Sacred Tunes and Hymns

Containing a Special Collection of a Very High Order of Standard Sacred Tunes and Hymns New and Newly Arranged
"Sacred Tunes and Hymns"

Containing a Special Collection of a Very High Order of Standard Sacred Tunes and Hymns

Novel and Newly Arranged

NOTHING LIKE IT ON THE MARKET

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PREFACE.

There are many music books in existence in this country, which are claimed to contain sacred songs and hymns and suitable for the churches of the various denominations, but which are not such a collection as should be used in the churches or other worshipping assemblies. This volume, "Sacred Tunes and Hymns," is presented to the musical public and singing people of the country, with the hope and desire that it will prove meritorious and fill a long-desired needed place in our sacred song service of valuable music and hymns. It is specially arranged so its compositions can be easily played on instruments as will appear on each of the pages of the music. It will be easily understood in the arrangements of this song book, that it is suitable for church worship of all kinds, Sunday-schools, singing conventions, and all other musical assemblies or gatherings, which have for their purpose the promotion and installation of religious sentiment, character, and can be used and relied upon with an assurance that it contains a very valuable selection of sacred hymns and tunes. It is believed by the author, that it will be helpful to the religious people, not only in the worshipping gatherings, but in the music of the home. It certainly will aid when used, in keeping alive and in operation, the best sacred tunes and hymns.

We should not close this preface or partial explanation, without mention of the valuable service rendered in getting out this volume, by that distinguished musician and Christian gentleman, Prof. S. M. Denson, of Helicon, Ala. Not only does he deserve the statements above of his high standing, but as a lover of music and the teaching of sacred songs and hymns in Georgia and Alabama, within the last forty years, none have excelled him. As a composer of real sacred tunes and the training of the voice and instilling the development of sacred music, he stands at the top of the ladder. Thousands of people have been taught the principles of music and probably more of sacred songs than any teacher of his age in the Southern States. Much of the arrangements of this volume is due to him and his watchful care in presenting this song and tune book and upon which the religious people of the country can rely for religious services for all purposes.

Atlanta, Ga., April 19th, 1913.

J. S. JAMES,
Author and Publisher.
INVITATION. REPENTANCE AND CONFESSION.

ABBEVILLE. S. M.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts 4: 31.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome, 1818. Key of F Major.

1. Come Holy spirit come, With energy divine, And on this poor be-nighted soul, With beams of mercy shine. Shine.

2. Melt, melt this frozen heart; This stub-born will subdue; Each evil passion o-ver come, And form me all new. new.

3. Mine will the proph-et be, But Thine shall be the praise; And un-to Thee will I de-vote, The rem-nant of my days. days.

For History of this Song see page 33 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
FAIRFIELD.  C. M.

"And so I will go in unto the King......and if I perish, I perish.—Esther 4: 16.

Edmond Jones, 1750. Key of A Minor.

1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast, A thousand tho’ts revolve, Come with your guilt and fear oppres’d,
And make this last resolve, Come with your guilt and fear oppres’d, And make this last resolve. solve.

2. I’ll go to Jesus, tho’ my sin, Hath like a mountain rose; I know His courts I’ll enter in, Whatever may oppose, I know His courts I’ll enter in, Whatever may oppose. pose.

3. I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try; For if I stay away I know, I must for-ev-er die, For if I stay away I know, I must for-ev-er die.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

For History of this Song, see page 29 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
KEDRON. L. M.

"Lord remember me."—Luke 23: 42.

Key of E Major.

1. Thou man of grief, remember me, Thou nev-er cans't Thy self for-get; Thy last ex-pir-ing ag-o-ny, Thy fainting pangs and blood-y sweat.

2. It was for me, when on the cross, He suf-fered pain and ag-o-ny; And in His last expiring breath, He saved us from e-ter-nal death.

3. Such wond'rous love to man unknown, No human heart hath ev-er born, None save the Christ who on the cross, Hath saved us from e-ter-nal loss.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 48 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s, 7s.
“He shall save His people from their sins.”—Matt. 1:21.

Key of G Major.

1. Now see the Saviour stands pleading At the sinners bolt-ed heart.
   Now in heav’n He’s in-ter-ceed-ing, Un-der-tak-ing sin-ners part.
   Sin-ners, can you hate this Saviour Will you thrust Him from your arms.

D. C.—Once He died for your be-hav-iour, Now He calls you to His arms.

2. Sinners hear your God and Saviour, Hear His gracious voice to-day.
   Turn from all your vain be-hav-iour, O, re-pent, re-turn and pray:
   Sin-ners, can you hate this Saviour Will you thrust Him from your arms.

For History of this song see page 234 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
EVERYBODY’S WELCOME.

"According to His mercy He has saved us."—Titus 3: 5.

OLD REVIVAL SONG.

Arr. by O. M. Denson, 1912.

Key of G Major.

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Key of G Major.

EVERYBODY’S WELCOME.

"According to His mercy He has saved us."—Titus 3: 5.

OLD REVIVAL SONG.
"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?—Heb. 2: 3.

S. M. D., 1908. Key of A Major.

If our fathers want to go, Why don't they come along? I belong to this band, Hallelujah.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

Use words mother, brother and sister for other verses.
JESTER. Concluded.

Hal-le lu jah, hal-le lu jah, I belong to this band Hal-le lu jah.

For Instrument Only.

For History of this Song, see page 531 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
ONLY TRUST HIM.  C. M.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me."—Matt. 11: 29.

J. H. S. Key of G.  
Rev. J. H. Stockton, about 1870.

1. Come, ev'-ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest, By trusting in His word.

2. For Jesus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow, Plunge now into the crimson flood, That washes white as snow.

3. Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way, That leads you into rest, Believe in Him without delay, And you are fully blest.

4. Come, then and join this holy band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that celestial land, Where joys immortal flow.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
ONLY TRUST HIM. Concluded.

CHORUS:

G for H'story of this Song see page 150 in the Union Harp, 1909.
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps, 51: 7.

E. A. H. Key of A Flat Major.  
Rev. E. A. Hoffman-

1. Have you been to Je-sus for the cleans-ing pow’r, Are you wash’d in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful-ly trust-ing in His grace this hour?
2. Are you walk-ing dai-ly by the Sav-iour’s side? Are you wash’d in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru-ci-fied?
3. When the bride-groom, cometh will your robes be white, Pure and White in the blood of the Lamb? Wil! your soul be read-y for the mansions bright?
4. Lay a-side the garments that are stain’d With sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb! There’s a foun-tain flow-ing for the soul un-clean;
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD. Concluded.

Chorus

Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood, In the soul cleansing blood of the Lamb of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood, In the soul cleansing blood of the Lamb of the Lamb?
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
Are you washed in the blood, In the soul cleansing blood of the Lamb of the Lamb?

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
“I have blotted out as a thick cloud, thy transgressions.”—Isa. 44:22.

Arr. by S. H. Prather. Key of E Flat Major,

1. Oh, who will now from sleep awake, They’re all taken away, And fully ev’ry sin forsake, They’re all taken a way.

2. I come to Him; my heart was sad, They’re all taken away, He saved my soul and now I’m glad, They’re all taken a way.

3. I never can forget the hour, They’re all taken away, When first I felt His pardi’ning pow’r, They’re all taken a way.

4. Now Jesus is so good and kind, They’re all taken away, As when, of old, He healed the blind; They’re all taken a way.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
ALL TAKEN AWAY. Concluded.

CONTRIBUTION

They're all taken away, (a-way) They're all taken away, (a-way) They're all taken away, (a-way) My sins are all taken away.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
WINDHAM. L. M.

"Wide is the gate, broad is the way that leadeth to destruction."—Mat, 7: 13, 14.

Isaac Watts, 1709. Key of E Minor.

Daniel Reid, 1785.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveler.

2. "De-ny thy self, and take thy cross," Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this hea'ly land.

3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more; Is not esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own destruction sure.

4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Create my heart entirely new; Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false apostates never knew.
"For ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another,"—1 Thes. 4: 9.

Mrs. A. D., 1908. Key of F Major.

Mrs. Amanda Denson, 1908.

My Chris-tian friends to whom I speak, I have a crown in view, I know there is a par-a-dise, The saints all bid us come.

D. C.—And He who reigns, rules earth and sky, O heaven is my home.

For History of this Song see page 526 in the Original Sacred Harp. 1911.
OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

"Repent ye, and believe the gospel."—Mark 1: 15.

Key of F Major.

J. Calvin Bushey,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

1. Oh, do not let the word depart, And close thine eyes a-gaint the light, Poor sin-ner hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.

2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight, This is the time oh, then be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.

3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite; Re-nounce at once Thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.

4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none, Who would to Him their souls u-nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

CHORUS

Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night, Wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night.

Oh, why not to-night? why not tonight? why not tonight? why not tonight? Wilt thou be saved, Then why not tonight,

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, Then why not to-night.

Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved, Then why not, oh, why not to-night.

For History of this song see page 37 in the Union Harp, 1909.
GRACE AND ITS GLORY TO MAN.

DENSON. 7s.

M. F. M. Key of F Major.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

M. F. McWhorter, 1906.

1. Oh, to grace how can it be, That a sinner vile as me, Can pro-claim a Saviour's name, And be saved through the same.

2. Oh, for grace to love Thee more, And the Saviour's name a-dore, Would I could from sin be free, Oh, dear Lord re-mem-ber me.

For History of this Song see page 515 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
NINETY-THIRD PSALM. S. M.

"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

Philiip Doddridge, 1735. Key C Major.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heav'n with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace first contrived the way, To save rebellious man; And all the steps that grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan.

3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet, To tread the heav'n-ly road; And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.

4. Grace! all the work shall crown, Thro' ever-lasting days, It lays in heav'n the topmost stone, And well deserves our praise.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 31, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
NEW BRITAIN. C. M.

"And David the King came and sat before the Lord, and said, who am I, O Lord."—1 CHRON. 17: 16.

JOHN NEWTON, 1789. Key of C Major.

