Sparkling Jewels

(IN SONG)

No. 2.

BY

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY
JAMES H. RUEBUSH
WILL H. RUEBUSH

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Sparkling Jewels, No. 2.

No. 1. He Set the Task for Me.

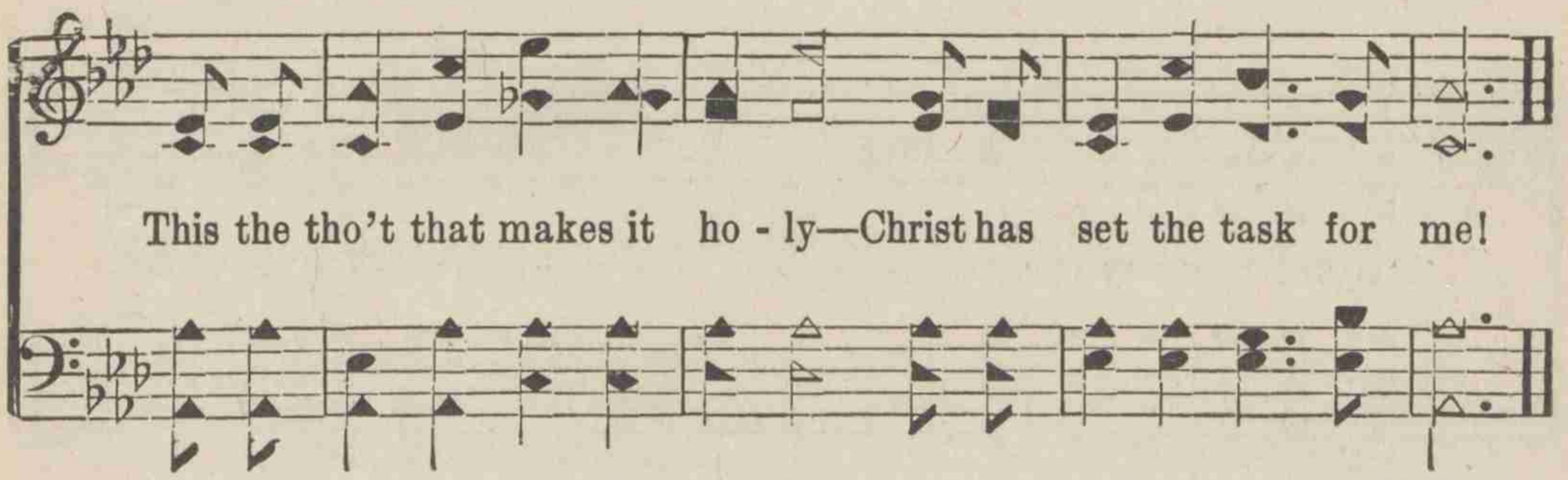
Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1915 BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **James H. Ruebush.**

1. Tho' the work of life be low - ly, Let me true and faith-ful be;
2. Hush, O heart, thy wild am - bi - tion! Toil, O hands, in serv - ice free!
3. Christ, I know, will not for - get me When at length the eve-ning falls;

This the tho't that makes it ho - ly—Christ has set the task for me.
Blest in-deed is my con - di-tion—Christ has set the task for me.
From the place where He has set me I will an-swer when He calls.

CHORUS.

He has set the task for me! He has set the task for me!
He has set the task for me! He has set the task for me!



This the tho't that makes it ho - ly—Christ has set the task for me!

27
B586.8
Hymn
1915
Spar

No. 2 Helping Others.

Rev. C. R. Piety.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Man - y a - bout you are suf - fer - ing need, Go and help
2. Man - y are lone - ly and wear - y and sad, Go and help
3. Man - y are tempt-ed to turn from the right, Go and help
4. Man - y know not the sal - va - tion of God, Go and help

oth - ers to - day; Be like the Sav - ior, a true friend in - deed,
oth - ers to - day; Com-fort and cheer them and make their hearts glad,
oth - ers to - day; Teach them to lean on the Lord's arm of might,
oth - ers to - day; Show them the path-way Mes - si - ah once trod,

CHORUS.

Go and help oth - ers to - day. Oth - ers, yes,
Go and help oth - ers, yes,

oth - ers, Go and help oth - ers to - day, to - day,
go and help oth - ers,

'T is the true way to serve Je - sus, Go and help oth-ers to - day.

No. 3. Since God Took Control.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILL H. RUEBUSH. Will H. Ruebush.

1. My soul has a peace, deep, un - end - ing, 'T was found at the
2. Since Je - sus with - in is a - bid - ing, My heart is a
3. No more shall a shad - ow of sor - row, To me bring a

foot of the cross; When fire from God's al - tar de - scend-ing, Con-
gar - den of love, Where flow-ers are cling - ing and hid - ing, To
pang or a pain; For on, till shall end life's to - mor - row, God's

CHORUS.

sumed from my life all the dross.
waft a sweet fra-grance a - bove. Now won-der-ful peace floods my
peace in my heart shall re - main.

soul,..... Tho' round me life's bil - lows may roll;..... My
floods my soul, life's bil-lows may roll;

heart has a song, it sings the day long, Since God thro' His grace took control...
took con-trol.

No. 4 Praise the Lord.

Alvis L. Harris. JOHN R. HARRIS, OWNER. **W. T. Harris.**

1. We are trav'ling to the Cit - y of our King, (our King,) Where the angels and re-
2. I am glad that I have lost my guilt within, (with - in,) As the dy-ing thief re-
3. I am read - y, I am waiting for His call, (His call,) When the Saviour shall ap-

deemed His praises sing; (praises sing;) We would sing of heav'nly fame—thro' the blood in
joiced when freed from sin; (freed from sin;) In His grace I am se-cure, Worldly pleasures
pear to gath-er all (gath-er all) To the mansions in the sky, where redeemed ones

FINE.

Je - sus' name We may reach that golden plane, praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!)
ne'er al - lure, By the blood of Christ made pure, glad and free. (glad and free.)
nev - er die, But for - ev - er dwell on high, praise His name! (praise His name!)

D. S.—*To a land of per - fect day, praise the Lord!* (*praise the Lord!*)

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, for He is true, Praise the Lord! And He loves, And He loves the

Praise the Lord . . for He is true, . . And He loves . . the

D. S.

sinner too; (sinner too;) I am glad to say, (to say,) I am on my way, (my way,)

No. 5 Go By the Way of the Cross.

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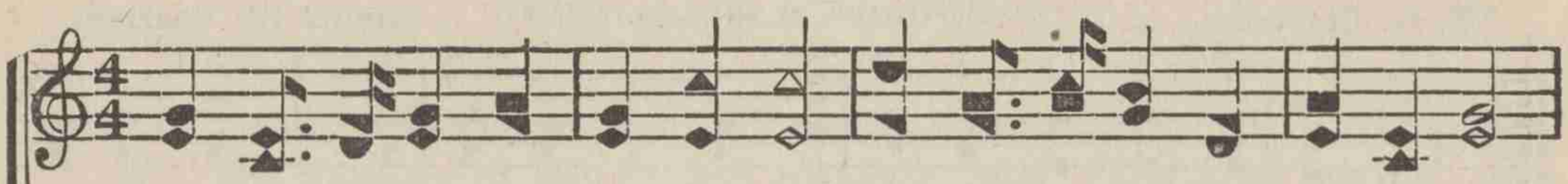
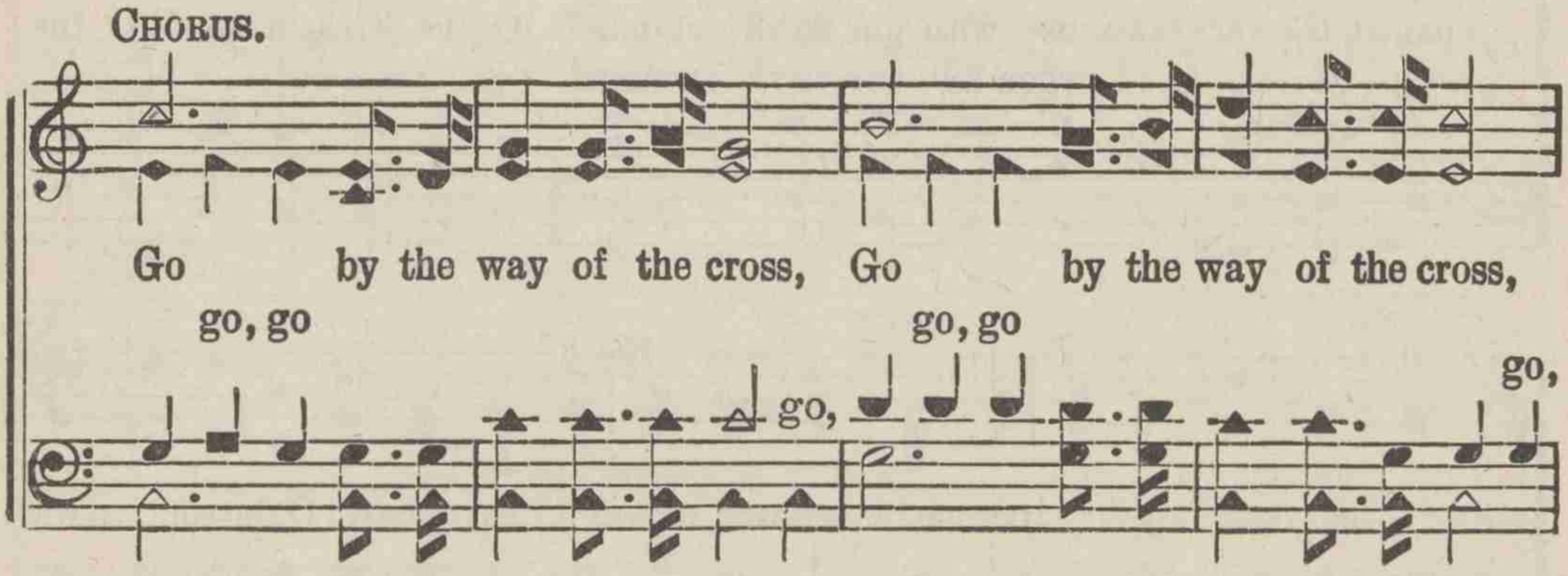
James Rowe. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

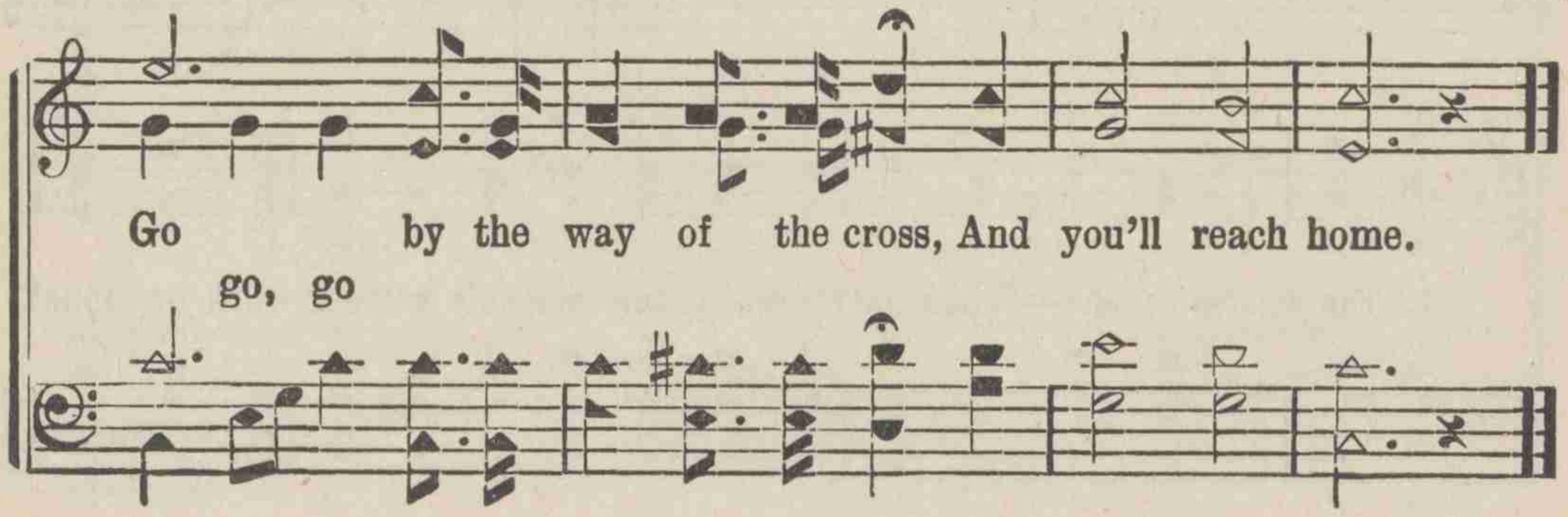


1. If you would find the bet - ter land, If you would reach the gold-en strand,
2. If you would reach the cit - y gate, Where man-y dear ones watch and wait,
3. If you would live in that glad place, Where shall be crowned the saved by grace,

There to a - bide with heaven's throng, Sing-ing the ev - er - last-ing song,—
Look - ing for you, with eyes of love, Wait-ing to hear from you a-bove,—
If you would rest for - ev - er there, Al - ways so hap - py and so fair,—

CHORUS.





No. 6 Will Our Work Be Done?

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day."
'I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."—JESUS.

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

1. When the last hour comes, in our life's brief day, When we hear a Voice call our souls a - way, Will the Mas - ter find That the tasks as - signed To us
2. There's a work for me, there's a work for you, 'Tis a work that none but our-selves can do; Let us work with might, Lest the com - ing night Should, per-
3. What a bright re-ward will be ours at last, When, the earth-life end - ed and la - bor past, With the mil - lions blest We shall en - ter rest, And the

CHORUS.

each have been fin-ished—will our work be done?
chance, o - ver-take us with our work not done! O the lives in need! O the
joy of the Lord, when all our work is done!

hearts that bear Loads that crush them down, meant for us to share! O the souls to win,

In the wastes of sin!—When the reap-ers come sing-ing will our work be done?

No. 7

Love.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. James H. Ruebush.

1. Love, love, love ev - er - last-ing and pure and sweet! Love, love, this is the
2. Love, love, keep-ing us hap-py and pure and free; Love, love, this is our
3. Love, love, this is the plea of the world to - day, Love, love, this is the

song that our souls re - peat! Noth - ing else up - on earth or in
theme for e - ter - ni - ty, And the theme of the an - gels of
cry all a - long life's way! Hear and heed it to - day, O thou

FINE.

worlds a - bove Ev - er as pre-cious can be as re-deem-ing love.
light a - bove Will be for - ev - er our might-y Re-deem-er's love.
Ho - ly Dove, Fill all the hearts of the race with Thy precious love.

D. S.—*Noth - ing as pre-cious can be as re - deem-ing love.*

CHORUS.

Love, love, love, this is our sweet-est song; Love, love, love, sing-ing the
sweet-est song; Ring-ing with-

D. S.

whole day long! It is the world's deep plea, winging to God a - bove!
in the whole day long! in worlds of light above!

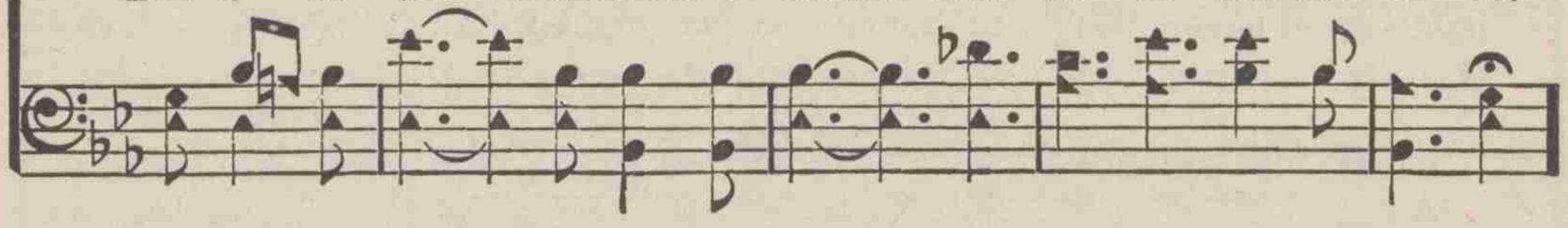
No. 8 Forever and Forever.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

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

1. My sins which Christ on Cal-v'ry bore Were like the sands up - on the shore,
2. Not mine to gath - er gems or gold, In Je - sus I have wealth un-told,
3. Earth's sweetest songs in sad-ness die, Earth's pleasures can-not sat - is - fy,
4. Henceforth I shall not walk a - lone, What lies a - head is all un - known,
5. I know not when my Lord will come, In morn-ing-hush or twi-light gloam,

But He'll re - mem - ber them no more, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
A treas-ure that will not grow old, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
I drink from streams that ne'er run dry, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
But Christ will not for - sake His own, And I am safe for - ev - er.
But O to be with Christ at home! For - ev - er and for - ev - er.



CHORUS.

Nor height nor depth, nor life nor death, My soul from Him can sev - er,

For He is mine and I am His, For - ev - er and for - ev - er!

No. 9 Sometime, Somehow, Somewhere.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Love di-vine a-maz-es More and more each day, Draw-ing out my prais-es
2. Mor-tal mind can nev-er Solve the mys-ter-y; Vain must each en-deav-or
3. I can on-ly love Him, Trusting His con-trol, Hold-ing none a-bove Him

All a-long the way; But, some hap-py morn-ing, Out of reach of pain,
To un-fold it be; But, be-yond the shad-ows, Where His glo-ries fall
In my heart and soul, Till the land su-per-nal By His grace I gain,

CHORUS.

An-ger, sin, and scorning, He will make it plain.
On the plain and meadows, He will tell me all. Sometime, somehow, somewhere,
When my Friend e-ter-nal Will His love ex-plain.

I shall surely know Why the precious Jesus Loves the sinner so; Why for me He

molto rit.

meekly Bore disgrace and pain: Sometime, somehow, somewhere, He will make it plain.

No. 10 "Ye Would Not."

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T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. All day long hath God in - vit - ed, But ye would not, ye would not;
2. Spite of all His lov-ing-kind-ness, Still ye would not, ye would not;
3. Oth-ers came and were for - giv - en, Yet ye would not, ye would not;
4. God His Well-be-lov-ed gave you, But ye would not, ye would not;
5. You have spurned Love's best endeavor, For ye would not, ye would not;

His en-treat-ies you have slight-ed, And ye would not, would not come.
Wand'ring on in wil-ful blindness,—Strange ye would not, would not come!
Theirs to-day the peace of Heav-en— But ye would not, would not come.
Je - sus died, yes, died to save you, But ye would not, would not come.
Shall it be— a last—for - ev - er— That ye would not, would not come?

