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SHOWALTER'S

GOSPEL SONGS No. 2

. . . BY . . .

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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THE MUSIC TEACHER AND HOME MAGAZINE

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Show

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THE BEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD FOR CHRISTIAN HOMES, AND THAT AT THE VERY LOW PRICE OF 50c. A YEAR. ONE SAMPLE COPY FREE.

No. 1. SINGING ON THE [illegible]

A. J. S. A. [illegible]

1. I've found the peace my heart has craved, Singing on the way to glo - ry;
2. He ev - er lives for me to plead, Singing on the way to glo - ry;
3. His precious blood has made me whole, Singing on the way to glo - ry;
4. My life is hid with Christ in God, Singing on the way to glo - ry;

My Lord has died and I am saved, Singing on the way to glo - ry.
His truth has made me free in - deed, Singing on the way to glo - ry.
No stain is now up - on my soul, Singing on the way to glo - ry.
I walk the path the saints have trod, Singing on the way to glo - ry.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, joy di - vine! Round my heart His love doth twine,
For I am His and He is mine, Sing-ing on the way to glo - ry.

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No. 2. ANCHORED AT LAST.

Respectfully inscribed to the gospel singer, Mr. H. A. Wolfsohn.

A. J. S. .

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I'm drift-ing no more on the treach-er - ous sea, I've anchored my
2. The tur - bu - lent waves nev - er - more shall pre - vail; Suf - fi - cient His
3. Tho' rug - ged the reefs ly - ing close by my side, In Je - sus I

barque, safe-ly moored to my Lord; His prom-is - es sweet are so pre-cious to
grace now to quell ev - 'ry storm; Tho' sin's billows roll and tempta-tions as -
trust, tho' the sky be o'er - cast; No storms can prevail and no e - vil be -

REFRAIN.

me, For I am now trust-ing in His sure word. I am anchored at
sail, With Je - sus be - side me I fear no harm.
tide, My an - chor is sure and I'm safe at last.

last and my soul is se - cure, The breakers of sin nev - er - more can mo-lest;

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ANCHORED AT LAST.

In the har - bor of Hope, that doth safe - ty in - sure, I find bless - ed

peace and a ha - ven of rest, I find blessed peace and a ha - ven of rest.

No. 3. McQUIDDY. L. M.

GRIGG. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let eve-ning blush to own a star:
3. A-shamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let mid-night be ashamed of noon:
4. A-shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom our hopes of heav'n depend?

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be-night - ed soul of mine.
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
No: when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.

No. 4. CONSECRATION.

To be sung as a Solo or Quartet.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or over the stormy sea; It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still small voice He calls To
2. Perhaps today there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek. Oh, Saviour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' life's short day For Je- sus the cru - ci - fied. So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may labor thro' paths that I do not know, I'll answer, Dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you dark and rugged the way, My voice shall echo Thy mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you knowing Thou lovest me, I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you

REFRAIN.

want me to go. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or
want me to say.
want me to be.

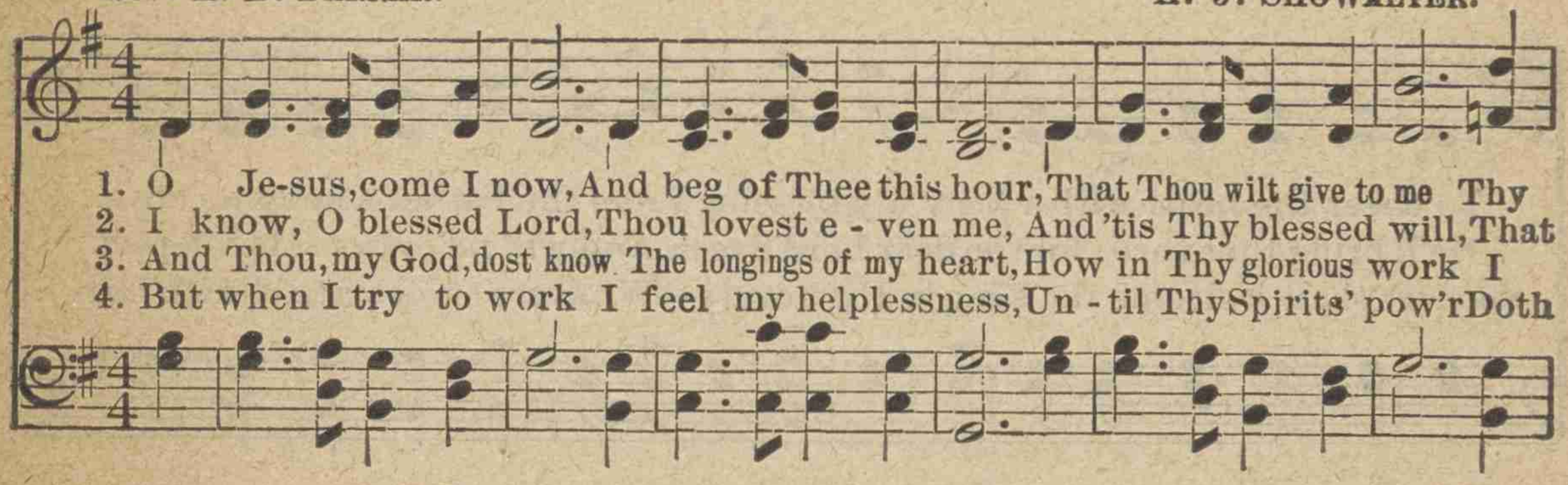
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CONSECRATION.

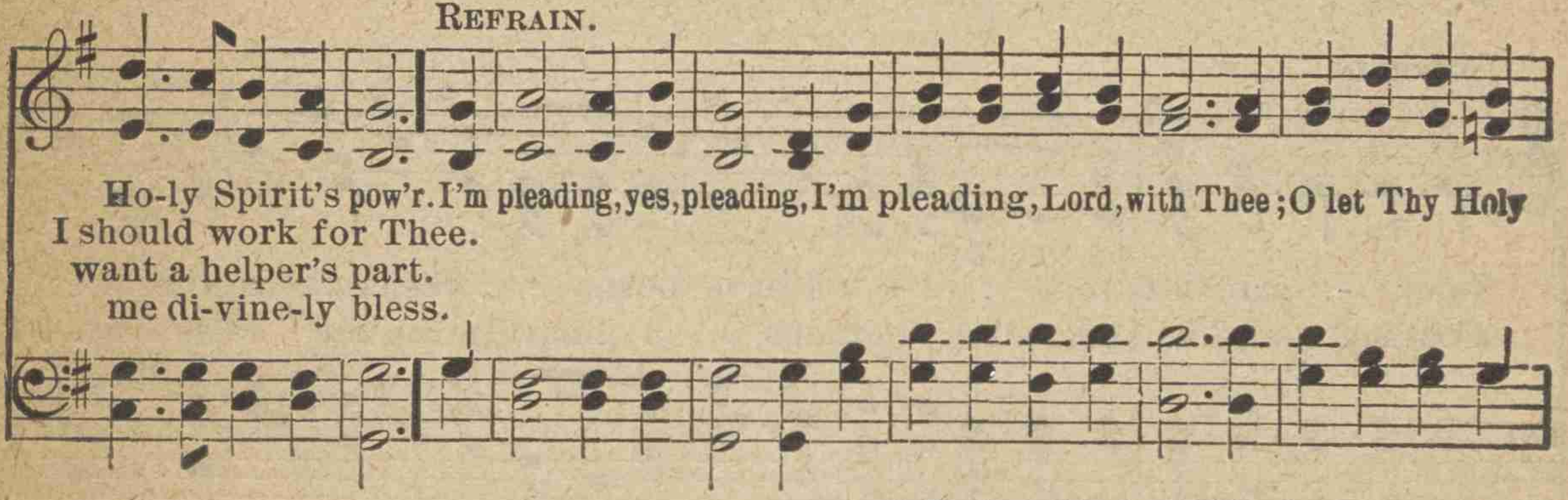


No. 5. THE BAPTISM OF POWER.

Rev. E. B. Farrar. A. J. Showalter.



Refrain.





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5 So humbled at Thy feet,
I'm pleading at this hour,
And begging of Thee, Lord,
To send on me Thy power.

6 Should there be in my life,
One single hindering sin,
O burn it out, dear Lord,
And let Thy Spirit in.

7 'Tis then that sinful men,
Will heed Thy word as given,
And quit the walks of sin,
To turn their steps toward heaven.

No. 6. THE VOICE OF LOVE.

B. H. WINSLOW. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Oft in the conflict when cares are pressing, Comes the soft, sweet voice of love,
2. Strength for thy day all the way He giveth, He doth know thy in-ward smart;
3. Hear and o-bey, 'tis the soul's glad du-ty, When the voice of love is giv'n;

To cheer the heart with a heav'nly blessing From the Father's home a - bove.
He'll bring thee thro', for the dear Lord liveth And will ne'er from thee depart.
Soon we shall welcome the King in His beauty—What are cares compared with heav'n!

REFRAIN.

Cour - age, dear soul, . . I have borne . . the cross for thee!
Courage, soul, I will bear all thy burdens, I have borne the cross for thee!

Now fol - low on with a joy - ful spir-it Till the crown in heav'n you see.

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No. 7. LO! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

J. M. B. J. M. Bowman.

1. When the Bridegroom com-eth, And the mid-night cry Will pro-claim the mes-sage far and near,
2. Broth-er, are you read - y, Walking in the light? Will He find us watch-ing on the shore?
3. Time is swift - ly fleet-ing, Bear-ing on its flight Man - y mil-lions to the judg-ment day,—
4. Broth-er, He is com - ing, Rob'd in gar-ments pure, He will gath - er all His jew - els home;

"Go ye out to meet Him," Com-ing from on high, Lo! the bless-ed Mas - ter doth ap - pear.
Some with ves - sels emp - ty, Oth-ers burn-ing bright, Wait to meet the Bridegroom at the door.
Some to be ac - cept - ed, Oth-ers turn'd a - side, O! how sad t'will be to turn a - way.
Have we made our call - ing And e - lec-tion sure? Read - y for the time when He shall come.

Refrain.

Soon the time is coming, When the mid-night cry Will proclaim the message, "Lo! the Bride-groom comes;"

Will He find us watch-ing, Broth-er, you and I? Will He find us read - y when He comes?

Copyright, 1901, by J. M. Bowman.

No. 8. LET THE REDEEMED OF THE LORD.

Rev. E. A. Hofeman. Geo. W. Bacon.

Firmly.

1. Let the redeemed of the Lord ex-alt Je - hovah, For the blessings which He hath bestowed,
2. Let the redeemed of the Lord be glad and joy-ful, For their ma - ny sins are all for - giv'n;
3. Let the redeemed of the Lord tell out the sto-ry Of the great sal-va-tion full and free,

For His goodness and His lov - ing kind-ness, And the mercies which into their lives have flowed.
They have peace with God and share His fa-vor, And are heirs and joint heirs of the bliss of heav'n.
Of the love of God revealed in Je - sus, Of the grace that is poured on our hearts each day.

Refrain.

Ye re - deemed, ye re - deemed, Laud and magni-fy His ho - ly name!
bless Him, confess Him,

Ye re - deemed, ye re - deemed, Loud-ly the won-ders of love and grace pro-claim!
bless Him, confess Him,

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No. 9. LOOKING AND LISTENING.

Rev. Eldred E. Pate. A. J. Showalter.

1. A riv - er rolls a - long be - tween This and the oth - er land,
2. But we shall go when Je - sus calls, All clothed in robes of white;
3. I'm look - ing to the blood-stain'd cross, But list - 'ning all the time,
4. The mu - sic on the oth - er shore For me has charms so great,

The heav'n-ly choir may not be seen While list - 'ning here we stand.
With joy we'll view the jas - per walls And join the saints in light.
And I am count-ing all but dross, To gain the heav'n-ly clime.
That I am press'd and call'd the more To quit this earth - ly state.

Refrain.

I'm looking, looking on a - head; I'm list'ning, list-'ning now;
I'm look-ing, looking, yes, I'm look-ing on a - head; I'm list-'ning, list-'ning, now;

cres.

I'm press-ing on without a dread; I'm trust-ing, trusting now.
list'ning now;

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No. 10. THE HARVEST FIELD OF GOD.

JENNIE WILSON. M. G. BARRINGER.

1. Out in the har- vest field of God There's work for us to do;
2. While swift-ly speed the hours a - way, Ere shad - ows round us fall,
3. So we may bring to Je - sus' feet Some tro - phies for Him won;
4. At last, with time for work-ing o'er, As earth - light slow - ly wanes,

The rip - ened grain for reap - ing waits, And the la - bor - ers are few.
We'll seek to gath - er gold - en sheaves, And o - bey the Mas-ter's call.
Be - side His faith-ful ones we'll toil Un - til life's brief day is done.
May we have part in joy di - vine, Which the pa - tient reap-er gains.

REFRAIN.

Out in the har - vest field of God, Where the grain im-mor-tal stands, . .
Where the grain, the grain im - mor-tal stands,

We will glad-ly go, while the sunbeams glow, To la - bor with willing hands. . .
To la - bor with will-ing, will-ing hands.

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No. 11. SO NEAR THE KINGDOM.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Melody by H. A. WOLFSOHN.
Harmonized by A. J. S.

1. So near the king - dom of life and light, Al - most a
2. O trust just now in the bless - ed Lord, Plead but the
3. O seek sal - va - tion while mer - cy pleads, Turn to the

Chris - tian thou art to - night; So near and yet not with - in the fold,
prom - ise of His dear Word; He is the Light, and the Truth, and Way,
Lord while He in - ter - cedes; Al - most per-suad - ed thy heart to yield,

Close to its warmth, yet without and cold; Thy soul for par - don so
O yield to Him while 'tis called to - day; How sad 'twould be should thou
O choose just now and for heav'n be seal'd; Flee for thy life and thy

long hast craved,— So near the king - dom, yet not saved.
find at last No hope of heav - en,— mer - cy past.
soul shalt win Ref - uge in Je - sus,— saved from sin.

