

**T**HIS sixth edition of the **New Songs of Paradise** contains a large number of the unique and soul-inspiring songs of the late Rev. C. A. Tindley, whose hymns have become almost world-wide in their circulation. This book contains but a small number of the many songs he has written. Persons can find lucrative employment as agents by handling these books. Write for terms. Write today for demands are great and the book is a rapid seller. Address all communications to Prof. and Mrs. E. T. Tindley, 1225 William Street, Lansing 15, Michigan.

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New  
**Songs of Paradise**

No. 6

BY

**REV. CHAS. A. TINDLEY, D.D.**

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*Churwaldy Tindley*  
*Isaiah 40:31*


**New**

**Songs of Paradise**

WRITTEN BY

**Rev. Chas. A. Tindley, D.D.**

AND OTHERS



Music arranged C. A. Tindley, Jr., F. J. Tindley,  
Prof. E. T. Tindley and Mrs. E. T. Tindley

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**T**HE SONGS OF PARADISE appeal to the human heart for songs with words of hope, cheer, love and pity. For these melodies can sink to the depths of sorrow, rise to the heights of joy and carry upon the soft wings of music the spirit of Jesus Christ to the souls of mankind. It is the prayer of the publisher that these messages in rhyme shall float from soul to soul until the hills and valleys shall awake into joyful singing.

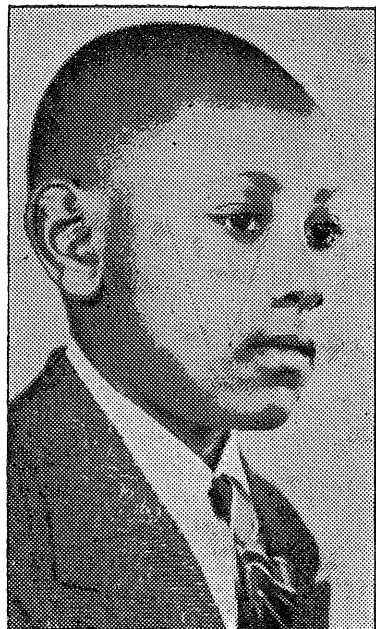
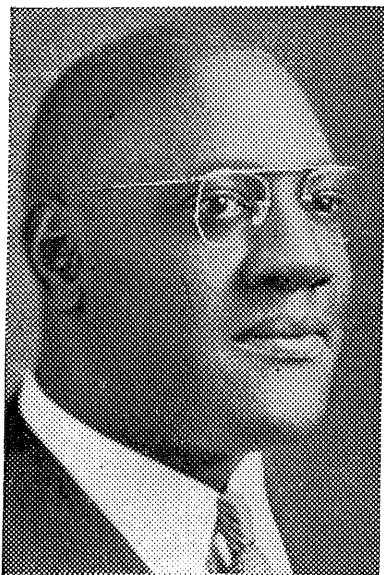
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Rev. CHARLES A. TINDLEY, D.D.  
July 7, 1851—July 29, 1933



Prof. and Mrs.  
Elbert T.  
Tindley  
and son,  
Chas. E. P.  
Tindley

Carrying  
on \_\_\_\_\_

# Pilgrim Stranger.

Words by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Scotch Melody arr. by Wm. D. SMITH

1. Go, ye hum - ble pil - grim stran - ger, Thro' this world of woe,  
2. If your way is dark and lone - ly, He will be your guide,  
3. When dis - cour - aged and for - sak - en, Run to Him in pray'r,  
4. If you chance to find a stran - ger. Put Him in the way,  
5. Tell him that a - bove a broth - er, There's a Sav - iour's love,

You may meet with many a dan - ger, Ev - 'ry - where you go.  
He is, though so meek and low - ly, More than all be - side.  
Nev - er has been one o'er - tak - en, Who re - sort - ed there.  
Tell him how to flee the dan - ger, While it is called day.  
If on earth he has no oth - er, There's a Friend a - bove.

Don't for - get that God a - bove you, Hath a gra - cious heart,  
When the world in arms as - sail you, And your cour - age fail,  
When the storms of life are beat - ing, Hard up - on your head,  
Tell him there's a pre - cious foun - tain, Flow - ing free for all,  
If he needs your help and kind - ness, Don't with - hold your hand,

He will nev - er cease to love you, Or to take your part.  
Let Him fight your bat - tle for you, And you will pre - vail.  
God will hide you, He is plead - ing, "Be ye not a - fraid,  
Je - sus Christ, on Cal - vary's moun - tain, Paid for A - dam's fall.  
Al - ways of this be re - mind - ed, He's your fel - low man.



# Stand By Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.



1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me, Stand by me, When the  
 2. In the midst of trib - u - la - tions, Stand by me, In the  
 3. In the midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me, In the  
 4. In the midst of per - se - cu - tion, Stand by me, In the  
 5. When I'm grow - ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me, When I'm



storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me, Stand by me, When the  
 midst of trib - u - la - tions, Stand by me, When the  
 midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me, When I  
 midst of per - se - cu - tion. Stand by me, When my  
 grow - ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me, When my



world is toss - ing me Like a ship up - on the sea.  
 hosts of hell as - sail, And my strength be - gins to fail.  
 do the best I can, And my friends mis - un - der - stand,  
 foes in bat - tle ar - ray, Un - der - take to stop my way.  
 life be - comes a bur - den, And I'm near - ing chil - ly Jor - dan.



Thou who rul - est wind and wa - ter, Stand by me, Stand by me.  
 Thou who nev - er lost a hat - tle, Stand by me.  
 Thou who know - est all a - bout me, Stand by me.  
 Thou who saved Paul and Si - las, Stand by me.  
 O thou "Lil - y of the Val - ley," Stand by me.



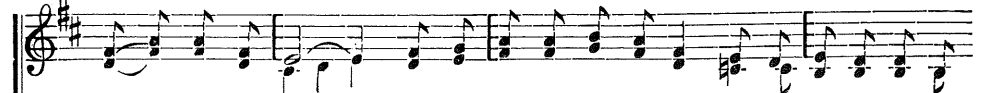
# God Will Provide for Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by Wm. D. SMITH.



1. Here I may be weak and poor, With af - flic - tions to en - dure; All a - bout me not a  
 2. All my rai - ment and my food, And my health and all that's good; Are with - in His own  
 3. Might - y men may have con - trol, Of the sil - ver and the gold; Want and sor - row for the  
 4. An - cient Is - rael heard His voice, How the peo - ple did re - joice, When He led them safe - ly  
 5. When they hadn't an - y bread, Good old Mos - es knelt and pray'd; And the God who gives so



ray of light to see, Just as He has oft - en done, For His help - less trust - ing  
 writ - ten guar - an - tee, God is car - ing for the poor, Just as He has done be -  
 poor there may be, But the God of heav - en reigns, And His prom - ise is the  
 thro' the might - y sea, In the wil - der - ness they knew, What the liv - ing God can  
 plen - ti - ful and free, Sent the pre - cious man - na down, Is - rael saw it on the



CHORUS.



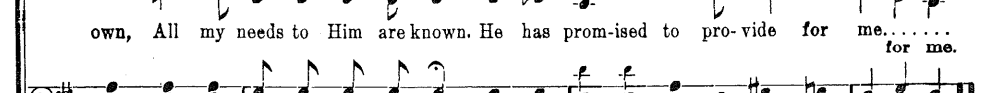
ones, God has promised to provide for me.  
 fore, He has promised to pro - vide for me.  
 same, And I know He will provide for me. } God has promised to provide for me;....  
 do; He's the one that doth provide for me.  
 ground, 'Twas the God who now provides for me.



God has prom - ised to pro - vide for me;.... All cre - a - tion is His



own, All my needs to Him are known. He has prom - ised to pro - vide for me....  
 for me.



## The Storm is Passing Over.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. Cour - age, my soul, and let us jour - ney on,  
 2. Bil - lows roll - ing high, and thun - der shakes the ground,  
 3. The stars have dis - ap - peared, and dis - tant lights are dim, **My**  
 4. Soon we shall reach the dis - tant shin - ing shore,

Tho' the night is dark it won't be ver - y long.  
 Light - nings flash and tem - pest all a - round,  
 soul is filled with fears, the seas are break - ing in. I  
 Free from all the storms we'll rest for - ev - er - more.

Thanks be to God, the morn - ing light ap - pears, And the  
 Je - sus walks the sea and calms the an - gry waves, And the  
 hear the Mas - ter cry, "Be not a - afraid, 'tis I," And the  
 Safe with - in the veil, we'll furl the riv - en sail, And the

CHORUS.  
 storm is pass - ing o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 storm is pass - ing o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 storm will soon be o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 storms will all be o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah! } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! The storm is pass - ing o - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah!

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## Consolation.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by Wm. D. SMITH.

