GLORY

★

EVANGEL

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GLORY EVANGEL

FOR THE

CHURCH, SUNDAY-SCHOOL, EVANGELISTIC SERVICES, CONVENTIONS AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY

W. P. GANUS

WITH

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BESSEMER. ALA.

Beautiful Praise.

No. Beautiful Praise.

Thomas R. Sweatmon. W. P. GANUS, OWNER, 1916. **W. P. Ganus.**

1. Beau-ti-ful praise of Je - sus my Lord, Cheering my soul with sweetest ac-cord;
2. Beau-ti-ful praise at morning and night, Giv-ing me strength to follow a - right;
3. Beau-ti-ful praise in ho - li-est song, Bringing me comfort all the day long;
4. Beau-ti-ful praise, oh, sing it a - gain, Let it re - ech - o un - to all men;

Pointing me to the heav-en-ly plain, There with my Savior ev - er to reign.
Mak-ing me feel the in - fi-nite love Je-sus will share from heaven a - bove.
Then when I lay my bod - y to rest, Nothing disturbs the peace in my breast.
Make ev-'ry spir - it glad-ly re-joice, With the sweet sound of ev-er - y voice.

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful praise, oh, sing it to me, Pic-tur-ing where I'm longing to be;

Vi-sions of rap-ture dear to my eyes, In the sweet mansions o-ver the skies.

No. 1. Your Help Is Needed.

E. J. B. E. J. BRYANT.

1. From the har-vest field comes the call to-day, Send us help be - fore too
2. In the har-vest field many souls are sad, For they live in sin and
3. Let us an-swer now the Re-deem-er's call And for Him our ut-most

late, (too late,) Oh, the ri-pened grain must be borne a - way, So no
shame, (and shame) Let us tell His love till their hearts are glad, Let us
do, (yes do,) For the Mas - ter of - fers a crown to all Who will

REFRAIN.

lon - ger i - dle wail. Come a- way, to the har-vest field,
work in His dear name.
to the end be true. Come a- way.

Help to save the grain; Help the Lord
Help to save gol-den grain; Help the Lord

with the pre-cious yield, Do not let Him call in vain.

E. J. Bryant, owner.

No. 2. I'll Be There.

Thos. R. Sweatmon. S. A. GANUS, OWNER, 1916. S. A. Ganus.

1. When the heav-ens have un - fold - ed to the will of God's own Son,
2. When the stars a - bove are fall - ing and the moon shall fail to shine,
3. When the mul - ti - tudes have gathered on the fi - nal judg-ment day,

And when time on earth is end - ed and e - ter - ni - ty's be - gun;
And the God of all is reign - ing in His maj - es - ty di - vine;
When the wick - ed are de - part - ing, pass - ing rap - id - ly a - way;

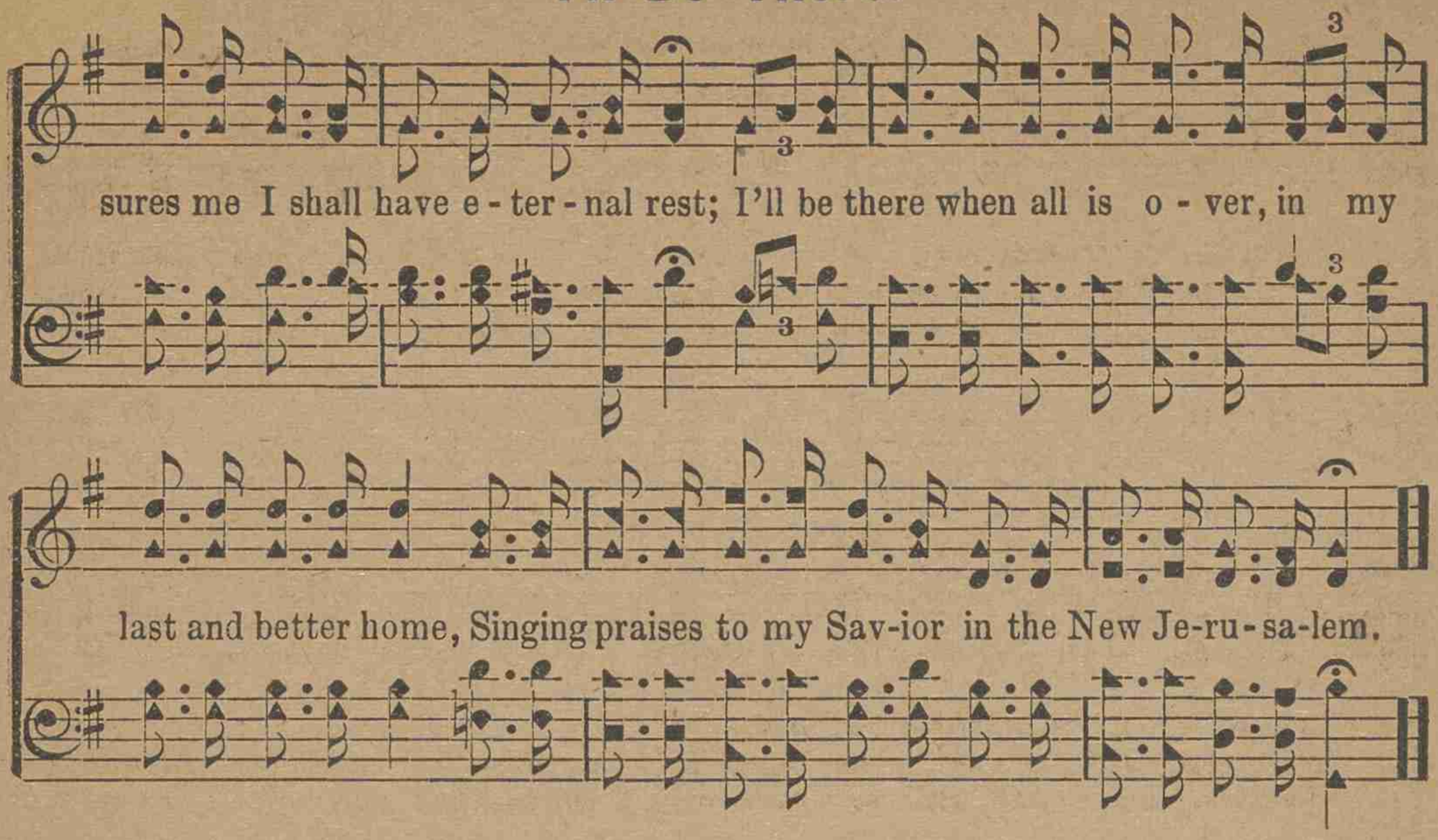
When the saints are robed in glo - ry in the man-sions of the fair,
When the roll is called in heav - en and the hosts have gath-ered near,
When is sound-ing Ga-briel's trump-et from the sum - mit of the skies,

When they're sing-ing of re-demp-tion, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'll be there.
When the pil - grims are re - turn - ing, with re - joic - ing I'll be there.
When the saints de - part for heav - en I'll be there and shall a - rise.

REFRAIN.

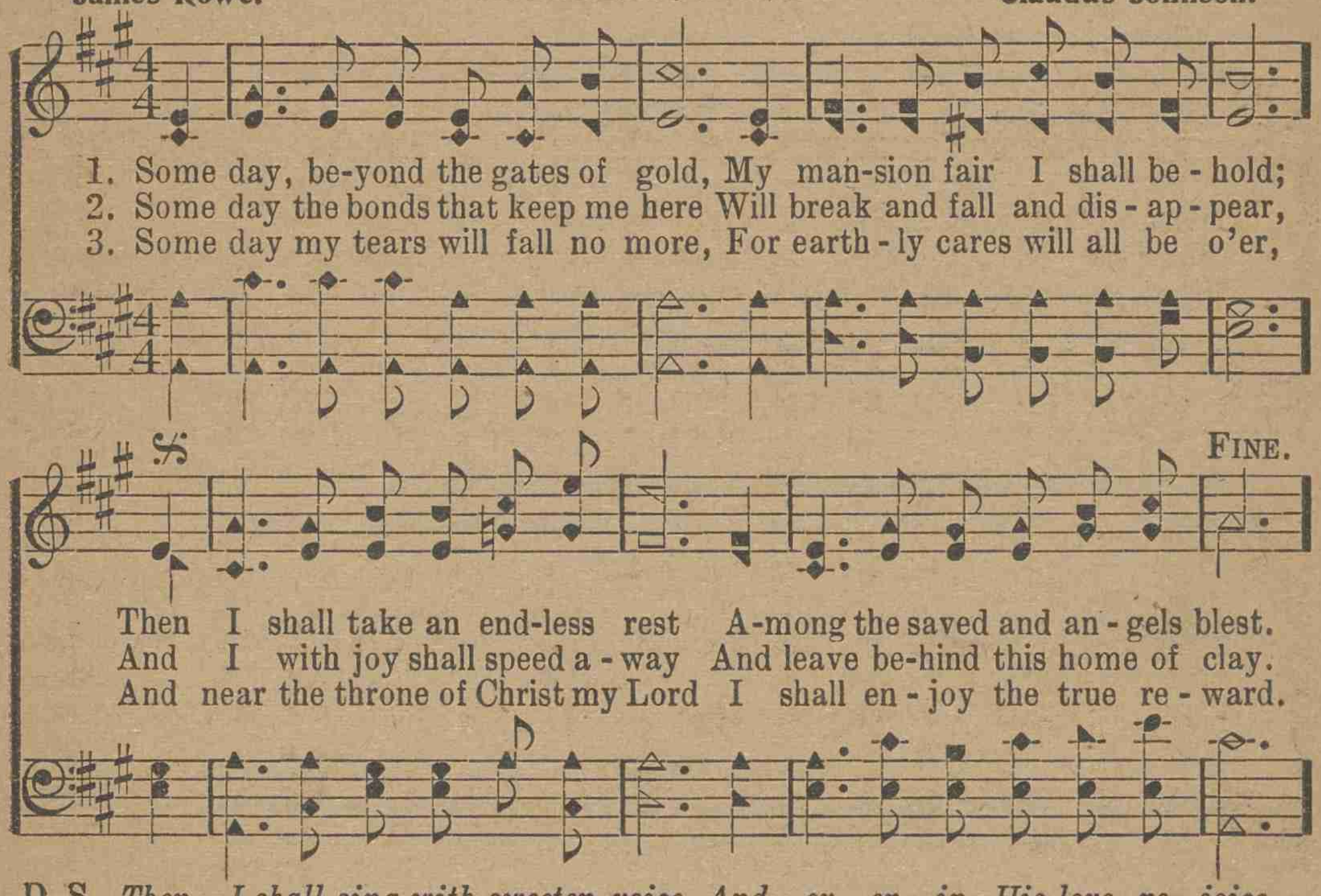
I'll be there with Christ forever in the regions of the blest; In His promise He as-

I'll Be There.



No. 3. Some Day Beyond the Gates.

James Rowe. CLAUDUS JOHNSON, OWNER, 1916. **Claudus Johnson.**



No. 4. Under the Right Flag at Last.

J. M. Henson, owner.

JAMES ROWE. J. M. HENSON.

1. Un-der the wrong flag was I, Sin had condemed me to die, But a re-
2. Wandering days are all past, Fac - ing the homeland at last Uu - der the
3. Heav-en will soon be in sight, Shar - ing its mansions of light, Song of the

deem - er has tak - en my place; Un-der the right flag to - day, Singing with
flag that for - ev - er will wave; Homeward I go with a song, One of the
an - gels will come by and by; Soon I shall rest with the Lord, Hav-ing the

joy all the way, On-ward I go in the light of His grace.
con - quer - ing throng, Fight-ing for Him who is a - ble to save.
prom - ised re - ward, Soon with the throng I shall praise Him on high.

REFRAIN.

Un - der the right flag at last, marching home, Nev - er a -
marching home,

gain with the foe I shall roam,..... Fol - low - ing Je - sus my King,

Under the Right Flag at Last.

No. 5. He Satisfies.

J, M. Henson, owner.

JAMES ROWE. J. M. HENSON.

REFRAIN.

No. 6. Hiding in Thee.

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IN "HOSANNAS."

Thorton G. Tripton. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Tho' oft the tempter's voice I hear, Thou art with me a - bid - ing;
2. Day aft - er day may bring new care, Tri - als may be be - tid - ing;
3. Nev - er from Thee my heart shall stray, Nev - er de - sert Thy guid - ing;
4. All the way home I'll cling to Thee, Ev - er in Thee con - fid - ing;

And I am free from doubt and fear, For in Thy love I'm hid - ing.
But I am safe from ev - 'ry snare, For in Thy love I'm hid - ing.
Here un - mo - lest - ed I may stay, For in Thy love I'm hid - ing.
Hop - ing at last Thy face to see, For in Thy love I'm hid - ing.

CHORUS.

Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in Thee,
Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in Thee,

Safe from the foe, no fear I know, I'm hid - ing, dear Lord, in Thee.

No. 7. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
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C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;

Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear-y one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;

He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . .
take care of you.

No. 8 Better Than Gold.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Man - y there are who live dai-ly their all to give, Treasures that per-ish to un-fold;
2. What if the world I gain, knowing that sins re-main Sink-ing me low-er all the while;
3. Help me to trust and pray, do-ing Thy will each day, Seek-ing the treasures of Thy love

Yet the Re- deem-er dear gives to His children here That which is bet-ter far than gold.
Bet - ter, dear Lord, to be rich in the love of Thee, Winning, by service true, Thy smile.
Hop - ing at last to stand sin-less at Thy right hand, In the e - ter - nal home a-bove.

CHORUS.

Bet - ter than gold, is His sweet love, Bet - ter for
Bet-ter than gold is His sweet love,

me to have and hold, For it is peace com-fort and
have and to hold, For it is peace

joy, Oh, it is bet - ter far than gold.
com-fort and joy, bet - ter than gold.

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No. 9 Brighter All The Way.

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. I have been to Je - sus with my doubt and sin And His blood has made me white as
2. Tri-als still be - tide me, but I meet them well, While to my re-deem-er hap-py
3. Man-y storms will meet me, ere my home I see, But my precious Lord, I know, will

snow with-in; Now I have a car - ol in my heart each day, And the homeward
prais-es swell; Worldly pleasures call me, but I an-swer, "Nay," For the homeward
shel - ter me; So His steps I'll fol - low brave-ly day by day, For the homeward

CHORUS.

path grows brighter all the way. Brighter all the way, Bright-er ev - 'ry

O yes, its

day, Sky and path are grow-ing, Brighter all the way, From my loving Savior

O yes the

I would nev - er stray, For the path is grow-ing Bright-er ev - 'ry day.

No. 10

There Remaineth a Rest.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4: 9.

T. O. CHISHOLM. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Duet.

1. "There re - main-eth a rest to the peo - ple of God," When this life with its
2. "There re - main-eth a rest," all un - bro - ken by care, Where the wea-ry from
3. "There re - main-eth a rest," 'tis a glo - ri - ous rest, Which with Christ His re-
4. Oh, ye ser - vants of God! la - bor faith - ful - ly on, Keep - ing ev - er this

la - bor is done, When the end has been reached, of earth's last wea - ry mile
troubling will cease, Where the soul will be free from all sor - row and pain,
deem'd ones will share, In that world where no sin or temp - ta - tion may come,
pros-pect in view, Tho' the cross which He gives may be heav - y to bear,

rit.

CHORUS.

And the bat - tle long-fought, has been won.
Drink for - ev - er from fountains of peace. What mat - ters the bur-den and
And He wait - eth to wel-come them there.
Sweet-er rest there re - main-eth for you.

heat of the day? What mat-ters the wea-ri-some length of the way? The rest that re-

rit.

main-eth for all will re - pay, Let us la - bor to en - ter that rest!

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No. 11. I Need the Blessed Savior.

Thos. R. Sweatmon. ALTA JOHNSON, OWNER, 1916. Alta Johnson.

1. I need the blessed Sav - ior, for He's so dear to me; He prom-i - ses sal-
2. His mer-cies are a-round me like sunshine from on high; He's ev-er watching
3. I need the blessed Sav - ior at morning, noon and night, For He can guide my

va - tion and love to make me free; He bless-es me each mo-ment, His
o'er me from out the dis - tant sky; He shields me from all dan - ger each
foot-steps in paths that lead a - right; He trod the road to heav - en and

glo - ry I shall see; I love the bless-ed Sav - ior, for He's so good to me.
mo-ment of the day; Oh! let me walk up-right-ly and not for-get to pray.
knows the liv-ing way; Un - less His Spir-it guides me, I'm bound to go a - stray.

FINE.

D. S.—*love the bless-ed Sav-ior, for He's my Friend in-deed.*

REFRAIN.

The blessed, loving Savior has been my Friend indeed; He sends me richest blessings, sup-
plies my ev-'ry need; Let me o - bey Him al-ways, His call-ing I must heed; I

D. S.

No. 12. Homeward.

James Rowe. B. J. CLEMENTS, OWNER, 1915. B. J. Clements.

1. Homeward we go re - joic - ing, Sing-ing a-long the way, Praise to the Sav-ior
2. Al - ways in His own keep-ing, Per-fect-ly safe are we, Wheth-er the storm be
3. Glo - ry to Him for - ev - er, Heav-en's e-ter-nal King! Nothing shall make us

voic - ing, Sweetly from day to day. Proud-ly the cross dis-play-ing, Ev-'ry com-
sweeping, Whether the foe we see; Troub-les and cares may try us, He will be
sev - er, Ev-er our souls shall cling. Ban-ners of love are o'er us, Heaven is

(1.) to day,

mand o - bey - ing, Close to the Master stay - ing, Car-ing no more to stray.
al - ways nigh us; Will-ing-ly He'll sup-ply us, Great tho' our need may be.
just be - fore us; Soon in the an - gel cho - rus Prais-es we all shall sing.

(1.) to stray.

REFRAIN.

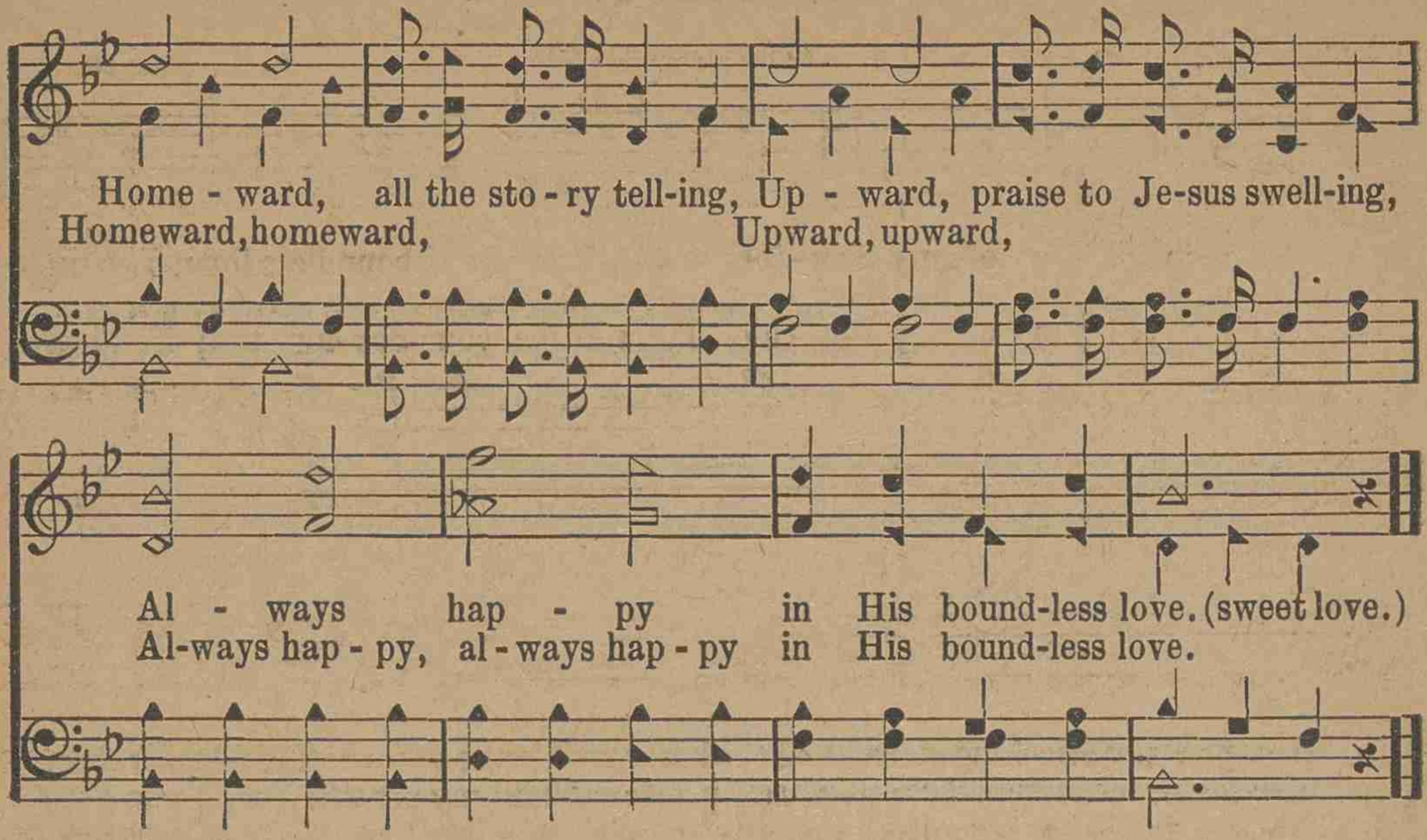
Home - ward, al-ways sing-ing sweetly; Up - ward, trust-ing Christ completely,
Homeward, homeward, Upward, upward,

March - ing tow'rd the pearl - y gates a - bove;

March - ing tow'rd the gates, the gates a - bove;

March-ing, march-ing, march-ing tow'rd the pearl - y gates a - bove;

Homeward.



No. 13. Just Keep On Singing.

James Rowe. T. A. COLE, OWNER, 1915. T. A. Cole.

No. 14. Let Me Tell You of My Savior.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. M. L. JOHNSON, OWNER, 1916. M. L. Johnson.

1. Let me tell you of my Sav-ior And His pure and boundless love; Let me
2. Let me tell you of my Sav-ior, For He saved my soul from death, And He
3. Let me tell you of my Sav-ior, He will be your Sav-ior too; You have

win you for His king-dom, And the home that waits a-bove: There's no oth-er
gave me peace and glad-ness—Surely praise shall fill my breath: Yes, I want to
but to take the par-don He so free-ly of-fers you; Make to-night the

friend so precious, There's no oth-er love as sweet; Come to Him, O come be-
wit-ness for Him, And His ho-ly name re-peat; Come to Him, O come be-
grand de-ci-sion, Find in Him a sure re-treat; Come to Him, O come be-

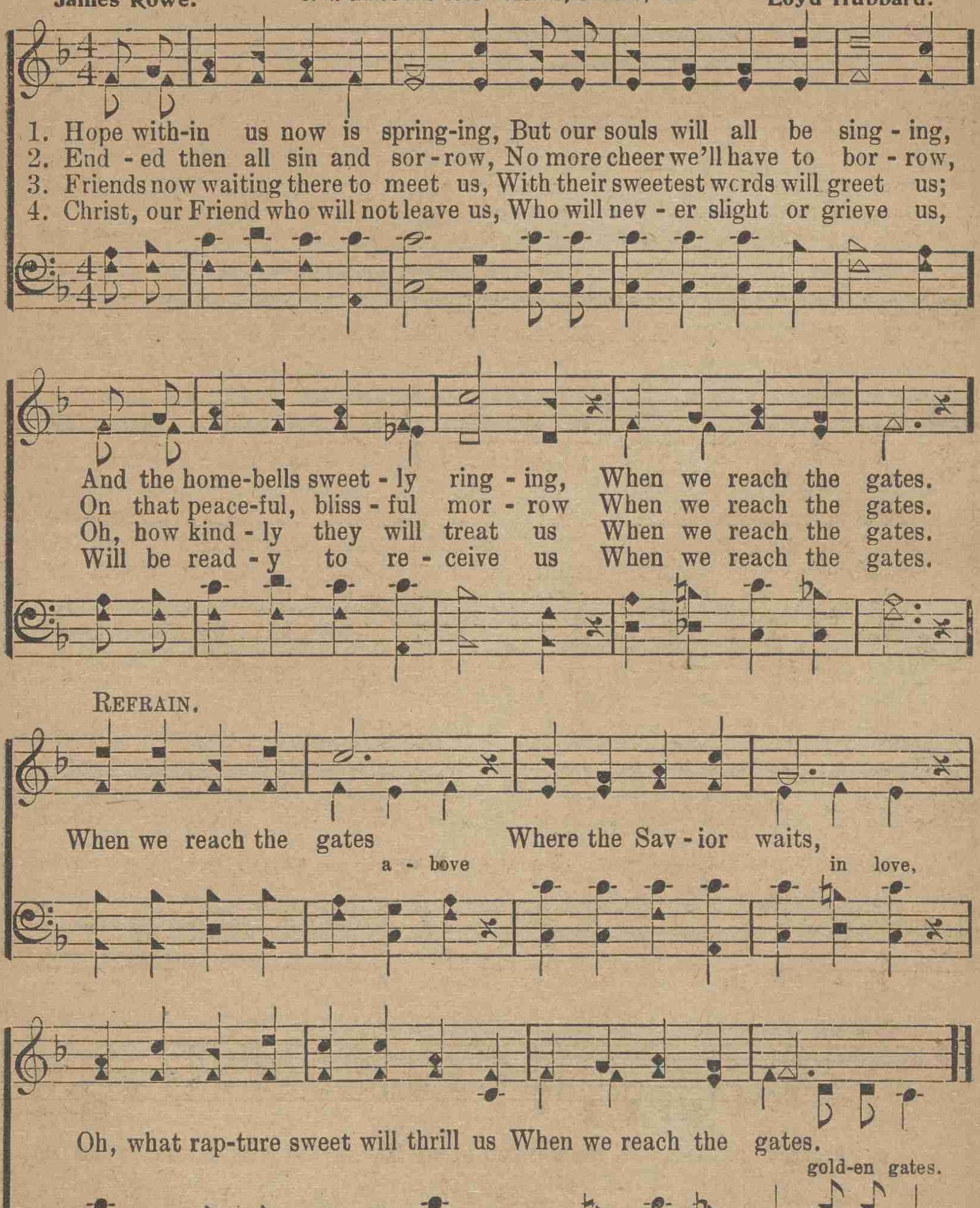
CHORUS.

liev-ing, Low-ly kneel-ing at His feet. There is One who cares for you, He is
ev-er kind and true; Let me tell you of my Sav-ior, At His throne, O let us

Let Me Tell You of My Savior.

No. 15. When We Reach the Gates.

James Rowe. S. A. GANUS AND LOYD HUBBARD, OWNERS, 1916. Loyd Hubbard.



No. 16 Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that

cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol-low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He s my Friend.

No. 17 Just Let Your Soul Keep Singing.

JAMES ROWE. A. R. WALTON.

1. If for the Lord you would do your best. Souls to His feet be bring-ing;
2. Foes will as-sail you from morn till night, Care to your heart be clinging;
3. Soon you shall en - ter the cit - y fair, Hear the glad home bells ring-ing;

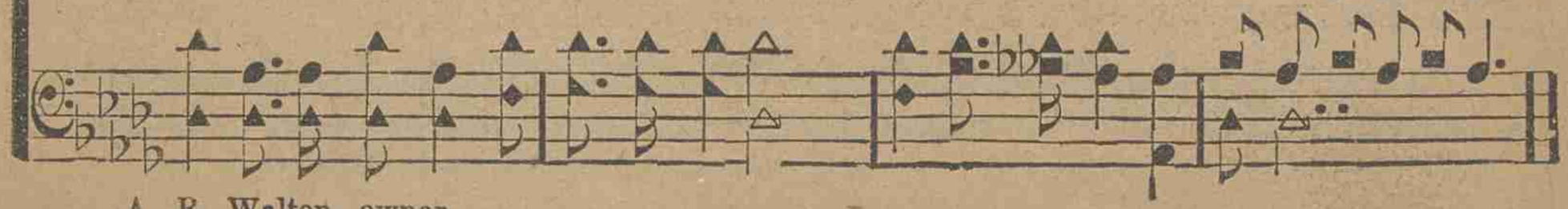
Let - ting your love for Him be expressed, Just let your soul keep sing-ing.
So, to be loy - al and win the fight, Just let your soul keep sing-ing.
So, till you meet Him in glo - ry there, Just let your soul keep sing-ing.

REFRAIN.

Just let your soul keep singing, singing, And all your joybells ring-ing, ring-ing;

If you would win in the fight against sin, Just let your soul keep singing.

singing, singing.



A. R. Walton, owner.

No. 18 Have You Found Him.

"O that I knew where I might find Him";—Job, 23: 3. "Ye shall seek me and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart".—Jer: 29: 13; "We have found, the Christ",—John 1: 41.

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W, Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

T. O. CHISHOLM. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Have you found the world's Re - deem-er? Have you heard His words of grace?
2. Son of God so pure and ho - ly, Yet the friend of sin - ners, too,
3. He hath in - fi - nite com - pas-sion, He hath pow - er to for - give,
4. Peace He gives to all who trust Him, Which the world hath nev - er known,
5. All who tru - ly seek Him find Him, For He is not far a - way,

Have you learned to trust and love Him, Found in Him a rest - ing place?
Dy - ing for man-kind's re-demp-tion, Dy - ing none the less for you.
He can heal the bro-ken-heart-ed, He can make the dead to live.
And a joy that still a - bid - eth, When all oth - er joys have flown.
He is wait - ing to be gra-cious, He is call - ing you to - day!

CHORUS.

Have you found Him? Have you found Hfm? You may find Him if you will,

Have you found Him? Have you found Him? He's the "Friend of sin-ner's" still

No. 19 Step, Step.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. **S. M. Baylor.**

1. Sol-diers, fol-low where the Captain leads you, Go where He bids you go;
2. Christian sol-dier, Je-sus goes be-fore you, Keep step and march, march on;
3. Let your step be firm, and strong and steady, As on the march you go;
4. See them march, our Captain's brave battalions, Girded with shield and sword;

March in line and serve Him where He needs you, No oth-er lead-er know.
With His glo-rious ban-ner wav-ing o'er you, Vic-to-ries will be won.
Make your ar-mor bright and keep it read-y, For God to strike a blow.
Fall in line and keep in step with Je-sus, He is the sov-'reign Lord.

CHORUS.

Step, step, step to the mu-sic, March in the chris-tian line;.....
Step, keep keep march-ing;

Step, step, step to the mu-sic, Fol-low the King di-vine.
Step, keep King di-vine.

No. 20 Be A Beacon Light.

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Be a bea-con-light, and il-lume the night, Guide the sail - ors o - ver the sea;
2. Man-y tread life's way from the Lord a-stray, In the gloom and sor-row of night;
3. Be a bea-con light, shining clear and bright, With a pure and heav-en-ly glow:
4. Be a flame of light, shin-ing day and night, Throwing ra-diance near and a - far;

With a stead - y glow rocks and dangers show, For the Lord a bea - con be.
Bring them hope and cheer, and to help be near, Be a shin - ing bea - con-light.
That the world may see Christ re-vealed in thee, And His pow'r to save may know.
Flash your beams world-wide o - ver land and tide, Like the bright and morn-ing star.

CHORUS.

Be a clear shin - ing light.

Be a clear shin - ing light, Keep your lamps burning bright, Souls a-drift on the wave you may

lamps burning bright;

res - cue and save, For God be a bea - con - light.

Be a clear shin - ing light,

No. 21 He's Precious To Me.

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. I glad-ly tell the sto - ry of my Sav-ior dear, Glad-ly tell it o'er and o'er
2. He died and e-ven triumphed o-ver death for me, Showing such a - maz-ing love;
3. With peace and joy His love has filled my sinful heart, And He keeps me true by grace;

And will - ing - ly I serve Him in His vineyard here, For I love Him more and more.
That I with Him and an-gels may for - ev - er be In His Father's house a-bove,
So from my precious Sav - ior I shall nev - er part, But shall see Him face to face.

CHORUS.

He's pre-cious to me, so, pre-cious to me, Dai - ly His is Je - sus,

good-ness is the song of my soul, None is a - bove Him and I so hap - py,

al - ways shall love Him, Prais-ing His sav - ing grace while a - ges roll.

No. 22.

I Am Happy.

James Rowe. H. F. MC LAIN, OWNER, 1918. H. F. McLain.

1. Lean-ing on the arms of love, With my eyes on things a - bove,
2. Sure that He will hold my hand, When I reach the sink - ing sand,
3. Sure that prais - es I shall sing In the pal - ace of my King,

I am hap - py all day long; Go - ing up the nar-row way
I am hap - py all day long; Sure that He will be my guide
I am hap - py all day long; Sure that there I shall a - dore

To the land of fade-less day, I am hap - py all day long.
When the storms of life be - tide, I am hap - py all day long.
My Re-deem - er ev - er - more, I am hap - py all day long.

CHORUS.

I am hap-py, O, so hap-py, . . O-ver-flow-ing with a song;
with a song;

I am hap-py, O, so hap - py, I am hap-py all day long.
hap - py

No. 23. Happy in the Lovelight.

James Rowe. H. F. MC LAIN, OWNER, 1916. Mrs. H. F. McLain.

1. Giv - ing out the sto - ry to the lost and lone, Press-ing on-ward
2. Seek - ing life - e - ter - nal thro' His grace di - vine, Help-ing oth - er
3. Soon, with-in His Pres-ence by the Crys - tal Sea, Sweet-er praise to

to the soul's re - ward, In the dreary val-leys making Je - sus known,
souls to be re - stored, Sing-ing joy-ous prais-es all a - long the line,
Him shall be out-poured; There we shall a-bide thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,

CHORUS.

Hap-py in the love-light of the Lord. Hap - py, hap - py,
Hap - py, hap - py, O, so hap - py,

Press-ing onward to the true re - ward; Hap - py,
true re - ward, yes, Hap - py, hap - py,

hap - py, Hap - py in the love-light of the Lord.
al - ways hap - py,

No. 24. It Is Joy.

James Rowe. C. M. JOHNSON, OWNER, 1916. Curtis M. Johnson.

1. Cling-ing to the Friend who leads me, I am fac-ing home to - day, Go-ing where my Master needs me In the love-lit glo-ry - way; And, as lov-ing - ly He shows me How to win the crown a-bove, All the while He o-ver-flows me With the
2. Oh, His love just keeps me sing-ing, Keeps me hap-py all the time, For to His dear hand I'm clinging, As the hills of earth I climb; And tho' man-y foes as-sail me, As I pass the shadows dim, Love di-vine will nev-er fail me, But will
3. By and by I shall go sweep-ing With the throng thro' heaven's gate, Heart and soul with rapture leap-ing, As I greet the friends that wait; There beside the shining riv - er, In the home prepared for me, I shall praise my Lord for-ev-er, With the

CHORUS.

sweetness of His love. It is joy, per-fect joy, Just to serve my Friend a-hold me close to Him.
throng by grace made free. It is joy, per-fect joy,
bove; It is joy, per-fect joy, Just to talk a-bout His love;
a-bove; It is joy, per-fect joy, a-bove;

It Is Joy.

By and by, safe a-bove, Where the angels Him a-dore,
By and by, safe a-bove, a - dore,

I shall rest, in His love, Hav-ing joy for-ev - er - more.
I shall rest, in His love, and more,

No. 25. Trusting Jesus.

Vergie Doughty. C. M. JOHNSON, OWNER, 1916. **Curtis M. Johnson.**

1. Trust Je-sus now, O wear-y soul, There's rapture in His sweet con-trol; . . . .
2. His Spir-it shines for-ev - er-more, To light the way to yonder shore; . . .
3. Just give your heart to Je-sus now, Repentant at His al-tar bow; . . . .

FINE.

Be - lieve in Him and trust His love, And He will guide you safe a - bove.
When Je - sus leads we shall not stray; So let Him lead your soul to - day.
And then no lon - ger you will roam, For He will guide you safe-ly home.

D.S.—*Yes, glad-ly prais - ing Him thro' all, I'll trust the love that made me free.*

CHORUS.

D. S.

What-ev - er tri - als may be-fall, I'll trust the Friend who died for me. . . .

No. 26 I AM THINE, O LORD.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour, That be - fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know, Till I cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,

CHORUS.

And be clos - er drawn to Thee. Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er, near - er,
And my will be lost in Thine.
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er,

near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleed-ing side.

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No. 27. Won't You Hear His Plea.

JAMES ROWE. W. R. PARKER.

1. Won't you hear the Sav - ior call-ing? Won't you heed His lov - ing plea?
2. Arms of mer - cy would up-hold yon, When your en - e - mies mo-lest;
3. Oh, how can you fill with sor-row, One who died to show His love;
4. Seek Him now while He is call - ing, To the mer- cy- seat draw nigh;

On your soul His voice ls fall - ing, Oh, so sweet-ly "Come to me."
He would com-fort and in - fold you, On His bo - som you could rest.
One from whom your soul may bor-row, Joy on earth and bliss a - bove?
At His sac - red feet be fall-ing, Say - ing "Mas-ter here am I."

REFRAIN.

Come to me, oh, come to me, Won't you heed that lov - ing plea?

Oh, so sweet-ly He is call - ing, Call-ing, call-ing, "Come to Me."

W. R. Parker; Owner.

No 28 Anchored to The Rock.

Coyyright, 1919, by Samnel W. Baazley, in "Beazley's New Songs".

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Anchored to the Rock, my hope of heav'n is sure, Trus-ting in the Lord, what
2. Anchored to the Rock, I nev - er shall be moved, God will be my keep-er,
3. Anchored to the Rock, no e - vil can be - tide, Who can do me an - y
4. Anchored to the Rock my soul shall ev - er be, Till the cares and toils of

need I fear? Thro' His bound-less grace my stand - ing is se - cure,
strength and stay; For His faith - ful prom - is - es my soul has proved,
ill or harm? An-chored to the Rock, if there I shall a - bide,
life are past; I will llve a life of per - fect vic - to - ry,

CHORUS.

He to keep my soul is ev - er near, Anchored to the Rock
And His grace sus-tains me day by day.
God will me de - fend with His strong arm.
And will reach my home in heav'n at last. of A - ges

An-chored to the Rock, Where no e - vil can my trust - ing
Sol - id Rock,

soul a - larm; Anchored to the Rock Anchored to the
of A - ges,

Anchored to The Rock.

Rock, There my soul is kept se - cure from ill and harm.
Sol - id Rock,

No. 29 Facing Glory-Land.

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs".

J. P. S. J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

1. My feet are in the nar - row way, I'm fac - ing the Glo - ry - land;
2. I feel se - cure in Him each hour, I'm fac - ing the Glo - ry - land;
3. My Pi - lot walks close by my side, I'm fac - ing the Glo - ry - land;
4. He'll lead me on un - til the last, I'm fac - ing the Glo - ry - land;

The path grows brighter ev-'ry day, I'm fac - ing the Glo - ry land.
For I have felt His keep-ing pow'r, I'm fac - ing the Glo - ry land.
He guides me thro' each crossing tide, I'm fac - ing the Glo - ry land.
When I grow weak He'll hold me fast, I'm fac - ing the Glo - ry land.

CHORUS.

I am fac - ing the Glo-ry - land, I am fac - ing the Glo - ry - land;
Glo - ry - land,

f

No more I roam, I'm bound for home in the Glo - ry - land.

No. 30 Be Ye Therefore Ready.

Inscribed to the memory of Homer V. Secrist, a young evangelistic worker, who was fatally hurt at a railroad crossing a few minutes after having taken part in a students' meeting at Winona Lake, Ind. The title of this hymn was found underscored in his Bible.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.
IN "HOSANNAS."

T. O. Chisholm. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

SOLO.

1. Some year will be the last year, Some day will be the last day, Some hour will be the last hour, Of all the years of time! Christ, with His ho-ly an-gels, Will come in clouds of glo-ry, "And ev-'ry eye shall see Him" O advent hour sublime!
2. With-out a mom-ent's warning, Swift as an eye-lid's closing, Such will be His ap-pear-ing, To end earth's pain and strife; Those who are His, remaining, They who in Him are sleeping, Shall from that hour be like Him, Death "swallowed up of life!"
3. Faith-ful is He that promised, Sure-ly He com-eth quickly, But some are drinking, feasting, Who think that hour delayed; But while the Bride-groom tarries, Be always watching, praying, Lest He should find you sleeping And you should wake, dismayed!
4. O day of earth's re-demption And of the new cre-a-tion, When sorrow's tears will van-ish And sigh-ing flee a-way! Day of all days the greatest, Of des-ti-ny e-ter-nal, How swift-ly it approacheth! Be read-y for that day!

CHORUS.

"Be ye therefore ready!" "Be ye therefore ready!" If it be at morning or in midnight gloom, For ye know not the day nor the hour, When the Son of Man shall come.

No. 31 If You Will.

James Kowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. You may help to save ma - ny souls from sin, If you will,
2. You may bear the light in - to val-leys drear, If you will,
3. You may cheer the sad with a hap - py song, If you will,
4. You may grow in beau-ty and strength and love, If you will, If you will,

If you will; You may help the false to be true and win,
If you will; You may soothe the bo-som and dry the tear,
If you will; You may raise the fall-en and make them strong,
If you will; If you will; You may wear the life-crown with saints above,

CHORUS.

If you will, if you on - ly will. If you will,.....
If you will, You may be a bless-ing
You may be
.....
You may res-cue souls from sin and Lead the lost ones in, If you
true, if you will,
true, if you will.
will.....
You may bring the sad and lone to Je-sus.
There's a part for you to do, if you will;
There's work to do, if you will:

No. 32. To Whom Shall We Go?

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J R ASHWORTH, OWNER, 1918 Jay R. Ashworth.

1. Thou art, dear Lord, our on - ly hope, To whom else can we go?
2. Thou hast the words of end-less life, And Thou Thy-self art truth;
3. Re - veal to us Thy ho - ly way, And help us walk there - in;
4. The fleet-ing things of time and thence Can nev - er feed the soul;

None else can give us strength to cope With tri - als here be - low.
O give us vic - t'ry o - ver strife, Blest Guide of age and youth.
O keep us, Sav - ior, day by day, Se - cure from doubt and sin.
We come to Thee, the Source from whence E - ter - nal pleas-ures roll.

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, un - to Thee we cling—Thou a-

lone art a - ble to de - fend from harm; Sav - ior, Sav - ior,

un - to Thee we cling—Keep us as Thine own, se - cure from all a - larm.

No. 33.

Life's Voyage.

Inspired by the Titanic Disaster.

N. A. White. B. J. CLEMENTS, OWNER, 1916. B. J. Clements.

1. Mer - ry voy - a - gers a - drift on life's sea, Sail-ing o'er its threat'ning
2. Oft the cold ice-bergs of sin will come nigh, And you hear the anx-ious
3. When at last our barque has sunk neath the wave, And life's last faint hope has

waves light and free, Lend an ear to whis-per-ings of the tide, Je - sus
ones as they cry: Save our barque, O God, Thy aid we im-plore, Guide us
passed thro' the grave, Guide our weary souls from sin's bondage free, And be

REFRAIN.

rules life's tempest-tossed ocean wide. Sailing on, o'er life's sea,
safe to yon-der far - dis-tant shore.
ev - er "nearer, my God, to Thee."

Sail-ing on, o'er life's sea,

To that port we're bound to reach in the sky; In that new

in the sky; that new

Gal - i - lee, There with Je - sus we shall rest by and by.

Gal - i - lee, Gal - i - lee,

No. 34. He Knows His Lambs.

N. A. White. B. J. CLEMENTS, OWNER, 1916. B. J. Clements.

1. The lambs with-in..... the Savior's fold..... Are dear-er
(1) The lambs with-in, the lambs with-in the fold,
2. "I hear your voice..... when-e'er you cry,..... It sounds thro'-
(2) I hear your voice, sweet voice whene'er you cry,
3. Good Shepherd, Thou..... who guides us all,..... And hast re-
(3) Good Shepherd, Thou, yes, Thou who guides us all,

far..... than shining gold;..... Not one that fall - eth by the
Are dear-er far, by far than shining gold; Not one that fall - eth,
out..... the courts on high,..... And claims the prom - is-es of
It sounds thro'-out, thro' - out the courts on high, And claims the prom-ise,
deemed.... us from the fall,..... Gathers all safe..... with-in the
And hast redeemed, re - deemed us from the fall, Gath-ers all safe, yes,

CHORUS.

way,..... But what may hear the Savior say:
falleth by the way,
Mine,..... Thou art of Me, and I am thine." "I'll lead you on,..... tho' tempest-
promises of Mine, "I'll lead you on, tho'
fold,..... To walk the streets of shining gold.
safe within the fold,

tossed,..... Until death's sul - len stream you cross,.... In-to the
raging tempest-tossed, Un-til death's sul - len, sullen stream you cross,

He Knows His Lambs.

No. 35. When We Meet the King of Kings.

James Rowe. OSIE DISON, OWNER, 1916. Osie Dison.

No. 36 All United in Our Labor Here.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. All u - nit - ed in our la-bor here, Working on with one great end in view,
2. All u - nit - ed in our la-bor here, Building up the tem-ple He has blessed,
3. All u - nit - ed in our la-bor here, Toil-ing on in vineyard or in field,

We ex - alt the Son of God most high, Free-ly giv - ing ser-vice that is due.
He him-self the sure foundation stone, Makes se-cure a place for it to rest.
We have placed His cause all else a-bove, Glad ly we our full allegiance yield.

CHORUS.

In our la - bor all u - nit - ed, Workers for the Son of God are.
In our dai-ly la - bor all u - nit - ed, Work - ers for the

we,..... Toil - ing in the Master's vineyard sowing faith-ful-
blessed Son of God are we, Toiling ev - er in the Master's vineyard

ly Help - ing ev - 'ry one His neighbor
we serve the Master faith-ful ly Helping glad-ly ev - 'ry one His neighbor

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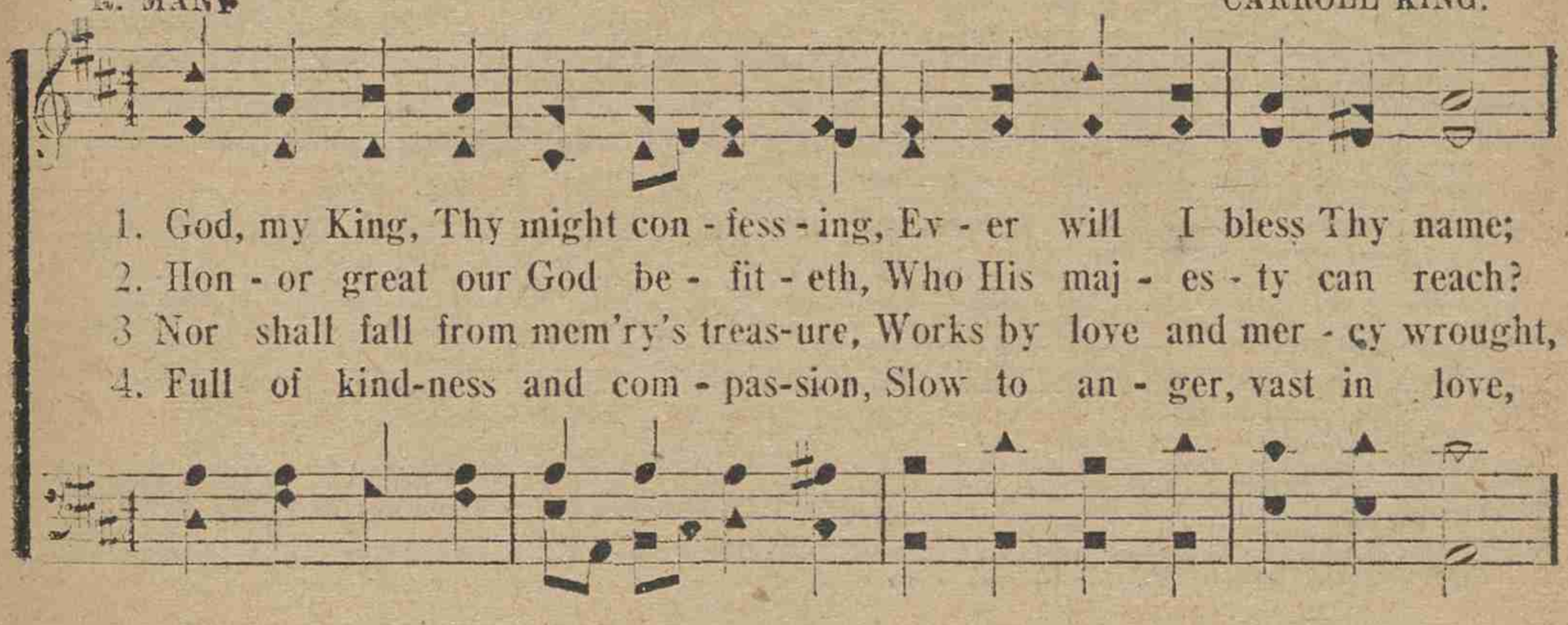
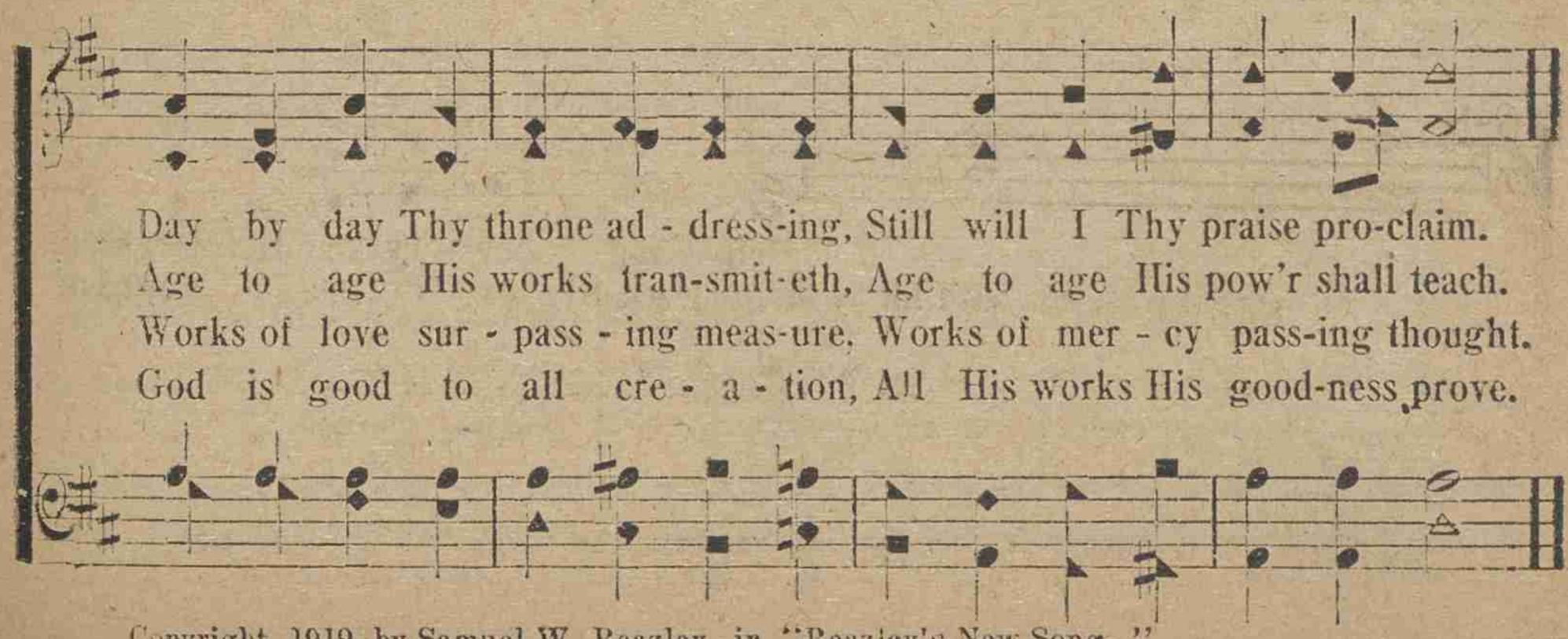
All United in Our Labor Here.

No. 37 God, My King.

R. MANN CARROLL KING.





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No. 38 Gird Ye On The Armor.

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REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. The bat - tle now is on, The con - flict is be - gun, To arms! To arms! the
2. For God and for the Right we for-ward march to fight. On God and his om-
3. There's vict-'ry in the air, Go forth to do and dare, And lay your life up-
4. In heav-en we shall sing, In hon - or - ing our King, The joy - ous notes of

bu - gle notes are call - ing, God sum-mons vol-un-teers, They come with joy - ous cheers,
nip - o - tence de - pend - ing, And if we are but true, And push the bat - tle thro'
on Je - ho - vah's al - tar, The bat - tle may be long, Be val - iant and be strong,
vic - to - ry be - fore him, And thro' e - ter - nal days, Make known His glo-r'ous praise,

CHORUS.

And in - to line the hosts of God are fall - ing. Gird ye on the
The fight for God will have a glori - ous end - ing.
And at the call of du - ty nev - er fal - ter.
And glo - ri - fy and wor-ship and a - dore Him. Gird ye

ar - mor of your Lord and King March a - long and
on the ar - mor of the King of Glo - ry, March a-

as you march your songs of vict - 'rysing; God has pledged to you His arm of
long and songs of vict - 'ry sing, God has pledged to

Gird Ye On the Armor.

No. 39 Right Must Win.

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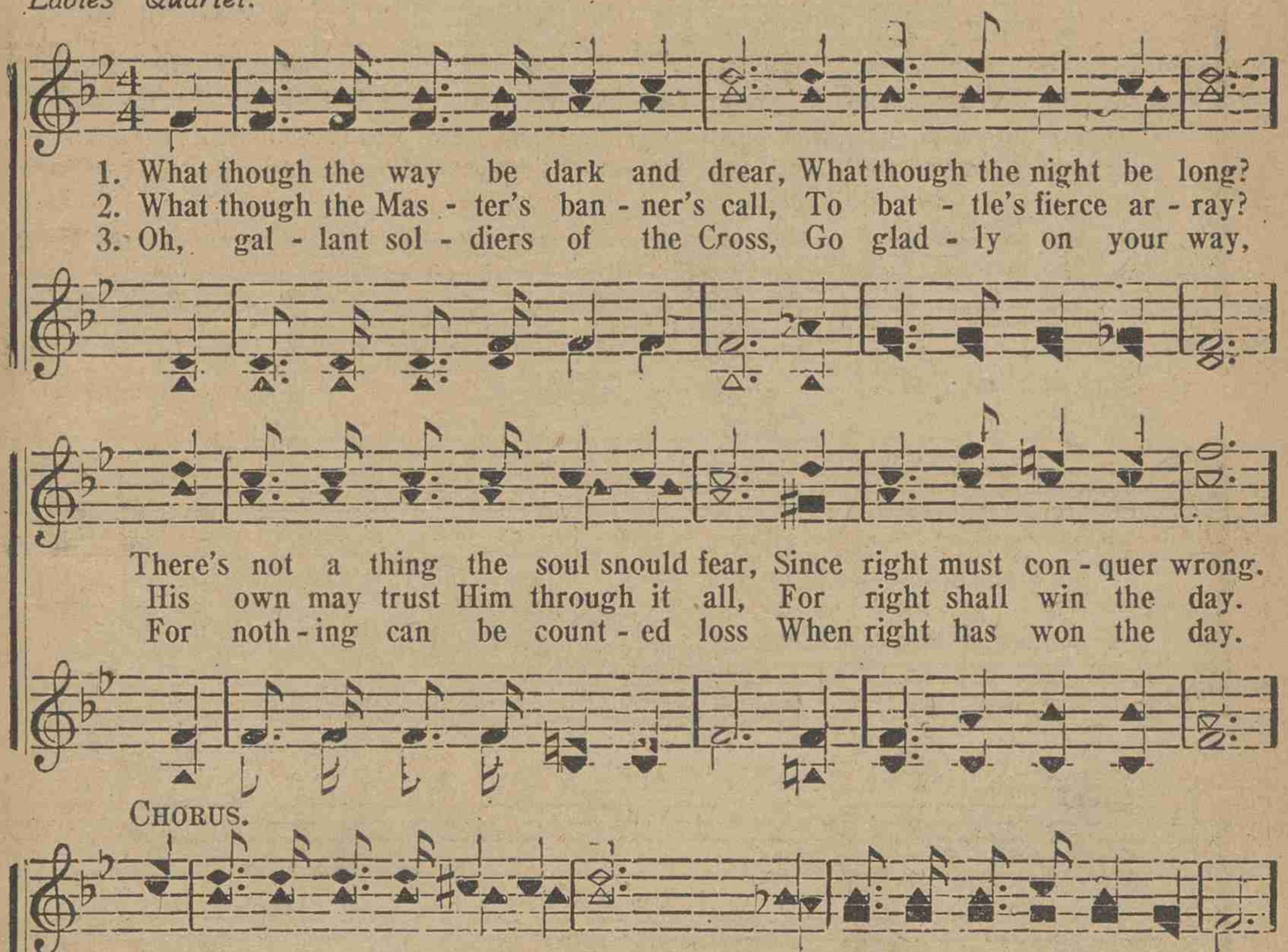
FRANCES McKINNON MORTON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Ladies' Quartet.



CHORUS.

No. 40 Since Jesus Spoke Peace.

JAMES ROWE. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. I've been sing-ing the days and the moments a-way, Since Je - sus spoke
2. With as-sur - ance I've met ev - 'ry foe that as-sailed Since Je - sus spoke
3. I've been fac - ing the gates of the cit - y a-bove, Since Je - sus spoke

peace to my soul: I've been do - ing His will with de-light ev - 'ry day, Since
peace to my soul, For to help me to triumph His love has not failed, Since
peace to my soul. And my joy ev - er-more will be found in His love, Since

REFRAIN.

Je - sus spoke peace to my soul. Since Je - sus spoke peace to my

soul, Since Je - sus spoke peace to my soul; Ev - 'ry
my soul, my soul,

day has been bright, I have sung with de-light, Since Je-sus spoke peace to my soul.

Owned by H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 41 What the Old World Needs.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

Rev. C. R. Piety. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There are man - y hearts ach - ing 'neath loads that they bear, And all drear-y their
2. There are souls that are bur-dened 'neath poverty's sting, Who con-sid - er each
3. There are those who might buy an - y rich thing of earth, But their hearts are now
4. There are man - y to - night that are wounded by sin, And they think no one

days are and long; But the love of a friend would re - lieve toil and care,
man as his foe; They need friend-ship and kind-ness to cause them to sing,
ach - ing and cold; They are wast-ing their time seek - ing pleas-ure and mirth,
cares for their pain; They are per - ish - ing now, whom the Christ died to win,

CHORUS.

And fill life with a joy - ous new song.
And the love of a Sav - ior to know. What the old world needs is
While true love would bring glad-ness un - told.
And they're long-ing for love all in vain.

love, Like the Christ bro't from a - bove, Love that
sweet love, from a - bove,

reaches out, around, Where the weary ones are found, What the old world needs is love.

No. 42. When We Meet Him By and By.

James Rowe. W. P. WILLIAMS, OWNER, 1916. W. P. Williams.

1. How I love to think of that hap-py day Which will dawn when shadows have passed a - way; For what joy will come, in that cit - y fair, When we
2. How I love to think of that home of light, With its streets of gold and its man-sions bright; And the bells of joy that will peal and ring, As we
3. Oh, the beauty there and the gladness sweet, Where we all shall rest at the Mas - ter's feet, With the throng redeemed, on the gold-en shore, And ex-

CHORUS.

praise the Lord with the an-gels there. Oh, what songs..... we shall out-pour
en - ter with our e - ter - nal King.
tol the Friend that our souls a - dore.

Songs, beau - ti - ful songs

When we meet Him in the sky! We shall praise Him all the while,
out - pour

In the sun-shine of His smile, When we meet Him by and by.

by and by.

No. 43. We'll Reap What We Sow.

REV. W. J. HENRY. E. J. Bryant, owner. E. J. BRYANT.

1. We'll reap what we sow, says the gos - pel di - vine, This truth ev - 'ry
2. We'll reap what we sow, oh, how sol - emn the tho't, How care - ful we
3. We'll reap what we sow, and this world is the field, The word is the
4. We'll reap what we sow, then we'll faint not nor fear, At morn-ing, at

mor - tal must own; Some - day we shall meet at the great judgment seat,
all then should be; Each tho't is a seed, and each word and each deed
seed we should sow; There's soil ev - 'rywhere bless - ed fruit-age to bear
noon, or at night; We'll la - bor a - way till the clos - ing of day

REFRAIN.