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No. 12. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

Mrs. J. A. Maloney. A. J. Showalter.

1. I can sing a new song to my Sav-iour each day, I've been
2. When I went to the Lord with my bur-den of sin, I've been
3. Sin-ner, come to this Sav-iour, con-fess-ing your guilt, I've been

washed in the blood of the Lamb; For my sins that were great He has
washed in the blood of the Lamb; Bless-ed wel-come I found, pre-cious
washed in the blood of the Lamb; Peace and par-don He'll give thro' His

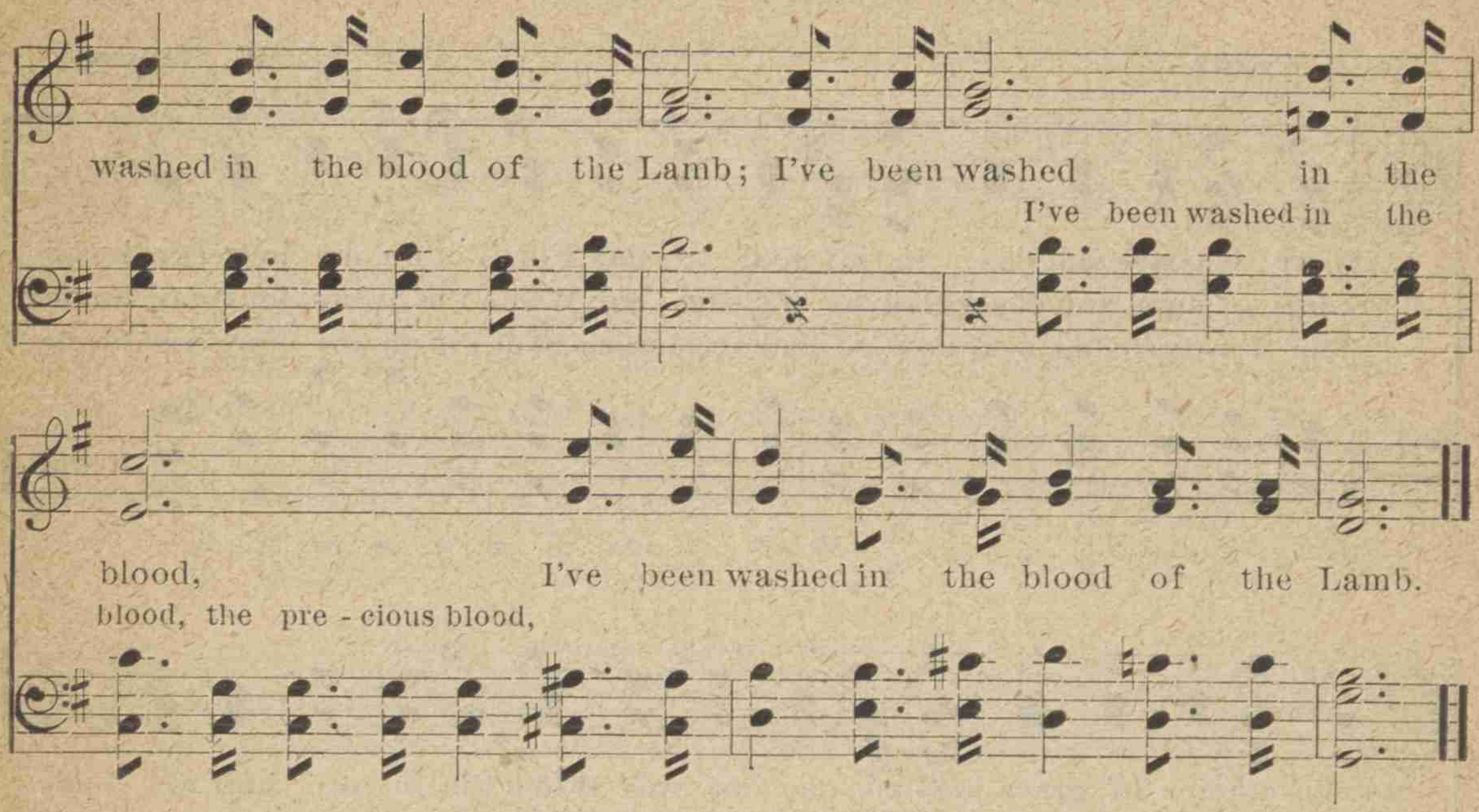
ta-ken a-way, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
cleans-ing with-in, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.
blood that was spilt, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Refrain.

I've been washed in the blood, I've been
I've been washed in the blood, the pre-cious blood,

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I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.



No. 13. LUX ILLA. L. M.

"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men."

W. F. D. Rev. W. F. Dunaway.

No. 14. I AM ON MY JOURNEY HOME.

S. J. PERRY. G. W. BROWN.

1. There is peace and joy in my soul to-day, For I'm on my jour-ney home;
2. Songs of hope and cheer greet my will-ing ear, While I'm on my jour-ney home;
3. Tho' I'm draw-ing near now to death's cold stream, Still I'm on my jour-ney home;

Fresh supplies of grace help me on my way While I'm on my jour-ney home.
Com-ing from the ranks of the pil-grims dear, Who are on their jour-ney home
Lights a-long the shore shine with brighter beam, For I'm on my jour-ney home.

REFRAIN.

Journeying home, jour-ney-ing home,
Journeying home, journeying home, To the bright, the golden shore;
Jour-ney-ing home, jour-ney-ing home,
Journeying home, journeying home, There we'll dwell forev-er-more.

No. 15. THEY'LL GREET OUR HOME-COMING.

In memory of Harry Olson, who died March 26, 1900.

J. W. MORRIS. I. O. SHERROD.

1. In mansions of glo - ry pre-pared for the blest, Temp-ta - tion and dan-ger all past,
2. O beau - ti - ful cit - y, where no e - vil thing Thy love-light - ed sky shall o'er - cast,
3. Some day by and by when life's la - bor is done, Some day when its shad-ows are past,
4. The joy of that meet-ing, O beau - ti - ful tho't! At home with the pure and the blest,

Our lov'd ones are now with their Sav-iour at rest, They'll greet our home-com-ing at last.
Where lov'd ones, and angels, and Je - sus our King Shall greet our home-com-ing at last.
The smiles of our lov'd ones will wel-come us home, They'll greet our home-com-ing at last.
To dwell in those mansions where sin cometh not,—They'll greet our home-com-ing at last.

REFRAIN.

They'll greet our home-com - ing at last, at last, They'll greet our home-com-ing at last;

Some day when our weep-ing and sor-row are past, They'll greet our home-com-ing at last.

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No. 16. LEND A HELPING HAND.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

DUET.

1. As you jour - ney o'er life's high - way, Fel - low pil-grims you will find (will find) Bend - ing low be - neath the bur - dens
2. Where the Mas - ter's faith - ful ser - vants Reap a - mid the gold - en grain, (the grain,) Some who wield the shin - ing sick - le
3. In the stern, un - ceas - ing bat - tles, Waged up - on the field of life, (of life,) Some are al - most o - ver - pow - ered

QUARTET.

Which have been to them as-signed Steep the way ap - pears be -
Toil in wea - ri - ness and pain. Far a - way the pre-cious
By the foe - men in the strife. Stand be - side them in the

fore them, As they slow - ly strug-gle on, Long - ing for some friend's as-
har - vest Reach - es out be - fore their sight, And they long for will - ing
con - flict, Tri - umph aid them to ob - tain, Bright-er then will be the

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LEND A HELPING HAND.

CHORUS.

sist - ance, As their strength seems al - most gone. Lend a help-ing hand, my
help - ers, Who will make their tasks more light.
glo - ry Of the crown that you shall gain. Lend, O lend a help - ing

broth - er, To the wea - ry and the weak;
hand, my broth - er, To the wea - ry, to the worn and weak;

You may fill sad hearts with glad-ness, If to cheer them you will seek;

You may fill sad hearts with gladness, If to cheer them you will seek.

No. 17. SITTING AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend and brother, B. K. Knight, Zona, La.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What fel - low-ship to - day is mine, Sitting at the feet of the Mas-ter,
2. He shows to me His heart of love, Sitting at the feet of the Mas-ter,
3. He doth to me His ear in - cline, Sitting at the feet of the Mas-ter,

And learning of His grace di - vine, Sit-ting at the feet of the Mas-ter.
And points to mansions fair a - bove, Sit-ting at the feet of the Mas-ter.
And feeds my soul with food di - vine, Sit-ting at the feet of the Mas-ter.

REFRAIN.

O bless - ed-ness of trust com-plete, O joy su-preme-ly sweet,
O place to me with bliss re - plete, Sit-ting at the feet of the Mas-ter.

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No. 18. ACQUAINTANCE WITH JESUS.

BIRDIE BELL. B. N. HULTSMAN.

1. The joy of acquaintance with Je - sus, The bliss of His friendship to know,—
2. To hold with Him sweetest communion, To speak as a friend un - to friend,
3. To know that He walks close beside us, To feel that He hold-eth our hand,

His pres-ence a - bid - ing with-in us, Makes earth like a heav - en be - low.
To tell Him each joy and each sor - row, And on Him for help to de-pend.
Will make darkest pathways grow brighter, The low - li - est life may be grand.

REFRAIN.

The joy of acquaintance with Je - sus Will bright-en each step of life's way;
O what can compare with this rapture? Be acquainted with Je - sus to - day.

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No. 19. OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN TODAY.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O-pen the windows of heaven to-day, Meet with Thy peo-ple, Thy power dis-play;
2. O-pen the windows of heaven a-gain, Let Thy sal-va-tion flow free-ly to men;
3. O-pen the windows of heaven once more, Fill us to-day from Thy bounti-ful store;

Graciously hear us and answer, O Lord, Let a rich blessing up-on us be pour'd.
In-fi-nite love and compassion Thou art, And in that love may we all have a part.
Then with our hearts and our voices we'll sing Praise to our blessed Redeemer and King.

REFRAIN.

O-pen the windows, o-pen the windows, O-pen the windows of heav-en, we pray;
Send us a blessing, send us a blessing, O send us a shower of blessings to-day.

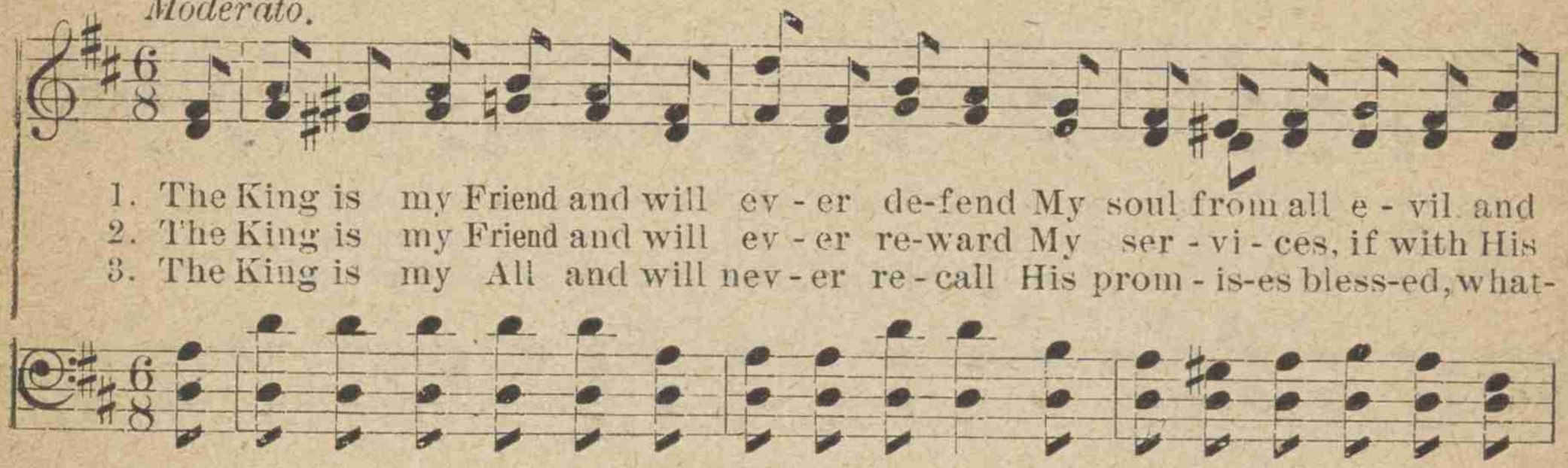
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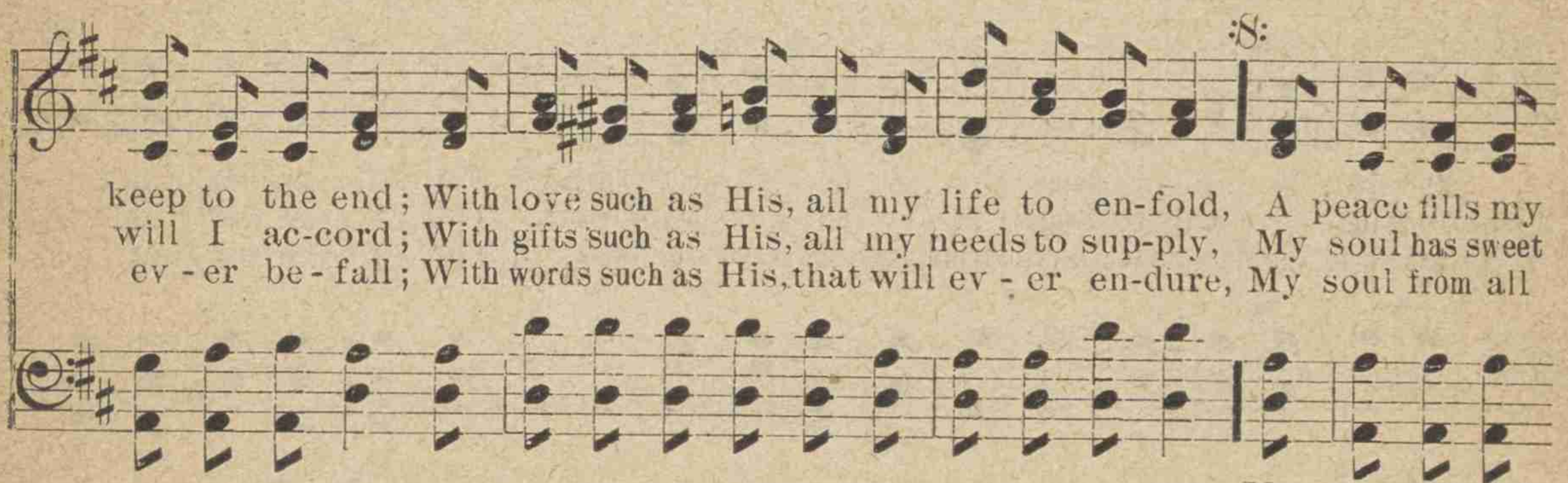
No. 20. THE KING IS MY FRIEND.

