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The West Virginia Singer

Songs for State Meetings, Farmers' Institutes,
Schools, and the Social Circle



By H. E. ENGLE

Single Copy, 5 Cents. One Hundred Copies, \$4.00

Address H. E. ENGLE, ∴ Lloydsville, W. Va.

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THE FARMER A KING.

To my friend W. D. ZINN, Philippi, W. Va.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. The farm-er, the farm-er, that ge - ni - al man, Who toils on the farm and tries
 2. The farm-er, the farm-er, in spring's early dawn, When grass greens the orchard, the
 3. The farm-er, the farm-er, when spring passes by, Still toils in the field 'neath the
 4. The farm-er, the farm-er, when autumn comes 'round, Still toils on the farm where lux-

sys-tems to scan; By knowledge of sci - ence has ris - en to be Re-
 mead-ow and lawn; Is gay and as hap - py as birds that then sing; We
 sweet summer sky; He gar - ners his grain, and his hands holds the bread By
 u - ries a-bound; His gar - ners are full, and he knows he's a king, And

CHORUS.

spect - ed by all, now a farm king is he. The farm - er,..... the
 call him a farm - er, and yet he's a king.
 which all the peo - ple on earth must be fed.
 dreads not the storms that old win - ter may bring. good farmer,

farm - er, His praise in sweet mel - o - dies loud - ly we'll sing; The
 good farm-er,

farm-er,.... the farmer,.... The whole world respects him, for he is a king.
 whole world respects him, The whole world respects him,

2.

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS.

MRS. ELLEN KING.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. O the West Vir - gin - ia hills! How ma - jes - tic and how grand, With their summits
2. O the West Vir - gin - ia hills! Where my girlhood hours were pass'd; Where I oft - en
3. O the West Vir - gin - ia hills! How unchanged they seem to stand, With their summits
4. O the West Vir - gin - ia hills! I must bid you now a - dieu; In my home be-

bathed in glo - ry, Like our Prince Immanuel's land! Is it an - y won - der, then,
wander'd lone - ly, And the fu - ture tried to cast; Ma - ny are our vis - ions bright
point - ed skyward To the Great Almighty's Land! Ma - ny changes I can see,
yond the mountains I shall ev - er dream of you; In the evening time of life,

That my heart with rap - ture thrills, As I stand once more with loved ones On those
Which the fu - ture ne'er ful - fills; But how sun - ny were my day - dreams On those
Which my heart with sadness fills, But no chang - es can be no - ticed In those
If my Fa - ther on - ly wills, I shall still be - hold the vis - ion Of those

CHORUS.

West Vir - gin - ia hills? O the hills, Beau - ti - ful hills, How I
Bea - ti - ful hills, beau - ti - ful hills,

love those West Vir - gin - ia hills; If o'er sea or land I roam
beau - ti - ful hills;

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS. *Concluded.*

Still I'll think of hap-py home, And the friends among the West Vir-gin - ia hills.

3. TAKE THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, firm - ly stand, With ar - mor on and sword in hand, O-
2. Be val - iant, sol - diers, in the fight, Condemn the wrong up - hold the right; The
3. The world for Christ, O hap - py time, When ev-'ry tongue in ev - 'ry clime Shall
4. The world for Christ, O morning bright, Of that glad day when gos - pel light; Shall

CHORUS.

by your Cap-tain's bless - ed word, And take the world for Christ the Lord.
 con - flicts here will soon be past, You shall be con-quer - ors at last. All a-long the
 sing re - demp-tion's glorious song, And mu - sic's sweetest strains pro-long.
 shine o'er earth from shore to shore, And heathen i - dols are no more.

line there is room for Christian soldiers, Fall in just anywhere, Help take the world for Christ;

All a-long the line, Christian soldiers, be ye faith-ful, And take the world for Christ.

4.

MY COUNTRY HOME.