And har - vest the seed we have sown.
Will bear fruit for e - ter - ni - ty. We'll reap what we sow, yes, we'll
That grace will e - na - ble to grow.
And bring in the sheaves with de - light.

reap what we sow, Then let us take heed what we cast; Tho' er - ror or

truth, sown in old age or youth, We sure - ly must har-vest at last.

No. 44. Shine For Jesus.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN — SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Brightly shine for Je - sus as you go your way, Be a help and bless-ing
2. Let the gold-en sun-light, glowing in your heart, Un - to souls a - bout you
3. Shine, O shine for Je - sus ev-'ry-where you go, Let your face be rad'ant
4. Shine, O shine for Je - sus, and life's path il-lume, Shine, O shine for Je - sus

to some soul each day; In - to dark-ened cor-ners car - ry joy and cheer,
heav-en's joy im - part; Shine the love of Je - sus on a world of sin,
with a heav'nly glow; Man - y souls are ling'ring in the gloom of night,
scat - ter grief and gloom; Where a-bound - eth sor-row, sad - ness and dis-pair,

CHORUS.

Mak-ing oth-ers hap-py while you tar-ry here. Shine, shine,
And you may some wand'rer to the Mas-ter win,
Wait-ing for the shin-ing of the gos-pel light.
Car-ry heaven's sunshine and its gladness there Shine for Je-sus, shine for Je - sus.

ev - 'ry passing day; Shine, shine all a-long the way;
ev - 'ry passing day, Shine for Je-sus, shine for Je-sus, all a - long the way

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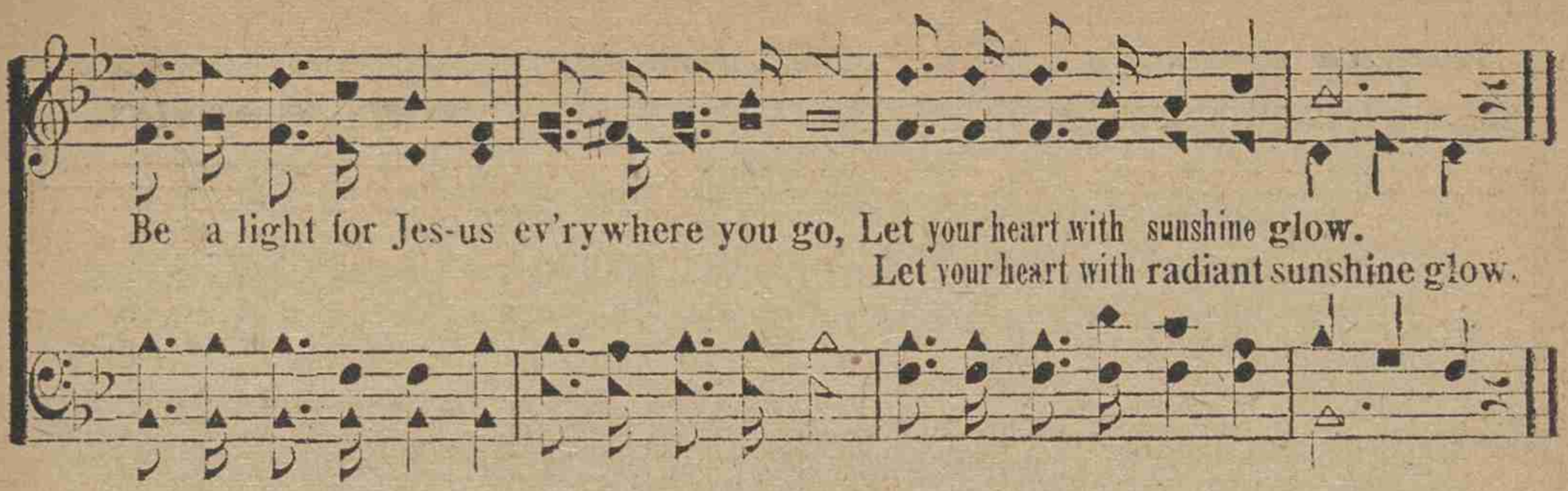
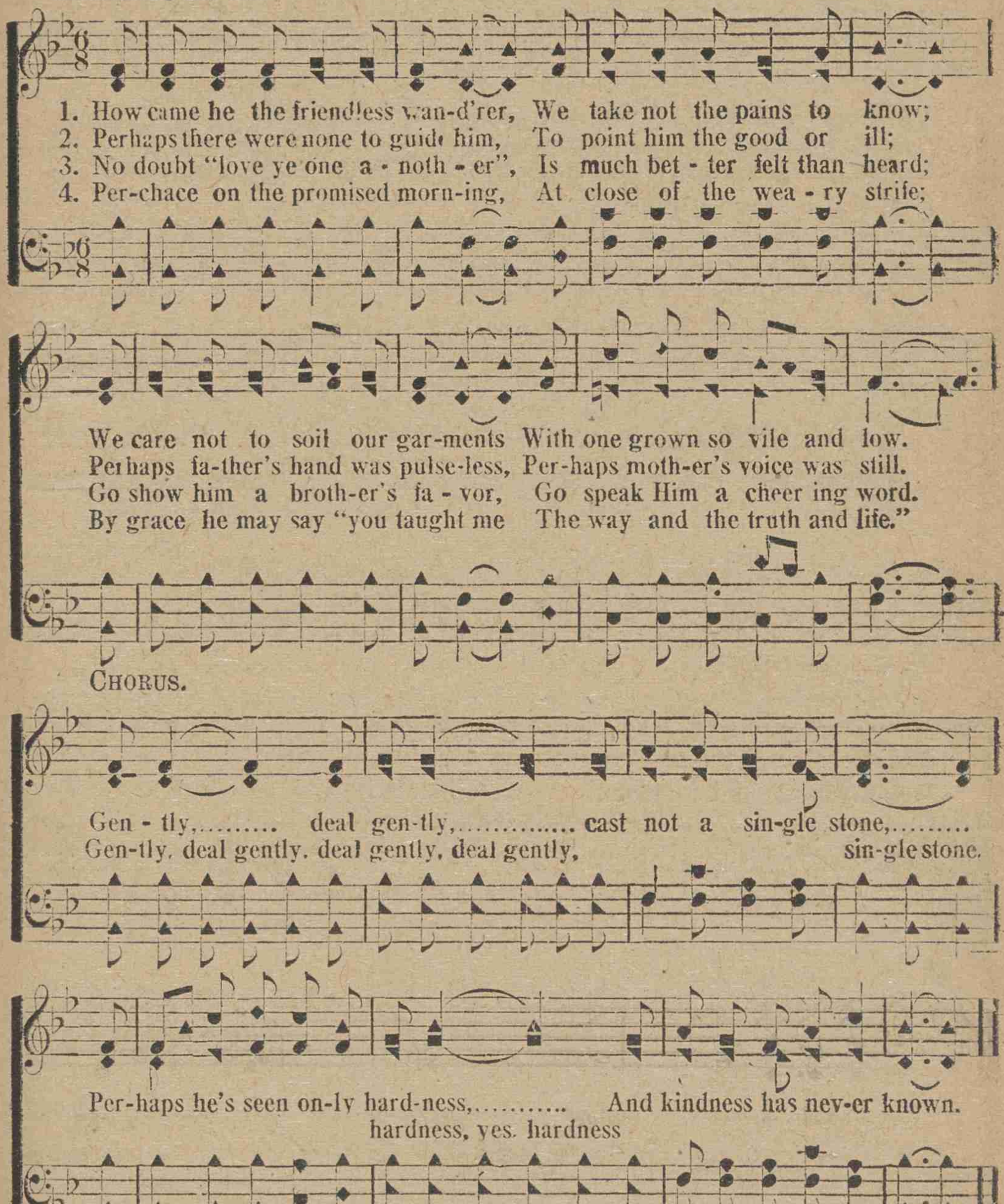
Shine For Jesus.



No. 45 Deal Gently.

INA DULEY OGDON. CARROLL KING.



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No. 46 Till the Fertile Soil.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Plow the fur-row, till the fer - tile soil, Waiting 'neath the warmth of God's great love.
2. Sow the seed with-in the hearts of men, God's own word to life will surely spring.
3. Souls of men are read - y to re - ceive Precious words of pardon, grace and peace,

O'er the seed you plant with ten-der care He watches from a-bove.
Seeds of kindness, faith and hope and joy Al-ways rich harvest bring.
Till the soil and plant the fal-low fields, God will their yield increase.

CHORUS.

Plow the fur - row, turn the fer - tile soil, Fruit will grow and
And fruit will grow

thus re - ward your toil; Till the ground and sow the pre-cious
Pre-pare the ground,.....

seed, That it may yield a har-vest bount-e-ous indeed; Plow the fur row

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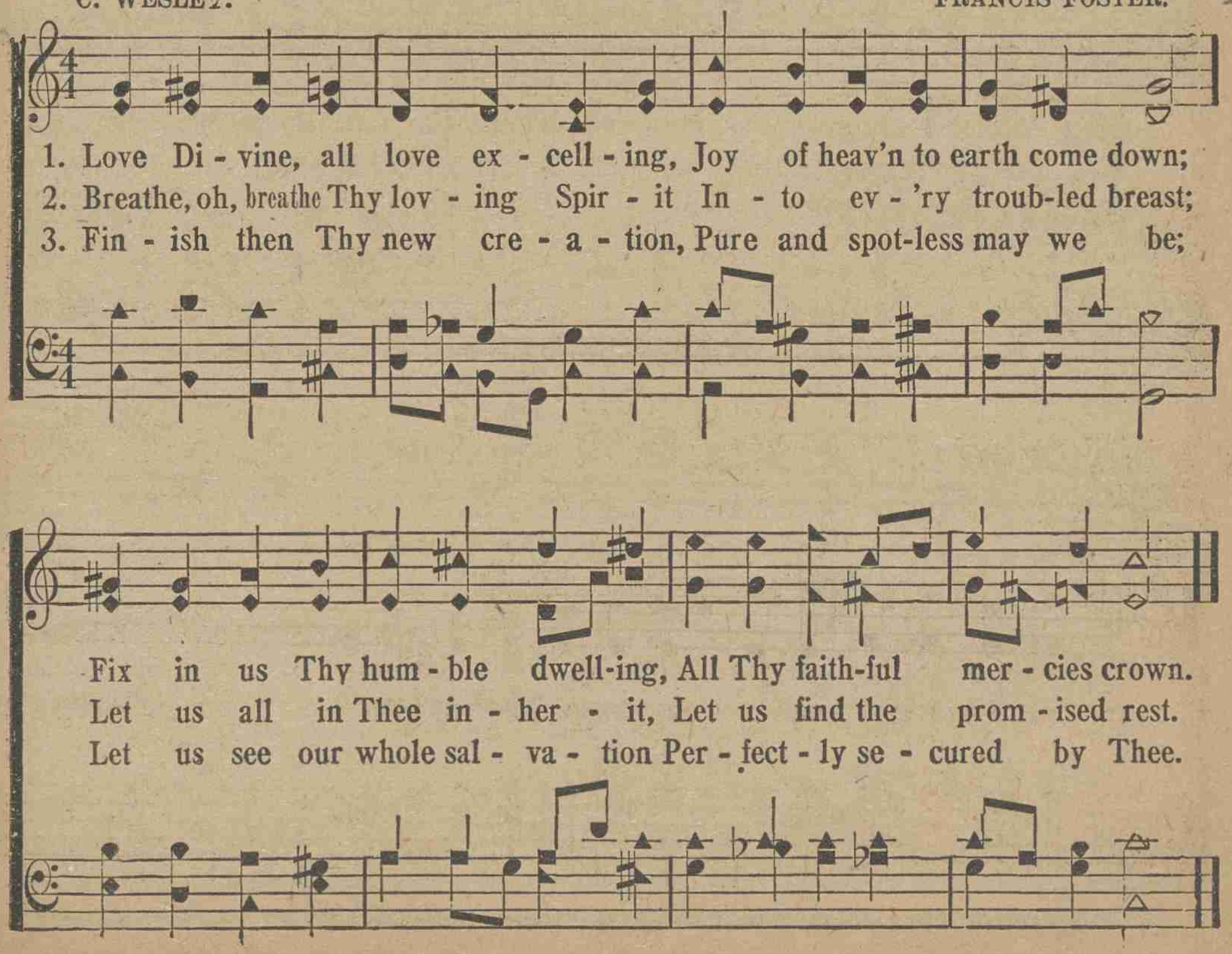
Till the Fertile Soil.

No. 47 Love Divine.

C. WESLEY. FRANCIS FOSTER.



No. 48 March to Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

S. W. Beazley. Samuel W. Beazley.

Lively.

1. Je - sus the Com-man - der calls you To the fight that's on to - day;
2. See the e - vil for - ces stand-ing Bold - ly out be - fore your view;
3. Tho' op - pos - ing for - ces press you, Stand like men to face the foe;

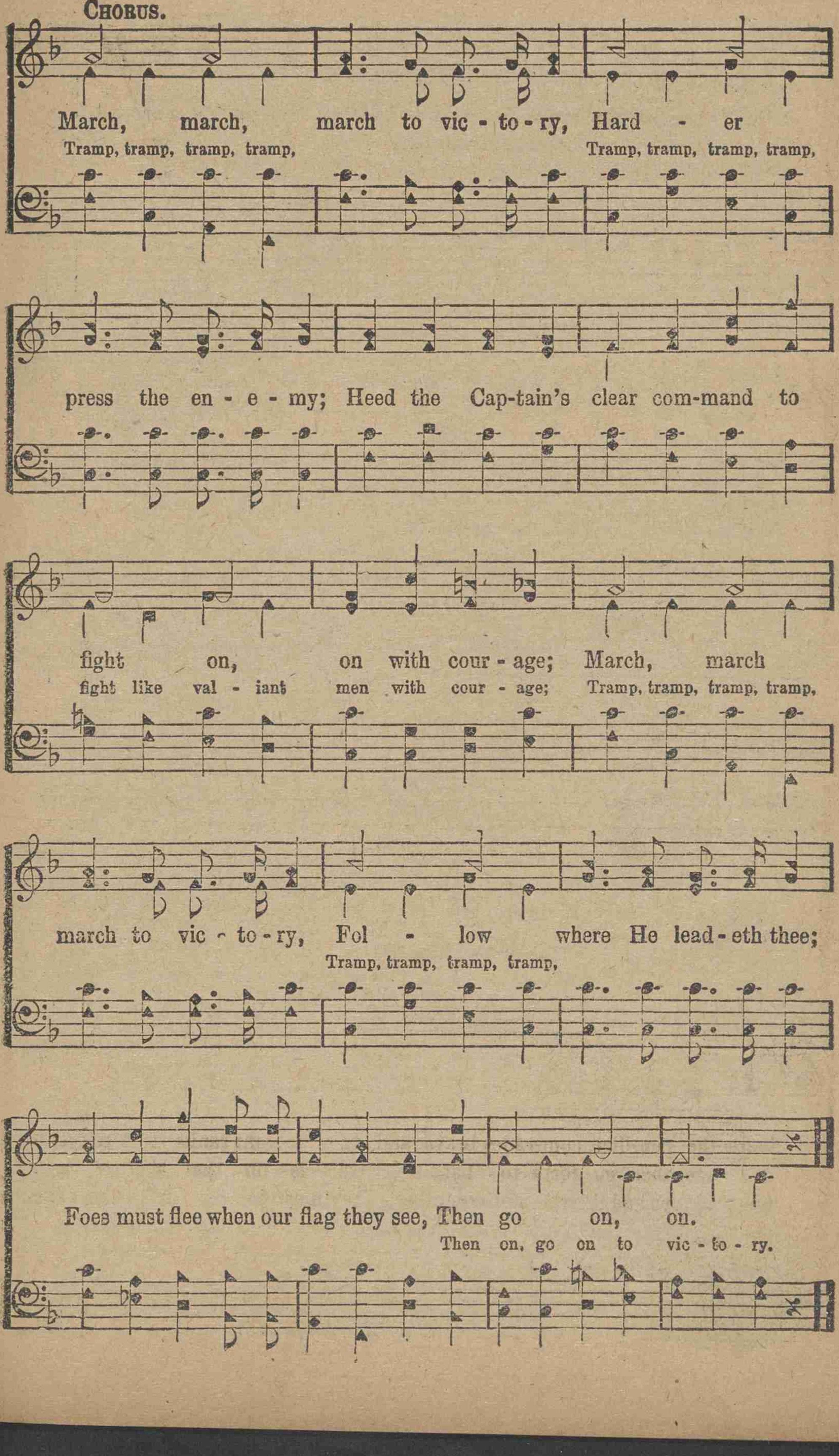
Will you an-swer as a sol-dier, Or to Him will you say nay?
Can it be that you will fal - ter When so much de - pends on you?
God's strong arm will give the vic-t'ry If in faith you for-ward go:

Men of nerve are sore - ly need - ed That the foe no ground may gain;
Nay, there must no quak - ing en - ter Ranks that God sends out to fight;
See the foe in con - ster - na - tion Flee be - fore our ranks of steel;

Share the con-flict, com-rades brave, and In the front ranks so re - main.
Cour - age, then, go forth to bat - tle, He is on the side of right.
We are win-ning, val - iant comrades, They must to our ban - ner kneel.

March to Victory.

CHORUS.



No. 49. Break Forth Into Joy.

LAURENE HIGHFIED. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Like a pilgrim-band whose hope is strong, Break forth in - to joy,
2. Hearts will lighter grow each passing day,
3. Tho' the journey's end you can-not see,
4. Then with hearts serene and minds at rest, Break forth in - to joy

Cheer the way to heav-en with a song. For the Lord is near.
You will know that Je - sus is the way,
You must trust His grace and cheerful be.
You will find to walk with Him is best, For the Lord is ver - y near.

CHORUS.

Break forth..... in - to joy, ye pilgrims who are seek-ing
Break forth in - to joy,

light and love and cheer, Break forth in - to joy, a
Break forth in - to joy,

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Break Forth Into Joy.

glad-der day is draw-ing near; Break forth in - to

Break forth.....

joy, Let ring-ing shouts of gladness wake the echoe's voice' As you

..... in - to joy,

make your way to the realms of day, Sing a-loud and re joice.

Sing a-loud, and rejoice.

No. 50. We Come, Lord.

ANON. CARROLL KING.

1. We come, Lord, to Thy feet On this Thy ho - ly day;
2. Our man - y sins for - give, The Ho - ly Spir - it send;
3. Lord, fill our hearts with love, Our teacher's la - bor own;

Oh, come to us, while here we meet To learn, and praise and pray.
And teach us to be - gin to live The life that knows no end.
That we and they may meet a - bove; To sing a - round Thy throne.

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No. 51 Victory is Coming.

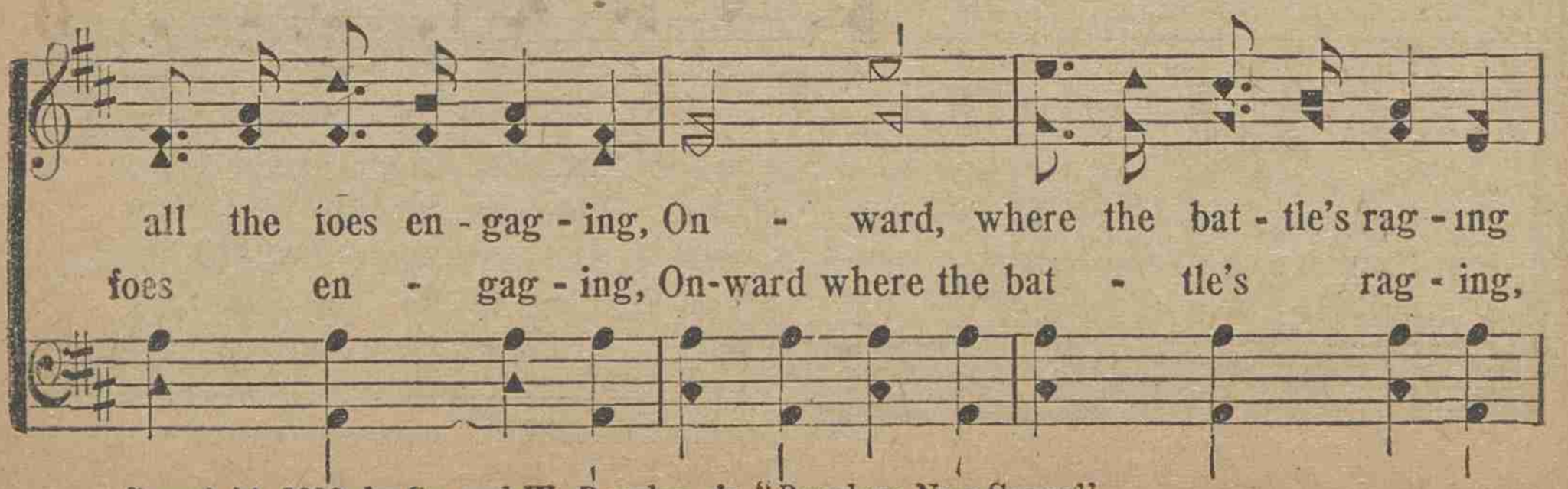
FRANCIS FOSTER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. En - ter ye the con-flict for our cause di - vine, For the bless-ed Mas - ter
2. Soon the might-y ar - my of the foe shall flee, O - ver land and o - cean
3. On-ward, men of Zi - on, in the glo - ry way, Shunning worldly pleasures

la - bor and en - dure, O - ver land and o - cean shall His glo - ry shine;
Christ the Lord shall reign; For the King tri- um- phant tru - ly He shall be,
keep - ing true and pure, Vic - to - ry is com - ing with the bet - ter day,

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry is com-ing, vic - to - ry is sure. On - ward
And from ev - 'ry mon-arch full al - le- giance gain.
For the King of glo - ry makes our tri-umph sure. On-ward, all the



all the foes en - gag - ing, On - ward, where the bat - tle's rag - ing
foes en - gag - ing, On-ward where the bat - tle's rag - ing,

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Victory is Coming.

Christ the King, un-der-stands, Yes, we will en-
Christ the King commands us, and He un-der-stands us, Thro' His strength we will en-

due the con - flict, High - er raise the stand-ard roy - al
dure the con - flict, High - er raise the stand - ard roy - al,

To our Cap - tain we'll be loy - al, Then fight on
To our Cap-tain we'll be loy - al, oh, christian

We will win Vic - to - ry is sure.
the bat - tle, ver - y sure.

No. 52 NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

"He looked for a city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—HEB. 11: 10.

Arr. by JOHN S. BROWN. Arr. by MISS AVANELLE DYER.

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No. AT THE CROSS.

Key of F.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

REF.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy night and day.

2 How Happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till Christ shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

No. 53 LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO OR DUET. *ad lib.*

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest

ended, And parting days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father when life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring Lest from

rit. *p*

Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Thee I roam, Lest I fall up-on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

REFRAIN.

Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gently,
Lead me gently home, Fa - ther, Lead me gently home, Fa-ther,

Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gen-tly home.
gen-tly home.

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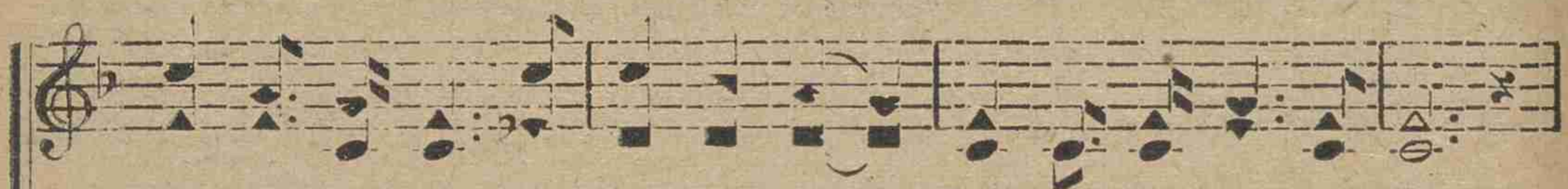
No. 54 Jesus Is Over All.

EDYTH HILLERY HAY. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Sing wea - ry heart, when shad-ows come, Je - sus is o - ver all;
2. Trust to Him ful - ly in your grief, Je - sus is o - ver all;
3. Fear to do wrong, and love the right, Je - sus is o - ver all;
4. O, wond'rous tho't that comes to me, Je - sus is o - ver all;



His arm is safe to lean up - on, Je - sus is o - ver all.
From all your sor - rows gives re - lief, Je - sus is o - ver all.
You can't es-cape Him day or night, Je - sus is o - ver all.
Naught need I fear where-e'er I be, Je - sus is o - ver all.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is o - ver all, He sees the sparrow's fall;
is o - ver all, the sparrow's fall;

From heav-en's blue, He watch-es you, Je - sus is o - ver all.

Property of Showalter and Morris.

No. 55 God's Grace Is Sufficient.

E. J. B. E. J. BRYANT.

1. As on-ward I trav-el to mansions a-bove, Safe un-der the wings of the
2. The foe may as-sail me, the tempest may beat, And man-y temptations and
3. His mansions of rest I shall en - ter at last, With la-bors all end-ed and

heav - en - ly dove, I know, while I sing of His won- der- ful love, God's
cares I may meet, But I shall be a - ble all foes to de - feat, God's
tri - als all past, Bright sheaves at the feet of my Mas - ter to cast, God's

REFRAIN.

grace is suf - fi - cient for me. God's grace is suf-fi-cient for me, ...
sufficient for me,

'Tis boundless and deep as the sea,..... .... What- ev- er may come,
the beau - ti - ful sea,

I know I'll reach home, God's grace is suf - fi - cient for me, ...
suf-fi-ciant for me.

E. J. Bryant, Owner. Ensley, Ala.

No. 56 SEEKING THE LOST.

"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke xv: 6.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je - sus, Souls that are weak, and
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer - cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from

mountain a - stray; "Come un - to Me," His mes-sage re-peat-ing,
hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion,
day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall - en;

Chorus.

Words of the Master speaking to - day. Going a-far
Showing the path to life ev - er - more.
Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

Go-ing a - far . . . . .

upon the mountain, Bringing the wand'rer back a-

up-on the moun - tain, . . Bringing the wan . . . d'rer back a -

gain, back again, Into the fold of my Redeemer,

gain, ... In-to the fold . . . . . of my Re-deem - er. . . .

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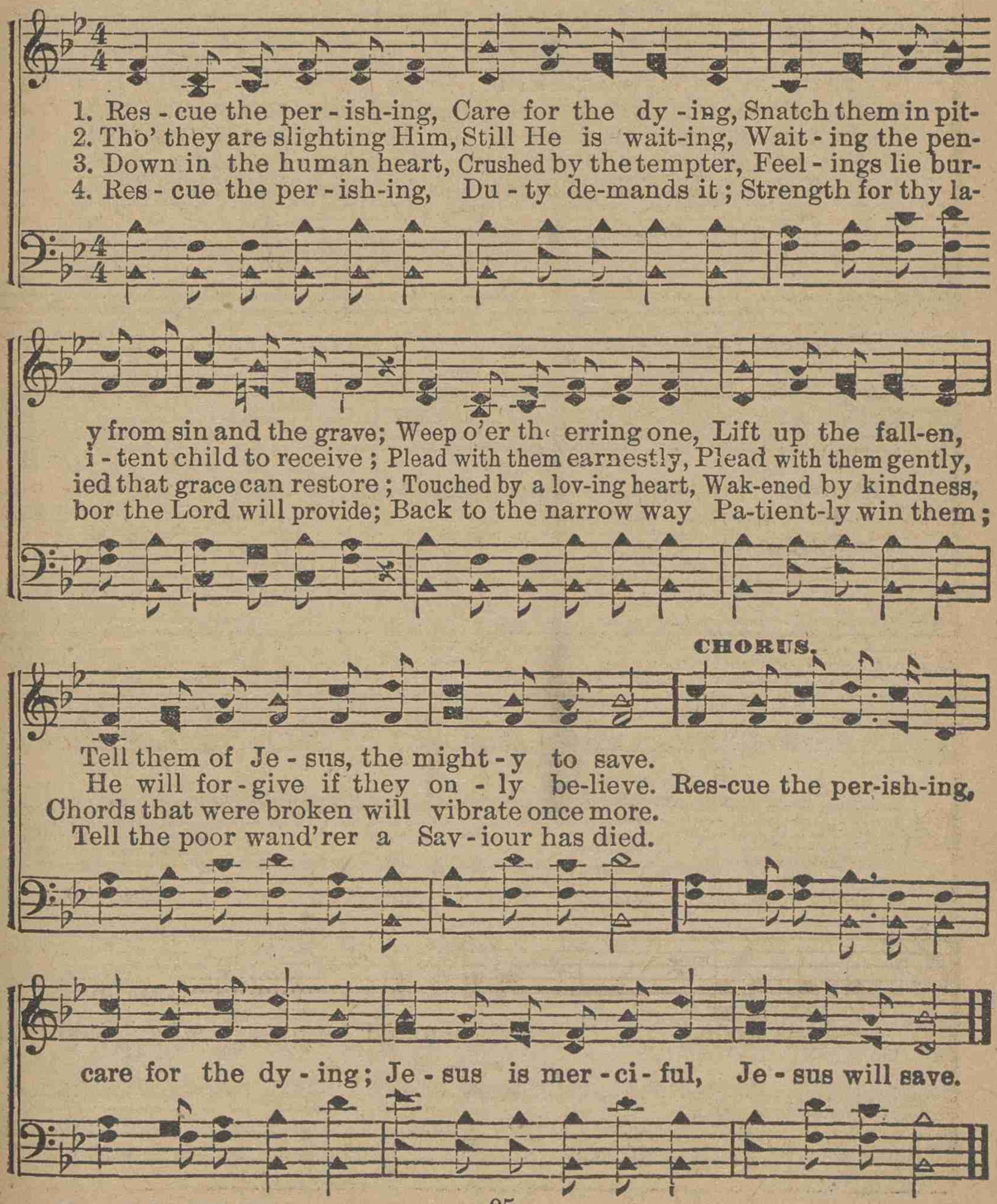
SEEKING THE LOST. Concluded.

No. 57 RESCUE THE PERISHING.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



By permission of W. H. Doane.

No. 58 Reapers.

Rev. C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. To those who search the world for joy There's but one way to find:
2. Come, let us toil with all our might, And reap and glean the field,
3. The har-vest wastes up-on the plain, And Je - sus calls to - day,
4. Then i - dle not a-way your time, While Christ for reap-ers pleads!

En - list your life in Christ's em-ploy, And help to save man-kind.
And save the grain be-fore the night, For plen-teous is the yield.
For us to gath-er in the grain; Then let us haste a - way.
O Chris-tian, hear His call sub-lime, And prove your faith by deeds.

CHORUS.

Reap-ers, reap-ers, harvest-time is here; Reapers, reap-ers,
Reap - ers, reap-ers, reap - ers, Reap-ers, reap-ers, reap-ers,

who will vol-un - teer? Souls of men as ripened grain before you waiting stand,

And Je - sus calls for reap-ers to work on ev - 'ry hand.

No. 59 Jesus Will Come Some Day.

JAMES ROWE. A. R. WALTON.

1. Je - sus will come for me some day, Glad day, glad day;
2. Je - sus to me His face will show, Glad day, glad day;
3. Je - sus will bid me wel - come home, Glad day, glad day;

Him in His glo - ry I shall see, Hap - py, hap - py day.
Won - der - ful rap - ture I shall know, Hap - py, hap - py day.
Nev - er a - gain in sin to roam, Hap - py, hap - py day.

REFRAIN.

Glad day, bright day, Shad-ows all passed a - way;..... Je - sus will

come to car - ry me home, 'Twill be the crown - ing day.

A. R. Walton, owner.

No. 60. My Heart is Clean and Glad.

James Rowe. A. F. GANUS, OWNER, 1915. A. F. Ganus.

1. My heart is clean..... and glad to-day,..... For Christ has
2. His love has raised..... me from the mire,..... His glo-ry
3. I'm press-ing on..... in love's own light,..... With life's true
4. I mean to spend..... my days with Him,..... And then, be-

1. My heart is clean and glad to-day,

washed.... all sin a-way,..... And I am march-ing with the
now..... is my de-sire;..... And ev-'ry day,..... what-e'er be-
goal..... be-fore my sight;..... And Christ, I know..... will keep me
yond..... the shad-ows dim,..... With all the saints..... for-ev-er-

For Christ has washed all sin a-way, And I am march-

D. S.—*And I shall praise.... Him more and*

FINE.

throng..... That soon will sing..... an end-less song.....
tide,..... To Je-sus true..... I shall a-bide.....
whole,..... Be-cause He loves..... my trusting soul.....
more,..... Be-fore His throne,..... my King a-dore.....

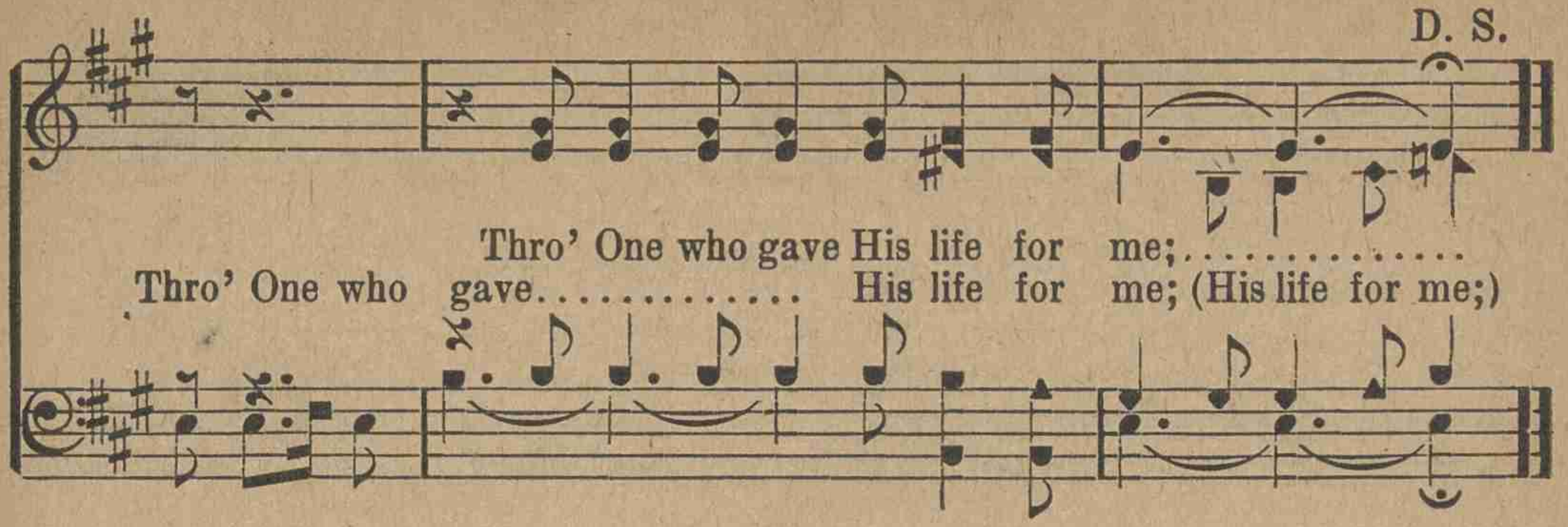
ing with the throng That soon will sing an end-less song. (an endless song.)

more,..... Till I have reached..... the shin-ing shore.....

CHORUS.

My heart is clean, for I am free,
My heart is clean,..... for I am free,.....

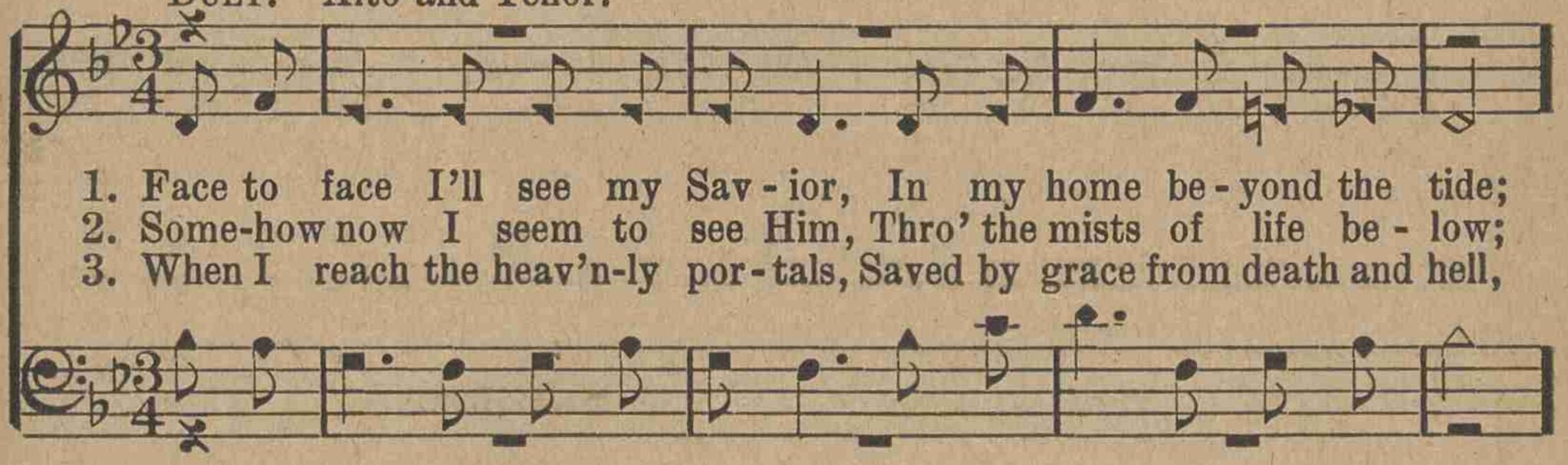
My Heart is Clean and Glad.

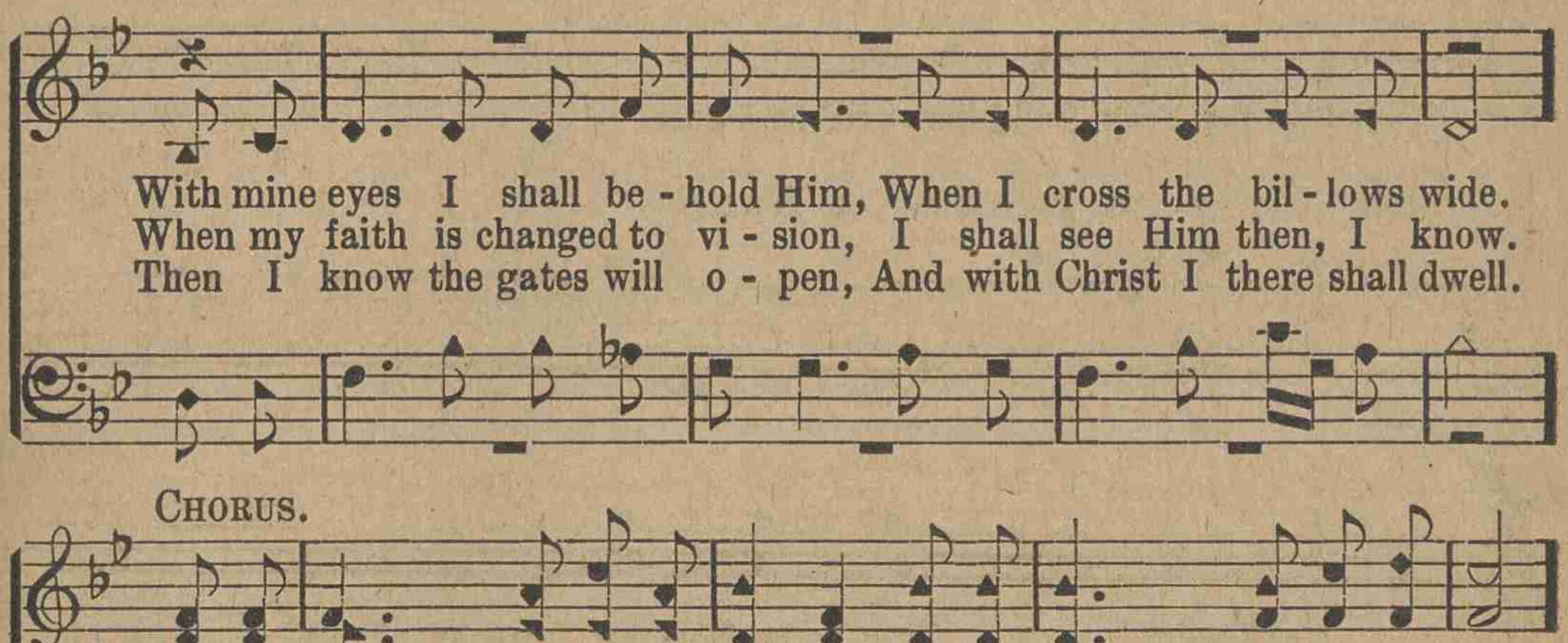


No. 61. Face to Face I'll See My Savior.

T. A. J. Beasley. C. W. RILEY, OWNER, BESSEMER, ALA., 1915. C. W. Riley.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.





No. 62 Building on Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W BEAZLEY.

1. Building here a tem - ple for e - ter - ni - ty, Ev - 'ry day and mo-ment
2. Giv-ing cheer and cour-age, read - y to ad - vise, Je - sus helps my 'ood - ly
3. Lit - tle deeds of kind-ness done for oth - ers here, Smiles tha. light-en bur-dens

care - ful I must be; So I build on Je - sus, a foun-da-tion sure,
tem - ple walls to rise; For a mas - ter build - er He has proved to be,
words of love and cheer, Are the things with which I build my tem-ple bright,

CHORUS.

Know-ing that my build-ing will en - dure.
So I'm glad that He is help - ing me. Build - ing on Je - sus
That is why 'tis pre-cious in His sight.

sure - ly I raise, Firm-ly for Him my tem-ple of praise;
oh, sure-ly, and glo - ry;

Vain - ly the tempest beats it, sol - id it stays, And un - in-jured
un-shak-en,

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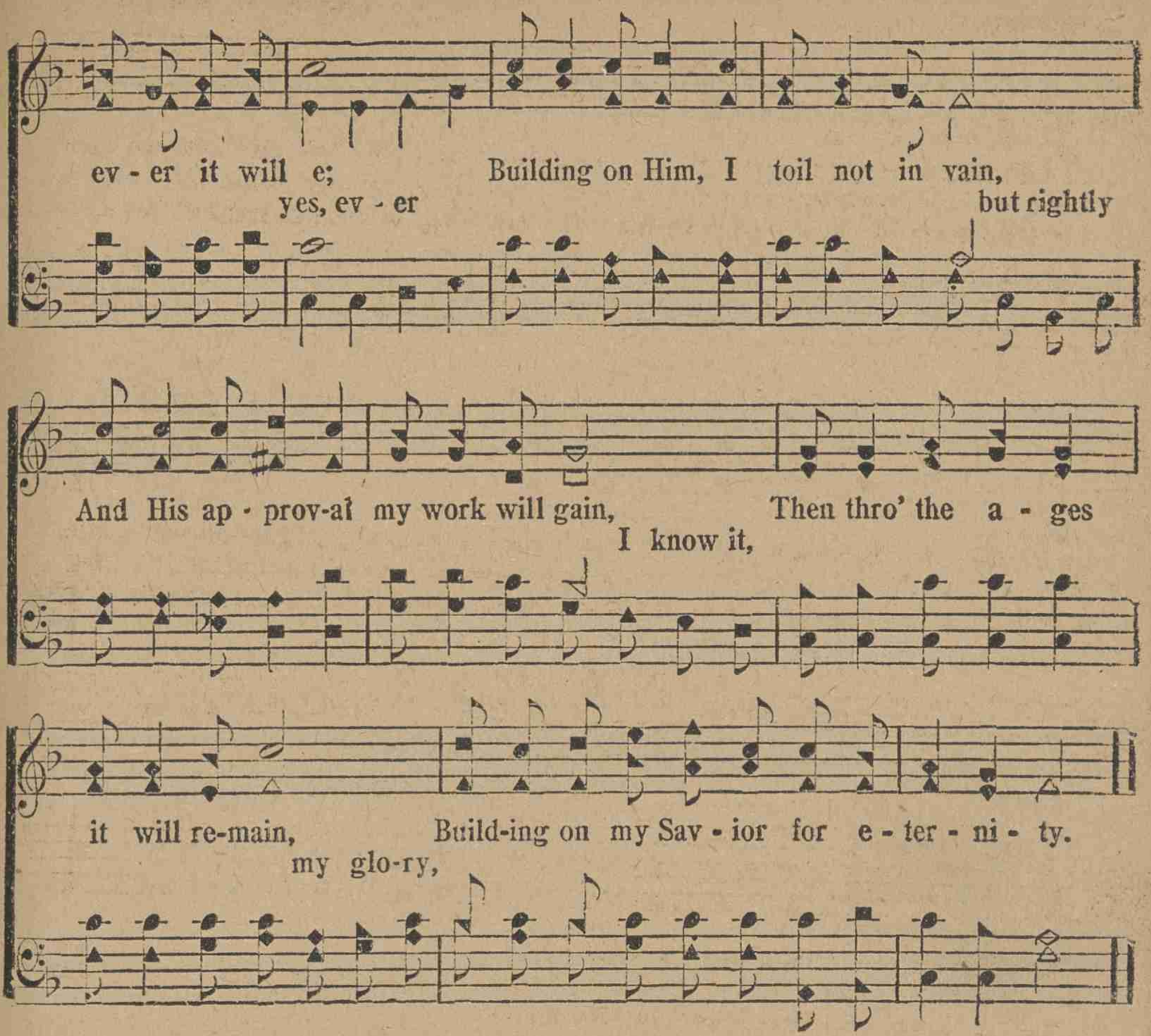
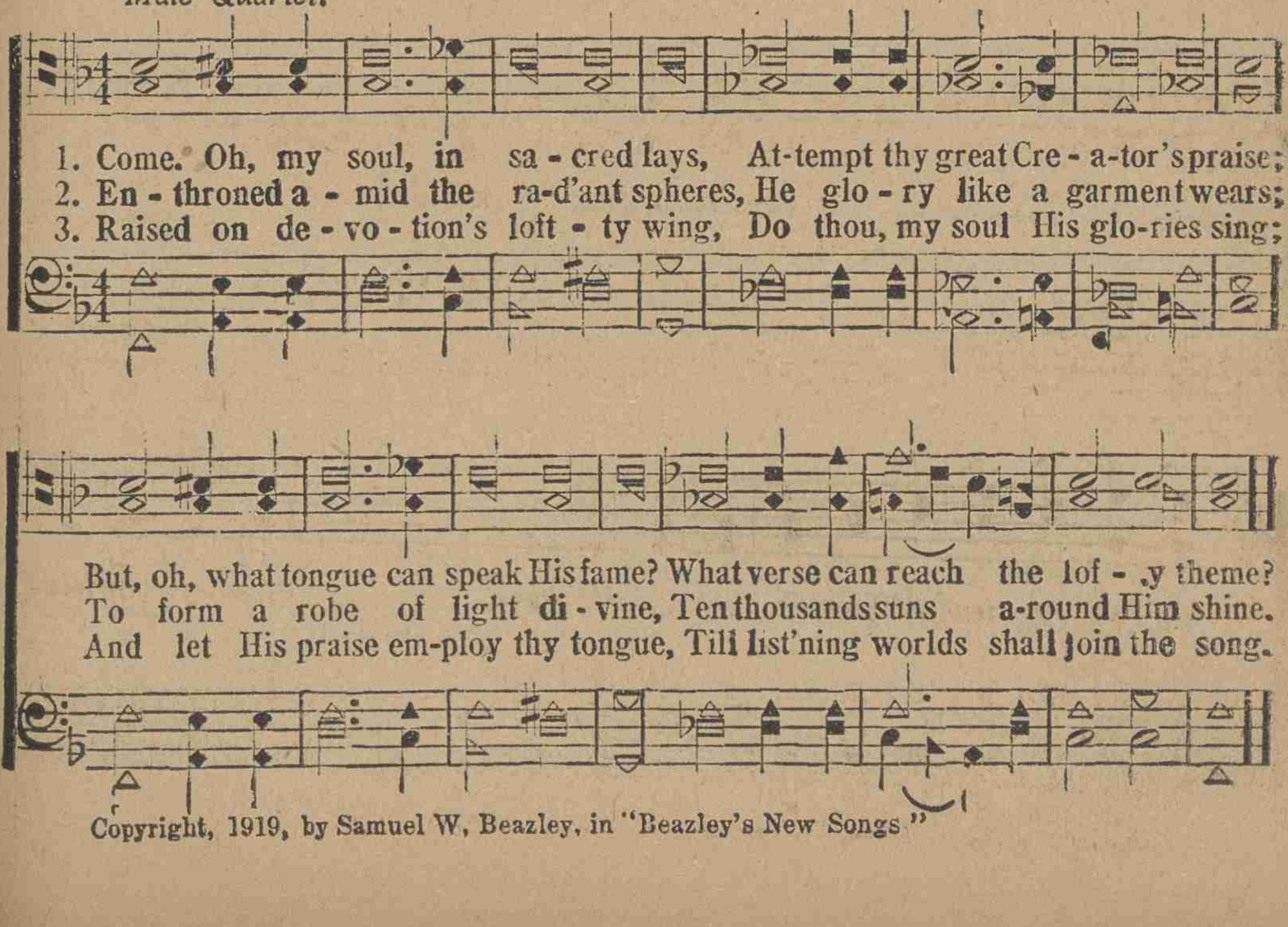
Building on Jesus.



No. 63 Come, Oh, My Soul.

ANON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Male Quartet.



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No. 64 Don't Turn Back.

CARROLL KING. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Willing hands are needed in the field to-day, Workers who are fearless, strong and true;
2. Yonder, there is work which you alone can do, And the Lord ex-pects it to be done;
3. Ev-'ry earn-est ef-fort He will sure-ly bless And re-cord it in the book a-bove;

Fit yourselves for service, to the field a-way, La-bor for Je-sus who died for you.
Waste your time no longer, la bor and be true, Serv ing the Mas-ter till set of sun.
So your faith in Je-sus dai-ly to con-fess, Give Him your service and fervent love.

CHORUS

Speed a-way to work for Him and don't turn back,
Speed a-way to work for Him and don't turn back, For
He will sure-ly give to you the strength you lack;
He will sure-ly give to you the strength you lack; Oh,

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Don't Turn Back.

Glo - ry is wait-ing for you, an-gels shall hov - er o'er you, That you may not

fal - ter when the foes at - tack, Speed a - way and work to win the
Speed a - way and

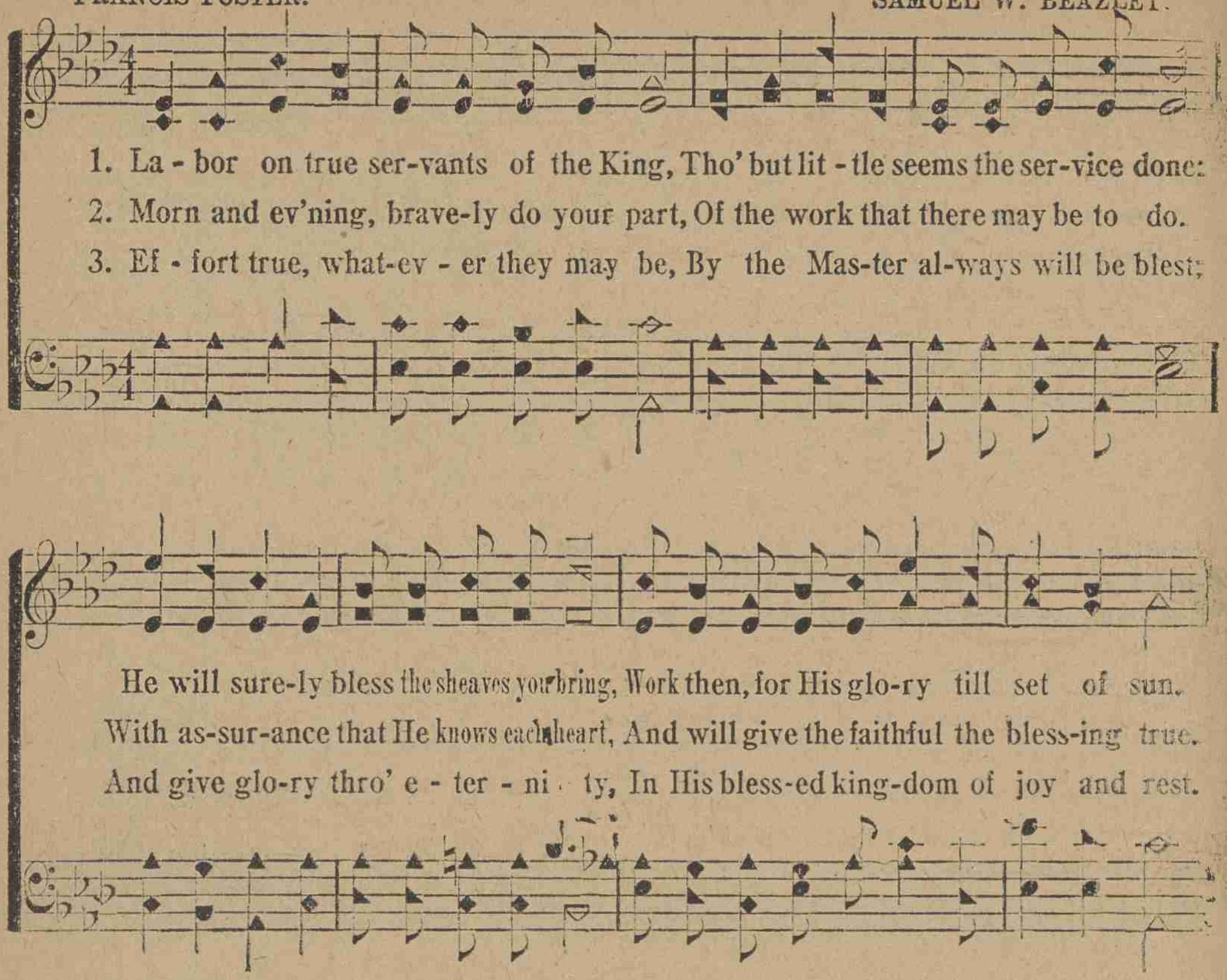
crown a - bove,— For the King of kings who died to
work to win the crown a - bove, Oh, Help the King who

show His love, Je - sus will lin - ger near you
free - ly died to show His love, For

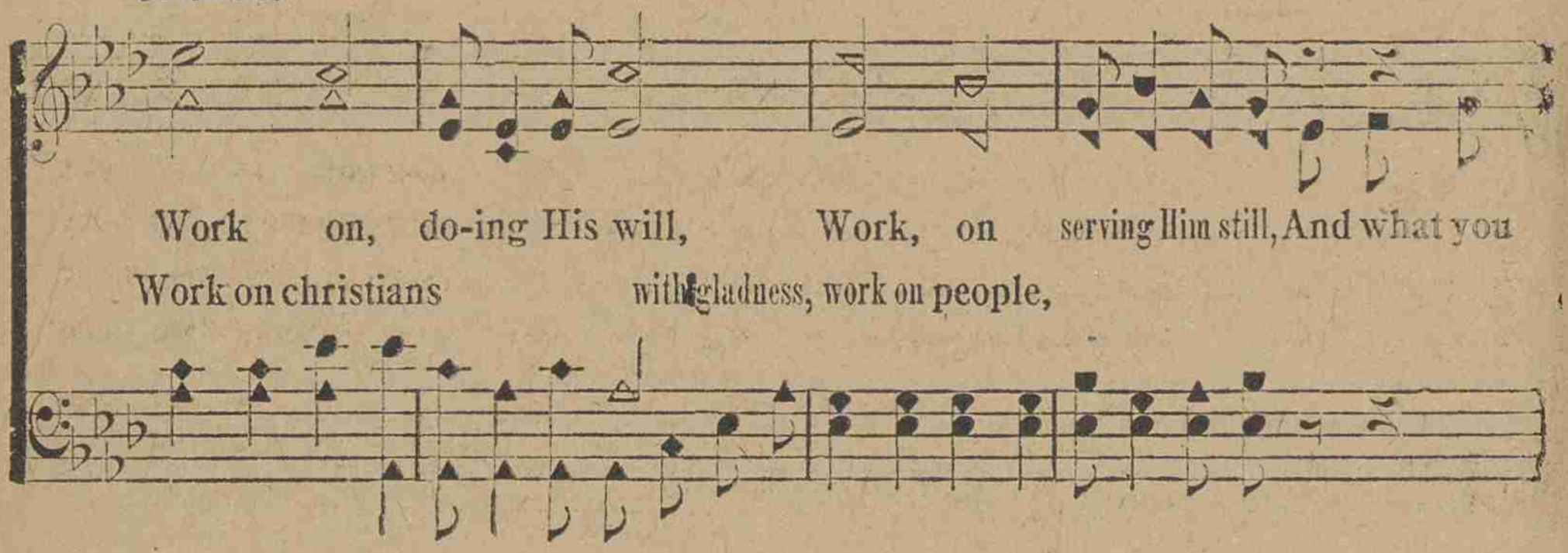
dai - ly to shield and cheer you, Speed a - way to work for Him and don't turn back.

No. 65. We Shall Not Work in Vain.

FRANCIS FOSTER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



CHORUS.



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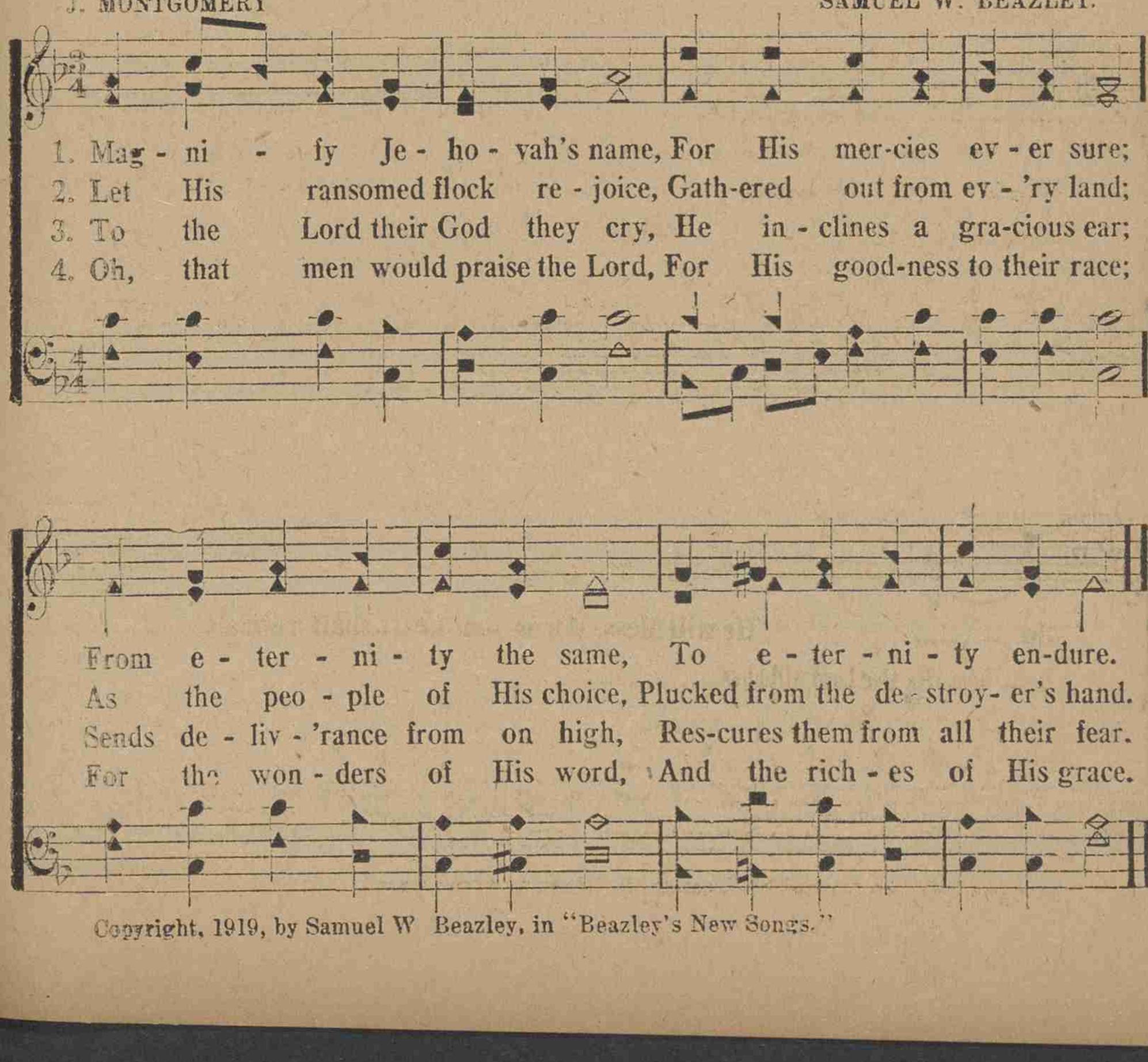
We Shall Not Work in Vain.

