COLEMAN'S MALE CHOIR

7

J. D. Huggins, Jr.
Mar. 17, 1931

COLEMAN'S
MALE CHOIR

Edited and Compiled by

ROBERT H. COLEMAN

B. B. McKINNEY, Musical Editor

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Bound in Cloth Board

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65 Cents Per Copy
$7.80 Per Dozen

Published by
ROBERT H. COLEMAN
DALLAS, TEXAS

FOREWORD

IN a song book published 350 years ago, we find that the following statement was made: "There is not any Musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made by the voyces of Men, where the voyces are good, and the same well sorted and ordered." Now the opinion of this time honored musician would apply to the present day, just as appropriately as to that period. There is an increasing demand for Male Quartets and Male Chorus Work in connection with our present day Church services. It is wise to utilize a Male Chorus, or at least a Quartet of Christian Men for several reasons: First, men love to sing, and in this way, they can take an active part in the services which proves both pleasant and profitable; Second, each man has a friend or friends, or family who will come with him to the services, especially if he is to take an active part; Third, the general public enjoys and is helped by good music rendered by men.

Coleman's Male Choir contains what we consider the best songs for men to be found in this country today. In addition to the popular arrangements, which have proven their worth, this book contains many new arrangements which we believe will be appreciated. There are also here a number of OLD PLANTATION MELODIES, and for these we find an increasing demand. Most of this music is very simple, and therefore can be used by almost any Male Quartet or Chorus.

May this book be used to the Master's Glory.

THE EDITORS.

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COLEMAN'S

MALE CHOIR

No. 1 Jesus, Saviour, Friend Of Sinners.

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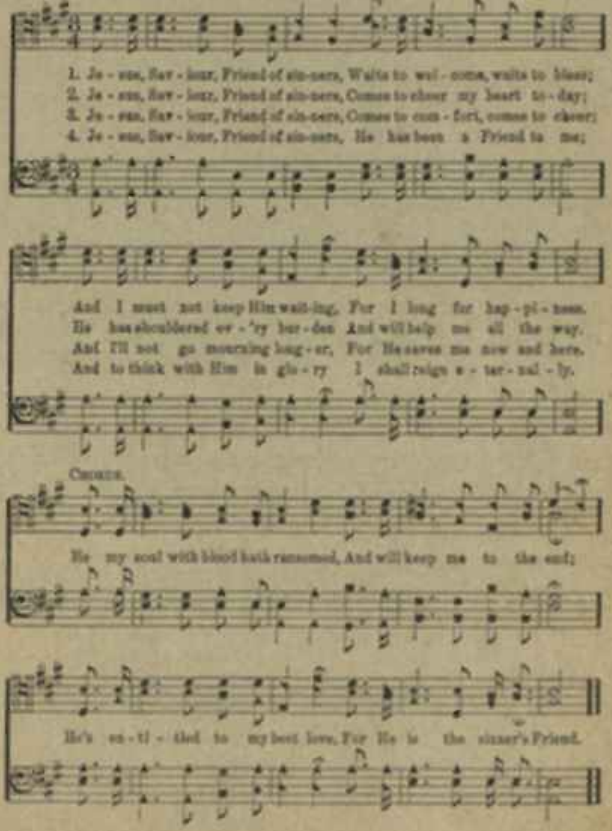
Robert H. Coleman. R. R. McKinney.



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Just Outside The Door.

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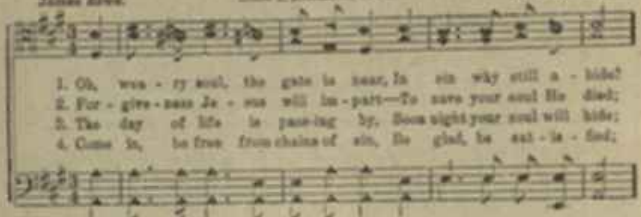
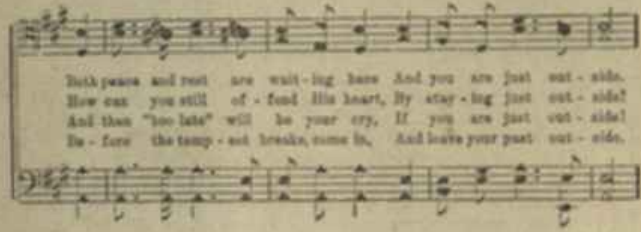
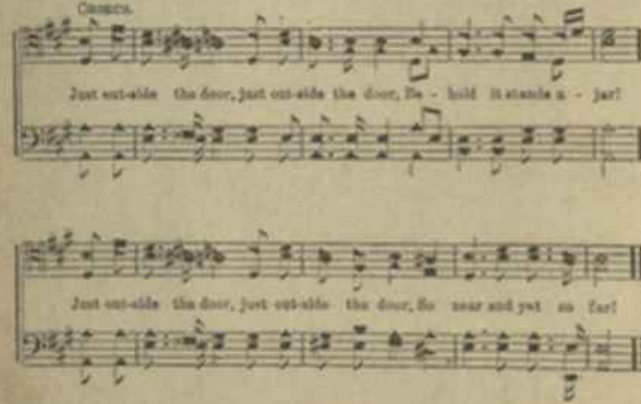
James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.





CHORUS.



No. 3 Shall I Crucify Him?

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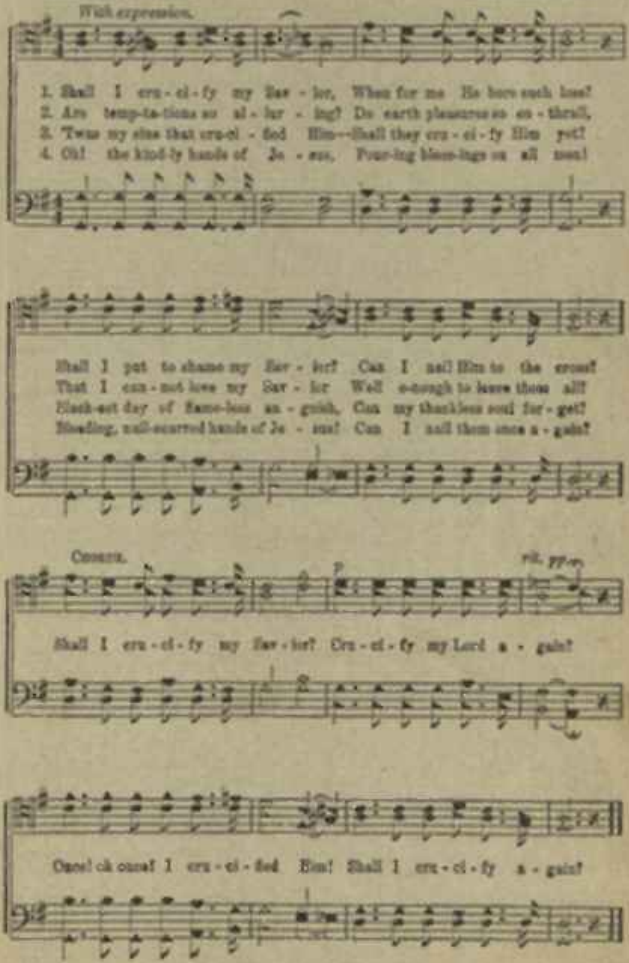
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Arr. by I. N. M.
Grant Colfax Tullar.



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No Night There.

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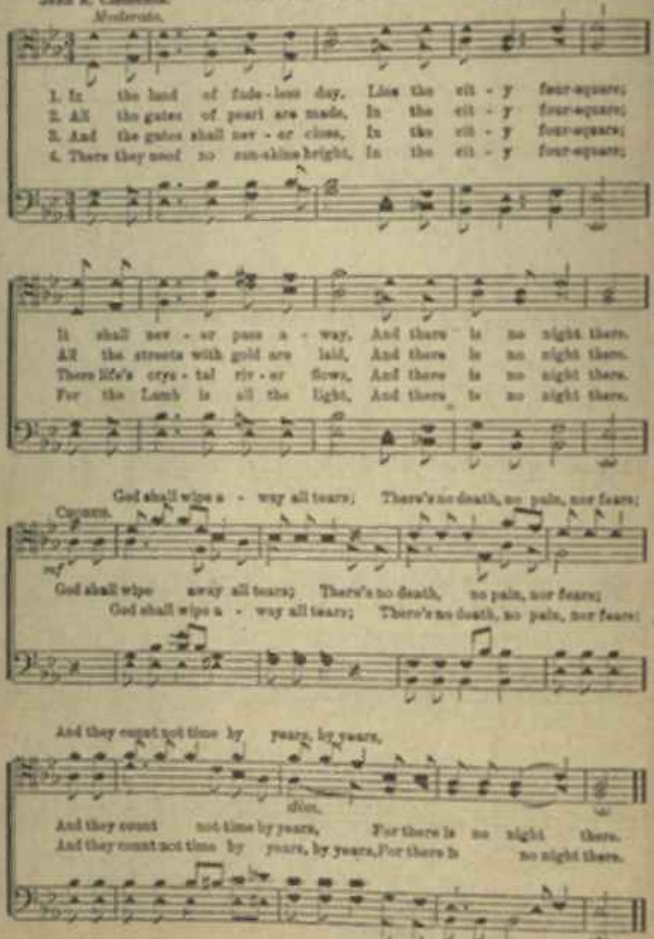
John R. Clements.

Hart F. Davis.
Arr. F. H. Metcalf.



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Sail On!

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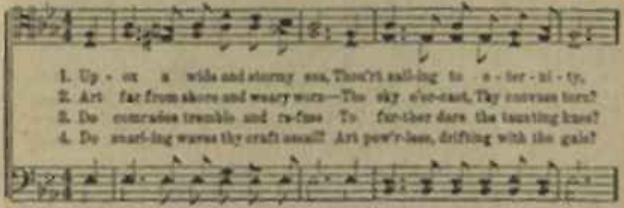
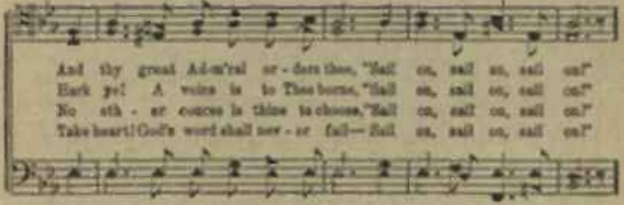
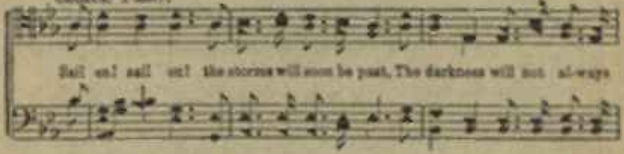
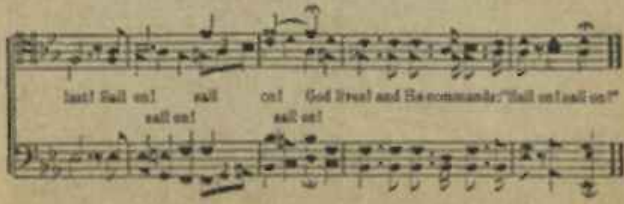
H. A. Kotchmar, owner.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.









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Is Jesus To Me.

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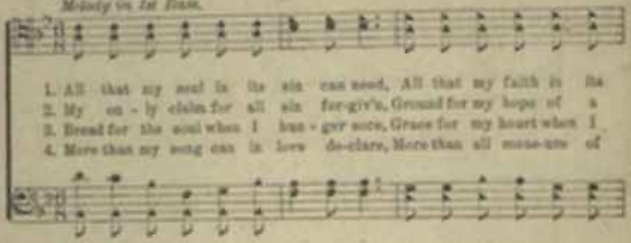
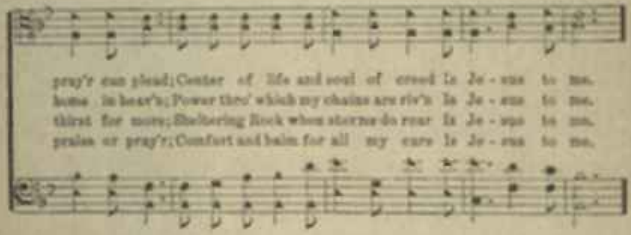
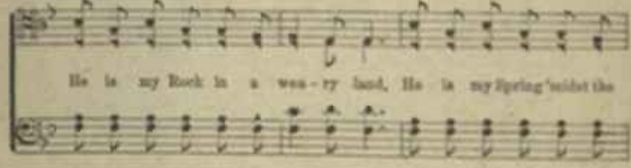
Wm. M. Runyan.
Melody in 1st Bass.

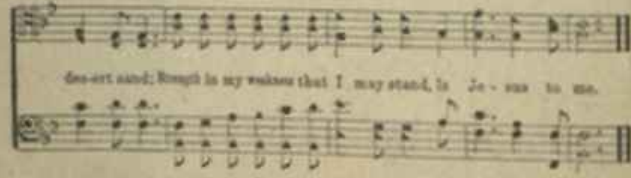
Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.





CHORUS.





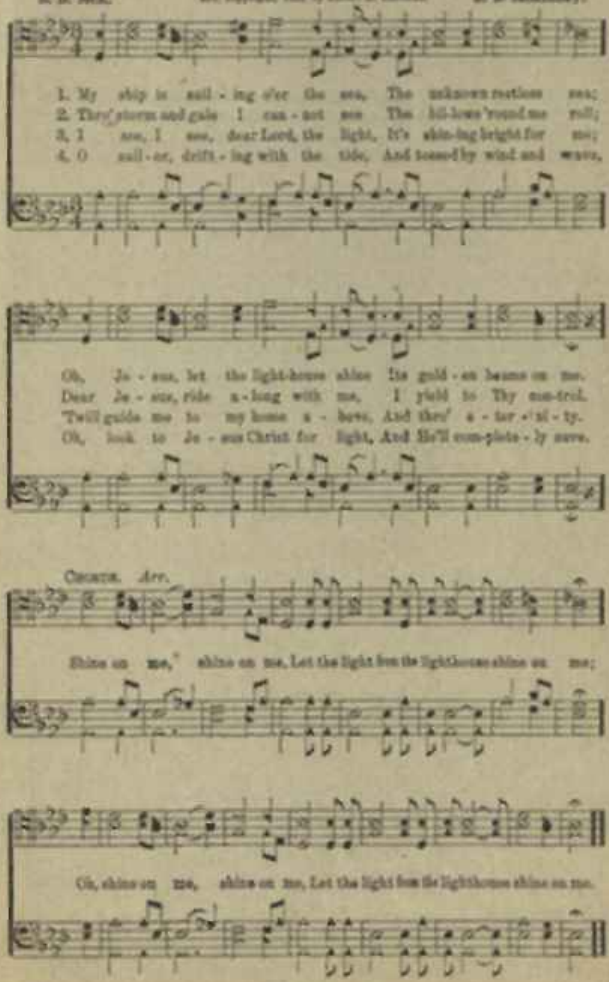
No. 7

Shine On Me.

Words by
E. B. McK.

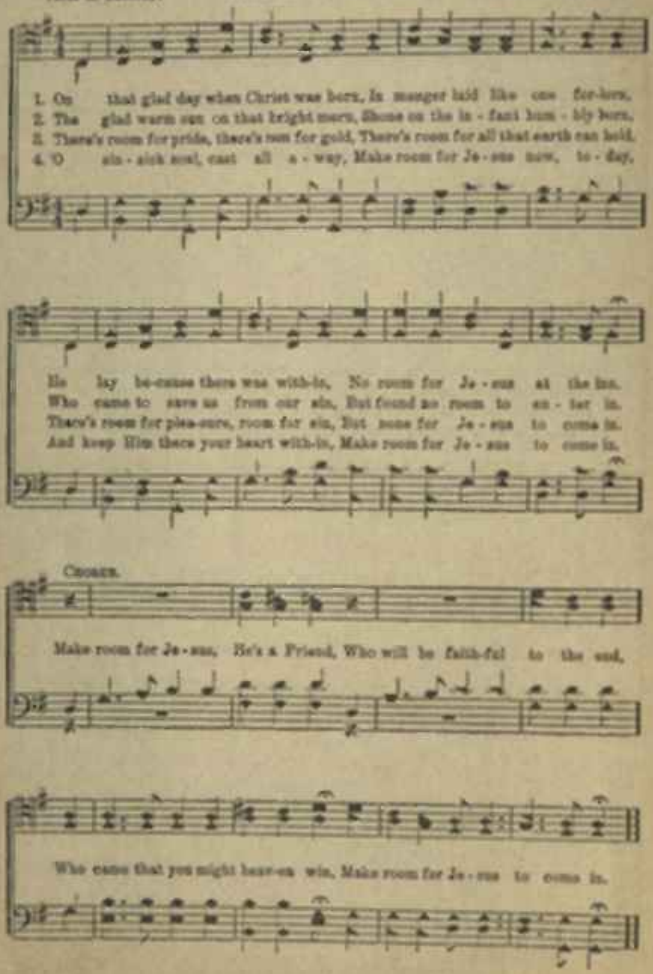
Arr. copyright, 1924, by Robert E. Gilmour.

Arr. by
E. B. McKinney.



No. 8 Make Room For Jesus.

Viola S. Cassidy. Copyright 1899, by Rob't E. Coleman Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.



No. 9 Jesus, The Light of the World.

Arr. copyright, 1921, by Rev. J. H. Coleman.

J. V. C. Arranged I. E. R.

1. All ye saints of light pro-claim, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Hear the Sav - ior's ear - nest call, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Why not seek Him then to - day, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Come, con-fess Him as your King, Je - sus, the Light of the world;

Life and mer - cy in His name, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Send the gos - pel truth to all, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Go with truth the nar - row way, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Then the bells of heav'n will ring, Je - sus, the Light of the world.

CHORUS.

We'll walk in the light, beau-ti-ful light, Come when the dawnings of morrow are bright;

Shine all a-round us by day and by night, Je-sus, the Light of the world.

No. 10

I Am Safe.

Copyright 1910, by John S. Chisholm, Dallas, Texas.

L. E. R.

L. E. Reynolds.

1. I am safe from ev - 'ry storm, Christ doth love me so;
2. I am safe when troub - les come, With my Sav - ior near;
3. I am safe for ev - er - more, Thro' the crim - son flood;
4. I am safe what - ev'r be - fall, With a Friend so strong;

I am safe from ev - 'ry harm, For my Lord I know.
I am safe from Sa - tan's wiles, For my pray'r He'll hear.
I am safe and Christ I'll see, By His pre - cious blood.
I am safe for hear'n and home, With the blood - washed throng.

Chorus.

I am safe, I am safe, For my Sav - ior died for me;
So safe, so safe,

I am safe, so safe, I am safe in Him, In His likeness I shall be.
shall be.

No. 11 The Church In The Wildwood.

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov-li-er
2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val-ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ringing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil-low, Dis-
wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall

D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

Pitts. Chorus.

lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
come to the church in the vale.
turb not her rest in the vale.
rest by her side in the tomb. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.

church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No
come, come, come, now, now, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come.

No. 12

My All To Thee.

Copyright, 1918, by Lorenz Publishing Co.

Mary McKinnon McIlwain. H. von Berge.

mf Devotionally.

1. Dear Lord, I bring my life to Thee, I lay it humbly at Thy
2. Dear Lord, I bring my years to Thee, The glad-ness of my youthful
3. Dear Lord, I bring my hopes to Thee, My dreams of fut-ure joys or
4. Dear Lord, I bring my will to Thee, Oh, seal it with Thy love di -

rit. e dim.

feet, And pray that Thou wilt make of me One for Thy ser - vice meet.
days, And ask that Thou wilt shine for me, The light of all my ways.
fame, And pray that Thou wilt grant to me, Some place to serve Thy name.
vine, And let my pur - pose ev - er be At one, O Lord, with Thine.

Chorus.

All I bring to Thee, my Saviour, Naught my own shall ev - er
All I bring to Thee, my Sav-iour, Naught my own shall ev - er

be; Take my strength, take my en-deav - or, Lord, I bring my all to Thee!

No. 13

The Haven Of Rest.

Arr. copyright, 1896, by Robert H. Coleman.

H. L. Gilmour.

Geo. D. Moore.
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. How pre-cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like John the be -
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa-tient-ly waits To save by His

sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say-ing, "Make Me your
hold of the Word, My fet-ters fell off, and I anchored my
sto - ry so blest, Of Jesus, who'll save who-so - ev - er will
lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can
pow - er di - vine; Come, an-chor your soul in the "Ha - ven of

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy

Fine. Chorus.

shore," And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
soul; The "Ha-ven of Rest" is my Lord.
have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!" I've at - tained
harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
Rest," And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

where I go,
deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

soul in the "Ha - ven of Rest," I'll sail the wide seas
for Je - sus!

No. 14 Roll, Billows, Roll!

Copyright, 1918, by Rinn and Schuffelt.
Owned by Robert H. Coleman.

J. F. S. J. F. Schuffelt.
Arr. I. E. R.

1. I am held by God's right hand, Roll, bil-lows, roll! I fear naught in
2. What care I for rock or shoal? Roll, bil-lows, roll! All God's best ser-
3. Tho' what Sa-tan should as - sail, Roll, bil-lows, roll! In God's might I
4. Oh, that you, my friend, could say, "Roll bil-lows, roll! Christ is keeping

CHORUS.

sea or land, so Roll, bil - lows, roll.
round my soul, so Roll, bil - lows, roll. Roll, bil - lows, roll!
shall pre - vail, so Roll, bil - lows, roll.
me each day, so Roll, bil - lows, roll."

Roll, bil - lows roll! Je - sus is my an-chor and He'll keep my soul from

fear; So roll, bil - lows, roll..... Roll, bil - lows,

ve.

Je - sus is my an - chor and He'll keep my soul.

No. 15 It Came Upon The Midnight Clear.

Edmund H. Sears. Arr. copyright 1902, by Geo. F. Coleman. Arr. S. B. McKinney.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glorious song of old,
2. Still thro' the cloud - ed skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furled.
3. And you, beneath life's crush - ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo, the days are hast - ening on, By proph - et bards for-told,

From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world:
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,—
When with the ev - er - lasting years Comes round the age of gold;

"Peace on the earth, good will to men From heav'n's all-gra - cious King!"
A - bove its sad and lon-ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing:
Look now! for glad and golden hours Come swift - ly on the wing:
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen - dors fling,

The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the angels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The blessed angels sing.
O rest be-side the wea - ry road, And hear the angels sing.
And the whole world gives back the song Which now the angels sing.

No. 16 Lift Him Up.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Copyright, 1908, by E. O. Excell. E. O. Excell.

1. How to reach the masses, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
2. O the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-iour
3. Don't ex-alt the preacher, don't ex-alt the pew, Preach the gos-pel
4. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Christian ought, Let the world in

Je-sus gives the key; "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth, shall
up for them to see; Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said, "I'll
sim-ple, full and free; Prove Him and you will find that promise is true, "I'll
you the Saviour see; Then men will gladly follow Him who once taught, "I'll

REPEAT.

draw all men un-to me." Lift Him up..... lift Him
Lift Him up.

..... Still He speaks from e-ter-al-ty; "And I, if
n up.

lift-ed up from the earth, Will draw all men un-to Me."

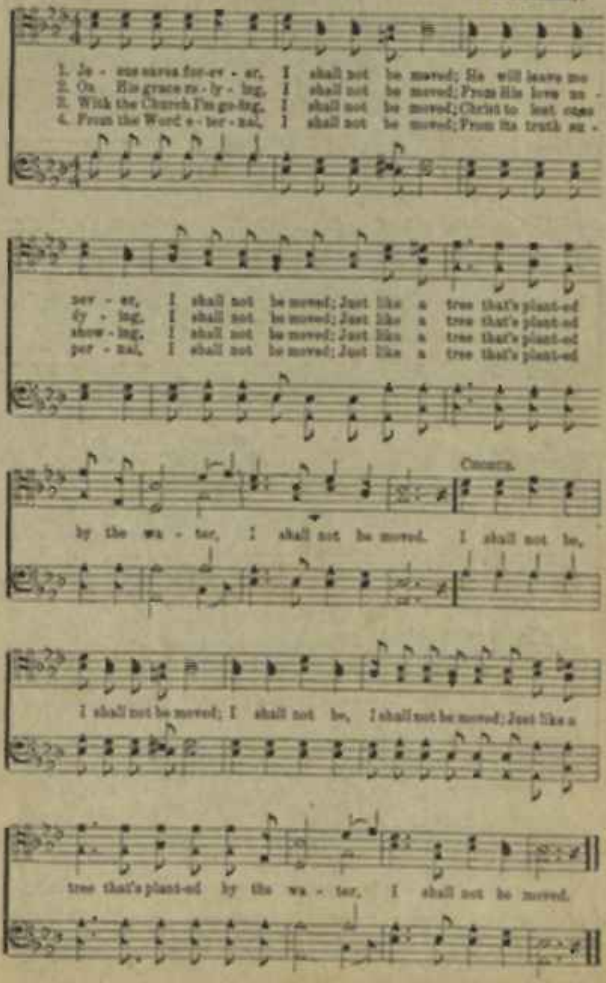
No. 17

I Shall Not Be Moved.

Arr. by R. E. McK.

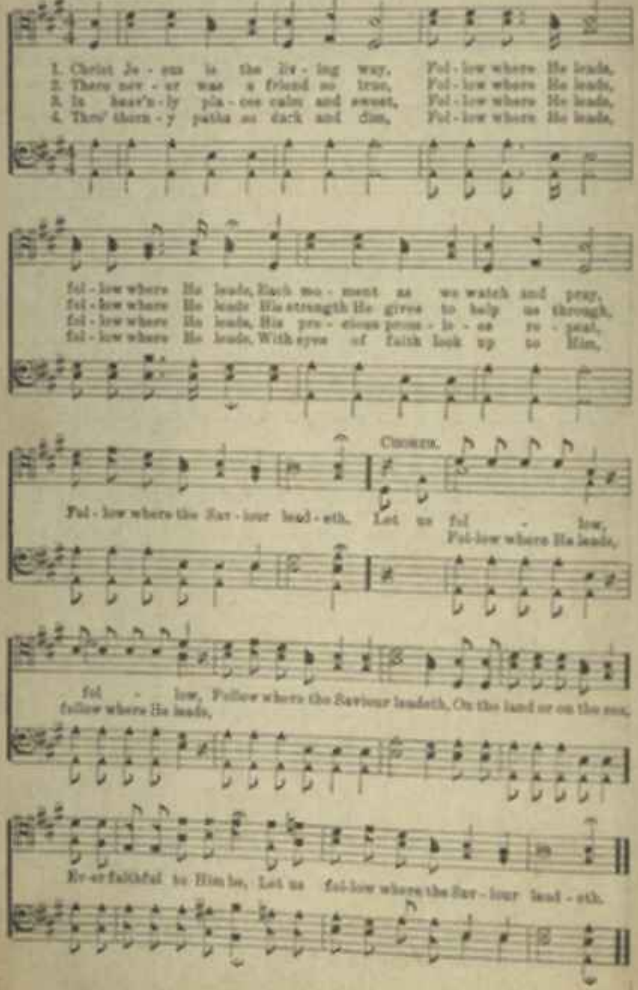
Arr. copyright, 1907, by Robert E. Coleman

Arr. by R. E. McKinney.



No. 18 Follow Where The Saviour Leadeth

Lizzie DeArmond. Copyright, 1915, by Robert H. Coleman. R. H. McKinney.



No. 19

My Anchor Holds Me.

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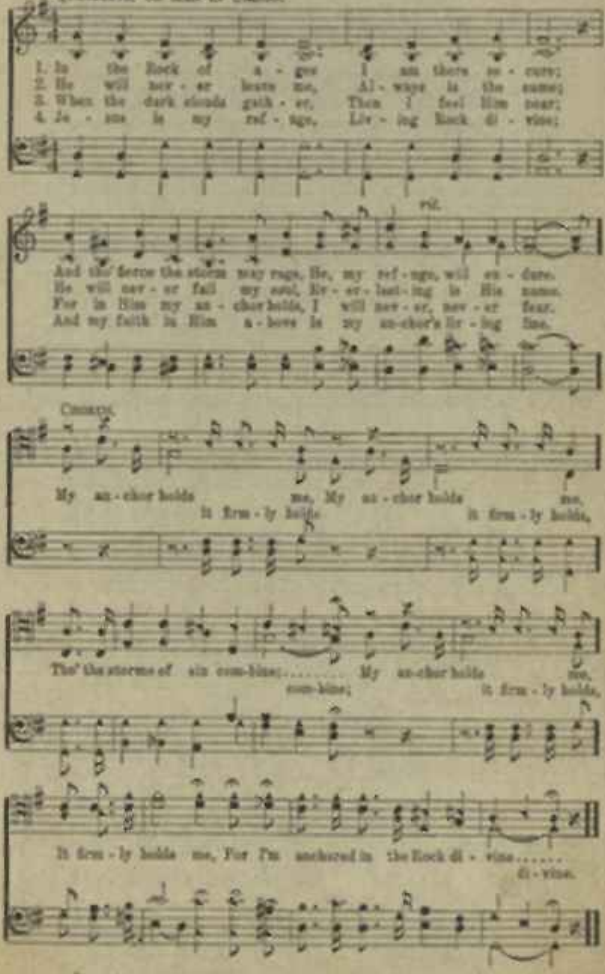
(International copyright secured.)

H. G. T. Herbert G. Tovey.

QUARTETTE, OR MEN IN UNISON.



No. 20

Don't Forget To Pray.

S. S. M.

Copyright, 1906, by Robert H. Coleman.

B. B. McKinney.

1. When the morning light is dawn-ing, Don't forget to kneel and pray;
2. While the day is swift-ly pass-ing, Keep your mind on God above;
3. When the ev'ning sun is hid-den, 'Neath the golden tin-ted west,
4. All a-long your pilgrim jour-ney, Nev-er free from sin and care;

Ask the Sav-ior to go with you, Through the burdens of the day.
Ask-ing Him to ev-er guide you, In the pathway of His love.
Al-ways pray for His pro-tec-tion, Through a night of peaceful rest.
You will o-ver-come temp-ta-tion, In the se-cret place of pray'r.