CHORUS.

Ah! what rea - son can you ren - der For re - fus - ing love so ten-der?

Think of what must be your doom, If ye will not, will not come!

No. 11 Waiting for Me.

A. M. Azzo Minor, owner. Azzo Minor.

1. O - ver the riv - er in dreams I can see Fac - es of dear ones in
2. O - ver the riv - er are thousands to-day Waiting for some one whose
3. O - ver the riv - er on yonder bright shore, Then we shall see those who've

waiting for me, Lo, when my Saviour doth call me to go, They will be
been lead astray. Turn, quickly turn, is the voice of the Lord, E'er shalt thou
gone on before, O what a meet-ing in heaven t'will be, When all our

CHORUS.

wait - ing I know. They're wait - ing for me,.....
have thy re - ward.
loved ones we see. Waiting for me, waiting for me,

Yes, wait - - ing for me;..... Far o - -
Wait-ing for me, wait-ing for me, o-ver the sea.

rit.

ver the sea..... They're wait - - ing for me.....
o - ver the sea, wait-ing, yes, waiting for me.

No. 12

After the Shadows.

James Rowe.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

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

love Him for - ev - er;

No. 13 We Are the Victory Band.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. James H. Ruebush.

1. By the might - y pow - er of the grace of God's own Son, We are the
2. Not a - fraid of e - vil, al - ways at the front we stand, We are the
3. All the hosts of e - vil can - not keep us from the crown, We are the

vic-t'ry band, we are the vic-t'ry band; On the field of glo - ry ma - ny
vic-t'ry band, we are the vic-t'ry band; Trusting in the pow - er of the
vic-t'ry band, we are the vic-t'ry band; Christ himself will crown us when we

bat - tles we have won, We are the vic-t'ry band, we are the vic - t'ry band.
One who holds com-mand, We are the vic-t'ry band, we are the vic - t'ry band.
lay our armor down, We are the vic-t'ry band, we are the vic - t'ry band.

CHORUS.

We are the vic - t'ry band, the vic-t'ry band, Marching with Christ on to
glo - ry; We are the band, Winning souls by the won-der - ful sto - ry.

No. 14 There's None Like Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. Copyright, 1914, by Samuel W. Beazley. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. There is none like Je - sus when a friend is needed, There is none like Je - sus,
2. When a faithful help-er we would have to guide us, There is none like Je - sus,
3. As a true com-pan - ion on the road to heaven, There is none like Je - sus,

God's dear Son; To our lov - ing Sav - iour none in vain has plead-ed,
God's dear Son; When a fear-less lead - er we would have be - side us,
God's dear Son; Crown and throne and glo-ry all for us were giv - en;

CHORUS.

There is none like Je - sus, no, not one. None like Him,
There is none like Je - sus, no, not one. There is none like

no, not one, None like Him, God's dear Son, won-ders true
Him, There is none..... so true a friend, none so good,.....

He has done, On no oth - er do I depend.
and sweet to me, no, not one.

No. 15 "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches."

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

"I am the Vine,

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

ye are the branch-es,"—

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

No. 16. Soldiers Bound for Zion.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILL H. RUEBUSH. Will H. Ruebush.

1. Sol - diers bound for Zi - on, let your voices ring; Bring a sweet ob - la - tion
2. Praise Him who redeemed you with His blood once shed; Seek His courts rejoicing,
3. Seek His heav'nly guidance, His commands obey; With de-ter - mi-na - tion

un - to Christ the King. Wor-thy He of hon - or and of high-est praise,
by His hand be led: Gird you on your ar - mor, fierce may be the fight;
en - ter in the fray: Pressing on and up - ward to that cit - y fair,

CHORUS.

Crown Him King of Glo - ry, high His ban - ner raise. On to glo-ry, soldiers,
Vic - to - ry shall crown the hosts of truth and right.
There a-mid its glo-ries boundless love to share. On to glo - ry,

march a-way, En - list to-day, do not delay; Hark, hark! now
soldiers, march away, And join the ranks to-day, no lon-ger now de-lay;

hear the battle trumpet's thrilling call; Ye soldiers bound for Zion, into line now fall.
hear the bat - tle trumpet's thrilling call;

No. 17 The Only Way.

"I am the Way."—JESUS.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 18 Jesus Can Save You.

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

1. Ye souls that wan - der in the night, Je - sus can save you,
2. You may have wan-dered far and long, Yet He can save you,
3. O be not hope - less or a - fraid, Je - sus can save you,
4. From all the pow - ers that en - slave, Je - sus can save you,
5. Come back to God, why will you wait? Je - sus can save you,

Je - sus can save you; How - ev - er sad may be your plight,
yes, He can save you; The hand He reach - es out is strong,
won-drous-ly save you; Your debt by Him was full - y paid,—
bless-ed - ly save you; From sin, from death and from the grave,
in - stant - ly save you; O trust His love and pow'r so great,

CHORUS.

Je - sus can save, save you. Be - hold the Lamb "for sin - ners
save, save, save you.
slain!" His blood will cleanse the dark - est stain; None
sin - ners slain! dark - est stain;
ev - er trust - ed Him in vain,... Je - sus can save, save you.
save, save, save you.

No. 19. Glory - Land.

Copyright, 1914, by Samuel W. Beazley.

S. W. B. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Just beyond this earthly turmoil Lies a land with beauty gleaming;
2. Just beyond this life of toil-ing Lies the land to which we're going;
3. Land of beauty, land of glo - ry, Place of rest for earthly mortals,

'Tis a country free from sorrow, There the light of God is beaming.
Won-der-ful be-yond comparing, Flow'rs of E-den there are growing.
When at last the tide I'm crossing, Swing for me thy shin-ing por-tals.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry - land, O Glo - ry - land! Some day
Glo - ry - land, O bright and shin-ing Some day I shall

I shall press thy shores; Glo - ry - land, O
press thy shores, shall press thy shores; Glo - ry - land, O bright and shining

Glo - ry - land! Some day I shall press thy shores.
Some day I shall press thy shores, shall press thy golden shores.

No. 20. 'Tis a Story Every Heart Should Know.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **James H. Ruebush.**

1. There are ach - ing wear - y hearts that have not been told That their
2. Je - sus bore up - on the cross all their grief and shame, Met each
3. Je - sus lived a stain - less life in a world of sin; All for-
4. He would draw all men to Him by His truth and grace, All the

debts were full - y paid in the long a - go, By the Christ who of - fers
tri - al and each fear in this world be - low, That His peo-ple might find
get - ful of Himself, shunned no grief or woe, That the lives and souls of
wealth of love di - vine free - ly to be - stow; If they yield themselves to

wealth, rich - er far than gold: 'Tis a sto - ry ev - 'ry heart should know.
strength in His ho - ly name: 'Tis a sto - ry ev - 'ry heart should know.
men might be clean with - in: 'Tis a sto - ry ev - 'ry heart should know.
Him they may see His face: 'Tis a sto - ry ev - 'ry heart should know.

CHORUS.

Tell it out al-way, live it day by day, 'Tis a sto-ry ev-'ry heart should know;
should know;

Je - sus on the tree ransomed you and me: 'Tis a sto-ry ev-'ry heart should know.

No. 21

His Love is Wonderful.

"Thy love to me was wonderful."—2 SAMUEL 1: 26.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

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

1. His love is more than all my dreams, A world of light and gladness seems,
2. It sat-is-fies my hun-gry soul, Doth all my life and love con-trol,
3. Such love no earth-ly friend could prove, More ten-der e'en than moth-er's love;
4. When roaring li - ons would de-vour, He safe-ly keeps me by His pow'r,
5. I sleep in peace be-neath His care, And when I wa-ken He is there,

A land of fruits and flow'rs and streams,—His love to me is won-der-ful!
My theme while end-less a-ges roll,—His love to me is won-der-ful!
'Tis high as heav'n the earth a-bove,—His love to me is won-der-ful!
Sup-ports in ev-'ry try-ing hour,—His love to me is won-der-ful!
He's with me al-ways, ev-'ry-where! His love to me is won-der-ful!

CHORUS.

His love is won-der-ful, His love is won-der-ful, No

cres.

oth-er love so pre-cious can be,—His love is won-der-ful to me.

No. 22. When Jesus is Near.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILL H. RUEBUSH. Will H. Ruebush.

1. The tem-pests of life may beat fierce-ly, My path may seem lone-ly and
2. Tho' friends may for-sake and de - ride me, I care not, nor shed not a
3. What joy when I stand at the por - tal, And heav - en - ly strains greet my

drear; To me they bring noth - ing of sor - row, When Je - sus my
tear; My heart sings a song of thanks-giv - ing, When Je - sus my
ear, To feel the sweet peace of His pres - ence, When Je - sus my

CHORUS.

Sav - ior is near. When Je - sus my Sav - ior is near,
my Sav - ior is near,

When Je - sus my Sav - ior is near, My life is a-
my Sav - ior is near,

rit.

flood with the sun-shine, When Je - sus my Sav - ior is near.
my Sav - ior is near.

No. 23 Will You Meet Me There?

J. W. Chappell. By permission. C. B. Dover.

1. There's a home in heaven where the saved shall dwell Free from sin, free from sin,
2. If to-day Christ calls you, will you read-y be Heaven's joys heaven's joys,
3. When the Lord's descending from the courts above, Will you know, will you know,

sor - row, pain and care, Where in bliss u-nit-ed none shall say farewell,
with the blest to share, At the feet of Je - sus through e-ter-ni - ty?
Joy be-yond compare? When the saved in glory praise the King of love,

CHORUS.

Will you meet me there? Meet me there, meet me
will you meet meet me there,

there, In that home so bright and fair, Where with
oh! meet me there,

those gone be-fore We shall dwell for evermore!
where with those, those gone before

No, 24 The Story of Redeeming Love.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Let us raise our songs in the praise of One Now enthroned above the skies,
2. Let us bow our hearts in an earnest prayer, And the promise thus con-vey,
3. We will spend our lives in His serv-ice sweet, We will spread His ho-ly word,

By whose pow'r divine, mighty deeds were done When He dwelt in mortal guise;
That we'll strive to work for Him ev-'ry-where, And His ev-'ry law o - bey,
And the gos - pel sto - ry we'll oft re-peat, Till the mes-sage all have heard,

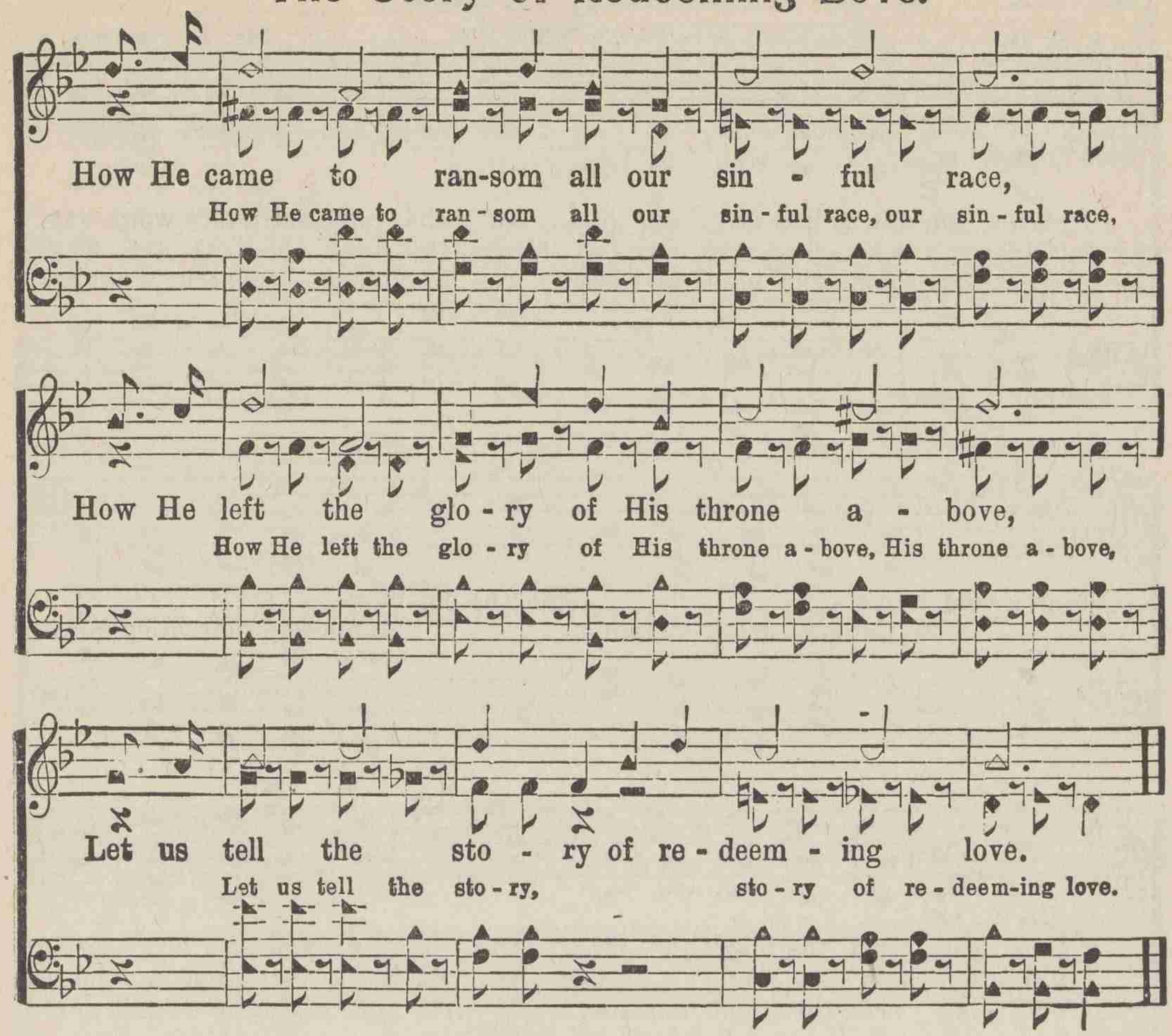
The re-demp-tion price for us all was paid By that Savior King a-bove,
We will walk with faith, in His Word believe, We will look to Him a-bove,
Till the eye of faith ev - 'ry one shall lift To the Savior King a-bove,

And the sac - ri - fice for the world was made By our Lord's redeeming love.
We will trust His will, and with joy re - ceive His di - vine, redeeming love.
And with con-trite heart shall ac-cept the gift Of our Lord's redeeming love.

CHORUS.

Let us tell the sto - ry of His match - less grace,
Let us tell the sto - ry of His match-less grace, His match-less grace,

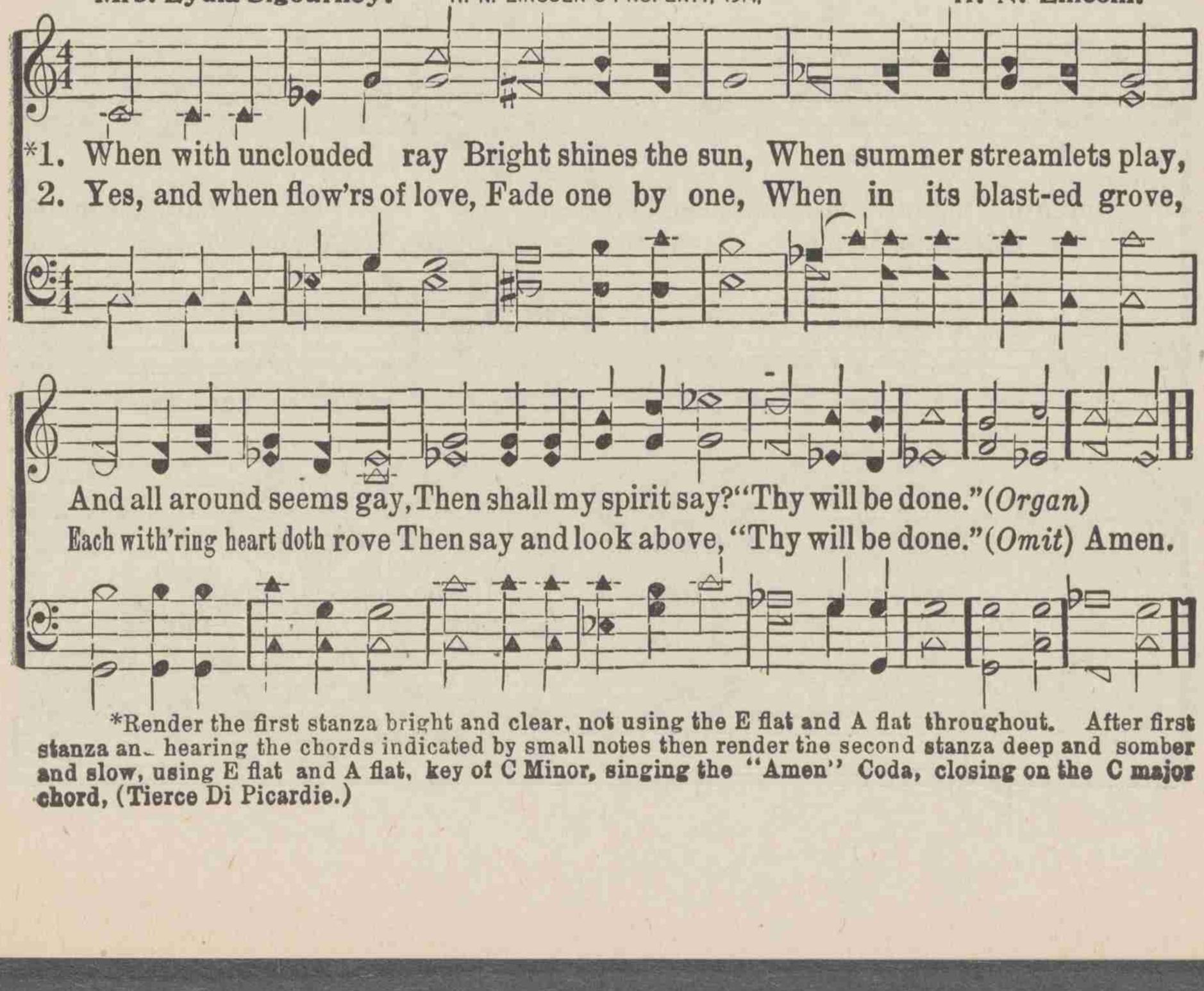
The Story of Redeeming Love.