No. 66. Magnify Jehovah's Name.

J. MONTGOMERY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



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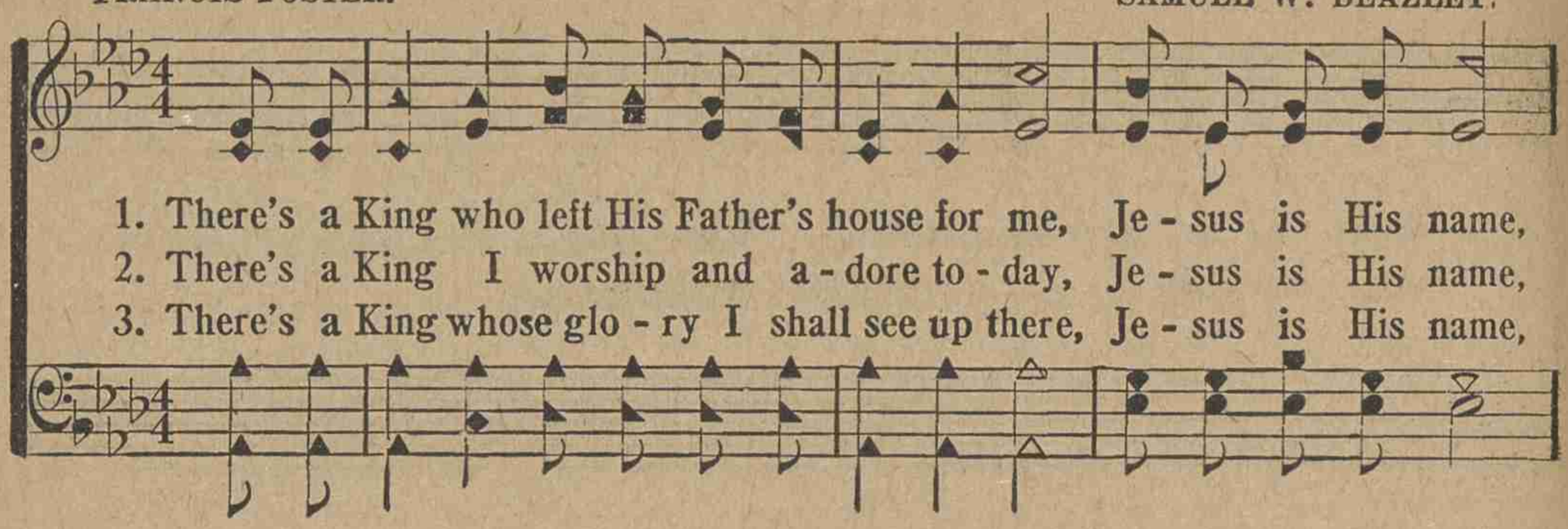
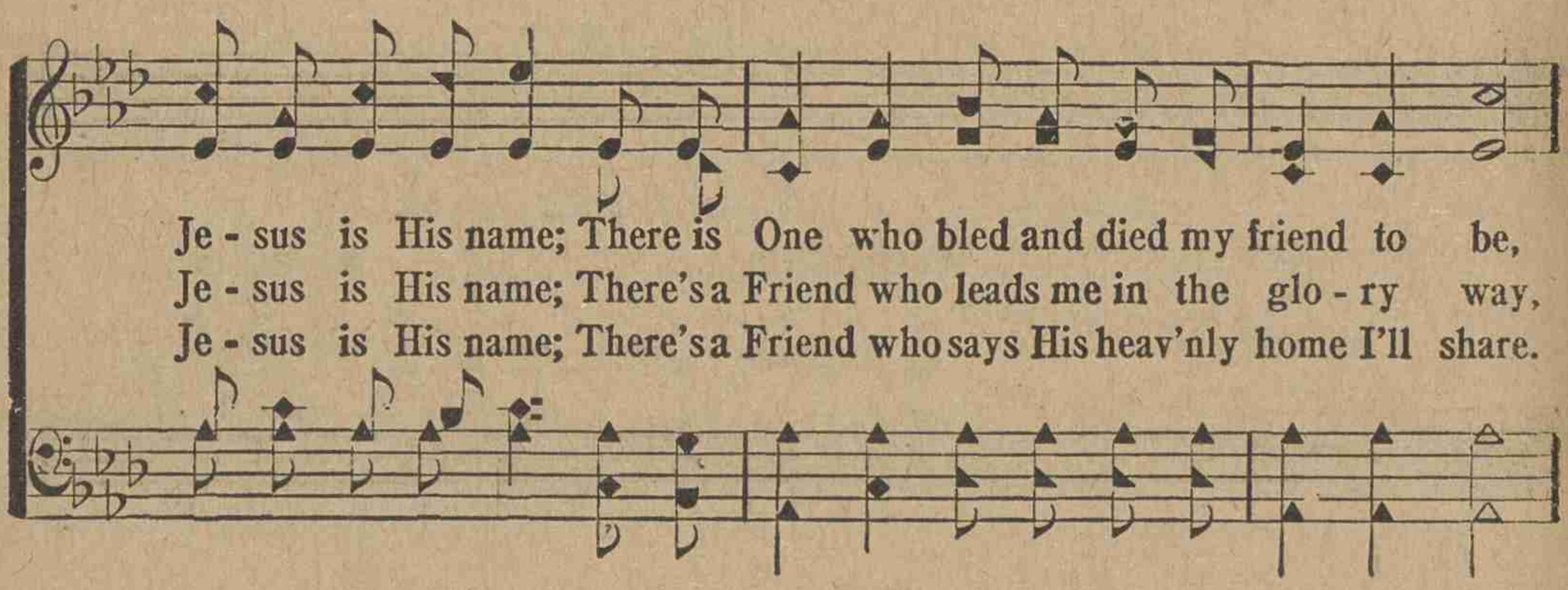
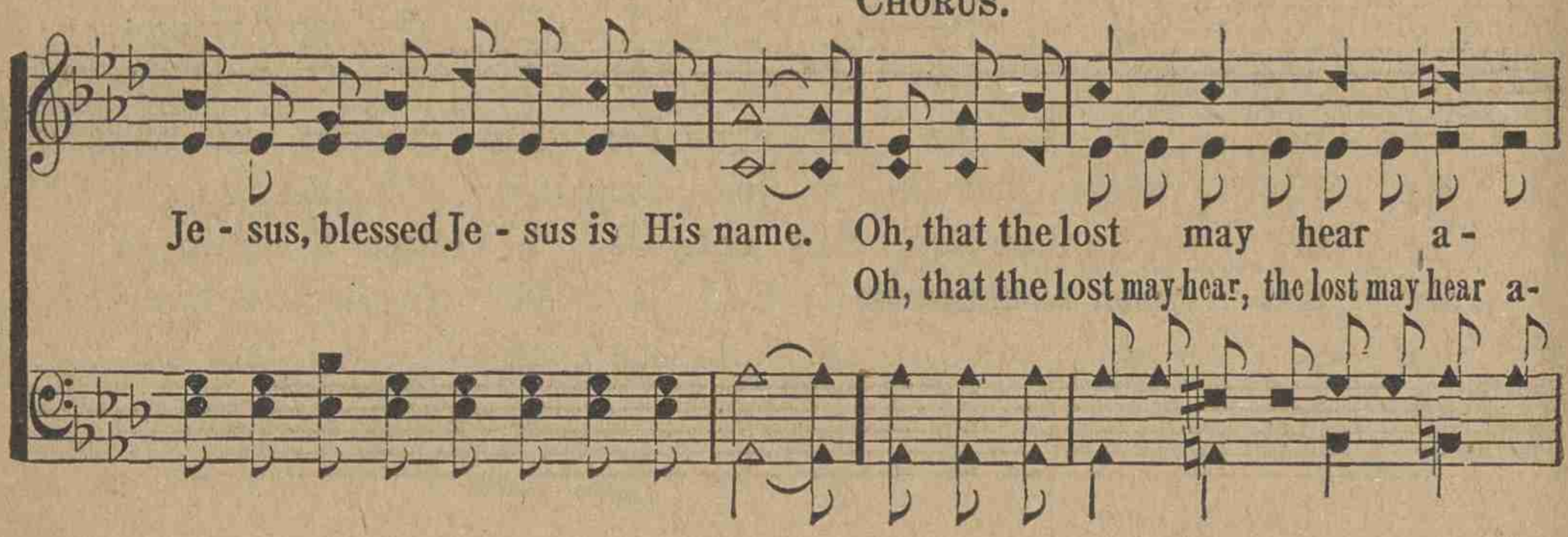
No. 67 Jesus is His Name.

FRANCIS FOSTER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.





CHORUS.



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Jesus is His Name.

With my mind on things a - bove, I'll
With my mind on things a - bove, oh, with my mine on things a - bove I'll

car-ol His praise al-way,..... Oh, sin-ner if you would be
Sweetest praise al way, Oh, sin-ner, if you would be hap - py too, yes,

hap - py too, And dai - ly this King glad - ly pro-claim,
if you would be happy too, and

Seek Him and par-don He will be-stow, For Je - sus is His name.
Je - sus is His name.

No. 68. No Sorrow There.

J. T. S.

JAMES T. SMITH, OWNER, 1916.

James T. Smith.

1. Are you liv - ing as a Chris-tian? Are your tho'ts of heaven bright?
2. Life's fair morning beams like crys-tal, Pass-ing on the si - lent shore;
3. Now the Bride and Spir - it call you To the land of end-less day;

Can you feel the love of Je - sus, Beaming with ce - les - tial light?
Now the Son of God pro-claim-ing, There your troubles are no more;
No more sor - row, no more weep-ing, For all tears are wiped a - way.

Come and sing the song of an - gels, Ringing thro' e - ter - ni - ty;
Days that nev - er lose their brightness, Joys that still their beau-ty wear;
Are you dreaming of His good-ness? Are your troub-les hard to bear?

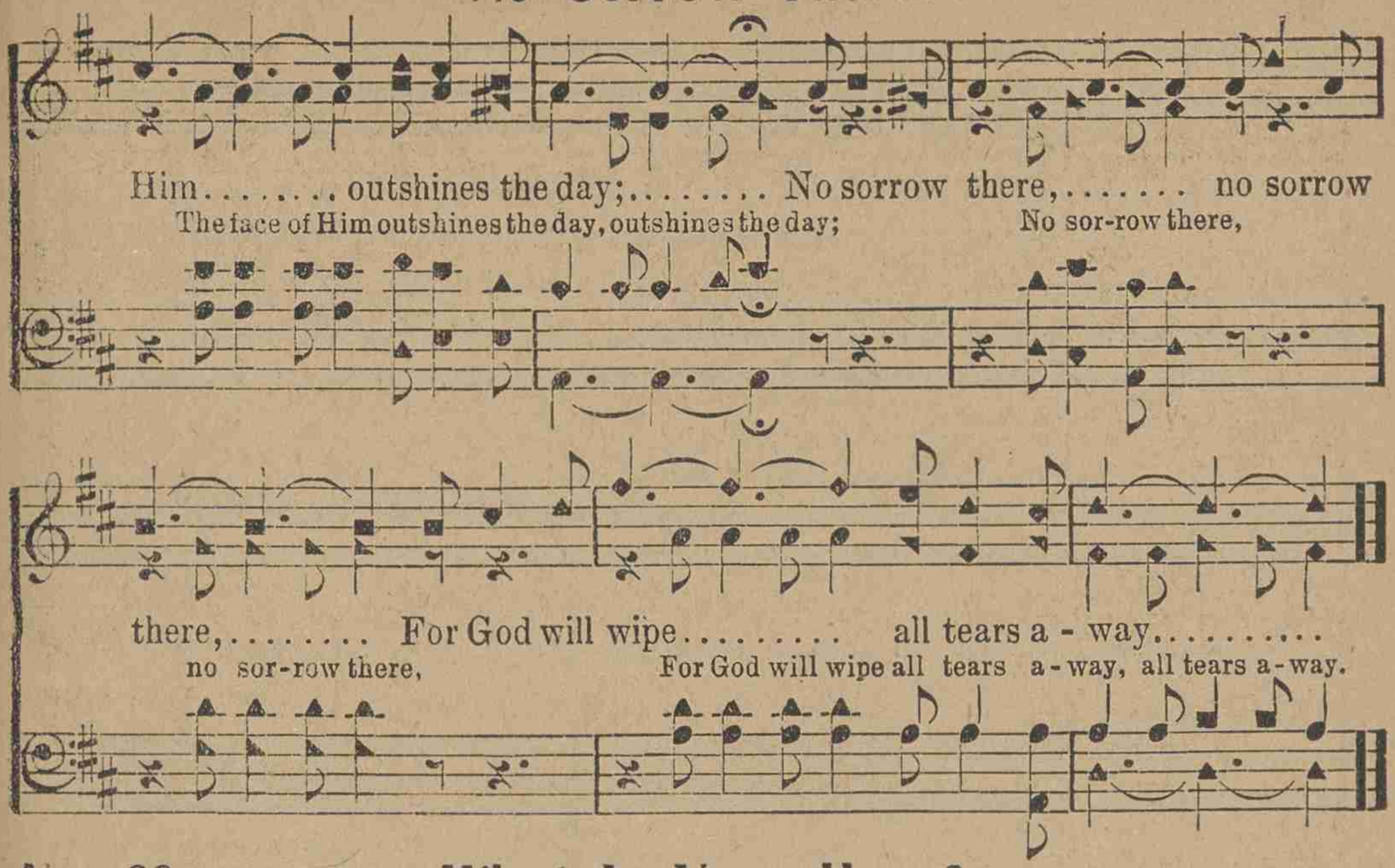
Oh, the glo - ry lies be - fore you, God has said, "no sor-row there."
There your heart with rap-ture flow-ing, God has said, "no sor-row there."
Keep on pray-ing lit - tle lon - ger, God has said, "no sor-row there."

CHORUS.

No sor - row there,..... no sor-row there,..... The face of

No sor - row there, no sor - row there,

No Sorrow There.



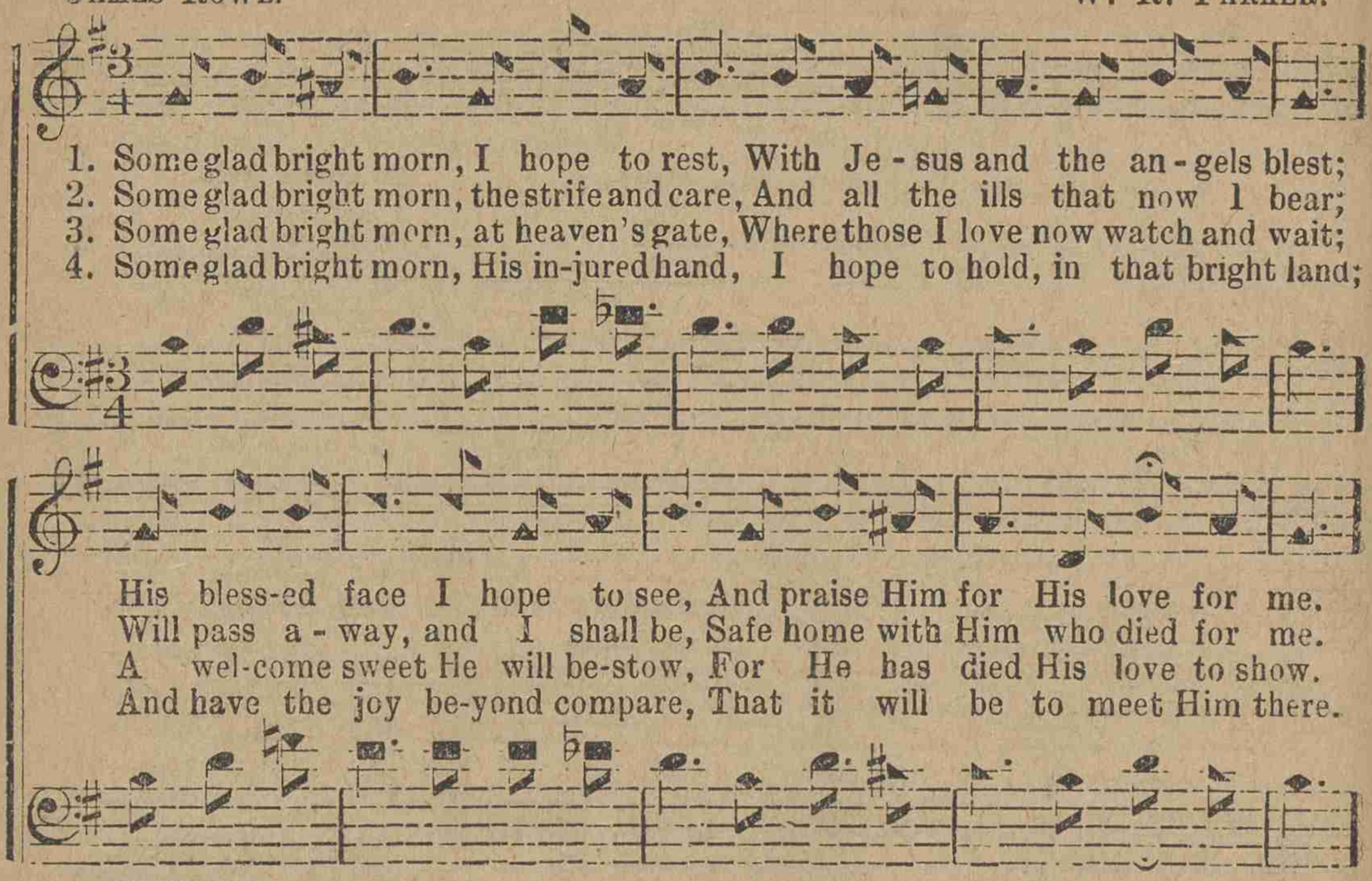
No. 69. What Is Your Hope?

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. S. A. GANUS, OWNER, 1914. **Mrs. S. A. Ganus.**

DUET. Soprano and Tenor. FINE.

No. 70 Some Glad Bright Morn.

JAMES ROWE. W. R. PARKER.

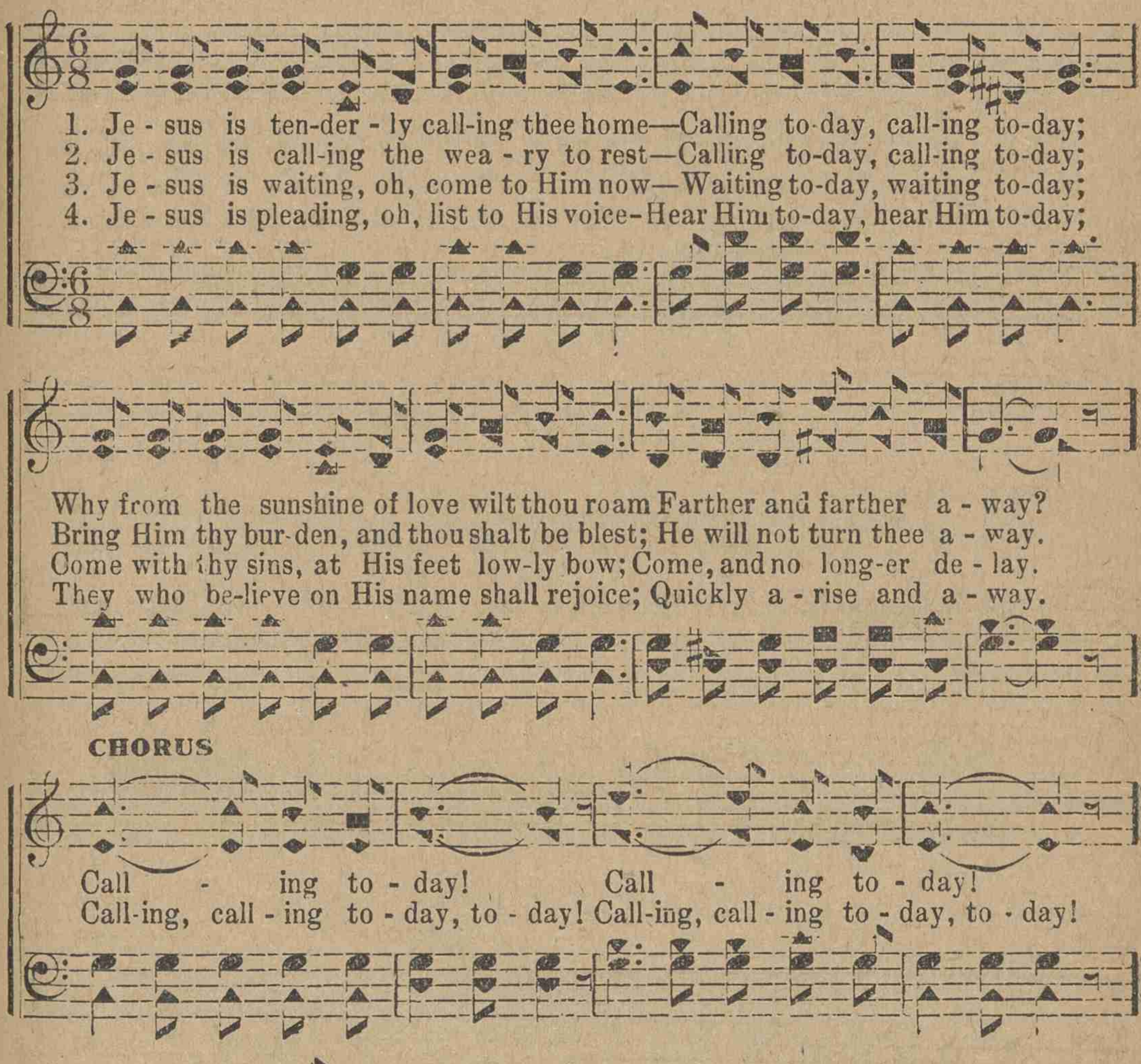


Property of W. R. Parker, Bessemer, Ala.

Some Glad Bright Morn. Concluded.

No. 71 Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



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No. 72 Let The Master Use You.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Like a ves - sel fashioned by the Master's hand, Tho' your place be low - ly
2. Come, your all sur - rend - er to the Son of God, By His might and pow-er
3. Yield to Him the chal-ice of your life so fair, Which His spir - it fill - ing

be ye clean and ho - ly; That a-mong His chos-en you in truth may stand,
He can you en - dow-er; Made a wor-thy ves - sel from a worthless clod,
if your heart is will-ing; If you would be wor - thy in His love to share.

CHORUS.

Let the Master use you in His work to-day. Like a ves - sel fashioned
Fashioned by His hand,
Like a ves - sel that is
by His hand, Let the Mas-ter find a use for you;
fashioned by His hand, Let Him find a use, find a use for you;
fashioned by His hand, Let Him find a use, yes use for you, And pure and

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Let The Master Use You.

No. 73 My Happiness And Sunshine.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Male Quartet

Coyyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

No. 74 Labor On, Reaping the Grain.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. In the harvest-field, (In the harvest-field,) Where the precious grain (Where the precious grain)
2. In the harvest-field, (In the harvest-field,) See the sheaves so white (See the sheaves so white,)
3. In the harvest-field, (In the harvest-field,) Tho' your strength seems small, (Tho' your strength seems small,)

Spreads its golden mantle o-ver all the plain, Waiting for reapers its wealth to glean;
Wave in golden beauty in the sunshine bright, Waiting for reapers with sickles keen;
Do not give up striving, heed the Lord of all Calling for reapers to save the grain;

Ye who work be-gun (Ye who work begun) With the rising sun, (With the rising sun,)
Haste and bring them home, (Haste and bring them home,) Soon fierce storms may come, (Soon fierce storms may come,)
Tho' the task is great (Tho' the task is great) Do not shirking wait (Do not shirking wait,)

La-bor on undaunted, do not stop to rest, Reaping the harvest with eager zest.
If you i-dly loiter, great will be the cost, Much of the harvest may thus be lost.
La-bor on till sunset and the fall of night, Reaping the harvest with all your might.

CHORUS.

La - bor on, reap-ing the grain, La - bor
La-bor on, the har-vest shar-ing, La-bor on, your
La - bor on, on, reap-ing the gold-en grain, yes, La - bor

Labor On, Reaping the Grain.

on, bright sheaves to gain, Je - sus blest the sow-ing,
sick - les bear - ing,

on, on, bright sheaves to rich - ly gain, for

watched the harvest growing, It is for Him you toil to-day;
It is for Him that you must bravely toil to - day, still reaping;

It is for Him you toil to - day, still reaping;

La - bor on, work has be - gun, La - bor
La - bor on, no du - ty shirk-ing, La - bor on, nor

La - bor on, on, work has be - gun in ear - nest, La - bor

on till set of sun; Faith with Je-sus keep-ing,
leave off work-ing,

on, on, till set of sun at eve - ning,

Do not slight the reap-ing Till all the grain is stored a - way.

No. 75 Love Divine is Our Song.

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IN "HOSANNAS."

Brown Rowland, A. B. **Compton Raleigh.**

1. Work-ing in the vine-yard of the Mas - ter dear,
2. Sweet it is to la - bor for so true a friend,
3. By and by, when la - bor time for us is o'er,

(1.) Work - ing in the vine-yard of the Mas-ter dear,

Do - ing what we can for Him while we are here;.....
One who will a - bide with us till work shall end;.....
We shall sing of Je - sus on the bet - ter shore;.....
Do - ing what we can for Him while we are here;

Prais - ing Him, as work - ers have thro' a - ges gone,
Sweet it is to sing of Him whose love im - parts
Yes, with all the ran-somed in that world a - bove,
Prais - ing Him, as work - ers have thro' a - ges gone,

In a hap - py car - ol, as we la - bor on.
So much peace and hap - pi - ness to all our hearts.
We shall sing for - ev - er of His pre - cious love.
In a hap - py car - ol, as we la - bor on.

Love Divine is Our Song.

CHORUS.

No. 76 O What Joy We Then Shall Know.

W. F. Barnard. W. F. BARNARD, OWNER, 1916. R. L. Stuckey.

1. O what joy to sing of Je - sus, And the ev - er - last - ing life
2. Let us wor - ship, hon - or, serve Him Who hath died for you and me;
3. Thro' our faith in Christ the Sav - ior, We shall see the great white throne,

We shall know when life is end - ed In this world of sin and strife.
Let us heed the Bi - ble's teach-ing, That from sin we may be free.
Where the saved shall ev - er wor - ship When our work on earth is done.

CHORUS.

O what joy..... we then shall know, When our Sav - ior's face we see,..... O-ver in..... E-ter-ni - ty,..... Where the good..... and true will be..... O what joy..... we then shall

O what joy we then shall know, shall know, When our Savior's face we see, His face we see, O - ver in E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where the good and true will be, ev - er be. O what joy we then shall

O What Joy We Then Shall Know.

know,.....When our Sav - - ior's face we see..... In that
know, we then shall know, When our Savior's face we see, His face we see

rit.

home....with God and angels Just be-yond....death's chilly sea .....
In that home with God and angels Just beyond death's chilly sea, death's chilly sea.

No. 77 We Shall Meet Again.

In memory of my friend, F. W. Hodge, who died June 23, 1915.

James Rowe. Curtis M. Johnson.

CURTIS M. JOHNSON, OWNER, 1916.

1. A friend that I so dear-ly love, On earth has ceased to roam,
2. A kind-ly word he had to give, His smile was sun-shine fair;
3. His friends are man-y, and they sigh To know that he has gone,
4. He was in-deed a friend sin-cere, So pure, so kind and sweet,
5. I know that he will, smil-ing, wait, His friends a-gain to see;

For Je-sus need-ed him a-bove, And so has called him home.
A bet-ter life no man could live In this sad world of care.
But hope to meet him, by and by, "A lit-tle far-ther on."
A lov-er of the Sav-ior dear Whom he has gone to meet.
Yes, one dear friend at heav-en's gate, I know will wait for me.

FINE.

D.S.—*And we shall live to-geth-er then, At home for-ev-er-more.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Oh, some-time, we shall meet a-gain, When all my cares are o'er,

No. 78 Rally At Our Leader's Call.

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REV. E. A. HOFFMAN SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. God for earn-est vol - un teers is plead-ing, Hear the call, hear the call,
2. God's re deemed their battle-songs are singing,
3. Our Je-ho-vah's ban-ners need de-fend-ing,
4. God's great pur-pos-es are now un-fold-ing, Hear the call, hear the call.

And His cry for loy - al ser-vice heed-ing, Ral-ly all, ral - ly all.
To the ranks strong reinforcements bringing,
On our arms the vict-'ry is de - pend-ing,
'Tis no time our help to be with-hold-ing, Ral-ly all, ral - ly all.

CHORUS.

Ral - ly at our Lead - er's call,
Ral - ly at our no - ble Lead - er's
Ral - ly to our stand - ard all,
call, Yes, ral - ly to His stand - ard all and

Rally At Our Leader's Call.

No. 79 Draw Near to God.

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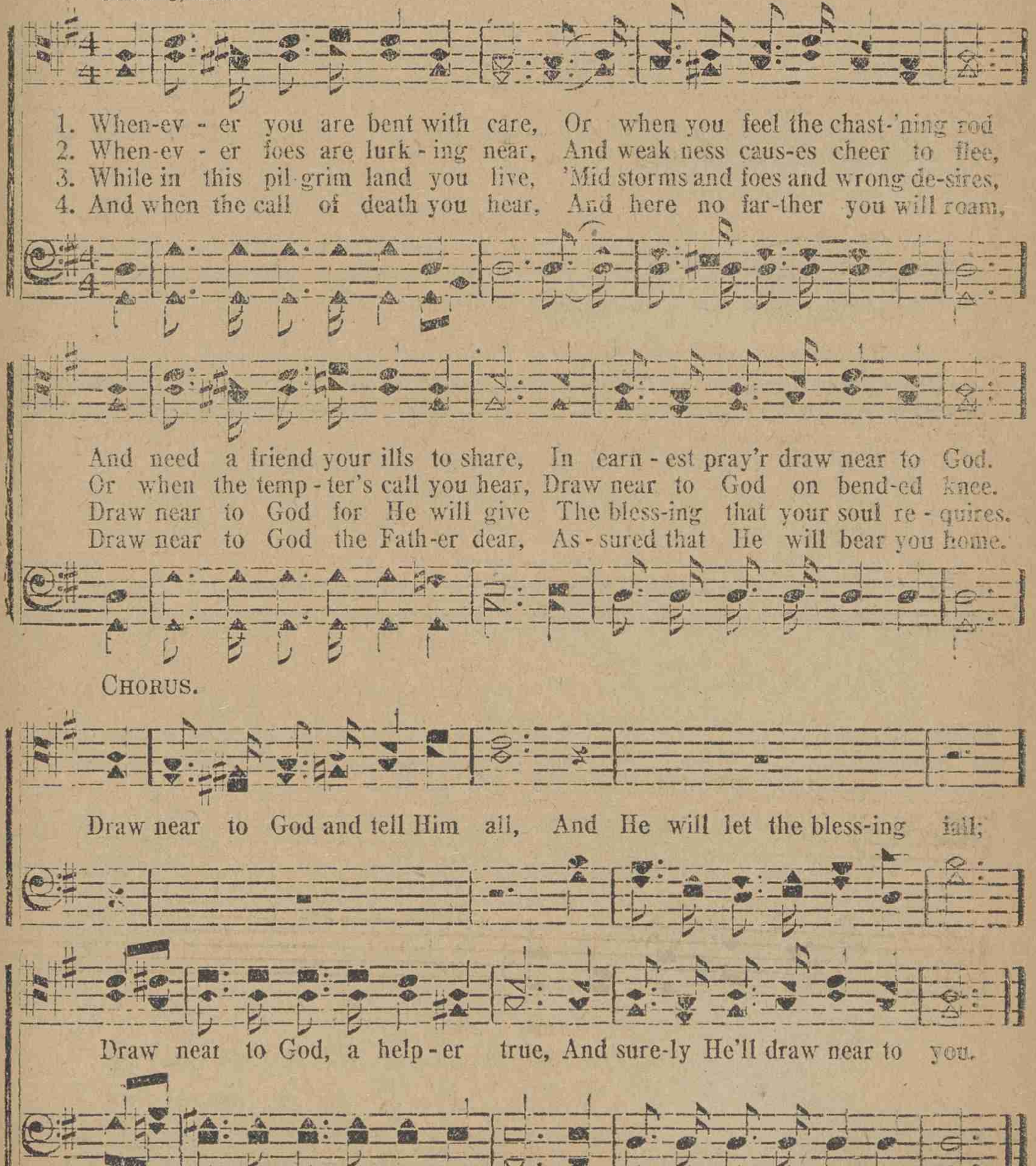
MRS. M. DOOLITTLE — SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Male Quartet.



CHORUS.

No. 80. The Judgment Day is Coming By and By.

C. E. P. **Chas. Edw. Pollock.**

1. The judg-ment day is com-ing, sure - ly com - ing by and by,
2. When Life's great Book is o-pened, will your sins re - cord - ed there
3. Get read - y, O get read-y, ere you're sum-moned to ap - pear,

When the Lord shall call the na - tions to His judg-ment-bar on high;
Have been blot - ted out com-plete-ly, and the page left white and fair?
For your life is so un-cer-tain,—death may now be ver - y near;

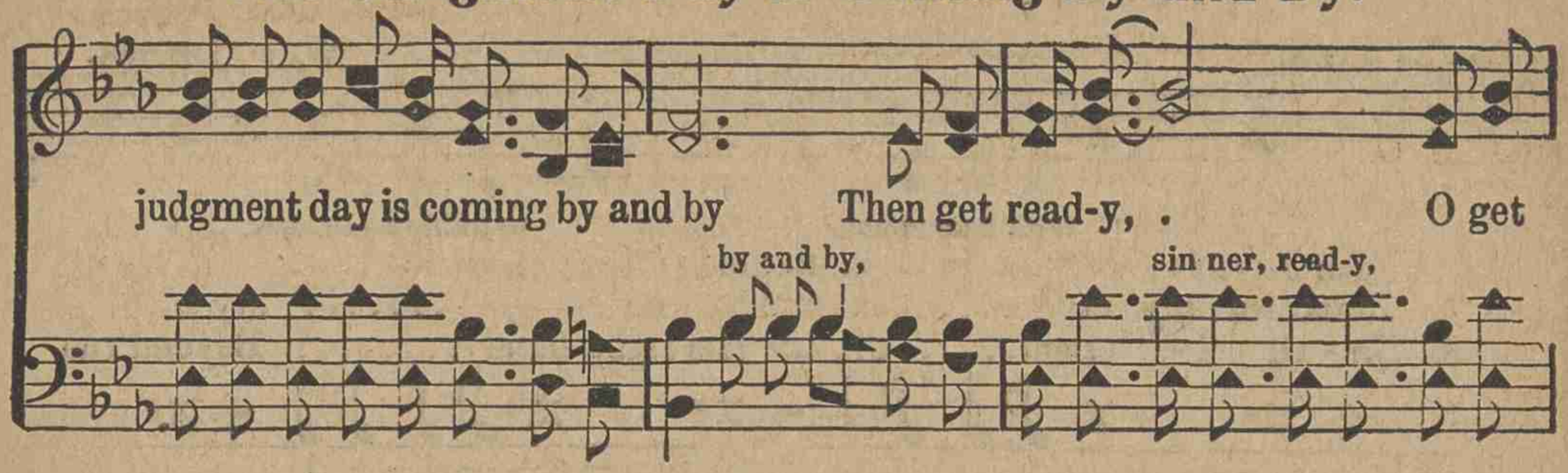
O sin - ner, are you read - y for that great, e - vent - ful day!
Re - mem - ber, O re - mem-ber that the blood of Christ a - lone,
Trust in the blood of Je - sus, it will wash your sins a - way;

In the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, have your sins been washed a - way?
Can wash out the stains com-plete-ly, can for all your sins a - tone.
And be read - y, O be read - y, for the com - ing judg-ment day.

CHORUS.

It is com-ing, it is com-ing, The
It is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, it is com - ing, com - ing, com - ing,

The Judgment Day is Coming By and By.



No. 81. There is a Fountain.

Old Melody.
Arr. Retsiel.

No. 82. Love Lights My Way.

James Rowe. W. F. BURTON, OWNER, 1916. W. F. Burton.

(1) With Je-sus near to guide and cheer,

1. With Je - sus near..... to guide and cheer,..... And keep me
2. The storm may rage..... and foes en - gage..... My trusting
3. Un - til I stand..... at His right hand..... Beyond the

And keep me free from sin each day, I'm facing home

free..... from sin each day,..... I'm facing home..... and shall not
soul,.....when drear the night;.... But help my Friend..... is near to
pearl - y gates a - bove,..... The path will be..... made bright for

and shall not roam. For love divine lights all my way.(the homeward way.)

roam,..... For love di - vine.....lights all my way.....
lend,..... And love will keep.....the home-path bright.....
me,..... By my Re-deem - er's precious love.....

REFRAIN.

Love lights my way..... and guides me straight..... A - long the

Love lights my way and guides me straight

path..... to heaven's gate;..... So I'll reach home,.....some happy

Along the path to heaven's gate, to heaven's gate; So I'll reach home,

Love Lights My Way.

No. 83. All Will Be Happy Up There.

Dr. Hugo Jones. LIZZIE LEWIS, OWNER, 1916. Lizzie Lewis.

No. 84

Jesus is Calling.

G. G. H. G. G. HARDIN, OWNER, 1916. G. G. Hardin.

1. Je - sus is call - ing you, sin-ner, oh, come to - day, Heed to His
2. Now I have heard His voice and I o - beyed His call, He is my
3. All the day long I sing, prais-ing my Sav-ior's name, For I have

ear-nest call, do not turn Christ a-way; Sweetest of peace a-bove, Je-sus will
bless-ed Lord, ev-er my all in all; He will my glo - ry be, Je-sus, my
joy and love ev - er - y day the same; Soon I will pass a - way un - to a

give to you, Make you a child of God, bod - y and soul re - new.
Friend di - vine, For He has saved my soul and His sweet peace is mine.
re - gion fair, Where I shall praise my Lord joy - ful - ly al - ways there.

REFRAIN.

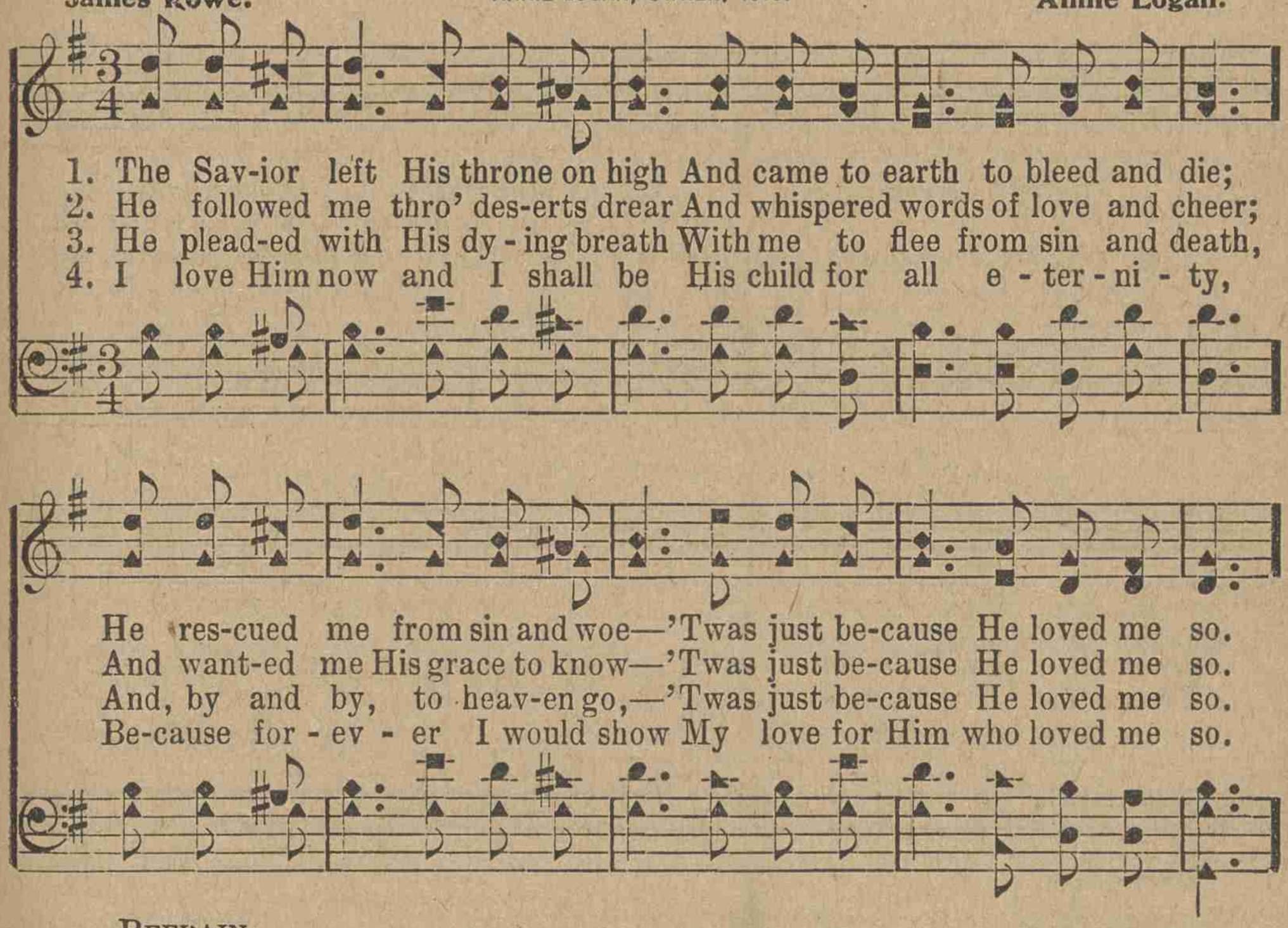
Je - sus is call - ing you, ten-der-ly call - ing you,
Je - sus is call - ing for you, ten - der - ly call - ing for you,

Come and o-bey His voice, unto the Lord be true; After this life is o'er
Come and o-bey His sweet voice,

Jesus is Calling.

No. 85 Because He Loved Me.

James Rowe. ANNIE LOGAN, OWNER, 1916. Annie Logan.



REFRAIN.

No. 86 Over In the Gloryland.

ADDIE PANNELL. REV. 27: 18–27. J. H. STANLEY.

1. There's a home of beau-ty, there's a home of joy, O - ver in.....
2. There's a home of gladness, there's a home of love,
3. There's a home so peace-ful, and a gold - en crown, O - ver

..... the glo - ry-land; And the walls are jas - per, and the
How we long to see this wondrous
in the glo - ry-land of the soul; We shall see the beau - ty when this

streets are gold, O - ver in..... the glo - ry - land.
home a - bove,
life is done, O - ver in the glo - ry-land, bright land.

CHORUS.

We shall stand.... be - fore the throne, In that bright.... ce -
We shall stand before the great white throne, In that bright ce -

les-tial home. We shall stand.... at God's right hand,
les-tial home of the soul, We shall stand right hand,

J. H. Stanley, owner, Saltillo, Miss.

NO 87

SOME DAY.

"And they sing the song of Moses and the Lamb."—Rev. 15: 3.

E. E. REXFORD. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

DUET. Slow with expression.

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain-ly to re-peat,
2. Some day my journey will be done, Earth will be lost and heaven won;
3. "Some day," I say, content to wait, The op'ning of the jas-per gate,
4. When comes the time for me to go, The homeward path I may not know,

Its mel-o-dy and feel-ing say, I'll sing it if God will some day.
And when the long rough way is trod, I shall behold the face of God.
Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end-less rest to me.
But in God's hand my own I'll lay, And He will lead me home "some day."

REFRAIN.

Some day, some hap - - py day to be, My voice will
Some hap-py day, a day to be, My

learn its mel - o - dy, And I shall
voice will learn its mel - o - dy,

Cres.

sing the songs so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je - sus' feet.

ritard.

No. 88. Truth Shall Win The Day.

CARROL KING. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Truth en - gag - es er - ror on the bat - tle - field of life,
2. Light of truth is shin - ing now on all the lands of earth,
3. Keep the bat - tle go - ing o - ver ev - 'ry land and sea,

Mighty are the forc-es that are on the field; But this blessed message cometh
Spreading out and growing brighter ev - 'ry year; Na-tions all are learn-ing of its
Till the truth is ful - ly known to ev - 'ry soul; Bat - tle on with courage till the

ring-ing thro' the strife, "Truth shall conquer er-ror, it will nev - er yield.
ev - er - last - ing worth, And the day of vic - to - ry is drawing near.
day of vic - to - ry, When the mighty triumph-song shall swell and roll.

CHORUS.

Truth..... shall sure-ly win the day, Vic-to-ry true,.....
Truth shall win, yes, truth shall win shall surely win the day, Vic - to - ry true,

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Truth Shall Win the Day.

the Lord will bring;..... Long..... and hard may
the Lord will bring; the Savior will bring; Tho' it be long and ver - y hard, and ver - y

be the fray, But He a - side..... all foes shall fling;
hard the fight may be, The Lord a - side, the Lord a-side all foes shall fling, shall fling

So firm-ly stand..... and brave - ly fight,..... And ev - er
so firm - ly stand and brave-ly fight

watch and pray, Je - - sus lives to
and ev-er watch and pray and trustingly pray, Je-sus lives, yes Je-sus lives,

lead us, And by His might shall truth win the day.
to lead us on, shall win the day.

No. 89 Burden Bearing.

EDITH SANFORD TILLOTSON. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Voices in unison. Not too fast.

1. Of-ten when wayworn and wea - ry, When I am troubled and sad,
2. He who has carried our bur - den, Waits now to help us to day,
3. So, when our burdens are heav - y, Or when the roadway is steep,

And all a-bout me seems drear - y, Then there's a tho't makes me glad;
He knows the care and the weak - ness, He knows how steep is the way;
Let us press on to the sum - mit, Stay not to fal-ter or weep;

Je - sus the great burden-bear - er, Helps me to car - ry my load,
Ev - er His hand is held near us, Read - y to help and to guide,
Leaning on Je - sus our Sav - ior, Let-ting Him lighten the load,

Comforts and strengthens and cheers me, Treading the rough up-hill road.
Lean up-on Him, He is watch - ing, Pat- ient - ly walk-ing be-side.
Lead-ing us on-ward in safe - ty, Smoothing the once weary road.

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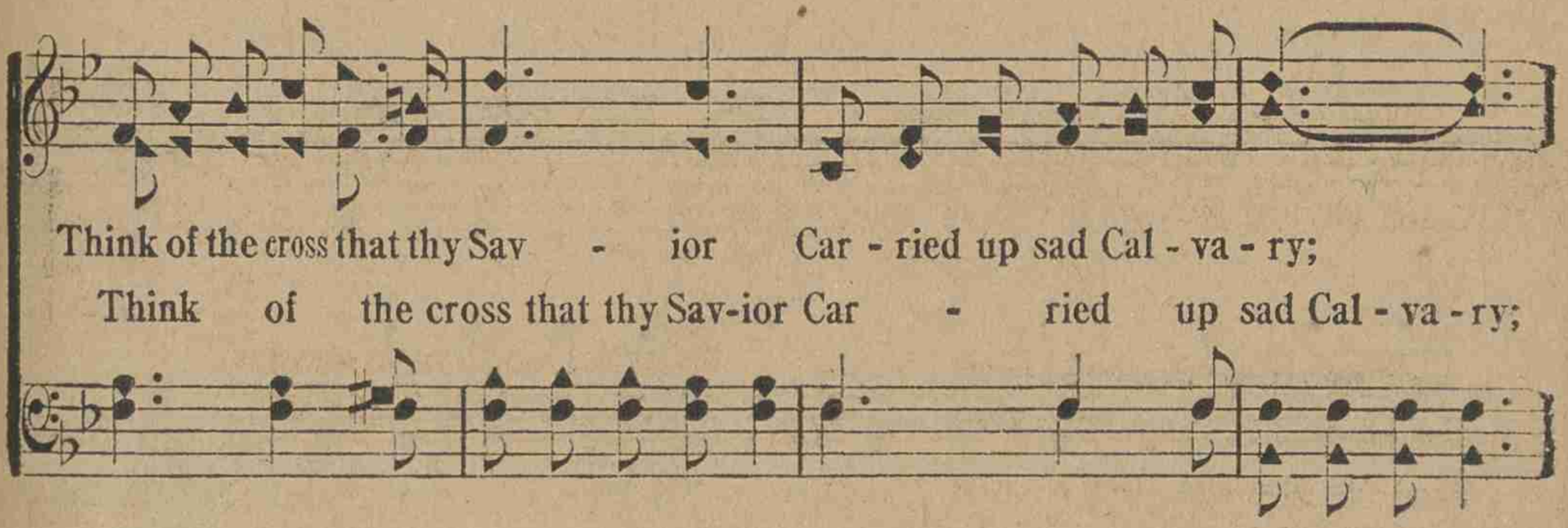
Burden Bearing.

CHORUS.



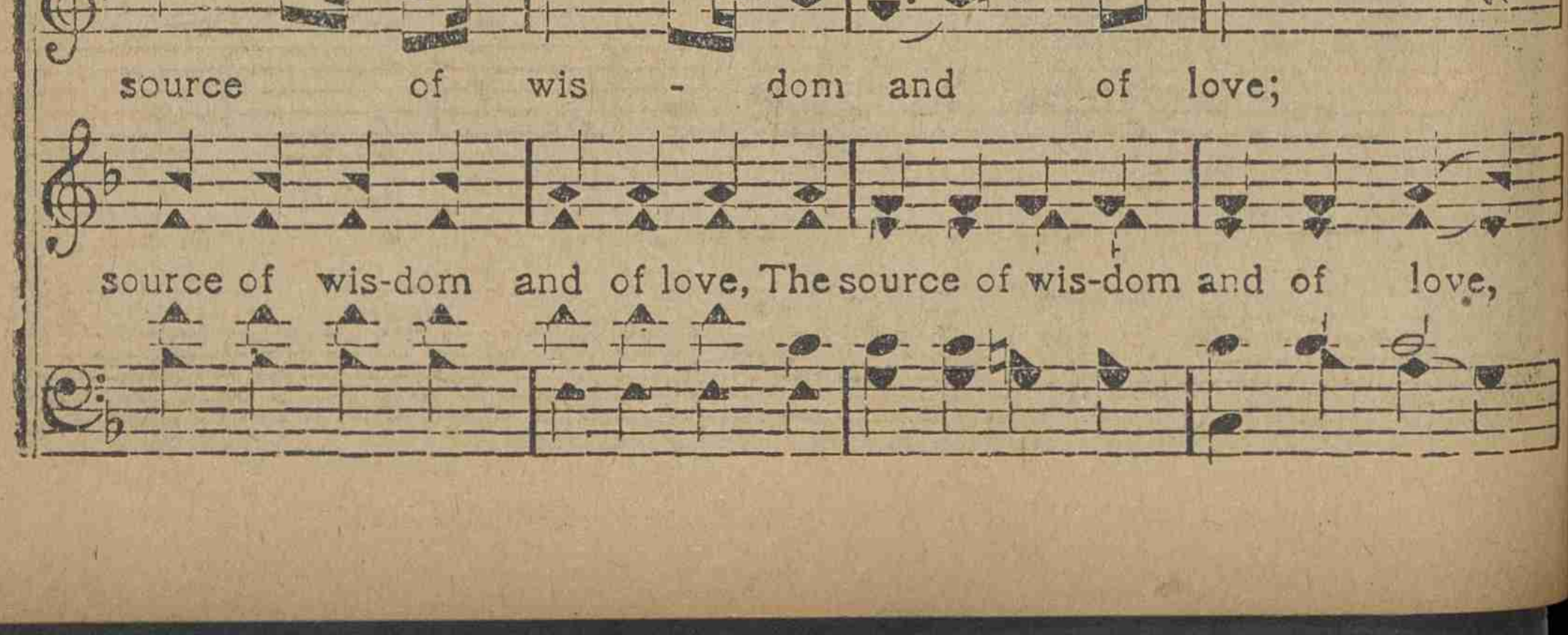
Molto rit

★ Two or three good Soprano voices sing the small notes.

No. 90 Glory To Israel's God.

J. H. Rosecrans.

Solo Obligato and Quartet.



Glory To Israel's God. Concluded.

No. 91 Let us Give More Praise as we Journey.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Be - ing guid - ed by His foot-steps thro' this des - ert drear, All re -
2. Be - ing com - fort - ed and strengthened by His sav - ing grace And sup -
3. With as - sur - ance that in glo - ry we shall reign with Him And be

ceiv-ing man-y blessing from a-bove. Let us give more praise to Je - sus our Re-
port - ed by His spir-it ev' - ry day, In the brightness and the glo - ry of His
hap - py in His love thro' countless days, Till His bless-ed smile may greet us thro' the

deem - ed dear, As we jour - ney to heav - en, the home we love.
Ho - ly face, Let us praise Him, un - ceas - ing, a - long the way.
shad-ows dim, Let our hearts and our spir - its re - joice in praise.

CHORUS.

Let us give more praise as we jour - - ney, Let us
Let us give more praise, yes, praise Him as we jour - ney, jour-ney on, Let us

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Let us Give More Praise as we Journey.

sing more songs for His glo - - ry, That the world may know
sing more songs of rap-ture for His glory bright and grand. That the whole wide world may know that

that we love Him, That we wor - ship and a - dore;
we His children love Him well, That we worship Him, we worship Him and His sweet love a-dore,

Let us give more praise as we jour - ney, Sing - ing
Let us give more praise, yes, praise Him as we jour-ney, jour-ney on, Sing - ing

o'er and o'er the old sto - - ry Of the King who died
o'er and o'er the sto-ry of His matchless ten-der love, Who hath died so free - ly for us

our transgressions all to hide, Oh, praise Him ev - er - more.
our transgressions all to hide, Oh, praise Him ev-er praise Him, ev-er-more, yes, ev-er-more

No. 92 Love Never Faileth.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Unison.

1. Faith, faith, lifts up a ban-ner that all may see, Bright, bright
2. Hope, hope, rings out a song that the world may hear, Hope, hope,

tok - en of res-cue and vic - to - ry;..... Trust-ing in Him who
sing-ing a car - ol so sweet and clear;..... Lets down an an-chor—

reigns on high, Look-ing to Him with steadfast eye; He is a - ble to de- liv - er,
hold - eth fast, Till all the storms of time are past; Mak-ing cheer-y pathways dreary,

On His arm re - ly. Faith, faith, rest on the say - ings of
Planting flow'rs that last, Hope, hope, with a fair bow spans the

truth di - vine,..... Faith, faith, kin - dles the stars that at
storm - y sky,..... Hope, hope, glad-dens the heart till the

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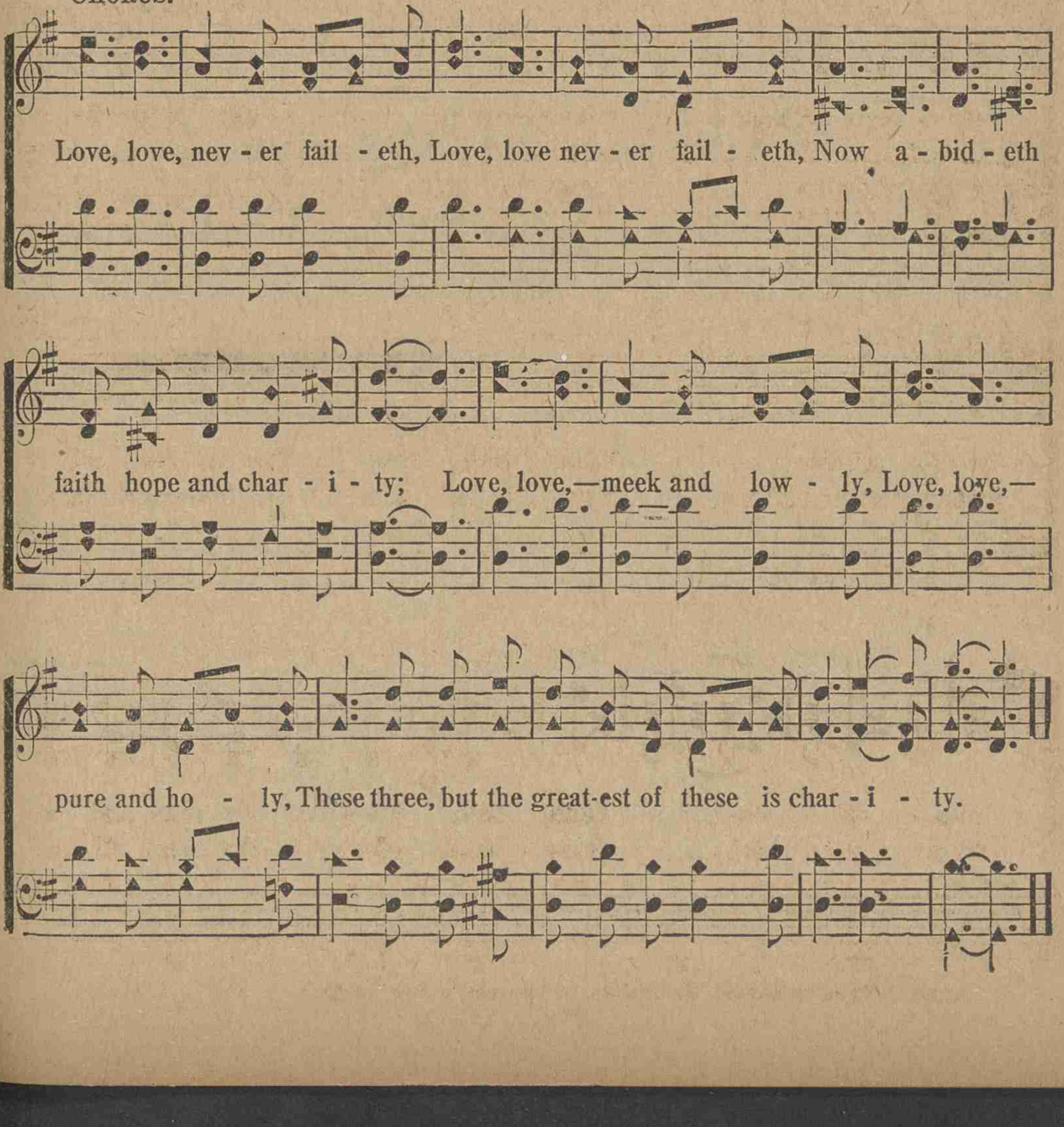
Love Never Faileth.

CHORUS.



No. 93. Wonderful The Story.

FRANCIS FOSTER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Tell it, sing it, sto-ry of the dear Re-deemer and His love.
2. Take it with you, that its words may cheer you, ev'rywhere you go,
3. Noth-ing bet - ter ev-er can be told or ev-er can be heard.

Bless-ed sto-ry of the King who came from realms of joy a-bove;
Love it, prize it, for your life with gladness it will o-ver-flow;
Wondrous blessings man-y souls are finding in His Ho-ly word;

1. Make it known ev-'vywhere this your du-ty is and mine,
1. Make it known, ev-'ry-where, and mine.
2. To the lost and the sad it is hope and comfort true,
2. To the lost and the sad, comfort true.
3. Years my go a-ges roll, it will ev-er be the same,
3. Years may go, a-ges roll, the same,

Love it, spread it, for it is the word di-vine.
Preach it, teach it to the world each day a-new.
Tell it, sing it, in the lov-ing Master's name.

Coyyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

Wonderful The Story.

CHORUS

Won - - der - ful the sto - ry, Tru - ly mar-vel-ous in -
Won-der-ful is the sto - ry, Tru - ly marvelous it

deed; All..... the world must hear it,
is in - deed; All the world, all must hear it

For its light the peo-ple need; So go and tell..... it and re-
For its glowing light the peo-ple need; Tell it out,

peat it, Precious theme of throngs a - bove; Tell it o'er and o'er,
and re - peat it, Pre - cious theme of throngs a-bove,

sing it ev - er - more, Bless - ed sto - ry of His love.

No. 94. Anchored in His Love.

FRANCIS FOSTER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. High-er, ev - er high - er are the bil-lows roll - ing, But the love of
2. Oft - en in the temp - est is His face ap - pear - ing, And His words of
3. Soul a - drift in dark-ness, ev - 'ry bil - low dread-ing, Je - sus to re-

Je - sus I am still ex - toll - ing, For He is with me, tru - ly con-
hope and cour-age I am hear - ing, For He is al - ways shield-ing and
ceive is His dear arms out-spreading, Straight for the break-ers your boat is

troll - ing And my soul is an chored in His love di - vine.
cheer - ing, And my soul is an-chored in His love di - vine.
head - ing! Come and an - chor safe - ly in His love di - vine.