1. A-maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now I'm found, Was blind but now I see.

2. Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace appear, The hour I first believed.

3. Thro' many dangers, toils and snares, I have already come; 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

4. The Lord has promised good to me, His word my hopes secure, He will my shield and portion be, As long as life endures.

5. The earth shall soon dissolve like snow, The sun refuse to shine; But God who called me here below, Will be forever mine.

For History of this Song see page 45 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
RESTORATION. 8s, 7s.

"We shall receive the blessing from the Lord."—Ps, 24: 5,


Re-arranged by T. B. Newton and S. W. Everett, 1908;

D. C. for CHORUS, using small notes.

1. Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

D. C. I will a-rise and go to Jes-sus, He will im-brace me in His arms, In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, O there are ten thou-sand charms.

2. Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove, Praise the mount I'm fixed up-on in, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
GLORY TO HIS NAME. 9s & 5s

"Then shall ye also appear with him in glory"—Col. 3: 4.


1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the

2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Jesus so sweetly abides with-in; There at the cross where He

3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have entered in. There Jesus saves me and

4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet, Plunge in to-day and be

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
GLORY TO HIS NAME Concluded

blood applied; Glory to His name.
took me in; Glory to His name. Glory to His name

keep me clean, Glory to His name.
made complete, Glory to His name. Glory to His name

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
HE LOVES ME. C. M.

"We love Him, because He first loved us."—1 John 4: 19,


Fine,

D. S.

1. A last and did my saviour bleed and did my Sovereign die? Would He de-vote that sacred head For such a worm as I, He loves me He loves me He loves me this I know (I know)
2. Was it for crime that I have done He groaned upon the tree Amazing pity grace unknown and love beyond degree. He loves me He loves me He loves me He loves me this I know (I know)
3. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness And melt my eyes to tears. He loves me He loves me He loves me this I know (I know)
4. But drops of grief can ne’er re-pay The debt of love I owe, Here Lord I give my self away Tis all that I can do, He loves me He loves me He loves me He loves me this I know (I know)

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

Fine.

D. S.
DEVOTION. L. M.

"To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and with faithfulness every night."—Ps. 92; 2, 3.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719. Key of C Major.

AMARICK HALL, about 1811.

1. Sweet is the day of sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, sound

2. Then shall I share a glorious part, When grace has well refined my heart, And fresh supplies of joys are shed, Like holy oil to cheer my head, head:

3. Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I desire and wish below; And every pow'r find sweet employ, In that eternal world of joy, joy.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 48 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
SWEET CANAAN. 8s & 9s.

"I will give unto you to possess it, a land that floweth with milk and honey."—Lev. 20: 24.


1. O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the land of Canaan; I'm bound fair Canaan's land to see, I am bound for the land of Canaan. O Canaan, sweet Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

2. I'll join with those who're gone before, I am bound for the land of Canaan; Where sin and sorrow are no more, I am bound for the land of Canaan. O Canaan, sweet Canaan, I'm bound for the land of Canaan.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
bound for the land of Ca-naan, Sweet Ca-naan, 'tis my hap-py home, I am bound for the land of Ca-naan.

For History of this Song see page 87 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
BOUND FOR CANAAN. 7s. 6s.

"Ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Pet. 1:8.


CHORUS:

1. O when shall I see Jesus, And reign with him above,
   And from the flowing fountain Drink everlasting love,
   I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, To the new Jerusalem

2. When shall I be delivered from this vain world of sin,
   And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in?
   I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, To the new Jerusalem

3. But now I am a soldier, My Captain's gone before
   He's given me my orders, And bids me not give o'er,
   I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, I'm on my way to Canaan, To the new Jerusalem

For History of this Song, see page 82 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
CANAAN'S LAND. C. M. D.

"Heaven is my home."—Isa. 66: 1.

E. J. King applied words, 1859. Key of A.

Amariah Hall, 1810.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 101 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.
ECSTACY. 7s & 6s,

"And I said, Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—Ps. 55:6.

John Leland. Key of E Minor.

T. W. Carter, about 1844.

1. Oh, when shall I see Jesus, And reign with Him above? And from the flowing fount, Drink ever-lasting love?
2. When shall I be deliv'ed, From this vain world of sin; And with my blessed Jesus, Drink endless pleasures in.
3. O, do not be discour-aged. For Jesus is your friend; And if you lack for knowledge, He'll not refuse to lend.
4. Neither will He upbraid you, Though of-ten you request; He'll give you grace to con-quor, And take you home to rest;

For History of this Song see page 106 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
ECSTACY. Concluded.

O had I wings I would fly away and be at rest, And I'd praise God in His bright abode.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 106 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
"I am filled with comfort. I am exceeding joyful."—2 Cor. 7:4.

R. F. M. Mann, 1868.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 111 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
THE DYING CHRISTIAN. 11s, 8s.

"Dying, and behold, we live."—2 Cor. 6: 9.

Key of G Major.

Original tune by Edward Harwood, 1760. Re-arr. by E. J. King, 1844.

1. Ye objects of sense and enjoyments of time, Which oft have delighted my heart, I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime, For joys that shall never de-part.

2. Thou Lord of the day and Thou Queen of the night, To me ye are no longer known, I soon shall behold with in-crea-sing de-light, A sun that shall never go down.

3. Ye mountains and valleys, groves, rivers and plains, Thou earth and thou o-cean adeau, More per-ma-nent regions where righteousness reigns, Presents their bright hills to my view.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 123 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.
"Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty."— Isa. 33: 17.

Samuell Stennett, 1787. Key of F Sharp Major. ARR. by Miss M. Durham, about 1840.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my pos-sess-ions lie.

2. O the transport-ing, rapt'rous scenes, That ris-es to my sight, Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light

3. Filled with delight, my raptured soul, Would here no longer stay, Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way,
THE PROMISED LAND. Concluded.

CHORUS:

I am bound for the promised land, I'm bound for the promised land, Oh, who will come and go with me, I am bound for the promised land.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see page 128 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
GLORY LAND. L. M.

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

A. R. Walton. Key of F Major.

1. I have a home not made with hands, My Saviour waiting for me stands Over in the glory, the glory land,
2. When we arrive at home at last, Our trials then will all be past Over in the glory land,

3. What great rejoicing there will be, When we our Saviours face shall see, Over in the glory land,
4. I want my friends to go with me, And there with Jesus ever be Over in the glory land,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
GLORY LAND. Concluded.

CHORUS

Over in the glory, the glory land; Over in the glory, the glory land, Over in the glory, the glory land.

Over in the glory land, Over in the glory land. My Saviour waiting for me stands, Over in the glory land.

Over in the glory, the glory land, Over in the glory, the glory land, Over in the glory land.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
"I say unto you, hereafter ye shall see heaven open." —John 1: 51.

Isaac Watts, 1701. Key of B Flat.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 155 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
NORTHFIELD. Concluded.

Fly swift around ye wheels of time, And bring the promised day.

swift around, ye wheels of time, And bring the promised day.

wheels of time, And bring the promised day, And bring the promised day.

swift around ye wheels of time, And bring the promised day.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
"We rejoice by faith in hope of the glory of God."—Rom. 5: 2.

Howard Payne, 1823. Key of E Flat.

Sir Henry Bishop, about 1826. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

1. Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaint, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints, To find at the banquet of mercy there's

2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease, Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I

3. I sigh from this body of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee; Tho' now my temptation like billows may

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 161 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
SWEET HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS.

room, And feel in' the presence of Je-sus at home, Home, home sweet, sweet home, Prepare me dear Saviour for glory my home.

foam, All; all will be peace when I'm with thee at home, Home, home sweet sweet home, Prepare me dear Saviour for glory my home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
RAGAN. L. M.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of His saints." — Ps. 116: 15.

Key of F Major.

Arr. by W. F. Moore, 1869. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

1. Farewell vain world I'm going home, I belong to this band Hallelujah,
   My Saviour smiles and bids me come, I belong to this band Hallelujah. | Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lujah, I belong to this band, hal-le-lu-jah

2. Sweet angels beck-on me a-way, I belong to this band Hallelujah,
   To sing God's praise in endless day, I belong to this band Hallelujah. | Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, I belong to this band, hal-le-lu-jah.

For History of this Song see page 176 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1933.
LONG SOUGHT HOME. C. M.

“In my father’s house are many mansions.”—St. John 14: 2.

FRANCIS BAKER PRIEST, about 1750. Key of B Flat Major.

1. Jerusalem! my happy home! Oh how I long for thee,
   When will my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see.
   Home, sweet home, my longsought home, My home in heav’n above.

2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glorious to behold.
   Thy gates are richly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.

3. My friends I bid you all adieu, I leave you in God’s care,
   And if I here no more see you, Go on, I’ll meet you there.
   Home, sweet home, my longsought home, My home in heav’n above.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 253 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
THE GOLDEN HARP. L. M.

"Yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee.—Ps. 43: 4.

By J. P. Reese; 1869. D. G

Key of F Sharp Minor.

1. Fare-well vain world, I'm going home, To play on the golden harp,
   My Saviour smiles and bids me come, To play on the golden harp.
   To play on the golden harp, To play on the golden harp.

Cho.—I want to be where Jesus is, To play on the golden harp.

2. Sweet angels beck-on me a-way, To play on the golden harp,
   To sing God's praise in endless day, To play on the golden harp.
   To play on the golden harp, To play on the golden harp.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

F:r History of this Song, see page 274 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
TRAVELING PILGRIM. L. M.

"Man goeth to his long sought home."—Ec. 12: 5.

H. S. R. Key of E Minor.

H. S. RESE, 1850. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911

1. Farewell vain world I'm going home. Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise,
   My Saviour smiles and bids me come, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.
   To the land, to the land, To the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.

2. Sweet angels beck- on me a-way, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise,
   To sing God's praise in endless day, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.
   To the land, to the land, To the land I am bound, Where there's no more stormy clouds to rise.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see page 278 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1909.
NEW JERUSELEM. C. M.

“And I, John, saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem.”—Rev. 21: 12.

Isaac Watts, 1701. Key of F Major. Jeremiah Ingalls, 1804.