H. E. ENGLE.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. O how I love my pleasant coun-try home! Tho' ver-y hum-ble it may seem to be;
 2. Here sparkling fountains gushing from the hills, Are flow-ing, flowing ev - er pure and free,
 3. The golden grain,ripe fruit and pretty flow'rs Adorn the scene around my happy home;
 4. O how I love my pleasant country home! Where love and friendship are component parts;
 5. Here sweet contentment ever reigns supreme; Our home con - sists, not on-ly of a place,
 6. Our own dear home we never can for-get, Here love's bright smile is almost sweet to pain;

While ma-ny love the cit - y streets to roam, My coun-try home is ev - er dear to me.
 While na-ture's mu-sic to the for - est trills In mi-nor tones so soft and plaintively.
 The church and school are wisdom's noble towers, That point to joys and happy days to come.
 Where unwise en - vy nev - er casts a gloom To tarnish joys where dwell contented hearts.
 For love at home shall be our constant theme, This bond so dear flood-tides can not efface.
 Our dearest friends we often here have met, And cherish hope that we shall meet again.

CHORUS.

O my home! Hap - py home! I will - sing of thee wher -
 Hap - py home! Hap - py home, I will sing of thee wher -

ev - er I may roam; Love and friendship here a-bound, While there's
 ev - er I may roam, dear happy home;

joy in mu-sic's sound, As it floats on balm - y breez - es 'round my country home.

SONGS OF MY OWN NATIVE STATE.

Dedicated to the Schools of West Virginia.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. O the songs I love to sing When I roam my native land, Where Old Glory's colors wave round a-
 2. As I trav-el o'er those hills, Meeting friends on either side, Walking, talking, singing songs, Time doth
 3. When I see the charming girls, And the bright-eyed little boys Lightly tripping o'er the hills To the
 4. If in days or years to come I should leave my mountain home, And in east-ern cit-ies dwell, Or o'er

bout on ei - ther hand. When o'er hills and pleasant vales Sounds of music sweet-ly ring, Then the
 sweet-ly, gent-ly glide. When I hear the rush-ing trains, Or the school-bell's pleasant ring, Then the
 school with all its joys, Where there's knowledge to obtain, Where there's joy in everything, Then the
 western plains should roam. When I'd think of lov-ing friends, Who still to the mountains cling, Then the

CHORUS.

songs of West Vir-gin-ia, Are the songs I love to sing. Beau-ti-ful songs of my
 songs of West Vir-gin-ia, Are the songs I love to sing.
 songs of West Vir-gin-ia, Are the songs I love to sing.
 songs of West Vir-gin-ia, Are the songs I'd sure-ly sing. Beau-ti-ful songs of my

own na - tive state, Beau-ti - ful songs of my own na-tive state; O the
 own na-tive state, Beau-ti - ful songs of my own na-tive state;

songs..... I love to sing, Are the songs of my own na-tive state.
 songs I love to sing, my na-tive state.

THE RHODODENDRON.

C. G. STONESTREET and H. E. ENGLE.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. The Rho - do - den - dron is the flow - er of our state, Its re - al
 2. The Rho - do - den - dron is the flow - er of our choice; To this we
 3. When boys and girls rove o - ver rocks and crags and rills, They find the
 4. The Rho - do - den - drons, like all oth - er pret - ty flow'rs, Im - press us

beau - ty none would dare to un - der - rate; It cov - ers rock - y vales, it
 now a - gree, with no dis - sent - ing voice; To drive dull care a - way, and
 lau - rel of the West Vir - gin - ia hills; 'Tis then they make bou - quets of
 with the thought of E - den's bliss - ful bow'rs, There's joy in ev - 'ry blos - som

shades the rip - pling rills, And crowns the sum - mits of the West Vir - gin - ia hills.
 bright - en gloomy hours, We'll sing a cheer - ful song of Rho - do - den - dron flow'rs.
 pret - ty wild - wood flow'rs, And hear sweet zephyrs play in Rho - do - den - dron bow'rs.
 you and I may share When we a - dore the Hand that made it pure and fair.

CHORUS.

Rho - do - den - dron, beau - ti - ful flow'r; In the wild -
 Rho - do - den - dron, beau - ti - ful flow - er, In the

wood is thy bow'r; Beau - ti - ful flow'r, we love thee, We will prize
 wild - wood, beau - ti - ful flow'r,

THE RHODODENDRON. Concluded.

none a-bove thee, Beau-ti-ful flow-er of our lit-tle mountain state. mountain state.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with two first endings marked '1' and '2'. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

7. MILLIONS FOR MISSIONS.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. When we think of the wealth of A-mer-i-ca, Giv-en us by God's own hands,
 2. When we think of the church in A-mer-i-ca, Where the gos-pel light expands,
 3. When we think of the schools in A-mer-i-ca, Where the light of truth ex-pands,
 4. When we think of the laws of A-mer-i-ca, Which are based on God's commands,

The musical score is in 2/4 time and consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment.

