1908

Gospel Waves

F. M. Ferrell

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GOSPEL WAVES

BY:

F. M. FERRELL

The Gospel Waves are rolling in a song, in a song

For use in the Church, the Sabbath School, and the Home

Price, 10c a copy; $1.00 a dozen, prepaid.

ADDRESS...

F. M. FERRELL,
MT. SYLVAN, TEXAS.

To those who have in any way lent a helping hand, I extend my sincere thanks.
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1. Up from the shore... of far Gal-i-lee,... Where the storm raged... so
Sacred shore!

Gospel waves roll... a message to me....
Dark and wild!

Fear not, 'tis I.... O, wavering child... Je-sus speaks!
Trust in me.

Chorus

2. Out of Geth-se-mi-nee's garden of woe,... Where the Lord wept... in
Where a lone,

Paiz and grief,... Gospel waves roll... to all who be low...
Prostrate lay!

Bearing sweet comfort... bringing relief... Gospel waves roll... in
Praise His name, Trust His love,

Mighty pow'r! Je-sus reigns.

pow'r and might,... Bear o'er the earth... the message of light... Gospel waves
O'er the earth! Wondrous light!

3. From the dread scene... on Calvary's height,... When Jesus died... the
Earth, be-hold!

Boundless love!

Boundless love! Ev-er roll!

Sounds His praise!

roll... on Cal-v'ry's stream!... Sing, O my soul,... The Lord will redeem.
Swiftly roll!

Cal-v'ry's stream! He'll redeem, redeem!
No. 2. Looking Unto Jesus.

E. R. LATTA. AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. Are you running for the prize, That awaits you in the skies,
2. Are you striving to uphold What is right, with courage bold,
3. Are you doing all you can For your needful fellow-man,
4. He will speak with tender voice, And will make your soul rejoice,

Looking unto Jesus? Are you trying to obtain
Looking unto Jesus? Are you trying to un-do,
Looking unto Jesus? Are you giving God your heart,
Looking unto Jesus? He will write your name above,

A release from sin's domain, Looking unto Jesus?
What is harmful and untrue, Looking unto Jesus?
Not withholding any part, Looking unto Jesus?
In the book of life and love, Looking unto Jesus?

REFRAIN.

Looking unto Jesus, Looking every day;

Looking unto Jesus, Looking all the way.

Copyright, 1905, by Austin Taylor.
No. 3. IN THAT COMING DAY!

N. L. E. That we shall be ready, just now, we should prepare! J. L. EILAND.

1. Hoping will not be in vain, That, a crown of life we'll gain, In that coming, (coming)
2. At that meeting in the air, If we are accepted there, In that coming, (coming)
3. Far beyond the reach of pain, If, a crown we shall obtain, In that coming, (coming)

1. (That coming day!) If we faithful, here, shall be, It is promised you and me,
2. (That coming day!) Then we'll heaven's glory know, For, with Jesus, home, we'll go,
3. (That coming day!) We will live for ever-more, Jesus, ever to adore,

REFRAIN.

In that coming day! In that coming day, coming, coming.

In that coming day, then we'll, shall there be bold,

Brighter far than glittering gold, In that coming day! coming, coming, coming day!
No. 4.  "CAMPMEETIN'."

JOHN W. JASPEE.  This is a true story.  F. M. FERRELL.

1. One day I saw my Ma-ry Ann A look-in' kind o' for-lorn;
2. Said I, "O let them wear the shoes And hose that nat-ure made;
3. So to the meet-in' we repaired, And had a pleas-ant time;
4. Our eight year old "got 'ligion," and "Was happy." Wil-lie G.
5. And Ma-ry liked the meet-in' too; She is a good, sweet girl,
6. I felt the old shoes on my feet, The glo-ry in my soul,
7. We min-gled with the rich and fine, And felt as big as they!

I nev-er saw her look more sad, Be-fore, since I was born.
We are not go-ing to a church, But to the an-cient shade.
The sing-in' was so beau-ti-ful, The preach-in' was so fine!
De-clared he loved the Lord, his God, A great deal more than me.
A friend to help me on my way, A-mid life's bus-ty whirl.
The old-time fire up-on my lips, "The bi- lows ceased to roll.
For was-n't Je-sus Christ, the Lord, Our Eld-er Broth-er, say?

CHORUS.

