THE PILOT
A COLLECTION OF
Sacred Songs, both New and Old

for the

Church, the Sunday School, the Revival, the Singing School, the Singing Convention, and All Kinds of Religious Work and Worship

By

ALFRED E. HELTON
ISAAC G. GREEN
G. A. BOX
Z. T. GREENE
C. A. BROCK
J. L. HODGES
REV. W. N. COOK
and GEO. W. BACON

and WILLIAM D. JAMES

Associate Authors:

G. T. SPEER
P. F. ORX
J. CHESLEY QUILLIN
NOAH F. HAYGOOD
D. D. GLOVER
W. A. WILLIAMS
and WILLIAM D. JAMES

Dover Memorial Library
Gardner-Webb University
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Preface.

We offer no excuse for the existence of this collection of sacred songs which we have called *The Pilot*. In this age of progress, the demand for new music and new hymns in Christian work is increasing. The present collection is an attempt to supply this demand with the hope of accomplishing much good in the world.

In this collection, we have tried to use music that has good *Melody*, rich *Harmony*, and smooth *Rhythm*. We do not hesitate to make the claim that the music in this book is correctly written in every respect. The greater part of the book is made up of new music and new hymns that have never been published before.

We hope that the new songs herein presented for the first time will be a means of partially supplying the great demand for new material for the song service in Christian work. We ask that each new number be given a fair and thorough trial.

We have included a large number of the old hymns and tunes of the church in this collection, with the hope of making it a book suitable for all ordinary occasions. We have changed the harmony of some of the old tunes to some extent. For this we have no apology to make.

This book is *Non-denominational*, and we ask that it be used by all *Christians* in their churches and in all their Christian work.

Rev. C. M. Ervin and Rev. W. N. Cook, two able ministers of Hickory, N. C., have had charge of the hymn-editing of the present collection of sacred songs, and have the following to say: "We have gone over all the poems that have been used in this book, and we are pleased to say that they are worthy and are suited to all religious gatherings. Furthermore, we recommend this book to all *Singing Teachers, Preachers of the Gospel, and Religious Workers of all Denominations.*"

We thank the singing and Christian public for their patronage in the past, and we hope to merit a liberal patronage in the future. With these remarks as an explanation, we send forth *The Pilot* on its mission in the cause of Jesus Christ, our Lord, hoping that it will be a guide to many on their journey toward that upper and better Kingdom.

THE AUTHORS.

Locked, North Carolina, January 1, 1914.

NOTICE.—All new songs in this book that have not been published before, are protected by *Section 3 of the Copyright Law, in force July 1, 1909*, and must not be used in whole or in part without written permission from the owners.
No. 1.          Promise Me.

SHEILA M. THOMAS.          MINNIE H. HAYES.

1. Promise me you will not wait, For the hour is growing late, And the time for
   your repentance is today: Jesus loves you, seeking one, As no other
   friend has done, Only trust Him and He'll take your guilt away. Promise me
   you will come, Long in danger's way, unheeding you have
   stood; And be known from every sin by Jesus' blood!

2. Promise me, beloved friend, That delay you now will end, In his goodness
   He'll receive the sinned soul; From the evil quickly turn, seek the way of
   saving you. O gladly heed; soon the morn of youth will fade, soon will come the

3. Promise me you will believe, And salvation's joy receive, While He's gently
   truth to learn, Follow Him while years in silence onward roll,
   long you have stood; by Jesus' blood! by Jesus' blood!

   property of Minnie H. Hayes, Florence, Ala. 1864.
No. 2.  In That Morning By And By.

KATHARINE HAGIN

1. O' what bless-ings shall be wait-ing for the ran-somed of the Lord,
2. 'Mid those scenes of fade-less glo-ry loved ones shall un-nit-ed be,
3. Twill be joy be-yond all mea-sure to be-hold the won-der-ous King,

In that morn-ing by and by; Glad in robes of spot-less beau-ty
morning, in that morning
And shall dwell in blue for-ev-er,
With the an-gels and re-deem-ed ones

In that morn-ing by and by;
they shall go to their re-ward, In that morn-ing by and by.
from all care and tri-al free.
end-less plea-sure to Him sing,

Cho-rous

His and sor-row will be o'er, glad-ness reign for ev-er-more, In that
morning, in that morning
morning, in that morning

morning, in that morning

Life e-ter-nal shall be giv'n, Gold-en

morning, by and by; Life e-ter-nal shall be giv'n, Gold-en
morning, by and by;
No. 3.  Here Am I, Send Me.

P. P. C.  P. P. C.

1. When you shall hear Him ear-rest ly calling Dil - i - gent work - ers to the field,
2. Chief - est of sin - ners, Je - sus will save you, If you will on - ly trust in Him;
3. Ma - ny are o'er the mountain now crossing Lost in the cheerless gloom of night;
4. Hear all the news of wondrous sal - va - tion Un - to the heathen o'er the sea;

An - swer to - day ere shadow are fall - ing: "Here am I, send me, send me." Then when your sins no lon - ger de - praise you, Glad - ly say: "Send me, send me." By - ing a - mid the tempest's wild tossing—To their re - ce - nes, Lord, send me.
Blessings he - stow on ev - er - y na - tion—Here am I, send me, send me.

Chorus.

Here am I, here am I, Bless-ed Lord, send me;
Send me, send me, Lord, send me;

In thy service I would glad - ly work each day, With thy message true, send me.
No. 4. Jesus Is Mine.

KATHRYN HASSON.

A. E. HELTON.

1. In my Sav'lar I am rejoicing, for there's gladness with-in my soul,
   Since thru' wonderful love and mercy He has pardoned and made me whole;
   I am trusting his every promise, fully yielding to his control,
   And thru' shadow or sunshine sing-ing, Jesus is mine!

2. All this world is but naught beside Him, his each long-ing can sat-is-fy,
   For ev-er bless-ing, pro-tect-ing, keep-ing as He ten-der-ly lis-ges by night;
   Safe-ly guid-ing my foot-steps on-ward to the mansions bey-ond the sky,
   Pray-ese his glo-ri-ous name for-ev-er, Jesus is mine!

3. Earth-ly tri-als can-not o-ver-come me, for my Lord is a ref-u-ge sure,
   In the arms of his love a-hid-ing from all dan-ger I am sure,
   Through-out time and e-ter-nal a-ges He will faith-ful to me en-dure,
   Praise his name, oh! praise his name,

Chorus.

Jesus is mine,
   Yes, Jesus is mine,
   Bless-ing me where
   With countless par-a-sse
Jesus Is Mine. Concluded.

No. 5. Gathering Home.

1. Where the golden harps are singing, We are gathering home,
2. Though so oft our sins appall us,
3. Soon we'll cease from sin and sorrow,
4. With the loved ones gone before us,
5. To abide in endless glory,

D.S.—One by one the hour's calls us,
We are gathering home,
We are gathering home;

Fine.

And the angel choirs are singing, We are gathering home.
Where no harm can o'er befall us,
Ne'er to know a sad to-morrow,
And the hour's watches o'er us,
For to sing the matchless story,

No. 6.  
Waiting For Me.

1. We've loved ones just o-ver the turbulent tide, On heaven's light, beau-ti-ful shore; In mansions of rapture they'll ever abide, And see where cometh no night and our Lord is the light. 
2. They're passed from this vale to a land of delight, The beauties of heaven's glory shall come; We faint would escape an eternal despair, And Jesus, our Saviour, adore. They're waiting and loved ones are waiting for me. 
3. Prepare us, dear Saviour, to meet them up there, When we to life's clos-est watch-ing for me. In mansions just o-ver the sea; 

With Christ and the ransomed forever to be, My loved ones are waiting for me.
Send Out The Gospel.

1. Go, la-bor for the Mas-ter in his field to-day, The time for blees-ed
2. Oh! tell them of a mar- iour and his deathless love, How he de-scend-ed
3. The won-drous bless-ings of sal-va-tion they should know, Di-rec-t them to the
4. Oh! let the joy-ful mes-sage o'er the sea, Con-vey-ing hope and

serv-ice soon will pass a-way; Press on and re-cue souls from Je-sus' from his heav'n-ly home a-bove, And died, the sini of ev-ry na-tion Foun-t that wash-es white as snow, Each soul who per-fect peace to those who would be free; Teach them how to es-cape a

Chorus.

fuld a-stray, send out the gos-pel to each land! Send out the gos-pel, to re-move—send out the gos-pel to each land! faith will go—send out the gos-pel to each land! loc- u-lity—send out the gos-pel to each land!

send out the gos-pel, Mil-lions are lost in dark-est night; Send out the gos-pel, send out the gos-pel, Tell them of Christ, the on-ly light!

1. Far from Jesus who saves, tossed by turbulent waves, Souls for whom the Lord has
died, mercy implore (oh mercy implore); Walking with outstretched hands to be
freed from their bonds, swept by sin's relentless tide far from the shore!

2. Drifting farther a-way from the harbor each day, With no pilot's blast to
swept by sin's relentless tide far from the shore!

3. Will not one in God's name go salvation proclaim? That they may the Cruc-
will he too late?

4. How they're longing to rise from their doubts to the skies, There with Jesus to a-
"We are sinking," hear them calling o'er and o'er, "Who will rescue, res-cue us to-day,
must we perish, swept by sin's relentless tide far from the shore!" perish now for aye,

"Far from the Shore."

Katharine Bacon.

A. E. Helm.
No. 9. Some Bright Day.

Old melody as sung by HAMMER ATKINSON, Sevierville, Tenn.

ADU.

1. Some have fathers gone to glory, Some have fathers gone to glory,
2. Some have mothers gone to glory, Some have mothers gone to glory,
3. Some have brothers gone to glory, Some have brothers gone to glory,
4. Some have sisters gone to glory, Some have sisters gone to glory,
5. Some have children gone to glory, Some have children gone to glory,

D.C. — Wasn't that be a happy meeting, Wasn't that be a happy meeting,

Some have fathers gone to glory, On the other bright shore.
Some have mothers gone to glory, On the other bright shore.
Some have brothers gone to glory, On the other bright shore.
Some have sisters gone to glory, On the other bright shore.
Some have children gone to glory, On the other bright shore.

Wasn't that be a happy meeting, On the other bright shore?

CHOIR.

Some bright day we'll go and see them, Some bright day we'll go and see them,
That bright day may be to-morrow, That bright day may be to-morrow,

D.C.

Some bright day we'll go and see them, On the other bright shore,
That bright day may be to-morrow, On the other bright shore.
1. O a solemn day is coming (day is coming) When I'll stand...
2. O I think... of loved ones waiting (lost ones waiting) On the hap-
3. Have I warned... the lost of danger (yes, of danger) As they tread...
4. Father, let... me never falter (never falter) In the straight...

before the throne (before the throne), While such sin... that I've com-
pel, peaceful shore (the peaceful shore)! Shall I be... prepared to
the paths of sin (the paths of sin). Telling of... the blessed
and narrow way (the narrow way). That I may... be ready,

sinned... (I've committed), Shall for judgment he made known (shall be made known)!
meet thee (ye, to meet them), When the tells... of life are o'er (of life are o'er)?
loved harbour (loved harbour), Who has died... their souls to win (their souls to win)?
watching (ready, watching), When shall come that solemn day (that solemn day)?

CANTICO:

O a solemn day is coming Are my sins...
O a solemn day is coming Are my sins

all washed away? Shall I be... accounted,
all washed away? Shall I be accounted,
A Solemn Day Is Coming. Concluded.

No. 11. The Promised Land.

Samuel Perowne.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. Oh! the trans-porting, rap-turous scene That rises to my sight!
3. O'er all those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
4. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blessed?
5. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no lon-ger stay;

To Canaan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie,
Sweet fields arrayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light!
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bos-om rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves should round me roll, Fear- less I'll launch a-way.

Chorus.

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the promised land.

Oh! who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land!
No. 12.  Trusting In God.

Kenseth Page.

1. With a faith that cannot be measured, From a heart where Jesus is treasured,
   Trusting in God,
   Ever I'm trusting my Saviour, Ever I'm trusting, trusting in God!

2. Peace triumphant He is now giving As I follow where He is guiding,
   Kristing in God,
   Ever I'm trusting my Saviour, Ever I'm trusting, trusting in God!

3. Oh! how sweet in sowing or reaping, To commit all to His keeping,
   Trusting in God,
   Ever I'm trusting my Saviour, Ever I'm trusting, trusting in God!

4. The by sin, and now new d'ev-take, Well I know I'll never be forsaken,
   Trusting in God,
   Ever I'm trusting my Saviour, Ever I'm trusting, trusting in God!

Chorus.

Oh! I am trusting, ever I'm trusting,
   all to my Saviour, trusting in God,
   Trusting in God,
   Ever I'm trusting my Saviour, Ever I'm trusting, trusting in God!

Property of Geo. W. Haynes, 1854
Tuning In God. Concluded.

Thou, the sun is shining, or tempests wildly may sweep; yes, wildly may sweep;

Oh! I am trusting, ever I'm trusting, trusting in God,

And I know in safety for aye my soul He will keep, my soul He will keep!

No. 13. Prayer.

William Hammond.

1. Lord, we come before Thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend, In com-pass-ion now de-scend;
3. In thine own ap-pointed way, Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
4. Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace unfold;
5. Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy return;
6. Grant, that those who seek may find Thee, a God supremely kind;

Oh! do not our suit dis-dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain!
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Turn our lips to sing thy praise.
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.
Let thy Spir-it now im-part Full sal-va-tion to each heart.
Those who are cast down, lift up, Strong in faith, in love and hope.
Heal the sick, the cap-tive free, Let us all rejoice in Thee.

Amos Abbott.
Christ Is King.

1. Christ is King, o'er hill and vale, and upon the rolling sea, Hear the mighty shouts of triumph and of joy! Hail! foul forms are receding, rivers, birds and flowers Him adore; From his hand all good is given, Him for untold blessings, grace and love; Mercy, goodness, honor, glory knelt in adoration at his feet; Till each soul confess allegiance.

2. Christ is King, all nations own Him as they bow before the throne, Praising right is gaining victory, Peace and gladness reign that naught can destroy! Justice, pow'r to Him belong, And his praise is ringing from shore to shore! they ascribe to Him alone As their for-est songs and prayers rise above! shall his banner be unfurled, And the saved in endless bliss Him shall meet!

Chorus:

Christ is King, Christ is King, forever King, forever King, Ransomed ones are voicing now the glad refrain; Christ is King, the glad refrain; Christ is King, forever King.

Property of G. T. Spaul, Boston, 1874.
Christ Is King. Concluded.

No. 15. Stand Up For Jesus.

George Bennie. O. J. Weiss.

1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The trumpet call obey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Jesus! The strife will not be long;

Lift high his royal banner, It must not suffer loss;
Forth to his mighty conflict, In this his glorious day;
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of battle, The next the victor's song;

From victory unto victory His army He shall lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, Against unnumbered foes;
Put on the gospel armor, And, watching unto prayer;
To him that overcometh, A crown of life shall be;

Till every foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord indeed.
Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where duty calls, or danger, Be never wanting there.
He with the King of glory Shall reign eternally.
1. Living for Him from morn till the even Brings to the soul a wonder-ful joy; Only by Him are our sins for-giv-en. His is the love that naught can de-stroy, Liv-ing for Him... thr' sunshine or shade, Bringeth the sweetest joy mortal can know;

2. Living for Him and trust-ing Him ev-er, Giv-ing his mes-sage un-to the world: Pressing on 'ward the beau-ti-ful riv-er, Keep-ing his glo-rious fold; Liv-ing for Him... thr' sunshine or shade, Liv-ing for Him... thr' sunshine or shade, that mortal can know;

3. Liv-ing for Him, our Sav-iour so bo-ly, Guid-ing the err-ing in-to his house, nor un-furled, Shep-herd of old. Liv-ing for Him... thr' sunshine or shade, till day-light shall fade, Liv-ing for Him... thr' sunshine or shade, till day-light shall fade.

Chorus.

Living for Him... thr' sunshine or shade, Liv-ing for Him... thr' sunshine or shade, till day-light shall fade, Liv-ing for Him... thr' sunshine or shade, till day-light shall fade.
Living For Him. Concluded.

No. 17. What a Friend We Have In Jesus!


