



THE
SILVER TRUMPET



The silver trumpet

BY JAMES D. VAUGHAN

P. M. Barnette



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THE

Church's Banner

SILVER TRUMPET

FOR

Revivals, Sunday-Schools, Conventions and General

Use in Religious Work and Worship.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED

— BY —

JAMES D. VAUGHAN,

LAWRENCEBURG, TENNESSEE.

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This volume of pure, sweet gospel songs is christened "THE SILVER TRUMPET."

It has been prepared with great care and much prayer, and is, in our humble judgment, a book of the highest excellence. The words are the choicest productions of the best writers, wedded to beautiful and inspiring music.

Thanking God for the successes of the past, and believing that this is the work He has called me to do, I am giving myself wholly to it, leaving the results with Him.

I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to the good people for their aid and encouragement, and if we never meet on earth, may we meet on "heaven's bright shore." Friends, remember me in your prayers.

God bless these songs and those who sing them. May they, through the power of the Holy Spirit, comfort and strengthen believers, and lead many lost ones back to our Saviour's love.

"It came to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, . . . that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord, . . . for the glory the Lord had filled the house of God." Amen.

Yours in Christ and Song,

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

The Silver Trumpet.
THE SILVER TRUMPET.

No. 1.

THE SILVER TRUMPET.

JENNIE WILSON. Suggested by J. D. V.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN



1. The - sil - ver trumpet is sounding In hon - or of our King;
2. The sil - ver trumpet is tell - ing Of ho - ly tri - umph won,
3. Ex - alt - ing Him who re - deems us, Let love and faith a - bound,
4. Our Sav - iour left us His prom - ise, That He will come a - gain,
5. Be read - y, watching and wait - ing, The trumpet call to hear,



O Christians, lift up your voic - es, And let His prais - es rise
And giv - ing highest of hom - age To God's vic - to - rious Son.
While with our worship is min - gled, The sil - ver trumpet's sound.
In all His pow - er and glo - ry Su - preme on earth to reign.
When Christ with armies of an - gels, From heaven shall ap - pear.



CHORUS.



Sweet tones of the sil - ver trum - pet, Glad ti - dings of Christ pro - claim;



O join in the joy - ful mu - sic, And glo - ri - fy His name.

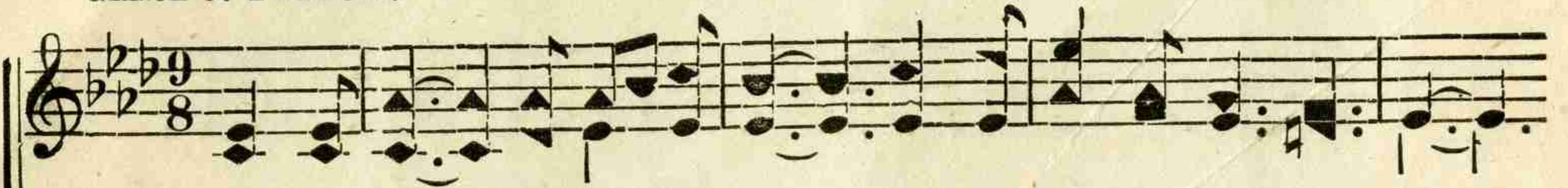


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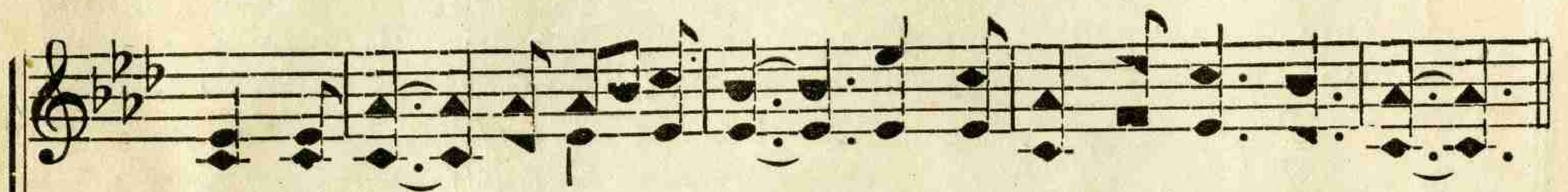
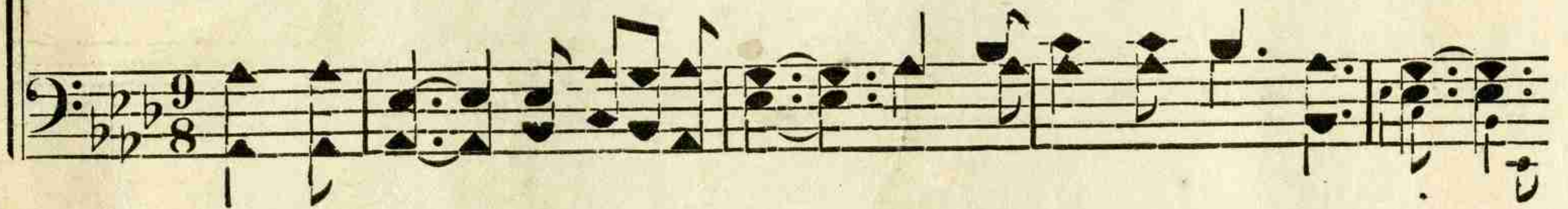
BLESSED ROCK.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



- 1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast I have reach'd the Rock at last ;
- 2. Wreck'd by sin, by tempest toss'd, Compass, chart and an-chor lost ;
- 3. Rock, that hides my trembling soul From the storms that darkly roll ;
- 4. When be - yond the vale of night I shall soar to realms of light ;



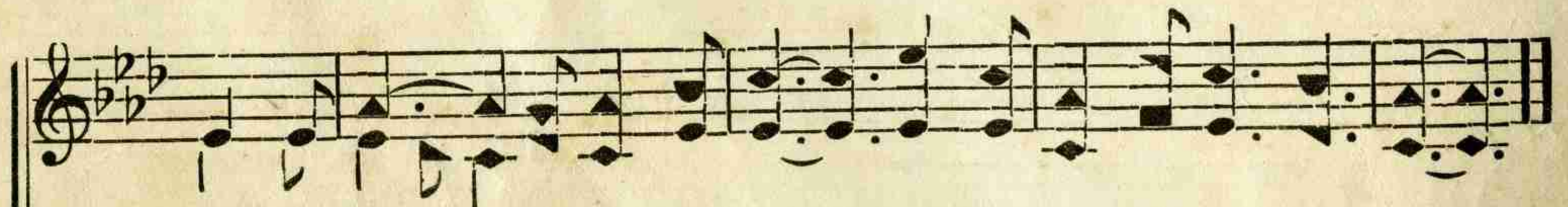
Help-less, weak and sore dismayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.
 He whose pow'r a-lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.
 While beneath the surges dash, Thunders roar and lightnings flash.
 When mine eyes behold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.



CHORUS.



Bless-ed "Rock," whose love divine, Fills with joy this heart of mine ;
 Blessed "Rock," Fills with joy

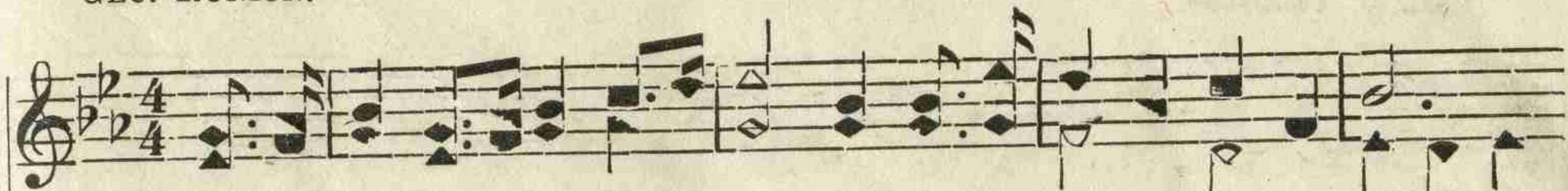


Cross of Him.... who died for me, Ev-er-more I'll cling to Thee.
 Cross of Him



GEO. RUNION.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



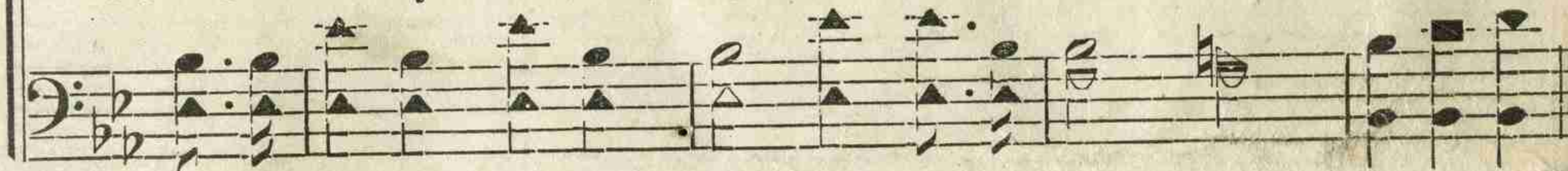
1. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, As I journey day by day ;
2. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, As I do my Master's will,
3. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, As I triumph o - ver sin,
4. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, And I can-not tell the joy



As I jour - ney day by day ;



Thro' my soul the words are ringing, "I'll go with thee all the way."
 To my life true gladness bringing, As I hear His "Peace be still."
 While I to the cross am clinging, Hoping still the crown to win.
 Je - sus to my soul is bring-ing, While His work my tho'ts employ.



"I'll go with thee all the way."

REFRAIN.



'Tis the mu-sic born of love, Precious gift from a-bove;
 'Tis the mu - sic born of love, Pre-cious gift from a-bove,



Sing, my soul, in ec - sta - sy, Praise to Him who set you free.
 Sing, my soul, in ec - sta - sy,



No. 4. I WANT TO BE READY THAT DAY.

"Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."—MATT. 25, 13. F. L. EILAND.

Slow.

1. The King in His glory is coming, With an - gels his way to at - tend,
 2. To all who are ready and waiting, O what a great scene it will be,
 3. But O what a sadness and sorrow The soul of the sin - ner must know,
 4. Too late it will be for lamenting, Too late there for mercy to try;

And beauty beyond all expression, To saints this glad moment will lend!
 What wonderful sights of rejoicing, The eyes of the faithful shall see!
 When turned from His presence forever, With wicked transgressors to go!
 Too late, when this meeting is over, Yet, still, for salvation to cry!

REFRAIN. Slower.

1, 2. I want to be read - y that day,—that day,—I want to be
 3, 4. Too late for a weep - ing that day,—that day,—Too late for a

Parts rit.

read - y that day!..... By the King at His com - ing, ac -
 weep - ing that day!(that day!) When the soul in that mo - ment, re -

With good effect, refrain may be repeated after last stanza.

rit.

cept - ed to be, I want to be read - y that day!
 ject - ed has been, Too late for a weep - ing that day!

THE HOME UP YONDER.

To my mother.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oft - en af - ter a day of toil - ing, When the hours have been
 2. All my troub - les are then for - got - ten, Not a sor - row can
 3. Once a - gain I am with my loved ones, Hand in hand as in
 4. So my way to the riv - er press - ing, Then at last when that

filled with care, Then I dream of the home up yon - der,
 come to me, When I dream of the home up yon - der,
 days of yore, When I dream of the home up yon - der,
 land I view, When I dream of the home up yon - der,

REFRAIN.

And in fan - cy I have entered there.
 When those mansions of the blest I see. O the home up yon - der,
 I am with them on that peaceful shore.
 I'll a - wak - en and will find it true.

Bless - ed home up yon - der, No more sighs and no more tears, No more

doubts and no more fears, When I think of the home up yon - der.

No. 6. ON THE BANKS OF THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. We shall walk in the light of e - ter - nal day On the banks of the
2. We shall rest 'neath the beautiful trees that grow On the banks of the
3. We shall meet cherished ones who have gone be-fore On the banks of the
4. We shall join in the song that the ransomed sing On the banks of the



crys - tal riv - er; With our tri - als all o'er we shall glad - ly stray
crys - tal riv - er; Wea - ry con - flicts we nev - er a - gain shall know
crys - tal riv - er; We'll re - joice that no part - ing comes ev - er - more
crys - tal riv - er; And we'll praise the great love of our Sav - iour King

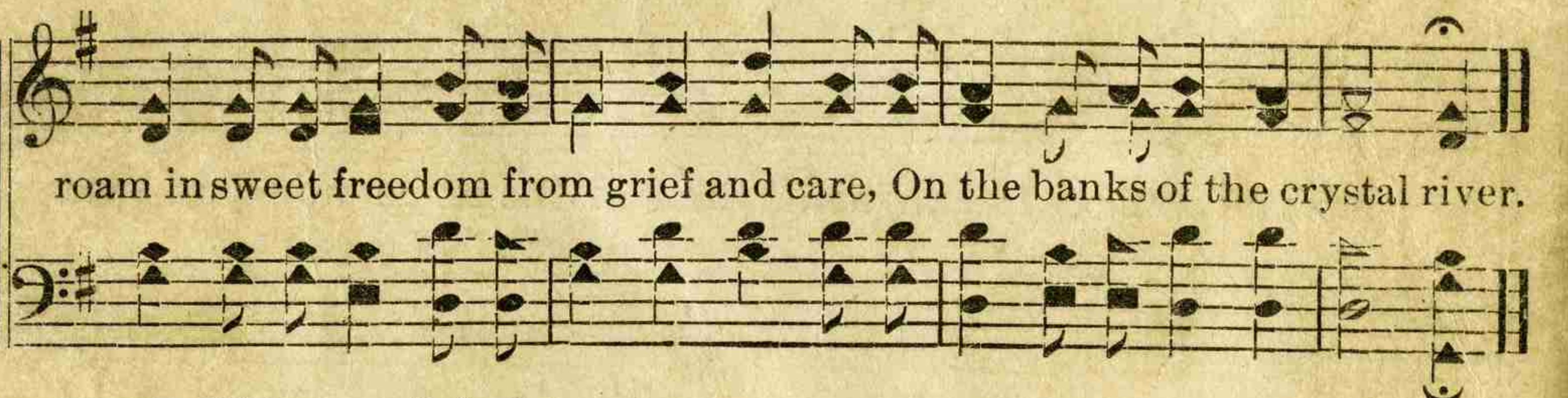
CHORUS.



On the banks of the crystal riv - er. Where the flowers of heaven are



blooming fair, With their fragrance perfuming the balm-y air, We shall



roam in sweet freedom from grief and care, On the banks of the crystal river.

No. 7. FOR THE SOUL THAT'S REDEEMED.

JENNIE WILSON.

D. W. CRIST.

1. There's a di - a - dem un - fad - ing with a robe of snow-y white,
2. There is free-dom from temp-ta-tion with de - liv - er-ance from sin,
3. There are a - ges of re - joic - ing o'er unmeasured depths of grace,

For the soul that's re-deemed; There's a home in God's fair
For the soul that's re-deemed; There are ring - ing hal - le -
For the soul that's re deemed; There will be the won - drous

cit - y where no shadow dims the light, For the soul that's redeemed.
lu - jans o'er the vict'ry Christ doth win, For the soul that's redeemed.
rap-ture of be - holding Je-sus' face, For the soul that's redeemed.

CHORUS.

For the soul that's redeemed, For the soul that's redeemed, There is happiness e-

ter - nal in the life of perfect love, For the soul that's re-deemed.

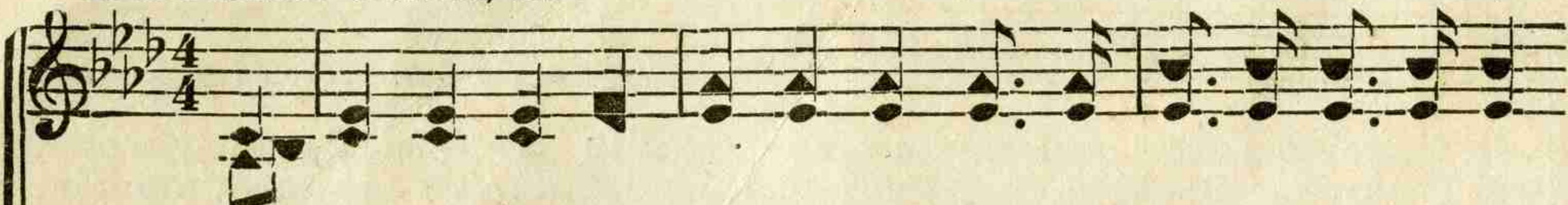
No. 8.

I EXPECT TO WEAR A CROWN.

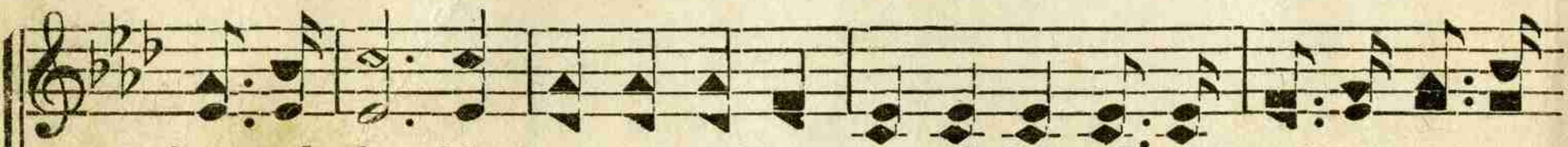
"Which the Lord hath promised to those that love him."—JAMES 1: 12.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

H. N. LINCOLN.



- 1. In that fair kingdom out of sight, I expect to wear a crown
- 2. Tho' here an ex-ile I may roam, I expect to wear a crown
- 3. Al-tho' the world may think me poor, I expect to wear a crown
- 4. Tho' storms may sweep, tho' waves may roll, I expect to wear a crown
- 5. Then come what will, come joy or tears, I expect to wear a crown



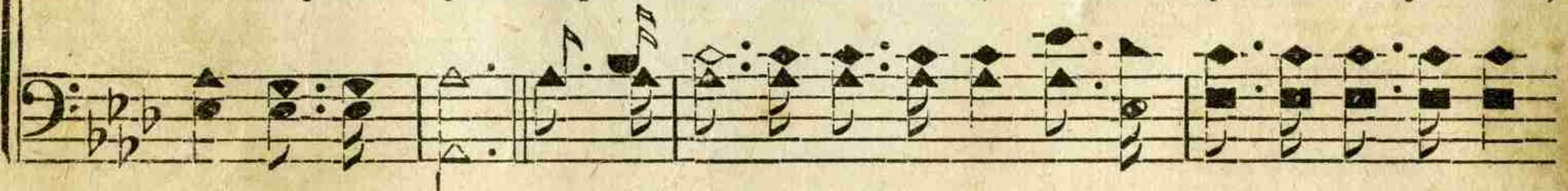
by and by; My future prospects are so bright, I expect to wear a
 by and by; When angel convoys bear me home, I expect to wear a
 by and by; My ti-tle is es-tablished sure, I expect to wear a
 by and by; I rise above them in my soul, I expect to wear a
 by and by; What signifies a few brief years, I expect to wear a



REFRAIN.



crown-by and by. I expect to wear a crown, When I lay this body down,



I shall reign a king forever in the sky; God has made of me an heir,



In His glo-ry I will share, I expect to wear a crown by and by.



No. 9. MARCHING TO OUR HOME ON HIGH.

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

F. CLARK PERRY.

mf *mp*

1. We're marching to a bet - ter land, To a bright - er
 2. We're marching on to Ca - naan's shore, To the prom - ised
 3. We're marching home, yes, march - ing home, Je - sus smiles and

mf

world on high; With all the saints, at God's right hand,
 land of rest, Where toil and sor - row come no more,
 bids us come; There we shall sing a - round the throne,

mp **REFRAIN. *Vigoroso.***

We shall praise Him by and by. Marching to our home on high,
 In a home divine - ly blest.
 When the toils of life are done. our home on high,

"Far be - yond the star - lit sky," If faith - ful - ly we serve our
 star - lit sky,

rit.

heav'n - ly Mas - ter, We shall reach it by and by.....
 yes, by and by.

1. O sil-v'ry sea..... of Gal-i - lee, In East-ern land so
 2. O hear the cry,..... "Save, Lord, I pray!" From one faint-hearted
 3. The night is dark;.... I'm on a sea Where waves roll high and

1. O silv'ry sea of Gal-i-lee, In East-ern land so

fair! In fan - cy now..... I stand by thee,
 there; My sink-ing heart..... takes up that cry,
 wild; I'm lost un - less..... Thou pi - lot me,
 fair! In fan-cy now I stand by thee

And see my Sav - iour there. I see Him walk.....
 When storms beat heav - y here. For well I know.....
 O Mas - ter strong and mild. Walk to me on
 And see my Sav - iour there. I see Him walk

up - on the wave,..... When bil-lows roll.....
 His gra-cious will,..... Can calm life's rough.....
 this troub-led sea;..... Dear Sav - iour, bid.....
 up - on the wave, When bil-lows roll

and clouds are dark,..... His trembling ones.....
 and troub-led sea,..... And to its waves.....
 me walk to Thee;..... I shall not fail,.....
 and clouds are dark, His trembling ones

O SILVERY SEA. Concluded.

from death to save, Tossed help - less in their bark.
 say, "Peace, be still," As there on Gal - i - lee.
 for Thou wilt save, As once on Gal - i - lee.
 from death to save, Tossed helpless in their bark.

No. 11. OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Our Sabbath-school is a hap-py place, And there the children throng,
 2. Our Sabbath-school is a hap-py place, And thith - er we re - pair,
 3. Our Sabbath-school is a hap-py place, We stud - y there the Word,

With cheer-ful heart and with smiling face To join the hap - py song.
 With ea - ger heart and with quickened pace, To join the voice of pray'r.
 In which the ho - ly life we trace Of Christ, our liv - ing Lord.

REFRAIN.

O the happy, happy Sabbath, Sabbath-school, How we love to gather there,

In the happy, happy Sabbath, Sabbath-school, In the place of praise and pray'r.

No. 12. GLAD WELCOME TO ALL.

Arr. by J. D. V.

Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. With glad-ness we join in a fes - ti - val song, And hail the sweet
2. Our Fa - ther in Heav-en, we come unto Thee With notes of thanks-
3. And if ere this glad year has drawn to a close, Some loved one a-



joys which this day brings along; We'll raise all our voices in anthems of praise,
giv-ing, our glad ju-bi - lee; O bless us, and guide us, our Saviour, we pray,
mong us in death shall repose, Grant, Lord, that the dear one in heaven may dwell



REFRAIN.



To God, who hath kept us and lengthened our days. Glad wel - come to
That from Thy blest precepts we never may stray.
In man-sions of glory, where all shall be well. Glad welcome to all, glad



all, glad wel - come to all, In
wel-come to all, Glad wel-come, glad welcome to all, to all!

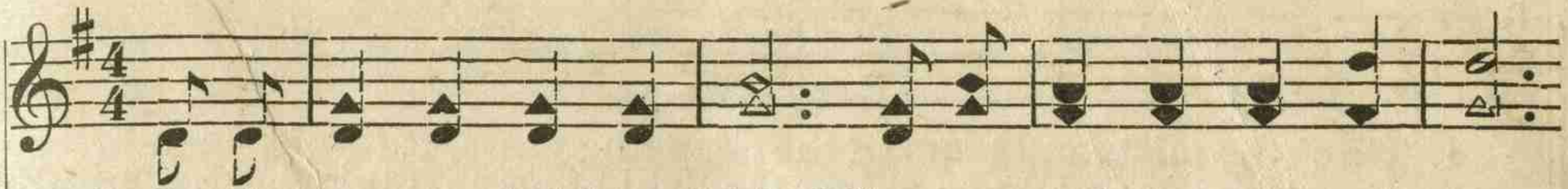


harmony sweet we come now to greet, Glad welcome, glad welcome to all.



REV. B. F. CAMPBELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- 1. On that morning bright and fair, When we reach that heavenly shore,
- 2. What a joy - ful time 'twill be When we meet in sweet ac - cord,
- 3. O the bless - ed, bless-ed thought, Sin shall nev - er en - ter there;
- 4. Let us still re - ech - o "come," Send the word to near and far;



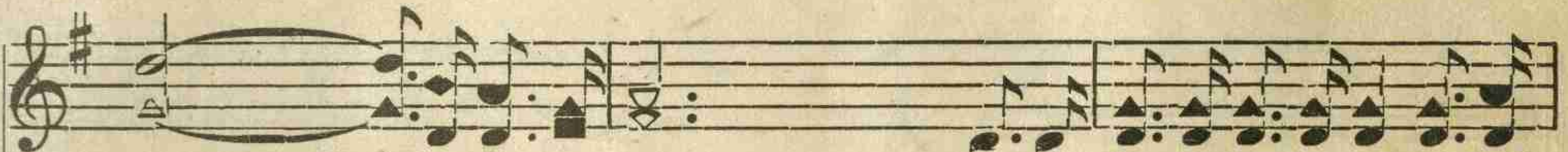
We shall see our Sav-iour there, We shall praise Him ev - er - more.
 Our en-raptured souls set free In the ser - vice of the Lord.
 By His precious blood we're bought, Crowns of glo-ry we shall wear.
 Je - sus waits to lead you home, He will be your guid - ing star.



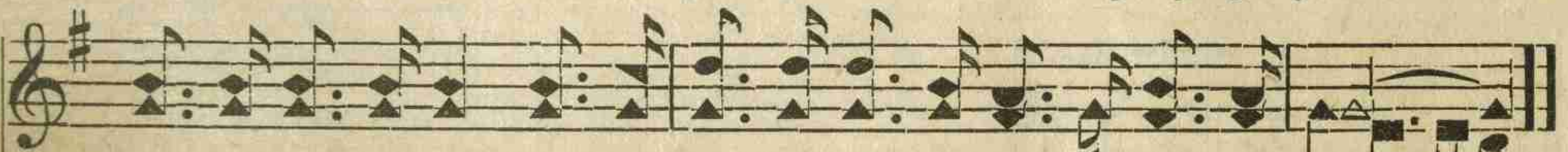
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu jah, I'll be there, In the
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there, I'll be there, In the



land where all is fair; Where our voices we shall raise In e -
 land where all is fair, In the land where all is fair;



ternal songs of praise, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, I'll be there.



ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Thro' the mists and tears Of the changing years, Rifts of golden light are
 2. From the jeweled dome Shines the light of home, Like a beacon broadly
 3. Christ, the Lord of love, Is the light thereof, Filling heav'n with joys su-
 4. As we home-ward go From this vale be-low, We will sing the old, old

shin - ing; And we lift our eyes To the sun - lit skies, Heaven's
 beam - ing; It is bright - er far Than the morning star, Or a
 per - nal; And He guides His own To the great white throne, Thro' His
 sto - ry; And with heart and voice We will all re-joyce, As we

REFRAIN.

glo - ries half di - vin - ing.
 vis - ion of our dream - ing. Beautiful gold - - - en light of
 gift of life e - ter - nal.
 near the heights of glo - ry. Beau-ti-ful golden light of

home..... Bright-en our path..... wher-e'er we
 home, clear light of home Brighten our path where'er we

roam..... Fill - ing our hearts..... with peace and
 roam, where'er we roam, Filling our hearts with peace and

BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF HEAVEN. Concluded.

love..... Guid - ing our wand'ring feet to heav'n a-bove.
love, with peace and love.

No. 15.

MESSENGERS OF LOVE.

JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. As we serve the bless-ed Saviour, Reigning on His throne above,
2. There are ma - ny souls a-round us, In the gloom of sin's dark night;
3. There are wea - ry ones who fal - ter As they jour - ney day by day;
4. Je - sus lov'd the world so tru - ly That He died on Cal - va - ry,

In this world of need and sor - row, We are mes - sen - gers of love.
We must point them to the Saviour, Making known His wondrous light.
Fill'd with pit - y for their weakness, We must help them on their way.
And pro - claim - ing His great mer - cy, Mes - sen - gers of love are we.

REFRAIN.

We are mes - sen - gers of love, We are mes - sen - gers of love;

As we do the will of Je - sus, We are mes - sen - gers of love.

A GLORY SIDE TO THE CLOUD.

MISS E. E. HEWITT.

(Inscribed to all of my pupils.—B. B. B.)

B. B. BEALL.



1. There's a glo-ry side to the cloud we fear, For the Lord Himself, tho' unseen, is near,
2. There's a glo-ry side, O how fair and bright, And its golden gleams cheer the gloomy night,
3. There's a glo-ry side, and it brighter grows, As our faith and hope on His word repose,



To the trusting soul will His grace appear ; There's a glo-ry side to the cloud.
 When the Holy Dove comes with saving might, There's a glo-ry side to the cloud.
 And the God of love "present help" be-stows; There's a glo-ry side to the cloud.



REFRAIN.



Yes, a glo-ry side ; let our hearts con - fide In the
 Yes, a glo-ry side ; let our hearts con-fide In the



Lord who stand - eth by ; Yes, a glo-ry side ; when our
 Lord, in the Lord who standeth by, who standeth by ; Yes, a glo-ry side ;



faith is tried, We will look beyond the sky.
 when our faith is tried, We will look beyond the sky, we will look beyond the sky.



