Praise and Thanksgiving

Tilroyd Odhner's Book
April 6th
1912

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Praise and Thanksgiving

—BY—

A. J. Showalter, J. D. Patton, T. B. Mosley,
H. M. Eagle, B. B. Beall, K. C.
Robinson and J. R. Baxter, Jr.

—WITH—

W. S. Tidwell, R. Edwin Perry, J. P. Denton, J. W. Askew, G. B. Williams, H. C. Collins, L. L. Wynn, W. T. Taylor, B. F. Clark, H. J. Turner, Jas. Franklin, W. A. Stewart, Wm. M. Golden, B. J. Clements, P. B. Shaw and B. K. Knight,
Associate Authors.

—AND WITH—

J. A. Atkins, J. M. Henson, T. R. Wilson, J. David West, Doyal Stinson, S. H. Savage, M. S. Odell, R. C. Rogers, S. C. Crisp, A. H. Glasscock, Wm. P. Davis, W. C. Wilkie, D. A. Camp, O. B. DeLoach, R. A. Smith, L. D. Morris, Jno. F. Noah, O. V. Grice, J. A. Lesley, B. J. Morris, R. L. Stuckey, J. G. Morris, Lee J. Grant, F. M. Machen, Jr., W. J. Coffman, Max C. Nabors, J. D. Carroll, C. D. Goode, B. P. Gurganus, L. G. Dockery, J. L. Heath, Amos A. Hurt, B. D. Ely, Jr., Geo. W. Anderson, C. L. Williams, O. E. Stewart, A. P. Wammack, H. C. Whitener, T. P. Berry, Will R. Kelley, J. M. Williams, M. F. Mote, L. C. Higdon, H. L. Ellis, B. D. Lee, Carlis Barrentine, Oliver McNiel, E. Bert Riddles, Denton C. Perry, B. F. Hayden, W. A. Waddell, N. G. Duncan, M. H. Ely, and J. I. Willis,
Special Contributors.

Published By

The A. J. Showalter Company, Dalton, Ga. | **The Showalter-Patton Company, Dallas, Texas.**

Perry Bros. Music Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Embossed Boards: 35 cents per copy, $4.00 per dozen; $8.00 per 25, postpaid. By express, not prepaid, $7.20 per 25, $13.50 per 50, $25.00 per 100.

Embossed limp: 30 cents per copy, $3.50 per dozen, $7.00 per 25, postpaid. By express, not prepaid. $6.25 per 25. $12.00 per 50, $22.00 per 100.

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Preface

Enter into His gates
with
Thanksgiving
and into His courts
with
Praise

—Psalm 100: 4.

No. 1. Praise and Thanksgiving.

A. J. Showalter. A. J. Showalter and T. B. Mosley, owners, 1915. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. Praise and thanks-giv-ing be to Je - ho - vah, Highest arch - an - gels,
2. Praise and thanks-giv-ing be to our Sav-iour, Coming from heav'n, His
3. Praise and thanks-giv-ing be to the Spir - it, Foun-tain of joy and
4. Praise and thanks-giv-ing, hon-or and glo - ry, Be to the tri - une

praise and a - dore; Let us u - nite our hearts and our voi - ces,
glo - ry laid by, Once He was slain, now liv - eth for - ev - er,
ho - li - ness He, Shedding His light and guid-ing us ev - er,
God ev - er - more; Fa-ther and Son and Spir - it e - ter - nal,

REFRAIN.

Sing - ing the praise of God ev - er - more.
Crowned as our King, He reigneth on high. Sing to Je - ho - vah,
Till the dear face of Je - sus we see.
We with the an - gels, praise and a - dore.

Fa-ther all glorious, Sing to the Son, our King ev - er-more; Sing to the

Spir - it, high and ex - alt - ed, God ov - er all, Thy name we a - dore.

No. 2. Have You A Song?

Birdie Bell. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.

1. Have you a song, a lit-tle song To cheer a broth-er's way? When griefs a-
2. Have you a word, a lit-tle word, For someone at your side? 'Tis sweet-er
3. Have you a light, a lit-tle light, To cast a guid-ing ray! Then let it

round his pathway throng, Awake a help-ful lay: 'Twill chase a-way the
than the song of bird To him when ills be-tide; 'Tis com-fort in the
shine with glory bright, Up-on a pil-grim's way: O sing your song for

shadows drear, Make hearts forget their pain, The list'ners will rejoice to hear The
hour of grief, It makes the burden light; The wounded spirit finds relief, The
Christ to bless, And speak a word of cheer; Your light will lead to happiness Some

REFRAIN.

message of that strain.
clouded sky grows bright. Sing out your song that all may hear, And speak your word of
soul in pathways drear.

hope and cheer, Flash out a light that's bright and clear, Your service Christ will bless.

No. 3. Let Love Control.

T. O. Chisholm. J. D. Patton, owner. 1916. J. D. Patton.

1. Let love con-trol in all the dai - ly life, Restrain the words that
2. Let love con-trol! this is the bet - ter way, Let us be kind to
3. Let love con-trol! if on - ly we would give Our lives to bless the
4. Love is the key that o - pens many a door To hearts that ne'er had

gen-der pain or strife, From day to day this purpose keep in view; Let
oth-ers while we may, Lest one should pass for-ev-er from our sight, Whom
world in which we live, How sweetly we, when our last sun had set, Could
been unlocked before, Love is the balm that heals the wounded soul, Love

REFRAIN.

love con-trol in all you say or do.
we had wronged, nor then could make it right. Let love control! be this our
go to sleep without one vain re-gret.
is our life, oh, then let love con-trol.

constant pray'r, Our Father's na - ture in our own to share, For "God is

love" and we, to be His own, Must be controlled by love and love alone.

No. 4. Did You Think to Pray?

"Ask, and it shall be given you; Seek, and ye shall find; Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—LUKE 11: 19.

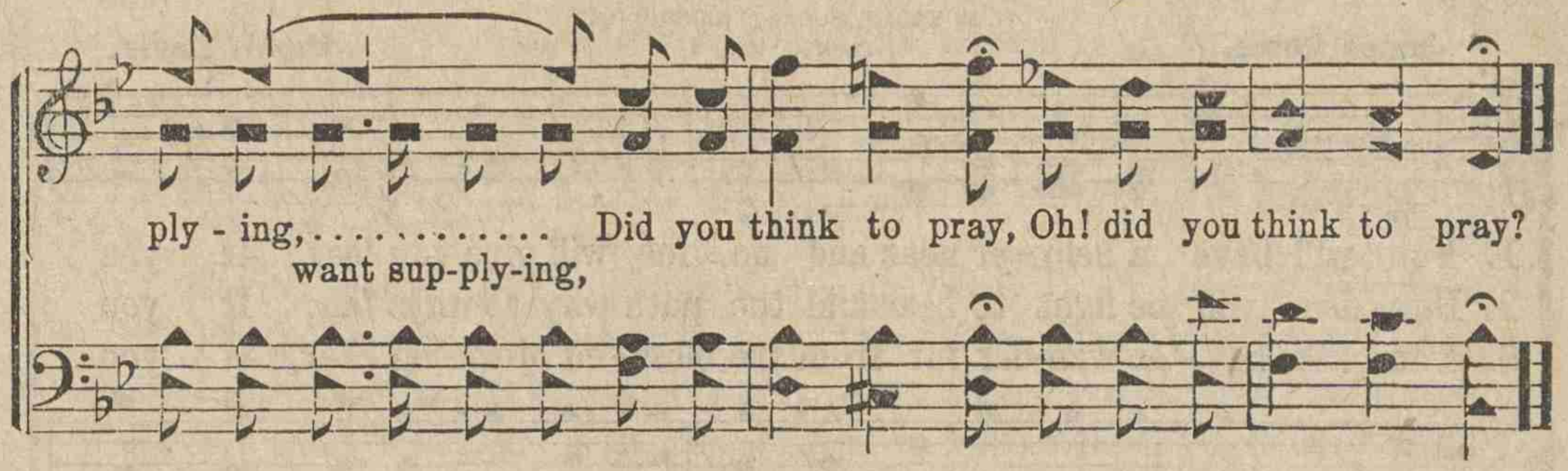
T. O. Chisholm. J. D. Patton, owner, 1916. **J. D. Patton.**

1. When your spir - it hath been o-ver-whelmed within you, When so heav-y and so wea - ry seemed the way, When be-set by foes and man -i - fold temp-ta - tions,
2. When the sun-shine and the gladness has de-part-ed, When life's sweetest flowers 'round you withered lay, When the song had been replaced by bit - ter sigh - ing,
3. When your heart was filled with wistfulness and yearning, With a thirst no earthly fountains could al - lay, When un-cer-tain how to find the path of du - ty,
4. There's a hand that bindeth up the brok-en-heart-ed, That so ten - der - ly all tears can wipe a - way, When the storm of des - o - la-tion breaks up-on you,
5. Oh! what blessings may be ours but for the ask-ing! O! what treasures we may seek and find to - day! E'en the doors of heav'n will o - pen to our knock-ing,

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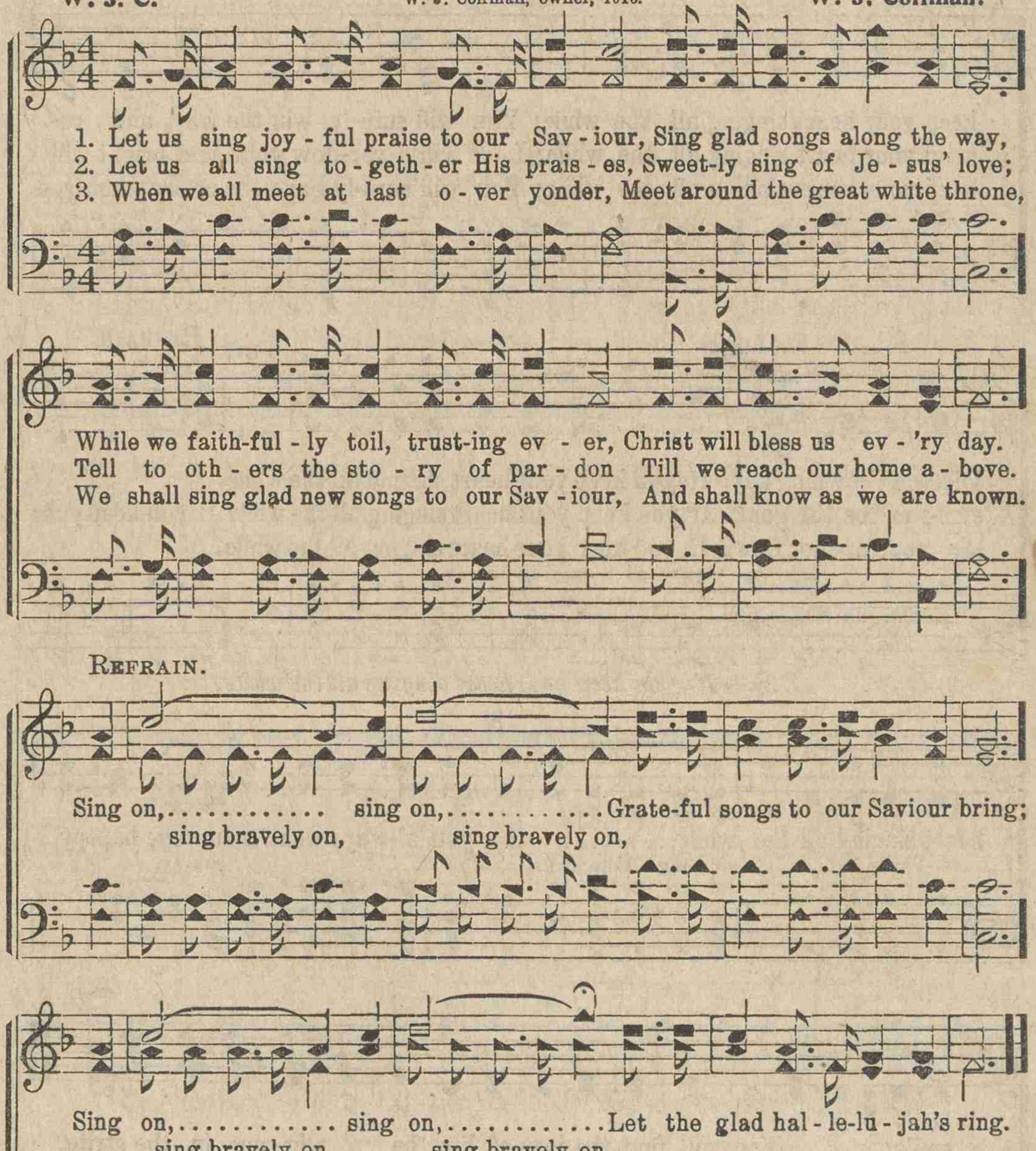
Did you think to pray? Did you think to pray? There's a pres - ent help in time of ev - 'ry troub - le,..... There is strength and grace sufficient, come what may, There's a prom-ise ev -'ry hu-man want supply, come what may,

Did You Think to Pray?



No. 5. Let Us Sing.

W. J. C. W. J. Coffman, owner, 1916. W. J. Coffman.



No. 6. If You Keep Your Heart Singing.

H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1914.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle.

1. You will have a help - er near and no foe will give you fear, If you
2. Bur - dens will be light to bear and the path-way al-ways fair, If you
3. You will nev - er wan-der far from the bless - ed Morn-ing Star, If you

keep your heart singing all the while; You will sure-ly win the fray, and re-
keep your heart singing all the while; Love will o-ver-flow your soul, bright will
keep your heart singing all the while; You will sure-ly have the crown when you

joice on Crowning day, If you keep your heart singing all the while.
ev - er be the goal, If you keep your heart singing all the while. If you keep your
lay your ar-mor down, If you keep your heart singing all the while.

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.—*If you keep your heart singing all the while.*

heart singing all the while, ... If you al-ways wear a sun-ny, hap-py
sing-ing, sing-ing all the while, sun-ny,

smile; . . . . . You will find the joys of life, be a win-ner in the strife,
wear a sun-ny smile;

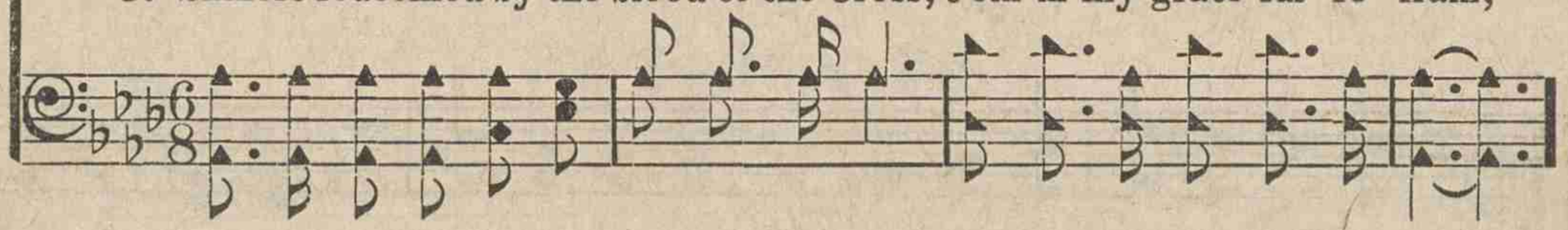
D. S.

No. 7. My Sins Are Under the Blood.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



1. Darker than midnight the stain of my sin, When I to Cal - va - ry came;
2. From all the old con-dem-na-tion and fear, Now I have bless-ed re - lease;
3. I am redeemed, but how great was the price That my redemption se - cured!
4. Pre-cious to me are the wounds of my Lord, For, if He nev - er had died,
5. Sinners redeemed by the blood of the Cross, Join in my grate-ful re - frain;





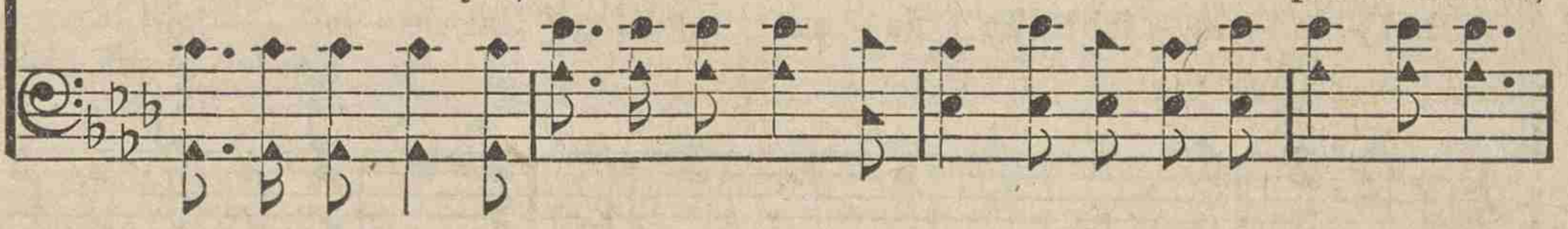
Now are my garments made per-fect-ly clean, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Faith in the blood of my cru - ci - fied Lord Fills me with won-der-ful peace.
He that was ho - ly and harmless and good, Death for my ran-som en-dured.
Hope-less in-deed my con - di-tion had been, Mer - cy for - ev - er de - nied!
Praise Him who all our transgressions hath borne, But who now liv-eth a - gain.



CHORUS.



Un-der the blood! Un-der the blood! My sins are un-der the blood; . . .
yes, pre-cious blood;





Un - der the blood! Un - der the blood! My sins are un-der the blood.
yes,



No. 8. Hallelujah To My King.

James Rowe. T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala., 1915. T. B. Mosley.

1. Since the Sav-iour took a - way my sin, And made me free and glad, There has been a song of joy with-in, The best I ev - er had; It is help-ing
2. He is near-er than all earthly friends, The tru-est one of all, And the count-less blessings that He sends, In dai - ly show-ers fall; So on His dear
3. In a bet - ter coun-try, by and by, My Sav-iour I shall see, And with all the sing-ing hosts on high, For - ev - er I shall be; Then in that e -

me the crown to win, For o'er and o'er I sing, "Hal-le - lu - jah!
love my soul depends, And I with rap - ture sing, "Hal-le - lu - jah!
ter - nal, cloud-less sky, My song of joy shall ring, "Hal-le - lu - jah!

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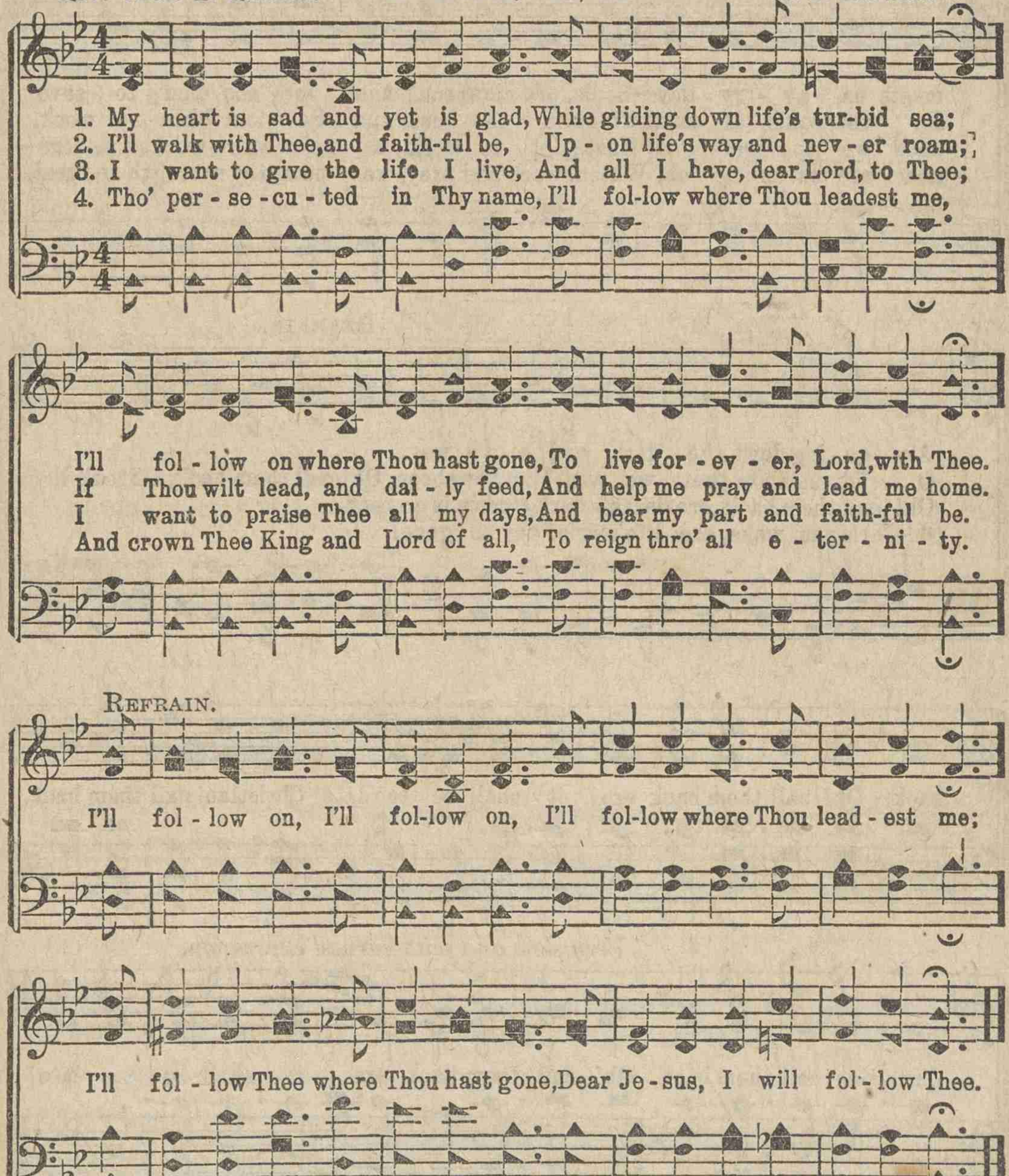
hal - le - lu - jah! To Je - sus my King!" Hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal-le - lu-jah, sweet,
Hal - le - lu - jah! Shall for - ev - er swell and ring, For I
Hal-le - lu - jah, glad,

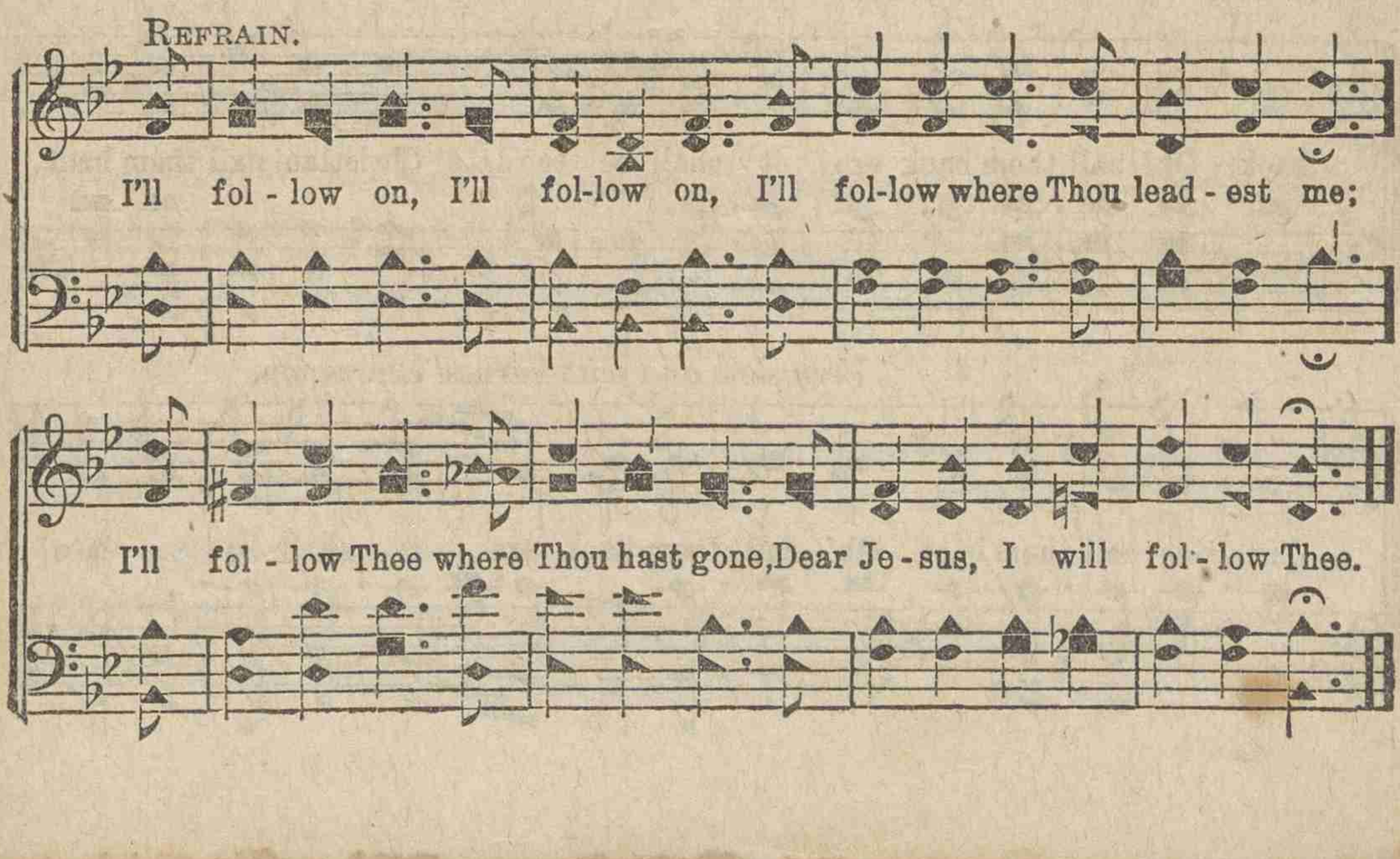
Hallelujah To My King. Concluded.



No. 9. I'll Follow On.

Rev. Thos. E. Roberts. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.





No. 10. Call Them Back.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.

1. Wand'ring a - far from du - ty and from God—How sad the sight that
2. On ev - 'ry side the snares of sin a-bound, What are we do - ing
3. Can we be cold, un - heed - ing and un - kind? Can we for-get that
4. An - gels of light are weep - ing o'er the scene! The pow'rs of e - vil

meets us ev - 'ry day—Souls, pre-cious souls that Je - sus died to save
for the souls of men? Great is the need, our Sav - iour bids us work,
once we too were lost? Haste, let us work as ne'er we've worked be-fore—
now are march-ing on, Watch, work and pray, re - new thy strength and zeal,

REFRAIN.

Are go - ing down the dark and e - vil way.
O let us show that we with Him have been. Oh! call them back, Oh! call them
Oh! call them back, ere death's dark stream is crossed.
Oh! Christian, wake, ere life's brief day is gone!

back. Oh! call them back ere it shall be too late! Christian, call them back,

Very slow and with earnest expression.

Chris-tian, call them back, Oh! call them back ere it shall be too late!

No. 11. Christ Is the Only Saviour.

T. O. Chisholm. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Hearts that are troubled, that look for help in vain, Souls that are bur-
2. Wis - dom of sa - ges can nev - er save a soul, Earth-ly phy - si-
3. None else but He can give blinded eyes their sight, Lead hopeless wan-
4. Come un - to Je - sus, and He will give you rest, Ten - der - ly fold

dened and dark with many a stain, Lives held in bondage, longing to be
cians, a brok-en heart make whole, One hath all pow - er and all life in
der - ers in - to joy and light, Clothe e'en the vil-est in a robe of
you up - on His lov-ing breast, Where none may harm you, nor an e - vil

REFRAIN.

free a-gain, Christ is the on - ly Sav - iour.
His control, Christ is the on - ly Sav - iour. Search where you will, o - ver
wondrous white, Christ is the on - ly Sav - iour.
thing molest, Christ is the on - ly Sav - iour.

land and o - ver sea, Strive as you may from your bondage to be free,

He that was nailed on the cross of Cal-va-ry, He is the on - ly Sav-iour.

No. 12. He Never Will Change.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal. 3: 6.
"Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—Heb. 13: 8.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. This world hath man - y beau-ties rare, In wood and field, in
2. The years pass on and leave their trace On cher-ished scene, on
3. This life is but a fleet-ing dream, An ev - er - on - ward-
4. But One there is whom naught can change; No flight of years His

sun - set fair; But soon their beau - ty will be past,— It can-not
form and face; And some we loved in days gone by Have left us
mov-ing stream; There's naught a-bides be - neath the sun, Our songs are
love es - trange; In life, in death, O praise His Name! A - bid - ing

CHORUS.

last, it can-not last.
for the home on high. But Christ is the same, For-ev - er the
hushed when scarce be - gun.
ev - er - more the same. 4. Yes, Christ is the same, For-ev - er the

same! What-ev - er comes, thro' chang-ing years, Of loss or

espress.

pain, of joy or tears, He nev-er will change, No, nev-er change.

No. 13. Away to the Reaping.

Lizzie DeArmond. K. C. Robinson, Bessemer, Ala., owner, 1915. K. C. Robinson.

1. The world is God's field, and the reap-ers are few, Go forth with a will there is
2. The sun will have set, do not ling-er so long, His serv-ice is blest, hasten
3. The world is God's field, work for Him ev-'ry-where, Who heed His command the re -

work you can do, O hear the call ring ov - er mountain and plain, A-way to the
on with a song, If on - ly one sheaf to the Mas-ter you bring, O count it not
ward shall soon share; When fade the gold beams in the bright, glowing west, Who reap for the

REFRAIN.

reap-ing of fields white with grain. Go reap O, do not de-lay,
loss when you toil for the King.
Lord, in His heaven shall rest. Go reap for the Mas-ter, O, do not de-lay,

Go reap, go reap, O, do not de-lay,

Go reap, He needs you to-day, Haste forth where
Go reap for the Mas-ter, He needs you to-day, Haste forth to the toil-ing where

Go reap, go reap, He needs you to-day, Haste forth, haste forth where

har - vests are white, With joy do His bid-ding, soon com - eth the night.

No. 14. The Prayer At Mother's Knee.

Owned by B. B. Beall, 1916, Douglasville, Ga.

Eben E. Rexford. (May be used as Soprano and Alto duet) **B. B. Beall.**

1. Long years have flown since I, a boy, Knelt at my moth-er's knee,
2. My way - ward feet have wandered far A - way from friends and home;
3. O moth - er mine, be-yond the stars You watch for us and wait,

To say "I lay me down to sleep," And ask God's care of me, But al-ways
The boys and girls are scattered now, A - las! how soon they roam! But ev - er
To give us welcome when we come Thro' heaven's wide-open gate, And O I

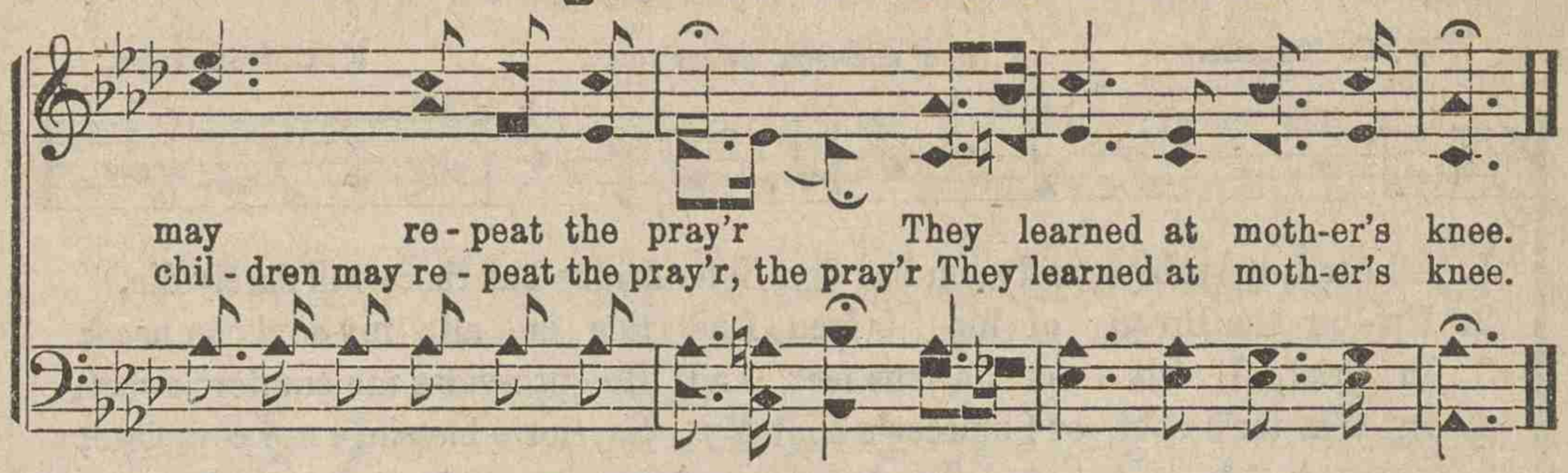
at the close of day, I fan - cy moth-er near To lis-ten when her children
when the shadows fall, Dear mother's voice I hear, In songs that tell of heav'n and
love to think that there, When your dear face I see, Your children will repeat the

REFRAIN.

pray, The prayer she loved to hear. God grant that in the heav'nly
home, Old songs, but O how dear!
prayer They lisped be-side your knee. God grant that in the heav'nly

home, Some hap - py day to be, Her child-ren
home, sweet home, Some hap - py day to be, to be, Her

The Prayer At Mother's Knee.



No. 15. O, There's Joy.

E. E. Hewitt. Owned by B. B. Beall, 1916, Douglasville, Ga. B. B. Beall.

No. 16. Jesus Can Satisfy.

W. C. Martin. K. C. ROBINSON, OWNER, 1912. K. C. Robinson.

1. All earth-ly springs will soon be dry, Who drinks but there will surely die,
2. Up - on the Bread of life I feed, And this is all my soul can need;
3. In grief, I sit at Je - sus feet, And He pro-vides me comfort sweet;
4. In Win-ter's cold or Summer's heat My Sav-ior's blessings are complete;

And earth-ly joys will soon de - part; Just Christ can sat - is - fy the heart.
He feeds me with a plenteous hand And makes this world a Prom-ised Land.
He soft-ly whis - pers to my soul And makes my wounded spir - it whole.
Let pleasures come or joys de - part, He al-ways sat - is - fies the heart.

REFRAIN.

There's One a - lone can sat - is - fy, One fountain that is nev-er dry;
There's One a-lone, a - lone can sat - is - fy, One fount-ain that is nev - er, nev-er dry;

One ho - ly joy that can-not die,—'Tis Je-sus that can sat - is - fy.
One ho - ly joy, one joy that can - not die,—

No. 17. The Father's Love.

E. E. Rexford. B. F. Clark, owner, 1916. B. F. Clark.

1. Strong with a trust in God a - bove, His own good time I wait, Con -
2. My Fa-ther's arm is strong and sure, His heart is, O so kind, As
3. I feel the pres-ence of His love A - bout me all the time. I

tent to fol - low in the path That leads home, soon or late. And while I
those who lean up-on His love And trust Him most will find. How warm, how
nev - er seem to be a - lone As life's steep hill I climb. He cheers me,

wait, He gives to me Such blessings from His store, That ev - er, as the days go
true His friendship is, You can-not know or guess Un-til you take Him at His
if I wear-y grow, With tender words and sweet, And sorrow's ways oft seem the

REFRAIN.

by, I love Him more and more.
word, And prove His prom-is-es. So with a faith that fal-ters not, I'll sing, as
place Where earth and heaven meet.

best I can, The song of love that fail-eth not, The love of God to man.

No. 18. The Glory Way.

W. C. Poole. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Since Jesus found me, Broke the chains that bound me, And I no long-er stray; (no long-er stray;) My heart is sing-ing, With its gladness ring-ing A-long the glo-ry way. (the glory way.)
2. Since Jesus guides me, Strengthens me and hides me, My heart can fear no ill; (can fear no ill;) His ways are best ways, And I love His test ways, My will shall be His will. (His holy will.) The way, the dear-er A-long the glo-ry way. (the glory way.)
3. His love has nev-er, Nev-er failed me ev-er, My life is bright to-day; (is bright to-day;) For heav'n is near-er, And the Christ is way, The glo-ry way, I've found the glory way, That leads from the night To the heav-en bright, I am in the glo-ry way.

REFRAIN.

the glo-ry way.

No. 19. The Only Way.

"I am the Way."—JESUS.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Would you be freed from your bur - den of sin? Hear the sweet whis - per of par - don with - in? Would you this mo-ment a new life be - gin? This is the on - ly way:
2. Would you have light that no clouds can ob - scure? Would you have joys that are fade - less and pure? Would you have help that is might - y and sure? This is the on - ly way: Come to the cross of the
3. Would you have peace nev - er bro - ken by fears? Would you have hope that can smile thro' its tears? Friend-ship un-chang - ing thro' earth's changing years? This is the on - ly way:
4. Would you find rest in a bless - ed re - treat, Rest un - dis- turbed by the temp-ests that beat? Would you be read - y the judg - ment to meet? This is the on - ly way:

CHORUS.

Son of God, Trust in the pow'r of His sav - ing blood, Walk in the path where His feet once trod— This is the on - ly way.

No. 20. If You Will.

W. C. Poole. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. You can do so ma - ny things, If you will; Which to oth - ers
2. You can help some load to bear, If you will; Bur-dens of an -
3. You can make earth's bitter sweet, If you will; You can glad-den

glad-ness brings, If you will; You can brighter make the day, And cheer
oth - er share, If you will; You can help make others strong, You can
those you meet, If you will; You can change the dark to light, Send a

oth - ers on their way, You can guide the feet that stray, If you will.
cheer them with a song, You can help to conquer wrong, If you will.
ray of glo-ry bright, Thro' the fall-ing clouds of night, If you will.

REFRAIN.

If you will, you can cheer, Others 'round a -
If you will, you can cheer

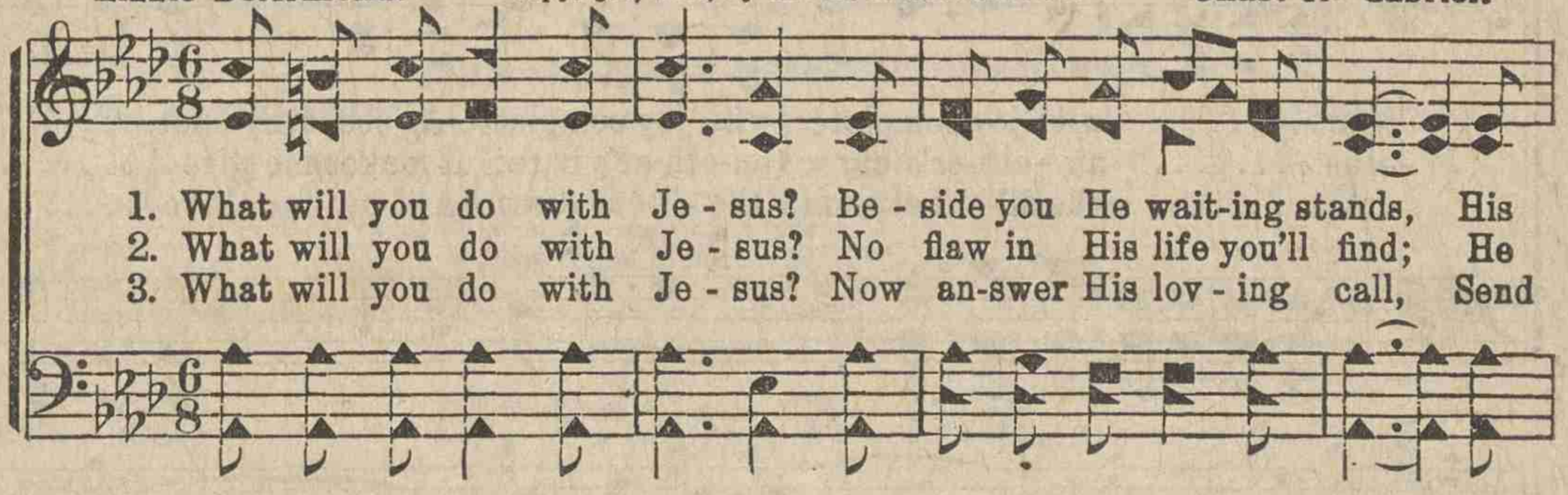
bout you, far and near, You can guide some soul to-day, O'er a rough un -

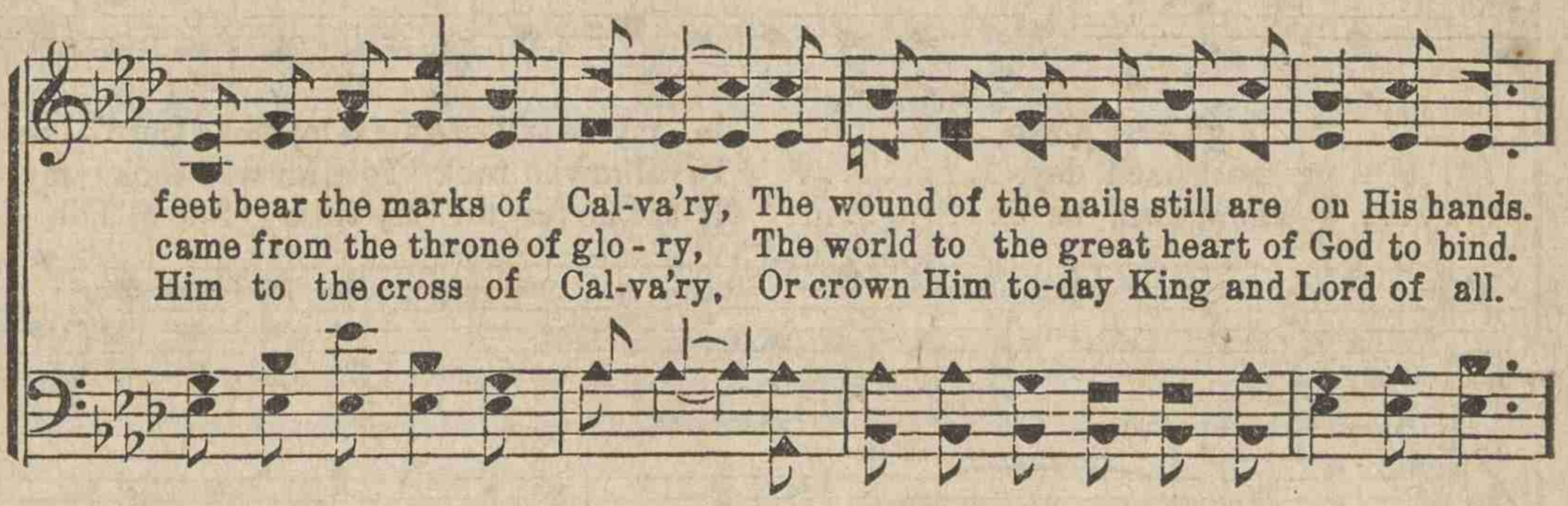
If You Will.

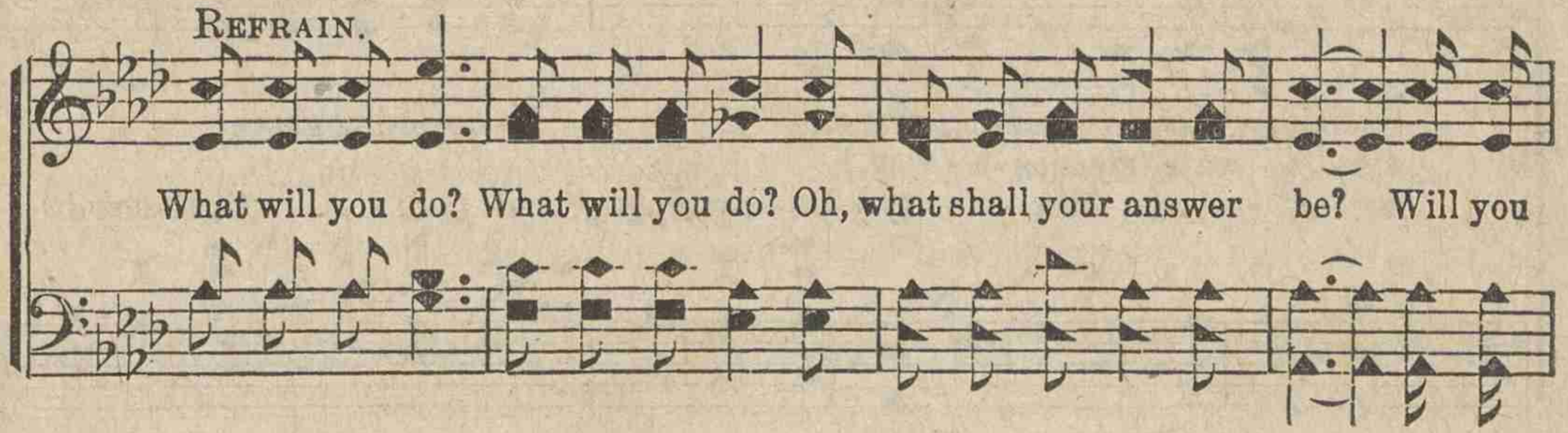


No. 21. What Will You Do With Jesus?

Lizzie DeArmond. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**









No. 22. Redeeming Grace.

James Rowe. C. N. Oden, owner, Clanton, Ala., 1916. C. N. Oden.

1. The theme that makes..... my car-ol sweet..... And fills my
2. It gives me strength..... each load to bear..... And helps me
3. Re - deem-ing grace!..... the end-less theme..... Of those a -

heart..... with joy complete, (with joy complete,) As seeks my soul.....
ease..... an - oth-er's care; (an-oth-er's care;) It makes me give.....
cross..... the sil-ent stream; (the sil-ent stream;) And ov - er there.....

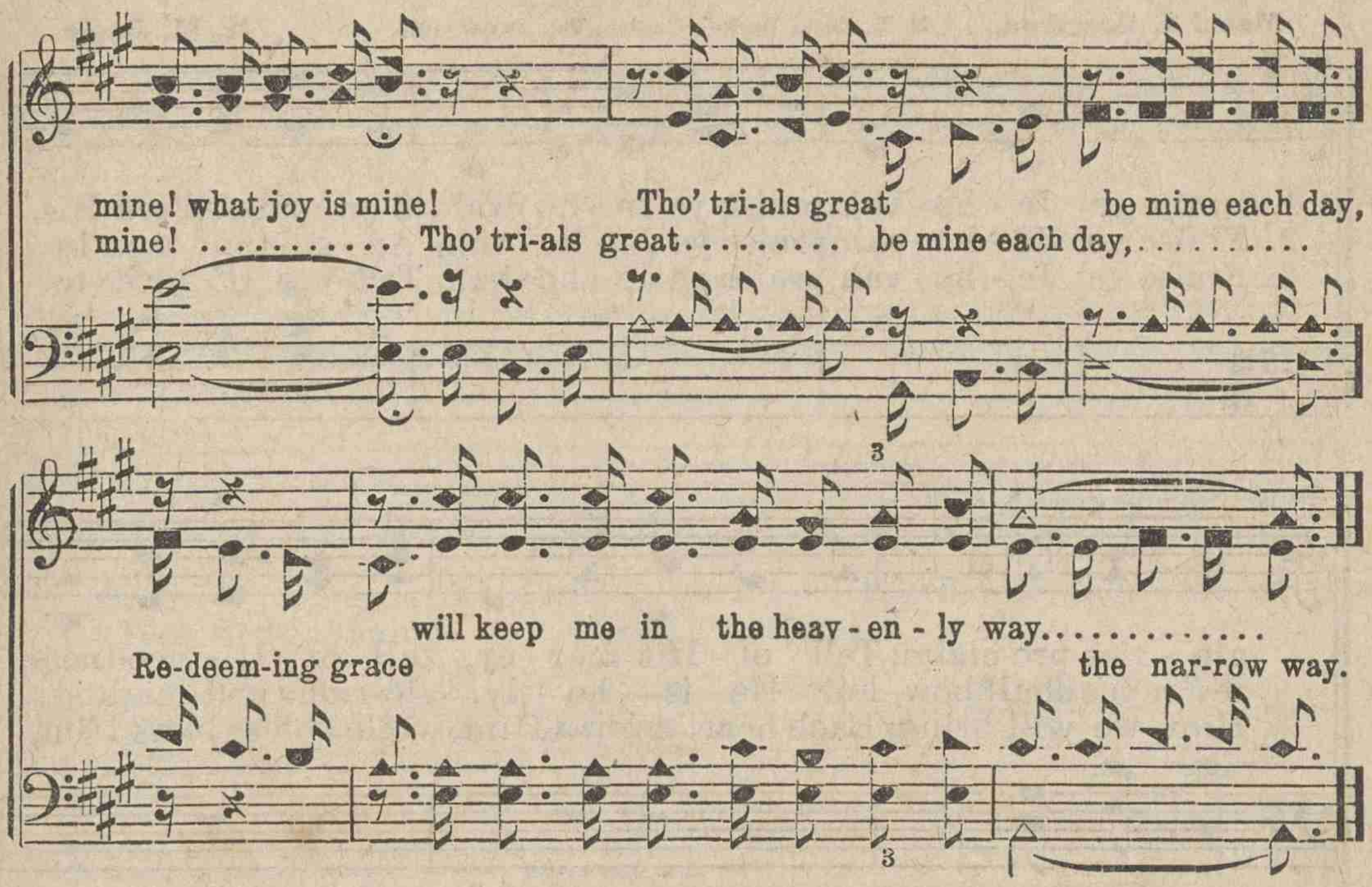
..... its high-er place,..... Is my dear Lord's (Is my dear Lord's) re -
..... my best each day,..... To Him who took (To Him who took) my
..... I know 'twill be..... My theme for all (My theme for all) e -

REFRAIN.

deeming grace. (redeeming grace.) Re-deem-ing grace!
sins a - way. (my sins a - way.)
ter - ni - ty. (e - ter - ni - ty.) Re-deeming grace! ..... O, theme di -

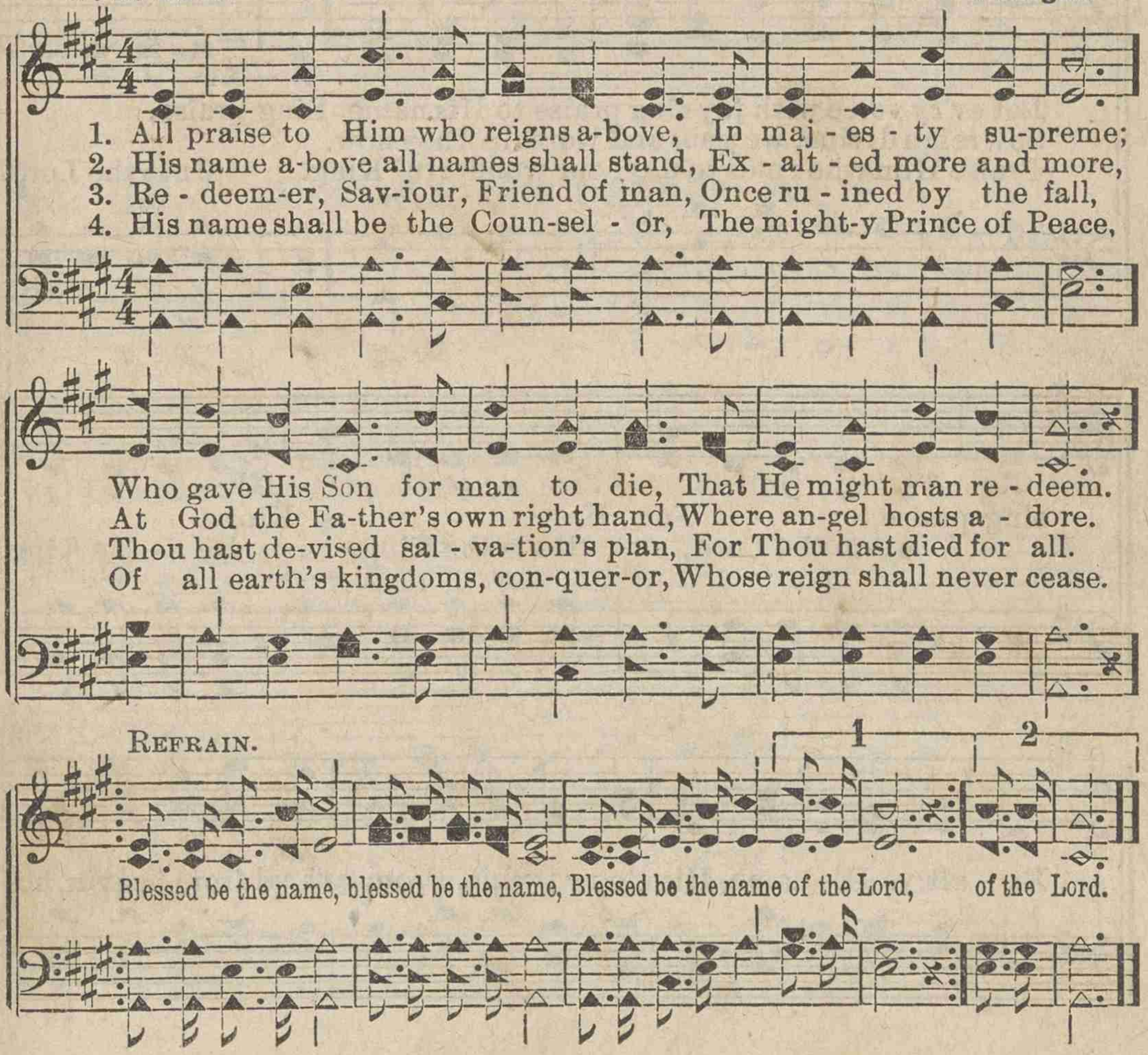
O, theme di - vine! When it I praise, what joy is
vine!..... When it I praise,..... what joy is

Redeeming Grace.



No. 23. All Praise To Him.

W. H. Clark. Arranged.



No. 24. Praise Ye Jehovah.

Mabel J. Rosemon. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1915. H. M. Eagle.

1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise ye Je - ho - vah, O'er land and sea His glo - ries pro-claim; Tell of His mer - cy, tell of His goodness,
2. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise ye Je - ho - vah, An - gels and men in rev'rence shall bow, For He is ho - ly, glo-rious and might-y,
3. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise ye Je - ho - vah, Trib-ute of love to Him we will bring; Each heart enshrines Him, while voices bless Him,

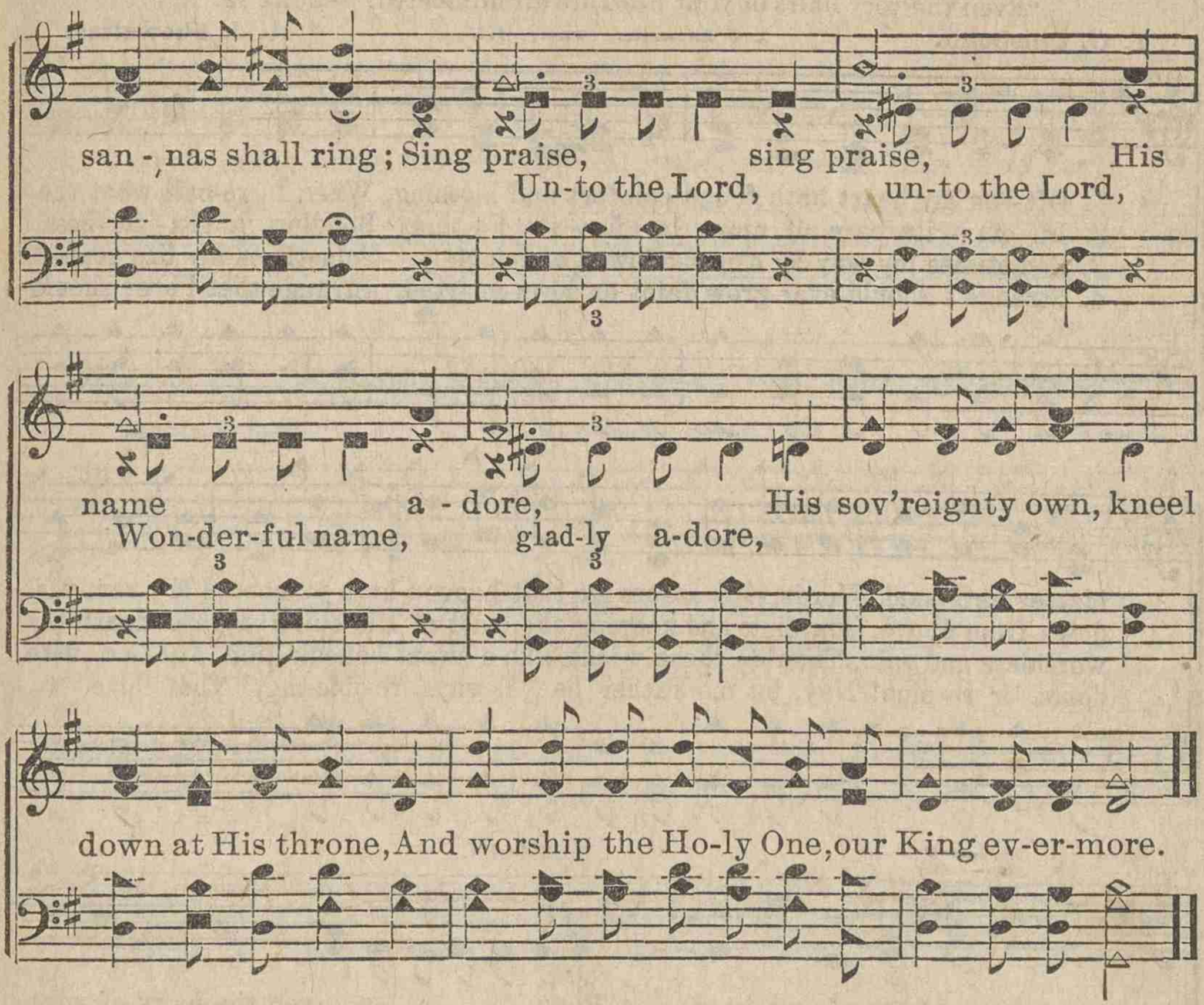
REFRAIN.

Let ev'ry voice with joy sing praise to His name. Sing praise,
Sov'reign divine, we praise and worship Thee now.
Praise Him who rules to-day, our wonderful King. Unto the Lord,

sing praise, For He is King,
un-to the Lord, He is the King, He is the King,

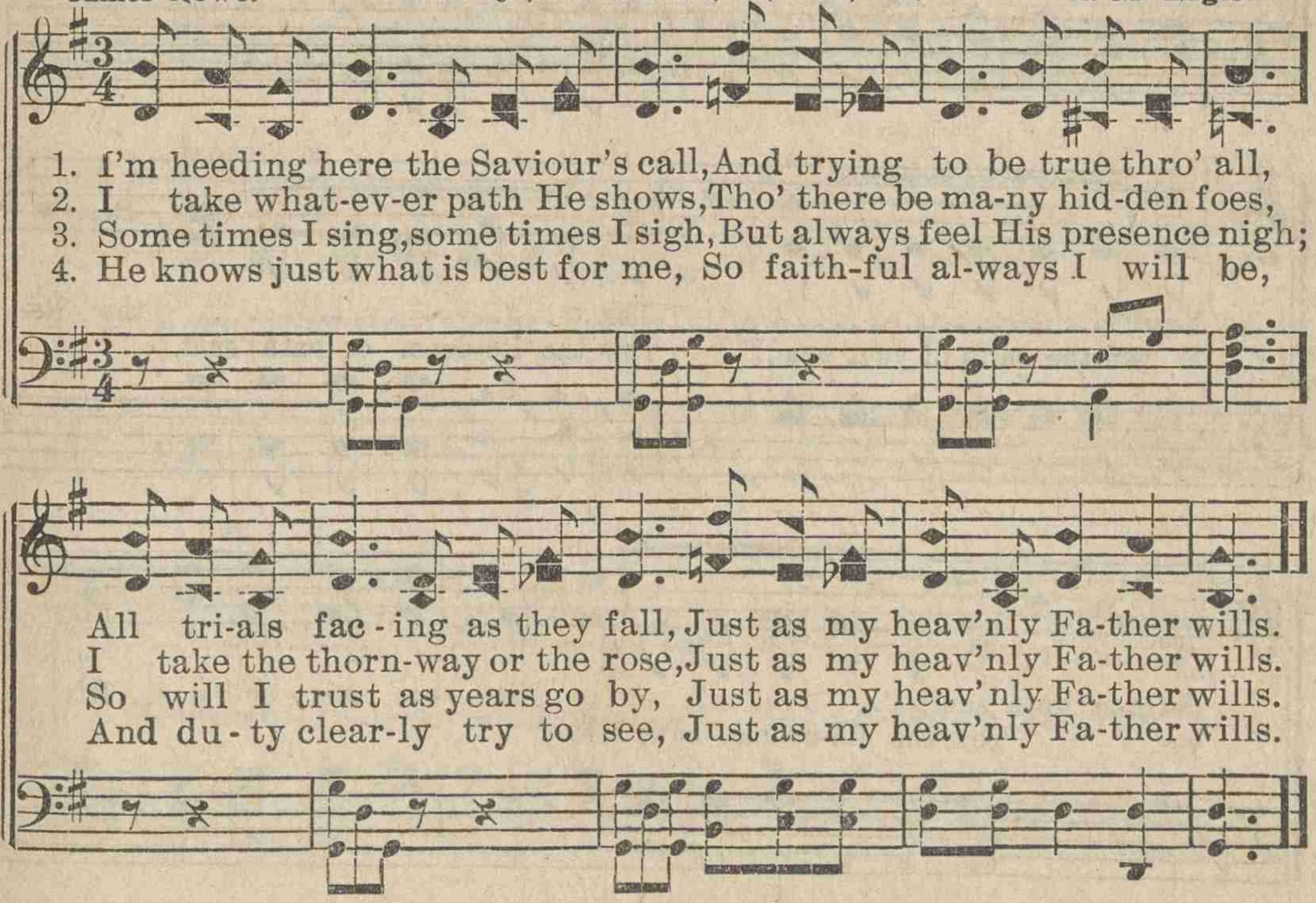
Ex - alt ye His name, His glo-ry proclaim, From earth and from heav'n, ho-

Praise Ye Jehovah.



No. 25. Just As My Father Wills.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1915. H. M. Eagle.



No. 26. He Numbers the Hairs of My Head.

"Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered."—LUKE 12: 7.

T. O. Chisholm. A. J. Showalter, owner. 1915. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Oft - en my heart hath found comfort and blessing, When I re-call what the
2. In - fin - ite care of my in - fin - ite Fa-ther! Bending in ten - der-ness
3. Sometimes my way is o'er-shadowed and lone-ly, Sometimes my life seemeth
4. Strange I should ever grow faint or down-hearted, Strange that I ever should

Master hath said, Words which assure me that heaven hath numbered E - ven, yes,
down from above, Guarding and keeping the least of His children Safe 'neath the
worthless and vain, Then do those words, like a sweet benedic-tion, Fill me with
doubt or re-pine! Nay, let me rather be "al-ways re-joic-ing," That love so

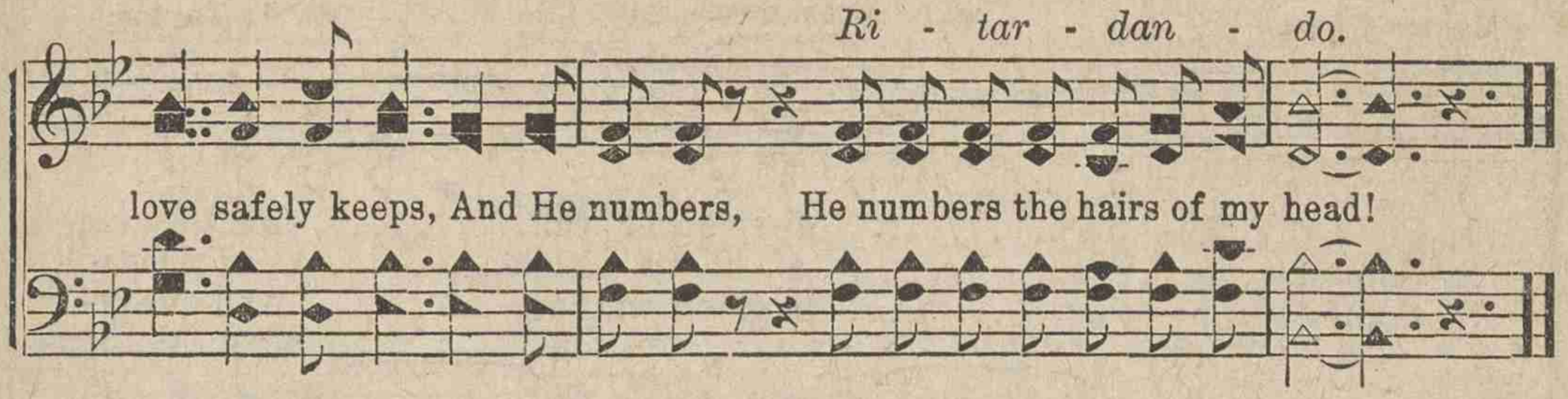
REFRAIN.

e - ven the hairs of my head. "E - - - ven the hairs of your
eye of His pit - y - ing love.
joy and with courage a - gain.
ten-der and faith-ful is mine! "Even the hairs of your head!" yes,

head!" . . . . . This . . . . . the Re-
"E - ven the hairs of your head!" This the Re-deem - er hath said,

deem-er hath said! . . . . . His eye nev - er sleeps, His
yes, This the Re-deemer hath said!

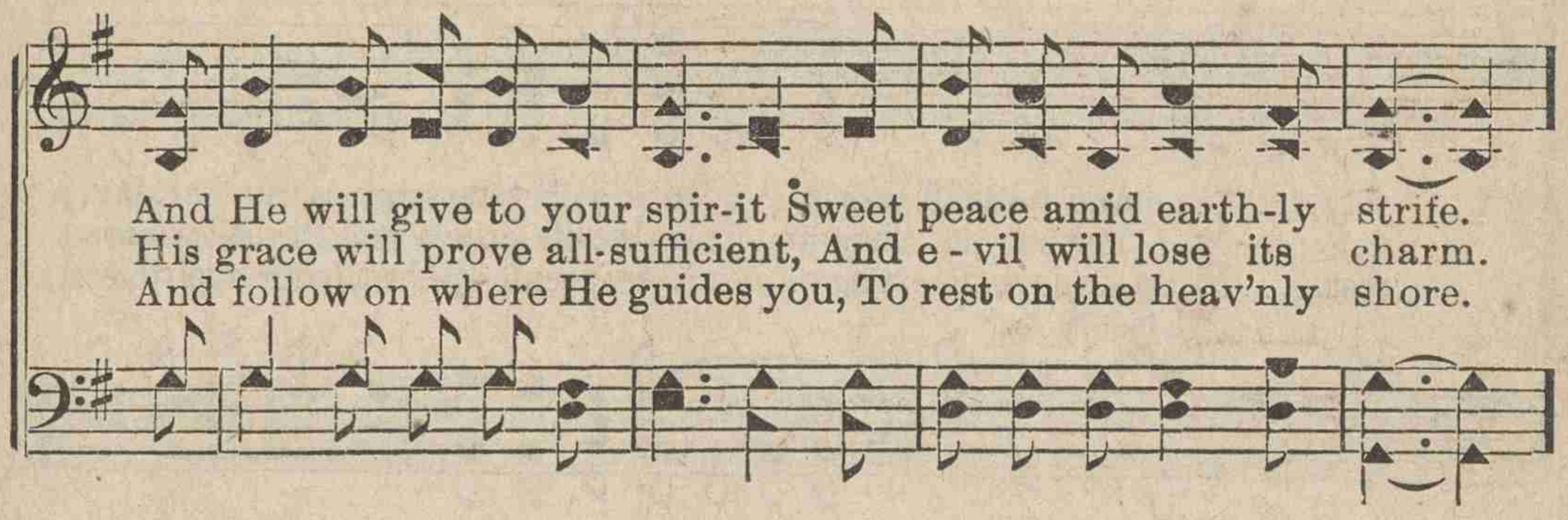
He Numbers the Hairs of My Head.



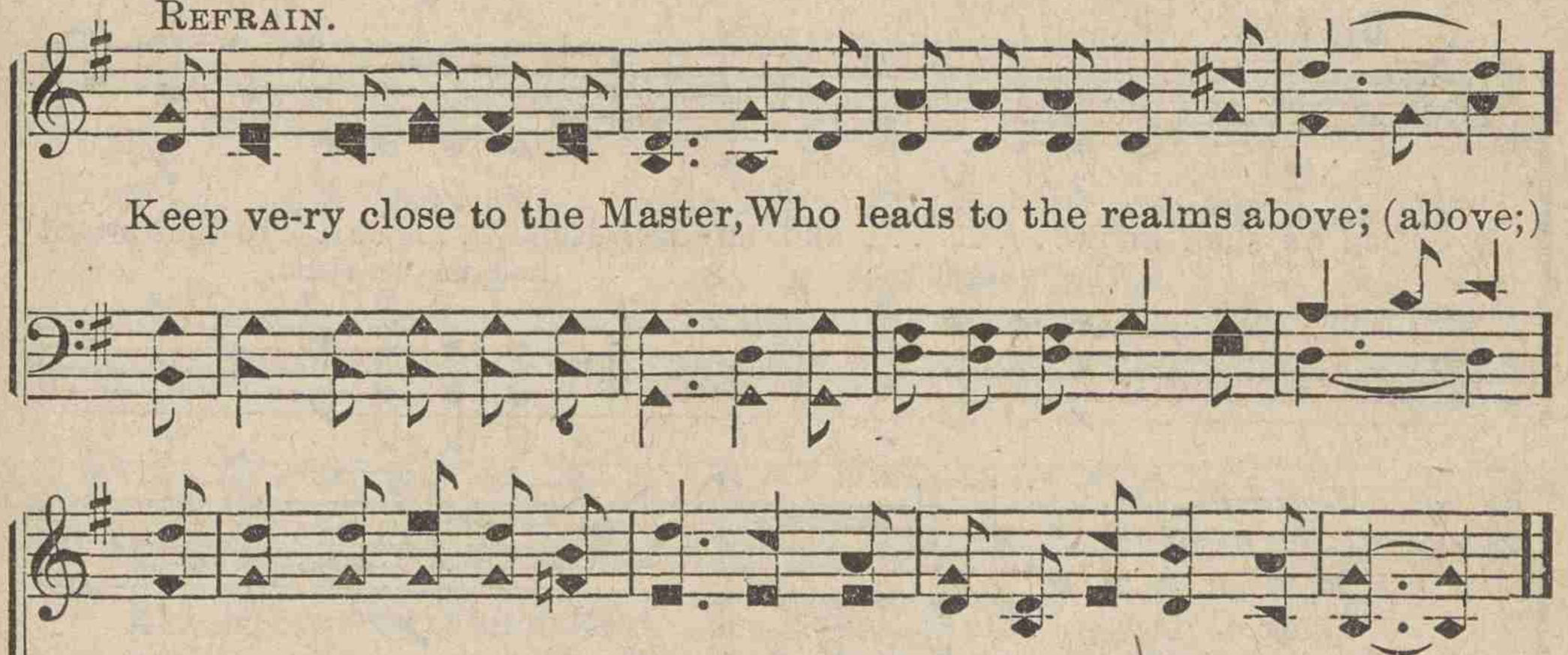
No. 27. Keep Very Close to the Master.

Jennie Wilson. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. **A. J. Showalter.**





REFRAIN.



No. 28. Then We Shall Understand.

James Rowe. W. T. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1916. W. T. Taylor.

1. Some day, the voice..... di-vine will call,..... And then the
2. Some day, in just..... a lit-tle while,..... Our Friend will
3. Some day, a - way..... the gloom will flee,..... And glo-ry-

tear..... no more will fall;..... The night of grief..... will pass a-
meet..... us with a smile;..... For la-bors here..... will all be
land..... we all shall see;..... A-mid the saints..... we all shall

way,..... And we shall greet..... a bet-ter day. (a bet-ter day.)
done,..... The bat-tle fought..... the life-crown won. (the life-crown won.)
rest,..... In love di - vine..... su-preme-ly blest. (supremely blest.)

REFRAIN.