1. Lo, what a glorious sight appears: To our believing eyes,
   The earth and seas are pass’d away, and the.......... The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned..............

2. From the third heav’n where God resides, That holy, happy place,
   The earth and seas are pass’d away, and the......... old
   The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned........ with old roll-ing skies!

   The earth and seas are pass’d away, and the............. old roll-ing skies!
   The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned.............., with shin-ing grace,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 299 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
NEW JERUSALEM. Concluded.

The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the old roll-ing skies, old roll-ing skies.
The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned with shin-ing grace, Adorn'd.

The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the old roll-ing skies, old roll-ing skies.
The New Je-ru-sa-lem comes down, Adorned with shin-ing grace, Adorn'd.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
BALERMA. C. M.

"I have caused you to see it with thine eyes."—Duet. 34:4.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign; In-finite day ex-cludes the night, And plea-sures ban-ish pain.
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er fad-ing flow'rs, Death like a nar-row sea di-vides, That heav'n-ly land from ours
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stands dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd be-tween.
4. Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er; Not Jordan's steam nor deaths cold flood Should fright us from the shore

For History of this Song see page 283 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

Mrs. Dana (Shindler.) 1840.

JOHN MASSENGALE, between 1860 and 1869. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

"I will sing with the spirit."—1 Cor. 14: 15:

1. Oh, sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die, Sing songs of holy ecstacy, To waft my soul on high.
2. When cold and sluggish drops, Roll off my marble brow; Burst forth in strains of joyfulness, Let heav'n begin below.
3. When the last moment comes, Oh, watch my dying face, And catch the bright, seraphic gleam, Which on each feature plays.
4. Then to my ravished ear; Let one sweet song begin, Let music charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.
5. Then close the sightless eyes, And lay me down to rest, And clasp my cold and icy hands, Across my peaceful breast.
6. Then round my senseless clay, Assemble those I love, And sing of heav'n, de-lightful heav'n, My glorious home above.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 312 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
HAPPY LAND.  H. M.

"Then shall every man have the praise of God."— 1 Cor. 4; 5.

A. Y., 1830.  Key of E Flat Major.

Andrew Young, 1830.  Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

1. There is a happy land, far, far away;
   Where saints in glory stand, bright bright as day.
   O how they sweetly sing, worthy is our Saviour King,
   Loud let His praises ring, Praise praise for aye.

2. Come to that happy land, come, come, away;
   Why will ye doubting stand, why yet delay?
   O we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free,
   Lord we shall live with Thee, Blest blest for aye.

3. Bright in that happy land, beams ev'ry eye;
   Kept by a Father's hand, love can-not die.
   Then shall His kingdom come, Saints all share a glorious home,
   And bright above the sun, We reign for aye.

For History of this Song, see page 354 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
THE HEAVENLY PORT. C. M.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—Psa. 33: 17.

Samuel Stinnett, 1787. Key of G Major.


1. On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye; To Canaan’s fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

   Cho.—We’ll stem the storm, it won’t be long, the heavenly port is nigh; We’ll stem the storm, it won’t be long, We’ll anchor by and by.

2. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest; When shall I see my Father’s face, And in His bosom rest.

For History of this Song, see page 378 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
HOME OF THE SOUL. 12s, 8s.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.

Mrs. Helen H. Gates, 1865. Key of E Flat Major.

Phillip Phillips, 1865.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand.

2. O that home of the soul in my vi-sions and dreams, Its bright jasper walls I can see, Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes,

3. That un-chang-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-a-reth stands, The Kings of all king-doms for-ev-er is He,

4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sorrow and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
HOME OF THE SOUL. Concluded.

While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er beat On the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll,
Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Till I lan-cy but thin-ly the veil in - ter - venes, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.

And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands, The King of all king - doms for - ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.
To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
"Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him."—Rev, 1: 17.

First 3 verses anon. Last verse by F. M. C. Key of G Major. Arr. by F. M. G.

1. We’re floating down the stream of time, We have not long to stay; The storm-y clouds of dark-ness, Will turn to bright-est day;
2. Sometimes the dev- il tempts me, And says its all in vain; To try to live a Christian life, And walk in Je-sus name,

Cho—Then cheer my broth-er cheer, Our tri- als will soon be o’er; Our loved ones we shall meet, Up on the gol-den shore;

3. The life-boat soon is com-ing, By the eye of faith I see; As she sweeps thro’ the wa-ters, To res-cue you and me;
4. Oh, now’s the time to get on board, While she is pass-ing by; But if you stand and wait too long, You shall for-ev-er die:

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
Then let us all take courage. For we're not left alone; The life boat soon is coming, To gather the Jew-els home.
But then we hear the Master say, “I'll lend you a helping hand; And if you'll only trust me, I'll guide you to that land.”

We're pil-grims and we're stran-gers here, We're seek-ing a cit-y to come; The life boat soon is coming, To gather the Jew-els home.

And land us safe-ly in the port, With friends we love so dear; “Get read-y” cries the Cap-tain, “Oh, look, she's al-most here.”
The fare is paid for one and all, The Cap-tain bids you come, And get on board the life boat, She'll car-ry you safe-ly home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
BLESSED HOME.

"And shewed me the great city, the holy Jerusalem,"—Rev. 21: 10.

W. C. D. Huntingdon, about 1870-


For Instrument Only.

Copyright 1909, by J. S. James.
How I long, how I long to be there, Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there.

For History of this song see page 180 in the Union Harp, 1909.
FROM THE CROSS TO THE CROWN.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 Pet. 5; 1.

F. L. E., 1895. Key of A.

F. L. Eiland, 1895.

1. Look a-way from the cross to the glittering crown, From your cares, weary ones, look a-way; There's a home for the soul where no sorrow can come, And where pleasures can never decay.

2. Tho' the burdens of life may be heavy to bear, And your crosses and trials severe, There's a beautiful land that is beckoning come, And no heart-aches and sighings are there.

3. 'Mid the conflicts, the battles, the struggles, the strife, Bravely onward your journey pursue, Look a-way to the cross to the glittering crown, That is waiting in heaven for you.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
FROM THE CROSS TO THE CROWN. Concluded.

CHORUS:

Wear-y one, look away from the cross to the crown, From the cross to the glit-ter-ing, glit-ter-ing crown, From the cross to the glittering crown.

Look a-way, Look a-way, From the cross to the glit-ter-ing crown, From the cross to the glittering crown.

Wear-y one, look away from the cross to the crown, From the cross to the glit-ter-ing, glit-ter-ing crown, From the cross to the glittering crown.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.
"To an inheritance incorruptible; and undefiled."—1 Pet. 1:4.

Key of G. Major.

H. E. Engle.

1. There's a beautiful land far beyond the sky, And Jesus my Saviour is there, He has gone to prepare me a home on high,

2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They're free from all sorrow and care, And I trust I shall meet them above the sky,

3. We shall meet in that beautiful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair, Where the waters of life sweetly murmur by,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
THE BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.

CHORUS:

O I long, O I long to be there. In that beautiful land, in that beautiful land, Where the angels stand, shall meet, shall meet, shall meet,

D, C.- We shall meet in that beautiful land,

O I long, O I long to be there. In that beautiful land, Where the angels stand, We shall meet. We shall meet, We shall meet,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
HOME OVER THERE.

"And made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

D. W. C. Huntingdon, 1870. Key of A. T. C. O'Kane, about 1871.

1. O think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light, (over there) Where the Saints all immortal and fair, Are robed in the garments of white,

2. O think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, (over there) Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.

3. I'll soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see, (over there) Many dear to my heart over there, Are watching and waiting for me,

D. S.—O think of the home over there,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

Copyright 1909, by J. S. James.
HOME OVER THERE. Concluded.

O- ver there, O-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there.

O-ver there, O-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there.

O-ver there, O-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there.

O-ver there, O-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there, O-ver there.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 100 in the Union Harp 1909.


1. I want to be an angel, And with the angels stand, A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand, And

2. I never should be weary, Nor ever shed a tear, Nor ever know a sorrow, Nor ever have a fear, But

3. I know I'm weak and sinful, But Jesus will forgive; For many little children, Have gone to heav'n to live, Dear

4. Oh there I'll be an angel, And with the angels stand, A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand, Right

For Instrument Only
there be - fore my Sav-lour, So glo-ri - ous and so bright, I'll make the sweet-est mu - sic, And praise Him with de - light.
bless-ed, pure and ho - ly, I'll dwell in Je - sus' sight, And with ten thousand thousands, Praise Him with great de - light.

Sav-lour, when I lan-guish, And lay me down to die, Oh, send shin - ing an - gel, To bear me to the sky.
there be - fore my Sav - iour, So glo - ri - ous and so bright, I'll join the heav'n - ly mu - sic, And praise Him with de - light.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

We have no data of Rev. J. R. Hamlin, author of this tune. It was written for the Christian Harmony by Walker, see page 338.
Set to 4 notes by S. M. Denson and J. S. James, and few changes made in the notes.
HALLELUJAH. C. M.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."—Num. 23: 10.

Chas: Wesley, 1759. Key of A Flat.


1. And let this fee ble bod-y fail, And let it faint or die;
   My soul shall quit this morn-ful vall, And soar to worlds on high;
   And I'll sing hal - le - lu jah, And

2. Shall join the dis em-bod - ied saints, And find its long-sought rest;
   That en - ly bliss for which it pants, In my Re-deem - er's breast;
   And I'll sing hal le lu jah, And

3. O what are all my suf - frings here, If Lord, Thou count me meet;
   With that en - rapt - ued host t'ap - pear, And wor - ship at Thy feet;
   And I'll sing hal le lu jah, And

4. Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, Take life or friends a-way;
   But let me find them all a - gain, In that e - ter nal day;
   And I'll sing hal le lu jah; And

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 146 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
HALLELUJAH. Coucluded.

you'll sing hal le - lu jah, And we'll all sing hal le lu jah, When we ar - rive at home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
NOT MADE WITH HANDS.  L. M.