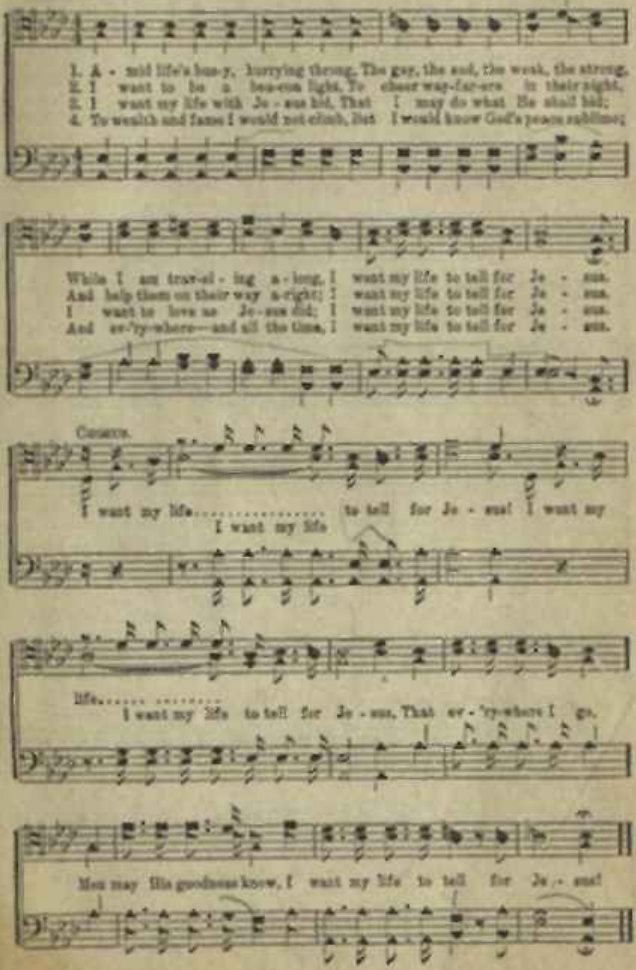
Chorus.

Don't for-get, don't for-get, Don't for-get to kneel and pray, Don't for-get, kneel and pray, Don't for-get to pray, don't for-get to pray, Don't for-get, don't for-get, Don't for-get to kneel and pray.

No. 21 I Want My Life To Tell.

Copyright, 1898, by the Lorenz Publishing Co.

Mrs. Frank A. Seeck. E. S. Lorenz.



No. 22 The Nail-Scarred Hand.

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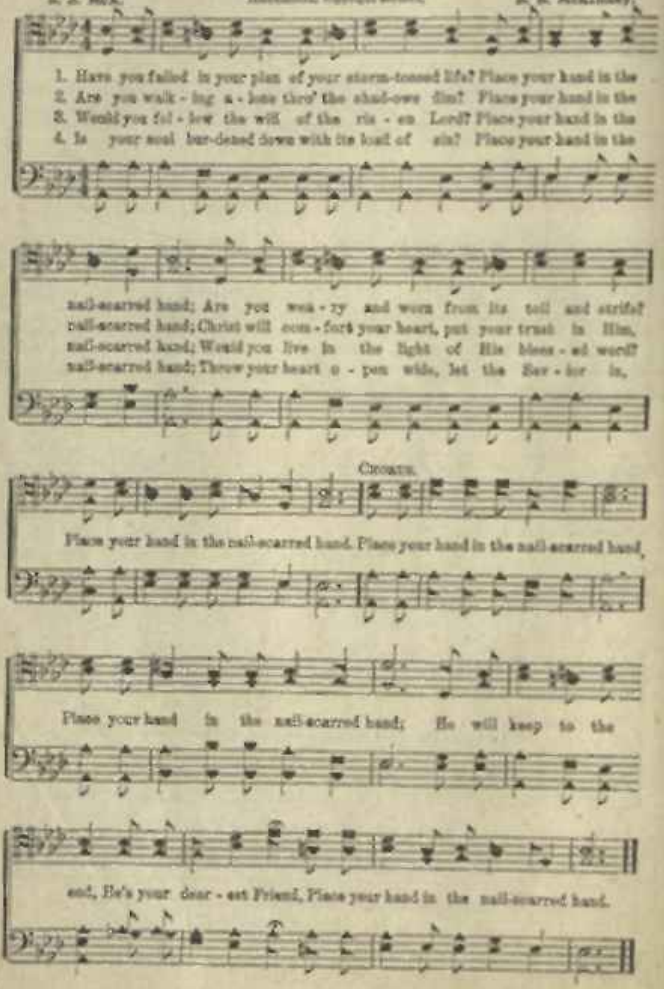
International copyright secured.

E. S. McK. E. S. McKinney.



No. 23 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Kneeley. Copyright, 1899, by Robt. H. Coleman. S. B. McKinney.

May be used as Duet to Chorus.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing.
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den.
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment.
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry.

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me all the way.

CHORUS. *Arr.*

Where He leads I will fol-low,
Where He leads ..... me I will fol-low,..... Where He

Where He leads I will follow, Where He leads
leads ..... me I will fol - low,..... Where He leads ..... me I will

I will fol-low, I'll go with Him all the way.
fol - low,..... I'll go with..... Him all the way.....

No. 24 Somebody Here Needs Jesus.

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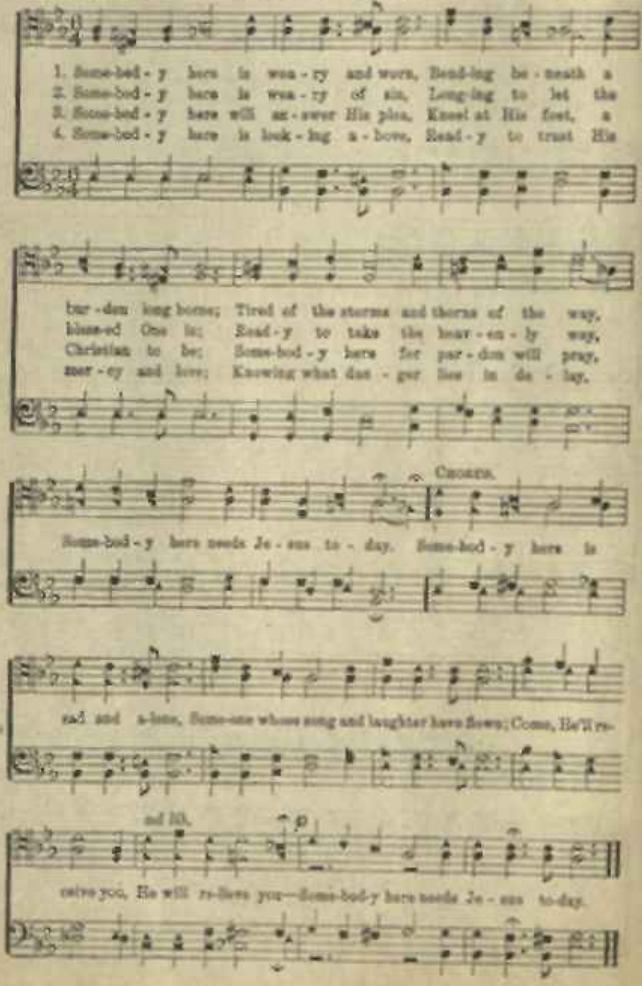
International copyright secured.

Janice Rowe. Harry Dixon Loes.



No. 25

Pray Yourself Out.

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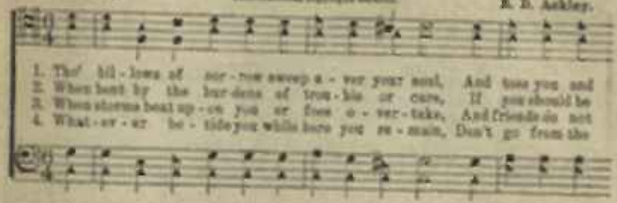
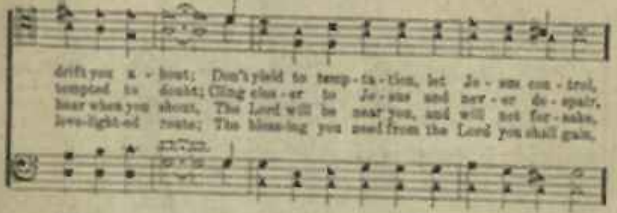
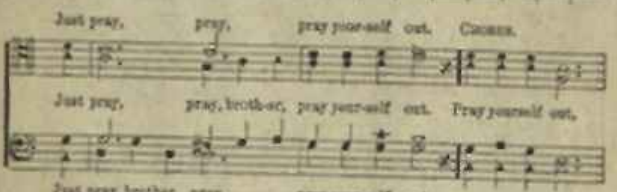
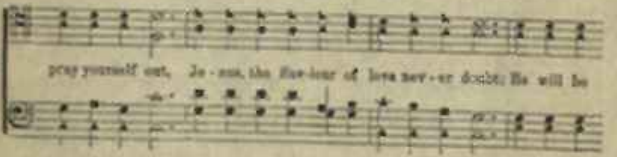
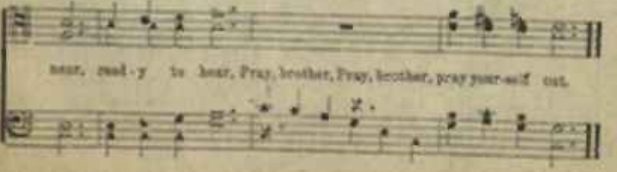
D. E. Wade. R. D. Ashley.





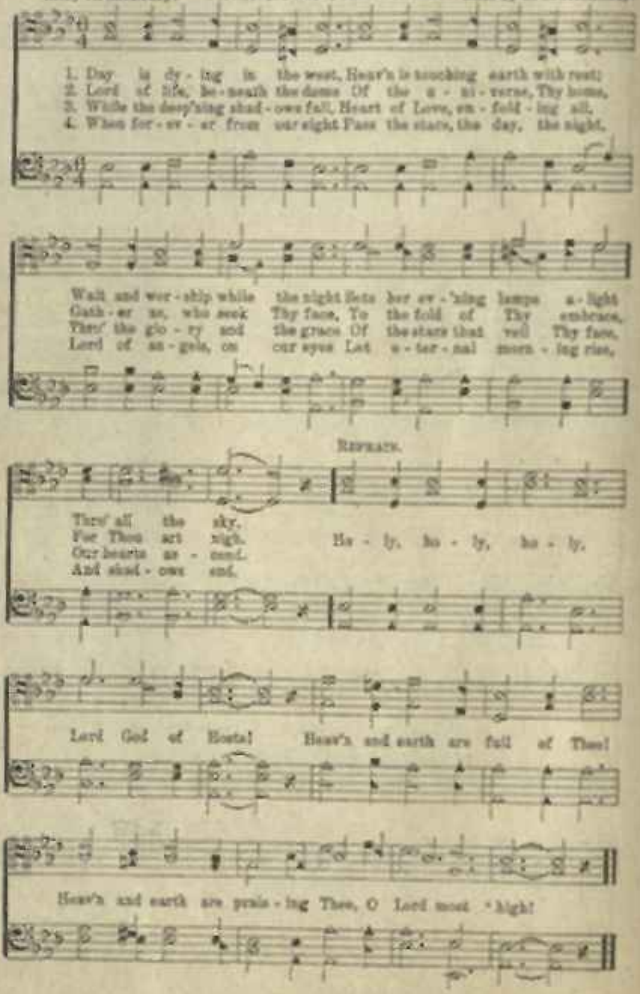






No. 26 Day Is Dying In The West.

Mary A. Lathbury. Arr. copyright, 1910, by Hilbert H. Columbus. W. F. Sherwin. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



No. 27

The World Or Jesus.

Copyright, 1906, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

R. H. L.

Harry Dixon Loes.

1. In the world there are man - y en - joy-ments, Man - y pleas-ures my
2. In the world is no true sat - is - fac - tion, Its al - lure-ments bet
3. When by dangers and tri - als o'er - tak - en, When the bur-dens of
4. Oh, if you were to choose be-tween Je - sus, And the rich - es of

heart to en - thrall; But the joy that is mine in Christ Je - sus, Is far
lead to de - spair; But in Je - sus life's pathway is bright-est, With po-
life press me hard; There is One who protects and sus-tains me—What a
earth and its best; Trusting Him could you hap-pi - ly an-swer: "Give me

CHORUS.

bet - ter, yes, bet - ter than all ..... Je - sus is all that I
ra - di - al spring ev - 'ry - where....
ref - uge is Je - sus the Lord....
Je - sus, and all will be blest.... Je - - - sus is

want..... All ..... that I want, When troubles sur-
all that I want, Je - sus is all that I want,

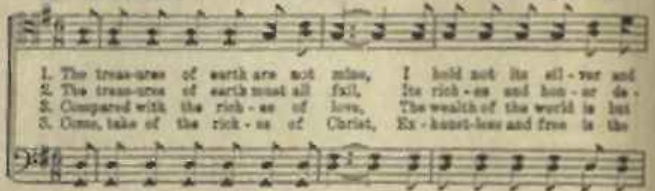
round me on ev - 'ry hand, Je - sus is all that I want, (all I want.)

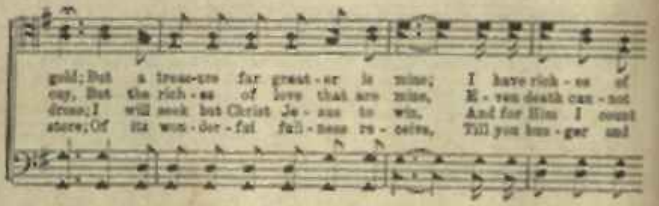
No. 28

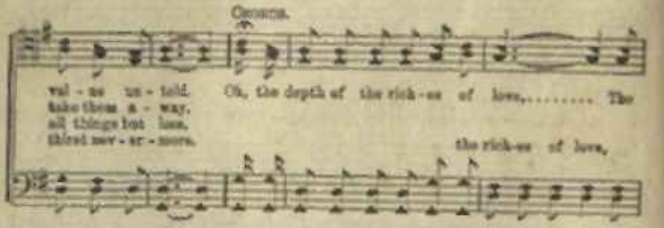
The Riches Of Love.

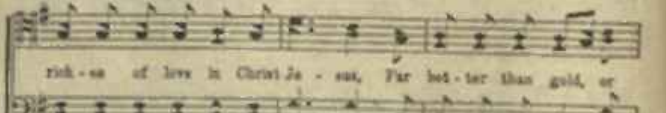
Copyright, 1918, by D. B. Towner. Renewal.
Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

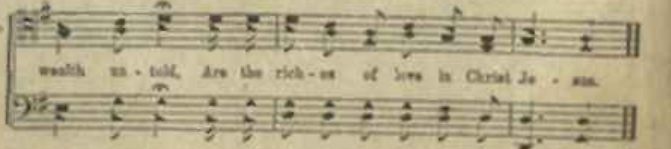
Rev. H. B. Hartzler. N. B. Sargent. Arr.











No. 29

The Old Rugged Cross.

Copyright, 1913, by Geo. Bennard.
Hinson & Robinson, owner.

G. B.

Rev. Geo. Bennard.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at -
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so divine, A won - drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re -

suf - f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
beau - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par-don and sanc-ti - fy me.
Where His glory for-ev - er I'll share.

cross, the cross,..... Till my trophies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,

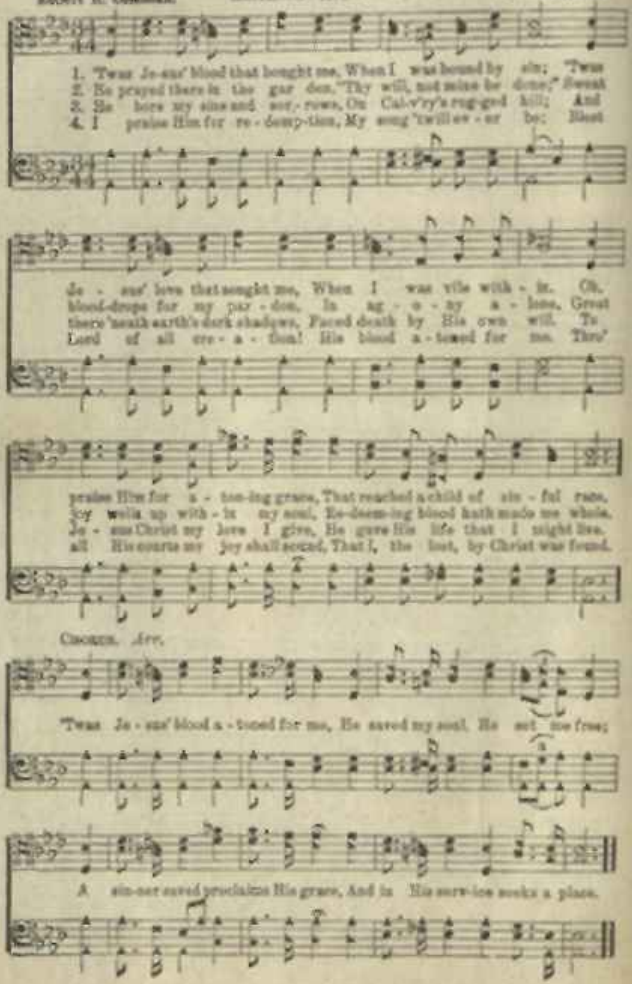
old rug-ged cross,..... And exchange it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

No. 30

'Twas Jesus' Blood.

Copyright, 1900, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

Robert H. Coleman. R. B. McKinney.



No. 31

Take Up Thy Cross.

A. B. A.

Copyright, 1899, by Homer A. Rodeheaver.
International copyright secured.

Rev. A. B. Ackley.
Arr. D. F.

1. I walked one day a-long a coun-try road, And there a
2. I cried, "Lord Je-sus," and He spoke my name; I saw His
3. "O let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And lo, a
4. My cross I'll car-ry till the crown ap-pears, The way I

stran-ger jour-neyed too, Bent low be-neath the bur-den
hands all bruised and torn; I stooped to kiss a-way the
cross for me ap-peared, The one for-got-ten, I had
jour-ney soon will end Where God Him-self shall wipe a-

of His load: It was a cross, a cross I knew.
marks of shame, The shame for me that He had borne.
cast a-side, The one, so long, that I had feared.
way all tears, And friend hold fel-low-ship with friend.

CHORUS.

"Take up thy cross and fol-low Me," I hear the bless-ed Sav-iour call;

How can I make a less-er sac-ri-fice, When Je-sus gave His all?

No. 32 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

A. Sullivan.
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

Gould.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa-tan's hosts doth flee; On, then,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers,
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with

cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy - al
Chris-tian sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun - da-tions
we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di -
ours your voic - es In the tri-umph song; Glo - ry, land and

Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle,
quiv - er At the shout of praise; Brothers, lift your voic - es,
vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine,
hon - or, Un - to Christ the King! This thro' countless a - ges

Chorus.

See His ban - ner go!
Lead your an-thems raise! On-ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing
One in char - i - ty.
Men and an - gels sing.

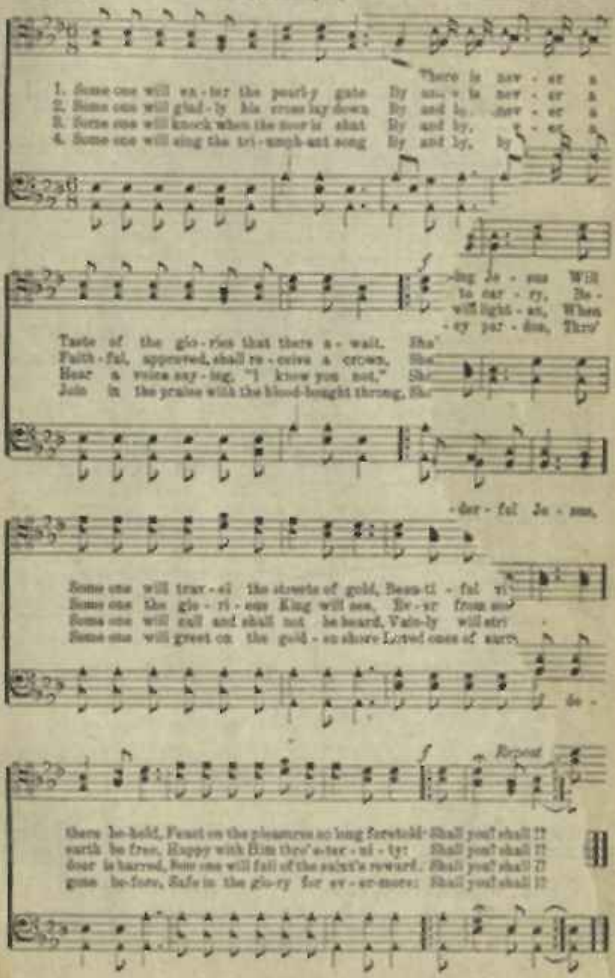
as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore!

No. 33

Shall You? Jesus.

Copyright, 1918, by Rev. Adam Geibel. Delight Song. Hope Publishing Co., H. G. Sellers.

G. M. J. Ernest G. Sellers.



No. 32 Onward His Wings.

Arr. 1910 by Robert E. Coleman.
Usual copyright secured.

Gould. S. B. McKinney.

1. On-ward, Christian soldiers, We found a re - treat, Where I can se -
2. At the sign of the ter - ror by night, No ar - row can
3. Like a mighty de - stroy - ing at noon, No fear - ful fore -
4. On my left hand and may fall at my side, Ten - thous - and up -

cross of Christian hide; No ref - uge nor rest so com - plete,
we are to day; His shad - ow has cov - ered me quite,
ours your vi bring; With Je - sus, my soul doth com - mune,
hand; A - bove me His wings are spread wide,

Chorus.

Mas - ter quiv - er vil - ed hon - shall ev - er re - side.
has driv - en a - way. Un - der His wings,
fect sal - va - tion I sing.
them in safe - ty I stand.

Un - der His wings, Un - der His shel - ter - ing wings; What com - fort it

brings, My soul glad - ly sings, I'm un - der His shel - ter - ing wings.

No. 35

Wonderful Jesus.

Gypsy Smith's Campaign Song.

Copyright, 1907, by Ernest O. Sellers.

Anna B. Russell. *Melody in First Tenor.* Ernest O. Sellers.

1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a
2. There is nev - er a cross so hear - y, There is nev - er a
3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a
4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a

night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust-ing Je - sus Will
weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry, Be -
grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en, When
won - d'ring one, (not one,) But that God can in mer - cy par - don, Thro'

REPEATS.

somewhere find a song.
cause He love - eth so.
car - ried to the cross.
Je - sus Christ, His Son.

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus,

In the heart He im - plant-eth a song;..... A song of de -
im-plant-eth a song;

Deliberately.

liv'rance of courage and strength, In the heart He implanteth a song.

No. 36 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. (Glory, Hallelujah.) Plantation Melody.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau-ty of the li-lies Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build-ed Him an al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judgment seat, O be swift, my
glo-ry in His bos-om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to

fate-ful lightning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is marching on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

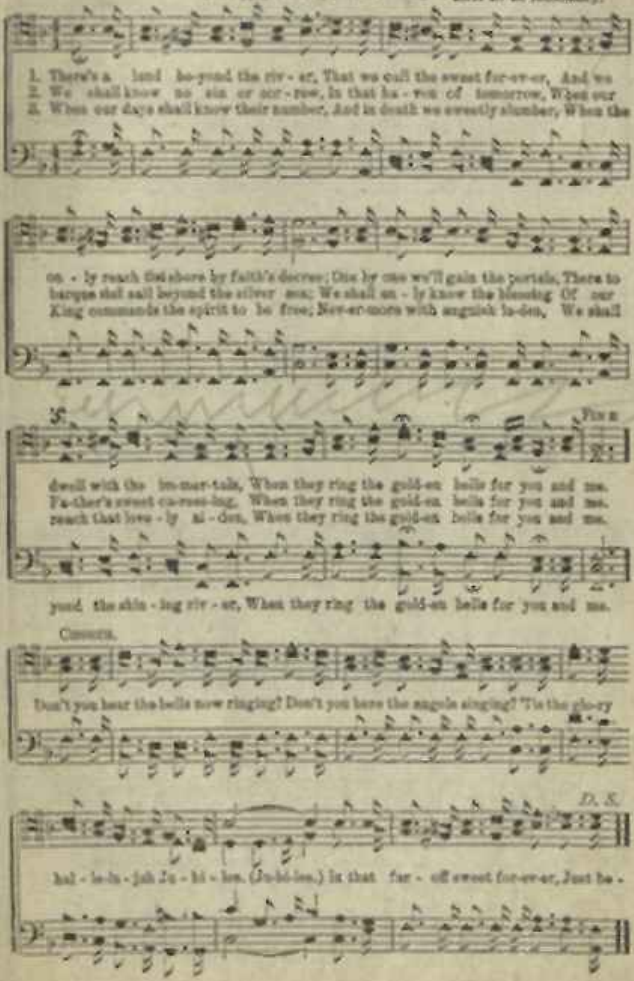
Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu -
Glory! glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu jah! Glory! glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le -

jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu - jah! Our God is marching on.
lu - jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu jah!

No. 37 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

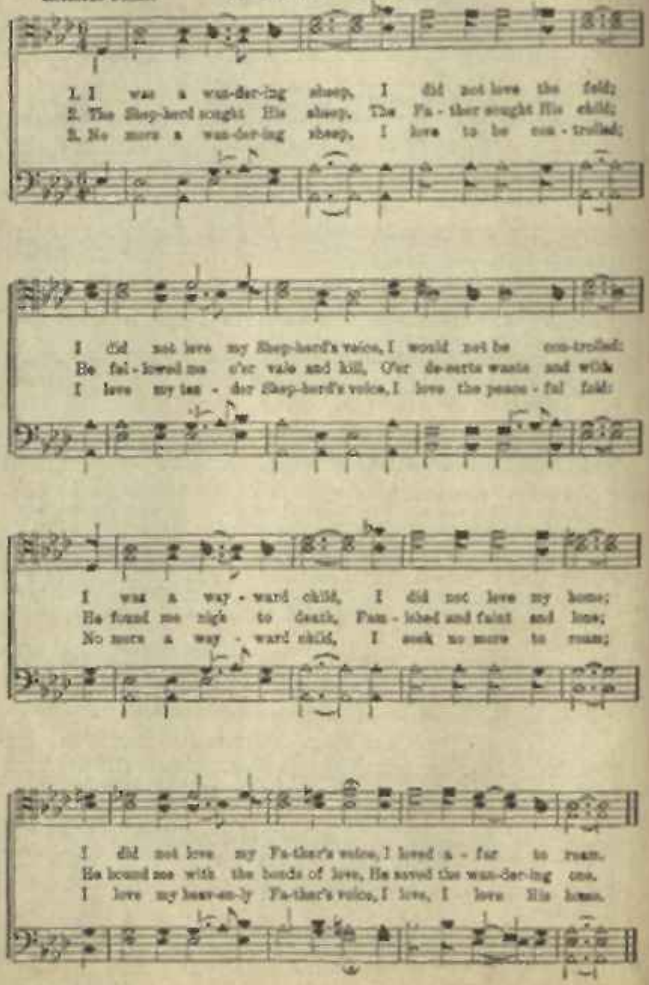
Dion De Marbelle.
Arr. D. B. McKinney.

Arr. copyrighted 1920, by Rob't H. Coleman.



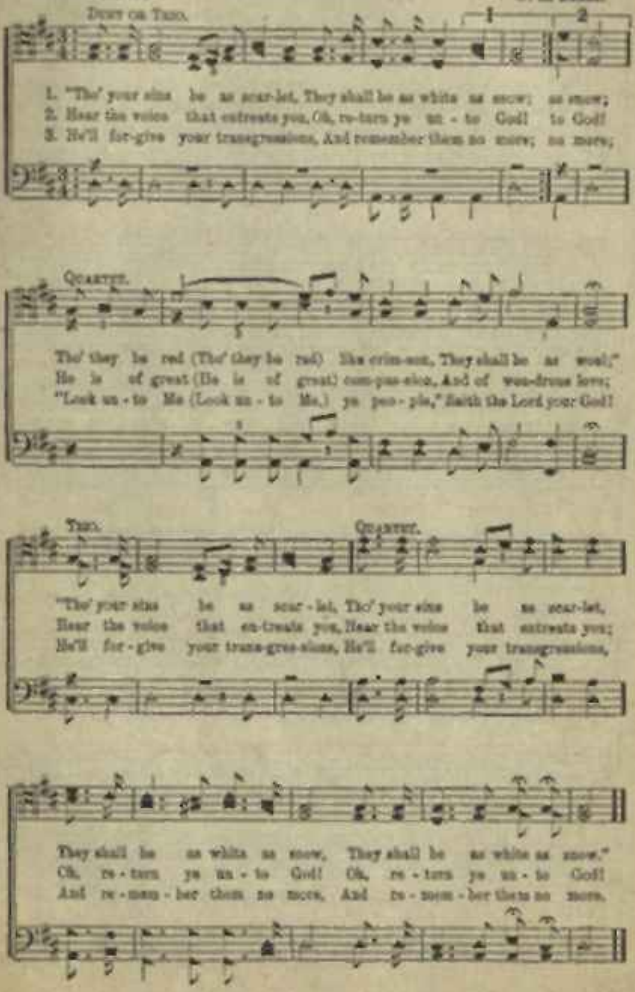
No. 38 The Wandering Sheep.

Horatius Bonar. Copyright, 1899, by Rob't H. Coleman. John Jones.



No. 39 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

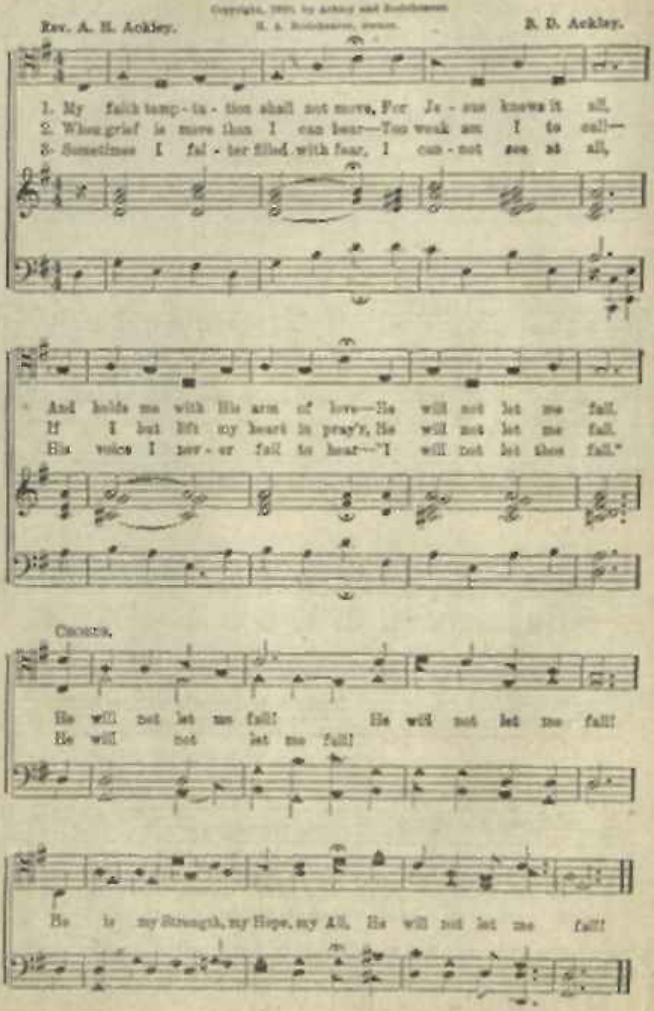
Fanny J. Crosby. Copyright property of W. H. Doane. W. H. Doane.



