1912

Song Crown: A New Compilation of Sweet Gospel Songs

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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
D. M. RAGLE
R. M. MORGAN
T. P. BURT
L. G. PARK

W. W. SLATER
A. J. VETETO
SILAS L. COX
A. T. FOSTER

Price 20c Per Copy, $2.40 Per Dozen, $9.00 Per Fifty, $18.00
Per Hundred.

EXPRESS OR POSTAGE PAID BY US

Printed in Shaped Notes Only

PUBLISHED BY

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AUSTIN, TEXAS

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PREFACE.

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. CON ANIMATO. JAS. H. FRANKLIN.

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, Heav'n 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, When 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."

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The Light In the Storm.

1. Out on the bilowy ocean of life, Tossing, your storm-driven form; Lo! there's a beacon-light shining for you, danger and harm; Drifting in darkness from Jesus, who saves, muffling foam; Signal the life-boat, O haste for your life!

2. Gliding and riding the perilous waves, Facing 'toward fortune form; Lost from the harbor and shelter so fair,

3. O ye a-drift on the turbulent sea, Borne on the

4. Down in the darkness of gloom and despair, Sinks the unsafe, there's a beacon-light shining for your, dangerous and harm; Drifting in darkness from Jesus, who saves, muffling foam; Signal the life-boat, O haste for your life!

CHORUS.

There is a light in the storm... Jesus, the light in the storm... Jesus, the light, (the) light in the storm, Jesus, the light in the storm; There is sweet

refuge—O steer your boat there—Jesus, the light in the storm.

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No. 3. The Christian’s Welcome Home,
Words arr. by C. F. P. JNO. 14:2-3. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. How sweet will be the welcome home, (welcome home,)
When this short life is o’er;
When pain and sorrow, grief and care, (grief and care,)
Eyes shall see; We'll join the holy angel band, (angel band,)
Promised rest; Where, with the Savior we shall reign, (we shall reign,)

2. When we the lovely promised land, (promised land,)
With spirit faith—fuel we shall gain, (safely gain,)
The land of life is o’er;
When pain and sorrow, grief and care, (grief and care,)
Eyes shall see; We'll join the holy angel band, (angel band,)
Promised rest; Where, with the Savior we shall reign, (we shall reign,)

3. If we are faithful we shall gain, (safely gain,)
The land of promise;
What joy! What bliss! (bliss,)
So sweet and pure,
Our home of rest we shall see;
So sweet and pure,

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

My home, sweet home,
Welcome sweet welcome home, My home, my heav’n-ly home, sweet home,
Welcome 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 throng, 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 over

As I go along; Close to Him who loves me, Seeing oft His smile,

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.

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 all the way, Singing ev'ry day,

ev'ry day, Singing with a smile,

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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. VESTO.

1. Peace of mind and peace of soul The world can nev-er, nev-er give;
2. Peace has conquered doubt and fear, I fal-ly trust my Saviour now;
3. Peace is mine, what-e'er be-fall, From world-ly strife I am se-cure;

Now is mine, thro' Christ I'm whole, And by His pre-cepts I will live.
He to bless is ev-er near, And to His will in love I bow.
Je-sus is my all in all, And faith-ful He will e'er en-dure.

Refrain.

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

O'er sin I've won the vic-to-ry, And a-hide in peace, sweet peace!

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On To Victory.

KATHARYN BACON. J. W. WEST.

1. Hark! the bugle sounds "To arms!" To the battle-field now speed you,
2. "To the front!" O hear the call, Fiercely now the battle rages,
3. Fal-ter not, but bravely fight Till the world is peace possess-ing,

On to vic-t'ry, soldiers, on! Fear you not de-feat or harms,
In God's name the foe must fall,
On to vic-t'ry,
Then at last in heav'n so bright!

Christ Himself will ev-er lead you, On to vic-t'ry, soldiers, on! He's the con-qu'ror of all a-ges,
You'll re-ceive e-ter-na-l bless-ing, On to vic-t'ry,

CHORUS.

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

morn of peace will dawn, Wave on high the flag that frees us Till the world is

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No. 7. "Some Day Beyond the Valley.

JENNIE WILSON.

R. L. TITTLE.

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 ever-more.

CHORUS.

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

With souls redeemed to dwell for ever In never fading light.

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No. 8. I Expect to Wear a Crown.

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

REV. JOHN 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. Altho' 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.

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

In His glory I will share, I expect to wear a crown by and by.

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No. 9.  FOLLOW WHERE JESUS LEADETH.

MRS. G. M. HERRINGTON.

A. H. GREGORY.

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 entreaty, "Walk thou in the narrow way."
Still! still! in His boundless mercy, He doth beckon thee above.
Safe! safe! from the power of evil! You for ever more shall rest!
Trust! trust! in His power to strengthen, Cling to Him what e'er betide.

REFRAIN.

Will you follow where He leads? Hear the call,
Will you follow, ever follow where the blessed Master leads? Hear the gentle call: Hear the blessed invitation, hear the call, loving gospel call, gentle call: Hear the blessed invitation, 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 en-shrouded 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.  H. W. ELLIOTT.
Arr. by F. L. E. Arr. by J. E. T.

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 feast; 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.
Anoint-ed 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.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Sweet the tho’t of Him who died for us, Of His great and glorious
crown-ing, But a sweet-er tho’t now comes to me, We shall
dorn-ing, He is com-ing back to earth a- gain, We shall
burn-ing, And with joy-ous see 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 morn-ing,

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!

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1. You have wandered away from your Saviour and friend, And rejected His love and care; Still He bids you return and away-ward return from sin And resign to the will of the come unto Him today? For today is the day of salvation.

2. O what joy 'mid the angels in glory above, When the Father of love, And in faith life a new beginning.vation for all, Come, O come and the Lord obey.

3. Do not wait for tomorrow, but heed now the call, Why not bide in His fold, And His joy through the ages share.

CHORUS.

Longing soul, . . . . . return, return, There is peace, Longing soul, O soul, There is peace, sweet peace,

There is rest; To the Father's abode, O rest;
There is rest, sweet rest;

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Longing Soul, Return. Concluded.

When Jesus Was Slain.

No. 15. When Jesus Was Slain.
L. G. P.  Matt. 27.  L. G. PARK.

1. When Christ the Son of God was slain, Upon that awful day,
   The temple's veil was rent in twain, The sunlight fled away.
   The debt He paid, 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 forevermore.

2. With thorns upon His bleeding brow He goes to Calvary,
   To death His humble soul did bow To set the captive free.
   The Roman captain cried aloud, "This was the Son of God."

3. The earth did quake, the saints arose Who slept beneath the sod;
   The earth did quake, the saints arose Who slept beneath the sod;
   The earth did quake, the saints arose Who slept beneath the sod;
   The earth did quake, the saints arose Who slept beneath the sod;

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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 leaf-lets  
   blight and nod, We hear the message o'er the meadow, Pre-
   meet thy God, For soon will come the judgment morning; Pre-

2. The hoar-y heads and furrowed faces, The loved ones buried  
   'neath the sod, Re-sound the solemn words of warning, Pre-
  pare, prepare to meet thy God. Prepare, prepare to

3. We hear the holy Son entreat-ing, We see the path that  
   He hath trod, We hear Jehovah's loving warning, Pre-

CHORUS.

prepare, prepare to meet thy God, Prepare, prepare, prepare to

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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 city is the Lord, There the King in His
3. There are angels of glory in that home, They are waiting and

and the dark sea, I can see its golden splendor thro' the spray, There's a
they'll see, And the light to guide us there is His own word, 'Tis a
watching for me, Sinner, come and go with me, no more to roam, There's a

Chorus.

light in the window for me. There's a light in the window for me,
light in the window for thee.