1st. Said she, "Campmeet-in' is at hand; To go I do not care;
2nd. We all got hap-py o-ver there, And shouted all a-round;

For, as you know, the chil-dren, John, Have got no shoes to wear.
The Lord did sure-ly an-swer pray'r, In send-ing bless-ings down.

J. M. Ferrell, owner.
1. I am going home to glory, To a land of peace and joy;
2. I am going home to glory, In my Father's blest abode;
3. I am going home to glory, Where the living waters flow;
4. I am going home to glory, Where thro' bright eternal days,

Jesus waiting, bids me welcome, In my Father's home on high.
He will guide me, He will keep me, In the way that leads to God.
Happy spirits there will greet me, And no sorrow shall I know.
With the ransomed and redeemed ones Ever more to sing God's praise.

CHORUS.

Going home, Going home, O
Going to my heav'nly home, Where the happy angels roam, O

precious thought to me, Going home.
precious, precious thought to me, Going to that blessed home.

E. M. Ferrell, owner.
No. 6. "HOLY IS HIS NAME."

MRS. E. G. FLOYD.  F. M. FERRELL.

1. Sons of men His praise re-peat, Hosts of an-gels tell His worth;
2. Steeds of wrath the swift clouds form, Thunders deep His pow’r display;
3. King of glo-ry, wilt Thou deign In my heart to make Thy throne?
4. All the earth to Thee shall bow, God of mer-cy, King of pow’r!
5. Tune, O tune our hearts to sing, All the won-ders of Thy grace;

Land and sea to-geth-er meet, Praise the Lord of all the earth.
Lo, in might up-on the storm Rides He forth in maj-es-ty.
Ev-er there in love to reign, Seal me Thine, and thine a-lone.
Let me own Thee sov’reign now, Seek and serve Thee ev-’ry hour.
Earth and heav-en own Thee King, With the an-gels sing Thy praise.

CHORUS.

Ho-ly, ho-ly is His name, King of heav’n a-bovel...

Ev-’ry tongue His pow’r proclaim, God of maj-es-ty and love!

F. M. Ferrell, owner.
No. 7. THE SPIRIT'S CALL.


F. M. Ferrell.

I. Sin - ner, will you come to-day, And at the throne of mer - cy bow,
2. The drear - y night of death comes on, E - ter - ni - ty be - fore you lies;
3. The Spir - it calls. O, sin - ner, hear, This day to you may be the last;
4. Come, bow at Je - sus' feet and claim, While yet the Spir - it calls for thee.

From earth's vain pleasures turn a-way? The Spir - it calls, O, hear Him now.
Think, sin - ner, what your doom will be, When you to judgment shall a-rise.
Tis mer - cy now to you draws near, Your life's brief span is fad - ing fast.
Re - demp - tion in the Saviour's name, Who died for you on Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

I hear
The Spir - it's call, the call, My soul is free, The Spir - it's call, come un - to me; I hear
The Spir - it's call, the call, O, bless-ed Lord, I come to Thee.
The sav - ing call, I come, I come to Thee.

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Spyles, Tex.
No. 8.  
GOSPEL STORY.

1. Have you heard the gospel story, By the angels bro't to earth? 
2. Have you heard the gospel story, How the Father from above, 
3. Have you heard the gospel story, How the Lord from death arose, 
4. Have you heard the gospel story, How the Saviour waits on high,

From the shining courts of heaven, Story sweet of Jesus' birth, 
Sent to earth the world's Redeemer, Gift of everlasting love, 
Burst the bonds of night and darkness, Triumphed o'er the last of foes, 
To receive the souls who trust Him, In His home of light and joy.

CHORUS.

Wondrous story, blessed story! Tell it o'er and o'er again;

Free salvation, grace and pardon, Peace on earth, goodwill toward men.
No. 9. IN THE SUNLIGHT

"He that saith he is in the light, and loveth his brother, is in darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him."—John 5:19-20.

F. L. E. F. L. EILAND.

1. In the sun-light of His presence, I would ev'ry moment live,
   And in ev'ry word and action, Jesus, honor, all I'd give!
   For there are no fears and doubtings, My contentment, to molest!
   Thro' each trying tribulation, Singing there, a joyful song!
   Which is mine to claim for ever, Every day and every-where!

2. In the sun-light of His presence, All my bosom is at rest,
   For there are no fears and doubtings, My contentment, to molest!
   Thro' each trying tribulation, Singing there, a joyful song!
   Which is mine to claim for ever, Every day and every-where!

