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Written By REV. C. A. TINDLEY, D. D., and Others

Music Arranged BY L. A. TINDLEY, Jr.



REV. CHAS. ALBERT TINDLEY, D. D.

PUBLISHED BY

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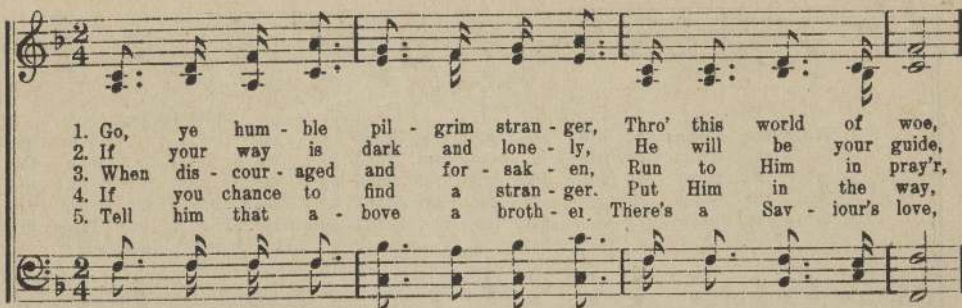
THE SONG OF PARADISE appeals to the human heart for songs with words of hope, cheer, love and pity. For melodies that can sink to the depths of sorrow, rise to the heights of joy and carry upon the soft wings of music the spirit of Jesus Christ to the souls of mankind. It is the prayer of the publishers that these messages in rhyme shall float from soul to soul until the hills and valleys shall awake into joyful singing.

PUBLISHERS.

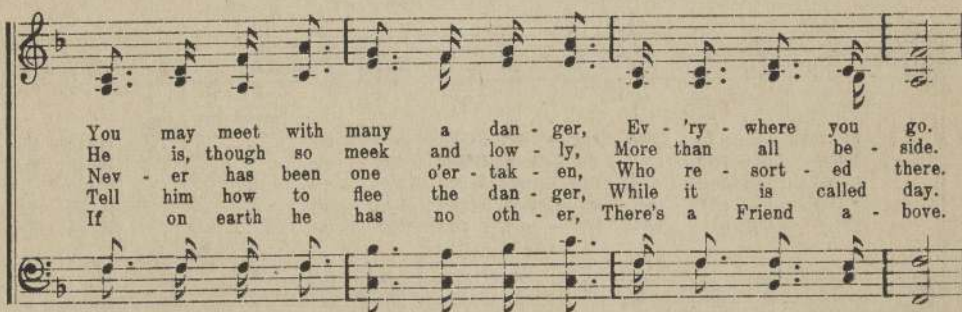
Pilgrim Stranger.

Words by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Scotch Melody arr. by Wm. D. SMITH.



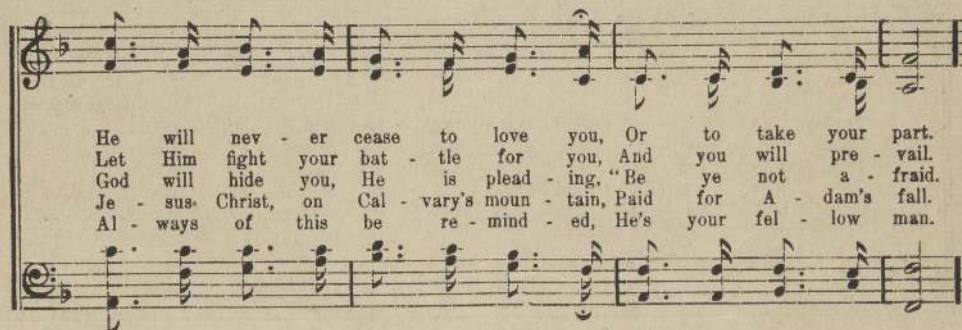
1. Go, ye hum - ble pil - grim stran - ger, Thro' this world of woe,
 2. If your way is dark and lone - ly, He will be your guide,
 3. When dis - cour - aged and for - sak - en, Run to Him in pray'r,
 4. If you chance to find a stran - ger. Put Him in the way,
 5. Tell him that a - bove a broth - er. There's a Sav - iour's love,



You may meet with many a dan - ger, Ev - 'ry - where you go.
 He is, though so meek and low - ly, More than all be - side.
 Nev - er has been one o'er - tak - en, Who re - sort - ed there.
 Tell him how to flee the dan - ger, While it is called day.
 If on earth he has no oth - er, There's a Friend a - bove.



Don't for - get that God a - bove you, Hath a gra - cious heart,
 When the world in arms as - sail you, And your cour - age fail,
 When the storms of life are beat - ing, Hard up - on your head,
 Tell him there's a pre - cious foun - tain, Flow - ing free for all,
 If he needs your help and kind - ness, Don't with - hold your hand,



He will nev - er cease to love you, Or to take your part.
 Let Him fight your bat - tle for you, And you will pre - vail.
 God will hide you, He is plead - ing, "Be ye not a - fraid.
 Je - sus - Christ, on Cal - vary's moun - tain, Paid for A - dam's fall.
 Al - ways of this be re - mind - ed, He's your fel - low man.

Copyright, 1909, by C. A. Tindley, D. D.

Stand By Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me.....	When the
2. In the midst of trib - u - la - tions, Stand by me.....	In the
3. In the midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me.....	In the
4. In the midst of per - se - cu - tion, Stand by me.....	In the
5. When I'm grow - ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me.....	When I'm

stand by me.

by me.

storms	of	life	are	rag -	ing,	Stand	by	me.....	When	the
midst	of	trib -	u -	la -	tions,	Stand	by	me.....	When	the
midst	of	faults	and	fail -	ures,	Stand	by	me.....	When	I
midst	of	per -	se -	cu -	tion,	Stand	by	me.....	When	my
grow -	ing	old	and	fee -	ble,	Stand	by	me.....	When	my

stand by me.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation consists of a series of chords, some marked with a colon (:), and a melodic line in the final measure. The notes in the final measure are G4, A4, B4, and A4.

world is toss - ing me Like a ship up - on the sea.
 hosts of hell as - sail, And my strength be - gins to fail.
 do the best I can, And my friends mis - un - der - stand,
 foes in bat - tle ar - ray, Un - der - take to stop my way.
 life be - comes a bur - den, And I'm near - ing chil - ly Jor - dan.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a half note F4, then a half note E4. The next measure contains a half note D4, followed by a half note C4. The final measure of the system contains a half note B3, followed by a half note A3. The system ends with a double bar line.

Thou	who	rul - est	wind	and	wa - ter,	Stand	by	me.....
Thou	who	nev - er	lost	a	bat - tle,	Stand	by	me.....
Thou	who	know - est	all	a -	bout me,	Stand	by	me.....
Thou	who	saved	Paul	and	Si - las,	Stand	by	me.....
O	thou	"Lil - y	of	the	Val - ley,"	Stand	by	me.....

stand by me.

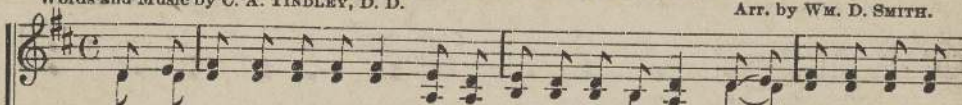
by me.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B-flat4. The next measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note A4. The following measure has a quarter note G4, a quarter note F4, and a quarter note E4. The next measure contains a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B-flat3. The final measure of the system has a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The system ends with a double bar line.

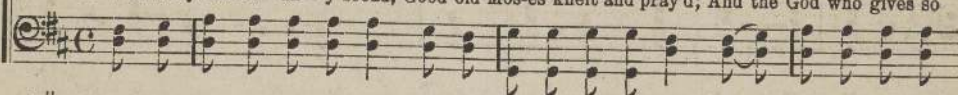
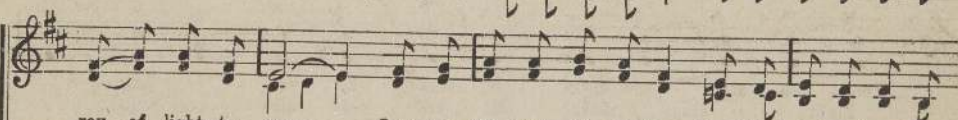
God Will Provide for Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

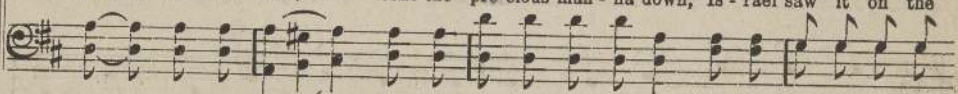
Arr. by Wm. D. SMITH.



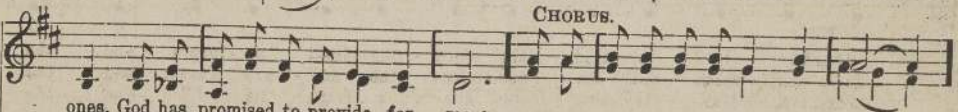
1. Here I may be weak and poor, With af-flic-tions to en-dure; All a-bout me not a
2. All my rai-ment and my food, And my health and all that's good; Are with-in His own
3. Might-y men may have con-trol, Of the sil-ver and the gold; Want and sor-row for the
4. An-cient Is-rael heard His voice, How the peo-ple did re-joice, When He led them safe-ly
5. When they hadn't an-y bread, Good old Mos-es knelt and pray'd; And the God who gives so

ray of light to see,.... Just as He has oft-en done, For His help-less trust-ing
 writ-ten guar-an-tee,.... God is car-ing for the poor, Just as He has done be-
 poor there may be,.... But the God of heav-en reigns, And His prom-ise is the
 thro' the might-y sea,.... In the wil-der-ness they knew, What the liv-ing God can
 plen-ti-ful and free,.... Sent the pre-cious man-na down, Is-rael saw it on the



CHORUS.



ones, God has promised to provide for me.
 fore, He has promised to pro-vide for me.
 same, And I know He will provide for me.
 do; He's the one that doth provide for me.
 ground, 'Twas the God who now provides for me.

God has promised to provide for me;....




God has prom-ised to pro-vide for me;.... All cre-a-tion is His





own, All my needs to Him are known. He has prom-ised to pro-vide for me.....
 for me.



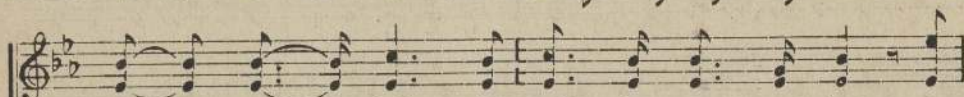
The Storm is Passing Over.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.



1. Cour - age, my soul, and let us jour - ney on,
 2. Bil - lows roll - ing high, and thun - der shakes the ground,
 3. The stars have dis - ap - peared, and dis - tant lights are dim, My
 4. Soon we shall reach the dis - tant shin - ing shore,



Tho' the night is dark it won't be ver - y long.
 Light - nings flash and tem - pest all a - round,
 soul is filled with fears, the seas are break - ing in. I
 Free from all the storms we'll rest for - ev - er more.



Thanks be to God, the morn - ing light ap - pears, And the
 Je - sus walks the sea and calms the an - gry waves, And the
 hear the Mas - ter cry, "Be not a - fraid, 'tis I," And the
 Safe with - in the veil, we'll furl the riv - en sail, And the



CHORUS.
 storm is pass - ing o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 storm is pass - ing o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 storm will soon be o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!
 storms will all be o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

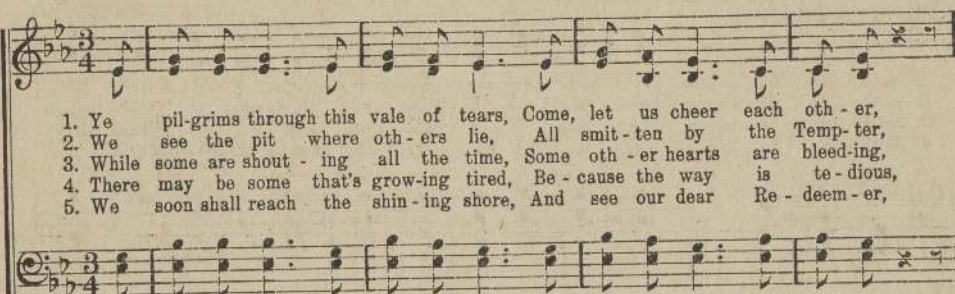


lu - jah! The storm is pass - ing o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!

