CAROL CROWN

FOR

Sunday Schools, Revivals,
Singing Schools, Conventions
AND GENERAL USE
In Christian Work and Worship

Authors:
JAMES D. VAUGHAN

E. C. UNSKED
R. M. MORGAN
R. N. GRISHAM
CHAS. W. VAUGHAN
C. D. WILLIAMS
GEO. W. SEBRENE
A. M. PACE
J. M. HENSON
McD. WEMS
R. L. PAIRCLOTH

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PREFACE.

THE POWER OF PRAISE.

Oh, praise, like sweet communion, keeps
Our souls in touch with Him
Who shelters when the tempest sweeps
And guides when light is dim.

It makes the soul forget its care,
It cheers us on our way
And helps us, like a friend, to bear
The burdens of the day.

It gives us glimpses, that elate,
Of that eternal shore
On which the soul's possessions wait—
Our home forevermore.

It helps to rid the world of sin,
And gladdens those who plod;
It spurs the lost to seek and win
The tender smile of God.

So let us sing increasing praise
In carols new and sweet,
The sad to cheer, the lost to raise
And lead to Jesus' feet.

The power of praise will be increased,
For, to the singing throng,
CAROL, CROWN brings now a feast
Of soul-uplifting song.

—JAMES ROWE.
1. How great is the pleasure that service brings From heaven and life in courts above, When standing before Him, the spirit sings In worship and love! And how a glad song causes hearts to beat With last above; Our lips, thro' the ages, we shall employ In praise of redeeming love! O crown Him with praise to-day, again to-day, Your glorious Friend and mine; Sing sweetly and mine, long the way In praise of His love divine; homeward way.

2. What lighteneth our trouble, or grief, or care, As quickly as love and cheer! And how a glad song causes hearts to beat With last above; Our lips, thro' the ages, we shall employ In praise of redeeming love! O crown Him with praise to-day, again to-day, Your glorious Friend and mine; Sing sweetly and mine, long the way In praise of His love divine; homeward way.

3. What souls have been led to the Saviour's feet By carols of love and cheer! And how a glad song causes hearts to beat With last above; Our lips, thro' the ages, we shall employ In praise of redeeming love! O crown Him with praise to-day, again to-day, Your glorious Friend and mine; Sing sweetly and mine, long the way In praise of His love divine; homeward way.

4. Oh, song will be ever a source of joy On earth, and at love and cheer! And how a glad song causes hearts to beat With last above; Our lips, thro' the ages, we shall employ In praise of redeeming love! O crown Him with praise to-day, again to-day, Your glorious Friend and mine; Sing sweetly and mine, long the way In praise of His love divine; homeward way.
No. 2.

THE NIGHT WILL PASS.

James D. Vaughan.

1. The night will pass, and morn will bring... The final call from Christ my King.

2. The night will pass, and I shall see... The face of Him who made me free.

3. The night will pass, and I shall stand... Up-on the shore of Beulah land.

The final call from Christ my King.

leave... this barren shore... To live with my Friend divine.

crown... up-on my brow... My soul will Whose love will this barren shore.

Then I shall leave

Chorus.

Him... for ev-er-mor... The night will pass,

singing... more sweet than now.

be... for-ev-er mine.

To live with Him for ev-er-mor. The night will pass.

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THE NIGHT WILL PASS. Concluded.

the morn will come, And I shall reach
the morn will come, And I shall reach my soul's true

my soul's true home; Then care, and pain,
home; Then care, and pain, and hardships

and hardships o'er, I shall have rest for ev'er more.
o'er, I shall have rest.

No. 3. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL HOBB.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Rat-lion divine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart strength to my feeble heart, My soul inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark morn I toil, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

while I pray, Take all my sin away, O let me from this day be wholly Thine;
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, andsimple be; A living flame
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee a-side.
SINGING ON THE WAY.

No. 4.


1. I'm on the shining way to glory, I've left the path that leads to woe; I'm glad I've heard the gospel story, It cheers my heart as on I go. I'm singing, on the way,...

2. The Lord is with me on my journey, He guides me thro' this vale of night; He leads me on from earth-ly bond-ages To dwell with Jesus o-ver there. I'm singing, singing, singing, I am singing on the way, I'm clinging,...

3. When I am safe within that city, Away from all my toil and care, I'll shoot and sing thro' end-less ages, And cling-ing ev'-ry day; I'm happy in the love that's coming from a...
SINGING ON THE WAY. Concluded.

bove, I'm singing.... on the way.
singing, singing, singing, I am singing on the way.

No. 5. HIS SEAL IS ON MY SOUL.

1. Since Je-sus did my sins for-give, And made me fully whole,
2. The Sa-tan in his In-rious rage Shall seek me to con-trol,
3. I will not fear when storms arise, And bil-ows o'er me roll,
4. My heart on this is firmly fixed, That I will reach the goal,

An ever-last-ing peace is mine, His seal is on my soul........
I'll still ac-cept my Saviour's claim, His seal is on my soul........
I'll trust in Christ, my Refuge safe, His seal is on my soul........
Where Jesus is, and dwell with Him, His seal is on my soul........

Refrain.

His seal is on my soul........ His seal is on my soul.

No pow'r can pluck me from His hand; His seal is on my soul........

Copyright, 1885, by Mrs. F. L. Bland. Renewed by Jeann B. Yorkeben.
O HEAR AND ANSWER.

1. Saviour, we come to Thee this hour, To plead for grace, to plead for pray;
2. Saviour, speak peace to ev'ry heart, Calm ev'ry breast before we part;
3. Saviour, be Thou our constant guide, Cast out all sin, cast out all pride;
4. Saviour, reach out to us Thy hand, Without Thy help we cannot stay;

And close by Thee we fain would stay, O hear and answer while we pray,
Turn all our darkness in to day, O hear and answer while we pray,
Teach us Thy mandates to obey, O hear and answer while we pray,
Lead us to realms of endless day, O hear and answer while we pray.

Chorus:

O Saviour, hear us while we pray, O hear and answer, save us not away;
Poor, needy, weak, we come to day, O hear and answer while we pray;
1. Would your soul be ready when the Saviour comes? You must be redeemed; Ready for a dwelling in the saint's bright home?

2. Would you be all ready for the judgment day? You must be redeemed; Lost in outer darkness you be cast away?

3. Would you join the number of that snow-white throng? You must be redeemed; Sing the grand new chorus while the years roll on?

Refrain:

You must be redeemed. You must be redeemed, surely.

You must be redeemed. Would you join the number redeemed.

of that snow-white throng? You must be redeemed.

then
1. All my life was dreary, I was worn and weary Till I felt His love waves reaching me; I was lost, despairing, none for me was caring, I was deep in sorrow and I feared the morrow, I was captured and my soul ascended. 

2. Life had lost its gladness, all was night and sadness, Till I felt His love waves reaching me; I was deep in sorrow and I feared the morrow, I was captured and my soul ascended. 

3. Praise His name forever, I had loved Him never, Till I felt His love waves reaching me; I was lost, despairing, none for me was caring, I was deep in sorrow and I feared the morrow, I was captured and my soul ascended.

Refrain:

Till I felt His love waves reaching me. 
Till I felt His love waves reaching me. O those precious love waves, those up-When I felt His love waves reaching me.

Lifting love waves! They were rolling o'er me like a sea! All my troubles vanished, all my sin was banished. When I felt His love waves reaching me.
VICTORY WILL BE OURS.

1. On to victory, soldiers loyal, Clearly the order rings;
2. On to victory! Jesus needs us Out on the battle-line;
3. On to victory with the story, Sing of salvation free;

Bravely waving the standard royal, Fight for the King of kings,
Straight to glory the Saviour leads us, Follow His steps divine,
Then His soldiers shall share His glory Thro' all eternity.

Chorus.

Soldiers, march away,
prudely march away,

fight for God today,
for God today,

Follow Him who hides our past; With a happy song,
happy song,

Bravely march along,
Vic-t'ry will be ours at last.
1. Oh, I'm so happy in my Saviour's love, As on to glory-land I go,
   Because He tells me of my home above, Where hearts with rapture overflow.

2. The storm may beat up on me all day long And clouds may dim the blessed goal,
   With joy in my heart there's always a song, And gladness never leaves my soul.

3. I soon shall live beyond the shadows dim, Safe in my bright abiding place,
   Then, oh, what praises I shall sing to Him, Who keeps me happy by His grace!

CHOIR.

He keeps me happy, happy, He keeps me happy, happy, By telling of the things above, He keeps me clinging, clinging, And sweetly singing, Of Him and His redeeming love.

Bell, Watson, owner, 1925
No. 11. JESUS IS CALLING FOR YOU.

Words and Melody by
M. H. JENKS, B. D.

J. M. KEARAN.

1. Rich treasures are waiting just over the way
   For those who are faithful and true;
   Dear sinner, the blessing is ready today,
   And Jesus is calling for you.

2. There's mercy for all, and the Spirit says "过来," And enter the kingdom anew;
   The angels are waiting to welcome you home,
   And Jesus is calling for you.

3. Then linger no longer a far from the fold, hid sin and its follies a die;
   O why will you wander in darkness and mist
   When tenderly woo, To mansions of glory in heaven above, And

4. O come and be saved, while His mercy and love Your spirit so

Jesus is calling for you. Calling for you, calling for you,

Yes, Jesus is calling for you;... Calling for you, He is

calling for you, Yes, tenderly calling for you........

Is calling for you.

By permission of J. M. Kearan, 1861.
No. 12. WE ARE WORKING FOR THE KING.

E. COVENTRY STANTFORD.  
Rev. W. B. CANNON.

1. We are working for the King, And His praise we will sing. As we
2. We will ever watch and pray. As we journey on our way, Ever
3. There our joy will be complete, When our Saviour we shall greet, In that

hat the thrice wicked world of sin, Ever telling of His love, Pleading
trusting Him who gave His life to save, Ever pressing on and on. Till the
bright eternal city built above; There with loved ones gone before, Praising

other souls above, Ever striving hard the crown of life to win,
victory is won, And we reach that blissful home beyond the grave.
Him for evermore, Resting sweetly in the fullness of His love.

Chorus.

We are working, ever working for the King, And His praise we,
for the King.

glorious praise we will sing; We will ever watch and pray,

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WE ARE WORKING FOR THE KING. Concluded.

And keep bus-y ev-ry day, While we're working, ev-er work-ing for the King.

No. 13. BLESSED FRIEND.

JAMES HILLS.
Duet. Soprano and Tenor.

A. R. JORDAN and B. D. FASSEER.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, how I love Thee! All my heart to Thee I give;
2. O! Thy grace my soul is sing-ing, Thou art all in all to me;
3. Keep me faithful, Friend e-ter-nal, Let Thy glo-ry be my pride;
4. Soon will end all sin, and mourning, Soon my soul will find her own,

In my life there's none above Thee, Day by day for Thee I live.
To Thy prom-ise I am clinging, Sore that I Thy face shall see.
Till in yon-der world su-per-nal, In Thy glo-ry I a-bide.
In that land of end-less mor-ning, When I see Thee on Thy throne.

Unison.

Keep, O keep me Thine for-ev-er, Hold me in Thine arms of love;

Naught my heart and Thine shall se-ver, O ThoO blessed Friend a-bore.

A. R. Jordan, owner.
1. The gift of God's amazing love
   That bro't my Lord
2. The love that brings me peace to-day
   That takes my doubts
3. The love of God that brings me rest
   And fills with joy

from heav'n above
To bleed and die
sin to atone
and fears a-way
That sends me hope
from God's great throne;
my cleansed breast
How rich am I
with this atone

This love so won
- drous is my own
This love amaz - ing is my own
And O it is my ver - y own

REFRAIN.
It is my own
my ver - y own
O it is my own
yes, my ver - y own

The rich-est gift
the world has known
Tis the rich-est gift
that the world has known

Words by James M. Feaster.
Music by W. G. Marsee.
MY VERY OWN. Concluded.

The gift of love, from God above,
Wonderful gift of love, coming from God above,

It is my own, my very own.
Surely it is my own, my very own.

No. 15. MOTHER LIVES IN GLORY. Platt Hall.

1. In my childhood long ago, My dear mother went a-way,
   From this world of grief and woe, To the realms of endless day.
2. She her blessed Saviour loved, And His precious name confessed;
   Him in faithfulness she served, Till He called her to her rest.
3. To her children she was true, Guiding them in wisdom’s way;
   When our days on earth are tho’ We shall live with her for aye.
4. In that glorious heav’nly land We shall never part again,
   But with angels we shall stand, And with Christ for ever reign.

D.S.—Some new day I’ll meet her there, On that bright eternal shore.

Mother lives in glory, With the Lord for evermore;

Copyright, 1906, by James B. Vaughan & Platt Hall.
1. I love that land, that holy land, I love that land, where saints shall go; I love that land, that beautiful land, Where enter there; A city there, with beauties so rare. And joyful; Redeemed ones there for ever shall dwell, And comes no more; There songs of praises ever shall flow. Our

2. That heav'nly land is bright and fair, A pearl-y gate to enter there; A city there, with beauties so rare. And joyful; Redeemed ones there for ever shall dwell, And comes no more; There songs of praises ever shall flow. Our

3. Yes, I am told of streets of gold, In that fair land of

4. To that blest land I long to go, Where pain nor sorrow

Refrain.

beautiful streams ne'er cease to flow. heavenly treasures everywhere. heavenly praises shall ever roll. Saviour's dear name we will adore. Beautiful land,

beautiful land... sweet home of the blest... beautiful land, sweet home, sweet home of the blest, rest, rest, Beautiful land.

O beautiful land... sweet home of rest... beautiful land of rest,
No. 17.  HE'S COMING FOR ME.

A. M. P.  AMHER M. FAIR.

CHEERFULLY.

1. I’ll be happy when my Saviour comes for me, I’ll shout glory when His smiling face I see; I’ll be singing saved by grace so full and free, When host in bright array, Who have come thro’ meek and ti in the way, My presence there to be, In His arms He’ll sweetly bear me o’er death’s sea, Sweet

2. I’ll be ready when my Saviour comes that day, I’ll be safe among that robe will then be white, rest will then be sweet, He’s coming, coming, coming, yes, He’s coming, coming, soon, My Saviour soon will come for me; He’s coming, He’ll come for me; He’s coming, coming, coming,

3. I’ll go with my Saviour when He comes for me, I’ll be happy in His Sure-by coming soon, My Saviour’s coming for me. He’s coming for me, Sure-by coming, coming soon.