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

to that home beyond the tide, 'Tis a light in the window 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 bless-ed Saviour waits for His
rest, sweetly rest, Loving-ly ... on Jesus' breast, gentle breast. O we
long to reach the shore, where our sorrows shall be o'er, And our happiness shall be complete.

2. O our hearts are full of care while on earth we dwell, But there's
our steps shall joys celestial Waiting for us in the city of love. God will wipe away each
room, sadly roam, But with Jesus be at home, blessed home.
tear, blinding tear, And will take away all fear, ev'ry fear.

3. Here our way is oft made sad by the fruits of sin, But we
here our way is oft made sad by the fruits of sin, But we
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. I. E.


With feeling.

1. In the Garden, sore op'press'd, Jesus utter'd this request:
2. Judas, now, with trait'or kiss, Gives Him to His enemies!
3. Now, the Jewish counsel try, And resolve that He shall die!
4. Robe and crown, in mock-ery, 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 nois'y crowd—They will kill the Son of God!
He, of witness false, the prey, Is to Pilate, led away!
See Him, now, on Cal'vry's road, Sink'ing 'neath His heavy load!
Dying, there, upon the tree—Dying, there, for you and me!

Chorus.

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

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

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No. 20.  Glory Will Come to Us All.

JAMES ROWE.  AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. After our troubles and trials are done, When there is nothing of
2. When we behold our Redeemer and King, When with the angels His
3. When we are safe in that kingdom of light, Fairer than morning, in

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. ·--~- -- - ~-, S I L A S L. COX. - - -

1. Step out on the promise of Jesus to-day, He's tender-ly
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,
par-don to-day;... Come humbly believ-ing, 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

REFRAIN.

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

God, my brother, Step out where the blood can heal;... O carry your

burden of sin no further, But unto the Saviour yield.

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No. 22.        In the Light.
AUSTIN TAYLOR.  A. T. FOSTER.

1. Like a mighty army we are pressing on, In the light,
2. With our banner waving, marching at command, In the light,
3. In the thickest battle we have naught to fear, In the light,

light, (In the light,) in the light; (in the light:) Marching with our Leader,
light, (In the light,) in the light; (in the light:) Grace the Lord supplies us
light, (In the light,) in the light; (in the light:) God is our Commander,

faithful every one, In the light, (in the light,) the light of God.
for each trying fray, In the light, (in the light,) the light of God.
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-t'ry 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 im-part 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. ALPHIN.  
RICHARD M. MORGAN.

1. With my Saviour I'm abiding, He, my every step is  
guiding, On His name, alone, for mercy will I call; When in

2. Unto Jesus I am clinging, And His wondrous love I'm  
singing, For, He died, my soul to ransom from the fall; I would

3. Tho' my pathway may be dreary, And my soul, so often,

sin, He came and sought me, With His precious blood, He bought me, Thro' His

death He brought salvation, free to all. With my Saviour I'm a

bid-ing, In His love, I am con-tinuing, In His love, His wondrous love, I am con-

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Salvation Free to All. Concluded.

And I'll spread the joyful tidings,
Of the Christ, who brought salvation, free to all.

No. 25. Welcome.

A. T. F. ADOLPHUS T. FOSTER.

1. Welcome friends and strangers too! Welcome to our hall! Hear our welcome song to you. Welcome, welcome all!
2. Welcome all who gather here! Welcome now we sing! Come our friends and loved ones dear, Hear the welcome ring! Welcome, welcome one and all!
3. Come where all is bright and gay, Come with cheer and song. Let this be a joyful day, And remembered long.

Welcome to our hall! Hear, O hear our welcome call, Welcome, welcome all!
When the Master shall call us, from labor to rest; From this earth, with its sorrow and care, To a home with the angels, the presence of Jesus, the King, We will praise Him for ever, with 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.

O that home!... that beautiful home,
O that home! that beautiful, beautiful home.
That Beautiful Home. Concluded.

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

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

No. 27. Lead, Kindly Light.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step is enough for me.

2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I lov'd the gar - ish fan, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those day; and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years. angel fac-es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

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

No. 28.   WE’LL BE HAPPY OVER YONDER.
      S. L. C.  
      ( Tenderly inscribed to my mother. )  S I L A S  L. C O X .

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 o-ver yon-der, by and by! There our voices will blend-
We'll be happy o-ver yon-der, by and by! Soon we'll wake from death's slum-
We'll be happy o-ver yon-der, by and by! Soon we'll join the saints

blended through-out all e-ter-ni-ty—We'll be happy o-ver
slumber, then His glory we shall share—We'll be happy o-ver
umber and rejoice for ever-more—We'll be happy o-ver

Fine. REFRAIN.

yon-der, by and by! We'll be hap-
py o-ver yon-
der, we'll be

yon-
der! Where the soul can nev-
happy, by and by! Where the soul can nev-

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WE'LL BE HAPPY OVER YONDER. Concluded.

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

1. Je-sus the Saviour will lead us to heav-en—On to that land that is
2. Je-sus the Saviour is com-ing from heav-en—Coming to take us all
3. Je-sus the Saviour will guide us to heav-en—Lead us along in the
4. Je-sus the Saviour will give us home, Where we shall rest and be happy forever,
5. Je-sus the Saviour will give us home, Where we shall rest and be happy forever,
6. Je-sus the Saviour has prepared a home for us in heav-en,
7. Je-sus the Saviour has prepared a home for us in heav-en,
8. Je-sus the Saviour has prepared a home for us in heav-en,
9. Je-sus the Saviour has prepared a home for us in heav-en,

D. S.—Je-sus the Saviour has prepared up in heav-en,

Fine. REFRAIN.

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

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

Sファー and Burrow, owners.
No. 30.  

Drifting and Gone.  

J. B. V.  

1. On the surging billows 'mid the raging wave, Cries a dying sail—oh, save! 

2. Shout the fearful warning of the coming night, Point the millions to the beacon light: Day is fast declining, they are drifting on. 

3. Can you not do something in this trying hour? Beg them look to 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, They are drifting, drifting onward, gone, forever gone.

CHORUS.

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

way, They cry Jesus save, oh, Master 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, forever gone,

late— they are gone, Too late.............. will be the Sinking 'neath the foam, gone, forever 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.

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

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 highway free from sin and strife, I am happy in the Saviour's love.

3. Sinner, will you heed the message sent to you today, And be happy in the Saviour's love? Pray God's pardon and forgiveness and His will obey, Be made happy in the Saviour's love.

CHORUS.

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.

Copyright, 1911, by Woodie W. Smith.
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, 

Fine. REFRAIN. 

I sang in my heart this refrain:

Once more I took up the refrain: "If ye who are 

Provide for His loved ones below." 

D. S. 

evil feel love for your own, And gifts on your children bestow,
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,

2. At the great tribunal, where the soul is tried,
   O to be prepared and able there to stand,
   We shall have a robe and crown of jewels then,

3. If we've served the Master, true and faithful been, In that crowning, crowning day;
   There the saints shall wear a crown of jewels rare,
   In that crowning, crowning day.

Chorus.

In that crowning day. In that crowning, crowning day;
In that crowning, crowning day; In that crowning, crowning day.