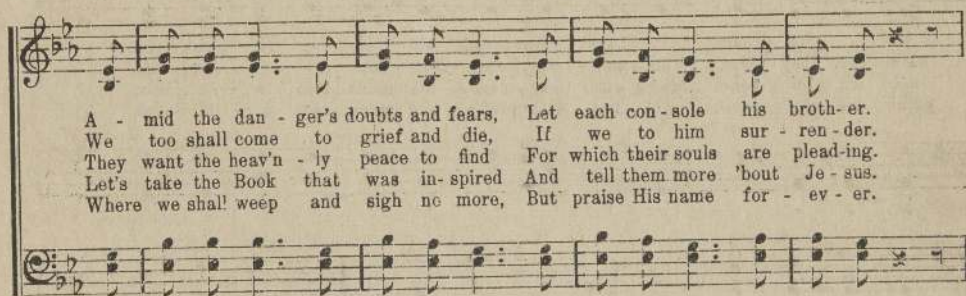
Consolation.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

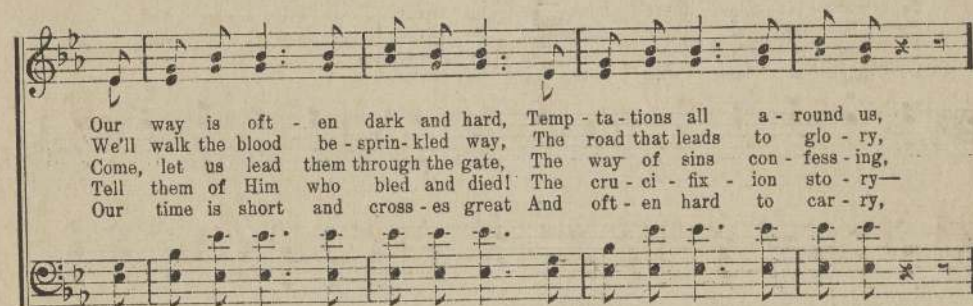
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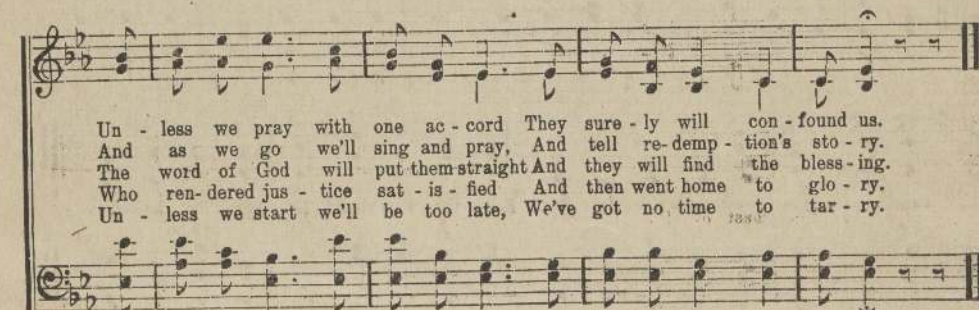
1. Ye pil-grims through this vale of tears, Come, let us cheer each oth-er,
 2. We see the pit where oth-ers lie, All smit-ten by the Temp-ter,
 3. While some are shout-ing all the time, Some oth-er hearts are bleed-ing,
 4. There may be some that's grow-ing tired, Be-cause the way is te-dious,
 5. We soon shall reach the shin-ing shore, And see our dear Re-deem-er,



A - mid the dan-ger's doubts and fears, Let each con-sole his broth-er.
 We too shall come to grief and die, If we to him sur-ren-der.
 They want the heav'n-ly peace to find, For which their souls are plead-ing.
 Let's take the Book that was in-spired And tell them more 'bout Je-sus.
 Where we shall weep and sigh no more, But praise His name for-ev-er.



Our way is oft-en dark and hard, Temp-ta-tions all a-round us,
 We'll walk the blood be-sprin-kled way, The road that leads to glo-ry,
 Come, let us lead them through the gate, The way of sins con-fess-ing,
 Tell them of Him who bled and died! The cru-ci-fix-ion sto-ry—
 Our time is short and cross-es great And oft-en hard to car-ry,



Un-less we pray with one ac-cord They sure-ly will con-found us.
 And as we go we'll sing and pray, And tell re-demp-tion's sto-ry.
 The word of God will put them straight And they will find the bless-ing.
 Who ren-dered jus-tice sat-is-fied And then went home to glo-ry.
 Un-less we start we'll be too late, We've got no time to tar-ry.

Nothing Between.

Words and Music by O. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. Noth - ing be - tween my soul and the Sav - iour, Naught of this world's de -
 2. Noth - ing be - tween like world - ly pleas - ure, Hab - its of life though
 3. Noth - ing be - tween, like pride or sta - tion, Self or friends shall
 4. Noth - ing be - tween, e'en ma - ny hard tri - als, Though the whole world a -

lus - ive dream, I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas - ure,
 harm - less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,
 not in - ter - vene, Though it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,
 gainst me con - vene; Watch - ing with pray'r and much self de - ni - al, I'll

CHORUS.

Je - sus is mine; there's noth - ing be - tween.
 He is my all, there's noth - ing be - tween.
 I am re - solved, there's noth - ing be - tween.
 tri - umph at last, with noth - ing be - tween.

Noth - ing be - tween my

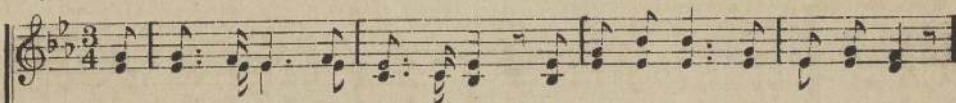
soul and the Sav - iour So that His bless - ed face may be seen, Noth - ing pre -

vent - ing the least of His fa - vor, Keep the way clear! let noth - ing be - tween.

I'm Going There.

C. A. T.

REV. C. A. TINDLEY.



1. Since I be-gan to serve the Lord, And to love His bless-ed word,
2. And oft - en when I would do good, And keep the prom - ise as I should,
3. Some-times at best I hard - ly know Just what to do or where to go,
4. And then I wait, it is not long Be - fore He comes in pray'r and song,
5. When tri - als press up - on my soul, And pierce my heart with grief un - told,
6. My friends and kin - dred who have gone, Are now a - mong that heav'n - ly throng,



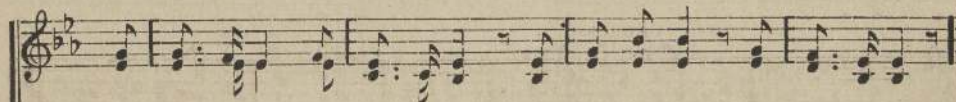
A child of heav'n I've tried to be, This world has been no friend to me.
 I miss the way, and com - ingshort, It makes me mourn and grieves my heart.
 And when I sing or try to pray, My Sav-iour seems so far a - way.
 And when He speaks, O bless - ed voice, It al - ways makes my heart re-joice.
 I look a-way to man-sions fair, And oft - en wish that I was there.
 Far, far a - bove this world of tears, Its chang-ing scenes and roll - ing years.



CHORUS.



Al-though a pil - grim here be-low, Where dan - gers are and sor-rows grow,



I have a home in heav'n a-bove, I'm go - ing there, I'm go - ing there.



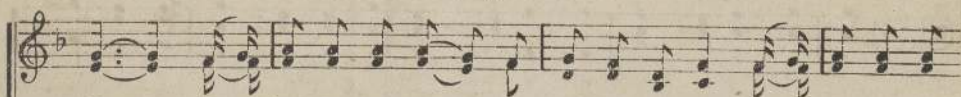
Go Wash in the Beautiful Stream.

C. A. TINDLEY.

C. A. TINDLEY.



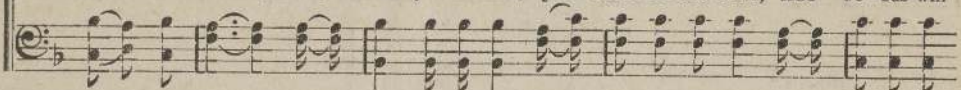
1. There was Naaman the lep - er, that hon - or - a - ble man, A cap - tain of the Sy - rian
 2. He heard of a man in the He - brew land, A lit - tle maid told him a
 3. So Naa - man went on and the serv - ant had gone, Whom E - li - sha had sent to the
 4. O, sin - ner, O, sin - ner, are you not the same? As Naa - man that not - ed Sy -



host, He was bad - ly af - flict - ed and sick in the land, And a bur - den to
 bout, I'll go if I can he said to his friend, For he may re -
 door, He did not be - lieve that he had re - ceived, From the Proph - et a
 rian? Your sick - ness in - jures both bod - y and soul, And makes you feel



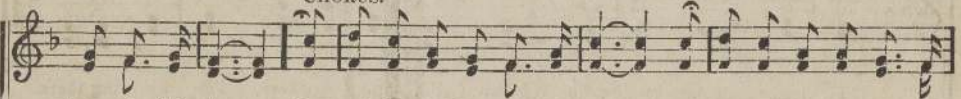
all of his host: Oh, my! what a sight, his dis - ease made him white, No doctor could
 lieve me no doubt; So he went and called on the ser - vant of God, And E - li - sha re -
 per - fect cure, He tho't the riv - ers down in his own land, Were bet - ter be -
 loathsome and mean, If you feel you are lost, just shoul - der the cross, And Je - sus will



help him I've seen, He nev - er did pray, and he knew not the way, To get in - to the
 fused to be seen, But he lift - ed his burden and sent him to Jor - dan, To wash in the
 cause they were clean, It was just a - bout night when he got in the light And plunged in - to the
 then make you clean, If you feel you are sick, just come a - long quick, And get in - to the



CHORUS.



beau - ti - ful stream. Go wash in the beau - ti - ful stream, Go wash in the beau - ti - ful



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FRED. P. WEEKS
 101 N. CHARLES STREET
 BALTIMORE, MD.

Go Wash in the Beautiful Stream.—Concluded.

stream, O, Naa-man, O, Naa-man, go down and wash, Go wash in the beau-ti-ful stream.

9

My Secret of Joy.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by Wm. D. Smith.

1. You ask me where I get the joys That make my heart so light, Which
 2. It is not wealth of land or gold, Nor health or hon-ored fame, But
 3. I once was full of anx-ious fear, I tried, but failed to see, That
 4. I count-ed much up-on my state, Of good-ness, sense, and birth, These
 5. I then gave up my-self and all, And trust-ed to His care, Who
 6. I wish I had the tongue to tell, The com-fort then was given, How

CHORUS.

all the gloom of day de-stroys And gives me songs at night.
 joys of heav-en in my soul A heav'n in Je-sus' name.
 all I need-ed was so near The Christ that died for me. Hal-le-lu-jah!
 on-ly add-ed to my fate, They had no place or worth.
 sees the spar-rows e'er they fall, And left my bur-den there.
 my poor soul, was brought from hell, And car-ied al-most to heav'n.

I be-long to the King, I am saved now, and I have a right to sing,

For the light from heav-en fills my soul, And the night has passed a-way.

Copyright, 1909, by C. A. Tindley.