"He looked for a city which hath the foundation, whose builder and maker is God."—Heb. 11; 10.

Arr. by John S. Brown.

1. Christ went a building to prepare, Not made with hands, And 'twill be decked with jewels rare, Not made with hands,

2. Put on the armor of our God, Not made with hands, And take the path our Captain trod, Not made with hands,

3. With shield of faith defy the foe, Not made with hands, Until you hear the trumpet blow, Not made with hands,

4. Then come up children get your crown, Not made with hands, When you have laid your armor down, Not made with hands,

5. That city's built with precious stones, Not made with hands, Within we'll gather 'round the throne, Not made with hands.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
I know, I know, I have another building; I know, I know Not made with hands.

I know, I know, I have another building, I know, I know Not made with hands.

I know, I know, I have another building, I know, I know Not made with hands.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
SWEET DAY.  C. M.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. 33: 19.

Isaac Watts 1709. Key of F Major.

T. J. Denson, 1908.

1. There is land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain,

2. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, Stands dress'd in living green, So to the Jews old Canaan's stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

For History of this song see page 367 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
WELLS. L. M.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."—Eccl. 9: 10,
Isaac Watts, 1719.

Key of A Kinor.

Israel Holdroyd, 1716.

1. Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'n-sure the great re-ward; And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.

2. Life is the hour that God has giv'n, To es-cape hell and fly to heav'n; The day of grace and mor-tals may, Secure the bless-ings of the day.

3. The living know that they must die, But all the dead for-got-ten lie; Their mem'-ry and their sense is gone, A-like unknowing and unknown.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 28 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
ESTER. L. M. Original.

"Flee, youthful lusts, call on the Lord out of a pure heart."—2 Tim. 2: 22.

Key of F Major. 
Slow.

1. Young ladies all, attention give, 
You that in wicked pleasures live; 
One of your sex, the other day, 
Was called by death's cold hand away.

2. This lesson she has left for you, 
To teach the careless what to do; 
To seek Jehovah while you live, 
And ever-lasting honors give.

3. Her honored mother she addressed, 
While tears were streaming down her breast, 
She grasped her tender hands and said, 
Remember me when I am dead.

4. She called her father to her bed, 
And thus in dying anguish said: 
"My days on earth are at an end, 
My soul is summoned to attend."

4. Before Jehovah's awful bar, 
To hear my awful sentence there; 
And now dear father do repent, 
And read the holy Testament.

For Instrument Only.

For History of this Song see page 437 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
TELITHA. C. M.

“Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.”—2 Tim. 2: 3.

S. M. D., 1908. Key of G.

1. Bold Soldiers all on you I call, Although you are but few, When you’ve done all stand fast and keep The glorious prize in view. The glorious prize in view. The glorious prize in view... 

2. The time draws nigh when you and I Must cross bold Jordans flood. On wings of love we’ll soar above, And scale the mount of God. And scale the mount of God. And scale the mount of God...

3. My soul is rising while I sing, Towards the blissful goal, I feel the love of Christ my King, Now running thro’ my soul. Now running thro’ my soul. Now running thro’ my soul.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see page 92 in the Union Harp, 1909.
WE'LL WORK 'TILL JESUS COMES.

"Thy works shall be rewarded."—Jer. 3:16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Key of F Major.

1. Oh, land of rest for thee I sigh! When will the moment come, When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace at home.

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know. No peaceful, sheltering dome, This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus Christ I fled for rest, He bade me cease to roam, And lean for succor on His breast, Till He conduct me home.

4. I sought at once my Saviour's side, No more my steps shall roam, With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES. Concluded.

CHORUS:

* We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And we'll be gather'd home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
FUNERALS.--Death Is The Gate To Endless Joy.

REST. Li M.

'Them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with them.'—1 Thes. 4:14.

MARGURATE MACKAY, 1832. Key of D. Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus bless-ed sleep! From which none ev-er wake to weep, A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ben by the last of ices.
2. A-sleep in Je-sus oh, how sweet, To be for such a slum-ber meet, With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing, That death has lost its ven-omed sting.
3. A-sleep in Je-sus peace-ful rest! Whose wa-king is su-preme-ly blest, No fear, no woe shall dim the hour, That manifests the Saviour's pow'r.
4. A-sleep in Je-sus oh, for me, May such a bliss-ful ref-uge be, Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, Wait-ing the sum-mons from on high.

For History of this Song, see page 23 in the Union Harp 1909.
IDUMEA. C. M.

“A time to be born and a time to die.”—Eccl. 3: 2.

Chas. Wesley, 1753. Key of A Minor.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this body down! And must my trembling spirit fly into a world unknown? known?

2. A land of deep-est shade; Unpierced by human thought. The dreary regions of the dead, Where all things are forgot; got.

3. Soon as from earth I go, What will become of me? Eternal happiness or woe! Must then my portion be.

4. Waked by the trumpet sound, I from my grave shall rise; And see the Judge with glory crowned, And see the flaming skies.

For History of this Song, see page 47 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,
TO DIE NO MORE. L. M.

"They desire a better country, that is heavenly."—Heb. 11:16.

Isaac Watts, 1707. Key of G Major.

Eld. E. Dumas, 1856.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are, Death is the gate of endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

2. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste, Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Cho.—I'm go-ing home to Christ a bove, I'm go-ing to the christian's rest, To die no more, To die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 111 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
"And have hope towards God, which they themselves also allow."—Acts 24: 15.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759.  
L. B. BREEDLOVE, 1637.  
Key of B Flat.  
Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.  
D. C.

1. Come let us join our friends a-bove, That have obtained the prize,  
And on the eag-le wings of love, To joys ce-les-tial rise,  
Let all the saints te-res-trial sing, With those to glo-ry gone.  
D. C. For all the Ser-vants of our King, In heav’n and earth are one.

2. One fam-i-ly, we dwell in Him, One church a-bove, be-neath,  
Though now di-vi-ded by the stream, The narrow stream of death,  
One ar-my of the liv-ing God, To His com-mand we bow.  
D. C. Part of the hosts have cross’d the flood, And part are cross-ing now.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 285 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
WHEN I AM GONE. 10s & 4s.


M. H. T. Key of G, Major.

M. H. Turner, 1852.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friends early bier; When I am gone, When I am gone,
   Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear, When I am gone, When I am gone.
   Weep not for me as you stand round my grave.

2. Plant you a rose that shall bloom o'er my grave, When I am gone, When I am gone;
   Sing a sweet song such as angels may have, When I am gone, When I am gone.
   Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
WHEN I AM GONE. Concluded.

CHORUS:

Think who has died His beloved to save, Think of the crown all the ransomed shall wear, When I am gone, I am gone.

Pray ye the Lord that my joys ye shall share; Look up on high and believe that I'm there, When I am gone, I am gone.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 339 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
Go ye therefore and teach all nations.” — Matt. 28: 19.

1. Go preachers and tell it to the world, Go preachers and tell it to the world, Go preachers and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last.

2. Go fathers and tell it to the world, Go fathers and tell it to the world, Go fathers and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last.

3. Go mothers and tell it to the world, Go mothers and tell it to the world, Go mothers and tell it to the world, Poor mourners found a home at last.
CONCLUDED.  

Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Thro' free grace and a dying Lamb, Poor mourners found a home at last.

For History of this Song, see page 401 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.
GONE TO REST. C. M.

"Be faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." — Rev. 2: 10.


1. Death has been here and borne a-way, A sist-er from our side, (our side) Just in the morn-ing of her day, As young as we she died.

2. Not lon-g a-go she filled her place, And sat with us to learn, (to learn) But she has run her mor-tal race, And nev-er can re-turn.

3. Per-haps our time may be as short, Our days may fly as fast, (as fast) O Lord im-press the sol-emn tho’t, That this may be our last.

4. We can-not tell who next may fall, Be-neath Thy chast’ning rod, (Thy rod) One must be first, O may we all, Pre-pare to meet our God.

Use father, mother or brother to suit. Copyright 1909, by J. S. James.
GONE TO REST. Concluded.

As young as we she died, (she died) As young as we she died, (she died) Just in the morning of her day, As young as we she died, (she died) And never can return, (re-turn) And never can return, (re-turn) But she has run her mortal race, And never can return.

That this may be our last, (our last) That this may be our last, (our last) O Lord impress the solemn tho't, That this may be our last.

Prepare to meet our God, (our God) Prepare to meet our God, (our God) One must be first O may we all, Prepare to meet our God.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see page 114 in the Union Harp 1909.
OVER IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME.

"The Lord God giveth them light."—Rev. 22: 5.

S. J. O. Key of E Flat Major.

Solo or Duet

1. There is a land, a land of beauty, O-ver in the sunbright clime, Life by His grace reward for duty, O-ver in the sunbright clime.

2. 'Tis always light, the land of story, O-ver in the sunbright clime, 'Tis always fair 'tis always glory, O-ver in the sunbright clime.

3. There happy we shall be for- ever, O-ver in the sunbright clime, And sorrow we shall feel no nev-er, O-ver in the sunbright clime.

4. There'll be no sin, there'll be no sigh-ing. O-ver in the sunbright clime, There'll be no sick-ness there, nor dy-ing, O-ver in the sunbright clime.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
OVER IN THE SUN-BRIGHT CLIME. Concluded.

Just o-ver in the sinless sunbright clime!
Just o-ver in the sinless, sunbright clime,
We'll sweet-ly rest from all our la-bors,
O-ver in the sunbright clime.

Just o-ver in the sunbright clime!
Just o-ver in the sunbright clime!
We'll sweet-ly rest from all our la-bors,
O-ver in the sunbright clime.

Just o-ver in the sinless sunbright clime!
Just o-ver in the sinless, sunbright clime
We'll sweet-ly rest from all our la-bors,
O-ver in the sunbright clime.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
PROSPECT. L. M.

"Blessed is the dead who die in the Lord."—Rev. 14; 13.

Isaac Watts, 1707. Key of B Flat.

1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are! Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife, Fright our approaching souls away; And we shrink back again to life, Fond of our prison and our Lord.