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 Ev'rything 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!

Oh! what peace we often for-sake, Oh! what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith-ful! 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 Ev'rything to God in prayer!
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In his arms He'll take and shield thee, Then wilt find a solace there!
No. 18.  Counting The Cost.

Stella May Thompson.

1. Counting the cost of living in sin so far from the fold (so far from the fold),
2. Counting the cost of waiting too long his pardon to seek (his pardon to seek),
3. Counting the cost, oh! such a cost the wicked must pay (the wicked must pay).

Drifting in the way that leads down to endless night; Lost in the gloom, no hand to re-
Shadows safely stealing, death with its blight is near; List to the cries of terror be-
For each deed that's evil in the Redeemer's sight; They must repine, where some to

move the peril un-told (the peril un-told), Following not the only
side the river so bleak (the river so bleak), Sinful soul, your fragile
peaceful dawning of day (so dawning of day), Thus eternal anguish

Chorus.

Beacon that leads at night, Counting the cost, oh! counting the
boat you alone must steer,
for from the land of light!
of living in sin,

Oh, counting the cost, I-dly waiting till the golden harvest is

Property of Geo. W. Bacon. 1874.
Counting The Cost. Concluded.

Counting the cost,
the harvest is past;
in our row untold,

Wandering soul, oh! what will be your reward at last?
yes, counting the cost,
reward at the last!

No. 19. Summer.

Wm. A. MULLEREN. Attempted from Swam.

1. I would not live alway; I ask not to stay Where storm after
2. I would not live alway; no, where his tomb; Since Je-sus hath
3. Who, who would live alway; away from his God; Away from you
4. Where saints of all ages in harmony meet; Their Saviour and

storm rises dark o'er the way; The
lawn there, I dread not its gloom; There
heaven, that blissful abode. Where
brothers transported to rest; While

few lucid mornings that
sweet be my rest till He
river of pleasures flow
anthems of rapture on

drawn upon here. Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
bid me arise. To hail Him in triumph descending the skies o'er the bright plains. And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns cease- ingly roll. And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.
No. 20.  When Jesus Comes.

1. When Jesus comes, to judgment give,
The dead in Christ with Him shall live (with Him shall live),
O shall our lives have been in vain (have been in vain)?
Lost you shall be for ever too late (for ever too late);

2. When Jesus comes, to gather grace,
Or shall our lives have been in vain (have been in vain)?
Lost you shall be for ever too late (for ever too late);

3. Get ready, friends, no longer wait,
For ever free from sin and care,
Or as He pleasure us one by one,
And faithful be till Christ shall come;

D. S.—That we, with Him and those we love,
In peace and love be-yond com-pare (be-yond com-pare).
Oh shall we hear Him say, "Well done" (Him say, "Well done")?
To guide you safe to home, sweet home (to home, sweet home);

May dwell for aye in heav’n a-bove (in heav’n a-bove)!

Coda.

When Jesus comes, oh! may we all,
When Jesus comes, oh! may we all
When Jesus Comes. Concluded.

No. 21. What a Meeting That Will Be.

Chorus.

What a meeting, what a meeting that will be, What a meeting, what a

Verse.

Yes, our fathers they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.
Yes, our mothers they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.
Yes, our brothers they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.
Yes, our sisters they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.
Yes, our children they'll be there, When we all meet around God's white throne.

D. S. — meeting that will be.

D. S.
1. O wand'ring, sinful one, have you pondered well the last Who God shall
2. O soon will judgment come and soul account must give For ever try
3. What sorrow it will be unprepared to meet the Lord, And know at
4. O think of Jesus' love, how to save the lost He died, And how He

summon you from earth-life away? And will you ready be, cleansed and tho't and deed from day unto day? With patience do you strive ever last sin's pen-a-lty you must pay. All hope of mercy gone, endless blessings all who trust and obey? Just now repent, believe, and know

kept by Jesus' pow'rs. Or in the depths of endless night lost for aye? for the Lord to live, Or are you drifting on to be lost for aye? death your soul's reward. With all the fruits of earth to be lost for aye! kept the Cru-ci-fied. Salvation's free and do not be lost for aye!

Lost for aye,........... lost for aye,........... Never more the oh! will you be when grace is free,

glorious face of Christ to behold? Lost for aye,........... lost for yes, lost for aye,
Lost For Aye. Concluded.

No. 23. Pisgah.

LEAN WATER.

1. When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should evil against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of scree-row fall,
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest.

I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.
May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of trou-ble roll Across my peaceful breast.

And wipe my weeping eyes, And wipe my weeping eyes.
And face a frowning world, And face a frowning world.
My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all.
Across my peaceful breast, Across my peaceful breast.
1. In the Bible we're told of the heavenly land
Where redeemed ones to white
Where for eye with the bliss
Where the angels stand; There no evil can come.
And for ever more sing.

2. In the heavenly land we united shall be
With our loved ones who've crossed o'er eternity's sea
And while ages roll on
And for ever more sing.

3. O the heavenly land, free from sorrow and care
We its glories shall share!
With God's name on our brow
For the glory of God.
And for ever more sing.

Property of S. W. McClellan, Music, N.Y., 1911.
The Heavenly Land. Concluded.

O the heavenly land, free from sorrow and pain, where with Jesus our King, we in rapture shall reign.

Where with Jesus our King, we in rapture shall reign! There the river of life in that city of gold, with its glories unknown, we shall ever behold!
We Will Follow On.

1. Though the way is dim, we will follow on,
   For our Lord will guide till the clouds are gone (till the clouds are gone);
   Thro' each hour rejoice that our guide is near (that our guide is near);
   We by faith may see 'mid the darkest night ('mid the darkest night).

2. We will follow on and no longer fear,
   In his word He says: He will never forsake, And we know that He will no promise break.
   Praise Him for the gifts sent from heaven a sake, and we know that He will no promise break.
   Let us follow on and each burden bear, Oh! most precious gift, his unchanging;
   For our Lord will guide till our journey's end just beyond the tests, Till we reach our goal and the victory;

D.S. We will follow on for his children.

break will no promise break. We will follow on.
love (his unchanging love), We will follow on.

We will follow on
We Will Follow On. Concluded.

in the nar-row way, For our Saviour

in the nar-row way.

guides... thro' the darkest day; For our Saviour guides

throu' the darkest day;


ROBERT RUBINO. AARON NETTLETON.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb- treason; Hith'er by thy help I'm come;
3. Oh! in grace how great a debt'er Dar-ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer-cy nev'er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
And I hope by thy good pleasure Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let that grace now, like a fat-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

D. S.—Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love!
He to res-cue me from dan-ger, In-ter-posed his precious blood.
Here's my heart, oh! take and seal it, Sold it for thy courts a-ben-

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Song by flaming tongues a-bove;
Ja-sus sought me when a stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;
No. 27. Coming Home.

KATHARINE HEBER. MILLARD F. WYCKOFF.

1. At the blessed invitation of the glorious Son of God, souls are
2. Freely all their sins confessing, casting on Him every care, trusting
3. Waiting not to cease their sighs, knowing Christ alone can free, weary
4. O the wonderful rejoicing round the throne of God on high, when a

breaking now the bonds that have enslaved, And sin's paths of sin and darkness
only in His grace to find sweet rest. Just His love and mercy pleading
of the sinner's endless toil and strife; Making now complete surrender,
contrite soul will cease in sin to roam! And with glad exultant anthems

that their feet so long have trod, They are coming home repentant to be saved.
as they kneel in earnest prayer, They are coming home, believing, to be blest.
Christ's for evermore to be. They are coming home to find eternal life.
now they Jesus glory, saying, "Praise the Lord, the lost are coming home!"

Come, come home to be forgiven. Taking Jesus Christ, Their

sus at His word; Coming to be heirs of
saviour, at His word, His holy word;
be heirs of heaven, coming
Coming Home. Concluded.

No. 28. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calms me from a world of care,
   And bids me at my Father's throne Bids all my wants and wishes known;

2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my petition bear,
   To Him whose faith and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless;

3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy consolation share,
   Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height, I view my home and take my flight;

   And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,
   I'll cast on Him my every care, And watch for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

   And shall while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

   In seasons of distress and grief My soul has often found relief,
   And since He bids me seek his face, Believe his word and trust his grace.

   This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the everlast-ing prize,

   And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer,
   I'll cast on Him, my every care, And watch for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

   And shall while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.
No. 31. When I Get Home.

KATHARINE BACON.  M. E. RAUSCH.

1. When I get home beyond the sea, From ev'ry
2. When I get home where falls no night, Up-on those
3. When I get home I'll hear the song, Of heav'n's
4. When I get home thro' Je-sus' grace, And there be-

sin, and sorrow free (from sorrow free), How sweet from
scenes, of pure de-light (of pure de-light), O how my
bright, an-gel-ic throng (an-gel-ic throng), And all the
hold, Him face to face (yes, face to face), Transported,

care, and toil to rest, Content-ed, safe,
heart, with joy shall thrill, As ev-er-more,
joy, e-ter-nal share, That Christ for me
bless, for ev-er-more, The King of kings

Chorus.

among the blest (among the blest)! When I get home... for
I do his will (I do his will)!
doth now prepare (doth now prepare)!
I will a-dore (I will a-dore)!

When I get home

aye to dwell) With Christ and friends I love so
for aye to dwell) With Christ and friends

Property of M. E. Rausch, Boston, Mass. 1879.
When I Get Home. Concluded.

well, In grat-i-tude, thru' endless days, I'll sing my great Redeemer's praise!

No. 32. Revive Us Again.

We praise Thee, O God! for the Sun of thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above! Saviour, and scattered our night! sins, and has cleansed e'ry stain! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Sun of thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above! Saviour, and scattered our night! sins, and has cleansed e'ry stain! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

2. We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our sins, and has cleansed e'ry stain! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed e'ry stain! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

4. All glory and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us and freed us from our sin! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love! May each soul be re-died and is now gone above! Saviour, and scattered our night! sins, and has cleansed e'ry stain! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

6. Eternity's great and solemn day, Our Redeemer will appear! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love! May each soul be re-died and is now gone above! Saviour, and scattered our night! sins, and has cleansed e'ry stain! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

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Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love! May each soul be re-died and is now gone above! Saviour, and scattered our night! sins, and has cleansed e'ry stain! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.

Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love! May each soul be re-died and is now gone above! Saviour, and scattered our night! sins, and has cleansed e'ry stain! Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen. Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us a-gain.
1. How sweet it will be with the angels to sing (with the
an-gels to sing). Of the won-der-ful love
angels to sing). Of the wonderful love
rest ev-er-more), Free from sor-row and
city above), In the Sav-iour of

2. Our kindred and friends are at rest ev-er-more (are at
of our Sav-iour and King (of our Sav-iour and King)! I hear their glad
on the heav-en-ly shore (on the heav-en-ly shore); No tears there are who redeemed us in love who redeemed us in love; He's calling to-
songs: far across the dark foam (far across the dark foam),
known: not a shade of gloom (not a shade of gloom),
day: sweetly bidding us come (sweetly bidding us come),
time: and shall never more roam (and shall never more roam),

3. But brightest and best in that cit-y a-bove (in that
And I'm long-ing to be with the ransomed at
All is peace and de-light with the ransomed at
Joy's e-ter-nal shall share with the ransomed at

But ev-er-mol-ly dwell with the ransomed at
With The Ransomed At Home. Concluded.

No. 34. Solon.

1. A-maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound! That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fear relieved;
3. Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares I have al-ready come;
4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hope secures;
5. And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mortal life shall cease.

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How precious did that grace appear The hour I first believed!
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and portion be As long as life endures.
I shall possess, with in the vale, A life of joy and peace.
No. 35. How Can You Meet Him?

KATHARINE DOHERY.

1. O the time is draw-ing near when the Sav-iour shall appear! How can you meet Him, guilty still, and un-forgiv’n? When his precious life He gave, you from sin and death to save, How can you meet Him, Christ the Lord of earth and heav’n? How can you meet Him, how can you meet Him, how can you meet Him, how can you meet Him.

2. Hav-ing not his laws o-beyed, with no pow’r your soul to aid, How can you meet Him, when in judgment He shall come? Having all his pleading done, not one soul immortal won, How can you meet Him, and re-cieve your just re-ward? Not one soul for Je-sus meet Him, and from heaven be de-barred? If you’ve not, a child of grace?

3. Look-ing on a was-ted past, fac-ing all your deeds at last, How can you meet Him, in that morn-ing face to face? To be ban-ished from the throne, in to death and woe unknown, How can you meet Him, Christ the Lord of earth and heav’n? How can you meet Him, how can you meet Him, how can you meet Him, how can you meet Him.

4. Peace and joy be-yond re-call, now from sin to dis-en-thral, How can you meet Him, guar-ted, and from love and mercy turned, How can you meet Him, how can you meet Him, how can you meet Him, how can you meet Him.

1. How can you meet Him, how can you meet Him?
   And account to Him upon the judgment day?

No. 36. Happy Day.

1. Oh happy day that fixed my choice On Thee my Savour and my God!
2. Oh happy heart that seals my vows To Him who merit's all my love!
3. 'Tis done—the great trans-action's done; I am the Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest my long-divided heart! Fixed on this blissful can-tro rest;
5. High heaven that hears the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dail-ly bear;

Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all around.
Let cheerful anthems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I followed on, Rejoiced to own the call of wine.
Here have I found a nobler part, Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
The last, sweet hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

Chorus.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus ended my sin away.

Fine. D.S.

Rejoiced to own the call of wine.

Happy day, happy day, When Jesus ended my sin away.
No. 37. Come And Join His Ranks To-day.

Marion Cloyd

1. If your sins are all forgiven (all forgiven) And you would
your Lord o-hay (your Lord o-hay), Pointing oth-er souls to
you've ceased to stray (you've ceased to stray), Hon-o Him... whose mer-cy
throughout life's way (throughout life's way), Christian love... and sure con-
in hold ar-ray (in hold ar-ray), Help to pub-lish free sal-

2. Show the world... and those around you (those around you) That in sin
hear-er souls to hear-en), Come and join... his ranks to-day.
found you (mer-cy found you),
now-ship (sacred connection),
va-sion (free salva-tion),

Come and join his ranks to-day.

3. In Zi... on there's protection (there's protection), Strength and help
Come and join... fair Zi-on's num-ber,
Come and join Zi-on's num-ber,

Faithful be...

4. Li-gar act... in trop-i-da-tion (trop-i-da-tion), Stand for Christ
Come and join Zio's num-ber,
Come and join to Christ for aye,

Faithful be...

Leave to Him... the doubts that

Leave to Him...
Come And Join His Ranks To-day. Concluded.

No. 38.  Sweet By And By.

S. FILLMORE HARVEY.  J. M. WILSON.

1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far,
   For the Father waits o-ver the way To pre-pare us a dwell-ing place there.
   And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest.

2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mo-do-rous songs of the blest,
   For the glo-ri-ous gift of his love, And the bless-ings that hal-low our days.
   We shall meet on the beau-ti-ful shore, By and by, in the sweet by and by.

Chorus:

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on the beau-ti-ful shore, By and by, in the sweet by and by.
1. 'Tis not your guilt no longer low, Come and take his cleansing now, Let Him
2. All who have his promise heard, Come and take Him at his word, At the
3. Trust the King who reigns above, Come and take his gift of love, It is

not (oh! let Him not) plead in vain (now plead in vain); He hath suffered death for
earn (yes, at the cross) pardon waits (full pardon waits); They who will may Jesus
true (oh! it is true) for each one (yes, for each one); Oh! re-peon, be-lieve to-

you, Proved a noble Friend and true, Will you slight (oh! will you slight) Him to-
know, And more like Him daily grow, Having 'tis (this saving 'tis) heaven's gates;
day, From the right no longer stray, Soon you race (oh! soon your race) will be run!

Chorus:

Come and take the Lord: At his bles-
word, Trust his pow'ry,
Come and take the Lord: At his bles-
word, his saving

his sav-ing pow'ry; Come and take the Lord: At his
pow'ry, Trust his pow'ry, his saving pow'ry; Come and take the Lord
Take Him At His Word. Concluded.

No. 40. The Beautiful Pool.

Chit melody as sung by HAMMOND ATHERLY, Summersville, Tenn.

