W. P. Reeves

ENLARGED EDITION

Soul Echoes

A COLLECTION OF

..Songs For Religious Meetings..

NO. 2

EDITED AND COMPILED BY

Bishop J. S. Caldwell, D. D.
Bishop L. J. Coppin, D. D.
Bishop G. L. Blackwell, D. D.
Rev. C. A. Tindley, D. D

Soul Echoes Publishing Company
420 South Eleventh St.
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For Sale at A. M. E. Z. Publication House, Charlotte, N. C.

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PREFACE

A long felt desire for songs with words of Hope, Cheer, Love and Pity; for melodies that can sink to the depth of sorrow and rise to the heights of joy, has had most to do with the publication of this book.

It is the prayer of the publishers that these messages in rhyme shall float from soul to soul until the hills and valleys shall awake into joyful singing.

PUBLISHERS.

No. 1. Pilgrim Stranger.

Words by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D. Scotch Melody arr. by WM. D. SMITH.

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

You may meet with many a dan - ger, Ev - 'ry- where you go.
He is, though so meek and low - ly, More than all be - side.
Nev - er has been one o'er- tak - en, Who re - sort - ed there.
Tell him how to flee the dan - ger, While it is called day.

Don't for- get that God a- bove you, Hath a gra - cious heart,
When the world in arms as- sail you, And your cour- age fail,
When the storms of life are beat- ing, Hard up - on your head,
Tell him there's a pre - cious fountain, Flow - ing free for all,

He will nev - er cease to love you, Or to take your part.
Let Him fight your bat - tle for you, And you will pre - vail.
God will hide you, He is plead - ing, "Be ye not a - fraid."
Je - sus Christ, on Cal-vary's mountain, Paid for A - dam's fall.

5 Tell him that above a brother,
There's a Saviour's love,
If on earth he has no other,
There's a friend above.
If he needs your help and kindness,
Don't withhold your hand,
Always of this be reminded,
He's your fellow man.

6 Then when Jesus comes in Glory,
On the judgement throne,
In His book will be the story,
All shall be made known.
There above all other favors,
On the golden strand,
Will be placed upon your labors,
For your fellow man.

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No. 2.

Stand By Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY. Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

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

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

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

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

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No. 3. God Will Provide for Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D. Arr. by WM. D. SMITH.

1. Here I may be weak and poor, With af - flic-tions to en-dure; All a - bout me not a ray of light to see,..... Just as He has oft - en done,
2. All my raiment and my food, And my health and all that's good; Are with- in His own writ-ten guar - an- tee,..... God is car- ing for the poor,
3. Might-y men may have con-trol, Of the sil - ver and the gold; Want and sor-row for the poor there may be,..... But the God of Heaven reigns,
4. An-cient Is-rael heard His voice, How the peo- ple did re-joice, When He led them safe- ly thro' the might-y sea,..... In the wilderness they knew,
5. When they hadn't an - y bread, Good old Mos - es knelt and pray'd; And the God who gives so plen - ti - ful and free,..... Sent the precious Manna down,

For His help-less trust-ing ones, God has promised to pro-vide for me.
Just as He has done be - fore, He has promised to pro-vide for me.
And His prom-ise is the same, And I know He will pro-vide for me.
What the liv - ing God can do; He's the one that doth pro-vide for me.
Is - rael saw it on the ground, T' was the God who now provides for me.

CHORUS.

God has promised to pro- vide for me;..... God has promised to pro - vide for me;..... All cre - a - tion is His own, All my needs to Him are known, He has promised to pro-vide for me. (for me.)

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No. 4. The Storm is Passing Over.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY. Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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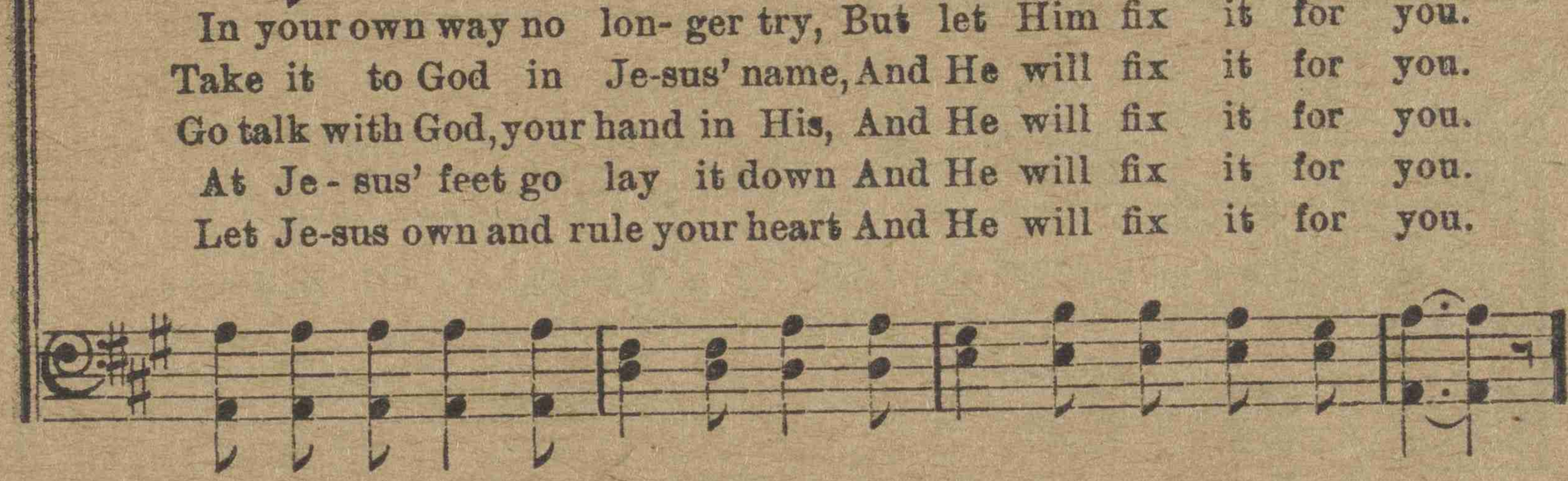
No. 5. Let Jesus Fix it for You.

C. A. TINDLEY. F. A. CLARK.

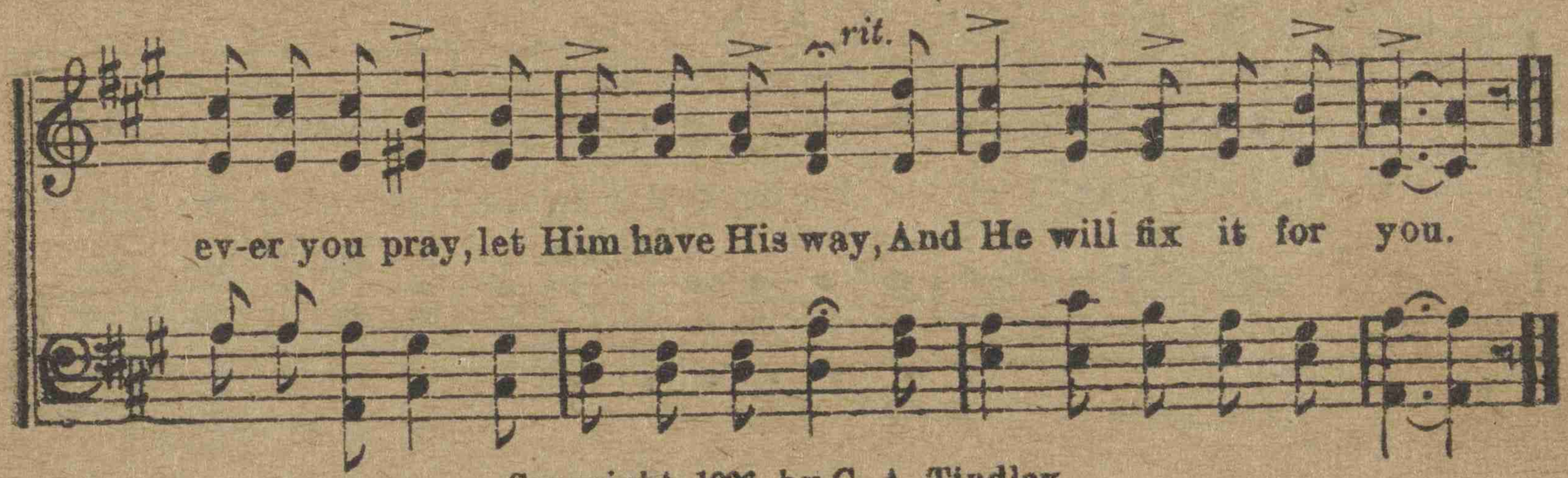
1. If your life in days gone by, Has not been good and true,
2. Perhaps your tem - per is to blame, For ma- ny wrongs you do,
3. If in your home the troub- le is The course you should pursue,
4. And if some sin your soul hath bound With cords you can't un- do,
5. May be to you the world is dark, And comforts far and few,

In your own way no lon- ger try, But let Him fix it for you.
Take it to God in Je-sus' name, And He will fix it for you.
Go talk with God, your hand in His, And He will fix it for you.
At Je - sus' feet go lay it down And He will fix it for you.
Let Je-sus own and rule your heart And He will fix it for you.



