CHRIST ☆ IS ☆ THE ☆ TRUE ☆ LIGHT ☆ WHICH ☆ LIGHTETH ☆ EVERY ☆ MAN
THAT ☆ COMETH ☆ INTO ☆ THE ☆ WORLD ☆ AS ☆ MANY ☆ AS ☆ RECEIVED
HIM ☆ TO ☆ THEM ☆ GAVE ☆ HE ☆ POWER ☆ TO ☆ BECOME ☆ THE ☆ SONS ☆ OF ☆ GOD.

STAR OF HOPE

FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND EVANGELISTIC WORK
BY
J. HENRY SHOWALTER — HOMER F. MORRIS, — F. N. BROWN, —
R. R. MORRIS, — J. FREEMAN THOMPSON, — J. T. BYNUM, —
HAMP. ROBERTS AND B. F. SIMS. —

PUBLISHED BY
THE STAR PUBLISHING CO.
BLOUNTSVILLE, ALA. ☆ WEST MILTON, OHIO.

PRICE BY MAIL, POSTPAID.
30¢ PER COPY; $3.50. PER DOZ. $7.00. PER 25
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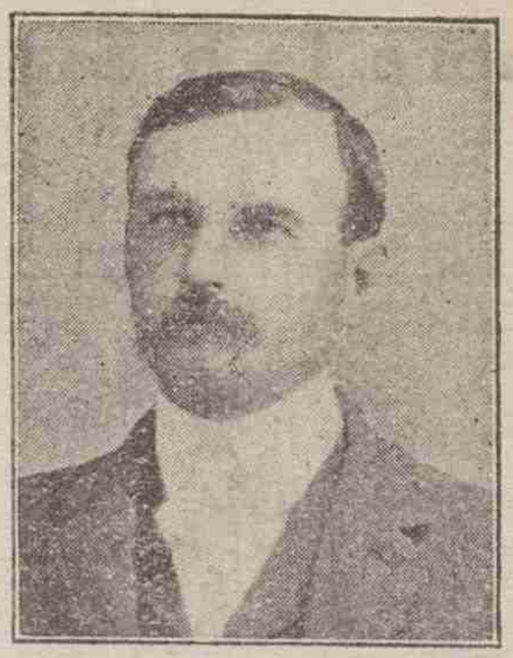
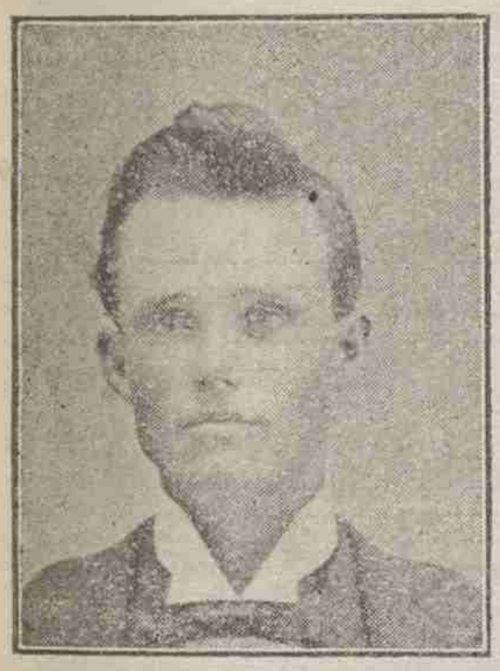
H. F. MORRIS.



F. N. BROWN.

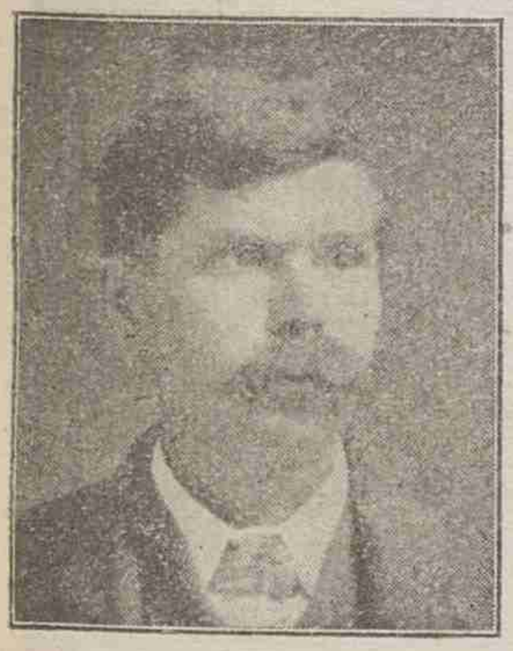
R. R. MORRIS.



J. F. THOMPSON.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

J. F. BYNUM.



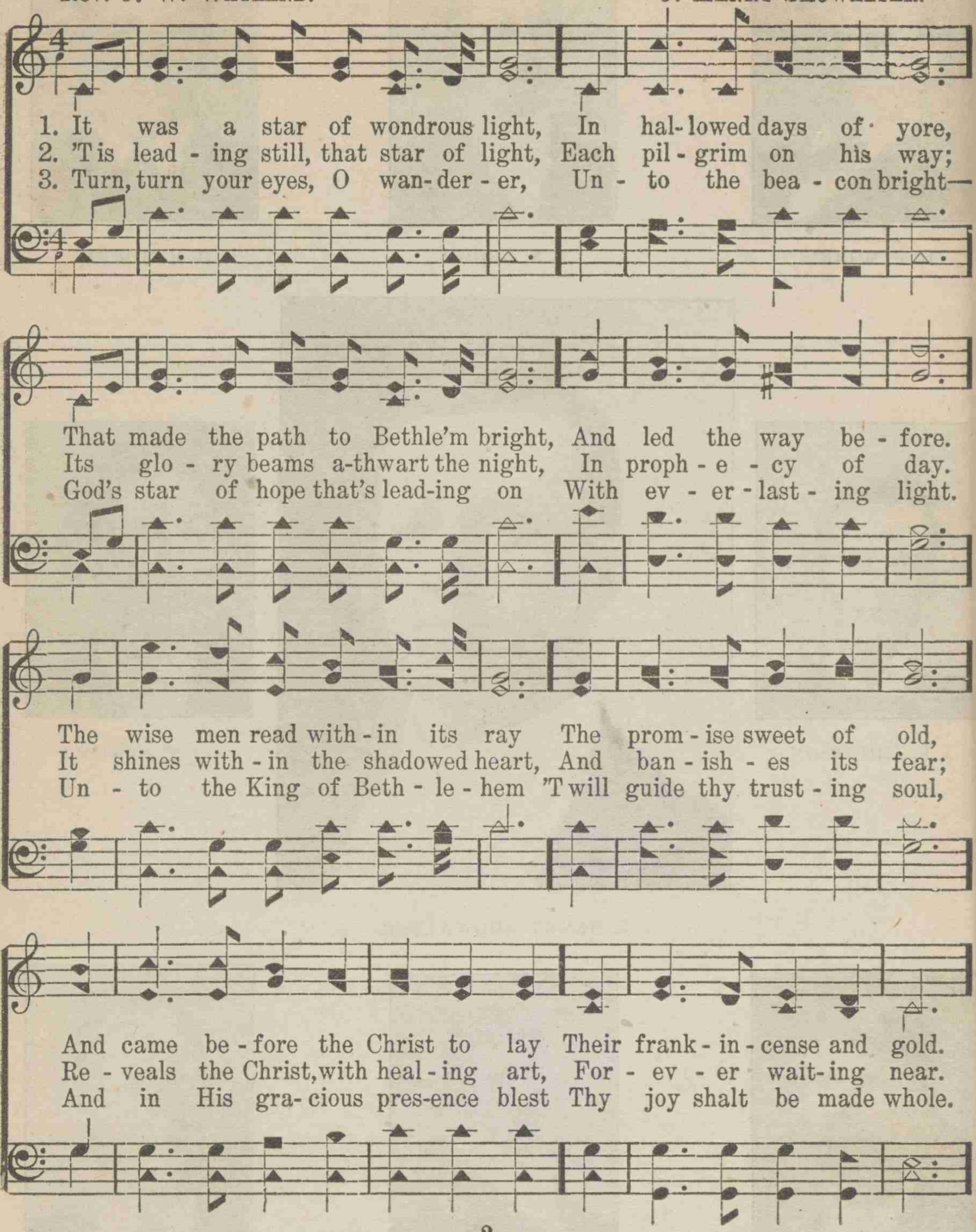
B. F. SIMS.

H. ROBERTS.

S. B. BYNUM.

No. 1. There Is a Star.

Rev. J. W. Wayland. J. Henry Showalter.



There Is a Star.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly star,..... heav'n - ly light,.....
Ho - ly star, blest guid - ing star, heav'n - ly light, glad bea - con light,

Seen a - far,..... won-drous-ly bright;.....
Seen a - far, seen from a - far, won-drous-ly bright, so won-drous-ly bright;

Tell the prom - ise sweet of old, Till the world, the sto - ry told,

Brings its frank-in-cense and gold To Christ..... the King.....
To Christ, the ris - en, liv - ing King.

No. 2. Look to Jesus.

KITTIE DEASON. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Do you long for peace and love? Look, O look to Je - sus;
2. Do you long for strength and grace? Look, O look to Je - sus;
3. When you lay life's bur - den down, Look, O look to Je - sus,

Do you seek a home a - bove? Look, O look to Je - sus.
Would you gain in heav'n a place? Look, O look to Je - sus.
Would you wear a shin - ing crown? Look, O look to Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Look, O look, O look to Je - sus, Look, O look to Him to - day;

He will give you peace and par - don, Look to Je - sus all the way.

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No. 3. 'T is so Sweet to Know.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Rufus R. Morris.

1. 'T is so sweet to know that Je - sus Triumphed o - ver death's dark night,
2. 'T is so sweet, with - in the Bi - ble, Prom - ise from His lips to read,
3. 'T is so sweet to tell to oth - ers, Who are bowed in sin and gloom,
4. Bless-ed, bless - ed res - ur - rec - tion! Freed from sin for - ev - er - more;

And that His be - liev - ing chil-dren Shall a - bide with Him, their Light.
That be - fore the throne in heav - en He for us will in - ter - cede.
There's a life of end - less rap-ture Wait - ing just be - yond the tomb.
O what bliss when we shall wak - en With the Christ whom we a - dore!

Refrain.

Glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Wake, O wake the glad re-frain;
Glory, hal-le-lu-jah! glory, hal-le-lu - jah! Wake, O wake the glad refrain, the glad refrain;

Glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Christ the Saviour lives again.
Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! glo-ry, hal - le - lu-jah! He lives again.

No. 4. I Come to Thee, Jesus.

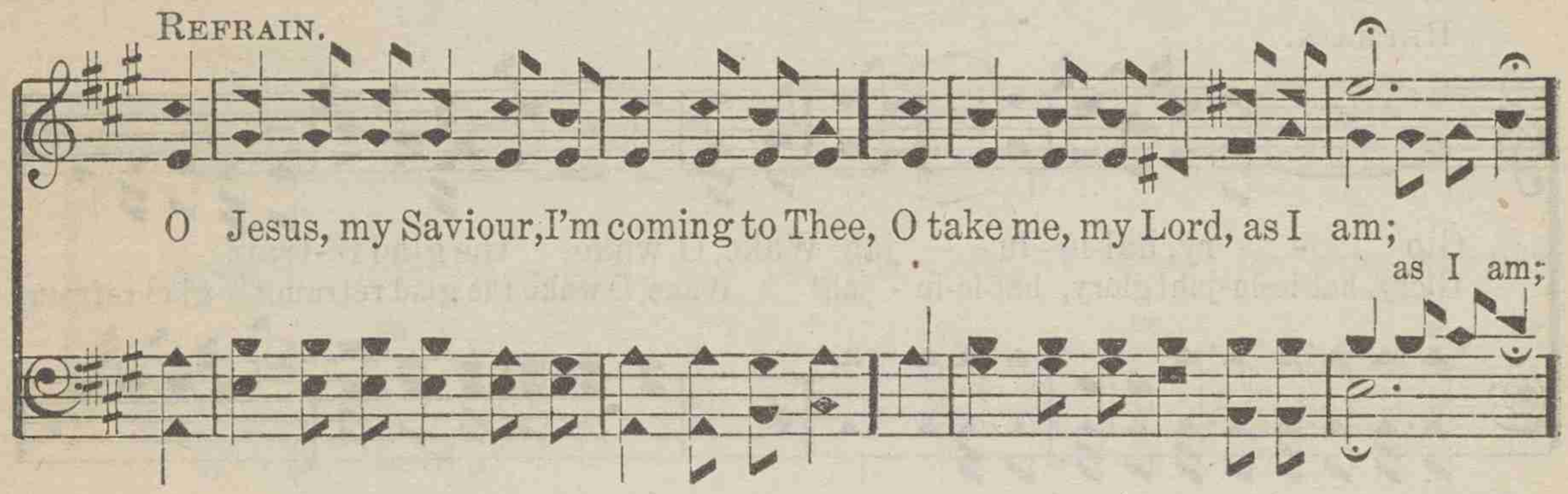
ADALINE H. BEERY. F. N. BROWN.

1. I long have been wan - d'ring in by - ways of sin, My
2. I thought I could live in the world with - out God, No
3. I can - not find peace, nei - ther can I find hope, In

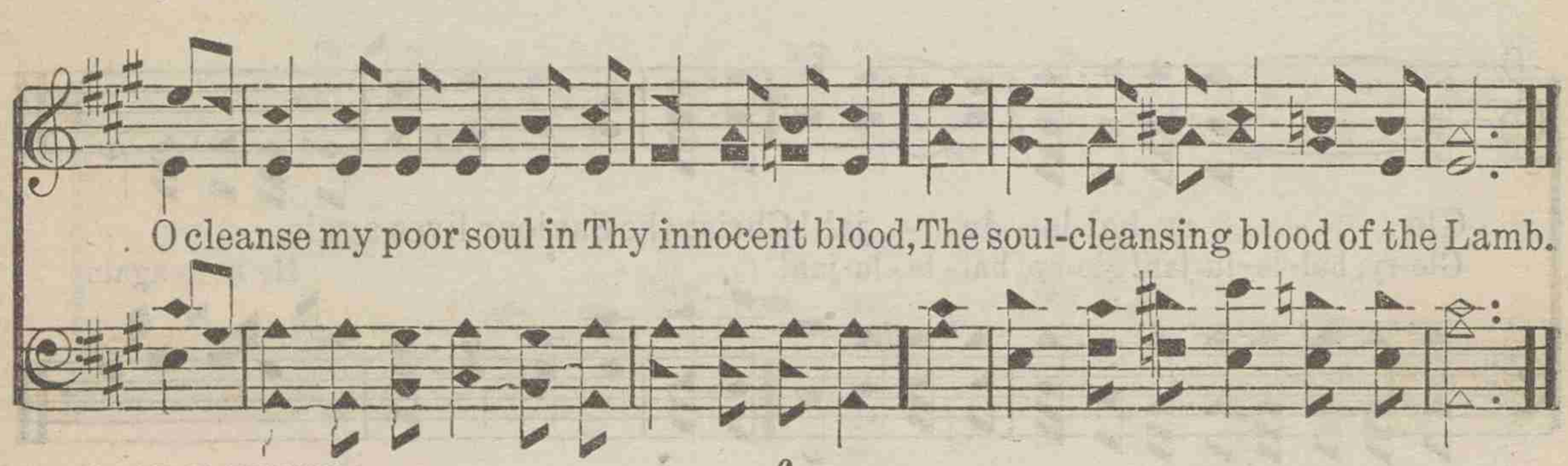
hon - or and conscience out - cast; I've sought for life's pleasures, all
Fa - ther's kind care would I own; My strength and my wis - dom suf-
all the wide world there is none; I'll give up my-self to the

gild - ed and gay, And found them but ash - es at last.
fi - cient would be, No one for my sins need a - tone.
Friend I de - spised, My gra - cious Re - deem - er, God's Son.

REFRAIN.



O Jesus, my Saviour, I'm coming to Thee, O take me, my Lord, as I am;
as I am;



O cleanse my poor soul in Thy innocent blood, The soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb.

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No. 5. The Prodigal.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. J. FREEMAN THOMPSON.

1. Far from the mansions of heaven a-bove, Which Je-sus has gone to pre-pare,
2. Hungry and starving too long you have been, Too long you have suffered in shame;
3. Yes, He is waiting at heaven's bright gate, He's waiting to welcome you home;
4. Haste to that home on the ev-er-green shore, For Je-sus is call-ing thee there;

The prod-i-gal child, the child of His love, Is wand'ring in darkest de-spair.
Re-turn from the ways of fol-ly and sin, And seek the dear Saviour a-gain.
Come back, for His love and mer-cy is great, And lo! He is bid-ding you come!
Come, taste of His love, and wander no more From mansions e-ter-nal and fair.

REFRAIN.

Re-turn to the love of the Sav-iour, The love that's so ten-der and true;

For, prod-i-gal child, O! re-mem-ber, That Je-sus is waiting for you.

No. 6. My Saviour Keepeth Me.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. JAS. T. BYNUM.

1. While I jour - ney here be - low, In this world of sin and woe,
2. As thro' life I trav - el on, In the light of heav-en's dawn,
3. Oft - en would my heart de - spair, Caught with-in the tempter's snare,
4. Oh, I long the port to gain, And to sing the sweet re - frain,

I shall safe and hap - py be, For my Sav - iour keep-eth me.
I shall not for-got - ten be, For my Sav - iour keep-eth me.
But by faith my Lord I see, For He ev - er keep-eth me.
That shall tell of mer - cy free, And of Him who keep-eth me.

REFRAIN.

Keep - eth me, keep-eth me, I am safe, dear Lord, with Thee;
Let my song for - ev - er be: "My dear Sav - iour keep-eth me."

No. 7. Whiter Than Snow.

JAS. NICHOLSON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum-bly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-

ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee Thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
ev - er I know; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
see Thy blood flow; O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
nev - er saidst "No;" O wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

𝄋 *Use all verses in D. S.*

FINE.

REFRAIN.

Whit - er than snow, . . . Whit - er than snow; . . .
Whiter, dear Saviour, yes, whiter than snow, Whiter, dear Saviour, yes, whiter than snow;

D. S.

No. 8. Come To-day.

Mrs. A. B. Wade. Homer F. Morris.

1. Why not come to Je - sus now(to Jesus now)? Why delay(why delay),why de-lay(why delay)?
2. Why not come to Christ to-day(to Christ to-day)? Why not come(why not come),why not come(why not come)?
3. Why not come to Je - sus now(to Jesus now)? Why delay(why delay),why de-lay(why delay)?

to - day.
not come?
to - day.

Why not in obedience bow(obedience bow)? Come to-day(come to-day),come, O come to - day.
For He is the Truth,the Way(He is the Way); Why not come(why not come),why,O why not come?
Think of Him on Calv'ry's brow(on Calv'ry's brow),Come to-day(come to-day),come, O come to - day.

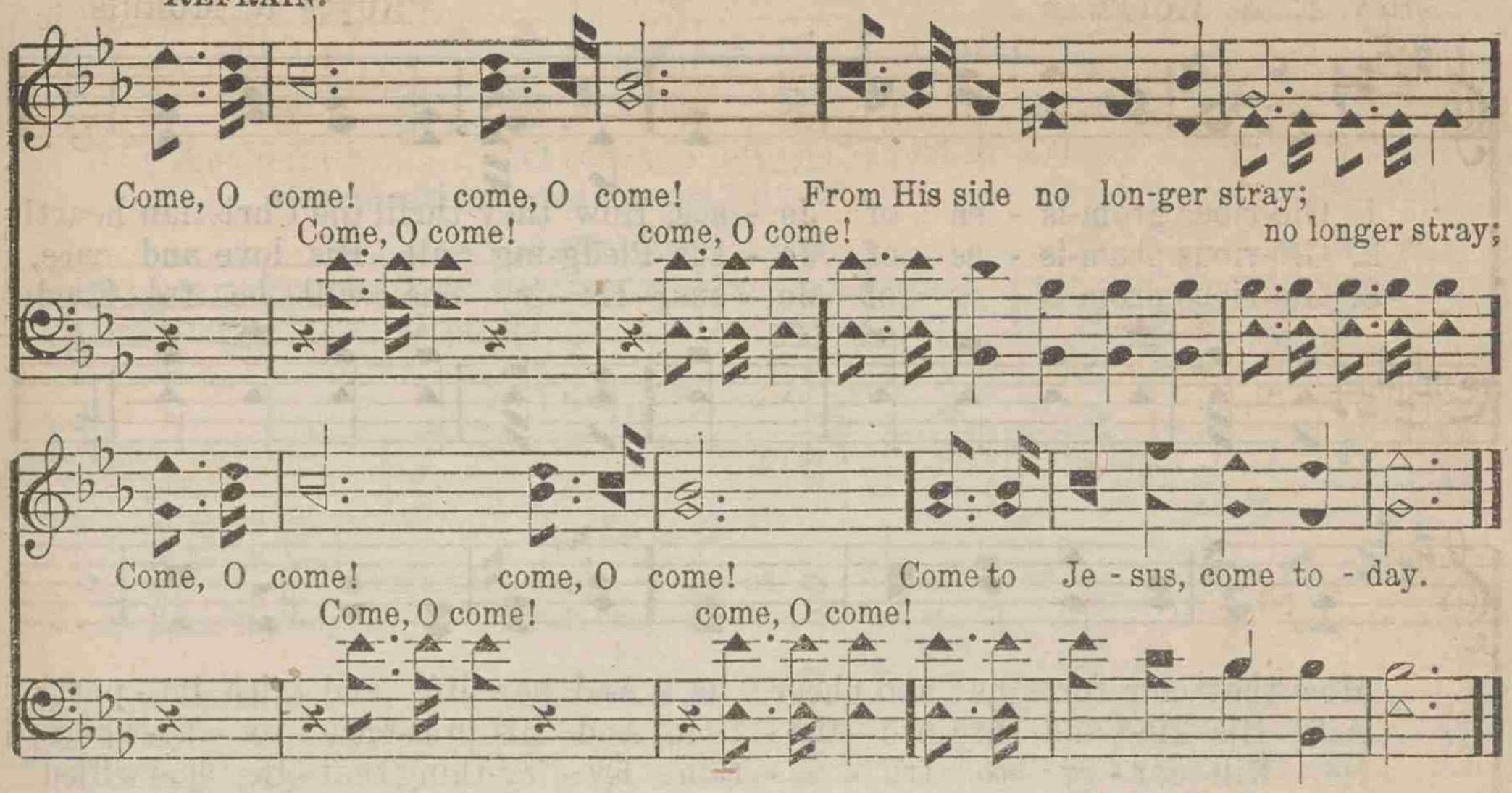
With His blood He purchased thee(He purchased thee), From the curse of sin to free;
If thou heed His ten - der call (His ten-der call); If to Him sur - ren - der all,
He a - lone can make thee whole(can make thee whole), Fill with per-fect peace thy soul;

to - day."
not come?
to - day.

Hear Him pleading ten-der - ly (so ten-der-ly),"Come to-day(come to-day),come,O come to-day."
On thy path His light will fall(His light will fall); Why not come(why not come),why,O why not come?
On Him ev - 'ry bur-den roll (bur-den roll),Come to-day(come to-day),come, O come to-day.

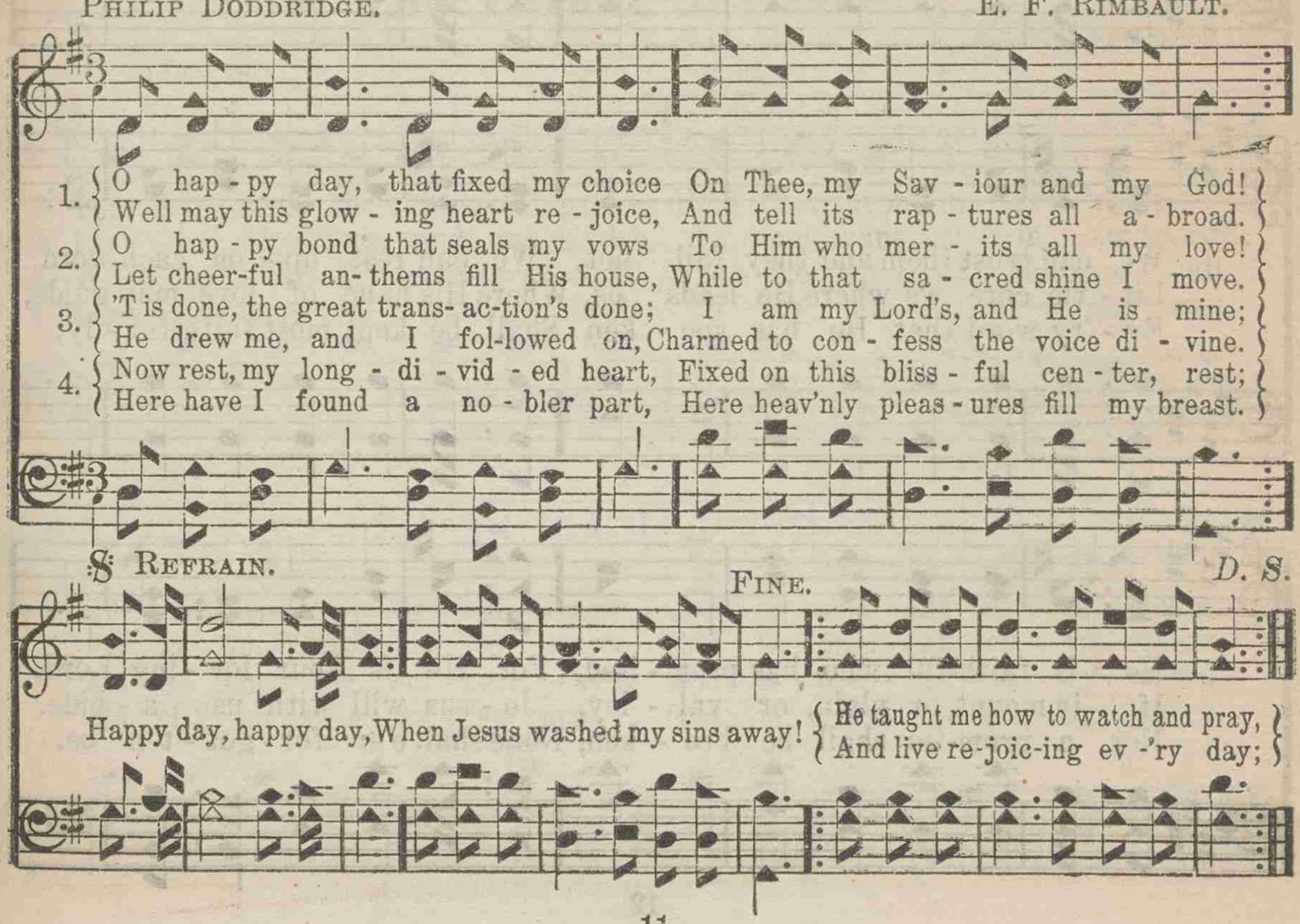
Come To-day.

REFRAIN.



No. 9. Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



No. 10. Glorious Promises of Jesus.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. RUFUS R. MORRIS.

1. Glo-rious prom-is - es of Je - sus, How they thrill the Christian heart!
2. Glo-rious prom-is - es of Je - sus, Pledg-ing all His love and care,
3. Glo-rious prom-is - es of Je - sus, Ev - 'ry one will be ful - filled;

How they com-fort us and cheer us, And new life and faith im - part!
All His kind and sure pro - téc - tion, And His pres-ence ev - 'ry-where;
He will car - ry to fru - i - tion Ev - 'ry-thing that He has willed;

We can trust them and they fail not, We can rest up - on each word,
Lit - tle care we where He leads us, Where His hand of love may guide,
Ev - 'ry word that He has spo - ken Shall be kept most faith-ful - ly;

He is faith-ful who has prom - ised, For He is our lov - ing Lord.
If in mount, or plain, or val - ley, Je - sus will with us a - bide.
Not a prom-ise shall be bro - ken, None shall e'er for - got - ten be.

Glorious Promises of Jesus.

REFRAIN.

Why should faith.....and courage fail you? Trust in God,..... press bravely
Why should faith and courage fail you? Trust in God, press bravely

on; Trust the prom - is-es of Je-sus, None will fail you, no, not one.
on, press bravely on; Trust the prom-is-es of Je - sus,

No. 11. The Throne of Grace.

G. W. MORRIS.

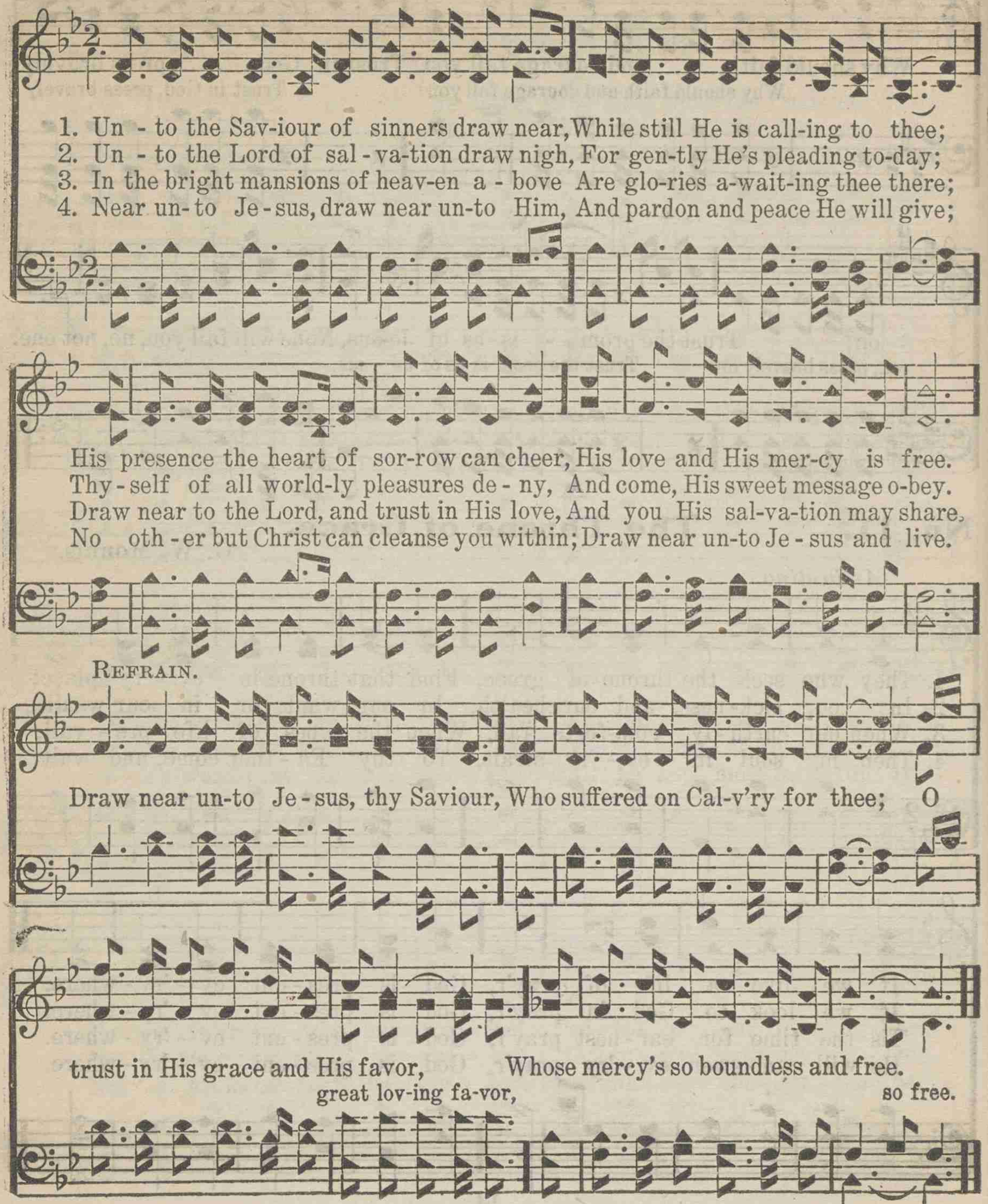
Andantino.

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
2. In our sick-ness, and our health, In our want, or in our wealth,
3. When our earth-ly com-forts fail, When the woes of life pre - vail,
4. Then, my soul in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa - ther come, and wait;

If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry-where.
If we look to God in pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry-where.
'Tis the time for ear-nest pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry-where.
He will an-swer ev - 'ry pray'r, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry-where.

No. 12. Draw Near Unto the Lord.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. J. T. BYNUM.



No. 13. O Is It True?

(Written March 4, 1905—my 30th birthday.)

H. F. M. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. O is it true that time for me, Each day is near-ing in its trend,
2. O is it true the mon-ster Death, Shall come and take a-way my breath,
3. O is it true that I shall lie In a lone grave-yard by and by,
4. O shall I meet those gone be-fore, Who now are wait-ing at the door,

Its fi-nal goal e-ter-ni-ty; O must my life soon have an end?
And shall I be for aye and aye, Life-less and cold as si-lent clay?
And moulder in the dark, cold ground, In si-lence till the trump shall sound?
Of the bright mansion Christ hath said He would pre-pare the saint-ed dead?

O yes, 't is true, as days go by, With laugh, or song, or sor-row's sigh,
O yes, 't is true, this earth-ly form, So oft by cares and tri-als worn,
O yes, 't is true, that I shall sleep The sleep from which none wake to weep,
Yes, all the "dead in Christ shall rise," And dwell for-ev-er in the skies,

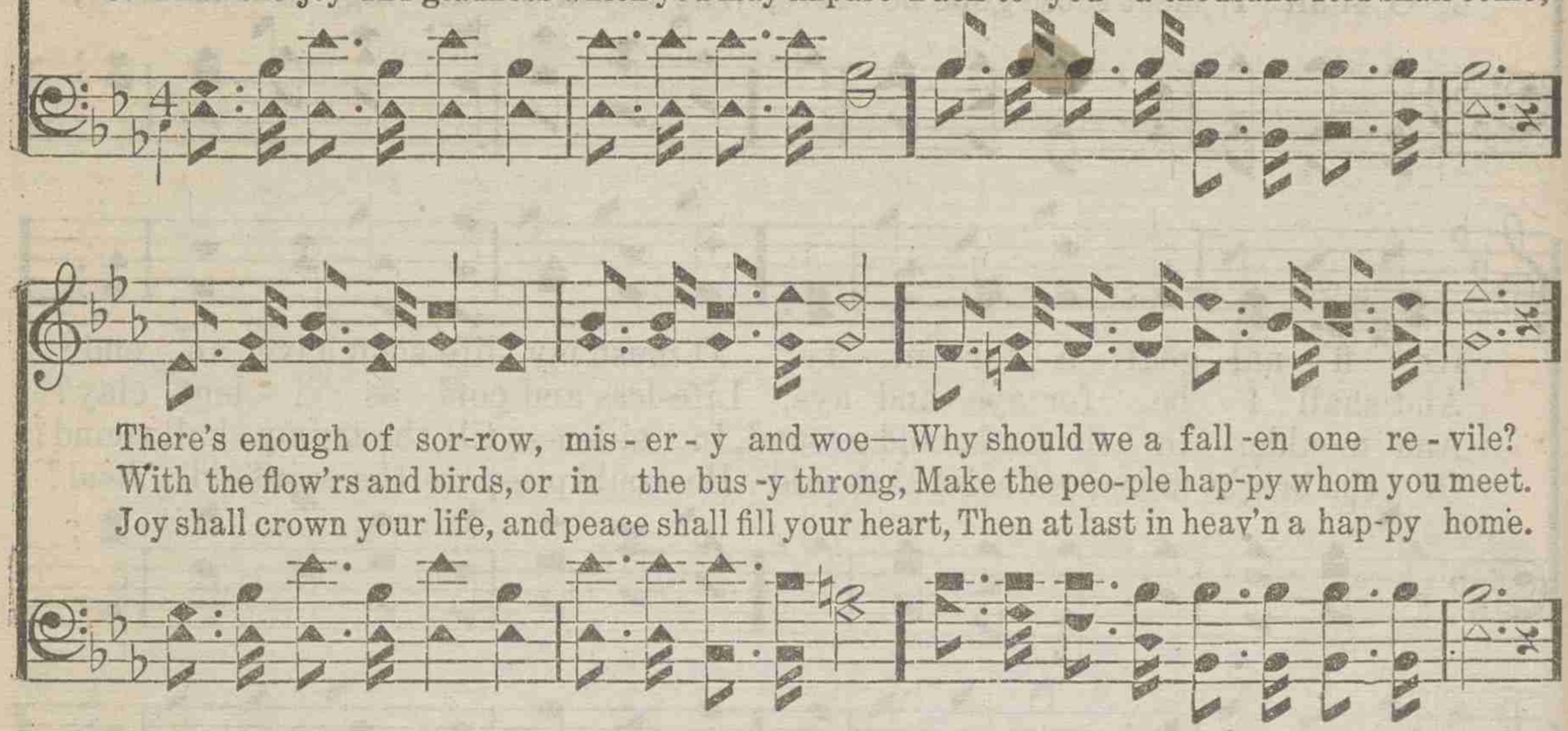
I know, as mo-ments swiftly fly, I soon must sure-ly, sure-ly die.
Shall pass a-way, as dews of morn, Be-fore a gleaming ray of sun.
Till God shall call to me "A-rise, Come to thy mansion in the skies."
Where no more tears shall dim the eye, And loved ones nev-er say good-bye.