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No. 34. **Some Day.**

**JAMES ROWE.**

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.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Turn the wand'rous homeward, show to them the light, Many grope in darkness, straying in the night; Let your light be shining with a steady glow, Try to be a blessing everywhere you go.

2. Turn the wand'rers homeward, bring them back again, Jesus waits to save them, shall He wait in vain? Keep your lamps all burning, for the Master shine, Brighten up the pathway all along the line.

3. Turn the wand'rous homeward, 'tis a work of love, Point them to the sin to save, Sadly wand'ring downward to an endless grave.

Chorus.

Homeward, homeward, turn the wand'rous home-ward, Angels fair, rejoice o'er one returning home; Let your light be shining.

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Turn the Wanderers Homeward. Concluded.

Every passing day, Lead the lost and erring in the living way.

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.
Woo-ing 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.

Nearer and dearer to me, Nearer and dearer is He,

Precious and gracious Redeemer, Nearer and dearer to me.

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A. J. V.  ARTHUR J. VETETO.

1. Tho' waves are lashing and lightning's flashing; Tho' swift and high is the tide,
   Be brave, not fearing, the port you're nearing, In love of Jesus abide.

2. Let naught alarm you, no storms can harm you. But onward steer for the shore; At life's fair even you'll reach the haven, Where tempests ever are o'er. In love of the Saviour abide you e'er in His love.

3. All praise forever to Christ, who ne'er Forsakes, but all praise forever to Christ, who ne'er Forsakes, but faith-ful will prove; Till you are given a crown in heaven, A-bide.

CHORUS.

love of Jesus abide.
No friend is so faithful and true; In love of the Saviour abide;

Saviour abide,...... Till life and its trials are through, abide,
GATHER THE SHEAVES.

No. 38.  
J. L. M.  
For the harvest of the earth is ripe.—Rev. 14: 15.  
J. L. Moore.

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 heat 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  

labour for Jesus, Bring in the beautiful golden grain.  

Owned by J. L. Moore, Bethlehem, Ga.
No. 39. Hallelujah By And By.

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

1. There's a home just over yonder, there's a land that's bright and fair,
Many mansions there are waiting, for the faithful by and by,
'Tis so sweet to sing of heaven, of its glories rich and rare,
My Redeemer, oh, to see Him, will be glory over there.

2. When my pilgrimage is over and I journey here no more,
I shall lay me down to slumber, soon to wake on yonder shore,
I shall wake to see my Saviour, I shall meet Him in the sky,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I'll be singing by and by.

3. Blessed hope of life eternal, blessed promise oh, how sweet,
I am clinging to my Saviour, I am sitting near His feet,
I can almost hear the singing, of redeemed ones in the sky,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I shall join them by and by.

D.S.—Hallelujah will be ringing, where the voices never tire,
D.S.—Hallelujah will be ringing, where the voices never tire,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I'll be singing by and by.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah by and by.

Chorus.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah by and by.
Hallelujah By and By. Concluded.

No. 40. Sing a Song Unto the Lord.

Miss Bulalia Mewborn. J. B. Vaughan.

1. Sing a song unto the Lord, praise and magnify His name,
   Jesus blood washed 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 ransomed sing, make the Hallelujahs ring;

Chorus.

Sing, oh! sing a song of Jesus' love, Sing, oh! sing of Him who reigns above,

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 my soul, adore His blessed name, yes, back again.

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

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

FRANK GRAMMER.

Are you building on the Rock of Ages? Are you building on the
Are you building for the life eternal? Are you building on the
Are you building on the Rock of Ages? Are you building for e-
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-nity? Are you going to the home supernatural? With the lay each stone? Is your hope and faith in God unchanging? Are you

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?

Copyright, 1910, by Austin Taylor.
No. 44. Beautiful Story to Tell.

F. L. BILAND.

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

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

Chorus:
Reapers shall gather together, What so ever they sow.
Reapers shall gather together,
No. 45. Working for the Crown.

Mrs. H. A. MABRY

H. A. R. HORTON, by per.

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 in the heat, To white and to wide harvest fields, Where work is so great and the labor's so few,
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain I can see, And now having found it I'll labor and wait, heaven I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Master's renown.
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till towards Wholly Thine blessed Lord, would I be. Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown.

CHORUS.

And the way will be brighter for me.
And the promise a bountiful yield?
Wholly Thine blessed Lord, would I be. Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown.

Working for the crown, for the beautiful golden crown,
We shall wear by and by.

Copyright 1899, by H. A. R. Horton, Dallas, Texas,
Tell Me, Dear Sinner.

1. Tell me, dear sinner, O tell me today. Why do you wander in sin?
2. Judgment is coming, is coming to all, Sinner, why longer delay?
3. Why do you linger, O sinner, today, Jesus still knocks at thy heart? Will you accept Him, believe and obey?

Chorus.

Jesus will welcome you in...
Come to Him, sinner, today... 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 wages 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. ELLIOT.  
R. M. MORGAN.

1. Thro' the white and waving fields, Now we go with beautiful song,  
2. Proudly we this message tell To the soul now burdened with sin,  
3. Willing hands and hearts we give, As we voice these beautiful songs.

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

Glorious truth may shine; With its grace and power divine;
On Him they believe, His their aching hearts will relieve;
Gospel's joyful sound, We may send to nations around;

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,

un-to you we bring,

Of the great love

And of the great love of

Je-sus we sing;

of Je-sus we sing;

The beau-ti-ful grain

is wast-ing, we see,

The beau-ti-ful grain is wast-ing, we see,

And in the har-vest glad toil-ers for Je-sus we ev-er would be.

Repeate Chorus softly.
No. 48. HE CALLS TO-DAY, FOR WORKERS.

E. R. LATTA.
Earnestly.

F. L. BILAND.

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

heal (do you hear) field (in His field) There's plenty that needs doing, in His small (great and small) He'll show to all, their duties, 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.

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

Copyright, 1892, by F. L. Biland. By per. of Quartet Music Co.
No. 49. WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

J. A. R.

J. A. ROBERSON.

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;

Free-ing 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.

Wonde-ful love! ... Wo-nder-ful 
Wonde-ful love! won-der-ful love! Won-der-ful love!

Love! Wonderful love of Jesus! Wonderful love to me.

Wonde-ful love!

Owned by J. L. Moore.
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!

In Jesus I am shouting on—I’m standing on the Rock at last!
And whispers, “Grace hath made thee free.”—I’m standing on the Rock at last!
Just over Jordan’s rolling sea—I’m standing on the Rock at last!
And on my way to heaven I move—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 yes, standing on the Rock!

resting place—I’m standing on the Rock at last!  yes, standing on the Rock!

Copyright, 1908, by S. J. Oslin.

—54—
No. 51.  WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

S. J. O.  S. J. OSLIN.

1. Re-deem-ing grace has saved my soul—I am walking in the
2. A sin-ner saved by grace di-vine—I am walking in the
3. A bless-ed peace I now en-joy—I am walking in the
4. Thro' grace I've en-tered in the fold—I am walking 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!

Copyright, 1908, by S. J. Oslin.
No. 52. Peace at Last. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

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 watching o'er my pil-grim way
sing His praia-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 whol-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 ev'ry 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

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,

Copyright, 1908, by J. B. Hardin.
No. 54. The Tomb is Empty Now.

E. R. LATTA. F. L. EILAND.


1. Adieu to every 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 . . . . . . A.

He reigns, He reigns in heav'n, in heav'n today, today; A

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

flee . . . . . a-way! . . . . . The tomb is empty now!

shadows flee a-way! a-way! The tomb is empty now!