3. In the sun-light of His presence, I can ever go a long,
   Thro' each trying tribulation, Singing there, a joyful song!
   Which is mine to claim for ever, Every day and every-where!

4. In the sun-light of His presence, There is peace beyond compare,
   Which is mine to claim for ever, Every day and every-where!

And in ev'ry word and action, Jesus, honor, all I'd give!
For there are no fears and doubtings, My contentment, to molest!
Thro' each trying tribulation, Singing there, a joyful song!
Which is mine to claim for ever, Every day and every-where!

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Price, 10 cents. Order either from The New Song Co., Fort Worth, Texas.
No. 10. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

MRS. EMMA VAN DEUSEN. FRANCIS MICKELBERG.

Moderato.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, His guiding day star beams, He leads in green pastures, He-
2. The Lord is my Shepherd, Upon His loving breast My head am I leaning, And
3. The Lord is my Shepherd, He calls with loving tone, He longs to enfold thee, To

Allegrcito.

side silver streams. In pathways of right for His name’s sake He bids me to follow the
find sweetest rest. When thro’ the dark valley and shadow With death am I walking the
claim thee His own. O heed the sweet voice of the Master, learn gladly the brier-strewn

Accel. Cres.

hurricane’s roar may I speed to the door Of Jesus, my Shepherd’s abode. Calm, peaceful
evil I fear for the Saviour is near, He tenderly guardeth my way. Lead me, dear
Jesus swift fly while He’s lingering still, Too late do not be by delay. Haste to thy

Andante.

refuge My soul may win, Win by Thy blood am I cleansed Free from all sin.
Shepherd, No more I’ll roam, Shelter Thy child from the storm, Lead Thou me home.
Saviour, Bask in His love, Safe will He lead to the fold, Blunt home a-bore.

F. M. Fercull, Mt. Sylvan, Tex., owner.
No. 11. KEEP ME, DEAR LORD.*

1. Jesus, my Saviour, to Thee I am clinging, And ever on Thee depend;
   Lead me and keep me securely forever,
   Trusting Thee, serving Thee, loving Thee ever,
   Keep me, dear Lord, I pray! Keep me, oh, keep me, Lord,

2. Over my pathway Thy love-light is falling, And there I am happy to be,
   Walking beside Thee, my soul is contented,
   Trusting Thee, serving Thee, loving Thee ever,
   Keep me, dear Lord, I pray! Keep me, oh, keep me, Lord,

3. All the day long is my song of Thy glory, And peace beyond till life with its conflicts shall end!
   For there it no sorrow can see!
   Is comfort so truly divine!
   Oh, it is there, safe in Thy care,
   Keep me, dear Lord, I pray! Keep me, oh, keep me, Lord,

*If too high, play in D-flat.

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Texas.
KEEP ME, DEAR LORD. Concluded.

me, me, keep me, oh, keep me, Lord, keep me, Lord, ever, I pray, Lord, ever, I pray.

from Thee, Lord, from Thee I never, I never, I never, I never would stray; Close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee, close to Thee,

Thee, Lord, close to Thee, Lord, close to Thee, Lord, close to Thee, Keep me, Lord, close to Thee, Lord, close to Thee, keep me, Lord, close to Thee, keep me, Lord, ever I pray, ever I pray.
No. 12.  O Hear the Saviour Calling.

MRS. R. L. TITTLE.

1. Come, sinner, thy Saviour is calling for thee; O hear the glad
   message today; Salvation is free and 'tis offered to you,
   calling and pleading, Pleading with you to come home; He's calling for
   you, He is waiting to save, Sinner, come and no longer roam.

2. The Lord left the crown of his glory in heaven To earth came to
   suffer and die; He's now interceding for you over there,
   calling and pleading, Pleading with you to come home; He's calling for
   you, He is waiting to save, Sinner, come and no longer roam.

3. Come while He is pleading with you to repent, Come, give him your
   heart, life and all; Let Satan no longer beguile you with sin,
   calling and pleading, Pleading with you to come home; He's calling for
   you, He is waiting to save, Sinner, come and no longer roam.

4. In heaven there are beautiful mansions for you, Thy Saviour pre-
   pared them on high; The kind invitation will you not accept?
   called and pleading, Pleading with you to come home; He's calling for
   you, He is waiting to save, Sinner, come and no longer roam.