CHORUS.

Let Je - sus fix it for you, He knows just what to do; When -



ev-er you pray, let Him have His way, And He will fix it for you.

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I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

"The laborers are few."—MATT. ix. 37.

I. B. I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a work-er ev-'ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust his ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus-y ev-'ry day
err-ing in the way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love
Jesus' pow'r to save; All who will truly come, shall find a happy home
err-ing to thy word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die

CHORUS.

1. In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray,
2, 3, 4. In the king-dom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

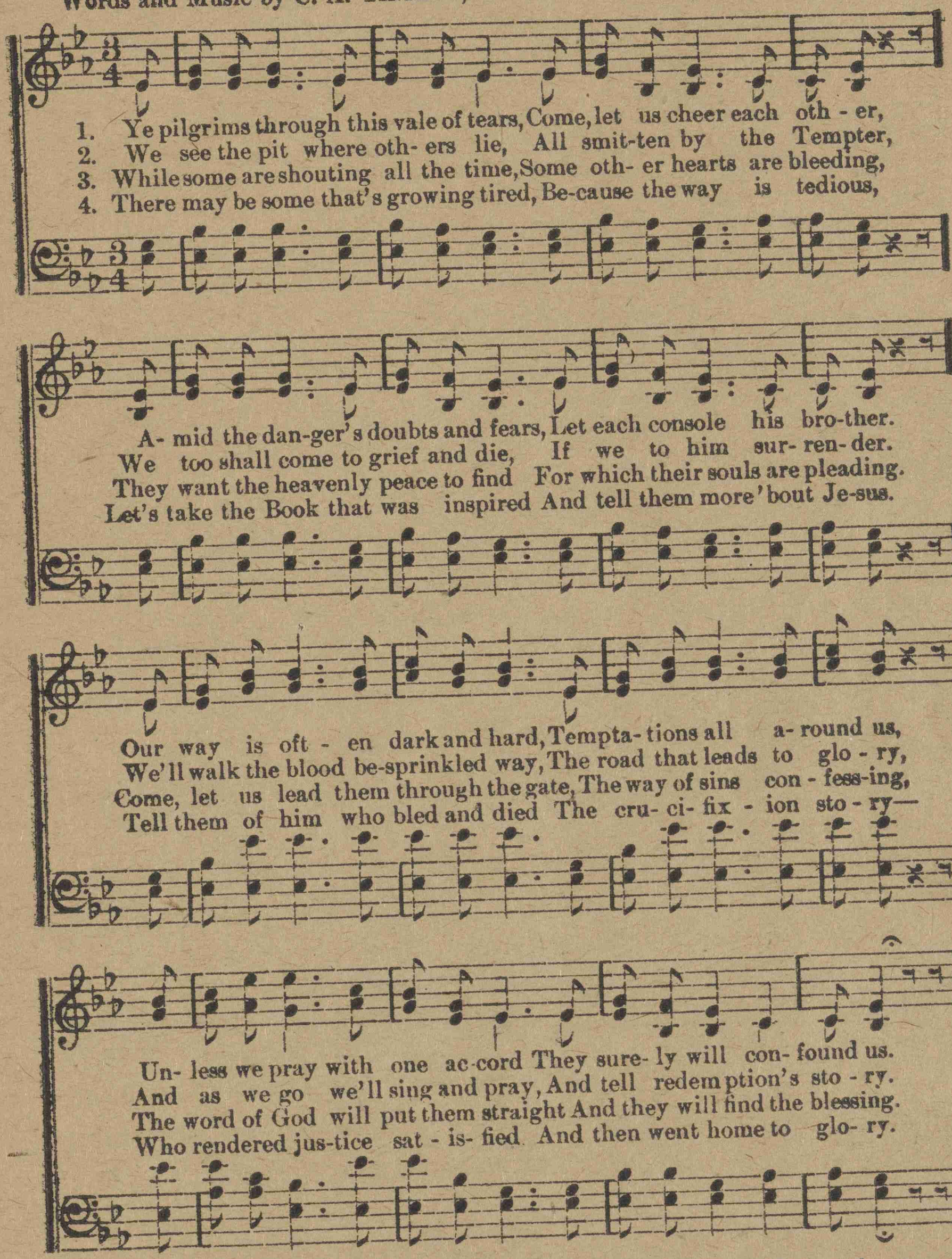
In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; (of the Lord;) I will

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

By permission of H. S. Lerch.

No. 7. Consolation.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D. Arr. by WM. D. SMITH.



5 We soon shall reach the shining shore,
And see our dear Redeemer,
Where we shall weep and sigh no more,
But praise His name forever.
Our time is short and crosses great
And often hard to carry,
Unless we start we'll be too late,
We've got no time to tarry.

6 We almost hear the happy shouts
Of saints beyond the river,
They've gone beyond this world of doubts,
They're saved with God forever.
Our kindred they are in that throng,
O what a happy meeting,
We'll watch and pray, it won't be long
Before the Heavenly greeting.

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A Better Home.

C. A. T. C. A. Tindley.

1. Ev - er since I have been Liv-ing in this world of sin, I have had tri - als al - most ev - 'ry day. Al-ways something, more or less,
2. It was when I was young I be - gan to think up - on My con - di - tion as a sin - ner un - saved; And at once made up my mind,
3. When I real - ized I had Found the Lord, I was so glad, For I thought all my tri - als would be done; That my way would al - ways be
4. Old Sa - tan tried to get Me to live a hyp - o - crite, And to on - ly have an out-ward form. He said time had changed the way,

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

Chorus.

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

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A Better Home.—Concluded.

5

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

6

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

No. 11. Christian Seaman.

1 Time is a stormy ocean,
Beyond which Heaven lies,
We must brave its wild commotion,
To enter Paradise.

2 But vessels built by human skill,
Have never sailed afar.
Till they are found run aground
On some dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting Gospel
Has launched the deep at last,
Behold her sails suspended
Around the towering masts.

4 And on her decks in order
The joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "Oh here we go
To Immanuel's happy land."

5 To those who are spectators,
What sorrows must ensue
To have their old companions
To bid them a long adieu.

6 But pleasures of a Paradise
No longer them invite
"We'll sail while they rail,
For we'll soon be out of sight."

7 "We are a band of sailors,
In harmony and love,
The wind is in our favor,
How joyfully we move."

8 "About our future happiness,
There need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide
With our Captain and His Mate."

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

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY. Arranged by F. A. CLARK.

