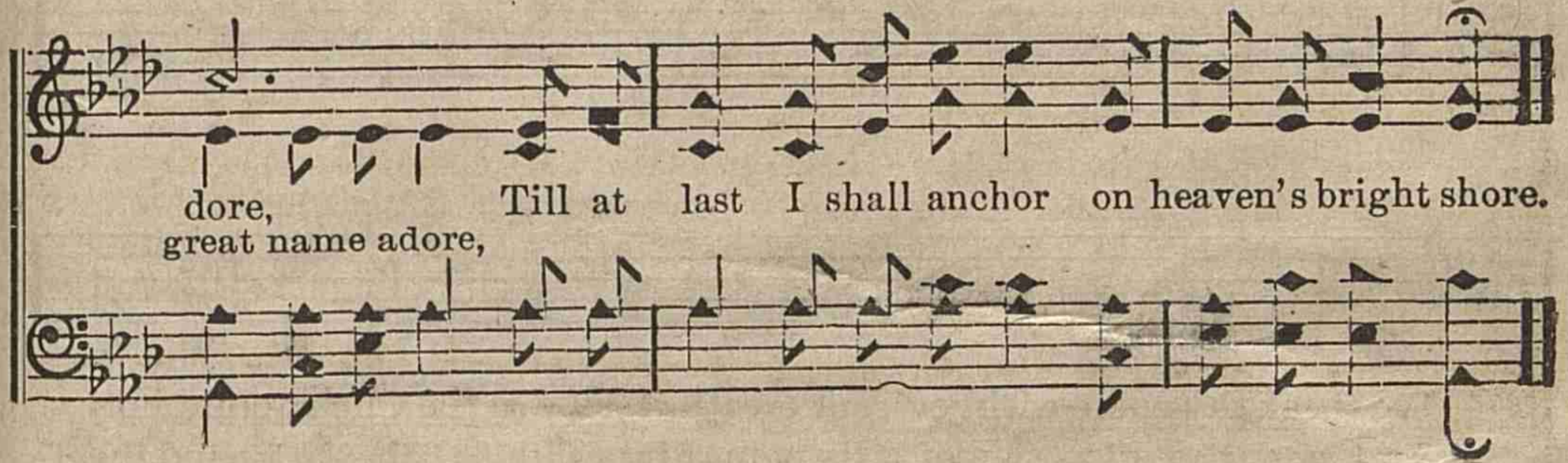
Son from a - bove, Are gifts Thou hast sent me as proofs of Thy love.
Sav - iour to be, And granting Thy grace to a sin - ner like me.
Je - sus is near, And guid - ed me out from the bond-age of fear.
Jordan's dark wave, I'll sing of Thy love and Thy pow - er to save.

CHORUS.

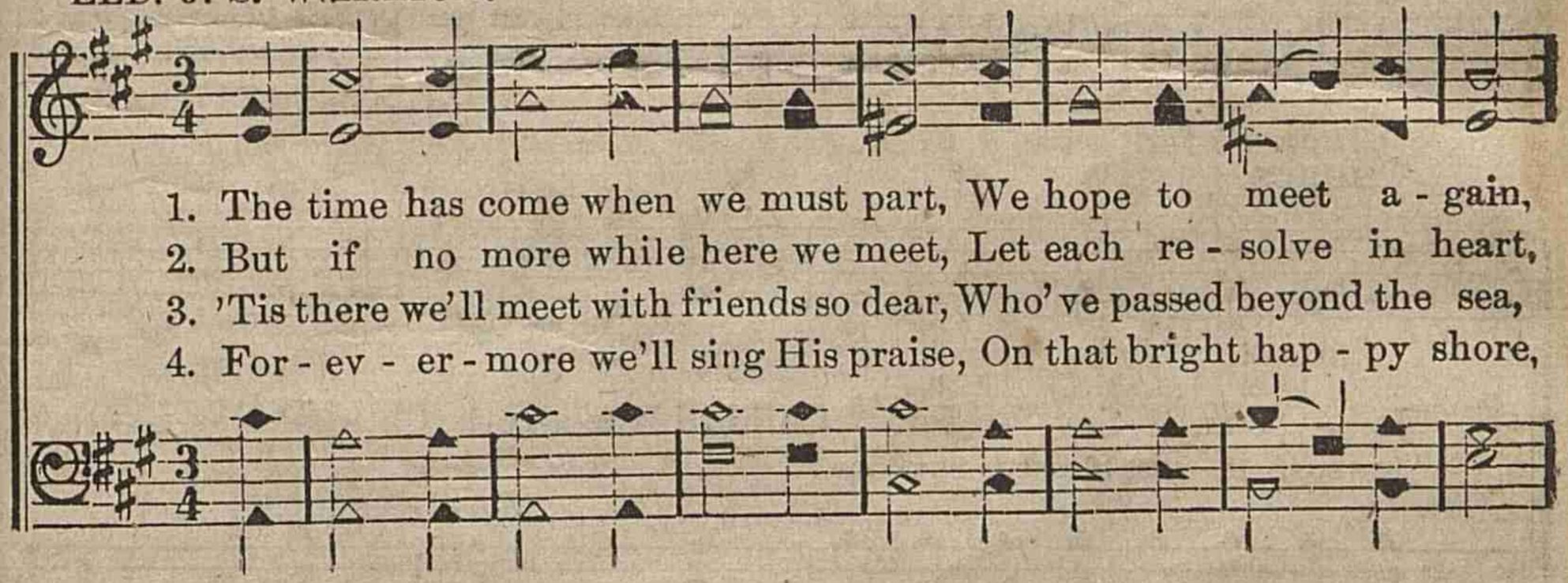
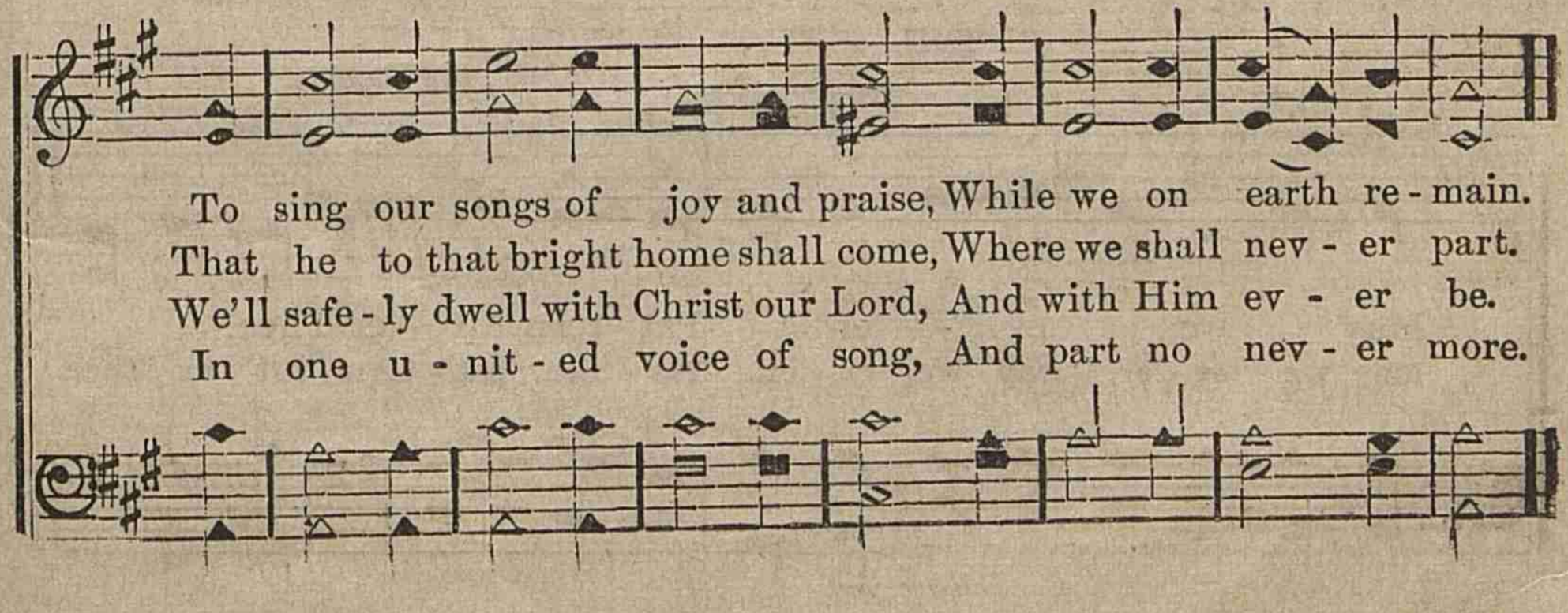
Oh, boun - ti - ful love so thrill - ing and
Oh, boun-ti - ful love so thrilling and sweet! Oh, bounti-ful love so

sweet! How it fill - eth my soul as I dwell at His feet!
thrilling and sweet!

Used by per.

I Love Thee.—Concluded.

NO. 193. We Hope to Meet Again.

ELD. J. S. WARLICK. W. D. EVRIDGE.



NO. 194.

O Little Town of Nazareth.

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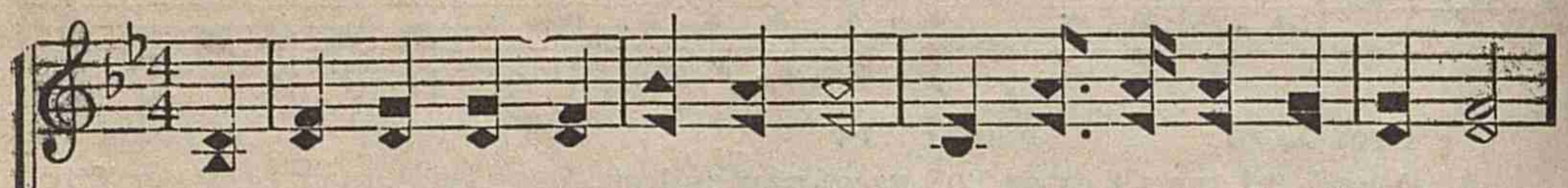
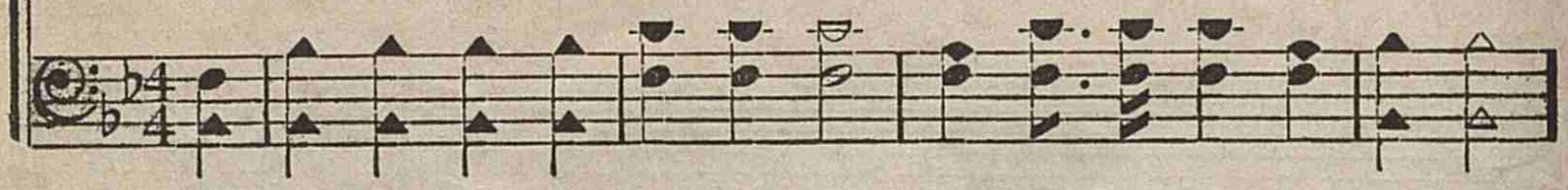
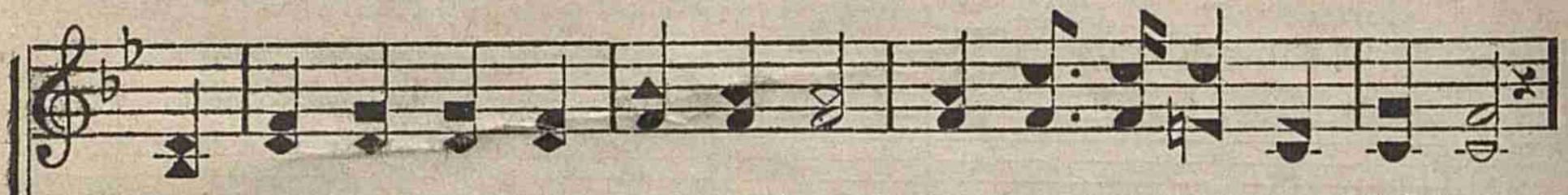
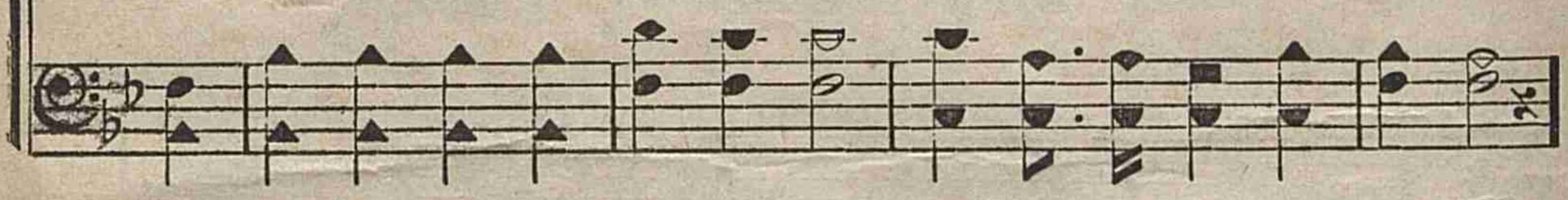
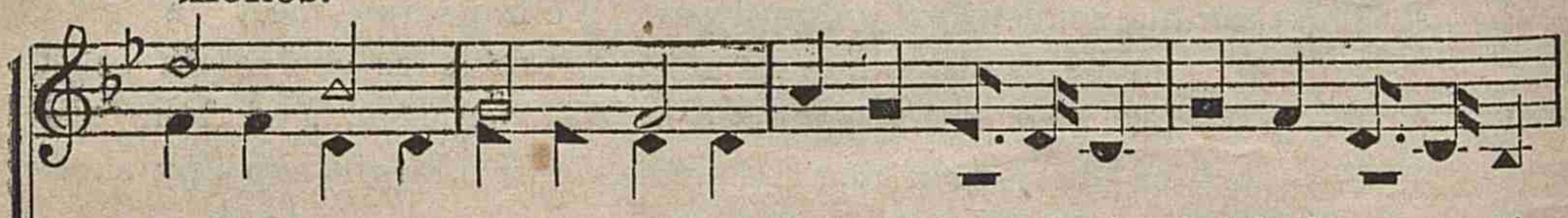
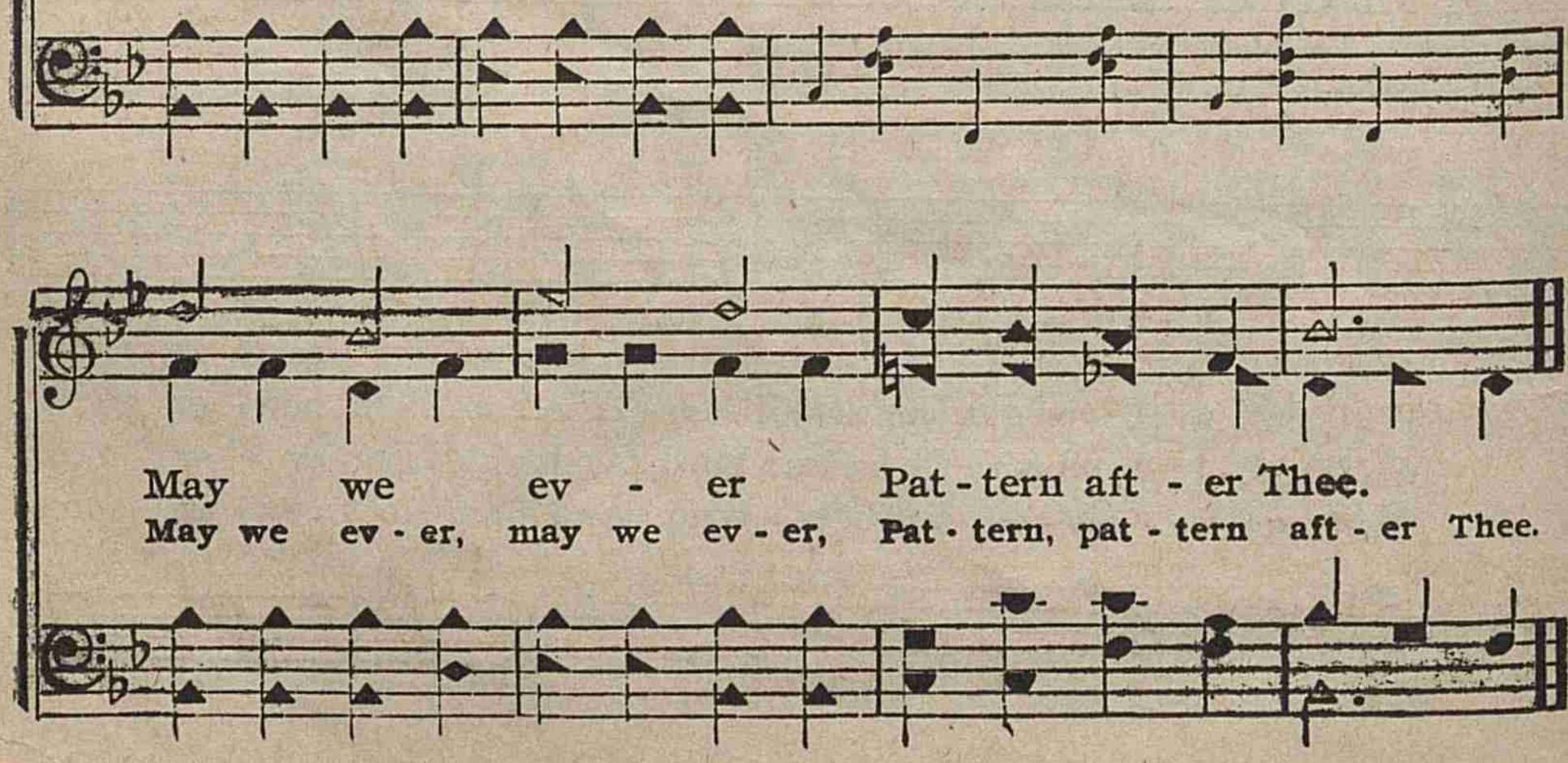
FLORA KIRKLAND. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. O lit - tle town of Naz - a - reth! Poor and despised and low - ly,
2. To thee a lit - tle child He came, Low - ly and mean He found thee;
3. O bless-ed Child of Naz - a - reth, Si-lent Thine ear-ly mis- sion,
4. We may not know Thine ear-ly days Passed in Thy Naz'reth dwelling,

We speak thy name with rev'rent breath, Home of the Christ-child holy.
And now the glo - ry of His name Shines like a ha -lo 'round thee.
And yet Thy child-life teach-es us Per- fect and sweet sub-mis-sion.
But Thou hast touched our lips with praise, Up from our glad hearts swelling.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sav - ior, Child of Naz-a-reth, Child of Naz-a-reth,
Je - sus, Je - sus, blessed Sav - ior,

May we ev - er Pat - tern aft - er Thee.
May we ev - er, may we ev - er, Pat - tern, pat - tern aft - er Thee.

NO. 195.

Keep Praying As You Go.

E. ARNOLD. F. L. EILAND.

1. Young sol-diers gird your ar - mour on, And bold - ly meet the foe,
2. Come burdened souls with all your guilt, And all your weight of woe;
3. Oh! cast your sins at Je - sus feet, While here on earth be - low,
4. And when you've filled the mis-sion giv'n, The Sav-iour will be - stow,
5. The Sav - iour with the Fa - ther pleads, And this I sure - ly know,

There're blessings at the mer - cy seat, Keep pray- ing as you go.
Let faith di- rect and hope in- spire, Keep pray- ing as you go.
Re - ceive the prom-ise He has giv'n, Keep pray- ing as you go.
The bless-ings He has prom-ised you, While pray- ing as you go.
These blessings will be giv - en you, If pray- ing as you go.

CHORUS.

Keep pray - - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Thro' all your way be- low;
Praying as you go, pray-ing friends,

Keep pray - - ing, ev - er pray - ing, Keep pray-ing as you go.
Pray-ing to the end, pray-ing friends,

NO. 196.

Tarry With Me.

Mrs. C. F. SMITH. Mrs. F. L. EILAND.

1. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sav - iour, For the day is pass-ing by;
2. Ma - ny friends were gath-ered 'round me, In the bright days of the past;
3. Deep - er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow-ing west,
4. Tar - ry with me, O, my Sav - iour, Lay my head up - on Thy breast

See, the shades of eve - ning gath - er, And the night is draw-ing nigh.
But the grave has closed a- bove them, And I lin - ger here the last.
Swift the night of death ad-vanc - es; Shall it be the night of rest?
Till the morn - ing; then a- wake me, Morn - ing of e - ter - nal rest.

REFRAIN.

Tar - ry with me, bless - ed Je - sus, Leave me not till morn- ing light,

For I'm lone - ly here with-out Thee, Tar - ry with me thro' the night.

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NO. 197.

Teach Me the Way.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT. JAMES W. ACUFF.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, teach me the way, Out of the dark-ness in - to the day, Day all re-splen - dent, with wondrous light,
2. Guide and pro-tect me, keep me from harm, Ev - er up-hold me with Thy strong arm; While Thou art lead - ing, all will be right,
3. I can-not stray, Lord, while I'm with Thee, For Thou hast promised strength un-to me; Glad - ly I'll fol - low all of the way,

REFRAIN.

Where heav-en's glo - ry ban - ish - es night.
For Thou wilt guide me with Thy blest light.
Till I shall see Thee, some bless-ed day.
} Teach me the way, oh, teach me the way, and O Sav - ior, keep me ev - 'ry day, Thou Teach me the way, teach me the way, Lead me un - to E - ter-nal day. oh, and that

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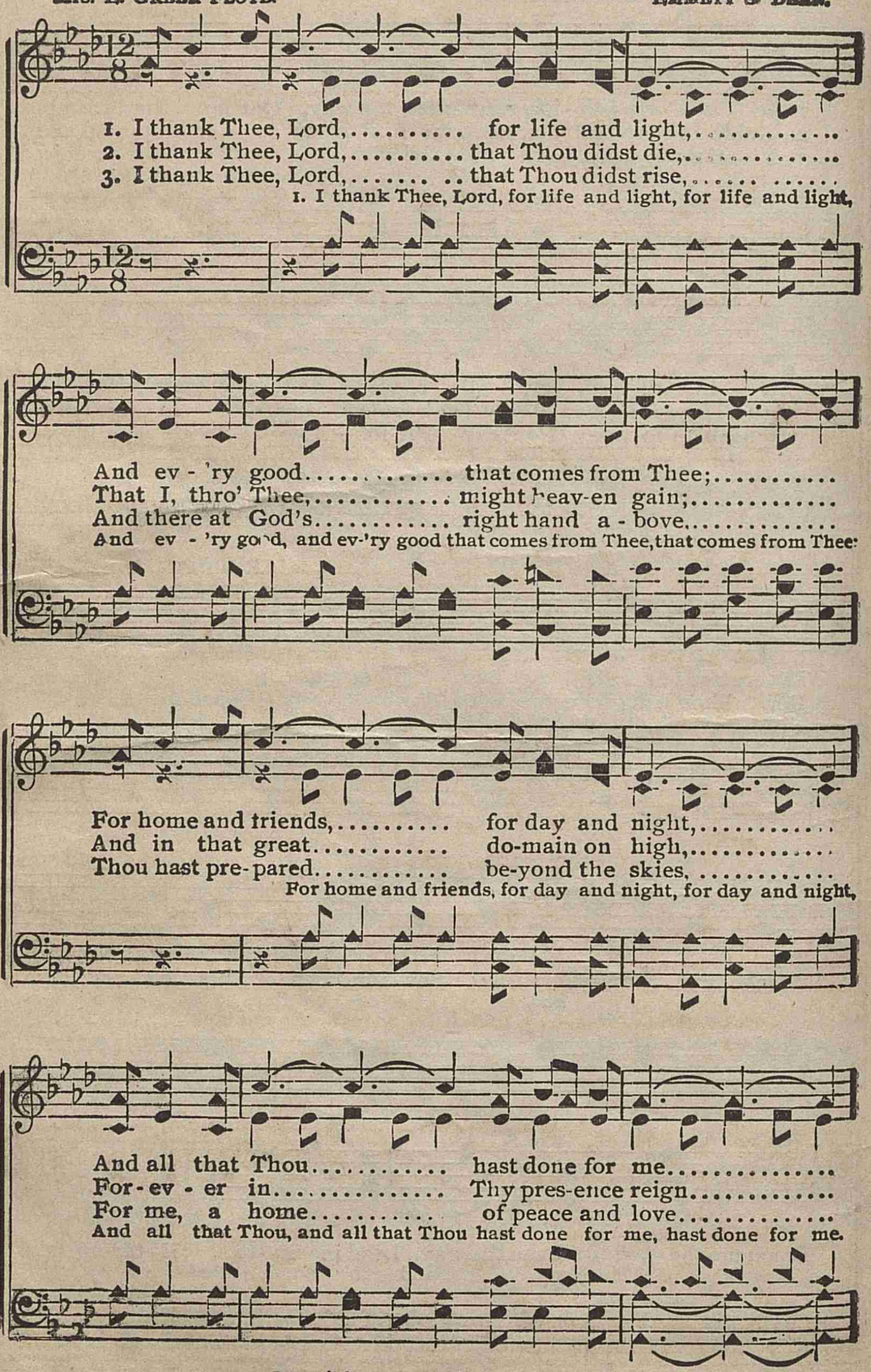
NO. 198.

Give Thanks and Sing.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD. EMMETT S. DEAN.