1. Our fathers crossed over the river... They're now in the kingdom of God; They're now in the kingdom where the angels all dwell—Go, wash in the beautiful pool.

2. Our mothers crossed over the river... They're now in the kingdom of God; They're now in the kingdom where the angels all dwell—Go, wash in the beautiful pool.

3. Our brothers crossed over the river... They're now in the kingdom of God; They're now in the kingdom where the angels all dwell—Go, wash in the beautiful pool.

4. Our sisters crossed over the river... They're now in the kingdom of God; They're now in the kingdom where the angels all dwell—Go, wash in the beautiful pool.

5. Our children crossed over the river... They're now in the kingdom of God; They're now in the kingdom where the angels all dwell—Go, wash in the beautiful pool.

D. S. The river of life is flowing for all.
Golden Harps.

1. When the golden harps are ringing o'er on the other shore, by and by.
2. Ah—sweet friends that I remember, I'll find waiting o'er there.
3. I shall meet my blessed Saviour, And exalt Him as my King.
4. Where the golden harps are ringing, Brother, will you ransom stand, by and by;

Gladly we will greet our loved ones
When I join the ransomed number
Dwell with Him in bliss forever.

And 'twill be to part no more, by and by,
In those mansions bright and fair,
Where the harps with praises ring,
With the holy angel band, by and by.

C. 1860.

Golden harps will there be ringing Where the weary are at rest, by and by.

And where angel hosts are singing We'll be ever free and blest, by and by;
No. 42.  His Love Shelters Me.

1. Tho' the low peals of sorrow sweep o'er my way, As the billows sweep o'er the sea; Still the Saviour can speak, and the words will obey, And I will hear what He says.

2. Tho' the surge of sin all around me may roll, In the Saviour's love I'll cast all my doubt and fear; For I know that His love shelters me, When the billows sweep o'er the sea; In His love I'll hide,neath His shadow I'll hide, For I know that His love shelters me.

3. I am happy to know that a Saviour is near, And He'll make my heart glad-ly will be; In his love as a har- bor you safe-ly may hide, For I know that His love shelters me.

4. Will you come to the Saviour? He ever will guide, And your refuge He will provide; For I know that His love shelters me.

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1. Precious moments are flying (precious moments are flying). Opportunity
2. Words so thoughtlessly spoken (words so thoughtlessly spoken). Here, be faithful
3. Hearts with sorrow a-quiver (hearts with sorrow a-quiver). Here once crossing the

fly-ing (op-por-tu-ni-ty fly-ing). Passed forever, yes, gone for beyond our re-
broken (hearts, be faithful, be-fore). And here vanished fore-er be-yond our re-
he-ere (bear once crossing the river). Gone beyond our recall, they are dwelling up


wall. Oh! their value is countless, although they are small! Will you grasp them, my
wall, But the wound shall remain what so ev-er be-fall. Pause, O soul, and re-
there. Free from burdens and trials that mortals must bear. When our last sun is

broth-er (will you grasp them, my brother). And die-da-da not an-oth-er (and dis-
nec-eas-her) pausae. O soul, and re-mem-ber. Fearful cares may encumber (Fearful
set-ting (when our last sun is set-ting). Ev-ery con-flict for-get-ting (ev-ery
da-da not an-oth-er? In repentance and faith to the Saviour now come. Gladly
cares may encumber? Till the brightness is gone, but the word you can say in the
conflict forgetting). We shall gladly rejoin them on heaven's bright shore. The

Property of Geo. W. Root. 1880.
Gone Beyond Recall. Continued.

Chorus.

-enter the way that in safety leads home. Gone beyond our recalling. 
Barbour's dear name will turn darkness to day. 
gone eternal be parted no more.

Oh! the thought is appalling! 

precious moments unheeded still fly. Many souls who're unpardoned must die. 
who're unpardoned must die.

If his cause you're neglecting...

And your duty neglecting. While they've heedlessly

And your duty neglecting.
No. 44. O When Shall I See Jesus?

1. O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with Him above, And from the flow-ing
2. But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone before, He's giv-en me my
3. Thou'grace I feel determined To con-q'ur, tho' I die, And then a-way to
4. O do not be dis-cour-aged, For Jesus is your Friend, And if you look for
5. And if you meet with tri-a-ls And trou-bles by the way, Then cast your care on

Jesus, Drink ev-er-last-ing love! When shall I be de-liv-ered From this vain
orders, And tells me not to fear; For since He's gained the vic-t'ry, It is His
Jesus On wings of love I'll fly. Farewell to sin, and sor-row, I'll bid them
knowledge, He'll guide you to the end! Neither will He up-braid you, The of-ten
Jesus, And don't forget to pray. Gird on the bless-ed ar-mor Of faith and

world of sin, And with my blessed Jesus Drink endless plea-sures in?
own He'll give, And all His valiant sol-diers E-tac-nal-ly shall live,
both a - dis, And you, my friends, prove faithful, And on your way pursue;
you re - quest, But give you grace to con-q'ur, And take you home to rest,
truth and love, And when your race is ended, He'll take you home a-bove.
No. 45. The Way Grows Brighter.

1. We are in the holy way, Furling but the fadeless ray, Leading to that
2. Since we've had our precious Lord, And received his great reward, We've been walking
3. Oh! 'twill not be very long Till we join the happy throng. For the way grows

glorious land beyond the sky; With the Saviour as our guide, Nothing can our
by his side in faith each day; Ever telling of his love, Give us from
brighter as we journey on; There with Christ, our King, we'll be There the glad o-

F.I.N.E. Chorus.

until beside, We shall safely reach the happy by and by. Oh! the way grows
heaven's above, Where we'll gather when the end be passed away.
terror, All our burdens, all our sorrows ever gone! precious way is

D. N.—And it's growing brighter ev'ry passing day!

brighter Neath that cheerless ray, The light of heaven, growing brighter
heavenly light of heaven's ever

D. N.

Driving gloom away! Oh! the burden's light; In the narrow way,
heavy burden's growing lighter
No. 46. When The Clouds Have Passed Away.

MARSH CODY.  J. L. HAWKINS.

1. As we daily journey onward, whatsoe'er our lot in life, Clouds of sin and sorrow fill us with dismay. But if we will trust in Him, so strangely weak and prone to stray; But we learn by faith to trust in Him, we shall stand in white array. Knowing that with Christ our sins are washed away.

D. S.—Sharing in eternal joy.

Jesus, He will sanctify our strife, And receive us when the clouds have passed away. When the clouds have passed away, When the clouds have passed away, We shall dwell with Christ for aye.

Frederick C. Conant.

2. Jesus knows that only sunshine cannot draw us close to Him, For we saw the brightness of the morning, O the bliss beyond compare! When we see the Saviour, we shall share, And for ever all the brightness with redeemed ones round the throne, When for ever, more the clouds have passed away.

3. O the brightness of the morning! O the bliss beyond compare! When we see the Saviour, we shall share, And for ever all the brightness with redeemed ones round the throne, When for ever, more the clouds have passed away.

D. S.

We shall dwell with Christ for aye, have passed a way, we shall dwell with Christ for aye,
No. 47.  Trusting Jesus.

1. We are walking in the way Leading to the land of day, Trusting
2. When we earth-ly tri-als meet, We have hope and com-fort sweet,
3. We will jour-ney on with song, Happy all our way a-long.

Jesus, trusting Jesus; And a joy di-vine we know, As we
Glad-ly in Him we confide, For He
Jesus and His love. Jesus and His love; And wise angels join in praise, We shall

D.C.—Journey to His ho-ly name, For the

daily onward go To the home built a-bove,
in a faithful guide To the home
dwell thru' endless days, In the home He's built above, built above (that's built above).

mercy that we claim As our faith's reward, our faith's rich reward (that's rich reward).

Chorus

Journey-ing home, Journey-ing to our home, Trusting the Lord, trust-ing the blest-ed Lord.

Sweet is the peace, Sweet is the ho-ly peace
He doth af-ford; that He doth afford;

No. 48.  Sweet Haven of Rest.

1. I am drifting on sin's dark, surging sea, Lost to-night—oh!
2. Fairest hopes oft will vanish like a dream, And a cloud will
3. I am coming back less rest joys to claim, Home to dwell and

send a helper to me! Jesus, Saviour, I am sorely dis:

dim the sunshine's bright gleam; Lonely is my heart, by shadows de:

praise his glorious name; In thy arms where foes can never mo:

Anchors me within the haven of rest.

Anchors me within the haven of rest.

Crosses

Haven of rest, sweet haven of rest, Pouch! and
Haven of rest, sweet haven of rest,

grand is this harbor so blest; Haven of rest, sweet
Haven of rest.
Sweet Haven of Rest. Concluded.

No. 49. Religion Is a Fortune.

OLD melody as sung by HAMMER ARMSBY, NEWTOWN, TENN.

1. Re - lig - ion is a fortune, And heaven is a home, Shout glory, glory,
hal - le - lu - jah! Re - lig - ion is a fortune, And heaven is a home,
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!

2. Oh! fathers, are you happy, As ya happy in the Lord? Shout glory, glory,
hal - le - lu - jah! Re - lig - ion is a fortune, And heaven is a home,
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!

3. Oh! mothers, are you happy, As ya happy in the Lord? Shout glory, glory,
hal - le - lu - jah! Re - lig - ion is a fortune, And heaven is a home,
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!

4. Oh! brothers, are you happy, As ya happy in the Lord? Shout glory, glory,
hal - le - lu - jah! Re - lig - ion is a fortune, And heaven is a home,
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!

5. Oh! sis - ters, are you happy, As ya happy in the Lord? Shout glory, glory,
hal - le - lu - jah! Re - lig - ion is a fortune, And heaven is a home,
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!

6. Oh! Christians, are you happy, As ya happy in the Lord? Shout glory, glory,
hal - le - lu - jah! Re - lig - ion is a fortune, And heaven is a home,
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!
hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, if ev - er I was happy, I am happy in the Lord!

Chorus.

Shout glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! When we all get to heaven,
we will sing to-geth - er there, Shout glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
No. 50.  When The Trumpet Sounds.

LAURENS HIGHTS

1. When the trumpet sounds aloud the call to arms (to arms), Eager is the
   Master's service to the front we go (we go); Dread-ing not the shock of
   battle, nor the war's alarms (alarms), Ever read-y, tried and
   steady, we advance upon the field.

2. When the trumpet sounds aloud its stir- ing call (its call), Then we knew the
   Man in serving, never will we in triumph will re-joice (re-joice). Fall'tring no-
   servant, as we try his will to do.

3. When the trumpet sounds aloud, we hear His voice (its voice), Glad that we can
   To arms, then, a'gainst the foes.

Chorus.

The pow'rs of sin and dark-ness
hear the call, the stir-ring call, the call to arms. All the pow'rs of sin and darkness,
}

Property of J. H. Hight, Rehoboth, N. C. - 1914.
When The Trumpet Sounds. Concluded.

No. 51. He Loves Me.

ISAAC WATTS. Arranged.

1. A-had and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Saviour die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the son in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can never repay The dept of love I owe.

FINE.

Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I? A-musing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! When God, the mighty Maker, God the man, the creature's sin. Dissolve my heart in thankfulness! And melt my eyes to tears. Here, Lord, I give myself a way, 'Tis all that I can do.

D. S. He gave Himself to die for me, Because He loves me so!

REFRAIN.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know (I know);
No. 52. Go Forth In Fields of Harvest.

ellen moore. C. A. brock.

1. Go forth in fields of harvest, And strive some sheaves to win. O do not spend your
2. Go forth with spirits loyal, And do what 'yer can, There's work for ev'ry
3. And when the harvest's ended, And time on earth is o'er, If you have labored

precious time in disease and sin! The hours are swiftly passing. O child of God in his all-vindrous plan; The gold-en grain is wasting. Thy' faith-fuly, there'll be for you in store A home of love and beauty That

Do not long-er stand! Go gath-er sheaves in to his gar-nor with will-ing hand! lab-ors are so few—O quick-ly go and ever-nice to Je-sus be true! ner -er fades a-way. And you shall rest from all your toil and bliss be for age.

Chorus.

Then quick-ly... go and la-bor, In the

har-vest field for Je-sus work to-day; Be i - di

not a mo-men-t, for the
Go Forth In Fields of Harvest. Continued.

No. 53. My Master Will Be There.

Katharine Balcom.  W. Henry Quillan.

1. What-ev-er may as-sail me in this earthly life, I'll seek the Lord in prayer,
   For if I call be-tray-ing, in that ver-y hour, My Master will be there.
   If every grief or tri-al, and the' salt sea, My Master will be there.

2. Although the tempter tries me, us-ing ev'-ry pow'r, I nev-er shall despair,
   In ev'-ry grief or tri-al, and thy' salt sea, My Master will be there.
   But this I ful-ly know, and how it sat-is-fee, My Master will be there!

Chorus.

I'll trust Him, yea, I'll trust Him, praising Him each day, The skies be dark or fair,

4. I can-not tell just what beyond death's mys't'ry lies, Nor what I then must share,
   For a- ny-where I need Him on life's try-ing way, My Master will be there.

Quick-ly go and bear the golden sheaves away!
No. 54. To That City.

STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

1. To that city of the ransomed ever there, Where is gently flowing
life's pol-tu-cid stream, We are go-ing at the a-ve-ri-de so fair,
and we'll share the peaceful home with love a-glow, To that city,

2. To that city where the happy angels dwell, All the pure and faithful
shall ad-vo-cate gain: When they enter his dear presence, 'twill be well,
and within their hearts an endless joy shall reign, We the victor's trophies to his throne shall bring,

3. To that city we are marching, trusting on, Waving high the royal
bun-ner of our King, And be-liev-ing when the last brief mile is gone,

to that city, to that city,

To that city to that city to that city

Furloughing realms a-bove the sun-shine
to that city to that city

sky: the sun-shine sky: To that city to that city

Property of Geo. W. Bacon, 1874.
To That City. Concluded.

to that city.

yea, by and by.

No. 55. I Am Never Weary of Jesus.

J. L. R. KNOX.

1. I never am weary of Jesus, Sweet peace does his promises afford;
2. He knows when my cross is too heavy, And calls from his heaven a love;
3. I never am weary of Jesus, I know that the Christ is with me;
4. While following on in his footsteps, Now glory it misses my way;

In times of distress and temptation, A refuge I find in the Lord.
"Fear not, for my grace is suff. cient, O trust in my in - diate love." He brings to me comfort and blessing, And cleanses my soul from all sin.
His voice is the sweetest of music, And dear-er He grows ev - ry day.

Chorus.

I never am weary of Jesus, My wonderful, glorious Friend.

His goodness and love no un - fall-ing Shall follow me on to the end.

Property of Noah P. Hepburn, St. Joseph, Tex. 1872.
No. 56.  Come Unto Me.

1. "Come un-to Me," the Saviour says, "For-sake to day your sin-ful ways (your sinful ways); Tho' weary,
2. O sin-cer, heed his lov-ing call, to one and all (to one and all); He'll keep you
3. "Come un-to Me," life's calling still, o- bey my will (o- bey my will); And, with the

weak, and sore op-pres-sed, Come un-to Me,...

safe, you need not fear, If you to-

tight, and hap-py throng, You'll sing for...

Me, I'll give you rest (I'll give you rest),"

day his voice will hear (his voice will hear)! "Come un-

sence redemption's song (redemption's song),"

Me, come unto Me, I died for you, "Come unto Me,
come unto me,

I died for
Come Unto Me. Concluded.

up-on the tree; Come un-to Me while yet 'tis
you up-on the tree; Come un-to me,

day... And you shall dwell... with Me for aye.
while yet 'tis day... And you shall dwell with Me for aye!

No. 57. Trusting.

J. OSMER QUILLON.

1. Trusting in the bliss-ed Sav-iour, In his mer-cy, love and pow'r; Yielding all un-

2. Trusting Him in gloom and sunshine, Casting on Him ev'-ry care; fol-l'ring Him thro'

3. Trusting Him in ev'-ry tri-al, Clinging to each promise sweet, Know-ing He will

to his keep-ing, Trusting Him each day and hour,
peace and danger, Trusting Jesus ev'-ry-where. Trusting Jesus ev'-ry day, He's the
safely guide me Till life's jour-ney is com-plete.

right, the truth, the way; Trusting Him what so'er be- fall, Trusting Him, my life, my all

Property of Noah F. Haywood, M. Joseph, Tenn. 1874.
I Will Come.