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

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

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

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

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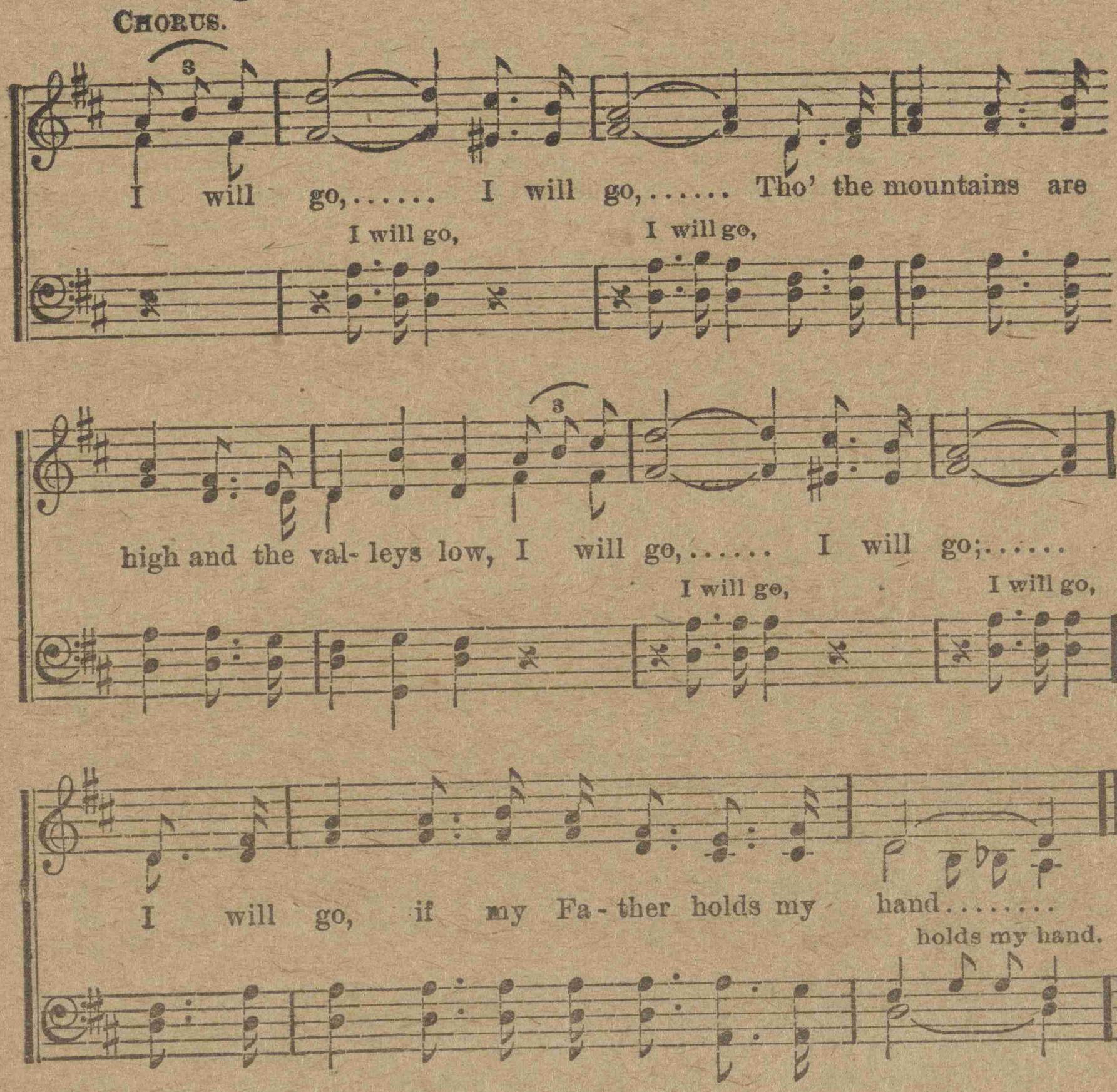
I Will Go, etc.—Concluded.



Missionary Band.

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

CHORUS.

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

2 We are going through the land as a missionary band
To lead sinners by the hand to Christ's care,
That salvation He may give, and they turn to Him and live
In that happy world of light over there.—CHO.

3 O consider our stand, when He took us by the hand
From that dreadful bar of sand to His care.
And He placed us on the rock, now He owns us for His flock,
And we are marching to His fold over there.—CHO.

Go Wash in the Beautiful Stream.

C. A. TINDLEY. C. A. TINDLEY.

1. There was Naaman the leper, that honorable man, A captain of the Sy-rian
2. He heard of a man in the He - brew land, A lit-tle maid told him a
3. So Naaman went on and the servant had gone, Whom E-li-sha had sent to the
4. O, sin-ner, O, sin-ner, are you not the same? As Naaman that noted Sy-

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

all of his host: Oh, my! what a sight, his disease made him white, No doctor could
lieve me no doubt: So he went and called on the servant of God, And E-li - sha re -
per - fect cure, He tho't that the rivers down in his own land, Were better be-
loathsome and mean, If you feel you are lost, just shoulder the cross, And Je - sus will

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

CHORUS.

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

stream, O, Naaman, O, Naaman, go down and wash, Go wash in the beautiful stream.

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No. 14. My Secret of Joy.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D. Arr. by WM. D. SMITH.

1. You ask me where I get, the joys That make my heart so light, Which
2. It is not wealth of land or gold, Nor health or hon - ored fame, But
3. I once was full of anxious fear, I tried, but failed to see, That
4. I counted much up- on my state, Of good- ness, sense and birth, These

CHORUS.

all the gloom of day destroys And gives me songs at night.
joys of Heav-en in my soul A heaven in Jesus' name.
all I need- ed was so near The Christ that died for me.
on- ly add-ed to my fate, They had no place or worth.
} Halle-lu - jah!

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

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

5 I then gave up myself and all,
And trusted to His care,
Who sees the sparrows e'er they fall,
And left my burden there.

6 I wish I had the tongue to tell,
The comfort then was given,
How my poor soul was brought from hell,
And carried almost to heaven.

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No. 15. What are They Doing in Heaven?

C. A. T.

C. A. TINDLEY.

1. I am think-ing of friends whom I used to know, Who lived and suf-fered in this world be-low; They've gone up to heav-en; but
2. There were some whose hearts were burdened with cares, They passed their moments in sigh-ing and tears, They clung to the cross with
3. There were some whose bod-ies were full of dis-ease, Med-i-cine nor doc-tor could give them much ease; They suf-fered till death brought a
4. There were some who were poor and oft-en de-spised; They look'd to heav-en thro' tear blind-ed eyes, While peo-ple were heed-less and

CHORUS.

I want to know, What they are do-ing now.
trembling and fears, But what are they do-ing now?
fi-nal re-lease, But what are they do-ing now?
deaf to their cries, But what are they do-ing now?
} What are they do-ing in heaven to-day? Where sin and sorrow are all done a-way, And peace abounds like a riv-er they say; O what are they doing there now!

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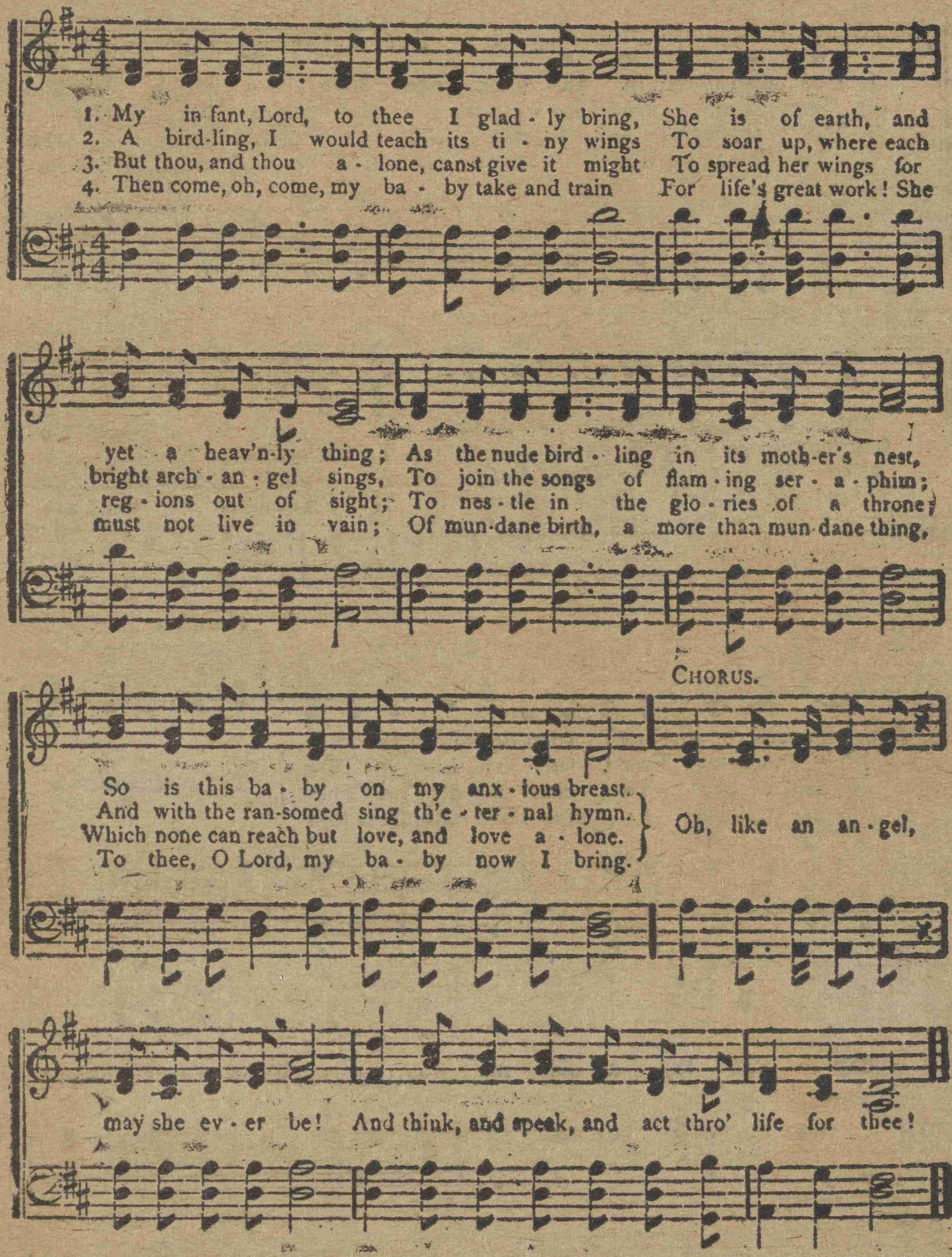
Hymn for Baptism



5 To thee I consecrate my helpless child,
Whose nature may be rough, and crook'd, and wild,
If thou dost not, with plastic power divine,
Remould her in thine image, yes, in thine.