No. 25 Thy Will Be Done.

"Thy will be done."—Matt. 6: 10.

Mrs. Lydia Sigourney. H. N. LINCOLN'S PROPERTY, 1914. **H. N. Lincoln.**



*Render the first stanza bright and clear, not using the E flat and A flat throughout. After first stanza and hearing the chords indicated by small notes then render the second stanza deep and somber and slow, using E flat and A flat, key of C Minor, singing the "Amen" Coda, closing on the C major chord, (Tierce Di Picardie.)

No. 26. Marching Home.

J. E. H. J. E. HUDSON, OWNER, 1915. Jas. E. Hudson.

1. Are you march-ing day by day, In the up-ward, on-ward way?
2. Will you work for Christ each day, Help the weak a-long the way?
3. Broth-ers, join our hap-py throng, As we brave-ly march a-long;

March-ing home, march-ing home;
March-ing, march-ing home, March-ing, march-ing home;

Do you trust the might-y One, To lead you safe-ly on?
Bid them join the might-y throng, As we brave-ly march a-long,
Fear-ing nei-ther fight nor foe, Ev-er on-ward, up-ward go!

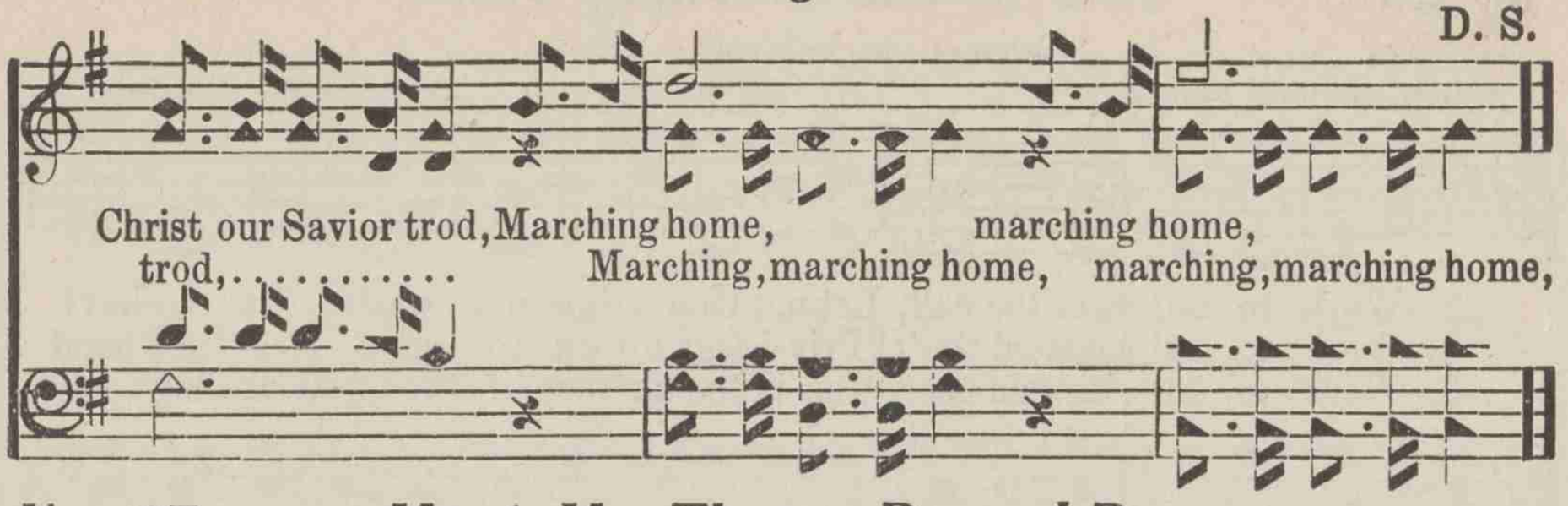
FINE. CHORUS. *p*

March-ing home,.. yes, marching home. We are marching home,
Marching home, we're marching home. We are march - - ing

f

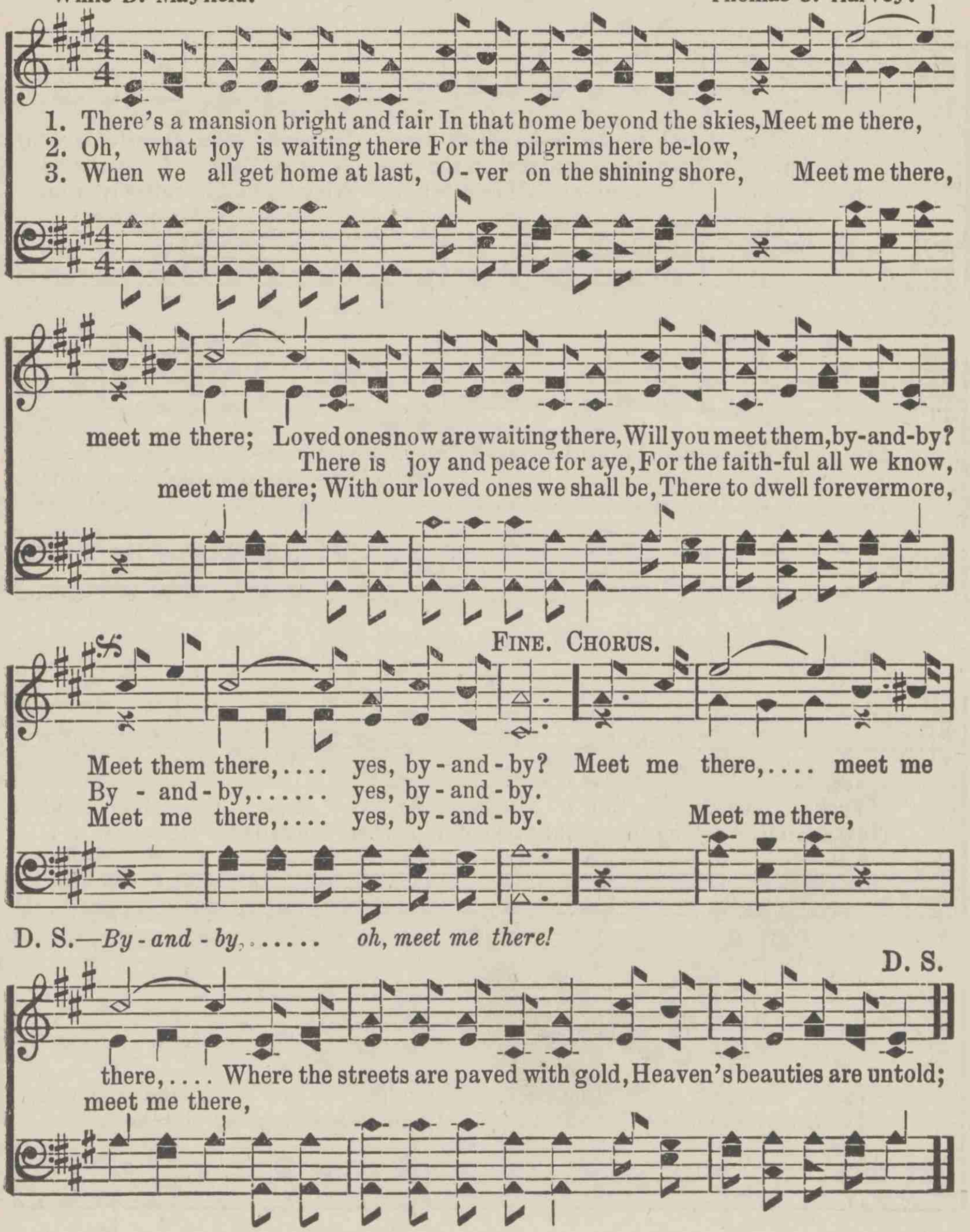
March-ing home to God, In the blood-bo't way,
home to God,..... In the way..... our Sav-ior

Marching Home.



No. 27. Meet Me There, By-and-By.

Willie D. Mayfield. USED BY PERMISSION. **Thomas J. Harvey.**



No. 28 This is the Working Time.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

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

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

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

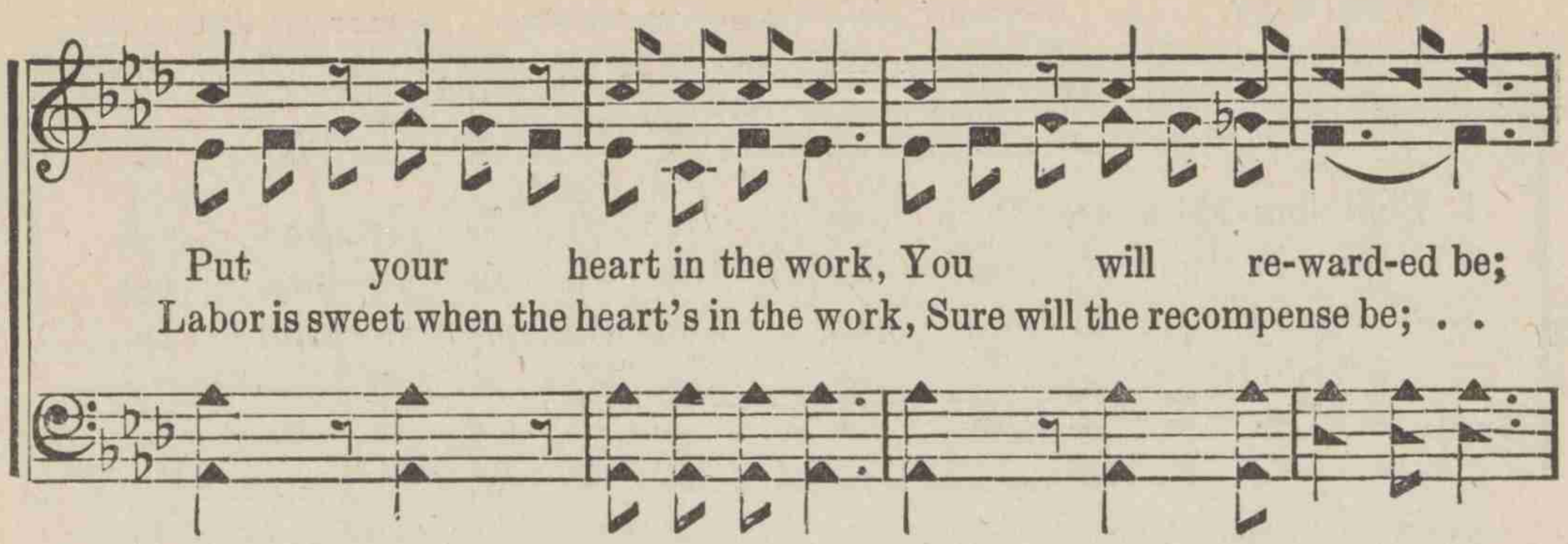
Bring to God's service, I pray, Loy-al - ly do your part In the Lord's vineyard to-day.
Something, that price to repay: I can serve while I live, Gleaning His harvest each day.
Plucked from the dangers around, Gathered in, ev'ry one, All in His treasure-house bound.

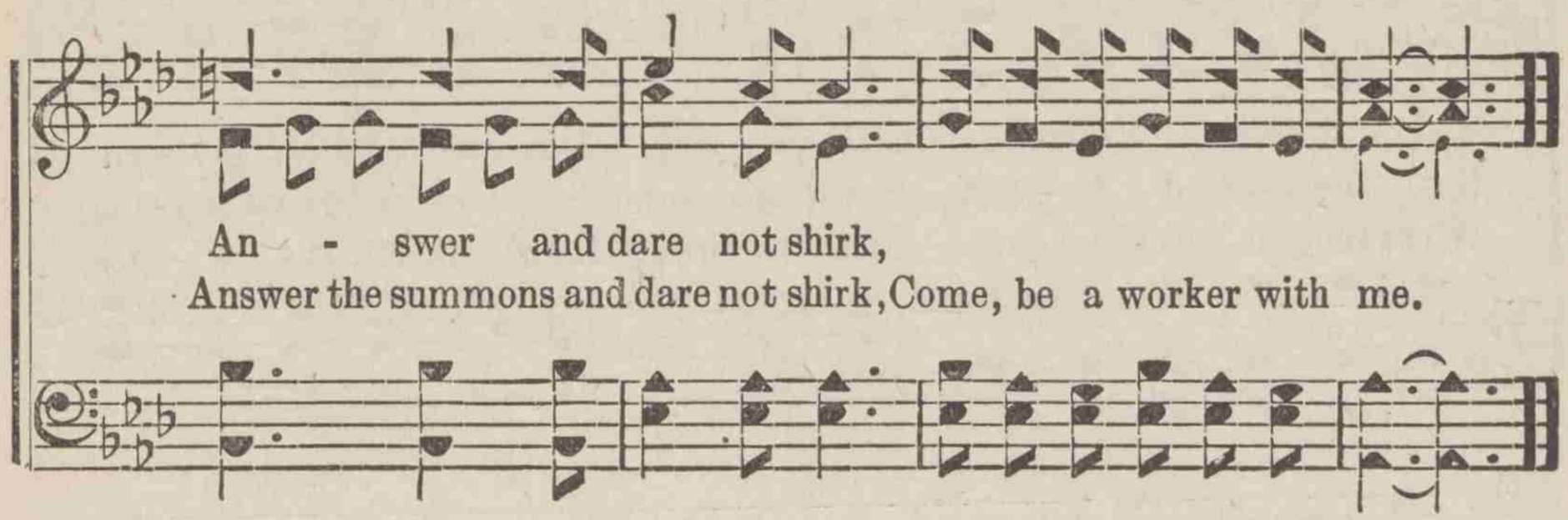
CHORUS.

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

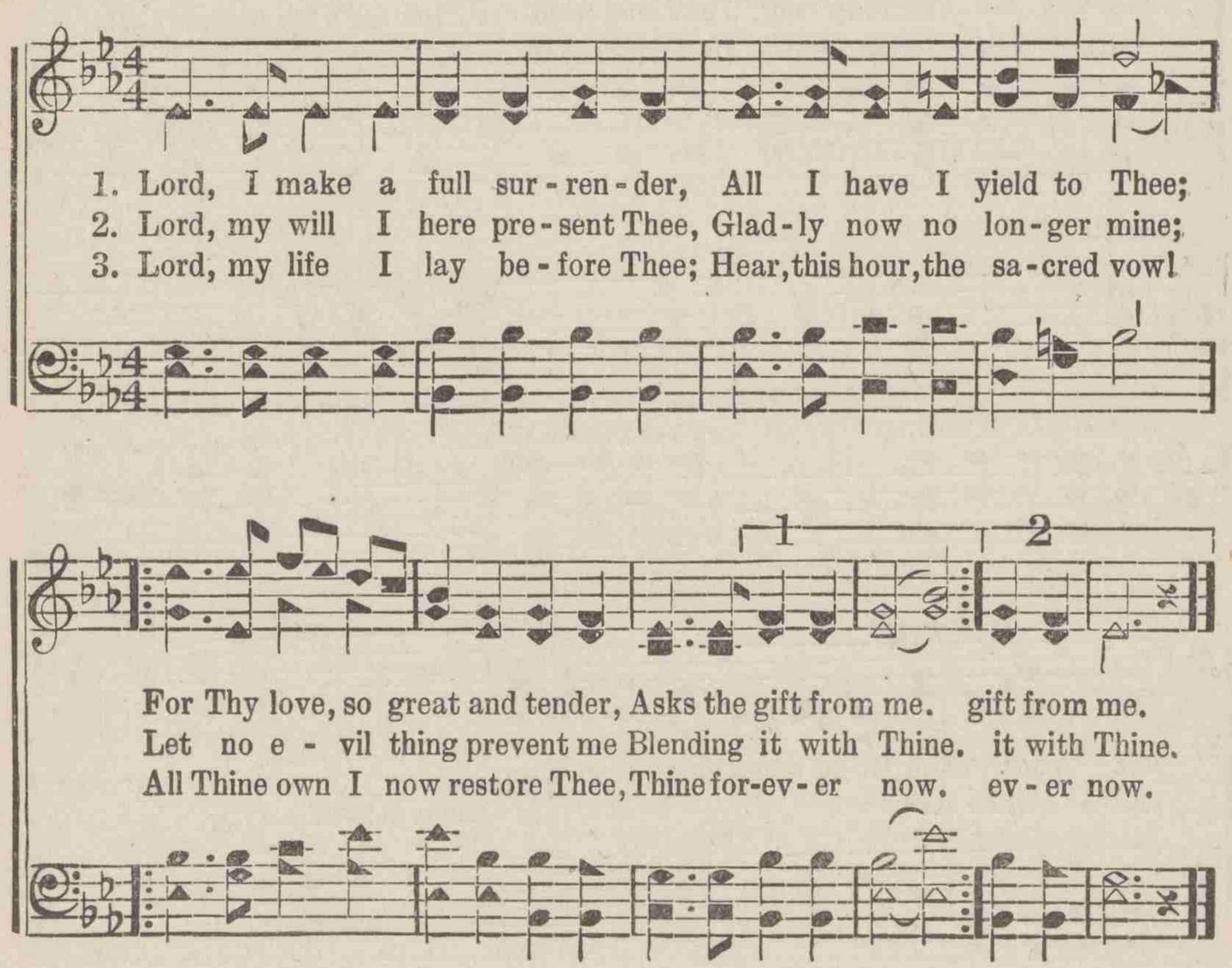
Waste not time a-way, Come, ere the harvest ends.
Let not a moment be squandered away, Come, ere the harvest-time ends. . .

This is the Working Time.





No. 29 Full Surrender.



No. 30 Gather the Golden Harvest.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. James H. Ruebush.

1. Smil - ing skies are o'er us, Hap - py is our cho - rus,
2. Foes a - round are ris - ing, Oft - en us sur - pris - ing,
3. Strength He will af - ford us, And with joy re - ward us

As with will - ing hearts we march a - way; This the or - der giv - en
But the love of Je - sus con-quers sin; We are in His keep - ing,
When the precious sheaves to Him we bring; Then thro' all the a - ges,

By the King of heav - en: Gath - er in the gold - en grain to - day.
Go - ing to the reap - ing, That our souls our Mas-ter's praise may win.
With the saints and sag - es, In His home in Glo - ry we shall sing.