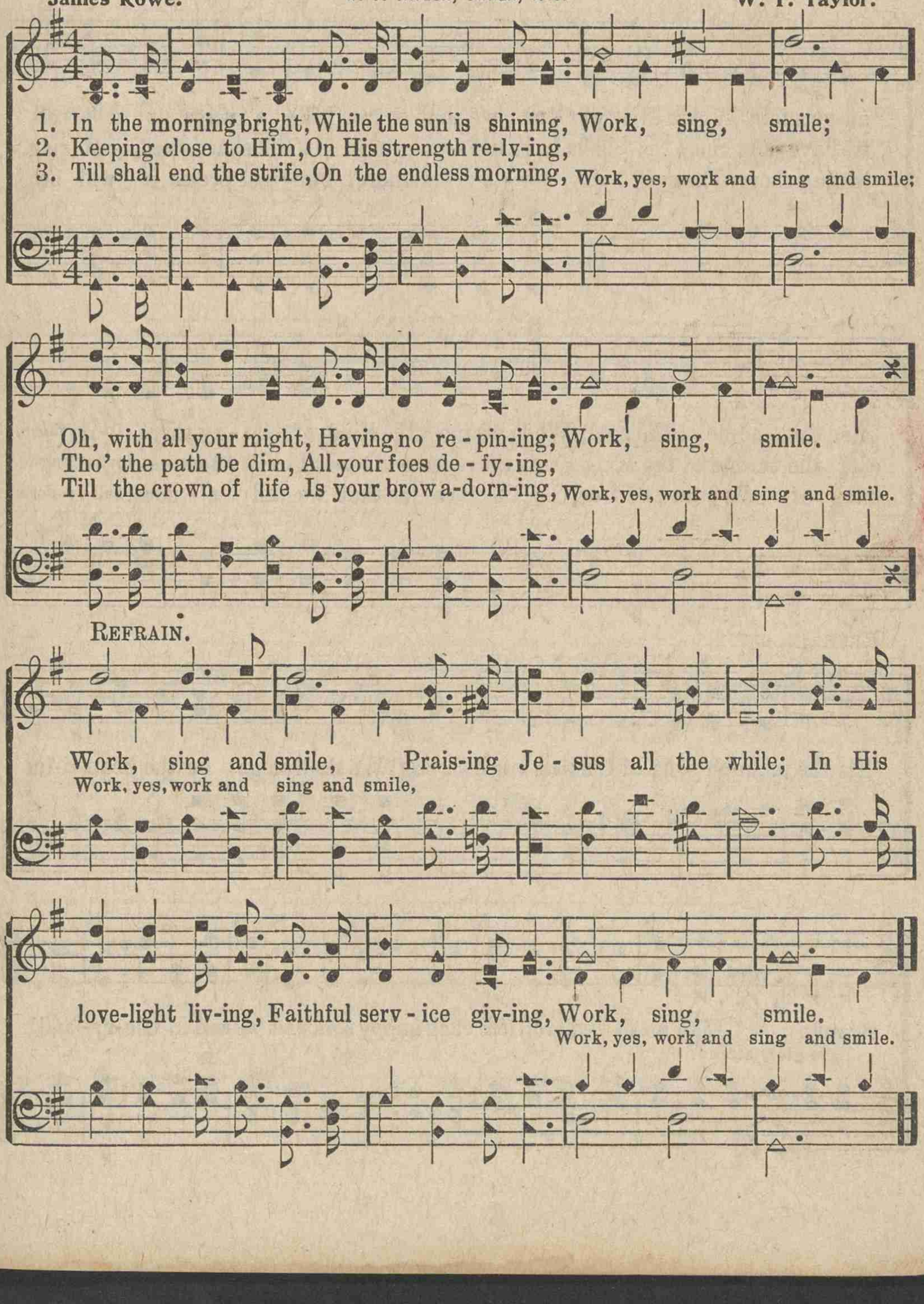
Then we shall know..... and un-der-stand,..... In that bright
Then we shall know and un-der-stand,
land..... of bliss a-bove;..... Yes, we shall know..... and under-
In that bright land of bliss a-bove; Yes, we shall know

Then We Shall Understand.



No. 29. Work, Sing, Smile.

James Rowe. W. T. TAYLOR, OWNER, 1916. W. T. Taylor.



No. 30. When We Gather in Glory-Land.

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

1. There's a song we shall sing to our heav-en - ly King, Gathered with the an-gels fair, Where His glo - ry we shall share. Like a wave it will roll
2. There's a song we shall raise in that clt - y of praise, Such as nev - er we have sung, Such as bells have nev - er rung! It will soar, swell, and ring,
3. There's a song we will raise in those heav-en - ly skies, From that ev - er- lasting shore, That will ring for - ev - er-more! Per - fect praise it will be,

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

REFRAIN.

'Tis the triumph-song of the blood-bought throng! We shall sing it on the beau-ti-ful strand; Like a wave 'twill roll from each happy soul When we meet in Glo-ry-land!
the glory strand;

No. 31. It Means So Much.

Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasvile, Ga., 1916.

E. E. Hewitt. B. B. Beall.

1. A look in - to my Bi - ble, In morn-ing's dew - y hour, For all the
2. A heart- to-heart com-mun-ion Be - fore the throne of grace, Re-veals to
3. An all - day walk with Je - sus, While bus - y mo-ments fly, Re joic - ing

day may bring me, Will gird my soul with pow'r; You who have nev-er tried it, Know
me more clearly The sunshine of His face; You who have nev-er tried it, Know
in His serv-ice, Thro' grace that He'll supply; You who have nev-er tried it, Know

not the help 'twill be; But, O this word of blessing, Means so much to me.
not the light 'twill be; But, O a talk with Je - sus, Means so much to me.
not the joy 'twill be; But, O this life with Je - sus, Means so much to me.

REFRAIN.

It means so much, so much to me, Of mer - cy full and free, full and free;
A smile of love from the Lord a - bove, Means so much to me.
so much to me.

No. 32. Joint Heir With Him.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. T. B. Mosley, Albertville. Ala., owner, 1915. T. B. Mosley.

1. Tho' the wealth of earth be not for me, Its sil - ver nor its gold,
2. Can I e'er a - gain feel poor and sad, Or wrong my soul with care,
3. To a pal - ace fair with jeweled walls A ti - tle clear I hold,
4. So a toil - er brave I want to be, While on the shores of time,

On the page di - vine with joy I see I'm heir to wealth un-told;
Since the One who came to make me glad, His all with me will share!
And I'm on - ly here till Je - sus calls "Come join the up-per fold;"
For the land of love a - cross the sea, With all its wealth sublime,

Yes, the heir of God, joint heir He says With Christ, His Son, the King,
O my heart o'erflows with grateful song, A trib-ute sweet to bring,
O the mu-sic grand, from shining harp, I seem to hear it ring,
Is to be my home and soon I'll fly There-to on joy - ful wing,

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, O 'tis wondrous, Joint heir with the King! O 'tis
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Joint heir with the King!

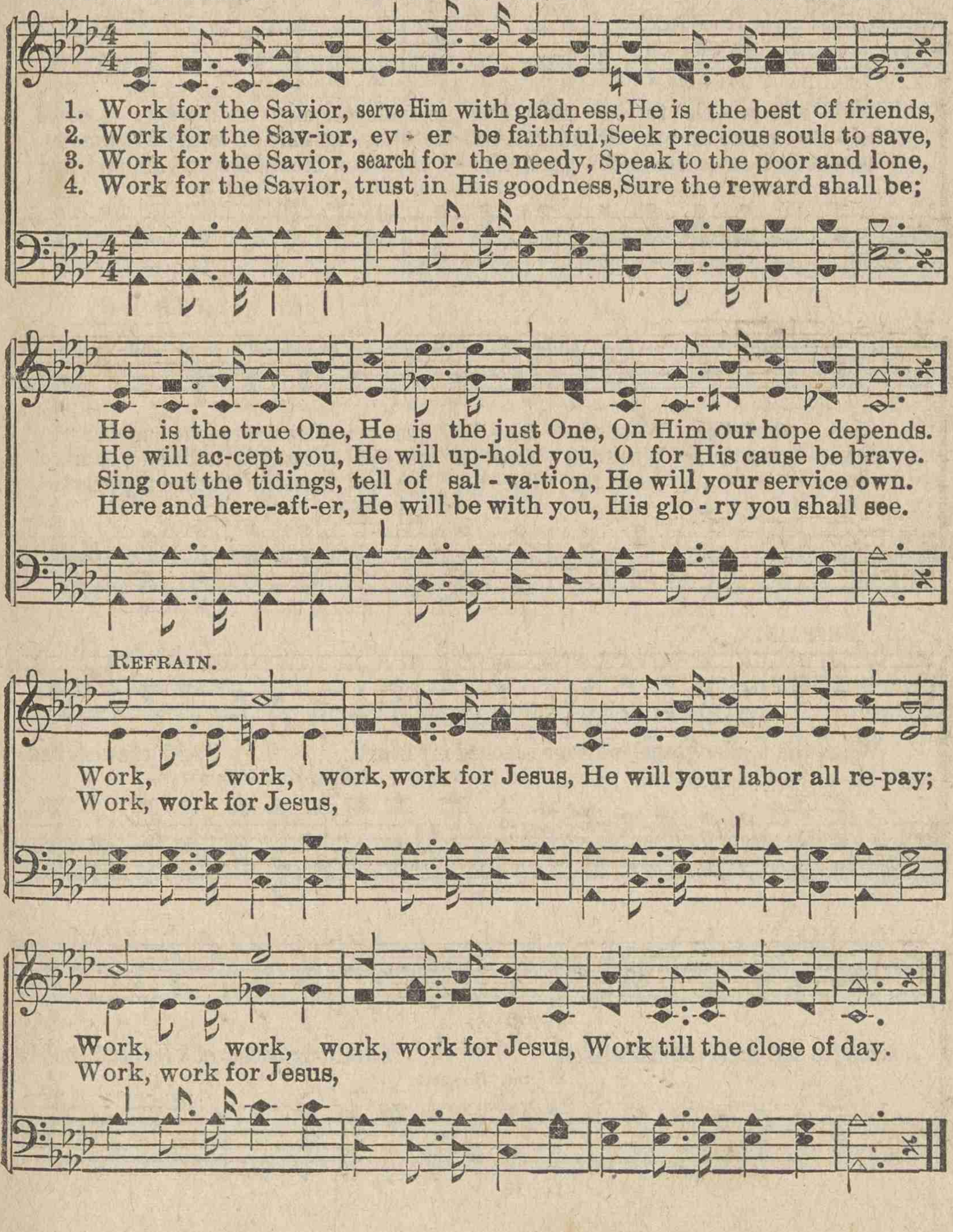
wondrous, O 'tis joy-ful, Grateful prais-es I will sing;
O 'tis wondrous, O 'tis joy - ful,

Joint Heir With Him.



No. 33. Work For The Savior.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.



No. 34. When the Message Reached My Heart.

James Rowe. W. A. WADDELL, OWNER, 1916. W. A. Waddell.

1. I was burdened and de-spair-ing, with no help in sight, For no cheer the
2. I had wear-ied of the tempter and his crush-ing pow'r, I had longed for
3. I have now a might-y Help-er and am glad and free, And from Je-sus

world was a-ble to im-part; But de-spair was mine no lon-ger, I could
help to make an-oth-er start, And the bless-ing that I need-ed came in
naught shall cause me to de-part; For I knew how much He loved me and had

see the light, When the ten-der gos-pel message reached my heart.
that glad hour When the ten-der gos-pel message reached my heart.
done for me, When the ten-der gos-pel message reached my heart.

REFRAIN.

When the tender gospel message reached my heart, Comfort sweet and
my way-ward heart,
strength and cheer it did im-part; I had long been weak and sad, but I
to me im-part;

When the Message Reached My Heart.



No. 35. All is Well With Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. OLIVER MC NIEL, OWNER, 1916. Oliver McNiel.



No. 36. Victory Is Assured.

James Rowe. J. D. Patton, owner, 1916. J. D. Patton.

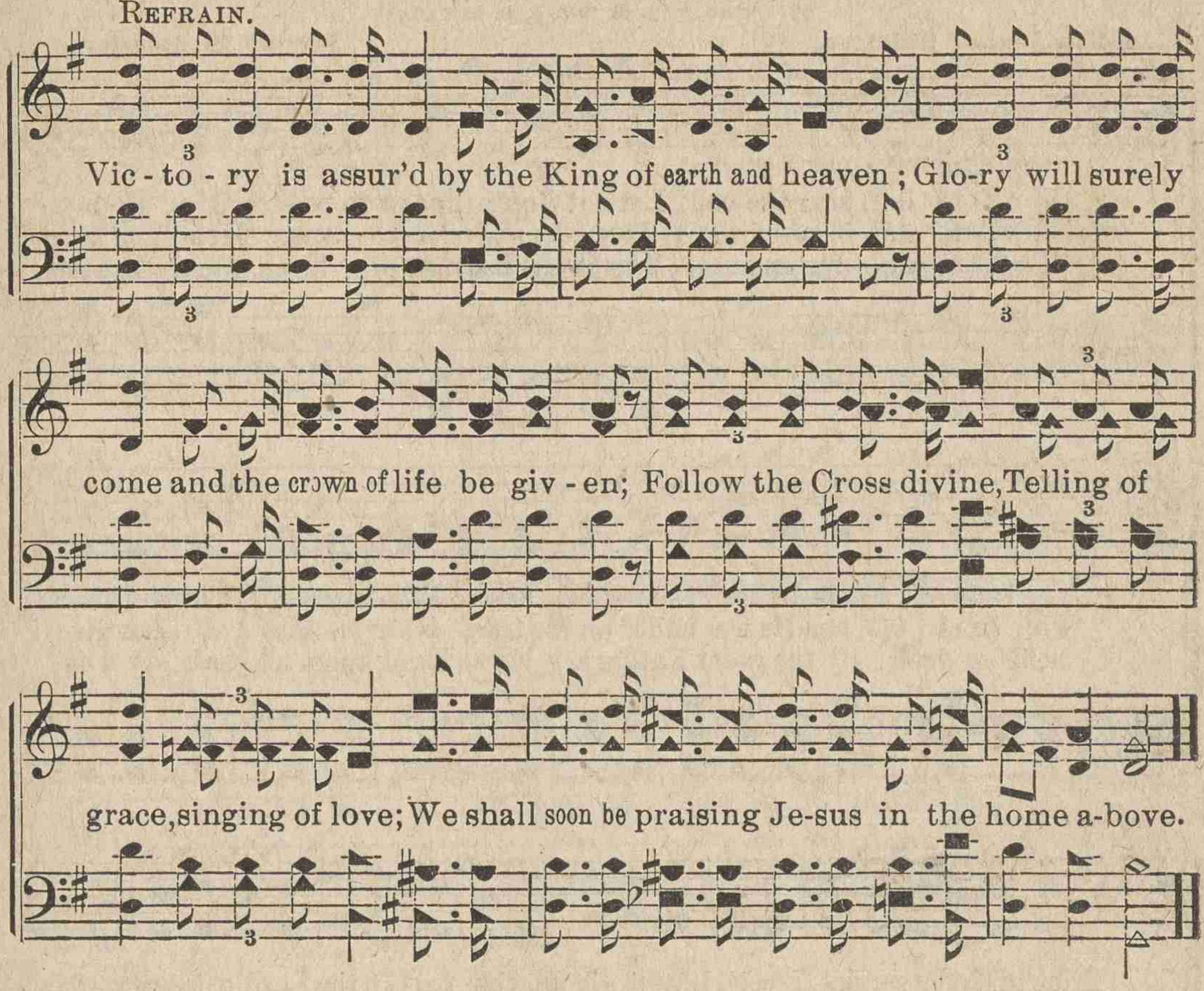
1. On, pil-grim, on, keeping His prais-es swell-ing All a-long the glo - ry way; On, pil-grim, on, sweet-ly the mes-sage tell - ing To the lost from day to day. Led by the Lord, He-ro of all the a - ges! Leaning on His promise grand, (promise grand), Keep-ing the path fol-lowed by all the sag - es, On-ward to the promised land.

2. On, pil-grim, on, yon-der the bells are ring-ing, Cheering those who still must roam; On, pil-grim, on, yon-der the saints are sing - ing Mel - o - dies of "Home sweet home." Rest, perfect rest, waits for the brave and loy - al, In the pal-ace of the King, (precious King), So march a - long un - der the standard roy - al, Till the vict-'ry song we sing.

3. On, pil-grim, on, ov - er the des - ert drear-y, Soon the shadows all will flee; On, pil-grim, on, neith-er be faint nor wear - y, Joy shall come to you and me. Safe are our souls in the Re-deem-er's keep-ing, Still His love will us en - fold, (still enfold), And, with a song, soon we shall all go sweeping Thro' the shining gates of gold.

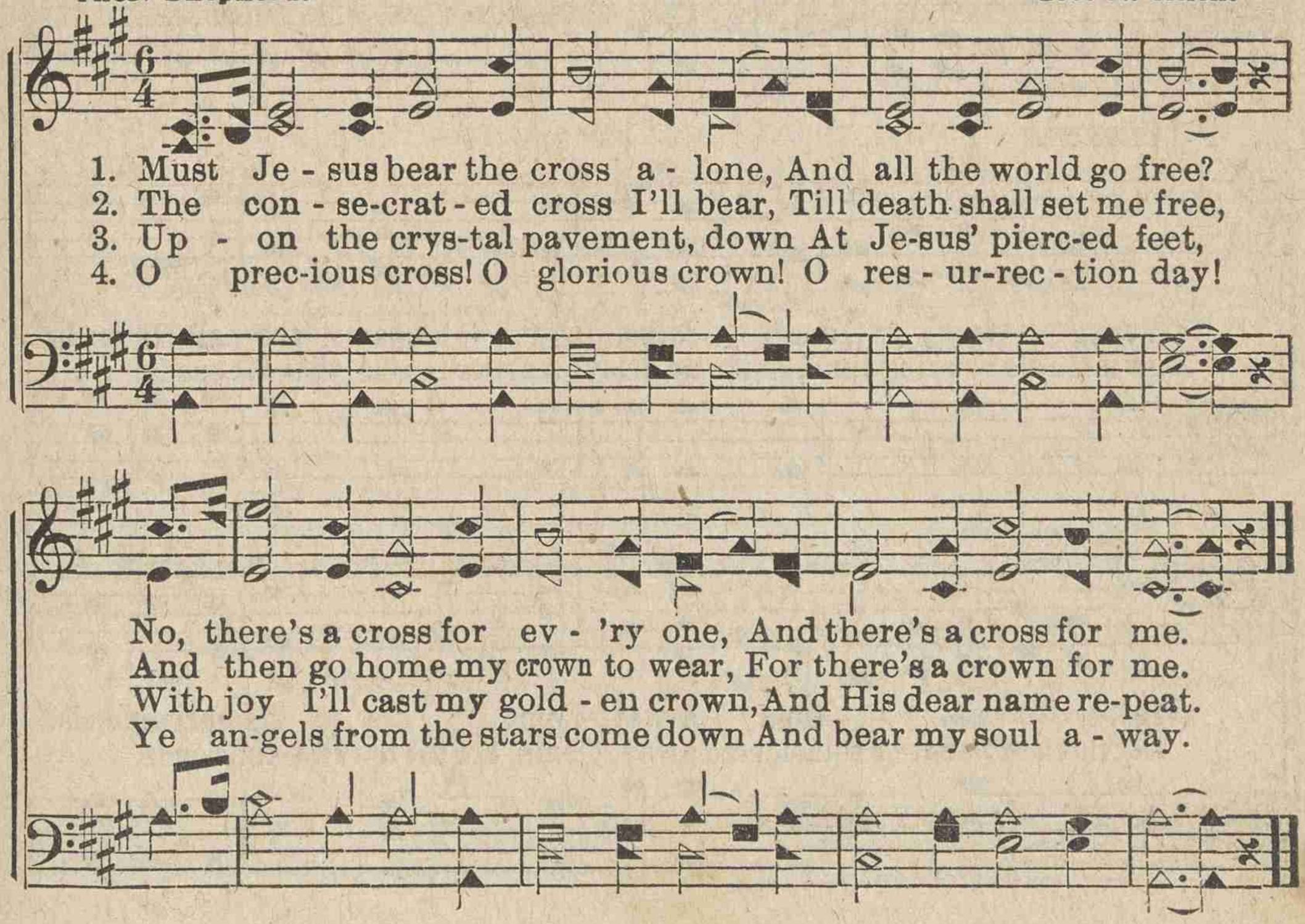
Victory Is Assured.

REFRAIN.



No. 37. Must Jesus Bear the Gross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. **Geo. N. Allen.**



No. 38 This is the Working Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Work to do! hear the call, Let not God's time go to waste; Up to-day!
2. Work to do! bless-ed tho't! Priv-i-lege giv-en to me; Heart and hand
3. Work to do! far and near, This is the harvest of love; Glean-ing souls,

one and all, Forth to the la-bor-field haste. Will-ing hands, cheerful hearts,
He has bo't, When He was nailed on the tree. Now at last I can give
held so dear By the great Father a - bove. Bring them all, safe - ly won,

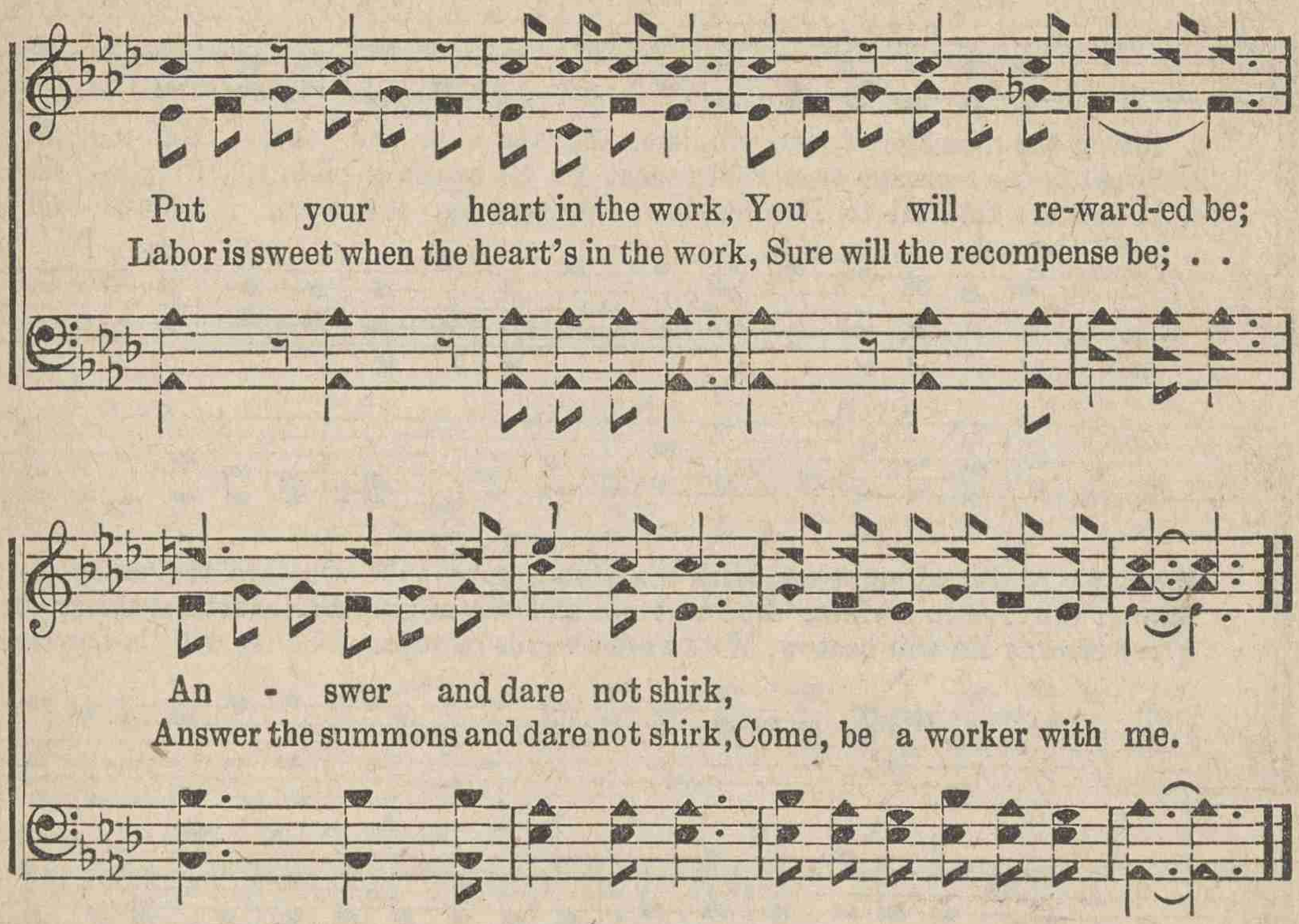
Bring to God's service, I pray, Loy-al - ly do your part In the Lord's vineyard to-day.
Something, that price to repay: I can serve while I live, Gleaning His harvest each day.
Plucked from the dangers around, Gathered in, ev'ry one, All in His treasure-house bound.

CHORUS.

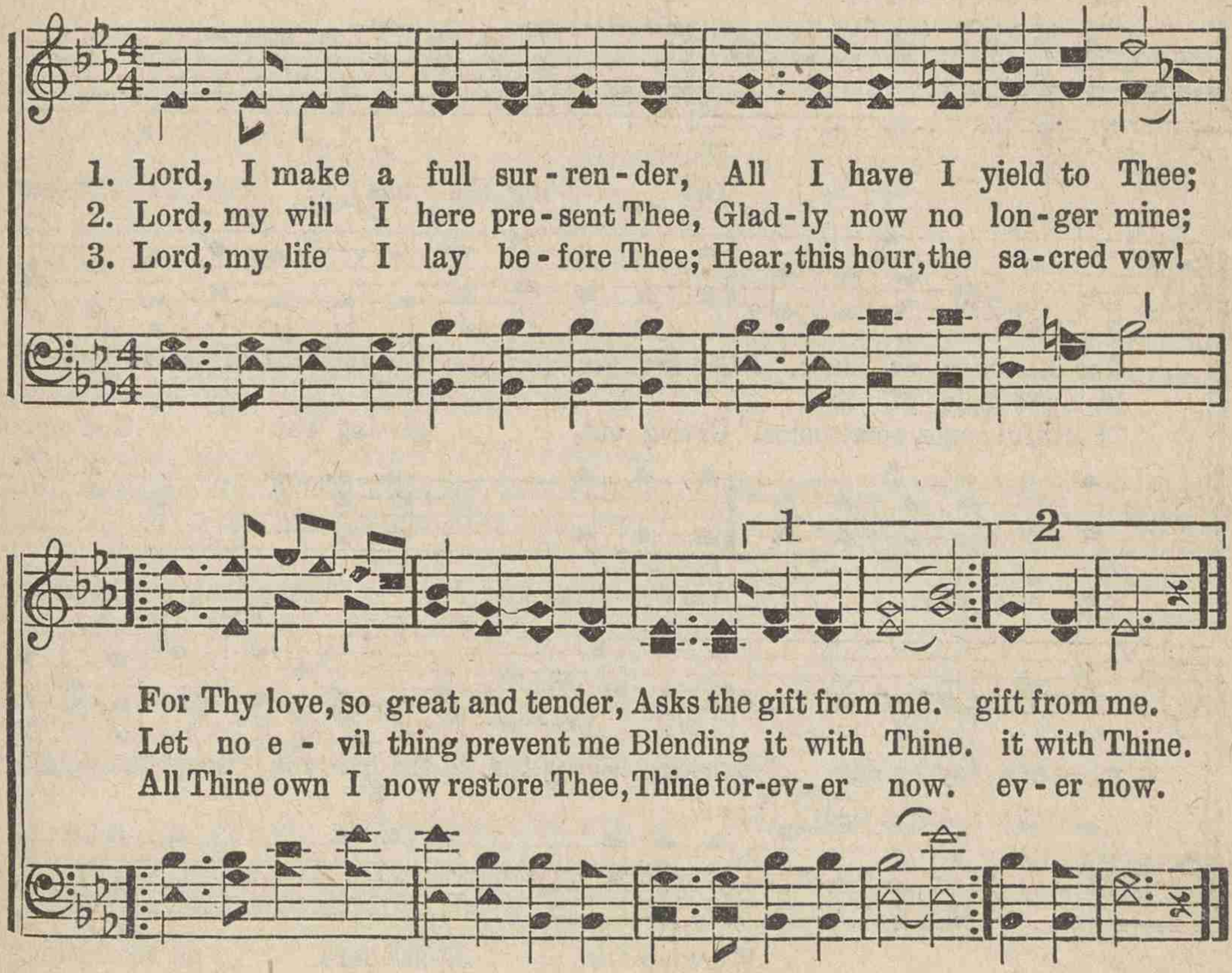
Work, work, don't de-lay, An - swer the call He sends;
Now is God's working time, make no delay; Answer the call that He sends; . .

Waste not time a-way, Come, ere the harvest ends.
Let not a moment be squandered away, Come, ere the harvest-time ends. . .

This is the Working Time.



No. 39 Full Surrender.



No. 40. Giving the Message to Others.

James Rowe. Owned by B. B. Beall, 1916, Douglasville, Ga. B. B. Beall.

1. Giving the message of love sub-lime, To the weak and sad, Mak-ing the
2. Sweet is the message that we'll repeat As we march a - long; Help-ing the
3. If we are faithful to Him be - low, By and by, a - bove, Beau-ti - ful

most, ev-'ry day of our time, With the gospel glad.... On thro' the valley of
sin-ner the foe to de-feat, And be true and strong; Faithful the Saviour our
glory-crowns He will bestow, With sweet words of love. So we will la-bor from

life we'll go, Spreading light and cheer, Helping the wandering ones to know
souls will keep, Till shall end this strife, Helping us dai - ly to sow and reap
day to day, Helping those who roam, Till our Redeemer shall sweet-ly say,

REFRAIN.

Giv - ing the mes - sage to oth - ers
Our Re-deem - er dear. Giv-ing, giv - ing the joy-ful mes-sage, the joy - ful
In the field of life.
"Faithful souls, come home." Giving out, giv-ing out God's good
day by day, Work - ing for Je - sus a-long the homeward
mes-sage day by day, Working, working for Je-sus dai-ly a - long the shining
Working for Je-sus here on the shining

Giving the Message to Others.

way..... O lay - ing up treas - ures in Par - a - dise a-

glo-ry - way, O lay-ing, lay - ing up treasures in the e - ter-nal, hap - py
lay - ing up

bove,.... Help - ing poor sin - ners to know the Saviour's love.

world a - bove, Helping, helping poor sinners ev-er to know the Saviour's love.
Helping men, helping men know the Saviour's love.

No. 41. Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

F. C. Van Alstyne. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain, Free to all, a
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me; There the bright and
3. Near the cross, O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me; Help me walk from

REFRAIN.

healing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
morning star Sheds its beams around me. In the cross, in the cross Be my
day to day, With its shadows o'er me.

glo - ry ev - er, Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the riv - er.

No. 42. Love Divine.

James Rowe. K. C. R., owner, Bessemer, Ala., 1915. K. C. Robinson.

1. How sweet to sing of love di - vine, Whose glories o'er my path-way shine,
2. His love hath led me thro' the night, Till now I stand on Pisgah's height,
3. I al-ways have a song to sing, A song of joy to Christ my King,
4. How sweet to sing of love di - vine, The love that rules this life of mine,

The love that lights me on the road, That leads the soul to its a - bode.
And view, by faith, that country fair, Where I the crown of life shall wear.
Be-cause He floods me with His love, And tells me of my home a - bove.
And will, un - til, by sav-ing grace, I gaze up - on my Saviour's face.

CHORUS.

Sing, O my soul, and nev - er cease,
Sing, O my soul,..... and nev - er cease,..... To praise the

To praise the Friend whose love is peace, With rapture true,
Friend..... whose love is peace,..... With rapture true,..... for - ev - er -

for - ev - er-more, Extol Him, love Him, and a-dore.....
more..... Ex-tol Him, praise..... Him, and a-dore. (and adore.)

No. 43. As for Me and My House.

Inscribed to Mrs. F. E. Belden.

F. E. B. Copyright, 1909, by F. E. Belden. Used by per. F. E. Belden.

1. Like Ca - leb and Josh - u - a stand, On the bor-ders of the
2. "Well a - ble to en - ter the land," Tell it out to ev - 'ry
3. Walled cit - ies go sev - en times round, Per - se - ver-ance is with

Small note for last stanza.

prom - ised land, O - bey-ing Je - ho-vah's com-mand, say - ing,
doubt - ing band; Faith bring-eth the tri-umph God plann'd, say-ing,
vic - t'ry crown'd; Sin gi - ants of hab - it are bound, say-ing,

REFRAIN.

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,
"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

"As for me and my house, As for me and my house,

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

f

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."
As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

As for me and my house, We will serve the Lord."

No. 44. Hail Him! Hail Him!

Mabel J. Rosemon. H. M. Eagle, owner, Burke's Garden, Va. 1916. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. Hail to the King in His glo - ry, Rul - er of sky and of earth, He is the
2. He is the Guide of our footsteps, Leading us safe - ly each day, He is our
3. Hail Him, oh hail Him, ye peo-ple, Rev-'rent-ly kneel at His throne, Worthy is

Mon-arch al-might-y, Sing of His mar - vel-ous worth; Tell of His might and His
Shield and De-fend-er, He is the Light of our way; Hail Him, ye peo - ple who
He of our trib-ute, He is the Sav-iour a - lone; Hum-bly bow down in His

wis-dom, Tell of His mer - cy so free, Anthems of praise to Je - sus now raise,
love Him, Heed when on you He doth call, Dai - ly re - new al - le-giance so true,
presence, Worship Him now and a - dore, Glad trib-ute bring to Je - sus the King,

REFRAIN.

Who rul - eth in ma - jes - ty. Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus our
To Je - sus, the Lord of all.
Oh praise Him for ev - er - more. Hail, oh hail Him, sing the praise of Je - sus our

Lord and King;.... While ho - san - nas Un - to Him sweet - ly
our King; Let the anthems glad we raise now Un - to Him sweet - ly

Hail Him! Hail Him!

ring,..... Hail Him! hail Him! Heaven and earth a -
now ring, Hail, oh hail Him o'er and o'er, while, Heaven and earth a -

dore,... Glad voices raise in songs of praise, To Je-sus for ev - er-more.
a-dore,

No. 45. I Will Rely On Him.

James Rowe. **H. M. Eagle, owner, Burke's Garden, Va., 1916.** **H. M. Eagle.**

Andantino.

1. Hap - py am I, Je-sus is nigh, Keeping a - way the shadows dim;
2. Close to His side I will a - bide, Drinking each day, at liv - ing springs;
3. Trusting my Friend unto the end, Peaceful, I know, my life will be;

FINE.

All the way home, lest I should roam, I will re - ly on Him.
Do - ing my best, won-drous-ly blest, Priz-ing e - ter - nal things.
Glo - ry di - vine, soon will be mine, If I but trust His grace.

D. S.—*Oh, since I know He loves me so, I will re - ly on Him.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

I will re - ly, I will re - ly, I will re - ly on Him;

No. 46. Marvelous Love.

T. O. Chisholm. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Samuel W. Beazley.

Sing with an even swing. Not too fast.



Marvelous Love.

Love..... to whose arms..... all earth's wea - ry hearts may come,.....
Mar - vel - ous to whose arms wea - ry heart's may come,

Find wel-come sweet, Par - don com-plete, Rest and home.....
Rest, sweet rest and home, sweet home.

No. 47. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Arr. from Mozart, by Dr. L. Mason.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth,
2. I'd sing the prec-ious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful guilt,
3. I'd sing the char - ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears,
4. Well—the de-light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,

Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath divine! I'd sing His glorious righteousness. In which all -
Ex - alt - ed on His throne, In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to
And I shall see His face; Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest e -

Ga-briel while He sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
per-fect heav'nly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ev - er - last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo - ries known.
ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-ump-hant in His grace, Tri-ump-hant in His grace.

No. 48. O Precious Day.

James Rowe. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1916. A. J. Showalter.

1. O precious day (O precious day) when first I met (when first I met) The Lamb of
2. How sad I was! (How sad I was!) how far a-stray, (how far astray,) When first I
3. He touched my heart (He touched my heart) as none before, (as none before,) And caused my

God (The Lamb of God) who made me free! (who made me free!) Its gold - en
heard (When first I heard) His plea di - vine! (His plea di - vine!) But with what
load (And caused my load) of sin to fall; (of sin to fall;) Then I was

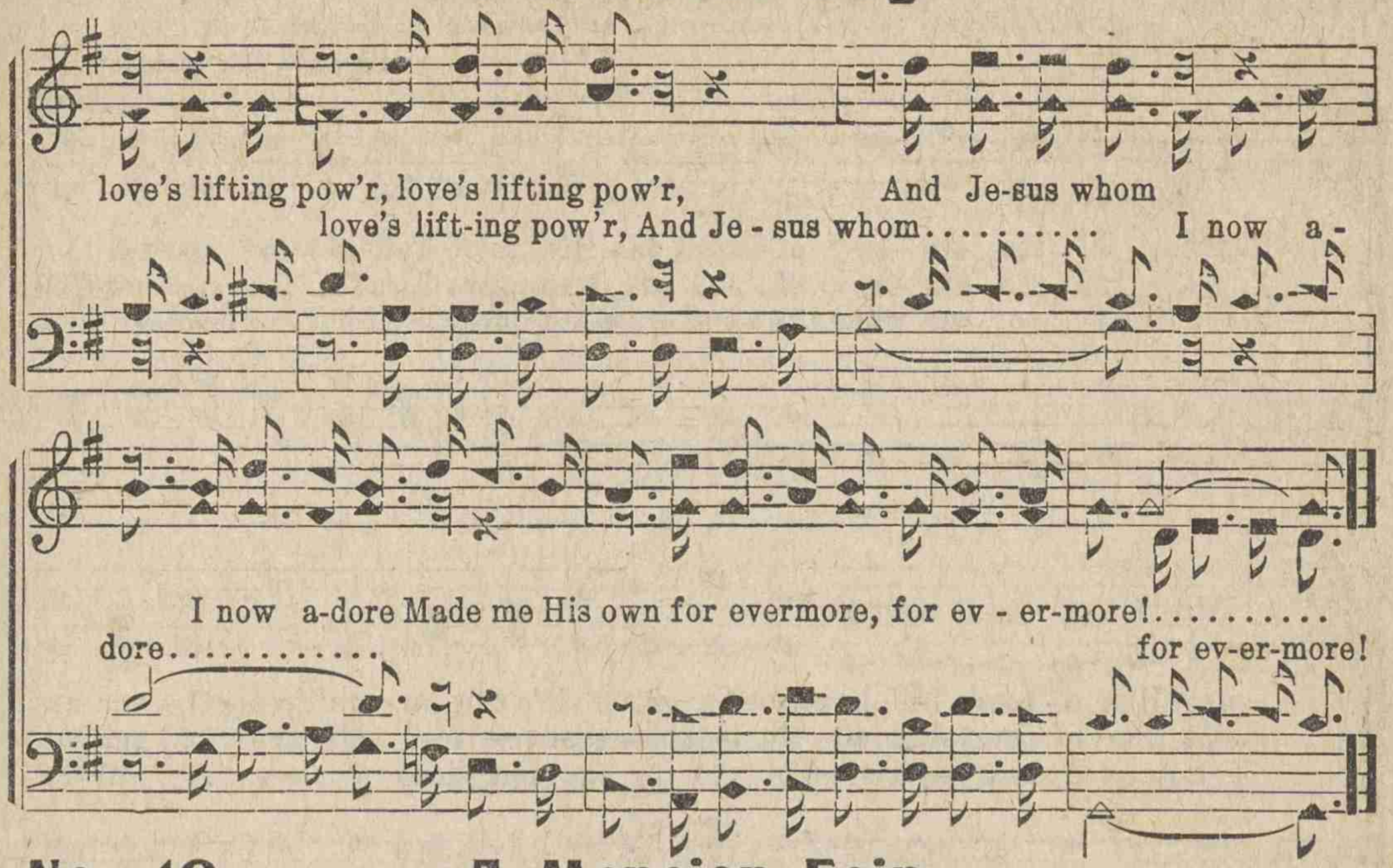
sun (Its gold - en sun) will nev - er set (will nev - er set) Be-hind the
joy (But with what joy) I heard Him say (I heard Him say) That His dear
His; (Then I was His;) so ev - er - more (so ev - er-more) My Lord shall

REFRAIN.

hills (Be-hind the hills) of mem - o - ry. (of mem - o - ry.)
love (That His dear love) had long been mine! (had long been mine!) O pre - cious
be (My Lord shall be) my all in all. (my all in all.)

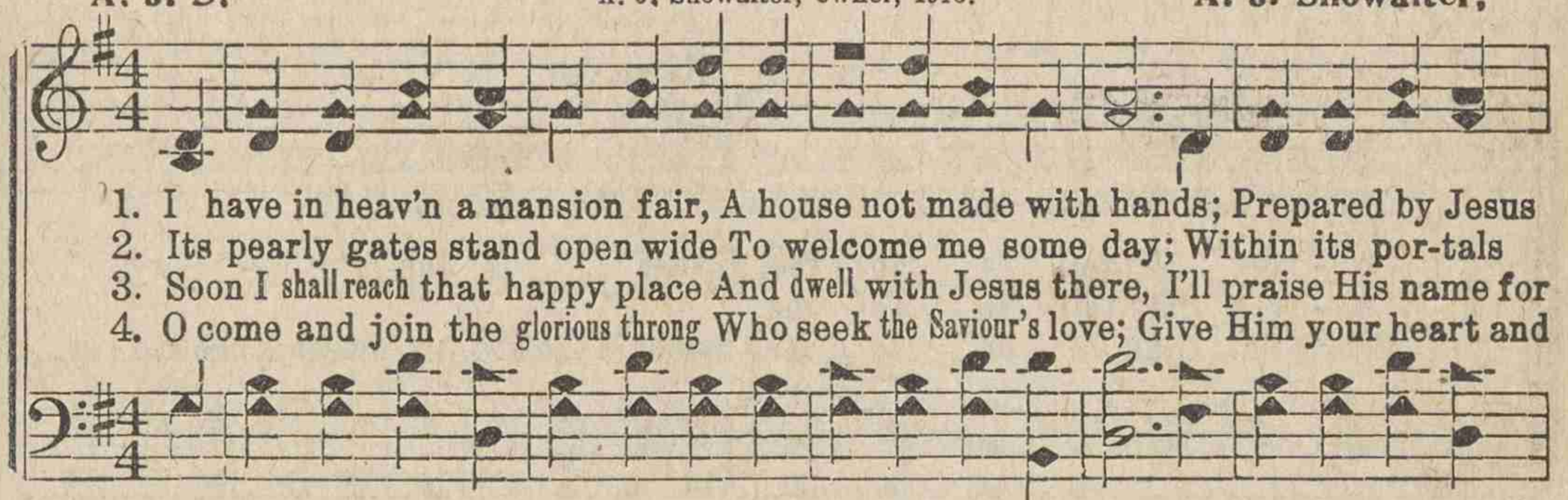
O precious day! O bless-ed hour When first I felt
day..... O bless-ed hour..... When first I felt.....

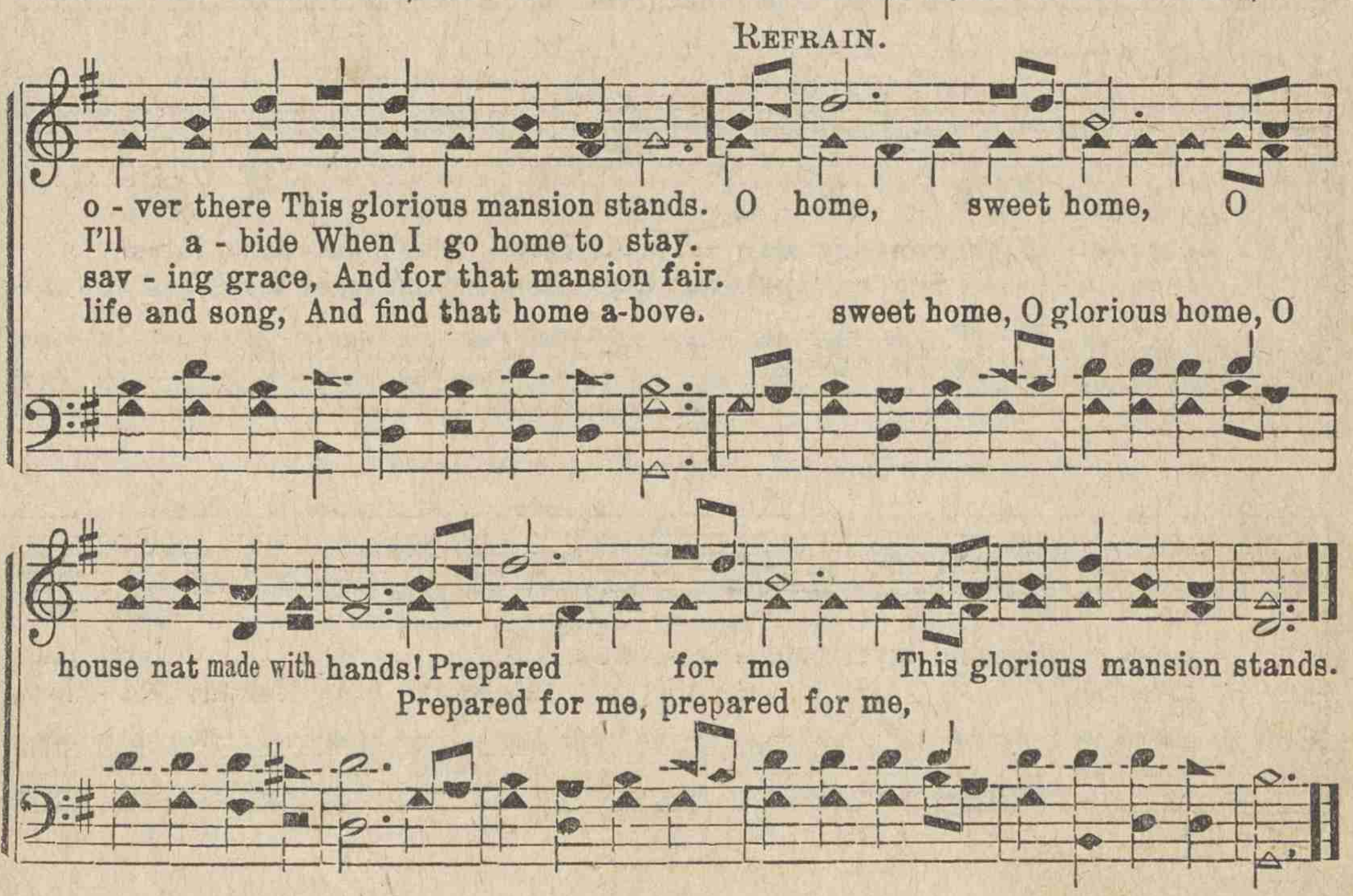
O Precious Day.



No. 49. A Mansion Fair.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1916. A. J. Showalter,





No. 50. Sweet Is the Story.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

E. E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Sweet is the sto - ry of Christ and His love, Tell it to me till I
2. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus who gave Life for the sin - ner God
3. Tell it to me when life's end draw-eth near, And out of heav-en the

meet Him a - bove; Tell how this Christ set sin's pris-on - ers free—O - ver and
sent Him to save; And all the troubles that vex me will flee—O - ver and
home-call I hear; And when in glo - ry the Sav - iour I see, It will be

REFRAIN.

o - ver O tell it to me. Sweet is the sto - ry,
o - ver O tell it to me.
dear - er than ev - er to me. Sweet is the sto - ry, sweet is the sto - ry,

dear-er it grows ev-'ry day—..... How Je - sus loves
pass-ing day—How Je - sus loves me, how Je - sus

me— drives all my troubles a - way;..... O let me
loves me, a - way; O let me fol - low,

Sweet Is the Story.

fol - low the path that my Sav - iour has trod.....
O let me fol - low has trod

In - to the king - dom, In - to the kingdom of God.....
In - to the kingdom, in - to the kingdom, of God.

No. 51. Glory To His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Used by permission. **Rev. J. H. Stockton.**

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a -
3. Oh, precious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His
bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His
Sav - iour's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made com-plete; Glo - ry to His

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap-plied, Glo-ry to His*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

name. Glo - ry to His name,.... Glo - ry to His name;....

name.

No. 52. "Angels of Jesus."

James Rowe. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1914. **J. D. Patton.**

1. Sure of the grace of Christ our Friend su-per - nal, On - ward we go, with eyes on things a - bove, Sing - ing of home, of rest and joy e - ter - nal, Tell - ing of mer-cy and re - deem - ing love.
2. Love is our theme and love our dai - ly sto - ry, For all our hearts our ho - ly Friend has won; All in ac - cord, we la - bor for His glo - ry, And shall ex - tol His love till life be done.
3. Soon, with the throng now bow-ing down be - fore Him, A - round His throne, our hap - py souls will be; There we shall sing His prais-es and a - dore Him, With souls en - rap-tured thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

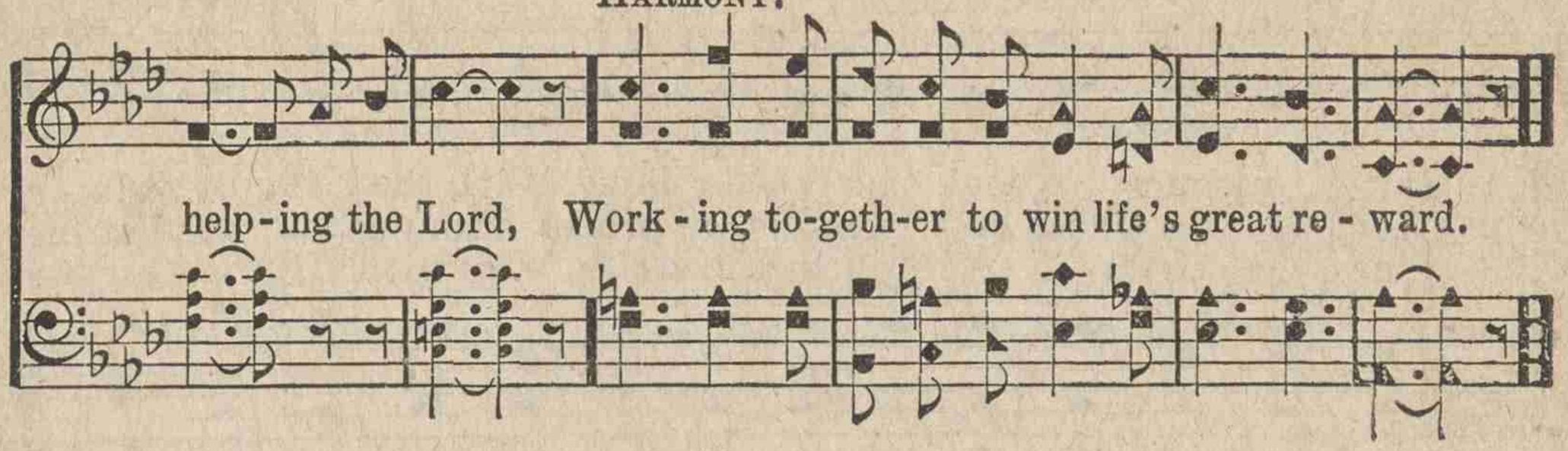
REFRAIN. MEN'S VOICES.

An - gels of Je - sus, work - ing for love; Point - ing the lost to the throne of grace a - bove; . . An - gels of Je - sus,

ALL VOICES IN UNISON.

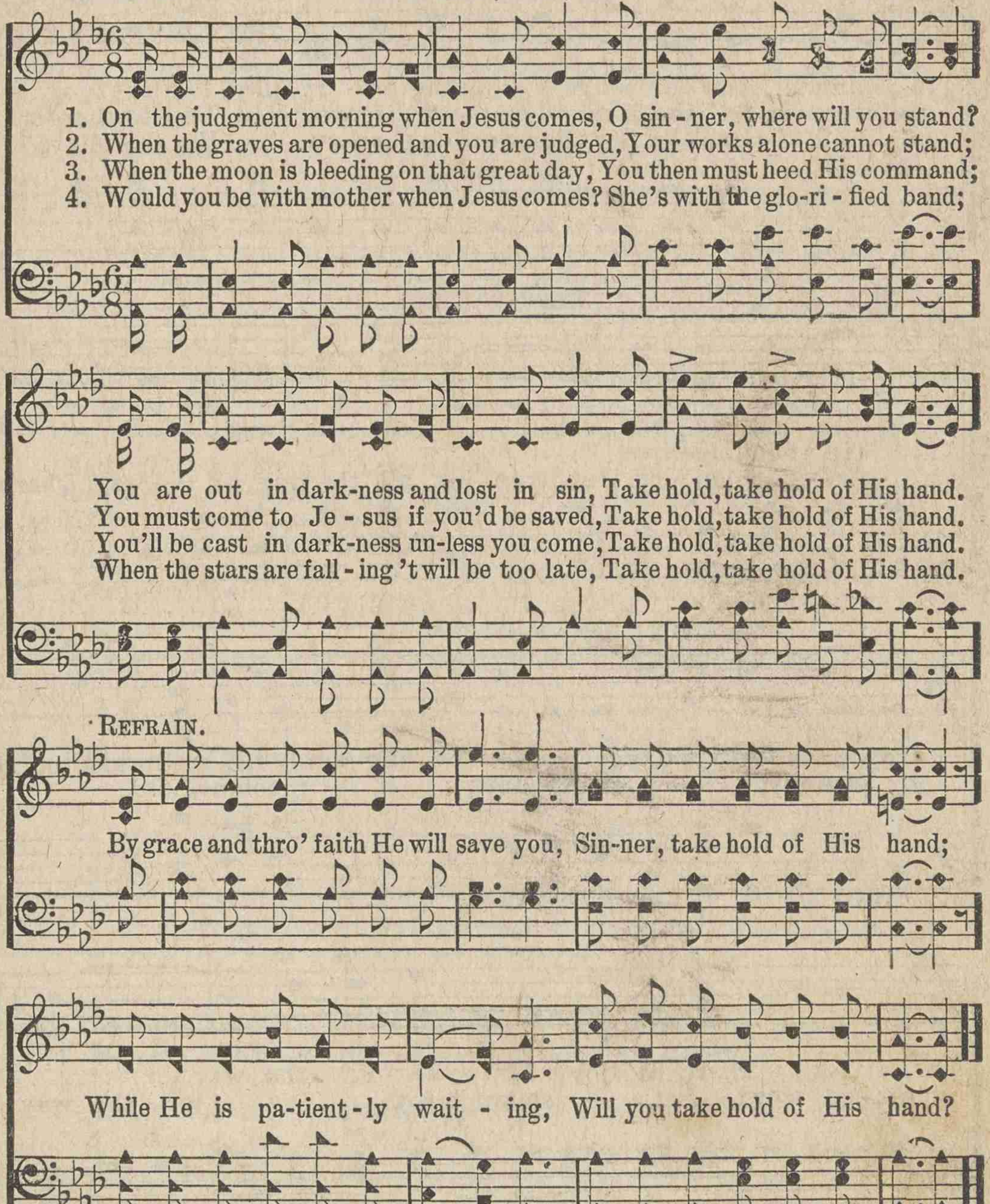
"Angels of Jesus."

HARMONY.



No. 53. Take Hold of His Hand.

Wm. M. G. WM. M. GOLDEN, OWNER, 1914. Wm. M. Golden.



No. 54. Joy Along the Glory Way.

James Rowe. J. M. Williams, owner, 1916. J. M. Williams.

1. Saved by grace, we seek the bet-ter land, With the King of glo - ry
2. Great is He whose ho - ly name we praise, Glory gilds the ban-ner
3. When thro' Him we triumph in the strife, When with Him we en - ter

in command, And our song is ring-ing ev - 'ry day, For there's joy a -
that we raise, So the bless-ed news of life we give Un - to those who
in - to life, Great-er joy than ours on earth can be, We shall have for

REFRAIN.

long the glo - ry way. Joy..... all the way,.....
still in bond-age live.
all e - ter - ni - ty. Joy, true joy all the way, all the way, There's

Joy..... ev-'ry day;..... ... Lov - ing the Lord,....Spreading His
joy, sweet joy, ev -'ry day; precious Lord,

word..... There is joy..... all the way.....
bless - ed word, so much joy all the way.

No. 55 "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches."

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Won-der-ful teach - ing,
2. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," He is of life our
3. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Bar-ren or fruit - ful
4. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Keep-ing His word, His

won-drous-ly true! Joined un - to Christ in mys-tic - al un - ion,
con-stant sup - ply; Vain, without Him, our high-est en-deav - or;
what shall we say? Bring-ing forth fruit, we hon-or the Fa - ther;
prom-ise we prove, Fruit-ful in prayer and fruit-ful in serv - ice,

CHORUS.

Noth-ing a - part from Him can we do.
Sev-ered from Him, we languish and die.
Withered and bare, He takes us a - way.
One in His life and one in His love.

"I am the Vine, ... ye are the

"I am the Vine,

branch - es,"—Mas-ter, to us Thy mes-sage re - peat, Till we have

ye are the branch-es,"—

learned its full-ness of mean-ing,—With Thee at-tain a un-ion com-plete.

No. 56. There is a Land.

D. C. P. D. C. Perry, owner, 1916. Denton C. Perry,

1. There is a land..... beyond the sky,..... Where pleasures
2. There is a land..... of morning bright,..... Where Jesus
3. There is a land..... where I shall see..... The Sav-iour

true..... will never die;..... A home where all.....
is..... the on-ly light,..... And there while all.....
dear..... who died for me;..... A land that has.....

..... may rest in peace,..... And where God's praise..... will
..... the ag-es roll,..... With joy the saints..... shall
..... a gold-en shore,..... My hap-py home..... for

D. S.—*I shall a-bide..... for*

FINE. REFRAIN.

never cease. (will never cease.)
Him extol. (shall Him extol.)
ev-er-more. (for evermore.) There is a land..... of joy and

There is a land

ev-er-more. (for ev-er-more.)

of joy and song,

So free from care

song,..... So free from care..... and pain and

There is a Land.

D. S.

and pain and wrong; There with the King..... whom I a - dore,.....
wrong, and pain and wrong; There with the King whom I a-dore,

No. 57. I Belong to the Saviour.

James Rowe. F. M. Machen, Jr., owner, 1916. F. M. Machen, Jr.

1. Love has reached my soul, grace has made me whole, E - vil days..... are past;
2. When the world forsook and the storm o'ertook, Making dark..... my way,
3. All the doubts and fears of the wayward years Ended in..... a song;
4. I am homeward bound with the friend I've found, For His love..... is best;

Sin will tempt in vain, true I shall re-main; I am His at last.
Je - sus heard my plea and be-friended me; So I'm His to - day.
Hope's eternal light keeps me glad and bright, As I go a - long.
Go - ing home to sing to my lov-ing King, Go-ing home to rest.

REFRAIN.

I be - long to Him who has died for me, On His love all my sins I have cast.

Love has touched my soul, grace has made me whole, I be - long to the Saviour at last.

No. 58. Just When I Need Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., OWNERS.

Florence Jones Hadley. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. I have a Friend who walks with me By wa - ters still or
2. I have a Friend who will not fail Tho' sin may tempt and
3. With such a Friend to help me on, I'm nev - er, nev - er

storm - y sea; Se - rene I go—why need I fear? Just when I
doubts as - sail; What mat-ter, then, what foes ap-pear? Just when I
left a - lone For all the way He gives me cheer, Just when I

CHORUS.

rit.

need Him He is near. Mo - ment by mo - ment He dear - er grows,

Each step of the way His love He shows, He puts with - in my

mp espress. *f* *rit.*

heart a song of cheer, Just when I need Him He is near.

No. 59. Consider What the Lord Hath Done.

"Consider how great things the Lord hath done for you."—1 Sam. 12: 24.

T. O. Chisholm. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.

1. Con - sid - er all the wondrous things The Lord hath done for you, His gifts and bless-ings man-i - fold, His mer-cies ev - er new! 'Twill fill your heart with grat-i-tude, 'Twill fill your lips with praise To Him whose loving-kind-ness great, With goodness crowns your days.

2. Con - sid - er how His gracious hand Your ev - 'ry want supplies, How oft some tok - en of His care Comes as a sweet surprise; How, as the heav-en's o'er you bend, His presence broodeth, too, How, day and night, His sleepless eye Is watching ov - er you.

3. Con - sid - er how, thro' all the years, His love hath gently led, A pledge that He will safe-ly guide, Thro' all the way a-head; Con - sid - er how He bears with you, As - sua-ges all your grief, How swift, in dan-ger or in storm, His might-y pow'r of sin, To ran-som from the grave; To give your worthless name a place On heav-en's re-cords fair, That you might have, with His redeemed, A - an - gels of re - lief!

4. Con - sid - er how He gave His Son Your ruin-ed soul to save, To break the bond-ant entrance there.

Refrain.

Con-sid - er and for-get-not, Con - sid - er and for - get-not, What gracious things, what wondrous things The Lord hath done for you!

No. 60. Step Out of the Current.

Katharyn Bacon. T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1914. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. O wand'rer on the sea of life, Where sin and dan-gers e'er are rife,
2. No lon-ger think that all is well, For Christ a-lone sin's pow'r can quell,
3. Accept Him now, the Lord of love, Who bids you look in faith a-bove,

Step out of the cur-rent to-day; Lest you should drift still far-ther on,
Step out of the cur-rent to-day; De-lay helps not your bonds to break,
Step out of the cur-rent to-day; He'll safe-ly keep till life is o'er,

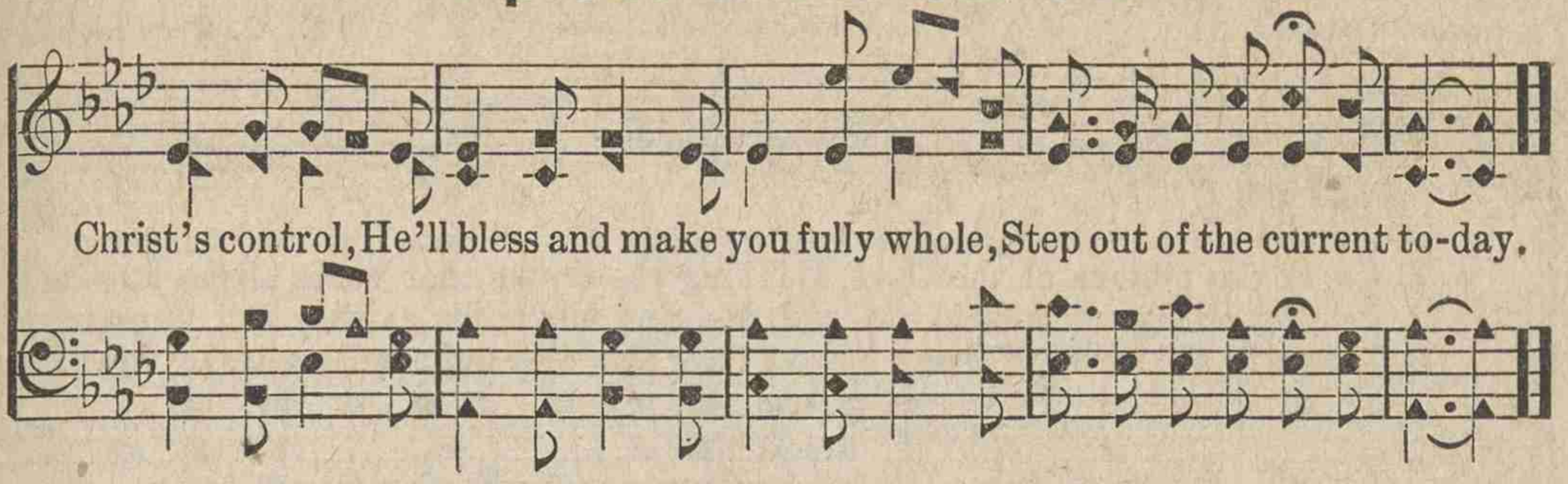
Till strength and hope, yea, life is gone, Step out of the cur-rent to-day!
O trust in God, your sins for-sake; Step out of the cur-rent to-day!
And guide you to the heav'nly shore; Step out of the cur-rent to-day!

REFRAIN.

Step out, . . . step out to-day, Step out, . . . step
Step out of the cur-rent, step out to-day, Step out of the cur-rent,

out to-day, Step out of the cur-rent to-day; Sur-ren-der all to

Step Out of the Current.



No. 61. He's Coming to Earth Again.

T. P. B. T. P. BERRY, OWNER, 1916. T. P. Berry.



REFRAIN.

No. 62. Praising the King.

James Rowe. K. C. Robinson, Bessemer, Ala., owner, 1915. K. C. Robinson.

1. Under the pinions of the Dove, Winning the crown that waits above, Spreading the
2. Letting no foe our hearts enthrall, Meeting our trials as they fall, Trusting our
3. Soon will the gates of home appear Over the mist and shadows drear; Soon will the

gold-en light of love, Sweetly we sing; Keep-ing the sacred cross in sight,
Saviour, dear, thro' all, Closely we cling; Winning each day soul blessings new,
sky with voic-es clear Joyous-ly ring; Then we shall all go sweeping in,

Keeping our records pure and bright, Onward we travel in the light, Praising the
Do-ing the best that we can do, Onward we go like soldiers true, Praising the
After the Lamb who saves from sin, Then with the throng we shall begin Praising the

D. S.—*Making the most of earthly day, Praising the*

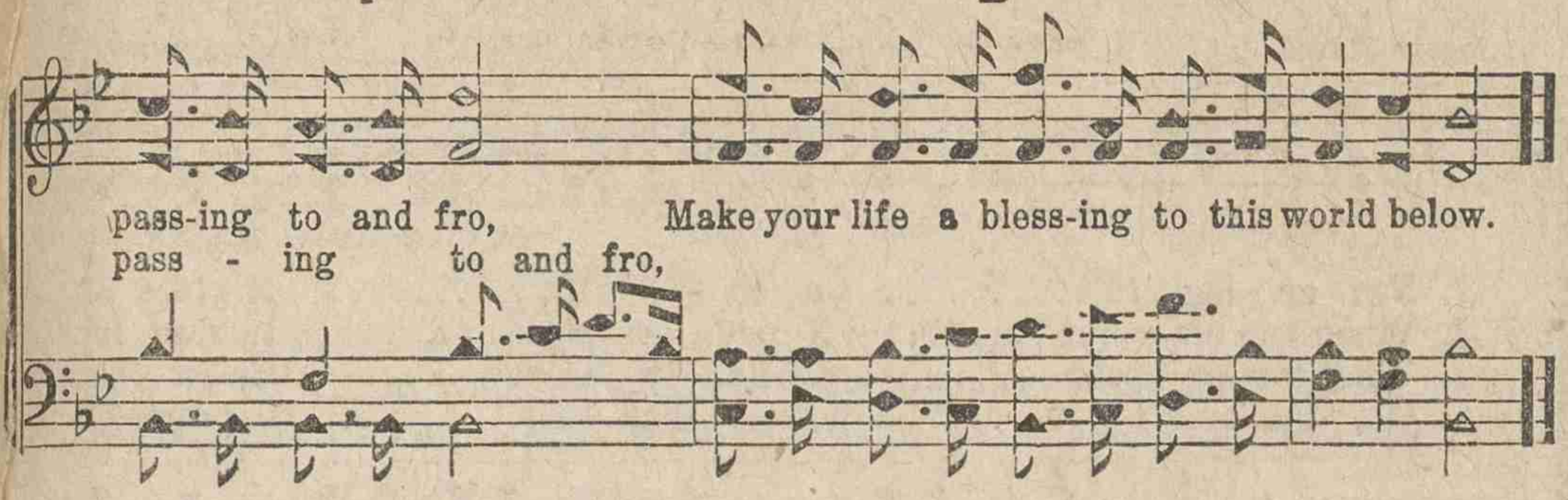
FINE. REFRAIN.

King. (Praising the King.) Praising the King,..... Hap-py are
King. (Praising the King.) Praising the glo-ri-ous King,

King. (Praising the King.)

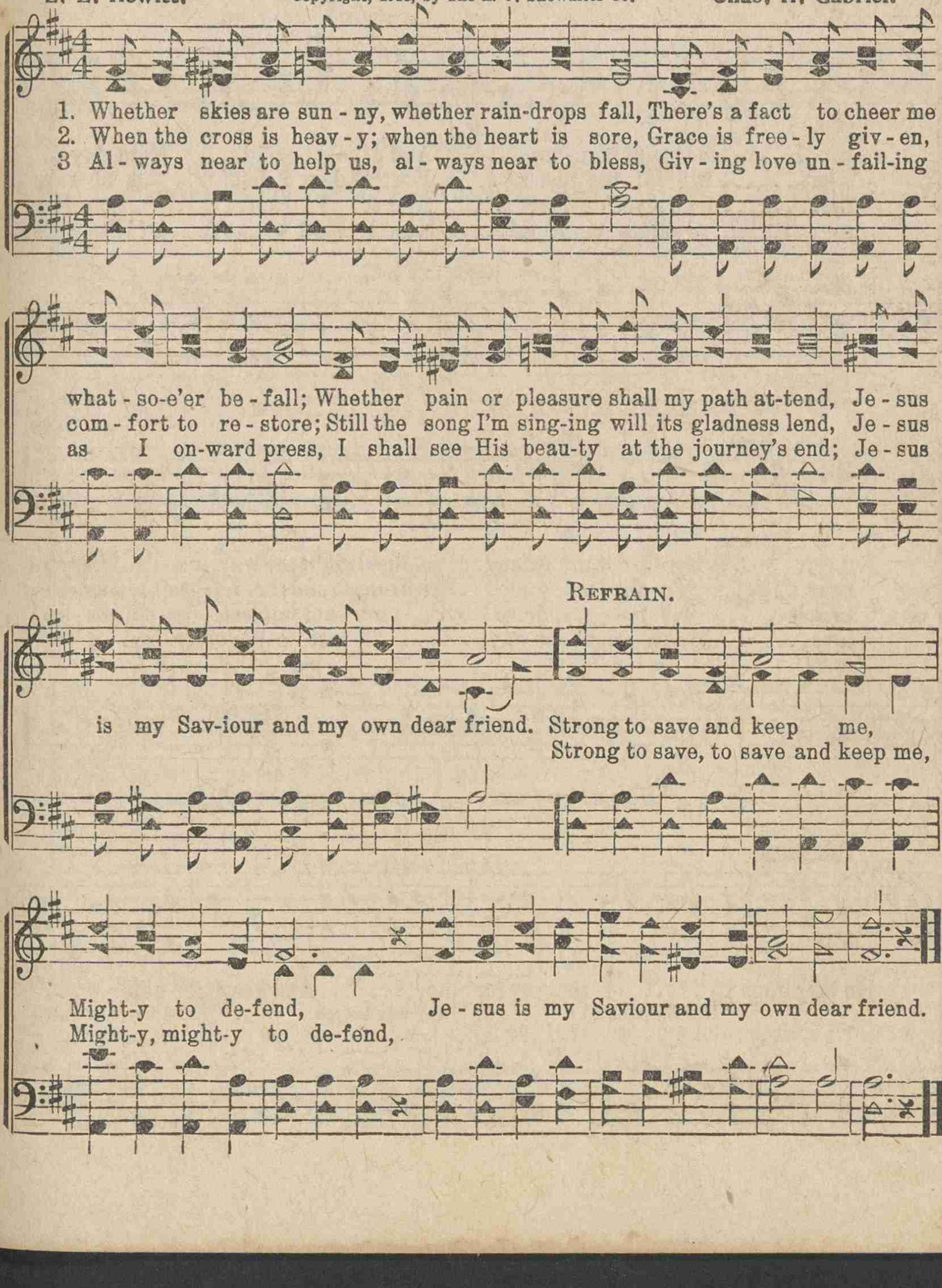
we,..... Making the hills and vales with praise joyously ring;
Hap-py, so happy are we,

Spread a Little Brightness.



No. 65. My Own Dear Friend.

E. E. Hewitt. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 66. Jesus Brightens the Way.

James Rowe. MAX C. NABORS, COLERA, ALA., OWNER, 1916. **Rosa Payne.**

1. I'm go - ing to ..... a cit - y fair,..... A place of
2. When tri - als come ..... I nev - er plead..... In vain for
3. When foes ap - pear ..... the ho - ly Dove..... En-cir - cles
4. Oh, by and by,..... how I shall sing..... In praise of

joy..... be-yond com-pare,.....And I've a song.....from day to
what ..... will fill my need,..... For this dear Friend.... is al-ways
me..... with arms of love;..... And so I lean..... up-on His
my..... al-might-y King!..... How I shall tell..... of Him whose

FINE.

day,.....For Christ my Friend....makes bright the way. (makes bright the way.)
near..... To fill my soul.....with strength and cheer. (with strength and cheer.)
breast..... Till foes no more..... my soul molest. (my soul mo - lest.)
love.....Makes bright the way..... to rest a-bove. (to rest a - bove.)