H. F. MORRIS, OWNER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

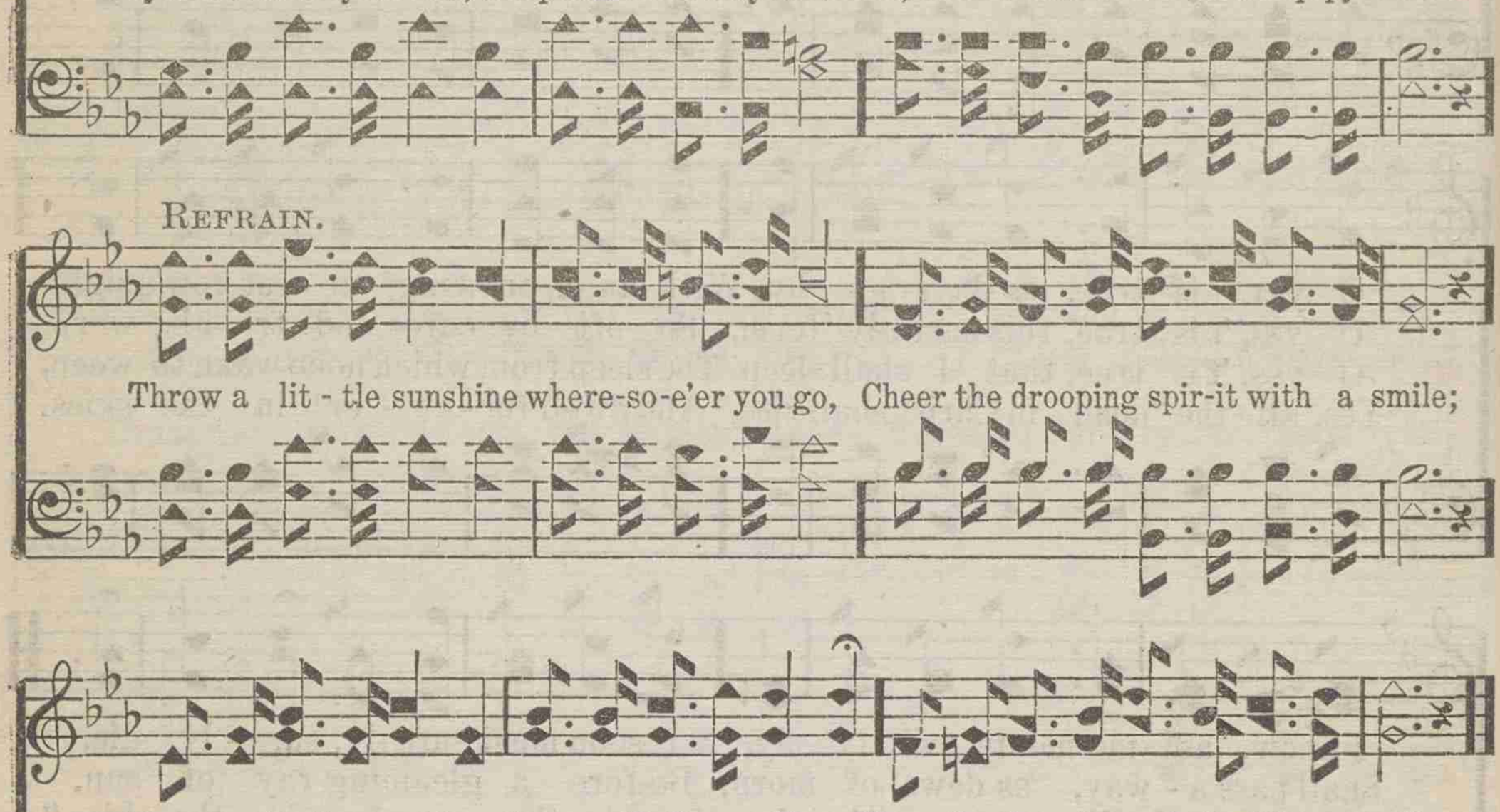
No. 14. Throw a Little Sunshine.

B. B. BEALL.

1. Throw a lit - tle sunshine where-so-e'er you go, Cheer the drooping spir-it with a smile;
2. Throw a lit - tle sunshine as you pass a-long In the qui - et lane or crowded street;
3. Thus the joy and gladness which you may impart Back to you a thousand-fold shall come;

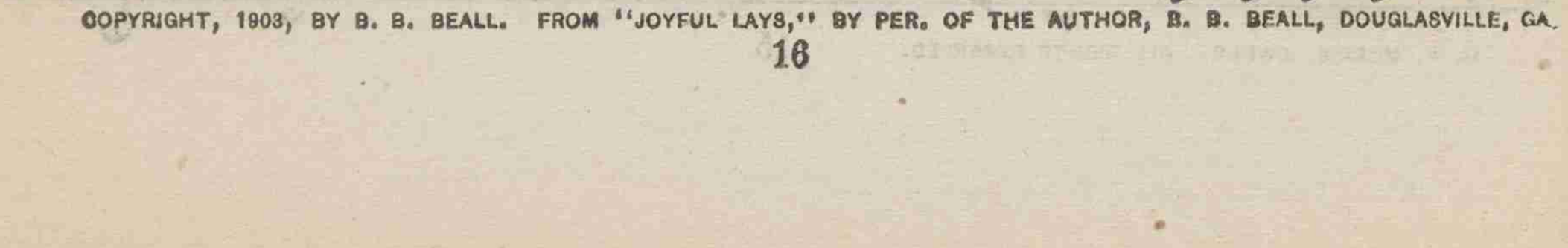


There's enough of sor-row, mis - er - y and woe—Why should we a fall -en one re - vile?
With the flow'rs and birds, or in the bus -y throng, Make the peo-ple hap-py whom you meet.
Joy shall crown your life, and peace shall fill your heart, Then at last in heav'n a hap-py home.



REFRAIN.

Throw a lit - tle sunshine where-so-e'er you go, Cheer the drooping spir-it with a smile;



Throw a lit-tle sunshine, throw a lit-tle sunshine, Cheer the drooping spir-it with a smile.

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No. 15. From the Garden to the Cross.

E. R. LATTA. Suggested by J. E. T. J. E. THOMAS.

With feeling.

1. In the gar - den, sore oppressed, Je - sus ut - tered this re-quest:
2. Ju - das, now, with trai - tor kiss, Gives Him to His en - e - mies;
3. Now the Jew - ish coun - cil try, And re - solve that He shall die;
4. Robe and crown, in mock - er - y, And the taunt - ing sol - diers, see!
5. View Him now up - on the cross, Us to save from end - less loss;

"Fa - ther, if it so may be, Let this cup de - part from me!"
See that wild and nois - y crowd—They will kill the Son of God!
He, of wit - ness false the prey, Is to Pi - late led a - way.
See Him now, on Cal-v'ry's road, Sink - ing 'neath His heav - y load!
Dy - ing there up - on the tree— Dy - ing there for you and me.

REFRAIN.

In the gar - den, how He moaned, Weep-ing there so bit - ter - ly;
Yet the aw - ful cup would drink, For you and me.

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No. 16. Who Is My Neighbor?

Anon. J. Henry Showalter.

1. O who is my neighbor, pray tell me, As I journey along here be-low?
2. The world is thy neighbor, poor pilgrim, From the beggar so wretched to see,
3. Drink deep from sweet charity's fountain, Lit-tle fail-ings in kindness o'erlook,

For my Bible commands me to love him As myself, and my neighbor I'd know;
To the rich man who rides in his car-riage, All alike have a claim up-on thee;
For our Saviour had pit-y for oth-ers, And he nev-er His neighbor for-sook;

Is it he who sits down at my ta-ble, My brother, so dear un-to me,
Go ye out in the highways and hedg-es, The al-leys, the lanes, and the street,
He hath said that a cup of cold wa-ter, If giv'n in the name of the Lord,

Or my friend who hath done me a fa-vor, My neighbor, O where may he be?
For ye nev-er have need to stand i-dle, The want of a neighbor to greet.
In that day when He makes up His jewels, Shall meet with a ten-fold re-ward.

No. 17. On the Throne of My Heart.

L. E. NEWELL. R. R. MORRIS.

DUET.

1. On the throne of my heart Reigns my Saviour and King, And He rules me in
2. When I list - en there come Bless-ed mes - sa - ges sweet, That are tru - ly a
3. On the throne of my heart, Bless-ed Sav-iour, a - bide; For in Thee do I

love, Of His good-ness I'll sing; In His care I a - bide, And, wher-
guide, Are a lamp to my feet; "I will nev - er for - sake Those who
trust, Let what-ev - er be - tide; If of good or of ill, From me

ev - er I roam, He di - rect - eth my feet, He is guid-ing me home.
trust me," He saith, He will guide us with love, Past the val - ley of death.
nev - er de - part, But a - bide with me still On the throne of my heart.

REFRAIN.

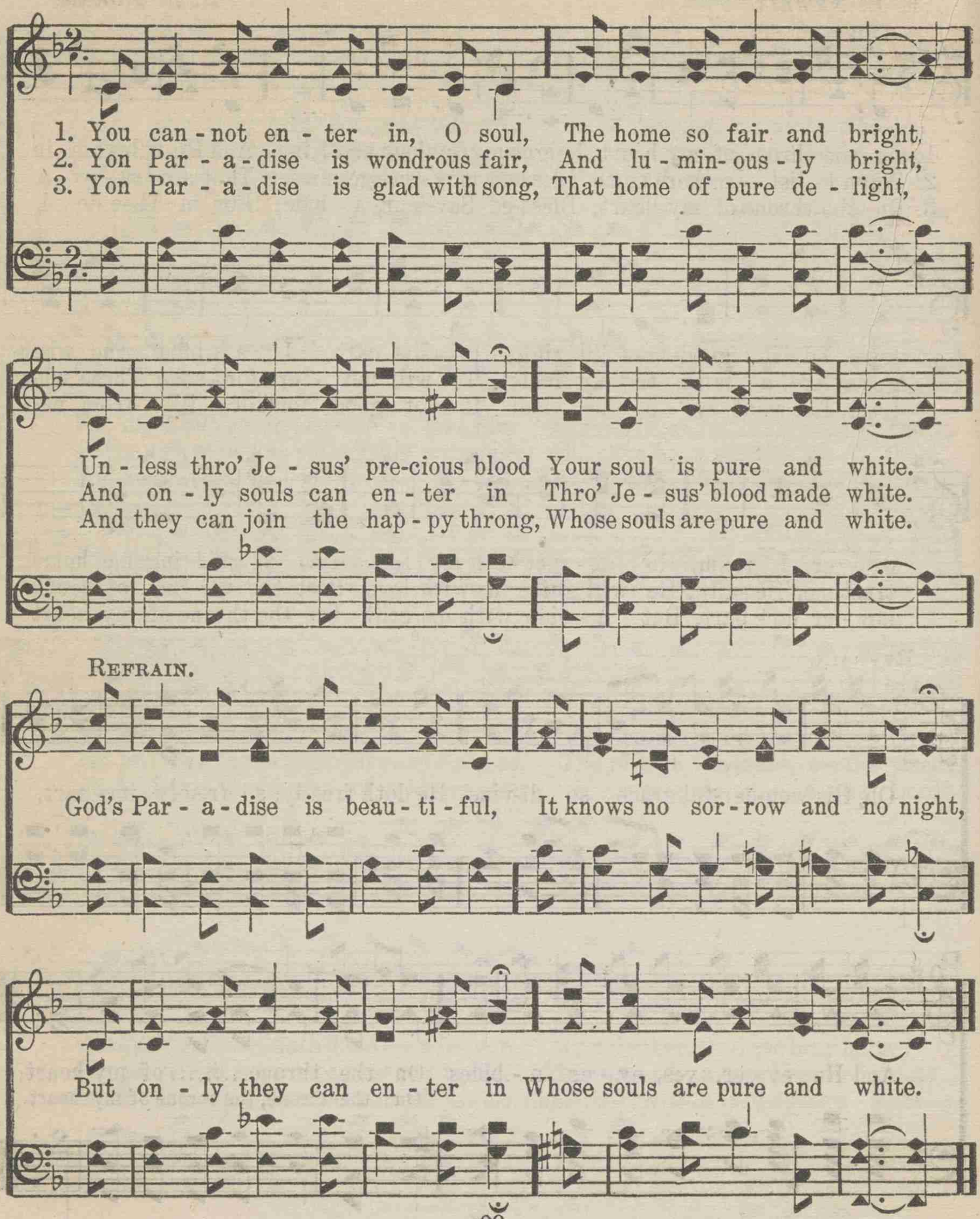
Oh, His won-der-ful grace so di-vine, He doth free-ly, so free-ly im - part,

And He ev - er, yes, ev - er a - bides On the throne..... of my heart.
On the throne, the throne of my heart.

BY PER. OF H. F. MORRIS.

No. 18. Paradise.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Homer F. Morris.



No. 19. "At Evening Time It Shall Be Light."

Mrs. S. E. Reddick. Zech. 14: 7. J. Freeman Thompson.

No. 20. Waiting In the Valley.

Mrs. S. E. Reddick. M. W. Mathews.

1. I am waiting in the valley where the clouds are hanging low, For the comfort of my Saviour's welcome voice, Which will still the raging tempest, and will clear the mist a-way, And en-a-ble me to praise Him and re-joice.
2. The great darkness which envelopes me and hides Him from my view, With His all-suf-fi-cient pow-er will re-move; With His mighty hand to guide me, and to cheer me on my way, I will find the bless-ed sunshine of His love.
3. I will nev-er ask to dwell for aye se-cure from earthly care, High up-on the lofty mountain's diz-zy height; I will only ask that Christ may stay each day, and ev-'ry hour, Close-ly by my side, and ev-er be my might.
4. The sweet hours of peaceful waiting, how they teach my heart to trust! And a weak and helpless creature tho' I be, O increase my faith, renew Thy love, dear Sav-iour, in my heart, Safe-ly lead me, O my Fa-ther, up to Thee.

Refrain.

I am wait-ing in the val-ley, For the
I am wait-ing in the val-ley, I am wait-ing in the val-ley,

BY PER. OF H. F. MORRIS.

Waiting In the Valley.

comfort of my Saviour's loving voice; I am wait - ing in the
His loving voice; I am wait-ing in the val-ley, I am
val - ley, And each day I know His fa - vor, and re - joice.
wait-ing in the val - ley,

No. 21. Jesus Will Save.

S. J. P. (*To Rev. W. E. Penn, the Western Evangelist.*) S. J. PERRY.

1. I'm a way-worn pilgrim here, but Je - sus will save; Filled with many a
2. Let us walk by faith each day, for Je - sus will save; And be hap - py
3. There's a message from the Lord, that Je - sus will save; We may find it
4. There are souls for us to win, that Je - sus will save; There are sheaves to
5. When this toilsome life is o'er, dear Je - sus will save; All His loved ones

D. S.—*Come to Him by faith and live, for Je - sus will save.*

FINE. REFRAIN.

doubt and fear, but Je - sus will save.
on the way, for Je - sus will save.
in His Word, that Je - sus will save.
gar - ner in, that Je - sus will save.
ev - er-more, yes, Je - sus will save.

} Je - sus will save, yes, Je - sus will save;

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No. 22. Gathering Home.

Arr. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. They're gathering homeward from ev-'ry land, One by one, one by one, And
2. They're passing from sorrow, from toil and strife, One by one, one by one, From
3. Yes, we too shall come to the riv-er-side, One by one, one by one, We're

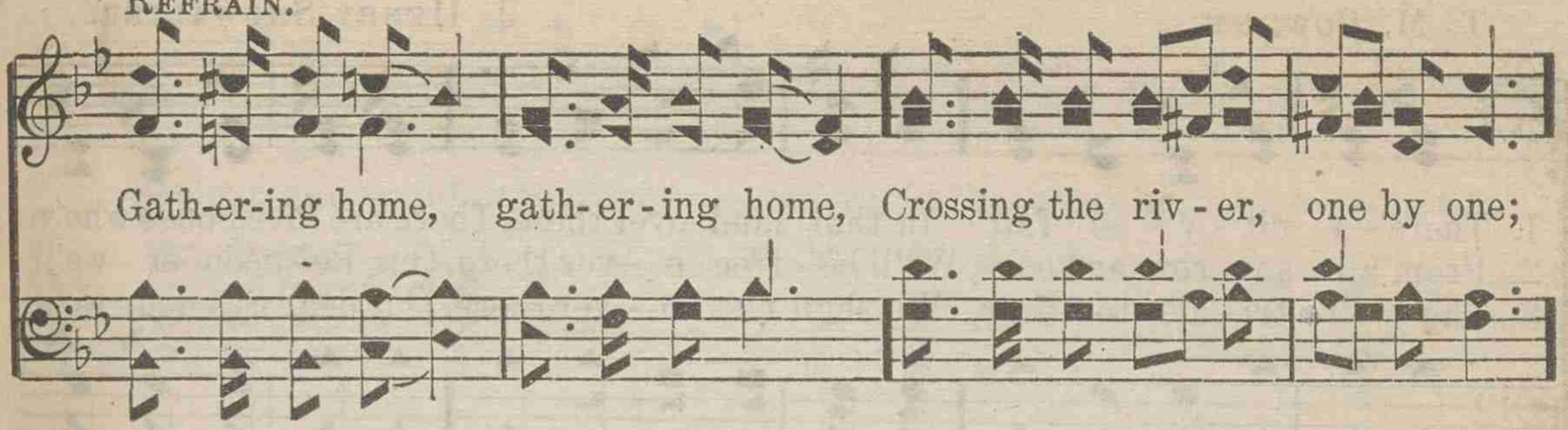
weary their feet touch the shining strand, Yes, one by one. Their brows are en-
shad-ow of death to e - ter-nal life, Yes, one by one. Tho' we have not
near-er its wa-ters each e - ven-tide, Yes, one by one. We hear the great

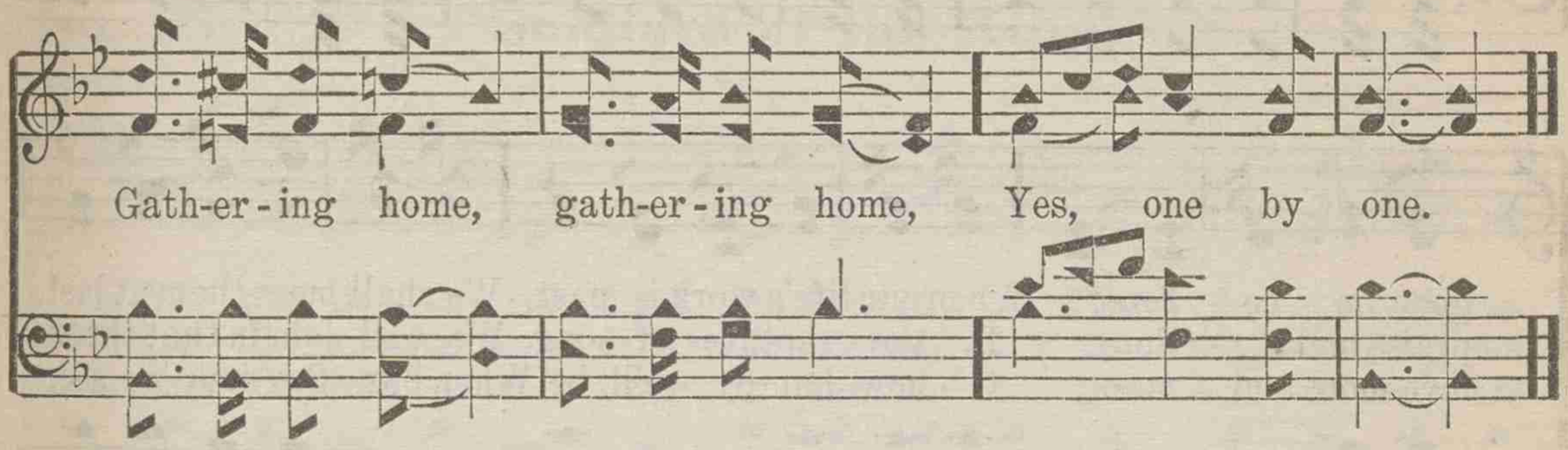
closed in a gold-en crown, Their travel-stained garments are all laid down, And
yet crossed the riv - er, still Each day we are near-er the brow of life's hill; We
roar of the chill-y stream, And soon will be o - ver life's fit - ful dream, But

clothed in white raiment they rest on the shore Where sickness and sorrow come never-more.
know we are journeying on the way, And we all shall cross over, too, some day.
Je - sus will lead us by His own dear hand, And safely will guide us to heaven's land.

Gathering Home.

REFRAIN.





No. 23. How Precious Is the Book.

J. FAWCETT. D. D. JONES.

No. 24. Blessed Home Over There.

T. M. Bowdish. J. Henry Showalter.

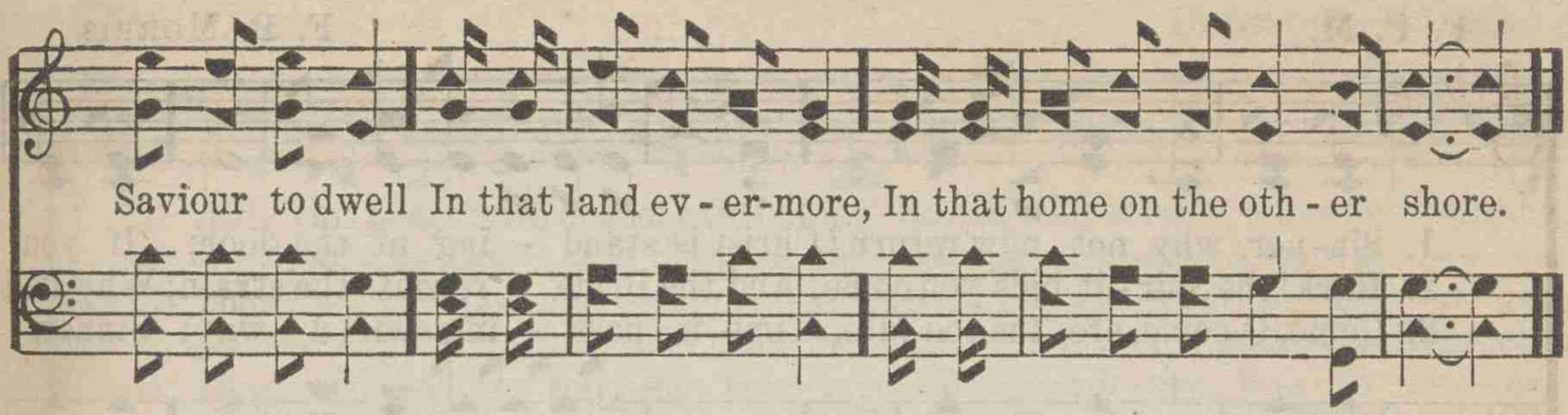
1. There's a cit - y so fair In that land over there, There are loved ones who've gone on be - fore; When our life's work is past, We shall meet them at last,
2. From all sor - row and care, We'll be free o - ver there, Our Re-deem-er we'll praise and a - dore; In the raptures of song We will join in that throng,
3. Tho' we've tri - als to bear, We shall rest o - ver there, Our dear Sav-iour we'll love more and more; O how hap-py we'll be When our Sav-iour we see,

Refrain.

In that home on the oth - er shore. } Bless-ed home..... ev - er
In our home on the oth - er shore. }
In that home on the oth - er shore. Bless-ed home ev - er fair, bless-ed

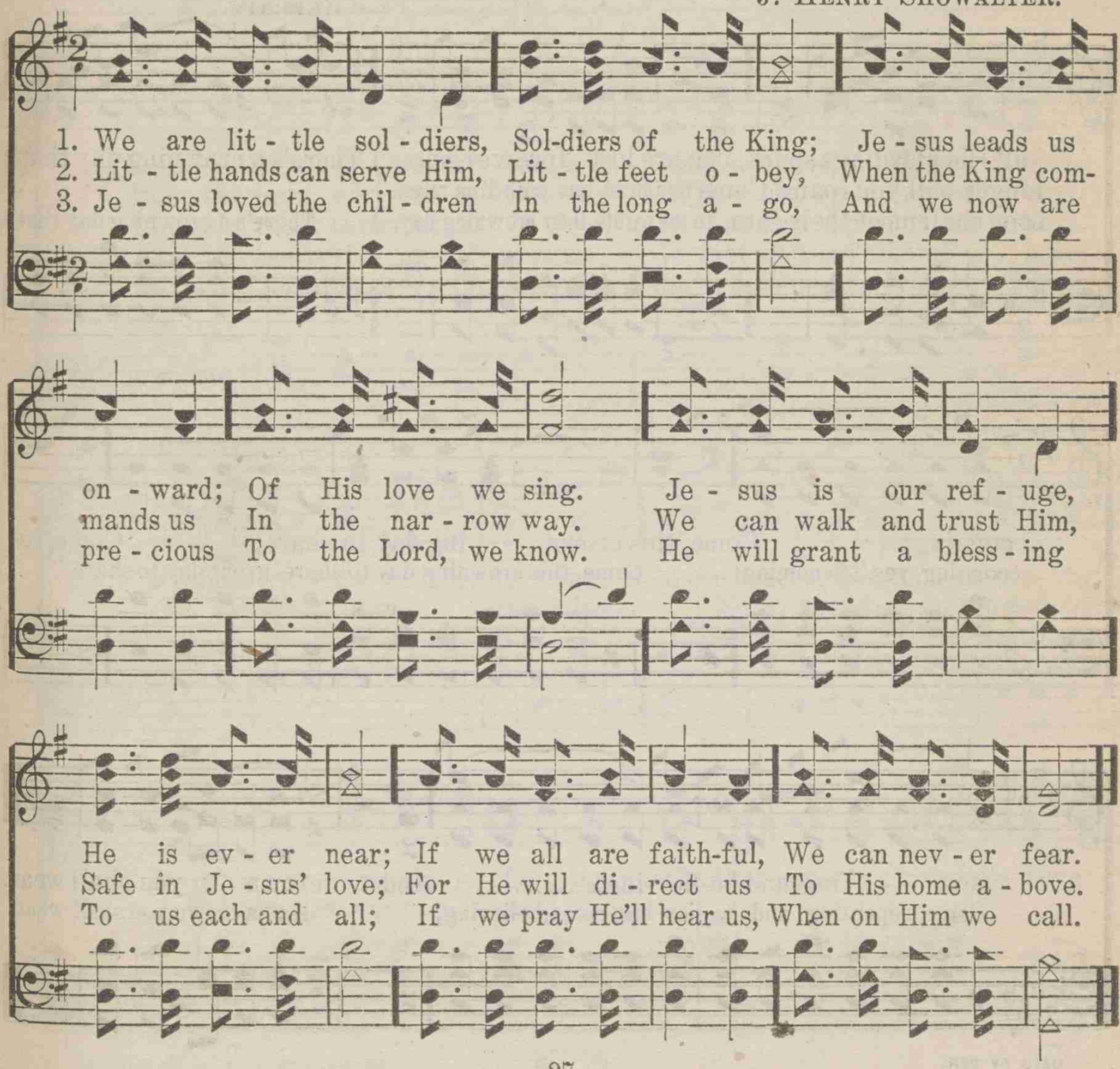
fair,..... How I long..... to be there,..... With my
home ev - er fair, How I long to be there, how I long to be there,

Blessed Home Over There.



No. 25 Soldiers of the King.

J. Henry Showalter.



No. 26. The Crowning Day.

F. P. M. F. P. MORRIS.

1. Sin-ner, why not now return? Christ is stand - ing at the door; If you
2. Hark! the Spir - it bids you come, And the Bride repeats the strain; Why still
3. Come, O come, ere 't is too late, Time is pass - ing swift a - way; Sinners

all His pleadings spurn, You are lost for-evermore.
longer will you roam? Come to Christ, and with Him reign.
soon shall meet their fate, To the saints their crowning day.

REFRAIN.

There's a crowning day that's

There's a crowning day that's

com-ing; Come, this crown - ing day to share; Come, re-
com-ing, yes, 't is coming; Come, this crowning day to share, great day to share;

pent - ing and be-liev-ing,..... And a crown you shall wear.
Come, repenting and be-liev-ing, come, believing, And a crown you shall wear.

No. 27. In That Happy Home Above.

H. F. M. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Ah! this heart with anxious throbbing, Bowed with sorrow, cares enthronging,
2. No more burdens will op-press me, No more doubts and fears distress me,
3. There no tem-pest ev - er ra - ges, There no war-fare ev - er wa - ges,
4. Dear ones gone be-fore will meet me, At the heav'nly gates they'll greet me,
5. There will be no part-ing, nev - er, No more sor -row, joys to sev - er,

Soon shall cease its wea-ry long-ing, In that hap - py home a - bove.
But the Lord of glo - ry bless me, In that hap - py home a - bove.
But calm peace thro'-out all a - ges, In that hap - py home a - bove.
And the Lord with an-gels seat me, In that hap - py home a - bove.
But we'll dwell in peace for - ev - er, In that hap - py home a - bove.

REFRAIN.

No more sor -row, no more dy - ing, No more heart-aches, no more cry- ing;
No more sorrow, no more dying, No more heart-aches, no more crying;

No more war - fare, sin de - fy - ing, In that hap - py home a - bove.
No more war-fare, sin de-fy-ing,

No. 28. The Voice of Mercy.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. H. F. MORRIS.

The Voice of Mercy.

REFRAIN. D. S.

No. 29. Gather Them Into the Fold.

Words arr. C. W. LAMBERT.

REFRAIN. D. S.

USED BY PER OF J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

No. 30. I'll Cling to the Rock.

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

Music and Chorus by
J. E. THOMAS.

1. O Rock of A - ges, let me hide Within Thy cleft when storms a-rise;
2. O Rock of A - ges, sol - id still When burning worlds have fled and gone;
3. O Rock of A - ges, when I come To cross the stream with swollen tide,

Beneath Thy shadows to a-bide, While a - ges roll, and na-ture dies.
Safe and se-cure, O let me dwell On Thee, the trusting pilgrim's home.
When life with all its work is done, O let me in Thy shadows hide.

REFRAIN.

O Rock, O bless-ed Rock of A - ges, I will ev - er to Thee cling,
O Rock, O Rock, O bless - ed Rock, to Thee I'll cling,

Tho' dark the conflicts be; And when I'm passing thro' death's valley I will
Tho' dark the conflicts be; And when I'm passing thro' death's val - ley

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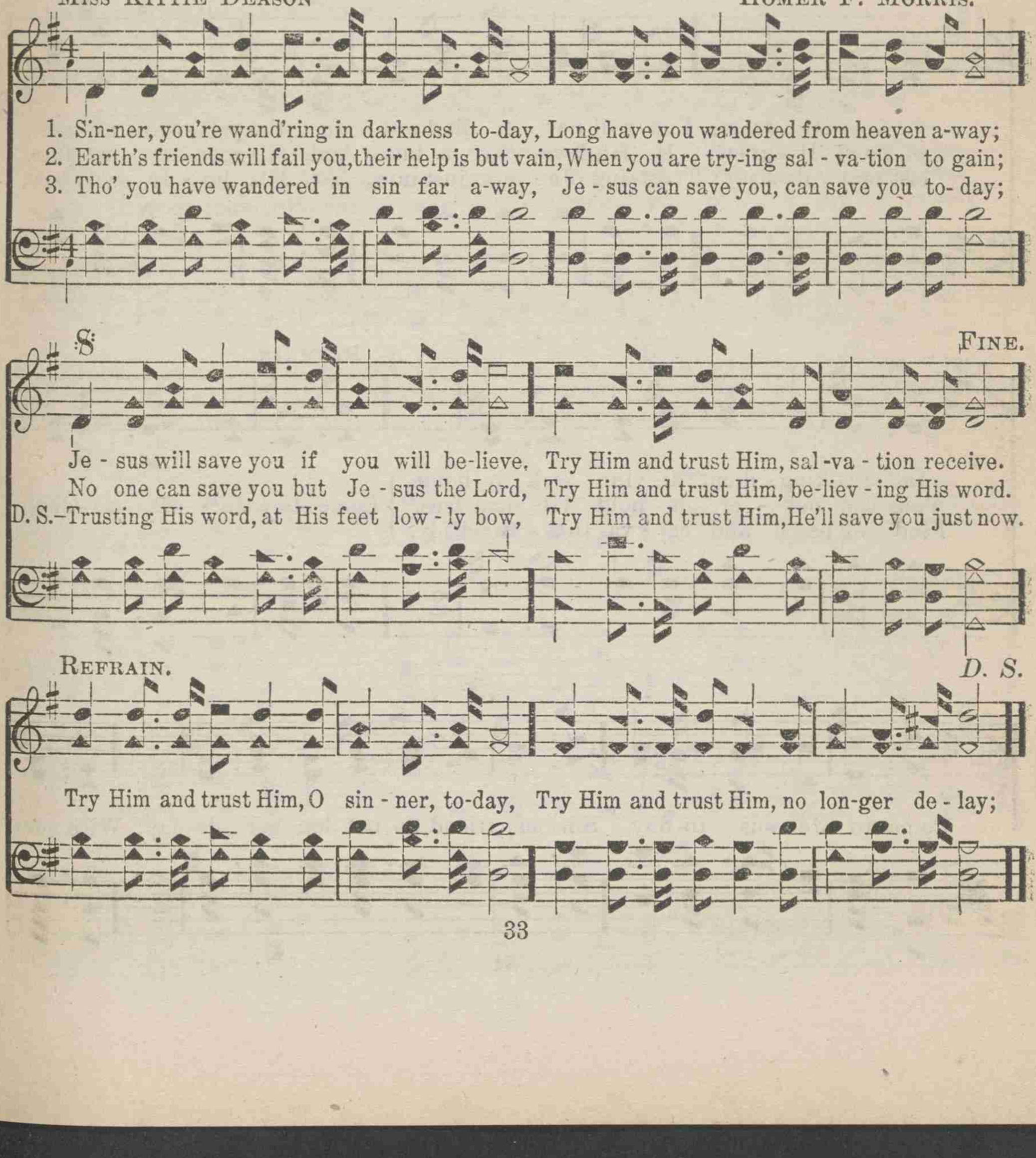
I'll Cling to the Rock.

No. 31. Try and Trust.

Miss Kittie Deason — Homer F. Morris.



No. 32. Come to Jesus To-Day.

Miss JENNIE WILSON. R. R. MORRIS.

1. Come to Je - sus to-day, While He's tender - ly calling, Wea - ry sin - ner, why
2. Je - sus pa-tient-ly pleads Tho' His voice you have slighted, Many times when He
3. Turn a-way from the snares Where the tempter allures you That your soul He at

far from Him roam; You will nev - er find rest In the path-ways un-blest,
of-fered His grace; If His love you a- buse And His mer - cy re - fuse,
last may de-stroy; Trust-ing Je - sus just now, To His ho - ly will bow,

REFRAIN.

In the king - dom di- vine seek a home.
You can nev - er be- hold His dear face.
Find - ing peace and sal - va- tion's sweet joy.
} Come to Je - sus to - day,

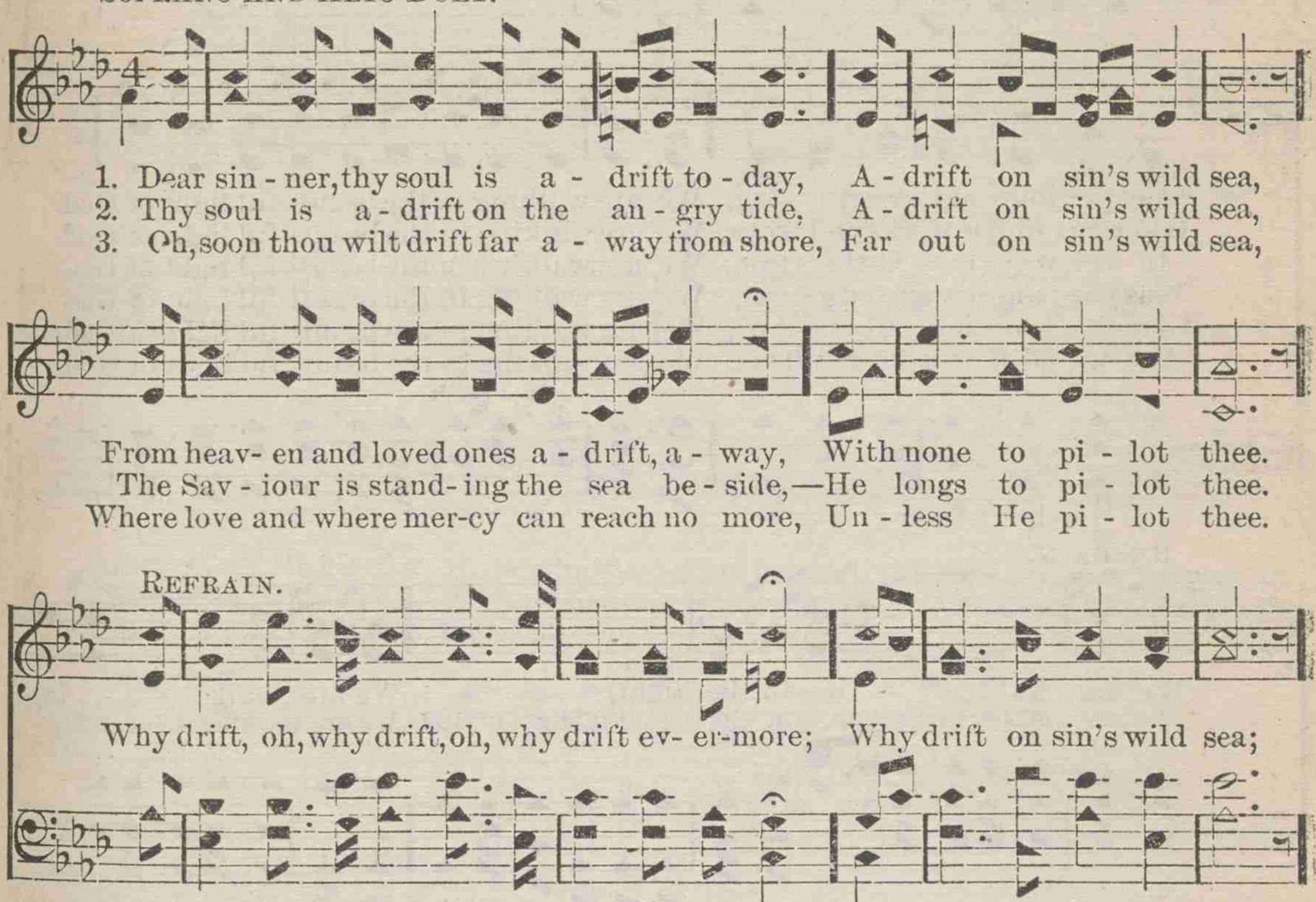
Come to Je - sus to-day, Sin - ner, friend, do not lon- ger de- lay; With your

Come to Jesus To-Day.