FRID. P. JACOBS
 1010 CHURCH STREET
 PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. I've wan - dered in the dark - ness long e - nough, With -
 2. The pleas - ures I've sought are fad - ing a - way, My
 3. The chains..... of sin are bind - ing my heart, I have
 4. I hear that Thou saved a thief on the cross, When he

out a hand to guide me; Be - yond is a waste too
 friends are go - ing from me; I am near - ing the end of
 tried so oft to be free; A - gain in Thy name, dear
 turned and looked on Thee; If Thou, as of old, art

CHORUS.

dan - g'rous and rough, Now I turn, dear Lord, to Thee.
 life's short day, Now I turn, dear Lord, to Thee.
 Je - sus, I start, To cast my all on Thee. } I start this ver - y
 sav - ing the lost, I pray Thee, re - mem - ber me.

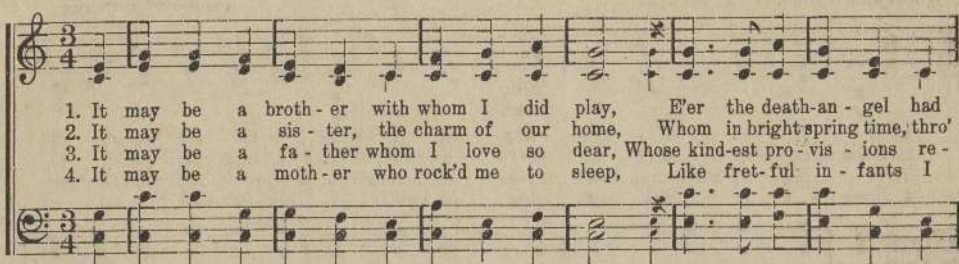
day To lay a - side my way,.... What e'er Thou shalt
 my way,
 to - day,

make it, I will un - der - take it, To do Thy will, not mine.....
 not mine.

Some One is Waiting for Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by WM. D. SMITH.



1. It may be a broth-er with whom I did play, E'er the death-an-gel had
 2. It may be a sis-ter, the charm of our home, Whom in bright spring time, thro'
 3. It may be a fa-ther whom I love so dear, Whose kind-est pro-vis-ions re-
 4. It may be a moth-er who rock'd me to sleep, Like fret-ful in-fants I



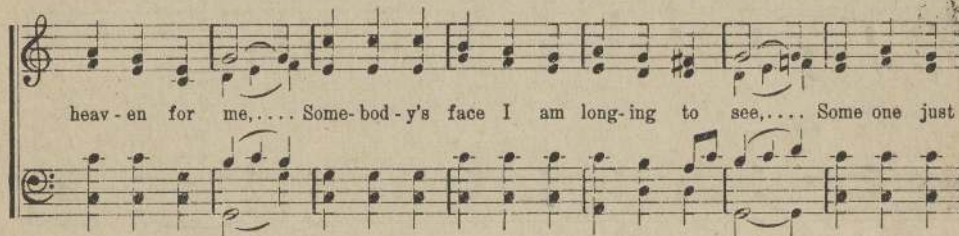
call'd him a-way, Some-where in glo-ry so hap-py and free,
 mead-ows we roamed, Tho' now up in heav'n bright men-sions to see,
 lieved me of care, Some-where with an-gels be-yond death's cold sea.
 some-times would weep, Now she's in heav-en from tri-als all free,

CHORUS.

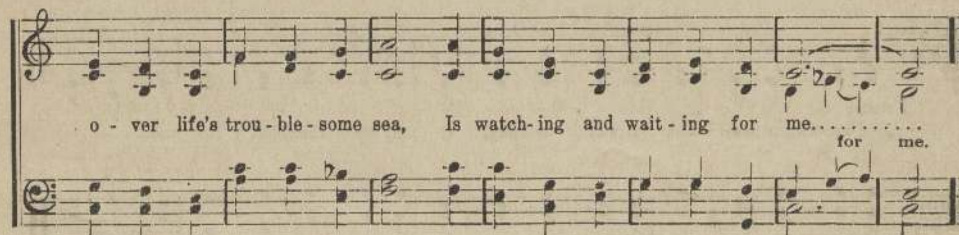


Watch-ing and wait-ing this mo-ment for me.
 Watch-ing and wait-ing this mo-ment for me.
 Watch-ing and wait-ing this mo-ment for me.
 I know she's watch-ing this mo-ment for me.

Some one is wait-ing in



heav-en for me,.... Some-bod-y's face I am long-ing to see,.... Some one just



o-ver life's trou-ble-some sea, Is watch-ing and wait-ing for me,.....
 for me.

It May be the Best for Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. I oft - en won - der why it is, While some are hap - py and
 2. Some have of wealth to throw a - way, While I am com - pelled to
 3. I think of chil-dren with par-ents at home, What joy and com-fort they
 4. Some walk in paths with flow - ers strewn, No bur-dens, no mis - e -

free, That I am tried and sore op - pressed, But it
 be In want al - most from day to day, But it
 see, While mine are gone and I am a - lone; But it
 ry, While I must bear my cross a - lone, But it

CHORUS.

may be the best for me. It may be the best for

me,..... It may be the best for me,..... The
 for me, for me,

Lord knows the way And I will o - bey, It may be the best for me,.....
 for me.


Copyright, 1905, by C. A. Tindley.

FRED. W. MEERS
 220 W. CHARLES STREET
 BALTIMORE, Md.

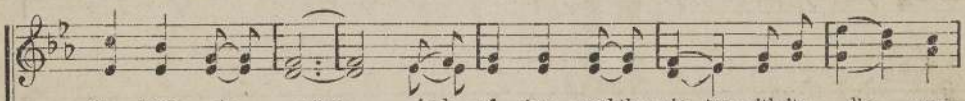
From Youth to Old Age.

C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

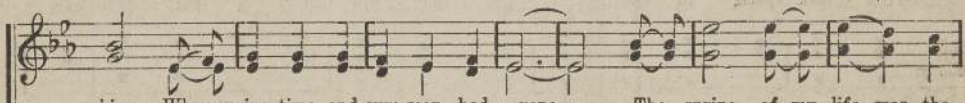
J. CHANDLER WRIGHT.



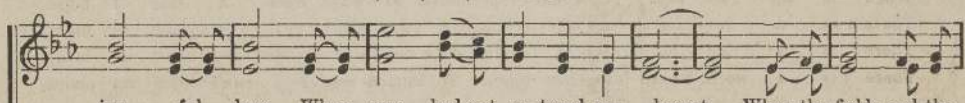
1. My life, as a year, had a bright spring time, With sum-mer and
 2. It was when I was young and the world to me was new, The stings and the
 3. Now I stand poor-ly clad in the cold win-ter blast, 'Neath the bare leaf-less
 4. My ears heav-y grow and my eye-sight has failed, And I am not




au-tumn to come, And af-ter-ward the win-ter with its dim sun-
 thorns were not known. When wis-er heads guid-ed in all I had to
 limbs of the tree, All the gay things are gone, and the sum-mer is
 strong as be-fore, My bod-y once ro-bust is now grow-ing



shine, When spring-time and sum-mer had gone, The spring of my life was the
 do, My heav-en was par-ents and home. The birds gave me mus-ic the
 past, There's no com-fort in this world for me. I think of the home where my
 frail, My jour-ney on earth is most o'er. It won't be ver-y long till the



joy-ful days, When care had not en-tered my breast, When the fields and the
 flow'rs gave me joy, And the world was an E-den to me, The skies were my
 child-hood was spent, Where the fire on the hearth used to glow, And of my moth-er
 Lord calls me home, I shall meet all my kin-dred a-gain, Where death nev-er



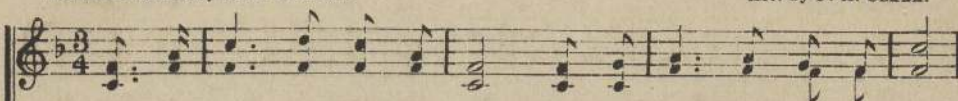
woods were the choice of my ways, And my life was all hap-pi-ness.
 pic-tures the earth was my toy, I was hap-py as mor-tal could be.
 dear who was a-ged and bent, She has gone to the grave long a-go.
 comes and I no more shall roam, There all of my trou-bles shall end.

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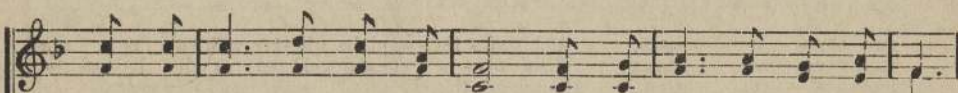
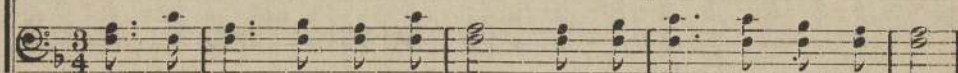
Some Day.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

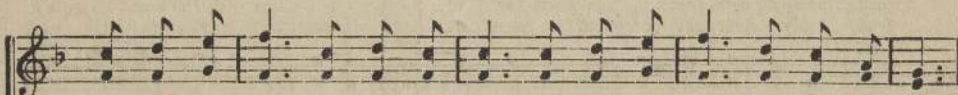
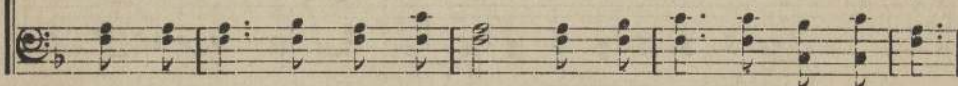
Arr. by F. A. CLARK.



1. Beams of heav - en, as I go, Thro' this wil - der - ness be - low.
2. Oft - en times my sky is clear, Joy a - bounds with - out a tear,
3. Hard - er yet may be the fight, Right may oft - en yield to might,
4. Bur - dens now may crush me down, Dis - ap - point - ments all a - round.



Guide my feet in peace - ful ways, Turn my mid - nights in - to days;
 Though a day so bright be - gun, Clouds may hide to - mor - row's sun.
 Wick - ed - ness a - while may reign, Sa - tan's cause may seem to gain,
 Trou - bles speak in mourn - ful sigh, Sor - row thro' a tear - stain'd eye.



When in the dark - ness I would grope, Faith al - ways sees a star of hope.
 There'll be a day that's al - ways bright, A day that nev - er yields to night,
 There is a God that rules a - bove, With hand of pow'r and heart of love;
 There is a world where pleas - ure reigns, No mourn - ing soul shall roam its plains,



And soon from all life's grief and dan - ger, I shall be free some day,
 And in its light the streets of glo - ry I shall be - hold some day.
 If I am right, He'll fight my bat - tle, I shall have peace some day.
 And to that land of peace and glo - ry I want to go, some day.