We will look, we will look beyond the sky.

No. 17. THERE ARE SHEAVES FOR US TO GATHER.

JENNIE WILSON.

D. W. CRIST.



1. There are gold - en sheaves for our hands to gath - er In the
2. Grief will fill our souls when the day is end - ed And the
3. Wondrous joy will come to the faith - ful reap - ers When they



Mas - ter's harvest field ; Let us haste a - way where He bids us la - bor,
time to serve is done, If we have no share in the great re - joic - ing
bring their trophies blest ; Let us glad - ly toil for the lov - ing Mas - ter



CHORUS.



And for Him the sick - le wield. Gold - en sheaves we shall
O - ver ma - ny bright sheaves won.
Till He calls us home to rest. There are gold - en sheaves for our



gath - er, Let us heed the Mas - ter's call ; There are gold - en
hands to gather,



sheaves for our hands to gath - er Ere the twi - light shad - ows fall.



1. O won-drous love!..... O love di - vine!..... I am my
 2. The load of guilt..... no one could bear..... But Christ the
 3. O let us love..... and praise Him more;..... The sto - ry

1. O wondrous love! O love di-vine!

Lord's..... and He is mine;..... O wondrous love,..... so rich and
 Lord,..... the One most fair;..... He suffered death,..... with all its
 old..... tell o'er and o'er;..... He will new joys,..... new transports

I am my Lord's and He is mine; O wondrous love,

free,..... That full - est par - - don brings to me!.....
 pains,..... Now end - less life..... for us re - mains.....
 send,..... His won-drous love.... will have no end.....
 so rich and free, That full - est par - don brings to me!

CHORUS.

O won-drous love..... the Fa - ther shows,..... Re-deem - ing
 O wondrous love the Fa-ther shows,

us..... from all our woes!..... O love di - vine,..... so full and
 Redeeming us from all our woes! O love divine,

O WONDROUS LOVE! Concluded.

free,..... That saves the vil - est, e - ven me!.....
 so full and free, That saves the vil - est, e - ven me!

No. 19. DON'T GRIEVE YOUR MOTHER.

F. M. G.

F. M. GRAHAM.

1. Some-bod-y's mother, pray-ing to-night, For her dear children out of her sight;
2. Some mother's darling, her own dear boy, Down at the dram-shop, sapping her joy;
3. Some precious daughter, tho' mother's old, Yet she has wandered far from the fold;
4. I had a moth-er, lov-ing and true, But she de-part-ed out from our view;
5. Sweet to my mem'ry and fresh to-day, When mother taught me to kneel and pray,

Anx-ious - ly wait-ing for them to come In from the nightfall, in - to their home.
 O, son, remember dear mother's pray'r, How she is waiting, burdened with care.
 Don't grieve your mother, who loves you so, Soon you will miss her from earth below.
 Well I re-mem-ber, O sad the day, She called us 'round her, then passed away.
 Point-ing to heav-en that home above, Where I will meet her, she whom I love.

CHORUS.

Don't grieve your mother, don't grieve her so, You'll find no oth-er on earth below;

Soon you will miss her, how sad and lone ! Far from your presence she will have flown.

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1. Like a good shepherd Je-sus kept His own, Ev - er loving, kind and
 2. Christ, the mer - ci-ful Shepherd, lives a - gain, And invites us now to
 3. Like a shepherd whose kindness never fails, Je - sus doth pro-vide for
 4. I will an-swer the faithful Shepherd's call, And His voice shall day by

faith-ful was He, And when dy - ing for oth - ers on the cross, He
 en - ter His fold; In His pres-ence is safe - ty from all harm, And
 ev - er - y need, As in beau - ti - ful pastures He His flock By
 day be my guide; Safe - ly shel-tered from ev'ry beat-ing storm, With

CHORUS.

gave His life for me. Like a shepherd good and true was Jesus, Who from
 peace and joy un - told.
 qui-et streams doth lead.
 Je - sus I'll a - bide. Who from

blame..... and sin was free; When on Calv'ry's mount He
 all the guilt and blame of sin was free;

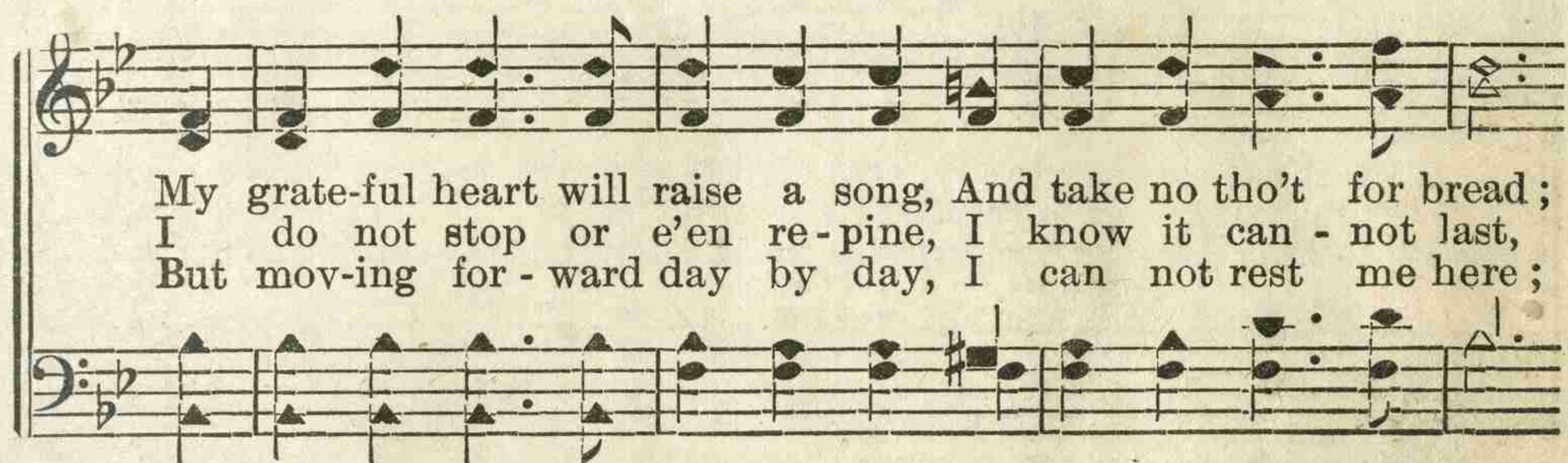
died, Mocked by foes and cru-ci - fied, He gave His life for me
 His life for me.

J. M. P.

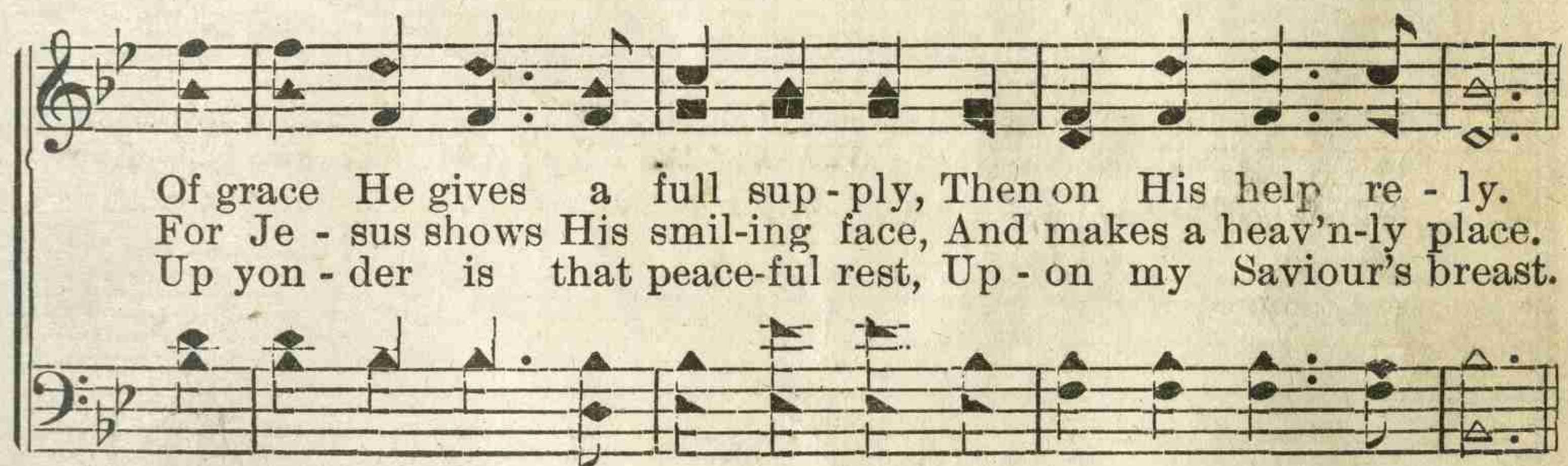
J. M. PIERCE.



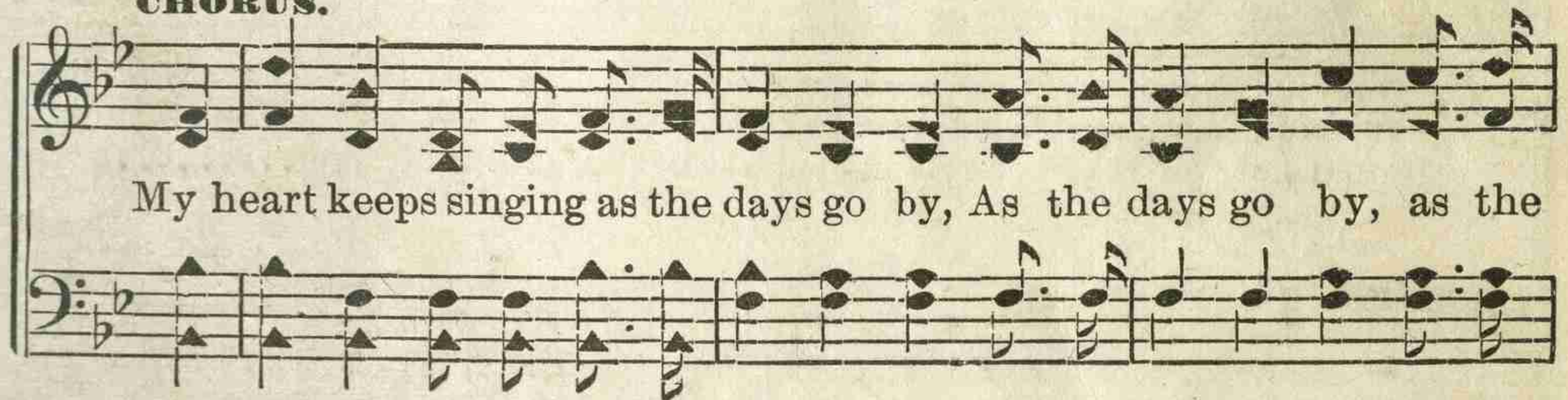
1. Tho' gloom-y days may come a - long, No store have I a - head,
 2. When o'er my path no sun doth shine, But dark-ness gath-ers fast,
 3. When tri - als come up - on my way I nev - er stop nor fear,



My grate-ful heart will raise a song, And take no tho't for bread;
 I do not stop or e'en re-pine, I know it can - not last,
 But mov-ing for - ward day by day, I can not rest me here;



Of grace He gives a full sup-ply, Then on His help re - ly.
 For Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, And makes a heav'n-ly place.
 Up yon - der is that peace-ful rest, Up - on my Saviour's breast.

CHORUS.


My heart keeps singing as the days go by, As the days go by, as the



days go by; My heart keeps singing as the days go by, As the days go by.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. There's a way that leads to glo - ry, Bless-ed way for pilgrim feet, There's a
 2. There's a Guide Book for the trav'ler, And the pilgrim need not stray, If but
 3. Let us tell the joy - ous message To the straying and the lone, Tell them



sweet and old - en sto - ry, That our lips may still re-peat; There's a cit - y
 faith - ful to its precepts, Ev - er will - ing to o - bey; It di - rects us
 of our lov - ing Saviour, Who would gladly be their own; And the sad and

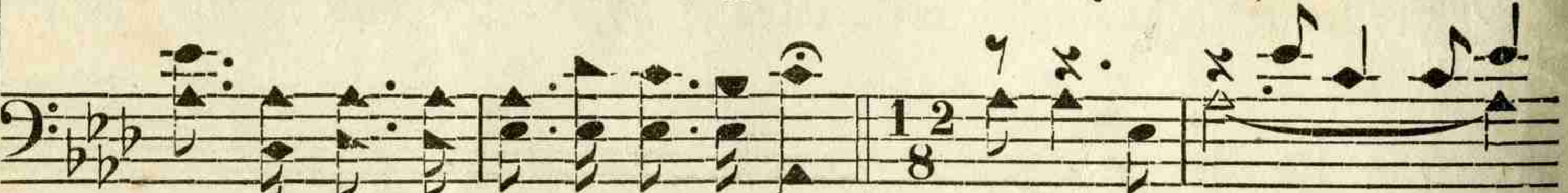


bright e - ter - nal, With its streets of shining gold, There where flow'rs are always
 to His pal - ace, To the pal - ace of the King; And a crown a - waits the
 heav - y la - den, Bid them come to Him and rest; Lo! He wait-eth with a



REFRAIN.

ver - nal, None may ev - er - more grow old. The way of life,
 faithful, Who are striving sheaves to bring.
 wel - come, for the wea - ry and oppressed. The way of life,.....



the nar - row way, Shall lead us thence to realms of
 the nar - row way,..... Shall lead us thence,..... to realms of



THE WAY OF LIFE. Concluded.

day, to realms of day; And when we here no more
 day ;..... And when we here..... no more shall roam,.....

shall roam, We'll meet to praise at home, sweet home.....
 We'll meet to praise..... at home, sweet home, at home, sweet home.

No. 23.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

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' toss'd a-bout With ma-ny a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve,
 5. Just as I am, Thy love unknown, Has brok-en ev'-ry bar-rier down ;

And that Thou bid'st 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 within and foes without, 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 !

SAM SHULTZ.

EMMETT S. DEAN.



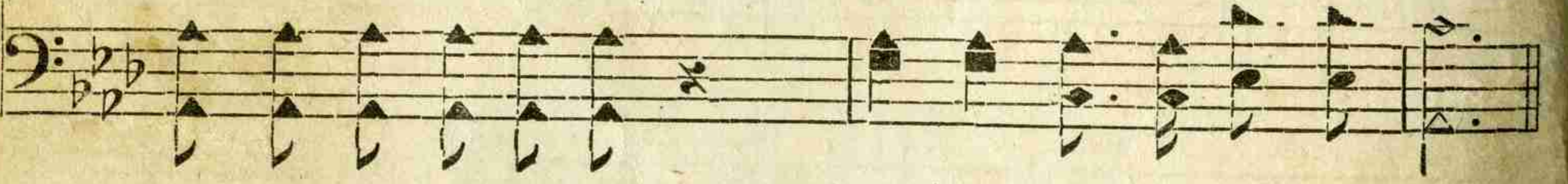
1. Thou art gone,..... our precious darling,..... Nev-er
 2. Then be - yond..... this vale of sor - row..... We'll a -
 3. Thou art gone,..... our precious darling,..... Nev-er
 4. There we'll meet..... you, precious darling,..... There we'll
 5. There we'll spend..... the countless a - ges,..... Ev - er
 1. Thou art gone, our precious darling, precious darling,



more.... canst thou return; Thou shalt sleep.... a peaceful
 wake.... from ev'-ry care; In a cit - y bright, e-
 more.... we'll see thy face; Till we meet.... thee o'er the
 clasp.... glad hands once more; When we've met,... to part, no,
 by..... our Saviour's side; There we'll nev - - er know a
 Never more canst thou return, canst thou return; Thou shalt sleep a peaceful



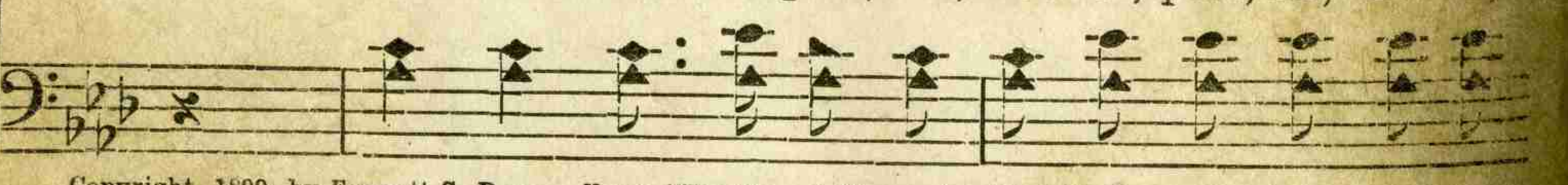
slum - ber, Till the res - - ur - rection morn.
 ter - nal, And its joys..... we'll ev - er share.
 riv - er, In that hap - py dwell - ing place.
 nev - er, On that hap - py, peace - ful shore.
 sor - row, There our tears..... will all be dried.
 slumber, peaceful slumber, Till the res - ur - rection morn.



CHORUS.



We shall meet..... to part, no, nev - er,.....
 We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, part, no, nev - er,



THOU ART GONE. Concluded.

By and by, By and by; We shall meet to part, no,
By and by, By and by; We shall meet to part, no,

nev - er,..... In that home..... be-yond the sky.
nev - er, part, no, never, In that home be-yond the sky.

No. 25.

WHEN MOTHER PRAYED.

C. F. O.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Good as Solo.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour; When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew Within my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can never know
4. Tho' oth-er scenes may be for - got, While life shall last this one can-not;

Fine.

O mem'ry sweet! O hallowed place, Where God did shine in mother's face.
I could no long-er doubt His love, But yield-ed all,—born from above.
A sweeter time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in sav-ing pow'r!
When mother pray'd! O peace divine! My mother's God to-day is mine.

D. S.—Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.

CHORUS.

D. S.

When mother pray'd she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd her soul was blest;

No. 26. WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

JENNIE WILSON.

To Rev. T. F. Kellum.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. 'Tis a bless - ed as - sur - ance that brings ho - ly cheer, From our
2. With our weak - ness is min - gled om - nip - o - tent might, As we
3. As re - demp - tion's glad sto - ry we dai - ly pro - claim, Tell - ing
4. With the prom - ise of win - ning a glo - ri - ous prize, In the

hearts cast - ing out all fore - bod - ing and fear, While for Christ and His
seek to ex - tend the pure kingdom of light, Send - ing joy - giv - ing
those who are burdened with guilt and with shame, Of full par - don thro'
beau - ti - ful cit - y where joy nev - er dies, Let us serve un - til

cause we are la - bor - ing here, We are work - ers to - geth - er with God.
rays in - to sin's dreary night, We are work - ers to - geth - er with God.
faith in the one saving Name, We are work - ers to - geth - er with God.
called to our home in the skies, We are work - ers to - geth - er with God.

REFRAIN.

We are work - ers to - geth - er with God, We are
We are work - ers to - geth - er, to - geth - er with God, We are

work - ers to - geth - er with God, As we toil here be -
work - ers to - geth - er, to - geth - er with God,

WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD. Concluded.

low it is bless - ed to know, We are workers to - geth - er with God.

No. 27.

COME, YE SINNERS.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, 1892.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy ;
 3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit - ness fondly dream ;
 4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall ;

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true repentance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter You will nev - er come at all.

REFRAIN.

Yes, there is rest o - ver Jordan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free;

Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.

Used by permission.

To my choir at Cherry Grove, Virginia.

REV. T. C. HARPER.

J. OWEN LONG.

1. Long for Je - sus we've been toiling While the summer days have flown
 2. Let us not grow wea-ry, brother, Of the constant toil and strife;
 3. Scat - ter lov-ing smiles and flowers, Cheer the lone-ly by the way,

Hop - ing for a bounteous har-vest Of the good seed we have sown;
 Let us seek the lost and err - ing, Lead them to a high - er life;
 Help the weak to bear life's burden, 'Twill re - turn to you some day;

Trust - ing in His gracious prom - ise To the toil - ing ones be - low;
 Look - ing to the bless - ed Mas - ter, He will need - ed grace be - stow,
 Aft - er shadows there'll be sunshine, Peace and gladness follow pain;

rit.
 They shall reap in fields of glo - ry Of the good seed that they sow.
 And will bless with crowns of glo - ry All our la - bors here below.
 Aft - er sow - ing there'll be reaping, Aft - er toil and loss, the gain.

CHORUS.

Yes, the reap - - - ing time is com - - - ing,
 Yes, the reap - ing time is com - ing, It is coming by and by,

SOWING AND REAPING. Concluded.

It is com - - - ing by and by;
Yes, the reap-ing time is com-ing, It is com-ing by and by;

Gold - en sheaves we'll bring re - joic - - - ing,
Gold-en sheaves we'll bring re-joic-ing To the harvest home on high,

To the harv - - - est home on high.....
Gold-en sheaves we'll bring re-joic - ing To the harvest home on high.

No. 29.

LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise;
2. O watch and fight and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plo - re.
Thy arduous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
He'll take thee at thy part-ing breath To His di - vine a - bode.

No. 30. IN THE HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS.

HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. In the house of ma - ny mansions we shall know as we are known,
2. Nev - er - more a tho't of sadness, when beneath sweet heaven's dome,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter with a will - ing heart and hand,



O'er its beau - ti - ful ex - pan - sion we shall nev - er walk a - lone;
All is peace and joy and glad - ness in our Fa - ther's shining home;
In this world of dread dis - as - ter ev - er for the right to stand;



With the mill - ions gone be - fore us we will laud and praise our King,
O, the pros - pect just be - fore us, if we here shall faithful prove,
By ex - am - ple prove to oth - ers that we dwell in Je - sus' love,



D.S. - There with dear ones, long la - ment - ed, there with all the ransomed throng,



With an ev - er - last - ing cho - rus we will make sweet Heaven ring.
In the hap - py homeland o'er us what an at - mos - phere of love!
Prove to all our friends and brothers that our treasure is a - bove.



With the heart and mind con - tent - ed, chant the ev - er - last - ing song.



All - the pain and sor - row o - ver when we reach the land of day!



IN THE HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS. Concluded.

D. S.

In the presence of Je-ho-vah, while the a - ges roll a - way ;

No. 31.

I NEED THE PRAYERS.

“—and pray one for another. . . The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”—JAMES 5: 16. JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.

1. I need the pray'rs of those I love, While trav'ling o'er life's rugged way ;
 2. I need the pray'rs of those I love, To help me in each trying hour ;
 3. I want my friends to pray for me, To hold me up on wings of faith ;

That I may true and faithful be, And live for Je - sus ev-'ry day.
 To bear my tempted soul to Him, That He may keep me by His pow'r.
 That I may walk the narrow way, Kept by our Father's glorious grace.

CHORUS.


I want my friends to pray for me, To bear my tempted soul a - bove,

And in-ter-cede with God for me; I need the pray'rs of those I love.



No. 32. IN THE RESURRECTION MORNING.

JENNIE WILSON.


A. E. HELTON.




1. Soon the dreamless sleep of death will be o'er, Soon will end its lone-ly night;
2. O the brightness of that morn none can tell, When all darkness fades away,
3. Over all the world the trumpet will sound, Ringing loud o'er sea and land;
4. What a morning full of joy that will be, When the Lord, who for us died,




Open wide will swing the tomb's gloomy door In the res-ur-rec-tion light.
And from silent slumber saints rise to dwell In the glad e-ter-nal day!
Then will ocean's briny bed, like the ground, Yield its dead at Christ's command.
Bids us from the bonds of death to be free, In His likeness sat-is-fied!



CHORUS.



In the res - - ur-rec-tion morn - - ing All the
In the res - ur-rec-tion morning All the dead, all the



dead in Christ shall rise;..... At His call they will a-wake,
dead in Christ shall rise, shall a-rise;



And the lone-ly grave forsake, Meeting an-gels in the skies.



MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

J. OWEN LONG.

Solo or Duet.



1. I have heard such a beau - ti - ful sto - ry, The sweet-est I
 2. When I tell that sweet sto - ry to oth - ers, It brings them a
 3. Are you tell - ing that same blessed sto - ry Wher - ev - er the

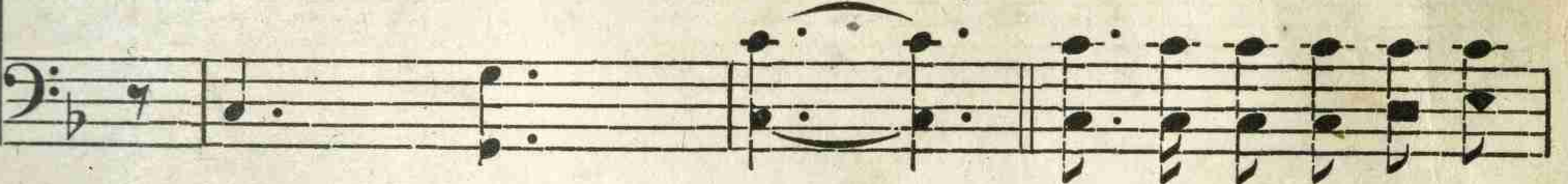


ev - er have known ; It bro't me such rest when my heart was distressed,
 blessing like mine; And hearts that were sad are made peaceful and glad,
 sor - row - ful are? A light they shall know that will banish their woe,



REFRAIN.

I made that old sto - ry my own (my own).
 With Cal - va - ry's heal - ing di - vine (di - vine). Won - der - ful sto - ry ! O
 And guide them to glo - ry a - far (a - far).



won - der - ful sto - ry ! 'Tis greater than mortal hath dreamed; O mar - vel - ous



sto - ry of darkness and glory, That makes a lost sinner re - deemed !



JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. Oh, heav-en is..... not far a - way,..... While in the
 2. Not far a - way..... is that calm shore,..... Where earthly
 3. Not far a - way..... is that pearl gate,..... Where loved ones
 4. We're drawing near..... that bless-ed place,..... Where we shall

1. O heaven is not far a-way,



paths..... of time we stray ;..... We soon shall cross.....
 storms..... will break no more,..... And in that glad.....
 for..... our com-ing wait,..... And soon within.....
 see..... our Saviour's face ;..... With Him we soon.....

While in the paths of time we stray, of time we stray; We soon shall cross



the dusk-y tide,..... With Jesus ev - er to a - bide.
 ce - les-tial home,..... No grief or pain..... can ev - er come.
 the jas-per walls,..... We'll dwell where dark - ness nev-er falls.
 shall dwell for aye,..... For heaven is..... not far a - way.

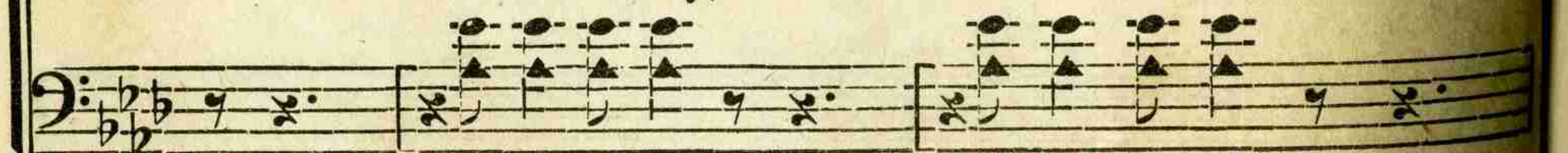
the dusky tide, With Je-susev-er to a - bide.



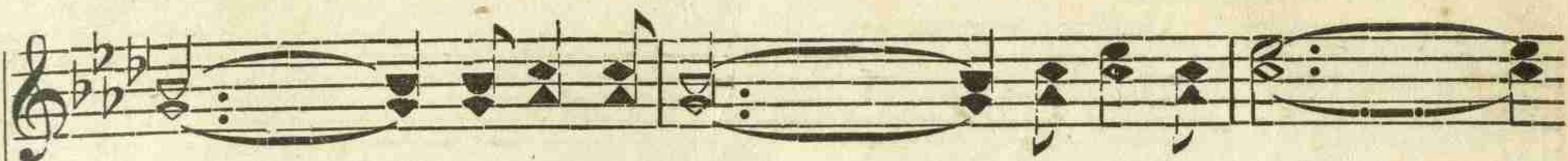
CHORUS.



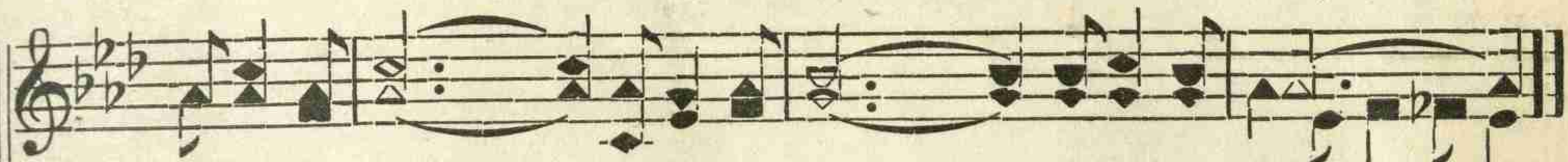
Not far a - way,..... not far a - way,..... Is that dear
 Not far a-way, not far a - way,



HEAVEN IS NOT FAR AWAY. Concluded.



land..... more fair than day;..... We'll meet ere long,.....
 Is that dear land more fair than day, more fair than day; We'll meet ere long,



the white-robed throng,.. For heaven is..... not far a - way.....
 the white-robed throng, For heaven is not far away, not far away.