No. 33. Let Jesus Pilot Thee.

Miss KITTIE DEASON. HOMER F. MORRIS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET.



No. 34. Walking in the Light.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God;
2. Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God;
3. Ye are trav'ling home to God, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God;
4. Jesus Christ, your Father's Son, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God;
5. Lord, o - be-dient-ly we'll go, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God;
6. On - ly Thou our lead-er be, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God;

As ye jour- ney, sweet-ly sing, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.
Glo-rious in His works and ways, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.
In the way the fa-thers trod, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.
Bids you un- dis-mayed go on, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.
Glad-ly leav- ing all be- low, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.
And we still, will fol-low Thee, We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.

REFRAIN.

We are walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing
We are walking in the light, in the beau-ti-ful light of God, We are walking in the light,

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

Walking in the Light.

No. 35. At Thy Heart's Door.

Words arranged from L. E. NEWELL J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

No. 36. Come, Lord Jesus.

Rev. ELISHA J. HOFFMAN. J. F. THOMPSON.

1. Thou hast promised, dear Re-deem - er, Un - to ev - 'ry seek - ing heart
2. I have long Thy grace re - sist - ed, Grieved Thee oft and grieved Thee sore;
3. I have closed my soul a-gainst Thee, Closed and barred the en - trance door,

Full for - give - ness, per - fect cleansing; Un - to me these gifts im - part.
Now I come in true re - pent-ance, And sal - va - tion I im - plore.
Now 'tis o - pen, en - ter, cleanse me, And Thy love to me re - store.

REFRAIN.

I will grieve Thee, gracious Lord, no more, I will o - pen ver - y wide the door;

Come, Lord Je - sus, and a-gainst my soul Re-mem-ber Thou my sins no more.

No. 37. Coming Home.

J. S. KIMBRAUGH. J. FREEMAN THOMPSON.

With expression.

1. Sav-iour, I am com-ing home, Long I've wandered off from Thee;.....
2. I have strayed far from Thy fold, Long have walked in paths of sin;.....
3. All my sins to Thee I bring, Trust-ing in Thy pow'r to save;.....

Now my feet no more shall roam, Thou my ref - uge hence shall be.
On the bar - ren mountains cold, Long a wan - der - er have been.
Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling, And Thy peace and par - don crave.

Hide me till the storm is past, Keep me in the nar - row way;
In a wil - der-ness of woe, Where the rag - ing tem-pests beat
In Thy pre-cious blood I see, Sav - ing grace and dy - ing love;

rit.....

Bring me safe - ly home at last, To the realms of end - less day.
And the blasts of win - ter blow, I have found no safe re - treat.
Let this blood ap - plied to me, Save me with Thy-self a - bove.

No. 38. 'Twill Be Glory By and By.

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

1. My Re-deem-er has gone to prepare, (in the sky,) Blessed mansions of rest by and
2. I've no treasures to bind me below, (here below,) In this land full of sor-row and
3. I shall sing home at last by and by, (by and by,) And my voice will be turned to the

by; (by and by;) Soon He'll call me home to rest with the ransomed and the blest, For it
woe; (here below;) All my treasures are above in that land of peace and love, Soon I'll
lyre; (heav'nly lyre;) Then my song shall ever be, home at rest beyond the sea, It will

REFRAIN.

How I long for that

all will be glo-ry by and by. (by and by.)
go and shall rest for ev-er-more. (ev-er-more.)
all soon be glo-ry by and by. (by and by,)

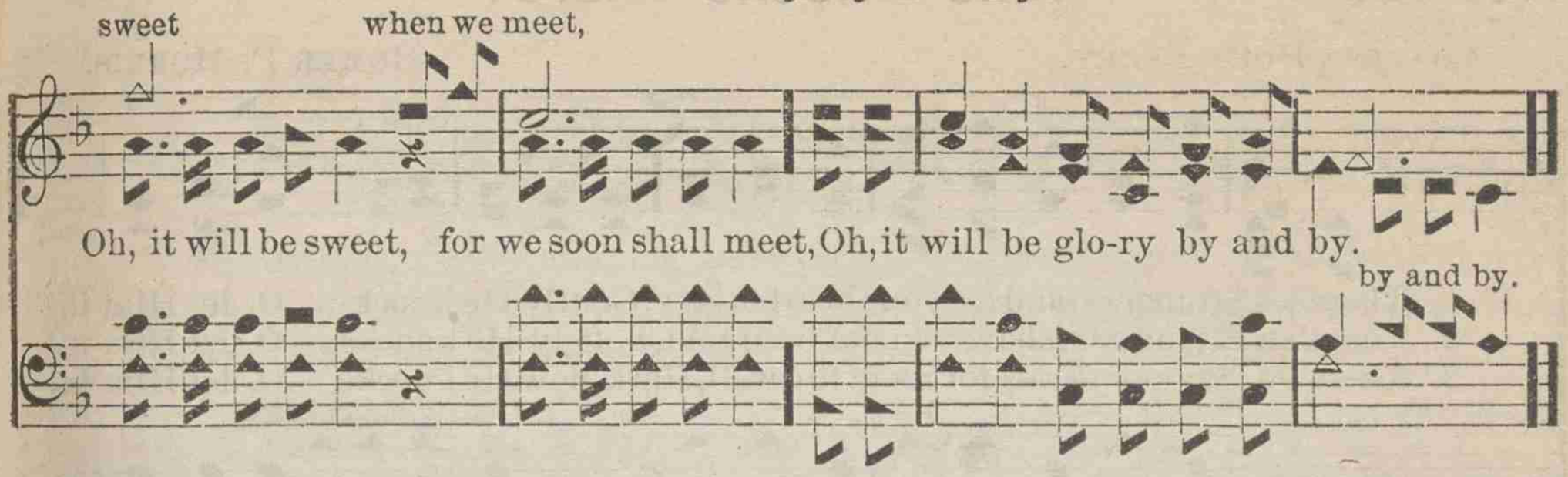
How I long for rest

rest, In the home for the blest, 'Twill be

with the good and blest, In that home of rest, with the good and blest,

Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

'Twill Be Glory By and By.



No. 39. Come Home.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. J. F. THOMPSON.

No. 40. Who Knocks There?

ADALINE HOHF BEERY. HOMER F. MORRIS.

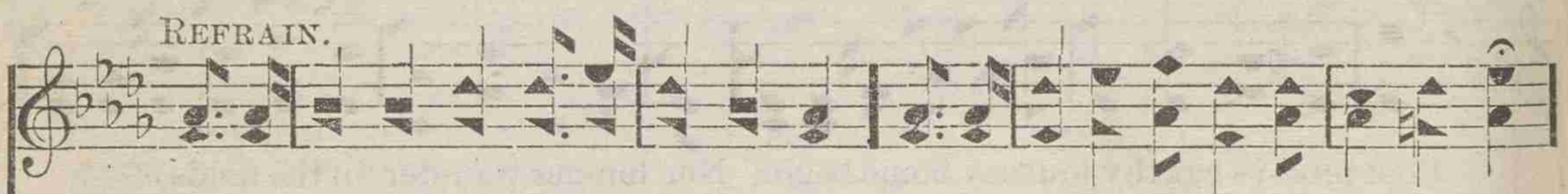
1. There's a Stranger stands at your heart to-day, Gently He knocks, O, let Him in!
2. There's a Friend outside, have you not been told, Soft-ly He knocks, O, let Him in!
3. There's a Saviour pleading for room to dwell, Hark, how He knocks, O, let Him in!

1. Gently He knocks,

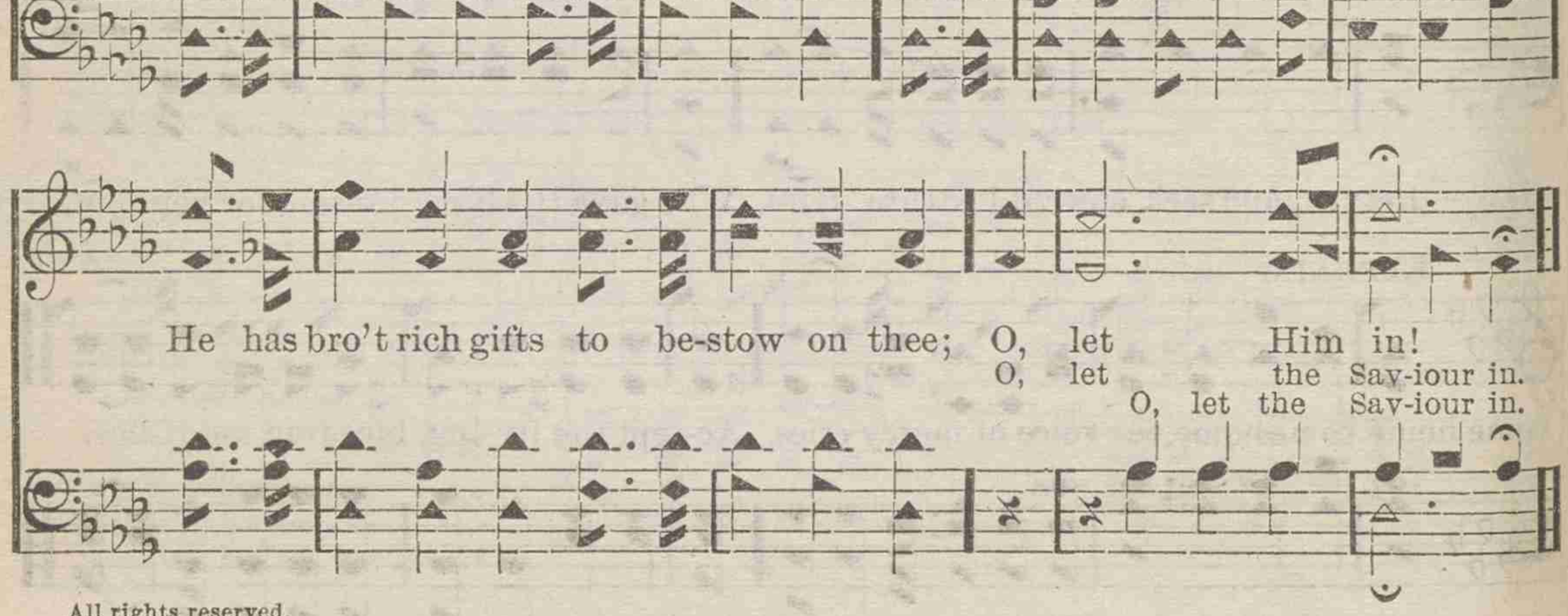
He's been waiting long, do not say Him nay; Still doth He knock, O, let Him in!
He has journeyed far thro' the dark and cold, Still doth He knock, O, let Him in!
What a joy He brings never man can tell, Still doth He knock, O, let Him in!

still doth He knock,

REFRAIN.



'Tis the Son of God and He calls for thee, 'Tis thy dear Redeemer, who died for thee;



He has bro't rich gifts to be-stow on thee; O, let Him in!
O, let the Sav-iour in.
O, let the Sav-iour in.

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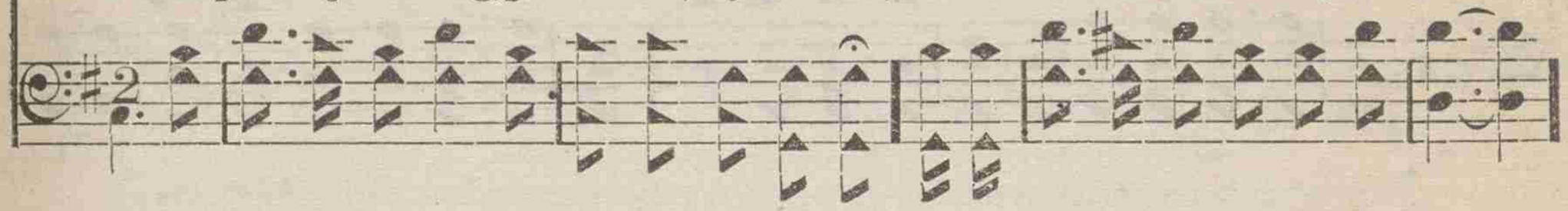
No. 41. When All Redeemed Singers.

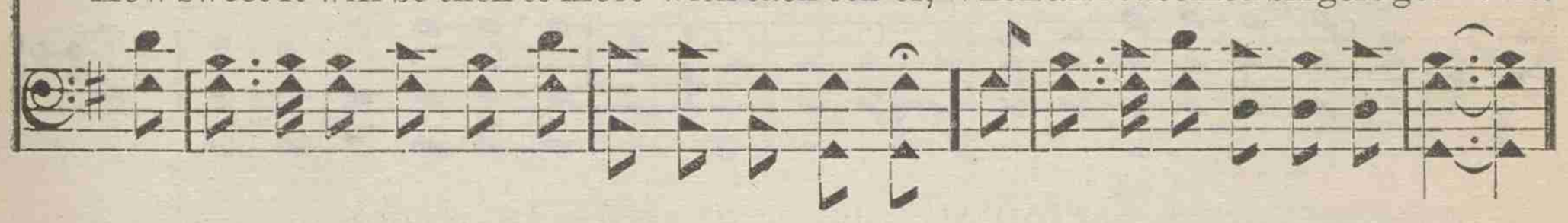
J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

With expression.

1. My brother, a-wake, and sing the sweet story, Soon the day of re- un-ion will come;
2. No mortal hath e'er conceived of the beauty That a-waits the redeemed ones at home;
3. Keep working and sing, press onward, my brother, Till the Saviour shall bid you to come;

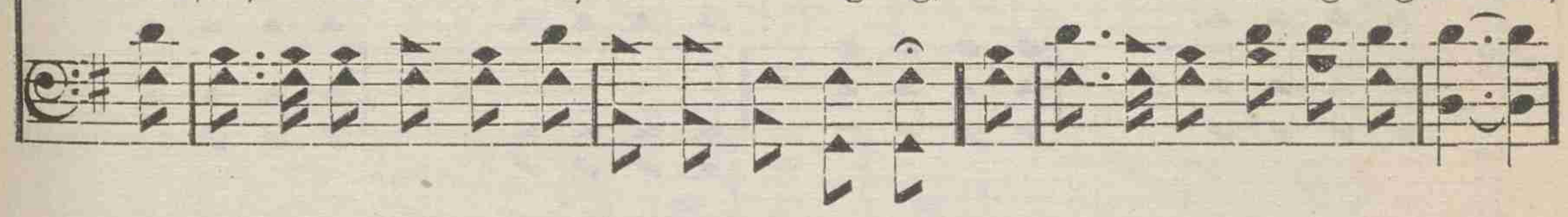


Then, oh, what a won-der - ful singing in glo - ry, When all redeemed singers get home.
Be sure, my dear brother, you live up to du- ty, For soon our Redeemer will come.
How sweet it will be then to meet with each oth-er, When all redeemed singers get home.



REFRAIN.

Then, oh, what a won-der-ful, wonder - ful sing-ing, When all redeemed singers get home;



Re- un- ion, re- un- ion, thro' a - ges still ringing, When all redeemed singers get home.

By permission.

No. 42. Calling for You.

J. R. CHRISTIAN. MRS. J. R. CHRISTIAN.

1. My God and my Saviour have gone up above, A place for His own to pre - pare,
2. O, sing of that mansion, that home of the blest, A beau - ti-ful home for the soul,
3. Oh, come to the Saviour, be-liev-ing His word, You soon at the judgement shall stand,

And all who will trust in His wonderful love, Shall dwell thro' e-ter-ni - ty there.
Where all of the weary shall find a sweet rest, While years thro' e-ter-ni - ty roll.
Oh, will you be read-y to meet the dear Lord, And dwell with the good in that land.

REFRAIN.

Call - - ing for you,..... Call - - ing for you,.....
Call-ing for you, call-ing for you, Call-ing for you, call-ing for you.

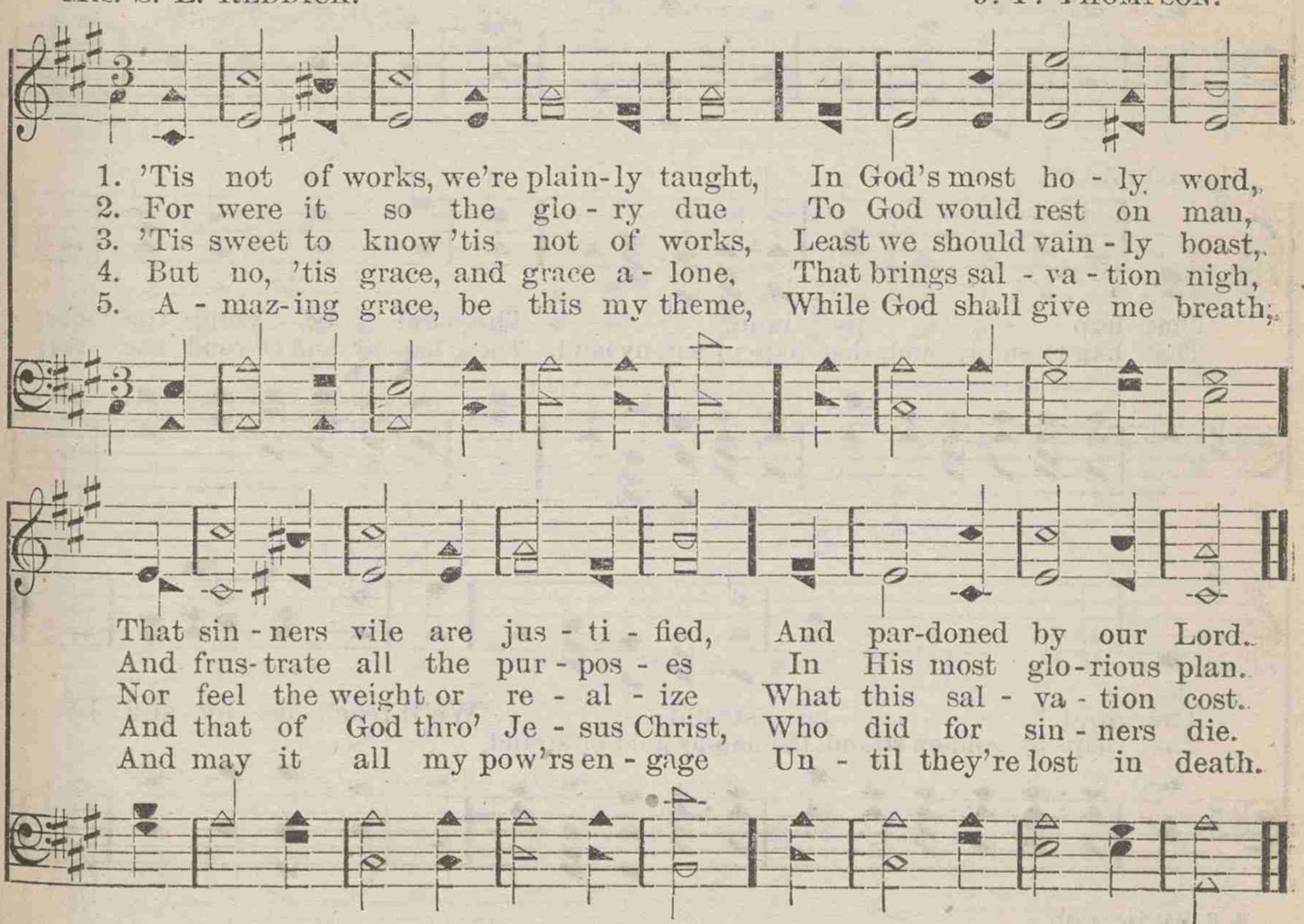
Je- sus, the Saviour has gone to make ready, A place in that mansion for you,

By per. of H. F. Morris.

Calling for You.

No. 43. Not of Works.

Mrs. S. E. Reddick. J. F. Thompson.



No. 44. Land of Pure Delight.

ISAAC WATTS. RUFUS R. MORRIS.

1. There is a land of pure de- light, Where saints im- mor - tal reign;
2. There ev - er - last - ing spring a- bides, And nev - er fad - ing flow'rs;
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green;
4. Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the land- scape o'er;

In - fi - nite day ex- cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban- ish pain.
Death, like a nar - row sea, di- vides That heav'n - ly land from ours.
So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be- tween.
Not Jor- dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

REFRAIN.

That hap - - - py land, The land be - yond the sky;
That hap-py sunny land, that hap- py sun-ny land, The hap- py land be-yond the sky;

The gold - - - en strand, We'll reach it by and by.
The hap - py gold-en strand, the hap-py gold-en strand.

R. B. Morris, owner.

No. 45. Lift Him Up.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. B. B. BEALL.

1. How to reach the masses, men of ev-'ry birth? For an answer Je-sus gave a key,
2. Oh, the world is hungry for the living bread, Lift the Saviour up for them to see,
3. Don't exalt the preacher, don't exalt the pew, Preach the gospel simple full and free
4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in you the Saviour see

"And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth, Will draw all men un-to me."
Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said, "I'll draw all men un-to me."
Prove Him and you will find that promise is true, "I'll draw all men un-to me."
Then men will gladly follow Him who once taught, "I'll draw all men un-to me."

REFRAIN.

Lift Him up, Lift Him up,..... Still He speaks from eterni-ty,
Lift the precious Saviour up, Lift the precious Saviour up,

"And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth, Will draw all men un-to me."

From Joyful Lays, by per of the Author, B. B. Beall, Douglasville, Ga.

No. 46 I Have No Mother Now.

Anon. RUFUS R. MORRIS.

With feeling.

1. I hear the low winds sweep-ing Through ev - 'ry bush and tree,
2. I see the pale moon shin-ing On moth - er's white grave-stone,
3. My life is O so lone - ly, My heart is trou-bled sore,
4. Sad was the hour of part-ing, She said in words so sweet,

Where my dear moth - er's sleep- ing A - way from home and me.
The rose - bush 'round it twin- ing, It's just like me a - lone;
Her dear - est pres - ence on - ly, Could make me weep no more;
"My loved ones I am dy - ing, We must in heav - en meet."

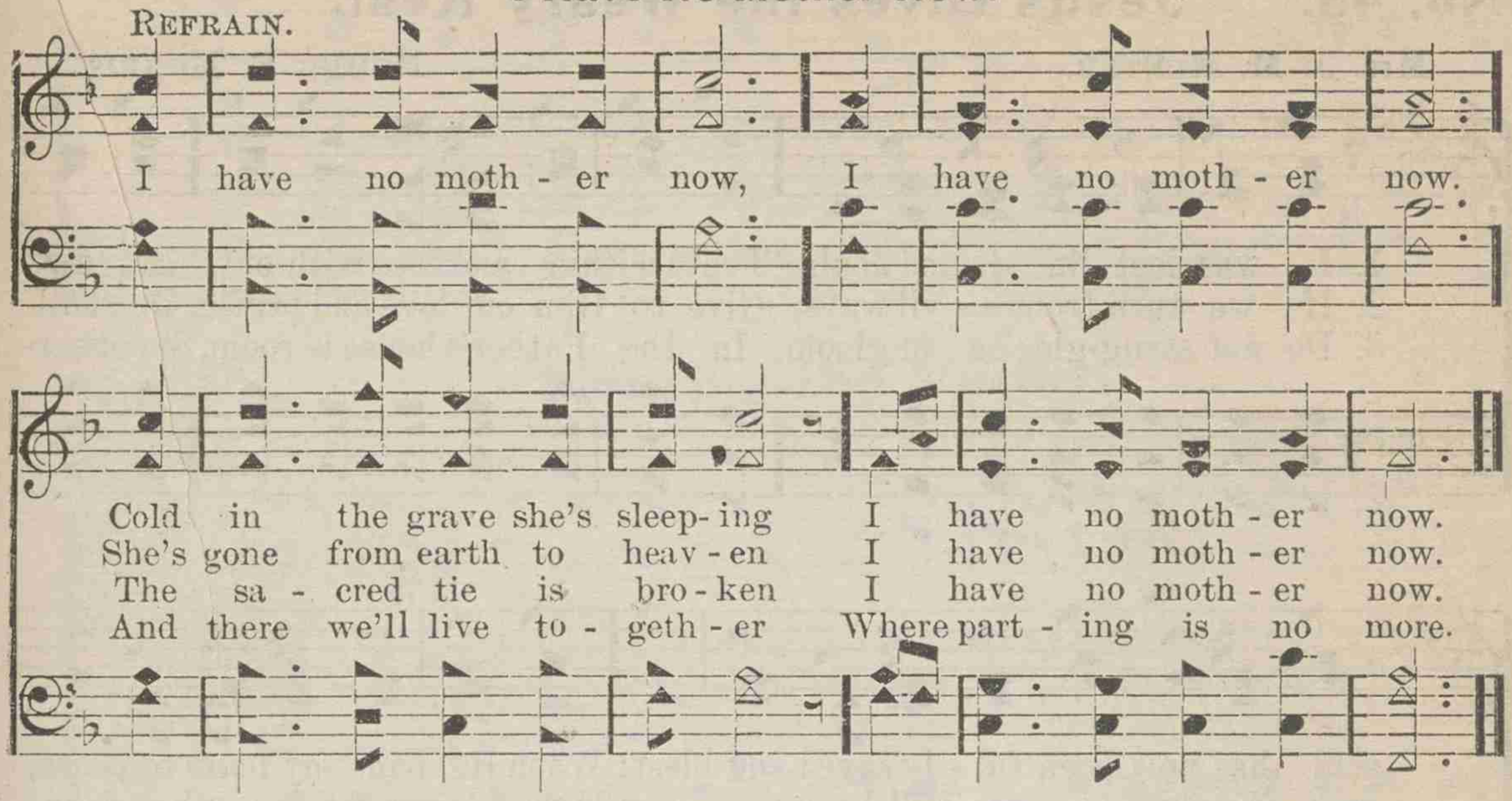
Tears from my eyes are flow - ing And sor - row shades my brow;
And, too, like me 'tis weep - ing The dew - drops on the bough;
She's gone from me to heav - en Deep sor - row shades my brow;
O yes, I'll meet you, moth - er On that e - ter - nal shore,

Cold in the grave she's sleep- ing, I have no moth - er now.
She's gone from earth to heav - en, I have no moth - er now.
The sa - cred tie is bro - ken, I have no moth - er now.
And there we'll live to - geth - er Where part - ing is no more.

By permission.

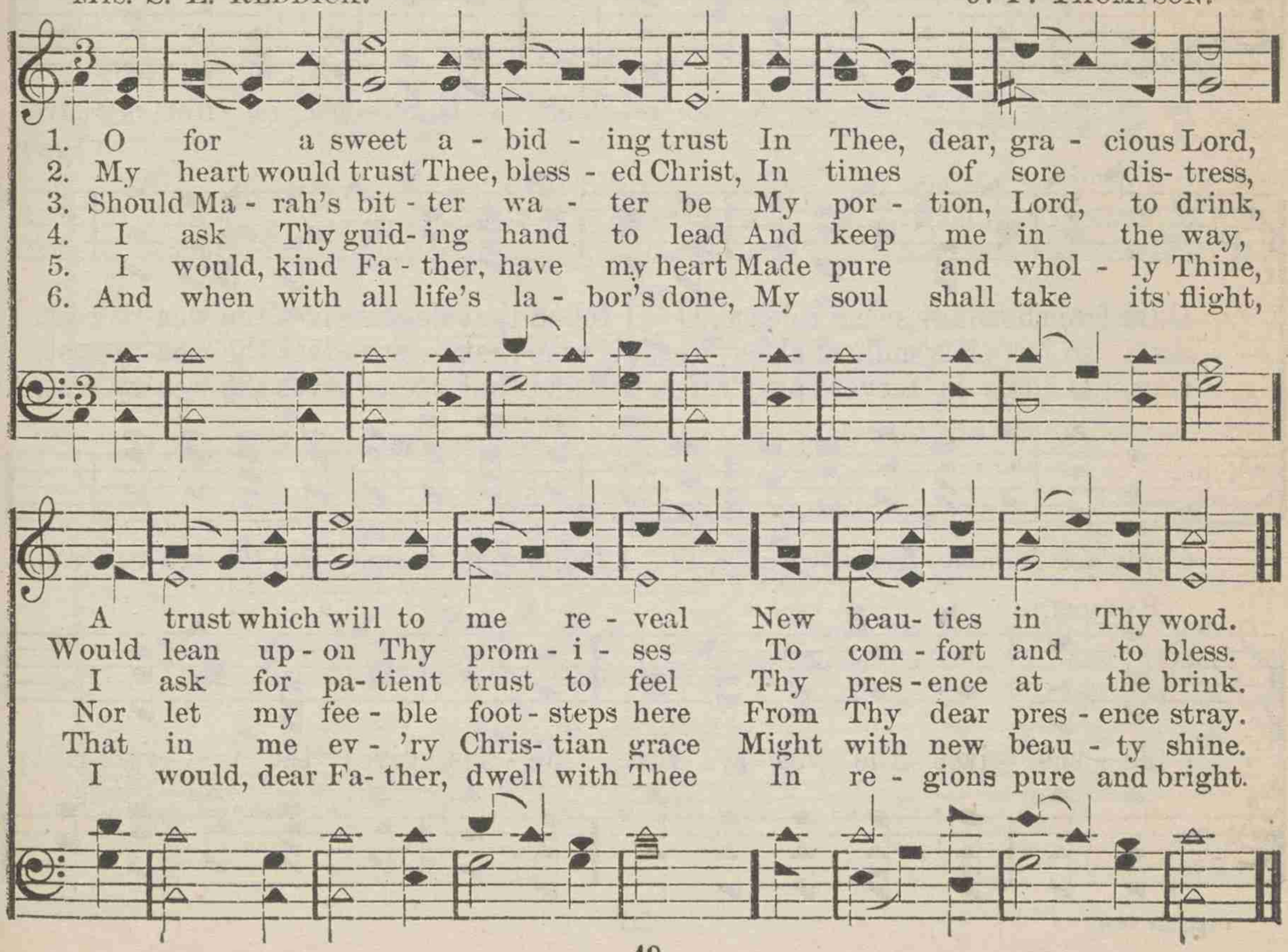
I Have No Mother Now.

REFRAIN.



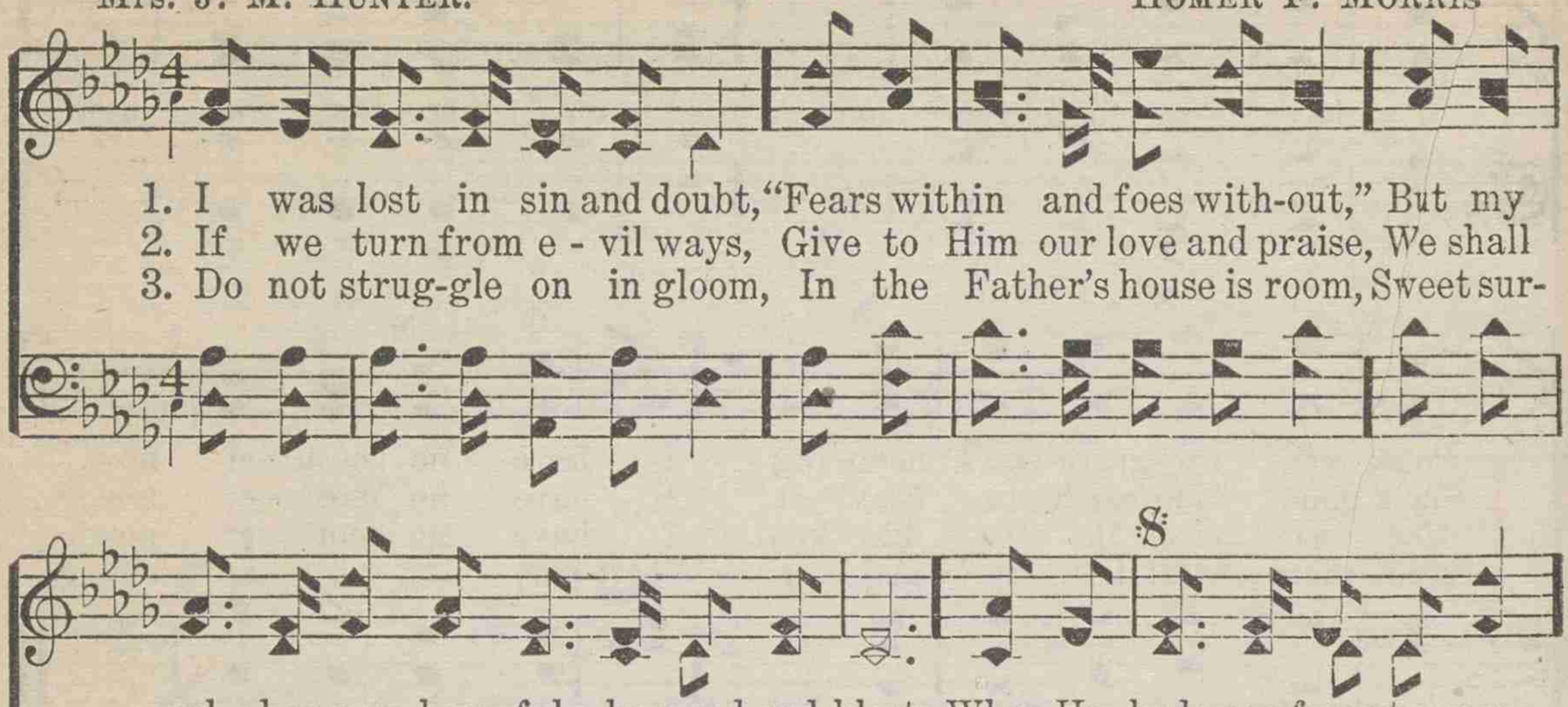
No. 47. Heart Yearning.

MRS. S. E. REDDICK. J. F. THOMPSON.



No. 48. Jesus Gives the Weary Rest.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Homer F. Morris



REFRAIN.

Jesus Gives the Weary Rest.

D. S.

O I found that Je - sus gives the wea - ry rest; When I

No. 49. Nearing the Valley.

Anon. RUFUS R. MORRIS.

1. I'm nearing the valley that leads to Thee, I'm nearing my heavenly home;
2. Thro' trials my spirit must reach Thy shore, I'm nearing my heavenly home;
3. My lov-ing Re-deem-er I there shall see, I'm nearing my heavenly home;

FINE.

A light from Thy pathway beams over me, I'm nearing my heavenly home.
Yet, there will my labor and care be o'er, I'm nearing my heavenly home.
And washed in His blood is a robe for me, I'm nearing my heavenly home.

D. S.—*I shall sing ev-er-more the glad new song Which the ransomed alone pro-long.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

Home, sweet home of the blest,..... There my soul shall rest;.....
Home, sweet home of the ransomed and blest, There my soul for - ev - er shall rest;

No. 50. Are You Seeking the City Above?

Miss Jennie Wilson. Homer F. Morris.

1. When you pass from this world, are you long-ing to go To a coun-try of
2. Are you do - ing the will of the Mas-ter on earth, Ere the brief days of
3. Are you brave-ly re - sist - ing temp-ta - tion to sin, As you pass o - ver
4. O be read - y to go, at the death-an-gel's call, To the glo - ri - ous

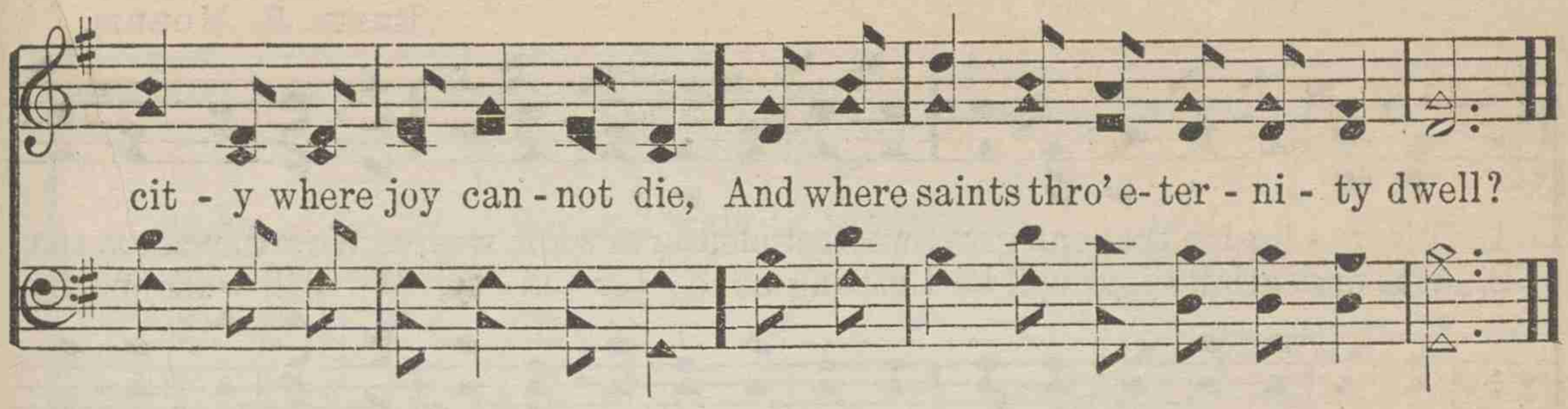
glad-ness and love? As you jour-ney on dai - ly in pathways be - low,
serv - ice are past? Do you count fleeting bau - bles as be - ing of worth,
life's winding road? Are you striv-ing a vic - tor's fair gar-land to win,
home of the soul; Seek a dwell-ing with Him who shall reign o - ver all,

Refrain.