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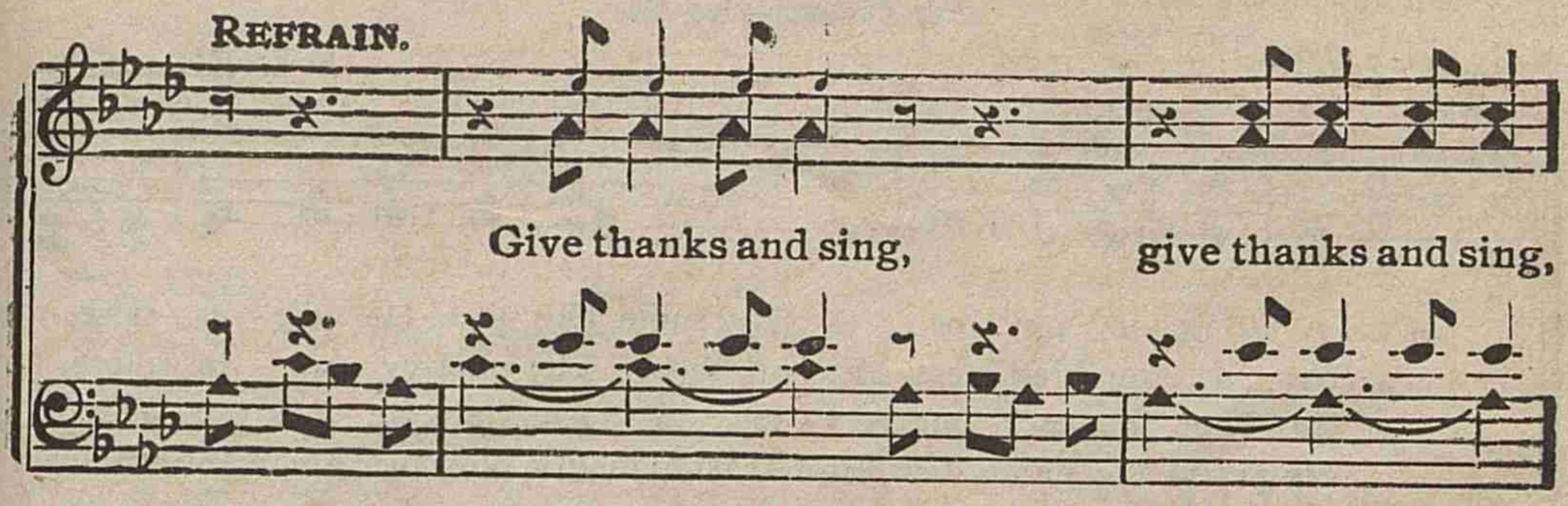
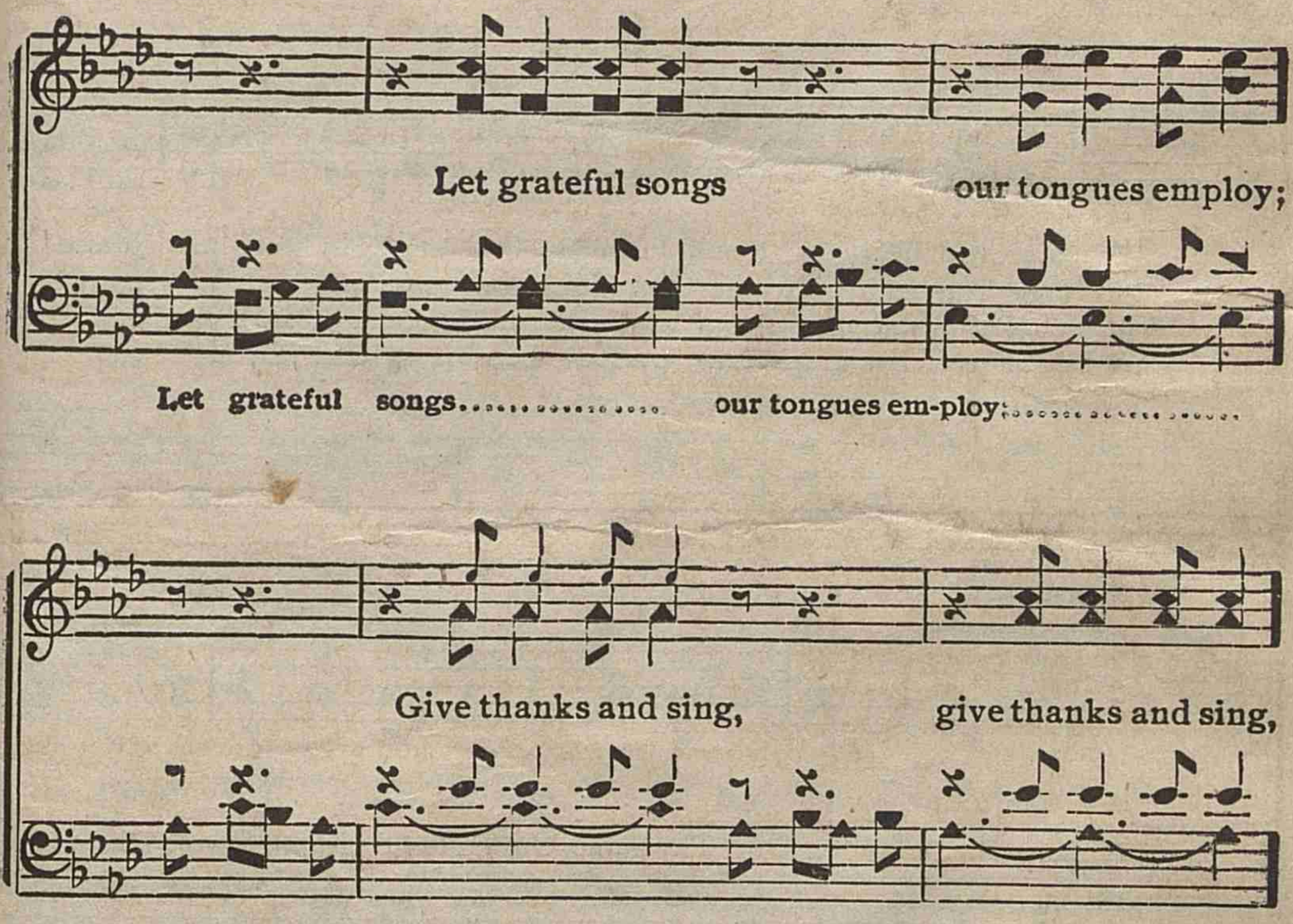
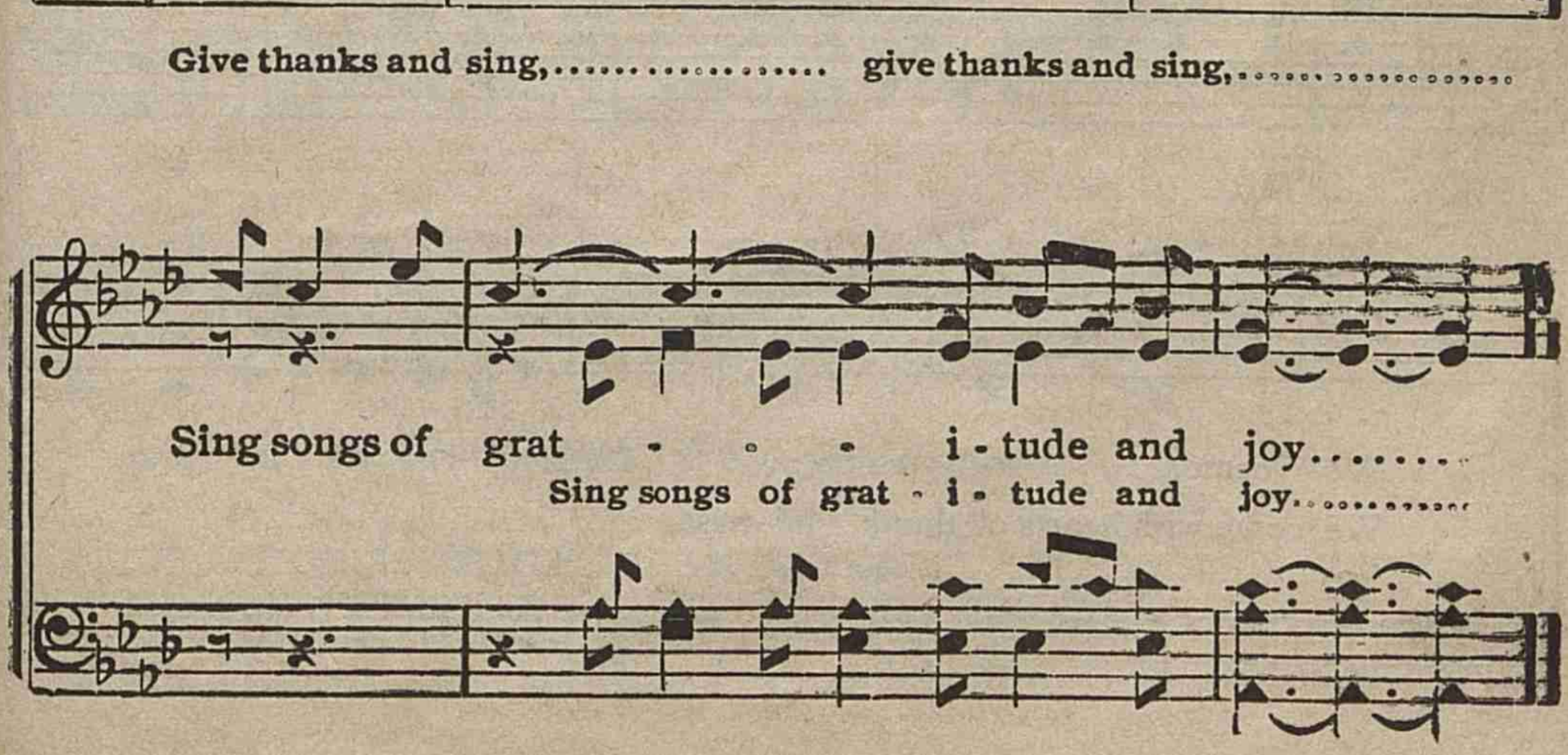
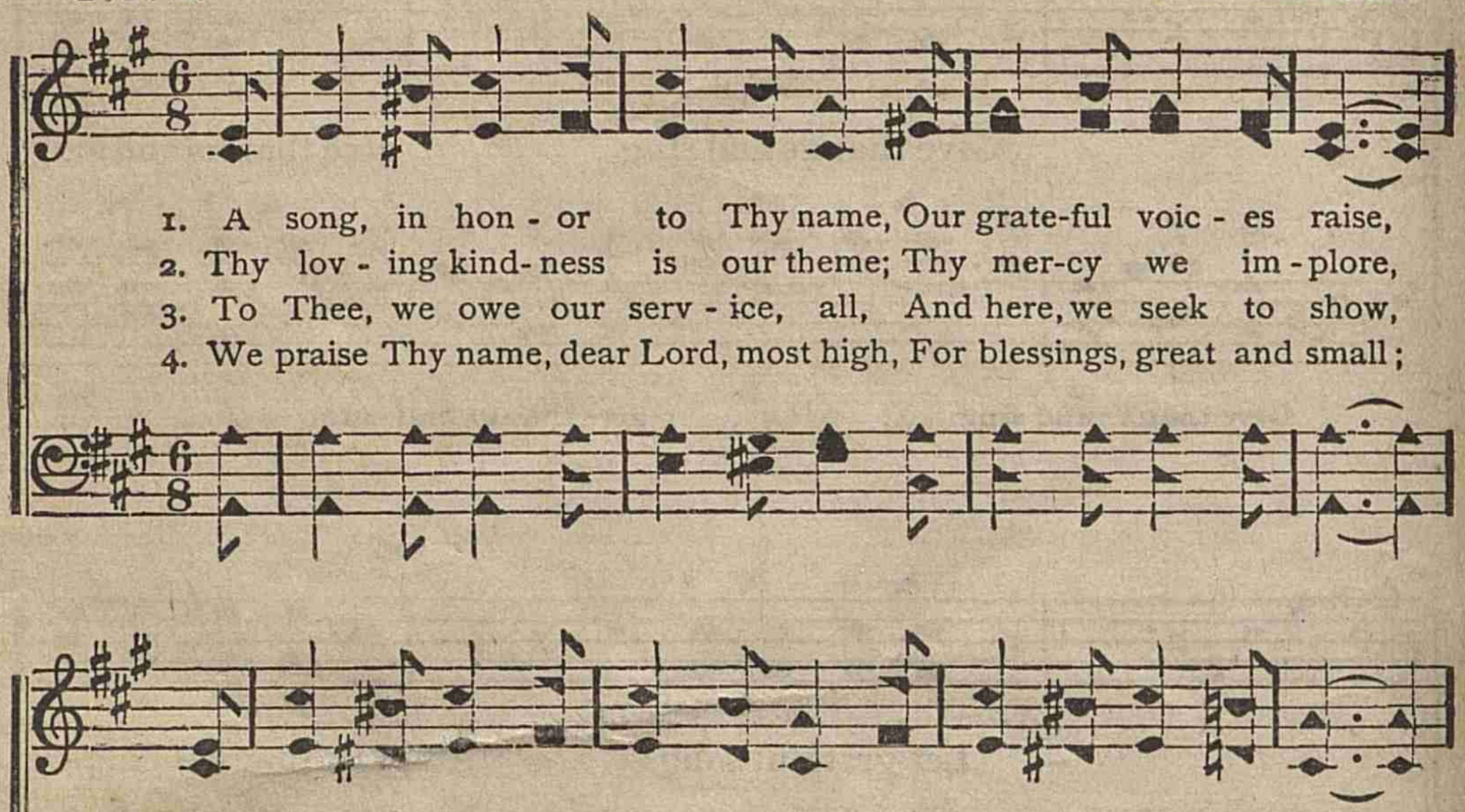
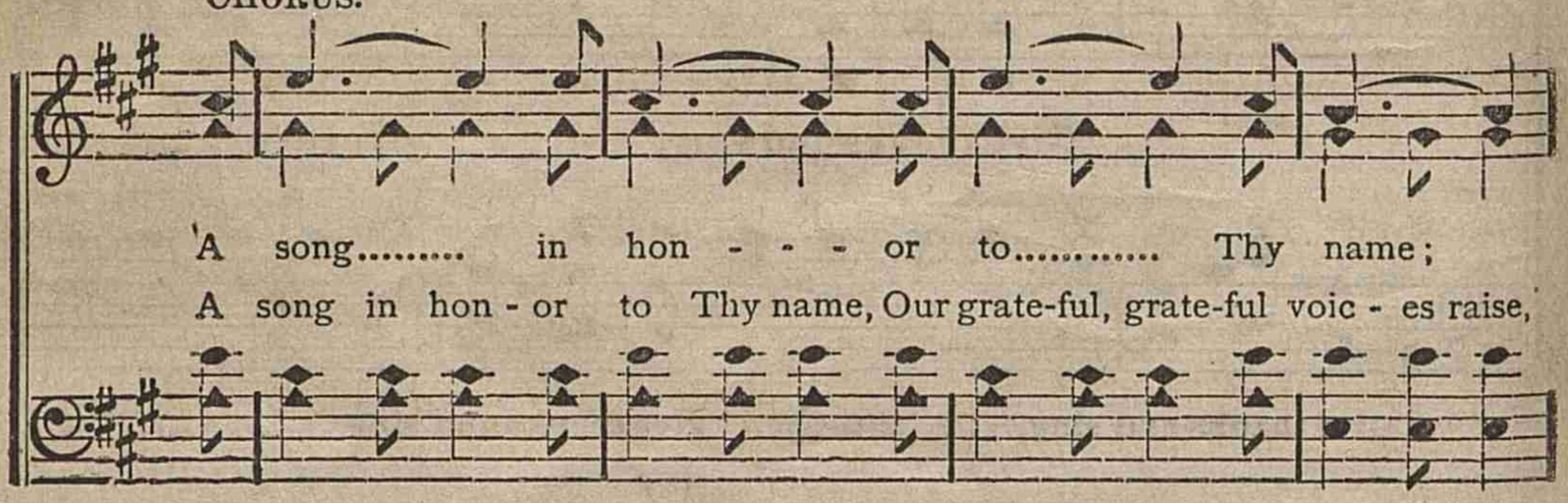
Give Thanks and Sing. Concluded.



NO. 199.

Thanksgiving in Song.

For Thanksgiving Day.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

CHORUS.

NO. 200.

Keep Me Ev'ry Day.

F. L. EILAND. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Lord, I want to live for Thee, Ev - 'ry day and hour;
2. In my weak-ness, be my strength,—In my tri - als all
3. Leave me not, to walk a - lone, Lest I droop and die. —

Let Thy spir - it be with me, In its sav - ing pow'r!
Be Thou, near me all the day,— Hear my ev - 'ry call!
Let Thy spir - it go with me, And at - tend my cry!

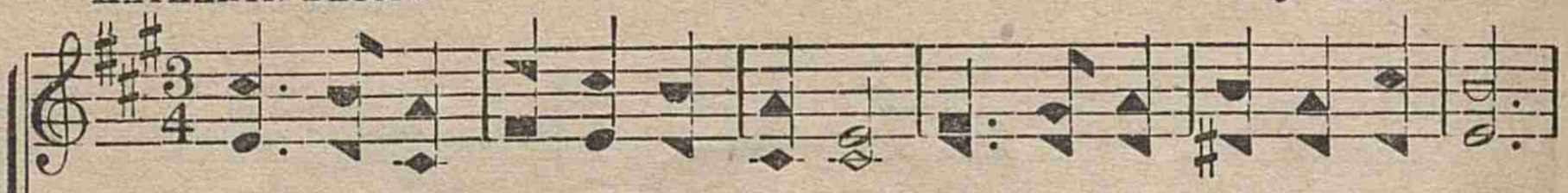
CHORUS.

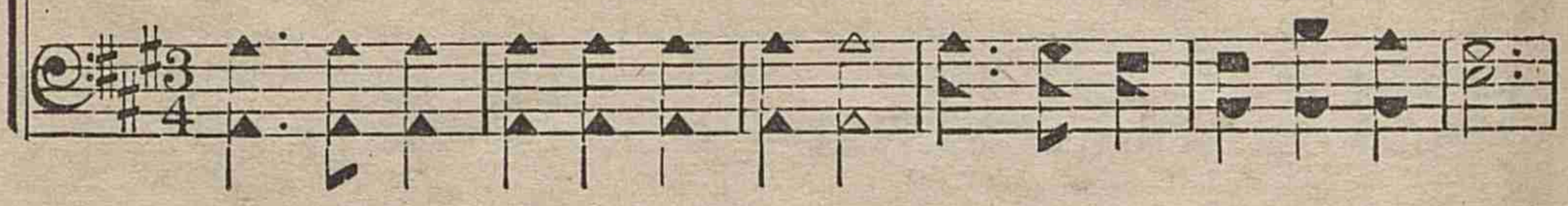
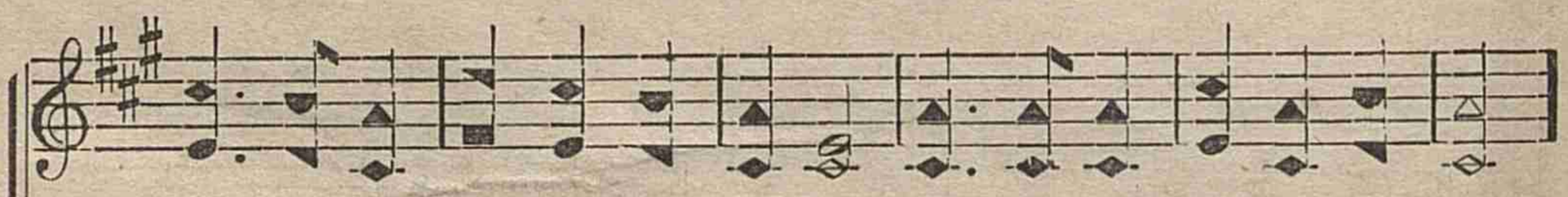
Keep my heart, and keep my hand,— Keep my soul, I pray!

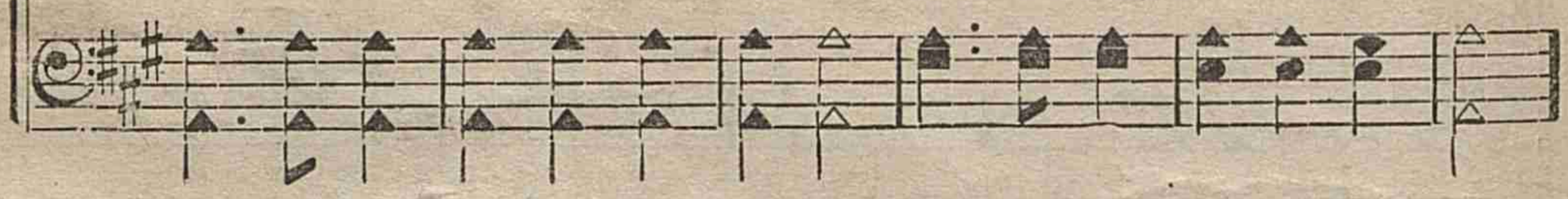
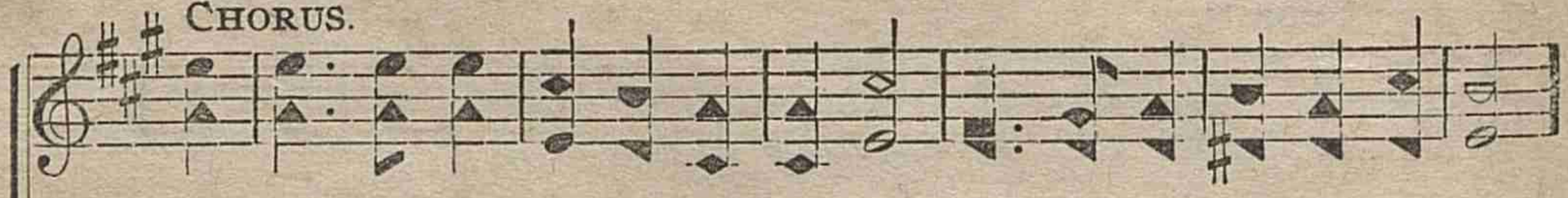
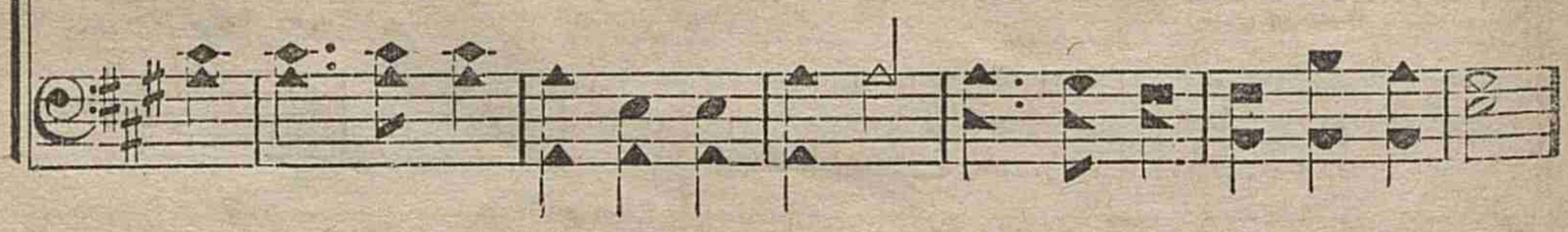
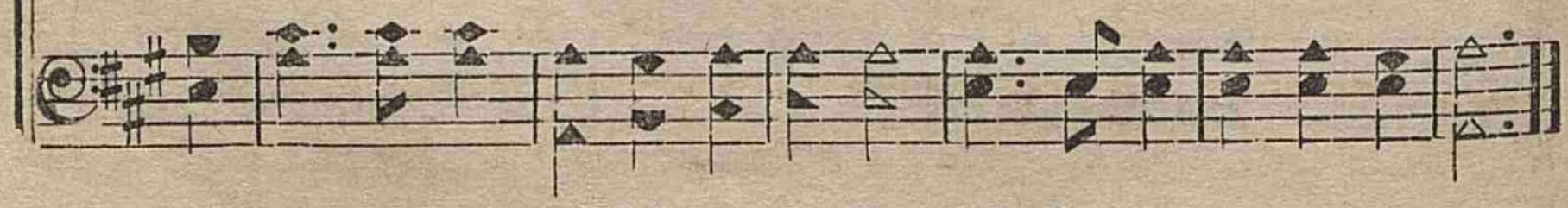
Keep my tongue to speak Thy praise,—Keep me all the way!

NO. 201.

Keep Us To-night.

KATHARYN BACON. J. W. ACUFF.

1. Fa - ther in heaven, now keep us, Safe - ly, till com-eth the light;
2. Trust-ing Thy watchfulness ev - er, Striv-ing to live in Thy sight,
3. Now, as the darkness in creas-es, Sav-ior, oh, guard with Thy might;



Keep us when slumbers o'er-take us, Save us and keep us to - night.
Knowing that noth-ing can sev - er Us, from Thy keeping to - night.
Watch till this earthly life ceas - es, Keep us, oh, keep us to - night.

CHORUS.