6 Breathe in her soul the life—th' eternal life,
Nor hatred, pride, nor lust be ever rife
Within her heart; but as an angel, she
May ever feel, and speak, and act for thee.

Bishop D. A. Payne, D. D., LL. D.

No. 17. To-day.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY. Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

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

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

CHORUS.

dang'rous and rough, Now I turn, dear Lord, to Thee.
life's short day, Now I turn, dear Lord, to Thee.
Je - sus, I start, To cast my all on Thee.
sav - ing the lost, I pray Thee, remember me.

I start this ver - y

day To lay a - side my way, (my way) What e'er Thou shalt

to-day,

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

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No. 18. Some One is Waiting for Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D. Arr. by WM. D. SMITH.

1. It may be a broth-er with whom I did play, E'er the death-an-gel had call'd him a - way, Somewhere in glo - ry so hap - py and free,
2. It may be a sis - ter, the charm of our home, Whom in bright springtime, thro' meadows we roamed, Tho' now up in heav'n bright mansions to see,
3. It may be a fa- ther whom I love so dear, Whose kindest provisions re- lieved me of care, Somewhere with an - gels be- yond death's cold sea,
4. It may be a moth-er who rock'd me to sleep, Like fret-ful in-fants I sometimes would weep, Now she's in heav - en from tri - als all free,

CHORUS.

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

Someone is wait-ing in heav-en for me, Somebody's face I am longing to see, Someone just o - ver life's troub-le-some sea, Is watching and waiting for me. for me.

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No. 19. It May be the Best for Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY. Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

for me, for me.

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

for me,

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NO. 20. THOUGHTS OF A GRATEFUL SOUL UPON THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JESUS

Words arranged by C. A. Tindley.

1—Come every one that loves the Lord,
Let us act the part of justice—Hallelujah.
Let us walk the self-denial road
In the way of suffering Jesus—Hallelujah,
He was tried bv Pontius Pilate—Hallelujah,
And was scourged by Romam soldeirs—Hallelujah.

2—And while he bore the heavy cross
Jesus fell beneath his burden—Hallelujah,
That all the world of sinners' loss
Might receive a gracious pardon—Hallelujah.
Then they found a man named Simon—Hallelujah,
And they made him help King Jesus—Hallelujah.

3—And while he wagged up Calvary,
Hark! how the women were crying—Hallelujah.
They saw him going to that tree,
Precious Lamb for sinners dying—Hallelujah.
Don't you see your suffering Jesus—Hallelujah,
Answering the demands of justice—Hallelujah.

4—Behold Him going to the tomb
To prepare the way for dying—Hallelujah.
They embalmed Him with some rich perfume,
'Twas the act of purifying—Hallelujah.
Oh, what do you think of dying—Hallelujah;
Don't you think its very trying?—Hallelujah.

5—Jesus laid three days in the silent tomb
Grim monster Death to conquer—Hallelujah.
On the third day Gabriel came and rolled away the stone
From the mouth of the sepulchre—Hallelujah.
Then up rose conquering Jesus—Hallelujah,
Into Galilee He walked—Hallelujah.

6—And when we are tempted and when we are tried,
We must go and bow to Jesus—Hallelujah.
Who once for us was crucified
To appease the wrath of justice—Hallelujah.
What a wonderful working Jesus—Hallelujah,
Who completed my savation—Hallelujah.

7—A few more suffering days below,
Just like Jesus we'll be buried—Hallelujah,
But in a coming day, I know,
Up to heaven we'll be carried—Hallelujah;
Then we'll go, both soul and body—Hallelujah,
There to reign with God forever.

8—And when we land on that bright shore
All our sufferings will be ended—Hallelujah.
There we'll remain forevermore,
It is just what God intended—Hallelujah,
That His saints should reign forever—Hallelujah,
There with Christ, their elder Brother—Hallelujah.

NO. 21.
THE HEAVENLY UNION.

1—Com, saints and sinners, hear me tell,
The wonders of Emmanuel,
Who saved me from a burning hell
And brought my soul with Him to dwell,
And gave me Heavenly Union.

2—When Jesus saw me from on high
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
It grieved me so that I must die.
I strove salvation for to buy,
But still I found no Union.

3—But when I hated all my sins,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with His blood He washed me clean,
And, oh, what seasons I have seen
Since first I found this Union.

4—I praised the Lord both night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always found something to say
About the Heavenly Union.

5—I wonder why all saints don't sing
And make the heavenly arches ring,
And spread the news from pole to pole
'Till every nation has been told
About the Heavenly Union.

NO. 22.
AWAY IN THE KINGDOM.

1—Come all oppressed and hear me tell
Away in the Kingdom,
That Jesus conquered death and hell,
Away in the Kingdom.
He bought my pardon on the Tree,
Away in the Kingdom.
I'm glad to tell you now I'm free,
Away in the Kingdom.

CHORUS.

There's plenty of room. There's plenty of room,
Away in the Kingdom.
There's plenty of room, my Jesus says,
Away in the Kingdom.

2—Of glorious liberty I'll sing,
Away in the Kingdom.
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Away in the Kingdom.
He, all my prison bars did break,
Away in the Kingdom.
My yoke of bondage He did take,
Away in the Kingdom.—Chorus.

3—I all my sins on Him did lay,
Away in the Kingdom,
And this to me my Lord did say,
Away in the Kingdom.
"If you my mandates will obey,
Away in the Kingdom.
I'll give you a home with me to stay."
Away in the Kingdom.—Chorus.

4—Lord, I believe a rest remains,
Away in the Kingdom.
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
Away in the Kingdom.
A rest where all our soul's desire,
Away in the Kingdom,
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Away in the Kingdom.—Chorus.

No. 23. From Youth to Old Age.

C. ALBERT TINDLEY. J. CHANDLER WRIGHT.

1. My life, as a year, had a bright spring time, With sum-mer and au-tumn to come, And aft - er-ward the winter with its dim sun-
2. It was when I was young and the world to me was new, The stings and the thorns were not known, When wis - er heads guided in all I had to
3. The days shorter grew and the nights grew long, And the earth brown and drear - y did ap - pall, In the shedding of the leaves and the silence of
4. Now I stand poorly clad in the cold winter blast, 'Neath the bare leafless limbs of the tree All the gay things are gone and the summer is
5. My ears heav-y grow and my eye-sight has failed, And I am not strong as be - fore, My bod - y once robust is now grow-ing

shine, When springtime and summer had gone. The spring of my life was the
do, My heav-en was parents and home. The birds gave me music the
song, The summer was yielding to fall. In the west-ern skies where the
past, There's no comfort in this world for me. I think of the home where my
frail, My journey on earth is most o'er. It won't be ver-y long till the

joy - ful days, When care had not entered my breast, When the fields and the
flow'rs gave me joy, And the world was an Eden to me, The skies were my
clouds were gray, The cool autumn winds then did blow. And the signs were de-
childhood was spent, Where the fire on the hearth used to glow, And of my mother
Lord calls me home, I shall meet all my kindred a-gain, Where death nev-er

woods were the choice of my ways, And my life was all hap - pi-ness.
pic-tures the earth was my toy, I was hap - py as mor-tal could be.
clar - ing in no dis-tant day, The ground would be covered with snow.
dear who was a - ged and bent, She has gone to the grave long a - go.
comes and I no more shall roam, There all of my troubles shall end.