Are you seek- ing the cit - y a - bove?
Or choose treasures that ev - er will last?
When you en - ter God's blessed a - bode?
While the a - ges un -ceas-ing - ly roll.
} Are you seek-ing the beau- ti - ful

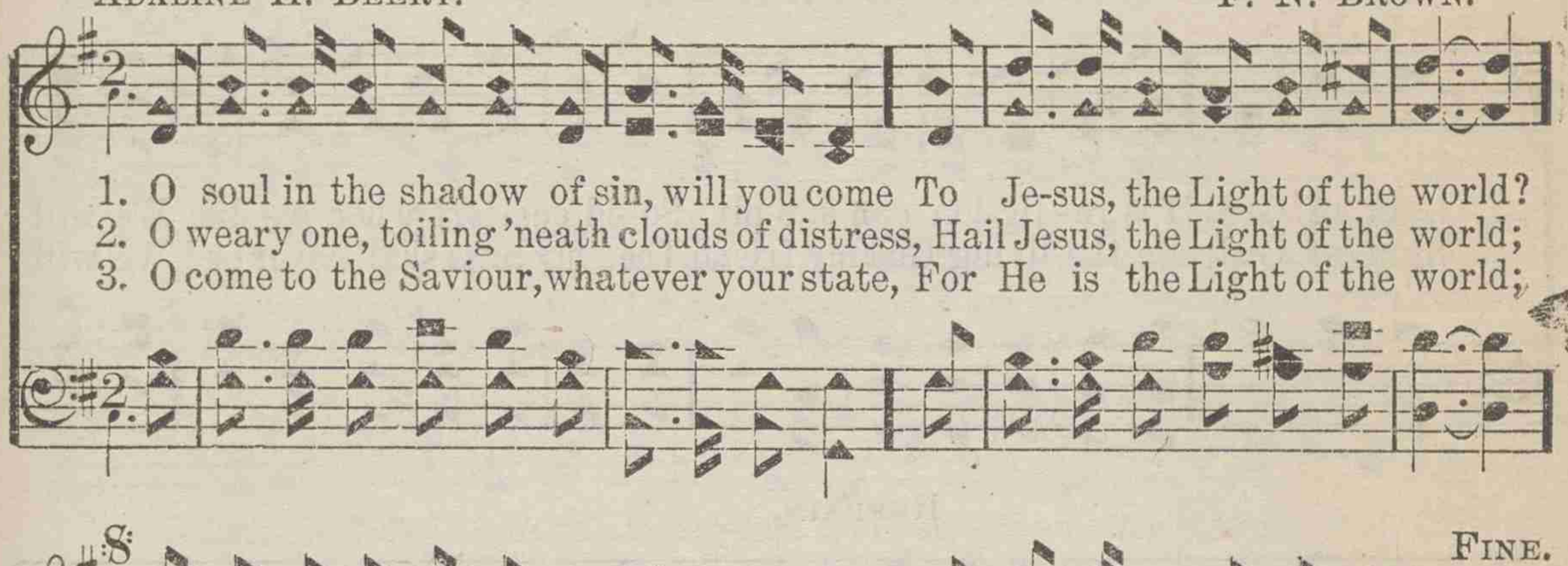
cit - y on high, Where no voice ev-er murmurs fare-well? Are you seek -ing the

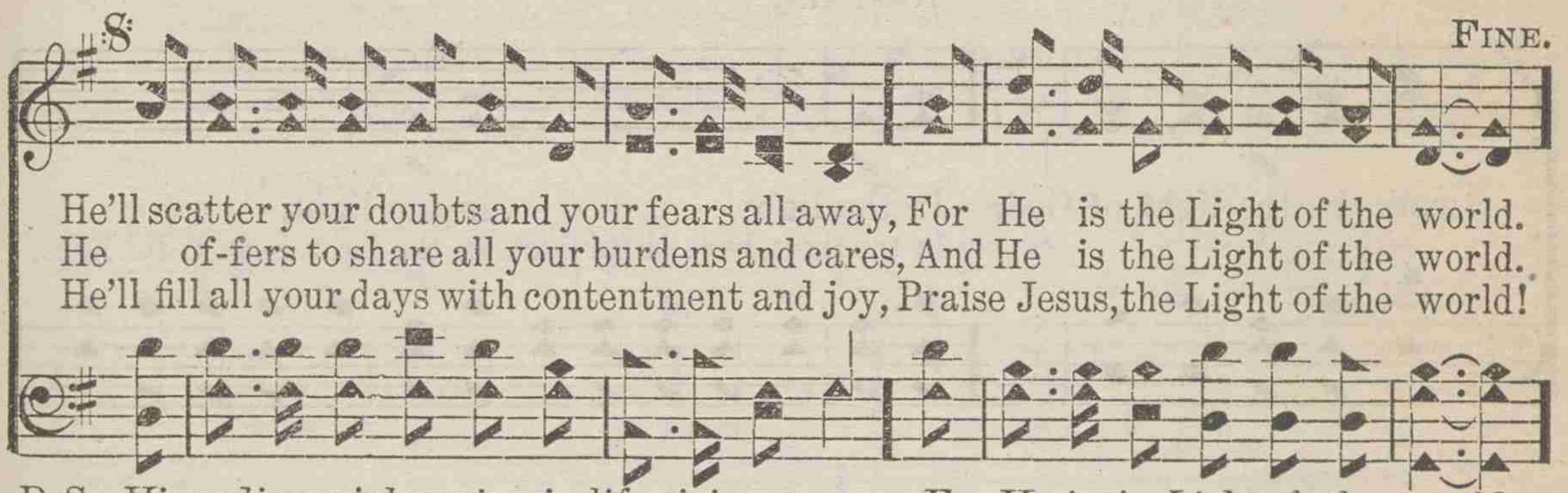
Are You Seeking the City Above?



No. 51. Jesus, the Light of the World.

ADALINE H. BEERY. F. N. BROWN.





D. S.–*His radiance is beaming in life-giving streams; For He is the Light of the world.*

REFRAIN.

No. 52. We Will Walk In the Light.

RUFUS R. MORRIS.

1. 'T is re - lig-ion that can give Sweetest pleasures while we live, We will walk in the
2. Aft - er death its joys will be Last-ing as e - ter - ni - ty, We will walk in the

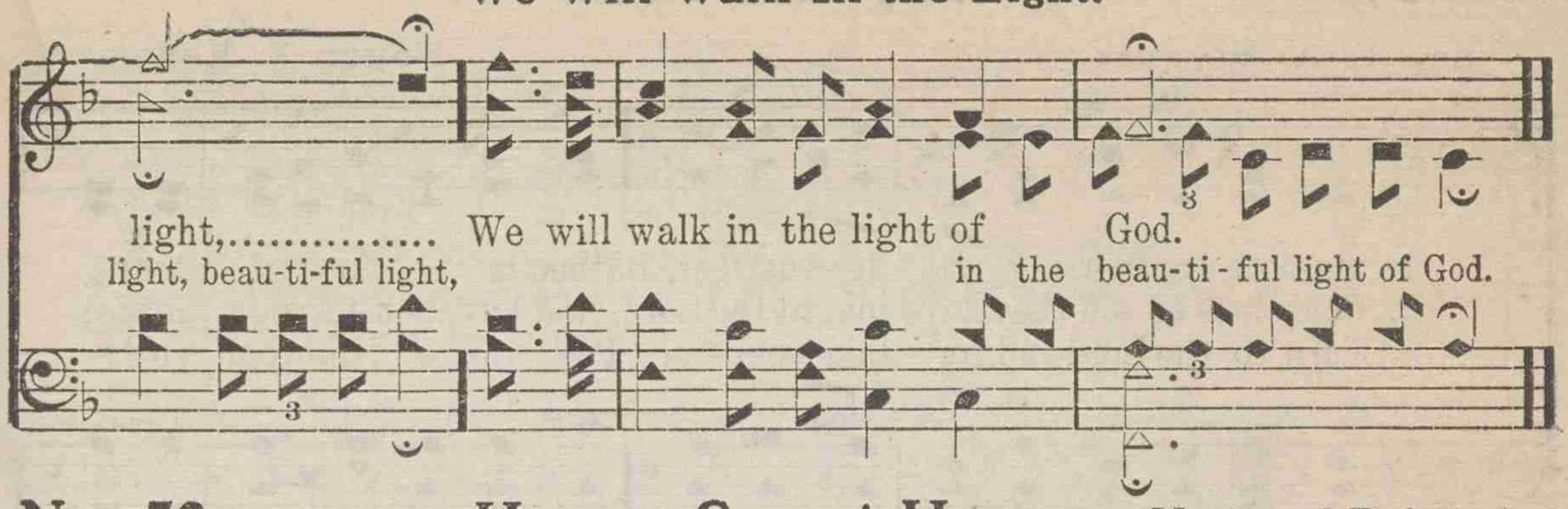
light of God; 'T is re - lig-ion can sup-ply Sol-id comfort when we die, We will
light of God; Be the living God my friend, Then my bliss shall never end, We will

REFRAIN.

walk in the light of God. In the light, in the light,
In the light, beau-ti-ful light, in the light, beau-ti-ful light,

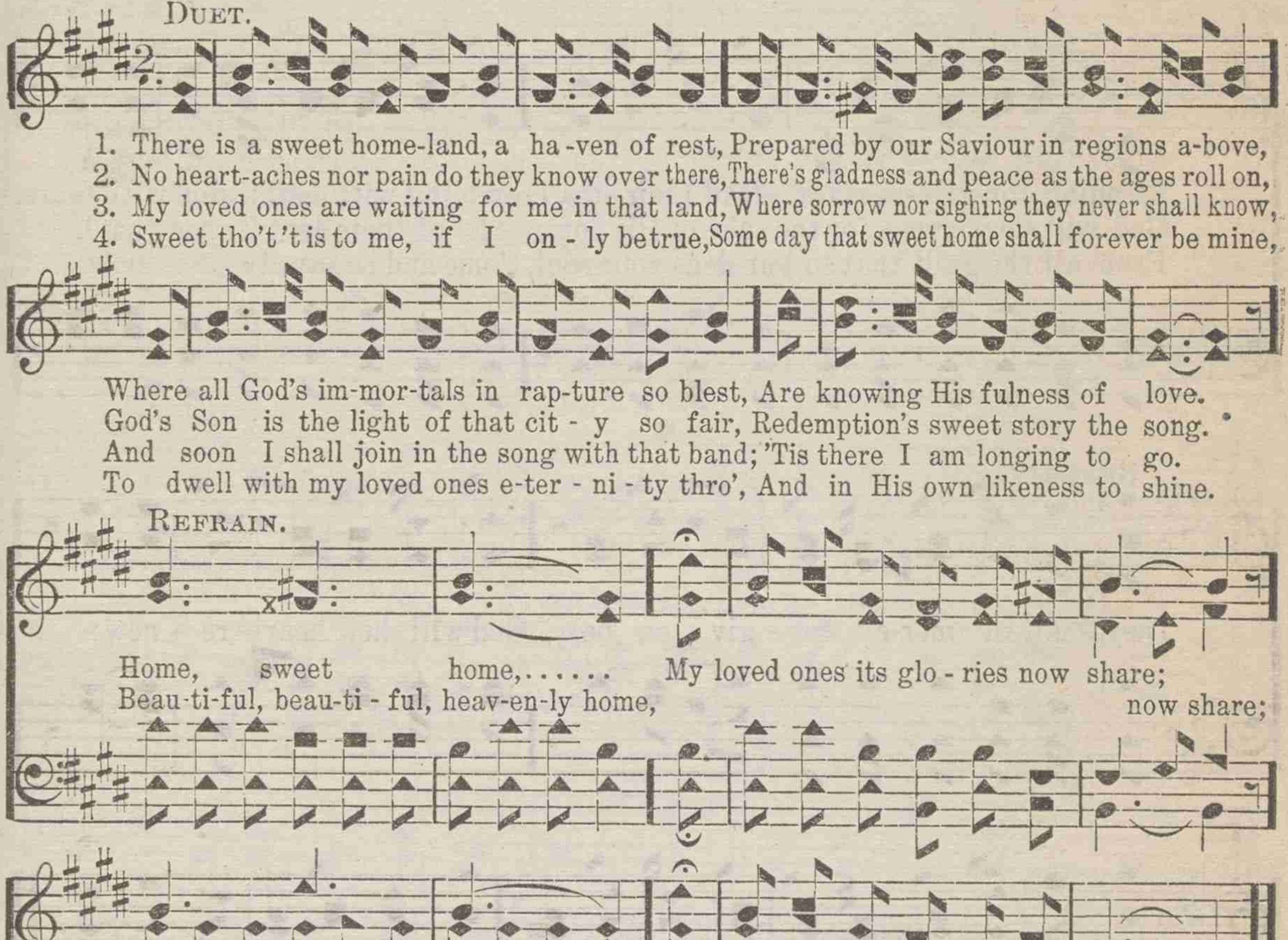
We will walk in the light of God; In the light, in the
In the light, beau - ti - ful light, in the

We Will Walk In the Light.



No. 53. Home, Sweet Home.

H. F. Morris. Music and Refrain by F. N. Brown.



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No. 54. Why Not You?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Sin-ners are bow-ing at Je - sus' feet, Bathed in a flood of tears,
2. Conscious of sin they have sought the Lord, And have con-fes-sion made;
3. Turn to the Lord and for - sake your sin, Pay un - to Him your vow;

Pleading for-give-ness for all of their sins, Trembling with doubts and with fears.
God will show grace for the sake of His Son, All of their debt He has paid.
From all the guilt that so bur-dens your soul, Come and be saved e - ven now.

REFRAIN.

They shall in mer-cy for - giv - en be, God will their hearts re - new;
They to the fold of the Lord have returned, Why not *you*, why not *you?*

No. 55. Jesus Loves Me Still.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. B. B. BEALL.

1. In this world of sin and woe,
2. In the dark or in the light,
3. Tho' the world may praise or chide,
4. What tho' sor-rows on me fall?
5. This my song till life is o'er,

Je - sus loves me;
Je - sus loves me, yes, Je - sus loves me;

Where-so - ev - er I may go,
Tho' the path be out of sight,
Tho' my friends may leave my side,
I have Him, my all in all,
This my theme on Jor-dan's shore,

Je - sus loves me still.
Je - sus loves me, yes, loves me still.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus loves me, yes, He loves me, Help me, Lord, to do Thy will;
Je-sus loves me, yes, Je-sus loves me, Help me, Lord, to do Thy ho - ly will;

Rit.

For, al-though I am un - wor - thy, Je - sus loves me still.
me, loves me still.

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No. 56. Gathering Golden Sheaves.

JENNIE WILSON. D. W. CRIST.

1. Work for the Lord in His har-vest wide, Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves;
2. Great is the task that be-fore thee lies,
3. Toil on thro' wea-ri-ness, tears and pain, Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves;

Toil from the morning till e - ven-tide, Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves;
Glad - ly for gar-ners be-yond the skies,
Rich is the prize which the faithful gain, Gath'ring gold-en sheaves, gold-en sheaves;

Reap-ers are few and the field is vast, Haste for the moments are speeding fast,
Bring to the Mas-ter a shin-ing store, Reaping in time for the ev - er - more,
Heaven's sweet rest shall the reapers know, Bright in their crowns shall the star-gems glow,

Lovingly labor while strength shall last, Gath - - 'ring golden sheaves.
Pa - tient-ly toil till the harvest's o'er,
Won while they toiled in the field below, Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves.

USED BY PER. OF D. W. CRIST, MOULTRIE, O.

Gathering Golden Sheaves.

REFRAIN.

Gath - 'ring golden sheaves, Gath - 'ring golden sheaves,
Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves, Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves,

Rit.

While the hours swiftly flee, for e-ter-ni-ty, Gath - 'ring golden sheaves.
Gath'ring golden sheaves, gath'ring golden sheaves.

No. 57. Just As I Am.

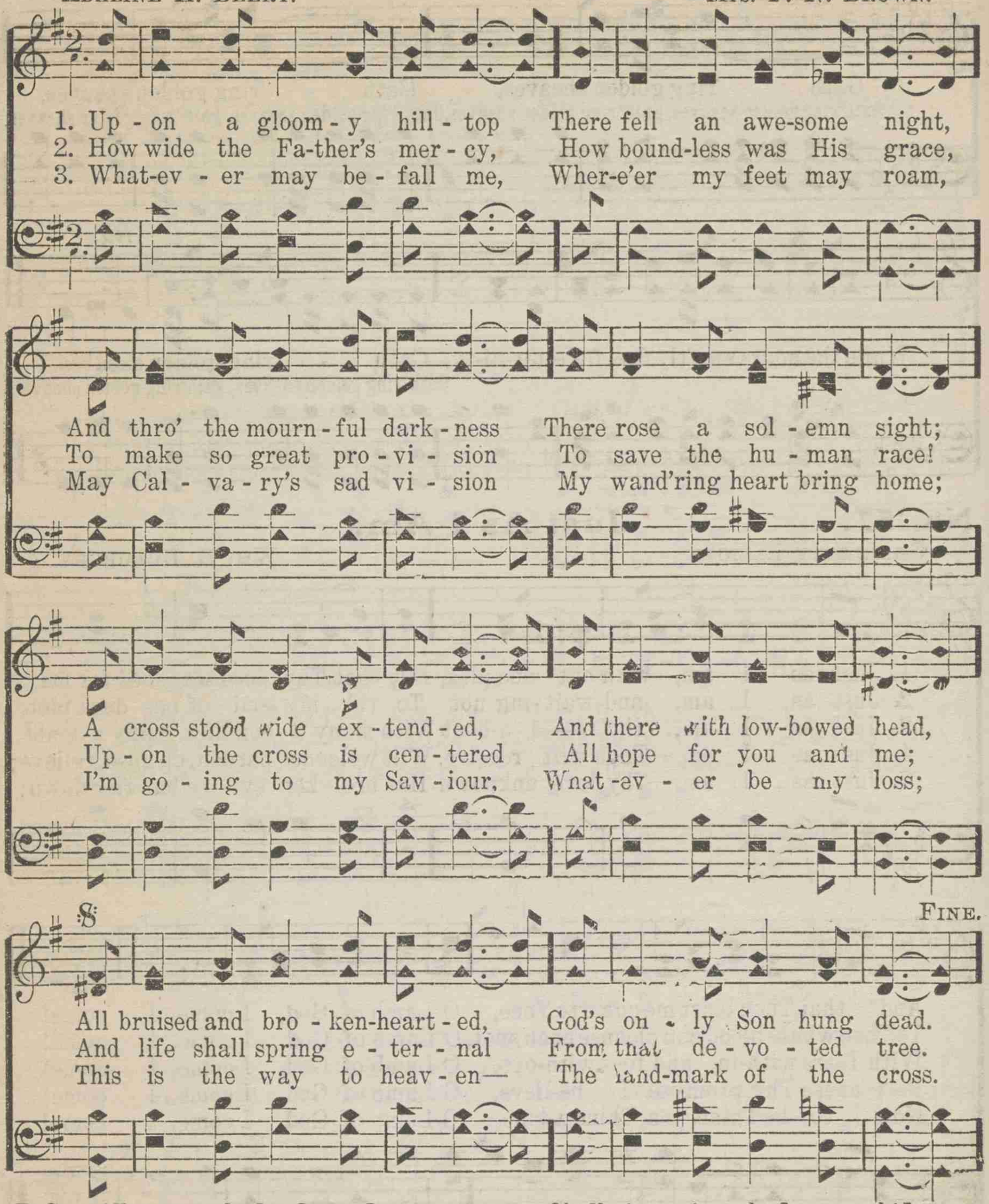
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am,—Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears with-in, and foes with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 58. The Landmark of the Cross.

ADALINE H. BEERY. Mrs. F. N. BROWN.



REFRAIN. **The Landmark of the Cross.** *D. S.*

O land-mark of the a - ges, The cross where Je - sus died!

No. 59. The Harvest Field.

Rev. S. J. OSLIN. F. N. BROWN.

1. The har-vest field stands read-y, white, And sin the world doth stain;
2. The Sav-iour calls for us to go As reap-ers; nev-er fear,
3. We'll go in Christ's own bless-ed name, Our mis-sion to ful-fil;
4. And when the har-vest time shall come, And cross-es we lay down,

FINE.

We'll go while shines the gos-pel light, And reap the rip'ning grain.
We'll seek to save the world from woe, And all God's blessings share.
To lead the world from sin and shame, To do God's ho-ly will.
We'll share with Christ a life of peace, And wear a glo-rious crown.

D. S.—*We'll en-ter now, with Bi-ble light, In faith at God's com-mands.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

O har-vest fields al-read-y white, A-wait-ing will-ing hands;

No. 60. No Fruit Thereon.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY. RUFUS R. MORRIS.

1. When Je - sus passed the fig - tree That by the highway grew, And found no
2. When Je - sus comes a - seek-ing For sin - ners gone a - stray, Whose precious
3. O hear the words of Je - sus, And bear the fruits of grace; Let joy and

fruit up - on it, Tho' fed with sun and dew, He watched the green leaves
lives are wast-ed On things that pass a - way, His ten - der heart is
lov - ing - kind-ness Beam al-ways on your face; So when the Mas - ter

wav-ing, Un-con-scious of their fate, And then with voice re-prov - ing,
sad-dened, He says to you and me, "Ex - cept ye come to fruit-age,
com-eth To gath - er in His store, You'll be with all the ran-somed,

REFRAIN.

He cursed its barren state. } 1-2. No fruit! no fruit! the ech-o Comes wail-ing
My friends ye can-not be." }
His own for - ev - er-more. } 3. Much fruit! much fruit! the message To heav'n-ly

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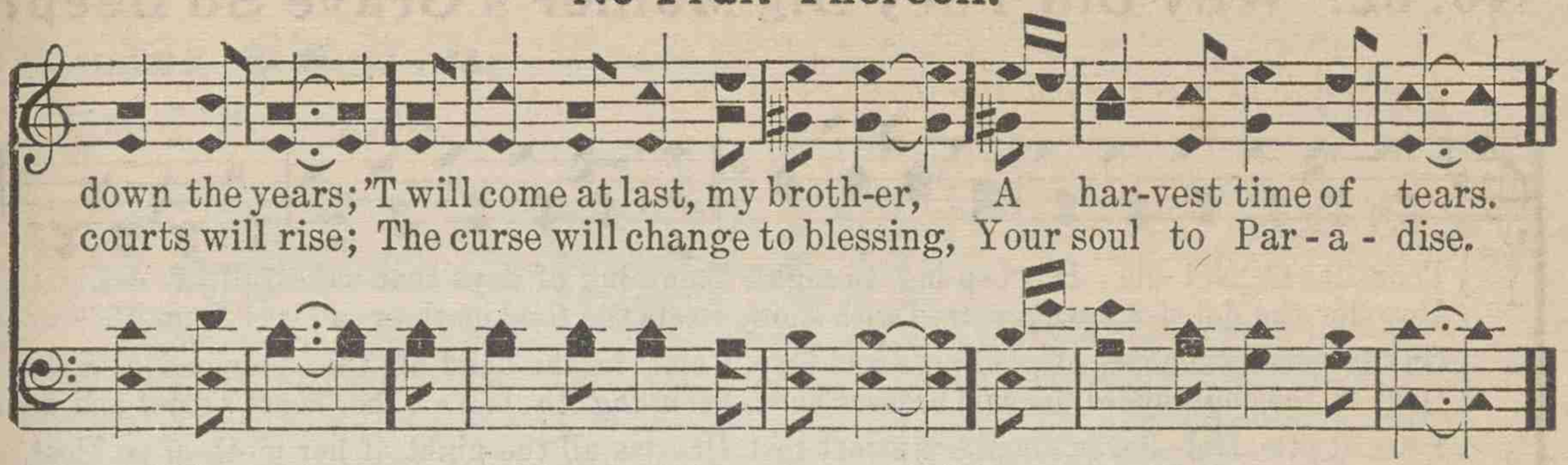
No Fruit Thereon.



No. 61. Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

Rev. Robert Robinson. (Nettleton.) Rev. Asahel Nettleton.

No. 62. Why Did They Dig Mother's Grave So Deep?

Arr. by H. F. Morris.

May be used as Soprano and Alto Duet.

1. Poor lit-tle Nel-lie is weep-ing to-night, Think-ing of days that were full of de-light;
Un-der the dai-sies now cov-ered with snow, Rests the fond moth-er a-way from life's woe;

2. On-ly sweet mem'ries of glad-ness and love Come to the child of the dear one a-bove;
Out in the churchyard the wild breezes blow, Seem-ing to ech-o her heart's grief and woe;

3. Poor lit-tle Nel-lie, in slumber's sweet rest, Dreams all the night of her moth-er so blest,
Smil-ing up-on her with glo-ri-fied face, Call-ing her home to that bright resting-place;

Lone-ly she sits by the old kitchen grate, Sigh-ing for moth-er, but now 't is too late.
Nel-lie is left here to mourn and to weep: Why did they dig moth-er's grave so deep?

Shadows are creeping around the lone room, Ear-ly and late there's a feel-ing of gloom.
Softly she murmurs while chills o'er her creep, Why did they dig moth-er's grave so deep?

Sees her a-gain in a vi-sion of light, Pray-ing, God bless lit-tle Nel-lie to-night;
Poor lit-tle Nel-lie oft sighs in her sleep, Why did they dig moth-er's grave so deep?

REFRAIN.

Why did they dig moth-er's grave so deep, Down in the clay so deep?

Why did they leave me here to weep? Why did they dig moth-er's grave so deep?

No. 63. Shall We Meet the Friends We Love.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. F. N. Brown.

1. In the Chris-tian's home a - bove, Far be-yond this earth-ly sky,
2. Earth hath sor- row, sin and woe, But its troub-les can - not last;
3. Pre-cious ones who've gone be- fore Beck-on us to realms of light;
4. We will trust our Lord for grace, Till we join the shin - ing throng,

We shall meet the friends we love, Safe with Je - sus by and by.
If we're faith-ful we shall know End - less joy and peace at last.
Let us strive to reach the shore, Where they "walk with Him in white."
See our dear ones face to face, Sing with them the glad new song.

Refrain.

Yes, we'll meet the friends we love; O how pre-cious is the thought!

Sav - iour, lead us safe a - bove, To the home Thy blood hath bought.

No. 64. Is It Not Wonderful?

E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. Wondrous it seem - eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je-sus such peace could be - stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con- trol, Cleansing and keep-ing me whole,

Mer - cy re -veal- ing, com-fort-ing, heal-ing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Saviour showed me His fav-or, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.
Will- ing to save me, par - don He gave me, And I am hap-py with -in.
But Je-sus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seek-ing His face.
Ban - ish-ing sad -ness, with joy and gladness Fill-ing and thrilling my soul.

Refrain.

Is it not wonderful, is it not wonderful, Jesus so gracious should be?.....
Je - sus so lov-ing and gracious should be?

Yes, it is wonderful, strange and so wonderful, That He should save even me!.....
That He should pardon and save even me!

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No. 65. Kind Words Can Never Die.

From "The Athenæum." J. Henry Showalter.

1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cherished and blest, God knows how deep they lie,
2. Child-hood can nev - er die; Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem-o - ry,
3. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, Tho', like the flow'rs, Their brightest hues may fly
4. Our souls can nev - er die, Tho' in the tomb We may all have to lie,

Lodged in the breast: Like childhood's simple rhymes Said o'er a thousand times,
Bright to the last. Man - y a hap - py thing, Man - y a dai - sy spring,
In win- try hours: But when the gen -tle dew Gives them their charms a-new,
Wrapt in its gloom. What tho' the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,

Refrain.

Go thro' all years and climes The heart to cheer. Kind words can nev-er die,
Floats on time's ceaseless wing, Far, far a - way. Childhood can nev-er die,
With many an add - ed hue They bloom a - gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die,
Live thro' e - ter- nal day With God a - bove. Our souls can nev-er die,

Slow.

Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev- er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Childhood can nev- er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev-er die, No, nev - er die.
Nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev- er die, No, nev - er die.

USED BY PER. OF THE AUTHOR.

No. 66. Walking In the Narrow Way.

A. L. K. A. L. KIMBROUGH.

1. We're go - ing home to heav'n a - bove, Walk-ing in the nar - row way,
2. We'll join the ran-somed choir a - bove, Walk-ing in the nar - row way,
3. With hand in hand we'll march a - long, Walk-ing in the nar - row way;
4. And with our loved ones on that shore, Walk-ing in the nar - row way,

Where all is joy and peace and love, Walk-ing in the nar-row way.
And sing sweet songs of Je - sus' love, Walk-ing in the nar-row way.
Our Saviour's there and bids us come, Walk-ing in the nar-row way.
We'll sing God's praise for - ev - er - more, Walk-ing in the nar-row way.

REFRAIN.

We are walk - ing, we are walk - ing, We are walking in the narrow way;
We are walking in the way, in the strait and narrow way,

We are walk - ing, we are walk - ing, We are walking in the narrow way.
We are walking in the way, leading up to endless day,

No. 67. This Is My Mission, to Shine.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. B. BEALL.

1. From moment to moment my God will sup-ply me With grace..... di - vine;.....
With grace di-vine,with grace divine;
2. My heart should be dai-ly a-noint-ed from heaven With love..... di - vine;.....
With love di-vine, with love di-vine;
3. The storehouse of heaven is full to o'er-flow-ing With peace..... di - vine;.....
With peace di-vine,with peace di-vine;

No blessing I need will kind heaven deny me, If needed to make my light shine.
The grace that I pray for will freely be given, If needed to make my light shine.
And freely His power the Lord is bestowing, When needed to make my light shine.
clearly to shine.

REFRAIN.

This is my mission, to shine, Each moment for Je-sus with light divine; To
to shine,

shine before men with clearness, and then My Lord will have fruit from this life of mine.

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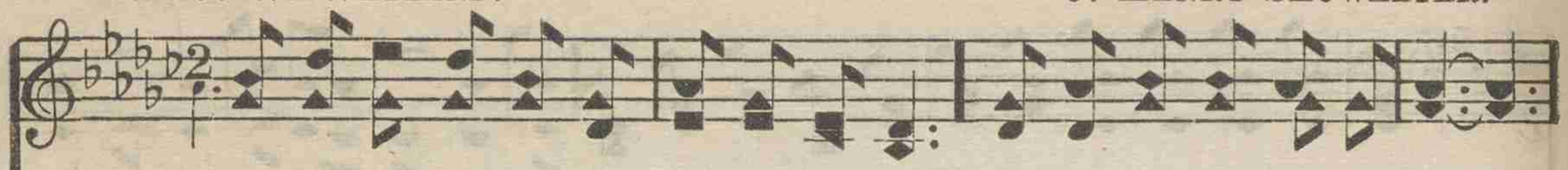
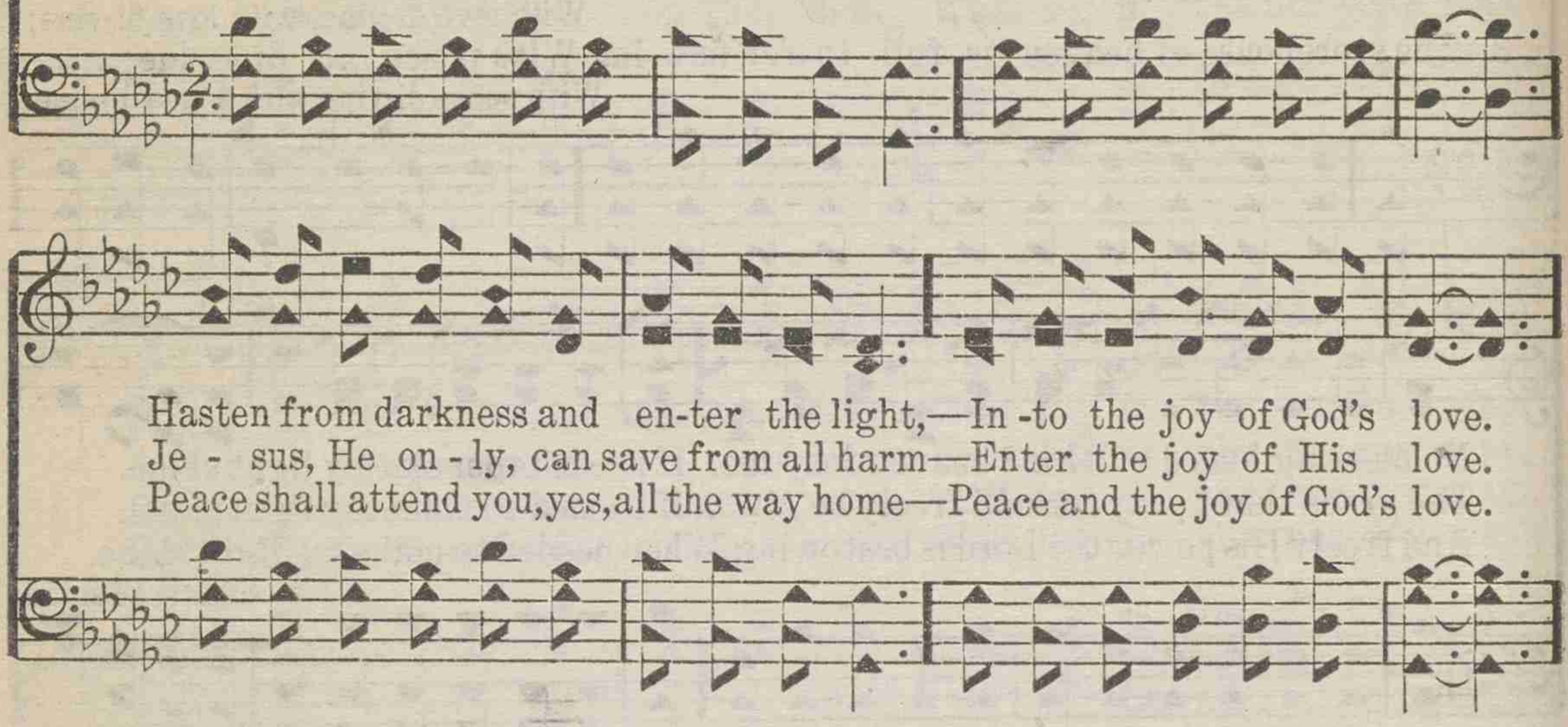
No. 68. Into the Joy Of His Love.

Rev. J. W. Wayland. J. Henry Showalter.



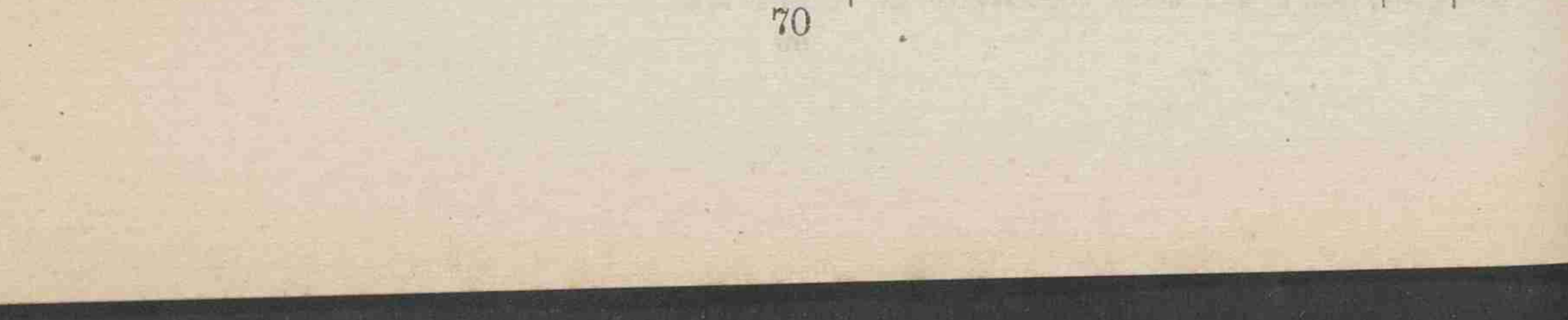
1. Souls that are weary and sad of the night, Turn now your faces a - bove;
2. Sin hath no lon-ger its pow-er to charm—Deadly its sweetness must prove;
3. From the far country, O you may still come, And, as a heav-en - ly dove,



Hasten from darkness and en-ter the light,—In -to the joy of God's love.
Je - sus, He on - ly, can save from all harm—Enter the joy of His love.
Peace shall attend you, yes, all the way home—Peace and the joy of God's love.

Refrain.

Je - sus is call-ing you, do not de - lay, Seek now the glo-ries a - bove;



While He is call-ing you, en - ter to-day In - to the joy of His love.

No. 69. Jesus Is All the World to Me.

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 blessings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
O 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

f *pp*

cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad,—He's my friend.
gold - en grain; Sunshine 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.

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No. 70. There Is Nothing True But Heaven.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. R. R. MORRIS.

1. O my sor - - rows they are man-y,..... And life's
2. Shadows gath - - er thick a-round me,..... As I
3. All life's prom - - is - es and pleasures (all its pleasures) Are but

O my sor - rows they are man-y, they are man-y,

pros - pects all de-ceive; All a - long..... its toilsome
trav - el on in pain; Foes u - nite..... to harm and
as..... an emp-ty show; And its store..... of rich-est

And life's prospects all deceive, they all deceive; All a-long its toil-some

jour - ney,..... Blight-ed hopes..... my spir-its grieve.
wound me,..... World-ly pleas - ures prove in vain.
treas-ures,..... Yield but sor - row, grief and woe.

jour-ney, toilsome journey, Blight-ed hopes my spirits grieve, my spirits grieve.

REFRAIN.

There is noth - ing true but heav-en..... And e-

There is noth - ing true but heav-en, true but heav-en,

RUFUS R. MORRIS, OWNER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

There Is Nothing True But Heaven.

ter - nal life to come; In the hope..... that God has
And e-ter-nal life to come, the life to come; In the hope that God has

giv-en,..... Thro' His own..... e-ter-nal Son.
giv-en, God has giv-en, Thro' His own,thro' His own e-ter-nal Son, His e-ter-nal Son.

No. 71. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. (Pilot.) J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
3. When, at last, I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar

D.C.–Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
D.C.–Wondrous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
D.C.–May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee!"

D. C.

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

No. 72. At Evening Time.

Rev. JOHN W. WAYLAND. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. O Saviour, guide me thro' the day, And do not leave me when the night
2. Each coming hour is known to Thee— I'll trust and wait thro' dark or bright;
3. Thou smilest on the east-ern sea, The sun-set wave with hope is bright;

Seems drawing near, for, O I pray That at eve-ning time it shall be light.
But, O my Sav-iour, grant to me That at eve-ning time it shall be light.
Glad promise of e - ter - ni - ty, At eve-ning time it shall be light.