Then keep us, oh, keep us, dear Father, Watch with Thine all-seeing eye;

Oh, should the death an-gel now summon, Bear us to mansions on high

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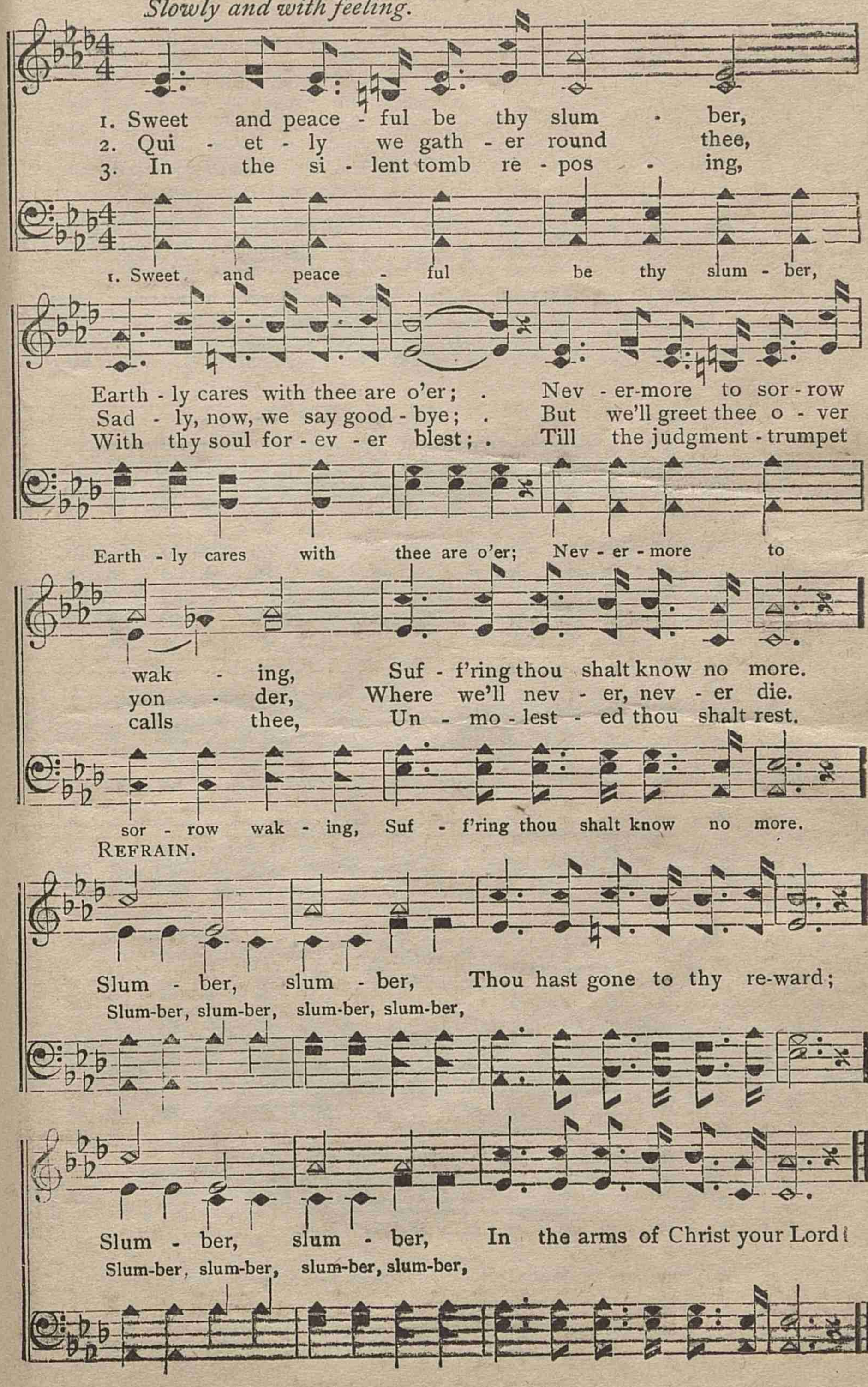
NO. 202..

Peaceful Slumber.

Funeral Hymn.

Jas. B. Franklin. Copyright, 1906, by Emmett S. Dean. Emmett S. Dean.

Slowly and with feeling.

NO. 203. Mother, Meet Me at the River.

J. R. H. J. R. HONNOLL.

DUET.

1. Our moth - er, she has gone to rest, Her voice no more we'll hear;
2. O, how I miss her smil-ing face, And lov - ing ten - der care;
3. O, yes, I oft - en think of thee, And of thee do I dream;
4. O, moth - er, I am com-ing home, Yes, com - ing by and by:

Till we shall reach that land of bliss, Then we'll see moth - er dear.
Our home is now a lone - ly place, No one to use her chair.
But lone - ly is the hours to me, Since thou hast cross'd the stream.
And there we nev - er more shall roam, In that home o - ver there.

CHORUS.

I am com - - - ing by and by,.....

I am com - ing, yes, I'm com - ing by and by, yes by and by,

Com - ing home,..... yes, by and by,.....

Com - ing home, yes com - ing home, yes, by and by, by and by,

Moth - er, meet..... me at the stream,.....

Moth - er, meet me at the riv - er, at the stream, that dread-ed stream,

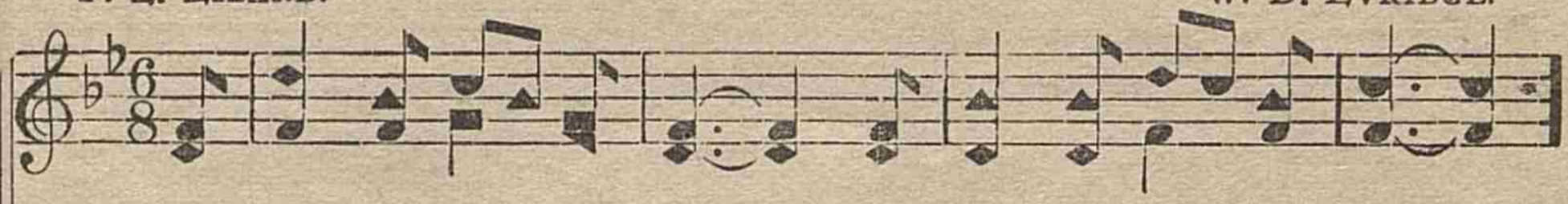
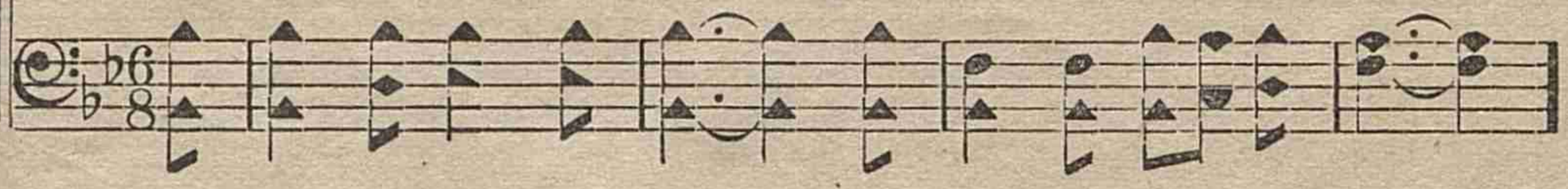
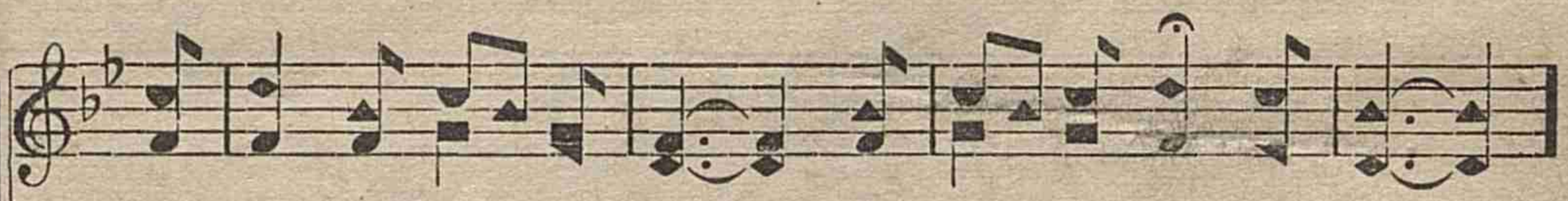
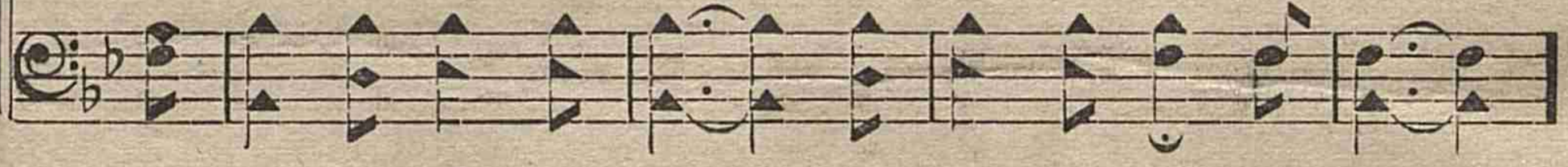
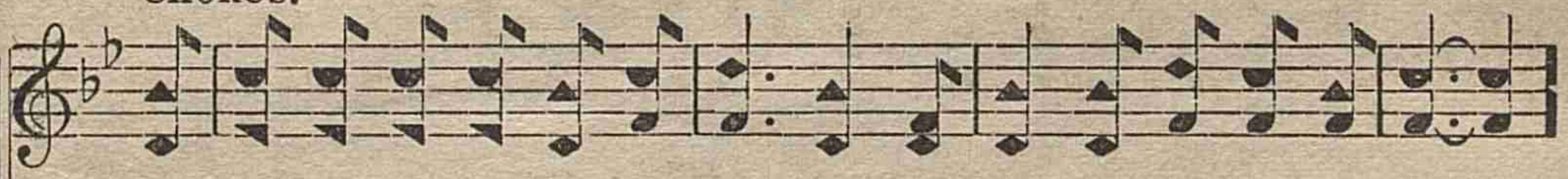
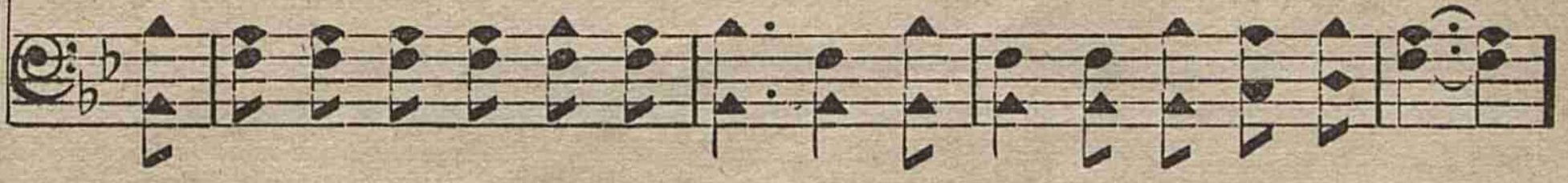
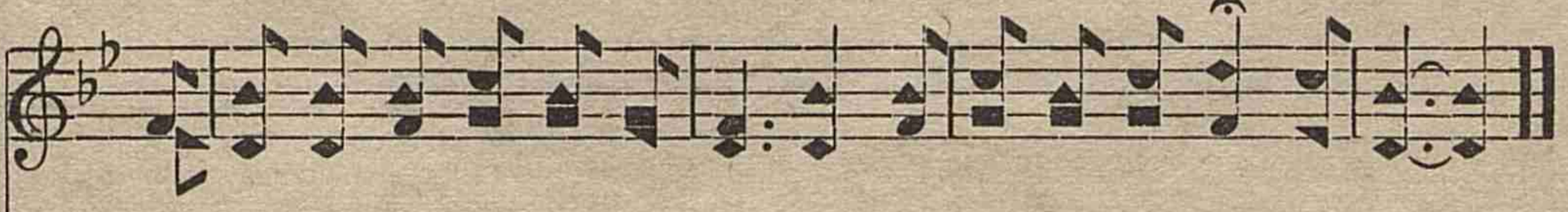
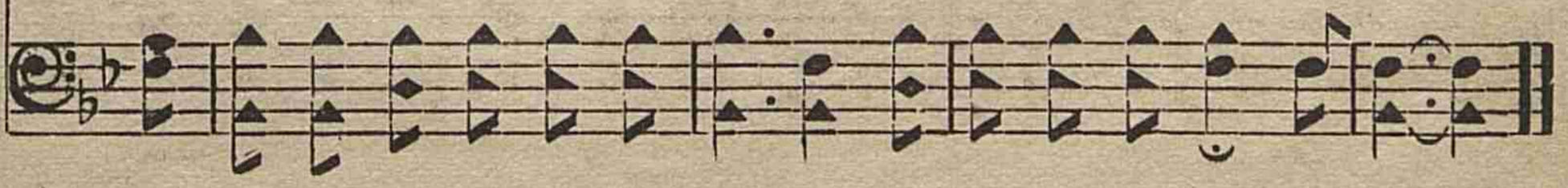
When I come,..... oh, meet me there!.....

When I come to cross that stream, oh, meet me there, meet me there!

NO. 204.

To Glory Land.

Copyright, 1909, by The Trio Music Co.

F. L. EILAND. W. D. EVRIDGE.

1. They're gone to join that throng, There in that glo - ry land,
2. We sad - ly miss them here; But o - ver on that shore,
3. The soul, if here pre - pared, No pain will ev - er know;
4. No wail of mourning there In that bright glo - ry land;

Where glitt'ring crowns a - dorn, And gold-en harps in hand.
A - gain we all can meet, And meet to part no more.
To end - less joy and bliss, Thro' death, from us they go.
All tears are wiped a - way By Je - sus' lov - ing hand.

CHORUS.

The song of redemption's sweet story They'll sing, and sing it a - gain;

The won-der-ful song of sal-va-tion, Thro' Je-sus, the Lamb once slain.

NO. 205.

Thou art Gone.

SAM. SHULTZ. EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Thou art gone,..... our precious dar- ling,..... Nev - er
2. Then be - yond..... this vale of sor- row,..... We'll a -
3. Thou art gone,..... our precious dar- ling, ... Nev - er
4. There we'll meet..... you, precious dar- ling,..... There we'll
5. There we'll spend..... the countless a - ges,..... Ev - er

1. Thou art gone, our precious darling, precious darling,

more..... canst thou re- turn; Thou shalt sleep..... a peaceful
wake..... from ev- 'ry care; In a cit - - y bright, e -
more..... we'll see thy face; Till we meet..... thee o'er the
clasp.....glad hands once more; When we've met,..... to part, no,
by..... our Saviour's side; There we'll nev - - - er know a

Never more canst thou return, canst thou return; Thou shalt sleep a peaceful

slum- ber,..... Till the res - - - ur - rec - tion morn.
ter - nal,..... And its joys..... we'll ev - er share.
riv - er,..... In that hap - - py dwelling place.
nev - er,..... On that hap - - py, peaceful shore.
sor - row,..... There our tears..... will all be dried.

slumber, peaceful slumber, Till the res - ur- rec- tion morn.

CHORUS.

We shall meet..... to part, no, nev - er,.....
We shall meet, to part, no, nev - er, part, no, nev - er,

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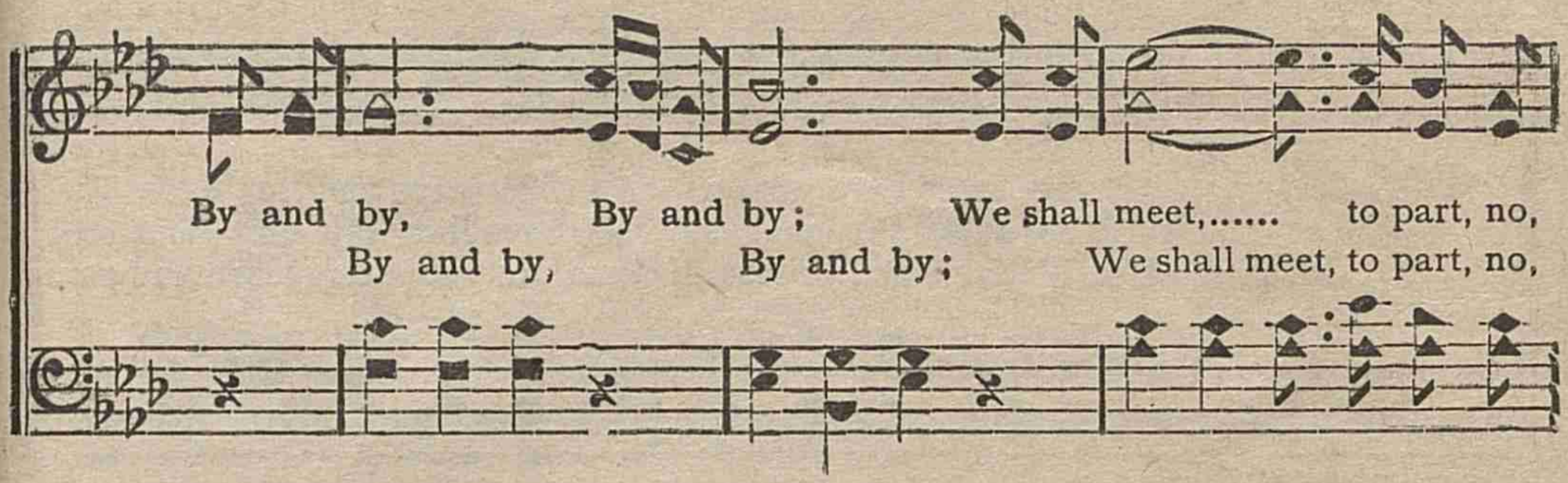
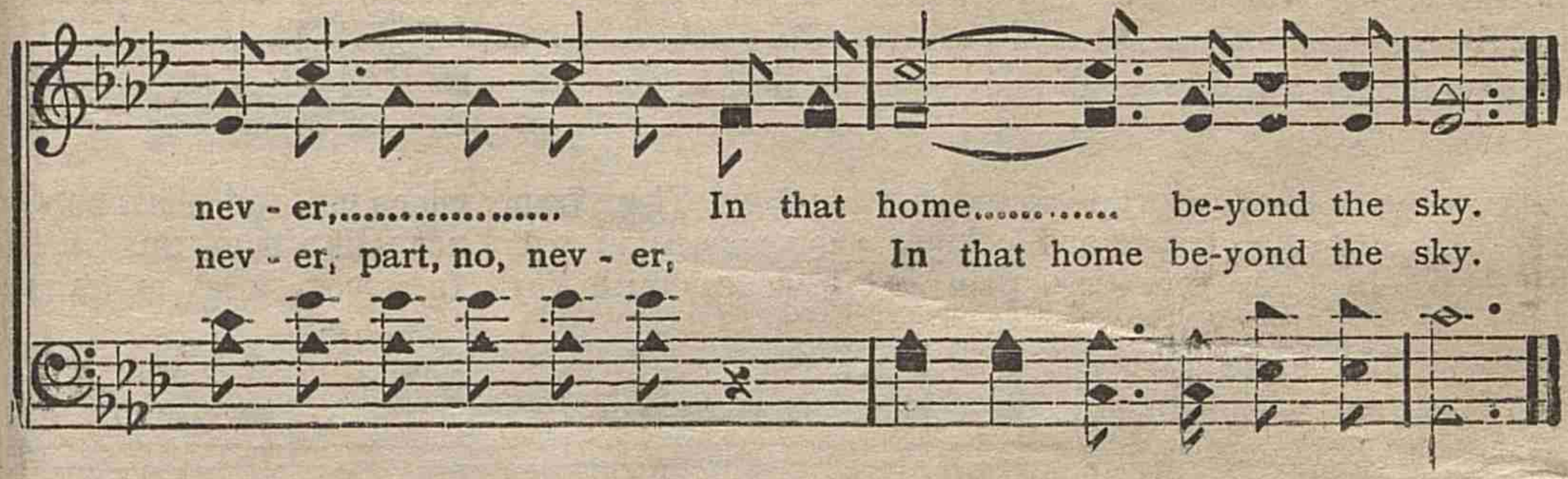
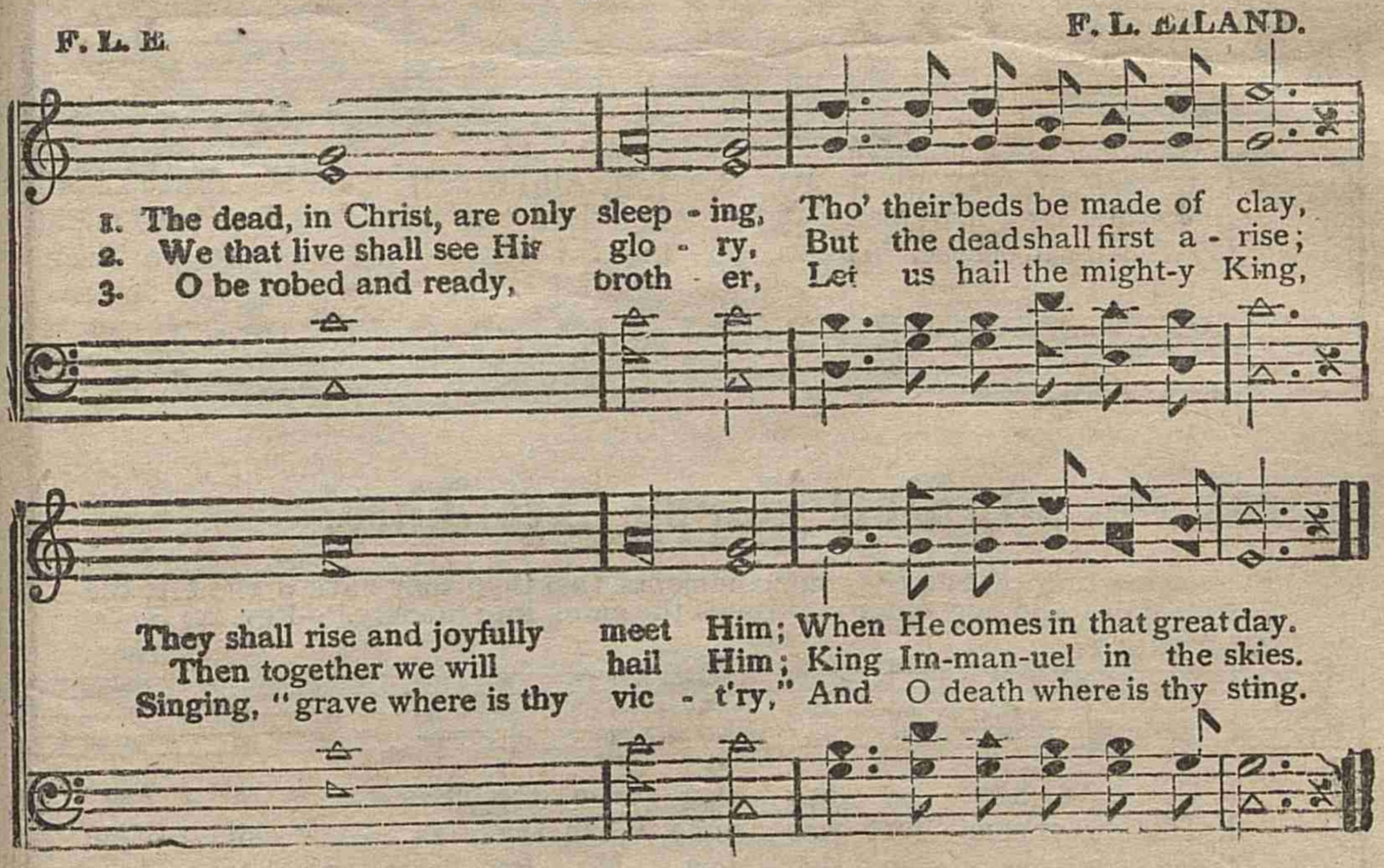
Thou art Gone.—Concluded.



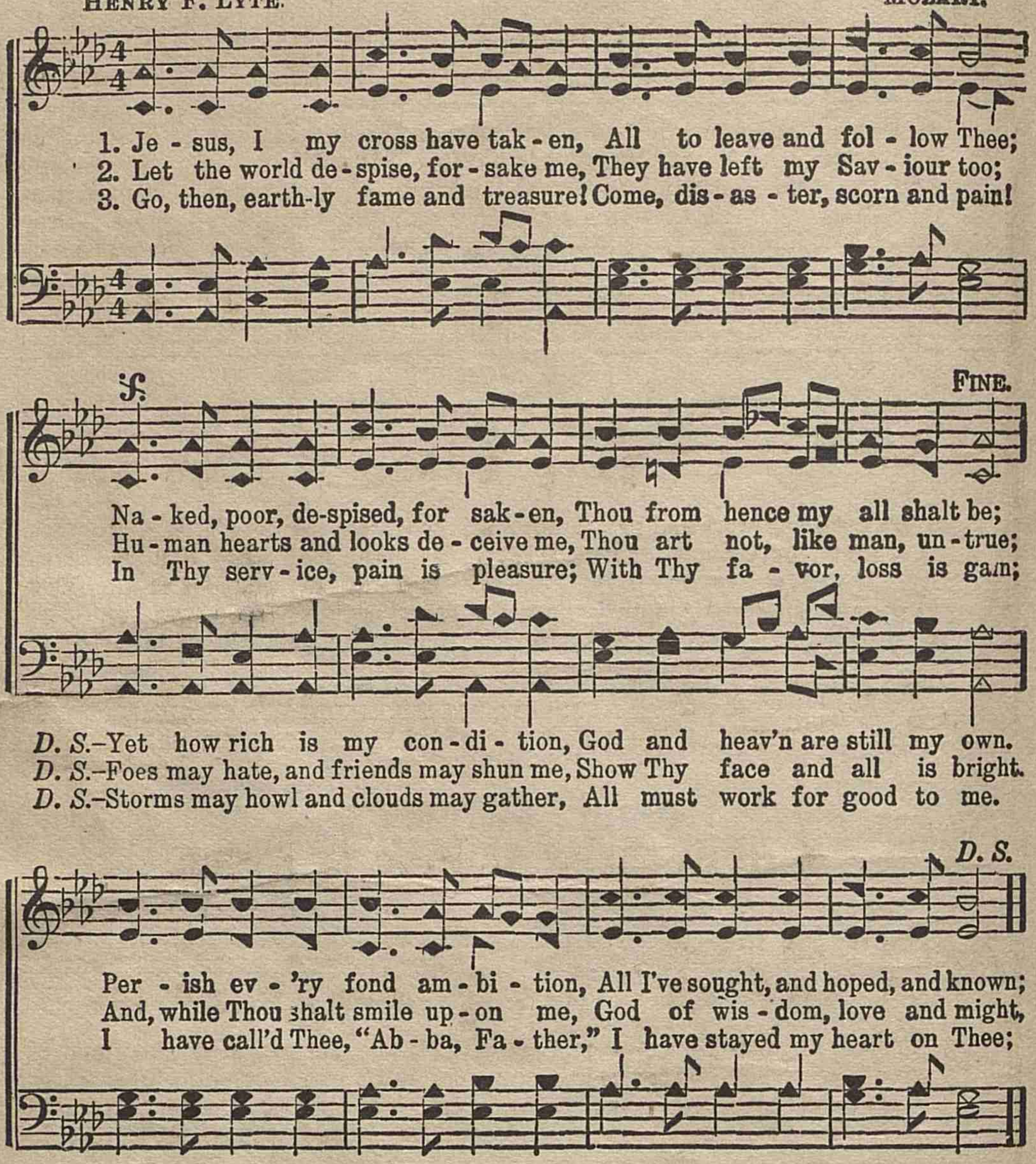
NO. 206

Only Sleeping.