No. 40 He Will Not Let Me Fall.

Copyright, 1900, by Ackley and Bodenhamer
H. L. Bodenhamer, owner.

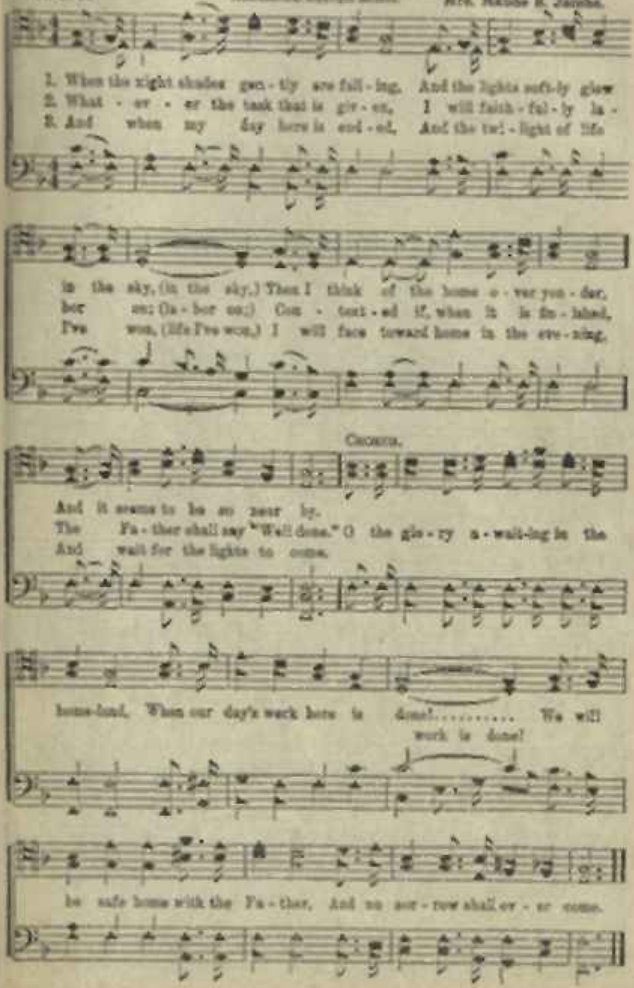
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.



No. 41 When the Night Shades Are Failing.

Copyright 1916, by Rev. S. Colman.
International copyright secured.

M. B. J. Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.



No. 42 Speed Away! Speed Away!

Words and arr. copyright 1905, by H. N. Lincoln, John R. Coleman, owner.

H. N. Lincoln. I. R. Woodbury.

1. Speed a - way! speed a - way! on thy er - rand of light, The world is en -
2. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the mes - sage of love, And lead man - y
3. Speed a - way! speed a - way! with the ti - dings of hope, To mil - lions who

shrouded in dark - ness of night; Hu - ly mis - sion will nerve thee if
souls to the man - sions a - bove: While the work is so great and the
in their dark wan - der - ings grope, Go and win them to Je - sus, still

trust - ing you go, And re - joice the sweet sto - ry the whole world must
work - ers so few, Can the Lord for a reap - er de - pend up - on
oth - ers they'll win, Thus the bat - tle to wage and to o - ver - come

know; Bless - ed ti - dings of grace and sal - va - tion out - way,
you From the dawn of the morn to the close of the day!
sin, Till the earth shall be bright with mil - len - ni - al ray.

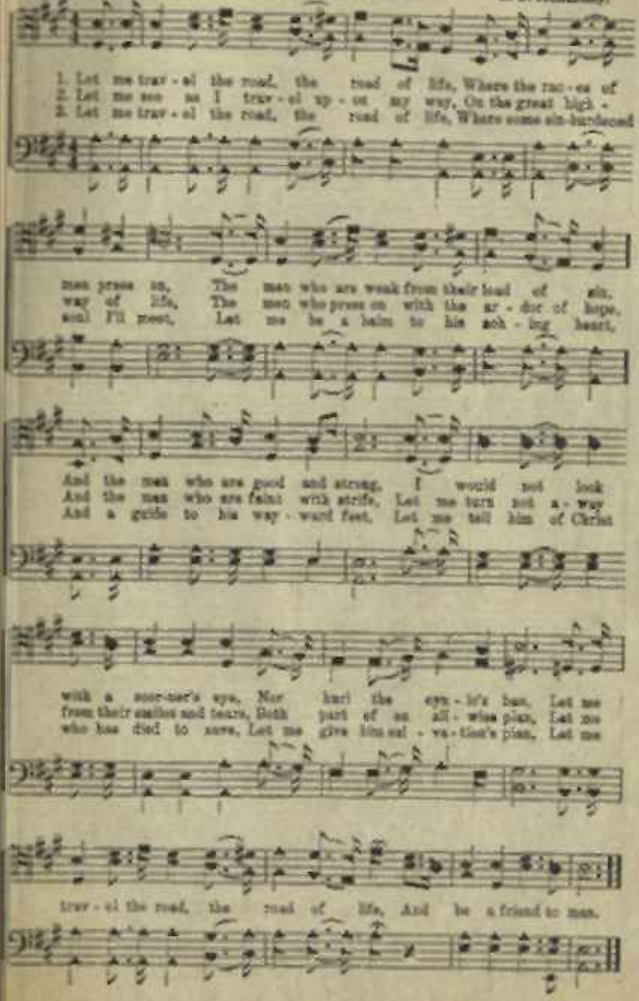
rit.

Speed a - way, ... speed a - way, ... speed a - way!
Speed a-way, speed a-way.

No. 43

A Friend To Man.

Adapted by B. B. McK. Copyright 1916, by Rob't E. Gilmore. B. B. McKinney.

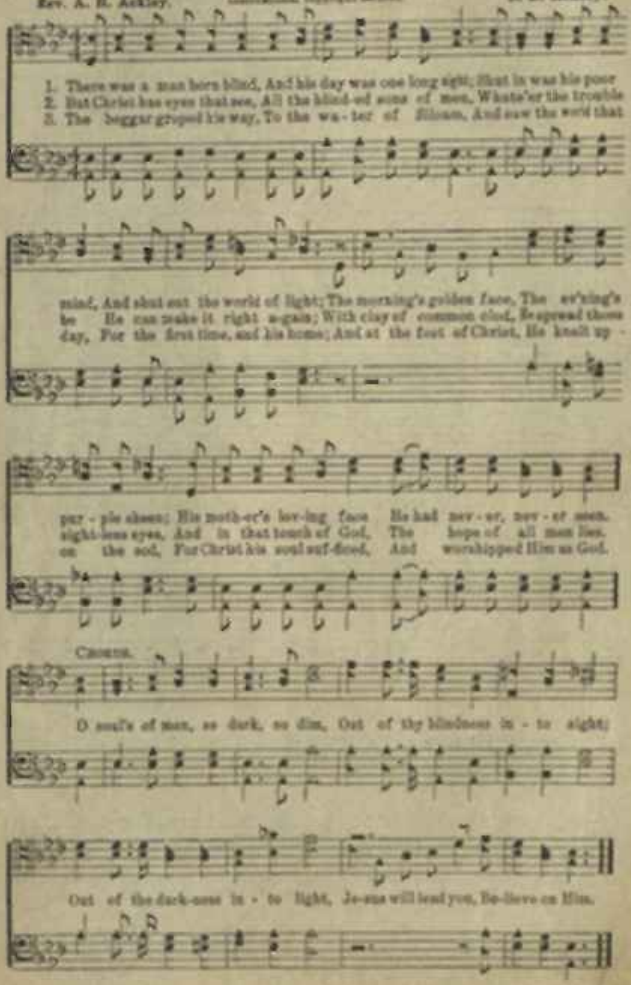


No. 46

The Man Born Blind.

Copyright, 1909, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

Rev. A. B. Ackley. R. D. Ackley.



No. 47

Sunset Hour.

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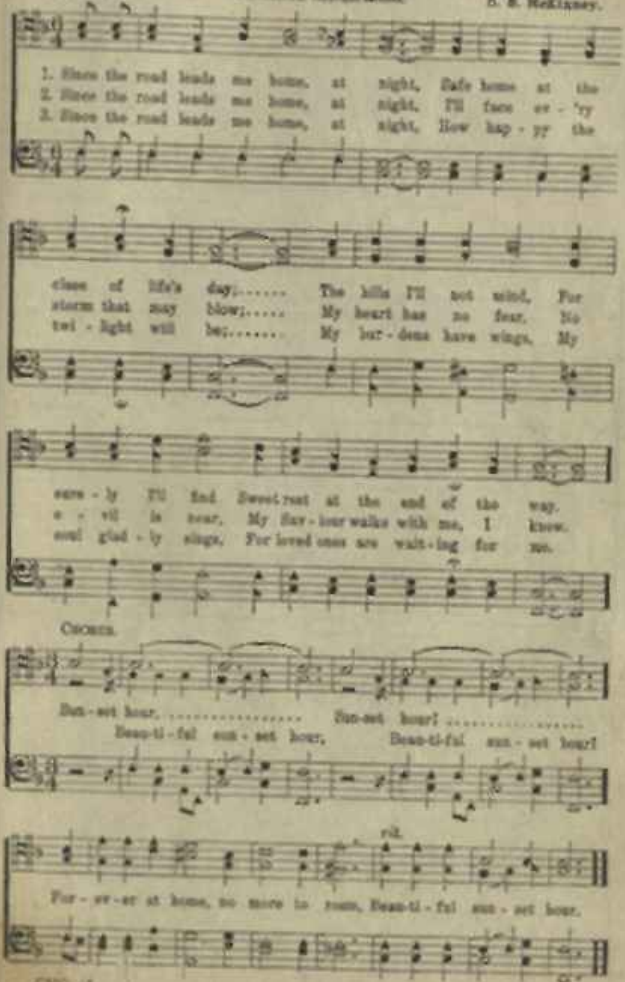
E. C. Baird. B. B. McKinney.



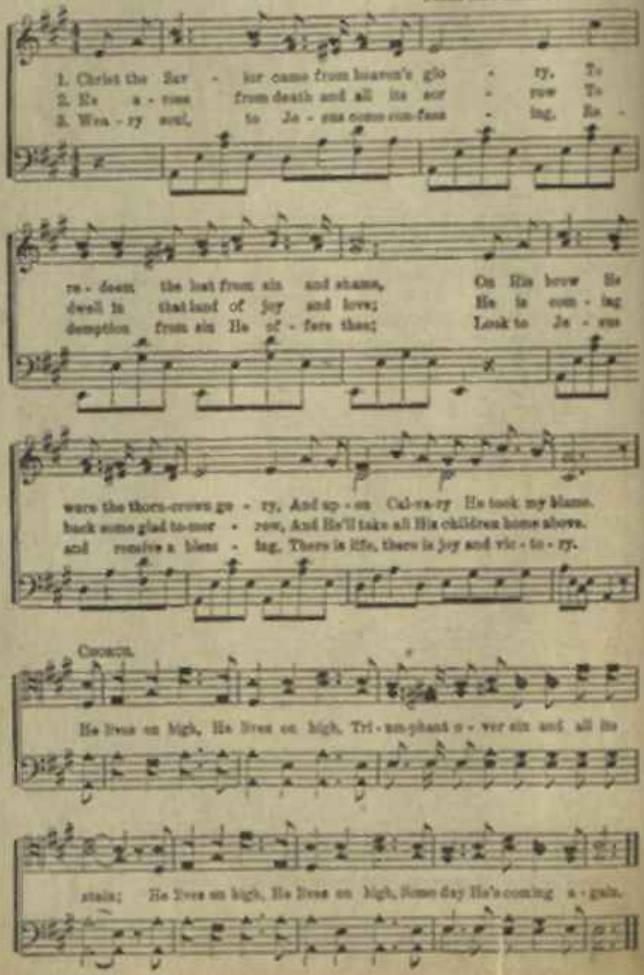
No. 48

He Lives On High.

Words and arr. copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman.

S. B. McK.

Arr. by S. B. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.

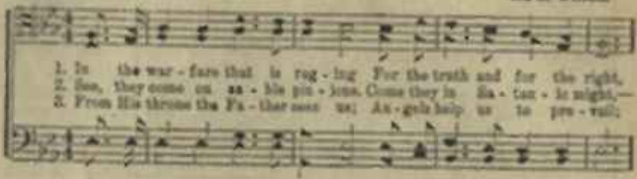


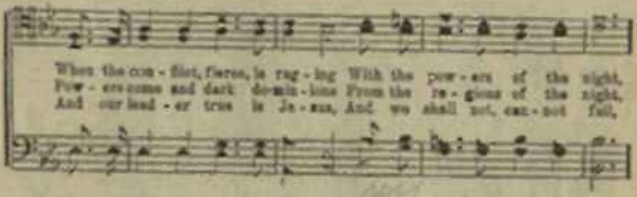
No. 49

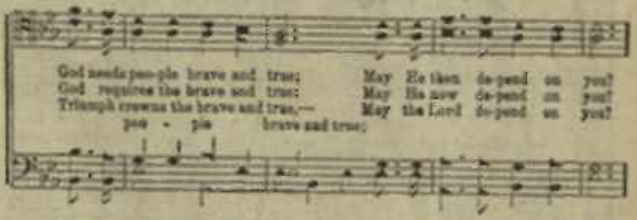
May God Depend On You?

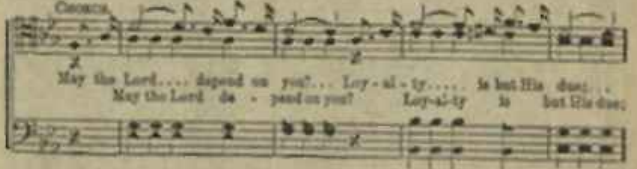
Copyright, 1906, by the Lorenz Publishing Co.

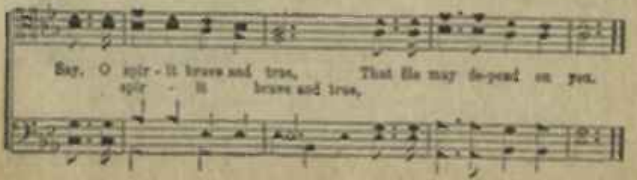
W. C. Martin. Ira B. Wilson.











No. 50

Come Unto Me.

Mrs. W. C. E. Ewing. Copyright, 1916, by Lorenz Publishing Co. Carrie S. Adams.

Slowly and with expression.

PP Hum ..... Hum .....

1. Come un-to me, when shadows dark-ly gath-er, When the heart is
2. Large are the man-sions in my Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
3. There fla-ut E-den, blos-som-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the

PP

..... Hum .....

wea-ry and distressed; Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav'n-ly
sor-rows nev-er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho-ly ma-sic
earth too rude-ly pressed; Come un-to me, all ye who droop in

..... Hum .....

Fa-ther, Come un-to me and I will give you rest.
swell-ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'n-ly hymn.
sad-ness, Come un-to me and I will give you rest.

f

REPEAT. *rit. e dim.*

Come un-to me, Come un-to me, Come un-to me, and

Coda after last verse. *rit. ad lib.* *pp*

I will give you rest; Come un-to me and I will give you rest.

No. 51 The Face Of The Master.

Copyright, 1900, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured

Mrs. E. W. Leader. Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.

SOLO.

1. In the ear - ly morn, in my gar - den, Where
2. In the noon-time's hur - ry and wor - ry, In the
3. In the eve when work is all o - ver, More

flow'rs waft per - fume rare; I see the Face of the Mas - ter,
crowds that throng the street; I see the Face of the Mas - ter,
hour - ly I be - hold; I see the Face of the Mas - ter,

CHORUS.

In the ruse He gives to me there,
In the glance of souls that I meet, O how dear, the
In the glo - rious sun - set of gold.

Face of the Mas - ter, And to me how pre-cious His touch; I

yield a - new to the Sav-iour, Whose love has meant so much.

No. 52 Wandering Child, O Come Home.

Copyright, 1894, by Henry A. Rossiter.
International copyright secured.

E. G. E. Kem G. Bettorf.

Moderato.

1. Have you wandered a-way from your Fa-ther's care, Hear-y heart-ed and
2. Is your frail bark a-drift on life's rag-ing sea, Are you tossed on its
3. He is plead-ing to-day, hear His gen-tle voice, As He bids you no

sad do you roam? There's a sweet, gen-tle voice call-ing now to you—
hil-lows and foam? There's a safe har-bor home, waiting now for you—
long-er to roam. To that dear Father's home haste without de-lay—

Chorus. *pp Normal time.*

Wand'ring child, wand'ring child, O come home. Child, come home, child, come
Child, come home.

child, come home. Wand'ring child, why long-er roam?
home. Wand'ring child, why long-er roam? 'Tis thy

Wand'ring child, O come home, come home.

'Tis thy Fa-ther now entreats— Wand'ring child, come home, come home.
Fa-ther en-treats— Wand'ring child, O come home.

No. 53 Comrades, Press On.

Words and music copyright 1900, by E. S. Lorenz.

James Rowe. Rob't E. Coleman, owner. W. H. Roach.

1. From morn until even, and day after day, Comrades in Jesus, press
2. The sword of the Spirit to faith-fully wield, Comrades in Jesus, press
3. The world from its bondage of sin to re-lease, Comrades in Jesus, press

on; (press on;) Be found at your post in the heat of the fray;
on; (press on;) To mer-cy and truth sin and er-ror must yield;
on; (press on;) Till vi-brates the earth with the an-them of peace;

REPEAT.

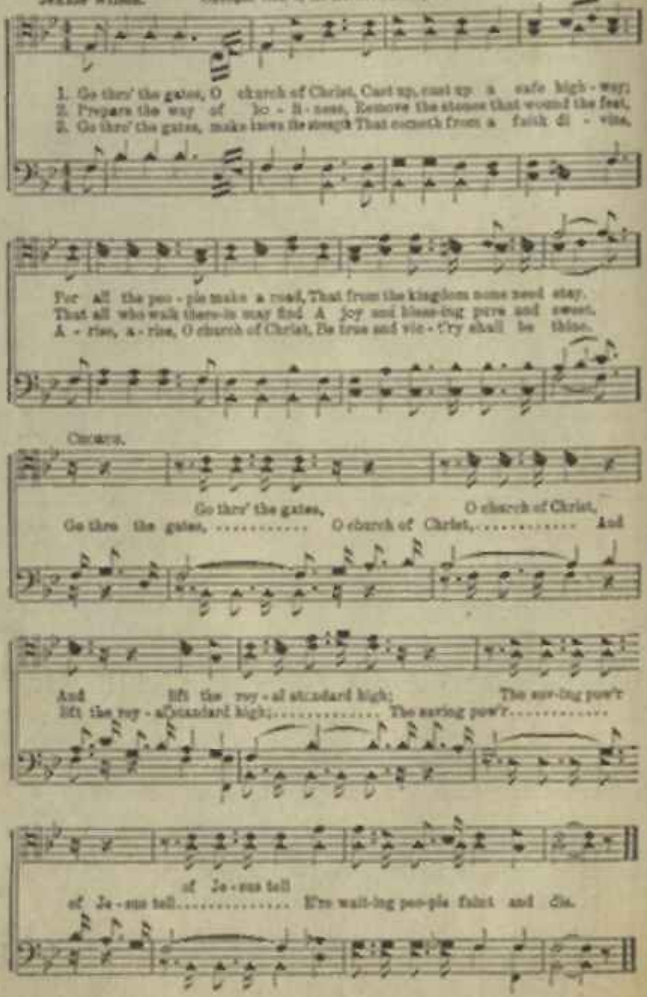
Comrades in Je-sus, press on, Press on and on, press on, Press on and on,

on and on, ... Comrades in Jesus, press on;..... The vic-fry to press on and on,

win o-ver darkness and sin, Comrades in Je-sus, press on. (press on.)

No. 54 Go Through The Gates.

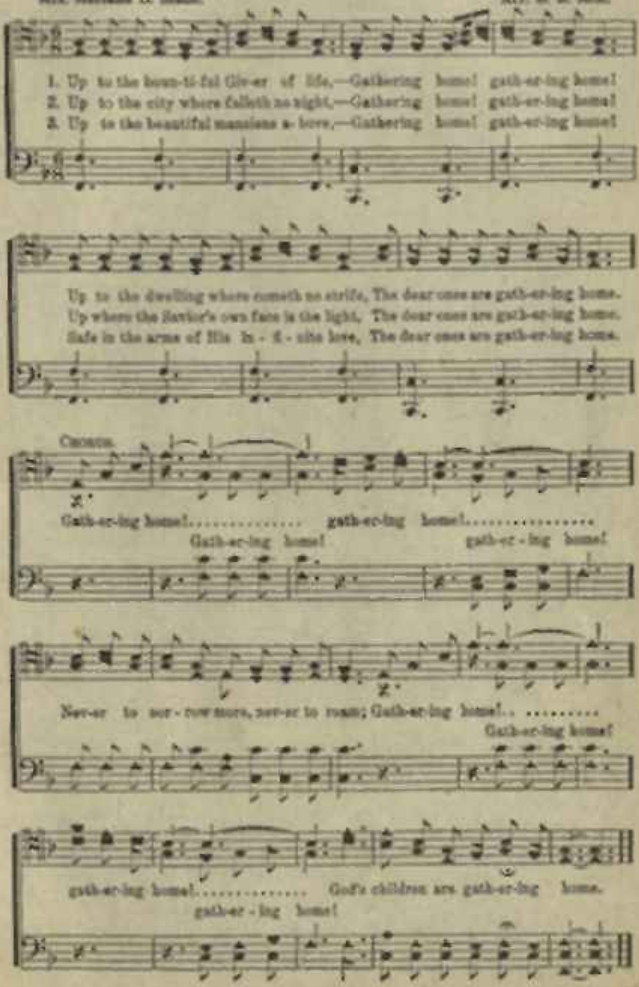
Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1906, by the Lorenz Publishing Co. Ira B. Wilson.



No. 55 Gathering Home.

Arr. copyright 1910, by Rob't E. Coleman.

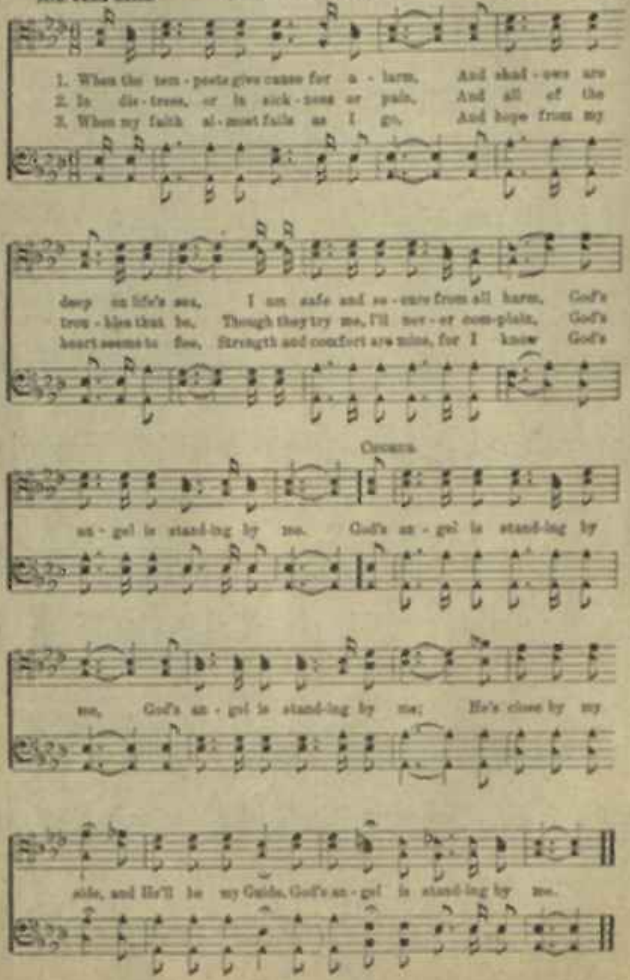
Mrs. Mariana B. Slade. R. M. McIntosh. Arr. R. E. McK.



No. 56 God's Angel Is Standing By Me.

Copyright, 1898, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

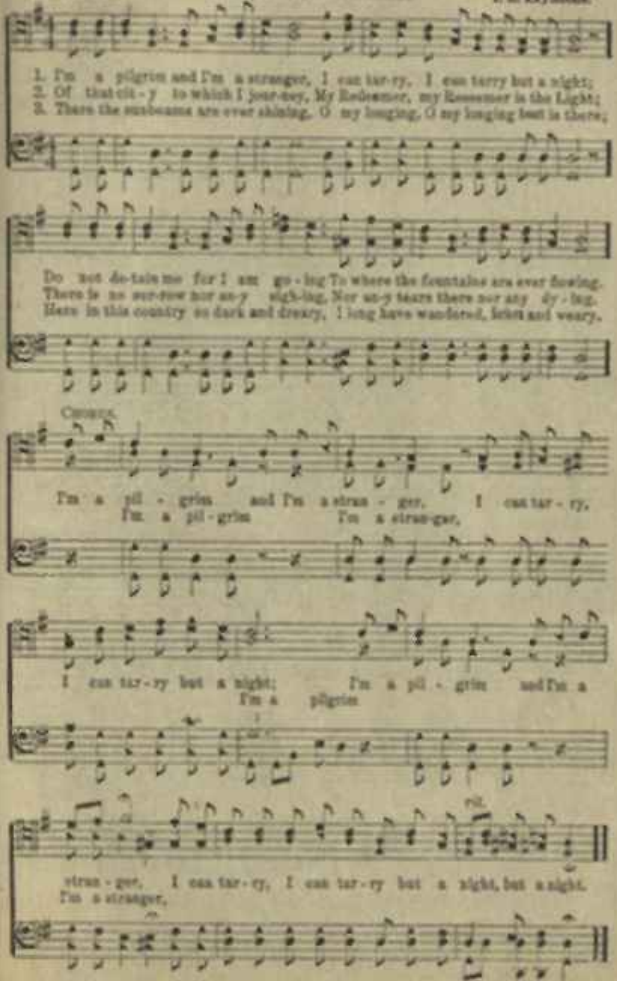
Mrs. Jean Boles. J. Earl Mead.



No. 57

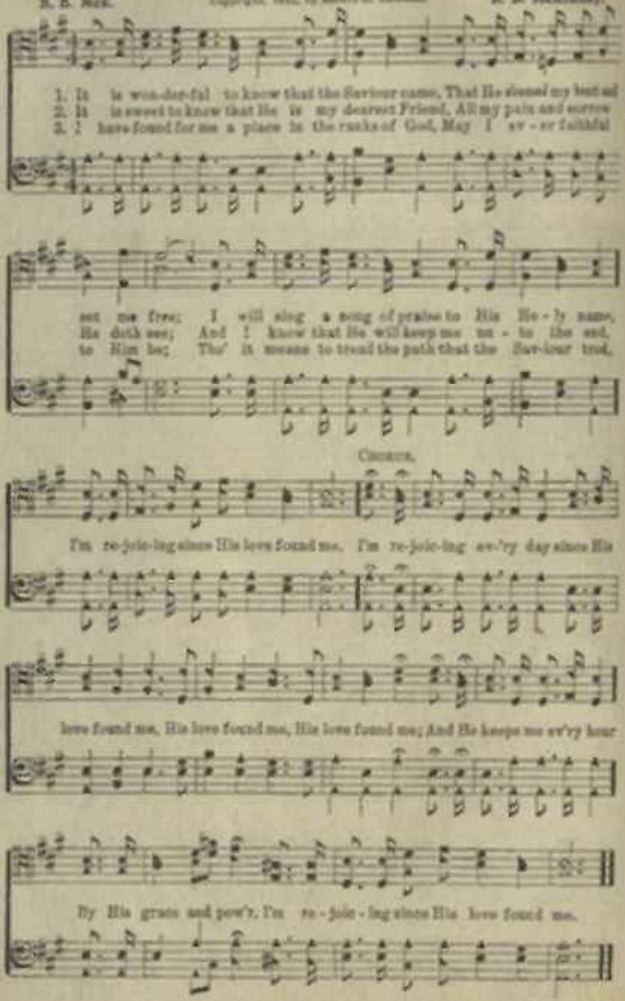
I'm A Pilgrim.

Mary S. B. Dana. Copyright, 1898, by Robert H. Coleman. I. E. Reynolds.



No. 58 Since His Love Found Me.

B. B. McK. Copyright, 1892, by Robert H. Coleman. B. B. McKinney.

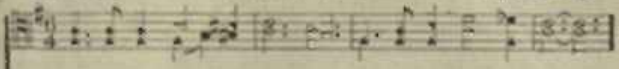


No. 59

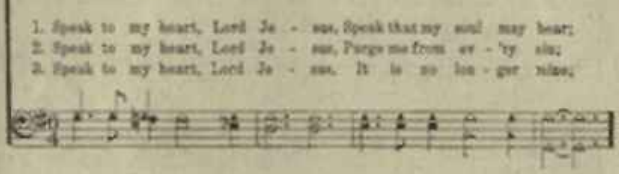
Speak To My Heart.

Copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

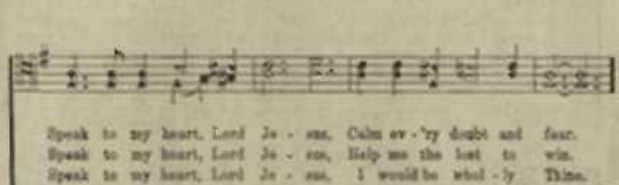
Gene Booth. R. H. McKinney.



1. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Purge me from ev - 'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, It is no lon - ger mine;

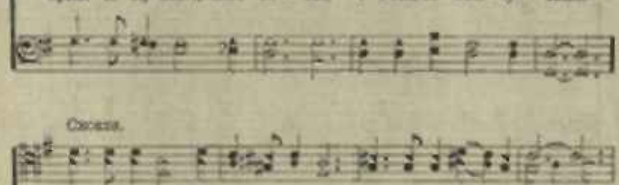


Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Calm ev - 'ry doubt and fear.
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Help me the lost to win.
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, I would be whol - ly Thine.