No. 35.

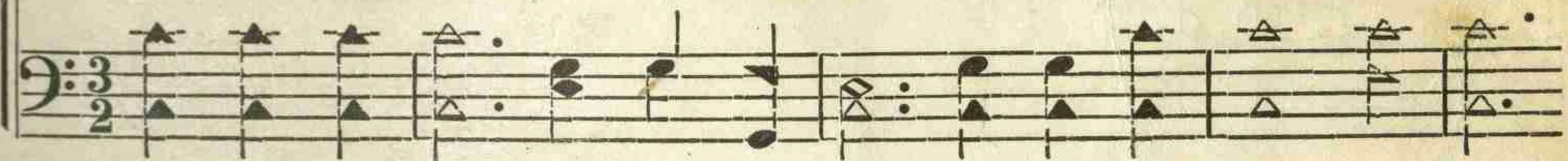
SPRING. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

L. C. EVERETT.



1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th' a-tone-ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith to sight im-prove,



This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.
 Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
 Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.



No. 36. IN THE KINGDOM OF THE LORD.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

F. CLARK PERRY.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.

1. In the kingdom of the Lord, Dwell the good, dwell the blest, In the kingdom of the
 2. In the kingdom of the Lord, Finds my tho't its em-ploy, In the kingdom of the
 3. In the kingdom of the Lord, Thro' the bow'rs I shall roam, In the kingdom of the

QUARTET.

Lord, There is peace, there is rest. To that blessed land,
 Lord, Is my hope, is my joy. Of that blessed land,
 Lord, In my bright, heav'nly home. To that blessed land,
 To that land.....my soul shall
 Of that land..... so fair and
 To that land..... are my de-

glad my soul shall fly, When this pilgrimage, pil-grim-age is
 land so fair and bright, Trav-el-ing a-long, trav-el-ing a-
 There are my de-sires, Sav-iour's blest a-bode, Saviour's blest a-
 fly,..... When this pil - - - grimage, this pilgrimage is
 bright,..... As I'm trav - - - el-ing, am trav-el-ing a-
 sires,..... There's my Sav - - - iour's blest, my Saviour's blest a-

o'er, Dwell be-yond the sky, dwell be-yond the sky,
 long, Al-most catch the sight, al-most catch the sight,
 bode, Thee, my heart as-pires, Thee, my heart as-pires,
 o'er, I shall dwell..... be-yond the sky.....
 long, I can al - - - most catch the sight,.....
 bode, Un-to Thee..... my heart as - pires,.....

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE LORD. Concluded.

With my Sav - iour blest,
Al - most hear the song,
Home-land of my God,

blest for ev - er-more.
al - most hear the song.
home - land of my God.

With my Sav - iour ev - er - more.....
I can al - most hear the song.....
Dear - est home - land of my God.....

CHORUS.

When the sun..... is sink - ing low,..... So oft I
When the sun is low, sun is sink - ing low,

sing,..... so sweet - ly sing,..... O that
then so oft I sing, then so sweet - ly sing,

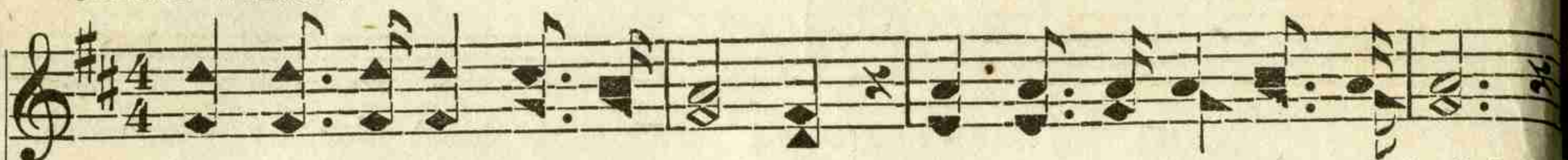
land..... to which I go,.....
land that bless - ed land, land to which I go,

rit - - - ard - - - an - - - do.

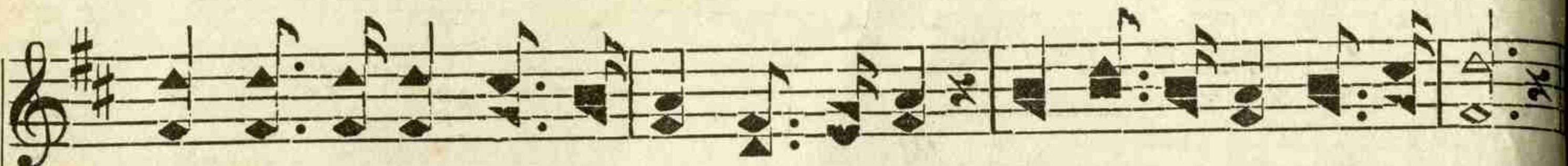
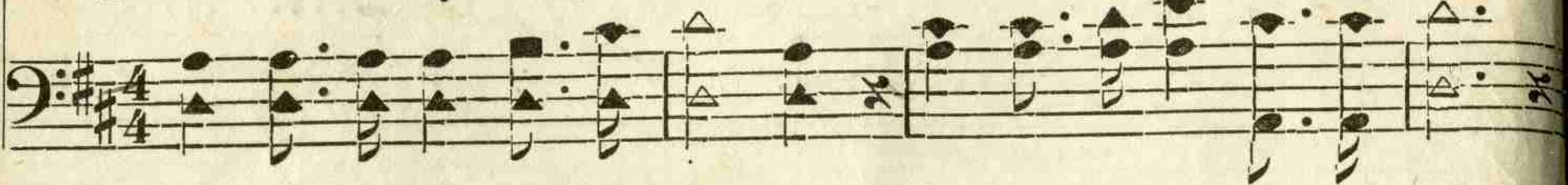
Where my Fa - ther is the King.....
He is the King.

JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



- 1. Go where the footprints of Je - sus Shine with a ra - di-ance bright;
- 2. Safe from all dangers that threaten, Guard-ed when perils af-fright;
- 3. Tru - ly be-liev-ing in Je - sus, Know-ing His guidance is right,
- 4. When all the journey is finished Heav - en will gladden your sight;



True to your Guide, never turn-ing aside, Walk in the pathway of light.
 Trusting the love that unfailing will prove, Walk in the pathway of light.
 Happy in Him with a faith naught can dim, Walk in the pathway of light.
 Up to the gate where new joys for you wait, Walk in the pathway of light.



REFRAIN.



Walk in the light, Walk
 Walk in the path-way, the pathway of light, Walk in the path



in the light; Fol - low - ing on where the
 way, the path - way of light;



Sav - iour has gone, Walk in the pathway of light.
 Walk in the pathway, the pathway of light.



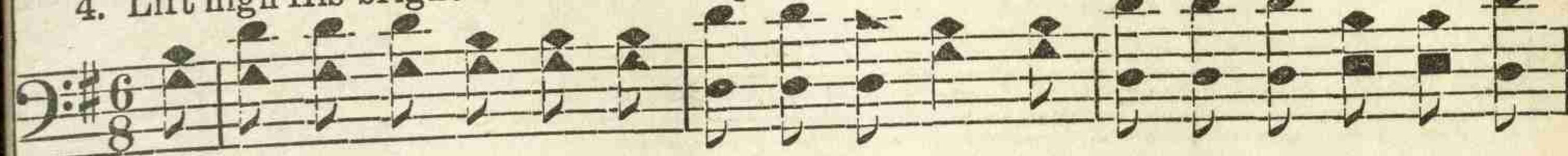
BEAR THE SWEET MESSAGE.

J. L. MOORE.

G. W. LYON.



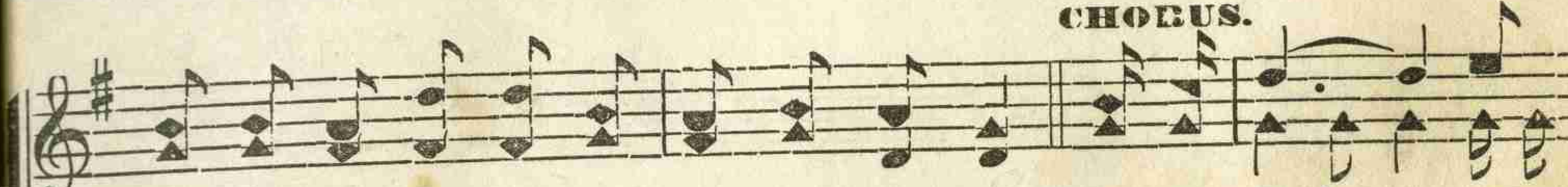
1. Go, bear the sweet message of Je-sus who came Lost sin-ners to seek and to
 2. O tell of the joy and the peace He will give To hearts that are wea-ry and
 3. Go in - to the homes of the low - ly and sad, The mansions of wealth and the
 4. Lift high His bright banner and keep it unfurled Till na-tions a - far shall the



save thro' His love; It may be that some one will come to His side, Won
 sigh-ing for rest; Be - liev - ing the words that you speak in His name, The
 plac - es of sin, And tell them how pre-cious the grace He be-stows, The
 mes - sage re - ceive, Till dark-ness and er - ror shall van - ish a - way, Till



CHORUS.



by the glad sto - ry from heav - en a - bove. Then a - way!..... a -
 wayward and fall - en are res - cued and blest.
 joys of sal - va - tion by trust - ing in Him.
 all the wide earth shall con - fess and be - lieve. Then a - way, a-way, then a -



way,..... Re - peat the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain, Till the
 way, a-way, Till the



world... re - deemed Shall crown with re-joic-ing The Saviour of men.
 world redeemed, Till the world redeemed



No. 39. MARCHING ON TO GLORY DAY BY DAY.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. 'Neath the sa - cred gos - pel ban - ner, with the Sav - iour for our guide
 2. Climb - ing rug - ged steps be - fore us, led in ways we do not know
 3. O - ver - com - ing earth's temptations, joys en - dur - ing to ob - tain,
 4. To be read - y for the banquet at the mar - riage of the Lamb

We are marching on to glo - ry day by day; Trust - ing
 We are marching on to glo - ry day by day; Pass - ing
 We are marching on to glo - ry day by day; Seek - ing
 We are marching on to glo - ry day by day; With the

in our Ho - ly Lead - er thro' what - ev - er may be - tide,
 oit thro' pleas - ant val - leys where re - fresh - ing wa - ters flow,
 heav - en's shin - ing cit - y, life e - ter - nal there to gain,
 com - pa - ny of pure ones to u - nite in vic - t'ry's psalm

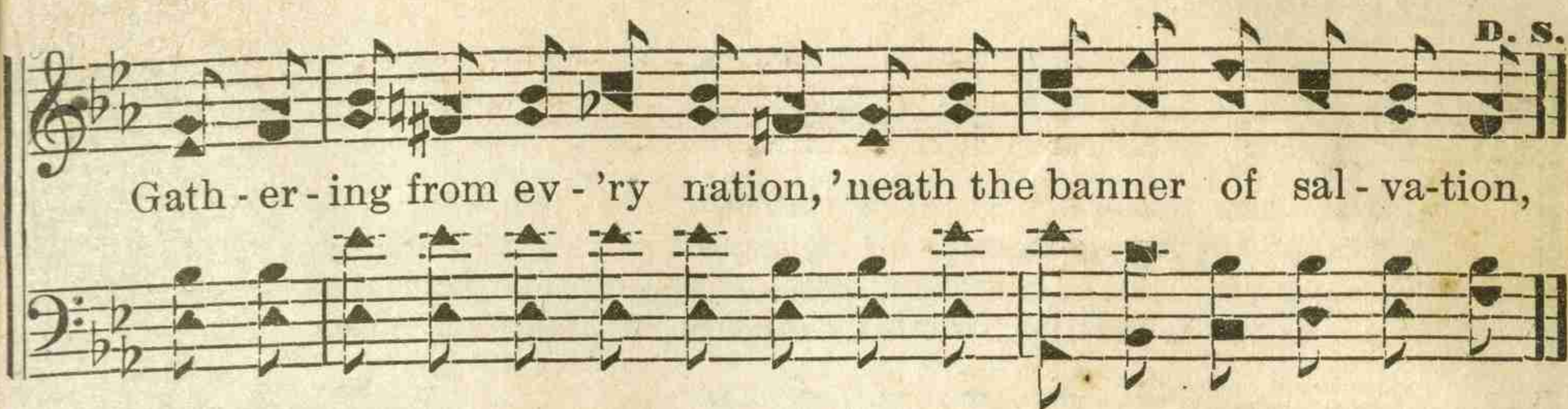
Fine. REFRAIN.

We are marching on to glo - ry day by day. We are marching on to

D. S. We are marching on to glo - ry day by day.

glo - ry day by day, We are marching on to glo - ry day by day;

MARCHING ON TO GLORY DAY BY DAY. Concluded.



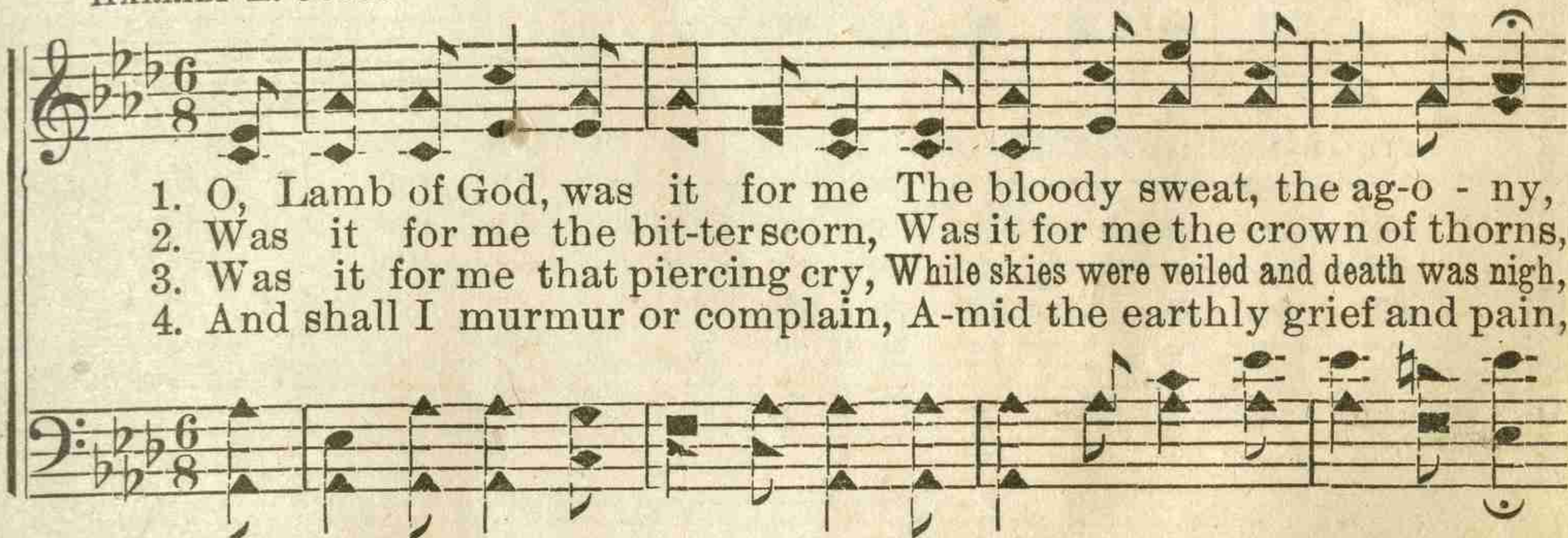
Gath - er - ing from ev - 'ry nation, 'neath the banner of sal - va - tion,

No. 40.

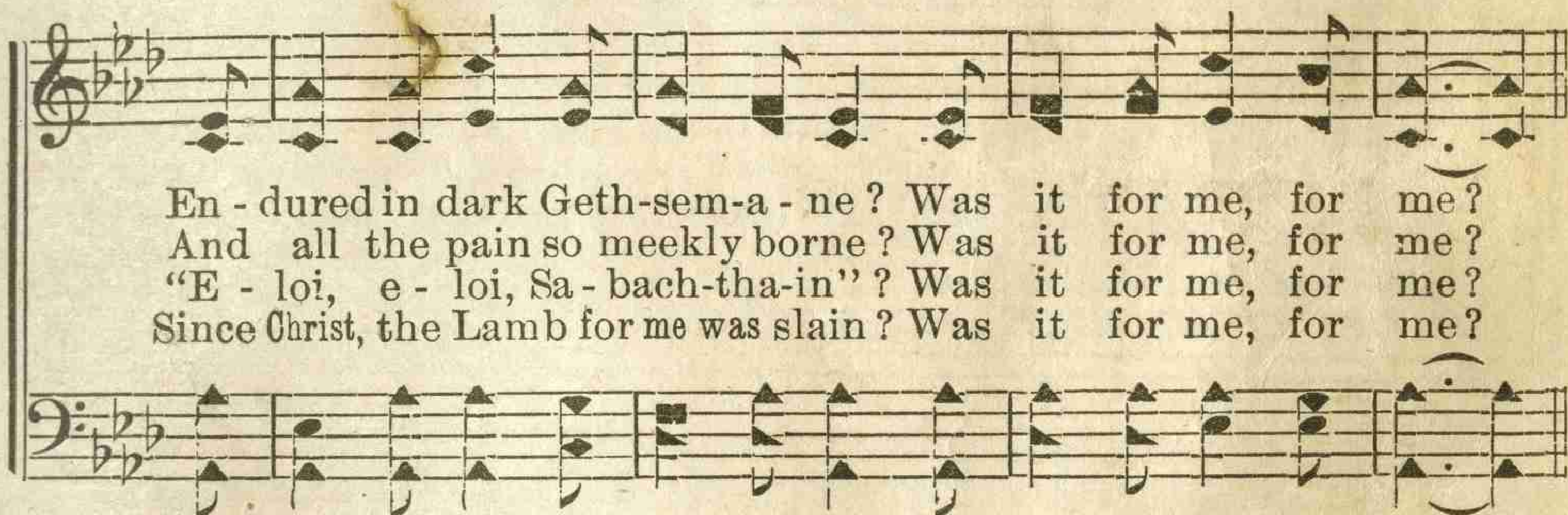
YES, FOR EVEN ME.

HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. O, Lamb of God, was it for me The bloody sweat, the ag-o - ny,
2. Was it for me the bit-ter scorn, Was it for me the crown of thorns,
3. Was it for me that piercing cry, While skies were veiled and death was nigh,
4. And shall I murmur or complain, A-mid the earthly grief and pain,



En - dured in dark Geth-sem-a - ne? Was it for me, for me?
And all the pain so meekly borne? Was it for me, for me?
"E - loi, e - loi, Sa - bach-tha-in"? Was it for me, for me?
Since Christ, the Lamb for me was slain? Was it for me, for me?

CHORUS.



Yes, for the lost the Sav-iour died, For me the Lamb was cru-ci-fied;



For me was shed the crimson tide, For me, yes, e - ven me (for me)!

OTTO BOLDS.

B. E. WARREN.

Lively.

1. In the arms of my dear Sav-iour I am rest-ing ev-'ry day,
 2. Once I roamed in sin-ful darkness, O-ver mountain, hill and plain
 3. Long in sin I sought for pleasure, Something that would satisfy,
 4. I am dwelling in that kingdom, Where the day is always bright

And His smiles, like sunbeams, fall up-on my face; I am
 Seek-ing ev-'ry-where for rest and find-ing none; Yes, my
 Something that would quench the thirsting of my soul; But I
 And the sparkling wa-ters of life's riv-er gleam; Where the

stand-ing on His promise, Where I shall for ev-er stay, And my
 search for sat-is-fac-tion, While in sin was all in vain, But I've
 found that sin's dominion, Naught I needed could sup-ply, Then I
 gloomy shades of darkness, Are dis-pelled by heaven's light, And I'm

CHORUS.
 heart is o-ver-flow-ing with His grace. I am filled..... with grace and
 found it in God's well-be-lov-ed Son.
 turned to Jesus and He made me whole.
 ev-er drinking of that living stream. I am filled with grace and glory, I am

glo-ry, And in Je-sus I a-bide;
 filled with grace and glory, hal-le-lu-jah

WHAT I'VE FOUND IN JESUS. Concluded.

I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, Since my soul is sat - is - fied.

No. 42.

BRIGHT LAND FOR ME. *and you*

B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

Slow, with expression.

mf

f

1. Sweet and precious Je - sus, All to Thee,..... All to
 2. Sweet and precious Je - sus,
 3. Sweet and precious Je - sus, I free - ly give,

Thee,..... Bring me to that land of rest, Which by faith I
 In that land where bliss shall reign, Just beyond life's
 I freely give; Where the blest of a - ges meet, In that land so

see; Bring me to that land of rest, Land, bright land for me.
 sea; In that land where bliss shall reign, There I long to be.
 free; Where we'll sit at Je - sus' feet, There I long to be.

No. 43. I'M A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY OF THE KING.

"For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."—2 COR. 10: 4. F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.



1. I'm a soldier in the army of the King of kings, And I'll battle till the
2. Jesus is the great Commander, who is by my side, And I hear His orders
3. I am glad that I've enlisted, and I would remain, For 'tis here that I am



vic - to - ry is won; I've put on the ho - ly ar - mor, as a
 giv - en to o - bey; I've His shield of faith in promise that I
 gain - ing such renown; As a brave but humble private in the

1. Till it's won,



vol - un - teer, And I faith - ful - ly would labor till it's done.
 shall prevail, And my hope is grow - ing brighter ev - 'ry day.
 war of God, Looking, soon to wear a vic - tor's shining crown.
 till it's done.



REFRAIN.



I'm a sol - dier in the ar - my of the King, I'm a
 I'm a soldier, I'm a sol - dier I'm a



sol - dier in the ar - my of the King; Till the war of sin is
 soldier, I'm a soldier



I'M A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY, ETC. Concluded.

over, and the vic-t'ry won, I'm a soldier in the army of the King.
of the King:

No. 44.

ROCK OF AGES

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fill the law's demands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye - lids close in death,

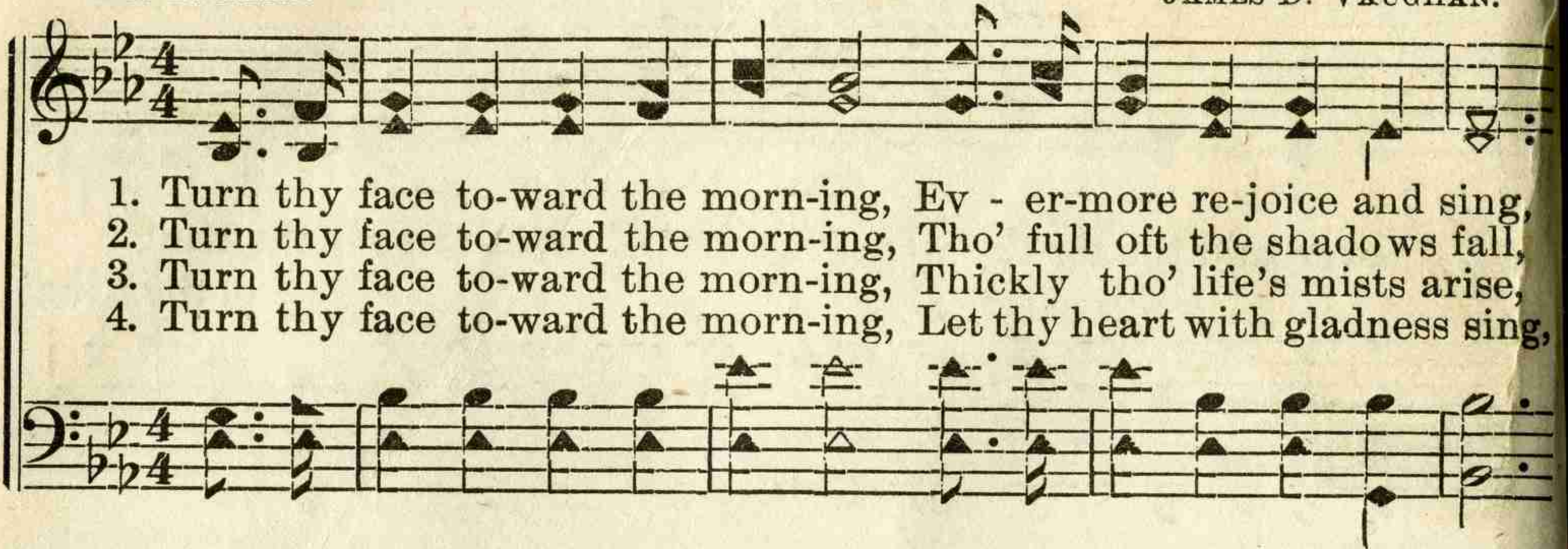
Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy riven side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace,
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,

Be of sin the doub - le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a-lone.
Vile, I to the fount-ain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in Thee.

No. 45. TURN THY FACE TOWARD THE MORNING.

IDA L. REED.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

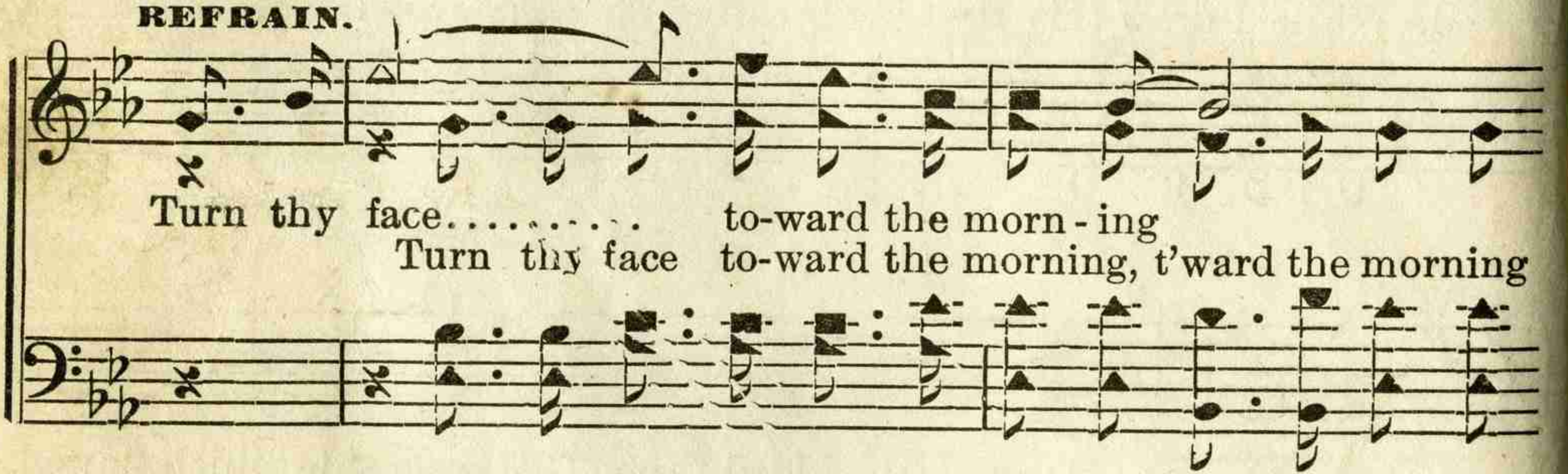


1. Turn thy face to-ward the morn-ing, Ev - er-more re-joyce and sing,
2. Turn thy face to-ward the morn-ing, Tho' full oft the shadows fall,
3. Turn thy face to-ward the morn-ing, Thickly tho' life's mists arise,
4. Turn thy face to-ward the morn-ing, Let thy heart with gladness sing,

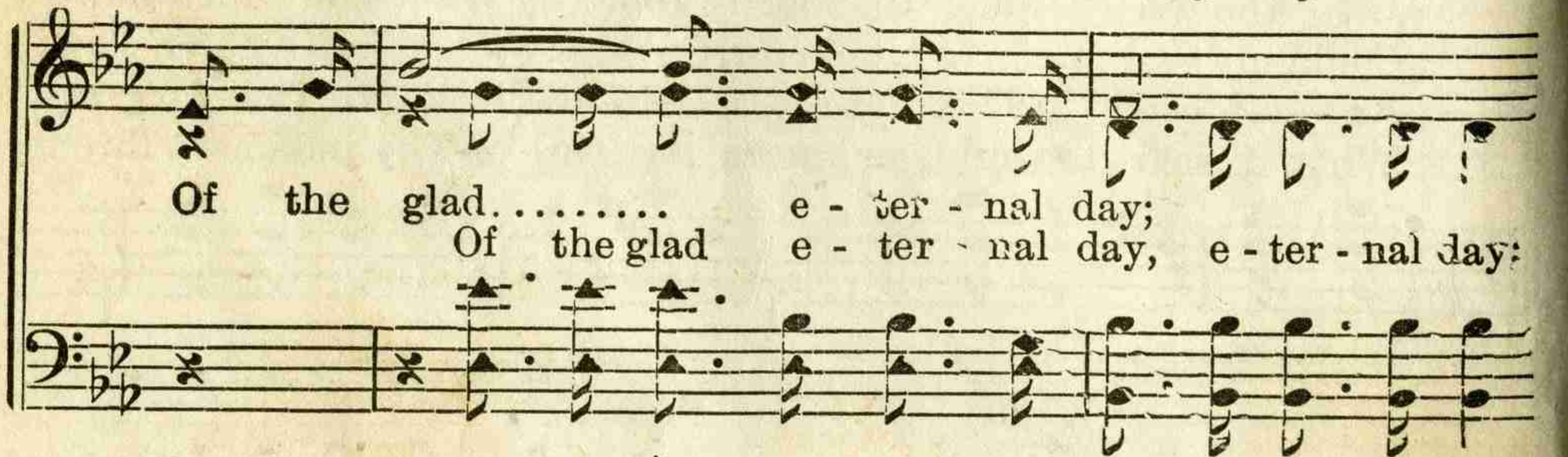


Press-ing on thro' storm and shadow, T'ward the palace of the King.
Light will soon thy way il - lu - mine, God is watching o - ver all.
Not for long they veil the glo - ry Of the home beyond the skies.
Waits for thee a roy - al wel-come In the pal - ace of the King.