REFRAIN.

With Thee, my Sav-iour, doubt nor fear Can fright my soul—death cannot fright;

If Thou, O Sav-iour, still art near, At evening time it shall be light.

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No. 73. Why Not Be Saved Just Now?

H. F. M. HOMER F. MORRIS

DUET. Soprano and Tenor. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Hark! hear the sweet voice of the Saviour is call-ing,
2. He knocks at the door of your heart, weary sin-ner,
3. On Cal-v'ry He died to se-cure your sal-va-tion,
4. In heav-en for you now He makes in-ter-ces-sion,
5. Why lin-ger when man-y a-round you are dy-ing,

O why not be saved just now?

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS

So ten-der-ly now the sweet accents are fall-ing,
He'll en-ter just now if you'll on-ly ad-mit Him,
Why lon-ger re-main un-der sin's con-dem-na-tion,
And free-ly to-day He'll forgive each transgression,
O come to the Saviour for mer-cy loud cry-ing,

O why not be saved just now?

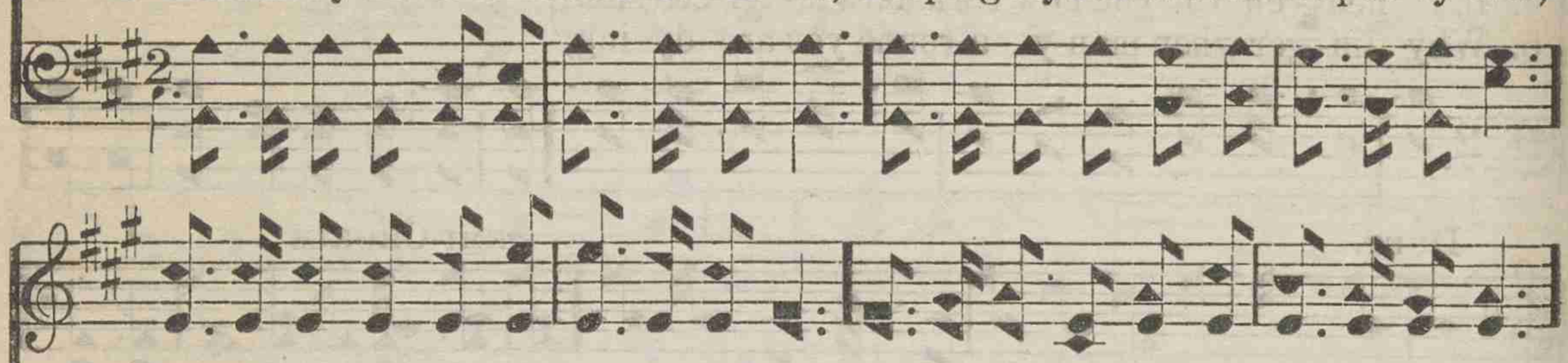
REFRAIN.

Why not be saved just now, Why not be saved just now;
just now, just now;
Cleansed and made ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, O why not be saved just now?

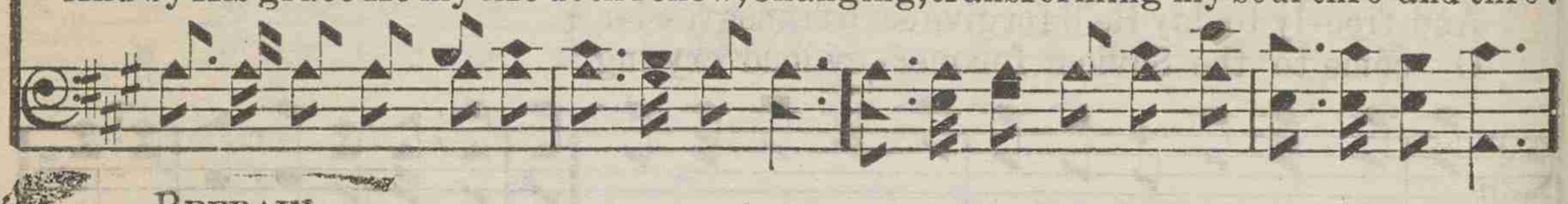
No. 74. Moment By Moment.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Homer F. Morris.

1. Moment by moment I trust in the Lord, Moment by moment I trust in His word,
2. Moment by moment my spirit is thrilled, And with delight and with joy it is filled,
3. Moment by moment I feel His pure love Thro' me, around me, and o-ver me move,
4. Moment by moment He dwelleth in me, Keeping my heart from in-iq-ui- ty free,



Moment by moment I do His sweet will, And my glad heart with His peace He doth fill.
Pleasures are mine that can never grow old, Raptures that cannot by mortals be told.
Kindling my own in - to ho - li-er flame, Making my heart to adore His great name.
And by His grace He my life doth renew, Changing, transforming my soul thro' and thro'.



Refrain.

O..... it is sweet!..... Down..... at His feet!.....
O it is won-der-ful, O it is sweet! Ev - er to lin-ger down at His dear feet!

There to commune with Him ev-er-y hour, There to be-hold new displays of His pow'r.

No. 75. When His Glory Shines In.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Shadows drear will flee away When His glory shines in, There will dawn a brighter day
2. Light divine will banish night When His glory shines in, Darken'd skies will all be bright
3. Sin no longer will enthrall When His glory shines in, Je- sus will be all in all
4. Bright the skies in heav'n When His glory shines in, Blessed tho't! we'll share His lot

When His glory shines in; Grace will everywhere abound, Nations hear the gospel sound,
When His glory shines in; Gladdened souls will shout His praise, As they tread life's winding ways
When His glory shines in; God of love will hover near, Lifting ev'ry doubt and fear,
When His glory shines in; In that home beyond the blue, Where shall rest the good and true,

REFRAIN.

Love will spread the world around, When His glory shines in.
And to Him new songs will raise, When His glory shines in,
Lighting places dark and drear, When His glory shines in.
We shall meet and live anew, When His glory shines in.

} When His glory shines in, When His

glory shines in, What a joy sweeps o'er the soul When His glory shines in! When His glory shines in.

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No. 76. Let All the Children Sing.

J. Henry Showalter.

1. Ho - san - na be the chil-dren's song, To Christ, the chil-dren's King;
2. From lit - tle ones to Je - sus brought, Ho - san - na now be heard;
3. Ho - san - na sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain;
4. Ho - san - na, then, our song shall be, Ho - san - na to our King;

His praise to whom our souls be - long, Let all the chil - dren sing.
Let lit - tle chil - dren now be taught To lisp that love - ly word.
While loud - er, sweet - er, clear - er still, Words ech - o to the strain.
This is the chil-dren's ju - bi - lee, Let all the chil - dren sing.

Refrain.

Let all the chil - dren sing, Let all the chil - dren sing,
chil-dren sing, chil-dren sing,

Ho - san - na be the chil-dren's song, Let all the chil- dren sing.

No. 77. We Come in Life's Fair Morning.

LAURA E. NEWELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In youth's bright days we come, we come; Ac - cept us Lord, to be Thine own:
2. While all a-round is blithe and gay, The mo-ments swift-ly glide a - way,
3. Oh, help us bear Thy cross in youth, And ear - ly learn to love Thy truth,
4. Be with us to our journey's end In time of trou - ble to de - fend,

FINE.

While all the earth is glad and fair, We bring Thee life's first blossoms rare.
And ere the shad-ows o'er us fall, Dear Lord, up- on Thy name we call.
And grant to us Thy sav - ing grace, Un - til we see Thee face to face.
And, e'en if griev-ous sor - row come, To dry our tears and lead us home.

D.S.—chil-dren we would ev - er be.

REFRAIN.

We come..... in life's fair morning, Our lives..... we bring to
We come in life's fair morn - ing, we come, we come, Our lives we bring, our

Thee; Ac - cept..... us bless - ed Je - sus, Thy
lives we bring to Thee, Ac - cept us, bless-ed Je - - sus, ac - cept us now, Thy

D.S.

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No. 78. Ready for Service.

A. H. BEERY. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. When my Saviour speaks to me, I'll be-lieve Him; When His help He of-fers me,
2. When He asks me to be true, I'll o - bey Him; In the ranks I'll follow, too,
3. When He gives a cross to me, I will bear it; When it grows too much for me,

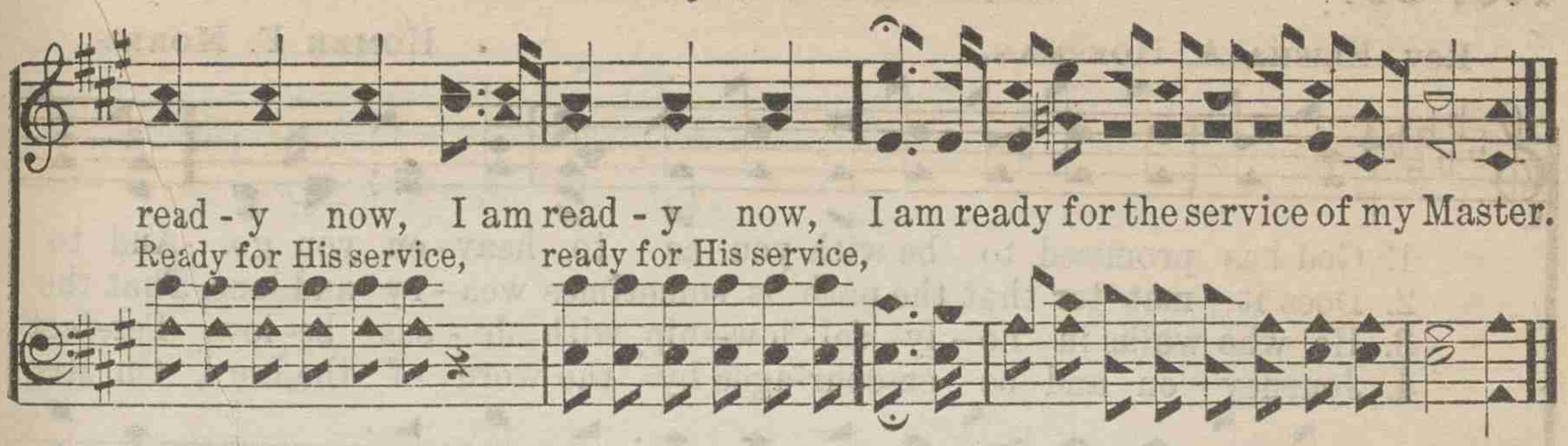
I'll re-ceive Him; I will bid my fears de-part, I will take Him to my heart,
nor de -lay Him; There's great service to be done, Souls for heaven to be won,
He will share it; O I've such a loy-al Friend, From my foes He will defend,

REFRAIN.

And from His sweet counsel part not for-ev- er!
Ere life's swiftly passing sun set for-ev - er!
And will save me in the end, His for-ev - er!
} I am read - y now, I am Ready for His service,

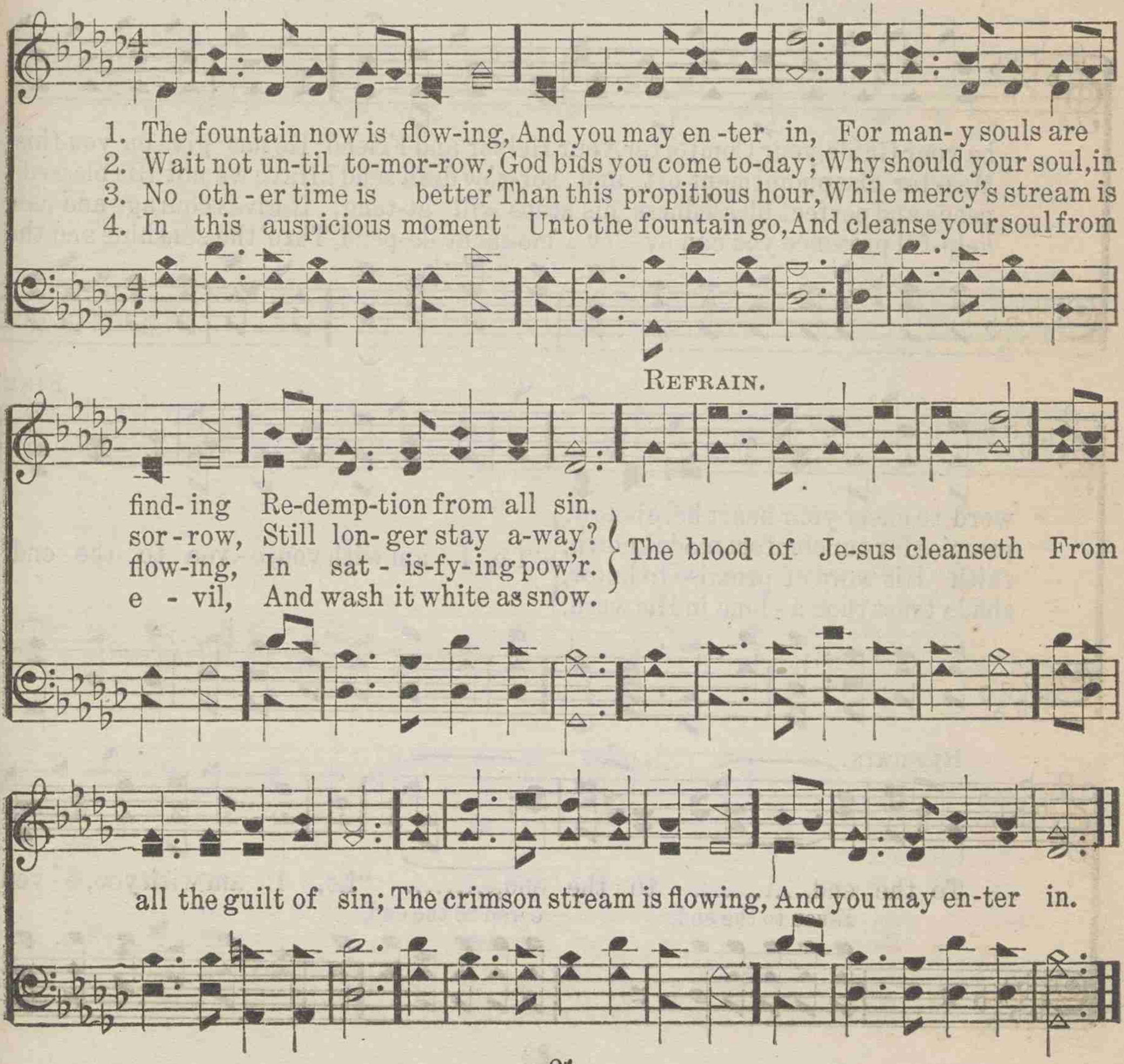
read - y now, I am read-y for the serv-ice of my King; I am
read'-y for His serv-ice,

Ready for Service.



No. 79. The Cleansing Fountain.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. H. CLARK MORRIS.



No. 80. Lo, I Am With You.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Homer F. Morris.

1. God has promised to be with you as to heav-en you go, And to be your Guide, your Comforter, your Helper and Friend; He has giv-en you this
2. Does it mat-ter that the path is sometimes wea-ry and lone, That the Mas-ter disappointment oft and sor-row doth send? Have we not His blessed
3. He who walks in ho-ly fel-low-ship with Je-sus be-low, Per-fect peace and perfect blessedness his steps will at-tend; It gives courage and new
4. Journey on and be en-cour-aged by the word of the Lord, On His help-ful presence you can ev-'ry mo-ment de-pend, Thro' the sunshine and the

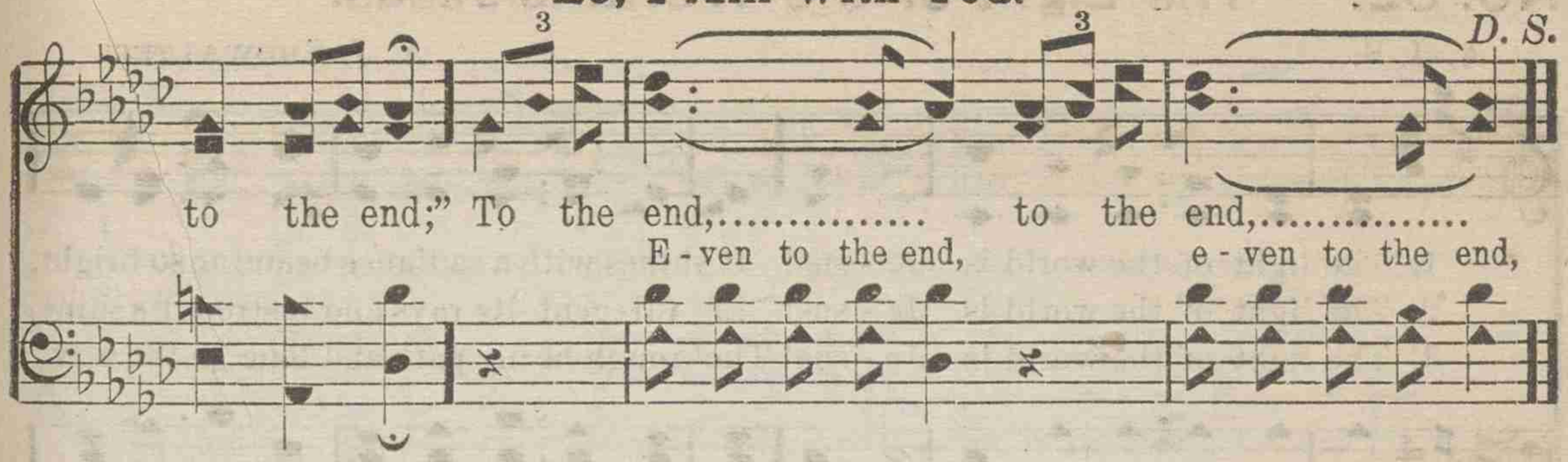
word to cheer your heart here below,
promise for our comfort made known,
faith His word of promise to know,
shade trust thou a-lone in His word,

"Lo, I am with you, e-ven to the end."

Refrain.

To the end,..... to the end,..... "Lo, I am with you, e-ven
E-ven to the end, e-ven to the end,

Lo, I Am With You.



No. 81. Jesus, I Will Trust Thee.

J. Henry Showalter.

No. 82. The Light of the World is Jesus.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful - gent its rays and lustrous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,

Dis- pell - ing the gloom and darkness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus!
No clouds can obscure its beams so di-vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those mansions "fairer than day," The light of the world is Je - sus!

REFRAIN.

The light of the world. The light of the world, light of the world, The light of the world is

It shines on the way, on the way,

Je - sus! It shines on the way, shines on the way, Turns

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The Light of the World is Jesus.

night in - to day,

night in - to day, night in - to day, The light of the world is Je - sus!

No. 83. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—JOHN 17 : 10.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

No. 84. The Beacon Light of Home.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. J. FREEMAN THOMPSON.

1. I have passed thro' ma - ny dan- gers, And my feet have wea - ry grown;
2. Far be - yond this vale of sor - row, Far be- yond all mor- tal strife,
3. Thou the God of my sal - va - tion, Keep me ev - er near Thy side;

But be - yond the gloom and darkness, Shines the bea - con light of home.
I shall greet the hap - py mor- row, That shall bring e - ter - nal life.
Though most low - ly be my sta - tion, All is well if Thou dost guide.

There e - ter - nal flow'rs are blooming, O'er the landscape fair and bright,
O! the glo - ry of that morning, When the cares of life shall cease;
Though temp - ta - tions o - ver-take me, And the host of e - vil too;

And the day of heav'n-ly dawn-ing, Drives a - way the shades of night.
Gold - en beams the day a- dorn - ing, Day of ev - er- last - ing peace.
Foes u - nite and friends forsake me, Thou art yet a Sav- iour true.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful light, beau - ti - ful light,
Beau - ti - ful light, beau - ti - ful light.

Bea - con light of home, yes, beau - ti - ful light of home;

Beau - ti - ful light, beau - ti - ful light,
Beau - ti - ful light, beau - ti - ful light,

Just be - yond the gloom and darkness, Shines the bea - con light of home.

No. 85. Victory!

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Chris-tian sol-diers, for the conflict arm you, Let no fear ap-pall, no foe a-
2. Thanks to God who vic-to-ry hath giv-en Thanks to Christ who hath our fetters
3. While Christ's banner, stained with blood floats o'er us, See, the foe are fall-ing back be-

larm you, Has-ten on, se-cure, for naught can harm you, Shouting vic-to-ry!
riv-en Let us glad-ly press our way to heav-en, Shouting vic-to-ry!
fore us! Let us raise a loud tri-umph-ant cho-rus, Shouting vic-to-ry!

In your Leader be your trust for-ev-er, You shall tri-umph, therefore fal-ter
Tho' our craft-y foe would still an-noy us, Know-ing God, the Lord of hosts stands
From the chains of sin and death Christ frees us, From the foe whose cru-el hand would

nev-er, Has-ten on, and va-liant-ly en-deav-or, Shout-ing vic-to-ry!
by us, Let us fight, for hell can-not de-stroy us, Shout-ing vic-to-ry!
seize us, Lo, we tri-umph in the name of Je-sus, Shout-ing vic-to-ry!

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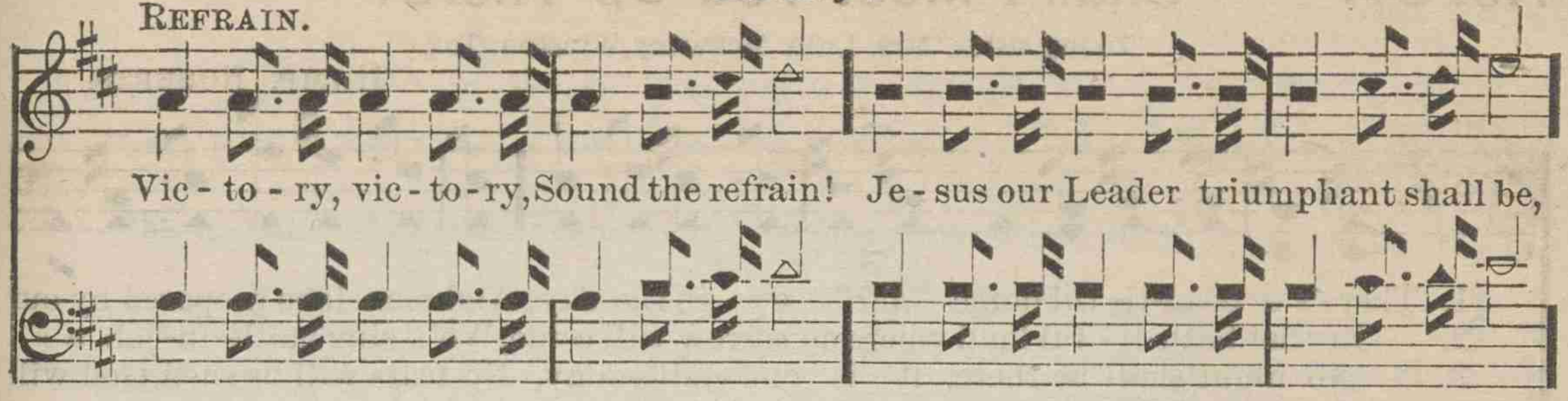
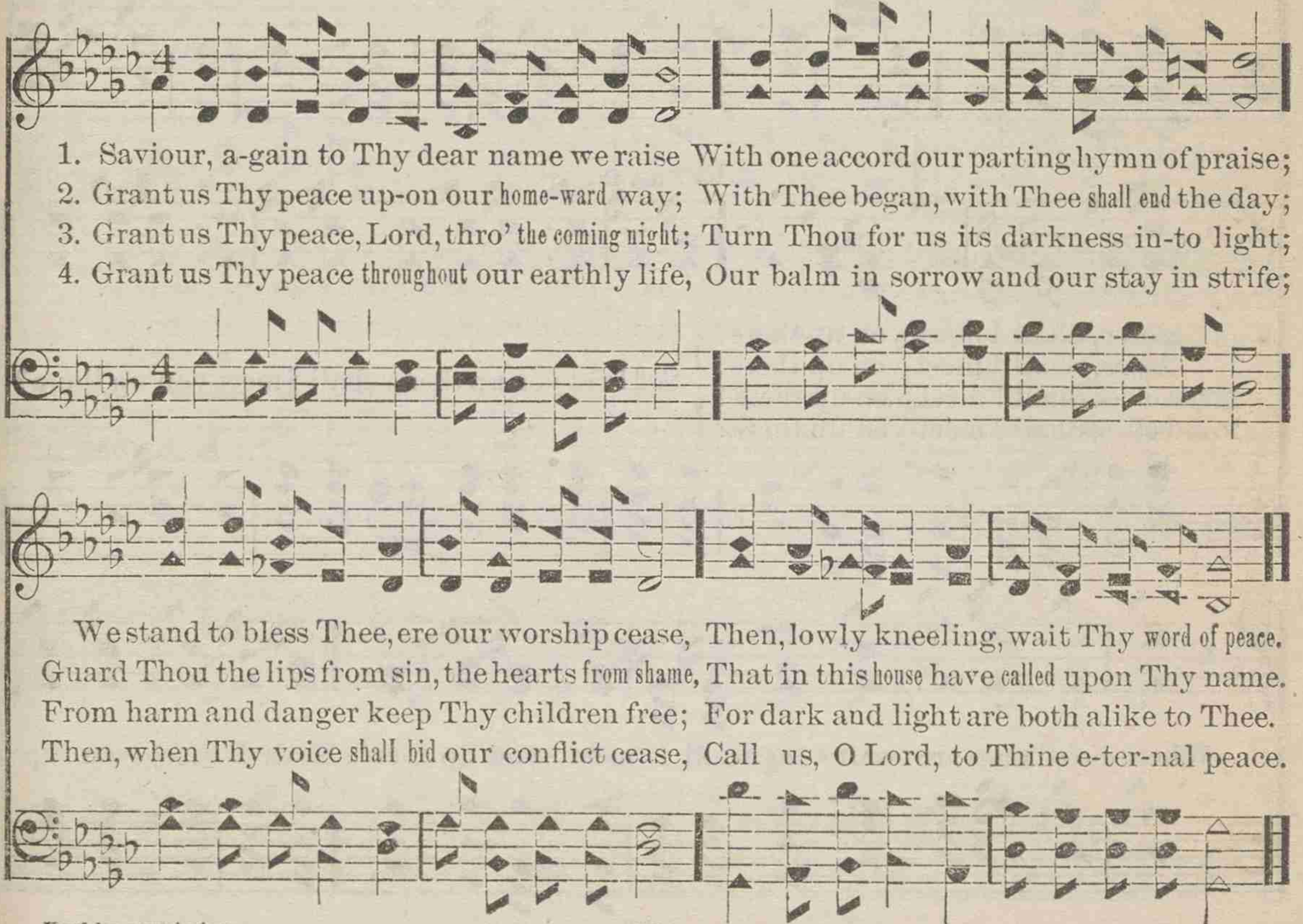
Victory!

REFRAIN.



No. 86. Parting Hymn.

ELLERTON. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 87. Shall I Meet You Up There?

To my sister, Mrs. Lulu McCarley, Winston, Tex.

HAMP. ROBERTS.

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

Sav-iour on high; He wants me to live in that country so fair, And when I'm in
round the bright throne; A beautiful robe and a crown we shall wear, And live there with
wipe them away; No sickness and dying, no pain we shall bear. No parting with
beau-ti-ful home, For - ev - er to dwell in my Father's own care, With angels and

REFRAIN.

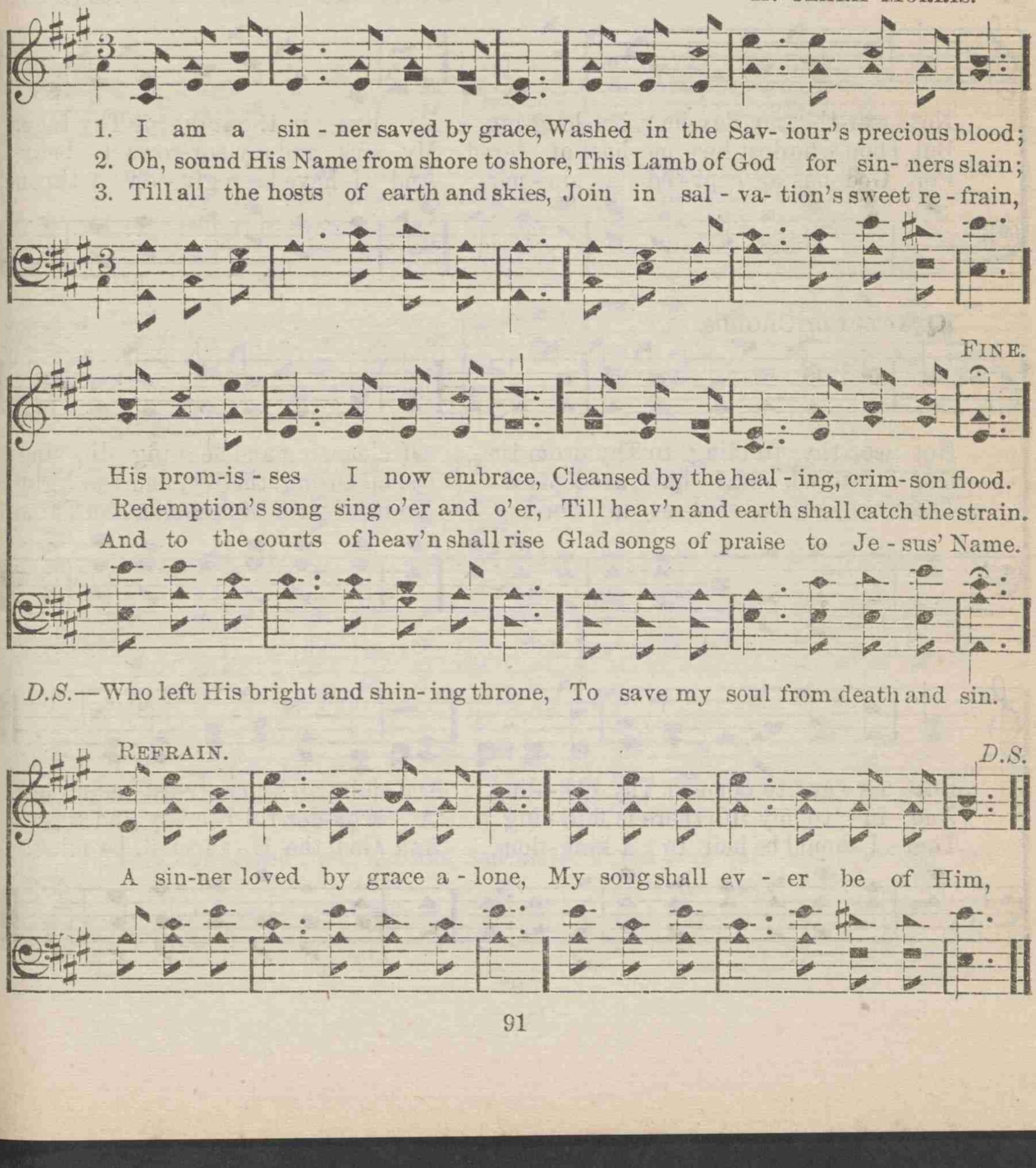
glo-ry, Shall I meet you up there?
Jesus, Shall I meet you up there?
loved ones, Shall I meet you up there?
loved ones, Shall I meet you up there?
} Shall I meet you up there, shall I meet you up there?

Where loved ones are wait - ing shall I meet you up there? Shall I meet you up

Shall I Meet You Up There?

No. 88. A Sinner Saved by Grace.

J. S. KIMBRAUGH. H. CLARK MORRIS.

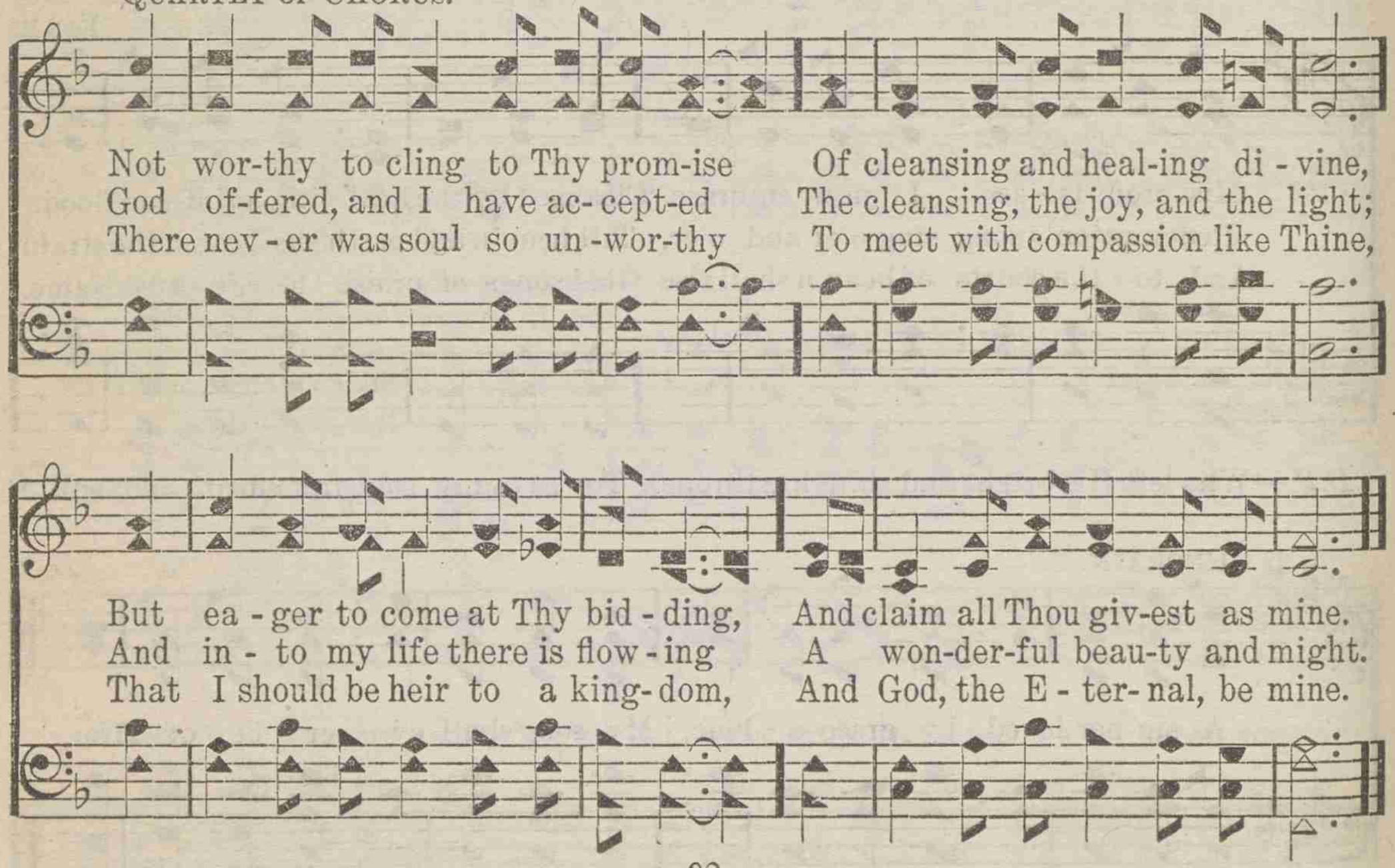


No. 89. Not Worthy, But Willing.

F. N. Brown.

Duet. Soprano and Tenor.

Quartet or Chorus.



No. 90. Thinking of Home.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. HAMP. ROBERTS.

1. Oft I'm think- ing, fond- ly think- ing Of a bright and joy- ful home.
2. There the peo - ple all are sing- ing Of the Christ their wondrous King;
3. I have brothers, friends and comrades, Who have just gone on be- fore;
4. I can see the glo- ry gleam-ing, Light-ing up my earth-ly path,
5. I can pict - ure, too, the meet-ing,— O, that bless - ed, bless- ed time,

Where there is no sin, no weep-ing, And where death can nev - er come.
I can al - most hear the ring-ing, Of the glad new song they sing.
I can al - most see their fac - es, And the gold - en crowns they wear.
I can hear the mu - sic ring-ing, With the list - 'ning ear of faith.
When, thro' pearl- y por- tals sweeping, We shall reach our home sub- lime.

