

The
Story
of
the
World



1915

They're After Him.

(TEMPERANCE.)

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



1. The liq - uor deal - er once was boss, He nev - er knew de - feat or loss,
2. The "female" of the spe - cies takes Her dead - ly weap - ons and she makes
3. The gro - cer who is yet un - paid By drink - ers who their cash have laid
4. The children and the grown men strong Are aft - er him with all his wrong;
5. The press is turn - ing 'round at last, It's bringing to the time quite fast
6. The big U. S. with all its might Is aft - er him—O what a sight!



But now at last the day has come When he is get - ting on the bum.
Him run to hide him - self in shame To own his work, his deeds and name.
On bars to fill the keep - er's till, Are aft - er him with might and will.
In time of need he has no friend, Ex - cept for pay, who will de - fend.
When pa - pers will no more de - fend A cause un - wor - thy of a friend.
The pol - i - ti - cians join in glee To be right in the vic - to - ry.



CHORUS.



They're aft - er him, They're aft - er him, Ev - 'ry - where they're aft - er him;



His day is done, He's on the run, Ev - 'ry - where they're aft - er him.



THE
SONG HARVEST

A Book of Gospel Songs

BY

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EDITED BY

EMMETT S. DEAN

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The Song Harvest.

1.

The Harvest of Song.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. In - to the gar-ner we gath - er Har-vest of beau-ti - ful song;
2. Cheering the hearts of the wear - y, Pass-ing love's mes-sage a - long,
3. Spreading far o - ver the o - cean, Go-ing the hea-then a - mong;
4. Aft - er the fi - nal great har - vest, With the bright heav-en-ly throng,



Un - to the bless-ed Re-deem - er, Prais-es for-ev - er be - long.
Borne on the breeze of the morn - ing, Gath-ered in beau-ti - ful song.
News of a wondrous sal - va - tion, Borne on the wings of sweet song.
We shall be hap-py for - ev - er, Shar-ing the har-vest of song.



CHORUS.



The har - vest of song..... Is speed - ing a - long;.....
The har-vest of song, the har-vest of song Is speeding a-long, is speeding a-long;



'Tis scat - ter-ing love,..... And leading to heav-en a - bove.
'Tis scat-ter-ing love, 'tis scat-ter-ing love,



He Leadeth Me.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

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E. C. FERGUSON.

1. While trav - el - ing o - ver the des - erts of earth, I
 2. The forc - es of Sa - tan may oft - en draw near, And
 3. When life with its sor - rows and la - bor is o'er, And

know that I'm nev - er a - lone; The Sav - ior has giv - en the
 tempt me to wan - der a - way; But Je - sus is with me to
 com - eth the glo - ri - ous dawn, I'll praise my Re - deem - er on

spir - it - ual birth, And safe - ly He lead - eth me on.
 strengthen and cheer, He lead - eth my spir - it each day.
 heav - en's fair shore, For ten - der - ly lead - ing me on.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me;
 The Sav - ior lead - eth, lead - eth me, The sav - ior lead - eth me;

Up mountains steep the lov - ing Sav - ior lead - eth me.
 lead - eth, He lead - eth me.
 lead - eth me.

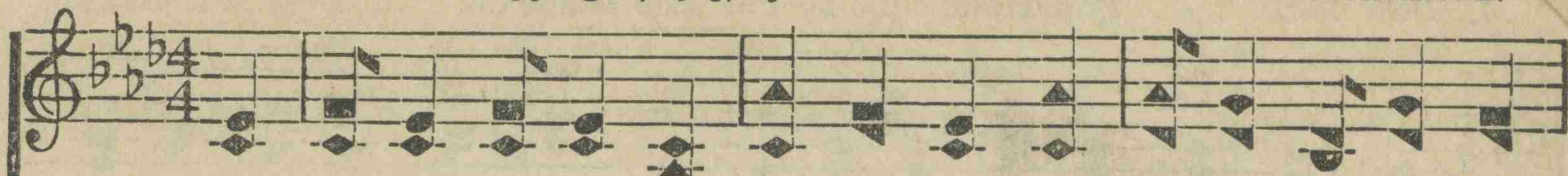
3.

I'm Following Jesus.

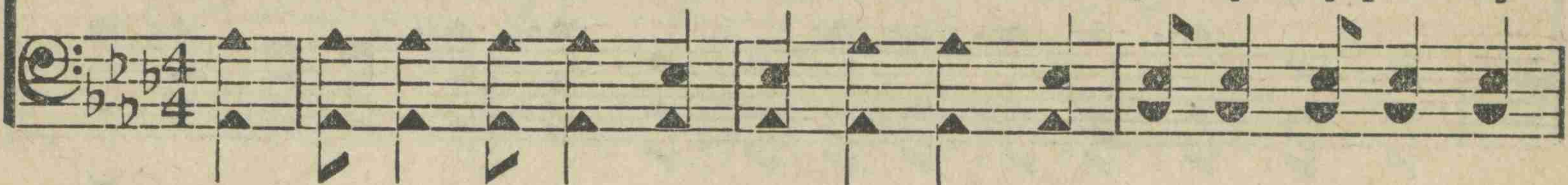
C. W. C.

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C. W. CARROLL.



1. I'm fol-low - ing Je - sus all the way; I'm trust-ing His mer - cy
 2. I'm marching a-against the e - vil foe; I'm spreading the gos - pel
 3. I'm fol-low - ing Je - sus where He leads; He gen-tly sup-plies my



ev - 'ry day; I know there is naught for me to fear, For
 here be - low; And soon I shall meet my bless - ed Lord, Where
 man - y needs; I'll fol - low Him thro' the pearl - y gate, Where



CHORUS.



He is my help - er, al - ways near.
 I shall re - ceive a great re - ward. I'm fol - low - ing Je - sus
 loved ones in Glo - ry for me wait.



all the way; I'm trust-ing His mer - cy ev - 'ry day; A



sol-dier for Him, I'll take my stand And fight for the right at His command.



4.

I'll Be Satisfied Then.

L. Dow McD.

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L. DOW McDONALD.



1. When the cares of life are end-ed and all sor-rows have been borne,
 2. When the might-y ran-somed cho-rus my en-rap-tured soul shall hear,
 3. When be-fore the great tri-bu-nal I shall go for my re-ward,



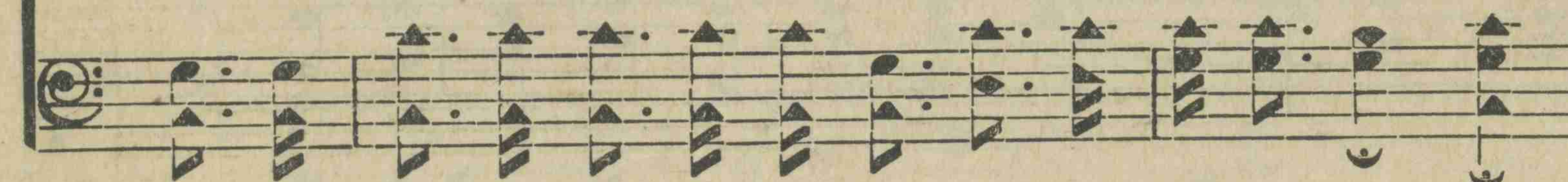
When the morn of end-less rap-ture greets this wear-y heart for-lorn,
 In the clime where comes no sor-row, falls no more the anx-ious tear,
 And is heard the wel-come plaudit, "Come, ye bless-ed" of the Lord;



When the match-less King of Glo-ry and His an-gel hosts de-scend
 When with all the hosts of heav-en shall my voice in prais-es blend
 When up-on the fields of E-den, where no sor-rows en-ter in,



Un-to earth, ar-rayed in splen-dor, I'll be sat-is-fied then.
 Un-to Christ, my blest Re-deem-er, I'll be sat-is-fied then.
 I shall bask in heav-en's sun-light, I'll be sat-is-fied then.



CHORUS.



I'll be sat-is-fied then, I'll be sat-is-fied then, When I



I'll Be Satisfied Then—Concluded.

1 2

see my blessed Savior, face to face; see Him in His glory, I'll be sat - is - fied then.

5. When Jesus My King I'll See.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Where songs of the blest for - ev - er ring, There man from sorrow shall be free;
 2. Tho' long be the way that leads to light, And rug - ged be its course for me,
 3. O Sun that is changeless, shine from far, Light up the way and make me free;

There's joy with-out end in Par - a-dise, Where Je - sus my King I'll see.
 My heart will in - tone sweet mel - o - dy When Je - sus my King I'll see.
 What glo - ry there'll be on that glad morn When Je - sus my King I'll see!

REFRAIN.

O gra - cious Friend, . . . Thy splen-dor I will sing;
 O gra - cious Lord and Friend, Thy splen-dor I . . . will sing;

Thro' count-less days I'll of - fer praise To Christ my glo - rious King.

No. 6.

Work On, Pray On.

S. W. B.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Work, work, pray, and al-ways be glad and cheer-ful;

Work On, Pray On.

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

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

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

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


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

Finding Delight in His Love.

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JAMES ROWE.

GEO. W. SEBREN.



1. I am saved and am go - ing to glo - ry— To that beau - ti - ful
2. He has ban - ished my sin and my sor - row, And is keep - ing me
3. He has prom - ised to lin - ger be - side me, All my troub - les and




cit - y a - bove, And to oth - ers I'm tell - ing His sto - ry, For I'm
un - der His wing; What - so - ev - er I need I may bor - row From the
sor - rows to share, And has lov - ing - ly prom - ised to guide me, Till I

CHORUS.



find - ing de - light in His love.
Source of life's won - der - ful spring. I am find - ing de - light in His love,
look on His face "o - ver there." in His love,



And am lay - ing up treas - ures a - bove; Hap - py car - ols I



sing to my glo - ri - ous King, For I'm find - ing de - light in His love.

8. Soon Will Come the Mighty King.

J. W. G.

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J. W. GAINES.



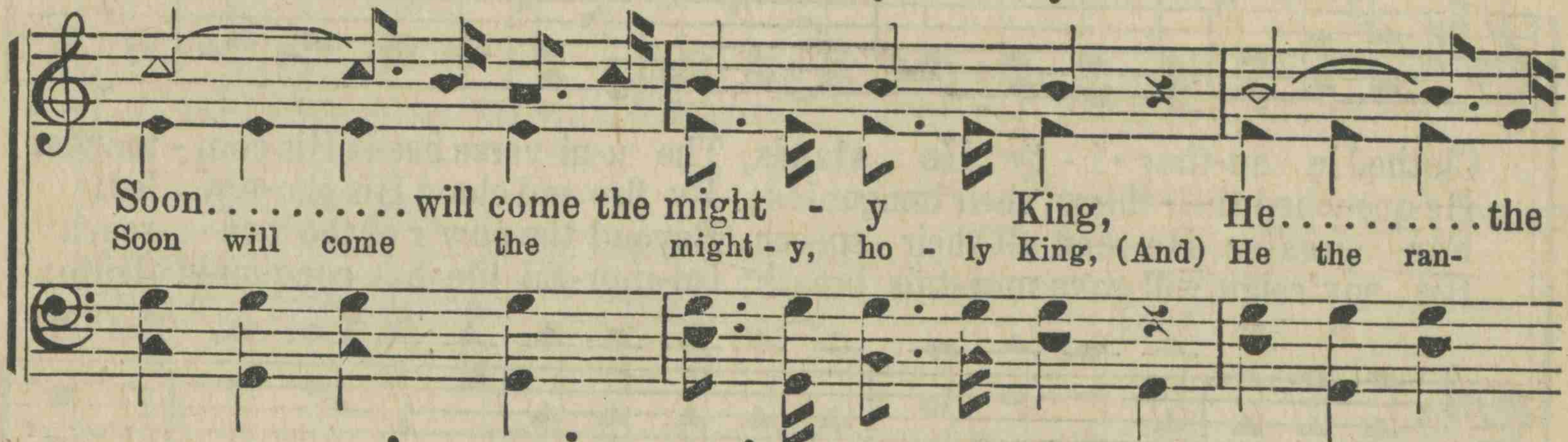
1. Come, let us praise our Re-deem - er, Soon He is com-ing to all;
 2. Glo - ri-ous thought, He is com - ing, Com - ing His chil-dren to claim!
 3. He is pre-par-ing in heav - en Man-sions of jas - per and gold,



Let us be watching and wait - ing, Read - y to an - swer His call.
 We must be ear - nest and faith - ful, Ev - er a - dor - ing His name.
 Where, with the saints, we for - ev - er Shall all His glo - ries be - hold.



CHORUS.



Soon.....will come the might - y King, He.....the
 Soon will come the might - y, ho - ly King, (And) He the ran-



hosts of heav'n will bring; Songs..... of vic - t'ry
 somed hosts of heav'n will bring; (Then) Songs of vic - t'ry



we shall sing, And crown..... Him Lord of all.
 we with joy shall sing, And crown, yes, crown Him Lord of all.

Great is the Lord.

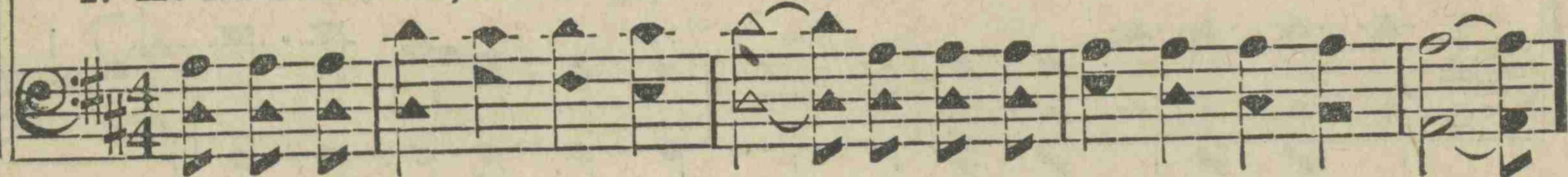
Laurene Highfield.

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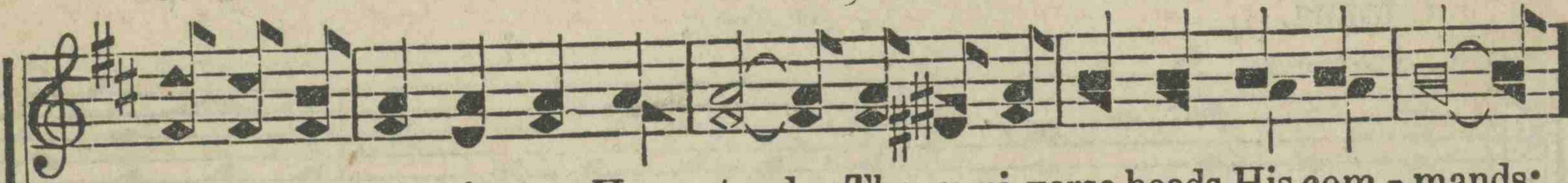
Samuel W. Beazley.



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



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



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



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



CHORUS.



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



Great is the Lord.

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

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

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

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

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

With His own perfect righteousness. . .

No. 10.

His Lovelight is for You.

James Rowe.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



1. Do not waste your life in shad-ow for it nev - er, nev - er pays,
2. Do not waste your time in grop-ing down in val - leys wild and drear,
3. Do not spend your days in shad-ow and in shad-ow meet your fate:



There are gold - en scenes for ev - 'ry one to view; Leave the
Heed the Lord and take to - day a path - way new; You may
Go to Je - sus and let Him your soul re - new; Then your



dark-ness and the thorn-road and en - joy the sun - ny days, For the
hear the joy-bells chim-ing, feel your soul o'er-flow with cheer, For the
path-way would be brightened and your life a bless - ing great, For the



CHORUS.



love-light of the Sav - ior is for you.
love-light of the Sav - ior is for you. Oh, the love-light of the
love-light of the Sav - ior is for you.



Sav - ior is for you, If you will but turn from e - vil and be
for you,



His Lovelight is for You.

true; Do not spend your days in sadness, get your share of light and
 be true;

glad-ness, For the love-light of the Sav-ior is for you. (for you.)

No. 11.

The New Happy Land.

B. B. Edmiaston.
Cho. by A. B. F.

A. B. Fitts.

1. There's a land all free from sad-ness, Out be-yond this world of care;
 2. Lov-ing friends have gone be-fore me, And have bid-den me to come;
 3. Age is touch-ing me with sad-ness, Soon I shall be called to go;

On some bright and glad to-mor-row Shall my spir-it en-ter there?
 Are their spir-its bend-ing o'er me,— Will they bid me welcome home?
 Shall it be to fields of glad-ness, Where the liv-ing wa-ters flow?

D. S.—Oh, my Lord, wilt Thou ac-cept me, In that home be-yond the sky?

CHORUS. D. S.

In that land be-yond the riv-er, Where my soul shall nev-er die;

No. 12.

Jesus Never Lets Go.

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James Rowe.

Samuel W. Beazley.

1. I'm walk-ing with Je - sus, who holds my hand And leads me a-
 2. The foe may sur-prise me, but that is all, My Friend will be
 3. I know I shall see Him a - bove at last, When troub-les and

long thro' this pil-grim land; And I just re - ly on His prom-ise grand,
 near me to heed my call; And so I am sure I shall nev - er fall,
 tri - als of earth are past; What-ev - er be-falls, He will hold me fast,

CHORUS.

For Je - sus nev - er lets go.
 For Je - sus nev - er lets go. He nev - er lets go, oh,
 For Je - sus nev - er lets go.

no, oh, no! He leads me thro' joy and woe; I'm close to His
 and woe;

side and there shall a - bide, For Je - sus nev - er lets go.

He Cares For the Lilies.

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E. R. LATTA.

GEO. W. SEBREN.



1. We know that He cares for the lil - ies, For His word has told us so;
2. We know that He cares for the lil - ies, On their ten - der stems a - blow;
3. We know that He cares for the lil - ies, Wher - e'er they chance to grow;



Then why should we doubt that His will is, That we, too, His care should know?
 And will He, what - ev - er our ill is, Re - fuse us His care to show?
 And sure - ly, it must be, His will is, His chil - dren His care should know!



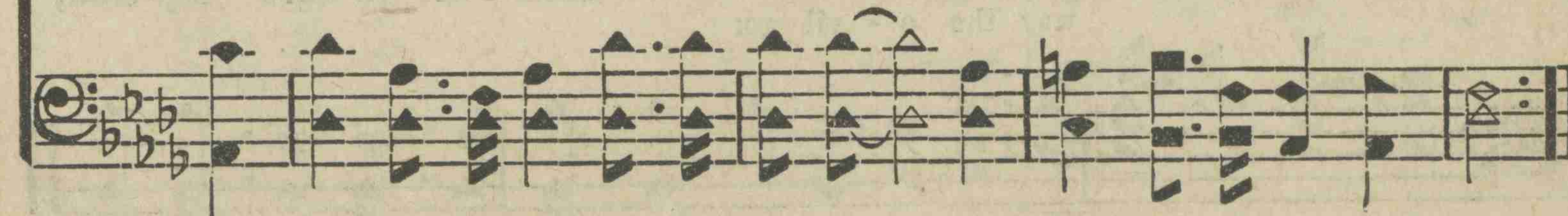
CHORUS.



We know that He cares for the lil - ies, The lil - ies as white as snow!



Then why should we doubt that His will is, That we, too, His care should know?



14. I Have Left the Ways of Evil.

L. Dow McD.

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L. Dow McDONALD.



1. Lost in sin, I used to stray, From my Sav - ior, far a - way, But
 2. I had lived with-out a care, Sin had caught me in its snare, But
 3. I have turned from sin and shame, Trusting in the Savior's name, And



I have left the way the e - vil go; I am on the road of love,
 I have left the way the e - vil go; For at last I learned my loss,
 I have left the way the e - vil go; On the high-way lead - ing home,



Trav'ling to my home a-bove, For I have left the way the e - vil go.
 Saw my Sav - ior on the cross, And I have left the way the e - vil go.
 I no more in sin shall roam, For I have left the way the e - vil go.

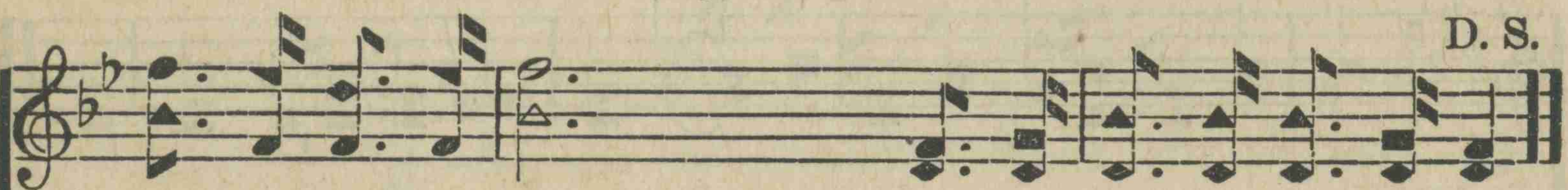


D.S.—Walk the way my Sav - ior trod, For I have left the way the e - vil go.

CHORUS.



Yes, I have left the way the e - vil go, Yes, I have left the
 way the e - vil go,



way the e - vil go; I shall e'er a-dore my God,
 way the e - vil go;



Under the Stars.

(CHILDREN'S SONG.)

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1915, by the Trio Music Co. EMMETT S. DEAN.
Voices in Unison.



1. Men had no Sav-ior to love them, On - ly a law to re - prove them;
2. Earth was in darkness and dan - ger Till one glad morn, as a stran - ger,
3. Ech - oes from heaven came ring - ing; Joy - ful - ly an - gels were sing - ing,
4. In our hearts love is now glow - ing; Peace and good will we are show - ing;



Jus - tice, not mer - cy, a - bove them, — Un - der the beau - ti - ful stars.
Je - sus was born in a man - ger, — Un - der the beau - ti - ful stars.
Ti - dings of peace to earth bring - ing; — Un - der the beau - ti - ful stars.
Je - sus His grace is be - stow - ing, — Un - der the beau - ti - ful stars.



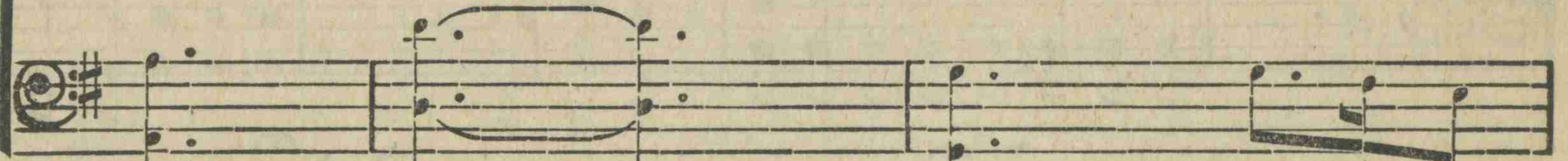
CHORUS. DUET.



Un - der the beau - ti - ful stars, Je - sus our
Un - der the stars, beau - ti - ful stars,



King was born; Un - der the beau - ti - ful
Our King was born; Un - der the stars,



stars, On a bright Christ - mas morn.....
beau - ti - ful stars,



No. 16.

After the Shadows.

James Rowe.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



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



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



CHORUS.



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

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



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



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



No. 17.

Jesus and I.

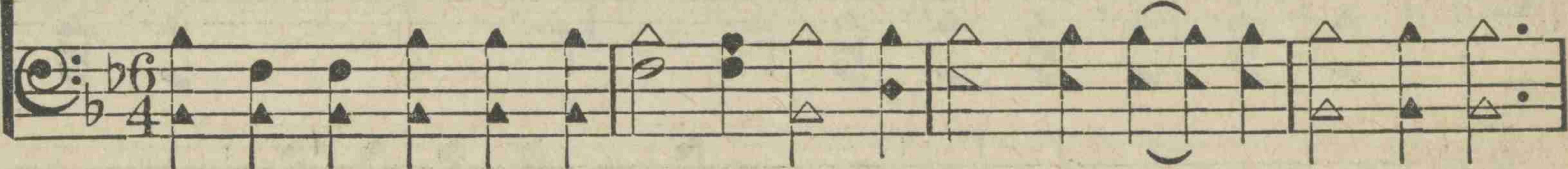
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T. O. Chisholm.

Samuel W. Beazley.



1. Fight-ing the bat-tles of life a-lone, I suf-fer man-y a sore de-feat,
2. Sometimes the sky is o'er-cast with clouds, The light grows dim and I lose heart,
3. And when the night of my weeping comes, My heart in ag-o-ny must bleed,
4. I can-not tell what it means to me To have so dear, so true a Friend,



Striv-ing so hard, but I can-not win, And fall be-fore each foe I meet:—
Plans I had cherished all come to naught, The friends I trust-ed stand a-part:—
Sha-ken by grief that can find no words, So crushed and weak, un-com-fort-ed:—
Coun-sel and guidance, and rest and joy,—A friend-ship that will nev-er end!



Baf-fled and beat-en, for Help I call, Then we have vic-to-ry
Then He ap-pears and the dark is gone! And O the rap-ture as
Then of His pres-ence I grow a-ware, And we to-geth-er the
Walk-ing to-geth-er a-long life's way, Dwell-ing to-geth-er in

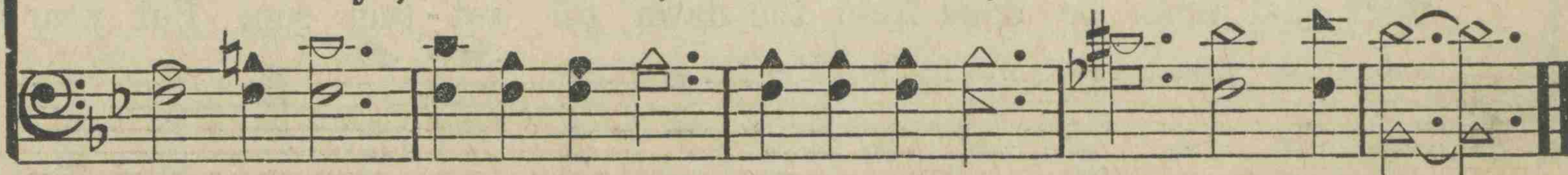


rit.

molto rit.



o-ver all, Je-sus and I, Je-sus and I, Je-sus and I.
we walk on! Je-sus and I, Je-sus and I, Je-sus and I.
load can bear, Je-sus and I, Je-sus and I, Je-sus and I.
Heav'n for aye, Je-sus and I, Je-sus and I, Je-sus and I.



Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.

J. A. C.

Copyright, 1914, by J. A. Cole.

J. A. COLE.

1. Don't you hear the Mas - ter call - ing you? (call - ing you?) He has
 2. Help your broth - er with his heav - y load, (heav - y load,) As he
 3. There are thou - sands in the mire of sin; (mire of sin; Will you

work for one and all to do, . . . Brother, has - ten with a joy - ous song,
 journeys o'er life's rugged road; . . . Help him onward thro' the jostling throng;
 help, their precious souls to win? . . . To their rescue, O you brave and strong,

FINE. CHORUS.
 Put your shoulder to the wheel, push along. Push a - long,
 push a - long. Put your shoul - der to the wheel,

D. S.—shoulder to the wheel, push along. (push along.)

push a - long, Do your du - ty with a smile and song; There's a
 push a - long,

D. S.
 work that must be done from the dawn till set - ting sun; Put your

No. 19.

The Only Way.

"I am the Way."—JESUS.

T. O. Chisholm.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Would you be freed from your bur - den of sin? Hear the sweet
 2. Would you have light that no clouds can ob - scure? Would you have
 3. Would you have peace nev - er bro - ken by fears? Would you have
 4. Would you find rest in a bless - ed re - treat, Rest un - dis-

whis - per of par - don with - in? Would you this mo - ment a
 joys that are fade - less and pure? Would you have help that is
 hope that can smile thro' its tears? Friend - ship un - chang - ing thro'
 turbed by the temp - ests that beat? Would you be read - y the

CHORUS.

new life be - gin? This is the on - ly way:
 might - y and sure? This is the on - ly way: Come to the cross of the
 earth's changing years? This is the on - ly way:
 judg - ment to meet? This is the on - ly way:

Son of God, Trust in the pow'r of His sav - ing blood, Walk in the

path where His feet once trod— This is the on - ly way.

No. 20.

Praise Him With Exultation.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

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

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


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

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


CHORUS.

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

Praise Him With Exultation.




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




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



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



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



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

No. 21.

There's a Battle.

S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.

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

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

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

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

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

There's a Battle.

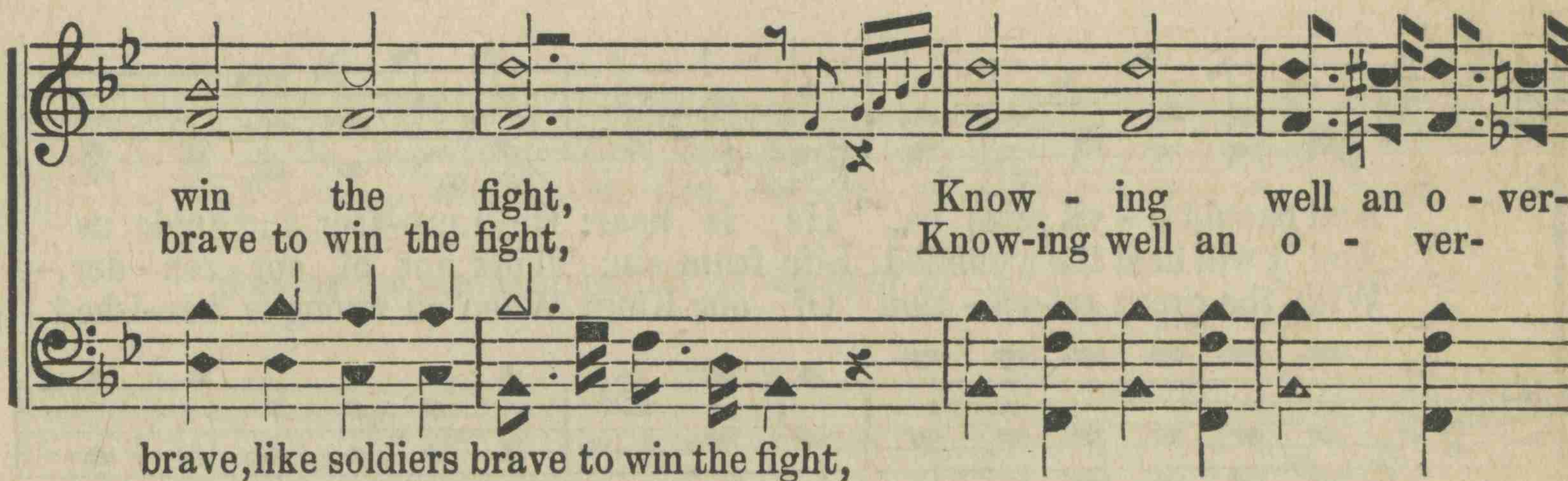
CHORUS.



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



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



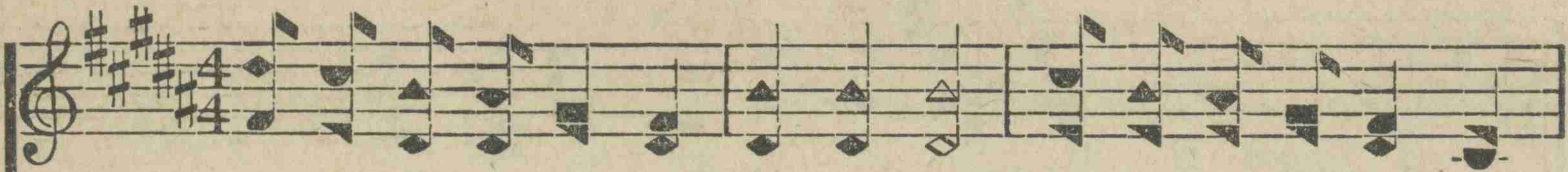
win the fight, Know-ing well an o-ver-
brave to win the fight, Know-ing well an o-ver-



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



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



1. There's a bat - tle rag - ing o'er the land; Ev - 'ry soul en - gag - ing,
2. Let us nev - er fal - ter, day nor night, Nor our tac - tics al - ter
3. On - ward with the sto - ry, Grace is free; Give to Christ the glo - ry,



take your stand In the ranks of Je - sus; He from sor-row frees us,
in the fight; Faith in Je - sus found-ed, Keeps the soul sur-round-ed,
faith - ful be; Fill-ing well your sta - tion, Cap-ture ev - 'ry na - tion



And should e - vil seize us, He is near: He'll pro-protect and guide us
And 't will heal the wounded Life from sin: Think not of sur - ren - der, —
With the great sal - va - tion Of our King: When all wrong is ban-ished



safe from harm; Walk - ing close be - side us, His strong arm
we are strong, — With our great De - fend - er fight the wrong.
by our throng, And the foe has van - ished, Vic - t'ry's song,



Breaks the walls be - fore us, — With His ban - ner o'er us,
He is ev - er near us, With His love to cheer us, —
With the saints and sa - ges, Where no bat - tle rag - es,



Onward—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Vic - to - ry is for us,—Have no fear.
Hosts of sin will fear us,—We shall win. On - ward, for Je - sus ev - er
Thro' the end - less a - ges, We shall sing.



fight - ing; On - ward, the wrongs of earth we're righting; The dark - ened



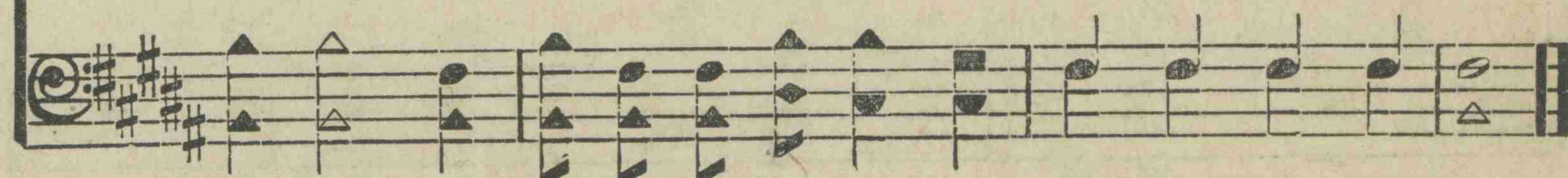
pla - ces we are light - ing With the light of love; And, when the
and glad - ness;



fight - ing days are end - ed, All who have here the right de - fend - ed,



With loved ones shall be safe - ly land - ed In that home a - bove.