Refrain,

Jesu comes for me, He’s coming, yes, He’s coming, soon, He’s coming, coming, coming, yes, He’s coming, coming, soon,
1. There will be a great rejoicing in the palace of the King,
   When the saints are safe at home; Every heart will thrill with rapture,
   Every soul will sweetly sing, When the saints are safe at home.

2. Down beside the sea of crystal, we shall sing in sweet accord,
   When the saints are safe at home; Friends and dear ones all united,
   We shall exalt the gracious Lord, When the saints are safe at home.

3. We shall reign with Him forever, in His presence we shall stay,
   When the saints are safe at home; In the glory of our Father,
   Songs of gladness we shall have, When the saints are safe at home.

Chorus.

When the saints are safe at home, Never more
When the saints are safe at home, Never more
   From God to roam.
No. 19.

I'LL PRAISE MY SAVIOUR.

WILLIAM R. MARMER.

1. Of a Saviour's love I will ever sing, For He's always good to me;
2. 'Tis a happy thought as I go along, 'Neath the violets of the Dore;
3. I will praise His love all the blessed way, Till my earthy stay is o'er,

Songs of love and praise I will ever bring, With a heart that's glad and free,
I can fill my heart with a joyful song, Of a Saviour's precious love,
Then I'll go a-love to the land of day, There to praise Him evermore.

CHORUS.

I'll praise Him, my Saviour, For His wondrous works and ways;
I'll follow Him along and praise Him with a song.

I will ever cling to my Lord and King, For He blesses all my days.
I'm going there.

1. There's a land called Lebanon on the other shore, I'm going there.
2. There's a golden city just above the sky,
3. There's a palace waiting by the crystal sea,

I'm going there, there are loved ones
There the saved will live and sing forevermore, I'm going there.
Long with the throng on high, waiting at the gate for me.

I'm going there, O yes, I'm going there.
My Redeemer's glory bright to share.

I'm going there.

He has built a home and He evermore shares.
IM GOING THERE. Concluded.

whisper "Come," I'm going there...... I'm going there......
I'm going there, yes, going there.

No. 24. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe from corroding care;
3. Jesus, my heart's dear refuge, Jesus has died for me;

D. C.—Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on His gentle breast.
Fine.

There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temptations, Sin can not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of ages, Ever my trust shall be.

There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of angels Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sorrow, Free from my doubts and fears,
Here let me wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er.

D. C. for refrain.

O- ver the fields of glory, O-ver the Harper sea,
On- ly a few more trials, On- ly a few more tears,
Wait till I see the morning break on the golden shore.
1. There is a home; it's just above.
2. There is a home; so bright and fair.
3. There is a home; not made with hands.

Where all is glory bright and fair,
And I can see its portals clear,
It's in that glory, glory land.

O how my heart is filled with love,
And when we meet our Saviour there,
And in that home I long to stand.

To hear the shout ing in the air (in the air),
There'll be a shout log in the air (in the air),
To share the shout ing with that band (with that band).

REFRAIN.

I'm on the way to glory fair,
On the way to glory fair,
SHOUTING IN THE AIR. Concluded.

Shouting, shouting, shouting In the air;
There will be shouting, shouting, shouting in the air;

I'm on the way to glory fair,
On the way to glory fair,

There will be shouting, shouting, shouting in the air (yes, in the air).

No. 23. LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE ELKIN.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

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

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

1. O the light of love is glowing, And our souls with praise overflowing,
   As we march along to glory, Making known the living story.

2. We are sure that Jesus needs us, That in heaven's path He leads us;
   In the fight He'll not forsake us, But triumphant He will make us.

3. Sure of His unfailing favor, We will fight and never wander,
   Till we reach the gates supernatural, And behold the land eternal.

4. We will do His bidding sweetly, And will trust His love completely,
   Till the end of life's long story, Till we wear our crowns of glory.

Chorus.

Onward ever, doubting never,
Onward go, ever on,
Making known the story,

Banners waving, sinners saving,
Rancers wave in the sky,
Jesus leads to glory;

He defends us, courage leads us,
He defends, courage leads,
Harm can reach us never;

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ONWARD WITH THE KING. Concluded.

On to glory with the story,
Onward go, march along,
Trusting Jesus ever.

No. 25. SOME DAY.

James Rowe. Good as Solo

Edward H. Morgan.

1. Some day, beyond the gates of gold, When all life's story has been told,
All trials ended, I shall be With Him who shed His blood for me.
Yes, on bright morn, some happy day, When I have left this house of clay,

2. Some day, before His matchless face, My soul shall speak to His grace,
And I shall hold His hand in mine, And hear His tender voice divine.
I shall awake on heaven's shore, To be with Christ forevermore,

Copyright, 1895, by Shaw and Morgan. Used by you.
1. My heart is singing glory Since I have been redeemed; I've found the old, old story Much sweeter than I dreamt; And now to Christ I'm bound, I'm sent, He's always just the same; That's why my heart is singing, Singing glory to His name, Singing glory to His name, To His blessed, holy name, Singing glory, glory, glory, singing glory, glory, glory, singing glory, glory, glory, singing

2. I have this hope to cheer me When Satan would beguile; The blessed Saviour's near me, And keeps me all the while; Fast pass He's ever gone, I get home to glory; And then I'll sing above; I'll join the angels singing—He's always just the same; That's why my heart is singing, Singing bring ing. He rescued me from shame; That's why my heart is singing, Singing sing ing His praise in glad accord, Then heaven will be singing With

3. I'll sing the wondrous story, Of Jesus and His love; Till I get home to glory And then I'll sing above; I'll join the angels singing—He's always just the same; That's why my heart is singing, Singing bring ing. He rescued me from shame; That's why my heart is singing, Singing sing ing His praise in glad accord, Then heaven will be singing With
SINGING GLORY TO HIS NAME. Concluded.

name, Singing glory to His name, Twas to save the world He came, He is ever just the same.

And we'll praise Him, singing glory to His name (His precious name).

No. 27.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shone us our
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re-vive us again; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

died, and is now gone a-bore.
Saviour, and scattered as night. Hal-le-lu-jah! thine the glory, Hal-le-
sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
kindled with fire from a-bore.

In - jah! a-men! Hal-le - lu-jah! thine the glory, Revive us a-gain.
No. 28. HE WILL BE LOVING TO ME.

JAMES R. RICE. L. H. HAMBER.

1. I have a dear Saviour whose love is my song. He keeps me in His love-light and shields me from wrong. With joy I am praising Him all the day long; be when my foes shall appear; And so I exalt Him to hearts and dream; praise Him, my heart-ly Dove; For-er and ever I'll sing of His love.

Chorus.

He. al-ways will be loy-ing to me.  
Al-ways loy-ing  
He is loy-ing, loy-ing ever.

He . . . . . . . . . . . . . .  And for-er will al-ways precious, shining ever. He is al-ways close be-side me. He will be............. Till His glo.

keep me and will guide me, Till I see Him in His glo-ry, at the...
HE LEADETH ME!

1. He leadeth me, O blessed shoe, O words with earnest comfort fraught.
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would cling Thy hand in mine, Nor ever more nor repent,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the victory's won,

What-ever I do, where'er I be, Still 'is God's hand that leadeth me,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'is His hand that leadeth me,
Content what-er or last I see, Since 'is my God that leadeth me,
Even death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me,
His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.
1. I've found the sweet haven of sunshine at last, And Jesus is
beneath a love; His dear arms a-round me are loving-ly cast,
sweetly He tells His love, The tempest is
2. He saw me in danger and loving-kindly came To pilot my
storm-beaten soul; Sweet "Fare" He has spoken and bless His dear name,
trust to the end; I praise Him each hour and my last fleeting breath,

CHORUS.

And sweetly He tells His love, The tempest is
The hills no longer roll,
shall sing of my soul's best friend. The dangerous tempest for-

o'er, I'm safe evermore, What gladness, what ever is o'er, My anchor is holding, I'm safe evermore,

rupture is mine; The danger is past, I'm The waters are peaceful, the danger is past, My
ANCHORED IN LOVE DIVINE. Concluded.

anchored at last,........ And anchored in love divine........
spirit is happy, I'm anchored at last,
in love divine!

No. 31. MY HOPE IS CENTERED THERE.

F. L. E. Very slowly.

Y. J. BLAND.

1. Up-on the cross where Jesus died, Where He for me was cru-ci-
2. No oth-er scene beneath the skies Hath e'er appeared before mine
3. His precious life for me He gave, No oth-er pow'r from sin could

sted....... There love I see be-yond compare. And all my hope is
eyes....... That fills my heart with joy so sweet. And none with less that's
save....... Up-on the cross, yes, He must die, My sin de-mands to

D. S. — And all my hope is

centered there.
so complete. My heart is not on things be-low, Its yearnings

D. S.

t-ward Mount Calv'ry go;........ Where love I see be-yond com-pare,
No. 32. ON THE HEAVEN-BOUND TRAIN.

A. B. B. A. B.ガン

1. On the great gospel railroad line, Trusting in Jesus' love divine,
2. When there is danger how'ring near, Surely the signal we can hear,
3. There are tunnels dark and deep, Satan's allurements ev'rywhere.

Happy are we as on our way we speedily glide; Jesus is
Of our brave engin'eer, whose eye is watch-ing the rail; When He shall
All his designs, our faith to war, tongues can-not tell; Yet, our con-

our cons-or-tor there, Run-n-ing the train to man-alone fair. Where all the
sig-nal "brakes," beware. Last we're entraped by Satan's snare.—For in our
dot-ter, Christ, the Lord, Giv-eth as sur- ance thro' His word, That if our

Fine, Chorus.

saved for ev-ermore there shall a-hide. Safe-ly on board
For-our's name a-bove, we can pre-rail.
trust is staid in Him, all will be well.
the gospel train,

Sealed a crown of life there shall obtain.

trusting in Jesus, He is con-ductor on the glorious heaven-bound
Jesus' blessed name.
ON THE HEAVEN-BOUND TRAIN. Concluded.

D. S.

train; Safely on board, Heaven-ward going,
board the upward way, going day by day.

No. 33.

ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come ev - ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For, Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich blessings to be stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this hap - py band, And on to glo - ry go;

And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His Word.
Plunge now in - to the crin - son flood That washes white as snow.
Bel -ieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

Chorus.

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
No. 34. GOING HOME WITH MY REDEEMER.

JAMES ROYAL.

Duet.

1. I'm going home with my Redeemer, From Him I know
   2. The storm may sweep, the foe oppress me, Still close to Him.
   3. His love is true and I shall never Be doubtful of His

shall not roam; His arms of love
shall a-hide; And when I need
precious love, For O I want

are 'round me ever, And He will
it He will bless me, For I'll de
to praise my Saviour, Some happy

Church.

safely guide me home, I'm going all the way with
I'm going all day, with saints a-here,

Him, And shall not mind. The shadows
the way with Him, And shall not mind

He's at my side, I'm satisfied. The shadows
He's at my side, I'm satisfied.
GOING HOME WITH MY REDEEMER. Concluded.

I'm going all the way with Him....
I'm going all the way, yes, all the way with Him.

No. 35.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

George Keith.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excel-lent word! What more can He say than to vain, or a-bounding in wealth; At home and a-head on the Lord, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and will not de-sert to his foes; That soul though all hell should en-

2. In ev'ry condition—in sickness, in health; In per-ry's God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and will not de-sert to his foes; That soul though all hell should en-

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

4. "Even from old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sovereign, a

5. "The soul that on Je-sus still leans for re-pose, I will not, I

faith in His excel-lent word! What more can He say than to vain, or a-bounding in wealth; At home and a-head on the God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and will not de-sert to his foes; That soul though all hell should en-

you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have faith land, on the sea—"As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ever be," cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right-eous, un - stop - o - tent hand.
test - plus a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne," deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for-sake."
1. Homeward to-day I am going, See- ing my Saviour's bright smile;
   Love is my heart o- ver- flow- ing, Happy am I all the while.

2. Com- ing from heaven He sought me, Found me in bondage of sin;
   Out of the darkness He bro't me, Banished the guilt from with-in.

3. Safe to the gates He will take me, Shielding my soul in His love;
   Never my Friend will for-sake me, I shall be with Him a- bove.

Tell-ing the tender old sto- ry, Christ to the lost I pro- claim;
Tell, I behold Him in glo- ry, Bless His all-glo- ri- ous, won- der-ful name.

He is my song and my story, Bless His name.
He is my story, my story is He, He is my song, and song.

New to His love I am cling-ing, Gems for His crown is my aim;
All through e- ter-ni- ty's mor-e- ing Part of His throne I may claim.
And, with the life-crown adorning, Bless His all-glo-ri- ous, won- der- ful name.

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No. 37.

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

J. B. BRIGHTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for sinners
2. I am so wonderfully saved from sin, Jesus so sweet
3. O precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied,
ly a-bloody with sin, There at the cross where He took me in,
I have entered in, There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean,
at the Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day and be made complete,

D. S.—There is my heart was the blood applied,
1. We'll enter our beautiful home up in glory, Some day,
2. We'll lay down our burdens of toil and of sorrow, Some day,
3. We'll meet the dear Saviour who wait-eth our com-ing, Some day,
4. We'll rest with the ransomed beside the bright river, Some day,

some day; With all the redeemed ones we'll sing the sweet story, some day; And sing-ing some down to death's riv-er so nar-row, some day; Where an-gels in glo-ry the green fields are run-ning, some day; We'll join them in sing-ing God's praises for ev-er,

Some day, some sweet day. Some day...... we'll meet......
we shall meet on that bright golden shore,

So-mo-ny gold-en shore...... O brother, get ready, it may be to-morrow, That day,...... that blest day......
that blest day, that blest day, blest day.
1. As I contemplate life's journey, Thy! a world of sin and strife.
2. In a thought of mighty wonder, Clad in forms of sacred style.
3. What shall be the scenes that greet us? Shall we view them with a smile?
4. Then we'll know of higher greatness Than the world hath ere compiled.

There's a thought that steals upon me, Whis'ring joy after while.
To behold the things eternal, That shall be after while.
What shall be the joys and sorrows? O just think after while.
Then we'll rest from all our labor, Some sweet day after while.

Refrain.

After while... after while... Some sweet day... after while...
After while, after while, Some sweet day... after while...