1. Ye pi - lgrims through this vale of tears, Come, let us cheer each oth - er,  
 2. We see the pit where oth - ers lie, All smit - ten by the Tempt - er,  
 3. While some are shout - ing all the time, Some oth - er hearts are bleed - ing,  
 4. There may be some that's grow - ing tired, Be - cause the way is te - dious,  
 5. We soon shall reach the shin - ing shore, And see our dear Re - deem - er,

A - mid the dan - ger's doubts and fear, Let each con - sole his broth - er.  
 We too shall come to grief and die, If we to him sur - ren - der.  
 They want the heav'n - ly peace to find For which their souls are plead - ing.  
 Let's take the Book that was in - spir'd And tell them more 'bout Je - sus.  
 Where we shall weep and sigh no more, But praise His name for - ev - er.

Our way is oft - en dark and hard, Temp - ta - tions all a - round us,  
 We'll walk the blood - be - sprin - kled way, The road that leads to glo - ry,  
 Come, let us lead them thro' the gate, The way of sins con - fess - ing,  
 Tell them of Him who bled and died! The cru - ci - fix - ion sto - ry.  
 Our time is short and cross - es great And oft - en hard to car - ry,

Un - less we pray with one ac - cord They sure - ly will con - found us.  
 And as we go we'll sing and pray, And tell re - demp - tion's sto - ry.  
 The word of God will put them straight And they will find the bless - ing.  
 Who ren - dered jus - tice sat - is - fied And then went home to glo - ry.  
 Un - less we start we'll be too late, We've got no time to tar - ry.



# Nothing Between.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. Noth - ing be - tween my soul and the Sav - iour, Naught of this world's de -  
 2. Noth - ing be - tween like world - ly pleas - ure, Hab - its of life though  
 3. Noth - ing be - tween, like pride or sta - tion, Self or friends shall  
 4. Noth - ing be - tween, e'en ma - ny hard tri - als, Though the whole world a -

lus - ive dream, I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas - ure,  
 harm - less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,  
 not in - ter - vene, Though it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,  
 gainst me con - vene; Watch - ing with pray'r and much self de - ni - al, I'll

CHORUS.

Je - sus is mine; there's noth - ing be - tween.  
 He is my all, there's noth - ing be - tween. } Noth - ing be - tween my  
 I am re - solved, there's noth - ing be - tween.  
 tri - umph at last, with noth - ing be - tween.

soul and the Sav - iour So that His bless - ed face may be seen, Noth - ing pre -

vent - ing the least of His fa - vor, Keep the way clear! let noth - ing be - tween.

# I'm Going There.

OLAS. A. TINDLEY.

REV. C. A. TINDLEY.

1. Since I be - gan to serve the Lord, And to love His bless - ed word,  
 2. And oft - en when I would do good, And keep the prom - ise as I should,  
 3. Some - times at best I hard - ly know Just what to do or where to go,  
 4. And then I wait, it is not long Be - fore He comes in pray'r and song,  
 5. When tri - als press up - on my soul, And pierce my heart with grief un - told,  
 6. My friends and kin - dred who have gone, Are now a - mong that heav'n - ly throng,

A child of heav'n I've tried to be, This world has been no friend to me.  
 I miss the way, and com - ing short, It makes me mourn and grieves my heart.  
 And when I sing or try to pray, My Sav - iour seems so far a - way.  
 And when He speaks, O bless - ed voice, It al - ways makes my heart re - joice.  
 I look a - way to man - sions fair, And oft - en wish that I was there.  
 Far, far a - bove this world of tears, Its chang - ing scenes and roll - ing years.

CHORUS.

Al - though a pil - grim here be - low, Where dan - gers are and sor - rows grow,

I have a home in heav'n a - bove, I'm go - ing there, I'm go - ing there.

# 8 Go Wash in the Beautiful Stream.

C. A. TINDLEY.

C. A. TINDLEY.

1. There was Naaman the lep - er, that hon - or - a - ble man, A cap - tain of the Sy - rian  
 2. He heard of a man in the He - brew land, A lit - tle maid told him a  
 3. So Naa - man went on and the serv - ant had gone, Whom E - li - sha had sent to the  
 4. O, sin - ner, O, sin - ner, are you not the same? As Naa - man that not - ed Sy -

host, He was bad - ly af - flict - ed and sick in the land, And a bur - den to  
 bout, I'll go if I can he said to his friend, For he may re -  
 door, He did not be - lieve that he had re - ceived, From the Proph - et a  
 rian? Your sick - ness in - jures both bod - y and soul, And makes you feel

all of his host: Oh, my! what a sight, his dis - ease made him white, No doctor could  
 lieve me no doubt: So he went and called on the ser - vant of God, And E - li - sha re -  
 per - fect cure, He tho't the riv - ers down in his own land, Were bet - ter be -  
 loathsome and mean, If you feel you are lost, just should - er the cross, And Je - sus will

help him I've seen, He nev - er did pray, and he knew not the way, To get in - to the  
 fused to be seen, But he lift - ed his burden and sent him to Jor - dan, To wash in the  
 cause they were clean, It was just a - bout night when he got in the light And plunged in - to the  
 then make you clean, If you feel you are sick, just come a - long quick, And get in - to the

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful stream. Go wash in the beau - ti - ful stream, Go wash in the beau - ti - ful

# Go Wash in the Beautiful Stream.—Concluded.

stream, O, Naa - man, O, Naa - man, go down and wash, Go wash in the beau - ti - ful stream.

# 9

# My Secret of Joy.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by Wm. D. SMITH.

1. You ask me where I get the joys That make my heart so light, Which  
 2. It is not wealth of land or gold, Nor health or hon - ored fame, But  
 3. I once was full of anx - ious fear, I tried, but failed to see, That  
 4. I count - ed much up - on my state, Of good - ness, sense, and birth, These  
 5. I then gave up my - self and all, And trust - ed to His care, Who  
 6. I wish I had the tongue to tell, The com - fort then was given, How

CHORUS.

all the gloom of day de - stroy's And gives me songs at night,  
 joys of heav - en in my soul A heav'n in Je - sus' name,  
 all I need - ed was so near The Christ that died for me. Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 on - ly add - ed to my fate, They had no place or worth.  
 sees the spar - rows e'er they fall, And left my bur - den there.  
 my poor soul was brought from hell, And car'ied al - most to heav'n.

I be - long to the King, I am saved now, and I have a right to sing,

For the light from heav - en fills my soul, And the night has passed a - way.



# To-Day.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLASS.

1. I've wan - dered in the dark - ness long e - nough, With -  
 2. The pleas - ures I've sought are fad - ing a - way, My  
 3. The chains . . . . . of sin are bind - ing my heart, I have  
 4. I hear that Thou saved a thief on the cross, When he

out a hand to guide me; Be - yond is a waste too  
 friends are go - ing from me; I am near - ing the end of  
 tried so oft to be free; A - gain in Thy name, dear  
 turned and looked on Thee; If Thou, as of old, art

CHORUS.

dang'rous and rough, Now I turn, dear Lord, to Thee.  
 life's short day, Now I turn, dear Lord, to Thee. } I start this ver - y  
 Je - sus, I start, To cast my all on Thee.  
 sav - ing the lost, I pray Thee, re - mem - ber me.

day To lay a - side my way, . . . . . What e'er Thou shalt  
 my way,  
 to - day,

make it, I will un - der - take it, To do Thy will, not mine. . . . .  
 not mine.

# Some One is Waiting for Me.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by Wm. D. SUMNER.

1. It may be a broth - er with whom I did play, E'er the death - an - gel had  
 2. It may be a sis - ter, the charm of our home, Whom in bright spring time, thro'  
 3. It may be a fa - ther whom I love so dear, Whose kind - est pro - vis - ions re -  
 4. It may be a moth - er who rock'd me to sleep, Like fret - ful in - fants I

call'd him a - way, Some - where in glo - ry so hap - py and free,  
 mead - ows we roamed, Tho' now up in heav'n bright man - sions to see,  
 lieved me of care, Some - where with an - gels be - yond death's cold sea.  
 some - times would weep, Now she's in heav - en from tri - als all free,

CHORUS.

Watch - ing and wait - ing this mo - ment for me.  
 Watch - ing and wait - ing this mo - ment for me. } Some one is wait - ing for  
 Watch - ing and wait - ing this mo - ment for me.  
 I know she's watch - ing this mo - ment for me.

heav - en for me, . . . . . Some - bod - y's face I am long - ing to see, . . . . . Some one just

o - ver life's trou - ble - some sea, Is watch - ing and wait - ing for me. . . . .  
 for me.

# It May be the Best for Me.

Words and Music by O. A. TINDLEY.

Art. by F. A. OLABE.

1. I oft - en won - der why it is, While some are hap - py and  
 2. Some have of wealth to throw a - way, While I am com - pelled to  
 3. I think of chil - dren with par - ents at home, What joy and com - fort they  
 4. Some walk in paths with flow - ers strewn, No bur - dens, no mis - e -

free, That I am tried and sore op - pressed, But it  
 be In want al - most from day to day, But it  
 see, While mine are gone and I am a - lone; But it  
 ry, While I must bear my cross a - lone, But it

CHORUS.

may be the best for me. It may be the best for

me,..... It may be the best for me,..... The  
 for me, for me,

Lord knows the way And I will o - bey, It may be the best for me.....  
 for me.