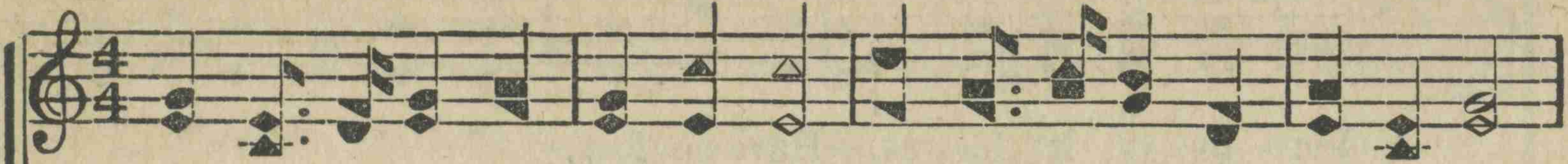


Go By the Way of the Cross.

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James Rowe.

Samuel W. Beazley.



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



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



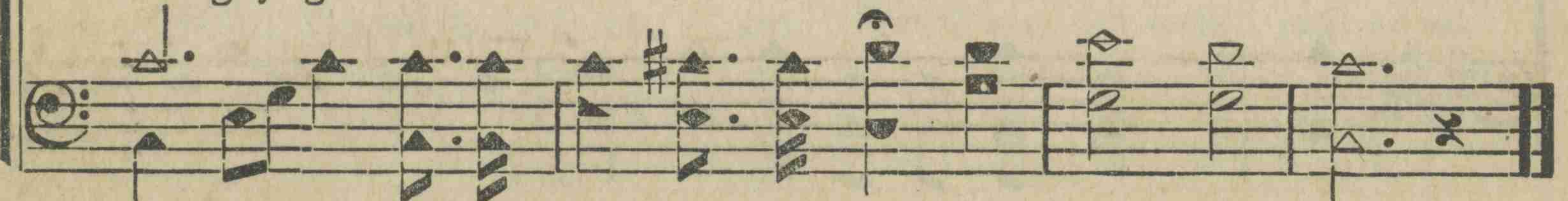
CHORUS.



Go by the way of the cross, Go by the way of the cross,
 go, go go, go



Go by the way of the cross, And you'll reach home.
 go, go



I'm Living On the Glory-Side.

J. A. C.

Copyright, 1914, by J. A. Cole.

J. A. COLE.

1. I am walk - ing in the way, Trust - ing Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
2. I am hap - py ev - 'ry day As I walk the nar - row way,
3. O my friend, come, go with me, For, I'm heav - en bound, you see,

And in Him, and Him a - lone, I will con - fide;
And I'm trust - ing, trust - ing in the Cru - ci - fied;
And I'll reach its por - tals, what - so - e'er be - tide;

All my life is full of glad - ness And I have no room for
O it is the same old sto - ry, Full of grace and full of
When I leave this world of sor - row, If per - chance that be to -

D.S.—All my sins have been for - giv - en, And I'm on my way to
FINE.

sad - ness, For I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry - side.
glo - ry, For I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry - side.
mor - row, I'll be liv - ing on the Glo - ry - side.
Glo - ry - side.

heav - en, For I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry - side.

CHORUS.

I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry - side, I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry - side;
Glo - ry - side, Glo - ry - side;

My Friend.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

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EMMETT S. DEAN.



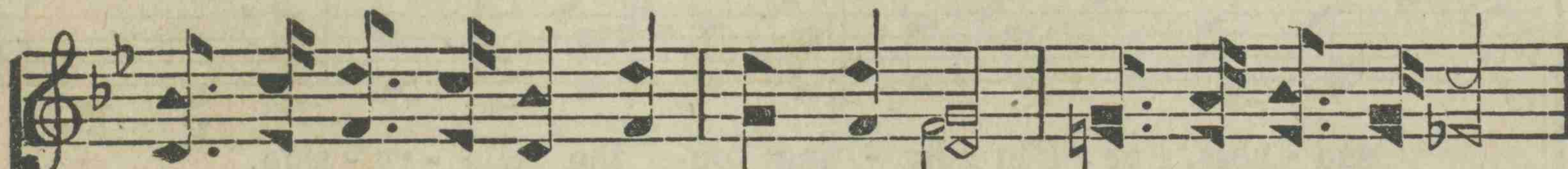
1. I've a Friend, a pre-cious Friend in - deed, One who hears me when for
2. I am walk-ing with this Friend each day; Sweetest joy He gives me
3. Tho' the foes of earth may try my soul, He will nev - er give to






help I plead, Fills my soul with peace, gives me sweet re - lease
all the way, Frees my soul from sin, makes me glad with-in,
them con - trol; On Him I de - pend, for He is my Friend, -


From the bur-dens hard to bear; And I love Him more than all be - side,
Fills my life with love's glad song; When the storms of earth a-round me beat,
This He's prov-en o'er and o'er. When the clouds of grief a - round me rise,

For up - on the rug - ged cross He died, Gave His life for me,
In His arms I find a sure re - treat, Safe from ev - 'ry harm,
Je - sus comes to me, a glad sur-prise, Drives the gloom a - way,

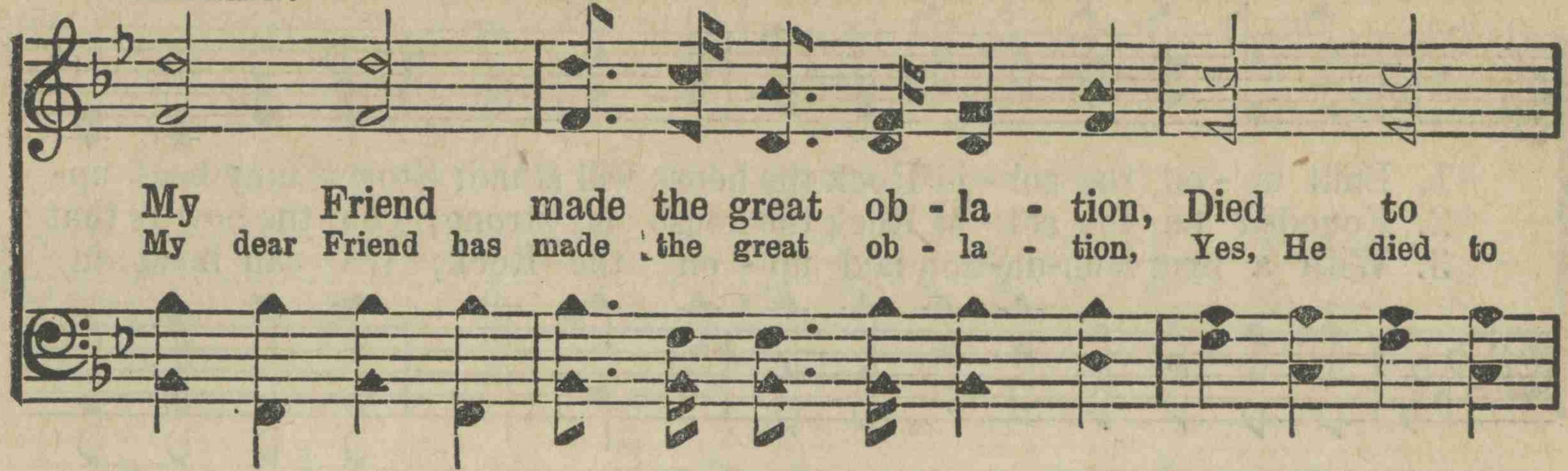



that I might be free, And His pres - ence ev - er share.
free from all a - larm, - I am weak but He is strong.
turns my night to day - I shall praise Him ev - er - more.



My Friend—Concluded.


REFRAIN.



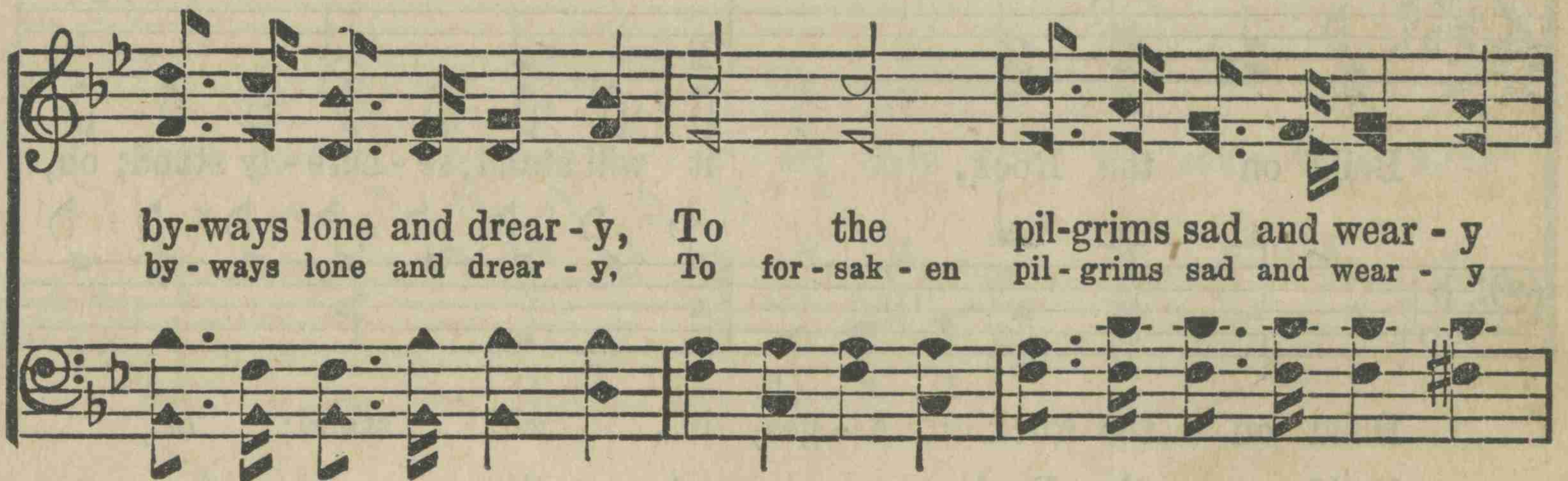
My Friend made the great ob - la - tion, Died to
My dear Friend has made the great ob - la - tion, Yes, He died to



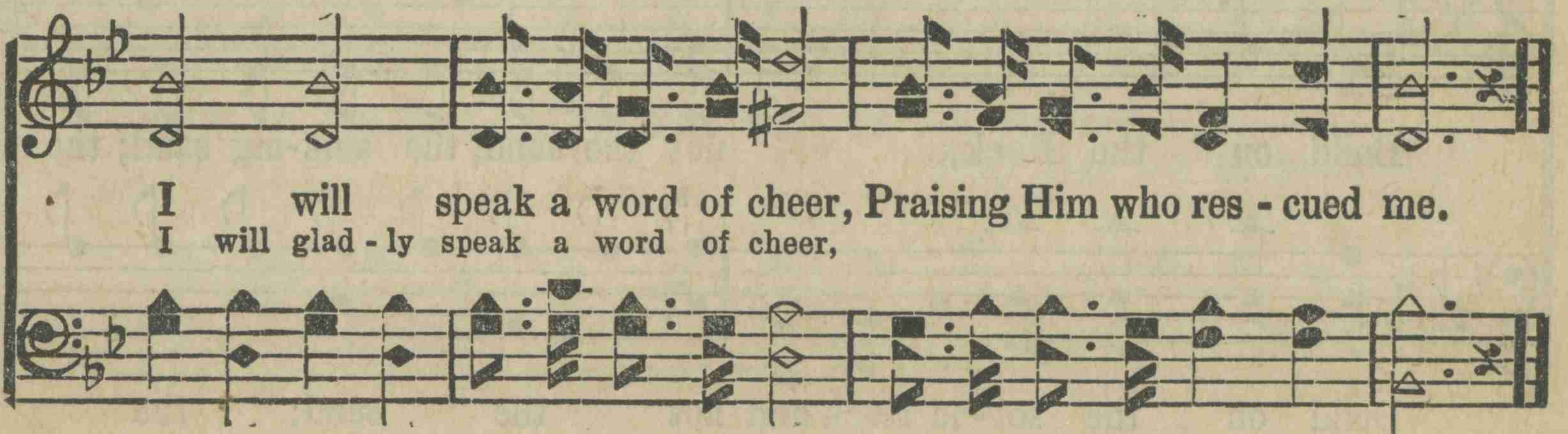
bring to me sal - va - tion, Helps me o - ver - come temp - ta - tion;
bring to me sal - va - tion, And He helps me o - ver - come temp - ta - tion;



What a won - drous Friend is He! In the
My Sav - iour! In neg - lect - ed



by - ways lone and drear - y, To the pil - grims sad and wear - y
by - ways lone and drear - y, To for - sak - en pil - grims sad and wear - y



I will speak a word of cheer, Praising Him who res - cued me.
I will glad - ly speak a word of cheer,

No. 26.

Build On the Rock.

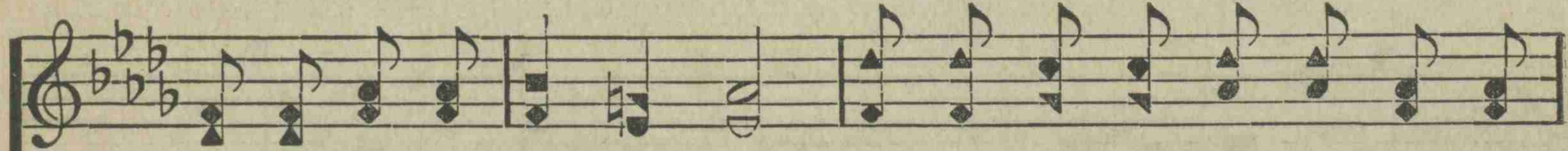
S. W. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.



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



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

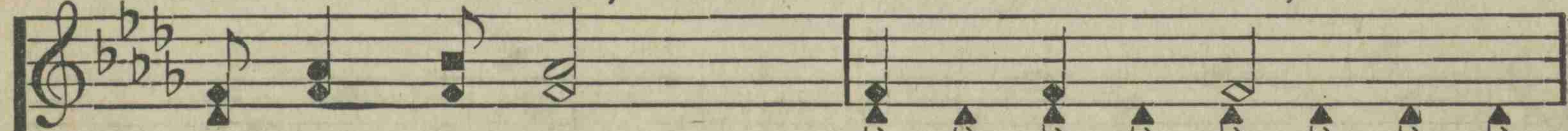


da - tion grand; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
a - ges long; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.
tem - pest's shock; Then build on the Rock of A - ges.



CHORUS.

Build on the Rock, it will stand;

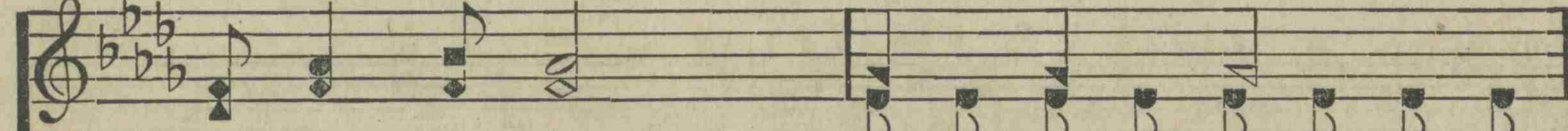


Build on the Rock, it will stand, se - cure - ly stand; oh,



Build on the Rock of A - ges, it will stand; oh,

Build on the Rock, not the sand;



Build on the Rock, not the sand, the sink - ing sand; the



Build on the sol - id Rock and not the sand: the

Build On the Rock.

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

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

firm-ly stands, and

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

there se-cure, . . . Thro' a-ges nev-er end-ing
'twill en-dure;

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

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

Tell the Old Story.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

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W. E. EDMIASTON.

1. Tell of sal - va - tion free, Purchased on Cal - va - ry, Giving to you and me,
2. Tell of the wondrous love Of the dear Lord above, Bidding the world to prove
3. When your life's work is done And the great vict'ry won, You shall begiv'n a crown,

Freedom from sin; When you were in the cold, Far from the Shepherd's fold,
 Prom - is - es grand; Sor - row and sin dis - pel, Do - ing your du - ty well,
 Ev - er to wear; Where the life - wa - ters flow, Sweetest of joys you'll know,

CHORUS.

Some one the mes - sage told, Bringing you in. Tell the old sto - ry,
 As you the mes - sage tell O - ver our land.
 And as the a - ges go, Heaven you'll share. Tell the old sto - ry and be

Tell the old sto - ry,

scatt'ring shades of night,..... Tell the glad news..... ev - 'ry
 scatt'ring shades of night, the shades of night, Tell the glad news, the gospel sto - ry, O be

scat - t'ring shades of night, Tell the glad news,.... O be

day; Spreading the glo - ry of the King of
 tell - ing it ev - 'ry day; Spreading the glo - ry of the won - drous King of

tell - ing it ev - 'ry day; Spread - ing the glo - ry of the

Tell the Old Story—Concluded.

light,..... Tell of the One who drives sorrow a - way.
 light, the King of light, (tell it to-day.)

King of light,

28.

He Will Lead.

In Gamaliel, Ark., S. D. N., Sept. 1914.

Mrs. B. B. EDMIASTON.

MAUD CROUCH.

1. I have found a Friend who redeemed my soul, And from bondage set me free;
2. What a precious Friend is my Savior dear, Who has washed my garments white;
3. My dear Friend will walk by my side each day, If to Him I'll faith-ful be;

I am hap-py now in His pre-cious love, For I know He's leading me.
 He will lead me on in the heav'nly way, And will help me win the fight.
 He will lead my love to the mansions fair, Close be-side the Jas-per sea.

CHORUS.

He will lead safe-ly on, Making ev-'ry bur-den light;
 He will lead safe-ly on,

He will lead by His love, To the heav'nly mansions bright.
 He will lead by His love,

We'll Live in Glory.

Dedicated in love to our friend and teacher, J. W. Gaines.

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Mrs. DAILY C. GAINES.

DAILY C. GAINES.

With expression.

1. Tri - als here may press us sore, But true and faith-ful we will be;
2. There our Sav-ior we shall see, And of His glo-ry ev - er share;
3. Palms of vic-t'ry we shall bring Be - fore the ev - er - last-ing throne;



Then we'll meet on yon-der shore, To dwell in peace e - ter - nal - ly.
 With our loved ones we shall be, For - ev - er free from pain and care.
 Songs of glad-ness we shall sing, Where naught but joy is ev - er known.



CHORUS.



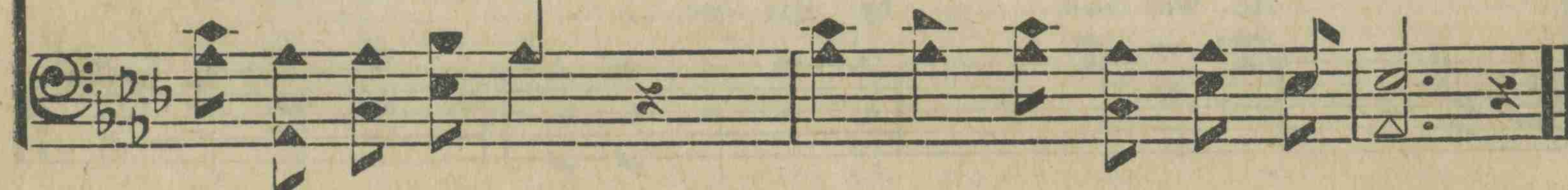
There we'll live..... in glo - ry bright, In a
 There we'll live in glo - ry bright, in glo - ry bright,



home of pure de-light, Where the soul,..... from sor-row
 In a home of pure de-light, of pure delight, . Where the soul, from sor - row



free, Dwells in peace,..... e - ter - nal - ly.
 free, from sor - row free, Dwells in peace e - ter - nal - ly.



We Shall All See the Savior.

Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co.

G. MCF.

GEORGE MCFARLAND.



1. There's a bless-ed prom-ise full of hope and cheer For the soul sink-ing
2. Tho' our earth-ly jour-ney may be rough and long, And our hearts heavy-
3. That the love of Je-sus gen-tly leads us on Tow'rd those mansions e-



deep in de - spair; If we trust in Je - sus we have naught to fear, —
 la - den with care, We can make life bright-er with a hap - py song, —
 ter - nal and fair, Is the sweet as - sur-ance that when crowns are won,



FINE. CHORUS.



We shall all see the Sav-ior up there. We shall all see the Sav-ior,



D. S.—We shall all see the Sav-ior up there.



We shall all see the Sav-ior, And His won - der - ful glo - ry shall

*D. S.*

share; When our jour-ney is end-ed, And our spir-its as-cend-ed,

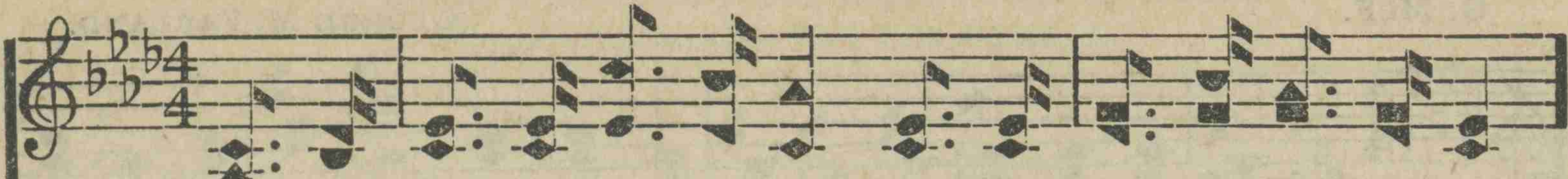


31. When We All Are Safe At Home.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co.

C. J. WILLIAMS.



1. We shall have no loads to bear, In that coun-try o - ver there,
2. Near the throne we all shall sing, In the pal - ace of the King,
3. There our loved ones we shall meet, Walk with them the gold - en street,



When we all..... are safe at home; (safe at home;)
When we all, yes, when we all are safe at home;



Not a cloud will dim the light, We shall see no drear - y night,
We shall nev - er lose our smile, Bliss will thrill us all the while,
We shall praise Him o - ver there, While the glo - ry-crown we wear,



When we all..... are safe at home. (are safe at home.)
When we all, yes, when we all are safe at home.



CHORUS.



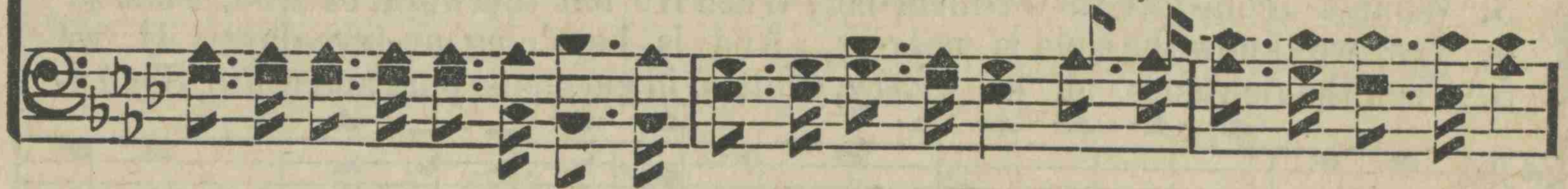
When we all..... are safe at home, Nev - er
When we all, yes, when we all are safe at home, are safe at home, Nev - er



When We All Are Safe at Home—Concluded.



more..... from Christ to roam; Oh, the joy that we shall know,
 more, no, nevermore from Christ to roam, from Christ to roam;



Where the ceaseless blessings flow, When we all..... are safe at home. (are safe at home.)
 When we all, yes, when we all are safe at home.



32.

Scatter Love.

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. C. J. WILLIAMS.

With expression.



1. Be a beam of sun-shine, Scatter love along the way; Help the poor and needy,
2. Speak a word of comfort, Cheersome weary, fainting heart; Tell the world of Jesus,
3. Sing a song of glad-ness, As your way you go a-long; Then, when life is o-ver,



CHORUS.



Do some good deed ev - 'ry day.
 Al-ways glad - ly do your part. Scat-ter love, scat-ter love, Scat-ter love a-
 You shall join the an - gel-song.



long the way; Seat-ter love, precious love, Help somebody ev - 'ry day....



He is Coming Back Again.

Rev. L. A. MORRIS. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. J. B. STALNAKER.



1. In a land of sin and darkness, What a joy it is to know That the
2. Brother, cease from your re-pin - ing O'er the woes of hu-man life; While the
3. What a com-fort to re-mem-ber, When He left this world of woe, That to
4. Yes, we know the time is near-er, And is hast'ning ev-'ry day; If we
5. Then the righteous, all in glo-ry, Clothed in garments pure and white, Shall u-



Lord, in lov-ing-kind-ness, Has il - lu-mined all be-low; For He is Himself the heav'nly light is shining, Cease from ev'ry worldly strife. He who is the Light in glo - ry He as - cend-ed And is coming back, we know. For He promised His dis-love His blest ap-pear-ing, Hear the great a - pos-tle say; With-out sin un - to sal-nite to tell the sto - ry Of the glad, ce-les-tial light; Like the stars for-ev-er



dawn-ing, Of the world He is the Light, And His great tri-um-phant coming vites you; Bring your burdens un - to Him, Cast your ev-'ry care on Je - sus, ci - ples, As He went to Heav'n to reign, By and by He'd come in glo - ry; va - tion He is com-ing soon to reign; Let us tell to ev-'ry na - tion shin-ing, They shall bring the glad re-frain, Earth shall cease from all re-pin - ing



CHORUS.



Soon will ban-ish all the night.
He will free you from all sin. He is com - ing back, He is
He is com-ing back a - gain.
He is com-ing back a - gain.
When He comes to earth a - gain. He is com - ing back to earth a - gain, He is



com - ing back, With a might-y shout of tri-umph, As a
com - ing back to earth a - gain,



He Is Coming Back Again—Concluded.

2

might-y King to reign; As a Prince of Peace for-ev-er, He is com-ing back a-gain.

34. The Heavenly Home.

Mrs. B. B. EDMIASTON.

Miss JULIA JARVIS.

1. In my Fa-ther's house in glo - ry There are count-less man-sions fair;
 2. I am striv-ing for an en-trance To the joys of o - ver-there;
 3. Some sweet day the saved will gath-er In that hap - py home a - bove,

How my spir - it longs to en - ter, And its joys for - ev - er share.
 Christ doth light my path-way on - ward, And my bur-dens help to bear.
 And will join the an - gels, sing - ing, Prais-ing Je - sus and His love.

CHORUS.

In that home, heav'n-ly home, O - ver on the oth-er shore,
 That hap - py home, e - ter - nal home,

With the saints we shall dwell, And the bless-ed Lord a-dore.
 Yes, with the saints for-ev - er dwell,

Come, Sinner, Now.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. CHAS. C. DOWDY.



1. O I have a lov-ing sto - ry I would tell, I would tell, If in
 2. Sin-ner, heed this in - vi - ta-tion, will you come? will you come? Make to-
 3. Sin-ner, there is full sal - va-tion for your soul, for your soul; Je - sus'



yon - der home in glo - ry I would dwell; Sin-ner, come without de - lay,
 day your prep - a - ra-tion for that home; O - ver on the oth - er side
 blood will cleanse and make your spirit whole; Plunge beneath the crimson tide

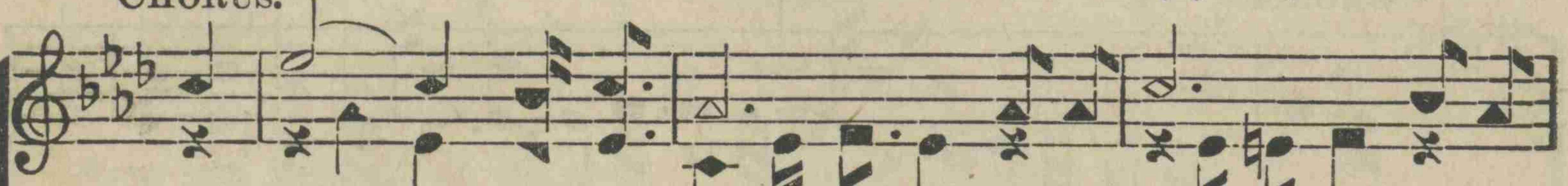


The commands of Christ o-bey; You should seek His throne of grace, sinner, now.
 Of the roll-ing, foaming tide, There is per-fect peace and rest; sin-ner, come.
 Flow-ing from His precious side; O, ac-cept Him—let Him your life con-trol.



CHORUS.

D. S.—You should seek His throne of grace, sinner, now.



O come, . . . sin-ner, now! At His throne meek-ly
 O come, sin-ner now! At His throne



bow; If you'd meet Him face to face, In that ho - ly, heav'nly place,
 meek-ly bow;



It is Wonderful.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

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J. M. HURST.



1. Once I was lost in sin's wil-der-ness, Straying in the night so cold;
 2. My soul was sure-ly go-ing to death, When I heard the Sav-ior's voice;
 3. 'Tis won-der-ful how my Lord conquered death, That from sin I might be free;



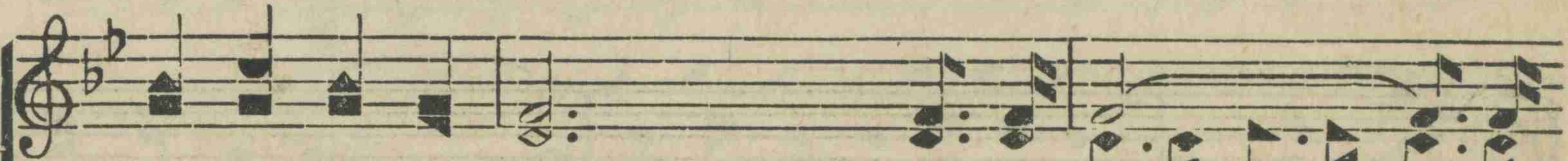
But some one bro't the glad news to me,—Led me to the Shepherd's fold.
 In mer-cy He for-gave all my sins,—Bade my wounded soul re-joice.
 I'll tell the lost, wher-ev-er I go, That He saves e-ter-nal-ly.



REFRAIN.



Tru-ly it..... is won-der-ful, Je-sus
 Tru-ly it is won-der-ful, 'tis won-der-ful, 'tis won-der-ful,



died to make me free! Tru-ly it..... is
 to make me free! Tru-ly it is won-der-ful, 'tis



won-der-ful, Je-sus saves e-ter-nal-ly.
 won-der-ful, 'tis won-der-ful,



Work for Him To-day.

Mrs. F. T. MULLIKIN. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co.

F. T. MULLIKIN.



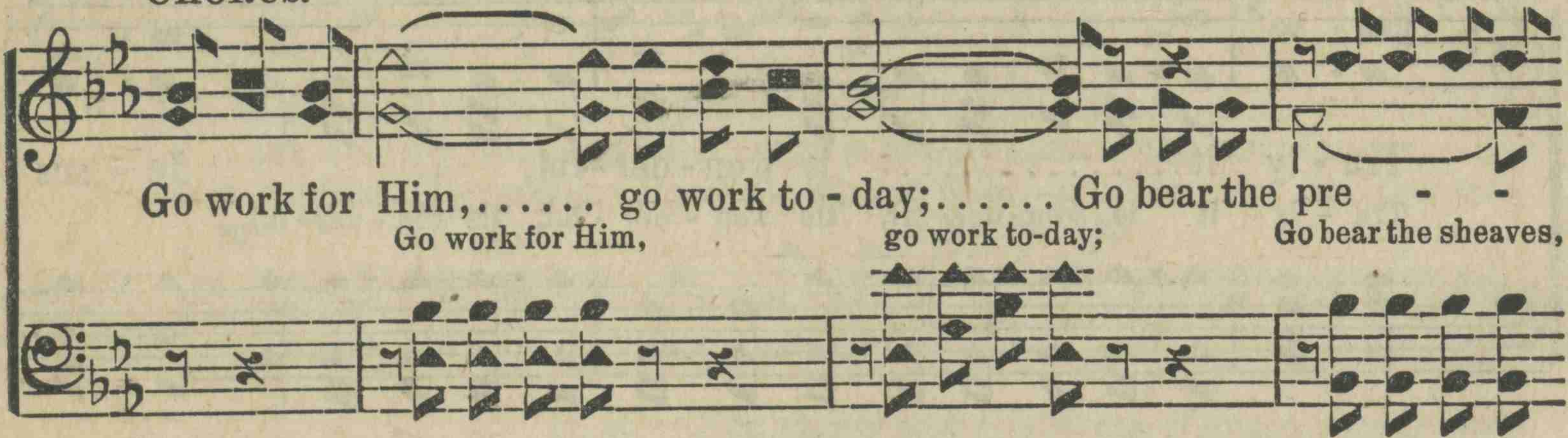
1. Oh, hear the bless - ed Sav - ior's call! Go work for Him to - day;
 2. He calls in love to me and you, And bids us haste a - way;
 3. Be faith - ful in the Mas - ter's field Un - til the la - bor's o'er,



Un - to Him give your life, your all, And show the lost the way.
 On ev - 'ry hand there's work to do; No lon - ger i - dle stay.
 Then share with Him the boun - teous yield, Re - joic - ing ev - er - more.



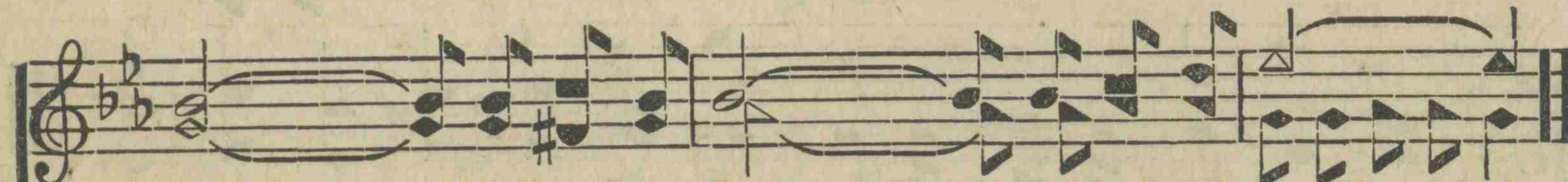
CHORUS.