3. O, if my Lord would come and meet: My soul would stretch her wings in haste. Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate, Nor feel the terrors as she passsed.
WEBSTER. S. M.

"If a man loves me, he will keep my words."—John 14:28.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Key of G Major.

1. Come ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing, Who never knew our God; But servants of our heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys abroad.

3. The God that rules on high, That all the earth surveys; That rides upon the storm-y sky, And calms the roaring sea.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

For History of this Song, see page 31 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
SARDIS. Original.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow..... for the former things have passed away." Rev. 21: 4,

Key of G Major.

MISS SARAH LANCASTER, 1869.

1. Come on my fellow pilgrims, come, And let us all be hast 'ning home,

We soon shall land on With angels and arch-

2. Oh, what a joy ful meeting, when, With all the saints and righteous men.

We soon shall land on yon blest shore Where With angels and archangels too, We

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
Soon shall land on yon blest shore. Where pain and sorrow are no more, There we our Jesus shall adore, For ev'ry blast, blast, blast.

There we our Jesus shall adore, Where pain and sorrow are no more, There we our Jesus shall adore, For ev'ry blast, blast, blast.

And still have Jesus in our view, For ev'ry blast, blast, blast.

For History of this Song, see page 470 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
REVIVE US AGAIN.

And rejoice in Christ Jesus.”—PAUL 3: 3.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Jesus who died and is now gone above.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light, Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every stain.
4. Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
REVIVE US AGAIN. Concluded.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory; Re-vive us a-gain.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON. L. M.

"I am filled with comfort. I am exceeding joyful."—2 Cor. 7: 4.

W. M. Hunter, D. D. Key of G Major.

Arr. by Jas. D. Vaughan.

With feeling.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on,
   No pain nor death can enter there, I feel like traveling on.

2. It's glittering towers the sun outshine, I feel like traveling on,
   That heav'nly mansion shall be mine; I feel like traveling on.

3. Let others seek a home below, I feel like traveling on,
   Which flames devour or waves overflow, I feel like traveling on.

4. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like traveling on,
   Until that blessed home I see, I feel like traveling on.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
I FEEL LIKE TRAVELING ON. Concluded.

Yes, I feel like traveling, I feel like traveling, My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.

Yes, I feel like traveling on, I feel like traveling on, My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like traveling on.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

Used by per.
CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

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

PERONET. Key of C Major.

Chas. Edwin Pollock.

Moderato

Fine.

D. C.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall,
   Bring forth the royal diadem, And omit........... crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.

D.C.—Bring forth the royal diadem, And omit............. crown Him Lord of all, And crown, And crown, And crown Him Lord of all.

2. Let ev'-ry kindred, ev'-ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball,
   To Him all majesty ascribe, And omit........... crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord of all; And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

Fine.
BE NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

AVON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707. Key of A Flat. "Christ died for the ungodly."—Rom. 6: 5.

HUGH WILSON, 18th Century.

1. Plant-ed in Christ the liv- ing Vine. This day, with one accord, Our-selves with humble faith and joy, We yield to Thee O Lord.

1. Joined in one bod-y may we be; One in- ward life partake. One be our heart, one heav’n-ly hope, In ev- ry bos-om wake.

3. In pray’r in ef-fort, tears and toils, One vis-sion be our guide: Taught by one Spirit from a bove, in Thee may we a-live.

4. Com-plete in us, whom grace hath called, Thy glo-rious work begun, O thou, In whom the Church on earth, And Church in heaven are one.

5. Then when a Mong the saints in light, Our joy-ful spir-its shine, Shall an-thems of im-mor-tals praise, O Lamb of God be Thine.

For history of this song see page 149 in the Union Harp, 1909.
CORINTH. L. M.

"Whosoever therefor shall be ashamed of my words."—Mark 8:38.


1. Je-sus and shall it ev-er be, A mor-tal man ash-ered of Thee? A-shamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine throu’ endless days, days.
2. Ashamed of Jes-us! just as soon, Let mid-night be ash-ered of noon; ‘Tis mid-night with my soul till He, Bright morning star, bids darkness flee, flee.
3. Ashamed of Je-sus! sooner far, Let even-ing blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light divine, O’er this benighted soul of mine.
4. Ashamed of Je-sus! that dear friend, On whom my hopes of heav’n de-pends; No, when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 32, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
HORTONVILLE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

"Thy name is an ointment pouring forth."—S. SOLOMON, 1:3. Alto by S. M. DENSON, 1911.

THOS. HASTINGS, 1830, Re-arranged by B. F. WHITE, 1858.

For History of this Song, see page 283 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
EXHORTATION. C. M.

"My precious voice Thou shalt hear in the morning, O Lord."—Ps. 5: 3.

1. Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,

To Thee will I direct, Presenting at His

For INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 171, In the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
EXHORTATION. Concluded.

To Thee will I direct my pray'rs, To Thee lift up mine eye
Presenting at His Father's throne Our songs and our complaints

To Thee will I direct my pray'rs, To Thee lift up mine eye
Presenting at his Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
RELIGION IS A FORTUNE. 7s & 6s.

"The righteous shall go into life eternal."—Matt. 25: 46.


1. O when shall I see Jesus; And reign with Him above?
And from the flowing fountain, Drink ever lasting love? I Shout glory, halle, halle luhjah,
RELIGION IS A FORTUNE. Concluded.

When we all get to heaven, We will shout aloud and sing, Shout, glory hallelujah.

For History of this Song see page 319 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
THE HAPPY SAILOR. 10s.

"Having your loins girt about you with truth."—Eph. 6: 14.

Key of B Flat Major.


CHORUS:

1. Come tell of your ship and what is her name, Oh, tell me happy Sail or! She's the

2. Say, is her keel sound, her garner well stor'd, Oh, tell me happy Sail or! She's the

3. She will land us safe on Canaan's bright shore, Oh, tell me happy Sail or! She's the

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
THE HAPPY SAILOR.  Concluded.

old ship of Zion, hallelu hallelu! And her captain, Judah's Lion, hallelu jah.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

For History of this Song, see page 388 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,
BOYLSTON. S. M.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?—Ps. 73: 25.

Isaac Watts, 1767. Key of C Major.

Lowell Mason, 1832.

1. My God, my life, my love, To Thee, to Thee I call; I can-not live if Thou re-move, For Thou art all in all.

2. Thy shining grace can cheer, This dun-geon where I dwell, 'Tis par-a-dise when Thou art here, If Thou de-part 'tis hell.

3. The smil-ings of Thy face, How am-la-ble they are; 'Tis heav'n to rest in Thy im-brace, And no where else but there.

4. To Thee and Thee a lone, The an-gels owe their bliss; They sit a-round Thy gra-cious throne, And dwell where Je-sus is.

5. Not all the harps a-bove, Can make a heav'n-ly place, If God His res-i-dence re-move, Or but con-ceal His face.

For History of this Song, see page 447 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

"And where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—11 Cor. 3:17.

Key of G Major.

1. Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a desert land; Wear-y souls for e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweet-est voioe.

D. C.—Whisp'ring soft-ly, "wand-er come, Fol-low me, I'll guide thee home."

2. Ev-er present, tru-est friend, Ev-er near, Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, Crip-ling on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are raging sore, Hearts growl-ant and hopes give o'er.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

Fine.
RIVER OF JORDAN. L. M.

"Looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God."—Acts. 7: 55.

Key of G Major.

1. Jesus my all to heav’n is gone, Happy, O happy, He whom I fixed my hopes upon, Happy in the Lord. His track I see and I’ll pursue, Happy, O happy, The narrow way till Him I view, Happy in the Lord.

2. The way the holy prophets went, Happy; O happy, The road that leads from banishment; Happy in the Lord. I’ll go for all His paths are peace; Happy, O happy, The King’s high-way of Holiness, Happy in the Lord.

3. Then will I tell to sinners round, Happy, O happy, What a dear Saviour I have found, Happy in the Lord. I’ll point to thy redeeming blood, Happy, O happy, And say, "Behold the way to God," Happy in the Lord.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 493 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
RIVER OF JORDAN. Concluded.

CHORUS:

We'll cross the river of Jordan, Happy, O happy, We'll cross the river of Jordan, Happy in the Lord. Lord.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
I WOULD NOT BE DENIED.  C. M.

1. When pangs of death seized on my soul, Unto the Lord I cried, Till Jesus came and made me whole, I would not be denied.

2. As Jacob in the days of old, I wrestled with the Lord; And instant, with a courage, bold, I stood upon his word.

3. Old Satan said my Lord was gone, And would not hear my pray'r; But praise the Lord! the work is done, And Christ the Lord is here,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
I WOULD NOT BE DENIED. Concluded.

CHORUS:

I would not be de-nied (de-nied), I would not be de-nied (denied), 'Till Je-sus came and made me whole: I would not be de-nied (de-nied.)

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

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CONSCIOUS ACCEPTANCE OF CHRIST

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE. 6s & 4s

"The effectual fervent prayer availeth much"—Jas. 5: 16.

MRS. SARAH FOWLER ADAMS. 1841. Key of G Major

Lowell Mason. 1859.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

1. Nearer my God to Thee! Nearer to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me Still all my song shall be Nearer my God to Thee

2. Tho' like a wanderer the sun gone down Dark-ness be o-ver me My rest a stone Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer my God to Thee

D. S. Nearer my God to Thee! Nearer to Thee.

3. There let the way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mercy given; An-gels to beck-on me Nearer my God to Thee

4. Then with my waking thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony grief, Bethel I'll raise, So by my woes to be Nearer my God to Thee

For History of this Song see page 34 in the Union Harp, 1909.
"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 Pet. 1: 10.

Isaac Watts, 1707. Key of A Major.

1. When I can read my titles clear, To mansions in the sky, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurl'd, Then can I smile at Satan's rage, Then can I smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. world.

3. There I shall bathe my weary soul, In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll, And not a wave of trouble roll, Across my peaceful breast. breast

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

For History of this Song, see page 36, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
I WOULD SEE JESUS. C. M. D.

