1912

Song Crown: A New Compilation of Sweet Gospel Songs

Austin Taylor
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Authors
1912

Song Crown

Gospel Songs
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL

PUBLISHED BY
FIRM FOUNDATION PUBLISHING HOUSE
AUSTIN, TEXAS
SONG CROWN
A NEW COMPILATION OF
SWEET GOSPEL SONGS

BY

AUSTIN TAYLOR    G. H. P. SHOWALTER    W. W. SLATER
D. M. RAGLE      A. J. VETETO
R. M. MORGAN     T. P. BURT
SILAS L. COX    A. T. FOSTER
L. G. PARK

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AUSTIN, TEXAS

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O sing unto the Lord a new song. Ps. 98:1.

Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. Ps. 100:2.

And when they had sung an hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives. Acts 26:30.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Eph. 5:19.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. 3:16.

Jan. 1, 1912.
No. 1.  Let the Lord Be Praised, O Zion!

J. B. F.

JAS. H. FRANKLIN.

Con Animato.

1. Let the Lord be praised, O Zion! Magnify His holy name,
2. Shout aloud, ye hosts victorious, Conquerors in His worthy cause,
3. Praise Him, all creation praise Him, Heaven and earth unite and sing

In triumphant adoration, Far and near His praise proclaim,
Spare ye not the homage due Him, Look not for the world's applause,
Praises of this mighty Ruler, Whom the angels crowned their King.

CHORUS.

Prince of peace, o'er death victorious, Countless hosts their voices raise,

Hear the cry from the walls of Zion, "Let the Lord be praised."
"Let the Lord be praised."
No. 2. The Light In the Storm.

A.T. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Out on the bil-low-y o-cean of life, Toss-ing, your
2. Gli-ding and rid-ing the peril-ous waves, Fac-ing 'toward
3. O ye a-drift on the tur-bu-lent sea, Borne on the
4. Down in the dark-ness of gloom and de-spair, Sinks the un-

storm-driven form; Lo! there's a bea-con-light shin-ing for you-
dan-ger and harm; Drift-ing in dark-ness from Je-sus, who saves-
muf-fl-ing foam; Sig-nal the life-boat, O haste for your life!
for-tu-nate form; Lost from the har-bor and shel-ter so fair,

CHORUS.

There is a light in the storm... Je-sus, the light in the storm...
Pull for the light in the storm...
Lost from the light in the storm...

light in the storm, Je-sus, the light in the storm; There is sweet

ref-uge,—O steer your boat there,—Je-sus, the light in the storm.

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No. 3. The Christian's Welcome Home,

Words arr. by C. E. P. JNO. 14: 2-3. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How sweet will be the welcome home, (welcome home,)
2. When we the lovely promised land, (promised land,)
3. If we are faithful we shall gain, (safely gain,)

The land of life is o'er; When pain and sorrow, grief and care,
eyes shall see; We'll join the holy angel band,
promised rest; Where, with the Saviour we shall reign,
shall gain, (safely gain,)
The land of life is o'er; When pain and sorrow, grief and care,

CHORUS.

Shall trouble us no more. Welcome home, sweet welcome home,
In praise, dear Lord, to Thee. Welcome home,
And be forever blest. Welcome home,

home, sweet home, Welcome home,
sweet welcome home, My home, my heav'n-ly home, sweet home,

home, . . . . sweet welcome home, The Christian's welcome home.
Welcome home, sweet welcome home,
No. 4. Singing All the While.

JAMES ROWE.

RICHARD M. MORGAN

1. O the peace that fills me! Mid the struggling throug, O the joy that thrills me,
2. I have been forgiven! All my sin is gone, With the King of heaven,
3. Jesus, faithful lover! All my heart is Thine, Full to running o

As I go along; Close to Him who loves me, Seeing oft His smile,
I am pressing on. Trusting ev'ry promise, Happy ev'ry day,
With Thy love divine. Keep me Thine for ev'er, Let my faith increase,

Sure that He will faithful be, I'm singing all the while.
In His light by day and night, I'm singing all the way.
Then my song, my happy song, Shall never, never cease.

CHORUS.

Singing all the way; singing all the way, Singing ev'ry day,
Singing all the way, singing all the way, Singing ev'ry day,
Singing all the way, Singing ev'ry day, Singing with a

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Singing All the While. Concluded.

smile, Sing-ing all the while.

sing-ing with a smile, Sing-ing all the while, yes, Sing-ing all the while.

No. 5. Peace.

J. LEE AUSTIN. ARTHUR J. VETETO.

1. Peace of mind and peace of soul The world can nev-er, nev-er give; Peace of mind and peace of soul

2. Peace has conquered doubt and fear, I fal-ly trust my Saviour now; Peace has conquered doubt and fear,

3. Peace is mine, what-e'er be-fall, From world-ly strife I am se-cure; Peace is mine, what-e'er be-fall,

Now is mine, thro' Christ I'm whole, And by His pre-cepts I will live. Now is mine, thro' Christ I'm whole,

He to bless is ev-er near, And to His will in love I bow. He to bless is ev-er near,

Je-sus is my all in all, And faith-ful He will e'er en-dure. Jesus is my all in all,

Refrain.

To Christ, the Lord, all prais-es be, By His grace I've gained re-lease; To Christ, the Lord, all prais-es be

O'er sin I've won the vic-to-ry, And a-hide in peace, sweet peace! O'er sin I've won the vic-to-ry,
No. 6. **On To Victory.**

KATHARYN BACON.  J. W. WEST.

1. Hark! the bugle sounds "To arms!" To the battlefield now speed you,
   On to vic - t'ry, soldiers, on! Fear you not de-feat or harms,
   On to vic-t'ry, soldiers, on! Soon the morn of peace will dawn,

2. "To the front!" O hear the call, Fiercely now the bat-tle rag-es,
   He's the con-qu'r-or of all a-ges,
   On to vic-t'ry, soldiers, on! yes, on to vic-t'ry, soldiers, on!

3. Fal-ter not, but bravely fight Till the world is peace pos-sess-ing,
   You'll re-ceive e-ter-nal bless-ing,
   Waves on high the flag that frees us Till the world is

Chorus.

On to vic - t'ry, soldiers, on!............ Soon the
On to vic-t'ry, soldiers, on!............ Soon the

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1. Some day beyond the silent valley, Where sounds no mortal word,
2. Some day beyond the sombre valley, The vale so still and dim,
3. Some day beyond the lonely valley, Where none can with us go,
4. Some day beyond the dismal valley, When earthly strife is o'er,

Sweet voices speaking to our spirits In welcome will be heard.
We shall behold our Saviour's glory, And we shall be like Him.
We'll join the throng of bright immortals, Their holy rapture know.
We'll sing the glad new song of heaven, Rejoicing evermore.

CHORUS.

Some blessed day beyond the valley We'll reach the heavenly height,

With souls redeemed to dwell forever In never fading light.
No. 8. I Expect to Wear a Crown.

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

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. H. N. LINCOLN

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

by and by; My future prospects are so bright, I expect to wear a crown
by and by; When angel convoys bear me home, I expect to wear a crown
by and by; My title is established sure, I expect to wear a crown
by and by; I rise above them in my soul, I expect to wear a crown
by and by; What signifies a few brief years? I expect to wear a crown

REFRAIN.

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

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

In His glory I will share, I expect to wear a crown by and by.
No. 9.  FOLLOW WHERE JESUS LEADETH.

MRS. G. M. HERRINGTON.  A. H. GREGORY.

Cro. by A. H.G.

1. Soul! soul! on life's journey pressing Swiftly on from day to day;
2. Long! long! you have lonely wandered, Knowing not the Father's love;
3. Flee! flee! ere the storm clouds lower, To the shelter of His breast;
4. Cling! clinging! in thy weakness ever, Close to Jesus' bleeding side;

List! list! to the Lord's entreat-ing, "Walk thou in the nar-row way."
Still! still! in His boundless mercy, He doth beck-on thee a-bove.
Safe! safe! from the pow'r of evil! You for ev-er-more shall rest!
Trust! trust! in His pow' r to strengthen, Cling to Him what-e'er be-tide.

REFRAIN.

Will you fol-low where He leads?       Hear the
Will you fol-low, ev-er fol-low where the blessed Master leads? Hear the

call,        gen-tle call:        Hear the bless-ed in-vi-
loving gospel call, gentle call:        Hear the blessed in-vi-ta-tion, hear the
ta-tion, Yet He calls,        Jesus calls!
gospel call to-day, Yet the blessed Master calls, yet the blessed Master calls!

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No. 10. The Light Has Come In.

Written by request of my friend and brother, G. H. P. Showalter, and dedicated to him—A.T.

A. T. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Once was the world all enshrouded with gloom, The light has come in,
2. 'Twas for our freedom that Jesus did die, The light has come in,
3. Over the wall between bondage and grace, The light has come in,

The light has come in; Tho' in the inn for our Lord was no room,
The light has come in; Up from the tomb He ascended the sky,
The light has come in; Bringing redemption to Adam's lost race.

Refrain.

The light has come in, The light has come in. Glory to Jesus who saved us from sin, Giving His life our redemption to win, Bringing the glorious gospel light in, The light has come in, The light has come in.

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No. 11. The Lord is My Shepherd.

H. W. ELLIOTT.
Arr. by F. L. E.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He leadeth me night and day;
2. When to the dark valley of death I come, No evil then will I fear;
3. The table is spread, and my soul shall fast; And never know want or care;
4. Forever to dwell in the house of God, The shadows all past and gone;

In pastures of green, by waters so sweet, He guides me in wisdom's way.
Thy rod and Thy staff will comfort me there, And make my way bright and clear.
Anointed with oil, my head it shall be, My cup filled with pleasure there.
With Jesus my king, His praises to sing, While ages roll on and on.

Chorus.

O Shepherd divine, sweet Shepherd of mine; Lead me in the right way;

To heaven above, where Thee I can love, Thro' one eternal day.

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No. 12  We Shall See Him In the Morning.
A. T.

1. Sweet the tho't of Him who died for us, Of His great and glo-ri-o us
crown-ing, But a sweet-er tho't now comes to me, We shall
corn-ing, He is com-ing back to earth a-gain, We shall
burn-ing, And with joy-ous fees we'll look a-way, And shall

2. We shall see the Lamb for sin once slain, And be-bold His bright a-

3. We will wait and watch, we'll work and pray, Keep our lamps all trimmed and

CHORUS.

see Him in the morning. We shall see Him in the morning,

Yes, see Him face to face, when we have run our race; We shall

see our bless-ed Saviour's face And share His ev-er-last-ing grace.

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Mrs. Laura E. Newell.  H. N. Lincoln.  By per.

1. All the world should hear the message we proclaim to-day, God is love!
2. There's a road that all may travel to the home of bliss, God is love!
3. Come to Jesus, He has suffered to redeem your soul, God is love!

God is love! Dying sinners, Christ will save you; He's the truth, the way, God is love!
God is love! And a home for all in glory, brighter far than this, God is love!
God is love! And to heaven He will guide you, all your ways control, God is love!

Chorus.

love! God is love! Good news to all! the Saviour reigns!
God is love, Good news to all! the Saviour reigns!

A place in heav'n for you remains! His blood will cleanse thy deepest stain, God is love!
A place in heav'n for you remains! His blood will cleanse thy deepest stain, God is love!

Copyright, 1895, by H. N. Lincoln. From "Crowning Themes."
1. You have wandered a-way from your Saviour and friend, And re-
ject-ed His love and care; Still He bids you re-turn and a-
way-ward re-turn from sin And re-sign to the will of the
come un-to Him to-day? For to-day is the day of sal-
bide in His fold, And His joy through the a-ges share.
Fa-ther of love, And in faith life a new be-gin.
va-tion for all, Come, O come and the Lord o-bey.

CHORUS.

Long-ing soul, ...... re-turn, re-turn, There is peace,
Long-ing soul, O soul, There is peace, sweet peace,

There is rest; To the Fa-ther's a-bode, O re-
There is rest, sweet rest;
Longing Soul, Return. Concluded.

1. When Christ the Son of God was slain, Upon that awful day,
2. With thorns upon His bleeding brow He goes to Calvary,
3. The earth did quake, the saints arose Who slept beneath the sod;

The temple's veil was rent in twain, The sunlight fled away.
To death His humble soul did bow To set the captive free.
The Roman captain cried aloud, "This was the Son of God."

Chorus.

The debt He paid For you and me, The
The debt He paid, the debt He paid For you and me, for you and me,

cross He meekly bore; But now from pain and sorrow free, He reigns for evermore.

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No. 16. Prepare to Meet Thy God.

AUSTIN TAYLOR. AMOS 4: 12. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We see the grass and flowers fading, The tender leaflets
2. The hoary heads and furrowed faces, The loved ones buried
3. We hear the holy Son entreatings, We see the path that

blist and nod, We hear the message o'er the meadow, Pre-
neath the sod, Resound the solemn words of warning, Pre-
He hath trod, We hear Jehovah's loving warning, Pre-

CHORUS.

pare, prepare to meet thy God. Prepare, prepare to

meet thy God, For soon will come the judgment morning; Pre-

pare, prepare to meet thy God, Prepare, prepare, prepare.

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No. 17. There's a Light In the Window.

T. P. B. T. P. BURT

1. There's a beautiful city far away, Happy home just be-
2. O the light of that cit-y is the Lord, There the King in His
3. There are angels of glory in that home, They are waiting and

yond the dark sea, I can see its gold-en splendor thro' the spray, There's a
glo-ry we'll see, And the light to guide us there is His own word, 'Tis a
watch-ing for me, Sinner, come and go with me, no more to roam, There's a

CHORUS.

light in the win-dow for me.
light in the win-dow for me. There's a light in the win-dow for me,
light in the win-dow for thee.

There's a light in the win-dow for me; O the word of God doth guide

to that home beyond the tide, 'Tis a light in the win-dow for me.

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No. 18.

THE CITY OF LOVE.


1. We are waiting for the Master to call us home; We are longing for the mansions above, Where the blessed Saviour waits for His rapture, joy, and gladness above. When our weary march is ended we'll turn our tearful eyes far above; Then our hearts are all aglow with the children's coming To assign to them the city of love: Where our weary souls shall enter mansions Jesus gives us in the city of love: There is no more joy celestial Waiting for us in the city of love. God will wipe away each rest, sweetly rest, Lovingly on Jesus' breast; Gentle breast. O we roam, sadly roam, But with Jesus be at home, blessed home. tear, blinding tear, And will take away all fear, every fear.

2. Our hearts are full of care while on earth we dwell, But there's longing for the mansions above, Where the blessed Saviour waits for His rapture, joy, and gladness above. When our weary march is ended we'll turn our tearful eyes far above; Then our hearts are all aglow with the

3. Here our way is oft made sad by the fruits of sin, but we longing for the mansions above, Where the blessed Saviour waits for His rapture, joy, and gladness above. When our weary march is ended we'll turn our tearful eyes far above; Then our hearts are all aglow with the children's coming To assign to them the city of love: Where our weary souls shall enter mansions Jesus gives us in the city of love: There is no more joy celestial Waiting for us in the city of love. God will wipe away each rest, sweetly rest, Lovingly on Jesus' breast; Gentle breast. O we roam, sadly roam, But with Jesus be at home, blessed home. tear, blinding tear, And will take away all fear, every fear.

long to reach the shore, where our sorrows shall be o'er, And our happiness shall be complete.
No. 19.  From the Garden to the Cross.