Go work for Him, go work to - day; Go bear the pre -
 Go work for Him, go work to-day; Go bear the sheaves,



cious sheaves a - way; And when your work on earth is
 the sheaves a - way; And when your work



done, Re-joice in heav'n for-ev - er - more
 on earth is done, Re-joice in heav'n for - ev - er - more. (for-ev-er-more.)



Praise the Lord.

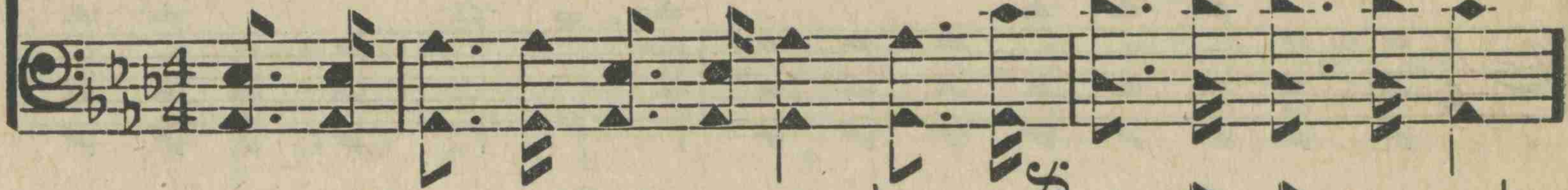
B. B. EDMASTON.

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R. W. BROWN.



- 1. Praise Je - ho - vah with a song, Prais - es all to Him be - long,
- 2. Praise the Lord who reigns a - bove, Praise Him for His won - drous love,
- 3. Praise the Lord for life and health, Praise Him with your mind and wealth,



Shout a - loud,..... His name a - dore; He His Son for man did give,
 Praise Him for..... sal - va - tion free; Praise Him for His might - y pow'r,
 Sing His prais - es o'er and o'er; Praise His name in ev - 'ry land,

1. Shout a - loud,



D. S.—Praise Him for His sav - ing love,

FINE.



That the soul from sin might live, Praise the Lord..... for - ev - er - more.
 Praise Him ev - 'ry day and hour, Praise the Lord..... e - ter - nal - ly.
 Praise Him with your heart and hand, Praise the Lord..... for - ev - er - more.

Praise the Lord



Praise Him with the saints a - bove, Praise the Lord (Praise the Lord) forevermore.

REFRAIN.



Praise the Lord, (yes, praise the Lord,) yes, praise the Lord; (the might - y Lord;)



D. S.



Bid the world (Bid the world) His name a - dore; (His name a - dore;)



B. B. E.

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B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. Once the hu - man race was grop - ing in the night, Anx - ious - ly a -
 2. Love is sweep - ing on - ward, souls of men to win, O - ver - com - ing
 3. King - doms of this world are sure to pass a - way, Princ - es' pal - a -

wait - ing mer - cy's dawn - ing bright, Un - der the law, in sor - row,
 all the kill - ing blasts of sin, Driv - ing a - way life's sad - ness,
 ces will crum - ble and de - cay, Rich - es of earth will van - ish,

Look - ing for love's to - mor - row, When the Messiah would come from heav'n above;
 Fill - ing the soul with gladness, Light - ing the world with truth, the light di - vine;
 Je - sus the Lord will ban - ish Pow - ers of e - vil from each love - lit shore;

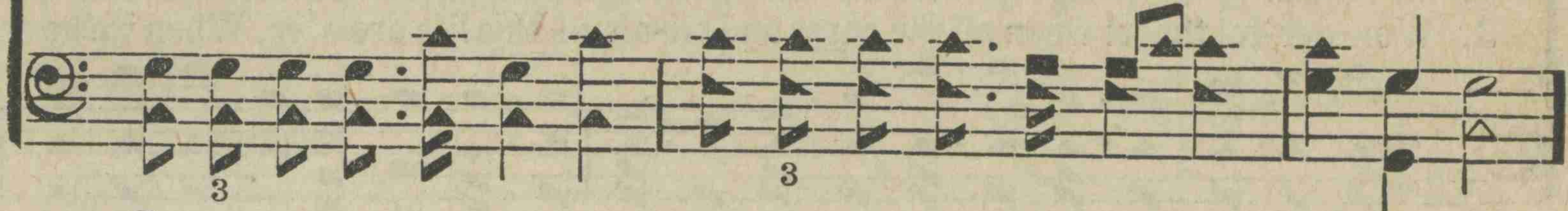
Mer - cy plead with jus - tice for a com - prom - ise, Je - sus vol - un -
 Teach - ing ev - 'ry land the Fa - ther - hood of God, Lead - ing us to
 Weep - ing eyes by hands of love shall be made dry, Sons of mer - cy

teered His life a sac - ri - fice, — Mer - cy and jus - tice blend - ing,
 u - ni - ver - sal broth - er - hood, Spread - ing the gos - pel sto - ry,
 shall at - tend the need - y's cry, Pass - ing from scenes of sad - ness,

Love—Concluded.



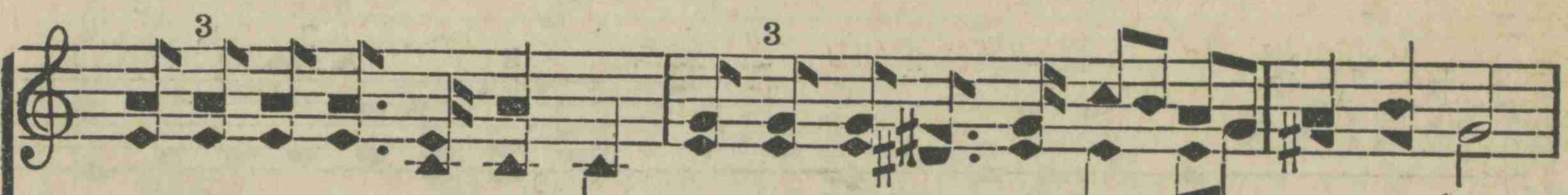
Gave to us life un-ending, Born in the bos-om of the Fa-ther's love.
Point-ing the way to glo-ry;—Won-der-ful love that now is yours and mine.
In - to e - ter-nal glad-ness, We shall re-joice in love for - ev - er - more.



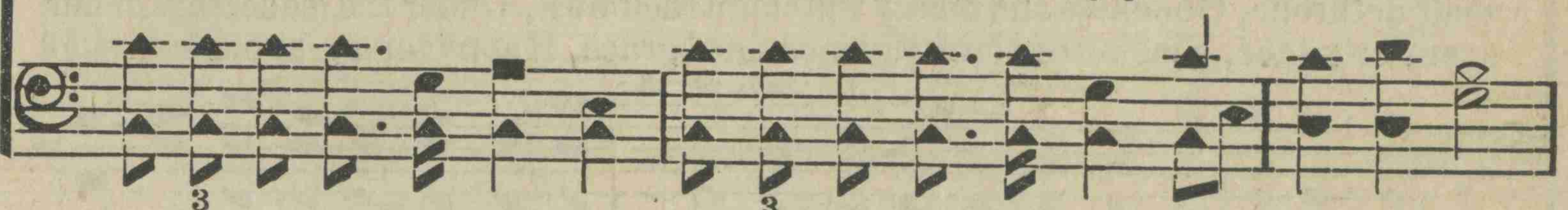
CHORUS.



Love, love, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, Com-fort-ing pil-grims weary,
Love, won-der-ful love, God's love, won-der-ful love,



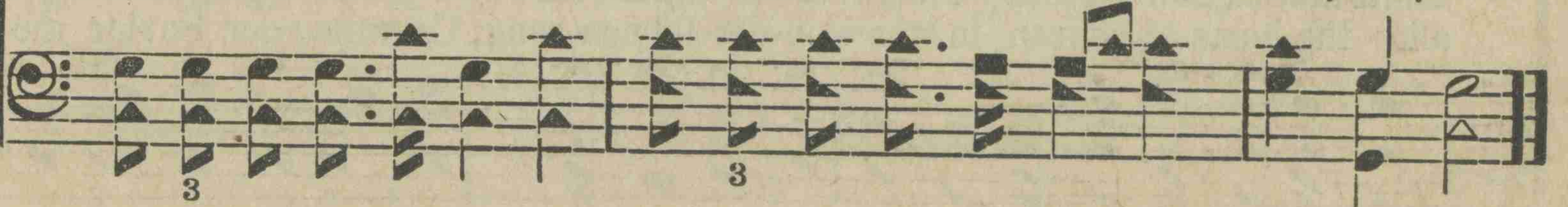
Light-ing the path-way drear-y, Fill-ing our souls with joy like that a - bove.



Love, love, won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, Love by the Fa-ther giv-en,
Love, won-der-ful love, God's love, won-der-ful love,



Love that will lead to heav-en, Where we shall sing for - ev - er, "Love, love, love."



Glorious Victory.

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. Marching along with Christ the Saviour who redeemed us on the cross; Waving a-
2. Je - sus is keep-ing us with-in the hol-low of His precious hand; Nothing can
3. Won-der-ful tho't! when all the cares and tri-als of this life are o'er, When we have



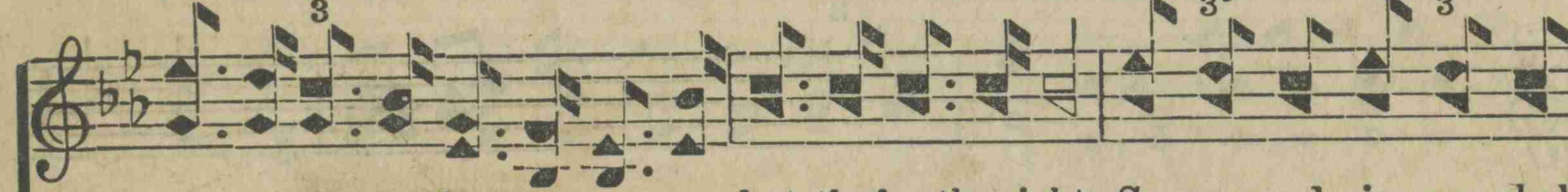
loft His bless-ed ban-ner, which can never suf - fer loss; Seeking the lost ones to harm us as we jour-ney on, triumphant, thro' the land; Powers of e - vil we stacked our arms upon the banks of E-den's vernal shore, We shall behold our Re-



bring them in, Bidding the world to be saved from sin, Steadily marching to vic - to-shall dethrone, Goodness and mercy will claim their own, Under the leadership of our deem-er's face, Singing of victory gained thro' grace, Happy for-ev-er our soul shall



ry: Scattering precious sunshine to the souls who're groping in the night; Gathering King: Oh, what a host of faithful loved ones have before us safely gone! Patriarchs, be: Shouting and praising with the millions who have triumphed over wrong, Joining with



true recruits for Je - sus as we bat-tle for the right; Sorrow and sin we shall saints and sages lived that we might see the wondrous dawn Of the bright morning of all the hosts of heaven in the won-der-ful new song, Crowning our Savior the



Glorious Victory—Concluded.

drive away, Shadows of night will then turn to day—Jesus shall reign thro' eternity!
 endless peace, Bringing to fettered souls sweet release—Victory, victory, gladly sing!
 Lord of all, We shall before Him in honor fall—Wonderful, wonderful vic-to-ry!

CHORUS.

{ Soldiers brave and strong, standing for the right, O-ver-com-ing
 { Gaining strength each day as we on-ward go; On the upward

{ On, soldiers brave and strong, standing for the right,
 { True, gaining strength each day as we onward go,

wrong, faith-ful in the fight; Spreading the tidings of Je-sus' love,
 way, liv-ing waters flow; Sweet-er the sto-ry we tell to you,

O-ver-com-ing wrong, faith-ful in the fight, And point the
 On the upward way, liv-ing waters flow; Sweet vi - sion

Pointing the erring to heav'n above, Bidding the world from its sin be free;

lost to heav - en, Bid the world be free; O soldiers

Fairer the vi-sion al-most in view—Vi-sion of glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry.

now al - most in view—

Marching to That City.

L. DOW McDONALD.

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B. B. BATEMAN.

1. We are march-ing to that home, Where the faith-ful all have gone,
2. There true peace and glad-ness stay, Thro' the ev-er-last-ing day,
3. Yes, 'twill be a hap-py time, And our joy will be sub-line,

To the bless-ed glo-ry-land, o-ver there; Where the ransomed we shall meet,
And no sor-rows ev-er come, o-ver there; Our dear Sav-ior is the light
Troubles all for-ev-er past, o-ver there, — When we reach that happy land,

Where our loved ones we shall greet With the clasp-ing of the hand, o-ver there.
That dis-pels all grief and night From the realms of that blest home, over there.
And a-mong the faith-ful stand, Crowned with vic-to-ry at last, o-ver there.

CHORUS.

We are march-ing to that cit-y,
We are march-ing, we are march-ing to that cit-y, to that cit-y,

Where the faith-ful part no more; O-ver on the golden shore.
Where the faithful, where the faithful part no more, shall part no more;

Wonderful.

B. B. EDMIASTON.
Refrain by E. S. D.

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EMMETT S. DEAN.

Slowly.

1. How won - der - ful the love of our Lord, He who left the heav'nly
 2. How won - der - ful the vic - t'ry He won, When, with pow - er, He a -
 3. How won - der - ful the par - don He gives, Washing sin's dark stain a -
 4. How won - der - ful the home He pre - pared In the Glo - ry - land a -

throne To suf - fer death on Mount Calvary, — Won - der - ful the mercy
 rose, Triumphantly dispelling death's gloom, Conquering the last of
 way; He fills the soul with won - der - ful joy, Turns the night to brightest
 bove, Where all the faith - ful pilgrims of earth Shall a - bide with Him in

REFRAIN.

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,
Faster. *p* *m*

shown. Won - der - ful that Je - sus died up - on the rug - ged
 foes. day. love.

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

Won - der - ful, *f* *dim.* Won - der - *p*
 tree; 'Tis won - der - ful that Je - sus died for me! Won - der -
 Won - der - ful, Oh, it is won - der -

ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful, *rall.*

ful, He died that all might be from sin set free; 'Tis wonderful, He died for me!
 ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

We Are Nearer Heaven in Song.

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Rev. L. A. MORRIS.

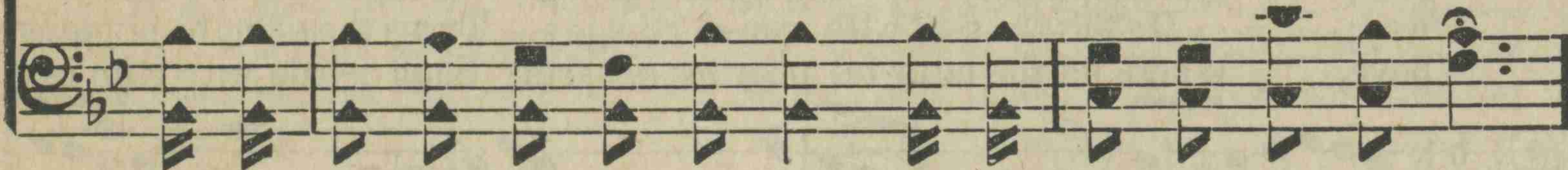
Mrs. J. B. STALNAKER.



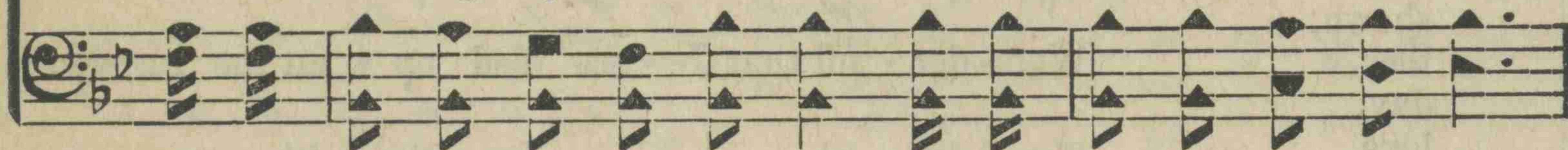
1. Let us lift the sing-ing ban-ner And keep marching, marching on;
2. 'Tis a bless-ed gos-pel mis-sion As we pass the word a-long;
3. We can sweet-en life with sing-ing, We can lift the bro-ken heart,



Let us tell the gos-pel sto-ry, Let us shout it out in song;
Just keep tell-ing out the mes-sage Of the Sav-ior's love in song:
Un-to Christ, the wayward bring-ing, We can joy and life im-part.



For the wear-y and the fall-en We can lift and help a-long,
Let us sing it out with rap-ture, Let us sing with heart and voice,
Ev-er lift-ing up the ban-ner As we pass the word a-long,



D.S.—We will lift the sing-ing ban-ner And our joy-ful notes pro-long,

FINE.



When we sing of our Re-deem-er And of our e-ter-nal home.
Let us sing of full sal-va-tion And for-ev-er-more re-joice.
Shout a-loud and sing for-ev-er, En-ter heav-en with a song,



We will sing of our sal-va-tion, For we're near-er God in song.

CHORUS.



We are near - er heav-en in song,
We are near-er heav-en in song, We are near-er heav-en in song,



We Are Nearer Heaven in Song—Concluded.

D. S.

We are near - er heav-en in song;.....
 We are near - er heav-en in song, We are near - er heav-en in song;

44. Sing Unto His Name.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. JNO. D. GOOLSBY.

1. With a song of love and glad-ness, We will come to - day;
2. We are hap - py in His ser - vice, And we want to win
3. We are weak, but Je - sus gives us Grace and strength, we know;
4. Some bright day we'll hear the sum-mons, And we'll find our rest

Prais-ing God for all the bless-ings Show-ered on our way.
 Pre-cious jew - els for His king-dom, From the fields of sin.
 We will trust Him and be grate-ful For our work be - low.
 In the Fa-ther's House of beau - ty, Safe a - mong the blest.

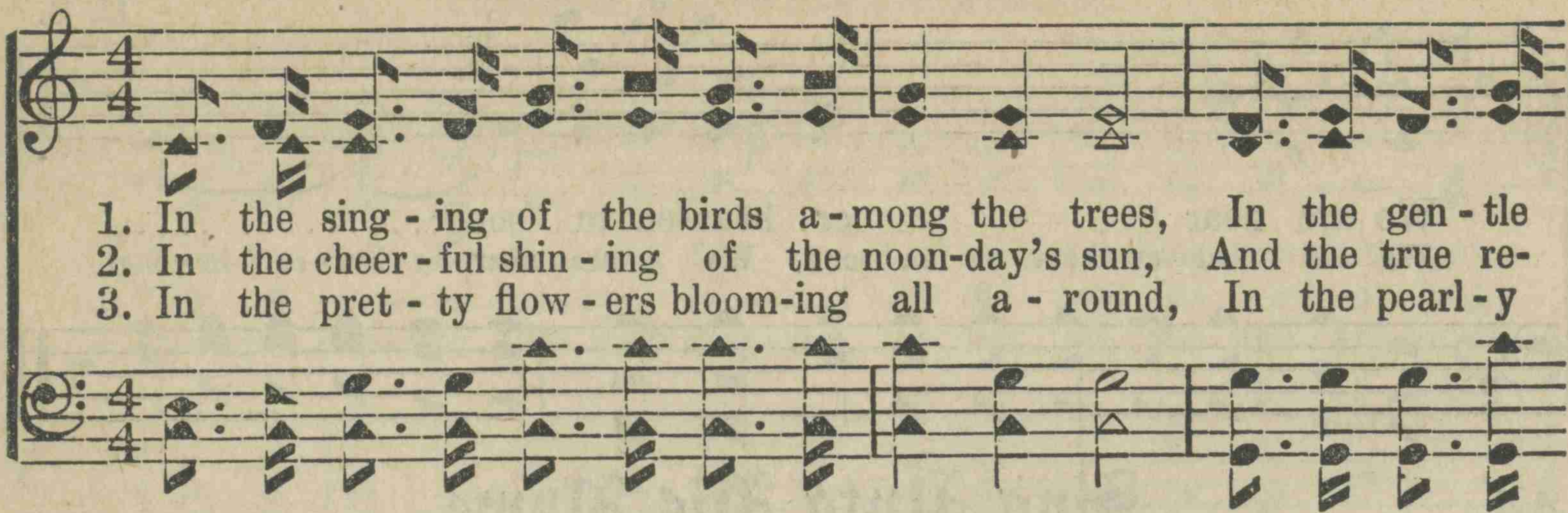
CHORUS.

Sing.... un - to His name, And His bound-less love pro - claim;
 Sing, O sing un - to His pre-cious name,

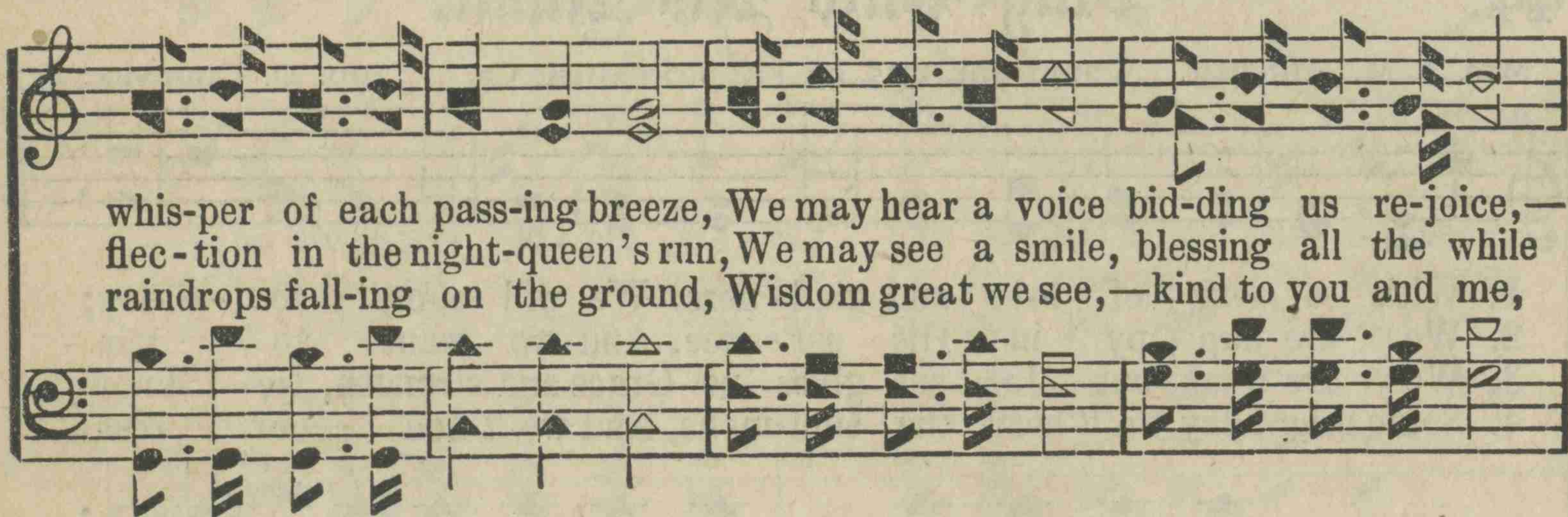
Work for Je - sus and be grate-ful, Sing un - to His name.
 yes, we will pre-cious name.

The Voice of God.

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1915, by the Trio Music Co. Mrs. B. B. EDMIASTON.



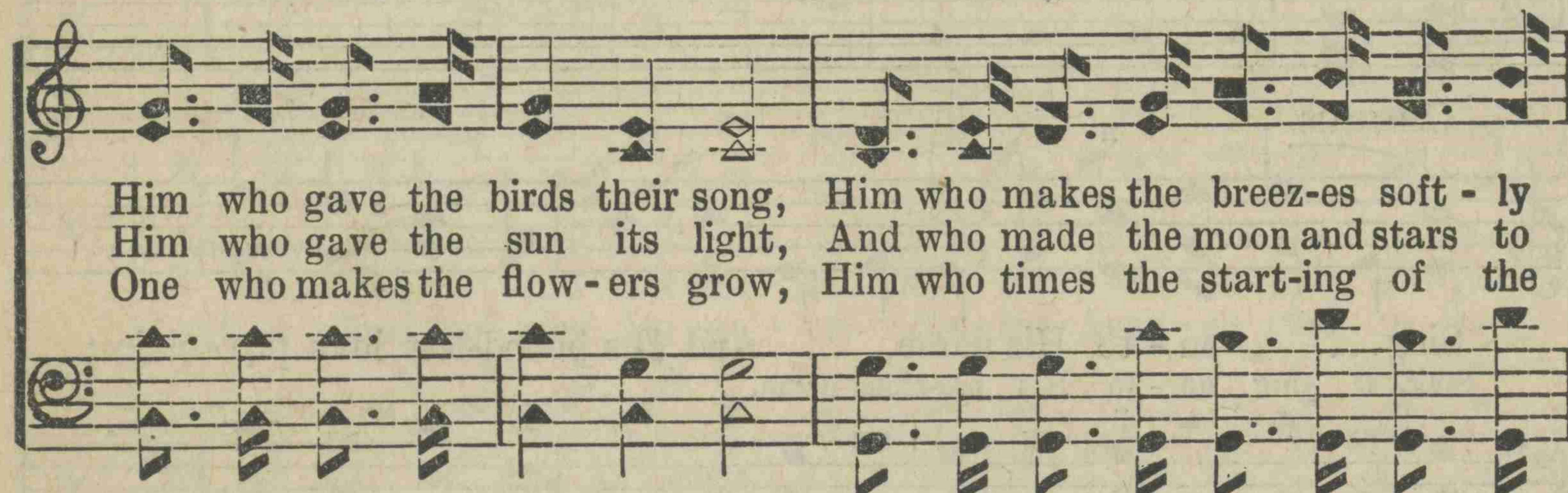
1. In the sing - ing of the birds a - mong the trees, In the gen - tle
2. In the cheer - ful shin - ing of the noon - day's sun, And the true re -
3. In the pret - ty flow - ers bloom - ing all a - round, In the pearl - y



whis - per of each pass - ing breeze, We may hear a voice bid - ding us re - joice, —
flec - tion in the night - queen's run, We may see a smile, blessing all the while
raindrops fall - ing on the ground, Wisdom great we see, — kind to you and me,



Ca - den - ces of glad - ness from a - bove; 'Tis the voice of
Those who, here, would view the bright - er side; 'Tis the smile of
Car - ing for our wants a - long the way; Wis - dom of the



Him who gave the birds their song, Him who makes the breez - es soft - ly
Him who gave the sun its light, And who made the moon and stars to
One who makes the flow - ers grow, Him who times the start - ing of the



move a - long, Speak - ing to the soul, ask - ing for con - trol
shine by night; Smil - ing on the soul, tak - ing sweet con - trol,
brook - let's flow; World's are in His hands, heed - ing His com - mands,

The Voice of God—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Of our lives, that we may know His love. His voice is in the
That in peace with Him we may a - bide.
'Tis the voice of God they all o - bey. lov - ing voice



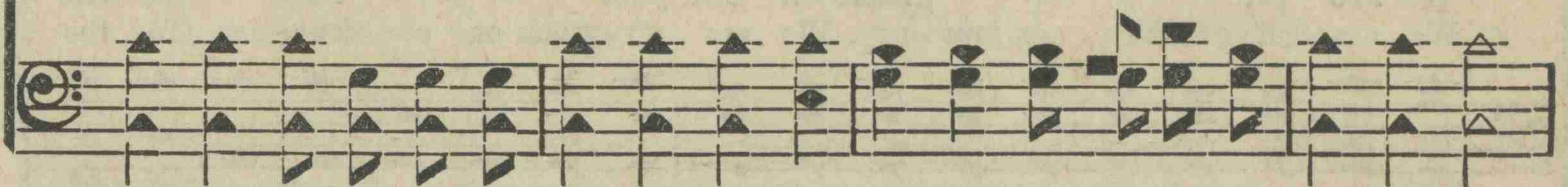
breez-es light, His smile is in the sunshine bright, Hear His loving voice
gen - tle smile,



bid the world re-joice, Glad-ly sing His prais-es o'er and o'er; His



wis - dom rules the heav'n's above, His mer - cy fills the earth with love,
won-drous wis-dom ten - der mer - cy



Give to Him control, He will keep the soul Hap-py in His love for-ev - er - more.



Pilgrims.

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L. N. MORRIS.

R. J. SANDEFUR.



1. We are pil-grims on the way To the land of end-less day, Where the
 2. We are trav-'ling day by day, Trust-ing Je-sus all the way, And the
 3. Should the Sav-ior call to-day For your soul to come a-way, Would you



Sav-ior has pre-pared for us a home; We shall reach the gold-en gate,
 path is grow-ing bright-er as we go; We shall lay our ar-mor down,
 be prepared to hear these words, "Well done"? Would your pass-port be all right



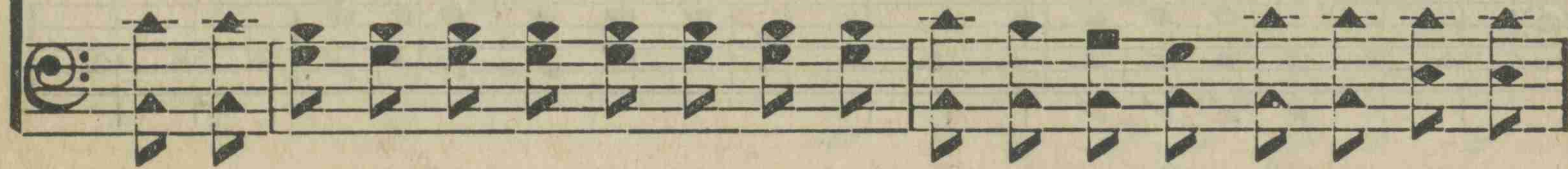
Where our loved ones for us wait, And the Mas-ter bids the faith-ful pil-grims come.
 And re-ceive a shin-ing crown, When we've finished all our la-bor here be-low.
 To those mansions fair and bright, Where the saints shall dwell in peace while ages run?



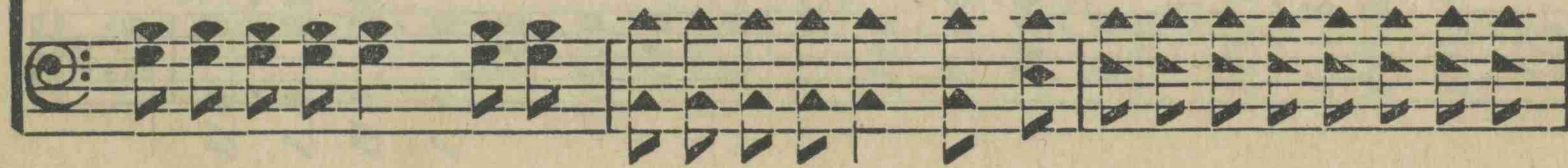
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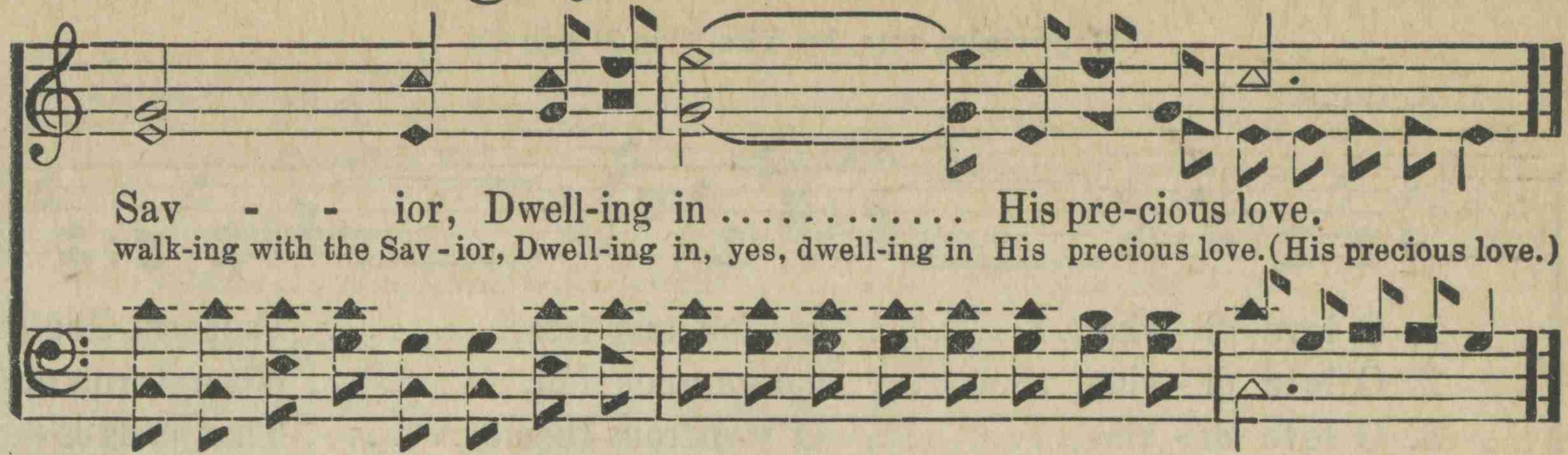
We are pil - - grims on our jour - - ney To the
 We are pil-grims on our jour-ney, We are pil-grims on our jour-ney To the



land..... of light a-bove; We are walk - - ing with the
 land of light a-bove, To the land of light a-bove; We are walk-ing with the Sav-ior, We are



Pilgrims—Concluded.



Sav - - ior, Dwell-ing in His pre-cious love,
 walk-ing with the Sav - ior, Dwell-ing in, yes, dwell-ing in His pre-cious love. (His pre-cious love.)

47.