F. L. E.

F. L. ELAND.

NO. 207. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

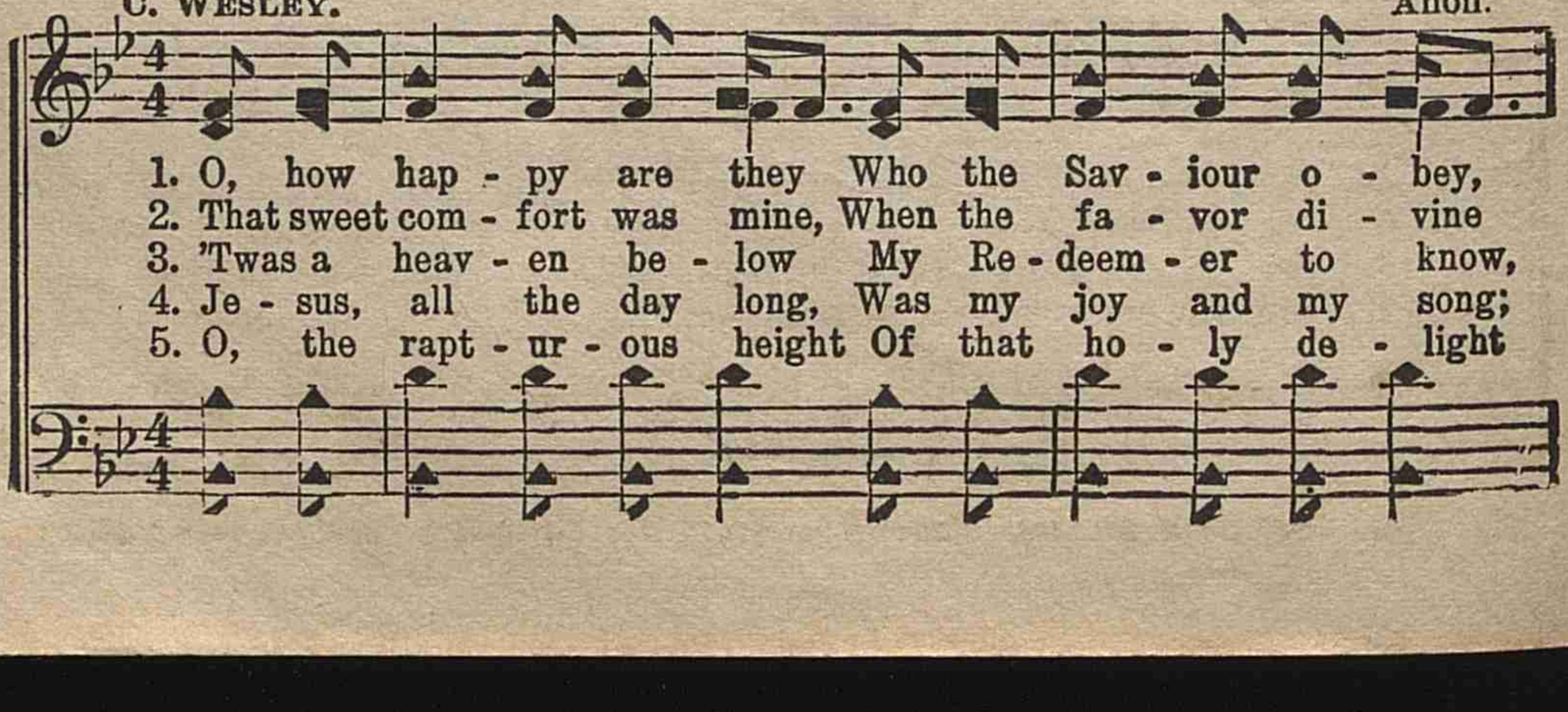
HENRY F. LYTE. MOZART.

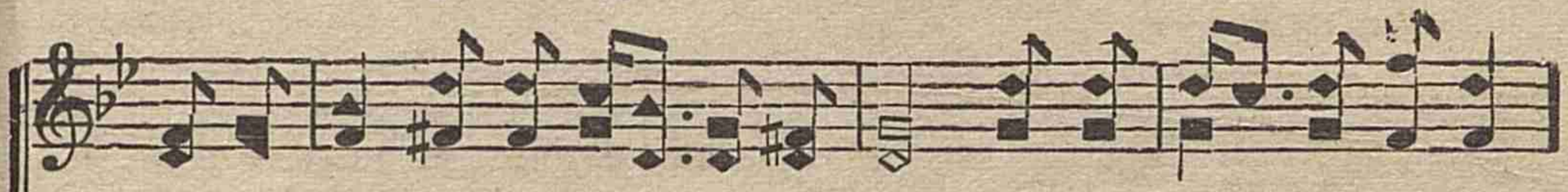


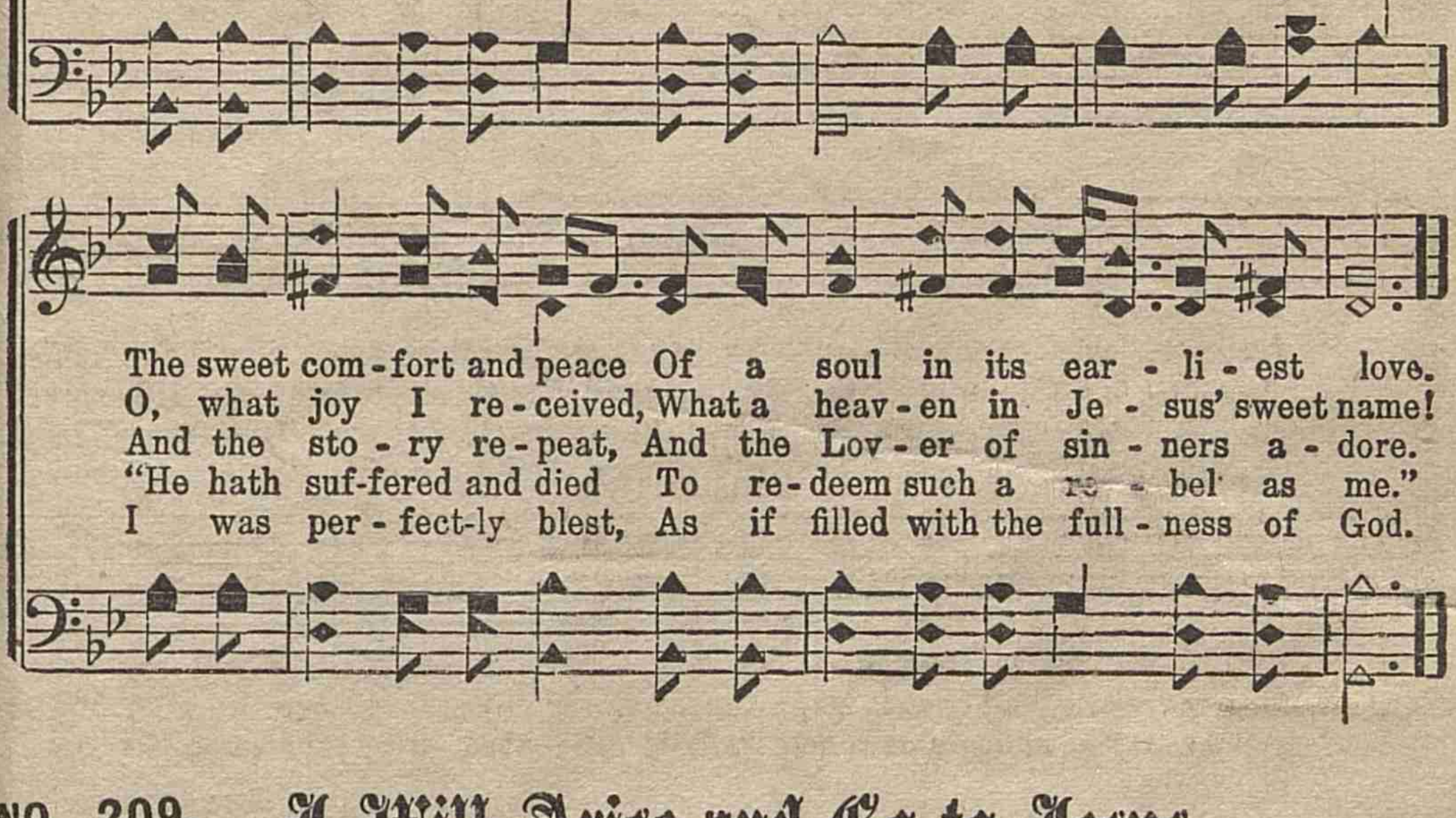
NO. 208. O, How Happy Are They!

"Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—Rev. 22: 14.

C. WESLEY. Anon.

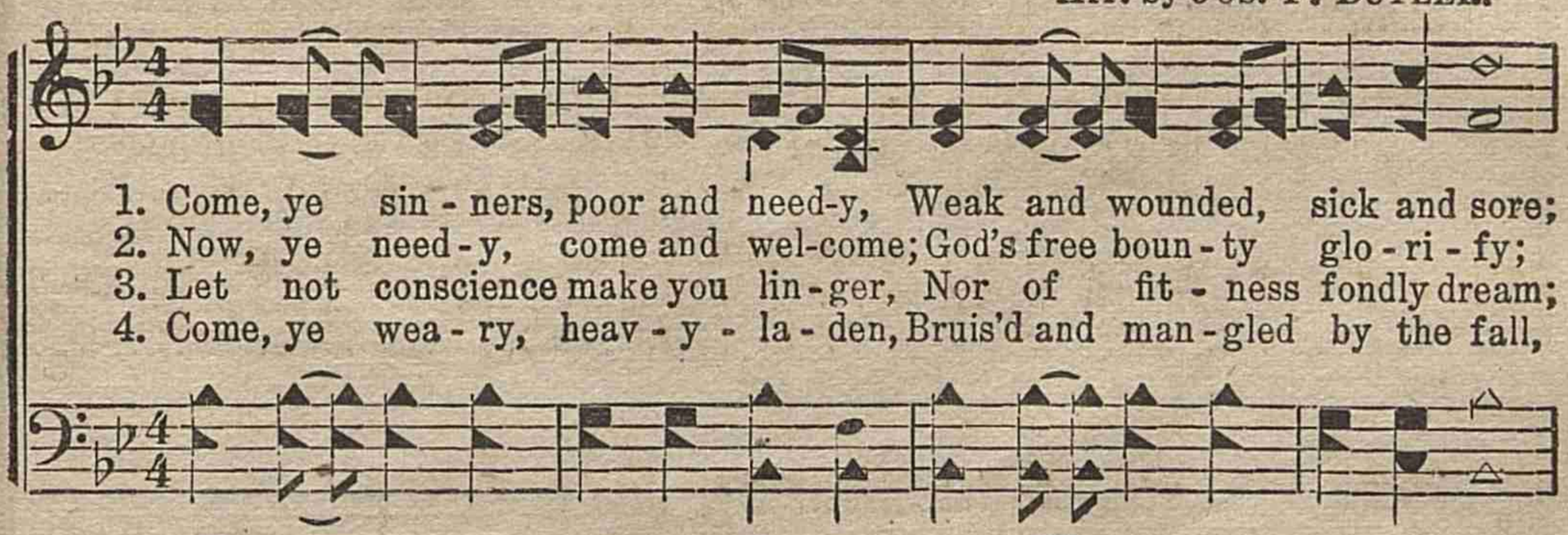


How Happy Are They.

And whose treasures are laid up a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex - press
I first found in the blood of the Lamb; When by faith I be - lieved,
And the an - gels could do noth-ing more Than to fall at His feet,
O, that all His sal - va - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried,
Which I felt in the life - giv - ing blood! Of my Sav - iour pos-sessed

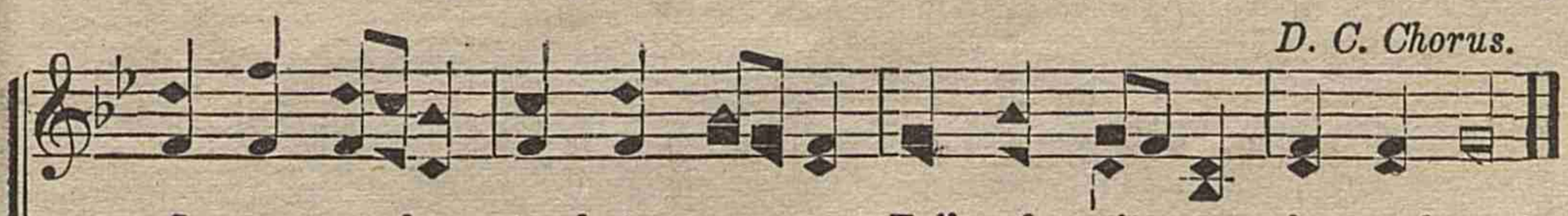
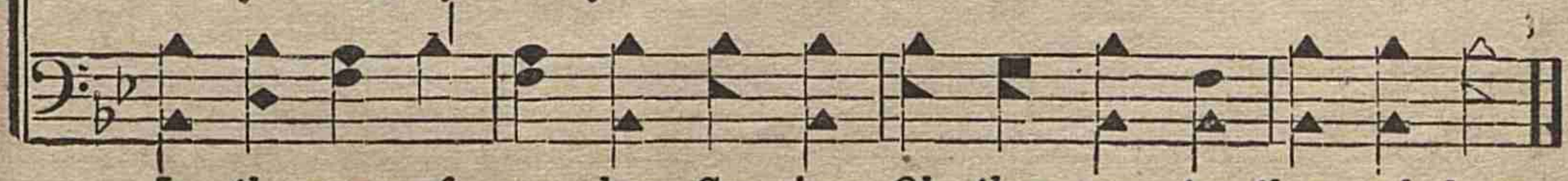


The sweet com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
O, what joy I re - ceived, What a heav - en in Je - sus' sweet name!
And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sin - ners a - dore.
"He hath suf-fered and died To re - deem such a re - bel as me."
I was per - fect-ly blest, As if filled with the full - ness of God.

NO. 209. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

Arr. by Jos. F. Butler.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruis'd and man - gled by the fall,

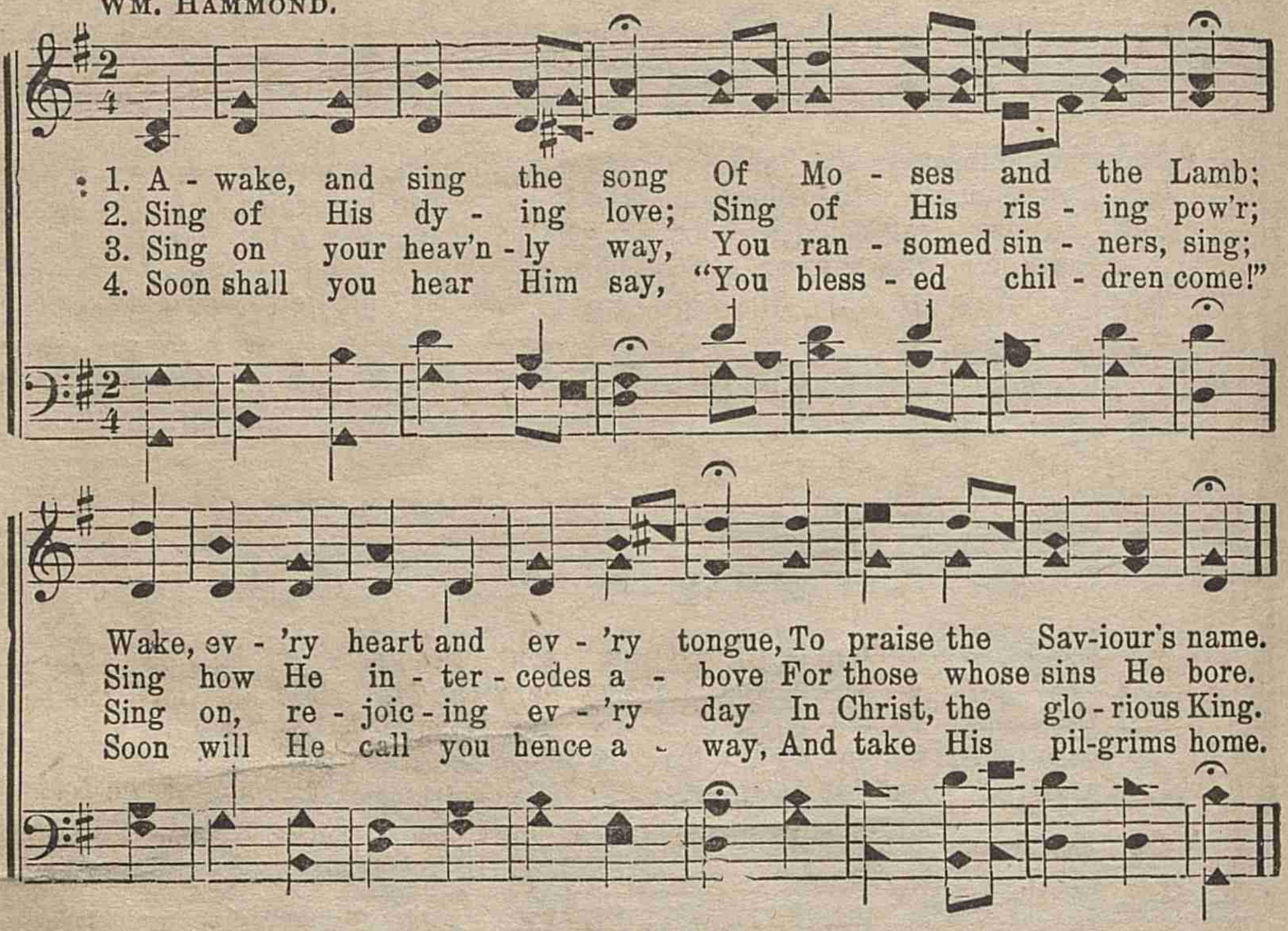
Cho.—*I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;*

D. C. Chorus.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pentance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav - iour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms

NO. 210.

St. Thomas.

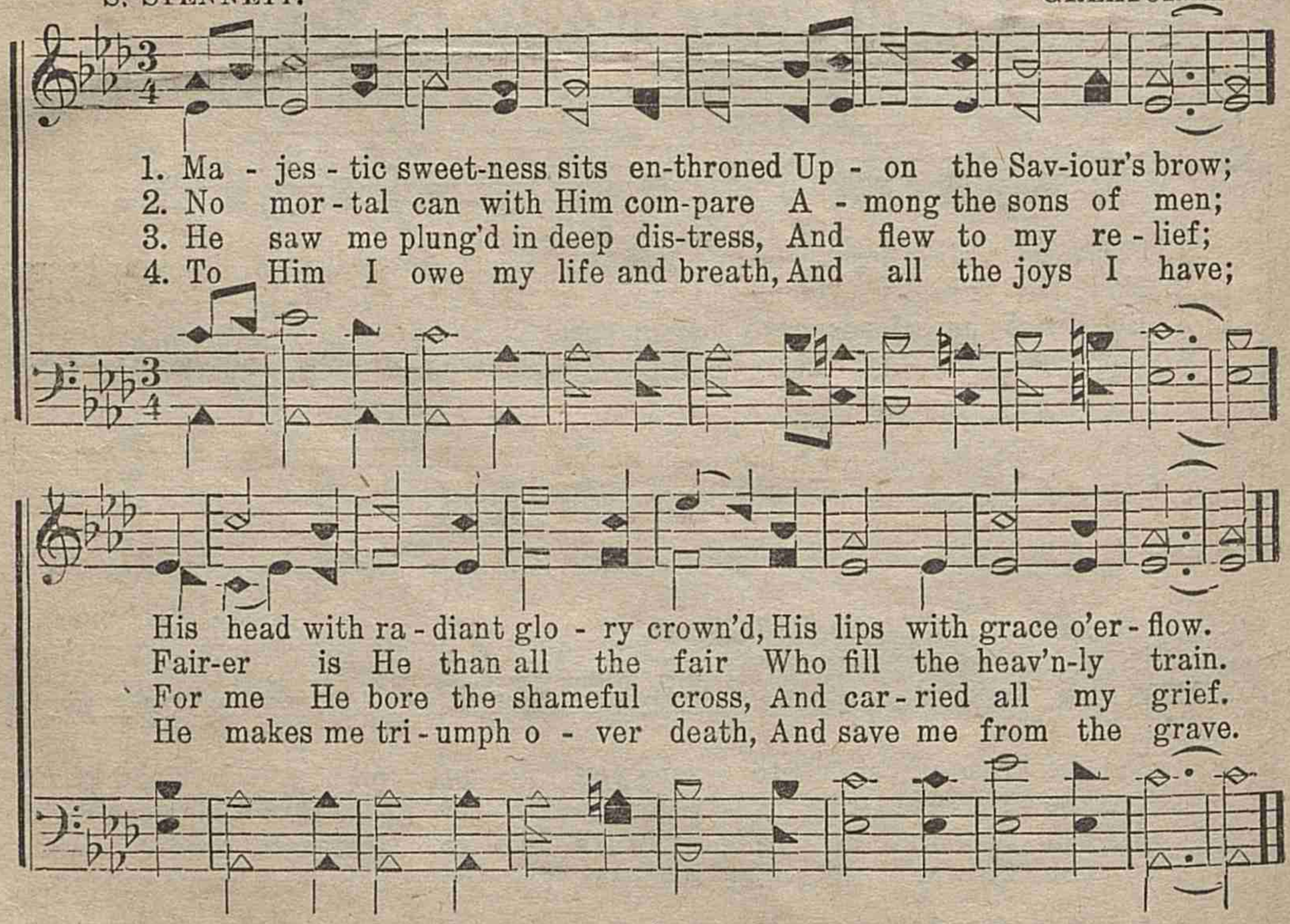
WM. HAMMOND.



NO. 211.

Manoah.