"And they shall see His face; and His name shall be in their forehead."—Rev. 22: 4.

Key of E Flat.

I WOULD SEE JESUS. C. M. D.

L. P. BREEDLOVE, 1867. Alto by S. M. Denson.

CHORUS.

1. I would see Jesus when the flow'rs of joy adorn my way;
When sun-shine and when hope surrounds My path from day to day;
When friends I cherish

2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Be hold I freely give
The living waters thirsty ones, Stoop down and drink and live;
I came to Jesus

3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright;"
I looked to Jesus

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
I WOULD SEE JESUS. Concluded.

most are near, And hearts en-oir cle mine. Then, Fa-ther would I turn from all To lean a- lone on Thine.

and I drank, Of that life giv ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.

and I found In Him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I’ll walk, Till trav-’ling days are done.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

For History of this Song see page 75 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
GREENFIELD. 8s.

John Newton, 1779. Key of G.  "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?"—Ps. 73: 25.

1. How tedious and tast-less the hours, When Jesus no longer I see! Sweet prospects sweet birds and sweet flow'rs Have lost all their sweet-ness to me. The mid-sum-mer's sun shines but dim, The

2. His name yields the rich-est per-fume, And sweet-er than mu-sic His voice; His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice. I should, were he al-ways thus nigh, Have

3. Con-tent with be-hold-ing his face, May all to His pleas-ure re-signed; No chan-ges of sea-son or place, Would make a-ny change in my mind. While bless'd with a sense of His love, A

4. My Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song: Say, why do I lan-guish and pine, And why are my win-ters so long? O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY
fields strive in vain to look gay; But when I am happy in Him, December's as pleasant as May.

nothing to wish or to fear; No mortal as happy as I, My summer would last all the year.

palace toy would appear, And prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

soul cheering presence restore; Or take me to Thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are no more.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 127 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,
THE SAINTS DELIGHT. C. M.

"Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience."—1 Tim. 2:9

ISAAC WATTS, 1709. Key of F Sharp Minor, F. PRICE. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

1. When I can read my title clear, To man-ions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to ev-ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
2. Should earth a-against my soul en-gage, And fie-ry darts be hurled, Then I can smile at sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sor-row fall, So I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
4. There I shall bathe my wear-y soul, In seas of heav'n-ly rest, And not a wave of trou-ble roll, A-cross my peace-ful breast.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
THE SAINTS DELIGHT. Concluded.

I feel like, I feel like I'm on my journey home, I feel like, I feel like I'm on my journey home, home.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 498 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.
HAPPY DAY. L. M.

"Rejoice in the Lord."—Phil. 5: 1.

120

Phillip Doddridge, 1755. Key of G Major.

E. M. Rimbault, about 1850.

1. O happy day that fixed my choice, On Thee my Saviour and my God, 
   Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. 
   Happy day, Happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away.

2. O happy bond that seals my vows, To Him who merits all my love, 
   Let cheerful anthems fill the house, While to His alter now I move. 
   Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away.

3. 'Tis done the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and he is mine; 
   He drew me and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine. 
   Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
HAPPY DAY. Concluded.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day, Happy day, happy day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way.

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TAKE ME AS I AM. 8s, 6s.


ELIZA H. HAMILTON. Key of A Flat Major.


1. Jesus my Lord to the I cry, Un-less Thou help me I must die, Oh, bring Thy full Salvation nigh.

2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was split; And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,

3. No prep-a-ra-tion can I make, My best re-solves I on-ly break, Yet save me for thine own name sake,

4. I thirst I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove, But since to Thee I can-not move,

5. If Thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re-new; And work both in and by me too,

6. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o're, the vic-t'ry won; Still, still my cry shall be a lone,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
TAKE ME AS I AM. Concluded.

Fine. CHORUS

And take me as I am, Take me as I am, Take me as I am, Oh,

And take me as I am,

And take me as I am, Take me as I am, Take me as I am, Oh,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

m. S.
RELIGION, OLD TIME. 7s, & 6s.

"We love Him because He first loved us."—I John 4: 19.

Key of B Flat Major.

1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It's good enough for me.

Cho, 'Tis the old time religion, 'Tis the old time religion, 'Tis the old time religion, It's good enough for me.

2. Makes me love ev'ry body, Makes me love ev'ry body, Makes me love ev'ry body, It's good enough for me.

3. It has saved our fathers. 4. It was good for the prophet Daniel. 5. It was good for the Hebrew Children. 6. It was tried in the fiery furnace

7. It was good for Paul and Silas. 8. It will do when I am dying. 9. It will take us all to heaven.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."—Ps. 51:10.

Isaac Watts, 1709. Key of B Flat.

Psalms hymn 484. John Massengale, Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

1. Show pity Lord, O Lord forgive; Let a repenting rebel live; Are not Thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in Thee.

2. My crimes though great, cannot surpass, The pow'r and glory of Thy grace; Great God, Thy nature hath no bound; So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

3. Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hopes still hov'ring round Thy word; Would light on some sweet promise there; Some sure support against despair.

For History of this song see page 73 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
"Lord remember me."—Luke 23:42.


1. Jesus Thou art the sinners friend, As such I look to Thee,... D. S.—Now in the bowels of Thy love,
2. Remember the pure word of grace, Remember Calvary,... D. S.—Remember all Thy dying groans,
3. Thou wondrous advocate with God, I yield myself to Thee,... D. S.—While Thou art sitting on Thy throne.
4. And when I close my eyes in death, And creature helps all flee,... D. S.—Then, O my great Redeemer God.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
O Lord remember me. O Lord remember me. O Lord remember me.
And then remember me. And then remember me. And then remember me.
I pray remember me. I pray remember me. I pray remember me.

For History of this Song, see page 58 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.
SAVE, MIGHTY LORD. L. M.

"The Lord was received up into heaven and sat at the right hand of God."—Mark 16: 19.


1. Jesus my all to heav'n is gone, Save mighty Lord;
   He whom I fixed my hopes up-on, Save mighty Lord.
   O save, save mighty Lord, And send converting power down, Save mighty Lord.

2. The way the ho-ly prophet went, Save mighty Lord;
   The road that leads from banishment, Save mighty Lord.
   O save, save mighty Lord, And send converting power down, Save mighty Lord.

3. The Kings highway of hol-li-ness, Save mighty Lord;
   I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Save mighty Lord.
   O save, save mighty Lord, And send converting power down, Save mighty Lord.

For History of this Song, see page 70 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
DETROIT. C. M.

"He saith unto Him, Yea, Lord, Thou knowest I love Thee."—John 21: 15.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, 1775. Key of E Minor.

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? behold my heart and see; And turn each curs-ed i-dol out, That dares to riv-al Thee. Thee.

2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love; Dead be my heart to ev-ry joy, When Je-sus can-not move. move.

3. Thou know'at I love Thee dear-est Lord? But O I long to soar; Far from the sphere of mortal joys, And learn to love Thee more. more.

"FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 39 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
“No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.” —Ps. 74: 11.


FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 74 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
MARTIN. 7s.

"A hiding place from the wind."—Isa. 32: 2.


FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 452 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
"Wilt Thou not revive us again that the people may rejoice in Thee?"—Ps. 85: 6.

John Newton, 1779, Key of F.

Arr. by Wm. L. Williams, 1851.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord, shall be saved,"—Acts 2:21.

FANNIE J. CROSBY. 1868. Key of A Flat Major

1. Pass me not O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy, Find a sweet re - lief, Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.

3. Trust-ing on ly In thy mer - it Would I seek thy face, Heal my wounded broken spir - it; Save me by thy Grace
4. Thou the spring of all my com- fort, More than life to me, Whom on earth have I be - side Thee? Whom in heaven but Thee?

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see page 33 in the Union Harp 1909.
PASS ME NOT. Concluded.

Saviour Saviour Hear my humble cry While on others Thou art calling Do not pass me by.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
ROCK OF AGES. 7s, 6s.

"Jehovah is the Rock of Ages cleft for me."—PSALMS 78: 15.

Rev. Augustus Toplady, 1776. Key of C.

Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1830.

1. Rock of Ages cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee, Let the water and the blood, From thy riven side which flow'd,
D. C.—Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2. Not the labor of my hands, Can fulfill the laws demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow—
D. C.—All for sin could not alone; Thou must save and Thou alone,

3. Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling, Naked come to the for dress; Helpless look to the for grace.
D. C.—Foul I to the fountain fly; Wash me Saviour, or I die

For History of this song see page 6 in the Union Harp 1909.
JESUS IS MY FRIEND. L. M. Original.

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—St. John, 15: 14.

J. P. R., 1859. Key of E Flat Major.

CHORUS:

1. Come life, come death, come then what will; Je-sus is my friend. Je-sus is my friend, Oh! hal-le-lu-jah; Je-sus is my friend.

2. His foot-steps I will fol-low still; Je-sus is my friend. Je-sus is my friend, Oh! hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus is my friend.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 345 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,
1. Blow ye the trumpet blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound.

2. Extol the Lamb of God, The atoning Lamb; Redemption through His blood, Throughout the world proclaim.

3. The gospel trumpet hear, The news of heav'nly grace; And saved from earth appear, Before your Saviour's face.

For History of this Song, see page 40 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,
LENOX. Concluded.

The year of jubilee is come, Return ye ransomed sinners home, home.

The year of jubilee is come. Return ye ransomed sinners home, home.

The year of jubilee is come, The year of jubilee is come, Return ye ransomed sinners home, home.

The year of jubilee is come, The year of jubilee is come, Return ye ransomed sinners home, home

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
PRIMROSE. C. M.

"The grace of God bringeth salvation."—Titus 2: 11.

1. Salvation, O the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A eor-dial for our fears.

2. Burried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.

3. Salvation! let the ech-o fly, The spacious earth a-round: While all the arm-ies of the sky, Conspire to raise the sound.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 47 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
LIVERPOOL. C. M.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. 12: 1.

Key of F Major.

M. C. H. Davis.

1. Young people all, attention give, And hear what I shall say; I wish your souls with Christ to live, In ever-lasting day.