D. S.—*Of Him whose love.....makes bright the way.* (makes bright the way.)

REFRAIN.

He brightens all ..... the way for me,.....And keeps me glad.....
He brightens all the way for me, And keeps me glad

Jesus Brightens the Way.

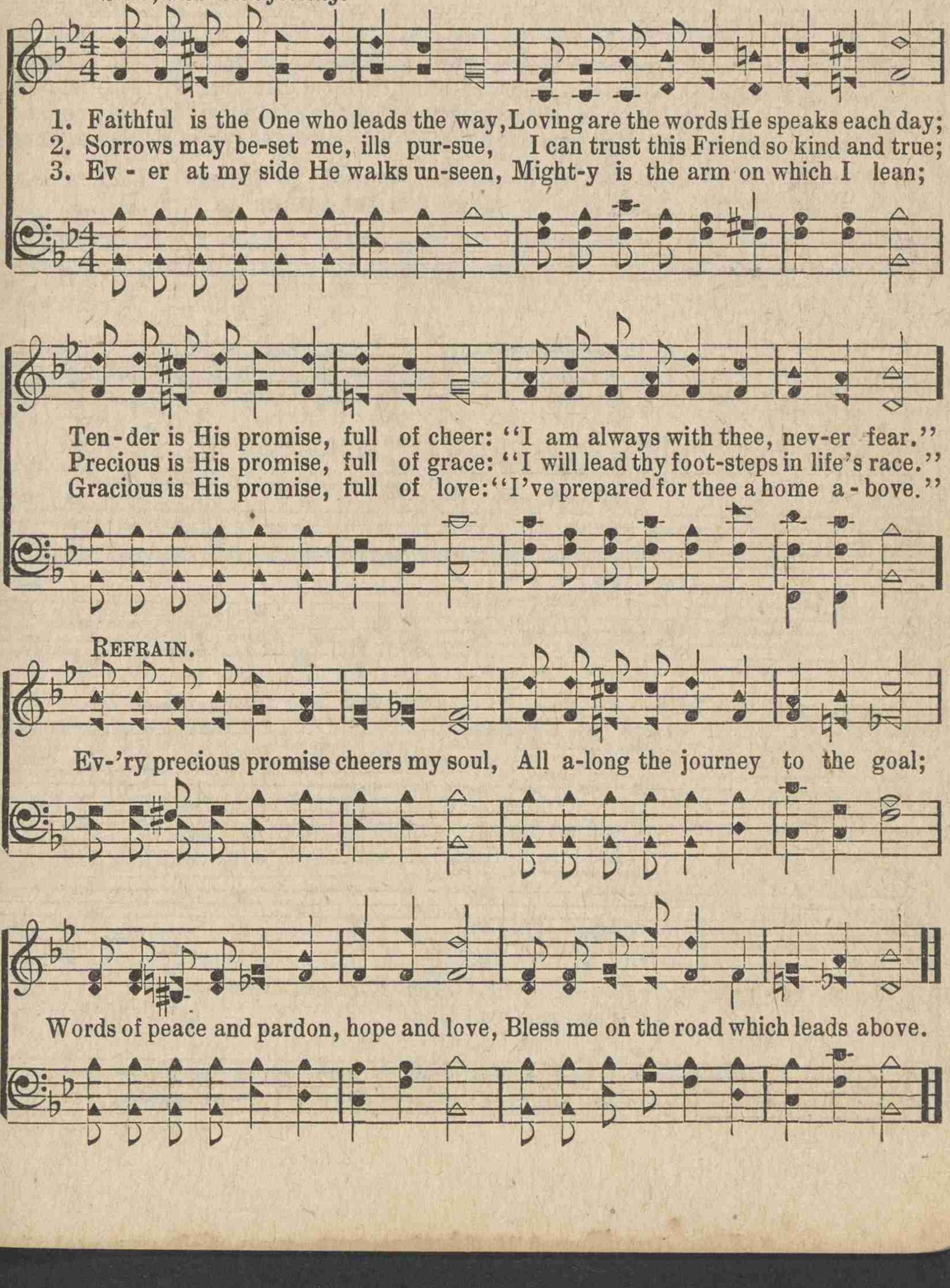
D. S.



No. 67. Promises of Jesus.

Birdie Bell. WM. P. DAVIS, OWNER, 1916. **Wm. P. Davis.**

Slow, and with feeling.



No. 68. The Nazarene.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. M. H. Ely, owner, 1915. M. H. Ely.

1. O who is he on the dus-ty high-way? He of the calm and ma-jes-tic mien,
2. Be-hold him now all dis-eas-es heal-ing, Sure-ly such sight ne'er before was seen,
3. Who is that one on the cross up-lift-ed? O tell us what can that cruel death mean?
4. O tell us now what that death presages, As tides of time ebb and flow between?

Fol-lowed by crowds from each town and by-way, Men call him the lowly Na - za-rene.
While God's heart throbs with a kindred feeling, Men call him the lowly Na - za-rene.
To save the world God's own side was rifted, The side of the low - ly Na - za-rene.
It means that each wave of time and ages, Shall break at the feet of th' Na - za-rene.

REFRAIN.

O sin - ner, list - - - - en to the sto - ry,
O sin - ner list - en to the sto - ry,

Look at the face,..... sweet and se - rene;.....
Look at the face, sweet and se - rene.

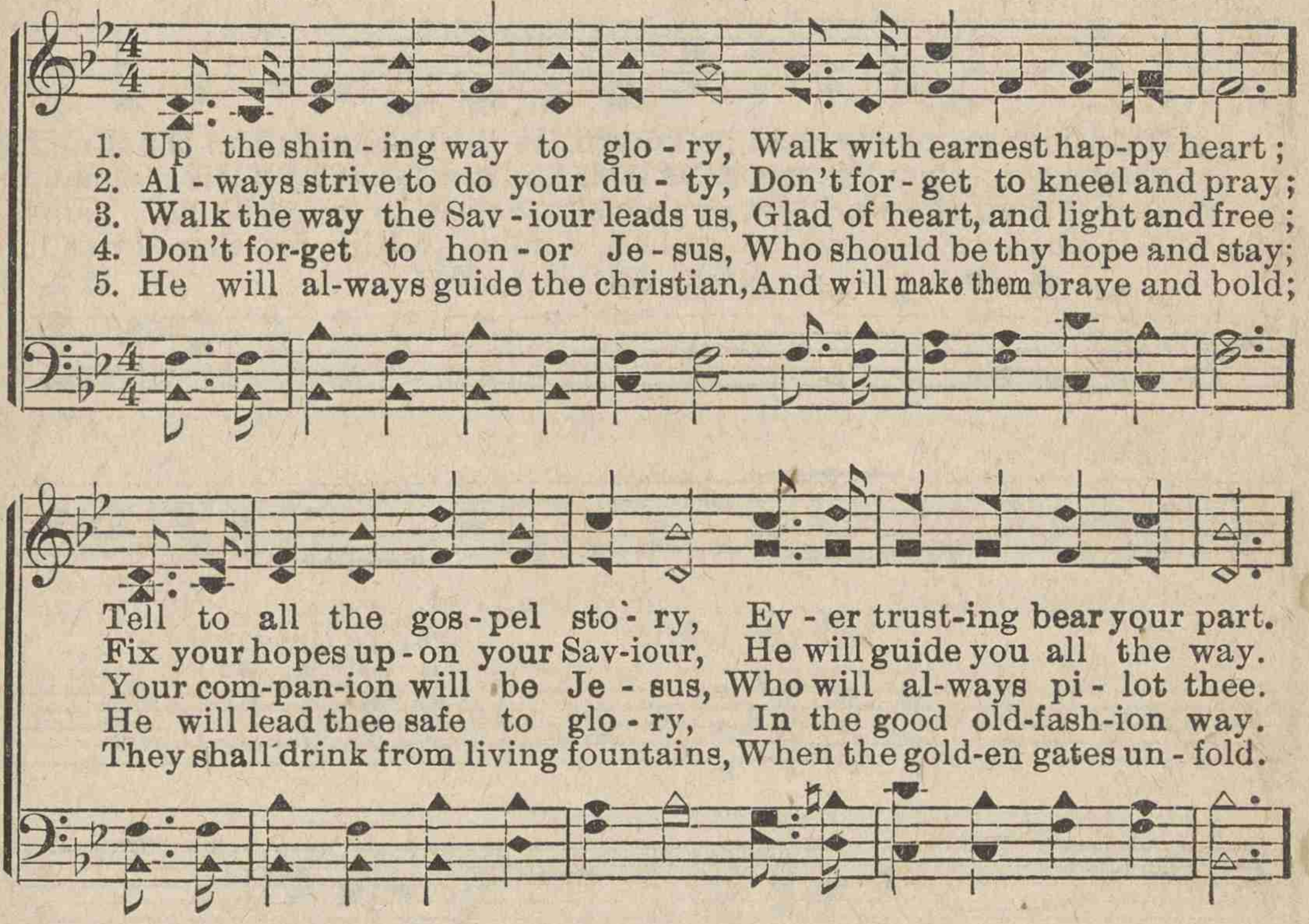
While an - gels call..... Him Lord of Glo - ry,
While an - gels call Him Lord of glo - ry

The Nazarene.



No. 69. When the Golden Gates Unfold.

Rev. Thos. E. Roberts. A. J. Showalter owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.



No. 70. Fear Ye the Lord.

Thoughts from song of Moses.

Robert L. Barron. J. W. Askew, Senoia, Ga., owner. 1916. **J. W. Askew.**

I. Je - ho-vah is a God of war, His cohorts gleam from near and far,
2. His holy arm He maketh bare, And saves His own from every snare,
3. Je-ho-vah maketh wars to cease, And in His triumph there is peace,
4. Jehovah is our strength and song, To Him alone doth praise belong;

His wondrous power shall be known, He ruleth Kings upon the throne.
The seas o - bey His outstretched hand, And storms are stilled at His command.
Through all the world let us proclaim, Salvation through His holy name.
O hear, ye na-tions one and all, And un-to Him for mer - cy call.

REFRAIN.

O fear the Lord, ... fear ye the Lord, ... He is our
O fear the Lord, fear ye the Lord,

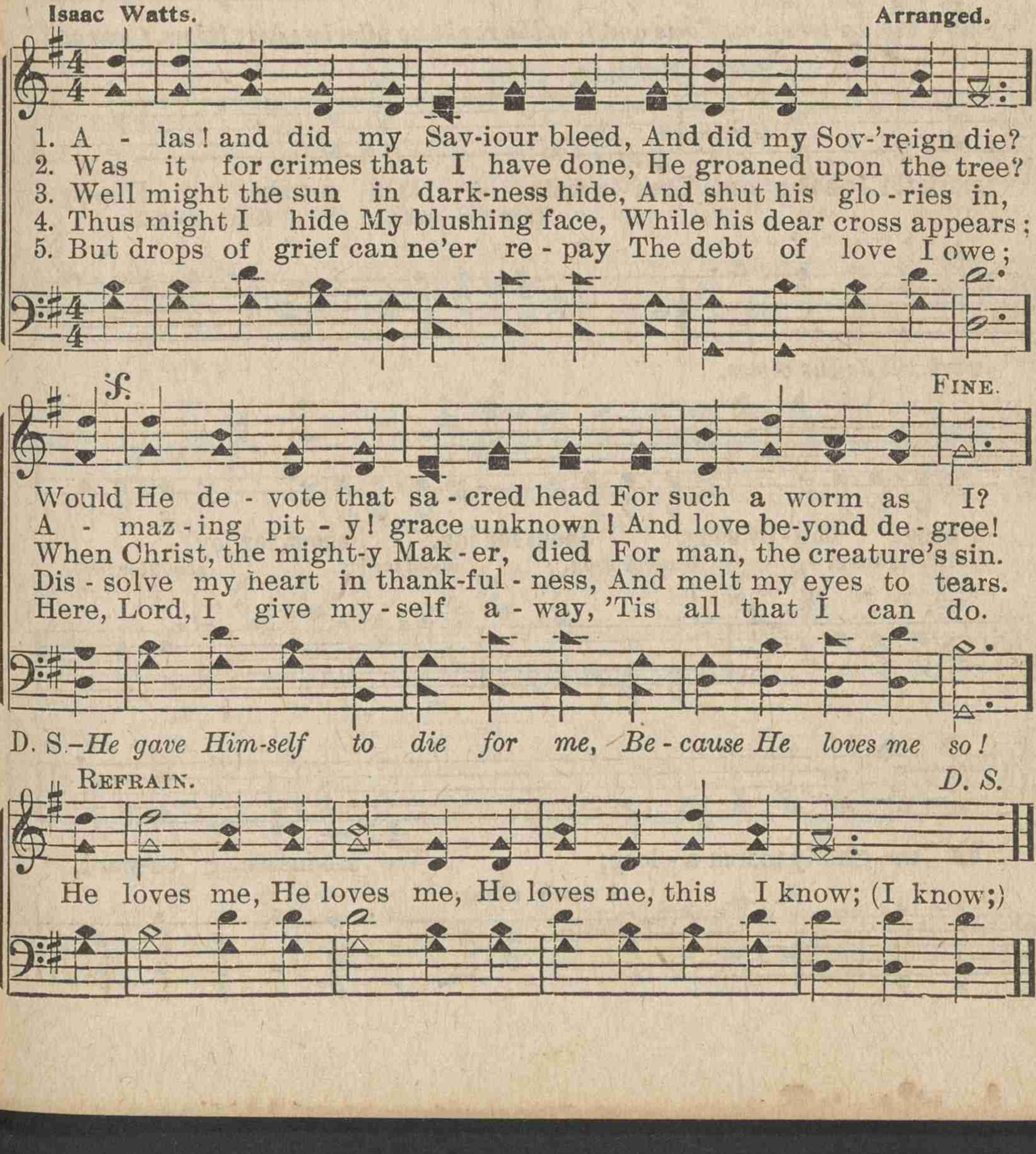
hope ..... and our reward; ..... His grace and mer -
He is our hope and our reward; His grace and mer-

cy shall be shown ..... When He shall come ..... to claim His
cy shall be shown When He shall come to claim His

Fear Ye the Lord.



No 71. He Loves Me.



No. 72. We are Marching On.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1912.

Anon. A. J. Showalter.

1. We are marching on with shield and banner bright, We will work for God and bat-tle for the right; We will praise His name, rejoic-ing in His might, And we'll
2. In the Sun-day School our ar-my we pre-pare, As we ral-ly 'round our blessed standard there; And the Savior's cross we ear-ly learn to bear, While we
3. We are marching on and pressing t'ward the prize, To a glowing crown be-yond the glowing skies; To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies, And we'll

D. S.—*sing-ing as we go, To the promised land where liv-ing wa-ters flow; Come and join the ranks as pilgrims here below, Come and*

FINE. REFRAIN.

work till Je-sus comes. Then a-wake, then a-wake, Hap-py song, hap-py song, Shout for joy, shout for joy,

Then a-wake, then a-wake, Hap-py song, hap-py song, Shout for joy, shout for joy,

work till Je-sus comes.

D. S.

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

No. 73. Sing to Me of Heaven and Home.

Eben E. Rexford. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1916. B. B. Beall,

1. O sing to me of heav'n and home In hours of grief and pain, The home e-ter-nal
2. O sing of heav'n and home to me When from the one right way, Into the paths be-
3. O sing of heav'n and home to me When earthly light grows dim, And I will see, by

in the skies, Where Christ as King shall reign; The land of rest for weary souls, And
set with snares, My wayward footsteps stray; And listening to the tender song That
eye of faith, My God, and on - ly Him, And in that moment, when the end Of

of an endless day, Where sor-row never comes, and God Will wipe all tears away.
tells of Je-sus' love, My feet will find the path a-gain That leads to heav'n above.
life on earth has come I'll hear the song that angels sing Of "welcome, welcome home,"

REFRAIN.

p

O sing to me, O sing to me of heav'n, The land of rest, the land of endless rest,
O sing to me of heav'n, The land of endless rest,

f

The land where Je - sus waits for me, The home-land of the blest.
The land where Jesus waits for me, (the blest.)

No. 74. Jesus Loves the Children.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.

1. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Bless-ed be His name, Let us of-fer praise to Him With sweet ac - claim; He'll ac-cept our grateful songs, All our praise to
2. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, Precious, precious tho't, And our souls we tru - ly know His love hath bought; Let us live for Him each day, Glad-ly "trust Him
3. Je - sus loves the chil-dren, He will not for-sake, He will guard us when we sleep And when we wake; Ten-der - ly He cares for you, There's no oth-er

REFRAIN.

Him be-longs, Do your best for Je - sus ev - 'ry pass-ing day.
and o - bey," Do your best for Je - sus ev - 'ry pass-ing day. Glad-ly, glad-ly
friend so true, Do your best for Je - sus ev - 'ry pass-ing day.

do your best, Glad-ly, glad-ly do your best; With a lov-ing word or deed,

Help-ing those that are in need, Do your best for Je-sus ev-'ry pass-ing day.

No. 75. After the Shadows.

James Rowe. J. G. MORRIS, RED OAK, GA., OWNER, 1916. J. G. Morris.

DUET.

1. Life will be brighter, aft-er a-while, Burdens will lighten, fa-ces will smile;
2. Life will be sweeter aft-er a-while, When we have reached the beautiful isle;
3. We shall be hap - py, aft-er a-while, When we abide where naught will defile;
4. On-ward with Jesus, praising His love, Soon we shall share His glory a-bove;

Storms will be end-ed, skies will be bright, Morning will greet us aft-er the night.
Man-sions of glo - ry, charming our sight, Will be ap-pear - ing aft-er the night.
Faith will at last be end-ed in sight, Je-sus will crown us, aft-er the night.
Live in His presence, happy and bright, Peaceful, for-ev - er, aft-er the night.

REFRAIN.

{ Aft - er the shad - ows, light will ap - pear, All troubles be-
{ Aft - er the shadows have vanished away, heav-en - ly light will ap - pear, All troubles be-
{ Voi - ces of dear ones gone we shall hear, All safe in the
{ Voi-ces of dear ones that wait on the shore, greeting us there we shall hear, All safe in the

1. hind will be—tri - als past!
2. hind will be— tri - als for - ev-er be past!

bet - ter land, (*Omit*.....) Home at last!.....
bet - ter land, All safe at home with the Savior at last!

No. 76. We Will Come.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. "Will you come to Me?" says Je - sus, When the way is hard and long,
2. "Will you come to Me in sor - row? Will you come to Me in grief?
3. "Will you come to Me?" says Je - sus, "Oh, My child, look up to Me,

"Will you let Me guide your foot-steps? Will you let Me make you strong?"
I am wait-ing to re - ceive you, I can give you sweet re - lief."
Your De-fend - er and your Shep-herd, Your Re - deem-er I would be."

And we an-swer, an-swer quick - ly, Full - y yield - ing heart and soul;
Yes, we turn to Him for com - fort, And His lov - ing care we feel;
Lord, we has - ten at Thy call - ing, Ev - 'ry world - ly bond we waive,

We will come to Him for ev - 'ry need, For He can make us whole.
We will come to Him for ev - 'ry need, For He a - lone can heal.
We will come to Thee for ev - 'ry need, For on - ly Thou canst save.

CHORUS.

We will come, we will come, With our bur-den and our care;
We will come, we will come, our care;

We Will Come.

We will come, we will come, Ev-'ry tri - al He will share.
We will come, we will come, will share.

We will come, we will come, He in-vites us one and all;
We will come, we will come, and all;

We will come, we will come, In an-swer to His call.
We will come, we will come, His call.

No. 77. Schumann. S. M.

A. M. Toplady. R. Schumann.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home,
3. His grace will to the end Strong - er and bright - er shine;
4. When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heav'n-ly flame,

Loud to the praise of love Di - vine Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.
And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - 'ry mo-ment come.
Nor pres-ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.
Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on His name.

No. 78. Crown Him With Praises.

James Rowe. B. J. CLEMENTS AND H. M. EAGLE, OWNERS, 1916. B. J. Clements.

1. Standing a-gain at the beau-ti-ful al-tar of Christ our King, Praises of gladness and hon-or and glo-ry our souls shall sing; Je-sus hath lift-ed us
2. When we were lost in the val-ley of darkness He gave us light; When we were fettered He gave us true freedom in pas-tures bright; Lov-ing-ly, safe-ly, in
3. Ev-er our souls on the mer-cy of Je-sus may all de-pend; He will not leave us to bat-tle a-lone till the strife shall end; Soon we shall see Him in

out of the quicksands of doubt and sin, Giv-en us peace on the rock of sal-
mer-cy He keeps us from day to day, Giv-ing us gladness for sorrow and
mansions of glo-ry and joy a-bove, Praise Him with angels who always are

REFRAIN.

va-tion, all pure with-in. Crown Him with praises to-day, (to-day,)
sad-ness a-long the way.
prais-ing His boundless love. Crown Him to-day, to-day,

Sing to the Lord while you may; (you may;) Praise Him again, the great Savior of men, Who

Sing while you may, you may;

Crown Him With Praises.

leads us on the way; Praise Him till earth-life be o'er,(be o'er,)Fall at His feet and a-
Praise Him till life be o'er, Fall and a-

dore,(a-dore,)Sing of His love till we meet Him above, And then ev-er - more.
dore, a - dore,

No. 79. O Love That Lifts.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1916. **H. M. Eagle.**

1. O love that lifts the souls of men To high - er plains of life;
2. O love that lifts and nev - er fails To make the lift - ed strong;
3. O love that lifts the load of care From ev - 'ry trust - ing soul;
4. O love that lifts our eyes a - bove De - cay - ing things of earth;

FINE.

That brings them to them-selves a - gain, To wage a no - bler strife.
That keeps the soul when sin as-sails, And floods the heart with song.
That hides the shad - ow of de-spair, When dis-tant seems the goal.
O love that pu - ri - fies our love, And makes it prove its worth.

D.S.—*In life, in death, on earth, a - bove, With rap-ture ev - er - more.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

O love that lifts, O might-y love, Thy praise we will out - pour;

No. 80. God Will Bless the Reaper.

James Rowe. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Tho' oft we sow..... a - mid dis - tress,..... Be -
2. The joy that we..... shall have some day,..... When
3. No ef - fort we..... shall make in vain,..... All
4. So la - bor on..... and do the best ..... That

neath a cloud-y sky, (a cloud-y sky,) Still la - bor on,.....
Christ, our King appears, (our King appears,) Will flood our souls.....
precious seeds shall grow, (shall sure-ly grow,) Till they ap - pear.....
can be done while here, (be done while here,) For soon the day.....

REFRAIN.

for God will bless, ... The reap-er by and by.
and well re - pay,..... For all the cheerless years. Yes, He will bless the
as gold - en grain,..... Our worth-i-ness to show.
of joy and rest,..... And glo - ry will ap - pear.

reap-er, on the har-vest day, When we shall all be called a-bove; So la - bor

on..... and watch and pray,..... Re - ly - ing on His love.
So la-bor on and watch and pray,

No. 81. Trust In the Lord.

Birdie Bell. W. S. Tidwell, owner, 1916. **W. S. Tidwell.**

1. Doubts may perplex thee, worries may vex thee, Trust in the Lord whose mercies are sure;
2. Bur - dens will lighten, dark places brighten, Trust in the Lord who leads thee along;
3. Others may leave thee, others may grieve thee, Trust in the Lord, for He is thy friend;

Blessing thee ev-er, fail-ing thee nev-er, He is the One whose love shall en-dure.
Turn from thy sorrow, joy comes to-morrow, He is the One who shields thee from wrong.
Al-ways be-side thee, ready to guide thee, He is the One who loves to the end.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is guid - ing, in Him con - fid - ing, Fol-low His foot - steps day aft - er day,..... Aft-er the sad - ness com-eth the glad - ness, Trust in the Lord who leads in the way.

Je - sus is guid - ing, in Him con-fid - ing, Fol - low His foot-steps day by day, Aft - er the sad-ness com-eth the gladness,

No. 82. Two Great Armies.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. B. P. Gurganus, owner, 1916. B. P. Gurganus.

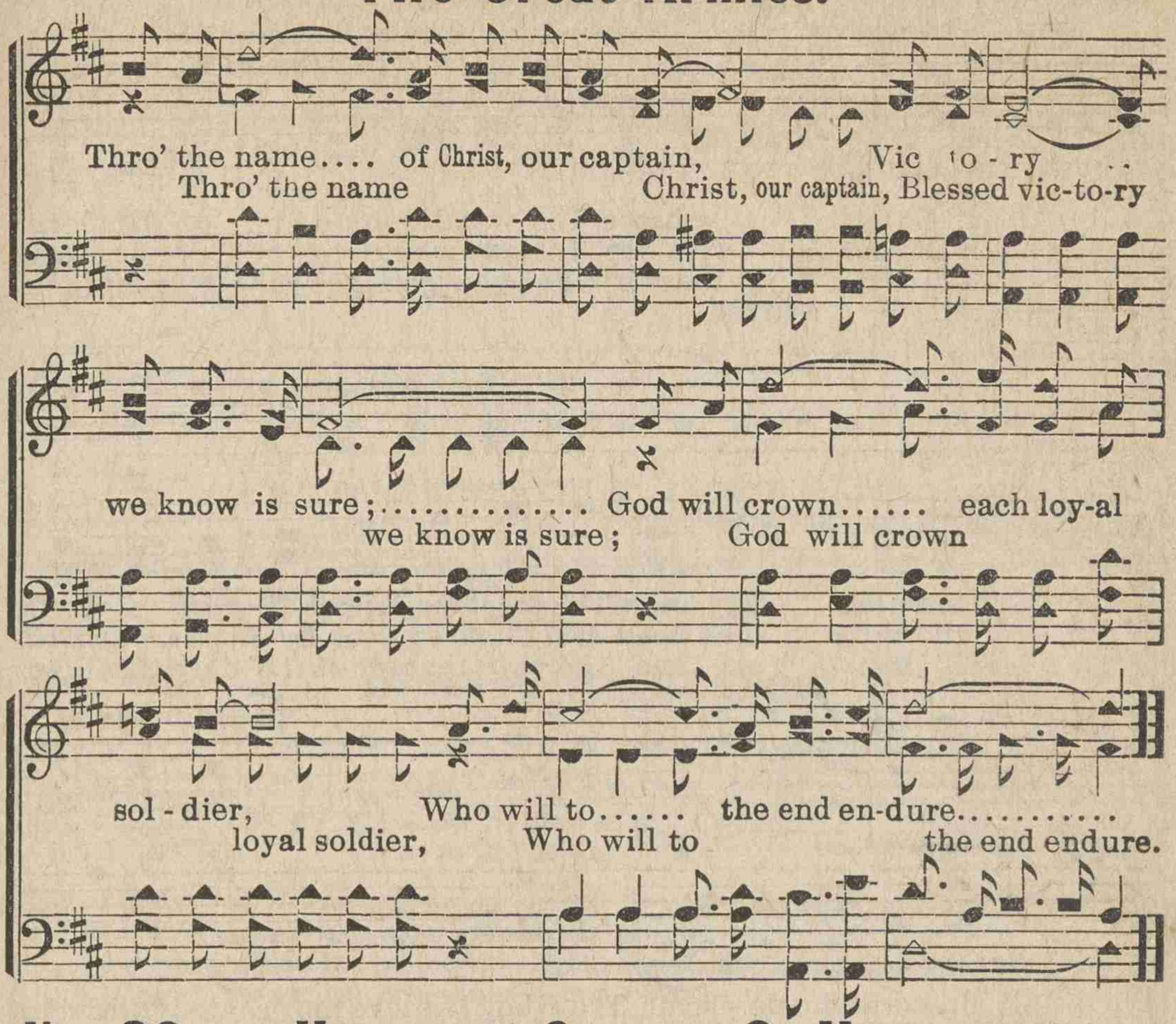
1. Two great armies wage their battles In this world of ours be-low ; On one side or on the oth-er We must take our stand, you know. There's no neutral
2. Je - sus is the might-y captain On the blessed side of right, And for Him each loy-al sol-dier Has a bat-tle hard to fight. Sharp temptations
3. Sa - tan is the wil - y lead-er On the side of all that's vile, Sin and strife are to His lik-ing, He would fill the world with guile. But the right we

ground a-bout it, One is right and one is wrong, On which side have you enlisted, Brother, where do you be-long? Right shall sure - ly conquer
are encountered, Hosts of sin are quick and strong, On which side have you enRight shall surely
know shall conquer, Vic - to - ry shall come ere long, On which side have you en-

REFRAIN.

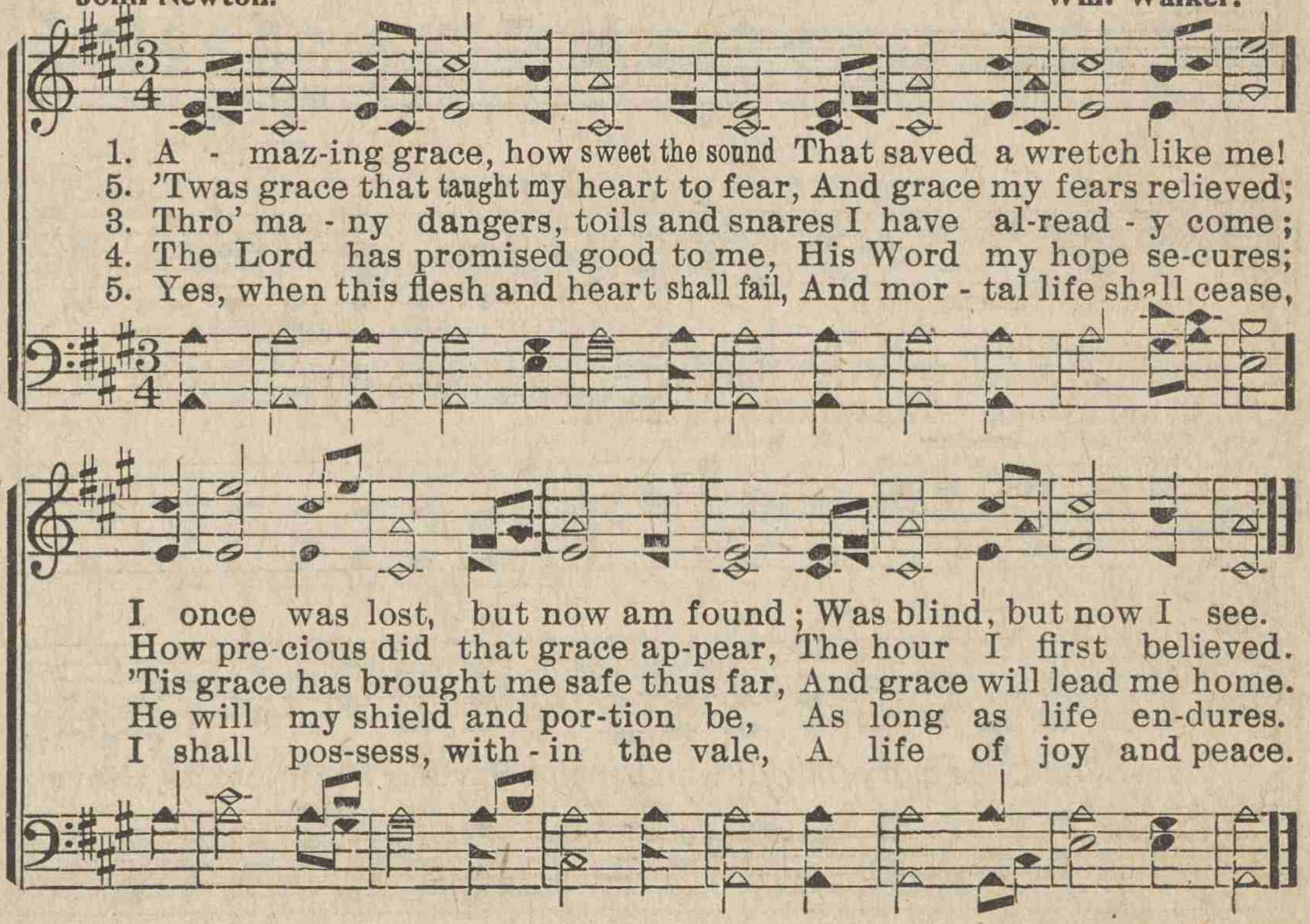
wrong,..... We shall sing.... the victor's song,.....
shall conquer wrong. We shall sing the victor's song,

Two Great Armies.



No. 83. Harmony Grove. 6. M.

John Newton. Wm. Walker.



No. 84. Tell the Story.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

Dr. George Lytton. **Samuel W. Beazley.**



1. Go tell a-broad The wondrous sto - ry of His love,
2. Re-peat with joy The sweet-est sto - ry ev - er heard,
3. To all the world Send out the gos-pel's gold-en light,

1. Go tell a-broad



That all may know The precious Friend di - vine a - bove.
Till all shall heed And blighted lives by hope are stirred.
Till lost ones see The path that glows tho' dark the night.



Tell sin-ners who de - spair That they His love may share ; Proclaim Him
Tell how He doth re - lieve The hearts that droop and grieve, And help them
Bid sleeping souls a - wake His blessings rich to take, Help Love Di-



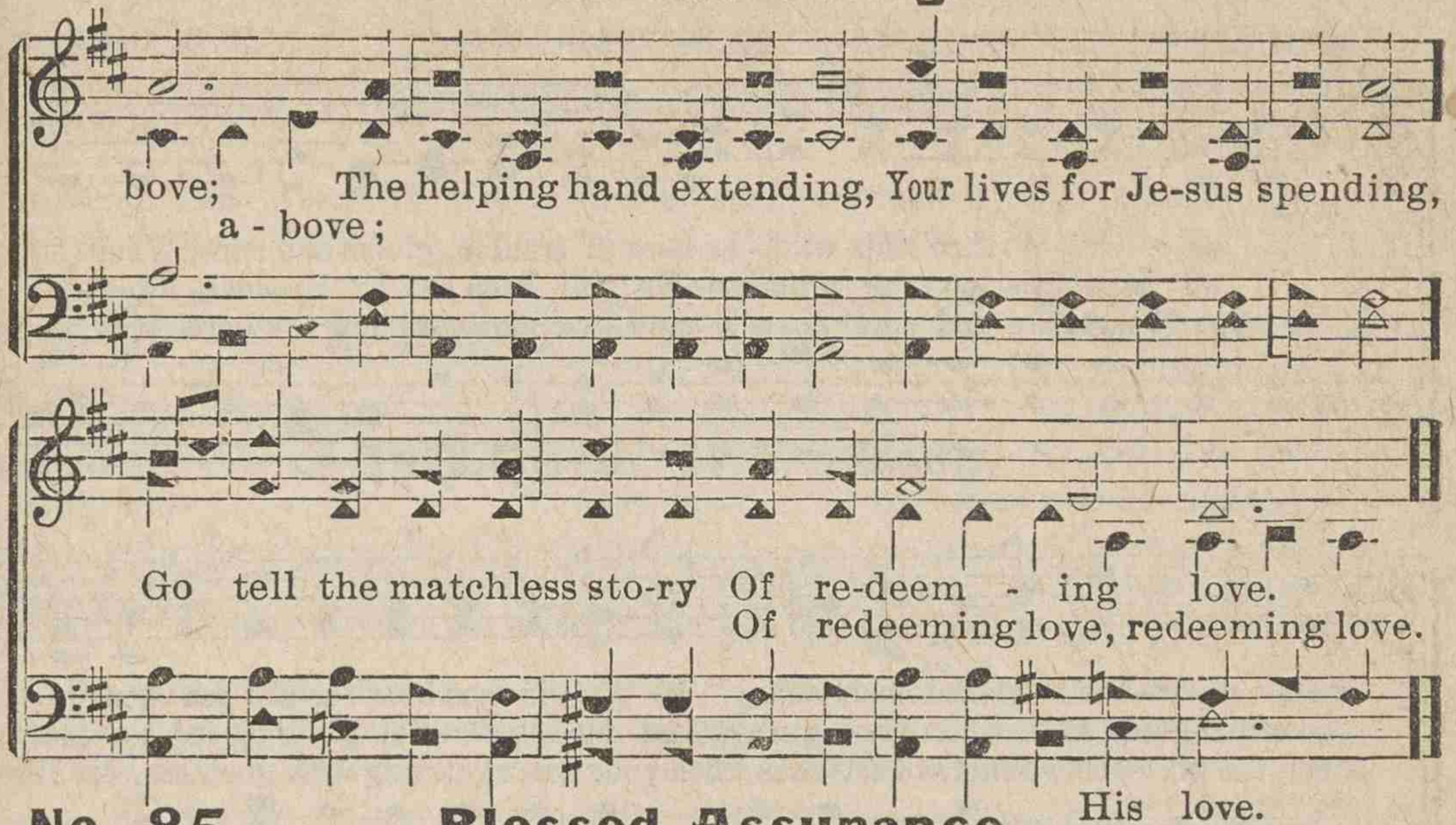
REFRAIN.

ev-'ry-where, The Ho - ly Dove.
to be - lieve The liv - ing Word. Go spread abroad the story Of
vine to make The whole world bright.



Jesus and His glory, Till all who have no Saviour Shall look to Him a -

Tell the Story.



No. 85. Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. Used by per. of Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp. **Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.**

D. S,–*Praising my Saviour all the day long.*

No. 86. There Is Joy In the Service.

James Rowe. Owned by B. B. Beall, 1916, Douglasville, Ga. B. B. Beall.

1. As we trav - el thro' this wild - er-ness of trouble, gloom and care, Where so ma-ny storms the burdened heart annoy, If our sin has been for-giv - en and we keep our re-cords fair, In the serv-ice of the Mas-ter there is joy, great joy.
2. If we trust His ten - der prom-ise He will keep us by His love, Sweet-ly cheer and guide us in the shin-ing way, And our souls will all go sing-ing to the bet - ter world a-bove, For there's gladness in the serv-ice of the Lord each day.
3. If your hearts are sad and wear - y and you do not know the Lord, Seek to - day the gold-en sun-shine of His face, Then your soul shall sing with gladness, for His bless-ing is out-poured, On the souls that find the Sav-iour and re - deem-ing grace.

REFRAIN.

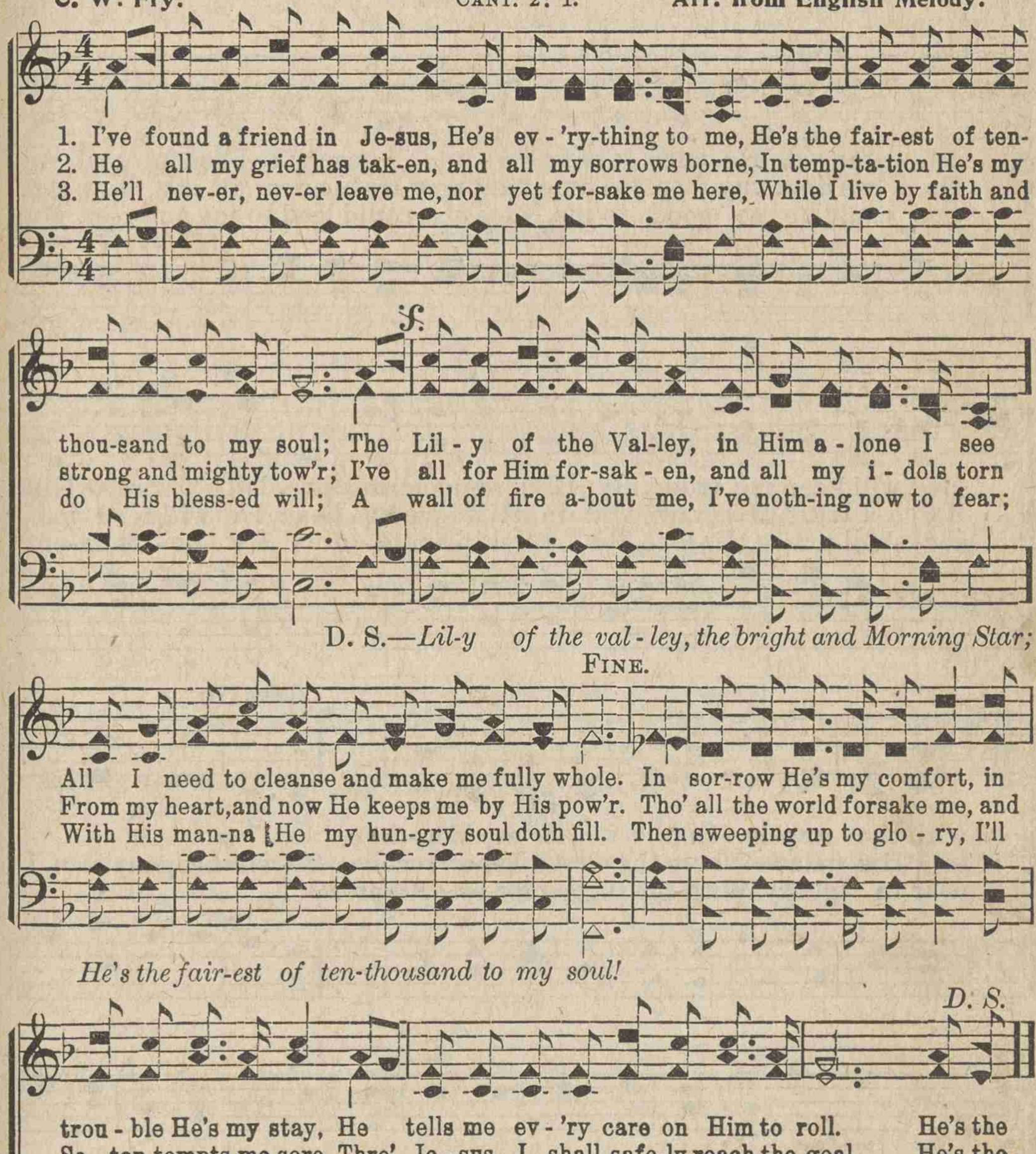
There is joy, great joy, in His serv - ice here, There is hap - pi - ness un - told in the Lord's em - ploy; For we al - ways have a com -
There is joy, Oh, there is joy in His bless-ed serv-ice here, There is hap - pi - ness un - told in the Lord's employ, employ; For we always have a true lov-ing,

There Is Joy In the Service of the Lord.



No. 87. The Lily of the Valley.

C. W. Fry. CANT. 2: 1. Arr. from English Melody.



No. 88. I'm On the Way With Jesus.

James Rowe. R. A. Smith, owner, Clanton, Ala., 1916. R. A. Smith.

1. I'm on the way with Je - sus, The great Redeemer of my soul; And at my side He will a-bide Un - til I reach the bliss-ful goal. And
2. I'm on the way with Je - sus, And joy-ous is my song of praise, For He has died my sins to hide, And now He blesses all my days; And
3. I'm on the way with Je - sus, Be-cause I know His way is best; None else could be so good to me, None else could lead to joy and rest. My

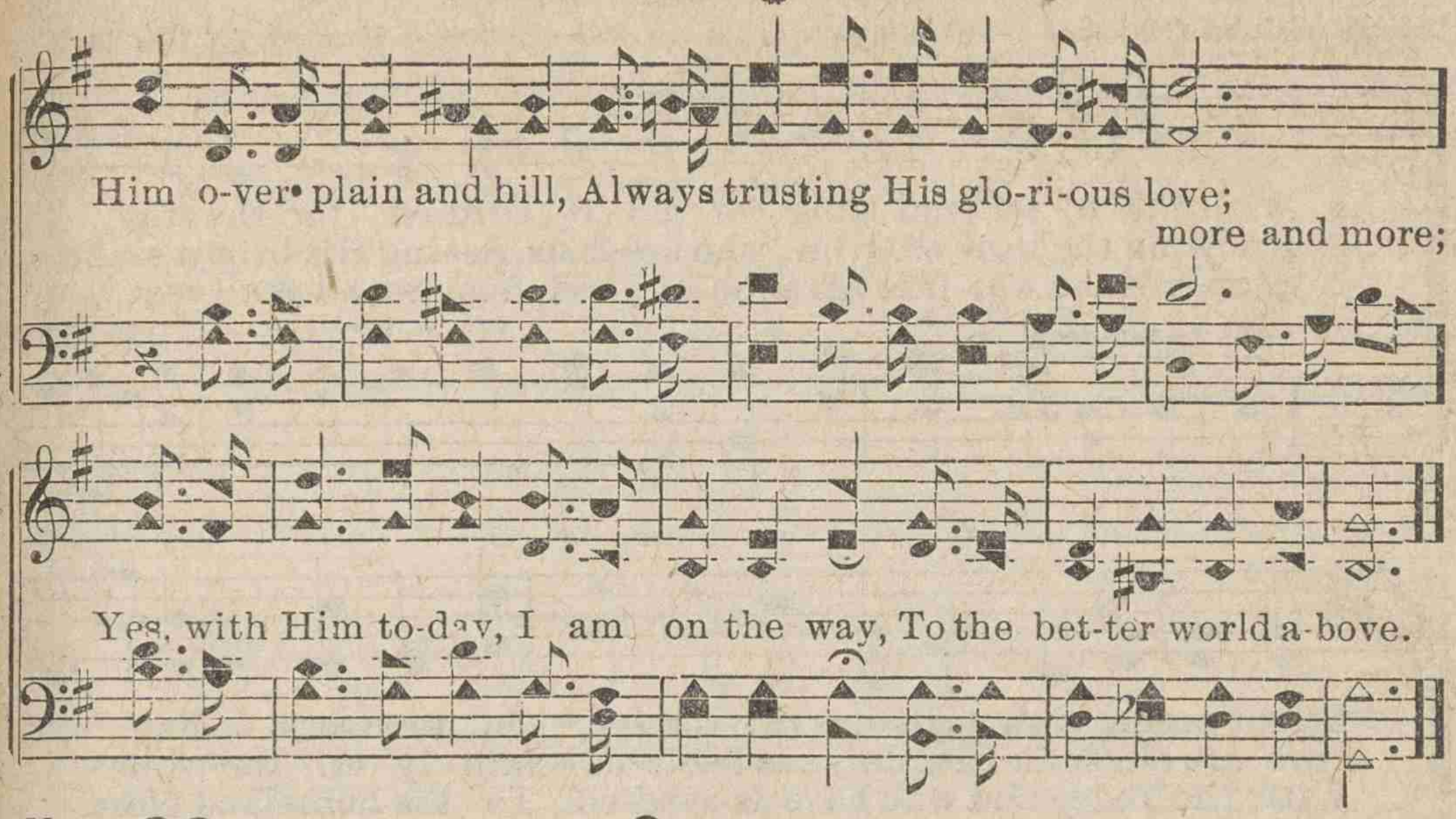
He will keep me true By His re-deem-ing love, Till I praise Him
if I trust His grace, And in His love be - lieve, He will lead me
soul shall praise His love, Shall worship and a - dore My Re - deem-er

REFRAIN.

with the angels In the bet-ter world a - bove.
to His palace Where the crown I shall receive. He will keep my soul, I
dear in glo-ry With the throng for ev-er-more.

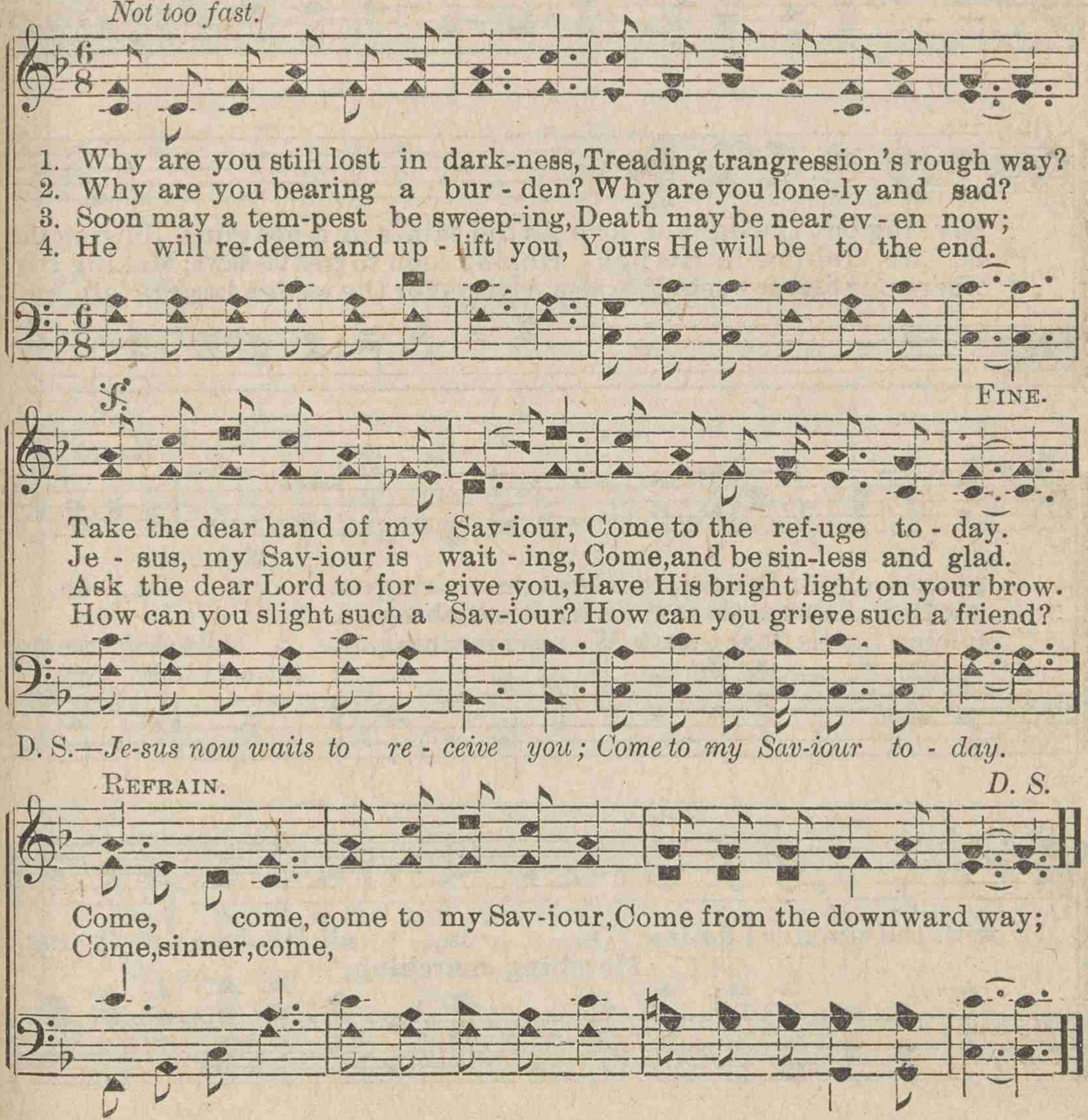
know He will, For His prom-ise sweet He will ful-fill, So I'll fol-low

I'm On the Way With Jesus.



No. 89. Come.

James Rowe. B. J. Morris, owner, Sheridan, Ark., 1916. B. J. Morris.



No. 90. Marching On.

Hon. John Grayson. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. With the e - ter - nal King of glo - ry, Gird-ed for the fray,
2. Knowing the love of Him who needs us, Seeing His bright smile,
3. Soon will the war-fare here be end - ed, Soon we all shall rest

Bright-en-ing sin's dark ter - ri - tor - y, On we march to-day.
Sure are our souls that Je - sus leads us Safe - ly all the while.
With the redeemed who have as-cend-ed To the homeland blest.

Giv - ing out the light of love As did saints in a-ges gone, Singing the
So we fol-low in His light, Hoping soon to greet the dawn; Making His
There our Saviour we shall praise Always for the wonders done; So, all re -

REFRAIN.

praises of our Redeemer, We are marching on. On, on,
goodness known to the needy, We are marching on.
joicing in His dear presence, We are marching on. Marching marching

with the standard fly-ing, On, on, all His foes de - fy - ing,
Marching, marching,

Marching On.

Always du - ti - ful, growing beautiful, With the Holy One.
While marching,

On, on, in His lovelight living, On, on, love's own service
marching, marching, Marching, marching,

giving, Sure of happiness, sure of victory, We are marching on.

No. 91. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thos. Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.–Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears for-ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
D. C.–In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
D. C.–*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 wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a-lone;
When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on Thy throne,

No. 92. O Homeland Fair!

James Rowe. B. D. Lee, owner, 1916 B. D. Lee.

1. There is a home..... of which I sing;..... It is the
2. There is a sweet..... a - bid - ing place..... For all who
3. In this a - bode..... I soon shall see,..... The Lamb of
4. There is a land..... where peace and rest,..... By all the

home..... of Christ my King;..... And there, be - side.....
trust..... re-deem-ing grace;..... And there with my.....
God,... ..... who pardoned me..... Tho' I had oft.....
true..... will be possessed..... There, with my friends,....

the crys - tal sea,..... He now pre-pares..... a place for
e - ter - nal friend,..... The end - less day..... I hope to
re - viled His name..... And caused Him grief..... and pain and
I soon shall sing..... Un - end-ing praise..... To Christ my

D. S.—My Lord and King..... I shall a -

FINE. REFRAIN.

me. (a place for me.) O homeland sweet,... O homeland fair!.....
spend. (I hope to spend.)
shame. (and pain and shame.)
King. (to Christ my King.) O homeland sweet, O homeland fair!

dore. (I shall a - dore.)

O Homeland Fair!

Some glad, bright day..... I shall be there!.....
Some glad, bright day I shall be there, I shall be there!

D. S.

There, pure and free,..... for ev - er - more,.....
There, pure and free, for ev - er - more,

No. 93. Get a Little Nearer.

James Rowe. H. C. Collins, owner, 1916. **H. C. Collins.**

1. Are you wear-y, lone and sad? Does the world grow drearer? That the Lord may
2. Would you loose the shad-ow dim; See the sky grow clear - er? Get in bet-ter
3. Would you rest, when ends the way, In that coun-try dear - er? To your Sav-iour

REFRAIN.

keep you glad, Get a lit - tle near-er.
touch with Him, Get a lit - tle near-er. Get a lit - tle near - er To the
ev - 'ry day Get a lit - tle near-er.

soul's true cheer-er. Too far a - way you are to - day; Get a lit - tle near-er.

No. 94. Spread the News.

Copyright, 1916, by the A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

E. E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Far and wide o'er land and wave Spread the news! Christ has
2. Christ has come to par - don sin, His great
3. O the full - ness of His love! Spread the news! O the

come to seek and save, Spread the news! Love has o-pened heav-en's
heart will take us in, He has died that we might
home that waits a - bove, Spread the news! Home with Him whose life was

door, Swung it wide for ev - er-more, Spread the news, glad, good news!
live, He has come heav'n's peace to give, Spread the news, glad, good news!
giv'n, That the sin - ner might find heav'n, Spread the news, glad, good news!

Spread the news,

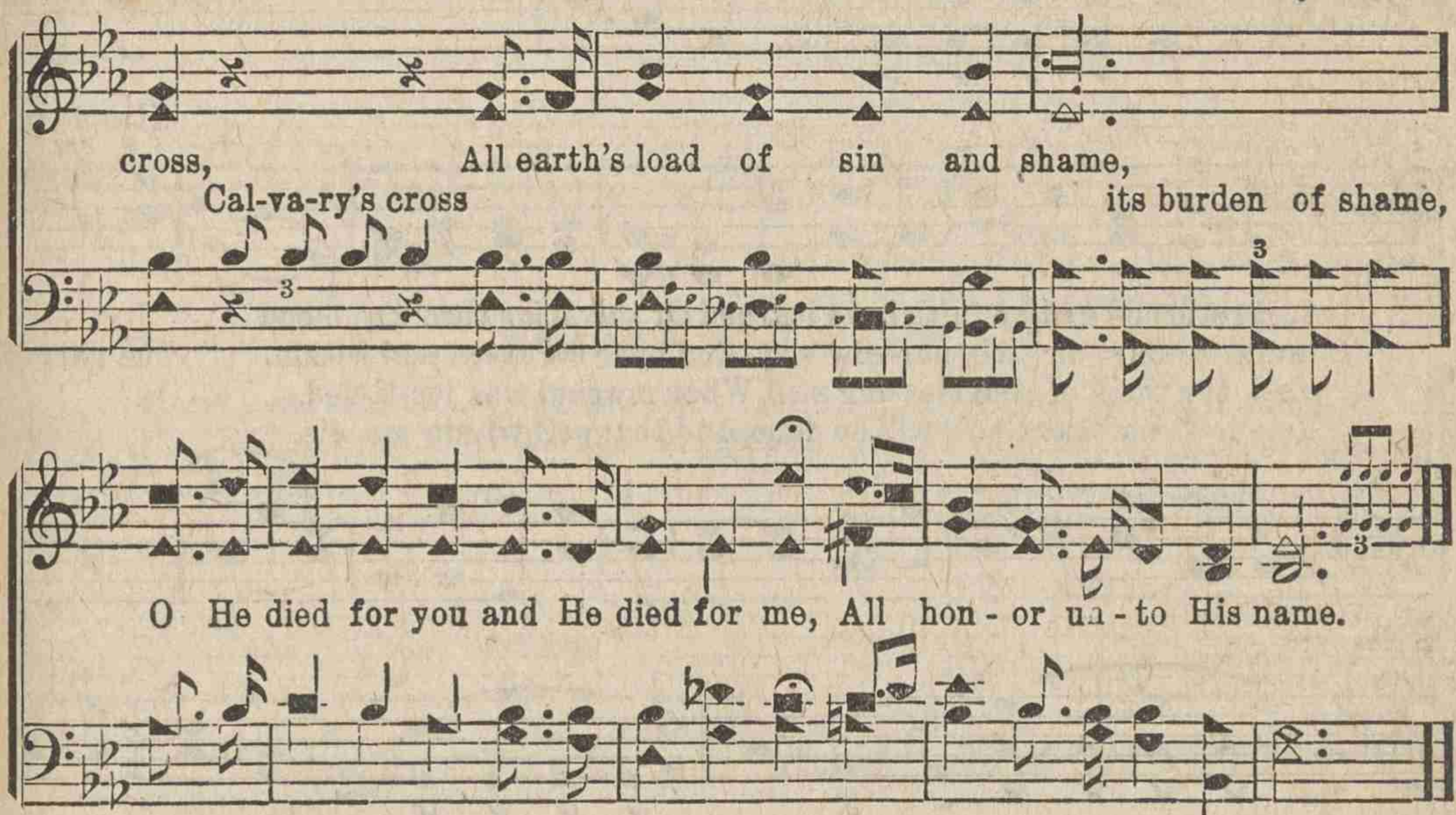
REFRAIN.

Spread the news, glad, good news! Send the mes-sage far and
Send it a - way, tell it to-day,

wide, Tell the news to the world,
Send it a - way, Glo-ri-ous news un-to the world,

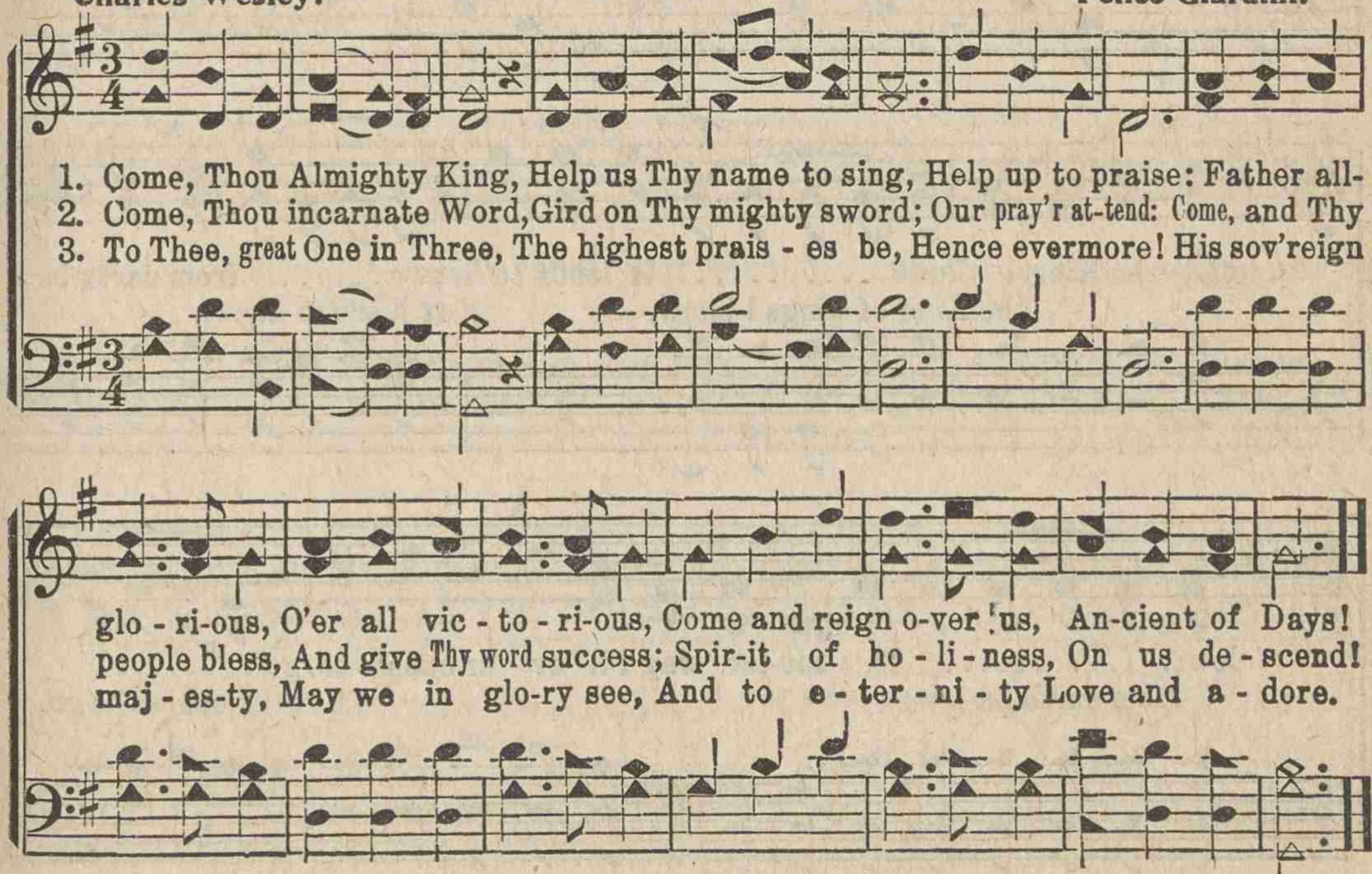
Spread the News.





No. 95. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.



No. 96. The Narrow Way I Choose to Go.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. D. Patton, owner, 1916. J. D. Patton.

1. Once the way of sin I tra-veled, Sep - a - ra - ted far from God; I at last returned and by faith have learned Of salvation thro' the blood.
2. All the world I have for - sak - en, All its fol - ly and its sin, And I walk to-day in the nar-row way, And have God's sweet peace within.
3. Soul and bod - y I sur-ren-dered At the cross where Jesus died, And I feel the thrill of the blessing still, When my soul was jus-ti-fied.
4. Tho' the way be ve - ry nar-row, And my-self I must de - ny, Yet I fol - low on that God's will be done, And that self within me die.

REFRAIN.

The narrow way..... I choose to go,..... It is the high-way of the King I know,..... It leads to heav'n..... from earth be - low;..... This bet-ter way I'll ev - er choose to go.....

The nar-row way I choose to go, the King of kings I know, It leads to heav'n from earth be-low; I'll ever choose to go.

No. 97. Work For God.

James Rowe. H. J. Turner, owner, Haleyville, Ala., 1916. **H. J. Turner.**

1. Would you be suc-cess - ful in this drear-y earth-ly life? Work for
2. In the vales of e - vil where so man - y souls are sad, Work for
3. Tho' by foes sur-rounded and the sky and path be dim, Work for

God, work for God; Be a faith-ful sol-dier, find - ing
Tell them of the Sav-iour, give them
Work for God, work for God; Having faith in Je - sus, gath - er

Refrain.

glo-ry in the strife, Work for God, work for God. Work for God,
courage, make them glad,
sheaves to bear to Him, Work for God, work for God. Work for God,

work for God, In the path that Je - sus trod; In the glo-ry
work for God,

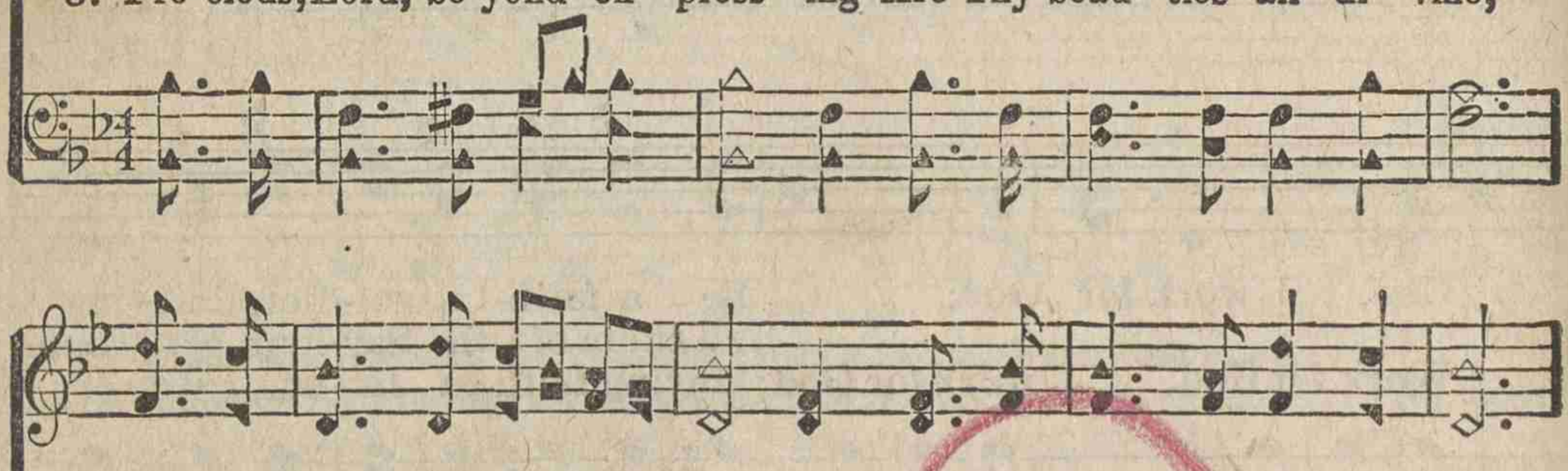
of His smile, Do your du - ty all the while, Work for God, work for God.

No. 98. Precious Name.

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



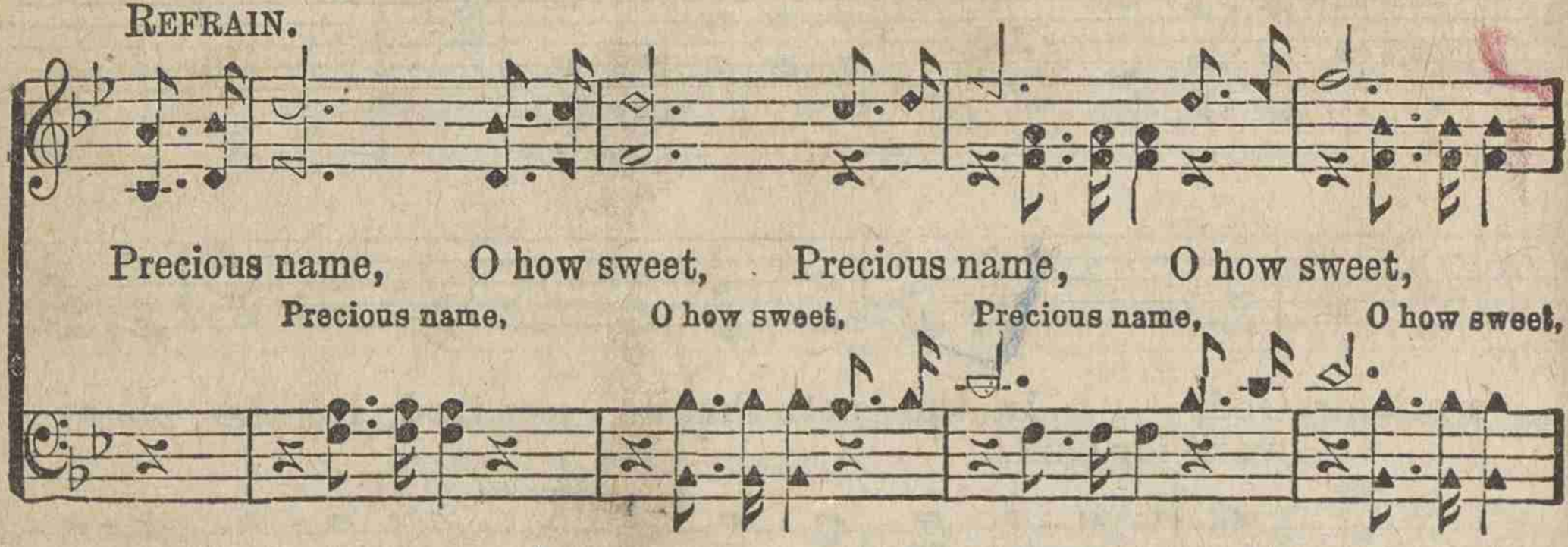
1. Pre-cious is the name of Je - sus, Who can half its worth un-fold?
2. Pre-cious is the Me - di - a - tor, By the Fa - ther raised on high,
3. Pre-cious, when to Cal - v'ry groan-ing, He sus-tained the curs - ed tree;
4. Pre-cious, when in death vic - to-rious, He the hosts of hell o'er-throws;
5.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



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



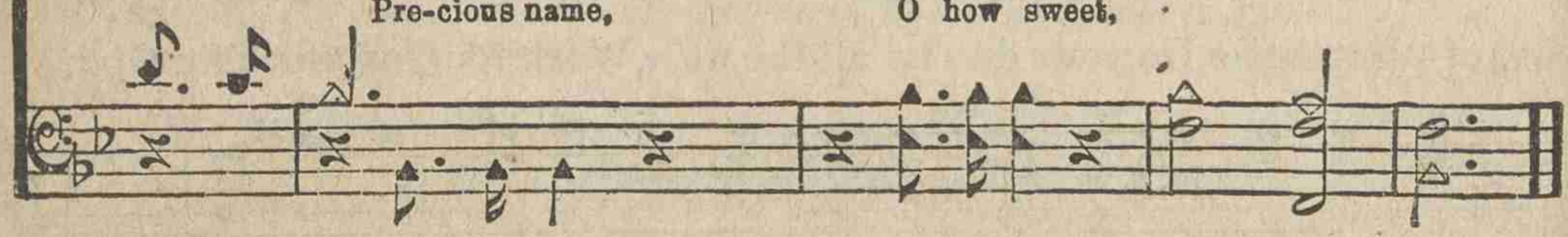
REFRAIN.



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



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



No. 99. Jesus Never Lets Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I'm walk-ing with Je - sus, who holds my hand And leads me a-
2. The foe may sur - prise me, but that is all, My Friend will be
3. I know I shall see Him a - bove at last, When troub-les and

long thro' this pil-grim land; And I just re - ly on His prom-ise grand,
near me to heed my call; And so I am sure I shall nev - er fall,
tri - als of earth are past; What-ev - er be-falls, He will hold me fast,

CHORUS.

For Je - sus nev - er lets go.
For Je - sus nev - er lets go. He nev - er lets go, oh,
For Je - sus nev - er lets go.

no, oh, no! He leads me thro' joy and woe; I'm close to His
and woe;

side and there shall a - bide, For Je - sus nev-er lets go.

No. 100. I Will Follow all the Way.

James Rowe. H. J. Turner, Haleyville, Ala., owner. 1916. H. J. Turner.

1. In the love-light of my Saviour I am go-ing on to-day, And will follow Him to heaven's golden shore;
2. I am going home to glory, there with saints to sing His praise, And for-ev-er in His love-light to abide;
3. Soon shall dawn the happy morning, soon His face I shall behold, Then to Him a no-bler car-ol I shall sing;

In His praise my soul is sing-ing all along the stormy way, And my soul shall sing His praises more and more.
He has filled my life with sunshine, and is blessing all my days, For no blessing to my soul has been denied.
With the angels I shall praise Him on the shining streets of gold, And for evermore abide with Christ my King.