REFRAIN.



Turn thy face..... to-ward the morn - ing
Turn thy face to-ward the morning, t'ward the morning



Of the glad..... e - ter - nal day;
Of the glad e - ter - nal day, e - ter - nal day:



T'ward the glo - - ry of the home-land,
T'ward the glo - ry of the home-land, of the homeland,

TURN THY FACE TOWARD THE, ETC. Concluded.

Sing - ing all..... the hap - py way.
 Sing-ing all the hap - py way, the hap-py way.

No. 46. O FOR A TRUMPET VOICE.

CHAS. WESLEY, alt.

J. B. HERBERT.

1. O..... for a trum-pet voice, On all the world to call,
 2. O..... un - ex - am - pled love! O all re - deem-ing grace!
 3. Lo!... now the sin - ner hears, And is from sin set free;

To bid their hearts re-joice, In Him who died for all!
 He came from heav'n a - bove To save a fall - en race!
 'Tis mu - sic to His ears, 'Tis life and vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

For all my Lord was cru - ci - fied! For all my blessed Saviour died!

What shall I do to make it known, What Thou, my Lord, for all hast done?

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."—1 JOHN 3:2

E. R. LATTA.

J. E. THOMAS.

- 1. I'm a child of the King, Who is might-i-er far Than the kings of th
- 2. I'm a child of the King, Who has conquered the grave, I'm a child of t
- 3. I'm a child of the King, And His maj-es-ty own! I'm a child of t

world In their pal-a - ces are; I'm a child of the King, What a
 King, Who is might-y to save! I'm a child of the King, What a
 King, And an heir to the throne! I'm a child of the King, What a

won-der - ful thing! I'm a child of the King.
 I'm a child of the heav-en - ly King

REFRAIN.

I'm a child of the King! What a won - der-ful
 I'm a child of the King, of the heavenly King! What a wonderful thing! what

thing!..... I'm a child of the heavenly King! Of His love I'll ever sing
 wonderful thing!

I'M A CHILD OF THE KING. Concluded.



And I'll make His praises ring! I'm a child of the King.
I'm a child of the heavenly King.



No. 48.

FARTHER ON.

JENNIE WILSON.

"Walk while ye have the light."—JOHN 12: 35.

J. E. THOMAS.



1. When the gloom of night surrounds you, Wait with patience for the dawn ;
2. Far - ther on the toil-some journey Ends where walls of jas-per gleam ;
3. Far - ther on the heav - y burdens, Which have been so hard to bear,
4. Far - ther on re - wards su-per-nal Ev - 'ry tri - al will re-pay ;



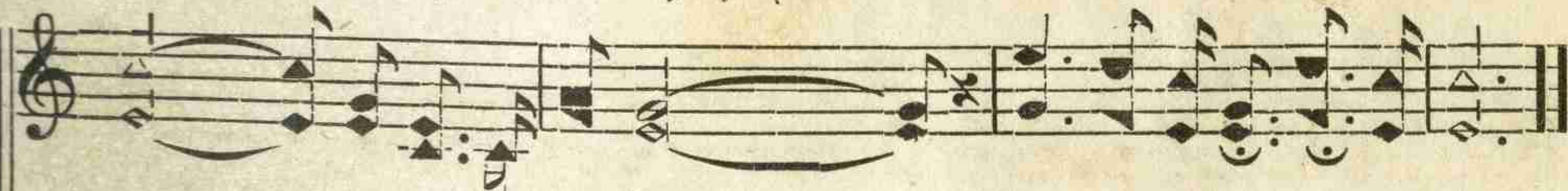
If you tread the Christian pathway, Light will cheer you farther on.
Far - ther on the way-worn pilgrim Rests by life's fair-flowing stream.
Will be laid a - side for - ev - er, Where is left all earth - ly care.
Faint not then, O, wea - ry broth-er, How-e'er steep and lone your way.



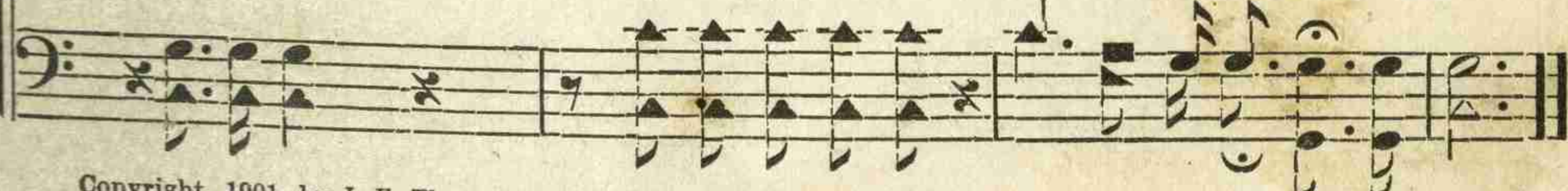
CHORUS.



Far-ther on, farther on, All the shadows will be gone ; Falter
Far-ther on, far-ther on,



not,..... O, weary brother,..... Joy is coming farther on.
Fal-ter not, O, weary brother,

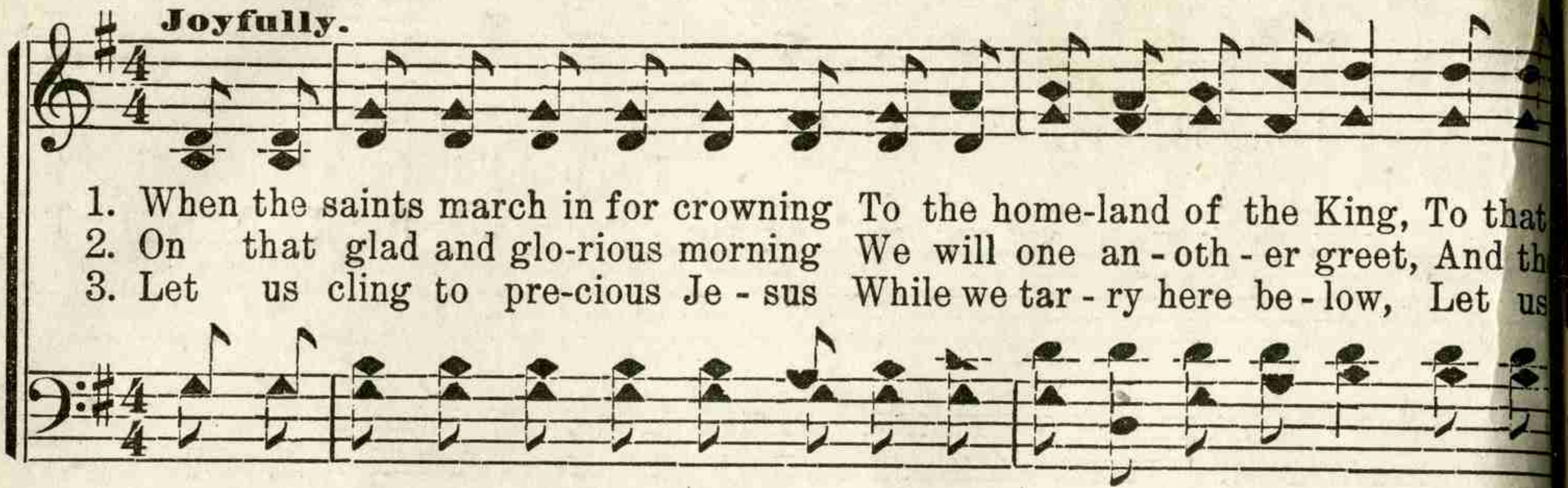


No. 49. WHEN THE SAINTS MARCH IN FOR CROWNING

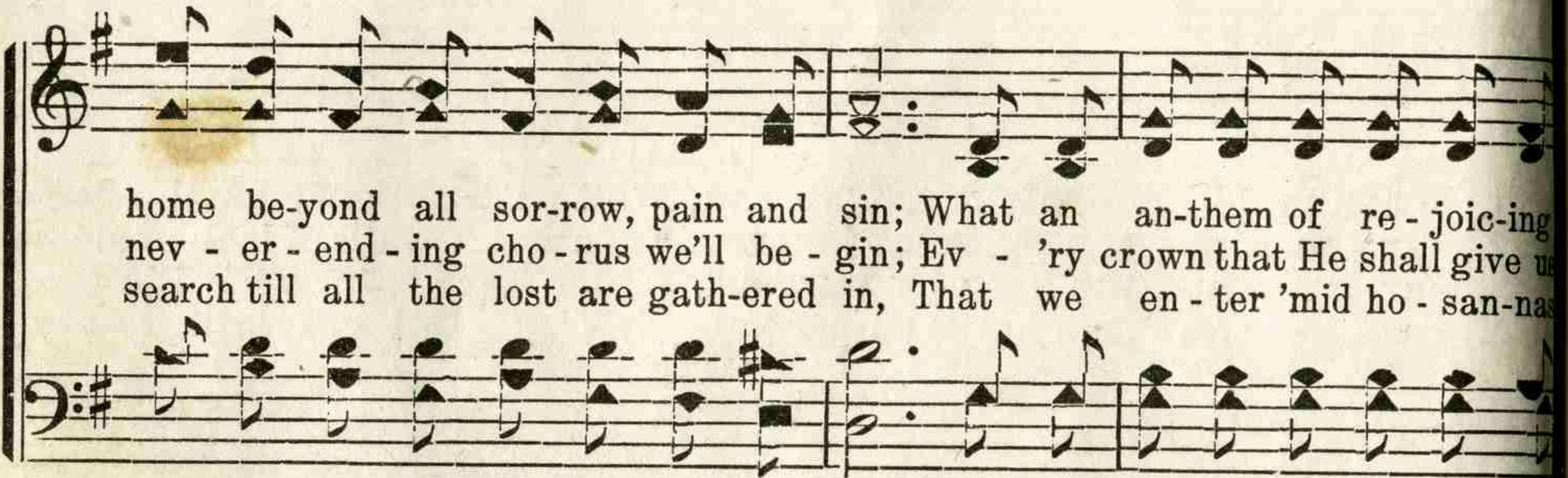
HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

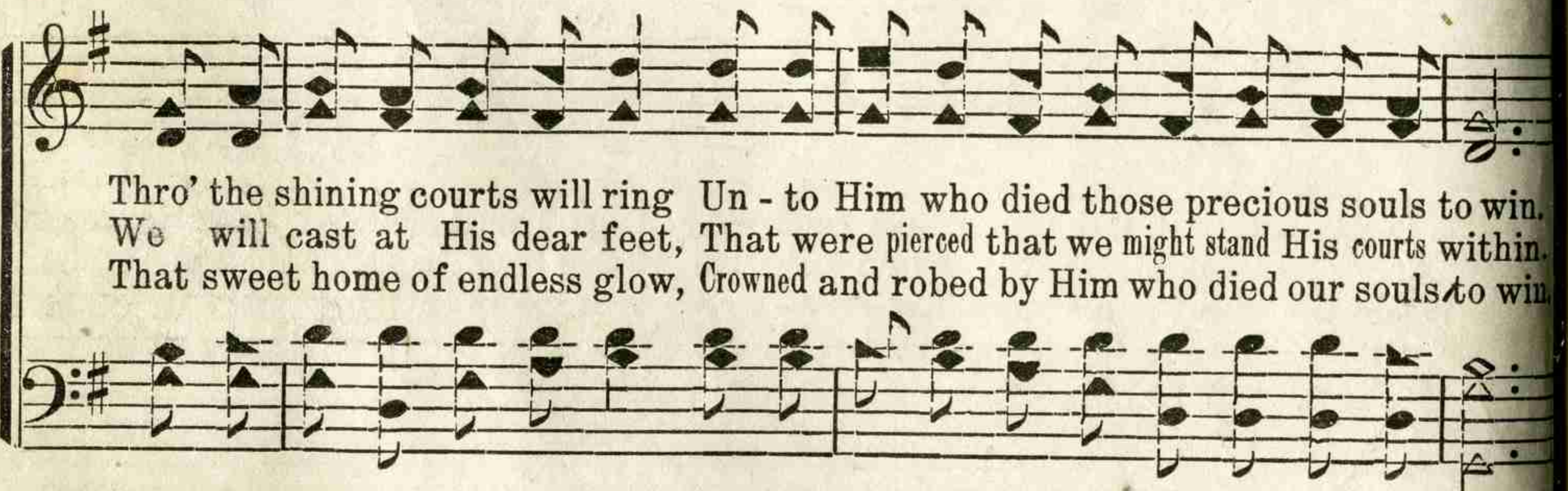
Joyfully.



1. When the saints march in for crowning To the home-land of the King, To that
2. On that glad and glo-rious morning We will one an - oth - er greet, And th
3. Let us cling to pre-cious Je - sus While we tar - ry here be - low, Let us

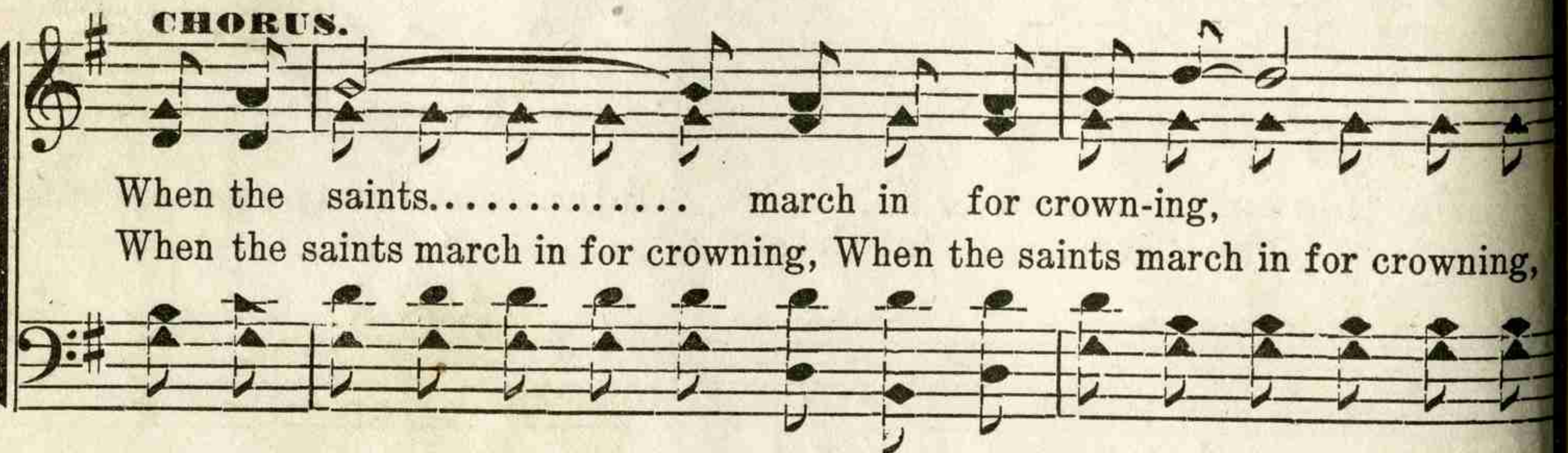


home be-yond all sor-row, pain and sin; What an an-them of re-joic-ing
nev - er - end - ing cho - rus we'll be - gin; Ev - 'ry crown that He shall give us
search till all the lost are gath-ered in, That we en - ter 'mid ho - san - nas

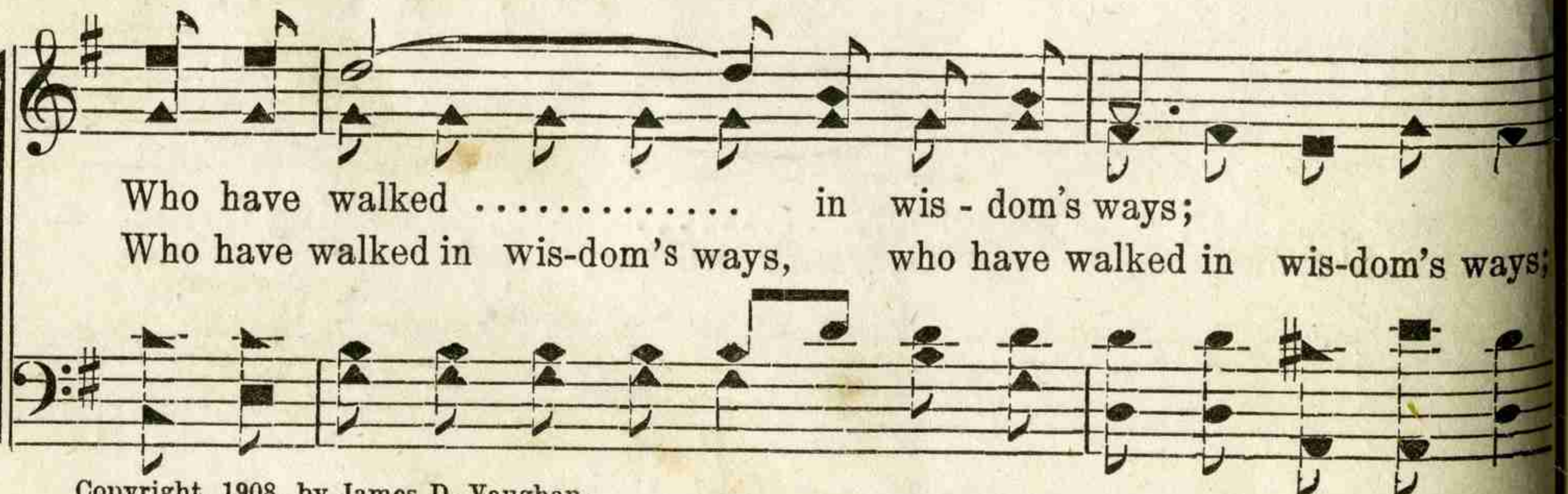


Thro' the shining courts will ring Un - to Him who died those precious souls to win.
We will cast at His dear feet, That were pierced that we might stand His courts within.
That sweet home of endless glow, Crowned and robed by Him who died our souls to win.

CHORUS.



When the saints..... march in for crown-ing,
When the saints march in for crowning, When the saints march in for crowning,



Who have walked in wis - dom's ways;
Who have walked in wis-dom's ways, who have walked in wis-dom's ways;

WHEN THE SAINTS MARCH IN, ETC. Concluded.

What a cho - rus of re - joic - ing!
 What a cho - rus of re - joic - ing, what a cho - rus of re - joic - ing!

How the courts..... will ring with praise!
 How the courts will ring with praise, will ring with praise! will ring with praise!

No. 50. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleans-
 2. I am so won - drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-
 3. O pre - cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
 4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
 ly a - bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in;
 I have en - tered in, There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean;
 at the Sav - iour's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made com-plete;

D. S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;

Fine. CHORUS. *D. S.*
 Glo - ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

Glo - ry to His name.
 Used by permission.

“And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass.”—REV. 21: 18.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Joyfully.

1. A - bove the bright stars, in the far a-way blue, There's a beau-ti-ful
 2. Thro' that beautiful cit - y life's riv - er doth flow, On its banks grows the
 3. No need hath this cit - y of can - dle or sun, For God is its
 4. Its in-hab - i - tants nev-er know sor - row or care, God shall wipe all the

cit - y we're told; Its walls are of jas-per, its gates of bright pearl
 green tree of life, Which bears on its branches twelve manner of fruit
 glo - ry and light; Its gates are not closed thro' the long endless day
 tears from their eyes; And sick-ness and death shall be felt nev-er-mor-

CHORUS.

And its streets are all paved with pure gold. In that beau - ti - ful
 And with heal-ing its fo-liage is rife.
 For in heav-en there nev-er is night.
 In that beau - ti - ful home in the skies. In that beau-ti-ful cit - y, the

cit - y There are mansions for you and for me;..... If we
 cit - y of light There's a mansion for me; If we

tru - ly love Je - sus, The glo - ry of heav-en we'll see.
 tru-ly love Je-sus and trust in His word,

No. 52. IS THY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD?

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have thy affections been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou dominion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Jesus' control? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil without and within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple within? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crimson flood, Cleansed and made



ho - ly, humble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?....
of God?



No. 53. WHAT GLAD SINGING OVER YONDER.

To my dear friend, Prof. S. M. Morris.

JENNIE WILSON and J. D. V.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Not too slow.

1. When the day of life is done, At the set-ting of the sun, We shall
2. In the presence of our King Hal-le-lu-jahs we shall sing, While the
3. Ma-ny loved ones will be there, In those holy songs to share, And each
4. Wea - ry sin-ner, seek to go Where the living fountains flow, In that

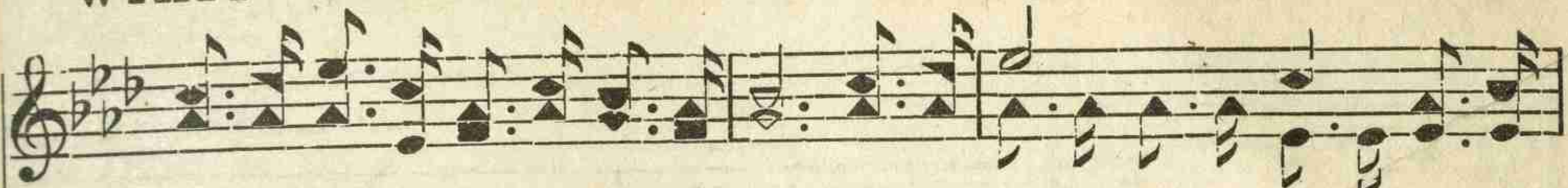
go to meet redeemed ones gone before; Number'd with that multitude,
nev - er-end-ing a - ges roll a - long; As great throngs that chorus swell,
soul from earthly sorrow will be free; O I want to meet with you
cloudless land of music, light and love; Come to Christ, confessing wrong,

Ransomed by atoning blood, We shall sing glad songs of praise for evermore.
With a power none can tell, That will be a wondrous feast of joy and song.
In that home beyond the blue, Where the Lord in all His beauty we shall see.
And salvation's joyous song You will sing forever in bright realms above.

REFRAIN.

What glad sing - ing o - ver yon - der! When be-
What glad singing and re-joic-ing o - ver yonder by and by!

WHAT GLAD SINGING OVER YONDER. Concluded.



fore our precious Saviour's throne we stand; What glad sing - ing o - ver
What glad singing and rejoicing in that



yon - der! When we gather in that blessed glory land.
happy home on high! bright glory land.



No. 54.

SHALL WE MEET?

H. L. HASTINGS.

ELISHA S. RICE.

With feeling.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet there many lov'd ones Who were torn from our embrace?
5. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour When He comes to claim His own?



Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright, ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by workmanship di-vine?
Shall we list-en to their voices, And be-hold them face to face?
Shall we know His blessed fav-or, And sit down up-on His throne?

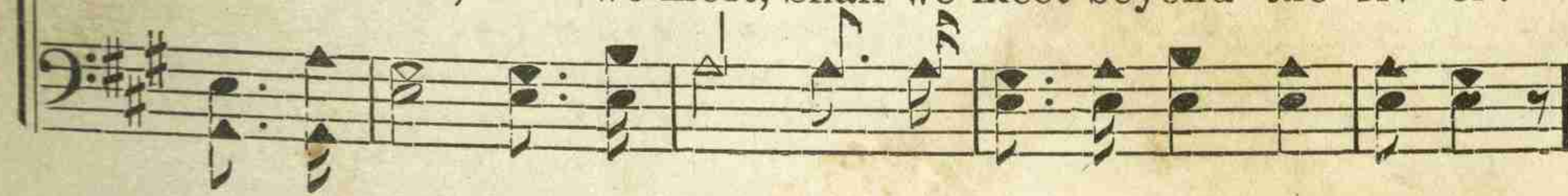


D. S.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?

CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv-er?



1. O see the wrecks... .. a-long the way,..... As down the
 2. Yes, there are wrecks..... a-long the shore..... Now strand-ed
 3. O save the wrecks..... a-long the shore,..... 'Mid rocks and

D.C. *The Spir - it line..... throw out to save,..... With might-y*

stream..... of time we glide;..... Temp-tation's line..... their barks be-
 on..... the shoals of sin;..... With angry waves..... now roll-ing
 storms..... of doubt and fear;..... Where many souls sink day by

arm..... of faith re-claim; The lost up-on the an-gry

Fine.

tray..... To rocks be-neath..... the swel-ling tide.....
 o'er,..... Now sink-ing deep,..... all dark with-in.....
 day,..... Throw out the line..... and haul them near.....

wave..... Bring in the pow'r..... of Je-sus' name.....

The tempter leads
 With hand up-on
 Hold out a hand

the sail-or o'er,
 the helm of pray'r,
 to some lost soul,

The tempter leads..... the sail-or o'er,..... A-mong the
 With hand up-on..... the helm of pray'r..... Un-furl the
 Hold out a hand to some lost soul,..... To guide him

WRECKS ALONG THE WAY. Concluded.

Among the reefs
Unfurl the sail,
To guide him to

beneath the wave,
the anchor haul,
a port of rest,

And precious souls,
'The buoy of hope
And while the waves

reefs..... beneath the wave,..... And precious souls..... to rise no
sail..... the anch-or haul, The buoy of hope..... points over
to..... a port of rest, And while the waves.... shall near thee

to rise no more,
points o-ver there,
shall near thee roll,

Find rest within
To shores of rest,
Steer safely to

a ti-dal grave.
a rest for all.
the harbor blest

D. C.

more,..... Find rest within..... a ti-dal grave.....
there,..... To shores of rest,..... a rest for all.....
roll, Steer safe-ly to..... the har-bor blest.....

No. 56.

OLD HUNDRED.

G. FRANC.

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host, Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

HARRIET E. JONES.

S. KYNETT SMITH.



1. When my path is rough and drear-y, And the bri - ars pierce my feet,
 2. When the cares of life op-press me, More than I have strength to bear,
 3. When the grief-waves roll a - bout me, Till my heart is filled with fear,
 4. While up-on my pil-grim jour-ney, I will fly to Him I love,

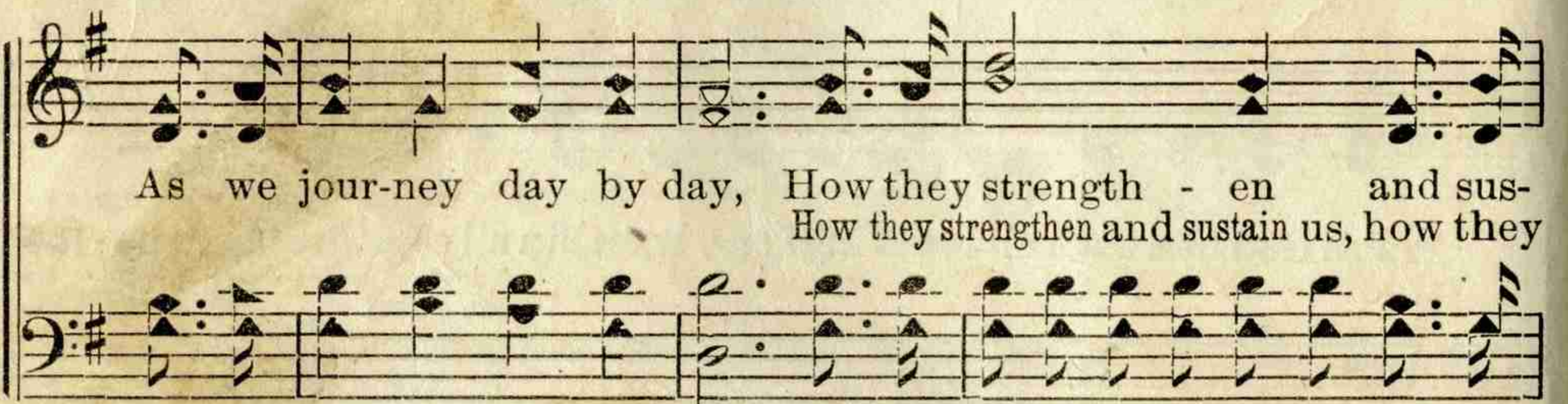


Then I make my plea to Je - sus, There suf - fi - cient grace to meet.
 Then a se - cret talk with Je - sus, Makes me strong to do and dare.
 Then the pow'ful words of Je - sus Still the waves and dry the tears.
 There to gain the strength to lift me, All the woes of earth a - bove.