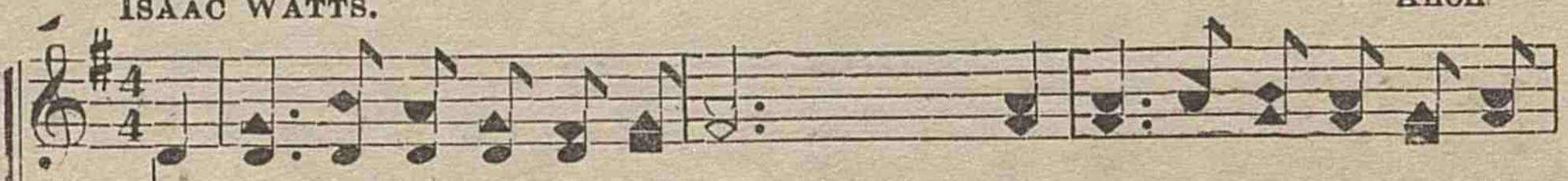
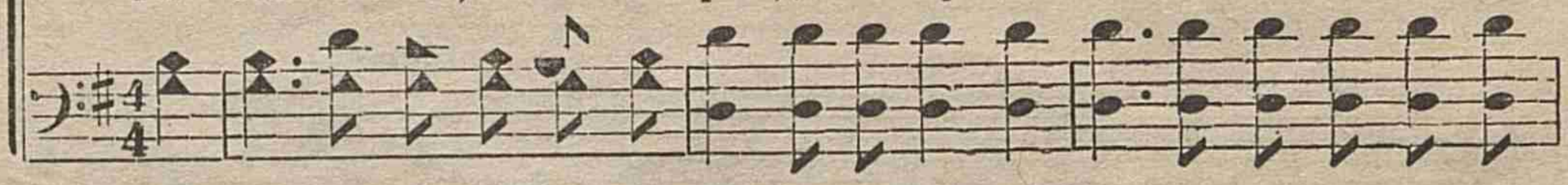
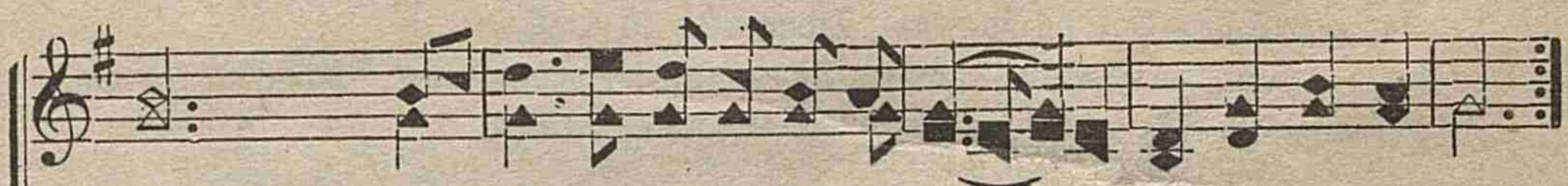
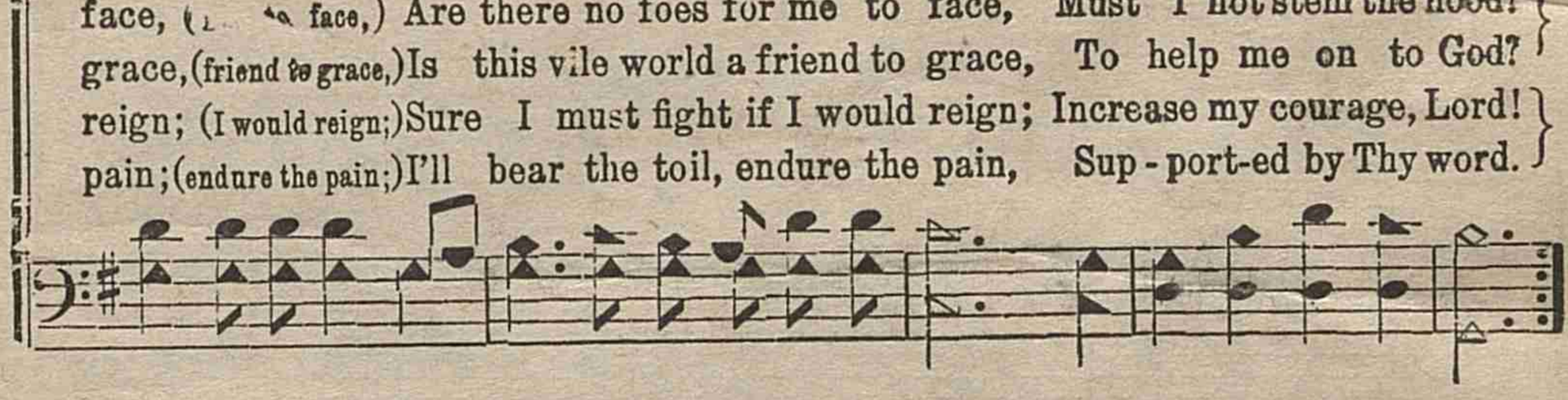
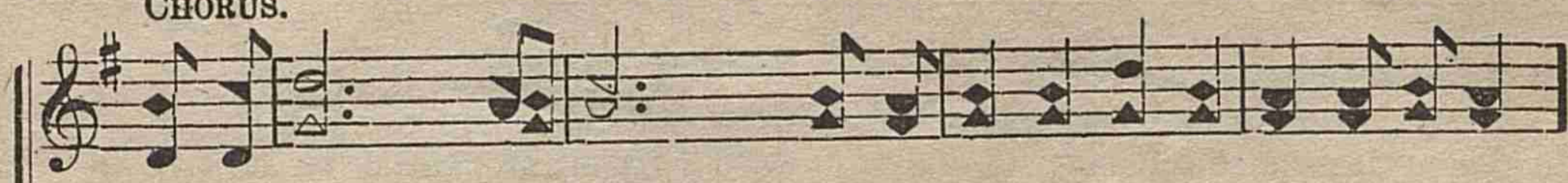
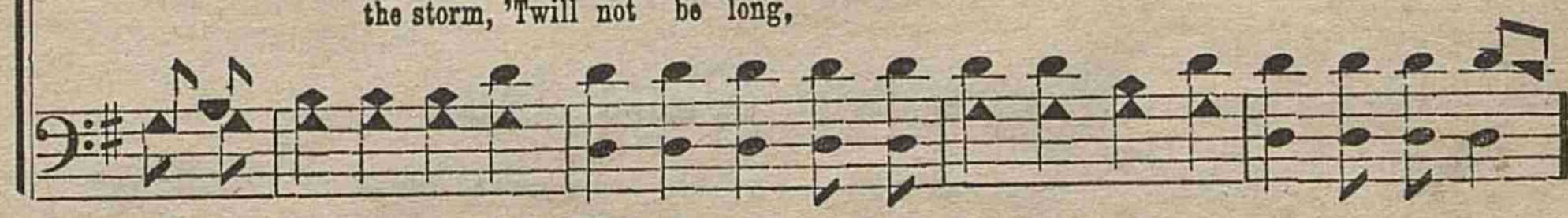
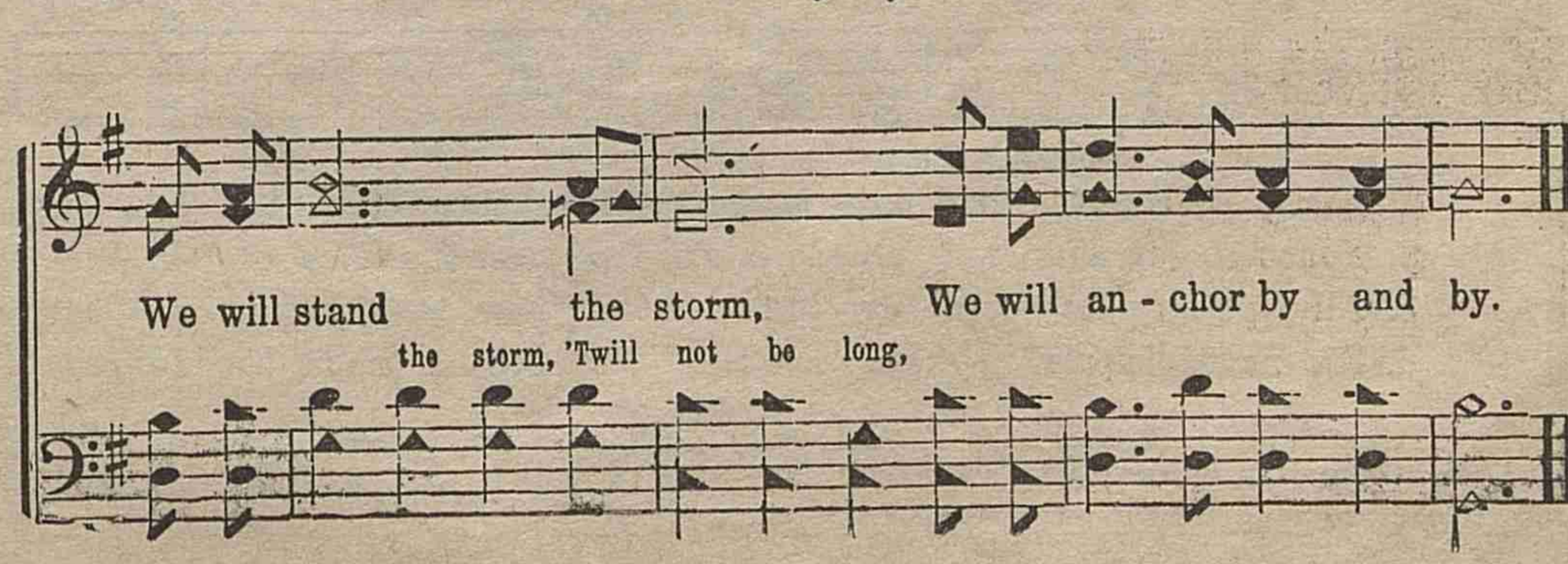
S. STENNETT. GREATOREX



5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
Ho brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

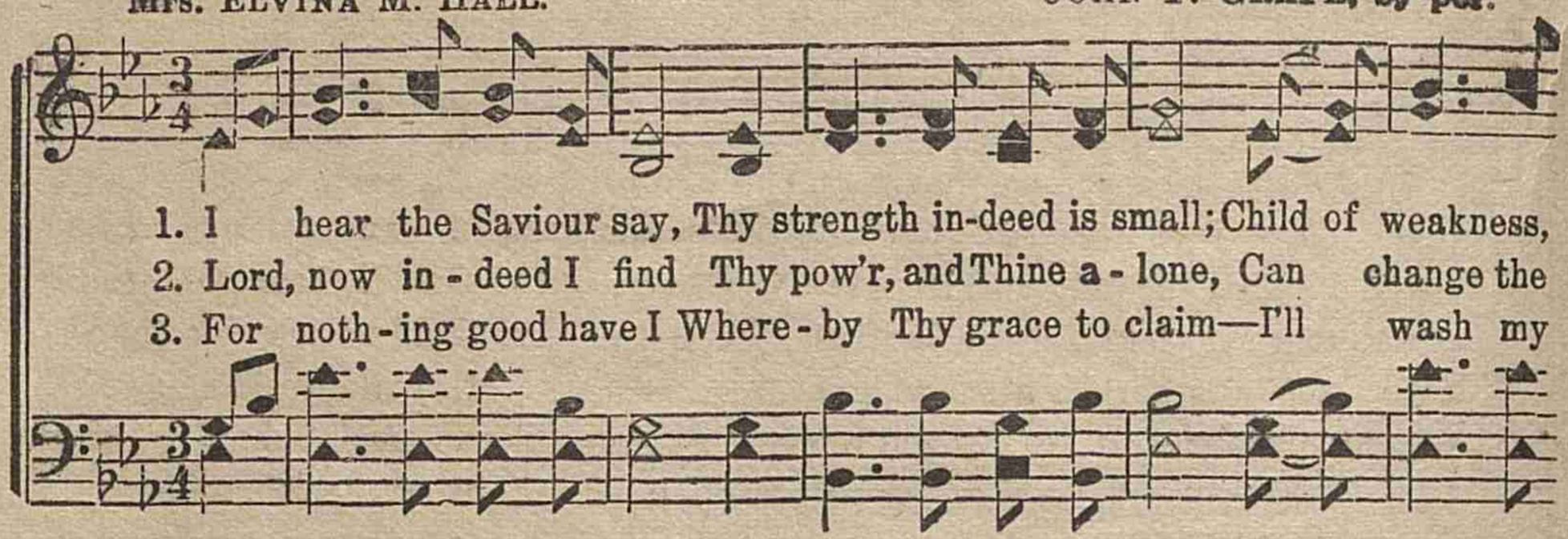
6 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

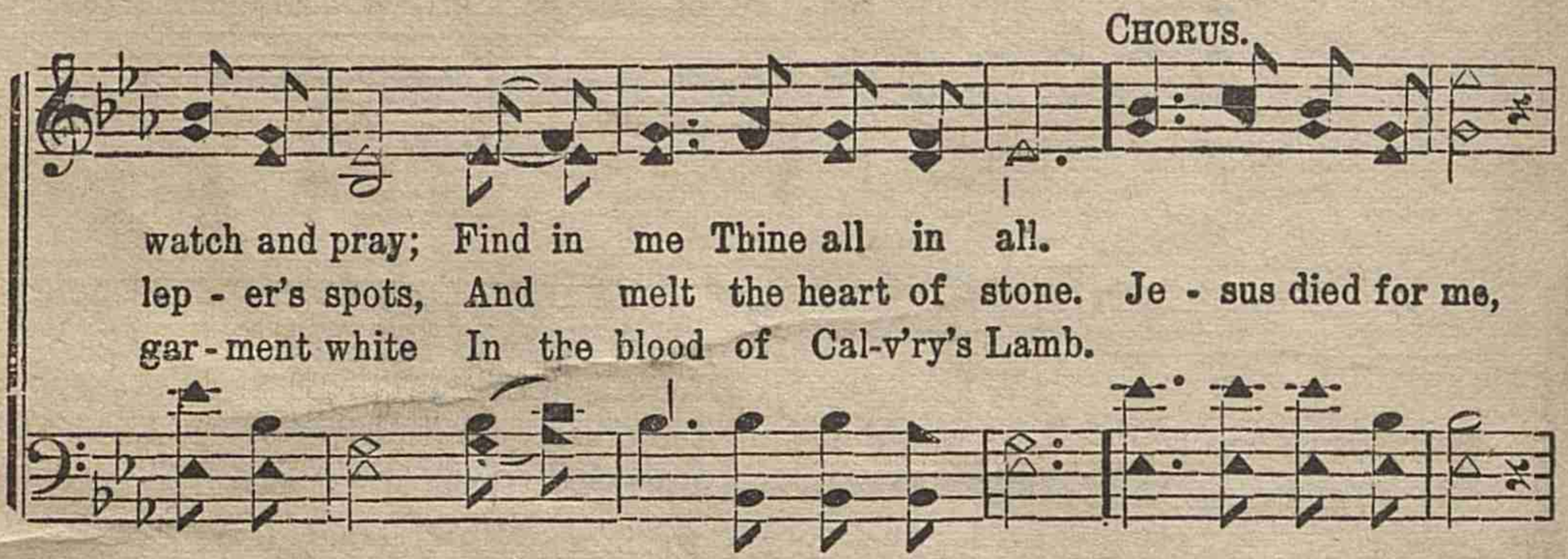
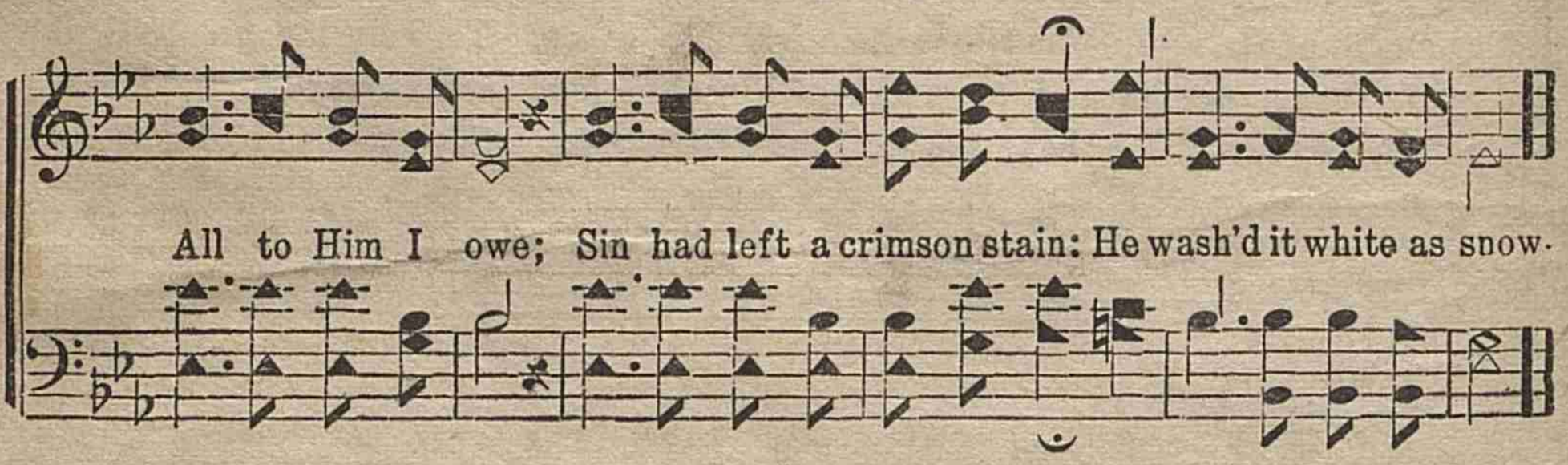
NO. 212. We Will Stand the Storm.

ISAAC WATTS. Anon.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the
   And shall I fear to own His cause, (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His
2. Are there no foes for me to face, (me to face,) Are there no foes for me to
   Is this vile world a friend to grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to
3. Sure I must fight if I would reign, (I would reign,) Sure I must fight if I would
   I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, (endure the pain,) I'll bear the toil, en-dure the

cross, (of the cross,) Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
ca[illegible] (own His cause,) And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
face, ([illegible] face,) Are there no foes for me to face, Must I not stem the flood?
grace, (friend to grace,) Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
reign; (I would reign;) Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord!
pain; (endure the pain;) I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by, by and by:
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
the storm, 'Twill not be long,

NO. 213.

All to Christ I Owe.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



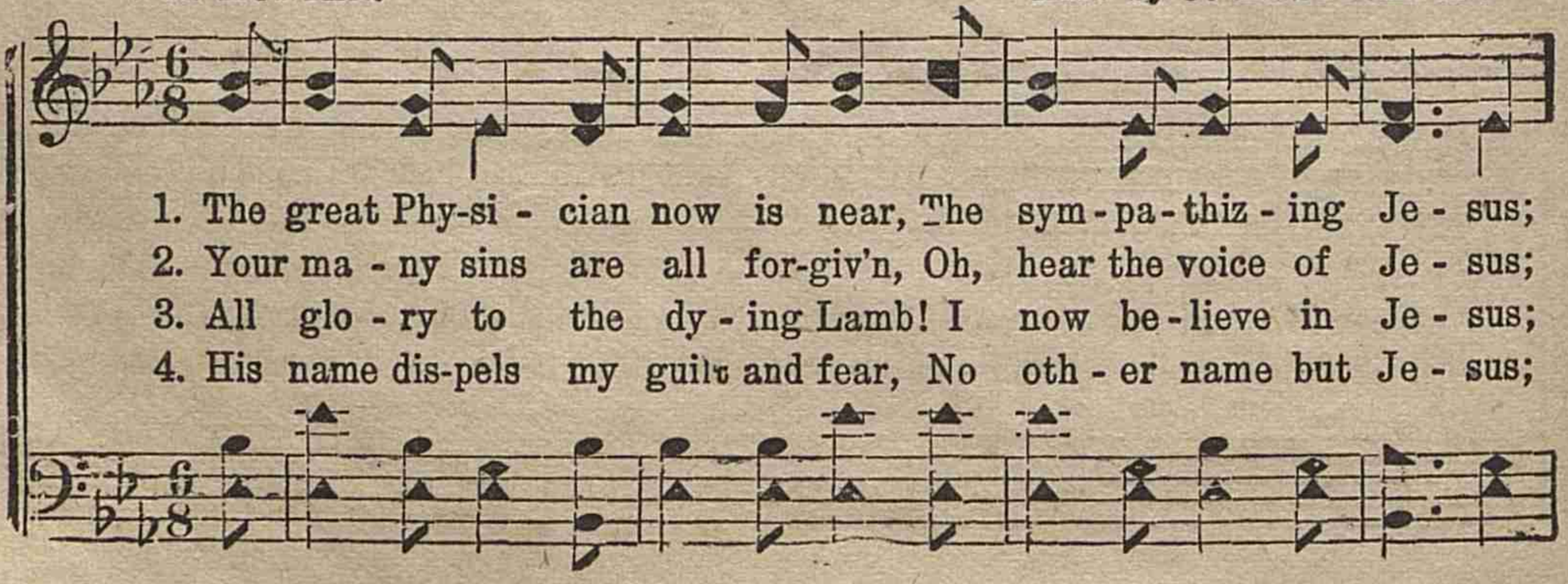


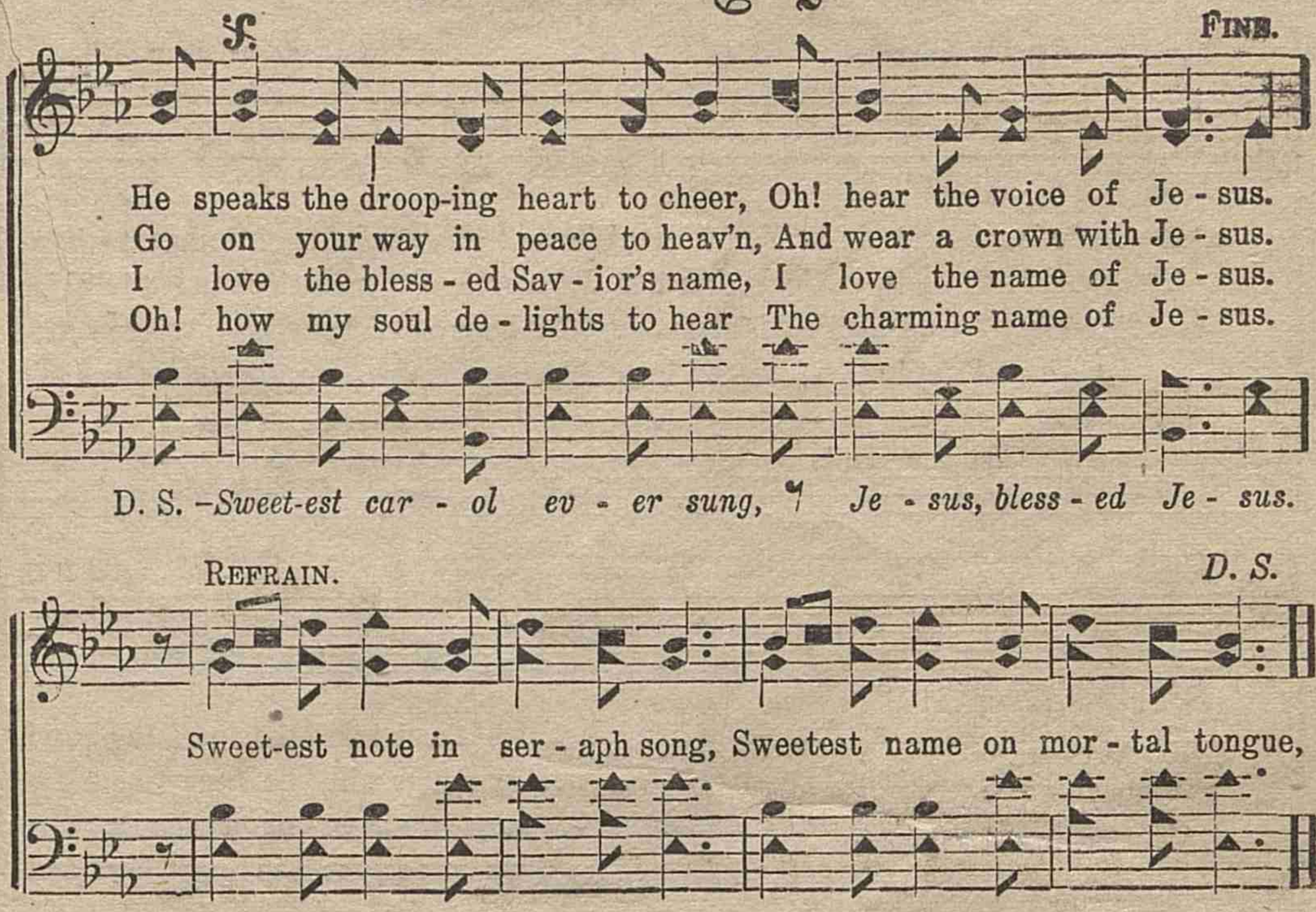
4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus died for me"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—Chorus.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—Chorus.

NO. 214.

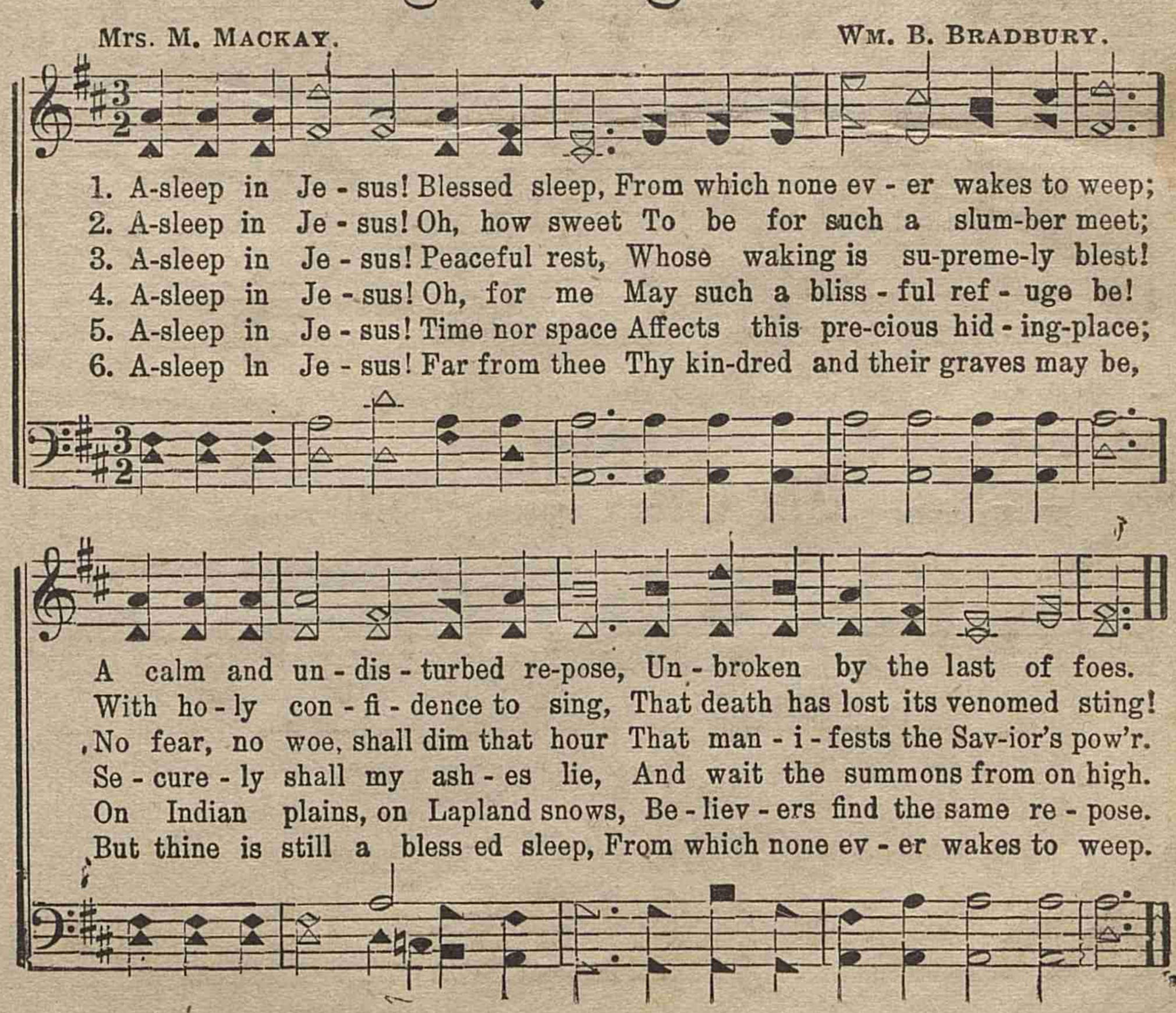
The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

The Great Physician.



NO. 215.

Asleep in Jesus.



NO. 216.

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;
2. My youthful friends, in Chris-tian ties, Who seek for man-sions in the skies,
3. And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on;
4. O glo-rious day! O bless - ed hope! My soul leaps for-ward at the tho't,

Your friendship's like a draw - ing-band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand.
Fight on, we'll gain that hap - py shore, Where partings will be known no more.
And if, on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Canaan's shore.
When in that hap - py, hap - py land, We'll no more take the part-ing hand.