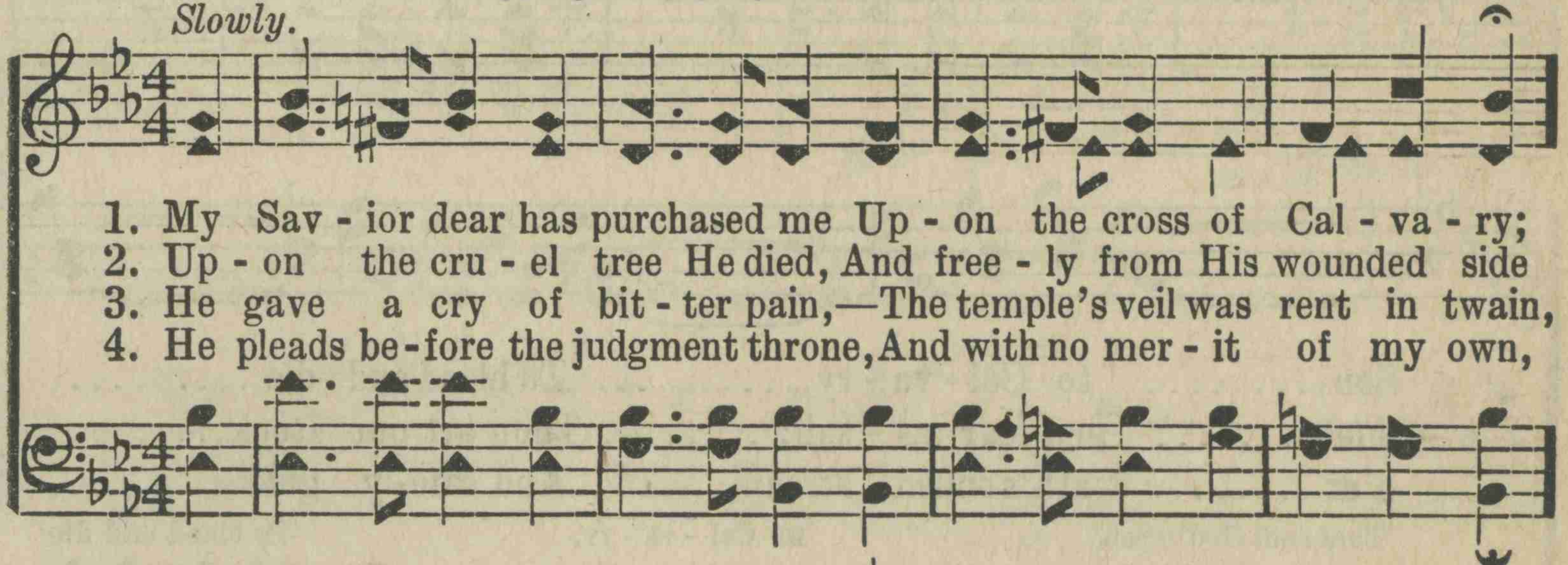
I Belong to Him.

A. E. LANE.

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EMMETT S. DEAN.

Slowly.



1. My Sav - ior dear has purchased me Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry;
2. Up - on the cru - el tree He died, And free - ly from His wounded side
3. He gave a cry of bit - ter pain,—The temple's veil was rent in twain,
4. He pleads be - fore the judgment throne, And with no mer - it of my own,

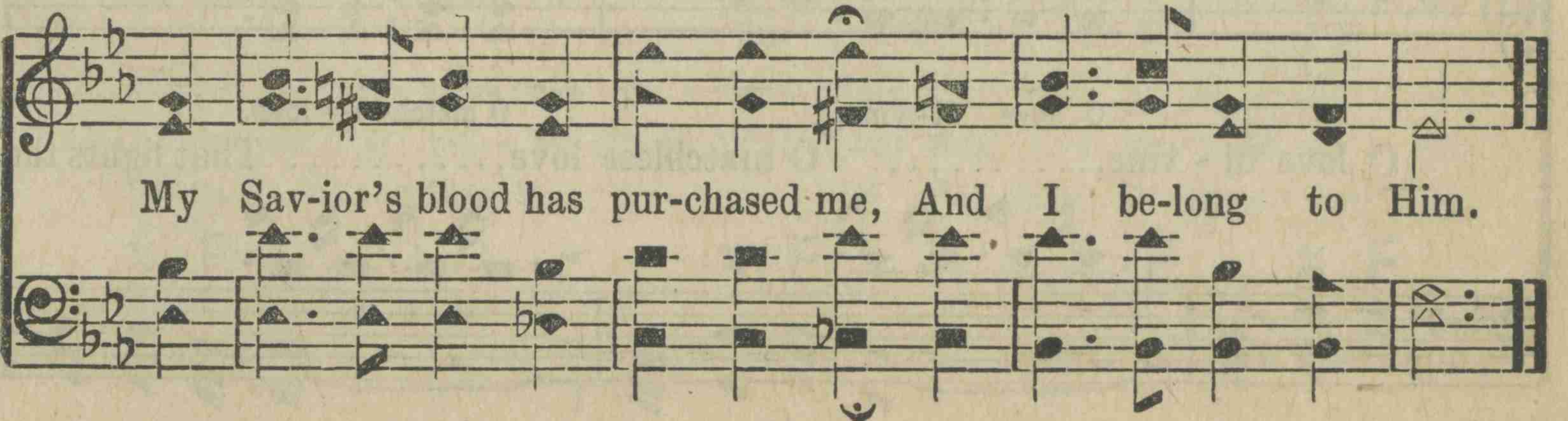


From bond - age He has set me free, And I be - long to Him.
 Gushed forth the sac - ri - fi - cial tide, And I be - long to Him.
 When for my sin the Lord was slain, And I be - long to Him.
 I free - ly trust in Him a - lone, For I be - long to Him.

CHORUS.



I be - long to Him, Yes, I be - long to Him;
 yes, I be - long to Him,



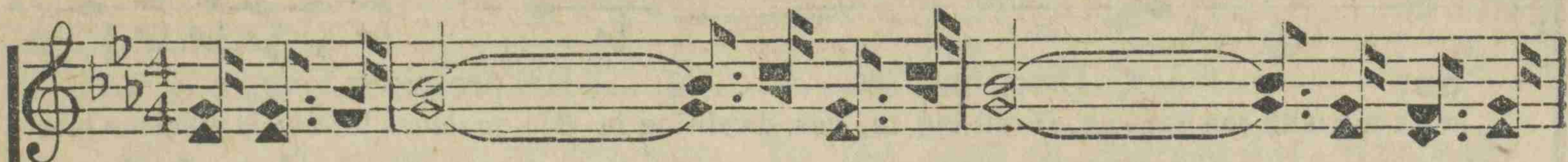
My Sav - ior's blood has pur - chased me, And I be - long to Him.

Love Divine.

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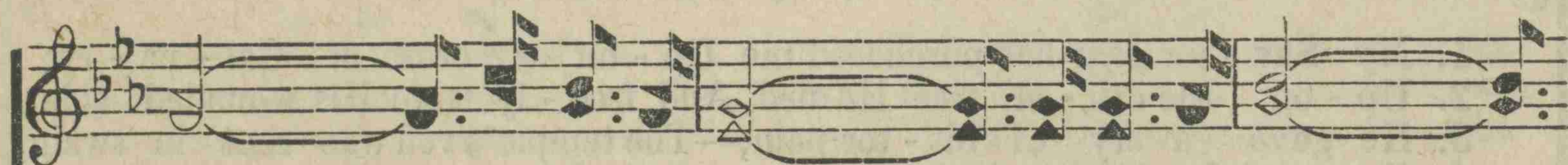
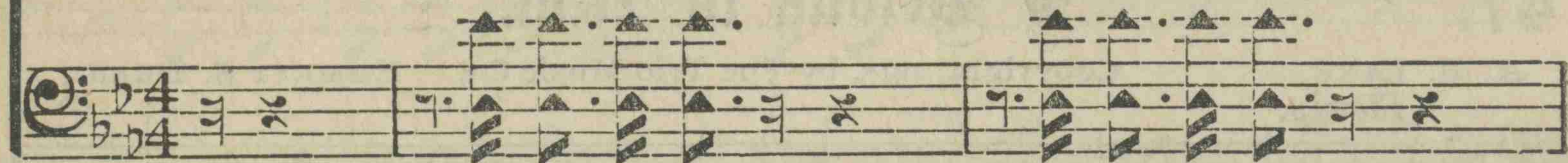
J. A. COLE.

J. SAM WRIGHT.



1. O love di - vine,..... so full and free,..... That sent God's
2. O love di - vine that can-not fail..... When storms of
3. O love di - vine,..... O wondrous theme,..... That leads us

(1) O love di - vine, so full and free,



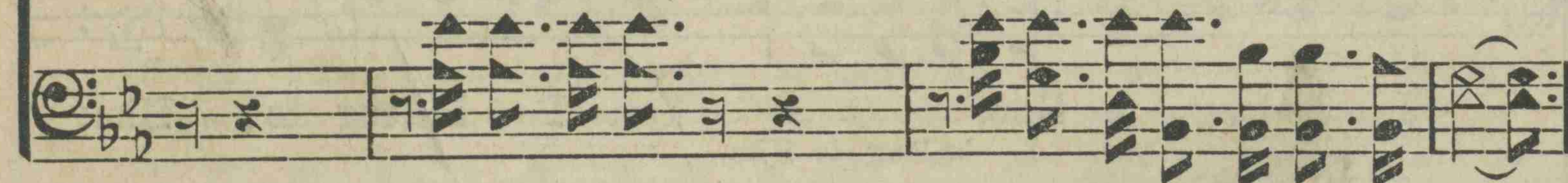
Son..... to Cal - va - ry,..... To bleed and die
 doubt..... and fear as - sail; Thou art our Rock,.....
 o'er death's sullen stream,..... And safe-ly guides.....

That sent God's Son to Cal - va - ry, To bleed and die



for sin - ful men,..... That they might end - less glo-ry gain.
 Defense and Guide, To bear us safe - ly o'er the tide.
 to Eden's shore,..... Where we shall dwell..... for-ev - er - more.

for sin - ful men, That they might endless glo-ry gain.



REFRAIN.



O love di - vine,..... O match-less love,
 O love di - vine,..... O matchless love,..... That lights the



Love Divine—Concluded.

That lights the world from heav'n a - bove, To lead the lost
world..... from heav'n above,..... To lead the lost

in - to the way That leads from death to endless day.(endless day.)
in-to the way..... That leads from earth.... to endless day.....

49.

Englewood.

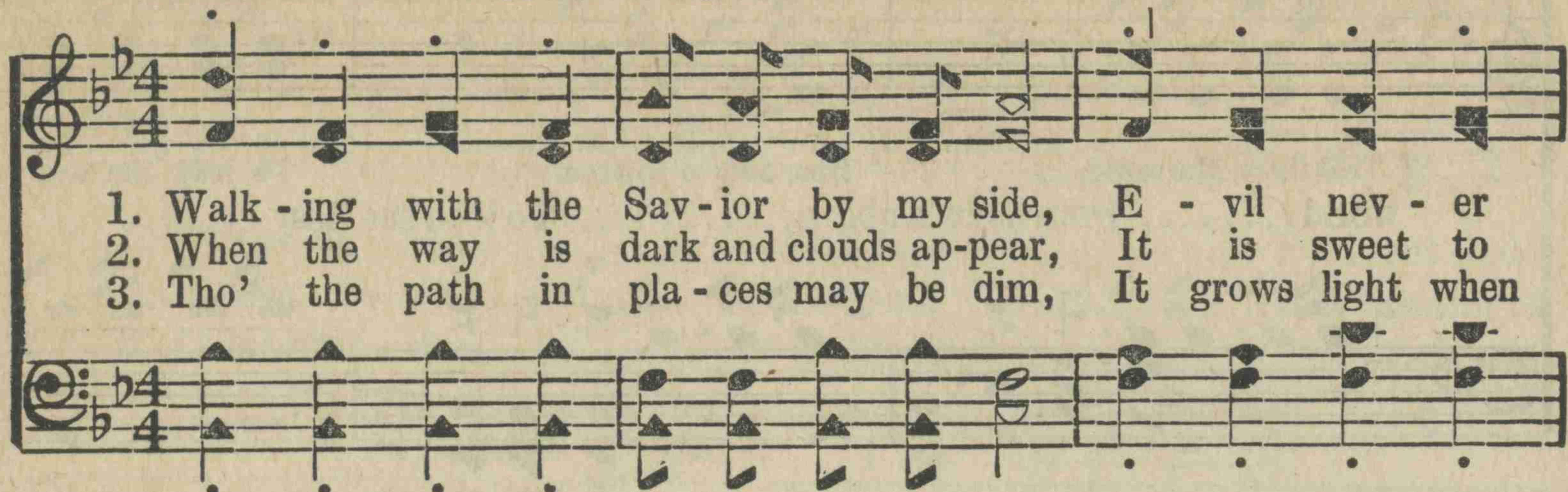
JOSEPH E. SCHOATE.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun . in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied For man, the crea - ture's sin.

Happy in His Love.

B. B. EDMASTON. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. Walk - ing with the Sav - ior by my side, E - vil nev - er
 2. When the way is dark and clouds ap - pear, It is sweet to
 3. Tho' the path in pla - ces may be dim, It grows light when



can my way be - tide, For in Him I trust - ing - ly con - fide;
 know that He is near; There is naught of dan - ger that I fear, —
 I approach with Him; I shall gain the New Je - ru - sa - lem,


CHORUS.



I am safe - ly hid - ing in His pre - cious love. Hap - py
 I am safe - ly hid - ing in His prom - ise sweet.
 Where, with Him, I shall be hap - py ev - er - more. Hap - py, hap - py,



in His love each day, Trust - ing Him to lead the way, From Him
 in His love for - ev - er, Trust - ing, trust - ing, naught His love can sever, From my Sav - ior



I shall nev - er stray, For I am hap - py in the love of Christ my King.

That City.

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TONY.

T. Q. DYESS.



1. There's a cit - y with walls made of jas - per, And the streets are of
ru - bies and jas - per,
2. Oh, I long to be - hold the dear Sav - - - ior, In that cit - y where
Sav - ior, dear Sav - ior,
3. Thro' the streets of that cit - y is flow - - - ing Liv - ing wa - ter for
peace - ful - ly flow - ing



glit - ter - ing gold; We shall dwell with the saints and the Sav - ior
glit - ter - ing gold; glo - ri - fied Sav - ior
com - eth no night, Where the heav - en - ly choir swells the an - them,
shad - ows of night, beau - ti - ful an - them,
you and for me; We shall gath - er and drink with all na - tions,
yes, for you and for me; sanc - ti - fied na - tions,



CHORUS.



Thro' the a - ges, and never grow old. We shall meet in that city up yon - der,
Prais - ing Je - sus, the cen - ter of light.
Praising Jesus who made our souls free. yon - der in heav - en,



Where no tears can be - dim the eyes; Where there'll be no more sad good - byes.
be - dim the eyes; good - byes.



The Eternal Morning.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

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JAS. W. SMALTS.



1. When the shades of night have vanished, And the glo-ri-ous dawn appears,
2. Oh, the splen-dor of the morn-ing When the Sav - ior claims His own;
3. Sweet will be the great re - un - ion With the friends of long a - go;



Sin and woe will all be banished, Gone will be our doubts and fears;
 Liv - ing light the soul a - dorn - ing, Will de - clare all shad - ows gone:
 Sweet - er still the soul com - mun - ion, Where no part - ing we can know;



We shall all a - wake from sleeping, Robed in im - mor - tal - i - ty;
 We no more can think of sad - ness, As the cease - less a - ges roll,
 But the sweet - est of the sto - ry Is, that we in love shall fall



In a land where comes no weep - ing, We shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly.
 But shall know e - ter - nal glad - ness, In the home - land of the soul.
 'Round the won - drous King of glo - ry, And shall crown Him Lord of all.



CHORUS.



In the bright..... e - ter - nal morn - ing,
 In the bright e - ter - nal morn - ing, In the bright e - ter - nal morn - ing,



The Eternal Morning—Concluded.

When the Lord..... for us shall call,
 When the Lord for us shall call, yes, when for us the Lord shall call,

End - less joy..... our souls a - dorn - ing,
 End - less joy our souls a - dorn - ing, End - less joy our souls a - dorn - ing,

We shall crown..... Him Lord of all.
 We shall crown, yes, we shall crown Him Lord of all. (Him Lord of all.)

53. He Makes My Soul His Care.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. For - ev - er bless - ed be the Lord, My Sav - ior and my Shield;
 2. When sin and hell their force u - nite, He makes my soul His care;
 3. A Friend and Help - er so di - vine, Doth my weak cour - age raise;

He sends His Spir - it with His word, To arm me for the field.
 In - structs me to the heav'n - ly fight, And guards me thro' the war.
 He makes the glo - rious vic - t'ry mine, And His shall be the praise.

He Cares for Me.

C. W.

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CALVIN WATERS.



1. I have a Friend, 'tis Je - sus, with me ev-'ry hour I live, And
2. When grief shall try my spir - it, or grave doubtings dim the way, When
3. When dawns the glorious morning and my tri - als all are o'er, Im-



to the end He'll guide me,—sweetest blessings He will give; A - round me
from the past, the haunting fears may fill me with dis - may, I know His
mor - tal life and youthful prime He'll give me ev - er - more; The love that



clouds may gather, yet, wher-ev - er I may be, He'll safe - ly guide me
free - ly flow-ing grace a pres-ent help will be;— The gloom He'll quickly
bought my spir - it and from bondage set me free, Shall still be mine thro'



CHORUS.



on-ward, for my Sav-ior cares for me.
ban-ish, for my Sav-ior cares for me. My Sav-ior cares for me,
a - ges, for my Sav-ior cares for me.



My Sav-ior cares for me; He keeps me by His pow - er, I'll



He Cares For Me—Concluded.

nev-er go a - stray; He loves me, this I know, His blessings on me
 flow; I'm full-y trust-ing Je - sus, I'm hap-py on the way.

55.

My Precious Friend.

B. B. E.

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B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. I have found a precious Friend indeed, And His love supplies my ev-'ry need;
2. When the way is rough and I am weak, Sweetest words of comfort He doth speak;
3. Oth - er friends may leave me in de-spair, He will always help, my grief to bear;

FINE.

He is ev - er near my soul to guide;—On the rugged cross for me He died.
 Evil cannot harm me when He's near,—Walking with this Friend, there's naught to fear.
 And at last He'll take me home a - bove, Where for - ev - er I shall praise His love.

D.S.—He will safe-ly lead me by His love, Till I reach the glo-ry - land a - bove.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - sus is my precious Friend, Sweet - est blessings He doth send;
 Jesus is my Friend, He is my precious Friend, Sweetest blessings, sweetest blessings He doth send;

Praise Him More and More.

Mrs. B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. Miss OTHA SEATON.

1. The Sav - ior died..... to make me free,.....
 2. Could earth pos - sess..... a friend so dear,.....
 3. What wondrous joy..... 'twill be for me,.....
 (1.) The Sav - ior died to make me free, to make me free,

With joy I praise..... His ho - ly name;.....
 Who for my soul..... would bleed and die,.....
 In heav'n to see..... my Sav - ior's face,.....
 With joy I praise His ho - ly name; (His ho - ly name;)

I would not give..... His pre - cious love.....
 As Christ did on..... the cru - el cross.....
 And in the light..... of His dear love,.....
 I would not give His pre - cious love, His pre - cious love,

D.S.—Thro' all the land,..... with heart and hand,..... FINE.

For all earth's wealth..... or mor - tal fame.....
 For mor - tals such..... as you and I?.....
 For - ev - er sing..... re - deem - ing grace!.....
 For all earth's wealth or mor - tal fame. (or mor - tal fame.)

O praise the Lord,..... yes, more and more.....
CHORUS.

O praise the Lord,..... yes, more and more,
 O praise the Lord,..... yes, more and more,.....

Praise Him More and More—Concluded.

D. S.

Let all the world..... His name a - dore.....
 Let all the world..... His name a - dore.

57. Dwelling in His Love.

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. NELLIE B. WOOD.

1. I am walk-ing in the beau - ti - ful way, And the Sav - ior gives me
2. As I trav - el up the moun - tain of love, Voi - ces seem to come to
3. I'm re - joic - ing as I trav - el with Him, For I know the way shall
4. Safe with - in the wondrous cit - y so fair, I shall dwell, a ransomed

peace ev - 'ry day; Love - ly flow - ers fragrance shed on the air,— In His
 me from a - bove, Help - ing me, when I am weak, to be strong, And the
 nev - er grow dim; I shall en - ter heaven's beau - ti - ful gate, Where my
 soul, free from care; With the saints of ev - 'ry tribe I shall sing Cease - less

D. S.—And when la - bor here is o'er I shall sing Cease - less
 FINE. REFRAIN.

pres - ence there is joy ev - 'ry - where. I am dwell - ing in the
 pros - pect fills my heart with a song. I am dwelling in the love, yes, I am
 friends of long a - go for me wait. I am dwelling in the love, yes, I am
 prais - es un - to Je - sus, my King.

prais - es un - to Je - sus, my King.

D. S.

love Of my pre - cious King a - bove;
 dwelling in the love Of my precious King, my pre - cious King a - bove; (my King a - bove;)

The Joy of My Soul.

JAMES ROWE.

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R. B. RIGGS.



1. So close to my Sav - ior I'm marching a - long, And sing - ing His
 2. The way may grow drear - y, my bur - den in - crease, But deep in my
 3. I love and a - dore Him, the Heav - en - ly Dove, And long to be



prais - es each day with the throng, — In right - eous - ness grow - ing, and
 heart there will al - ways be peace; So on - ward I'll go till the
 with Him in glo - ry a - bove, To praise thro' the a - ges His



CHORUS.



hap - py and strong, For He is the joy of my soul.
 journey shall cease, For He is the joy of my soul. O He is the
 glo - ri - ous love, For He is the joy of my soul.



joy of my soul, He keeps me so hap - py and whole; What - ev - er may come,



I shall fol - low Him home, For He is the joy of my soul.



A Lamp to My Feet.

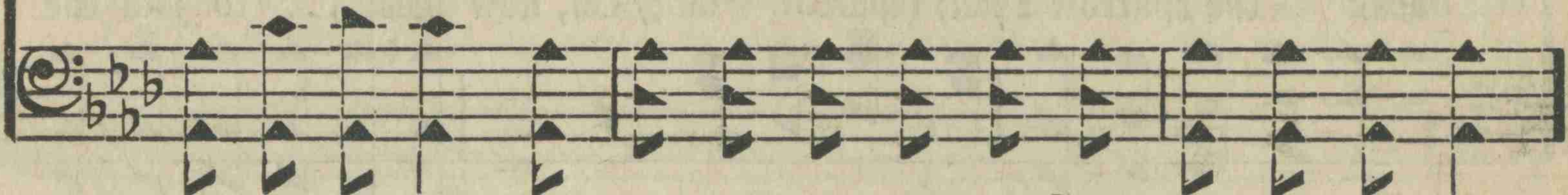
B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1915, by The Trio Music Co. EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. The Sav-ior is lead-ing me all the day long, My life is o'er-flowing with
 2. From darkest of night He has guid-ed my soul, And safely He'll lead me to
 3. He light-eth the way o-ver landscapes most fair, Where sweetest of fragrance is



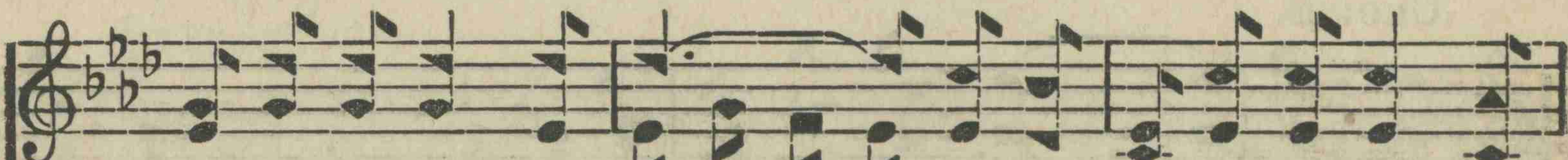
beau-ti-ful song; I'm walk-ing in glad-ness with Je-sus, my King;—
 heaven's bright goal; While walking with Je-sus so close to my side,
 fill-ing the air; The flow-ers are bloom-ing in hon-or to Him;—



CHORUS.



His prais-es for-ev-er I'll sing. For He is a
 My needs are all quick-ly sup-plied.
 The path-way can nev-er grow dim. For He is a Lamp, is a



Lamp to my feet, He lead-eth by wa-ters so sweet; Di-
 Lamp to my feet, He lead-eth, He lead-eth by wa-ters so sweet; Di-



rect-ing my soul to the heav-en-ly goal;—The Lord is a Lamp to my feet.



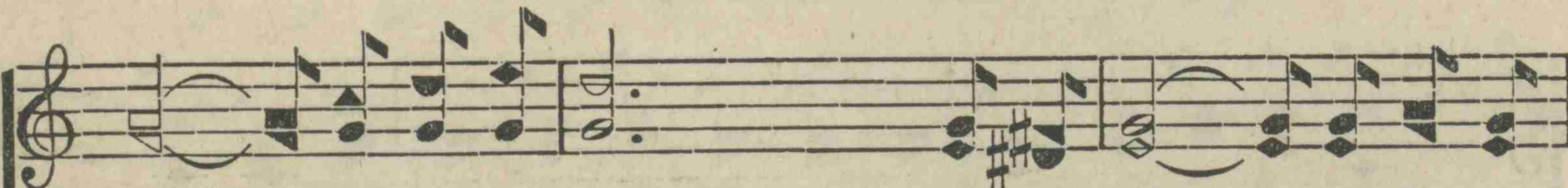
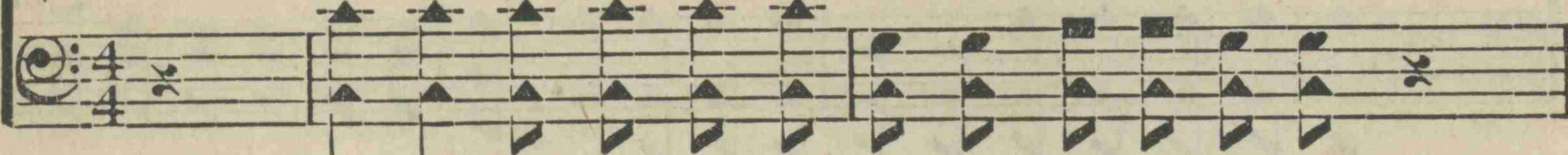
Blessed Promise.

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A. L. HODGES.



1. There's a prom - ise in the rain - bow (in the rain-bow) As it
 2. We may catch..... a glimpse of heav - en, (glimpse of heaven,) As the
 3. "God is good," sing wood-land voi - ces, (woodland voices,) "He is
 4. Oh, how sweet..... to lean up - on Him, (lean up-on Him,) Who doth



gilds the threat'ning sky, (threat'ning sky,) To-ken of..... the Father's
 sun - shine sparkles thro'; (sparkles thro'); Storm and cloud.... for - ev - er
 light," the sunbeam cries; (sunbeam cries;) "God is love," proclaims Mount
 mark the sparrow's fall; (sparrow's fall;) Oh, how blest.... to join the



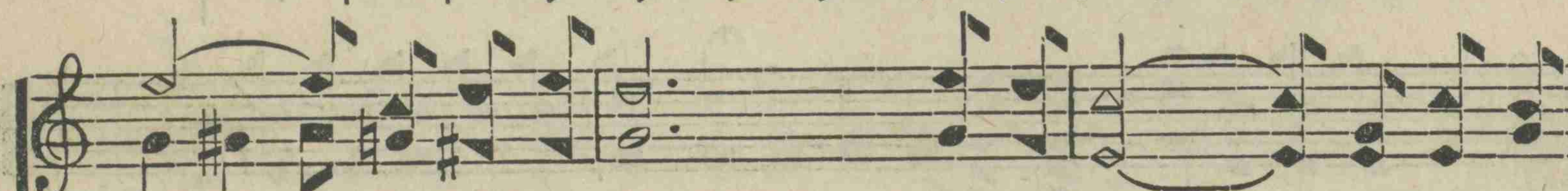
mer-cy, — (Father's mercy, —) Raging storms will soon pass by. (will soon pass by.)
 van - ished, (ever vanished,) All cre - a - tion sings a-new. (yes, sings anew.)
 Cal - v'ry, (blessed Calv'ry,) "He is life," my soul re-plies. (my soul replies.)
 cho - rus, (join the chorus,) Singing, "He is Lord of all," (is Lord of all.)



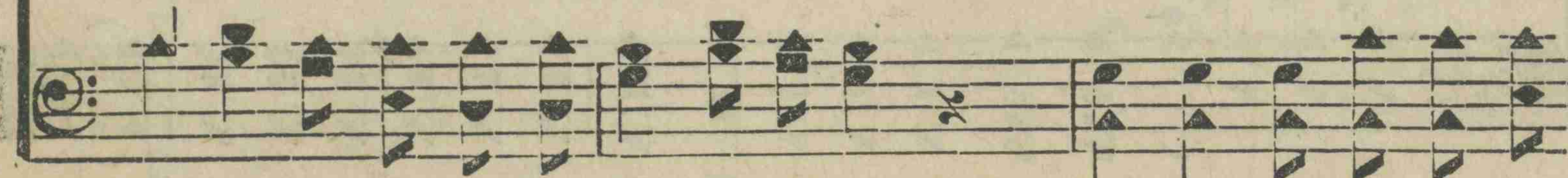
CHORUS.



Oh, how sweet..... the bless - ed prom - ise! "We shall
 Oh, how sweet the bless - ed prom - ise, bless - ed prom - ise!



know.... as we are known;" "God is love," we'll sing for-
 "We shall know as we are known, we are known;" "God is love," we'll sing for-



Blessed Promise—Concluded.

ev - er, With the saints.... around the throne.
 ev - er, sing for - ev - er, With the saints a - round the throne. (a-round the throne.)

61.

Christ on Calvary.

A. E. LANE.

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1. Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry The Son of God was cru - ci - fied;
2. The thorn - y crown of mock - er - y That pressed His tender brow so fair,
3. Our sin the Sav - ior bore a - lone, For - sak - en by the Fa - ther, dear;
4. "Tis finished," and the price is paid, Redemption to the world is giv'n;

It was to make my spir - it free, The blood flowed from His precious side.
 He wore for me, in a - go - ny, That I the crown of life might wear.
 He sat - is - fied the judgment throne, And built for saints a man - sion fair.
 Foun - da - tion in the blood is laid, 'Twill bear the trust - ing soul to heav'n.

REFRAIN.

A - lone, a - lone on Cal - va - ry, The Prince of Peace was cru - ci - fied;

It was to make sal - va - tion free, He came to earth, and bled and died.

What a Precious Friend!

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1. Oh, how great the love of my Sav - ior and King!
 2. He is safe - ly lead - ing a num - ber - less throng,
 3. Ev - 'ry knee shall bend to this won - der - ful King;

Accomp. lightly.

Praise to Him with glad - ness for - ev - er I'll sing;
 for - ev - er I'll sing;
 O - ver - com - ing dai - ly the pow - ers of wrong,
 sor - row and wrong,
 Count - less tongues His prais - es with glad - ness shall sing;
 for - ev - er shall sing;



He de - vised re - demp - tion's all - won - der - ful plan;
 Fill - ing lives and na - tions with won - der - ful joy;
 King - doms of man soon - er or lat - er must fall;



What a pre - cious Friend to the sons of man!
 Prais - es should the hearts of the world em - ploy.
 But for - ev - er Je - sus is Lord of all.

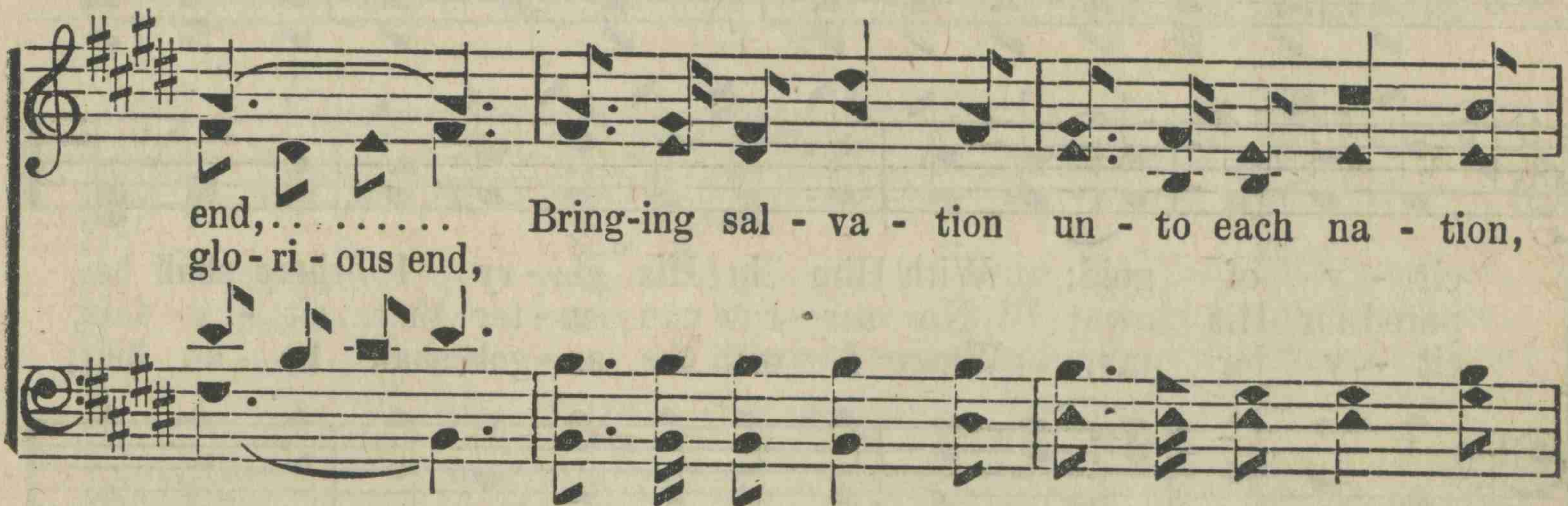


What a Precious Friend—Concluded.

CHORUS.



What a pre - cious Friend,..... Sav - ing to the
Won - der - ful Friend is He,



end,..... Bring - ing sal - va - tion un - to each na - tion,
glo - ri - ous end,



He is the Prince of Love;..... Praise with heart and
mer - cy and love; with



voice,..... Bid the world re - joice;..... Com - fort the
heart and with voice, gladly for - ev - er rejoice;



sad and make the world glad; Praise Him in earth and heav'n a - bove.

Beautiful City of Gold.