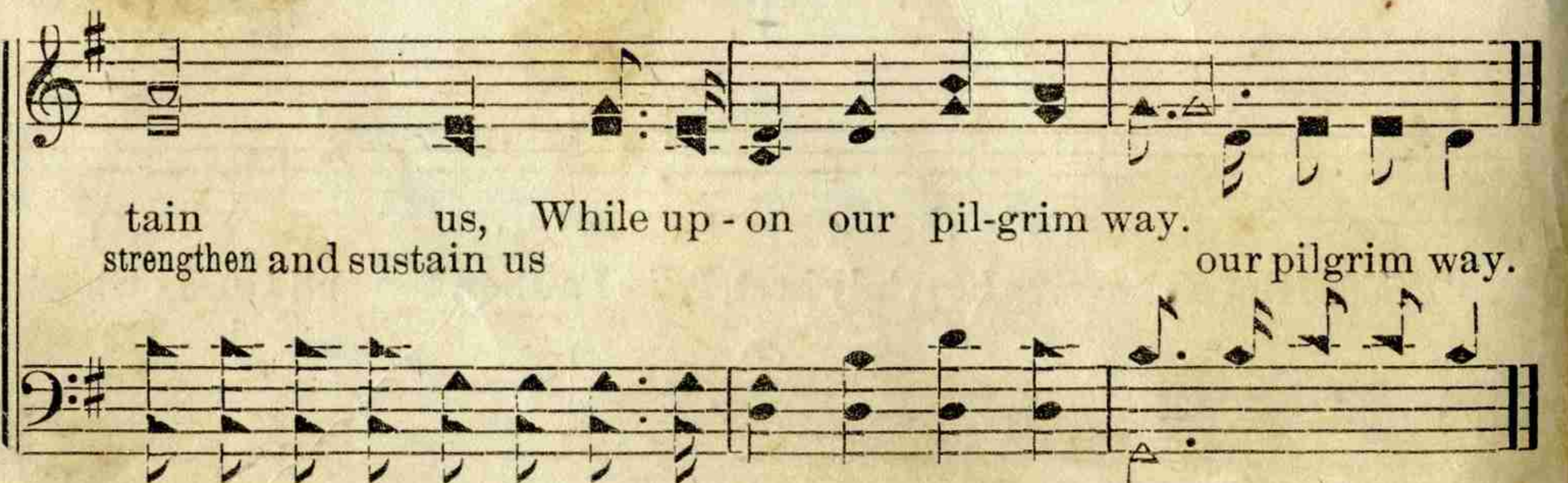
CHORUS.



O these se - - - cret talks with Je - - - sus,
 O these se - cret talks with Je - sus, O these se - cret talks with Je - sus,



As we jour-ney day by day, How they strength - en and sus -
 How they strengthen and sustain us, how they



tain us, While up - on our pil-grim way.
 strengthen and sustain us our pilgrim way.

Good as Solo.



1. An hundred dear sheep in my tenderness shared, But one had grown
 2. A - far in the des-ert the lost one I found, But wea - ry and
 3. O won-der - ful res - cue at won-der - ful cost! It - nev - er can



wea - ry of home; No more for my love or my blessing it cared,
 worn and dis - tressed; All footsore and bleeding from many a wound,
 ful - ly be told; But it was my sheep, yes, my own that was lost,



But far from the shepherd would roam; So pre-cious to me was the
 I fold - ed it close to my breast; Dear lamb, I have journeyed in
 And now it is safe in the fold; So glad and con-tent - ed a-



sheep that was mine, I breast-ed the storm and the cold, And will-ing-ly
 an - guish a-lone, And sought thee with sorrowing deep, But oh! the Good
 bid - eth my lamb, I know that who-ev-er may stray, The lamb that I



left the dear nine-ty and nine, That strayed not away from the fold.
 Shep-herd hath love for his own, And "giv-eth His life for the sheep."
 res - cued will stay where I am, And nev-er-more wander a - way.



HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.

1. The One who nev - er slum - bers Be-held my heart of sin;
 2. He set the bil - lows roll - ing Beneath my frag - ile bark,
 3. I'm read - y now to fol - low Wher - ev - er He may lead,

He knew just what I need - ed To make me pure with - in;
 He spread the clouds a - bove me, Till all my sky was dark;
 A - long the rug - ged mountain, Or thro' the pleas - ant mead;

He saw that I was stub - born, And far from Him a - stray,
 I could not un - der - stand it, Un - til I learned to pray,
 I'll chant glad hal - le - lu - jahs Up yon - der some glad day,

Then came a - long and led me, The trib - u - la - tion way.
 Then I was glad He led me, The trib - u - la - tion way.
 That Je - sus came and led me, The trib - u - la - tion way.

CHORUS.

To Him be praise e - ter - nal, Who came a - long one day,

THE TRIBULATION WAY. Concluded.

And saved the chief of sin - ners, The trib - u - la - tion way.

No. 60. THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. HENRY SMITH.

1. The Lord of the harvest is call - ing, Is call - ing for you and for me;
 2. The Lord of the harvest has promised Rich wages to those who are true;
 3. The Lord of the harvest be - stow - eth, Re - ward on His servants below;

Fine.

His wide fields are waiting for reapers, Ripe grain all around us we see.
 Who gather bright sheaves for His garner, His ho - ly will seeking to do.
 And then the deep rapture of heaven, The faithful for - ev - er shall know.

D. S.—The Lord of the harv - est is call - ing, O come, let us has - ten a - way.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

The Lord of the harvest is call - ing, Is call - ing for workers to - day;

W. M. R.

WILL M. RAMSEY.

1. Toil - ers in the Mas - ter's vine - yard all the season through, Do - ing with our
 2. Toil - ers in the Mas - ter's vine - yard serving Him each day; Heed - ing not the
 3. Toil - ers in the Mas - ter's vine - yard reaping golden grain, Leading lost ones

might whate'er our hands may find to do; Know - ing Je - sus will re - ward us
 hin - dranc - es that oft be - cloud our way; Leaning on His prom - is - es we
 to the Saviour, blessed Lamb once slain; See the evening shadows, now the

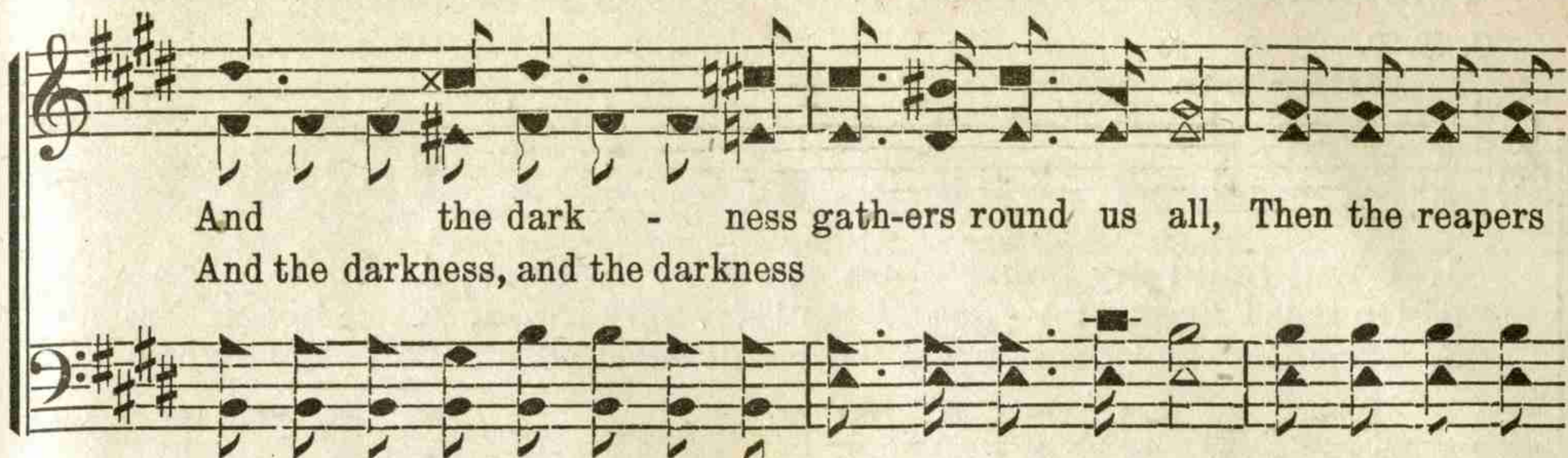
when our work is o'er, Re - u - nite us there for - ev - er on the gold - en shore.
 know His word is true, And whate'er befalls us here He always leads us through.
 day will soon be done, Let us toil from early morning till the setting sun.

CHORUS.

Toil - ers, toil - ers in His vineyard ev'ry day, Toil - ers, toil - ers gleaning
 Toilers, we are Toilers, we are

sheaves a - long the way; When the eve - ning shades begin to fall,
 When the evening, when the evening

TOILERS. Concluded.



And the dark - ness gath-ers round us all, Then the reapers
And the darkness, and the darkness



come re - joic-ing, sing - ing harvest home! Toil - ers, toil - ers in His
Toilers, we are



vine - yard ev - 'ry day, Toil - ers, toilers gleaning sheaves along the way;
Toilers, we are



Soon - our toil - ing here will all be o'er, Har - vest
Soon our toiling here, our toil - ing Harvest days will



days for ev-er-more be past, Then with Jesus singing harvest home at last.
soon, yes, soon

No. 62.

I WILL BUILD ON THE ROCK.

"I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."—MATT. 7: 25.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With vigor.

1. I will build my house upon the sol - id Rock, And not on the
 2. On this "Rock of A - ges" I will strongly build, A house that will
 3. That Rock is Christ, upon which all should build, To be safe when life's

shift - ing sand; I will rest se - cure - ly when the floods shall come,
 e'er en - dure; And will firm - ly an - chor it with rods of faith,
 storms as - sail; Who would have an an - chor that will hold se - cure,

CHORUS.

For my building will safe - ly stand. I will build on the
 That will make it more firm and sure.
 And which enters within the veil. I will build on the Rock, firmly

Rock, I will build on the Rock, I will
 build on the Rock, I will build on the Rock, firmly build on the Rock,

build on the Rock, the solid Rock, On Christ, the blessed Rock of A - ges.

No. 63. FAR OVER THE GLEAMING STARS.

JENNIE WILSON.

To Prof. J. R. McClanahan.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Far o - ver the gleaming stars is a land, Where saved ones with Je - sus
2. Far o - ver the gleaming stars we shall wear Pure robes from all stains of
3. Far o - ver the gleaming stars we shall sing The glo - ri - ous song that

dwell ev - er more; Their tears are all dried by His gen - tle hand, And
e - vil made white; The bliss of the an - gels then we shall share, Re -
nev - er shall cease; Ex - toll - ing for aye our heav - en - ly King, We'll

CHORUS.

sor - row and pain for them shall be o'er.
joic - ing o'er crowns of ra - di - ant light. Far o - ver the gleam - ing
rest in the home of rapt - ure and peace.

stars we shall go, To dwell with glad throngs for - ev - er on high; Far

o - ver the gleaming stars we shall know The wonderful joy that never can die.

No. 64. BY AND BY I'LL MEET MY SAVIOUR.

JENNIE WILSON.

R. N. WRIGHT.

1. When my earth-ly work is fin-ished and my jour-ney here is o'er, I shall
 2. Tho' my path-way oft is drear-y, and my bur-dens hard to bear, From this
 3. O how pre-cious is the prom-ise that be - yond the shores of time, There's a

meet my blessed Saviour face to face; With the mul-ti-tudes of heav-en I shall
 sin - ful world by faith I look a-way; In the glad, ce - les-tial coun-try, which is
 place of joy and peace prepared for me; Far from all these earth-ly shad-ows is a

praise Him ev - er-more, And re - joice in tell - ing of His wondrous grace.
 free from pain and care, Safe with Je - sus I shall rest at home for aye.
 bright, un-cloud - ed clime, Where my Sav-iour in His beau-ty I shall see.

REFRAIN.

By and by I'll meet my Sav-iour where the ransomed throngs abide, While a deep and

ho - ly rapt-ure fills my soul;..... By and by I'll meet my Saviour, and with
 fills my soul;

BY AND BY I'LL MEET MY SAVIOUR. Concluded.

spir - its glo - ri - fied, I will praise Him while e - ter - nal a - ges roll. a - ges roll.

No. 65. SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

DOROTHY A. THRUPP.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Omit rest in repeat.

1. { Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten'drest care; }
 { In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare. }
 2. { We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; }
 3. { Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful tho' we be; }
 { Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free. }

Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Thou has bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
 Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee;

Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are!
 Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray!
 Bless-ed Je - sus! bless-ed Je - sus! We will ear - ly turn to Thee!

No. 66. IT WILL SOON BE GLORY ALL THE TIME.

Affectionately inscribed to Prof. F. L. Eiland.

JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Shadows now oft cloud the brightness of the fairest earthly light, But 'twill
 2. Pil - grim to the ho - ly cit - y, tear-drops now thine eyes may dim, But 'twill
 3. Time's brief years are swiftly passing with their mingled light and gloom, And 'twill

soon be glo - ry all the time; When the gleam of heaven's splendor breaks up -
 soon be glo - ry all the time; Je - sus watches o'er thy journey and thou
 soon be glo - ry all the time; When the ra - di - ance e - ter - nal doth for

on our raptured sight, It will then be glo - ry all the time.
 soon shalt rest with Him, And 'twill soon be glo - ry all the time.
 aye thy soul il - lume, It will then be glo - ry all the time.

REFRAIN.

It will soon be glo - ry all the time! It will soon be
 all the time!

glo - ry all the time! When with angels we are singing, Where ce -
 all the time!

IT WILL SOON BE GLORY ALL THE TIME. Concluded.

les-tial harps are ringing, It will then be glo - ry all the time!
all the time!

No. 67. HE WILL HEAR AND ANSWER.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

To all who believe in prayer.

C. W. VAUGHAN.

1. If we come to God be - liev - ing Richest blessings we may share,
2. When with contrite hearts and broken Our requests we humbly bear,
3. Come, ye weary, heav - y la - dened, Cast on Him your load of care,
4. O why wan - der on in dark - ness To the re - gions of de - spair,

For His prom - is - es are faith - ful, He will hear and an - swer pray'r.
Firm - ly trust - ing in His prom - ise, He will hear and an - swer pray'r.
All your burdens He will car - ry, He will hear and an - swer pray'r.
He is wait - ing now to save you, He will hear and an - swer pray'r.

REFRAIN.

He will hear and an - swer pray'r, He will hear and an - swer pray'r,

If we come to Him be - liev - ing, He will hear and an - swer pray'r.

No. 68. BY AND BY WHEN WE GET HOME!

This song is respectfully and especially dedicated to the *old* and faithful Christian singers of all the land, to whom we are due much for that which we now enjoy in song—the memory of the name of our departed friend, A. S. Kieffer, tenderly embodied.—F. L. E.

GERTIE POOL. Arr. by F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

With zeal.

1. We will sing the old, old sto-ry, By and by when we get home,
 2. With the saved gone on before us, By and by when we get home,
 3. In that life that's nev-er end-ing, By and by when we get home,
 4. 'Mid the scenes of bliss su-per-nal, By and by when we get home,
 5. There we'll rest in peace for-ev-er, By and by when we get home,

And a-dore the King of glo-ry, By and by when we get home.
 We will sing redemption's chorus, By and by when we get home.
 God we'll praise with voices blending, By and by when we get home.
 O our joy will be e-ter-nal, By and by when we get home.
 Pain to feel a-gain, no, nev-er, By and by when we get home.

REFRAIN.

By and by when we get home, By and by when we get home;

Repeat Refrain with vigor for revival.

We will live with God for-ev-er, By and by when we get home!

WAITING AND LOOKING.

"And to wait for his Son from heaven."—THESS. 1: 10.

"From whence also we look for the Saviour."—PHIL. 3: 20.

JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. I am wait - ing and look - ing for Je - sus to come To this earth where He
 2. In the fair flush of morning, the brightness of noon, Or when day doth to
 3. O I long to be read - y to meet Him with joy, When my Sav - iour a -
 4. There will be on - ly glad - ness for those who a - bide In the light of the

dwelt long a - go; Fast the time is ap - proaching when He will re - turn,
 dark - ness de - cline; It may be that the Lord, once re - ject - ed and slain,
 gain shall ap - pear, And what - ev - er the hour of His com - ing, I pray
 kind Sav - iour's love, How - e'er sud - den the hour when He comes to this world

CHORUS.

But the mo - ment no mor - tal can know.
 Will be seen in His splendor di - vine. I am wait - ing and look - ing for
 To be found tru - ly serv - ing Him here.
 From His glo - ri - ous kingdom a - bove.

Je - sus to come, With His ra - di - ant hosts in the air; I am wait - ing and

look - ing for Je - sus to come, And I seek for that time to pre - pare.

F. A. BLACKMER.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. I would do each du - ty here, I would fight and nev - er fear,
 2. I would fol - low Je - sus now, At His feet would humbly bow,
 3. To the Fa - ther and the Son, Who such wondrous things have done,

And the cross would meekly bear; And when past these scenes of strife,
 Nev - er seek - ing earth - ly fame; And with Him I soon shall stand,
 For a lost and ru - ined race; I would sing thro' endless days,

I shall then a *crown* of life With the ransomed ev - er wear.
 With a *harp* with - in my hand Harping prais - es to His name.
 Songs of ev - er - last - ing praise For the gift of sav - ing grace.

CHORUS.

O a star - ry crown to wear, O a gold - en harp to bear,

When be - fore the great I Am, All the mighty ransom'd throng,

CROWN, HARP AND SONG. Concluded.

Swell the glad, triumphant song, Song of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

No. 71.

BLESSED BIBLE.

To my friend, Rev. O. C. Haley.

ANON.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Bless-ed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bo-som cheer!
 2. Yes, I'll to my bo-som press thee, Precious Word, I'll hide thee here!
 3. Yes. sweet Bible, I wilt hide thee, Hide thee richly in my heart;

What hath earth like this to covet? O what stores of wealth are here!
 Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st "Good cheer!"
 Thou, thro' all my life, wilt guide me, And in death we will not part!

Man was lost and doomed to sorrow, Not one ray of light or bliss,
 Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rovings led,
 Part in death! no nev - er, *nev - er!* Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;

Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheered by this.
 When this Book brought back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
 Then in worlds above, for - ev - er, Sweet-er still thy truths shall be.

Words and music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. Don't you want to go to that hap-py home on high? Where the good shall meet, yes
2. Think how ma-ny pray'rs have been offer'd up for you, Oft-en while you slept dear
3. Time is swift-ly pass-ing, and soon will close the gate, Then your soul must sink in
4. Could you stand in judgment, if you should die to-day? All that you have writ-ten



meet to part no more, And shall live and reign far a - bove the star-ry sky,
 mother's tears did flow; Turn and seek sal - va - tion, O to her love be true,
 ev - er - last-ing woe, Give your heart to Je - sus, for soon 'twill be too late,
 you must face you know, Je - sus now is plead-ing, He'll wash your sins a-way,



REFRAIN.

In that sun - ny clime up - on the gold - en shore.
 While your friends are wait-ing, don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?
 Moth - er now is wait - ing, don't you want to go?
 To that home in glo - ry, don't you want to go?



Don't you want to go? While we plead and pray, make the start to-day; Je - sus bids you



come to that hap - py home, Don't you want to go? Don't you want to go?



F. R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. BUCHANAN,
Colorado City, Tex., Sept. 19, 1889.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, — My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,

That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead.
 I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone.
 Of bitter - est ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell.
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love.

REFRAIN.

I gave..... my life..... for thee,.... for thee,....
 I left..... it all..... for thee,.... for thee,....
 I've borne.... it all..... for thee,.... for thee,....
 I bring..... rich gifts..... to thee,.... to thee,....

I gave, I gave my life for thee, I gave, I gave my life for thee;
 I left, I left it all for thee, I left, I left it all for thee;
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, I've borne, I've borne it all for thee;
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee;

What hast..... thou giv'n.... for me,..... for me?....
 Hast thou..... left aught.... for me,..... for me?....
 What hast..... thou borne.... for me,..... for me?....
 What hast..... thou brought to me,..... to me?....

What hast thou giv'n for me, for me? What hast thou giv'n for me, for me?
 Hast thou left aught for me, for me? Hast thou left aught for me, for me?
 What hast thou borne for me, for me? What hast thou borne for me, for me?
 What hast thou brought to me, to me? What hast thou brought to me, to me?

THE STANDARD-BEARERS.

To the noble workers of the Y. M. C. A.

ADALINE H. BEERY.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With energy.

1. Ral - ly to our standard, Those who love the right; In the name of
 2. Ral - ly to our standard, Take the shield and spear; We will spread the
 3. Ral - ly to our standard, Lift it ev'-ry-where! Let the world be-

Je - sus We will brave-ly fight; If we trust His lead - ing
 king-dom Of our Cap-tain dear; 'Till all lands and peo - ple
 hold it, And its bless-ings share; So will love and pa - tience,

E - vil must go down; If each one is faithful Truth will wear the crown.
 Hear the gospel's sound, In His joy - ful serv-ice Faithful will be found.
 Like sweet blossoms, spring, And the cross of Je - sus Heav'nly pleasures bring.

CHORUS.

March - ing, march - ing, Fa - ces to the foe; At the roots of
 Marching, marching, we are marching,

e - vil Strike a steady blow; March - ing, march - ing,
 Marching, marching, we are marching,

THE STANDARD-BEARERS. Concluded.



Where the Lord may send; There we are and read-y Good-ness to de-fend.

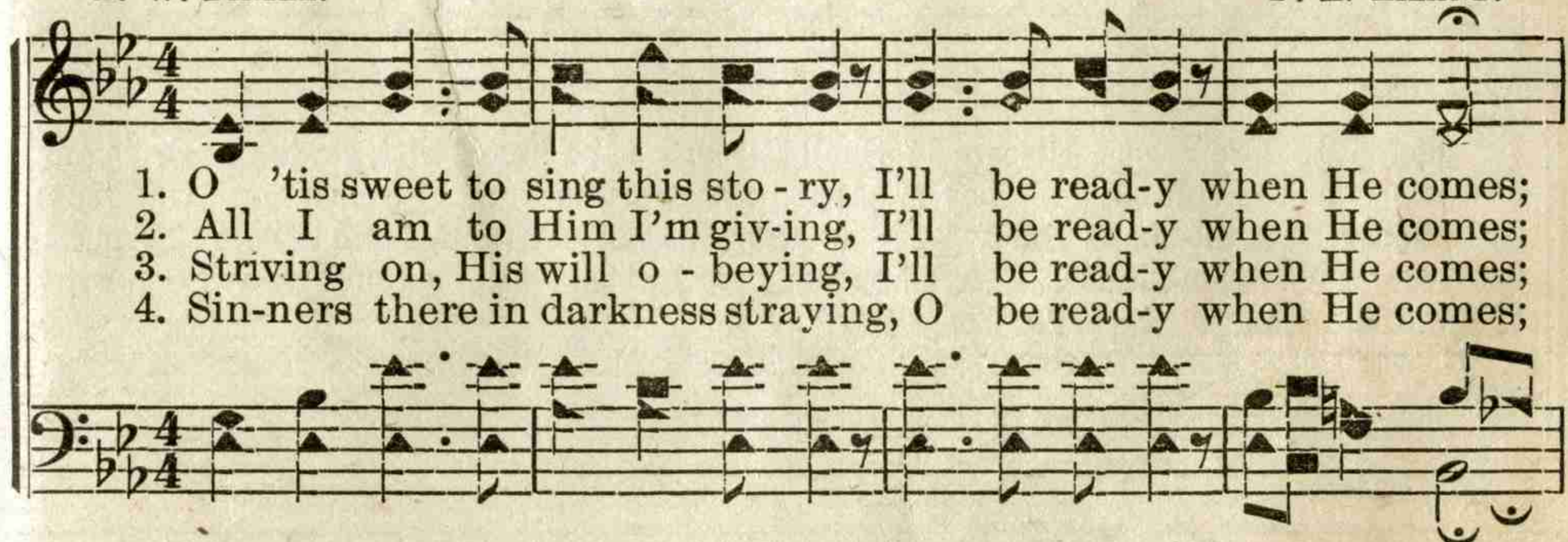
No. 75.

I'LL BE READY.

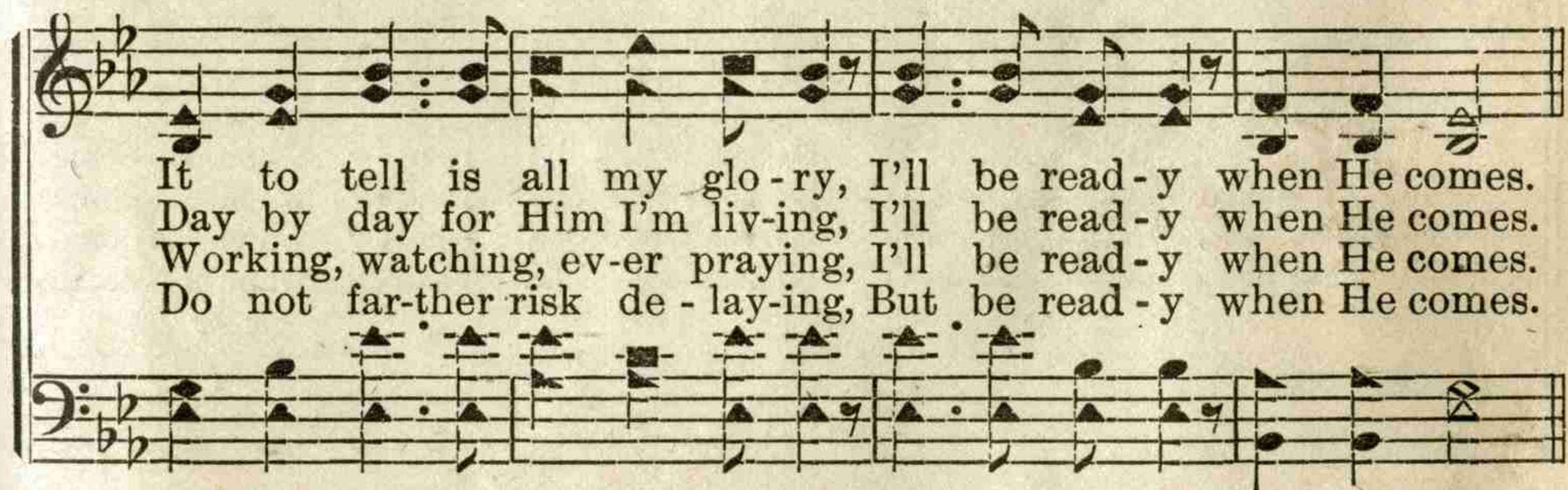
*If we heed the Spirit's warning, We'll be ready when He comes;
And are found with His adorning, We'll be ready when He comes.—F. L. E.*

B. W. PIRTLE.

F. L. EILAND.



1. O 'tis sweet to sing this sto-ry, I'll be read-y when He comes;
2. All I am to Him I'm giv-ing, I'll be read-y when He comes;
3. Striving on, His will o-beying, I'll be read-y when He comes;
4. Sin-ners there in darkness straying, O be read-y when He comes;

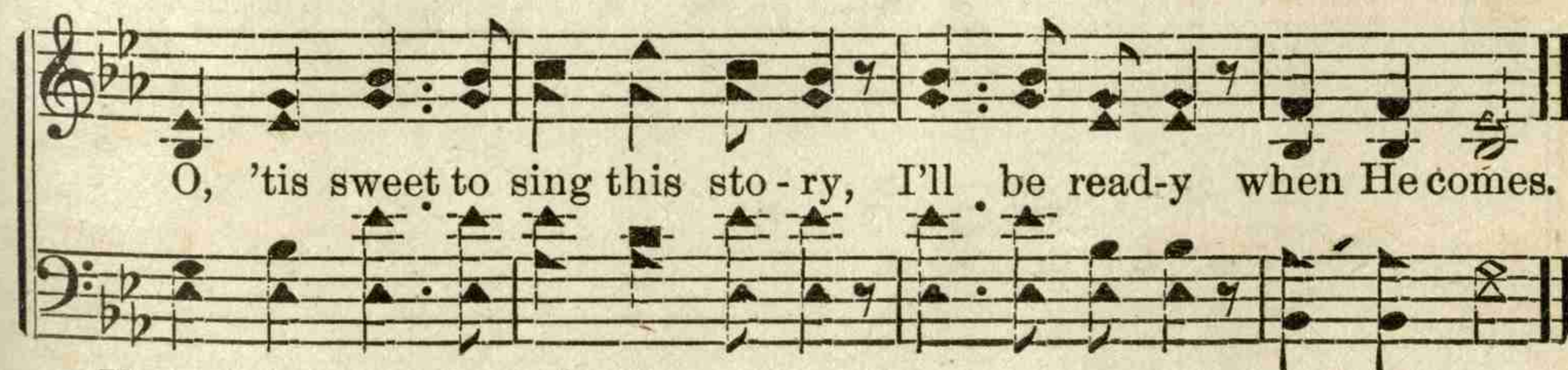


It to tell is all my glo-ry, I'll be read-y when He comes.
Day by day for Him I'm liv-ing, I'll be read-y when He comes.
Working, watching, ev-er praying, I'll be read-y when He comes.
Do not far-ther risk de-lay-ing, But be read-y when He comes.