Dedicated to Rev. D. J. Hunt.

F. S. SHEPARD. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.





FINE.

REFRAIN.





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No. 21. GO WITH THE MESSAGE.

BIRDIE BELL. R. L. FERGUSON.

1. Go with the message of *light* di-vine, Darkness and sin a-bound; Man-y are
2. Go with the message of *love* di-vine, Tell it to those a-round; Man-y are
3. Go with the message of *life* di-vine, Tell of sal-va-tion sweet; Man-y have

groping in shadows dense, How can the way be found? Tell of a Saviour, the
longing the words to hear, Car-ry the gos-pel sound. Tell of the love that is
stray'd from the nar-row path, Bring back the wand'ring feet. Tell of the life that is

world's true light, Bring-ing a day that is fair and bright, Scatt'ring the shades of the
strong to save, Sto-ry of pardon each heart doth crave, Send it a-far o'er the
free to all, Death and its ter-rors can-not ap-pall Those who will list to the

REFRAIN.

Go with the sto-ry of

deepest night, Go with the message of light.
ocean wave, Go with the message of love.
Saviour's call, Go with the message of life.

Go with the story of Christ to all,

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GO WITH THE MESSAGE.

Christ to all, Mes - - sage of

Go with the story of Christ to all, Car-ry it far and near; Message of light and of

light and love and life,

love and life, Message of light and of love and life, Message to hearts most dear.

No. 22. ETERNAL SABBATH. L. M.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. T. J. LITES.

1. Thine earthly Sab-baths, Lord, we love, But there's a no-bler rest a-bove;
2. No more fa-tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin, nor death shall reach the place;
3. No rude a-larms of rag-ing foes; No cares to break the long re-pose;
4. O long-ex-pect-ed day, be-gin! Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;

To that our long-ing souls as-pire, With ar-dent hope and strong de-sire.
No groans shall min-gle with the songs That war-ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
No mid-night shade, no cloud-ed sun, But sa-cred, high, e-ter-nal noon.
Fain would we leave this wea-ry road, And sleep in death to rest with God.

No. 23. HE'S MORE THAN THAT TO ME.

F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. This world with all that's bright and gay, And all its pleasures ev - 'ry day,
2. A mil - lion friends to help you through, Who would a favor glad-ly do;
3. An earth - ly man - sion or a throne, If I could call it all my own,

Can ne'er compare with Christ I say, He's more than that to me.
I tell you frank - ly what is true, He's more than that to me.
I'll tell it out in clear - est tone, He's more than that to me.

REFRAIN.

He's more than that to me, . . He's more than that to me;
to me, to me;

What tho' there were a thousand worlds, He's more than that to me. . .
to me.

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No. 24. PRAISE THE REDEEMER.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Praise the Redeemer, praise Him as King, Glo-ry and hon-or gladly we bring;
2. Praise the Redeemer, praise Him to - day, Laud His great name, His precepts o - bey;
3. Praise the Redeemer, praise Him in song, Make His praise glorious, anthems pro- long;

Ev-er ex - alt Him, ev - er a - dore, Mer-cy and truth are His ev - er - more.
All who believe Him find in His love Par-don and cleans-ing, peace from a - bove.
Sing with the spi-rit, sing and re - joice, Praise Him, O praise with heart and with voice.

REFRAIN.

He ev -er liv - eth, reigneth in glo- ry, King of all kings and Lord of all lords;

Power and might, dominion and praise, Be to Him ev - er, Ancient of Days.

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No. 25. SAVIOUR, STAY WITH ME.

DAVIS A. THREADGILL. J. D. PATTON.

1. While I'm tossed on life's rough sea, O my Sav-iour, stay with me;
2. I am weak, and tem - pest tossed, Stay with me or I am lost;
3. Stay with me, and be my Friend, Till my pil-grim-age shall end;

Do not leave me to be lost, Ere the bil - lows I have crossed.
Let me with Thee safe - ly land On the bright and gold-en strand.
Then up - on the gold- en shore Let me dwell for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Stay with me, O stay with me, While I'm tossed on life's rough sea;
Je - sus stay, While I'm tossed, I'm
Guide me by Thy hand of love, To that home of bliss a - bove.
Je - sus guide

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No. 26. SING PRAISES TO GOD.

A. J. S. DOW MARTIN.

1. Sing prais-es to God for His mer-cy, His goodness is boundless and free;
2. His Spi - rit He gives us to guide us In - to the blest truth of His word;
3. With heart and with voice we will praise Him—The Fa-ther all - glo-rious a - bove;

He o-pens the windows of hea - ven, And pours out rich blessings for thee.
Then sing ye His praises with rap-ture, Make mel - o - dy un - to the Lord.
We'll tell the glad sto - ry of Je - sus, The sto - ry of Christ and His love.

REFRAIN.

Sing praises to God for His mer-cy, Sing loud hal - le - lu-jahs to - day!

For Christ has redeemed us from bondage, Condem-na-tion is tak - en a - way.

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No. 27. JESUS KEEPS ME.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Not too fast.

1. In this world of sore temp-ta-tion, E - vil thoughts and e - vil deeds,
2. O what joy to know that Je-sus Slumbers not nor ev - er sleeps;
3. Bless-ed hope that God has giv-en Of a home be-yond the skies,

O how oft we fail to lis - ten To the ten - der voice that pleads,
He doth watch His peo - ple ev - er, And from dan - ger safe - ly keeps;
And though death shall one day claim me, Then my soul shall up - ward rise,

Call - ing us to turn from darkness, Un - to Christ the marv'lous Light;
So I trust in joy or sor-row, Knowing whom I have be - lieved,
And shall greet my bless-ed Sav-iour, Dwell with Him for ev - er - more;

But if we will on - ly heark-en, He will save us by His might.
For to me He is so pre-cious Since His love I have re- ceived.
O the joy of that glad meet-ing, O - ver on the oth - er shore.

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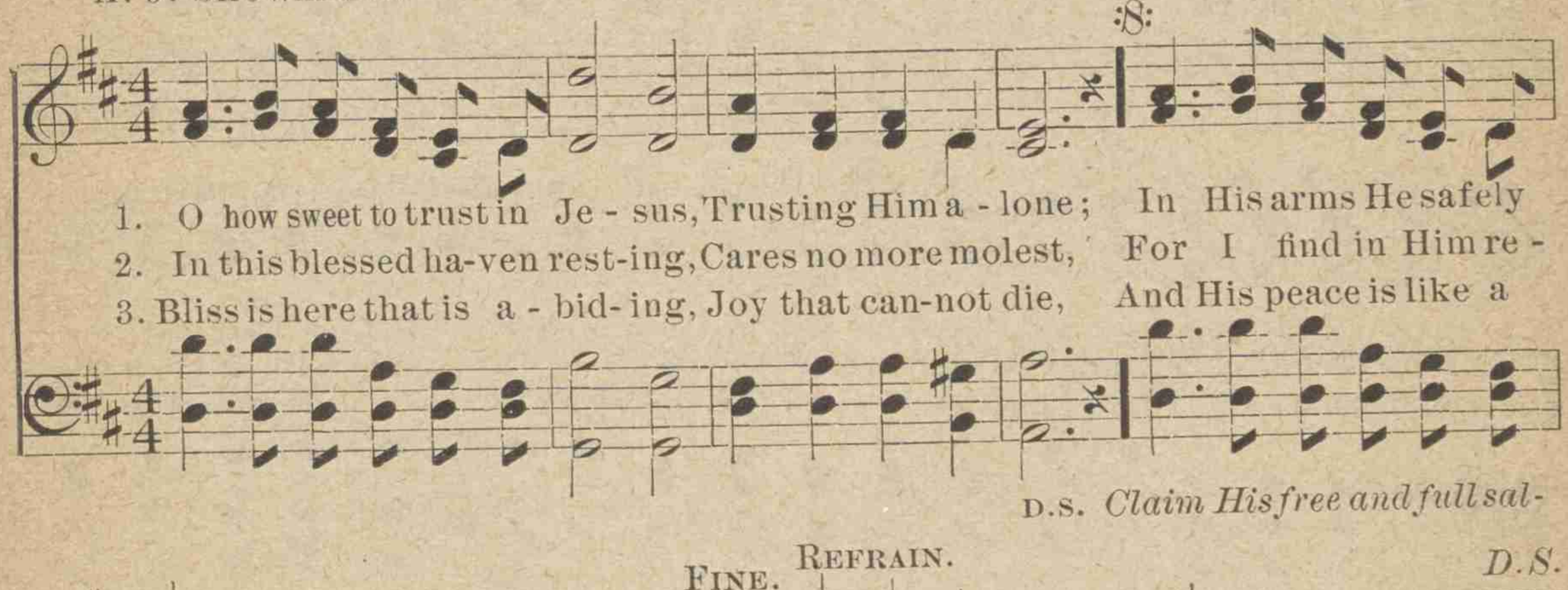
JESUS KEEPS ME.

REFRAIN.



No. 28. TRUSTING JESUS.

A. J. SHOWALTER. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.





No. 29. THE SUN IS EVER SHINING.

BIRDIE BELL. G. H. RIDDLE.

1. The sun is ev - er shin - ing Be - hind the clouds of grief; Look up with trust un-fail-ing, The Lord will send relief. The sor-row soon is o - ver, The
2. The sun is ev - er shin - ing Be - hind the clouds we dread; Look up! be - yond our vis-ion The beams of light are shed. No more the tears of sadness, No
3. The sun is ev - er shin - ing Be - hind the clouds of gray; Look up! for on the mountains Now breaks e- ter-nal day; We'll check all sad complaining, We'll

dreary darkness past, And sun-shine will be streaming Thro' rift - ed clouds at last.
more the fall- ing rain, We'll trust our heav'n-ly Fa -ther, His smile will ban -ish pain.
hush each vain regret, For just beyond the shad-ows The sun is shin -ing yet.

REFRAIN.

The sun . . . . . is ev - er shin - ing, Some day the clouds will
The sun is ev - er shin - ing, ev - er shin-ing, brightly shining, Some day the clouds will

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THE SUN IS EVER SHINING.

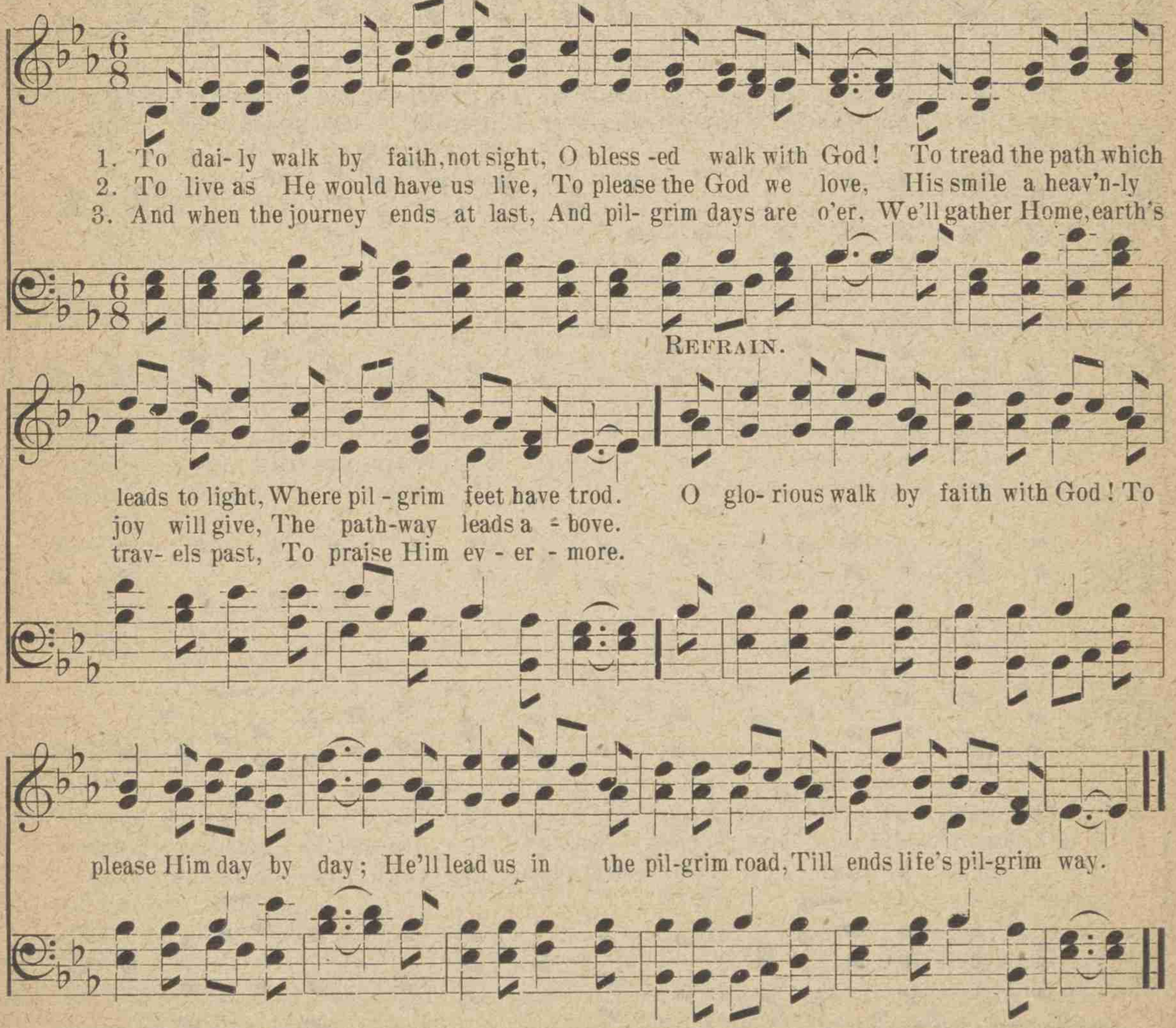


No. 30. THE WALK OF FAITH.