REFRAIN.

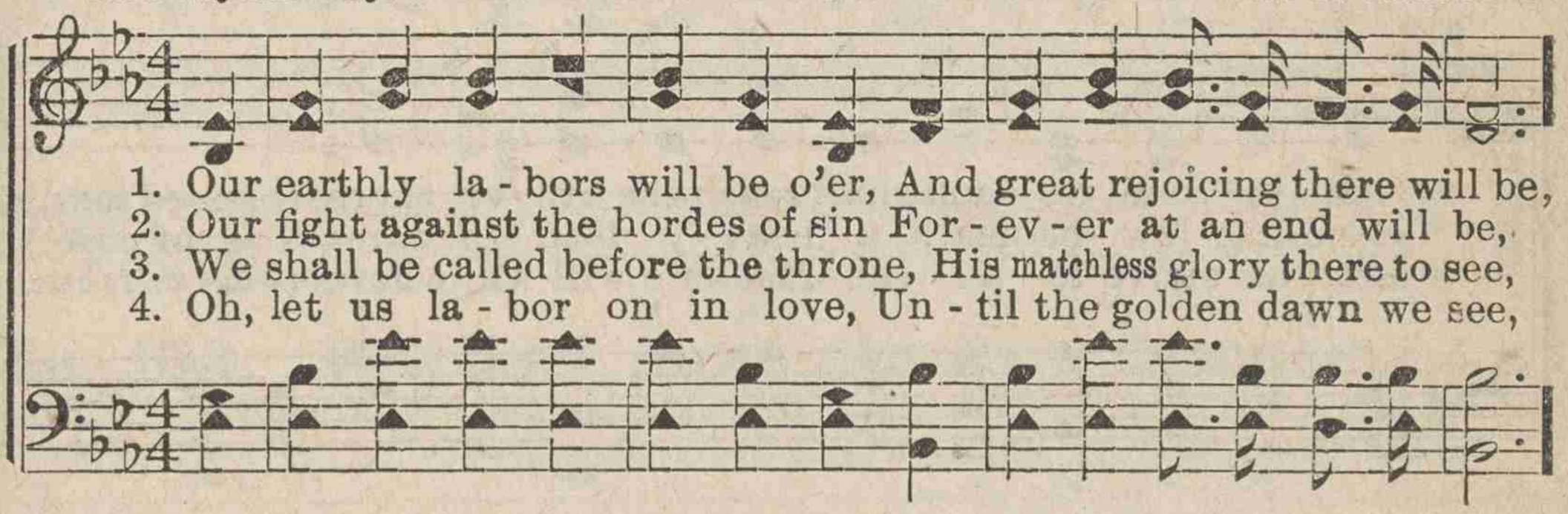
I will fol-low, fol-low all the way,
I will fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, I will fol-low all the way, I will follow Him to realms of endless day; Storms around my soul are sweeping,

I Will Follow all the Way.



No. 101. When Jesus Whispers, "Come to Me."

Miss Myrtle Guy. H. C. Collins, owner. 1916. **H. C. Collins.**



No. 102. We Are Crossing O'er the River.

A. J. Showalter and W. S. Tidwell, owners, 1916.

A. J. Showalter. W. S. Tidwell.

1. We are cross-ing o'er the riv - er to that home of love and light,
2. Worn and weary with earth's la-bors some have toiled for many years,
3. Fel - low pilgrims on this journey to that home of peace and love,

One by one we soon shall reach the oth - er shore; (blessed shore;)
Bend-ing low be-neath a heav - y load of care; (load of care;)
Let us strive to do the Master's will while here, (while we're here.)

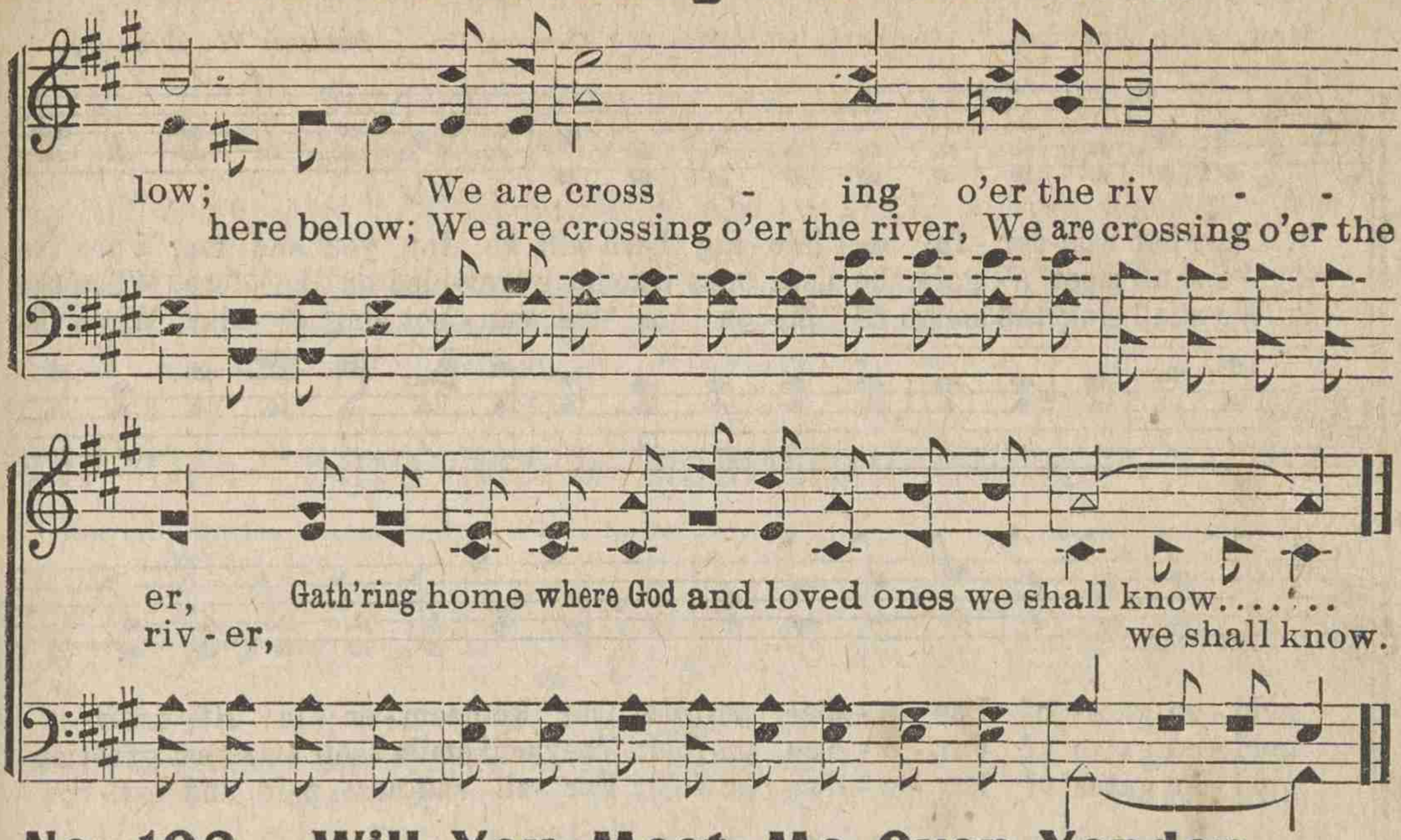
One by one we'll cease from toi-ling in this wilderness of night, Find-ing
But we're crossing to that land where God shall wipe a-way all tears, Where the
Then when He shall call us to that bright-er, bet-ter home a - bove, We can

REFRAIN.

bless-ed rest in heav'n for ev - er-more. We are cross - ing
joys of life e - ter - nal we shall share.
go in - to His presence without fear. We are crossing o'er the river,

o'er the riv - er, Go-ing from this earthly pilgrimage be -
We are crossing o'er the river,

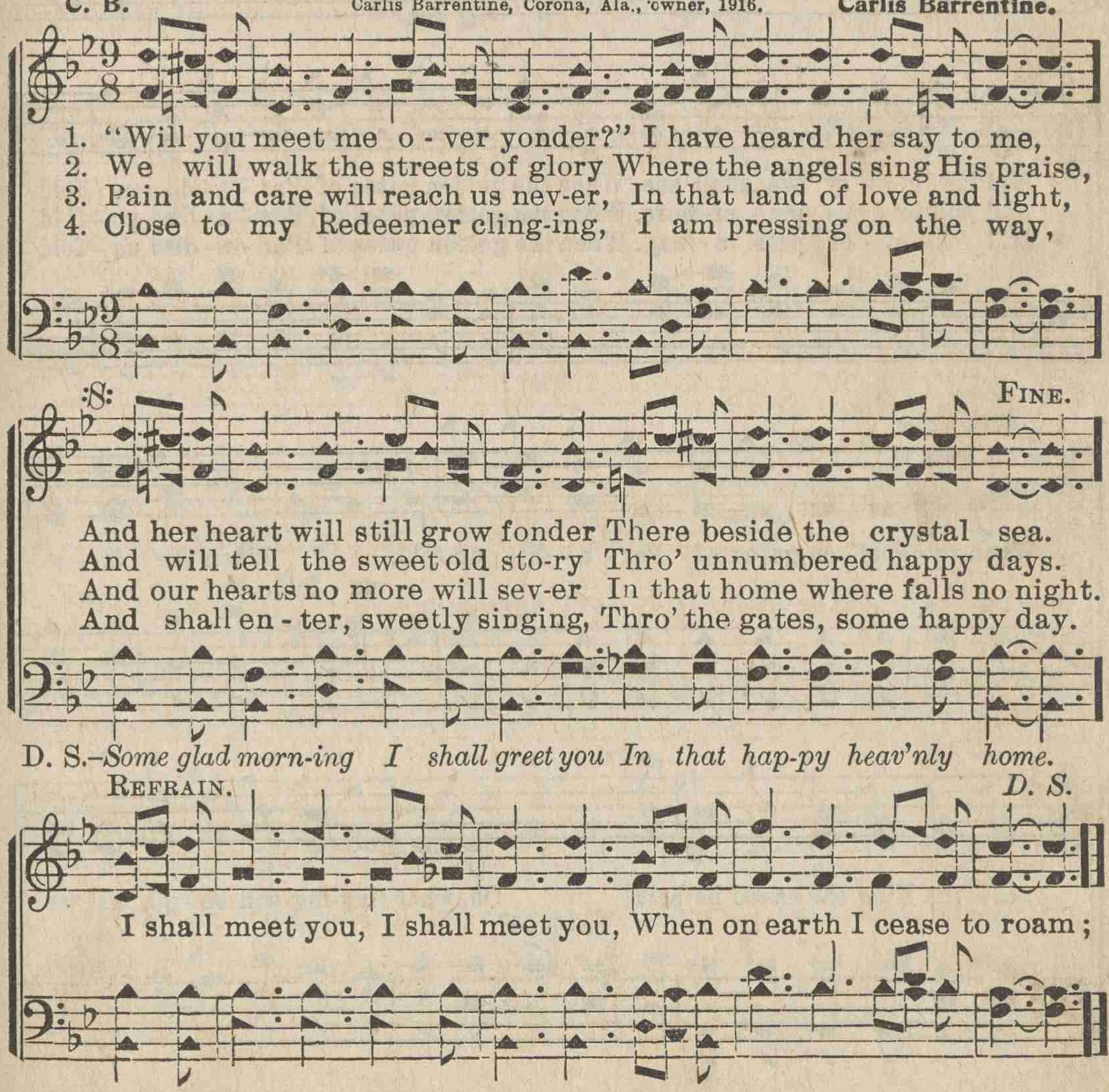
We Are Crossing O'er the River.



No. 103. Will You Meet Me Over Yonder.

In remembrance of my grandmother, who died July, 25th, 1914.

C. B. Carlis Barrentine, Corona, Ala., owner, 1916. **Carlis Barrentine.**



No. 104. When the Golden Gates Unfold.

Hon. John Grayson. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Oh, what won-der - ful re - joic - ing there will be for you and me, When the
2. We shall meet a - gain the dear ones who have trav-eled on be - fore, When the
3. We shall sing the songs of Zi - on as we can - not sing to - day, When the

gold - en gates of Par - a - dise un-fold; Our Re-deem - er in His beau - ty
gold - en gates of Par - a - dise un-fold; They will smile their sweetest greeting
gold - en gates of Par - a - dise un-fold; For all sad-ness, pain, and sor - row

and His glo - ry we shall see, When the golden gates of Par - a - dise un - fold.
and will love us ev - er-more, When the golden gates of Par - a - dise un - fold.
will for - ev - er pass a - way, When the golden gates of Par - a - dise un - fold.

REFRAIN.

When the gold - en gates of Par - a - dise un-fold, When the cit - y un - fold,

of the King the saved be-hold! Oh, what sing-ing will be - gin, as we be - hold!

rit.

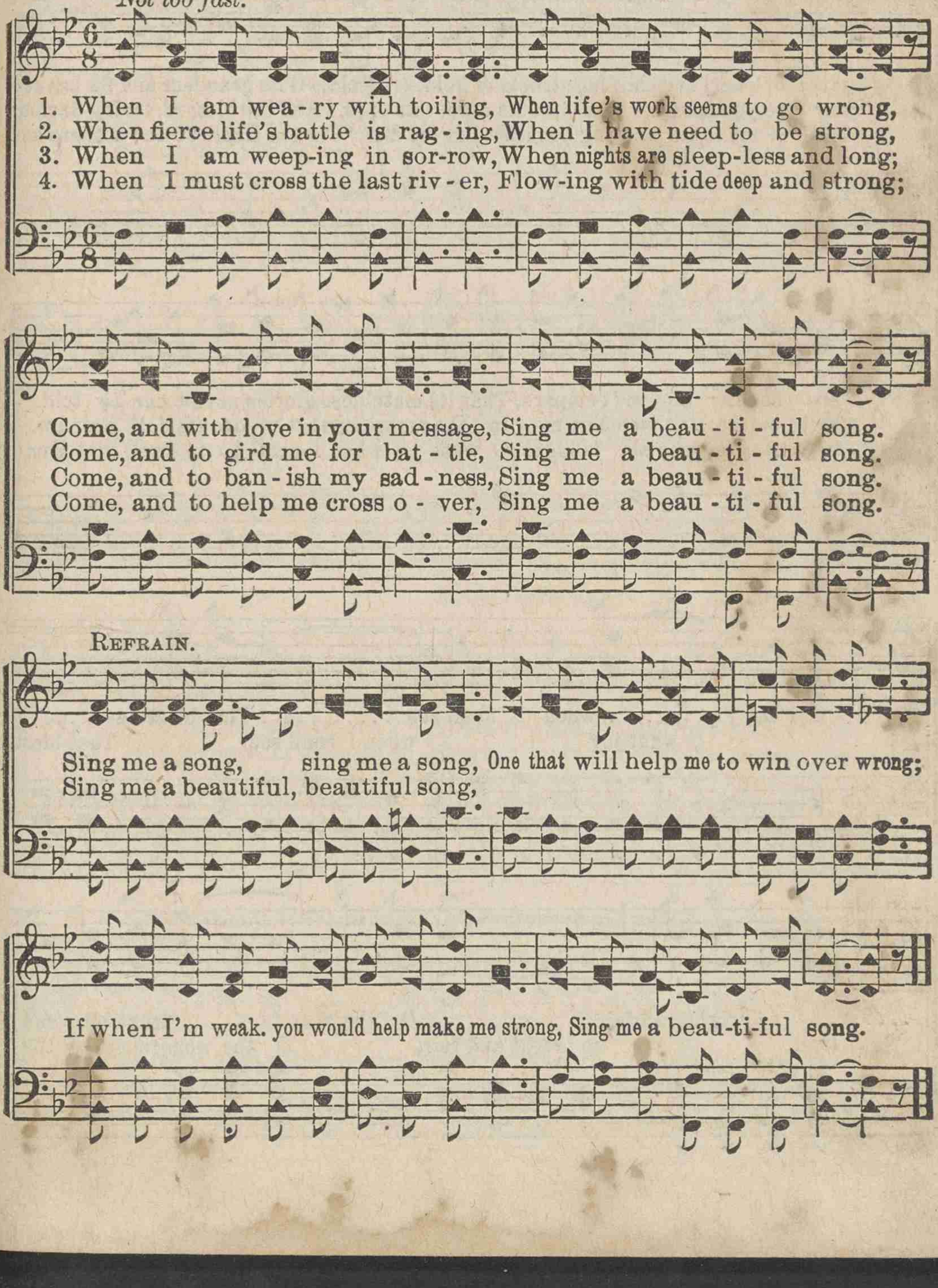
When the Golden Gates Unfold.



No. 105. Sing Me a Beautiful Song.

Rev. Johnston Oatman, Jr. J. R. Baxter, owner, 1915. **J. R. Baxter, Jr.**

Not too fast.



REFRAIN.

No. 106. Oh, What Joy.

Mabel J. Rosemon. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1916. H. M. Eagle.

1. There's a land of wondrous glo - ry in the realms of light so fair, With its gates of pearl and shin-ing streets of gold; (of gold;) O its grandeur and its beauty are so far be-yond compare, That its matchless glories nev-er can be told.
2. Far a - way be-yond earth's trials is the land I long to see, Far a - way be-yond earth's trials and its care, (its care,) And the blessed, loving Saviour will be there to welcome me, In the mansions that in love He doth prepare.
3. 'Tis a land of gold - en sunshine, where the shadows of the night Nev - er fall to make its glowing beauties dim, (so dim,) For the Lamb of God is there and in His presence all is light, O what joy when I shall go to dwell with Him.

CHORUS.

O what joy..... when I shall see..... That blest land.....
O what joy when I shall see That blest
..... so bright and fair,..... O the won - drous bliss and
land so bright and fair, O the wondrous bliss the

Oh, What Joy.



No. 107. Treasured In My Heart.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart."

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Doyal Stinson, owner, 1916. **Doyal Stinson.**



REFRAIN. D. S.

No. 108. Good-By No More.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. P. Denton, Fort Payne, Ala., owner, 1916. J. P. Denton.

1. Oft I read a - bout a home Where no sin nor death can come, And I'm
2. Ma-ny graves on earth are strown, Much of anguish we have known, But the
3. Thro' His great, eternal love Je - sus came from heav'n above, And our
4. Beau-ti-ful to be with God In the ev - er blest abode, Saints and

press-ing on to that e - ter-nal shore; Shall I see you o - ver there,
Fa - ther will our treasures there restore; If we faith-ful - ly en-dure,
guilt up - on the cru - el cross He bore; Thus He opened up the way,
an - gels there His ho - ly name a-dore, Are you gladly press-ing on

'Mid its beauties glad and fair, Will you meet me where they say good-
Our re-ward is bright and sure, Will you meet me where they say good-
To the home of cloud-less day, Will you meet me where they say good-
To the nev - er - fad-ing dawn, Will you meet me where they say good-

REFRAIN.

by no more? Will you meet.... .. me in that home,.....
by no more? me, will you meet that happy home,
by no more? Meet me when..... this life is o'er,.....
by no more? yes, meet me when this life is o'er,

1

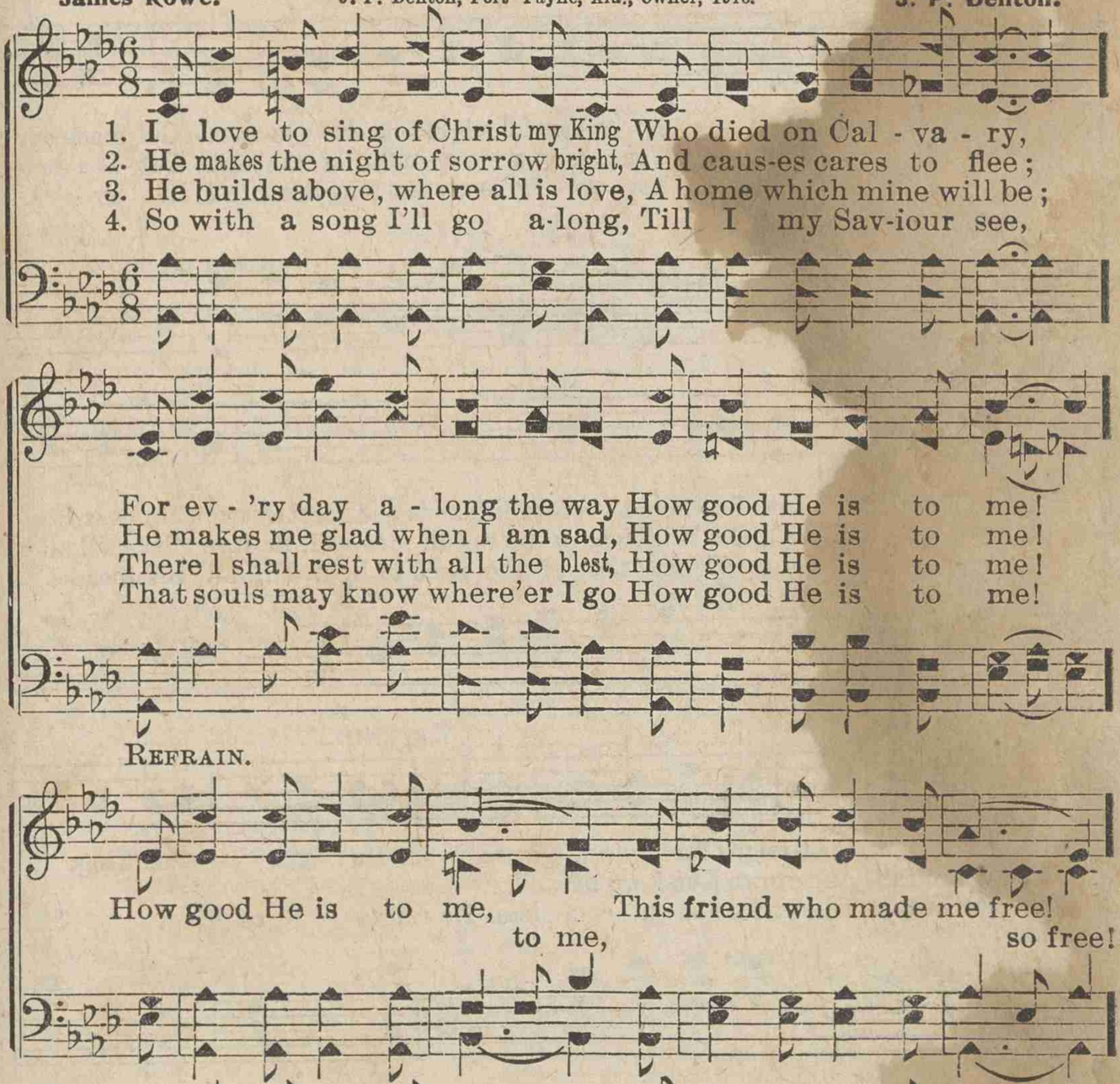
In its joys..... .... for - e'er to share.....
yes, in its joys for - e'er to share,

Good-By No More.



No. 109. How Good He Is to Me.

James Rowe. J. P. Denton, Fort Payne, Ala., owner, 1916. J. P. Denton.



No. 110. He Reigns As King.

T. O. Chisholm. Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. He reigns as King, Who for us wore the cru - el thorns, En -
2. The thrones of earth, With all their boast - ed pomp and might, Shall
3. He reigns as King, In peace and truth and right-eous-ness, His
1. He reigns as King,

throned a - bove, A crown of might his brow a-dorns; God made our
pass a - way, E'en as a vis - ion of the night, But His do -
right to rule, Let ev - 'ry heart and tongue confess, Let ev - 'ry
Enthroned a - bove,

sins on Him to meet, Be - hold the scars in hands and feet! But now He lives, His
min-ion will not fail, His king-dom will o'er all pre-vail, Be-fore Him shall all
foll'wer brave-ly fight The bat - tles of the Lord of light, Till, all His foes be -

REFRAIN.

suf-f'ring o'er, And reigns for - ev - er - more. He reigns as King,
na - tions fall, And crown Him Lord of all.
neath His feet, His tri-umph is com-plete. He reigns as King, The

Christ walked Gal - i - lee, The Christ who died
Christ who walked in Gal - i - lee, The Christ who died To

He Reigns As King.



No. 111. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. J. B. Dykes.

No. 112. His Grace Is Sufficient.

Ernest L. Thompson. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**

1. I know the sweet voice which in love speaks to me, When blinded by sor-row my eyes cannot see The lin-ing of sil - ver up - on the dark cloud, Which mantles the landscape as if with a shroud. His grace.....
2. No e - vil can harm me what-ev - er may come, No dark-ness can keep me from reaching my home; Thro' ev'ry temptation which lies in my way I'll trust in His grace till the night turns to day.
3- When out on the mountain, so rugged and steep, He calls me to rescue His lost, helpless sheep; I'll go with a smile thro' the heat and the cold, And bring back the lost to the Good Shepherd's fold. His grace is suf-

..... is suf - fi - cient for me,..... His won - der - ful
- fi - cient, suf - fi-cient for me, His wonderful grace
grace is a-bund-ant and free; I love..... Him and trust Him what-
is a-bund-ant and free; I love Him and trust Him what-

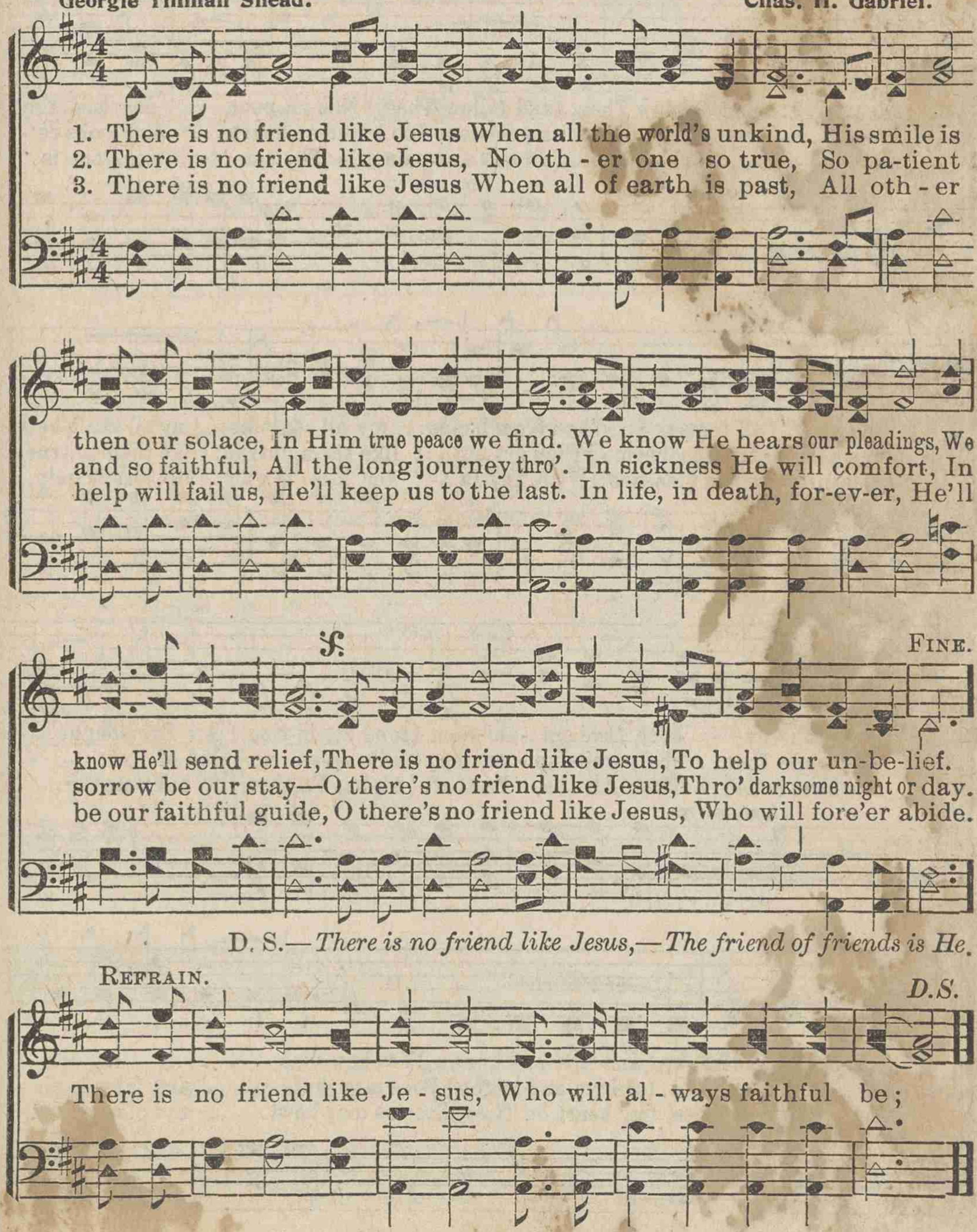
His Grace Is Sufficient.



No. 113. No Friend Like Jesus.

Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

Georgie Tillman Snead. **Chas. H. Gabriel.**



No. 114. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1616. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Je - sus, I..... my cross have ta - ken, (cross have ta-ken,) All to
2. Let the world..... de - spise and leave me, (all may leave me,) They have
3. Go then, earth - - ly fame and treasure, (fame and treasure,) Come dis -

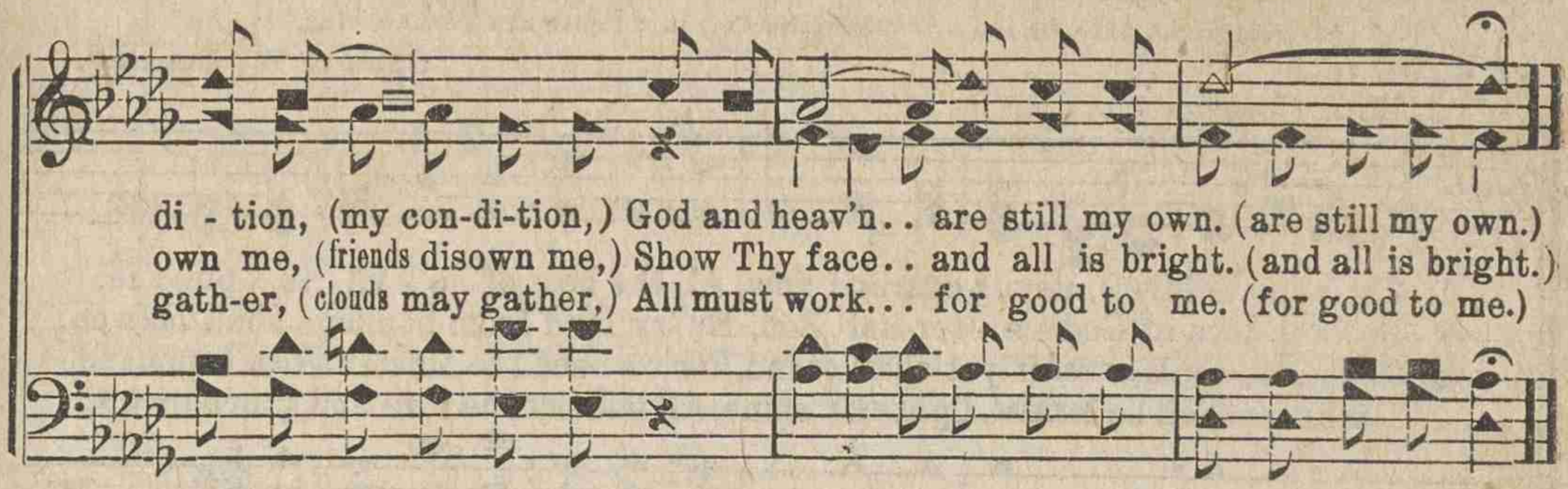
leave.... and fol-low Thee; (and follow Thee;) Naked, poor,... despised, for -
left..... my Sav-iour too; (my Saviour too;) Human hearts... and looks de -
as - - ter, scorn and pain;(all scorn and pain;) In Thy ser - vice pain is

sak - en, (all for-sak-en,)Thou from hence.. my all shalt be; (my all shalt be;)
ceive me, (they deceive me,)Thou art not ... like them,untrue; (like them untrue;)
pleasure; (pain is pleasure;) With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain. (all loss is gain.)

Per - ish ev - - 'ry fond am - bi-tion, (fond am-bi-tion,) All I've sought..
And while Thou.. shalt smile up - on me, (smile up-on me,) God of wis - -
I have called.. Thee, Ab - ba, Fa-ther, (Ab-ba, Fa-ther,) I have stayed..

and hoped and known (and hoped and known,)Yet how rich..... is my con -
dom, love and might, (of love and might,) Foes may hate..... and friends dis -
my heart on Thee, (my heart on Thee,)Storms may howl..... and clouds may

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.



No. 115. Thy Love Is Best.

James Rowe. D. A. Camp, owner, 1916. D. A. Camp.

No. 116. The Banner of the Cross.

Copyright, 1916, by the A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

S. W. B. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

With Courage.

1. Christian Soldiers, showing courage new, All the host of e - vil to pur-sue,
2 By the love of God's e - ter-nal Son, Ev'-ry land from bondage shall be won,
3. Countless souls around it yet shall stand, For we heed the Master's clear command
4. Darkness shall be banished, light shall shine, All shall hear the love and grace divine;

Ral - ly all a-round the Lead - er true, Wave the ban - ner of the cross.
So, un - til the might-y work is done, Wave the ban - ner of the cross.
And will spread the news on ev' - ry hand; Wave the ban - ner of the cross.
Let the or - der ring a - long the line; Wave the ban - ner of the cross.

REFRAIN.

Ral-ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, **All a-round the grand old**
Ral-ly, ral-ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly,

ban - ner, Ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly,
wav - ing ban - ner, Ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly,

Wor - ry not o'er thoughts of loss, Ral - ly, ral - ly,
earth-ly loss, Ral - ly, ral - !y,

The Banner of the Cross.

ral - ly, Show - ing stur - dy faith in Je - sus,
ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, bless-ed Je - sus,

Sing-ing hal - le - lu - jah, ral - ly round the banner of the cross. (the cross.)
of the cross, yes, of the cross.
the cross.

No. 117. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinner's plunged be-
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re-deem-ing love has
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save, When this poor lisping,

'neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their
vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my
been my theme, And shall be, till I die, And shall be, till I die, And shall be,
stamm'ring tongue Lies silent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si - lent

guil - ty stains; And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
sins a - way; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
till I die; Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.
in the grave; When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

No. 118 Gladness Eternal.

James Rowe. K. C. Robinson, owner, 1916. K. C. Robinson.

1. We shall gath-er be - yond the riv - er, In the pres-ence of Christ the
2. Ev - 'ry troub-le and care will leave us, Noth-ing ev - er a - gain will
3. We shall en - ter our home re - joic - ing, Sweet ho-san - nas to Je - sus

giv - er Of the joys we have to - day, And shall sing of His love e - ter - nal
grieve us, When we meet Him on that day; End - ed ev - er will be all sor-row,
voic-ing, Nev-er more from God to stray; Perfect rapture will o - ver-flow us,

With the an - gels of light su - per - nal, When the shadows pass a - way.
On that beau - ti - ful, sweet to - mor - row, When the shadows pass a - way.
For our man-sions the Lord will show us, When the shadows pass a - way.

REFRAIN.

Gladness e - ter - nal, won-der - ful glad -
Gladness and joy e - ter - nal, won-der - ful joy and

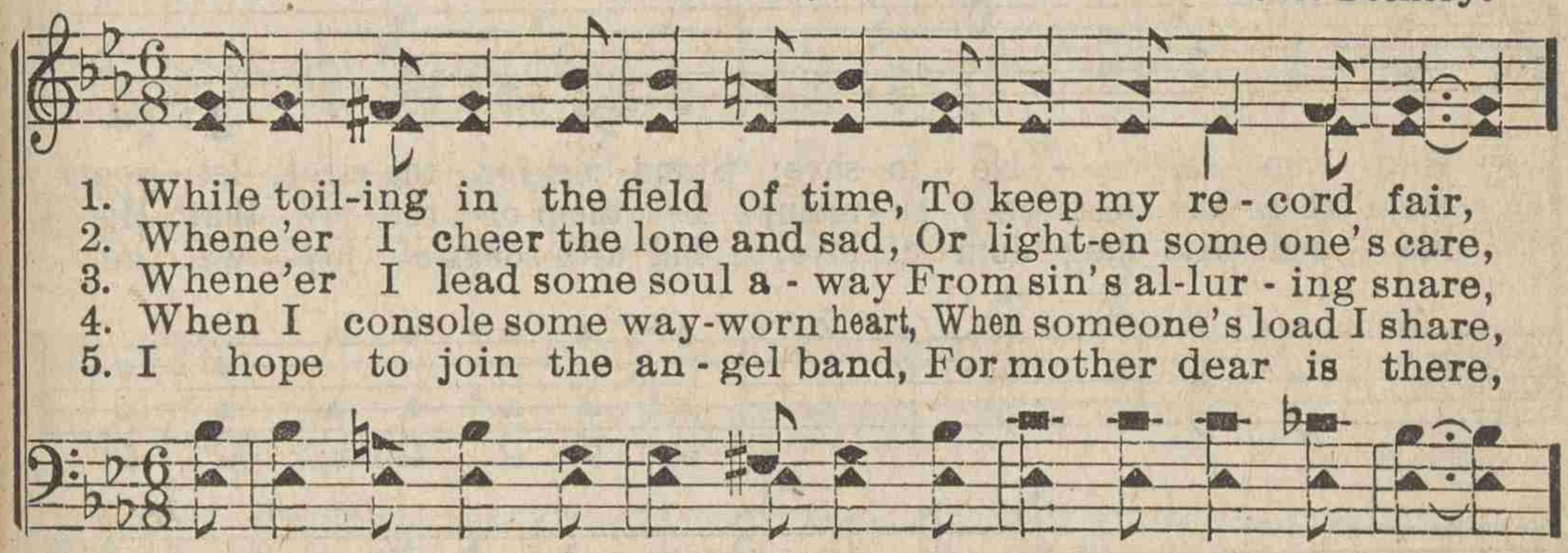
ness, E - ven now is wait - ing there; Gladness and glo -
glad - ness, Gladness and peace and

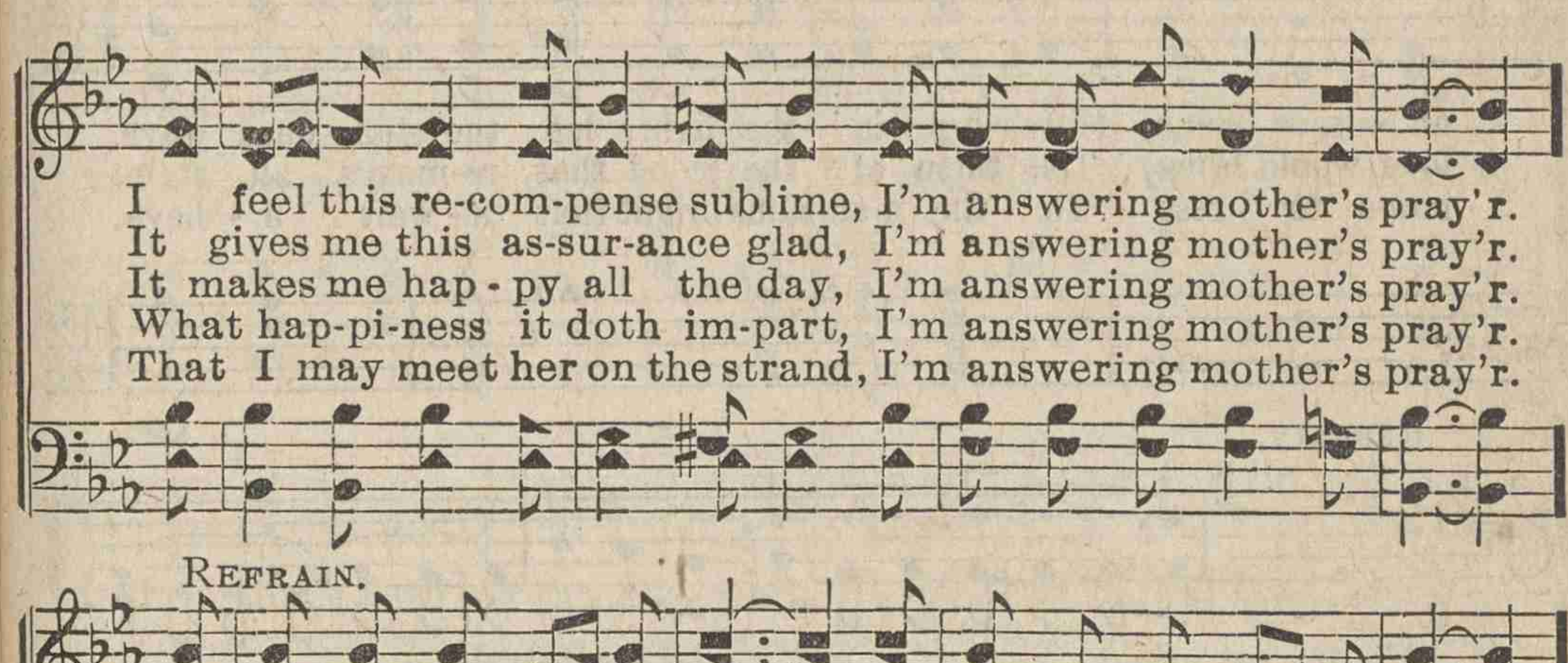
Gladness Eternal.

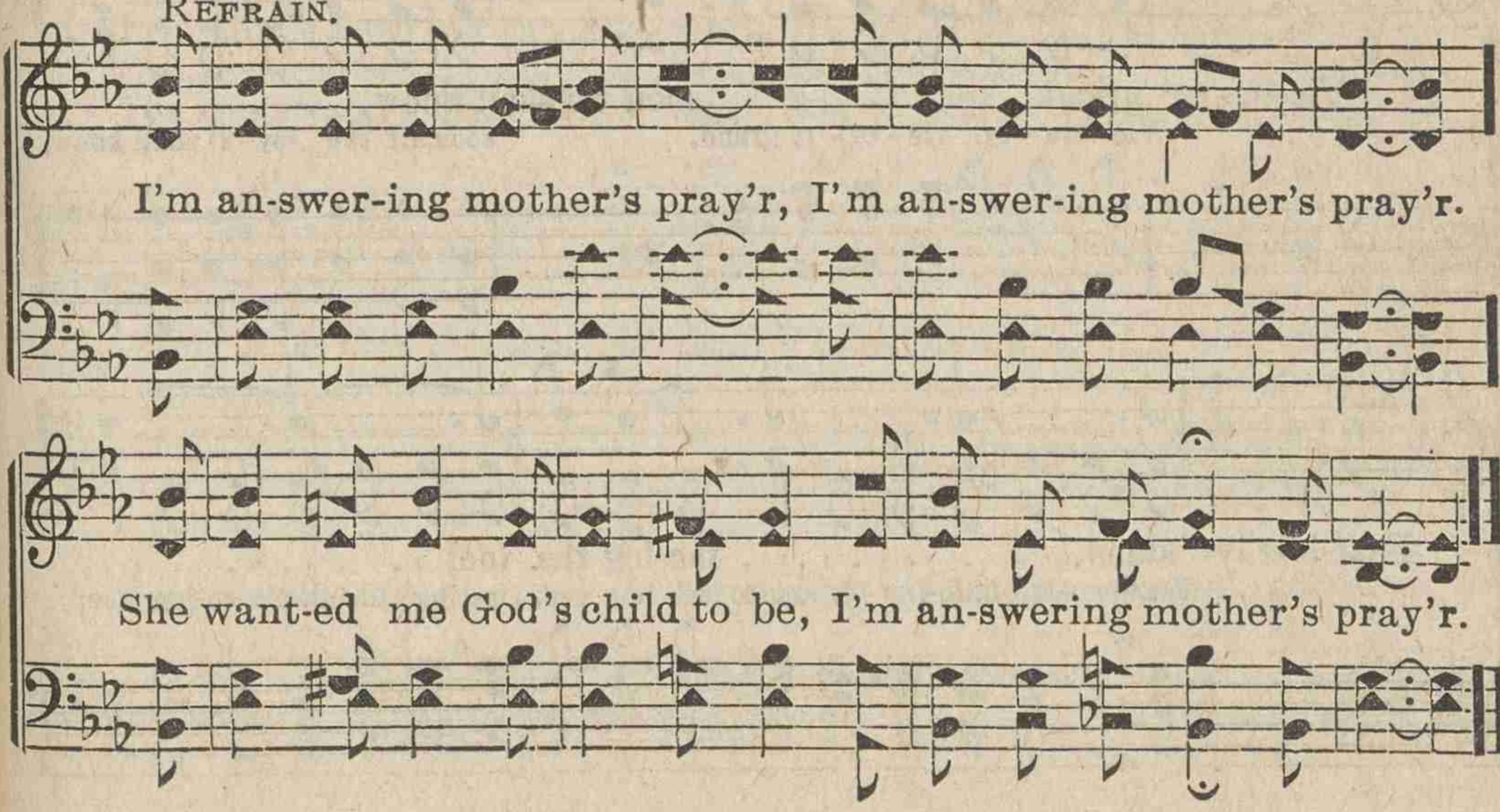


No. 119. Answering Mother's Prayer.

Rev. W. M. Wear. L. G. Dockery, owner, 1916. L. G. Dockery.







No. 120. Victory Grand.

James Rowe. R. EDWIN PERRY, OWNER, 1916. R. Edwin Perry.

1. Sol - diers of the cross, on the bat - tle - line, Sing and tell of Him who is a - ble to save: Stand - ing for the right, let your
2. Let the bless - ed news ev - er swell and ring O - ver val - leys drear where the lost ones re - main; Tell them of the joy that His
3. Keep - ing up the fight, let us do our best For the Lord of life and His king - dom of love, Till with songs of joy we go

ar - mor shine; March-ing in the light, let the stan - dard wave.
love would bring, Tell them of the blood that re-moves all stain.
home to rest In the man-sions bright that a - wait a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Vic-to - ry grand . . . . . soon we shall know, ...
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry grand, soon all the loy - al shall know,

Fear-less-ly stand, ... fac-ing the foe; . . . . . .
Fear-less-ly, faith-ful - ly stand, fac - ing, yes, fac-ing the threat-en-ing foe;

Victory Grand.



No. 121. Sing a New Song.

"Sing a new song unto the Lord."—Ps. 96: 1.

Rev. E. F. Stanton. GEO. W. ANDERSON, OWNER, 1916. Geo. W. Anderson.



No. 122. Do Not Let Your Heart Be Troubled.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. W. A. Stewart, owner, 1916. W. A. Stewart.

1. "Do not let your heart be troubled," Pre-cious words from lips di - vine,
2. There are man - y, man - y mansions, In my Fa - ther's house a - bove,
3. If you love me keep my say - ings, Ev - er-more with me a - bide,

On the pure and ho - ly pag - es how they glow! Ring - ing down thro'
To pre - pare a place for you I thith - er go; "I will come a -
And be - cause I live my own shall live al - so; Bless - ed res - ur -

all the a - ges, Those sweet words to-day are mine; O what ten-der peace and
gain and take you," Words of Christ the Lord of love; O what ten-der peace and
rec - tion teachings, In them glad - ly we con-fide; O what ten-der peace and

REFRAIN.

com - fort they be - stow. O what tender peace and comfort, Words of Je - sus
kind and true; "I am go-ing back to heav-en, To pre-pare a place for you."

No. 123. The Blood of the Cross.

James Rowe. J. D. Patton, owner, 1916. J. D. Patton.

1. How our hearts go out to the Ho - ly One When we think of all that His love has done! How we sing His praise when by faith we see, How He saved us
2. We had wandered far from the light and love Of the Lord of earth and all world a - bove, But to save our souls, from His throne on high Je - sus free-ly
3. He a - lone could save from e-ter-nal death! He a - lone could plead with His dy - ing breath! All the world shall praise, All the world a - dore, The e - ter - nal

Refrain.

by His blood on Cal - va - ry. 'Tis the blood that Je - sus shed on Cal - va - ry,
came to suf - fer and to die!
Lamb of God for ev - er - more! 'Tis the blood that Je - sus shed on

That will o - pen Heaven's gate for you and me! Let the world sing "Ho-san-na"
That will o - pen Heaven's gate for you and me! Let the whole world sing "Ho-san-na"

To the Lamb of God who died to make us free!
so free!

No. 124. Singing for Joy.

James Rowe. L. T. Grant, owner, 1916. Lee J. Grant.

1. Letting Christ my friend guide me to the end, Hoping to reign with Him
2. He has died for me, made me pure and free, Surely His mighty love
3. In my home up there, with the angels fair, Je-sus my friend di-vine

ev - er a-bove, (a-bove,) I am marching a - long sing-ing a
nev - er will fail; (will fail; He will keep me His own, leav-ing me
soon I shall see, (shall see,) Then my song I shall raise, fill-ing the

won - der-ful song, Singing for joy, (great joy,) praising His love. (great love.)
nev - er a - lone, So I am sure (am sure) I shall prevail. (prevail.)
sky with His praise, Resting in Him, (in Him,) happy and free. (so free.)

REFRAIN.

Sing - ing for joy,..... prais-ing His love,..... Win-ning the
great joy, great love,

crown..... wait-ing a - bove;..... In His love-light I go
glo - ry crown wait-ing the faith-ful a - bove;

No. 127. We'll Never Grow Old.

Will M. Gray. T. B. Mosley, owner, Albertville, Ala., 1915. **T. B. Mosley.**

1. There's a beau-ti - ful land With a won - der-ful strand; In the bi - ble the sto - ry is told. There the ros - es e'er sway And the leaves ne'er decay,
2. If our bur-dens of dross At the foot of the cross By our Sav - iour di - vine have been rolled, We shall en - ter the gate Of this cit - y, where wait
3. In this cit - y most fair, Free from sor-row and care, Where the beauties of God now un - fold, Bro-ken ties He'll re - store, We shall part nev - er-more,
4. Let us go to this land With the won - der-ful strand, And par-take of its pleasures un - told; There, with heaven's pure throng, Let us sing the "new song"

REFRAIN.

And in - hab - i-tants nev - er grow old.
Ma - ny dear ones who nev-er grow old.
And shall nev-er, oh, nev - er grow old.
Thro' the a - ges and nev - er grow old.

In the midst of that land There's a cit - y most grand, And the streets are all paved with pure gold; In the pal - a - ces there, Al-ways sin - less and fair, We shall dwell and shall nev - er grow old.

No. 128. Our King Immanuel.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. See! the Mon - arch of mon - archs comes in maj - es - ty!
2. Like the waves of the o - cean rolls His praise to - day,
3. O the joy that will thrill us some glad day on high,

Let us bow down and wor - ship Him who do - eth all things well;
For His won - der - ful love has helped so man - y to ex - cel;
When we see Him in glo - ry, where ce - les - tial prais - es swell;

He leads the na-tions out of sin and caus - es foes to flee:
He sends the cap-tives, free from chains, all sing - ing on their way:
Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim all join us when we cry:

All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!
"All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!"
"All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!"
All hail, our King Im-man - u - el!

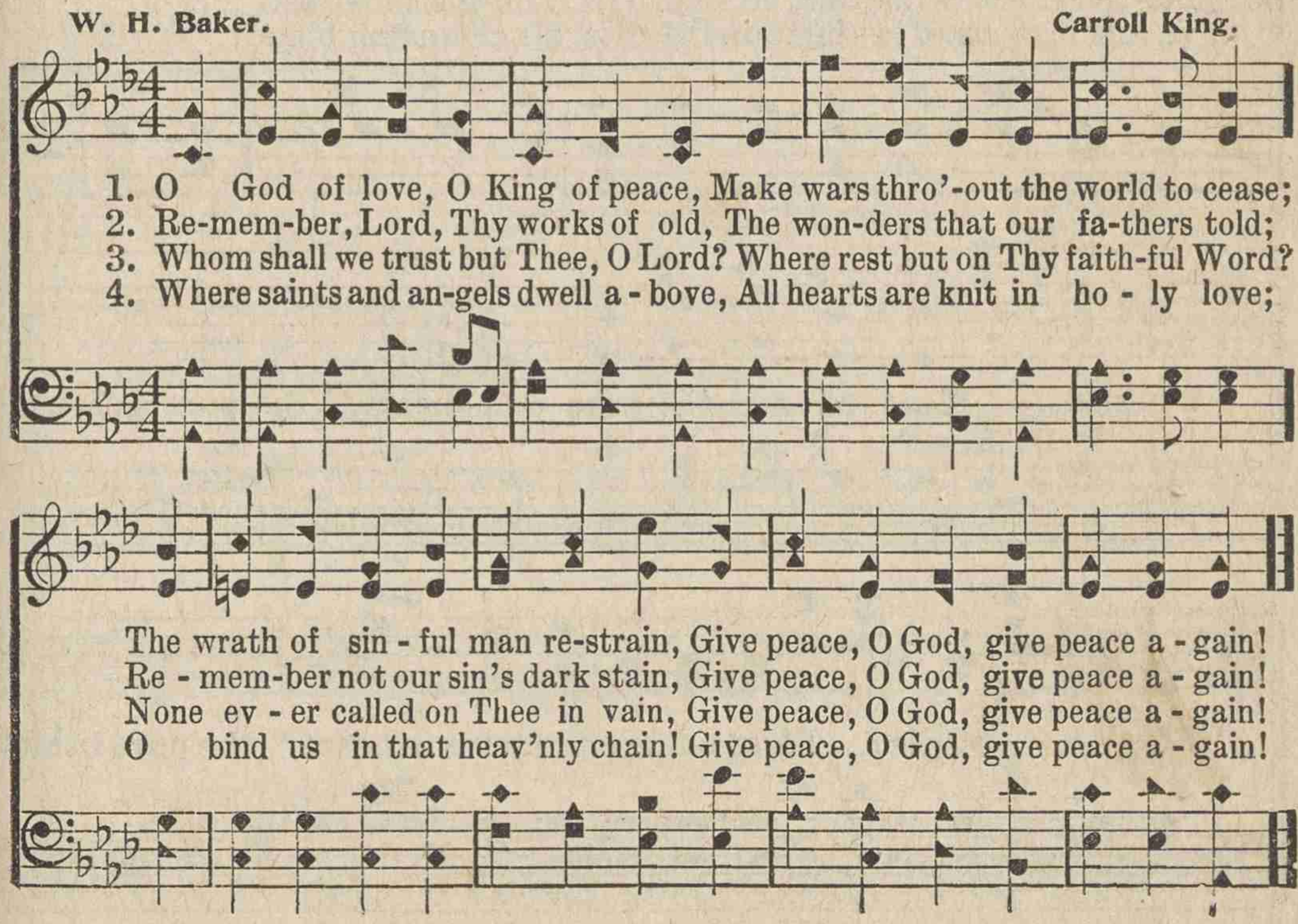
CHORUS.

O hon-or His name for-ev - er for what His grace has done;
O hon-or His name for-ev-er for what His grace has done;

Our King Immanuel.



No. 129. Foster.



No. 130. Keep Thyself Pure.

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915.

T. O. Chisholm. "Keep thyself pure."—1 Tim. 5: 22. A. J. Showalter.

1. "Keep thyself pure." O be - liev - er in Je - sus, Heark - en while God speaks to thee in His Word, Nothing unclean hath a place in His
2. "Keep thyself pure," and thy garments un-spot - ted, Live in the world, by the world un-de-filed, Try - ing to mer - it the Master's ap -
3. "Keep thyself pure," knowing thou art His dwelling, That, thro' His Spir - it, He liv - eth in Thee, Pure in thy words, in thy thoughts and thy
4. "Keep thyself pure," if thine eyes should be-hold Him, For the pure- hearted a - lone shall see God, Clad in the garments of light and sal-

Refrain.

king-dom, Thou must be ho - ly to walk with thy Lord.
prov - al, Tho' by the tongue of the e - vil re-viled. "Blessed,
mo-tives, Knowing that ho - ly His tem-ple must be.
va - tion, Cleansed in the fount of His all-cleansing blood.

bless-ed, Bless - ed are the pure in heart," (the pure in heart,)

"Blessed, blessed, Bless-ed are the pure in heart," (the pure in heart.)

Keep Thyself Pure.

They shall walk with Him in white, Dwell for - ev - er in His sight, "Bless-ed

Slow and soft, but well sustained.

are the pure in heart, For they shall see God, For they shall see God."

No. 131. As I Am I Come.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter. B. K. Knight.

1. As I am I come to Thee, Come but with one wor - thy plea, That the
2. Bet - ter, Lord, how can I be, How from guilt and sin be free, But in
3. Wait-ing not some bet - ter day, Seek-ing not some oth - er way, Now in
4. This poor heart of mine I bring, And the sins which to it cling; En - ter

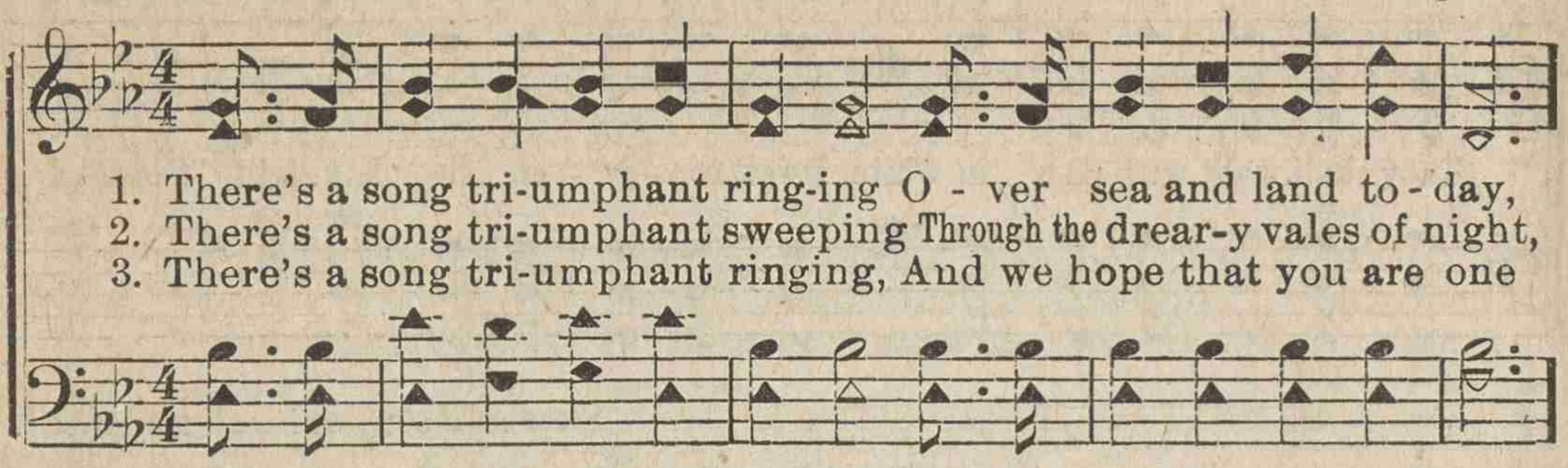
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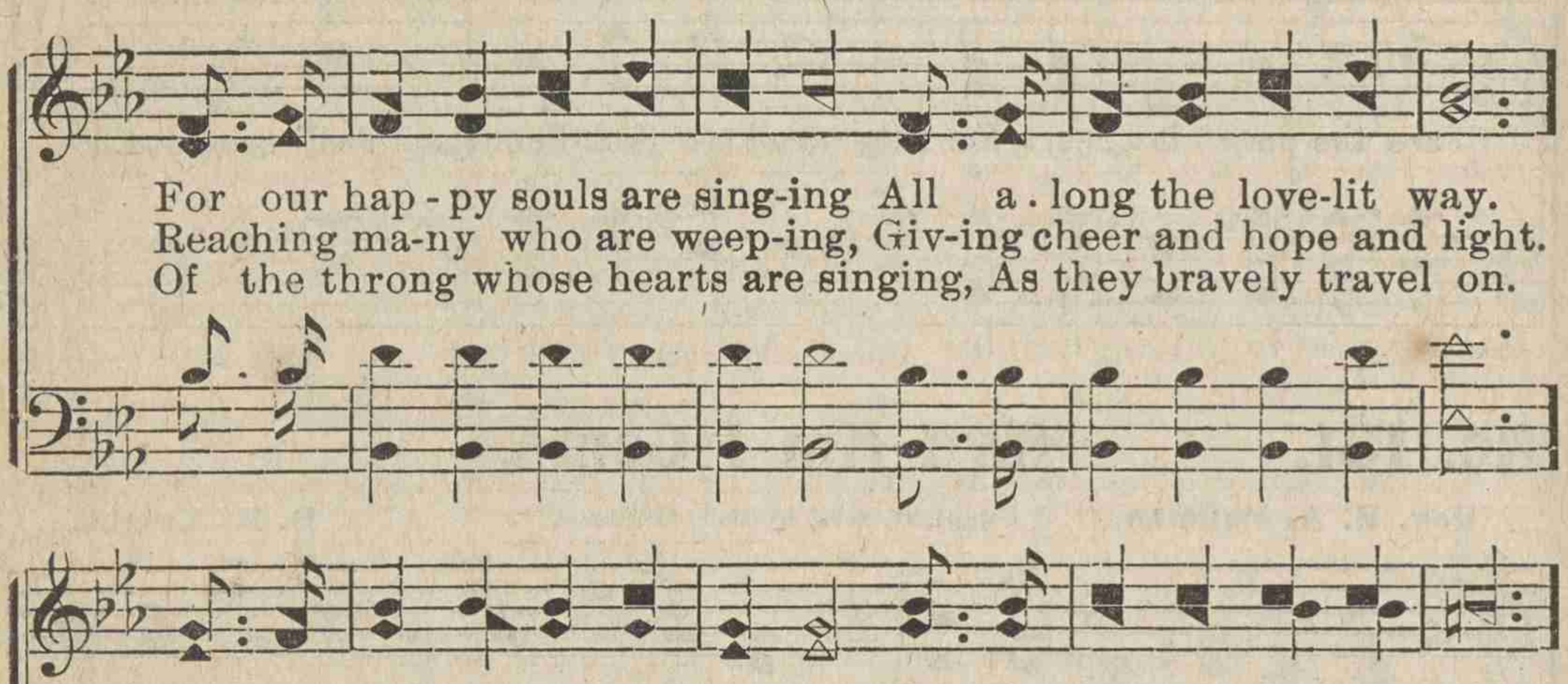
Sav - iour died for me; As I am I come. As I am, I come, Trusting
com - ing un-to Thee? As I am I come.
faith for grace I pray; As I am I come.
in to be its King, As I am I come. As I am I come,

Thee I come; O re-ceive the heart I give Thee! As I am I come.
Trusting Thee I come;

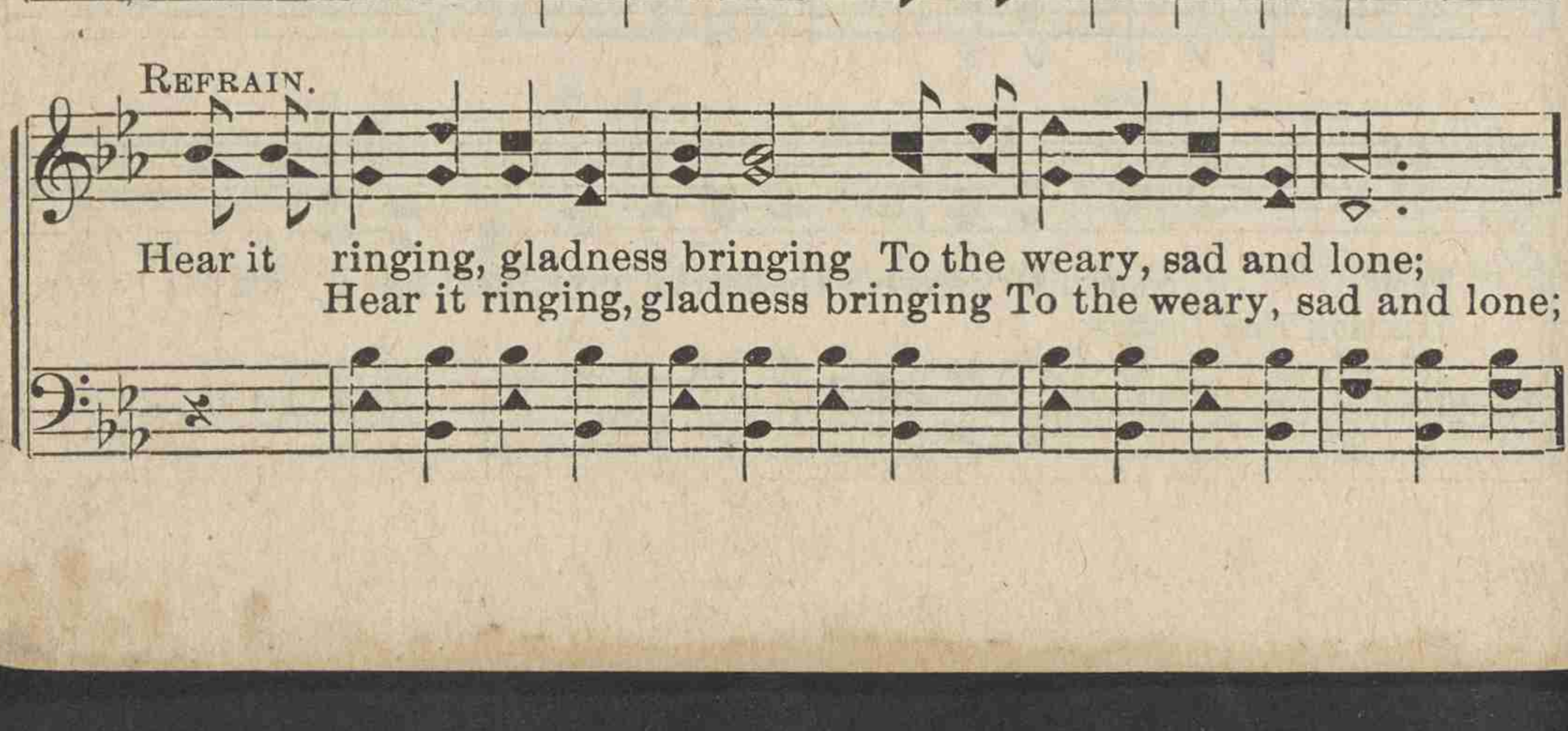
No. 132. The Song Triumphant.

Rev. J. Van Tassel. H. M. Eagle, owner, 1916, Burke's Garden Va. H. M. Eagle.









The Song Triumphant.

Hear it ringing, sweetly springing To the great Redeemer's throne;
Hear it ringing, sweetly springing To the great Redeemer's throne;

'Tis the happy song triumphant Swelling upward from the throng,
'Tis the happy song triumphant Swelling upward from the throng,

Thus we all shall sing till we see our King, And begin the glad new song.

No. 133. O Where Shall Rest Be Found.

James Montgomery. Jeremiah Ingalls.

1. O, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Be-yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove;
4. There is a death whose pang Out-lasts the fleet - ing breath;
5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun,

'Twere vain the o - cean depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un - meas-ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
O, what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A - round the sec - ond death!
Lest we be ban-ished from Thy face, And ev - er-more un-done.

No. 134. Come to the Fountain.

Copyright, 1916, by the A. J. Showalter Co., in Praise and Thanksgiving.

Hon, John Grayson. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Oh, if you are liv - ing wrong, And the way seems dark and long, If your heart has lost its song And in grief you bow, (you bow,) Come to Christ your on - ly friend, On His mer-cy sweet de-pend; That your lone-li-ness may end,
2. Long you may have grieved the Lord, Scorned His love and spurned His word, Yet your soul shall be re-stored, If your heart you give, (you give,) Come to Him with all your tears, Sorrows of the misspent years, All your troubles, sins and fears;
3. To the world no long-er plead, Deaf it is and will not heed; Come to Je - sus in your need, He will take you in; (you in;) Arms of love so strong and true, Now are reaching out for you; Come, let Christ your soul renew

f REFRAIN.

Come to Je - sus now. Come to the foun - tain, Come to the foun - tain,
Come to Him and live.
And re-move your sin. Come, come, come, come to the fountain, Come, come, come, come

p

foun - tain, Oh, come be - liev - ing In your friend a-
to the fountain, Come, come, come, come, come be - liev-ing

Come to the Fountain.

bove, who loves you, He will re-ceive you, Par - don re-
Come, come, come, come, He'll re-ceive you, Come, come, come, come,

lieve you, Come to the foun - tain Of re-deem-ing love.
He'll relieve you, Come, come, come, come to the foun-tain

No. 135. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. Used by permission. C. C. Converse.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trouble an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - lad - en, Cumbered with a load of care?—

What a pri - vi - 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 re - fuge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

FINE.

D. S.—*All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev' - ry-thing to God in prayer!*
D. S.—*Je-sus 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 so - lace there.*

D. S.

O what peace we often for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

No. 136. Glory Over Yonder.

Sharp McNiel. J. D. CARROLL, OWNER, 1916. **J. D. Carroll.**

1. What bright vi-sions come to me as I think of joys to be, 'Twill be
2. Aft - er pil-grim paths are trod, shar-ing in the peace of God, 'Twill be
3. O the bliss that we shall know with our souls made white as snow; 'Twill be

glo - ry when we meet each oth-er there; Je - sus has prepared a home, where no
glo - ry when we meet each oth-er there; While the endless a - ges roll, Christ's a-
glo - ry when we meet each oth-er there; See-ing Je - sus face to face, prais-ing

sin can ev - er come, 'Twill be glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there.
ton - ing blood ex - tol, 'Twill be glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there.
Him for sav - ing grace, 'Twill be glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there.

FINE.

D.S.—*'Twill be glo - ry when we meet each oth - er there.*

REFRAIN.

'Twill be glo - ry o - ver yon - der, 'Twill be glo - ry when we
'Twill be glo - ry o - ver yon-der.

meet each oth - er there! 'Twill be glo - ry o - ver yon - der,
'Twill be glo - ry o - ver yon-der,

D. S.

No. 137. Meet Me There.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. M. S. ODELL, OWNER, 1916. **M. S. Odell.**

1. When this fleet-ing life is o - ver, When I lay my bur - den down,
2. Sometimes joy and some-times sor - row Is my por - tion here be - low,
3. Here the sow-ing and the wait-ing, There the bless-ed "har-vest home,"
4. Loved ones who have jour-neyed with me, And have passed beyond my sight,

Thro' the grace of my Re - deem - er, I shall go to wear a crown.
But 'twill all be joy for - ev - er, In the land to which I go.
Here the sad-ness of de - part - ing, There the safe and shelt'ring dome.
I shall find a - gain with rap - ture, In that land of "pure de - light."

REFRAIN.

Meet me there, . . . O say you'll meet me, Let us

Meet me there, O say you'll meet me, say you'll meet me,

meet at God's right hand; . . Meet me in . . . . . the home of

Meet me in the home of

beau-ty, . . Meet me in the promised land.

beau - ty, home of beau - ty, Meet me in the prom - ised land. (the prom-ised land.)

No. 138. I Shall Meet Him There.

Samuel H. Savage, owner, 1916.

James Rowe. Ref. by S. H. S. Samuel H. Savage.

1. I have heard the Saviour calling, Call-ing sweetly "come to me,"
2. O so hap-py He has made me, Since He took my sins a - way;
3. I am tell - ing out the sto - ry Of His love, as on I go,

And, with tears repentant fall - ing, I have list-ened to His plea.
Thro' all tri - als He will aid me, Till the dawn-ing of the day.
Giv - ing Je - sus all the glo - ry Of my hap - pi-ness be - low.

Upward now with Him I'm go-ing, Sins for-giv - en, free and fair,
Bless His ho - ly name for-ev - er! I will praise Him ev'ry-where,
Soon will dawn the golden morning, Then, with all the pure and fair,

Nearing heaven, tru-ly know-ing That I soon shall meet Him there.
And some day, beyond the river, By His grace, I'll meet Him there.
And His love my soul a-dorn-ing, I shall meet my Sav - iour there.

REFRAIN.

I'll meet Him there some happy morn,
I'll meet Him there..... some happy morn,..... When all the

I Shall Meet Him There.



No. 139. O Wash In That Fountain.

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1916.

Wm. Cooper. Ref. by A. J. S. A. J. Showalter.



No. 140.

Crossing the Bar.

MALE CHORUS OR QUARTET.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Alfred Tennyson. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Con espress.