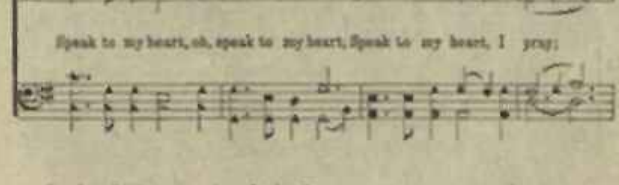


CHORUS.

Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;

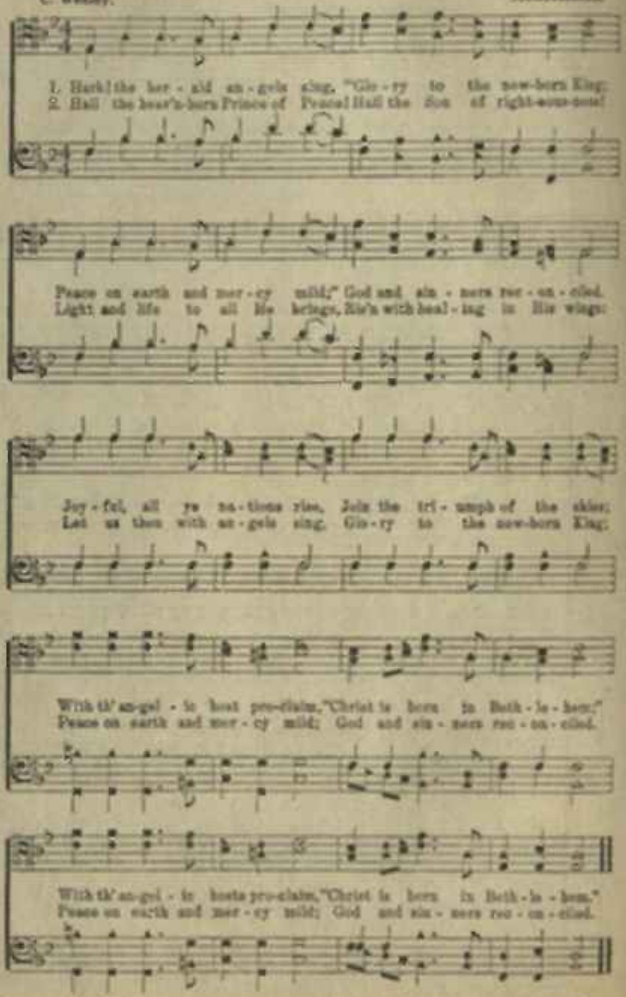


Yield-ed and still, seek-ing Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to - day.



No. 60 Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

C. Wesley. Mendelssohn.



No. 61 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

Copyright, 1895, by Hope a. Hubbard.
International copyright secured.

Rev. Geo. Matheson. J. B. Herbert.

1st Tenor. *mp*

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea-ry soul on
2. O Light that follow'st all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to

2nd Tenor.

3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from

1st and 2nd Bass.

mf *dim.*

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine ocean depths its
Thee; My heart restores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's blaze its

Thee; I trace the rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from its grave blossoms

cres.

flow May rich-er, full-er be, May rich-er, full - er be.
day May brighter, fair-er be, May brighter, fair - er be.

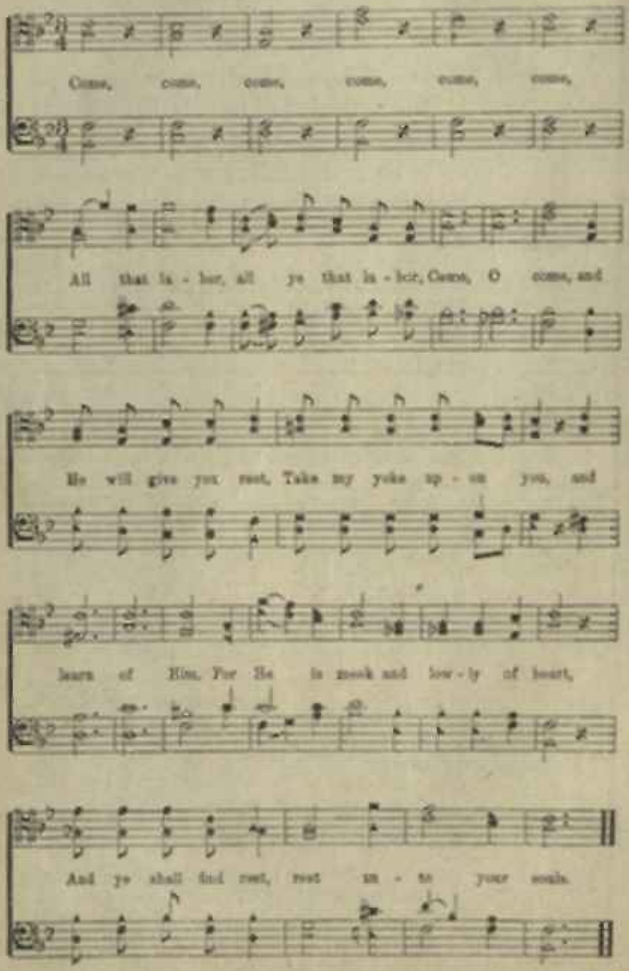
rain That more shall tear-less be, That more shall tear - less be.
red Life that shall end-less be, Life that shall end - less be.

No. 62

Come Unto Him.

Copyright, 1898, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

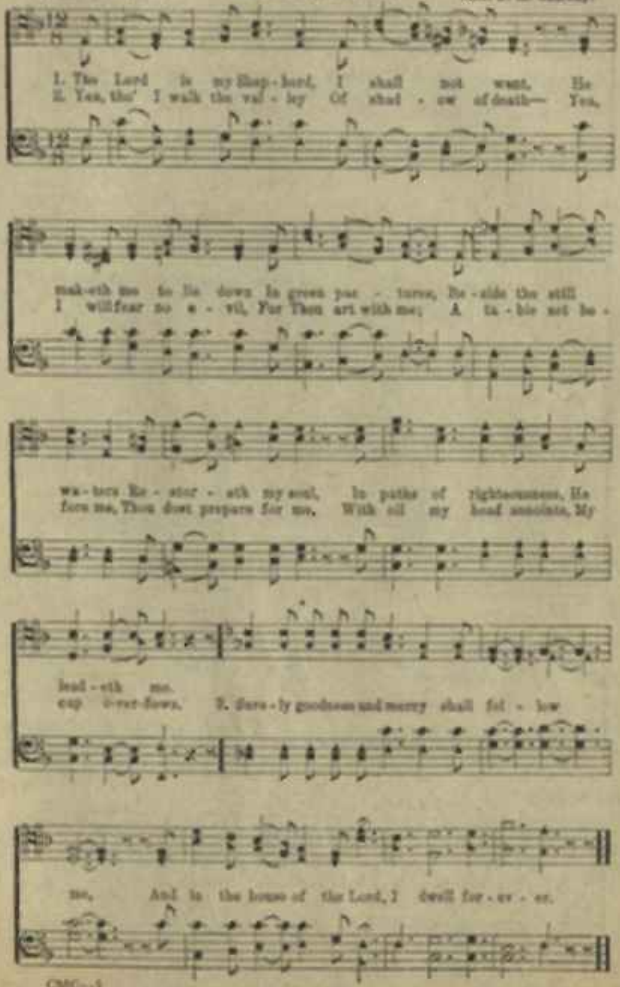
Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.



No. 63 The Lord Is My Shepherd.

Copyright, 1899, by Robert H. Coleman.
Interpolation copyright secured.

Pentecostal—Lorgbolo. Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.



No. 64

The Old Road.

Copyright, 1907, by R. B. McKinney.
Renewal, Unknown, owner.

R. B. McK. R. B. McKinney.

1. There's an old, old road By an old, old cross, And the road is
2. On the old, old road Want the Christ di - vine, With His cross of
3. Leave the wide, wide road For the nar - row way, Paths of sin so

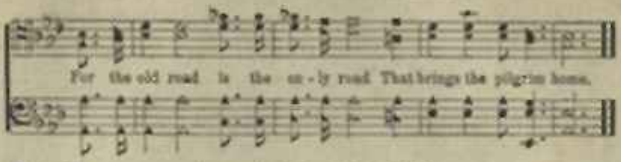
nar - row and strait; But it leads a - long to the great white throne When the
sor - row and shame; On its beam so wide Je - sus bled and died, When He
long - er to roam; Walk the way di - vine, Where the cross doth shine; It will

CHORUS.

saints in glo - ry wait.
bore the sinner's blame. The old road is the on - ly road That leads home to
bring you safely home.

God; The old road is the on - ly road, The way that Je - sus trod.

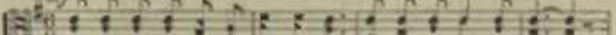
I'll walk the road He walked for me, And in sin no long - er roam;



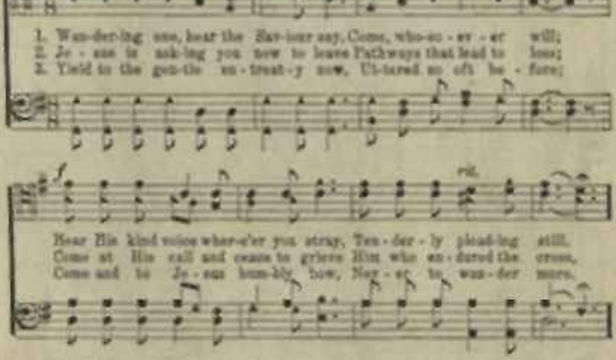
No. 65 Jesus is Pleading Still.

Copyright, 1913, by Lorenz Publishing Co.
Arr. copyright, 1918, by Lorenz Publishing Co. International copyright.

Jennie Wilson. Ira B. Wilson.



1. Won-der-ing one, hear the Sav-ior say, Come, who-ev - er will;
2. Je - sus is ask-ing you now to leave Pathways that lead to loss;
3. Yield to the gen-tle en-treat-y now, Un-tired so oft be - fore;



No. 66

I Believe In God.

Copyright, 1905, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

Rev. Oswald J. Smith. Harry Dixon Loes.

Melody on Second Tenor.

1. I be-lieve in God, in His mer-cy and com-pas-sion, O what wonderous
2. I be-lieve in God, as revealed by Christ the Sav-iour, When for man He
3. I be-lieve in God, He has answered my pe-ti-tions, Tho' none know my

love in Christ Je-sus did He show, When on Cal'ry's cross for the world He
died, His a-maz-ing love to show; All He was He is, and for ev-er-
need nor for what I sought in pray'r; O what joy to know that He lives, my

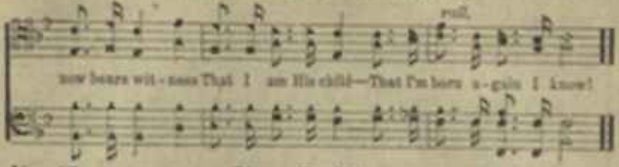
rall.

let Him suf-fer To provide re-demp-tion, that all His grace might know,
more re-main-eth—Christ is still the same as He was on earth be-low.
blest Re-deem-er—I believe in God, for I've proved His love and care.

Chorus.

I be-lieve in God, for He pardoned my transgressions, Cleansed my heart from

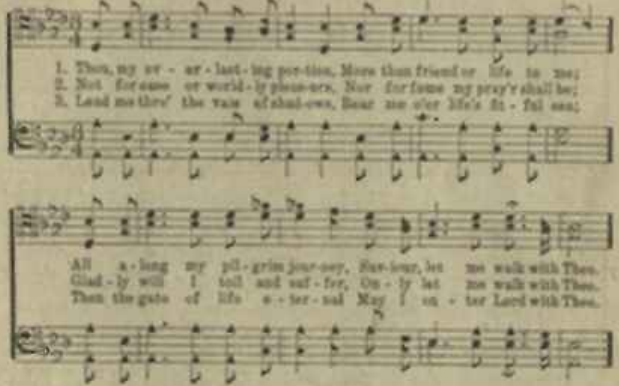
sin, made me whit-er than the snow; I be-lieve in God, for His Spir-it



No. 67 Close To Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby. Silas J. Vail.
Arr. R. S. McGranahan.

Arr. copyright, 1918, by Robert S. Coleman.



No. 68

The Life-Boat.

Arr. copyright, 1928, by Robert H. Coleman.

Arr. by D. B. McKinney.

Anon.

1. We're float-ing down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The
2. Sometimes we've felt dis-cour-ag-ed, And thought it all in vain, For
3. The Life-boat soon is com-ing, By the eye of faith I see, As

storm-y clouds of dark-ness Will turn to brightest day. Then let us
us to live a Christian life, And walk in Je-sus' name. But then we
she sweeps thro' the wa-ters To res-cue you and me, And land us

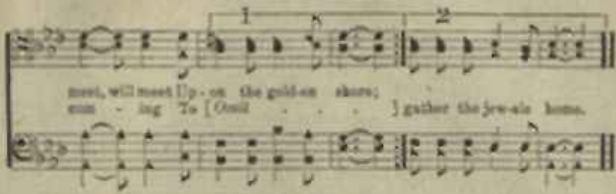
all take cour-age, For we've not left a-lone; The life-boat soon is
heard the Mas-ter say, I'll lend a help-ing hand; And if you'll co-ly
safe-ly in the port With friends we love so dear, "Get read-y," cries the

coming To gath-er the jew-els home. Then cheer, my brother,
trust me, I'll guide you to that land. We're pil-grims and we're
Cap-tain, Oh! look, she is al-most here

CHORUS.

cheer, Our tri-als will soon be o'er, Our loved ones we will
strangers here, We're seeking a cit-y to come. The life-boat soon is

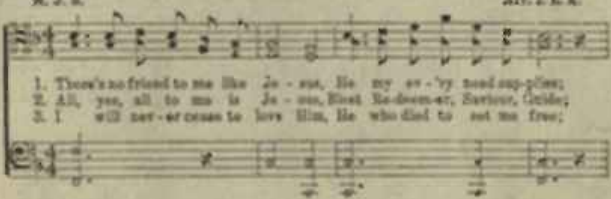
The Life-Boat. Concluded.

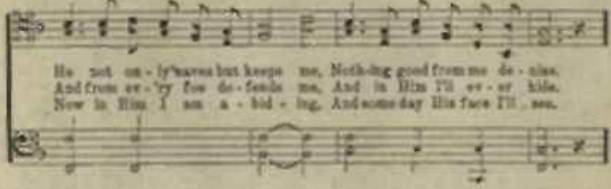


No. 69 There's No Friend Like Jesus.

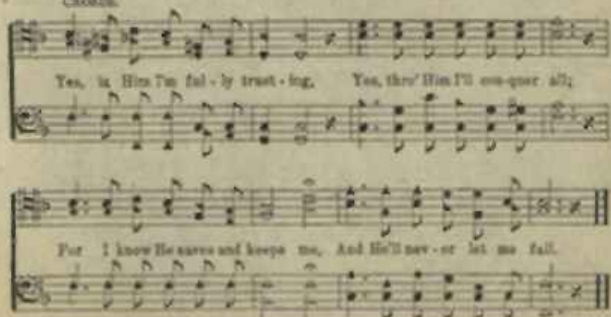
Copyright, 1917, by Robert H. Coleman.

M. J. B. M. J. Babbitt.
Arr. J. E. R.





CHORUS.



No. 70 The Wayside Cross.

Copyright, 1894, by H. R. Palmer.
Used by permission.

C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Rec. ad lib. (Declamatory style.)

1. "Which way shall I take," sounds a voice on the night, "I'm a pilgrim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright golden span That bridges the
4. "See the lights from the palace in all-ver-y lines, How they pencil the

wan-dered, and spent is my light; And I seek for a pal-ace, that
wa-ters so safe-ly for man? To the right? to the left? oh,
bridges and fruit-la-den vines—My fortune! my all for

Slower, and sustained.

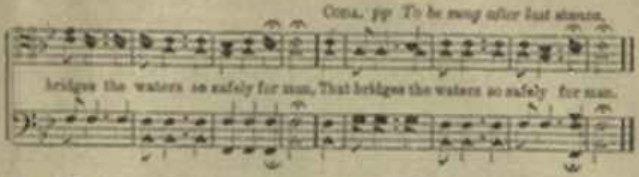
rests on the hill, But between us, a stream I-sith sol-ids and still."
me! if I know—The night is so dark, and the pass-ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the fil-ies, and wastes on the stream."

*Chorus.

Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side, cross, Like a gray fri-ar cowled in

Rahens and moss: And its crossbeam will point to the bright golden span That

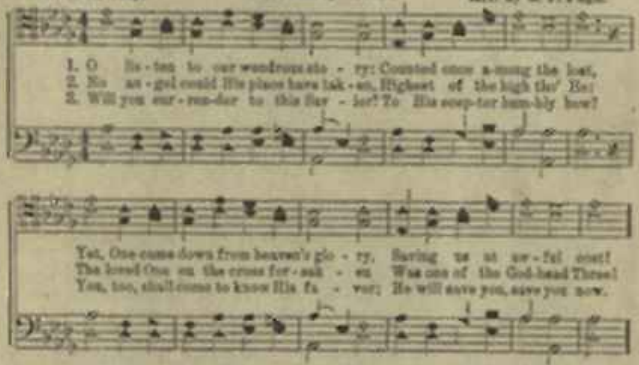
*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.



No. 71 What Did He Do?

Copyright, 1916, by Winona Publishing Co.
Arr. copyright, 1917, by O. F. Pugh.
Sole Publishing Co., owner

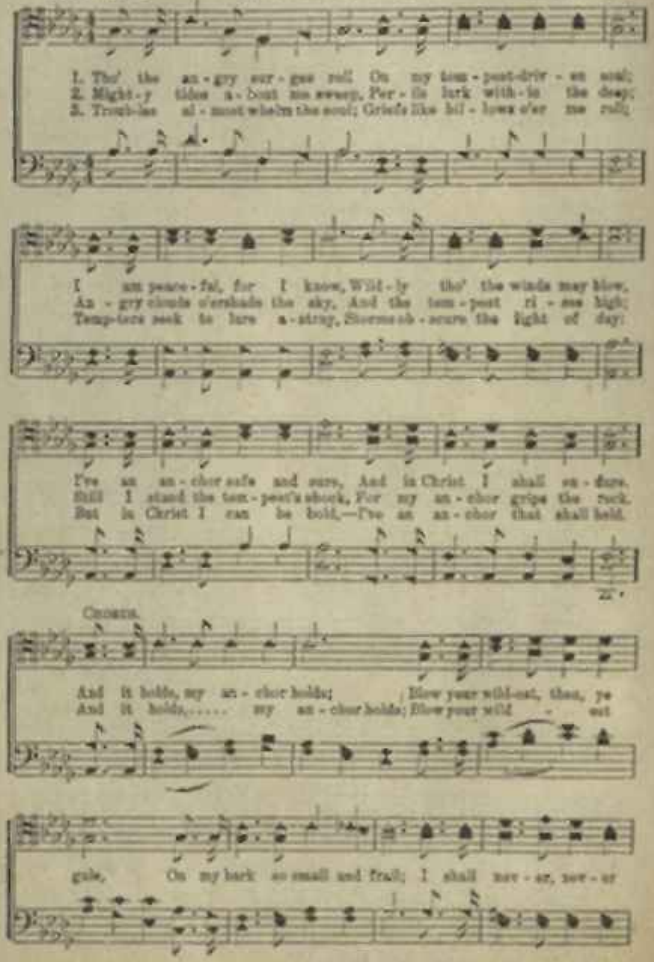
Dr. J. M. Gray. W. Owen. Arr. by O. F. Pugh.



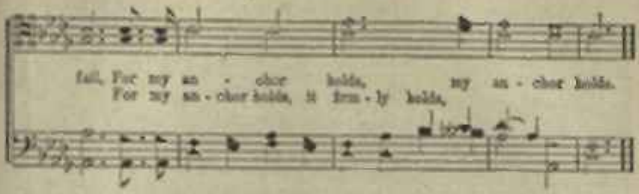
No. 72 My Anchor Holds.

Copyright, 1903, by D. B. Towner.
Arr. copyright, 1911, by Chas. M. Alexander. International copyright secured.

W. C. Martin. Hope Publishing Co., Owner. D. B. Towner.

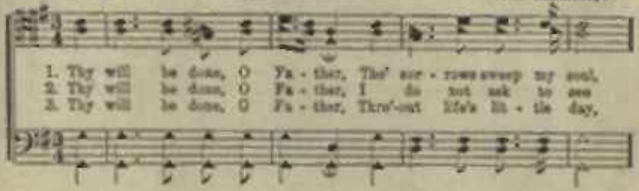


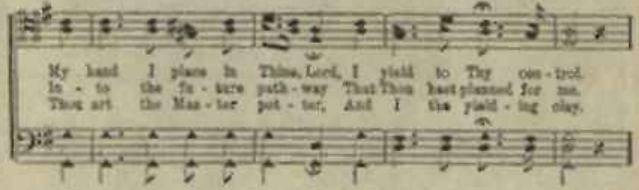
My Anchor Holds.

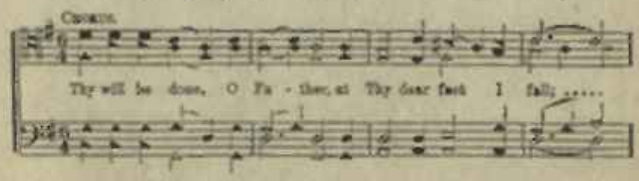


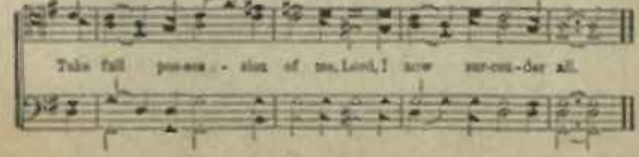
No. 73 Thy Will Be Done.

B. B. McK. Copyright, 1910, by Robert H. Coleman. B. B. McKinney.









No. 74 Going Down The Valley.

Jessie H. Brown. Copyright, 1910, by Fillmore Bros. J. H. Fillmore

With feeling.

1. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, With our
2. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, When the
3. We are go - ing down the val - ley one by one, Ha - ven

fa - ces t'ward the set - ting of the sun; Down the val - ley where the
la - bors of the wea - ry day are done; One by one the cares of
com-rade you or I will there have none, But a ten - der hand will

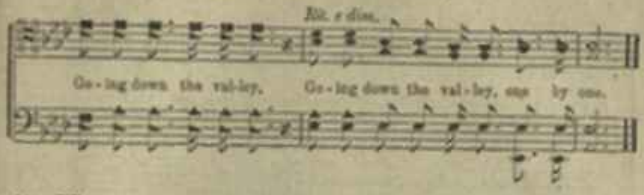
mournful cy-press grows, Where the stream of death in si - lence on - ward flows.
earth for - ever - more past, We shall stand up - on the riv - er bank at last,
guide us lest we fall, Christ is go - ing down the val - ley with us all.

mf CHORUS.

We are go - ing down the val-ley, Go - ing down the val-ley,

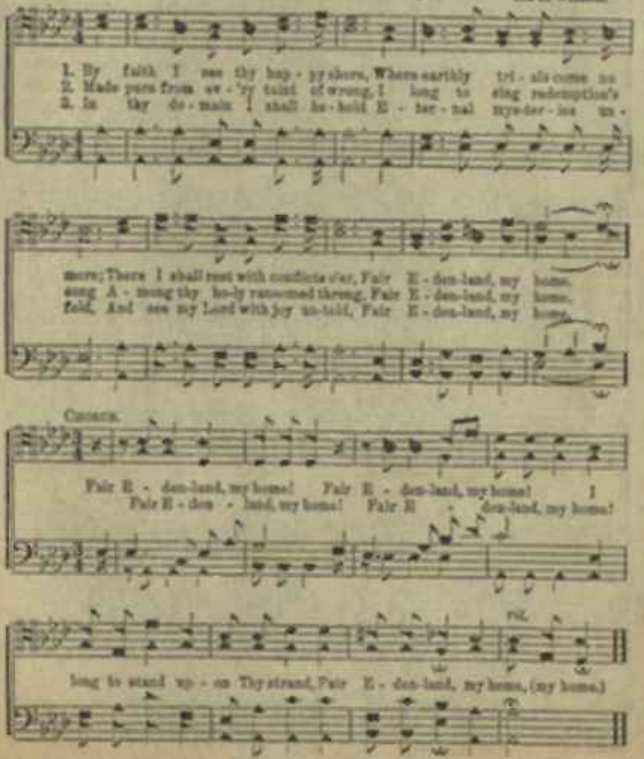
Go - ing t'ward the setting of the sun; We are go - ing down the val-ley,

Going Down The Valley.



No. 75 Fair Eden-Land, My Home.

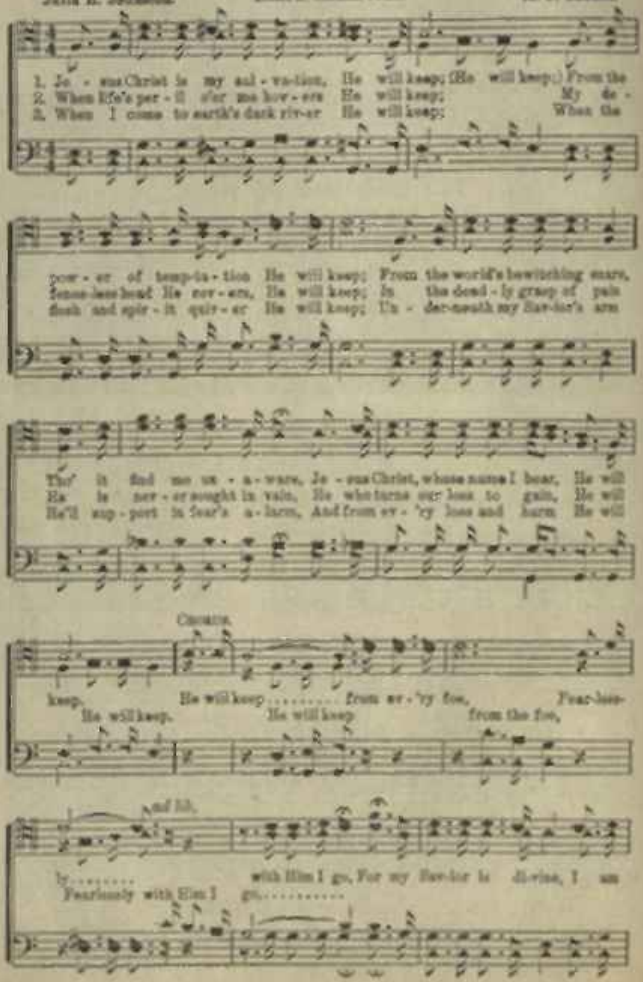
Jennie Wilson. Copyright, 1906 by the Lorenz Publishing Co. Ira B. Wilson.



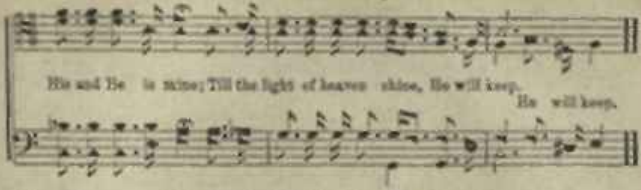
No. 76 He Will Keep.

Copyright, 1911, by M. J. Babbitt.
Robert H. Coleman, owner.

Julia H. Johnston. M. J. Babbitt.

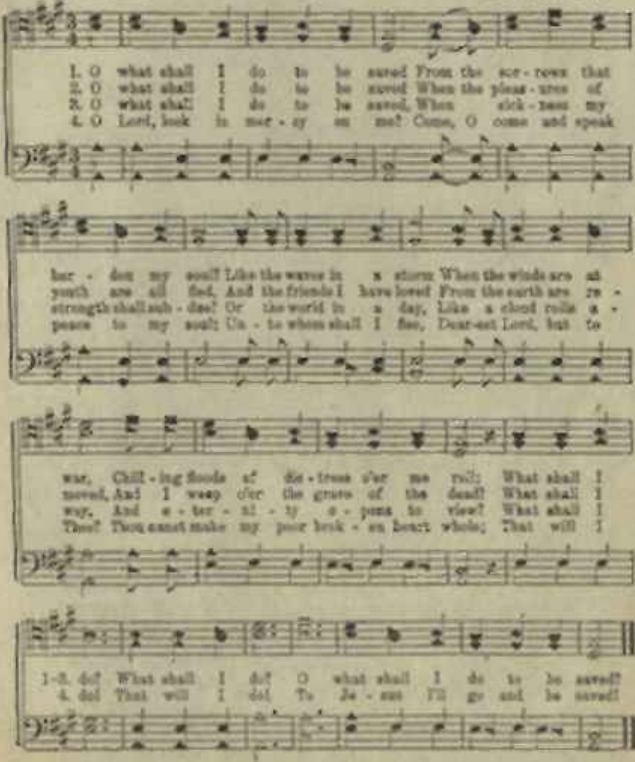


He Will Keep.



No. 77 What Shall I Do To Be Saved?

J. W. Hoffman. Used by permission. Wm. S. Bradbury.



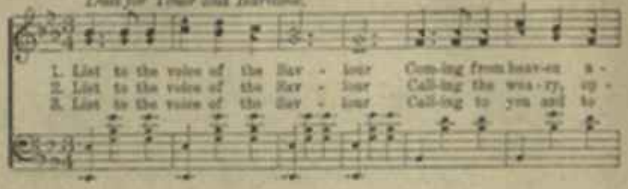
No. 78

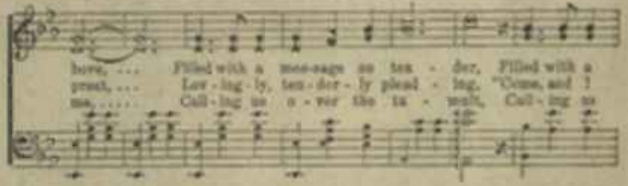
List To The Voice.

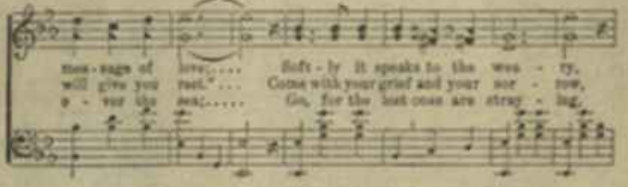
Am. copyright, 1918, by Robert H. Coleman.