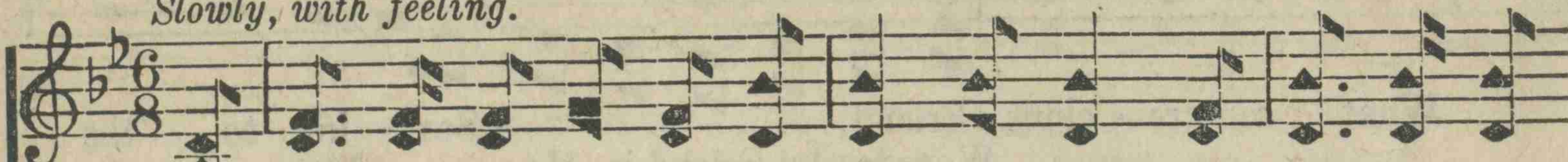
Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Madeline Martin.

J. W. G.

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J. W. GAINES.

Slowly, with feeling.



1. My Sav - ior has gone to pre - pare for me A home in that
2. U - nit - ed with loved ones, that home I'll share, The Sav - ior pre -
3. O won - der - ful Sav - ior to thus pre - pare A place in that



cit - y of gold; With Him in His glo - ry I there shall be,
pared for His own; No sor - row can en - ter that cit - y fair,
cit - y for me, Where I with the an - gels shall be an heir;



REFRAIN.



Its grandeurs to ev - er be - hold. Beau - ti - ful cit - y of
No part - ing will ev - er be known.
En - rap - tured for - ev - er I'll be! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful



gold!..... Won - der - ful home of the soul!..... My du - ty is
cit - y of gold! Won - der - ful, won - der - ful home of the soul!



clear - er as my spir - it goes near - er That beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.



The Hand That Can Save.

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F. L. EILAND.

Mrs. B. B. EDMIASTON.

1. The hand that can save is now reach-ing, With of-fered as-
 2. This mer-ci-ful hand will re-lieve you Of bur-dens so
 3. It has, in its touch, per-fect heal-ing For ev-'ry dark
 4. Es-cape the sad death that's e-ter-nal,—Pre-pare you this

sist-ance to you, And it, a-lone, sin-ner, hath pow-er, The
 heav-y to bear; It nev-er will fail you, my broth-er, It
 stain-ing of sin; O will you come where it can reach you? Thy
 side of the grave; Ac-cept you this hand that is offered,—That's

CHORUS.

shackles of sin to un-do.
 ev-er your sorrow will share. The hand..... that can save.....
 yielding this moment be-gin.
 will-ing and anxious to save. The hand that can save, the hand that can save,

Is reach - - ing for you,..... From shack - - les of
 Is reach-ing for you, is reach-ing for you, From shackles of sin, from

sin..... Thy soul..... to un-do.....
 shack-les of sin Thy soul from its sin to un-do (and save you).

Just Over in the Glory-Land.

JAS. W. ACUFF.

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EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. I've a home pre-pared where the saints a - bide, Just o - ver in the
 2. I am on my way to those man-sions fair, Just o - ver in the
 3. What a joy - ful tho't, that my Lord I'll see, Just o - ver in the
 4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o - ver in the



glo - ry - land; And I long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just
 glo - ry - land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo - ry share, Just
 glo - ry - land; And with kin - dred saved, there for - ev - er be, Just
 glo - ry - land, Glad ho - san - nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just



REFRAIN.



o - ver in the glo - ry - land. Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land,
 Just o - ver, o - ver in the glo - ry - land,



I'll join..... the hap - py an - gel band, Just o - ver in the
 I'll join, yes, join the hap - py an - gel band,



glo - ry - land; Just o - ver in the glo - ry - land, There
 Just o - ver, o - ver in the glo - ry - land. There



Just Over in the Glory-Land—Concluded.

with the might-y host I'll stand, Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land.
with, yes, with the might-y host I'll stand,

66.

Nearing Heaven.

H. L. B.

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H. L. BOYD.

1. We are near-ing heav-en ev-'ry day, Christ is lead-ing and we fol-low Him;
2. When we're tempted, He in love is near; He's our help when trials thick-ly fall;
3. We are drawing near-er ev-'ry day To the mansion bright on heav-en's shore,

We are sing-ing on the homeward way; He will nev-er let our light grow dim.
Trusting Him, no e-vil we shall fear, For He hears and answers ev'ry call.
Where with Christ and loved ones we shall stay, Praising Him with saints forevermore.

CHORUS.

With the Sav-ior gent-ly lead-ing, We are nearing heav-en bright and fair;
With the Sav-ior gen-tly lead-ing,

He will lead us by His mer-cy To the home of joy beyond compare.
He will lead us by His mer-cy

I Am Trusting Him.

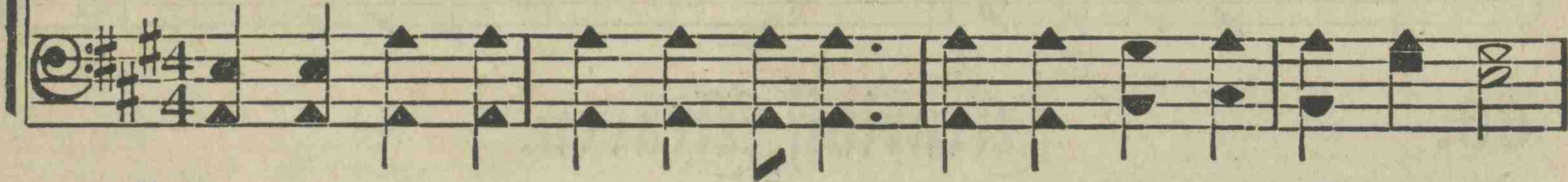
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Miss CARRIE MOODY.

D. W. MOODY.



1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Mas - ter of the wind and wave;
2. Je - sus left His home in glo - ry, Came to earth for man to die—
3. When at last this mor - tal bod - y Shall be laid with - in the grave,



'Tis the meek and low - ly Je - sus, And I'm trust - ing Him to save.
Paid the price of full sal - va - tion For poor mor - tals, such as I.
He will call my spir - it to Him, For I'm trust - ing Him to save.



REFRAIN.



I am trust - ing, trust - ing Him, I am
Trust - ing Him, I am trust - ing, trust - ing Him, Trust - ing Him,



trusting, trusting Him, Though the billows round me roll;
I am trusting, trusting Him,



I am trusting, trusting Him, I am
Trust - ing Him, I am trust - ing, trusting Him, Trust - ing Him,



I Am Trusting Him—Concluded.

trusting, trusting Him, Trusting Christ to save my soul.
I am trusting, trusting Him,

68.

In Gethsemane, Alone.

S. E. R.

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S. E. REED.

1. Oh, what wondrous love I see Free-ly shown for you and me,
2. "Tar-ry here," He told the three, "Tar-ry here and watch with Me;"
3. Long in anguish deep was He, Weep-ing there for you and me,

By the One who did a - tone! Pros-trate on His sa - cred face,
But they heard no bit - ter moan, For the three dis - ci - ples slept
For our sin to Him was known. We should love Him ev - er - more

D. S.—His for - ev - er I will be
rit. **FINE.**

Je - sus suf-ered for the race, In Geth-sem - a - ne, a - lone.
While my lov - ing Sav - ior wept In Geth-sem - a - ne, a - lone.
For the an-guish that He bore In Geth-sem - a - ne, a - lone.

For the love He gave to me, When He suffered all a - lone.
REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Oh, what love, matchless love, Oh, what love.... for me was shown!
Oh, what love, matchless love, Oh, what love for me was shown!

69. What Will You Do With His Love?

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J. E. J.

J. E. JOHNSON.

1. If you have long wandered far from the Lord, Cast - ing all
2. Je - sus came down from a bliss - ful a - bode; Suf - fered on
3. Je - sus left work here on earth to be done, And He is

mer - cies a - side, Is it not time now that you should return?
Cal - v'ry for you; Do you not think you should honor such love,
call - ing to you; Should you not en - ter His serv - ice to - day?

CHORUS.

Think of His love and de - cide.
Work for Him, to Him be true? What will you do with His
Broth - er, oh, what will you do?

won - der - ful love, Love He has shown for your soul? Will you not

work to dwell with Him a - bove, While countless a - ges shall roll?

It Was Sunrise for My Soul.


JAMES ROWE.

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R. L. McCLURE.



1. When the Sav - ior made my sin de - part And I gave to
 2. When I turned from sin and fixed my gaze On the spir - it's
 3. When I knew that Je - sus bent a - bove, When I knew that





Him con - trol, Bless - ed love - light flood - ed all my heart—It was
 shin - ing goal, All my fear was gone, I was filled with praise—It was
 I was whole, And could feel His might - y arms of love, It was





CHORUS.




sun-rise for my soul. It was sun - - - rise, bless - ed
 It was sun - rise, bless - ed sun-rise, It was

sun - - - rise, It was sun - rise for my soul; Love's e -
 sun-rise, bless - ed sun - rise,

ter - nal light took a-way the night—It was sun-rise for my soul.




Tell the Story.



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B. B. EDMIASTON.



A. G. GODLEY.




1. Oh, how sweet to tell the sto-ry, Of the won-drous King of glo - ry,
2. Tell it out with ju - bi - la - tion, Make it known to ev - 'ry na - tion,
3. Stand ye i - dle here no lon - ger, La - bor if you would grow stronger,

How He bro't sal - va - tion for the soul; It is full of love and gladness;
How Im-man-uel died to save from sin; Live it, sing it, preach it, shout it,
Ask the Lord your foot-steps to at - tend; Promise sweet! He'll ne'er forsake you,

It will drive a - way all sad-ness; Let the bless-ed ti-dings ev - er roll.
Till no soul on earth can doubt it; Has-ten now and bring the wan-d'ers in.
Glorious tho't! At last He'll take you To a life of joy that can - not end.



D. S.—All the faith-ful shall be crowned a-bove.

CHORUS.



Tell it ev'ry day (yes), Sing and preach and pray, Let your life portray the Savior's




love; On a com-ing, bright to-mor-row, Freed from ev'-ry tho't of sor - row,




He is Always Near.


JAMES ROWE.

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A. D. WALL.



1. I am press-ing on in the light of love, And will fol - low Christ to the
 2. He has rolled my bur-den of sin a - way, And has changed my night into
 3. Some de-light-ful day I shall see His face, And with heaven's throng praise re-




world a-bove; He has blessed my life, made me pure within, And by grace di-vine
 per - fect day; I will tell His love to the lost and lone, And in hap-py song
 deeming grace; Some delightful day in the world a - bove I shall sing and tell



CHORUS.



I shall con-quer sin. Praise . . . His ho - ly name, . . .
 make His mercy known.
 of my Saviour's love. Praise His ho - ly name, His name, His ho - ly name,




He . . . is always near; He . . . will keep by
 He is al-ways near, is near, is al-ways near; He will keep by love, by




love, . . . Till I reach . . . my home above.
 love, will keep by love, Till I reach my home a - bove, my home a - bove. (my home a - bove.)



Scatter the Love-Light.

JAMES ROWE.

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A. H. THRASH.



1. Scat-ter the precious love-light O-ver the drear-y way, Work for the lov-ing
2. Scat-ter the precious love-light, Scatter it far and near, Out in the bus-y
3. Scat-ter the precious love-light, Scatter it all the while, Giv-ing to oth-ers



Sav-ior Will-ing-ly day by day; Tell of His grace and mercy, Tell of His
highways, Down in the valleys drear; Help the di-vine Re-deem-er Sinners from
comfort, Helping the sad to smile; Tell-ing the gos-pel sto-ry, Fac-ing the



sav - ing love, Strive for the crown of glo - ry Wait-ing the true a - bove.
death to save; Tell of the cru - el thorn-crown, Tell of the life He gave.
world's dark frown, Scat-ter the precious love-light Till you receive the crown.



CHORUS.



Scat - ter, scat - ter Scatter it all a - long the way;
Scat-ter the love-light, scat-ter the love-light,



Scat - ter, scat - ter, Scat-ter the pre-cious love to - day.
Scat-ter the love-light, scat-ter the love-light,



In the Fight for God.

E. M.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. EVERITT MICKEY.



1. We're soldiers in the fight for God, We're trust-ing in His
 2. We're fighting bravely for the Lord, And soon the land we
 3. We're growing stronger ev - 'ry day; We know that when the
 1. for God,



ho - ly word; This way the saints and martyrs trod,
 shall pos-sess; Our ar - my moves with one ac-cord,
 war is done, Each faith-ful soul with Christ shall stay,
 His word; martyrs trod,



REFRAIN.



And gained the vict'ry thro' the Lord. }
 A - bid - ing in His righteousness. } We're in the fight for God and
 And sing a song of vic-t'ry won. } for



right, Our Lead-er gives us cour-age true; We're
 God and right, cour-age true;



trusting in our Saviour's might, With Him each foe we shall sub - due.
 wondrous might,



I'll Take Jesus.

K. C. M.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. KENNEY C. MOSER.



1. I'll take Je - sus wher-e'er I go, He'll up - hold me, He
 2. When temp-ta - tions would lead a - stray, He is with me to
 3. Tho' I view from the heights of fame All the glo - ries that



loves me so; He'll be with me un-to the end, For He's
 show the way; He'll di - rect me to heav'n a - bove, Bless - ed
 earth can name, With Him ev - er my soul shall be; "Je - sus



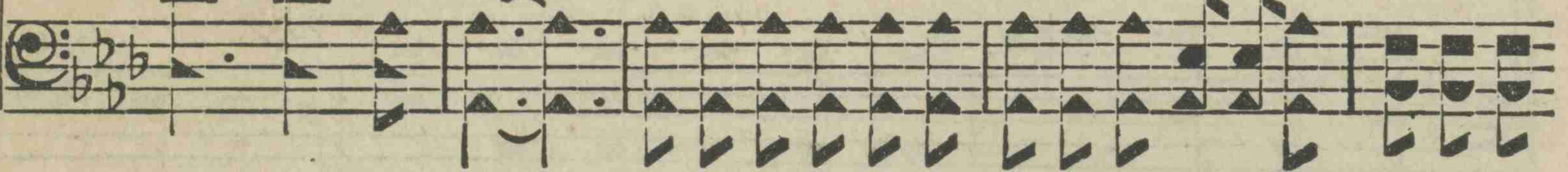
CHORUS.



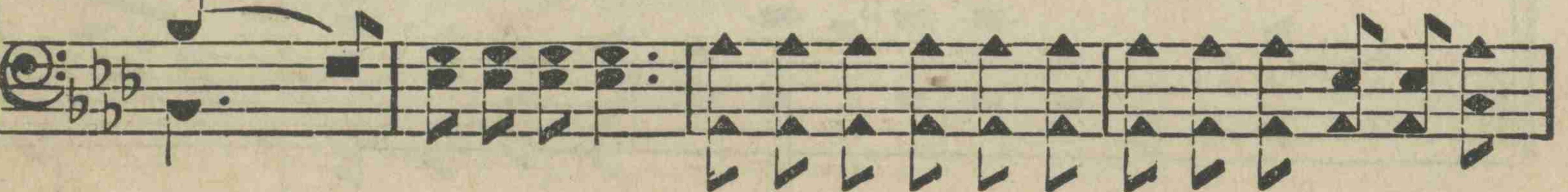
prom-ised to be my friend. I'll take Je - sus wher-
 Sav - iour, the Prince of love. Je-sus, my Friend, wher-
 is all the world to me." I will take Jesus, I'll take Him and trust Him, wher-



ev - er I go, And His mer - cy to oth-
 mer-cy and love to oth-ers I'll
 And His great mercy, His mer-cy and love un-to oth-ers I'll



ers I will show; . . . He will lead me to
 lead me a - long to
 show, . . . glad-ly will show; Safe - ly He'll lead me, yes, safe - ly He'll lead me to



I'll Take Jesus—Concluded.

mansions a - bove, Where I'll praise Him, the Prince of love.
Where I shall dwell with the ransomed and praise the Prince of love.

76.

Walking With the Saviour.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

Controlled by The Trio Music Co.

VAUDA E. BLACK.

1. O how sweet to walk with Je - sus, And to dwell in His redeeming love;
2. When the foes of earth surround us, When the rag - ing storms about us beat;
3. All the way He goes be - fore us, Leading us to - ward the heav'nly goal;

From all sin His pow - er frees us, We shall reach the mansions bright above.
We are safe—naught can confound us—In His arms we find a sure re - treat.
His pro - tect - ing wings are o'er us, We shall reach the homeland of the soul.

REFRAIN.

Walk - ing with the Sav - iour, Walk - ing with the Sav - iour,
Walk - ing with the bless - ed Sav - iour, While the mo - ments on - ward roll, And

By His lov - ing fa - vor We shall reach the homeland of the soul.
by His lov - ing, lov - ing fa - vor

There'll Be Light At the Crossing.

G. M. ROSS.

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H. W. ELLIOTT.

1. When I come to cross the cold, dark riv - er, To that hap - py land of
 2. Man - y foes may oft - en here sur - round me, And their wick - ed darts at
 3. I am long - ing for that hap - py greet - ing By the an - gels, when I

peace a - bove, I will fear no e - vil, for my Sav - iour Will up -
 me be hurled, But from these my soul shall be de - liv - ered, For I'm
 cross the tide; O how glo - ri - ous will be the meet - ing With my

CHORUS.

hold me with His hand of love.
 go - ing to the glo - ry - world. There'll be light at the crossing of the riv - er,
 Sav - iour on the oth - er side!

And the Sav - iour will be there to guide me o'er; There'll be light at the

cross - ing of the riv - er, When I cross to the oth - er shore.

Wonderful Revival Times are Coming.

JAMES ROWE.

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E. H. SHELTON.



1. Eyes are up-ward turn-ing, hearts for peace are yearn-ing, More and more the
2. Hosts of sin are los-ing, mor-tals Christ are choos-ing, Men are tired of
3. Tell the grand old sto-ry, mag-ni-fy its glo-ry, Spread a-far its



name of Christ we hear; Earth is growing brighter, souls are growing whi-ter,—
 life in low-lands drear; Fet-ters they are breaking, plains of gladness seeking,—
 truth and light and cheer; Sin-ners tire of sin-ning, Je-sus Christ is winning,—



CHORUS.



Won-der-ful re-vi-val times are near. Won-der-ful re-vi-val times are



com-ing, Sing, ye Chris-tians all, a song of cheer; Souls for peace are yearning,



wan-der-ers re-turn-ing,—Won-der-ful re-vi-val times are near.



Keep Trusting.

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B. B. EDMIASTON.

O. C. COODY.



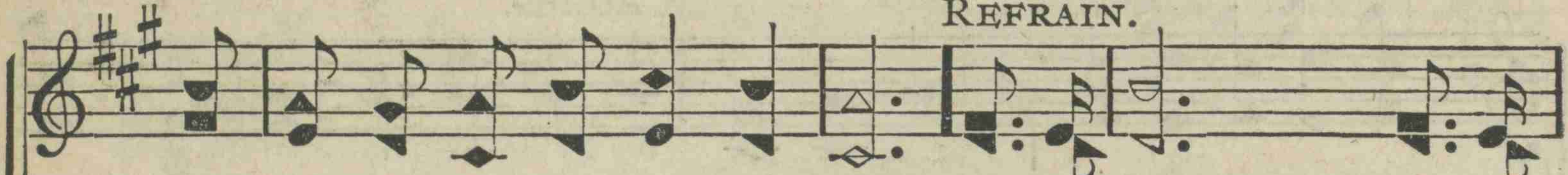
1. As you trav-el on your journey here be-low, Keep trusting in the
2. In the darkest night or in the bright-est day, Keep trusting in the
3. Pointing sinners to the precious Lamb of God, Keep trusting in the



Sav-ior's love; With a song of glad-ness chase a - way all woe,
 Sav-ior's love; Help the weak and wear-y all a - long the way,
 Sav-ior's love; News of free sal - va - tion ev - er spread a - broad,



REFRAIN.



Keep trust-ing in the Sav-ior's love. All the way, all the
 All the way,



way, all the way, Keep trusting in the Sav-ior's love; Be a bless-ing



to some-bod-y ev - 'ry day; Keep trusting in the Sav-ior's love.



They're Shivering in the Cold.

J. F. M.

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J. F. MAYFIELD.



1. Out in the world where the chill-y winds blow, Man - y, yes, man - y are
2. Out in the cold man-y wan-der to - day, Far from their loved ones, their
3. Out in the world, my dear brother, to - day, Some of your friends are now
4. Out in the world, shall it ev - er be thus, Thousands must wan-der and



shiv-'ring in the cold; Pray-ing for bread and for rai-ment each day,
 coun-try and their home; On-ward they go, thro' the sleet and the snow,
 shiv-'ring in the cold; O - pen your door and in - vite them in - side,
 shiv - er in the cold? God is not mocked, my dear broth-er and friend,



CHORUS.



Suf - fer-ing ag - o - nies, bit - ter, un - told.
 Friends here forsook them and left them to roam. Hear them now cry
 They are in need of a shel - ter - ing fold.
 Give them a check on your sil - ver and gold. Hear them, oh, hear them now cry, now cry,



In a plain - - tive, soft tone, "Gone are my
 In a plain-tive, yes, plain-tive, soft tone, soft tone, "Gone are my loved ones and



friends, My for - - tune, my health, my home."
 friends, my friends, My for - tune, my for - tune, my health, my home."




In My Father's Home in Glory.

CARRIE LEE BOWYER. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.


BEN PARRISH.



1. In my Father's home in glo-ry I can lay my burdens down; There e-
 2. In my Father's home in glo-ry Loving friends for me a-wait, And their
 3. In my Father's home in glo-ry Sin can nev-er harm me there; Tears will

ter-nal peace awaits me When I wear the victor's crown; For with Je-sus
 fa-ces smile a welcome As I near the pearl-y gate; Soon my bark will
 nev-er leave their tra-ces On the fa-ces bright and fair; In my Fa-ther's




close be-side me I shall know no sor-row there; In my Fa-ther's home in
 reach the har-bor Of that shin-ing, gold-en shore; In my Fa-ther's home in
 home in glo-ry Wear-y feet no lon-ger roam, For with Je-sus ev-er



CHORUS.



glo-ry There is gladness ev'rywhere. There is rest . . . and home sweet
 glo-ry, There'll be joy forevermore.
 near me, There'll be rest and home, sweet home. There is rest and home sweet home, There is




home, Home, home, sweet home; In my Fa-ther's home in
 rest and home, sweet home, In my Father's home in glo-ry, In my



In My Father's Home in Glory—Concluded.

glo - ry, There is rest and home, sweet home.
 Father's home in glo-ry, There is rest, yes, there is rest and home, sweet home. (sweet home.)

82.

There is Work for You.

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. VAUDA E. BLACK.

1. There's a sto - ry sweet to tell, There are souls to save from sin; Go and
 2. There is sor - row all a - round, There is sad - ness ev - 'ry - where; Souls are
 3. There are bur - dens to be borne All a - long the up - ward way; Brave - ly

REFRAIN.

seek the wand'ring ones, To the Saviour bring them in.
 hun - ger - ing for love, Give to each a word of cheer. Faithful la - bor - ers are
 bear your ev - 'ry part, Do your du - ty ev - 'ry day.

few (are few) In the vine - yard of the Lord, In the vine - yard of the Lord;

There is work for you to do, (to do,) Life e - ter - nal, the re - ward.

If You Have a Blessing.

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JAMES ROWE.

J. C. PERRY.



1. If you have a bless-ing In your heart to spare, Love for God ex-press-ing,
2. Dai-ly do your du - ty For the Mas - ter dear; Grow in grace and beau - ty
3. If you tell His sto - ry, If you light-en care, In His home in glo - ry



Oth - ers troub - les share: Man - y souls are sigh - ing, Man - y hearts are drear,
In His vine - yard here: Man - y souls are wear - y, Man - y chil - dren sigh;
You the crown shall wear. Work for Him with gladness, Work for Him with love,



CHORUS.



Man - y slow - ly dy - ing Now for cheer.
Speak the sentence cheery Pass - ing by. If you have a blessing, Love for God ex -
Till, from sin and sadness, Safe a - bove.



press - ing, Faith in Him con - fess - ing, Give it out to - day; Man - y hearts have



sad - ness, Com - fort them you may; Scat - ter cheer and gladness All the way.



Won't You Come In?

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B. B. EDMIASTON.

GEO. JONES.

1. Oh, sin - ner, why tar - ry a - way From Je - sus, who
2. Come in - to His king - dom just now, He's ten - der - ly
3. The judg - ment is com - ing to all, Oh, what, for your

died on the tree? Ac - cept His free par - don to -
call - ing for thee; Come, and at the mer - cy - seat
soul, could you say? You know this may be the last

day;..... A won - der - ful Sav - ior is He!.....
bow,..... From sin and its stain - ings be free.....
call,..... Then, why not ac - cept it to - day?.....

REFRAIN.

He'll save you from sin, And take all your sor - row a - way;

Oh, won't you come in, — Come, in to the Sav - ior to - day.

If You Knew Him.

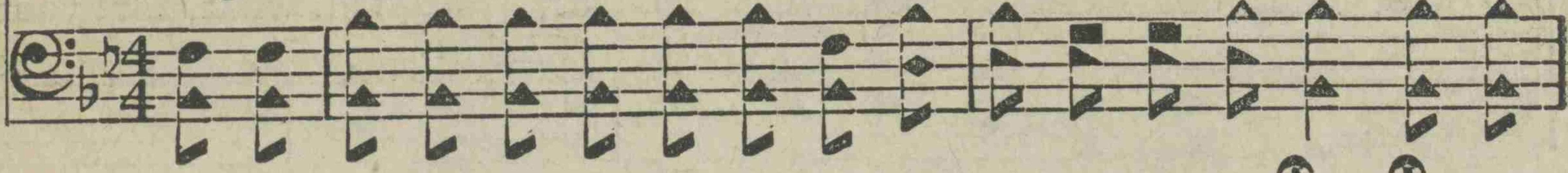
JAMES ROWE.

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JAMES W. MARTIN.



1. If your soul is sad and wear-y, if your path is steep and drear, Or you
2. Worldly friends will linger with you, while the sun is shining bright, But when
3. He is pleading, sweetly pleading, for your love He wants to win; He would



bend in grief and sor-row and no earth-ly friend is near, Why not
 tempests beat up - on you they will leave you in your plight; Je - sus
 brighten all your future, shield your soul from shame and sin; At your



let the lov-ing Saviour give you cour-age, love and cheer? If you
 nev - er would forsake you, but would make all bur-dens light; If you
 heart's door He is knocking, won't you let this dear One in? If you



D. S. — If you

FINE. CHORUS.



knew Him you would love Him. If you knew Him I am
 If you knew Him



knew Him (If you knew Him) you would love Him.



sure that you would love Him; You will seek in vain to find a friend a-



If You Knew Him—Concluded.

D. S.

bove Him; He would lighten all your care, ev-'ry pain and sorrow share;

86. Jesus Will Be Your Friend.

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. JOHN W. WOOLARD.

1. When your path is bright and fair, Or when clouds of dark de - spair
2. Trust and serve Him ev - er-more, While on earth His name a - dore;
3. Ev - 'ry doubt He'll take a - way, Turn the darkest night to day,

Flood your way with grief and care, Je - sus will be your Friend.
 Till you reach the oth - er shore, Je - sus will be your Friend.
 If to Him, in faith, you pray;— Je - sus will be your Friend.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will be your precious Friend, Je - sus will be your precious Friend;

Praise and a-dore Him ev - er-more, Je - sus will be your Friend.

Wondrous Love.

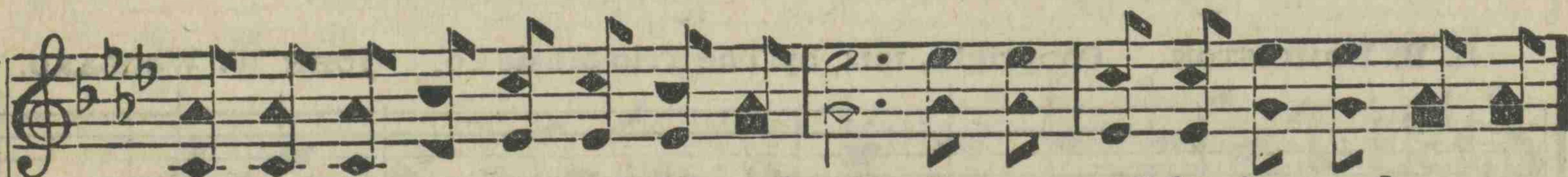
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B. B. EDMIASTON.

O. L. FRANCIS.



1. I am walk-ing with my Saviour, And I share His loving fa-vor; He is
2. Tho' I sometimes taste of sadness, Je-sus gives such peace and gladness That my
3. I re-joice to the sto-ry That has bro't to us such glo-ry, I shall



guid-ing me to mansions bright a-bove; I was wand'ring lone and wear-y,
soul is o-ver-flow-ing with His praise; He will be my com-fort ev-er,
sing it o-ver on the oth-er shore; Where no sin can ev-er en-ter,



On sin's mountain cold and dreary, When He saved my dying soul by His love.
Naught His precious love can sever; Songs of hon-or to His name I will raise.
In the bright e-ter-nal cen-ter, 'Round the great white throne of God, ev-er-more.



CHORUS.



Won-drous love of Christ my King, I will
oh, wondrous love, love of Christ my King,



tell it o'er and o'er, And in glo-ry
I will gladly tell, tell it o'er and o'er, And in glo-ry bright



Wondrous Love—Concluded.

I shall sing of His love, . . . for-ev-er - more.
I shall sweetly sing Of His wondrous love for-ev-er-more. (for-ev-er-more.)

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

88.

In the Beyond.

WALTER N. IRWIN. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. ANDREW IRWIN.

1. Be-yond this gloom-y vale of care There is a land all bright and fair,
2. There we shall sing a hap-py song With heaven's great, unnumbered throng;
3. The Lord prepared for all His blest A home of per-fect peace and rest;

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a grand staff.

Where we for-ev-er shall a-bide In peace with all the glo-ri-fied.
While countless a-ges come and go, We'll dwell where liv-ing wa-ters flow.
He bids us serve Him here be-low, And His great love to oth-ers show.

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a grand staff.

CHORUS.

In that fair land of pure de-light, Un-end-ing day ex-cludes the night;

Musical notation for the third system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a grand staff.

With-in its bor-ders we shall sing The praise of Christ, our Lord and King.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is on a grand staff.

The Beautiful Land.

B. B. EDMASTON.

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G. W. SMITH.

1. There's a beautiful land where the flow'rs ever bloom, And where nothing can
 2. Christ, the Sav-ior, is victor o'er death and the grave, And He's gone to pre-
 3. When with saints of all a - ges and loved ones we meet, Oh, the soul thrilling

ev - er de-cay, Where the saved with the Lord shall for-ev-er a - bide,
 pare us a home; When the la - bor and sor - row of earth all are past,
 rapture 'twill bring; Thro' the a-ges e - ter-nal we'll sing songs of love,

FINE. CHORUS.

Where for - ev - er 't is one bless-ed day. Love-ly land, bright,
 He will bid all the ransomed to come.
 Prais - ing Je - sus, our Sav-ior and King. Love-ly land,.....bright, beautiful

D.S.—*And the glo-ry of Christ we shall share.*

beau-ti - ful, beau-ti-ful land, Where there cometh no sor - row or care;
 land,.....

Long lost friends will meet us, will meet us up there,
 Long lost friends..... will meet us up there,.....

Happy in Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

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JOEL W. LENNON.

1. I am hap-py now, for the Lord is mine, And my sins are washed away; As I
 2. He has saved my soul from e-ter-nal death By His great redeeming love; So I'll
 3. He will keep me true, He will keep me strong, Till my trials here are o'er; Then His

go a-long I am praising love divine, For I'm happy in His love ev'ry day (ev'ry day).
 praise His name evermore, with joyous breath, Till I see Him in His glo-ry a-bove (above).
 saving love evermore shall be my song, When we meet upon the beautiful shore (goldenshore).

CHORUS.

Hap-py am I, Al-ways so hap-py am I, press-ing a-long, Joy-ous-ly press-ing a-long,

Sing-ing sweet-ly ev-'ry day; ev-'ry day; He is my joy, He is my peace and my joy,

He is my song; Al-ways my hap-pi-est song; Hap-py in Je - - - sus ev-'ry day. Hap-py in Je - sus ev-'ry day, ev-'ry day.

Come, Sinner, Come.

B. B. BATEMAN.

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L. O. CHASTEEN.



1. Wayward soul, be-lieve the gos - pel of the matchless Son of God, Come to
 2. Oh, to - day ac-cept the Sav-iour as your ev - er - last - ing King, Sim - ply
 3. Leave the path of sin and en - ter now the shin-ing, gos - pel way Which the



Je - sus who is waiting now to bless; Take to-day the shining pathway which the
 lean up-on His mighty strength to save; If you come to Him be-liev-ing, and a
 lov-ing Saviour marked for you and me; Hear Him pleading now in mercy, oh, ac-



saints and mar-tyrs trod, That your soul may live in peace and happiness. (and hap-pi-ness.)
 heart repent-ant bring, O - ver you His blessed banner soon shall wave. (yes, soon shall wave.)
 cept Him while you may; Know the truth and it shall surely make you free. ('twill make you free.)



CHORUS.



Sin-ner, come, oh, come just now; Come to
 Sin - ner, come to Je - sus now, oh, come just now;



God's dear Son, - the Life, the Truth, the Way; Sinner, come, and humbly
 Sin - ner, come, O sin - ner, come,



Come, Sinner, Come—Concluded.

bow;
and humbly bow;

The Re-deem-er of - fers par-don free to - day.

O sin-ner, come.

92.

Over Yonder.

E. E. B.

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E. E. BUCHANAN.

1. O - ver yon - der, by and by, When earth has passed a - way,
2. O - ver yon - der I shall rest, When la - bor here is done;
3. O - ver yon - der I shall meet With loved ones gone be - fore,

I shall dwell in peace and love Thro' one e - ter - nal day.
Sor - rows all for - ev - er gone, And joy e - ter - nal won.
'Round the great, white throne of love To dwell for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.

O - ver yon - der, by and by, Where sor - rows can - not come,

I shall join the white-robed throng, And dwell with Christ at home.

The Home Eternal.