D. S.–*Yes, in that land so free from tears, We'll sing and shout thro' end - less years.*

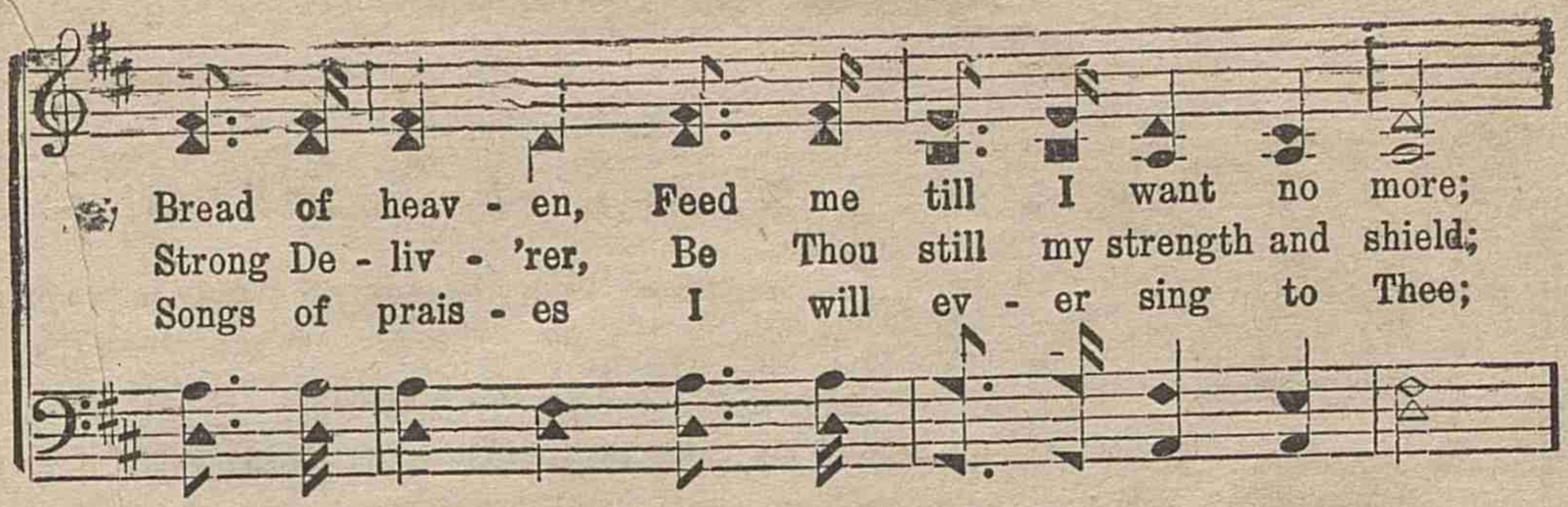
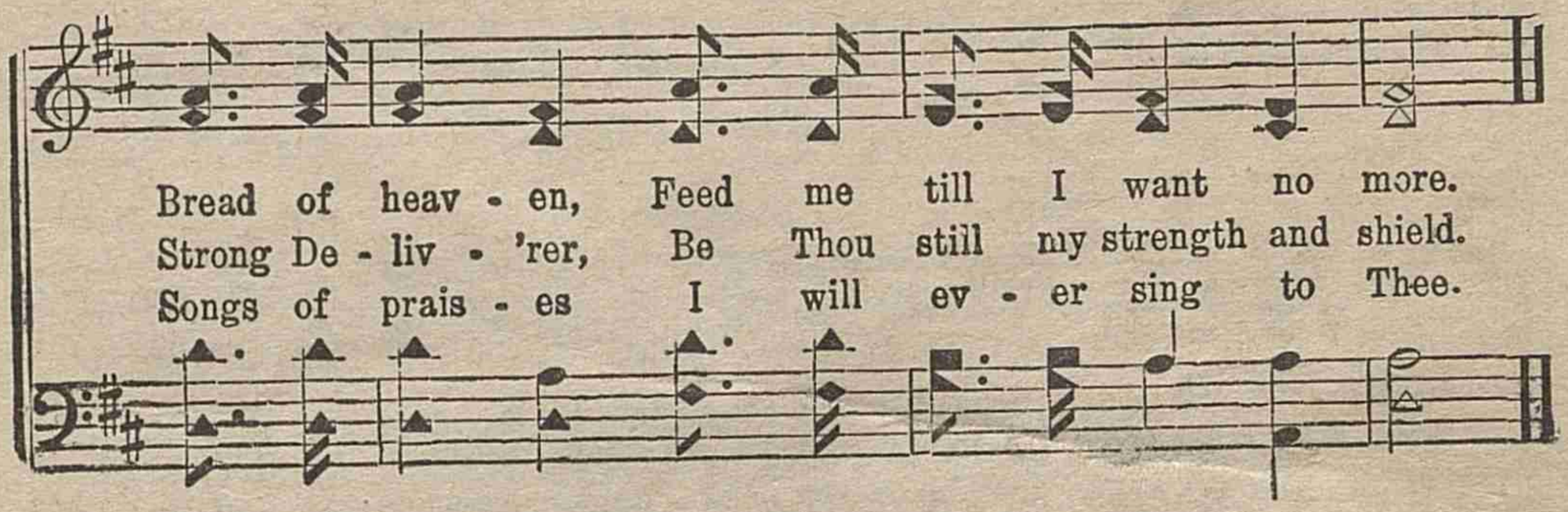
CHORUS. D. S.

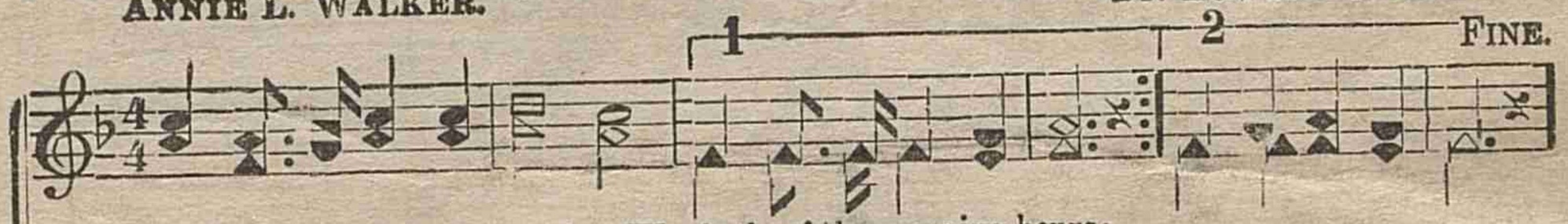
O bless - ed hope, be - yond the sky, We'll meet and nev - er say good-bye;

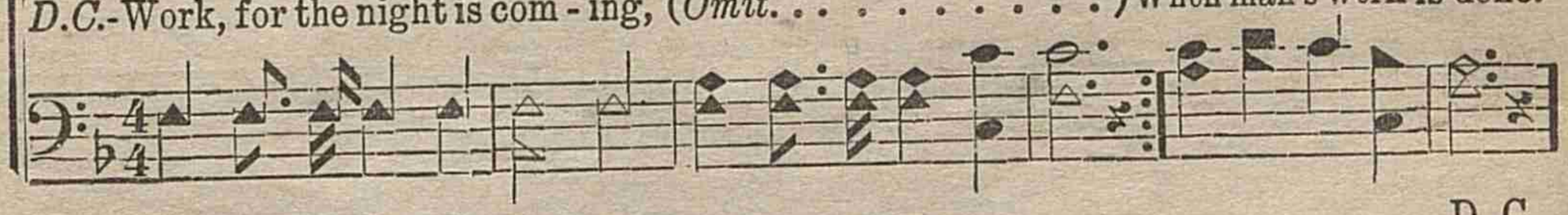
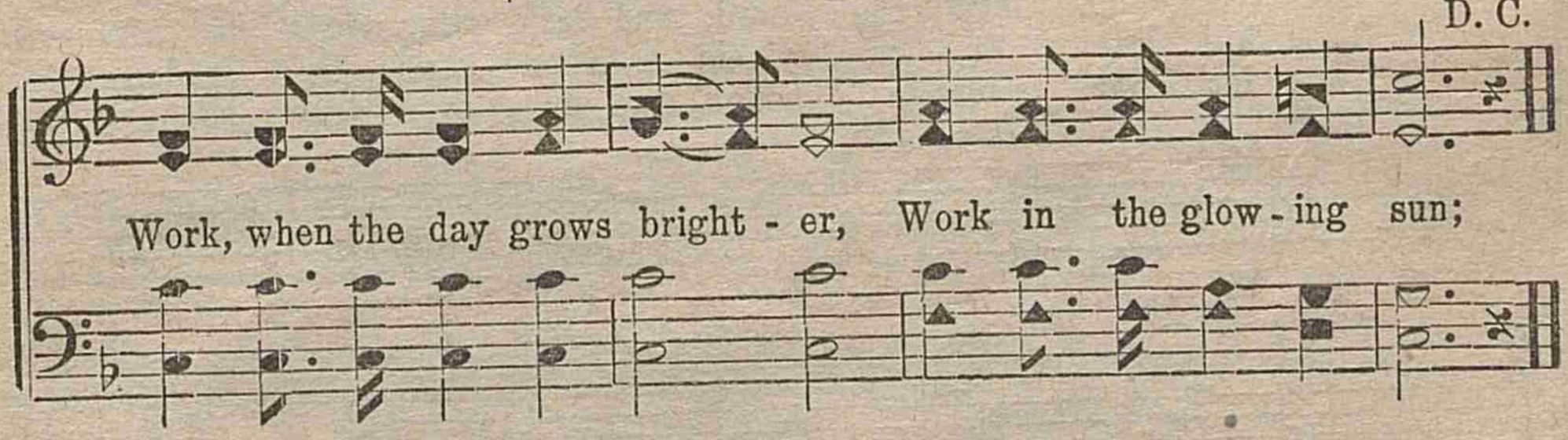
NO. 217.

Zion.

W. WILLIAMS. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land: }
   { I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand: }
2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing streams do flow; }
   { Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro': }
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side; }
   { Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: }

NO. 218 Work, for the Night is Coming.

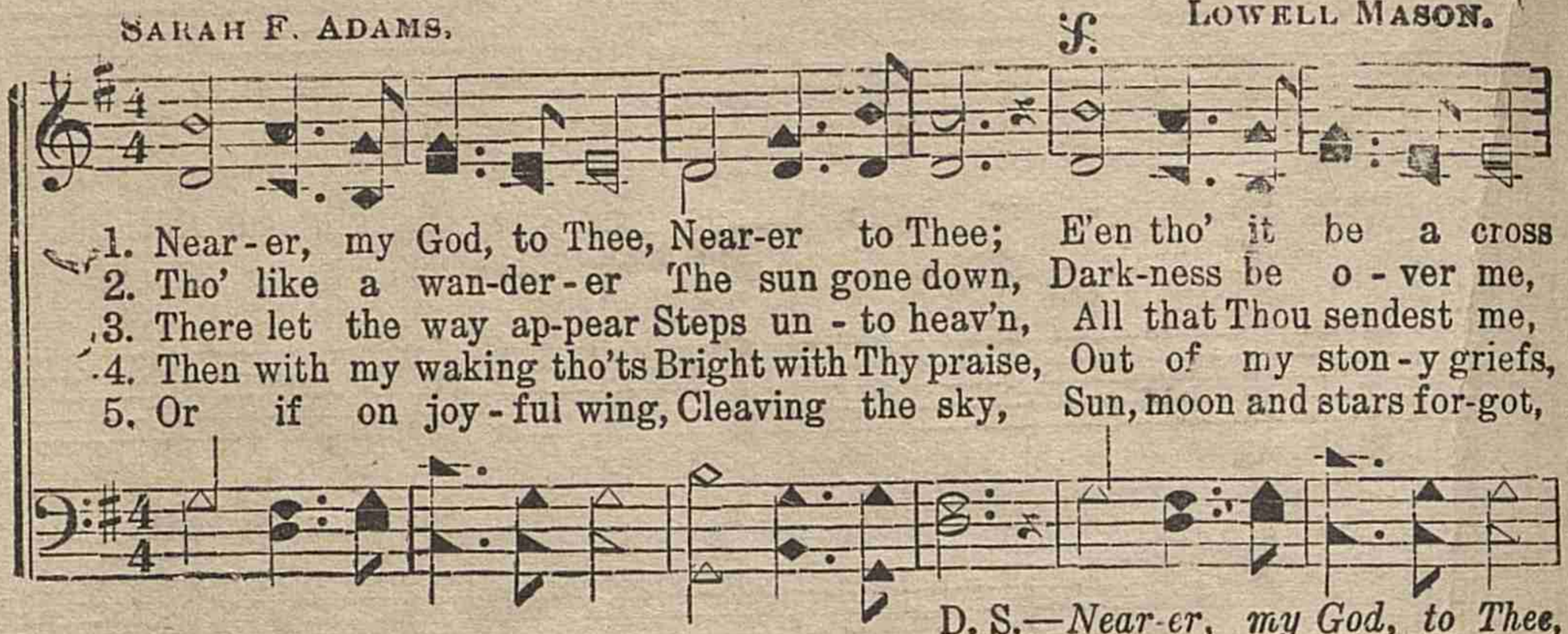
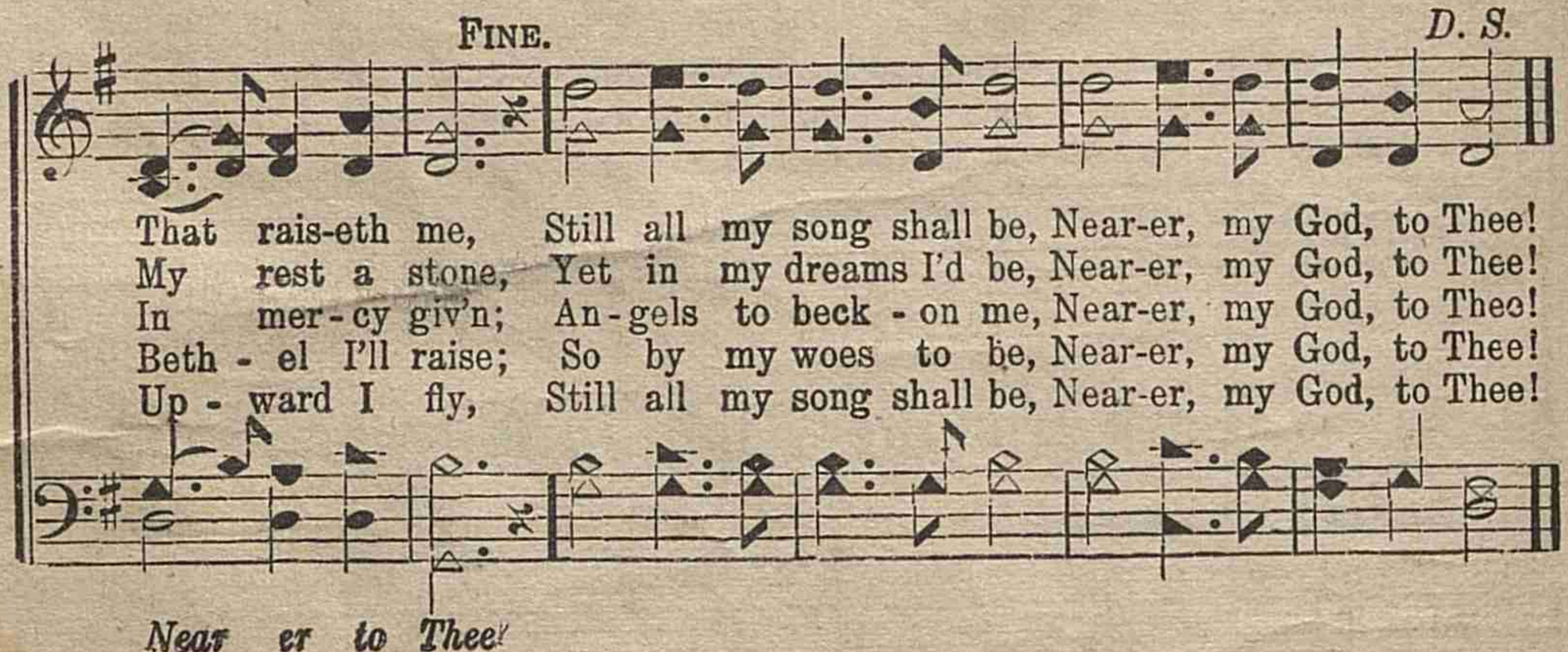
ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
   { Work, while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit.*) . . . . . Work 'mid springing flow'rs;

D.C.-Work, for the night is com - ing, (*Omit.* . . . . .)When man's work is done.

D. C.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more

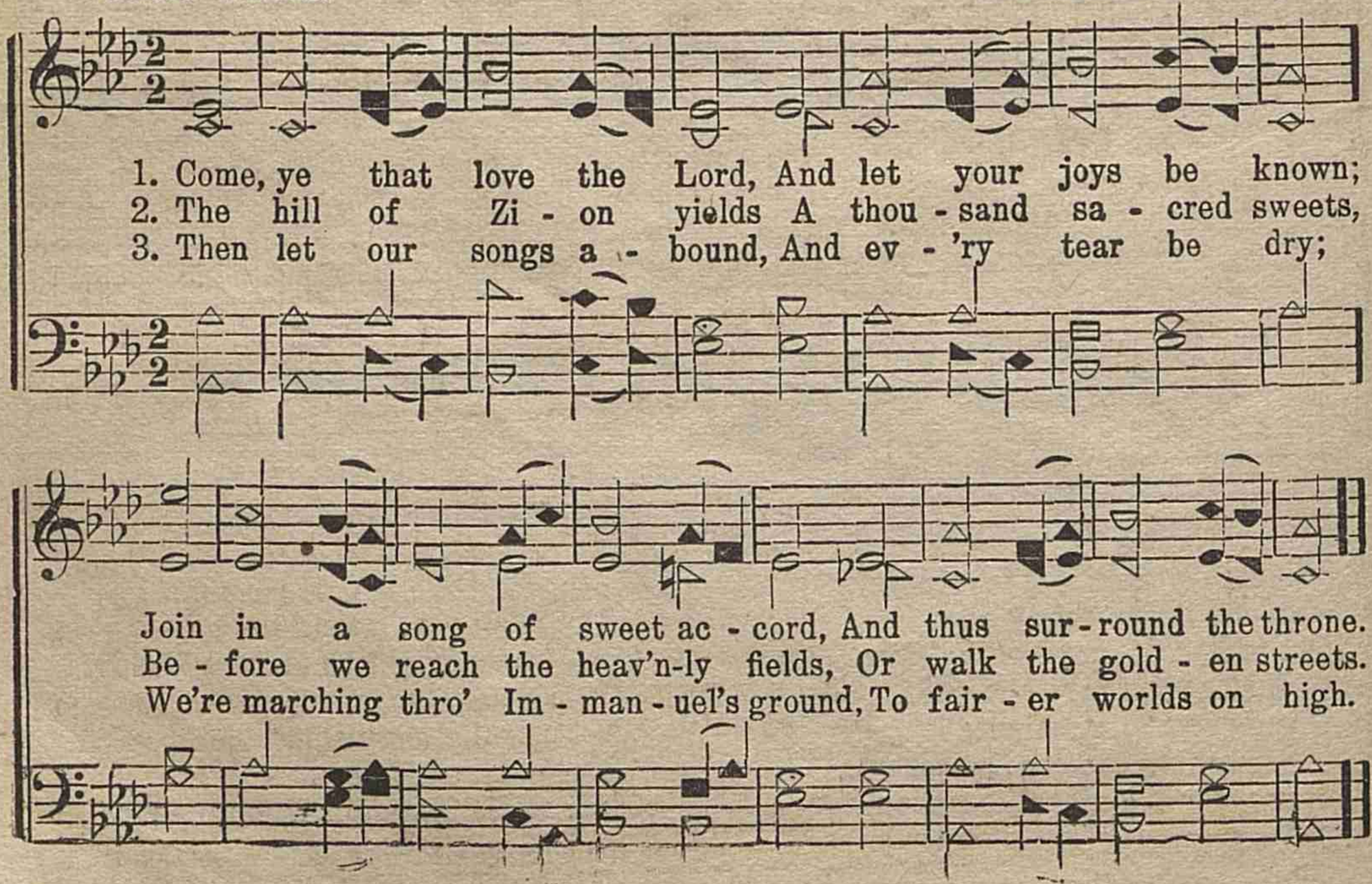
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the lost beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er.

NO. 219. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

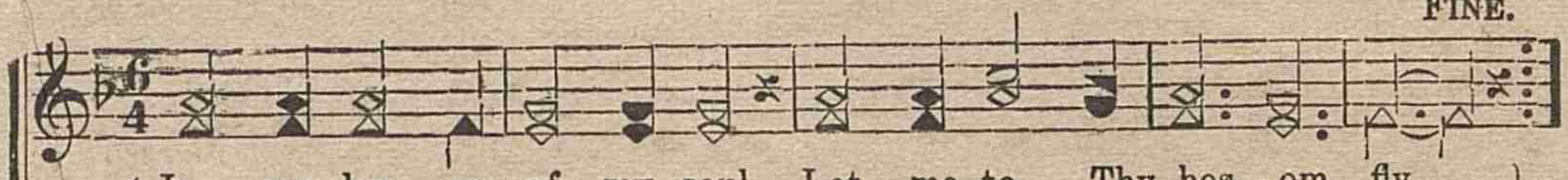


NO. 220. Gavin.

ISAAC WATTS. Old Southern Melody.

NO. 221.

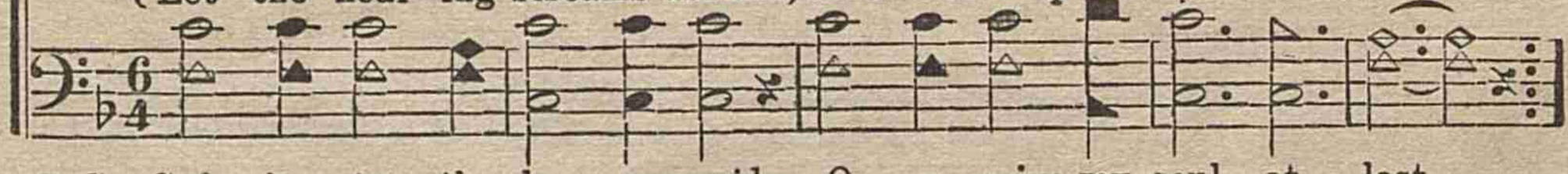
Martyr.

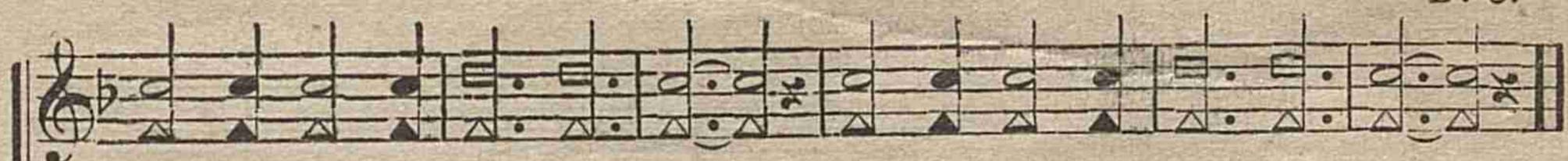
S. B. MARSH.

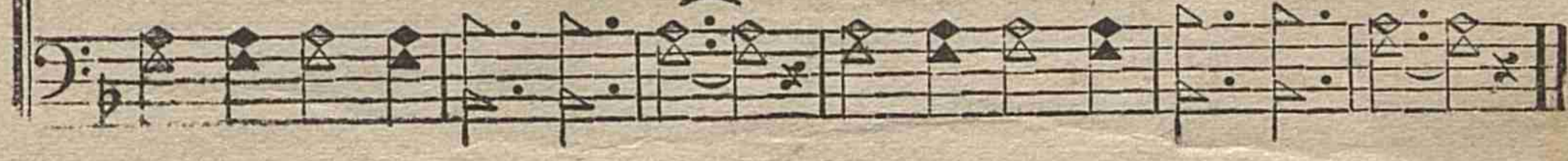
FINE.