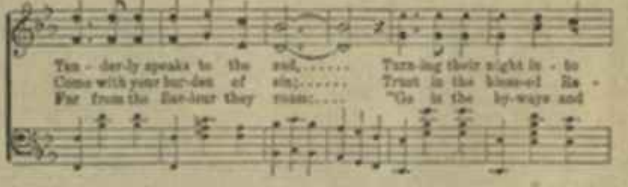
Words by B. B. McKinney. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

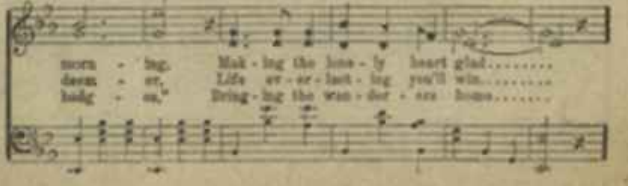
Duet for Tenor and Baritone.











List To The Voice. Concluded.

CHORUS.

List..... to the voice..... Oh how ten - - der and sweet.....
List to the voice, List to the voice, tender and sweet, Oh how tender and sweet,

Call - - ing you home,..... Where the ran - somed shall meet.
Calling you home, Calling you home, ransomed, the ransomed shall meet.

No. 79 Abide With Me.

R. F. Lyte.

Arr. copyright, 1908, by Robert H. Coleman.

W. H. Monk
Arr. by R. E. McKinney.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour: What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy word be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

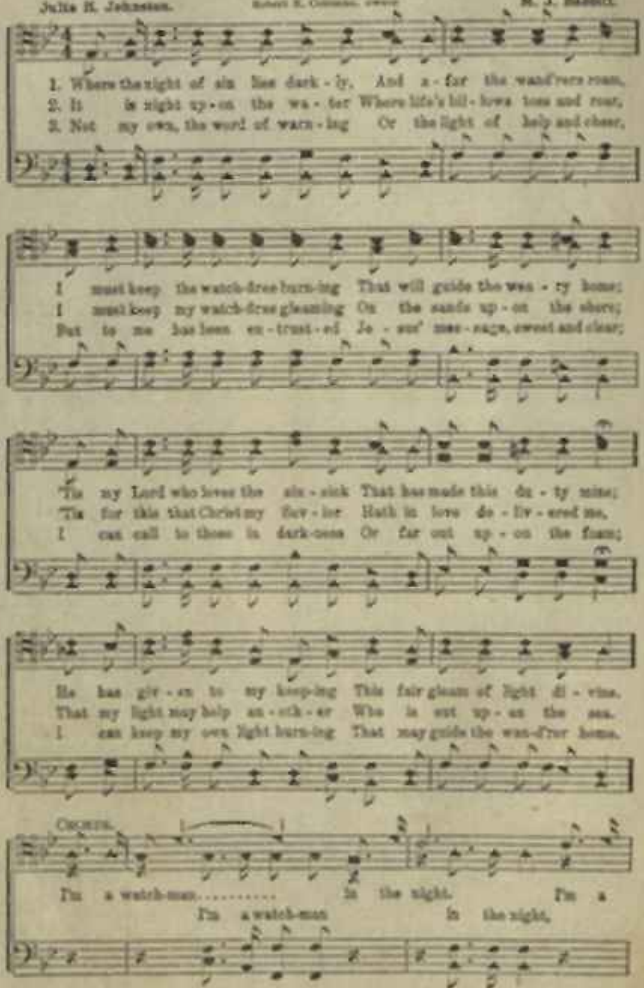
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee. Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
round I see: O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
shad - ows fee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

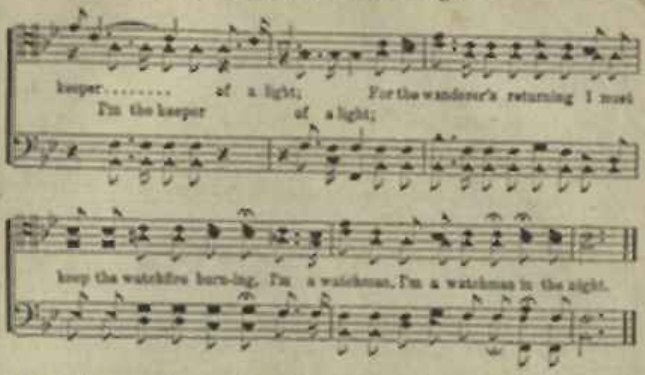
No. 80 A Watchman In The Night.

Copyright, 1915, by M. J. Babbitt.
Robert E. Coleman, owner.

Julia H. Johnston. M. J. Babbitt.



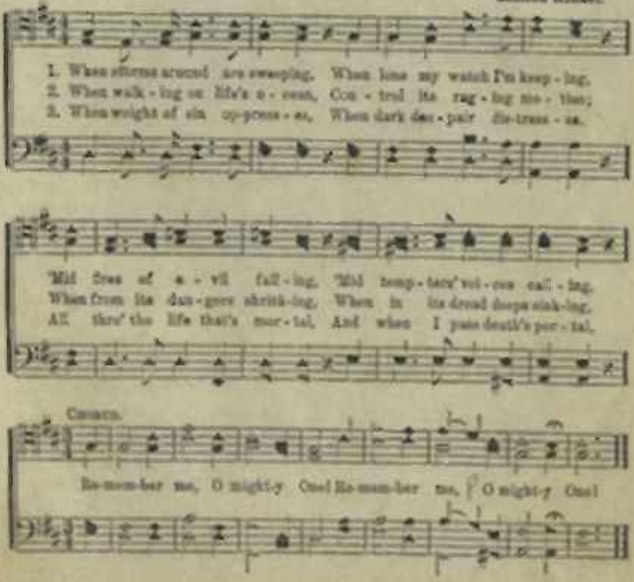
A Watchman In The Night.



No. 81 Remember Me, O Mighty One.

Andante.

Jennie Kinkel.



No. 82 That Beautiful Land.

May be sung as Duet by first and second tenors.

F. A. F. White. Mark M. Jones.

1. I have heard of a land On a far a-way strand,
2. There are ev-er-green trees That bend low in the breeze,
3. There's a home in that land, At the Fa-ther's right hand;

In the Bi-ble the sto-ry is told,..... Where
And their fruit-age is bright-er than gold;..... There are
There are man-sions whose joys are un-told, ... And per-

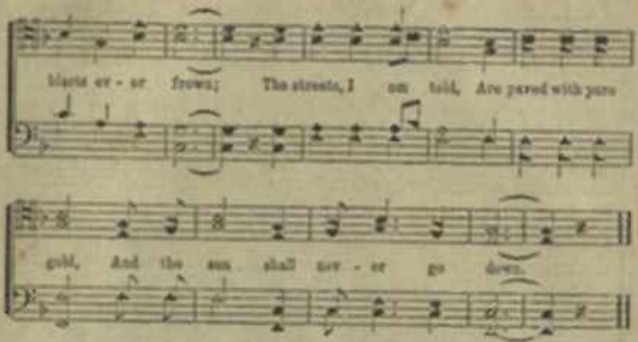
cares nev-er come, Nor-er dark-ness nor gloom, And
harps for our hands, In that fair-est of lands, And
un-ti-al spring, Where the birds ev-er sing, And

Chorus.

noth-ing shall ev-er grow old,
noth-ing shall ev-er grow old, In that beau-ti-ful
noth-ing can ev-er grow old,

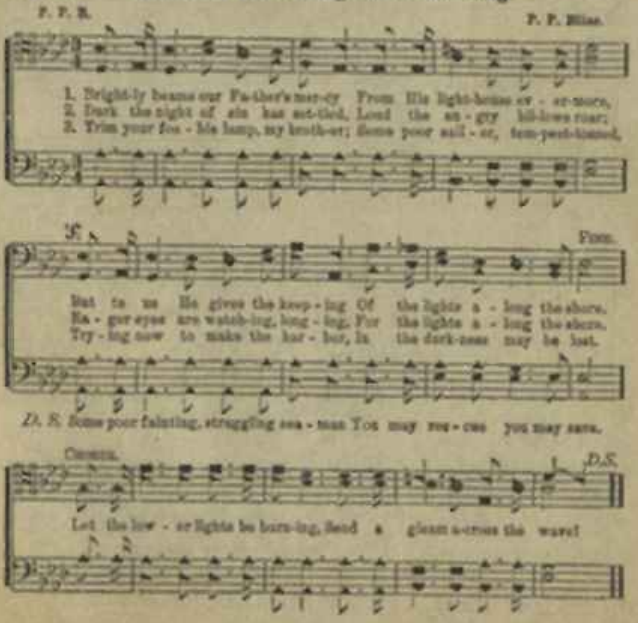
land, On that far a-way strand, No storms with their

That Beautiful Land.



No. 83 Let The Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.



No. 84

Fight To Win.

James Rowe. Copyright 1896, by the Lorenz Pub. Co. E. L. Ashford.

1. Sol - diers on the bat - tle field, Fight to win;
2. Tho' the strife be long and hard, Fight to win;
3. Fol - low where your Leader leads, Fight to win;

Fight to win; Fight to

Fight to win. Have no thought that you will yield,
Fight to win. Cour - age is its own re - ward,
Fight to win. Crown your lives with no - ble deeds,

win. Sol - diers,

Sol - diers ev - er fight to win.

fight. Yes, fight to win. Man - ful - ly your col - ors
God is with you, He will
Would you thin the ranks of

Sol - diers, fight to win; Sol - diers, fight to win;

show, Keep your fa - ces to the foe.....
shield, Give your strength the sword to wield.....
wrong. Sing at last the vic - tor's song.....

Give with cour - age blow for blow, Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Yours at last shall be the field; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.
Let your faith in God be strong; Soldiers, fight, yes, fight to win.

Fight To Win.

REPEAT. (*Time strongly marked.*)

Fight to win, yes, fight to win, Never yield an inch to sin;

CHR.

Keep up the fight both day and night; Sol-diers, fight, fight to win.

No. 85 Twilight Is Falling.

A. S. Kiefer. B. C. Unseld Arr. U. E. E.

1. Twilight is fall-ing o-ver the sea, Shadows are stealing dark on the lea;
2. Voices of loved ones, songs of the past, Still linger round me while life shall last;
3. Come in the twilight, come, one to me! Bringing some message o-ver the sea.

S. FINE.

Borne on the night-winds, voi-ces of yore Come from the far - off shore.
Lone - ly I wan - der, sad - ly I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.
Cheer - ing my path - way while here I roam, Seek - ing that far - off home.

D. S.—Gleameth a man - sion, filled with delight, Sweet hap - py home so bright!

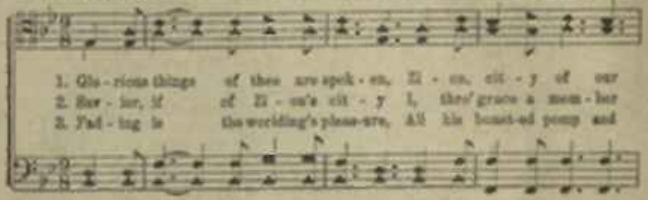
CHORUS. *f* *D. S.*

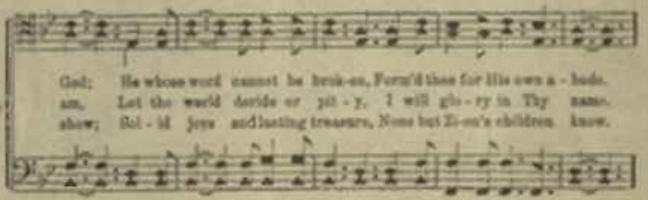
Far a-way beyond the starlit skies, Where the love-light never, nev - er dies.

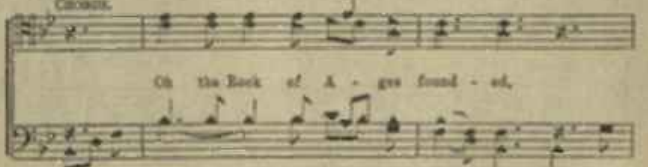
No. 86 Glorious Things Of Thee.

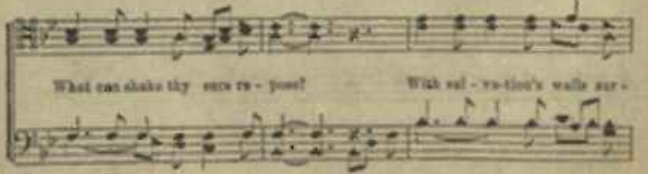
Copyright, 1922, by D. B. Towner. Renewal. International copyright secured.

John Newton. Hope Publishing Co., Owner. D. B. Towner.

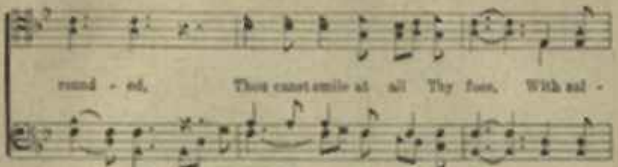


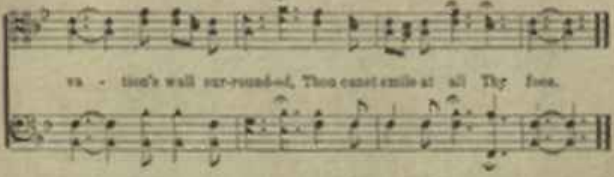






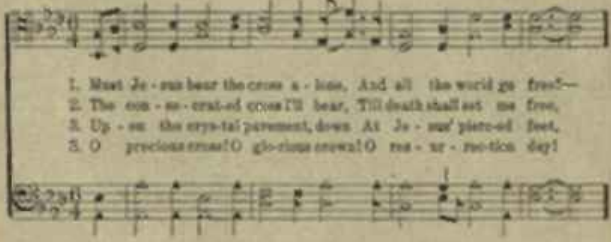
Glorious Things Of Thee. Concluded.

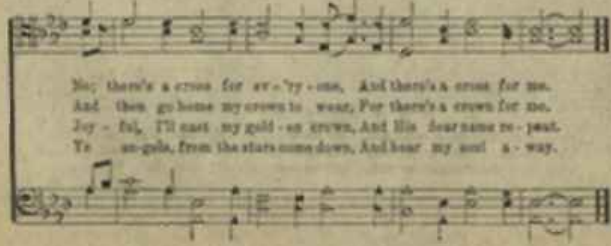




No. 87 Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. Geo. N. Allen. Arr. by S. B. McK.





No. 88

Are We Down-Hearted?

Copyright, 1911, by Robert H. Coleman and Robert Harkness.
International copyright secured.
Robert H. Coleman, owner.

R. H. Robert Harkness.

Solo or Unison.

1. Fight-ing for right, for the cause that is true, Fighting for Christ, our great
2. Why should we fear when troubles as-sail? All will be well, the
3. Sometimes the clouds hang heav-y and low, Not can we see each

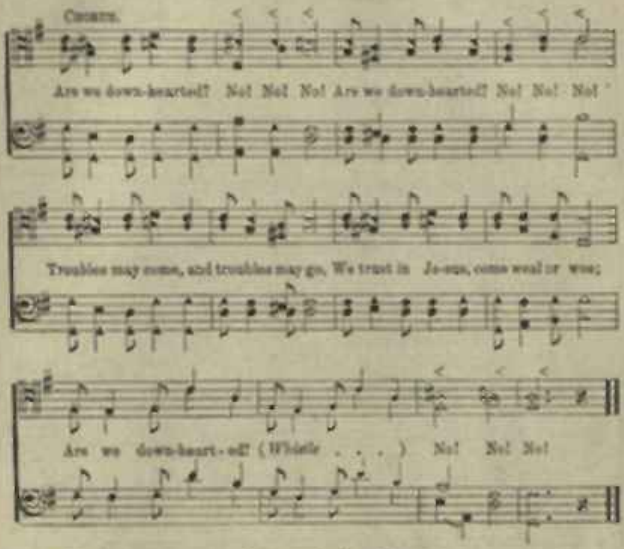
du-ty to do, Looking to Je-sus our strength to re-new.
Lord must pre-vail: He is our Cap-tain, nev-er to fail!
step as we go; No sil-ver lin-ing the cloud doth be-stow.

Are we down-heart-ed? No! Soon we shall come with the
Are we down-heart-ed? No! Cour-age is need-ed, the
Are we down-heart-ed? No! Brave-ly we march in the

conqueror's shout, Leaving the in-one no long-er in doubt! Hav-ing com-
vic-to-ry to gain, Faith in the Lord can the spir-it sus-tain; Without it
bat-tle of life, Fierce is the conflict, the turmoil and strife, Safe in His

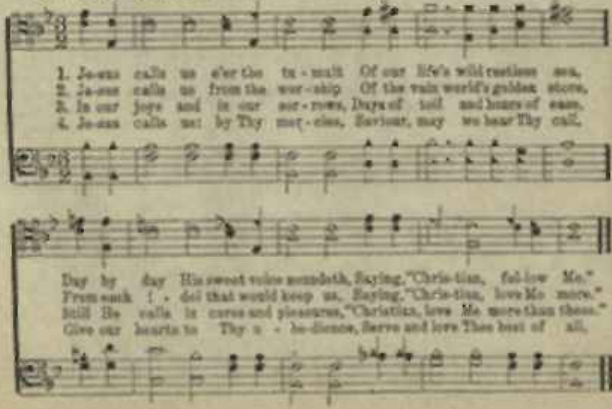
plet-ed the en-e-my's rout, Are we down-hearted? No! No! No!
life must ev-er be vain! Are we down-hearted? No! No! No!
keep-ing midst dan-ger so rife, Are we down-hearted? No! No! No!

Are We Down-Hearted? Concluded.



No. 89 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. William H. Jude. Arr. I. E. E.



No. 90 Nearer Home.

Arr. copyright, 1891, by Robert H. Coleman.

Alice Cary. Arr. R. H. McKinney. E. D. Rock.

1. O'er the hills the sun is set-ting, And the eve..... is
2. One day near-er sings the sail-or, As he glides..... the
3. Near-er home, yes, one day near-er, To our home..... is.

And the eve

drawing nigh.....Slow-ly drops the gol-den twi-light, For un-
wa-ters o'er,.....While the light is soft-ly dy-ing, On the
yond the sky,.....To the green fields and the foun-tains, Is our
is drawing nigh.

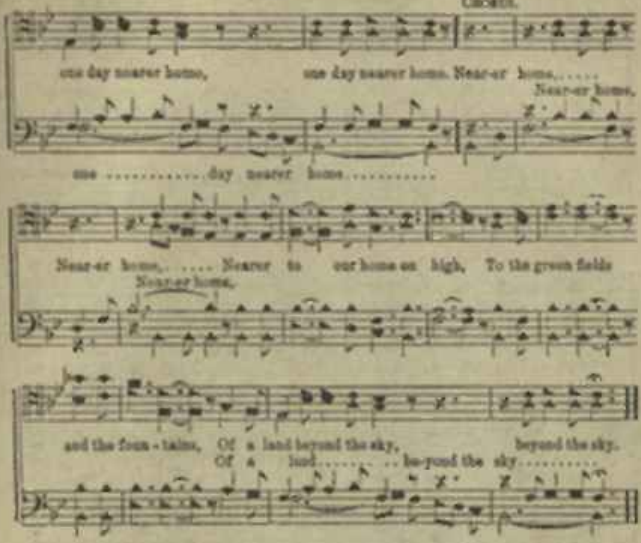
oth-er day is gone, a day is gone; Gone for
dis-tant, na-tive shore, the na-tive shore; Thus the
Father's home on high, His home on high; For the

oth - er day is gone,.....

ever,..... Its race is o-ver, Soon the dark - 'ning shades will
Christ - ian, on life's o-cean, As his light - house cuts the
hear'n..... are grow-ing bright-er, And the lamps..... hang in the
gone for ever, Its race is o-ver, Soon the dark'ning shades will

come,..... Still 'tis sweet to know at eve-ning We are
foam,..... In the eve-ning cries with rap-ture, I am
home,..... And our hearts are grow-ing light-er For we're
come, shades will come,

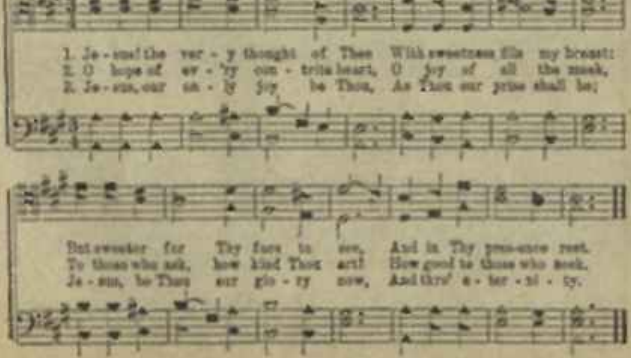
Nearer Home.



No. 91 Jesus, The Very Thought Of Thee.

Arr. copyright, 1906, by Robert H. Coleman.

Edward Caswall. Rev. J. B. Dykes. Arr. R. H. McK.



No. 92 The Persuasive Voice.

H. Bonar, D. D. Arr. B. S. McKinney.

Arr. copyright, 1920, by Robert E. Coleman

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

DUET.

I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea-ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that live - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

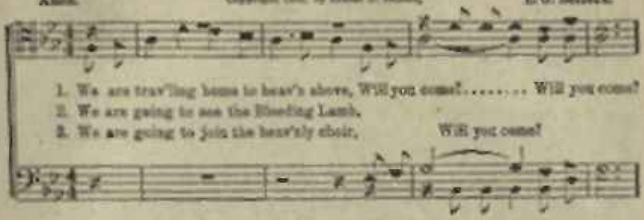
FAITH.

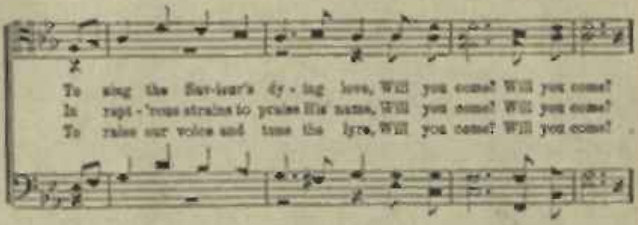
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done.

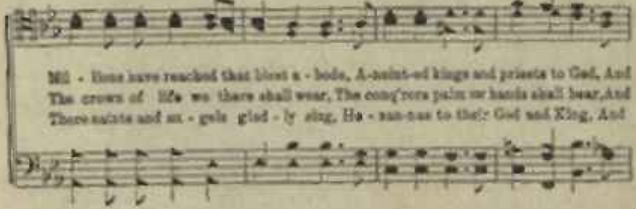
No. 93

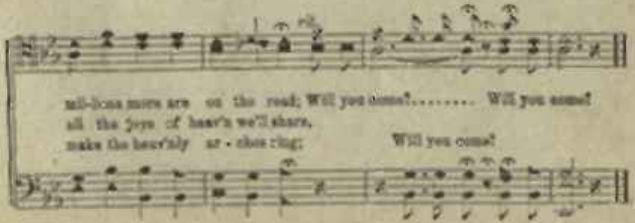
Will You Come?

Anon. Copyright 1900, by Edward O. Sellers. E. O. Sellers.









No. 94 Tell Mother I'll Be There.

Copyright, 1898, by Charles M. Fillmore. Renewal.

C. M. F. Charles M. Fillmore.

SOLO. (*When instrument is used play Solo in treble clef.*)

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I rem - em - ber
2. Tho' I was oft - en wan - ton - ward, she was al - ways kind and good,
3. When I be - came a prod - i - gal and left the old roof-tree,
4. One day a mes - sage came to me, it bade me quick - ly come,

How I would grieve my moth - er by my fol - ly and neg - lect;
So pa - tient, gen - tle, ser - ving, when I act - ed rough and rude;
She al - most broke her lov - ing heart in mourn - ing af - ter me,
If I would see my moth - er ere the Sav - ior took her home;

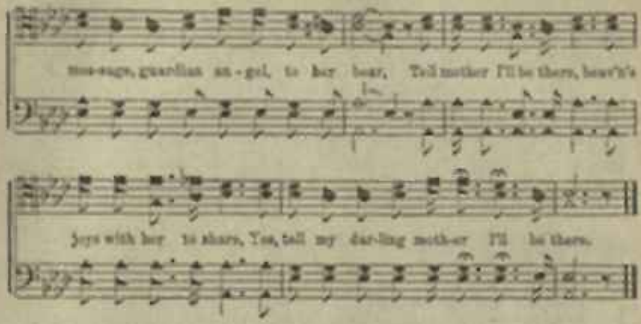
And now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care;
My child-hood grief and tri - als, she would glad - ly with me share;
And day and night she prayed to God to keep me in His care;
I promi - sed her, be - fore she died, for heav - en to pre - pare;

O an - gels, tell my moth - er I'll be there . . . .

CHORUS. (*Melody in Second Tenor.*)

Tell moth - er I'll be there, in an - swer to her prayer, This

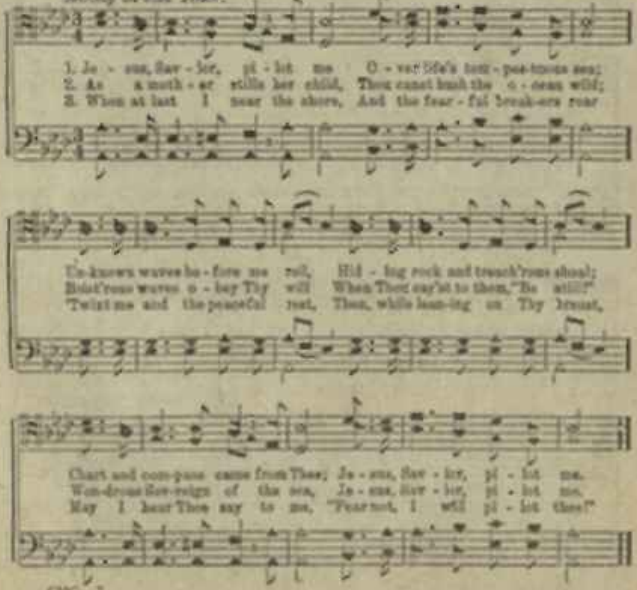
Tell Mother I'll Be There.



No. 95 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

E. Hopper. J. E. Gould.

Melody in Tied Tenor.



No. 96 We Will Understand It Better.

Arr. by B. S. McKinney.

C. A. T. Copyright, 1905, by C. A. Tindley. Rev. C. A. Tindley.

1. We are oft-en tossed and driv'n on the rest-less sea of time, fam-ber
2. We are oft-en dis-ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of
3. Tri-als dark on ev-'ry hand and we can-not un-der-stand, All the
4. How temp-ta-tions, kid-den snares, oft-en take us un-a-ware, And our

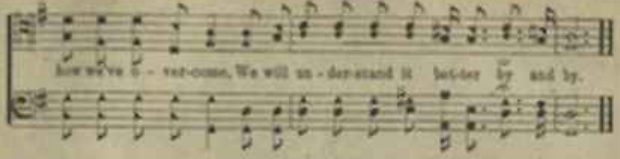
skies and howl-ing tem-pests oft suc-ceed a bright sun-shine; In that
food and want of shel-ter, thirst-y hills and bar-ren lands; But we're
ways that God would lead us to that bless-ed prom-ised land; But He'll
hearts are made to bleed by some thoughtless word or deed; And we

land of per-fect day, when the mists have rolled a-way, We will un-der-
trust-ing in the Lord, and ac-cord-ing to His Word, We will un-der-
guide us with His eye, and we'll fol-low till we die, For we'll un-der-
won-der why the test, when we try to do our best, But we'll un-der-

Chorus.

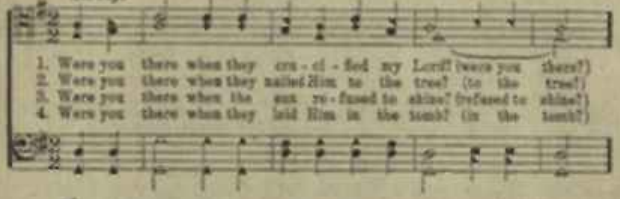
stand it bet-ter by and by. By and by, when the morning comes,

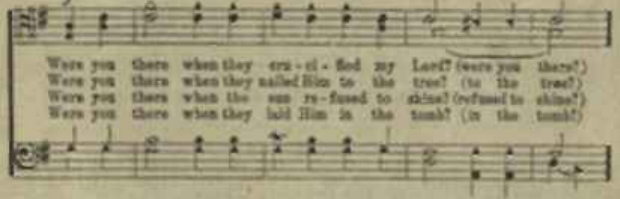
When the saints of God are gath-er-ing home, We will tell the sto-ry

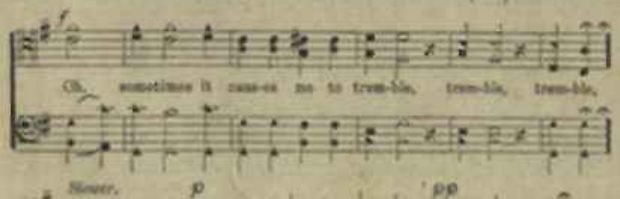


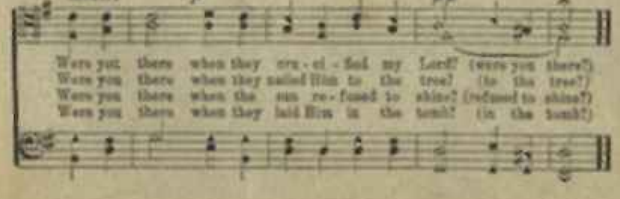
No. 97 Were You There.

Arr. copyright, 1928, by Robert E. Coleman. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



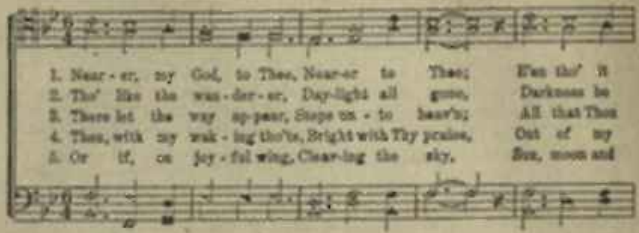


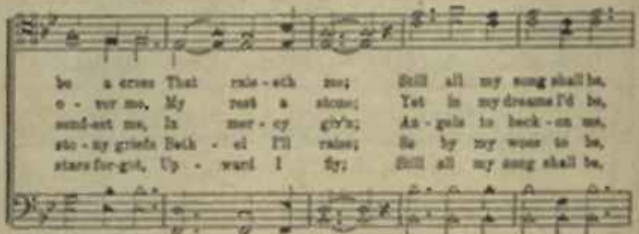


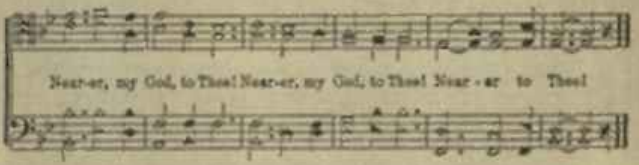


No. 100 Nearer, My God, To Thee.