1. Sun-set and eve-ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no
2. Twilight and eve-ning bell, And aft-er that the dark! And may there be no

pp *mf*

moaning of the bar When I put out to sea, When I put out to sea. But
sad-ness of farewell When I, when I em-bark, When I, when I em-bark. For

rit.

such a tide as moving seems asleep,
tho' from out our bourne of time and place,
Too full for sound and foam,
The flood may bear me far;

Too full for sound and foam,.....
The flood may bear me far, ...

a tempo.

When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
I hope to see my Pi-lot face to face,
Turns a-gain home,
When I have crossed,

Turns a-gain home,.....
When I have crossed, ...

Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain home, Turns a-gain home.
When I have crossed, When I have crossed, crossed the bar.

No. 141. Just Tell the Lord About It.

Mrs. A. B. Wade. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.

Second tenor prominent.

1. Are your feet so worn and wea - ry? Do burdens weigh you down?
2. Do your trust-ed friends for-sake you? Your brightest prospects fail?
3. Do your foes with - out op-press you, And foes with-in re - main?
4. Are your heart-strings rent a - sun - der By sor-row's cru - el pain?

Does the way seem dark and drear - y, And far re-moved the crown?
Do mis-for-tunes o - ver - take you, And la - bors naught a - vail?
Do your doubts and fears pos-sess you, And life seem all in vain?
Till you can but sigh and won - der, Will peace e'er come a - gain?

REFRAIN. *Faster and brighter.*

Just tell the Lord about it, He'll give you grace to bear Each crushing weight of

sor-row, Each tri - al with you share; This world is full of troub-le, Add

Rallentando.

not to it your own, Just tell the Lord about it, And trust His grace alone.

No. 142. Light Celestial.

James Rowe. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1915. A. J. Showalter.

1. Some on beds of ease shun the tri-als be-low, Others struggle with
2. Oft we long to know why so ma-ny must weep While so many have
3. Those that we love best leave us lonely, to sigh, While the thoughtless and
4. Let us do the will of the Saviour di-vine, Bravely meeting the

trouble and pain; And we wonder why, but up yonder, we know, Light ce-
sel - dom a sigh; But we're living now where the shadows are deep, And shall
love-less remain; But the better light will be ours, by and by, For in
tri - als that fall, Till the night be past and the morning shall shine, And make

REFRAIN.

les - tial will make it all plain. Bet - ter light will come in the
have bet-ter light, by and by.
heav-en it all will be plain.
clear all these things to us all.

Better light will come

morning, we know, As we enter the glo - ri-fied land; Let us cling to the

Lord and re - ly on His word, For at last we shall all understand.

No. 143. In the Hollow of His Hand.

(Male Chorus or Quartet.)

Florence Jones Hadley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Carroll King.**

1. In the hol-low of His hand He will hide me When
2. In the hol-low of His hand He will hide me When the
3. In the hol-low of His hand He will hide me When the

doubt and sin draw near, Tho' no earth - ly friend may walk be-
storm is on the deep, And I know what - ev - er may be-
storms of life sweep by, To the har - bor safe He will

side me I rest se - cure from fear.....
tide me His vig - il He will keep.....
guide me Where His bless - ed is - lands lie.....

rit.

CHORUS.

I know what-e'er be - tide me His hand will safe - ly guide me,

His love will ev - er hide me In the hol-low of His hand.

No. 144. Harvest Time Is At Hand.

S. W. B. Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Rise, ye sleepers, go a - way To the harvest field to - day, Harvest
2. Lift your eyes and see the grain Waving on the rolling plain, Harvest
3. Up, ye sleepers, go a - long, Join-ing in the har-vest song; Harvest

time is at hand; Ripe and read - y stands the
We must reap and bind in
Har-vest time is at hand: Go and reap with one ac -

yield, Go, the sick - le glad - ly wield, Harvest time is at
haste Or the grain will go to waste,
cord For the gar-ners of the Lord, Harvest time

REFRAIN.

hand. Har-vest time is at hand,
is at hand. Harvest time is at hand,

Will you willing workers be, While ripened grain you see? Harvest time
Harvest time

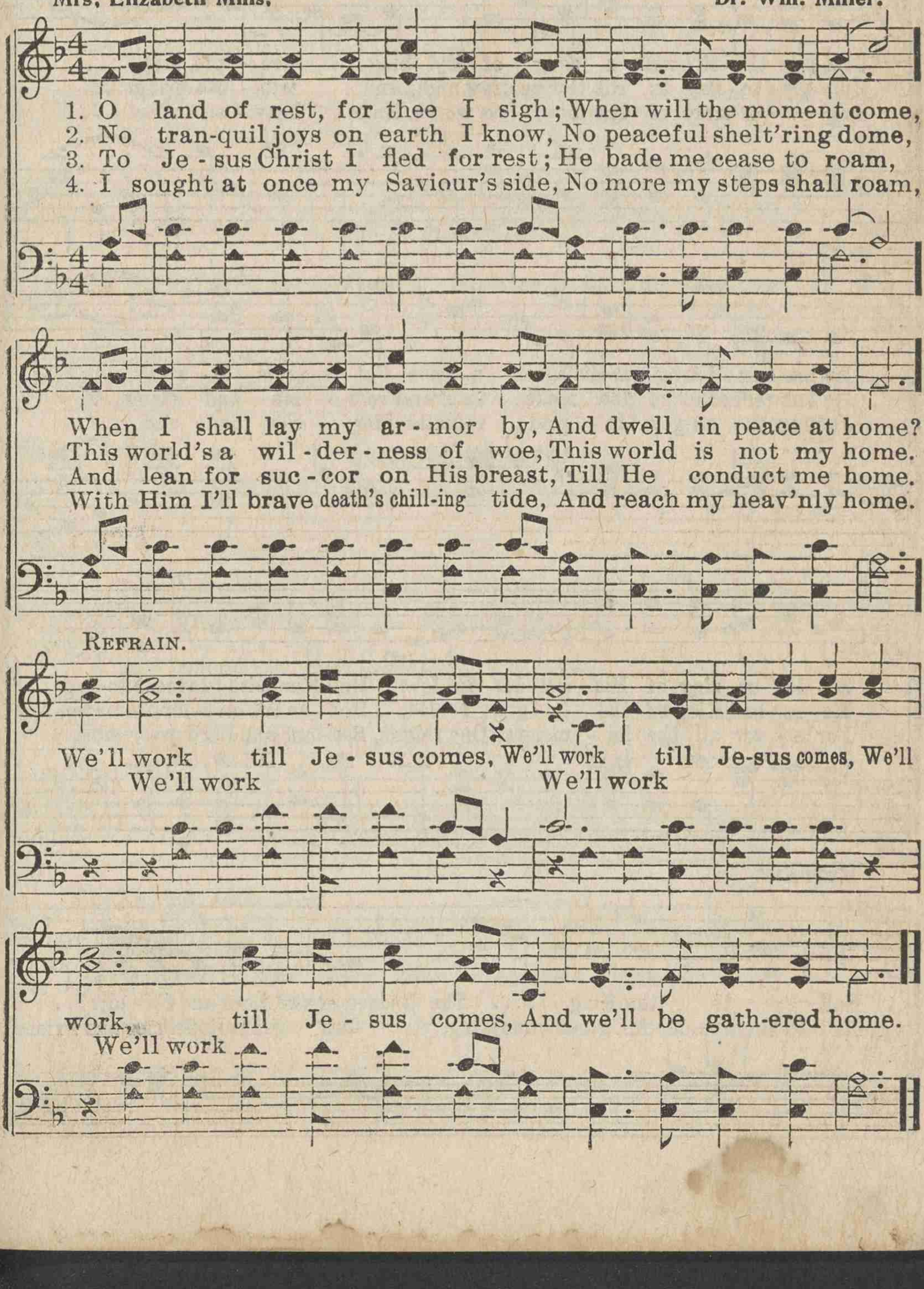
Harvest Time Is At Hand.



No. 145. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31: 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. **Dr. Wm. Miller.**



No. 146. Hail to the King.

James Rowe. T. B. Mosley, Albertville, Ala., owner, 1915. T. B. Mosley.

1. Now let His prais-es our hearts employ, Hail..... to the King!....
2. He is the Rul - er of earth and sky, Hail..... to the King!....
3. Great is His glo - ry in all the earth, Hail..... to your King!....

Glad-den the sky with a song of joy, Sing, peo - ple, sing.....
Hum-bly to - day to His throne draw nigh, And trib - ute bring.....
Sing ev - er-more of His match-less worth, Make heav - en ring! ...

He has come down from His home a - bove For souls a - stray;....
He has redeemed us and made us free From sin and shame,...
Joining the an-gels in glad refrains, Sing o'er and o'er,.....

So let us sing of His won-der - ful love, Hail Him with gladness to-day.
He - ro and King of the a - ges is He, Hon - or His won-der-ful name.
For o - ver all the im - mor-tal One reigns, Sav-iour and Lord ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

Hail to the King,..... The Redeemer and Lord and Friend;....
Hail to the won-der-ful, glo-ri - ous King, The great Redeemer and Friend;

Hail to the King.

Sing Chris - tians, sing,..... Let our hap-pi - est praise ascend;....
Sing, all ye na-tions, oh, joy-ous-ly sing, Let hap-py praises ascend;

Hail to the King,..... That shall rule us for ev - er-more;.....
Hail to the won-der-ful, glo-ri-ous King, For He shall rule evermore;

Voic-es employ in an an-them of joy, Hail to the King we a - dore.....
the King we adore.

No. 147. Our Prayer.

(Dedicated to my special class, Albertville, Ala., 1915.)

T. B. Mosley.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name,
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy
will be done, on earth As it is in heaven;
And forgive us our tress-
passes, As we forgive those that tresspass a - gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom,
and the power and the glory, for ever, A - men. A - men.

No. 148. In the Morning.

James Rowe. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In the land of e - ter - nal glo - ry we shall joy-ful-ly tell the sto - ry, At the breaking of the day; By the beau-ti - ful crys-tal riv - er we shall live with the Lord forever, When the shadows pass a-giv-en, He will welcome us home to heaven, When the shadows pass a-

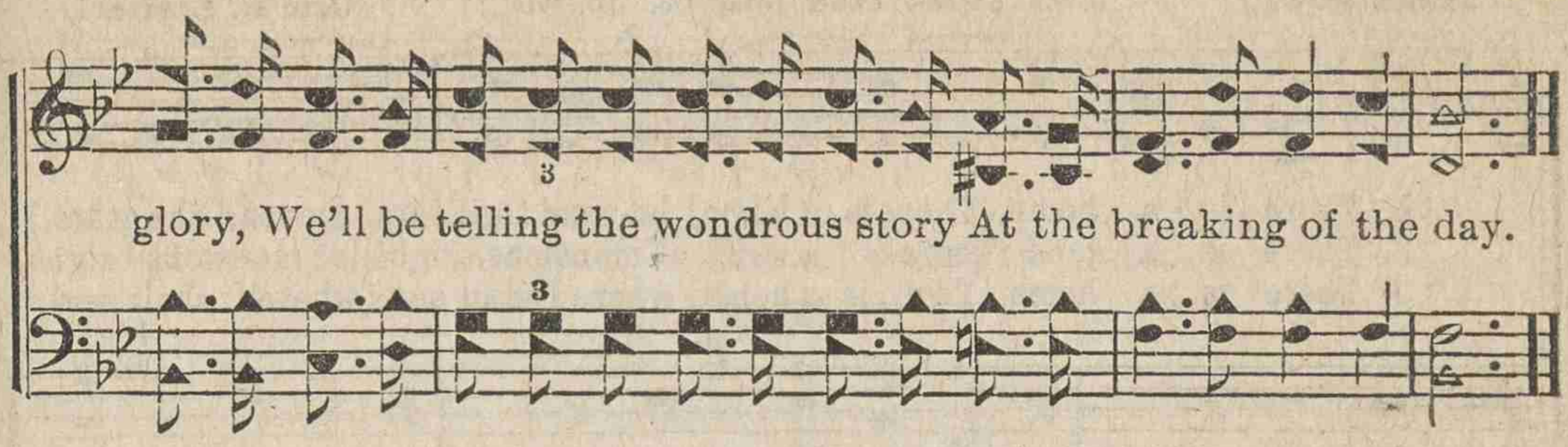
2. We shall stand on the shore supernal, see our mansions of rest e- ter - nal, At the breaking of the day; And the friends that we miss will meet us, and our dear ones will sweetly greet us, When the shadows pass a-

3. Our Redeemer will stand be-fore us, as we sing in the end-less cho - rus, At the breaking of the day; To His own will His hand be way.....

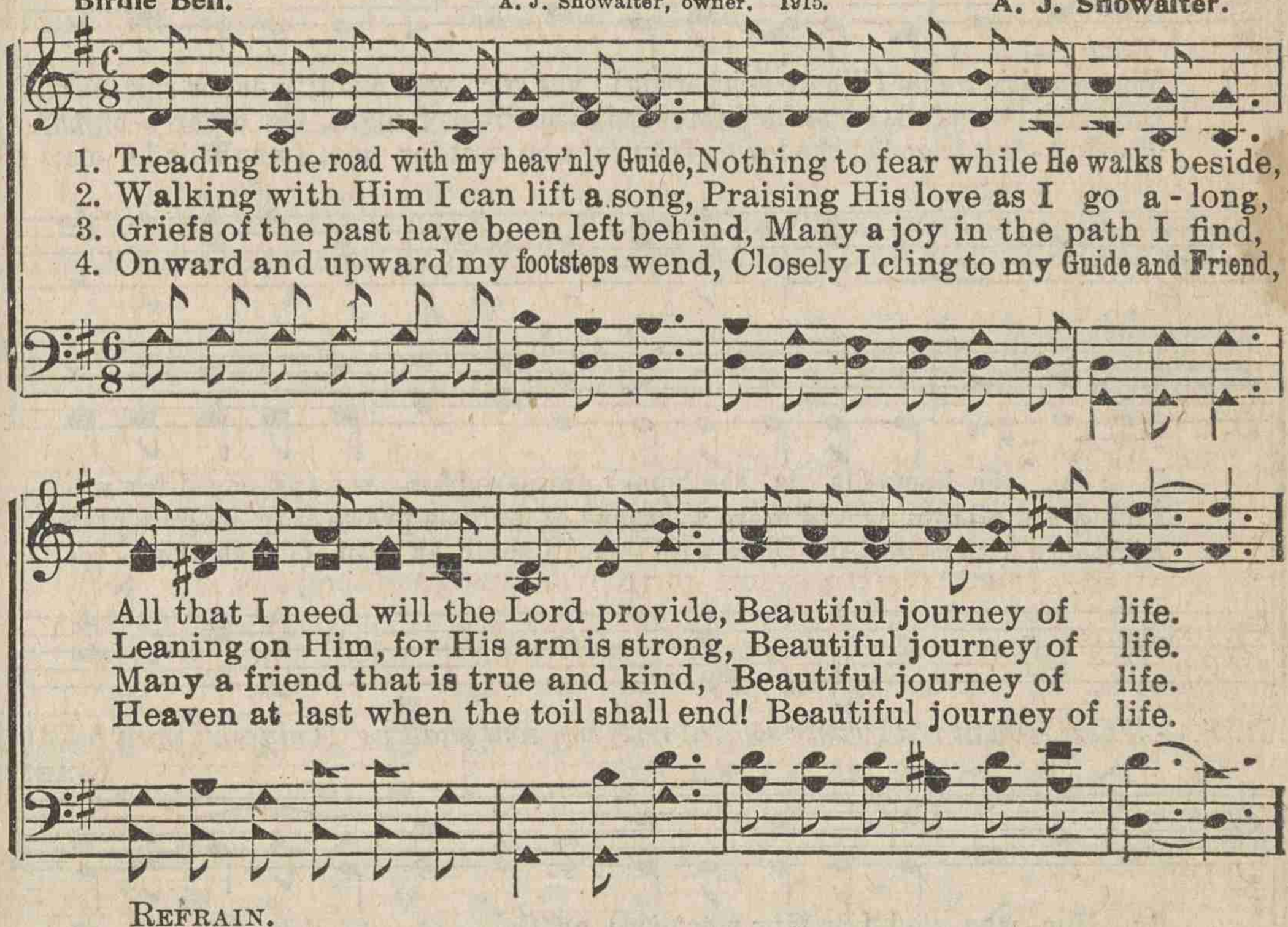
REFRAIN.

In the morn - ing, the glo-ri-ous morn - ing, In the morning, glorious morning, by and by, At the end - ing of the way! In the land of e - ter - nal by and by!

In the Morning.



No. 149. Beautiful Journey of Life.



No. 150. My Friend of Galvary.

James Rowe. Ocie E. Stewart, owner, Sylacauga, Ala., 1916. Ocie E. Stewart.

1. There is a home (There is a home) be-yond the stars, (beyond the stars,)
2. There is a land (There is a land) of mansions bright,(of mansions bright,)
3. There is a home (There is a home) where I shall see (where I shall see)

Where neither sin (Where neither sin) nor sor - row mars; (nor sor-row mars;)
On which there falls (On which there falls) no drear-y night, (no drear-y night,)
The lov - ing friends (The loving friends) who wait for me; (who wait for me;)

f.

It is the home (It is the home) pre-pared for me (prepared for me)
And there a throng (And there a throng) of an-gels praise (of an-gels praise)
And there with them (And there with them) I shall ex - tol (I shall ex - tol)

D. S.—*Where soon at rest (where soon at rest) my soul shall be (my soul shall be)*

FINE.

By Him who died (By Him who died) on Cal - va - ry. (on Cal - va - ry.)
The friend whose love (The friend whose love) makes glad my days.(makes glad my days.)
The friend who heal'd (The friend who heal'd) my dy - ing soul. (my dy - ing soul.)

With Christ my friend (With Christ my friend) of Cal-va - ry. (of Cal-va - ry.)

REFRAIN.

O home be-yond the hills of time!
O home be - yond..... the hills of time!.....

My Friend of Calvary.

D. S.

O, hap - py place,.... ..... a-bode sub-lime!
O hap-py place, a - bode sub-lime!.....

No. 151. Trying His Mercy To Show.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Amos A. Hurt, owner, 1916. **Amos A. Hurt.**

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Answer, O friend, to - day,
2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Conscience has asked your heart,
3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Sweet is the work He gives,

He, in His goodness, hath saved you, Do you His message o-bey?
Great is the need, you can see it, Bravely be do-ing your part;
Sure the re-ward of the christian, Blessed the life that he lives;

Out in the highways and hedg - es, Je-sus has bid you go,
Sor - row and sin are a - round you, All his dear love should know,
Beau - ti - ful mansions up yon - der, Robes that are white as snow,

Seek-ing the sad and the err - ing, Try-ing His mercy to show.
Christian, be true to the Mas-ter, Try-ing His mercy to show.
Kept for the ones who are faithful, Try-ing His mercy to show.

No. 152. The Fountain Divine.

James Rowe. J. D. Patton, owner, 1916. J. D. Patton.

1. I have left my sins in the flood di - vine, Which my Saviour so free - ly gave; And I feel se - cure for this hope is mine, I be-
2. I be - lieve that those who will wash therein, Will be made just as white as snow, And be giv - en strength that their souls may win, When a-
3. Ye whose souls are stained and whose hearts are sad, Seek the fountain di- vine to-day; Let the blood of Christ make you pure and glad; Have your

REFRAIN.

lieve He is a - ble to save. I be-lieve He is a - ble to save (will save,) For His life for my soul Je - sus gave, (Jesus gave,) I'm
gain they be met by the foe. He will save, For His life for my soul Je - sus gave,
bur - den of sin rolled a - way. I be-lieve, I be-lieve

trusting the blood; the cleansing flood, I be-lieve He is a - ble to save.

No. 153. O Glory Land.

Gurdon Robins. O. V. Grice, owner, 1916, O. V. Grice.

1. There is a land mine eyes hath seen, In vis-ions of enraptured tho't,
2. A land up - on whose blissful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain;
3. Its skies are not like earthly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
4. There sweeps no des - o - lat - ing wind A-cross the calm se-rene a - bode;

So bright that all which spreads between, Is with its ra-diant glory fraught.
There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a - gain.
It has no need of suns to rise, To dis-si - pate the gloom of night.
The wand'rer there a home may find, Within the Par - a - dise of God.

REFRAIN.

O glo-ry land..... with mansions fair,..... Prepared by
O glo-ry land with mansions fair,

Christ..... for all His own;..... Some hap-py day,.....
Prepared by Christ for all His own, for all His own; Some happy day

will find me there,..... Where I shall sing a-round His throne.
will find me there, will find me there,

No. 154. Traveling On.

B. R. Bert Riddles, owner, 1916. Bert Riddles.

1. We are trav-el - ing to our home, Never from its a - bode to roam, Traveling
2. Ma - ny loved ones have gone before, All their sorrowings now are o'er,
3. What a welcome for us will ring 'Round the palace of Christ our King,

on,..... ..... we're trav - el - ing on;.....
Trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on, we're trav - el - ing on, yes, trav - el-ing on,

Draw-ing near-er to Christ each day, Casting ev - er - y doubt a-way, Trav-el-ing
They are wait-ing for us up there, In the cit - y of light so fair,
Let us fol-low Him day by day, Casting ev - er - y weight a-way,

D. S.—Soon our spirits will safely land On that heav-en - ly shining strand, Traveling

FINE.

on,..... we're trav - el - ing on.....
Trav-el - ing, trav-el-ing on, we're trav - el - ing on, yes, trav - el - ing on.

REFRAIN.

Trav - el-ing on,..... we're trav-el-ing on,.....
Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, we're trav-el-ing on,

Traveling On.

D. S.

Trav-el - ing to..... a beau-ti - ful home;.....
Trav-el-ing to a beau-ti - ful home, our beau-ti-ful home;

No. 155. Keep the Lord Beside You.

James Rowe, C. L. Williams, owner, Haleyville, Ala., 1916. C. L. Williams.

1. Keep the Lord be - side you, As you go a - long, By your love for oth-ers,
2. Keep the Lord be - side you, By your love for Him; Praise Him in the sun-light,
3. Keep the Lord be - side you Till you reach the gate Where the crowns of glory

And your hap-py song. He will tar - ry with you, If you trust His love,
And in shadows dim; He will nev - er leave you When the foe is near,
For the loy - al wait. He will safe-ly guide you, Hold-ing fast your hand,

REFRAIN.

And, with faith and courage, Point the lost a - bove.
If each day you la - bor In His vineyard here. Keep the Lord be - side you,
Till you share His glo - ry, In the morning land.

All a - long the way, Then you will be hap - py Ev - 'ry pass-ing day.

No. 156. My Home.

Brown Rowland A. B. Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Not too fast.

1. On - ly for a lit - tle while here have I to stay, Just a few fleeting years more to roam; Then up-on my Saviour's breast I shall speed a -
2. Here so ma - ny lives are drear, all is brightness there; Songs of joy ring and swell ev - er - more; Not a tear is ev - er seen, not a sign of
3. Pa - tient I will be and strong, trusting, watch and wait, And, in faith, for my need, look a - bove, Till the Friend who died for me, calls me to the

REFRAIN.

way, To my home in heav - en, my e - ter - nal home! Home..... .....
care, In that hap-py coun - try on the oth - er shore.
gate, And shall bid me wel-come to the home I love. Beautiful home, my

..... free from all com-plain - ing, Sweet a-bode from which my soul will
heav'nly home, com-plain - ing sad,

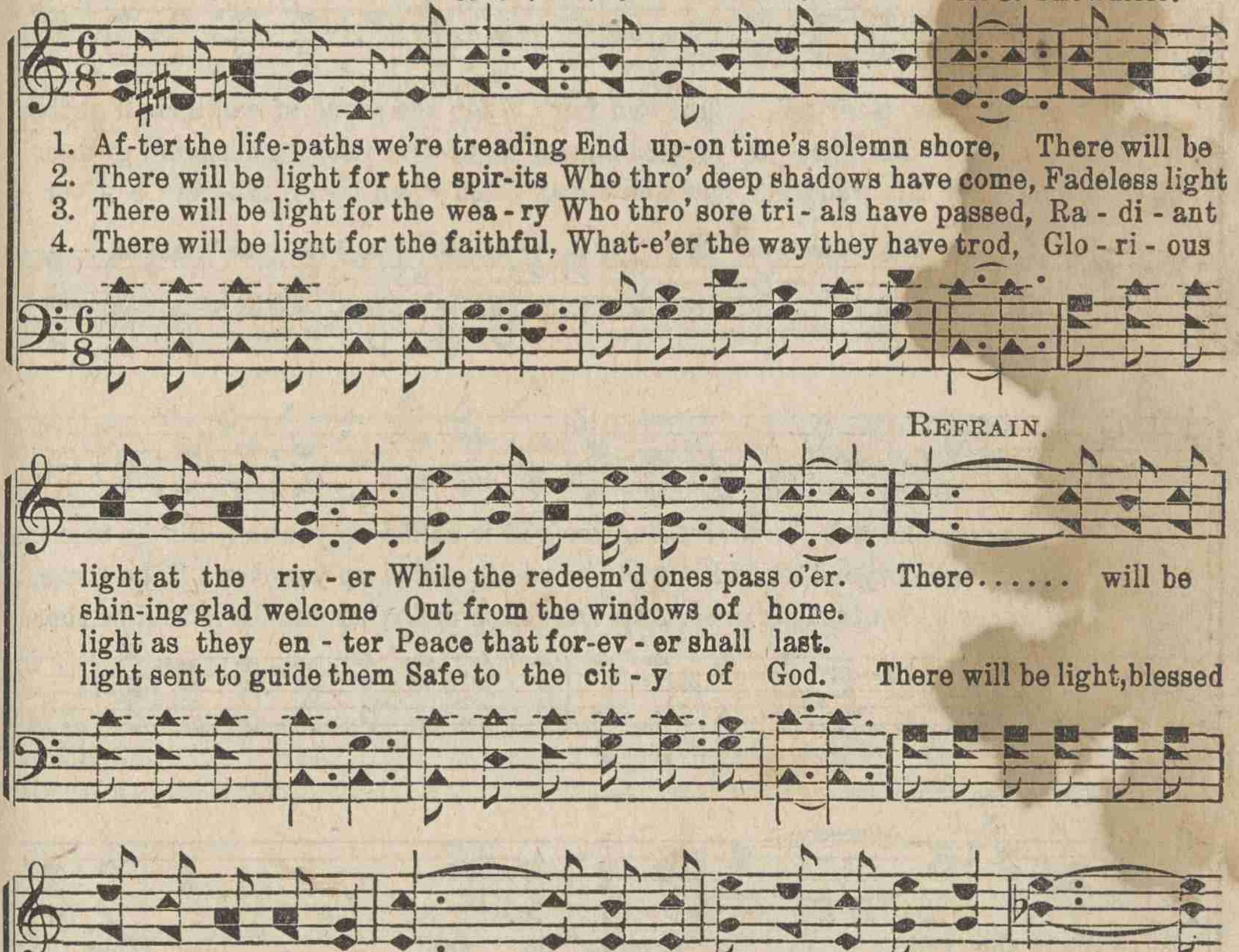
nev - er roam, (in sad-ness), Home.....
nev - er, nev - er roam,..... Beau-ti - ful home, my heav-'nly home,

My Home.



No. 157. There Will be Light at the River.

Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter. **A. J. Showalter.**



No. 158. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. Used, by per. of J. M. Black. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rection share; When His chosen ones shall gath-er
3. Let us la - bor for the Master from the dawn till setting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver

o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, We'll be there.

REFRAIN.

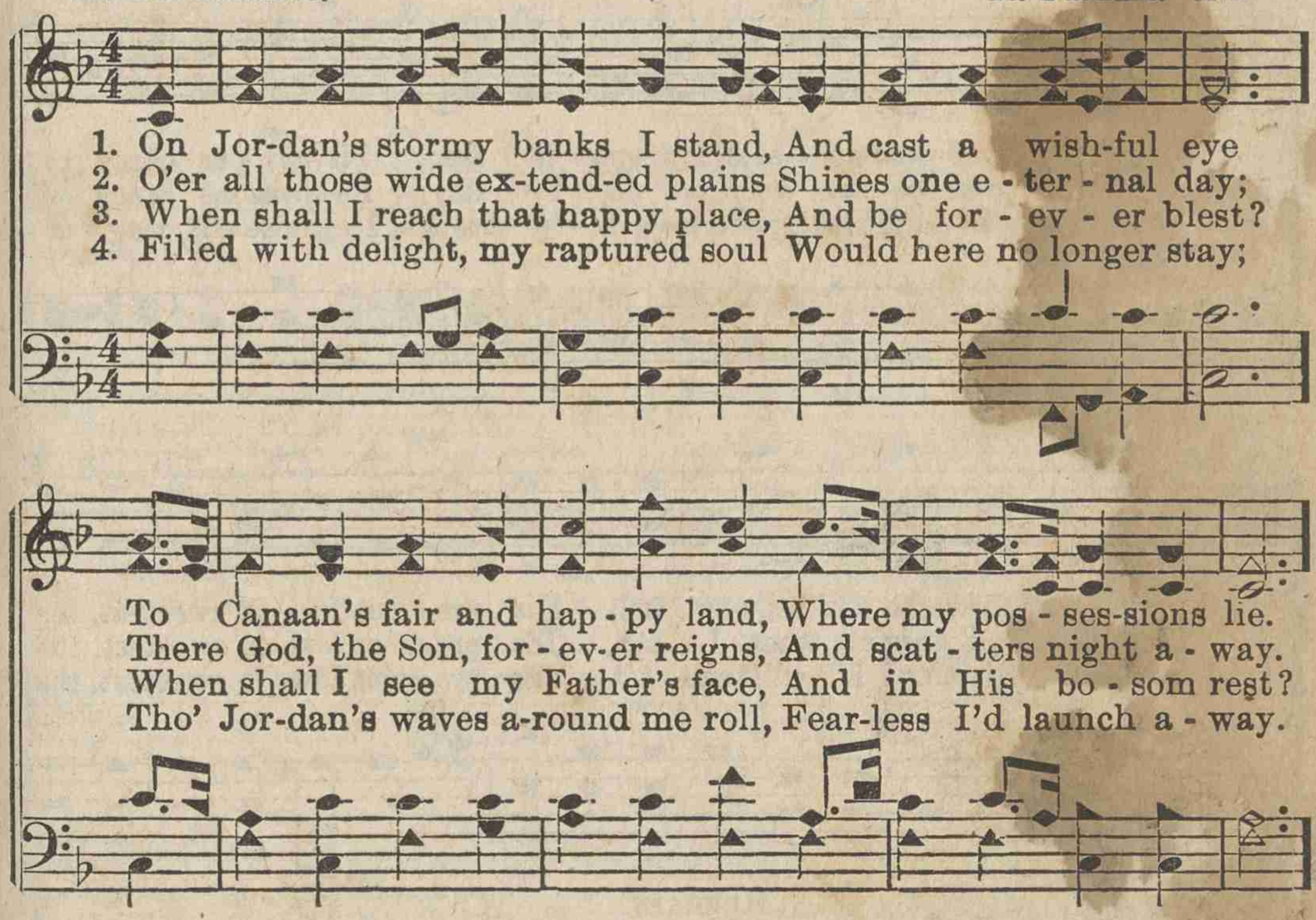
When the roll ..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll ..... is called up yon - - der, When the roll
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.



No. 159. I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

Samuel Stennett. M. Durham. Arr.





No. 160. The Sweetest Love of All.

D. R. van Sickle. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I have a lov - ing Sav - iour, He's all in life to me, He fills my heart with glad-ness and sets my spir - it free; I'll nev - er cease to praise Him till earth and heav-en fall, His pre-cious love is sweetest, the
2. When I, dis-cour-aged, fal - ter or stum-ble by the way, I hear His whispered prom-ise to keep me day by day; He gives me grace and cour - age, and answers when I call, His pre-cious love is sweetest, the
3. When sorrows o - ver-take me, when clouds hide all the blue,—How-ev - er deep the wa - ters, He'll guide me safe - ly through; I praise and mag - ni - fy Him, His name I will ex - tol, His pre-cious love is sweetest, the

REFRAIN.

sweetest love of all. The sweetest love of all,.... the sweetest love of all,..... The love my bless-ed Sav-iour has for you, for me; It
The sweet-est love of all, the sweet-est love of all,

The Sweetest Love of All.

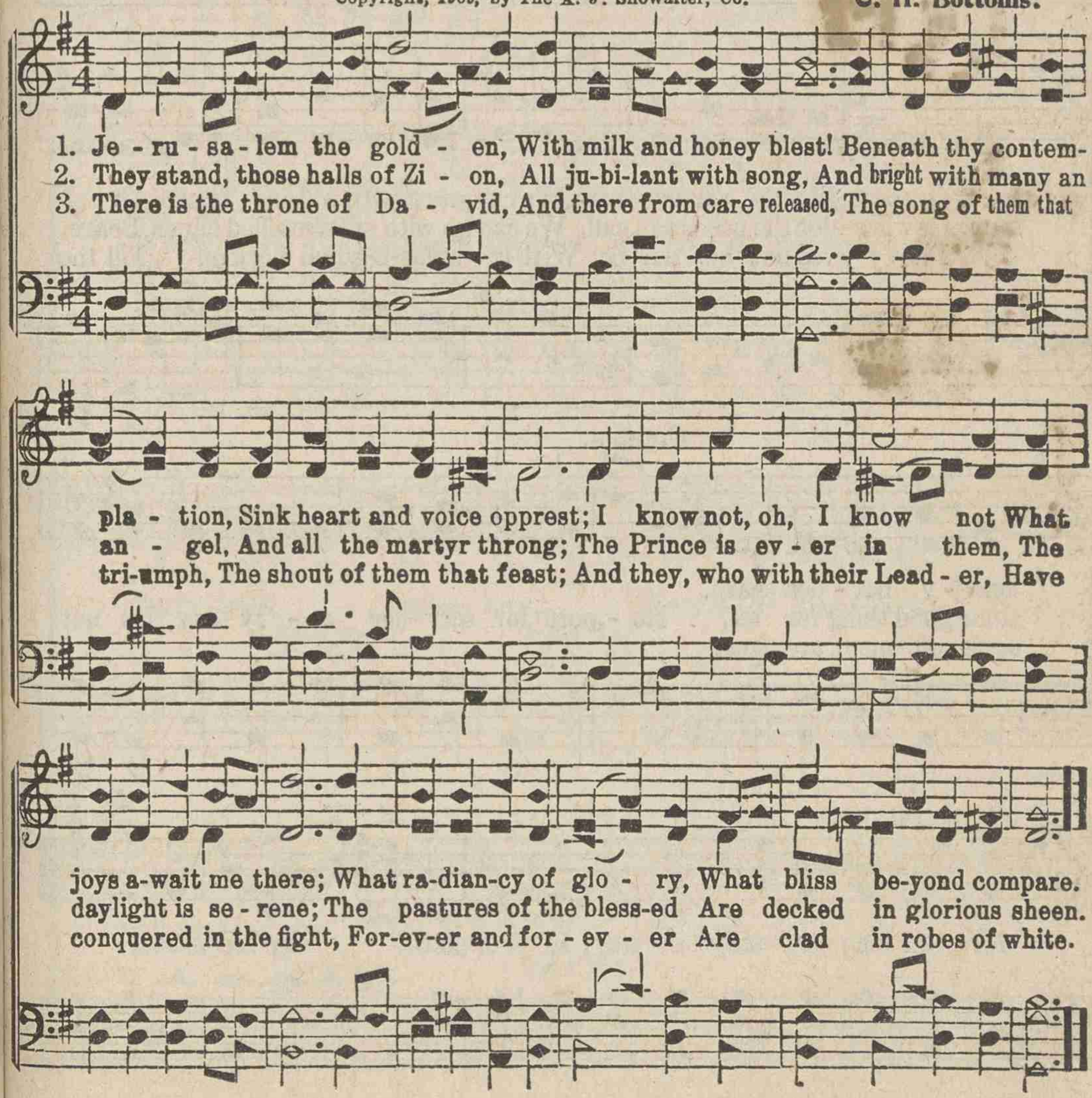




No. 161. Jerusalem, the Golden.

Copyright, 1909, by The A. J. Showalter, Co.

C. H. Bottoms.



No. 162. Report For Service.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. While the days are go - ing by, There is much we all may do; We may help in an - y place, And some service ren-der true. In some lit - tle cor - ner here, Or some lit - tle cor-ner there, We can work with will-ing hands, Or a lane, Or wher-e'er the need may call, We can go with outstretched hands Bearing cold, Bus - y lives not bar-ren be; With in - creas-ing zeal work on Till the heav - y bur - den share.

2. We can scat-ter sun-shine bright, As we go a - long the way; We can smile a-way some cloud That obscures the shining ray. In the mart or in the some good thing for all. Re - port for serv - ice ev - 'ry day, Do not

3. Ev - 'ry kind - ly deed we do, Ev-'ry kind - ly word that's giv'n, Ev-'ry no - ble impulse here Is re-cord-ed there in heav'n. Earnest hearts will not grow souls of men are free.

CHORUS.

loi - ter long or stay a - way; In your place, by His grace,

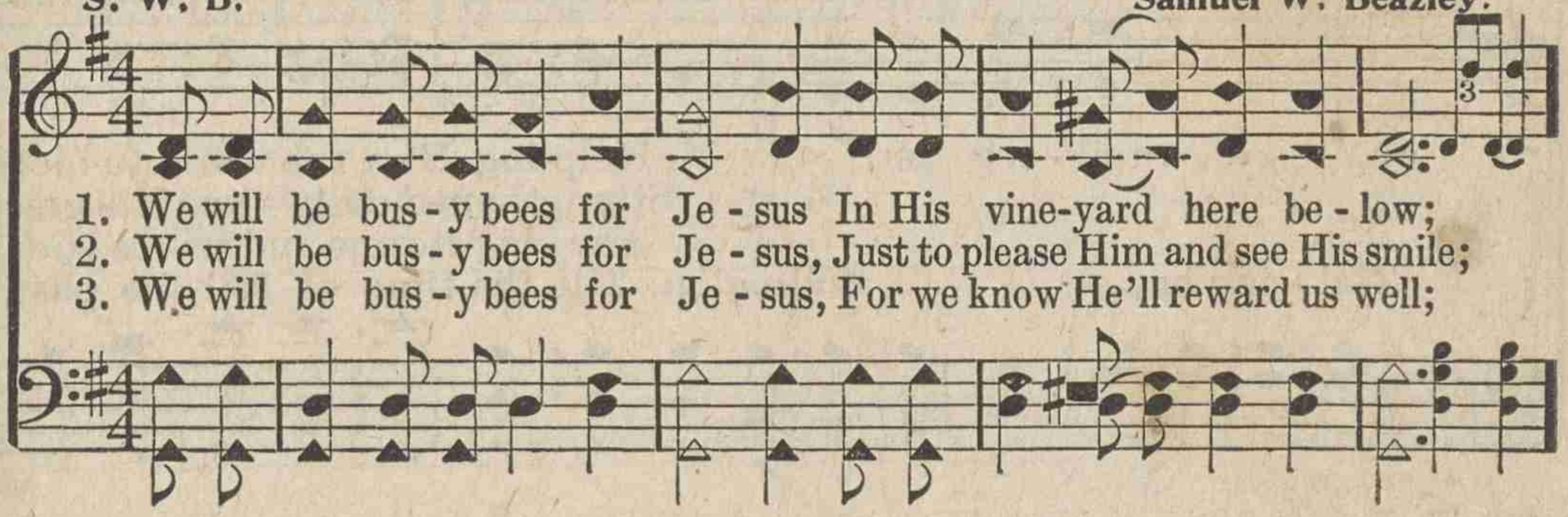
Report For Service.

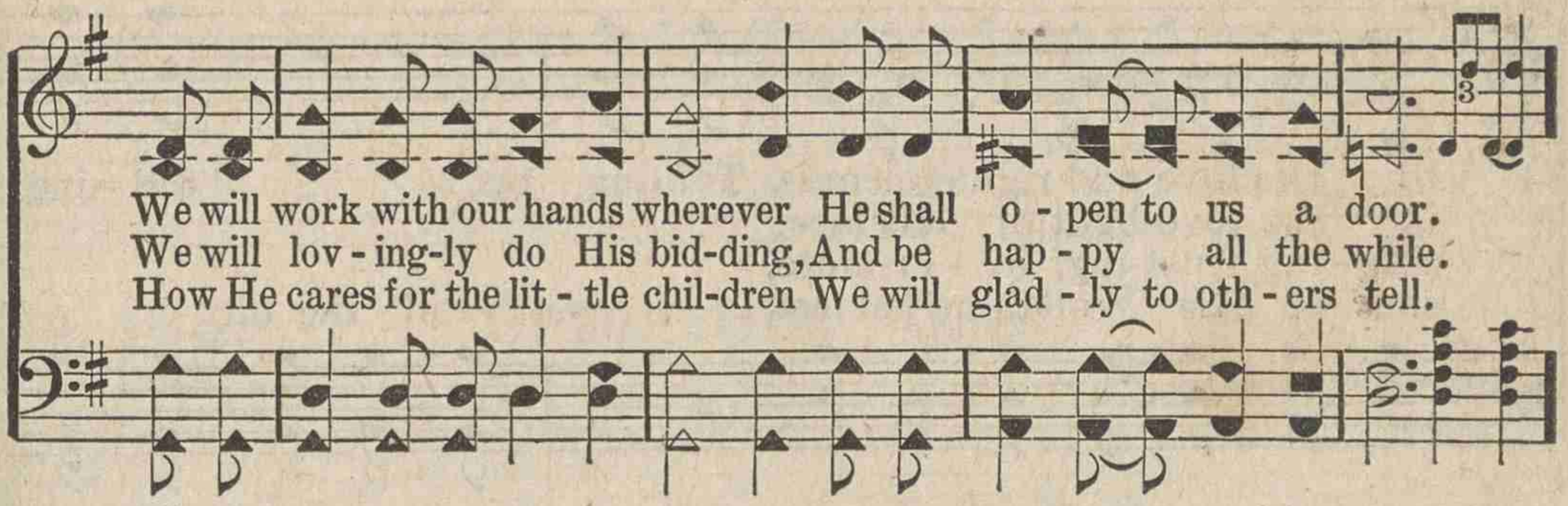


No. 163. Busy Bees.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.





CHORUS.



No. 164. Toiling On.

James Rowe. A. J. Showalter, owner, 1916. A. J. Showalter.

1. At the harvest Lord's command we are us-ing heart and hand, Toiling
2. Helping Him to gath-er grain from the val-ley, hill and plain, Toiling
3. Time and tal-ents us - ing here in the Master's service dear, Toiling
4. By the pow - er of His love treasures lay-ing up a - bove, Toiling

on, toil - ing on, Help-ing Him the world to bless
Strengthened daily by His grace
Fac - ing storms and tri-als sore,
Toil - ing on, toiling on, Till the time of toil be past,

by His love and righteousness, Toil-ing on, toil - ing
in the love-light of His face,
sing - ing, trust-ing, ev - er-more,
sure of His "Well done" at last, toil - ing on,

REFRAIN.

on. Toil-ing on, with a smile,
toil-ing on. Toil-ing on, with a smile, Or a

Or a song, all the while; Working all the time for the
song all the while,

Toiling On.

Lord sublime, Ev - er toil-ing, toil-ing on; (toiling on); We will toil
Ev - er toil - ing on; We will toil for the
for the Lord, Till we win the re-ward, Till shall
Lord, Till we win the re - ward,
set the sun and the day be done, We will all keep toil-ing on. (toil-ing on).
We will all toil on.

No. 165. Ortonville. 6. M.

John Newton. Dr. Thomas Hastings.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be - liev-er's ear; It sooths his
2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warmest tho't; But when I
4. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev -'ry fleet-ing breath; And may the

sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear, And drives a-way his fear.
to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
mu - sic of Thy name Re-fresh my soul in death, Re-fresh my soul in death.

No. 166. What a Meeting.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. P. WAMMACK, OWNER, 1916. A. P. Wammack.

1. There are man - y, man - y mansions in my Father's house a-bove, There is
2. Here on earth our cares are man-y, oft our wear - y hearts are sad, But with-
3. Precious loved ones there are waiting, seems we now can hear their songs, As they

room for all who trust Him and a-bide with-in His love; There are riches, glo-ry,
in those shin-ing mansions we shall ev - er-more be glad; Serving God and pressing
praise the King of Glo-ry, un-to whom all praise be-longs; O, our hearts have no con-

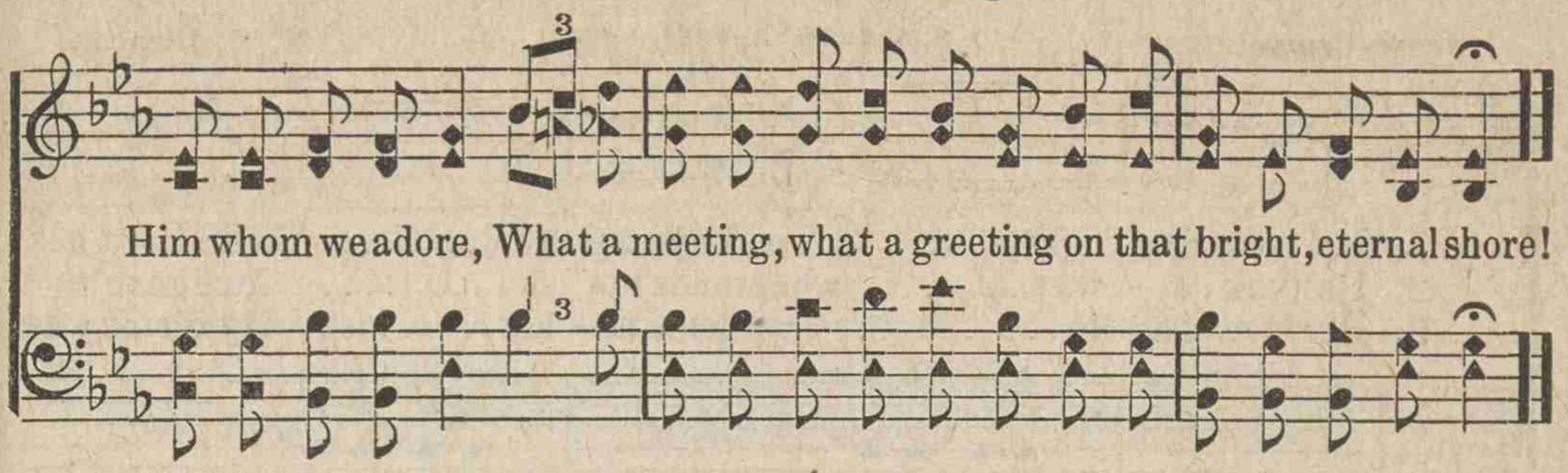
hon - or, there is joy for-ev-er-more: What a meeting, what a greeting on that
on-ward, soon our tri - als will be o'er: What a meeting, what a greeting on that
cep-tion of the glories there in store: What a meeting, what a greeting on that

REFRAIN.

bright, e-ter-nal shore! What a meet - ing that will be!
What a meeting, glo-ri-ous meet-ing that will be, yes, that will be!

What a greet - ing that will be! Re-u-nit-ed ne'er to sever, safe with
What a greet-ing, glo-ri-ous greeting that will be!

What a Meeting.



No. 167. Friendship All Divine.

John Newton.
Refrain added.

J. DAVID WEST, OWNER, 1916.

J. David West.



No. 168. O Mighty Love.

James Rowe. N. G. DUNCAN, OWNER, 1916. N. G. Duncan.

1. My heart is light,..... for from my soul..... The Lord has
2. He took a - way ..... what made me sad ..... And gave to
3. His love shall be..... my theme be - low,..... My theme when

caused..... my sins to roll; ..... And so a song..... of joy I
me..... a car-ol glad;..... So I can sing ..... a-long the
I..... to Heaven go;..... For, glo - ry to..... the precious

D. S.—*Oh, this I know,..... I shall a-*

FINE.

sing..... In praise of my..... al-might-y King.(al-might-y King.)
way,..... Re-joic-ing in..... my God to - day.(my God to-day.)
Lamb, ... By might-y love..... redeemed I am. (redeemed I am.)

dore..... My Sav-ior dear..... for - ev - er - more.(for-ev - er-more.)

REFRAIN.

O might-y love! O love di - vine!

O might-y love!..... O love di - vine! .....

D. S.

What rap-ture thrills..... this soul of mine! (this soul of mine!)

What rapture thrills this soul of mine!

No. 169. Then Jesus Came.

James Rowe. C. D. GOODE, HOLLAND, ARK., OWNER, 1916. C. D. Goode.

1. My soul was lost,..... I was dis-mayed,.... And weary of.....
2. The world had robbed.... me of my song,..... My fear was more.....
3. I was a poor,..... despairing slave,..... For deeper all.....

the tempter's spell;..... I looked a-bove..... and cried for aid,.....
than I could tell,.....For oh, the night..... was dark and long,.....
the while I fell;..... I need-ed some.....one "strong to save," ....

D. S.—*I was dis-mayed..... and needed aid,.....*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Then Je-sus came.....and all was well.(and all was well.) Then Jesus came
Then Je-sus came.....

Then Je-sus came .....and all was well.(and all was well.)

D. S.

and all was well, And close to Him to-day I dweli;
and all was well,.....And close to Him.....to-day I dwell;(to-day I dwell;)

No. 170. His Glorious Name.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

Dr. George Lytton. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Allegro Met. ♩ = 108.

1. The glorious name of heaven's King Is known o'er all the world; In ev - 'ry land His prais-es ring, His stand-ard is un-furled. Oh, more than won-der-
2. The sweet-est mus-ic ev - er heard Is that of His dear name; The gladdest news is His own word, Which millions now pro-claim. Oh, pros-trate fall at
3. Where angels praise Him all the time, Some day we hope to be, To sing a - bout His love sublime, Be - side the crys - tal sea. There, in His presence

ful is He Who life so free - ly gave, Up - on the cross for you and me,
His dear feet In a - do - ra-tion true, For He has caused our hearts to beat
ev - er-more His glo - ry we shall share, For ev - er-more, ex - tol, a - dore

REFRAIN.

Our souls to save! Sound out His praise and let it ring For - ev - er
With glad - ness new.
Our Sav - iour there. For ev - er more, for

more, O hon - or Christ the Lord and King, That we a -
ev - er more, That we a - dore, that

His Glorious Name.

dore, On earth and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, With saints a -
we a - dore, With saints a-bove, With

bove, His glorious name our song shall be, For all His love.
saints a-bove, precious love.

No. 171. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly light, a-mid the en-cirling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; Re-member not past years.
an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since and lost a - while.

No. 172. Rescued!

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1916. T. B. Mosley.

DUET. Alto & Tenor.

1. So far I had wan-dered, Deep stains were within, For life I had squandered In plea-sures of sin; No friend was be-side me To cheer me a-long, No light gleamed to guide me A-mid the throng.
2. I wast-ed the treas-ure Of heart and of mind; I lived just for plea-sure, Yet none could I find; I fol-lowed the high-ways And tried to be glad; I fol-lowed the by-ways, Yet was so sad!
3. In chains I was liv-ing, While dear ones all grieved; My best I was giv-ing, The worst I re-ceived; My life was so drear-y, So far from the light; My soul was so wear-y, So long the night.

CHORUS.

But Je - - sus has found me, . . His own . . . He has crowned me,
His arms . . . are a-round me, . . And so I am hap-py to-day. . . .

But Je-sus has found me, has found me at last; His own he has crowned me, is hid-ing my past;
His arms are a-round me, a-round me at last; so hap-py to-day.

Rescued.

With me . . . . He is dwell-ing, . . His sto - - - ry I'm tell-ing, . .
With me He is dwelling, my wand'rings are o'er, His sto-ry I'm tell-ing with joy more and more;

His praise . . . ev-er swell-ing, . . With joy, on the heav-en-ly way.
His praise ev - er swelling, while Him I a - dore,

No. 173. O Worship the King.

Robert Grant. Francis J. Haydn.

1. O wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might and sing of His grace; Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care, what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies, how ten - der! how

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird-ed with praise.
thun - der-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Mak-er, De - fend - er, Re - deem-er, and Friend.

No. 174. Won't it be a Wonderful Day.

James Rowe. J. A. Lesley, Northport, Ala., owner. 1916. J. A. Lesley.

1. There will dawn a golden morning for the faithful by and by, When we reach the Holy Cit-y in the land of light on high; Ev'ry care will
2. There will be a happy meeting on the streets of shining gold, When in all His wondrous beauty our Redeemer we be-hold; For the dear ones
3. Earth-ly ills will be for-got-ten, we shall en-ter in-to rest, Nev-er- more to face the tempest, nevermore to be opprest. Mansions fair are

have departed and with rapture we will sing In the cho-rus of the
who have left us will be with Him on that day, When our journey will be
wait-ing for us on that ev-er-last-ing shore, Where we shall abide with

D. S.—*song will be outpoured, When the pilgrim throng shall*

FINE. REFRAIN.

angel-song of praise to Christ the King. Won't it be,..... a
ended and the night has passed away. O won't it be a
Je-sus, pure and glad for ev-er-more.

gath-er in the cit - y of the Lord.

won-der-ful day, When the night .....
won-der-ful day, a blessed day, the dreary night has passed a-

With Joyful Acclamation.



No. 177. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. G. J. Webb.



No. 178. In the Happy Land of Promise.

James Rowe. J. R. BAXTER, JR., FT. PAYNE, ALA., OWNER, 1916. J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. We shall car - ol with pure delight and for - ev - er be free and bright In the
2. We shall live in a mansion fair and have hap-pi-ness true to spare, In the
3. In His presence we shall a-dore our Re-deem-er for-ev-er - more, In the

hap-py land of promise, by and by; On the won-der-ful streets of gold many
hap-py land of promise, by and by; We shall sing with the angels bright, all in
hap-py land of promise, by and by; With the glo-ri-ous throng above, we shall

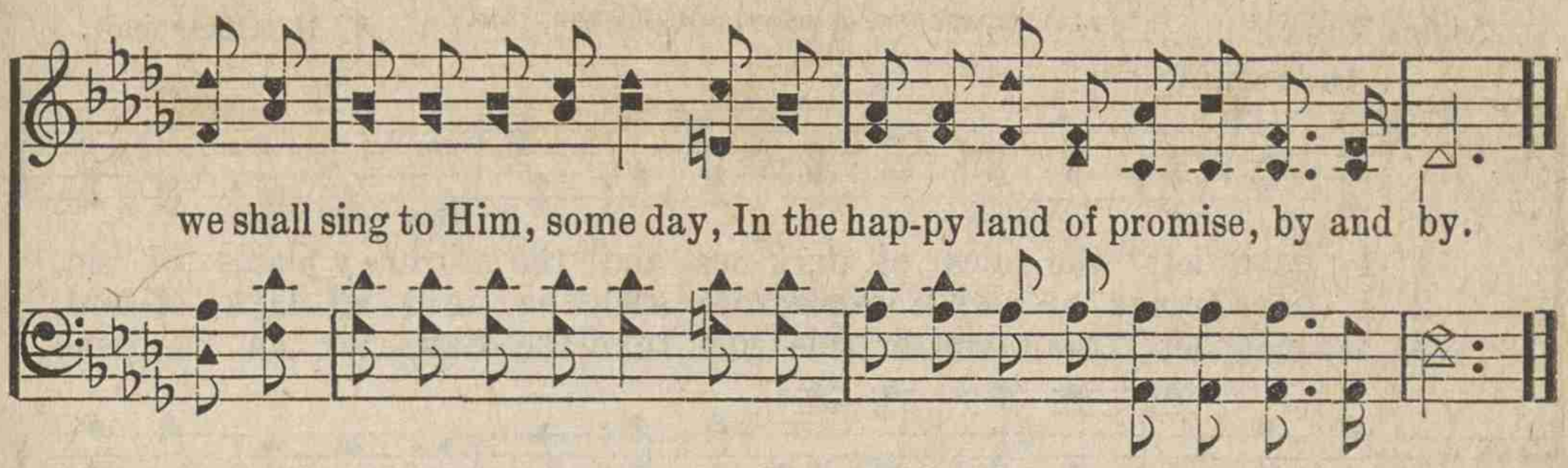
dear ones we shall be-hold, In the hap-py land of prom-ise by and by.
garments of dazzling white, In the hap-py land of prom-ise by and by.
live in His ho - ly love, In the hap-py land of prom-ise by and by.

REFRAIN.

In the hap-py land of prom-ise, by and by,..... We shall
yes, by and by,

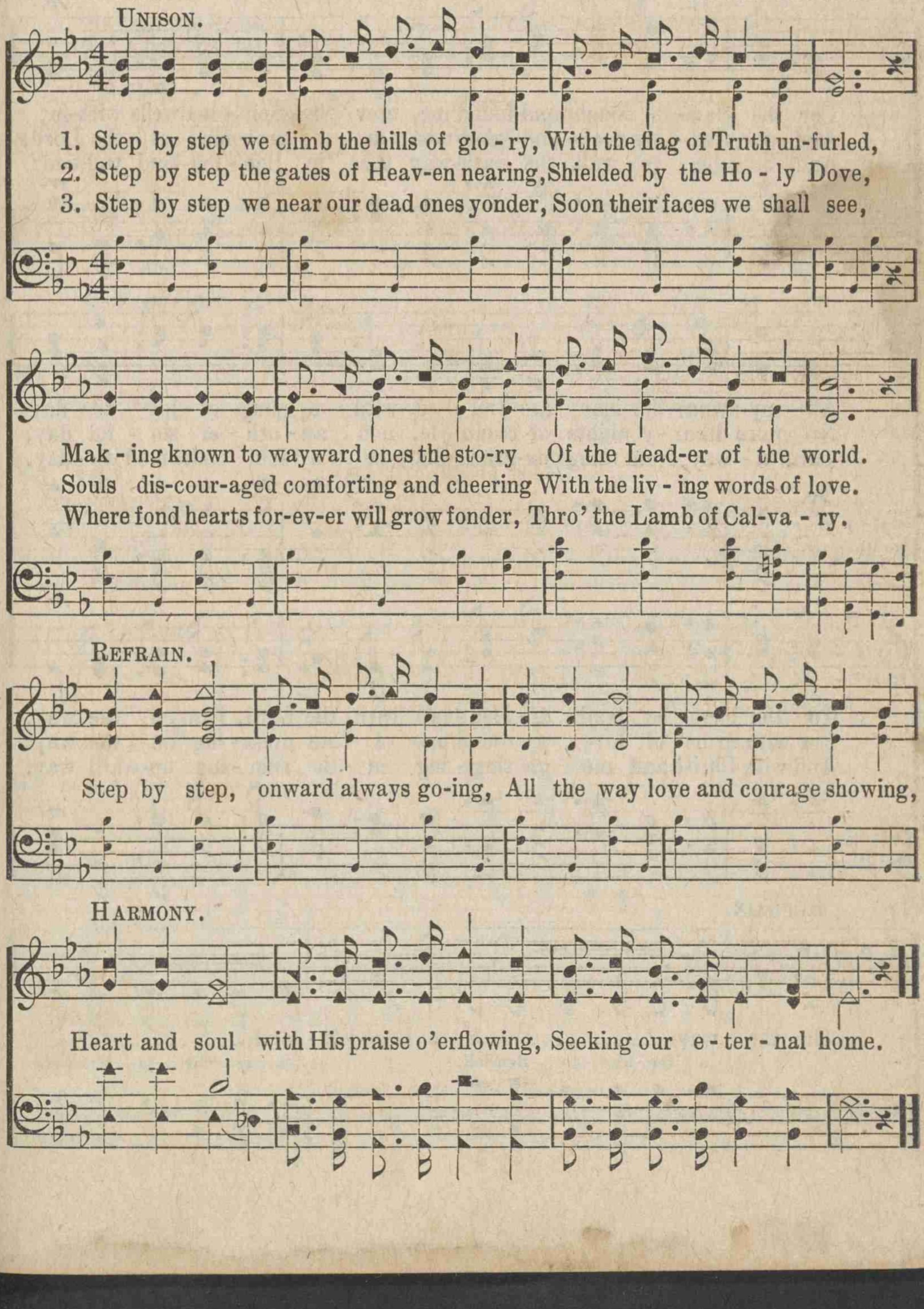
see our dear Re-deem-er, you and I; If we fol - low Him all the way

In the Happy Land of Promise.



No. 179. Step By Step.

James Rowe. H. M. EAGLE, BURKE'S GARDEN, VA., OWNER, 1916. **Howard E. Smith.**



No. 180. On the Way to Beulah-Land.

James Rowe. A. H. GLASSCOCK, JEMISON, ALA., OWNER, 1916. A. H. Glasscock.

Andantino.

1. I have left the vales of dark-ness and the storm-y plains of sin,
2. I have turned a-way from pleasure, such as e-vil days af-ford,
3. Do not let the tempt-er rule you, take the Sav-ior as a friend,

For the Sav-ior sought and found me, now the Spir-it dwells with-in;
And am find-ing peace and glad-ness in the pres-ence of the Lord;
And be-gin to walk the path-way that in Beu-lah-land will end;

All my wan-der-ings are end-ed with a song of joy to-day,
No more drear-y nights of troub-le, not an-oth-er sin-ful day,
Turn a-way from things de-grad-ing, be a soul redeemed to-day,

To the bless-ed land of Beu-lah with the Lord, I'm on the way.
For with arms of love a-round me I am press-ing on the way.
And with Christ and me go sing-ing in the shin-ing up-ward way.

REFRAIN.

On the way..... to Beu-lah-land, ...
On the way to Beu-lah, On the way to Beu-lah,

On the Way to Beulah-Land.

With Christ the Friend..... who holds my hand;.....
With the lov - ing Sav - ior hold - ing fast my hand;

He showed His love..... for me one day,.....
He showed His love, His love e - ter - nal, pre-cious Friend su - per - nal,

And now with Him..... I'm on the way.....
So with Him I now am on the way. (I'm on the way.)

No. 181. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout With man - y a conflict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight - ing and fears with-in, without, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 182. Rejoice In Him.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in, "Praise and Thanksgiving."

E. E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Re-joice in Him who sits to-day up-on His Father's throne,
2. Re-joice with Him who came to earth with par-don for our sin,
3. Re-joice with Him up-on whose arm we lean from day to day,

And listens to the songs we sing of grat-i-tude and love;
And let the song of souls redeemed with grat-i-tude be sweet;
And let our songs of faith and trust like ho-ly in-cense rise,

Be glad, O earth, in Christ the Lord, and make that glad-ness known
Be-hold—heav'n's door a-jar to-day and we may en-ter in
As gathered in His earth-ly courts His children homage pay

While an-gels join our earth-ly songs in heav'n a-bove.
To pay the trib-ute of our love at Je-sus' feet.
To Him who waits to wel-come them to Par-a-dise.

REFRAIN.

Re-joice, re-joice, Be ev-'ry-where re-joic-ing,
Re-joice, ... re-joice,

My sweetheart the man in the moon I'm going to marry him soon.

Rejoice In Him.

Re-joice, re - joice, Love's grateful trib - ute voic - ing;
Re - joice,.... rejoice,

Lift up the heart in sing - ing And set the ech - oes ring - ing,

Re - joice, re - joice, Let heav'n and earth re - joice,
Re-joice,.... re-joice,

Re - joice, re - joice, Let heav'n and earth re - joice.
Re-joice, re-joice,

No. 183. Holy One, Holy One.

A. J. S.

1. { Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Holy One, Ho - ly One; / Sin and want we come confessing, Ho-ly One, [*Omit.* . .] } Holy One.
2. { Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Holy One, Ho-ly One: / Yet Thine eye doth never weary, Ho-ly One, [*Omit.* .] } Holy One.
3. { Tho' swift death this night o'ertake us, Ho-ly One, Ho-ly One; / May the morn in heav'n awake us, Holy One, [*Omit.* . .] } Holy One.

No. 184. Onward, Gospel Legions.

James Rowe. A J. Showalter owner, 1916. A. J. Showalter.

1. Might-y is the ar - my that is marching on to - day With the
2. All the world shall vibrate with our mighty Leader's praise, Ev - 'ry
3. An - gels sing of Je - sus in the world of light a - bove, Cher - u-

Lord of earth and worlds above, Sing-ing glad ho - san-nas all a-
soul shall know His matchless name; For re-joic-ing mil-lions an un-
bims and ser - a-phims a - dore, And thro' countless a-ges, throngs re-

long the homeward way, All re - joic - ing in re-deem-ing love.
end - ing an-them raise Spread-ing far His ev - er - last - ing fame.
joic - ing in His love, Shall re-sound His prais - es more and more.

REFRAIN.

March on-ward, ye gos - pel le-gions, to oth-ers tell - ing the
March onward, legions true, al-ways glad-ly giv - ing out

bless-ed sto - ry, Re-joic - ing in our Re-deem-er, His footsteps
the bless-ed sto-ry, all re - joic - ing in the Sav - iour,

Onward, Gospel Legions.

fol - low a-long the glo - ry way; March onward, with standard
fol - low on the glo - ry way; March on, ye le-gions true,

fly - ing, assured of win-ning e - ter-nal glo - ry, For Je - sus is
sure of win-ning · ev - er-last - ing glo - ry, For the Lord is a-

more than a - ble to keep us till the bet - ter day..... .....
ble and will keep us the glo - ry day.

No. 185. Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Used by permission, Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com-ing to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth-ly store;
3. In Thy prom-is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap-plied;
4. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul; Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

Ref.—*I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry!*

D. C. for Refrain.

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol-ly Thine for ev - er - more.
I am pros-trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
I am ev - 'ry whit made whole; Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb?

Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.
(Last v.) Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

No. 186. Safe With the Lord.

B. F. Hayden, Falkner, Miss., owner.

James Rowe. B. F. Hayden.

1. I am re-deemed at last, hid-den is all my past, Je - sus has rolled my great bur-den a-way; (rolled it a-way;) Keeping this heart of mine hap-py with
2. Sweet is the song I sing as to His side I cling, Let-ting my pre-cious Friend help me a-long; (help me a-long;) O that the world might hear more of my
3. He will a - bide with me, keeping me pure and free, Help-ing my soul to stand firm in the fray; (firm in the fray;) He will up - hold me here, giv-ing me

REFRAIN.

love di-vine, Making me praise His name sweetly to-day. (to-day.)
Sav-iour dear, Who is so kind and true, loving and strong.(so strong.) Safe with the
light and cheer, Till I have reached the glad kingdom of day. (of day.)

Lord, ... par-doned and free, ...
Safe with my glo - ri - ous Lord, pardoned and hap-py and free,

Al-ways my friend..... Je - sus will be; .....
Always my glo-ri-ous friend Je-sus my Sav-iour will be;

Safe With the Lord.

I will a-bide..... deep in His love.....
Trust-ing-ly I will a-bide deep in His wonderful love

Till I a - dore Him with an - gels a-bove. (a - bove.)
Till I a - dore Him with an - gels a-bove. (a - bove.)

No. 187, Come Home To-day.

H. L. Ellis, owner, 1916.

James Rowe. H. L. Ellis.

1. Still the Re-deem-er is ten-der-ly pleading, Longing the way-ward to win,
2. Long you have grieved Him, so far you have wandered, Still you are deaf to His call;
3. Mill-ions are trusting His grace and are clinging Now to the Saviour they love.

f. FINE.

Of - fer-ing par-don to all who are heeding, Ban-ish-ing sor-row and sin.
Talents and time you have thoughtlessly squandered, Farther and farther you fall!
Trust Him to-day, then your soul shall be singing, Laying up treasures a - bove.

D. S.—*Still the Re-deem-er is ten-der-ly pleading, Trust Him and love Him to-day.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Come home to-day, come home to-day, Come to the Lord while you may; .....
while you may;

No. 188. Just Little Soldiers.

MAX C. NABORS, COLERA, ALA., OWNER, 1916.

James Rowe. *Solo, for Children.* **Max C. Nabors.**

1. Just lit-tle soldiers, serving the Lord, Try - ing to win the bless-ed re-ward;
2. Just lit-tle soldiers, training each day, Hop-ing to show some sinners the way;
3. Just lit-tle soldiers, lov-ing the right, Spending our days in His ho - ly sight;
4. Just lit-tle soldiers, but we shall grow In His dear service while here be-low;

Je - sus is with us all the day long, Keeping us happy, sinless, true and strong.
Learning to do the will of the King, Helping the sad to look to Him and sing.
Try - ing to praise Him day aft-er day, As we go singing on the shining way.
Grow in His beauty, grow in His love, Till we shall praise His holy name above.

CHORUS:

We mean to fight..... for Christ our King, ...
We mean to fight for Christ our King, for Christ our King,

To spread the light ..... and prais-es sing;.....
To spread the light and prais - es sing, and prais - es sing;

Un - til His face..... we see a - bove,.....
Un - til His face we see a - bove, we see a - bove,

Just Little Soldiers.

rit.

In that glad place..... where all is love.....
In that glad place where all is love. (un-chang-ing love.)

No. 189. Are You Drifting Away?

Jennie Wilson. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1915. **A. J. Showalter.**

Slow and with earnest expression.

1. Are you drift-ing a-way on a dan-ger-ous sea, While the Sav-ior is
2. Are you drift-ing a-way in-to dark-ness of night, While sal-va-tion's sure
3. Are you drift-ing a-way to e-ter-nal de-spair, While the Sav-ior in-

long-ing your pi-lot to be? On the bil-lows of sin is your
bea-con is shin-ing so bright? As its ra-di-ance reach-es a-
vites you His glo-ry to share? O let Him steer your bark with His

D. S.—*To be lost ev-er-more, where the*

FINE.

frail ves-sel tossed, Drawing near-er, still near-er, the coast of the lost?
far o'er the waves, Those who trust to its guidance from ru-in it saves.
strong, lov-ing hand, Till your an-chor is cast on the heav-en-ly strand.

wild break-ers roar, From the har-bor of peace are you drift-ing a-way?

REFRAIN. D. S.

Drifting a-way! Drifting away! Are you drifting from heaven and safety for aye?

No. 190. Work and Sing.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. M. F. MOTE, OWNER, 1916. M. F. Mote.

1. Work-ing for our Lord and Mas - ter, This is sweet and blest em - ploy;
2. Speak-ing words of gos - pel teach-ing, Singing songs of hope and love,
3. Let us nev - er here be i - dle, There is bless-ed work to do;

Do - ing dai - ly what He bids us. This, in-deed, is pre-cious joy.
We may point the souls of man - y To the home re - served a - bove.
And if we may trust the Sav - ior, He will glad - ly help us through.

REFRAIN.

Work and sing (each day) and watch and pray, ... Serve the Mas - ter ev-'ry
Work and sing, and watch and pray all the way, Serve the blessed Mas-ter ev - 'ry

day; . . . . . He it is that hath redeemed us, He it is who rules a-bove;
day, ev - 'ry day;

He it is whom we should hon-or, Mag - ni - fy and laud and love.

No. 191. In the Vineyard of the Lord.

A. J. Showalter. W. H. WHITT, OWNER, 1916. W. H. Whitt.

1. In the vine-yard of the Lord, trusting in His ho - ly word, We will glad - ly la - bor day by day; Do - ing thus His ho - ly will, as we climb fair Zi - on's hill, He will rich - ly all our toil re - pay.
2. There are des - erts lone and drear in the world both far and near, And the call of God comes clear and strong; We will an - swer to the call, glad - ly say - ing, one and all, "We will work for Thee with prayer and song."
3. To the fields we glad - ly go, toil - ing in this world be - low, Look-ing for the bless-ing from on high; For His prom - is - es are sure, they will ev - er - more en - dure, Rich - ly He'll re - ward us by and by.

REFRAIN.

We will watch, we will pray, We will la - bor all the day;
We will watch, we will pray, We will la - bor all the day;
In His might we will go, By all waters precious seed to sow.
In His might we will go,

No. 192. Reaping Day by Day.

James Rowe. WILL R. KELLEY, OWNER, 1916. Will R. Kelley.

1. Work-ing in the smil-ing field of life from day to day, Try-ing
2. Keep-ing us from e-vil He is with us all day long, Giv-ing
3. Praise His name for-ev-er! To His prom-ise we will cling Till our

hard to save all the gold-en grain; With our songs of Je-sus keep-ing
what we need, bless-ing what we do; Lov-ing-ly He tells us we shall
la-bors end at the gates of light; Then He will re-ward us for the

shad-ows all a-way, True to our Re-deem-er we re-main.
sing the tri-umph song, If we la-bor on with cour-age true.
sheaves that we shall bring, With a word of praise and welcome bright.

REFRAIN.