Till He, to us shall it, reveal, That grief, we'll never know;
That suffering in dark Gethsemane, And, what that cross did show.—F. L. E.

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

With feeling.

1. In the Garden, sore oppress'd, Jesus utter'd this request:
2. Judas, now, with traitor kiss, Giveth Him to His enemies!
3. Now, the Jewish council try, And resolve that He shall die!
4. Robe and crown, in mockery, And the taunting soldiers, see!
5. View Him, now, upon the cross, Us to save from endless loss!

Father, if it so may be, Let this cup depart from me;
See that wild and noisy crowd—They will kill the Son of God!
He, of witness false, the prey, Is to Pilate led away!
See Him, now, on Calvary's road, Sink-ing 'neath His heavy load!
Dying, there, up-on the tree—Dying, there, for you and me!

CHORUS.

In the Garden, how He meant'd, Weeping, there, so bitterly!

Yet, the awful cup, would drink, For you and me!

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Glory Will Come to Us All.

JAMES ROWE. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. After our troubles and trials are done, When there is nothing of evil to shun, After the beautiful crown has been won,

2. When we behold our Redeemer and King, When with the angels His praises we sing, Making the valleys of Paradise ring,

3. When we are safe in that kingdom of light, Fairer than morning, in garments of white, When simple faith shall be ended in sight,

Chorus.

Glory will come to us all. Glory will come to us all, After the strife, in the new land of life, Glory will come to us all.

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No. 21. Step Out On the Promise.


S. L. C.

1. Step out on the promise of Jesus today, He's tenderly calling for you;... Go work in His vineyard, great wages He'll pay, give you release;... Step out from sin's darkness into the great light, pardon today;... Come humbly believing, repent, Him confess,

2. Step out on the promise of Jesus, my friend, The world can not

3. Step out on the promise of Jesus, just now, He says He will

God, my brother, Step out where the blood can heal;... O carry your burden of sin no further, But unto the Saviour yield.

REFRAIN.

O trust the great Friend who is true...
And Jesus will give you sweet peace... Step out on the promise of
And every commandment obey...

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No. 22.  

_In the Light._

**AUSTIN TAYLOR.**  

1. Like a mighty army we are pressing on, In the light, (In the light,) in the light; (In the light:) Marching with our Leader, faith-ful ev-’ry one, In the light, (in the light,) the light of God.

2. With our banner waving, marching at command, In the light, (In the light,) in the light; (in the light:) Grace the Lord supplies us for each trying fray, In the light, (in the light,) the light of God.

3. In the thickest battle we have naught to fear, In the light, (In the light,) in the light; (in the light;) God is our Commander, and is ever near, In the light, (in the light,) the light of God.

**Chorus.**  

In the light, in the light, In the beautiful, golden light, We are marching in the light of God; With a joyful shout and

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In the Light. Concluded.

song. We to vic'-try march a-long, In the light, the light of God

No. 23. In Truth Is Life Eternal.

J. LEE AUSTIN. ARTHUR J. VETETO.

1. A thousand tongues could ne'er impart The glad-ness of a trust-ing heart;
2. 'Twas thro' His gos-pel to the world Our earth-ly free-dom was un-furled,
3. No one but Christ has pow'r to save, He rose a vic-tor o'er the grave,

There's life e-ter-nal, free from pain, For all who dwell up-on this plain.
And thro' His blood, for you and me, There's joy and im-mor-tal-i-ty.
And till His glo-ries you shall view, To Him be faith-ful and be true.

CHORDS.

O - bey the truth of God's dear Son Un-till life's jour-ney shall be done,

And He will take you home to rest For-ev-er with the pure and blest.

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No. 24. 

Salvation Free to All.

into the world our Saviour came, the soul, from sin to call:
Yes, all that will He bideth come, salvation's free to all.

N. W. ALLPHIN.

1. With my Saviour I'm abiding, He, my every step is guiding, On His name, a - lone, for mercy will I call; When in singing, For, He died, my soul to ransom from the fall; I would wea - ry, And, a - round me, dark-ness gath-ers like a pall; Yet, I,

2. Un - to Je - sus I am cling- ing, And His won- drous love I'm guiding, On His name, a - lone, for mercy will I call; When in singing, For, He died, my soul to ransom from the fall; I would wea - ry, And, a - round me, dark-ness gath-ers like a pall; Yet, I,

3. Tho' my path-way may be drear - y, And my soul, so oft - en, in the cross will glo - ry, And I'll tell the won-drous sto - ry Of the death He brought sa - lvation, free to all. With my Sav - iour I'm a - bid - ing, In His love I am con - tinued, With my Saviour, blessed Saviour, I'm a - bid - ing, I'm a - bid - ing, In His love, His wondrous love, I am con -

4. With my Saviour I'm a - bid - ing, He, my ev - 'ry step is guiding, On His name, a - lone, for mercy will I call; When in singing, For, He died, my soul to ransom from the fall; I would wea - ry, And, a - round me, dark-ness gath-ers like a pall; Yet, I,

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Salvation Free to All. Concluded.

Welcome.

A. T. F. ADOLPHUS T. FOSTER.

1. Welcome friends and strangers too! Welcome to our hall! Hear our welcome
2. Welcome all who gather here! Welcome now we sing! Come our friends and
3. Come where all is bright and gay, Come with cheer and song. Let this be a

Refrain.

song to you. Welcome, welcome all!
loved ones dear, Hear th’ welcome ring!
joy-ful day, And remembered long.

Welcome, welcome one and all!

Welcome to our hall! Hear, O hear our welcome call, Welcome, welcome all!

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1. When the Master shall call us, from labor to rest; From this
2. With the saints and the angels our hearts will rejoice, In the
3. In hosanna to Jesus, our voices we'll blend, In that
4. By the river of life, ever flowing so calm; We shall

earth, with its sorrow and care, To a home with the angels, the
presence of Jesus, the King, We will praise Him forever, with
beautiful mansion above; All the praise and the glory, to
rest and be happy and free; Of that water we'll drink, as a

saved and the blest, Then a beautiful crown we shall wear
heart and with voice, All triumphant in glory, we'll sing
Jesus shall tend; As the author of bliss and of love
life-giving balm; Ever flowing for you and for me,

CHORUS.

O that home!...that beautiful home,
O that home! that beautiful, beautiful home,

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That Beautiful Home. Concluded.

with the saints and the angels to share, O that home!... that beautiful
O that home! that

home, There's a beautiful crown we shall wear.
beautiful, beautiful home,

No. 27. Lead, Kindly Light.  

JOHN H. NEWMAN.  

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is

2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to

3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

dark and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the garish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The distant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day; and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mer-bor not past years.
angel faces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.
1. When this toilsome life is ended And our spirits shall be free-
2. Friends below are few in number, Countless friends are waiting there-
3. Many friends are gathered yonder On that bright eternal shore

We'll be happy over yonder, by and by! There our voices will blend throughout all eternity—We'll be happy over slumber, then His glory we shall share—We'll be happy over number and rejoice for evermore—We'll be happy over yonder, by and by! We'll be happy over yonder, by and by! Soon we'll wake from death's deep slumber, then His glory we shall share—We'll be happy over number and rejoice for evermore—We'll be happy over yonder, by and by! We'll be happy over yonder, by and by! Soon we'll join the saintly band—We'll be happy over yonder, by and by! Where the soul can never wander, where the soul can never wander, where

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WE'LL BE HAPPY OVER YONDER. Concluded.

No. 29. JESUS THE SAVIOUR.

C. H. BURROW. W. W. SLATER.

1. Jesus the Saviour will lead us to heaven—On to that land that is
   brighter than day; Jesus the Saviour, that home He will give us,
   home to that land, Where we rest and be happy forever,
   heavenly way, Till in that we shall rest and be happy,

2. Jesus the Saviour is coming from heaven—Coming to take us all
   Jesus the Saviour, that home He will give us,
   home to that land, Where we rest and be happy forever,
   heavenly way, Till in that we shall rest and be happy,

3. Jesus the Saviour will guide us to heaven—Lead us along in the
   Jesus a home has prepared up in heaven,
   Jesus the Saviour, That home He will give us,
   home to that land, Where we rest and be happy forever,
   heavenly way, Till in that we shall rest and be happy,

D. S.—Jesus a home has prepared up in heaven,

Will you not come and accept Him today?
There at the side of our Saviour to stand. Jesus the Saviour, stand
In that pure clime that is fairer than day.

REFRAIN.

Will you accept and believe Him today?
Variation has given; Will you not quickly His summons obey?

Salter and Burrow, owners,
Drifting and Gone.

J. B. V.  J. B. Vaughan.

1. On the surging billows 'mid the raging wave, Cries a dying sail—or save, oh, save! Dashing o'er the white-caps, drifting from the goal to the Beacon light: Day is fast declining, they are drifting on. 

2. Shout the fearful warning of the coming night, Point the millions Jesus, look just now, See the rolling billows, hear the raging storm drifting onward, pleading for the rescue of the soul Soon they'll cry in vain, too late! I'm gone, forever gone. 

3. Can you not do something in this trying hour? Beg them look to They're drifting today, yes, drifting Drifting today, drifting away, drifting today, 

Chorus.

They're drifting today, drifting away, drifting today,
Drifting and Gone. (Concluded.)

way, They cry Jesus save, oh, Mas- ter stay the
Drifting away, Save Jesus save, save Jesus save, Master stay the wave,

wave, They sink 'neath the foam, too
Master stay the wave, Sinking 'neath the foam, gone, for-ev-er gone,

late— they are gone, Too late......... will be the
Sinking 'neath the foam, gone, for-ev-er gone, Crying, late, too late;

cry, be saved......... why will ye die?
crying, late, too late; be saved, oh be saved, why will ye die? why will ye die?
No. 31. Happy In the Saviour's Love.

W. W. S. WOODIE W. SMITH.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.

1. I have started on my journey to my home above, I am happy in the Saviour's love; I am trusting Jesus.

2. I have left the weary desert of my sinful life, I am happy in the Saviour's love; I am now up on the

3. Sinner, will you heed the message sent to you today, And be happy in the Saviour's love? Pray God's pardon and for-

power as I onward go, I am happy in the

highway free from sin and strife, I am happy in the

giveness and His will obey, Be made happy in the

Saviour's love. I am happy in the Saviour's love, I am boundless love,

happy in the Saviour's love, I have left the sinking sand, boundless love,
Happy In the Saviour's Love. Concluded.

No. 32. How Much More.

MIRIAM OATMAN. G. H. RAMSEY.

1. I saw a fond father who gave to his child The best that his
love could obtain, And, looking on him in his fatherly love, found it again; And, seeing the dumb brute's affection and care, wind and from rain; "All nature," I cried, "with its myriads of tongues,

D.S.—How much more than you shall your Father in heav'n,

I sang in my heart this refrain:
Once more I took up the refrain: "If ye who are
evil feel love for your own, And gifts on your children bestow,

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No. 33.  

In That Crowning Day.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. In the golden city— in the home above, In that crowning day;   
   Friends shall meet again in higher realms of love,          
   Saints will there be crowned and robed and glorified,  
   And to have a welcome at the Lord's right hand,   
   We shall have a robe and crown of jewels then,

2. At the great tribunal, where the soul is tried,  
   In that crowning, crowning day;   
   There the saints shall wear a crown of jewels rare,  
   In that crowning, crowning day.

3. O to be prepared and able there to stand,  
   In that crowning, crowning day;  
   In that crowning, crowning day, crowning day.

4. If we've served the Master, true and faithful been, In that crowning, crowning day;   
   In that crowning, crowning day;  
   In that crowning, crowning day, crowning day.
1. Some day, beyond the gates of gold, When all life's story has been told,
2. Some day, before His matchless face, My soul shall thank Him for His grace,
3. Some day, when tears can fall no more, Him on His throne I shall adore,

All trials ended, I shall be With Him who shed His blood for me.
And I shall hold His hand in mine, And hear His tender voice divine.
And sing, with all the hosts above, In praise of His redeeming love.

Chorus.

Yes, some bright morn, some happy day, When I have left this house of clay,

I shall awake on heaven's shore, To be with Christ forevermore.
No. 35.  Turn the Wanderers Homeward.

A. T.  

1. Turn the wand’rers homeward, show to them the light, Many grope in darkness, stray-ing in the night; Let your light be shin-ing with a stead-y glow, Try to be a bless-ing ev’ry-where you go.

2. Turn the wand’rers homeward, bring them back a-gain, Jesus waits to save them, shall He wait in vain? Keep your lamps all burn-ing, for the Mas-ter shine, Brighten up the path-way all a-long the line,

3. Turn the wand’rers homeward, ’tis a work of love, Point them to the sin to save, Sad-ly wand’ring down-ward to an end-less grave.

CHORUS.

Homeward, homeward, turn the wand’rers home-ward, An-gels fair, re-

joice o’er one re-turn-ing home; Let your light be shin-ing.

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No. 36.

Nearer and Dearer Is Jesus.

A.T.  

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Nearer and dearer is Jesus to me, Sweeter His story of love;
2. Over and over I heard His sweet voice, Sweet as the music of song;
3. Nearer and dearer He's growing each day, Nearer and dearer to me;

More in His likeness I ever would be, More like my Saviour above,
Wooing my spirit to make Him my choice, Now I am one of His throng,
As I learn more of His sweet, gentle way, More of His goodness I see.

CHORUS.

Precious and gracious Redeemer, Nearer and dearer to me.

A. J. V.  ARTHUR J. VEETO.

1. Tho' waves are lashing and lightning's flashing; Tho' swift and
2. Let naught a-larm you, no storms can harm you, But onward
3. All praise forever to Christ, who never Forsakes, but

high is the tide, Be brave, not fearing, the port you're nearing, In steer for the shore; At life's fair even you'll reach the haven, When faithful will prove; Till you are given a crown in heaven, A-

CHORUS.

love of Jesus abide...
storms ever are o'er... In love of the Saviour abide you ever in His love...

... No friend is so faithful and true... In love of the a-bide;

Saviour abide,... Till life and its trials are through, a-bide,
No. 38.
GATHER THE SHEAVES.

J. L. M.

For the harvest of the earth is ripe—Rev. 14: 15.

J. L. Moore.

Con energy.

1. Gather the sheaves for the Master, In the morning bright and fair;
2. Gather the sheaves for the Master, Thro' the dark and stormy night
3. Gather the sheaves for the Master, All along the dreary way;

Gather the sheaves for the Master, In the beat of noon-day's glare.
Gather the sheaves for the Master, For a harvest pure and white.
Gather the sheaves for the Master, For the coming judgment day.