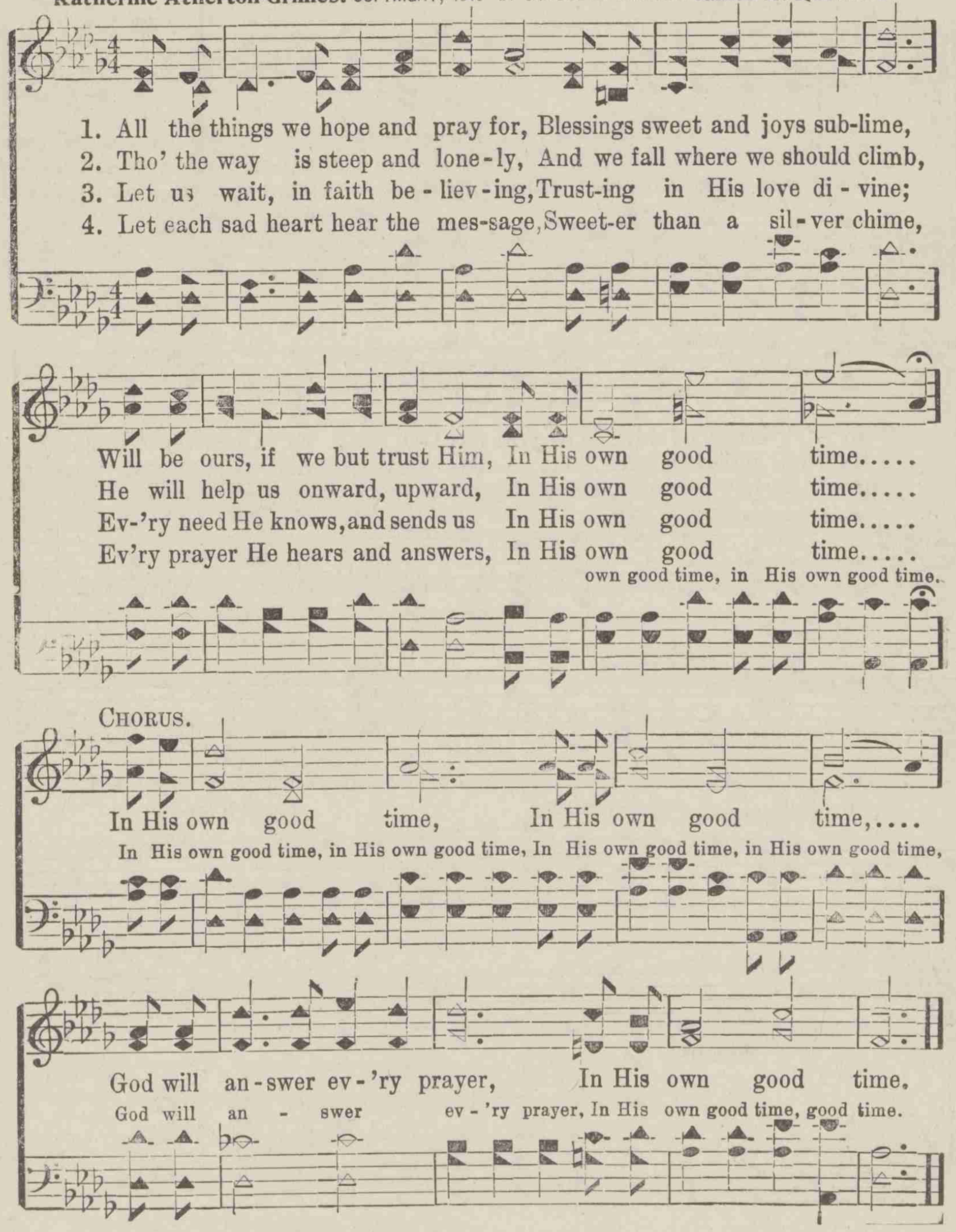
CHORUS.

Gath - - er the har-vest gold - - en; The fields are read - y
Gath-er gold-en sheaves; gath-er gold-en sheaves; All the grain is
for your hand; Go now and gath - er, gath-er, gath - - er the har-vest
read - y for your hand; Gath-er gold-en sheaves,

Gather the Golden Harvest.

No. 31 In His Own Good Time.

Katherine Atherton Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1915 BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **James H. Ruebush.**



No. 32 Are You Ready?

C. C. K. By permission. C. C. Kitchens.

1. Are you walking in the light, clothed in garments pure and white, Are you read-y should the Saviour call, Have you been made pure within, cleansed from ev - 'ry stain of sin, Are you read - y now to an - swer His call?
2. Christ the Lord has promised all who upon His name shall call Rich-est blessings from His throne of love, All who call up-on His name shall e - ter - nal par-don gain, And e - ter - nal life and sweet rest a - bove.
3. Then why longer will you stray from the bright and shining way, When the Lord is bidding you to come? Brother, come then while you may en-ter now the bet-ter way, Come by faith in God's e - ter - nal So.

CHORUS.

Are you ready,..... say, are you read-y?.....Should He call you..... at night or day,..... Are you
read-y now, read-y now?
in the night or at the dawn-ing of the day,

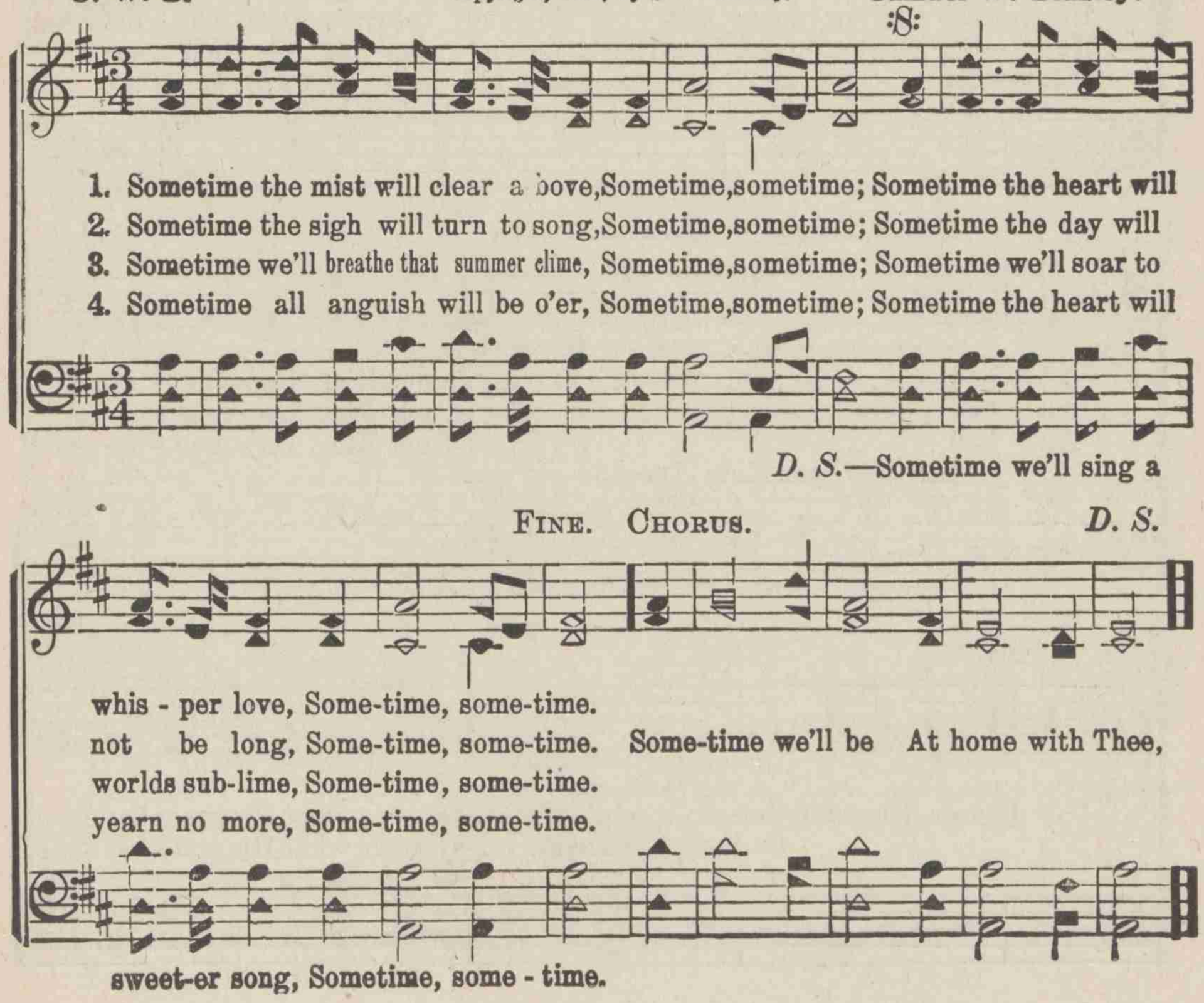
Are You Ready? Concluded.

No. 33 Sometime.

S. W. B.

Copyright, 1910, by S. W. Beazley.

Samuel W. Beazley.



No. 34 Our King Immanuel.

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

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

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

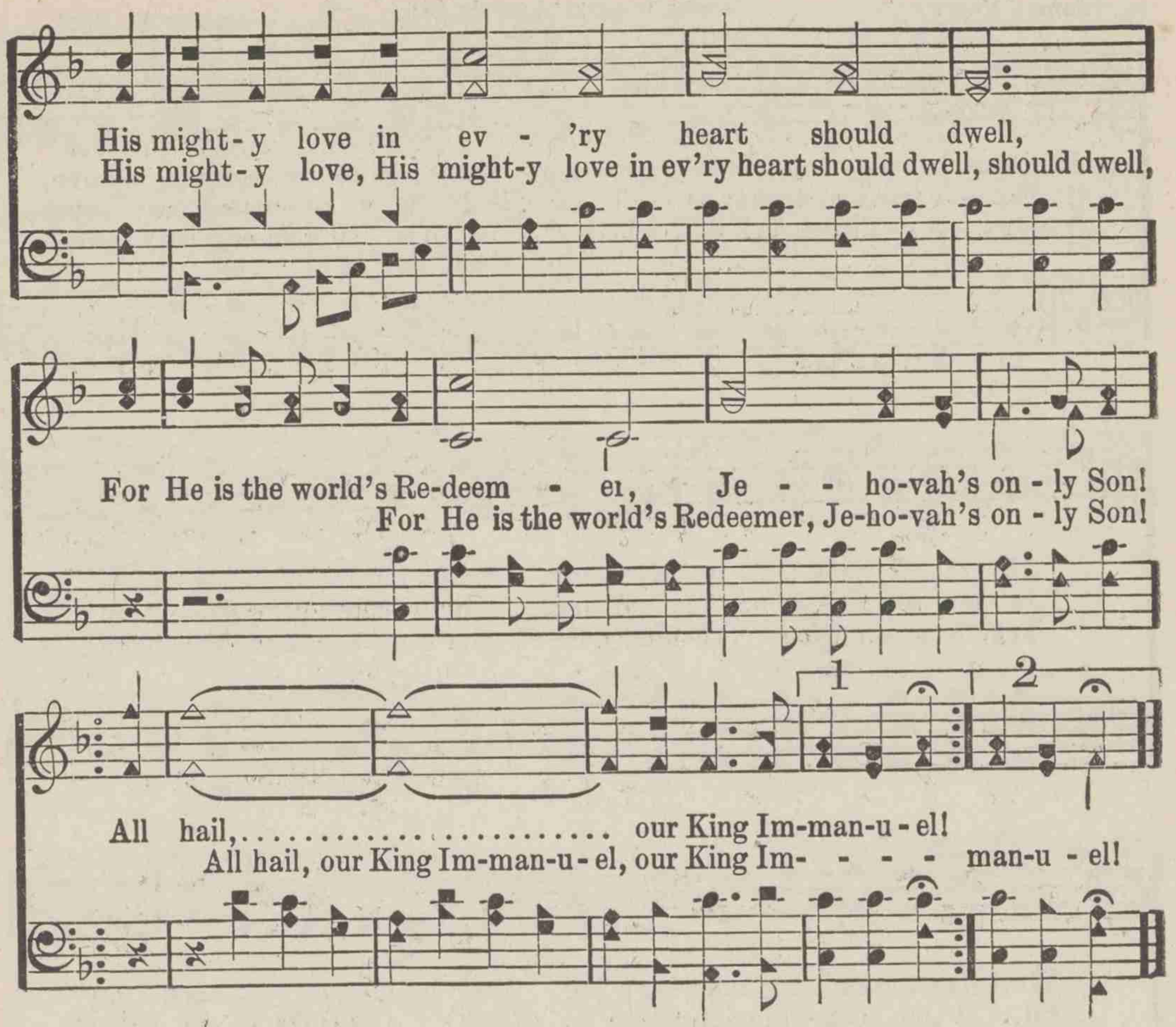
He leads the na-tions out of sin and caus - es foes to flee:
He sends the cap-tives, free from chains, all sing - ing on their way:
Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim all join us when we cry:

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

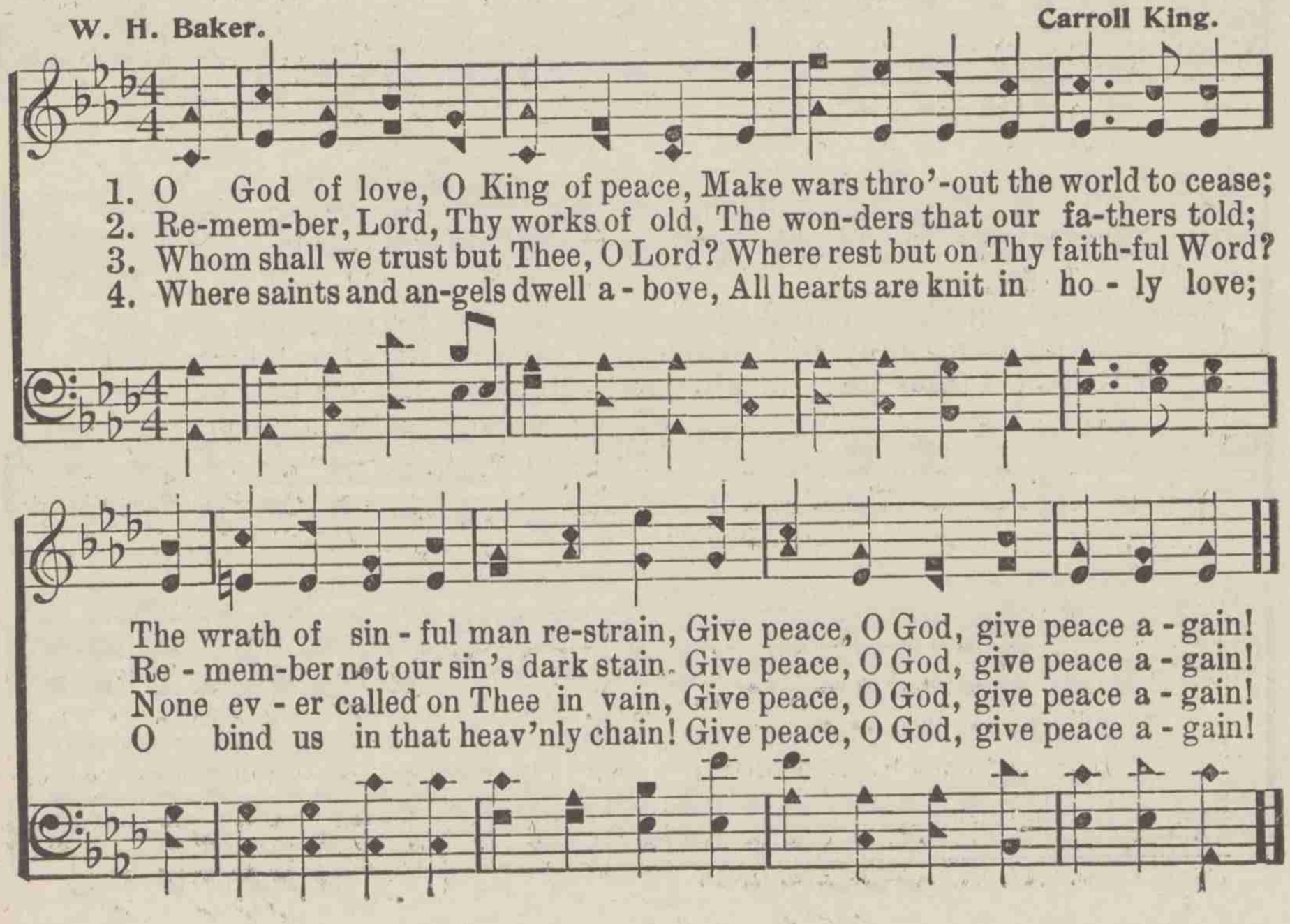
CHORUS.

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

Our King Immanuel.



No. 35 Foster.



No. 36. Just For Jesus.

James Rowe. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY, OWNER, 1915. Emory S. Peck.

1. Close to the Ho - ly One liv - ing, Lay - ing up treas-ures a - bove,
2. En - e-mies great may as - sail me, Wild - ly the tem-pest may sweep,
3. He is so kind and so ten - der, He is so help - ful and sweet,

All that I have free - ly giv - ing, Show - ing for Him my love....
Je - sus my Friend will not fail me, He will His prom-ise keep....
Yet a most might-y De - fend - er, Giv - ing me faith com - plete....

Work-ing and smil-ing and sing - ing, Do - ing my du - ty each day,
So I am trust-ing com-plete - ly, Read - y His word to o - bey,
So in His love I am liv - ing, Wait - ing till tri - als be past,

Close to the Cru - ci - fied cling - ing, Pass - ing my earth-life a - way.
Serv - ing Him glad-ly and sweet - ly, Liv - ing for Him ev-'ry day.
All that I have free - ly giv - ing, Hop - ing to see Him at last.

CHORUS.

Just for Je-sus living from day to day, Just for Je - sus smiling along the way;

Just For Jesus.

No. 37. Tell How He Died to Save.

Rev. Geo. P. Hott. **Julius S. Rushing.**

No. 38

Sheaves are Gleaming.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Gold-en sheaves are gleaming in the sum-mer sun; If you would the
2. Lift your eyes and look up - on the whit'ning fields, Where their wealth in
3. Not a grain would He have wast-ed from His store, There is space with
4. When the reap - ing and the glean-ing both are done, Safe - ly housed the

har - vest in its full-ness share, If you care to hear the Master say, "Well done,"
richest plenty waits your hand; Only grain that's reaped with care full fruitage yields,
in His gar-ners for them all; In His store-house there is always room for more,
pre-cious harvest of the Lord, When the glowing sun of life its course has run,

CHORUS.