2. Remember you are hast'ning on To death's dark gloomy shade; Your joys on earth will soon be gone, Your flesh in dust be laid.

For History of this Song, see page 37, in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
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WONDROUS LOVE. 12, 9, 6, 6, 12, 9.

“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son.”—John 3: 16.

Key of F Minor.

Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911.

1. What won-drous love is this? Oh, my soul! Oh, my soul! What won-drous love is this? Oh, my soul! What won-drous love is this?

2. When I was sink-ing down, Sinking down, sinking down, When I was sink-ing down, Sink-ing down, When I was sink-ing down,

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

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

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 159 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,
That caused the Lord of bliss, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul, for my soul, To bear the dread-ful curse for my soul. 
Be-neath God's righteous frown Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul, for my soul, Christ laid a-side His crown for my soul.

Who is the great I am, While millions join the the theme, I will sing, I will sing, While millions join the the theme, I will sing.
I'll sing and joy-ful be, And thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing on, I'll sing on; And thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing on.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
1. Weeping sinners, dry your tears, Jesus on the throne appears; Mercy comes with balm-y wings, Bids you His salvation sing.

2. Peace He brings you by His death, Peace He speaks with ev’ry breath; Can you slight such heav’nly charms, Flee, oh, flee to Jesus’ arms,
REMEMBER ME. C. M.

“In whom we have redemption through His blood.”—Col. 1: 14.

Alto by S. M. Denson, 1912.

B. F. WHITE & L. L. LEADBETTER, 1859.

Da Capo for Chorus.

Key of G Major.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from I-man-uel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Loose all their guilty stain.

Cho.—I will be-lieve, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me, Re-mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me,

2. And when this fee-ble, fall-t'ring tongue Lies si- lent in the grave; Then in a no-bler sweet-er song; I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 368 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause Or blush to speak his name.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS. Concluded.

Or blush to speak His name, Or blush to speak His name. And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name.

Or blush to speak His name. Or blush to speak His name, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name.

Or blush to speak His name. Or blush to speak His name, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this song see page 215 in the Union Harp 1909.
NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."—Rev. 1: 5.

R. L. Key of G.

1. What can wash a-way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
   What can make me whole a-gain? Nothing but the blood of Jesus; O precious is Thy flow, That makes me white as snow, No other fount I know,

2. For my pardon this I see, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
   For my cleansing this my plea, Nothing but the blood of Jesus; O precious is Thy flow, That makes me white as snow, No other fount I know,

3. Nothing can for sin a-tone, Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
   Naught of good that I have done. Nothing but the blood of Jesus; O precious is Thy flow, That makes me white as snow, No other fount I know,
COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. 1: 15.

Key of G Major.

1. Come to Jesus; Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now, Just now, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now, Just now, He will save you, He will save you just now.

3. He is able, etc. 4. He is willing, etc. 5. He is ready, etc. 6. He is waiting, etc. 7. He'll forgive you, etc. 8. O believe Him, etc. 9. Do not tarry, etc. 10. Don't reject Him, etc.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened unto the house of David."—Zech. 13: 1.

William Cowper, 1779. Key of C.

Lowell Mayson, 1832.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day. And there may I though vile as he wash all my sins away.

3. Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.

4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save, When this poor lisping stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
THERE IS A FOUNTAN. Concluded.

Lose all their guilt y stains, Lose all their guilt y stains, And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a way, And there may l, tho vile as he wash all my sins a-way

Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more, Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
Lies silent in the grave, Lies silent in the grave When this poor lisping, stammering tongue, Lies silent in the grave.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD.

"That He is risen from the dead. — Mat. 28: 7.

FREEDMEN SONG.

1. They crucified my Saviour, And nail'd Him to the cross; They crucified my Saviour, And nail'd Him to the cross, And the

2. But Joseph beg'd His body, And laid it in the tomb; But Joseph beg'd His body, And laid it in the tomb, And the

3. An angel came from glory, And roll'd away the stone; An angel came from glory, And roll'd away the stone, And the

D. S.—He rose from the dead, And the

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
HE ROSE FROM THE DEAD. Concluded.

Fine.

CHORUS:

Lord shall bear my spirit home, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead, He rose, He rose.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

D. 3.
MEAR. C. M.

"What, if God, willing to show His wrath, and to make His power known.—Rom. 9: 22.

JESSE MERCER—Key of G Major.


2. Think of the tribes so dear-ly bought; With the Re-deem-er’s blood, Nor let Thy Zi-on be for-got, Where once Thy glo-ry stood.

3. Where once Thy church-es prayed and sang, Thy foes pro-fane-ly rage, A-mid Thy gates their en-signs hang; And there their hosts en-gag

4. And still to heigt-en our dis-tress, Thy pres-ence is with-drawn; Thy wont-ed sign of pow’r and grace, Thy pow’r and grace is gon

5. No proph-et speaks to calm our grief, But all in si-lence mourn; Nor know the hour of our re-lief, The hour of Thy re-turn

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 49 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
DISMISSION PRAISE SONGS.

OLD HUNDRED: L. M.

"Sing O ye heavens,.......shout ye lower parts of the earth.—Isa. 44: 23.

BISHOP KEN, 1661. Key of A Major.

GUIL. FRANC, 1541.

1. Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him above ye heav'nly hosts, Praise Father, Son and ho-ly Ghost.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 49 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
EVENING SHADE. S. M.

"The night cometh when no man can work."—John 9: 4.

John Leland, 1835. Key of E Minor. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear;
2. We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest;

O may we all remember well,
So death will soon disrobe us all,

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY
EVENING SHADE. Concluded.

may we all re- mem- ber well, O may we all re- mem- ber well, The night of death is near.

dead will soon dis - robe us all, So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what we here pos - sess.

O may we all re- mem- ber well, The night of death is near.

So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what we here pos - sess.

mem - ber well, robe us all,

So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what we here pos - sess.

O may we all re- mem - ber well, The night of death is near.

So death will soon dis - robe us all, Of what we here pos - sess.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 209 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
COLUMBIANA. 8s, 7s.

"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you."—2 Cor. 8: 9.

Key of C Major.

1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the holy spirit's favor, Rest upon us from above.

2. Thus may we abide in union, With each other and the Lord, And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

For History of this Song, see page 331 in the Original Sacred Harp 1911.
PARTING FRIENDS AND BROTHERS.

MINISTER’S FAREWELL.  C. M.

Key of G Major.

“A friend loveth at all times.”—Prov. 17:17.

1. Dear friends, farewell I do tell, Since you and I must part; I go away and here you stay, But still we’re joined in heart. Your love to me has been most free, Your conversation sweet; How can I bear to journey where With you I cannot meet.

2. Yet do I find my heart inclined To do my work below; When Christ doth call I trust I shall, Be ready then to go. I leave you all both great and small In Christ’s incircling arms Who can you save from the cold grave, And shield you from all harms.

3. I long to go then farewell woe, My soul shall be at rest; No more shall I complain nor sigh, But taste the heav’nly feast. O may we meet and be complete, And long together dwell, And serve the Lord with one accord And so dear friends farewell.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 69 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
DEPARTED LOVED ONES. 8s & 7s.

"And they assended up to heaven in a cloud."—Rev. 11: 12.

Key of A Flat Major.

1. Is it wrong to wish to meet them, Who to us was dear in life? Shall we check the rising sadness, Since they’re freed from toil and strife.

2. I’ve a mother up in heaven, And, O tell me if you will, Will my mother know her children, Will she recollect them still.

3. Does she watch me from those windows, While I’m on this distant shore, Will she know when I am going, Will she meet me at the door.

4. I’ve a father, too, in glory, And, O tell me if you know, Will my father know his children, When we meet on Canaan’s shore.

5. In that land are saintly children, Who are happy now and free, Shall we ever reach those mansions, All those darling ones to see.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
LOVED ONES OVER YONDER.

"And they assended up to heaven in a cloud."—Rev. 11; 12.

Key of F Minor.

(Old Revival Song) Arr. by S. M. Denson, 1912.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

1. We have fa-thers o-ver yon-der, We have fa-thers o-ver yon-der, We have fa-thers o-ver yon-der, On the oth-er shore.

2d. Cho.—Won’t that be a hap-py meet-ing, Won’t that be hap-py meet-ing, Won’t that be a hap-py meet-ing, On the oth-er shore.

Use words mother, brother, sister, loved ones, etc., for additional verses.
CULLMAN. C. M.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. 7: 17."

S. M. D. 1908. Key of A Flat Major

1. When Paul was parted from His friends, It was a weeping day, But Je-sus made all the a-mends, And wiped all tears a-way.

2. In heav'n they meet a-gain with joy; Se-cure, no more to part, Where praises ev'ry tongue employ, And pleasures fill each heart.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song see page 532 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
PARTING HAND. L. M. D.

"But as touching brotherly love, you need not that I write unto you."—1 Thes. 4:9.

Jeremiah Ingalls, 1803.

Key of G Major.

1. My chris-tian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweet-est un-ion join.

2. Your friendship's like a draw-ing hand, Yet we must take the part-ing hand. Your company's sweet, your un-ion dear, Your words de-light-ful to my ear.

D. C. Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like chords around my heart.

3. How sweet the hours have passed a-way, Since we have met to sing and pray.

4. O could I stay with friends so kind, How would it cheer my drop-ing mind;

D. C. But du-ty makes me un-der-stand, That we must take the parting hand.

5. And now my friends both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on.

6. I hope you'll all re-mem-ber me, If you on earth no more I see.

D. C. An in-terest in your pray's I crave, That we may meet beyond the grave.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

Fine.

For History of this Song see page 62 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
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JESUS CROWNED LORD OF ALL.
CORONATION. C. M.

"Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord."—Isa. 62: 3.

Rev. Edward Perronet, 1779. Key of G.

Oliver Holden, 1793.

Bring forth the royal diadem, And
We'll join the ever-lasting song, And

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall;
2. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall;

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

For History of this Song, see page 63 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
I LOVE THY KINGDOM LORD.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion."—Ps. 125: 1.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Aaron Williams.