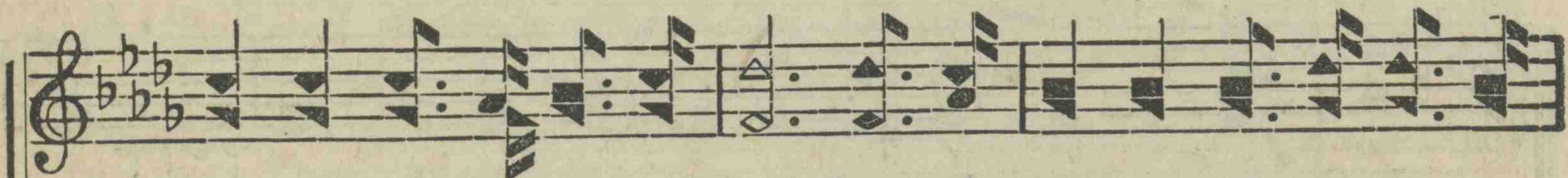
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S. E. REED.

R. R. LYNN.



1. When our pil - grim jour - ney here on earth is o'er, And we
2. There will be no weep - ing, pain or world - ly care, When we
3. Wait - ing by the riv - er, is the ran - somed throng, There to



reach that bright e - ter - nal shore, Songs of praise and hon - or we will
 reach that land so bright and fair; But, with great re - joic - ing, we will
 greet us with a hap - py song; Hap - py hal - le - lu - jahs! We will



CHORUS.



ev - er sing Un - to Christ, our blessed Lord and King.
 ev - er be Free from sor - row, — saved e - ter - nal - ly. Home of beauty,
 ev - er sing Glo - ry, glo - ry to our Lord and King.



land so rich and rare, Heav' nly sun - light beaming ev' rywhere! How my



soul in rapture now would fly a - way, To that land of one eternal day.



But This I Know.

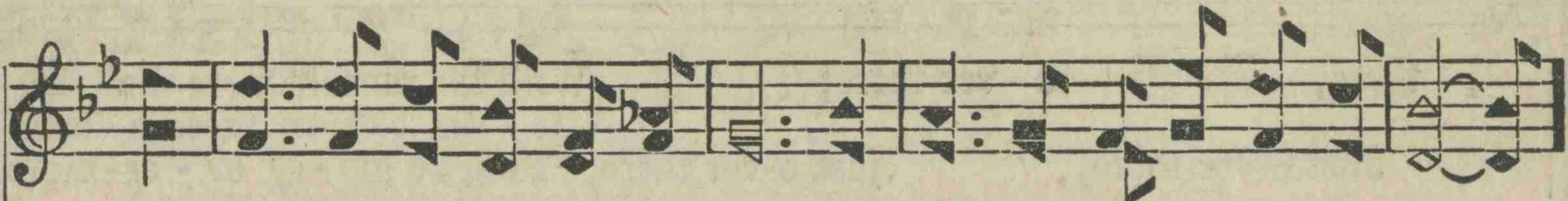
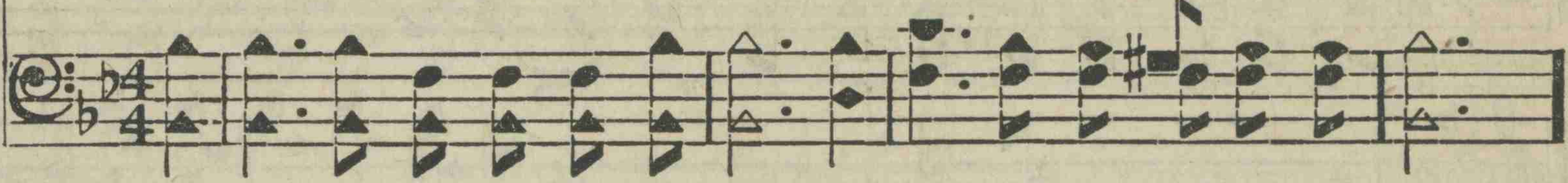
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JAMES ROWE.

J. C. PERRY.



1. I do not know how Christ could die For such a sinful soul as I;
2. I do not know how He could grieve O'er one who would not Him receive;
3. I do not know how grace can raise A sunken soul and bless his days;
4. I do not know why still in love He sends me blessings from a-bove;



But this I know: My voice shall soar In hap-py prais-es ev - er - more.
 But this I know: I love Him now And low in ad - o - ra - tion bow.
 But this I know: It lift-ed me And will for - ev - er keep me free.
 But this I know: I trust His grace And hope to meet Him face to face.



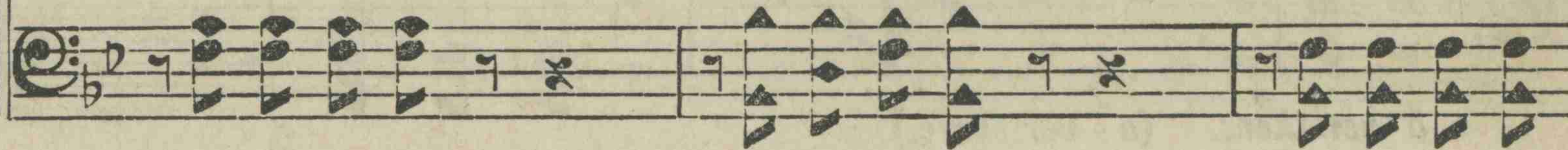
CHORUS.



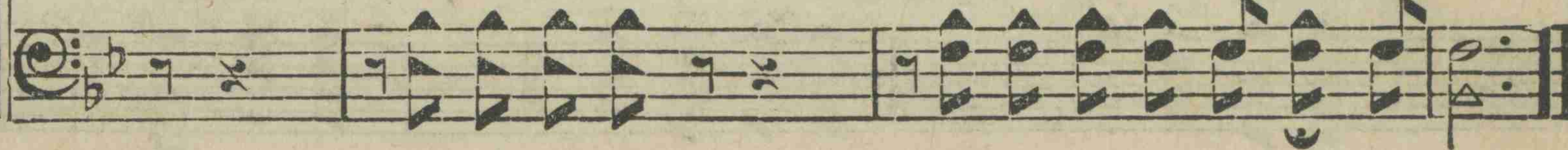
I can-not tell,..... I do not know..... How Christ my
 I can-not tell, I do not know



Lord..... could love me so;..... But this I know:.....
 How Christ my Lord could love me so; But this I know:



He free-ly gave..... His precious life my soul to save.
 He free-ly gave His pre-cious life



Over There.

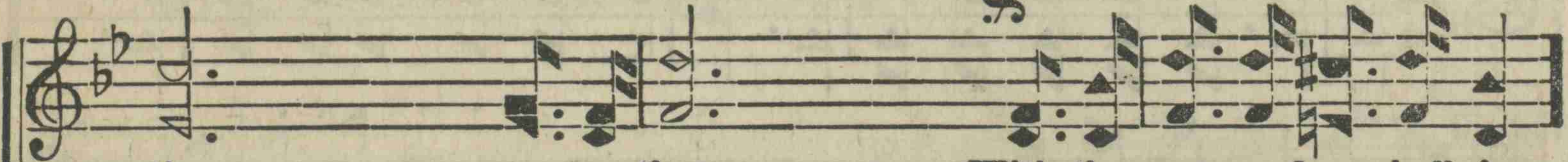
W. F. H.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.

W. F. HIGH.



1. There's a land be-yond the sky Where sweet pleasures nev - er die, O - ver
2. Though we meet with sorrow here, Soon the clouds will dis - ap - pear, O - ver
3. Friends and loved ones for us wait, They will greet us at the gate, O - ver



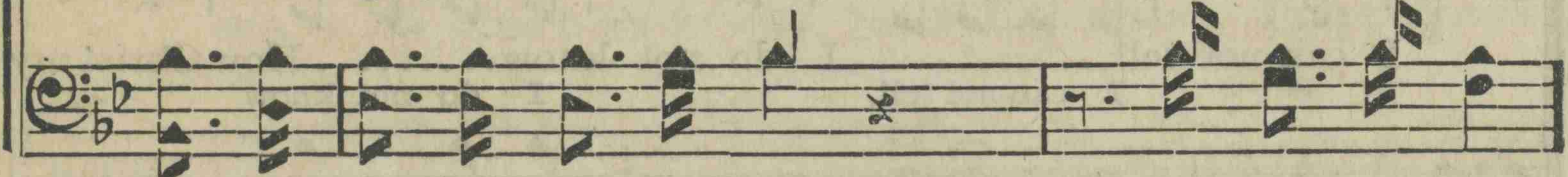
there, o - ver there; With the ransomed we shall sing
 Je - sus bids us press a - long
 Just o - ver there, just o - ver there; 'Twill be glo - ry ev - er - more



D.S.— We shall sing redemption's song



Prais - es to the Lord and King, O - ver there, (Just o - ver there,)
 Tow'rd the hap - py land of song, O - ver there, (Just o - ver there,)
 On the bright, e - ter - nal shore, O - ver there, (Just o - ver there,)



While the a - ges roll a - long, O - ver there, (Just o - ver there,)

FINE. CHORUS.



o - ver there. (o - ver there.) We shall meet, (Yes, we shall meet,) o - ver



o - ver there. (o - ver there.)



there, (just over there,) In that home bright and fair;
 That happy home so bright and fair;



D. S.

'Tis Harvest Time.

Laurene Highfield.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



- 1. Hast-en to the reaping where the fields are broad and fair, Take your sickle
- 2. Hast-en to the reaping where the scythes are swinging free, Gather up the
- 3. Hast-en to the reap-ing and the la-bor wait-ing there, Till the close of



bright, See the sheaves are white; Low their heads are bending with the wealth of sheaves, Waste the Master grieves; 'Mong the tares and brambles many gold-en day, Do - ing all you may; 'He who rules the har-vest will sus-tain you



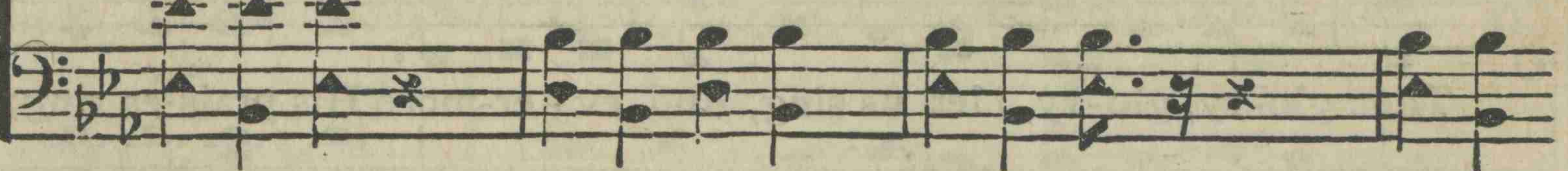
CHORUS.



grain they bear, In the gold-en light.
 grains will be, Sort them from the leaves. 'Tis harvest time, the sheaves are
 in His care, Haste then, haste a - way. 'Tis har-vest, harvest time, the



white, Haste a - way, haste a - way;.... 'Tis har-vest time,...
 sheaves are white, Haste a - way, yes, haste a - way; har - vest



..... the day is bright, To the wait-ing fields a - way.
 time, the day is bright, haste a - way.



Hosanna to the King.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

Copyright, 1913, by J. W. Acuff.

JAS. W. ACUFF.

1. My Sav - ior bled..... on Cal - va - ry,..... Yes, shed His
2. For me He died,..... yet rose a - gain,..... And now He
3. Just now He waits,..... be - side me stands,..... The prints of
4. I'll ev - er to..... Him humbly pray..... That He for-

i. My Sav-ior bled on Cal-va-ry,

blood..... for you and me;..... He bore the cross,.....
 guides..... the sons of men;..... In paths of truth.....
 nails..... are in His hands;..... A riv - en side.....
 give..... and take a - way..... Sin's grievous load, - ..

Yes, shed His blood for you and me; He bore the cross,

endured the pain,..... And died, the sin - - ner to re - claim.
 and righteousness,..... Each soul to aid,..... and all to bless.
 a thorn - pressed brow,.... By faith, I see..... so plainly now.
 my soul set free;..... He'll spurn me not;..... He died for me.

endured the pain, And died, the sinner to re - claim,

CHORUS. *Lively.*

Then glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, And ev - er - more His prais - es ring;

Ho - san - na to His matchless love, Ho - san - na to the King a - bove.

98. Get Ready to Stand at the Judgment Bar.

JENNIE WILSON.

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LEON CHISM.

1. O seek for par-don, no lon - ger wait, If still in the bondage of
 2. Pre - pare to stand at the bar on high, Where soon will be gathered both
 3. Let Je - sus break all the bonds of sin, By His ho - ly touch make you
 4. O - bey the Sav-iour in faith and love, And slight not the call that you

sin you are; When death draws near it may be too late, Get
 great and small; While time so swift - ly is pass - ing by, Re-
 glad and free; Sal - va - tion's com - fort and joy with - in, Bring
 plain - ly hear; Then He will plead for your soul a - bove, When

CHORUS.

read - y to stand at the Judg - ment Bar.
 spond to the mer - ci - ful Sav-iour's call. Get read - y to stand at the
 joy that en - dures thro' e - ter - ni - ty. you shall be - fore the Great Judge ap - pear.

Judg - ment Bar, Get read - y to stand at the Judgment Bar; Ere life's brief

day shall have passed a - way, Get read - y to stand at the Judgment Bar.

99. When We Gather on the Plains of Glory.

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JAMES ROWE.

CURTIS J. WILLIAMS.



1. Heart and voice we shall employ In a ring-ing song of joy, When we
2. Our Re-deem-er will be there, With the saints and an-gels fair, When we
3. We shall all re-joice that we Trust-ed Him who makes us free, When we



gath-er on the plains of Glo - ry; We shall all be hap-py then,
gath-er on the plains of Glo - ry; We shall meet Him face to face,
gath-er on the plains of Glo - ry; All for - ev - er will be well,



And shall nev-er sigh a-gain, When we gath-er on the plains of Glo-ry.
With the throng redeemed by grace, When we gath-er on the plains of Glo-ry.
For with Jesus we shall dwell, When we gath-er on the plains of Glo-ry.



CHORUS.



When we gath - - er on the plains of Glo - ry, When we
When we gath - er



reach..... the end of life's sad sto-ry, Heart and voice we shall employ
When we reach



When We Gather on the Plains—Concluded.

in a ring-ing song of joy, When we gather on the plains of Glo-ry.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment.

100.

Glory Over There.

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J. H. CRAWFORD.

J. E. WASHBURN.

1. There's a man-sion free from sor-row, In a land of beau-ty rare,
2. Tho' the way is rough and thorn-y, And the burdens great we bear,
3. 'T will be sweet to meet with loved ones, And their blest communion share;

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment.

Where the soul shall rest from la - bor;—All is glo - ry o - ver there.
Christ will gen - tly lead us on - ward; Soon His glory we shall share.
Naught of earth can give such pleas-ure, All is glo - ry o - ver there.

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, won-drous glo - ry, With the Sav-ior we shall share;
Glo - ry, glo - ry,

Musical notation for the first part of the chorus, including a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment.

Glo - ry, won-drous glo - ry, All is glo - ry o - ver there.
Glo - ry, glo - ry,

Musical notation for the second part of the chorus, including a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment.

What A Gathering, After Awhile!

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JAMES ROWE.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Joy up-lifts us, whenever we gath-er here, Praise to sing to the
 2. That our love for our Savior may here be shown, Strong in spirit, we
 3. Soon no longer on earth we shall sing His praise, But in heaven shall

name of our Sav-ior dear, For we know that His Spir-it is
 gath-er a-round His throne, Find-ing pleasures and joys to the
 gath-er, our songs to raise, Sing-ing sweet-er than ev-er in

al - ways near; But what a gath-er-ing, aft-er a - while!.....
 world un-known; But what a gath-er-ing, aft-er a - while!.....
 earth - ly days; Oh, what a gath-er-ing, aft-er a - while!.....

CHORUS.

What a gath-er-ing aft-er a - while,.....
 What a gath-er-ing aft-er a - while,

When we meet on that "Beau-ti-ful Isle!"
 meet on that "Beau-ti - ful Isle!"

What A Gathering After Awhile—Concluded.

When with an-gels and sa-ges we crown the King of the
 a - ges! Oh, what a gath-er - ing aft - er a - while!.....

102.

What Next?

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JAMES ROWE.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

1. Long, long ago, you lost your song, You know that you are living wrong,
 2. You hear the Savior's tender voice, And know that He should be your choice,
 3. You say "an-oth-er day I'll wait, Be-fore I knock at mercy's gate;"

rit. FINE.

Yet will not join the ransomed throng: What next, what next, my friend?
 But will not make His heart rejoice: What next, what next, my friend?
 But if that knock should be too late, What next, what next, my friend?

D. S.—If death to-day should come your way, What next, what next, my friend?

CHORUS. D. S.

What next, what next, my friend, what next? You're now among the wrecks;

Give Glorious Praise.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.

CHAS. W. BEENE.

1. Come, sing of the Sav-iour who died for men, Oh, sing of His
 2. His heart is a foun-tain of sav - ing grace Which-ev - er is
 3. His glo - ry in heav-en we all shall see, And there in His

won - der - ful love a - gain; Un - ceas - ing ho - san - nas with
 cleans-ing the sin - ful race; He al - ways will lead with a
 pres - ence for - ev - er be; All sing - ing e - ter - ni - ty

rap - ture raise To Je - sus whose mer - cy has blest our days.
 lov - ing hand Un - til we shall en - ter the prom - ised land.
 bright a - way; Oh, praise Him till dawns the e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Praise ye His name, . . . Praise ye His name, . . .
 Praise ye His glo - ri - ous, glo - ri - ous name, Praise to the Sav-iour, the Sav-iour be-longs,

He is the Rul - er, oh, praise Him for - ev - er and Him a - dore;

Give Glorious Praise—Concluded.

Praise Him a - gain, . . . Praise Him a - gain, . . .
Praise Him, O praise Him a - gain and a - gain, Bending be-fore Him, O praise and a - dore,

Sing of the glo - ri - ous, faith - ful Re - deem - er for - ev - er - more.

104. Marching On to Glory-Land.

K. C. MOSER.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.

CHAS. W. BEENE.

1. We are marching on to the glo - ry - land, To the land where all is light,
2. Of - ten on the way there are dangers great, Troubles sore on ev - 'ry hand;
3. When this life is o'er and the bat - tle's won, We shall join the an - gel band,

FINE.

To the land of love where the Saviour reigns In the home of pure de-light.
We will trust in God, and with courage strong Press a-long to glo - ry - land.
There to praise the Lord for redeeming grace, And a home in glo - ry - land.

D. S.—The dear Lord will guide to the oth - er side,—To the bless-ed glo - ry - land.

REFRAIN. D. S.

We are march - ing, march - ing, Marching on to glo - ry - land:
We are marching on to glo - ry - land, (We are)

Deep In His Love.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.

J. L. CAGLE.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus! He has re-deemed me from sin; I am
 2. Beau-ti-ful Sav-iour! Ev - er His child I will be; All my
 3. How I a - dore Him! praise His all - glo - ri - ous name! He my

bound for heav'n a - bove; Gone is my bur - den, gone are the
 heart to Him I gave; Friend of the friend-less, won - der - ful
 hand shall al - ways hold; Ev - er with rap - ture Christ and His

stains from with - in; I am deep in Je - sus' love.
 Help - er is He, Al - ways read - y souls to save.
 love I'll pro - claim, Till I reach the gates of gold.

CHORUS.

I'm deep in His love and safe ev - er - more,
 I'm deep in His love and safe ev - er - more, so safe ev - er - more,

For - ev - er my soul His praise shall out-pour;
 For - ev - er my soul His praise shall out-pour, His praise shall out-pour;

Deep In His Love—Concluded.

In life and in death, . . . on earth and a - bove,
In life and in death, on earth and a - bove, on earth and a - bove,

I'll car-ol with joy, . . . I'm deep in His love.
I'll car - ol with joy, I'm deep in His love, so deep in His love.

106.

I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

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S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

all that would a-larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—Be - cause He first loved me, And
FINE. CHORUS. D. S.


precious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

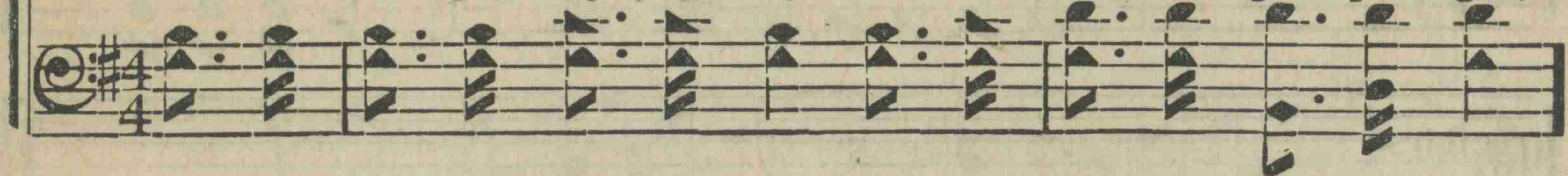
Separation is Coming Sure.

From a sermon by Rev. A. L. Moore, Vernon, Texas, Dec. 11, 1910.


B. B. EDMASTON. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. JESSE L. COLLINS.




1. Here we min-gle, day by day, Friend and foe to- geth - er meet;
 2. In the surg - ing hu - man throng Swift - ly pass - ing down life's stream,
 3. As we min - gle day by day, Let us spread the gos - pel light,





Al - ter - nat - ing on the way Is the bit - ter and the sweet;
 Curs - es min - gle with a song, Sor - rows shat - ter pleas - ure's dream;
 Help - ing oth - ers on the way, Build a char - ac - ter for right;



Good and bad to - geth - er dwell, And the im - pure with the pure, But one
 Those who la - bor for the right, E - vil al - ways would al - lure—Heaven's
 It will o - pen heaven's gate, Entrance for us 'twill se - cure—God and




REFRAIN.



thing we know full well, Separation's coming sure. Sep - a - ra - tion's coming
 day shall banish night, Sep - a - ra - tion's coming sure.
 loved ones for us wait, Sep - a - ra - tion's coming sure. Sep - a - ra - tion's com - ing

sure, Com - ing, tho' . . . we know not when; God will
 sure, com - ing sure, Com - ing, tho' we know not when, know not when;



Separation Is Coming Sure—Concluded.

gath - er all the pure; What will be . . . your rec-ord then?
 God will gath-er all the pure, all the pure; What will be your record then? (record then?)

108.

O Lord, I Come.

KATHARYN BACON. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. G. M. BATEMAN.

1. O Lord, I come un - to Thy throne, And plead Thy grace and pow'r alone;
2. Un-wor-thy, Lord, to breathe Thy name, Yet thro' Thy death Thy love I claim;
3. O Lord, I come, de - ny me not, Thy blood can cleanse each sin-ful blot;
4. He saves, He saves, His grace is mine, He fills my heart with peace di - vine,

I'm guilt - y, lost, and doomed to die Un-less Thou save me from on high.
 Sal - va-tion's free, in faith I bow, And hum-bly crave Thy par - don now.
 In Thee I trust, oh, hear my prayer, And for Thy courts my soul pre-pare.
 And some sweet day in heav'n I'll sing E - ter - nal praise to Christ my King.

REFRAIN.

O Lord, I come, I come to Thee, Forgive my sins and set me free;

O Lord, I come, now full - y bless, And fill me with Thy right-eous-ness.

In the Land of the Blest.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.

A. T. FINCH.

T. N. CHAMBLISS.



1. There will be no sor-row com-ing on the mor-row, For we all shall
 2. There will be no sigh-ing, there will be no dy-ing, When the crown of
 3. There will be no griev-ing when the shades of eve-ning Close-ly gath-er



be at rest; There will be no weep-ing, joy shall be the reap-ing,
 life we've won; Peace-ful-ly re-clin-ing, not a soul re-pin-ning,
 'round our forms; All will be re-pos-ing, when the day is clos-ing,



CHORUS.



O - ver in the land of the blest.
 When at last the sun go - eth down. O - ver in the land of the
 An-ched far be - yond all the storms.



blest, (of the blest,) O - ver in the land of the blest, There will be no



weep-ing, Joy shall be the reap-ing, O - ver in the land of the blest.



In the Field of Life.

JAMES ROWE.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.

C. W. WRIGHT.

1. La - bor - ing for the Mas - ter all the while, Tell - ing the ev - er -
 2. Find - ing de - light in serv - ice, on we go, Nev - er from Je - sus
 3. Soon we shall stand be - fore His throne on high, Sing of His love be -

last - ing sto - ry; Try - ing to see the sun - shine of His smile,
 we shall sev - er; Tru - ly our love and cour - age we will show,
 side the riv - er, Share His e - ter - nal glo - ry, by and by,

CHORUS.

Help - ing the world to see His glo - ry.
 Praise our e - ter - nal Friend for - ev - er. La - bor - ing for the Mas - ter
 Live in His pre - cious light for - ev - er.

out in the har - vest - field, Of - ten we may be tempted but we shall never yield;

Je - sus will be our helper, Jesus will be our shield, Till the fi - nal harvest day.

We Shall Be Like Him.

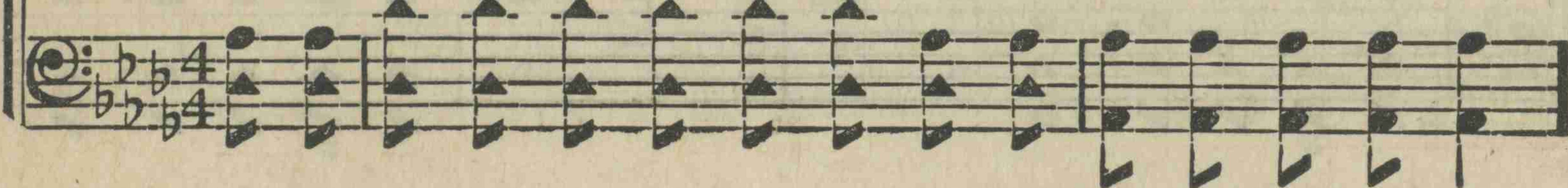
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D. R. LUCAS.

J. B. HERBERT.



1. Here we know not our a - wait - ing, Where the saints im - mor - tal meet,
2. What the crown of life un - fad - ing, What the gar - ments white as snow,
3. Oft we think in ea - ger won - der, What we shall in heav - en be,



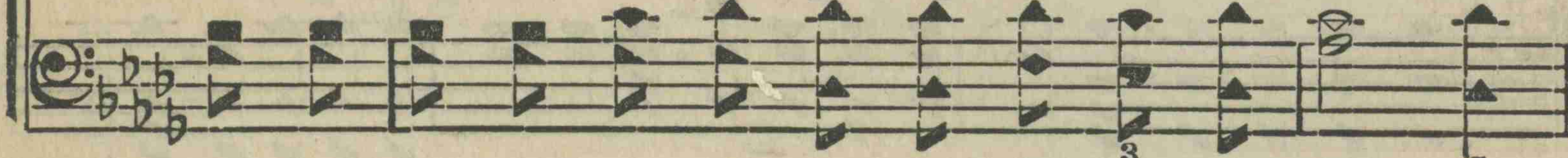
What shall come with our trans - lat - ing, When we walk the gold - en street:
 What the shin - ing and the shad - ing, Here on earth we may not know;
 When we from our earth - life sun - der, When we cross the jas - per sea;



But the prom - ise safe de - crees us, We shall gain the vic - to - ry,
 But when we be - hold the splen - dor Of our Lord in maj - es - ty,
 'Tis e - nough for us the know - ing, Je - sus' prom - ise full and free,



When we meet our Sav - iour Je - sus, We shall be like Him.
 Yet with smile of love so ten - der, We shall be like Him.
 To our home e - ter - nal go - ing, We shall be like Him.



CHORUS.



We shall be like Him, When we see His glo - rious face; We shall be like Him,



We Shall Be Like Him—Concluded.

In that home of joy and peace, When we pass the unknown por-tal, And the
face of Je - sus see, We shall be like Him immortal, We shall be like Him.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The first system includes a triplet of eighth notes in the vocal line. The second system includes a triplet of eighth notes in the piano line.

112.

I Love Thee.

ANON.

"If you love me keep my commandments."

JER. INGALLS.

1. I love Thee, I love Thee, I love Thee, my Lord; I love Thee, my
2. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, O won-drous ac-count! My joys are im-
3. O Je - sus, my Sav - iour, with Thee I am blest, My life and sal-
4. O who's like my Sav - iour? He's Sa-lem's bright King; He smiles, and He

Sav - iour, I love Thee, my God. I love Thee, I love Thee, and
mor - tal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treas - ure and
va - tion, my joy and my rest. Thy love be my sto - ry, Thy
loves me, and helps me to sing. I'll praise Him, I'll praise Him with

that Thou dost know; But how much I love Thee my ac - tions will show.
long to be there, With Je - sus and an - gels, and kin - dred so dear.
name be my song; Thy grace shall in - spire both my heart and my tongue.
notes loud and clear, While riv - ers of pleas - ure my spir - it doth cheer.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat, E-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The first system includes a 4/3 and 4/4 time signature change. The second system includes a 4/3 and 4/4 time signature change. The third system includes a 4/3 and 4/4 time signature change.

Away to the Harvest Field,

Laurene Highfield.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Samuel W. Beazley.



1. Unto the fields where the grain is waiting Wet with the sweet morning dew Haste while the
2. Unto the fields where the sun of noonday Shines with a glorious light, Haste with your
3. Unto the fields where the grain is bending Swept by the soft evening breeze, Haste and the



day still is new, See there is much you can do, Ye sleepers wake from your dreaming, Do not
sickles so bright Take up your task with your might, Ye laggards rouse from your idling, Do not
last moments seize, Rouse from your sloth and your ease, Ye idlers, en - ter the harv-est, Do not



waste all the bright early hours, Go swiftly forth to the golden harvest, Rise from your
waste all the fair golden hours, Haste to the fields where the scythes are swinging, Oth-ers the
waste all the swift fleeting hours, Go swiftly forth in the leught'ning shadows, Low in the



dreams with the sun, The Master needs you, He is calling you to work for Him today;
work have begun, The Master needs you, He would wake you from your day-dreams of delight;
west sinks the sun, The Master needs you and he bids you if you, wait to count the cost,



Why will you grieve Him, drowsing while the precious moments slip away? Then off to the
His harvest must be gathered ere the falling of the shades of night, Then off to the
The ripe sheaves left ungathered on the night clad plain will all be lost, Then off to the



Away to the Harvest Field,



reaping, the Mas-ter is keep-ing, The wages of the toilers till the day is done.



CHORUS.



{ Then come ye reapers, see how the grain like pale gold is gleaming, Come ye reapers,
Then come ye reapers, work while the sun in full strength is glowing, Come ye reapers,



the harvest-tide is no time for dreaming, With sick-les keen and read-y, haste ye a-way,
where bending sheaves a rich yield



Work while the morning the scene adorning, Brightens to full perfect day; are showing




Stay not thy hand until the daylight is gone, The Master of the harvest then will say "Well done."




Shall We Meet Again?

Dedicated to my schoolmates of North Georgia.—E. L. B.
 B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co. E. L. BARRETT.



1. I oft - en think of lov - ing friends I knew in by - gone years,
 2. Tho' I have drift - ed far a - way from friends of oth - er days,
 3. The words of com - fort, cheer and hope, the hand-clasp, strong and true,




Of child-hood plays and pleasures bright,—of smiles, and sometimes tears;
 For them, with-in my heart, a ten - der cord for - ev - er stays;
 Of friends of oth - er years have oft - en giv'n me cour-age new;




The mem - o - ry of lov - ing words oft smooths life's rug - ged lane;
 Each one is striv - ing in this life some i - deal to at - tain;
 Their ten - der sym - pa - thy has healed my heart from deep - est pain;




I sad - ly won - der if we all shall ev - er meet a - gain.
 I oft - en won - der if we all shall ev - er meet a - gain.
 I pray that in a bright - er world we all shall meet a - gain.



CHORUS.



O shall . . . we meet, . . . And with the Sav - iour reign?
 O shall we meet, O shall we meet,



Shall We Meet Again—Concluded.

On heav - en's shore, . . . O shall we meet a - gain?
 On heav - en's shore, on heav - en's shore,

115.

Reach Down.

W. A. S.

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W. A. STEM.

1. Reach down, O Lord, and help us Thy pre-cepts to o - bey;
 2. O let Thy Spir - it teach us, That we may know Thy voice;
 3. In love, O Lord, re - vive us, And dwell Thou in each heart;

And by Thy mer - cy guide us To heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
 Help us to do our du - ty, And in Thy love re - joice.
 May we Thy pres - ence cher - ish, And from Thee ne'er de - part.

CHORUS.

Reach down, . . . reach down, . . . And draw us to Thy side;
 Reach down in love, O Lord, reach down,

O keep . . . us, Lord, . . . With Thee we would a - bide.
 O keep us near Thee, bless - ed Lord,

Working All the While.

JAMES ROWE.

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FRANK M. MIMMS.



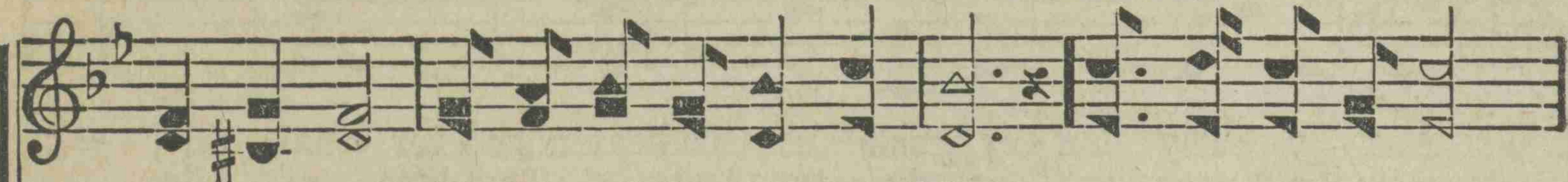
1. Working for the Saviour in the field to-day, Work-ing all the while,
2. Working for the Saviour, aim-ing for the crown, Work-ing all the while,
3. Working for the Saviour, to re-deem the past, Work-ing all the while,



hap - py all the time; Spread-ing light and glad-ness, car - ing
 hap - py all the time; Heed-ing not the storm-cloud nor the
 hap - py all the time; Sheaves we hope to car - ry home to



CHORUS.