Has-ten, ye reap-ers, your toil to bear.
Has-ten, ye reapers! 'tis Christ's command. The grain is gleaming 'neath the
Has-ten, ye reap-ers, work at His call.
Has-ten, ye reap-ers, to your re - ward.

glow - ing sun, 'Tis time that har-vest-ing should be be-
glow-ing of the gold-en sun, 'Tis time that har-vest-ing should real-ly be be-

gun; Where bright sheaves are bending, Come, as-sist-ance lending,
gun; And where bright sheaves . . are bending,

Sheaves are Gleaming.

In the har-vest-field; Per-haps a-long the hedges you may
now read-y; you may reap and
glean, Where here and there some rip'ning grains are seen;
glad-ly glean, rip'ning grains are seen; For you must
You must do your du-ty, That the fields of beauty May their riches yield.
do . . your du-ty, riches yield.

No. 39 Malden.

H. Alford. Francis Foster.

1. In to - ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,
2. In to - ken that thou shalt not blush To glo - ry in His name,
3. In to - ken that thou too shalt tread The path He trav-eled by,
4. Thus out - ward - ly and vis - i - bly We seal thee for His own:

We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee His a - lone.
We bla - zon here up - on thy front His glo - ry and His shame.
En - dure the cross, de - spise the shame, And sit thee down on high;
And may the brow that wears His cross, Here-aft - er share His crown.

No. 40. I Shall Be Ready.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILL H. RUEBUSH. Will H. Ruebush.

1. When in maj - es - ty and glo - ry comes the Sav - ior, by and by,
2. When He comes to take His jew - els from the pre-cious mines of earth,
3. Hav - ing trust - ed Him to save me, lean - ing now up - on His grace,

I shall be read-y, read-y, I know;
I shall be read-y, read-y, I know, read-y, I know;

When He comes to take His dear ones to their man-sions in the sky,
When the saved be - gin to greet Him, to ex - tol His bound-less worth,
When the clouds shall part and Je - sus show a - gain His match-less face,

FINE.

I shall be read-y, read - y to go.
I shall be read-y, read - y to go, read-y to go.

D. S.—*I shall be read - y, (I shall be read-y,) read-y to go. (read-y to go.)*

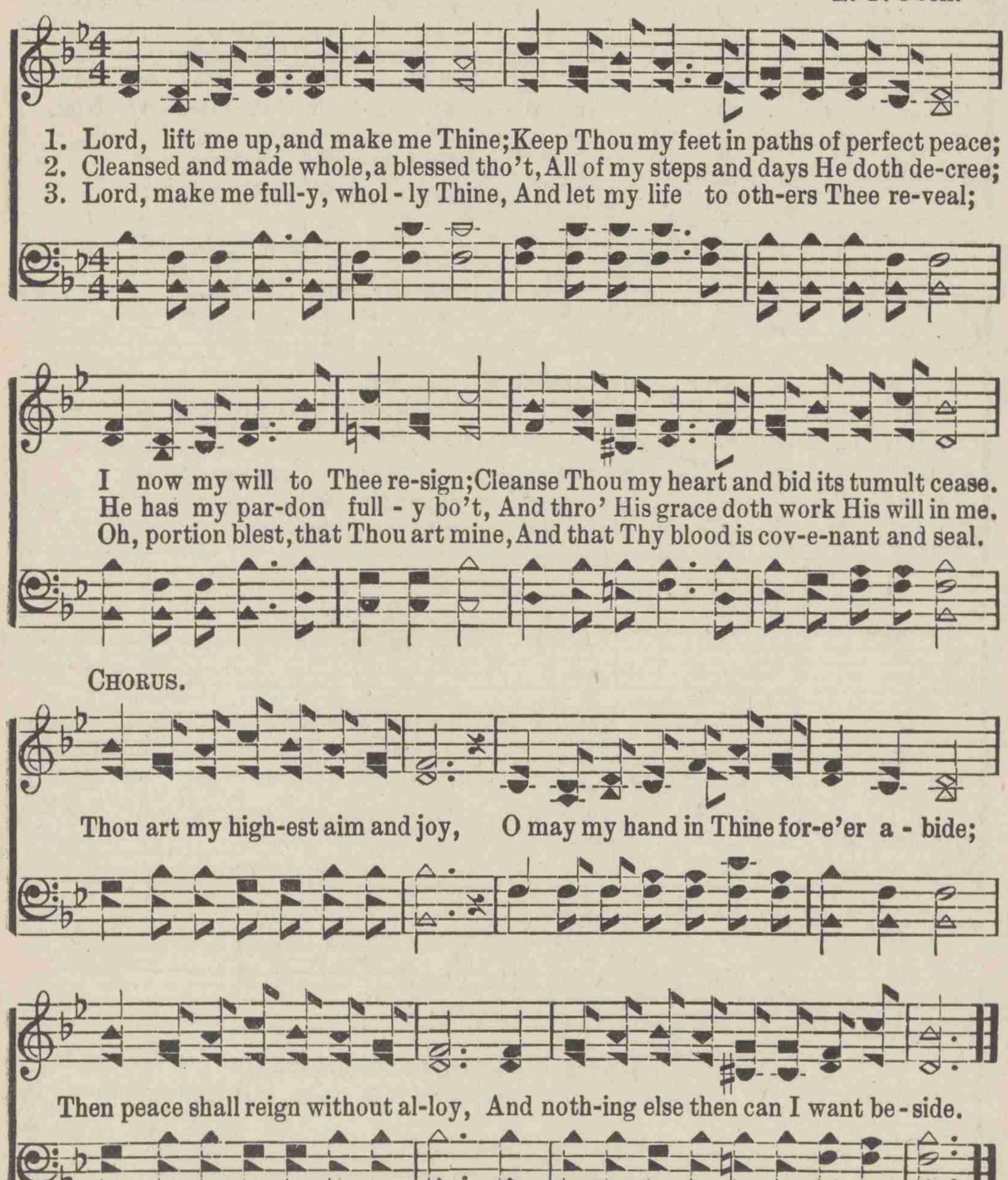
CHORUS.

I shall be read-y, read - y, I know, I shall be read-y,
read-y, this I know, read - y,

I Shall Be Ready.

No. 41. Lord, Lift Me Up.

Will H. Ruebush. RUEBUSH-KIEEFER CO., OWNERS, 1915. E. S. Peck.



No. 42 Zion's Army.

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

1. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, see the ar - my grand, Spreading love - light
2. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, on and on they go, Might - y souls who
3. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, hear the mu - sic sweet Of the throng which

o - ver ev - 'ry land, Press - ing up - ward thro' the ranks of sin,
nev - er fear the foe; Nev - er shall their stand-ard cease to wave
sin shall not de - feat! In the path which their Com-mand-er trod,

CHORUS.

Help - ing Je - sus all the world to win.
While there is one pre-cious soul to save. Glo - ri - ous ar - my of
Day by day, they glo - ri - fy their God.

Zi - - -

Zi - on, Fol-low the ban-ner of Je - sus,
Glo - ri - ous ar - my of Zi - on, Fol - low the ban-ner of

on's ar - - - my,

Making earth a hap-py place; Giving to oth-ers the sto - ry,
Je-sus, Giv-ing to oth-ers the

On - - ward

Zion's Army.

Giv-ing to Je-sus the glo - ry, Always singing of His grace.
sto - ry, Giv-ing to Je-sus the glo-ry,
go - - ing,

No. 43 Just Go to My Redeemer.

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

1. Oh, if you seek a per-fect friend, Just go to my Re-deem - er;
2. If you de - sire a guid - ing hand, Just go to my Re-deem - er;
3. If you would lose your sin to - day, Just go to my Re-deem - er;
4. If you would live with Him a-bove, Just go to my Re-deem - er;

His pre-cious blessings nev - er end; Just go to my Re-deem - er.
He knows the pit-falls of the land; Just go to my Re-deem - er.
No oth - er tak - eth sin a - way; Just go to my Re-deem - er.
With sim - ple faith in sav - ing love, Just go to my Re-deem - er.

CHORUS.

Just go to my Re-deem - er, And there your quest will end;
hal - le - lu - jah!

For oh, I know He loves you so! And He's the per - fect Friend.

No. 44 Fight On, Ye Soldiers of the Cross.

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

1. Fight on, ye sol - diers of the Cross, With stead-fast cour - age strong,
2. Fight on, ye sol - diers of the Cross, Nor faint nor be dis - mayed,
3. Fight on, ye sol - diers of the Cross, With song and faith and prayer;

poco rit. e cres.

The vic - to - ry will sure - ly come, Tho' fierce the fight and long:
The bat - tle is not yours, but God's, And He will give His aid:
The sword you wield, the Word of God, And Hope as hel - met wear.

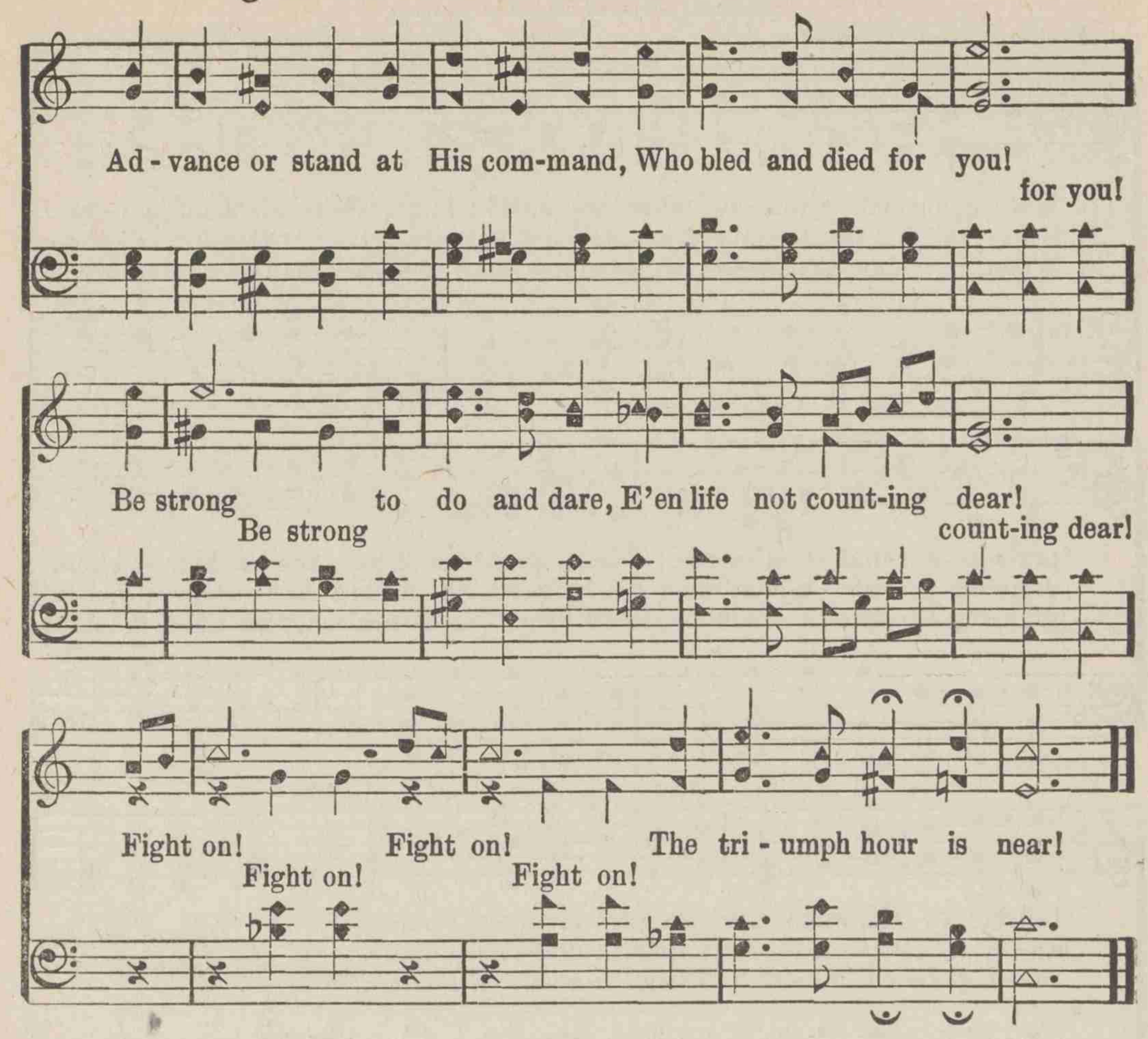
With crim-son stand-ard lift - ed high, With ar - mor gleam-ing bright,
Ac - quit your-selves like val - iant men, Tho' pressed and wounded sore;
The blood of mar-tyrs stains the ground—Would you be crowned as they?

The bat - tle press for right - eous-ness, Put ev - 'ry foe to flight!
Be - hold the scars your Cap - tain bears, Who lead - eth on be - fore!
The tri - umph win, and ush - er in The great mil - len - nial day.

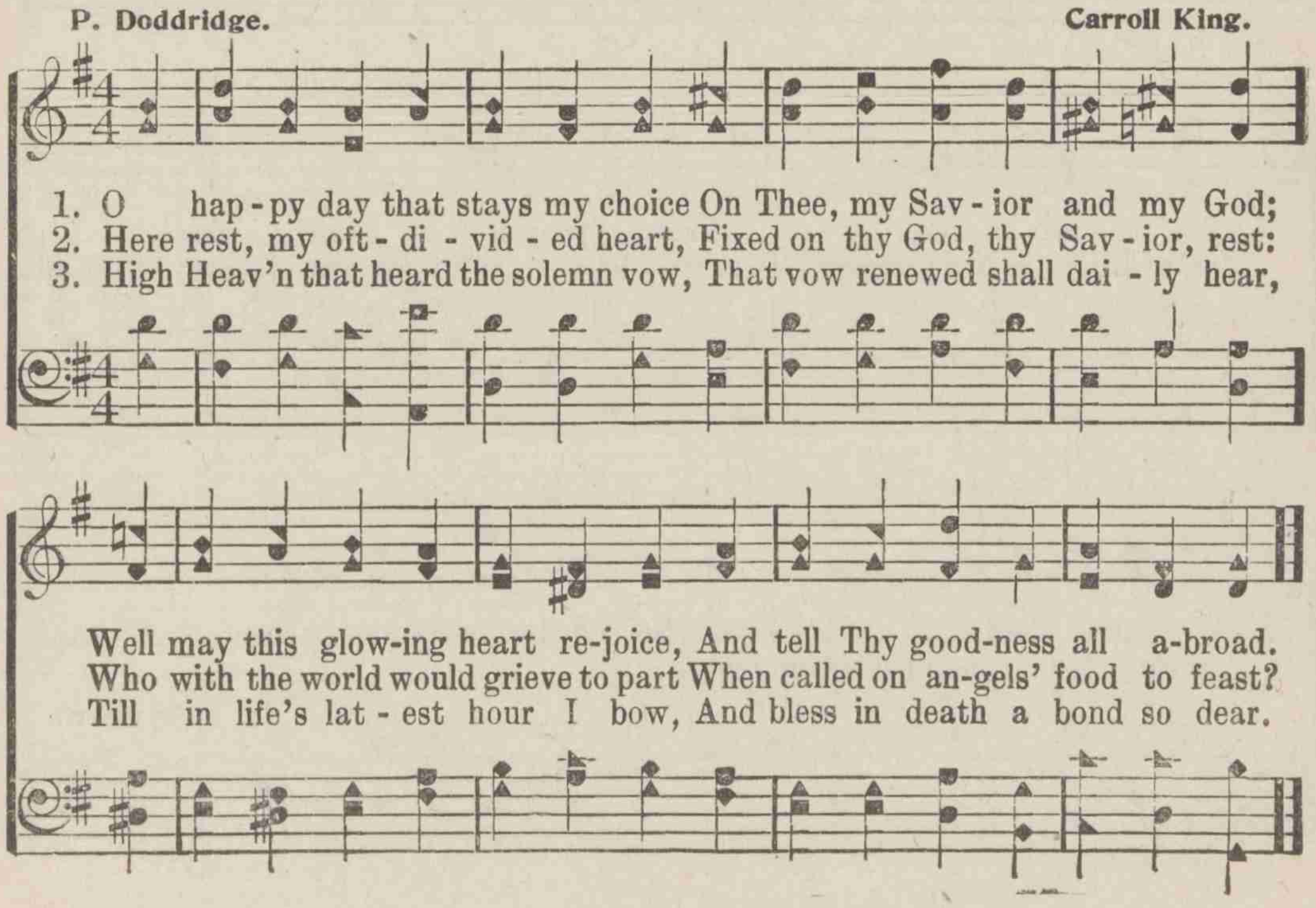
CHORUS.

Fight on! Fight on! Be sol-diers brave and true;
Fight on! Fight on! and true;

Fight On, Ye Soldiers of the Cross.



No. 45 Pauline.



No. 46 Praising Immanuel's Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

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

1. More than earth-ly rich - es, more than worldly fame, This shall be our glo - ry—
2. No un-wor-thy pur-pose, no in-con-stant aim, On - ly this am-bi - tion—
3. When in realms im-mor-tal hymns of joy we frame, Still shall sound the anthem,

prais-ing Im-man - u-el's name; This our great-est ef-fort, this our highest claim,
prais-ing Im-man - u-el's name; Ev-'ry word and ac-tion shall our love proclaim,
prais-ing Im-man - u-el's name; Heav'n shall ring with music, everywhere the same,

CHORUS.

Tell-ing of His wonders, praising Im-man-u-el's name.
Ev-'ry deed shall prove us praising Im-man-u-el's name.
Tell - ing Je-sus' glo - ry, praising Im-man-u-el's name.

Praise, praise our King, Praise, praise, all sing;
Praise the name of Jesus Christ our King, Praise His name, let all the peo-ple sing; With all

The word we share, Spread His glo-ry ev-'ry-where.
lands the gos-pel blessing share, ev'rywhere.

Praising Immanuel's Name.

Praise, praise our King, Songs, songs we
Praise the name of Jesus Christ our King, Songs of love and hon-or glad-ly

bring; Let the song swell In the praise of Im-man-u - el.
bring; Let the song of ex-ul-ta-tion swell

No. 47 It's All Right Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. For years I loved for - bid-den ways, But now with Christ I pass my days,
2. To Beu-lah Land I'm on my way, And I shall reach it, too, some day,
3. My Friend prepares a home for me, And prom - is - es that He will be
4 Oh, way-ward soul, come home to-day, Let Je - sus take your sins a - way;

CHORUS.

And hap - py is the song I raise: It's all right now.
For all the way I'll watch and pray: It's all right now.
My Friend for all e - ter - ni - ty: It's all right now.
And then I know that you will say: "It's all right now."