1. I'm weary of treading the dark way of sin, And Jesus is calling me home;
2. How great was the Saviour's compassion and love, That led Him to die on the cross;
3. No more will I slight Him whose love is so kind, He's calling to join in His love;
4. I come with an humble and penitent heart, To answer the dear Saviour's call.

The door of His kingdom I'll now enter in, And cease in the shadows to roam. 
So I might inherit a mansion above, Redeemed thro' His mercy from loss! 
To only through Jesus true joy I can find, By making salvation my choice.
That I in his kingdom may now have a part, To Him I surrender my all.

I will come, I will come with all my weary wandering o'er, I will come.

Come, in to the light; As I listen to the voice of my Saviour, I will come.

Glimpses of glory, my pathway make bright, Saviour, blessed voice, make bright.
No. 59. I Have Found A Precious Friend.

JUDITH WILSON.

1. To sus-tain me as I jour-ney to the coun-try far a-way, I have
2. Giv-ing bless-ed peace and com-fort by his words of clear di-vine,
3. It is sweet to tell the stor-y that with gladness fills my soul,
4. When I dwell among the an-gels with re-joic-ing I shall sing.

found.......... a pre-cious friend; He will light-en ev-ry
yes, I have found a pre-cious friend; It is Je-sus whom I
D. S. — For that friend so dear is
tri-al that may come from day to day, And his love will nev-er
shadows fall-ing on this path of mine, dan-ger Till I reach the heav'n-ly goal,
worship as my dear one and my King, his love for me
Je-sus who will ev-e-r stay close by,

Fina. Chorus.

end, I am hap-py, oh! so hap-py! as I seek the
will nev-er end.

D. S.

home on High, Since I found a pre-cious friend;

since I have found a pre-cious friend;

Property of John B. Matthews, Sanborn, Maine, 1898.
Be My Guide.

1. Be my guide, oh! blessed Saviour, day by day, For I am so weak, so prone to go a-stray; Let me feel thy glorious presence ever near, and in need of guidance.

2. Be my guide, temptations all my pathway bring, subtle and alluring, hope to walk by sight; Saviour, lead me in the paths untried, unknown, never-failing power; Be my guide until I reach the heav'nly shore.

3. Be my guide, for darker, darker grows the night, And no farther can I strengthen, banish doubt, and calm my every fear, Thy protecting care, oh! Lord, I humbly crave! Be my guide.

4. Be my guide in sunshine, darkness, not shall's hour, Keep me daily by thy Lord, I implore Thee, keep me ever near thy side; All the way that lies be before, All the way that lies before, All the way that lies before...

Katharine Bacon.

G. W. Kehl.
No. 61.  I'm Sweetly Resting.

J. C. Q.  J. CHEERY QUILLER.

1. I'm rest-ing by my Saviour's side, I have no doubt, no fear;
2. I feel no dread of sin-ful foes, For when they would come nigh,
3. The mighty storms so fierce and wild Can give me no un-rest.

With grace my needs are all sup-pied, And I'm con-tent-ed here.
My Saviour all their strength o'er-throws, And they must pass me by.
For Je-sus says: "Come near, my child, Still near-er to my breast!"

Chorus.

I'm sweet-ly rest-ing, safe from harm, By my dear Saviour's side;

No storms or foes my soul a-Alarm, For aye I'll here a-bide!

\[ Property of J. Cheery Quiller, St. Joseph, Texas, \ 1894. \]
No. 62.  That Happy Land.

J. D. M.

1. There's a land of pure delight, where can come no sin and night,
2. There'll be joy beyond compare, freedom from all pain and care,
3. Sinner, will you go with me to that land beyond death's sea?

Just beyond... the golden strand (the golden strand): And some
When in heav'n... redeemed we stand (redeemed we stand): All our
Then obey... your Lord's command (your Lord's command): O ac-

D. S.—With our
day we hope to rest with the saved ones and the blest: In that
sorrows will be o'er, with our friends we'll part no more
except Him while 'tis day, that you may abide for aye

See how we shall be through out all eternity,

Fine. Coda's.

happy, happy land! O the rapture we shall
In that happy, that happy land! O the rapture

know, Free from ev'ry care and woe!
yes, we shall know, Free from ev'ry all care and woe!

No. 63. Shall We Be Parted There?

KASHMERE B. BROWN.

T. S. BOWDLE.

1. To the bar of God on high we're going by and by, Where sad partings
2. We a strict account must give for every day we live, Are we truly
3. Hope of meeting cheers the heart who his true friends must part, But we'll be for

we shall see, and oh! shall we be parted there? With the millions we shall
serving Christ and oh! shall we be parted there? Some with joy to heav'n will
er-evermore, if in anguish we're parted there; Father, grant us strength and

stand arraigned at either hand. And shall hear the words of life, or of
go, some to the world below; Let us by the help of God for that
grace that when we end life's race, We may all as heirs with Christ su-

death and dark despair, Shall we be parted there, shall we be parted then, When with the
won-drous day prepare. Will our Redeemer say: "Hither my rest for aye," Or "you are

world is judgment we shall be? Doomed with the lost ones to spend e-

Property of T. S. Baggel, Florence, S. C.
No. 64.

Pressing On.

Sylvia Lee.

A. E. Harison.

1. Pressing on to heights immortal in the straight and narrow way, Telling rest and

Pressing on with faith triumphant, knowing well He'll keep and bless, What-so-ever

Pressing on with hammers waving, out the promised land we'll see. With Christ sal

vation's story, singing Jesus' love each day: Ever striving to be brave, loyal, may be tell us, what-so-ever our distress; Press from danger, hate and sin, for He's all our dear ones we shall never happy be; With our songs of joy and praise, pressing

true (yes, loyal, true), Trusting Him to guide us all the journey thru the journey thru near (yes, He is near), And His glorious presence dispels every fear (yes, all our fear). on (we're pressing on) Till the morning of eternity shall dawn (till it shall dawn).}

Chorus.

Pressing on, pressing on:

To the happy

Pressing on against every wrong, with faith and song.

home beyond the starry sky;

Trust our all un-to our King, pressing the starry sky;

Property of A. E. Harison, Boston, Mass., 1914.
Pressing On. Concluded.

on (we're press on), And for-ee-ar we his name shall glo-ry (shall glo-ry)!

No. 65.  Draw Thou Near.

KATHRYN BLAINE.  TOOM L. COOK.

1. Draw Thou near, oh! bless-ed Sav-iour, draw Thou near, For life's storms in far ry
2. Draw Thou near, the tempter seeks to o-ver-con, On thy strength a- lone
3. Draw Thou near, for now my all on earth for-sake, And I cast my weak-ty
4. Draw Thou near, for Thou can nev-er faithless prove, Whol-ly on thy mer-cy

round me sweep, There is none to help me, none to quell my fear, In thy mer- cy,
can de-pend; Weak am I, and well I re-al-ise my doom, Lost Thou wilt thy self on Thee; Be my poor, despairing heart with anguish breaks, Loving Sav-iour, I re-ly; Help, sustain and save me thro' thy changeless love. And re-cover me

D.N. — And thy praise I'll

Lord, from dangers keep, help-less child de-fend. Draw Thou near, oh! bless-ed Sav-iour, draw Thou near, Till the bliss and con-fort me! to Thy self on high!

sing for ev-er-more!

storms and cares of life are o'er; With thy grace divine all strengthens, pile and cheer,

Property of Fred L. Cook, Shirley, N. C. 1884.
1. Gleaners, come, while the Reaper's calling, Idle waiting will bring you grief; You shall
2. Gleaners, come, for the Saviour's glory Piling ever-garner wide; For each
3. Gleaners, come to the fields extended, Loving service for Jesus do; While the

willingly hasten, faithful workers are few (the workers are few). See the
ahead there is room, and none to ruin should go (to ruin should go). Beautiful
glorious opportunity is so near (while it is so near). Last you

grain all around you falling. Save it now, for the day is brief, And the deo-late
toll, if you love the story Of the wonder-ful Cru-ci-fied, And a vic-t'ry 
find while harvest's end-ed, There's no beautiful grain for you. And you must in the

Chorus

shades of night, oh! not you need view! Gleaners, come, oh! why will you
ter-nal at the even you'll know.
judgment, emp-ty-hart-ed ap-pear.
yes, come today.

wait! oh! why will you wait!
harvest time, soon will be

yes, harvest time

Property of Veila E. Clark, Lebanon, N. C. 1924.
Gleaners, Come. Concluded.

Gleaners, come, but it be too late;
so soon will be o'er;
yes, come today.

When bright grain, you'll gather no more;
lost it be too late
When precious grain, you'll gather no more!

No. 67. Only Trust Him.

J. H. W. J. H. W. B."
No. 68.  Satisfied With Jesus.

LEIGH DRAKE.

1. I am satisfied with Jesus ev'ry day (yes, ev'ry day), Clinging close to
   His promises—word I truly can rely (I can rely), To His arms of
   Though I cannot understand His plan divine (His plan divine), Life and soul to
   I am satisfied with Jesus more and more (yes, more and more), I shall see His

2. Him I cannot walk a-stray (from Him a-stray); When I fear to face the foe, To His
   love, when tempted sore I fly (for refuge fly); Heavenly now He doth impart, Fills with
   Him with gladness I reign (so all re-sign); With His man-na He doth feed, Well sur-
   face on Canaan's happy shore (that happy shore); Close beside Him ever stand, In the

3. In the city place I go, Ne'er I fear (oh! ne'er I fear), When He's near (when He is near) I
   joy my fainting heart, Bent my sails (He be my sail), Christ my all (my all in all),
   place my ev'ry need, Just the same (deep the same), Praise His name (His holy name),
   blessed promised land, Glory sing (there glory sing) To the King (to Christ, the King).

Chorus.

Satisfied ev'ry day,
I'm satisfied yes, ev'ry day,
Satisfied I'm satisfied
all the way;

Praise His name, O praise His name, Praise His
Satisfied With Jesus. Concluded.

No. 69.  Dear Ones Gone.

No. 69.  Dear Ones Gone.

ALMIRA BOTTINO.  C. A. BROWN.

1. To-day we think of loved ones gone, Whose forms lie 'neath the sod so dear,
2. While we are singing songs of love, And scattering loving tributes round,
3. Our loved now resting 'neath the sod, We'll meet o'er on the other side,
4. Then ever ready let us be, With spirit pure and free from sin,

And long to join them round the throne, And with them praise the Saviour dear.
Our hearts are raised to heav'n above, Where we by Jesus shall be crowned.
And dwell forever there with God, If here the Saviour is our guide.
That when our Saviour we shall see, He'll bid us "Welcome! enter in."

SINGING:

Sing praise to God this sacred day, And scatter o'er the sounds of clay;

While life shall last all honor pay Unto the dear ones gone!
No. 70. When We Reach Our Home.

KATHARINE HAXON.      E. H. MACLEAY.

1. When we reach our home... in the glory land...
2. When we reach our home... and our loved ones great...
3. When we reach our home... 'mid the songs of praise...
4. When we reach our home... thro' our Saviour's grace...

That the Lord prepares... for his faithful hand (for his faithful hand),
Round the great white throne... at our Saviour's feet (at our Saviour's feet),
That the ransomed hosts... to their Saviour raise (to their Saviour raise),
And with everlasting... shall be held his face (shall be held his face),

Free from sin and death... and all earthly care...
O how blest we'll be... ne'er to sorrow more...
How our hearts will thrill... with unmeasured joy,
In triumphant songs... we shall praise his name,

In its bliss unsealed... we shall ever share (we shall ever share),
Reunited there... and all partings o'er (and all partings o'er),
That we'ER shall be... in our Lord's employ (in our Lord's employ),
And his wondrous love... evermore proclaim (evermore proclaimed)
When We Reach Our Home. Concluded.

When we reach our home, oh! how sweet 'twill be.
When we reach our home, just to know we're safe.

Just to know we're safe, through eternity;
Not a grief to blight, not a care or pain.

But in bliss forever with our Lord to reign!
No. 71.  I Am Nearer Home.

KATHARINE BACON.

1. I am near-er home... as each set-ting sun (as each set-ting sun)
2. I am near-er home... where the glad are sing (where the glad are sing)
3. I am near-er home... but the Lord will guide (but the Lord will guide)

To the world procla-mes... that the day is done (that the day is done)
To the Lamb is song... by a countless throng (by a countless throng)
Me to safe-ty o'er... the relentless tide (the re-lent-less tide)

And I am striv-ing o'er... in joy or gloom (if in joy or gloom)
And in end-less praise... I shall there unite (I shall there unite)
Free from sin and harm... I shall sweetly rest (I shall sweetly rest)

To be watch-ing found... when my Lord shall come (when my Lord shall come)
With those change-less scenes... of un-told de-light (of un-told de-light)
Sharing end-less joys... with the pure and blest (with the pure and blest)

Chorus.

I am near-er home,... one more day has gone,
I am near-er home,... one more day has gone.
I Am Nearer Home. Concluded.

Safe with Christ to dwell, where no sin can come,
Safe with Christ to dwell,

Praise the King of kings, I am near-er home!

No. 72. Is Thy Heart At Rest?

(MALE VOICES.)

DA. A. W. ROBERTS.

1. Sin-ner, is thy heart at rest? Is thy bos-om void of fear?
2. Can this world af-ford thee bliss? Can it chase a-way thy gloom?
3. Think, O sin-ner, on thy end. See the judg-ment day ap-peat!
4. Wretch-ed, ru-ined, help-less soul, To a savior's blood ap-ly:

Art thou not by guilt op-pressed? Speaks not con-science in thy ear!"Flint-like" false and vain is it; Trust-his at the world-ing's doom!
Thou, or nought thy spir-it wound, Thence thy right-ous sen-tence hear. He a-lone can make thee whole.—Fly to Je-sus, sin-ner, fly!
No. 73.  Jesus Is My Refuge.

STELLA MAY THOMSON.  T. O. COOK.

1. The angry hills round me roll, I'll never be dismayed, There's a

2. Great is his love than any earthly love can ever be, For the

3. Day by day He's dearer growing, as I more his goodness know, And each

sweet assurance e'er to cheer; Ruthless clouds of grief may gather, gold-en

ransom of my soul He died; Soavored sin's re- sent-less fetters, in his

hour on joy his watch-ful care; In my path-way count- less bless- ings by his

sun-shine swift-ly fade, Jesus is my ref- uge, He is near,

mer- cy set me free, He's my refuge still what-e'er be- tide. I will glad- ly

wonder from kindness flow, He's a refuge far be-yond com-par.

look to Him for loving counsel all the way, He's the only refuge

when my foes assail; Oh! it is a bless- ed com-fort just to

when foes assail;
No. 74. My Home In The Beautiful Land.

A. A. POWELL.

1. I am longing for home and my dear Saviour's smile, And to meet with the bright
    sun - set land That will gather to welcome me there, at - er while, To my
2. For my heart is all bro - ken with sor - row and pain, And my feet seem so weak
    sun - set land That will gather to welcome me there, at - er while, To my
3. It will always be morn - ing, and sun - light, and song, And He'll guide with His own
    sun - set land That will gather to welcome me there, at - er while, To my

D. S.—And I trust to the Saviour to lead me some day To my

Fine. Conclude.

home in the beau - ti - ful land, I am long - ing for
home in the beau - ti - ful land.
long - ing for my home, I am

home in the beau - ti - ful land.

home

On that fair ......... and golden strand,

D. S.

D. S.

Prop. of Music A. B. Haydn, Florence, Ala.
No. 75.

When Your Race Is Run.

1. When your race is run, At the setting sun, Will you cross the surging
2. When your race is run, With so vic-t'ry won, How, O sin-ner! will you
3. When your race is run, And your la- bor done, Will you share a-ter-

riv-er all a-lone, None to pi-loet you Safe-ly, gent-ly through,
face a-ter-na-ty? Pause to-day and think Ere you reach the brink,
est in mans-ione bright? If you've faith-ful been, Cleansed from ev-ry sin.

Coda.

To the land where Jesus reigns up-on the thron-e! Come to Christ ac-cept-ing his sal-va-tion free. When your race is run,
You shall dwell in peace beyond these scenes of night.