Some Day.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



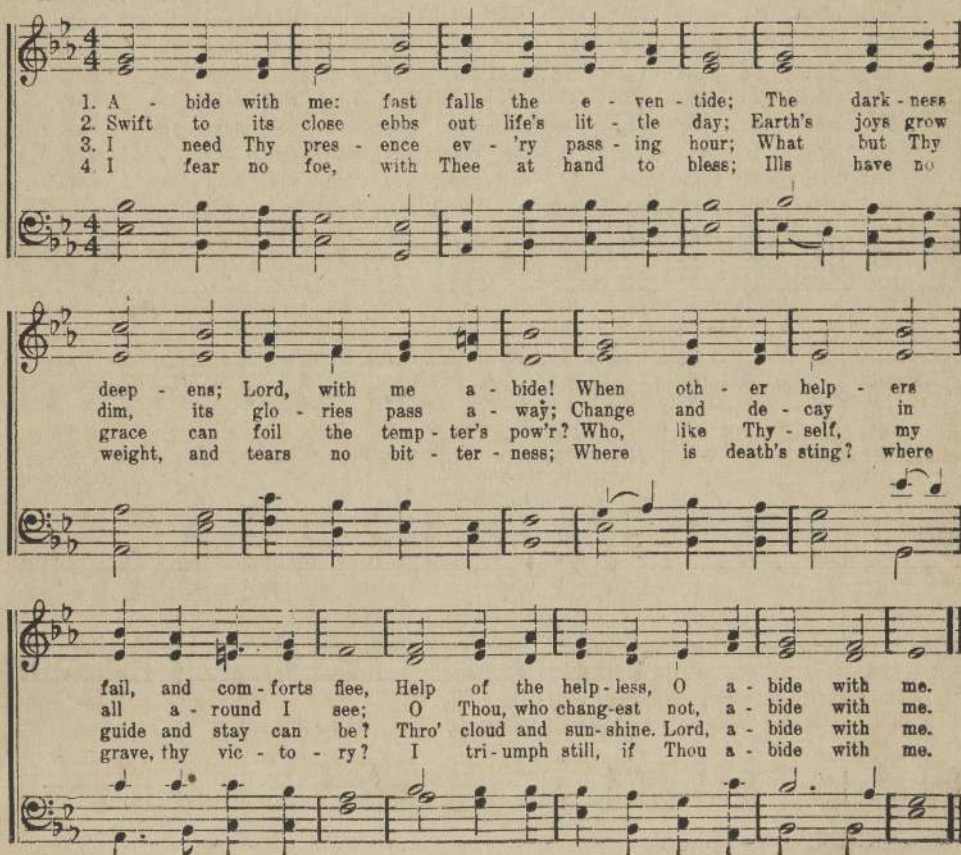
I do not know how long 'twill be, nor what the fu - ture holds for
me, But this I know, if Je - sus leads me, I shall get home some day.

15

Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where
fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine. Lord, a - bide with me.
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.

I Have Found at Last a Saviour.

Words and Melody by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arranged by F. A. CLARK.

1. I have found at last the Sav - iour, Of whom I've oft - en heard,
2. I have prom - ised I would fol - low, How - ev - er rough the way,
3. Christ is now my sum of pleas - ure, Count - ing all things else but dress,
4. Should the world in arms con - front me, Though the host of hell com - bine,
5. By and by when war is o - ver, And the saints are gath - ring home,

And I have the pre-cious fa - vor, He has prom-ised in His word:
 Leav-ing all things of to-mor-row, I will trust Him just to-day:
 I have found my rich-est treas-ure, A-round the sa-cred Cross:
 In His name I'll win the vic-t'ry, With His word the conqueror's sign.
 In the pres-ence of Je-ho-vah, Where the pil-grim ne'er shall roam:

O the joy that comes to me,.... And the pow'r that makes me free,....
For the morn-ing doth ap-pear,... Which will ban-ish ev-'ry fear,....
My soul is sat-is-fied,... For ev-er to a-bide,....
Our Lord for-ev-er reigns, And to His daz-zling train,....
My Je-sus will be there, His glo-ry I shall share,....
to me, me free,

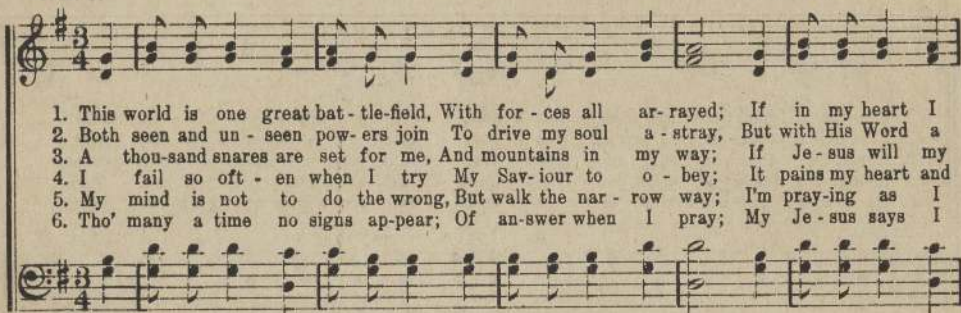
My soul is filled with praises, 'Tis the year of jubilee.
 I shall see the land of Benjamin, With my eyes undimmed by tears.
 In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages, Where no harm can ever be-tide.
 He has bound the fate of nations, And His kingdom He'll maintain.
 He will introduce my spirit, To His Father as an heir.

I'll Overcome Some Day.

C. A. T.

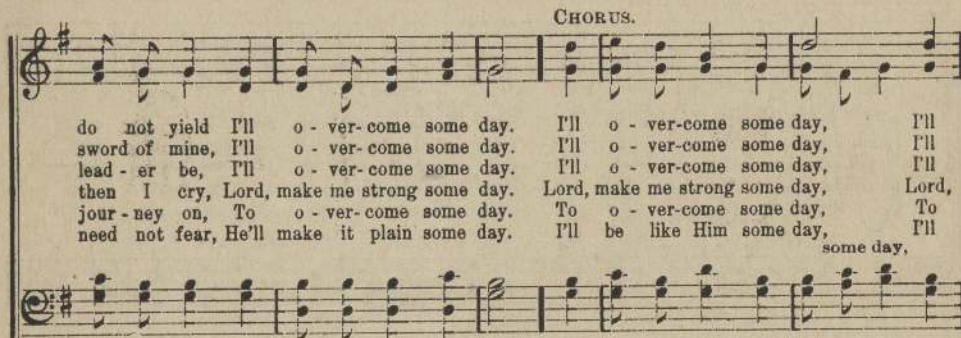
"Ye shall overcome if ye faint not."

C. ALBERT TINDLEY.



1. This world is one great bat-tle-field, With for-ces all ar-rayed; If in my heart I
 2. Both seen and un-seen pow-ers join To drive my soul a-stray, But with His Word a
 3. A thou-sand snares are set for me, And mountains in my way; If Je-sus will my
 4. I fail so oft-en when I try My Sav-iour to o-bey; It pains my heart and
 5. My mind is not to do the wrong, But walk the nar-row way; I'm pray-ing as I
 6. Tho' many a time no signs ap-pear; Of an-swer when I pray; My Je-sus says I

CHORUS.



do not yield I'll o-ver-come some day. I'll o-ver-come some day, I'll
 sword of mine, I'll o-ver-come some day. I'll o-ver-come some day, I'll
 lead-er be, I'll o-ver-come some day. I'll o-ver-come some day, I'll
 then I cry, Lord, make me strong some day. Lord, make me strong some day, Lord,
 jour-ney on, To o-ver-come some day. To o-ver-come some day, To
 need not fear, He'll make it plain some day. I'll be like Him some day, I'll
 some day,



o-ver-come some day; If in my heart I do not yield I'll o-ver-come some day.
 o-ver-come some day; But with His Word a sword of mine, I'll o-ver-come some day.
 o-ver-come some day; If Je-sus will my lead-er be, I'll o-ver-come some day.
 make me strong some day; It pains my heart and then I cry, Lord, make me strong some day.
 o-ver-come some day; I'm pray-ing as I jour-ney on, To o-ver-come some day.
 be like Him some day; My Je-sus says I need not fear, I'll be like Him some day.

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Familiar Hymns.

Tune:—AVON. C. M. Key A♭.

1 Forever here my rest shall be.
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 "For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

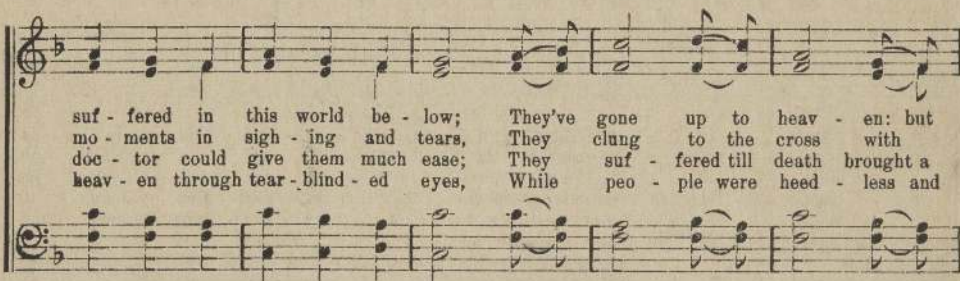
What are They Doing in Heaven?

O. A. T.

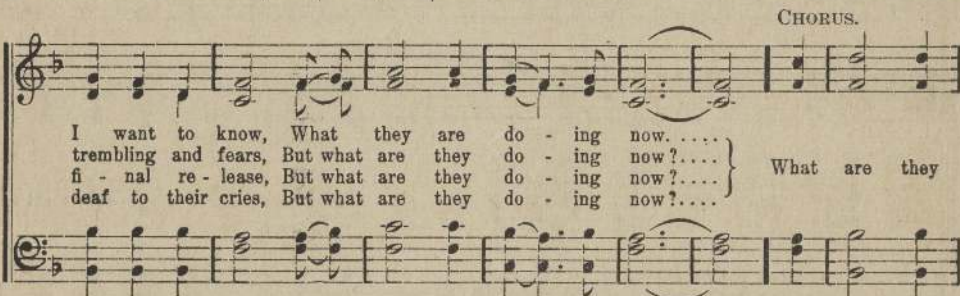
C. A. TINDLEY.



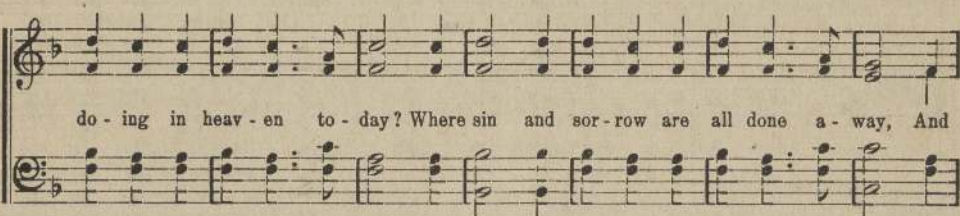
1. I am think - ing of friends whom I used to know, Who lived and
 2. There were some whose hearts were bur - dened with cares, They passed their
 3. There were some whose bod - ies were full of dis - ease, Med - i - cine nor
 4. There were some who were poor and oft - en de - spised; They look'd to



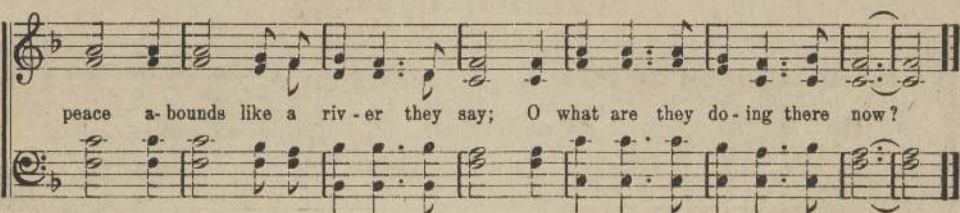
suf - ered in this world be - low; They've gone up to heav - en: but
 mo - ments in sigh - ing and tears, They clung to the cross with
 doc - tor could give them much ease; They suf - fered till death brought a
 heav - en through tear - blind - ed eyes, While peo - ple were heed - less and



CHORUS.
 I want to know, What they are do - ing now.
 trembling and fears, But what are they do - ing now? } What are they
 fi - nal re - lease, But what are they do - ing now?
 deaf to their cries, But what are they do - ing now?



do - ing in heav - en to - day? Where sin and sor - row are all done a - way, And



peace a - bounds like a riv - er they say; O what are they do - ing there now?

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FRED. P. MECKS
 89 W. CHARLEY STREET
 PALMYRA, N. J.

Christ Is the Way.

Words by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Music by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

Tenderly.