REFRAIN.



I'll be read-y when He comes, I'll be read-y when He comes;



O, 'tis sweet to sing this sto-ry, I'll be read-y when He comes.

The text stanza may be used with music.

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No. 76. ARE YOU READY FOR THE CALL OF YOUR LORD?

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Are you read - y for the call of your Lord, of your Lord? Are you read - y
 2. Are you read - y should the call come to-day, come to - day? Are you read - y
 3. Are you read - y for the Bridegroom to come, soon to come? Are you read - y
 4. Are you read - y to re-joyce in His love, in His love? Are you read - y

hence to go at His word? Shall His voice be heard with gladness, Or your
 His commands to o - bey? Are you watch - ing now and praying, Or from
 should He sum - mons you home? Is your lamp both trimmed and burning? For His
 for those man - sions a - bove? Friends are fall - ing all around you Soon 'twill

soul be filled with sad - ness? O be read - y, be read - y when He comes!
 Je - sus are you straying? O be read - y, be read - y when He comes!
 com - ing are you yearning? O be read - y, be read - y when He comes!
 be that death has found you, O be read - y be read - y when He comes!

REFRAIN.

O be ready for your Lord when He comes, when He comes, O be read - y for your

Lord when He comes; Be it sud - den or with warning, Be it
 when He comes;

ARE YOU READY, ETC. Concluded.

midnight or at morning, O be read-y, be read-y when He comes!
when He comes!

No. 77.

MY SONG'S REFRAIN.

HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. I love to tell to oth-ers How Je-sus came to me, And saved me
2. The rapt-ure and the glo-ry Was bright-er than I dreamed; It shone with-
3. This ut-ter-most sal-va-tion, It cleans-es thro' and thro'; A plunge with-
4. Come now, ye un-con-vert-ed, And kneel at Je-sus' feet; To Him your

so com-plete-ly, And filled my soul so sweet-ly, His wondrous love to see.
in, a-round me, When He who sought and found me My deathless soul redeemed.
in the fount-ain That flows from Calvary's mountain Will clothe in garments new.
sin's con-fess-ing, Receive the promised bless-ing, So pleas-ant to re-peat.

REFRAIN.

Yes, I will tell it o-ver, a-gain and yet a-gain; The love so

free-ly giv-en, a sweet fore-taste of heaven, Shall be my song's re-frain.

1. Send me forth, O bless-ed Mas-ter! where are souls in sor-row bowed; Send me
 2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer, Who with
 3. There is work with-in the vineyard, there is serv-ice to be done; There's a
 4. O I would not be an i - dler in the vine-yard of the Lord; With the

forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o-bey the call, and
 us the joys of life should free-ly share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the
 mes - sage of sal - va - tion to de - clare; Send me forth to tell the sto-ry in the
 Christ the vineyard-labor I would share; In - to hearts a-far from Je-sus I would

D. S.—read-y to report for or-ders;

in Thy glori-ous name I will take the bless-ed light of the gos - pel there.
 bur-dens which they bear; Let me take the bless-ed hope of the gos - pel there.
 homes of sin - ful men; Let me take the bless-ed Christ of the gos - pel there.
 speak the say-ing Word; Let me take the bless-ed joy of the gos - pel there.

Mas - ter, sum-mon me, And I'll go on a - ny er-rand of love for Thee.

CHORUS.

Call me forth..... to act - ive serv - ice,
 Call me forth serv-ice, call me forth,

And my prompt response shall be, "Here am I! . send me;" I am

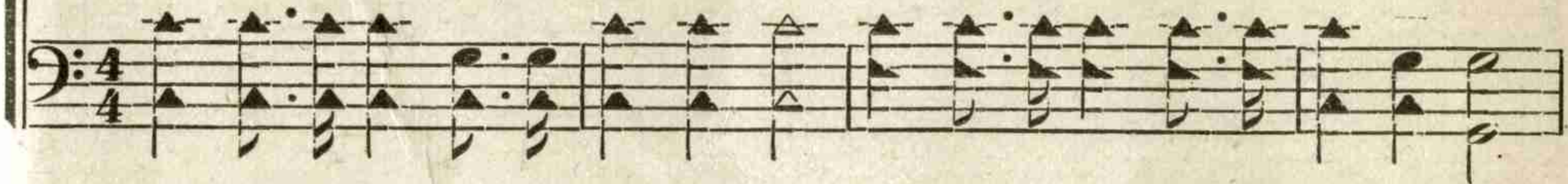
JENNIE WILSON.

To Rev. V. P. Scoville, of Georgia.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



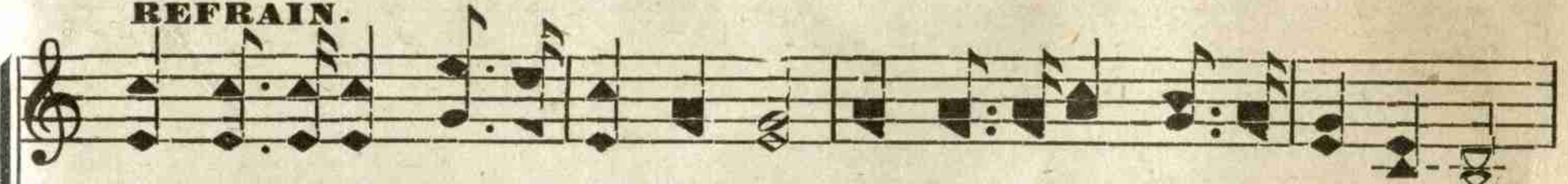
- 1. Tell of the Sav-iour be-yond the sea How He on Cal-va - ry died for all;
- 2. Go to the lands that are far a - way, Tell - ing all na-tions of love di-vine;
- 3. Je - sus commanded that ev - 'ry-where Those who believe in His ho - ly name
- 4. True to the Lord and His bless-ed Word Car - ry the gos - pel o'er o-cean waves;



Say that from guilt He will make souls free, If they re-fuse not His lov - ing call.
 On the deep gloom where so ma-ny stray, Let the pure light of sal - va-tion shine.
 Ti - dings of par-don for sin shall bear, So the re-pent-ant His grace may claim.
 Where the glad message was never heard Tell with re-joic-ing that Je - sus saves.



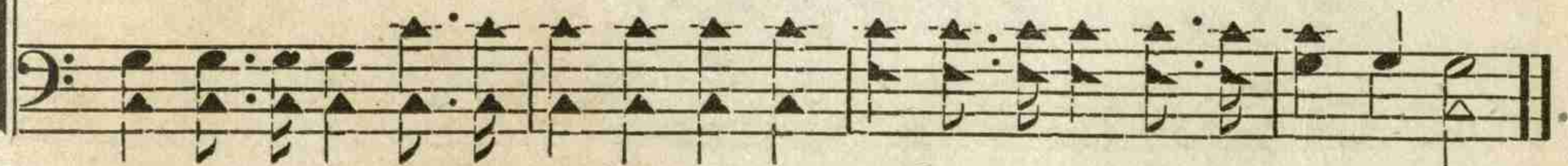
REFRAIN.



Tell of the Sav-iour be-yond the sea, Tell of the Sav-iour be-yond the sea;



Lift up the cross that redeems from loss, And tell of the Saviour be-yond the sea.





1. There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my bark a - mid
 2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the
 3. O they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our
 4. Then for - get not to keep your light shin - ing: O then, Chris-tian, be



per - ils I steer, And they ev - er grow brighter and bright - er As that
 riv - er of time; All the days of our pil - grim-age bright-en With a
 sor-rows and cares; When the lamp on our ves - sel burns dim - ly Then we
 ear-nest and true; For a soul on life's o - cean may per - ish, And may



glo - ri - ous ha - ven I near. O the lights, See the
 ra - di-ance tru - ly sub-lime.
 watch for the glim-mer of theirs.
 sink in the waves but for you. O the lights a - long the shore, See the



lights That nev - er, nev - er will grow dim; See the bright lights,
 lights along the shore, along the shore,



LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE. Concluded.

Grow-ing bright - er, And they guide us un - to Him.
brighter, ev - er brighter, us, yes, they guide us unto Him.

No. 81. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

JEROME MCCAULEY.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Je - sus is standing in Pi-late's hall, Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all;
2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will;
3. Will you your cru-ci - fied Lord de - ny, Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
4. Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to - day, Glad-ly I'll fol-low Thee all the way,

Do you not hear His sweet, ten - der call? Come un - to Him to - day.
You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill, What will you do to - day?
Dar - ing for Je - sus to live and die? What will you do to - day?
Till I am safe in that home for aye, This will I do to - day.

REFRAIN.

What will you do with Je - sus? What shall your an - swer be?

Some day your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do with me?

I AM CLINGING TO HIS HAND.

*If we to the hand of Jesus, Brother, firmly, ever cling,—
Then we shall have great rejoicing, Such, as true devotions bring.*

Ascribed to Prof. James D. Vaughan, and is a special contribution to this book.

F. L. E.

F. L. EILAND.

1. I am safe from ev'ry dan-ger, While by Him I firm-ly stand,
2. On, by faith, I'm ev-er lock-ing, T'ward that fadeless glo-ry land,
3. There 'twill be a joy e - ter - nal, With the saint-im-mor-tal band,
4. I would go still closer to Him, There, to heed each blest command,

And my song is this, for - ev - er, I am clinging to His hand!
With the hope that's all ex-ult - ant, I am clinging to His hand!
Which I'm seeking to in - her - it, I am clinging to His hand!
This most joy-ful song still sing-ing, I am clinging to His hand!

REFRAIN.

I am clinging to His hand, I am clinging to His hand,
I am clinging, I am clinging,

And my song is this, for - ev - er, I am clinging to His hand!

THE CITY OF GOD.

"A city which hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God."—HEB. 11: 10.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. There's a cit - y whose build-er and mak-er is God, And it lies far be-
 2. Bless - ed cit - y of God, where our Saviour, the King, Reigns and rules o'er His
 3. Bless - ed cit - y of God, where the white throne is set, And where Christ wields His

yond Jordan's wave; No mor - tal its pure, ho - ly precincts have trod, For the
 own chos-en ones; Where sweet songs of redemption ex - ult-ingly ring, And the
 scep - ter di - vine; Where mer-cy and jus - tice in glo - ry have met, And cre-

CHORUS.

gate to it leads thro' the grave.
 riv - er of life sweet-ly runs. Let us ev - er press on - ward that
 a - tion its treas-ures re - sign.

cit - y to gain, Where redeemed souls for - ev - er a - bide; Striv - ing

hour-ly and dai - ly a crown to ob-tain, In that home where Christ's chosen reside.

Cheerfully.

1. There is a wondrous land of light, Where weary pil-grims rest,
 2. Press on, O, Christian for the prize, For soon your work will cease,
 3. There is a rest re-mains a - bove, For toil - ers here be - low;

Free from the toils of sin's dark night, And are su-preme-ly blest.
 By an - gels borne you'll mount the skies, And dwell in per - fect peace.
 They'll live and reign in endless love, In robes as white as snow.

REFRAIN.

O rest, sweet rest, O rest, glad rest, We shall
 O rest, sweet rest, O rest, glad rest,

rest in the sweet by and by; O rest, sweet rest, O
 O rest, sweet rest,

rest, glad rest, In our bright, happy home in the sky.
 O rest, glad rest, in the sky.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

GEO. W. SIDES.

1. There's a land that no shad-ows may dark-en, An-gel choirs there for-
 2. 'Tis a land that with joy we are near-ing, Where our lost ones our
 3. There is joy in the home that is wait-ing, For His toil-ers the
 4. O the day fast re-ced-eth, and shad-ows Now are shrouding the

ev - er shall sing Glad ho - san - na's to God in the high - est,
 com - ing now wait; When our Sav-iour shall beckon us thith - er,
 tried and the true; There we'll live with the Master, who loves us,
 vale and the sea; Let us haste to the work that He gave us,

D. S.— *When we're called from earth's sorrows and la - bors*

Fine. **CHORUS.**

Hal - le - lu - jahs to Je - sus, our King.
 We shall en - ter the beau - ti - ful gate. We are near-ing its
 Who hath spok-en to me and to you.
 Till with friends in that land we shall be.

To our home in the beau - ti - ful land.

glo - ri - ous por - tals, Soon we'll welcome its glit - ter - ing strand,

D. S.

MAHLON OLIPHANT.

J. OWEN LONG.

Good as a Quartet.

1. I know there is a land a - bove This world of toil and care,
 2. A land where flow'rs immortal bloom, And storms can ne'er annoy;
 3. O Beu-lah land! O home of light! O land of bliss un-told;
 4. To wan-der by that riv - er side, And view that shining shore,

And that earth's ransomed ones shall meet In bliss-ful u - nion there.
 E - ter - nal are its gates of peace, Un-bound-ed is its joy.
 I long to join thy spotless throngs, And walk thy streets of gold.
 Where death is swallowed up of life, And naught can harm us more.

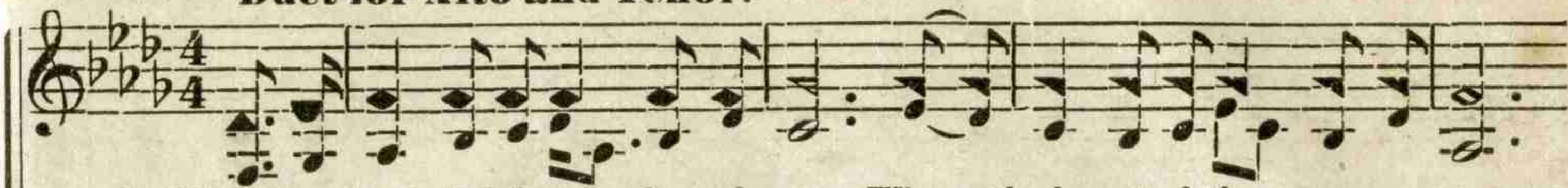
CHORUS.

I know, I know,..... there is a land,.....
 I know, I know a bliss-ful land,

Where we shall meet some day; Where we shall
 some hap-py day;

meet and dwell with Christ the Lord Some bright and hap-py day.

Duet for Alto and Tenor.



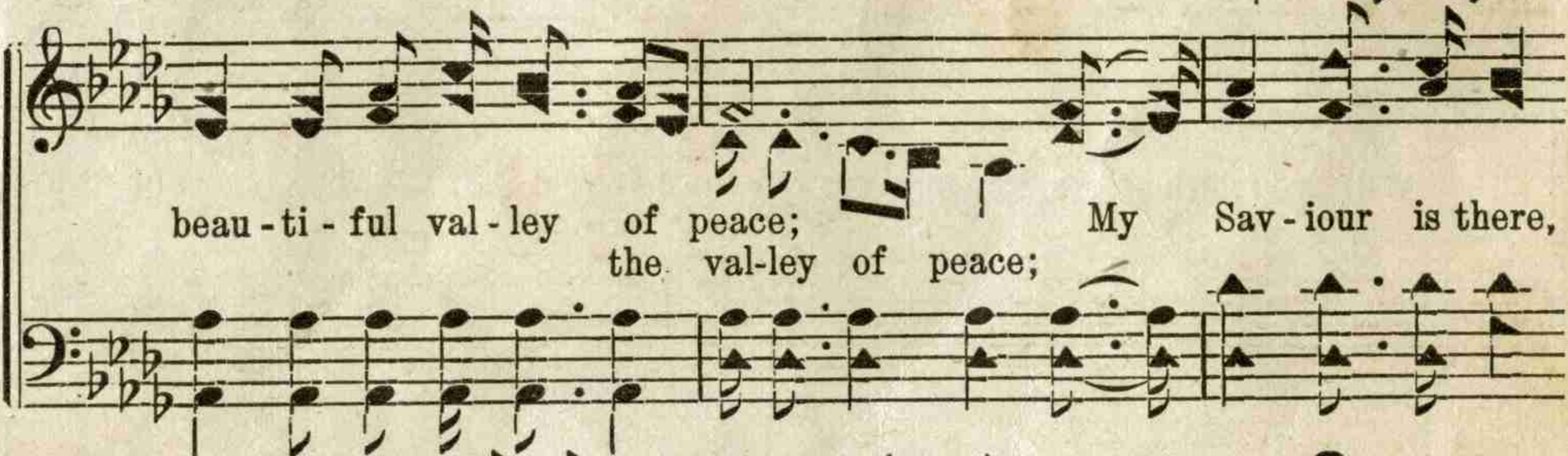
- 1. There's a beau-ti-ful val - ley of peace, Where the heart of the weary may rest;
- 2. In that beau-ti-ful val - ley I know Wild clam-or is hushed in-to calm;
- 3. In the val-ley of peace I may hide, Where strifes of the world cannot mar,
- 4. In the val-ley of peace let me roam, With Jesus, my "Staff" and my "Rod."



Where tumult and tri - als shall cease, And those who are burdened be blest.
 And walking where still waters flow, The sor-row-ing soul find-eth balm.
 And where I will fol - low my Guide, My Hope and my glo - ri - ous Star.
 Till I come to my heav - en - ly home, Whose build-er and mak - er is God.



QUARTET or CHORUS.



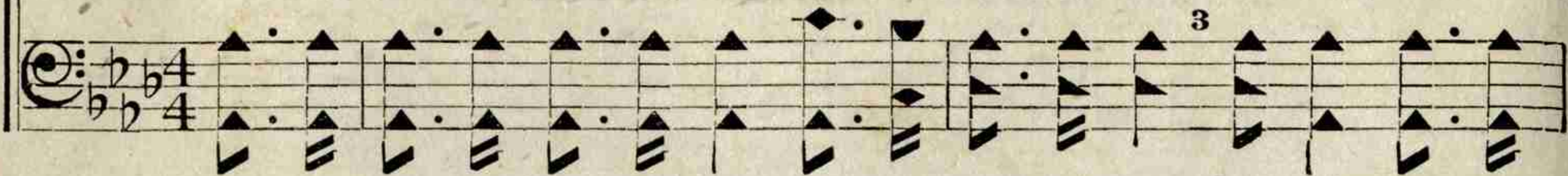
No. 88. Will You Gather Golden Sheaves?

J. D. V.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. See the precious, gold-en grain Wav-ing o - ver hill and plain, It is
 2. If you lon - ger i - dly wait, It will be for-e'er too late, Gold-en
 3. Hu-man souls the sheaves so rare, That are sink-ing ev - 'rywhere In - to
 4. Ev - 'ry soul that you may win From the drear-y fields of sin, As a



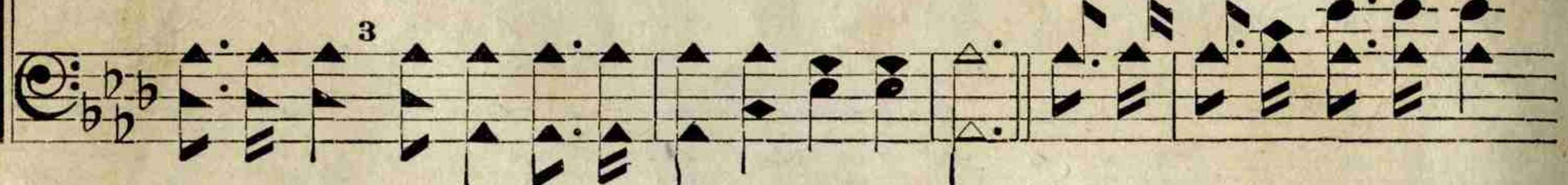
un - to har - vest white; But the la - bor - ers are few, And the
 hours are pass - ing by; For the reap - ing must be done, Ere shall
 sin's e - ter - nal night; Go and tell of Je - sus' love, And a
 star with sil - ver ray, Shall be - deck your crown of gold, Add - ing



REFRAIN.



Lord is call - ing you, He will pay you what is right. Will you gath - - er
 pass the harvest sun, Or the grain will fall and die.
 bless - ed home a - bove, In the land of fadeless light.
 pleasures yet untold, While you live in heav'n for aye. Will you gather golden sheaves,



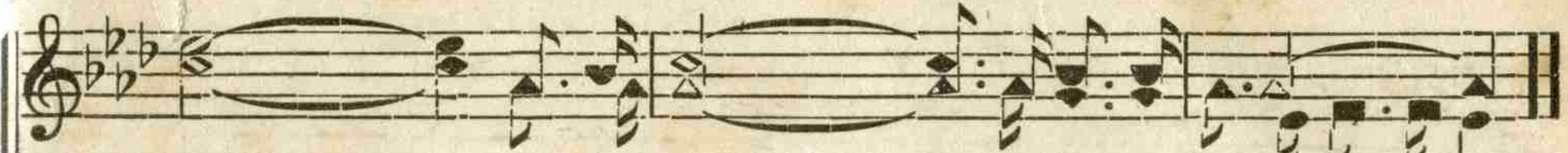
gold - en sheaves . . . For the har - - - vest by and
 Will you gath - er gold - en sheaves For the har - vest by and by, For the



by; . . . Will you gath - - - er gold - en
 har - vest by and by; Will you gath - er gold - en sheaves, Will you



WILL YOU GATHER GOLDEN SHEAVES? Concluded.



sheaves..... For the gar - - ner in the sky?.....
gather golden sheaves For the garner, for the garner in the sky, up in the sky!



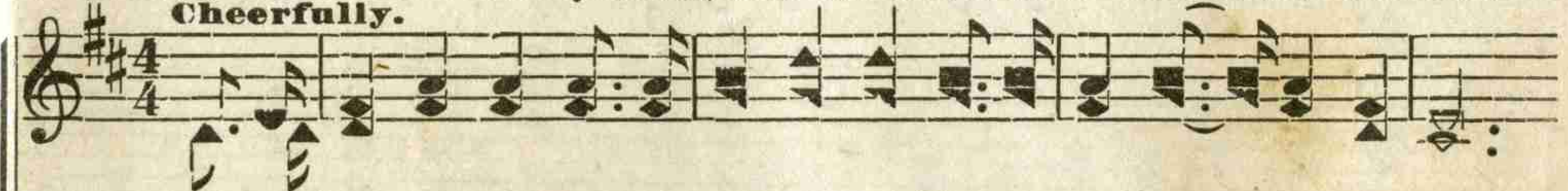
No. 89.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

C. E. P.

To my friend, J. E. Atwood.-J. D. V. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Cheerfully.



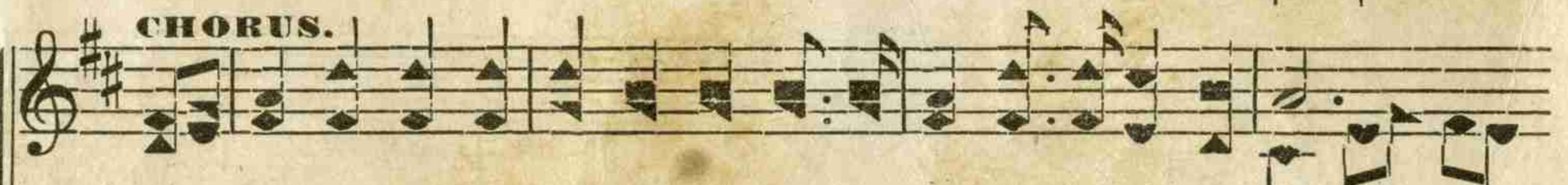
1. There's no place to me like the Sunday-school, Where the children for heav'n prepare;
2. There we learn to sing of a Sav-iour's love, How He died on Cal - va - ry;
3. There we read God's word, and, like Timothy, Store its treasures in the heart;
4. Christ has promised His blessed presence there, If we meet in His dear name;



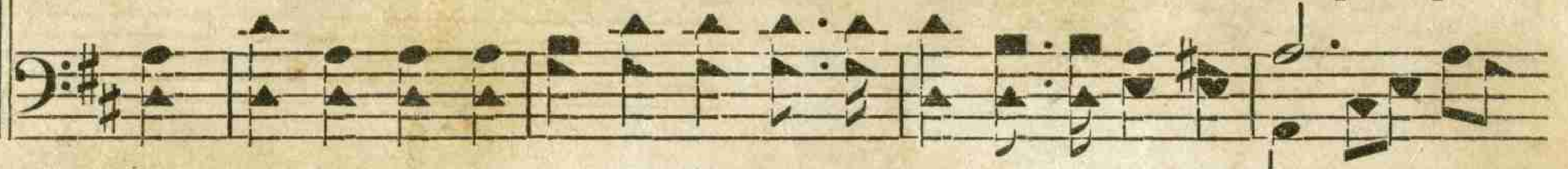
Though the clouds hang low, or the sun shines bright, You will always find me there.
Died to save a world of poor sin - ners lost, And that means you and me.
And the good seed sown in our ear - ly youth, Will ne'er from us de - part.
Though the num - ber be on - ly two or three, We the prom - ise still can claim.



CHORUS.



The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, Where the children for heav'n prepare;
pre - pare;



Though the clouds hang low, or the sun shines bright, You will always find me there.



"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—JESUS.

MRS. EULA WILLIS.

F. L. EILAND.

1. There is One who is knocking at the door of thy heart, O will you not
 2. O dear sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus who is pleading with thee, O will you not
 3. There so long He has waited, still thy spir-it to try, O will you not
 4. O a-rise and receive Him, do not let Him depart, O will you not

let Him come in? Or will you yet reject Him there, and shall He de-part?
 let Him come in? Haste to welcome this stranger, that your friend He shall be,
 let Him come in? Life's the gift He has brought you, how can Him you deny,
 let Him come in? This dear One who is knocking at the door of thy heart,

REFRAIN.

O will you not let Him come in? Let..... Him come
 Let Him come in,

in,..... Let..... Him come in;..... 'Tis
 Let Him come in, Let Him come in, Let Him come in;

Je-sus who stands at thy door! Let. Him come in;.....
 Let Him come in, Let Him come in,

LET HIM COME IN. Concluded.

Let..... Him come in,..... Re-ject, O re-ject Him no more!
 Let Him come in, Let Him come in,

rit.

No. 91.

IT ALL IS THINE.

F. L. EILAND.

F. L. EILAND.

1. No song a - gain, my Lord, would come From these frail lips of mine,
 2. The full af - fec - tion of my heart, A - bout Thee be en - twined,
 3. Let down my por - tion of Thy grace, And make my life to shine

That does not Thee all hon - or give, For Lord, it all is Thine.
 That no di - vis - ion it shall feel, For Lord, it all is Thine.
 All its de - vo - tion un - to Thee, For Lord, it all is Thine.

CHORUS.

Keep Thou my heart and voice, I pray, At - tuned with love di - vine,

To sing Thy praise, and it a - lone, For Lord, it all is Thine.

With feeling.



1. When I shall cross o - ver the dark roll - ing tide, O what a glad
 2. A dear, lov - ing mother now waits on that shore, To clasp me a -
 3. Dear fa - ther and brothers and kindred have gone To dwell in that
 3. I sometimes get wea - ry and long to go home, But all of my



meeting there'll be, For close by the beau - ti - ful pearl - y white gate,
 gain to her breast; She left this world shouting the praises of God,
 country so fair; And while I still lin - ger on Time's troubled shore,
 work is not done; I'm glad I can la - bor for Je - sus, my Lord,



My loved ones are wait - ing for me.
 By an - gels was car - ried to rest. Wait - ing for me, they're
 They're watching and wait - ing up there.
 Till sounds the sweet message, "come home."



waiting for me, O what a glad meeting 'twill be!..... Waiting for
 glad meeting 'twill be!



me, they're waiting for me, My loved ones are waiting for me.....
 are waiting for me.



No. 93. I SHALL BE AT HOME WITH JESUS.

Tenderly inscribed to Miss Jennie Wilson. These beautiful and inspiring words were written on her birthday, Nov. 13, 1907.—J. D. V.

JENNIE WILSON.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.



