Golden Jubilee Hymn
Dedicated to Dr. R. Carter by John H. Hunter
On His 50th Anniversary as Pastor of
Friendship Baptist Church,
June Sound the Battle Cry. Wm. J. Sharwin.

Come let us rejoice, lift high every voice,

2. Praise our God above, for He has given us a
   soul to praise, and we shall praise Him all our days.

3. Swell the song again, over your hill and plain,
   for Christ made the church, praise His name.

1. One and all ye know, fifty years ago,
   now he held his golden jubilee.
   Hail the sleep toiled, called forth and appointed.

2. He has been known, kept him to this hour
   while the heavens were rotten and clear.
   What shall we do this golden jubilee.

3. Singing on this golden jubilee
   till the sleep toiled, called forth and appointed.

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 17 - 12 lines.
Jesus My Light
A Hymn

By
Charles Landerson Lott

Music Transcribed by
Earl Alvin Starling

Price, ten cents a copy. Postage extra.
JESUS MY LIGHT

Words by CHARLES LANDERSON LOTT

Music by EARL ALVIN STARLING

1. Jesus the Light, Jesus the Truth, Jesus my rock and hiding place.
2. Jesus redeems, Jesus repays All who trust in His name.
3. Jesus my life, Jesus my all, Jesus my strength and resting place;
4. He heals the sick and broken hearts; He hears the righteous when they call.

He shines in darkness; He shines in light. Those who only know His word will bring you out; Then you can praise His name.

He gives me comfort, He gives me peace; All who trust Him never meet defeat; Worthy to be praised.

Oh! call Him now; He is ever trustworthy. Oh! call Him now; He is ever trustworthy.
AUTHOR'S NOTE

After having written these lines in the mountains, I was inspired to sing them through sympathy for a former friend and classmate of mine.

During the time that I attended college, I enjoyed the friendship of a very fine classmate. He was blessed with a prosperous family who never failed to supply his many wants. At the end of four years he graduated and faced life in earnest.

Four years later the wheels of Fortune had completely turned against him. He had squandered all his money, lost his position and his health; and was in the town of Goldsboro, three hundred miles from home. In this pitiful condition, an old lady took him in and lodged him in one of her little back rooms. She then proceeded to inquire concerning his family.

I had been to the mountains for the summer and was returning home. On my way, I stopped in many small towns. At the station in Goldsboro, an old lady walked to me and asked: "Do you know a man by the name of Robin Wells from Columbia?"

"Yes," I answered, "he is my classmate. Where is he?"

"At my house, sir," she said, "sick, and hungry, and about to die. Come with me and I will show you."

I followed her down a back street to her house, and then through a long, dark hall to a back room. There I saw Robinson in a soiled bed with his face to the wall. I began to sing "Jesus the Light." After I had sung two lines of the first stanza, he moved; upon completing the last two lines of the first stanza he opened his eyes; at the end of the second stanza, he turned upon his back; he sat up when I had completed the third; and when the fourth was ended, he cried with a loud voice, "I know Him!" He arose and said, "I am healed; I am alive again!"

I shared my purse with him. With the faith and inspiration he received there, he started life anew.

Years later, I sang these same lines before Mr. Earl A. Starling, Professor of Music, Morris Brown College. He kindly consented to transcribe the music.

December, 1933.

C. L. L.

Copies may be secured from C. L. Lott, 694 Beckwith Street, and E. A. Starling, Morris Brown College, Atlanta, Georgia.