S. F. Adams. Lowell Mason.

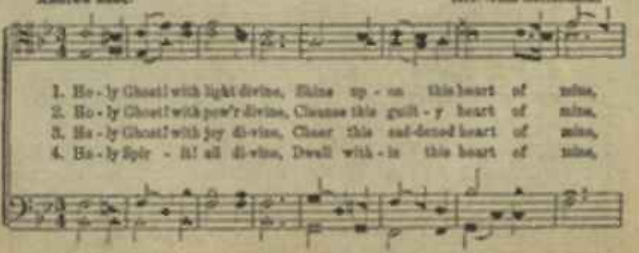




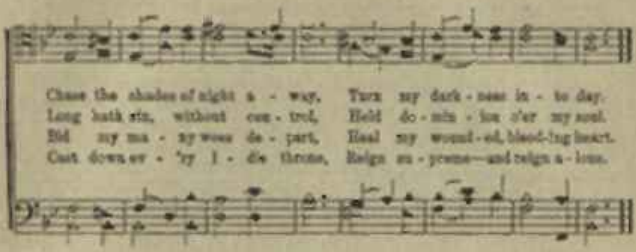


No. 101 Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.

Andrew Reed. Arr. from Gottschalk.



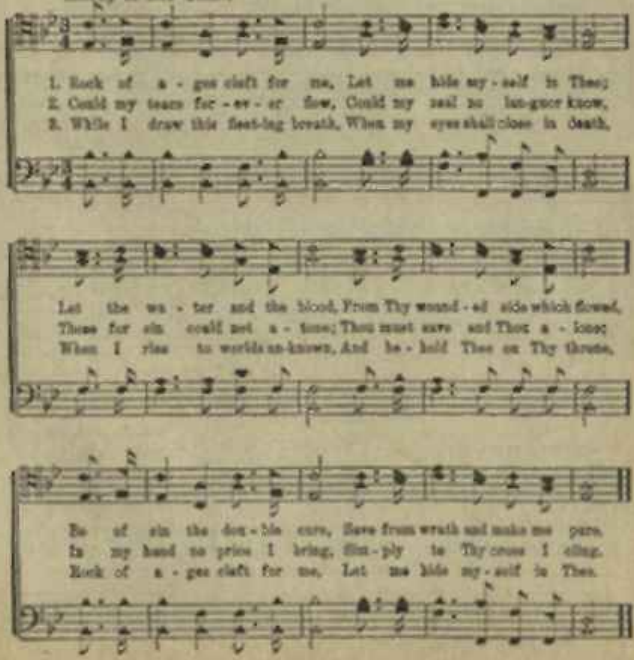
Holy Ghost! With Light Divine.



No. 102 Rock Of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.

Melody in 2nd Tenor.

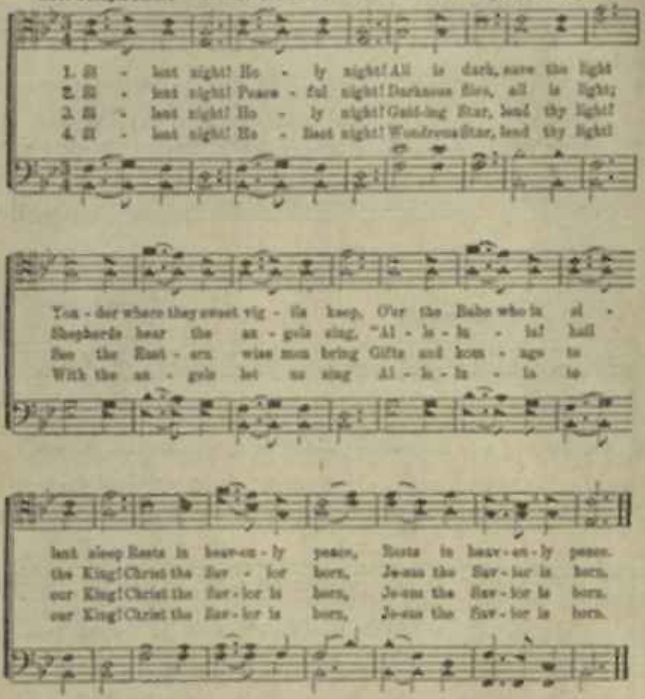


No. 103 Silent Night! Holy Night!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Rev. Joseph Mohr. Franz Gruber.

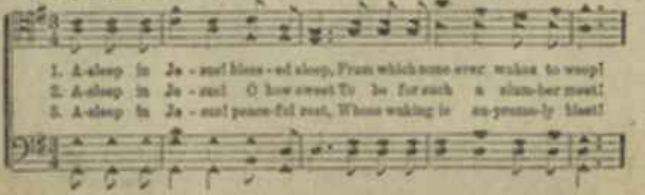
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



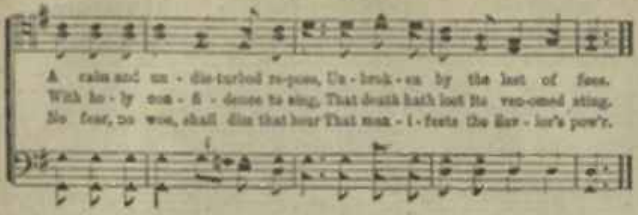
No. 104 Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.
Arr. I. E. R.



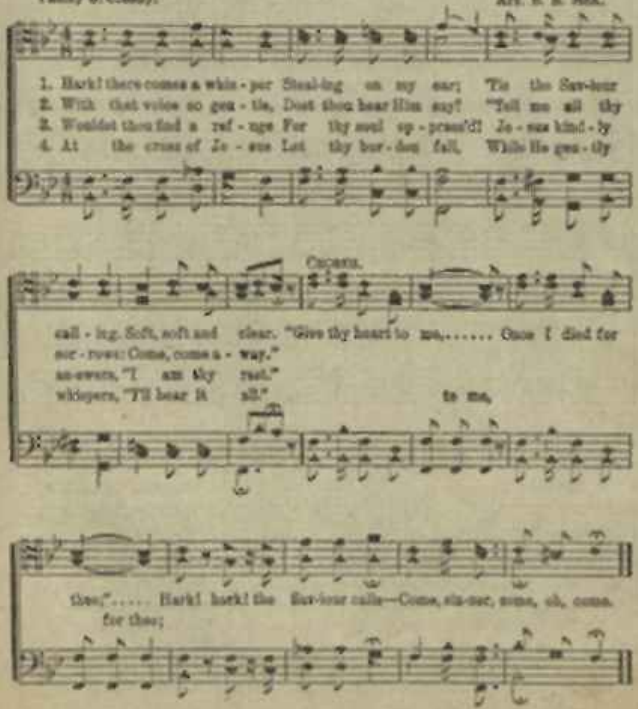
Asleep in Jesus.



No. 105 Hark! There Comes A Whisper

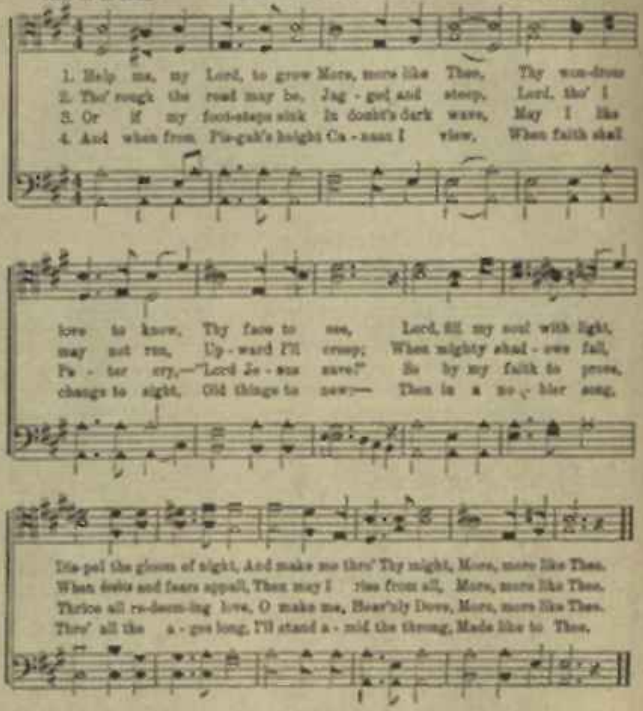
Arr. copyright, 1910, by Robert H. Coleman.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane. Arr. R. H. McK.



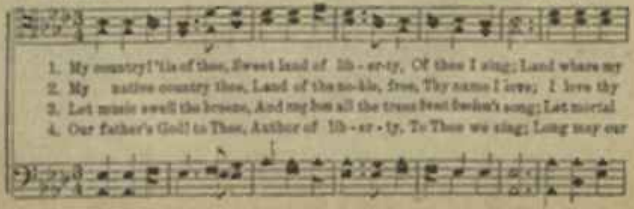
No. 106 More Like Thee.

Arr. S. B. McK. Copyright 1905, by Rob't H. Coleman. S. B. McKinney.

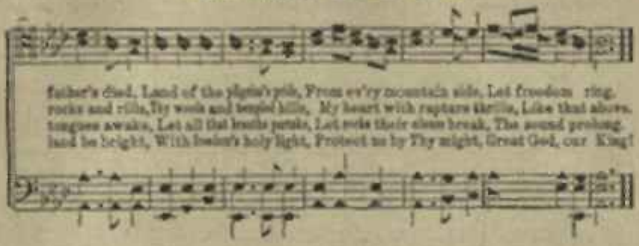


No. 107 My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.

S. F. Smith. AMERICA. English. Arr. I. E. R.

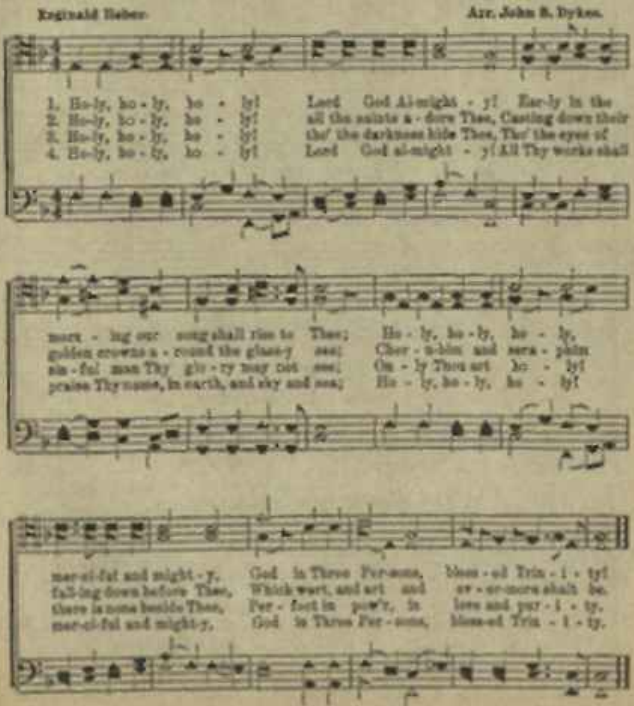


My Country, 'Tis Of Thee.



No. 108 Holy, Holy, Holy!

Reginald Heber Arr. John B. Dykes.



No. 109 Still, Still With Thee.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe. I. E. Reynolds.

Copyright, 1910, by Robert H. Coleman.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth,
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows,
3. Still, still to Thee, as to each new-born morn - ing,
4. So shall it be at last in that bright morn - ing,

When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee;
The sol - emn hush of na - ture new - ly born;
A fresh and sol - emn splen - dor still is giv'n;
When the soul wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee;

Fair - er than morn - ing, love - li - er than day - light,
A - lone with Thee in breath-less ad - o - ra - tion,
So dawn this blest - ed con-scious-ness a - wak - ing,
O in that hour, fair - er than day - light dawn - ing,

rit.

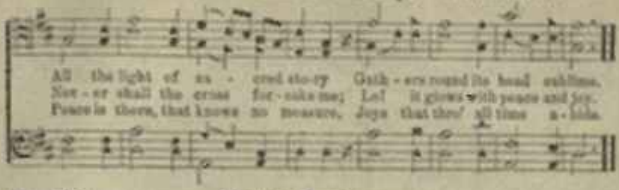
Dawns the sweet con-scious - ness I am with Thee.
In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
Breathe each day near - ness un - to Thee and hear'n.
Shall rise the glo - rious thought I am with Thee.

No. 110 In The Cross Of Christ I Glory.

J. Bowring. J. Conkey. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

Arr. copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman.

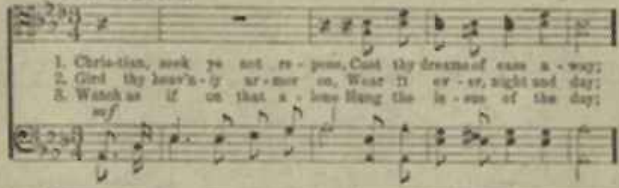
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-noy,
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

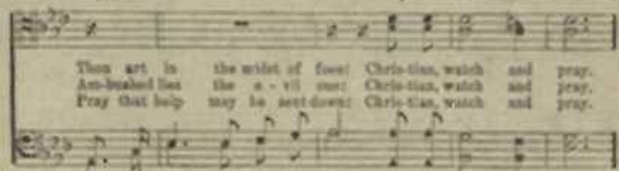


No. 111 Watch And Pray.

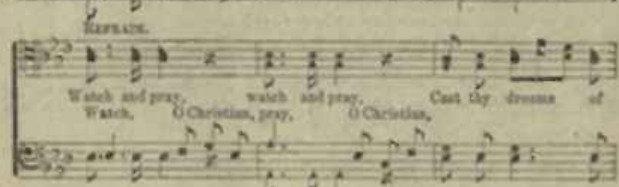
Wm. H. Haw. Carrie E. Adams.

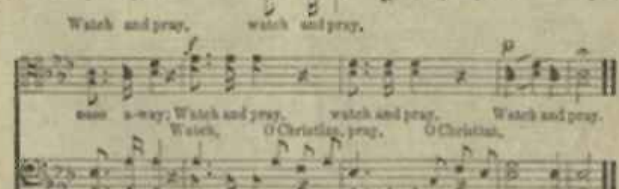
In moderate time.





REPEAT.





No. 112 O Love That Will Not Let Me Go.

Not copyrighted 1915, by Robert H. Coleman

A. L. Peace.
Arr. R. K. McKinney.

George Matheson.

1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in
2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from

Thee;..... I give Thee back the life I owe,..... That
Thee;..... My heart re - stores its bor-rowed ray,..... That
Thee;..... I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain,..... And
Thee;..... I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead,..... And

in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er, fair - er be.
feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

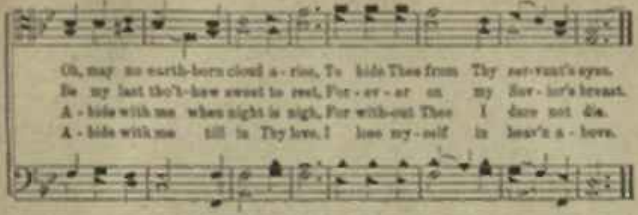
No. 113 Sun Of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

J. Keble.

M. H. Monk.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep, My wearied eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live:
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ev'ntho' the world my way I take;

Sun Of My Soul, Thou Savior Dear.

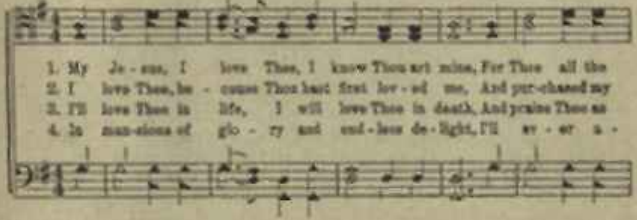


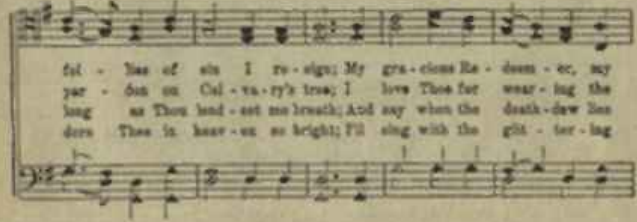
No. 114 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

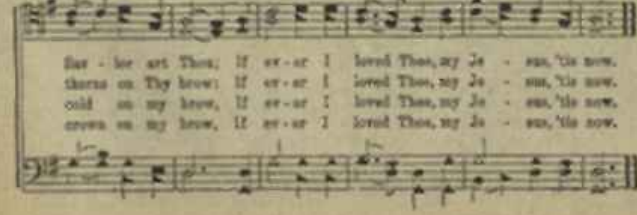
Arr. copyright, 1900, by Robert H. Coleman.

A. J. Gordon.
Arr. by R. R. McKinney.

ANDN.







No. 115 Purer In Heart.

Mrs. A. L. Davidson. J. H. Fillmore.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de -
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I Thy

vote my life Whol - ly to Thee. Watch Thou my way - ward feet,
do Thy will Most lov - ing - ly. Be Thou my Friend and Guide,
ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

Guide me with com - mon sweet; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with Thee a - bide; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Reign Thou my soul within; Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

No. 116 More Love To Thee.

Mrs. E. P. Prentiss. Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Dr. W. H. Doane.

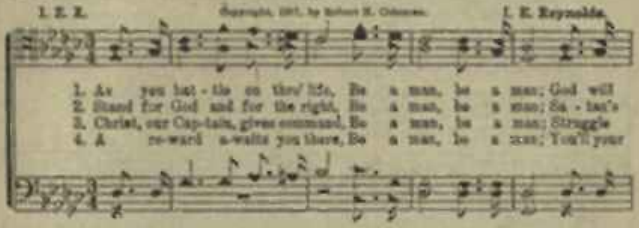
1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my la - test breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the

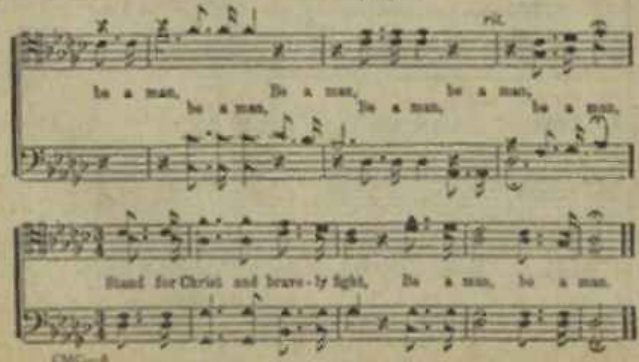
pray'r I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:
mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me:
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be:

More Love To Thee.

No. 117 Be A Man.

I. E. R. Copyright, 1917, by Robert H. Coleman. I. E. Reynolds.





No. 118 Our God Is Over All.

Viola S. Cassidy. Copyright, 1905, by Robert H. Coleman. Mrs. J. H. Cassidy.

1. When mid the try-ing scenes of life, In trouble great or small,
2. We are the chil-dren of His care, He loves us, great or small,
3. He gov-erns with al-might-y hand And reigns in love o'er all;

Mid an-gry tel-mults, bit-ter strife, Oh, then these words re-call.
With love that is be-yond com-pare, In wis-dom rules o'er all.
'Twil give us cour-age just to think Our God is o-ver all.

CHORUS.

Our God is o-ver all, He notes each spar-row's fall;

He knows when dangers round us roll, Our God is o-ver all.

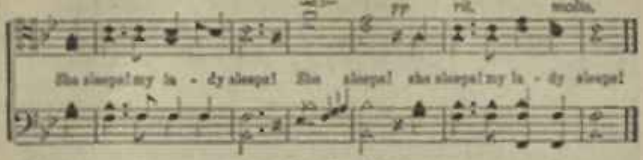
No. 119 Stars Of The Summer Night.

H. W. Longfellow. I. B. Woodbury.

Slow and gentle.

1. Stars of the summer night! Far in yon a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your golden light;
2. Moon of the summer night! Far down yon west-ern steep, Sink, sink in al-most light;
3. Dreams of the summer night! Tell her, her lover keeps Watch, while in slumbers light;

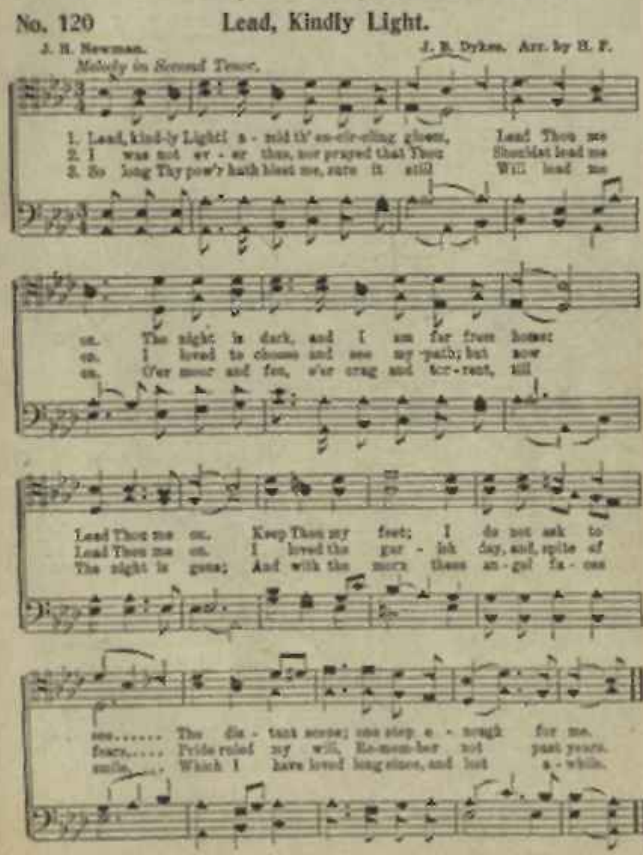
Stars Of The Summer Night.



No. 120 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes. Arr. by H. F.

Melody in Second Tenor.

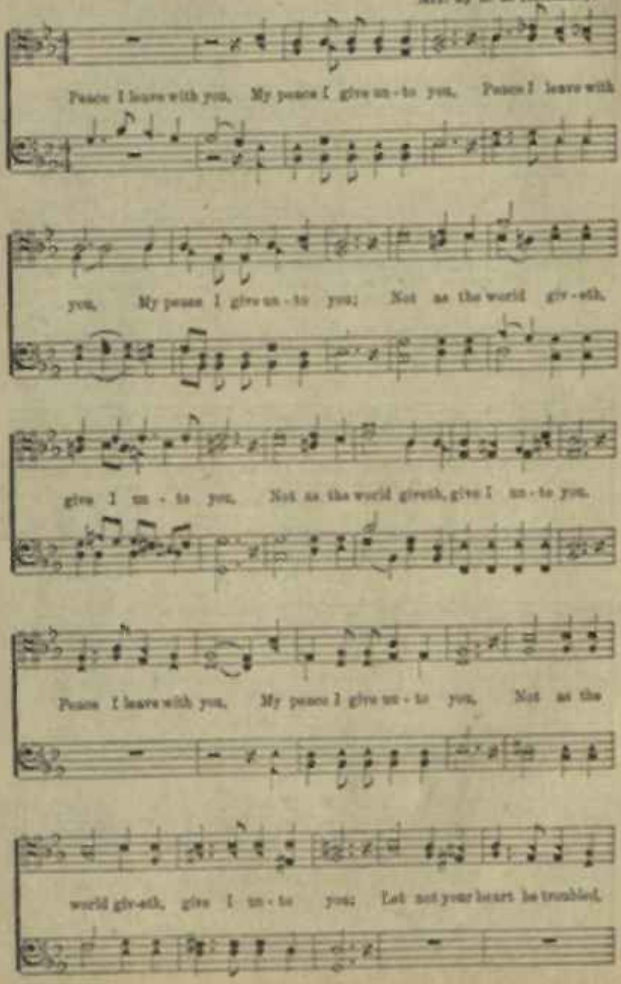


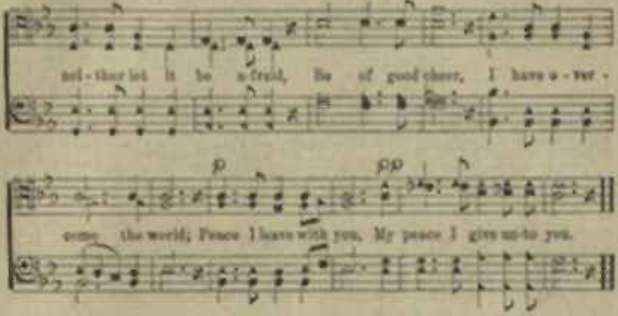
No. 121

Peace I Leave With You.

Am. copyright, 1896, by Robert H. Coleman.

Dr. J. V. Roberts.
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

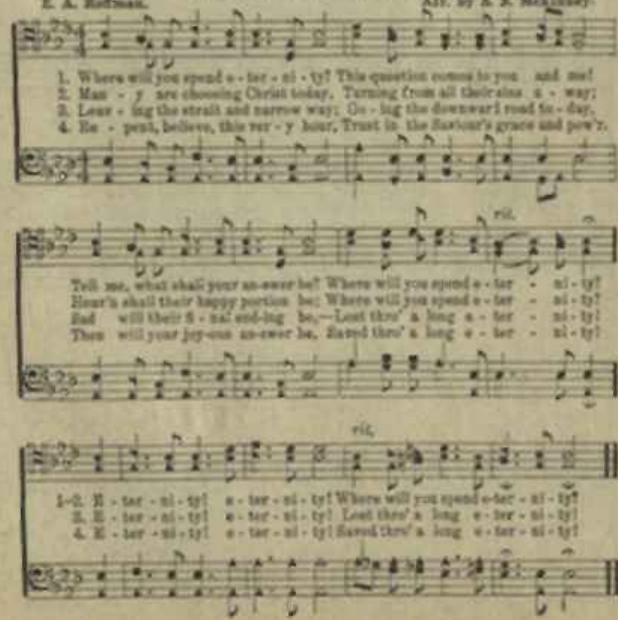




No. 122 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

Arr. copyright, 1916, by Robert H. Coleman.

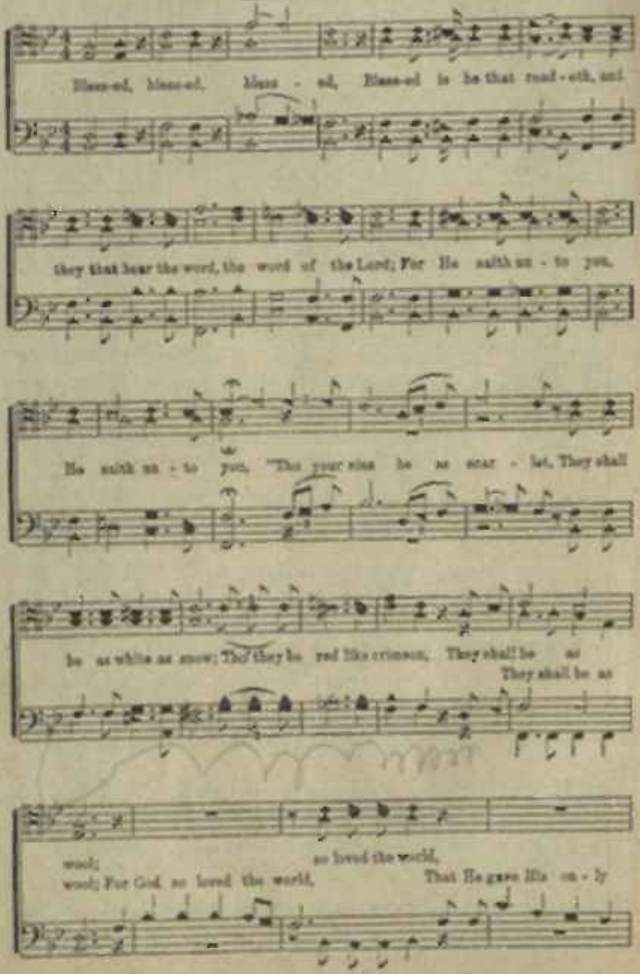
E. A. Hoffman. J. E. Tenney. Arr. by S. S. McKinney.



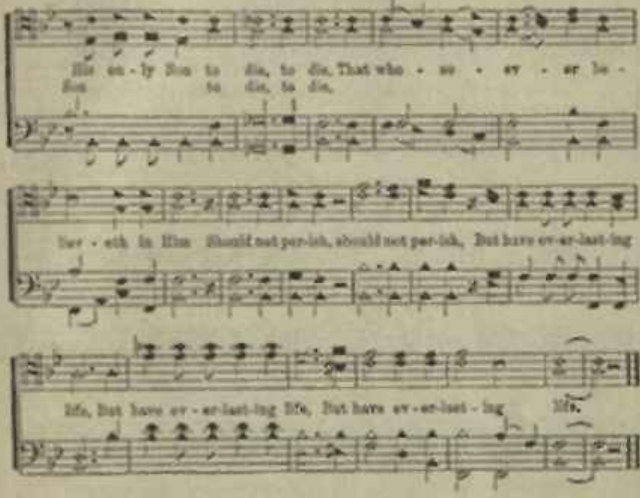
No. 123 Blessed Is He That Readeth.

Copyright, 1911. Renewal.
Hope Publishing Co., Owner.

C. S. Calburn.

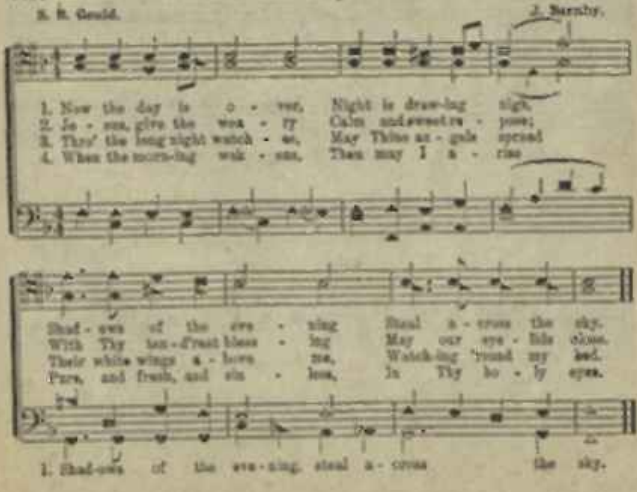


Blessed Is He That Readeth.



No. 124 Now The Day Is Over.