"Enoch walked with God and God took him." — Gen. 5: 24.
"He pleased God." — Heb. 11: 5.

Dedicated to the Pastor's Bible Class of Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.

BIRDIE BELL. L. E. EDMONDS.



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No. 31. A CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. M. Bowman. Miss Mary Weldon.

1. The reap - ers sing as they toil a - long, And chant their glad re - frain;
2. The grain im-pearl'd, with morn-ing dew, Its gold - en line re - trieves;
3. The har - vest time will soon be o'er, The sheaves all gath-er'd home,

The cho - rus of their har - vest song, Is gath-er the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the reap - ers are but few, To gath-er the pre-cious sheaves.
Up - on the Mas-ter's thresh-ing floor The gold - en grain shall come.

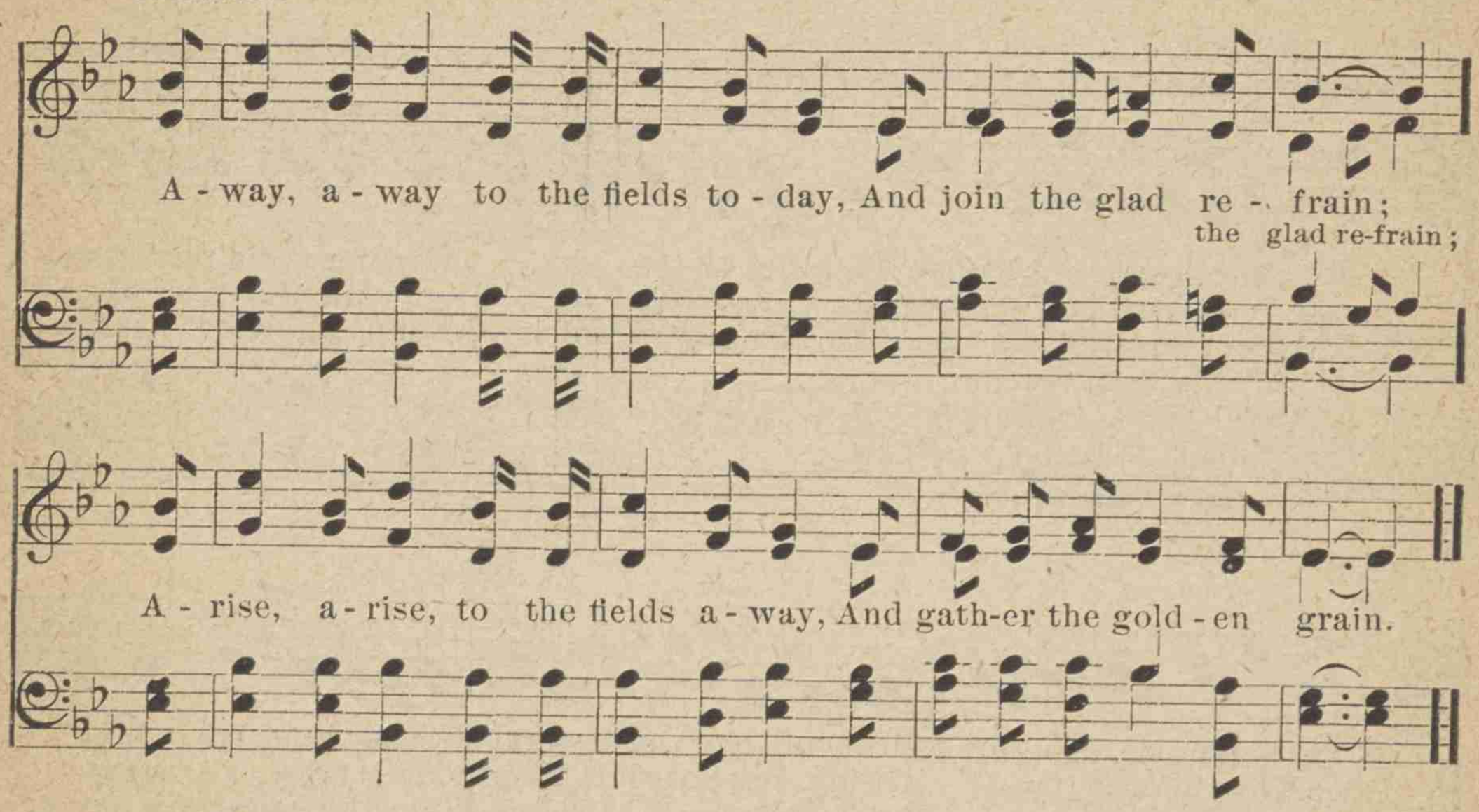
The Mas - ter calls for men to - day, Come heed the great com - mand;
While morn-ing hours are fleet - ing by, The reap - ers still re - main;
What have you done in har - vest time? How ma - ny sheaves to bring?

The har - vest call come and o - bey, And lend a help-ing hand.
They toil while eve - ning's tran - quil sky Il - lumes the gold-en grain.
O hear the har - vest bells' sweet chime, The reap - ers' cho - rus ring.

Copyright, 1900, by Miss Mary Weldon.

A CALL FOR REAPERS.

REFRAIN.

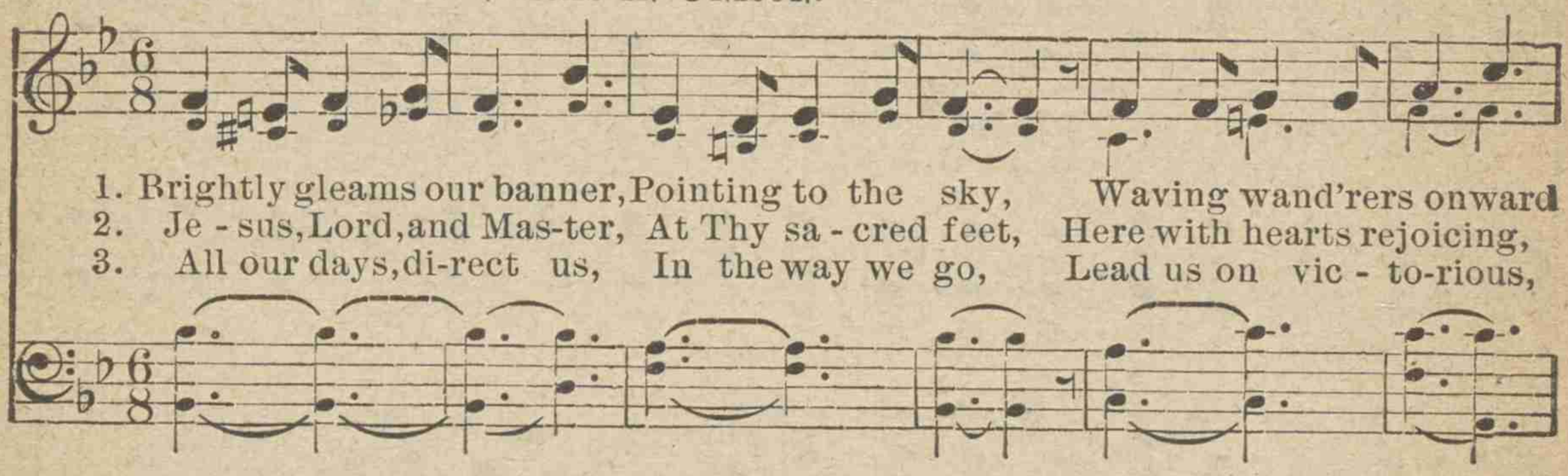


No. 32. ZONA. L. M.

JOHN NEEDHAM. B. K. KNIGHT.

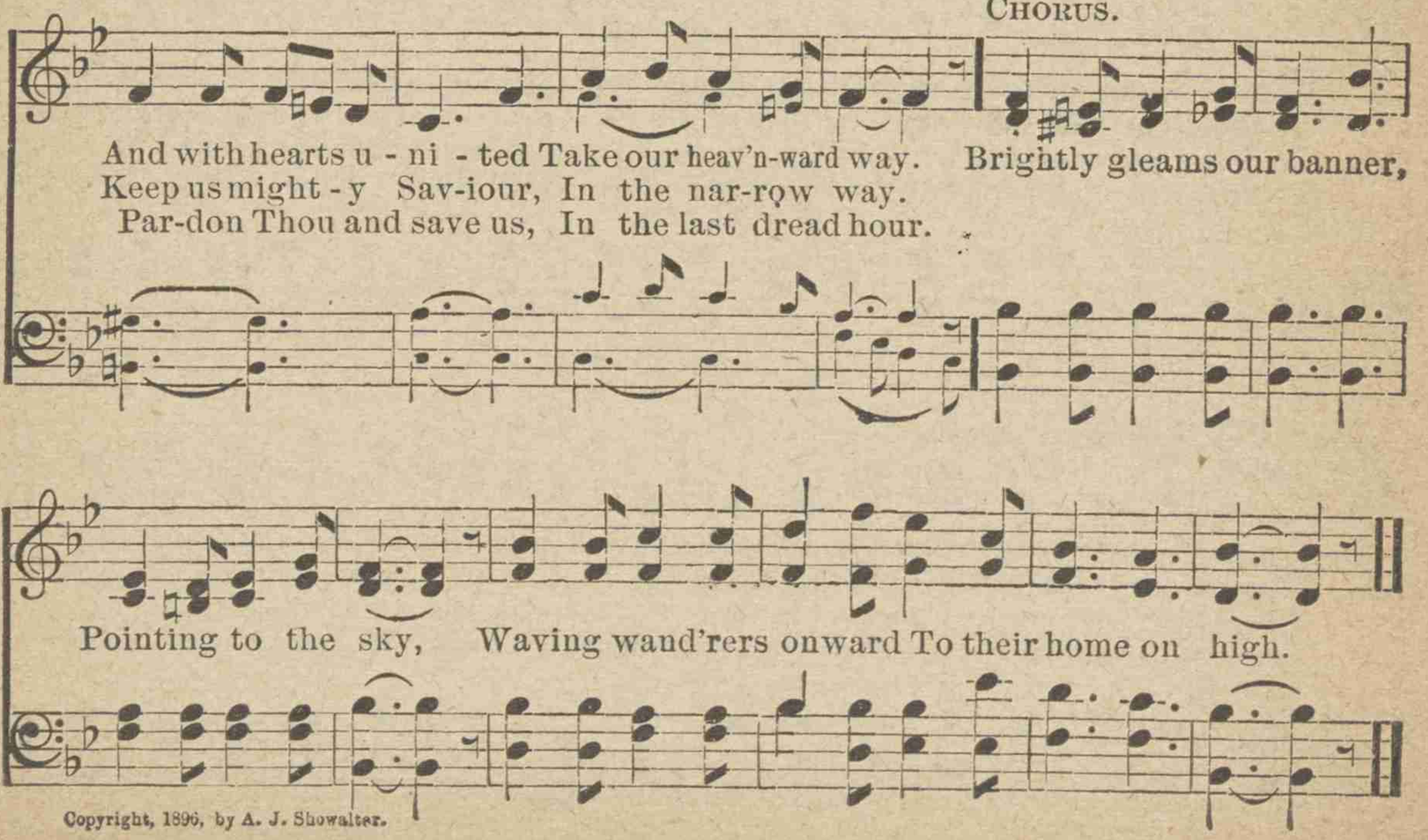
No. 33. BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

SOPRANO AND ALTO VOICES IN UNISON. S. H. LIGHTNER.





CHORUS.



Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 34. JESUS SOUGHT AND FOUND ME.

E. R. LATTA. J. D. PATTON.

1. My feet had wandered far a - way, With e - vils thick a - round me;
2. But emp - ty pleas-ures I had known, That ev - er did sur - round me;
3. On ev - 'ry breeze that floats a - long, Oh, let the joy - ful sound be,

But, though I would not Him o - bey, My Sav-iour sought and found me!
But now the Sav - iour is my own: For Je - sus sought and found me!
That I have left the sin - ful throng: For Je - sus sought and found me!

REFRAIN.