1 { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
  { While the near- er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

2 { Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee
  { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me; }

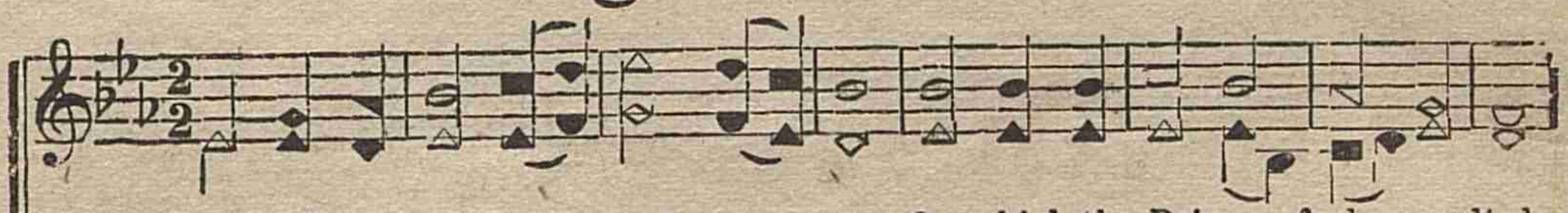
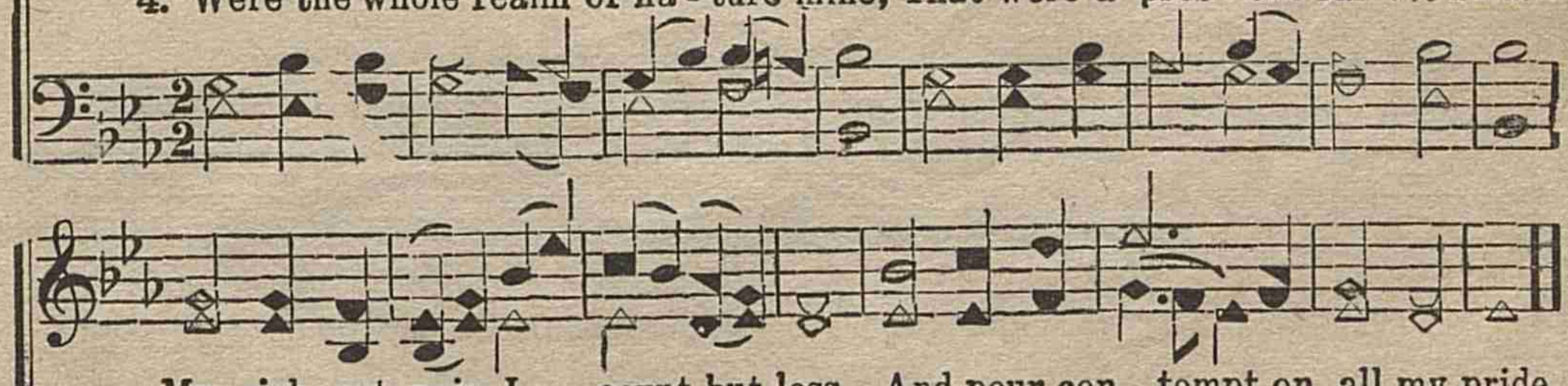
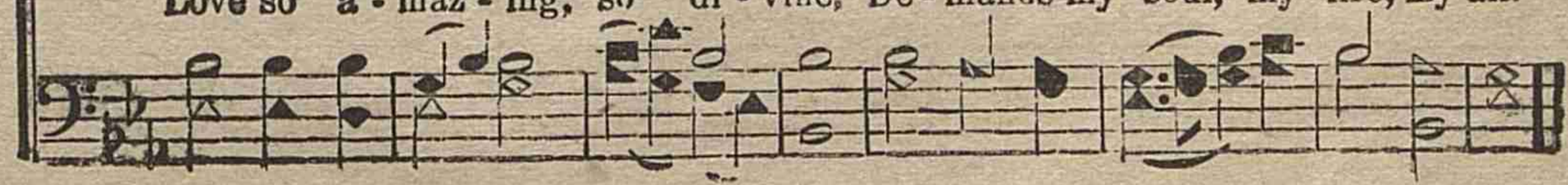
3 { Thou, O Christ art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
  { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind. }

4 { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sins:
  { Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure wi h - in, }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.—Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
D.C.—Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

D. C.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

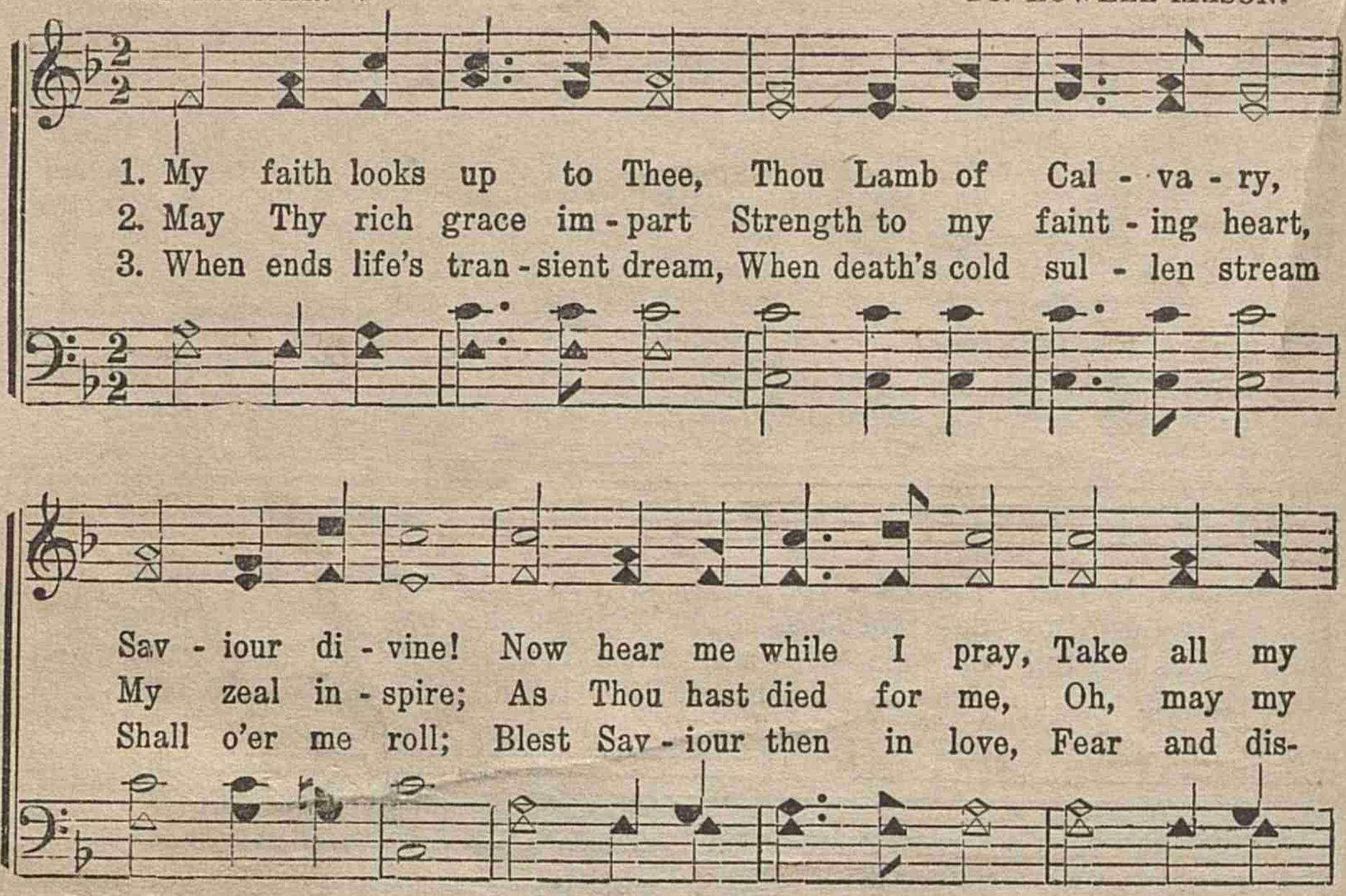


NO 222.

Duke Street.

1. When I sur - vey the wond - rous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it Lord that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
3. See, from his head, his hand, his feet, Sorrow and love flow ming - led down!
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

NO. 223.

Olivet.

RAY PALMER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

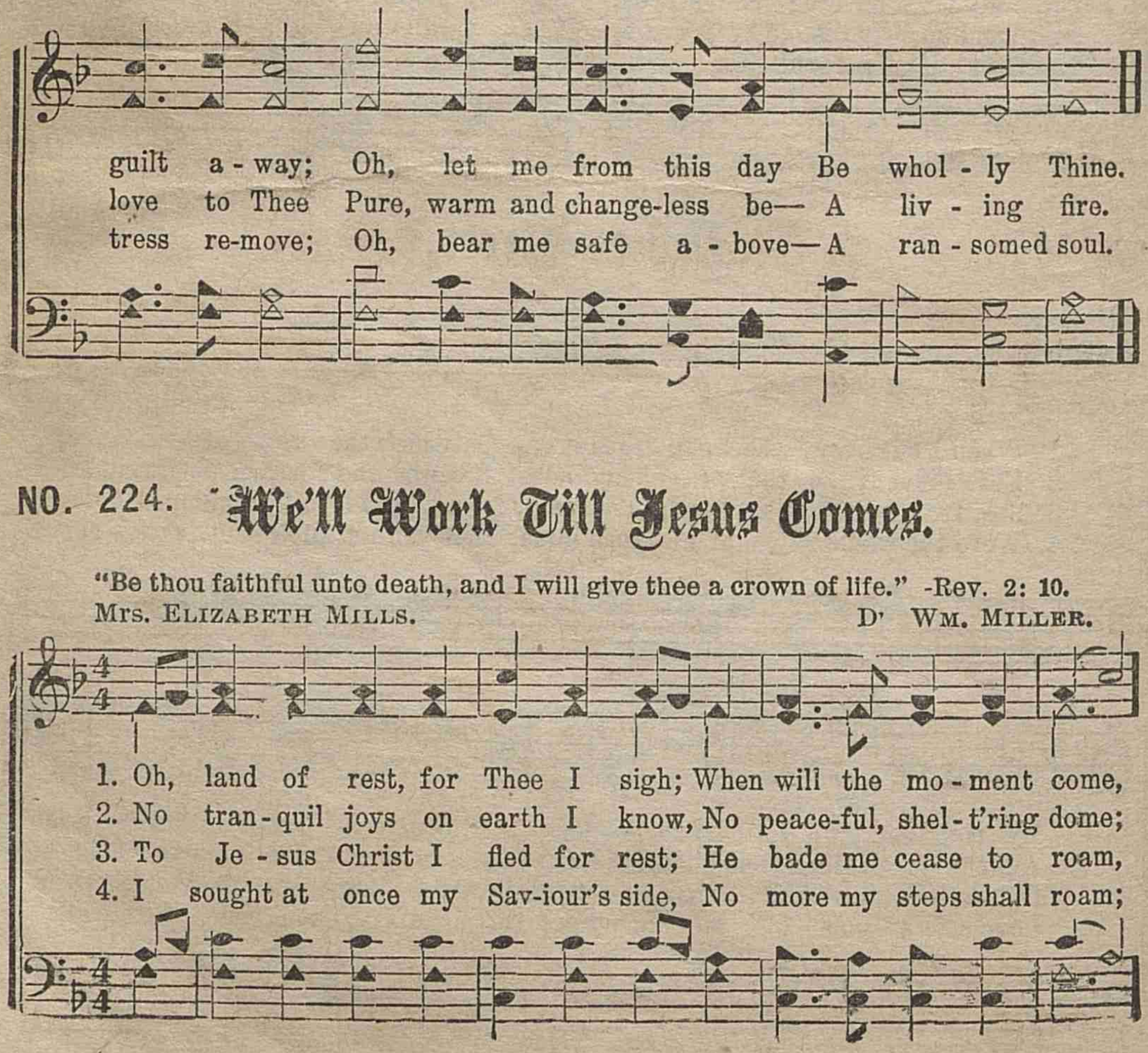


NO. 224.

We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." -Rev. 2: 10.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. D' WM. MILLER.



We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

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

CHORUS.

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

NO. 225

A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHARLES WESLEY. LOWELL MASON.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill—
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!
And O, Thy servant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

NO. 226.

O Thou Fount.

R. ROBINSON. ANON.

1. O Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I'll raise my E-ben-ez-er; Hith-er by Thy help I've come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind me clos-er still to Thee.

D. S.—While the hope of end-less glo-ry Fills my heart with joy and love.
D. S.—He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His precious blood
D. S.—By Thy Word and Spir-it guide me, Till I reach Thy courts a-bove.

FINE. *D. S.*

Teach me ev-er to a-dore Thee: May I still Thy goodness prove,
Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from Thy fold, O God;
Nev-er let me wan-der from Thee, Nev-er leave Thee, whom I love;

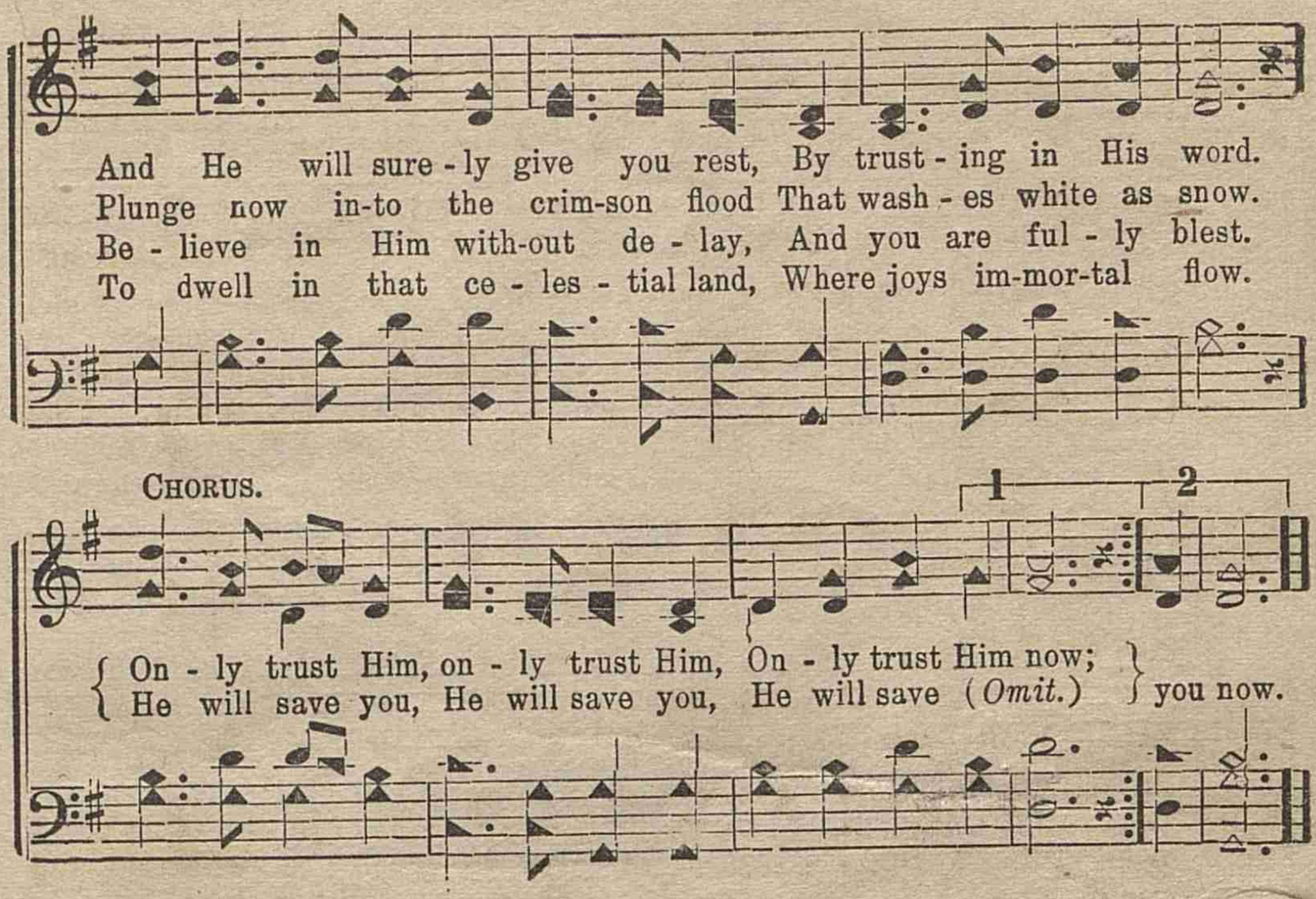
NO. 227.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON.

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

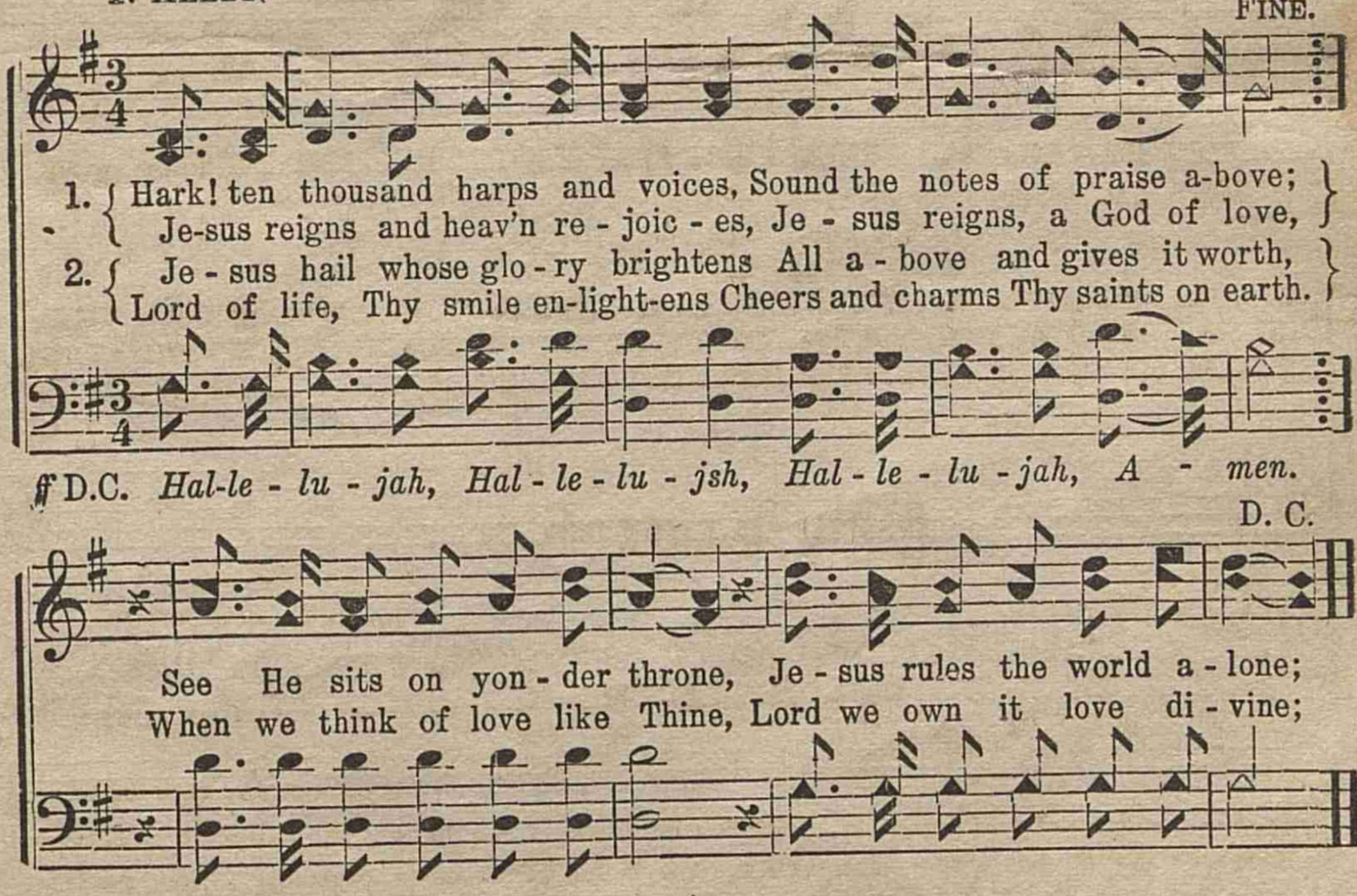
Only Trust Him.



NO. 228. Hark! Ten Thousand Harps.

T. KELLY. LOWELL MASON.

FINE.



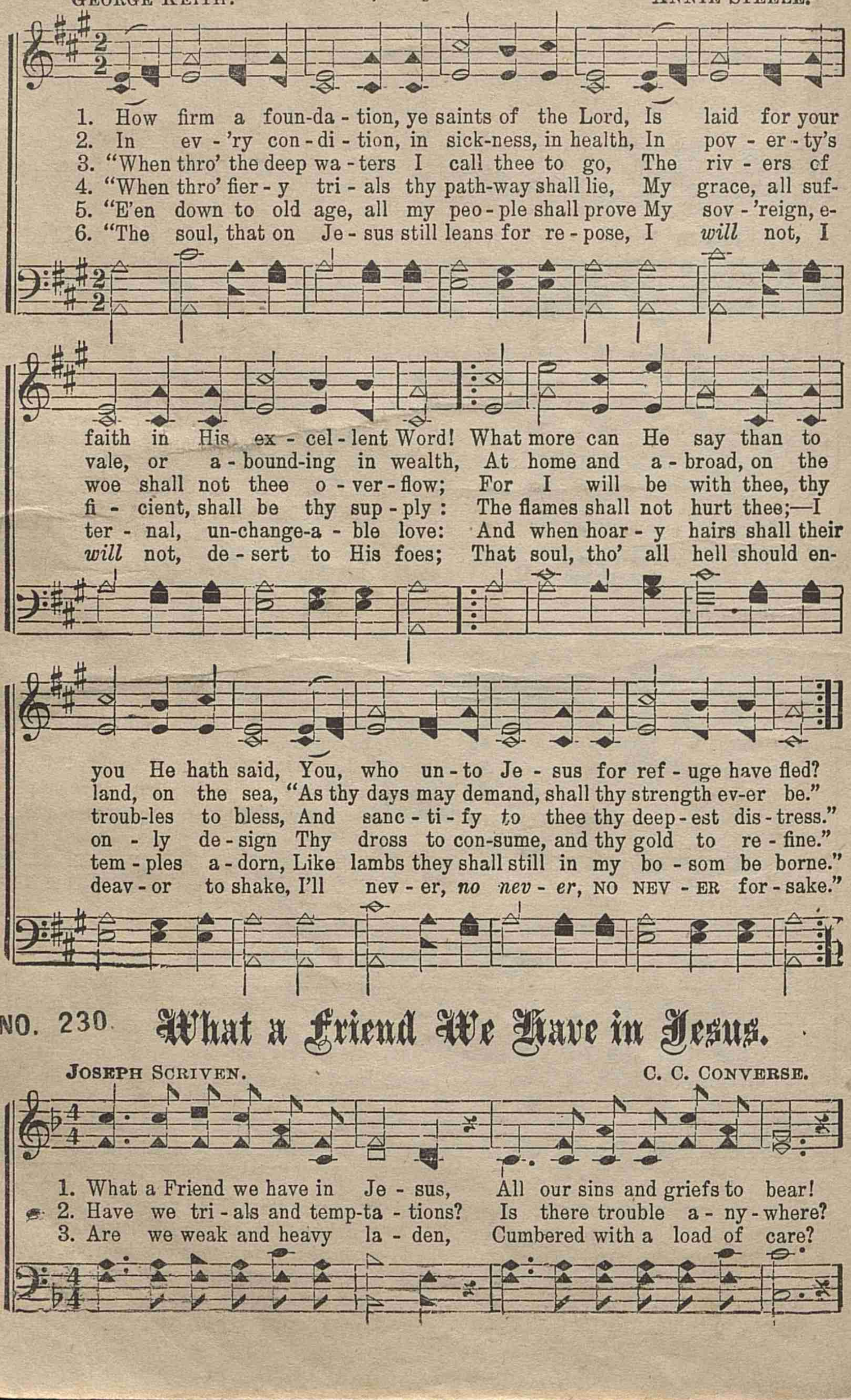
3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever,
Those whom Thou hast made Thine (own,
Happy object of Thy grace,
Chosen to behold His face.

4 Savior, hasten Thine appearing,
Bring, O bring the glorious day;
when the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

NO. 229.

How Firm a Foundation.

"Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; And ye are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner *stone*;"—Eph. 2: 19, 20.

GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.

NO. 230.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. C. C. CONVERSE.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D. S.–All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!
D. S.–Je - su knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
D. S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

D. S.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

NO. 231.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

D. C.–1. Be of sin the doub - le cure! Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.–2. All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
D. C.–3. Vile, I to the fount - ain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
D. C.–4. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D. C.

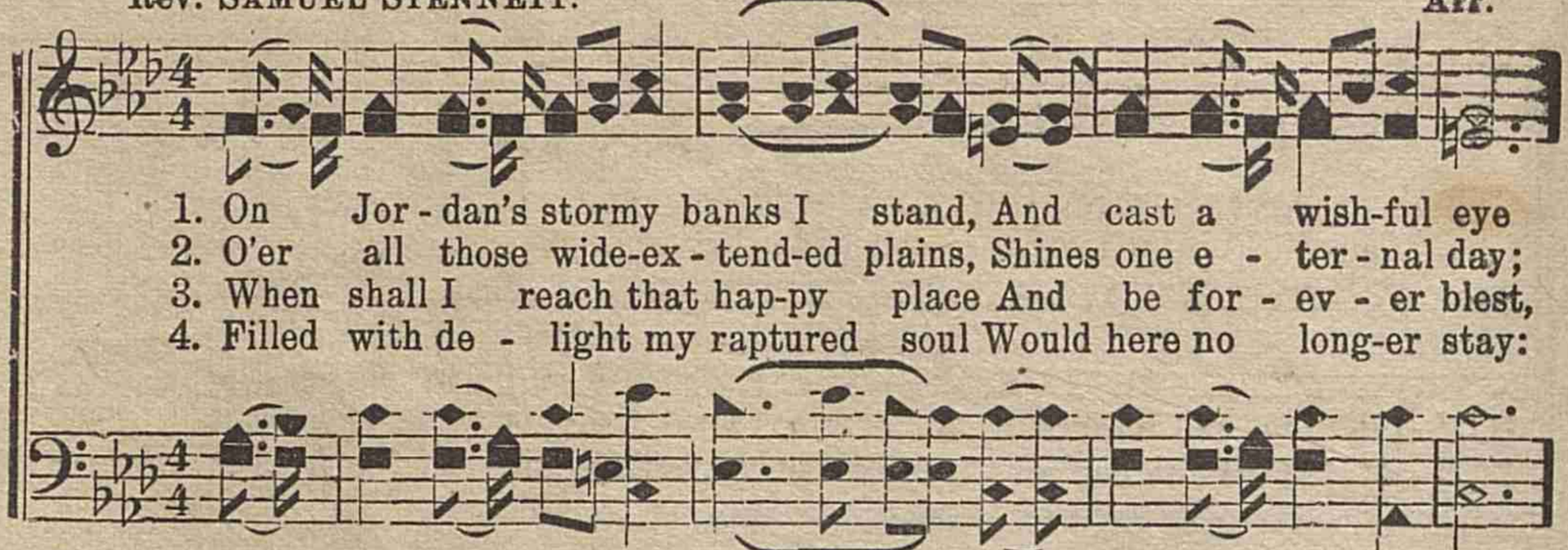
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

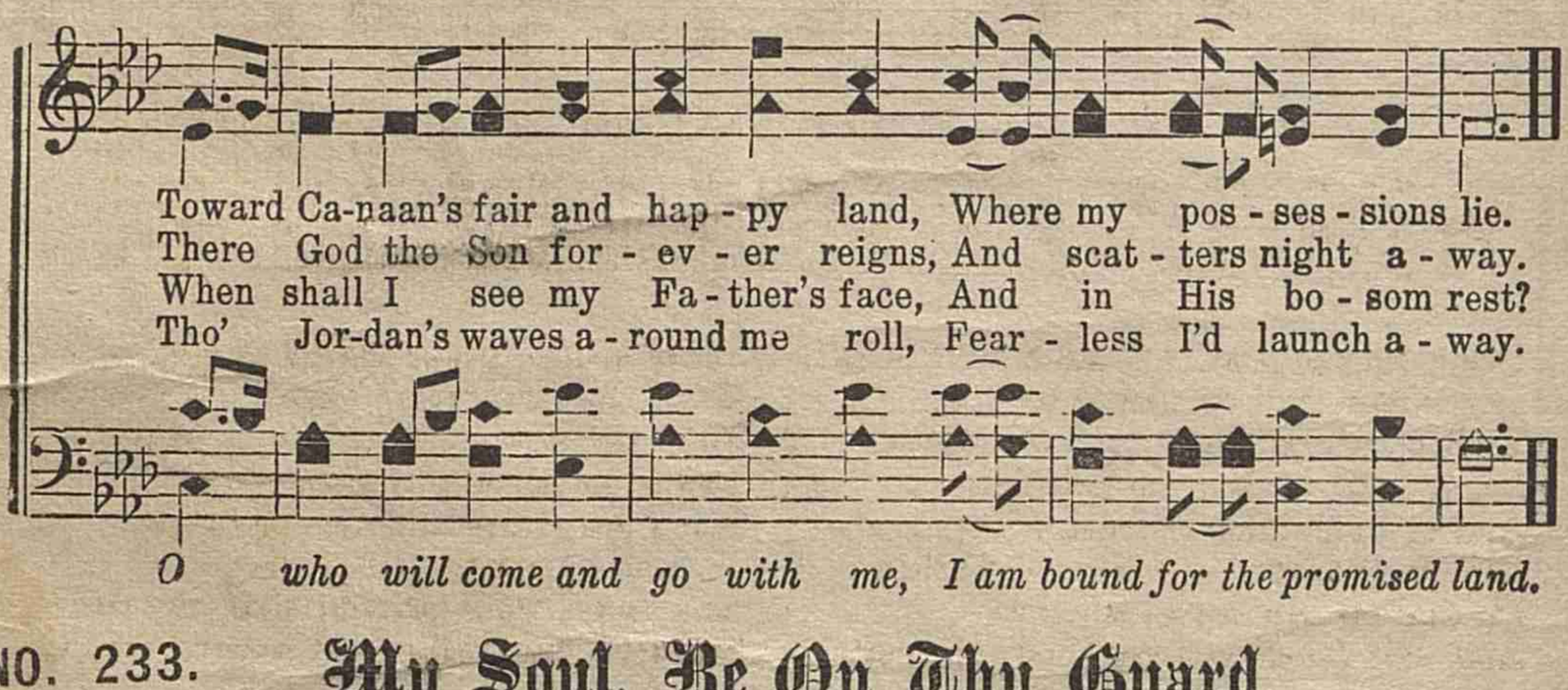
NO. 232.