1. Christ the way; in ex - al - ta - tion; Though He stands on heights a -
 2. Christ the way; in self - de - ni - al; Fast - ing in the wil - der -
 3. Christ the way; when oth - ers wrong'd Him; Though He had not done a -
 4. Je - sus, while the sol - diers tied Him, 'Mid the rab - bles' hiss and
 5. Christ the way; a - mid af - flic - tions; Cursed and bruised in Pi - late's

flame. Glo - ri - ous in trans - fig - u - ra - tion, He is
 ness. He en - dured the tempt - er's tri - al, Stood un -
 miss. Ju - das, with pre - tend - ed vir - tue, Sold his
 jeer. Begged the free - dom they de - nied Him, Just to
 hall. False ac - cused and con - tra - dic - tions, Lamb of

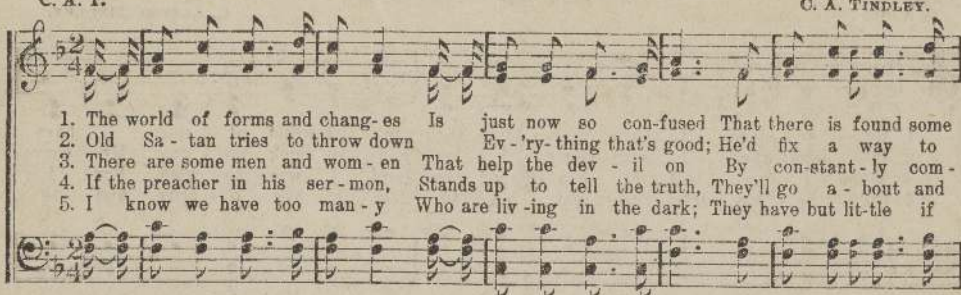
dim. *p* CHORUS. *a tempo.*
 al - ways meek the same.
 moved, the three - fold test.
 Mas - ter for a kiss. } He is the way to per - fect sal -
 heal a hu - man ear.
 God, He bore it all.

va - tion, He is the way to man - sions a - bove, He is the

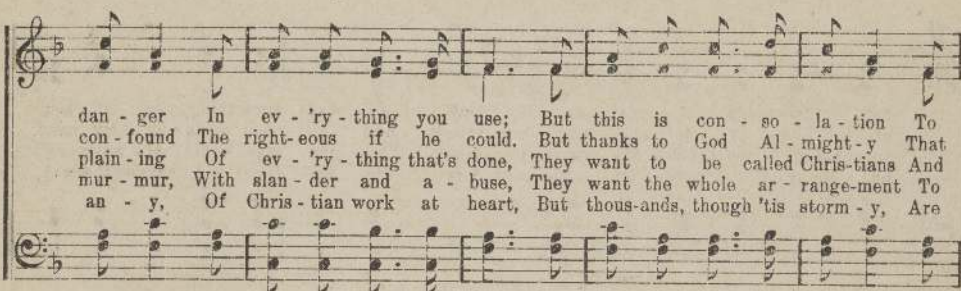
rall.
 first of the new cre - a - tion, Pat - tern of truth and full - ness of love.

C. A. T.


C. A. TINDLEY.



1. The world of forms and chang-es Is just now so con-fused That there is found some
 2. Old Sa-tan tries to throw down Ev-'ry-thing that's good; He'd fix a way to
 3. There are some men and wom-en That help the dev-il on By con-stant-ly com-
 4. If the preacher in his ser-mon, Stands up to tell the truth, They'll go a-bout and
 5. I know we have too man-y Who are liv-ing in the dark; They have but lit-tle if

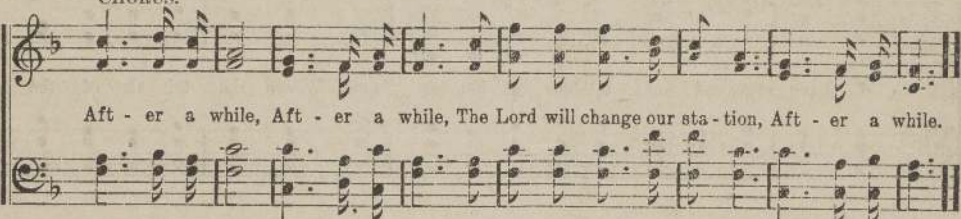


dan-ger In ev-'ry-thing you use; But this is con-so-la-tion To
 con-found The right-eous if he could. But thanks to God Al-might-y That
 plain-ing Of ev-'ry-thing that's done, They want to be called Chris-tians And
 mur-mur, With slan-der and a-buse, They want the whole ar-range-ment To
 an-y, Of Chris-tian work at heart, But thous-ands, though 'tis storm-y, Are



ev-'ry blood-washed child, The Lord will change our sta-tion, Aft-er a while.
 he can-not Be-guile; And we will be done fight-ing, Aft-er a while.
 all their bad-ness hide; God will o-pen the se-cret, Aft-er a while.
 suit their sel-fish style; But God will sit in judg-ment, Aft-er a while.
 march-ing un-de-filed; And God will head the ar-my, Aft-er a while.

CHORUS.



Aft-er a while, Aft-er a while, The Lord will change our sta-tion, Aft-er a while.

6 Our boasted land and nation,
 Are plunging in disgrace;
 With pictures of starvation
 Almost in every place;
 While loads of needed money,
 Remains in hoarded piles;
 But God will rule this country,
 After a while.

7 There is a land of promise,
 Where trials are unknown,
 Where Satan never cometh,
 For God is on the throne;
 And just a little longer,
 Er faith and self denial,
 We'll join our friends up yonder.
 After a while.

1. Ev - er since I have been Liv - ing in this world of sin, I have
 2. It was when I was young I be - gan to think up - on My con -
 3. When I real - ized I had Found the Lord, I was so glad, For I
 4. Old Sa - tan tried to get Me to live a hyp - o - crite, And to

had tri - als al - most ev - 'ry day. Al - ways some-thing, more or less,
 di - tion as a sin - ner un - saved; And at once made up my mind,
 thought all my tri - als would be done; That my way would al - ways be
 on - ly.... have an out - ward form, He said time had changed the way,

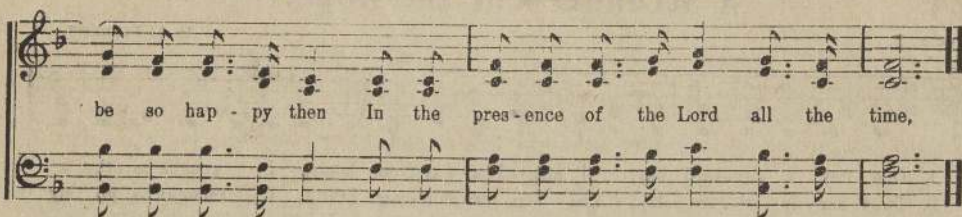
To de - stroy my hap - pi - ness, And this is how I've come all the way.
 While I had suf - fi - cient time, I would bow on my knees and pray.
 One con - tin - uous ju - bi - lee, But I found out my trials had just be - gun.
 And in this en - light - ed day To do what-e'er you please is no harm.

CHORUS.

I have start - ed out to find a bet - ter home, Where the tri - als of the

world can nev - er come. There with rel - a - tives and friends, I shall

A Better Home.—Concluded.



5 I tried it for awhile,
Keeping up with every style,
And was trying to get the crown without the cross;
I found it would not do,
For the word of God is true,
And unless I lived upright I would be lost.

6 Then I put the world aside,
Taking Jesus for my guide,
I began to try and walk the narrow way;
It is tedious, I admit,
But I am not weary yet;
I shall travel on until the perfect day.

23

Still, Still With Thee.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

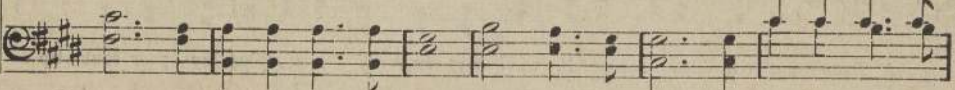
Arr. from FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



1. Still, still with, Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
2. A - lone with Thee a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol - emn
3. As in the dawn - ing o'er the wave - less o - cean, The im - age
4. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing, When the soul



wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love - li - er than
hush of na - ture new - ly born: A - lone with Thee in breath - less ad - o -
of the Morn - ing - star doth rest, So in this still - ness Thou be - hold - est
eyes look up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy wings o'er -
wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than day - light




day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee.
ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
on - ly Thine im - age in the wa - ters of my breast.
shad - ing, But sweet - er still to wake and find Thee there.
dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought—I am with Thee. A - men.



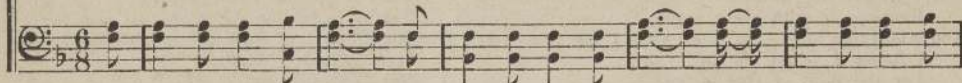

A Stranger Cut the Rope.

O. A. T.


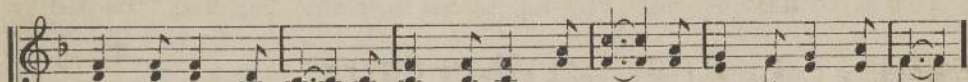
O. A. TINDLEY.




1. One day, a way-ward boy, I strayed a-way from home, I sought no oth - er
 2. 'Twas ear - ly in the day; The sun was shin - ing bright, I thought to go my
 3. A - far off on the lake I saw the bil - lows roll, They were mak - ing for my


joy, Than far a - way to roam. I saw the ebb - ing flood, Of a
 way, And get back home by night. But when my cap - tor tied Me
 stake With breath that chill'd my soul. No mor - tal eye be - held, And


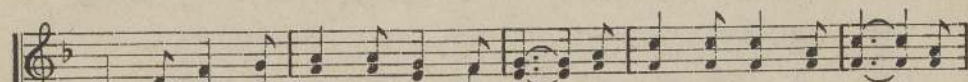
deep and dangerous lake, And lured up - on its mud, Was tied there to a stake.
 down and left me there, "No hope for me" I cried, And sank in - to de - spair.
 no one of - fered hope, Nor went my friends to tell, Or cut the aw - ful rope.




CHORUS.



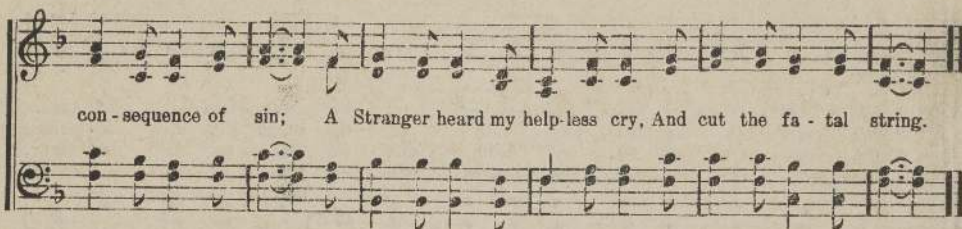
A Stran - ger cut the rope, It was my on - ly hope, When my poor soul Up -

on the shoal of sin and death did lie. The tide was com - ing in. The



A Stranger Cut the Rope.—Concluded.



4 The sun was sinking low,
The shadows growing long,
The wind began to blow,
And night was coming on;
Around me angry waves,
Began to foam and break,
And still I found no way
To quit that awful stake.—CHO.

5 The tide was rising high,
"Twould soon be over me,
No one had heard my cry,
Or seen my misery.
I thought my doom was sealed,
And to this seeming fate,
I was about to yield,
And die fast to that stake.—CHO.

6 Just then I saw a light,
'Twas hopes fast fading ray,
I cried with all my might
For help to get away.
A stranger's voice now broke
Upon my listening ear
Saying "I will cut the rope,
I'll help you, do not fear."—CHO.

7 He came to me with haste,
He reached me just in time,
For I'd begun to taste
The awful sprays of brine,
One blessed mighty stroke,
With weapon keen and sure,
He cut that awful rope
And brought me to the shore.—CHO.