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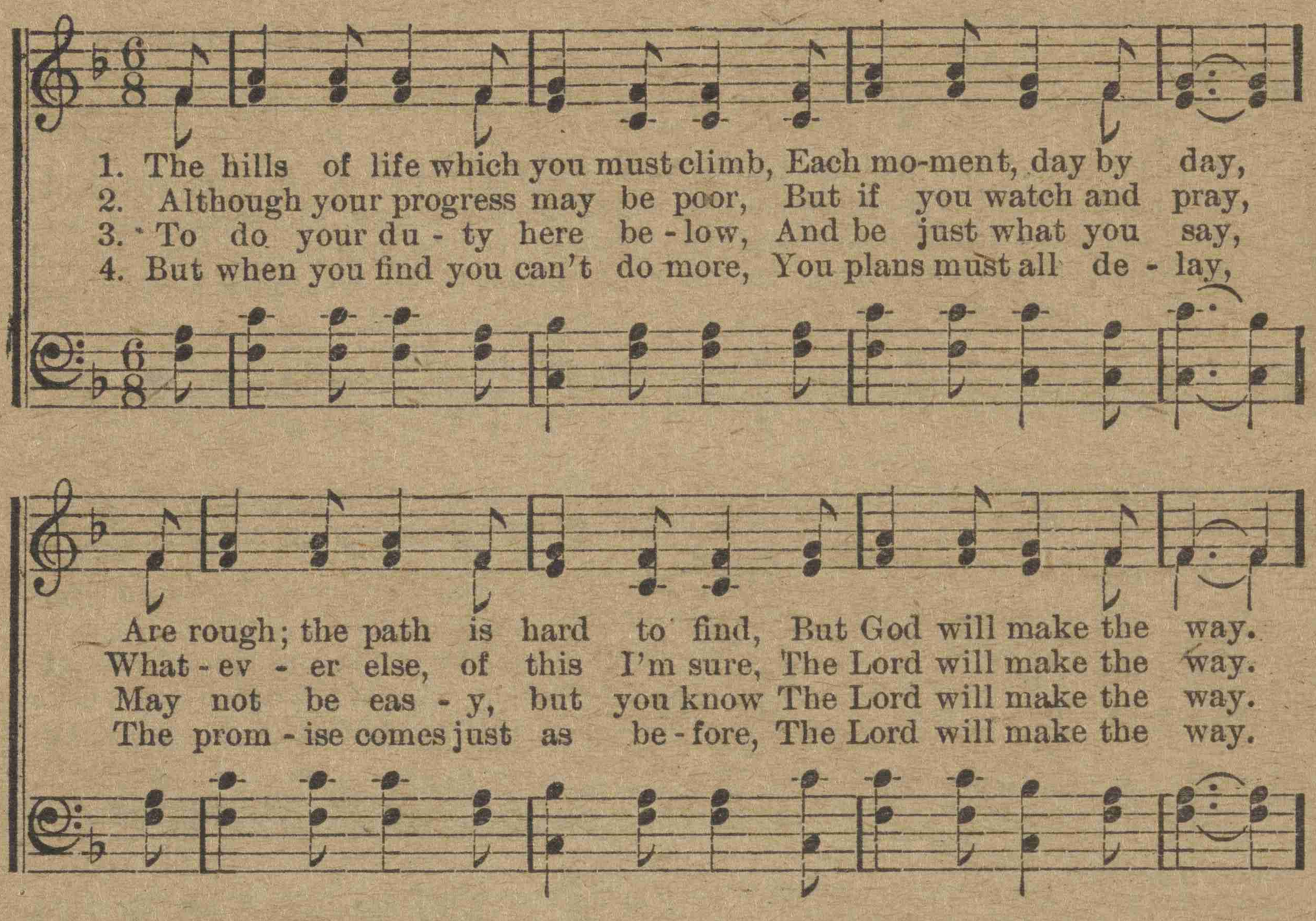
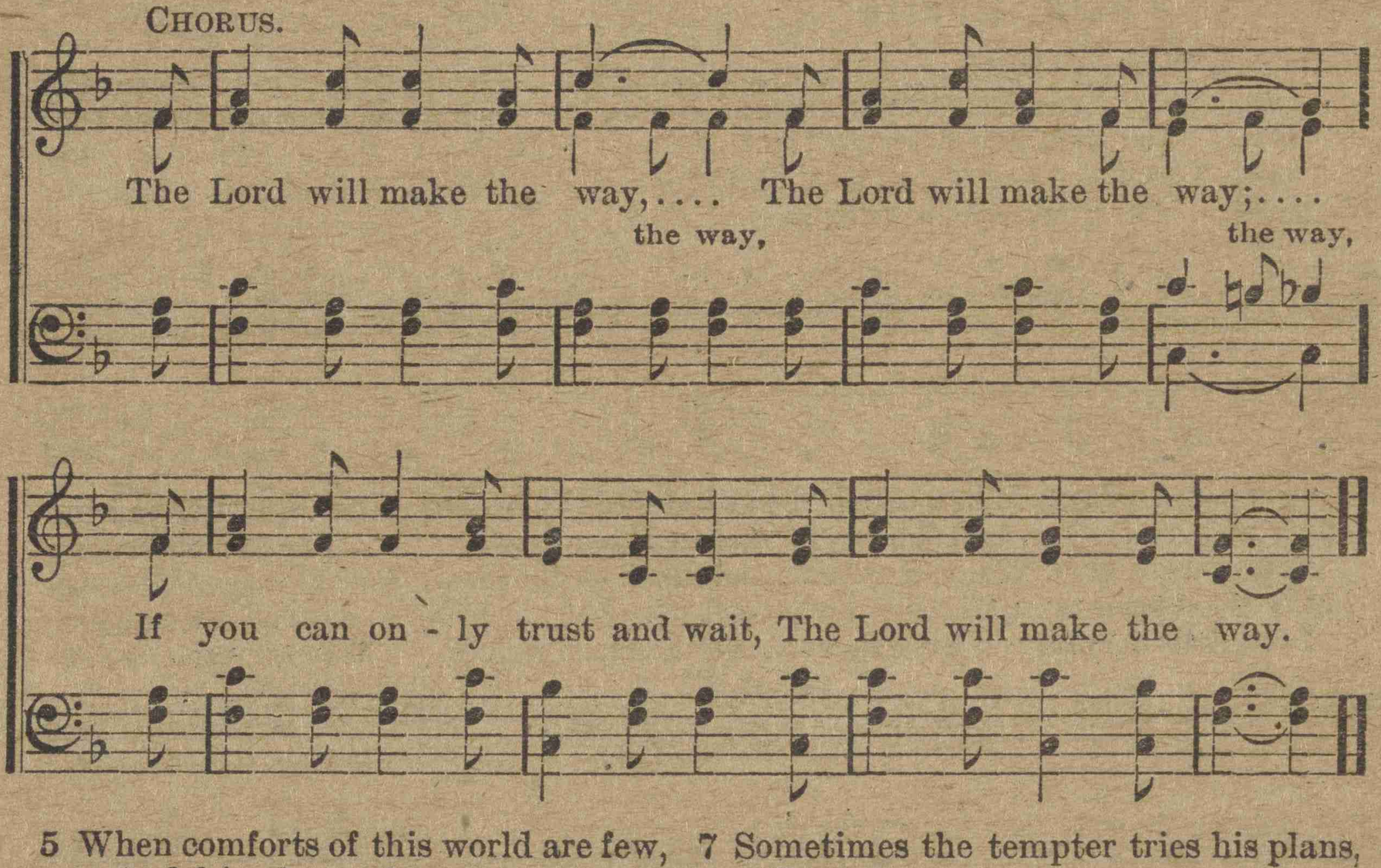
No. 24. The Lord Will Make the Way.

C. A. T. C. A. TINDLEY.





5 When comforts of this world are few,
And friends are far away,
Remember always this is true,
The Lord will make the way.

6 When hard and heavy is your load,
And not a single ray
Of light is shining on the road,
Just wait; there'll be a way.

7 Sometimes the tempter tries his plans,
To make you go astray,
But keep your hand in Jesus' hand,
And he will lead the way.

8 And when the dreary road you tread,
Which leads to endless day,
O praise the Lord, there'll be no dread,
For Christ will be the way.

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NO. 25.
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

(Key of F. Flat)

1—I've found a friend in Jesus, He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
The Lily of the Vally, in Him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;
In sorrow He's my comfort, trouble He's my stay;
He tells me every care on Him to roll;
He's the Lily of Valley the bright and morning
Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

CHORUS

In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

2—He all my grief has taken and all my sorrows
borne;
In temtation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart and now He keeps me by His
power.
Tho' all the world forsakes me, and Satan tempts me
sore,
Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
He's the Lily of Valley, the bright and morning
Star.
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.—

3—He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me
here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear,
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.
When crowned at last in glory I'll see His blessed
face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever roll;
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning
Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.—

NO. 26

1—Amazing grace; how how sweet the
sound;
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now I am found,
Was blind, out now I see.