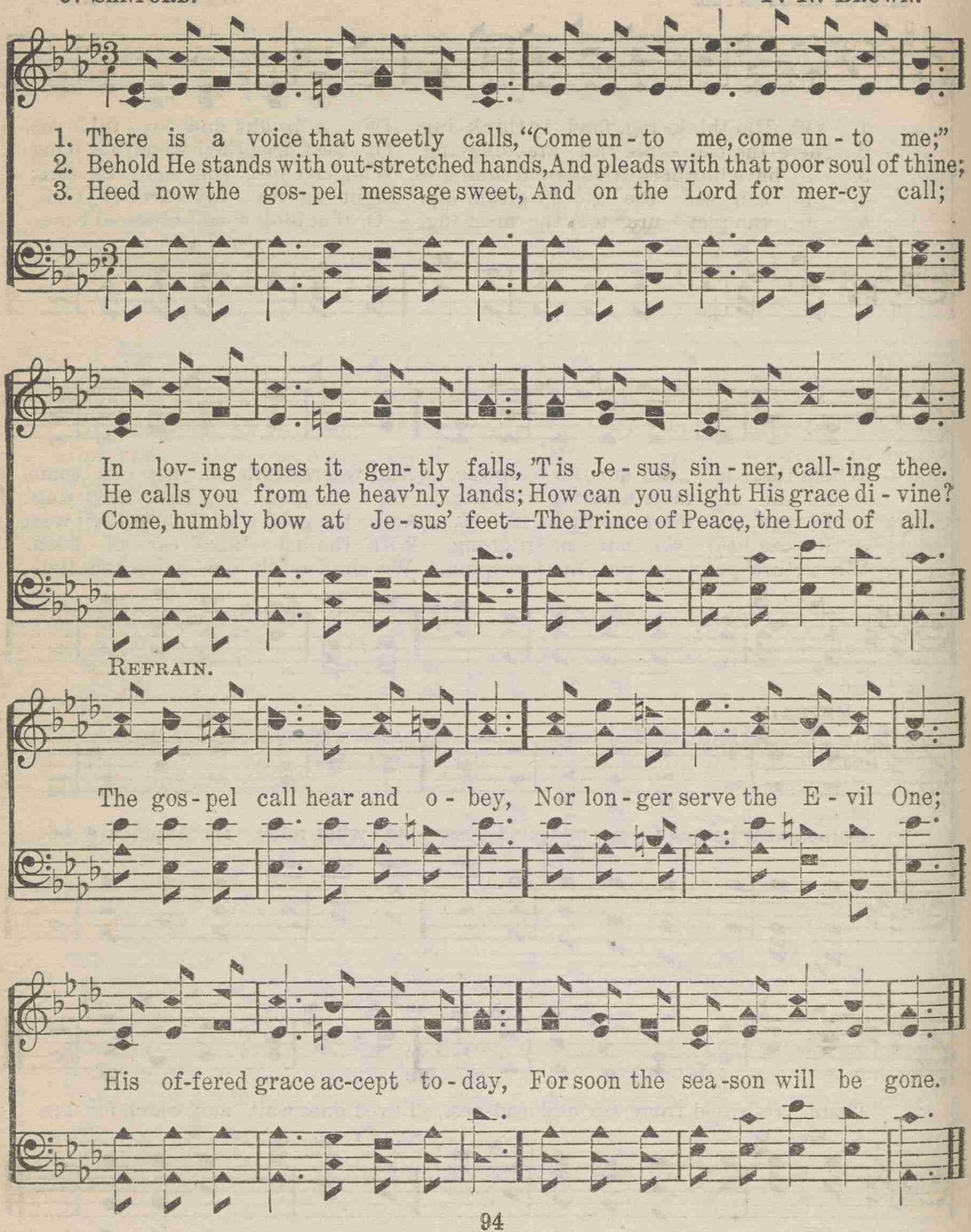
REFRAIN.

Home, sweet home of joy and glad-ness, O what must its rapt - ure be!

There re-leased from sin and sad-ness, Loved ones wait and watch for me.

No. 91. The Gospel Call.

J. SANFORD. F. N. BROWN.



No. 92. What Are You Doing For Jesus?

G. W. LYON. F. N. BROWN.

1. What are you do-ing for Je - sus, Tell me, O Christian, I pray?
2. If He should call you this mo - ment, Have you a read-y re - ply?
3. Are you still faithful in serv-ing, Us - ing the tal-ents He gave,
4. Are you so liv-ing each mo - ment Oth-ers are saved from their sin?

Do you still love Him as ev - er, Are you His serv-ant to - day?
Are you quite sure you would an- swer, "Save me, dear Lord, here am I"?
Gath'ring for Him all the in - crease, All He requires you to save?
And are you lead-ing them dai-ly Near - er and near -er to Him?

REFRAIN.

What are you do-ing, what are you doing, What are you doing, O Christian, I pray?

What are you doing, what are you doing, What are you do-ing for Je-sus to-day?

No. 93. Can We Count On You?

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. When we gath-er for com-mun-ion in the sa-cred place of pray'r,
2. When to tell sal-va-tion's sto-ry in the name of Christ we go,
3. With the need of gold and sil-ver to ad-vance the cause of God,
4. When it comes to ear-nest con-flict to up-hold the truth and right,
5. O we want to do for Je-sus dai-ly all the good we can;

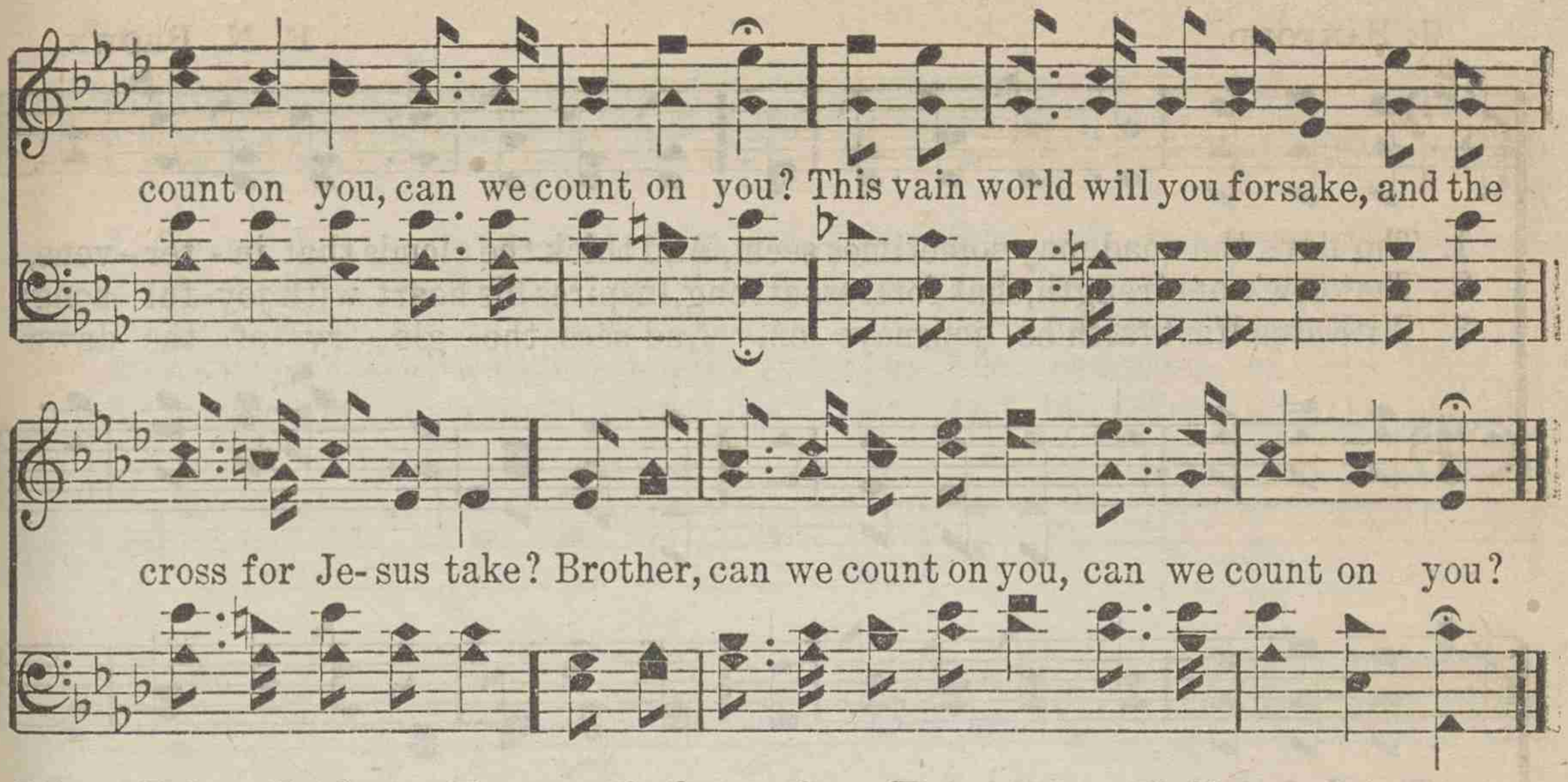
Can we count on you, can we count on you? { When we plead for heav-en's / Will you bear with us the / Will you bring in-to His / Will you be a-mong the / And we want to make the }

{ blessings on your soul, will you be there? / mes-sage to the lost ones here below? / treas'ry gifts to spread the light abroad? / fore-most in the hot-test of the fight? / Church a blessing to our fellow-man, } Can we count on you, can we count on you?

REFRAIN.

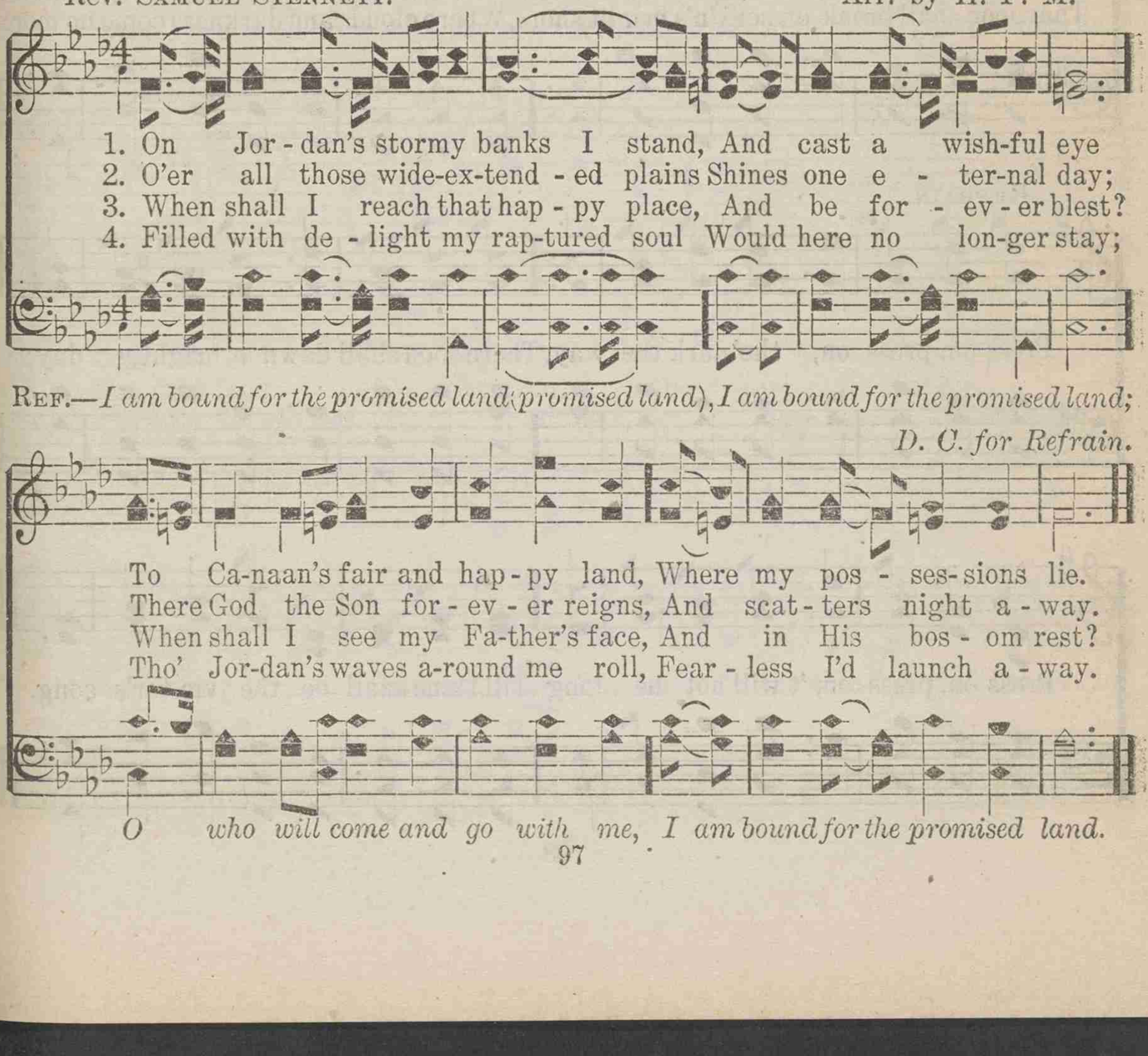
Can we count on you al-way, on your help from day to day? Can we

Can We Count On You?



No. 94. I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. Arr. by H. F. M.



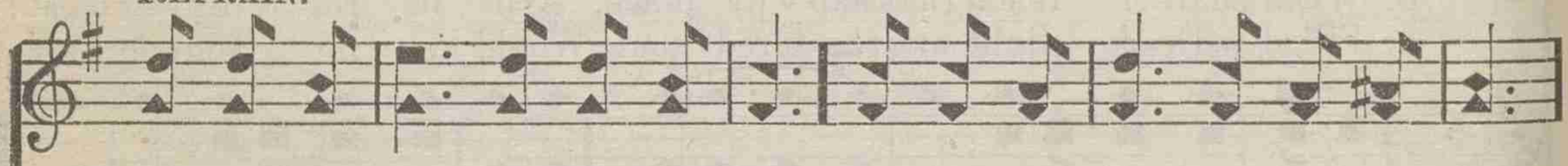
No. 95. The Christian's Hope.

J. SANFORD. F. N. BROWN.

1. Tho' dark the road may sometimes seem, And thick the clouds that in - ter - vene,
2. That tow'r of strength, that fortress strong, Inspires his heart with joy - ful song;
3. With steadfast faith he journeys on, And sees the glo - ry of the dawn

The Christian's way will brighter shine When leaning on the arm di - vine.
He looks with hope to that fair land Where dwells the saints at God's right hand.
That soon shall break on heav'n's bright shore, Where clouds and darkness come no more.

REFRAIN.



Press on, press on, tho' dark the way, There soon shall dawn a brighter day;

Press on, press on, 't will not be long Till thine shall be the vic-tor's song.

No. 96. Beulah Land.

F. N. Brown.

1. There is a coun - try calm and fair Where soft the moments glide,
2. Be - side the hill a riv - er runs, I hear its murm'ring low,
3. And rest - ing in those meadows fair See pil-grims aged and worn,
4. And now they wait 'neath qui - et skies The summons of the King,
5. And when the shin - ing ones draw near And take them by the hand,

And heav'n-ly hills in balm - y air Rise on the far - ther side.
And swift - ly pass the shin - ing ones, A - bove it to and fro.
Their heads are crowned with sil - ver hair, They long have bur - dens borne.
Who wipes, Him-self, from wea - ry eyes The tears of sor - row - ing.
They come with-out one pang of fear Un - to a fair - er land.

Refrain.

Heav'nly land o - ver there, Hap-py land so fair;
Bright land o - ver there, Blest land so fair, ev - er fair;

Lead the pilgrims by the hand, dear Sav-iour, To the shin-ing gold - en strand.

No. 97. Holy Sabbath Day.

Col. J. S. KIMBROUGH. (Opening Song.) JOSEPH H. CLARK.

No. 98. I Give Myself to Jesus.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. JNO. T. CLARK.

1. I renounce the world and sin, And the Chris - tian life be - gin;
2. I have tak - en up the cross, All be- sides is on - ly loss,
3. I will do my Mas-ter's will, I some place will seek to fill,

For I'm wea - ry, oh, so wea - ry, Of the bit - ter strife with - in.
And I know the Lord will cleanse me From all earth- li- ness and dross.
Where to work, my Lord, as-sign me, And my heart can serve Him still.

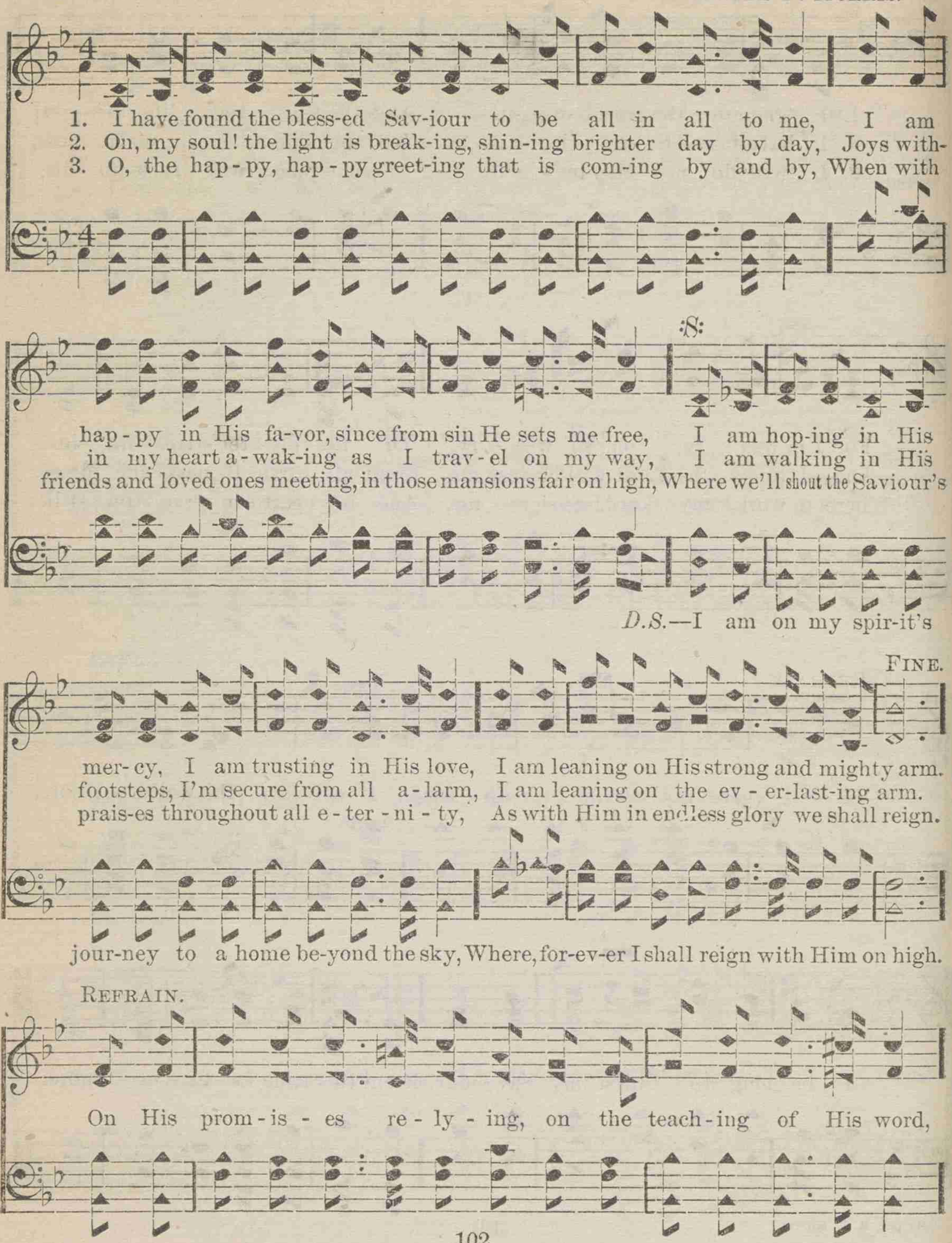
REFRAIN.

So I give my - self to Je -. sus, I will love the world no more,
I be - long to Christ, my Sav - iour, From this time for - ev - er - more.

By per. R. R. Morris.

No. 99. With Jesus I Shall Reign.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. HOMER F. MORRIS.

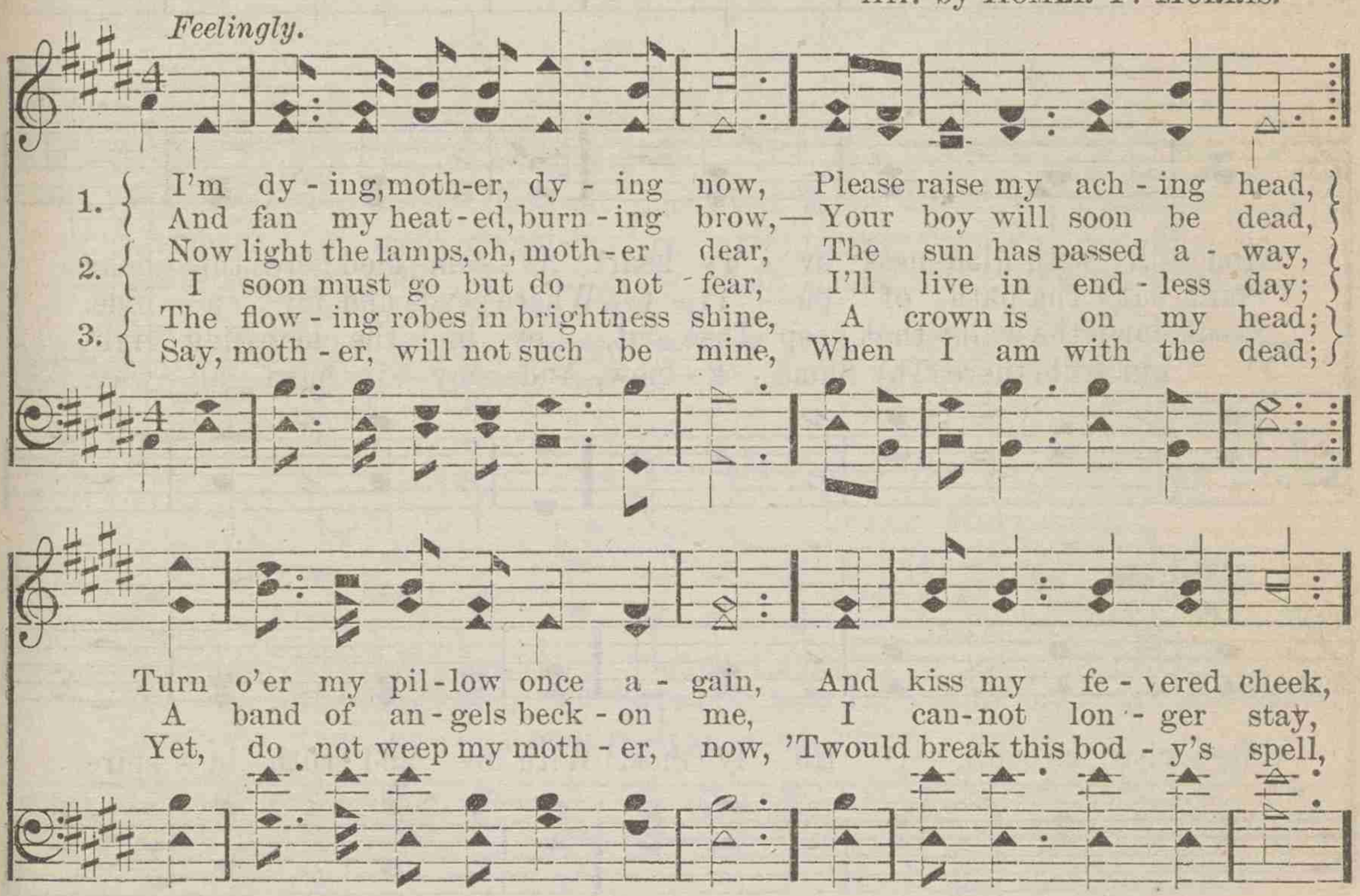


REFRAIN.

With Jesus I Shall Reign.

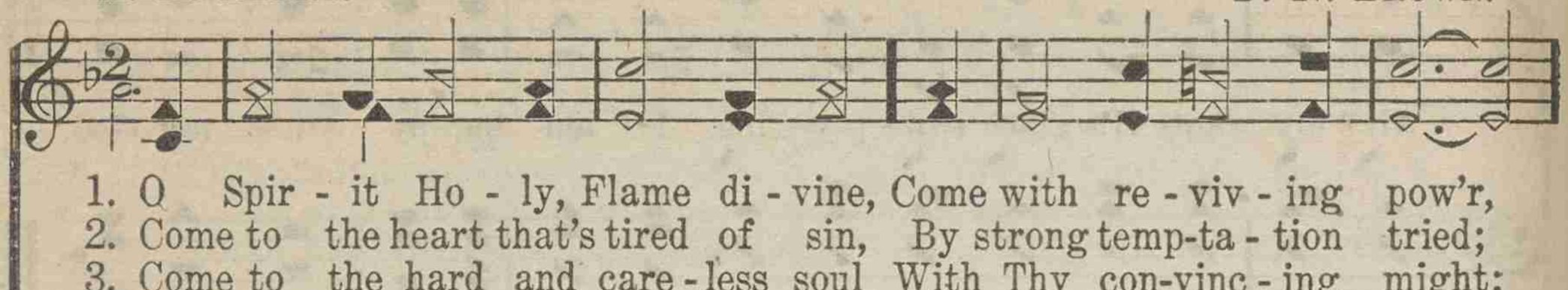
No. 100. The Dying Boy.

Arr. by HOMER F. MORRIS.



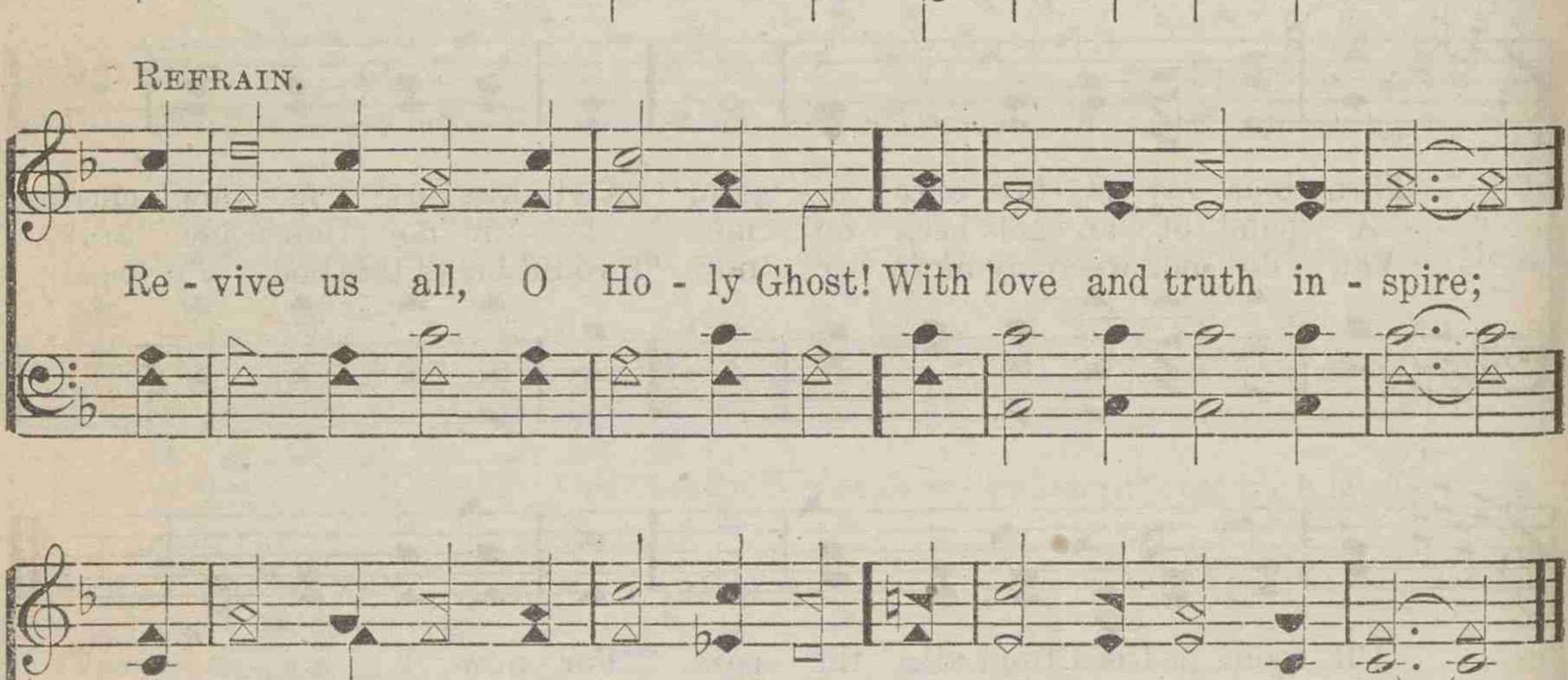
No. 101. Come, Spirit Holy.

A. H. BEERY. F. N. BROWN.



1. O Spir - it Ho - ly, Flame di - vine, Come with re - viv - ing pow'r,
2. Come to the heart that's tired of sin, By strong temp-ta - tion tried;
3. Come to the hard and care - less soul With Thy con-vinc - ing might;
4. Come to the soul that has for - got, And strayed from Thee a - way;

And fill with glad - ness ev - 'ry heart As - sem - bled here this hour.
Point out the path of pu - ri - ty, Where peace and joy a - bide.
Break down the walls that keep Thee out, Let in the cleans-ing light.
O kin - dle there Thy flame a - new, And may it burn al - way.



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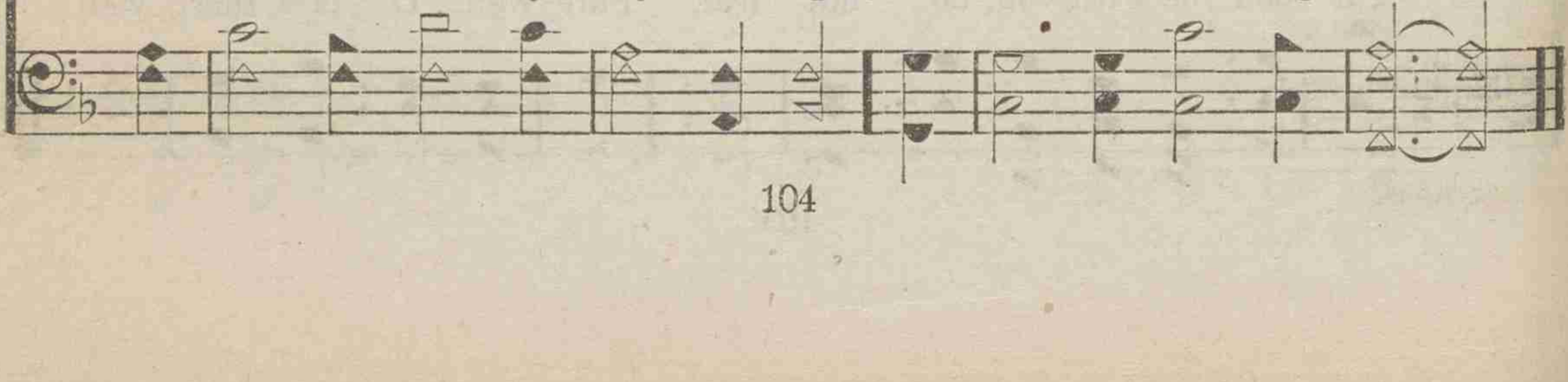
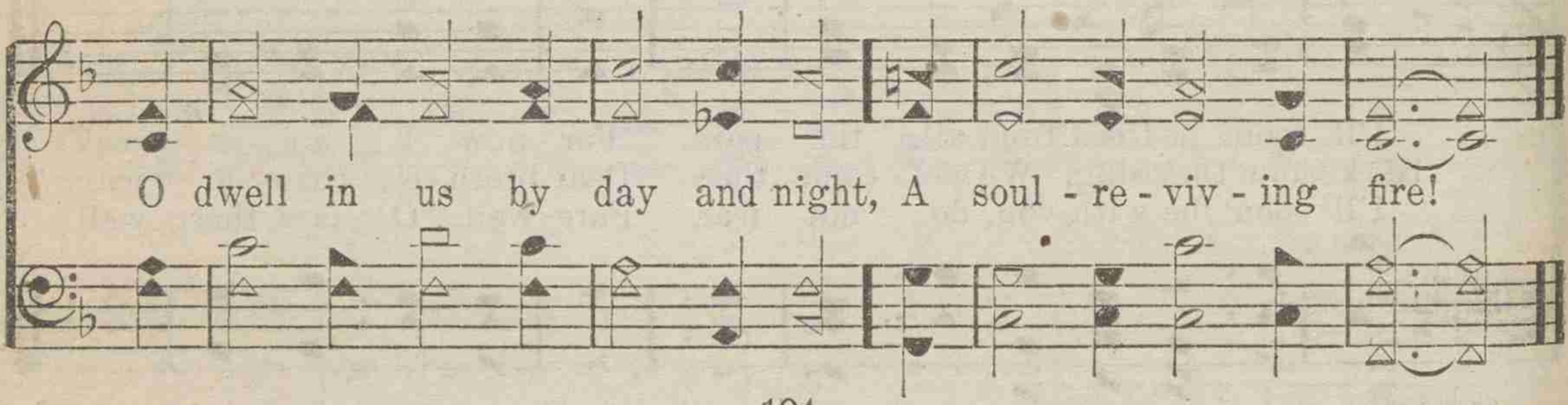


Re - vive us all, O Ho - ly Ghost! With love and truth in - spire;



O dwell in us by day and night, A soul - re - viv - ing fire!

No. 102. Sweetest Hosannas.

G. P. HOTT. J. D. BRUNK.

Lively. m

1. In from the high-way, in from the by-way, Gath-er the chil-dren se-
2. Go where the man-y wan-der from Je-sus, Lov-ing-ly whis-per-ing
3. Brighter and bet-ter, gems of the king-dom, Hap-py the chil-dren in

cure-ly from sin; Je-sus has blest them, sweet-ly ca-ressed them,
"Come un-to me"; Sweet-ly re-call them, for like the chil-dren,
seek-ing the fold; Lov-ing-ly find them, put your arms round them,

D. S.—*Je-sus has bid-den, "Suf-fer the chil-dren";*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Lov-ing-ly bid-den us welcome them in.
Ev-er the king-dom of heav-en shall be.
Just as the Sav-iour once blest them of old.
} Help us to win them,

Sweet-est ho-san-nas to Je-sus they sing.

help us to gath-er, Help us the jew-els of heav-en to bring;

USED BY PER. OF J. D. BRUNK, BRIDGEWATER, VA.

No. 103. Growing Toward the Light.

Mrs. A. B. Wade. (Children's Song.) M. W. Matthews.

1. We are ten - der lit - tle blossoms, Planted by the Father's hand; Drear this
2. We are ten - der lit - tle blossoms, Growing ev-er toward the light; Won't you
3. We are ten - der lit - tle blossoms, See our pet - als, snowy white; Won't you

Refrain.

world without our pres-ence, Shedding joy thro' all the land.
kind - ly help to train us In the way of truth and right?
try to guard and save us From sin's awful with'ring blight?
} We are growing,

growing toward the light, With our fa- ces lift-ed to the shin-ing sun; Growing,

growing, growing toward the light, Thus shall life and beauty by each be won.

by each be won.

BY PER. OF H. F. MORRIS.

No. 104. At the Cross.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. F. N. BROWN.

No. 105. Come and Trust the Saviour's Love.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Sin - ner, come and trust in the Saviour's love, Come to Him and, on His mer- cy re - ly - ing,
2. Haste, O haste! while yet there is room for you, Come to-day, His gracious promise be- liev-ing;
3. Then when life and all of its scenes are o'er, And your head a dy-ing pil- low is press-ing,

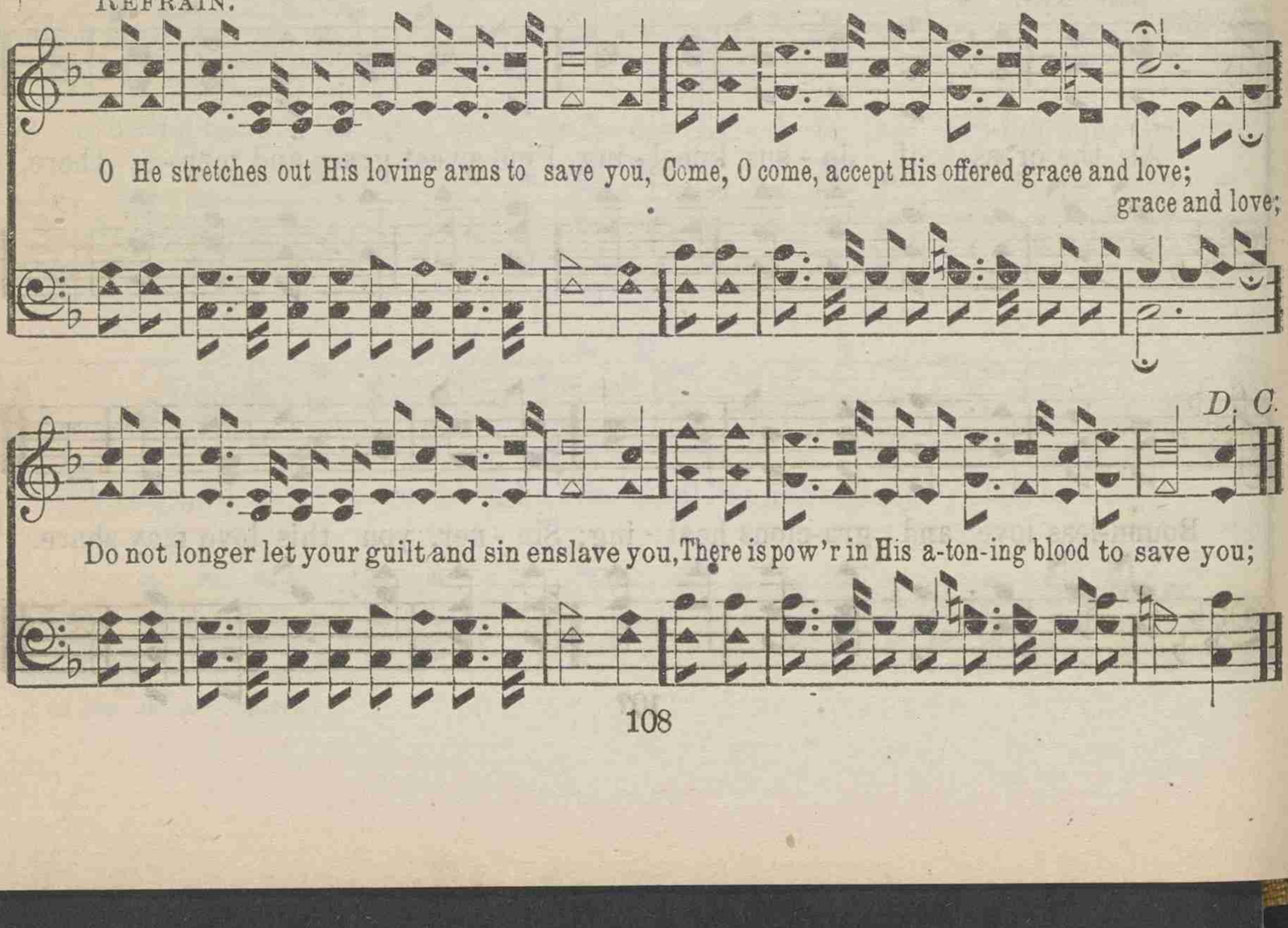
D.C.–*There is peace and joy in His precious love, On the cross He died to ransom and save you;*

FINE.