Used by per. of Quartet Music Co.
No. 55. The Beautiful Rose of Sharon.

A. T. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

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 blooming the same today.

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 blooming for you and me. O the beautiful, beautiful land of the bright and fair.

3. O the beautiful Rose of Sharon! How its fragrance perfumes the air! It is growing by living waters, In the way; 'Twas the beautiful Rose of Sharon, And it's 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 Pa,
hide me, Till night rolls a-way; Hide me, hide me,
deemer, Till the tempest rolls a-way; Hide me, O my Saviour, will

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

No. 57.

A. T. 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 hill-side and mountain, by life's weary road,
sowing the seed; No time will be given to right-en 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.

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No. 58. Whosoever Will May Come.

A. T. AUSTIN TAYLOR

1. To the living water, hear the welcome call, Whosoever will may come;
   'Tis a loving message, sent to one and all.

2. Come from ev'ry nation to the living well, Whosoever will may come;
   Keep the message ringing o'er hill and dell.

3. To the living water freely come to day, Whosoever will may come;
   To the healing fountain, to the living way.

Chorus.

Whosoever will may come. Whosoever will may come.

will may come, Whosoever will may come, To the liv-

wa-ter of the Father's love, - Whosoever will may come.
Scatter Golden Sunbeams.

IDA L. REED.
H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Scatter golden sunbeams, All along your way, Cheer-ing souls a-
   weary, Ever day by day, Many hearts are yearning,
   glad-den, Bring some wand’rer home, They may light life’s path-way,
   shad-owed, Deep in sorrow’s night, You may help and cheer them,
   path-way, None can long be sad. While love’s light is shin-ing,

2. Scatter golden sunbeams, Where-e’er you roam, They some soul may
   scatter golden sunbeams, Send a-broad the light, Many lives are
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life’s

3. Scatter golden sunbeams, Send a-broad the light, Many lives are
   scatter golden sunbeams, Send a-broad the light,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Send a-broad the light,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Send a-broad the light,

4. Scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life’s
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,

5. Scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life’s
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,

6. Scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life’s
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,

7. Scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life’s
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,

8. Scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life’s
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,

9. Scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life’s
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
   scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,

10. Scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad, All along life’s
    scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
    scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,
    scatter golden sunbeams, Bid each heart be glad,

Chorus.

Scatter the sunshine, Scatter it on your way, Cheer the lone and
Scatter golden

weary, Each and ev’ry day, Each and ev’ry day.
No. 60. "Twill Be Glory By and By.

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

J. B. VAUGHAN

1. My Re-deem-er has gone to pre- pare (in the sky), Bless-ed;
man-sions of rest by and by (by and by); Soon He

2. I've no treas-ures to bind me be-low (here below), In this
land full of sor-row and woe (here below); All my

3. I shall sing home at last by and by (by and by), And my
voice will be tuned to the lyre (heav'nly lyre); There

4. H1 home at last beyond the sea, It
call me home to rest, with the ran-somed and the blest, For

CHORUS.

all will be glo-ry by and by (o-ver there), How I long; 
go and shall rest for-ev-er-more (ever-more), How I long;
all soon be glo-ry by and by (by and by).

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.)

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 forevermore.
And the angels bright and fair, Hallelujah! over there.

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

GEO. W. WEBB.

1. We are pilgrims on the way To a land of perfect day
2. If in Jesus we'll confide, If we'll take Him as our guide
3. If we'll battle for the Lord, Sheathing not the spirit swerd

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

Chorus.

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

gate, Where the shining angels wait, yes, where

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

wait; We'll go sweeping through the shining angels wait; We'll go sweeping thro' the gate, yes, we'll go
gate, We'll go sweeping through the gate.
sweeping thro' the gate, We'll go sweeping, we'll go sweeping thro' the gate.

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

Arr. by JOS. F. BUTLER.

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-laden, Bruised and man-gled by the fall,

Ch.1—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-iour, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.
No. 64.  
Home of the Soul.

T. P. B.  
T. P. BURT.

1. Tho' our crosses 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 blessed word doth console, For it promises joy; 
an anguish can never be told; Yet we know there is joy; 

volume, it leads to the goal, Where we'll live evermore 

over yonder, (over yonder,) When we meet in the home of the 

Chorus:

soul: ............  
Bless-ed home,  
hap-py home,............  

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

We are steadily pressing on to our goal; Blessed home, 

Bless-ed home.

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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 ev'ry day, Sing those songs of love,

Je-sus bro't sal-va-tion un-to man—On the cross for Him was slain.
All our sorrows He will ev'er share, Je-sus, bless-ed Lord so dear.
Till at last, when Je-sus calls us home To those mansions bright above.

CHORUS.

Sing the won-drous sto-ry, Sing the earth a-round;
Sing, O sing,

Sing the love of Je-sus, Let His praise re-sound;
Sing, O sing

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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
2. Many hearts are always sad, Heavy loads they bear; Strains of joy will
3. Cheering songs true hope impart To the lost and lone; Yours may bring to

souls 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 before unknown. Christians never should repine,

Verse 1

Cres. Rit.

O- ver-flow with love; Be a blessing ev’ry day To the one a-bove,
Sing of mercy free, Point them to the throne above, Till the light they see.
So, with happy song, Glori fy your King divine, As you press along.

Chorus

Sing for Jesus, day by day, Sing for
Sing for Jesus, blessed Jesus, day by day, along the way, Sing for

Jesus all the way; Be a
Jesus, blessed Jesus all the way, the shining way; Be a

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Sing a Happy Song. Concluded.

No. 67. Every Step.

JAMES ROWE. D. M. RAGLE.

Slow.

1. Every 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, ev'ry step,
Let me never walk alone;

Keep my hand in Thine, O Thou friend divine, Till I stand before Thy throne.
I Wonder How Could It Be!

No. 68.

T. P. BURT.

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 Cal-va-ry, And there on the cross He died for the lost, cross for you and me, That all might be saved and raised from the grave.

3. When I read how He wore the crown of thorns, How He bore the那些 who took His life, (O glo-ry for me, He died on the tree)

4. When I read how they nailed Him to the cross, How He died for die for mortals like me! I won-der how could it be!

Chorus.

I won-der how could it be! I won-der how could it be, I won-der how could it be! That Je-sus would
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 you must now be; Are you living in sin and its pleasures, Or travel along? Do I walk with the few up to glory, Or Door and the Way; He now lovingly offers salvation, He's 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 per. 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
2. Hear the mournful voices call-ing, See the forms in ru-in fall-ing, Keep the
3. Spread the message of sal-va-tion To the ends of ev-ry na-tion, Keep the

bless-ed gos-pel mes-sage roll-ing on;       Ma-ny 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 pleas-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

**CHORUS**

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

roll-ing, roll-ing on;       'Tis the precious old, old sto-ry, Of the
roll-ing on, roll-ing on, roll-ing on;
Keep the Gospel Message Rolling On. Concluded.

No. 71. Asleep.

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

A. T. DUET.

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 Awake on Canaan's shore.

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


W. L. T.

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me; See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home; Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, calling, O sinner, come home!

2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home; Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, calling, O sinner, come home!

3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me; Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home; Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, calling, O sinner, come home!