# From Youth to Old Age.

O. ALBERT TINDLEY.

J. CHANDLER WRIGHT.

1. My life, as a year, had a bright spring time, With sum - mer and  
 2. It was when I was young and the world to me was new, The stings and the  
 3. Now I stand poor - ly clad in the cold win - ter blast, 'Neath the bare leaf - less  
 4. My ears heav - y grow and my eye - sight has failed, And I am not

au - tumn to come, And af - ter - ward the win - ter with its dim sun -  
 thorns were not known, When wis - er heads guid - ed in all I had to  
 limbs of the tree, All the gay things are gone, and the sum - mer is  
 strong as be - fore, My bod - y once ro - bust is now grow - ing

shine, When spring - time and sum - mer had gone, The spring of my life was the  
 do, My heav - en was par - ents and home. The birds gave me mus - ic the  
 past, There's no com - fort in this world for me. I think of the home where my  
 frail, My jour - ney on earth is most o'er. It won't be ver - y long till the

joy - ful days, When care had not en - tered my breast, When the fields and the  
 flow'rs gave me joy, And the world was an E - den to me, The skies were my  
 child - hood was spent, Where the fire on the hearth used to glow, And of my moth - er  
 Lord calls me home, I shall meet all my kin - dred a - gain, Where death nev - er

woods were the choice of my ways, And my life was all hap - pi - ness.  
 pic - tures, the earth was my toy, I was hap - py as mor - tal could be.  
 dear who was a - ged and bent, She has gone to the grave long a - go.  
 comes and I no more shall roam, There all of my trou - bles shall end.



Some Day.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARE.

1. Beams of heav - en, as I go, Thro' this wil - der - ness be - low,  
 2. Oft - en - times my sky is clear, Joy a - bounds with - out a tear,  
 3. Hard - er yet may be the fight, Right may oft - en yield to might,  
 4. Bur - dens now may crush me down, Dis - ap - point - ments all a - round,

Guide my feet in peace - ful ways, Turn my mid - nights in - to days;  
 Though a day so bright be - gun, Cloud's may hide to - mor - row's sun.  
 Wick - ed - ness a - while may reign, Sa - tan's cause may seem to gain,  
 Trou - bles speak in mourn - ful sigh, Sor - row through a tear - stain'd eye.

When in the dark - ness I would grope, Faith al - ways sees a star of hope,  
 There'll be a day that's al - ways bright, A day that nev - er yields to night,  
 There is a God that rules a - bove, With hand of pow'r and heart of love;  
 There is a world where pleas - ure reigns, No mourn - ing soul shall roam its plains,

And soon from all life's grief and dan - ger, I shall be free some day.  
 And in its light the streets of glo - ry I shall be - hold some day.  
 If I am right, He'll fight my bat - tle, I shall have peace some day.  
 And to that land of peace and glo - ry I want to go some day.

Some Day.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I do not know how long 'twill be, nor what the fu - ture holds for  
 me, But this I know, if Je - sus leads me, I shall get home some day.

Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTH.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness  
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow  
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy  
 4. I fear no foe, with Thea at hand to bless; Ills have no

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers  
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
 grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my  
 weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.  
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me.  
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine. Lord, a - bide with me.  
 grave, thy vic - to - ry? I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me.

# The Lord Will Make the Way.

C. A. T.

C. A. TINDLEY.

1. The hills of life which you must climb, Each mo - ment, day by day,  
 2. Al - though your pro - gress may be poor, But if you watch and pray.  
 3. To do your du - ty here be - low, And be just what you say,  
 4. But when you find you can't do more, Your plans must all de - lay,  
 5. When com - forts of this world are few, And friends are far a - way,  
 6. When hard and heav - y is your load, And not a sin - gle ray  
 7. Some - times the temp - ter tries his plans, To make you go a - stray,  
 8. And when the drear - y road you tread, Which leads to end - less day,

are rough; the path is hard to find, But God will make the way.  
 What - ev - er else, of this I'm sure, The Lord will make the way.  
 May not be eas - y, but you know The Lord will make the way.  
 The prom - ise comes just as be - fore, The Lord will make the way.  
 Re - mem - ber al - ways this is true, The Lord will make the way.  
 Of light is shin - ing on the road, Just wait; there'll be a way.  
 But keep your hand in Je - sus' hand, And He will lead the way.  
 O praise the Lord, there'll be no dread, For Christ will be the way.

CHORUS.

The Lord will make the way,..... The Lord will make the way,.....  
 the way, the way.

If you can on - ly trust and wait, The Lord will make the way.

# I Have Found at Last a Saviour.

Words and Melody by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arranged by F. A. CLAREZ.

1. I have found at last the Sav - iour, Of whom I've oft - en heard,  
 2. I have prom - ised I would fol - low, How - ev - er rough the way,  
 3. Christ is now my sum of pleas - ure, Count - ing all things else but dross,  
 4. Should the world in arms con - front me, Though the host of hell com - bine,  
 5. By and by when war is o - ver, And the saints are gath - ring home,

And I have the pre - cious fa - vor, He has prom - ised in His word:  
 Leav - ing all things of to - mor - row, I will trust Him just to - day:  
 I have found my rich - est treas - ure, A - round the sa - cred Cross:  
 In His name I'll win the vic - t'ry, With His word the conqueror's sign:  
 In the pres - ence of Je - ho - vah, Where the pil - grim ne'er shall roam:

O the joy that comes to me,.... And the pow'r that makes me free,....  
 For the morn - ing doth ap - pear,.... Which will ban - ish ev - 'ry fear,....  
 My soul is sat - is - fied,.... For - ev - er to a - bide....  
 Our Lord for - ev - er reigns, And to His daz - zling train,....  
 My Je - sus will be there, His glo - ry I shall share,....  
 to me, me free,

My soul is filled with prais - es, 'Tis the year of ju - bi - lee.  
 I shall see the land of Beau - lah, With my eyes un - dimmed by tears -  
 In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Where no harm can e'er be - tide.  
 He has bound the fate of na - tions, And His king - dom He'll main - tain.  
 He will in - tro - duce my spir - it, To His Fa - ther as an heir.

# I'll Overcome Some Day.

C. A. T.

"Ye shall overcome if ye faint not."

C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

1. This world is one great bat-tle-field, With for-ces all ar-rayed; If in my heart I  
 2. Both seen and un- seen pow-ers join To drive my soul a-stray, But with His Word a  
 3. A thou-sand snares are set for me, And mountains in my way; If Je-sus will my  
 4. I fail so oft-en when I try My Sav-iour to o-bey; It pains my heart and  
 5. My mind is not to do the wrong, But walk the nar-row way; I'm pray-ing as I  
 6. Tho' many a time no signs ap-pear; Of an-swer when I pray; My Je-sus says I

CHORUS.

do not yield I'll o-ver-come some day. I'll o-ver-come some day, I'll  
 sword of mine, I'll o-ver-come some day. I'll o-ver-come some day, I'll  
 lead-er be, I'll o-ver-come some day. I'll o-ver-come some day, I'll  
 then I cry, Lord, make me strong some day. Lord, make me strong some day, Lord,  
 jour-ney on, To o-ver-come some day. To o-ver-come some day, To  
 need not fear, He'll make it plain some day. I'll be like Him some day, I'll  
 some day,

o-ver-come some day; If in my heart I do not yield I'll o-ver-come some day.  
 o-ver-come some day; But with His Word a sword of mine, I'll o-ver-come some day.  
 o-ver-come some day; If Je-sus will my lead-er be, I'll o-ver-come some day.  
 make me strong some day; It pains my heart and then I cry, Lord, make me strong some day.  
 o-ver-come some day; I'm pray-ing as I jour-ney on, To o-ver-come some day.  
 be like Him some day; My Je-sus says I need not fear, I'll be like Him some day.

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## Familiar Hymns.

Tune:—AVON. C. M. Key Ab.

1 Forever here my rest shall be.  
 Close to Thy bleeding side;  
 This all my hope, and all my plea,  
 "For me the Saviour died."

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,  
 Fountain for guilt and sin,  
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,  
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own,  
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of Thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve;  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love

# What are They Doing in Heaven?

C. A. T.

C. A. TINDLEY.

1. I am think-ing of friends whom I used to know, Who lived and  
 2. There were some whose hearts were bur-dened with cares, They passed their  
 3. There were some whose bod-ies were full of dis-ease, Med-i-cine nor  
 4. There were some who were poor and oft-en de-spised; They look'd to

suf-fered in this world be-low; They've gone up to heav-en: but  
 mo-ments in sigh-ing and tears, They clung to the cross with  
 doc-tor could give them much ease; They suf-fered till death brought a  
 heav-en through tear-blind-ed eyes, While peo-ple were heed-less and

CHORUS.

I want to know, What they are do-ing now....  
 trembling and fears, But what are they do-ing now?... } What are they  
 fi-nal re-lease, But what are they do-ing now?... }  
 deaf to their cries, But what are they do-ing now?.... }

do-ing in heav-en to-day? Where sin and sor-row are all done a-way, And

peace a-bounds like a riv-er they say; O what are they do-ing there now?

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## Christ Is the Way.