2—'Twas grace that taught my heart
to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3—Through many dangers, toils and
snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
far,
And grace will lead me home.

4—Yea, when this flesh and heart
shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

5—The earth shall soon pissolve like
snow
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

No. 27. Some Day.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY. Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

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

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

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

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

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Some Day.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

No. 28. Abide With Me.

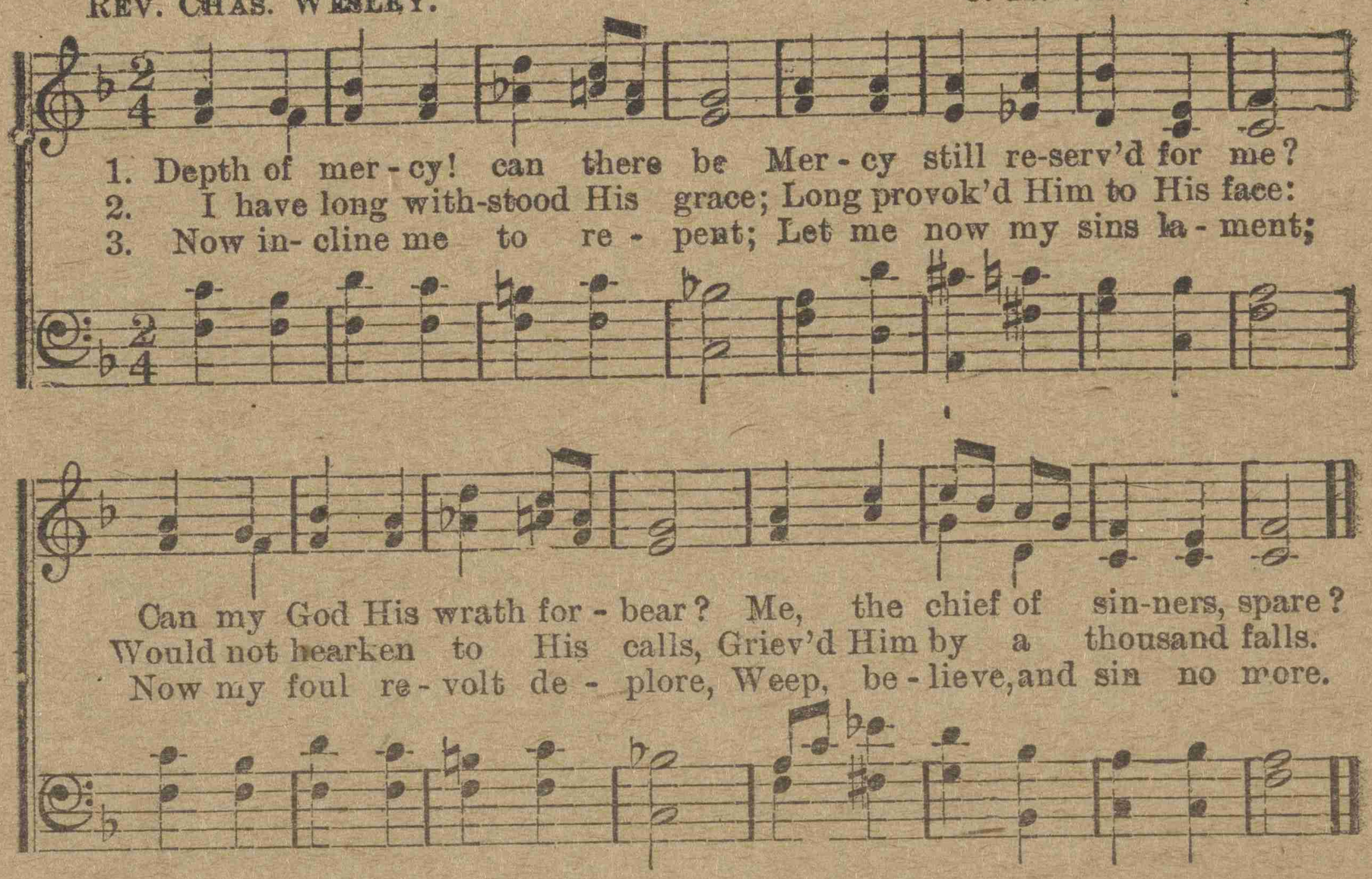
HENRY F. LYTE. WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

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

No. 29. Seymour. 7s.

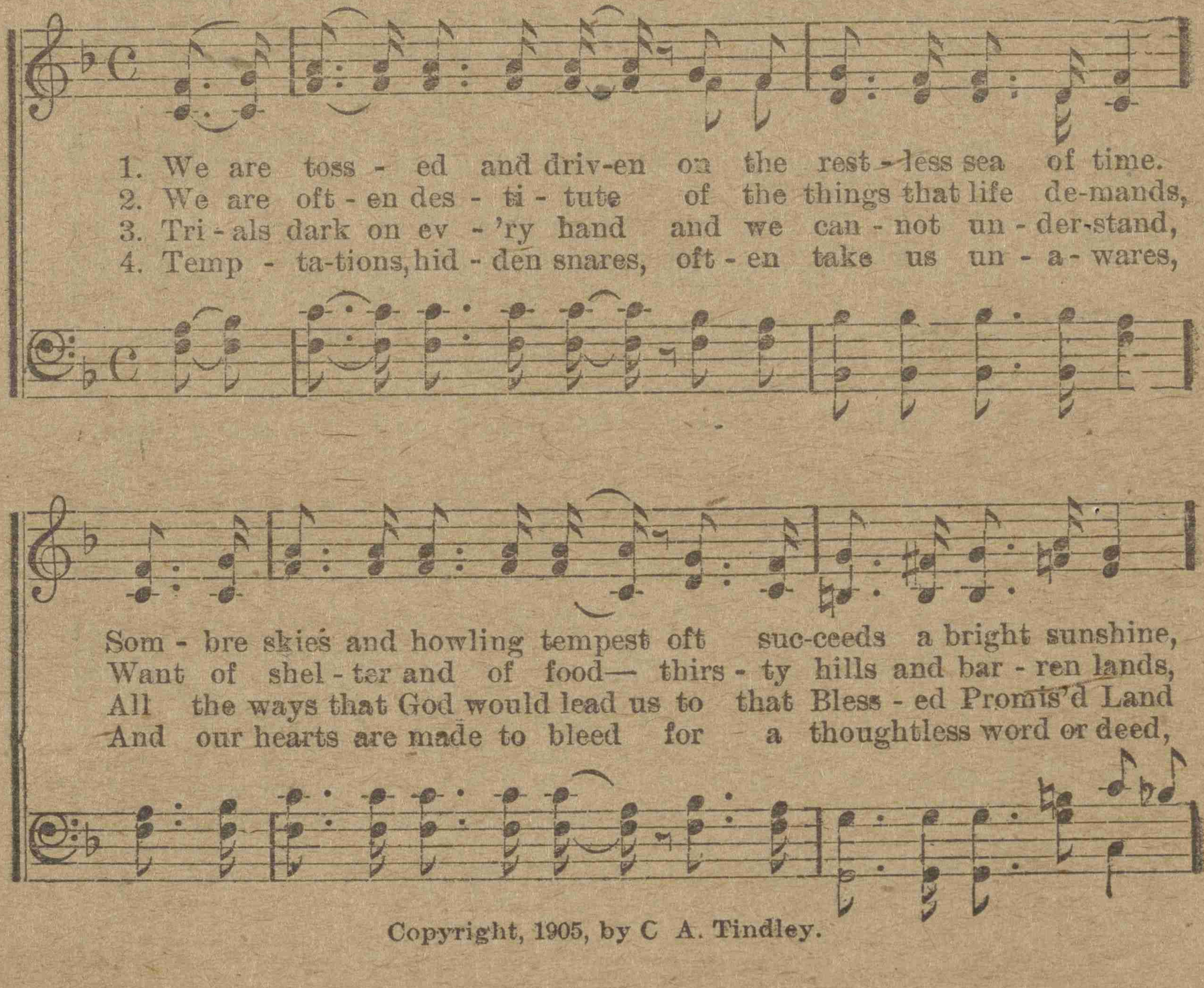
"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY. C. M. VON WEBER.



No. 30. We'll Understand it Better By and By.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY. Arr. by F. A. CLARK.



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We'll Understand it Better, etc.—Concluded.

No. 31. A Stranger Cut the Rope.