CHORUS.

An - chored in the bless-ed Sav - ior's love, Nev - er
Anchored in His love, yes, an-chored in His love, Nev - er fear - ing
An - chored in the pre - cious love of Je - sus, Nev - er

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Anchored in His Love.

No. 95. Following On.

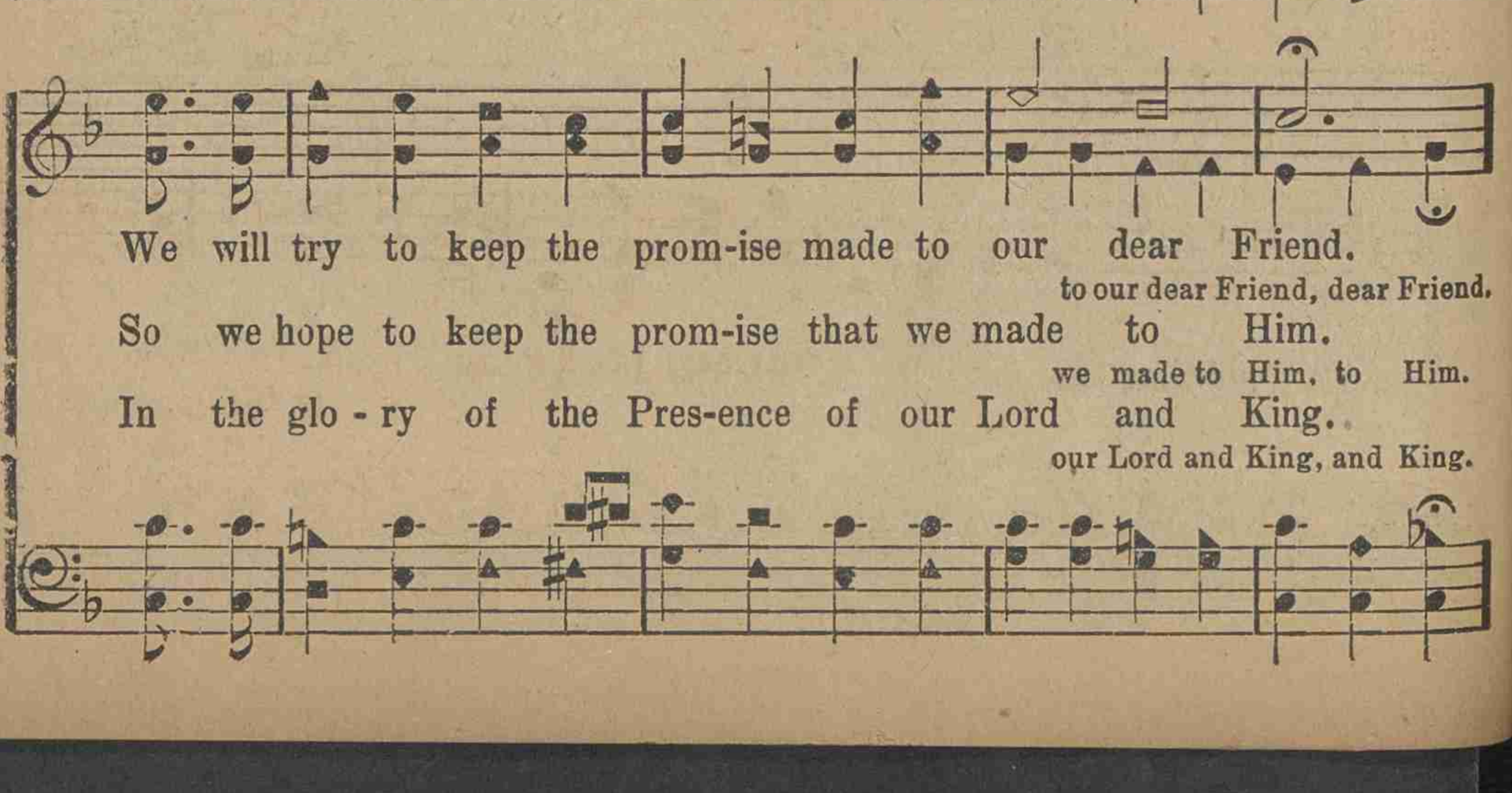
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

Met. ♩=96.

1. In the light of Christ our might-y Sav-ior, on we go,
(1) yes, on we go, we go, go,
2. He is wor-thy of our prais-es, for so good is He,
(2) so good is He, is He, He,
3. He has made us free and hap-py, so we prize His love,
(3) we prize His love, His love, love,

Help-ing those who live in dark-ness still His love to know;
His love to know, to know; know;
And if we but do His bid-ding He will keep us free;
will keep us free, us free; free;
And shall praise Him to the an-gels in the world a-bove.
the world a-bove, a-bove, above,

Till we reach the gold-en cit-y where all care shall end,
all care shall end, shall end, end,
He will lead us safe to heav-en, tho' the way be dim,
the way be dim, be dim, dim.
There with all the saved for-ev-er we shall rest and sing,
shall rest and sing, and sing, sing,



We will try to keep the prom-ise made to our dear Friend.
to our dear Friend, dear Friend, Friend.
So we hope to keep the prom-ise that we made to Him.
we made to Him, to Him, Him.
In the glo-ry of the Pres-ence of our Lord and King.
our Lord and King, and King, King.

Following On.

CHORUS. *The Alto must predominate in power.*

Fol-low-ing still, Doing His will, Leaning up-on the blessed

Following still, Doing His will, We will

Lord; Looking a - bove, Praising His love,

lean on the dear Lord; Look-ing a-bove, Praising His love,

Trying to win the great reward. Pressing a-long, Loy-al and

We will win heaven's re-ward. Pressing a-long,

strong, Un-der the wings of heav-en's Dove; Loving His

Loy-al and strong, With the blest heav-en-ly Dove;

serv-ice here, Keeping our record clear, Liv-ing in His love.

On we go, go, Liv - ing in His precious love.

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.

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. 97. To The All-Wise Father.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

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To The All-Wise Father.

CHORUS.

No. 98 Behold What Love!

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Je - sus came to earth and suf - fered and died for me, All my great trans-
2. Now from e - vil dai - ly He is de - fend - ing me, All the way His
3. In His king dom there's a bless - ed es - tate for me, Where to greet me

gres-sions free - ly to hide for me; And, when dy-ing, for a par - don He
Ho - ly Spir - it at - tend - ing me; Countless bless-ings free-ly, lov - ing - ly
my Re - deem - er will wait for me; His own hand will o - pen heav-en's own

cried for me, Oh, what love, what bound - less, match - less love!
send - ing me, Oh, what love, what bound - less, match - less love!
gate for me, Oh, what love, what bound - less, match - less love!

CHORUS.

Be - hold what love..... He has shown for
Be - hold what love

me,..... He left His home..... and His
has shown to me; He left His home

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Behold What love!

throne for me; (His throne for me;) And free - ly died (And free-ly died) to a -

tone for me, (a - tone for me,) Be - hold what

love,..... what bound - - less love!
what love,..... what boundless love, what bound-less love!

No. 99 Am I A Soldier?.

I, WATT.S FRANCIS FOST.R.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure, I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?
I'll bear the cross en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

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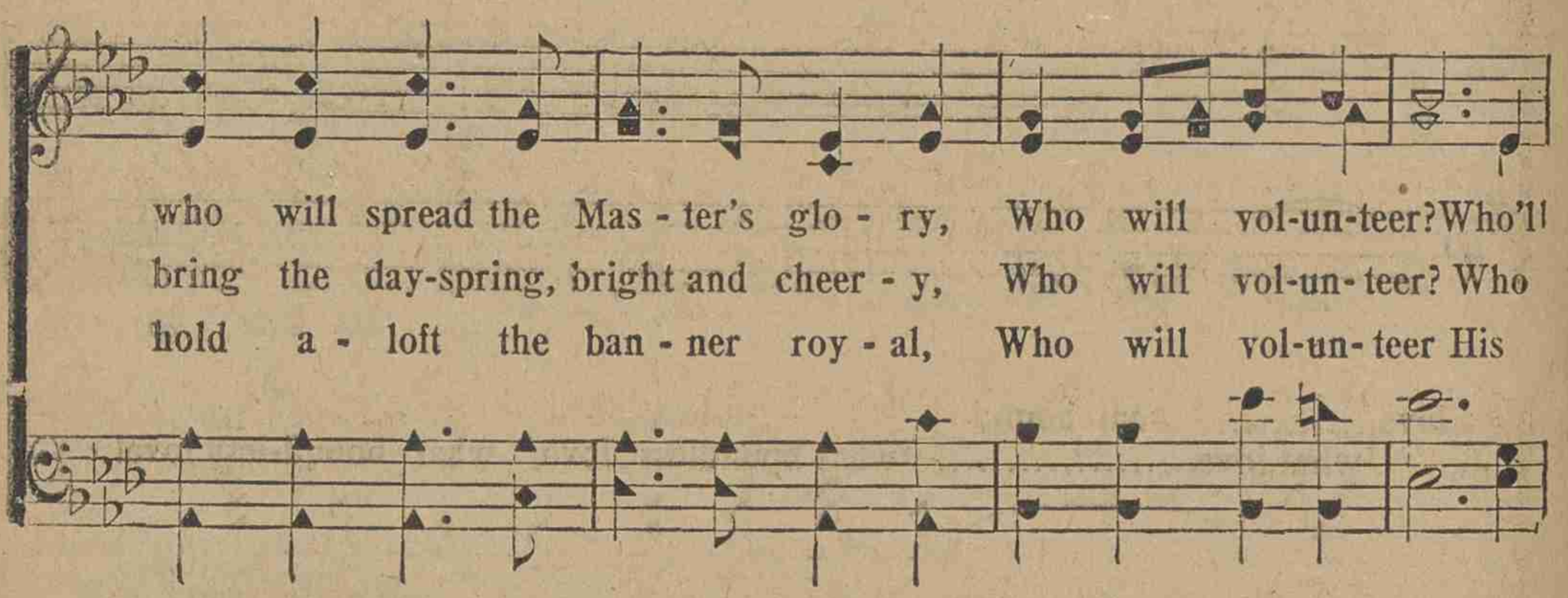
No. 100. Volunteer.

E. E. HEWITT. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. O, who will tell sal - va - tion's sto - ry? Who'll en - list for Je - sus? O,
2. Where shadows gath-er, dark and drear-y Who will work for Je - sus, To
3. O, who'll be faith-ful, true and loy - al? Who will hon - or Je - sus? To



who will spread the Mas - ter's glo - ry, Who will vol-un-teer? Who'll
bring the day-spring, bright and cheer - y, Who will vol-un- teer? Who
hold a - loft the ban - ner roy - al, Who will vol-un- teer His

lift a light to guide the stray-ing, Who'll en - list for Je - sus? To
for His sake, wfill glad - ly la - bor? Who will work for Je - sus? And
ho - ly word to guard and cher-ish, Who will hon - or Je - sus? To

those who serve, His call o - bey - ing, He is ev - er near.
car - ry joy to ev - 'ry neigh-bor, In His name so dear.
seek for Him the souls that per - ish, Till He shall ap - pear.

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Volunteer.

CHORUS.

No. 101 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 102 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 103 When we Awake in His Likeness.

FRANCIS FOSTER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. When we a - wake be - yond the roll - ing riv - er So swift, so
2. When we a - wake to all His wondrous beau - ty And see His
3. When we a - wake and in His gra-cious like - ness Dwell in the

deep,..... re - sist - less flow - ing, We shall re-joice to see our Sav-ior
face,..... sweet welcome showing, We'll take the gift His fav - or is be-
land..... to which we're go - ing; Content and joy will in our hearts be
So swift, so deep, re - sist - less flow-ing,

know-ing, That we like Him..... shall ev - er be
stow - ing,
glow - ing, That we like Him shall ev - er be.

CHORUS.

When we a-wake..... some gold - en morn,.....
When we a - wake..... some golden morn,..... Where kindling

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When we Awake in His Likeness.

Where 'adling rays..... the skies a-dorn, Our eyes shall see the matchless
rays..... the skies a-dorn,.. .....

beau - ty Of the Sav-ior whom we love And be from cares set free,
When we a -

When we a - wake..... up-on that shore,..... Where ransomed
wake..... up - on that shore,..... Where ransomed souls.....

souls..... shall die no more, But in the like-ness of His
shall die no more,.....

glo - ry There shall dwell e - ter - nal-ly, How glad our hearts will be.....
our hearts will be.

No. 104 Joy, The Prince of Peace Has Come.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Joy! the blessed Prince of Peace has come To earth with its sorrow, sin and pain,
2. Joy! the blessed Prince of Peace has come To ran-som a fal - len race of men,
3. Joy! the blessed Prince of Peace has come And man - y a-wea-ried, lone and sad,

From each heart the load to lift, And glad - ness to re-store a - gain;
With His grace their hearts to strengthen Nev - er - more to sin a - gain;
He has cheered and com - fort-ed, And by His pres-ence made them glad;

Long the world had sighed for peace and rest, And suffered great ag - o - ny and woe,
All who trust His mighty pow'r to save, The love of the Lord shall feel and know;
By the working of His life di - vine They un - to His like-ness dai - ly grow;

The Prince of Peace Has come the reign of sin to o - ver - throw,
The Prince of Peace, The Prince of Peace has come, earth's sin to o - ver - throw.

CHORUS.

Joy, the Prince of Peace has come, Joy,..... the
Joy,..... the Prince, thePrince of Peace has come,

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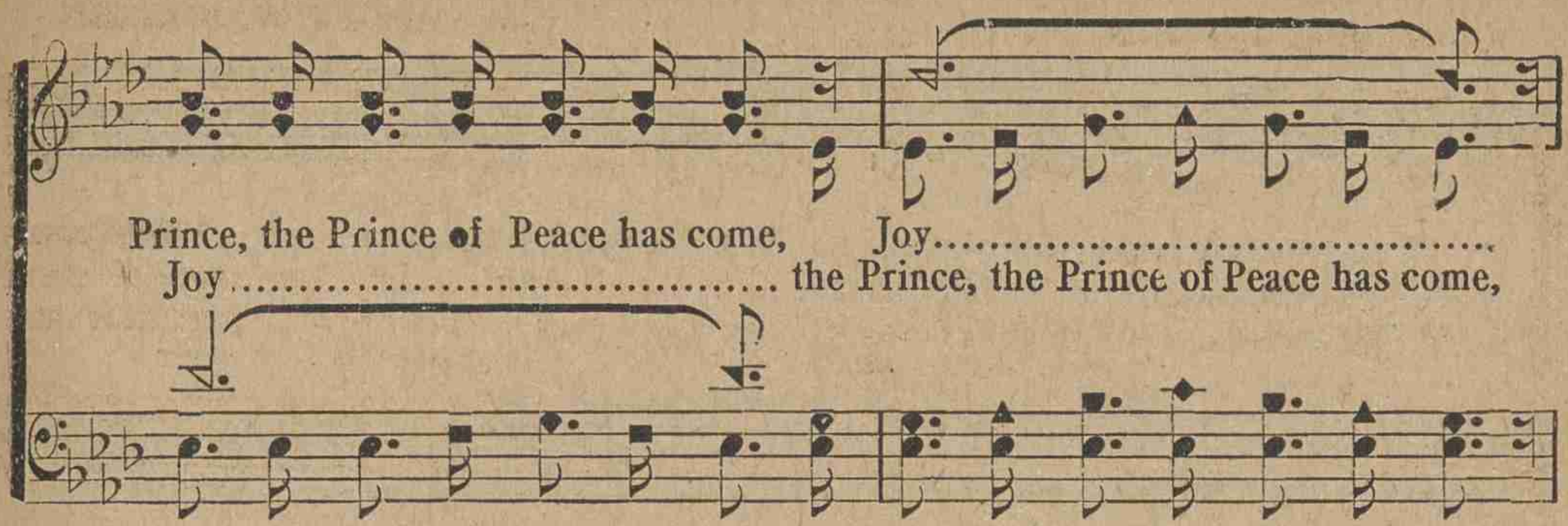
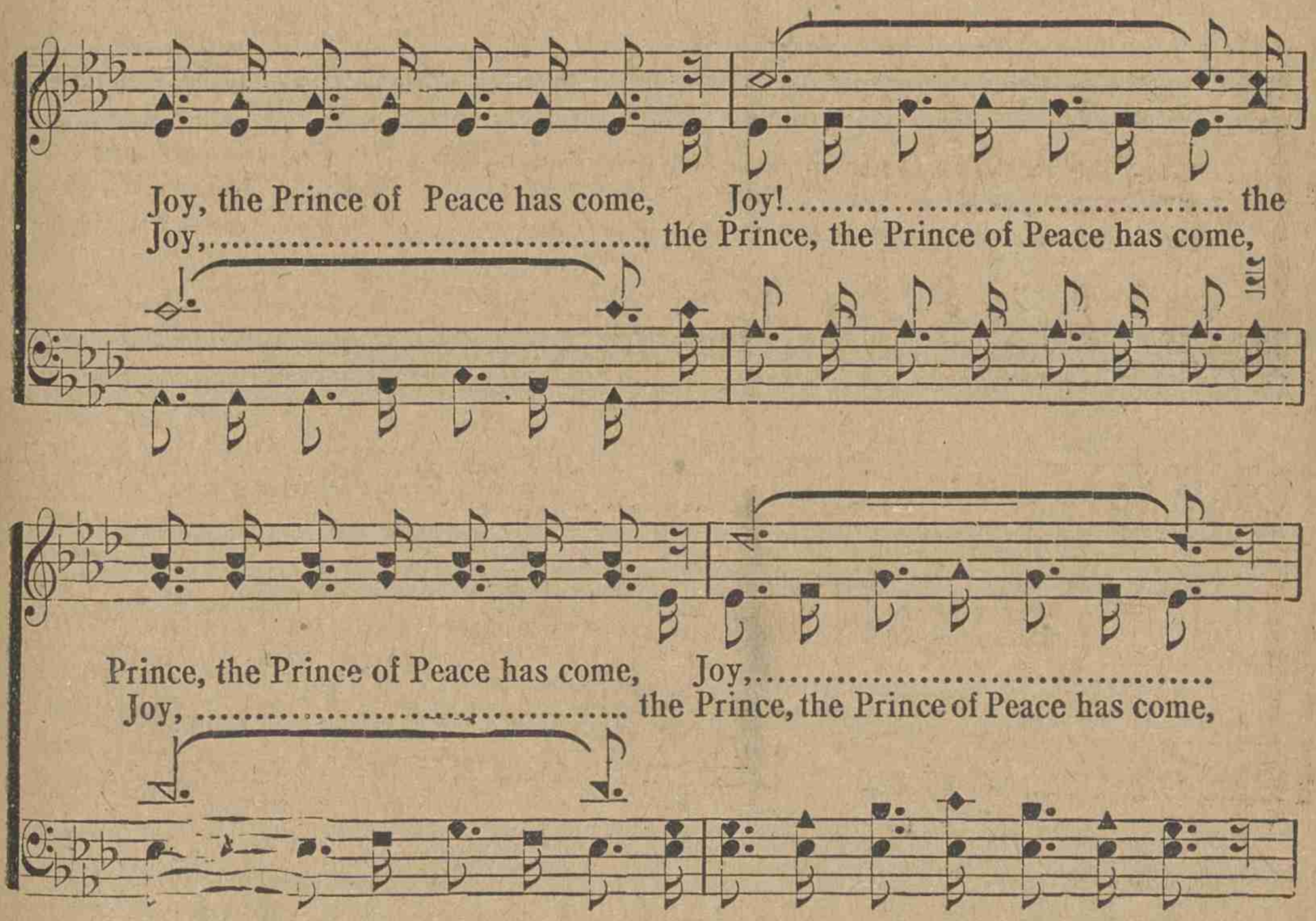
Joy, The Prince of Peace Has Come.





No. 105 By His Power all Was Made.

FRANCIS FOSTER SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. By His pow'r all was made, All the earth and air and vaulted sky,
2. By His pow'r all was made, In the thunder's roar His tones are heard,
3. By His pow'r all was made, Ev-'ry man to Him owes life and breath.

By His pow'r all was made,

Light and dark, sun and shade, Speak of Him the Lord most high;
Light and dark sun and shade,
Hearts may shrink, sore a-fraid, When His voice their depts has stirred;
Hearts may shrink, sore a-fraid,
All our fear He has stayed, In the trag-ic realm of death;
All our fear He has stayed,

Frowning crags, beetling rocks, By His strength ma-jes tic stand,
Frowning crags, beetling rocks,
Yet they know He is God, All His works proclaim His might,
Yet they know He is God,
Far a - bove earthly clouds, He has set a kingdom fair,
Far a-bove earthly clouds,

He has formed a cra - dle for the sea And has steadfastly placed the land.
And the sons of earth acknowledge Him, Yield - ing Him a Cre- a- tor's right.
Where He reigns supreme o'er all the hosts Who in glo - ry are gathered here.

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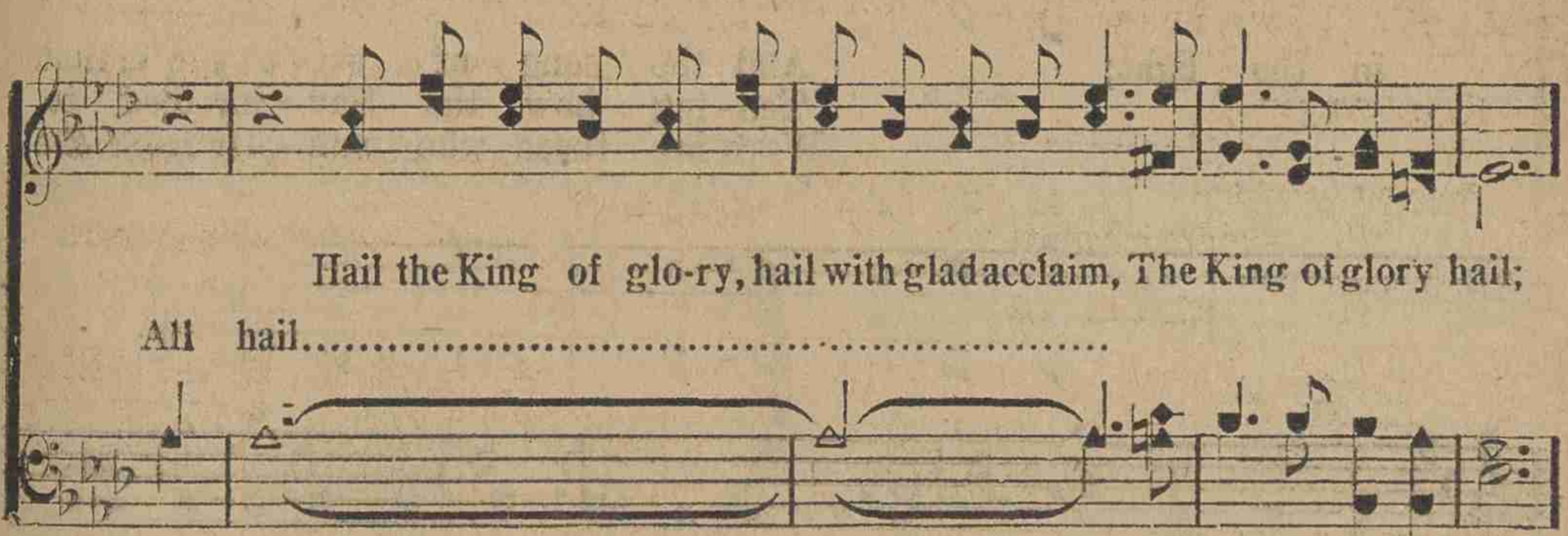
By His Power all Was Made.

CHORUS.

By His pow'r the world was made, By His strength it is firmly stayed.

By His pow'r By His strength



Hail the King of glo-ry, hail with glad acclaim, The King of glory hail;

All hail.....

By His pow'r He formed the sea, Un-to Him shall do-min-ion be;

By His pow'r Un-to Him

All hail..... The King of glory, hail,

All hail the King of glo-ry, mag-ni-fy His name, The (*Omit*.....,) King of glory hail.

106 Going On in the Light.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. With the world's true Lead-er, our e - ter - nal King, Go-ing on
2. Turned a - way from pleasures that de - file the soul,
3. Lay - ing up true treasures for the bet - ter day,
4. Mak - ing known the sweet-est sto - ry ev - er told,

Go - ing on in the light;

And the song of vic - t'ry o'er and
Tell - ing how the Sav - ior died to
Warn-ing those who wan - der from the
Sure that Christ will pass us thro' the

in the light;

o'er we sing, Go - ing on in the light, Beau-ti-ful light.
make us whole,
gos - pel way,
gates of gold,

Go - ing on in the light.

CHORUS.

Serv - - - - ing God's e - ter - nal Son,
Serv - ing day by day God's e - ter - nal Son,

Serv - - - - - - - ing Je - sus,

Prais - - - - ing Him for bat - tles won,
Prais - ing Him for all the pierc - ing bat - tles won,

To glo - ry

Going On in the Light.

Go - ing on in the light, heed - ing each com-

heed - ing each com-

mand; . . . .

Hap - - - - - py

Hap - py all the while

mand while trav - el - ing heav - en - ward;

with His pres - ence near,

with His pres - ence near,

Hap - - - - - py

Hap - py in His serv - ice,

In..... His pres - ence,

in His serv - ice dear,

in His serv - ice dear,

Go - ing on

Oh,..... so hap - py,

in the light to the bet - ter land.

No. 107 Lead Us On.

FRANCIS FOSTER. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

1. In the path that takes the soul to its homeland fair, Lead us on,
2. In the hour when fears a-rise, as the foes at - tack,
3. That we all may join the friends that have gone be-fore, Lead us on,

lead us on, To the place where saints a-dore and Thy glory share.
That we still may fol-low Thee, nev-er turning back.
lead us on, And that end-less praise to Thee, we may all outpour,

CHORUS.

Lead us on, on, on, on,
lead us on. lead us on. Lead us on..... in the light of Thy

in Thy love, To the gates bright a-bove;
love, To the gates..... of Thy palace a-bove; Lead us

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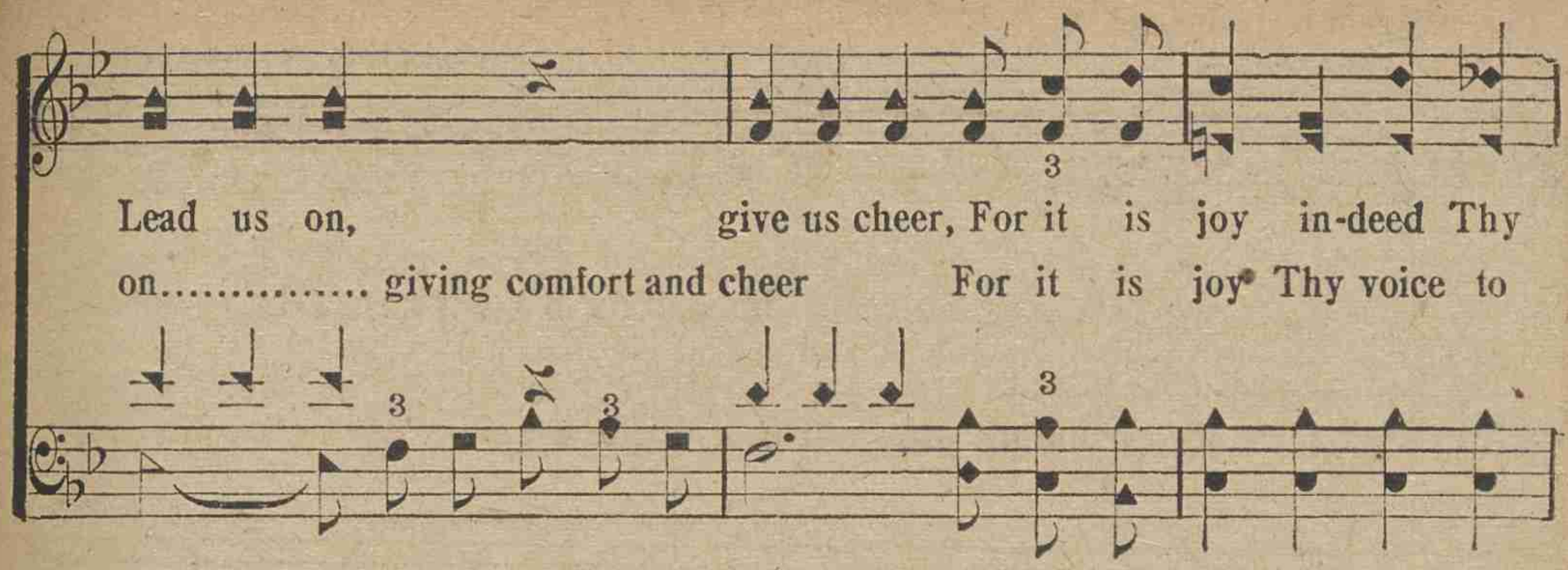
Lead Us On.


Lead us on, give us cheer, For it is joy in-deed Thy
on..... giving comfort and cheer For it is joy Thy voice to

voice to hear, on, on, on, we'll not stray,
hear, Lead us on,..... then we never shall stray, From the

From the bright nar-row way, Till we rest,
bright..... and beau-ti-ful way, Till we rest,..... with our tri-als all

tri - als gone, Bless - ed Je - sus lead us on.
gone, lead us on.

No. 108 When You and I Get Home.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. JOHN M. DYE.

1. A few more days for you and me, A few more miles to roam,
2. Tho' now we face life's storm-y blast, Tho' bil-lows round us foam,
3. If oft the way be dark as night, No stars in heav-en's dome,
4. The friends that left us long a-go, When Je-sus bade them "Come,"
5. Then let us work and do our best While here on earth we roam,

Then we will shout the vic-to-ry, When you and I get home.
Our cares will all be o-ver past, When you and I get home.
We'll dwell in ev-er-last-ing light, When you and I get home.
Each pre-cious face we'll see and know, When you and I get home.
Then O how sweet will be our rest, When you and I get home.

REFRAIN.

When you and I get home,.. When you and I get home, With joy we'll
When you and I get home, When you and I get home,

shout the vic-to-ry, When you and I get home; you and I get home.
get home; get home.

Copyright, 1905, by John M. Dye.

No. 109 I'm For The King.

JAMES ROWE. T. B. MOSLEY,

With vigor.

1. Two might - y forc - es are met in the land, One is en - slav-
2. Sin is de - prav - ing the weak and the sad, Sink-ing them low-
3. I will be loy - al, what-e'er may be - tide, Help-ing to car-

ing, and one makes free; Which do you fa - vor, for which do you stand?
er from day to day; Christ is up - lift - ing and mak - ing men glad,
ry His flag unfurled; Close to the cross then shall my soul a - bide,

REFRAIN.

I'm for the King who has died for me.
Guiding their souls in the glo - ry way. I'm for the King who has died for me,
Giv-ing His light to the sin-ful world.

Rit.....

I'm for the Sav - ior who made me free, "Je - sus for - ev - er!"

a tempo.

my war - cry shall be, I'm for the King who has died for me.

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110. Sing His Praise Aloud.

S. W. B.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

(1) Sing His praise a-loud, Glo - ri - fy His name,

1. Sing His praise a-loud, Glo - ri - fy His name,
2. Sing His praise a-loud, Sing in triumph now,
3. Sing His praise a-loud, Do not hold your peace,

With bounding hearts de-clare His glo - ry, Mag - ni - fy His fame;
Ye chil-dren of the heav'n-ly king-dom, To His scep-tre bow;
Tell all the world that He is gra-cious, Sing and do not cease;

Sing His praise a-loud, Sing, nor si - lent stay,

Sing His praise a-loud, Sing, nor si-lent stay,
Sing His praise a-loud And indeed re-joice,
Sing His praise a-loud, Joyful anthems raise,

The might-y Ru - ler of the na-tions Claims your song to - day.
And in the con-flict of the a - ges Make this King your choice.
Till ev - 'ry land takes up the cho-rus Of your hymn of praise.

Sing His Praise Aloud.

CHORUS.

No. 111 Sweet Old Story.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. There is a sto - ry pre-cious to me, Pre-cious I know, it ev - er will be,
2. Naught else can give such songs in the night, Naught else can make the home-path so bright,
3. Foes may sur-round me, I shall not fear, For my Redeemer's voice I shall hear,

For it has come from heav-en a - bove And is the sto - ry of Je-sus' love.
Or give to souls such strength for the strife, Like His e - ter - nal mes-sage of life.
Cheering me with His mes-sage of love, And I am sure He watch-es a-bove.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed sweet old sto - ry,
Oh, it is so sweet and bright, So full of truth and hope and light, It
Of the King of glo - ry,
al - ways gives me what I need Of com-fort sweet when it I need, Yes,

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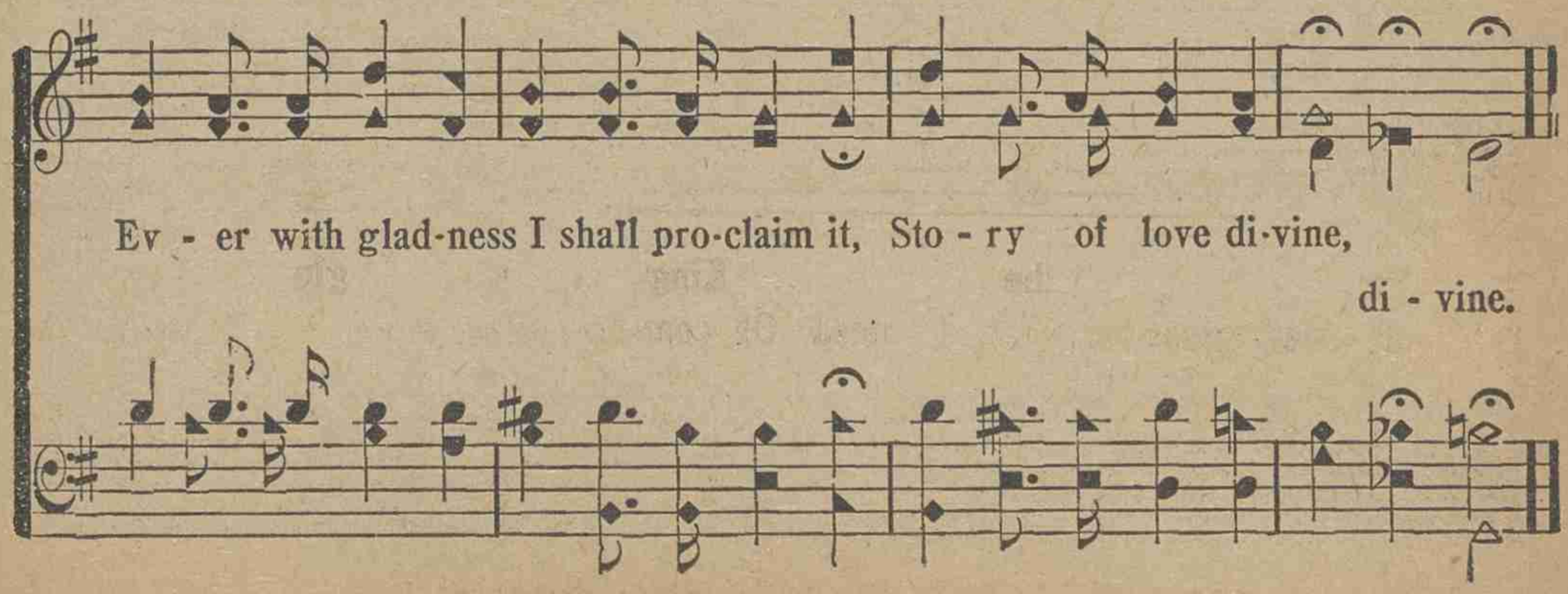
Sweet Old Story.



No. 112 On the Cross of Calvary.

CARROLL KING. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. What a bless-ed sto - ry for the world! God's own Son has died up-on the cross,
2. Love like His was nev - er known be-fore, It amazed the ones who nailed Him there;
3. Bless-ed cross, with joy we look to thee, While our hearts go out in love to Him;

That the standard of the foe be furled, And he- ations saved rom endless loss,
Mil-lions now ex - alt Him and a - dore, And or Him have songs and praise to spare,
For His dy - ing there has made us free, And made right the way that was so dim,

Oh, re-peat it o'er and o'er a - gain, Make it clear-ly known to dy-ing men;
'Tis in - deed a sto - ry to be told Ev-'ry-where, to youthful and to old;
Bless-ed cross, thy light is shin-ing still, And thy beams the whole wide world shall fill;

Home and throne and life He free - ly gave, Sin-ners from death to save.
On the cross, our sin and shame to hide, Je - sus was cru - ci - fied.
For on thee the Son of God was slain, Our sin - ful souls to gain.

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On the Cross of Calvary.

CHORUS. *Bass to predominate in power.*

No. 113 Pull For The Shore.

LAURENE HIGHFIED. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Swiftly flows the rushing stream of time Bear-ing you a - long up - on its crest;
2. On the shore there stands a lof-ty tower 'Tis the church of God, which fears no shock;
3. Time is ev - er rush-ing on and on But the church will stand e - ter - nal - ly,
2. He who seeks the kingdom of his God Shall e - ter - nal life e'en now be - gin;

To the right there lies a land sublime Where your stormtossed soul can safely rest.
Time can never shake its lasting pow'r It is built up - on a sol - id rock.
'Tis the kingdom of the Lord di-vine, Un - to it for re-fuge quick-ly flee.
Pull then strongly ere the day is gone, Leave behind the shoals of woe and sin.

CHORUS.

Pull, pull for the shore The cur-rent bears you
Pull, pull for the shore..... pull for the shore,

swift - ly on, Pull, pull for the shore, The
Pull, pull for the shore,..... pull for the shore,

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Pull For The Shore.

day is al - most gone; Why care - less float a -
is near-ly gone,

down the stream Where cru - el rocks their heads up - lift?

Pull a-way, for the shore, Why lon - ger i - dly drift.
Pull a-way, for the shore, i-dly drift.

No. 52. Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. CARROLL KING.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow;
2. No mor tal can with Him compare, A- mong the sons of men;
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re lief;
4. Since from His bount-y I re-ceive Such proof of love di - vine;

His head with ra-diant glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
Fair - er is He than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train.
For me He bore the shame-ful cross And car - ried all my grief.
Had I a thousand hearts to give, Lord they should all be Thine.

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114. Join in Exultation.

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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

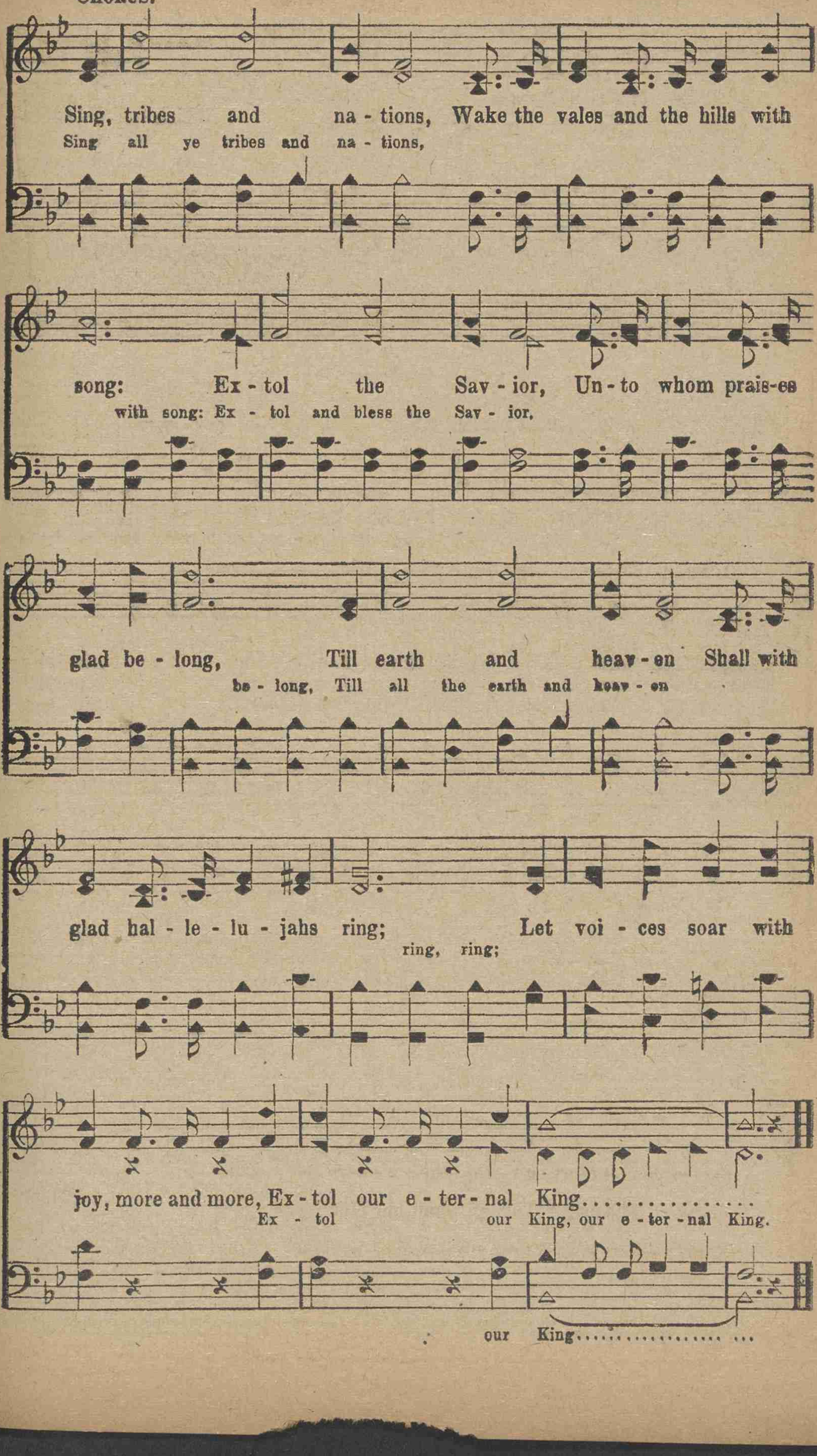
vales to - day With mu - sic ring; Let voi - ces soar with
praise is He, For - ev - er - more; His love pro - claim, give
hearts' best praise—A - dor - ing, sing; With heart and voice pro -

joy, more and more, Ex - tol the e - ter - nal King.....
praise to His name, Till all shall our God a - dore.....
claim Him our choice, Our great and e - ter - nal King.....

Our King, our e - ter - nal King.
All na - tions our God a - dore.
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.

Join In Exultation.

CHORUS.



No. 115. Love Divine.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

(1.) Love di - vine, pre - cious love,

1. Love di - vine, pre-cious love, Which the Fa - ther
2. Love di - vine, ho - ly love, On our lives it
3. Love di - vine, per - fect love, May our lives re -

Like a star in the night,

hath on us bestowed, Like a star, in the night,
sheds its rays sub-lime; Clear and bright is the flame
flect thy ho - ly light, That has shone on our way,

Love di - vine,

Came in bright-ness and in beauty glowed; Love di-vine, bound-less
That will not grow dim with pass-ing time; Love di-vine, sa - cred
And has made the high-way fair and bright; Love di-vine, end - less

bound-less love,

love, Love that gave the Christ for us to die, That we might be-
love, Purge us now from ev - 'ry stain and sin; Cleanse our hearts and
love, Help us light the path for oth - ers, too, That their feet may

come the chil-dren of the Lord, And be called the sons of God most high.
fit them for a dwelling-place, That the Lord of truth may en - ter in.
safe - ly tread the upward way, Till the realms of glo - ry meet their view.

Love Divine.

REFRAIN.

Oh, love di - vine, won-der - ful love di -
Oh, love di - vine, sweet, ten - der love, gra - cious, ho - ly

vine, . . . Thy ho - ly light doth on our path -
love di-vine, Thy bless - ed light doth on us shine, bless - ed

way shine; . . . The love that gave Je - sus the
light doth on us shine; The love that gave the Christ to die,

Christ to die, Sure - ly will lead our
love that gave the Christ to die, Sure - ly leads our

foot - steps to Him on high. . . .
way - ward foot - steps to Him who lives and rules on high.

No. 116. Jehovah Reigneth, Hallelujah.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Sing for joy, sing for joy, The Lord Je - ho-vah reign-eth;
2. Sing for joy, sing for joy, The Lord is great and glo-rious;
3. Sing for joy, sing for joy, Je - ho-vah's grace is end - less;

Sing for joy, sing for joy.

Be ye glad, be ye glad, His king-dom firm re - main - eth;
Be ye glad, be ye glad, His hosts shall be vic - to - rious;
Be ye glad, be ye glad, He whom we serve is sin - less;

Be ye glad, be ye glad.

Oh, re-joice, Oh, re-joice, Make His praise your chief en-
Oh, re-joice, Oh, re-joice, That His en - sign goes be-
Oh, re-joice, Oh, re-joice, That His watchcare is un-

Oh, re-joice, Oh, re-joice.

deav - or; Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King! Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King!
fore you; Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King! Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King!
ceas - ing; Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King! Hal - le - lu - jah, hail your King!

REFRAIN.

He will live and rule for - ev - er.
Who in wis - dom watch-es o'er you. Je - ho - vah reign-eth! Hal - le-
Still His king-dom is in - creas - ing.

Jehovah Reigneth, Hallelujah.

lu - jah, hal - le-lu-jah! Je - ho - vah reigneth! Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le- lu - jah!

The u - ni-verse is His do-main, The heav'ns His works contain;
Hail, hail your

Hail, hail your King, . . . hail, hail your King, . . . Bow to His
King, . . . hail, hail your King, . . . Bow to His sov - 'reign

sov - 'reign gra - cious will; Hail, hail your King, . . .
gra - cious will; . . . Hail, hail your King, ... hail, hail your

. . . Hail, hail your King, who rul-eth still! A - men.
King, ... who lives and rul - eth, rul-eth still! A - men. (A-men.)

No. 117 Sing of His Love Everlasting.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

Carroll King. **M. J. Worthington.**

1. Christ the Lord is win - ning ev - 'ry na - tion, Caus - ing grop - ing
2. Bright-en - ing the world with light su - per - nal, Caus - ing ev - 'ry
3. Won - der - ful Re-deem - er, we a - dore Thee, Praise u - nit - ing

souls the light to see, Fill - ing man - y hearts with ad - o - ra - tion,
drea - ry place to shine, Prom - is - ing the peo - ple life e - ter - nal,
with the throng a - bove. In Thy Ho - ly Pre-sence, bow be - fore Thee,

CHORUS

By the love that makes the sinner free. Praise His love ev - er-last-ing,
If they will but trust His love di - vine.
Ev - er shall our souls ex - tol Thy love. Sing.... of His love everlast - ing

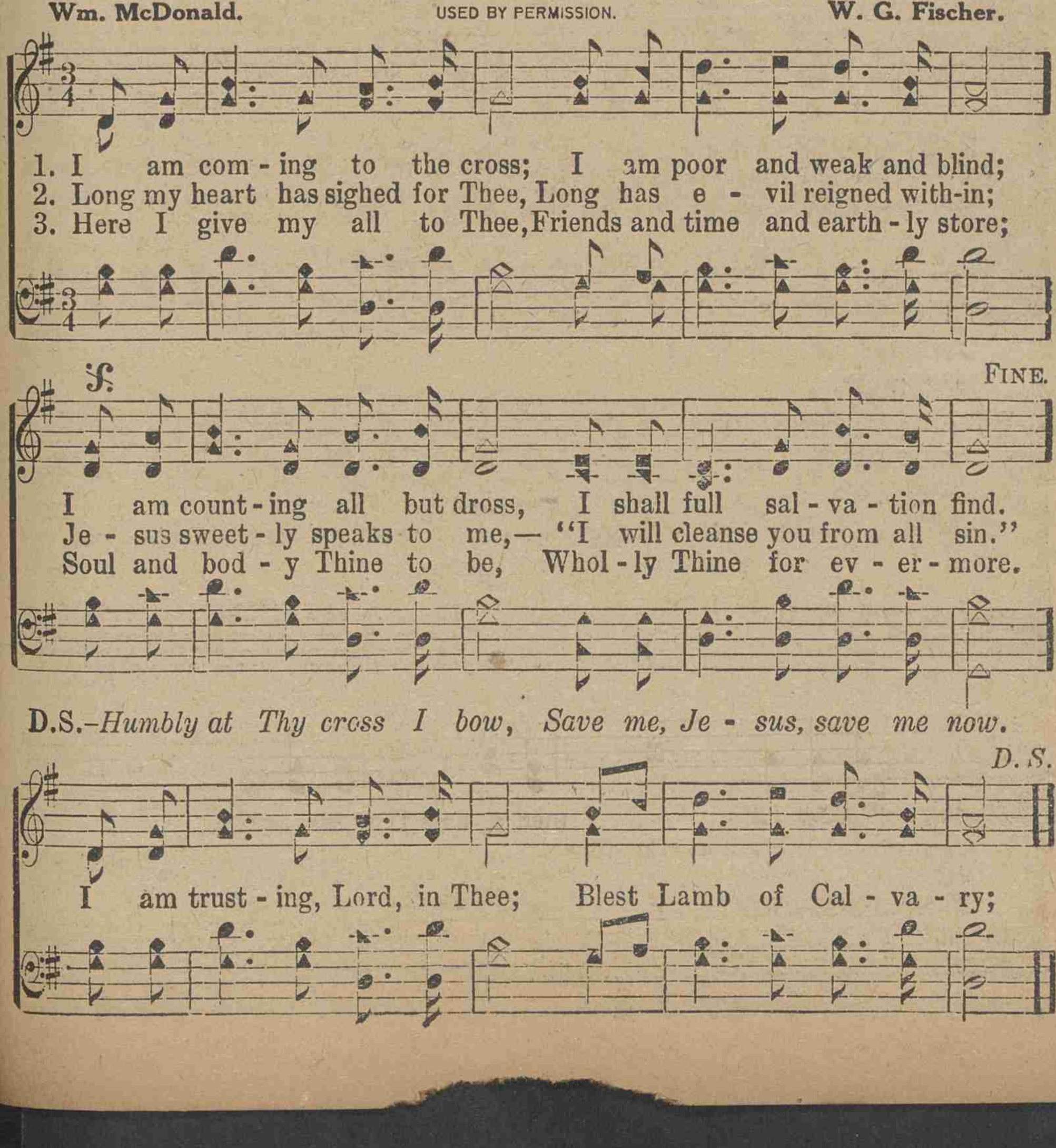
Love that lifts ev-'ry na-tion, Give to Him hon-or,
Love that is lifting each na - tion, Give.... to Him honor and glo-

glo-ry, Wonder-ful! men a - dore Him, Sing of Him,
ry, Won - derful Savior of men, Sing of the Rul-er e-

Sing of His Love Everlasting.

No. 118 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. **W. G. Fischer.**



FINE.

D. S.

No 119 You Can Shine Where You Are.

JAMES BOWL. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Not up - on some hill-top do you have to live, That your light may send its gol - den beams a - far, If you burn it stead - i - ly, Oth - er
2. In the val - ley you may spend your earth-ly days, On your life may sor - row leave its deep-est scar, Yet if you but burn your light, God will
3. There are man - y grop-ing in the darkness still, Man - y who from you are nev - er ver - y far, So crave not a high-er place, Give it

lives your light will see, You can brightly shine for Je - sus where you are.
guide its rays a - right, You can brightly shine for Je - sus where you are.
out, the light of grace, You can brightly shine for Je - sus where you are.

REFRAIN.

You can shine, shine, shine where you are, You can shine for Je - sus your Re-deem-er,
shine, shine, shine like a star; Oh, you do not have to be,
shine as brightly as the morn-ing,

Property of H. F. Morris. Atlanta, Ga.

You Can Shine Where You Are. Concluded.

No. 120 Jesus Bids Us Shine.

ARR. HOMER F. MORRIS.

No. 121 In the Resurrection Morning.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the res-ur-rec-tion morning makes the hills and valleys bright, We shall
2. With our faces bright with glo-ry in the pres-ence of the Lord, We shall
3. With our garments bright and spotless and our souls made pure by grace, We shall
4. To a-bide with Him for-ev-er in the kingdom of the blest, We shall

We shall rise, we shall rise;
rise, we shall rise; When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound o'er
rise, we shall rise; To as-cend with Him to heaven, there to
rise, we shall rise; To be-hold Him in His beau-ty with the
rise, we shall rise; To ex-tol Him thro' the a-ges, in our

ev'ry plain and height, We shall rise, we shall rise.
have the true reward,
ran-somed of the race, We shall rise, we shall rise.
pal-ac-es of rest,

CHORUS.

We shall rise, we shall rise, We shall rise to meet our
We shall rise, we shall rise, In the res-ur-rec-tion

1. Sav-ior in the skies, hal-le-lu-jah! morn-ing we shall rise.
2. we shall rise.

No. 122 Bring the Grain to the King.

James Rowe. A. L. CARPENTER, OWNER, 1916. A. L. Carpenter.

1. Reap - ers, are you work-ing in the har - vest - field to - day,
Serv - ing the Re - deem - er while the gold - en sun-beams play?

2. Do not waste your mo-ments in the i - dle mar - ket place;
To the dy - ing sin - ner tell the sto - ry of His grace;

3. Man - y souls are wait - ing— in the vales they stop and grieve—
Pre - cious grain which Je - sus now is wait - ing to re - ceive;

Life is pass - ing swift - ly, soon the shad-ows dark will fall,—
Take his hand and lead him to the Sav - ior cru - ci - fied,
Have you ev - er sought them on the des - ert wild and dim?

Have you an - y grain to bring in an - swer to His call?
Who for ev - 'ry sin - ner left His throne and free - ly died.
Are you real - ly bring-ing an - y pre - cious grain to Him?

CHORUS.

Bring the grain to the King, Gold-en sheaves reap and bring;
Bring the grain to the King, Gold-en sheaves reap and bring;

No. 123 AT THE SAVIOUR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. E. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. By per.

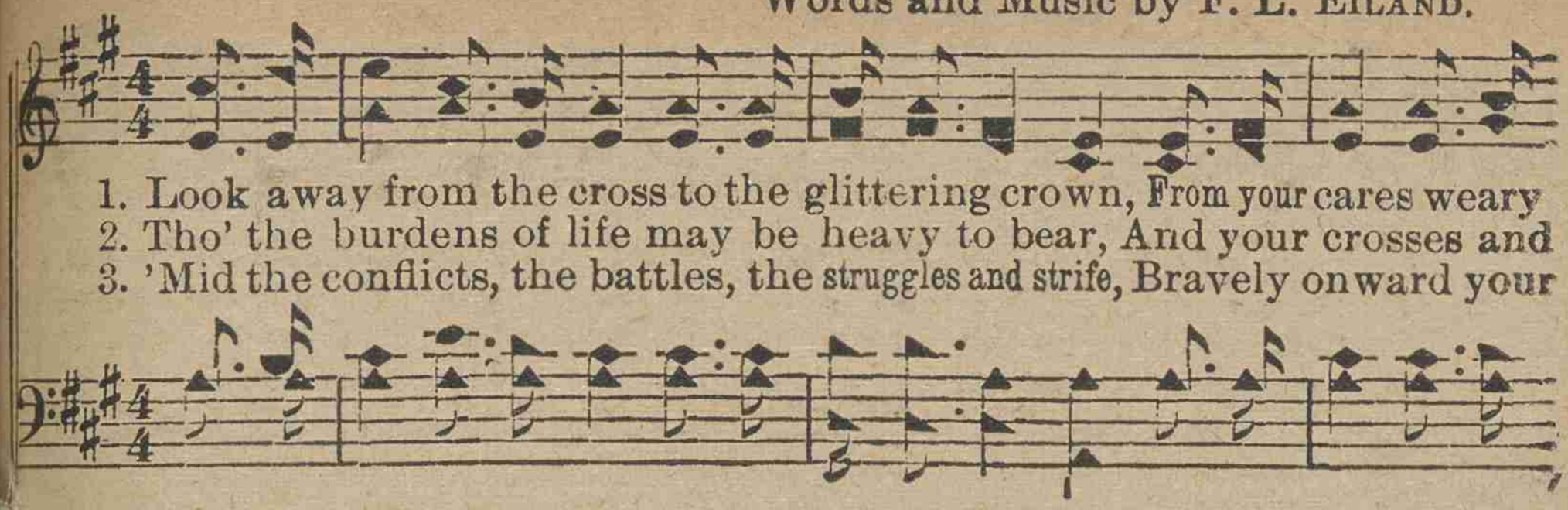
1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough-ly fanned, Then the right-eous shall shine as the stars in the sky, And their pla-ces shall be at the Saviour's right hand.
2. But the wick - ed who will not re-pent and be - lieve, And will nev - er live up to the Mas-ter's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un- wor - thy to be With the children of God at the Saviour's right hand.
3. We are jour - ney-ing on to e - ter - ni-ty, now, On the bank of death's riv - er we sometime shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the dark roll-ing flood, Lest our por-tion be not at the Saviour's right hand.
4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And with crowns on our brows, and with branch-es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Saviour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me . . . find a place with that . . hap-py band,
Let me find a place with that hap-py band, Let me find a place with that happy band,
Who shall ev - er a - bide, . . At the Sav - iour's right hand.
Who shall ever abide at the Saviour's right hand, abide at the Saviour's right hand.

No 124 FROM THE CROSS TO THE CROWN.

Words and Music by F. L. EILAND.



By per. of F. L. Eiland.

No. 125 DON'T YOU WANT TO BE READY?

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

Words and music by F. L. EILAND.

1. O there is a time when the mes-sage will come, Don't you want to be
2. To - day is the day of sal - va - tion for all, Can you say you are
3. O yes, there's a time when the mes-sage will come, Are you will - ing and

read-y to go? O sin - ner, the Sav-iour in - vites you to - day, Will you
read-y to go? A home and a crown is a - wait - ing for thee, Will you
read-y to go? This mo-ment the Sav - iour is plead - ing for thee, Sin - ner,

CHORUS.

hear and be read-y to go? Read - - y to go,
come and be read-y to go?
say, are you read-y to go? Watching and waiting and read-y to go, Don't you

1

Read - - y to go, Don't you want to be read-y to
want to be wait - ing and read-y to go? yes,

2

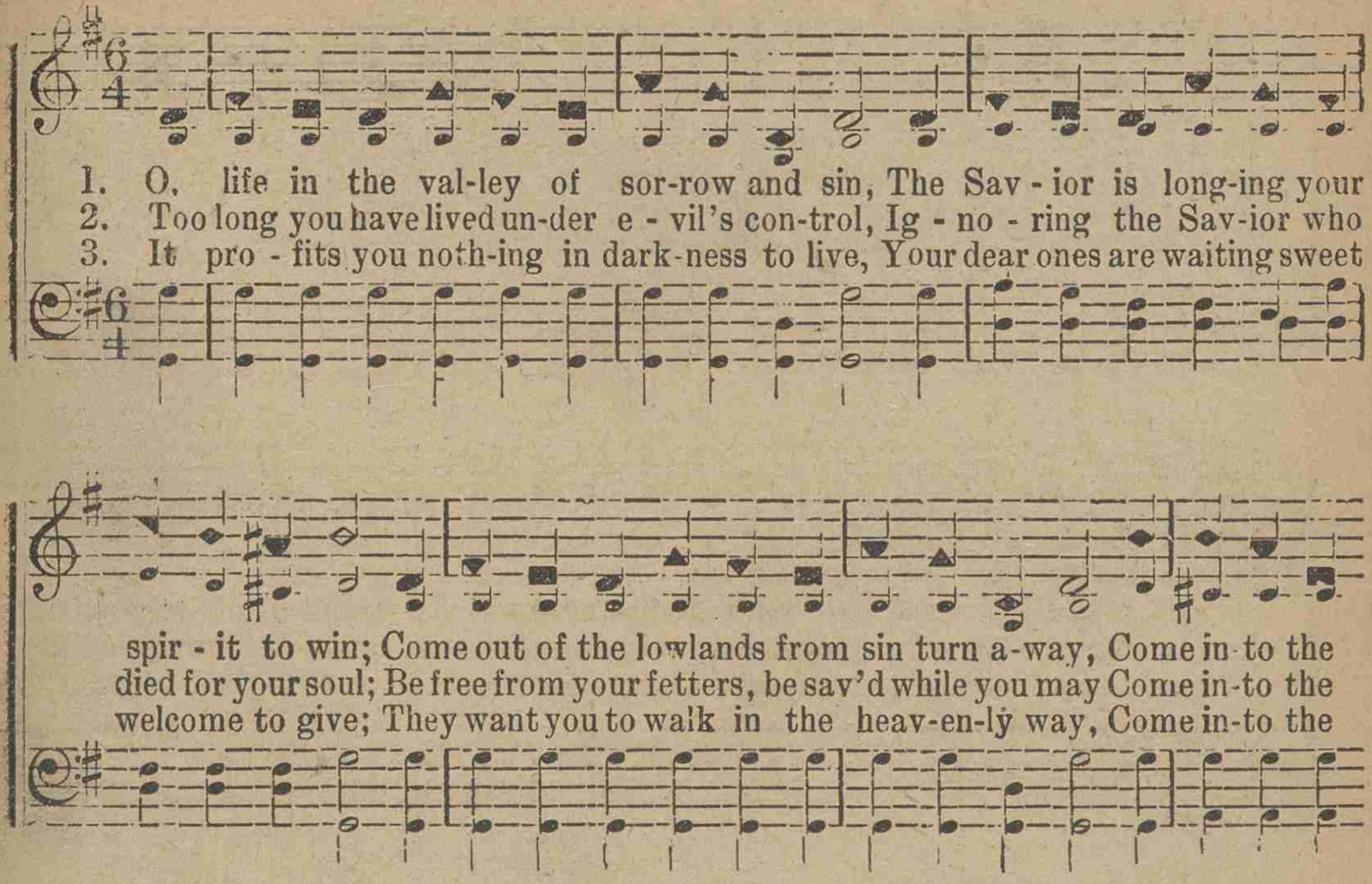
go? go?..... Don't you want to be read-y to go?
read-y to go? read-y to go?