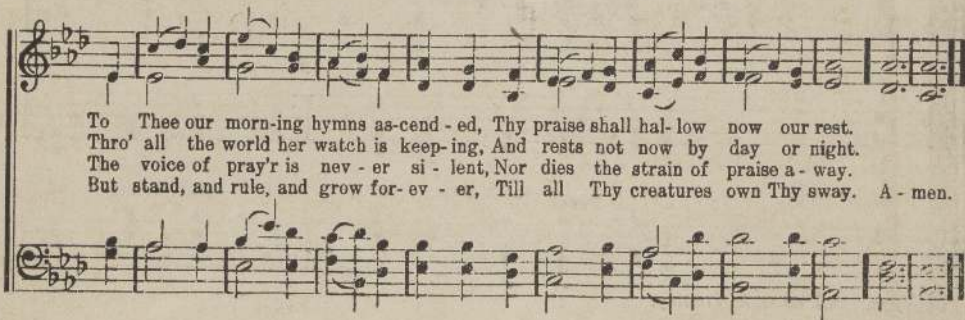
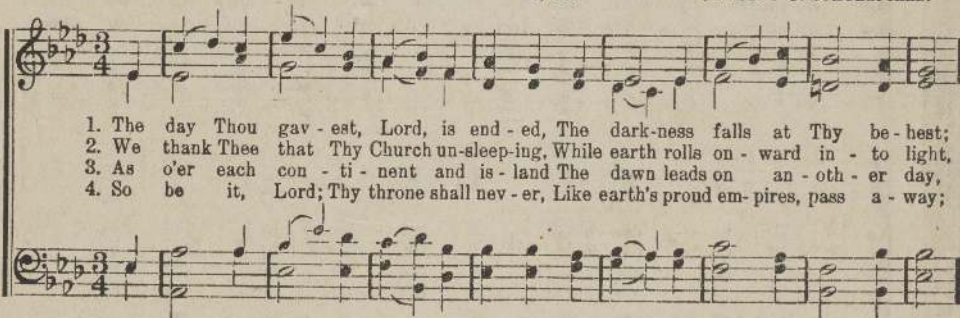
25

The Day Thou Gavest.

JOHN ELLERTON.

ST. CLEMENT. 9s, 8s.

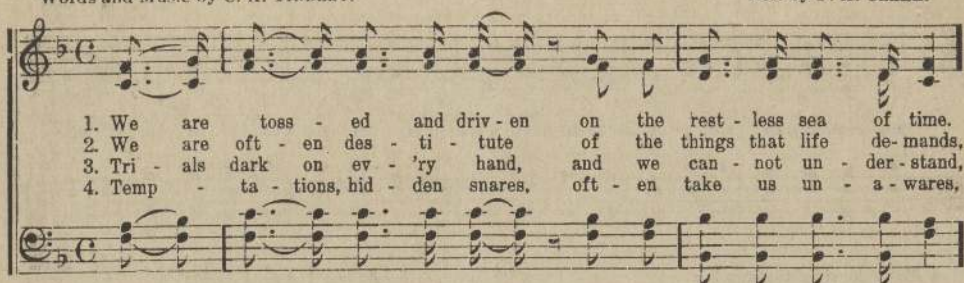
CLEMENT O. SCHOLEFIELD.



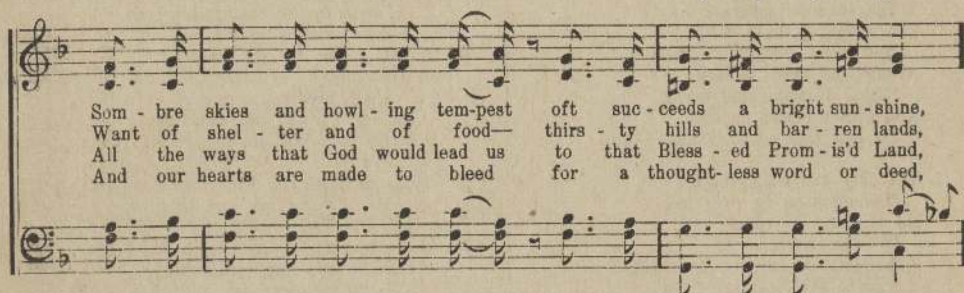
We'll Understand it Better By and By.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.



1. We are toss - ed and driv - en on the rest - less sea of time.
 2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de - mands,
 3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand,
 4. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares, oft - en take us un - a - wares,



Som - bre skies and howl - ing tem - pest oft suc - ceeds a bright sun - shine,
 Want of shel - ter and of food - thirs - ty hills and bar - ren lands,
 All the ways that God would lead us to that Bless - ed Prom - is'd Land,
 And our hearts are made to bleed for a thought - less word or deed,




In that land of per - fect day, when the mists have roll'd a - way,
 We are trust - ing in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word,
 But He guides us with His eye, and we'll fol - low 'till we die,
 And we won - der why the test, when we try to do our best;



We will un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.
 We will un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.
 For we'll un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.
 But we'll un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.

CHORUS.



By and by, when the morn - ing comes, All the saints of

We'll Understand it Better By and By.—Concluded.

God are gath - ered home, We'll tell the sto - ry how we've o - ver - come,

For we'll un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.....
by and by.

27

Depth of Mercy!

SEYMOUR. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

C. M. VON WEBER.

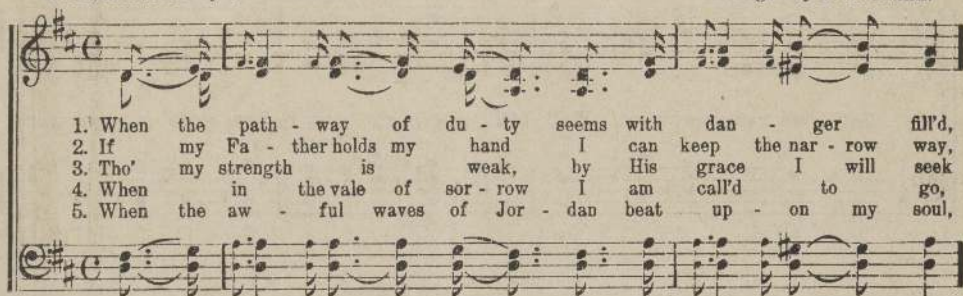
1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - serv'd for me?
2. I have long with - stood His grace; Long pro - vok'd Him to His face:
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark - en to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thou - sand falls.
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.


28 I Will Go, If My Father Holds My Hand.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

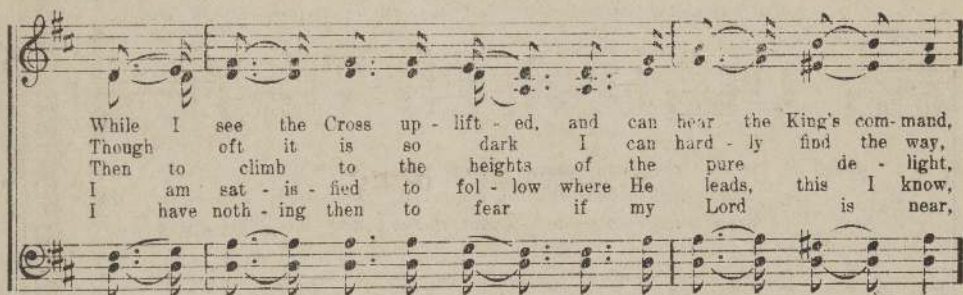
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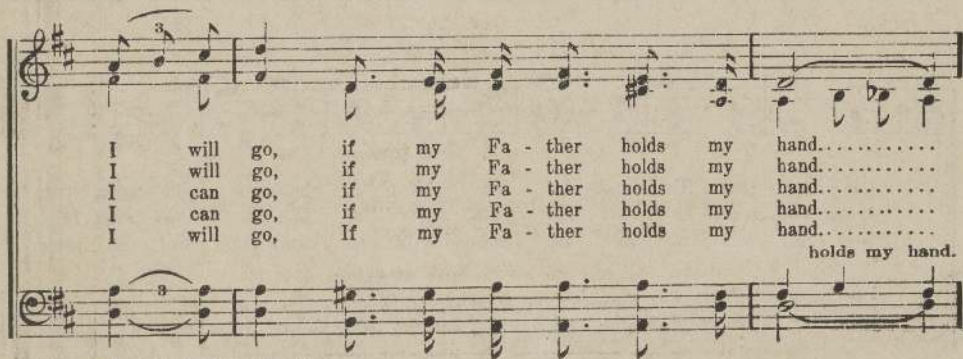
1. When the path - way of du - ty seems with dan - ger fill'd,
 2. If my Fa - ther holds my hand I can keep the nar - row way,
 3. Tho' my strength is weak, by His grace I will seek
 4. When in the vale of sor - row I am call'd to go,
 5. When the aw - ful waves of Jor - dan beat up - on my soul,



And the charms of world - ly beau - ty al - most win my fee - ble will.
 If my Fa - ther holds my hand, I can nev - er go a - stray,
 To re - pose like Ma - ry at the Sav - iour's feet;
 And it seems each to - mor - row sim - ply brings an - oth - er woe.
 In the i - cy hands of death my limbs are grow - ing cold



While I see the Cross up - lift - ed, and can hear the King's com - mand,
 Though oft it is so dark I can hard - ly find the way,
 Then to climb to the heights of the pure de - light,
 I am sat - is - fied to fol - low where He leads, this I know,
 I have noth - ing then to fear if my Lord is near,



I will go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....
 I will go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....
 I can go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....
 I can go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....
 I will go, If my Fa - ther holds my hand.....
 holds my hand.

I Will Go, if My Father Holds My Hand.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

The musical score is written for a two-part setting (Soprano and Bass) in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The lyrics are: "I will go, I will go, Tho' the moun - tains are high and the val - leys low, I will go, I will go, I will go, I will go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand, holds my hand." The melody features a triplet in the first system and a descending line in the third system.

29

Missionary Hand.

- 1 Come, all ye scattered race, and the Saviour's love embrace;
You may see His smiling face yet, with care,
He is on the giving hand; will you come at His command?
And you will with angels stand, over there.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there, there's a land of pure delight over there;
We will lay our burdens down, and at Jesus' side sit down,
And will wear a starry crown, over there.

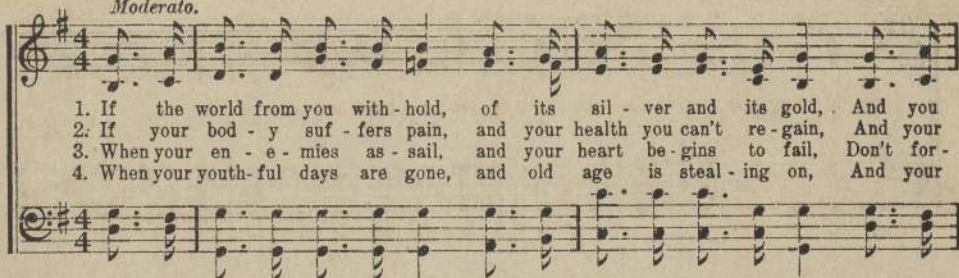
- 2 We are going through the land as a missionary band
To lead sinner's by the hand to Christ's care,
That salvation He may give, and they turn to Him and live
In that happy world of light over there.—CHO.
- 3 O consider our stand, when He took us by the hand
From that dreadful bar of sand to His care.
And He placed us on the rock, now He owns us for His flock,
And we are marching to His fold over there.—CHO.

Leave It There.