Heav'n will be the way-worn pilgrim, Some sweet day after while.
We shall view eternal regions, Some sweet day after while.
Elsie, the Christian's lamb, in tears, Some sweet day after while.
We shall rest from all our labors, Some sweet day after while.

after while.
THE SURE FOUNDATION.

1. I am building a temple on this earthy strand, And I know 'ere the
time it will surely stand; For by faith I am building on a Rock as
sure. On a Rock that will ever endure. I'm building for a
stay, On this Rock I am building to-day.

2. Christ, the great Rock of ages, is my corner-stone. I believe He's the
prize; He's my reward. He's my Guide and
corner-stone that you shall lay; If your faith you have founded on the shifting

Chorus.

3. Every man now is building for the judgment-day. Brother, choose well the
sand, There's no hope that your temple will stand. I'm safe from the tempest's shock, For

on a Rock. For above the sinking

I am building up on a Rock, building a temple that shall stand, I'm building

not on the sinking sand; I'm building up on a Rock, so sure and

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THE SURE FOUNDATION. Concluded.

shock, And my work thro' the ages shall stand,

safe from the tempter's shock, shall surely stand.

No. 41. WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?


1. How are you living, my brother? What are you doing today?
2. What is your daily example? Does your light shine as it should?
3. What if your children, my brother, walk in your footsteps a long?
4. What are you doing for Jesus? What of the sinners astray?
5. Work while the bright days are passing, win precious souls for your Lord.

Millions are groping in darkness, Will you not show them the way?
What does the world say about you? What are your efforts for good?
Where will they stand in the judgment? Brother, don't let them go wrong.
Have you invited them to Him? What are you doing today?
Walk in the footsteps of Jesus, Then great will be your reward.

Chorus:

What is your life in the service of God? How do you pass time away?

Shall the reward of the faithful be yours? What are you doing today?
1. In the land of fair Jud-a, Walking by the tran-quil sea,
2. Of more with nets and fish-es, Were the souls a-bout them then,
3. Leave your nets and bravely in-ter, That the word the Lord may know,

Je-sus said to men He need-ed, "Leave your nets and follow me.
Je-sus bade them leave their in-ter, Follow Him and fish for men.
Un-to men who need His mes-sage, Love di-verse in service show.

Refrain.

Je-sus calls to you and me, As when walk-ing
Je-sus calls . . . . to you and me, As when walk-ing by the

by the sea, He once spoke . . . . to those He needed Leave your
He once spoke to those He need-ed,

nets . . . . and follow me. And to-day we
Leave your nets and follow me. And to-day . . . . we hear Him
FOLLOW ME. Concluded.

hear Him say, Calling on to you and me, leave the
say, Calling on to you and me,

world-ly cares that bind you, Come and my... disciples be.
Leave the worldly cares that bind you, Come and my disci-ples be.

No. 43. TWILIGHT IS FALLING.


1. Twilight is stealing o er the sea, Shadows are falling dark on the lee;
2. Voices of loved ones sing of the past! Still linger rest as whiles shall last;
3. Come in the twilight, sune co me to me! Bringing some message o ver the sea,

Fine.

Born on the night-winds, voices of yore Come from the far-off shore.
Lose-ly I wander, sadly I roam, Seeking that far-off home.
Cheer-ing my pathway while here I roam, Seeking that far-off home.

D. S. -Gleameth a mon-sion filled with de-light, Sweet, happy home so bright!

Refrain.

Far a-way beyond the starlit skies, Where its love-light never, never dies,

By permission of R. G. Cooke.
DO YOU KNOW HIM?

1. Since your child-hood you have heard His won-der-ous sto-ry
2. Just to know my pre-cious Sav-iour is to love Him,
3. Sin-ner, will you learn to know my pre-cious Sav-iour?

Christ who gave His life on Cal-y'ry's tree; How for you He left His Father's
How always loving, con-stant, true; There's no other friend so great but
Is refuge safe from all alarms; Come to Him and you will find His

homes in glo-ry, Bore the cross that you from sin must be made free
He's above him. What my Sav-iour is to me He'll be to you.
bless-ed sav-or In the shel-ter of His ev-er-last-ing arms.

Chorus

Do you know Him? know my Sav-iour,

Do you know Him? know my Sav-iour,

know His wisdom love and mightly pow'ry? If you know Him, As I

If you know Him,
No. 45.  
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. M. E. C. Halsey.  
Dr. A. B. Everette.

1. Who at my door is standing, Patiently drawing near, 
   Entrance within demanding? Whose is the voice I hear?
2. Lonely without He's staying, Lonely within am I; 
   While I am still delaying, Will He not pass me by?
3. All through the dark hours dreary Knocking again is He; 
   Jesus, art Thou not weary, Waiting so long for me?
4. Door of my heart, I hasten! Thee will I open wide; 
   Though He rebuke and chasten, He shall with me abide.

Refrain.

Sweetly the tones are falling, "Open the door for Me!

If thou wilt heed my calling, I will abide with thee."
1. 'Twas a dark ... and gloomy night, When our Lord ... lay in the 
2. His de - ci - ple, O bow evil! All their hopes ... were blighted! 
3. Wom - en came ... at break of day, To be - hold ... His love - ly 
4. Let us tell ... it far and near, This sweet sto - ry over and 

grave (in the grave); We had hoped ... that by His might From our 
now (blighted now); Their poor hearts ... were filled with dread, None could 
grave (lonely grave); An - gels said ... "Be not a - fraid, He is 
c'er (over and over); Tell it out ... so all may hear, That He 

Choose. 

sin we would be saved (be saved). He a - rose from the 
tell just what to do (to do), 
"He is risen from the dead (the dead)." lives for ev - er - more (ev - er - more), yea, Christ a - rose, 

dead, And He triumphed 'er the grave; And He knows 

rise from the dead, I'm sure He knows 

all our need, He's the mighty One to save, 

our ev - ry need.
No. 47. **THE LORD IS WALKING WITH ME!**

J. W. VALENS.  

JESS A. WALKER.

1. I have faith that’s firm in the Crucified, Since my soul from bondage is free; All my wants and needs will be supplied, For the refuge shall be; And I know I’ll reach that home at last, For the raptured, shall see All the saints of earth around His throne, For I

2. I’ve a hope so sure in His precious love, In His strength my heart rests, And I know I’ll reach that home at last, For the raptured, shall see All the saints of earth around His throne, For I

3. With His grace divine He will lead me on, Till my soul, en-

Chorus

Lord is walking with me! Yes, the Lord... ... is walking with me!  
Lord is walking with me! Yes, the Lord is walking with me!  
Lord is walking with me! Yes, the Lord is walking with me!

And my soul... from sin is free;  
And my soul... from sin is free;  
And my soul... from sin is free;

Nought have I to fear while the Lord is near, And I know He’s walking with me.
1. At the ending of our earthly story, When we gather in the city fair,
2. When we all shall hear the angels singing To the Lamb on heaven's happy shore,
3. When the streets of glory we are walking, See we rest beside the crystal stream,

And with rapture praise the King of glory, What rest theme will sway our spirits there? Keeping the celestial arches ringing, What will be their theme for evermore? To our loved and dear ones sweetly talking, What will always be our sweetest theme?

Chorus.

Love, the theme will be, Yes, love the theme will be, For eternity,

Eternity, Where His glories shine, Yes, for eternity, Where His glories shine, yes.

Love, will be the theme, Where His glories shine, Love will be the theme, oh, love will be the theme.
No. 49. GIVE THE WORLD YOUR SUNSHINE.

James Rowe

CLAUSE V. LESLIE

1. Give the world your sunshine, sing along the way, Helping souls to bear the burdens of the day; Comforting the sad ones, every time you may, Give it in the Master's name.

2. Give the light to others, who are deep in need, Magnify the Saviour both in word and deed; O'er dreary valleys heaven's Holy Dove; Then the shining life-crown shall be yours above, Give it in the Master's name.

3. Give the world your sunshine and increase in love. For the great He-aven's messenger speed, Give it in the Master's name,

Coda.

Give your sunshine as you go along. Smile for others, sing a happy song,

Till you join the fair celestial throng, Give it in the Master's name.
1. Heard you not that railroad whistle? See, the gospel train is here;
2. Storm-tossed sinner o'er life's ocean, Come on fast this train today;
3. Lo, our Engi-neer keeps watching, Down the track with eagle eye,

Get on board, ye earth-worn pilgrims, She is safe, there's naught to fear.
There are stations rich in blessing. Scattered all along the way.
If perchance rose threat'ning danger, Half concealed may near us lie,

She is built of God's own timbers. Coaches ample and complete.
Get your ticket, God's forgiveness, Jesus paid the fare, you know.
Down the track are "dark obstructions." Trials, troubles, pain and care,

Rails are laid in faith and patience. And each "eye" a promise sweet.
And His telegrams of mercy, Up and down this railroad go.
Hark, He signals, "Danger, danger," Doo with trains, beware, beware.

Chorus.

All aboard............. the gospel rail road,
All aboard the gospel rail-road, All a-board are 'tis too late;

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THE GOSPEL RAILROAD. Concluded.

All a-board, ere 'tis too late; All a-board, ere 'tis too late;

We are bound for heaven's depot, We are bound for heaven's depot,

Where the angel porters wait, Shining angel porters, for us wait, yes, for us wait.

No. 51.

HEBRON.

1. Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, perhaps, am near my last;
3. I lay my head down to sleep, Peace is the pillow for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My Saviour shall rest beneath the sand,

And ev'ry evening shall assist known foes fresh mem'rial of His grace.
But He forgives my follies past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait Thy voice to rouse my soul, With sweet salvation in the sound.
I'm singing still (I'm singing still) of love divine (of love divine), It came so
2. I'm singing still (I'm singing still) of Him whose grace (of Him whose grace) Makes earth a
3. Some day, whose name (some day, whose name) His name adore (His name adore). A glad new

all (It came so all) my path to shine (my path to shine); And I will sing (And I will sing)
height (He is such a bright) and happy place (and happy place); For He is with (For He is with)
song (I glad now say) I shall outpour (I shall outpour). And I shall see (And I shall see)

while here I roam (while here I roam). And sweeter still (And sweeter still) when I get
me all the while (me all the while). And I can see (And I can see) His sunny
Him on His throne (Him on His throne). There grief and sin (There grief and sin) are never

REFRAIN.

home (When I get home). When I get home ........ with angels fair,
smile (His sunny smile),
known (are never known).

When I get home with angels fair.

My soul shall praise my Saviour there; ........ And sweeter still.
my Saviour there;

And sweeter still.
FIGHT ON, O SOUL.

1. Fight on, fight on, O soul, Fight on, press 'ward the goal.
2. Fight on, fight on, O soul, In heat, in storm or cold.
3. Fight on, fight on, O soul, Fight on ' with courage bold.
4. Fight on, fight on, O soul, Let Je - sus take con - trol.

The Lord your guide will ev - er be, Fight on for vic - to - ry.
And to your du - ty e'er be true, Then Christ will help you thro'.
Now charge the foe with all your might, Fight on for God and right.
O wave the gos - pel ban - ner high, Fight on for vic - try's high.

Coda.

Fight on, fight on.... Press bold-ly a-gainst the wrong;
Fight on, O soul, fight on.

Fight on, fight on.... Let vic - to - ry be your song....
Fight on, O soul, fight on.
1. The tempest bells are sounding, And the day will soon be o'er,

2. The tempest bells are sounding, See how angry grows the sea,

3. The night is swiftly falling, And the winds and waters rave,

The waves will soon be pounding On the solemn, gloomy shore;
With dangers you surrounding, How can you so careless be?
The Pilot true is calling, 'Tis your soul He wants to save;

O life a-drift, take warning, For they might not sound again,
O trust in Jesus, brother, Do not risk your soul again,
It might be "now or never," O He may not call again,

D. S.-And you are lost forever, If you wander on its sea,
Your soul may sink tomorrow, What then, O what then?
The call of death might reach you, What then, O what then?
You soon may sink forever, What then, O what then?

The bonds of death may claim you, What then, O what then?

Now the waves are dashed, Hear them beat against the shore,
waves are dashing.
THE TEMPEST BELLS. Concluded.

Soon your soul may sink to rise no more:
Soul may sink, may to rise no more.

No. 55. TAKE TIME TO THINK.
James M. Mays.
Slowly and earnestly.

1. O wayward one, stop now to think, Take time to count the cost; You soon may tot-ter o'er the brink And be for-ev-er lost.
2. Your path to sure destruc-tion leads, All hope may soon be gone; O why, while Je-sus sweet-ly pleads, Still press so blind-ly on.
3. The pleasures waggish sin affords, In dark de-spair will end; Place now your hand within the Lord's And on His love de-pend.
4. Don't risk your soul an-oth-er day—One hour might be too late; From sin and darkness turn a-way, And face the gold-en gate.

REFRAIN.

Take time to think, take time to-day, Turn back, poor wayward soul;

Get back to God, while yet you may, Let Christ your life con-trol;
WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?

W. H. DAY, J. A.
R. M. YARDLEY.

1. O why will you long-er stand i-dle, See, the fields are so white,
   Cast in the sick-le for Je-sus, Gather-ing sheaves of light;
   When sowing and reaping are o-ver, And we're crossed the dark sea,
   When time upon earth is no long-er, What will the harvest be?

2. Behold there are man-ny still wand-ering, Lost in darkness and sin,
   Je-sus is ear-nest-ly plead-ing With you, to bring them in;
   The Sav-iour is call-ing so gen-tly, Point the lost ones to me,
   If un-to Him here, we prove faith-less, What will the harvest be?

3. The judg-men-at is com-ing, my broth-er, Yes, 'tis com-ing to all,
   Go ye forth in-to my vine-yard, Is the best Sav-iour's call;
   When toiling and weeping are o-ver, If no sheaves we can see,
   That, here we have gathered for Je-sus, What will the harvest be?

Cho-rous.

O what will the harvest be, broth-er, What, say what will it be?
WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE? Concluded.

If we stand there empty-handed, In that eternity,

No beautiful sheaves for the Master, When His face we shall see,

O brother, I pray you then tell me, What will the harvest be?

No. 57. WHERE HE LEADS ME.

I can hear my Saviour calling, I can hear my Saviour calling,

1. I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,

2. He will give me grace and glory, He will give me grace and glory,

3. Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,

And lib. D. C. for Chorus.