Words by O. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Music by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

*Tenderly.*

1. Christ the way; in ex - al - ta - tion: Though He stands on heights a -  
 2. Christ the way; in self - de - ni - al; Fast - ing in the wil - der -  
 3. Christ the way; when oth - ers wrong'd Him; Though He had not done a -  
 4. Je - sus, while the sol - diers tied Him, 'Mid the rab - bles' hiss and  
 5. Christ the way; a - mid af - flic - tions; Cursed and bruised in Pi - late's

flame. Glo - ri - ous in trans - fig - u - ra - tion, He is  
 ness. He en - dured the tempt - er's tri - al, Stood un -  
 miss. Ju - das, with pre - tend - ed vir - tue, Sold his  
 jeer. Begged the free - dom they de - nied Him, Just to  
 hall. False ac - cused and con - tra - dic - tions, Lamb of

*dim.* *p* CHORUS. *a tempo.*  
 al - ways meek the same. } He is the way to per - fect sel -  
 moved, the three - fold test.  
 Mas - ter for a kiss.  
 heal a hu - man ear.  
 God, He bore it all.

va - tion, He is the way to man - sions a - bove, He is the

*rall.*  
 first of the new cre - a - tion, Pat - tern of truth and full - ness of love.

## After a While.

C. A. T.

O. A. TINDLEY.

1. The world of forms and chang - es Is just now so con - fused That there is found some  
 2. Old Sa - tan tries to throw down Ev - 'ry - thing that's good; He'd fix a way to  
 3. There are some men and wom - en That help the dev - il on By con - stant - ly com -  
 4. If the preacher in his ser - mon, Stands up to tell the truth, They'll go a - bout and  
 5. I know we have too man - y Who are liv - ing in the dark; They have but lit - tle if

dan - ger In ev - 'ry - thing you use; But this is con - so - la - tion To  
 con - found The right - eous if he could. But thanks to God Al - might - y That  
 plain - ing Of ev - 'ry - thing that's done, They want to be called Chris - tians And  
 mur - mur, With slan - der and a - buse, They want the whole ar - range - ment To  
 an - y, Of Chris - tian work at heart, But thou - sands, though 'tis storm - y, Are

ev - 'ry blood - wash'd child, The Lord will change our sta - tion, Aft - er a while.  
 he can - not Be - guile; And we will be done fight - ing, Aft - er a while.  
 all their bad - ness hide; God will o - pen the se - cret, Aft - er a while.  
 suit their sel - fish style; But God will sit in judg - ment, Aft - er a while.  
 march - ing un - de - filed; And God will head the ar - my, Aft - er a while.

CHORUS.  
 Aft - er a while, Aft - er a while, The Lord will change our sta - tion, Aft - er a while.

6 Our boasted land and nation,  
 Are plunging in disgrace;  
 With pictures of starvation  
 Almost in every place;  
 While loads of needed money,  
 Remains in hoarded piles;  
 But God will rule this country,  
 After a while.

7 There is a land of promise,  
 Where trials are unknown,  
 Where Satan never cometh,  
 For God is on the throne;  
 And just a little longer,  
 By faith and self denial,  
 We'll join our friends up yonder,  
 After a while.

A Better Home.

O. A. TINDLEY.

O. ALBERT TINDLEY.

1. Ev - er since I have been Liv - ing in this world of sin, I have  
 2. It was when I was young I be - gan to think up - on My con -  
 3. When I real - ized I had Found the Lord, I was so glad, For I  
 4. Old Sa - tan tried to get Me to live a hyp - o - crite, And to

had tri - als al - most ev - 'ry day. Al - ways some-thing, more or less,  
 di - tion as a sin - ner un - sav'd; And at once made up my mind,  
 thought all my tri - als would be done; That my way would al - ways be  
 on - ly..... have an out - ward form, He said time had chang'd the way,

To de - stroy my hap - pi - ness, And this is how I've come all the way.  
 While I had suf - fi - cient time. I would bow on my knees and pray.  
 One con - tin - uous ju - bi - lee, But I found out my trials had just be - gun.  
 And in this en - light - ed day To do what - e'er you please is no harm.

CHORUS.

I have start - ed out to find a bet - ter home, Where the tri - als of the

world can nev - er come. There with rel - a - tives and friends, I shall

A Better Home.—Concluded.

be so hap - py then In the pres - ence of the Lord all the time,

5 I tried it for awhile,  
 Keeping up with every style,  
 And was trying to get the crown without the cross;  
 I found it would not do,  
 For the word of God is true,  
 And unless I lived upright I would be lost.

6 Then I put the world aside,  
 Taking Jesus for my guide,  
 I began to try and walk the narrow way;  
 It is tedious, I admit,  
 But I am not weary yet;  
 I shall travel on until the perfect day.

Still, Still With Thee.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

ARR. FROM FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

1. Still, still with, Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird  
 2. A - lone with Thee a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol - emn  
 3. As in the dawn - ing o'er the wave - less o - cean, The im - age  
 4. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing  
 5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing, When the soul

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love - li - er than  
 hush of na - ture new - ly born: A - lone with Thee in breath - less ad - o -  
 of the Morn - ing - star doth rest, So in this still - ness Thou be - hold - est  
 eyes look up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy wings o'er -  
 wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than day - light

day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee.  
 ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.  
 on - ly Thine im - age in the wa - ters of my breast.  
 shad - ing, But sweet - er still to wake and find Thee there.  
 dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought—I am with Thee. A - men.

## A Stranger Cut the Rope.

O. A. TINDLEY.

O. A. TINDLEY.

1. One day, a way-ward boy, I stray'd a-way from home, I sought no oth-er  
2. 'Twas ear-ly in the day; The sun was shin-ing bright, I thought to go my  
3. A - far off on the lake I saw the bil-lows roll, They were mak-ing for my

joy, Than far a-way to roam. I saw the ebb-ing flood, Of a  
way, And get back home by night. But when my cap-tor tied Me  
stake With breath that chill'd my soul. No mor-tal eye be-held, And

deep and dang'rous lake, And lur'd up-on its mud, Was tied there to a stake.  
down and left me there, "No hope for me," I cried, And sank in-to de-spair.  
no one of-fered hope, Nor went my friends to tell, Or cut the aw-ful rope.

## CHORUS.

A Strang-er cut the rope, It was my on-ly hope, When my poor soul Up-

on the shoal of sin and death did lie. The tide was com-ing in, The

## A Stranger Cut the Rope.—Concluded.

con-quence of sin: A Strang-er heard my help-less cry, And cut the fa-tal string.

4 The sun was sinking low,  
The shadows growing long,  
The wind began to blow,  
And night was coming on;  
Around me angry waves,  
Began to foam and break,  
And still I found no way  
To quit that awful stake.—CHO.

5 The tide was rising high,  
'Twould soon be over me,  
No one had heard my cry,  
Or seen my misery.  
I thought my doom was sealed,  
And to this seeming fate,  
I was about to yield,  
And die fast to that stake.—CHO.

6 Just then I saw a light,  
'Twas hopes fast fading ray,  
I cried with all my might  
For help to get away.  
A stranger's voice now broke  
Upon my listening ear  
Saying, "I will cut the rope,  
I'll help you, do not fear."—CHO.

7 He came to me with haste,  
He reached me just in time,  
For I'd begun to taste  
The awful sprays of brine,  
One blessed, mighty stroke,  
With weapon keen and sure,  
He cut that awful rope  
And brought me to the shore.—CHO.

## The Day Thou Gavest.

JOHN ELLERTON.

ST. CLEMENT. 9s, 8s.

CLEMENT C. SCHOLFIELD.

1. The day Thou gav-est, Lord, is end-ed, The dark-ness falls at Thy be-hest;  
2. We thank Thee that Thy church un-sleep-ing, While earth rolls on-ward in-to light,  
3. As o'er each con-ti-nent and is-land, The dawn leads on an-oth-er day,  
4. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall nev-er, Like earth's proud em-pires, pass a-way;

To Thee our morn-ing hymns as-cended, Thy praise shall hal-low now our rest.  
Thrup' all the world her watch is keeping, And rests not now by day or night.  
The voice of pray'r is nev-er si-lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a-way.  
But stand, and rule, and grow for-ev-er, Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. A-men.

# 26 We'll Understand it Better By and By.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. We are toss - ed and driv - en on the rest - less sea of time.  
 2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de - mands,  
 3. Tri - als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand,  
 4. Temp - ta - tions, hid - den snares, oft - en take us un - a - wares,

Som - bre skies and howl - ing tem - pest oft suc - ceeds a bright sun - shine,  
 Want of shel - ter and of food - thirs - ty hills and bar - ren lands,  
 All the ways that God would lead us to that Bless - ed Prom - is'd Land,  
 And our hearts are made to bleed for a thought - less word or deed,

In that land of per - fect day, when the mists have roll'd a - way,  
 We are trust - ing in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word,  
 But He guides us with His eye, and we'll fol - low 'till we die,  
 And we won - der why the test, when we try to do our best;

We will un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.  
 We will un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.  
 For we'll un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.  
 But we'll un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.

CHORUS.

By and by, when the morn - ing comes, All the saints of

# We'll Understand it Better By and By.—Concluded.

God are gath - ered home, We'll tell the sto - ry how we've o - ver - come,

For we'll un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.....  
 by and by.