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No. 13.  Advertise for Jesus.

R. L. T.  R. L. TITTLE.

1. Ad-verse for Je-sus ev-ry-where you go, Keep His ban-ner hoisted
2. Ad-ver-tise for Je-sus, let your life be true. That the world may follow
3. Ad-ver-tise for Je-sus with the life you live. Ad-ver-tise with kindnes-

and sub-due the foe; Go and do the bid-ding of your Lord's command,
and His steps pur-sue, To the poor, lost heathen, no one known to love,
Christ-ian serv-ice give, Show the vil-est sin-ner how to find the way,

CHORUS.

Car-ry forth His gos-pel in-to ev-ry land. Ad-ver-tise the
Tell him of the man-sions all pre-pared a-bove,
Tell them of the Sav-ior, urge them to o-bev. Christ-ian, ad-ver-tise the

Sav-ior, Tell to ev-ry na-tion of His won-derous love; Car-ry
blessed Sav-ior,
chris-tian, car-ry

forth His gos-pel, That the world may know He died and reigns a-bove.
forth His blessed gospel.

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ELSTINETTE. F. M. FERRELL.

1. Heav- y la-den, sin op- pressed, Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
   Heav- y laden, sin oppressed, Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
2. Con- trite heart to Thee I bring, Je- sus, Thou my Lord, my King;
   Con- trite heart to Thee I bring, Je- sus, Thou my Lord, my King;
3. Friend of sinners, hear my plea, God, be merciful to me!
   Friend of sinners, hear my plea, God, be merciful to me!

Thou who gav'st Thy life for me, Shelter let me find in Thee.
O'er my helpless, fainting soul, Let Thy healing mercy roll.
In the riches of Thy grace, Let me find safe resting place.

Shelter me, O shelter me, Night and day my refuge be!
Shelter me, O shelter me, Night and day my refuge be!

From the tempest's fiery breath, Rock of Ages shelter me.
From the tempest's fiery breath Rock of Ages shelter me.
No. 15. The Drunkard's Child.

MRS. E. G. FLOYD.  F. M. FERRELL.

1. Hungry and lonely and weary, Garments all ragged and soiled,
2. Shivering with cold in the darkness, Shuddering with terror wild,
3. Arms that in love should enfold her, Hands that should always provide,
4. Quaking with fear and deep anguish, Out in the storm so wild,
5. Rally, O Christians fast rally, Till the vile tempter be foiled;

By the cold hearthstone low crouching Waiteth the drunkard's child,
Hearing the staggering footsteps, Seeking the drunkard's child,
Often in maniac fury Serve but to mangle and chide. Homeless, unnoticed and friendless, Wanders the drunkard's child.
Wave the white temperance banner, Over the drunkard's child.

CHORUS.

Heavenly Father, in pity Come in Thy mercy mild,

Save the poor, helpless in exaltation, Pity the poor drunkard's child.

F. M. Ferrell, owner.
No. 16. WELCOME.

ELSTINE. F. M. FERRELL

1. Here for you the gospel feast is waiting, Joy and peace and everlasting life;
   From is-as of endless pleasure giving
   Bles sed Father's fold,

2. Now our hearts are filled with joyful praises, When into the
   Sin -ners come and wandering ones are gathered
   Round the great white throne, Singing welcome to the happy ransomed,

3. Angels gaz ing down on us from heav en, Sing hallelujah
   Promises of endless pleasure giving
   Bl essed Father's fold,

CHORUS.

In bright mansions free from care and strife. Wel come, yes, wel come
   In God's serv ice ev er - more enrolled.
   Calling home the dear Re - deem er's own. Welcome, welcome, welcome here to

come, Happy an - gels beckon you home, Here's wel come, yes, wel come
   Happy angel band escorting you home, Here's welcome, welcome,

wel come, Wel come all, ye ransomed ones
   Wel come ev 'ry one, Happy wel come one and all, one and all.
No. 17. Leaning Upon My Father's Arm.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. Leaning upon my Father's arm I am secure from ill and harm;
2. Here sweetest, purest joys abound, Here perfect peace and rest are found;
3. Leaning upon my Father's arm, No cruel foe can me alarm;
4. O this is perfect blessedness! O this is grace and wondrous peace,

Here I abide in perfect peace, And know life's purest happiness.
Here filled with Jesus' precious love I taste the bliss of heav'n above.
He whispers gently, "Thou art mine," And folds me in His love divine.
To lean upon the Father's arm, And feel secure from ill and harm.