CHORUS.

Harvest time is ready, my brother, Fields are
white across the hill and plain; Up! go forth, And

labor for Jesus, Bring in the beautiful golden grain.

Owned by J. L. Moore, Bethlehem, Ga.
1. There's a home just over yonder, there's a land that's bright and fair.
2. When my pilgrimage is over and I journey here no more.
3. Blessed hope of life eternal, blessed promise oh, how sweet.

Many mansions there are waiting, for the faithful by and by;
I shall lay me down to slumber, soon to wake on yonder shore;
I am clinging to my Saviour, I am sitting near His feet.

'Tis so sweet to sing of heaven, of its glories rich and rare;
I shall wake to see my Saviour, I shall meet Him in the sky;
I can almost hear the singing, of redeemed ones in the sky.

D.S.--Hallelujah will be ringing, where the voices never tire,

My Redeemer, oh, to see Him, will be glory over there.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I'll be singing by and by.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I shall join them by and by.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, I'll be singing by and by.
Chorus.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah by and by.

J. B. VAUGHAN, OPUS.
No. 40. SING A SONG UNTO THE LORD.

Miss Eulalia Mewborn. J. B. Vaughan.

1. Sing a song unto the Lord, praise and magnify His name,
   Jesus blood was shed for me, when the Lamb of God was slain.
2. God the merciful and true gave His son to die for you,
   He will keep till life is through if you love His will to do.
3. Jesus once for sinners slain, peace unto our souls did bring,
   Sing, oh! sing ye runneth' out, make the Hallelujahs ring.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing a song of Jesus' love, Sing, oh! sing of Him who reigns above,
Sing, my soul, adore His name, Christ is coming back again,

Sing, oh! sing a song of Jesus' love, Sing, oh! sing of Him who reigns above,
Sing, my soul, adore His blessed name, yes, back again,

J. B. Vaughan, '927.
No. 43.  On the Rock of Ages.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

FRANK GRAMMER.

1. Are you building on the Rock of Ages? Are you building on the
2. Are you building for the life eternal? Are you building on the
3. Are you building on the Rock of Ages? Are you building for e-
4. Are you building for a home in heaven? Are you careful how you

sink- ing sand? Are you building on the sure foundation? Will your
Christ the Rock? Has your hope a sure and true abiding? Can you
ter- ni- ty? Are you going to the home supernatural? With the
lay each stone? Is your hope and faith in God un-changing? Are you

CHORUS.

house the rains and tempests stand?
stand the awful judgments shock? Are you building, building on the Rock?
an- gels then to ever be? Are you building, building,
build- ing on the Christ a- lone?

Are you building on the Rock of Ages? When you answer judgment's call,

Will your building stand or fall? Are you building on the Rock of Ages?

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No. 44. Beautiful Story to Tell.

F. L. EILAND.  
S. A. MYERS.

1. Sowing and reaping for Jesus our King, Beautiful
2. Sowing the words of His wonderful love, Beautiful
3. Sowing for Jesus, yes, sowing to-day, Beautiful
4. Sowing, still sowing for Jesus we send, Beautiful

Story to tell!
Story to tell!
Story to tell!
Story to tell!

Story to tell!

Spreading His Gospel in
Pointing the erring to
Sowing for Jesus, for
Seed that we'll harvest when

truth as we sing, Beautiful story to tell.
heaven above, Beautiful story to tell.
He is the way, Beautiful story to tell.
coneth the end, Beautiful story to tell.

Chorus:

Sowing the seed of the Kingdom, Sing it wherever you go,
Sowing the seed of the kingdom, Sing it wherever you go,

Reapers shall gather together, What so ever they sow.
Reapers shall gather together,
1. Shall I be content with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright portals I see? The answer comes back—strive a cluster to win,
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go wide harvest fields, Where work is so great and the labor's so few,
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find plain I can see, And now having found it I'll labor and wait,
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till heaven I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Master's renown.

CHORUS.

And the way will be brighter for me.
And the promise a bountiful yield? Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,
Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,
Working for the crown; we shall wear by and by.
1. Tell me, dear sinner, O tell me today, Why do you wander in sin? Come to the fold of the Saviour of men,
   to-day, Why do you linger, O sinner, to-day, Jesus still

2. Judgment is coming, is coming to all, Sinner, why longer delay? Flee to the Saviour, O answer His call!

3. Why do you linger, O sinner, to-day, Jesus still knocks at thy heart? Will you accept Him, believe and obey?

CHORUS.
Jesus will welcome you in... Come to Him, sinner, to-day... Tell me, dear sinner, I

pray. Why not make Jesus your choice? Why not prepare for the great judgment day? Angels above will rejoice.

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No. 47.  The Waving Harvest.

We have the sweet and precious promise
That wagers He will pay,
For service, here within His vineyard,
In that great, final day.—F. L. E.

Words written for and adapted to music by F. L. EILAND.  R. M. MORGAN.

1. Thro' the white and waving fields, Now we go with beautiful song,
That the blessed gospel light lost sinners may see; That its
That in Jesus there is peace, and wonderfully free; That if
That the white and waving fields here gathered may be; That the

2. Proudly we this message tell To the soul now burdened with sin,
That the glorious truth may shine; With its grace and power divine
on Him they believe, In their aching hearts will relief;
gospel's joyful sound, We may send to nations around,

3. Willing hands and hearts we give, As we voice these beautiful songs
And in the harvest glad tillers for Jesus we ever would be
And in the harvest glad tillers for Jesus we ever would be
And in the harvest glad tillers for Jesus we ever would be

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The Waving Harvest. Concluded.

**Chorus.**

Gospel in song
The Gospel in song

bring,

Of the great love

unto you we bring,

And of the great love of

unto you we bring,

Je - sus we sing;

of Je - sus we sing;

Beautiful grain

The beau - ti - ful grain

is wast - ing, we see,

is wast - ing, we see,

--- Repeat Chorus softly.

And in the har - vest glad toll - ers for Je - sus we ev - er would be.
HE CALLS TO-DAY, FOR WORKERS.

N o. 4 8 .

HE CALLS TO-DAY, FOR WORKERS.

E. R. LATTA.

Earnestly.

F. L. Eiland.

1. He calls to-day, for work-ers, Do you hear (Do you hear)? do you
2. He calls to-day, for work-ers, In His field (In His field)! in His
3. He calls to-day, for work-ers, Great and small (Great and small)! great in
4. He calls to-day, for work-ers, Young and old (Young and old)! Young in
5. He calls to-day, for work-ers, Will you go (Will you go)? will you

hear (do you hear)? O i-dlers in the mar-ket, Do you
field (in His field)! There's plen-ty that needs do-ing, In His
small (great and small)! He'll show to all, their du-ties, Great and
old (young and old)! Each one shall be re-ward-ed—Young and
go (will you go)? He'll give you life e-ter-nal, Will you

Chorus.

hear (Do you hear)? do you hear (do you hear)?
field (In His field)! in His field (in His field)!
small (Great and small)! great and small (great and small)! Now the Saviour's voice obe-
old (Young and old)! young and old (young and old)!
go (Will you go)? will you go (Will you go)?

Go and work for Him, to-day! Haste away! haste a-way!
Haste a-way! haste a-way!

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1. Wonderful love of Jesus, Wonderful love to me; 
2. Wonderful love of Jesus, Wonderful love to thee; 
3. Wonderful love of Jesus, Wonderful love indeed;

Freeing my soul from bondage, Giving me liberty, 
Purchasing thy redemption On the accursed tree, 
For the whole world of sinners, Still He doth intercede.

REFRAIN.

Wonderful love! Wonderful love! Wonderful love!

love! Wonderful love of Jesus! Wonderful love to me, 

Wonderful love!
No. 50. STANDING ON THE ROCK.

J. Felton Legg.  

S. J. Oslin.

1. Redemption to my soul has come— I'm standing on the Rock at last!
2. The Savior comes and speaks to me— I'm standing on the Rock at last!
3. There's a home for you and me— I'm standing on the Rock at last!
4. Now I am happy in His love— I'm standing on the Rock at last!

REFRAIN.

Oh! I'm standing on the Rock, I'm standing on the Rock, I'm standing on the Rock at last!

My soul has found a

resting place— I'm standing on the Rock at last!

Copyright, 1908, by S. J. Oslin.
No. 51.  WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.
S. J. O.  S. J. OSLIN.

1. Redeem-ing grace has saved my soul—I am walk-ing in the
2. A sinner saved by grace di-vine—I am walk-ing in the
3. A bless-ed peace I now en-joy—I am walk-ing in the
4. Thro' grace I've en- tered in the fold—I am walk-ing in the

King's high-way! Christ's blood ap-plied has made me whole—I am
King's high-way! And in my soul I've peace sub-lime—I am
King's high-way! No vex-ing fears my soul an-noy—I am
King's high-way! And I have joy and peace un-told—For I'm

REFRAIN.

walk-ing in the King's high-way! I'm walk-ing in the King's high-

way (high-way), I'm walk-ing in the King's high-way (highway)! I'm

hap-py as in Christ I go—I am walk-ing in the King's highway!

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—65—
Peace at Last.

1. My soul the threat'ning storm have past, I've found the peace, long sought, at last, Th
2. The dews of grace are com-ing down, With hope the Lord my soul did crown, He
3. By His own hand I'm safe-ly led, I'm feast-ing on the liv-ing bread, I'm

Lord is guiding me from day to day; He hears me when to Him I pray, He
send-ing cheer and sunlight in my soul; I'll love and serve Him more and more, I'
glad I yield-ed to the ges-pel wave; My sun is in its brightest rays, My

seeks me when I go a-stray, His eye is watch-ing o'er my pil-grim way
sing His prais-es o'er and o'er, My life, my all, I'll give to His con-trol
hopes grow brighter with the days, I'm hol-ly trust-ing in the Lord to save,

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No. 53. The Valley Won't be Dark.

"'Tho' I walk thro' the valley of the shadow... Thou art with me."

J. B. H.

JESSE B. HARDIN.

1. Oh, the valley won't be dark, when our soul must quit this clay,
2. Keep your lamps all burning bright, and be watching every day,
3. If we're faithful workers here, we'll not cross the stream alone,

If we're robed and ready when Jesus comes; If we're
For the Saviour soon will bid us come home; But we
For we know that He our sufferings will share; He will

armed with gospel grace, and the Lord is ever nigh, Oh, the
know we'll have the light, 'twill be shining on the way, And the
help us o'er death's stream, and will give to us a home, And the

lay our armor down, and put on a shining crown, And the
Fine. 

valley won't be dark when He comes...... We will take ...... up the
when He comes. We will take,

cross, ...... And be ready for the Saviour when He comes; ......
take up the cross,
when He comes;

Copyright, 1906, by J. B. Hardin.
No. 54.

The Tomb is Empty Now.

E. R. LATTA.

DUET. With expression.

SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Adieu to ev'ry fear! The tomb is empty now!
2. In death He closed His eyes! The tomb is empty now!
3. Behold where He was laid! The tomb is empty now!
4. In Him our hopes we place! The tomb is empty now!

DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Ye need not seek Him here! The tomb is empty now!
By faith I see Him rise! The tomb is empty now!
Our debt of sin He paid! The tomb is empty now!
And we shall see His face! The tomb is empty now!

CHORUS.

He reigns in heav'n today.
He reigns in heav'n today.

Crown up on His brow! The shadows flee.
Crown up on His brow! His brow! The shadows flee, the shadows flee away.

A

Used by perm. of Quartet Music Co.
1. In the long, long ago a Rose bloomed in the valley just o'er the
   way; 'Twas the beautiful Rose of Sharon, And it's

2. There's a Rose that is pure and lovely In the Eden beyond the
   sea; 'Tis the beautiful Rose of Sharon, And it's

3. O the beautiful Rose of Sharon! How its fragrance perfumes the
   air! It is growing by living waters, In the

Chorus.

blooming the same today.

blooming for you and me. O the beautiful, beautiful

land of the bright and fair.

Rose, O the beautiful Rose of Sharon! Of the Rose that is

sweetest and fairest, 'Tis the beautiful Rose of Sharon.

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No. 56. **Hide Me.**

**MRS. E. G. FLOYD.**

**F. M. FERRELL.**

1. Father, hide me from earth's woe, Lest the storms of time a-larm;
2. Hide me from the tempter's snares, Ev'ry-where a-round me spread;
3. Hide me from sin's 'luring charms, I'm so weak when left a-lone!
4. Hide me, O thou bless-ed One, From the chill-ing doubts that rise,

Keep me, Lord, while here be-low, Hide my soul from ev'ry harm,
Hide me from life's blighting cares, Till life's fleet-ing day be sped,
Hidden in Thy shelt'ring arms, All se-cure I trav-el on,
Till I greet Thee by Thy throne, In that home a-bove the skies.

**CHORUS.**

Hide me, hide me, Till the tempest stay, Hide me,
Hide me, blessed Je-sus, till the storms of life shall stay, Hide me, dear Lord,

hide me, Till night rolls a-way; Hide me, hide me,
deemer, Till the tempest rolls a-way; Hide me, O my Saviour, while

while on earth I stand, Hide me in the hol-low of Thy mighty hand,
here on earth I stand,

**J. M. Farrell, owner, Mt. Sylvania, Tex.**
Be Sowing the Seed.

No. 57.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Be sowing the seed of the kingdom of God, Be sowing the seed,
2. The season of harvest is coming ere long, Be sowing the seed,
3. Be sowing the seed of the kingdom each day, Be sowing the seed,

sowing the seed; By hillside and mountains, by life's weary road,
sowing the seed; No time will be given to righten a wrong,
sowing the seed; The soil is now ready, no time for delay.

CHORUS.

Be sowing the seed of the kingdom. Be sowing, sowing,

sowing the seed, At morning, and noon, and evening; The Master your

labor with glory will crown, Be sowing the seed of the kingdom.
No. 58. Whosoever Will May Come.

A.T.AUSTIN TAYLOR

1. To the living wa-ter, hear the wel-come call, Whoso-ev-
2. Come from ev-'ry na-tion to the liv-ing well, Whoso-ev-
3. To the liv-ing wa-ter free-ly come to-day, Whoso-ev-

will may come; 'Tis a lov-ing mes-sage, sent to one and all
will may come; Keep the mes-sage ring-ing o-ver hill and dale
will may come; To the heal-ing foun-tain, to the liv-ing wa-

Chorus.

Whoso-ev-er will may come. Whoso-ev-

will may come, Whoso-ev-er will may come, To the liv-

wa-ter of the Fa-ther's love,—Whoso-ev-er will may come

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Scatter Golden Sunbeams.

IDA L. REED.

H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Scatter golden sun-beams, All along your way, Cheering souls a-weary, Ever day by day, Many hearts are yearning, With love's fadeless glow, Many griefs may banish, More than you may know.

2. Scatter golden sun-beams, Where-e'er you roam, They some soul may glad-den, Bring some wand'rer home, They may light life's pathway, They may light life's pathway, More than you may know.