Then our thoughts are turned to those in darkness, Far a-way in heath-en lands.
 Then we think of those who worship i-dols, Far a-way in heath-en lands.
 Then we think of those with lit-tle knowledge, Far a-way in heath-en lands.
 Then we think of laws with-out a bi-ble, Far a-way in heath-en lands.

The musical score continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment.

CHORUS.

We will give millions for missions, We will give millions for missions, We will give

The musical score continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody, and the bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment.

millions for missions, With our own willing hands. We will send the light to heathen lands.

The musical score concludes with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with two first endings marked '1' and '2'. The bass staff has a harmonic accompaniment.

LIBERTY IS QUEEN IN AMERICA.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. Of the ocean's brightest gem, Join and sing a joy-ful lay, Sing in concert with the
 2. When the foes of lib - er - ty Throughed our shores with armies strong, Washington, the great com-
 3. Freedom floats on ev-'ry breeze, Freedom rings in ev-'ry ear, And the name of our great
 4. Long may freedom's banner wave, Long in mem'ry live that band, Who so val-iant-ly and

millions, Who a na-tion's laws o-bey. O A - mer - i - ca's the gem; Sing till
 man-der Marched his gal-lant host a - long. He-ros brave the vic-t'ry won, Trembling
 na - tion To each heart is ev - er dear. Fruits of pa - tri - ot - ic tho't, Which from
 no - bly Freed from tyr - an - ny our land; For the bless - ings we en - joy We'll give

hills and val-leys ring, For no ty-rant rules this na-tion, Since of lib - er - ty we sing.
 tyr - an - ny came down, In - de - pendence had dethroned him, Lib - er - ty then wore the crown.
 wisdom's fountain spring, Ripen in - to in - de - pendence, And to us rich blessings bring.
 thanks to God our King, Stand for right and love our nation, While of lib - er - ty we sing.

CHORUS.

Tell it in song, Lib - er - ty's Queen in A - mer - i - ca; Sing it a -
 Tell it in song, Lib - er - ty's

gain, Lib - er - ty's Queen in A - mer - i - ca; Sing it a - gain,
 Sing it a - gain, Lib - er - ty's Queen in A - mer - i - ca; Sing it a - gain,

LIBERTY IS QUEEN IN AMERICA. Concluded.

o - ver a - gain, Lib - er - ty's Queen in A - mer - i - ca.
o - ver a - gain, Lib - er - ty's Queen in A - mer - i - ca.

9.

LIVE A HOLY LIFE.

John Bunyan was once asked a question about heaven which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures, and he thereupon advised the inquirer to live a holy life and go and see.—Sunday School Journal.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. If you want to see the beau - ty of the heav'n - ly land, Live a
2. If you want to see a coun - try where there is no night, Live a
3. If you want to see your loved ones who have gone be - fore, Live a
4. Sure you want to see the beau - ty of the heav'n - ly land, Live a

ho - ly life and go and see; If you want to see the lus - ter of the
ho - ly life and go and see; While e - ter - ni - ty en - dur - eth God will
ho - ly life and go and see; They are hap - py with the an - gels on the
ho - ly life and you shall see; Sure, you want to see the lus - ter of the

D. S.—Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus up to

FINE. CHORUS.

blood-washed band, Live a ho - ly life and go and see.
be the light, Live a ho - ly life and go and see. Live a ho - ly life, yes,
shin - ing shore, Live a ho - ly life and go and see.
blood-washed band, Live a ho - ly life and you shall see.

heav'n, where we All the beau - ty of that land shall see.