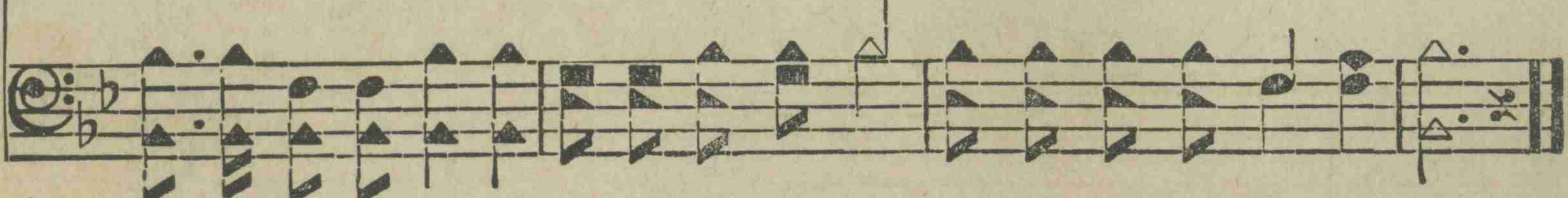
not to stray; Working all the while for Him.
 world's dark frown; Working all the while for Him. Work-ing all the while, (and)
 Him at last; Working all the while for Him.



hap - py all the time, Gath-er - ing the grain on sun - ny days and dim;



Working all the time (yes) in His light sublime; Working all the time for Him.



Saved Forevermore.

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H. C. PRUITT.

JOHN W. WOOLARD.



1. Once I had wandered far in sin, Far from the peaceful fold;
2. Com-fort and peace are mine to - day, Rap-ture is in my soul,
3. Won-der-ful things the Lord has done, Ev - er His praise I'll sing;
4. Come to this Friend of all to - day, Trust in His sav - ing love;



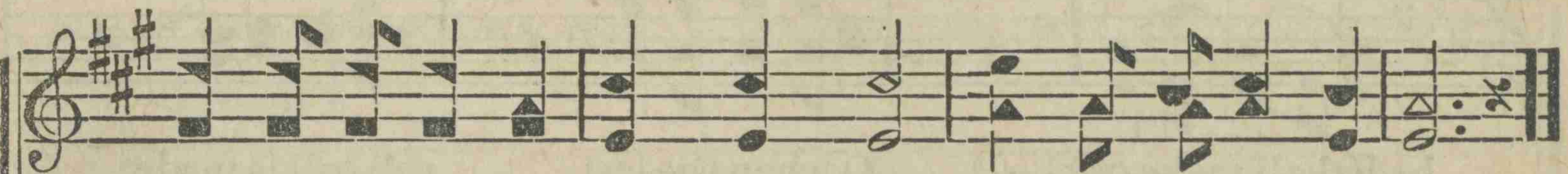
Now I am pure and sweet with-in, Bound for the gates of gold.
 Glo-ry is shin-ing o'er my way, Glo-ry il-lumes my goal.
 Till the bright crown of life be won I will ex-tol my King.
 Trav-el with us a - long the way Lead-ing to rest a - bove.



CHORUS.



Christ is my Sav - ior, bless His name, Wan-der-ing days are o'er;
 bless His ho - ly name,



Je - sus has banished all my shame, Saved me for-ev - er-more.
 ban-ished all my shame,



The Last Roll Call.

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J. M. G.

JOHN M. GREEN.

1. The last roll call..... will sure-ly come..... For God Him-
 2. The last roll call..... will then be made,..... Your rec-ord
 3. The last roll call..... to you will come,..... When Ga-briel
 i. The last roll call will surely come,

self..... hath tru-ly said..... That this is not..... our
 then..... will clearly show..... How you have all..... God's
 sounds..... his trum-pet blast O where will be..... your
 For God Himself hath truly said, That this is not

fi - nal home,..... The grave we all.....shall make our
 laws o - beyed,..... To hell or heav - - en you must
 fi - nal home,..... To which your soul..... will go at
 our fi-nal home, The grave we all shall make our

CHORUS.

bed(shall make our bed). O when the last roll call is made,
 go (you must go).
 last(will go at last)? O when the last..... roll call is made,...And time on
 bed.

The Last Roll Call—Concluded.

And time on earth Shall be no more, We'll stand before
 earth..... shall be no more..... Before the judg - ment

the judgment bar, And answer to the last roll call.
 bar we'll stand,.....And answer to.....the last roll call.....

119..

Heavenly Sunshine.

Rev. A. D. KENEDY.

JAMES H. STANLEY.

1. There's a hap - py land of sunshine, Where no shadow ev - er falls;
2. There no tempests ev - er gath - er, To becloud the heav'nly sky;
3. Death can nev - er there o'er-take us, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll;

FINE.

Mak-ing heav'n with beauty glorious, Gild-ing all its jas-per walls.
 For the Lamb of God for-ev - er Lights the glo-ry - land on high.
 Naught-a-fraid can ev - er make us, Filled with joy is ev-'ry soul.

D.S.—Heav'nly sunshine, heav'nly sunshine, In the land be - yond the sky.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

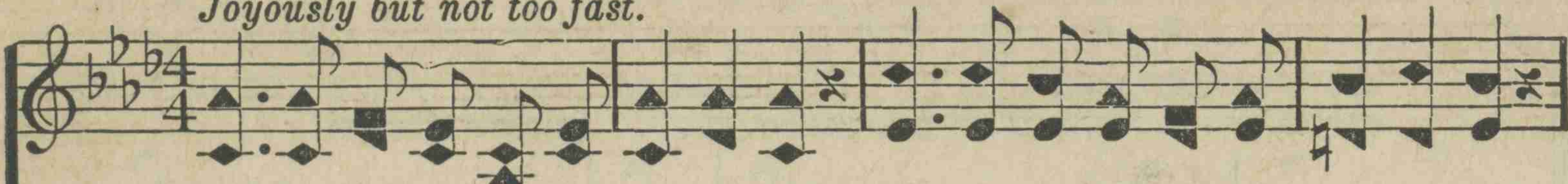
Heav'nly sunshine, heav'nly sunshine, In the gold-en by and by!

I'm Going to Live with Jesus.

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J. W. G.

J. W. GAINES.

Joyously but not too fast.

1. In a cit - y with the an-gels fair, I've a man-sion built of jew-els rare;
2. Palms of vic - to-ry with saints I'll bring, Songs of gladness I shall ev - er sing,
3. Oh, what glo-ry then my soul shall share, For no sorrow e'er can en-ter there, —



There with Je - sus I shall live in glo - ry, For I'm go - ing to meet Him there.
 End - less praises I shall shout for - ev - er Un - to Je - sus, my Lord and King.
 Joy ce - les - tial in that home e - ter - nal, With my Sav - ior, a crown to wear.



CHORUS.



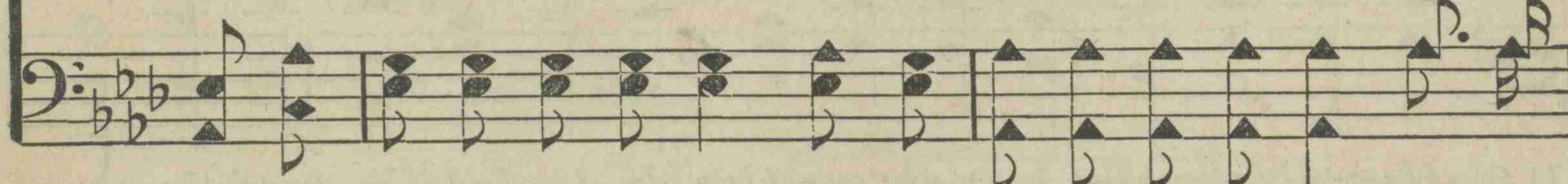
I am go - - ing there to meet Him in glo - ry;
 I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing



I am go - ing



What re - joic - - ing When I see.....Him; Hal - le -
 What re - joic - ing there will be When my Sav - ior's face I see; Hal - le -



lu - - jahs will be ring - ing for - ev - er; With Je - sus my soul shall be.
 lu - jahs to His name



121. Let Thy Mercies Come to Me.

B. B. EDMIASTON.

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L. S. RUTHERFORD.

1. Oh, pre-cious Sav - - ior, hear me now,..... As I plead
 1. Oh, pre-cious Sav - ior, hear me now. As
 2. Thy ten - der mer - - cies show to me,..... Tho' I have
 2. Thy ten - der mer - - cies show to me, Tho'
 3. My sins are more.... than I can bear,..... I know that
 3. My sins are more than I can bear, I

for..... Thy blessings sweet;.. Be-fore the mer - cy-seat I
 I plead for Thy bless-ings sweet; Be-fore Thy mer - cy-
 wan - dered far a - way;.... There is no oth - - er one but
 I have wan - dered far a - way; There is no oth - - er
 Thou.... canst set me free;..... Oh, Sav-ior, hear..... my ear-nest
 know that Thou canst set me free; Oh, Sav-ior, hear my
 D. S.—In - to Thy fold..... re-ceive me
 In - to Thy fold re-

bow,..... For Thy free par - - don I en - treat.....
 seat I bow, For Thy free par - don, I en-treat.
 Thee,.... To whom for par - - don I can pray.....
 one but Thee, To whom for par - don I can pray.
 prayer,... And let Thy mer - - cies come to me.....
 ear-nest prayer, And let Thy mer - - cies come to me.
 now,..... Oh, let Thy mer - - cies come to me.....
 ceive me now, Oh, let Thy mer - - cies come to me.

CHORUS. D. S.

Be-fore Thy mer - cy-seat I bow, No other one can save but Thee;
 Be-fore Thy mer-cy - seat I bow, No oth-er one can save but Thee;

A Wonderful Savior.

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M. G.

MILTON GARNER.



1. What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus, Who bore all our
2. Oh, how free - ly He came down from Glo - ry! How free - ly for
3. Let us cling to this Friend who will guide us To yon - der glad



sins on the cross! By His in - fi - nite pow - er He frees us, And
sin - ners He died! Let us tell to the way - ward His sto - ry, And
king - dom of Day; Who hath nev - er a bless - ing de - nied us, Whose



CHORUS.



lov - ing - ly cov - ers our loss. What a won - - - der - ful
lead them in love to His side.
love will be ours all the way. What a won - der - ful, glo - ri - ous



Sav - - ior, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior is He! I will
Sav - ior is He! I will



praise Him for - ev - er For sav - ing a sin - ner like me.
praise my Re - deem - er for - ev - er, like me.



By His Grace I Live Again.

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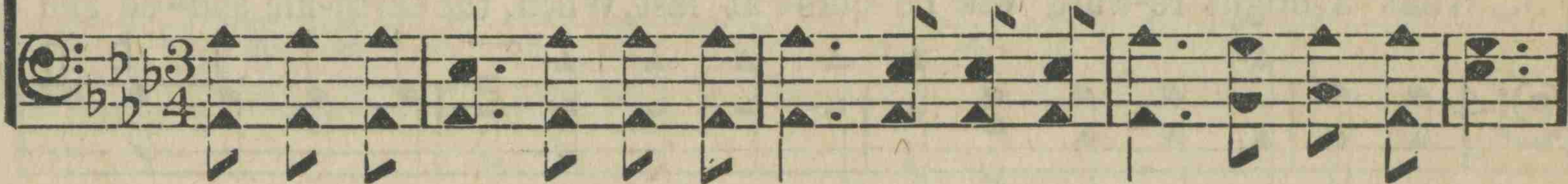
J. A. H.

JAMES A. HEAD.

Slowly.



- 1. A-lone He prayed in Gethsemane As drops of blood stood on His brow;
- 2. The rug-ged cross He bravely bore Un-to Gol-go-tha's rug-ged brow;
- 3. Between two thieves on Cal-va-ry, His precious life He gave for me,



Tho' robed in right-eous-ness a-flame, The an-swer came, "It must be now."
 'Twas there the Lamb of God was slain, And thro' His grace I live a-gain.
 That I might par-don, full, ob-tain, So thro' His grace I live a-gain.



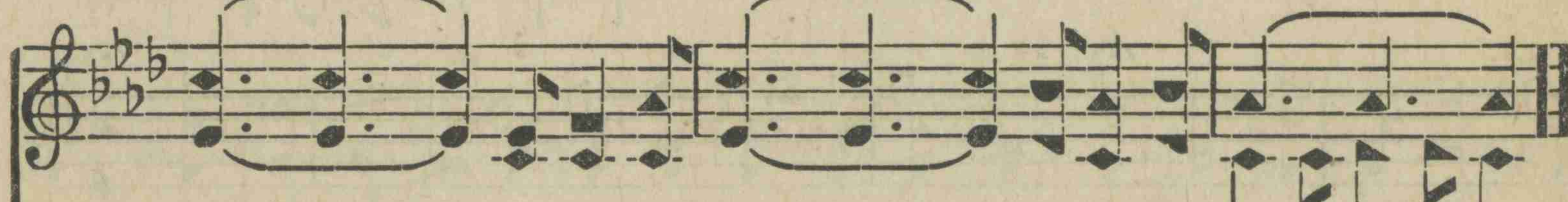
CHORUS.



So by His grace I live a - gain; So by His grace
 His wondrous grace, I live a-gain; His wondrous grace,



I live a - gain; He died on Cal - - - va-ry for
 I live a-gain; He died on Cal-va-ry, on Cal-va-ry for



me, And by His grace I live a - gain.
 me, He died for me, His wondrous grace, I live a-gain.



No. 124.

Will Our Work Be Done?

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

T. O. Chisholm.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



1. When the last hour comes, in our life's brief day, When we hear a Voice call our
2. There's a work for me, there's a work for you, 'Tis a work that none but our-
3. What a bright re-ward will be ours at last, When, the earth-life end-ed and



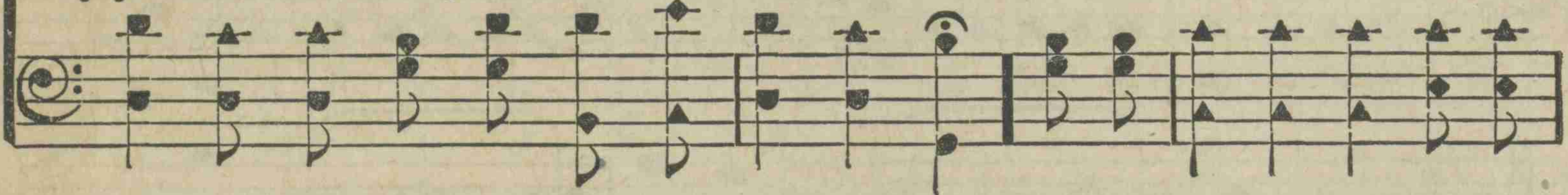
souls a - way, Will the Mas - ter find That the tasks as - signed To us
 selves can do; Let us work with might, Lest the com - ing night Should, per-
 la - bor past, With the mil - lions blest We shall en - ter rest, And the



CHORUS.



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



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



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



His Glory is Flooding My Soul.

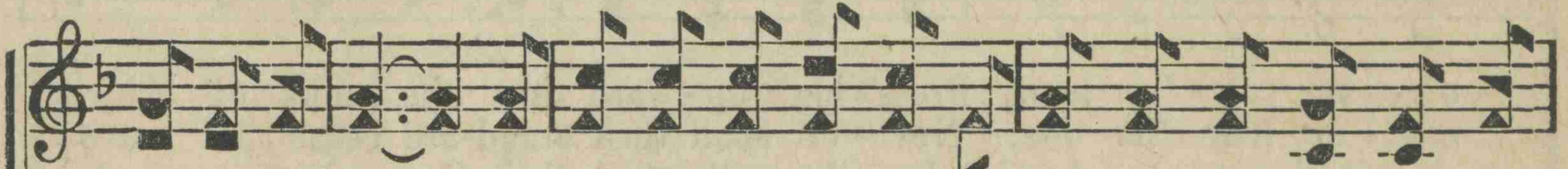
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JAMES ROWE.

EMMETT S. DEAN.



1. The Sav-ior has bought me, from bondage has bro't me, He's keeping me
2. My burden grows lighter, my pathway grows brighter, And sweet is my
3. I nev-er will leave Him, or slight Him or grieve Him; I'll fol-low Him



happy and whole; His arms are around me, His goodness has crowned me, — His Sav-ior's control; To Him I am clinging, and joy-ous-ly singing, — His up to the goal, Because He has won me, is smiling up-on me, — His



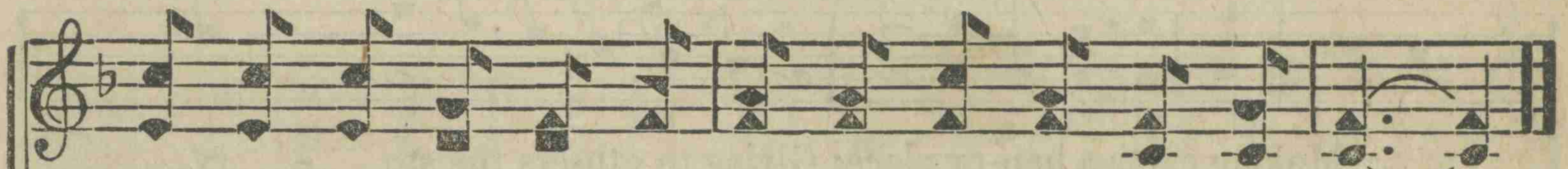
CHORUS.



glo-ry is flooding my soul. His glo-ry is flooding my soul,
 glo-ry is flooding my soul. is flooding my soul,
 glo-ry is flooding my soul.



His grace is keep-ing me whole, And all thro' the a-ges I'll keep-ing me whole,



sing with the sa-ges, — His glo-ry is flood-ing my soul.



Zion's Army.

James Rowe.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

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

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

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

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

on's ar - - - my,
 Making earth a hap - py place; Giving to oth - ers the sto - ry,
 Je - sus, Giving to oth - ers the

On - - - ward

Zion's Army.

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

127. Just Go to My Redeemer.

James Rowe.

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Samuel W. Beazley.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Our King Immanuel.

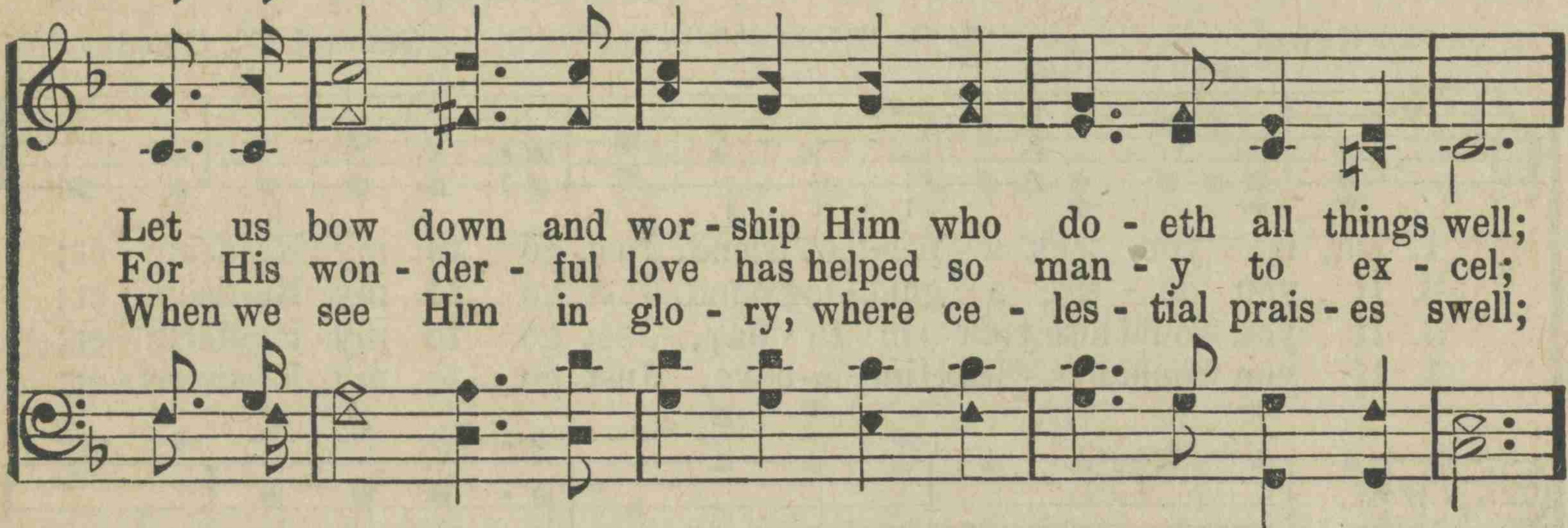
James Rowe.

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Samuel W. Beazley.



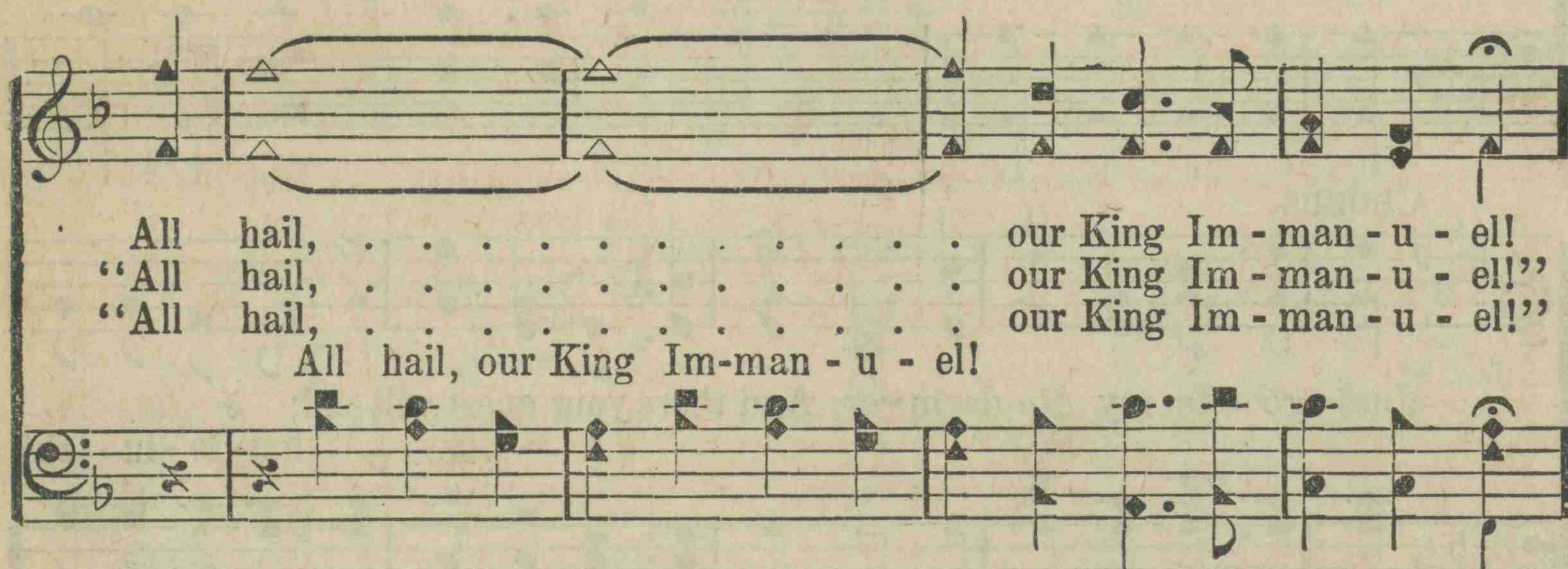
1. See! the Mon - arch of mon - archs comes in maj - es - ty!
2. Like the waves of the o - cean rolls His praise to - day,
3. O the joy that will thrill us some glad day on high,



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



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



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

CHORUS.



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

Our King Immanuel.

His might-y love in ev - 'ry heart should dwell,
His might-y love, His might-y love in ev'ry heart should dwell, should dwell,

For He is the world's Re-deem - er, Je - - ho-vah's on - ly Son!
For He is the world's Redeemer, Je-ho-vah's on - ly Son!

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

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes lyrics about His mighty love dwelling in every heart. The second system includes lyrics identifying Him as the world's Redeemer and Jehovah's only Son. The third system includes a double bar line and then the lyrics 'All hail, our King Immanuel'.

129.

Foster.

W. H. Baker.

Carroll King.

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars thro'-out the world to cease;
2. Re-mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith-ful Word?
4. Where saints and an-gels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;

The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
Re - mem-ber not our sin's dark stain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
None ev - er called on Thee in vain, Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!
O bind us in that heav'nly chain! Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain!

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system includes four numbered verses of lyrics. The second system includes lyrics about restraining the wrath of sinful man and giving peace.


A Soldier of the Cross.

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J. B. HERBERT.



1. Am I a sol - - dier of the cross, A
 2. Must I be car - - ried to the skies On
 3. Are there no foes - - for me to face? Must
 (1) Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A



low - - er of the Lamb, And shall I fear to
 flow - - 'ry beds of ease, While oth-ers fought to
 I . . . not stem the flood? Is this vile world a
 fol - l'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear



own His cause, Or blush . . . to speak His name?
 win the prize, And sailed . . . thro' blood - y seas?
 friend to grace, To help . . . me on to God?
 to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?

CHORUS. (*Canon between Soprano and Tenor.*)


No! No! I must fight if I would reign! Increase my courage, Lord; I'll
 No! No! I must fight if I would reign! Increase my courage, Lord; . .

No! No! I must fight if I would reign! Increase my cour-age, Lord; I'll

A Soldier of the Cross—Concluded.

rit.

bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

131.

Sweet Peace He Gives.

B. B. EDMIASTON,
Slowly.

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D. W. MOODY.

1. The Saviour leads me by His love, And cheers my soul a-long the way;
 2. He hears each call and answers me, He wipes a-way my ev-'ry tear;
 3. When tempted He is ev-er near, And gives me strength to o-ver-come;

And He will guide me safe-ly on To that bright land of per-fect day.
 From sin and shame He made me free, And from my soul He takes each fear.
 His prom-ise is un-to the end; I know that He will guide me home.

REFRAIN.

Sweet peace to me the Sav-iour gives, In sor-rows deep He is my stay,

And by His love He'll lead me on To that bright land of per-fect day.

The Judgment.

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B. B. E.

B. B. EDMIASTON.



1. In the aw - ful day of judgment, When the sig - nal word is said,
2. There's a rec - ord now pre - par - ing, And it will be o - pened then,
3. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning, Aft - er judgment has been pass'd,



All the graves will then be opened, And the sea give up its dead:
 Ev - ry - thing is there re - cord - ed That's commit - ted here by men.
 All the wick - ed will be banished, In - to out - er darkness cast.



Then the souls of ev - 'ry na - tion, At the trumpet's 'wak'ning call,
 Will your deeds there on its pag - es, Be a pass - port for your soul,
 What a weep - ing and a wailing, When the lost souls hear their doom,



Shall be - fore the great Tri - bu - nal, Stand for judgment, one and all.
 Or there in the judgment, brother, Con - dem - na - tion on you roll?
 While the shin - ing hosts of heav - en, Welcome all the faith - ful home.



The Judgment.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

In the morning we shall rise, All the sav'd of earth will meet us,
In the morn - ing we shall rise,

And the hosts of heav'n will greet us; In the morning we shall rise,
In the morn - ing we shall rise,

At the sounding of the trumpet in the morn-ing we shall rise.

133.

Doxology.

THOS. KEN..

G. FRANC.

1. Praise God, from whom all blessing flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be-low,

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!

Home of the Soul.

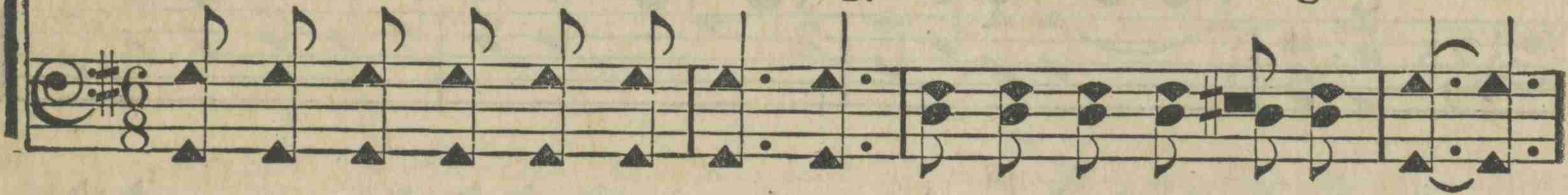
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JAMES ROWE.

SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.



1. If for the prize we have striv-en, Aft-er our la-bors are o'er,
2. Yes, a sweet rest is re-main-ing For the true children of God,
3. Soon, the bright homeland adorning, We shall behold the glad dawn:



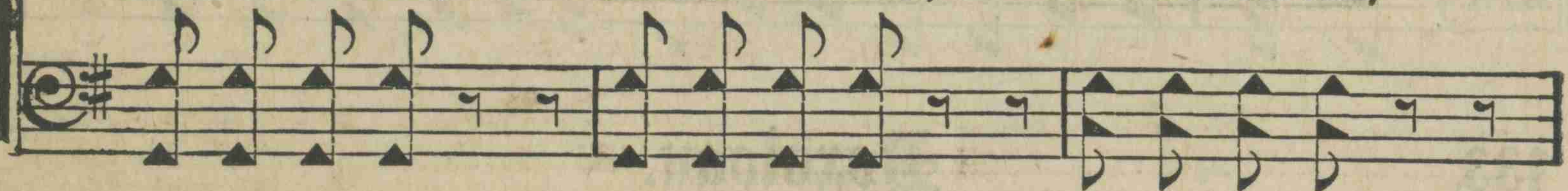
Rest to our souls will be giv - en, On the e - ter - nal shore.
 Where there will be no com-plain-ing, Nev - er a chast'ning rod.
 Lean on the Lord till the morn-ing, Trust till the night has gone.



CHORUS.



Home..... of the soul,..... bless-ed king - - dom of
 Home of the soul, beau-ti-ful home, There we shall rest,



light,..... Free.... .. from all care,..... and where
 nev - er to roam; Free fr... care, hap - py and bright,



fall - - eth no night!..... Oft,..... in the
 Je - sus is there, He is the light! Oft, in the storm,



Home of the Soul—Concluded.

storm,..... we are sigh - - ing for thee,.....
 lone - ly are we, sigh - ing for home, long - ing for thee,

Beau - ti - ful home of the ransomed, be - side the crys - tal sea.....
 crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.

135. How Sweet to Trust the Lord.

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1913, by The Trio Music Co. R. A. STROUD.

1. { When our hearts are worn and weary, When the foe is press - ing hard,
 Naught of earth can give us com - fort, (*Omit*)

2. { Oft we meet with dis - ap - pointments, And the way is sometimes dim,
 But the Sav - ior guides our footsteps, (*Omit*)

3. { When our la - bor here is end - ed, And the Sav - ior bids us come,
 We shall dwell in peace un - bro - ken, (*Omit*)

CHORUS.

Peace we find in Christ the Lord. Oh, how sweet to trust in Him,
 When we place our trust in Him.
 In the saints' e - ter - nal home. in the blessed Lord,

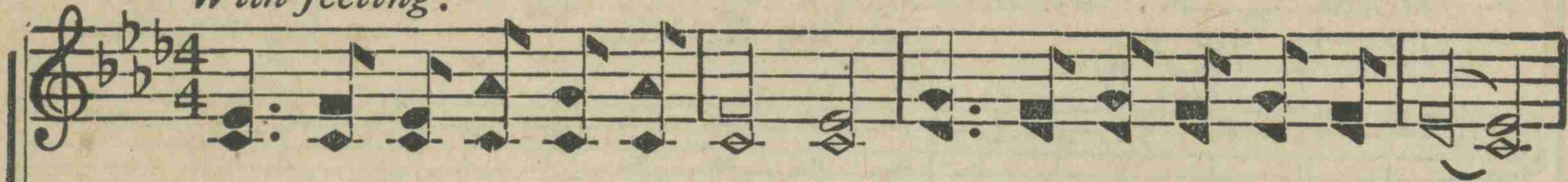
And to lean up - on His word; We are safe when with the Lord.
 ho - ly word;

Thy Love is What I Need.

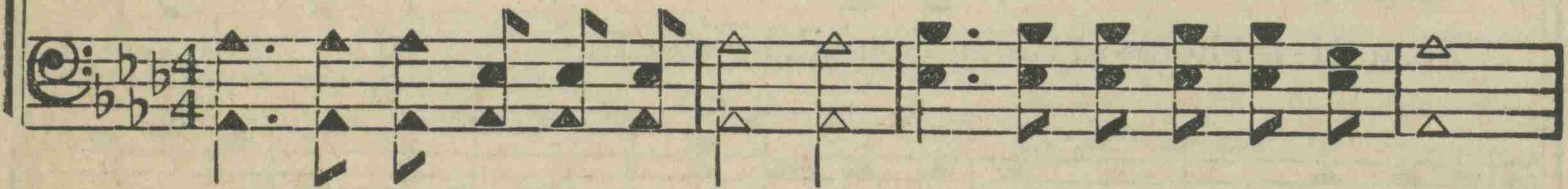
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J. R.

JAMES ROWE.

With feeling.

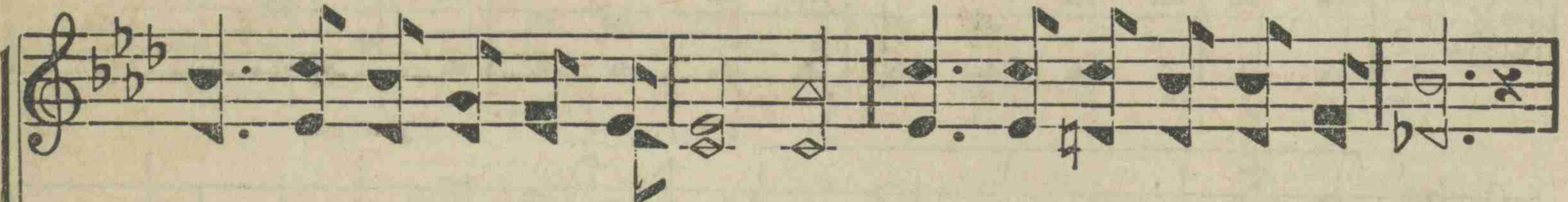
1. I have wandered far from Thee, Lord, And am sore distressed in-deed;
2. Oft - en Thou didst try to cheer me, But, too weak was I to heed;
3. All my wand' rings now are o - ver, Sin no more my soul shall lead;



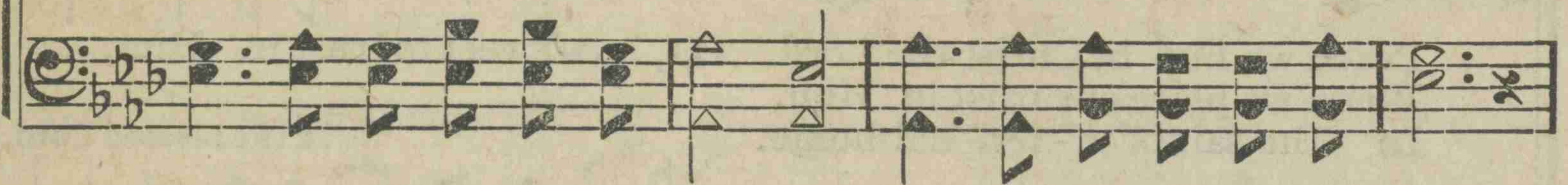
Whis-per comfort now to me, Lord, For Thy love is what I need.
 Now I know—O Savior, hear me—That Thy love is what I need.
 Take me, Thou E-ter-nal Lov - er, For Thy love is what I need.