C. A. T. C. A. TINDLEY.

1. One day, a way-ward boy, I stray-ed away from home. I sought no oth - er joy, Than far a - way to roam, I saw the ebb- ing flood, Of a deep and dangerous lake And lured upon its mud, Was tied there to a stake.
2. 'Twas ear-ly in the day; The sun was shining bright. I thought to go my way, And get back home by night. But when my cap- tor tied Me down and left me there, "No hope for me" I cried, And sank into de- spair.
3. A - far off on the lake I saw the bil- lows roll, They were making for my stake With breath that chill'd my soul. No mor - tal eye be - held, And no one of-fered hope. Nor went my friends to tell, Or cut the aw- ful rope.

CHORUS.

A stranger cut the rope, It was my on - ly hope, When my poor soul Up- on the shoal Of sin and death did lie. The tide wa - com-ing in The

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A Stranger Cut the Rope.—Concluded.

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

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

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

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

No. 32. Travelers to the Heavenly World.

1 We are a band of strangers,
Traveling thro' this world of dangers,
And if Jesus leads the army,
We will surely gain the day.

REFRAIN.

‖: Keep your garments pure :‖
Unspotted from the world.

2 In the midst of tribulation,
We rejoice in free salvation,
And to every land and nation,
We are bound to tell the news.

REFRAIN.

‖: Keep your lamps bright a burning :‖
And your vessels filled with oil.

3 We are poor and much forsaken,
But our faith has not been shaken,
And we cannot be mistaken,
For the Word of God is true.

REFRAIN.

‖: Ev'ry one shall have deliverance :‖
That is written in His book.

4 We are taught to love each other,
And as one should treat a brother,
We must do by one another,
'Till the Master comes again.

REFRAIN.

‖: You must have the love of Jesus :‖
Or you cannot see His face.

5 In the resurrection morning,
You shall see the judge a coming,
And the sons of God a shouting
In the Kingdom of the Lord.

REFRAIN.—‖: Every eye shall behold Him :‖
When He comes to Judge the world.

NO. 33
GOD BE WITH YOU TILL WE MEET

1—God be with you till we meet again;
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again

CHORUS.

ll we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again

—God be with you till we meet again,
Neath His wings securely hide you
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

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 threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

NO 34
HE SAVED ME

1—I was once far away from the Saviour,
And His face was not smiling on me;
wonder if Christ the Redeemer,
Would save a poor sinner like me.

—I was long in that sad night of darkness,
Not a bright ray of light could I see;
This thought filled my poor heart with sadness,
No hope for a poor sinner like me.

—But there in that dark lonely hour,
Came a voice sweetly whispering to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemerhath, power
To save a poor sinner like me.

—I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour,
Then speaking so kindly to me;
And now unto others I am telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

—I then fully trusted in Jesus
And oh, what a joy cam t me;
My heart it was filled wit His praises,
For saving a sin er like me.

NO. 35
HOME OF THE SOUL

1—I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
That far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand
While the years of eternity roll.

CHORUS

I have anchor my soul in the haven of rest
I will safl the wide seas no more,
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,
In Jesus I am safe for ever more,

2—O, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
Its bright Jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Beneath the fair city and me.

3—That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The king of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

4—O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain:
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

NO. 36
ALMOST PERSUADED

1—"Almost persuaded now to believe;
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
Seems now some soul to say,
Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call.

2—"Almost persuaded," come, come today;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
"O, wanderer come."

3—"Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail
Sad, sad that bitter wail—
"Almost—but lost!"

87

S. C. M.

Promised Land.

S. C. MUNCY.

1. We are march-ing, we are march-ing, At our bless- ed Lord's command,
2. To that land be-yond the riv - er, Where the tree of life doth grow,
3. Where we all shall see our Sav- iour, As He - sits up-on His throne,
4. Then our souls are filled with rapture, When we think of that bright shore,

We are march-ing to the prom- ised land; Where our Sav- iour there will
We are march-ing to the prom- ised land; Where its bright and crys - tal
We are march-ing to the prom- ised land; He will gath - er from all
We are march-ing to the prom- ised land; When our tri - als will be

greet us, On the gold - en strand, We are marching to the promis'd land.
rip - ples And its wa - ters flow, We are marching to the promis'd land
na- tions All His lov'd and own, We are marching to the promis'd land.
o - ver And we're safe e'ermore, And we're marching to the promis'd land.

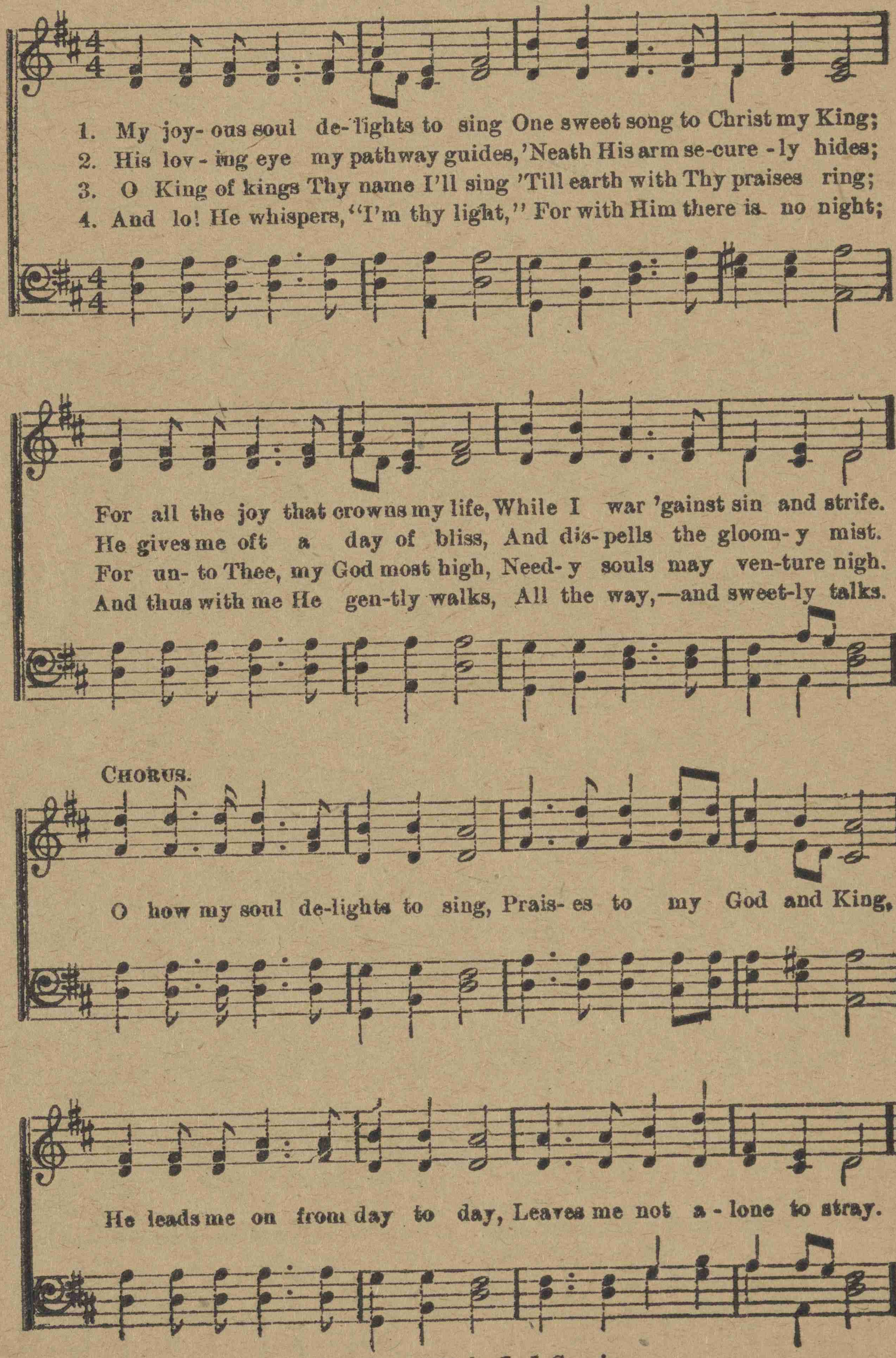
CHORUS.

We are march - ing, march - ing, At the Lord's com-mand;
march-ing on march-ing on,

We are marching on, marching on, We are marching to the promis'd land.
marching on, marching on,

No. 38. My Soul Delights to Sing.

R. WILLIAM FICKLAND. L. J. COPPIN.



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After a While.