I can hear my Saviour calling, Take thy cross and follow, follow me;

I'll go with Him thro' the press, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way;

He will give me grace and glory, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
1. Marching with the Son of God to glory, Ever keeping
   in the glory-way, Tell-ing out the ever-last-ing
   story, To the souls who still in darkness stray,
   glory-way which Christ the Master trod; We are marching, ever-

2. Fear-ing not the foes that oft assail us, Glory from our
   Captain true we win; Sure that His great love will never
   fall on, Ever we will fight the borders of sin.
   We are marching, ever marching, we are marching, ever marching,

3. By and by, in yonder land supernatural, Crowns of vict'ry
   surely we shall wear; In the presence of our King e-
   eternal, His un-fad-ing glory we shall share.
   We are marching, ever marching, we are marching, ever marching,
KEEPRO IN THE GLORY-WAY. Concluded.

march-ing. For we're going to the cit-y of our God.
marching, ever marching.

No. 59. WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME DO?

JAMES-rowe. JAMES D. vacobman.

1. Ar-round my souls are sunk in sin, And res-cuers are so few!
2. So ma- ny still in fetters plead For comfort, and friend, and love;
3. In lands a-far are precious souls Still longing the light to see;
4. O let us la-bor for the Lord, Be earnest, and true, and true;

And so I pray in faith to-day, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"
O that I may help some each day To look to the One a-bove.
His life first give those souls to save, Can nothing be done by me?
Let each to-day look up and say, "Let what wilt Thou have me do?"

Chorus

Lord, what wilt Thou have me do? I want to give service true;

This earnest plea I make to Thee, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"
1. Toil-ing on life's pilgrim pathway, Where-so-ev-er I may be,
   It will help me on my journey, If I may but walk with Thee.

2. When the way is hedged in darkness, And the path I can-not see,
   Leave me not to wan-der, Saviour, On-ly let me walk with Thee.

3. When I walk the val-ley, Saviour, From all fear I would be free;
   Thou my rod, my staff, my comfort, On-ly let me walk with Thee.

Comin' on,

On-ly let me walk with Thee, On-ly let me walk with Thee,
   yes, walk with Thee.

walk with Thee, walk close to Thee,
   It will help me, O my Saviour,

Saviour,............. If I may but walk with Thee,
   O my Saviour,

yes, walk with Thee.
1. Christians, car· of the name of the Lord to· day, Praise His goodness to-
2. By the comfort· ing strength of His sweet embrace, By the won· der· ful
3. Ma· ny more of the na· tions shall look a· bove, All the rac· es and


gath· er a· long the way, Wake the valleys and mountains with joyful praise,
pow· er of sav· ing grace, He is counting and saving the souls of men;
tribes shall extol His love; For His foes to destruction shall all be hurled.

Chorus.

Praise the Sav· ior whose mercy has blessed our days.
Let us praise Him with anthems of joy a· gain. Praise Him, praise Him, spreading sal-
And His won· der· ful glo· ry il· lumi· nate the world.

na· tion's glad story, Sweetly tracing, keeping His flag un· furled; Praise Him, praise Him,
give to Him honor and glo· ry, Sing His praise ac· over the sin· ful world.

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No. 62. **SING HIS PRAISE EVERMORE**

*J. A. M. O.*

1. Pressing onward in the glory of the soul's eternal Friend,
2. Spreading blessed gospel gladness all along the homeward way,
3. He will keep us till we enter the eternal home above;

Sing His praise: ev er-mo re:
His glorious praise: for ev er-mo re:

By His grace He safely keeps us, on His love we may depend; Sing His
Helping wayward souls knew Him, grow in beauty day by day; Sing His
Fill the earth and sky with praises of the great Redeemer's love; Sing His

Chorus.

"praise ev er-mo re."
His glorious praise: for ev er-mo re.

He has given all to

save us, praise and bless His holy name; He has died to lift us from the
SING HIS PRAISE EVERMORE. Concluded.

depths of shame; O to those who do not know Him gladly
woe and awful shame;

go and Christ proclaims, Praise His love ev - er - more.
His precious love for ev - er - more.

No. 63. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

GEORGE A. MINOR.

Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, sowing in the morn-
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping. We shall [ Once.
Sow-ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
By and by, the har - vest and the la - bor end - ed, We shall [ Once.
Go then, s - o weeping, s - o - weeping for the Mas - ter. Tho' the loss sustained our
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome, We shall [ Once,

and the low - y even; come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
winter's chilling breezes, come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
spir - it often grieves; come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves;
D. S. Second time.
No. 64.  THERE'S A CAROL IN MY SOUL.

JAMES RIVE.  B. C. UMBERT.

1. There's a car-ol in my soul, hal-le-lu-jah! And I sing it as I go a-long, For the Lord has made me whole, hallelujah! And His love shall always be my song. Hail-le-lu-jah! Hail-le-
2. There is rapt-ure in my soul, hal-le-lu-jah! And I show it to the Lord I share; 'Twill be mine while ages roll, hallelujah! For there's
3. There is glo-ry in my soul, hal-le-lu-jah! For the glo-ry of my Lord and me; I am under God's control, hal-le-lu-jah! And His love will ev-er keep me glad.

Chorus.

In - jah! For my burden has been relit a-way; I am singing all the while in the sunshine of His smile, There's a carol in my soul to-day.
1. We know not when the day will be When our Redeemer we shall see,
    But this we know, thro' saving grace We shall see Jesus face to face.
Where saints and angels sweetly sing, We shall behold our loving King.
When all the cares of life are past, We shall see at last, With Him upon the glory shore,
    Our Saviour we shall see at last, shall see at last: With Him upon the glory shore,
    With Him upon the glory shore,
2. We simply trust redeeming love, Assured that some glad day above,
    Where saints and angels, evermore, Our Saviour worship and adore.
With saints and angels, evermore, Our Saviour we shall see at last,\n    We shall abide for evermore, for evermore.
3. We follow Him, assured that we With Him shall spend eternally,
    We shall see at last, With Him upon the glory shore,
    We shall abide for evermore, for evermore.
No. 66.  HE WILL CROWN ME AT LAST.

JAMES ROWE.

A. J. SEM.

1. If I trust in the Lord I shall win the reward, That will come when all

2. If I sing of His love till I meet Him above, If on His every

3. If with courage I guide wayward souls to His side, If I help them to

4. If I trust in the grace that is lifting the race, If to Christ to the

tri-als are past; if I follow my King, victorious true He will bring, And will
burden I cast, keeping Jesus in sight, till my faith ends in light, He will
bear their past, He will bless me I know, in His vineyard below, And will
end I hold fast, When the shadows have flown, near His beautiful throne, He will

REFRAIN.

crown me with glory at last. The crown....... will be mine...... crown will be mine,

will be mine,

crown will be mine

When tri-als are past; ....... With Christ ......

tri-als are past, when all tri-als are past; There I shall shine,

I shall shine, ....... He will crown me with glory at last ....... there I shall shine, will crown me at last.

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1. There will be rejoicing great, at the shining pearly gate,
2. We shall all forget the woes that we suffer here below,
3. Our Redeemer will be there, far the fairest of the fair,

When we meet our friends above!
When we meet our friends above!

How our eyes will shine in the light of joy divine, When we
They will take us by the hand, show us all that happy land, When we
All together we shall be, happy, for eternity, When we

D.S. Parting will be end of there, in that land of mansions fair,

Fine. Coda.

meet our friends above, When we meet our
When we meet our friends above. When we meet

friends above, All our hearts will swell with love!
friends above, All our hearts will swell with love!

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A CHILD AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

1. I'd like to wonder back again to days of long ago,
   To sit within the circle there and watch the fire-light glow.

2. I'd like to wonder back to childhood joys upon the farm,
   And feel that I was safe again from every passing harm.

3. I'd like to be a child again within the walls of home,
   And live in peace and happiness, nor wish to stray or roam.

4. I'd like to kneel beside my bed and to my Father pray,
   And trust to Him my wishes in the old-time childish way.

Up on familiar faces of the ones I used to know,
Secure against all folly and temptation's luring charm,
For this I climb o'er mountains mad or sail the ocean's foam,
For He is still my Father, and I hear Him gently say.

I'd like to listen to their footsteps passing to and fro,
And rest again within the shelter of my mother's arm.
I'll never find, in all this world, my mother or my home.
That He will ever guide and guard His child by night and day.

Conclude.

I'd like to be (a little child) again at mother's knee, I'd like to
A CHILD AT MOTHER'S KNEE. Concluded.

her words of sympathy, I'd like to feel her loving arms

Listen to her words of loving

her arms en-circle me, I'd like to be a child at mother's knee again

No. 69. NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

1. Now I feel the sacred fire, Kindling, flaming, glowing,
   Higher still and rising higher, All my soul overflowing,
   Now I am from bondage freed, Every bond is riven:

2. Jesus makes me free indeed, Just as free as heaven,
   Let the tempests roll, Roll through every nation,
   Witnessing from soul to soul, This immense salvation.

3. Glory be to God on high, Glory be to Jesus!
   He hath brought salvation sigh, From all sin He frees us!

   D. C. I was dead, but now I live, Glory! glory! glory!
   I was bound, but now I'm free, Glory! glory! glory!
   For I feel it answering me, Glory! glory! glory!
   Let the pilgrim shout a-glory! glory! glory!

   Life immortal I receive; O the wondrous story!
   Tis a glorious liberty; O the wondrous story!
   Now I know it's full and free; O the wondrous story!
   Let the golden harps of God Ring the wondrous story!
1. We are marching to that land, Happy land so fair, Where we'll see our 
2. March along to glory-land, Always living right, Trusting in the 
3. Jesus bids us follow on, All the blessed way, If we want to 

blessed Lord on high; In that land of peace and love, Free from pain and care, 
Lord to lead the way; In His tender, loving care. Walking in the light, 
live with Him up there; Won't it be a happy time, When we hear Him say, 

Coda.

With the Savior we shall dwell for aye. March along with a 

go-ing to a land of endless day, 
March into the city bright and fair. March along (march along) with a 

song, To that bright, beautiful shore; There we'll 
song, with a song; to that bright, 

sing to the King. Safe at home . . . for ever-more. 

Thus we'll sing to the King. Safe at home
I am on the road the pilgrim trod, Going to that land of day;
Ever pressing on at peace with God, I am on the King's highway.

Overs.
I am on the King's highway (highway),
I am on the King's highway (highway); Pressing on and on,

Chorus.
Let us press along with cheer and sing, I am on the King's highway (highway),
There with friends to live on that bright shore, I am on the King's highway (highway),

Till the light shall dawn, I am on the King's highway (highway).
1. O reapers in the harvest field, be faithful every day.
2. The field is ripe and ready; do not waste the precious time.
3. The crowning day is coming; that the life-crown you may wear.

When the shadows flee away, Reap on, reap on, reap on.
Daily spread the truth sublime. Reap on, reap on, reap on.
You may praise Him over there, Reap on, reap on, reap on.

Reap on, reap on, today reap on. The golden time of

toll will soon be gone; Reap on, reap on, today reap
No. 73. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where
2. What tho' the spicy breezes Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Thou
3. Shall we whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, And you, ye waters, roll, Till,

Af - rie's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
ev - er pros - pect pleas - es. And on - ly man is vile?
we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From ma - ny an an - cient riv - er, From ma - n y a palm - y
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro -
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture, The Lamb for win - ters

plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain,
strown; The heathen, in his blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.
claim, Till earth's re - mo - vat - ion Has learned Messiah's name.
claim, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss returns to reign.
HOLD MY HAND.

JAMES ROYD.

J. N. GEHRZ.

1. Lover of my deathless soul, Let Thy love my life con-
   tro; Be my light... along the way. Be my

2. Keep me, O... Thou friend divine, Let my heart... be tru-
   lly. Thine, That I may... not fall and fall When my

3. Give me grace... to trust and cling, Give me strength... of joy to
   sing. Wings of faith... on which to rise To the

4. Keep me till... I see Thy face, In the soul's... a-hold-
   ing place. Where with saints... I shall adore My Re-

I. Lover of my deathless soul, Let Thy love my
life control; Be my light... along the way.

Fine. Chorus.

all... in... all each day; (each lovely day) Hold my hand
en... e-mies as-sail; (when foes assail) Be my all
soul's... e-ver- nal prise; (life's golden prise) and lead me on.
dee-n... or more and more; (for evermore) till the night

D. S.—I shall be (my soul will be)

and lead me on. Till the night of life be gone;
and lead me on. Till the night of life be gone;

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HOLD MY HAND. Concluded.

Then, when morn... shall dawn for me,
Safe for-ev-er

Then, when morn shall dawn for me,
Safe for-ev-er

No. 75. HIS GLORY SHINES OVER MY SOUL.

J. H. HAGAN.

1. To Christ I am clinging and joy-ous-ly sing-ing Because I am
hap- py and whole: To heav-en He leads me, with man-na He
feeds me, While glo-ry shines o-ver my soul.

D. S.—I'm cling-ing, His glo-ry shines o-ver my soul.

2. In test-ers He found me and quickly un-bound me, And seal-ed all my
broad-en to roil, Now home-ward I'm going, with joy o-ver
flow-ing, While glo-ry shines o-ver my soul. His glo-ry shines
story, While glo-ry shines o-ver my soul.

D. S. Under His bless-ed control (united)

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1. No tongue can tell the depth of love of Him who left
left His home above, And came to earth.
His precious life.

2. Beside the sea, I'll watch and wait till then, I pray, and freely gave, That then I might.
will to the gate; and freely gave.
His precious life.

3. Thy trials come, I shall be true, through the evening gloam, and freely gave, Till I am safe.
thou shall, And help me. And come to earth.

Verses:

No. 76.
James B. Wyl.

J. M. Hinson.

O BOUNDLESS LOVE.

1. No tongue can tell the depth of love of Him who left
left His home above, And came to earth.
His precious life.

2. Beside the sea, I'll watch and wait till then, I pray, and freely gave, That then I might.
will to the gate; and freely gave.
His precious life.

3. Thy trials come, I shall be true, through the evening gloam, and freely gave, Till I am safe.
thou shall, And help me. And come to earth.

Verses:

Refrain:

my soul to save. C boundless love! O boundless love!

O boundless love!

O boundless love!

O boundless love!
O BOUNDLESS LOVE. Concluded.