4. O for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Though we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home; Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, calling, O sinner, come home!
1. Have you heard the invitation? Are you going to the feast? Christ, the
2. Have you heard of that bright city, Where the streets are paved with gold? Where the
3. Have you heard of Christ, the Saviour, How He left His home above? How He
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? Sinner, 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
invitation, 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

come? Will you come? Will you come? Will you come, O will you come? Will you come, O will you come?
No. 74.  JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

MISS GRACE GLENN.

WILL W. SLATER.

1. When as of old in her sadness, Mary sat weeping alone;
2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flowing, Fading thy hope and thy trust;
3. Down by the shore of death's river Sometime thy footsteps will stray.

Softly the voice of her sister Whispered, "The Master has come,
When of the dear-est earth-treasures, Dust shall return unto dust,
Where waits an angel to bear thee, Over to infinite day,

So in the depths of thy sorrow, Gall, tho' its fountain may be,
Then, tho' the world may invite thee, Vain will its offering be,
What then tho' dark be his shadow, If when his coming thou see,

List, for there cometh a whisper, "Jesus is calling for thee,
List, for there cometh a whisper, "Jesus is calling for thee,
Cometh there softly a whisper, "Jesus is calling for thee,

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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, Call ing for
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 calling ing for thee.
will ing and ready to save, Yes, Jesus is calling for thee, He's calling for thee.
Jesus Pleads.

No. 75.

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,
   To be reconciled to God; Sinner, harken to His plea,
   To be reconciled to God; Sinner, harken to His plea.

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

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?
   To their first and blest estate; Shall we slight His love and pain?
   To their first and blest estate; Shall we slight His love and pain?

Chorus.

Jesus pleads with you and me, His disciples here to be, Or be

lost e-ter-nal-ly!          E-ter-nal-ly,          E-ter-nal-ly,

Or be lost e-ter-nal-ly; E-ter-nal-ly, E-ter-nal-ly; E-ter-nal-ly;

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Jesus Pleases. Concluded.

No. 76. 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. (no sad farewell.)
2. If true to Him till life is o'er, We'll rise to meet the blest, And live in pleasure ever more. In that sweet land of rest. (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. (the lost from woe.)

Refrain.

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 Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee, So oft we read and think of thee;
2. Thy borders fair, we yearn to see, Where Jesus loved so much to be;
3. It thrills our hearts, and teardrops start, To think of O Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee.

---

1. O Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee,
2. Thy borders fair, we yearn to see,
3. It thrills our hearts, and teardrops start,

---

Chorus

Sweet Gal-i-lee, blue Gal-i-lee, Where Jesus loved O Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee,

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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'ry for the right, Tell to
3. Praise Him e'er for countless blessings, Sent in kindness from above; There is

lost of ev'ry nation, Let the blessed banner wave,

souls in darkness dwelling, Jesus is the Truth, the Light,

none on earth so faith-ful, None so worthy of our love! Praise ye the Lord,

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

All who adore Him, Praise Him for aye!

By per. Firm Foundation Publishing House.
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, your load will bear. Bring me ev'-ry bur-den, bring me ev'-ry care."

2. Are you dis-appoin-ten, wand'ring here and there, Dragging chains of doubt and load-ed down with care? Do un-ho-ly feel-ing 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 struggle in your press? Bring your case to Je-sus, He will give you rel-ax-ed and oppres-sed, Hear the ten-der Shep-herd, "Come to me and rest."

3. Stum-bling on the moun-tains dark with sin and shame, Stum-bling t'ward the sense of guilt de-pressed? Come right on to Je-sus, He will give you rest.

4. Have you cares of busi-ness, cares of press-ing debt? Cares of so-cial la-den, come to me and rest; Come, no lon-ger tar-ry, your load will bear. Bring me ev'-ry bur-den, bring me ev'-ry care."

CHORUS.

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

Come un-to me, come un-to me, I will give you rest.
Come Unto Me. Concluded.

Take my yoke upon you, I will give you rest; Take my yoke upon you, Take my yoke upon you,

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

I am meek and low-ly, Come and trust my might, Come and trust my might; Come, O come,

Come, my yoke is easy, And.... my burden's light. Come, my yoke is easy, 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 welcome, Yes, I knew there was welcome for me.

2. I am safe in the fold Of my Saviour today, In His presence so bright, Of the joy that shall ever be mine

3. I am safe in His arms And I fear not the storm, Though 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,

CHORUS.

Then I knew there was welcome for me, Yes, I knew there was welcome for me.

wel-come for me; When I heard His sweet voice, And I sweet welcome for me.
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.

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-ti-ful 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.  Austin Taylor.

1. Just a step across the line from the world of sin, Just a
   step, the loving Saviour waits for thee; Just a step across the line,
   where a crown is won, Just a step across the line will make you free.

2. Will you step within the fold of the blessed Son? 'Tis the
   step that angels fair rejoice to see; Just a step will bring you safe in the Shepherd's fold, Just a
   stand you in the cold? Step across the line, O sinner, while you may.

3. Just a step will bring you safe in the Shepherd's fold, Just a
   step, your sins will all be washed away; Why so near a Saviour's care
   is the friend you need.—Step across, O dying sinner, and be free.

4. Just a step will make you free—make you free indeed, There, with
   just a step across the line will make you free, 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, Fadeth thy scenes so fair;
3. Beautiful, beautiful Eden, Dawneth thy golden day;

O-ver 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;

Beautiful, beautiful Eden, Sweet is thy peace and rest.
1. Struggle on in faith, tho' with heavy-laden heart, In a little while.
2. All the stormy billows of life we'll know no more, In a little while.
3. Just a few more days here to labor, watch and wait, In a little while.
4. To the scenes of death we shall ever bid farewell, In a little while.

in a little while, God will make you stronger, and brighter hope imparts,
in a little while; Trials and temptations that often press so sore,
in a little while, We shall hear the summons to enter heaven's gate,
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, on

Canaan's happy shore, In a little while we'll rest for ever-more;

In a little while our sorrows will be o'er, In a little while, in a little while.
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 structures raised by human hands, Crumble into ruins home-land here by faith I see, E'en when darkling storm-clouds broken by no driving gale, And where surging waters
dation none can e'er destroy, I am praising Jesus Fine. Chorus.

2. On the firm foundation, though dark billows roll, There is light celestial for the trusting soul; Glory of the Saviour calls me to that storm-free land, Where sweet calm is on the shifting sands.

3. On this firm foundation I will gladly stand, Till my hopes are anchored, there my soul is staid, Though the strongest

D. S.—On the firm found-

FINE. CHORUS.

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 tempest with-stand; In Him I am hiding, from sin I am free, Lord is a shelter for me;... My rock and my ref-

2. Secure in this shelter I'll ever abide, For Satan's allurements are vain; In trials and trouble the Lord will provide, a shelter for me,

3. I'll hide in this shelter, I know it is sure, No evil can conquer my soul; I'll patiently trust Him, the cross I'll endure; a shelter is He;

CHORUS.

He's leading me by His own hand. A shelter for me, a shelter is He;... The a shelter for me,

In Him I will ever remain. Until I shall reach that bright goal. a shelter for me, a shelter is He,
A SHELTER FOR ME. Concluded.

He ev-er will be, My Saviour's a shelter for me.

No. 87. CLOSE TO US ALL.

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

1. When we are think- ing of heav-en and home, He is near,
2. When the poor soul by temp-ta-tion is tried, He is near,
3. When in the soul doubts and tears doth a-rise, He is near,

And when we are walking the val-ley of gloom, He is near us then. 
And when it is plunged 'neath the on-com-ing tide, He is near us then. 
And if in our sor-row the soul to Him cries, He is near us then.