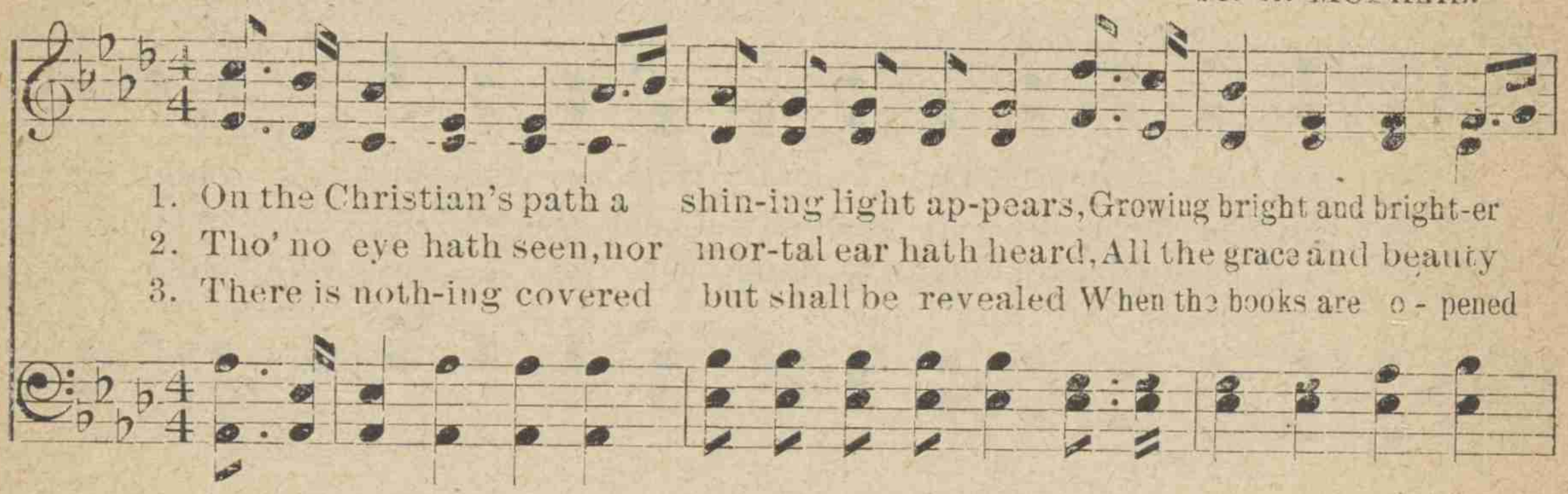
Oh, hap-py was that day and bright, When sin no long-er bound me!
that day and bright,

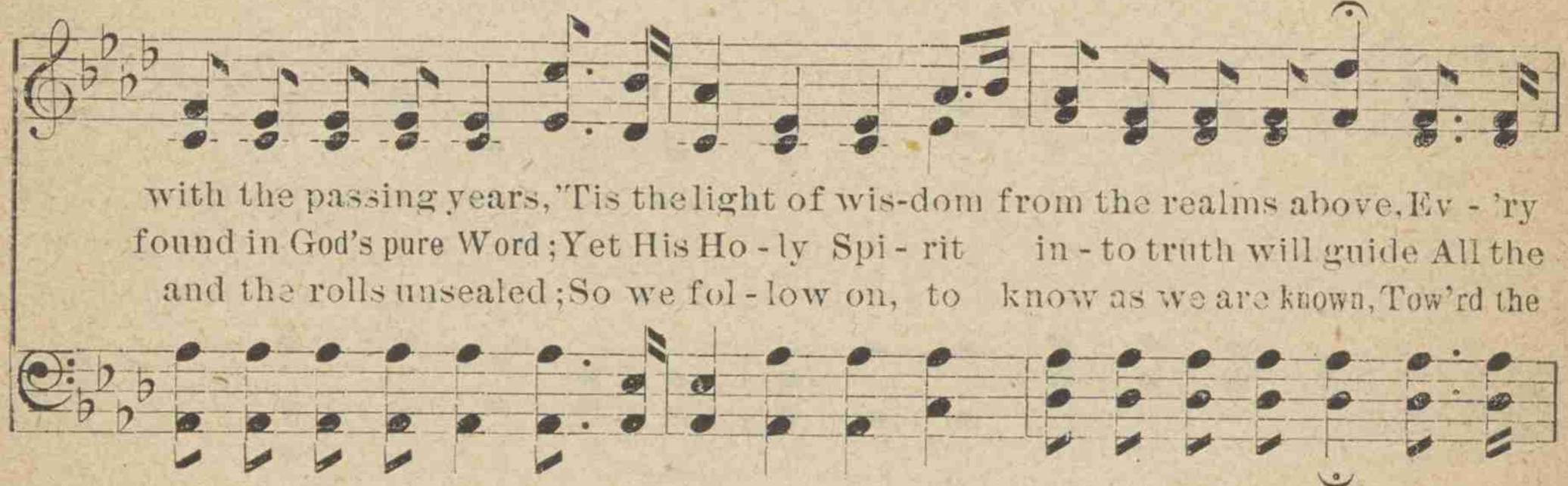
My soul was filled with glo-rious light, When Je - sus sought and found me!

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No. 35. THE SHINING LIGHT.

F. G. BURROUGHS. M. L. MCPHAIL.





REFRAIN.





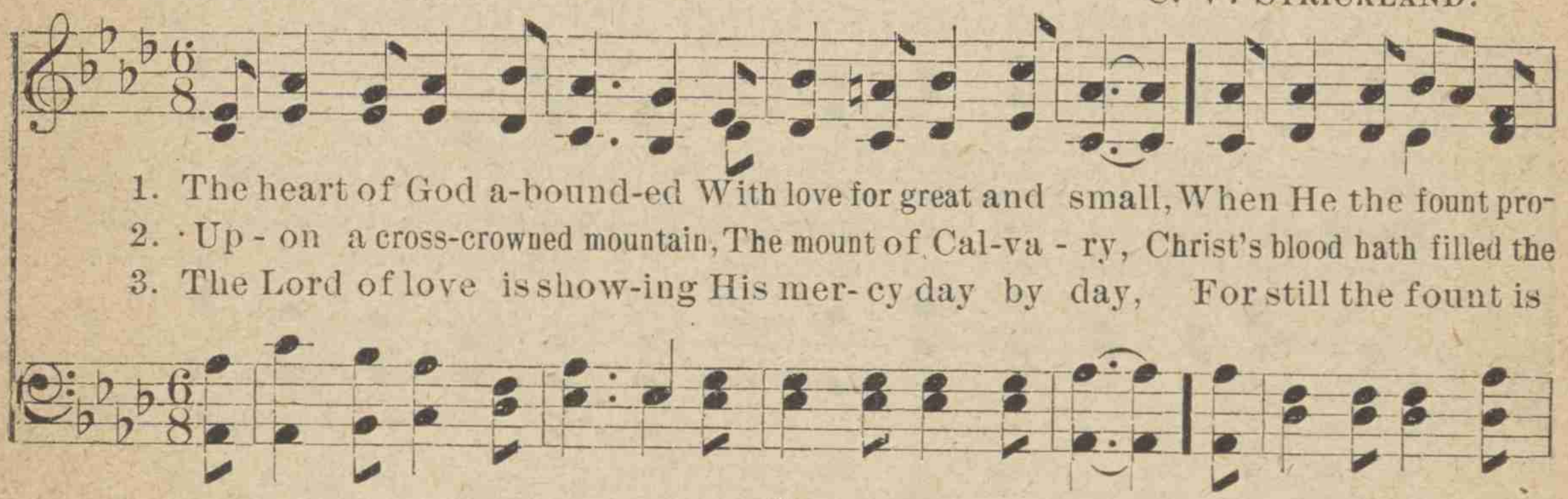
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THE SHINING LIGHT.



No. 36. FOUNT OF REDEMPTION.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. C. V. STRICKLAND.



By permission.

No. 37. ARE YOU LOOKING UP?

BIRDIE BELL. C. W. JAMES.

1. Are you look-ing up for guid-ance When the way seems dark and drear?
2. Are you look-ing up for com-fort When your heart is sad and sore?
3. Are you look-ing up when lone-ly, When you need a lov-ing friend?

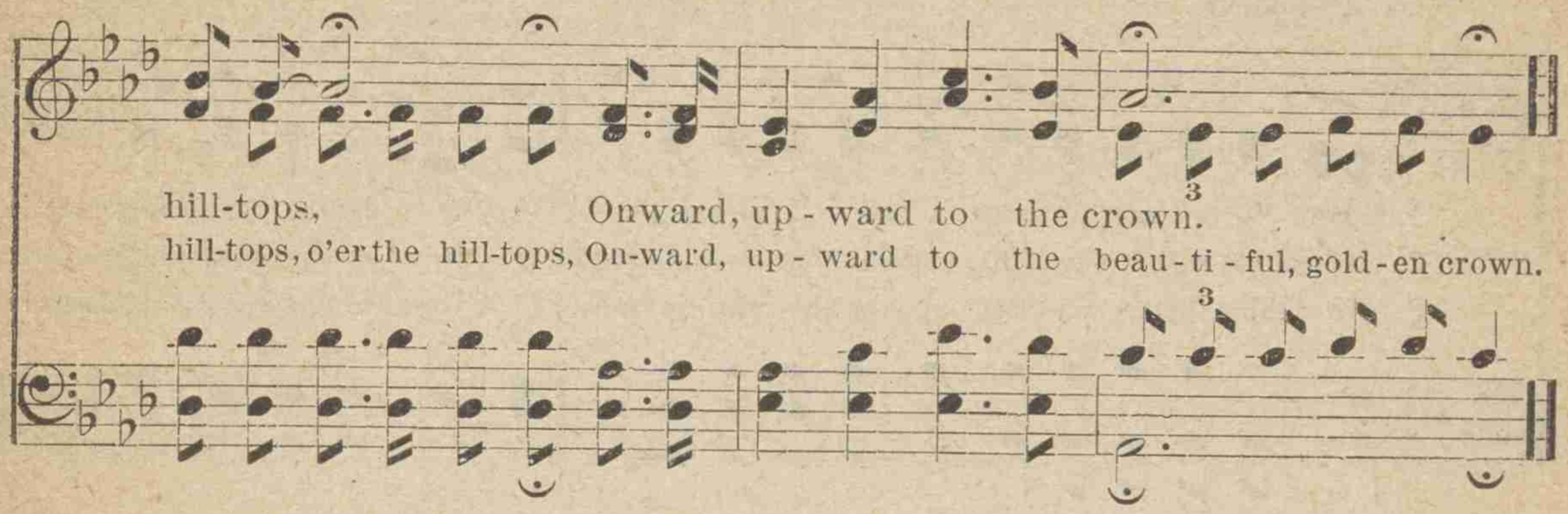
There is light be-yond the shad-ows, Trust in Je-sus, nev-er fear.
There are prom-is-es to cheer you, God has giv-en you a store.
There is One who will not fail you, He will keep you to the end.

REFRAIN.

When the path . . . is rough and thorn-y, Are you
When the path is rough and thorn-y, rough and thorn-y,
look - - ing up, not down? Light is shin - - ing o'er the
Are you look-ing up, not down? up, not down? Light is shin-ing o'er the

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ARE YOU LOOKING UP?



No. 38. CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

Anon. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 39. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

T. R. OSBORNE. A. H. COOK.

1. There is a path of peace, a way of pleasant-ness, O it is the King's high-way!
2. It shines with ho- ly light, and dai-ly grows more bright, O it is the King's high-way!
3. No thing that is un-clean up - on this way is seen, O it is the King's high-way!

And all who walk there-in are sav'd from ev - 'ry sin, O it is the King's highway!
It leads to heav'n a - bove, where all is peace and love, O it is the King's highway!
It is the way for all who heed the Saviour's call, O it is the King's highway!

REFRAIN.

O en - ter on this way; . . En-ter on the King's highway!
O en-ter on this way, while it is call'd today; Enter on the King's highway!
To - mor - row'll be too late, . . En - ter on the King's high-way.
Tomorrow'll be too late, pray do not longer wait, Enter on the King's highway.

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No. 40. WALKING IN HIS STEPS.

J. W. MORRIS. I. O. SHERROD.

1. Walking in His steps, O Christian pil-grim, To the Mas - ter whom you serve be true;
2. Walking in His steps with those in sor-row, Scatt'ring blessings ev - 'ry-where we go;
3. Walking in His steps to Cal-v'ry's mountain, Walking in His steps tho' rough the road,
4. Walking in His steps no ill be - tides us, Where He leads no harm can ev - er come;

Nev - er, nev - er yield - ing to temp - ta - tion, Al - ways seeking for some good to do.
Walk-ing in His steps, con-sole and com-fort, Sym - pa - thy, and love, and kind-ness show.
Nev - er lay - ing down the cross He gives us, For He'll give us strength to bear the load.
Walk-ing in His steps the way grows brighter, Till at last we reach our heav'n-ly home.

REFRAIN.

Walk-ing in the steps of Je - sus, Fol - - low, fol - low on;
Walking in the steps, the steps of Je-sus, Fol-low, fol-low on, Fol-low, follow on;

He will be our guide and lead us, Fol - - low, fol-low on.
He will be our guide, our guide and lead us, Fol-low, follow on, Fol-low, fol-low on.

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No. 41. JESUS IS CALLING.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. FINLEY LYON.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, I hear His lov-ing voice, Call-ing so gen-tly, O
2. Je - sus is call - ing, He points to realms of bliss, Wisdom is wait-ing, and
3. Je - sus is call - ing, I love the gen -tle voice, Charmed by His goodness, I

hear Him and re - joice; Glad will we has - ten, and fol - low Him to - day,
all her paths are peace; Glad to His king-dom we now will en - ter in,
make of Him my choice; His bless-ed serv - ice shall be my chief de - light,

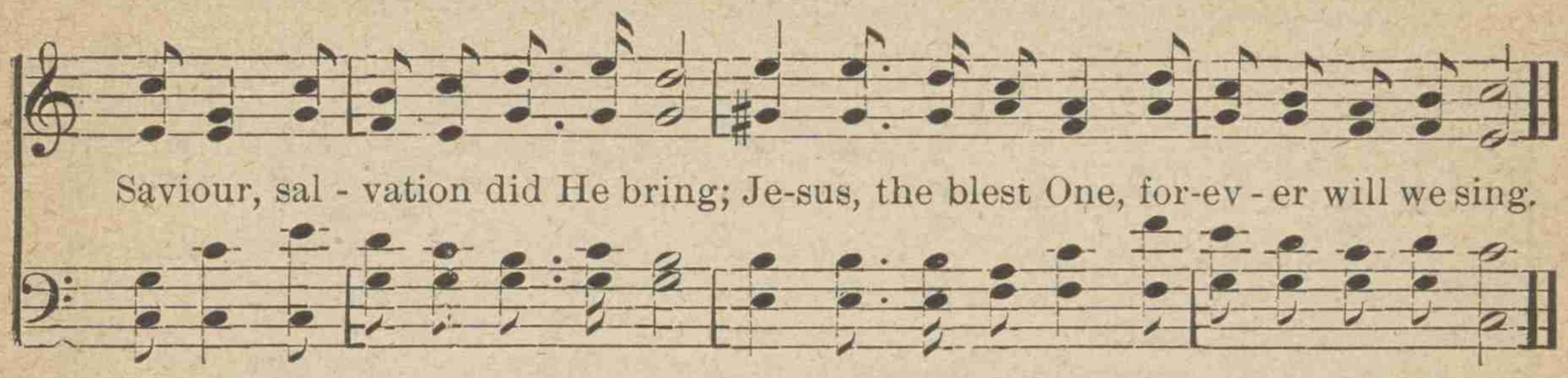
REFRAIN.