1. I love Thy kingdom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode; The Church our blest Redeemer bought, With His own pre-cious blood.

2. I love Thy Church O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand: Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand,

3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray’rs as-cend; To her my cares and toils be giv’n, Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Sure as Thy truth shail last, To Zion shall be giv’n; The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav’n.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
GOD'S WORD A FIRM FOUNDATION.

BELLEVUE. 11s.

"He hath said I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,"—Heb. 13; 5.

George Keith, 1787. Key of B Flat Major.  
Anne Steele. Arr. by Z. Chambers.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word, What more can He say than to you He hath said You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2. Fear not I am with thee; O be not dismayed, I, I am thy God and will still give the aid, I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand, Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

3. When thro' the deep waters, I call thee to go, The river of sorrow shall not overflow, For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes, The soul though all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For history of this song see page 72 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
MISSIONARY SONGS.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations."—Matt. 28:19.


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand; Where Afric's sunny fountains, Roll down their golden sand.

2. What though the spicy breezes, Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle, Though ev'ry prospect pleases, And only man is vile;

3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted, With wisdom from on high; Shall we to men be-nigh'ted, The lamp of light deny?

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY

For History of this Song see page 133 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
MISSIONARY HYMN. Concluded.

From many an ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to deliver. Their land from error's chain.

In vain with lavish kindness, The gifts of God are strown; The heathen in their blindness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Salvation, oh, salvation! The joyful sound proclaim, Till earth's remotest nation, Has learn'd Messiah's name.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
ANTIOCH. L. M.

“For I know that my Redeemer liveth.”—Job 19:25.


1. I know that my Redeemer lives, Glory hallelujah!
   What comfort this sweet sentence gives, Glory hallelujah!
   Shout on, pray on, we're

2. He lives to bless you with His love, Glory hallelujah!
   He lives to plead my cause above, Glory hallelujah!

3. He lives to crush the fiends of hell, Glory hallelujah!
   He lives and doth within me dwell, Glory hallelujah!
   Shout on, pray on, we're

4. He lives, all glory to His name, Glory hallelujah!
   He lives, my Jesus, still the same, Glory hallelujah!

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
ANTIOCH. Concluded.

ff ff

For History of this Song, see page 277 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
"Power belongeth unto God; unto Thee O Lord belongeth mercy; for Thou renderest to every man according to his work"—Ps. 62:11, 12

PLEYEL'S HYMN. C. M. (Second.)

1. While Thee I seek, protecting Pow'r, Be my vain wishes stilled, And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled.

2. In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because conferred on me

3. When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my thoughts shall fill; Resigned when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet Thy will.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
Thy love the pow'r of tho't bestowed, To Thee my thoughtswould soar, Thy mercy oe'r my life has flowed, That mercy I a-dore.

In ev-ery joy that crowns my day, In ev-ery pain I bear, My heart shall find delight in praise, Or seek re-lief in prayer.

My lift-ed eye, with-out a tear, The gathering storm shall see: My stead-fast heart shall know no fear; That heart shall rest on Thee.
ELTHAM. 7s, D.

"And every tongue shall confess to God."—Rom. 14: 11


1. Hasten Lord, the glorious time, When beneath Messiah's sway,
   Ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime, Shall the gospel call obey,
   Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes His name adores.
   D. C. Satan and his hosts o'erthrown, Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

2. Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be banished grief and pain,
   Righteousness and joy and peace, Undisturbed, shall ever reign,
   Then Thy spirit shall descend, Softening ev'ry stony heart,
   D. C. And its sweetest influence lend, All that's lovely to impart.

For History of this song see page 29 in the Union Harp 1909. Use words of "Jesus lover of my soul" for additional verses.
TRIALS AND TRIBUATIONS.

SWFET AFFLICTION. 8s, 7s.

"in the world ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—John 16: 33.


1. In the floods of tribulation, While the billows o'er me roll,
   Jesus whispers consolation, And supports my fainting soul.
   D.C. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2. Wearing there a weight of glory, Still the path I'll ne'er forget;
   But exulting cry it led me, To my blessed Saviour's feet.
   D.C. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 145 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
JUDGEMENT OF GOD.

ROLL JORDAN. L. M.

"Blow the trumpet among the nations, prepare the nations."—Jer. 51; 27.

Key of F Major.

1. He comes! He comes! the Judge severe, Roll Jordan roll,
   The seventh trumpet speaks Him near, Roll Jordan roll,
   I want to go to heaven I do, Hallelujah Lord; We'll praise the Lord in heaven above, Roll Jordan roll.

2. His lightning flash, His thunders roll, Roll Jordan roll,
   How welcome to the faithful seek, Roll Jordan roll,
   I want to go to heaven I do, Hallelujah Lord; We'll praise the Lord in heaven above, Roll Jordan roll.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 301 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
PASSING AWAY. C. M.

"It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgement."—Heb. 9: 25.

CHAS. WESLEY, 1763. Key B Flat Major.

1. And must I be to judgment brought and answer in that day; 
   For ev'-ry vain and i-dle thought and ev'-ry word I say, 
   We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, To that great judg-ment day.

2. Yes, ev'-ry secret of my heart shall shortly be made known; 
   And I re-ceive my just de-ser-t for all that I have done. 
   We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, To that great judg-ment day.

3. How careful then ought I to be, with what religious fear; 
   Who such a strict ac-count must give for my behaviour here, 
   We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, We are pass-ing a-way, To that great judg-ment day.

For History of this Song see page 545 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911.
THE MARRIAGE IN THE SKIES. C. M.

"For the marriage feast of the Lamb has come."—Rev. 19: 6, 7.

S. D., 1909. Key of F.  

MRS. SIDNEY DENSON, WIFE OF S. M. DENSON, 1909.

1. O ring the bells of heaven high, The marriage feast has come, The glorious jubilee is nigh; The saints are going home; The mighty penants
2. The King is mustering His guests, I see His glorious band, I see the shining habitants, Of far off Beulah land; They come, they come on
3. From cloud to cloud, from dome to dome, The myriad army cries, The marriage of the Lamb has come, The marriage in the skies; Come bring the linen
4. The bridegroom, too metinks I see, While myriad voices ring, Chiefest among ten thousand, He, Immanuel, my King, Thrice blessed are the who

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
of the skies, Are waving in the air, And o'er the gates of Zi-on rise, The battlements so fair, The battlements so fair, The battlements so fair, The battlements so fair, wings of light, I hear the bugle blast, I know the reign of sin's dark night, For-ev-er-more is past, For-ev-er-more is past, For-ev-er-more is past, For-ev-er-more is past, white and clean, The wedding guests prepare, The garments gleam like silv'ry sheen. The bridal robe so fair, The bridal robe so fair, The bridal robe so fair, The bridal robe so fair, her the call, A mighty angel cries, Hasth to the supper of the Lamb. The marriage in the skies, The marriage in the skies, The marriage in the skies, The marriage in the skies,
“And they assended up to heaven in a cloud.”—Rev. 11: 12.

1. My fathers gone to view that land, My fathers gone to view that land, My fathers gone to view that land, To wear a star-ry crown.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

Use words mother, brother and sister for other verses.
RESURRECTED. Concluded.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

For History of this Song, see page 524 in the Original Sacred Harp, 1911,
"Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1. Pet. 4: 5.

R. A, Glenn. Key of E Flat Major.

B. F. Showalter.

1. We now must sing our parting song, And bid each other good night; We'll seek to reach our quiet home, Dear friends we now bid you good night.

2. Then let us sing our parting song, Perhaps we meet never more; Some one may go before the morn To sing on the bright happy shore.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
OUR PARTING SONG. Concluded.

CHORUS:

Come a-gain, come a-gain, May we all meet a-gain good night, good night, good night May we all meet a-gain good night, good night, good night

Good night, good night, May we all meet again good night, Good night, good night, May we all meet a-gain good night, good night, good night.

Good night, good night, May we all meet again good night, Good night, Good night, May we all meet again good night.

Come a-gain, come a-gain, May we all meet a-gain good night, good night, good night May we all meet a-gain good night.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
ROCKY ROAD.

"I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."—Ps. 34: 4.

J. C. B. E Flat Major.


1. I've enlisted on the road, I'm almost done traveling. Enlisted on the road, I'm almost done

2. I've a Father on the road, He's almost done traveling. A Father's on the road, He's almost done

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
trav-eling, En-list-ed on the road, I'm al-most done trav-eling. I'm bound to go where Je-sus is

trav-eling, A might-y rock-y road, I'm al-most done trav-eling, I'm bound to go where Je-sus is.

trav-eling, A Fa-ther on the road, He's al-most done trav-eling, He's bound to go where Je-sus is

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
ROCKY ROAD. Concluded.

My soul shall ascend where Jesus is, To enjoy a peaceful home of rest, I'm bound to go where Jesus is, And be there forever blest.

His soul shall ascend where Jesus is, To enjoy a peaceful home of rest, He's bound to go where Jesus is, And be there forever blest.

Use the words Mother, Brother, Sister, etc. for additional verses.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
JUST FOR A DAY. L. M.

A. R. W. Key of C Major.

'Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel — Ps. 3: 3.

1. Just for a day, dear Lord with Thee, My soul from earthy care set free. No other hand to guide my way, No other voice to answer nay.

2. There naught in life so great as this, No other one can give such bliss, 'Tis only thro' our Lord's command, That we may merit there may stand.

3. Only a day, dear Lord with Thee, And Thy servant, glad to be. On Thy face just let me see, And in death's hour remember me.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
"Forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you,"—Eph. 4: 32.


1. God be with you till we meet again; By His counsel guide up-hold you, With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

2. God be with you till we meet again: Neath His wings securely hide you Dal-ly man-na still provide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

3. God be with you till we meet again; When life's perils thick confound you, Put His arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

4. God be with you till we meet again; Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening waves before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
GOD BE WITH YOU. Concluded.

Till we meet, till we meet again, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, (omit) God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet again, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, (omit) God be with you till we meet again.

FOR INSTRUMENT ONLY.
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