CHORUS.

And so I lean And find in Him repose;
And so upon His arm I lean,

To those near Him He wondrous grace bestows.
To those so very near to Him,
No. 18.  

Take Me Home.  

AUSTIN TAYLOR.

1. I have wandered from the fold, Take me home, back home, O the
world is dark and cold, Take me home. Blessed Je - sus, Thou dost know
fess my sins to Thee, Take me home. O for-give Thy wayward one,
par - don now I plead, Take me home, For my heart has weary grown;

all the an-guish and the woe, Of the heart that gri e ves Thee so,
all the sins that I have done, For the sake of Thy dear Son,
do not leave me here a - lone, Call me once a - gain Thy own,

CHORUS.

Take me home. Take me home, dear Lord, take me home, take me home,

To the cit - y of the new Je - ru - sa - lem; When my

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Take Me Home. Concluded.

work on earth for Thee is done, Blessed Lord...... take me home.

Blessed Lord, 


GEO. KEITH.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
3. Fear not, I am with you, O be not dismayed, I, I am your
4. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove My sov'reign,
5. The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I

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

you He hath said, You, who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
land on the sea—As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.
cause you to stand, Up-held by my right-ous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
temples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne.
dev-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake,
No. 20. There's a Place for Me.

GEO. W. LYON. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. It may not be for me to know Just where I can labor the best,
2. Perhaps the words that I may speak Will comfort some sorrowing heart,
3. To-day, perchance, a precious soul Is out in the high-way of sin,
4. Yes, yes, somewhere in this wide world A mission I have to fulfill,

But in my humble way I'll try To help up the weak and oppressed.
And let the blessed sunshine in Where once it was lonely and dark.
That I may clasp with friendly hand, And bring to the bright fold again.
Then let me labor where God calls, And faithfully do His great will.

REFRAIN.

Yes, there's a place for me, for me, I know,
Yes, there's a place and work for me, for me, I know,

Where I can help, can help by deed or word,
Where I can labor and help, can help by deed or word,

Bring ing the weak, the lost and perishing,
Bring ing the erring, the weak, the lost and perishing.
There's a Place for Me. Concluded.

In to the king-don of my bless-ed Lord.

No. 21. None But Jesus.

R. L. From "Chapel Melodies."

1. Weep-ing will not save me, Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not al-
2. Work-ing will not save me, Pur - est deeds that I can do, Ho-liest tho't and
3. Wait-ing will not save me, Help - less, guilty, lost I lie, In my ear is
4. Faith in Christ will save me, Let me trust Thy weep-ing Son; Trust the work that

lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years, Weep-ing will not save me.
feel-ings too, Can not form my soul a - new, Work-ing will not save me.
mer-cy's cry, If I wait I can but die, Wait-ing will not save me.
He has done; To His arms, Lord, let me run, Faith in Christ will save me.

CHORUS.

Je-sus wept and died for me, Je-sus suf - fered on the tree,

Je-sus waits to make me free, He a - lone can save me.
1. Christ is King thro' ev'ry nation, Let the ti-dings ring; 
2. Lands of earth and isles of ocean, Tithes and tributes bring; 
3. When the heirs of glad salvation Songs to Zion bring, 
4. Satan's pow'r shall then be broken, Death hath lost his sting; 

Conqu'ring Captain of salvation, He shall reign as King! 
And with hearts of true devotion, Crown the Christ as King! 
With triumphant proclamation, Christ shall be their King! 
This of life and love the token; "Christ is Lord and King.

REFRAIN.

Christ is King... triumph-ant sto-ry, Men and angels sing; 
Christ is King, tri-umph-ant sto-ry, Men and angels sing; 

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No. 23  PRAY FOR REAPERS.

J. L. MOORE.

Earnestly.

1. Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, Tok-ens of our com-ing Lord,
2. Fee-bly now they toil in sad-ness, Weep-ing o'er the waste a-round,
3. Now, O Lord, ful-fill Thy pleas-ure, Breathe up-on Thy chos-en band,

O'er the earth the fields are whit'ning, Loud-er ringd the Master's word.
Slow-ly gath-ering grains of glad-ness, While their ear-nest cries re-sound.
And with pen-tecost-al meas-ure Send true reap-ers o'er the land.