3. Scatter golden sun-beams, Send abroad the light, Many lives are shad-owed, Deep in sor-row's night, You may help and cheer them, While love's light is shining, You may help and cheer them, More than you may know.

4. Scatter golden sun-beams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life's path-way, None can long be sad, While love's light is shining, While hope's star doth glow, Scatter golden sunshine Ev'ry-where you go.

For the bless-ed light, Send abroad the sun-shine, Gold-en sun-beams bright.

CHORUS.

Scatter the sun-shine, Scatter it on your way, Cheer the lone and weary, Each and ev'ry day, Each and ev'ry day.

L. A. R. Horton, owner.
No. 60.    'Twill Be Glory By and By.

"—then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3: 4.

J. B. V.       J. B. VAUGHAN

1. My Redeemer has gone to prepare (in the sky), Bless-
man-sions of rest by and by (by and by); Soon He
call me home to rest, with the ransomed and the blest, For
all will be glory by and by (over there), How I long.......

2. I've no treasures to bind me below (here below), In this
land full of sorrow and woe (here below); All my
treasures are above, in that land of peace and love, Soon
all soon be glory by and by (by and by). How I long for

3. I shall sing home at last by and by (by and by), And my
voice will be tuned to the lyre (heavenly lyre); There
song shall ever be, home at last beyond the sea, It

CHORUS.

all will be glory by and by (over there),}
how I long................

Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan, Athens, Ga.
'Twill Be Glory By and By. Concluded.

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

blest; 'Twill be sweet; when we with the good and blest; O it will be sweet,

meet, O it will be glory by and by for we soon shall meet, by and by.

No. 61. Cook.

(Male Voices.) T. J. JACKSON.

1. We are pilgrims on our way To the land of endless day,
2. As we travel on we sing Hallelujah to our King;
3. When in heav'n we all shall meet, Our dear Saviour we will greet,

God will banish sin and pain,—Glory to His holy name! When our toiling here is o'er, Then we'll sing forever more. And the angels bright and fair, Hallelujah over there.

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No. 62.  We'll Go Sweeping Thro' the Gate.

GEO. W. SEBRETT.
R. MONROE MORGAN.

1. We are pilgrims on the way To a land of perfect day; We'll go sweeping thro' the gate. We'll go sweeping thro' the gate, yes, we'll

2. If in Jesus we'll confide, If we'll take Him as our guide; We'll go sweeping thro' the gate, We'll go sweeping thro' the gate, yes, we'll

3. If we'll battle for the Lord, Sheathing not the spirit sword, We'll go sweeping thro' the gate, We'll go sweeping thro' the gate, yes, we'll

Courage, onward go, Fearing neither friend or foe, Then in trial we're sure to win Victory o'er death and sin, Then in trial we keep the banner high, Jesus will be ever nigh, Then in trial we

Chorus.

We'll go sweeping thro' the gate. We'll go sweeping thro' the gate. We'll go sweeping thro' the gate, yes, we'll

Where the shining angels wait, yes, where the shining angels wait, we'll

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We'll Go Sweeping Thro' the Gate. Concluded.

We'll go sweeping through the gate,
We'll go sweeping through the gate,
We'll go sweeping thro' the gate, yes, we'll go
We'll go sweeping thro' the gate.

No. 63. I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and wel-come; God's free boun-ty glo-ry;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y la-den, Bruis'd and man gled by the fall,

Cno.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D. C. Chorus.

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

In the arms of my dear Sav-ion, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.
No. 64.  

**Home of the Soul.**

T. P. B.  

**CHORUS.**

1. Though our cross-es to bear may be heavy, (may be heavy,) Yet the
2. From our friends oft we part here in sorrow, (here in sorrow,) And our
3. Let us hold to the words of the Spirit, (of the Spirit,) Blessed

Lord's bless-ed word doth con-sole, For it prom-is-es joy;

Over yon-der, (over yon-der,) When we meet in the home of the

Chorus.

soul. ... Blessed home, hap-py home,

We are steadily press-ing on to our goal; Blessed home,

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Home of the Soul. Concluded.

No. 65. Sing the Praise of Jesus.

L. G. PARK.

1. Sing, O sing the praises of the King, Sound the sweet refrain;
2. Praise the Lord for blessings that He gives To His children here;
3. As you travel onward every day, Sing those songs of love,

Jesus bro't salvation unto man—On the cross for Him was slain.
All our sorrows He will ever share, Jesus, blessed Lord so dear.
Till at last, when Jesus calls us home To those mansions bright above.

Chorus.

Sing . . . . . the wonderful story, Sing . . . . . the earth around;
Sing, O sing,
Sing, yes, sing

Sing . . . . . the love of Jesus, Let . . . . . His praise re-sound.
Sing, O sing
Let your voice

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No. 66.

Sing a Happy Song.

JAMES ROWE.

D. M. RAGLE.

1. As you follow Jesus home, Sing a happy song, Cheer the weary soul that roam, Help the weak along. Spread the light along the way, make them glad, Lighten every care; Sing of Jesus and His love, some sad heart Joy be fore unknown. Christians never should repine,

2. Many hearts are always sad, Heavy loads they bear; Strains of joy will overflow with love; Be a blessing ev'ry day To the one above, Sing of mercy free, Point them to the throne above, Till the light they see. So, with happy song, Glorify your King divine, As you press along,

3. Cheering songs true hope impart To the lost and lone; Yours may bring to Jesus all the way; Be a

CHORUS.

Sing for Jesus, day by day, Sing for Jesus, blessed Jesus, day by day, a-long the way, Sing for Jesus all the way; Be a

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Sing a Happy Song. Concluded.

No. 67. Every Step.

JAMES ROWE. D. M. RAGLE.

SLOW.

1. Ev'ry step, my Saviour, lead Thou me, Then I shall not go astray;
2. There are foes who try to take control, Who would lead me into sin;
3. If I feel the touch of Thy dear hand, I shall trust Thy saving grace,

Safe in Thy dear keeping I shall be, Till shall dawn the better day.
Ev'ry step, dear Jesus, lead my soul, Then I know that I shall win.
And in ev'ry trial firmly stand Till I meet Thee face to face.

CHORUS.

Ev'ry step, dear Lord, dear Lord, Let me nev-er walk a-lone;

Keep my hand in Thine, O Thou friend di-vine, Till I stand be-fore Thy throne.

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No. 68.  I Wonder How Could It Be!

1. When I read how the Father loved the world, That He gave His own beloved Son To die on the tree for mortals like me;
2. When I read how they tried Him with a mob, Carried Him a-way to Calvary, And there on the cross He died for the lost;
3. When I read how He wore the crown of thorns, How He bore the cross for you and me, That all might be saved and raised from the grave;
4. When I read how they nailed Him to the cross, How He died for those who took His life, (O glory for me, He died on the tree;)

CHORUS.

I wonder how could it be! I wonder how could it be, I wonder how could it be! That Jesus would die for mortals like me! I wonder how could it be!
1. In which road do you travel, my brother? Which one I would like to know? Is it in the bright pathway to glory, Or
2. There are only two roads, my dear; rother; In one of them you must now be; Are you living in sin and its pleasures, Or
3. Do not rest till you answer this question, "Which way do I travel along?" Do I walk with the few up to glory, Or
4. Come, O come to the dear Friend of sinners, To Jesus, the Door and the Way; He now lovingly offers salvation, He's

CHORUS.

in the one leading below? have you from sin been made free? Do not walk in the wide road, tho' on the broad way with the throng?" waiting to save you today.

pleasant, It leadeth away from thy God; Come and walk in the road that is narrow, It ends in the city of God.

By perm of J. M. Aiton and A. Taylor.
No. 70.  *Keep the Gospel Message Rolling On.*

Dedicated to all faithful ministers of the gospel.—A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. In the love of Christ a-bid-ing, Spread the precious, joyful tidings, Keep the
   bless-ed gos-pel mes-sage roll-ing on; Many souls sal-va-tion
   bless-ed gos-pel mes-sage roll-ing on; Bear the news of life and
   bless-ed gos-pel mes-sage roll-ing on; (rolling on;) There're no words so full of
   need-ing, For the words of life are plead-ing, Keep the bless-ed gos-pel
   glad-ness To the souls in sin and sad-ness, Keep the bless-ed gos-pel
   glo-ry, As the simple, sweet old sto-ry, Keep the bless-ed gos-pel

   mes-sage roll-ing on. Keep it roll-ing on, Keep it rolling, rolling on, Keep it rolling on,

   roll-ing, roll-ing on; 'Tis the precious old, old sto-ry, Of the
   roll-ing on, rolling on, rolling on;

Used by per. of the author
Concluded.

No. 71. Asleep.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13.

A. T. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Our dear one now has gone to rest, From pain and sorrow free;
2. With tearful eyes and aching hearts We speak the last good-by;
3. Sleep on, sleep on thy peaceful sleep, No sleep hath earth so sweet;

The sleeping form so much we love No more on earth we'll see.
But soon we'll meet to never part, Where pleasures never die.
Tho' here 'mid gloom we moan and weep, In heav'n again we'll meet.

CHORUS.

A-sleep, a-sleep on Jesus' breast, All cares and trials o'er;

A-sleep, a-sleep until the blest A-wake on Canaan's shore.

Used by per. of the author.
No. 72. Softly and Tenderly.


W. L. T. WELLS L. THOMPSON.

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for
   you and for me; See on the portals He's waiting and watching,

2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for
   you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies,

3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from
   you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,

4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for
   you and for me; Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon

---

Chorus.

Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home...
Mer-cies for you and for me.
Com-ing for you and for me. Come home, come home.
Par-don for you and for me.

Cres.

Ye who are weary, come home; Earnest-ly, tender-ly,

Eiot.

Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!
1. Have you heard the invitation? Are you going to the feast? Christ, the Lord, has spread a table Where we all may come and eat; Have you on the walls are made of jasper, And its wealth of pearls untold? Have you heard of came to save lost sinners, Thro' His never-dying love? Sin-ner, heed this wedding garment? Are your robes made pure and clean? Have you washed them in the life's great river, With its waters pure and free, Where the tree of life is in- vi-ta-tion, O, make ready while you may! Tho' your sins may be as fountain? Have you peace and joy within? Will you come? Will you blooming, Out beyond the crystal sea? crimson, He will wash them all away. Will you come, O will you come? Will you crimson, He will wash them all away. D. S.

2. Have you heard of that bright city, Where the streets are paved with gold? Where the streets are paved with gold? Where the streets are paved with gold? Have you heard of Christ, the Saviour, How He left His home above? How He came to save lost sinners, Thro' His never-dying love? Sin-ner, heed this

3. Have you heard of Christ, the Saviour, How He left His home above? How He came to save lost sinners, Thro' His never-dying love? Sin-ner, heed this
1. When as of old in her sad-ness, Ma-ry sat weeping a-lone;
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flow-ing, Fad-ing thy hope and thy trust;
3. Down by the shore of death's river Sometime thy footsteps will stray.

Soft-ly the voice of her sis-ter Whispered, "The Master has come.
When of the dear-est earth-treasures, Dust shall re-turn un-to dust.
Where waits an an-gel to bear thee, O-ver to in-fi-nite day.

So in the depths of thy sor-row, Gall, tho' its fountain may be,
Then, tho' the world may invite thee, Vain will its of-fer-ing be,
What then tho' dark be his shad-ow, If when his com-ing thou see,

List, for there cometh a whis-per, "Je-sus is call-ing for thee!
List, for there cometh a whis-per, "Je-sus is call-ing for thee!
Com-eth there soft-ly a whis-per, "Je-sus is call-ing for thee!"
JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Call - ing for thee,
Call - ing for thee, yes, He's calling for thee, Yes, Jesus the Saviour is calling for thee, Hear ......... His loving voice, calling for thee, Hear Him gently calling, O hear His loving voice,

Make.......... Him now your choice,
Make Him now your choice, O make Him now your choice, Calling for thee, Jesus calling for thee, Par - don He'll bring,

Sin calls now for thee, O come weary soul and this pardon receive, Jesus is - ner, won't you come, .... He's call - ing for thee.

will - ing and ready to save, Yes, Jesus is calling for thee, He's calling for thee.
No. 75.  Jesus Pleads.

E. R. LATTA.             J. M. HAGAN.

1. Jesus pleads with ev'ry one, By the guilt of sin undone,
   To be reconciled to God; Sinner, harken to His plea,
   While He waits to pardon thee, Thro' His precious, cleansing blood.

2. Jesus pleads with young and old, To be members of His fold,
   And to share His wondrous love; Sinner, turn Him not away.
   But accept of Him today, And His tender mercy prove.

3. Jesus pleads the griefs He bore, That He might the lost restore
   To their first and blest estate; Shall we slight His love and pain?
   Shall we make His death in vain? Shall we bid Him in too late?

CHORUS.

Jesus pleads with you and me, His disciples here to be, Or be
lost... eternal ly! eternal ly...

Or be lost eternal ly; Eternal ly.
When We Awake.

Theme suggested by the closing words of G. H. P. Showalter, on the subject of immortality, in the Firm Foundation, May 23, 1911.—L. G. P.

Words and Melody by L. G. PARK. Harmony by S. L. COX.

1. Beyond this veil of bitter tears, Where we with Christ shall dwell, When we awake from earthly fears, There’ll be no sad farewell.

2. If true to Him till life is o’er, We’ll rise to meet the blest, And we live in pleasure ever-more, In that sweet land of rest.

3. O let us ever faithful be To Him who loved us so, That He, His precious life did give, To save the lost from woe.

Refrain.

O happy thought it is to me, When from this silent tomb, We’ll rise His smiling face to see, Beyond this mortal gloom.

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No. 77.

Sea of Galilee.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

A. T.

1. O Galilee, sweet Galilee, So oft we
2. Thy borders fair, we yearn to see, Where Jesus
3. It thrills our hearts, and teardrops start, To think of

1. O Galilee, sweet Galilee,

read and think of thee; Could we but stand
loved so much to be; We fondly dream
that memorial part, Where Christ our Lord

So oft we read and think of thee; Could we but stand

up-on thy shore, And view the scenes as there of yore.
and sing of thee, The deep blue sea of Galilee.
was wont to be, That blessed sea of Galilee.

up-on thy shore, And view the scenes

Chorus

Sweet Galilee, blue Galilee, Where Jesus
Sweet Galilee, blue Galilee,

loved so much to be; O Galilee, sweet Gal-
Where Jesus loved O Galilee,

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Sea of Galilee. Concluded.

No. 78. Praise Ye the Lord.

A. J. V. ARTHUR J. VETETO.

1. Praise Je-ho-vah, all ye people, Sing aloud His pow'r to save, O'er the
2. Praise His name with great rejoicing, Standing ev-er for the right, Tell to
3. Praise Him e'er for countless blessings, Sent in kindness from a-bove; There is

lost of ev-ry na-tion, Let the blessed ban-ner wave. Praise
souls in darkness dwelling, Je-sus is the Truth, the Light. Praise
none on earth so faith-ful, None so worthy of our love! Praise ye the Lord,

ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord. All Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, All who adore Him,

who a-dore Him, Praise Him for aye! Praise Him for aye, O praise Him for aye!