Copyright, 1895, by F. L. Eiland.

No. 126 Come Into The Love-light.

JAMES ROWE. HOMER F. MORRIS.

Unison or Baritone.



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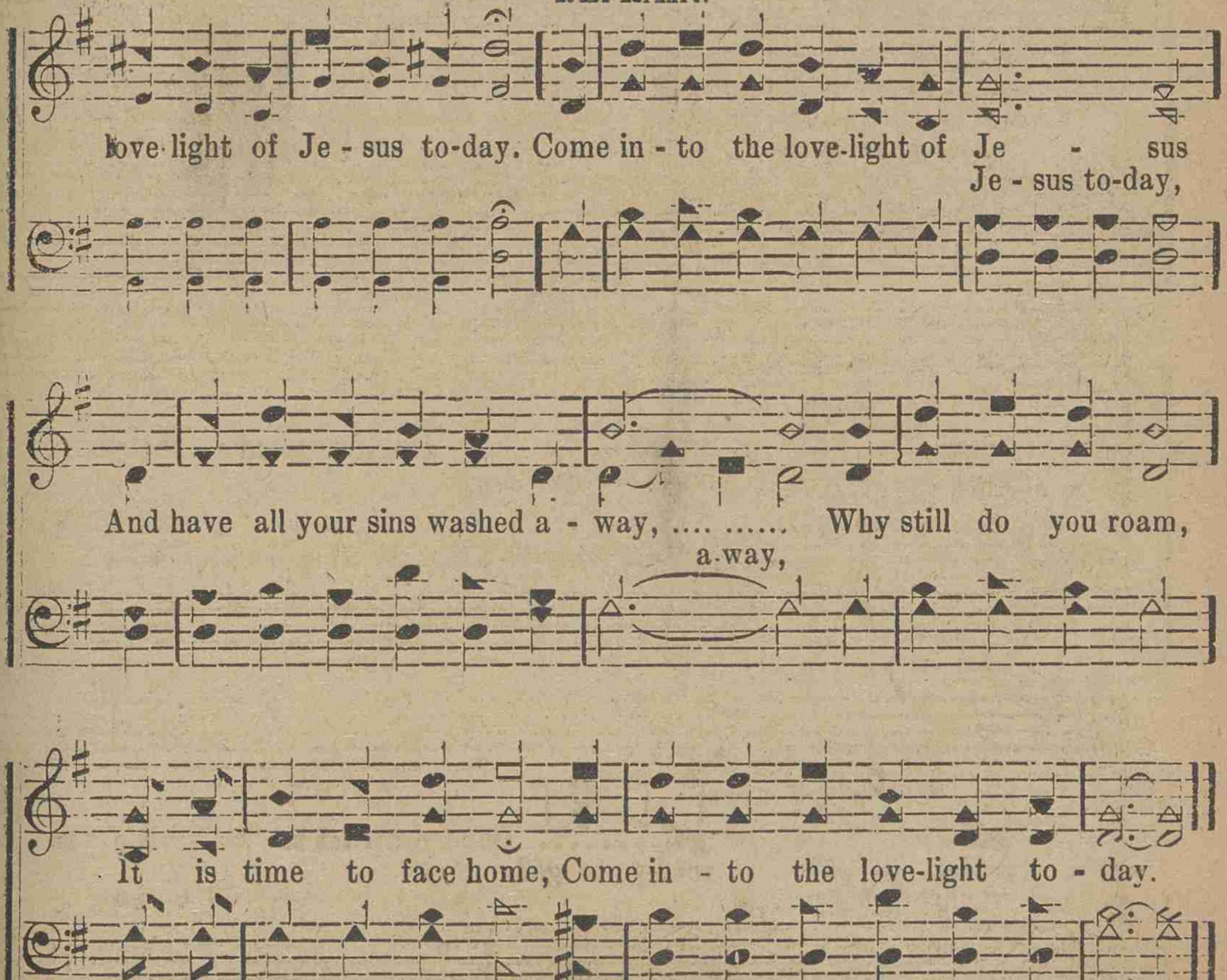


Property of H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga.

No. 127 Proclaim Him.

James Rowe. A. F. GANUS, OWNER, 1915. A. F. Ganus.

1. Go forth, ye heralds of the Lord, With truth's bright flag unfurled, And preach the ev - er-last-ing word To all the sin - ful world. In strains of joy re-peat the name Of Him who makes men whole; His mer - cy sweet and love pro-claim
2. His arms of love are o - pen still, Sal - va - tion still is free; The high, the low, and all who will, Re-deemed by Him may be. Go forth, ye heralds, loy-al prove, Till sin and doubt shall end; To all the world make known the love,
3. Some morning, where the angels praise The One we fol - low here, Ho - san - nas new we all shall raise In tones more sweet and clear; And there the brightness of His face And glo - ry we shall see, And sing in praise of sav - ing grace

CHORUS.

To ev - 'ry need-y soul. Pro-claim Him, pro-claim Him, And point the
Of man's e - ter-nal Friend.
For all e - ter - ni - ty. Pro-claim the King, the King of love,
lost a - bove; Till sav-ing grace have freed the race, Proclaim the King of love.

No. 128

Oh, Won't There Be Joy!

James Rowe. W. F. BURTON, OWNER, 1918. W. F. Burton.

1. Some day we shall stand in a beau-ti - ful land, And sing to the Friend we a-
2. Oh, glo - ri-ous sight! all the an-gels in white, The martyrs and saints we shall
3. How brightly will shine all the mansions di-vine That stand in the cit - y of

dore, All praising His love with the an-gels a - bove, All safe on the
see; And some that we know on this des-ert be-low, There praising the
gold! And oh, what a song will ascend from the throng, When Christ on His

CHORUS.

glo - ri - fied shore.
Lord they will be. Oh, won't there be joy! Oh, won't there be joy, When
throne we be - hold!

close to the throne we shall be! (shall be!) Oh, won't there be joy, most

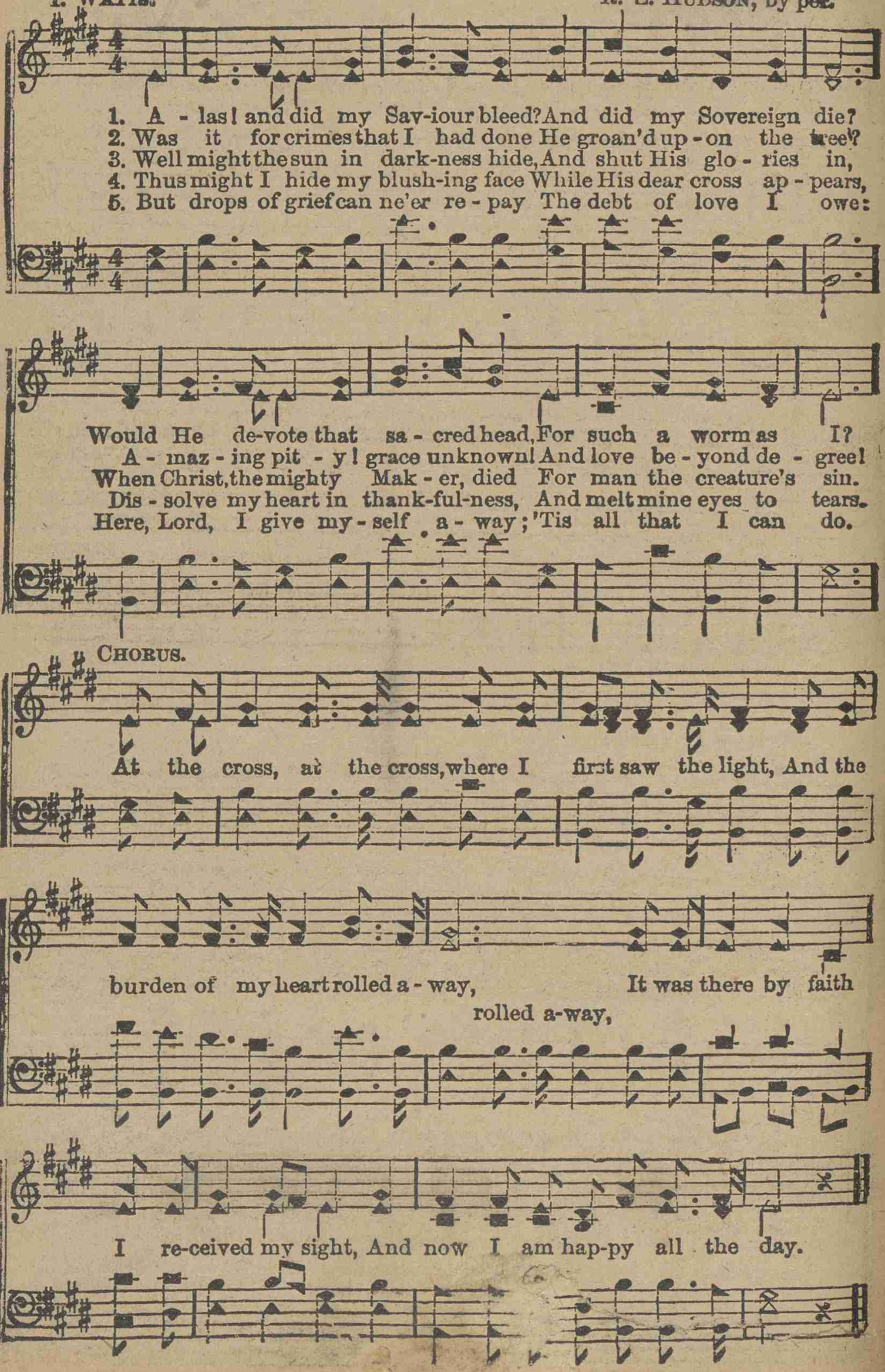
won - der - ful joy, When Christ our Re-deem - er we see! (we see!)

No. 129 AT THE CROSS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45 : 22.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.

I. WATTS. R. E. HUDSON, by per.



No. 130 Redeeming Love.

MRS. C. A. CURL. W. R. PARKER.

1. Sweet-ly the Mas-ter is call-ing you, Call-ing us all a - way from sin,
2. Lean up - on Him in all tri - als sore, He is the souls e - ter- nal friend,
3. Look to this glo-ri-ous friend a-bove, Wan-der-ing soul don't turn a-way,

Un-der your bur-den no long-er bow, Life's gold-en crown we all may win,
Love Him and trust Him forevermore, He will go with you to the end.
Come to the ref-uge of boundless love; There you shall spend an end-less day.

REFRAIN:

List-en to-day to His plea, Sweet-ly He's bending a-bove;
List to His plea, Bending above,

Come, and from e - vil be free, Trust His re-deem-ing love.
O come and be free,
C[illegible] be free,

No. 131 Keep On the Fighting Line.

James Rowe. S. A. GANUS, OWNER, 1915. S. A. Ganus.

1. Sol - diers in the ar - my of the might - y King of kings, Keep on the fight - ing line;
2. If you seek the life-crown, you must serve the King you love; Keep on the fight - ing line;
3. When the war is end - ed you shall meet Him face to face, Keep on the fight - ing line;

Je - sus safe - ly leads you and the vic - to - ry He brings;
Till He calls you to Him in the hap - py world a - bove,
Mak-ing known the wonders of His soul - up - lift - ing grace,

CHORUS.

Keep on the fight - ing line. Keep on the fight-ing line
fight - ing line.

all the while, Keep on the fighting line and win His smile; Trusting Him to

keep you when the storms of life shall sweep you, Keep on the fighting line.
fight-ing line.

No. 132 Happy.

James Rowe. PERRY B. HUGHES, OWNER, 1916. Perry B. Hughes.

1. Hap-py am I to - day, walk-ing the nar - row way, Tell - ing the
2. Whisp-er-ing love and cheer, ban - ish - ing doubt and fear, Al - ways my
3. Aft - er a lit - tle while, Heav-en for me will smile, Fa - ces I

Master's matchless sto - ry; For He has made me free, and is now guid-ing me
Sav - ior is be - side me; Shielding me from the foe, till I reach home, I know
miss to - day will greet me; And my Re-deem-er, too, who is my Help-er true,

CHORUS.

Straight to His palace grand in Glo - ry. Happy I am,..... praising the
Noth-ing I need will be de - nied me.
Whispering welcome sweet, will meet me.

Hap - py I am,

Lamb,..... Let-ting the tempt-er trap me nev - er; Nearing the
prais-ing the Lamb,

bet-ter land, nearing the golden strand, Where I shall praise His name for-ev-er.

No. 133 Seeking the Glory-land.

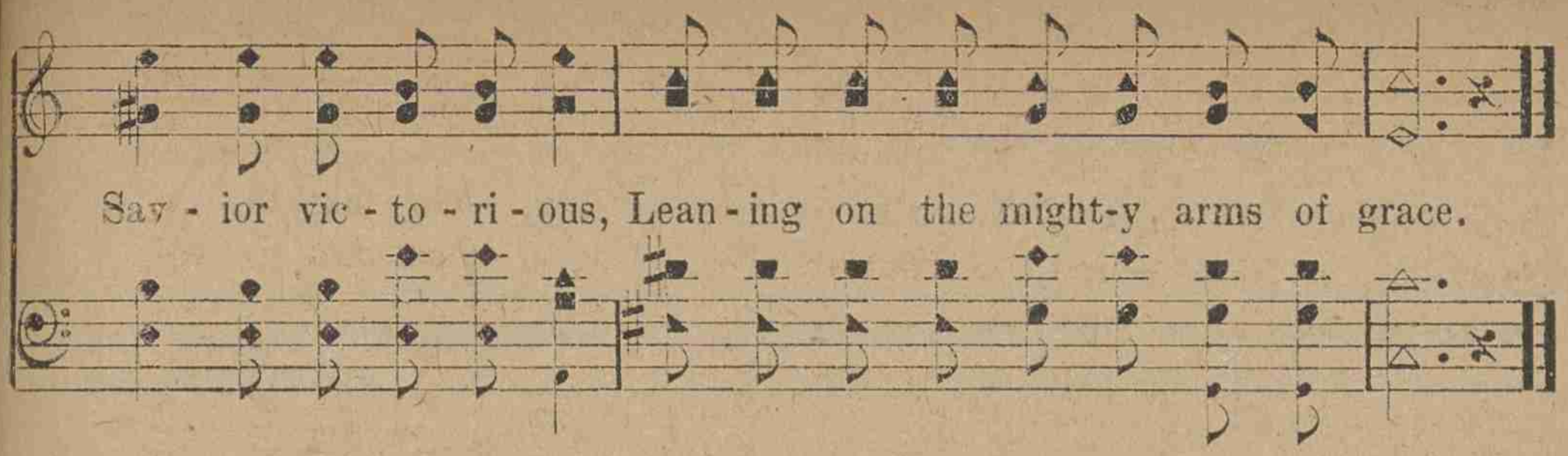
James Rowe. W. P. GANUS, OWNER, 1915. W. P. Ganus.

1. Seek - ing the Glo - ry-land, we press a - long to - day, Go - ing to a bright - er, bet - ter place; Wav - ing the stand - ard bright, we sing a - long the way, Lean - ing on the might - y arms of grace.
2. Seek - ing the Glo - ry-land with Him who died to save, Sure that He will lead us safe - ly there, We'll spread the ti - dings o - ver ev - 'ry shore and wave, Hop - ing that His glo - ry we shall share.
3. Seek - ing the Glo - ry-land, we'll fol - low to the end Heav'n's e - ter - nal, might - y King a - bove; For all e - ter - ni - ty with Him we hope to spend, End - less the praise we hope to sing.

REFRAIN.

Seek - ing the Glo - ry-land, leav - ing the sto - ry-land, Go - ing to a bright-er, bet - ter place; Prais - ing the glo - ri - ous a bet - ter place;

Seeking the Glory-land.



No. 134 The Theme of All the Ages.

James Rowe. S. A. GANUS, OWNER. 1915. Mrs. S. A. Ganus.

No. 135 Jesus the Crucified.

Rev. C. L. Manderson. W. P. GANUS, OWNER, 1915. W. P. Ganus.

1. O - ver a - cross the o - cean wide, Je - sus our King was cru - ci - fied;
2. Still is the scene so sad to me, That my dear Lord must tor - tured be;
3. Je - sus is now in heav'n a - bove, Shar - ing with all His pre - cious love;

Giv - ing His life on Cal-v'ry's cross, Sav - ing this
Yet I'm so glad that He has died, For I may
Tell of His love and sing His praise, Hap - py with

REFRAIN.

world from aw - ful loss.
now with Him a - bide. O! the great scene, how sad is the tho't!
Him thro' end - less days.

O! the great change, for peace it has bro't! The joy of God's love, so won-drous and free, Was pur-chased for all on Cal - va - ry's tree.

No. 136 Jesus Needs Him Above.

In loving memory of our darling baby boy Frank Parker, age eleven years, who died March 13th. 1918.—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parker.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

With feeling.

1. Je - sus car - ried our darl - ing to glo - ry To a - bide with the
2. He is free from all troub - le and sor - row And no sad - ness or
3. He is rest - ing be - side the bright riv - er, Sweet - ly sing - ing the
4. Bless-ed Lord, when life's tempest shall sweep us, And when foes try our

bless - ed ones there, And to tell o'er and o'er the sweet sto - ry And for-
care he will know; So the sweetest of com-fort we bor - row From this
songs of the blest; Where his soul will be hap - py for - ev - er And where
souls to de - feat, In the arms of Thy love safe - ly keep us, That our

CHORUS.

ev - er be sin-less and fair.
bless-ed as-sur-ance be-low.
soon with our boy we shall rest.
darl-ing a-gain we may meet.

Je-sus needs him a-bove, to a-bide in His love,

Where our darling one nev-er will roam, (never roam:) And some morning, we know,

to our boy we shall go To be with him for - ev - er at home, (sweet home.)

No. 137 Some Day of Joy.

PROPERTY OF W. F. BURTON, 1915.

James Rowe. W. F. Burton.

1. Some day of joy,.. where angels dwell And songs of praise un-end-ing swell,
2. I can but wait.. and watch and pray, And do my du - ty day by day,
3. I have no fear.. that I shall fall, For He will keep me safe thro' all,
4. The day of joy... will break ere long, And, with a sweet and hap-py song,

My lov-ing Sav - ior I shall see, Then sat-is - fied my soul will be.
Un - til I hear Him say to me: "Come, take the place prepared for thee."
Since He His life so free-ly gave My wayward soul from death to save.
Tho' long ap-pear the way and dim, I shall go home to live with Him.

CHORUS.

Yes, I shall see..... Him o - ver there,..... Some day of
Yes, I shall see Him o-ver there,

joy,..... some morning fair;..... And with the throng
Some day of joy, some morning fair; And with the throng... now safe a-

Some Day of Joy.

rit.

now safe a-bove, Ex-tol my King for all His love.....
bove,..... Ex-tol my King..... for all His love. (for all His love.)

No. 138 March With the King.

James Rowe. Florence Reynolds.

1. In the gos-pel glo-ry on-ward go, Let-ting hap-py praises swell and ring;
2. He has died to save the world from sin, Made us free and hap-py by His love;
3. There are many wait-ing for the light, Read-y our Re-deem-er dear to know;
4. Soon the gates of glo-ry will ap-pear, Soon with Him we shall go sweeping thro',

We shall surely tri-umph o'er the foe; Onward, upward ev-er with the King.
So we all must help Him souls to win, If we wish to live with Him a-bove.
Onward, then, to make their lives more bright, Onward, precious seeds of love to sow.
If we try to do our du-ty here, And are al-ways lov-ing, pure and true.

CHORUS.

March with the King; Crowns wait a-bove;
March with the King, March with the King; Crowns wait above, Crowns wait above;

Sing, sweet-ly sing, Prais - - ing His love.
Sing, sweetly sing, Sing, sweetly sing, Praising together His won-der-ful love.

Prais-ing His wonderful love.

No. 139. Smile.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the thorns are grow - ing o'er your way, Sighs and sad com-plain-ing
2. Heav - y cares will van - ish, shad - ows flee, Du - ties that are irk - some
3. Friends will jour-ney with you through the throng, Strengthen and up-hold when
4. For the lov - ing Mas - ter, love will grow, And that love to oth - ers

do not pay; Life will be a pleas - ure ev - 'ry day,
pleas - ant be; Beau - ty all a - round you, you will see,
things go wrong;— Oh, your soul will nev - er lose its song,
you will show; You will be a bless - ing here be - low,

CHORUS.

If you smile, al - ways smile. Smile, smile, al - ways smile,
smile, Smile,smile,smile,smile,

Smile, smile, all the while; Life will be a pleas - ure,
Smile, smile, smile, smile,

in its full - est meas - ure, If you smile, al - ways smile.
smile, smile,smile,smile.

No 140

After the Shadows.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Aft - er the mid-night, morning will greet us; Aft-er the sad - ness, joy will ap-
2. Aft - er the bat-tle, peace will be giv - en; Aft-er the weeping, songs there will
3. Shadows and sun-shine all thro' the sto - ry, Teardrops and pleasure, day aft-er

pear; Aft - er the tem-pest, sun-light will meet us; Aft - er the jeer - ing,
be; Aft - er the jour - ney there will be heav-en,—Burdens will fall and
day; But when we reach the king-dom of Glo - ry, Tri - als of earth will

CHORUS.

praise we shall hear. Aft - er the shad - ows, there will be sun - shine;
we shall be free.
van - ish a - way.

Aft - er the shad-ows, there will be sun-shine;

rit.

Aft-er the frown, the soul-cheering smile;... Cling to the Sav - ior,

After the frown, the soul-cheering, soul-cheering smile; Cling to the Sav - ior,

love Him for - ev - er; All will be well in a lit - tle while.

love Him for - ev - er;

No. 141 Rejoice in His Great Name.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

With vigor.

1. Re - joice in Him who rules to - day Up - on the heav'n-ly throne,
2. Re - joice, re - joice in Him who gave His well - be - lov - ed Son
3. Re - joice, and let our hom - age soar On wings of song a - bove,

Where saints their heart-felt trib - ute pay, And make their hom-age known!
As love's great sac - ri - fice, to save A world by sin un - done;
To Him who rules for - ev - er - more In maj - es - ty and love;

No earth - ly king so great as He, Who rules all worlds in maj - es - ty;
O crown Him, crown Him King a-lone, Who sits to - day on heaven's throne;
To Him in ad - o - ra - tion raise Redemption's song of prayer and praise;

Re - joice,..... Re - joice in His great name!
Re - joice in His great name.

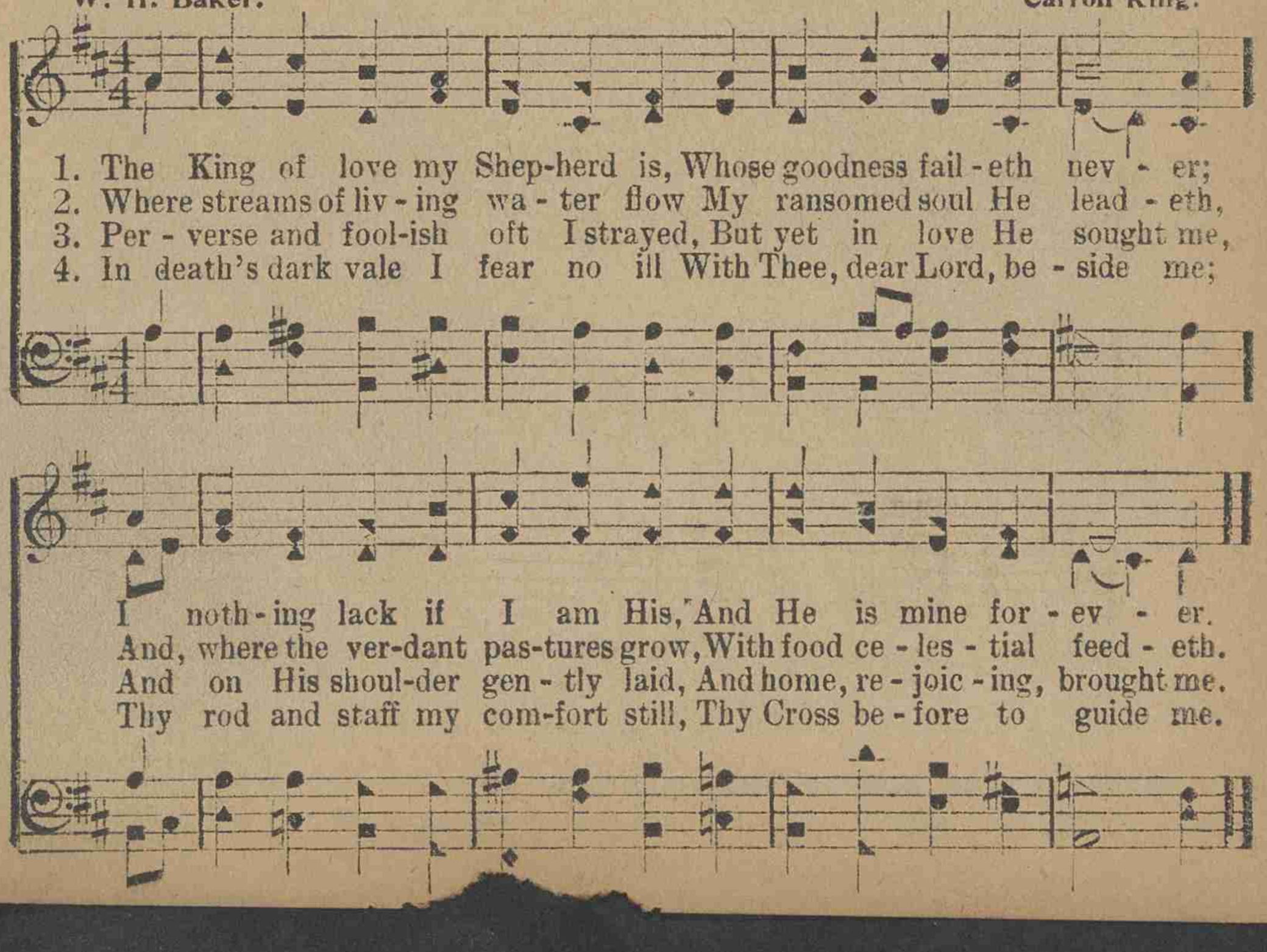
CHORUS.

Re - joice for - ev - er - more In Him who reigns for aye;
For - ev - er - more who reigns for aye;

Rejoice in His Great Name.

No. 142 Graceland.

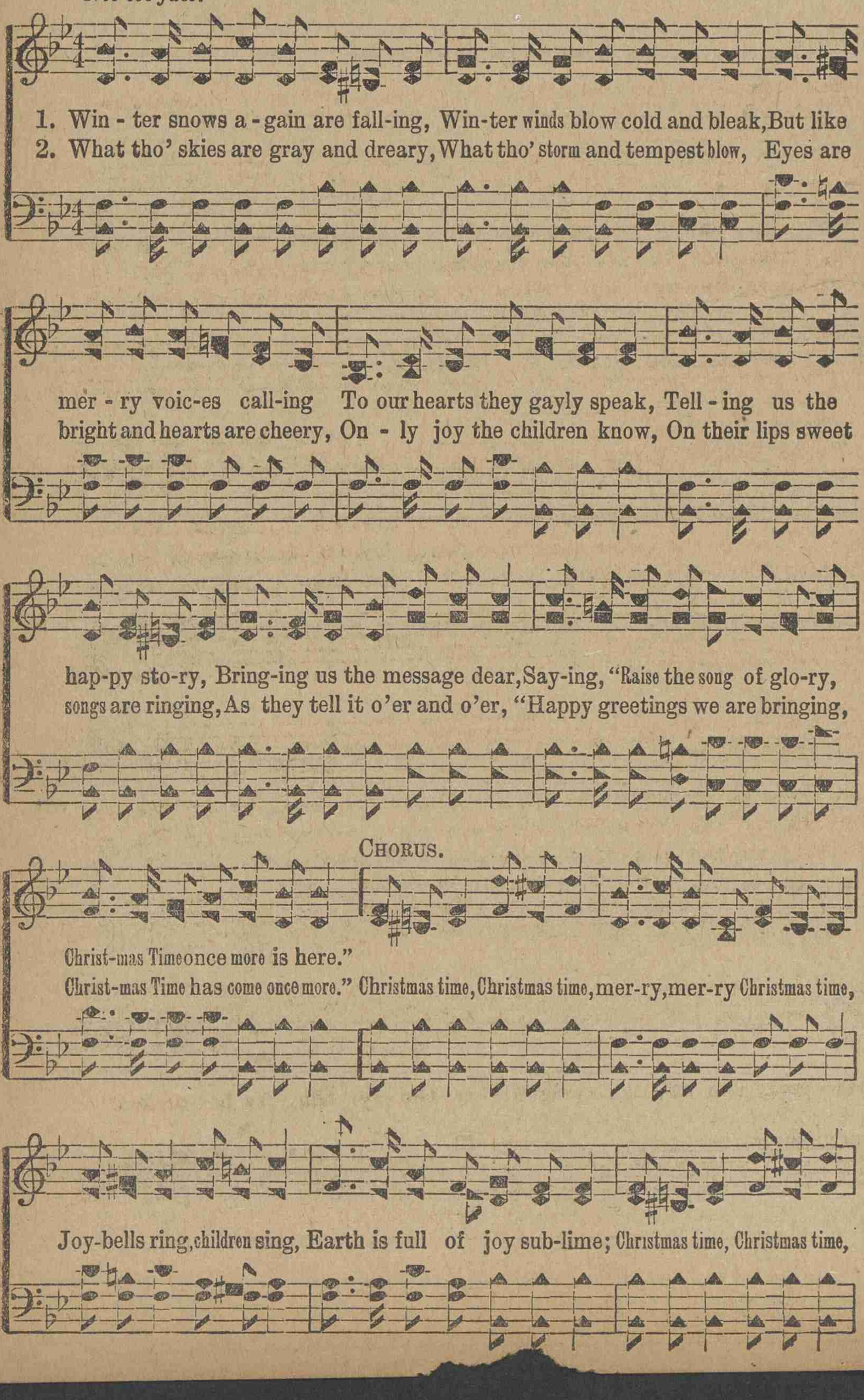
W. H. Baker. Carroll King.



No. 143. Merry Christmas Time.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **James H. Ruebush.**

Not too fast.

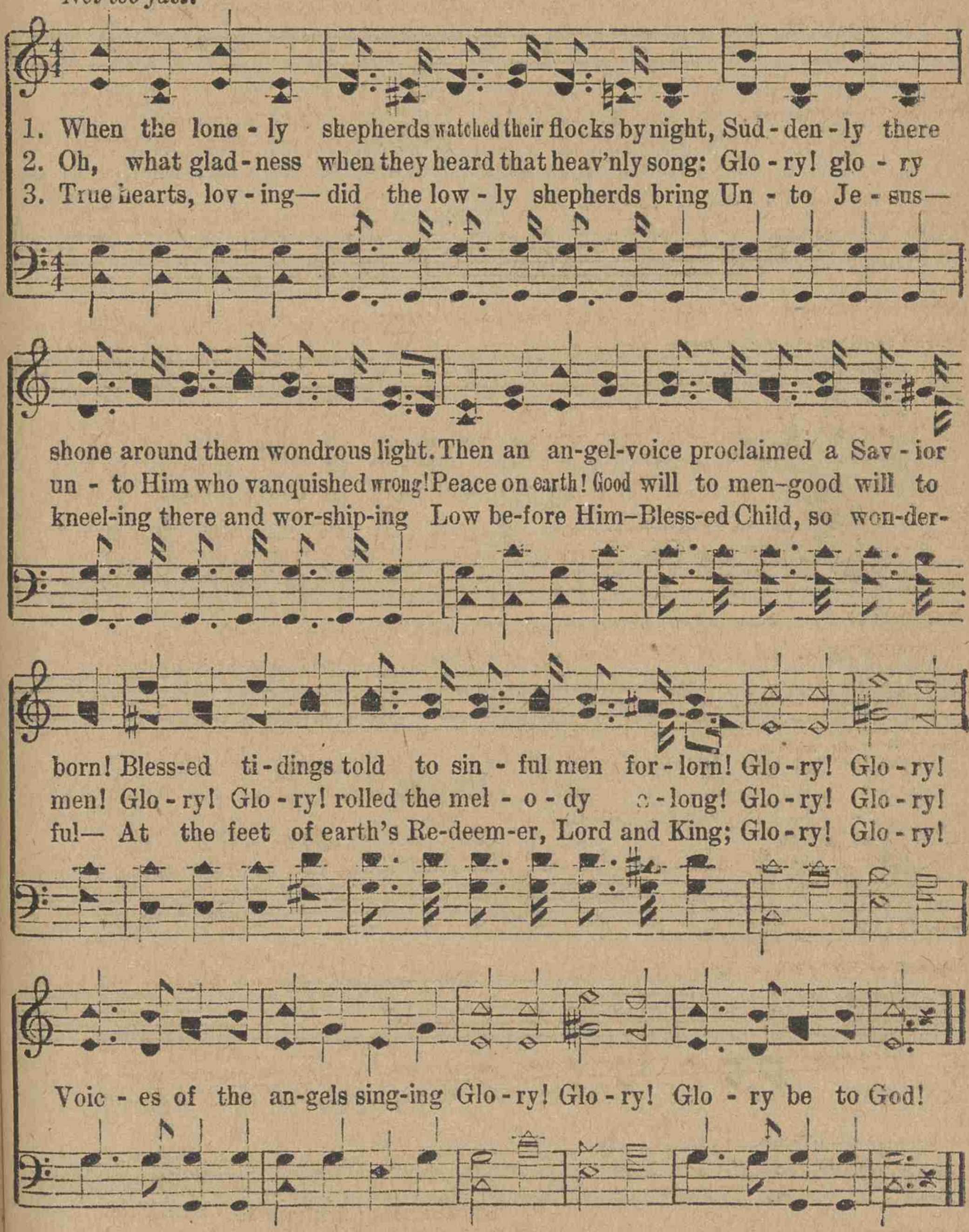


Merry Christmas Time.

No. 144. Glory Be to God.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Carroll King.**

Not too fast.



No. 145 Glory to God Forevermore.

R. L. S. R. L. STUCKEY, OWNER, 1915. R. L. Stuckey.

1. Glo - ry to God for - ev - er-more, Sing of His love from shore to shore,
2. Do - ing His serv - ice far and near, Preaching His gos - pel ev - 'ry-where,
3. Winning a star - ry crown a-bove—Beau-ti - ful crown of light and love,

Let us praise Him, Let us praise Him; Sing of His wondrous pow'r to save,
Lord, I'll go on, Lord, I'll go on; Lead-ing lost souls from darkest night,
Lord, I'll la - bor, Lord, I'll la - bor, Nev - er to fal - ter, nei-ther fear,

O - ver the land or o'er the wave—Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,
Bringing them in - to God's own light—Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,
Win-ning lost souls to Thee so dear— Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God for - ev - er-more.
Glo - ry to God, He's ev - er near.
Glo - ry to God who reigns a-bove.

Glo-ry to God,
Glo-ry to God, ... who rules the

who rules the waves;
waves; . . . . . Glo - ry to God, ... my soul He

Glory to God Forevermore.

my soul He saves; Glo-ry to God, His name a - dore;
saves;..... Glo-ry to God,..... His name a - dore;

Glo - ry to God..... for - ev - er - more.....
Glo - ry to God for - ev - er - more. (for-ev - er-more.)

No. 146 Sing to the Lord a Joyful Song.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. WILLIE LONG, OWNER, 1915. **Willie Long.**

1. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, Look up in grate - ful praise;
2. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, And make your boast in God,—
3. Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, For He a - lone is King;

FINE.

And with the shin - ing an - gel throng Ex - tol His ho - ly ways.
He comes, He comes to con - quer wrong, De - clare the news a - broad.
Let ev - 'ry heart be now His throne, Let all the peo - ple sing.

D.S.—*Till all the world His sway shall own, And crown Him "Prince of Peace."*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Sing to the Lord a joy - ful song, His king-dom shall in - crease,

No. 147 Shall I Meet You Up There?

J. B. VAUGHAN. By per.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful home far up in the sky, And
2. In that beau - ti - ful land no sor - row will come, We shall
3. No night shall be there, it is one end - less day, No
4. When my work here is done, then the an - gels will come And

mansions prepared by our Sav-ior on high, He wants me to live in that
sing hallelujah around the bright throne, A beau - ti - ful robe and a
tears will be shed, God will wipe them away; No sickness and dy-ing, no
take me a - way to my beau-ti-ful home, For - ev - er to dwell in my

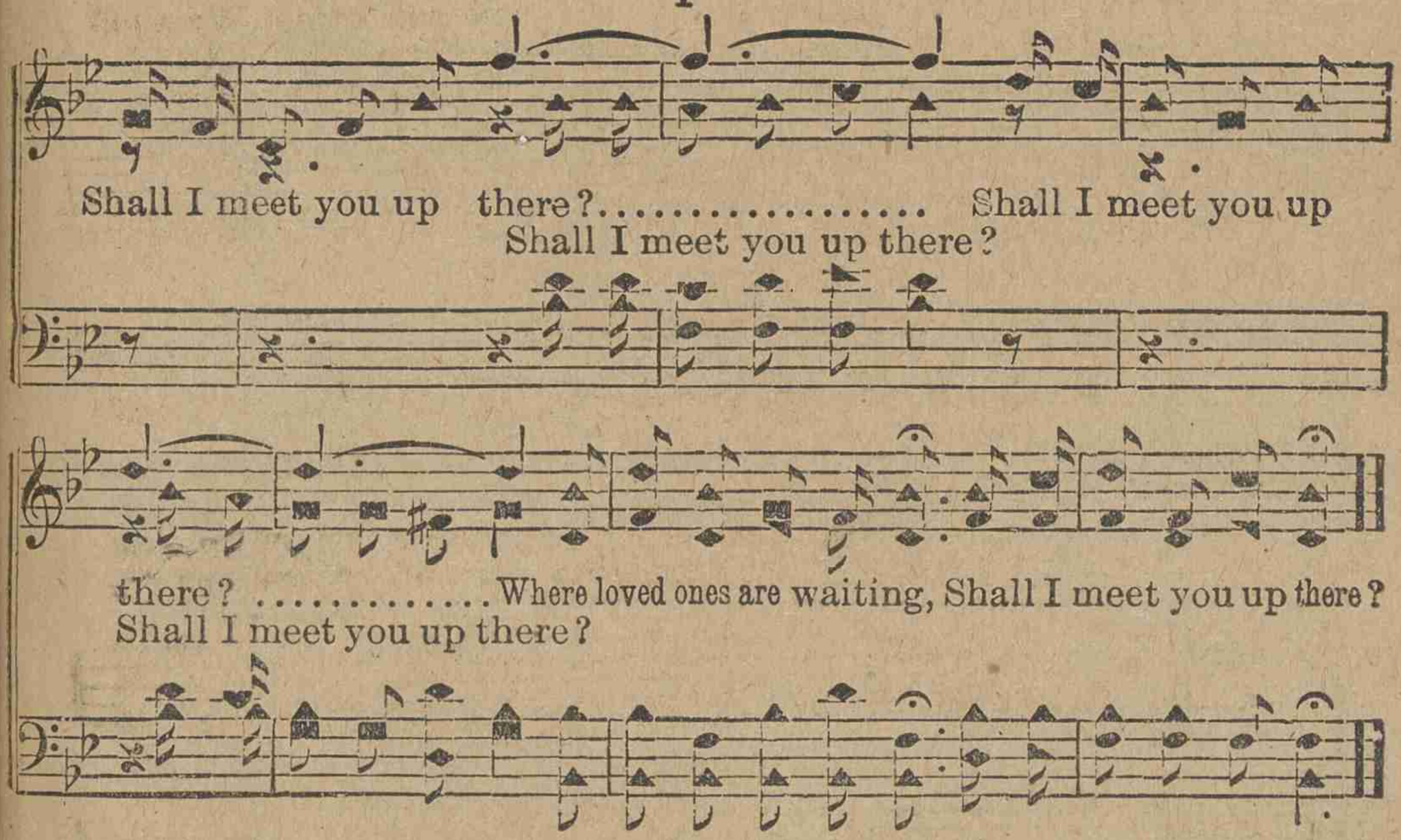
coun-try so fair, And when I'm in glo - ry, shall I meet you up there?
crown we shall wear, And live there with Jesus, shall I meet you up there?
pain we shall bear, No parting with loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
Father's own care, With angels and loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

REFRAIN.

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

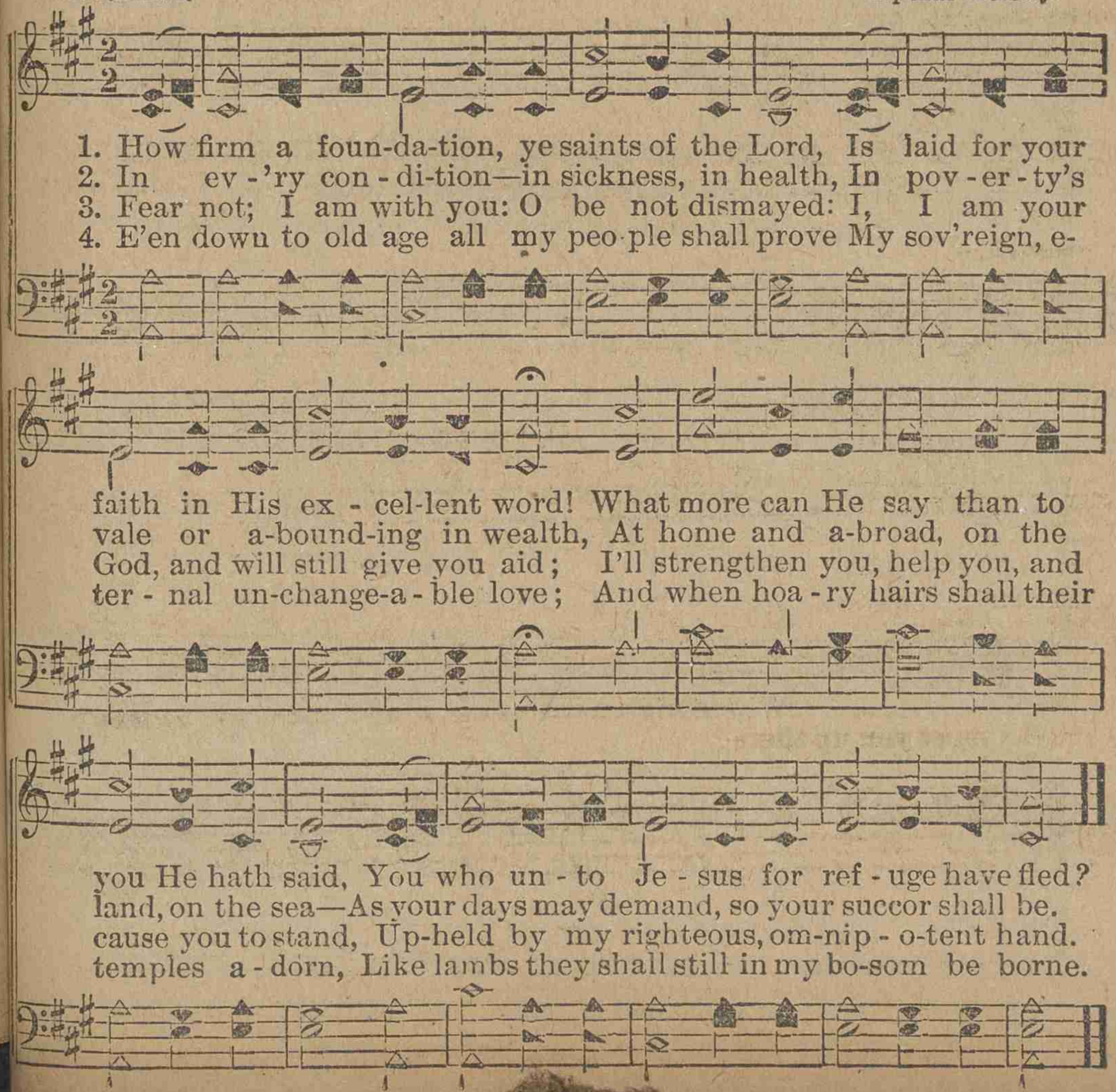
there?.....Where loved ones are waiting, Shall I meet you up there?
Shall I meet you up there?

Shall I Meet You Up There? Concluded.



No. 143 How Firm a Foundation.

GEO. KEITH. Popular Melody.



No. 149 Ring Out the Message.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There's a mes-sage true and glad For the sin-ful and the sad,
2. Tell the world of sav-ing grace, Make it known in ev-'ry place,
3. Sin and doubt to sweep a-way, Till shall dawn the bet-ter day,

Ring it out, Ring it out;
Ring it out, Ring it out;

It will give them cour-age new, It will help them to be true,
Help the need-y ones to know Him from whom all bless-ings flow,
Till the sin-ful world be won For Je-ho-vah's migh-ty Son,

Ring it out, Ring it out.
Ring it out, Ring it out,

CHORUS.

Mer-ri-ly ring, Speed it a-way,

Ring out the word

Ring Out the Message.

Mes - sage di - vine! send it to - day;
land and sea, Still
Let it cheer the lost and those in
far from Je - sus ma - ny live in sin and
doubt, darkness and doubt; Mer-ri - ly ring, won-der-ful news,
doubt, Ring out the news that
Making men free, hap-py and free, Ring, ring,
makes men free, To all the lost of
ring, ring, Ring the mes - sage out.
ring it out.
ev - 'ry na - tion, Ring it out.

No. 150. When the Ransomed Get Home.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When the ransomed get home..... to that land fair and bright,.....
2. When the ransomed shall rise ..... to the glo-ri-ous bliss.....
3. When the ransomed cross o'er..... to the bright golden plains,.....

1. When the ransomed get home to that land fair and bright,

Where the loved ones now wait .....'mid the scenes of de-light,.....
Of that land far a - way,..... fair-er, brighter than this; .....
What a beau-ti - ful song, ... what mel-o-di - ous strains,.....

Where the loved ones now wait 'mid the scenes of delight,

What a joy it will be,..... to be numbered up there,.....
What a shouting will sound..... thro' Heaven's fair dome, ...
Will be waft-ed a - way..... 'mid the domes of the sky,.....

What a joy it will be, to be numbered up there,

With the faithful and true,..... in that home bright and fair.....
On that beau-ti-ful shore,..... when the ransomed get home.....
When the ransomed get home..... in the sweet by and by.....

With the faithful and true, in that home bright and fair.

When the Ransomed Get Home.

CHORUS.

When the ransomed get home,..... what a joy it will
When the ran-somed get home,

be,..... To be gath-ered up there,.....
what a joy it will be, To be gathered up there,

bless-ed Sav - ior, with Thee;..... Where no part-ings e'er
bless-ed Sav - ior, with Thee;

come,..... and we nev - er-more roam;.....
Where no part-ings e'er come, and we nev-er-more roam;

In that beau-ti-ful land,..... when the ransomed get home.....
In that beautiful land, when the ransomed get home.

No. 151 Trying to be Happy.

(MALE QUARTET.)

James Rowe. S. W. BEAZLEY, OWNER, 1914. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Try-ing to be hap-py all the while, Making others hap-py too;
2. Try-ing to be hap-py all the while, Do-ing all I can each day,
3. Try-ing to be hap-py all the while, And my share of joy I get,

Meet-ing care and trouble with a smile, That's the on-ly thing to do.
Keeping smiles and laughter right in style, As I trav-el on my way.
For the one who tru-ly wants to smile Nev-er cares to sigh or fret.

Mak-ing light my la-bor with a song, Keeping gloomy things a - way;
Smil-ing at the tempest when it sweeps, Always keeping brave and strong,
Wor-ry always keeps a - way from me, Care has missed me quite a spell,

Lov-ing what is right and hating wrong—That's the way to live to - day.
For the lit - tle heart that sighs and weeps Nev - er, nev-er gets a - long.
For I al-ways have a smile, you see, And a lit - tle song as well.

Trying to Be Happy.

CHORUS.

Try . . to have a smile, Try to be hap - py all the
Try, just try, have a smile, Hap - py be

while; That is the on - ly way You will en - joy the day, And
all the while;

care be - guile. Give . . the world a
care be - guile, and care be - guile. Give a song,

song, Find-ing de - light . . in what you give; Oh,
give a song, Find de - light in what you give;

just keep smil-ing right a-long, That is the way to live.
That's the way to live. (to live.)

No. 152 Reapers For The Harvest.

CARROLL KING. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Oh, reap-ers, has-ten, man-y fields are wait-ing, For the har-vest now is white;
2. Re-ward is wait-ing for the faith-ful work-ers, For the ones who reap for Him;
3. Re-mem-ber that the precious hours for la - bor Will soon have passed a-way;

The precious grain is read - y to be gath - ered, Wait-ing in the morning light.
The precious sheaves to gath - er for His glo - ry, Ere shall fall the shadows dim.
So, with a song, a-way to do His bid - ding, Brave-ly la-bor while 'tis day.

CHORUS.

Oh, faith-ful reap - ers for the har - vest, All the fields are
Oh, faith-ful reapers, faithful reapers, reapers for the har-vest, Man - y fields are
Oh, faith-ful reap - ers, reap - ers, for the har-vest, Man - y fields are

ripe and white, so speed a - way;
wait-ing, wait-ing, Man - y fields are ripe, are ripe and wait-ing, wait-ing,
wait - ing, man - y fields are wait-ing, ripe and wait-ing,

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Reapers For The Harvest.

No. 153 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. 154 We Shall Walk in Robes of White.

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs".

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. When we reach the por - tals of that bet - ter coun-try, That sweet home of
2. When we stand be - fore the throne of the Re-deem-er, And our songs with
3. O, it will be sweet to meet and greet each oth - er In that coun - try
4. At the gates of pearl the Lord will bid us "welcome", As we say to

love and peace and light, And are numbered with the ransomed in their glo - ry,
all the saints u - nite,, We shall share with them the fel-low-ship of Je - sus,
beau - ti - tul and bright! Free from care and sadness, filled with peace and glad-ness
earth a last "good-night! And thro' end-less years we'll tread the courts of heav - en,

CHORUS.

We shall walk with them in robes of white. We shall walk..... in robes of
And shall walk with them in robes of white.
We shall walk with them in robes of white,
Robed in gar-ments of the pur-est white. We shall walk, shall walk, in robes of

white, In that land..... so fair and bright,
white, in robes of white, In that land so fair and beau - ti - ful so fair and bright,

O'er the streets..... of pur - est gold, We'll walk in robes of white.
O'er the streets of pure and shin - ing gold, robes of white.

No. 155 For Jesus' Sake.

(MALE QUARTET.)

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Haste we on, . . . the Mas-ter call - eth, Fold our
2. Haste we on . . . to those that per - ish, On the
3. Haste we on . . . with zeal and cour - age, Hear a-
4. Haste we on . . . our sheaves to gath - er, For the

(1) Haste we on, the Mas - ter call - eth.

i - dle hands no more, For the work - ing days are
drear - y wastes of sin, To the feast . . of love that
gain . . our Lord's command, To the weak . . and heav-y-
reap - ing soon will come, Then with joy, . . if we are

(1) Fold our hands, our hands no more, For the days,
(2) On the wastes, the wastes of sin,
(4) For the time, the time will come,

wan - ing, Soon the har - vest will be o'er.
waits them, Quick-ly go . . . and bring them in.
heart - ed, Go and lend . . a help-ing hand.
faith - ful, We shall sing . . the har-vest home.

the days are wan-ing, Soon the har-vest will be o'er, will be o'er.

CHORUS.

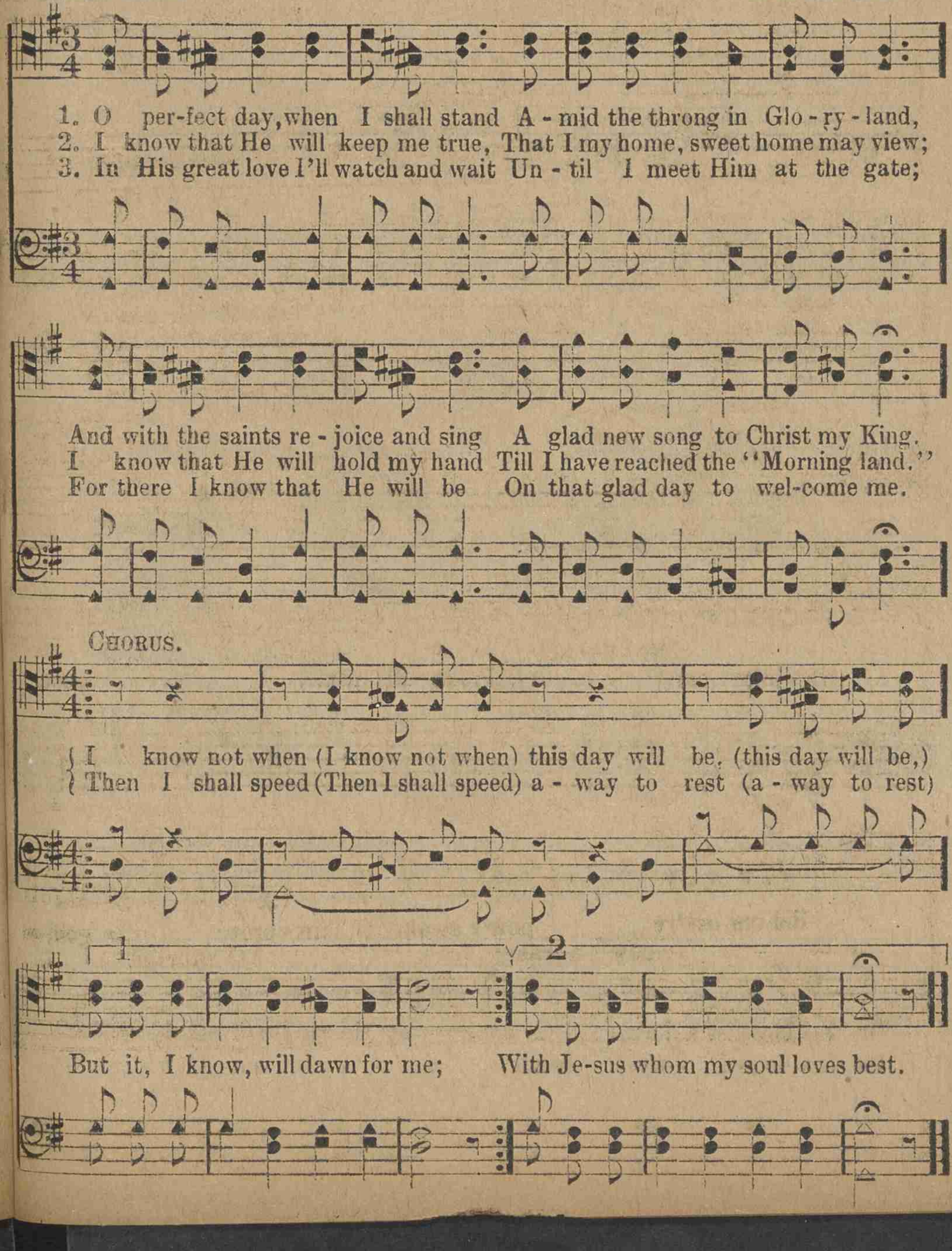
Slum-ber not, the time is pre-cious,
Slum-ber not, . . . the time is pre - cious, Bid our

Bid our ev-'ry pow'r awake; O im - prove . . the gold-en
ev - 'ry pow'r a-wake; O improve

For Jesus' Sake.

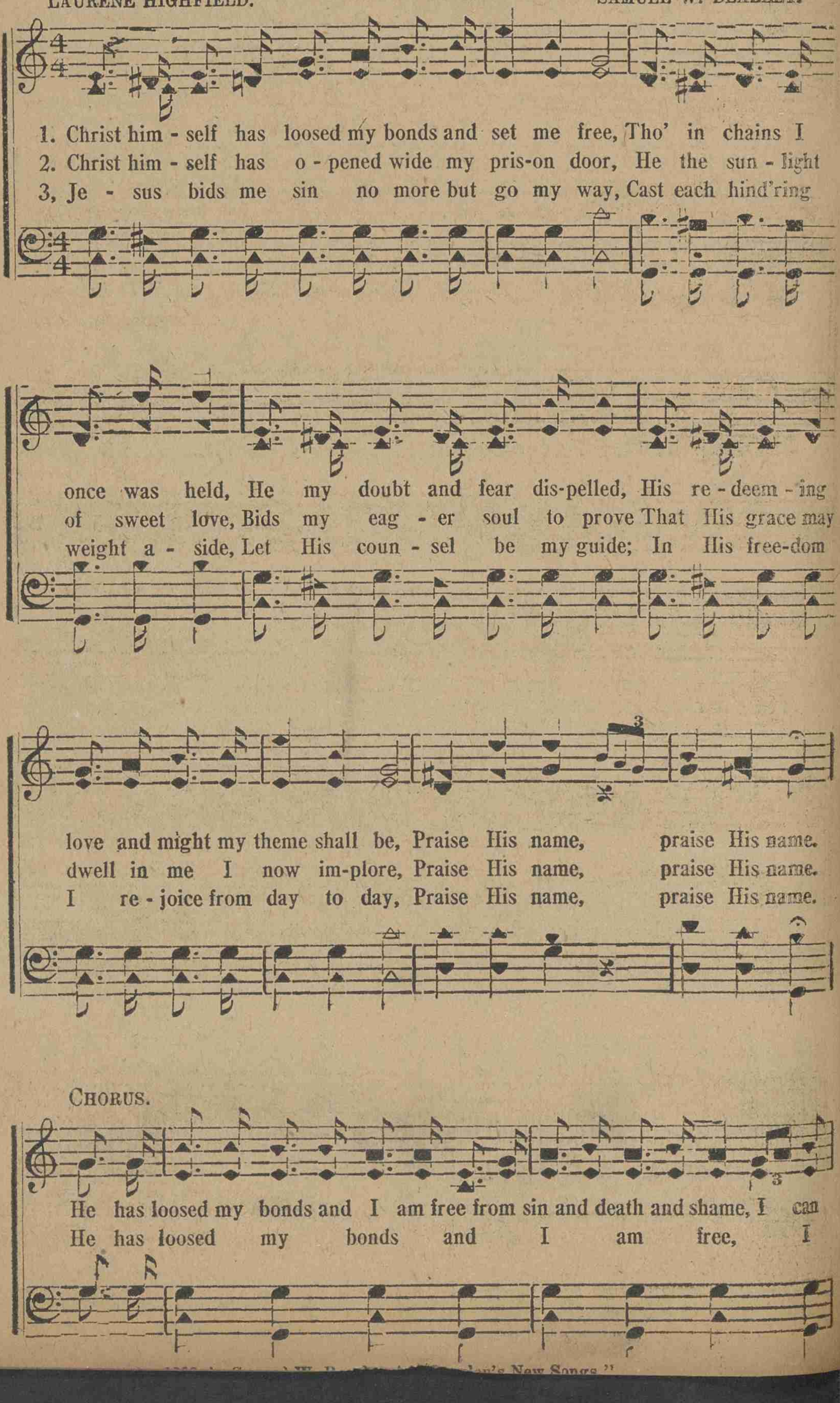
No. 156. O Perfect Day.