With the Ho-ly One Will you stand in tri-umph at the goal? When your race is
ran, Will He say, "Well done, en-ter in-to peace and joy. O faith-ful soul?"
1. With a shout and the trumpet of God To the earth He is sorrow trod, Coming again, coming again; Not on Calvary to be But destruction and endless ruin, But forever as King to reign, Coming again!

2. Bringing freedom and joy untold To the faithful within the fold, Let us ready and watching care, That his bliss they may ever share, Fink. Church.

3. O we know not the day or hour He's with glory and wondrous pow'r Coming again; Let us home when our Lord we see Coming again! He's coming again! Loud let it ring, Come to judgment to bring!
1. Now's the time to serve the Lord, And o - bey his Ho - ly Word, That the
2. Now's the time, re - hold the grain, Let not Je - sus call in vain, Ha - ten
3. Now's the time, no lon - ger wait, Lear - ing last come to their fate, When for
4. Now's the time, for soon the night All your fondest hopes may blight, And with

nows of free sal - va - tion may be told; Sing his end - less love and grace, How He
to the harvest field with courage now; Gain - ing vin - 'ry o - ver sin; Sheaves of
them the Sav - iour has on Cal - v'ry died; Ever work and watch and pray, Christ will
empty hands you'll stand before the Lord; Now's the time, oh! faithful be That, they-
died to save the races, strive to bring the wan - ry wanderers to his fold,
price-less val - ue win, And un - to his bless-ed cause be ev - er true,
be with you al - way, And will keep and bless you what - so - ever be - side.
out a - ter - ni - ty. You with Christ shall share the vic - tor's great reward!

CHORUS.

Now's the time...... while 'tis to-day,
Oh! now's the time...... while 'tis to-day,
Serve the Lord...... oh! serve the Lord

when you a - dore;
Now's the time...... do not de -
when you a - dore;
Oh! now's the time,
Now's The Time. Concluded.

No. 78. Keeping Near His Side.

SYLVIA LEE. MIRIAM A. HAYES.

1. Keep-ing near his side who for me has died, I am trust-ing Him ev-ery day;
2. Keep-ing near his side when I'm sick-ly tried I can o-ver-come all my foes;
3. Keep-ing near his side, fal-ly sat-is-fied. On his prom ise as eter nal to rest;
4. Keep-ing near his side, knowing He will guide Till this earth ly life shall be o'er,

Shiel - tered by His love, I His good-ness prove. And He bless-es me all the way.
Turns His pow'r di vine, vic tory shall be mine; Ther' the whole wide world may oppo se.
Oh! He cal ms my fears, wash es away all tears. And with dai ly grace I am blest!
Then will take me home where no storms can come; There to dwell in bliss ever more.

Chorus.

Keep-ing near his side noth ing can be tide. For His grace and pow'r will de fend;

Keep-ing near his side I can faith ful side, And He will up hold to the end.
No. 79.  At Your Post Be Found.

Stella May Thompson.

1. At your post be found, ne' er a traitor be.
2. At your post be found, not a duty shirk.
3. At your post be found, with his flag unfurled.

To the blessed Lord, who hath made you free (who hath made you free)
In the Master's name, you to-day should work (you to-day should work)
When you're summoned home from this transient world (from this transient world)

The temptations come, thrust them all aside,
It will not be long ere death's shadows fall,
And reward you'll gain when with hosts you stand.

In his goodness trust whatsoever beside (whatsoever beside)
O'er the rich and poor, o'er the great and small (o'er the great and small)
'Round the judgment throne, in the heav'nly land (in the heav'nly land)

Chorus.

At your post be found as the days go by,
At your post be found as the days go by.
At Your Post Be Found. Concluded.

For the needed strength
on his grace rely;
For the needed strength
on his grace rely;

At your post be found
when the Lord shall come,
At your post be found
when the Lord shall come,

And with Him you'll share
endless joys at home.
And with Him you'll share
endless joys at home.

No. 80. Lottie.

By J. H. Mのでしょう.

1. Did Christ o'er sinners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry? Let
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring angels see; Be
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin demands a tear; In

sights of pun-

Inten-

tial grief Burst forth from ev'-ry eye,
thou asto-

lished, O my soul, He shed those tears for them! heav'n a-

lone no sin is found; There is no weeping there,
1. Tho' oft by burdens sore oppressed, Until there seems no hope or rest,
   Ev'ry cheer-ful be, for the clouds will flee, By and by it will
   Trust in thy God, till life is o'er,
   Twill all be right, the morn will dawn,

   2. Life's ills you can-not understand, But cling in faith to Jesus' hand,
   He will safely guide what-so-e'er betide, By and by it will
   Trust in thy God, till life is o'er;
   Twill all be right, the morn will dawn,

   3. Earth's storms are but the faith to try, And fit the soul for joys on high;
   To your Lord be true till your journey's thro', By and by it will
   Twill all be right, oh! soul, hope on,
   Twill all be right, oh! soul, hope on,
'Twill All Be Right. Concluded.

And joys be thine forevermore!
And joys be thine forevermore!

No. 82. My Saviour Is Calling.

By J. F. Blake.

A. A. Lound.

1. I'll turn to the Saviour, I'll seek his great favour, My sins are too heavy to bear; My load He will lighten, My future He'll Him with all of my heart; So other name's given Wharsy we're for-He has taken away; My sins are forgiven, I'm going to

D. S. — I'll tell the sweet story, I'll sing it in

Fire. Chorus.

brighten, And Jesus will banish my fear.
given, To Jesus I now make the start. My Saviour is calling.
heaven Thro' Jesus, the Light and the Way.

D. S. 

He-pentant tears falling, I'm going to Jesus today.
1. Jesus saves all who will seek Him, simply trusting His word. For in
2. From your sin He can relieve you, make you whiter than snow. On the
3. In that land o'er death's river there's a beautiful home. Where the

faith humbly I sought Him and my pleading He heard; Lord divine I ne'er had
cross for you He died salvation's gift to bestow; Sinner, come every
saved gladly shall go when the Lord hides them once; Oh! what joy when we are

know within my being was sure--Pass along the glad and wonderful news! bless-
ing of His mercy to know--Pass along the glad and wonderful news! gathered 'mid the heavenly dome--Pass along the glad and wonderful news!

Chorus:

Jesus saves all who will come and his great promise believe, Tell the sweet story, oh!

hail the news! In his love He will the vilest sinner

hail herald the news!

No. 84. Joys Of The Christian.

L. L. HEBRON.

1. With his hand God gently leads us—Safe across the plain of life.
2. We will march beside our Captain, With his glorious flag unfurled,
3. O what joy there is in living A true Christian every day;
4. O the joys that wait in heaven When shall end our earthly race,
5. By and by we shall be gathered Over on that peaceful shore,

And his Spirit will protect us In the thickets of the strife,
Winning souls to his kingdom Till we conquer all the world,
All our sins by Christ forgiven, Walking with Him all the way,
And with Abraham and Isaac We behold our Saviour's face!
And with Jesus and our loved ones Dwell in bliss for evermore.

REFRAIN.

We will sing and shout hosanna, Christ has died and lives again.

Glory, glory, He has saved us, And with Him for aye we'll reign!

Property of Ella Cole, Butteville, Ala., 1890.
No. 85. I'm At Peace With My Lord.

1. O the joy that fills my ransomed soul to-day! I'm at peace
   with my Lord,
   All my sins and fears as mist have passed away,
   I'm at peace, yes, I'm at peace
   I'm at peace, with Christ, my Lord.

2. From sin's cruel bondage now my life is free,
   In his love rejoicing I shall ever be,
   Tho' all friends forsake, on Him I can rely,
   I'm at peace with Christ, my Lord, yes, I'm at peace with Christ, my Lord.

3. He supplies my needs with blessings from on high,
   with my blessed Lord, O what safety, comfort, love and bliss I must!
   round me sweep;
   Tho' the tempests
   in fury sweep;
   I'm at peace
   with Christ, my Lord, yes, I'm at

4. Kept from ev'ry danger, trusting grace divine,
   I'm at peace, sweet peace

Property of A. A. Hox, Florence, N.C. 1852.
I'm At Peace With My Lord. Concluded.

Lord, And throughout life's sadness He will safely keep.
Who with Christ, my Lord, will safely keep.

No. 86. In The Home Above.

L. T. Greene.

1. There's a land of light and glory Just beyond the pearly gates,
2. In that land no care will bur-dens Jesus promised us his peace,
3. As we journey 'ward it's glories, Earthly ties by death are riv'n,
4. Joy and rapture are o-ter-nal, Light immortal crowns the hills;

Where no grief or fear can enter, Joy in all its fulness waits.
In the glo-ry of his presence, Life and love shall never cease.
But still leading upward, onward, Hope and faith point us to heav'n.
Those we love are ours for-ev-er, This sweet pledge all doubting stills.

Chorus.

In the happy home of love, Blessed prom-ises to boundless love,

prove, We shall share the Master's glory In the heav'nly home above.

Doomed Without a Hope.

Katharine Home.

1. When you stand before the throne, Guilty, helpless, lost, unknown, Doomed...
2. Seek-ing not the liv-ing way, I die stand-ing all the day.
3. Liv-ing not for Christ, the Lord, Laying up no sure re-ward;
4. Cast a-way from heart’s delight, To the depths of endless night, Bound you and all

without a hope;......

Mercy can-not then a-vail. All yourDes-fate of the Lord who died, That you
Bringing not the wa-ter in From the
be

Doomed without a hope; There is pain and death to be Throughout

cries and pray’rs will fall, Doomed..........without a hope............

might in heart’s a-hide, paths of strife and sin,
all a-ter-nal-ly, Doomed your soul will be without a hope (without a hope).

REFRAIN.

Doomed,........a-ter-nal-ly doomed,..........With the best.
Doomed your soul will be, Doomed without a hope, With the souls who’re

in end-less de-spair (yes, in de-spair); Doomed,........a-ter-nal-ly
llest

ev- er in de-spair; Bound your soul will be,
Doomed Without a Hope. Concluded.

Doomed, All the anguish of death for aye to share.
Doomed without a hope, for aye to share.

No. 88. Won't That Be Joy.

1. We're longing for our home a-bore, E'er with our Saviour to dwell,
2. O we shall meet at God's right hand, Hear'n's praise forever to swell,
3. O what a blessed hope is this; That nothing can it dispel:

A-mid those scenes of peace and love To never say farewell,
With-in that glorious happy land To never say farewell,
We'll meet in love and perfect bliss To never say farewell.

Chorus.

Oh! won't that be joy, Far more than we can tell,
Won't that be joy, Won't that be joy,

Oh! won't that be joy, To never say farewell!
Won't that be joy, Won't that be joy,

Property of Eulah L. Cook, Plano, N. T., 1891.
1. Marching on-ward in the name of Jesus, Telling to the world the story true (the sto- ry true); Faith-ing not, tho' fierce the conflict ev- er, 
2. Freely bear a-left his glistening ban- ner, As you forward press with faith each day (with faith each day); List not to the voice that seeks to lure you crass (yes, of the crass); With a faith that can remove the moun- tains, 
3. Face the musing foe to-day with val- or, Standing in the shadow of the Chorus:

Praying al- ways his best will to do, Pray- ing al- ways, 
Praying al- ways none may suf- fer loss, Praying always, always praying 
Praying al- ways pray- ing For the souls who've gone astray; Praying, always praying For the souls who've gone astray; 
Praying al- ways pray- ing Till the shadow pass a-way.
No. 90. Going Downward To Darkness.

1. Going downward to darkness, no hope of delight, When this world and its
   trial must end: Having slighted the Saviour and turned from the right,
   death, Drifting farther away from the fold;
   eternal death, To be ever in anguish untold.

2. Going downward to darkness and endless despair, Losing all fear of
   pardon pass by; Thinking not of the future, your soul to prepare,
   eternal death, To be ever in anguish untold.

3. Going downward to darkness, alone and amazed, When there's mercy with
   joy to-day; Hasten to turn from the vile that long have enslaved,
   there's none to release or defend.

Heaven, the hour of your judgment is nigh. Going downward to darkness and

Composed by Geo. W. Bacon.

Copyright 1870.
No. 91. From Darkness Into Light.

1. Darkly now, the clouds appalling. Thicken fast.
2. Darkness dense, no ray or glimmer. Lights the way.
3. Is there not one who will comfort? One who can.
4. Yes, methinks I hear the Saviour calling, "Look within my way." And I hear the thunder's meaning.

I tread alone. The I live, in depths of sorrow,
my sorrow share, One who will forsake me never,
thou unto Me, So fare-well, to ways of darkness.

Chorus.

to gain the light of heaven, Just one ray
0 to gain light of heaven, Just one

to cheer my soul; Just to lose, my heavy burdens,
From Darkness Into Light. Concluded.

And to be completely whole!
heavy burdens, And to be completely whole.

No. 92. Faithful Mother.

MARRIA HAGGIE WILLIAMS

1. Faithful mother now has left us, Broken, bleeding in each heart;
2. Faithful mother was so loving, And in tis true and brave;
3. Faithful mother, how we miss her Since she's gone from earth away;
4. Faithful mother now is calling From that blessed land on high.

She'll return to us, ah! never, O how sad with her to part!
Now she's gone to be with Jesus Who has triumphed o'er the grave.
There's no one to guide or comfort, Home is cheerless day by day.
And with joy we'll heed her summons In the happy by and by.

Chorus.

Faithful mother, we shall meet you On that happy gold-on-shore;

There to dwell with you forever, Where sad parting ceases no more.
No. 98. Fair Land Above.

BY STELLA MAY THOMPSON.

There is a land a
view.... Where'er you cross the
When will angels dwell, And tongue can ne'er its
 recomm. To reap the pleasure

gleam with light.... And faithful ones may enter
mystic bliss?.... Yes, long to greet your kindred
glories tell!.... Some day, upon that blissful
of that home!.... If you are cleansed by Jesus'

there....... Eter nal joy and peace to
Dear....... Whose going made the earth so
dear? And we adore.
shore....... We'll meet the Lord whom we
a bede.
blood....... You'll reach at last that blest a

Chorus.

Fair land above so free from care, Whose peace the need of earth shall share?

Oh! blessed land, fair land above, Where saints shall sing of Jesus' love!
No. 94.  Bless The Lord!

KATHARINE HAGG.

1. Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, for thou'lt Him I am whole, He has tak-en my
2. Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, all his good-ness ex-tol For the mer-cies He
3. Bless the Lord, oh! my soul, while the a-gon shall roll Let the world know his

sins all a-way; In his love I'm so-cure, He will faithful en-dure, And He
di-ligently search; The by cares oft oppressed, still thr' Him I am blest, And He
goodness and grace; When earth's shadow grow dim and He calls me to Him, I shall

safely will keep me for-ay, Bless the Lord, oh! my soul,
helps me to com-pel my feet, praises Him for-e'er face to face, oh, my soul, Bless the Lord, oh, my soul,

And his love ev-er sing; Bless the Lord, oh, my soul,
And his love ev-er sing; oh, my soul,

Till the world with endless praises shall ring!
Bless the Lord, oh, my soul,

Property of Wm. A. Kerr, Springville, Tenn. 1905.
No. 95. Hold Me Fast.

1. Father, keep me by thy side, Hold me close by with thy hand;
2. Let my hands shall lose their hold, Take them firmly in thine own;
3. Though long to clinging to Thee, Oft my grasp grows strangely weak;
4. Father, lest my clasp should fail, When life's burdens sorely press,

Grief may come, and fears as-sail, Help my heart to un-der-stand.
In thy mer-cy and thy grace, Make me thine and thine a-lone.
Tri-als draw me from the way, Which my long-ing soul would seek.
Stay me with thy arm of might, Hold me with thy ten-der-ness.

Chorus.

Hear my pray'r and hold me fast.
loving Father di-vine, with thy hand hold me fast,

Keep me safe till danger is past.
in the love and thy care, till danger is past;

Hear my pray'r and hold me fast.
loving Father di-vine, with thy hand hold me fast.

No. 96.  Mother Is No More.

Keep me safe, while life shall last,
in thy love and thy care,
while life e’er shall last.