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No. 79.  

Come Unto Me.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

C. P. J., CHARLES P. JONES.

1. Hear the bless-ed Sav-iour call-ing the oppres-sed, "O ye heav-y laden, come to me and rest; Come, no lon-ger tar-ry, do ubt and load-ed down with care? Do un-ho-ly feel-ing, your load will bear, Bring me ev-ry bur-den, bring me ev-ry care.

2. Are you dis-app-oint-ed, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of struggle in your breast? Bring your case to Je-sus, He will give you re-morse or your load will bear, Bring me ev-ry bur-den, bring me ev-ry care.

3. Stum-bling on the moun-tains dark with sin and shame, Stum-bling t'ward the pit of hell's con-sum-ing flame? By the pow'rs of sin de-life or cares of hopes un-met? Are you by re-morse or your load will bear, Bring me ev-ry bur-den, bring me ev-ry care.

4. Have you cares of business, cares of press-ing debt? Cares of so-cial la-den, come to me and rest; Come, no lon-ger tar-ry, do ubt and load-ed down with care? Do un-ho-ly feel-ing, your load will bear, Bring me ev-ry bur-den, bring me ev-ry care.

I Chorus.

Come un-to me, I will give you rest.

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Come Unto Me. Concluded.

rest:  Take  my yoke up-on you,
I will give you rest; Take my yoke upon you, Take my yoke up-on you,

Hear  me and be blest;  hear me and be blest, For

I am meek and low-ly, Come and trust my

and trust my might; Come, my yoke is

and trust my might; Come, O come,

eas- y, And my burden's light.
Come, my yoke is eas-y, Come, O come, yes, Come, my burden's light.
No. 80.  Then I Knew There was Welcome for Me.

J. M. P.

J. M. PIERCE.

1. Like a sheep from the fold, On the mountain so wild, I had wandered, my Saviour, from Thee; Till I heard Thy sweet voice saying love and His mercy divine; I can sing with delight, with His round me the billows may roll; I will look to the Lord, I will make me your choice, Then I knew there was welcome for me, presence so bright, Of the joy that shall ever be mine trust in His word, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Then I knew there was welcome for me,

Yes, I knew there was welcome for me,

welcome for me;

When I heard His sweet voice, And I sweet welcome for me.

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Then I Knew There was Welcome, etc. Concluded.

made Him my choice, Then I knew there was welcome for me.

No. 81.  Work for the Home on High.

J. M. PIERCE.  ELBERT B. FOWLER.

1. Go work to-day, No long-er de-lay, The morning with joy is bright;
2. Go work to-day, O do not de-lay, The Sav-iour re-peats the call;
3. Go work to-day, The message o-bey, The harvest will soon be o'er;

Haste, haste away, And la-bor to-day, O see har-vest fields all white.
Go with a will, Your mis-sion ful-fill, O haste, there is work for all.
Moments and hours, Like beau-tiful flow'rs, Will soon pass to come no more.

CHORUS.

Go work to-day, O go work to-day, The moments and days go by;

Faithful and true, Your la-bor pursue, And work for that home on high.

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No. 82. Just a Step Across the Line.

A.T.  

1. Just a step a-cross the line from the world of sin, Just a
step, the lovin' Saviour waits for thee; Just a step a-cross the line,
brings you safely in, Just a step a-cross the line will make you free
where a crown is won, Just a step a-cross the line will make you free
stand you in the cold? Step a-cross the line, O sinner, while you may.
is the friend you need.—Step a-cross, O dy-ing sinner, and be free.

2. Will you step with-in the fold of the bless-ed Son? 'Tis the
step that angels fair re-joice to see; Just a step will bring you s'erin
step, your sins will all be washed a-way; Why so near a Saviour's care
in, the Lord is pleading now for thee; Just a step a-cross the line

3. Just a step will bring you safe in the Shepherd's fold, Just a
step, your sins will all be washed a-way; Why so near a Saviour's care
in, the Lord is pleading now for thee; Just a step a-cross the line

4. Just a step will make you free—make you free in-deed, There, with
step, the Lord is pleading now for thee; Why in sin and shame do you

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Just a Step Across the Line. Concluded.

There remain? Just a step across the line will make you free.

No. 83. Beautiful, Beautiful Eden.

"God planted a garden Eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom J. M. WRIGHT, He had formed."—Gen. 2: 8. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Beautiful, beautiful Eden, Sweet is thy earthly calm;
2. Beautiful, beautiful Eden, Fair is thy scene so fair;
3. Beautiful, beautiful Eden, Dawn-eth thy golden day;

Over the hearts of the holy, Breathing thy peace and balm.
Lingers the sin and the sorrow, Weary our hearts with care.
Saved thro' the blood of our Saviour, Happy our hearts for aye.

Chorus.

Beautiful, beautiful Eden, Clime of the pure and blest;

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1. Struggle on in faith, tho' with heavy-laden heart, In a little while,
in a little while, God will make you stronger, and brighter hope impart,
in a little while, God will make you stronger, and brighter hope impart.

2. All the stormy billows of life we'll know no more, In a little while,
in a little while; Trials and temptations that often press so sore,
in a little while; Trials and temptations that often press so sore.

3. Just a few more days here to labor, watch and wait, In a little while,
in a little while, We shall hear the summons to enter heaven's gate,
in a little while, We shall hear the summons to enter heaven's gate.

4. To the scenes of death we shall ever bid farewell, In a little while,
in a little while, And go home to Jesus where saints and angels dwell,
in a little while, And go home to Jesus where saints and angels dwell.

Refrain.

In a little while, in a little while, In a little while, we
Canaan's happy shore, In a little while we'll rest for evermore,

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

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No. 85. **On the Firm Foundation.**

Dedicated to The Firm Foundation Publishing House.—A. T.

**JENNIE WILSON.**

**AUSTIN TAYLOR.**

1. On the firm foundation by the Saviour laid, There my hopes are anchored, there my soul is staid, Though the strongest light celestial for the trusting soul; Glory of the Saviour calls me to that storm-free land, Where sweet calm is

2. On the firm foundation, though dark billows roll, There is home-land here by faith I see, Even when darkling storm-clouds broken by no driving gale, And where surging waters
da-tion none can e'er destroy, I am praising Jesus

Fine. Chorus.

3. On this firm foundation I will gladly stand, Till my on the shifting sands. over-shadow me. On the firm foundation I can never more assail.

for salvation's joy.

D. S.

truth divine, Hope of life eternal fills this heart of mine;

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1. The Lord is my Saviour, a shelter is He, While I the dark
2. Secure in this shelter I'll ever abide, For Satan's al-
3. I'll hide in this shelter, I know it is sure, No evil can

tempest withstand; In Him I am hiding, from sin I am free,
lurements are vain; In trials and trouble the Lord will provide,
conquer my soul; I'll patiently trust Him, the cross I'll endure;

CHORUS.

He's leading me by His own hand. A shelter for
In Him I will ever remain. Un-til I shall reach that bright goal.

me, a shelter is He; a shelter for me,
a shelter for me, a shelter is He,

Lord is a shelter for me; My rock and my ref

Cox and Park, owners.
A SHELTER FOR ME. Concluded.

No. 87. CLOSE TO US ALL.

W. M. H. REV. WM. M. HAYS.

1. When we are thinking of heaven and home, He is near;
2. When the poor soul by temptation is tried, He is near;
3. When in the soul doubts and fears doth arise, He is near;

And when we are walking the valley of gloom, He is near us then.
And when it is plunged 'neath the on-coming tide, He is near us then.
And if in our sorrow the soul to Him cries, He is near us then.

REFRAIN.

O what a Friend He is to me, Waiting to hear the faintest call;

Ev-er un-changing and ev-er to be close to us all!
No. 88. Place My Name On the Roll.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

J. M. PIERCE.

1. Place my name on the roll, On those pages bright and fair; Where there's none but the true, With their names enlisted there; They who dare with a will, Only more, For that blessed heavenly rest; 'Mid the first ones to wake, In the know the Saviour's love; They who trust in His grace shall meet above.

2. Place my name on the roll, For I'll be among the blest; Those who work ever regions of the good; I'll be found white as snow in Jesus' blood.

3. Place my name on the roll, That the angel reads in heav'n; When that morning shall resurrection fair; I'll respond when my name is called up there.

CHORUS.

Place my name on the roll, place it there among the true, With the ones who dare and do; Write it down,

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Place My Name On the Roll. Concluded.

in His love, in His love, Write it there with the good and the true.

No. 89. Jesus, Saviour and Deliverer.


1. Jesus, Saviour and Deliverer, Guide me thro' this world of sin;
2. Jesus, be Thou always near me, Lest I stray away in sin;
3. Jesus, guide me thro' my sorrow, Do not let me go astray;

Thou Who lovest more than brother, Thou canst make me pure within.
I would always be beside Thee, Ope Thy door and let me in.
Of Thy goodness let me borrow, Saviour lead me every day.

REFRAIN.

Jesus, Saviour, guide and help me, Keep me from all sin, I pray;
Jesus, Saviour, guide and help me, Keep me from all sin, I pray;

Let Thy Spirit dwell within me, Jesus keep me every day.
Let Thy Spirit dwell within me, Jesus keep me every day.

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No. 90. We'll Sweep Through the Gates of Gold.

A. T. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Some cloudless morning we shall rise, And sweep thro' the gates of gold.
2. When God shall call His children home, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.
3. When we have reached our shining goal, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.
4. Here sorrows come, but some sweet day We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold;

To that blest home beyond the skies, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.
With joy we then will rise and come,— We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.
There floods of joy will fill our souls, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.
There God will wipe all tears a-way, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.

CHORUS.

We'll sweep thro' the gates,
We'll sweep thro' the gates, thro' the beautiful heavenly gates.

We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold;
To that blest home beyond the skies, We'll sweep thro' the gates of gold.

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No. 91. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work in the sunny noon;
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies;
4. Work, while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs;

Fill bright-est hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies.

D.C. Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
D.C. Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
D.C. Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
Give ev'ry flying minute Some thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more;

No. 92. OLD HUNDRED.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
No. 93.  
Saviour, Lead Us.

 LESLIE G. PARK.  
Duet. Baritone and Tenor.  
SILAS L. COX.

1. Oft the shadows gather 'round us, And the clouds hang o'er the way; Oft our hearts are heavy laden, And so gloomy seems the day; Yet we know a glory of Thy presence Never let us go astray: Always trusting death shall call us over To that bright Eternity; Then, throughout e-

Friend is near us, Who will make the way more bright; 'Tis the Saviour, He will in Thy promise, In Thy love to 'er abide: Leaning gently on Thyterrestrial ages, We will dwell around the Throne, Lead us, Saviour, ever

guide us To that land where comes no night. Saviour, lead.  
bo som, Clinging close ly to Thy side. lead us. And the praise shall be Thine own. Saviour, lead us on each day,

us on each day, In the way Thy feet have dear Saviour, lead us on each day, In the way, that blessed way, Yes, in the

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Saviour, Lead Us. Concluded.

To that city built of God.
To that city, heavenly city, To that city built of God.

No. 94. Come to Jesus, Dying Sinner.

A. T. F. ADOLPHUS T. FOSTER.

1. Come to Jesus, dying sinner, Your burdens on Him roll,
2. Come to Jesus, come believing, He will bear your every care,
3. Jesus stands in mercy pleading, Bids you lean up on His breast;

He will share with you His glory, He will cleanse and make you whole.
He will lead you out of darkness, To the way that's bright and fair.
If you'll trust Him and obey Him, He will give you peace and rest.

D. S.—Give your life to Him in service, Come to Jesus, come today.

Come to Jesus, come today, Come to Jesus while you may;
Come, O come today,
1. My Saviour died upon the tree. In grief and
2. He freely gave His only Son. 'Twas Christ my
3. 'Mid mocking cheers He groans and dies. My God! my

My Saviour died upon the tree

pain and agony. On Calv'ry's brow the
Lord, the holy One. He suffered death for
God! He loudly cries. With trembling earth and
In grief and pain and agony, On Calv'ry's brow

crimson tide. Gushed from His pierced and wounded side.
you and me. To save us thro' eternity.
darkened sun. He cries again and all is done.
the crimson tide Gushed from His pierced and wounded side.

CHORUS.

Up-on the lone-ly mountain side. My blessed
Up-on the lone-ly mountain side,

Lord was crucified. He purchased there. sal-
My blessed Lord was crucified, He purchased there

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Calvary. Concluded.

salvation free, In that He gave

No. 96.

Everything to Me.

E. R. LATTA. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

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1. Whatever my employment, Wherever I may be, (may be,)
2. In sadness or enjoyment, Whatever sights I see, (I see;)
3. This is my sure possession, Whatever else may flee, (may flee;)
4. The true believer's portion, Upon the land or sea, (or sea;)
5. He purchased my salvation, To Him I make my plea, (my plea;)

The precious name of Jesus, Is everything to me, (to me.)

REFRAIN.

Everything, everything to me, to me!

Everything, everything, Yes, everything to me, (to me.)
1. While the dews of morning, Verdant fields adorning,
   Ever the glorious sun-light, Dries the dewy leaves. Thus with hearts of gladness, Leaving care and sadness, Hasten now the reaping, Busy workers bound-ing, Hasting in the sorrow, Joy-ful reaps to-morrow, With the Holy reaper-Gathering in the sheaves. Hostest Gath’ring in the sheaves. Angels Gath’ring in the sheaves. Gatherings in the sheaves.}
2. While the day is going, Love for God is flowing,
   Like the summer lovely, Grand-est beauty weaves, Songs of praise receiving, Great-est joy receiving, He that sows in}
3. If the day is dreary, And the feet grow weary,
   Then the earnest lab’rors, Great-est joy receiving, He that sows in
No. 98. Wonderful.

R. M. MORGAN.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

Slowly.

1. When I was wand'ring far, far from God, Going to,—I knew not
2. When clouds o'erhang and cares try my soul, Comes to me this bless-ed
3. 'Tis won-der-ful! He rose from the dead, Then as-cend-ed to His

where, I heard the sto-ry, "Christ died for me, That I might His glo-ry
thought: 'Tis won-der-ful that Christ died for me, With His blood my soul was
throne, And there is in-ter-ced-ing to-day, For His blest, His loved His

Refrain.
Won-der-ful, wonder-ful,
Faster. p

share," Won-der-ful, that Je-sus died up-on the rug-ged
bought. Won-der-ful, wonder-ful,
own. Won-der-ful, wonder-ful,

won-der-ful, Dim.

tree; 'Tis won-der-ful that Je-sus died for me! Won-der-
Won-der-ful, O it is won-der-

ful, wonder-ful, wonder-ful, Rail.

ful, He died that all might be from sin set free, 'Tis wonder-ful, He died for me!
ful, wonder-ful, wonder-ful,
1. Many precious souls are drifting With the awful tide of sin,
2. Soon the storm will break upon them, Soon the endless night will fall,
3. Day by day they near the breakers, Hour by hour they near the grave,
4. Heed, O drifting soul, the warning, Heed to-day the Pilot blest,

Heeding not the loving Saviour, Who would safely bring them in.
Yet they drift, and will not listen To the Saviour's loving call.
Still they turn away from Jesus, Who is reaching out to save.
Let Him steer you to the harbor, Where you may in safety rest.