It's all right now,

It's all right now, For love di-vine to - day is mine: It's all right now.

No. 48 Bringing In the Sheaves.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **James H. Ruebush.**

1. Work-ing for the Har-vest Lord, Do - ing what we may, Striv-ing for the great re-ward With the true to - day, From the vales where sin is rife
2. Find-ing joy in serv - ice true In the har-vest field; But the reap-ers are so few For the sea-son's yield! Je - sus keeps us pure and strong,
3. We will serve Him to the end, Zeal-ous we will be; On His grace we will de-pend Till His face we see. By and by the call will come,

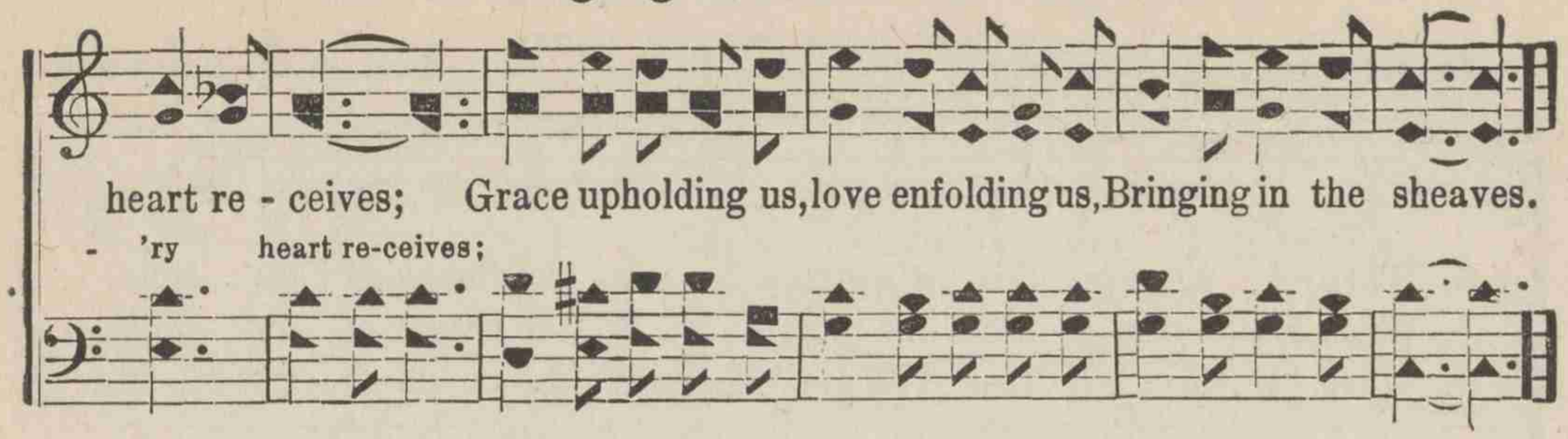
And the Spir - it grieves, From the harvest fields of life Bring-ing in the sheaves.
Us He nev-er leaves, Gives to each a happy song Bring-ing in the sheaves.
When the daylight leaves, Then we all shall hasten home With our gold-en sheaves.

CHORUS.

Smil - ing, sing - ing, Work-ing for re - ward;... Bright sheaves bring - ing To the Harvest Lord... Bless - ings dai - ly Ev-'ry glad-ness bring-ing

Smil - ing, smil-ing, sing-ing, sing-ing, Work - ing for re-ward; Golden sheaves with To the Harvest Lord. Ma-ny pre-cious bless-ings dai-ly Ev -

Bringing In the Sheaves.



No. 49 Jesus' Little Lambs.

Samuel W. Beazley. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **James H. Ruebush.**

No. 50 Love is the Theme of My Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Francis McKinnon Morton. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. When I sing my Sav-ior's praise, Love is the theme of my song,
2. When life's cares op-press me most, Love is the theme of my song,
3. When I meet my task with joy, Love is the theme of my song,

For His love is o-ver me, And noth-ing can go wrong.
For it gives me bless-ed peace, And hope and cour-age strong;
For His love so kind and free, Is with me all a-long,

Ten-der-ly Je-sus is watching a-bove, Guiding and keeping me safe in His love:
Then in the darkness I know I am blest, Since in His love He sends all that is best:
Blessing the fount and the spring of my life, Healing its sorrows and crowning its strife:

Won-der-ful love, In-fi-nite love, Love is the theme of my song!

CHORUS.

Je-sus loves me, this is all my song!....
Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, this is all my song!

Love is the Theme of My Song.

Je - sus loves me, Noth - ing can go wrong;
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Noth - ing can go wrong;

Je - sus watch - es from His home a - bove, . .
Je - sus watches, Je - sus watches from His home a - bove,

Guides me and keeps me for - ev - er in His love. . .
Guid - ing me and keep - ing me His love.

No. 51 Halsted.

P. Doddridge. Francis Foster.

1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre-sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace:
3. Thro' each per - plex - ing path of life Our wand'ring foot-steps guide;
4. O spread Thy shelt'ring wings a-round, Till all our wand'rings cease,

Who thro' this wear-y pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led:
God of our fa - thers, be the God Of their suc-ceed - ing race.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai-ment fit pro - vide.
And at our Fa-ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace!

No. 52. The Victory May Depend on You.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILL H. RUEBUSH. Will H. Ruebush.

UNISON.

1. Have you not heard the trump-et call - ing as its voice re-sound-ing rings?
2. Have you not seen the hosts of e - vil spreading death thro'-out the land,
3. Soon shall the dawn - ing day of tri-umph mark the hour of vic - t'ry won,

'Tis a summ-mons to the fight that is waged for truth and right.
How they set their wiles with care, how they seek but to en - snare?
When the bound shall find re - lease, in an ev - er - last - ing peace.

Has - ten to join the ranks for serv - ice, with the might-y King of kings;
Are you en - list - ed with the faith - ful, this great ar - my to with-stand?
Then shall each loy - al, faith - ful serv - ant hear the blessed words, "Well done,

CHORUS. *Soprano Solo ad lib.*

On .....

See, His ban-ner gleams before you in the light. (*Ladies' voices take upper part.* *Men's voices take lower part.*)
Shall you wear a crown of vic - t'ry o -ver there? On to glo - ry,
En - ter in where joy and peace shall never cease."

for-ev - er, On, on,

Je-sus leads you ev - er, He will fail you nev-er, From His cause ne'er sever;

*One or two good Soprano voices may take the small notes.

The Victory May Depend On You.

On..... for-ev-er, (*Parts.*)

On to glo-ry, Je-sus leads us ev-er, Vic-to-ry may de-pend on you.

No. 53. March On.

W. H. R. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILL H. RUEBUSH. **Will H. Ruebush.**

1. March on, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, Re-joic-ing in the Lord; Serve
2. March on, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, A-long the heav'n-ly way; In
3. March on, ye Chris-tian sol-diers, Tho' storm-y bil-lows rise; God's

Him each day, and 'come what may, Trust full-y in His word. (march on.)
songs of praise glad voi-ces raise, And work and watch and pray. (and pray.)
bea-con bright, a ra-diant light, Shines brightly in the skies. (the skies.)

CHORUS.

March on,..... march on,..... What-e'er may be your care;.....
March on, march on, march on;

March on where crowns a-wait you In yon-der man-sions fair.....
march on.

No. 54 We Will Come.

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

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

We Will Come.

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

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

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

No. 55 Schumann. S. M.

A. M. Toplady. R. Schumann.

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

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

No. 56 Traveling Home.

L. G. P. PROPERTY OF LUTHER G. PRESLEY, 1914. **Luther G. Presley.**

1. I am go - ing to a coun-try that is free from pain and care,
2. Soon to wear a crown of glo - ry and a robe as white as snow,
3. To a - dore Him with the an - gels near the great white throne a - bove,

I'm trav - el - ing home, ... I'm trav - el - ing
Trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing home,

home;
trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing home;

I shall see my lov - ing Sav - iour and my
To a - bide with my Re-deem - er, and ce-
To be with my dear ones al-ways, rest - ing

dear ones o - ver there, I'm traveling home, ... to heav-en, my
les - tial joys to know,
in His precious love,
Trav - el-ing, trav-el-ing home, to heav - en, my

CHORUS.

home. . . . . I'm trav - el - ing home, ... and
home, sweet heav - en - ly home.
Home, trav - el - ing home,

Traveling Home.

nev - er shall roam, Christ will guide me till my tri - als are
home, trav - el - ing home,
o'er; I'm trav-el - ing home, . . . I'm trav-el - ing home, . . .
Home, trav-el - ing home, home, trav-el - ing home,
There to dwell with Christ and loved ones ev - er-more. (for - ev - er - more.)

No. 57 Lakeside. 7s.

Francis Foster.

1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there;
2. While the prayers of saints as - cend, God of love, to mine at - tend;
3. While I heark - en to Thy law, Fill my soul with hum - ble awe,
4. While Thy min - is - ters pro-claim Peace and par - don in Thy name,
5. From Thy house when I re - turn, May my heart with - in me burn;

While Thy glo-rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un - loose my tongue.
Hear me, for Thy Spir - it pleads; Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
Till Thy gos - pel bring to me Life and im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Thro' their voice, by faith, may I Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
And at eve-ning let me say, "I have walked with God to - day."

No. 58 The One Great Theme.

J. R.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY H. N. LINCOLN. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Out of ma - ny hearts to - day one gold - en theme is spring-ing,
2. In all val - leys it is heard and on the mount-ains glow - ing,
3. More and more the theme is heard in heath - en ter - ri - to - ry,

One great theme re-joic - ing souls in ev - 'ry land are sing - ing;
On the plains and on the deep, its peace and light be - stow - ing;
More and more the na - tions love the price - less gos - pel sto - ry;

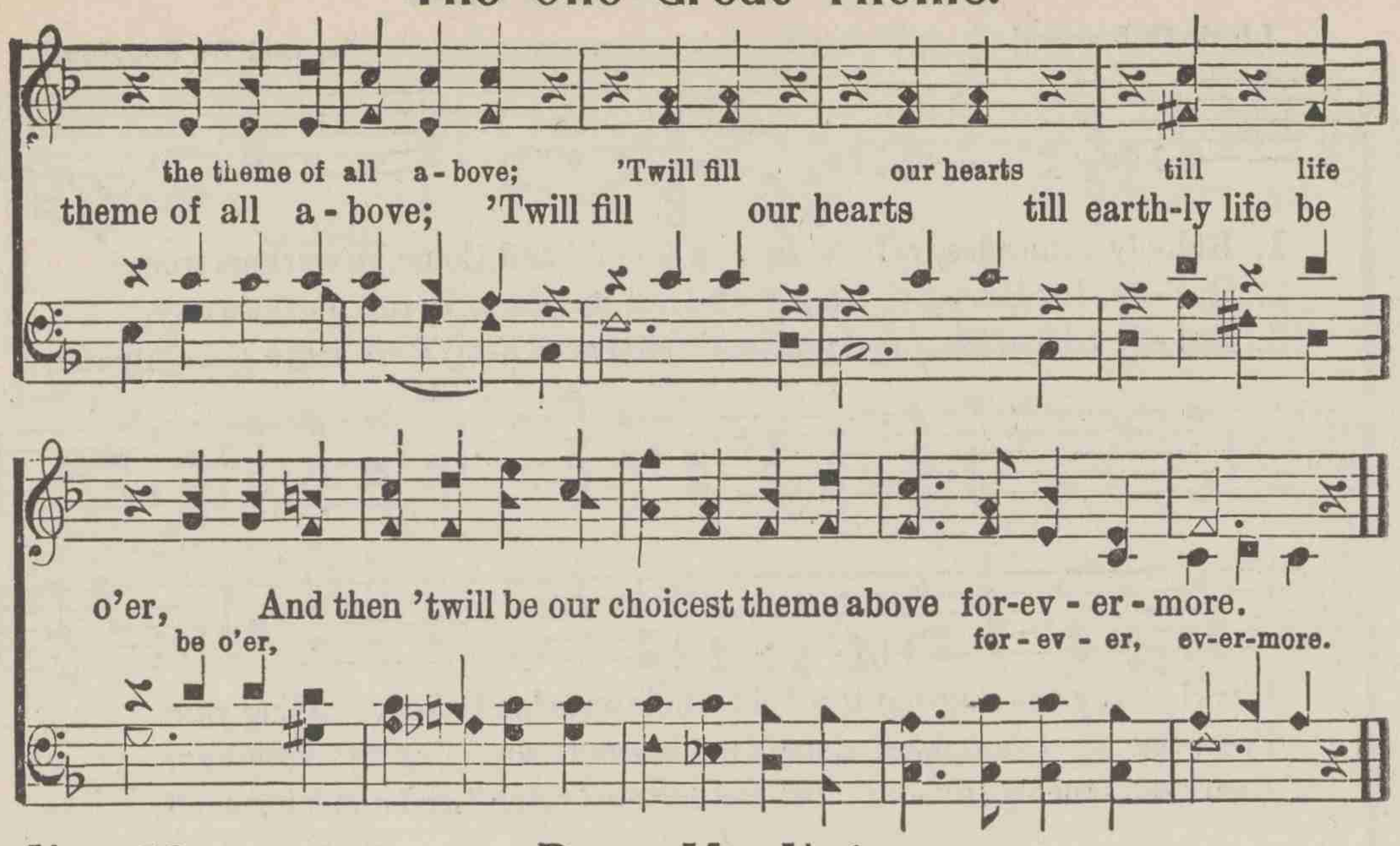
O - ver ev - 'ry shore and sea it cease - less - ly is ring - ing; Oh,
From a might - y chris-tian throng, like riv - ers, it is flow - ing; Oh,
So for - ev - er will we praise our Sav - ior's love and glo - ry; Oh,

CHORUS.

list - en! oh, hear it! The theme is LOVE DI - VINE. The one great theme is love— His love Our theme be - low,

The one great theme is Je-sus and His love; Our theme be - low, the

The One Great Theme.



No. 59 Pass Me Not.

Fanny Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION OF W. H. DOANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. **W. H. Doane.**

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
4. Thou, the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me; Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
wounded, bro-ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

hear my hum-ble cry, While on others Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 60 Rally in His Service.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Ral - ly comrades, ral - ly in a joyful band, Come, ye workers true;
2. Ral - ly for His serv - ice joy - ful vol-un-teers, In this glorious day,
3. Ral - ly comrades, ral - ly, gather round your King, Heed His wise command,

Hark! a cry is ring-ing thro' the whole wide land, God is calling you;
Press-ing on triumphant spite of doubts and fears, Singing all the way;
Heart and soul for - ev - er to His serv-ice bring, Lend a helping hand;

Fol-low where He leads you, in His keeping sure, He will hold you fast,
"On-ward" be our mot-to, well His pow'r we know, Shout with one accord,
Wait-ing not for oth - ers, glad - ly fall in line, Hear the trumpet sound,

Trust-ing in His goodness, to the end en-dure, Vict'ry comes at last.
Clad in heav'n-ly ar-mor brave-ly face the foe, Bat-tle for the Lord.
Do your best to hon - or Him, the Christ divine, On His side be found.

CHORUS.

Ral - ly, ral - ly, ral - ly, ... Fol-low on, the Mas-ter's hand is
ral - ly, ral - ly.

Rally in His Service.

guid-ing, guid-ing, Ral-ly, ral-ly, ral-ly,..... In His serv-ice
ral-ly, ral-ly,

loy-al-ly a-bid-ing; a-bid-ing; Ral-ly, ral-ly, ral-ly,.....
ral-ly, ral-ly,

Go wher-ev-er His command may lead you, lead you, Nev-er back-ward

turn-ing, Ev-er e-vil spurn-ing, Fol-low Him.
Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low Him.
Him.

No. 61 Little Tots' Song.

H. N. L. BY PER. H. N. Lincoln.

1. Hear our little sunbeam band, Singing for Jesus, Heart to heart and hand in hand, Working for Jesus.
2. Artful little hands have we, While Jesus leads them, Willing little feet you see, While Jesus speeds them.
3. Simple little words we say, His name confessing, But the little pray'rs we pray, bring down the blessing.
4. So we move with joy along, Looking to Jesus, By His grace we shall be strong, Growing for Jesus.

No. 62 Where the Angels Wait.

Companion to "Land of Song."

J. A. P. John A. Partain, owner. Used by permission. John A. Partain.

1. There's a home pre-pared ..... In the realms a -
2. Will you meet me there ..... On the heav'n-ly
3. What a joy 'twill be ..... When the ransomed

bove, ... Where the faithful saints, ...
shore, ... Where no grief can come, ...
throng, ... Round the Saviour's throne, ...

ev - er dwell in love, ... There's a shin - ing
sor-rows will be o'er? ..... Where the ra - diant
join in gladsome song, ... There in sweet-est

D. S.—*On the shin - ing*

strand, ... where the an-gels wait, ...
streets ..... are of pur - est gold .....
praise ..... to our bless-ed king, ...

strand, ... where the an - gels wait, ...

For the blood re-deemed ..... at the gold - en
And the Sav - iour's love, ... nev - er grow-eth
Songs of vic - to - ry, ... we will ev - er

For the blood re-deemed ..... at the gold - en

Where the Angels Wait. Concluded.

FINE. REFRAIN.

gate.....How our songs will ring,.....
old.....
sing .....
How our songs will ring,

gate.....

When we meet up there,..... Ev - er-more to
When we meet up there,

Ev - er-more to live,
live..... in that land so fair.....
in that land so fair.

No. 63 Sunrise Prayer.

J. M. B. J. M. Bowman.

1. Lord, I come be-fore Thee now, Heark-en to my humble pray'r;
2. Fa - ther, my pe - ti - tion hear, Bow Thine ear to my faint cry;
3. Hear my morning pray'r, O Lord, Lead me in - to paths of peace;
4. Grant, O Lord, Thy pard'ning Grace, Touch my soul with love di-vine;

Teach me how Thy Truth to know, Guide me by Thy ten-der care.
Help me while Thou dost draw near, Send me blessings from on high.
By the counsel of Thy Word, Thou my soul from sin re - lease.
Keep my heart in fond embrace, With Thy mer-cy ev - er mine.

No. 64 Words We Treasure.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1914. BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. In our ho - ly book di - vine ma - ny words like jew - els shine,
2. How they shine like bea - cons bright, thro' the dark - ness of the night,
3. Un - to Him be thanks and praise, for these bless - ed gold - en rays,

Words we treas-ure, words we treas - ure,

Words we treas-ure, words we treas - ure,

Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day, how they smooth life's rug - ged way,
Cast - ing out all doubt and fear, bring-ing faith and hope and cheer,
For the prom - is - es of love, point-ing up to Heav'n a - bove,

Words we treas - ure, words we treas-ure.