James Rowe. EARL THORNTON, OWNER, 1916. Earl Thornton.

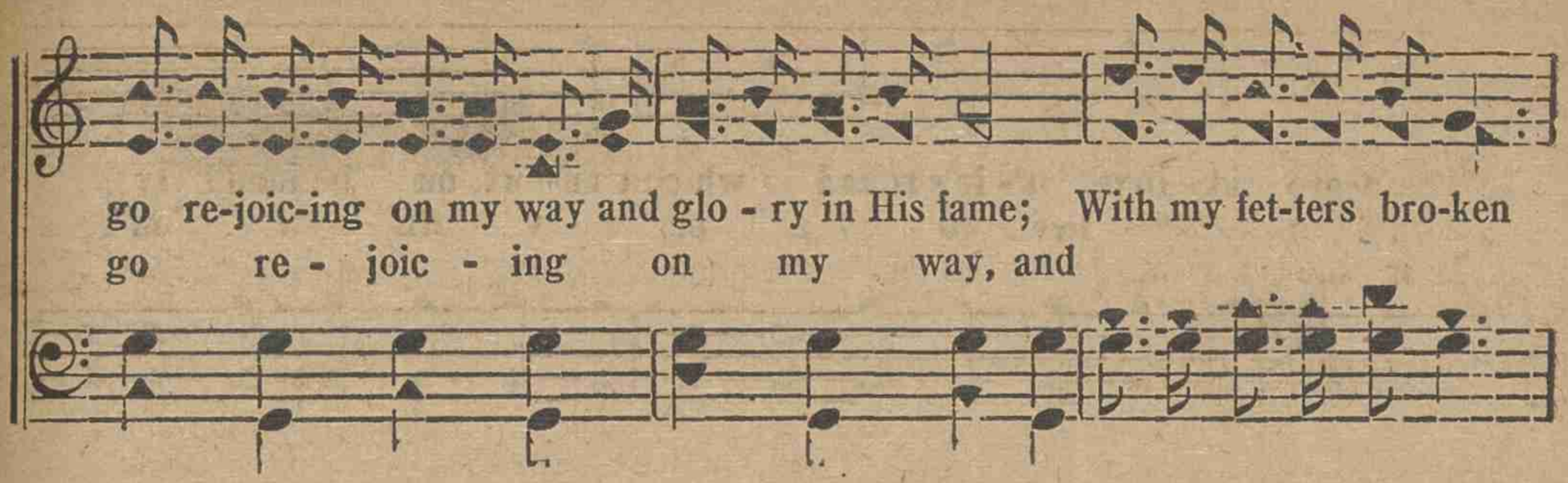


No. 157 He Has Loosed My Bonds.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



He Has Loosed My Bonds.



No. 158 Jesus Died For Me.

JAMES ROWE. C. C. STAFFORD.

1. There are tid - ings go - ing round in which com-fort may be found, By who-
2, Won't you heed the news to - day and from e - vil turn a - way? Won't you
3. Hear the tid - ings and be free and go sing-ing home with me, Be a

ev - er the bless - ed mes-sage will hear; 'Tis a-bout the pre-cious love of a
lean on the might-y arm of His love? He is read-y to re-ceive who - so-
sol - dier for God, of help in the strife; Live no more in doubt and sin, but with

King in realms a-bove, Who for-sook His throne our spir-its to cheer, I have
ev - er will be-lieve That He is the King of earth and a - bove, On His
Je - sus start to win, As you go a long, the bright crown of life, Oh, no

lis-tened and am glad, for a sin-ful soul I had, But now from sin I'm free, (so free,)
love your burden cast, He will hide your sinful past, Oh, hear His loving plea, (sweet plea,)
longer, doubting, wait, for your soul may cry "too late," And lost for - ev - er be, (yes be,)

Je - sus died to save a sin ful world, He died up - on the cross for me.
Je - sus died to save a sin-ful world, He free - ly died for you and me.
Je - sus died to save a sin-ful world, He died to make all sin-ners free.

Copyright 1918, by C. C Stafford, Oneonta, Ala.

Jesus Died For Me.

Je - sus left..... His home a-bove,
Oh, it is in-deed a message glad, Je - sus left His home a - bove,

Free - ly came..... to earth to die; Just to show.....
Free - ly came to earth to die; Just to show

to us His love. And that we..... might live on high,
to us His love, And that we might live on high,

Oh, for all..... e - ter - ni - ty, His love my song shall be,
Oh, for all e - ter - ni - ty, I know, shall be

Je - sus died to save a sin-ful world, He died up - on the cross for me.

No. 159 Love Leads The Way.

JAMES ROWE. J. E. MARSH.

1. Al-tho' the way is thorn-y and so oft - en dim, I'm pressing on.....
2. Al-tho' the might-y foe as-sails me o'er and o'er, With Je - sus I.....
3. I'm go-ing home to glo-ry where my dear ones wait, With them to spend.....

1. I'm pressing on,

from day to day,..... But I am always keeping ver - y close to Him,
shall always stay;..... And so, be-cause I fol-low to the bet-ter shore
an end-less day;..... And I shall reach the cit-y, for He leads me straight.

from day to day,

For this I know,..... love leads the way.....
Glad praise to sing,..... love leads the way.....
And keeps me true,..... love leads the way.....

For this I know love leads the way.

REFRAIN.

Love leads the way and safe am I,
Love leads the way..... and safe am I,..... What - ev - er

J. E. Marsh, owner.

Love Leads The Way.

NO. 160 I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

Words and Music by I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and trust His ho-ly
2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the err-ing in the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
4. I want to be a worker, help, me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word, I want to sing and pray, be bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the
way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love, In the
save, All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py home, In the
word, That points to joys on high, where pleasures nev - er die, In the

CHORUS.

vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
kingdom of the Lord.
kingdom of the Lord.
kingdom of the Lord.

I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vine - yard, in the vine - yard of the Lord, (of the Lord,) I will

work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine-yard of the Lord.

No 161 Trust and Obey.

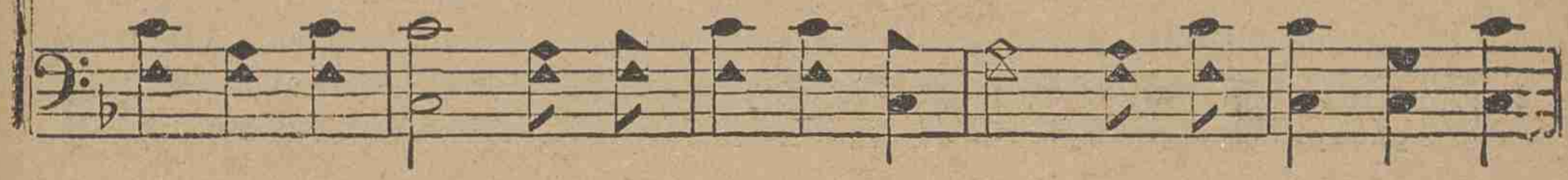
"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."—Ps. 25 : 14.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towner. Used by per.

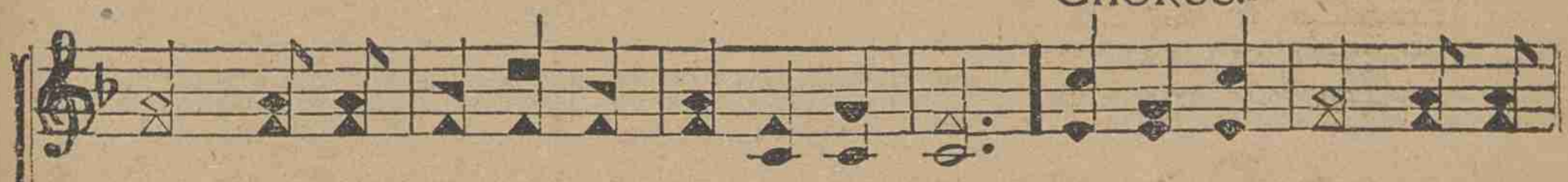
Rev. J. H. SAMMIS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love, Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al-tar we lay, For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will



CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o-bey.
tear, Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, for there's
stows, Are for them who will trust and o-bey.
go, Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and o-bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, but to trust and o-bey.

No. 162 When Jesus Comes.

JAMES ROWE. Owned by H. F. Morris. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Are you read - y for the day When we all shall speed a - way? For the
2. All the dead in Him shall rise And be ta - ken thro' the skies To the
3. In the bat - tle have we stood Fight-ing brave-ly, as we should? Will He

call we must o-bey, When Je-sus comes; Are our garments pure and white? Are our
plains of par-a-dise, When Je-sus comes; All the liv-ing that are true Shall with
find us do-ing good, When Je-sus comes; Or have we the Lord de-nied, With the

records clean and bright? Will our faith be lost in sight, When Je - sus comes?
joy His glo - ry view, And shall be re-ward-ed, too, When Je - sus comes.
world been sat - is-fied? From His presence shall we hide, When Je - sus comes?

REFRAIN.

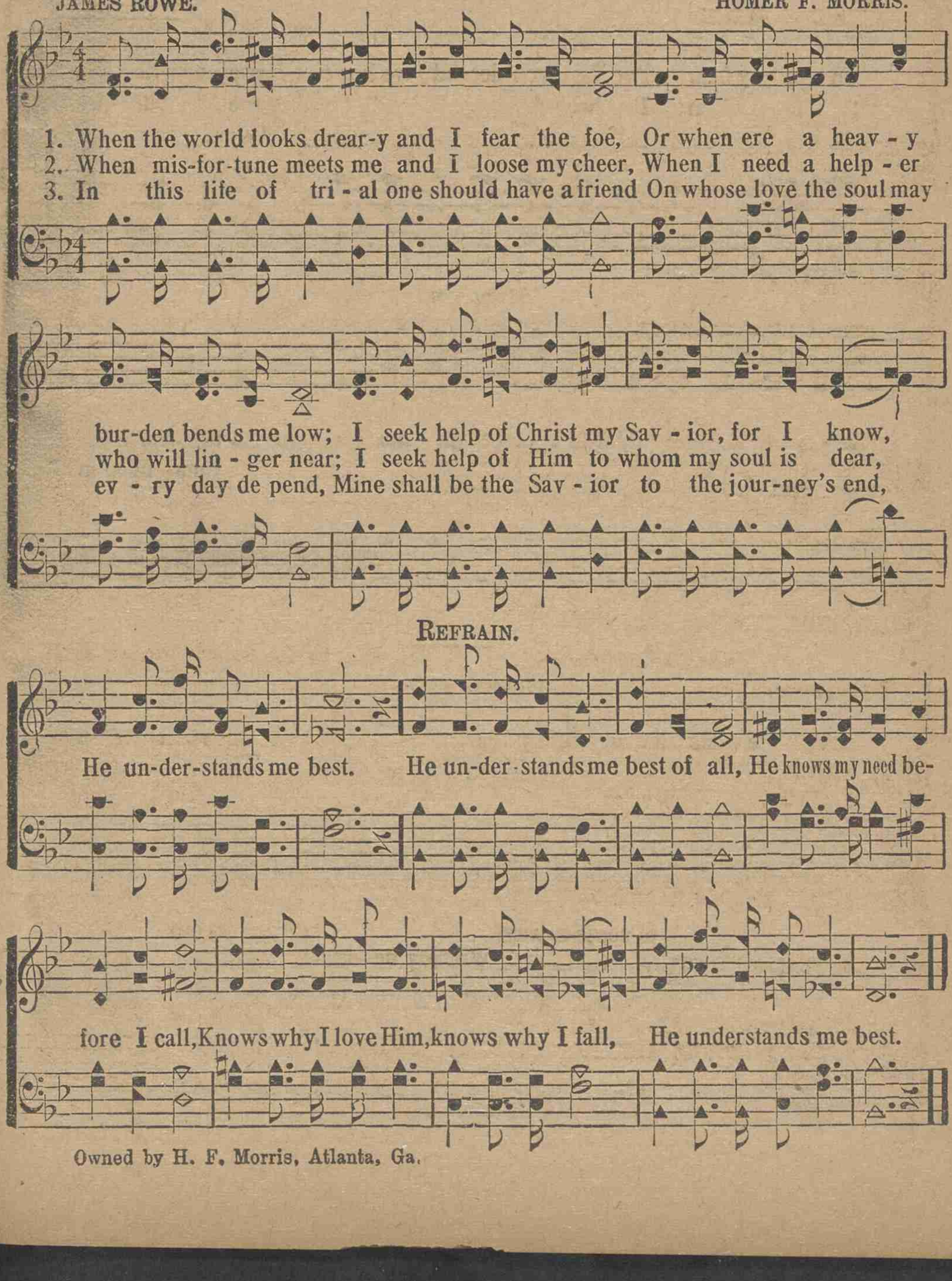
When Je-sus comes to earth again, Ready, waiting shall we
When Je-sus comes..... to earth a - gain,.....

be, to speed a-way,..... Will joy be ours..... or sor - row
to speed a-way? Will joy be ours

When Jesus Comes.

No. 163 He Understands Me Best

JAMES ROWE. HOMER F. MORRIS.



REFRAIN.

Owned by H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga.

No 164 Since Jesus Came.

JAMES ROWE. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. I have sung ev - 'ry day as I've trav-eled a - long, Since Je - sus came
2. I have had no de - sire for the pleasures of sin, Since Je - sus came
3. I've been seek-ing the home that is wait - ing for me, Since Je - sus came

in - to my heart, For His won-der-ful love has o'er-flowed me with song, Since
in - to my heart; I've been do - ing His will, keeping spotless with - in, Since
in - to my heart; And each day more like Him I've been try-ing to be, Since

REFRAIN.

Je - sus came in-to my heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my heart,
came in-to my heart,

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart; I have lost all my sin
came in - to my heart;

and the crown tried to win, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

Owned by H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga

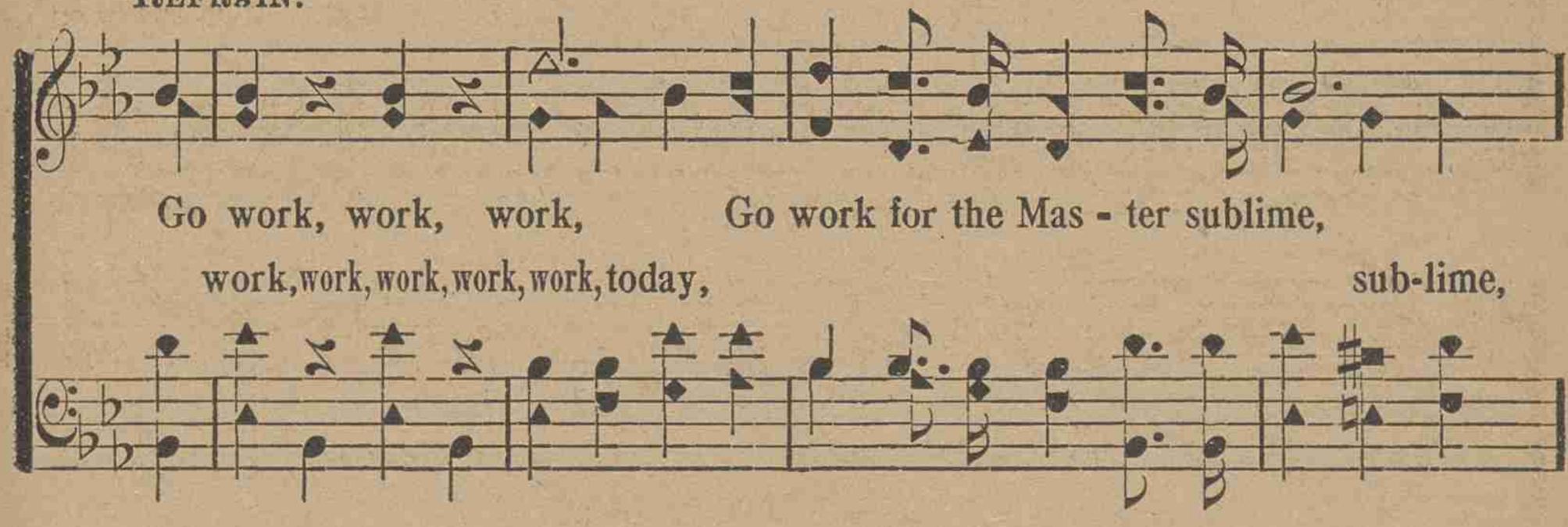
No 165 Work All The Time.

JAMES ROWE. HOMER F. MORRIS.

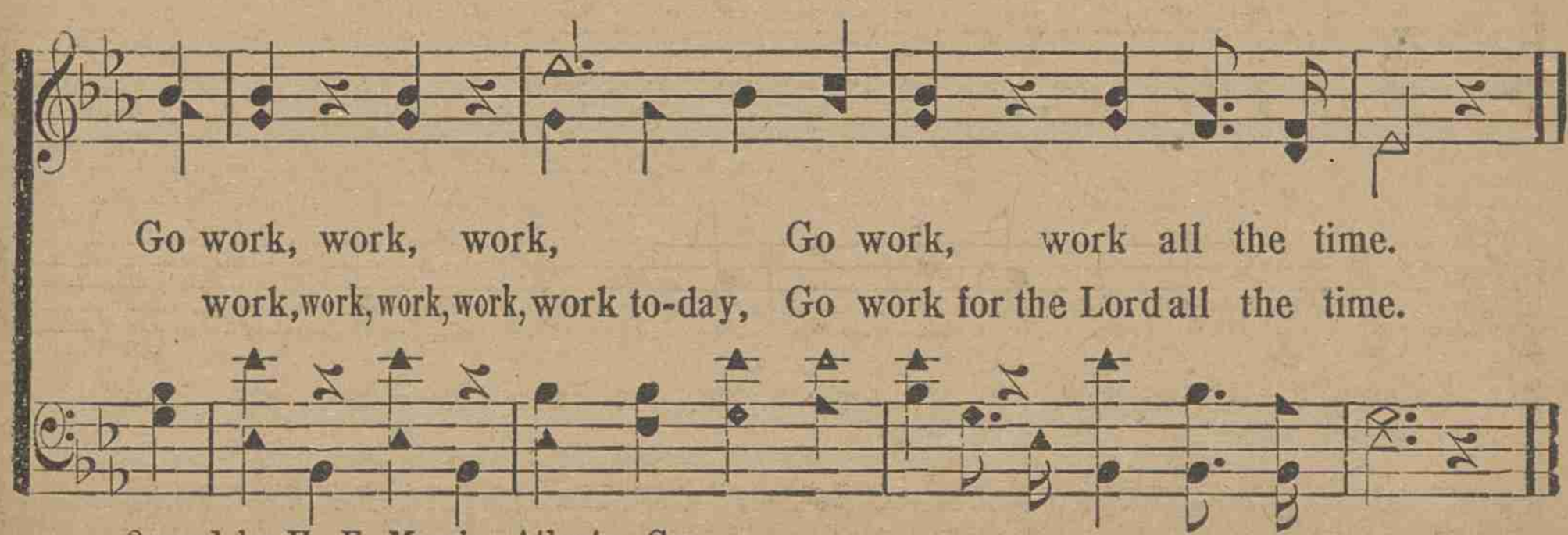
1. Go work for the Lord in the morn - ing, Un-der His ban-ner un-furled; Go
2. Go work when the shadows are creep-ing O - ver the val-ley and plain; Go
3. Go work till the night be up - on you, Hid-ing the light of the sun; Be
4. Go work, that the crown may be giv - en When you go in at the gate; Go

work while the sun is a - dorn - ing Valleys and plains of the world.
work when the tempest is sweep-ing, True to the Mas-ter re-main.
true to the love that has won you, True to the Cru-ci-fied One.
work that your rest be in heav - en, Work that your joy may be great (go work.)

REFRAIN.



Go work, work, work, Go work for the Mas - ter sublime,
work, work, work, work, work, today, sub-lime,



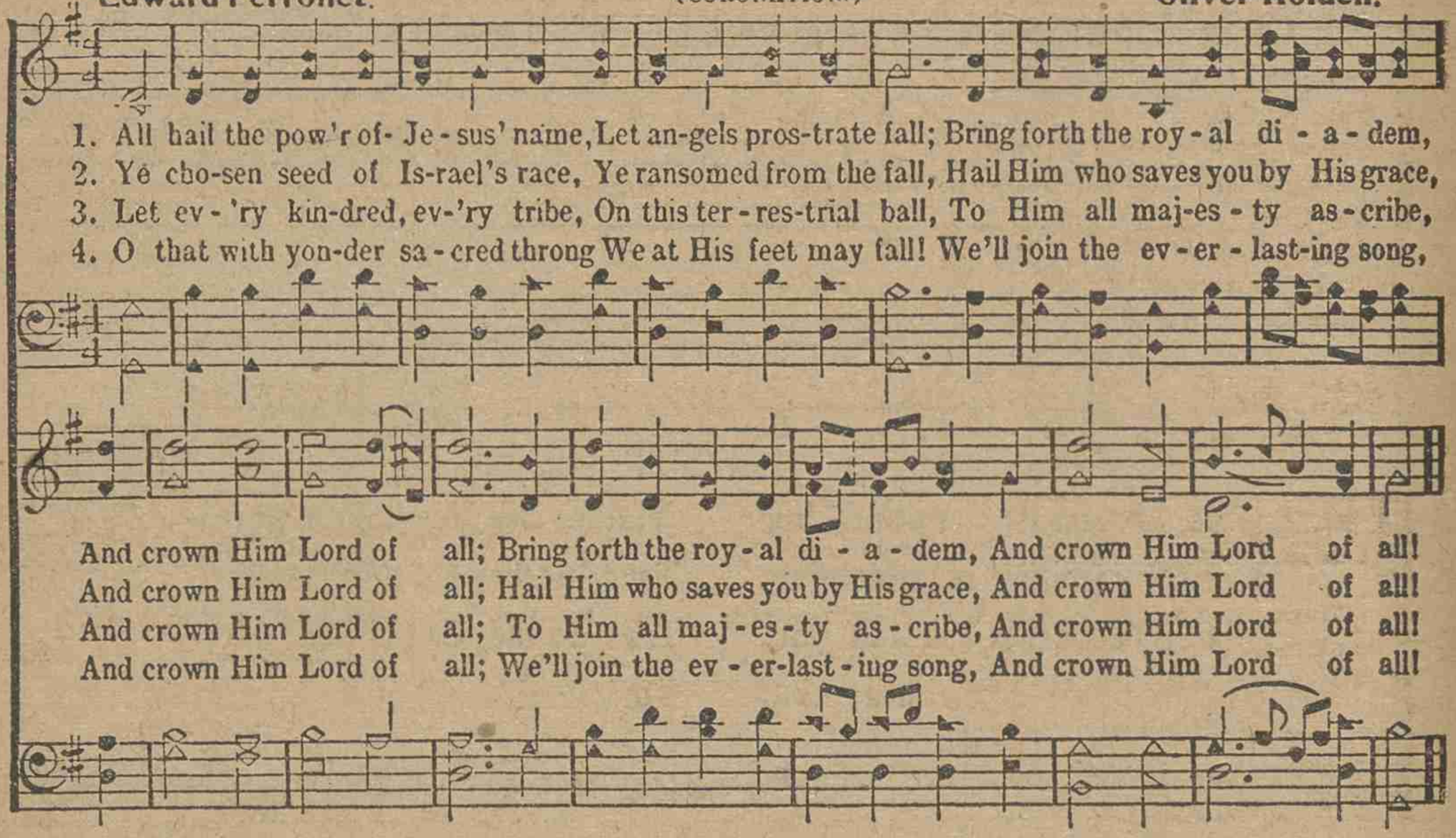
Go work, work, work, Go work, work all the time.
work, work, work, work, work to-day, Go work for the Lord all the time.

Owned by H. F. Morris, Atlanta, Ga.

Devotional Hymns

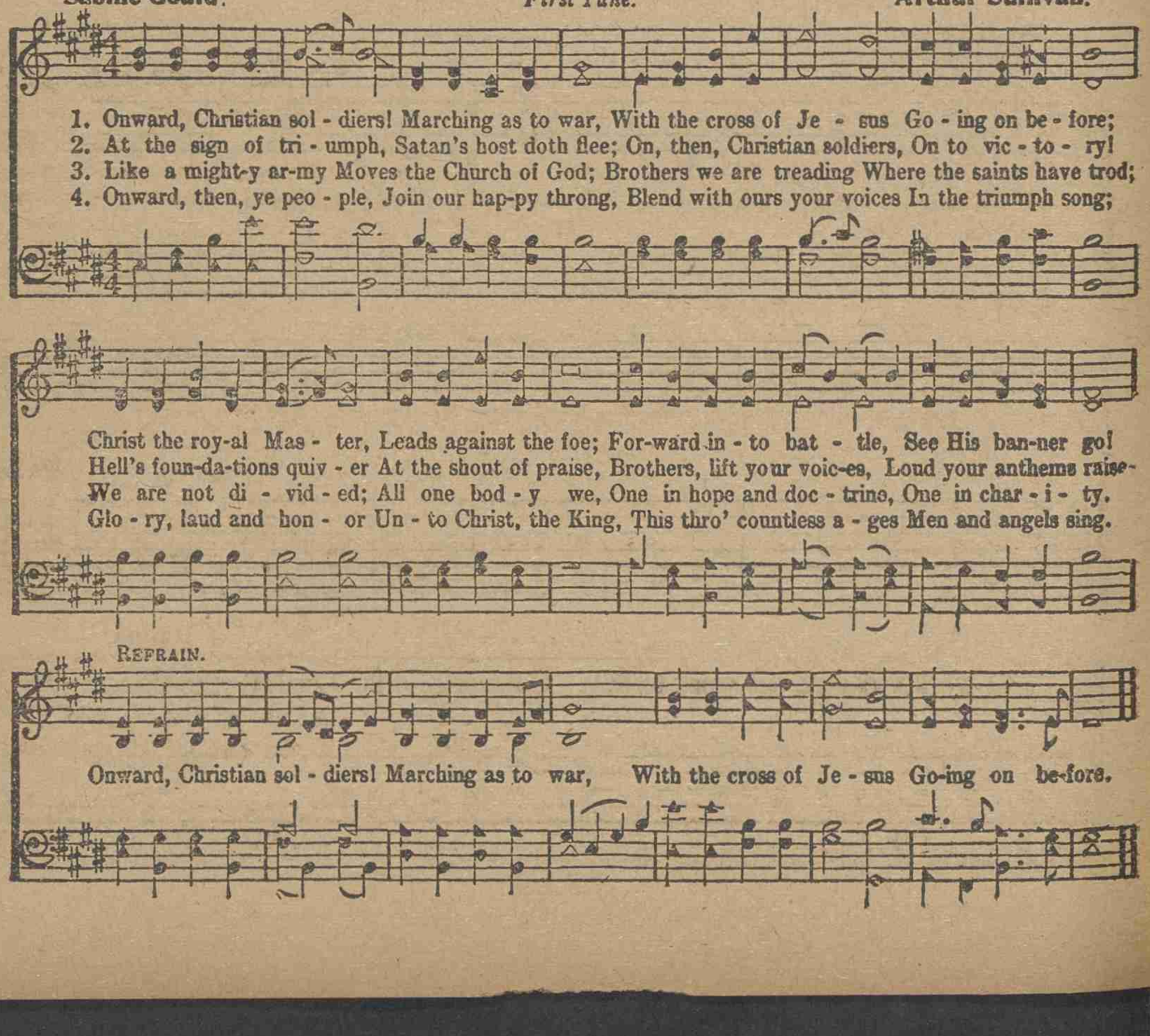
No. 166 . All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.



No. 167 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



No. 168 Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyeth.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, / Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } { Teach me some melodious sonnet, / Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll 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; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 169 I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, / Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } { I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! / I love Je-sus, yes I } dol

D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

No. 170 Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous

CHORUS.

o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

In the sweet by-and-by,

meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

No. 171 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.

1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   { E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

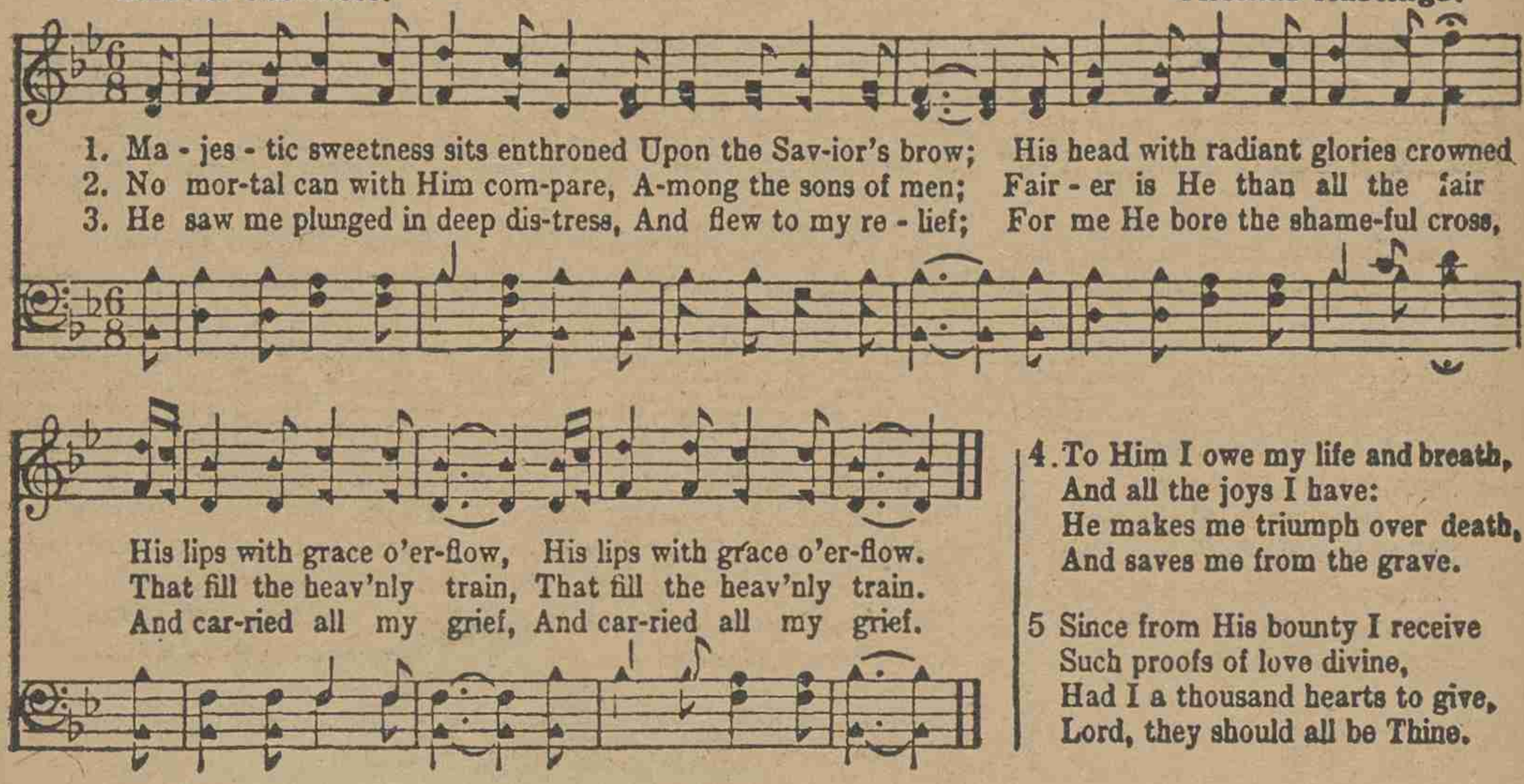
2 Though like a wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 172 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

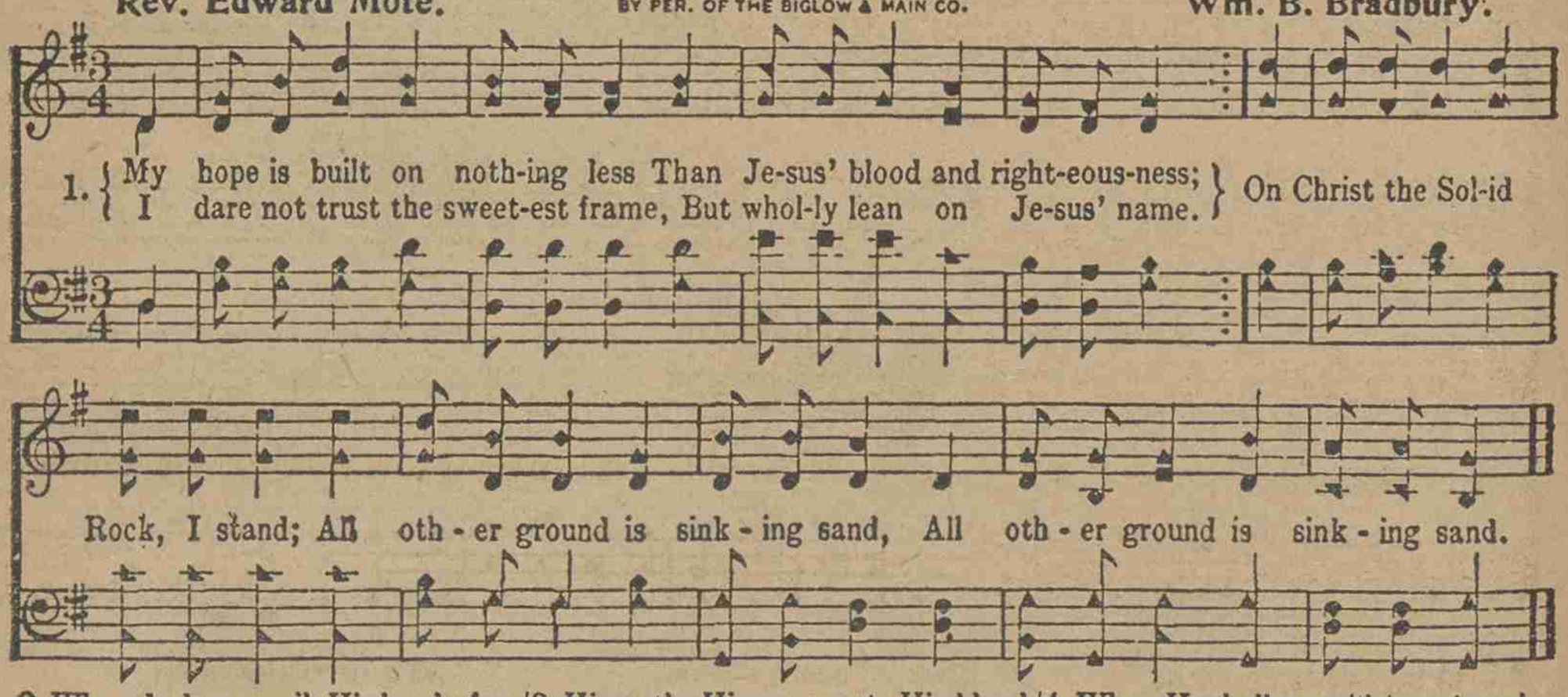
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 173 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   { I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 174 Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D. C.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 175 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. D. C.

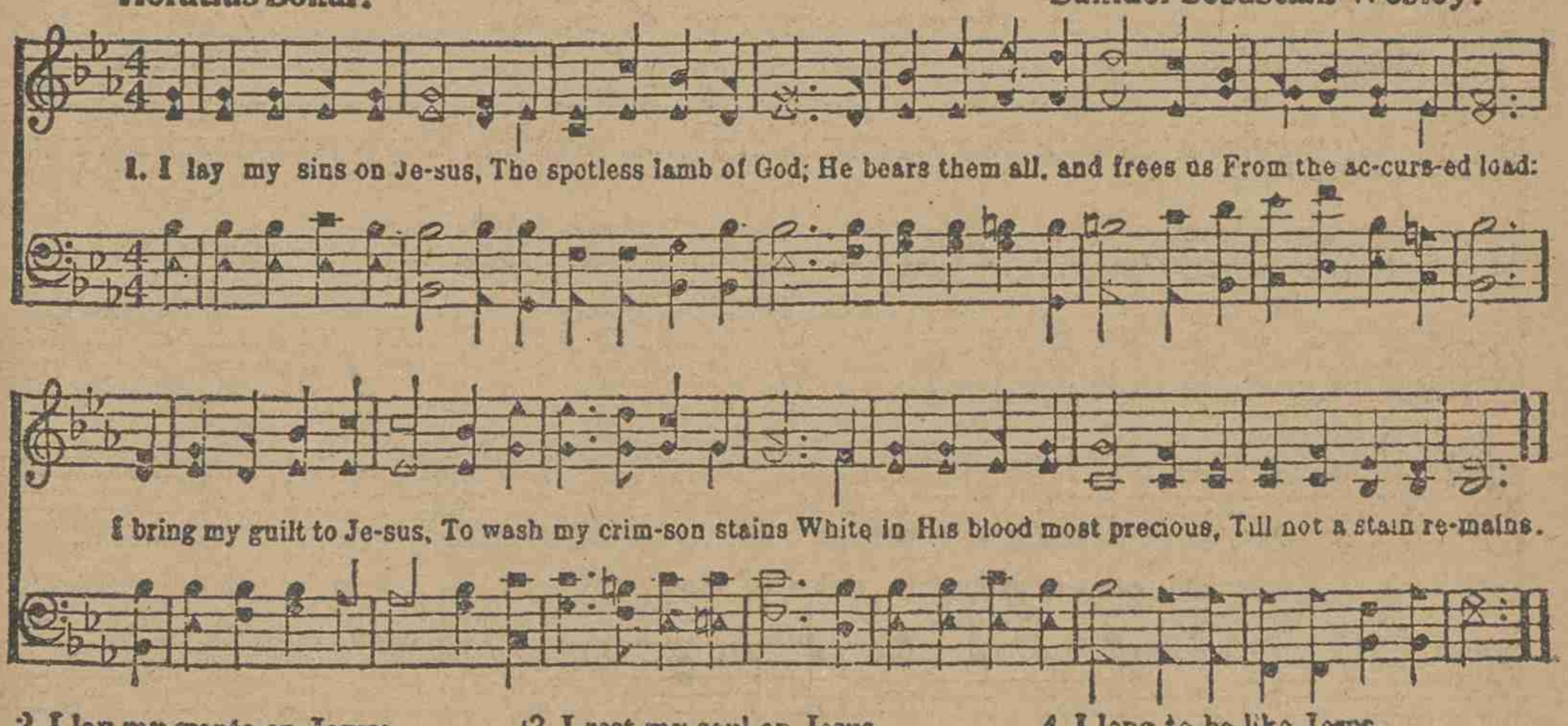
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 176 I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Samuel Sebastian Wesley.



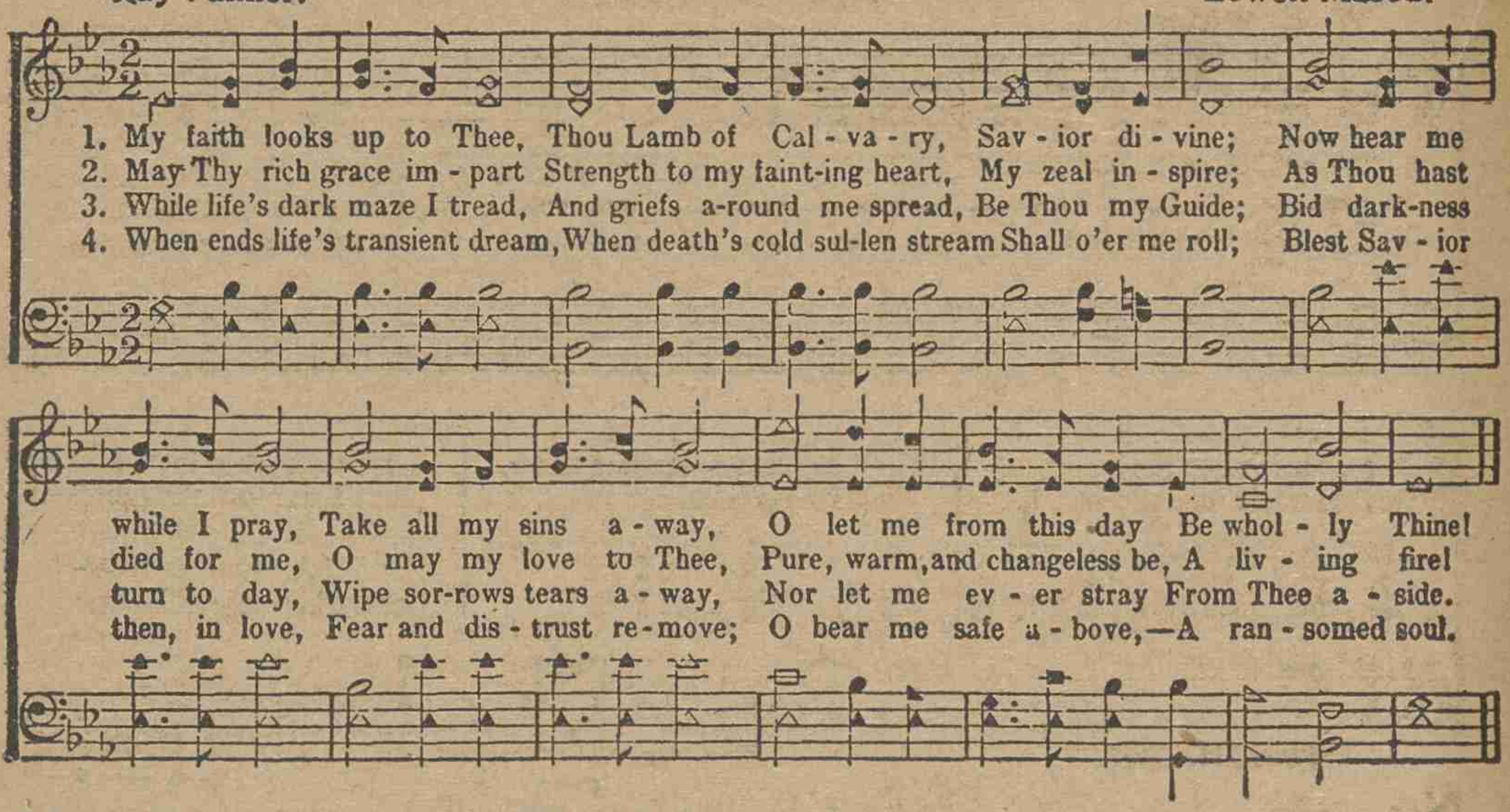
2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

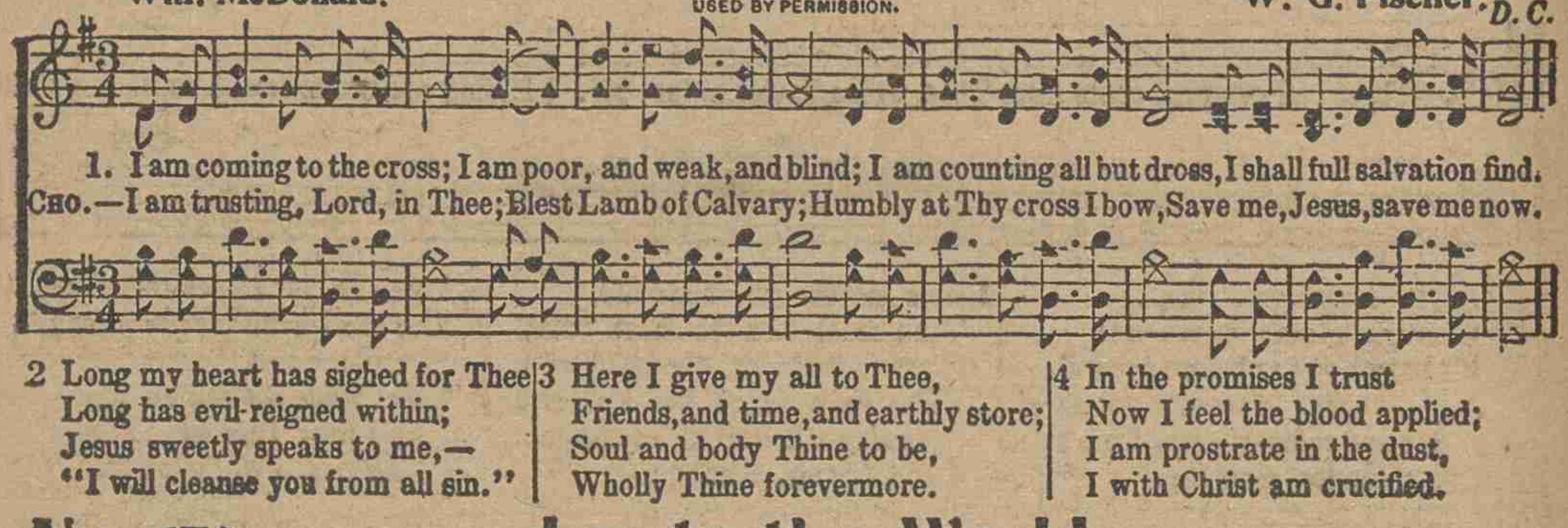
No. 177. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.



No. 178. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.

Cho.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

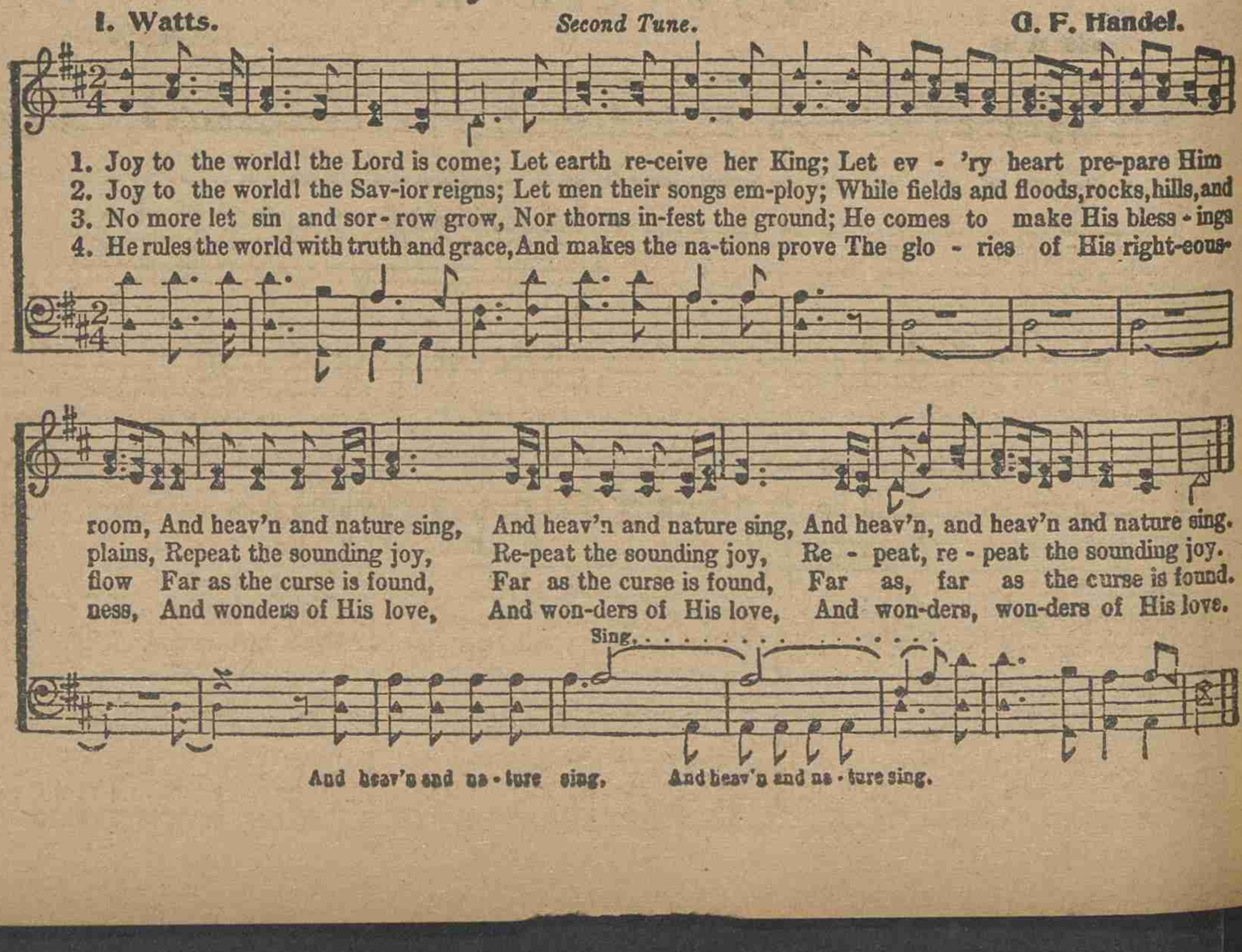
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil-reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No 179. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.



No. 180 While Jesus Whispers.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.
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W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come,sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come,sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come,sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden,Come,sinner, come!
3. O hear His ten-der pleading,Come,sinner, come! Come and re-ceive the bless-ing,Come,sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him,Come,sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him,Come,sinner,come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come,sinner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come,sinner,come!
While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come,sinner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come,sinner,come!

No. 181 There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners,plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S.And sinners,plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping,stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 182 Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.

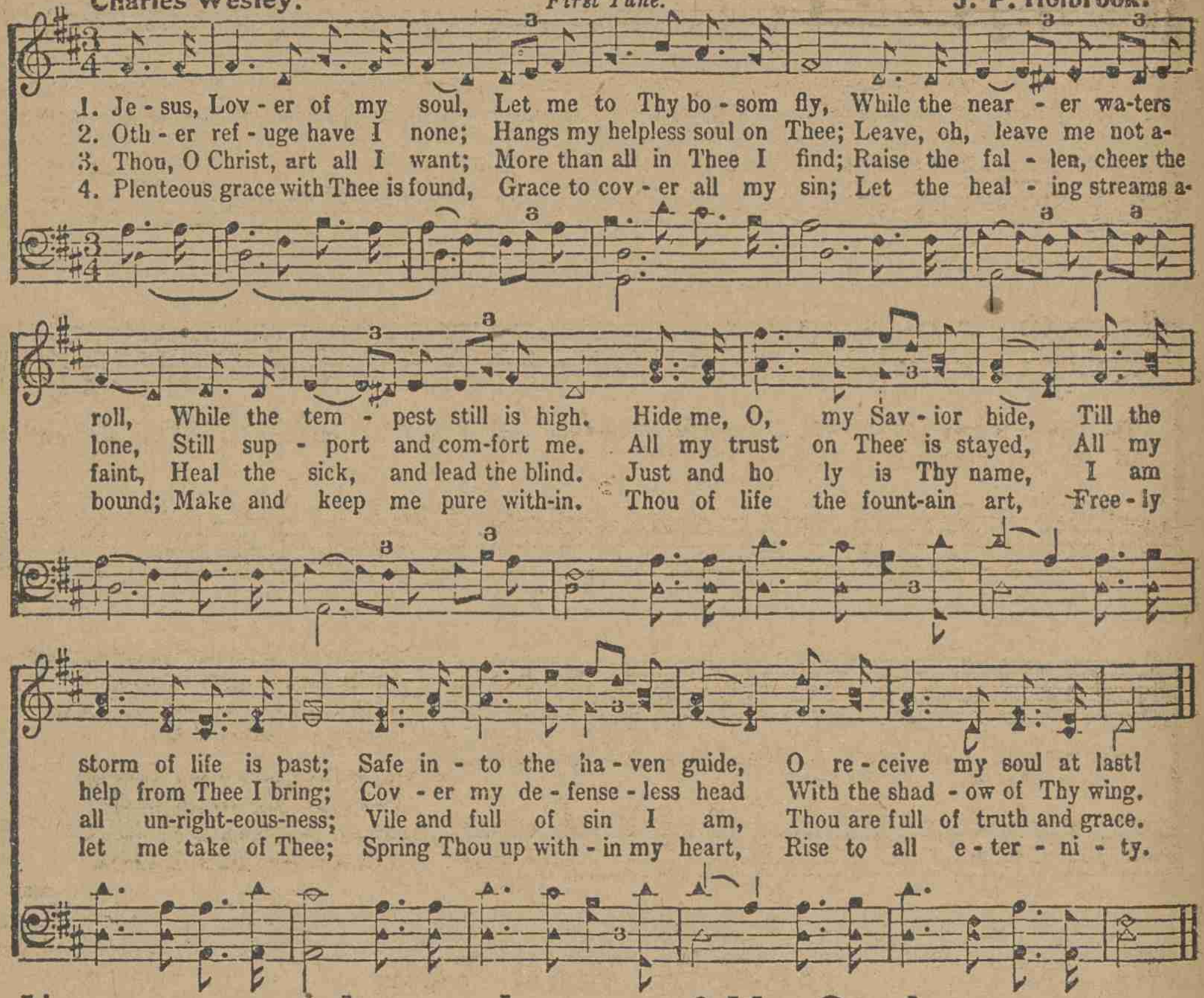
1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners,plung'd beneath that flood,beneath that flood,beneath that flood. And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains. Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 183 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

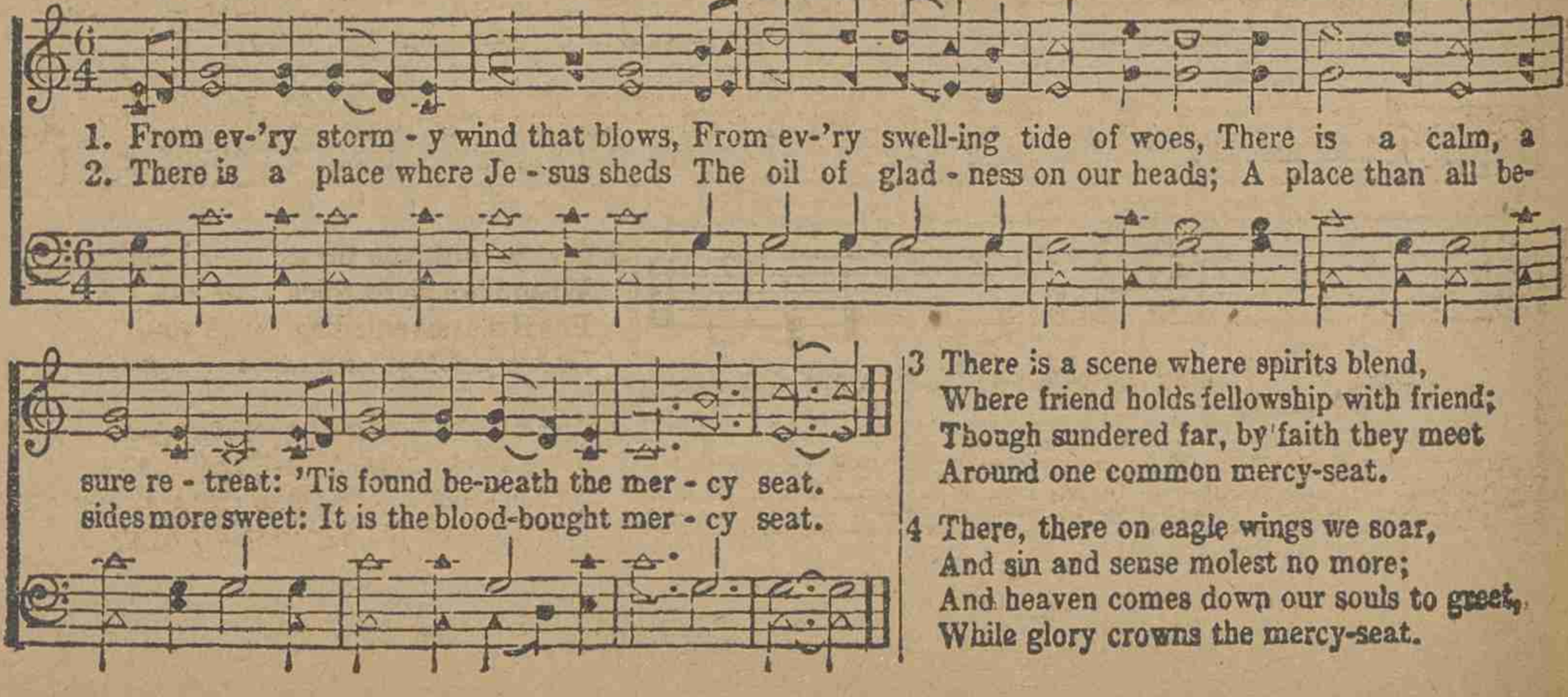


No. 184 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

No. 185 From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

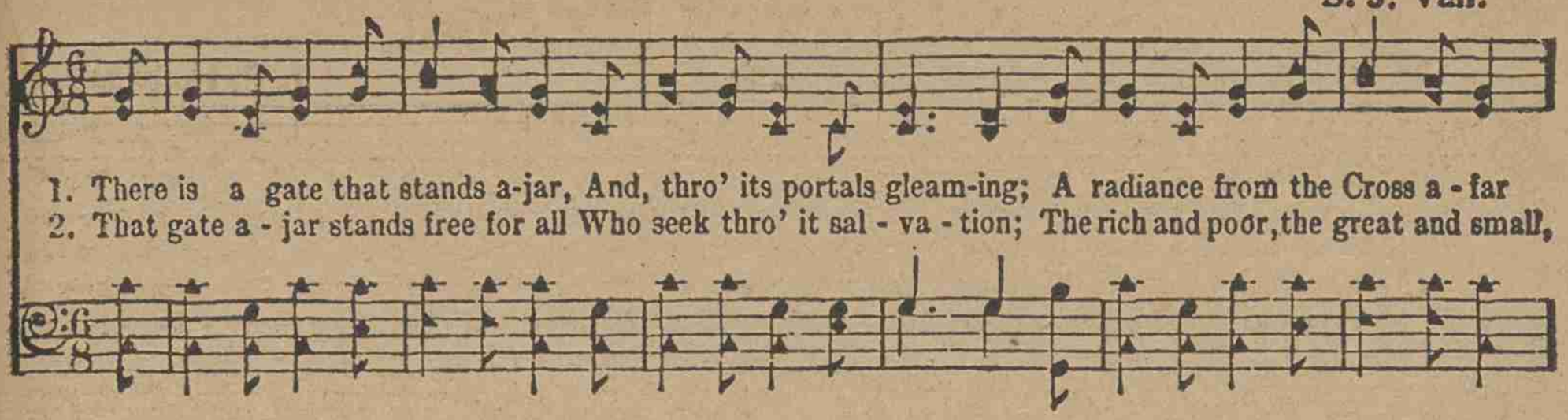


3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 186 The Gate Aiar.

S. J. Vail.



3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown.
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 187 God Be With You.