1. Since mother is on earth no more, this world can never be the same,
   I hear again the low, sweet voice of her, whose voice meant so much.
2. When bright temptations lure me on, I hear my mother calling me,
   Her hands are beck'ning me to come, 'tis only just a little way.
3. Now every vagrant wind that blows, breathes softly to repeat her name:
   And feel once more upon my face the tender, loving mother-touch.
4. And feel the sadness in the face, My eyes no more on earth shall see;
   My heart is full of thoughts of her, Her gentle presence fills my dreams.
   My life is lonely now, and drear, My aching heart is sad and sore.
   My heart is full of thoughts of her, Her gentle presence fills my dreams.
   And yet somehow, somehow she seems much nearer than she did before.
   And turn again to walk the way I know that she would have me go.
   And turn again to walk the way I know that she would have me go.

Property of W. Henry Quillan, St. Joseph, Iowa. 1904.
No. 97. Scatter Flowers.

Jas. W. Jaquan.

Our memory wanders back to-day To those dear ones gone away,

1. Our memory wanders back to-day To those dear ones gone away,
2. In memory each a vigil keeps Beside the mound where sleeper sleeps
3. Bring forth the roses, the roses red, And place them o'er the sainted dead

Who sleep beneath the silent sod, Their spirits gone on home to God,
We drop a tear with heart bet low, And cast on flow'rs our love to slow.
Sweet may and peaceful slumber take, Till God shall call to you, "A-wake!"

Chorus

Cover o'er them with beautiful flowers, Oh! cover them o'er with flow'rs,

Cover o'er them with beautiful flowers, Oh! cover them o'er with

Deck them with roses, those dear beautiful flow'rs, Deck them with roses, yes, deck them with roses, these

ones of ours: Think of the glad dear ones of ours, all that we once of ours; Think of the gladness and glory to be,

Property of Jas. W. Jaqua and James W. Jagger. 1863.
Scatter Flowers. Concluded.

There is no need to be... In that bright
ever think of the gladness and glory to be... In that bright city, yes,

city our loved... ones to see...
in that bright city our loved ones, our loved... our loved ones to see!

No. 98. Glory To His Name.

E. A. HOPE. J. H. BROUGH.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down there for cleansing from sin I cried;
2. I am so wonderfully saved from sin, Jesus so sweetly abides within;
3. Oh! precious fountain that saves from sin! I am so glad I have entered in;
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;

Fine. Chorus.

There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name! Glory to His name!
There at the cross where He took me in,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
Fix me in today and be made complete,

D. S.

name. Glory to his name... There to my heart was the blood applied,

JOANITA HAMMERS.

1. Love will win the glori-ous vic-t'ry, ha-tred in de-feat will fall, When the
2. Love will win, then let us show it to the ses we dai-ly meet, seek life's
3. Love will win, oh! no'er with-hold it from the wea-ry, long-ing heart, Tis the
4. Love will win the soul for Je-sus who has wan-dered far a-way To the

gracious, val-iant ar-my shall ap-pear; Oh! be not dis-mayed, its blessed pow'r is path to smooth and brighten as we go; With a gen-tle, earn-est smile your erring so-ly laws ful-di-lig, heed it now; Sound the trump- et with re-joic-ing when you dark and lonely de-sert, lost in gloom; For ward go with han-der wan-d'ring con-quer

CHORUS.

great-er far than all, For it has the Lord's ap-prov'al, He is near! brith-er e-v-'er great, If you are his friend, oh! let him of it know! Love will see the foe de-part, And in glad thanksgiv-ing to the savour bow! in his name to-day, For each trophy you may gather there is room!

win. and hatred no- more, See it march oh! love will win ha-tred no- more, oh! see it march

to vic-to-ry, Wear a crown of glo-ry to vic-to-ry, you, wear a crown

PROPERTY OF HAMMERS, 1924.
Love Will Win. Concluded.

No. 100. Linger With Me, Gentle Saviour.

W. T. S.

1. Linger with me, gentle Saviour, Earthly joys are fading fast;
2. Linger with me, gentle Saviour, Let the setting of the sun
3. Linger with me, gentle Saviour, Draw me closer to thy breast;
4. Linger with me, O my Saviour, And my soul to glory take,

FIN.

Give me, Lord, thy grace and favour Till this fleeting life has passed.
Give with never-ending radiance When my life-work here is done.
Guide me safely over Jordan To that haven of sweet rest.
That in the eternal morning I shall in thy likeness wake!

D.S. Till I reach immortality's land!

Chorus.

Linger with me, gentle Saviour, Closely hold me with thy hand;
Linger with me, still linger with thy blest hand;
Linger with me, gentle Saviour,
Linger with me, still linger

Property of W. T. Smith, Knoxville, Tenn. 1914.
No. 101.  

Turn Away.

Pauline Ernest.  
A. L. Scott.

1. Will you list to the voice that's calling, Turn away from the meanest path?  
2. Hear, oh! hear the solemn warning, Turn away, all that's wicked!  
3. In the name of the Lord above us, Who in mercy doth ever palling, With the followers of the Saviour faithfully stand? Oft will scoring, Do the bidding of Him who richly blesses the true! Oh! why love us, Turn away from the woe-ful's cruel, treacherous glare, Lest it

evil easy to lure you, Of its goodness seek to assure you, should you delight to tarry, Where you must heavy burdens tarry, lead you thro' night and sorrow. On some desolate, dark to-morrow,

But be guided, ah! never by the tempter's vile hand!  
Far away from the blessed ranks of glorified few!  
Down to ter-ri-ble regions, lost in endless de-spair!  

way......from e-vil to-day, from all e-evil to-day,

Property of A. L. Scott, Greenville, S. C., 1890.
Turn Away. Concluded.

Jesus calls you unto his fold; calls you unto his fold;
Seek the wealth more precious than gold; the great wealth, the great wealth, more precious than gold.

No. 102. Will You Meet Me?

Old Melody.

1. O... fathers, will you meet me, O... fathers, will you meet me,
2. O... mothers, will you meet me, O... mothers, will you meet me,
3. O... brothers, will you meet me, O... brothers, will you meet me,
4. O... sisters, will you meet me, O... sisters, will you meet me,
5. O... Christians, will you meet me, O... Christians, will you meet me,

Chorus.—By the grace of God I'll meet you. By the grace of God I'll meet you.
Then we'll shout and give Him glory. Then we'll shout and give Him glory,
D. C. for Chorus.

O... fathers, will you meet me On Ca-naan's hap-py shore?
O... mothers, will you meet me On Ca-naan's hap-py shore?
O... brothers, will you meet me On Ca-naan's hap-py shore?
O... sisters, will you meet me On Ca-naan's hap-py shore?
O... Christians, will you meet me On Ca-naan's hap-py shore?

By the grace of God I'll meet you On Ca-naan's hap-py shore!
Then we'll shout and give Him glori-ty On Ca-naan's hap-py shore!
No. 103. Through Death's Valley.


1. Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), Where the
   voice of the tender Shepherd is calling to me (is calling to me),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), And the
   pain of my heart, and sorrow encompass me round (encompass me round),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), To a
   rod, and the staff of promise my comfort shall be (my comfort shall be),
   Thro' the gloom across gleams, with radiance crowned (with radiance crowned),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), God's light,
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), To a

2. Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), Blind-eye
   gather a feast, and sorrow encompass me round (encompass me round),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), Blist-er
   ever by faith in Him who will lead me a-right (will lead me a-right),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), The the
   rod, and the staff of promise my comfort shall be (my comfort shall be),
   Thro' the gloom across gleams, with radiance crowned (with radiance crowned),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), God's light,
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), To a

3. Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), Blind-eye
   gather a feast, and sorrow encompass me round (encompass me round),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), Blist-er
   ever by faith in Him who will lead me a-right (will lead me a-right),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), The the
   rod, and the staff of promise my comfort shall be (my comfort shall be),
   Thro' the gloom across gleams, with radiance crowned (with radiance crowned),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), God's light,
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), To a

4. Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), Blind-eye
   gather a feast, and sorrow encompass me round (encompass me round),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), Blist-er
   ever by faith in Him who will lead me a-right (will lead me a-right),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), The the
   rod, and the staff of promise my comfort shall be (my comfort shall be),
   Thro' the gloom across gleams, with radiance crowned (with radiance crowned),
   Thro' death's valley I am going (Thro' death's valley I am going), God's light,

ne'er will fear, for Jesus my Shepherd will be (my Shepherd will be);

Thro' death's valley, (Thro' death's valley,) I am going (I am going), At the end of the way my Saviour is waiting for me (is waiting for me).

No. 104.

Ortonville.

William Cowper.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Oh! for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to guide my wandering steps, Through the dark, henceforth no more to stray.

2. Where is the bless-ed ones I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the peace, that once so dear, How sweet their memory still! But they have gone, and all is dim and gloomy.

3. What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still! But they have gone, and all is dim and gloomy.

4. The dear ones I have known, Whoso'er that I did love, Help me to shine up on the road That leads me to that Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.

5. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and serene my frame; No purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb, That leads me to the Lamb.
No. 105.  Be Not Afraid.

1. If the way seems rough and lonely, or its steeps are hard to climb, Think of Him who bravely sailed up Calvary; He who bore the cross is reigning now, in glory, hard to keep the narrow way. Put your trust in Christ, the Saviour, and His love and care will be greater far than you can bear. If you call, the Lord will answer, and in the dark the Saviour will near.

2. When temptations press upon you, and you fear your strength will fail, The Lord will come as a friend to you, to carry you over the water. Do not be afraid, the Lord is near; the Lord is near.

3. When the burdens laid upon you bruise your soul and crush your heart, And the heart is torn with doubting or with fear, Walking so you cross the water, with a majesty sublime, and extends a helping hand to you and me, and you surely shall prevail. He has promised to be with you every day, and will take the heavy part. He is willing all your toil and grief to share, or beside you in the way. You will find the loving Saviour very near.

4. When the storms rage fierce about you and you scarce have faith to pray, If your heart is torn with doubting or with fear, Walking so you cross the water, be of good cheer. Do not be afraid, be of good cheer, the Lord is near.
No. 106.  Will You Come To-day?

KATHARINE HEBDEN.  W. A. WILLIAMS.

1. Will you come to-day from the desert way To the tender Shepherd's fold?
2. Will you come to-day and no longer stray Lost in scenes of death and gloom?
3. Will you come to-day? there's no price to pay, Christ a-toned on Calvary;
4. Will you come to-day while for you we pray Lost to-morrow be too late?
5. Will you come to-day, leaving sin for aye, That you and Christ peace and rest?

When his life He gave you from sin to save, Can you slight his love untold?
Now's the hour of grace Jesus shows his face, There is mercy, love and room.
And for every one who accepts the Son, There's salvation full and free.
Count, oh count the cost, if your soul is lost, And no king or dare to wait.
O repent, believe, while He will receive, And forever more be blest.

CHOIR.

Will you come to-day, Jesus' voice o' bey, And be saved from sin?

Will you come to-day? O do not delay Endless life to win!
Beyond the Rolling Sea

1. There is a land of pure delight beyond the rolling sea, Where comes no sorrow, pain and night, for Christ the light will be; O praise His name! He heals of life, redeemed by grace from sin and strife, are free; No more can earthly share with them communion sweet throughout eternity; The glories of our loved ones He died to save from sin, That we might all to glory go and doubts and fears their raptured souls oppress. For God Himself shall dry their tears and wondrous King with gladness we'll exalt, And hallelujahs to Him sing which freely evermore their bliss, end less ages roll.

2. With kindred ones beyond the rolling sea, The B. N.—We'll share the faithful one's reward and Christ we serve and adore.

3. Some day we hope to be with Christ, our blessed risen Lord, to dwell forevermore; to be
Beyond The Rolling Sea. Concluded.


ELIZA MCASIE. C. A. SROOK.

1. Somewhere beyond this world of sorrow There is a home of fadeless light,
   Prepared for all the good and faithful, Where never comes a shade of night.

2. I want to be among the number To gain that home so fair and bright.
   Where sin and death can never enter, And Jesus is Himself the light.

3. Dear friends, I want to meet you yonder, Where parting will be known no more.
   And share its joys with the redeemed ones, When earthly sorrows all are o'er.

And we some day that home shall enter, If true to Jesus we remain,
And meet with loved ones gone before us Who're longing us to see again.

For all is love and peace and glory Where Christ is King for ever shall reign.
O how our hearts will thrill with rapture, When we our blessed Lord shall see!
No. 109. There's A Cross That I Should Bear.

1. As I follow in the footsteps of my Blessed, risen Lord, I shall not be free from sorrow, pain and care; But with patience pressing forward, not he head-less of their great despair; In the name of my Redeemer, died for me and will each sorrow share? I will follow where He leads me.

2. All around the faint and weary stand their burdens helpless, I can I will trust His Holy Word, For my Saviour there's a cross that I should bear. I will lend a helping hand, daily for Him there's a cross that I should bear, all my talents for His use, And I'll gladly take the cross that I should bear.

3. Am I worthy of his friendship, if all hardships I refuse? When He for me from Ly dead; There's a cross that I should bear, He, free-ly died; There's a cross that I should bear.
There's A Cross That I Should Bear. Concluded.

No. 110. Rescue the Perishing.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the erring ones, People with them earnestly,

2. Thou they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Waiting the broken heart; Lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie buried: that grace can restore; Too much of a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it; Strength for thy patient work, win them, Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

REFRAIN.

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
No. 111.  Over The Silent River.

D. P. G. Dolphy D. Glazier.

1. There are loved ones who's resting from all their labors o-ver the si-
2. One by one as the years go by we are crossing o-ver the si-
3. O how sweet it will be to meet our Redeemer o-ver the si-

lient riv-er. In that beau-ti-ful land where they shall ev-er a-bide,
lient riv-er. To those mansions divine that Christ has gone to prepare,
lient riv-er. When the sorrows and toils of earthly life shall be past,

And they're waiting and watching for us to come and join in their songs
There with ev-er-y good-bye spoken, our friends we'll meet to be par-
Then be crowned by the one who died that He might our spirits be eth

D.S.—Are you read-y to sing re-deem-ing's glad en-try o-ver the si-

fore-ev-er, As with rapture they're praising Je-sus, the Cru-el-Sav-
fore-ev-er, And the glo-ries of heaven free-ly and ful-ly share.
fore-ev-er, And there dwell in e-ver-est gladness and peace and love!

fore-ev-er, And there dwell in e-ver-est gladness and peace and love!

Are you read-y to be united with loved ones o-ver the si-lient river.
Over The Silent River. Concluded.

No. 112. In That Home Over There.

1. There's a bright shining light that's reflected to me From the Word as I read. For the soul then be ready to go. Yes, oh, praise his name. He's my life and my all, arms of the Lord. And they'll sing hallelujahs up there when I come.

D. S.—Purposed joy with the angels of light we shall share.

Fine. Chorus.

My dear friends in that blissful abode.
And He claimed me as white as the snow. In that sweet happy home over To rejoice in my promised reward.

And our Lord er - a - more glo - ry.

there, We shall meet, we shall meet by and by; by and by.
No. 118. There's No Time For Delay.

Kathryn Bacon.  J. H. Hopper Smith.

1. There's no time for de-lay (There's no time for de-lay), see the har-vest is white.
   Christ for tropes now calls (Christ for tropes now calls),
   And with valor press on (And with valor press on).

2. There's no time for de-lay (There's no time for de-lay), search the moon's burning rays.
   And with valor press on (And with valor press on).
   Fill each moment of day (Fill each moment of day).

3. There's no time for de-lay (There's no time for de-lay), hasten onward with song.
   And with valor press on (And with valor press on).
   Fill each moment of day (Fill each moment of day).

Oh! you faith-ful ones, hear (Oh! you faith-ful ones, hear!)
Faith-ful trust- ing in
the grain will be lost (or the grain will be lost); O be toil- ing for
with a du ty well done (with a du ty well done).
And triumphant you'll be (And triumphant you'll be).

D.S.—In his strength haste a-
way (In his strength haste a-way), O be true till the last (O be true till the last).

Go and gar-nor the sheaves (Go and gar-nor the sheaves) ere the shadows ap-
And the precious grain saved (And the precious grain saved) whatso-ev er the
Bear-ing tro-phies of gold (Bearing tro-phies of gold) at the set-ting of

And you'll share with the blest (And you'll share with the blest), an e ter nal re-

Perry of J. Hopper Smith, nghiệp, 1873.
There's No Time For Delay. Concluded.