CHORUS.

Where are you to-day, my brother? Are you
Where are you to-day, my brother? O where are you to-day?

drifting with the tide, Or upon the Rock of ages,

Rock of ages, Does your trusting soul abide?
Or upon the Rock of ages, trusting, does your trusting

Austin Taylor and W. H. Dunagan, owners.
No. 100.  Keep Singing As You Go.

To my dear friend and teacher, Prof. J. B. Vaughan.

MRS. E. GREER FLOYD.  F. M. FERRELL.

1. While trav'ling thro' time's desert bleak and drear, Keep singing as you go;
   Tho' dan - gers gath - er round your path-way here, Keep singing as you go;
   A brave heart wins wher-ev-er you may be, Keep singing as you go; He'll lead you on to ev'er-last-ing day, Keep singing as you go.

2. Thro' storm and shine, on land or on the sea, Keep singing as you go; He'll lead you on to ev'er-last-ing day, Keep singing as you go.

3. Look to the Lord in seasons of distress, Keep singing as you go; He'll lead you on to ev'er-last-ing day, Keep singing as you go.

4. The God of light will guide you all the way, singing, singing as you go; He'll lead you on to ev'er-last-ing day, Keep singing as you go.

CHORUS.

singing as you go. Keep singing as you go, singing, singing, Sing-ing,

singing as you go, singing, singing, singing as you go, as you go,

not, the Lord will be with you all the way, Keep singing as you go, singing, singing, singing as you go.

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas.
Do You Praise and Trust Him?

KATHARINE BACON.

1. Are the morning lights the skies, Does there in your hearts arise, Love to
2. When the noon-day sun is bright, Do your hearts in love unite, Praising
3. When the shades of night appear, Do you kneel with hearts sincere, Seeking

Jesus for His tender, watchful care? Do you thank Him for the love,
Jesus for His blessings, rich and free? Do you trust Him ev'ry hour,
Jesus' watchful care till life is o'er? Do you ask His love and peace

That He sends from heav'n above, To protect and lead you thro' life's deserts bare?
For His mercy, grace and pow'r, Do you trust His wondrous love eternally?
To sustain, till life shall cease, Till the Saviour calls His own to haven's bright shore?

CHORUS.

Do you praise...... and trust the Lord, Ev'ry
Do you praise trust the Lord,

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Do You Praise and Trust Him? Concluded.

No. 102. Jesus Paid It All.

MRS. E. M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find me thine all in all.'
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r and Thine a- lone, Can change the lep'er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
3. For noth-ing good have I Where-by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. Je-sus paid it all, "Je-sus paid it all," Shall rend the vaulted skies.
4. When from my dy-ing bed, My ran-soned soul shall rise, Then lay my trophi-es down, All down at Je-sus' feet.
5. And when be-fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll All to Him I owe; Sin has left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

REFRAIN.

Fill your souls..... with sweet de-light.
No. 103.

He Saved Me.

GRACE MAYNARD.

JAS. B. FRANKLIN.

1. O sing the song of salvation, Proclaim to every nation,
   That Jesus is waiting, is willing and ready To save their souls.
   His counsel directs me, His presence consoles me, The whole day long.
   At judgment is standing, if He is my counsel Then all is well.

2. He's promised ever to lead me, With heavenly manna to feed me,
   His counsel directs me, His presence consoles me, The whole day long.
   At judgment is standing, if He is my counsel Then all is well.

3. I'll never cease to adore Him, For when my spirit before Him
   None but He! He saved me, wonder-ful, won-der-ful, Je-sus saved me,
   None but He! He saved me, wonder-ful, won-der-ful, Je-sus saved me,
   None but He! He saved me, wonder-ful, won-der-ful, Je-sus saved me,
He Saves Me. Concluded.

Soon I'll be sings in
Sweet is the promise that soon I shall be

No. 104. Be Kind to Mother.

1. Be gentle and kind to mother, To her be loving and true;
2. There's no friend on earth like mother, No friend is so kind and true;
3. My brother, we'll miss our mother When they have been called away,
4. But there is one thought to cheer us, As on we journey below,

Remember 'twas her, my brother, That tenderly cared for you.
In days that are gone forever She tenderly cared for you.
With angels and saints of glory, To dwell forever and aye.
If faithful we live to duty, Again we will meet, we know.
No. 105.  
LET US CARRY SUNSHINE.  
H. A. R. H.  
H. A. R. HORTON.  

1. Let us carry sunshine Ev'rywhere we go; It will strengthen others.
2. Let us be a sun-beam, Shining for the Lord; Walking in His footsteps.
3. If your life's a sun-beam, All is peace within, Let it shine for Jesus.

Jesus' love to know, If our hearts grow weary, Let us sing and pray,
Trusting in His word, If temptations lead us, From the paths of right,
Other souls to win; Toiling in His vineyard, Ever faithful be.

REFRAIN.

Help some wandering soul To find the living way. Let............. us carry
Let us look to Jesus. For in Him is light.
Brighter beams in glory Waits to shine for thee. Let us carry sunshine.

sunshine, Ev'rywhere we go,
Ev'rywhere we go; Let us carry sunshine, Ev'rywhere we go;

It will strengthen others, Jesus' love to know, Let us carry sunshine, Ev'rywhere we go.

Used by per. of H. A. R. Horton.
1. Although our lives be filled with bliss, With floods of joy and happiness,
2. Our earthly joys shall pass away, Just like the fleeting of a day,
3. Though oft in sorrow we be cast, Trust Christ our Lord, it can not last,
4. The darkest night shall turn to day, And sorrow's clouds shall pass away,

There'll be a brighter world than this, After all, after all.
But we with Christ shall live for aye, After all, after all.
For in yon clime 'twill all be past, After all, after all.
With Christ we'll live an endless day, After all, after all.

REFRAIN.

After all, after all, after all, after all.

There'll be a brighter world than this, After all, after all.
But we with Christ shall live for aye, After all, after all.
For in yon clime 'twill all be past, After all, after all.
With Christ we'll live an endless day, After all, after all.

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No. 107. What Are You Doing?

(Dedicated to my brother, E. W. Eiland, Cayucas, Cal.)


F. L. E.

F. L. Eiland.

1. Are you leading precious souls To the Saviour, my brother?
2. Do you heed His gentle voice When to you He is pleading?
3. Will you go, my brother, dear, In the vineyard and labor?
4. By and by we'll hear His voice, Saying, "Come, ye faithful servants,

Pointing to the cross where He died; Do you tell them He's the way
Saying there are loved ones a-stray; On the cross of Calvary,
Soon, ah! soon you'll reap your reward! Go and tell the wand'ring soul
Come ye, from the wide harvest field; You have fed the hungry soul,

And the hope for the sinner? O behold His pierced side.
I have purchased their redemption, Go and bring them back to-day.
Of the loving Redeemer, Go and preach His holy word.
And the blessing now a-waits you, Thou shalt have a-bundant yield."

Chorus.

Point them to Mount Calvary, Where He
Point them to Mount Calvary,

What Are You Doing? Concluded.

No. 108.  Prayer.

WILLIAM COWPER.  DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

"Walk in the Spirit."—Gal. 5:16.

1. O for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame! A light to
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the
3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have
4. The dearest I have known, Whate'er that I do, Help me to
5. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer

shine up on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His word? Of Jesus and His word?
left an aching void The world can never fill, The world can never fill.
tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee, And worship only Thee.
light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.
No. 109. **Beyond the Sea.**

1. There is a land beyond the sea,
2. Beyond the sea, in that fair land,
3. There comes a voice to you and me.

Where loved ones wait and watch for me (and watch for me);
The soul's bright home securely stands (securely stands),
From o'er that land beyond the sea (beyond the sea),

A land where bloom the roses fair,
With pearl-y gates that stand ajar,
A voice that bids us turn our eyes.

D. S.—*A sunny clime* and golden shore, *Fine*

And fragrance sweet perfume the air (perfume the air),
And golden lights that gleam afar (that gleam afar),
To where the land of beauty lies (of beauty lies).

Where we may dwell for ever-more (for ever-more).

**CHORUS.**

*O lovely land beyond the sea,*

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Beyond the Sea. Concluded.

No. 110. Inside the Golden Gate.

A. H. B. A. H. BRYANT.

1. I've a home beyond the sea, Where the shining angels wait;
2. There are mansions bright and fair, In the blest redeemed one's state;
3. I shall pass within the gate, Where the many mansions wait;

There's a place prepared for me, Just inside the golden gate.
Peace and joy beyond compare, Just inside the golden gate.
I'm an heir to that estate, Just inside the golden gate.

CHORUS.

Just inside the gate, Over in the blest estate;
O that home so fair, Just inside the golden gate.

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No. 111. I Want to Work for Jesus.

WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. I want to work for Jesus, I want to praise His name;
2. I want to follow Jesus Wherever He shall lead,
3. I want to live for Jesus, My life to Him I owe;

I want to live for Him each day, His blessings to proclaim.
Tho' steep the path or rough the way, His bidding I will heed.
I want to wear His yoke divine, My every duty know.

I want to be a winner Of precious souls for Him;
I'm not ashamed of Jesus, Why should I ever be,
I want to serve Him daily, And strong in patience grow;

I want to lead some wand'ring one From paths of death and sin.
When He hath died my soul to save, Thro' all eternity?
That I may help to save the world From dark despair and woe.

CHORUS.

Oh, help me Lord, I pray, To win some souls each day;

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I Want to Work for Jesus. Concluded.

My mission help me to fulfill. According to Thy will.

No. 112. I Am Kept By Him Alone.

E. R. LATTA. 

WOODIE W. SMITH.

1. In this world of sin and trouble, Where so many ills are known,
2. If, by faith, in Him confiding, I will follow day by day,
3. What if some should try to tempt me, And my name and home destroy;
4. When my pilgrimage is over, I shall see Him on His throne;

If I shun the ways of evil, I am kept by Him alone.
In pursuance of His guiding, He'll go with me all the way.
By His grace, tis mine to conquer, What-so-ever may annoy.
And I'll sing thro' endless ages, I am kept by Him alone.

REFRAIN.

On the cross He died to save me, And He ever is my own.

From the sins that would enslave me, I am kept by Him alone.

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No. 113. The Good Shepherd Loves His Sheep.

"I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd layeth down his life for his sheep."—John 10: 11.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. There's a Shepherd seek-ing for His wand'ring sheep, That are stray-ing on the mountain in the gloom; Night and day He goes o'er them He seeks and calls with gen-tle voice; From the deserts drear where driv-en to and fro by winds and storms? Come to Christ, the loving vale and rock-y steep, Call-ing ten-der-ly and sweetly, "O come home," storms and torrents sweep, O come home and make His lov-ing heart rejoice; Shepherd's goodness share, He will meet you and en-fold you in His arms.

2. Long the Shepherd has been seek-ing for His sheep, Still for call-ing, pleading, "O come home," Calling for His wand'ring sheep Call-ing, calling,

3. Are you sad and wea-ry for the want of care? Are you call-ing, calling, "O come home," For the Shepherd loves His sheep Call-ing, calling,

Used by per. of the author.
No. 114.

Will You? And Will I?


1. Some one will enter the golden gate, By-and-by, by-and-by,
2. Some one will gently in death lay down By-and-by, by-and-by,
3. Some one will call at the pearly gate, By-and-by, by-and-by,
4. Some one will sing the redemption song, By-and-by, by-and-by,

Taste of the blessings that for them wait, Will you? and will I?
And from the Saviour receive a crown, Will you? and will I?
Hear the sad answer, "You are too late!" Will you? and will I?
Join the glad chorus, the blood-washed throng, Will you? and will I?

Millions will travel the streets of gold, Beautiful, beautiful
Glorious reward to the faithful given, Purchased by Jesus, His
Darkest despair with the damned shall reign, Mercy's sweet voice can not
Many will greet on the golden shore Loved ones of earth who've gone

Copyright, 1891, by H. A. R. Horton.
1. I am waiting by the river for the message to come o'er,
   To that land of bliss eternal over on the other shore;
   There I'll sing the praise of Jesus, and God's holy name adore,
   With the saints and holy angels round the throne forevermore.

2. I am waiting by the river and I hear the splashing oar
   Of the boatman who is coming to conduct me to that shore;
   Where they never know a sorrow, neither sickness, pain, or woe,
   But with Christ, the blessed Saviour, I shall live forevermore.

3. I am waiting by the river and I'm longing now to go
   To that land where earthly sorrows I will never, never know;
   There I hope to share God's glory, with the saved upon that shore,
   Who surround the throne of mercy, and the Saviour there adore.

Chorus.
   Yes, I'm waiting by the river, I am waiting, yes, I'm waiting.
   Yes, I'm waiting, I am waiting by the river, by the river, I am waiting, yes, I'm
Waiting By the River. Concluded.

No. 116. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. LOWELL MASON.

1. Nearer, my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er The sun gone down, Darkness be o- ver me,
3. There let the way appear Step- un-to heav'n, All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waiting tho' is Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs
5. Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

D. S.--Nearer, my God, to Thee,

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Near-er to Thee!
No. 117. Answer the Call to You.

AUSTIN TAYLOR and JAMES ROWE.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. A-wake, a-rise, Be-hold the skies! Summer is speeding on,
   Sum-mer is speeding on.
2. A-way, be true, Your du-ty do; Hast-en the sheaves to bring
   Hast-en the sheaves to bring.
3. A-way with joy In His em-ploy, Sing-ing of light and love;
   Sing-ing of light and love;

Har-vest will soon be gone! The fields are white. The sheaves are bright;
Un-to the har-vest King; Soon o-ver all Dark night will fall;
Strive for the crown a-beve; Go, la-bor on, Till day be gone,

An-swer the call to you, Hast-en, ye reap-ers true....
Hast-en to hill and plain, Gath-er the gold-en grain....
Then in the twi-light gloam Je-sus will say, "Come home."

CHORUS.

A-way! A-way! the call o-bey; O reap-ers true,

hast-en a-way to-day; Go reap the grain on hill and plain,
Answer the Call to You. Concluded.

Marching with zeal along, Singing the reaper's song.

No. 118. Come to My Heart and Stay.

A.T. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Jesus, Thou loving Redeemer, Come to my heart, I pray;
2. Oft I have slighted Thy mercy, Turning my Lord away;
3. How may I reach the fair city, How may I know the way,
4. Sweet are the words of Thy Spirit, Keeping all guile away;

Lonely I wander without Thee, Come to my heart and stay.
Humbly I beg Thy forgiveness, Come to my heart and stay.
Lost Thou wilt lead me and guide me? Come to my heart and stay.
Let me learn more of Thy goodness, Come to my heart and stay.

CHORUS.