Till, in that home of light and rest,
I sing Thy praise with all the bliss.
Till, in that home of light and rest,
I sing Thy praise with all the bliss.

No. 77. AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

Anne Shepherd Moulton. Henry E. Mathews.

1. A-round the throne of God, in heav'n. Thousands of children stand—
   Children whose sins are all for-giv'n. A hol-ly, hap-py band,
   Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came they thither there,
   Sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high."

2. What brought them to that world a-bove. That's so bright and fair,
   Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came they thither there,
   Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came they thither there,

3. Because the Saviour shed His blood To wash a-way their sin;
   Bathed in that pure and precious blood. Behold them white and clean,
   Bathed in that pure and precious blood. Behold them white and clean,

4. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His name;
   So now they see His bless-ed face. And stand be-fore the Lamb.
   So now they see His bless-ed face. And stand be-fore the Lamb.

Children whose sins are all for-giv'n. A hol-ly, hap-py band,
   Bathed in that pure and precious blood. Behold them white and clean,
   Sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high."

Children whose sins are all for-giv'n. A hol-ly, hap-py band,
   Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came they thither there,
   Sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God on high."
1. Lo! the golden harvest, waving o'er the plain: Hear the call for reapers o'er and o'er again! Rouse, O rouse, ye elders, haste, O
2. See, the grain is wasting, laborers are but few, Willing hands are need ed, there's so much to do! Bring into the kingdom sheaves of haste a-way, Out into the harvest, save some sheaves to-day, gold en grain, Lest we not to perish on the hill and plain. work of love, We shall find them garnered safe in heav'n above.
3. When the reaping's over in this world below, Great will be the Out in the harvest, reapers, a-way, Jesus is Out in the golden harvest, reapers, O haste a-way, Jesus is sou is calling, will you obey? In to the kingdom calling, calling, will you the call obey? Into the blessed kingdom

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THE GOLDEN HARVEST. Concluded.

No. 79. BY THE TOUCH OF HIS HAND.

Rev. N. H. Gannett, Sings with expression.

1. Burdened by sin and despairing, Treading life's treacherous sand;
2. Peace to my heart He has given, You should this blessing demand;
3. When I shall look on His glory, All of His love understand;

Now for my soul Christ is caring, Healed by the touch of His hand.
Life with the sweet pass of heaven, Healed by the touch of His hand.
Then I shall sing the sweet story, Healed by the touch of His hand.

Chorus.

Healed by the touch of His hand, Healed by the touch of His hand;
His hand;

Love is my story, Christ is my glory, Healed by the touch of His hand.
His hand.
1. Some day I'll lay my burdens down, And enter into rest;
2. Some day my Saviour's face I'll see, And be forever blest;
3. Some day a voice shall call me home, To be my Father's guest;
4. Some day I'll join the ransomed throng, Of every good possessed;

Some day I'll wear a starry crown, When Jesus deems it best.
Some day, I know not when 'twill be, But Jesus knows what best.
Some day my feet shall cease to roam, When Jesus deems it best.
Some day I'll sing the happy song, When Jesus deems it best.

Chorus:

I know not when that day shall come, I know not when that day shall come,

My Saviour knows when it is best, My Saviour knows when it is best,

But some day I shall reach my home, But some day I shall reach my home,

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No. 81.  

AT THE CROSS.  

ISAAC WATTS.  

1. A - bas and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sov - reign die? Would He de - 
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned upon the tree? A - man - ing 
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo - ries in, When Christ the 
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I 

Chorus:  

vote that un - cred head For such a worm as If phr - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - grade. At the cross, at the cross mighty Mak - er died For man the creature's sin. give my - self a - way. "Tis all that I can do! 

where I first saw the light, And the bur - den of my heart rolled a - way: rolled away; 

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day!
1. Sing, Christians, sing of the Ruler above you, Sing of our glorious King: All the way home He will guide you and love you; suffered for you and for me. God's love! wonderful, glorious, God's love!
2. Freely His Son to redeem us was given, Freely He died on the tree; Leaving His glory and Father in heaven, Praise the Redeemer of men.
3. Sing of His mercy, His life and His glory, Praise Him again, Carry to sinners the life-giving story.

Chorus:
Lift up your voices and sing, ever victorious! Always to Him I will cling. God's love! wondrous, beautiful! God's love! marvelous, infinite! Ever of Him I will sing.
TO THE FIELDS, AWAY.

Fred L. Beard

1. Go ye forth in bright array, to the harvest call, To the fields,
   Gather gold-en sheaves to-day, be a help to all, To the fields,

2. Do not I die time a-way, hear the harvest call, To the fields,
   Labor faithful while you may, you will have reward, To the fields,

3. If we're faith-fail lab'rous here, hear only joys we'll share, In the sweetest (in the sweetest)
   Shoot and sing to-gath-er there, free from worldly care, Happy home, happy home,

 haste a-way, haste a-way, haste a-way, haste a-way,
 haste a-way, haste a-way, haste a-way, haste a-way,
 by and by (by and by), I'll be there (I'll be there).

Chorus

Go ye forth in bright array, Gather in the gold-en grain; To the fields,

haste a-way, haste a-way,
Hood His call, O heed to-day, Gather to the fields, haste a-way,

in the gold-en grain, Gather grain,
Gather grain, gold-en grain,
1. With my Lord a-bove me, E-vil can-not move me,

2. I can nev-er doubt Him, Nor can live with-out Him,

3. I would nev-er leave Him, Nev-er would I grieve Him, I am in His care; Naught on earth can charm me, Nor can His will ev-er hide me, And His care, I'm in my Saviour's tender care; I would fin-ger near Him, For I

Sa-tan harm me, I............. am in His care.
hand will guide me,
do rever-e Him, I am in His care, I'm in my Saviour's tender care.

Refrain.

am in His care, I am in His care, I am in His care; With His hand above me, E-vil care, I'm in my Saviour's tender care;

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I AM IN HIS CARE. Concluded.

I am in His care, I'm in my Saviour's loving care.

I AM NOT ASHAMED.

F. L. ELKIND.  
Duet. Alto and Tenor.

J. M. HAGAN.

No. 86

1. I am not ashamed to own Him, Who for me so much hath done;
2. All my sins He took upon Him, Paid my debt and made me free;
3. I will ever here adore Him, For the peace He doth impart;
4. I am glad that I can own Him As my Saviour, Priest and King;

More than others all He suffered, And my love He thus has won.  
From the bond of condemnation Gave me perfect liberty.  
The word may soon may leave me, He shall still possess my heart.  
And my deepest soul's devotion In before Him I will bring.

REFRAIN.

I'm not ashamed of Him, my Lord, My dearest Friend I've known,

I am so glad to claim Him now As Priest and King my own.

Copyright by James & Virginia.
1. If you're going up to heaven, you had better now be ready.
2. O that home is pure and holy, nothing sinful e'er shall enter,
3. I can hear the pilgrims cheering as the harbor they are nearing,

For the day will soon be over when your pilgrimage will cease;
And the path that leads to glory enters thru the gates of pearl;
From the dear old ship of Zion as she nears the golden shore;

Soon the saved will meet together in that home beyond the river,
Many friends have gone before us, who are joining in the chorus,
Hark! I hear a voice of welcome, come, ye blessed of my Father,

Where the tree of life is blooming in that land of endless peace,
Glory, glory be to Jesus, He has overcome the world,
Enter into life eternal which is yours forevermore.

Crown.

For the day will soon be ending and the Judge will be descending,

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GET READY FOR HEAVEN. Concluded.

Will you be among the weeping and the wailing of the lost?

Or will you fly to heaven on the wings that He hath given,

And up there to live forever in that land of endless peace?

No. 37. OLD-TIME RELIGION.

Anon.

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our OWN—Tis the old-time religion, Tis the old-time religion, Tis the old-time religion.

2. Makes us love everybody.

3. It has saved our fathers.

4. It was good for the Prophet Daniel.

5. It was good for the Hebrew children.

6. It was tried in the fiery furnace.

7. It was good for Paul and Silas.

8. It will do when I am dying.

9. It will take us all to heaven.
GLORIOUS REST.

JAMES HOWE.  
Duet: Soprano and Tenor.

1. There is rest for all who follow in the footsteps of the Lord, Blessed One; Soon the golden, happy morning o'er the hills of earth will break, Soon the
2. By the peaceful crystal river we shall rest for ever-more. With the rest for all who labor for the spirit's true reward; In the presence of our souls of all the faithful will to endless joy awake, And the King is all His friends who left us lonely and the Saviour we adore; Let us then be true and

Saviour, with the saints we shall abide, When our trials here are ended and we beauty and His glory we shall see; In His glory-light forever, singing sinless, let us labor with our might, Till we meet our loving Leader at the

Chorus.

reach the glory-side, praise we shall be. There will be rest, true rest, glorious rest at last, shining gates of light.

After our cares and tears, after the night has passed, Close to the Friend we love.
GLORIOUS REST. Concluded.

on the e-ter-nal shore, We shall have sweetest rest for ev-er-more (ev-er-more).

No. 89.

THE DYING BOY.

JAMES D. VAUGHAN.

1. I'm dy-ing, mother, dy-ing now; Please raise my aching head,
   And fan my heat-ed, burning brow; Your boy will soon be dead.
2. Now light the lamps, my mother, dear, The sun has passed a-way;
   I soon must go, but do not fear, I'll live in endless day.
3. A band of an-gels beck-on me, I can no long-er stay;
   Barks! now they sing, "We welcome thee, O dear one, haste a-way."
   Say, mother, will not such be mine, When I am with the dead?
4. Their white washed rising in brightness rise. A crown is on each head;
   Turn o'er my pil-low once again; And kiss my fevered cheek,
   I'm sink-ing fast, my mother, dear, Here I can't longer dwell.
   The hour has come, the end is near, My soul is mounting high;
   I'm going fast, I can not wait; But with me all is well;

I'll soon be free from all this pain, For now I am so weak!
Yes! I'll be with you, do not fear. Too! I must say "Fare-well!"
What glorious strains salute my ear, From lay's bright angel choir!
I'm passing thro' the pearl-y gate, Fare-well to all, fare-well!
1. On the res- ur- rec-tion morn-ing we shall rise, Chal in glo- ry all is
2. In the cold and si- lent grave we can not stay, When the trump of God
3. Yes, the Lord will come a- gain and take us home, From the soul's in-

mortal mount the skies (mount the skies): With the blessed Je-sus we shall ex-
rise and haste a-way (haste a-way); Blessed tho', we'll meet the Sav-ior in the
clines we'll nev-er roam (nev-er roam); O' how sweet 'twill be to rest with Him a-

be, In the home that He's prepared for you and me. We shall rise, we shall
air, And go with Him to that mas-sion o-ver there,
home, In the par-a-dise of ev- er-last-ing love. We shall rise.

rise, Hal - le - lu-jah, soon we'll reach the golden shore; We shall
we shall rise.

rise, we shall rise, There we'll dwell in brightest glory ev- er-more.
we shall rise, we shall rise,
No. 91.

BEAUTIFUL LAND.

E. L. FRAICOURT.

1. There's a land of beauty, Ly-ing o-ver the way, first its morn-ing, low
2. There the flow-ers so gentle, Send-ing forth fra-grance sweet, As the sun shin'es
3. To this land of beau-ty, Will you go some glad day, Here and dwell with

Refrain.

love-ly, Dear the sol-dan day by day,
brightly, In that land let us meet, There the morn-ing sun is sing-ing,
Je-sus, And with best ones for aye?

And the sons of God are shout-ing, O glo-ry,
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

O glo-ry,
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah!

For the Lord our Saviour's reign-ing

O-ver in... ...that beau-ti-ful land
O-ver in

that beau-ti-ful land.

Traced by James E. Vaughan.
No. 92.

GLORY FOREVER.

JAMES R. BRICE.

1. When all the trials of earth life are past, When the gay
2. If I may rest 'neath the wings of the dove, If I sap
3. If from my mansion of glory on high, I may is.

1. burden aside has been cast; If I behold Him in
2. sing of His infinite love; With the glad martyr and
3. hold Him on whom I rely; While the bright morning

1. heaven at last, I shall have glory forever.
2. angels above, eternal goes by, I shall have glory forever and ever.

REFRAIN,

1. Oh, I shall have glory.
2. Oh, I shall have glory, have glory forever.

1. I shall have glory.
2. If I may but see Him when
3. I shall have glory, have glory forever.
No. 93. BEYOND THE SHADOW-LAND.

JAMES RUSSE. Horace M. Parkell.

1. Beyond the shadow-land there lies A par-fect home called Par-a-dise;
2. Beyond the shadow-land a - wait Our friends and loved ones at the gate;
3. Beyond the shadow-land ere long, The saved shall sing the glad new song;

There all the an-gels sing the praise Of Him whose mer-cy crowns our days. They watch and wait for us to come, That they may bid us welcome home. And there a - bide for ev - er - more With Him whose love we all ad - ore.

Chorus.

Some gold-en day, by sav - ing grace, We shall be-hold our Sav-iour's face. And we shall clasp His lov-ing hand, And sing, beyond the shadow-land.

(Choruses)

(Choruses)
WILL THE GATES OPEN FOR ME?

HARRIET E. JONES.

1. O beau-ti-ful Zi-on, the home of the blest, Just o-ver the
myst-ic-al sea, Where sin nev-er en- ters to mar or mo-lest, O
home of the free! When tur-moil is o-ver, when toiling shall pass, O
life on the tree! When a-sul once shall en-ter the home of re-ward, O
close-ly to Thee, That there in Thy beau-ty I glad-ly may view Be-

2. O I am a- wea-ry and long for the peace That waits in the
will the gates o-pen for me?
will the gates o-pen for me?
will the gates o-pen for me?
yond, the gates o-pen for me.

3. O I am made wor-thy thro' Je-sus the Lord, Who gave His own
may be o-pen for me,
may be o-pen for me,
may be o-pen for me.

4. A-dor-a-ble Sav-iour, a-noint me a-new, And bind me so
me,..... Re-o-pen for e-ven me,..... The gates of fa-ir e-ven me,

Zi-oh, the lens of the King, O will they be o-pen for me?..... for me?
1. When my soul is singing In that promised land above,
   I'll be satisfied; Praising Christ the Saviour For evermore,
   Deeming grace and love, I'll be satisfied.
   More to say good-by, I'll be satisfied. I'll be satisfied.