REFRAIN.

O what a Friend He is to me, Wait-ing to hear the faint-est call;

Ev-er un-chang-ing 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 bless'd heavenly rest; Among the first ones to wake, In the regions of the good; I'll be found white as snow in Jesus' blood, resurrection fair; I'll respond when my name is called up there.

2. Place my name on the roll, For I'll be among the blest; Those who work ever true, With their names enlisted there; They dare with a will, Only more, For that bless'd heavenly rest; Among the first ones to wake, In the regions of the good; I'll be found white as snow in Jesus' blood, resurrection fair; I'll respond when my name is called up there.

3. Place my name on the roll, That the angel reads in heav'n; When that morning shall come, And our records shall be read; In that bright glowing dawn, Of the know the Saviour's love; They who trust in His grace shall meet above.

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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No. 89.  Jesus, Saviour and Deliverer.

S. L. HOWARD.  J. M. VINES.

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.  

We'll sweep through the gates of gold;
We'll sweep through 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.

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 away, 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.

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

ANNIE 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;

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 Something 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,  
(Duett. 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 ever-

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

Trod; In that straight and narrow way, Thy feet have trod; In that straight and narrow way, Yes, in the straight and narrow way, 

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

Chorus.

Come to Jesus, come today, Come to Jesus while you may;
come, O come today,
No. 95.

Calvary.

1. My Saviour died ... up on the tree ... In grief and pain ... and agony, ... On Calv'ry's brow ... the crimson tide ... Gushed from His pierced ... and wounded side.

2. He freely gave ... His only Son ... 'Twas Christ my Lord ... the holy One ... He suffered death ... for you and me ... To save us thro' ... eternity.

3. 'Mid mocking cheers ... He groans and dies ... My God! my God! my God! 

In grief and pain and agony, On Calv'ry's brow

CHORUS.

Up on the lonely mountain side ... My blessed Lord was crucified; ... He purchased there ... sal-

Up on the lonely mountain side,
Calvary. Concluded.

No. 96. Everything to Me. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

E. E. LATTA.

1. What-ev-er my employ-ment, Wher-ev-er I may be, (may be,)
2. In sa-dness or en-joy-ment, What-ev-er sights I see, (I see;)
3. This is my sure pos-ses-sion, What-ev-er else may flee, (may flee;)
4. The true be-liev-er's por-tion, Up-on the land or sea, (or sea;)
5. He pur-chas-ed my sal-va-tion, To Him I make my plea, (my plea;)

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No. 97. Gathering in the Sheaves.

J. M. PIERCE.

1. While the dews of morning, Verdant fields adorning,
2. While the day is going, Love for God is flowing,
3. If the day is dreary, And the feet grow weary,

E'er the glorious sun-light, Dries the dewy leaves, Thus with hearts of
Like the summer lovely, Grand-est beauty weaves, Songs of praise re-
Then the earnest la-b'rors, Great-est joy re-ceive, He that sows in

gladness, Leaving care and sadness, Hasten now the
sound-ing, Busy work-ers bound-ing, Hast'ring in the
sor-row, Joy-ful reaps to-mor-row, With the Ho-ly

Chorus.

reap-ers Gath'ring in the sheaves,
Har-vest Gath'ring in the sheaves, Gath'ring in the sheaves,
Angels Gath'ring in the sheaves,

D. S.

Gath'ring in the sheaves, See the bus-ty reap-ers Gath'ring in the sheaves.

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No. 98.  Wonderful.

R. M. MORGAN.

EMMETT S. DEAN.

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, won-der-ful,

Faster.

won-der-ful,

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

wonder-ful

Dim.

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

f

Rail.

ful, He died that all might be from sin set free. 'Tis wonderful, He died for me!

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Drifting.

To my brothers, E. A. and J. E. Dunagan.—W. H. D.

W. H. D. WILLIAM H. DUNAGAN.

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
drifting, are you 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;
   Fear as you go, Keep sing-ing as you go, not, the Lord will be with you all the way, Keep sing-ing as you go.

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

3. Look to the Lord in seasons of distress, singing, singing, Sing-ing, as you go; For He doth wait to com - fort and to bless, Keep sing-ing as you go, as you go, as you go.

4. The God of light will guide you all the way, singing, singing as you go; A brave heart wins wher-ev - er you may be, Keep sing-ing as you go, singing, singing, Sing-ing, as you go, as you go, as you go.

P. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas.
No. 101.  Do You Praise and Trust Him?

KATHARIN BACON.  AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Ere the morning lights the skies, Does there in your hearts arise, Love to
Je- sus for His tender, watchful care? Do you thank Him for the love,
That He sends from heav'n above, To protect and lead you thro' life's deserts bare?
Every morning, noon and night,

2. When the noon-day sun is bright, Do your hearts in love unite, Praising
Je-sus for His blessings, rich and free? Do you trust Him ev'ry hour,
For His mercy, grace and pow'r, Do you trust His wondrous love eternally?
Every morning, noon and night,

3. When the shades of night appear, Do you kneel with hearts sincere, Seeking
Je-sus' watchful care till life is o'er? Do you ask His love and peace
To sustain, till life shall cease, Till the Saviour calls His own to haven's bright shore?
Every morning, noon and night,

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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 indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find me thine all in all."

2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r and Thine alone, Can change the lep'er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.

3. For nothing good have I Where by Thy grace to claim, I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb. Jesus paid it all, "Jesus paid it all," Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4. When from my dying bed, My ransomed soul shall rise, Then lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

5. And when before the throne I stand in Him complete, I'll All to Him I owe; Sin has left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

REFRAIN.

of His word, Fill your souls..... with sweet de-light.

of His word, Fill your souls with
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.
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.
3. I'll never cease to adore Him, For when my spirit before Him
   At judgment is standing, if He is my counsel Then all is well.

CHORUS.

He saved me, made me free;
What He has done for me, sinner, He'll do for you, full and so free;

None but He! He saved me, made me wonderful, wonderful, Jesus saved me,

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He Saves Me. Concluded.

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

No. 104. Be Kind to Mother.

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

1. Be gentle and kind to mother, To her 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.
LET US CARRY SUNSHINE.

H. A. R. H.

1. Let us carry sunshine everywhere 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.

Je-sus' love to know, If our hearts grow weary, Let us sing and pray;
Trust-ing in His word, If temptations lead us, From the paths of right,
Oth-er souls to win; Toil-ing in His vine-yard, Ev-er faith-ful be.

REFRAIN.

Help some wand'ring soul To find the liv-ing way. Let us carry us car-ry
Let us look to Je-sus. For in Him is light.
Brighter beams in glo-ry Waits to shine for thee. Let us car-ry sun-shine.

sun-shine, Ev-erywhere we go;
Ev-erywhere we go; Let us carry sun-shine, Ev-erywhere we go;

It will strengthen others, Jesus' love to know, Let us carry sunshine, Ev-erywhere we go.
AFTER ALL.

A. C. BENGE.

1. Although our lives be filled with bliss, With floods of joy and happiness,
2. Our earth-ly joys shall pass a-way, Just like the fleeting of a day,
3. Tho' 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 a-way,

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

REFRAIN.

Aft - er all, ...... aft - er all, ...... Aft - er, all, aft - er all, aft - er all,

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

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What Are You Doing?

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


F. L. E.

1. Are you leading precious souls To the Savior, 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 astray; 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 awaits you, Thou shalt have a bountiful yield."