# 27

## Depth of Mercy!

SEYMOUR. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

O. M. VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - serv'd for me?  
 2. I have long with - stood His grace; Long pro - vok'd Him to His face:  
 3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?  
 Would not hear - en to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thou - sand falls.  
 Now my foul re - volt dé - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.



# 28 I Will Go, if My Father Holds My Hand.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arranged by F. A. CLARK.

1. When the path - way of du - ty seems with dan - ger all'd,  
 2. If my Fa - ther holds my hand I can keep the nar - row way,  
 3. Tho' my strength is weak, by His grace I will seek  
 4. When in the vale of sor - row I am call'd to go,  
 5. When the aw - ful waves of Jor - dan beat up - on my soul,

And the charms of world - ly beau - ty al - most win my fee - ble will.  
 If my Fa - ther holds my hand, I can nev - er go a - stray,  
 To re - pose like Ma - ry at the Sav - iour's feet;  
 And it seems each to - mor - row sim - ply brings an - oth - er woe.  
 In the i - cy hands of death my limbs are grow - ing cold

While I see the Cross up - lift - ed, and can hear the King's com - mand,  
 Though oft it is so dark I can hard - ly find the way,  
 Then to climb to the heights of the pure de - light,  
 I am sat - is - fied to fol - low where He leads, this I know,  
 I have noth - ing then to fear if my Lord is near,

I will go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....  
 I will go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....  
 I can go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....  
 I can go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....  
 I will go, If my Fa - ther holds my hand.....  
 holds my hand.

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# I Will Go, if My Father Holds My Hand.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I will go,..... I will go,..... Tho' the mouz - tains are  
 I will go, I will go, I will go,

high and the val - leys low, I will go,..... I will go;.....  
 I will go. I will go, I will go,

I will go, if my Fa - ther holds my hand.....  
 holds my hand.

# 29

# Missionary Hand.

1 Come, all ye scattered race, and the Saviour's love embrace;  
 You may see His smiling face yet, with care,  
 He is on the giving hand; will you come at His command?  
 And you will with angels stand, over there.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there, there's a land of pure delight over there,  
 We will lay our burdens down, and at Jesus' side sit down,  
 And will wear a starry crown, over there.

2 We are going through the land as a missionary band  
 To lead sinner's by the hand to Christ's care,  
 That salvation He may give, and they turn to Him and live  
 In that happy world of light over there.—CHO.

3 O consider our stand, when He took us by the hand  
 From that dreadful bar of sand to His care.  
 And He placed us on the rock, now He owns us for His rock.  
 And we are marching to His fold over there.—CHO.

# Leave It There.

Words and Music by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arranged by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

*Moderato.*

1. If the world from you with-hold, of its sil-ver and its gold, And you  
 2. If your bod-y suf-fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your  
 3. When your en-e-mies as-sail, and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-  
 4. When your youth-ful days are gone, and old age is steal-ing on, And your

have to get a-long with mea-gre fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He  
 soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can  
 get that God in heav-en an-swers pray'r; He will make a way for you and will  
 bod-y bends be-neath the weight of care, He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go

feeds the lit-tle bird, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.  
 save and He can heal, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.  
 lead you safe-ly through, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.  
 with you to the end, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.

CHORUS.

Leave it there,..... leave it there,..... take your bur-den to the  
 Leave it there, leave it there,

Lord and leave it there,..... If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will

Leave it there.

# Leave It There.—Concluded.

sure-ly bring you out, Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.....  
 leave it there.

# I Believe It.

Words and Music by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arranged by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

1. I am free from con-dem-na-tion, Je-sus' blood has made me free,  
 2. All the world has been for-sak-en, Now and ev-er more shall be  
 3. All my life has been a fail-ure, Naught but sin and mis-er-ry,  
 4. Now if liv-ing or if dy-ing, Just as He would have it be,

I am now a new cre-a-tion, Hal-le-lu-jah, He saves me.  
 Je-sus for my "all" I've tak-en, Hal-le-lu-jah, He saves me.  
 'Till in Christ I found sweet pleas-ure, Hal-le-lu-jah, He saves me.  
 Je-sus al-ways sat-is-fy-ing, Hal-le-lu-jah, He saves me.

CHORUS.

I be-lieve it, I be-lieve it, Je-sus died to set me free.

On the cross He bought my par-don, Hal-le-lu-jah, He saves me

# Mountain Top Dwelling.

Words by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.  
Moderato.

Music by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

*mf*

1. I can see down yon-der where I had my dwell-ing, In the mire and the clay of  
2. When I saw my dan-ger and heard of a Sav-iour, Who had suf-fered and died for  
3. Praise His name, I'm hap-py in a full sal - va - tion, The Lord has redeemed my

sin; The sto-ry I am tell-ing, Per - haps you've nev-er been In the  
me; When I learn'd this gra-cious fav-or, Was to save and set me free At the  
soul, It is a new cre-a-tion, For His blood has made me whole, And

*cresc.*

road of sin with all its gloom and sad-ness, The way un-believ-ers go; The  
foot of the cross where I knelt con-fess-ing I be-held His shin-ing face, And  
now I am walk-ing in the bloom-ing gar-den Where the heal-ing wa-ters flow, The

*rit.* *mf* *CHORUS. a tempo.*

way of shame and mad-ness, 'Tis the way of pain and woe. } I am dwelling now up-on the  
then there came the blessing, 'Twas the light of saving grace. }  
stream that bringeth pardon, And saves us here be-low. }

moun-tain, I am drink-ing at the crystal foun-tain; And the love-ly vales of V-den Are

# Mountain Top Dwelling.—Concluded.

more and more in sight; There pain and grief com-eth nev-er, The hand of death can-not

*cresc.* *dim. e rall.*

sev-er, God's chil-dren are home for-ev-er, . . . . In gar-ments pure and white.

# Your Faith has Saved You.

Words and music by C. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arranged by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

1. Come, who-so-ev-er feels the need Of get-ting rid of sin. And to the voice of  
2. The wick-ed one may say to you, It is no use to try. The better time this work  
3. He says you'd bet-ter nev-er start, Than start and not hold out; And thus He fills your  
4. Don't stop to talk with such a foe, He plans the aw-ful fate, To sink you in e-  
5. The death of Je-sus was to pay For you the debt of sin; His blood will wash the  
6. Now rise by faith and come a-way From Sa-tan, self, and sin, And let the re-cord

## CHORUS.

God take heed, A bet-ter life be-gin.)  
work to do, Is just be-fore you die.)  
bur-dened heart, With gloom-y fears and doubt. } Your faith has made you whole 'Tis  
ter-nal woe, Where pray'r will be too late. }  
stain a-way; His love will take you in.  
of this day, A high-er life be-gin.)

mu-sic in your soul, A-rise and go, the Lord said so, Your faith has made you whole.

# Heaven's Christmas Tree.

Words and Music by O. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

1. I have heard of a tree, a great Christmas tree, It was fixed in yon Beth-le-hem's  
 2. There is one I be-hold in let-ters of gold, It hangs on a limb near to  
 3. There is one just a-bove, its ti-tle is love, It is mark'd by a deep crim-son  
 4. An-oth-er I see, it must be for me, The words "I will help you" I  
 5. There are man-y, I'm sure, but just this one more I speak of a-bove all the

stall..... The bless-ings of heav'n for you and for me, A  
 me..... 'Tis la-beled "sal-va-tion," and Je-sus, I'm told, Has  
 stain..... For there it was tied by the Lord when He died, And  
 read..... While hold-ing His hand, by faith I can stand, And  
 rest;..... It spells "hap-py home," with God near the throne, A

CHORUS.

Christ-mas pre-sent for all.  
 bought that pack-age for me. } There is a pack-age for me on that tree; A  
 glo-ry to His dear name.  
 this is the pack-age I need.  
 place where the wea-ry shall rest.

pre-cious tok-en that some one loves me, O yes, I can see, on

Cal-va-ry's Tree, That there is a pack-age for me.

# Joyous Anticipation.

Words and Music by REV. C. A. TINDLEY.

Arranged by F. A. CLARK.

1. I'm on my way to heav'n a-bove, Where all are free from care, from care; A  
 2. There none are sick with fee-ble frame, No sad and downcast soul, cast soul. There  
 3. No beg-gars on that gold-en street, No blind to lead a-bout, a-bout, No  
 4. No child-ren there with parents dead, No crape up-on the door, the door; No  
 5. No one in heav-en is de-nied, The freedom of that land, that land, For  
 6. No part-ing word or sad farewell, Is heard in all that clime, that clime, For

land of rest and per-fect love And joy with-out a tear, a tear. And  
 per-fect health and youth re-main, For-ev-er, we are told, are told. For-  
 fun'r-al train we there shall meet, For death is there cast out, cast out. For  
 weep-ing mourn-ers ev-er tread Up-on that gold-en shore, en shore. For  
 Je-sus purchas'd when He died That place for ev-'ry man, 'ry man. That  
 those who with their Sav-iour dwell, Are hap-py all the time, the time. Are

joy without a tear, a tear. And joy with-out a tear, a tear. A  
 ev-er we are told, are told. For-ev-er we are told, are told. There  
 death is there cast out, cast out. For death is there cast out, cast out. No  
 on that gold-en shore, en shore. Up-on that gold-en shore, en shore. No  
 place for ev-'ry man, ry man. That place for ev-'ry man, ry man. For  
 hap-py all the time, the time. Are hap-py all the time, the time. For

land of rest and per-fect love And joy with-out a tear, a tear.  
 per-fect health and youth re-main, For-ev-er, we are told, are told.  
 fun'r-al train we there shall meet, For death is there cast out, cast out.  
 weep-ing mourn-ers ev-er tread, Up-on that gold-en shore, en shore.  
 Je-sus purchas'd when He died That place for ev-'ry man, ry man.  
 those who with their Sav-iour dwell, Are hap-py all the time, the time.