He is the true and living way, the liv - ing way.
Leaving the desert wilds of sin, the wilds of sin. Has-ten to Je-sus, He
His smile shall make the world all bright, the world all bright.

call-eth us to - day, Glad will we fol-low in the liv - ing way, Je - sus, the

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JESUS IS CALLING. Concluded.



No. 42. LEAD ME, O SAVIOUR.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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No. 43. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

"And an highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 8.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We're bound for glo - ry - land on high, Walking in the King's high-way;
2. This is the way our fa - thers trod, Walking in the King's high-way;
3. The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, Walking in the King's high-way;
4. No un - clean thing may pass this road, Walking in the King's high-way;
5. No li - ons here, nor rag - ing beast, Walking in the King's high-way;
6. We sing glad songs of joy and peace, Walking in the King's high-way;

We'll reach its man-sions by and by, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
The way that leads to heav'n and God, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
In des - ert lands shall burst a spring, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
But bur - dened souls may here un - load, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
But ran-somed souls as kings and priests, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
From doubt and fear we've found re - lease, Walk-ing in the King's highway.

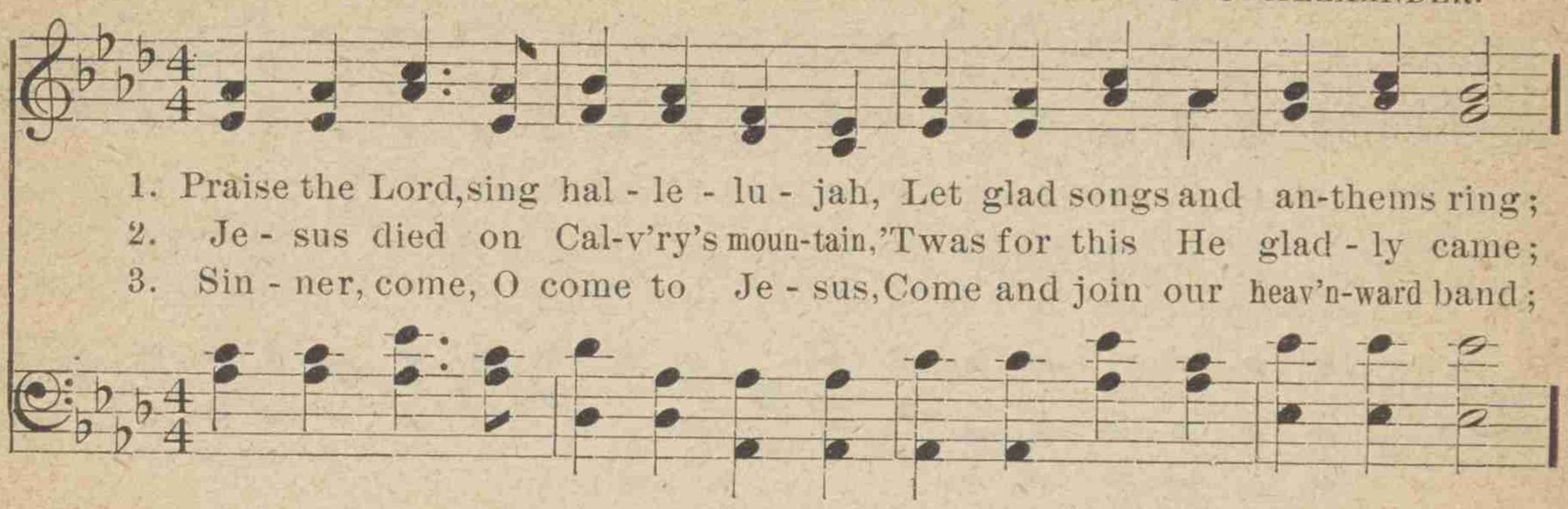
REFRAIN.

Walking in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway;
Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way, Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way;
And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

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No. 44. PRAISE THE LORD, SING HALLELUJAH.

SIDNEY D. SIMONS. C. C. ALEXANDER.



REFRAIN.

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No. 45.

UNTOLD RICHES.

W. J. R. A.

W. J. R. ANDERSON.

1. O sweet are the things in the Bi - ble I see, Of wealth that can nev - er be told;
2. O sweet are the things in the Bi - ble I read, Of man-sions so bright and so fair;
3. But sweet-est of all, in the Bi - ble I find That par - don and cleansing are free,—

A robe and a crown for the faith-ful are free, And treasures more pre-cious than gold.
No light of the sun nor the moon do they need, For Je - sus is light e - nough there.
That Christ in His mer - cy to all is so kind, And saves a poor sin - ner like me.

REFRAIN.

Pre - cious, more pre-cious than gold, A wealth that can nev - er be told;
Pre-cious, so pre-cious,

A robe and a crown for the faith-ful are free, And treas-ures more precious than gold.

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No. 46. THE HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy!
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee?

REFRAIN.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told, full and free!

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, it cleanseth me!

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No. 47. I LOVE JESUS.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Milton Alonzo Green.

1. Do you won-der why my heart is light and hap - py, Why my lips are tuned to
2. Do you won-der why I am no more a world-ling, But a fol-l'wer of the
3. Do you won-der that the days bring on - ly pleas-ure, That the hours pass on in

song and praise, Why the moments seem to be so full of glad-ness, Why my
ris - en Lord? I love Je - sus more than all the world be-side Him, And in
sweet con-tent, That I trust the Lord in faith and full as - sur-ance, Since I

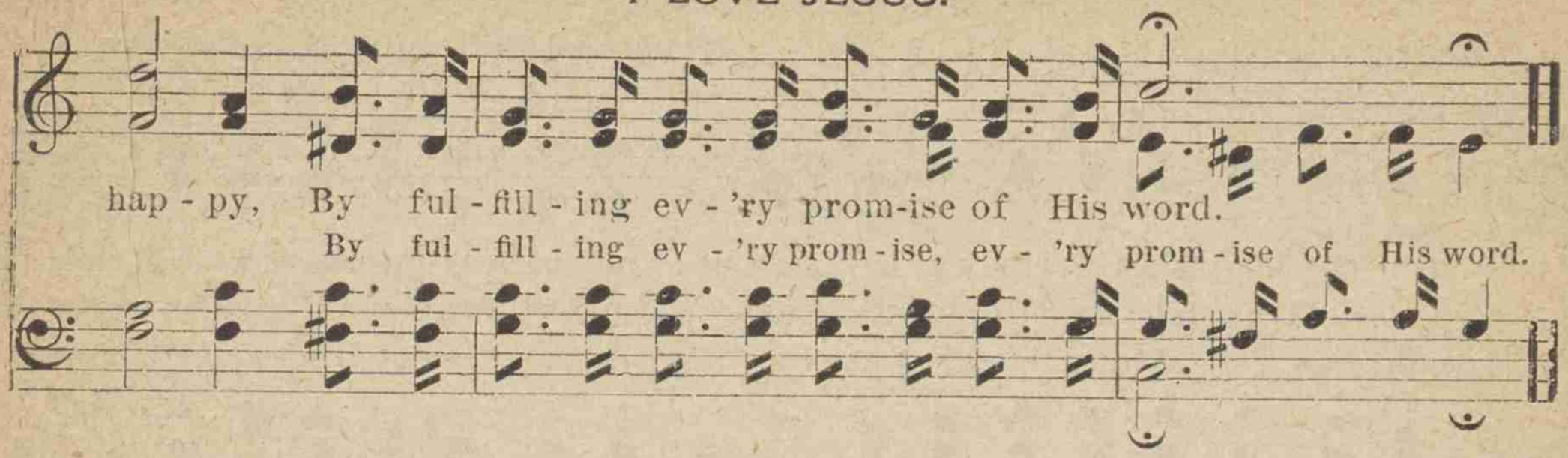
Refrain.

feet de-light to tread the heav'nly ways? I love Je - sus, I love Je - sus, And I'm
keep-ing of His word is great re-ward.
find His hand con-trol-leth each e - vent?

glad to be a wit-ness for my Lord; It is He . . . who makes me
for my Lord; It is He, it is He

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I LOVE JESUS.



No. 48. WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL GO.

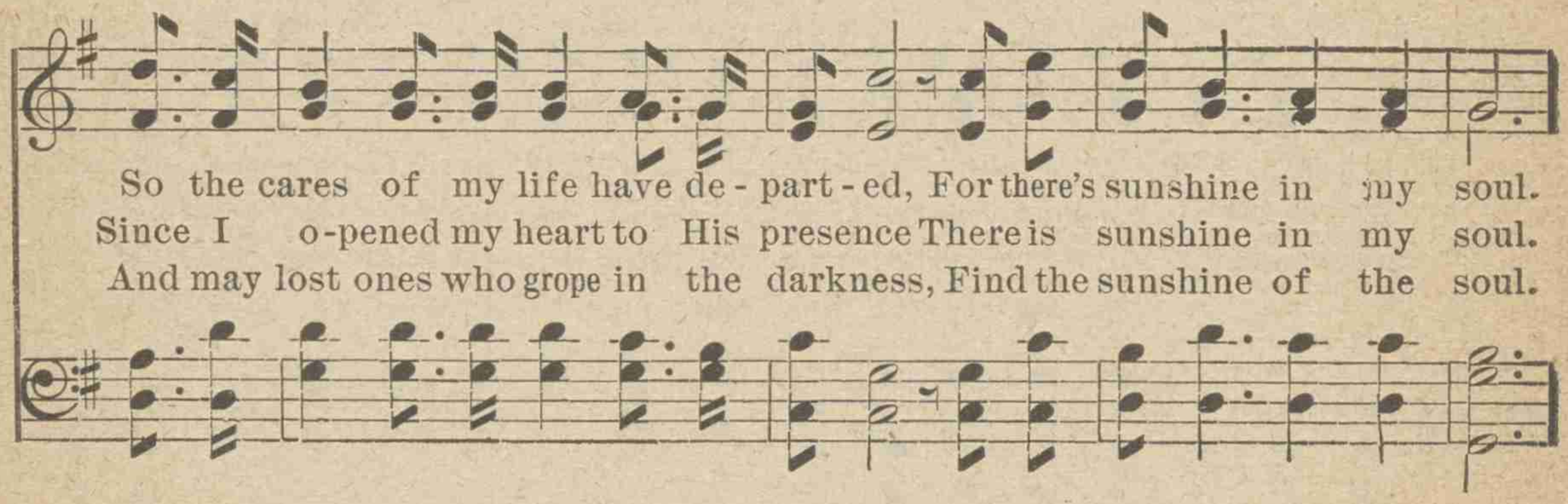
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. HOWARD E. SMITH.

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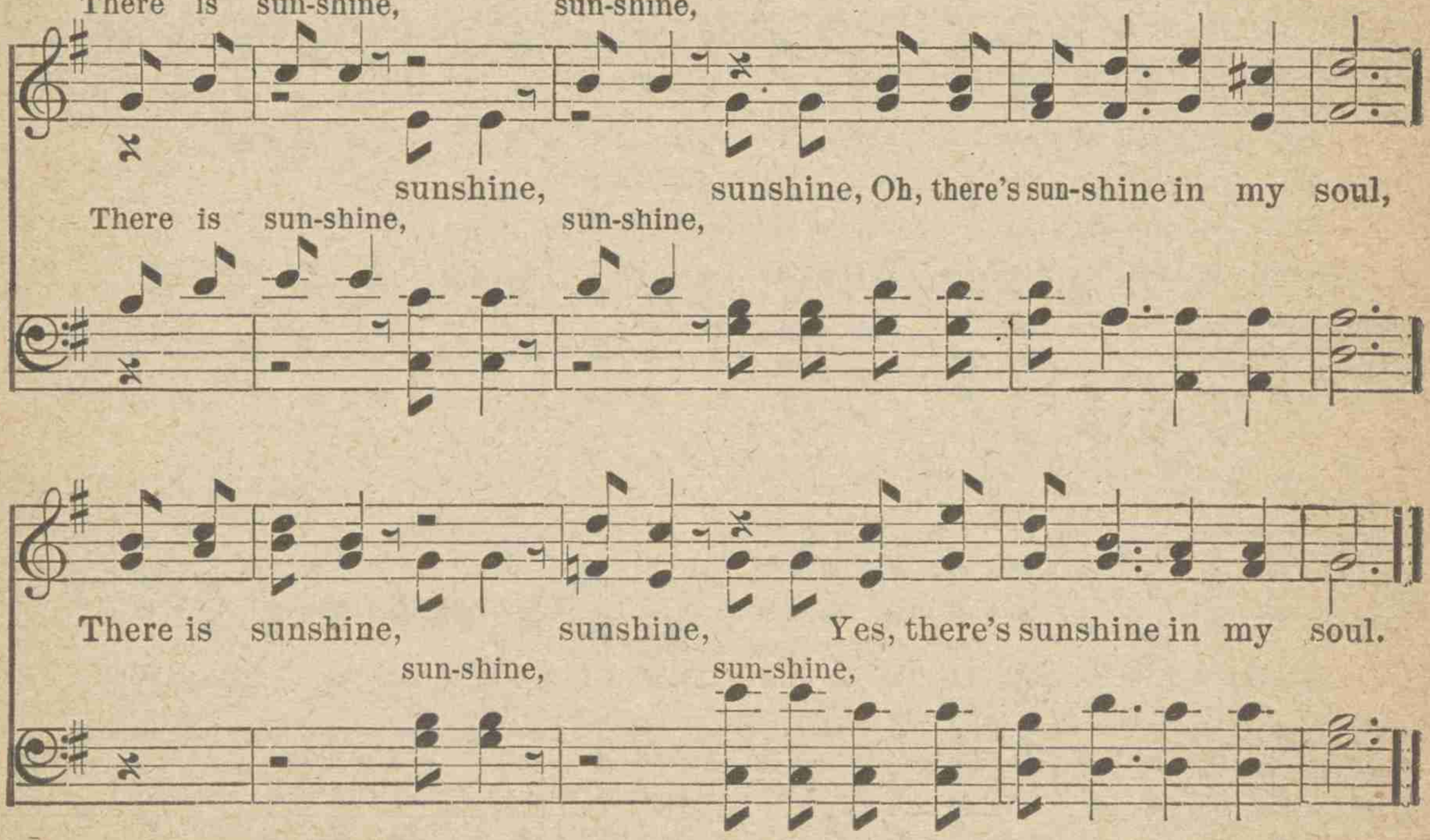
No. 49. THERE IS SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL.