Reaping for Je-sus all the while, Working for Him with song and smile,

In His ho-ly keep-ing, reap-ing, al-ways reaping, Sheaves which we at

Reaping Day by Day.

last shall bear a - way. Reap-ing for Him who made us free,

Gath - er - ing sheaves for e - ter - ni - ty; Reap-ing, al-ways reaping,

reap-ing, always reaping, for the Sav - ior ev - 'ry day. (ev - 'ry day.)

No. 193. Old Hundred. L. M.

Isaac Watts. Guil. Franc.

1. Come, let our voi - ces join to raise A sa-cred song of sol-emn praise;
2. Come, let our souls ad-dress the Lord, Who framed our nature with His word;
3. Come, let us hear His voice to - day, The coun-sels of His love o - bey;
4. Seize the kind promise while it waits, And march to Zi - on's heav'nly gates;

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

God is a sov'reign King; re-hearse His hon - or in ex - alt - ed verse.
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep His mer-cy chose, His pas-tures keep.
Nor let our hardened hearts re - new The sins and plagues that Is-rael knew.
Be - lieve and take the promised rest; O - bey, and be for - ev - er blest.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 194. Just to Go Home to Jesus.

Miss Claire Sumner. J. D. PATTON, OWNER, 1913. J. D. Patton.

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

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

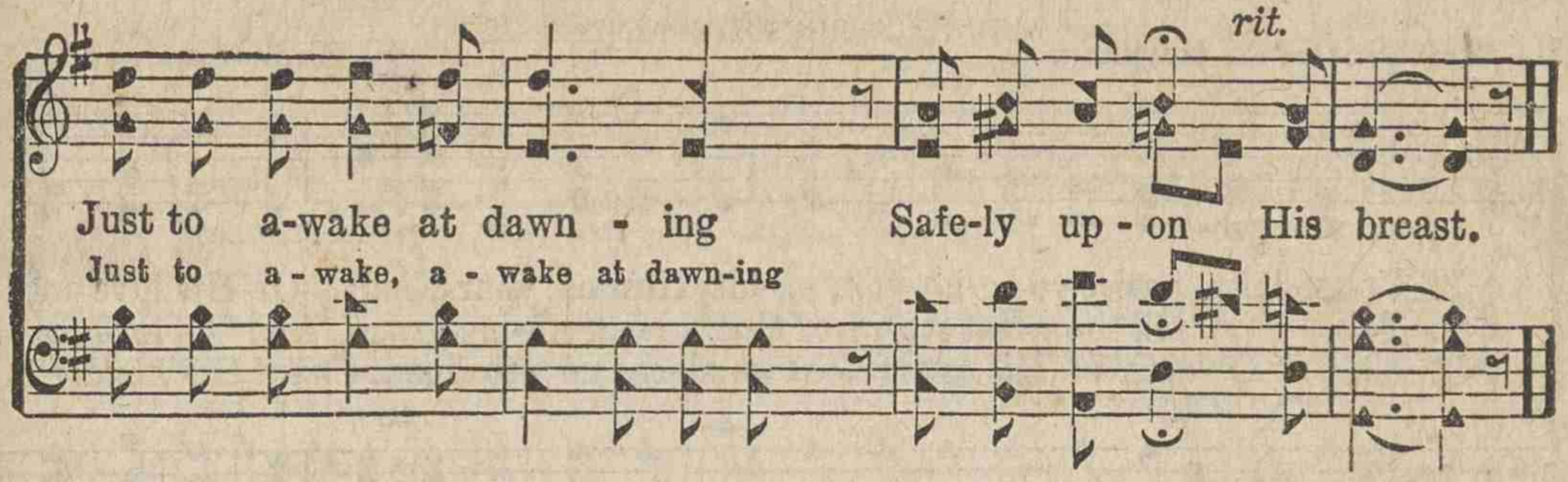
Just to be there when the morn doth break Bright o'er the throne of grace;
Just to be walk-ing the streets of gold Where an-gel feet have trod;
Just to be sing-ing the glad new song, Hap-py for - ev - er - more;

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

CHORUS.

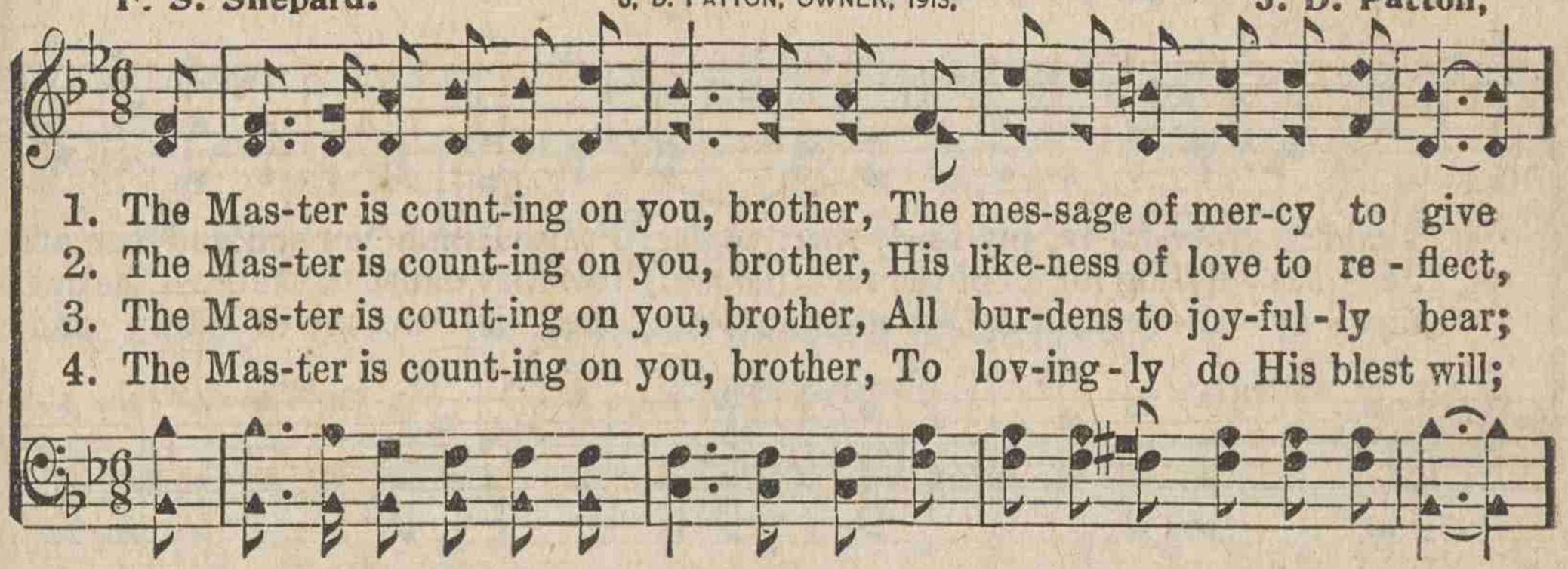
Just to go home to Je - sus, Just in His arms to rest;.....
Just to go home, go home to Je - sus, to rest;

Just to Go Home to Jesus.

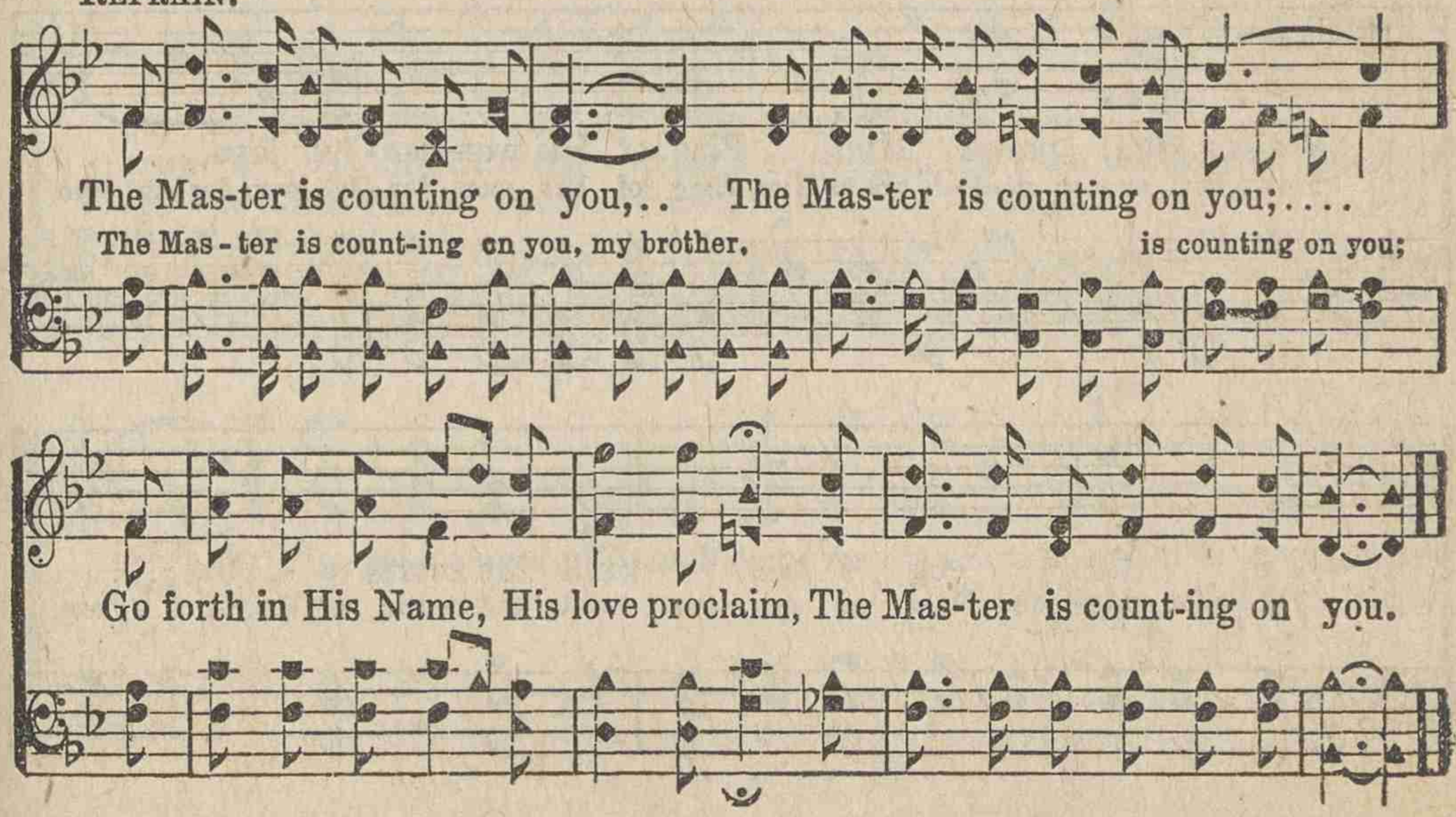


No. 195. Counting On You.

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



REFRAIN.



No. 196. Praise Him.

B. J. CLEMENTS, NORTHPORT, ALA., OWNER, 1915.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. B. J. Clements.

1. Praise Him, praise ye Je-ho-vah, ex-alt Him as your King; Of His love and
2. Tell, O tell the sweet sto-ry of God's re-deem-ing grace, And the love of
3. Sing, O sing of His marvelous goodness un - to men, Chant His wondrous

kindness grate-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly sing;(yes,sing;)Praise Him,honor and laud Him,and
Je - sus dy-ing for all of the race;(the race;)How they nailed to the cross the dear
mer - cy o - ver and o - ver a-gain; (a-gain;) He is worthy of glo-ry and

wor-ship Him, a - dore, Lord of all is He ev - er-more.(for-ev-er-more.)
Lord whom we a - dore; King of Kings is He ev - er-more.(for-ev-er-more.)
hon - or ev - er - more, Let us sing His praise and a-dore.(praise and a-dore.)

REFRAIN.

Praise Him, praise Him, Sing of His won-der - ful love,.....
Praise Him, ev - er glad - ly praise Him, Sing of His won - der - ful, won-der - ful love,

Till the ech - oes thrill the courts a - bove;....
Till the sweet and bless - ed ech - oes thrill the courts of Heav'n a - bove;

Praise Him.

Praise Him, praise Him, let the mul - ti - tude sing,
Praise Him, ev - er glad - ly praise Him,

He is our Friend, He is our Lord, He is our King. (heav-en - ly King.)

No. 197. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. USED BY PERMISSION. **George A. Minor.**

1. { Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide
   { Waiting for the har - vest and the time of reap-ing, We shall (*Omit*)

2. { Sow-ing in the sunshine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
   { By and by, the har - vest and the la - bor end - ed, We shall (*Omit*)

3. { Go then, e - ven weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our
   { When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us wel-come, We shall (*Omit*)

FINE. CHORUS.

and the dew-y eves; come re-joicing, bringing in the sheaves.
winter's chilling breeze; come re-joicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
spir - it often grieves; come re-joicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic - ing, bringing in the sheaves;

D. S.—(*Omit second time.....*)

No. 198. Sabbath Day.

Respectfully inscribed to my dear friend, Mr. V. Fortner, Supt. of M. E. Sunday School, Vilani, Ark. R. E. P.

R. E. PERRY, OWNER, 1916.

Wm. M. Golden. **R. Edwin Perry.**

1. Won-der - ful Sab - bath day, sweetest and best, It is a day on which toil - ers can rest; Glo - ri - ous day of days, when we can sing God's praise; Voices for Christ our King glad-ly we raise. (glad-ly raise.)
2. Bet - ter than all, we learn more of God's word; This is the sweet - est news mor-tals e'er heard: Chil-dren in Sab - bath school ev - er should find a place, Where they can learn of God's won-der-ful grace. (sav-ing grace.)
3. Give us Thine aid, dear Lord, help us, we pray, Teachers for lit - tle ones bet - ter to be; Gath - er us home at last, give us a place with Thee; Soldiers of Thine, dear Lord, ev - er we'll be. (ev - er be.)

REFRAIN.

Growing in grace ..... we fol - low Je - sus, Soon He'll claim ..... us as His own; Praise the Lord, ... we're on a

Grow in grace and fol - low Je - sus, fol - low Je - sus,

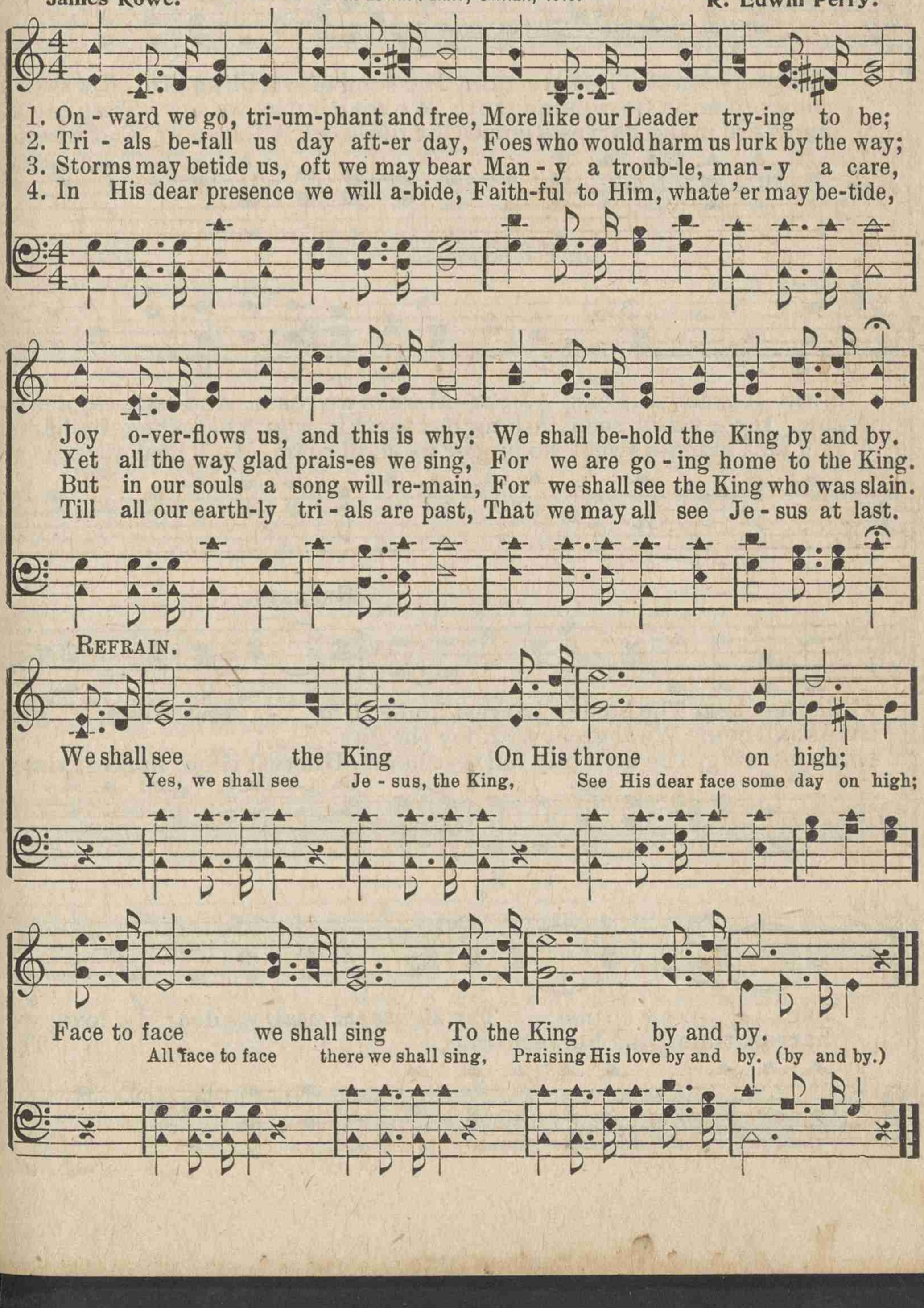
Soon He'll claim us, soon He'll claim us as His own; Praise the Lord, we're on a

Sabbath Day.



No. 199. We Shall See the King.

James Rowe. R. EDWIN PERRY, OWNER, 1916. R. Edwin Perry.



No. 200. The Harvest Home.

Ada Blenkhorn. Copyright, 1915, by The A. J. Showalter Co. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - cross the fields of ripened grain The reapers' song is heard ; And
2. And while the sturdy har-ves-ters The plenteous harvest mow, There
3. So short the day, so brief our stay Up-on this earth-ly shore, We

mingles with the joyful strain, The song of warbling bird. How sweet and
comes to mind the solemn truth, We reap but as we sow. Then let us
know ere many harvests come Our life-work will be o'er, And when a·

clear it greets the ear As rur - al ways we roam, And hearts rejoice the
sow the good-ly seed A-long our earthly way, That when the harvest
mid earth's harvests sweet No longer we shall roam, We'll hear the an - gel

REFRAIN.

while they bear The golden harvest home. Har - vest time, glad
time shall come We'll greet with joy the day.
voic - es sing, The heav'nly harvest home. Harvest time, harvest time,

har - vest time, Thy sights and sounds we dear - ly love, we
harvest time, glad harvest time, Thy

The Harvest Home.

rit. ..... *a tempo.*

dear - ly love,..... Glad har-vest time,.... gold-en har-vest
sights and sounds we dearly love, Harvest time, glad harvest time,

rit. .....

time, From toil tri-umph-ant we will join the harvest home a - bove.

No. 201. The Homeland.

Hugh Reginald Hawels. **A. S. Sullivan.**

1. The Home-land, oh, the Home-land, The land of souls freeborn! No gloomy night is
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With angels bright and fair; No sinful thing nor
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are waiting me to come Where neither death nor

known there, But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for that coun-try, My heart is
e - vil Can ev - er en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ransomed Is ring-ing
sor-row In-vade their ho - ly home; Oh, dear, dear na-tive coun-try! Oh, rest and

ach - ing here; There is no pain in the Home - land To which I'm drawing near.
in my ears, And when I think of the Home - land. My eyes are wet with tears.
peace a-bove! Christ, bring us all to the Home - land, Of His e - ter - nal love.

No. 202. I Know That Jesus Is Near.

Birdie Bell. W. S. Tidwell, owner, 1916. **W. S. Tidwell.**

1. When dark is the path and the road seems long, I lean on my
2. With trust in the One who will lead the way, I fol-low His
3. The shad-ows may dark-en the skies o'erhead, Or sunshine its

Guide for His arm is strong, My life has a joy and my heart a
guid-ing from day to day, No dan-gers af-fright me, no fears dis-
glad-ness up-on me shed, I trust in my Guide as the way I

REFRAIN.

song, I know that Je-sus is near.
may, I know that Je-sus is near. Yes, Je-sus is near, no
tread, I know that Je-sus is near.

ill I fear, My path-way is filled with cheer;.... My
with cheer;

life has a joy and my heart a song, I know that Je-sus is near.

No. 203. Will There Be One Soul to Greet Me?

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY J. D. PATTON. **J. D. Patton.**

Duet, Soprano and Alto, or Soprano and Tenor.



1. Soon I'll cross the "mys-tic riv - er," Soon my la - bors will be o'er,
2. Will there be one soul to greet me, Out of all that hap-py band,
3. Will some one then say with rap-ture, "It was you who showed the way,
4. O the bliss be-yond ex - pres-sion, O the joy se-rene and pure!
5. If I may, for Thine own kingdom, Win but one dear blood-bought soul,

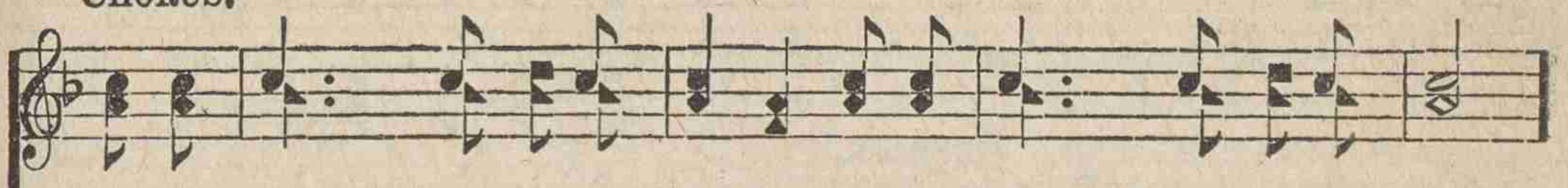




Soon my boat shall reach the land-ing, Soon my feet shall press the shore.
One that I have helped to res-cue, Guid - ed to the shin-ing strand.
Led me to a gra - cious Sav-iour, Sought me when I went a - stray?"
Lord, for this I'll glad - ly la - bor, All the heat and toil en - dure!
'Twill be pre - cious com-pen - sa-tion, When I've reached, at last, the goal.



CHORUS.



Help me, help me now, my Sav-iour, Wand'ring souls to win for Thee,
Help, O help me, help me now, my Sav-iour, Wand'ring souls to win, to win for Thee,





Souls to shine in Heav'nly man-sions, Thro'-out all e - ter - ni - ty!
Souls to shine, to shine in Heav'nly man-sions,



No. 204. What Shall Our Answers Be?

E. R. Latta. USED BY PERMISSION. D. E. Dortch.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that mighty com-pa-ny, And the Judge shall ques-tion us, Oh, what shall our an-swers be? What for ev-'ry trifling tho't,
2. When the Lord has gathered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam-i- lies of men, Oh, what shall our an-swers be? What for all our want of faith,
3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to Thee! In that great and aw-ful day, What shall our poor an-swers be? Oh, pre-pare us, Lord, we pray,

And each i-dle word we say? What for ev-'ry sin-ful act We may
What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain, And a
In Thy presence there to stand! Purge us from each sin-ful blot, Place us,

REFRAIN.

do from day to day? When that aw - ful day we see,
mansion bright a-bove?
Lord, on Thy right hand!

When that aw-ful day we see,

Oh, what shall..... our an-swers be? When that

Oh, what shall our an-swers be?

What Shall Our Answers Be?



No. 205. The Love That Ransomed Me.

E. R. Latta. W. C. WILKIE, OWNER, 1916. W. C. Wilkie.



No. 206. Let Us Be Loyal.

James Rowe. O. B. DELOACH, OWNER, 1916. O. B. Deloach.

1. Since the Mas-ter dear has won us and has washed our sins a - way, And a-
2. He is shar-ing ev - 'ry troub-le, ev - 'ry tri - al that be-tides, Clo-ser
3. With His rich, a-bun-dant blessings all our hearts He o-ver-flows; More and

long the path of glo-ry is our comfort and our stay, Giv-ing out the light with
than a lov-ing brother to the faith-ful He a-bides; From the foe and from the
more His smile of sunshine to our souls He free - ly shows; He a - lone can lend to

gladness, making known His love each day, Let us all be loy - al to the King.
tem-pest He His own se-cure - ly hides; Let us all be loy - al to the King.
glo - ry, He a - lone the crown bestows; Let us all be loy - al to the King.

REFRAIN.

Let us be true,..... let us be true,.....
Let us to Je - sus be true, let us be lov - ing and true,

Let us walk with Him ev - 'ry day;..... Help-ing the
ev - 'ry day;

Let Us Be Loyal.



No. 207. The Lord is Leading Still.

James Rowe. P. B. SHAW, OWNER, 1916. P. B. Shaw.



No. 208. If We Walk With the Lord.

James Rowe. L. L. WYNN, EGGLESTON, VA., OWNER, 1916. **L. L. Wynn.**

1. We shall sing the glad, new song with the ev - er - last-ing throng,
2. We shall have a man-sion fair, and the throne e - ter - nal share, If we
3. We shall meet our friends on high, in the hap - py by and by,

walk..... with the Lord;..... We shall rest up - on the shore and be
If we walk with the Lord; In His love we shall a - bide, al-ways
There with them for-ev-er-more we shall

hap - py ev - er - more,
tru - ly sat - is - fied,
wor-ship and a - dore,
If we walk..... with the Lord.....
If we walk with the Lord.(with the Lord.)

REFRAIN.

If we walk..... with the Lord,..... If we rest..... on His
If we walk with the Lord, with the Lord, If we rest on His

word! ..... We shall sure - ly en - ter Glo - ry at the
word, on His word!

If We Walk With the Lord.



No. 209. Love Has Made Me Free.

James Rowe. L. L. WYNN, EGGLESTON, VA., OWNER, 1916. L. L. Wynn.



No. 210. Praising Him All the Day Long.

James Rowe. T. R. WILSON, EMMETT, ARK., OWNER, 1916. T. R. Wilson.

1. My Sav - ior di - vine is so pre-cious to me, So much of His
2. Sometimes I am wear - y, some-times I am tried, And sometimes the
3. I know I shall share all His glo - ry a - bove, And praise with the

goodness each day I can see, That as I press onward, so hap-py and free,
sun-light to me is de - nied; But, having this Friend always close to my side,
an - gels my Heav-en - ly Dove; So, while I am rest-ing so deep in His love,

REFRAIN.

I'm praising Him all the day long. I'm praising Him all the day long,.....
I'm praising Him all the day long.
I'm praising Him all the day long. I'm prais-ing Him all the day, all the day long,

His love is my joy and my song;..... In shadow and shine, so much
His love is my joy and my hap - pi - est song;

glad-ness is mine, I'm prais-ing Him all the day long.....
I'm prais - ing Him, prais - ing Him all the day long.

No. 211. Rally For the Right.

James Rowe. J. I. WILLIS, OWNER, 1916. J. I. Willis.

1. Sol-diers in the ar - my of the King di - vine, Hark! the call is ring - ing
2. Let us all re-mem-ber how our Sav - ior died; Let us all be loy - al
3. Sore - ly we are need-ed on the bat - tle-field; Foes must be de-feat - ed—

all a - long the line! Might-y foes are read - y to re - new the fight!
to the Cru - ci - fied; Wave the grand old ban-ner in the gos-pel's light,
all to God shall yield; Has-ten on your ar-mor, keep your rec - ord bright;

REFRAIN.

Heed the voice of Je-sus,—ral - ly for the right.
And, with hal - le - lu - jahs, ral - ly for the right. Ral-ly, ral - ly for the
Heed the great Commander, ral - ly for the right.

right! On-ward, up-ward in the light! Christ our lead - er true will be

and will lead to vic - to - ry; Heed His call with gladness, Ral - ly for the right.

No. 212. Jesus Is Joy.

James Rowe. H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va., owner, 1916. H. M. Eagle.

1. Hold - ing the hand of my Lord, Press-ing a - long to re - ward,
2. Wav - ing the stand-ard I go, Fear - less - ly fac - ing the foe,
3. Sin - ner, my way is so bright, Je - sus is glad - ness and light,

Tell-ing my sto - ry to the throng, happy am I; (am I;) Precious His
Trusting His strength each day, I have cour-age to spare; (to spare;) Faithful to
Trusting His mer - cy and His grace, seek Him to - day; (to - day;) Freely your

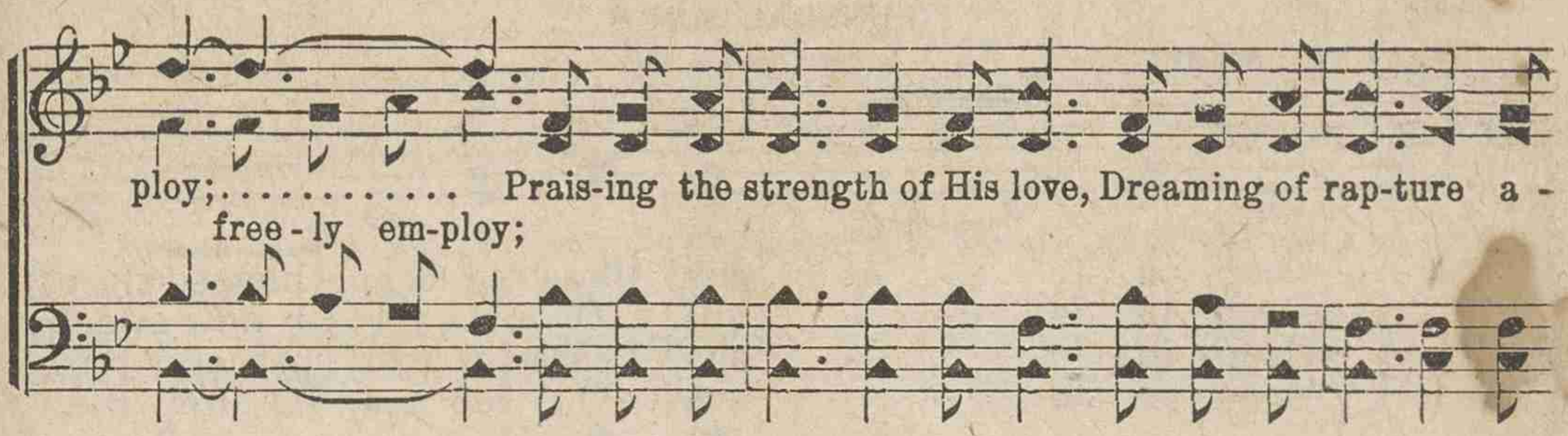
love is to me, Precious it ev - er will be, Ev - er on Christ my
Him I'll a - bide, Trusting my friend, shield and guide, Hoping the glo - ry
past He'll for-give, Come to my Sav - iour and live, Trav-el with me a -

REFRAIN.

Sav - iour I'll tru - ly re - ly. (re - ly.)
of my King ev - er to share. (to share.) Je - sus is joy day and night,
long the bright heav-en - ly way. (true way.)

Je - sus is peace and de-light; Ev - er for Him my tal-ents I free - ly em -

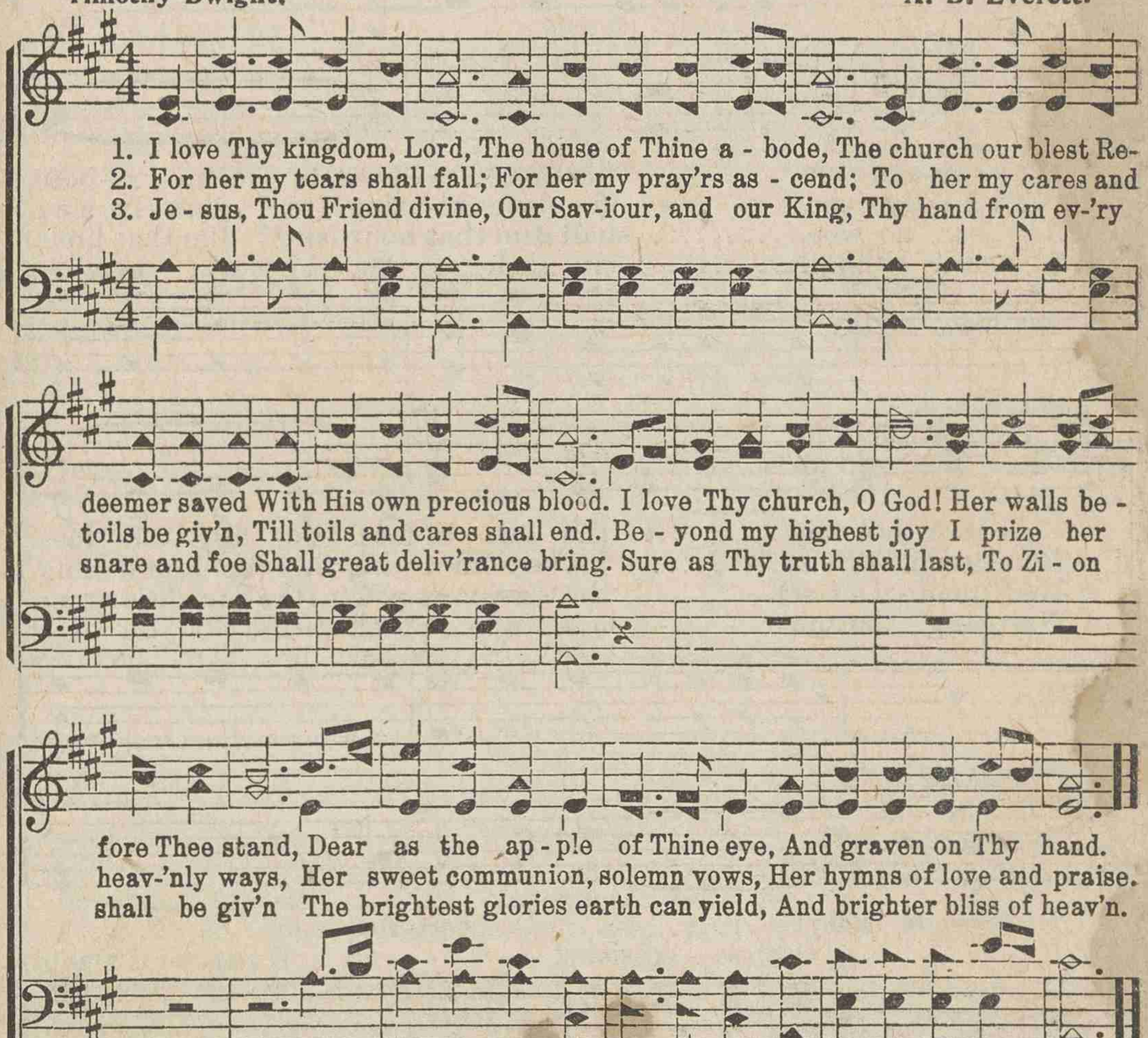
Jesus Is Joy.





No. 213. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. A. B. Everett.



No. 214. Asleep In Jesus.

(FUNERAL SONG)

Margaret Mackay. J. L. Heath, owner, 1916. **J. L. Heath.**

1. A - sleep in Je - - sus! Bless - ed sleep, (blessed sleep,)
2. A - sleep in Je - - sus! O how sweet (O how sweet,)
3. A - sleep in Je - - sus! Peace-ful rest, (peaceful rest,)
4. A - sleep in Je - - sus! O for me, (O for me,)

From which none ev - - er wakes to weep! (wakes to weep!)
To be for such..... a slum - ber meet! (slum-ber meet!)
Whose wak - ing is..... su - preme - ly blest! (ev - er blest!)
May such a bliss - - ful ref - uge be! (ref - uge be!)

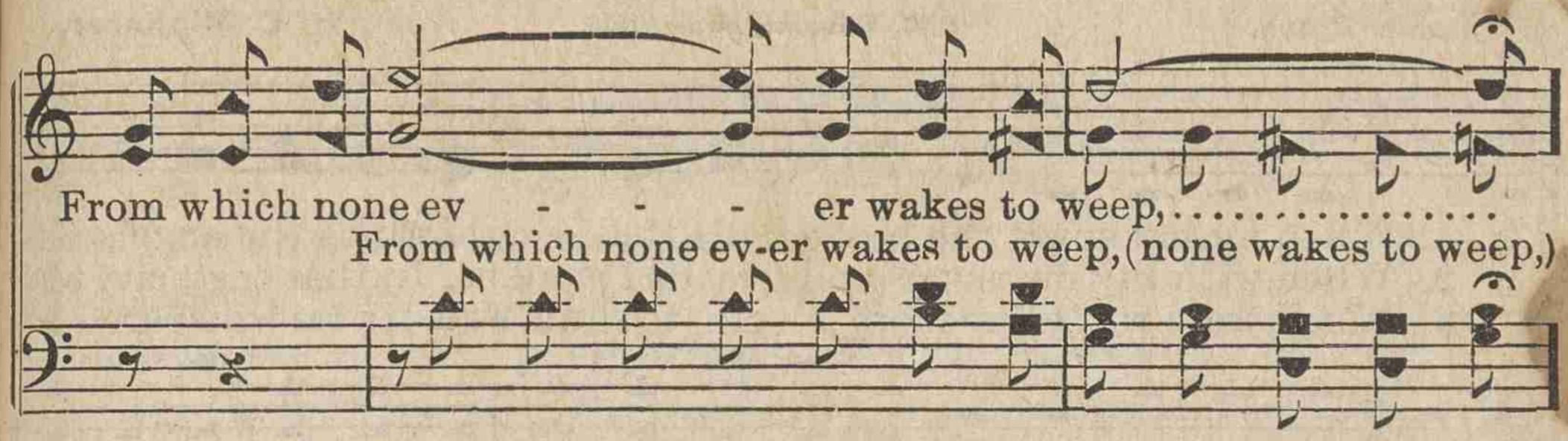
A calm and un - - dis-turbed re - pose, (a calm re-pose,)
With ho - ly con - - fi - dence to sing, (to glad - ly sing,)
No fear, no woe,..... shall dim that hour (shall dim that hour)
Se - cure - ly shall..... my ash - es lie, (my ash - es lie,)

Un - brok - en by..... the last of foes. (the last of foes.)
That death has lost..... his ven-om'd sting. (his ven - om'd sting.)
That man - i - fests..... the Saviour's pow'r. (the Saviour's pow'r.)
Wait - ing the sum - - mons from on high. (from God on high.)

REFRAIN.

O bless-ed sleep! ..... O peace-ful sleep! ....
O bless - ed sleep! O peace-ful sleep!)

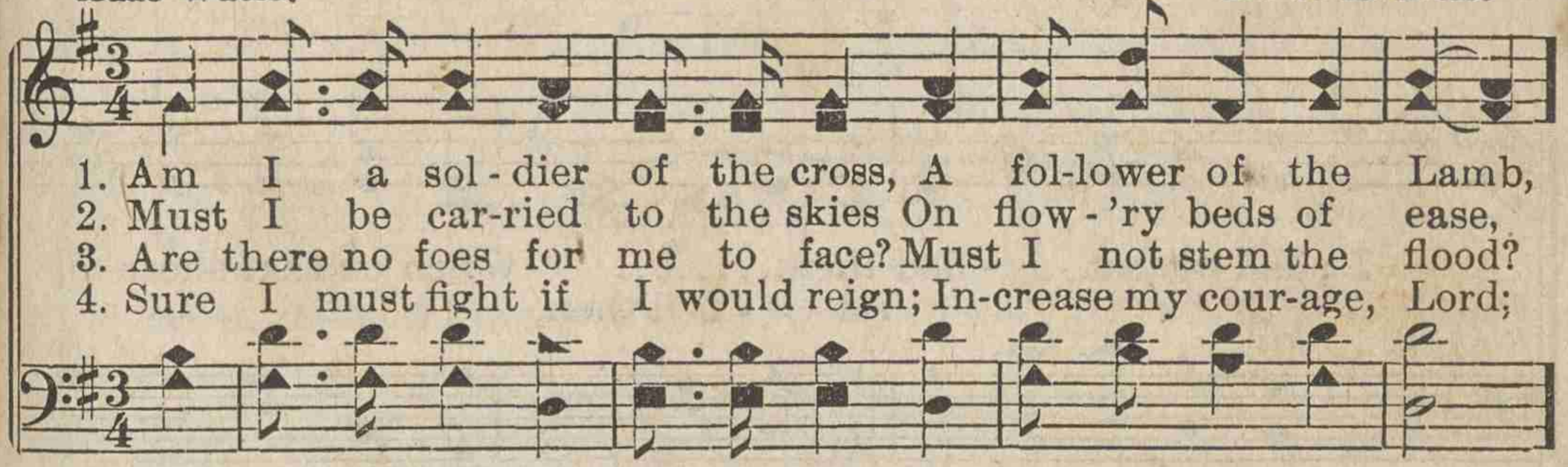
Asleep In Jesus.

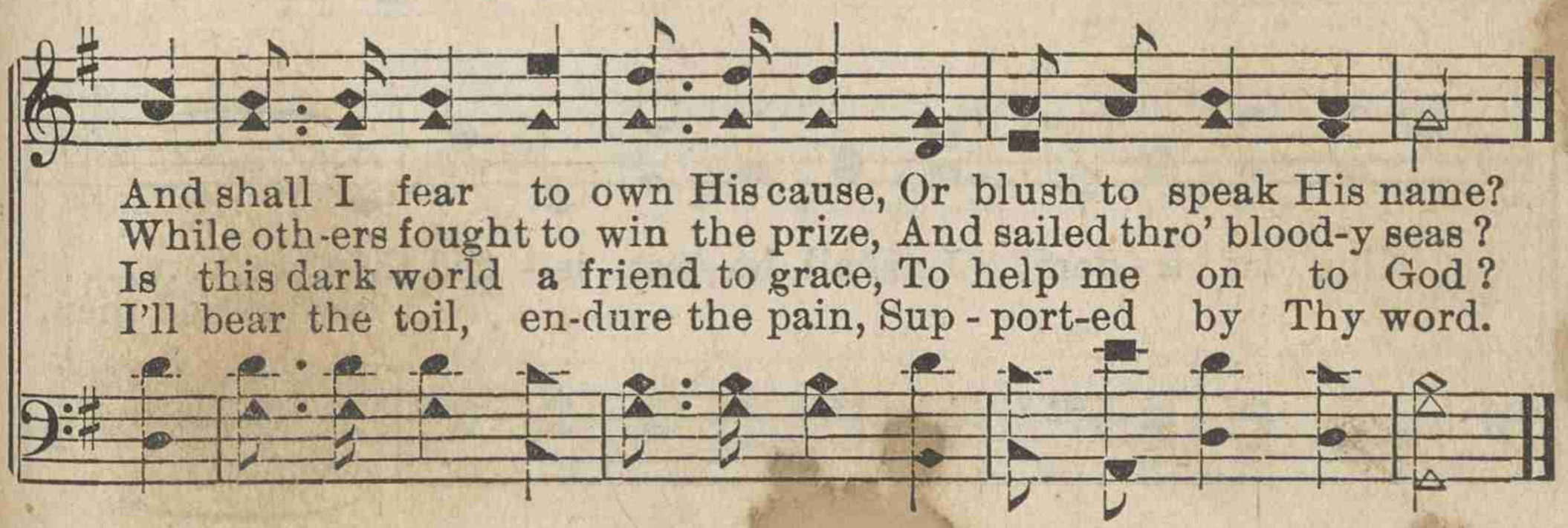




No. 215. Am I A Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. Dr. T. A. Arne.





No. 216 I Shall be Satisfied Then.

James Rowe. H. C. Whitener, owner, 1916. H. C. Whitener.

1. When for my spirit the home-bells shall ring, And with the angels His
2. When with my dear ones and friends I shall be, In that bright city where
3. When there will be no more e - vil to shun, When He has whispered His

praise I shall sing, When I have looked on the face of my King,
souls all are free, When I see Je - sus who suff-ered for me,
tender "Well done", Then I shall know that the crown has been won,

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is-fied then, I shall be sat-is - fied then,.....
I shall be sat - is-fied then.
I shall be sat - is-fied then. sat-is-fied then,

I shall be sat - is - fied then,..... When on that shore my
sat - is - fied then;

King I a - dore, I shall be sat - is - fied then.....
sat-is - fied then.

No. 217. The Book That Never Grows Old.

Lizzie De Arnand. J. R. BAXTER, JR., OWNER. 1915. **J. R. Baxter, Jr.**

1. There's a won-der-ful Book that ap - peals to my heart, A mine of
2. Like a bea-con of light doth it shine thro' the years, To lead us
3. When the bil-lows of life would my bark o - ver-whelm, This anch - or

rich-es un - told, Ev-'ry word is a jew-el of lus-ter di - vine,
safe to the fold, Thro' the clouds that a-rise, gleaming bright-ly a - far,
sure-ly will hold, Ground-ed deep in God's love are its prom-is - es sure,

REFRAIN.

The Book.. that nev - er grows old...
The Book.. that nev - er grows old... It nev - er grows old, No
The Book.. that nev - er grows old...

nev-er grows old, The word of the Fa-ther a-bove, (a-bove,) It nev - er grows

old, No nev - er grows old, Praise God for the Book of His love!..

TWO-PAGE SONGS AND ANTHEMS.

No. 218. Praise and Thanksgiving.

A. J. Showalter, owner, 1916.

James Rowe. PSALM 100. A. J. Showalter.

Praise and thanksgiving, Praise and thanksgiving, Praise and thanks-

giv - ing from joy-ful hearts to - day out - pour; Praise and thanksgiving,
to-day out pour;

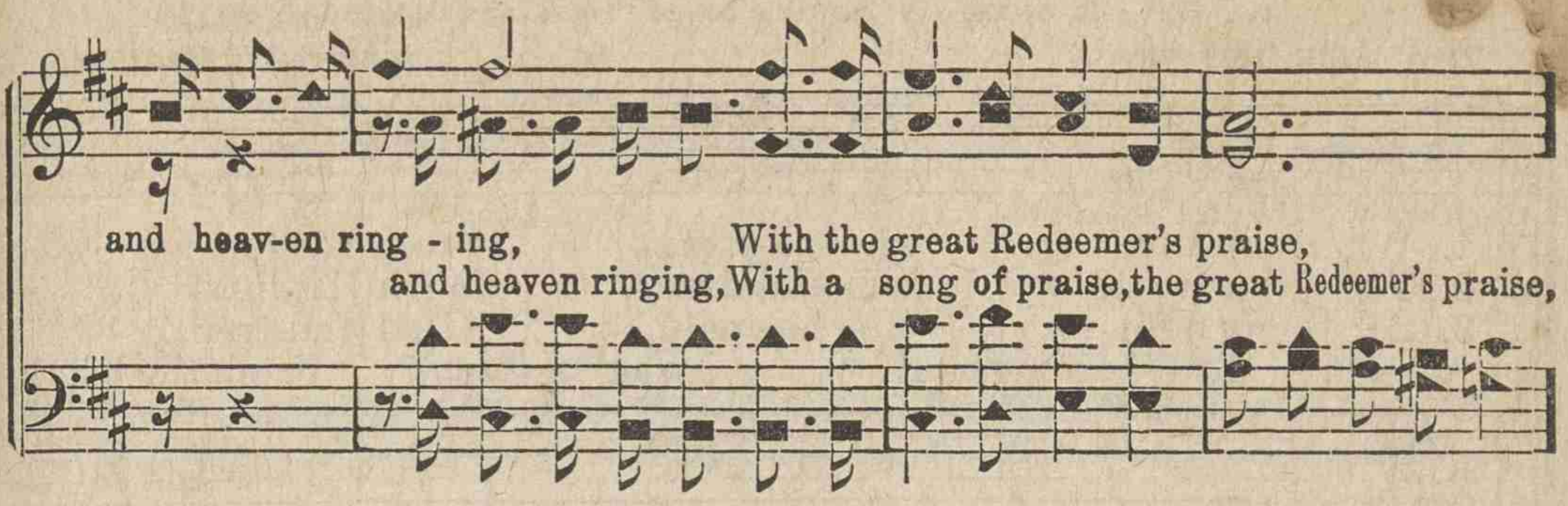
Praise and thanks-giv-ing, Praise and thanks-giving, To His great

FINE. *After the D. C. sing the Amens.*

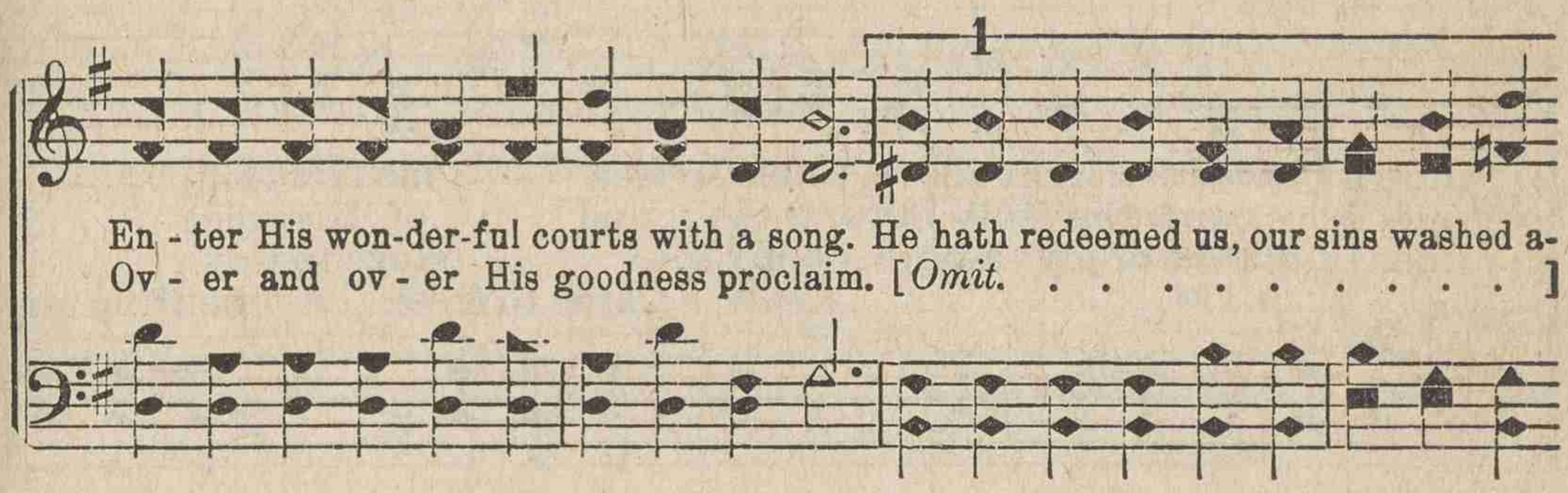
name for ev - er-more. Joy-ful hearts.... as trib-ute bring - ing,
Joy-ful hearts as tribute bringing,

Come be - fore..... His presence sing - ing, Keep-ing earth.....
Come be-fore His presence sing-ing, Keeping earth

Praise and Thanksgiving.









To be sung after the D. C.



No. 219. His Boundless Love.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J Showaltor Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

Hon. John Grayson. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. When my soul was a-stray From the bright,
2. To this world sad and drear, With His light
3. All my debt He has paid, Glad and free

1. When my soul was a-stray From the bright

narrow way, Leaving home, throne and crown. My Redeemer came
and His cheer, Making love's tender plea, Calling sweetly to
I've been made, And a home by the sea He has built just for

nar-row way,

down From realms of light above. Came to free me from sin,
me, Once came the Holy Dove. O the sound of His voice
me, In realms of joy a-bove. So my soul sings to-day,

Came to free me from sin,

Came to cleanse me with-in, Came to make me His
Caused my soul to re-joice, And His love took me
As I walk in His way; And the car - ols I

Came to cleanse me with-in,

own And an heir to His throne! It was love, it was boundless love.
in With my bur - den of sin! It was love, it was boundless love.
raise All are sweet with His praise, It was love, it was boundless love.

His Boundless Love.

REFRAIN.

It was love, boundless love That my Saviour
It was love, boundless love

had for me, That He had for me, Love di - vine, this alone brought my

Lord from His throne To set me free. It was love,
so free. It was love, boundless

boundless love, Theme of all the throng a - bove, And for
a - bove,

evermore I'll worship and a-dore My Saviour for His boundless love.

No. 220. Glory Shall Come to the Faithful.

James Rowe. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1916. B. B. Beall.

1. We are on the way with the King to-day To an ev-er-last-ing land, (bright land,) And our prais-es rise to the smil-ing skies, In a cho-rus
2. Ma-ny foes we face, but by sav-ing grace We shall tri-umph o-ver sin, (all sin,) For the Lord is nigh and our souls re-ly On His arm the
3. We shall see His face in that ho-ly place, Where the an-gels chant His praise, (glad praise,) And shall all a-dore Him for ev-er-more, And a glad new

sweet and grand. (so grand.) We are led by grace to a bet-ter place, Where the
fight to win. (to win.) Stronger far is He than our foes can be, So un-
an-them raise. (yes, raise.) In His love di-vine we shall rest and shine, On that

soul's pos-ses-sions wait, (now wait,) And the Sav-iour dear who up-holds us here
til the crown be won, (be won,) We will march and fight in the ho-ly light
ev-er-last-ing shore, (bright shore,) With our dear ones there, in our mansions fair,

Refrain.

Soon will greet us at the gate. (bright gate.) On, trav-el a-
Of the Fa-ther's might-y Son. (great Son.)
And the hap-py ev-er-more. (evermore.) On, on, on,

Glory Shall Come to the Faithful.

long, Je - sus will greet us at the pearl-y gate of heav - en,
on, on, on, to the pearl - y gate of heav - en,

On, loy - al and strong, Sing-ing the prais-es of the Saviour we a -
On, on, on, on, on, on, Sing of Christ the

dore,
Sav-iour we a - dore,

On, fol - low the King, Glo - ry e -
On, on, on, on, on, on,

ter - nal to the faithful shall be giv - en, Rest, glo - ri - ous
Glo - ry to us shall be giv - en, On, on, on,

rest, We shall en - joy in His dear presence ev-er - more.
on, on, on, On to rest with Je-sus ev-er-more, for ev - er-more.

No. 221. Sound His Praise.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., In "Praise and Thanksgiving."

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Sound His praise! sound His praise! To whom all praise is due,
2. Sound His praise! sound His praise! Whom an-gel heirs a - dore,
3. Sound His praise! sound His praise! Ye creatures of His hand,

1. Sound His praise! sound His praise!

"King of kings, Lord of lords," Who once "tasted death" for you;
Son of God, Prince of peace, Who the world's great burden bore;
Let the sea lift her voice, Echoed back from ev - 'ry land;

"King of kings, Lord of lords,"

Let each heart and each voice, In this His dwell-ing place,
Him that rose up to heav'n, Our great High Priest to be,
Let the night and the day, Their sil-ent an-thems raise,

Let each heart and each voice,

Sing ho-san-nas to His name, And with gratitude proclaim The wonders of His grace.
There, before the Father's throne, He is pleading for His own, Yea, pleads unceasingly.
Let the world with one accord, Join to mag-ni-fy the Lord, In mighty strains of praise!

REFRAIN.

f

O ye ran - somed sin-ners

p

O ye ran-somed sin-ners sing for joy, O ye ran - somed

p

Sound His Praise.

sing Hal-le - lu - jahs to our King, Praise Him
sin - ners, sing Hal-le - lu - jahs to our might-y King, Praise Him

for..... the love and grace That re - deemed.... our fall - en
for the won - drous love and grace That re-deemed our sin - ful,

race, Earth and sky ..... in praise u - nite, Sun and
fall - en race, Earth and sky in praise u - nite, Sun and

moon..... and stars of light, Wind and waves.... that do His
moon and shin - ing stars of light, Wind and waves that do His

word, Ev - 'ry - thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.
bless - ed word, praise the Lord.

No. 222. Join in Exultation.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN.

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Peo - ple, join in ex - ul - ta - tion, Voi - ces raise; Let ev - 'ry
2. He has bro't us full sal - va - tion, Sing, friends, sing; Fill earth and
3. We shall reach the home su - per - nal By His grace, And, gath-ered

peo - ple, tribe, and na - tion Sing God's praise. Make all the hills and
sky with ju - bi - la - tion, Praise the King. Oh, wor - thy of our
round the throne e - ter - nal, See His face; Then let us give our

vales to - day With mu - sic ring; Let voi - ces soar with
praise is He, For - ev - er - more; His love pro - claim, give
hearts' best praise—A - dor - ing, sing; With heart and voice pro -

joy, more and more, Ex - tol the e - ter - nal King.....
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.
praise to His name, Till all shall our God a - dore.....
All na - tions our God a - dore.
claim Him our choice, Our great and e - ter - nal King.....
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.

Join In Exultation.

CHORUS.











No. 223. The Work That Waits.

Eben E. Rexford. Owned by B. B. Beall, 1916, Douglasville, Ga. B. B. Beall.

1. There is a work that is wait - ing for us, Our Lord and Mas-ter
2 Off to the plains where the harvest whitens, Un-der the smile of
3. If in the har - vest field you reap not, Too weak to wield a

bids us come And gar-ner in his golden wheat-sheaves, That each may
God's blue sky, Work till the sun - set glo - ry brightens, Rest will be
sic - kle there, Seek for the nooks where wheat is grow-ing, Tho' choked by

share in His har-vest home. Lo, all the fields are white for reap-ing, The
wel - come by and by. Come at the nightfall, bringing with you, Sheaves
net-tle and starved by tare, Bet-ter a hand-ful for the Master, Than

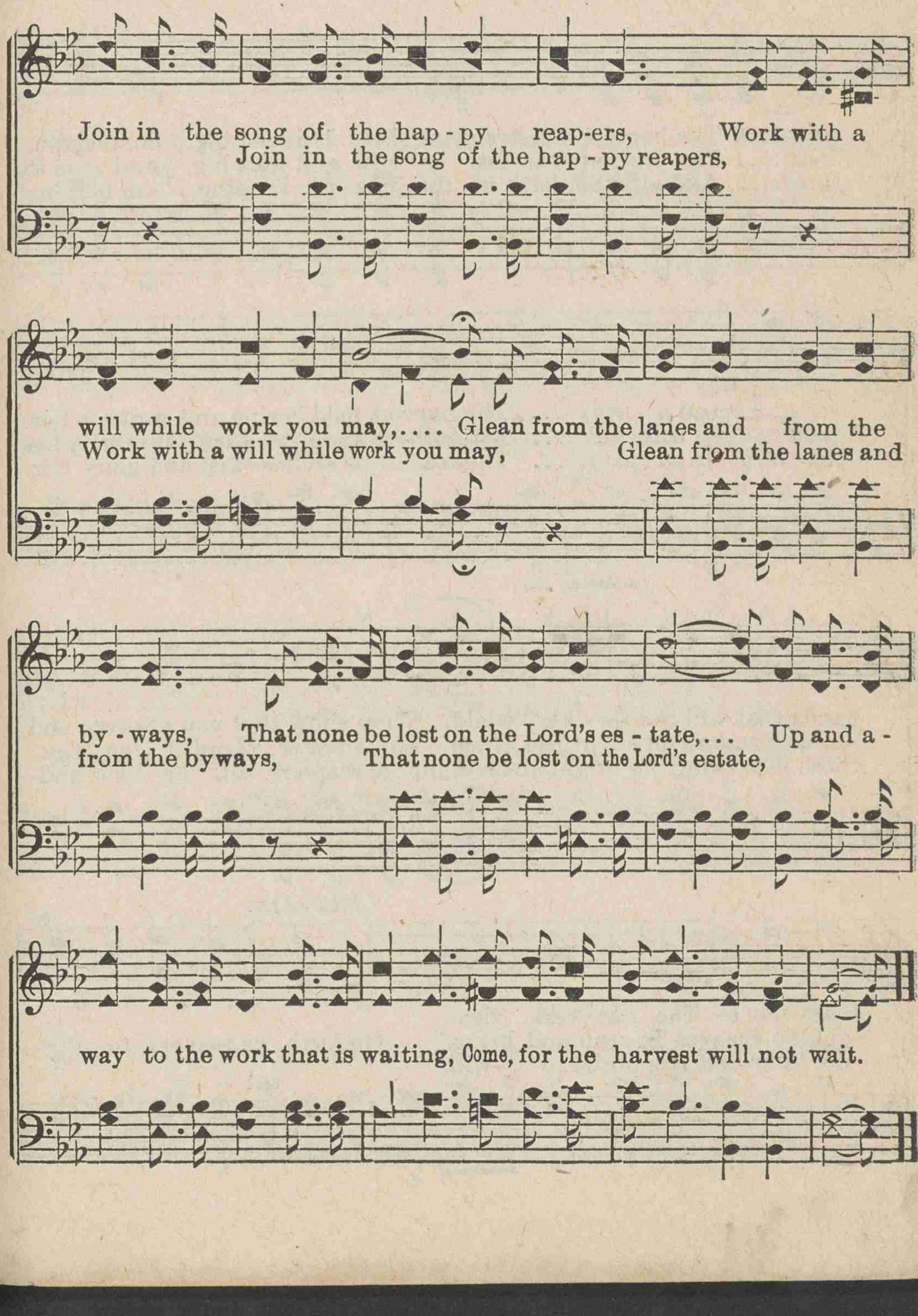
grain must waste if there's de - lay; Make haste to ans - wer, "Lord, I'm
you have gathered for the Lord; Come with the reap-ers, sing - ing
emp - ty hands o'er which to grieve; Let's do our best tho' best be

REFRAIN.

com - ing, I'll be a reap-er, Lord, to - day." Forth to the har-vest
glad - ly, And He will give you rich re - ward.
lit - tle, And with re-joic-ing come at eve. Forth to the

The Work That Waits.





No. 224. Go to the Harvest Field.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

S. W. B. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Across the sky the call is speeding, For willing hands and hearts to-
2. There is no time for vain de - bat-ing, De-cide at once to heed the
3. There shall be joy when ends the reaping, For ev-'ry reap-er true and

day,.... The harvest-mas-ter your help is need-ing, So, reapers,
call;.... The precious harvest is ripe and wait-ing, And soon the
brave,.. And all who, faith in the Mas - ter keeping, Are helping

heed and speed a - way.... The harvest field is ripe and waiting For
shadows deep will fall;.... Let nothing keep you from your duty, Let
Him the grain to save;.... There shall be endless rest and glory For

hands that will the sic - kle wield, Then show that you are true and
nothing make you slight the King; So an-swer, "Lord, I go the
those who bring the bright sheaves in; So, reap-ers all, be true and

REFRAIN.

has - ten to The har - vest field.
golden sheaves To reap and bring." Go forth, ye reapers, to the
do your best His praise to win.

Go to the Harvest Field.

waiting harvest field, O has - ten, bare the arm, the gleaming sic - kle

wield, For Je - sus speed a - way, be faithful, work to - day, With gladness

gath-er in the golden yield; Go forth, ye reapers, with a joy-ous, ringing yield;

song, To-gether do your best to help the harvest Lord, Be faith -ful,

speed a - way, With singing work to-day, Go forth and win the King's re-ward.

No. 225. Build On the Rock.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., OWNERS.

S. W. B. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Built up - on the sol - id Rock the house will stand; Storms may beat up-
2. Founded on the sol - id Rock the house is strong; Tho' the pow'rs that
3. With a firm foun-da-tion laid up - on the Rock, We can build in

on it and in rage ex - pand, Not pre - vail-ing 'gainst the one Foun-
threaten may a - round it throng, It will stand in gran-deur thro' the
safe - ty, tho' the storms may mock, Fear-ing not the ter - rors of the

da - tion grand; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
a - ges long; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
tem - pest's shock; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.

CHORUS.

Build on the Rock, it will stand;
Build on the Rock, it will stand, se - cure - ly stand; oh,
Build on the Rock of A - ges, it will stand; oh,
Build on the Rock, not the sand;
Build on the Rock, not the sand, the sink-ing sand; the
Build on the sol - id Rock and not the sand; the

Build On the Rock.

Storm-y winds may blow you, But can-not o - ver-throw you If on the

Rock you're build-ing right; For sure and stead - y it stands,

firm-ly stands, and

firm, se - cure,

firm - ly and se - cure - ly stands, and Thro' a - ges long

there se - cure, . . Thro' a - ges nev - er end - ing

'twill en - dure;

'twill en-dure, en - dure for - ev - er; Safe are the souls who have

'twill en - dure for - ev - er;

built on the Rock, "They shall not be re - moved."

"They shall not be removed."

re - moved."

No. 226. Be Blessings On the Way.

James Rowe. Jas. A. Atkins, owner, 1916. James A. Atkins.

1. On the gos - pel highway that will end at heav-en's gate, There are al - ways ma - ny who for blessings watch and wait; Are we true to Je - sus, as a-
2. Precious blessings dai - ly Je - sus gives to you and me, Tell - ing us to share them with the need - y ones we see; So we should o - bey Him and be
3. If to please our Sav-iour we are blessings here be - low, Yon - der He the life-crown on the faith - ful will be - stow; And thro' all the a - ges, in that long with Him we go? Do we have a bless-ing sweet on oth-ers to be-stow?
loy - al day by day, Shar - ing all our bless-ing with the need-y on the way.
home of joy a - bove, We shall share the blessings of our Saviour's precious love.

REFRAIN.

Oh, be bloss - ings as we go a - long, Help the
Oh, be blessings, oh, be blessings as we go a-long, Help the weak ones,
Oh, be bless - ings as we go a - long, Help the
weak ones to be true and strong; Brave - ly work for
help the weak ones to be true and strong; Bravely work for Je-sus, work for
weak ones to be true and strong; Brave - ly work for

Be Blessings On the Way.

Je - sus day by day,

Je - sus day by day, Al - ways have a bit of cheer or

Je - sus day by day,

love to give a - way, Oh, be bless - ings on the glo - ry

love to give a-way, Oh, be blessings, oh, be blessings on the

love to give a - way, Oh, be bless - ings on the glo - ry

road, Help the weak to reach the blest a - bode;

glo - ry road, Help the weak, yes, help the weak to reach the blest a - bode;

road, Help the weak to reach the blest a - bode;

Till we reach the pal - a - ces of rest,

Till we reach the pal - a - ces, the pal - a - ces of rest,

Till we reach the pal - a - ces of rest,

Let us all be bless-ings and for Je - sus do our best.

Je - sus do our best.

No. 227. If Your Life is True.

James Rowe. Owned by B. B. Beall, 1916, Douglasville, Ga. B. B. Beall.

1. You may nev - er lay up treas-ures in this earth - ly life, And your
2. Earth-ly praise may nev - er thrill you as you la - bor here, Ma - ny
3. You will trav - el on - ward dai - ly and will do your best, Till with

soul may oft grow wea - ry of the ceaseless strife, But a world of good for
storms will beat up - on you, earth and sky be drear, But you will not mind the
Him you en - ter heav - en and e - ter - nal rest, Then thro' all the countless

oth - ers dai - ly you may do, If you on - ly live for Je - sus and your
tri - als that will come to you, If your heart belongs to Je - sus and your
ag - es joy and glo - ry too, Shall be yours, in His own pal - ace if your

REFRAIN.

If your life is true to God to - day,
life is true. If your life is true to Je - sus, to God to - day,
If your life is true to - day,
If your life is true a - long the way,
If your life is true to Christ the Sav - iour a - long the way, Your
If you're true a - long the way,

If Your Life is True.

spir - it is sing-ing, your heart-bells are ringing, And the Sav - iour dear is

If your life is true

walk-ing close to you; (is close to you;) If your life is true to Je-sus,

If you're true to

to love di - vine, If your life is true

to love di - vine, If your life is true to Christ the Sav - iour,

love di - vine, If you're true your

your soul shall shine, And some - time in heav - en where life-crowns are

soul shall shine,

giv-en, Christ the Lord will crown you, if your life is true.....

if you are true.

No. 228. Extol the Name All-Glorious.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

Carroll King. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

With vigor.

1. Let us praise the King vic-to - ri-ous, Whose grace has made us free;
2. He is shielding and de-fend-ing us In ev - 'ry earthly fray,
3. Oh, with arms of love upholding us We all should press along;

Oh, ex - tol the name all-glo - ri - ous—The Lord of Lords is He.
Per-fect strength and courage lending us A - long the thorny way.
And with grace divine en-fold-ing us, Be loyal, brave and strong.

His might - y love at last shall win The nations all from doubt and sin;
So let us His commandments heed, And go wher-ev-er He may lead,
The vic - to - ry His love will bring, With songs of joy the world shall ring

The bet - ter day will soon be - gin, The day of vic - to - ry.
That we may help His love to speed A - long the bet - ter day.
In praise of our e - ter - nal King Who triumphs o - ver wrong.

REFRAIN.

He is winning, winning more and more, He is win - ning
He is win - ning more and

*Tenor to be sung loud, the other parts subdued and semi-staccato.

Extol the Name All-Glorious.

more and more, Mil-lions now our King a - dore,
more, Millions now..... our King a-dore, Na-tions

Na-tions all shall heed His voice, Tribes and rac - es
all ..... shall heed His voice, Tribes and ra - ces shall re-

shall re - joice, Oh, ex - tol His ho - ly name,
joice, Oh, ex-tol..... His ho - ly name, Let His

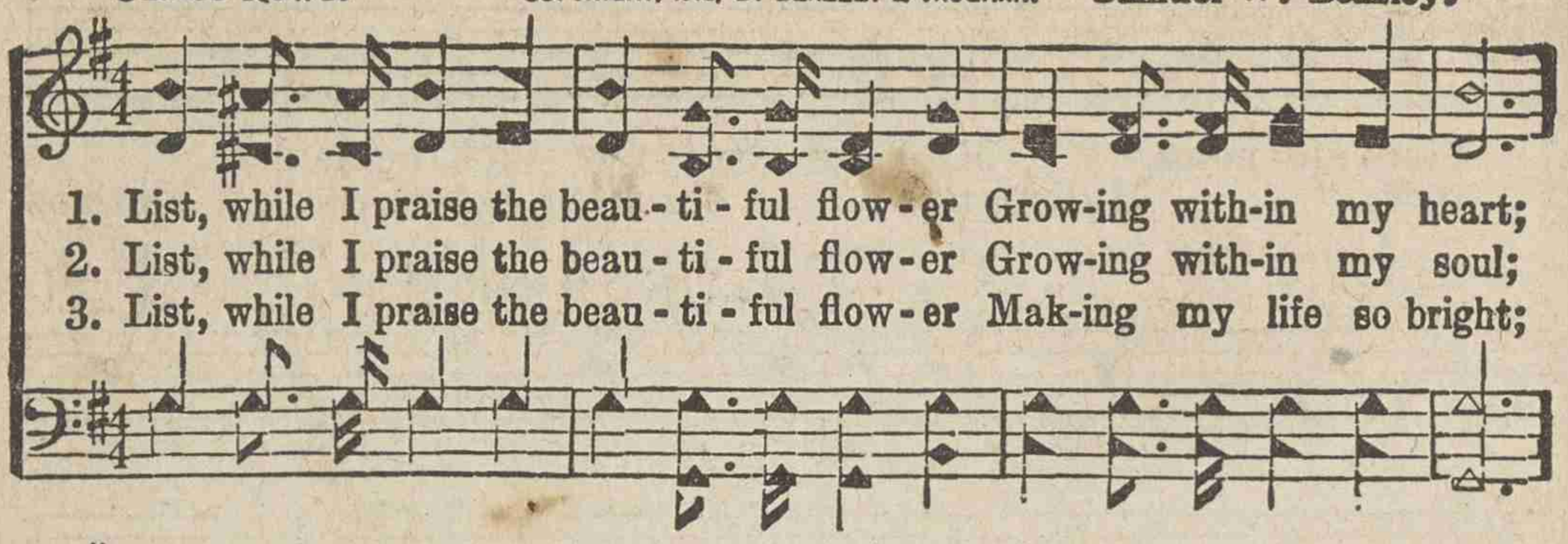
Let His glo - ry be our aim, E - vil days will
glo - ry be our aim, E-vil days.... will soon be

soon be past, Christ shall rule a - lone at last.
past, Christ shall rule..... alone at last.