D. S.

live a ho - ly life, Turn a - way from sin and fol - ly, shun the paths of strife;

J. O. THOMPSON.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. Don't stand like a boo - by and bel - low At the chap who leads off in the race;
 2. Don't stand in the rear like a cow - ard, Tell - ing oth - ers you've not had a chance,
 3. So don't stand a - round i - dly prat - ing, Of the things you are go - ing to do,

Don't try to pull down the brave fel - low Who's try - ing to reach the first place,
 But make a re - solve to plunge for - ward, For no one will check your ad - vance.
 You'll nev - er make prog - ress by wait - ing, Start now or you'll nev - er get through.

For an en - vi - ous spir - it is mean - er than sin, And if for your - self the first
 You will nev - er suc - ceed if you nev - er be - gin, So make up your mind to go
 Now your faith to this max - im you safe - ly may pin, You'll nev - er suc - ceed if you

place you would win, Why, pull off your jack - et and just pitch in, Why, pull off your
 thro' thick and thin, And take off your jack - et and just pitch in, And take off your
 nev - er be - gin, So take off your jack - et and just pitch in, So take off your

CHORUS.

jack - et and just pitch in. Pitch in, pitch in, if the first place you would win, While the

PITCH IN. Concluded.

days are go - ing by you can work if you will try, Where there's a will there is a way,

then be - gin to - day, Take your hands from your pock - ets, and pitch in, I say.

11.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. The book of books by in - spi - ra - tion giv - en, Is the true light wher - ev - er it is found;
 2. The ho - ly bi - ble tells of the cre - a - tion, The sto - ry of the fall of man is giv'n,
 3. What precious words are in the ho - ly bi - ble, "I will not leave you comfortless," I see,
 4. The book of books, the ho - ly, ho - ly bi - ble, The word of God which shall not pass a-way;

FINE.

Its ra - diant beams are lighting souls to heaven, We'll send its precious truth the world around.
 It tells the wondrous sto - ry of re - demption, It tells the on - ly way that leads to heav'n.
 "Come un - to me," is al - so there re - cord - ed, And "who - so - ev - er will," and that means me.
 We'll nev - er know the val - ue of the bi - ble Un - til we reach the land of end - less day.

D. S.—All hail the mission of the ho - ly bi - ble, It's truth we'll scatter all the world a-round.

D. S.

CHORUS.
 The book of books, wonderful book, The gospel light, beau - ti - ful light wher - ev - er it is found.

SOMETHING IN EVERY LINE.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. { There's something in ev - er - y line for me in God's great book, Something in
 { What beau-ty I see on its pa - ges fair wher-e'er I look, Something in
 2. { What beau- ti- ful words for the gray-haired sire and blooming youth, Something in
 { Ye skep - tics and soph-ists of doubting minds ac - cept the truth, Read it in
 3. { Those beau-ti - ful words are for you and me and all man - kind, Something in
 { O hast - en the time when all na-tions shall re-joice to find Something in

REFRAIN.

ev - 'ry line, Something in ev - 'ry line. }
 ev - 'ry line, Something in ev - 'ry line. }
 ev - 'ry line, Something in ev - 'ry line. }
 ev - 'ry line, Read it in ev - 'ry line. } How pre-ciously charming from
 ev - 'ry line, Something in ev - 'ry line. }
 ev - 'ry line, Something in ev - 'ry line. }

first to the last, Something in ev - 'ry line; It tells of the future, it tells of the past,

Something in ev - 'ry line; Some - thing in ev - 'ry line, Some - thing in
 Something I see in ev - 'ry line, Something for me in

ev - 'ry line, Some - thing, some - thing, Something in ev - 'ry line.
 ev - 'ry line, Something I see, something for me,

I NEED THEE EVERY MOMENT.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

Gra-cious Sav-iour, I need Thee ev-'ry mo-ment of my life, ev-'ry ev-'ry

mo - - ment, ev-'ry mo - - ment. 1. I would be meek and mild,
moment of my life, ev-'ry mo-ment of my life. 2. I need Thy ten-der care,
3. Cleanse Thou my heart from sin,

D. S.—Be Thou my guard and guide,

Like a faith-ful, trust-ing child, I need Thee ev-'ry mo-ment, ev-'ry
Gra-cious Saviour, hear my pray'r, I need Thee ev-'ry mo-ment, ev-'ry
Make me clean and pure with-in, I need Thee ev-'ry mo-ment, ev-'ry

Keep me ev-'er near Thy side, I need Thee ev-'ry mo-ment, ev-'ry

FINE. CHORUS.

mo-ment of my life. I need Thee, gra-cious Sav - - iour,
I need Thee ev-'ry moment in this world of toil and strife,

mo - ment of my life.