ADALYN. Music and Refrain by S. J. PERRY.





REFRAIN.



No. 50. IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

BIRDIE BELL. C. W. JAMES.

1. Are you treading in the footsteps Of the Naz - a-rene to - day? If you fol-low
2. Are you treading in His footsteps? There are per-ils on each side, And the on - ly
3. Are you treading in His footsteps? Tempters meet you ev-'ry-where; Walk with-in the
4. Are you treading in His footsteps? He will lead you in the road, Till your earthly

REFRAIN.

where He lead-eth, You will nev-er go a - stray. Are you tread - ing in His
path of safe - ty Is the one where He doth guide.
nar - row path-way, Turn a-side from ev-'ry snare.
jour-ney o - ver, You will reach His blest a - bode.

Are you tread-ing in His

foot-steps? Are you walk - ing in His way? All a-long . . life's pil-grim jour-ney, . Fol-low Je-sus day by day.
foot-steps, in His footsteps? Are you walking in His way, the shining way? All a-long life's pilgrim journey, pilgrim journey, Follow Je-sus day by day, day by day.

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No. 51. PRAISE HIS NAME.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus died on Cal- va - ry, Praise His name, Praise His name;
2. He has washed and made me white, Praise His name, Praise His name;
3. Friendly sin-ner, come today, Praise His name, Praise His name;

Praise His name, Praise His name, Praise His name;

Died to set the sin - ner free, Praise His name, Praise His name.
Flooded all my path with light, Praise His name, Praise His name.
He will take your guilt a-way, Praise His name, Praise His name.

Praise His name, Praise His name, Praise His name.

From His side the life-blood flowed, Pay - ing thus the debt I owed,
Now in Him I find sweet rest, Trust-ing Him I am so blest,
On His name if you but call, Nought your soul can then ap - pall,

Took from me my heavy load, Praise His name, Praise His name.
For His love hath stood the test, Praise His name, Praise His name.
He will be your all in all, Praise His name, Praise His name.

Praise His name, Praise His name, Praise His name

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No. 52. JUST ONE TOUCH.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves a-long, Pushed and pressed by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless - ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
At His feet all my burdens roll,— Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.

REFRAIN.

Just one touch as He pass - es by, He will list to the faint-est cry,

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er divine. (divine.)

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No. 53. WONDERFUL MESSAGE OF LOVE.

Dedicated to my dear teacher, Prof. A. J. Showalter.

E. F. S. E. F. STANTON.

1. Je - sus de-scend-ed from heaven's bright shore, Wonderful message of love!
2. Je - sus came seeking and sav-ing the lost, Wonderful message of love!
3. Je - sus as - cend-ed His mer - ci-ful throne, Wonderful message of love!
4. Je - sus will "quickly" re- turn to His fold, Wonderful message of love!

We became rich by His be - ing made poor, Wonder-ful message of love!
Died on mount Calv'ry, thus pay-ing the cost, Wonder-ful message of love!
He "ev - er liv-eth" to plead for His own, Wonder-ful message of love!
We shall for - ev - er His glo - ry be-hold, Wonder-ful message of love!

REFRAIN.

Won - der - ful mes - sage, Won - der - ful mes - sage,
Won-der-ful, won-der - ful mes-sage of love, Won-der-ful, won-der - ful mes-sage of love,

Won - der - ful mes - sage, Won-der-ful mes-sage of love!
Won - der-ful, won-der - ful mes-sage of love,

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No. 54. LOOK BACK AND REJOICE.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Look back o'er the path He has led you, The road that seem'd weary and long,
2. So of - ten your Saviour stood by you, When you nev - er knew He was near,
3. Look back and be glad He de - nied you The pleas-ures that prov'd but a snare,

You'll see in each step His dear footprints, Be thank-ful and praise Him with song.
To guard you from sin and temp-ta - tion, To speak to your soul words of cheer.
And know tho' so of - ten un wor - thy, You ev - er were un - der His care.

REFRAIN.

Re-joice as the way groweth brighter, And trust in the in - fin - ite

Re - joice as the way groweth brighter, ev - er brighter, And trust in the in - fin - ite

love, That ev - er has led, and will lead you Un - to the dear homeland a - bove.

love, precious love,

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No. 55. WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL FOLLOW.

23d Psalm.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The Lord is now my Shep - herd, Where He leads me I will fol - low;
2. He leads me by still wa - ters, Where He leads me I will fol - low;
3. In paths of right He guides me, Where He leads me I will fol - low;
4. In death I'll fear no e - vil, Where He leads me I will fol - low;
5. In per - fect peace He feeds me, Where He leads me I will fol - low;
6. In all my life He'll keep me, Where He leads me I will fol - low;

No want shall e'er come near me, Where He leads me I will fol - low.
And in - to green - est pas - tures, Where He leads me I will fol - low.
My faint - ing soul re - stor - eth, Where He leads me I will fol - low.
For there He will be with me, Where He leads me I will fol - low.
My bless - ings run - eth o - ver, Where He leads me I will fol - low.
I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er, Where He leads me I will fol - low.

REFRAIN.

In His foot-steps fol - low, In His foot-steps fol - low;
In His foot - steps fol - low ev - 'ry day, In His foot - steps fol - low lest I stray;

Yes, where He leads me I will fol - low, Fol - low all the way.

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No. 56. THE CROWNING, BY AND BY.

W. T. GIFFE. L. O. EMERSON.

1. By and by the mists shall all be cleared away, And the light break forth a - new;
2. By and by we all shall see the rea-son why Thorns and briars be - set our way;
3. By and by our eyes shall o - pen to the sight Of our Lord in glo - ry crowned;

Then we shall see 'twas God that led the way, All the wea - ry jour-ney thro'.
Why clouds be-gloomed the sun in mid -day sky, Why the night drove out the day.
And we shall see His Son enthroned in light, 'Mid the an - gel host a-round.

REFRAIN.

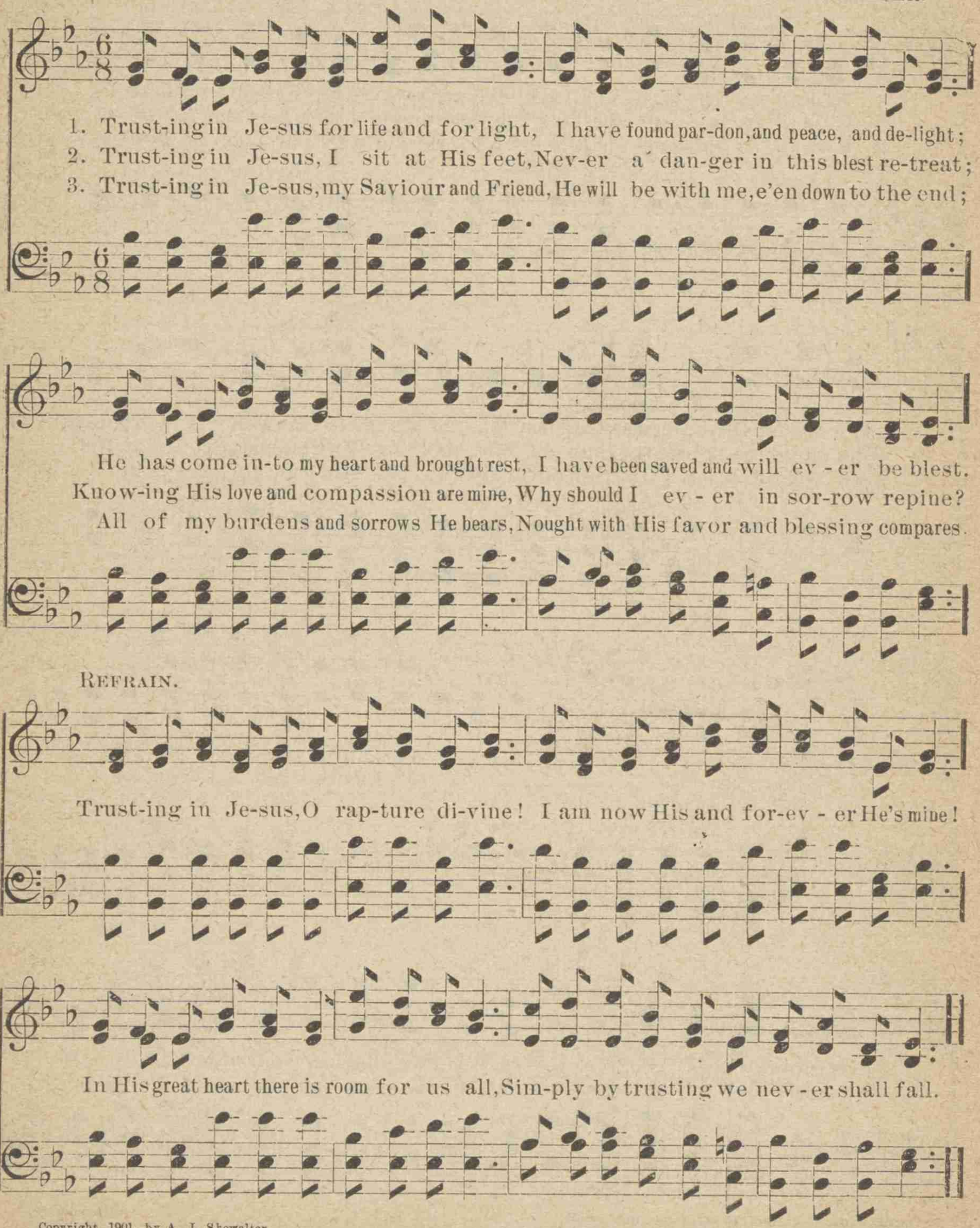
By and by, by and by, 1 & 2. We'll understand it by and by;
3. We shall see Jesus, by and by;
By and by, by and by, by and by;

Oh, grand will be the vic - to - ry, When we shall un -derstand it, by and by.
Oh, grand will be the vic - to - ry, Of Je - sus at the crown-ing, by and by.

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No. 57. TRUSTING IN JESUS.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.



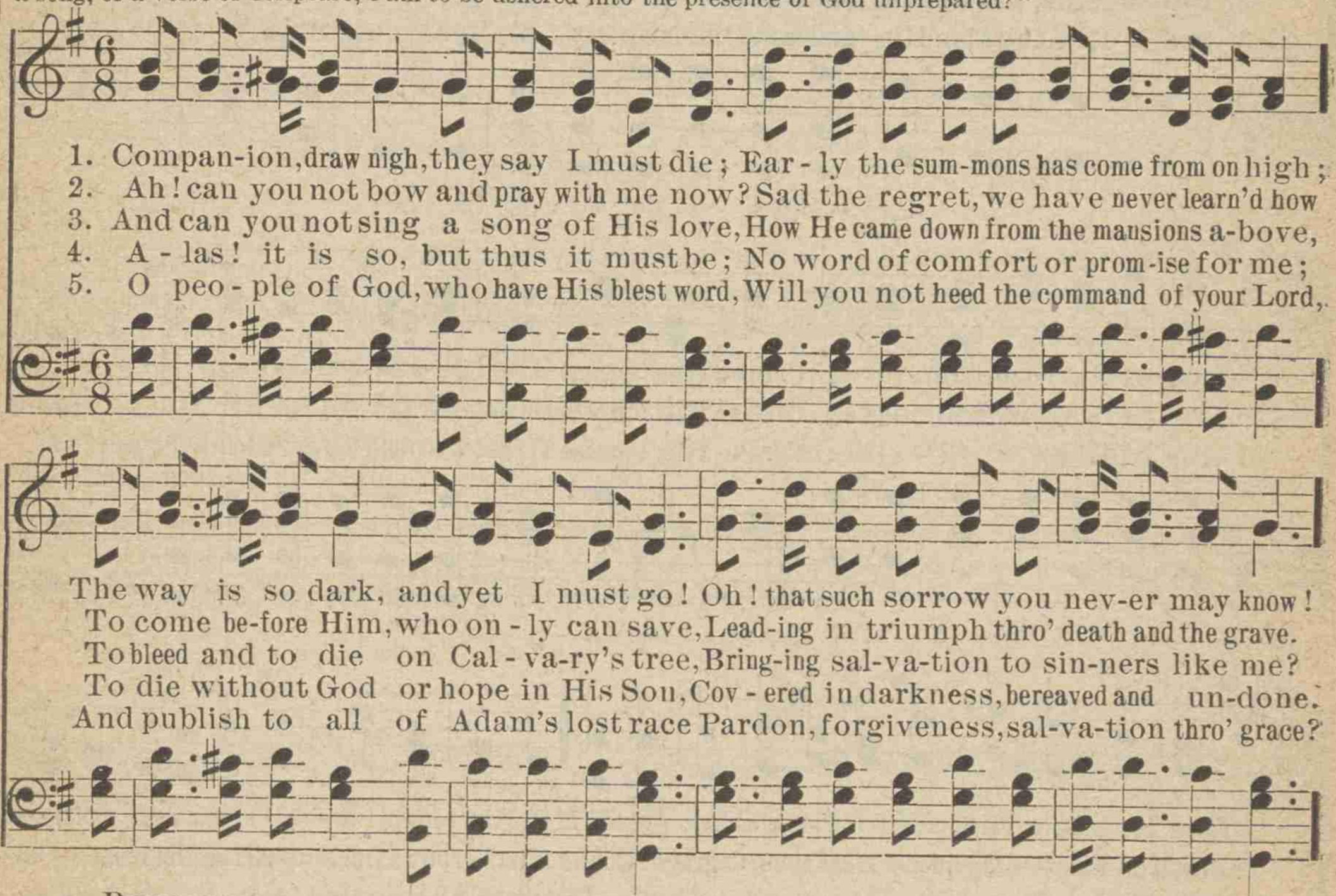
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No. 58. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B.