I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."
Rev. 21: 2.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. Arr.

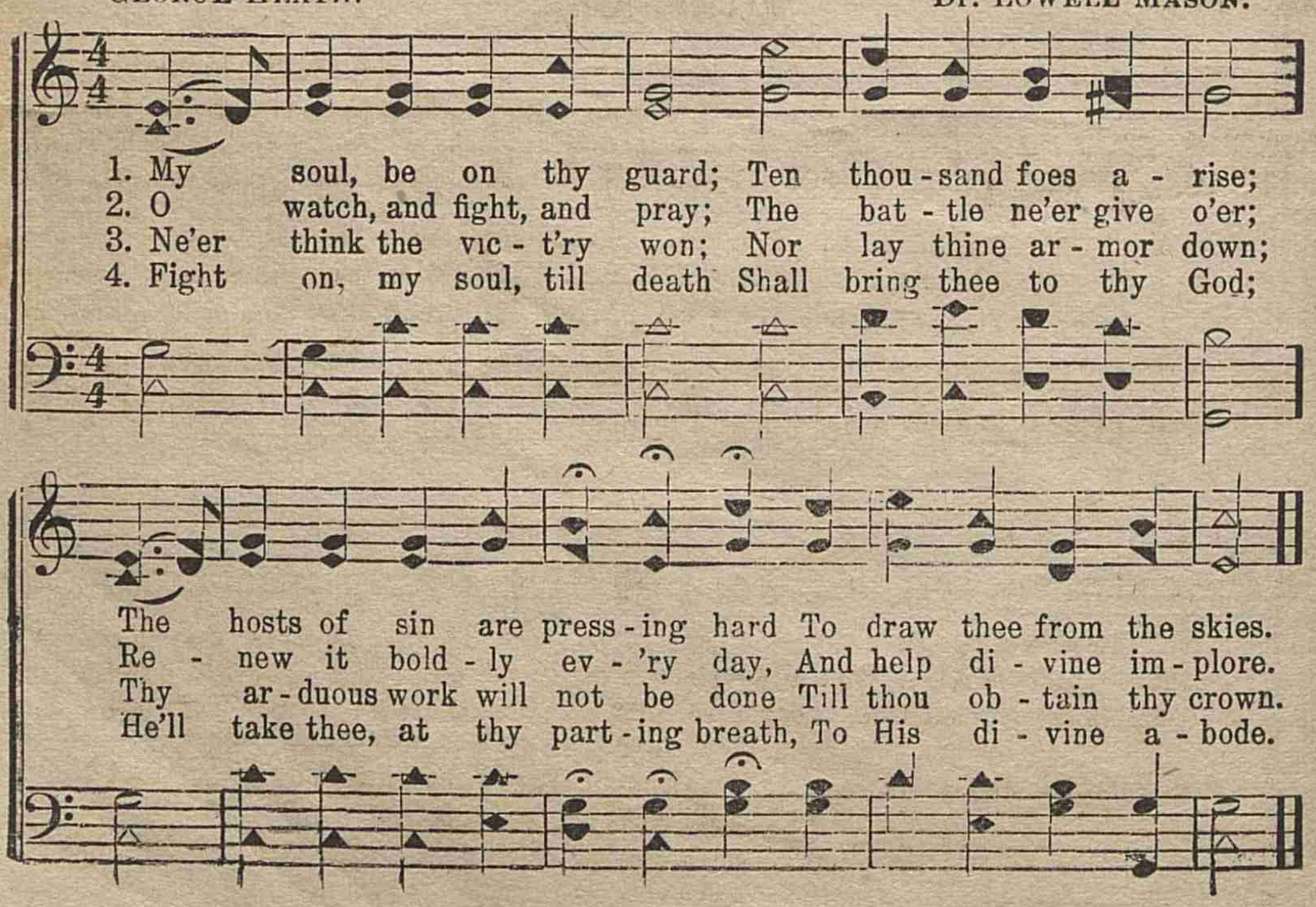


REFRAIN.—*I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land,*

NO. 233.

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith."—II, Cor. 16: 13.

GEORGE HEATH. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

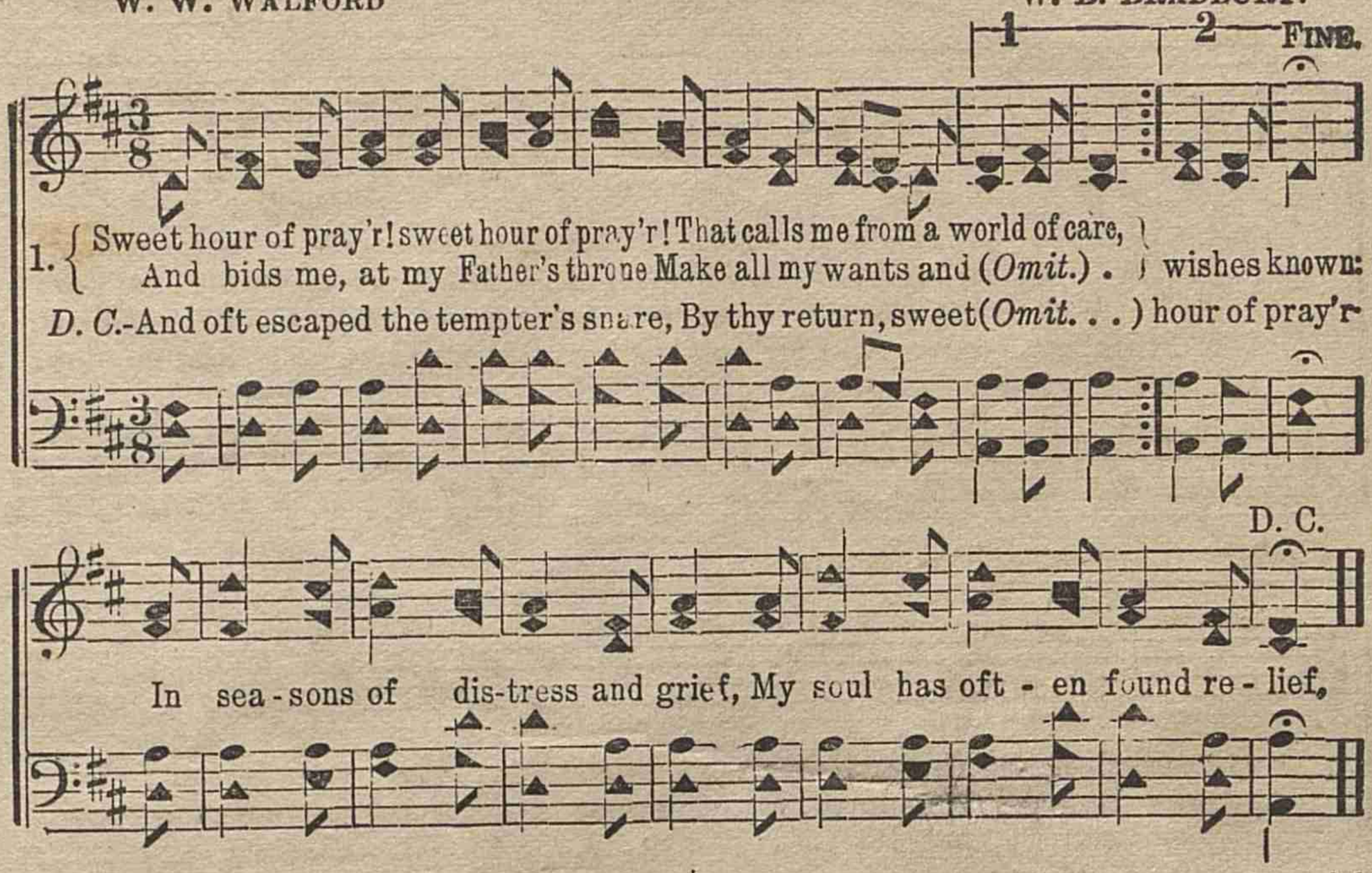


NO. 234.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting souls to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!

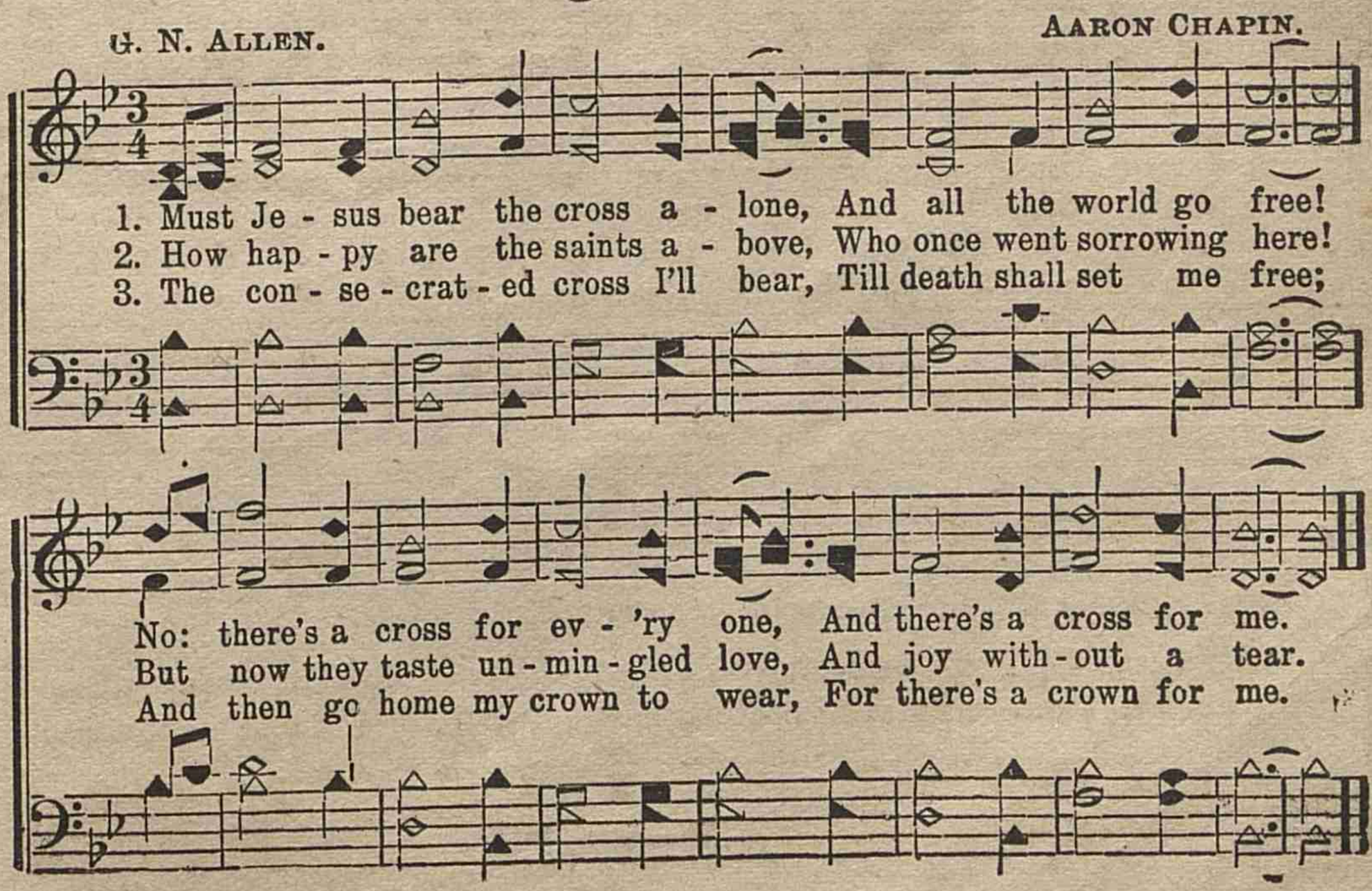
3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share;
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r.

NO. 235.

Maitland.

G. N. ALLEN.

AARON CHAPIN.

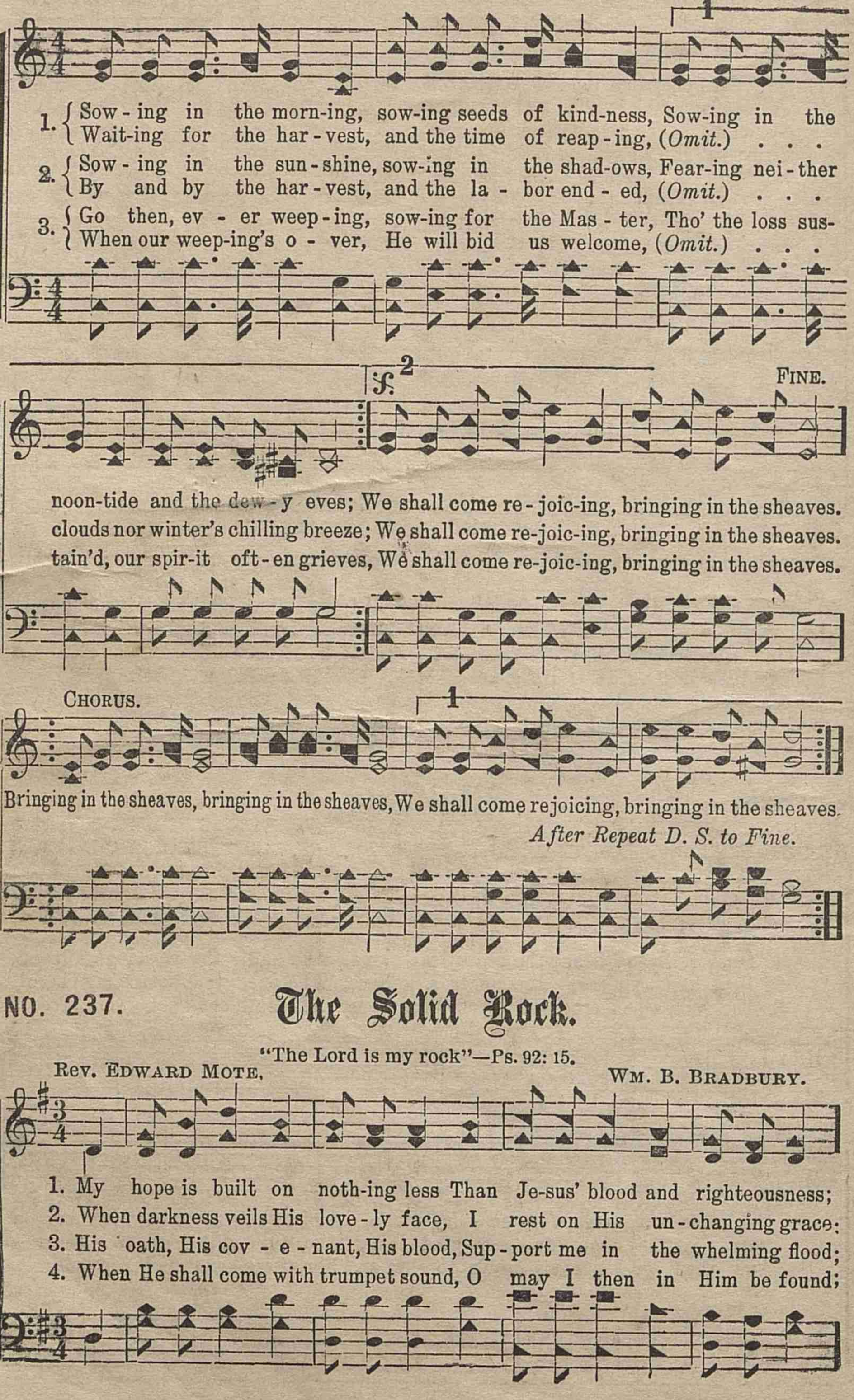


NO. 236.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

Psalm 126: 6.

GEO. A. MINOR.



1. Sow - ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew - y eves; We shall come re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
   Wait-ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing, (*Omit.*) . . . clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
2. Sow - ing in the sun - shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei - ther
   By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed, (*Omit.*) . . . tain'd, our spir-it oft - en grieves, We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
3. Go then, ev - er weep - ing, sow-ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus-
   When our weep-ing's o - ver, He will bid us welcome, (*Omit.*) . . .

CHORUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

After Repeat D. S. to Fine.

NO. 237.

The Solid Rock.

"The Lord is my rock"—Ps. 92: 15.

REV. EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un - changing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, O may I then in Him be found;

The Solid Rock.

I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My anchor holds with-in the vail.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Drest in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the Sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

NO. 238.

Amazing Grace.

JOHN NEWTON. "Salvation is of the Lord."—John 2:9. WM. WALKER.

Moderato.

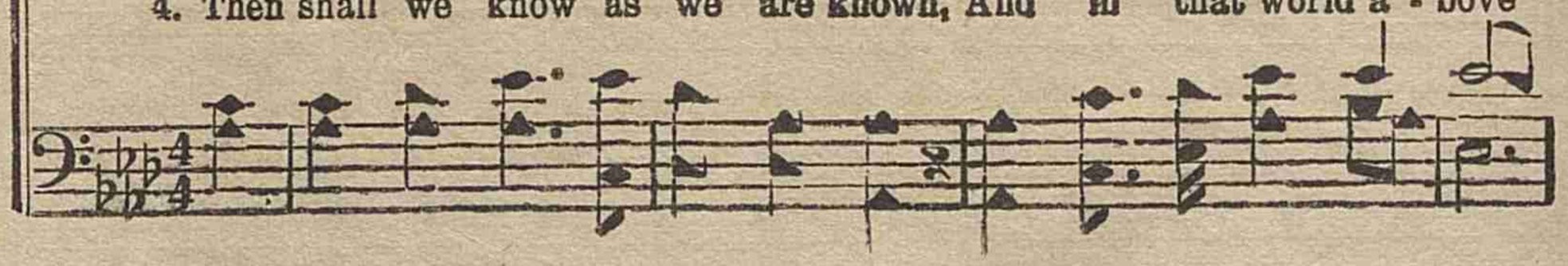
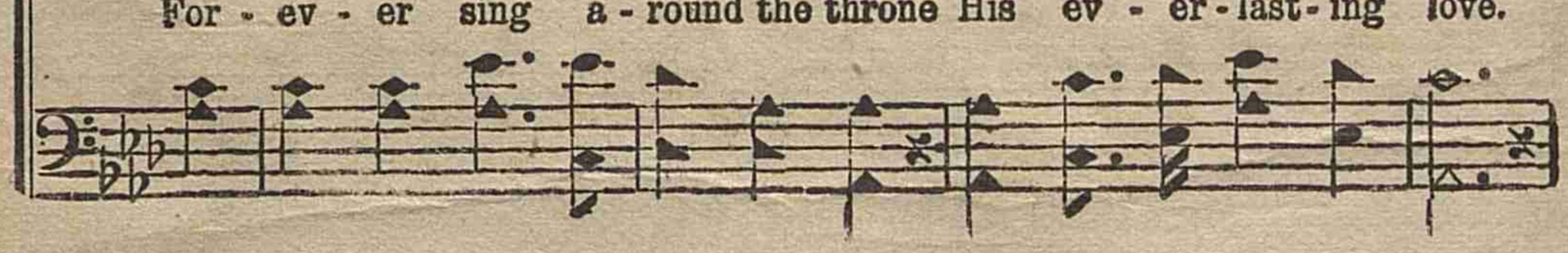
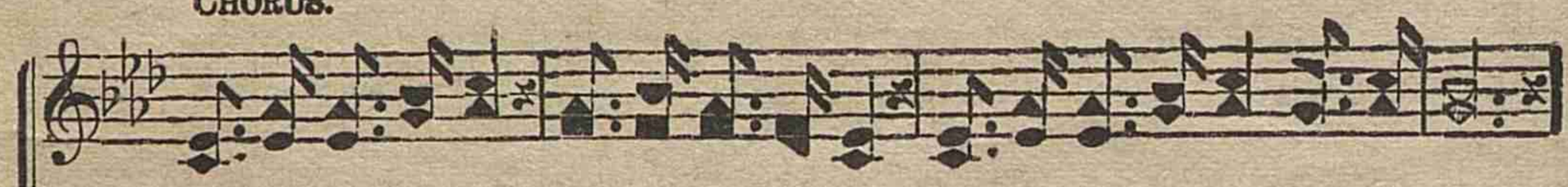
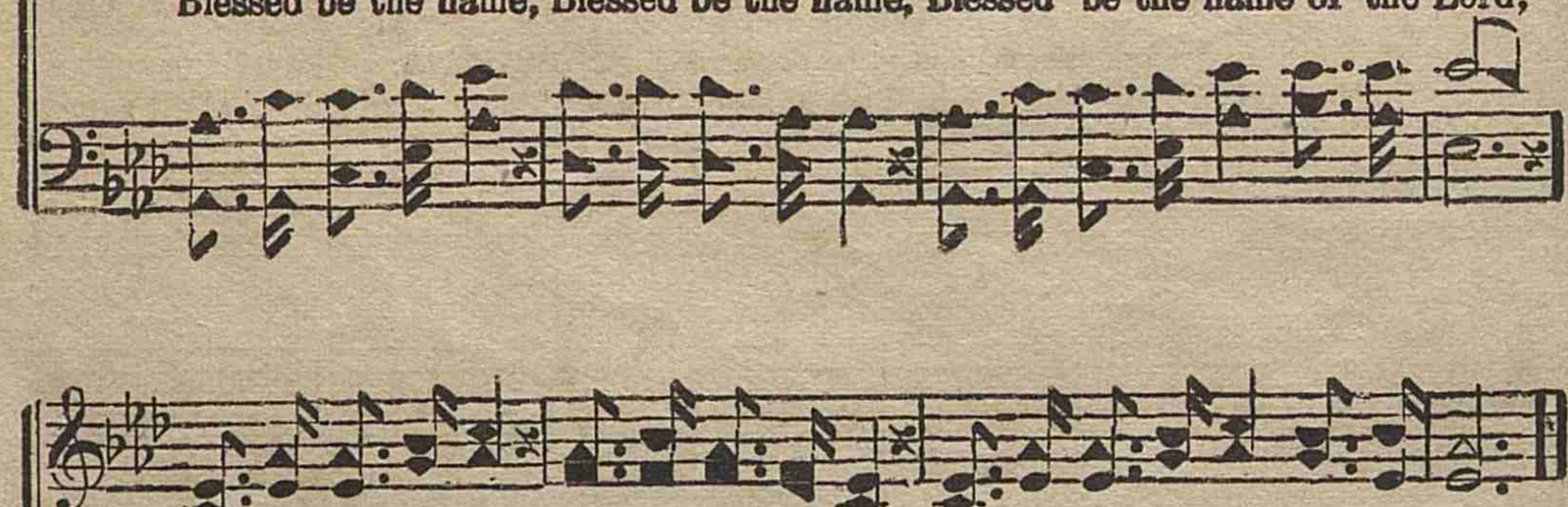
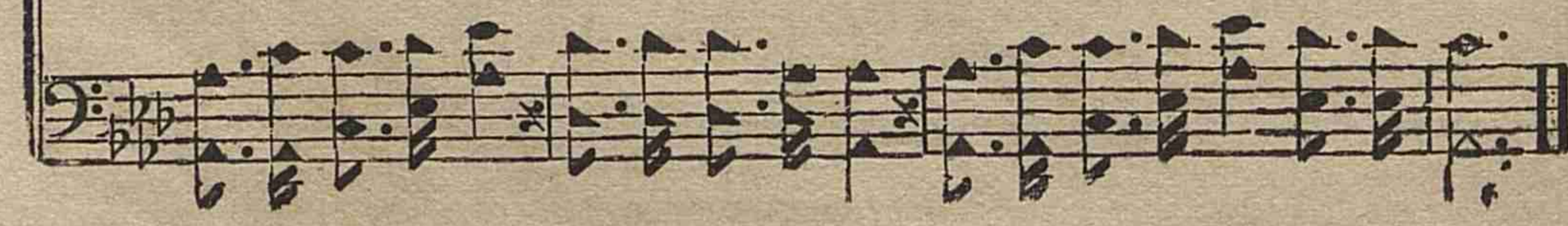
1. A-maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieve;
3. Thro' ma-ny dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al-read-y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word, my hope se-cures,
5. Yes, when this heart and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

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

NO. 239.

Blessed Be the Name.

Anon. Anon.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove; In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. Re - deem - er, Saviour, Friend of man, Once ru - ined by the fall,
3. His name shall be the Coun-sel - lor, The might - y Prince of peace.
4. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdom's Con - quer - or, Whose name shall nev - er cease.
For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

NO. 240.

God Be With You.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner floating o'er you;

With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain, till we meet,

Till we meet, . . Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

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