# Will You Be There?

Words and Music by REV. C. A. TINDLEY.  
Verse may be used as Solo.

Arranged by F. A. CLARK.

1. There is a land that is free from tears, That blessed home of the soul, No burden'd  
2. No poor are beg-ging on the street, The blind are made to see, No homeless  
3. No fee-ble bod-ies ev-er sigh From pain to be re-liev'd, No friendless  
4. There toil is done and vict'ry won The saints from sin are free; They shout the  
5. There all the peo-ple are as one, Redeem'd from lost estate; And earthly

CHORUS. *With fervor.*

hearts or anxious fears And the streets are pav'd with gold.  
wand'ring soul to meet, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, with gold.  
child-ren ev-er cry, No mother's heart is griev'd. Will you be there when the  
glor-ious harvest home, The year of Ju-bi-lee, is griev'd. 5. Yes, I'll be, etc.  
hon-ors fol-low none, Who en-ter thro' that gate. that gate.

saints are marching into glory With the blood-wash'd host of God? Will you be  
of God?

there when they sing the overcoming sto-ry Of re-demption thro' His blood?  
His blood?

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# "Here am I, Send Me."

Isaiah, 6: 8.

Words and Music by O. ALBERT TINDLEY.

Arr. by F. A. CLARK.

1. If the Sav-iour wants some-bod-y just to fill a hum-ble place,  
2. If it is to bear the cross-es with a heart re-sig-ned and true,  
3. If it is to bear af-flic-tions so that earth-ly joys de-part,  
4. If He wants some-one to trav-el in the by-ways and the lanes,

And to show that to the low-ly God will give suf-fi-cient grace,  
Inst to tes-ti-fy to oth-ers what the grace of God can do,  
With a weak and pain-ful bod-y and a sad and down-cast heart,  
And to try and save the out-cast, those whom sin has al-most slain,

I am read-y now to of-fer all I am, what-e'er it be,  
I will glad-ly un-der-take it, though the way I can-not see,  
Just to show that God is with us when our health and all else flee,  
In His nmne I make the prom-ise, I will go wher-e'er it be,

*rall.* CHORUS.  
And to say to Him this moment, "Here am I, send me."  
And will an-swer, bless-ed Master, "Here am I, send me."  
If it be Thy will, my Sav-iour, "Here am I, send me."  
If the Mas-ter wants some-bod-y, "Here am I, send me."

*rall.*  
"Here am I, send me," If the Mas-ter wants some-bod-y, "Here am I, send me."

Copyright, 1911, by C. A. Tindley.

# Spiritual Spring Time.

Words and Music by Rev. O. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

1. Like the ac - tion of the ground, on its ax - is turns a-round, Neath the  
 2. Win - ter time when earth is bare, life - less, drea - ry ev - 'ry where, Winds are  
 3. When the sun has crossed the line, and the earth has left be - hind Ice and  
 4. When the earth has turned a - round, and the sun has warmed the ground, Then the  
 5. Have you seen the pret - ty flowers, blessed with even - ing dew and showers? Fra-grant  
 6. Earth in sum - mer time pro - duce fruit for ev - 'ry crea - ture's use, Not a

sun of might - y pow - er, life, and light;..... So a wretch - ed sin - ner whom,  
 high, and all a - bout is hard and cold;..... So a life's that's full of sin,  
 snow and stormy win - ter rag - ing high;..... It is like a wea - ry soul,  
 ice will melt and swollen riv - ers flow;..... So when one has found the Lord,  
 lan - guage, hap - py fields and woods em - ploy;..... Do you won - der at a soul  
 bit is ov - er kept for sel - fish greed;..... So a soul that's saved in - deed,

when he sees his aw - ful doom, Turns from sin and seeks to know and do the right.....  
 where no light has en - tered in, And the peace of God has nev - er filled the soul.....  
 turn - ing from the world so cold, To the bo - som of the Lord, a ran - somed child.....  
 and re - ceived His gra - cious word, All the filth - i - ness of sin will have to go.....  
 when the Lord has made him whole, If he shouts when he is filled with heaven's joy?.....  
 grows his fruit from righteous seed, Not for self but all is for an - oth - er's need.....

CHORUS.

Has the sun crossed the line, do you know?..... Has he melt - ed all the ice

# Spiritual Spring Time.—Concluded.

and the snow?..... Have the birds be - gun to sing, do you  
 feel the joy of spring? Has the sun crossed the line, do you know?.....

# Away In The Kingdom

1 Come all oppressed and hear me tell  
 Away in the Kingdom,  
 That Jesus conquered death and hell,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 He bought my pardon on the Tree,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 I'm glad to tell you now I'm free,  
 Away in the Kingdom.

2 Of glorious liberty I'll sing,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 And make the heavenly arches ring,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 He, all my prison bars did break,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 My yoke of bondage He did take,  
 Away in the Kingdom.

CHORUS

There's plenty of room. There's plenty of  
 room,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 There's plenty of room, my Jesus says,  
 Away in the Kingdom.

3 I all my sins on Him did lay,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 And this to me my Lord did say,  
 Away in the Kingdom:  
 "If you my mandates will obey,  
 Away in the Kingdom,  
 I'll give you a home with me to stay,"  
 Away in the Kingdom.

4 Lord, I believe a rest remains,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,  
 Away in the Kingdom.  
 A rest where all our soul's desire,  
 Away in the Kingdom,  
 Where fear and sin and grief expire,  
 Away in the Kingdom.

# A Better Day Is Coming By and By.

This is an old song re-written by Rev. Chas. A Tindley, D. D.

Words and Music by Rev. CHAS. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, the morn - ing draw - eth nigh, When  
 2. The boast of haugh - ty er - ror no more shall fill the land, While  
 3. No more will an - gry na - tions in dead - ly con - flict meet, While  
 4. No more shall lords and rul - ers their help - less vic - tims press, And

gird - ed right with ho - ly might shall o - ver - throw the wrong. When  
 men en - raged, their pow'rs en - gaged, to kill their fel - low man, But  
 child - ren cry and par - ents die in con - quest or de - feat, For  
 bar the door a - gainst the poor and leave them in dis - tress, But

Christ our Lord shall lis - ten to ev - 'ry plain - tive sigh, And  
 God the Lord shall tri - umph, and Sa - tan's host shall fly, For  
 Je - sus Christ the Cap - tain, will give the bat - tle cry, The  
 God, the King of Glo - ry, who hears the rav - ens cry, Will

stretch His hand o'er ev - 'ry land in jus - tice by and by.  
 wrong must cease and right - eous - ness shall con - quer by and by.  
 Ho - ly Ghost will lead the host to vic - t'ry by and by.  
 give com - mand that ev - 'ry man have plen - ty by and by.

# A Better Day Is Coming By and By.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis com - ing by and by,..... 'Tis com - ing by and  
 Yes, by and by,

by,..... A bet - ter day is com - ing, the morn - ing draw - eth  
 and by,

nigh,.... 'Tis com - ing by and by,..... 'Tis com - ing by and by,.....  
 and by,

The wel - come dawn is hast'n - ing on, 'Tis com - ing by and by,.....  
 and by.

# The Home of the Soul.

Words and Music by Rev. C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, JR.

1. I hear of a ci - ty, a hea - ven - ly home, Where sor - rows and  
 2. There pris - on - ers and bond men for - ev - er are free, A fi - nal e -  
 3. No sick - ness is there and the saints nev - er die, They are hap - py for -  
 4. The saints up in Heav - en, they weep not or sigh, Or say to their  
 5. No sin is in Heav - en, no un - clean - ness there, For Sa - tan can't

dan - gers and strife nev - er come, Where the walls are of jas - per, and the streets pav'd with  
 ter - nal and real jub - i - lee, The light of the ci - ty is the lamb we are  
 ev - er in the ci - ty on high, Through a - ges e - ter - nal they nev - er grow  
 loved ones the mourn - ful good - bye, But hap - py for - ev - er in the ci - ty of  
 en - ter that ci - ty so fair, The King in His beau - ty the saints shall be -

*rit.* CHORUS.  
 gold. That ci - ty is Heav - en, the home of the soul.)  
 told; That ci - ty is Heav - en, the home of the soul.) The home of the  
 old; That ci - ty is Heav - en, the home of the soul.)  
 gold, The ci - ty is Heav - en, the home of the soul.)  
 hold, In the ci - ty of Heav - en, the home of the soul.)

*rit.*  
 soul, The home of the soul, That ci - ty is heav - en, The home of the soul.