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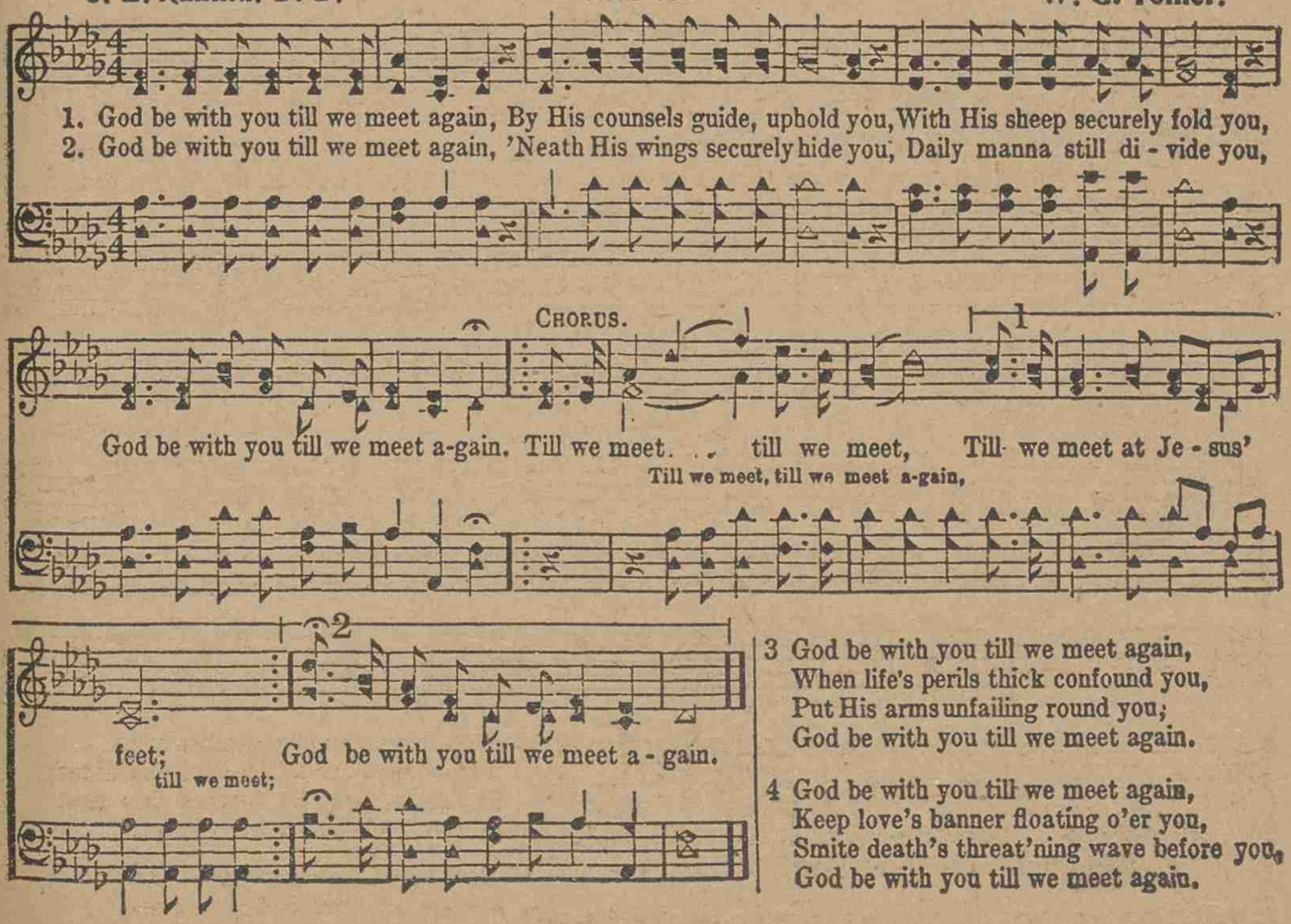
J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

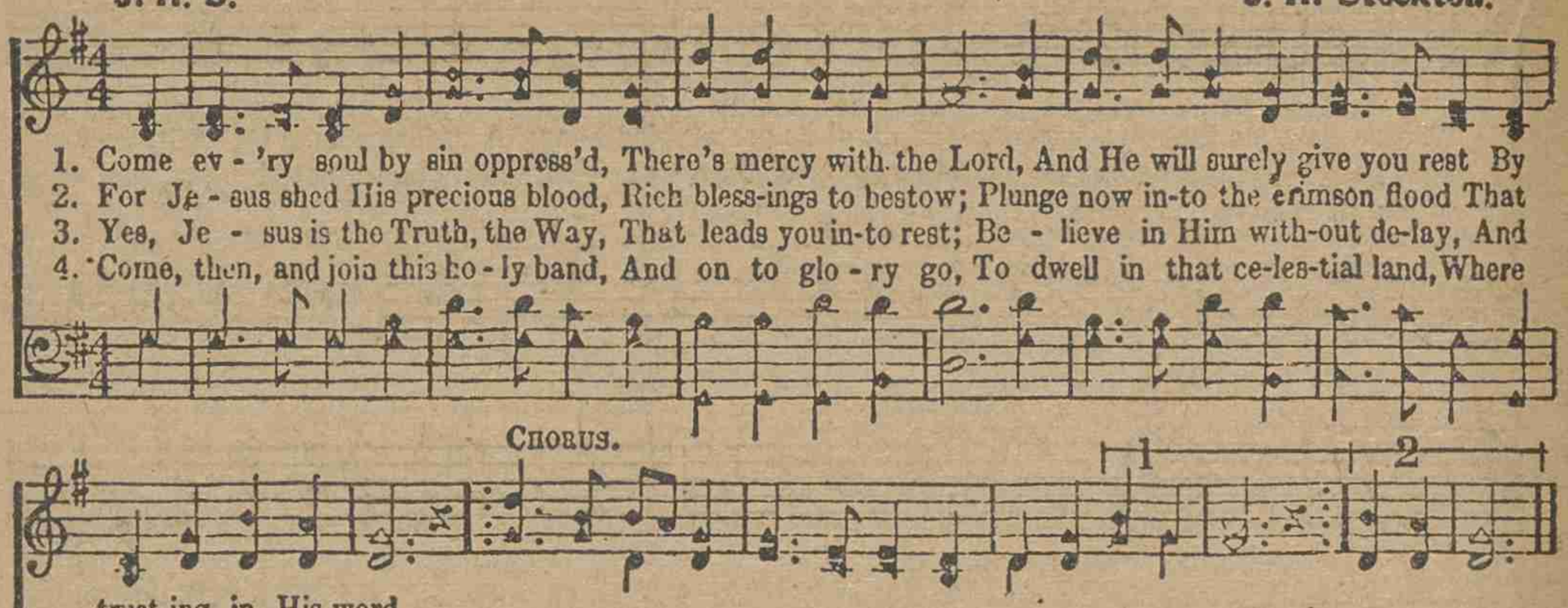


3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 188 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.



No. 189 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. — *First Tune.* — John Zundel.

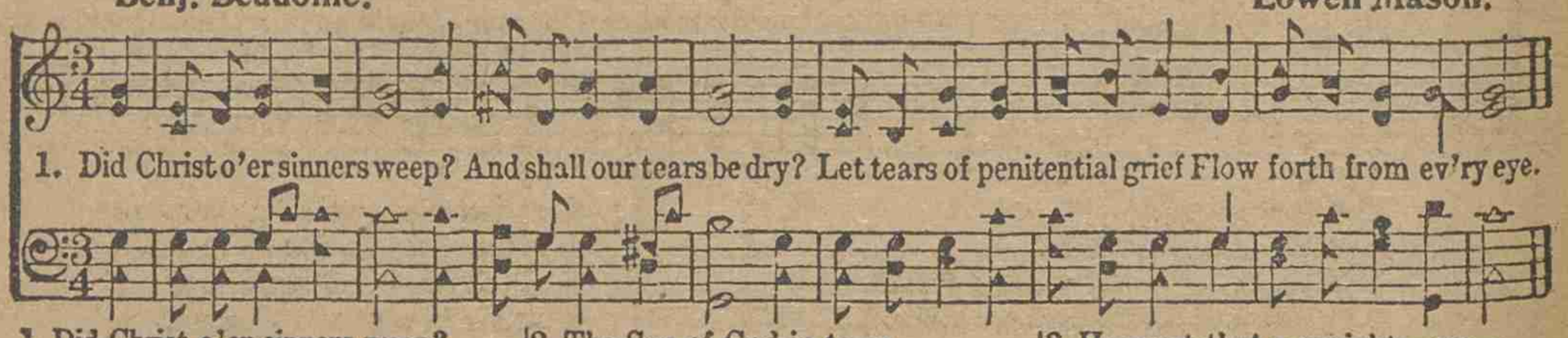
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 190 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. — Lowell Mason.



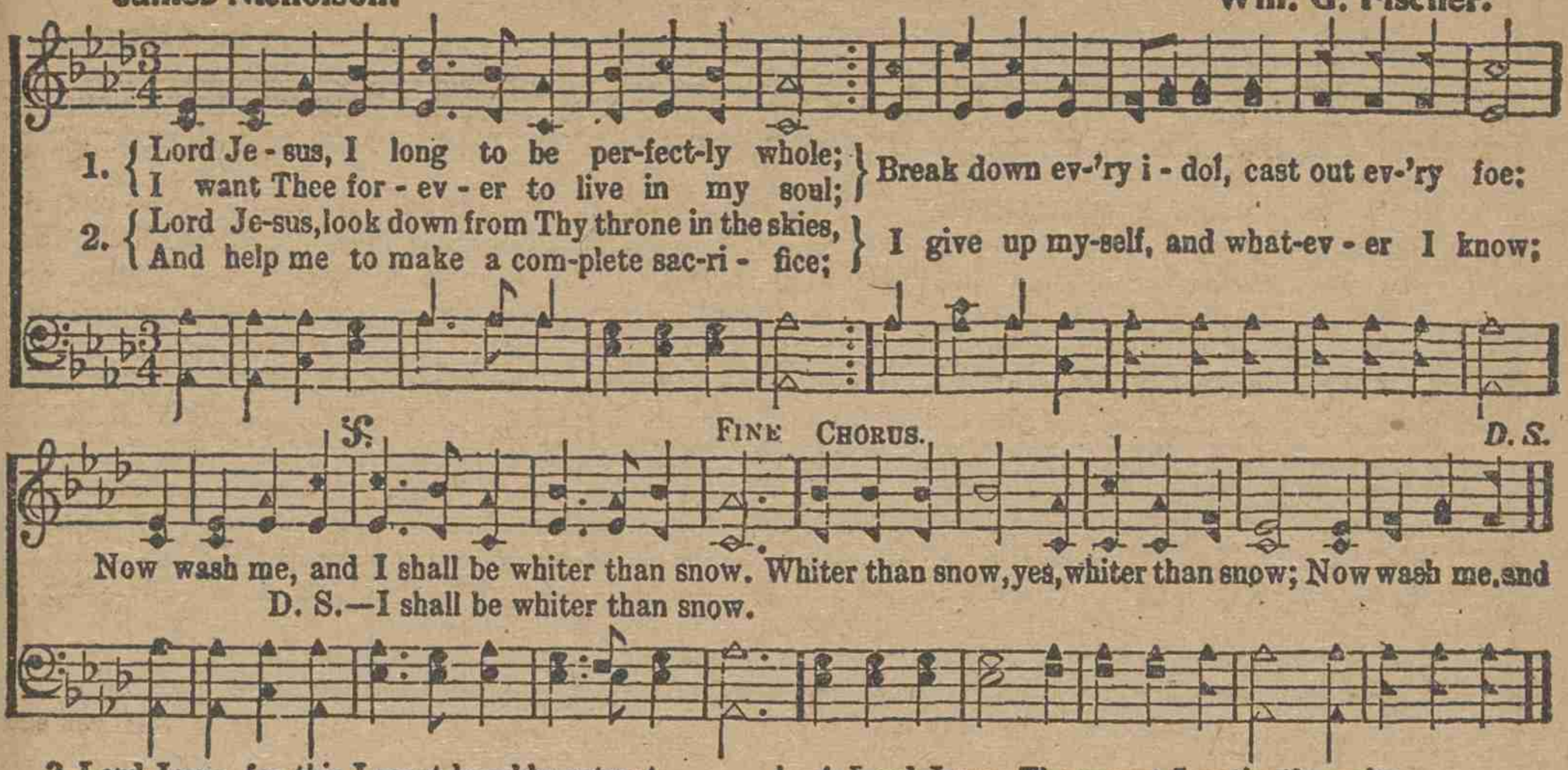
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

No. 191 Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.



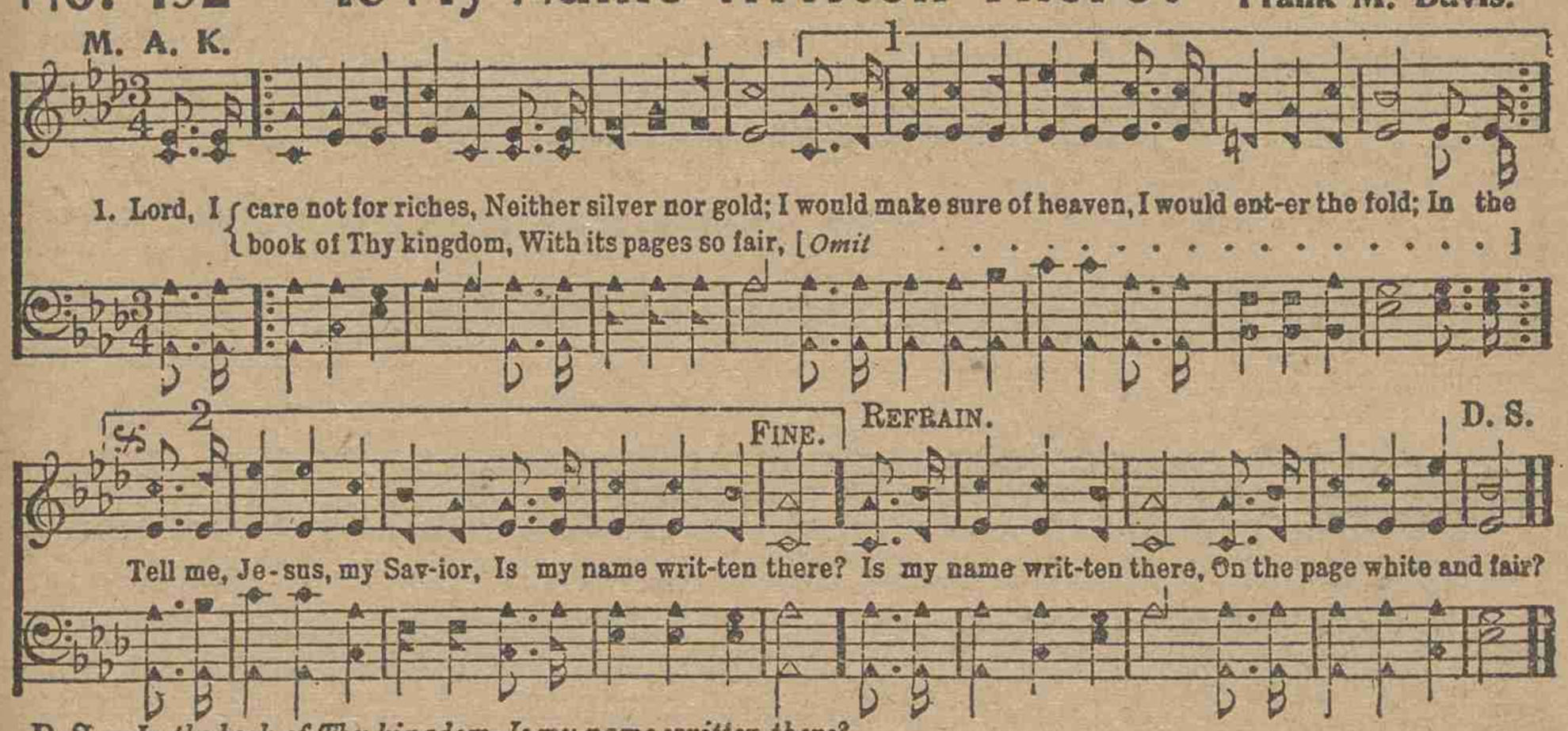
3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 192 Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

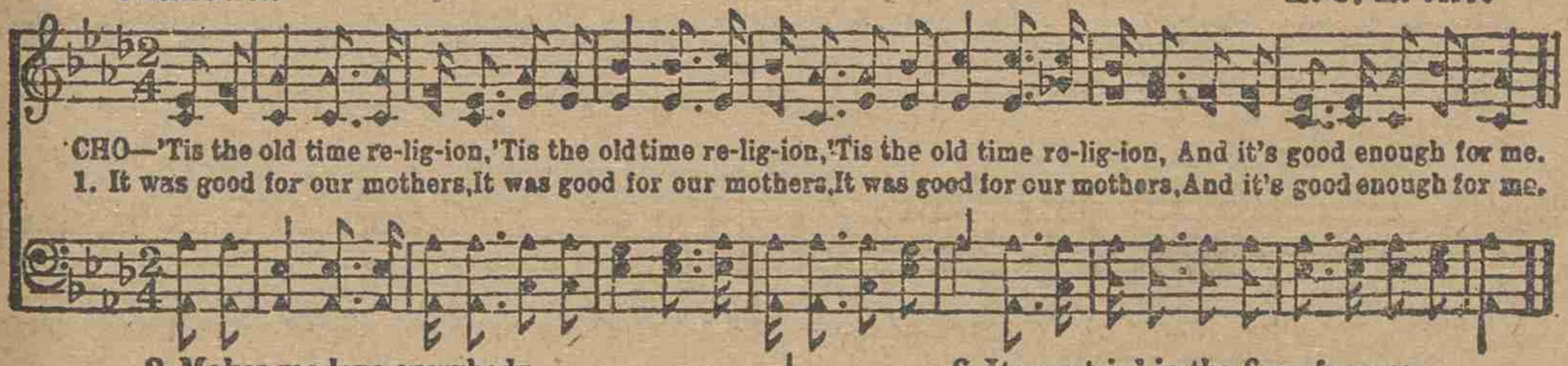


2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 193 The Old Time Religion.

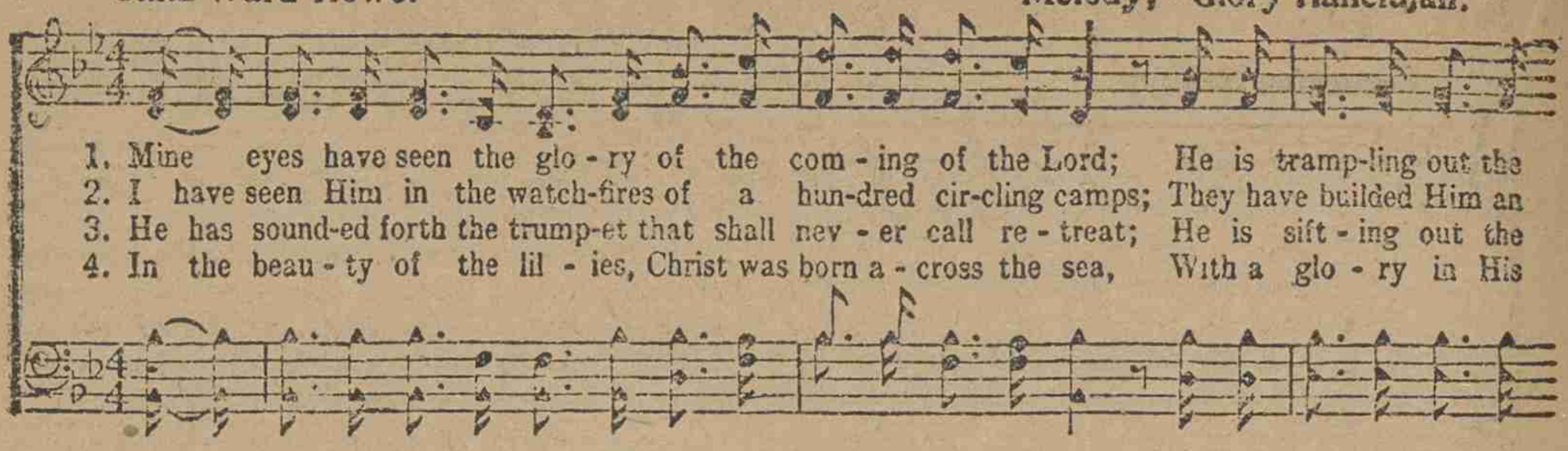
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.

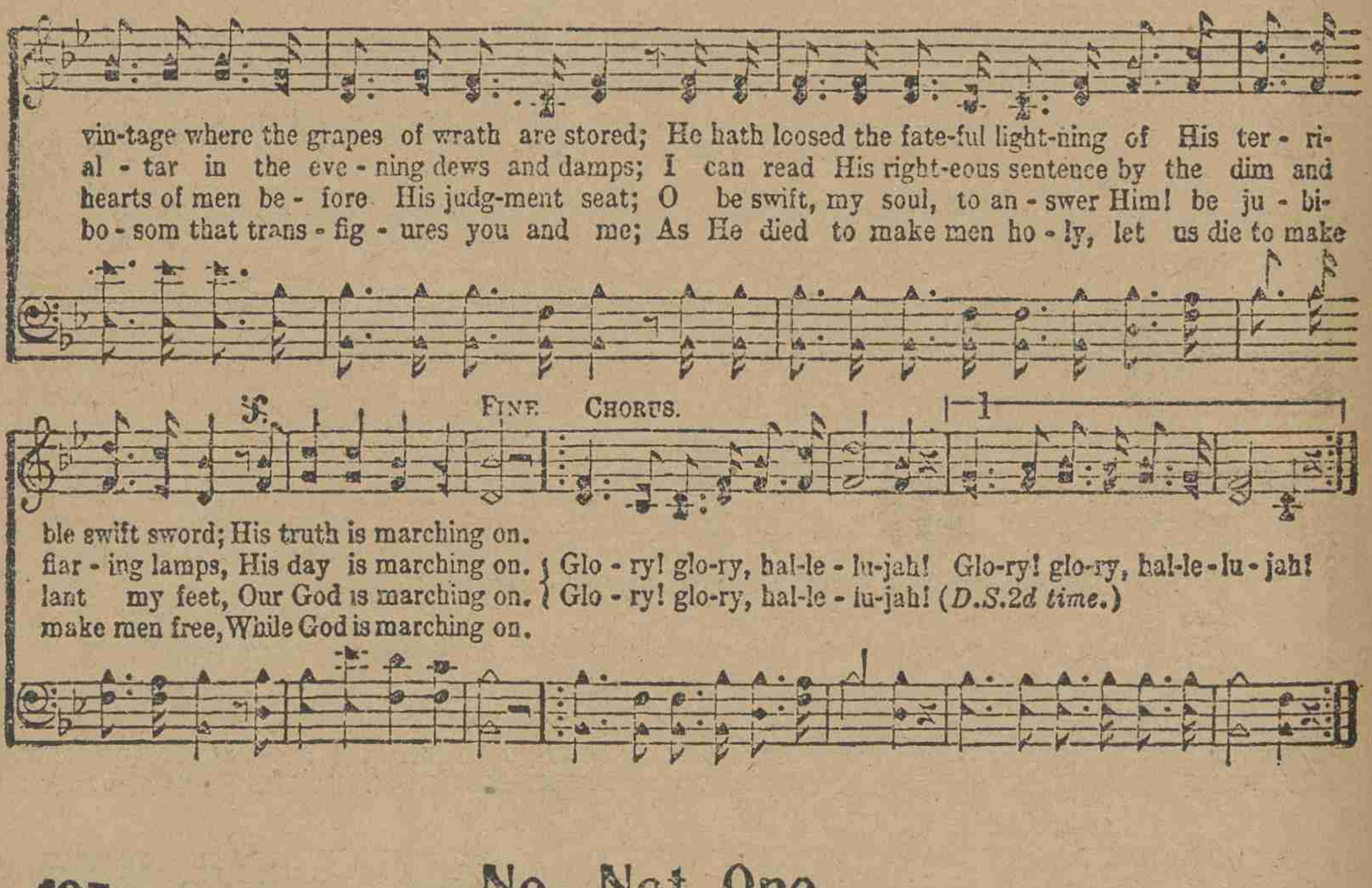


2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

194 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."





195 No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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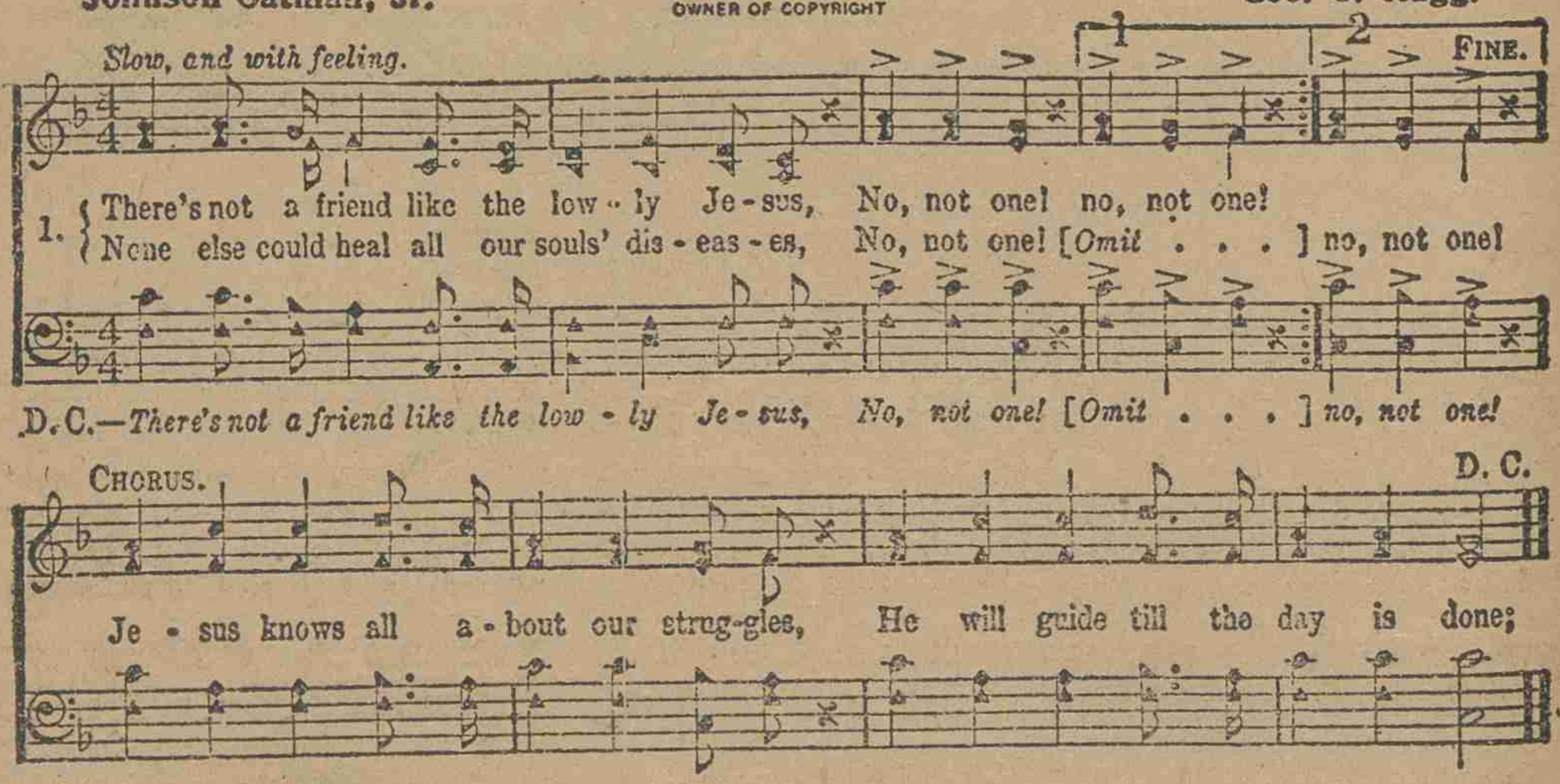


2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

No. 196 I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

CHORUS.

It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 197 Even Me, Even Me.

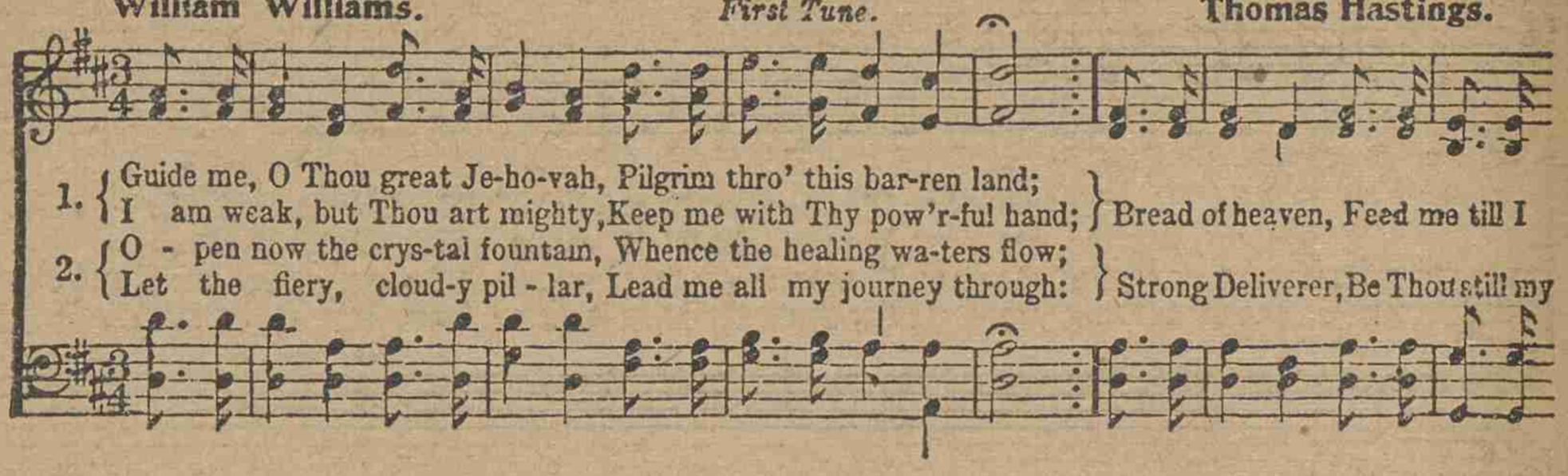
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and

fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 198 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.



3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. [illegible] Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 2[illegible]0. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

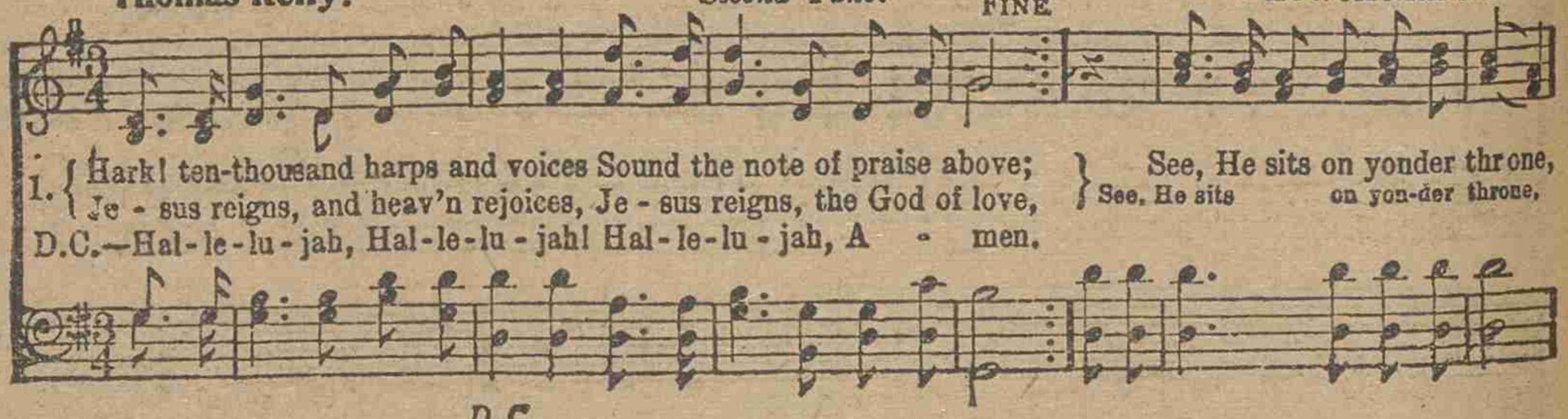
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 2[illegible] Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE. Lowell Mason.



2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

No. 202 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

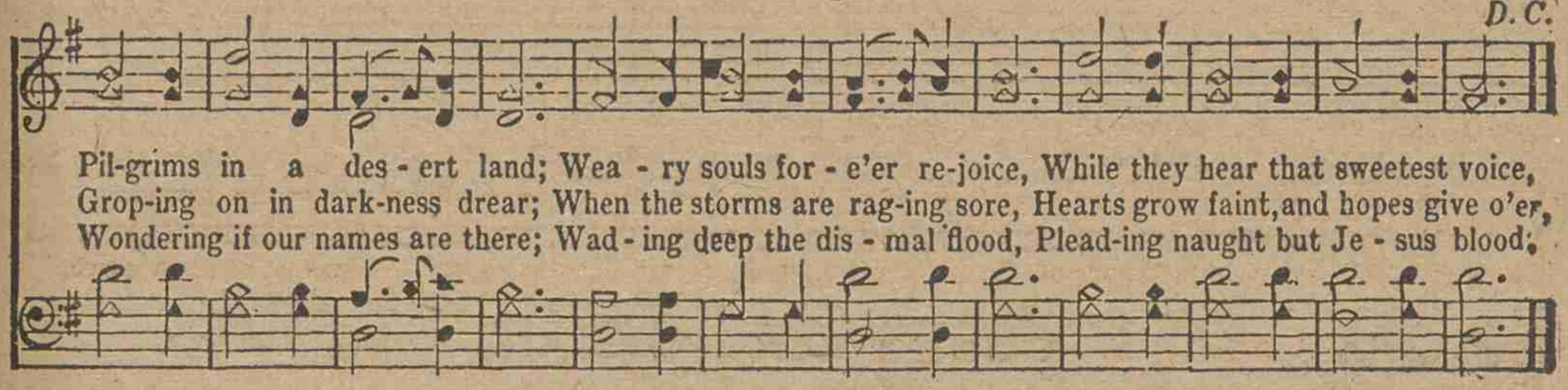
M. M. W. M. M. Wells.

FINE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D.C.



Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 203 Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

No. 204 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 205 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 206 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings oh His name.

No. 207 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! / Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! / Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day,

FINE. D. S

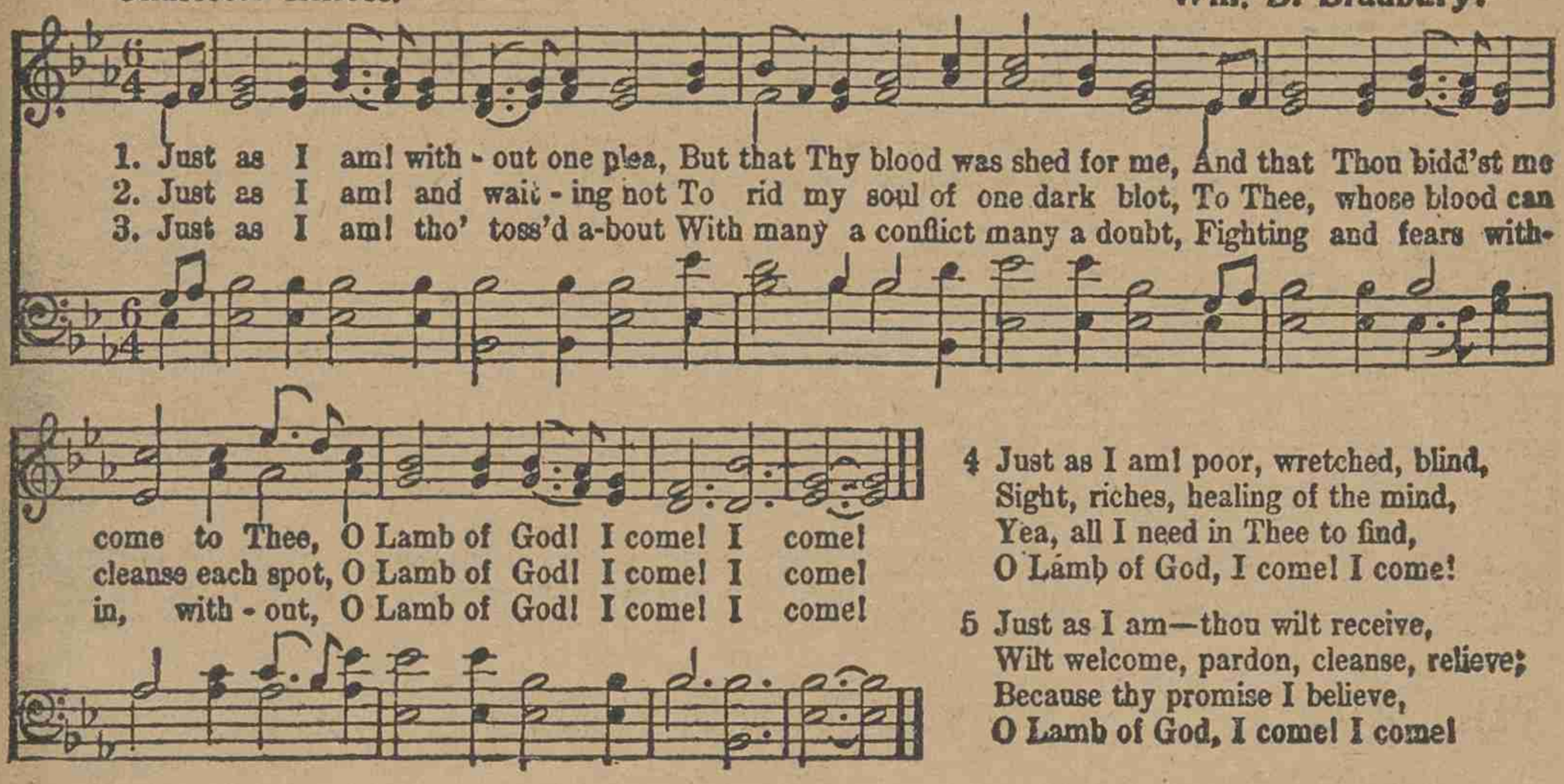
When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray / And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

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

No. 208 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

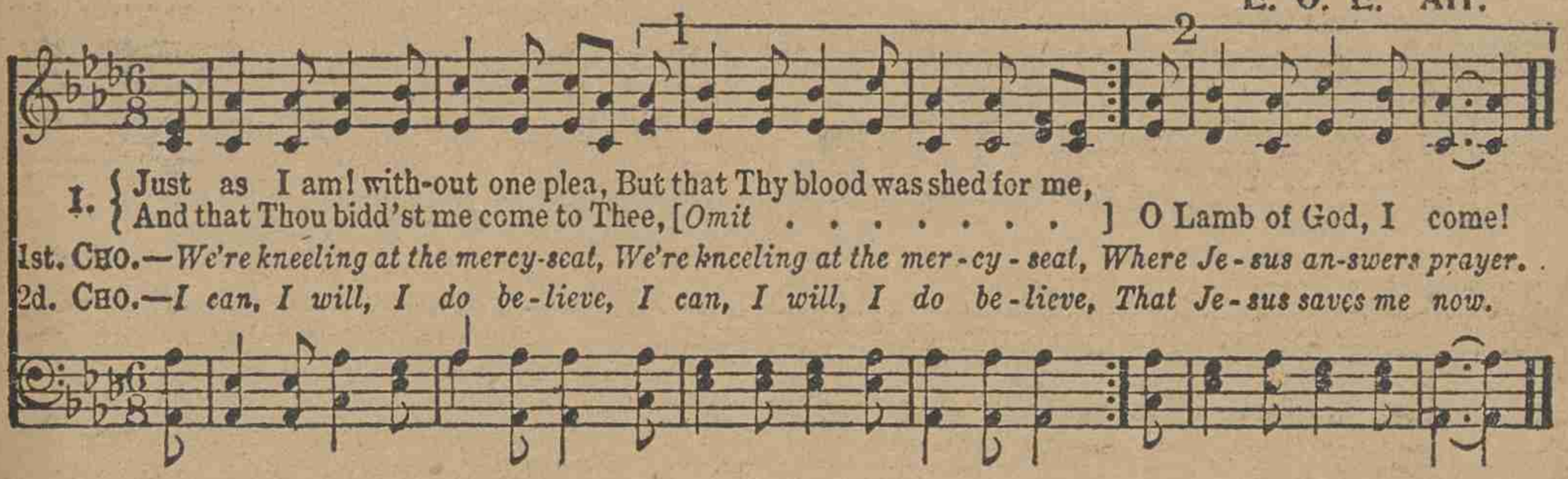


4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

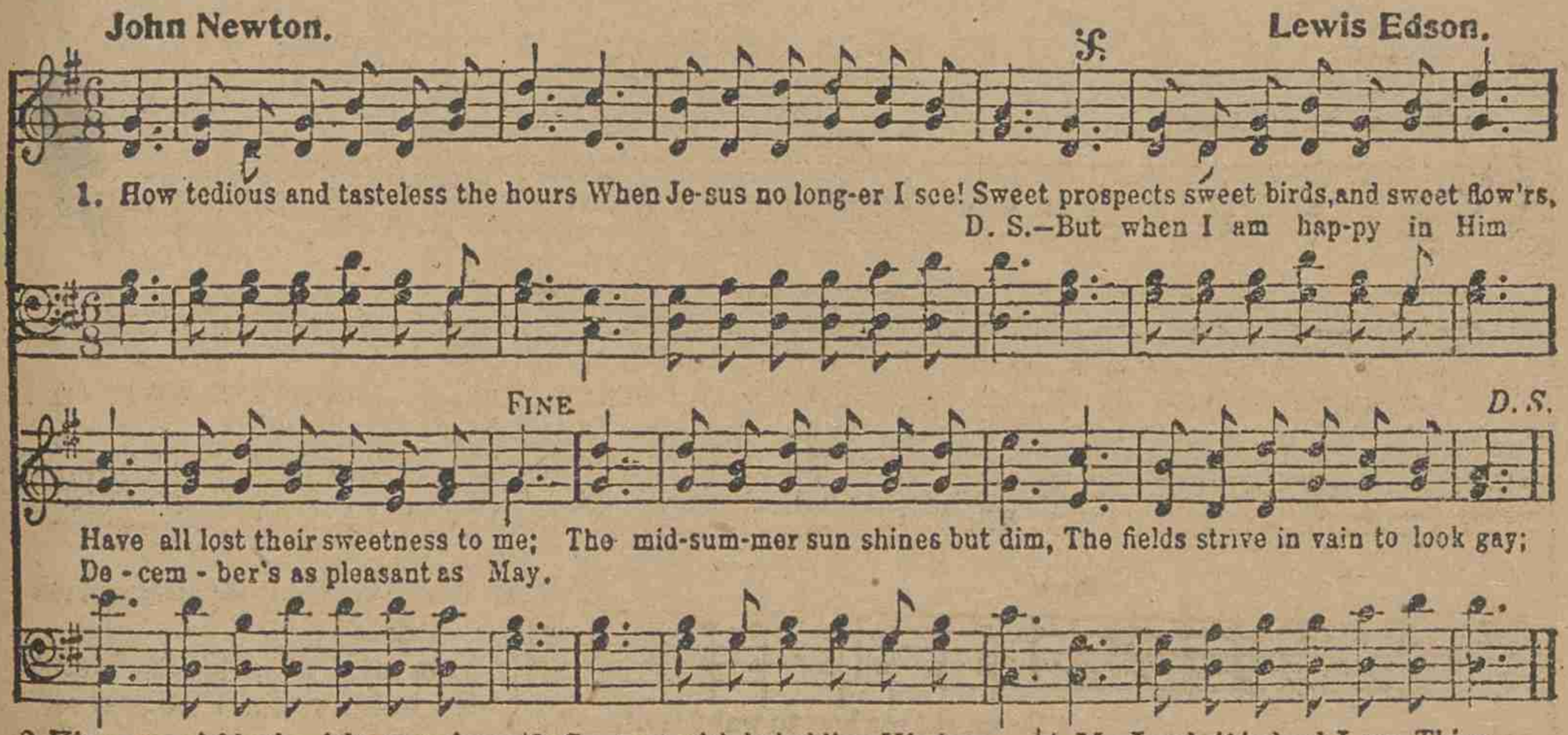
No. 209. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.



No. 210. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.



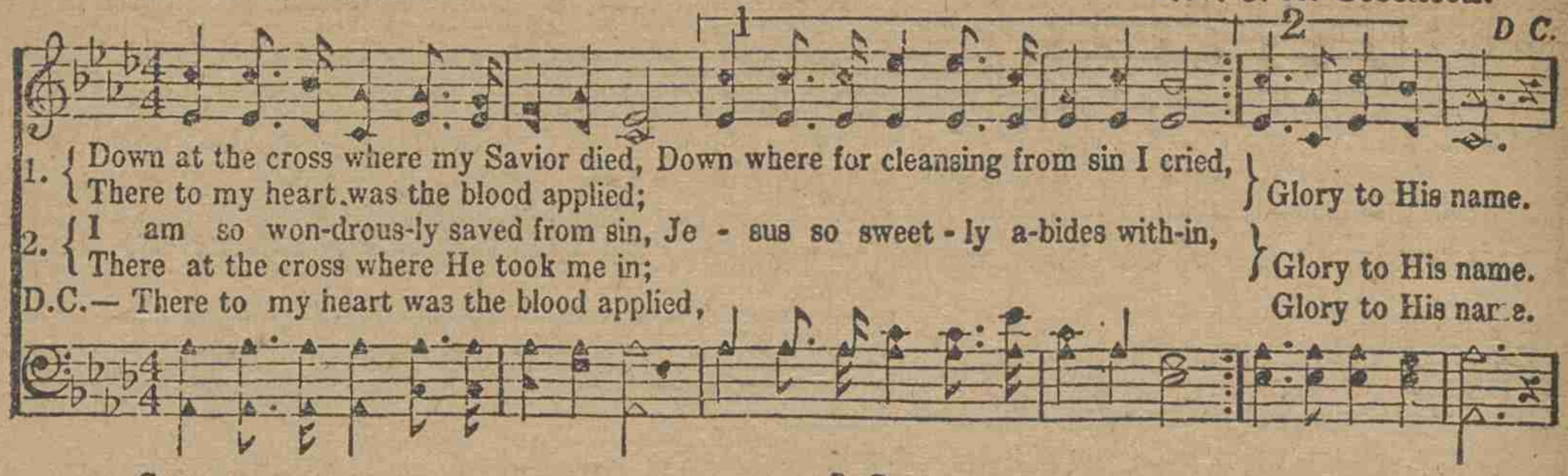
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more

No. 211 Glory to His Name.

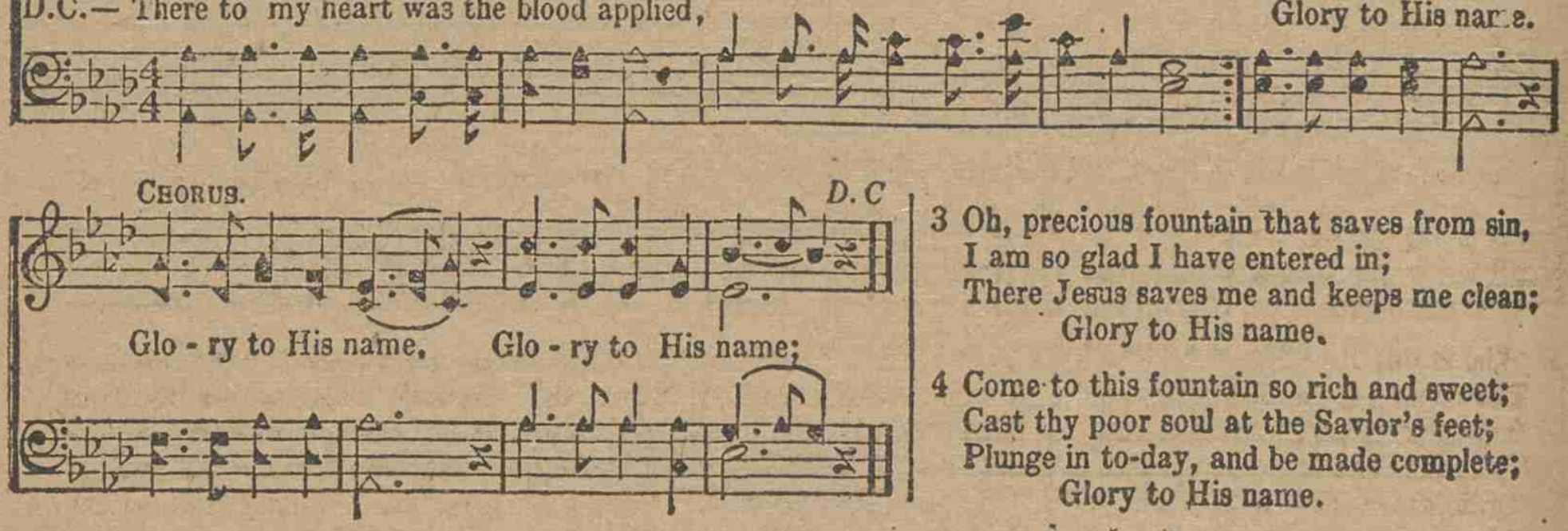
Rev. E. A Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; } Glory to His name.

2. { I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; } Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

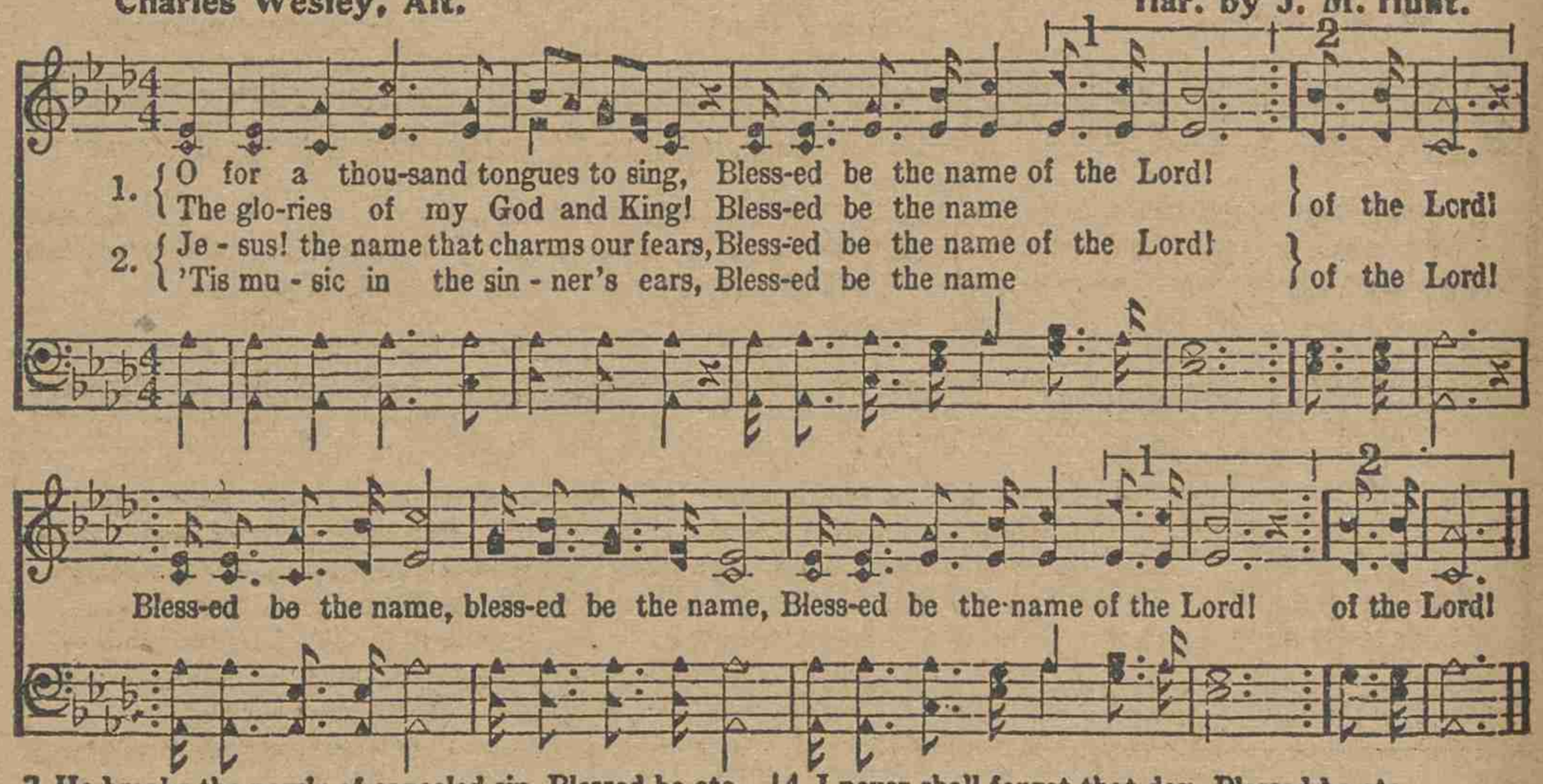


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 212 Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.



1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!

2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name } of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 213 Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above

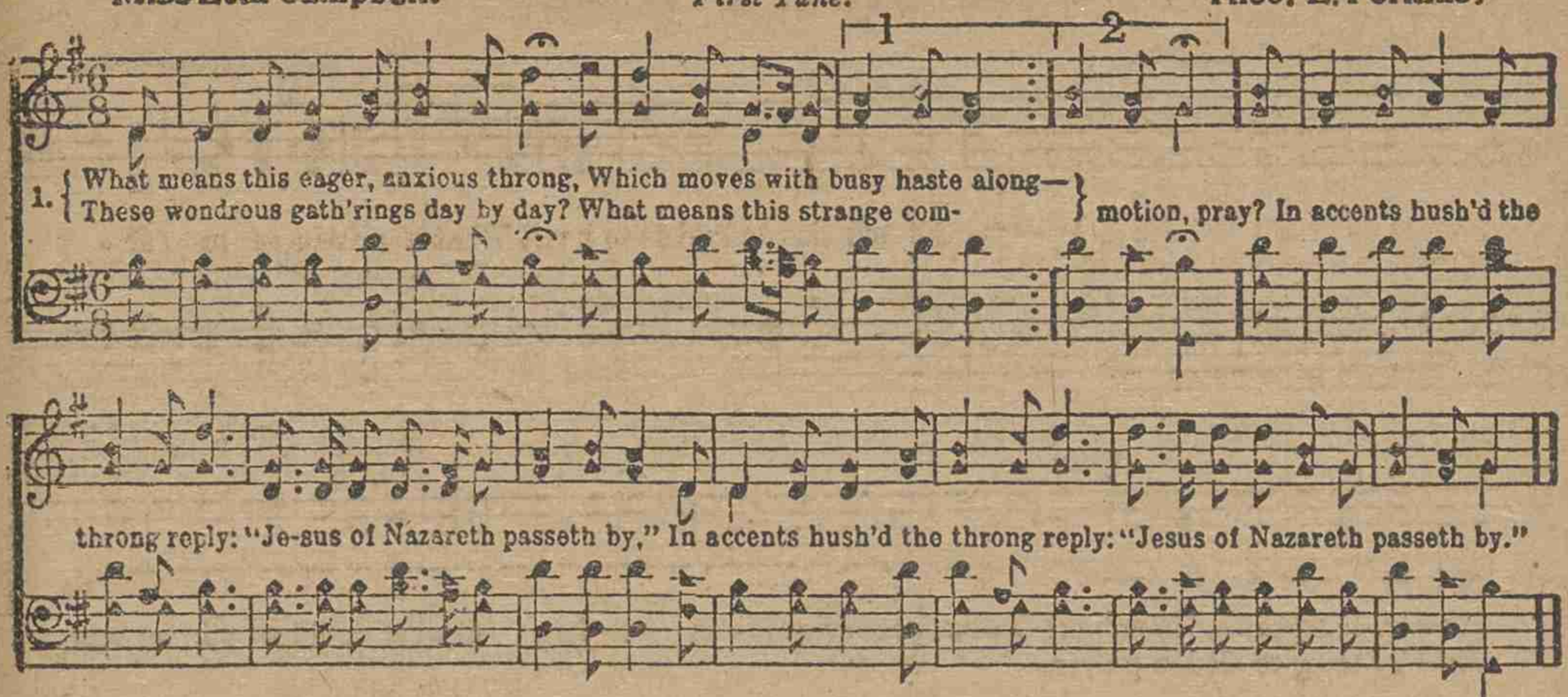
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 214 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.



2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 215 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

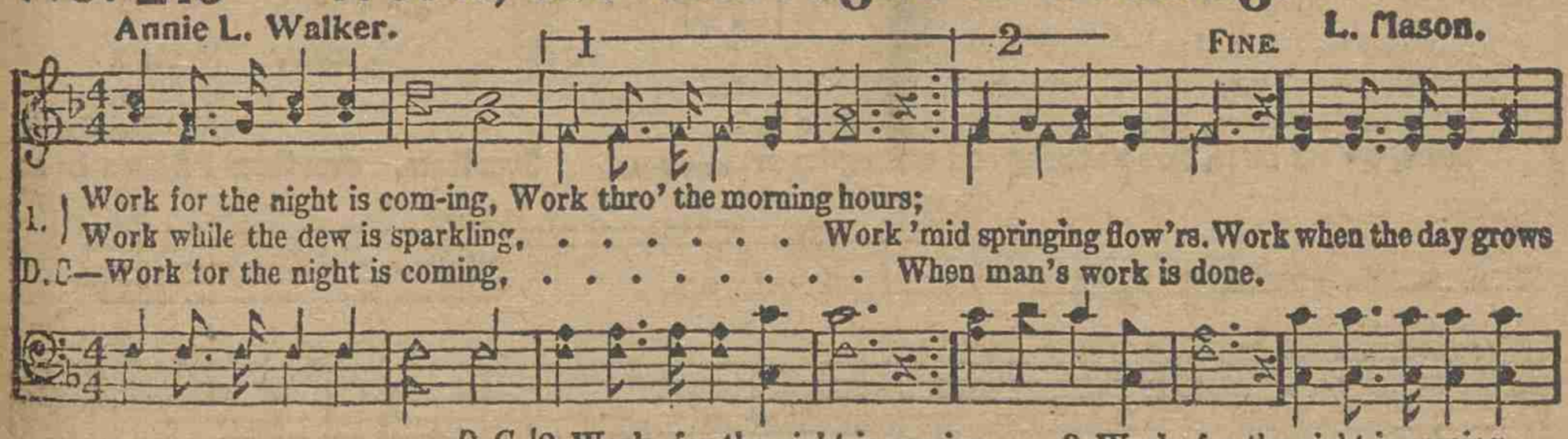
W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
The joys I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 216 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.



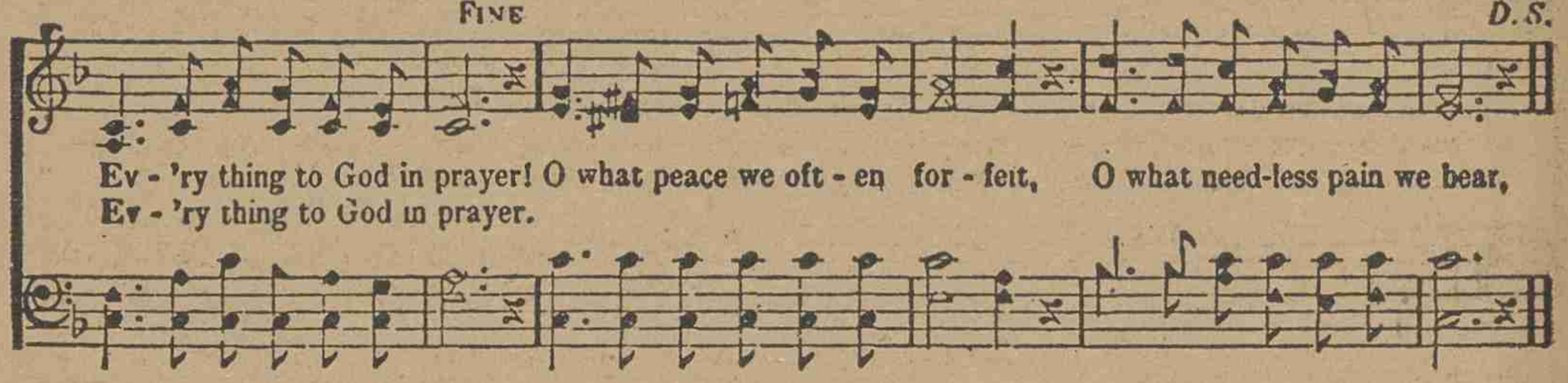
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

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. 217 What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

FINE D.S.