Par-don you will find flow-ing from a-bove, Come and all your worldly pleasures de-ny - ing.
Sweetly yet He calls, ev - er kind and true, He is still from sin and sor-row re -liev- ing.
He will bear your soul to the gold- en shore, To re-ceive a heav'nly welcome and blessing.

And He gently pleads with you from above, Trusting, come, His free salvation He' ll give you.

REFRAIN.



O He stretches out His loving arms to save you, Come, O come, accept His offered grace and love;
grace and love;

D. C.

Do not longer let your guilt and sin enslave you, There is pow'r in His a-ton-ing blood to save you;

No. 106. In the Sweet By and By.

B. F. S. B. F. Sims.

1. O I love the sto - ry true Of a hap - py home on high,
2. When my Sav - iour I shall see, And with loved ones stand-ing nigh,
3. When this wea - ry life is o'er, And with an - gel-wings I fly,

And I long its courts to view, In the sweet, sweet by and by.
I shall ev - er hap - py be, In the sweet, sweet by and by.
I shall sing His prais - es more, In the sweet, sweet by and by.

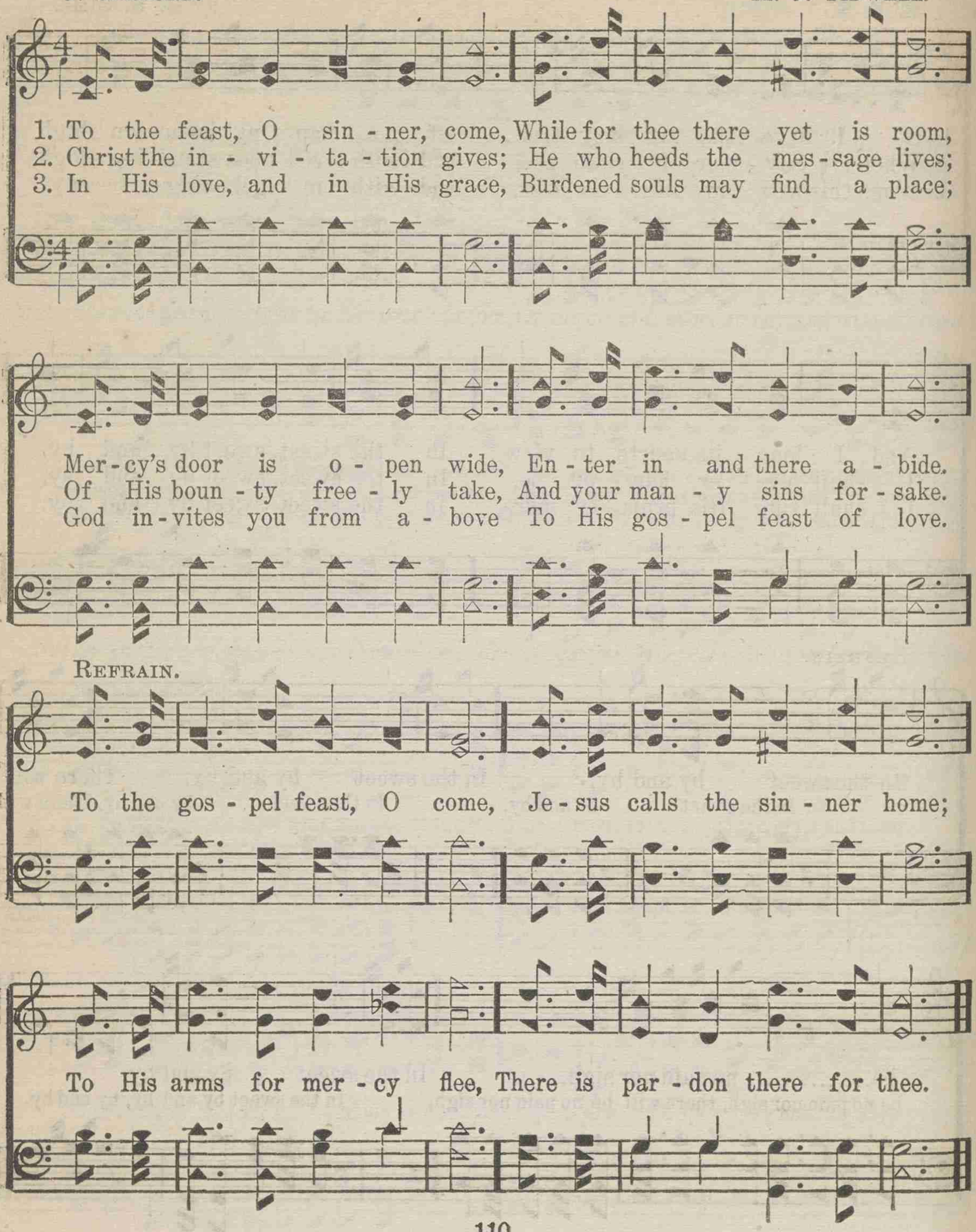
REFRAIN.

In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, There will
In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, There will

be..... no pain nor sigh, In the sweet by and by.
be no pain nor sigh, there will be no pain nor sigh, In the sweet by and by, by and by.

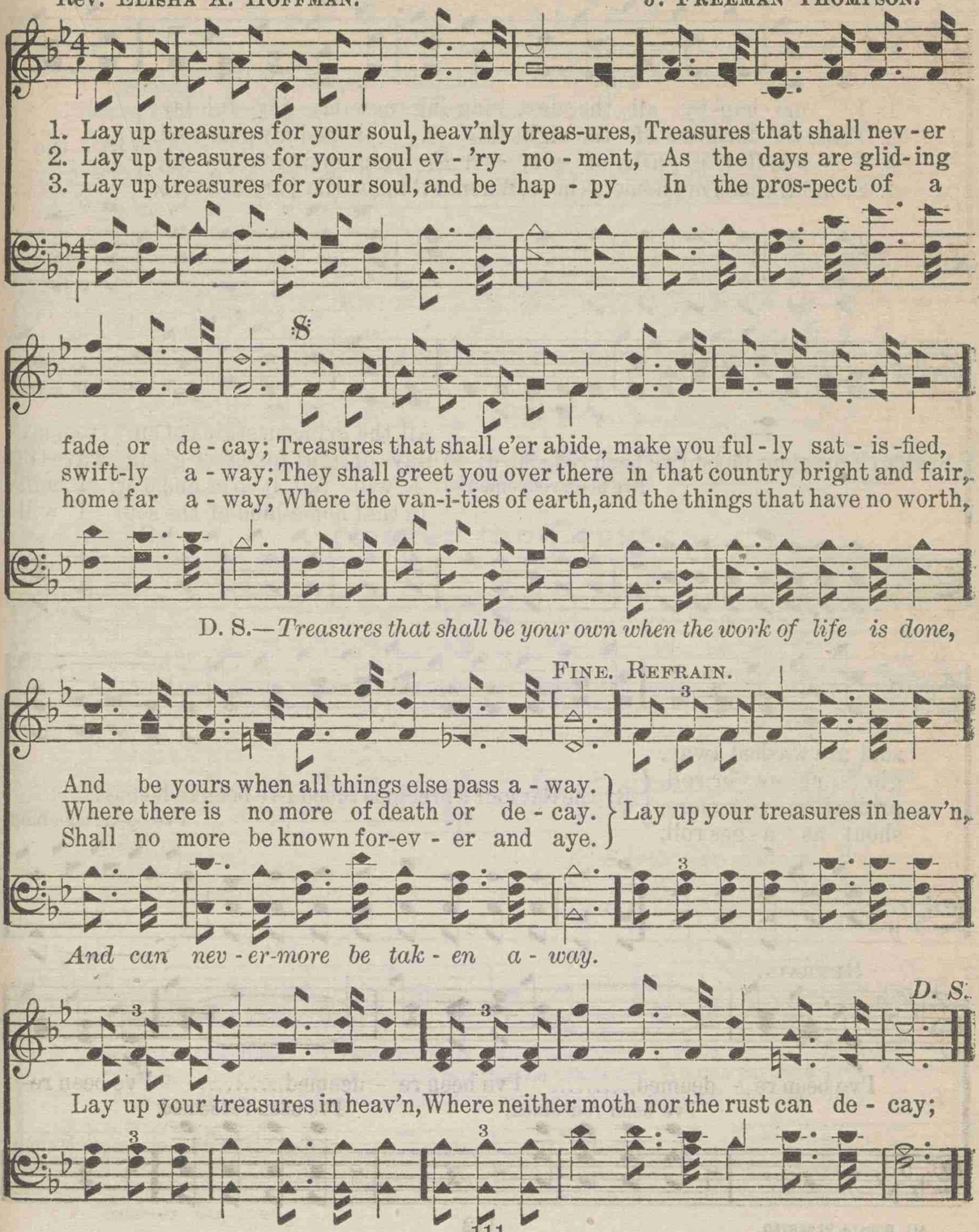
No. 107. The Gospel Feast.

J. SANFORD. M. J. TIDWELL.



No. 108. Lay Up Treasures.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. Freeman Thompson.



No. 109. I've Been Redeemed.

H. F. M. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. I am hap-py all the day, sing-ing now my joy-ful lay,
2. From the darkness of the night that en - vel-oped my poor soul,
3. I was lost in paths of sin, and He came and took me in,
4. Soon I'll reach my home a- bove, Where I'll know His per-fect love,

} By the

Saviour's precious blood I've been redeemed;
I've been redeemed;

} All the crimson stains of sin from my
Rays of light for-ev-er gleam, waves of
I will tell it o'er and o'er, I will
In that home-land of the soul I will

soul are washed away,
glo - ry ev - er roll,
praise Him ev-er-more,
shout as a - ges roll,

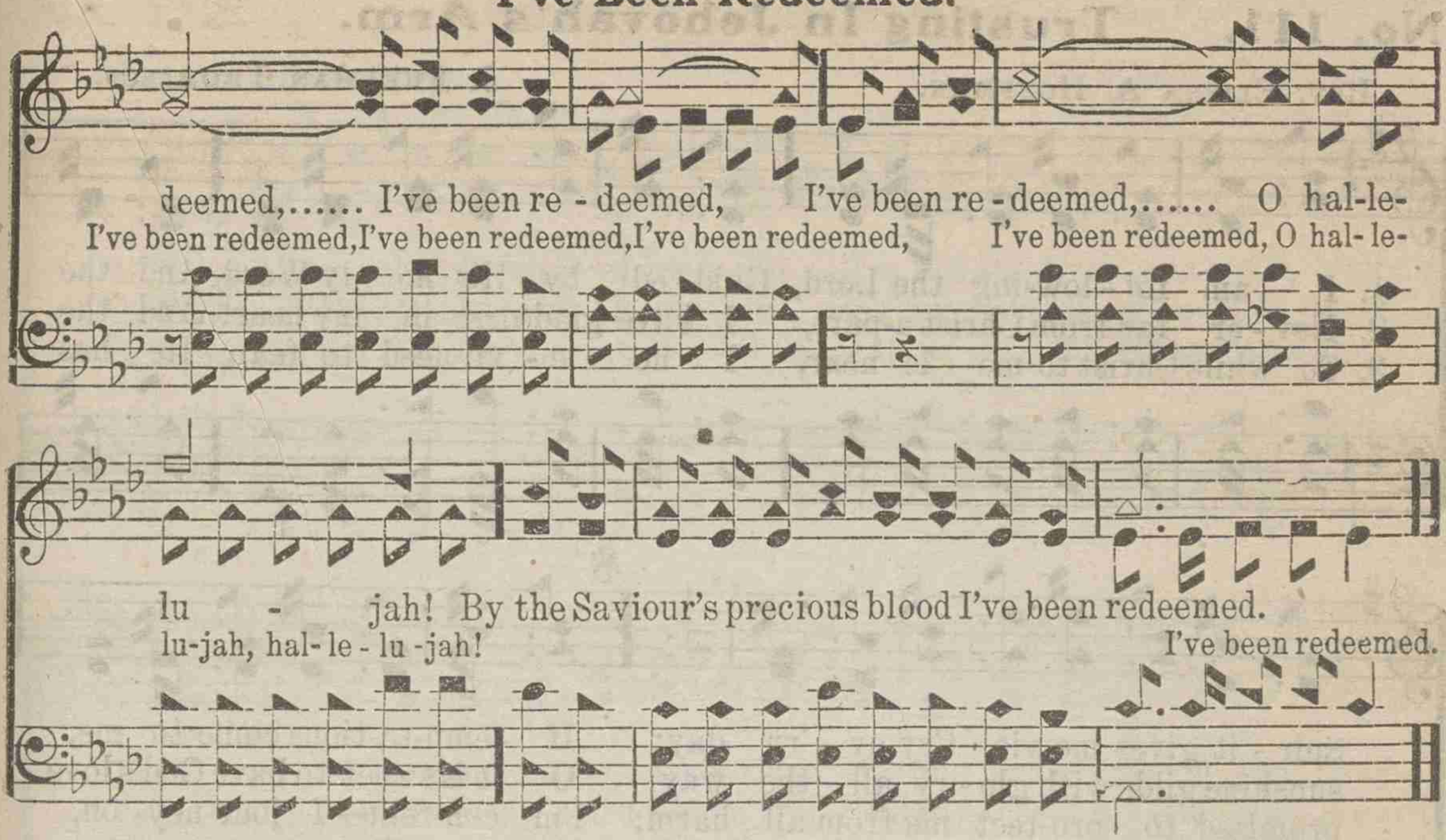
} By the Saviour's precious blood I've been redeemed.
I've been redeemed.

REFRAIN.

I've been re - deemed,..... I've been re - deemed,..... I've been re-
I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed,

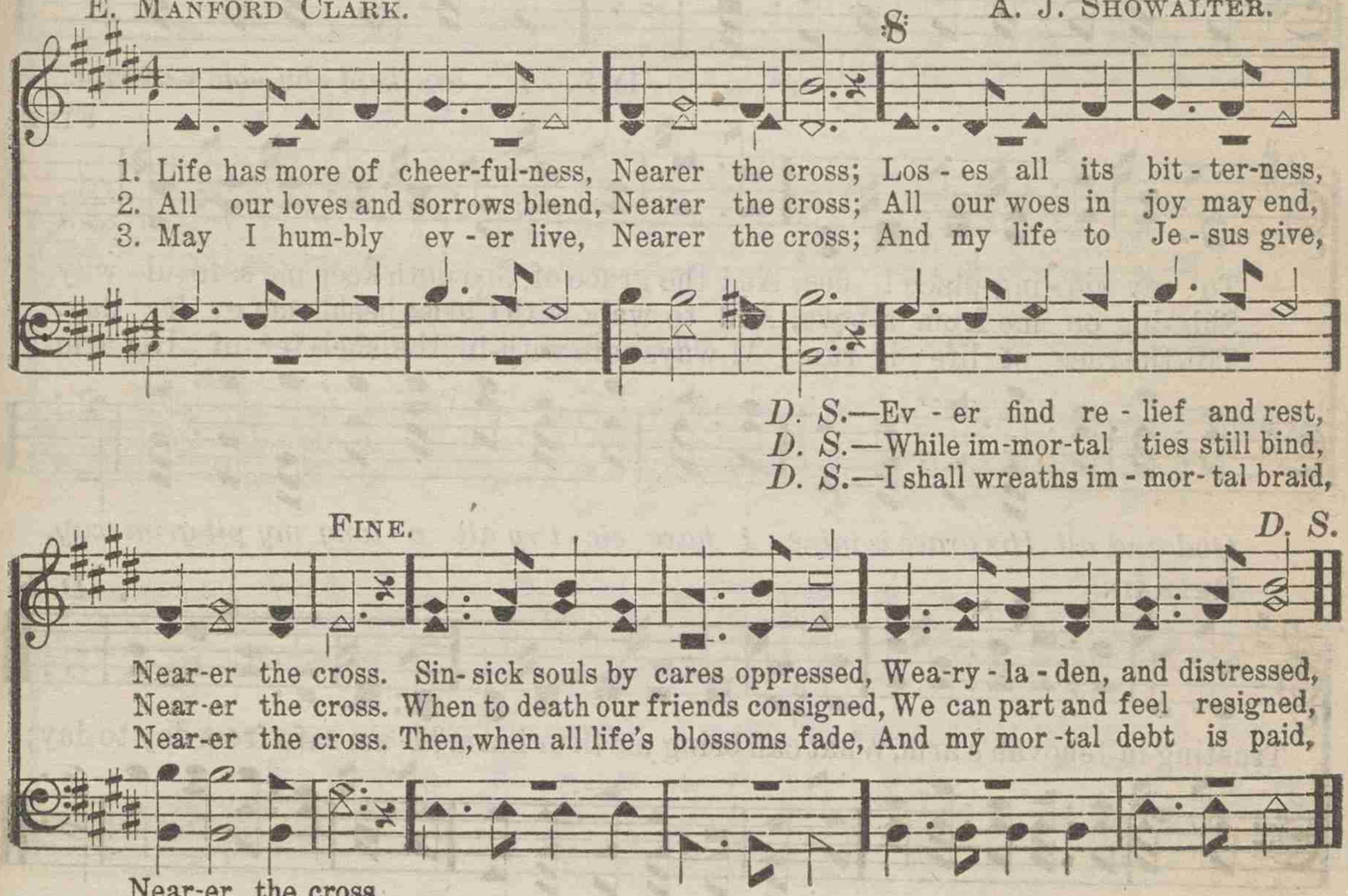
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

I've Been Redeemed.



No. 110. Nearer the Cross.

E. Manford Clark. A. J. Showalter.



USED BY PER.

No. 111. Trusting In Jehovah's Arm.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. Freeman Thompson.

1. I am fol - low-ing the Lord, Guid - ed by His ho - ly Word, And the
2. Nev - er far from Christ a-part, I have glad-ness in my heart, And the
3. So while Christ to me is near, I no e - vil need to fear, He has

Spir - it gives me vic - t'ry ev - 'ry day; If temp-ta-tions come to me,
sunshine gilds with glo - ry all the way; O 't is sweet to have God's love
promised to pro-tect me from all harm; I'm con-tent—I jour-ney on,

D. S.—*I am kept by pow'r di-vine,*

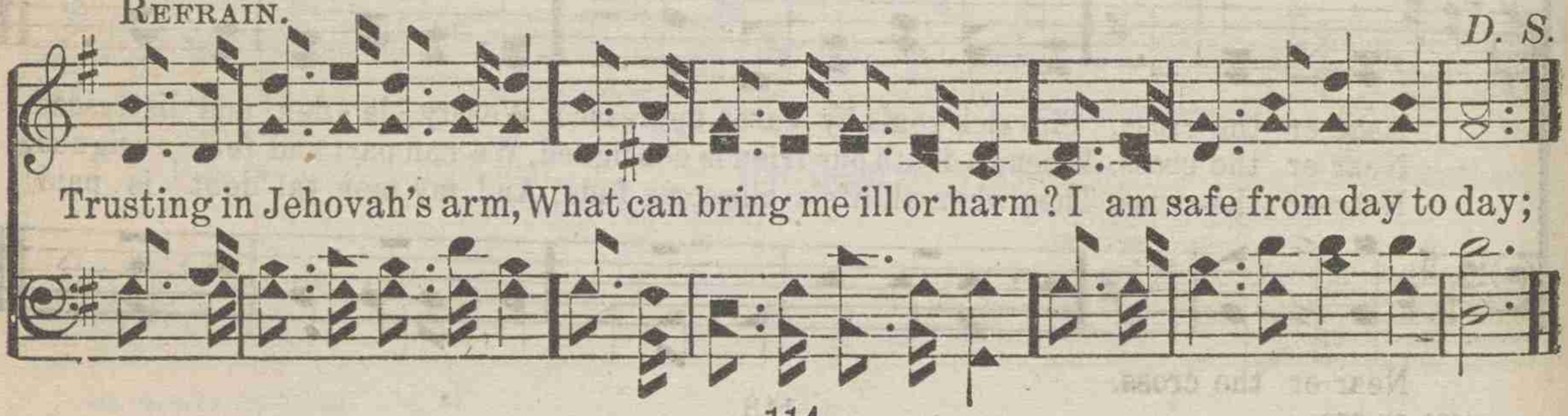
Fine.

To my hid - ing-place I flee, And the grace of God doth keep me safe al - way.
Shin-ing on me from a-bove, And to walk with Christ beside me ev -'ry day.
Till the race of life is run, Al-ways safe with-in the shel-ter of His arm.

God and all His grace is mine, I have vic - t'ry all a - long my pil-grim way.

Refrain.

D. S.



Trusting in Jehovah's arm, What can bring me ill or harm? I am safe from day to day;

No. 112. Showers of Blessing.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY. HAMP. ROBERTS.

1. They tell me that showers of bless-ing Are fall-ing from heaven to - day;
2. They say that the Lord of all glo - ry Has deigned to be gracious to men;
3. They tell me that God is my Fa - ther, That Je - sus my brother will be;

That ev - 'ry poor mortal may share them, If on - ly He'll get in the way.
That tho' they have mocked and despised Him, He'll give them His friendship a-gain.
That comfort will come thro' the Spir-it, And showers of blessing I'll see.

REFRAIN.

O let me come in, I cast out my sin, O is there a blessing for me?

My Saviour so meek, Thy pardon I seek; O shower Thy mer-cy on me.

No. 113. I'll Praise Thee, Lord.

ADALINE H. BEERY. HAMP. ROBERTS.

1. I'll praise Thee, Lord, for length of days To walk in all Thy bless-ed ways;
2. I'll praise Thee that Thy lov-ing voice Has made the way of life my choice;
3. I'll praise Thee for the wondrous gift That came my sin-ful soul to lift;

I'll praise Thee for a will-ing mind To keep Thy word so just and kind.
I'll praise Thee for Thy con-stant care That guards and keeps me ev-'ry-where.
For all the mer-cies Thou hast giv'n, I'll praise Thee both in earth and heav'n.

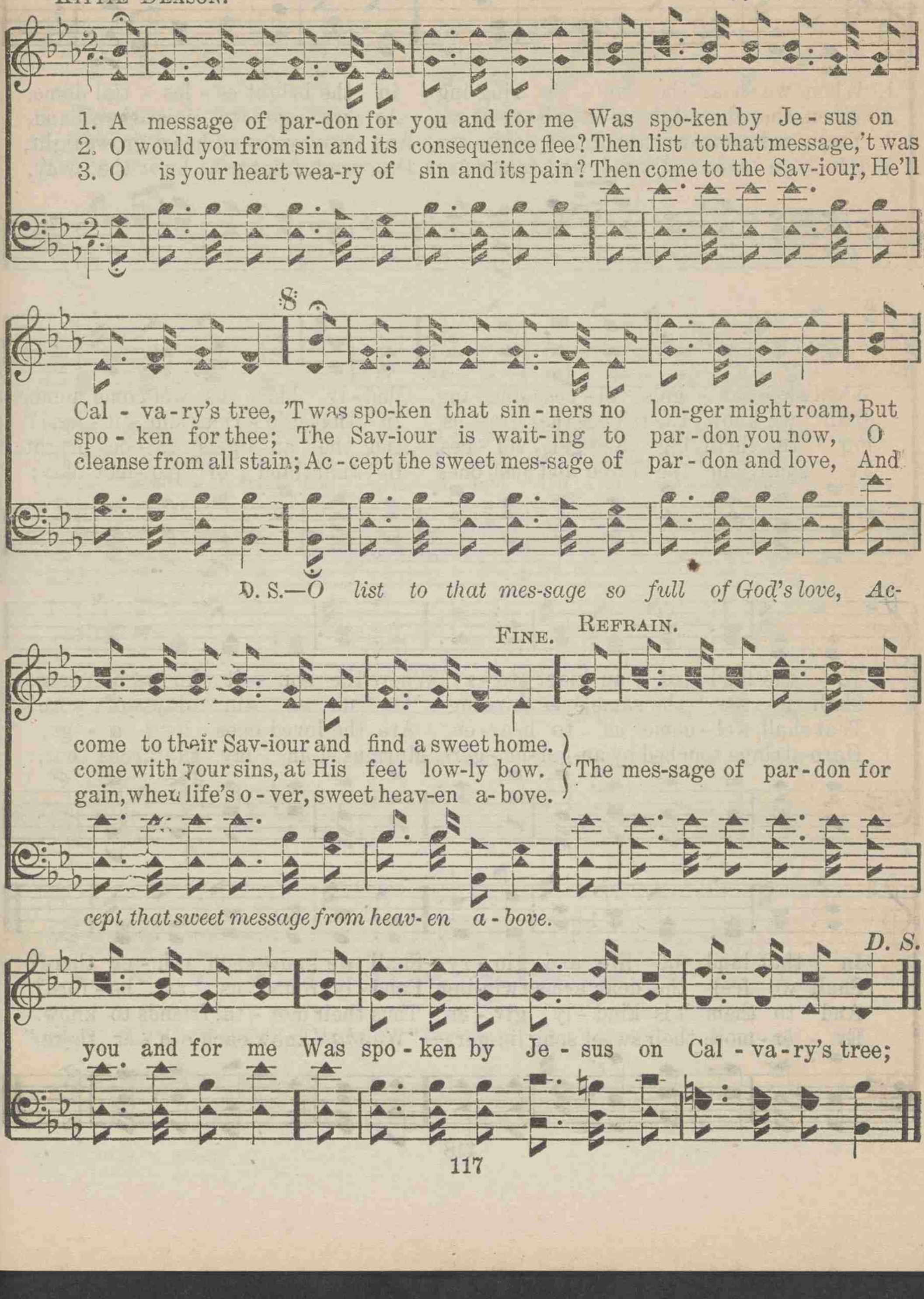
REFRAIN.

I'll praise Thee, my Mak-er, in glo-ry, For grace and redemption's sweet sto-ry!

What-ev-er the way, my song all the day Is praise to my King ev-er-last-ing.

No. 114. The Message of Pardon.

KITTIE DEASON. J. T. BYNUM.



No. 115. We Shall Know Each Other There.

Melody by S. M. TIDWELL. Harmonized by W. S. TIDWELL.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring-ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome,
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re - joi - ces, And my wea - ry heart grows light,
4. O ye wea - ry, sad and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not by the way,

When sweet an - gels' voi - ces, sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us wel-come home,
Shall we know the friends that greet us In that glo - rious spir - it - land?
For the thrill - ing an - gels' voi - ces, And the an - gels' fa - ces bright,
Ye shall join the loved and just ones In that land of per - fect day;

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,
Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing On us as in days of yore?
That shall wel - come us to heav - en, Are the loved ones long a - go,
Harp-strings, touched by an-gel - fin - gers, Murmured in my rapturous ear,

In that land of life and glo - ry—Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we feel the dear arms twin-ing Fond - ly round us as be - fore?
And to them 't is kind - ly giv - en Thus their mor - tal friends to know.
Ev - er - more their sweet song lin-gers—"We *shall* know each oth - er there."

No. 116. The Gate of Prayer Stands Open.

KITTIE DEASON. IRA DENHAM.

1. The gate of pray'r stands o - pen wide, Ne'er closed by day nor night;
2. The gate of pray'r stands o - pen wide For all who will come in;
3. The gate of pray'r stands o - pen wide, And thus 't will ev - er stand—

The way is thro' the Cru - ci - fied, Who gives both life and light.
'T was o - pened by the Cru - ci - fied, Who saves from ev - 'ry sin.
For those who trust the Cru - ci - fied, Un - til we reach heav'n's land.

REFRAIN.

O come, dear broth-er, come to - day, The gate stands o - pen wide;

The gate of pray'r, the on - ly way, Is thro' the Cru - ci - fied.

BY PER. OF H. F. MORRIS.

No. 117. There's Light On the Way.

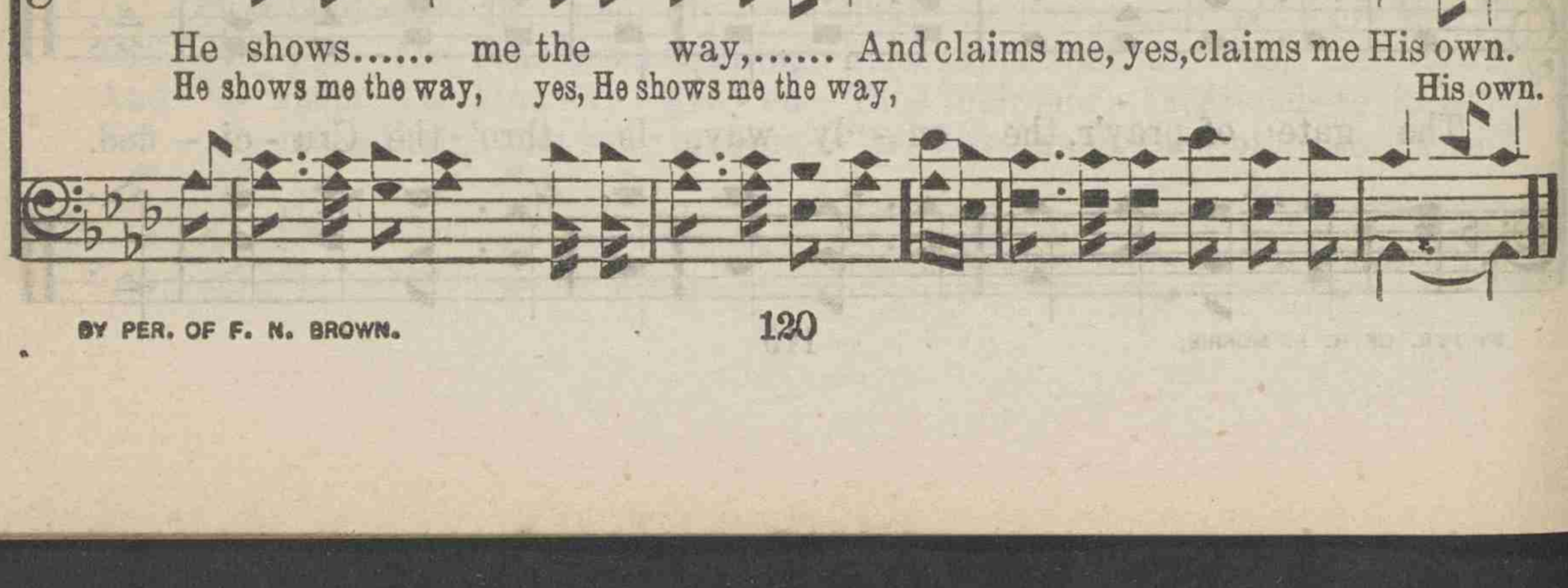
LAURA E. NEWELL. M. M. BLESSING.

1. There's light on the way that I jour - ney, The smile of my Lord lights the road;
2. Not al-ways the pathway before me Is smooth, but He trod it be - fore;
3. 'T is true that temptations as-sail me, And friends from my side fade from view,
4. Then on-ward and upward I'll jour-ney, Each day brings me nearer my home;

His children in safe-ty shall trav-el, Till called to His bliss-ful a - bode.
The marks of His footprints I fol - low, That lead to the beau-ti - ful shore.
But Je-sus clings clos-er and clos-er, His love is un-fail -ing and true.
With joy I shall greet the glad summons, When thither He bids me to come.

REFRAIN.

There's light..... on the way,..... And nev-er I journey a - lone;.....
There's light on the way, yes, there's light on the way, a-lone;



He shows..... me the way,..... And claims me, yes, claims me His own.
He shows me the way, yes, He shows me the way, His own.

No. 118. In a Little While.

H. F. M. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Struggle on in faith, tho' with heavy-laden heart,
2. All the stormy billows of life we'll know no more,
3. Just a few more days here to labor, watch and wait,
4. To the scenes of death we shall ev-er bid farewell,

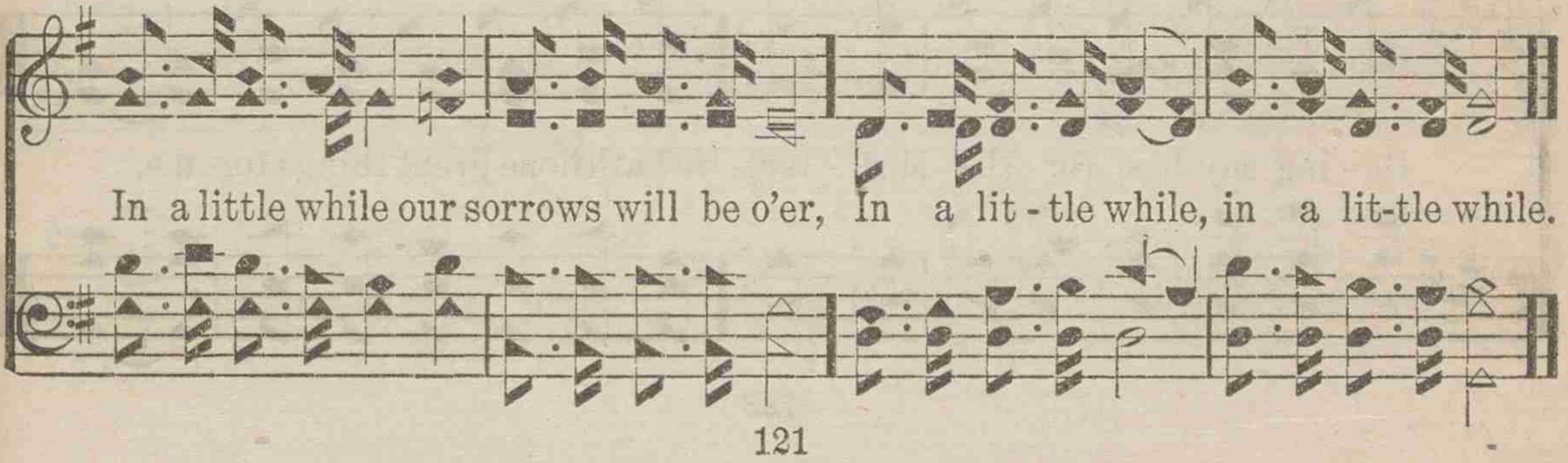
} In a little while, in a little while;

God will make you stronger, and brighter hope impart,
Tri - als and temptations that often press so sore,
We shall hear the summons to en-ter heav-en's gate,
And go home to Jesus where saints and angels dwell,

} In a little while, in a little while.

REFRAIN.

In a little while on Canaan's happy shore, In a little while we'll rest forevermore;



In a little while our sorrows will be o'er, In a lit - tle while, in a lit-tle while.

No. 119. Make Me a Worker For Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

No. 120. God Calleth Thee.

KITTIE DEASON. J. T. BYNUM.

Allegretto.

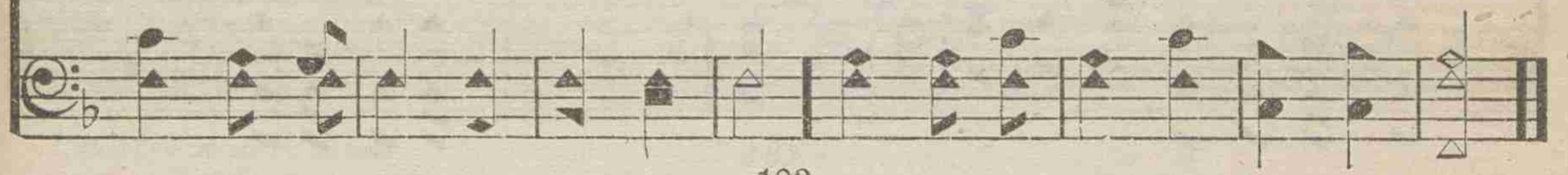
1. God call-eth thee, O hear Him now, He call-eth thee from sin's dark way;
2. God call-eth thee, the Spir - it woos Thee to a life of joy and peace;
3. God call-eth thee, His bless - ed word Oft speaks to thee, wilt thou not hear?
4. God call-eth thee, the Sav - iour died From sin and death to save your soul;

God call-eth thee, dear sin - ner, come, O why wilt thou in dark-ness stray?
O sin-ner, hear, His voice o - bey, And all thy wea - ry wand'rings cease.
His peo-ple oft the mes-sage bring, And speak to thee with smile or tear.
Come to Him now, He'll give you peace And joy while end-less a - ges roll.

REFRAIN.

God call-eth thee in tones of love, He call-eth thee, why wilt thou roam?

God call-eth thee from heav'n a - bove, He calleth thee, come home, come home.



No. 121. Heaven Holds the Dear Ones of my Heart.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. Freeman Thompson.

1. Heaven holds the dear ones of my heart, But their mem'ry sweet is with me still,
2. Heaven holds the dear ones of my heart, Hap-py are they all be-fore God's throne,
3. Heaven holds the dear ones of my heart, Beau-ti-ful and fair their forms must be;

And I hope to meet them all a-gain, For I know it is the Lord's good will.
And I look for a re-un-ion there, And a-gain to see my loved my own.
God will give them back to me some day, And their fa-ces I a-gain shall see.

Refrain.

God grant that all..... his own may find..... Their long-ings
God grant that all his own may find

re-al-ized in yon-der home a-bove, And meet a-gain..... their absent
And meet again

Heaven Holds the Dear Ones of My Heart.

friends,..... And share with them the blessed fel - low-ship of love.
their ab - sent friends,

No. 122. Jesus Is Waiting.

H. C. L. H. C. LACKEY.

1. O if we knew just when Jesus would call, We would be ready to answer His voice,
2. The Saviour is calling, calling each day, Why not repent then, and turn from your way?
3. O sinner, re-pent before 't is too late, Would you not en-ter the beau-ti-ful gate?

FINE.

But He's going to call us, and we know not when, Then strive to be ready to en - ter in.
O believe Him and trust Him, He will hear your plea, Release all your burdens and set you free.
Then be watching and ready when shall come the day, That Jesus shall call you from earth away.

D. S.—*Then strive to be ready in that great day, When you shall be called from the earth away.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Je - sus is wait-ing for you, Wait-ing for you, He's waiting for you;
Je - sus is wait-ing, is wait - ing for you,

No. 123. Jesus Saves.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. Freeman Thompson.