CHOIR.

Pray for reap - ers, Pray for reap - ers,
Pray for reap - ers, ear-nest reap - ers, Is the har - vest, har - vest of the Lord,
Pray for reap - ers in the har - vest of the Lord.
Pray for reap - ers, ear-nest reap - ers, In the har - vest of the Lord.

J. L. Moore, owner.
No. 24. The King of Glory Has Come In.

REV. JOHNSON OATHMAN, J.R.  B. B. BEALL.

1. My heart has lift-ed up her gates, Has o-pened wide her door,
2. He heard a con-trite sin-ner pray, He heard a reb-el call,
3. He filled my soul with per-fect rest, He sealed me all His own,
4. When through with sorrow, sin and pain My mansion I shall see,

Out-side her King no long-er waits To cross the threshold o-ver,
He en-tered in my heart to stay When I sur-ren-dered all.
He brought His heaven to my breast When He set up His throne.
Where o-ver me He'll rule and reign Through all e-ter-ni-ty.

REFRAIN.

The King, the King of glory has come In, I've opened wide the door,
I've opened wide the door; With-in........... my heart He
rules and reigns, I'm His for ev-er-more.

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No. 25. My Jesus is Able to Save.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. From danger and doubt, from sorrow and fear, My Jesus is able to save; When trouble and care and trial are near, My Jesus is able to save.

2. The tempter may strive my soul to ensnare, But Jesus is able to save; For refuge I flee to Jesus in prayer, I know He is able to save.

3. No matter how dark with evil the hour, My Jesus is able to save; And never dismayed, discomfited be, For Jesus is able to save.

4. Oh, trust in His grace, a-boundless and free, For Jesus is able to save; His grace is so free and reaches even me; Yes, Jesus is able to save.

REFRAIN.

Jesus is able to save. My Jesus is able to save...

Jesus is able to save.

Jesus is able to save.

Jesus is able to save.

My Jesus is able to save; His grace is so able to save;

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1. Shall you hear Him say at the last great day, "Faithful one, come in, come in?"
2. When you’re called to go do you truly know That you’ll hear Him say, "come in?"
3. Sad in that great day If He shall not say, "Faithful one, come in, come in,

When the trumpet call sounds for one and all, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
When the time draws nigh in the by and by, Shall you hear Him say, "come in?"
Deep despair will fall o’er you as a pall, If He shall not say, "come in."

CHORUS.
Shall it be you, shall it be you, shall it be you, To hear Him say, "come in?" Shall it be you.
Shall it be you, shall it be you, To hear Him say, "come in?" Shall it be you.

S. W. Beazley, owner.
No. 27.  Will You Miss Me?

MRS. E. G. FLOYD.

F. M. FERRELL.

1. A voice from lands across the sea
   Is calling me from home and
   To where the glowing home-light's burn,
   Where comes no parting, grief or pain,
   Dear

2. My weary heart will oft'en turn
   To where the glowing home-light's burn,
   And weeping long for you, dear one, O
   Where comes no parting, grief or pain, Dear

3. When in far distant lands I roam,
   At God's command from friends and
   Let this sweet thought's a solace be,
   That

4. If in this world we meet no more,
   Some day on yonder shining shore,
   Where comes no parting, grief or pain, Dear
   Some day on yonder shining

CHORUS.

Jesus sends me I must go.  O will you miss me when I'm gone?

Oh will you miss me when I'm gone?

In sorrow weeping and alone, At noon, at night, at early dawn,

O will you miss me when I'm gone?

F. M. Ferrell, owner, Mt. Sylvan, Tex.
No. 28. It Gives Me Joy.

Mrs. E. G. Floyd  F. M. Ferrell

1. My soul with gladness overflows, When in God's holy house I stand,
   Where faithful saints proclaim His word, And serve Him as He doth command.
   It gives me joy, in Zion's halls, God's saints to meet; It gives me joy,
   It gives me joy, to bow with them, in worship sweet.

2. What peace is mine, what joy untold, When with His servants there I bow,
   What peace is mine, what joy untold, When with His servants there I bow,
   It gives me joy, a joy divine, O heavenly joy,
   O rapturous joy. To bow with them worship sweet.