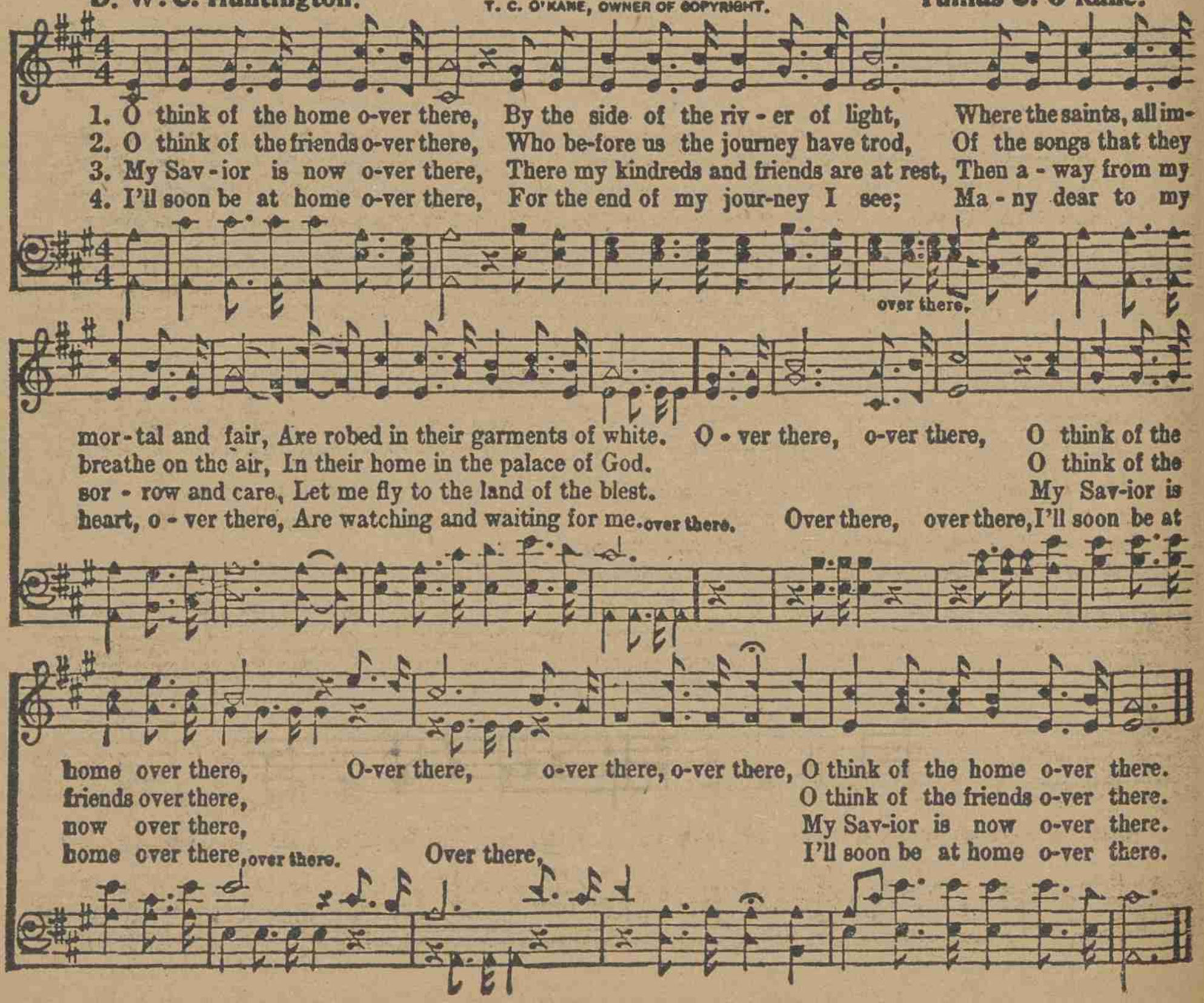
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

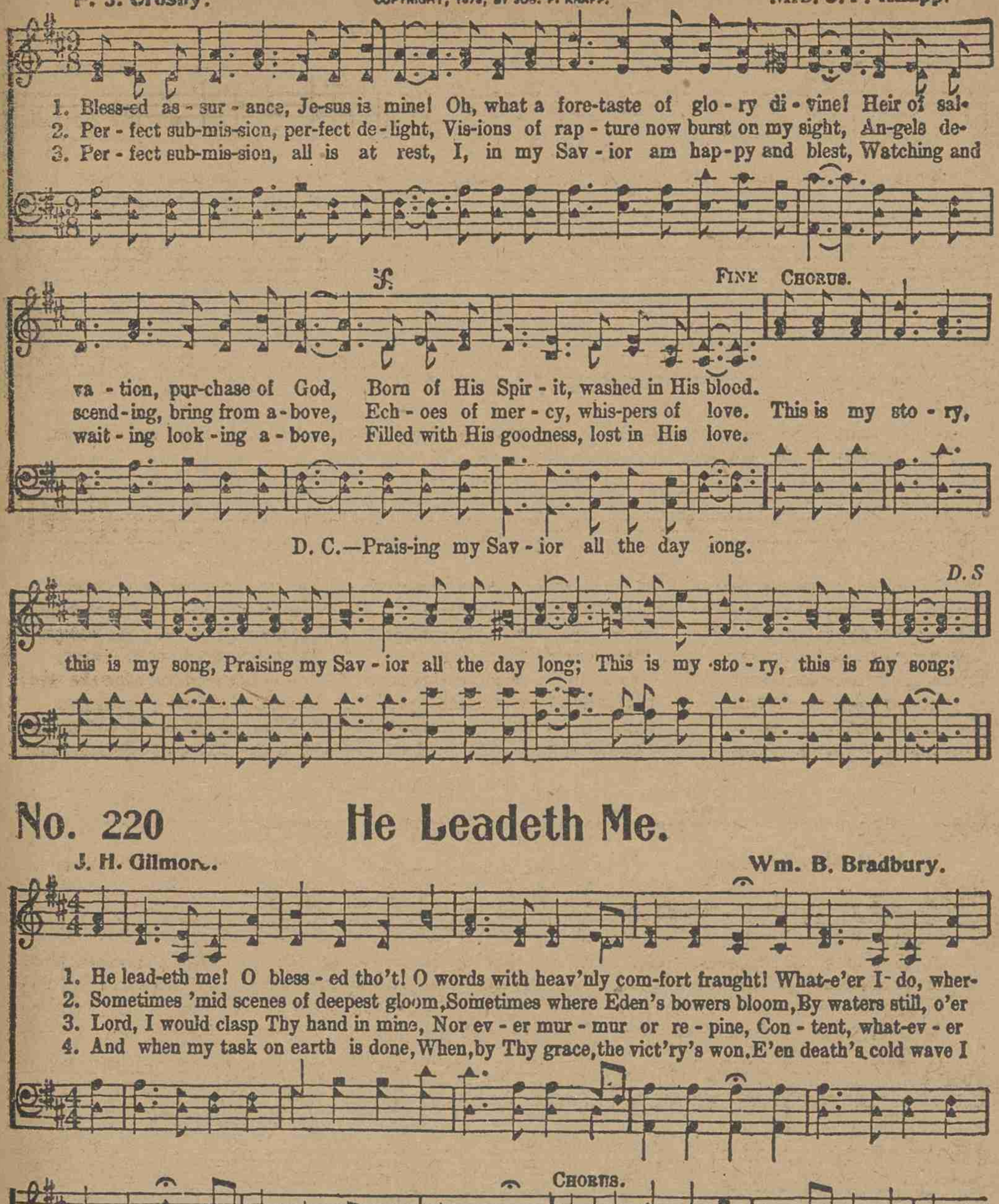
No. 218 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.



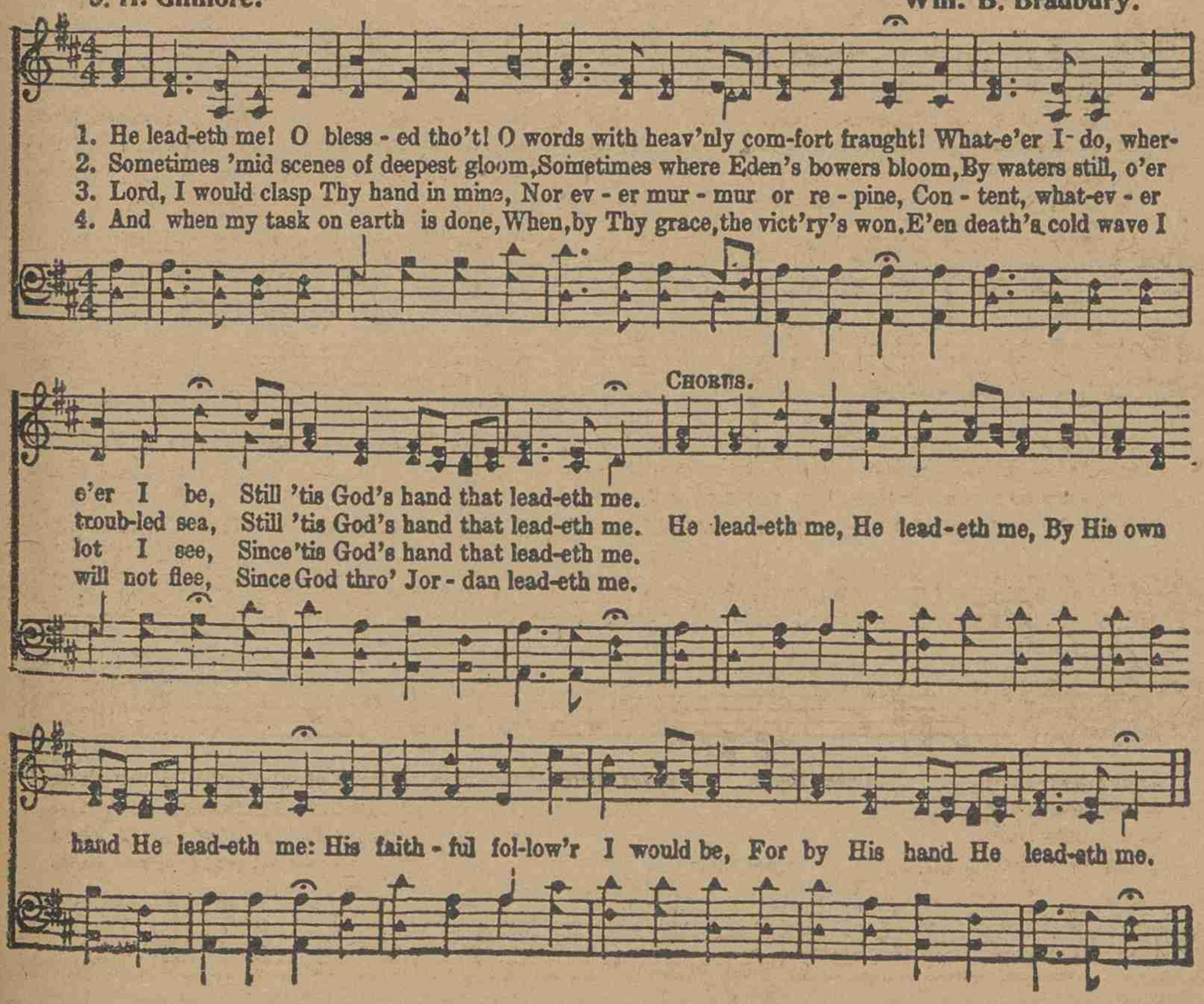
No. 219 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



No. 220 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 221 Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Spread the glad - ness all a-
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Tell to sin - ners far and
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; By His death and end - less
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Let the na - tions now re-

round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the
wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves; Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o
life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves, Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the
joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves, Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est

steeps and cross the waves; On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
back, ye o - cean caves, Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
heart for mer - cy craves, Sing in tri umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
hills and deep - est caves; This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves

No. 222 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.

1. { Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you
   { Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pass - ions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. { Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'renc
   { Be tho't - ful and earn - est, Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
3. { To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro faith we shall con - quer
   { He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,

CHORUS.

Some oth - er to win; He'll car - ry you thro'.
Nor take it in vain; He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav - ior to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down; He'll car - ry you thro'.

Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 223. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL

Will L. Thompson.

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

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-'ring, and death's night is com -ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

cres

Come home,.... come home,..... Ye who are wea - ry, come home.....
Come home, come home,

Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

rit. pp

No. 224. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.

FINE.

1. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-turn - ing from the wild;
   { See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
2. { Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wand'rer now is rec - on - ciled;
   { Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransom'd child.
3. { Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels swell the glad tri-um-phant strain;
   { Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way, For a pre-cious soul is born a - gain.

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd arm - y, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an-them of the free.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry how the loud harps ring;

No. 225 Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall
3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
4. Death it - self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad - ness,

CHORUS.

gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land. { There is rest for the wear - y,
les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear. { On the oth - er side of Jor - dan,
oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.

There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you; {
In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. }

No. 226 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
   { When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And (*Omit . . . . . :.*) dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work We'll work And we'll be gath-ered home.

2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast
Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

No. 227 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

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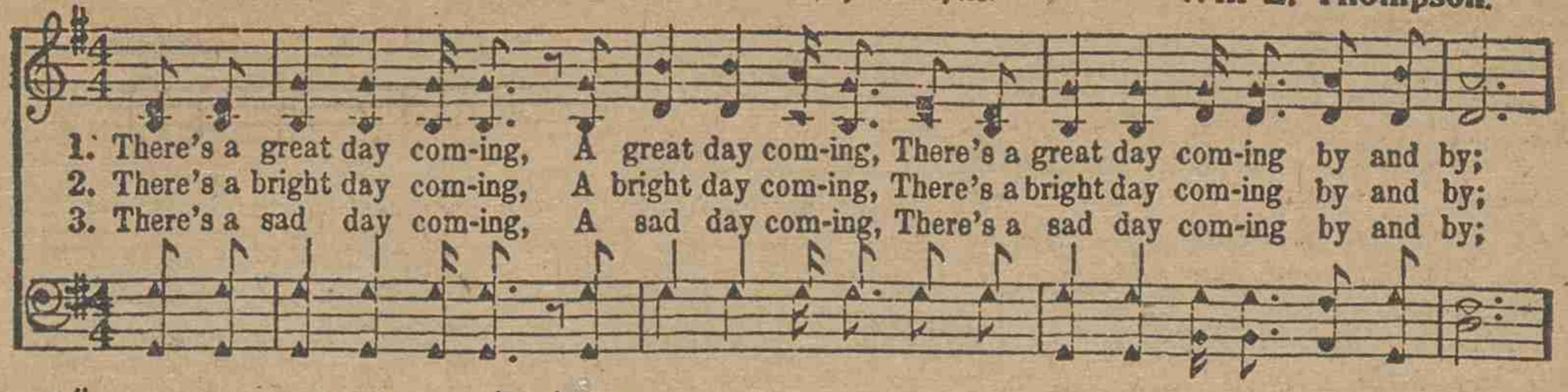
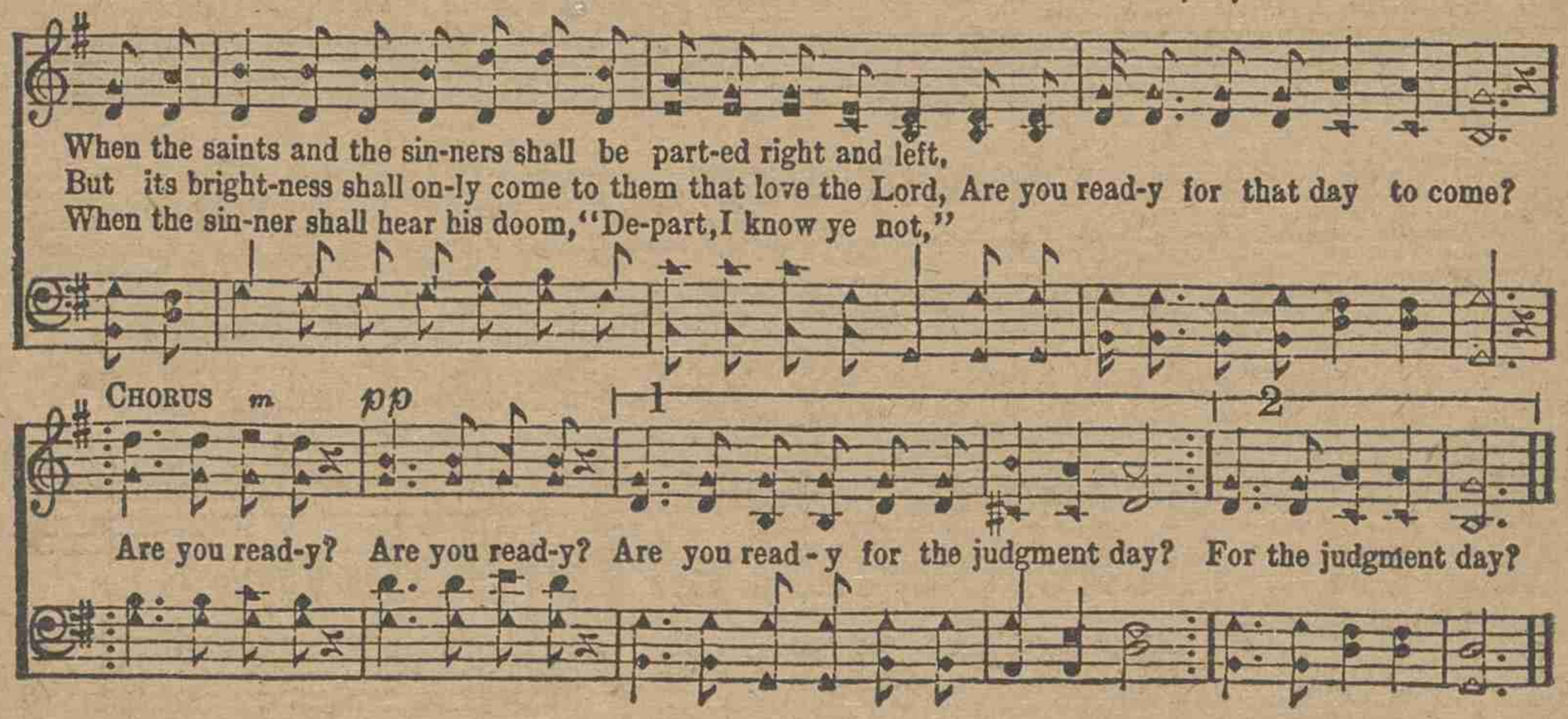
Will L. Thompson.



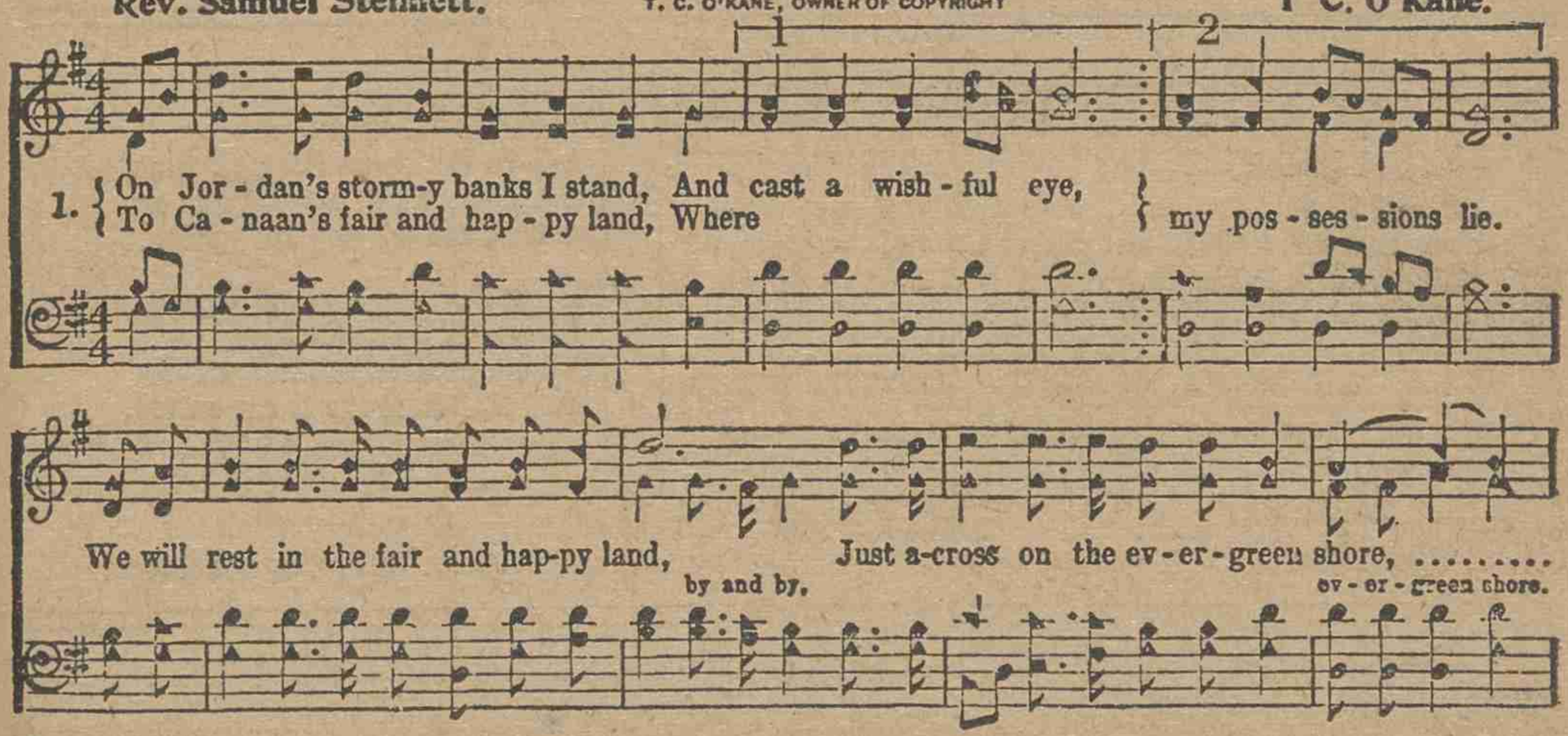


No. 228 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT

T C. O'Kane.



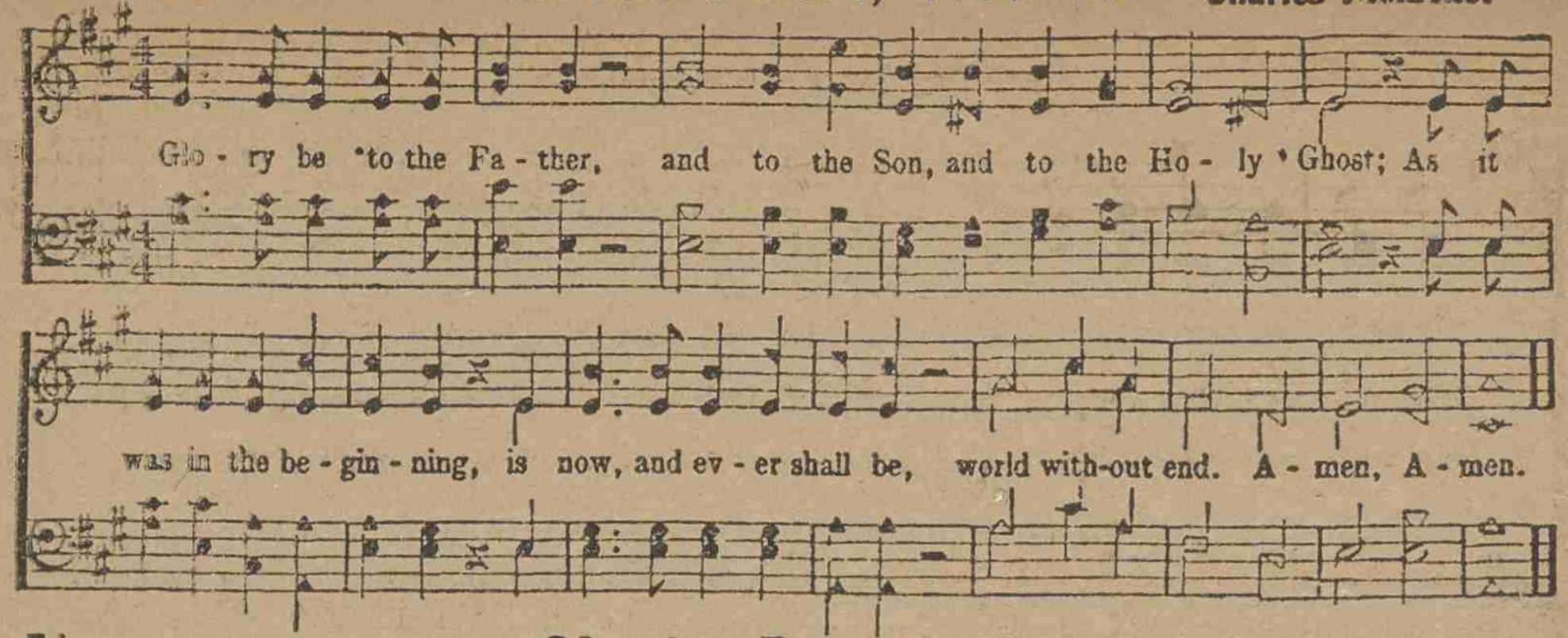
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

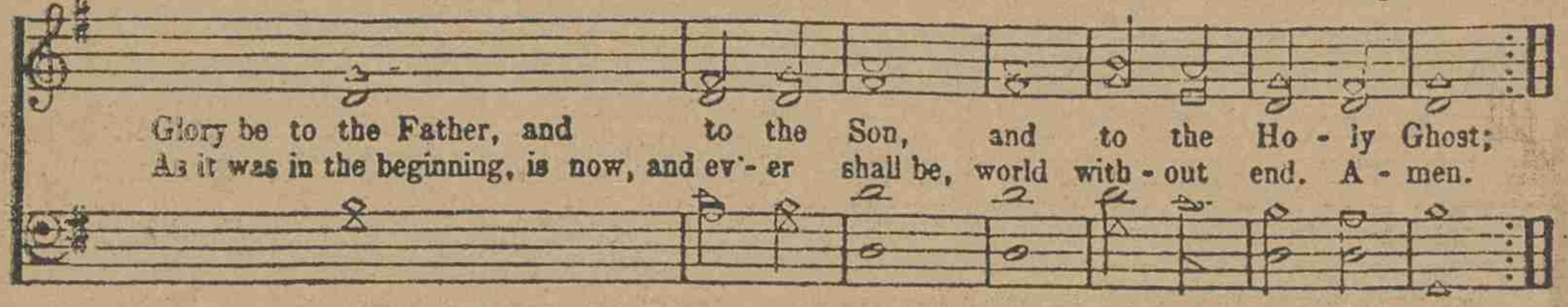
No. 229 Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Meineke.



No. 230. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.



No. 231 All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

Louis Bourgeois.

3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim:
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

No. 232 Praise God.

Thos. Kenn.

Rev. George Coles.

No. 233

Busy Bees.

S. W. B.

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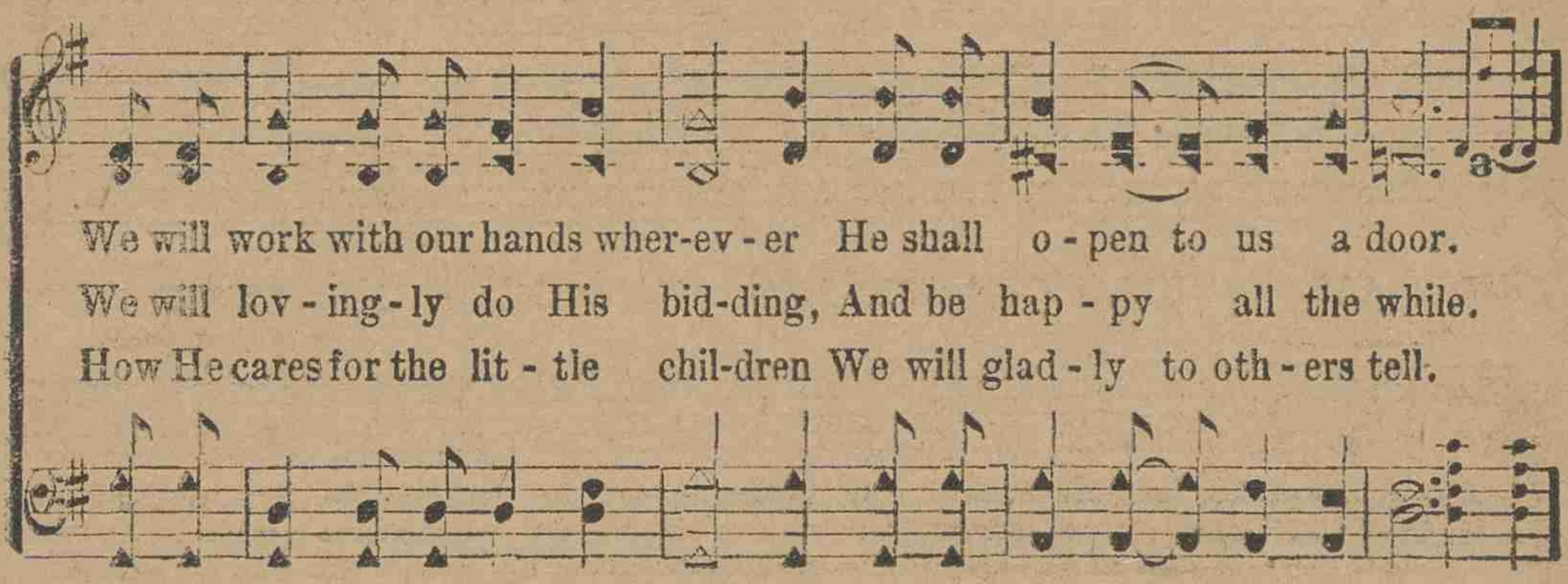
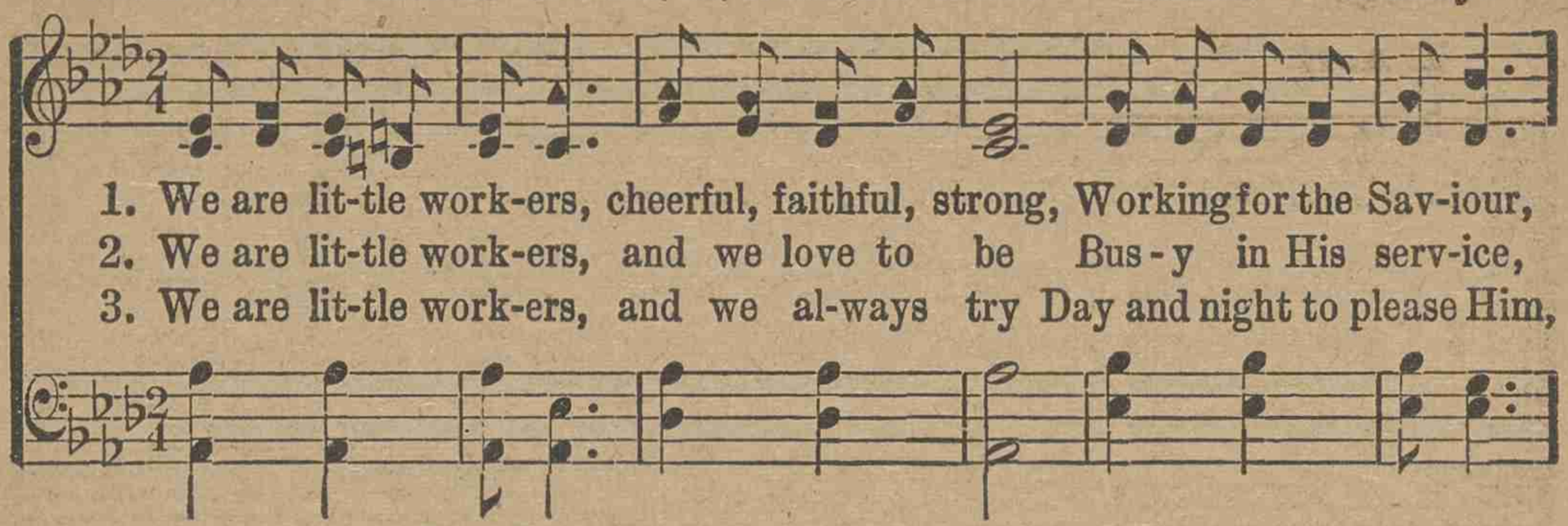
Samuel W. Beazley.



No. 234. Little Workers.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. We are lit-tle work-ers, cheerful, faithful, strong, Working for the Sav-iour,
2. We are lit-tle work-ers, and we love to be Bus-y in His serv-ice,
3. We are lit-tle work-ers, and we al-ways try Day and night to please Him,



all the whole day long, Do you think us ti-ny? So we are, 'tis true,
for our King is He, Dear-ly do we love Him, and our hearts are strong,
Christ our King on high, Tho' we are so ti-ny, we have much to do,

CHORUS.

But we'd like to tell you, all that we can do.
This is how we serve Him, all the whole day long. Sing for Him, speak for Him,
That is why we tell it, in our song to you.

serve Him ev'ry day, Hon-or Him, worship Him, and His will o-bey, Give Him love,

give Him praise, love His Bible, too, E-ven tho' we're little folk, that's what we can do.

NO. 235

I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these burdens a - lone. In my dis-tress He kind-ly will help me; He ev - er
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - bles; He is a kind, com - passionate Friend. If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my burdens to bear. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me O-ver the

loves and cares for His own.
trou - bles quick - ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.

CHORUS.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I cannot bear my bur - dens a - lone. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

rit.

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No. 236. We Are Happy.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Francis Foster.**

1. 1 When the flow - ers bloom a-round us, 2 And the sky is bright and blue,
2. 8 When the soft white snow is fall-ing. 9 And it cov - ers all the ground,
3. 12 When the gold - en sun is shining, 13 When the sil - ver rain-drops fall,

3 When the bird - ies sing a - bove us, 4 And the brook is sing - ing, too:—
10 When the wind blows thro' the tree-tops, 11 And Jack Frost is whist-ling round:—
14 When the morn-ing light is wak-ing, 15 When the stars watch o - ver all:—

CHORUS.

5 We are hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, 6 And we thank our Fa - ther dear,

7 For the bright-ness and the glad-ness, And the beau-ty of the year.

MOTIONS:

1. Look down, with hand extended.
2. Look up, both arms uplifted.
3. One hand pointing up.
4. Move one hand slowly, left to right.
5. Clap hands very softly.
6. Clasp hands and look up.
7. Arms extended wide.
8. Raise hands, then lower slowly moving fingers.
9. Extend hands on each side.
10. One hand moved to and fro.
11. Hand to ear, as if listening.
12. Raise hand, look up.
13. Lower hand, moving fingers.
14. Raise arms slowly.
15. With arms raised, look up.

May be used without motions if desired.

No. 237. Little Soldier.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Carroll King.**

Children in Unison.

CHORUS.

No. 238 Love Him, Praise Him.

Brown Rowland, A. B. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. If the loving Savior keeps your pathway fair, Love Him, praise Him.
2. Since He has redeemed you by His precious blood, Love Him, praise Him.
3. If you would behold Him in His palace fair, Love Him, praise Him.

Love Him, praise Him.

If He makes your trials ea - si-er to bear, Love Him, praise Him.
Try to lead some others to the cleansing flood; Love Him, praise Him.
If the crown e-ter - nal there you hope to wear, Love Him, praise Him.

Love Him, praise Him.

REFRAIN.

Love Him, praise Him, bless-ed Je - sus! Praise, oh, praise His might-y love;

Love . .Him, praise Him, bless - ed Je-sus, praise . . His mighty love;

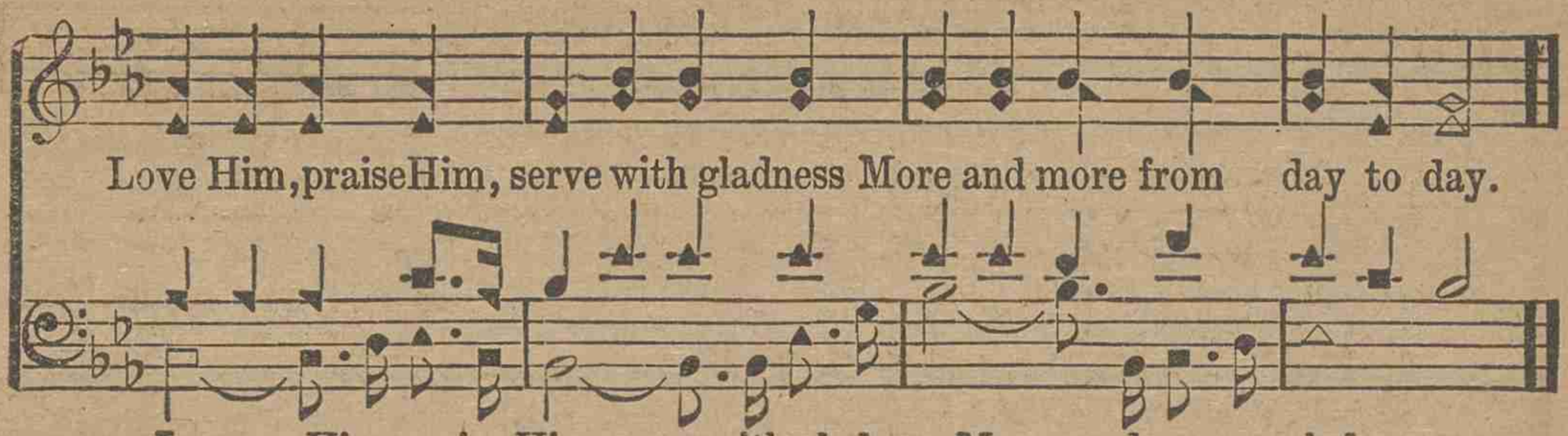
Give Him hon - or, give Him glo - ry, Point the lost to Him a-bove.

Give . .Him hon-or, give . . Him glo-ry, Point . . the lost a-bove.

Tell the sto - ry to the way-ward Ev-'ry time that here you may;

Tell . . . the sto-ry to . . . . the wayward Ev - 'ry time you may;

Love Him, Praise Him.



No. 139 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

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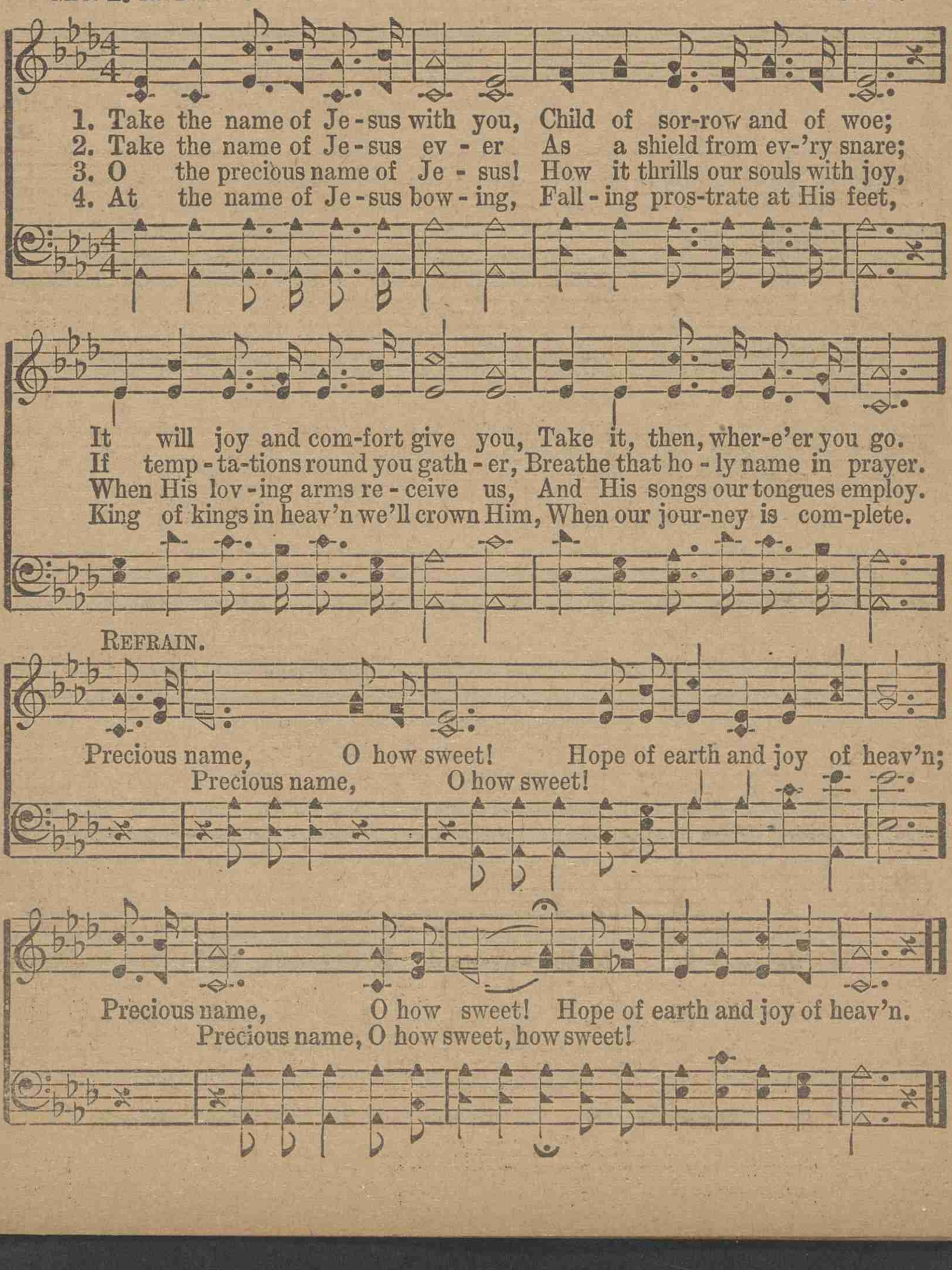
Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.



No. 240

They're After Him.

(TEMPERANCE.)

Rev. W. C. Poole.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. The liq - uor deal - er once was boss, He nev - er knew de - feat or loss,
2. The "female" of the spe-cies takes Her dead-ly weap-ons and she makes
3. The gro - cer who is yet un-paid By drink-ers who their cash have laid
4. The children and the grown men strong Are aft - er him with all his wrong;
5. The press is turn-ing 'round at last, It's bringing to the time quite fast
6. The big U. S. with all its might Is aft - er him—O what a sight!

But now at last the day has come When he is get-ting on the bum.
Him run to hide him - self in shame To own his work, his deeds and name.
On bars to fill the keep-er's till, Are aft - er him with might and will.
In time of need he has no friend, Ex-cept for pay, who will de-fend.
When pa - pers will no more de - fend A cause un - wor-thy of a friend.
The pol - i - ti-cians join in glee To be right in the vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

They're aft - er him, They're aft - er him, Ev - 'ry-where they're aft - er him;

His day is done, He's on the run, Ev-'ry-where they're aft - er him.

No. 241 Do Kindly Things for Others.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Carroll King.**

Unison

1. As mer - ri - ly the rain-drops [1] fall In such a hap - py way,
2. As swift the gold - en sun-beams [3] fly To make this dark world bright,
3. O let us heed the word they bring, The sun-beams, and the rain,

And cool the dust - y roads and fields, Al - most we hear them say—
They seem to bear a mes-sage glad, From [4] skies that gleam with light.
For [5] chil-dren have a mis - sion too, This truth is ver - y plain.

CHORUS.

Do kind - ly things for [2] oth - ers, In a lov - ing way,

Do kind - ly things for [2] oth - ers, Ev - 'ry sin - gle day.

GESTURES: 1. Raise hands high, bring them down with falling motion. 2. Throw hands outward. 3. Make flying motion with hands raised high. 4. Point up. 5. Lay right hand on breast. May be used without motions if desired.

No. 242. The Gladness Song.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

* *Allegro.*

1. Glad - ness un-bound-ed to us is giv - en, Beau - ty and glo - ry of
2. Glad - ness is ours at this hap - py meet-ing, Sweet-ly it rings in each
3. Glad - ness shall reign in our hearts for - ev - er, Joy in His serv - ice shall

earth and heaven, Won - der-ful kind - ness and care un-bro-ken, Sent from a-
heart-y greet-ing, Friendship and love that we dear-ly treas-ure, These we have
fail us nev - er, Mu - sic shall ring at His ho - ly al - tar, Voic - es shall

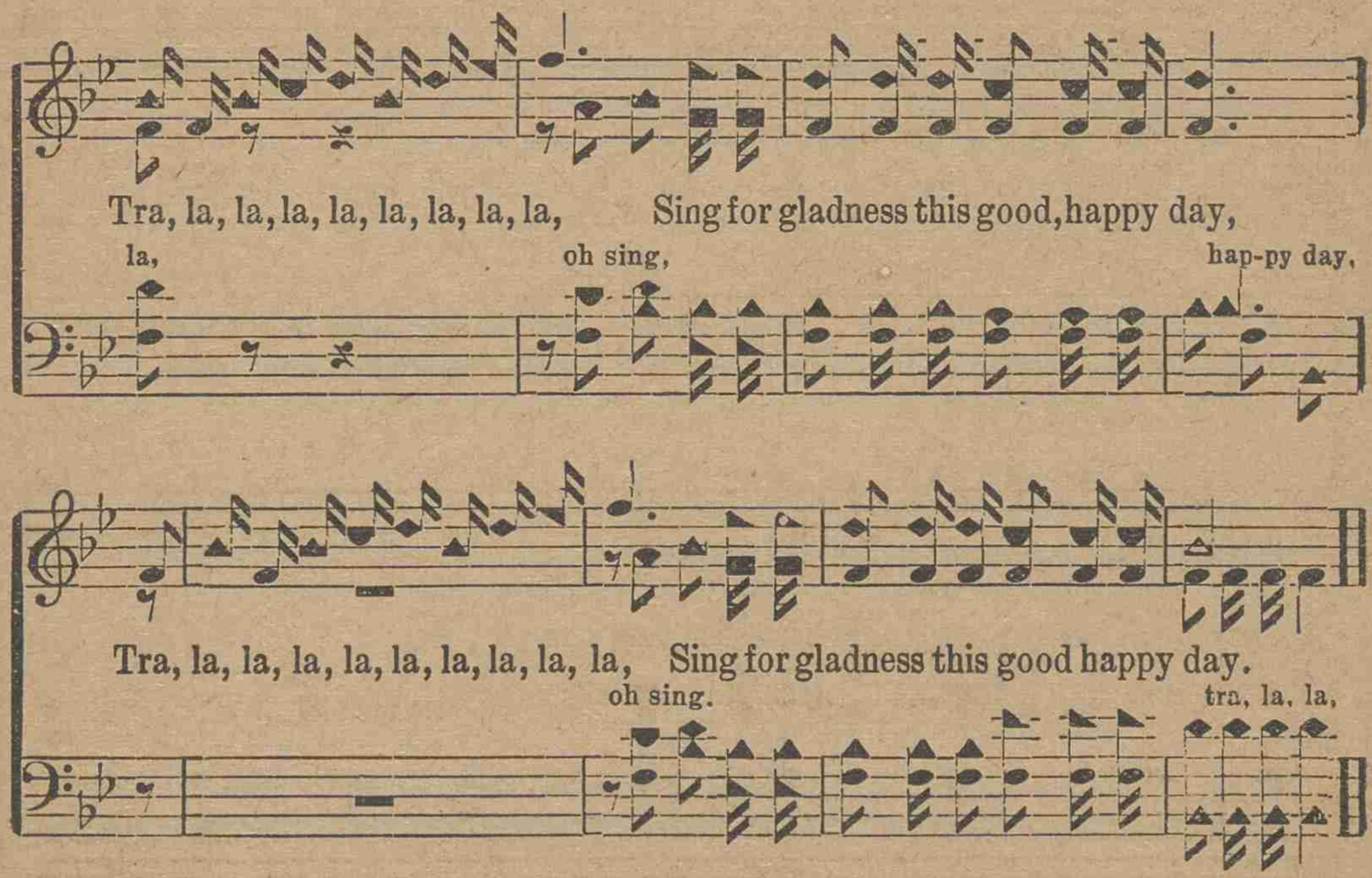
bove as our Father's to-ken, So let us "lift up" our hearts in praising,
here in the full-est meas-ure, So in His pres-ence we meet re - joic-ing,
praise Him and nev-er fal - ter, Thus ev'rywhere shall His Name be spreading,

An - thems of grate - ful de - vo - tion rais - ing, Join ev - 'ry voice in
Heart-felt thanks-giv-ing to - geth - er voic - ing, Thus we u-nite, a
Bless - ing and love o'er each path-way shed - ding, Hon - or and praise to

mel - o - dy strong, To sing to His praise in our glad - ness song.
bright, joy-ous throng, To hon - or His Name in our glad - ness song.
Him shall be-long, The world shall re-sound with our glad - ness song.

The Gladness Song.

CHORUS.



*NOTE:—The above song should be rendered in the true "gladness" spirit. but should not be sung faster than the words can be well articulated, and the tones well made: If it see ms difficult in $\frac{2}{4}$, sing in $\frac{4}{8}$—The author.

No. 243 Our Victorious Boys.

JAMES ROWE. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Countless hearts are happy, shouting with delight, Telling o'er and o'er the sto - ry
2. Tho' we sadly miss them while they are away, We shall keep the homefires burning,
3. They have fought for country, and for all the world, Nobly pressing on-ward ev - er,
4. Heaven guard and keep them safely day and night, Safe at last to har-bor bring-ing,

Of our noble boys who helped to win the fight, Cov-er ing themselves with glo - ry!
Wait-ing, yet re-joic-ing sweet ly ev-'ry day, For our dear ones are re - turn - ing.
With the dear "Old Glory" always high unfurled, Sure that 'twould be lowered nev - er.
Boys of Un-cle Sam's land, lovers of the right, Boys whose praise the world is sing-ing.

CHORUS.

Our vic - to - ri - ous boys are marching homeward,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, our boys are march - ing home - ward.

Songs of vic - to - ry ev - 'ry heart is sing - ing,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, ev - 'ry heart is sing - ing,

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Our Victorious Boys.

Ev-'ry lad proud and glad, As they swiftly come across the foam.

across the foam

Yes, our vic - to - ri - ous boys are marching homeward,

Tramp, tramp, tramp, our boys are march-ing home-ward.

Now our wel-come of glad-ness clear is ring - ing;

Tramp, tramp, tramp, our wel-come clear is ring - ing;

Hip hooray! Hip hooray! We are shouting as they're coming home.

they're coming home.

244

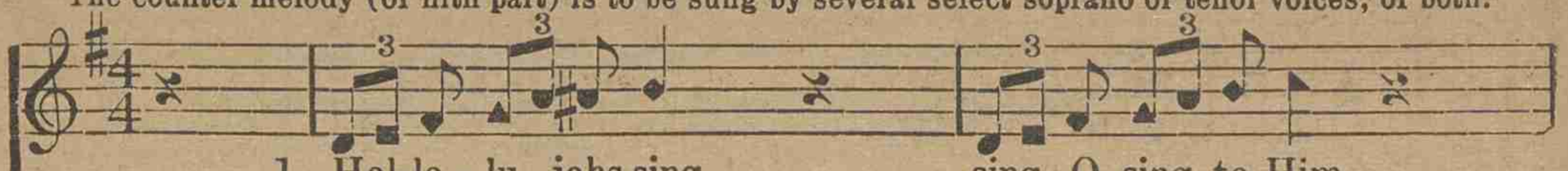
Hallelujahs Sing to Him.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

The counter melody (or fifth part) is to be sung by several select soprano or tenor voices, or both.



1. Hal-le - lu - jahs sing, sing, O sing to Him,
2. Hal-le - lu - jahs sing, sing, O sing to Him,
3. Hal-le - lu - jahs sing, sing, O sing to Him,

Melody.

1. Hal - le - lu - - - - - jahs sing to Him, Who from
2. Hal - le - lu - - - - - jahs sing to Him, Who sent
3. Hal - le - lu - - - - - jahs sing to Him, Who shall

(1) Hal - le - lu - jahs sing to Him, etc.

Who from heaven's throne, heav'n's exalted throne, 'Mid the cherubim,
Who sent down His Son, sent His Son to earth; Let the faith no doubt,
Who shall ev-er reign, reign forevermore; Lift the heart in praise,

heav'n's..... ex-alt-ed throne, 'Mid a - dor - - - ing cher-u-
down..... His Son to earth; Let the faith..... no doubt can
reign..... for-ev-er-more; Lift the heart ..... in praise and

shin - ing cherubim, Keepeth watch above His own, above His own;
faith no doubt can dim, Give a ho - ly glad - ness, ho-ly gladness birth;
heart in praise and hymn— Love and worship and a - dore, and Him adore;

bim, Keepeth watch..... a-bove His own;
dim, Give a ho - - - - ly glad-ness birth;
hymn— Love and wor - - - ship and a - dore;

NOTE:—The above song is recommended specially for classes in conventions, and will prove a "winner" if properly rendered. It may be used effectively also as a quintet. The regular four parts, which will be sung by the bulk of the choir, are very simple but melodious. The counter melody is more difficult on account of the triplets. Each note of the triplets must be made distinctly, therefore this part should be attempted only by select and flexible voices. The counter melody is not to be played.

THE AUTHOR.

Hallelujahs Sing to Him.

Love, sweet love like His will not, will not fail
Let us look a-way, look a - way to heav'n,
God, Al-might-y King, God, Al-might-y King,

Love like His..... will nev - er fail In the
Let us look..... a-way to heav'n, Where be-
God of hosts,..... Al-might-y King, Let our

In the time of need, when it's needed most; O Thou King of love,
Where before the throne, white and shining throne, All the hosts forgiv'n,
Let our love to Thee, love to Thee inspire All the songs we sing,

time..... when needed most;
fore..... the King's white throne,
love..... to Thee inspire

"O Thou King..... of love, all
All the hosts..... of the for-
All the songs..... Thy children

King of love, all hail!" Sing we with the heav'n-ly hosts, the heav'nly hosts,
hosts of those forgiv'n Make their homage known, their grateful homage known.
songs Thy children sing, Till we join the heav'n-ly choir, the heav'nly choir

hail!" Sing we with..... the heav'nly host.
giv'n Make their grate - - - ful homage known.
sing, Till we join..... the heav'nly choir.

No. 245. Tramp, Tramp.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY BEAZLEY & VAUGHAN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the ransomed throng, March-ing on - ward with the Lord, Hearts and minds in true ac - cord,
2. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the ar - my grand, Keep - ing high the stand - ard true, Read - y all to dare and do,
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the "saved by love," Hear the an - thems that they raise To the King who crowns their days;

Mak - ing val - leys ring with the tri - umph - song, March-ing
March-ing on with Christ to the prom - ised land, March-ing
They are march - ing on to the land a - bove— March-ing

CHORUS.

on to their re - ward.
to the grand re - view.
home to sing His praise.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

Hear their hap - py song, As they press a - long!

tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

Tramp, Tramp.

What a no - ble throng,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

All to Christ be - long, All re - deemed by
March - - ing on - ward, All re - deemed by

grace!
sav - ing grace! . . . . tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
See their ar-mor bright,

Shin - ing in the light, Wondrous in their might,
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp

They will win the fight, And meet Je - sus face to face.
tramp, tramp,

No. 246

Marching On to Victory.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

March-ing on to vic-to-ry to-day, Ea-ger, ear-nest,
D.C.—Glo-ry, glo-ry, vic-to-ry's in sight! We have won the

read-y for the fray, With truth's white flag o'er us As we shout the cho-rus,
bat-tle for the right, Let us come re-joic-ing, Songs of tri-umph voic-ing,

Christ our Cap-tain leads the way. He will lead us on to vic-to-ry;
For the hosts of sin take flight. O great Cap-tain, in Thy name to-day

He will help us rout the stub-born foe: Sing and shout ho-san-na,
We have tri-umphed in the hard-fought fray: On Thy strength re-ly-ing,

As be-neath His ban-ner We to fight God's bat-tles go.
Ev-'ry foe de-fy-ing, Right must al-ways win the day.

Marching On to Victory.

Com - rades, fall in line to-day, On - ward, fight as well as
Com-rades, fall in line to - day, Go on-ward, fight as well as

pray; Sol-diers true, dare to do, Ev - er keep our
pray, and

Leader brave in view, And always trust Him, fear-ing not the foe;
Trust Him, fear - ing not the foe, and

Fol - low, tho' the way seems dim, Com - rades,
Fol - low, tho' the way seems dim, oh, Faith - ful com - rades,

FINE.

We must win the day, Win for Him.
Win, glo-rious - ly win, val - iant - ly win for Him.

Marching On to Victory.

Trusting Him whom they call "God of bat - tle", Hard work must be
bat - tle, bat - tle,

done; He will give strength to strike sturdy blows for the right, Till
be done;

right has won; So let's press on where the fierce can - nons
right has won, has won;

rat - tle, Brav - ing Sa - tan's pow'rs, In the
rat - tle, rat - tle, Sa - tan's pow'rs,

D. C.

name and strength of Christ the Lord—This King of ours.
might - y King of ours, of ours.

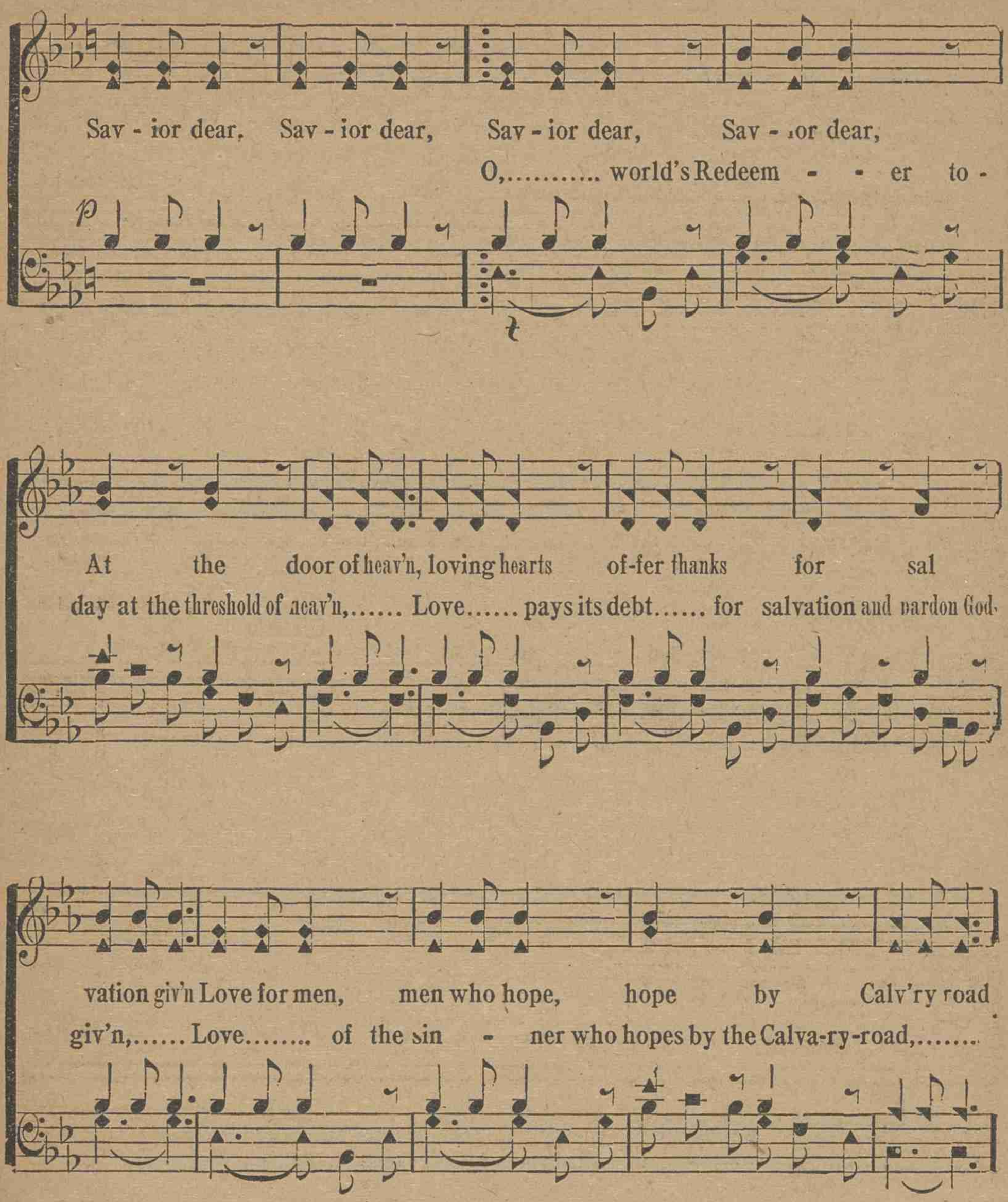
No. 247 Love Is The Theme.

E. E. REXFORD. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

Coyyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

Love Is The Theme.

Love Is The Theme.



No. 248 Shelter in the Time of Storm.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY,
IN "HOSANNAS."

Dayton O. Crown. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. On we go, re-joic-ing in re-deeming love, Go - ing to the cit - y
2. Storm-y skies may threaten, but no fear have we, On we trav - el, prais-ing
3. All the way to heav-en shel-ter will be ours, Where the breeze will whisper

of the King a-bove; Storms may sweep, but du - ty try we to per-form,
love that made us free; E - ven in the tem-pest we can sing and smile,
to the dew - y flow'rs, For His love is sun-shine which no storm can hide,

CHORUS.

For our souls have shel-ter in the time of storm. Shel - ter in the
For we have a shel-ter o'er us all the while.
And His grace is shel-ter where our souls a-bide.

Je-sus is our shel-ter from the

storms of life, Shel - ter in the time of strife;
man - y storms of life, Storms of care and trou-ble and the might-y storms of strife;

We are in His keep-ing, and when storms are sweeping, Still we have a

Shelter in the Time of Storm.

car - ol for we dread no harm, Shel - ter all a - long the way,
Je - sus is our shelter all a-long the homeward way,

Sun - shine thro' the drea - ry day, So we march to glo - ry
And He gives us sunshine bright thro' ev-'ry dreary day,

giv - ing out the sto - ry, For we have a shel-ter in the time of storm.

No. 249 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

FINE.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz - ing Je - sus.
   He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus.
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
   Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus.
   I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.

D.S.—*Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue,

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