2. Living in a city Where the soul shall never die,
   I'll be satisfied; There to meet with lost ones, Nevermore.
   Praises evermore. I'll be satisfied.

3. When I meet the ransomed Over on the golden shore,
   I'll be satisfied; There I'll join the angels Singing crowns.

4. Resting in the presence of the Lord, I'll be satisfied.

   When my soul is satisfied;
   Resting in the presence of the Lord, I'll be satisfied.
SOUL-REDEEMING BLOOD.

S. W. BRADLEY.

Not too fast.

1. O the soul-redeem-ing blood, Feast of life, the sav-ing blood, O the

2. It will o-pen wide the door, It will save for ev-er-more, O the

3. It will take the sin-ner in, It will free the life of sin, O the

soul-redeem-ing blood of the cross; It will cleanse the sinner's soul,
soul-redeem-ing blood of the cross; It will give abundant grace,
soul-redeem-ing blood of the cross; It will make the heart to sing,

precious blood;

It will make the wounded whole, O the soul-redeem-ing blood of the cross.
It will show His shin-ing face, O the soul-redeem-ing blood of the cross.
It will make glad voic-es ring, O the soul-redeem-ing blood of the cross.

Crescendo.

O the blood, O the blood, O the soul-re-
the precious blood, the precious blood, the soul-re-

deem-ing blood of the cross; It will cleanse the sinner's soul, It will
precious blood;

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SOUL-REDEEMING BLOOD. Concluded.

make the wound-ed whole, O the soul-re-deem-ing blood of the cross.

No. 97. NOBODY LOVES MY SOUL. R. N. GRAY.

1. My moth-er taught me when a child, To come to Christ's dear fold;
2. From Christ I've wandered far a-stray, My sins are man-i-fold;
3. O could I hear it once again, That sto-ry sweet-ly told,
4. I'll turn from sin's de-struc-tive snare, And seek the Christ of old.

I he-ed-ed not, and now I sigh, No-bod-y loves my soul.
My heart is sad, I feel to say, No-bod-y loves my soul.
I feel 'twould lead me to ex-claim, Some-bod-y loves my soul.
No earthly friends with Him com-pare, I know He loves my soul.

Refrain.

No-bod-y loves my soul, No-bod-y loves my soul.

No-bod-y loves my soul, No-bod-y loves my soul.
4 s. Yes, Je-sus loves my soul, Yes, Je-sus loves my soul.

My steps are fee-ble and I'm old, No-bod-y loves my soul.
All glo-ry to His match-less name, I know He loves my soul.

C. D. choral, women. Used by per.
1. Beyond the sea, the rolling sea,
   Beyond the sea, I long to be.
2. A-cross the sea, my Saviour be,
   Some happy day, how sweet 'twill be.

There is a home prepared for me,
Where I can sit at Jesus' feet,
In mansions bright not made with hands,
When Jesus calls, for you and me.

D. B. — And spend with spend a-ter-ni-ty With all the saved
for His grace so free, That bro't me safe
bid. you all fare-well, And sail for Cal
all. His glo ries see, And spend with Him

Him a-ter-ni-ty In that fair clime

Fine. REPEAL.

a-cross the sea, Beyond the sea,
A-cross the sea
naan's happy land
a-ter-ni-ty Beyond the sea, the deep blue

a-cross the sea

Property of J. W. Vaughan. 1894. Used by per.
BEYOND THE SEA. Concluded.

the deep blue sea, Where Jesus dwells I long to be. Where Jesus dwells I long to be.

No. 99. JESUS NEVER WILL CHANGE.

James D. Vernon.

1. The world is changing ev’ry day, And time is swiftly passing by,
2. Your friends may fail you here below, Their love to you grow cold and strange,
3. Though storms may break and joy depart, Still lean on Jesus, He’s your Friend.

But Jesus’ love will never change, ‘Twill last throughout eternity.
Remember Jesus still is true, And He will never, never change.
He will sweet peace to you impart, And be unchanging to the end.

Chorus.

He never changes, for His love Is deep and boundless as the sea;

It’s coming from the throne above, And flowing now for you and me.

James D. Vernon, owner.
THE ROCK AMID THE WAVES.

Tenderly inscribed to Mrs. Harriet E. Jones, the author of these sublime words.—J. B. V.

Harriet E. Jones.

Jamie B. Vaughan.

REFRAIN.

There is a Rock amid the waves, amid the waves,

Mighty Rock amid the waves, O, hail, Jehu-jah, how He saves,

This blessed Rock amid the waves, so sweetly saves,

Copyright, 1891, by Jamie B. Vaughan.
I WANT TO GO THERE.

J. W. VAUGHAN.

1. I read in the Bible of mansions above, I want to go there, don’t you?—There death cannot enter, but all is pure love.
2. They tell me those beauties are grand to behold, I want to go there, don’t you?—The streets of that city are jasper and gold.
3. They tell me the saints of all ages are there, I want to go there, don’t you?—And live with the Saviour and angels so fair.
4. Dear mother has gone to those mansions so fair, I want to go there, don’t you?—Yes, brother and sister and father is there, don’t you?

I want to go there, don’t you?—I want to go there, don’t you?

want to go, too. And dwell with faithful and true; I want to go there, don’t you?

troubles and trials I’m there. Then I mean to go there, don’t you?—don’t you?

J. W. Vaughan, writer. Used by per.
No. 102  I'M ON MY WAY TO GLORY.

G. W. S.

1. In the Bi - ble there's a sto - ry, I've heard it o'er and o'er,
2. Far a-way in you - der coun-try, In Ca-naan's sun - ny clime,
3. In the same old gon - pel sto - ry, Of Ca-naan's hap - py land,

Of a land far up in glo - ry, On Ca-naan's hap - py shore;
There's a bright e - ter - nal cit - y, It's splen - dor is sub - lince;
And a cit - y bright e - ter - nal, Up - on a gold - en strand;

'Tis a land that's bright e - ter - nal, For the saved of ev - ry race,
'Tis the home of my Re-deem-er, And all the ransomed throng,
I am told of man - y man - sions, That stand e - ter - nal - ly,

'Tis a land of milk and honey, A hap - py dwell-ing place,
I am on my way to heav-en, And my jour - ney won't be long,
Thro' the love of my Re-deem-er, There is one pre - pared for me.

Crosses.

I am on the high - way,
Speeding a-long the highway,
Leaving the rug-ged by-way.

Copyright, 1913, by Homer H. Fawcett.
And the glory line,
Under the hand divine,
I'll stay on the glory line;

Spreading a-way to glory,
Telling the blessed story, I'm bound for the land divine,
Glory shall be mine.
Not long till it shall be mine.

bound for the land where glory shall be mine.

1. Oh! could our thro’ts and wishes fly Above these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky Whose sorrows never invade.
2. There joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason’s feeble ray, In ever-blooming prospect rise, Un-conscious of decay.
3. Lord, send a beam of light divine To guide our upward aim; With one reviving touch of thine Our languid hearts inflame.
4. Then shall on faith’s sub-lime’s est wing Our ardent wishes rise. To those bright stars where pleasures spring, Eternity’s in the skies.
1. O I wish to tell what Je - sus has been do - ing for my soul,
2. He is lead - ing me in pastures where the liv - ing waters flow,
3. By His grace, this Friend will keep me till the war - fare here is o'er-

Since He led me from the vale of sin; He has filled my heart with
And He gives me songs to sing at night; Gives me strength to stand in
Till the dangers of the way are passed; Then, with loving words of

glad - ness and has made my bur - den roll, And is help - ing me the
bat - tle and to o - ver - come the foe; He's my shield, my glo - ry
welcome, on the fair ce - les - tial shore, He will greet my trust - ing

Crown - ed to win. He's my light and my joy,
and de - light.
soul at last.

my sunshine and my peace.

Grow - ing dear - er ev - ry day to me; He's my smile and my song,
MY LIGHT AND JOY. Concluded.

He is life and ev'rything to me.

and His praise shall never cease,

No. 105. BEYOND THE MYSTIC RIVER.


1. There is a home of wondrous beauty, Love-ly and bright;
2. This home is one of bliss im-mor-tal; Hap-py we'll be,
3. There in that land of song and beauty, All heav-en rings
4. Je - sus is dai - ly calling loved ones Home, one by one;

Boils by our blessed, Lov-ing Savio'r, Hid from our mortal sight,
When walk-ing thru' the streets of glory, From ev'ry care set free,
With praises to our blest Redeem-er, Savio'r, and King of kings.
We, too, shall cross the mystic riv-er, When all our work is done.

Census.

"O my heart is fond-ly yearning, Yonder courts to roam",

Glad-ly each moment draws me nearer To my e-ter-nal home.
HIS WAY IS BEST.

Rev. John W. Carroll.

1. I know not whether joy or tears
   Shall wait me in the coming years,
   In God's own hand are all my ways,
   He knows the measure of my days.

2. Much suffering oft He deigns best,
   To draw me closer to His breast;
   But when the sleepless nights are long,
   He fills my soul with joyful song.

3. God's word stands fast, and it is true
   That if His blessed will I do,
   There is a heav'n for me a place,
   And I shall one day see His face.

Copyright, 1911, by James D. Vaughan.
HIS WAY IS BEST. Concluded.

That ends in heaven, yes, some sweet day.
That ends in heaven, yes, some sweet day.

No. 107. I LOVE HIM.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charms; Gone are my sins and all that would alarm; Gone ev’ry more, and by His grace I know The precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, now my guilt is washed away. In Jesus’ blood, I love Him, I love Him, tell the world the peace that He alone can give.

2. Once I was lost upon the plains of sin; Once I was a slave to doubts and fears within; Once was afraid to trust a loving God, But precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, now my guilt is washed away. In Jesus’ blood, I love Him, I love Him, tell the world the peace that He alone can give.

3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To precious blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow, now my guilt is washed away. In Jesus’ blood, I love Him, I love Him, tell the world the peace that He alone can give.

CHORUS.

Because He first loved me, And purchased my salvation On Mount Calvary’s tree.
1. I have left my burden with the Son of God, And the path I
follow all the saints have trod; I will follow Jesus to the
helper—been a friend indeed; Thou the foe assail me, tho' the
out-ter thro' the gates of gold; Trusting, I will follow this great

world a-bove, He will not forget me if I trust His love.
tem-pest sweeps, He will not forget me, for His word He keeps.
Friend divine, He will not forget me, if His love is mine.

COUNT. He will not forget me, He will nev-er leave me.
will not He will never

Till I sing His praises near His throne above; He will never slight me,

A. H. Kershaw, writer, Lowmont, Texas.
HE WILL NOT FORGET ME. Concluded.

He will never grieve me, Praise His name forever, I will trust His love.

No. 109. LIFT UP THE SAVIOUR.

Let. JOSEPH GUTHRIE, Jr. C. H. W. VAUGHAN.

1. If you profess the Master's name, Lift up the Saviour;
2. When called upon for Him to speak, Lift up the Saviour;
3. Stand up for Him both night and day, Lift up the Saviour;
4. In ev'ry-thing, while life shall last, Lift up the Saviour;

Would you defend His cause from shame? Lift up the Saviour.
He'll strengthen you if you are weak, Lift up the Saviour.
Point sinners to the narrow way, Lift up the Saviour.
Would you reach heav'n when life is past, Lift up the Saviour.

Crosses.

Lift up, lift up the Saviour, Lift up, lift up the Saviour;
Would you have all men drawn to Him? Lift up, lift up the Saviour.
1. We are going home to rest (home to rest), By and by......when the
   sun goes down, We shall reach those mansions blest (mansions blest), By and by 
   when the
   Peace and rest thru’ endless years (endless years),
   We will never say "good-by" (say "good-by"),
   For our fav’rour we will meet (we will meet),
   Sing the everlasting song (lasting song), By and by when the
   sun goes down.
2. God will wipe away all tears (all tears),
   We will never know a sigh (know a sigh),
   Bless-ed hour of all most sweet (most sweet),
   We shall join the blood-washed throng (blood-washed throng), By and by when the
   sun goes down.
3. We are going home, (going home), By and by......when the
   sun goes down.
4. We’re going home, (going home), Home to wear a
   robe and crown, (robe and crown), When the sun
   goes down.
5. We’re going home, (going home), we’re going home, (we’re going home),
   When the sun goes down.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.
I am clinging to His hand,
I am clinging to His hand,
I am clinging to His hand,
I am clinging to His hand.

I am clinging, I am clinging,
I am clinging, I am clinging,
I am clinging, I am clinging,
I am clinging, I am clinging.

And my song is this, forever,
I am clinging to His hand!

Copyright, 1874, by F. L. Eklund.  Set to music by James B. Vaughan.
1. I have read how the Lord was a Babe in Beth-le-hem, How they
found no room for Him in the inn; I have read how He walked on the sea of Gal-i-lee, How He
raised the widow's son down in Nain; I have read how the poor did rejoiced the sad dis-ci-ples a-gain; I have read how He said, I am
among the sons of men. And I'm told that He's coming back a-gain,
join me this Christ to see, And I'm told that He's coming back a-gain,
going to leave you now, But I'm told that He's coming back a-gain.

REFRAIN.

He is com-ing back a-gain, He is
He is com-ing back a-gain,

He is com-ing back again, He is coming, not to die, but to
CHRIST IS COMING AGAIN. Concluded.

take us home on high. Yes, our blessed Lord is coming back again.

He is coming back again.

No. 113. I WONDER WHAT MY NAME WILL BE?
JAMES BOYD. W. W. MCGARREY.

1. If my soul be true un-til I see My Sav-iour on Es-ther's throne;
2. If I overcome thro' love divine, His gospel glad pro-claim (pro-claim);
3. I will fol-low Je-sus to the end, And His com-mand-ments I hold (all hol); I will fol-low Je-sus to the end, And His com-mand-ments I hold (all hol);
4. But I wonder what my name will be, En-graved with per-fect love (as love);

O I wonder what my name will be En-graved up-on the stone?
What up-lift-ing rap-ture will be mine, When I be-hold my name?

On my help my Sav-iour may de-pend, For I that name well re-al.
It will make me fight for vic-to-ry Un-til I'm called a - bove.

Verses.

O what will be my name a - bove,
I wonder what my name will be, When I be-hold my King a - bove,

If I am true and trust His love?
If true to Him thro' all I be, And sweetly praise His precious love?