CHORUS.



Yes, Thy love is what I need, Lord; Here, a pen - i - tent, I plead;



Place Thy lov-ing arms a-round me;—Oh, Thy love is what I need.



I'm Going Home.

Copyright, 1912, by The Trio Music Co.

H. W. E.
Slowly.

H. W. ELLIOTT.



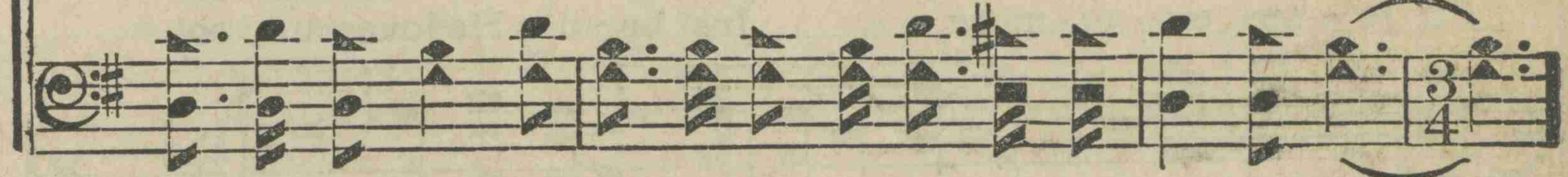
1. How soon will I an-chor be - yond the dark sea? The boat-man is
2. The spires of the cit - y to my vi - sion ap-pear, The songs of the
3. And when I have landed up - on the bright shore, I'll praise the old



wait-ing and call - ing to me; I'll go at his sum-mons, a -
 an - gels are greet-ing my ear; I has-ten with rap-ture to
 ves - sel that guid - ed me o'er, To dwell in that cit - y with



cross the rough tide, To hear the sweet welcome on the oth - er side.
 be with that throng, To join in the chorus, — the redemption song.
 Je - sus, my King; Thro' a-ges e-ter-nal there His praise I'll sing.



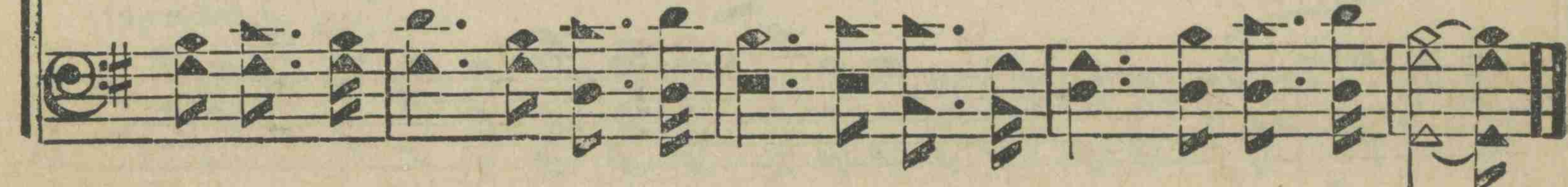
CHORUS.



I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to join the an - gel-band a-bove;



I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, — My song shall be, "Redeeming Love."



138. Just Because He Loves Me So.

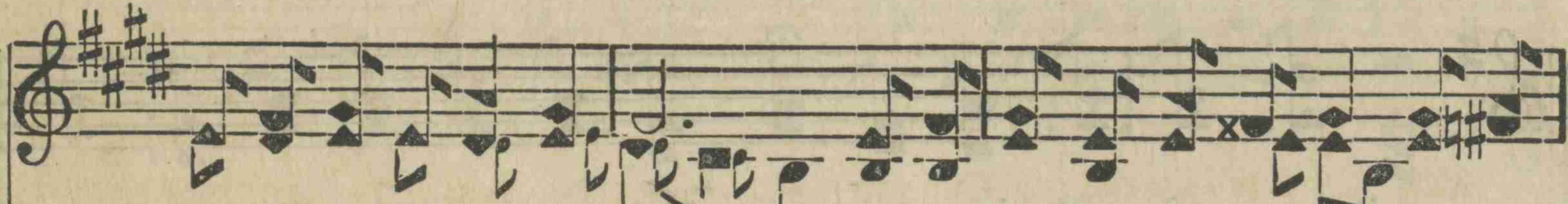
B. B. E.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.

B. B. EDMIASTON.



1. There is glo - ry in my soul, Je - sus has complete control,
2. From the val - ley of de - spair, Je - sus leads to heights more fair
3. As I tread the heav'ny road, Helping others bear their load,
4. With my loved ones, lost awhile, I shall bask in heaven's smile,



And He bears my ev'ry woe; He's my never-failing Guide, 'Twas for
Than the whole of earth can show; In His strength I grow each day, From Him
Brighter will the pathway grow; Soon with saints I shall sit down, And shall
As the a - ges come and go; I shall sing upon that shore, Praising



FINE.

me He bled and died,	Just because He loves me so.
I shall nev - er stray,	Just because He loves me so.
bear a harp and crown,	Just because He loves me so.
Je - sus ev - er - more,	Just because He loves me so.



REFRAIN.



Just because He loves me so, Just because He loves me
Just because He loves me, Just because He loves me, loves me (so,)



D. S.




so; Jesus died on Calvary, That from sin I might be free,
for - ev - er,



The Summer-Land of Love.

B. B. EDMIASTON. Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.
Title suggested by S. E. R.

S. E. REED.



1. There is a land of nev - er - end - ing day, Where saints shall for - ev - er
2. Tho' sor - row oft may sweep a - round me here, And sometimes I'm al - most
3. I'm serv - ing Je - sus as I on - ward go, By driv - ing a - way the




with the Sav - iour stay; My spir - it now is hap - py on the way
o - ver - come by fear, My soul shall rest where all is wondrous clear -
clouds of sin and woe; Sweet peace and rest my spir - it soon shall know



CHORUS.



To that Sum - mer - land of love. No night mars the
In the Sum - mer - land of love.
In the Sum - mer - land of love. No night, no night there,




beau - ty of the day; No sor - row will drive the joy a - way; For -
No sor - row, grief nor woe For -




ev - er with Je - sus I shall stay In the Sum - mer - land of love.
ev - er in that home



O Let Me Hide in Thee.

J. W. G.

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J. W. GAINES.

1. O bless - ed Rock of A - ges, O Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. O Rock of my sal - va - tion, My shel - ter ev - er be;
 3. Thou, ev - er - last - ing ref - uge, Thro' life my hope shall be;

Poco rit.

The hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, O let me hide in Thee!
 From sin with its temp - ta - tions, O let me hide in Thee!
 When death's dark shadows gath - er, O let me hide in Thee!

REFRAIN.

O bless - ed Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my-self in
 O bless - ed Rock of A - ges, Let me hide my-self in Thee,

Thee! Tho' rag - ing billows near me roll, My ref - uge ev - er
 hide my-self in Thee! Tho' raging bil - lows near me roll, My ref - uge ev - er

be; By faith my soul to Thee is anchored; Give . . . me grace to
 be; By faith my soul to Thee is anchored; Give me grace to see,

O Let Me Hide in Thee—Concluded.

Poco rit.

see, Till life . . . and all its cares have past; O let me hide in Thee!
 give me grace to see, Till life and all its cares have past;

141.

He Died for Me.

R. R. L.

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R. R. LYNN.

1. I want to go where Je - sus is Be - cause He set me free;
 2. I want to love Him more and more, And clo - ser to Him be;
 3. I'll tell the sto - ry of His love Un - til His face I see,

I want to live for Him each day Be - cause He died for me.
 I'll con - se - crate my life to Him Be - cause He died for me.
 And then I'll praise Him ev - er - more Be - cause He died for me.

CHORUS.

He died for me, He died for me,—The cru - el cross He bore

To set me free, to set me free; I'll praise Him ev - er - more.

Questions for You.

(May be used as a Solo.)

J. W. G.

Copyright, 1912, by The Trio Music Co.

J. W. GAINES.

Slowly and earnestly.



1. What have you done in the Mas-ter's dear name? Have you been
2. What have you said to the friends you have met? Do you have
3. How are you liv - ing be - fore them each day? Is your light



ear-nerst lost souls to re - claim? Have you neg-lect - ed one
rea - son one word to re - gret? Do you to Je - sus your
burning to show them the way? Do you take Je - sus wher -



chance to im - part Com-fort thro' Je - sus to some wear-y heart?
com rades in - vite? Have you said something to lead them a - right?
ev - er you go? Do those around you His righteousness know?



CHORUS.



Jesus has something for you to DO, Jesus has something for you to SAY,



Wants you to LIVE devoted and true, That sinners may know the way.



Over the Tide.

Copyright, 1908, by Dean & Fagan.

P. F.

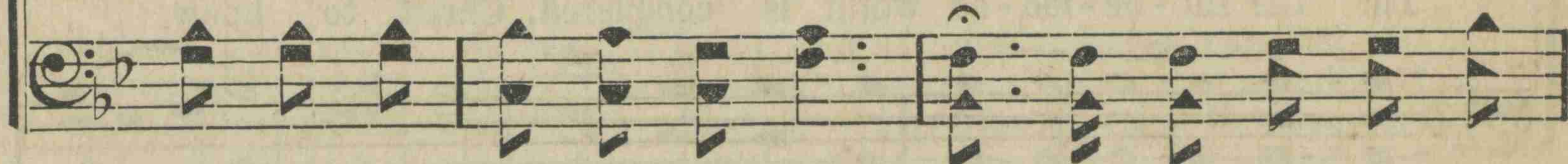
PATE FAGAN.

Con espressione.

1. O - ver the tide of life's won - der - ful sea, Is a bright
 2. Soon in that beau - ti - ful clime I shall dwell, And of its
 3. Tho' for a while on this earth I may be, Toss'd like a



man-sion that's wait - ing for me; And of its glo - ries, I
 won - ders for - ev - er will tell; There'll be no doubtings or
 ship by a storm on the sea; Trust - ing my Sav - iour as



soon shall be - hold, Treas - ures more pre - cious than gold.
 fear - ings for me, O - ver life's won - der - ful sea.
 Pi - lot and Guide, O - ver this troub - le - some tide.



CHORUS.



Soon I shall anchor on heavens bright shore, And from all sorrows be free;



There shall no trouble or death ever come, And with my Saviour I'll be.

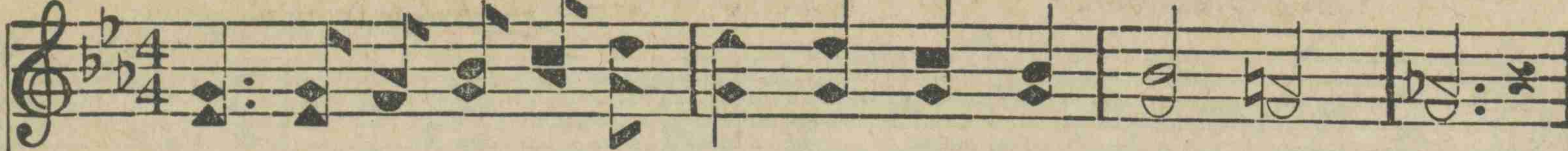


Rally for Truth and Right.


J. W. G.

Copyright, 1914, by The Trio Music Co.

J. W. GAINES.



1. See the e - vil hosts of sin as - sail - ing, Chris - tian friend;
 2. Sa - tan with his e - vil band is march - ing Thro' the land;
 3. In Je - ho - vah's name go for - ward, broth - er, Face the foe,




Face them with a courage strong, un - fail - ing, Till you win. . .
 And the sons of men are yield - ing to his Vile com - mand. . .
 Till the sin - de - lud - ed world is conquered, Christ to know. . .



O has - ten.

CHORUS.



Ral - ly, ye comrades, now the ban - ner un - furl, Brave - ly




Fac - ing the fight; Trust - ing the might of Je - sus; On - ward He'll



Ev - er



lead you till you conquer the world, Tri - um - phant for truth and right.



Devotional Hymns

145. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

Oliver Holden.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
4. O that with you - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all!
 And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!



146. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

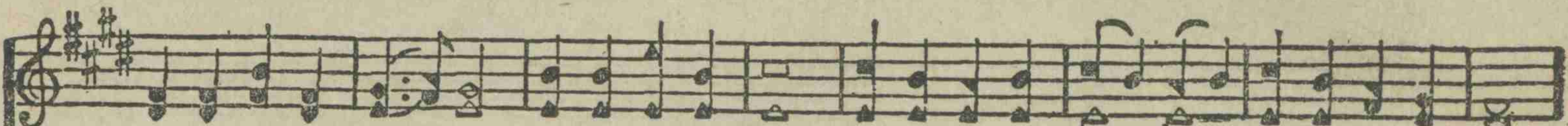
Sabine Gould.

First Tune.

Arthur Sullivan.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;



Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ner go!
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
 We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



REFRAIN.



Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.



147.

Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

First Tune. FINE

John Wyeth. 1 2 D. C.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; } Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;
 D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.



<p>1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.</p>	<p>2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I'll come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home: Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.</p>	<p>3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; (it, Here's my heart, oh, take and seal, Seal it for Thy courts above.</p>
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148.

I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson.

Second Tune.

J. J. Rousseau.

FINE CHORUS

1 2 D. C.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah!
 Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } I love Je-sus, yes I } dol
 D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.



149

Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.



1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous



CHORUS.



o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
 sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by,



meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,



150.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.



1. } Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
 { E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
 D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near - er to Thee.



2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!

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

151.

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav - ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross,



His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have:
 He makes me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be Thine.



152.

The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. } My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous - ness; } On Christ the Sol - id
 { I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name. }



Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.



2 When darkness veils His lovely face; I rest on His unchanging grace;
 In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.
 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood Support me in the whelming flood;
 When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound O may I then in Him be found,
 Drest in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

153.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore.

Samuel Webbe.

1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
 2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
 3. Herè see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
 Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
 Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

154.

Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-

turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
 dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Savior's pow'r. :
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high. }

155.

Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

USED BY PERMISSION

Elihu S. Rice.

1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; } Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
 { Where in all the bright for-ev-er, }
 2. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? } By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
 { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
 D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er,

CHORUS. D. C.
 Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?
- 4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
 When He comes to claim His own?
 Shall we know His blessed favor,
 And sit down upon His throne?


156.

I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey.

USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER.

William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing




Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.




'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.




157.

Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re -
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave - me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and



fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



158.

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
 2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
 3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

159.

Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
 2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires

shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And endless praises crown His head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

160.

O Happy Day.

Phillip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py day, hap-py day.
 2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love! }
 { Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. } Hap-py day, hap-py day.

FINE

When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray }
 { And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; }

3 'Tis done this great transaction's
 done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.

161.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

FINE

Thomas Hastings. D. C.

Musical notation for the first two staves of 'Rock of Ages'. The first staff is the treble clef and the second is the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The music ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE'.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; } Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
D. C. - Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. } From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

162.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

FINE

J. E. Gould.

D. C.

Musical notation for the first two staves of 'Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me'. The first staff is the treble clef and the second is the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE'.

1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: } Un-known waves before me roll, }
D. C. - Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. } Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal; }

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twillt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

163.

I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley.

Musical notation for the first two staves of 'I Lay My Sins on Jesus'. The first staff is the treble clef and the second is the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music ends with a double bar line.

1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load:

I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He hea-leth my diseases,
He doth my soul re-deem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My bur-dens and my cares;
He from them all re-leases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Im-manuel, Christ the Lord,
Like frag-rance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

164.

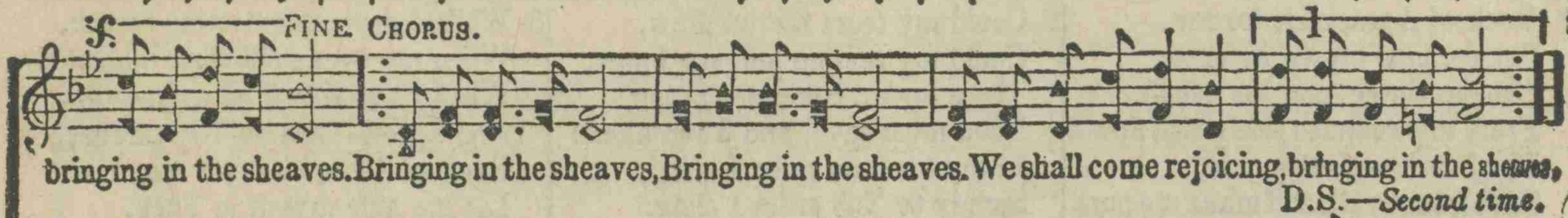
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.



1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; }
 { Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing



bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves. We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
 D.S.—Second time.



2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

165.

Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

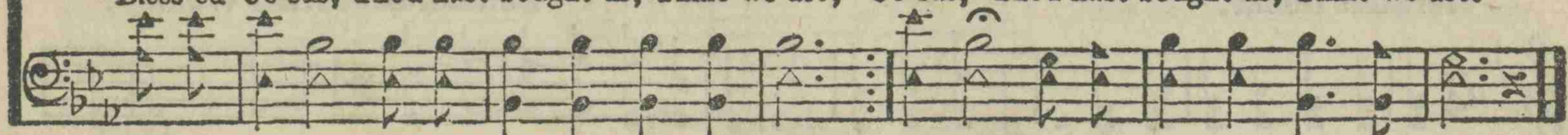
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care: }
 { In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre- pare: } Bless-ed Je-sus,



Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.



2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

166.

Balm In Gilead.

Unknown.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 2. The worst of all dis-eas-es, Is light compared with sin, On ev-'ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.

ChO.—There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.



3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness all combined,
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.

4 A dying, risen Jesus
 Seen by the eye-of faith,
 At once from danger frees us
 And saves the soul from death.

5 Come-then to this Physician
 His help He'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

167.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus blood;

168.

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
 Long hath sin without control,
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 Bid my many woes depart,
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 4 Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine;
 Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
 Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

169.

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glory may not see;
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

170.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a -

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

171.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

172.

From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be -

sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by 'faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

173.

Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.



1. { Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; } Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 { I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; }
2. { Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know;
 { And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; }



Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.



- 3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

174.

Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.



1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent - er the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [Omit]



Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there? Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

- 2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
 But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
 For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
 "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
- 3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light;
 With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
 Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
 Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

175.

The Old Time Religion.

Unknown.

E. O. E. Arr.



CHO—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good enough for me.
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.



- 2 Makes me love everybody.
 3 It has saved our fathers.
 4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
- 6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 8 It will do when I am dying.
 9 It will take us all to heaven.

176.

Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter.

J. W. Dadmun.

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
 2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall
 3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
 4. Death it - self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad - ness,

CHORUS.

gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
 not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land. } There is rest for the wear - y,
 les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear. } On the oth - er side of Jor - dan,
 oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.

There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you; }
 In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom - ing, There is rest for you. }

177.

We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills.

William Miller.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
 { When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And (Omit) dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
 We'll work We'll work And we'll be gath - ered home.

2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And lean for succor on His breast
 Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
 No more my steps shall roam;
 With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
 And reach my heavenly home.

178.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

First Tune.

Anne Steele.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,



What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.



5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

179.

My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
 Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
 I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
 Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

180.

Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse.
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today;
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
 Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

181.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Second Tune.

Portogallo.



1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He



say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?



182.

Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell.

First Tune.

Theo. E. Perkins.

1. } What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— }
 } These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com- } motion, pray? In accents hush'd the

throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by." In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

- 2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
 The city move so mightily?
 A passing stranger, has He skill
 To move the multitude at will?
 Again the stirring notes reply:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
 And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
 Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 4 Again He comes! from place to place
 His holy footprints we can trace,
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
 He enters—condescends to stay.
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

183.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Second Tune.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. } Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, }
 } And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and } wishes known! }
 D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet } hour of prayer. } My soul has

of dis-tress and grief }
 oft - en found re- } lief,

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return!
 With such I hasten to the place
 Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

184.

Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

FINE

L. Mason.

1. } Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
 } Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
 D.C.—Work for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute,
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset sky;
 While the bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more,
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

185.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

Lowell Mason.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior



while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sor - rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, — A ran - somed soul.



186.

I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald.

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W. G. Fischer, D. C.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
 Cho. — I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.



- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil-reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me, —
"I will cleanse you from all sin." | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified. |
|---|--|---|

187.

Joy to the World.

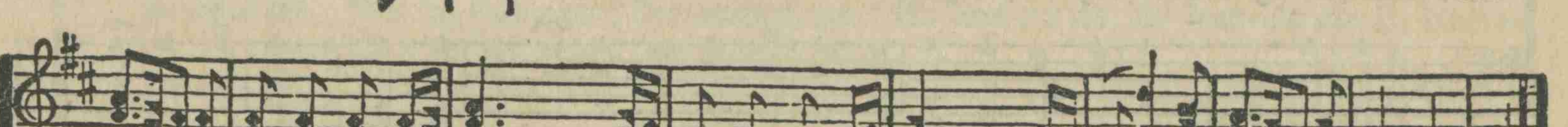
I. Watts.

Second Tune.

G. F. Handel.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous -



room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
 plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 ness, And wonders of His love, And won - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love.



And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

188.

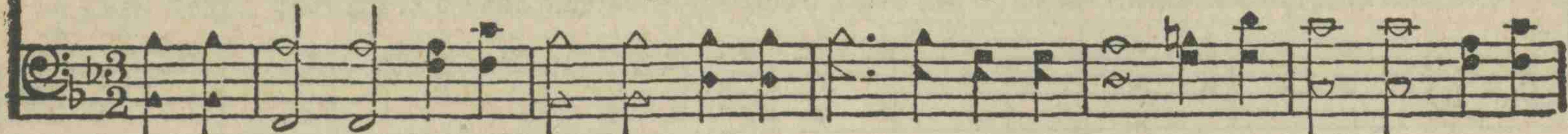
Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander.

W. F. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would



sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.



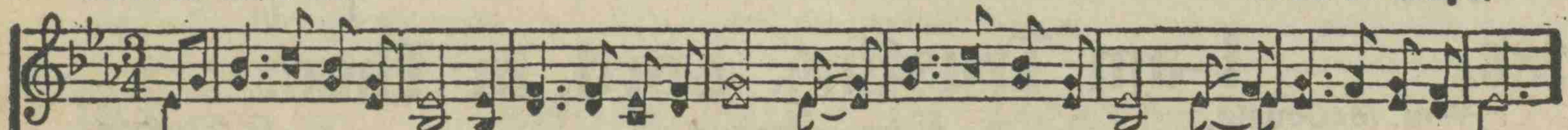
Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

189.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. M. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.



1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."



Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow



2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

190.

Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.



1. Jesus my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood was for me spilt: And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But
3. No prep - a - ration can I make, My best resolves I only break; Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove; But since to Thee I can-not move, Oh,



D.S.—Oh, bring Thy free salvation nigh, And



take me as I am. Take me as I am, Take me as I am; ...
Take me, take me as I am. Take me, take me as I am;



take me as I am.

191.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

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Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

FINE CHORUS.

va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 ascend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,
 wait-ing look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

D. S

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

192.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I-do, wher-
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me: His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

193.

What a Friend.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry



FINE

D. S.



Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

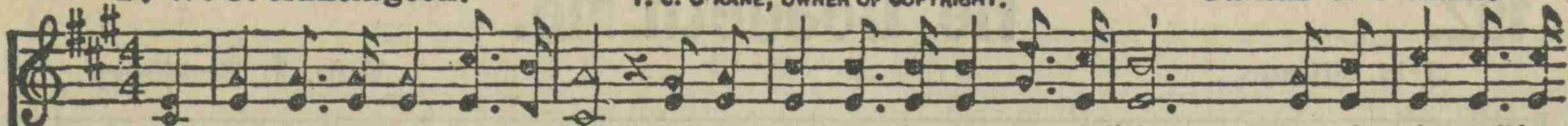
194.

The Home Over There.

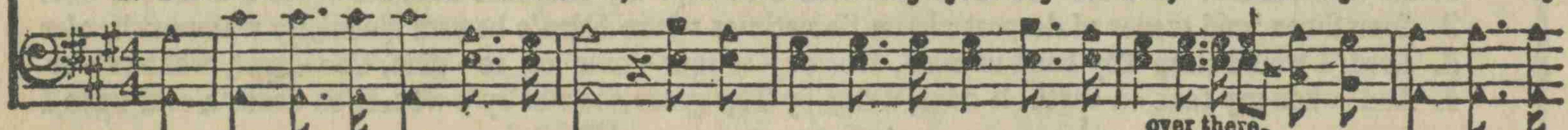
D. W. C. Huntington.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Tullius C. O'Kane.



1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my



mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav - ior is
heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at



home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav - ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.



195.

While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. Witter.

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H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come!

196.

There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the
Thy flowing wounds supply [stream
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

197.

Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Third Tune.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood. And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains. } Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

198.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold - iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S. - Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished

It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

199.

The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

200.

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast - closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:

We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

201.

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. { Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, } Glory to His name.
 There to my heart was the blood applied;
 2. { I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, } Glory to His name.
 There at the cross where He took me in;
 D.C. - There to my heart was the blood applied, } Glory to His name.

CHORUS. D.C.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

- 3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
 I am so glad I have entered in;
 There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
 Glory to His name.
- 4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
 Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
 Glory to His name.

202.

Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt.

Har. by J. M. Hunt.

1. { O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name
 2. { Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! } of the Lord!
 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name

Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

- 3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
 His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,
- 4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
 When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

203.

Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton.

Third Tune.

Haydn.

1. Walk in the light! so thou shalt know That fellowship of love, His Spirit only can bestow, Who reigns in light above

- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
 Who dwells in cloudless light en-
 In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away, [shone
 Because that light hath on thee
 In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
 No fearful shade shall wear;
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,
 For Christ hath conquered there.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His



vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-bo-som that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make



ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
 far-ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 lant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)
 make men free, While God is marching on.



No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.



1. { There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 { None else could heal all our souls' dis-eas-es, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!



D.C.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!



Je-sus knows all a-bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;



- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc. | 4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc. |
| 3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc. | 5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc. |

206.

Abide With Me.

Wm. H. Monk.

H. F. Lyte.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

207.

Sun of My Soul.

Henry Monk.

John Kepler.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last

earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere thro' the world my way I take;
 Abide with me till in Thy love
 I lose myself in heaven above.

208.

In the Cross.

Ithamar Conkey.

John Bowring.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the

sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
 cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the-radiance streaming
 Adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

209.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
 4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where

CHORUS.

trust-ing in His word.
 wash-es white as snow.
 you are ful - ly blest.
 joys im - mor - tal flow.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
 He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

210.

Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing;
 D. S. — Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,

FINE

D. S.

All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown; Je - sus Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
 Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find the promised rest.
 Take away the love of sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temple leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceas -
 Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee:
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

211.

Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome.

Lowell Mason.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep? And shall our tears be dry? Let tears of penitential grief Flow forth from ev'ry eye.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
 And shall our tears be dry?
 Let tears of penitential grief
 Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The wondering angels see;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul;
 He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
 Each sin demands a tear;
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there's no weeping there.

212.

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peace.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I 'rest my wea-ry soul, in Thee, I give Thee
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare - not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
 stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

213.

Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene, — one step enough for me.
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

214.

Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegell.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-hove.

2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
 Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

215.

O Sing of His Mighty Love.

Frank Bottome.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. { Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, bliss of the free,
O'er sin and un-clean-ness ex - ult - ing I stand, | I plunge in the crim-son tide o-pen'd for me;
And point to the print of the nails in His hand. |
| 2. { Oh, bliss of the pur-i-fied, Je-sus is mine,
In con-scious sal-va-tion I sing of His grace, | No long-er in dread-con-dem-na-tion I pine;
Who lift-eth up-on me the light of His face. |



CHORUS.

rit.



Oh, sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Sing of His might-y love, Might-y to save.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;
No sorrow bowed head but may sweetly find rest,
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast. | 4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save." |
|---|--|

216.

A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley.

Lowell Mason.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri - fy; A nev-er dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.



- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my Master's will. | 3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give. | 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die. |
|--|--|--|

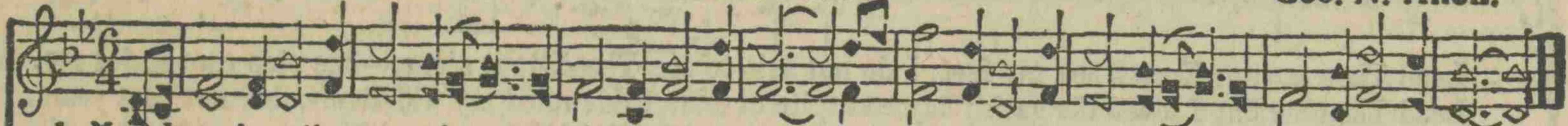
217.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd.

Fourth Tune.

Geo. N. Allen.



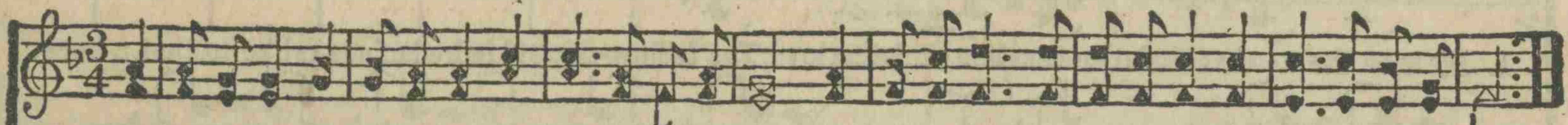
1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one And there's a cross for me.



- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear. | 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me. | 4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat. |
|---|--|---|

218.

Remember Me.



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
Cho.-Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.



219.

Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar.

T. E. Perkins.

1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
 3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

220.

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

FINE REFRAIN.

D. S.

1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser - aph song,
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
 D. S. — Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, ♪ Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus. | 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus. | 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus. |
|--|---|--|

221.

Oh, How I Love Jesus.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It
 { sounds like mus - ic in mine ear, The } { sweet - est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
 { Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - } { cause He first loved me.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea. | 3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way. | 4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below. |
|---|---|---|

222.

There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

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THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;

When the saints and the sin-ers shall be part-ed right and left,
But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
When the sin-er shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not,"

CHORUS *m pp*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

223.

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, } my pos-ses-sions lie.
 { To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where }
 { my pos-ses-sions lie. }

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev-er-green shore,
by and by, ev-er-green shore.

Sing the song of Mos-es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er more.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatter ^e night away. | 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest? | 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away. |
|--|---|---|

The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vall.



1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poór, the great and small,



REFRAIN.



The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.



- 3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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USED BY PER.

W. G. Tomer.



1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,



CHORUS.



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,



- 3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
- 4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Hallelujah, Jesus Reigns.

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

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Jesus reigns.

Allegro.

1. Sound the glad tri-umph-ant cho - rus, Let the song of vic-t'ry ring,
2. Let the world u - nite in wor-ship, Let the na-tions bless His Name,
3. Join each voice in songs in - spir - ing, Till the ech - oes ring a - bove,

His ban - ner waves be - fore us, The stand - ard of our King.
Their thank - ful voic - es rais - ing, With hon - or and ac - claim
Give laud and praise un - tir - ing, Un - dy - ing faith and love,

From far and near the an - them rolls In sweet and swell - ing strains,
Let souls of earth be prais - ing Him, Who lose their guilt - y stains;
Let all cre - a - tion glad - ly say, While earth and sky re - mains,

"Re - joice, re - joice, ye sons of earth, The King of glo - ry reigns."
"Re - joice, re - joice, oh hearts of men, The King of glo - ry reigns."
"Re - joice, re - joice, give thanks and sing, The King of glo - ry reigns."

Hallelujah, Jesus Reigns.

CHORUS.

mf Je - sus reigns to-day, Je -
Hal - le - lu - jah, earth re-joic - es in His glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, tell a-

sus reigns to-day, Sound His praise abroad, He is Christ our Lord, As our
gain the bless-ed sto - ry. Hal - le-

King He reigns. Je - sus reigns to-day,
lu-jah, Je-sus reigns, He reigns. Hal - le - lu - jah, raise the ban - ner of sal - va - tion

Je - sus reigns to-day, He is King of kings, blessed
Hal - le - lu - jah, give Him praise and ad - o - ra - tion,

light He brings, Hal - le - lu - jah, He reigns, Je - sus reigns, He reigns.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus reigns, He reigns, Hal - le - lu - jah, Jesus reigns, He reigns.

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Praise Him Evermore.

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1. Songs of ad - o - ra - tion glad - ly bring; Tell to ev - 'ry na - tion
2. Hosts of sin de - fy - ing, praise the Lord; On His strength re - ly - ing,
3. Fill some heart with gladness ev - 'ry day; Ban - ish care and sad - ness
4. Tho' the way in sor - row may grow dim, We shall all to - mor - row



Christ is King; Fill the world with glad - ness, Drive a - way all sad - ness,
 trust His word; Christ will live for - ev - er, Naught His love can sev - er,
 on life's way; Fill some life with glo - ry, Tell the dear old sto - ry,
 be with Him; At the gate He'll meet us, Lov - ing friends will greet us,



CHORUS.



Till each soul His praise shall sing. Praise
 Fol - low Him in sweet ac - cord.
 Speed the mes - sage while you may. Praise with ju - bi - la - tion
 In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.



and a - dore Christ, who brought sal - va - tion ev - er - more;



Tell
 Tell with ex - ul - ta - tion o'er and o'er, How the cross for us He bore.



*The
S.H.*