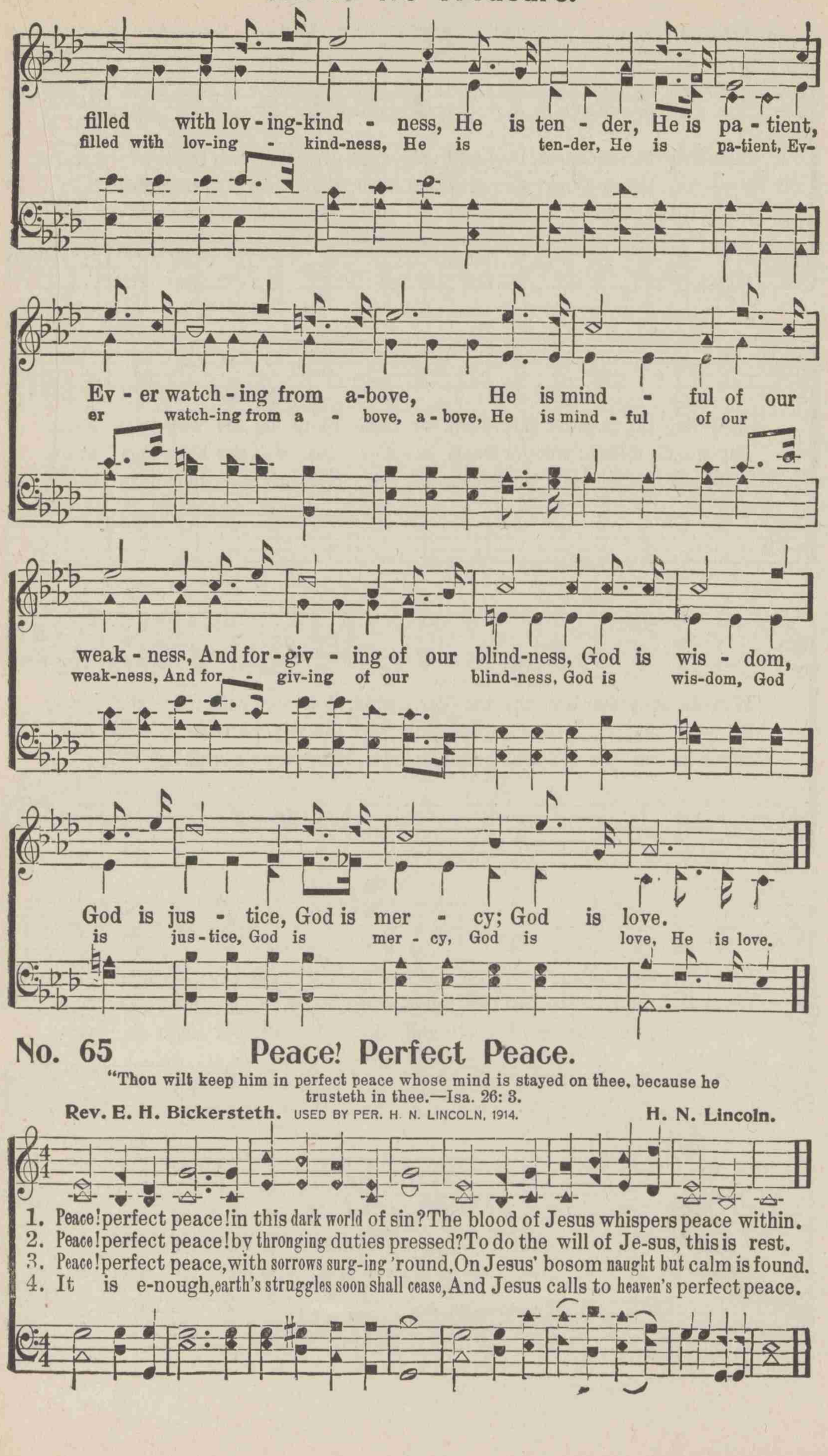
Words we treas - ure, words we treas - ure.

CHORUS.

God is wis - dom, God is jus - tice, He is

God is wis - dom, God is jus - tice, He is

Words We Treasure.



No. 65 Peace! Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee.—Isa. 26: 3.

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. USED BY PER. H. N. LINCOLN, 1914. **H. N. Lincoln.**

No. 66 Light Divine.

Mabel J. Rosemon. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Shine thro' the darkness, O Light di - vine, Ra - di - ant light of love,
2. Love of the Sav - ior, so kind and true, Shine with thy ra-diance fair;
3. Shine till each heart to the light is won, Our fal-t'ring steps at - tend;

Shed-ding thy rays on this heart of mine, Show-ing the way a - bove;
Thy wondrous light will our souls re - new, As we thy bless-ings share.
Thou art the bea-con that leads us on, Safe to the jour-neys end;

Won-drous-ly fair are thy ten - der beams, Warming with ten - der glow;
Mer - cy and goodness our lives shall crown, Safe-ly we're kept each day,
Bring us in joy to that home on high, Where love's bright glo-ries shine,

Night turns to day where thy glo - ry streams, Sad hearts thy joy shall know.
When in its glo - ry His love shines down, Bright'ning our toil-some way.
Where dwells the Ru-ler of earth and sky, Je - sus, our Light di - vine.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing, shin - ing, Won-der-ful Light di - vine,....
Shin - ing o'er us, shin - ing for us, Won - der - ful Light of love di - vine,

Light Divine.

Gen - tle, ten - der, Fill - ing this heart of mine;....
Gen - tly now thy ra - diance stream-ing, Fill - eth with light this heart of mine;

Shin - ing, shin - ing, Turn-ing our night to day,.....
Shin - ing o'er us, shin - ing for us, Turn - ing the dark - est night to day,

rit. — — — —

Shine in thy beau - ty, Bright-en our earth - ly way.....
Shin - ing o'er us, won - der - ful Light, our way.

No. 67 Graceland.

W. H. Baker. Carroll King.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose goodness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ransomed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver-dant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re-joic - ing, brought me.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy Cross be - fore to guide me.

No. 68 BEAUTIFUL HOME.

ARTHUR D. FORMBY. THOS. J. HARVEY.

1. There's a home be-yond the sky, we will reach it by and by,
2. In that home so bright and fair, friends, I hope to meet you there,
3. What a meet-ing it will be in that home be-yond the sea,

Beau-ti-ful home,..... beau-ti-ful home;.....
Home, beau-ti-ful home, home, beau-ti-ful home;

All its beau-ties to be-hold, and its grand-eur yet un-told,
When this earth-ly life is o'er, then we'll sor-row nev-er-more,
Where we'll dwell for-ev-er-more, on that hap-py, peace-ful shore,

D. S.—*Far a-bove the star-ry sky, I shall reach it by and by.*

Fine.

Beau-ti-ful home..... o-ver there.....
Home, beau-ti-ful home o-ver there.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful home,..... beau-ti-ful home.....
Beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home,

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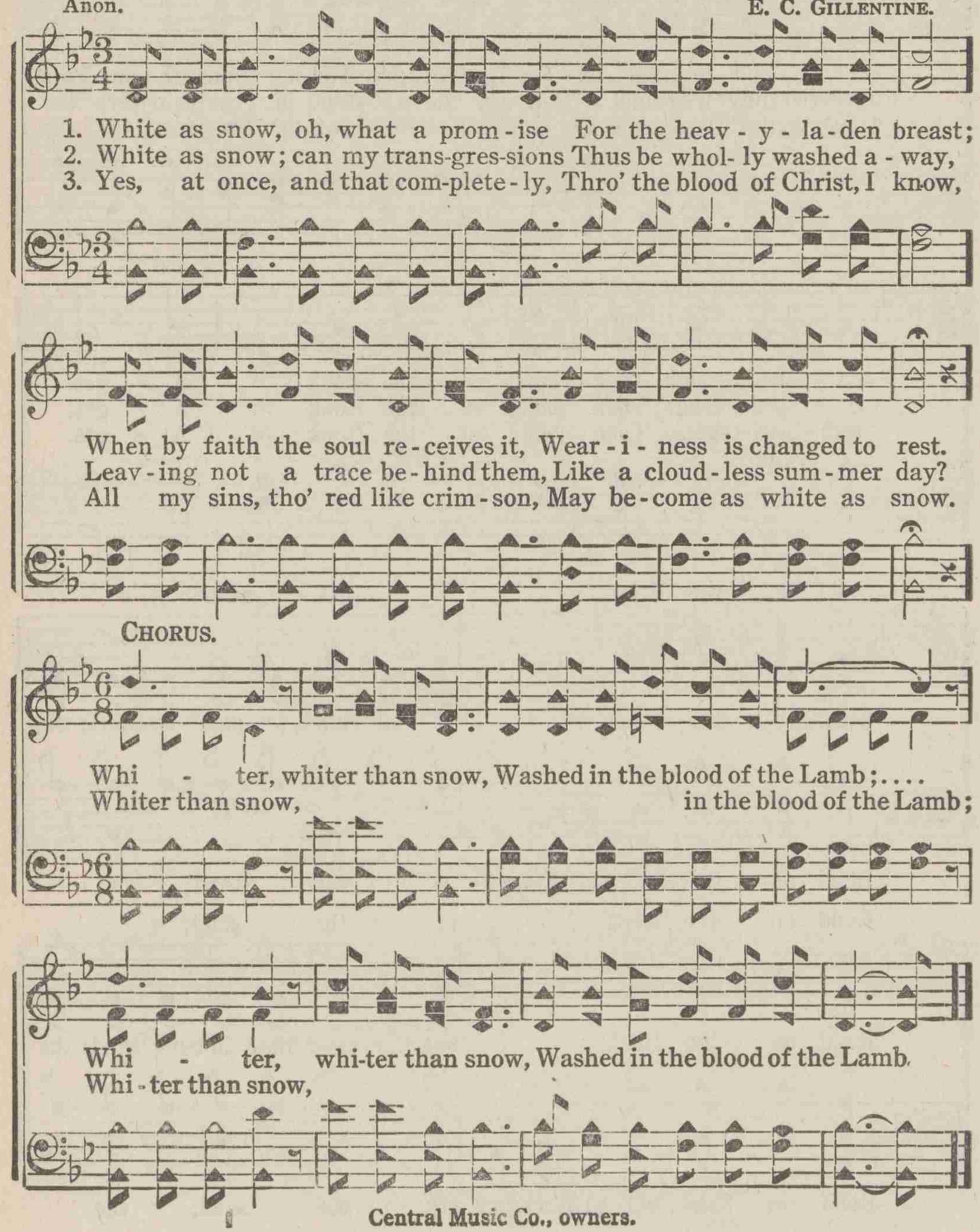
Beautiful Home—Concluded.

No. 69 WHITER THAN SNOW.

Anon. E. C. GILLENTINE.



Central Music Co., owners.

No. 70 Build On the Rock.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Built up - on the sol - id Rock the house will stand; Storms may beat up-
2. Founded on the sol - id Rock the house is strong; Tho' the pow'rs that
3. With a firm foun-da-tion laid up - on the Rock, We can build in

on it and in rage ex - pand, Not pre - vail-ing 'gainst the one Foun-
threaten may a - round it throng, It will stand in gran-deur thro' the
safe - ty, tho' the storms may mock, Fear-ing not the ter - rors of the

da - tion grand; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
a - ges long; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
tem - pest's shock; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.

CHORUS.

Build on the Rock, it will stand;
Build on the Rock, it will stand, se - cure - ly stand; oh,
Build on the Rock of A - ges, it will stand; oh,
Build on the Rock, not the sand;
Build on the Rock, not the sand, the sink-ing sand; the
Build on the sol - id Rock and not the sand: the

Build On the Rock.

Storm-y winds may blow you, But can-not o - ver-throw you If on the

Rock you're build-ing right; For sure and stead - y it stands,

firm-ly stands, and

firm, se - cure,

firm - ly and se - cure - ly stands, and Thro' a - ges long

there se - cure, . . Thro' a - ges nev - er end - ing

'twill en - dure;

'twill en-dure, en - dure for - ev - er; Safe are the souls who have

'twill en - dure for - ev - er;

built on the Rock, "They shall not be re - moved."

"They shall not be removed."

re - moved."

No. 71 March to Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

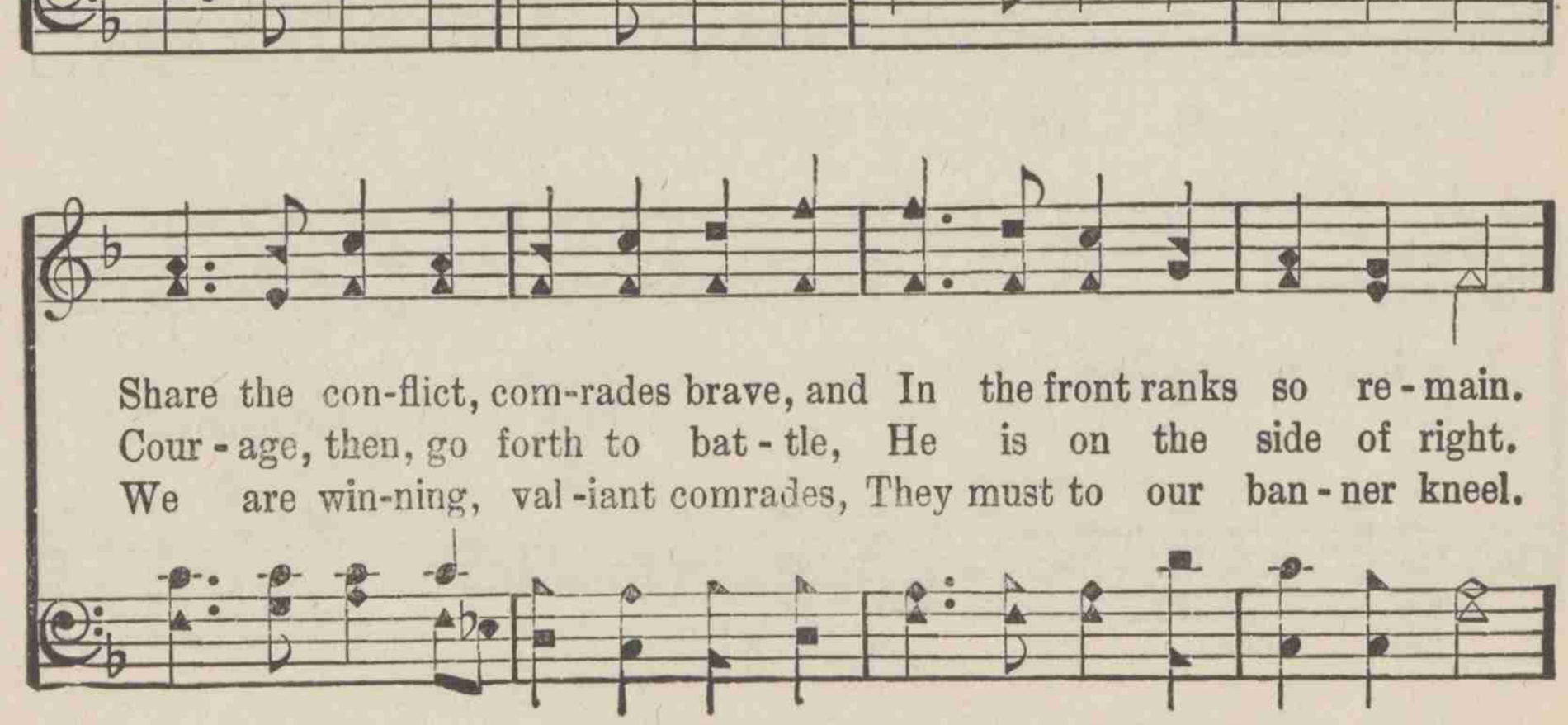
S. W. Beazley. Samuel W. Beazley.

Lively.

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

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

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



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

March to Victory.

CHORUS.

March, march, march to vic - to - ry, Hard - er
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

press the en - e - my; Heed the Cap-tain's clear com-mand to

fight on, on with cour - age; March, march
fight like val - iant men with cour - age; Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

march to vic - to - ry, Fol - low where He lead - eth thee;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,

Foes must flee when our flag they see, Then go on, on.
Then on, go on to vic - to - ry.

No. 72 The Gospel News.

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S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Dy - ing souls that per - ish on the wastes of sin Need to hear the gos - pel of re - demp-tion free; We must do our part to
2. Wear - y ones that wan - der on the des - ert wild Must be found and led back to the path of right; Tell them of the Sav - ior,
3. Tell the Word of Life to all who may be found Wand'ring far from God in sor - row, strife and sin; Touch the hearts that sigh for

spread the Word a - broad, That the souls of men from sin may res-cued be.
teach His Word of Truth, That their blinded eyes may see the Gos-pel light.
sym - pa - thy and love With the Truth Divine, 't will give them peace within.

CHORUS.

Preach it, teach it, His Truth de - clare; Preach it, teach it
Preach it, teach it, His won-drous Truth in faith de - clare; Oh, preach it, teach it

ev - 'ry - where; To the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion,
to the peo - ple ev - 'ry - where; Yes,

The Gospel News.

To the bounds of all cre - a - tion, Tell out the Gos - pel

news; Preach it, teach it, that all may

news that shall free the peo - ple; Preach it, teach it, that all may know Him,

know Je - sus the Sav - ior, who loves them so;

tru - ly know Him, Je - sus the Sav - ior, who in His mer - cy loves them so; Oh,

Keep the ti - dings go - ing, Life e - ter - nal

keep the ti - dings go - ing, Life e-

show-ing, Spread a - broad the Gos - pel news. (the Gos - pel news.)

ter - nal show - ing.

No. 73 Soldiers Strong.

S. W. B.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Sol - diers strong are need - ed now to - day, Might - y men of val - or, will - ing, true; Will you step in - to the
2. Tri-umphs must be won in con - flicts hard, On - ly stur - dy men can serv - ice do; Will you bat - tle on the
3. Tho' the strug - gle may be hard and long, Nev - er wa - ver in the fight that's on; God will strength-en you to

march - ing line With a heart the bat - tle to re - new?
win - ning side With a pur - pose born of God in you?
win the day While the foes are fall - ing one by one.

CHORUS.

Glad - ly march a - way with a song;
with a song, a warrior's song, and

March, march, march a - way, Go with a song, and

To the bat - tle's front press a - long;
With your Cap-tain press a - long, and

To the bat-tle's front, go, press a - long, and

Soldiers Strong.