1. Years of time are swiftly pass-ing, Bring-ing near-er heaven's goal;
2. Aft - er all the days of wait - ing, For His voice to bid me come,
3. Aft - er leaving earthly path-ways, Which my weary feet have pressed,
4. Aft - er last fare-wells are spoken, I shall meet dear ones I've known,



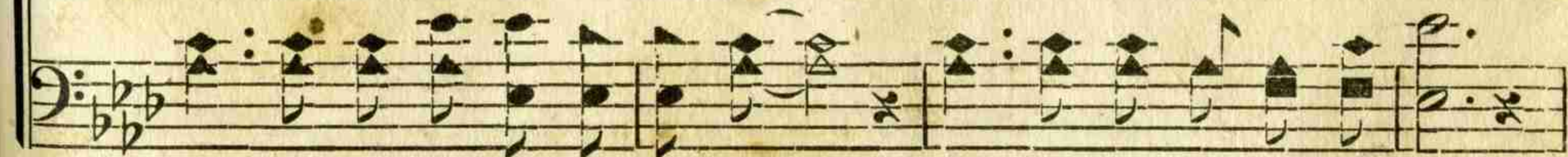
Soon I'll be at home with Je - sus, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.
I shall walk be - side my Sav - iour, 'Mid bright scenes where angels roam.
I shall stray by life's fair riv - er, Find-ing ho - ly peace and rest.
In the pres-ence of our Sav - iour, When we stand before His throne.



CHORUS.



O how precious is the prom-ise, That with gladness fills my soul!



I shall be at home with Je - sus, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll!



No. 94. HOME TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. O father, come kiss me once more, And watch by my bed just to - night; Your
2. O father, what news shall I take To Je - sus and mother for you? I'll
3. Our home here is lonely and dark, And oft we are hun - gry and cold; But
4. O father, dear father, once more Of Je - sus I pray you to think; And
5. O father, dear father, once more Please read in my Bi - ble and think, "No

Nettie will walk thro' the val - ley of death Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light.
tell Him to send ho - ly an - gels of light, To bless and to comfort you, too.
I shall go home to my mother to - night, Where pleasures are purer than gold.
when I am gone to my mother in heav'n, O fa - ther, please give up your drink.
drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heav'n," O God, keep my fa - ther from drink!

CHORUS.

O fa - ther, I'm go - ing to moth - er, so dear, I dreamed that I saw her last

night; And o - ver the riv - er sweet voic - es I hear, They call me to

mansions of light, — Home, home, home to my mother in heav'n.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet-ter land, One by one we'll all be
 2. We are drawing near-er ev-'ry day, One by one we'll all be
 3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone before, One by one we'll all be
 4. Come, my brother, join the hap-py throng, One by one we'll all be

gath-ered home; And we'll trust the Saviour's guiding hand, One by
 gath-ered home; To that joy that fad-eth not a-way, One by
 gath-ered home; And we'll dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more, One by
 gath-ered home; Sing-ing now redemption's ho-ly song, One by

REFRAIN.

one we'll all be gathered home. Gath-'ring, Gath-'ring,
 "Gath'ring together," "Gath'ring together,"

One by one we'll all be gath-ered home; Gath-'ring,
 "Gath-'ring to-gether-er,"

Gath-'ring, One by one we'll all be gath-ered home.
 "Gath-'ring to-gether-er,"

1. Trust in God, the lov - ing Fa - ther, Who thy ways doth e'er control;
 2. Let not earth's allurements charm thee, Or entice thy soul to sin;
 3. Trust in God and He will guide thee Safely home when toils are past,
 4. In the king - dom of the bless - ed, Where the harps of gold re-sound,

He whose care is ev - er o'er thee Is the an - chor of thy soul.
 They deceive thee but to harm thee, Who may'st life e - ter - nal win.
 And what - ev - er may be-tide thee, Thou shalt reign with Him at last.
 Waits a home for those who trust Him, Where e - ter - nal joys a-bound.

CHORUS.

Trust in God, with faith believing,
 Trust in God,..... with faith be-liev - ing,.... On the

On the word, that will not fail; Pres - ent help
 word,..... that will not fail; Present help.....

and strength receiving, In the sunshine or the gale.
 and strength receiving,.. In the sun - shine the gale.

A. D.



1. There are bright, golden harps up in heav - en, That with mu-sic most
 2. When the news of a sin-ner's re - pent - ance Is announced to the
 3. All the sing-ers are rais-ing glad voi - ces, As each harper is
 4. Ev - 'ry saint who has gone on be - fore us Has a heav-en - ly



won-der - ful ring, As the an - gels in hon - or of Je - sus,
 glo - ri - fied throng, There is joy, and the harps ring more sweetly
 sounding the chord, That will tell of the deep-est re - joic - ing
 harp at com - mand, And ere long we shall join in the mu - sic



D. S.—Will play on the bright harps of heav - en



Strike with gladness each glit-ter - ing string.
 In ac - cord with vic - to - ri - ous song. All those who have
 O - ver souls turn - ing now to the Lord.
 In our home on e - ter - ni - ty's strand.



With an - gels be - fore the great throne.



chos - en sal - va - tion, Be - liev - ing in Je - sus a - lone,



"To my friend, Emmett S. Dean."

J. B. F.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN.



1. Tho' the way be e'er so lonely, On our journey here be - low, We'll be
2. Let us hope for things eternal, And be sigh-ing here no more, We'll be
3. Tell, O tell the blessed tidings To the wea-ry, hopeless ones, We'll be



shouting hal - le - lu - jah, by and by! Brighter prospects now are waiting,
shouting hal - le - lu - jah, by and by! Look by faith, to yon-der meet-ing
shouting hal - le - lu - jah, by and by! When at judgment we shall gather



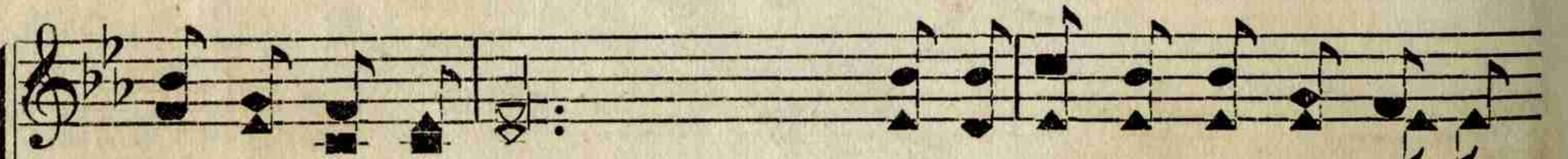
O - ver on the oth - er shore, We'll shout hal-le-lu-jah, by and by!
With our loved ones, gone before, We'll shout hal-le-lu-jah, by and by!
We will hear Him say, "Well done," We'll shout hal-le-lu-jah, by and by!



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah!..... hal - le - lu - jah!..... We'll be shouting hal-le-
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!



lu - jah, by and by! With our cares and conflicts o - ver,
hal - le - lu - jah!



HALLELUJAH, BY AND BY. Concluded.

Face to face, with heaven's King, We'll shout hal-le-lu-jah, by and by!

No. 99. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

GEORGE KEITH.

ANNE STEELE.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev - 'ry con-di-tion—in sickness, in health; In pov - er - ty's
3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! I, I am thy
4. "E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sovereign, e-
5. "The soul that on Je - sus still leans for re - pose, I will not, I

faith in His ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
vare, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not, de - sert to his foes; That soul through all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
land, on the sea—"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be."
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My righteous, om-nip - o-tent hand."
tem - ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo - som be borne."
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er, for-sake."

THE ROCK AMID THE WAVES.

Tenderly inscribed to Mrs. Harriet E. Jones, the author of these sublime words.—J. D. V.

HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With earnestness.



1. There stands a Rock a - mid the waves, O mar - i - ner, be not a - fraid;
2. When clouds are dense around your bark, And when the wind in anger raves,
3. When wild winds rave and billows roll, There's safety near the One who saves;
4. Are you upon the sea alone, Friends gone whose love your sad heart craves?
5. We'll reach the harbor some glad day, Where dwell the hosts He sweetly saves,



When sur - ges roll He sweetly saves, In His dear name be not afraid.
Sail on and trust, nor fear the dark, There is a Rock amid the waves.
For ev - 'ry loving, trusting soul, There is a Rock amid the waves.
He sees the tear-drops of His own, This blessed Rock amid the waves.
Where all the tears are wiped away, By this great Rock amid the waves.



REFRAIN.



There is a Rock a - mid the waves, A
a - mid the waves,



might-y Rock a-mid the waves, O, hal - le - lu-jah, how He
amid the waves,



saves, This bless-ed Rock a-mid the waves.
so sweetly saves, amid the waves.



B. E. W.

B. E. WARREN.

Slow.

1. Weighed in the bal - ance of jus - tice true, Sin - ful the
 2. There it will hurt like a wound - ing dart When this dread
 3. Weighed by the word which is giv - en now, Search it and
 4. At the tri - bu - nal where Christ is judge, Where ev - 'ry

path thou hast trod; Weighed and found wanting, will it be you?
 an - swer shall fall, "Weighed and found wanting," 'twill pierce thy heart
 know thou art pure; Un - to its man - dates in meek - ness bow,
 deed is made known, "Weighed and found wanting," each guilty soul,

rit. pp **CHORUS. a tempo**

Weighed by the word of God. Weighed..... and found
 At the last judg - ment call.
 Then thou shalt be se - cure.
 Stands there be - fore His throne. Weighed by the word

want - ing,..... Weighed..... and found
 weighed and found want - ing, Weighed by the word,

rit. pp

want - ing,..... Re - ject - ed at heav - en's door.
 weighed and found wanting.

No. 102. SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

Arr. by J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE.

1. I am now a child of God, I've been washed in Je- sus' blood, I am
 2. O the bless-ed Lord of light, Now up-holds me by His might, And His
 3. I am sweeping thro' the gate, Where the blessed for me wait, Where the
 4. Burst are 'all my pris - on bars, And I soar be - yond the stars, To my

watching and I'm long-ing while I wait; Soon on wings of love I'll fly, To a
 arms en-fold and comfort while I wait, I am lean-ing on His breast, O the
 wear - y work-ers rest for ev - er-more; Where the strife of earth is done, And the
 Father's house, the bright and blest estate; Lo! the morn e - ter-nal breaks, And the

D. S.—In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb, Wash'd from

home be - yond the sky, To my wel-come, as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.
 sweetness of this rest! Hal - le - lu - jah! I am sweeping thro' the gates.
 crown of life is won, O the glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore!
 song im - mor-tal wakes, Wash'd in Je - sus' blood, I'm sweeping thro' the gates.

ev - 'ry stain I am, Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sweeping thro' the gates!

CHORUS.

Sweep - ing thro' the gates, Sweep - ing thro' the gates;
 Sweeping thro' the gates, Yes, I'm sweeping thro' the gates, Sweeping thro' the gates, Yes, I'm sweeping thro' the gates;

Used by permission.

No. 103.

SCHUMANN. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

L. C. EVERETT.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since He is mine and
 2. He leads me to the place, Where heav'nly pasture grows, Where living waters
 3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me in His
 4. While He affords His aid, I can not yield to fear; Tho' I should walk thro'

I am His, What can I want be-side? What can I want be-side?
 gent-ly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows, And full sal-va-tion flows.
 own right way, For His most ho-ly name, For His most ho-ly name.
 death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there, My Shepherd's with me there.

No. 104.

NETTLETON.

REV. ROBERT ROBINSON.

REV. ASAHEL NETTLETON.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 { Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 2. { Here I'll raise my Eb-en-e-zer, Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
 { And I hope by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
 3. { O! to grace how great a debt-or, Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
 { Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'-ring heart to Thee!

D.C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
 He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it! Seal it for Thy courts a-bove.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
 Je-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan-der, Lord I feel it! Prone to leave the God I love;

No. 105.

Still I'm Clinging. *20*

HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. Pre-cious Christ in whom I trust, Knoweth well that I am dust,
 2. All my long-ings Je - sus knows, Sees my man - y in-ward foes,
 3. I'm so glad he hears me plead, And my ev - 'ry tho't can read,
 4. Some sweet time I hope to say: "I have found the perfect way"—



'Mid my fail-ures still I'm cling-ing, Un - to Him pe - ti - tions
 Je - sus knows that I be-lieve Him, Al - tho' oft - en - times I
 For He tells me oh! so sweet - ly, He will save and save com -
 Walk with Him on Beu - lah's mountain, Drink each day from love's sweet



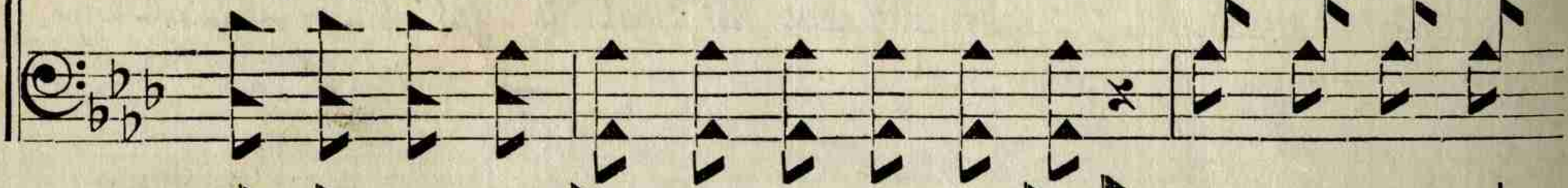
REFRAIN.



bring-ing, Trust-ing in the True and Just. I am cling-ing
 grieve Him, Still I cling for Je - sus knows.
 plete-ly, When I tell Him all my need.
 foun-tain, While I cling and watch and pray. I am clinging, clinging,



to my Sav - iour, Plead-ing,
 cling-ing to my Sav - iour, to my Sav-iour, Plead - ing, plead-ing,



plead-ing, for his fa - vor; Though I oft - en grieve my
 plead-ing for his fa - vor, for his fa - vor;



Still I'm Clinging.

King, . . . Still I hope and trust and cling. . . .
grieve my King, trust and cling.

No. 106.

The Voice of Faith.

JENNIE WILSON.

R. R. EMERSON.

1. The voice of faith to my spir - it Is whis-per-ing soft and
2. When earth - ly bur - dens are heav - y, And vain - ly for rest I
3. That voice like mel - o - dy thrills me While tell - ing of realms of
4. Be - yond all wea - ri - some striv - ing, And sor - rows that to me

low; It tells me Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Keeps close to me here be - low.
long, The voice of faith breathes a message As sweet as an an - gel's song.
peace, Where cares and tri - als are o - ver, And con - flicts for - ev - er cease.
come, I look to glad - ness and glo - ry In heav - en's un - clouded home.

CHORUS.

The voice of faith, gen - tly speak - ing, Brings com - fort di - vine to me; It

tells of a love un - fail - ing Thro' time and e - ter - ni - ty.

J. C. MURRAY.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



1. We will cheer-ful - ly bear ev - 'ry tri - al of life, Till we
 2. We will work in God's vineyard while here upon earth, Then we'll
 3. And our life shall be joy - ous while journeying here, In the



stand on the heav-en - ly shore, Where our souls shall be blest, and we
 en - ter the por-tals of rest; Where we'll join in the prais-es of
 hope of that beau-ti - ful land; If our lives shall conform to the



CHORUS.



ev - er shall rest, Where tri-als shall come nevermore.
 God and the Lamb, In the beautiful land of the blest. O help me to
 will of the Lord, We'll go to that bright golden strand.



la - bor and wait, And strive to watch and pray; Then the Saviour will



take us to dwell with Him, In that beau-ti - ful land far a-way.



ADAM DAVENPORT.

M. A. BRACKETT.



1. Heed - less of the bless - ings of - fered thro' the Sav - iour's love,
 2. When the won - drous mes - sage of sal - va - tion came to me,
 3. Walk - ing in the sun - light of my Sav - iour's love di - vine,



Walk - ing in the broad and downward way, I received a message from the
 Glad - ly I o - beyed the Sav - iour's call, From my heav - y bur - den begging
 I am passing thro' this life be - low; Soon ce - les - tial glo - ry will up -



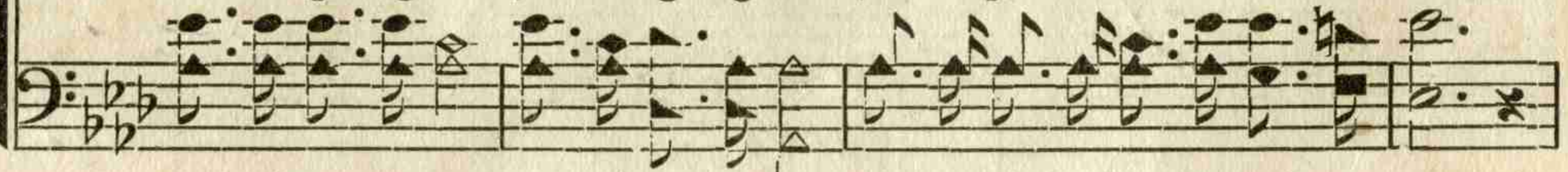
shin - ing courts a - bove, "Come, and be thou saved by grace to - day."
 Him to set me free, Then in mer - cy He forgave me all.
 on my spir - it shine, And the bliss of heav - en I shall know.



REFRAIN.



I am go - ing home, I am going home, In the paths of sin no more I'll roam;



Walking in the way to the realms of day, Praise the Lord, I'm on my journey home.



No. 109. DANGER IN THE BORDER LAND.

MRS. FRANK E. BRECK.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. You are standing, you are stand-
 2. You are standing, you are stand-
 3. You are standing, you are stand-
 4. You are standing, you are stand-

wild, waste country of sin; But a blessed, hap-
 far from the kingdom of God, And a Saviour longs to bless you, will you
 long - er, long - er de-lay, For the darkness will be coming swift up-
 sin and sorrow oppressed; Come re-
 pent-ing and thy Father will re-

CHORUS.

fore you, And you may en - ter in. There is dan - ger,
 en - ter, Where all the saved have trod?
 on you, A - rise! O haste a - way.
 ceive you, And give you joy and rest. There is dan-ger, dan-ger,

in the border land, O leave the wea-ry life of sin, For there's
 come to Jesus,

dan - ger in the border land, Come, a better life be-gin.
 dan-ger, dan-ger

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

T. M. LOCKE.



1. There is a pre-cious crim-son tide, I'm washed in the blood,
2. It washed my sins and guilt a-way, I'm washed in the blood,
3. I'm liv-ing for my bless-ed Lord, I'm washed in the blood,
4. My heart is fixed, I will not roam, I'm washed in the blood,
5. Some pre-cious souls I hope to win, I'm washed in the blood,
6. A faith-ful sol-dier I would be, I'm washed in the blood,
7. And when shall set life's sink-ing sun, I'm washed in the blood,



'Tis flow-ing from the Sav-iour's side, I'm washed in the blood.
 And now I love to sing and pray, I'm washed in the blood.
 And trust-ing in His ho-ly Word, I'm washed in the blood.
 With Christian friends I'm go-ing home, I'm washed in the blood.
 And lead them from the paths of sin, I'm washed in the blood.
 Till death shall set my spir-it free, I'm washed in the blood.
 I hope to hear Him say, "Well done," I'm washed in the blood.



CHORUS.



O will you come and go with me, I'm washed in the blood,



To that sweet home be-yond the sea? I'm washed in the blood.



1. The mistakes of my life have been ma-ny, But the sins of my heart have been more;
 2. I am lowest of those who would love Him, I am weakest of those who would pray;
 3. My mistakes His free grace now will cover, And my sins He will wash all a-way;
 4. The mistakes of my life have been ma-ny, And my spir-it is wea-ry with sin;

And I scarcely can see for my weep-ing, But I'll knock at the o-pen door.
 But I come to Him as He has bid-den, And I know He'll not say me nay.
 And the feet that now stumble and fal-ter, Soon may en-ter the gates of day.
 Tho' I scarcely can see for my weep-ing, Yet the Saviour will take me in.

CHORUS.

I know I am sin-ful and un-wor- thy, And now I
 I am sin-ful and un-wor-thy,

feel it more and more; But my Sav-iour is wait-ing for my
 more and more;

com-ing, And I'll en-ter the o-pen door.
 for my com-ing, the o-pen door.

A. D.

ADAM DAVENPORT.

1. We are told that just o - ver death's riv - er There are mansions pre -
 2. It is writ - ten the streets of that cit - y, Are all paved with the
 3. Neither sun, moon nor stars there are shin - ing, To il - lu - mine that
 4. When we pass thro' the gates of that cit - y We shall wear robes as

pared for us all, Who believe in the pow - er of Je - sus,
 pur - est of gold, And its walls and foundations are gar - nished
 won - der - ful place, For its light of such ra - di - ant splen - dor
 white as the snow, And we then shall be like the bright an - gels,

D. S.—*Shall we sing the glad song of re - demp - tion,*

Fine. CHORUS.
 And have answered His mer - ci - ful call.
 With rich jewels most fair to be - hold. Shall we dwell in those
 Is the brightness of God's ho - ly face.
 Singing prais - es wher - ev - er we go.

In the beau - ti - ful cit - y of light?

D. S.
 mansions e - ter - nal, Nev - er darkened by shadows of night?

No. 113. TAKE THE SAVIOUR WITH YOU.

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

A. VANEMA.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Take the Saviour with you when you leave your home, His companionship is sweet wher-
2. Far away from friends and loved ones, all alone, Mus - ing on life's joys, recalling
3. Bent on rec-re-a-tion, or in quest of health, Mingling with the surging throng in-
4. Tho' the world be wide, the Lord is ev'rywhere, Round the circling globe you'll find His

e'er you roam, In the mountains wild or on the roll - ing sea, A - ny - where with pleasures flown, Like the skies His love o'er reaches all your way, A - ny - where with tent on wealth, Seek the Lord's approval, keep your conscience true, A - ny - thing for shelt'ring care, Ev'ry sky reflects His beauteous prom - ise bow, A - ny - where with

Je - sus it is safe to be. A - ny - where, ev - 'ry - where,
 Je - sus it is safe to stay.
 Je - sus it is safe to do.
 Je - sus it is safe to go. A - ny - where, ev - 'ry - where,

Take the Saviour with you ev'rywhere you go; Take Him with you thro' life's ev'rywhere, yes, ev'rywhere you go;

journey where-so-e'er you roam, A - ny - where with Jesus it is "home, sweet home."

No. 114. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the
2. Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side? Are you washed in the
3. When the Bridegroom cometh will your robes be white? Pure and white in the
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the



blood of the Lamb? Are you fully trust-ing in His grace this hour?
 blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru-ci-fied?
 blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read-y for the mansions bright,
 blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the soul un-clean,

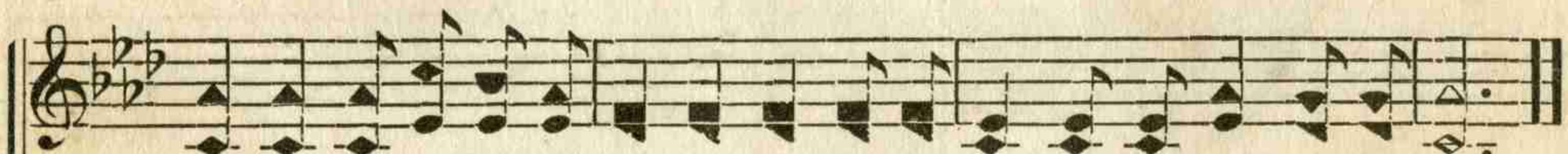


CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 O be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed



blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb? Are your
 in the blood, of the Lamb?



garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?



No. 115. WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

GEO. COOPER.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are go - ing by; There are
 2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go - ing by; Let your
 3. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; One by

wea - ry souls who perish, While the days are going by; If a smile we can renew,
 face be like the morning, While the days are going by; O the world is full of sighs,
 one we leave behind us, While the days are going by; But the seeds of good we sow,

As our jour - ney we pur - sue, O the good we all may do, While the
 Full of sad and weep - ing eyes, Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the
 Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the

REFRAIN.

days are go - ing by. Go - ing by, go - ing by, Are you
 Go - ing by, go - ing by,

winning souls for Jesus, While the days are going by? Go - ing by, go - ing
 Go - ing by,

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY. Concluded.

by, O the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
go - ing by,

No. 116.

HE LEADETH ME!

JOSEPH HENRY GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed tho't, O words with heavenly comfort fraught,
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow - ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic - t'ry's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

f CHORUS.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me

His faith - ful fol - lower I would be. For by His hand He lead - eth me.

"The desire of the slothful killeth him; for his hands refuse to labour."—PROV. 21: 25.

E. R. LATTA.

J. E. THOMAS.

Good as a Quartet or Solo.

1. What of the sheaves we have gath - ered? Beau - ti - ful
 2. What of the sheaves we have gath - ered? If they be
 3. Hap - py the lot of the toil - ers, Gath - er - ing
 4. What of the sheaves we have gath - ered? When in the
 1. What of the sheaves, what of the sheaves we have gathered? Beautiful sheaves,

sheaves of our own, Or have we wast - ed the
 ma - ny or few; Some have been faith - ful and
 ear - ly and late, Pa - tient - ly trust - ing the
 judg - ment we stand; How shall we an - swer the
 beau-ti-ful sheaves of our own, Or have we wasted, or have we wasted the

mo - ments, Till the rich har - vest is gone?
 ear - nest, La - bor - ing all the day through.
 out - come, Will - ing to la - bor and wait.
 Mas - ter, If we are emp - ty in hand?
 mo - ments, Till the rich har-vest, the rich har - vest is gone?

p REFRAIN. *m*

What..... of the sheaves,..... What of the
 What of the sheaves, what of the sheaves, Beau-ti - ful sheaves,

WHAT OF THE SHEAVES? Concluded.

f sheaves?..... What..... of the har - vest of souls?.....
dim. beautiful sheaves? Brother, O what of the harvest, the wonderful harvest of souls?
cres.

dim. Shall..... we have noth - - ing to of - - fer but
 Shall we have nothing to of - fer but leaves? Shall we have nothing to

pp leaves..... Long..... as e - ter - - ni - ty rolls?
m of - fer but leaves, nothing but leaves Long as e - ter - ni - ty rolls?

No. 118.

OLIVET.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Sav-iour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour,

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be wholly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a-side!
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove, —O bear me safe above, A ransomed soul!

No. 119. THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

HENRY COCHRAN.

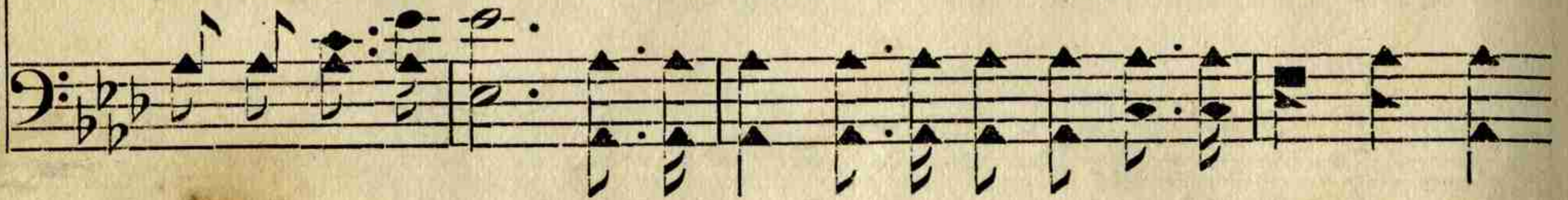
ADAM DAVENPORT.



1. When the dark shadows fall across my path-way here, And the right way no
2. So, poor wand'rer from heaven in the night of sin, Struggling on in the
3. Christ, the Lord, is the blessed life, the light, the way, Are you pray - ing His



long - er I can see, How my heart thrills with gladness when I see the rays
darkness, would you see? Turn your eyes tow'rd the city of your heav'n-ly home,
glo-rious face to see? Turn your steps tow'rd the happy land of light and love,



REFRAIN.



Of a light in the win-dow guiding me. Bless-ed light, gold-en
There's a light in the win-dow now for thee.
And press on to the home prepared for thee. Blessed light,



light, There's a light in the win-dow I can see; Bless-ed
gold-en light,



light, shin-ing bright, There's a light in the window guiding me.
Bless-ed light, shining bright,



No. 120. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

C. E. B. arr.

C. H. CRAWFORD.



1. When the eve-ning shad-ows gath-er, And the long day's work is done;
 2. Cher - ished forms who walk'd beside us, Down the aisles of by-gone years,
 3. Tho' a - while from us they're sev-ered, Called from earth-ly hopes and fears,
 4. Hush, then, each re - bel-lious mur-mur, For we, too, are go - ing home,



When we reach the un-known country, Out be-yond the setting sun; Aft - er
 How we watched them fade and vanish, Thro' a mist of fall-ing tears; Lov - ing
 To en - joy the bliss of heav - en, Where are wiped away all tears; When the
 There to find our household treasures, Nev - er - more a-gain to roam; Safe with-



D. S.— *We shall know each oth-er bet - ter, We shall know each other there; On the*



all the wea-ry waiting, In their peaceful rest to share, No more need of anguish'd
 voic-es hush'd in silence, Join-ing now the an - gel band, Sing-ing glo - ry, hal - le
 Lord shall bid us en-ter, Thro' the pear-ly portals wide, They will be the first to
 in our Father's mansion, Clad in robes so bright and fair, Hymning loud our hal-le-



resurrection morning, Free from toil and free from care, With our tear-dimm'd eyes made

Fine. REFRAIN.