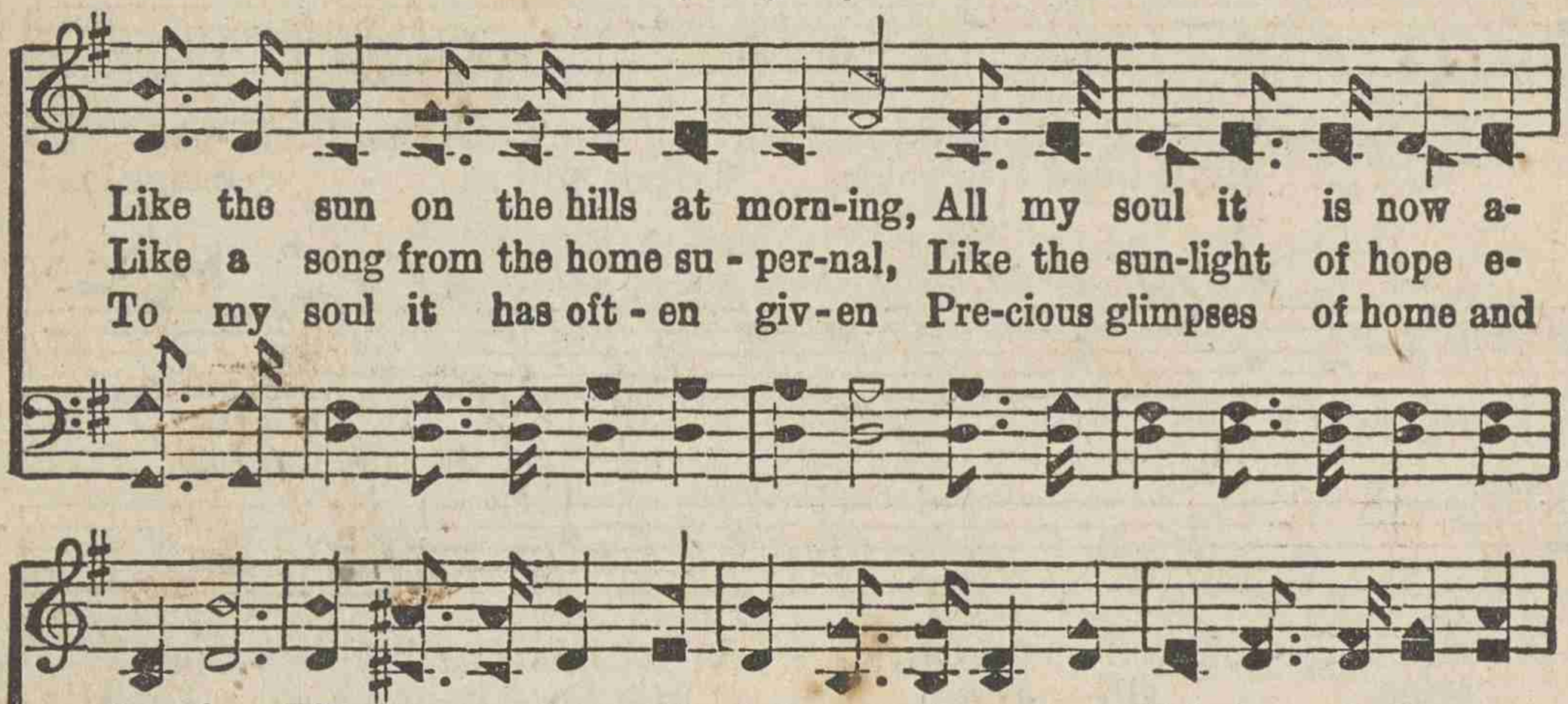
No. 229. Sharon's Rose.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

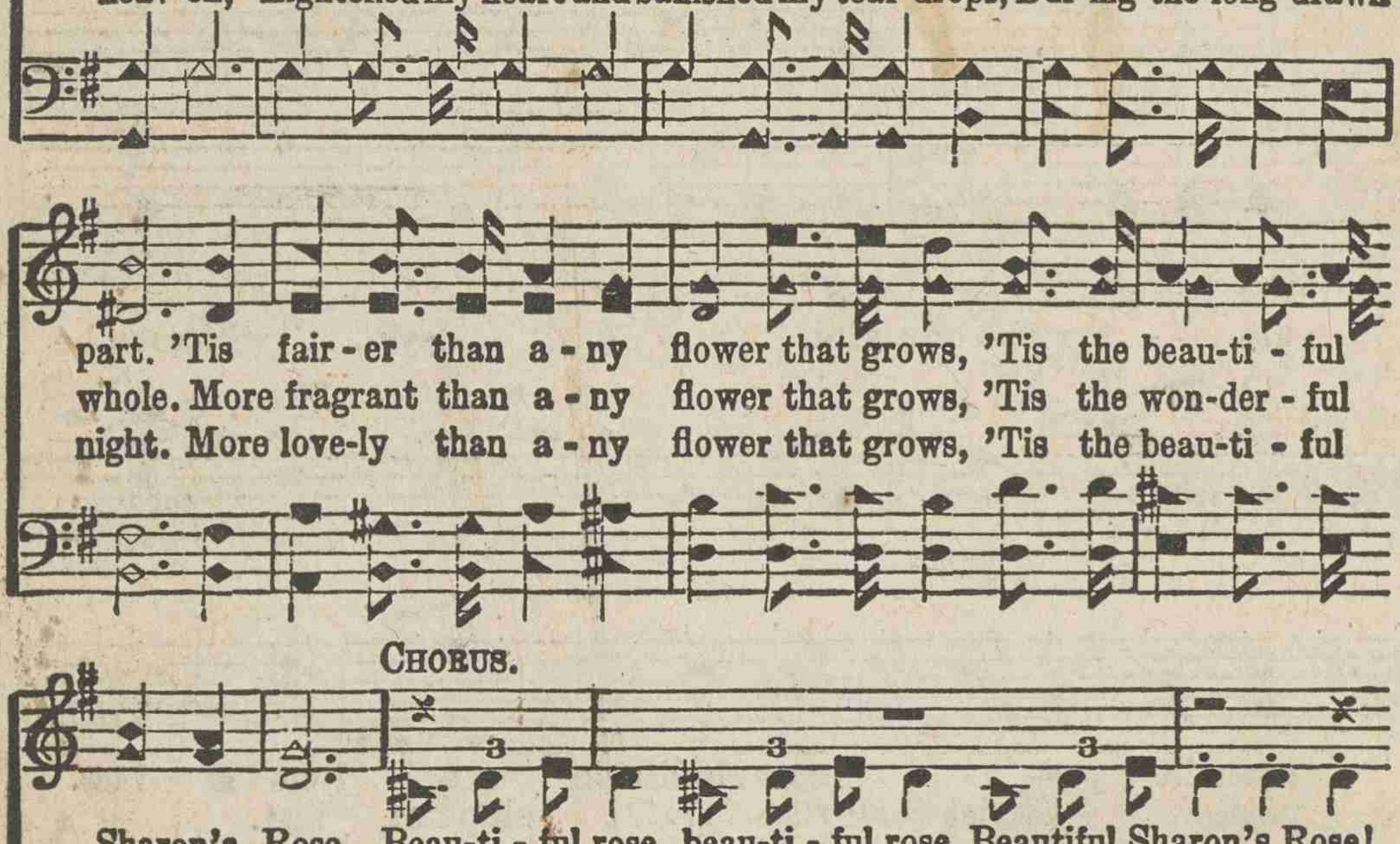
1. List, while I praise the beau - ti - ful flow - er Grow-ing with-in my heart;
2. List, while I praise the beau - ti - ful flow - er Grow-ing with-in my soul;
3. List, while I praise the beau - ti - ful flow - er Mak-ing my life so bright;



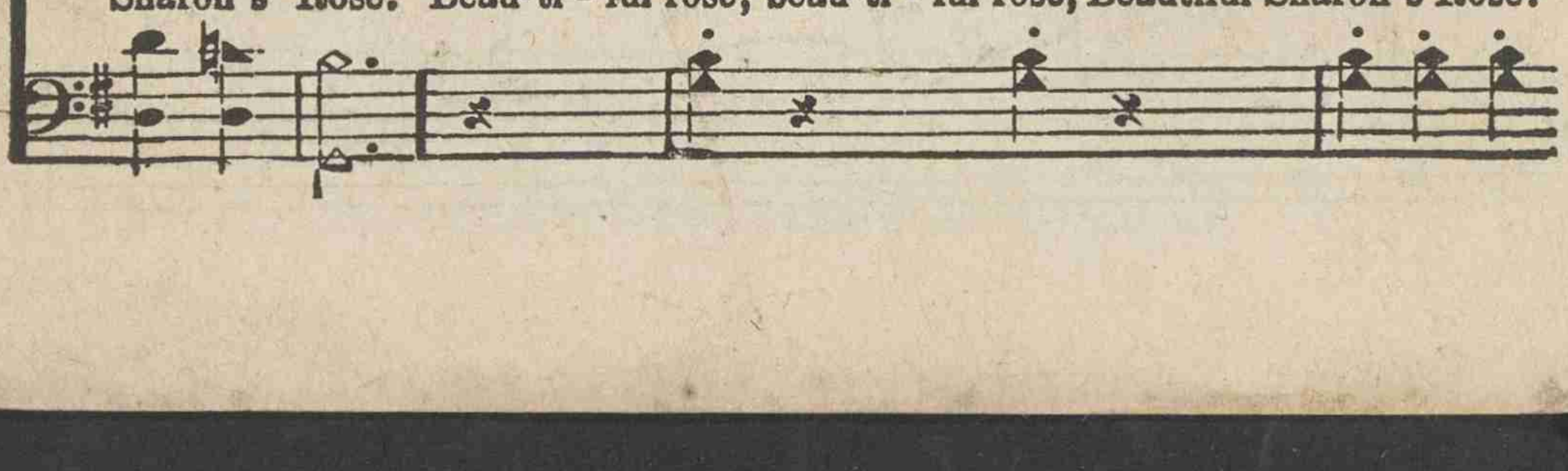
Like the sun on the hills at morn-ing, All my soul it is now a-
Like a song from the home su - per-nal, Like the sun-light of hope e-
To my soul it has oft - en giv - en Pre-cious glimpses of home and



dorn-ing, Fill - ing my days with gladness and comfort, Help-ing to do my
ter - nal, Cheering me on thro' bri - ars and shadows, Keeping me pure and
heav-en, Lightened my heart and banished my tear-drops, Dur-ing the long-drawn



part. 'Tis fair - er than a - ny flower that grows, 'Tis the beau-ti - ful
whole. More fragrant than a - ny flower that grows, 'Tis the won-der - ful
night. More love-ly than a - ny flower that grows, 'Tis the beau-ti - ful



CHORUS.

Sharon's Rose. Beau-ti - ful rose, beau-ti - ful rose, Beautiful Sharon's Rose!

Sharon's Rose—Concluded.

Won-drous-ly grow - ing, beau-ty show - ing, Sweet - est
grow on, bloom on, Rose, sweet rose, yes, bloom on, bloom

bloom that grows; Rose of Shar - on, how we love thee, Each heart de-
on, best that grows; Rose, sweet rose, we love thee best, and

vo-tion shows; Beautiful flow - er, fragrant ev - - er
fair Rose; Rose, our Rose, the rose we love, the

Balm for earth-ly woes, Blos-som e-ter - nal, Match-less
Balm for all our cares and woes, Bloom on, bloom on,

flow - er, beau-ti-ful Rose, beau-ti-ful Shar-on's Rose,
more and more, beau-ti - ful Rose.

No. 230. When the Call Comes.

Eben E. Rexford. Owned by B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga., 1916. **B. B. Beall.**

1. It will be a hap - py day when we hear the call of God, Say - ing
2. But a - las, for you and me, if up - on the page ap-pears In God's
3. O my brother, comrade, friend, let's get read-y for the day When God's

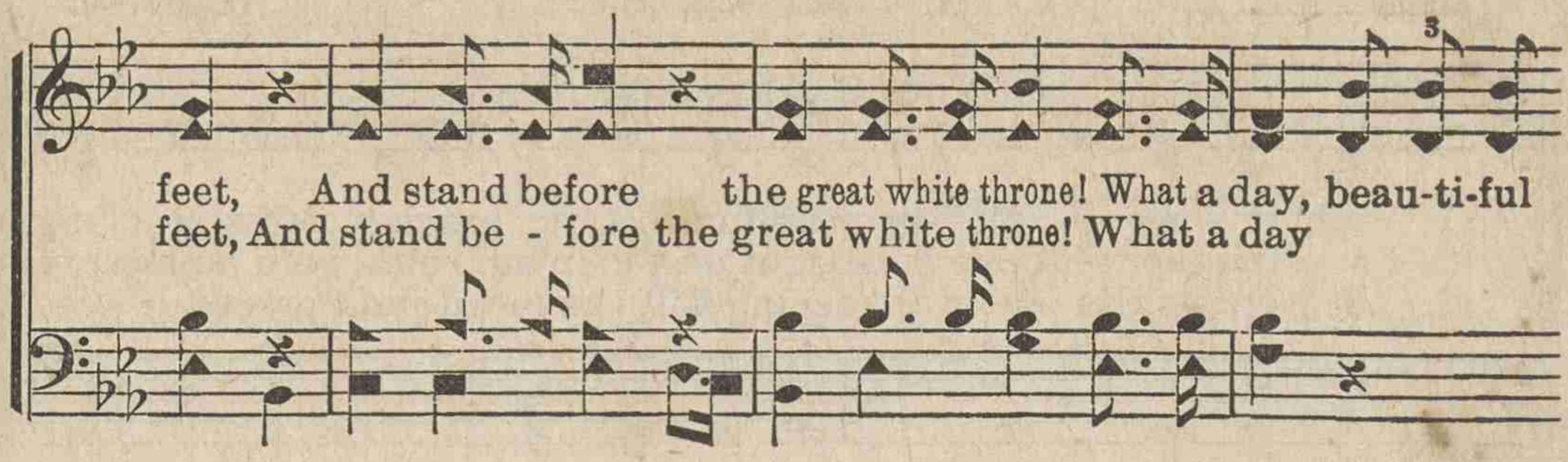
"Come, (Saying "Come,) children, come," (children, come," If we know our
great (In God's great) Book of Life, (Book of Life,) Rec-ords al - most
call (When God's call) we shall hear, (we shall hear,) Let us make our
record's fair when the earthly journey's trod, And we all (And we all)
blot-ted out by the rec-ord-angel's tears, When we failed (When we failed)
rec-ords fair so that we'll be glad to say All is well— (All is well—)

REFRAIN.

gath - er home. (gather home.) O won-der-ful day
in the strife. (in the strife.)
naught to fear. (naught to fear.) O that day when we

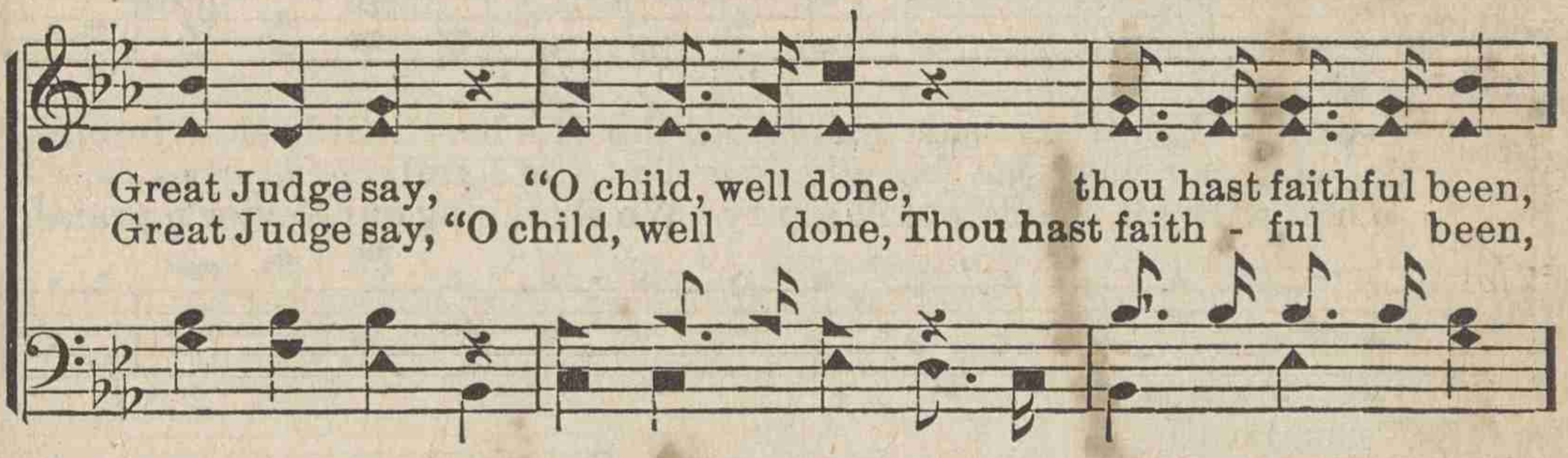
when we shall all meet At the Saviour's nail-scarred feet, His nail-scarred
meet..... at the Saviour's nail-scarred feet, His nail - scarred

When the Call Comes.











No. 231. Love Will Lead us Home.

James Rowe. L. D. Morris, owner, 1916. L. D. Morris.

1- With a song of vict'-ry ring-ing, Let us brave-ly press a - long,
2. From His home a-bove He sought us, When our souls were far a-stray;
3. Let us trust His pow'r of keeping Till the morn shall greet our eyes,

To the Sav-ior's promise clinging, Al-ways loy-al, pure, and strong.
With His sac-red blood He bought us On the cru - el cross one day.
And with Je-sus we go sweeping Through the gates of par-a-dise.

Let the mess-age sweet be giv-en To the sad and those who roam,
Now to rest and joy in Heav-en He is lead-ing you and me,
Let us sing and tell the sto - ry Till that hap - py day of days,

Trusting Him whose side was riven, For His love will lead us home.
So let ser-vice true be giv - en To the Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
When with all the Saints in glo-ry We shall sing our Savior's praise.

REFRAIN.

March a - long.....with Him who leads us in the light, March a-
March a-long with Him who safely leads us in the light, March a-

March with Him who leads us in the light,

Love Will Lead us Home.

long.....with Him who keeps us pure and bright; Onward! living
long with Him who keeps us all so pure and bright:

March with Him who keeps us pure and bright;

in His lovelight, giving light to those who roam;..... March a-
roam, those who roam; March a-

March a-

long..... with Him whom angels praise above, March a-
long with Him whom angels sweetly praise a - bove, March a-

long with Him whom an - gels praise above,

long.....with Him who died to show His love. Soon in glo - ry
long with Him who freely died to show His love.

March with Him who died to show His love.

we shall tell the sto - ry, For His love will lead us home.....

No. 232. The Great Redeemer.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

Francis Foster. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. How I love the great Re - deem-er Who is do - ing so much for me;
2. He has purchased my re-demp-tion, Rolled my bur-den of sin a - way,
3. Glo - ry be - to Him for - ev - er! Endless prais-es to Christ the Lamb!

With what joy I tell the sto - ry Of the love that makes men free. Till my
And is walk-ing on be - side me, Growing dear-er day by day. That is
He has filled my life with sunshine, He has made me what I am. O that

1. I will send songs a - bove,

earth - ly life is end - ed, I will send songs a-bove,
why I sing His prais-es, That is why joy is mine,
ev - 'ry one would know Him, O that all would a-dore!

Then be - side the crys - tal sea More and more my soul shall be Prais - ing
That is why for ev - er-more On the ev - er - last - ing shore I shall
O that all would trust the love Of my might - y Friend a-bove And be

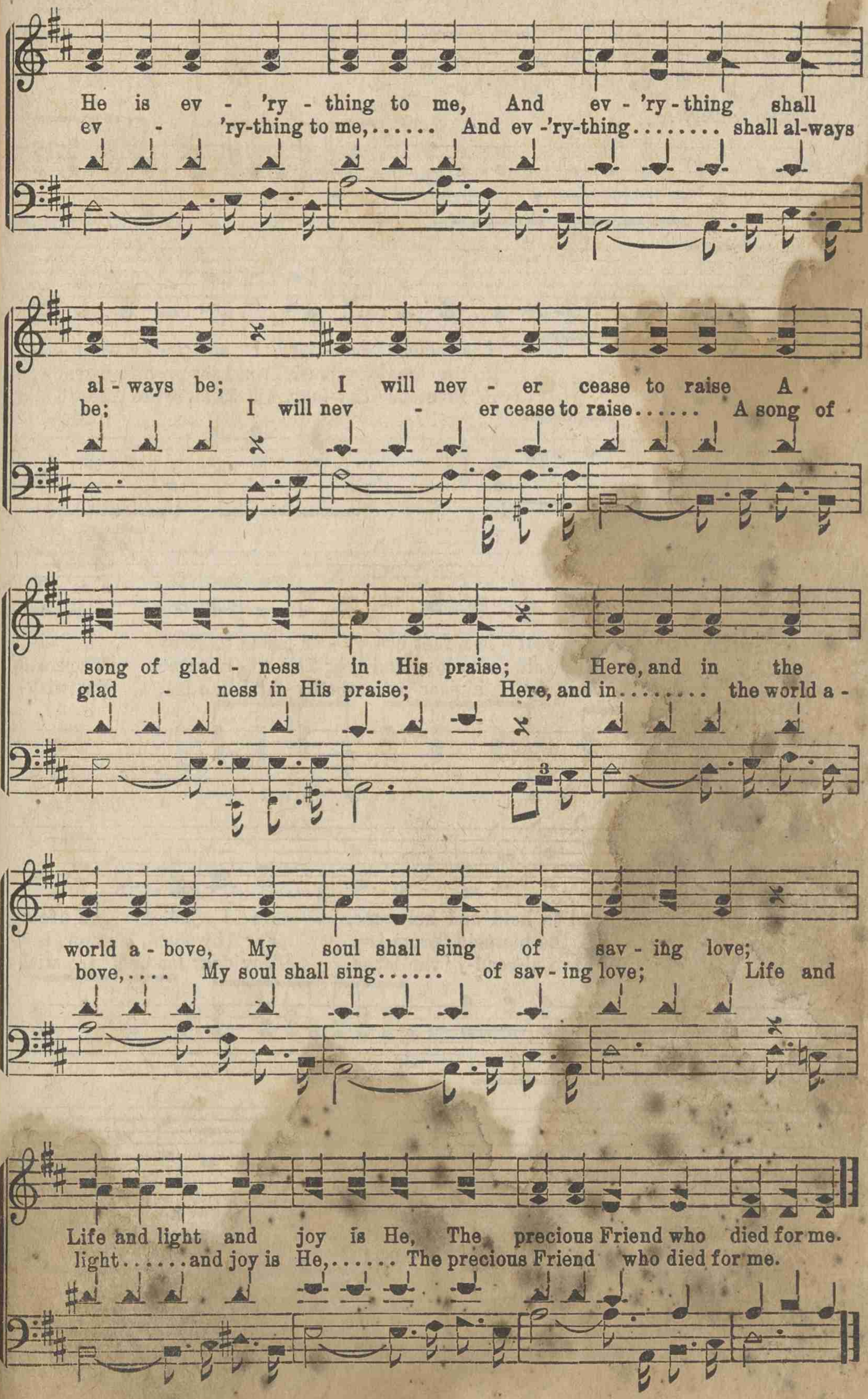
p REFRAIN.*

Je - sus and His love.
sing of love di - vine. He is ev -'ry - thing to me, to me, He is
His for ev - er - more.

f

* Bass to be sung loud. The other parts subdued and semi-staccato.

The Great Redeemer.



No. 233. I Shall Reach the Home of Beauty.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. A. Atkins, owner. 1916. J. A. Atkins.

Introduction.

1. Precious Sav - iour, I am ver - y weak and
2. Precious Saviour, Thou hast promised grace un-
3. Precious Sav-iour, 'tis so sweet to know Thou

way-ward, And my rest - less feet are ev - er prone to stray, So I
fail - ing Un - to all who love and fear Thy ho - ly name. Thou wilt
car - est E - ven for a poor un - worthy child like me. Yet with-

want Thy lov-ing hand to hold and help me, As I jour-ney on life's
ver - i - fy to me the bless-ed prom-ise, For Thy word, I know, is
in the years that have al-read-y van-ished, Thy dear leading I, with

dark and changing way; Ma - ny are the foes that gather round me
ev - er-more the same; When I think of all the great and ten-der
grateful heart can see; So I lift to - day a song of hope and

I Shall Reach the Home of Beauty.

dai - ly, Ma - ny are the clouds that o - ver-cast the sky.....
mer - cy, Then I re - a - lize Thy gracious presence nigh,.....
gladness, Faith looks up to bright-er joys that wait on high,.....

But if Thou wilt only guide me, tender Shep-herd, I shall reach the home of
And a-gain my spir - it gently, sweetly whispers, I shall reach the home of
Thro' Thy grace, and Thine alone, O loving Je - sus, I shall reach the home of

REFRAIN.

beauty by and by. Precious Saviour, in Thy Holy Book 'tis writ - ten,

"I will teach thee, I will guide thee with mine eye." Trusting in those golden

words of truth and goodness, I shall reach the home of beauty by and by.

No. 234. Singing The Victory Song.

James Rowe. Owned by B. B. Beall, 1916, Douglasville, Ga. **B. B. Beall.**

1. With the gos - pel standard lift - ed high, And our prais - es
2. Oh, the joy of marching with the Lord, Hearts and voic - es
3. Day by day we love Him more and more, Day by day we

ring - ing in the sky, While for strength on Je - sus we re - ly, To
all in true ac-cord! Oh, the joy of winning the re-ward That
wor-ship and a - dore, And un - til our earth-ly days be o'er We'll

Glo - ry-land we march a - long; (a-long;) All so hap - py with the
Je - sus will be-stow at last! (at last!) In His love-light on and
serve our precious friend a-bove; (above;) Then where all the ransomed

Ho - ly Dove, All so safe in His re-deem-ing love, On we
on we'll go, Let - ting praise our loy - al hearts o'er-flow, Let - ting
throng shall sing, End-less an-thems to our Lord and King, We will

go to Par - a - dise a-bove, All singing out the vict'ry song. (glad song.)
sin - ners our Redeemer know, Un - til our tri - als all are past. (are past.)
make the streets of glo-ry ring With joyous songs of praise and love. (great love.)

Singing The Victory Song.

REFRAIN.

Prais - ing.... Je - sus ev - 'ry day we march a - -
Know - ing.... that the Lord will keep us true and
Singing prais-es to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, we joy-ous-ly tra-vel the
Knowing all the time that the Lord will keep us true and strong, true and strong,

long, (Joy-ous-ly) Sing - ing all a - long the
strong, (Joy-ful - ly) Go - ing home with Him to
glo - ry way, Sing-ing all the way, all a - long the
true and strong, Go-ing home with Him, go - ing home to

way the vict - - 'ry song;
join the an - - gel throng;
way the vict - 'ry song, vict - 'ry song, hap - py vict - 'ry song;
join the an - gel throng, an - gel throng, hap - py an - gel throng;

Home to heav-en go - ing, Blessing true be-stow-ing, Love for Je - sus
All so sweetly cling-ing, Ev - er we are sing [*Omit.* . . . . . .

dai - ly show-ing; ing the vict - 'ry song.
. . . . .] ing the vict-'ry song, the blessed vict'ry song.

No. 235. Voices From a Distant Land.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co., in "Praise and Thanksgiving."

Edith Sanford Tillotson. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Voic - es from a dis - tant land in ear - nest tones are call - ing,
2. Burdened men and wo - men in their mis - er - y are dy - ing,
3. Shall we not with glad - ness send as - sist - ance to the need - y?

Send-ing their entreaties for our succor and our aid; Tell-ing us of
Lit - tle children bear their load of ignorance and grief; On the worthless
Giv - ing food to famished souls, from our increasing store? Send the gospel

sor - row and of troubled need ap - pall - ing, Tell-ing of the change that
i - dols of their heathen faith re - ly-ing, Knowing naught of Him who
mess-en-gers with help divine and speed-y, Till the cry of ig - nor-

cres.

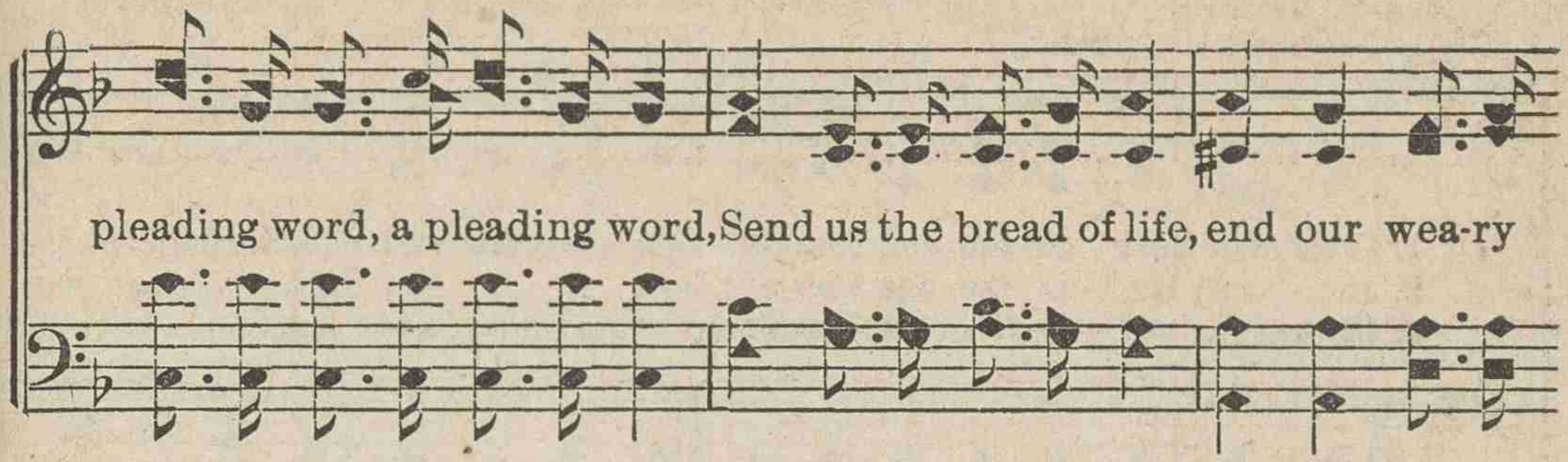
by our ef - forts can be made..... Hark!..... a
is their on - ly sure re - lief.....
ance and fear shall sound no more..... Hark! from lands beyond the sea, a

REFRAIN.

Hark! from o'er the sea a

call is heard, a call is heard, Hark;..... a
Hark; there comes to you and me a

Voices From a Distant Land.





No. 236. Hear the Battle Cry.

Eben E. Rexford. B. F. Clark and R. L. Stuckey owners. **R. L. Stuckey.**

Tempo di marcia.

1. Comrades, hark to the call that is ring - ing far and wide throughout the
2. Je - sus, He is the one who will lead us in the fight we wage with
3. Comrades, ral - ly from north and from south to-day, and come from east and

land! (throughout the land!) O hear it an-swer the summons that bid us to the
sin. (we wage with sin.) He'll give us cour-age and strength for the time of sor-est
west. (from east and west.) Christ needs you, answer the summons that calls us to the

fray. (that bids us to the fray.) See the host of the en - e-my, ranged on either
need. (the time of sor-est need.) Trusting all to the wis-dom of Him we'll surely
fight. (that calls us to the fight.) Glad-ly turn to the ser-vice that puts us to the

hand, Rank on rank, (and low!) the fight (is on) the fight is on to-day! Now's the
win, Win the day, (at last,) shall win (at last) with Jesus Christ to lead. Right shall
test, Brave and true, (each one,) to dare (and do) to dare and do for right. Ral-ly,

time when we must face the foe; Now is the time when the loy - al and true
win, and wrong shall meet with loss if we but fol - low the Sav-iour of men
ral - ly, round the flag of white, Earnest, and loy-al, and true to the end,

Hear the Battle Cry.

REFRAIN.

must to the world their col - ors show.
bear-ing the ban-ner of the cross.
and we have put sin's host to flight.

Christ who leads is in the

camp, List - en, O my com - rades, to the mighty tramp;
Listen, O listen, my comrades, O my comrades, to the tramp,

Tramp of the ar-my that gathers to - day, Ea-ger, earn-est for the fray. O 'tis a
Fight and pray that we may win vic-to-ry

glo - ri-ous sight, That of legions on the way, Ready to bat-tle for right; Hear the
o - ver all sin. Onward, thinking not of loss, On - ly of vic - to - ry won, Won for

1 2

bat-tle cry, Be-hold the King draws nigh! O,
Christ be - [*Omit* . . . . .] neath the banner of the cross.

No. 237. Singing the Vict'ry Song.

Copyright, 1916, by The A. J. Showalter Co.,

S. W. B. in "Praise and Thanksgiving." **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Keep - ing the path that leads on to glo - ry, Heed - ing the or - ders of the King di - vine, Giv - ing to lost ones love's precious sto - ry, In His light we live and shine; And with His stand-ard wav - ing a - bove, With
2. Hear - ing His word of com - fort and glad-ness, See - ing the sun - shine of His lov - ing smile, On - ward we go thro' val - leys of sad-ness, Serv-ing Je - sus all the while; Do - ing our best to scat - ter the light, All
3. Soon with the saints and an - gels in heav - en, When all our la - bors of this life are o'er, Where the bright crown of life will be giv - en, We shall sing it ev - er - more; Close to the throne of Je - sus the Lord, So

Je - sus our Lord we bravely press a - long, Trusting each day His glo - ri - ous love, With glad-ness we sing the vict - 'ry song.
do - ing our best to les-sen doubt and wrong, Sure of His help, all fear-less and bright, With gladness we sing the vict - 'ry song. Sing-ing the vict-'ry song we
hap - py a - mid the ev - er - last-ing throng, While we en-joy the soul's great re- ward, With glad-ness we sing the vict - 'ry song.

REFRAIN.

Singing the Vict'ry Song.

press a - long, Hap - py with Je - sus, try-ing to be strong,
with gladness, and loy - al.

Win-ning true glo - ry by tell - ing the sto - ry of ev - er - last - ing

Win - ning glo - ry with the sto - ry of Je - sus and His

love; Sing - ing the vict - 'ry song from
ev - er - last - ing love and mer - cy,

day to day, Prais-ing the Ho - ly One a - long the way,
re - joic-ing to heav-en

In His love-light we are marching on - ward to our home a - bove.
In His light marching on - ward to our home a - bove.

No. 238. Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER. A. J. Showalter.

Allegretto.

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of ju-bi-lee!
Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song

Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song of ju - bi-lee!
Hark the song! Hark the song! Hark the song

Hark the song..... of ju - bi - lee! Loud as might-y thun-ders
Hark the song Hark the song!

roar, Or the full - ness of the sea, When it breaks up-
thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea,

Allegro.

on the shore. See Jehovah's banners furl'd, (Sheath'd His sword, He speaks 'tis done;)
on the shore. He shall reign from pole to pole, (With supreme, unbounded sway;)

Hark! the Song of Jubilee.

Now the kingdoms of this world, (Are the kingdoms of His Son,) Are the kingdoms
He shall reign, when like a scroll, (Yonder heav'ns have passed away,) Yonder heav'ns have

1 2 *A tempo.*

of His Son; Hark the song..... of ju-bi-lee! Loud as
passed a - way; Hark the song Hark the song!

might - y thun-ders roar, Or the full - ness of the
Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the full-ness

Allegro.

sea, When it breaks upon the shore. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le - lu-jah!
of the sea, Hal-le - lu - jah! Hark the song!

Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men.
Hark the song!

No. 239. Resurrection.

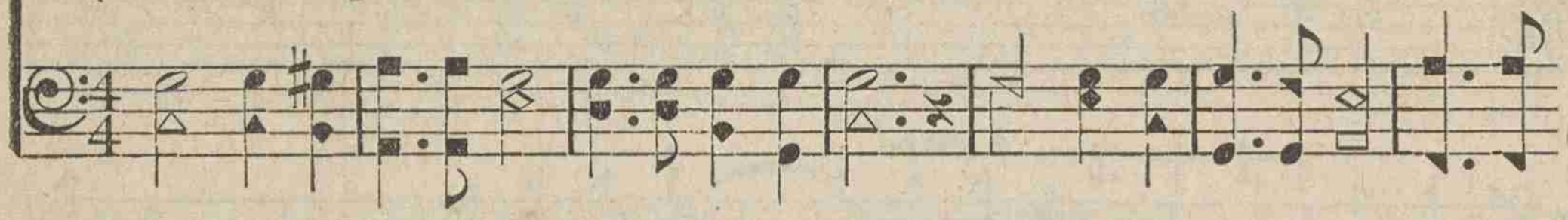
MATTHEW 28: 1, 7.

H. F. Morris. PROPERTY OF T. B. MOSLEY AND H. F. MORRIS. T. B. Mosley.

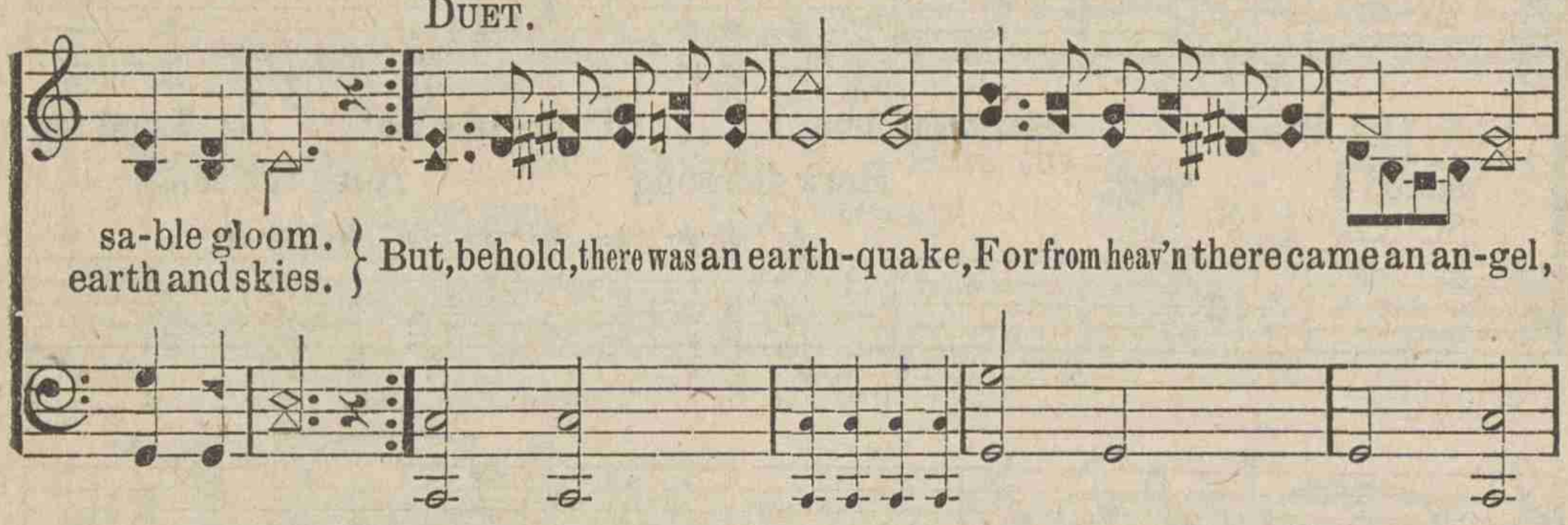
QUARTET. *p*



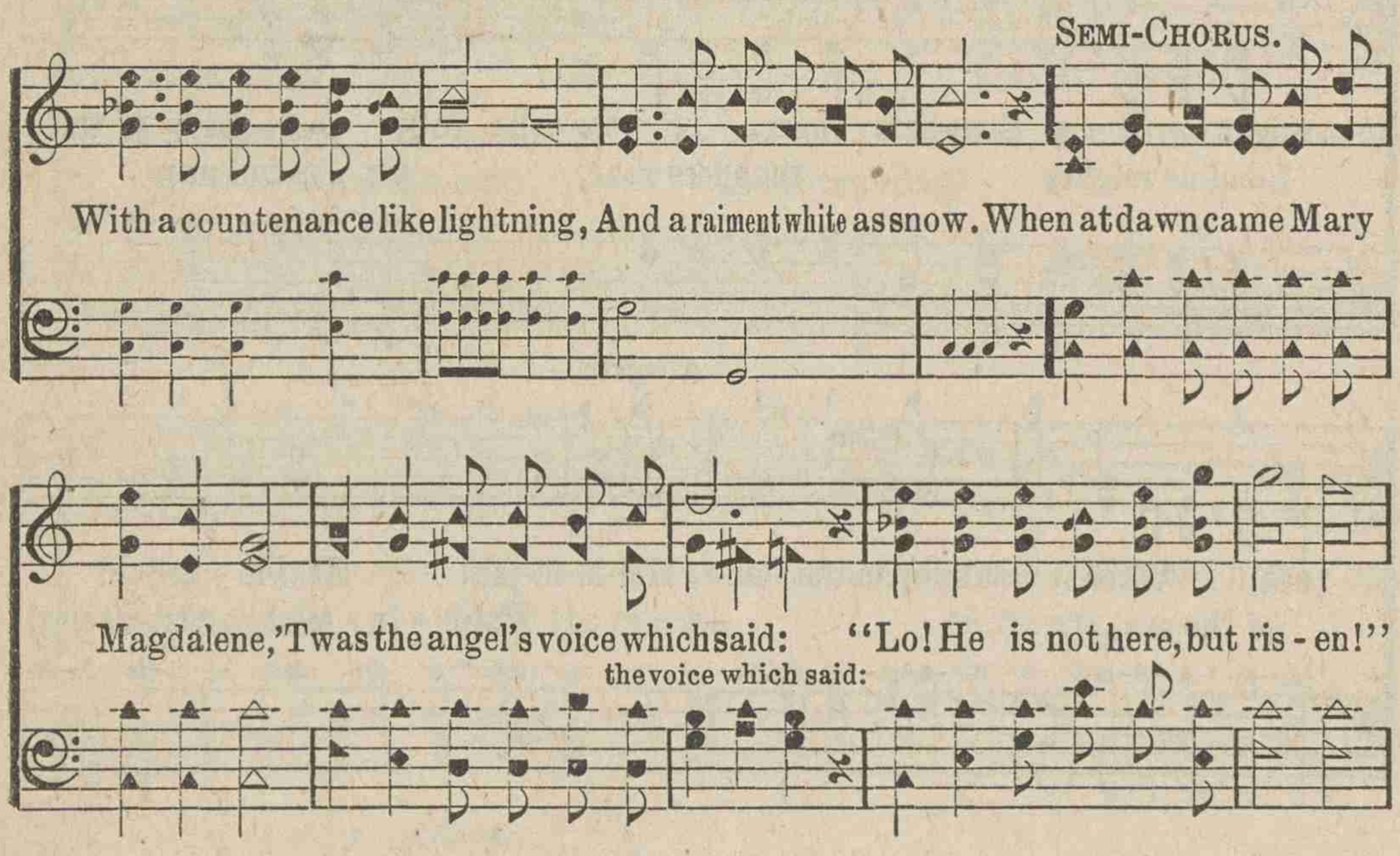
They cru-ci-fied my Lord, Laid Him in the tomb, Now lies the Son of God In death's
The Man of grief and toil There in silence lies; Death has within its coil God of



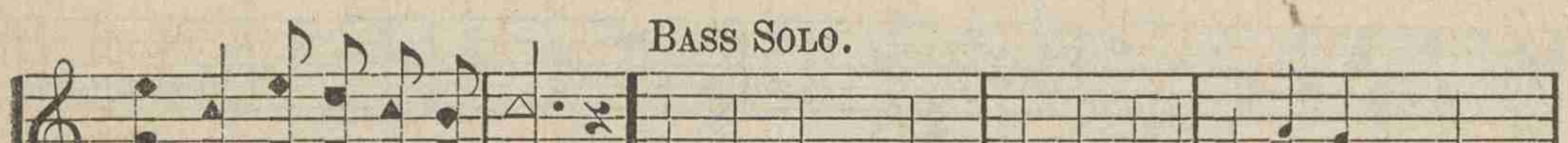
DUET.



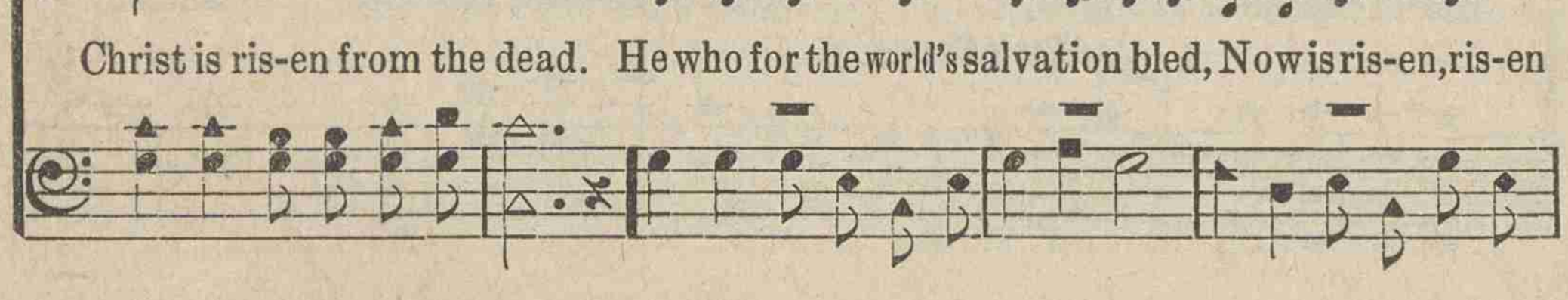
sa-ble gloom.
earth and skies.
But, behold, there was an earth-quake, For from heav'n there came an an-gel,



SEMI-CHORUS.



With a countenance like lightning, And a raiment white as snow. When at dawn came Mary



Magdalene, 'Twas the angel's voice which said: "Lo! He is not here, but ris - en!"

the voice which said:



BASS SOLO.

Christ is ris-en from the dead. He who for the world's salvation bled, Now is ris-en, ris-en

Resurrection.



FULL CHORUS. *Accel.*



No. 240. My Redeemer's Love For Me.

James Rowe. L. C. HIGDON, OWNER, 1916. L. C. Higdon.

1. What is keep-ing me so hap-py as I trav-el on my way? Love di-
2. What is help-ing me to tri-umph o-ver all the foes I meet?
3. What will be my song for-ev-er when my tri-als here are o'er?

vine,.... so rich and free! ... What is such a precious blessing to my
Love di-vine, rich and free! What will cheer me onward dai-ly till my
What will glo-ri-fy my mansion on the

soul from day to day? My Re-deem-er's love for me!.....
friends at home I greet? My Re-deem-er's love for me! (His love for me!)
ev-er-last-ing shore?

REFRAIN.

His pre-cious love is in my soul,
His pre-cious love..... is in my soul, ...

And all my life it shall con-trol;
And all my life..... it shall con-trol;.....

My Redeemer's Love For Me.

It light-ens all..... my earthly care,..... And gives my
It lightens all my earthly care,

heart..... a song to spare;..... His precious love.....
And gives my heart a song to spare; His precious love

will keep me true,..... And day by day ..... my strength re-
will keep me true, And day by day

my strength renew, Un - til I praise,
new,..... Un - til I praise,..... be - side the

beside the sea, My dear Re-deem - er's love for me.....
sea,..... My dear Redeemer's love for me. (His love for me.)

No. 241. O Praise His Holy Name.

James Rowe. T. B. MOSLEY, ALBERTVILLE, ALA., OWNER, 1916. T. B. Mosley.

O praise the King who sends refreshing springs to us; Ex - alt the

O praise, O praise the mighty King, Ex - alt, ex-alt the

Friend whose love such gladness brings to us; Give praise to Him of

precious Friend Give praise to Him

whom cre-a-tion sings to us, The Lord of earth and all the worlds a-bove.

The Lord of earth

BASS SOLO, or ALL BASSES.

A-dore ye the name of the Sav - ior who died, . . The sins of the

O adore the name, adore the name of Him who died, All the sins, yea,

Gi
Giv
Givep
prais
bless
praise
that we

;
;
n.
men;
door
be:

Working For the Master.

REFRAIN.

Well done, thou hast faithful been, Work - ing

Thou hast in the Master's service ev - er faithful been, Working for the Master

Thou hast faith - ful been and glad - ly work-ing for the

for the Mas-ter kind,

who is ev - er true and kind, Gleaning in the by - ways, Seek-ing in the

har - vest Mas - ter,

Go, la - bor

high-ways, Gold - en grain of love and truth; Go, la - bor for the Master

La - bor while there's

while there's work to do, La - bor till the night has come,

while there's work for all to do, La-bor for the Master till the night has come to you,

work to do, yes, La - bor till the night has come and

Then come, gladly singing, Garnered wheat-sheaves bringing, To God's Harvest Home.

No. 243. Hallelujah, Jesus Reigns.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu-jah, Jesus reigns.

Allegro.

1. Sound the glad tri-umph-ant cho - rus, Let the song of vic-t'ry ring,
2. Let the world u - nite in wor-ship, Let the na-tions bless His Name,
3. Join each voice in songs in - spir - ing, Till the ech - oes ring a - bove,

His ban - ner waves be - fore us, The stand - ard of our King.
Their thank-ful voic - es rais - ing, With hon - or and ac - claim
Give laud and praise un - tir - ing, Un - dy - ing faith and love,

From far and near the an-them rolls In sweet and swell-ing strains,
Let souls of earth be prais-ing Him, Who lose their guilt - y stains;
Let all cre - a - tion glad - ly say, While earth and sky re - mains,

"Re - joice, re - joice, ye sons of earth, The King of glo - ry reigns."
"Re - joice, re - joice, oh hearts of men, The King of glo - ry reigns."
"Re - joice, re - joice, give thanks and sing, The King of glo - ry reigns."

Hallelujah, Jesus Reigns.

CHORUS.

mf Je - sus reigns to-day, Je - -

Hal - le - lu - jah, earth re-joic - es in His glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, tell a-

sus reigns to-day, Sound His praise abroad, He is Christ our Lord, As our

gain the bless-ed sto - ry, Hal - le-

King He reigns. Je - sus reigns to-day,

lu-jah, Je-sus reigns, He reigns. Hal - le - lu - jah, raise the ban - ner of sal - va - tion

Je - sus reigns to-day, He is King of kings, blessed

Hal - le - lu-jah, give Him praise and ad - o - ra - tion,

light He brings, Hal - le - lu - jah, He reigns, Je-sus reigns, He reigns.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Je-sus reigns, He reigns, Hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus reigns, He reigns.

No. 244. I Am Always Trusting Him.

Mrs. J. W. Askew. J. W. ASKEW, OWNER, 1916. J. W. Askew.

1. When the storms of life are sweep - ing, And the path is hard to see,
2. E - ven when no sun is shin - ing, In His love-light on I go,
3. In the hour of strong temp-ta - tion, When the tempt-er hurls his dart,

Safe I feel in the dear keep - ing Of the Friend who died for me.
Nei - ther fear-ing nor re - pin - ing, For my Help is near, I know.
He will still be my sal - va - tion, And will keep my trust-ing heart.

In the path so straight and nar - row, He will keep me day by day,
He will shield me and de - fend me, When the foe I chance to meet,
If I call Him, He will heed me, When the path is rough and steep,

And will let me free - ly bor - row For my needs a - long the way.
And will lov - ing - ly de - fend me, That my tri-umph be com - plete.
All the way to Heav - en lead me, For I'm trust-ing Him to keep.

REFRAIN.

I am trust - ing, ev - er trust - ing, In the
I am trust - ing, ev - er trust - ing, I am trust - ing,

I Am Always Trusting Him.

pow'r.... of grace di-vine, And I al - ways feel like
In the pow'r of grace di-vine, of grace di-vine, And I al-ways feel like

sing - ing, For such peace and joy are mine; Yes, my
sing-ing, feel like singing, For such peace and joy are mine, these are mine; Yes, my

Lord ..... is al-ways with me, Let the path.....
Lord, my Lord is al-ways with me, He is with me, Let the path

be bright or dim, Giv-ing words.... of cheer and
be bright or dim, be bright or dim, Giv-ing words of cheer and

cour - age, And I'm al-ways trust-ing Him.....
cour-age, cheer and cour-age, And I'm al-ways trust-ing, al-ways trust-ing Him.

No. 245. There's a Battle.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There's a bat - tle go - ing on to - day; It is waged be-
2. God is for us in the war we wage, Why, then, should we
3. Brave men, stand where fierc - est char-ges come From the ranks of

tween the right and wrong; We've en - list - ed on the side of right,
fal - ter in dis-may? Who can turn the ar - my of the Lord
the op - pos - ing foe; Vol - ley for each vol - ley brave - ly give—

Val - iant men to be in bat - tles long. With de - ter - mi-
When that ar - my His commands o - bey? Fear shall nev - er
Nev - er wear - y of the bat - tle grow; God's strong arm is

na - tion in our hearts, And a faith in Him who leads the way, We will
cast our spir - its down, Tho' the bat - tle may be fierce and long; In our
ev - er on our side, No de - feat shall com-pass us a-bout; Then go

press the fight from sun to sun, Till our faith-ful ranks shall win the day.
hearts His prom-i - ses shall stand, And up - on our lips the warrior's song.
for - ward, loy - al men of faith, With God's help, the en - e - my to rout.

There's a Battle.

CHORUS.

Lead on, might - y Cap - tain in the con - flict for the
Lead on, might-y Cap - tain in the con-flict for the

right; We will fol - low Thee like soldiers brave to
truth and right; We will fol - low Thee like sol - diers

win the fight, Know - ing well an o - ver-
brave to win the fight, Know-ing well an o - ver-

brave, like soldiers brave to win the fight,

whelm-ing vict'ry we shall claim, As we
whelm - ing vic - t'ry we shall claim, As we go and

vic - t'ry, vict'ry we shall claim,

wage a hard and righteous bat - tle in His name.
in His name, His name.

No. 246. We Shall Understand.

James Rowe. T. B. Mosley, Albertville, Ala., owner, 1915. T. B. Mosley.

SOPRANO SOLO.

1. Some - time the veil of life will rise,..... Some -
2. Some-where your soul and mine shall know..... Why
3. Some - how the mys - te - ry will die,..... And

time the light we all shall see..... Shine
un - der bur - dens now we bend,..... Why
those who loved and passed a - way,..... Who

out a - cross un - cloud - ed skies,.... And make things
some have joy and oth - ers woe,..... Why some fall
left us here a - lone to sigh,..... Will hold our

plain to you and me..... Then we shall
far and some as - cend..... Oh, yes, 'twill
hands a - gain some day..... For ev - 'ry -

know why we are here..... Up - on this
all be plain at last;..... The light will
thing made clear will be,.....; When we have

We Shall Understand.

storm - y, troub - led land,..... For God at
shine at God's com - mand,..... These cloud - ed
reached the bet - ter land;..... Some - how, when

last will make it clear;..... We shall un - der - stand.
days will soon be past,..... We shall un - der - stand.
all the shad-ows flee,..... We shall un - der - stand.

CHORUS.

Some time..... our eyes will see,..... Some-where.....
Some-time (some - time) our eyes will see, Some-
.....made plain 'twill be,..... Some-how.....when shadows
where (some-where) made plain 'twill be, some - how (some -
flee,..... We'll un - - der - stand.....
how) when shadows flee, We'll un-der-stand, we'll understand.

No. 247. Great is the Lord.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Great is the Lord and strong His hand; He made the sea, He shaped the land;
2. He formed a path-way in the sea To set His fa-vored peo-ple free;
3. Great is the Lord up - on His throne, To Him all mys-ter-ies are known;
4. He rides the wave, He rules the storm, He soothes all fear and wild a - larm;

From ev - er-last-ing to ev - er - last-ing The heavens shall His praises swell:
O'er hills and mountains, by dales and fountains, From danger they were guarded well:
Wise prophets hoary declared His glo - ry, And strove His majesty to tell:
Tho' rocks are shaken and forests ta-ken, His peo-ple safe-ly in Him dwell:

Clothed in au-thor - i - ty He stands, The u-ni-verse heeds His com - mands:
He quenched their thirst, their hunger fed, By fire and cloud His cho-sen led:
Far greater He than all their speech, Beyond the pow'r of tho't to reach:
His sov'reign will gave mor-tals breath; Im-mor-tal life has conquered death:

Great is the Lord, ... the mighty Lord, . . . The ho - ly
Great is the Lord, the might - y Lord,

CHORUS.

Great is the Lord
Lord of Is - ra - el. Great is the Lord . . . . who rides the

Great is the Lord.

who rides the storm, Who guides the stars up - on their way;
storm, . . . Who guides the stars . . up-on their way;

Ex-cel-lent is His name, boundless His pow'r and fame, Endless His roy - al
End-less His royal might, His

sway. . . Great is the Lord, a might-y Rock,
matchless sway. Great is the Lord, ... a mighty Rock, . . .

A sure de-fense in times of stress; Un-to the
A sure de - fense . . . . in times of stress;

Lord be praise, since He has crowned our days With His own right - eous - ness. . .
With His own perfect, perfect righteousness.

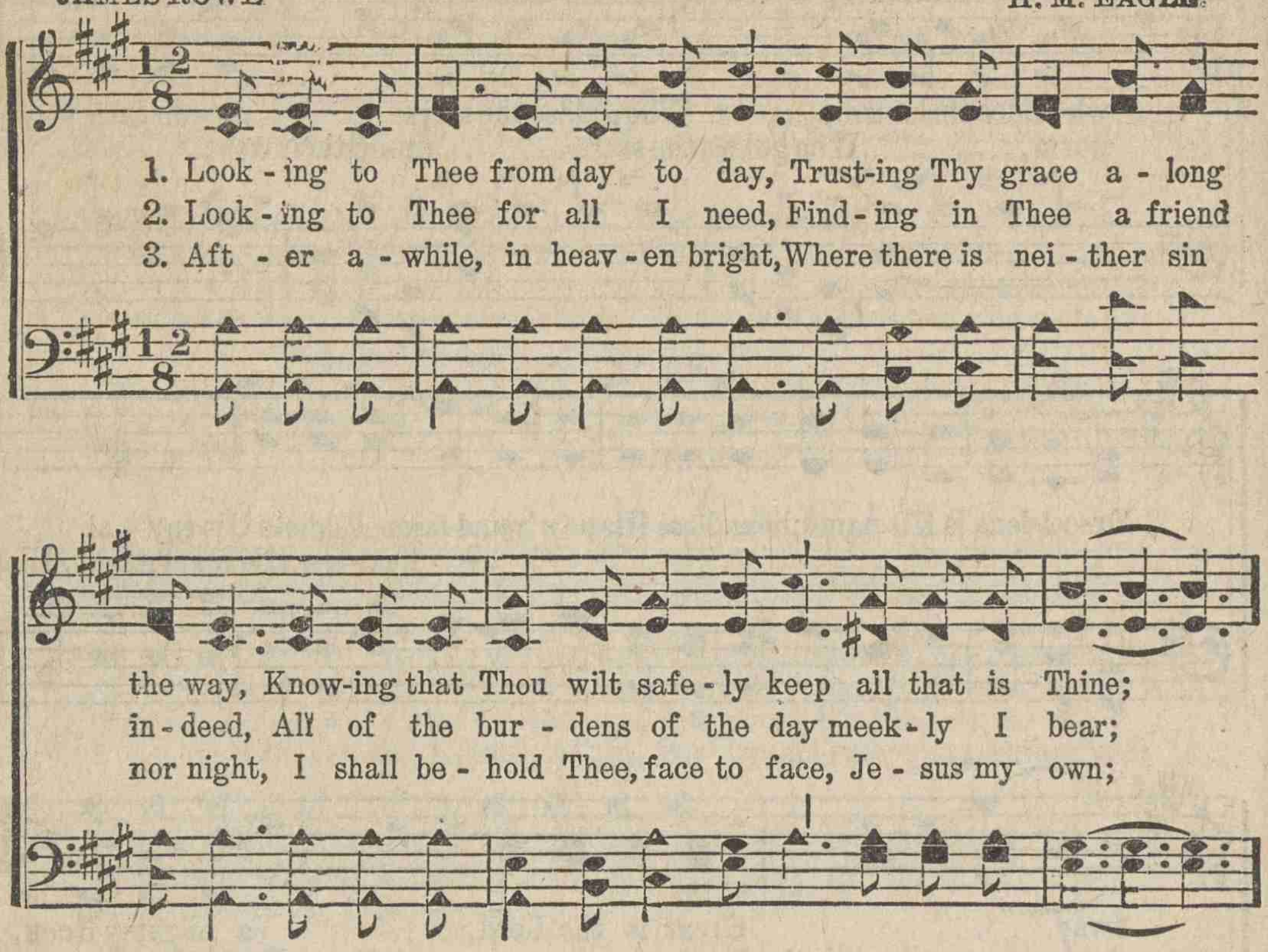
With His own perfect righteousness. . .

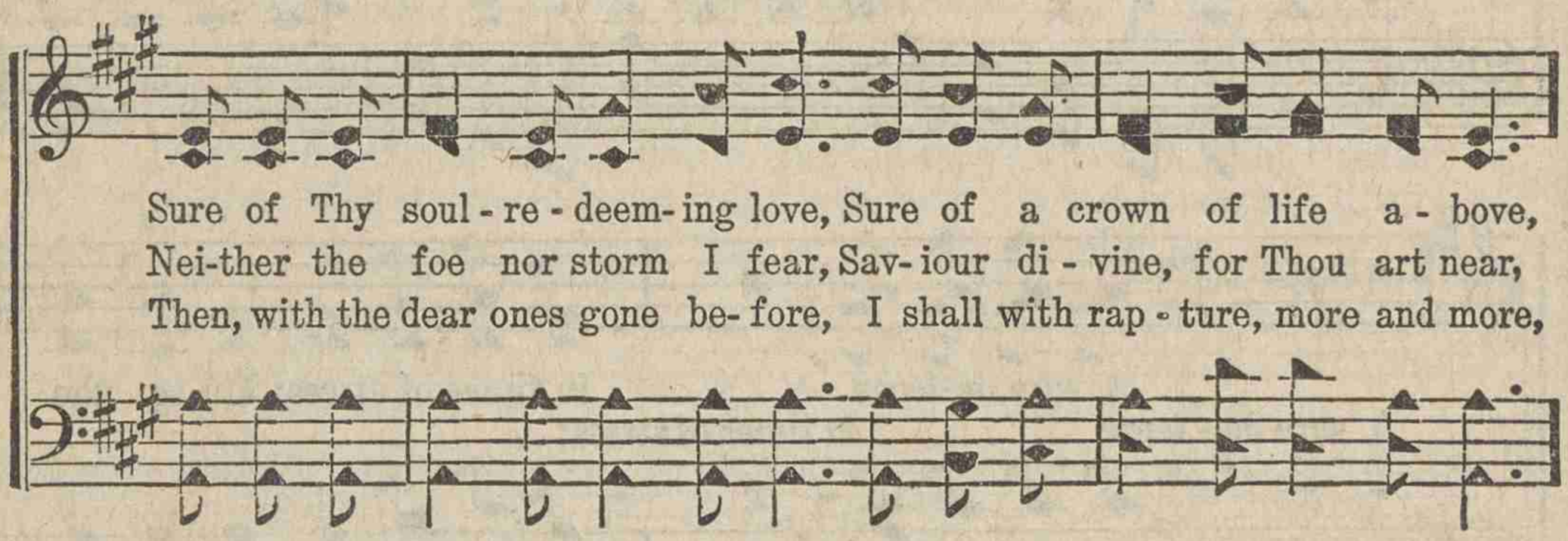
No. 248. Looking to Thee.

Property of H. M. Eagle, Burke's Garden, Va. 1911.

JAMES ROWE

H. M. EAGLE.







Looking to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Look - ing to Thee,..... Trusting Thy grace,.....
Con- stant- ly look - ing to Thee, Trusting Thy

..... I am as hap - py as a true sol - dier can
won - der- ful grace,

be;..... Near - ing my own.....
be, ev - er can be; Near - ing, dear Sav - iour, my own

heav - en - ly place,..... Trust - ing Thy
beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly place,

love I press a - long, look - ing to Thee.....
yes, look - ing to Thee.

No. 249. The War-Call of the Age.

James Rowe. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1918. A. J. Showalter.

1. Come, young men, strong men, take up arms, To-day the foe en-gage,
2. The Lord's re-ward you now may win—The gold-en crown of life,
3. O young men, strong men, haste a-way, The liv-ing mes-sage bear;

For the air is filled with wild a-larms,—'Tis the war-call of the age.
Haste a-way to face the hosts of sin, And be fear-less in the strife.
Make the bless-ed Sav-iour known to-day, Take the ti-dings ev-'ry-where.

O new men, true men, march a-way, With Je-sus in the lead,
The na-tions are a-wake at last, The curse of sin they see;
O new men, true men, fall in line, Fight hard and ne'er give o'er,

And be no-ble sol-diers in the fray, Help to fill the world's great need.
They are send-ing far the bu-gle blast, And are long-ing to be free.
Till the whole world loves the King di-vine, And till sun shall be no more.

REFRAIN.

March on, true throng, with a glad new song, Take the field . . for Christ to-
On, true throng, with glad new song, Take the field for

The War-Call of the Age.



No. 250. Joy Among the Angels.

Jennie Wilson. J. M. EDWARDS, OWNER, 1912. J. M. Edwards.

1. There is joy a-mong the angels, and their praise more sweetly rings, When a sin - ner has re-pent - ed and from e - vil turned a-way; As some swift ce- les - tial her-ald up from earth the message brings, Louder grow the hal - le- lujahs sounding thro' the realms of day.

2. There is joy a-mong the an - gels, clad in robes of spotless white, When they know the blood of Je - sus has ef-faced the stains of sin; That the guilt - y and de-filed one now is right-eous in His sight, And the crown of life e- ter-nal with the pu - ri-fied may win.

3. There is joy a-mong the an - gels in the bliss-ful home on high, When they know some child of sin and sor-row has been born a-gain; Oh, may you and I a - wak-en mu - sic sweet beyond the sky, As for - give-ness of all er - rors we thro' mer - cy shall ob-tain.

REFRAIN.

Joy, joy, joy a-mong the angels, with the angels, With the angels, With the angels, Joy, joy, joy a-mong the angels, with the angels, As they stand before the throne, the great white throne,

There is joy . . . . . a-mong the an-gels, . . . As they stand . . . . be-fore the throne,

Joy Among the Angels.

When sal-va-tion's light has brok-en on some wea-ry troub-led soul, When sal-

vation's light has broken on some weary troubled soul; Joy, joy, joy a-

There is joy, ... a-

mong the an-gels, with the an-gels, When the Saviour's grace is

mong the an-gels . . . . When the Sav - - iour's grace is

known, His grace is known, And the pardoned one is glad-ly yield-ing to di-

known,

vine con-trol, And the pardoned one is glad-ly yield-ing to di-vine control.

No. 251. The Harmony Divine.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., OWNERS.

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. One sum-mer eve I heard a strain Of sweet-est har-mo-ny;
It soothed me like a gen-tle breeze, Or like the mur-m'ring sea;
Each tone to all the rest at-tuned,—Not one dis-cord-ant sound,—

2. And then a vi-sion came to me: A world of sin and pain—
An in-stru-ment with myr-iad strings That God would tune a-gain.
I heard the jar-ring notes of greed, Of war and want and grief,

3. And then I tho't of One who came Earth's pris'ners to re-lease,
To heal the bro-ken-heart-ed ones, Cause hate and strife to cease;
And longed that soon the time might come, When all this world would be

It fell up-on my ea-ger heart As rain on thirst-y ground.
The cries of mul-ti-tudes dis-tressed That vain-ly sought re-lief.
Tuned by the Great Mu-si-cian's hand, One glo-rious har-mo-ny.

CHORUS.

O Thou,..... who didst the tem-pest calm, And
O Thou who didst the tem-pest calm, And

The Harmony Divine.

hush..... the waves to rest, The storm.... con-trol, the
hush the waves to rest, to rest, The storm con-trol, the

tu - mult still In ev - - - 'ry hu-man breast.
tu - mult still In ev-'ry hu - man, hu - man breast.

Sub - due..... the na - tions by Thy Cross— Make
Sub - due the na - - tions by Thy Cross— Make

ev - - 'ry king-dom Thine— Till earth..... at last with
ev - 'ry king - dom, kingdom Thine—Till earth at last with

Heav'n shall blend In har-mo-ny di - vine.
Heav'n shall blend In har - mo - ny di - vine.

No. 252 Here am I, O Lord, Send Me.

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

1. There are souls bowed down in sor-row, In this dark world of woe here be-
2. There are some who know no glad-ness, And but lit - tle of com-fort they
3. There are ma - ny who are sigh - ing For a hap - pi - er por - tion in

low, And with each re-turn-ing mor-row Sin and sad-ness still they know;
share; All their lives are filled with sad-ness, And with toil-ing, and with care;
life; Ev - 'ry day their souls are cry - ing For the end - ing of the strife;

Yet these souls may be made hap - py, And be filled with new comfort and
But their spir - its may be light-ened Of the bur-dens so heav - y they
And the dark-ness may be scat-tered With the shad-ow, and an-guish, and

cheer, If but one of God's dis - ci - ples Will with love and help draw near.
bear, If but one of God's dis - ci - ples Will take Christ the Helper there.
care, If but one of God's dis - ci - ples Will take Christ the Helper there.

REFRAIN.

Here am I, O Lord, send me, Send me forth to
Here am I,..... O Lord, send me,..... Send me forth..... to toil for

Here am I, O Lord, Send Me.

toil for Thee! To the homes of want and care,
Thee! To the homes..... of want and care,..... Send me

Send me as a help-er there; Give to me some
as..... a help-er there;..... Give to me..... some word of

word of love, Some sweet word of hope and cheer,
love,..... Some sweet word..... of hope and cheer,.....

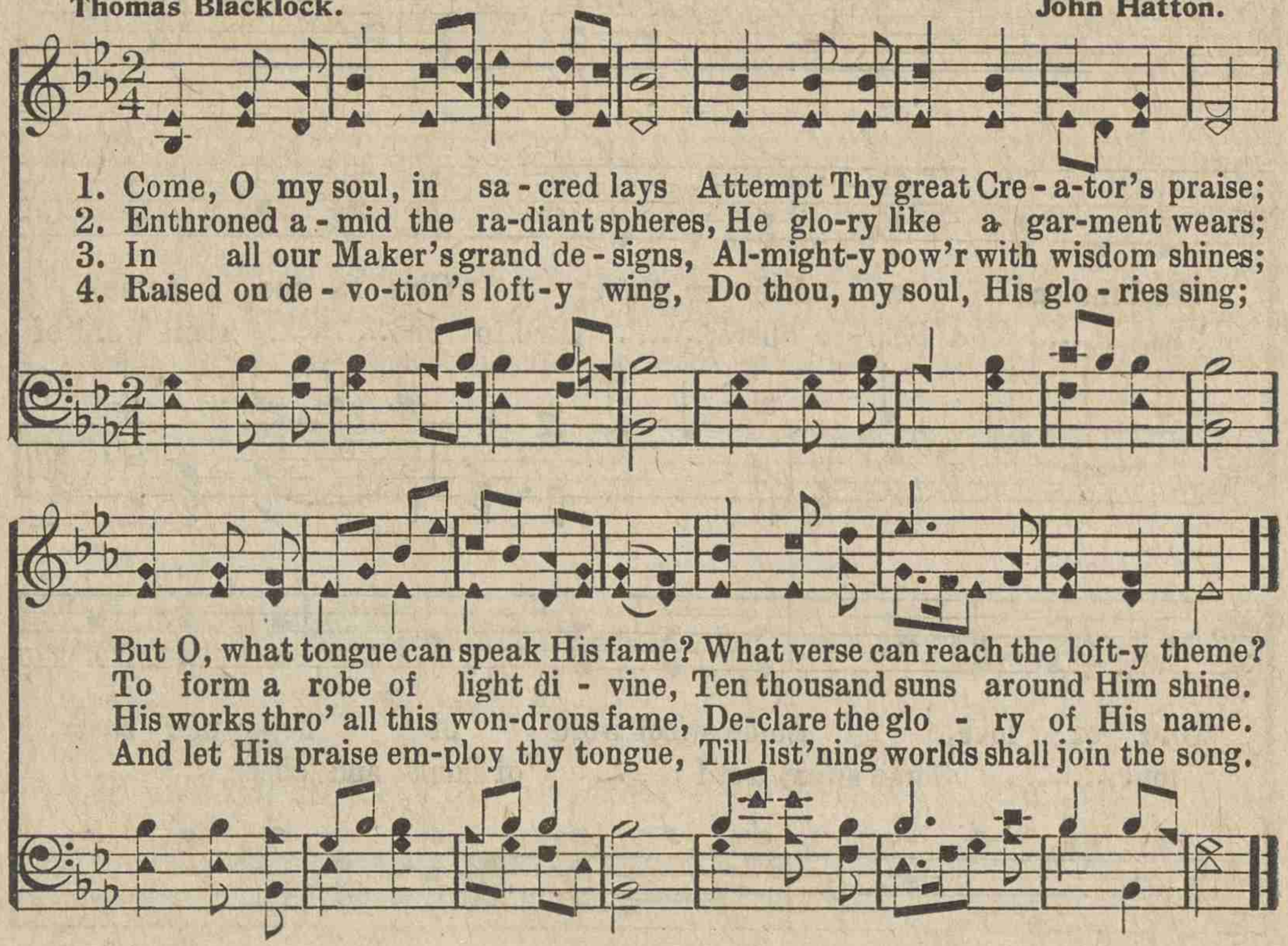
And the mes sage I will bear, And life's joy and sun-shine

share With the souls who sigh and sor-row here.
sigh and sor-row here.