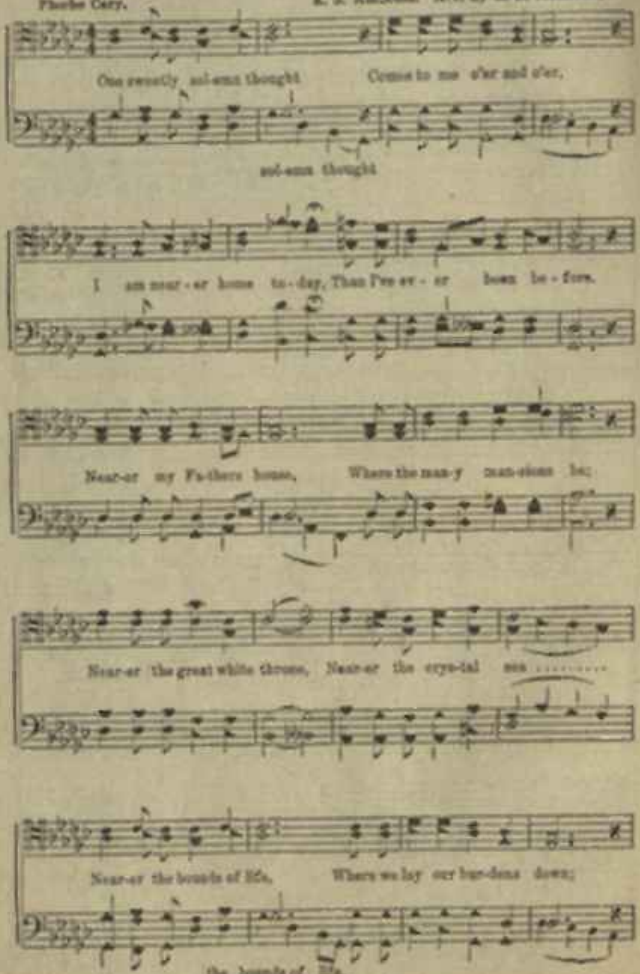
S. B. Gould. J. Barnby.



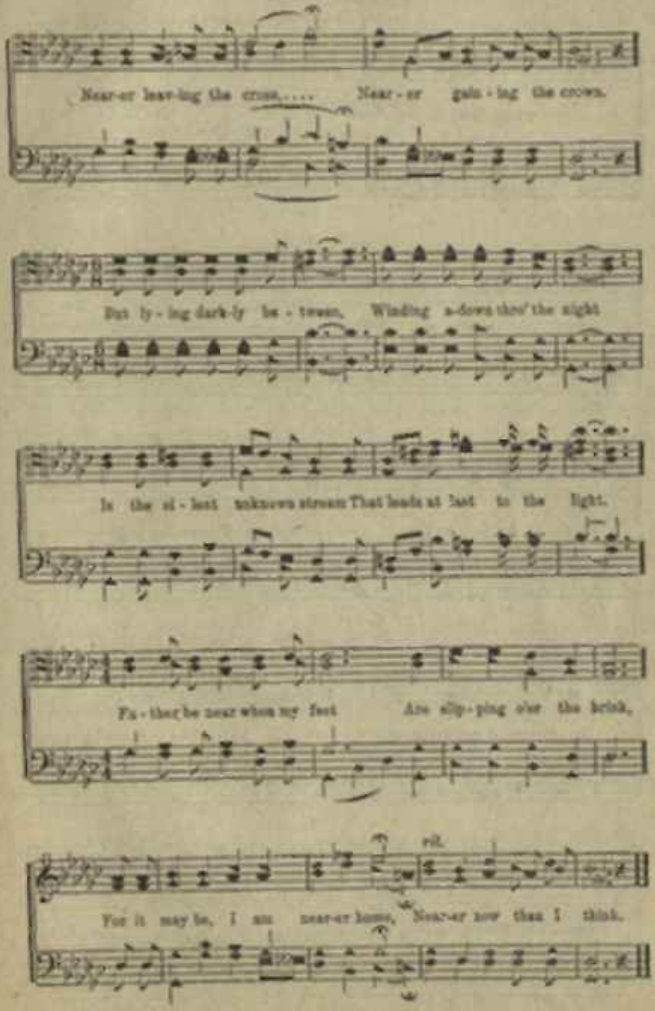
No. 125 One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

Am. copyright, 1911, by Rob't H. Coleman.

Phoebe Cary. R. S. Ambrose. Arr. by R. B. McKinney.



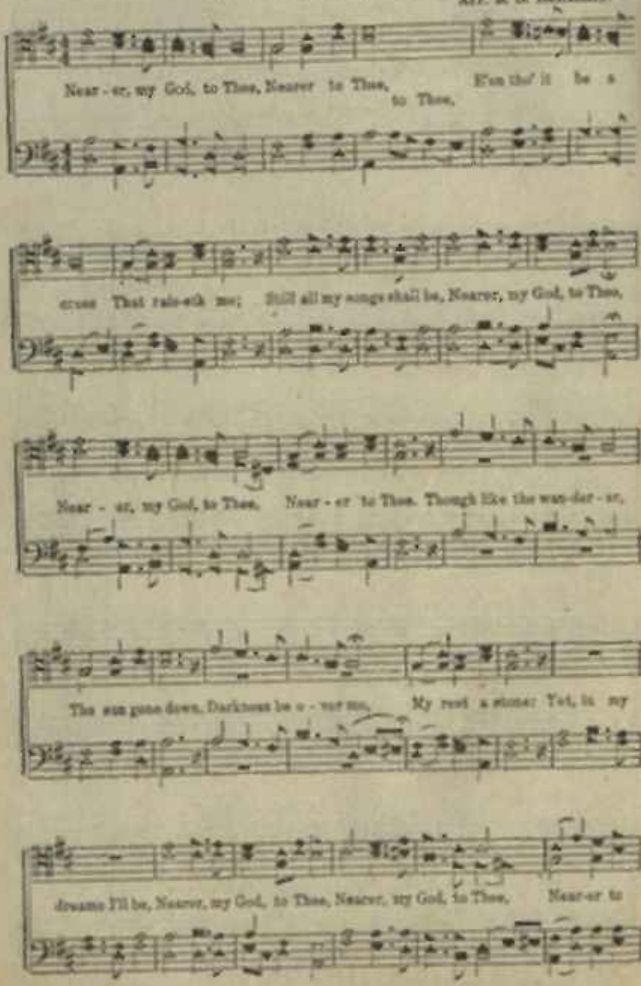
One Sweetly Solemn Thought.



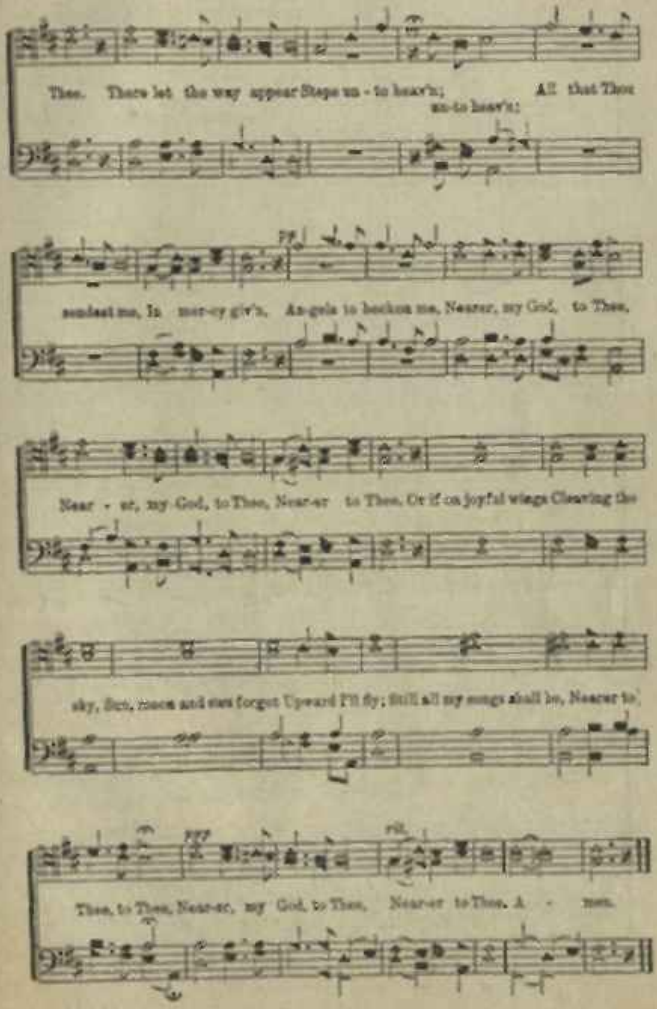
No. 126 Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Arr. copyright, 1900, by Rob't E. Coleman.

Arr. R. B. McKinney.



Nearer, My God, To Thee.

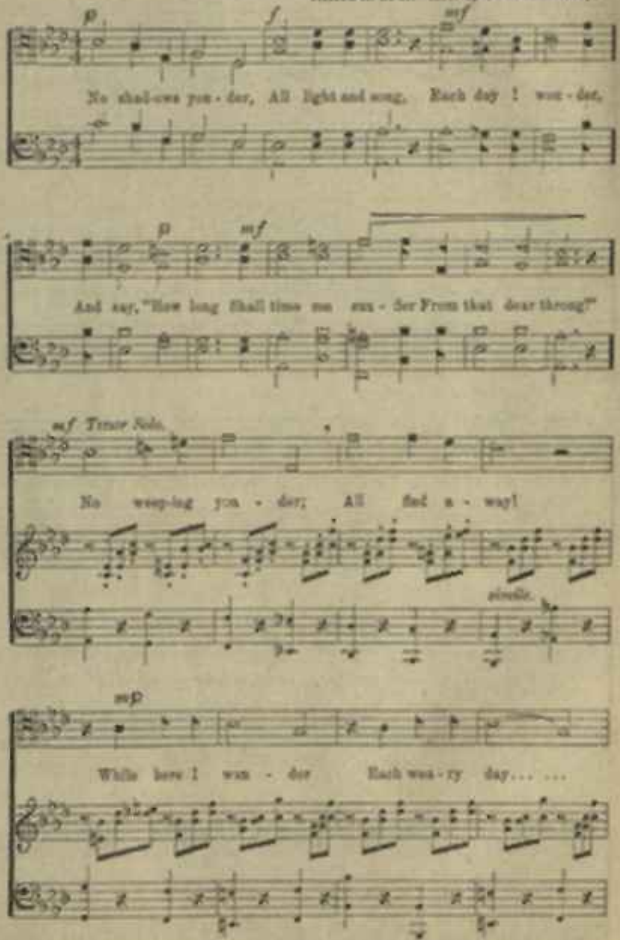


No. 127

No Shadows Yonder.

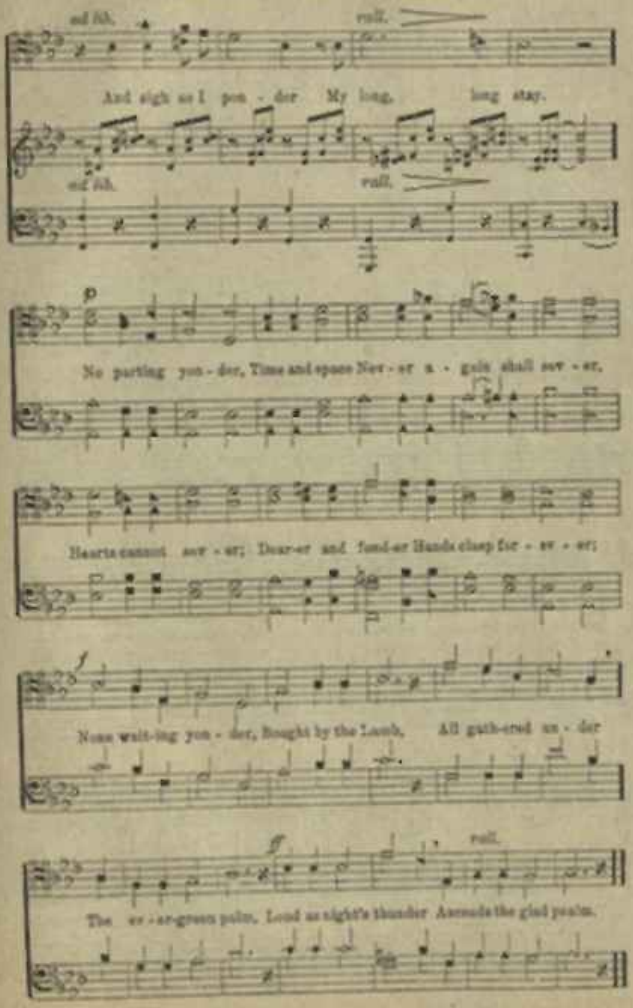
Arr. copyright, 1916, by Robert H. Coleman.

Alfred E. Geal. Arr. by B. S. McKinney.



Note—Accompaniment may be played from these scores, but better results will be obtained from the "Holy City."

No Shadows Yonder. Concluded.



No. 128 Steady, Brothers, Steady.

Copyright, 1888, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Renewal, Hamor A. Hoffmeister, Owner.

H. R. Trickett. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo or Unison.

1. Dark is the night, and the waves run high, Stead - y, broth - ers,
2. Swift on the wings of the roar - ing wind, Stead - y, broth - ers,
3. Steer by the chart, and no harm can come, Stead - y, broth - ers,

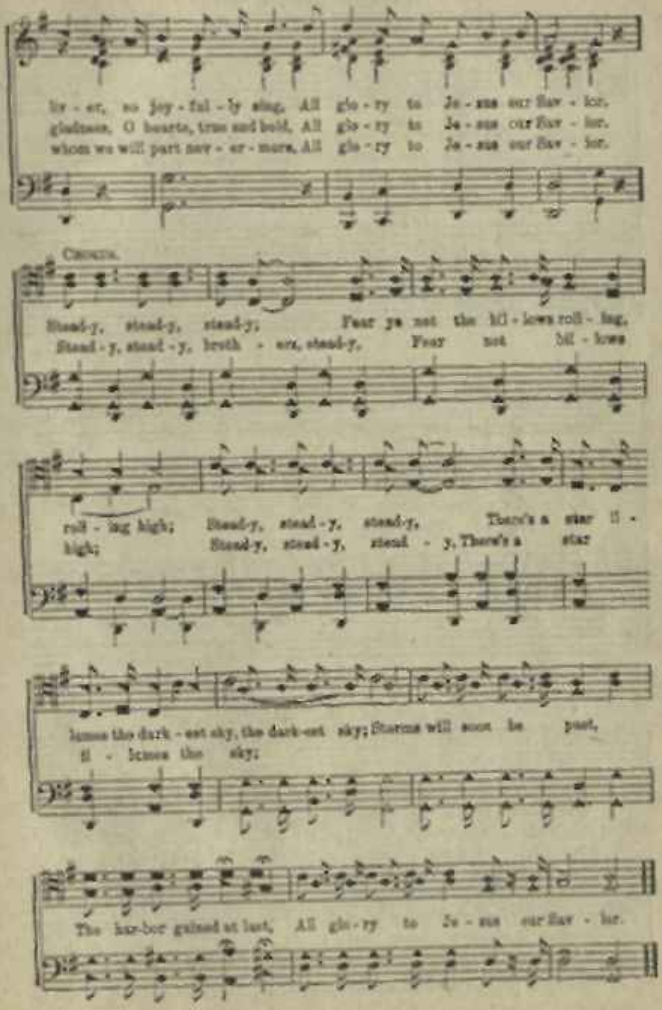
Play loco.

stead - y; Hid are the stars, and the storm-clouds fly, Be
stead - y; Fly thro' the night and the day - light find, Be
stead - y; Sail thro' the storm and we'll all reach home, Be

read - y, my broth-ers, be read - y. Cap-tains know we who de-
read - y, my broth-ers, be read - y. Day-light shall a - pen her
read - y, my broth-ers, be read - y. Comrades have we who are

liv-rance will bring, Darkness or day-light is one to our King, He will da-
win-dows of gold, Safe - ty and Par - a - dise we shall be - hold, Shout ye for
safe on the shore—Com-rades a-wait-ing to greet us once more, Comrades from

Steady, Brothers, Steady.



No. 129 No Burdens Yonder.

Copyright, 1909 and 1913, by Charles M. Alexander. International copyright secured.

Ada R. Habershon. Hope Publishing Co., Owner. Robert Harkness.

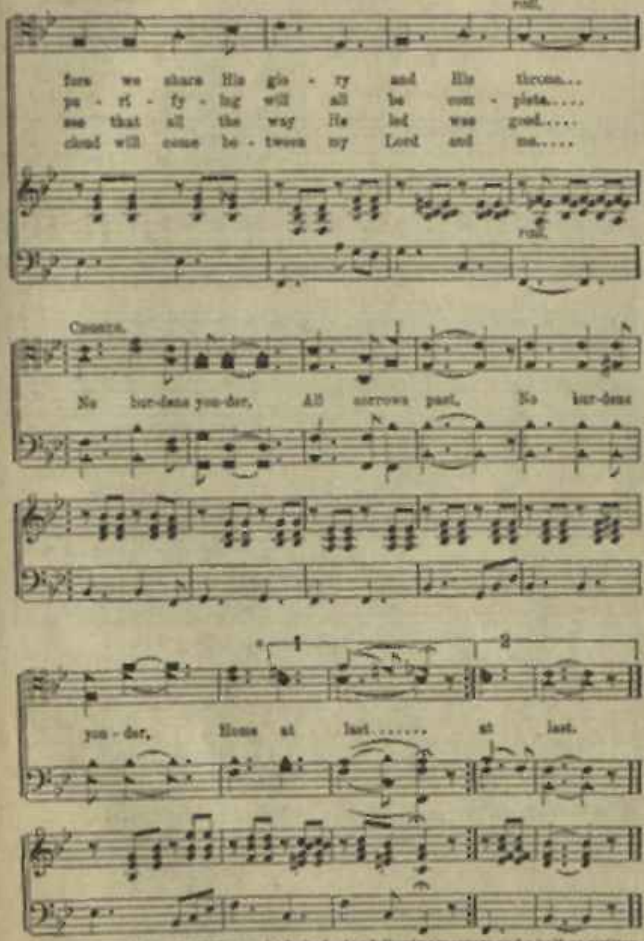
Quietly.

1. No bur - dens yon - der, not a sin - gle care,
2. No tri - als yon - der, all the test - ing done,
3. No toil - ing yon - der, and no wea - ri - ness,
4. No part - ing yon - der, and no sad good - byes,

When home is entered.... not a load to bear,....
The school-days o - ver.... and the pri - ze won,....
No dis - ap - pointments.... and no more dis - tress,....
No pain, no sick-ness,.... and no weep - ing eyes,....

No bur - dens yon - der, all will be laid down, Be -
No much - tried faith like gold in fur - nace heat, The
The fu - ture bright, the past all un - der - stood, We'll
But best of all my Sav - ior I shall see. No

No Burdens Yonder.



* If a repetition of the chorus is desired, sing following measure and a half as written, otherwise pass to 2nd ending.

No. 130 I Could'nt Hear Nobody Pray.

Arr. copyright, 1921, by Robert H. Coleman. Arr. B. S. McKinney.

Oh, I could'nt hear no-bo-dy pray. Oh, I could'nt hear no-bo-dy pray, Oh, way down yonder by my-self..... And I could'nt hear no-bo-dy pray.

1. Mar-ta Je-sus!..... In the
2. Chil-ly wa-ters..... In the
3. Hal-le-lu-jah!..... Tru-ths

I could'nt hear no-bod-y pray.

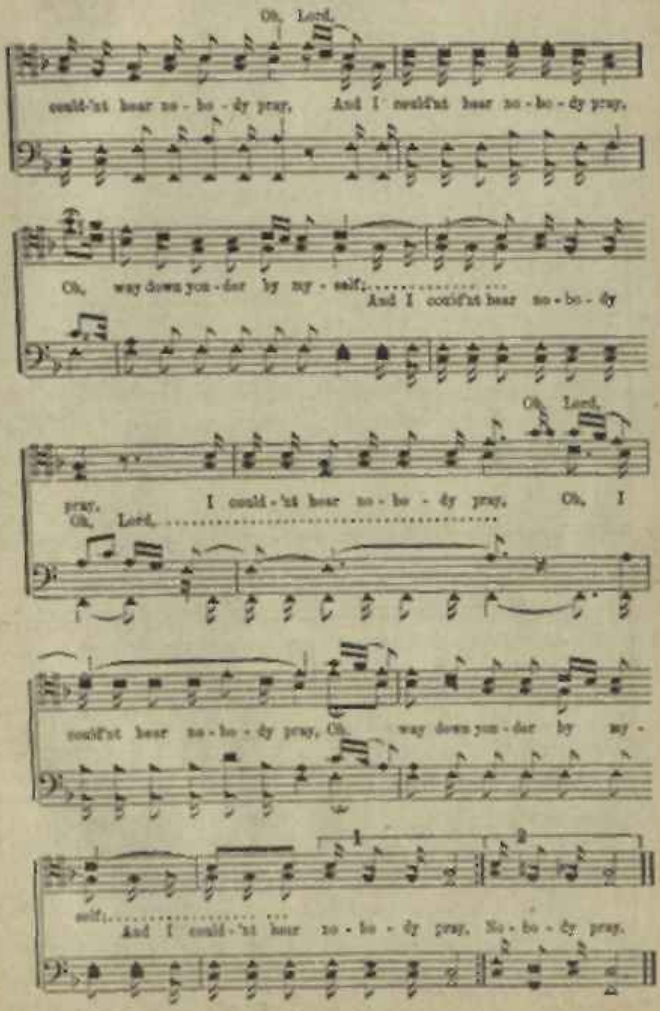
val-ley, With His bor-dens
Jor-dan, Crossing o-ver
o-ver, In the king-dom

I could'nt hear no-bo-dy pray. I could'nt hear no-bo-dy

And His tri-als, Oh, I
In-to Ca-naan,
With my Je-sus,

pray. I could'nt hear no-bod-y pray.

I Could'nt Hear Nobody Pray.



No. 131 Hush! Somebody's Calling My Name.

Arr. copyright, 1916, by Robert H. Coleman.

Arr. by R. B. McKinney.

p CHORUS

Hush! hush! somebody's calling my name; Hush! hush! somebody's call-

ing my name; Hush! hush! some-bod-y's call-ing my name; O my

Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?

FINE.

1. I'm so glad that trouble don't last al-
2. I'm so glad I got re-lig-ion in
3. I'm so glad my soul's got a hid-ing

ways; I'm so glad that trou-ble don't last al-
time; I'm so glad I got re-lig-ion in
place; I'm so glad my soul's got a hid-ing

Hal-le-lu-jah!

D. C.

ways; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
time; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?
place; O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do?

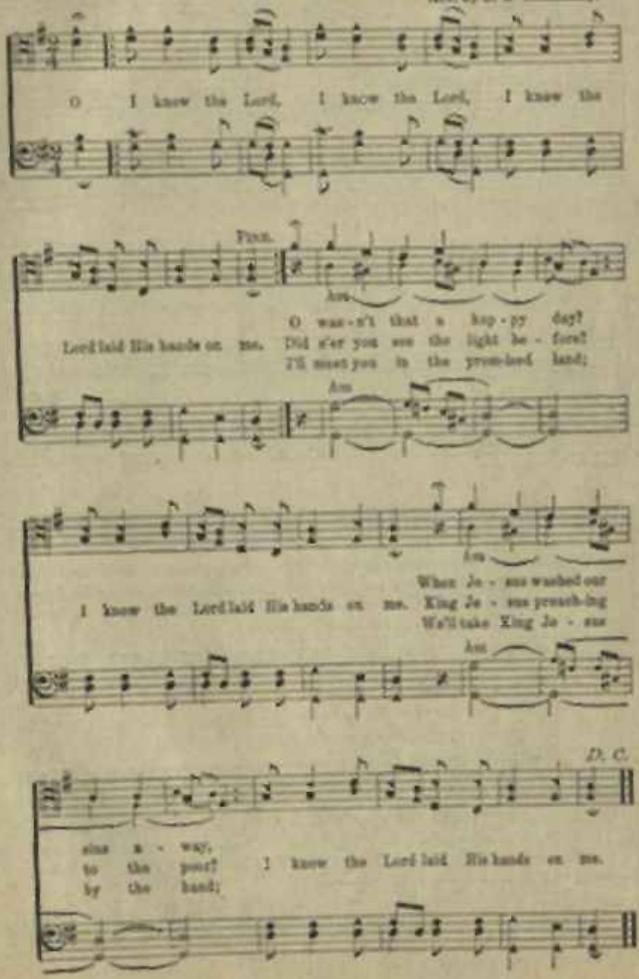
O glo-ry!

No. 132

I Know The Lord.

Arr. copyright, 1899, by Robert H. Coleman.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



No. 133 Swing Low.

Arr. copyright 1901, by Rob't E. Coleman. Arr. by R. E. McKinney.

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home; Swing

Hum..... hum.....

rit. Fine.

low, sweet char-i-ot, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

Hum..... Hum..

1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan, what did I see Coming for to car-ry me home?
2. If you get there be-fore I do, Coming for to car-ry me home;
3. I'm some-times up, I'm some-times down, Coming for to car-ry me home;

..... Hum..... Hum..

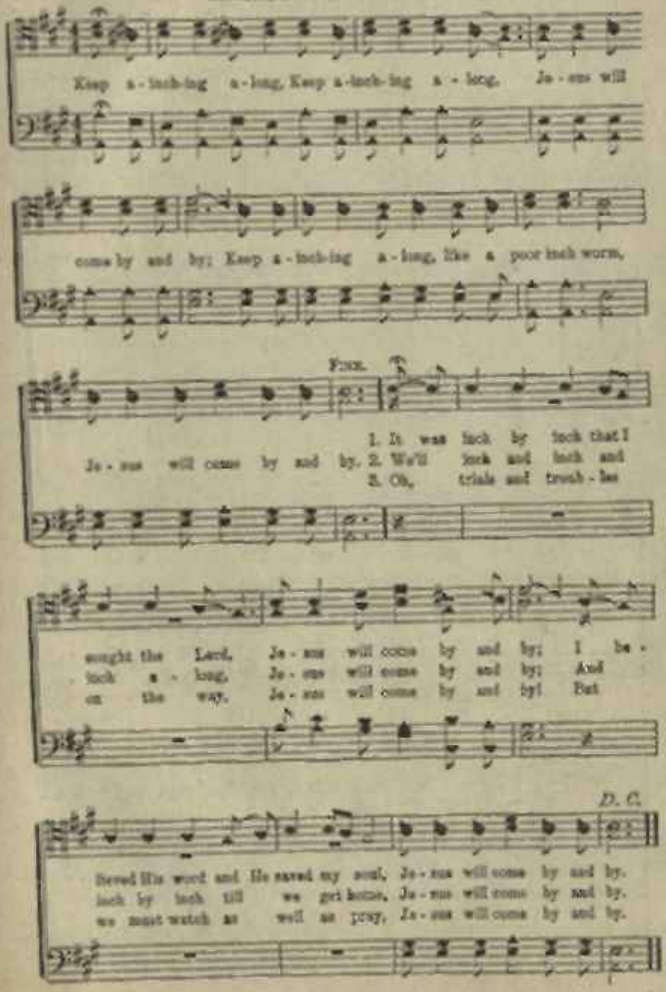
D. C.

A band of an-gels com-ing af-ter me, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
Tell all my friends I'm com-ing, too, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
But still my soul is heav'n-ward bound, Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

..... Hum.. .....

No. 134 Inching Along.

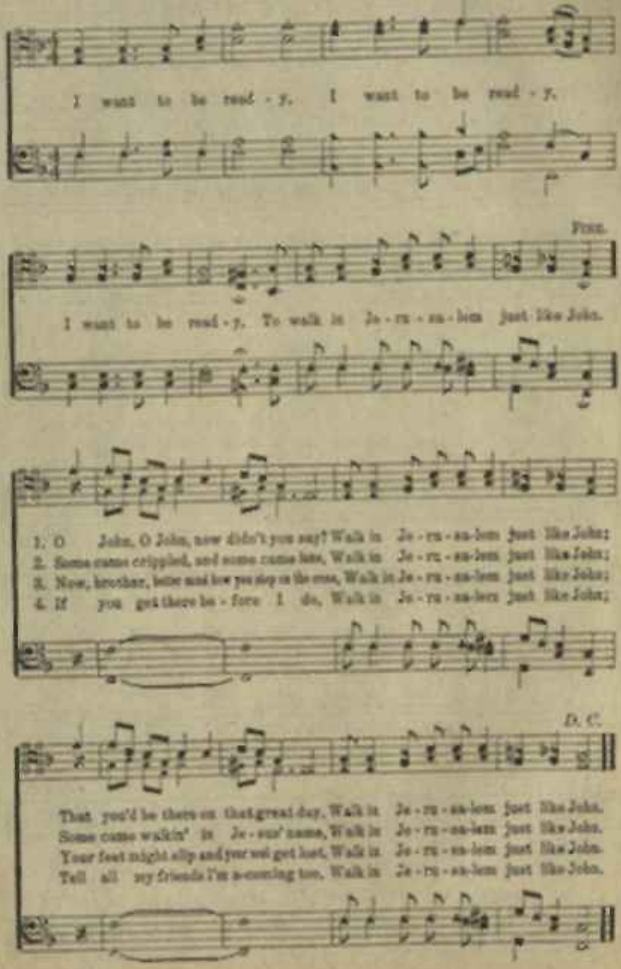
Arr. copyright, 1900, by Robert H. Coleman. Arr. R. H. McKinney.



No. 135 Walk In Jerusalem Just Like John.

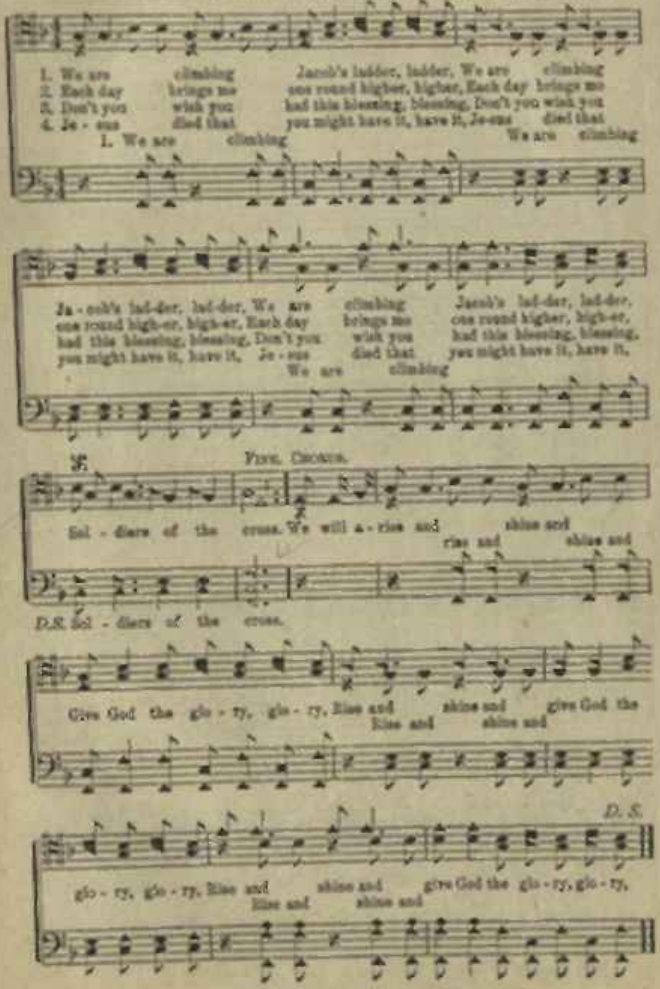
Arr. copyright, 1920, by Robert H. Coleman.

Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



No. 136 Climbing Jacob's Ladder.

Arr. copyright, 1902, by John S. Calverley. Arr. by B. B. Mcaloney.

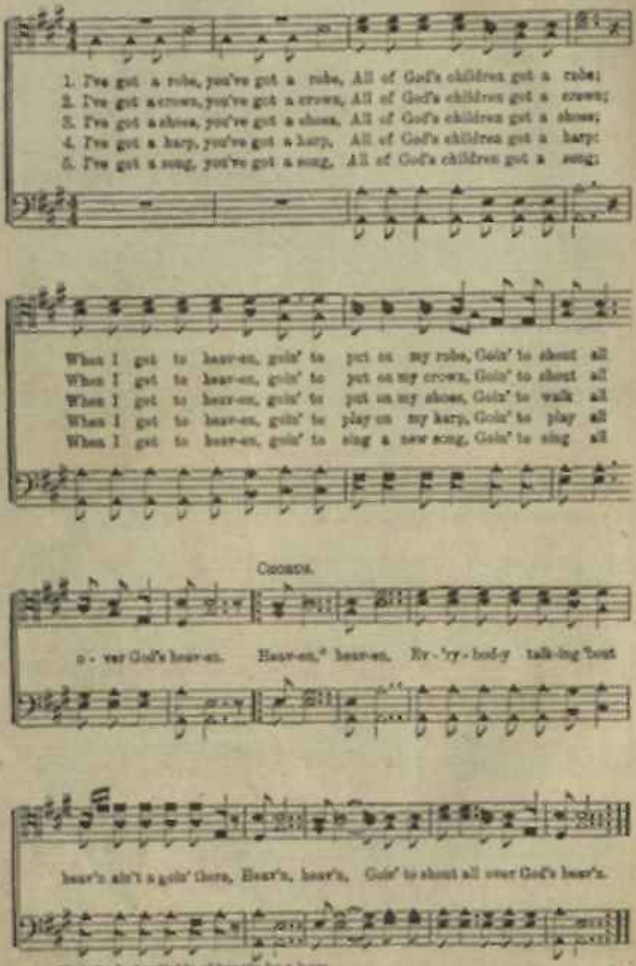


A

3b

No. 137 Going To Shout All Over God's Heaven.

Arr. copyright 1921, by Rob't H. Coleman. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.

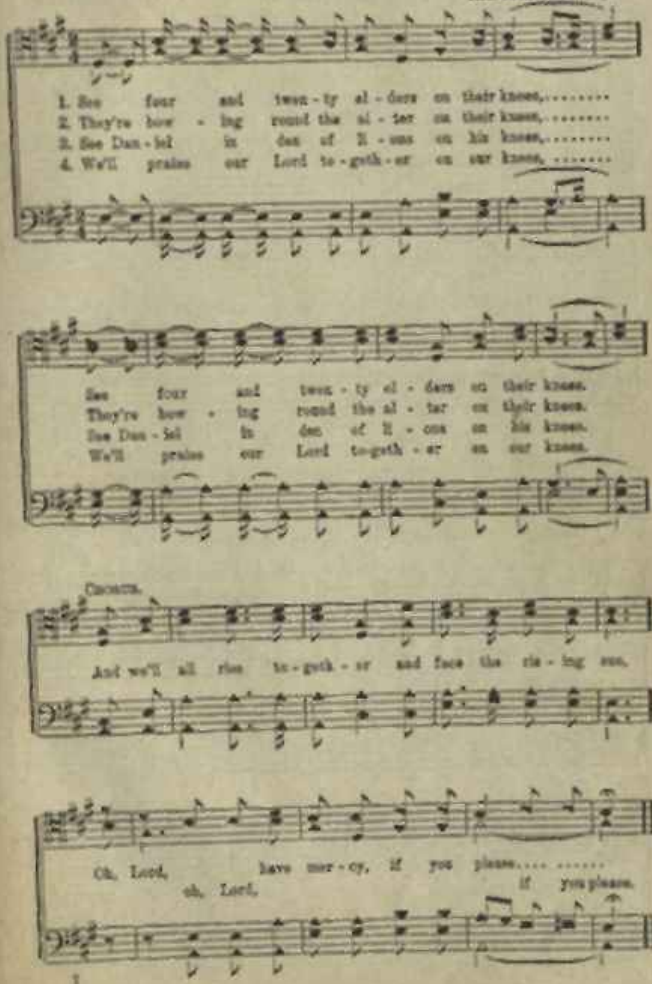


*Let the last syllable of heav'n be a hum.

No. 138 Four And Twenty Elders.

Arr. copyright, 1900, by Robert H. Coleman.

Arr. R. B. McKinney.



No. 139 Standing In The Need Of Prayer.

PLANTATION MELODY.

Arr. by S. B. McKinney.

Plaintive.

1. Not my brother, nor my sis - ter, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the
2. Not my fa - ther, nor my moth-er, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the
3. Not the dea-con, nor my pas-tor, but it's me, O Lord, Standing in the

need of pray'r; Not my brother, nor my sis - ter, but it's me, O Lord,
need of pray'r; Not my fa - ther, nor my moth-er, but it's me, O Lord,
need of pray'r; Not the dea-con, nor my pas-tor, but it's me, O Lord,

CHORUS.

Standing in the need of pray'r. It's me, (It's me,) It's me, O Lord,

Standing in the need of pray'r; It's me, (It's me,) It's me, O Lord,

Cres. rit.

Standing in the need of pray'r. Standing in the need of pray'r.

No. 140

Old Black Joe.

S. F. C.

Stephen C. Foster.

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The children so

friends from the cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Grief - ing for forms now do -
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
part - ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,
soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing,

Chorus.

"Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is
For my head is bending

bend - ing low; I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
low;

No. 141

The Royal Telephone.

Copyright, 1900, by F. M. Lehman.
Used by permission.

F. M. L.

F. M. Lehman.
Arr. R. B. McKinney.

1. Central's ney - er "busy," Al-ways on the line, You may hear from heaven
2. There will be no charges, Tel - e-phone is free; It was built for ser-vice,
3. Fail to get the an-swer, Satan's mad your wire By some strong de-lu-sion,
4. Car - nal con-tin - u-tions Can-not get control Of this line to glo - ry.

Al - most an - y time. 'Tis a roy - al serv-ice, Free for one and all—
Just for you and me. There will be no wait-ing On this roy - al line—
Or some base de-sire. Take a - way obstructions— God is on the throne—
Anchored in the soul. Storm and tri - al can-not Dis - con-nect the line

Fine. Chorus.

When you get in trou-ble Give this roy - al line a call.
Tel - e - phone to glo - ry Al - ways an-swers just in time. Tel - e-phone to
And you'll get the an-swer Thru' this roy - al tel - e-phone.
Hold in con-stant keep-ing By the Fa-ther's hand di-vine.

D.S. We may talk to Je - sus Thru' this roy - al tel - e-phone.

glo - ry. O what joy di-vine! I can feel the cur - rent Mov - ing

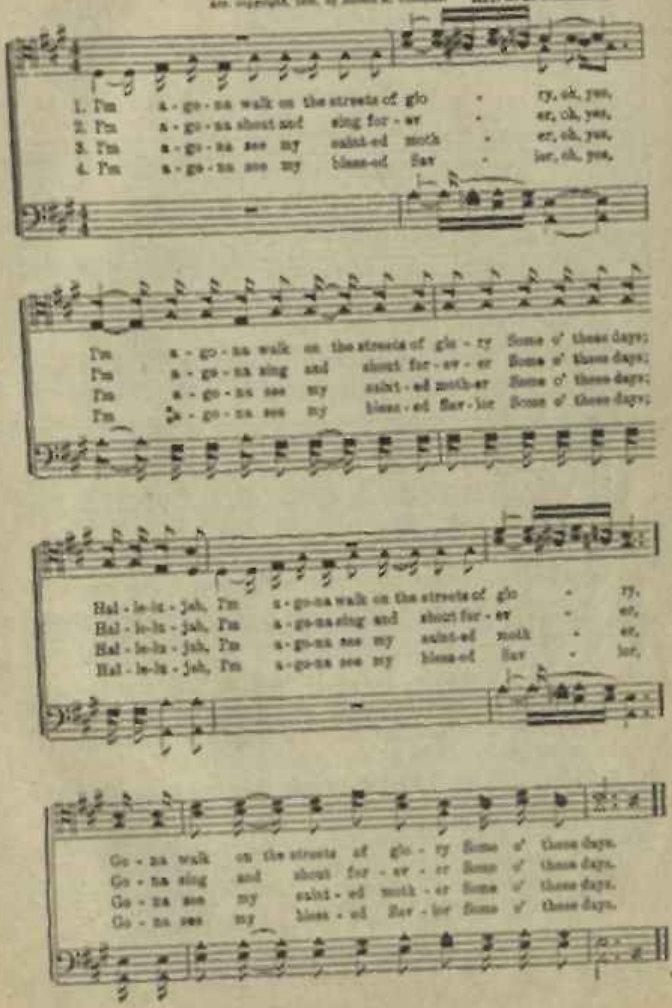
on the line; Built by God the Fa - ther For His loved and own—

No. 142

Some O' These Days.

Arr. copyright, 1900, by Robert M. Coleman.

Arr. R. B. McKinney.



No. 143 Steal Away.

Arr. copyright 1914, by H. N. Lincoln.
Rob't H. Coleman, owner.

H. N. L. H. N. Lincoln.

p Very slow.

Steal a - way to Je - sus, Steal a - Steal a - way.....

Steal a - way..... to Je - sus,

way, ... Steal a - way home, I have not long to stay here. Steal a - way.....

dim. Fine.

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der.
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand a trem - bling.
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning.
4. Tomb - stones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ners stand a trem - bling.

p D. C.

The trum - pet sounds it in my soul, I have not long to stay here.

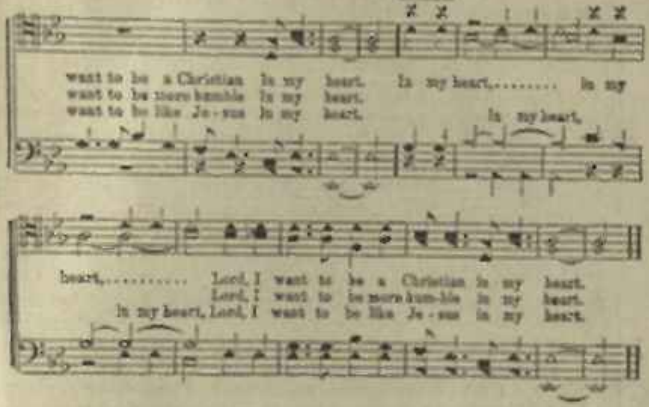
No. 144 In My Heart.

Old Melody.

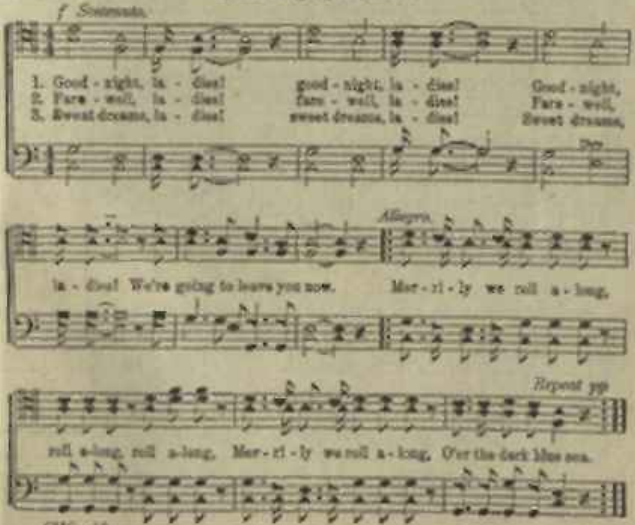
With feeling.

1. Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
2. Lord, I want to be more hum - ble in my heart, in my heart, Lord, I
3. Lord, I want to be like Je - sus in my heart, in my heart, Lord, I

In My Heart.



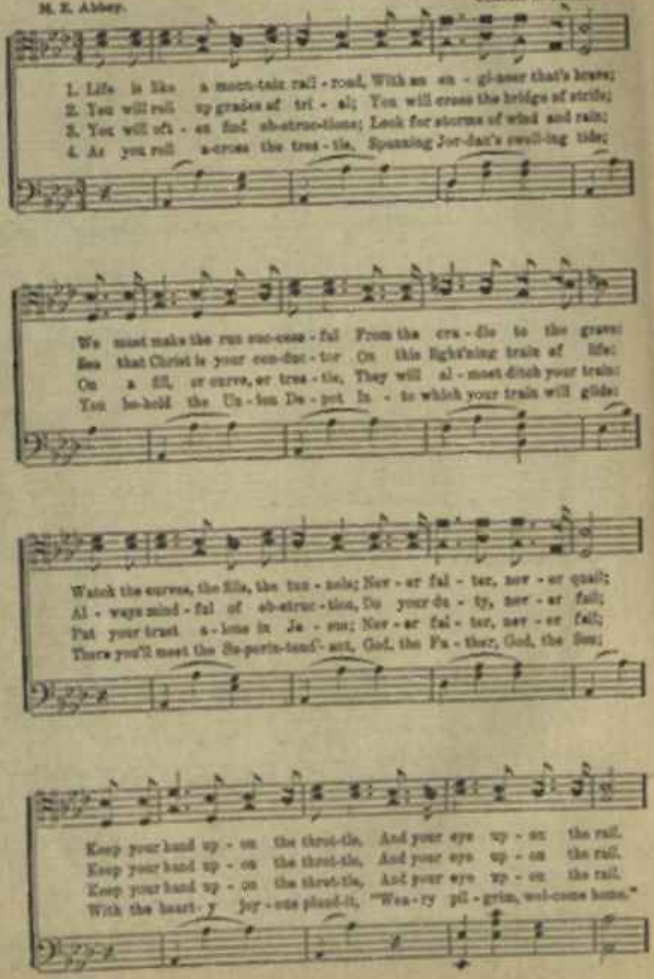
No. 145 "Good Night, Ladies."



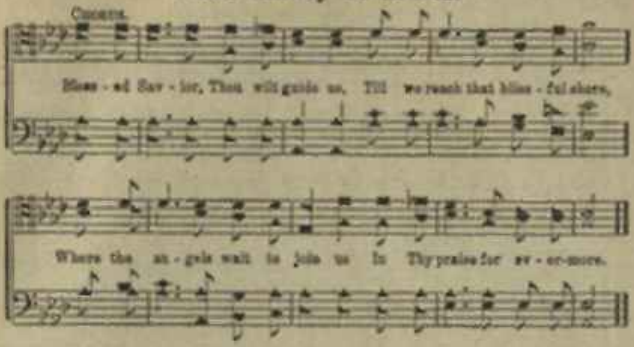
No. 146 Life's Railway To Heaven.

Rain Quartet arrangement.—Copyright, 1896, by Charlie D. Tillman.

M. E. Abbey. Charlie D. Tillman.



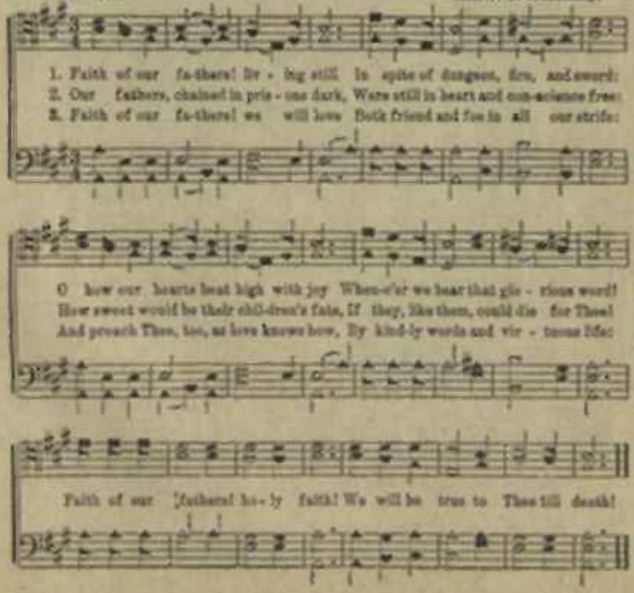
Life's Railway To Heaven.



No. 147 Faith Of Our Fathers.

Arr. copyright, 1911, by Robert H. Coleman.

F. W. Faber. H. F. Henry. Arr. S. B. McKinney.

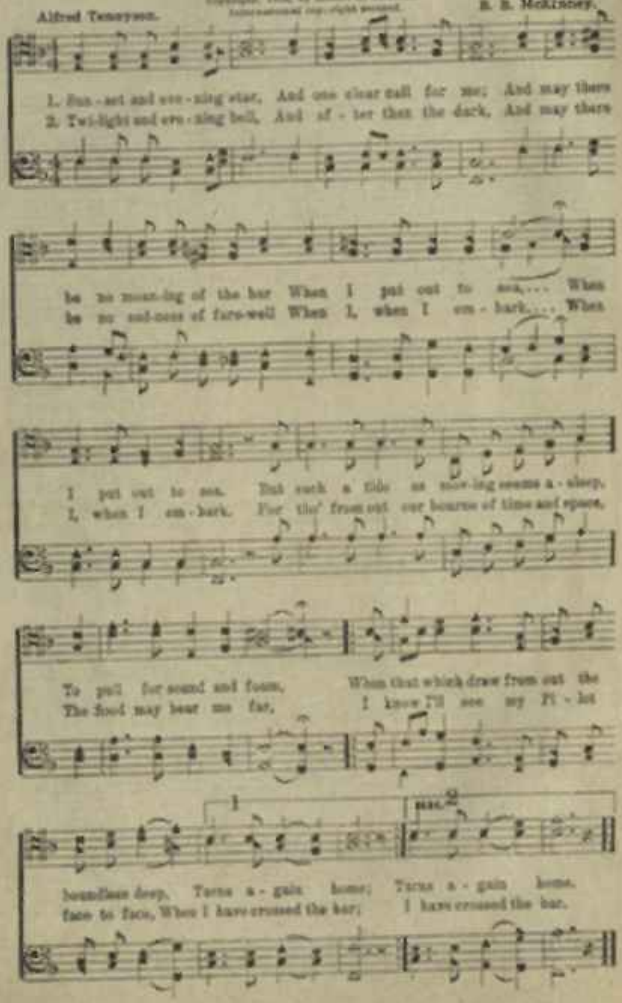


No. 148

Crossing The Bar.

Copyright, 1908, by Robert H. Coleman.
International copyright secured.

Alfred Tennyson. R. B. McKinney.



No 149 Rocked In The Cradle Of The Deep.

Emma Willard — Arr. by E. S. McKinney.

Arr. copyright, 1908, by Robert H. Coleman.

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,

So - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, oh, Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or tho' the tempest fe - ry breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death.

I know Thou will not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In ocean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i - ty.

Refrain.

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

rit.

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

No. 150 My Old Kentucky Home.

S. C. F. Stephen C. Foster.

1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the
2. The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer - ry, all
3. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the
The day goes by like the shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where
A The head must bow and the heart will have to break, Wher - ev - er the
A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load,—No mat - ter, 'twill

Humming Accompaniment.

dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom, While the
hap - py and bright; By-m-by hard times come a-knock-ing at the door, Then my
hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
all was de - light; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my
dark-ey may go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the
nev - er be light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my

birds make mu-sic all the day. old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
bench by the old cab-in door. old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
field where the sug-ar canes grow. old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!

Chorus.

Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song

for the old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.

No. 151 Old Folks At Home.

S. C. F. SWANEE RIVER. Stephen C. Foster.

1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er Far, far a - way;
All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,

2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan-dered, When I was young;
When I was play - ing with my brath-er, Hap - py was I:

3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One that I love;
When will I see de bees a hum-ming, All roun' de comb!

Humming accompaniment.

Dere's whe my heart is turn-ing ev - er, Dere's whe de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.

Dis ma - ny hap-py days I squandered, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old moth-er, There let me live and die.

Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I roam.
When will I hear de ban-jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home.

CHORUS.

All de world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

Oh! dark-ies how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home.

No. 152 The Star-Spangled Banner.

Arr. copyright, 1908, by Robert H. Coleman.

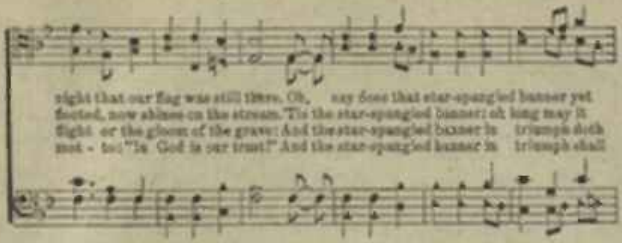
F. S. Key. Arr. by R. J. McKinney.

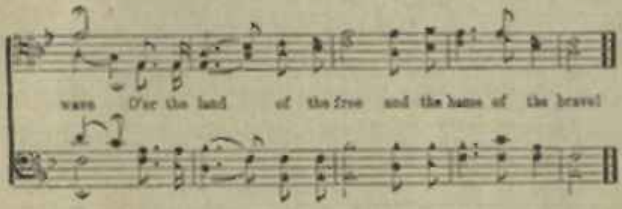
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe haughty
3. And where is that band who so vaunt-ing-ly swore, That the hav-oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Between their loved

hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a coun-try should
home and wild war's de-so-la-tion, Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the

per-i-lous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming?
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-fu-ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps pol-lu-tion.
heav'n-res-cued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!

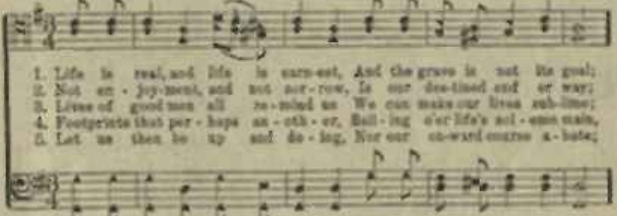
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hir-ling and slave From the ter-ror of
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our

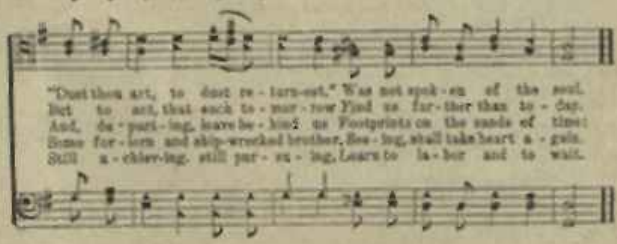




No. 153 Life Is Real.

H. W. Longfellow. Copyright, 1936, by Robert H. Coleman. R. B. McKinney.



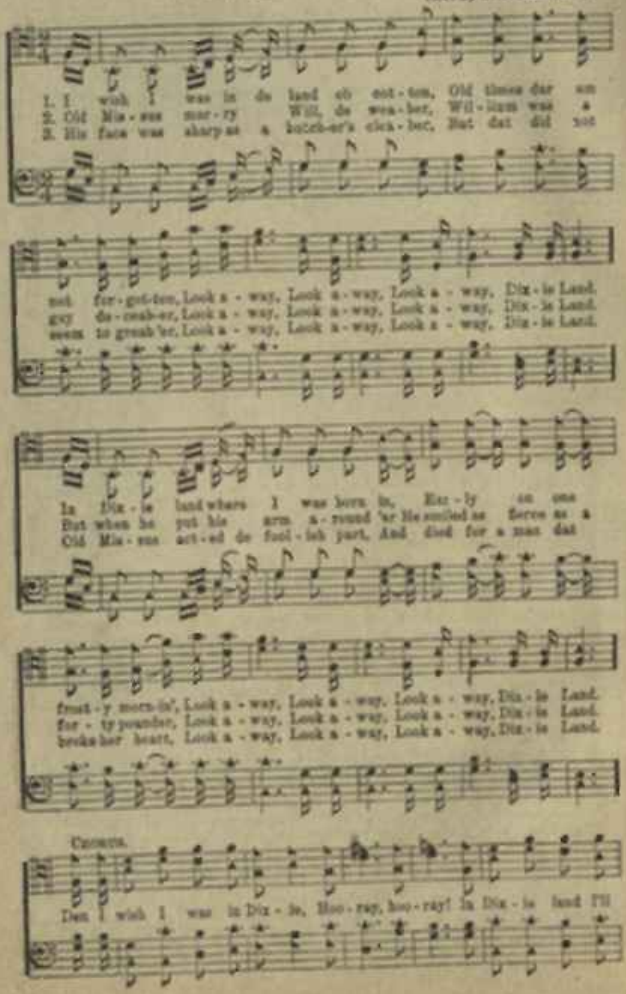


No. 154

Dixie Land.

Arr. copyright, 1916, by Robert H. Coleman.

Arr. by R. B. McKinney.



Dixie Land. Concluded.

take my stand, To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A -

way down south in Dix - ie; A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix - ie.

No. 155 Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

Geo. F. Root.
H. R. Moll.

Arr. copyright, 1890, by Robert H. Coleman.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, Cheer up com - rades
marching on, oh,

they will come, And be-neath the star - ry flag, We will
will come.

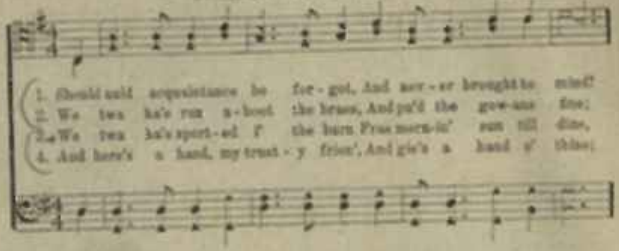
breathe the air a - gain, Of the free-land in our own be - lov-ed home.

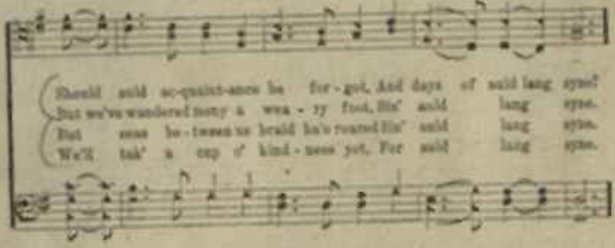
No. 156

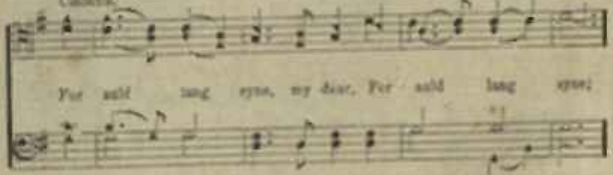
Auld Lang Syne.

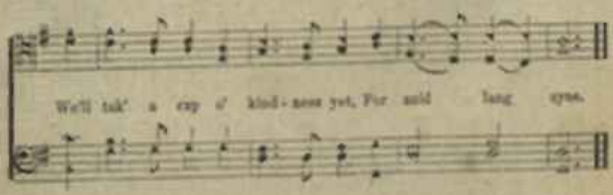
Arr. copyright, 1896, by Robert H. Coleman.

Arr. B. B. McKinney.









No. 157

Home, Sweet Home.

Arr. by S. B. McKinney.

Payne.

Arr. copyright, 1899, by Robert H. Coleman.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam,
2. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor das - zles in vain—
3. To us, in de - spite of the ab - sence of years,

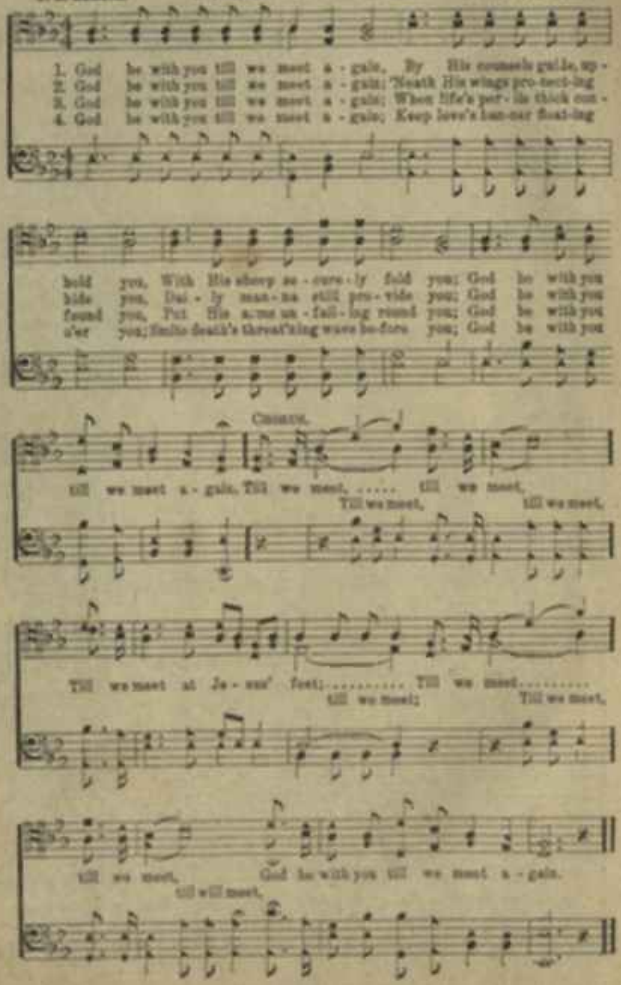
Be it ev - er so hum - ble there's no place like home!
O give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain;
How sweet—the re - mem - brance of home still ap - pears;

A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us there,
The birds sing-ing gai - ly that come at my call,
From al - lurements a - broad which but flat - ter the eye,

Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Give me these and peace of mind dear - er than all.
The un - eas - i - fied heart turns and says with a sigh,—

REPEAT.

Home, home sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home!

No. 158 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. Arr. copyright, 1898, by Robert H. Coleman. W. G. Tomer. Arr. by S. B. McK.