# I'll Be Satisfied.

Dedicated to Sargeant John W. Tindley.

Words and Music by Rev. CHAS. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, JR.

1. What if all the world was giv - en un - to me, In the sight of men, how ex -  
 2. Com - pliments are pleas - ant, those who thus are bless'd, Kind - ly smiles and greet - ings  
 3. Hon - or and po - si - tion may your for - tune be, Life with tears and heart - aches  
 4. Pal - a - ces and man - sion you may nev - er own, In your earth - ly path - way

alt - ed I would be?..... If I have not Je - sus when I come to die,  
 bring us hap - pi - ness..... In the gloom - y shad - ows, when the end is nigh,  
 may you nev - er see,..... All of these will van - ish when you come to die.  
 hum - ble and a - lone,..... If you have the gift that mon - ey can - not buy,

CHORUS.  
 All the world can nev - er sat - is - fy.....  
 All our earth - ly friends can - not sat - is - fy..... } Tho' I pos - sess no  
 On - ly Je - sus Christ will sat - is - fy.....  
 When all else have fail'd it will sat - is - fy.....

treas - ures here be - low, Tho' I but few life's pleas - ures ev - er know,....

With the gift of heav - en, Je - sus cru - ci - fied, I'll be sat - is - fied, I'll be sat - is - fied.



# He'll Take You Through.

Words and Music by Rev. CHAS. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by CHAS. A. TINDLEY, Jr.

1. Life-time is like a sin-gle day, Through which we mor-tals make our  
 2. Be-fore your life is well be-gun, The earth-ly task is al-most  
 3. On swift-ly speeds this na-ture-train, Through tun-nels dark, o'er des-ert  
 4. When through the gloom you have to go, A howl-ing wil-der-ness of  
 5. When light'n-ings flash a-cross your track, And na-ture tries to keep you  
 6. No ac-ci-dent has been His fate, His train has nev-er came in  
 7. A few more sta-tions, and we'll be, From toil and care and dan-ger

way, We move from morn-ing's youth to noon, And then to ev'n-ing—all so soon.  
 done; Your space be-low—so short, so brief, Leaves not much time for joy or grief.  
 plain, Where trestles span the deep ra-vine; Where tow'r-ing moun-tain peaks are seen.  
 woe, Where dem-ons lurk and dan-gers roar, And threat'ning clouds a-bove you soar.  
 back, With-in His care you are se-secure, Your guide has been this way be-fore.  
 late, All sig-nals show the track is clear, The pas-sen-gers have naught to fear.  
 free. O could we ren-der prais-es due, To Christ, the one who takes us through.

CHORUS.

If you take Je-sus for your guide, You'll find Him more than all be-

side, Just do the things He bids you do, He'll take you through, He'll take you through.

# Just To-Day.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by FREDERICK J. TINDLEY.

1. I have found the peace of heav-en, 'Tis the Fa-ther's prom-ise giv-en, I am  
 2. Tho' the storms of life are beat-ing And the joys of earth are fleet-ing, I am  
 3. Man-y com-forts are de-nied me, While the woes of life be-tide me I am

hap-py in the Lord to-day, It's the Ho-ly Spir-it pow-er, In my soul this ver-y  
 hap-py in the Lord to-day, Tho' my chos-en p'ans are fail-ing And the host of hell as-  
 hap-py in the Lord to-day, Oft-en pressed with many cross-es Set with bit-ter grief and

CHORUS.

hour, And I'm hap-py in the Lord to-day. } Just to-day, just to-  
 sail-ing I am hap-py in the Lord to-day. }  
 loss-es, But I'm hap-py in the Lord to-day. } Just to-day,

day, just to-day, I am hap-py in the Lord to-day; I will tru-t Him for to-

morrow, Let it come with joy or sorrow, I am hap-py in the Lord to-day (to-day).

# Saved and Satisfied.

Words by C. A. TINDLEY.

Music and arrangement by F. J. TINDLEY.

*Moderato con espressione.*

1. I am think-ing of the dan-ger, of the life I used to live, When my  
 2. Long I fought a-gainst the e-vil which I found did lurk with-in This pos-  
 3. Prom-is-es of full sal-va-tion, from all sin and sin-ning too, Mak-ing  
 4. Then I sought and found this ble-s-ing thro' the blood of Christ my Lord, I am  
 5. Now I walk up-on the high-way where the saints of old have trod, I am

spir-it was a stran-ger, to the peace Christ came to give: How I tried to make ex-  
 ses-sion of the dev-il, kept me al-ways prone to sin; When I read the words of  
 me a new cre-a-tion sav'd complete-ly thro' and thro': That the grace of God would  
 free from con-dem-na-tion liv-ing dai-ly in His word; Hap-py in the prom-ise  
 walk-ing with my Sav-iour in the way that leads to God; Earth-ly joys I do not

cus-es, for my sin-ful life and ways, And the ma-n-y sad a-bus-es—wasting  
 Je-sus, and the teach-ings of St. Paul, There I found a prom-ised free-dom from the  
 cleanse me, from the state of in-bred sin, And each mo-ment guide and keep me, safe with-  
 giv-en, I am shout-ing on the way, To my Fa-ther's house in heav-en and the  
 cov-et, nor its pleas-ures do I crave; In the world but am not of it, hal-le-

CHORUS. *Con brio.*

life and youthful days, } I am saved..... and sat-is-fied, I am  
 guilt of A-dam's fall, }  
 out and pure with-in. }  
 land of end-less day. } I am sav'd and sat-is-fied,  
 lu-jah, I am sav'd.

# Saved and Satisfied.—Concluded.

saved..... and sat-is-fied, Since I gave my life to  
 and sat-is-fied, and sat-is-fied,  
*rit.*  
 Je-sus In His pres-ence to a-bide, I am saved and sat-is-fied.

# Let Jesus Fix It for You.

Words and music by C. A. TINDLEY.

Arr. by FREDERICK J. TINDLEY.

1. If your life in days gone by, Has not been good and true, In your own way no  
 2. Per-haps your tem-per is to blame, For ma-n-y wrongs you do, Take it to God in  
 3. If in your home the trou-ble is The course you should pur-sue, Go talk with God, your  
 4. And if some sin your soul hath bound With cords you can't un-do, At Je-sus' feet go  
 5. May-be to you the world is dark, And com-forts far and few, Let Je-sus own and

CHORUS.

lon-ger try, But let Him fix it for you.  
 Je-sus' name, And He will fix it for you.  
 hand in His, And He will fix it for you. } Let Je-sus fix it for you, He knows just  
 lay it down, And He will fix it for you.  
 rule your heart, And He will fix it for you.

*rit.*  
 what to do; When-ev-er you pray, let Him have His way, And He will fix it for you.

In Me.

Arr. by FREDERICK J. TINDLEY.

Words and Music by C. A. TINDLEY.

1. Thou, O Christ, my Lord and King, Grant, in Thine own name, my plea;  
 2. Thou a won-der-work-ing God, Dwell-ing in e-ter-ni-ty,  
 3. Prince of peace be-yond com-pare, Thou whose pow-er still'd the sea,  
 4. O Thou might-y God of love, Died Thy-self to set us free,  
 5. Je-sus, Thou the life, the way, In Thine im-age let me be;  
 6. Je-sus Thou the joy un-told, Like a riv-er flow-ing free,

Take the sac-ri-fice I bring, Be Thou "All Thou art" in me.  
 As in flesh our plan-et trod, Work Thy might-y work in me.  
 Chief a-mong ten thou-sand-fair, Speak Thy word of peace in me.  
 Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly dove, Mag-ni-fy Thy love in me.  
 Keep my heart from day to day, Live Thy ho-ly life in me.  
 Be Thou ev-er in my soul, Let Thy joy a-bound in me.

REFRAIN.

Be Thou "All Thou art" in me, Be Thou "All Thou art" in me.  
 Work Thy might-y work in me, Work Thy might-y work in me.  
 Speak Thy word of peace in me, Speak Thy word of peace in me.  
 Mag-ni-fy Thy love in me, Mag-ni-fy Thy love in me.  
 Live Thy ho-ly life in me, Live Thy ho-ly life in me.  
 Let Thy joy a-bound in me, Let Thy joy a-bound in me.

Take the sac-ri-fice I bring, Be Thou "All Thou art" in me.  
 As in flesh our plan-et trod, Work Thy might-y work in me.  
 Chief a-mong ten thou-sand-fair, Speak Thy word of peace in me.  
 Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly dove, Mag-ni-fy Thy love in me.  
 Keep my heart from day to day, Live Thy ho-ly life in me.  
 Be Thou ev-er in my soul, Let Thy joy a-bound in me.

The Pilgrim's Song.

Words and Music by Dr. CHAS. A. TINDLEY D. D.  
 With feeling.

Arr. ELBERT T. TINDLEY.

1. I am a poor pil-grim of sor-row, Cast out in this wide world to roam;  
 2. They tell me it's walls are of Jas-per, The streets are all paved with pure gold,  
 3. I'm now in a waste howl-ing des-ert, Not a foot of it's land to call mine,  
 4. I'm wand'ring in this land of dan-ger, No com-fort or peace do I find;  
 5. My lot a-mong men may be drear-y, My sta-tion quite poor and de-spised;  
 6. Hark! list'n to the mu-sic from Heav-en; Oh! what is this steals on my frame?