Words and Music by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arranged by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

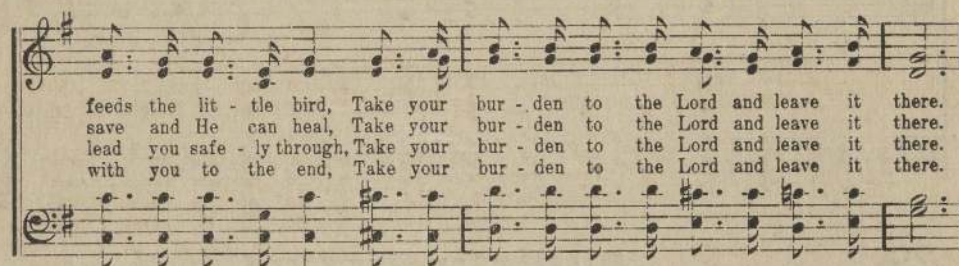
Moderato.



1. If the world from you with-hold, of its sil-ver and its gold, And you
 2. If your bod-y suf-fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your
 3. When your en-e-mies as-sail, and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-
 4. When your youth-ful days are gone, and old age is steal-ing on, And your

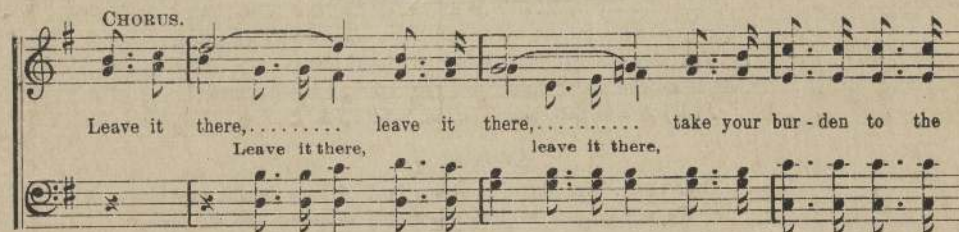


have to get a-long with mea-gre fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He
 soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can
 get that God in heav-en an-swers pray'r; He will make a way for you and will
 bod-y bends be-neath the weight of care, He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go

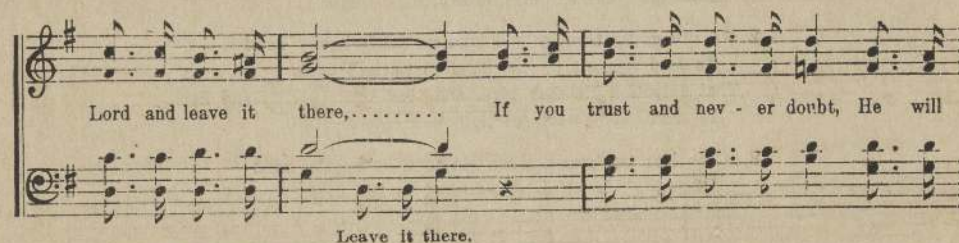


feeds the lit-tle bird, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
 save and He can heal, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
 lead you safe-ly through, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
 with you to the end, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

CHORUS.



Leave it there,..... leave it there,..... take your bur-den to the
 Leave it there, leave it there,



Lord and leave it there,..... If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will
 Leave it there.

Leave It There.—Concluded.

sure - ly bring you out, Take your bur - den to the Lord and leave it there.....
leave it there.

I Believe It.

Words and Music by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arranged by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, JR.

1. I am free from con - dem - na - tion, Je - sus' blood has made me free,
2. All the world has been for - sak - en, Now and ev - er more shall be
3. All my life has been a fail - ure, Naught but sin and mis - er - y,
4. Now if liv - ing or if dy - ing, Just as He would have it be,

I am now a new cre - a - tion, Hal - le - lu - jah, He saves me.
Je - sus for my "all" I've tak - en, Hal - le - lu - jah, He saves me.
'Till in Christ I found sweet pleas - ure, Hal - le - lu - jah, He saves me.
Je - sus al - ways sat - is - fy - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah, He saves me.

CHORUS.

I be - lieve it, I be - lieve it, Je - sus died to set me free.

On the cross He bought my par - don, Hal - le - lu - jah, He saves me.

Mountain Top Dwelling.

Words by G. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Music by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

Moderato.

mf

1. I can see down yon-der where I had my dwell-ing, In the mire and the clay of
 2. When I saw my dan-ger and heard of a Sav-iour, Who had suf-fered and died for
 3. Praise His name, I'm hap-py in a full sal - va - tion, The Lord has redeemed my

sin; The sto - ry I am tell - ing, Per - haps you've nev - er been In the
 me; When I learn'd this gra - cious fav - or, Was to save and set me free At the
 soul, It is a new cre - a - tion, For His blood has made me whole, And

cresc.

road of sin with all its gloom and sad - ness, The way un - be - liev - ers go; The
 foot of the cross where I knelt con - fess - ing I be - held His shin - ing face, And
 now I am walk - ing in the bloom - ing gar - den Where the heal - ing wa - ters flow, The

rit. *p* CHORUS. *a tempo.*

way of shame and mad - ness, 'Tis the way of pain and woe. } I am dwelling now up - on the
 then there came the blessing, 'Twas the light of saving grace. } stream that bringeth pardon, And saves us here be - low.

moun - tain, I am drink - ing at the crystal foun - tain; And the love - ly vales of E - den Are

Mountain Top Dwelling.—Concluded.



more and more in sight; There pain and grief com-eth nev-er, The hand of death can-not

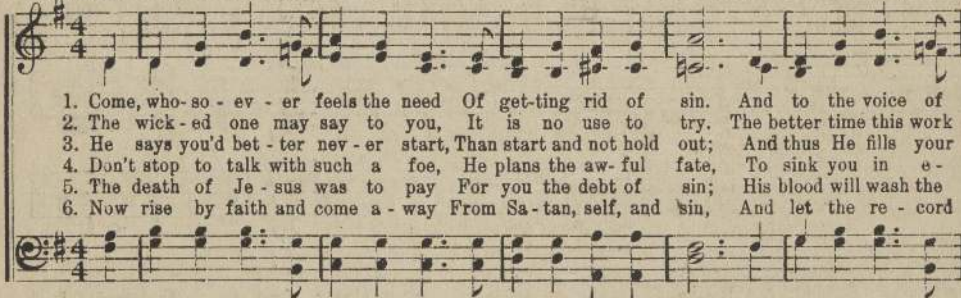


cresc. *dim. e rall.*
sev-er, God's chil-dren are home for-ev-er,..... In gar-ments pure and white.

Your Faith has Saved You.

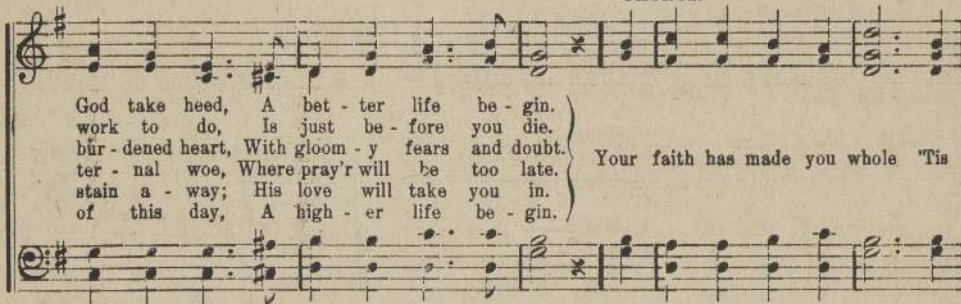
Words and music by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arranged by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.



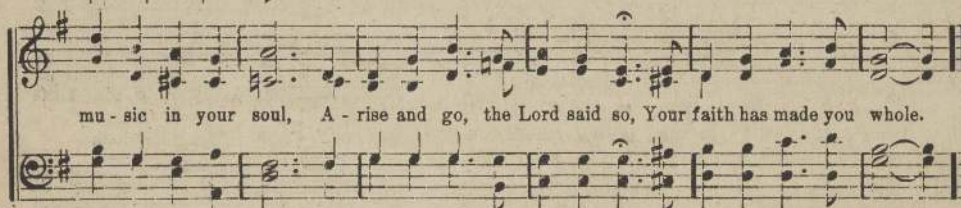
1. Come, who-so-ev-er feels the need Of get-ting rid of sin. And to the voice of
2. The wick-ed one may say to you, It is no use to try. The better time this work
3. He says you'd bet-ter nev-er start, Than start and not hold out; And thus He fills your
4. Don't stop to talk with such a foe, He plans the aw-ful fate, To sink you in e-
5. The death of Je-sus was to pay For you the debt of sin; His blood will wash the
6. Now rise by faith and come a-way From Sa-tan, self, and sin, And let the re-cord

CHORUS.



God take heed, A bet-ter life be-gin.
work to do, Is just be-fore you die.
bur-dened heart, With gloom-y fears and doubt.
ter-nal woe, Where pray'r will be too late.
stain a-way; His love will take you in.
of this day, A high-er life be-gin.

Your faith has made you whole 'Tis

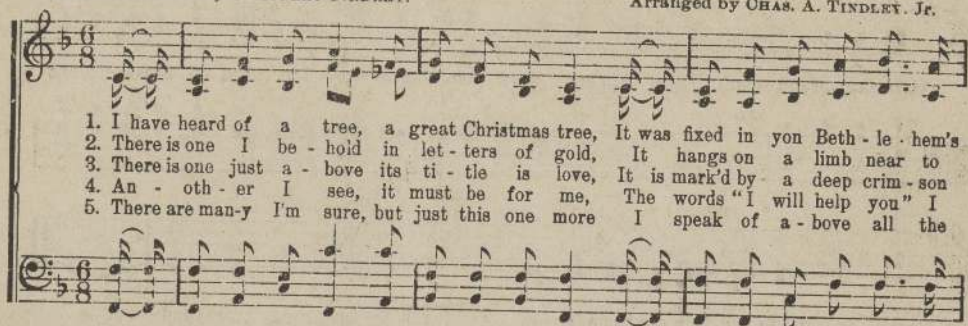


mu-sic in your soul, A-rise and go, the Lord said so, Your faith has made you whole.

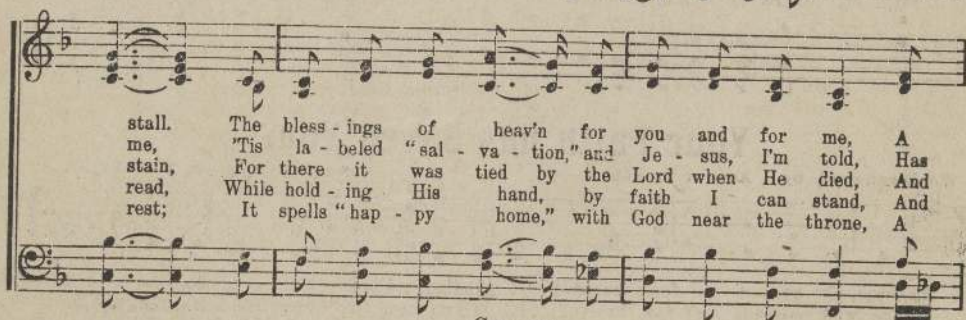
Heaven's Christmas Tree.

Words and Music by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arranged by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.




1. I have heard of a tree, a great Christmas tree, It was fixed in yon Beth-le-hem's
 2. There is one I be-hold in let-ters of gold, It hangs on a limb near to
 3. There is one just a-bove its ti-tle is love, It is mark'd by a deep crim-son
 4. An-oth-er I see, it must be for me, The words "I will help you" I
 5. There are man-y I'm sure, but just this one more I speak of a-bove all the



stall. The bless-ings of heav'n for you and for me, A
 me, 'Tis la-beled "sal-va-tion," and Je-sus, I'm told, Has
 stain, For there it was tied by the Lord when He died, And
 read, While hold-ing His hand, by faith I can stand, And
 rest; It spells "hap-py home," with God near the throne, A

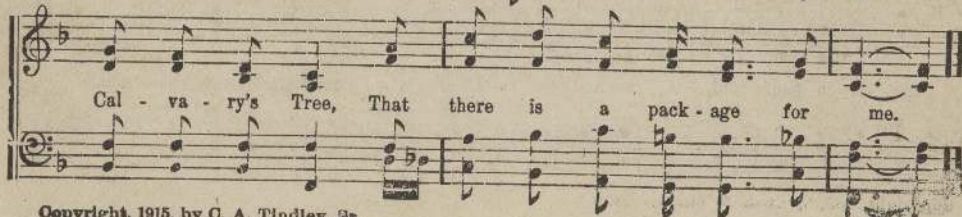
CHORUS.