C. A. T.

C. A. TINDLEY.

1. The world of forms and changes Is just now so con-fused That there is found some dan - ger In ev - 'ry - thing you use; But
2. Old Sa - tan tries to throw down Ev- 'ry-thing that's good; He'd fix a way to con-found The right-eous, if he could. But
3. There are some men and wom-en That help the dev - il on By con-stant - ly com-plain-ing Of ev - 'ry - thing that's done. They

this is con - so - la - tion To ev - 'ry blood-washed child, The
thanks to God Al-might - y That he can - not be - guile; And
want to be called Chris-tians And all their bad - ness hide; God

CHORUS.

Lord will change our sta-tion, Aft - er a while.
we will be done fighting Aft - er a while.
will o - pen the se - cret, Aft - er a while.
} Aft - er a while,

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

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After a While.—Concluded.

4 If the preacher in his sermon,
Stands up to tell the truth,
They'll go about and murmur,
With slander and abuse.
They want the whole arrangement
To suit their selfish style;
But God will sit in judgment,
After a while.

5 I know we have too many
Who are living in the dark;
They have but little, if any,
Of Christian work at heart.
But thousands, though 'tis stormy,
Are marching undefiled;
And God will head the army,
After a while.

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

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

No. 40. The Pilgrim's Song.

C. A. TINDLEY.

1

I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow,
Cast out in this wide world to roam;
Uncertain of life for to-morrow,
I want to make heaven my home.
Sometimes I am both tossed and driven;
Sometimes I know not where to roam;
I hear of a city called heaven,
I am striving to make it my home.

2

They tell me its walls are of jasper,
The streets are all paved with pure gold,
My Jesus is the building master,
He is making a home for my soul.
The city is way over yonder,
A city that's quite out of sight;
I have a few days yet to wander,
A few more hard battles to fight

4

I am now in a waste howling desert,
Not a foot of its land to call mine;
No cottage nor tent for a shelter,
Tho' storms are descending sometimes,
I have friends that are now up in heaven,
And others still walking in sin;
If brothers and sisters don't own me,
My Jesus says he'll take me in.

4

I am wandering in this land of danger;
No comfort or peace do I find;
I am a poor wayfaring stranger,
To troubles and trials confined,
When friends and relations forsake me,
And sorrows like billows roll high,
I think of the kind words of Jesus,
Which say, "Weary child, I am nigh."

5

My lot among men may be dreary
My station quite poor and despised;
By grace I will run and not weary,
Till called up with Jesus on high.
When death shall determine my stay here,
My body is laid in the grave,
I hope I shall dwell with my Father,
In heaven, there always to stay.

6

Hark! listen to the music from heaven;
Oh! what is this steals on my frame?
I see the old ship drawing nearer,
The Captain is calling my name.
To you, my old friends and companions;
The fight will not be very long;
Though now among lions, like Daniel,
Deliverance surely will come.

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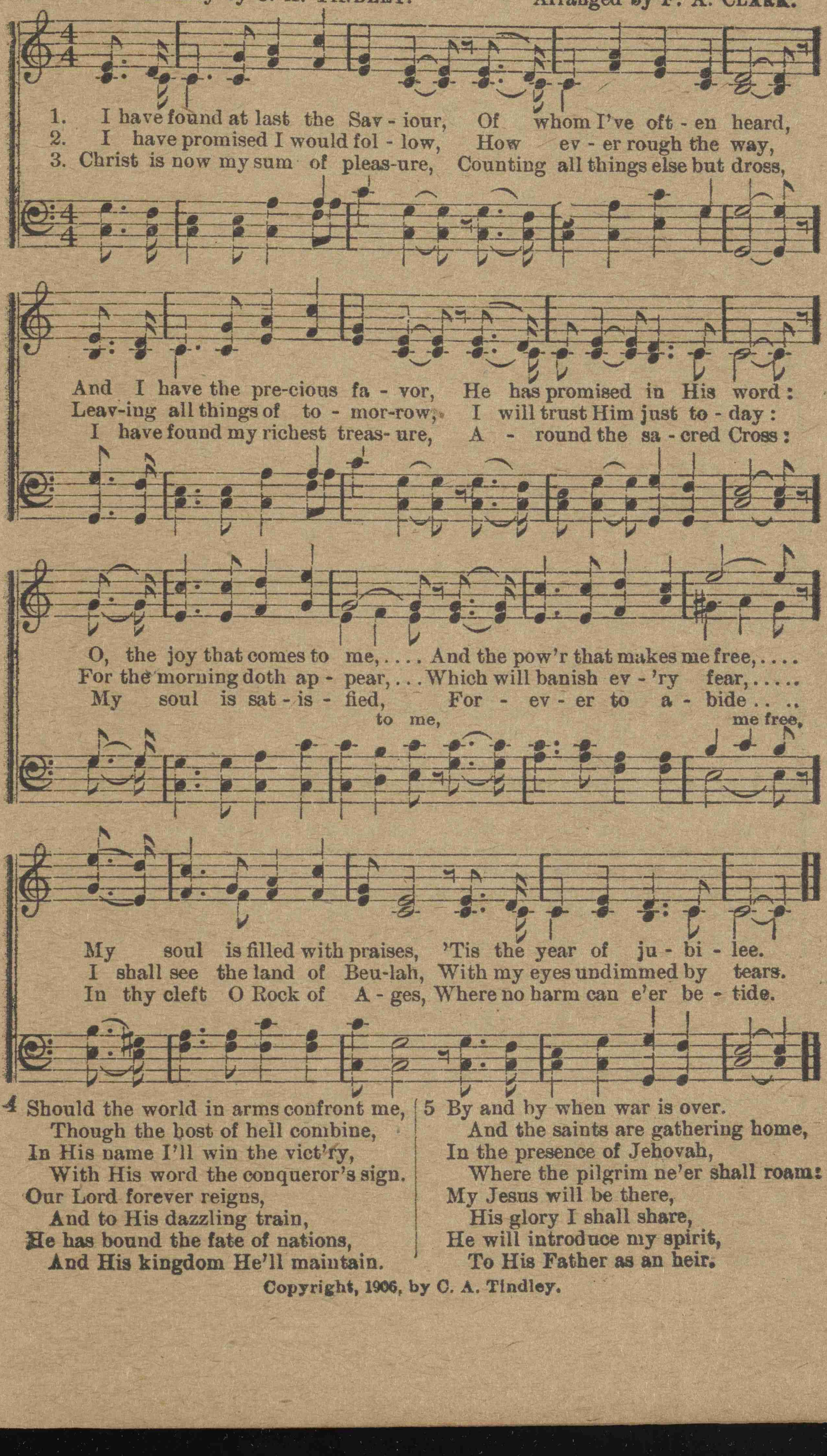
No. 41. I Have Found at Last a Saviour.

Words and Melody by C. A. TINDLEY. Arranged by F. A. CLARK.



4 Should the world in arms confront me,
Though the host of hell combine,
In His name I'll win the vict'ry,
With His word the conqueror's sign.
Our Lord forever reigns,
And to His dazzling train,
He has bound the fate of nations,
And His kingdom He'll maintain.

5 By and by when war is over.
And the saints are gathering home,
In the presence of Jehovah,
Where the pilgrim ne'er shall roam:
My Jesus will be there,
His glory I shall share,
He will introduce my spirit,
To His Father as an heir.

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No. 42. I'll Overcome Some Day.

C. A. T. "Ye shall overcome if ye faint not." C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

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Familiar Hymns.

Tune, AVON. C. M. Key A♭.

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

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

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

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

I'm Going There.

REV. C. A. TINDLEY.

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

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

CHORUS.

Although a pil-grim here be-low, Where dangers are and sor-rows grow,

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

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45. **Tune, CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. Key C.**

1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's vein;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though 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
Are saved to sin no more.
4 Ever since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

46. **Tune, AZMON. Key A.**

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.
2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone,
3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine:
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord of Thine.

47. **Tune, COMMUNION. Key Ab.**

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And didmy Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
2 Was it for crimes that I have done;
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

48. **Tune, RAPTURE. Key E.**

1 O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
2 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the love of sinners adore.
3 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried.
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me."

49. **I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE. Key G.**

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;
Blessed Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at the cross I bow;
Jesus saves me—saves me now.
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil dwelt 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 for evermore.
4 In the promises I trust,
In the cleansing blood confide;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
5 Jesus comes, He fills my soul,
Perfected in love I am,
I am every whit made whole,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

50. **I'LL BE THERE. Key Eb.**

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
Cho.—||: I'll be there, I'll be there,
When the first trumpet sounds I'll be there. :||
2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4 Could we but stand where Moses stood
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

51. **Tune, TOPLADY. Key Bb.**

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed
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,
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Let me hide myself in Thee.

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