Come to my heart and stay, Come to my heart and stay.... Thou un-

worthy I be, there is room there for Thee, Come to my heart and stay....

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1. I love the sweet story of Jesus, The story that never grows old;
2. I love the sweet story of Jesus, I read it again and again;
3. I love the sweet story of Jesus, This Saviour so precious is mine;
4. I love the sweet story of Jesus, I'll tell it wherever I go.

It seems to lose none of its freshness, No matter how often 'tis told.
No story was ever so thrilling As that of the Saviour of men.
I'm His by the right of adoption, And with Him in glory I'll shine.
That others may learn of the Saviour, And the joys of salvation may know.

CHORUS.

Beautiful story, Wonderful
Love it, I love it, the beautiful story That tells of the Saviour who

Story, Story that never grows old; It
came from bright glory, The story that never, that never grows old;

seems to grow sweeter and dearer As over and over 'tis told.

The Lone Star Music Co., owners, 1911.
No. 120. Just As I Am, (Woodworth. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
4. Just as I am; Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 121. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Dr. THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; Increase my courage, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Support-ed by Thy word.
No. 122. There's a Home for the Soul.

(From a sermon delivered by Elder J. Will Henley. Affectionately inscribed to my wife.) WILL W. SLATER.

1. There's a home for the soul where no sorrow can come, 'Tis the land where the
   Saviour doth reign; O what joy waiting there for the children of God, seems dark and drear; If we're faithful to Him He will give us a crown, seem hard to bear; Blessed hope, O how sweet, we will meet loved ones gone,

2. Let us labor and pray for the cause of the Lord, Tho' the way often
   faith-ful and true; 'Tis the home for the soul He has gone to prepare, Blessed, heavenly home,

3. Some bright day we shall meet with the Saviour so dear, If we'll only live
   for the soul, Where we'll rest by and
   for the soul, Where we'll rest by and

4. Brave-ly onward we'll go, tho' the clouds may appear, And our burdens may
   yes, we'll sweetly rest; O what joy so sweet, when we all shall meet;

Chorus.

When they meet on that bright, golden plain, 0 that home.
In that home for the soul o-ver there.
And its waiting for me and for you.
In that home for the soul o-ver there.
Blessed, heavenly home,

for the soul, Where we'll rest by and
home so bright and fair, In that home of rest,

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There's a Home for the Soul. Concluded.

Bless-ed Lord, there with Thee.
Bless-ed Sav-iour, there with Thee.
Bless-ed Sav-iour, there with Thee.

No. 128. Traveling On.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Trav-ling on at the Lord's com-mand, Trav-ling on
2. Je-sus on-ly we care to know, Bald-ly press-
3. Ground-ed firm-ly in Christ the Lord, Trust-ing in

o'er the burn-ing sand, Trav-ling on to the prom-ised land,
ing a-gainst the foe, Mur-mring nev-er ss on we go,
His un-err-ing word, Fight-ing sin with the Spir-it's sword,

CHORUS.

Trav-ling, trav-ling on. Trav-ling on, trav-ling on, Trav'ling, trav'ling

on; Like an ar-my a-gainst the foe, Trav'ling, trav'ling on.
MISS VALLIE WARD.

1. I have started on my journey To that better land above,
2. If I trust my precious Saviour, And His blessed word obey,
3. Then when this short life is over And my work on earth is done,
4. Come and go with me, dear brother, To that blessed home above,

Hallelujah! In that morning I'll be there.

I am walking with my Saviour, Singing of His wondrous love, Hallelujah!
He has promised to be with me And to lead me all the way, Hallelujah!
I will enter life eternal, There to wear a shining crown, Hallelujah!
There we'll meet our blessed Saviour, And our friends and loved ones, dear, Hallelujah!

D. S.—Come and go with me to glory, Where we'll rest for evermore, Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

Fine.

Hallelujah! In that morning I'll be there, I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,

Hallelujah! In that morning I'll be there.

there, When that morning breaks eternal bright and fair;
be over there,

W. W. Slater, owner.
No. 125. Many Mansions.  
LAURA E. NEWELL.  
AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. There's a house of many mansions, In the city.
2. Many dear ones wait our coming, In that country.
3. Then with joy we'll onward journey, Tho' the path is dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and bright and fair; And our Saviour waits with welcomes, For the far away; But its shores are drawing nearer, Drawing dim we tread, Soon the darkness will be ended, By His trust may go, For our Saviour hath redeemed us One and
No. 126. **Peace In My Soul.**

**AUSTIN TAYLOR.**

1. I came to my Saviour and bowed at His feet; He lifted my 
2. I'm treading today upon new, higher ground; Here song and sweet 
3. O wonderful peace and contentment of mind! No more in the 

bundens, my joy made complete; I heard a new song, O, so 
flow-ers doth ever a-bound; There's beauty and sun-shine the 
prison of Satan confined! Such glo-ry and free-dom in 

wondrously sweet! Bringing peace, sweet peace to my soul. 
whole way a-round, Bringing peace, sweet peace to my soul. 
Jesus I find! Bringing peace, sweet peace to my soul. 

**Refrain.**

Wonder-ful peace,....... O won-der-ful peace,....... 
Wonder-ful, won-der-ful peace, O won-der-ful, won-der-ful peace,

Wonder-ful peace in my soul; Peace in my soul like

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Peace In My Soul. Concluded.

sea-bil-lows roll, There is peace, sweet peace in my soul.

No. 127. Refuge.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. P. HOLBROOK.

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

While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
Leave, ah! leave me not a-lone, Still sup-port and comfort me!
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal-ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, 0 my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, 0 re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov-er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in, my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.
Don't Forget Jesus.

1. All along the way you find cares and ills of every kind,
2. When the way is dark and drear, And you feel no friend is near,
3. Don't forget Him, never do, Him who freely died for you,

And you need a friend on whom you can depend; There is
Don't forget the blessed Saviour standeth by; He can
He'll be faithful tho' all other friends betray; He is

One that's ever near, 'Tis the blessed Lord so dear, Who is
hear thy every cry, He can clear the dark-ened sky, And can
ev-er just the same, Gentle, loving, bless His name! He's the

read-y to the troubled soul be-friend,
dry the tear-drops from thy weeping eye. Don't forget Him, He's your friend,
dear-est friend in earth or heav'n to-day.

Take Him with you to the end, He's a ver-y pres-ent

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Don't Forget Jesus. Concluded.

help in time of need; He will bless you ev'ry day, He will
guide you all the way, He's a shepherd and a comforter indeed.

No. 129. Closer to Thee.

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Closer to Thee, near to Thy side, Closer, dear Lord,
2. Closer to Thee, near to Thy breast, Closer to Thee,
3. Closer to Thee, closer each day, In from the world
4. Closer to Thee, happy and free, Grant me, O Lord,

I would abide; Hold me in Thy embrace, Neath ev'ry
Lord let me rest; Guide me when I would stray, Keep me from
draw me away; Let me abide with Thee, Blest Lamb of
even to be; Hear me in ev'ry cry, Stand near when

smile of grace, Grant me, Thy child, a place Closer to Thee.
sin each day, Draw me, dear Lord, I pray, Closer to Thee.
Calvary! O let me ever be Closer to Thee.
I must die, Then take me home on high Closer to Thee.

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No. 130. **Bringing in the Sheaves.**

Words by KNOWLES SHAW.  Music by GEO. A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, even weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dewy eves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
spirit of ten griefs; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome

REFRAIN.

We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
1. Grace victorious, Love all-glorious, I am singing on this pilgrim land; Home-ward hurry-ing, Nev-er wor-ry-ing, For the firm-ly stand; Cour-age lend-ing me, And de-fend-ing me, My Be- 

3. Storms are sweeping me, Grace is keep-ing me, I shall en-ter the e-

Chorus.

Saviour al-ways holds my hand. Trusting, cling-ing, 
Saviour al-ways holds my hand. Trusting my Saviour, cling-ing to Je-sus, 

I am go-ing thro’ this pil-grim land; Trust-ing, Trust-ing and cling-ing, 
cling-ing, For the Saviour al-ways holds my hand, climg-ing, and trust-ing, 

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No. 132.  
Come Home.

ADDIE A. MILLER.  

C. J. MILLER.

1. The Saviour is calling, dear sinner, for thee, He's 
calling for thee; His mercy is boundless, His 
calling, calling for thee;
par-don is free, He's calling for you and for me.

2. The Saviour is calling from mansions above, He's 
calling come home; O come all ye weary, and death 
calling, calling come home: 
rest in His love, He's calling so lovingly come.
saying come home, Come home, O, dear sinner, to-day.

3. Why longer in darkness of sin do you roam? There's 
dead in delay, The Saviour's so lovingly 
calling, calling come home:
saying come home, Come home, O, dear sinner, to-day.

CHORUS.

Come home, ... come home ... Ye weary and sorrow oppressed; Come 
Come home, come home, come home, come home, 

home, come home, wherever you roam, O come unto Jesus and rest.
No. 133. I've Something to Live for Now.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. No more I sigh a-way the day, I've something to live for now; The Lord has washed my sins away, I've something to live for now.

2. I've lost the burden that I bore, I've something to live for now; My eyes are fixed on heaven's shore, I've something to live for now.

3. All worldly pleasure fails to charm, I've something to live for now; I'm free from sin and safe from harm, I've something to live for now.

4. My heart overflows with joy and love, I've something to live for now; I'm living with the King above, I've something to live for now.

CHORUS.

I've something to live for now; I can joyously sing, "I'm a child of the King;" I've something to live for now.

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1. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my
2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy wings shall my petition bear To Him whose truth and
3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May I thy consolation share, Till, from Mount Pisgah's

Fa-ther's throne. Make all my wants and wishes known;
faith-fulness. Engage the waiting soul to bless;
loft-y height. I view my home and take my flight;

In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief My soul has oft-en
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word and
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev-er-

found re-lief, And oft es-caped the tempter's
trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my ev-ry
last-ing prize, And shout while pass-ing thro' the
Sweet Hour of Prayer. Concluded.

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No. 135.

Lost.

(MALE QUARTET.)

A. T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Lost, is the cry from the mountain steep, Some one has gone a-stray;
2. Lost from the fold, what a dreadful thing! Grop-ing in sin and shame;
3. Wake to the cry, Christian friends, a-wake! List to the wait-ing sigh;

Lost in the dark is the dy-ing sheep, Lost from the fold a-way.
Stunn'd by the ven-om of Sa-tan's sting, Who will the lost re-claim.
Go with the light for the Mas-ter's sake, Save them, for soon they die.

REFRAIN.

Lost from the fold; lost in the cold, Lost, what an aw-ful

plight; Lost, lost, lost in the gloom of night.

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No. 136.  BEAUTIFUL JERUSALEM!

E. R. LATTA. D. M. RAGLE.

1. Oh, beau-ti-ful (Oh, beau-ti-ful) Je-ru-sa-lém (Je-ru-sa-lém),
2. Oh, beau-ti-ful (Oh, beau-ti-ful) Je-ru-sa-lém (Je-ru-sa-lém),
3. Oh, beau-ti-ful (Oh, beau-ti-ful) Je-ru-sa-lém (Je-ru-sa-lém),
4. Oh, beau-ti-ful (Oh, beau-ti-ful) Je-ru-sa-lém (Je-ru-sa-lém),

From care and sor- (from care and sor-) row free (from sor-row free);
Be-yond the glass- (beyo nd the glass-) y sea (the glass-y sea);
Where pleasures nev- (where pleasures nev-) er flee (nev-er flee);
By faith thy walls (by faith thy walls) I see (thy walls I see);

How sweet to think (How sweet to think), thy walls within (thy walls within)
Within thy cloud- (With-in thy cloud-) less boundaries (bound-a-ries)
I trust thy bright (I trust thy bright) and pearly gates (and pearl-y gates)
And aye, my long- (and aye, my long-) ing spir-it oft (spir-it, oft),

Ere long my home (ere long my home) shall be (my home shall be).
Is sweet tran-quil- (is sweet tranquil-) ly (tran-quil-li-ty).
Shall o-pen swing (shall open swing) for me (for me).
Goes out in joy (goes out in joy), to Thee (in joy to Thee).

*Use small notes to fit corresponding words in 2nd and 4th stanzas.

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BEAUTIFUL JERUSALEM! Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem,

The cit - y of the blest; The cit - y of the pure and blest

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem,

Where all the saved shall rest, where all the saved shall rest, for - ev - er rest
1. What a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?

3. Are we weak and heavy laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer,
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in prayer!

O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a Friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not carry everything to God in prayer,
Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He’ll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

What a Friend, Precious Friend, Christ who died upon the tree;
Precious Friend, What a precious Friend,
There a lone, How He moaned, When He died for you and me.
How He moaned, There my Saviour moaned,

No. 138. GLORY IN THE HIGHEST.

L. P. H. (Christmas carol) LEWIS P. HUGHES.

1. Angels from the realms of glory Unto Beth-le-hem they came
2. Shepherds heard the angel story While they watched their flocks by night
3. And the angels said unto them, "Fear not, for behold I bring

To proclaim the birth of Jesus, Born for sinners to redeem.
And the glory of Jehovah Shone around in radiant light.
Unto you great joy and tidings Of a Saviour, Priest and King.

REFRAIN.

Glory in the highest, glory! Peace on earth, good will to men;
Listen to the wondrous story, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!
No. 139.  Songs of Praise.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD

F. M. FERRELL

1. All na - ture sings her Mak-er's praise, With glad ex - ult - ant
2. The mounta ins and the hills pro - claim Their great Cre - a - tor's
3. The stars that gem the crown of night, Their Ma-ker's might pro - 

voice; The wild birds sing,(Their songs of gleef) the woodlands ring, (With
skill; On land and sea, (In strains sublime!) the wild winds free, (In
claim; The moon and sun, (His pow'r dis-play!) their cir - cuits run, (By

mel - o - dy,) With glad-some song,(The val - leys ring,) the
ev - 'ry clime,)With ca - dence sweet, (In earth and sky,) the
night and day,) By day and night,(While mort - sas weep,) in

whole day long, (They sing, they sing,) Till heav'n and earth re - joice.
tale re - peat, (With notes of joy,) And all o - bey His will.
paths of light, (While mortals sleep,) And mag - ni - fy His name.

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas.
No. 140. LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
Renew it boldly ev'ry day, And help divine implore.
Thy arduous work will not be done, Till thou obtain thy crown.
He'll take thee at thy parting breath, To His divine abode.

No. 141. BOYLSTON. S. M.

C. WESLEY.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify;
2. To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill;
3. Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself rely;

A never dying soul to save, And fit it for thy sky.
O may it all my powers engage, To do my Master's will!
And Thy poor servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give.
Assured, if I my trust betray, A second death I'll die.