D. S.



parting, We shall know each other there. We shall know, we shall know,
 lu - jah, O - ver in the oth-er land.
 meet us, O - ver on the oth-er side.
 lu-jahs, We shall know each other there. We shall know, we shall know,



perfect, We shall know each other there.

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HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. Can you sing a sweet, new song? Pass it on (pass it on), Let it
 2. Sing the news in by-ways dim, Pass it on (pass it on), Bring the
 3. Is there sunshine in your soul, Pass it on (pass it on), Tell how



cheer the bus - y throng, Pass it on (pass it on); Sing a -
 ma - ny un - to Him, Pass it on (pass it on); Be a
 Je - sus made you whole, Pass it on (pass it on); By your



loud our Sav-iour's love, Sing the hardened hearts to move, Sing in
 light a - long the way, Shine for Je - sus day by day, Win for
 words and kindly deeds, Day by day sow precious seeds, Thus to



REFRAIN.



praise of Him a-bove, Pass it on (pass it on). Pass it on,.....
 Him the lambs astray, Pass it on (pass it on).
 follow where He leads, Pass it on (pass it on). Pass it on,



O pass it on,..... Loy - al prove to God's own Son,
 O pass it on,



Pass It On. Concluded.

Pass it on,..... Pass it on,..... O pass it
pass it on, pass it on,

on,..... Till the whole wide world is won, Pass it on!.....
O pass it on, pass it on!

No. 122.

ISAAC WATTS.

Antioch.

G. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ; While
3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

ev - 'ry heart pre- pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy, Re -
comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glo-ries of His righteous - ness, And wonders of His love, And

heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nat-ure sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.
won- ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.

1. O Sav-iour of sin-ners, give ear to my cry, In Thee is my
 2. I know that the tempter would lead me a - stray, O keep me and
 3. Thou call-est the wea-ry to lean on Thy breast, A-mid the world's
 4. For sunbeams of mer-cy to brighten the way, For com-forts un-

ref - uge, to Thee I draw nigh; The blood shed on Cal-v'ry, my
 strengthen, be with me, I pray; For grace that shall make me tri-
 tri - als, how sweet is Thy rest; Thou calm - est the bil - lows of
 fail - ing, when stormy the day; I know Thou art fit - ting a

hope and my plea, For par-don and cleansing, I'm coming to Thee.
 um-phunt and free, O glo - ri - ous Vic - tor, I'm coming to Thee.
 life's storm-y sea, For peace, like a riv - er, I'm coming to Thee.
 man - sion for me, For life ev - er - last - ing, I'm coming to Thee.

CHORUS.

I'm coming to Thee, I'm coming to Thee, O Jesus, my Saviour, I'm coming to Thee;

Accel.

Coming to Thee, I'm com-ing to Thee, O Jesus, my Saviour, I'm coming to Thee.

HARRIET E. JONES and J. D. V.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. It is on - ly a step to Je - sus, Who waits so sweet-ly nigh;
 2. It is on - ly a step to Je - sus, Who came from Cal-va - ry
 3. It is on - ly a step to Je - sus, O friends, can you for - get
 4. It is on - ly a step to Je - sus From sins that so en - thrall;
 5. It is on - ly a step to Je - sus, Just - now give Him your heart;
 6. It is on - ly a step to Je - sus, By faith take it to - day;
 7. I am com - ing to Thee, dear Je - sus, My heart is bur - dened so;

It is on - ly a step, O take it, Ere He shall pass you by.
 To whis - per to you so gent - ly, " 'Twas there I died for Thee."
 How meek - ly He bore the suf - f'ring That He might pay your debt?
 This mo - ment the Lord is plead - ing, O heed His lov - ing call.
 This mo - ment say yes to Je - sus, Lest He from you de - part.
 All your loved ones are praying for you, O why will you de - lay?
 I'm a poor sin - ner, lost, O, save me! And make me white as snow.

* 1. It is on - ly a step, It is on - ly a step, Be - fore your Saviour bow,
 2. I sur - ren - der to Thee, I sur - ren - der to Thee, Ac - cept me now, I pray;

It is on - ly a step to Je - sus, O why not take it now?
 I sur - ren - der to Thee, dear Je - sus, O wash my sins a - way!

*Either refrain may be used at pleasure.
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THE HALLELUJAH SONG.

To my friend and co-laborer, Mr. J. Owen Long.

REV. T. C. HARPER.

J. OWEN LONG.

1. We are hal - le - lu - jah pilgrims, We go sing - ing on our way, Trusting
 2. Tho' the way grows dark around us, Yet we'll trust His guiding hand, He will
 3. We have left the plains be-low us, And we're treading higher ground; We are
 4. Yes, we're hal - le - lu - jah pilgrims, And we're singing on our way, Trusting

in the blood of Je - sus, That has washed our sins away. Jesus saves our souls com-
 lead us thro' all dan-ger, To the joys of Canaan land. When we cross the Jordan
 jour-ney-ing up high - er, For the Beulah land we're bound. Come and join us fellow-
 in the blood of Je - sus, That has washed our sins away. We have felt the joy of

plete - ly, O the full-ness of His love, And we're on our way rejoicing To the
 wa - ters, Backward from us they will roll, Bright the light from heav'n is shining, Bright the
 pil-grims, Trav'ling to the spir - it land; Leave your life of doubt and worry, Join our
 par - don, Full sal-va-tion from His hand; There's a place for you, my brother, In the

CHORUS.

glo - ry home a -bove. O hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus sweetly speaks to me,
 light within my soul.
 hal - le - lu - jah band.
 hal - le - lu - jah band. O hal - le - lu - jah!

THE HALLELUJAH SONG. Concluded.

O hal - le - lu - jah! I His child for-e'er shall be; Je - sus saves, I know,
O hal-le - lu - jah!

wash-es white as snow, All glo - ry to His bless-ed name for ev-er-more!
All glo - ry

No. 126.

SOMETIME.

MAHLON OLIPHANT.

J. OWEN LONG.

DUET. Slow, with expression.

1. Sometime earth's weary ones shall find A rest from all our care, And lay our heav -
2. Sometime the untold bliss of heav'n Will on our vis - ion shine, And garlands there
3. Sometime the cit - y of the blest, Shall our glad eyes be-hold, Its jasper walls,

y burdens down, So hard for us to bear. Sometime the shades of earth will lift,
di-vine-ly fair, Our raptured brows entwine. Sometime we'll reach the gates of pearl,
its radiant halls, And streets of gleaming gold. Sometime we'll know as ne'er before

And in their gloomy train, Shall follow all the ills of life, Its sorrow and its pain.
And meet our loved ones there, Whose forms are clad in royal robes, And victors' palms they bear.
God's wondrous gifts of love, And sing His praise with sweeter songs In shining courts above.

No. 127. The Drunkard's Lone Child.


Anon. Arr.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.


Good as a Solo.



1. I'm a - lone, all a - lone, my friends have all fled, My
2. She sleeps on a hill in a bed of cold clay, How
3. It is spring - time on earth, the birds are so glad, I
4. Last night in my dreams she seemed to draw near, She



fa-ther's a drunkard, my mother is dead; I'm a poor lit - tle child, I
sad it did seem to lay moth - er a - way; She's gone with the angels, and
list - en and won - der my heart is so sad; Sweet flowers around, and
kissed me as sweetly as when she was here; She smiled on me too, and



wander and weep For the voice of my mother to sing me to sleep.
none do I see So dear as the face of my moth - er to me.
strangers pass by, But the form of my mother no lon - ger is nigh.
fon - dled my brow, And whispered: "Sleep on, I am watching thee now."

CHORUS.



I'm lone - ly and sad in this cold world so wild, God,



look down and pit - y the drunkard's lone child; In pit - y look down, oh!

The Drunkard's Lone Child.

has - ten to me, And take me to dwell with mother and Thee!

No. 128. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. WALFORD.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti-tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la-tion share,

And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wishes known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful-ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft - en found re-lief, And
And since He bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word and trust his grace, I'll
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last-ing prize, And

oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
shout while pass-ing thro' the air, Fare-well, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 129. O WHAT RAPTURE TO BE THERE!

HARRIET E. JONES.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. I am think-ing of the mu - sic that is ring - ing o - ver there, Where the
2. I am think-ing of the mansions that shall nev - er know de - cay, Of the
3. I am think-ing of our Sav - iour, seated on the great white throne, Smil - ing
4. O the glo - ry and the beau - ty of the home of the redeemed, Bought up -



liv - ing streams are flow - ing, and the skies are always fair, And I fain would join the pure and shining raiment that shall never fade away, Of the crowns bedecked with on the blood - wash'd millions, which He so delights to own, And I seem to hear them on the dreary mountain which His precious blood has stained; Can we slight the blessed



cho - rus of that bright and happy band, All in praise of our Redeemer, the loved jew - els, and the palms the victors bear, And I fain would be among them all these shout - ing as they gaze up - on their King, And I long to be among them all my Sav - iour or re - fuse His offered grace, Who has suffered, died and risen to pre -



CHORUS.



mon - arch of the land. O that home - land of the soul,
precious gifts to share.
thanks and praise to sing.
pare for us a place? O that homeland of the soul, O that homeland of the soul,



O WHAT RAPTURE TO BE THERE. Concluded.

Where the waves of glo-ry roll; Where the tree of life is blooming, and the
glo-ry roll;

skies are al-ways fair, O what rapture, O what rapture to be there!
to be there!

No. 130. LET US KEEP THE LOVELIGHT GLOWING.

IDA L. REED.

To Prof. A. L. Whittenberg.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. Let us keep the love-light glowing, Ev - 'ry - where, Streams of gladness
2. Let us keep the love-light glowing, Dark-ened ways, All a - bout us
3. Let us keep the love-light glowing, Full and free, All its joy to

ev - er - flow - ing, Full and fair. Thro' our lives to oth - ers bringing,
will be glow - ing, Bright with praise. Lips long mute will soon be sing - ing,
oth - ers showing, Faith - ful - ly. Our small rays far - flung may ev - er,

Joy and light, Far and free their radiance flinging, Thro' the night.
Hearts grow strong, If we keep love's glad notes ringing, All a - long.
Light the way; Bring some wand'rer home to heaven, Day by day.

Can the Lord Depend On You?

Words and Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. There is work on ev - 'ry hand, That the Mas-ter bids you do;
 2. See, the har-vest fields are white And the la - bor - ers are few;
 3. Will you loi - ter time a - way, When there's so much work to do?
 4. If you tru - ly love the Lord, You will be a work-er true,

Will you heed His plain command? Can the Lord de-pend on you?
 Swift - ly com-eth on the night, Can the Lord de-pend on you?
 Ma - ny souls are lost each day; Can the Lord de-pend on you?
 And o - bey His precious Word; Can the Lord de-pend on you?

CHORUS.

Can the Lord..... de-pend on you? Can the
 Can the Lord depend on you, de-pend on you?

Lord..... de-pend on you? There is work for all to
 Can the Lord depend on you, depend on you?

do, Can the Lord depend on you?
 for all to do, depend on you?

No. 132

If You Love Your Mother.

Arr. and 4th stanza by J. D. V.

Music by JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



- 1. In a lone - ly graveyard, ma - ny miles a - way, Lies your own dear moth - er,
- 2. Now the dear old home has lost its charms for you, One dear form is ab - sent,
- 3. Leave the fields of sin and to the Sav - iour flee, He who saved dear moth - er,
- 4. What a hap - py meet - ing o - ver in that land, When you meet your moth - er,



slumb'ring 'neath the clay; O have you for - got - ten all her tears and sighs?
 moth - er kind and true; She is liv - ing now where pleas - ure nev - er dies,
 sure - ly will save thee; Give up all for Je - sus, make the sac - ri - fice,
 and the kin - dred band; There will be no part - ing, no more bit - ter cries,



CHORUS.

If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies. She is wait - ing for you



in that happy home, Turn from sin's dark pathway, do not longer roam; Give your heart to



Je - sus, up - ward lift your eyes, If you love your mother, meet her in the skies.



WILL YOU BRING THEM IN?

"He first findeth his own brother, Simon. . . And he brought him to Jesus."—JOHN 1: 41, 42.

J. D. V.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

Earnestly.

1. Will you bring your brothers to Christ the Lord, Or will you i - dly wait?
 2. Will you bring your children in - to His fold Be-fore they yield to sin,
 3. Will you bring your neighbors un-to the One Who saves the trusting soul?
 4. Will you bring lost ones to the Prince of Peace, That they may share His love?

Soon the an- gel reap - er will cut them down, And then 'twill be too late.
 And their lives are blight-ed by e - vil ways, O will you bring them in?
 Lost in sin's dark ways they are say - ing now, "No man cares for my soul."
 Go and tell them He will so sweet-ly save, And lead them home a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Will you bring them in? Bid them come and share the
 Will you go and bring them in? Will you go and bring them in?

bless-ed Sav-iour's love; Will you bring them
 His wondrous love; Will you go and bring them in? Will you

in? And go with us to that happy home a-bove.
 go and bring them in? sweet home above.

No. 134

Meditation.

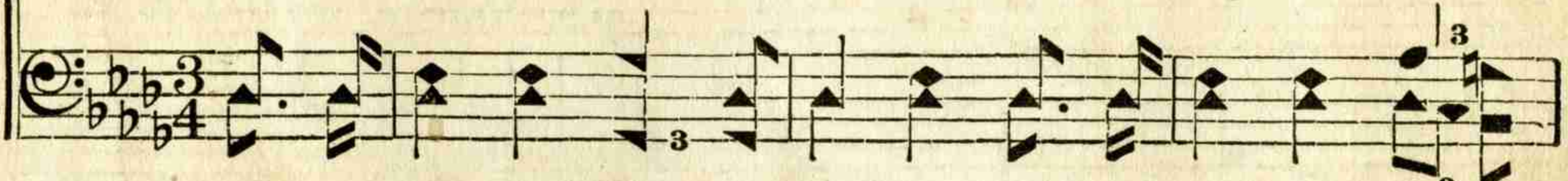
Dr. J. W. HARMON.

(MALE VOICES.)

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.



1. Mem - 'ry now is gen - tly tell - ing Of the past we used to
 2. Through long years we stood to - geth - er, Pleas - ant was our journey
 3. But ere long sweet hope was shin - ing, Twinkl - ings from the land a -
 4. In that realm where fan - cy reach - es, Let my dear one near me
 5. She has gone, but not for - ev - er, Will the sep - a - ra - tion



know, And my tho'ts are sad - ly dwelling On the scenes of long a - go.
 here, Till the reap - er came and blighted That sweet form to me so dear.
 bove, And the clouds had sil - v'ry lin - ing, Tok - en of our Father's love.
 stand, Let her smiles and love - ly features Charm my soul in fair dreamland.
 be, For be - side the ra - diant riv - er, She is wait - ing now for me.



One I have in con - tem - pla - tion, Whose kind voice now seems to
 And like storm - clouds drear ex - tend - ing, Shad - ows dark while on they
 Then I ban - ished my dis - tress - es, For I had a bet - ter
 Be with me, O true af - fec - tion! As thou wast in long a -
 Wait - ing, yes, to fond - ly greet me On that glo - rious hap - py



thrill In my heart's im - ag - i - na - tion, Speaking kind - ly to me still.
 roll; Clouds of sor - row then were sending Anguish o'er my troubled soul.
 view, Knowing well that God still blesses All the faith - ful, all the true.
 go, Crown my heart with rec - ol - lec - tion Of the joys we used to know.
 shore; Waiting there with friends to meet me, Parting then will come no more.



No. 135.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

S. F. ADAMS.

Gen. 28: 22.

♩:

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! Ev'n tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wander-er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o-ver me,
 3. There let the way appear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,

D.S. Near-er, my God, to Thee,

D.S.

FINE.

That raiseth me! Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee!

Near-er to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

No. 136. BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

FAWCETT.

HANS GEORG NAGEL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs.
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares -
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 137. I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. McDONALD.

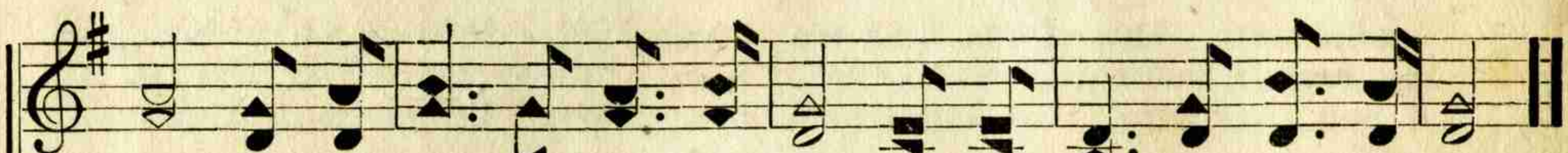
WM. G. FISCHER.



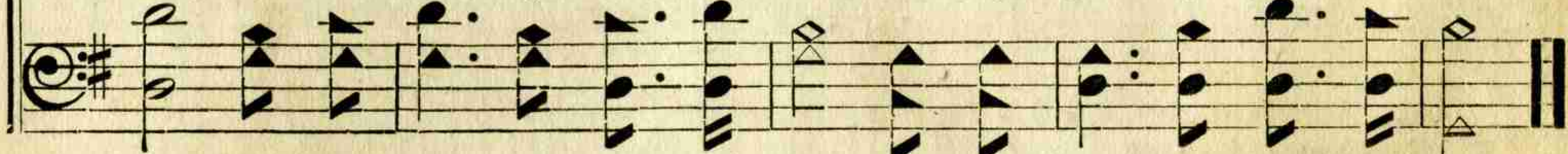
1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with -
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly
4. In thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap -
5. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I



CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va -



blind; I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 in; Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me: "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 store; Soul and bod - y thine to be,—Wholly thine for - ev - er - more.
 plied; I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
 am; I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb!



ry; Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

No. 138.

Lottie.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. How gen - tle God's commands, How kind his pre - cepts are! Come,
2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell; That
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Unchanged from day to day; I'll



cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
 hand which bears all nat - ure up Will guide his chil - dren well.
 to your heav'n - ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re - fresh - ment find.
 drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.



No. 139 BLOOM BRIGHTLY, SWEET ROSES.

In memory of my father — C. L. S.

C. L. SHAW.

(MALE VOICES.)

E. B. FOWLER.

Slowly, with feeling.

1. Bloom brightly, sweet roses, bloom brightly a - bove The mound that en-
 2 O tell to the weep-er in whis-per-ings low, 'Tis well with the
 3. Then blossom, sweet ros-es, your fragrance bestow On him who re-

clos - es the form that we love; Dif - fuse o'er his bo - som
 sleep-er, who's rest - ing be - low; O tell us the spir - it
 pos - es in si-lence be - low; Thy language un - spo-ken,

rit.
 the sweetest perfume From each glowing blossom that smiles o'er his tomb.
 of him that we love, Has gone to in - her - it the kingdom a-bove.
 is more to my heart. Than a - ny love to - ken that friends could impart.

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No. 140.

BOYLSTON.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
 2. The Son of God in tears, The won-d'ring an - gels see; Be
 3. He wept that we might weep, Each sin de-mands a tear; In

floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
 thou as - ton-ished, O my soul! He shed those tears for thee.
 heav'n a - lone, no sin is found; There is no weep - ing there.

No. 141.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHAS. WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.
D. C.

FINE.

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, } { Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, }
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; } { Till the storm of life is past; }

D. S.—*Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.*

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 142.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

W. COWPER.

FR. LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;

Fine.

And sin - ner's plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

D. S.

Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil-ty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

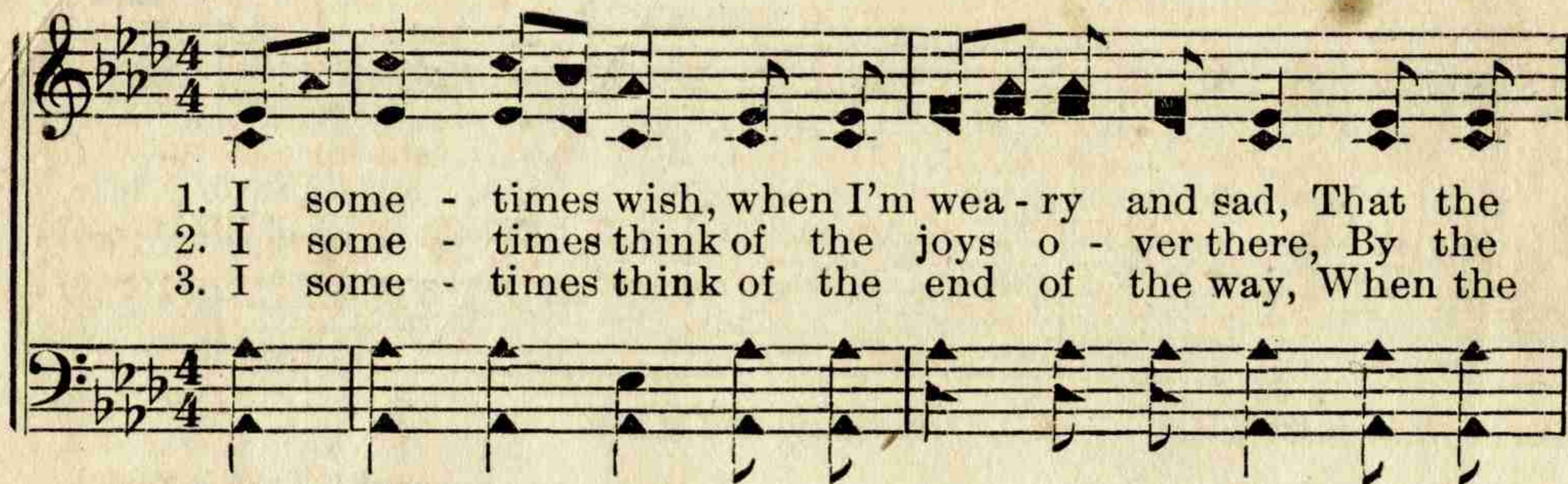
4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisp'ing, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

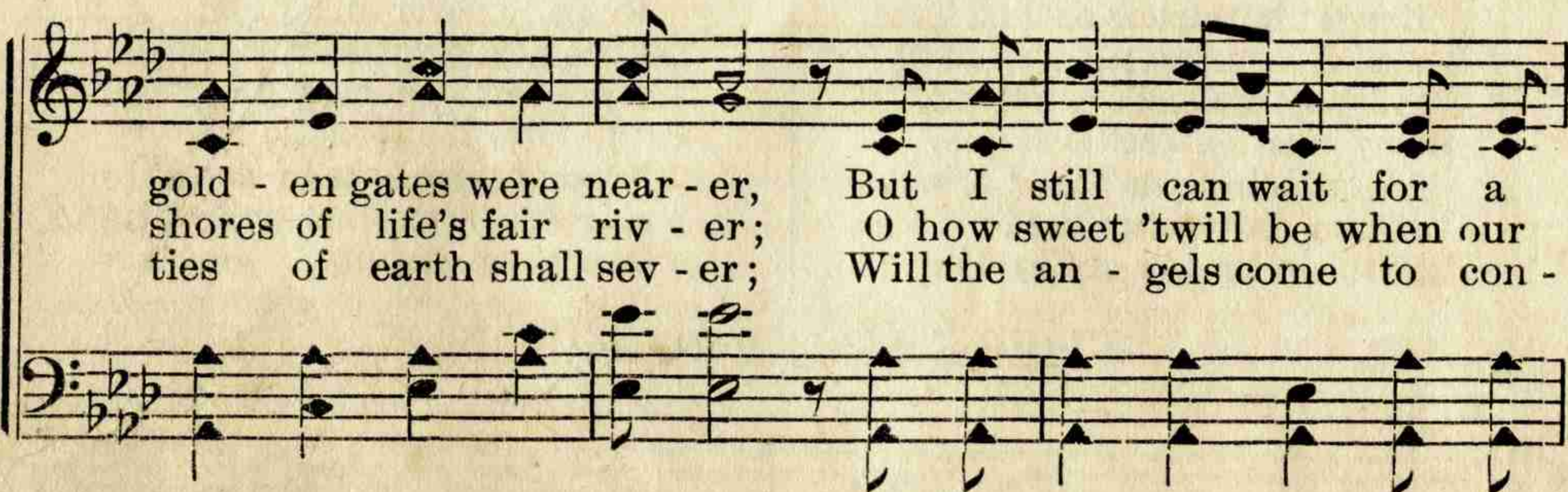
No. 143. THE BEAUTIFUL AND BRIGHT FOREVER.

Arr. by J. D. V.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN. ARR.



1. I some - times wish, when I'm wea - ry and sad, That the
2. I some - times think of the joys o - ver there, By the
3. I some - times think of the end of the way, When the

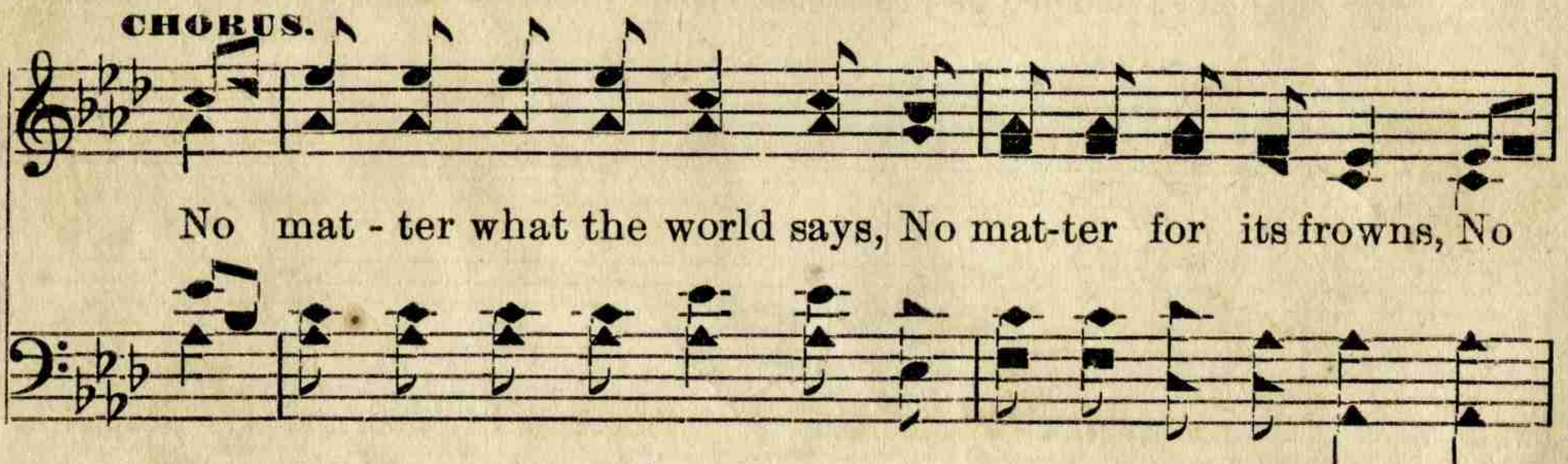


gold - en gates were near - er, But I still can wait for a
shores of life's fair riv - er; O how sweet 'twill be when our
ties of earth shall sev - er; Will the an - gels come to con -




joy so great, And the crown of life will be much dear - er.
friends we see, In the beau - ti - ful and bright for - ev - er.
duct me home, To the beau - ti - ful and bright for - ev - er?

CHORUS.



No mat - ter what the world says, No mat - ter for its frowns, No



mat - ter for its storms, no, nev - er; If to Jesus you are true, There's a

THE BEAUTIFUL AND BRIGHT FOREVER. Concluded.

home a - wait-ing you, In the beau-ti-ful and bright for - ev - er.

No. 144.

GOOD-BYE.

J. D. V.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

With feeling.

1. Sav-iour, bless us as we part, Fill our souls with love di - vine,
 2. If on earth we meet no more, Let us meet at God's right hand,
 3. Here's my hand that I'll be true, For that bless - ed home pre-pare,
 4. That will be a hap - py time, When for - ev - er free from pain,
 5. While e - ter - ni - ty rolls on, And new glo - ries e'er un - fold,

Com-fort ev - 'ry troub-led heart, May we feel that we are Thine.
 Where we shall each oth - er greet, 'Mid the glo - ries of that land.
 Will you prom - ise me that you Will meet me o - ver there?
 In that pure, ce - les - tial clime All our friends we meet a - gain.
 We shall greet our loved ones there, On the streets of shin - ing gold.

REFRAIN.

Good-bye, good-bye, If on earth we meet no more;
 Good-bye, good-bye, dear friends, good-bye, no more;

Good-bye, good-bye, May we meet on heaven's shore.
 Good-bye, good-bye, dear friends, good-bye, bright shore.

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