Un-cer-tain of life for to-mor-row, I want to make Heav-en my home.  
 My Je-sus is the build-ing mas-ter, He's mak-ing a home for my soul.  
 No cot-tage nor tent for a shel-ter, Tho' storms are de-scend-ing some-times.  
 I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger, To trou-bles and tri-als con-fined.  
 By grace I will run and not wea-ry, Till called up with Je-sus on high.  
 I see the old ship draw-ing near-er, The Cap-tain is call-ing my name.

Some-times I'm both toss-ed and driv-en; Some-times I know not where to roam;  
 The cit-y is wap o-ver yon-der, A cit-y that's quite out of sight;  
 I've friends that are now up in Heav-en, And oth-ers still walk-ing in sin;  
 When friends and re-la-tions for-sake me, And sor-rows like bil-lows roll high;  
 When death shall de-ter-mine my stay here, My bod-y is laid in the grave;  
 To you, my old friends and com-pan-ions, The fight will not be ver-y long;

*cresc.*  
 I hear of a cit-y called He-a-ven, I've start-ed to make it my home.  
 I have a few days yet to wa-n-der, A few more hard bat-tles to fight.  
 If broth-ers and sis-ters don't ow-n me, My Je-sus says He'll take me in.  
 I think of the kind words of Je-s-us, Which say, "Wea-ry child, I am nigh."  
 I hope I shall dwell with my Fa-th-er, In Heav-en, there al-ways to stay.  
 Tho' now a-mong li-ons, like Dan-i-el, De-liv-er-ance sure-ly will come.

## Our Suffering Jesus.

Words and Music by Dr. C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by ELBERT T. and HAZEL P. TINDLEY.

1. Come ev - 'ry one that loves the Lord, Let us act the part of  
 2. And while He bore the heav - y cross, Je - sus fell be - neath His  
 3. And while He wagged up Cal - va - ry, Hark! how the wom - en were  
 4. Be - hold His go - in - g to the tomb, To pre - pair the way for

jus - tice Hal - le - lu - jah. Let us walk the self d - e - ni - al road In the  
 bur - den Hal - le - lu - jah. That all the world of sin - ners loss, Might re -  
 cry - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah. They saw Him go - in - g to the tree Precious  
 dy - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah. They embalmed Him with so - me rich per - fume, 'Twas the

way of suf - 'ring Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah. He was tried by Pont - ius  
 ceive a gra - cious par - don, Hal - le - lu - jah. Then they found a man named  
 Lamb for sin - ners dy - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah. Don't you see your suf - 'ring  
 act of pur - i - fy - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah. Oh, what do you think of

Pi - late, Hal - le - lu - jah, And was scourged by Ro - man sol - d - iers. Hal - le - lu - jah.  
 Si - mon, Hal - le - lu - jah, And they made him help King Je - s - us. Hal - le - lu - jah.  
 Je - sus, Hal - le - lu - jah, Ans'wing the de - mands of jus - t - ice. Hal - le - lu - jah.  
 dy - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah, Don't you think it's ver - y tr - y - ing. Hal - le - lu - jah.

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## Our Suffering Jesus.—Concluded.

5 Jesus laid three days in the silent tomb,  
 Grim monster Death to conquer, Hallelujah.  
 The third day Gabriel came and rolled away the stone,  
 From the mouth of the sepulchre, Hallelujah,  
 Then arose our conquering Jesus, Hallelujah,  
 Into Galilee He walked, Hallelujah.

6 And when we're tempted and when we're tried,  
 We must go and bow to Jesus, Hallelujah.  
 Who once for us was crucified,  
 To appease the wrath of justice, Hallelujah,  
 What a wonder working Jesus, Hallelujah,  
 Who completed my salvation, Hallelujah.

7 A few more suffering days below,  
 Just like Jesus we'll be buried, Hallelujah,  
 But in a coming day, I know,  
 Up to heaven we'll be carried, Hallelujah,  
 Then we'll go both soul and body, Hallelujah,  
 There to reign with God forever, Hallelujah.

8 And when we land on that bright shore,  
 All our sufferings will be ended, Hallelujah,  
 There we'll remain forevermore,  
 It is just what God intended, Hallelujah,  
 That His saints should reign forever, Hallelujah,  
 There with Christ their Elder Brother, Hallelujah.

## He Alone.

C. E. B.

CARMON E. BELL.

1. With years of wast - ed life be - hind you, And e - ter - ni - ty a - head,  
 2. So man - y friends you've known and trust - ed, And the things you've sought or planned,  
 3. The tin - s'd pleas - ures life af - fords you, Soon will fade and pass a - way,

CHORUS.  
 Still you're groping on in dark - ness, Know - ing not which way to tread.  
 All have proved a dis - ap - point - ment, Why, you can - not un - der - stand. } Come to  
 But the joys of life e - ter - nal, Bright - er grows each pass - ing day. }

Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, He who died up - on the tree, Longs the sin - ners friend to

be, He is a - ble now to save you, He a - lone, can set your soul at lib - er - ty.

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# Go Talk With Jesus About It.

Dr. C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by Prof. E. T. TINDLEY.

1. If some dis-ease has rob-bed you Of health you once en - joyed, And you have had to care,  
 2. May - be your life is sad - dened By many a world - ly care, And there seems naught to  
 3. And when your life is lone - ly And you are forced to stay, Com - pan - ion-less and  
 4. When tri - als dark o'er-take you With bur-dens hard to bear, And hope be-gins to

go through So much that has an - noyed ; Un - til your faith has sha - ken And you are  
 glad - den Or lighten the load you bear. Go read the Bi - ble sto - ry, What Christ on  
 on - ly In sad - ness day by day ; Go tell God all a - bout it, His ho - ly  
 fail you, And faith don't wing your pray'r: Re - mem-ber in His prom - ise, The Lord has

in des - pair, As though God had for - sa - ken And will not an - swer prayer.  
 earth could do, And though He lives in glo - ry He'll do the same for you.  
 word o' - bey, Just trust-ing - nev - er doubt it - He'll bring you out some way.  
 made it known, To him that o - ver - com - eth Shall sit up - on His throne.

CHORUS.

Go, talk with Je - sus a - bout it, He waits up - on His throne ; And what He tells you don't

doubt it - Go talk with Him a - lone. For He is your el - der broth - er, His

# Go Talk With Jesus About It.—Concluded.

love is ev - er true. You can - not find an - oth - er Who cares as much for you.

# The Heavenly Union.

Words and music by Dr. C. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Arr. by Prof. ELBERT T. TINDLEY.

1. Come, saints and sin - ners hear me tell The won - ders of E -  
 2. When Je - sus saw me from on high, Be - held my soul in  
 3. But when I hat - ed all my sins, My dear Re - deem - er  
 4. I praised the Lord both night and day, I went from house to  
 5. I won - der why all saints don't sing, And make the heav'n - ly

man - u - el, Who saved me from a burn - ing Hell, And brought my  
 ru - in lie, It grieved me so that I must die, I strove - sal -  
 took me in, And with His blood He washed me clean, And, oh, what  
 house to pray, And if I met one on the way, I al - ways  
 arch - es ring, And spread the news from pole to pole, 'Till ev - 'ry

soul with Him to dwell, And gave me Heav - en - ly Un - ion.  
 va - tion for to buy, But still I found no Un - ion.  
 sea - sons I have seen, Since first I found this Un - ion.  
 found some - thing to say, A - bout the Heav - en - ly Un - ion.  
 na - tion has been told, A - bout the Heav - en - ly Un - ion.

# Have You Crossed the Line?

Dr. CHAS. A. TINDLEY, D. D.

Att. by ELBERT T. AND HAZEL P. TINDLEY.

*p With feeling.*

1. You have wait-ed too long, You are still doing wrong, While your days are pass - ing by,  
 2. The world has promised you, Man - y pleasures to pur-sue, But in spite of all they tell,  
 3. If you've settled down in ease, Do - ing on-ly what you please, Living it this dan-ger-ous way,  
 4. If you've lived a du - al life, Been dis - hon-est in the strife, And may seem to have done well,  
 5. Are you classed with one of these, Always ready to op-pose, All who say they've been sanc-ti - fied,  
 6. Why not move to higher ground, Where the peace of God is found, Where the world to you is lost?

Each day you are growing old, And your heart is getting cold, And you know that you too must die.  
 Sa - tan us-es these for bait, You will find when 'tis too late, Sin - ful pleasures lead you to hell.  
 You will find by and by, When your time comes to die, It will be too late for you to pray.  
 When your chances all are passed, And you reach the end at last, Your poor soul will be doomed to hell.  
 But the Ho - ly Spir - it still, Waits, be-liev-ing soul to fill, Thro' the Christ who was cru - ci - fied.  
 And you soul is freed from sin, For the Savior dwells within, And be saved by His death on the cross.

CHORUS.

Have you crossed o - ver the line, Have you left the car - nal mind, Where the works of the flesh

are found? *rit.* Have you moved to the place, Of the fruits of grace, Are you standing on Ho - ly ground.

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