There's no time for delay.

ward (an a-ter-nal re-ward)?

Soon will har-vest be past,

And each one must ac-

count to the great Harvest-Lord.

And each one must account to the great Harvest-Lord.

No. 114. Greenville.

J. J. Bachman.

1. Jesus, grant us all a bless-ing, Send it down, Lord, from a - bove!
   May we all go home a-pray-ing, And re-joic-ing in thy love.
2. Jesus, pardon all our fal-lies, While to-geth-er we have been;
   Make us hum-ble, make us ho-ly, Cleanse us all from ev-ery sin?
3. May thy bless-ing, Lord, go with us, To each one's res - pect - ive home;
   And the pres - ence of our Je - sus best - ry - on us ev - ery one!

D.C.—Farewell, broth-er - ren, fare - well, sis - ters, Till we all shall meet a-gain.

D.C.
1. Dear mother, I'll be there, dear mother, I'll be there, You have passed beyond my sight.
2. Dear mother, I'll be there, dear mother, I'll be there, We shall meet again I know.
3. Dear mother, I'll be there, dear mother, I'll be there, Far above the starry sky.
4. Dear mother, I'll be there, dear mother, I'll be there, All your joy is and last and love.

To that land across the sea; That happy home so fair; That happy home so fair.
If I keep the up-ward way; That happy home so fair; That happy home so fair.
I shall know thee gone before; That happy home so fair; That happy home so fair.
Still a-bide, my way to cheer; That happy home so fair; That happy home so fair.

Where you dwell in joy and light, Will indeed be home to me.
Where the crystal wave flows, Grows more precious every day. Dear mother, I'll be
Here will rest my body, satisfied, Parting need be feared no more.
With the mansions built a-home, To my heart seems very near.

There, That happy home to share, In the crown of life to wear.
In answer to your pray'r.

land where is no sorrow, In the golden glad to-morrow, I shall find your heart of
Dear Mother, I'll Be There. Concluded.

That happy home to share, When the last earth tie is riven, I will
in answer to your pray'ry. come to you in heaven, Where the ransomed gather 'round the great white throne.
the great white throne.


THOMAS PEPWRT. GEORGE N. ALLEN.

1. Must Jo - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cran - ced cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free.
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. And palms shall wave and harps shall ring Beneath heaven's arches high;
5. O'er pre - cious cross! oh! glo - rious crown! Oh! res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing, That lives no more to die.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way!
No. 117. Will You Come?

LAVINIA FRANKLIN

1. See the gospel feast is spread, And the invitation given,
2. 'Tis the Master bids you come, He whose love is true and steady,
3. Will you come and quench your thirst At the fountain freely flowing,
4. Whosoever will may come, 'Tis the Master who has spoken,

Will you come, oh! will you come? Come to Christ today, Come to Christ today?

Jesus is the living bread, He the manna sent from heaven, Will you At his table there is room, And the banquet now is ready, He who loved you from the first Every blessing is bestowing, By his grace shall all be fed, Never has his word been broken, Come, oh! will you come? Will you heed Come to Christ today, oh! will you come? Will you gladly heed

the invitation, Will you come to Christ to.
Will You Come? Concluded.

Christ to-day? He the bread of life will give you,
       day, oh! will you come to-day? Free-ly He will give you,
then come to-day.

No. 118. What Wondrous Love!

What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul! What wondrous love is this.

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul! O my soul! What wondrous love is this.

When I was sinking down, When I was sinking down, When I was sinking down,

2. When I was sinking down, When I was sinking down, When I was sinking down,

To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing, To God and to the Lamb

3. To God and to the Lamb I will sing, I will sing, To God and to the Lamb

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.

4. And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.
No. 119. **Will You Enlist To-day?**

**Sylvia Lee.**

1. In the royal Master's army there's a place for ev'ry one, will you enlist to-day?
2. O the gospel must be published here and far beyond the wave!
3. To advance the heavenly kingdom and overthrow the pow'rs of sin,
4. In the midst of ev'ry danger Christ your guide and stay will be,

**D. S.**—There's no time for idle waiting, break the bonds that now enslave,

**Fine. Chorus.**

Will you enlist to-day? Hear the Master's loving call, and enlist in his service, oh!

buy Him one and all, Help to banish sin and gloom from earth for aye;

No. 120.  Have You Thought?

N. C. J.

1. Have you thought of that great day The Lord and King shall say: Come and live with me in mansions above? Will you be prepared to go. All the joys of earth's true world by evil destined? Sinner, come to Him to-day. Have you thought how sweet 'twill be up there? In the many mansions bright and fair? Have you thought that no fair?

2. Have you thought how Jesus came with wondrous love To re-deem us from a life so sad and lone? From sin and sorrow we shall sing sweet songs forevermore. From sin and sorrow we shall sing sweet songs forevermore.

3. Have you thought of gladness now We shall sing song songs evermore. To the great Re-birth? Will you be prepared to go. All the joys of earth's true world by evil destined? Sinner, come to Him to-day. Have you thought how sweet 'twill be up there? In the many mansions bright and fair? Have you thought that no fair?

Chorus:

know, Or in grief be banished from his love? way, Follow Him, by six no more beguiled. Have you thought how sweet 'twill be up late, And be welcomed home far-ever-more.

ransomed loved ones now wait. For your coming at heaven's white gate? now wait.
1. Just to know I am forgiven by my Saviour's matchless grace,
   sweet assurance as I'm pressing on;
   I could never hope to meet Him face to face.
   If His great and tender mercy was withdrawn,
   sweet assurance as I'm pressing on; I could never hope to meet Him face to face.

2. Just to know my Saviour loves me oh! the joy beyond compare. For He will not leave me to the cruel foe;
   In His safe and glorious keeping let Him walk beside me all the way, Given me courage to face every trial.
   Every need He'll answer kindly He'll bestow till the victory I shall win For that kingdom in the land of fade-less day.

3. Just to know He'll guide me safely thro' this wilderness of sin. If I
   Just to know salvation's free To the sinful soul who will be living come; Just to know there's room for be living come; there's room for me, Oh! just to
Just To Know. Concluded.

No. 122. The Fatal Day.

R. W. SHELTON.

1. Oh! have you sought, be-loved friend, How soon your life on earth may end?
2. Waste not your life in ful-ti-ness here, But serve the Lord with godly fear;
3. Un-heed-ing friend, oh! pass not by, How near you are the river's brink;
4. O now re-pent, o-bey, be-lieve, And pard'ring grace and life receive,

Can you with joy the call o-bey, When comes the day, the fa-tal day? O read-y be, still watch and pray, Till comes the day, the fa-tal day! Prepare for death while yet you may, Ere comes the day, the fa-tal day! That you will Christ may real-ly see, When comes to you, the fa-tal day!

Canons.

O dearest friend, God calls a-gain! Why longer still in sin re-main?

Soon death will bear your soul a-way, Prepare you for the fa-tal day!
No. 123. What Shall Be Your Record?

A. A. L.

1. Signs are telling us o'er and o'er, Soon our Saviour is coming once more, What shall be your record on high? When that morrow shall be
When that morrow shall be, When that dreadful com-

2. When the trumpet of God shall sound, When shall you unforgiven be found, D. S.—When we're gathered a-

3. When in awful forego, a cry, Fire shall rage on the left and the sea, What shall be your record on high? When it's melting the

Praise.

Your record on high! Your record on high! Your record on high, In the sweet, sweet bye and bye!

Chorus.

What shall be your record on high? When it's melting the

D. S.

What shall be your record on high? What shall be your record on high?

High, In the sweet, sweet bye and bye!

D. S.

Im. 10. 4.

1. Precious thought that cheereth my soul, Je-sus hath died for me.
2. Precious thought, oh! tell it today, unto the lost.
3. Precious thought, for you and for me (for you and for me, Je-sus hath died for me).

...the lost to redeem the lost to redeem. And his blood makes perfectly whole. All who will trust his love will go away. Leading them home to everlasting rest. Everyone's great...his mercy proclaims his mercy proclaims. Tell of his love, his love, his love...

Precious thought, He's over the glory and light, change-a-bis love (no-change-a-bis love).

Precious thought, wonderful love (his wonderful love).
No. 125. Since Jesus Died.

Since Jesus died (Since Jesus died) on Cal-va-ry (on Cal-va-ry),
Since Jesus died (Since Jesus died) to free us all (to free us all),
When Jesus died (When Jesus died) the Lamb-divine (the Lamb-divine),
Since Jesus died (Since Jesus died) on Cal-va-ry (on Cal-va-ry).

There is a way (There is a way) for you and me (for you and me)
From bonds of sin (From bonds of sin) that here en-thral(l) (that here en-thral(l)),
To the sun and moon (To the sun and moon) refused to shine (refused to shine);
To see escape (To see escape) death's endless night (death's endless night),
We may find rest (We may find rest) in heaven's a-home (in heaven's a-home),
But glory glides (But glory glides) the blood-bought way (the blood-bought way),
And dwell with Him (And dwell with Him) in pure delight (in pure delight),
As heirs of his (As heirs of his) un-dying love (un-dying love),
And now He lives (And now He lives) to reign for aye (to reign for aye).

Chorus.

Since Jesus died up-on the tree,
Since Jesus died up-on the tree.

Property of Adel A. Lowry, Mountville, S. C. 1904.
Since Jesus Died. Concluded.

And shed his blood (And shed his blood) for you and me (for you and me),

He sweetly calls (He sweetly calls): "O sinner come (O sinner come)

To endless life (To endless life) with me at home (with me at home)"

No. 126. Retreat.

THOMAS HARDWICK.

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
4. There, there on eagle wings we soar; And time and space mean all no more,
5. Oh! let my hand forget her skill, My tongue be silent, cold and still,

There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
A place than all beside more sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
The wanderer far, by faith they meet A round one common mercy seat.
And hearts come down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy seat.
This boundless heart forget to beat, If I forget the mercy seat.


1. Tell the gospel story to the heavy laden, Tell it to the weary and the sad, Tell of Him who died learned the ways of sin owned Him as their King, The Lord was crucified

2. Tell the gospel story to the little children Who have never eternal life to give Bid them cast their burdens at the foot of Jesus, For his strength indeed can make them glad.

3. Tell the gospel story un-to those a-bout you Who have never life to the world to give; Some have never story of a cross up-lift-ed, That the world might look to Christ and live, Tell it far and wide (oh! tell it far and wide) that Jesus bids them

Tell of boundless love (Tell of ever-endless love) that will nil - on - Him Property of William D. Jardine, Colman, N. 1863.

FINR. CHOIRS.

live (in endless joy to live!) Tell it far and wide (Tell it far and wide)

give (that will salvation give).

that Jesus died to save (He died the world to save), Till all men shall

hear (Until all men shall hear) for then his life He gave (in love his life He gave); D. S.

No. 128. Devotion.

ISAAC WATTS.

1. Show pi - ty, Lord, O Lord forgive, Let a re - penting rebel live;
2. My sins are great, but don’t surpass The pow’r and glory of thy grace;
3. Should sudden vengeance miss my truth, I must presume the just in death;
4. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, When hope, still loving read thy word;

Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee? Great God, thy nature hath no bound. So let thy pardoning love be found. And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well. Would light on some sweet praise there, Some sure support against de - aura.
No. 129. Let Us Forward Go.

1. Let us forward go, in our Master’s name, Wherever her sin, and its woes are least (and its woes are least).
2. Let us forward go, bear the sole in sight. As for peace and life, they with gleeless jest, they with gleeless jest.
3. Let us forward go, and with heart and voice Tell the story sweet, of our Saviour’s love, our advantage gain, our advantage gain.
4. Let us forward go, not a moment lose. Lost the enemy, Dairily led by Christ, ‘tis our hope and aim, Can we long for call, or refuse the light.

That the gospel light everywhere a-bound (everywhere abound), Must they perish still, who we know the seat, who we know the seat? And prepare a home for his own a-bove (for his own above). Till the Lord as King o’er the void shall reign (o’er the void shall reign).

Chorus.

Let us forward go, trusting in our King.
Let Us Forward Go. Concluded.

Hiding all the lost, in his name believe (in his name believe)

Walking sin-fell foes, we his love will sing

Till the whole, wide world shall the Word receive (shall the Word receive)

No. 130.

Rest.

MARGARET MACAY.

1. A-sleep in Jesus! bless-ed sleep; From which none ever wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet To be for such a sleep our heart;
3. A-sleep in Jesus! peaceful rest; Whose waking is supremely blissful;
4. A-sleep in Jesus! oh! for me May such a blissful refuge be;

A calm and un-disturb-ed re-pose, Un-broken by the last of foes.
With holy con-fi-dence to sing, That last hath lost its venomous sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That manifests the Saviour's power.
So surely shall my soul as He, Waiting the summons from on high.
1. I have built my home on the solid rock, Pleasant places round a.
2. If you build your house on the shifting sand, After list'ning to his
3. In this world be-low many tri-als come, They are testing your life's

D. C.—I have built my home on the solid rock, Tho' the tempest rages a-
bout me, tempted me aside. But I feared the storm and the thunder

teaching, put the Lord aside, Tho' you build with care, it can nev-er
building ev'-ry pass-ing hour; On the rock of truth you must build your

bout me, it will sure-ly stand; I have built my home on the solid

Fixe.

shock, And the solid Rock of Ages ev-er will a-bide.
stand, Je-sus of-fers a found-a-tion that is firm and tried.
home, Then the Mas-ter will up-hold you by his sov-reign pow'r.

rock, Are you trust-ing yours, my broth-er, to the drift-ing sand?
Chorus.

I have built se-cure-ly on the rock, I am safe.
I have built my home on the rock, Firm upon the rock,

from flood and blast; I have built se-cure-ly
safe from flood and blast; I have built my home
On The Rock. Concluded.

No. 132. How Firm A Foundation.

George Keith. Anne Steele.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can He say than to vale, or a-bounding in wealth; At home and a-broad; on the God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their will not de-sert to his foes; That soul though all hell should en-

2. In ev-ry con-di-tion--in sickness, in health; In pov-er-ty's

3. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-may-ed! I, I am thy

4. "Even down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov-reign

5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? land, on the sea-" As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ev-er be- cause thee to stand. Up- held by my righteous om-nip-o-tent hand. tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos'-om be borne, deacr-or to shake, I'll nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, for-sake."
1. Are you making preparations For a home in heav'n above? Oh! get ready...

2. Are you living his commandments, Following Jesus day by day?

3. If to sin you are remaining, Do not longer dare to wait!

Chorus:
trust his wondrous love? Oh! get ready... for the call! Oh! get in the narrow way?
pray 'rs shall be too late.

read-y... Oh! get read-y... For the hour when shall
for the call, one and all

summon you a-way! Oh! get read-y.... Oh! get death shall summon you a-way!

for the call,
Get Ready For The Call, Concluded.

ready.... For the summons you so surely must obey;
great and small you must obey!

No. 184. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth 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, dwelling home,
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;

Chorus.

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

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 bear Jesus' chilling tidings, And reach my heavenly home.

We'll work.... till Jesus comes, We'll work.... till Jesus comes,
We'll work
No. 135. I Want To Go Home.

David Harvey. C. C. Alexander.

1. Over the turbulent sea loved ones are waiting for me, I want
to go home,
Christ's praises to swell,
And with Him I will dwell,

2. Jesus, the glorified King, peace to our spirits will bring,
I want to go home,
And evermore rest,
And be with the blest.

3. Mercy in wonderful flow, fountains from that Fountain, I know,
I want to go home,
My loved ones to see,
So glad and so free.
I Want To Go Home. Concluded.

There with my Saviour and angels to be On the bright side of the dark, dismal sea;

I want to go home, I want to go home, Thro' Jesus' free grace, To that lovely place,

Where I shall stay thru' eternity, yes, where I shall stay thru' eternity (thru' eternity)!

No. 136.  Boylston.

CHARLES WESLEY.  LUTHER MANSON.