(37)
1. When tempests dark ....... sweep o'er my soul, ....... And angry
2. When waves of doubt ..... and sin op- press ....... And earth a
3. And when the voy - age of life is done, ....... Its battles
1. When tempests dark sweep o'er my soul,

waves ....... around me roll, ....... To Christ my Lord ....... in haste I
drear - y wil- der- ness; ....... Do Thou, O Lord ....... be very
fought, ....... its triumphs won, ....... To Christ the Rock ....... all praise shall
And angry waves around me roll, To Christ my Lord,

fly, ......... For safe- ty when ......... the storm is nigh.
near, ......... When Thou art nigh ......... I feel no fear.
be, ......... Who all the way ......... hath sheltered me.
in haste I fly, For safety when the storm is nigh.

CHORUS.

To Jesus the Rock for shelter I flee,
To Jesus the Rock ....... for shelter I flee ....... No tempest can

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I'M HIDING IN THEE. Concluded.

No tempests can harm, for mighty is He. He leadeth me where harm.

the still waters glide, When safe in His love, still waters glide...

Jesus the Rock for refuge I flee. From tempests so wild. O shelter Thou me.

me....I'm hiding in Thee....I'm hiding in Thee...

To Jesus the Rock for refuge I flee, From tempests so wild, O shelter Thou me, I'm hiding in Thee, dear Lord, in Thee.
1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where, in all the bright forever, Sorrows ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, celestial shore?
Where the walls are all of jasper, Built by workmanship divine?
Shall we know His blessed favor, And sit down upon His throne?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
No. 144. There Is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow'ring wounds supply,
4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy pow'r to save,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stamming tongue Lies silent in the grave.

REFRAIN.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
Lies silent in the grave, Lies silent in the grave;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Till all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stamming tongue Lies silent in the grave.
No. 145.  The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.  Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
2. Your many sins are all forgiv'n, O hear the voice of Jesus;
3. All glory to the dying Lamb! I now believe in Jesus;
4. His name dispels my guilt and fear, No other name but Jesus;
5. And when to that bright world above, We rise to see our Jesus,

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Jesus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Jesus.
I love the blessed Saviour's name, I love the name of Jesus.
O how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus.
We'll sing around the throne of love, His name, the name of Jesus.

REFRAIN.

"Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,

Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, blessed Jesus."

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No. 146.  What a Friend We Have.

GEO. SCRIVEN.            C. C. CONVERSE

1.  What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2.  Have we tri-als and temp-ta-tions? Is there trou-ble a-ny-where?
3.  Are we weak and heav-y lad-en, Cum-bered with a load of care?

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-’ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref-uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends des-pise, for-sake thee, Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be-cause we do not car-ry Ev-’ry-thing to God in prayer.
Je-sus knows our ev-’ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He’ll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there.
1. Drifting away from God today, Out in the world to roam;
2. Drifting away from God today, From mother, home and friend;
3. Drifting away from God today, Far o'er the sea of sin;

How sad the heart will ever be, The heart that once was pure and free,
Thro' stormy winds that blast and blight; O'er desert sands and mountain height,
Oh! who will guide your footsteps sure, And who will make your soul secure?

CHORUS.

But wand'ring now alone. Drifting away,
Unto a bitter end. Drifting a-way, drifting a-way,
'Tis God who dwells within. Drifting a-way, drifting a-way,

Drifting away, drifting a-way, drifting a-way, drifting a-way,

Drifting away, drifting a-way, a-way from God.

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1. Here for you the gospel feast is waiting, Joy and peace and
2. Now our hearts are filled with joyful praises, When into the
3. Angels gazing down on us from heaven, Sing hal-le-lu-jah

ever-lasting life; Promises of endless pleasure giving
blessed Father's fold, Sinners come and wandering ones are gathered
round the great white throne, Shouting welcome to the happy ransomed,

CHORUS.

In bright mansions free from care and strife, Welcome, yes, welcome,
In God's service evermore enrolled.
Calling home the dear Redeemer's own. Welcome, welcome, welcome here to-

... Come, Happy angels beckon you home. Here's welcome, yes,
... night, Happy angel band beckoning you home, Here's welcome, welcome,

... come, Welcome all, ye ransomed ones. Welcome every one, Happy welcome one and all.
No. 149. Onward, Christian Soldiers.
by S. B. Gould.

A. S. Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus going on before; Christ, the royal Master, treading Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, Jesus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never

2. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are voices In the triumph song; Glory, laud and honor

3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus going on before; Christ, the royal Master, treading Where the saints have trod; We are not divided, Jesus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never

4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

REFRAIN.

ban - ners go! On - ward, Christian sol - diers! March - ing as to char - i - ty.
can - not fail.
angels sing.

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, tread - ingWhere the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in 'Gainst that Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' count - less ages Men and

With the cross of Jesus going on before.
No. 150. **We'll Work till Jesus Comes.**

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 10.

**MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.**

We'll work till Jesus comes.

**DR. WM. MILLER.**

We'll work till Jesus comes.

1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering dome,
3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

---

When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for succor on His breast, Till He conduct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

---

**CHORUS.**

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,

We'll work We'll work

We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

We'll work
No. 151.  Happy Day.

1. O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its

CHORUS.

Saviour and my God!

raptures all abroad. | Happy day, happy day, When Jesus

washed my sins away. | He taught me how to watch and pray,

And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2. O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3. 'Tis done: the 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 center, rest; With ashes who would grudge to part, When called on angel's bread to feast?

5. High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

No. 152.  Varina.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

3. O could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan that we love, With un-beclouded eyes.

4. And banks of everlasting song, Where saints in song divine. His will on earth as in the skies, And sway with endless time.
Varina. Concluded.

There ever last-ing spring abides, And nev-er with-’ring flow’rs;
But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this nar-row sea,
Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o’er,

Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav’nly land from ours.
And lin-ger, shiv’ring, on the brink, And fear to launch a-way.
Not Jordan’s stream, nor death’s old flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 153. Rejoice and Be Glad.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

1. Re-joice and be glad: the Re-deem-er has come, Go look on His
2. Re-joice and be glad: for the blood has been shed; Redemption is
3. Re-joice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain, O’er death is tri-
4. Re-joice and be glad: for our King is on high; He pleadeth for
5. Re-joice and be glad: for He com-eth a-gain—He com-eth in

REFRAIN.

cra-dle, His cross, and His tomb.
fin-ished, the price has been paid. Sound His praises, tell the sto-ry,
un-phant, and liv-eth a-gain.
us on His throne in the sky.
glo-ry the Lamb that was slain.

Of Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv-eth a-gain.
For last verse.—He cometh a-gain.
No. 154. The Victory Song.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. What a day 'twill be when the strife is o'er, And we meet our King on the
2. On the great white throne we shall see Him then Who His all for-sought for the
3. In that happy land where our souls will dwell, On that blissful shore what a

on gold - en shore; When the faith - ful sol-diers at home shall throng, And with
sake of men, Who so freely died on the cruel tree, Just to
song will swell! For, with cares, and sorrows, and troubles o'er, We shall

CHORUS.

voices all join the vic- t'ry song.
save us from death e - ter - nal - ly. The vic - to - ry song, the
rest there with Je - sus ev - er - more.

vic - to - ry song, How our souls will swell and the song pro-long; What a day 'twill

be when the King we see, And with voices all join the vic - to - ry song.

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INDEX.

A.
A Shelter for Me ........................................ 86
After All .................................................. 104
Am I a Soldier? ............................................. 121
Answer the Call to You .................................. 117
Asleep ....................................................... 71

B.
Beautiful, Beautiful Eden ................................ 83
Beautiful Story to Tell ................................... 44
Beautiful Jerusalem ....................................... 136
Be Kind to Mother ........................................ 104
Be Sowing the Seed ....................................... 130
Beyond the Sea ............................................ 85
Boylston .................................................... 141
Bringing In the Seed ..................................... 45

G.
Gather the Sheaves ......................................... 38
Gathering In the Sheaves .................................. 97
Glory In the Highest ...................................... 138
Glory Will Come to Us All ............................... 20
Grace Victorious ........................................... 131

I wonder How Could It Be ................................. 68
I'll Be There ................................................ 124
I'm Kept By Him Alone .................................. 112
I'm Hiding In Thee ........................................ 142
In the Light ................................................ 22
In Truth Is Life Eternal .................................. 23
In Love of the Savior Abide ............................. 37
In That Crowning Day .................................... 83
I Want to Work for Jesus ................................ 111
I Will Arise and Go to Jesus ............................. 63
In a Little While .......................................... 84
In Which Road Do You Travel? ......................... 69
Inside the Golden Gates ................................ 110
I've Something to Live for Now ......................... 133

J.
Jesus Pleads ................................................. 75
Jesus Savior and Deliverer ............................... 89
Jesus Paid It All .......................................... 102
Jesus The Savior .......................................... 29
Jesus Is Calling for Thee ................................ 74
Just as I Am ............................................... 120
Just a Step Across the Line ............................. 82

K.
Keep the Gospel Message Rolling On .................. 74
Keep Singing as You Go .................................. 100

L.
Lead Kindly Light ......................................... 27
Let the Lord Be Praised ................................... 9
Let Us Carry Sunshine .................................... 106
Lost ......................................................... 135
Longing Soul Return ..................................... 14

M.
Many Mansions ............................................. 135
Meet Me There, By and By ............................... 41
My Soul Be On Thy Guard ............................... 140

N.
Nearer and Dearer to Me ................................. 36
Nearer My God to Thee .................................. 116

O.
On the Firm Foundation .................................. 85
On to Victory ............................................ 6
On the Rock of Ages .................................... 43
Onward Christian Soldiers ............................... 148
Old Hundred .............................................. 92

P.
Peace at Last .............................................. 52
Peace ....................................................... 5
Peace In My Soul ......................................... 126
Place My Name On the Roll ............................. 88
Prayer ..................................................... 103
Praise Ye the Lord ....................................... 78
Prepare to Meet Thy God ................................ 16

L.
I expect to Wear a Crown ............................... 8
I Love the Sweet Story of Jesus ......................... 119

E.
Rejoice and Be Glad ...................................... 18
Refuge ...................................................... 6

INDEX.

A.
A Shelter for Me ............................................ 86
After All ..................................................... 104
Am I a Soldier? .......................................... 121
Answer the Call to You ................................. 117
Asleep ...................................................... 71

B.
Beautiful, Beautiful Eden ................................ 83
Beautiful Story to Tell ................................... 44
Beautiful Jerusalem ...................................... 136
Be Kind to Mother ....................................... 104
Be Sowing the Seed ..................................... 130
Beyond the Sea .......................................... 85
Boylston ................................................... 141
Bringing In the Seed ................................... 45

G.
Gather the Sheaves ....................................... 38
Gathering In the Sheaves ............................... 97
Glory In the Highest .................................... 138
Glory Will Come to Us All ........................... 20
Grace Victorious ......................................... 131

I wonder How Could It Be ............................. 68
I'll Be There ............................................. 124
I'm Kept By Him Alone .................................. 112
I'm Hiding In Thee ..................................... 142
In the Light ............................................. 22
In Truth Is Life Eternal ................................ 23
In Love of the Savior Abide .......................... 37
In That Crowning Day .................................. 83
I Want to Work for Jesus ................................ 111
I Will Arise and Go to Jesus ........................... 63
In a Little While ........................................ 84
In Which Road Do You Travel? ....................... 69
Inside the Golden Gates ................................ 110
I've Something to Live for Now ..................... 133

J.
Jesus Pleads .............................................. 75
Jesus Savior and Deliverer ............................ 89
Jesus Paid It All ........................................ 102
Jesus The Savior ......................................... 29
Jesus Is Calling for Thee ................................ 74
Just as I Am ............................................. 120
Just a Step Across the Line ............................. 82

K.
Keep the Gospel Message Rolling On ................. 74
Keep Singing as You Go ................................ 100

L.
Lead Kindly Light ........................................ 27
Let the Lord Be Praised ................................ 9
Let Us Carry Sunshine .................................. 106
Lost ......................................................... 135
Longing Soul Return ................................... 14

M.
Many Mansions .......................................... 135
Meet Me There, By and By ............................ 41
My Soul Be On Thy Guard ............................. 140

N.
Nearer and Dearer to Me ............................... 36
Nearer My God to Thee ................................ 116

O.
On the Firm Foundation ................................ 85
On to Victory .......................................... 6
On the Rock of Ages .................................... 43
Onward Christian Soldiers ............................ 148
Old Hundred ............................................ 92

P.
Peace at Last ............................................. 52
Peace ....................................................... 5
Peace In My Soul ........................................ 126
Place My Name On the Roll ......................... 88
Prayer ..................................................... 103
Praise Ye the Lord ...................................... 78
Prepare to Meet Thy God .............................. 16

L.
I expect to Wear a Crown ............................... 8
I Love the Sweet Story of Jesus ....................... 119

E.
Rejoice and Be Glad ..................................... 18
Refuge ..................................................... 6
INDEX.

E.

Salvation Free to All .................. 24
Savior, Lead Us .......................... 93
Scatter Golden Sunbeams ................ 59
Sea of Galilee .......................... 77
Shall We Meet? .......................... 143
Sing a Song Unto the Lord ............... 40
Sing a Happy Song ........................ 66
Sing the Praise of Jesus .................. 65
Singing All the While .................... 4
Softly and Tenderly ...................... 72
Some Day ............................... 34
Some Day Beyond the Valley ............... 7
Step Out On the Promise .................. 21
Standing On the Rock ..................... 50
Songs of Praise .......................... 139
Sweet Hour of Prayer ...................... 134

T.

Tell Me, Dear Sinner ...................... 46
That Beautiful Home ...................... 26
The Light Has Come In .................... 10
The Light In the Storm .................... 2
The Beautiful Rose of Sharon .............. 55
The Christian's Welcome Home ............ 93
The Waving Harvest ....................... 47
The Tomb Is Empty Now ................... 54
The Lord Is My Shepherd .................. 11
The City of Love .......................... 18
The Great Physician ...................... 146
The Victory Song .......................... 154
The Valley Won't Be Dark ................. 53
The Good Shepherd Loves His Sheep ...... 113
The Gospel Message ....................... 18
Then I Knew There Was Welcome for Me .. 60
There Is a Fountain ...................... 144
There's a Light In the Window ............ 17
There's a Home for the Soul .............. 122
Traveling On ............................ 123
Turn the Wanderers Homeward ............. 35
'Twill Be Glory By and By ................ 60

V.

Varina ................................. 162

W.

Waiting By the River ...................... 116
Walking In the King's Highway ......... 51
We Shall See Him In the Morning ....... 12
We'll Go Sweeping Thro' the Gate ...... 62
We'll Sweep Thro' the Gates of Gold .... 90
We'll Home shall Over Yonder .......... 28
We'll Ver - el tri - a's Come .............. 150
Welcome .......... .......................... 3
Welcome ............................... 11
What a Friend .... .......................... 3
What Are ............................... 5
What a Friend .... .......................... 47

Other Pages:

When We Awoke .......................... 11
When Jesus Was Whosoever Will ......... 16
Will You? and We ......................... 14
Will You Come to Wonderful .............. 16
Wonderful Love of ........................ 26
Work for the Home ........................ 8
Work for the Night ........................ 81
Working for the Cross ................. 45