D. S.

I need Thee ev-'ry mo-ment, ev-'ry mo-ment of my life,

WE WILL NEVER PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. Broth-er, there are need-y comrade-s by our side, We may help them as the moments
 2. Broth-er, there is work for you and me to do, We should work with kindest tho'ts and
 3. Broth-er, speak a word of kindness while you may, It will cheer some weary trav'ler

on-ward glide; Nev-er should our chances pass for do-ing good to them, For we'll
 feel-ings, too, We should help our fal-len broth-er reach a high-er plane, For we'll
 by the way; Oft-en words of kindness spok-en ease some heart-felt pain, Sure we'll

REFRAIN.

nev-er pass this way a-gain. We will nev-er pass this way a-gain,
 nev-er again,

We will nev-er pass this way a-gain; As the mo-ments on-ward
 nev-er a-gain;

glide, Let us help those by our side, For we'll never pass this way a-gain.
 never a-gain.

TURN ON THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Whatever our differences of opinion on other questions may be, all who have the true welfare of the individual and nation at heart can assuredly unite in driving the liquor demon from our land.—FARM JOURNAL.

Words and music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. Turn on the search-light and see what rum is do - ing, See it spread - ing
 2. Look in the bar-room, where vice pre - sents al - lure - ments, See the un - sus -
 3. Rum blights the home of the low - ly and the sag - es, Is there no pro -
 4. Turn on the search-light and read the laws of na - tions, Laws re - lat - ing
 5. Come, join our ar - my, wait not a mo - ment lon - ger, Quick - ly to the

woe thro'-out the land; Turn on the search-light, each is -sue keep re - view - ing
 pect - ed gath'ring there; Look for a mo - ment, and see the work of Sa - tan,
 tec - tion for the home? Thousands, once hap - py with hope for fu - ture a - ges,
 to the sale of rum; Home is the bas - is for laws of ev - 'ry na - tion,
 breeze your col - ors fling; We're on the Lord's side, and know our ar - my's strong - er

FINE. CHORUS.

Till you dare to join the tem - p'rance band.
 A de - cep - tive bright side to en - snare.
 Have been ru - in'd by the curse of rum. We are in the ar - my
 Can we not have laws to save the home?
 Than the ar - my of the whis - key king.

D. S.—Drive the li - quor de - mon from our land.

and the bat - tle now is on;— We will stand for tem - p'rance till the

glo - rious vic - t'ry's won; Firm - ly we will stand, u - nit - ed heart and hand, Till we

SAVE THE WEST VIRGINIA GIRLS AND BOYS.

Words and Music by H. E. ENGLE.

1. West Vir - gin - ia girls and boys Are our precious household joys; We'll pro-
 2. Such an e - vil in our land, As the rum-pow'r should not stand; Let us
 3. Tell me, whiskey-men, I pray, Of the youths you've led a - stray, Who with
 4. Par - ents of our brilliant youths, Who be - lieve all Bi - ble truths, Of - fer

fect them by the laws of Pro - hi - bi - tion. Vo - ters, now you have a chance,
 brave-ly cast our votes for Pro - hi - bi - tion. In the coun - try and the town
 you are drifting downward to per - di - tion. Can you bring them back again,
 at a throne of grace sin - cere pe - ti - tions, In be - half of all our race,
 D. S.—*For they are our dear - est ones,*

And we trust you will advance, And be kind enough to vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion.
 The saloon will soon go down, If we bravely cast our votes for Pro - hi - bi - tion.
 Place their feet on virtue's plain, And repent and cast your votes for Prohibi - tion?
 Who by rum stand in disgrace, And are loath to cast their votes for Prohibi - tion.
Charming daughters and brave sons, We'll protect them by the laws of Pro - hi - bi - tion.

Save the girls, save the boys,
 Save the West Vir - gin - ia girls, West Vir - gin - ia boys and girls,

From the dread - ful curse of rum Save those pre - cious house - hold joys,