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

never-dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky, may it all my powers engage To do my Master's will, oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare A strict account to give! sure if I my trust betray, I shall forever die.
1. Fight on, valiant soldier, just a little long-er (little long-er), courage
2. Bear your cross in patience, climb life's rugged mountain (rugged mountain). Listen
3. Ring, O ransomed ones, in perfect ad-o-ra-tion (ad-o-ra-tion) for the
4. When at last we cross the dark and surging river (surging river), and we

...gaining to subdue your cruel foes; Trusting your Commander, daily growing to
the voice that bids you onward go; When your soul's a-thirst, oh! seek the blessed
gracious Saviour, who hath made us free; Speak to all the faithful words of conso-
trembling stand without the pearly gates, O! 'Twill make our hosts with unseen joy a-

stronger (growing stronger), Triumph awaits, you'll confer at the battle's close,
fountain (blessed fountain). March on, for triumph waits you at the summit's glow!
lation (conso-lation). Triumph awaits that they shall share eternal joy a-queer. If we are told that endless triumph for us awaits!

Crown.

Triumph waits

for the true,

for all the faithful, Triumph or or waits for the true,

Soldier, there's no time to falter or despair,

time to falter or despair,

Property of W. A. Hill, Nashville, Tenn. 1848.
Triumph Waits. Concluded.

If you'd gain
the victor's blessing,
If you'd gain the
victor's great blessing.

And a laurel bright in gladness ever wear.

No. 138. I Will Arise And Go To Jesus.

1. Far, far away from my loving Father I had been wandering wayward, wild,
2. Fain had I fled on the heath around me, Till to my rest I came and said:
3. "I will arise, though faint and weary, Home to my Father I will go;
4. "Father," I'll say, "I have sinned before Thee, No more may I be called thy son;

Con. — I will arise and go to Jesus, He will embrace me in his arms;

Feeling only lost his anger, Over-takes his sinful child.
"Fain-ly have my Father's servants, Pity me for want of bread."
Woe is me that ever I wandered! Ah! that I such need should know!
Make me only as thy servant, Pity me, a wretched undone!

In the arms of my dear Saviour, O there are ten thousand charms!
1. In the country so fair and bright Is our beautiful home of delight, Here with
all of our labors done, we shall rest, Viewing o'er the streets of gold, And the
wonders that angels behold, As we share the reward prepared for the blest,
Where with the saved forever to roam;
2. In our beautiful home above All refulgent with glory and love Which all
shadows of sin and death can destroy; Here life is for our healing grove, And its
peace and from prove once part no more; O what rapture our Lord to see, In his
gladium and glories to shun, Free from sorrow and sin and care forever.
Chorus,

Beautiful home, our beautiful home,
Beautiful home, beautiful happy home,
Beautiful home, beautiful happy home,
3. Safe where trials can never come, In our beautiful, heavenly home, We shall

D. S. — O how wonderful to be there, All its
Where with the saved, forever to roam;

1. In heav'n a-bove where God doth reign, There is no sor-row, sin or pain; 'Tis
2. O summer day, when with the blast, We shall from tri-a-ble be at rest, In
3. O summer home on land, bright and fair, Sometimes we shall thy glo-ries share, And
4. O summer day, O home on high, Where an-gels wait us in the sky! With

one unchanging summer time, With all its beau-ty, joy and shine, peace a-bove this rugged life, Where there shall be no toil or strife! O summer live with dear ones safe at home, Where sep-a-ra-tions can-not come! joy we'll see our bliss-ed King, And endless praise to Him sing!

day, sweet summer day, Thy glo-ries shall. Thy glo-ries shall

a-bide for age, And when at last, our souls are a-bide for age, And when at last

free, We'll share thy joys e-ver-na-ly! We'll share thy joys e-ver-na-ly!

Property of Albert J. Perry, Muscle Shoals, Ala. 1904.
No. 141.  I Shall See Him.

KULA LYNN.  LAVATOR ETHERON.

1. When beyond time's beau-ti-ful hills life's sun shall sink, And I face e-ter-ni-

2. I shall hear the mu-sic of Je-sus' geo-this voice, As He glad-ly bids me

3. It doth com-fort give, as I trud-ge on each day, Just to know He reigns on

4. When the hosts of earth all are gathered in that land That is far be-yond con-

ty, Where in won-drous joy I shall find each broken link, Oh! I shall my
come; With my ransomed soul see I'll praise Him and re-joice, When I see Him
high, And will scatter bles-sings a-long the rag-ged way, Till I see Him
paradise, And the right-eous ones shall be placed at His right hand, I shall see my

Chorus.

Sav-iour see! I shall see Jesus there In that
in that home, by and by.
Saviour there, the Saviour see, I shall see the Saviour there.

land, ev-er fair, And His love I shall
that happy land, yes, ev-er fair, I then shall share, let his

share, Thro' that glad, e-ter-nal day no cloud shall mar.
love I then shall share, no cloud shall mar.

Property of Lavator Etheron, Bentonville, Tennes-see, 1854.
No. 142.  

Glory Over Yonder.

S. L. B.  

1. Let us glorify the Master day by day (day by day). For our journey
2. When the great and awful judgment day shall come (day shall come), And you stand con-
3. There's a day of gladness coming by and by (by and by). When our earthly

here will not be long; Over yonder where the happy angels stay, damned, what will you say? If you would escape the sinner's fearful doom, his labor shall be over. In the peaceful land beyond the starlit sky (starlit sky),

Fine. Chorus.

We shall join the glad some heav'ly song, There'll be glory
Let the hour wash your guilt away.
We shall live with Christ forevermore, glory over

D.S.-Jesus will receive and bless his own.

D.S.

When we meet around the great white
yonder, There'll be glory over yonder,

D. S.

thrones; Then all parting will be over, Then all parting will be over,

F. A. H.

1. Our dear Saviour will give us a robe and a crown, If we keep on praying.
2. Oh! our cross will be light-er, as on-ward we go, If we keep on praying.
3. If you know of a broth-er who's tri- ed with sin, Help him out on praying.
4. Oh! our tri- al will never be heavy to bear, If we stay on praying.
5. We've a home up in heav-en, a home of the soul, If we keep on praying.

ground; Greatest blessings we'll find, when our ar- mor's laid down, If we keep on
ground; And com- mun-ion be sweet-er with Christ here be-low, Let us stay on
ground; Where the Saviour can bless him and let the light in, Help him out on
ground; Je-sus al- ways is read-y our bur-dens to share, We are safe on
ground; And its glo- ries we'll share while the ages shall roll, Keep us, Lord, on

praying ground. Keep on pray-ing, my friend, Till the jour-ney shall end.

There is joy be-yond the sky; Hal-le lu- jah! I cry, the sky;

I've a home up-on high, And I'll reach it by and by! reach it by and by!
1. On the cross of Christ I'm leaning, on your day by day, O
2. To be gathered with the dear ones who have gone to heaven above, Be
3. Where no sickness, sin and sorrow, and no death can enter in. Through

Come and go with me, poor sinner, come! See the Saviour stands with outstretched

arms, the far in sin you stray, Trusting in his love and mercy, sinner, come!

in the bonds of changeless love, To be freely, fully saved, oh! sinner, come!

life eternal you shall win, To the saving, rise on Saviour, sinner, come!

Sinner, come, come today, The long you've been enslaved; Sinner,

Sinner, come, come today, 

Sinner, come, come today, O repentant come to Jesus and be saved!

Chorus

Property of W. A. Williams, Ripley, Ala. 1914,
No. 145.  Be A Light.

KALDON HARRIS.  R. P. HENDERSON.

1. Be a light, oh! Christian herald, as you tread the upward way, In your daily
2. Be a light to guide the wanderer from the wilderness of sin; Where the glory
3. Be a light, for all a-round you souls are grooping in despair; Longing for the

life reflecting Him you worship and obey; Strive to banish care and darkness
of the gospel may their sealed lives shine in; Christ has freely, fully blessed you
life eternal and its peace and joy to share; Be a light, oh! shine for Jesus

in your Saviour's holy name, And his love and free salvation to the
and He bids you set to shine, Others may the Father honor and act
with a steady, conscious glow, Till the world shall see Him Saviour, and on-

Crescendo.

See a light, be a light, Let the
seeks his grace divine.
ending gladness know!
every day, all the way,

world thou' you the love of Jesus see; Till each soul has felt and darkness shall be free!
No. 146. We Come To Scatter Flowers.

A. D. H.

1. We come... to scatter flowers (scatter flowers) Soon they'll with'er and fade
tomorrow. But more
2. We all... have loved us sleeping (love us sleeping) In the dark... and ah-gain to meet them (yes, to meet them)
tomorrow. But more
3. We come... to scatter flowers (scatter flowers) On the graves of those we
love (of those we love) And praise... the blest-ed Sun-bear (blessed Sun-bear)
tomorrow. But more
4. O may... we e'er remember (e'er remember) On the liv-ing flow'rs to
try e'er shall cherish (e'er shall cherish) as can-not with'er (can-not with'er),
Cresc.

All the loved ones who have passed us on life's way. We come
to scatter flow'ers.

O - ver where the fa - shion-blooming fam - ous - ness bloom.

Who prepares for us eternal joys above.

But will bless and cheer them, as there life they go.

to scatter flow'ers,

To loved... ones who are sleeping

Till the res-ur-rec-tion day.

1. Gone, from earthly scenes with their pain and gloom To the
untold joys of the heav'nly home; Gone from all toil and care to be
ever free, There to dwell with Christ thro' eternity!
2. Gone, and tho' thro' life we shall sadly miss, Yet we
sweetly rest, Round the Father's throne with the pure and blest!
safe above, Singing endless praise to the Lord of love!
3. Gone, and in our hearts none thy place can fill. But we
praises swell, We by faith shall meet, precious one farewell!
4. Gone forever gone, all thy labor's done, Wearing
Gone, oh friend so dear, but thy holy life
Still a beacon shines in this world of strife; Gone
gone, gone, to that re-
Gone. Concluded.

ward—ward—by the Saviour giv'n To the faithful men 'mid the joys of heaven.
to that reward

No. 148. Happy Little Workers.

KATHARINE BACON.  

1. Happy little workers for the Lord above, We are pressing
2. Happy little workers, heeding God's command; Never whileServ's
3. Happy little workers for the blessed King; Making sad and

on-ward, singing of his love; Never sad or wea-ry, the' the way is
du-ty will we idle stand; Nothing can appall us in his blest em-
heaven with his praises ring; Faithful to Him ev'er He our guide will

D. S.—Following where He leads us, till ing day by

dim, Knowing He will guide us, trusting all to Him.
ploy. Trusting, loving, serv-ing is our highest joy. Happy lit-tle
be Til with ho-ly an-gels we his face shall see.

day. Happy lit-tle work-ers for the Lord al-way.

D. S.

workers, striving with our might; Sin and shame to scatter with the gospel light.

No. 149. Shall We Meet Up There?

1. Shall we meet up there.... In the heavenly land...
2. Shall we meet up there.... all the friends we love...
3. Shall we meet up there.... at the great roll-call...

And he's given a place.... at the Lord's right hand (at the left's right hand)?
And in joy un-told.... our affection prove (our affection prove)?
And for-ever dwell.... where no shadows fall (where no shadows fall)?

Oh! what bliss 'twill be.... at the sun's last glow...
Shall we recognize.... 'mid the ransomed host...
With the angel throng.... glad hosanna sing...

D.S.-Yes, we'll meet up there.... 'round the judgment throne...

If in perfect peace.... to that life we go (to that life we go!)
The de-parted ones.... we have cherished most; we have cherished most?
As we stand be-fore.... our triumphant King (our triumphant King)?

And our actions all.... shall be surely known (shall be surely known!)

We shall meet up there.... in that land of light...
We shall meet up there.... in that land of light...

Copyright of W. Henry Glidden, 18.027. Tenn. 1874.
Shall We Meet Up There? Concluded.

When the peaceful dawn shall dispel the night;
When the peaceful dawn shall dispel the night;

No. 150. Out In The Night.

Florence Elsaig-Norris. (Female Voices.)

Geo. W. Baxter.

1. O dark and cold and dreary My way leads on and on;
2. O once I thought earth's pleasures Would ev'ry with me stay;
3. I now have gathered the sorrow That ev'ry lost one knows;
4. To wander and to yearn With lost ones is my fate;

My soul is O... so weary, So long for light to dawn!
And vainly sought its treasures, And wondrous things of clay!
I have no bright to-morrow, The night upon me grows.
With ne'er a joy to cherish, I'm doomed, and 'tis too late!

Chorus.

Out in the night so lonely, No one will heed my cry:

My friends have fled and only Will scorn and pass me by!
No. 151. **Coronation.**

Edward Perrone. Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall beav forth the royal diadem,
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye redeemed from the fall! Hail Him who saved ye by his own,
3. Saviors, whose love can 'e'er forget The weaned and the gali, Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
4. Lot ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this ter-restrial ball, To Him all majesty ascribe,
5. Oh! that with yonder word thing, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song,

And crown Him Lord of all. Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all. Hail Him who saved ye by his own, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all. Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all. To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all. We'll join the everlasting song. And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 152. **There Is a Fountain.**

William Cooper. Wavenhy Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Jesus len Immanuel's name, His cross plenteous grace o'erflows,
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day. And there may I, like 'e as he,
3. Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood May never lose its pow'r. Till all the nations shall adore,
4. For since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing waters supply, Redeeming love has been my song,
5. Then is a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy pow'r to see, What sin po'er copping doesn't apo

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
Wash all my sins a - way. Wash all my sins a - way. Wash all my sins a - way,
Be saved to sin no more. Be saved to sin no more. Be saved to sin no more,
And shall be till I die. And shall be till I die. And shall be till I die,
Lies al - bent in the grave. Lies al - bent in the grave. Lies al - bent in the grave,
No. 153.

Martyn.

Charles Wesley.

Jesu, lover of my soul! Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.
Oth-er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not a-lone, Still support and comfort me.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure within.

D.C.-Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!
Cover my defenseless head, With the shadow of thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace!
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity!

No. 154.

Windham.

Samuel W. Harris.

Bread is the road that leads to death, And beams walk together there,
De-ny thy self and take thy cross Is the Redeemer's great command,
The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
Lord, let not all my hopes be vain: Create my heart entirely new.

But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.
Nature most waster gold but dross, If she would gain this heavy land.
Is but esteemed at most a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.
Which hypocrites could never attain; Which false a postakes never knew.
No. 155.
A. N. TOPLADY.

Rock of ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee;
Not the labors of my hands Can fill thy law’s demands;
Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling;
Whilst I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes close in death,

D. C. Be of sin the double sure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone.
Foul I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
Rock of ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee.

D. C. Let the water and the blood From thy riven side which flowed,
Could my real no respite know,Could my tears for ever flow,
Naked, come to thee for dress, Helpless, look to thee for grace,
When I soar through worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne,

No. 156.
M. S. B. BAIN.

O sing to me of heav’n, When I am called to die; Sing
When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my marble brow, Break
When the last moments come, O watch my dying face To
Then to my raptured ear Let one sweet song be given; Let

Chor. — There’ll be no sorrow there, There’ll be no sorrow there; In
songs of holy constancy To wait my soul on high!
forth in songs of joyful-ness, Let heav’n begin below.
catch the bright se-raphic gleam, Which on each feature plays!
musical cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in heav’n.

Chor. — Hear’s a town where all is love, There’ll be no sorrow there.
No 157.  The Old-Time Religion.

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
2. It has saved our dear fathers, It has saved our dear fathers,
3. It will lead me to Jesus, It will lead me to Jesus,
4. It will do when I'm dying, It will do when I'm dying,
5. It will take us to heaven, It will take us to heaven,

Chorus: 'Tis the old-time religion, 'Tis the old-time religion,

It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me!
It has saved our dear fathers, And it's good enough for me!
it will lead me to Jesus, And it's good enough for me!
It will do when I'm dying, And it's good enough for me!
It will take us to heaven, And it's good enough for me!

'Tis the old-time religion, And its good enough for me!

No. 158.  Bethany.

SARAH F. ADAMS

1. Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! Even tho' it be across
2. Thou like the wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be over me,
3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking ears, Right with my praises, Out of my stormy griefs,
5. Or if, on joy-ful wing Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Fine.

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

That raiseth 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 mercy giv'n; Angels to beck-on me, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Beth el I'll raise; So by my woe's to be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Upward! By; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee!
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