1. Je-sus saves, O He saves me from sin, And my heart thrills with rapture divine;
2. What delight His sweet presence to feel, And to share the com-mun-ion of love
3. In His love and His grace I am blest, For they bring perfect peace unto me;

Thro' the blood I am washed and made clean, And I know that this Sav-iour is mine.
When He comes to my soul to re - veal All the treasures of blessing a-bove.
I am hap- py in Christ, and at rest, And no mor-tal more bless-ed could be.

Refrain.

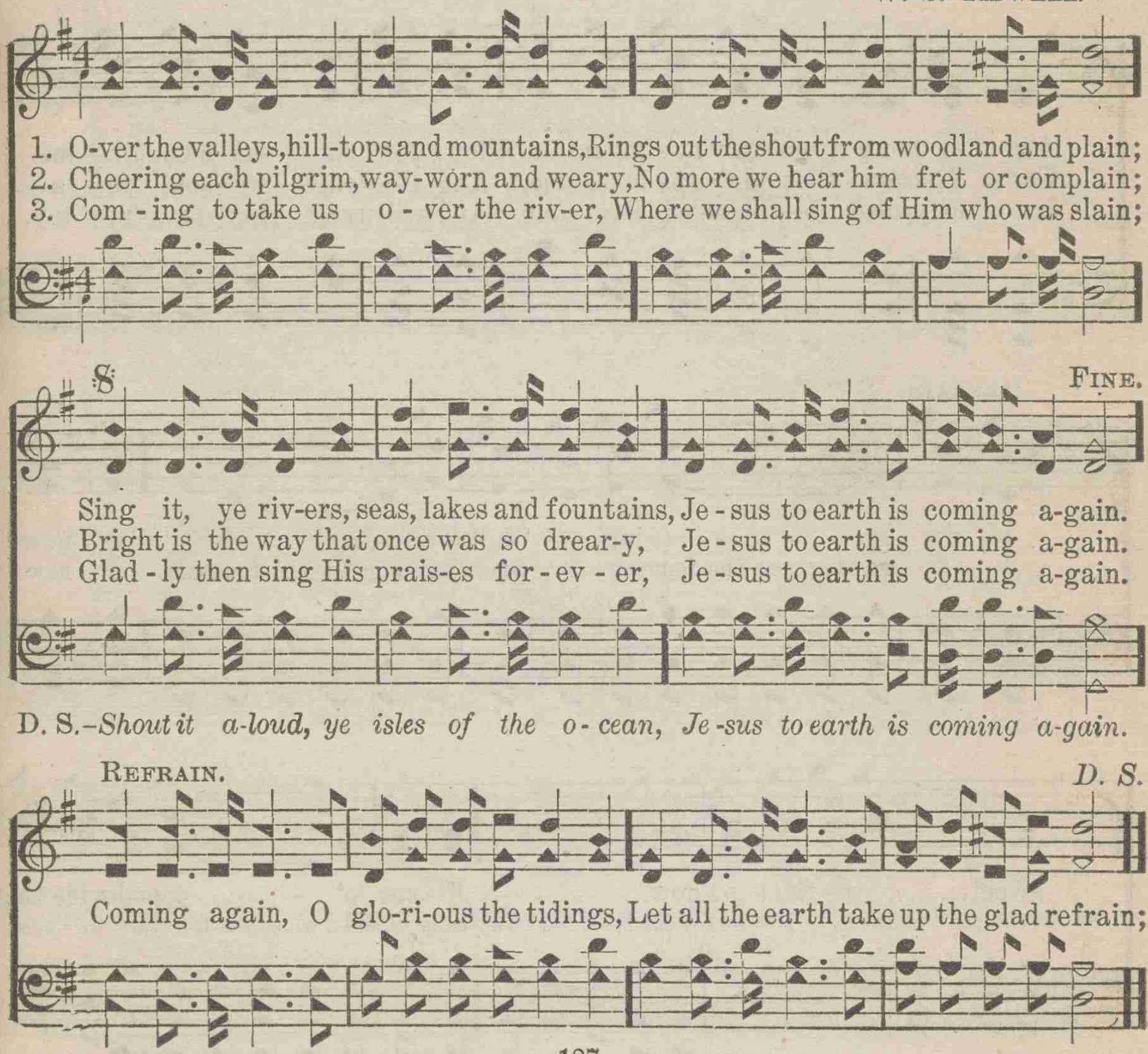
O I know..... that He is mine, (yes, mine,) And by grace, (di - vine,)
O I know that He is mine, full well I know that He is mine, And by wondrous grace divine,

by grace di - vine,..... He saves from sin..... and makes me
yes, by His love and grace di-vine He saves from sin and makes me clean, He saves from

Jesus Saves.

No. 124. Jesus Is Coming Again.

W. S. TIDWELL.



No. 125. I Am Going to the Fountain.

B. F. S. B. F. Sims.

1. I am go - ing to the fountain That is flow - ing full and free;
2. I am go - ing to the fountain, There to plunge be-neath its wave,
3. Those who en - ter that pure fountain, And there wash their sins a - way,

And it flows from Calv'ry's mountain, Flows for sin - ful men like me.
For I know that Je - sus loves me, And He longs my soul to save.
Ev - er praise the bless-ed Sav - iour, And will trust Him ev - 'ry day.

REFRAIN.

I am go - - - ing to the foun-tain,..... O how
I am go-ing to the fountain, I am go-ing to the fountain, O how

sweet..... the tho't to know, Je - sus o - - - pened wide this
sweet the tho't to know, O how sweet the tho't to know, Jesus opened wide this fountain, Je - sus

I Am Going to the Fountain.

foun-tain,..... And it wash - es white as snow.
opened wide this fountain, And it wash-es white as snow, yes, it wash-es white as snow.

No. 126. Deeper Yet.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been washed from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour, Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing Him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

REFRAIN.

free from dross, Still I would en - ter in.
of His pow'r Ev - er my pray'r shall be.
He will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with - in.

Deep-er yet, deep - er yet,

In - to the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

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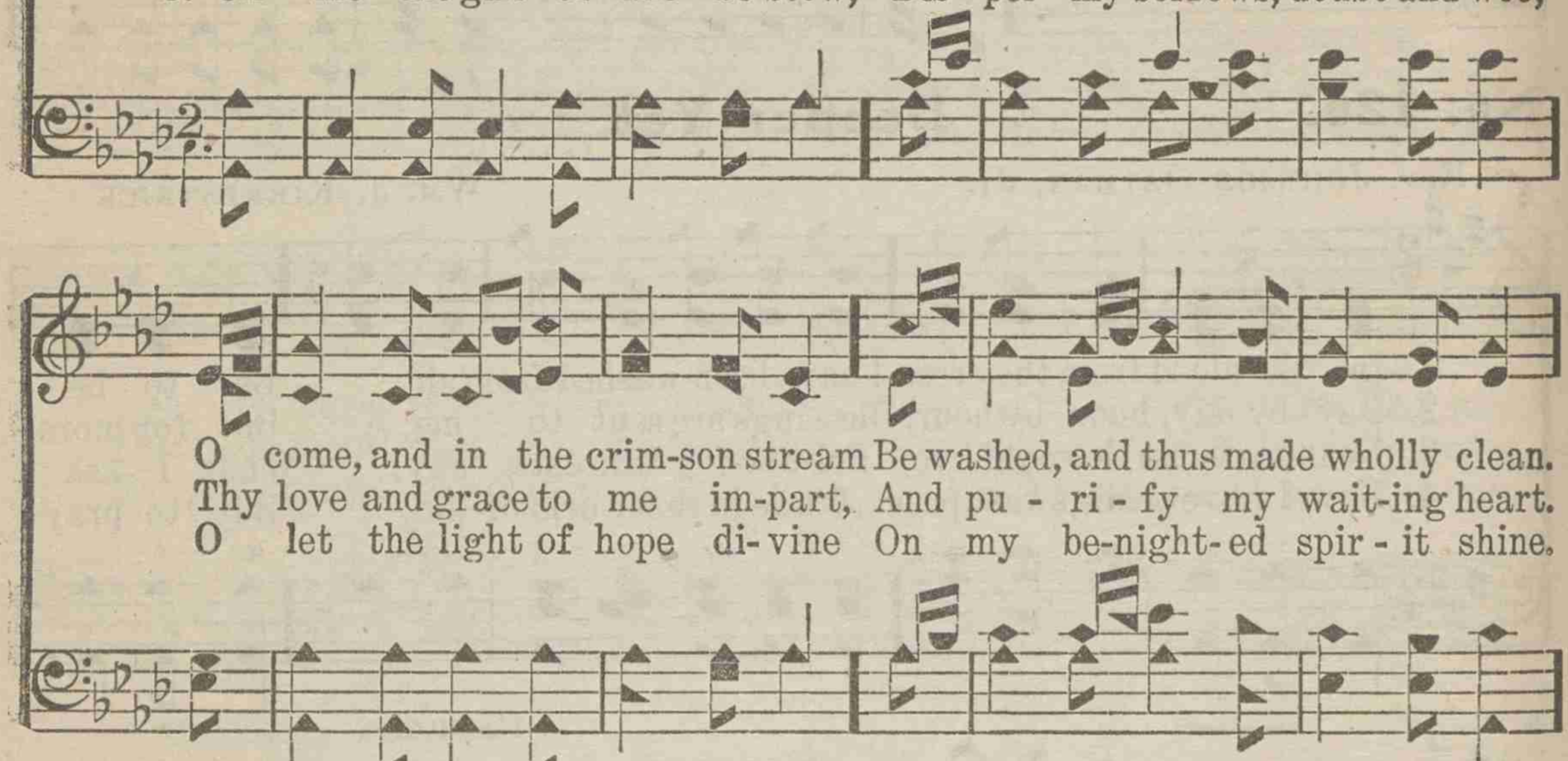
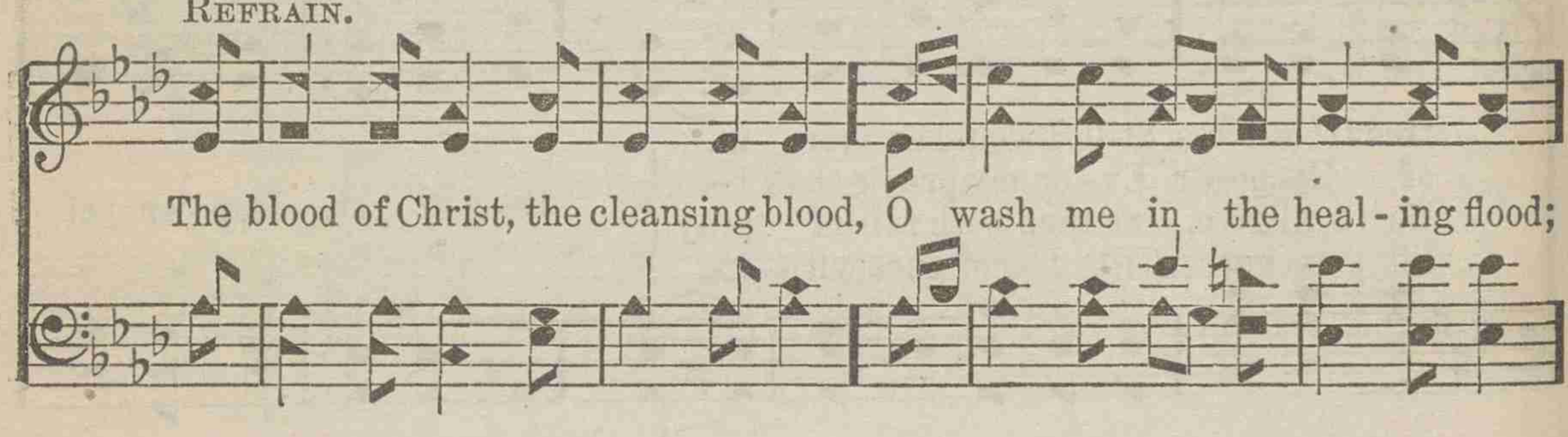
No. 127. The Blood of Christ.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. M. J. TIDWELL.

1. The blood of Christ is flow-ing free, Sin-ner, it flows for you and me;
2. O Lord, the pow'r is whol-ly Thine To cleanse this sin-ful heart of mine;
3. On me the gift of life be-stow, Dis-pel my sorrows, doubt and woe;



O come, and in the crim-son stream Be washed, and thus made wholly clean.
Thy love and grace to me im-part, And pu-ri-fy my wait-ing heart.
O let the light of hope di-vine On my be-night-ed spir-it shine.



REFRAIN.

The blood of Christ, the cleansing blood, O wash me in the heal-ing flood;

The stain of sin O take a-way, And keep me to the per-fect day.

No. 128. Our Heavenly Home.

ALDINE. S. KIEFFER. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. How fair must be the heav'nly home, Far, far be-yond the sky,
2. Bright is that heav'nly home on high, Where peace and love a - bound,
3. Sweet is that ho - ly home on high, Where saints and an - gels reign,
4. O glo-rious home! O joy - ful state! Thy rest I long to share;

From which blest spir - its nev - er roam, But dwell in bliss on high!
Where joys ce - les - tial nev - er die, And per - fect bliss is found.
With Christ, my King;—why should I sigh, Or with my lot com - plain?
To join in songs, with bliss e - late, And dwell for - ev - er there.

REFRAIN.

Cres.

O bliss-ful home! O land of love! Where pleasures nev - er die;

Dim.

O heav'n of heav'ns! Sweet home a-bove! For thee I long and sigh.

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No. 129. Marching Heavenward.

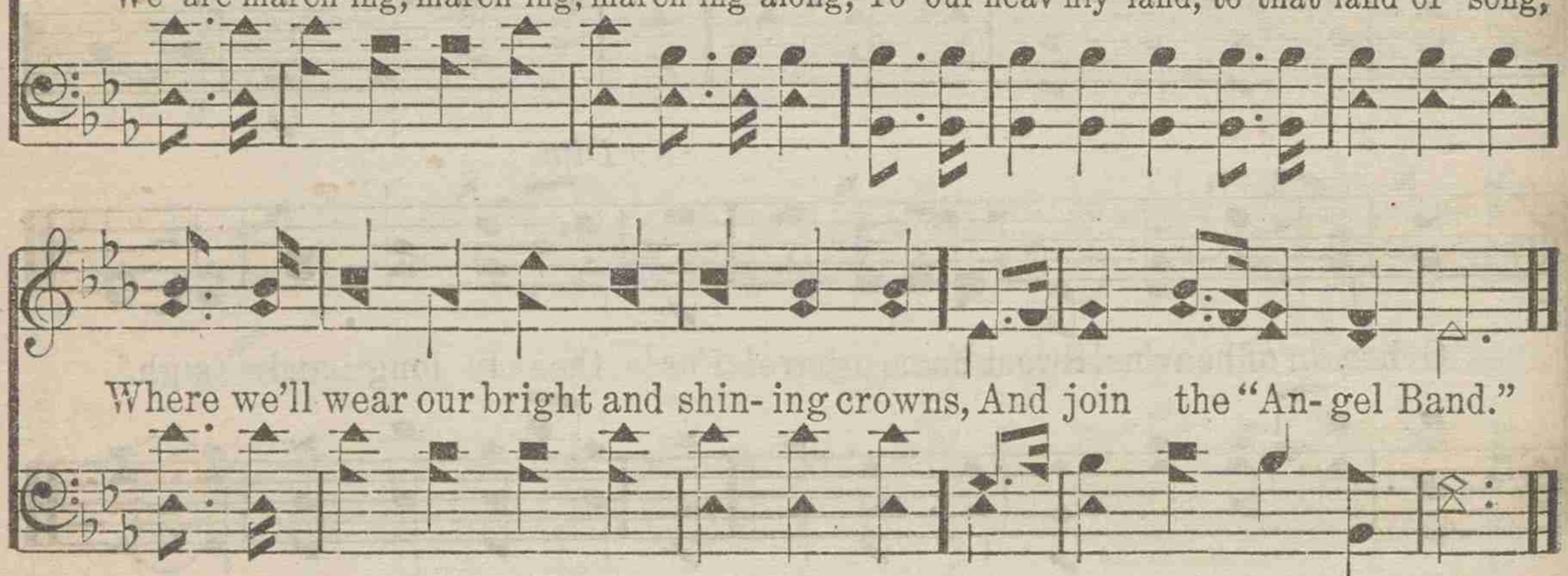
Rev. J. B. STOVALL. Miss EVA OVERTON.

1. We are a hap - py lit - tle band, Marching a - long the way;
2. We are now on the "King's Highway," Learn-ing the Bi - ble true;
3. We're working for the shin- ing crown, Each day and eve - ning hour;
4. We love our par - ents and our home, And all our teach - ers dear;
5. We like to sing sweet songs of love, That an - i - mate the soul;

We love our Sav-iour and our God, From Him we'll nev - er stray.
We love to go to Sun - day-school, And learn God's will to do.
We will be faith - ful to the end, Look - ing to God for pow'r.
We love our Church and Sunday-school, And bring to all good cheer.
We like to sing of heav'n a - bove, And press to - ward the goal.

REFRAIN.

We are marching, marching, marching, To our heav'n - ly land,
We are march-ing, march-ing, march-ing along, To our heav'nly land, to that land of song,

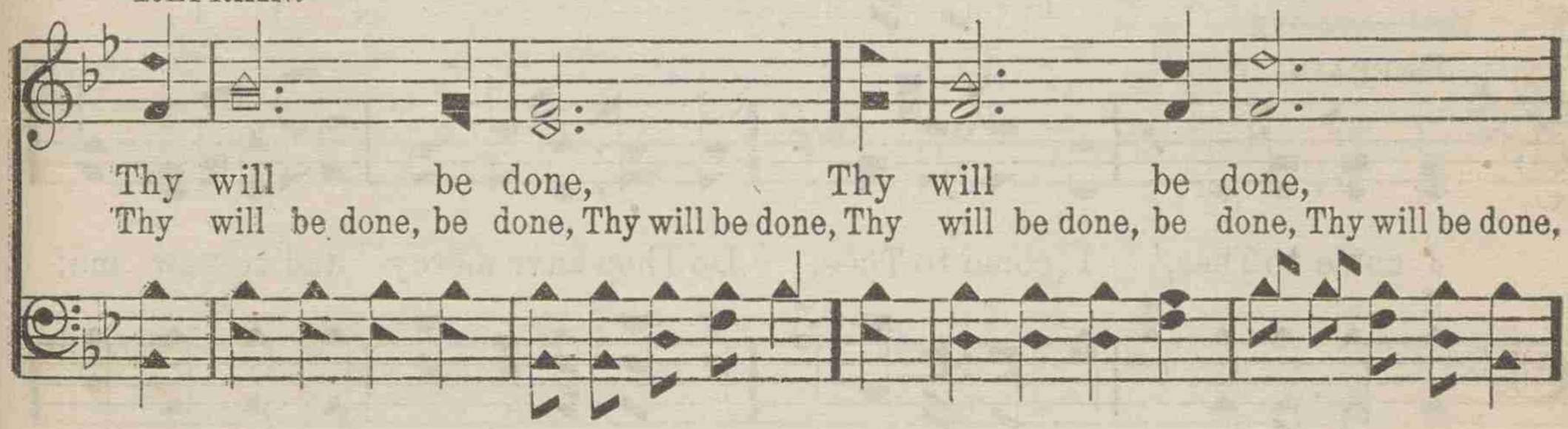


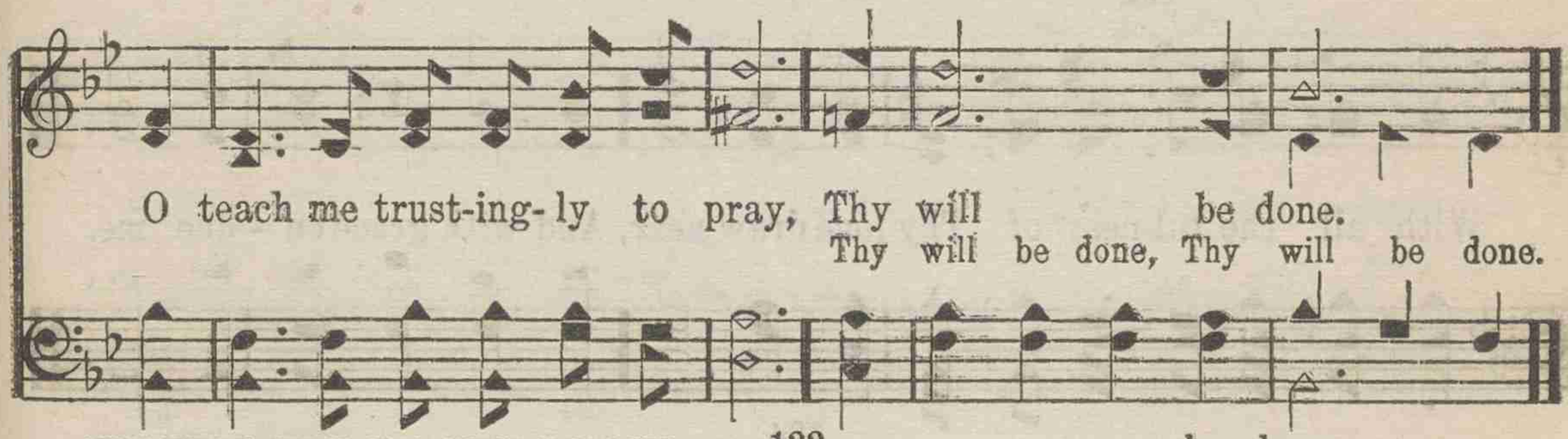
Where we'll wear our bright and shin- ing crowns, And join the "An- gel Band."

No. 130. Thy Will Be Done.

E. N. GUNNISON. Miss ALICE S. RICHER.

REFRAIN.



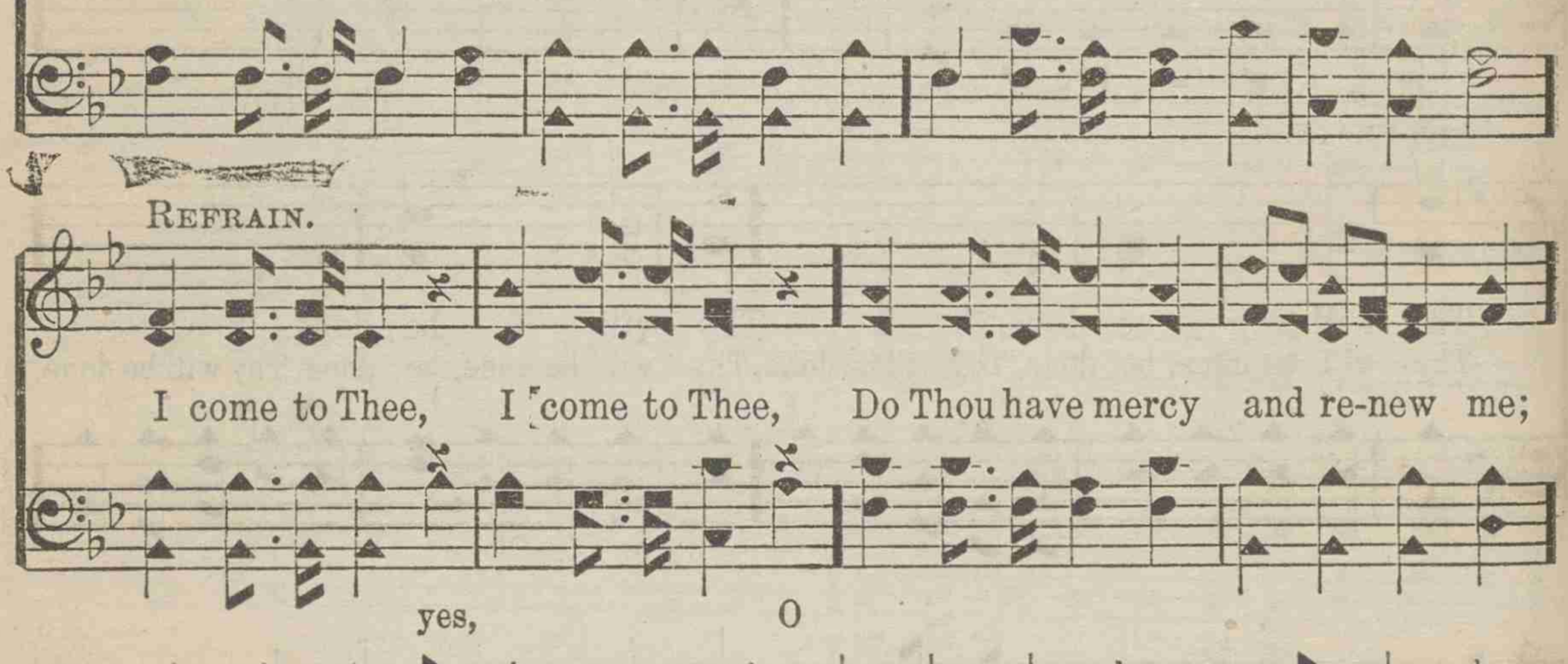


No. 131. I Come to Thee.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. Freeman Thompson.

1. Lord, I am un-der con-dem-na-tion, I have no peace nor rest with-in;
2. Far from Thy love I have been wand'ring, Far from Thy presence I have gone;
3. Thine is the wondrous pow'r to save me, Thine is the grace to make me whole;
4. Come in a stream of life and cleansing, Wash from my heart its guilt and sin;

I long to have Thee bless and re-new me, And take a-way my guilt and sin.
Lord, as to Thee my heart is re-turn-ing, Let now Thy will in me be done.
Come un-to me, O Sav-iour of sin-ners, And sat-is-fy my long-ing soul.
Cleanse Thou the temple, Lord, make it ho-ly, And ev-er-more a-bide there-in.



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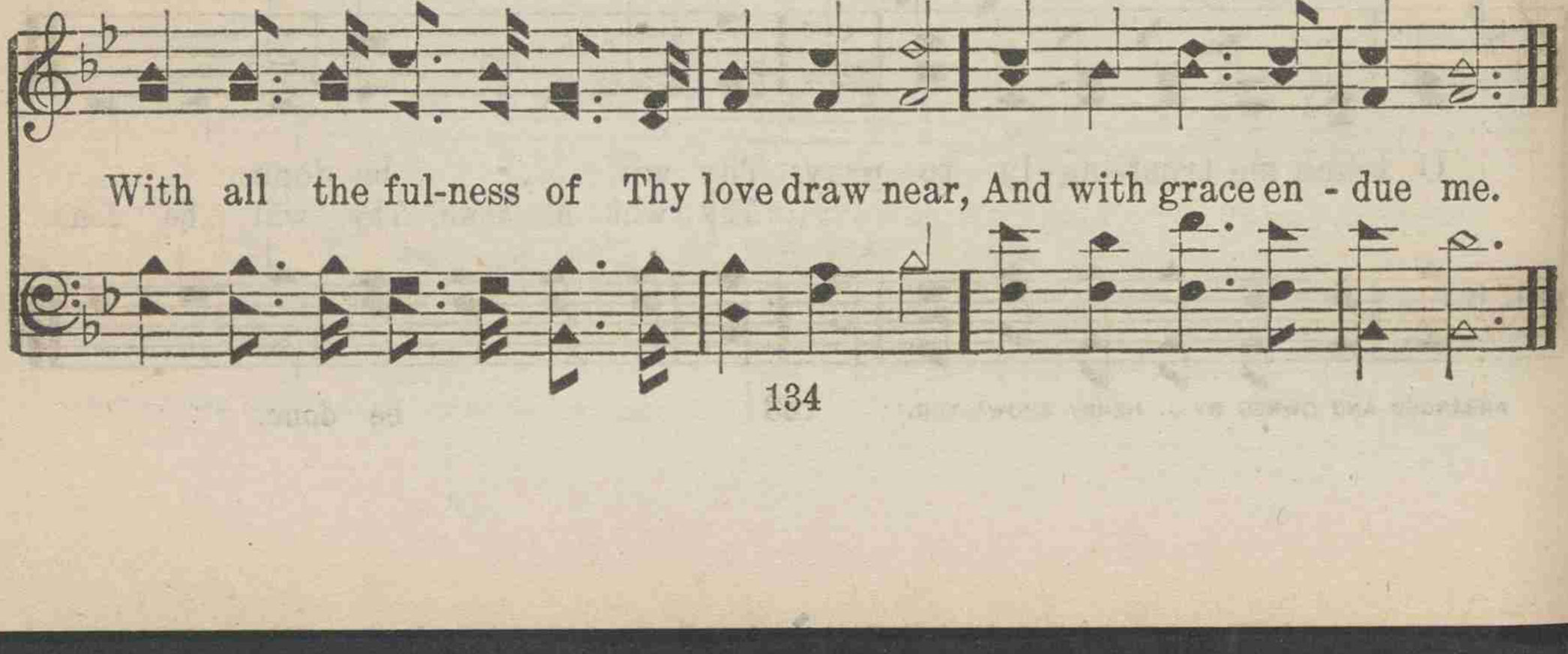

I come to Thee, I come to Thee, Do Thou have mercy and re-new me;
yes, O
With all the ful-ness of Thy love draw near, And with grace en-due me.

No. 132. I Will Arise.

Rev. John Wesley Wayland. Prof. John Henry Showalter.

1. I will a - rise and go to my Fa-ther, I will no lon - ger roam;
2. I will a - rise and go to my Fa-ther, Un - wor-thy tho' I be;
3. I will a - rise and go to my Fa-ther, With Him I shall be bless

Pray- ing His bless-ing, my sin con-fess- ing, I'll seek His love and home.
Starv-ing and dy - ing, my heart is cry- ing, O Fa- ther, un - to Thee.
By life's fair riv - er, at home for - ev - er, My wea - ry soul shall rest.

Refrain.

I am com - ing, Fa - ther, com - ing, I will no lon - ger roam;

Seek-ing Thy blessing, my sin con - fess-ing, Fa-ther, I'm com - ing home.

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No. 133. Take the Saviour With You.

Dedicated to my brother, Wm. H. Holsinger, Shellytown, Pa

A. VANEMA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Take the Sav- iour with you when you leave your home, His com-pan- ion-ship is sweet wher-
2. Far a - way from friends and loved ones, all a-lone, Mus- ing on life's joys, re- call- ing
3. Bent on rec - re - a - tion, or in quest of health, Mingling with the surg-ing throng in-
4. Tho' the world be wide, the Lord is ev - 'ry-where, Round the circling globe you'll find His

e'er you roam, In the mountains wide or on the roll - ing sea, An - y-where with
pleasures flown, Like the skies His love o'er-reaches all your way, An - y-where with
tent on wealth, Seek the Lord's ap-prov-al keep your conscience true, An - y- thing for
shelt'ring care, Ev - 'ry sky re-flects His beauteous prom-ise bow, An - y-where with

REFRAIN.

Je - sus it is safe to be.
Je - sus it is safe to stay.
Je - sus it is safe to do.
Je - sus it is safe to go.

An - y- where, Ev -'ry-where,
An - y-where, Ev - 'ry-where,

Take the Sav-iour with you ev- 'rywhere you go,
ev-'ry-where, yes, ev'ry-where you go,
Take Him with you thro life's

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Take the Saviour With You.

No. 134. Saviour, Listen While We Sing.

GODFREY THRING. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

No. 135. Step Out On the Promise.

H. F. M. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. If o'erwhelmed by sin and woe, There's a promise you should know,
2. Christ for your redemption died, On the cross was cru - ci - fied,
3. Cease your doubting, cease your fear, Call up - on Him, He will hear,
4. Why, still doubting, will you wait, Soon, O soon 'twill be too late,

On - ly

step out on the promise and be saved; If you're longing to be free, To be
All who trust Him and believe, Full sal-
He has promised He would save, Why to
O- pen wide now stands the door, Ere 'tis

saved e - ter - nal - ly,
va - tion shall re-ceive,
sin then be a slave?
closed for- ev - er - more,

On - ly step out on the prom-ise and be saved.

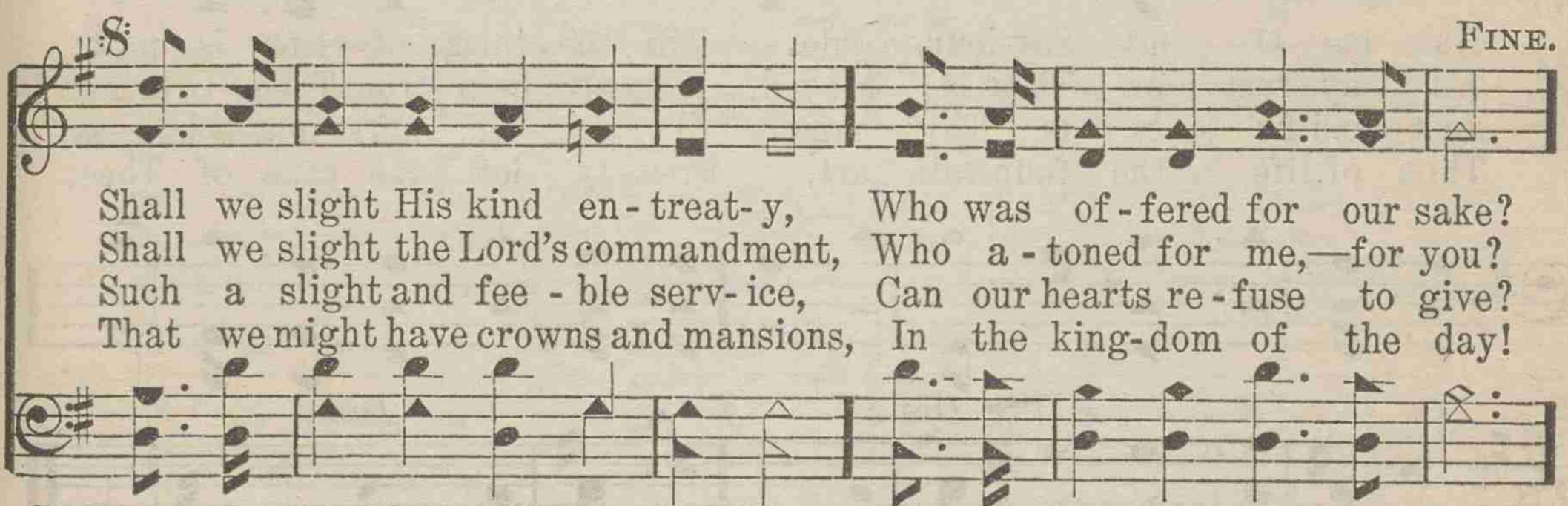
REFRAIN.

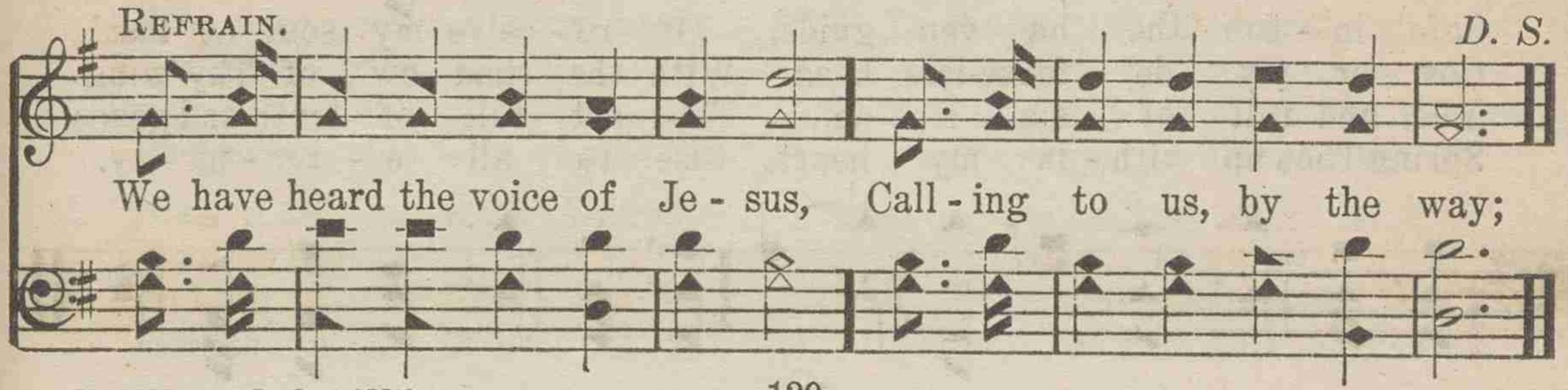
O be saved to-day, O be saved to-day, On - ly
Step out on the prom-ise, step out on the prom-ise,

Step Out On the Promise.

No. 136. The Call of Jesus.

E. R. Latta. A. O. Millwood.
Arr. by R. R. M.





No. 137. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOS. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found— Grace to cov - er all my sin:

While the near - er wa- ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup- port and comfort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure within.

f *Dim.* *f* *Dim.*

Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the foun-tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

f *Dim.* *f* *Dim.*

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 138. Rock of Ages.

J. P. Holbrook.

No. 139. Coronation.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
‖: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
‖: Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
‖: Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

4. Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
‖: To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. :‖

No. 140. The Golden Rule.

H. F. M. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. In our deal- ings with each oth - er, as we jour - ney on life's way,
2. We should ev - er heed the teach-ing of this bless - ed gold - en rule,
3. Would we on - ly heed this rule when deal - ing with our fel - low-man,
4. Would we ban - ish self - ish ha - tred, live as for e - ter - ni - ty,

Un - to us a rule is giv - en, and it tells us what to do;
And not on - ly should we heed, but put it in - to prac- tice too,
O the bur- dens it would lighten, all life's wea - ry jour - ney thro';
Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus, bid-ding sin - ful ways a - dieu,

We should take it for our guide in ev - 'ry-thing we do or say:—
For 'twas giv - en by the Teach-er of the wondrous heav'nly school:—
Let us all then for our mot - to take the bless - ed gold - en rule:—
O the sad hearts it would cher-ish, O how bright this world would be:—

FINE. REFRAIN.

"Do un - to oth-ers as you'd have them do un-to you." O the bless-ed gold-en rule,

The Golden Rule.

No. 141. Depth of Mercy!

CHAS. WESLEY. (Seymour.) C. M. VON WEBER.

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