3. From things that last but for a day, Turn, sinner, come and go with me,
   And feel the great Shikina near, And feel the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r.
   Where faithful saints proclaim His word, And serve Him as He doth command.
   Where faithful saints proclaim His word, And serve Him as He doth command.
   It gives me joy, in Zion's halls, God's saints to meet; It gives me joy,
   It gives me joy, to bow with them, in worship sweet.

4. The thoughtless world can never know The bliss divine of Jesus' love,
   Nor taste the living joys that flow In ceaseless streams from God above.
   It gives me joy, in Zion's halls, God's saints to meet; It gives me joy,
   It gives me joy, to bow with them, in worship sweet.

5. P. M. Ferrell,业主, Mt. Sylvan, Tex.
No. 29.  I Am Saved.
J. T. Camp.
J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. Once to God I was a stranger, But I'm saved, yes, I'm saved,
2. Once I spurned the great salvation, But I'm saved, yes, I'm saved,
3. When I came my sins confessing, Jesus saved, yes, He saved,
4. Jesus found me in my blindness, And He saved, yes, He saved,

And my soul was in great danger, But I'm saved, yes, I'm saved,
And I sneered at condemnation, But I'm saved, yes, I'm saved,
He bestowed on me the blessing, Jesus saved, yes, He saved,
He is full of loving kindness, For He saved, yes, He saved,

I was once by sin defiled, But my Saviour on me smiled,
Now no more in sin I rove, For I know a Saviour's love,
When He called to me one day, Then I hastened to obey,
Blessed Jesus, friend divine, I to Thee my self resign,

Jesus is my dearest friend And my prayers to Him ascend,
FINE CHORUS.

Now to God I'm reconciled, I am saved,
I will never from Him remove, I am saved,
In all my hope and stay, I am saved,
I am saved, hal-le-lu-jah!

To my cries He will attend, I am saved.
I am saved, I am saved, I am saved, hal-le-lu-jah!
I am saved, sweetly saved.
No. 30. THE ROCK OF FAITH.

D. N. BEARD.

1. I am clinging to the rock of faith, And I'm leaning on the
   2. I am clinging to the rock of faith, As I'm sailing on the
   3. I am clinging to the rock of faith, To the rock that is high-

1. Blessed rock of faith,

Saviour's arm; I am trusting in His love each day,

2. Saviour's arm; While the shadows darken o'er the way,

3. Saviour's arm; While the shadows darken o'er the way,

REFRAIN.

keeps me ever more the same. I am trusting in the

of - fore mer - cy full and free.

of - fore mer - cy full and free.

Saviour's love, I am leaning on His blessed arm, And I'm

blessed Saviour's love, I am leaning on His arm, on the blessed Saviour's arm.

longing for my home above, Jesus Saviour, keep me from all harm.

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No. 31.  I'll Meet You Sometime.


1. I know that my so-journ will not be long Till I reach a fair
2. Our loved ones gone on to that yon-de» fair shore, And I
3. This life with its tri-als we soon shall lay down, And up yon-deer in

have-on in a bright land of song. In regions of plenty, where day ne'er declines,
meet them at the beau-ti-ful door Where angels are singing, where day is so fair,
glory we shall wear a bright crown, Wear crowns of contentment with angels of light,

REFRAIN.

In that wonderful coun-try I shall meet you sometime. Up there In that
coun-try I shall meet you up there.
shall meet you in glory where there was no more night. Up there we shall meet.

heav-en-ly clime, I'll meet ... you some-time, ... When our
I'll meet you, yes, meet you, I'll meet you sometime.

jour-ney is o'er ... I shall meet you on Canaan's fair shore.
journey is o'er, yes, our journey is o'er. Yes, Canaan's fair shore.
No. 32. ARE YOU WORKING FOR A CROWN?

John Lewis Moore.

Are you working for the Master, Toiling here for His renown?

See, the harvest needs true reapers, And life's sun will soon go down;

Lo! the poor benighted heathens, Deep in sin are sinking down,

Are you in the path of duty, Are you working for a crown?

All the sheaves will then be garnered, Are you working for a crown?

Are you sending them the gospel? Are you working for a crown?

Chorus.

Yes, I'm working for a crown,

Working for a crown, yes, a beautiful shining crown,

Yes, I'm working for a crown,

Working for a crown, yes, a beautiful shining crown;

I'm in the path of duty, Working for a shining crown.
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