Property of A. M. Fox and W. W. Mclnarry. Used by per.
Hold out a hand, hold out a hand,
Hold out a hand, hold out a hand,

1. O some one is sinking beneath sin's dark wave, Hold out a hand;
   And some one that you may be able to save,
   Help ing hand; Go, help the weak brother to fight against sin.

2. O what if a brother or sister be lost?
   Too late then to sorrow or count the great cost.
   Torn souls from sin's darkness to God and the right.

3. O battle for Jesus with all of your might,

4. O follower of Christ, if a crown you would win, Hold out a hand, a hand;
   So many unhelping hand, Help ing hand, Help ing hand.

Chorus:

Hold out, hold out, a helping hand, Hold out a hand,
Hand, hand, hand, hand, Help ing hand, Help ing hand, Help ing hand,
SAFE IN HIS ARMS TO-DAY.


1. Away from the fold, out into the cold, As a lost sheep I wandered away; Like a shepherd so brave, Jesus came and did save, strength waned away; Jesus walked on the sea, bringing sweet peace to me, broad, downward way; While the Saviour is near, and His pleading you hear,

Refrain.

And I'm safe in His arms to-day, In His bosom I rest to-day, I am safe in His arms to-day, come and rest in His arms to-day.

And I'm safe in His arms to-day, Jesus washed all my sins away; By His death on the tree, full salvation is free, And I'm safe in His arms to-day.
No. 116. THE LOVE THAT NEVER FAILS.

JAMES BOWY.  

Chorus.

1. My heart is glad, my path is bright,
   For Christ is joy and perfect light; 
   My song it is, and such shall be,
   His love has kept me in the strife,
   He saves by love, that never fails,
   Both here and there, it never fails.
   In time of need, it is to me.

2. O love divine, most precious gift,
   With pow'rs to cheer, and soothe, and lift! 
   And, O, how hard 'twould be to die.
   If we on love, could not rely,
   If we on love, could not rely.
   It never

3. How sad would be our lives below,
   That helps us so.
   His love has kept me in the strife,
   If we on love, could not rely.
   And crowned with joy, my earthly life.

4. Some day, when crowned, shall be my brow.
   I hope to tell my Saviour how.
   The foe as calls,
   He saves by love, that never fails.
   In time of need, it is to me.

Chorus.
THE LOVE THAT NEVER FAILS. Concluded.

a friend in-deed;...will keep me true...till tri-al

past...I must Him face...to face at last (in hope at last.)

No. 117.

THE NEW HAPPY LAND.

H. B. HEMSLEY.

1. There's a land all free from sad-ness, Out be-yond this world of care;

2. Lov-ing friends have gone before me, And have bid dearest me to come;

3. Age is touch-ing me with sad-ness, Soon I shall be called to go;

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

 Fix

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

Coda.

In that land be-yond the riv-er, Where my soul shall nev-er die;
WE WILL SHOUT Hallelujah!

1. What up-lifting gladness swells us, When our loving Savior tells us
2. Oh, what comfort we may bor-row From this picture of the morrow,
3. We are always in His keep-ing, So con-tin-ue with the res-ping,

Of the joy that will be known, At the end of life’s long sto-ry,
Painted by our Friend a-bove! How our trust-ing spirits praise Him!
Feeling sure that He is high, And will call us when the morn-ing

On the gold-en plains of glo-ry, When we sing be-force the throne,
How we hal-low and up-praise Him, For His words of cheer and love,
Is the hills of home ad-orn-ing, To the joy that waits on high.

We will shout........... hale-le-ju-jah,
We will shout, we will shout, hale-le-ju-jah, hale-le-ju-jah, and

sing.............. glo-ry, glo-ry,
sing, joy-ful-ly sing, praise the Lord, glo-ry, glo-ry. Sing in-creas-ing

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praise forever, For our souls will weary never, When we sing before the throne.

No. 119. GOD SHALL WIPE ALL TEARS AWAY.

J. D. V. James H. Vaughan.

1. Here we have a time of sorrow, Pain and anguish day by day;
2. Weeping eyes shall weep no longer, Peace and joy shall last for aye;
3. At the bedside of the dying, To the weeping gently say,

But there'll come a time of gladness, "God shall wipe all tears away."
In that E-den land up yonder, "God shall wipe all tears away."
That in heav'n there is no sorrow, "God shall wipe all tears away."

Chorus.

Praise the Lord, how sweet the promise, As we pass along life's way,

That in heav'n there'll be no sorrow, "God shall wipe all tears away."

James H. Vaughan, 1879.
No. 129. MY FRIEND DIVINE.

By N. W. Allphin.

1. Of ten here my soul grows weak, Of ten fears my way attend,
   Yet, there's One whose love ne'er fails me, It is Christ, the sinner's friend.
   There's One who knows my spirit's woes,

2. In my dark, drear hours of trial, When no earthly friend seems near,
   It is then this precious Saviour Speaks and calms my every fear.
   There's One who knows my spirit's woes,

3. Tho' I stray to paths for-bidden, Wand'ring oft in sin's dark way,
   Yet His mercy is around me, And protects me day by day.
   And feels the weight of all my grief,

Chorus.

And feels the weight of all my grief;

My every care to Him in prayer,

My every care to Him in prayer;
MY FRIEND DIVINE. Concluded.

I take and find............. a sweet relief...................
I take and find

No. 121. O FOR A TRUMPET VOICE.
CHAR. WESLEY, A.M.
J. B. HARRERRY.

1. O for a trumpet voice On all the world to call,
2. O un-ex-am-pled love! O all re-deem-ing grace!
3. Lo! now the sin-ner hears, And is from sin set free;

To bid their hearts re-joice, In Him who died for all!
He came from heav'n a-bove To save a fall-en race!
Tis mu-sic to His ears, Tis life and vic-to-ry.

Chorus.

For all my Lord was cru-ci-fied! For all my blessed Saviour died!

What shall I do to make it known, What love, my Lord, for all has done?

Copyright, 1863, by James B. Haydn.
Tis enough for me,
1. To the hand of Jesus clinging, And salvation's story singing.
2. Here, the grace that I am needing, He, my hungry soul is feeding.
3. Ho! my soul, He is supplying, As all others are denying.
4. I would not this peace surrender, No, for all the world can tender,

It is enough for me,

peace beyond all measure, To possess such glory treasure,

And I

It is To the

enough for me,

enough for me, enough for me, enough for me,

enough for me,

enough for me,

enough for me,

enough for me,

REFRAIN.

enough for me,
With a love that is compelling, I would go the story
telling. 'Tis... e-nough for me! e-nough for me!

No. 123 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNA L. WALKER.

1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the sun is still in its nest of rays.

2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sun-thy noon; Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes sure and soon.

3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While the bright dew is sparkling, Work, mid-quieting flow'rs; Work, when the day grows brighter.

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done, something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more, Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is darkening, When man's work is o'er.
No. 124. WILL I BE MISSED?

E. L. FAMILIAR

1. O will you miss me, dearest friend,
2. O will you miss me when I'm gone,
3. When I am gone to that bright shore,
4. Yes, to the Christ I'll ev er sing.

When with your voice mine cannot blend?
Where smiles of light for ev er dawn?
Where pain and death shall come no more,
Take up my cross and fol low Him.

O will you think of me a gain,
The Saviour calls me to that home,
I'll be with Him for o'er to dwell,
And when I leave this world be low.

When heav'nly choirs I shall at tend?
To be with Him a round the throne
And share the joys no tongue can tell,
I'll sing His praise for ev er more.

Refrain.

Will I be missed when I am gone?
Will I be missed when I am gone? To that sweet
WILL I BE MISSED? Concluded.

To that sweet home where loved ones are? Will I be missed when I am gone?

when I am gone? To sing His praise around the throne?

No. 125. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has evil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Fissels, and time, and earthly store;
4. In Thy precious I trust, Now I feel the blood applied;
5. Jesus comes! He fills my soul! Perfect ed: In Him I am;

Jesus sweetly speaks to me: "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and body Thine to be. Wholy Thine for evermore.
I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am cru cified.
I am ev'ry whit made whole: Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Hush, my soul Thy cross I lose. Save me, Je-sus, save me now.
1. A glorious time is coming when we all get home, When we’re crowned in
e.
2. We’ll hear the shouts of joy that make all heaven ring, We shall hear the
fs.
3. We’ll see the shining angels on that blissful shore, We shall meet our
es.
4. We’ll faithful be to serve Him till our race is run, Till though pass the
es.

safe-ty o’er the bil-lows’ foam, When with the saints and angels there shall
es.
songs of praise the ransomed sing, We’ll see the mighty hosts that bow be-
d
loved ones who have gone before, We’ll dwell in joy supernatural there for-

heaven’s dome, We shall see the beaut-y of the King some day,

fore the King, We shall see the glo-ry of the King some day, ev-

er-more, Best of all, we know we’ll see the King some day.
one well done,” Hal - le - lu - jah! we shall see the King some day.

Chorus.

We shall see the King some day,

We shall see the King some

day,

We shall see the King of glo-
y.

When we meet to praise Him
WE SHALL SEE THE KING. Concluded.

"round the great white throne, Hal-le-lu-jah! we shall see the King some day.

No. 127. MY PRIEST AND MY KING.

B. F. EDMISTON. P. M. Fagan.

1. A beau-ti-ful mansion of love, The Sav-iour has promised to me.
2. He found me when wan-dering a-far, And taught me safe into His fold;
3. From dan-ger He kept me sad day, For He is my Priest and my King;

Soon I shall cross o'er to heav'n's bright shore, With love's cup forever to be.
He leads me a-long and fills me with song, No gust from me will He withhold.
With angels of light, where cometh no night, His praises for ev-er I'll sing.

REFRAIN.

The Lord is my Priest and my King, His praise-er for-ev-er I'll sing;

No ill can be-side with Him by my side, The Lord is my Priest and my King.
1. Though you are bearing a burden that bends you, still keep sweet,
2. Over your soul though a tempest be sweeping, still keep sweet,
3. Soon you will come to the end of the story, still keep sweet,

still keep sweet; Praising the help which the Blessed One lends you,
still keep sweet; Safe you will be in the Father's dear keeping,
still keep sweet; Then you shall reign with your Saviour in glory;

Chorus.

Burdened one, still keep sweet.
Storm-beaten soul, keep sweet.
Fellow, and still keep sweet.

Jesus will help you all trials to meet; Lovingly

clinging and trustingly singing, Faithfully still keep sweet.
No. 129.

LET PRAISE ABOUND.

C. D. WILLIAMS

JANIE LOWN.

1. In every kingdom of the earth today, in every heart, let praise abound; Let music send the sadness all day, this happy time; True praise outpour from hearts in gladness, sinners to His throne, till over all the standard be waved.

2. Let ransomed souls rejoice before the Lord. On this great way, make hills and vales with praise resound.

3. Make known your choice to all the sinful world, and lead the cord. Repeat His name in strains sublime. Let praise abound in furled And Christ the Saviour reigns ions.

4. Every heart, let anthem rise to God above; Sing, nations, every heart, let anthem rise to God above.

Sing, exalt the King. Oh, sweetly praise God's gift of love.
Is There Glory There for You?

1. Are you pressing on with Jesus to that fairer world a-bore, Always doing all for Him that you can do? Are you marching on the promised land to trust His mercy and be true? Do you think that you will see Him face to face when the shadows pass from view? Thro' the ages in their presence,

2. Are you pointing wayward children to the throne of grace on high, Helping to His ever-fasting love? Is there glory there for you? Is His beauty, by and by? Shall you wear the life-crown fair? Endless glory

Conclude.

Are you always loving? Are you true? When He welcomes home the you, brave and true?

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IS THERE GLORY THERE FOR YOU? Concluded.

faith-ful shall you hear His welcome, too? Is there glory (endless glory) there for you?

No. 131. GOOD-BY. 
J. D. V. JAMES B. VAUGHAN.

1. Saviour, bless us as we part, Fill our souls with love divine.
2. If on earth we meet no more, Let us meet at God's right hand, Where we shall each other greet, 'Mid the glories of that land.
3. Here's my hand that I'll be true, For that blessed home prepared, Will you promise me that you will meet me over there?
4. That will be a happy time, When for ever free from pain, In that pure, celestial clime, All our friends we meet again.
5. While eternity rolls on, And new glories e'er un

Good-bye, good-bye, If on earth we meet no more; good-bye, dear friends, good-bye, no more;

Good-bye, good-bye, May we meet on heaven's shore; good-bye, dear friends, good-bye, bright shore.

Copyright, 1865, by James B. Vaughan.
1. Oh! would you be numbered as one of his fold? Be spotless within;

2. Not known is the moment when He shall appear. To gather them in,

3. The voice of His Spirit says, ready them be; O will you be gain.

4. Hark! not an acceptance of Him in that day. All covered with sin.

Be watching and waiting that sight to behold, He's coming again!

The souls who have followed Him faithfully here—He's coming again!

If peace in His presence you hope then to see—He's coming again!

Be robed and all ready, the Spirit doth say. He's coming again!

REFRAIN.

He's coming again! He's coming again! He's coming again!

watching and waiting that sight to behold, He's coming again!
No. 133.
EVERY DAY AND HOUR.
Fanny J. Crosby.

1. Every hour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

2. Thou this changing world below, Load me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I can not stray, I can never, never lose my way.
Every day, ever day,
Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
Every hour, and hour,
May Thy tender love to me, Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

No. 134.
O HAPPY DAY.
E. F. Bourne.

Happy day,
That freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.
O happy day that freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.

Happy day,
That freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.
O happy day that freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.

Happy day,
That freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.
O happy day that freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.

Happy day,
That freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.
O happy day that freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.

Happy day,
That freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.
O happy day that freed my soul on Thee, my Saviour and my God.
No. 135. BETHANY. 6s & 4s.
R. F. ALKMA.

1. Nea-er, my God, to Thee, Nea-er to Thee! Ev'n tho' it be a cross
2. Thou li-ke the wander-er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps on to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,

Fare.
Near-er to Thee!

Near-er to Thee!

Near-er to Thee!

Near-er to Thee!

That ral-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
In mer-cy giv'n; Angels to keep-on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee!

No. 136. BLES T BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.
FAVOURIT.
HAN E W. 

1. Bles the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that above.
Our fears, our hopes, our alms are one, Our com-forts and our care;
And oph en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa this ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart. And hope to meet a gain.
No. 137.  JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.  J. F. HOBSON.