No. 74 Ring Out the Hallelujah Song.

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S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Sing the hal - le - lu - jah song with glad-ness, Let its ech - oes rise and swell a - far; Send the mu - sic ov - er hill and val - ley, Let it go where drear-y, sad ones are. Temper heart and voice with joy and gladness, Send the song a - long with hope and cheer; Keep the hal - le - lu - jah strains re - sound - ing Till the ech - o reach-es far and near.

2. Sing the hal - le - lu - jah song with rap-ture, In rich har - mo-ny that's all sub - lime, Till the voi - ces of His whole cre - a - tion In the sweet and and blessed chorus chime. Ring it out in hap - py ju - bi - la - tion, Ring it out in shouts of joy - ful praise; For the Lord of all doth hear our sing - ing, And with bless-ings hal-lows all our days.

3. Sing the hal - le - lu - jah song for - ev - er, For the Lord de-serves our high - est praise; He has done so much for us, His chil - dren, That we should to Him our voi - ces raise. With thanksgiving and re-joic - ing ev - er Let us praise Him with our hearts of love; Then when earth-ly days are o'er we'll join there In the hal - le - lu - jah song a - bove.

Ring Out the Hallelujah Song.

CHORUS.

O ring out the happy song, ring, ring it out; Ring it out .....from shore to
Ring it out from

shore, Till all earth..... shall join the strain; Ring it
shore to shore, Till all earth shall join the strain;

out..... with voi-ces glad, Till no sad hearts shall re-main; Ring it
Ring it out with voi - ces glad, Till no sad hearts shall in gloom re-main;

out,..... that all may hear, And shall join..... the hap-py song;
Ring it out, that all may hear, And shall join the hap - py song;

Ring it out..... with voi-ces clear,—Waft the glad, new strains a - long.
Ring it out with voi - ces clear,—

No. 75. Where the Royal Banner Waves.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. **James H. Ruebush.**

1. Where the roy - al ban-ner waves be - fore our eyes, Shin - ing with ce-
2. Nev - er has the roy - al ban - ner known de - feat; Nev - er has an
3. Wave, O roy - al ban-ner, and in glo - ry lead, Point the way to

les - tial light, Where the bless - ed stand-ard of our Lead - er flies,
a - lien hand Torn it from its sov-'reign place of hon - or sweet,
vic - to - ry; Sin and e - vil - do - ing from thy path re - cede,

There we'll press with tire-less might: On-ward to the promised land that
Won from it its full com - mand. Foe-men may re - vile it, or ig-
Souls in bond - age now are free. Like a ben - e - dic-tion from God's

lies a - head, On - ward o'er the hills be-tween, All with hearts un-
nore its pow'r, Still its folds tri - um-phant shine, Tell-ing to the
heart of love Falls thy shad - ow on our way; Like a shaft of

daunt-ed and un - fal - t'ring tread, Cour - age true and faith se - rene.
u - ni-verse each day and hour, Christ a - bove is King di - vine.
glo - ry from the realms a - bove Shines thy light on us to - day.

Where the Royal Banner Waves.

CHORUS.

On,..... It leads us on to
Where the roy-al ban-ner in its beau - ty waves, And leads us on to

Where the roy - al ban - ner waves,

vic - to - ry, There we'll fol - low with a song,
vic - to - ry, There we'll march along, we'll fol - low with a song,

On.....
Full of joy and ec - sta - sy; Where our might-y Cap-tain in His

Where our might - y

..... He leads, and ev - 'ry dan-ger braves, There will we ad-
glo - ry leads, And ev - 'ry threat-'ning dan-ger braves,

Cap - tain leads,

vance, with faith's up-lift - ed glance, Where the roy - al ban - ner waves.

No. 76 Praise Him With Exultation.

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

1. Sing, O sing un - to the Lord with hearts o'er - flow - ing,
2. Out of night safe - ly His guid - ing hand doth lead us,
3. Sing, O sing un - to the Lord our God for - ev - er,

Praise the won - der of His love a - gain with songs of glad - ness;
Filled our lives with joy and peace and nev - er will for - sake us;
O - ver ev - 'ry shore and o - cean send His prais - es ring - ing;

Day by day won - der - ful gifts He is be - stow - ing,
Day by day free - ly with man - na He hath fed us,
He is King, and we should cease to praise Him nev - er;

O'er and o'er, more and more, light - en - ing troub - le and sad - ness.
And at length, by His strength, vic - tors He sure - ly will make us.
Praise out-pour, ev - er - more, prais - es to Je - sus be sing - ing.

CHORUS.

Praise Him who came to give us sal-va - tion; Praise Him a - gain with
Praise Him for He gives sal - va - tion; Praise His name with

Praise Him With Exultation.

true ex - ul - ta - tion; Give to Him hon - or and glo - ry, Praise Him in
ex - ul - ta - tion;

an - them and sto - ry, Praise His name for - ev - er.
praise Him for - ev - er. Oh,

Praise Him whose wondrous mer-cy up-holds us; Praise Him who safe - ly
Praise Him whose great love up - holds us: Praise Him whose great

keeps and en-folds us; Join-ing the cho - rus su - per - nal,
love en - folds us;

Sing to the Sav - ior e - ter - nal, Praise Him for - ev - er more.

No. 77 There's a Battle.

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S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There's a bat - tle go - ing on to - day; It is waged be-
2. God is for us in the war we wage, Why, then, should we
3. Brave men, stand where fierc - est char-ges come From the ranks of

tween the right and wrong; We've en - list - ed on the side of right,
fal - ter in dis-may? Who can turn the ar - my of the Lord
the op - pos - ing foe; Vol - ley for each vol - ley brave - ly give—

Val - iant men to be in bat - tles long. With de - ter - mi-
When that ar - my His commands o - bey? Fear shall nev - er
Nev - er wear - y of the bat - tle grow; God's strong arm is

na - tion in our hearts, And a faith in Him who leads the way, We will
cast our spir - its down, Tho' the bat - tle may be fierce and long; In our
ev - er on our side, No de - feat shall com-pass us a-bout; Then go

press the fight from sun to sun, Till our faith-ful ranks shall win the day.
hearts His prom-i - ses shall stand, And up - on our lips the warrior's song.
for - ward, loy - al men of faith, With God's help, the en - e - my to rout.

There's a Battle.

CHORUS.

Lead on, might - y Cap - tain in the con - flict for the
Lead on, might-y Cap - tain in the con-flict for the

right; We will fol - low Thee like soldiers brave to
truth and right; We will fol - low Thee like sol - diers

win the fight,
brave to win the fight,

Know - ing well an o - ver-
Know-ing well an o - ver-

brave, like soldiers brave to win the fight,

whelm-ing vict'ry we shall claim, As we
whelm - ing vic - t'ry we shall claim, As we go and

vic - t'ry, vict'ry we shall claim,

wage a hard and righteous bat - tle in His name.
in His name, His name.

No. 78 The Harmony Divine.

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

1. One sum - mer eve I heard a strain Of sweet - est har - mo - ny;
2. And then a vi - sion came to me: A world of sin and pain—
3. And then I tho't of One who came Earth's pris'ners to re - lease,

It soothed me like a gen - tle breeze, Or like the mur-m'ring sea;
An in - stru-ment with myr - iad strings That God would tune a - gain.
To heal the bro - ken-heart - ed ones, Cause hate and strife to cease;

Each tone to all the rest at-tuned,—Not one dis - cord - ant sound,—
I heard the jar - ring notes of greed, Of war and want and grief,
And longed that soon the time might come, When all this world would be

It fell up - on my ea - ger heart As rain on thirst - y ground.
The cries of mul - ti - tudes dis-tressed That vain - ly sought re - lief.
Tuned by the Great Mu - si - cian's hand, One glo - rious har - mo - ny.

CHORUS.

O Thou,..... who didst the tem - pest calm, And
O Thou who didst the tem - pest calm, And

The Harmony Divine.

hush..... the waves to rest, The storm.... con-trol, the
hush the waves to rest, to rest, The storm con-trol, the

tu - mult still In ev - - - 'ry hu-man breast.
tu - mult still In ev - 'ry hu - man, hu - man breast.

Sub - due..... the na - tions by Thy Cross— Make
Sub - due the na - - tions by Thy Cross— Make

ev - - - 'ry king-dom Thine— Till earth..... at last with
ev - 'ry king - dom, kingdom Thine—Till earth at last with

Heav'n shall blend In har-mo-ny di - vine.
Heav'n shall blend In har - mo - ny di - vine.

No. 79 Work On, Pray On.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Do not be dis - cour - aged tho' the world goes wrong,
2. Tho' the days be drear - y, look in faith a - bove;
3. Cast your care on Je - sus, trust Him all the while,

Work and pray in faith and sing a hap - py song; Je - sus will re-
He is watch-ing o - ver you in ten - der love; Ev - 'ry faith - ful
Bright-er grows the way with ev - 'ry pass - ing mile; Look in faith a-

ad lib. *rit.*

ward you thro' the a - ges long; Work on, pray on, He com-mands.
ef - fort Je - sus will ap-prove; Work on, pray on, He com-mands.
bove and view the Savior's smile; Work on, pray on, He com-mands.

CHORUS.

Work, work, pray, nev - er be sad;
Work and pray from day to day and nev - er be sad;
Work, work, pray, and nev - er be sad or gloom-y;

Work, work, pray, al-ways be glad;
Work and pray while yet you may and al-ways be glad;
Work, work, pray, and al-ways be glad and cheer-ful;

Work On, Pray On.

Je - sus has com-mand - ed you In His serv - ice to be true,

Then His will o - bey, ye Christian, Work, work, pray,
Work and pray with faith up - lift - ed,
Work, work, pray, go

sing - ing your song; Work, work, pray,
sing - ing your song; Work and pray with love out-pour - ing,

sing - ing your hap - py song; oh, Work, work, pray, and

ev - er be strong; Je - sus in His word has said,

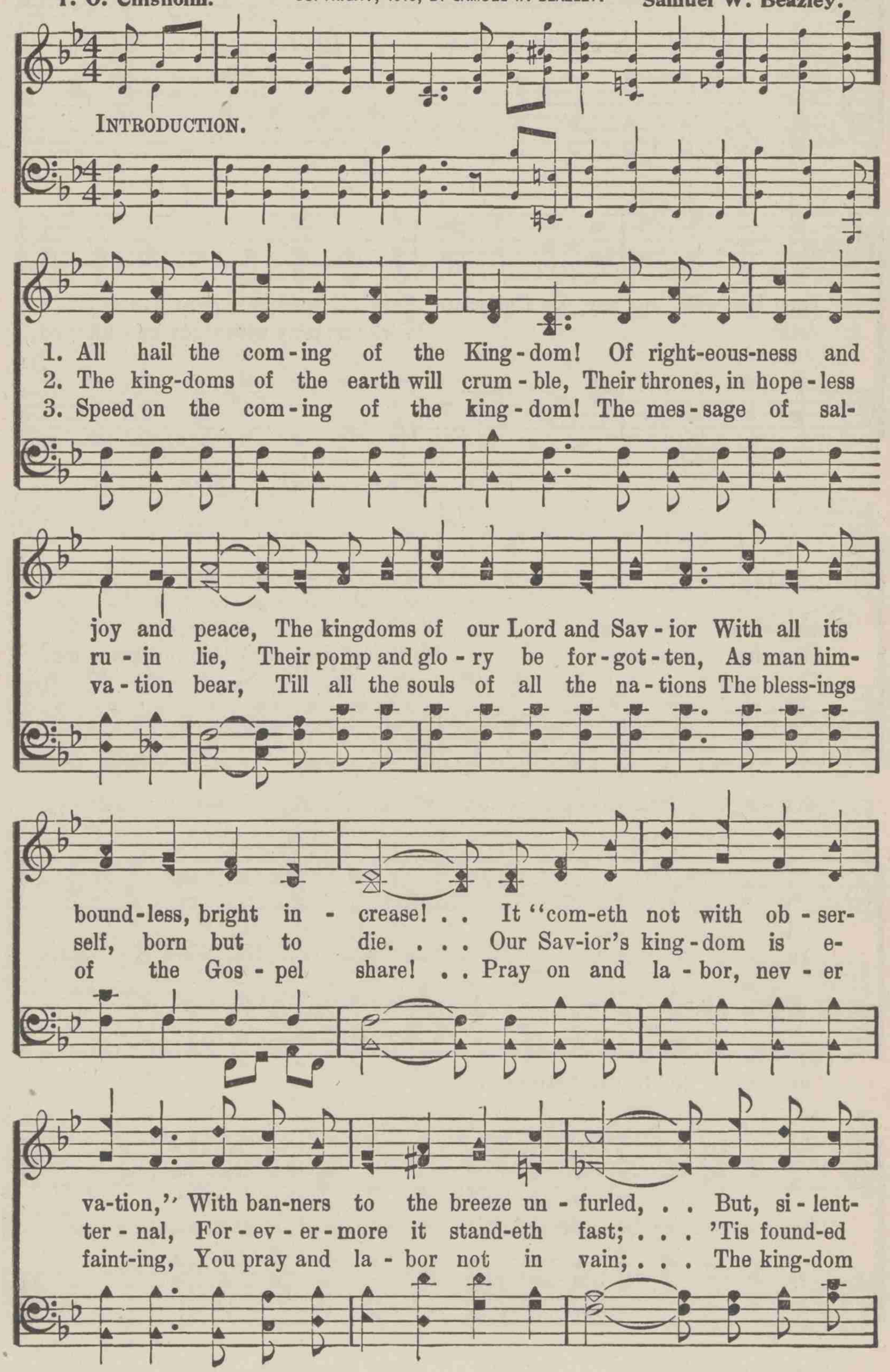
ev - er be firm and strong; for

"You need nev - er be a-fraid," Work on and pray on each pass - ing day.

No. 80 All Hail the Coming of the Kingdom!

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is done in Heaven."—MATT. 6: 10.
"The kingdoms in this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever."—REV. 12: 15.

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



All Hail the Coming of the Kingdom!

ff

ly, with - in the hearts of men It is spreading o - ver all the world.
on a Rock no might can move, And all oth - er kingdoms will out - last.
of our God will sure - ly come, And Mes-si - ah will for - ev - er reign.

CHORUS.

All hail the com-ing of the Kingdom, Of that all-glo-rious day to be, . .
to be.

When righteousness shall fill the earth, As wa-ters fill the might-y sea; . . .
might - y sea;

The pow'rs of darkness are retreating Be-fore the shouts of souls for-giv'n; . .
of souls for - giv'n;

ff

God's will on earth will yet be done As by an - gels it is done in Heav'n.

No. 81 Great is the Lord.

Laurene Highfield. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY **Samuel W. Beazley.**

1. Great is the Lord and strong His hand; He made the sea, He shaped the land;
2. He formed a path-way in the sea To set His fa-vored peo-ple free;
3. Great is the Lord up - on His throne, To Him all mys-ter - ies are known;
4. He rides the wave, He rules the storm, He soothes all fear and wild a - larm;

From ev - er-last-ing to ev - er - last-ing The heavens shall His praises swell:
O'er hills and mountains, by dales and fountains, From danger they were guarded well:
Wise prophets hoary declared His glo - ry, And strove His majesty to tell:
Tho' rocks are shaken and forests ta-ken, His peo-ple safe-ly in Him dwell:

Clothed in au-thor - i - ty He stands, The u-ni-verse heeds His com - mands:
He quenched their thirst, their hunger fed, By fire and cloud His cho-sen led:
Far greater He than all their speech, Beyond the pow'r of tho't to reach:
His sov'reign will gave mor-tals breath; Im-mor-tal life has conquered death:

Great is the Lord, ... the mighty Lord, . . . The ho - ly
Great is the Lord, the might - y Lord,

CHORUS.

Lord of Is - ra - el. Great is the Lord . . . . Great is the Lord who rides the

Great is the Lord.

who rides the storm, Who guides the stars up - on their way;
storm, . . . Who guides the stars . . up-on their way;

Ex-cel-lent is His name, boundless His pow'r and fame, Endless His roy - al
End-less His royal might, His

sway. . . Great is the Lord, a might-y Rock,
matchless sway. Great is the Lord, ... a mighty Rock, . . .

A sure de-fense in times of stress; Un-to the
A sure de - fense . . . . in times of stress;

Lord be praise, since He has crowned our days With His own right - eous - ness. . .
With His own perfect, perfect righteousness.

With His own perfect righteousness. . .

No. 82. Somewhere, Sometime.

W. H. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILL H. RUEBUSH.

Will H. Ruebush.

1. How the love of Je - sus thrills and fills me, ev - er mean - ing more and more each day; How it makes my heart go ev - 'ry hour re-joic - ing as I tread the nar - row way. So my life is filled so full of joy and glad-ness that my prais - es o - ver - flow; For the pre-cious gift of love so free - ly giv-en, that none oth-er can be - stow.

2. It is deep - er than a mor - tal mind's con-cep - tion, as un- fath-omed as the sea; And how vain would be my stamm'ring tongue's en- deav - or to de-scribe its mys - ter - y. And a glance a - lone be- yond death's mystic por - tals will the mir - a - cle ex - plain; Why He left the Fa-ther's radiant courts of glory, that thro' wondrous love I gain.

3. I can on - ly put my trust in Him un - fail - ing, yield - ing all to His con - trol; In my heart hold none a - bove His bless - ed pres-ence, make Him guardian of my soul. Then it is I feel the bless - ed, sweet as - sur - ance that His love is ev - er mine; And I rest se-cure from earth-ly storm or sorrow, in His love complete, di - vine.

Somewhere, Sometime.

CHORUS.

Somewhere, Sometime.

heights..... of glo-ry gain;..... Oh, love that is..... more than earth's

When I the heights of glo - ry gain; Oh, love that is

When the heights I shall gain; Love that is

gold,..... Whose boundless wealth..... can-not be told.

more than earth's gold, Whose boundless wealth cannot be told. (can-not be told.)

more than gold, Whose great wealth can-not be told.

No. 83. Come to Me.

C. Elliott. Francis Foster.

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a-round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea;
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee:
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no rest - ing-place for thee;
4. O voice of mer - cy! voice of love! In con-flict, grief and ag - o - ny,

Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heav'n-ly whis-per, "Come to Me."
O to the wear - y, faint, op-prest, How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me."
To heav'n di - rect thy weep-ing eye, I am thy por-tion; Come to Me."
Sup - port me, cheer me from a - bove: And gen - tly whis-per, "Come to Me!"

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