CHORUS.

Point them to Mount Calvary; Where He

What Are You Doing? Concluded.

What Are You Doing
Concluded.

-- dgd

Where He died for you and me; Seek, my brother,

died for you and me; Seek, my brother,

seek to-day Loved ones who have gone astray.

seek to-day Loved ones who have gone astray.

No. 108. Prayer.

"Walk in the Spirit."—Gal. 5: 16.

WILLIAM COWPER. DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. O for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavenly frame! A light to

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?

2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord! Where is the

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.

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have

tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee, And worship only Thee.

4. The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be, Help me to

light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

5. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; So purer

light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.
No. 109.  Beyond the Sea.

J. L. SMITH.  T. B. WEBB.

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 a-jar,
A voice that bids us turn our eyes.

D. S.—A sunny clime and golden shore.

And fragrance sweet perfume the air (perfume the air).
And golden lights that gleam a-far (that gleam a-far).
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,
Beyond the Sea. Concluded.

A home of bliss.............. for you and me (for you and me).

No. 110. Inside the Golden Gate.

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

1. I've a home bey-on-d the sea, Where the shining an-gels wait;
2. There are mansions bright and fair, In the blest redeemed one's state;
3. I shall pass with-in the gate, Where the many man-sions wait;

There's a place prepared for me, Just in-side the gold-en gate.
Peace and joy bey-on-d compare, Just in-side the gold-en gate.
I'm an heir to that es-tate, Just in-side the gold-en gate.

CHORUS.

Just in-side the gate, O-ver in the blest es-tate;

O that home so fair, Just in-side the gold-en gate.

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No. 111.  I Want to Work for Jesus.

W. W. S.  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
dale 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.

CHORUS.

Call-ing, pleading, "O come home," Calling for His wand'ring sheep

Call-ing, calling,

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?  


H. A. R. H.  

H. A. R. Horton.  

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 pearl-y gate, By-and-by, by-and-by,  
4. Some one will sing the re-demp-tion song, By-and-by, by-and-by,  

Taste of the bless-ings that for them wait, Will you? and will I?....  
And from the Sav-iour re-ceive a crown, Will you? and will I?....  
Hear the sad an-swer, "You are too late!" Will you? and will I?....  
Join the glad chorus, the blood-washed throng, Will you? and will I?....  

Millions will trav- el the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful  
Glorious re-ward to the faith-ful giv’n, Pur-chased by Je-sus, His  
Darkest de-spair with the damned shall reign, Mer-cy’s sweet voice can not  
Ma-ny will greet on the gold-en shore Loved ones of earth who’ve gone  

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No. 115. Waiting By the River.

J. F. M. J. F. MAYFIELD.

1. I am waiting by the river for the message to come o'er,
2. I am waiting by the river and I hear the splashing oar
3. I am waiting by the river and I'm longing now to go

To that land of bliss eternal o'er on the other shore;
Of the boatman who is coming to conduct me to that shore;
To that land where earthly sorrows I will never, never know;

There I'll sing the praise of Jesus, and God's holy name adore;
Where they never know a sorrow, neither sickness, pain, or woe,
There I hope to share God's glory, with the saved upon that shore;

With the saints and holy angels round the throne for evermore;
But with Christ, the blessed Saviour, I shall live for evermore.
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, I am waiting by the river, by the river, I am waiting, yes, I'm

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No. 116.

Nearer, My God, To Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near-er, my God to Thee, Near-er 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 joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars for-got,

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!

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!
No. 117. Answer the Call to You.

1. **Awake, arise, Behold the skies!** Summer is speeding on.
2. **Away, be true, Your duty do;** Hasten the sheaves to bring.
3. **Away with joy In His employ,** Sing-ing of light and love;

*Fugue*

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

Answer the call to you, Hasten, ye reapers true . . . .
Hasten to hill and plain, Gath-er the gold-en grain . . . .
Then in the twi-light gloam Je-sus will say, “Come home.”

CHORUS.

**Away! Away!** the call o-bev; O reapers 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. . . . Tho' un-

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

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I Love the Sweet Story of Jesus

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 one 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 through 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
2. Let us labor and pray for the cause of the Lord, Tho' the way often
3. Some bright day we shall meet with the Saviour so dear, If we'll only live
4. Brave-ly onward we'll go, tho' the clouds may appear, And our burdens may

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,

Chorus.

When they meet on that bright, golden plain. O 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,

by; O what joy it will be;
yes, we'll sweetly rest; O what joy so sweet, when we all shall meet.
There's a Home for the Soul. Concluded.

No. 123. Traveling On.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Trav'ling on at the Lord's command, Trav'ling on
2. Jesus only we care to know, Boldly press-
3. Ground-ed firm-ly in Christ the Lord, Trust-ing in

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.

Used by permission,
No. 124. I'll Be There.

MISS VALLIE WARD. W. W. SLATER.

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 broth-or, To that blessed home above,

Hal-le-lu-jah! In that morning I'll be there;

I am walking with my Saviour, Sing-ing of His wondrous love, Hal-le-
He has promised to be with me And to lead me all the way, Hal-le-
I will enter life e-ter-nal, There to wear a shining crown, Hal-le-
There we'll meet our blessed Saviour, And our friends and loved ones, dear, Hal-le-

D. S.—Come and go with me to glory, Where we'll rest for-ev-er-more, Hal-le-

lu-jah! In that morning I'll be there. I'll be there, yes, I'll be
I'll be there,

lu-jah! In that morning I'll be there.

When that morning breaks e-ter-nal bright and fair;

Chorus. 

there, When that morn-ing breaks e-ter-nal bright and fair;

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
4. To the house of many mansions, We with joy 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

CHORUS.

ones who enter there.

near-er ev'ry day. In that home prepared that's waiting
counsel we are led.

all, God loved us so.

For the faithful and the true, In the blessed

many mansions, Is a place prepared for you.

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No. 126.  

Peace In My Soul. 

AUSTIN TAYLOR. 

FRANK GRAMMER.  
and AUSTIN TAYLOR. 

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

burdens, my joy made complete; I heard a new song, O, so 
flowers doth ever abound; There's beauty and sunshine the 
prison of Satan confined! Such glory and freedom in 

wondrously sweet! Bringing peace, sweet peace to my soul. 
whole way around, Bringing peace, sweet peace to my soul. 
Jesus I find! Bringing peace, sweet peace to my soul. 

Refrain. 

Wonderful peace, ........ O wonderful peace, ........ 
Wonderful, wonderful peace, O wonderful, wonderful peace, 

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No. 128.  

Don't Forget Jesus.

1. All along the way you find Cares and ills of ev'ry kind,
2. When the way is dark and drear, And you feel no friend is near,
3. Don't forget Him, nev'er do, Him who free-ly died for you,
4. One that's ev'er near, 'Tis the bless-ed Lord so dear, Who is
5. And you need a friend on whom you can de-pend; There is
6. Don't forget the bless-ed Sav-iour stand-eth by; He can
7. He'll be faith-ful tho' all oth-er friends be-tray; He is
8. read-y to the troubled soul be-friend.
9. dry the tear-drops from thy weeping eye. Don't forget Him, He's your friend
10. dear-est friend in earth or heav'n to-day.

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Don't Forget Jesus. Concluded.

help in time of need; He will bless you every 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 every
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 every 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.
No. 130. Bringing in the Sheaves.