POPULAR HYMN-TUNES
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

No. 253. Duke Street. L. M.

Thomas Blacklock. John Hatton.



1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays Attempt Thy great Cre - a-tor's praise;
2. Enthroned a - mid the ra-diant spheres, He glo-ry like a gar-ment wears;
3. In all our Maker's grand de - signs, Al-might-y pow'r with wisdom shines;
4. Raised on de - vo-tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing;

But O, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the loft-y theme?
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
His works thro' all this won-drous fame, De-clare the glo - ry of His name.
And let His praise em-ploy thy tongue, Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

No. 254. Gratitude. L. M.

Isaac Watts. Ami Bost.

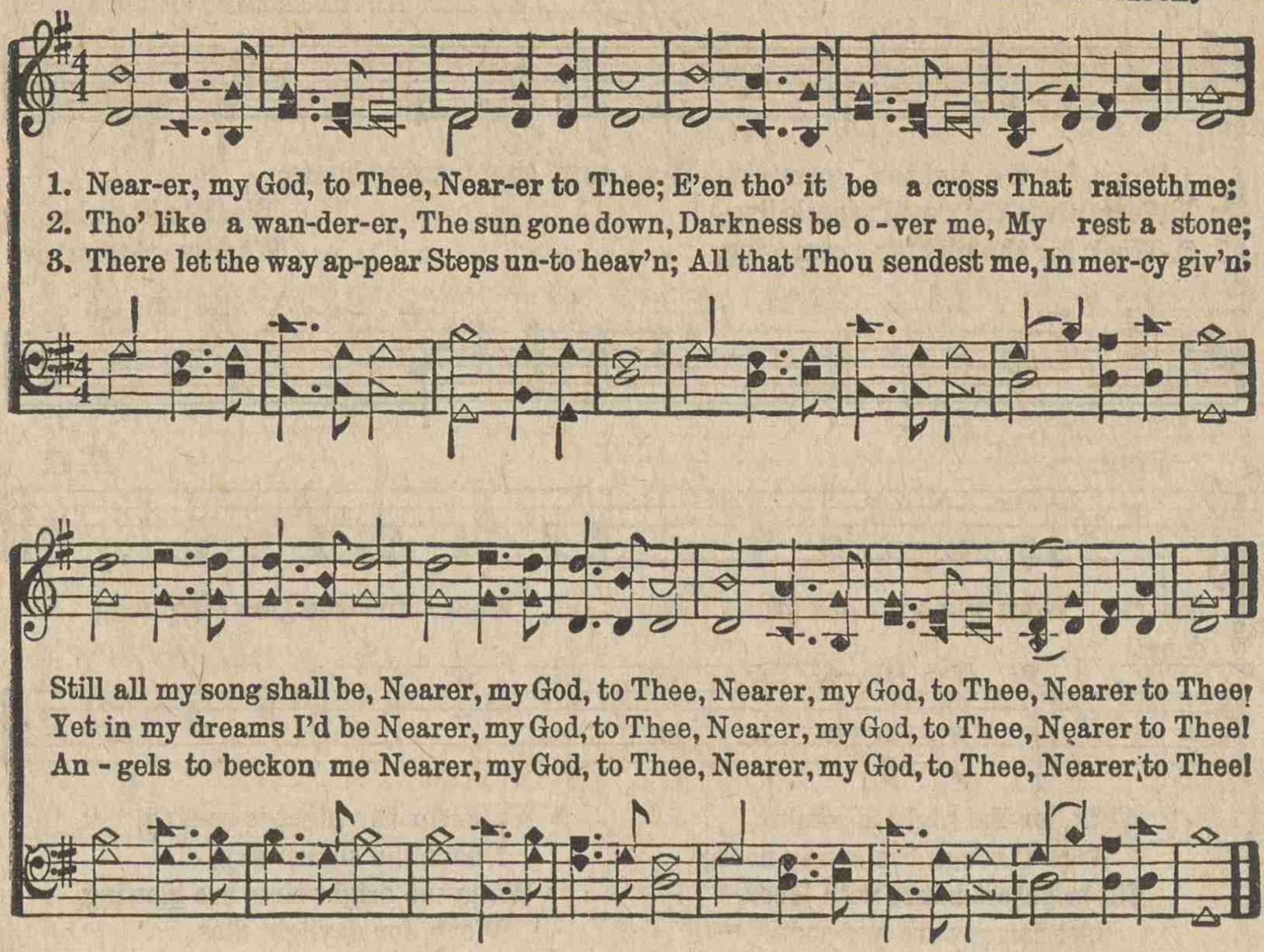


1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve - ning new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours;
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con - se - crate my days;

And morn-ing mer - cies from a-bove, Gen-tly 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 De-mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

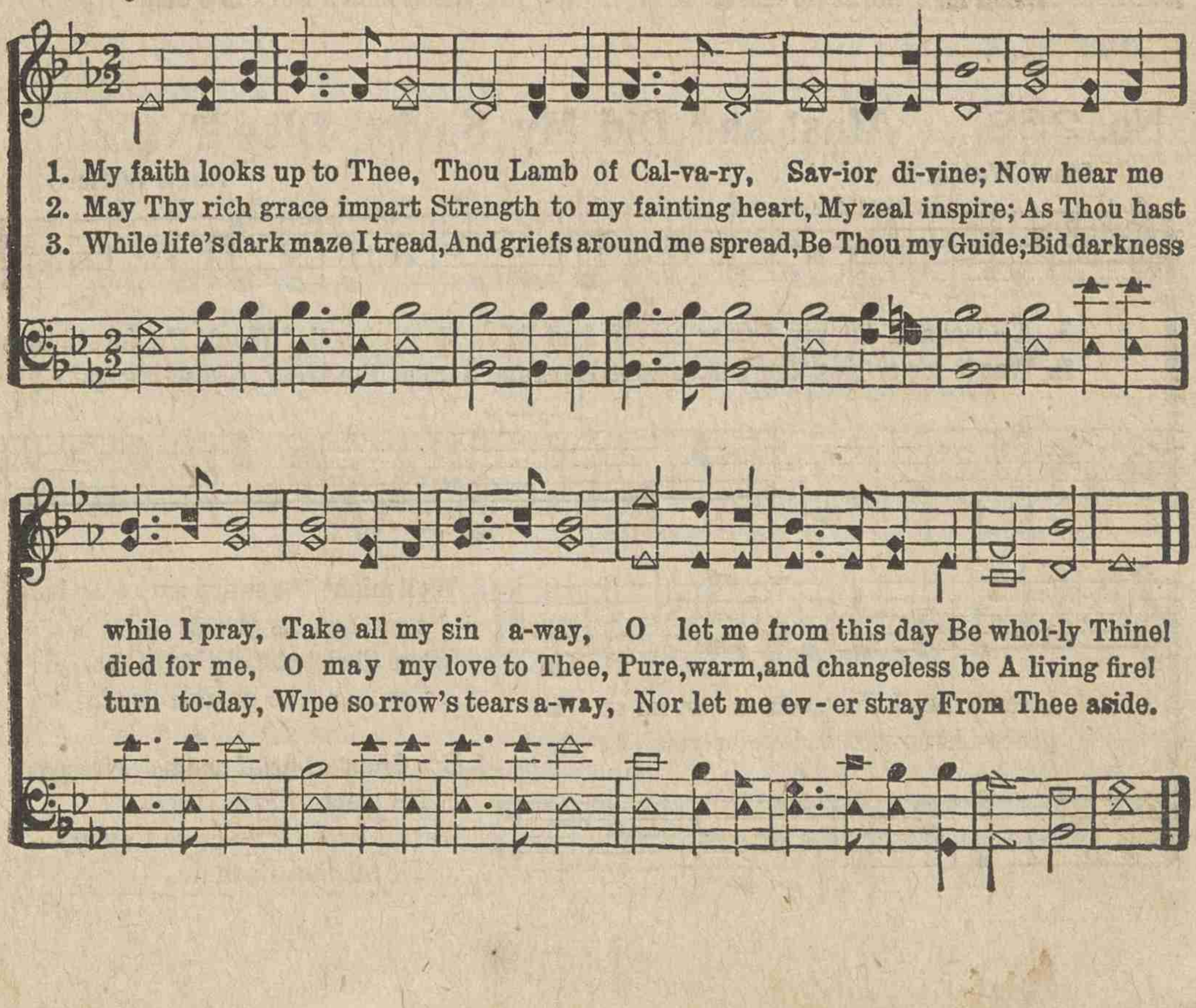
No. 255. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. **Lowell Mason.**



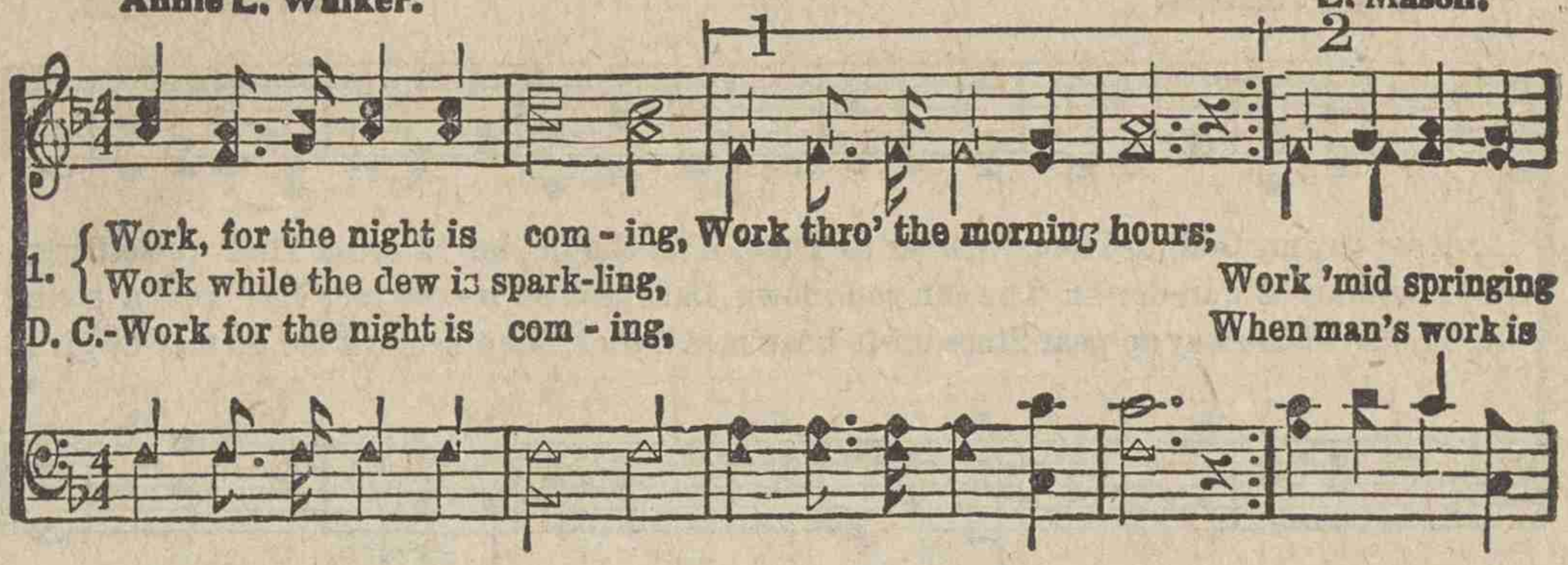
No. 256. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. **Lowell Mason.**



No. 257. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

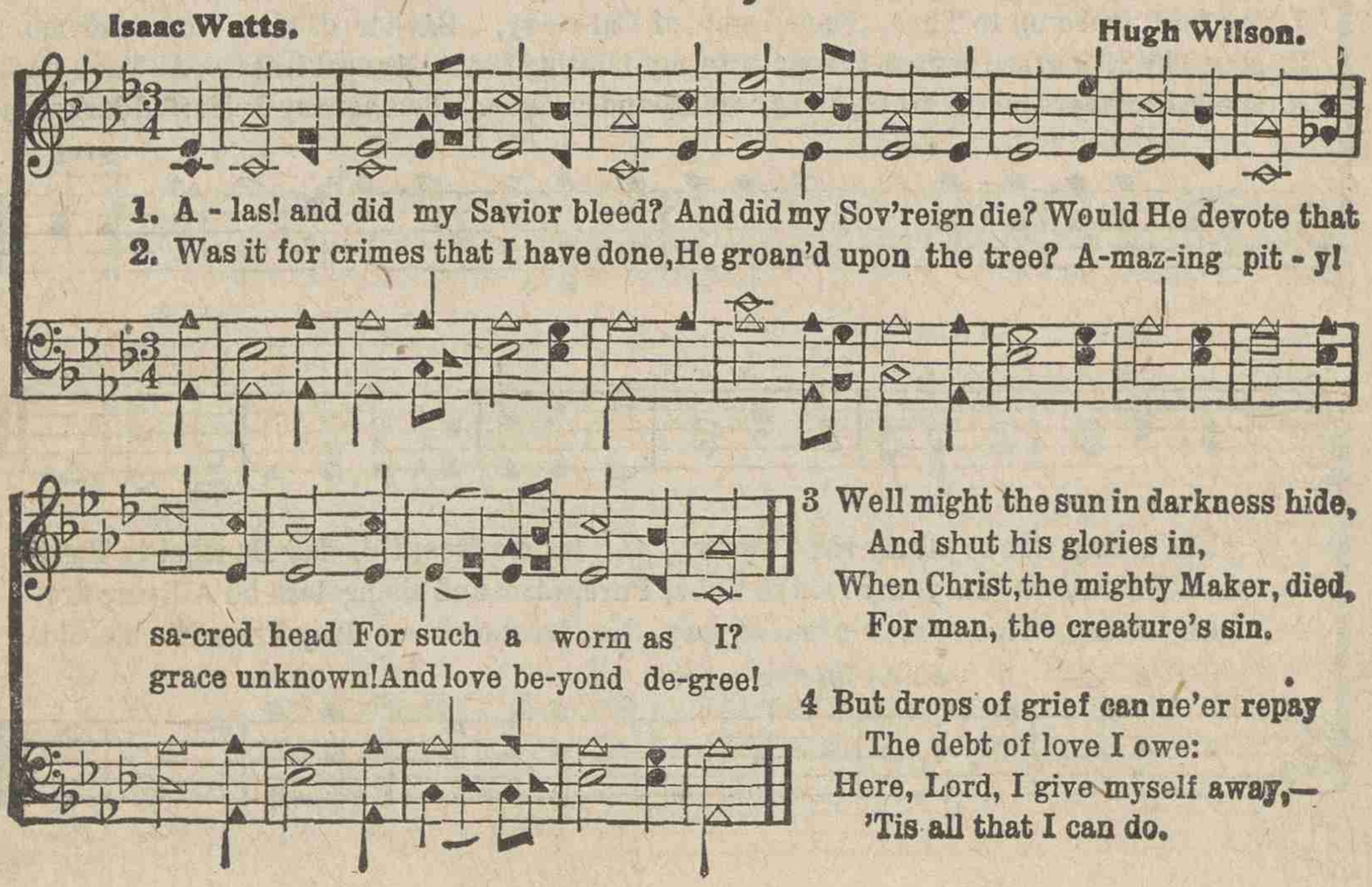


2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 258. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.



3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 259. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

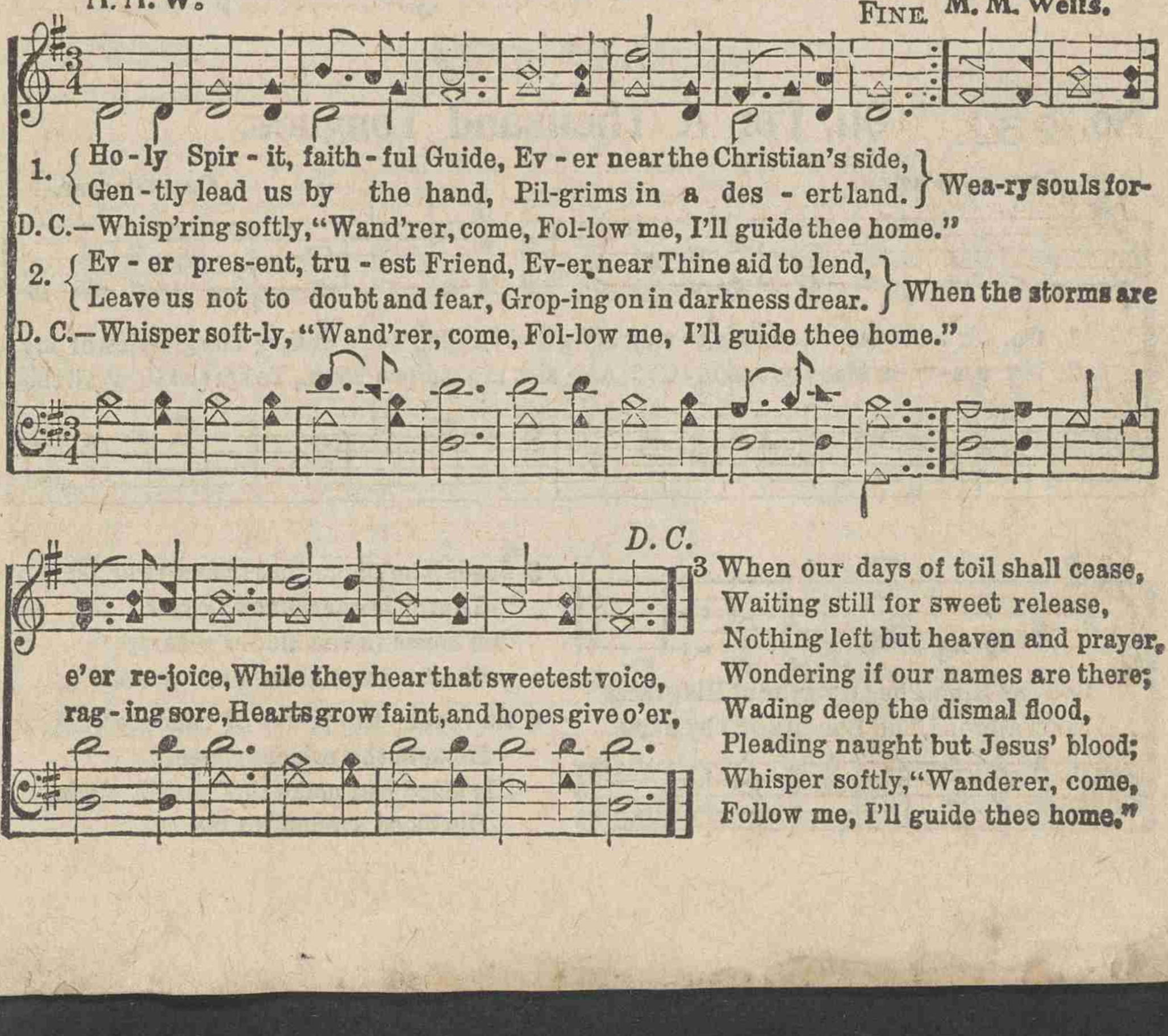
London Hymn Book, A. J. Gordon.



3 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

No. 260. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

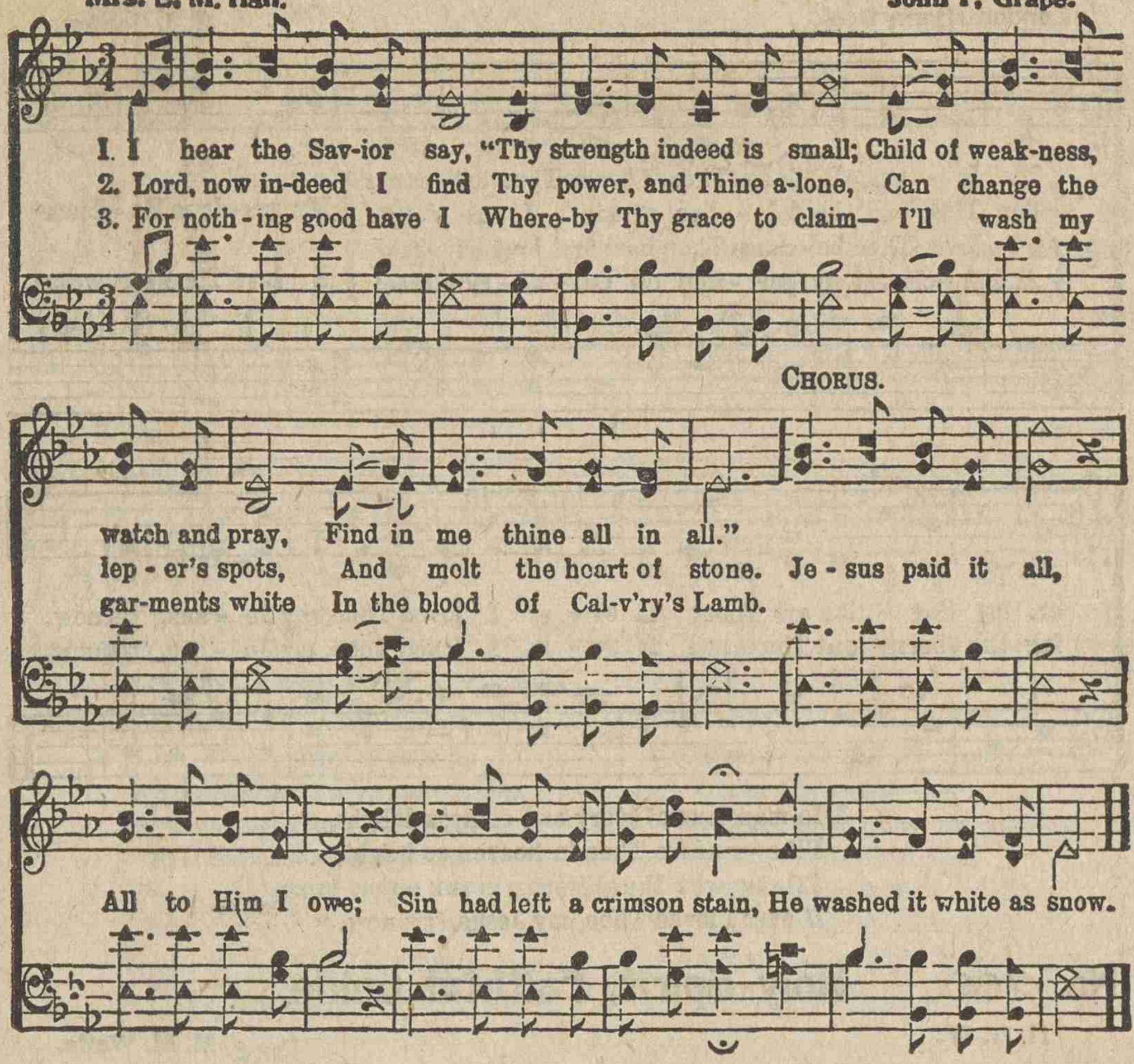
M. M. W. M. M. Wells.



3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come,
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

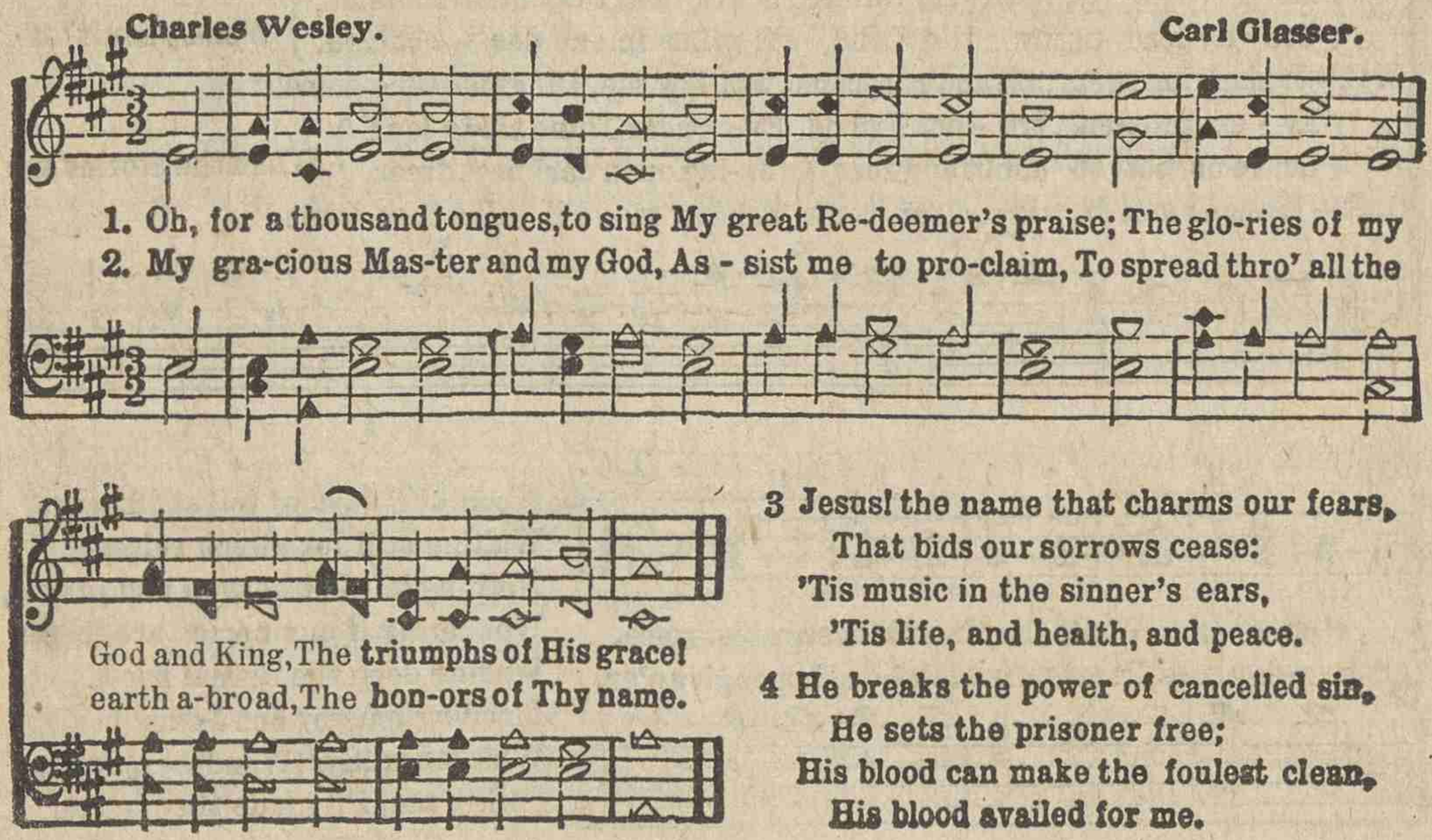
No. 261. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape.



No. 262. Oh, For A Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. Carl Glasser.

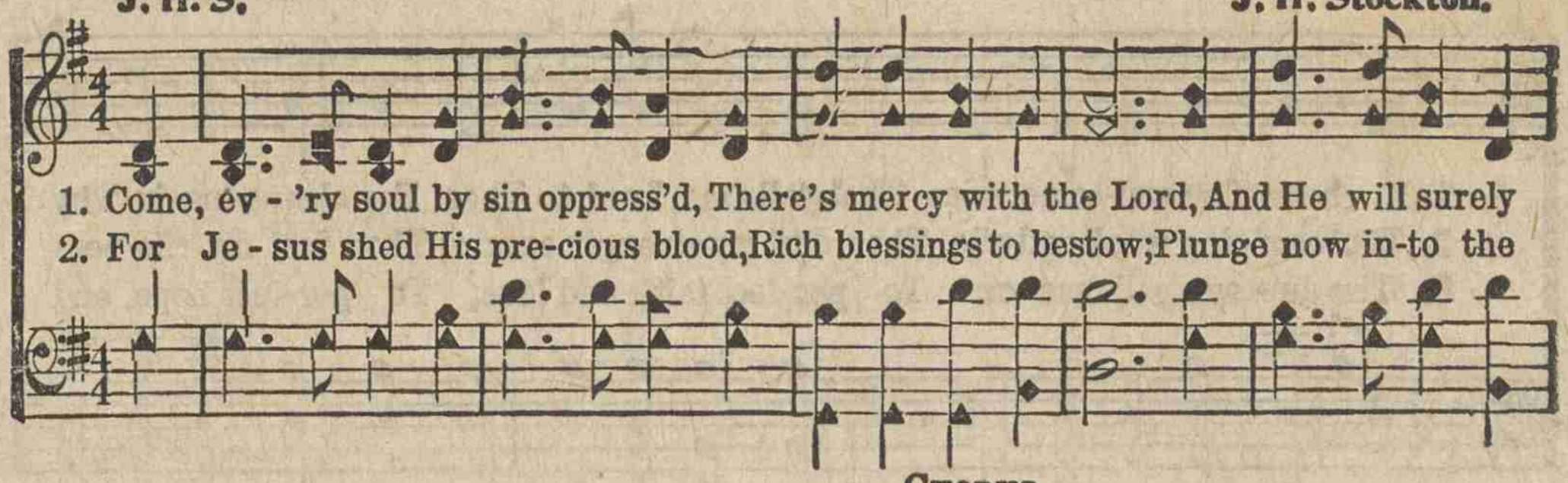


3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

No. 263. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

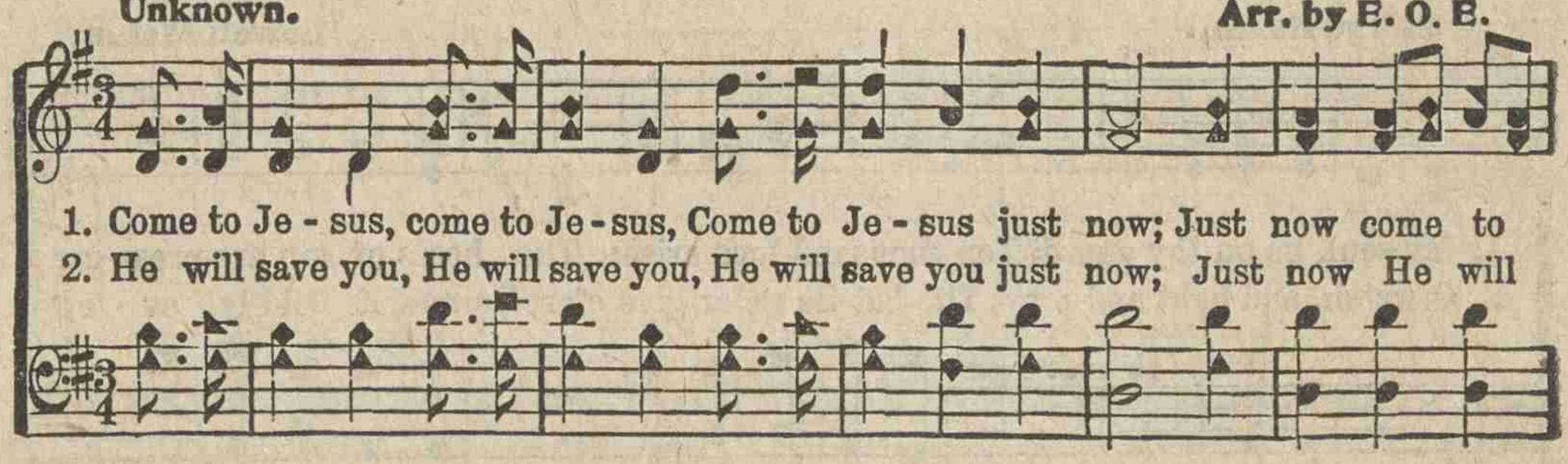


3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

No. 264. Come to Jesus.

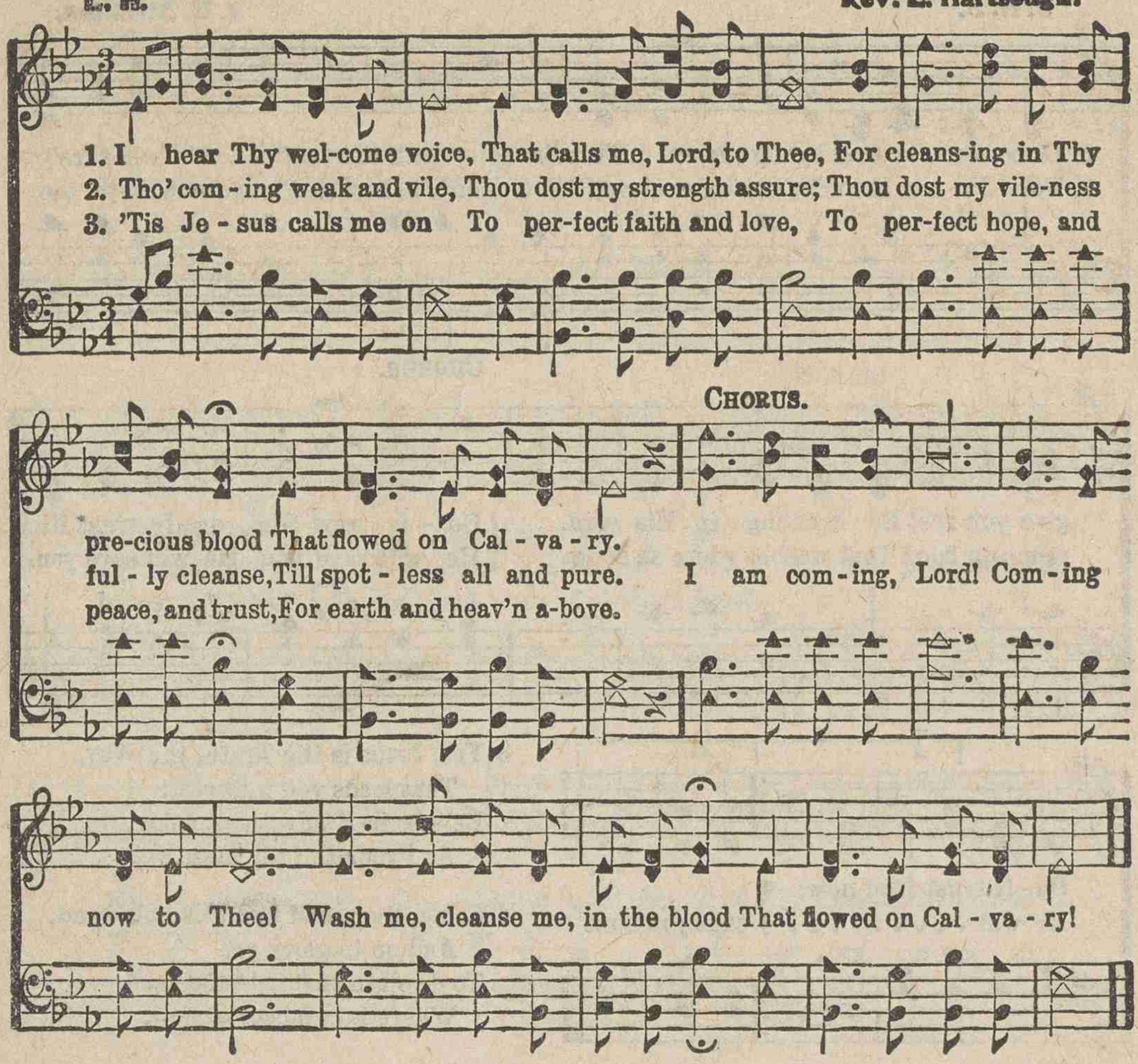
Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.



3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 Jesus loves you.
10 Only trust Him.

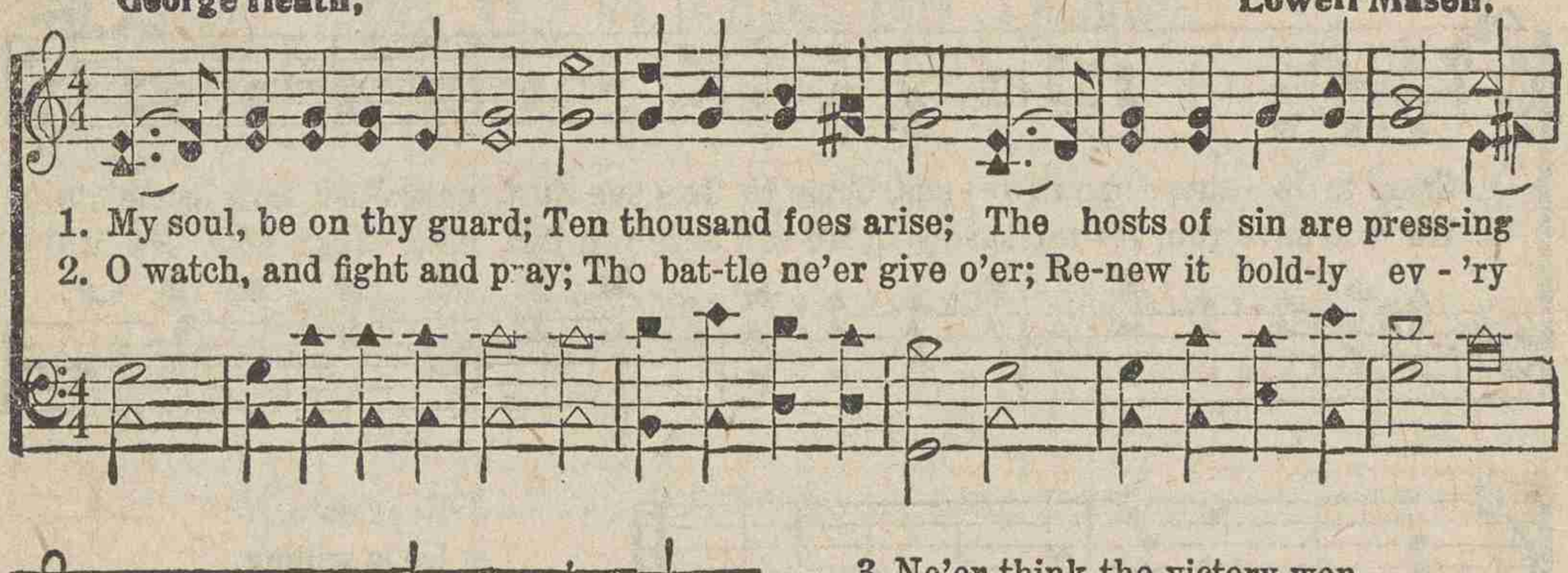
No. 265. I Am Coming, Lord.

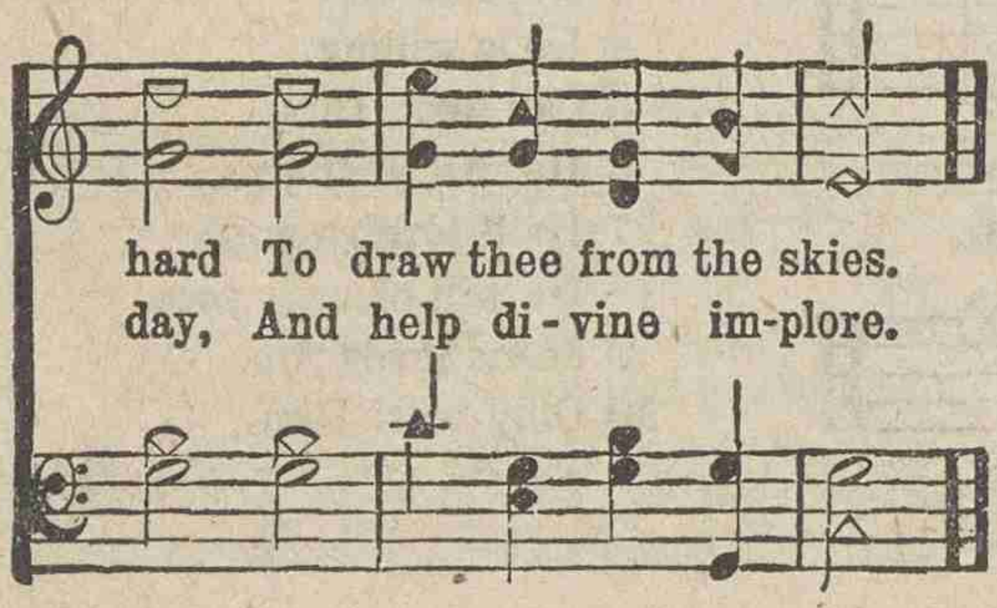
L. M. Rev. L. Hartsough.



No. 266. My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath, Lowell Mason.





3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay Thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till Thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 267. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. John Wyeth.

FINE.



D. C.



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

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

No. 268. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.





3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 269. My Lamp and Light.

Birdie Bell. S. C. CRISP, OWNER, 1915. **S. C. Crisp.**

1. O Word of God!..... my lamp and light!..... Be thou my
2. O Word of God!..... in beau-ty shine..... And teach my
3. O Word of God!..... no shad-ows dim ..... Thy light which
4. O Word of God!..... be thou my guide..... Thro'-out my

guide..... in paths of right;..... For-ev-er shine..... up-on my
soul..... the truth di-vine;..... That I may walk..... the narrow
leads..... my soul to Him;..... Thy heav'nly beams.....will guide my
life,..... whate'er be-tide;..... Who follows thee..... will nev-er

FINE.

way..... And lead me on..... with cloudless ray. (with cloudless ray.)
way..... That leads at last..... to realms of day. (to realms of day.)
feet..... Till toil shall end..... in rest complete. (in rest com-plete.)
stray,..... Then shine up-on..... my path each day. (my path each day.)

D. S.—*And lead my feet (And lead my feet) whate'er betide. (whate'er betide.)*

REFRAIN.

O Word of God!..... my lamp and light!..... For-ev-er shine.....
O Word of God! my lamp and light! Forever shine

in glo-ry bright, From day to day..... be thou my guide,.....
in glo-ry bright, From day to day be thou my guide,

D. S.

No. 270. I'm Going Over Yonder.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. **Francis Foster.**

1. To that land where no darkness nor shad-ows fall, O - ver yon - der, where
2. In the land where the Sav - ior I love so well, Un - to me will a
3. To that land of de-light sor-rows nev - er come, All is joy and con-
4. O - ver yon - der, the mansions of light to share, I shall go when this

glo - ry waits, I will go when my Sav - ior for me shall call; He has
wel-come give, Man - y friends of my heart in His presence dwell; There in
tent and peace; I will go, like a child, to my Father's home, There to
life is past; I will wor-ship and praise my Re-deem - er there With a

CHORUS.

o - pened for me its gates.
glad-ness I too shall live. I am go - ing, go - ing, go - ing o - ver
find from all care re - lease.
love that shall ev - er last.

yon-der, When this fleet - ing life is o'er; (I am go - ing;) I am

go-ing, go-ing, go - ing o - ver yon-der, To love Je-sus ev - er - more.

No. 271. Hallelujah to Our God.

James Rowe. J. R. BAXTER, JR., FT. PAYNE, ALA., OWNER, 1916. J. R. Baxter, Jr.

1. Let us lift our voi - ces till the sky re - joi - ces With the prais-es
2. He has free - ly bought us and has tru - ly taught us How to stand a-
3. To the lost a - round us tell how Je - sus found us, And His might-y

of the Lord; All with gladness singing, set the mountains ringing, As we
mid the strife; And, if we are loy-al to our Lead-er roy - al, We shall
love pro-claim; Till be-yond the riv-er we are safe for - ev - er, Let us

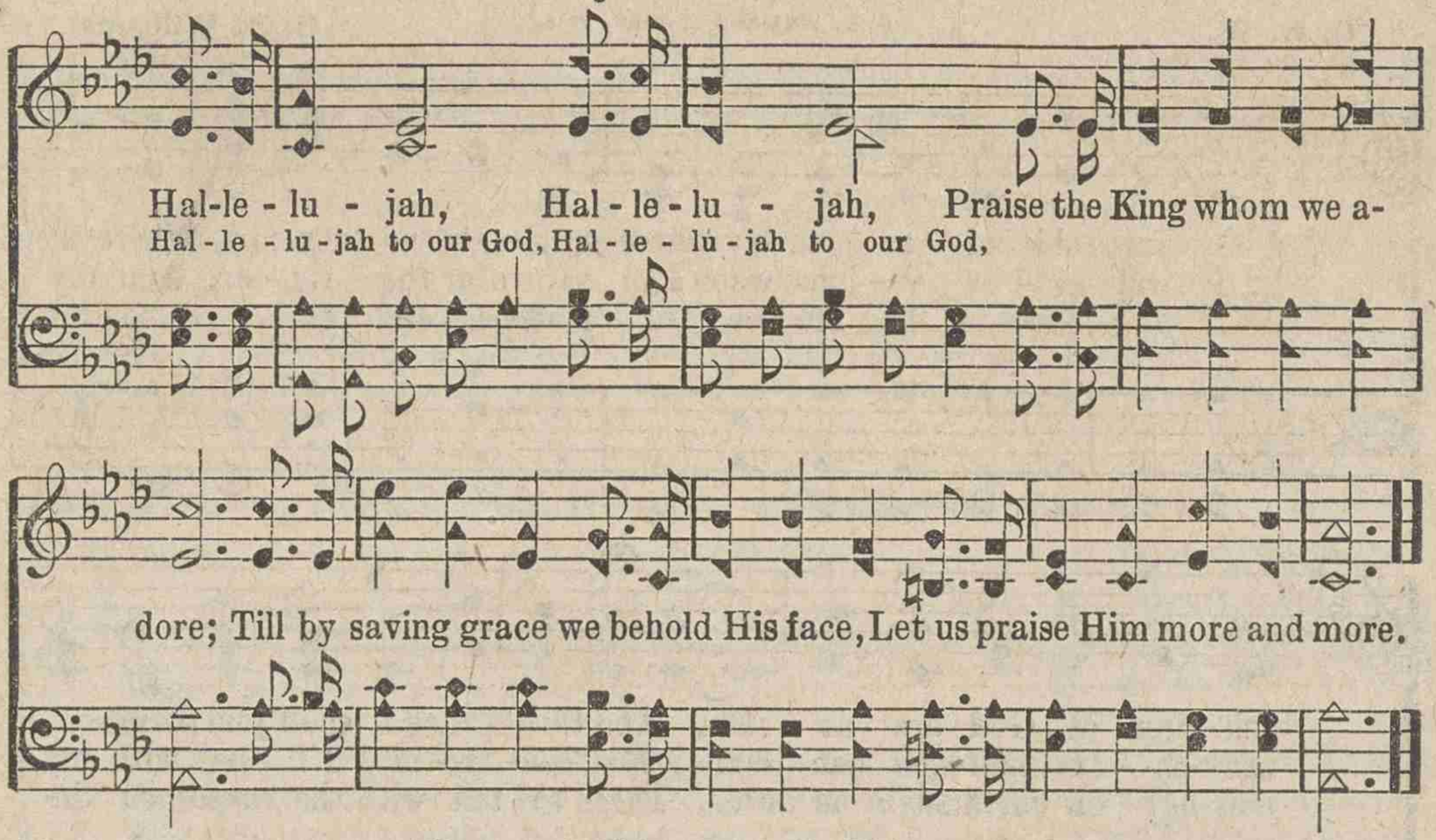
REFRAIN.

march to our re - ward. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le-
wear the crown of life.
mag - ni - fy His name. Hal - le - lu - jah to cur God, Hal - le-

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to our God; We will
lu - jah to our God, (our God;)

doubt Him nev-er, but will fol - low ev-er, Treading where the saints have trod;

Hallelujah to our God.



No. 272. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

No. 273.

Over the River.

G. B. W. G. B. WILLIAMS, OWNER, 1916. G. B. Williams.

1. I am told of a coun-try where com-eth no sor-row, Where the
2. I will ev-er re-joice when I'm safe o'er the riv-er, And my
3. I shall cross o'er the riv-er to glad-ness and glo-ry, When my

chil-dren of God are at rest, And thro' grace I shall join them some
heav-en-ly man-sion can claim; Hal-le-lu-jah! I'll be with my
jour-ney on earth shall be o'er, There to tell with the ransomed the

gold-en to-mor-row, There to live ev-er hap-py and blest.
Sav-ior for-ev-er, Sing-ing praise to His won-der-ful name.
won-der-ful sto-ry Of my King and His love ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

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

O-ver the riv-er some-where; Dwell - ing with Je - sus, in
O-ver the riv-er, the river somewhere, to be Dwelling with Jesus, yes, dwelling with Jesus, in

Over the River.



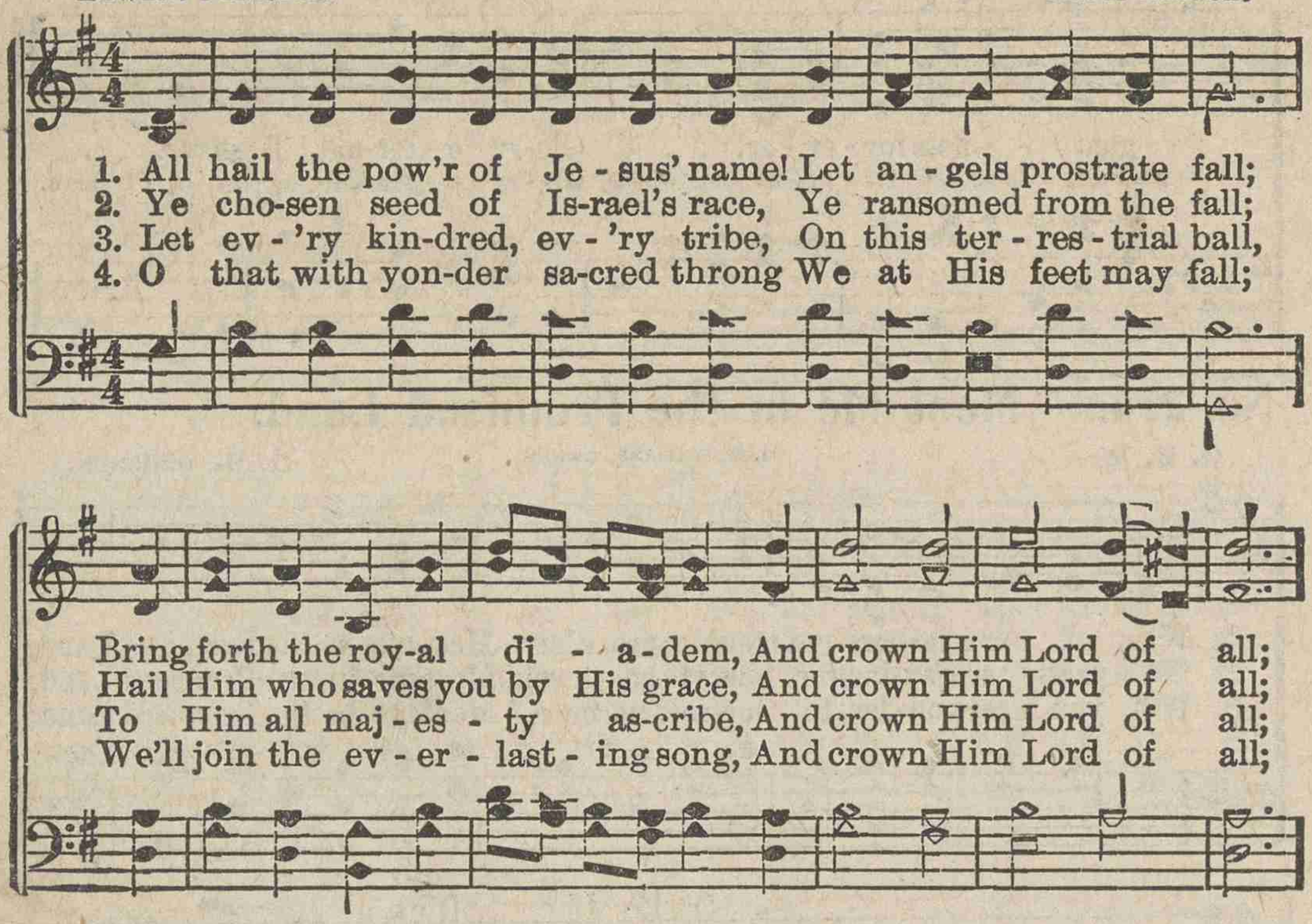
No. 274. Meet Me in the Promised Land.

G. B. W. G. B. WILLIAMS, OWNER. G. B. Williams.



No. 275. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. **Oliver Holden.**



No. 276. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Isaac Watts. **J. C. Leroy.**



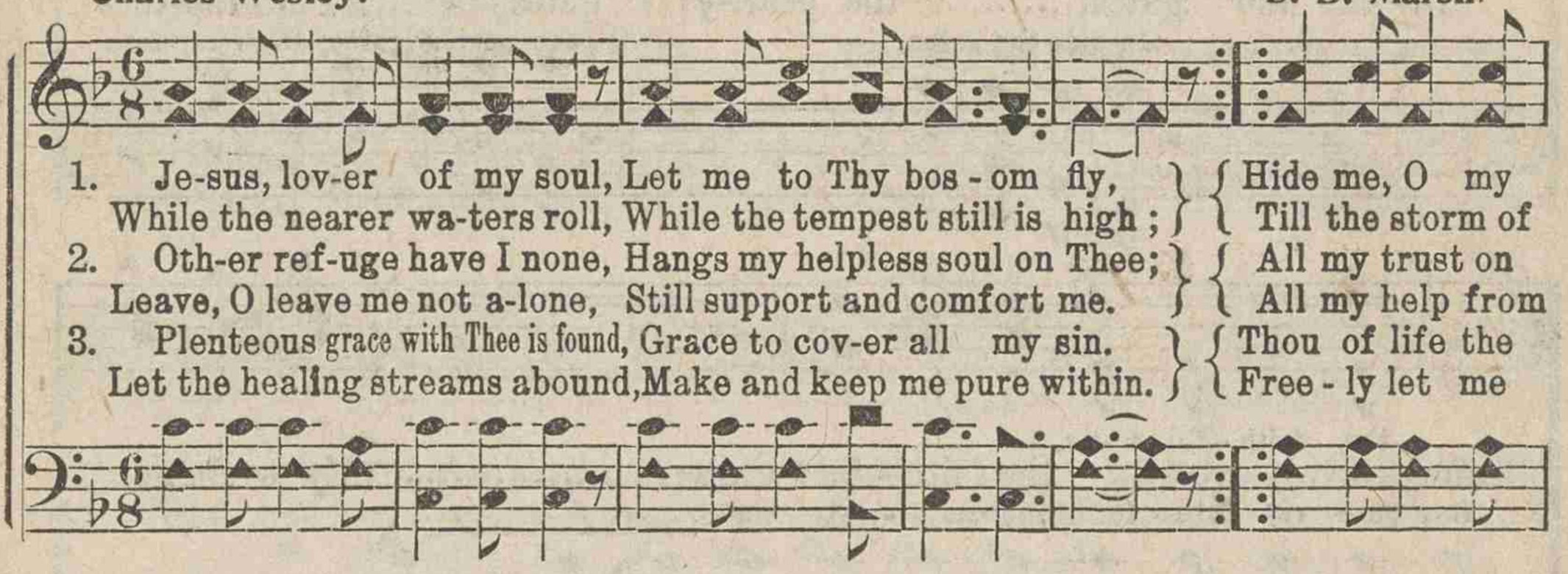
When I Can Read My Title Clear.





No. 277. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. S. B. Marsh.



No. 278. Inside the Gates of Home.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

No. 279. Carry Good Cheer.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. G. B. WILLIAMS, OWNER, 1916. G. B. Williams.

1. Car - ry good cheer to the lone - ly, Weight-ed with bur - dens of earth;
2. Car - ry good cheer to the wear - y, Those who may fall by the way;
3. Car - ry good cheer in the morn - ing, Car - ry good cheer in the night;

Ev - er be - guil - ing the weep-ing to smil - ing, Go scat-ter the blessings of mirth.
Speak of sal - va - tion from sin and temp-ta - tion, To all who are learning to stray.
Ef - fort is sweet-er and liv - ing com-plet - er, If ev - er we walk in love's light.

REFRAIN.

Car-ry good cheer unto all,.....
Car - ry good cheer, good cheer un - to all,

Wher - ev - er the shad-ows may fall;..... Take noth-ing but
Wher - ev - er the shad - ows, the shad - ows may fall;

gladness—there's weakness in sadness—Oh, car-ry good cheer un-to all.

No. 280. Gathering Home.

Copyright, 1899, by A. J. Showalter.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One by one our friends are go- ing on be - fore, Go - ing on be - fore,
2. One by one they gath - er on the gold- en shore, Gath- er on the shore,
3. One by one they see the bless - ed Saviour's face, See Him face to face,
4. One by one they join to sing the glad new song, Sing the glad, new song,

go - ing on be - fore, Up to mansions that are ev - er bright and fair, O
gath- er on the shore, Where they nev-er-more shall know a grief or care, O
see Him face to face, And for ev - er- more His glo - ry they will share, O
sing the glad new song; Robes of righteousness they ev-er-more shall wear, O

REFRAIN.

say, shall we meet them up there? Gath'ring home - - ward
meet up there? Gath'ring homeward one by one,

one by one,..... When their work..... on earth is
Gath'ring homeward one by one, When their work on earth is done, When their

done,..... To those man - - - sions bright and
work on earth is done, To those mansions bright and fair, To those

Gathering Home. Concluded.



No. 281. Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Renewal. Used by per.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.



REFRAIN.

No. 282. That Will Be Glory For Him.

James Rowe. G. B. WILLIAMS, OWNER, 1916. G. B. Williams.

1. When all the saints gather down by the sea, Hap-py and sin-less for-
2. When we shall walk the bright cit-y of gold, Sing-ing of Je-sus with
3. When in His presence the saved shall be massed, When we a-dore Him for

ev-er to be, Prais-ing the grace that has made us so free,
rap-ture un-told, When the great song-waves to Him shall be rolled,
pres-ent and past, When we be-hold the crowned Monarch at last,

REFRAIN.

That will be glo-ry for Him! . . . . . That will be glo-ry for
be glo-ry for Him! That will be
That will be

Him, Glo-ry e-ter-nal for Him! . . . . When we shall
glo-ry for Him, e-ter-nal for Him!

sing with our souls to our King, That will be glo-ry for Him! . . . .
be glo-ry for Him!

No. 283. At The Roll Call Yonder.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the roll is called in the land of light, On that day be-yond compare,
2. In that mighty throng many friends will be, Who have made their garments white
3. There will be no fear in my ransomed soul, When I stand be-fore the King,
4. Sin-ner, come to Christ, let Him take your hand, Then with saints and angels fair,

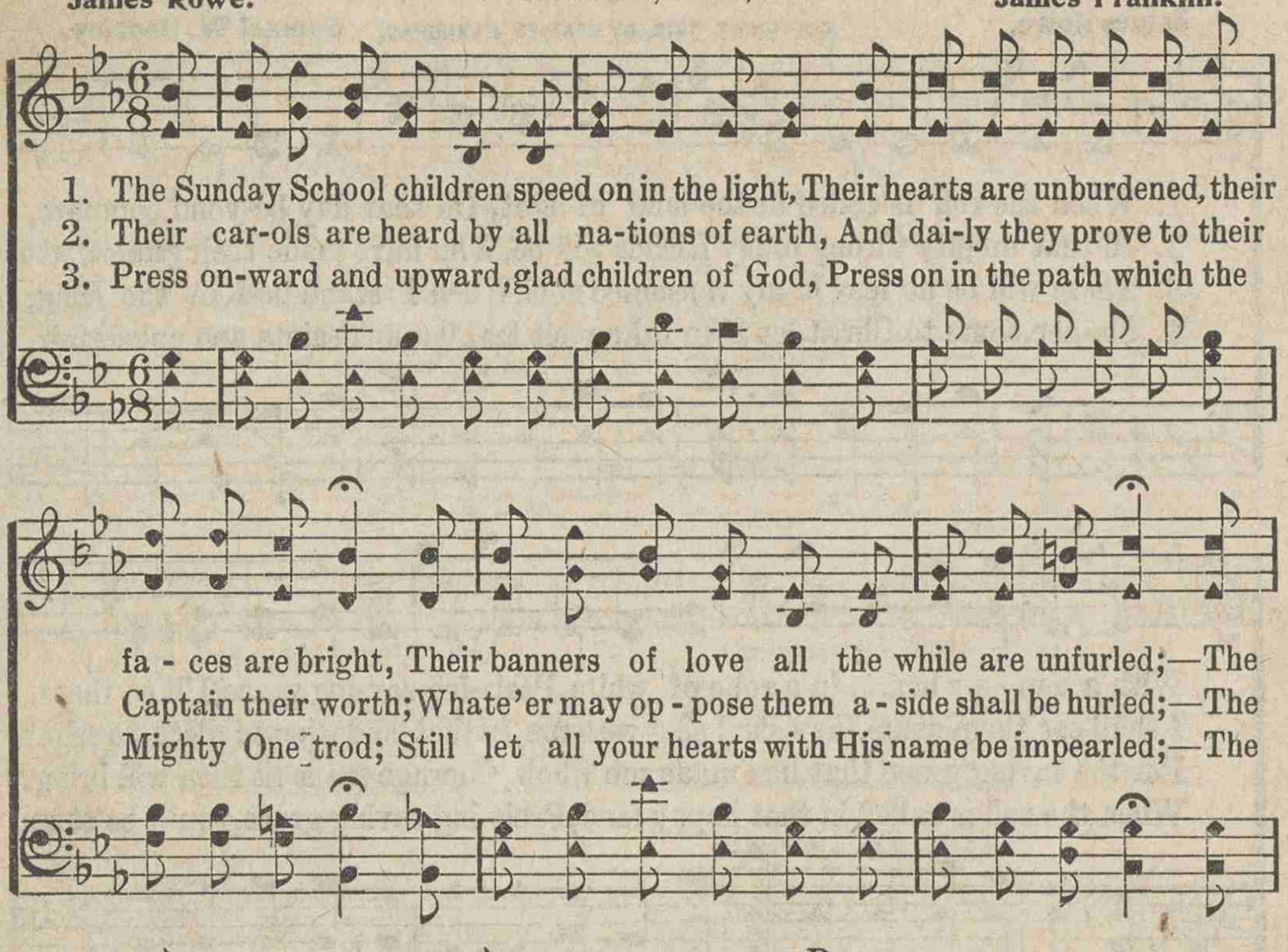
With a hap - py heart, in a robe of white, Prais-ing sav-ing grace, I'll be there.
I shall see them smile, they shall sing with me, In that land where falleth no night.
For the saving grace that has made me whole, Courage true to me then will bring.
When the roll is called in that happy land, Prais-ing saving grace, you'll be there.

CHORUS.

At the roll call yon - der, on that day of days, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there; With my soul o'er-flow-ing with my Savior's praise, I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there; comrades, I'll be there.

No. 284. Circling the World.

James Rowe. JAMES FRANKLIN, OWNER, 1916. James Franklin.



No. 285. Death.

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Mary Gillen, so long a prominent organist in Washington, D.C.

Abram J. Ryan. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1914. **A. J. Showalter.**

1. Out of the shad-ows of sad - ness, In - to the sun-shine of glad - ness,
2. Out of to-day's sin and sor - row, In - to a bliss - ful to-mor - row,
3. Out of a life of com-mo - tion, Tempest-swept oft as the o - cean,
4. Out of a land in whose bow-ers Per - ish and fade all the flow - ers;
5. Out of the world of the wail - ing, Thronged with the anguished and ail-ing,
6. Out of a life ev - er mourn-ful, Out of a land ver - y lorn - ful,

In - to the light of the blest; Out of a land ver - y drear - y,
In - to a day with-out gloom; Out of a land filled with sigh-ing,
Dark with the wrecks drifting o'er, In - to a land calm and qui - et,
Out of the land of de - cay, In - to the E - den where fair-est Of
Out of the world of the sad, In - to the world that re - joi - ces,
Where in bleak ex-ile we roam, In - to a joy-land a - bove us,

Out of the world ver - y wear - y, In - to the rap - ture of
Land of the dead and the dy - ing, In - to a land with-out
Nev - er a storm com-eth nigh it, Nev - er a wreck on its
flow-'rets, and sweet-est, and rar - est, Nev - er shall with - er a -
World of bright vi - sions and voi - ces, In - to the world of the
Where there's a Fa - ther to love us, In - to our home, "Sweet

rest, In - to the rap - ture of rest.
tomb, In - to a land with-out tomb.
shore, Nev - er a wreck on its shore.
way, Nev - er shall with - er a - way.
glad, In - to the world of the glad.
Home," In - to our home, "Sweet Home." A - MEN.

No. 286. I'm Saved By the Blood.

A. J. S. COPYRIGHT, 1906. BY A. J. SHOWALTER. A. J. Showalter.

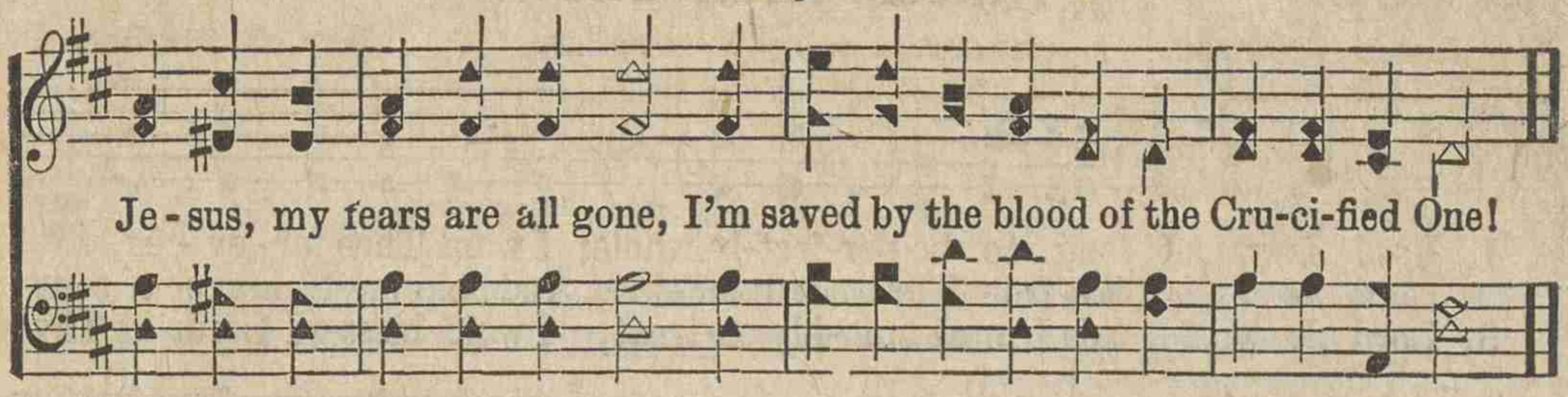
1. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, And kept by the pow-er of God's bless-ed Son; All glo - ry to Je - sus, life's race I can run, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
2. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The work of sal- va - tion by Je - sus was done; My sins are all pardoned, my peace is now won, I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!
3. I'm saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, The Sav-iour will fin - ish the work He's be-gun; I'm saved and I'm kept by the Fath-er's own Son, Yes, saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!

REFRAIN.

Saved..... by the blood ..... of the Cru - - ci - fied One!.....Kept.....by the pow - - er of God's.....bless-ed Son!..... All glo - ry to

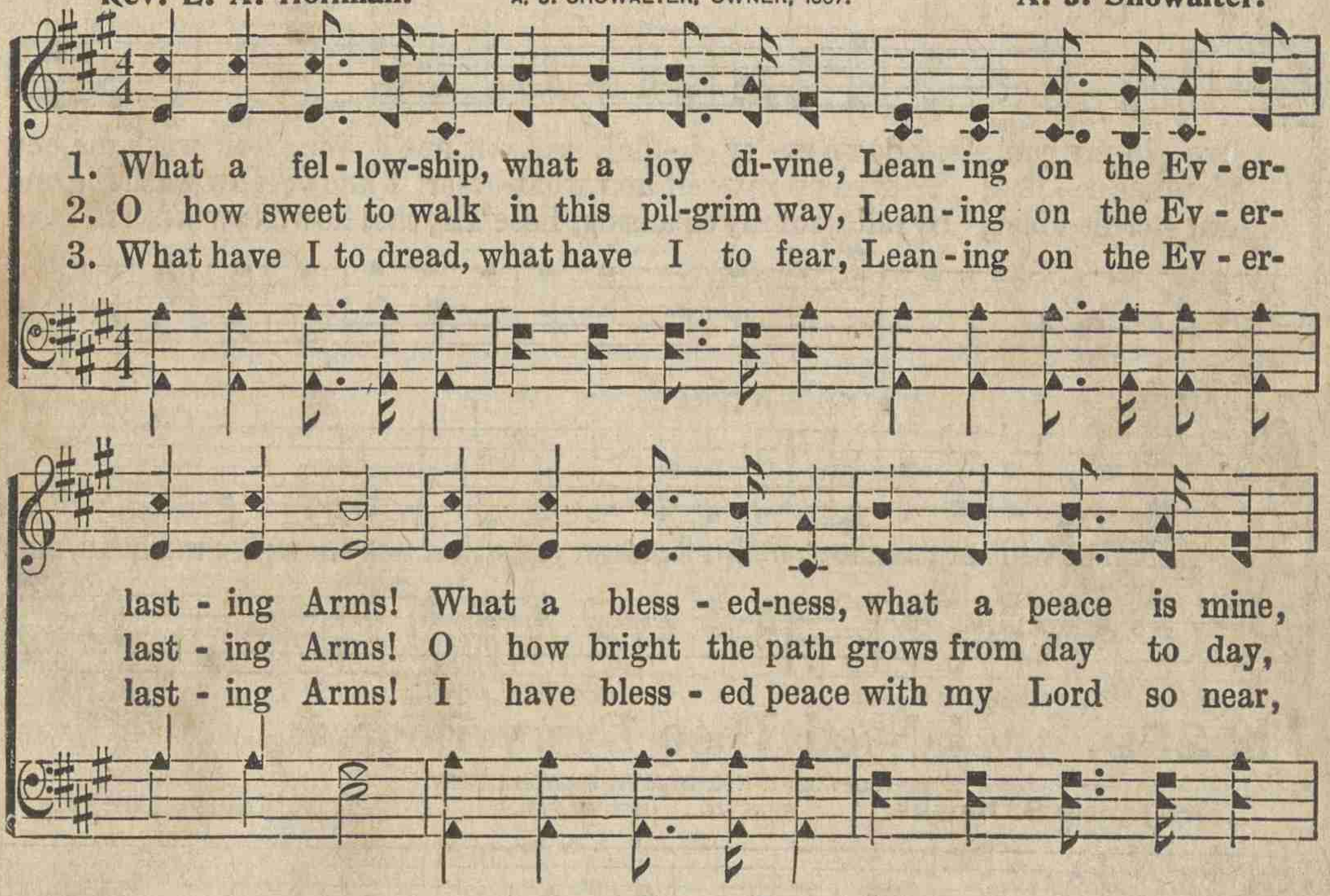
Glo-ry, I'm saved! saved by the blood, Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Glo - ry, I'm kept! kept by the pow'r, Kept by the pow - er of God's bless-ed Son!

I'm Saved By the Blood.



No. 287. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. SHOWALTER, OWNER, 1887. A. J. Showalter.





No. 288. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self and what-ev-er I know; Now wash me, and
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed Lord, at Thy cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes, whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and

No. 289. I Need Thee Every Hour.

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Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. RENEWAL. USED BY PER. Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine can peace af-ford.
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me Thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

CHORUS.

I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev-'ry hour I

I Need Thee Every Hour.



No. 290. God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. USED BY PER. OF J. E. RANKIN. W. G. Tomer.

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