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

While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a lone, Still sup-port and comfort me;
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Let the heal-ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure within;

Hide me, O my bavar-ous hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho-ly is Thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou o’f life the foun-tain art, Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-cieve my soul at last.
Cov-er my de-fense-less head, With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Vile and fall of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ly.

MARTYN.

(Second Time.)  S. B. MASON.

Free.  D. C.
1. The Saviour has broken my father's chains, And O I'm so happy.
2. Today I am truly a child of the King, And O I'm so happy.
3. I'm hoping to share all His glory at last, And O I'm so happy.

I'm trying to help Him the wayward to win, And His grace is indeed a most wonderful thing, And I know He is hiding the sins of my past, And

REFRAIN

O I'm so happy. So happy with Him every hour of the day. So happy, and sing-ing His praise on the way; I

know that from Jesus no more I shall stray, And O I'm so happy.

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WILL YOU COME?

1. The Saviour calls for you today, Will you come, O will you come? O heed! His voice now while you may, Will you come, will you come?
   Will you come? Will you come, O will you come?

2. The gate of mercy's open wide,
   Come enter and with Christ abide,
   For you to enter mercy's gate,
   Will you come?

3. Your pathway here will be so bright,
   You'll reach that land where sin no night,
   Where sin no night,
   Will you come?

4. Soon 'twill be said, "Too late, too late," Will you come,
   O come, now while you may, While you may.
   Come, O come, now while you may.
   Will you come?

5. T. A. J. Bracey, 1907.
No. 140.

IT IS WONDERFUL.

1. I stand quite amazed when I think how the Saviour Could ever have
2. I stand quite amazed when I think how He pleaded For me on the
3. My heart to this glorious friend I have given, And Him I will
4. Some-day, where the angels are singing the story, Some-day, when the

... died for a sinner like me; And oh, how I'm craving His wonderful favor
... cross with His agonized breath; But happy am I that His dear voice I hearded
... follow thro' good and thro' ill; On till I have held Him, some morning in heaven,
... remanded shall gather above, His arms and I'll raise for the mighty one's glory

Chorus.

And trying still better His servant to be,
And shall be His child both in life and in death. Oh, it is wonderful,
For Him I will labor, obeying His will.
And rest evermore in His wonderful love.

wonderful, wonderful, That He could die for a sinner like me! Oh, it is
wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Always His true loving child I will be.
IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

1. I am working in the harvest field for Jesus day by day, And my soul is always happy in His love; I am serving Him with courage, passing happy hours away, Thus preparing for the harvest day above, and has made my record clear, And His mighty love is hiding all my past, through the glad eternitv, In the glory of His everlasting love.

2. I am finding joy in service, for I love my Master dear, And shall work for my Saviour, making known His love for me, Hoping to see Him on His throne above, Hoping there to sing His praises.

3. I am working gladiy, working, gladly working in the harvest field today, Hrevelv working in the harvest field today; Gold-en sheaves I hope to bring to my Lord.

No. 141.  

HYMNS.
ONWARD, MIGHTY ARMY.

1. Onward, mighty army,
   On (on) era to the
   Onward, mighty army,
   On (on) era to the

2. We shall reach the cit-
   y
   Of the (the) most a-

3. He will keep us faith-
   ful,
   Keep (keep) us (us) free and
   He will keep us faith-
   ful,
   Keep (keep) us (us) free and

Chorus.

right, leads us right.) Onward, mighty army, on the road to glo-

Dove (beaver's Dove)
there (we are there.) Onward, on the

Spreading, liv ing ly the grand old sto-ry; Onward mighty
Spreading, spread ing out the grand old sto-ry; Onward

Spreading, ev er spread ing out the sto-ry;

army keep the war cry ringing in the sky a bove,

Copyright, 1865, by James H. Vaughn.
No. 143.  HE'S CALLING FOR WANDERERS.

S. W. ALLEN.
Duet.  Slow, with expression.

Semi-Chorus.

J. J. ARMSTRONG.

1. Jesus is calling for wanderers now, Tenderly calling today;
2. Come and the word of His gospel believe, Start for the heavenly fold;
3. Believe not the Spirit now striving within, Asking thy heart to be;

Duet.

Semi-Chorus.

Come to the throne of His mercy and bow, Turn Him no longer away,
Life and salvation thy soul shall receive; Blessings more precious than gold,
Thy to Him gladly, for asking thy sin, Mercy is pleading for thee!

Chorus.

He's calling, poor sinner, He's calling, poor sinner,

Then wander no longer away;

He's calling, still calling, still calling, O come and be saved to-day.

J. J. Armstrong, words.
No. 144.

GUIDING STAR.

G. W. S.

Geo. W. Sayer.

Not too fast.

1. Star of love, from a-bove, Guid-ing the pilgrim on his jour-ney,
2. Star of light, full and bright, Shedding a ha-lo all a-round me;
3. Star of rest, Ho-ly guest, Guid-ing the wise men to the man-ger;

Giv-ing cheer, ev-ry where, To ev-ry soul that knows Thy love;
Clean-ing out sin and doubt, From all the cor-ners of my soul;
Giv-ing light thro' the night, That all the world might see the way;

Shine on me full and free, Cheer me a-long to heights of glo-ry,
Giv-ing me lib-er-ty, From ev-ry bond and ev-ry fet-ter.
Be my friend to the end, Till I have reached the port of glo-ry,

Light my way, night and day, On to the hap-py land a-bove,
Guide me still, O'er the hill, On to the blessed heav'nly goal.
Safe at home, ne'er to roam, Thus one e-ter-nal hap-py day.

Chorus.

Star, oh, guid-ing Star! Shedding in splen-dor, Thy beams of

**GUIDING STAR.** Concluded.

love, King of all the earth, Crown prince of heav'n above;
love, King of the nations of all the earth,

Guide when dangers fall Over my way as I cross the bar,
Guide me when dangers so thickly fall

Light my homeward way, Beautiful guiding star,
Banish all darkness and light my way.

**No. 145. **

**ASLEEP IN JESUS.**

**Margaret Mackay.**

**William E. Sharp.**

1. A-sleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep From which none ever wakes to weep.
2. A-sleep in Jesus! O how sweet To be forever with my Saviourmeet!
3. A-sleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest, With naught to trouble, naught to grieve.
4. A-sleep in Jesus! Far from those Their kin and their graves may be;

A calm and undisturbed repose, Unbroken by the last of tears,
With holy condescension to sing, That death hath lost its venomous sting.
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man's spirit the Saviour's pow'r has loosed.
But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep.
1. Wonderful love the Redeemer is showing for you and me.

2. Never grow weary of singing His praises while here below.

3. Soon we shall sing to Him, yonder, with angels and all the throng.

Always His arms are around us, to keep us both glad and free;
Love for the Holy One! Son of Jehovah! with gladness show;
Sing with rejoicing a wonderful, marvelous endless song;

He has redeemed us and now He is guiding us on our way,
Tell of His mercy and sing of His goodness till life be done,
So till He calls us from earth and its bondage to Him above;

Helping our souls to be royal and brave till the better day,
Praise Him together forever and ever, the Holy One,
Praise Him, ye people, ye tribes and ye nations, for all His love.

REFRAIN.

Sing of the King of salvation, Give to Him glory and love;
Sing of the King of salvation, Give to Him glory and love;

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THE KING OF SALVATION. Concluded.

Praise Him, each tribe and each nation...... Jesus who reigns above.
Praise...... Him each tribe and each nation.

He is the Saviour of savours. He...... is the King we adore;
He........ is the Saviour of savours, He........ is the King.

He is the King we adore;

Sing hallelujah! Hosanna! Hosanna! To Jesus for evermore!

No. 147. THE HOUR OF DEATH.


1. Leaves have their time to fall, And flowers to wither as north wind's breath;
2. Youth and the spoiling rose May look like things too glorious for decay;
3. Day is for morn's care, Eve for glad meetings 'round the joyous hearth,
4. We know when wanes shall wane, When summer birds from far shall cross the sea;

And stars to set but all—Then hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.
But those are not of these, That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.
Night for the voice of pray's, But all for these that mightiest of the earth.
When time brings golden grain, But who shall teach us when to look for them.
No. 148.  THE SAVIOUR IS KING.

JAMES ROWE.  J. M. BURRIS.

1. Great is the Saviour on whom I'm resting from day to day,
   Deep is His love in the hearts of the people who trust His name,
   Give to Him honor and majesty freely as years go by,

2. Great is His love and He lovingly guides me along the way;
   Free ly He came from His Father in glory, to save from shame;
   Praise and adore Him, 'til we behold Him at last on high;

3. I will adore Him and praise Him forever and ever more,
   Nothing can harm us while Jesus defends us with love sublime,
   He is the leader of nations and people of every shore,

4. Finding delight in His service on earth and on yonder shore,
   He will be with us, to guide us safe over the bounds of time,
   And will be praised for His marvelous goodness forevermore.
Refrain.

Jesus the Saviour is King. Sing, O ye ransomed ones, He is King.

Sing, Praise Him for ever, the glorious Saviour, ever sing.

Life's ever-lasting spring: Christ is the King of all
Life's living spring:

nations, Ruler of earth and above; Honor Him, and above;

praise Him for ever, upraise Him. For His great love.
No. 149.  SING OUT THE MESSAGE.

1. Would you dwell with Jesus in the home above, Sing and tell the
story of redeeming love, Comfort those who sorrow, cheer the
frail and lone, Every day with gladness make the Saviour known.

2. In life's dreary lowlands in the struggling throng, Tell me on us
waiting for your happy song, Care is always with them, trouble
always near, No one seems to love them, no one ofters cheer.

3. Would you win the life crown, lessen grief and sin, Help the weak and
err-ing where He died to win, Tell them love's old story, turn their
weary feet, Do your best to lead them to the mercy-seat.

Refrain.

Then sing it out, with a shout, be about, And sing, sing, sing it out, with a sing, sing.
SING OUT THE MESSAGE. Concluded.

shout, be a·bout, And sing the glo·ri·ous mes·sage out, sing it.

out, sing it out; Yes, sing it out; Oh!

then sing it out, with a shout, be a·bout, And sing, sing it out with a sing.

shout, be a·bout, And sing the glo·ri·ous mes·sage out, sing it.

glo·ri·ous mes·sage out, sing it out, sing it out, O sing it out.
No. 150.
THE WAVING HARVEST.
We have the sweet and precious promise,
That wages He will pay.
For service here, within his vineyard,
In that great, final day—F. L. E.

F. L. ELDRIDGE.
R. M. MUSSE

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

2. Proudy we this message tell To the soul now burdened with sin,
Glorious truth may shine, With its grace and power divine,
on Him they believe, He their aching hearts will relieve,
gospel's joyous sound, We may send to nations around,

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

From "Gospel Songs." By permission.
THE WAVING HARVEST. Concluded.

Gospel in song... The Gospel in song
unto you we bring.

Of the great love of Jesus we sing:
Beautiful grain.

The beautiful grain is wasting, we see.

And in the harvest glad toilers for Jesus we ever would be.
1. Having courage true, with the cross in view, Men of Zion.
2. There is work for all who obey the call, There are wayward ones to win.
3. Heaven's morn will smile in a little while, Homes of glory press along.

press along, Doing noble deeds, go where Jesus leads, Keeping ones to win. There is light to give up to those who live. In the will appear. Friends we knew of yore we shall see once more, With the

pure and sweet and strong shining out the light of the gospel bright, dreary vales of sin. So away today, in the shining way, once we hold so dear. How our hearts will leap, as with songs we sweep

Helping sad-dened souls to sing, Praise- ing grace divine all seeds to sow and sheaves to bring. With a cheering song, as you Through the pearly gate above! How our souls will shine in His

long the line, Follow our eternal King. Follow, march along, Follow our eternal King. light divine. As we reach the land we love. Follow, follow,
on His love relying, follow, enemies defying, follow, follow,

Jesus will reward us, cheer, uphold and guard us, if to win we keep on trying. follow, fearing evil never, follow, follow,

follow, our eternal cv, soon in realm of glory, we shall sing the story, reigning with the Lord forever.
No. 152. STRAIGHT INTO THE KINGDOM.

1. Plough the temp'rance fur-row straight into the kingdom,
   Never looking backward as you go along;
   Jesus bids you, with a happy song;
   Not, nor fail not, if success you'd know.

2. Plough the temp'rance fur-row, fields are lying 'round you,
   Hone-fal woods are springing where the grain should grow;
   Farther, joy-ful work-ers fol-low in your foot-steps;
   By advancing, labor while you may.

3. Plough the temp'rance fur-row straight into the kingdom,
   Trust in God, He'll help you soon to clear the way;
   Just where ever dawning, in the sun-ny noon-tide;
   Yes, while you may, yes, plough the temp'rance fur-row.

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STRAIGHT INTO THE KINGDOM. Concluded.

Refrain.

On, on, on, straight into the kingdom plough it on, on, on, on.

Plough, plough, plough, plough, plough, plough, plough the temperance furrow with a plough it furrow.

On, on, on, on.

Stand on with steady hand; O plough the temperance furrow, on, on, on, on.

On, straight into the kingdom, to the kingdom; plough it on, for

Every stake's a word of God that sure will stand, always stand (will surely stand).
1. In the beautiful heavenly way, We are traveling onward today,
2. Love's old story we sweetly repeat, To the sinful and sad that we meet,
3. O we love our Redeemer and King, And His praises forever shall ring

With the mighty King of love; He is lovingly leading us on To the show-ing here our love for Him; We will tell it, as onward we press, Souls in From the souls that He has won; We will praise Him with heart and with voice, Till in

glorious kingdom of dawn—Our eternal home above, Bowing and darkness to bless, Whether day be bright or dim. Pressing a heaven-on with Him we rejoice, After labor here are done.

Pressing along the beautiful way, the heaven-on way, Pressing along the beautiful way, the heaven-on way, Traveling

Traveling on with Jesus today, with Jesus today; He is on... with Jesus today...
IN THE BEAUTIFUL HEAVENLY WAY. Concluded.

keeping us sinless and true, Ever blessing whatever we do, And will

never let us stray. Glory for Him, Glory for Him, is ever our

aim, Wonderful love, Wonderful love, is ever our

song. Some where angels are singing His praise, Hail in-hi-jah to

our happiest song.

Him we shall raise, With the happy, blood-bought throng, The

hurricane throng.
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