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

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide,
2. Sow-ing 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 dew-y 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 grieves; When our weeping’s over, He will bid us welcome

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

Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,

Bring-ing 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
2. Friends may turn a-way, Clouds may gloom the day, But till morn-ing I shall
3. Storms are sweeping me, Grace is keep-ing me, I shall en-ter the e-
pil-grim land; Home-ward hur-ry-ing, Nev-er wor-ry-ing, For the
firm-ly stand; Cour-age lend-ing me, And de-fend-ing me, My Re-
ter-nal land; Naught can harm my soul, Naught a-larm my soul, For the

CHORUS.

Saviour al-ways holds my hand. Trusting, clinging,
deeper al-ways holds my hand.
Saviour al-ways holds my hand. Trusting my Saviour, clinging to Je-sus,

I am go-ing thro' this pil-grim land; Trust-ing,
Trust-ing and cling-ing,

clinging,
For the Saviour al-ways holds my hand.
clinging, and trust-ing.

Used by per.
1. The Saviour is calling, dear sinner, for thee, He's calling for thee; His mercy is boundless, His pardon 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 rest in His love, He's calling so lovingly come. say ing come home, Come home, O, dear sinner, to - day.


CHORUS.

Come home, . . come home... Ye weary and sorrow oppressed; Come home, come home, come home, come home, come home, wherever you roam, O come un - to Je - sus 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;
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.

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;
I'm free from sin and safe from harm, I've something to live for now;
I'm living with the King above, I've something to live for now.

3. All worldly pleasure fails to charm, I've something to live for now;
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.

4. My heart o'erflows with joy and love, I've something to live for now;
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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No. 134. 
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

(MALE QUARTET)

W. W. WALLFORD.

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

2. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, Thy
In seasons of distress and grief My soul has often
And since He bids me seek His face, Believe His word and
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ever-

3. Sweet hour of pray'r, sweet hour of pray'r, May
found relief, And oft escaped the tempter's
trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my every
last-ing prize, And shout while pass-ing thro' the

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Sweet Hour of Prayer. Concluded.

By thy return, sweet hour of pray'r.
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of pray'r.

No. 135.

Lost.

(MALE QUARTET.)

A.T.

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Lost, is the cry from the mountain steep, Someone 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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1. Oh, beau-ti-ful (Oh, beau-ti-ful) Je-ru-sa-lem (Je-ru-sa-lem),
2. Oh, beau-ti-ful (Oh, beau-ti-ful) Je-ru-sa-lem (Je-ru-sa-lem),
3. Oh, beau-ti-ful (Oh, beau-ti-ful) Je-ru-sa-lem (Je-ru-sa-lem),
4. Oh, beau-ti-ful (Oh, beau-ti-ful) Je-ru-sa-lem (Je-ru-sa-lem),

From care and sor- (from care and sor-) row free (from sor-row free);
Be-yond the glass- (beyond 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 tranqui- l) 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.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,

The city of the blest; the city of the pure and blest

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Jerusalem,

Where all the saved shall rest, for ever 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 pray'r!
We should never be discouraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!
Precious Saviour, still our refuge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r!

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 pray'r;

All because we do not carry everything to God in pray'r,
Jesus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
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 Bethlehem 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 Bethlehem!
1. All nature sings her Maker's praise, With glad exultant voice; The wild birds sing, (Their songs of glee) 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 display) their circuits run, (By melody) With gladsome song, (The valleys ring) the every clime, (With cadence sweet) In earth and sky, the night and day, (By day and night) While mortals weep, (While mortals sleep) And magnify His name.

2. The mountains and the hills proclaim Their great Creator's claim; The stars that gem the crown of night, Their Maker's might proclaim; The moon and sun, (His pow'r display) their circuits run, (By melody) With gladsome song, (The valleys ring) the every clime, (With cadence sweet) In earth and sky, the night and day, (By day and night) While mortals weep, (While mortals sleep) And magnify His name.

3. The stars that gem the crown of night, Their Maker's might proclaim; The moon and sun, (His pow'r display) their circuits run, (By melody) With gladsome song, (The valleys ring) the every clime, (With cadence sweet) In earth and sky, the night and day, (By day and night) While mortals weep, (While mortals sleep) And magnify His name.

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

LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH.

DE. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; Ten thousand foes arise.

2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; The battle ne'er give o'er.

3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down; Nor lay thine armor down.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; Shall bring thee to thy God.

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw Thee from the skies.

Renew it boldly every 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.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glorify; A charge to keep I have.

2. To serve the present age, My calling to fulfill, To serve the present age.

3. Arm me with jealous care, As in Thy sight to live; Arm me with jealous care.

4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thyself rely; Help me to watch and pray.

A ne'er 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)
No. 142.  I'M HIDING IN THEE.

W. R. WHITWORTH.  HAMPTON ROACH, Lipan, Tex.

1. When tempests dark sweep o'er my soul, And angry
   waves....around me roll, To Christ my Lord in haste I
   fly, For safety when the storm is nigh.
   And angry waves around me roll, To Christ my Lord,

2. When waves of doubt and sin oppress And earth a
   near, When Thou art nigh I feel no fear.
   be, Who all the way hath sheltered me.
   For safety when the storm is nigh.

3. And when the voyage of life is done Its battles
   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
Copyright, 189 by Songland Co.
I'm Hiding in Thee. Concluded.

The still waters glide, When safe in His love,
still waters glide... When safe in His love...
no harm can be-

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

me... I'm hiding in Thee... I'm hiding in Thee... O shelter Thou me, I'm hiding in Thee, dear Lord, in Thee.
Shall We Meet?

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 for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?

Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges 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 flowing wounds supply,
4. Then in a nobler, sweet'er 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. Redeeming love has been my theme And shall be till I die. When this poor lisping, stammer'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. Redeeming love has been my theme And shall be till I die. When this poor lisping, stammer'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 heaven, 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."
No. 146. What a Friend We Have.

GEO. SCRIVEN.

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.
Drifting Away.

W. C. McCONNELL.

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,
Un-to a bit-ter end.
Tis God who dwells with-in. Drifting a-way, drift-ing a-way,

Drift-ing a-way, Drift-ing, yes,
Drift-ing a-way, yes, drift-ing a-way,
Drift-ing a-way, drift-ing 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 hallelujah

everlasting 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, wel-
In God's service evermore enrolled.
Calling home the dear Redeemer's won. 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,

welcome, Welcome all, ye ransomed ones welcome every one, Happy welcome one and all, one and all.

F. M. Ferrall, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Tex.
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

No. 149.

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 voices In the triumph song; Glory, laud and honor.

2. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the church of God; Brothers, we are against the foe; Forward into battle. See, his All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, One in 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless ages Men and

3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain; Gates of hell can never voices In the triumph song; Glory, laud and honor.

4. Onward, then, ye people! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your Leads against the foe; Forward into battle. See, his All one body we, One in hope and doctrine, One in 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that Un - to Christ, the King; This thro' countless ages Men and

REFRAIN.

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

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

"Thy work shall be rewarded."—**Jer. 31: 16.**

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS. DR. WM. MILLER.

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

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.

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 unclouded eyes,
There ev - er - 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 - vid es 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 cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 153.  
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,  
unphant, 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
golden shore; When the faith-ful sol-diers at home shall throng, And with
sake of men, Who so freely died on the cru-el tree, Just to
song will swell! For, with cares, and sorrows, and troubles o'er, We shall

CHORUS.

voices all join the victory song.
save us from death etern-al-ly. The victory song, the
rest there with Je-sus ev-er-more.

victory 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 victory song.

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