Christ-mas pre-sent for 'all.
 bought that pack-age for me.
 glo-ry to His dear name. } There is a pack-age for me on that tree; A
 this is the pack-age I need.
 place where the wea-ry shall rest.



pre-cious tok-en that some one loves me, O yes, I can see, on

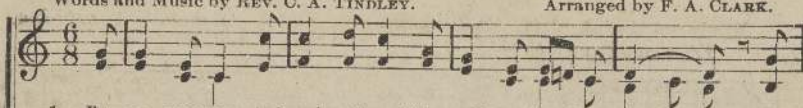


Cal-va-ry's Tree, That there is a pack-age for me.

Joyous Anticipation.

Words and Music by REV. C. A. TINDLEY.

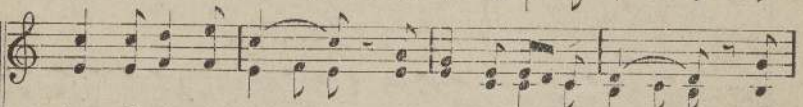
Arranged by F. A. CLARK.



1. I'm on my way to heav'n a-bove, Where all are free from care, from care; A
2. There none are sick with fee-ble frame, No sad and downcast soul, cast soul. There
3. No beg-gars on that gold-en street, No blind to lead a-bout, a-bout, No
4. No child-ren there with parents dead, No crape up-on the door, the door; No
5. No one in heav-en is de-nied, The freedom of that land, that land, For
6. No part-ing word or sad farewell, Is heard in all that clime, that clime, For



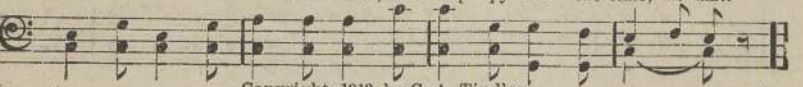
land of rest and per-fect love And joy with-out a tear, a tear. And
per-fect health and youth re-main, For-ev-er, we are told, are told. For-
fun'r-al train we there shall meet, For death is there cast out, cast out. For
weep-ing mourn-ers ev-er tread Up-on that gold-en shore, en shore. Up-
Je-sus purchas'd when He died That place for ev'-ry man, 'ry man. That
those who with their Sav-iour dwell, Are hap-py all the time, the time. Are



joy without a tear, a tear. And joy with-out a tear, a tear. A
ev-er we are told, are told. For-ev-er we are told, are told. There
death is there cast out, cast out. For death is there cast out, cast out. No
on that gold-en shore, en shore. Up-on that gold-en shore, en shore. No
place for ev'-ry man, ry man. That place for ev'-ry man, ry man. For
hap-py all the time, the time. Are hap-py all the time, the time. For



land of rest and per-fect love And joy with-out a tear, a tear.
per-fect health and youth re-main, For-ev-er, we are told, are told.
fun'r-al train we there shali meet, For death is there cast out, cast out.
weep-ing mourn-ers ev-er tread, Up-on that gold-en shore, en shore.
Je-sus pur-chas'd when He died That place for ev'-ry man, ry man.
those who with their Sav-iour dwell, Are hap-py all the time, the time.



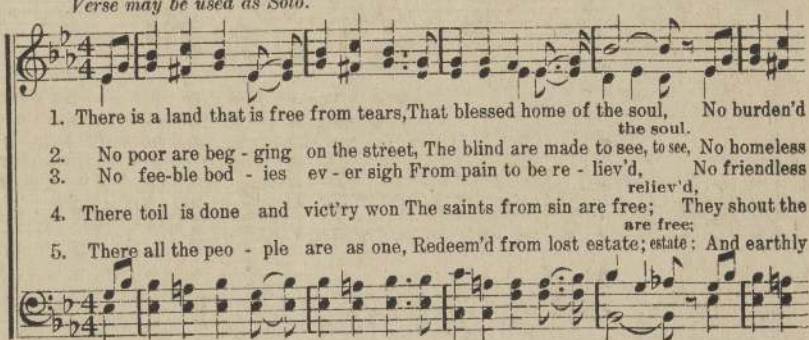
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Will You Be There?

Words and Music by REV. C. A. TINDLEY.

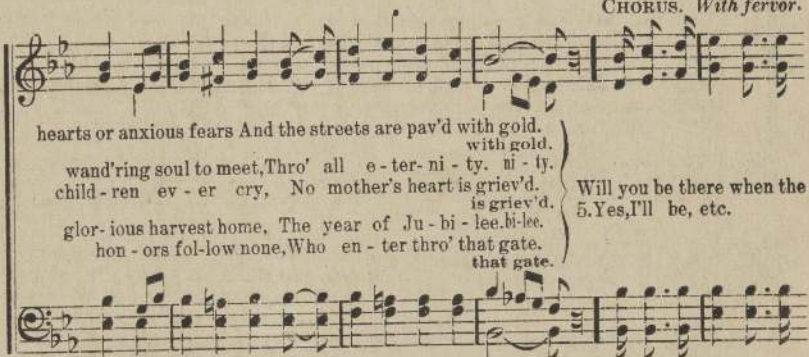
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Verse may be used as Solo.

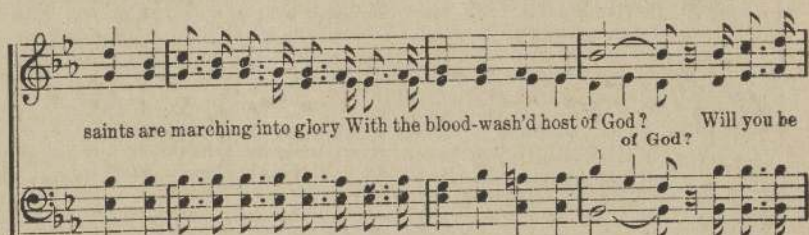


1. There is a land that is free from tears, That blessed home of the soul, No burden'd
the soul.
2. No poor are beg - ging on the street, The blind are made to see, to see, No homeless
3. No fee - ble bod - ies ev - er sigh From pain to be re - liev'd, No friendless
reliev'd,
4. There toil is done and vict'ry won The saints from sin are free; They shout the
are free;
5. There all the peo - ple are as one, Redeem'd from lost estate; estate; And earthly

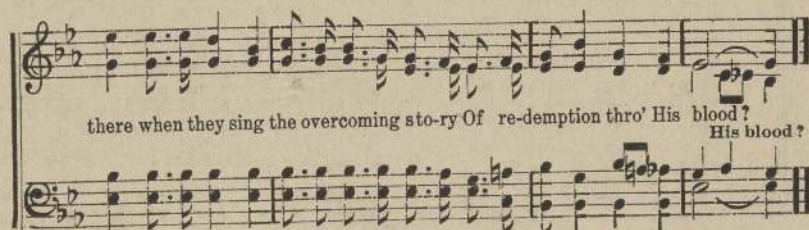
CHORUS. *With fervor.*



hearts or anxious fears And the streets are pav'd with gold.
wand'ring soul to meet, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. ni - ly. }
child - ren ev - er cry, No mother's heart is griev'd. } Will you be there when the
is griev'd. } 5. Yes, I'll be, etc.
glor - ious harvest home, The year of Ju - bi - lee. bi - lee.
hon - ors fol - low none, Who en - ter thro' that gate. }
that gate.



saints are marching into glory With the blood-wash'd host of God? Will you be
of God?



there when they sing the overcoming sto - ry Of re - demption thro' His blood?
His blood?

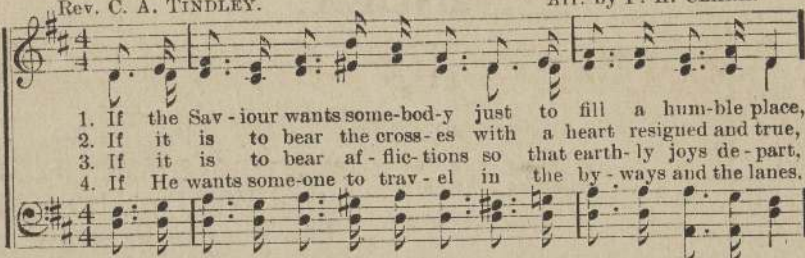
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"Here am I, Send Me."

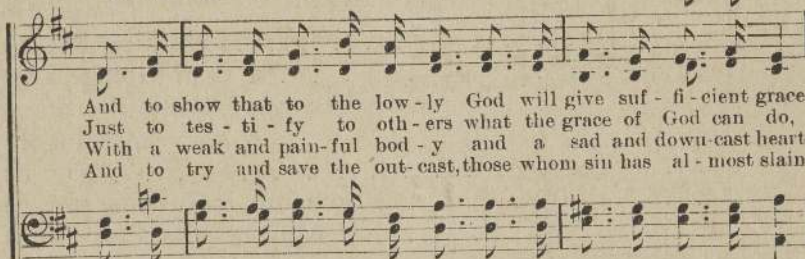
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Isaiah 6: 8

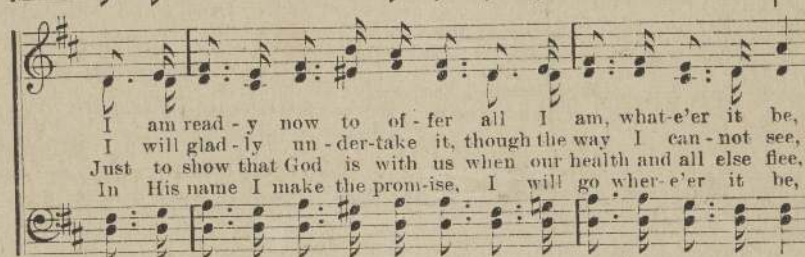
Arr. by F. A. CLARK.



1. If the Sav-iour wants some-bod-y just to fill a hum-ble place,
2. If it is to bear the cross-es with a heart resigned and true,
3. If it is to bear af-flic-tions so that earth-ly joys de-part,
4. If He wants some-one to trav-el in the by-ways and the lanes,



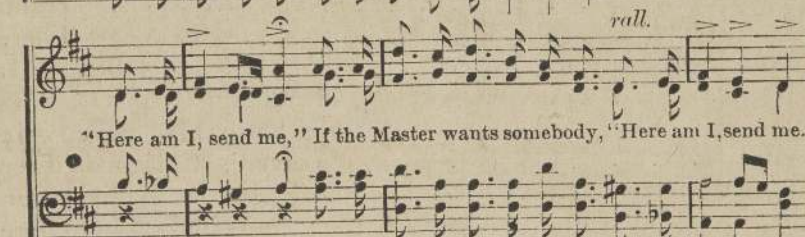
And to show that to the low-ly God will give suf-fi-cient grace,
Just to tes-ti-fy to oth-ers what the grace of God can do,
With a weak and pain-ful bod-y and a sad and down-cast heart,
And to try and save the out-cast, those whom sin has al-most slain



I am read-y now to of-fer all I am, what-e'er it be,
I will glad-ly un-der-take it, though the way I can-not see,
Just to show that God is with us when our health and all else flee,
In His name I make the prom-ise, I will go wher-e'er it be,



rall. CHORUS.
And to say to Him this moment, "Here am I, send me."
And will answer, blessed Master, "Here am I, send me."
If it be Thy will, my Saviour, "Here am I, send me."
If the Master wants somebody, "Here am I, send me."



rall.
"Here am I, send me," If the Master wants somebody, "Here am I, send me."

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35.	Joyous Anticipation
36.	Will You be There
37.	Here Am I Send Me



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