S. M. Brown.

Two young men, who had been brought up together in a distant state, came to Kansas City to get a start in the world. They were employed in laboring on the piers of one of the great railroad bridges on the Missouri River. An accident occurred in which several men were injured; among them was one of these young men, who was fatally crushed. He was taken into one of the tents in which the laborers were living, and being conscious, he was told by the physician that he could live only a few hours. He requested his companion to pray with him, and stated that he was not prepared to die. His friend assured him that he did not pray for himself and was not fit to pray for a dying man. Then he asked that a song might be sung, but was again assured by his friend that he knew no song appropriate to an occasion like that. Finally, he begged that a Bible might be brought and a few verses read to him before he died. The tents and cabins were searched, and there was not a copy of the word of God to be found, and so, among his last words the dying man exclaimed: "And is it possible that away from home and without a prayer, a song, or a verse of Scripture, I am to be ushered into the presence of God unprepared?"



Refrain.

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No. 59. PRAISE TO THE TRIUNE GOD.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Praise Him ! praise Him ! praise the Cre - a - tor of all things, Sing, ye mor-tals !
2. Praise Him ! praise Him ! praise the Re-deemer all - glo-rious, Sing, ye ransomed !
3. Praise Him ! praise Him ! praise the blest Spirit E - ter - nal, Sing, ye toil - ers !

sing of His wondrous love ; Praise Him ! praise Him ! Je-sus, our Saviour, He's given,
sing of His pow'r to save ; Praise Him ! praise Him ! o - ver all e - vil vic - to-rious,
sing of His pow'r di - vine ; Praise Him ! praise Him ! wooing to regions su-per-nal,

That He might His love for His children prove ! Hail Him ! hail Him ! hail Him, Jehovah, E-
Death is vanquish'd, conquer'd art thou, O grave ! Crown Him ! crown Him ! crown Him the King of Sal-
On the sa-cred page as a light doth shine ! Bless Him ! bless Him ! bless Him for being so

ter - nal ! God, the Fa-ther ! thron'd in the heav'ns a - bove ; Praise Him ! praise Him !
va-tion ! Fount of cleansing ! in its cool wa - ters lave ; Praise Him ! praise Him !
gra-cious ! Ho - ly Spir - it ! Spir - it of love be - nign ! Praise Him ! praise Him !

, Copyright, 1898, by A. J. Showalter,

PRAISE TO THE TRIUNE GOD.



No. 60. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. Mrs. R. H. CORNELIUS.



REFRAIN.





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No. 61. GATHERED HOME BY AND BY.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There's a home for - ev - er blest, where the wea - ry rest, Just be-
2. In that bless - ed home on high all our treas-ures lie, And the
3. Hap - py home of light and love in the realms a - bove, For thy

yond the golden stars of the sky; And when life for us is o'er on this
Fa - ther ev-'ry want doth sup-ply; Aft - er all our doubts and fears and our
bliss our longing souls oft - en sigh; But if faithful here each day as we

FINE. REFRAIN.

changing shore, We'll be gathered to that home by and by.
bit - ter tears, We'll be gathered to that home by and by. O that glorious home on
work and pray, We'll be gathered to that home by and by.

D. S. *sweet to know We'll be gathered to that home by and by.*

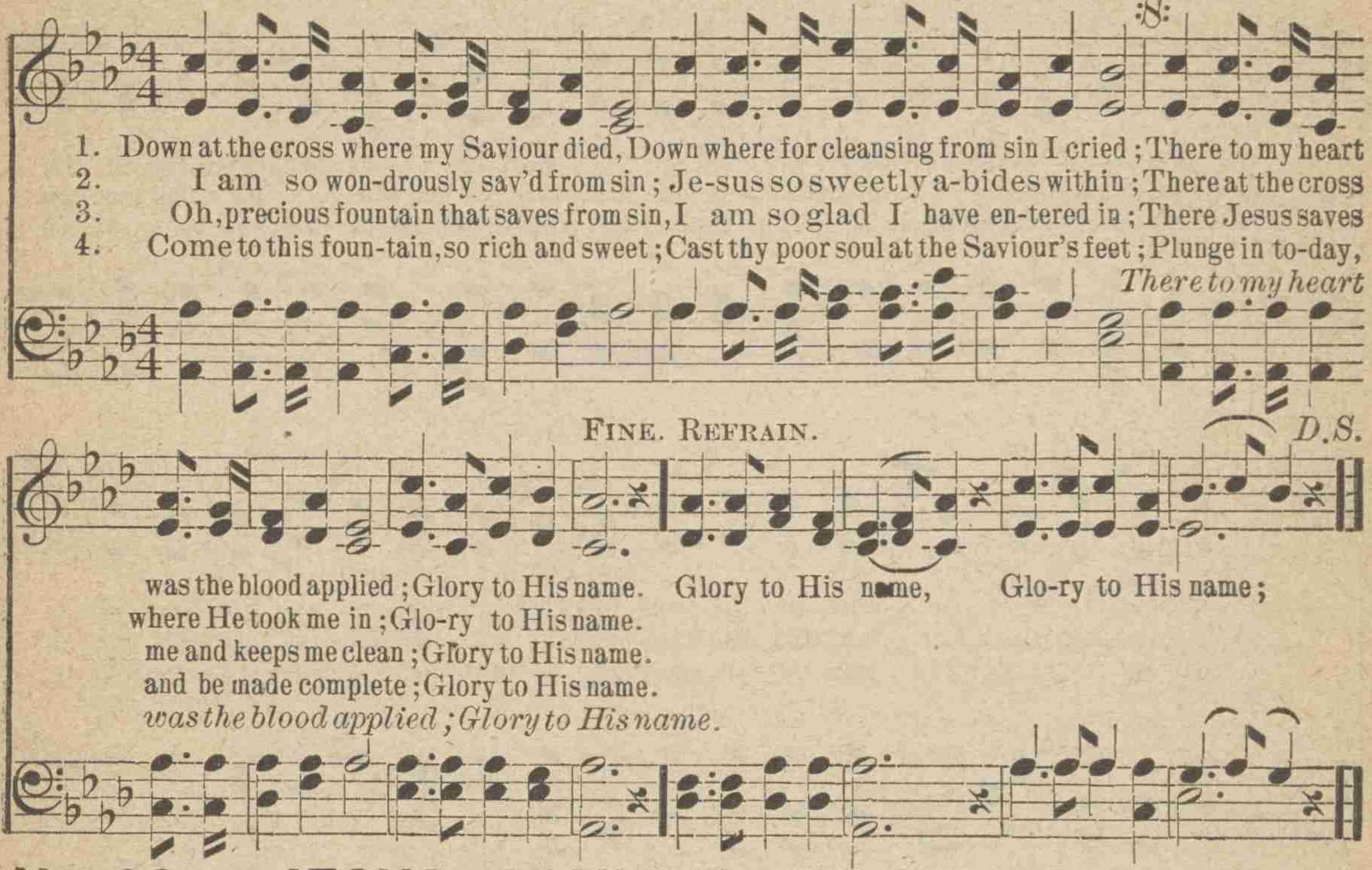
D. S.

high! Home where loved ones nev-er die! As we jour-ney here be-low it is

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No. 62. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.



No. 63. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.

No. 64. WHERE ART THOU?

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Where art thou, where art thou, O child of the Lord? Re - mem - ber thy prom-ise to
2. Where art thou, toil - ing one, and why art thou sad When oth - ers a - round thee are
3. Where art thou, watchman, where? the Master de - mands; Why closed are thine eye - lids, and

stand by His word; Be - ware of the pleas-ures that lure thee a - way, Leave not for to -
joy - ful and glad? For all the rich bless-ings thy spi - rit re-ceives—Is this thy re -
fold - ed thy hands? The star of the morn-ing be - hold and re - joice, And then like a

D.S. *Leave not for to -*

REFRAIN.

mor - row the work of to - day! A - wake, thou that sleep-est, A - wake and be wise! For
turn - ing—a hand-ful of leaves?
trum - pet, O lift up thy voice.

mor - row the work of to - day!

D.S.

how canst thou slum-ber in sight of the prize? The Master is call - ing, His warn-ing o - bey,

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No. 65. COME, COME TODAY.

J. S. DARNELL. H. P. CLACK.

1. Je - sus is waiting, sin-ner, why de-lay? Come, come to-day, come, come to-day;
2. Sin - ner, He free-ly gave His life for all, Come, come to-day, come, come to-day;
3. There are rich blessings He has promised you, Come, come to-day, come, come to-day;

He is our King and all must Him o - bey, He is the Life and the Way.
Why not ac-cept the Saviour's lov - ing call, And at His feet humbly fall?
Hea - ven and glo - ry if to Him you're true,—What more than this could He do?

REFRAIN.

Come, come to Je - - sus, Why still de-lay? come, come to-day;
Come, come, come, come to Je - sus,

Come, come to Je - sus, He is the Life and the Way.
Come, come, come, come to Je - sus,

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No. 66. THE MYSTIC GATEWAY.

In memory of Miss Elsie Head.

Composed and sung at her funeral, Dec. 11, 1900, by the Author.

Words and Music by A. B. CONDO.

1. Thro' the years of hope and prom-ise, As life's morn-ing days un - furl,
2. School-mates loved her gen - tle spir - it, None could fail to prize her worth,
3. From the hap - py fam - ily cir - cle, From the light and joy of home,

See the fond and lov - ing moth-er Watch-ing o'er that ten - der girl;
Full of prom - ise for the fu - ture, Soon, ah, soon she's passed from earth;
There has gone a treas-ured mem-ber, Leav - ing oth - ers sad and lone;

Oh, how oft in mid - night watches, While in peace-ful sleep she lay,
She has gone from care and la - bor. She has gone from grief and pain,
But this gloom is made to scat - ter, When we think of that glad day,

Moth - er knelt and prayed the Fa - ther, "Keep her safe - ly day by day"
She has gone to rest in glo - ry, And our loss is her great gain.
When we shall be re - u - nit - ed, In that home not far a - way.

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REFRAIN.



No. 67. ART THOU WEARY?

QUARTET FOR LADIES' VOICES.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, Tr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

No. 68. GOD IS GOOD TO THEE.

"The Lord is good too all." Ps. 145: 9.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Pilgrim, wea-ry, weak and thirsting, God is good to thee; From the Rock the stream is
2. Sail-or, on the mighty o-cean, God is good to thee; Stilled shall be the wave's com-
3. Toil-er, in the harvest reaping, God is good to thee; Golden sheaves are in His

God is good, is good to thee;

REFRAIN.

Wait with pa - - tience, ev - er

burst-ing, And His glo - ry thou shalt see.
mo - tion, And His glo - ry thou shalt see.
keep-ing, And His glo - ry thou shalt see.

Wait with patience, ev - er

trust - - ing, Tho' the end . . . . thou canst not see;

trusting, ev- er trusting, Tho' the end thou canst not see, thou canst not see; But

cheering are the words of promise, God is good to thee, God is good to thee.

God is good, is good to thee,

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No. 69. THE PROMISE IS SURE.

CHAS. WESLEY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all Thy peo-ple known;
2. A rest where all our soul's de-sire Is fixed on things a-bove;
3. O that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve and en-ter in;
4. Re-move this hard-ness from my heart, This un-be-lief re-move;

A rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a-lone.
Where fear and sin and grief ex-pire, Cast out by per-fect love.
Now, Sav-iour, now the pow'r be-stow, And let me cease from sin.
To me the rest of faith im-part, The Sab-bath of Thy love.

REFRAIN.

The promise is sure, yes, the promise is sure, The promise is sure un-to all;
Be-lieve and re-ceive it, and thou shalt be blest With fulness and joy of this ho-ly rest.

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No. 70. DOING WHAT I CAN.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the Lord's wide har-vest field, Car-ing for the pre-cious yield, There's a task for
2. Not for all are hon-ors high As the bu-sy days go by, But the Mas-ter
3. When for toil I am too weak, Words of cheer I still may speak, Or some cup re-

ev'ry hand, That will toil at Christ's command. Though I win not praise nor fame, There some
will approve Ev-'ry deed performed in love; All our la-bor He will own Thro' which
freshing bear, And with weary reapers share. When the Mas-ter shall ac-cord To each

humble place I'il claim, To ful-fil the Master's plan, Dai-ly do-ing what I can.
faith in Him is shown, So I'll fill my life's brief span, Dai-ly do-ing what I can.
one His right reward, Kindly He my work will scan If I do what e'er I can.

REFRAIN.

Gleam-ing 'mid . . . . . the gold-en grain, Or in
Gleam-ing 'mid the gold-en grain, Yes, gleaming 'mid the gold-en grain, Or in

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DOING WHAT I CAN.

sooth - - ing grief and pain, Let me serve . . . . till
sooth-ing grief and pain, Or in soothing grief and pain, Let me serve till light shall wane, Yes,

'ight shall wane, Glad-ly do - - - ing what I can.
let me serve till light shall wane, Gladly doing what I can, Yes, gladly do-ing what I can.

No. 71. CANAAN'S HAPPY SHORE.

THOS. KELLY. Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. To Ca-naan's sa-cred bound We haste with songs of joy, Where peace and lib-er - ty are found,
2. Our toils and conflicts cease On Ca-naan's hap- py shore; We then shall dwell in endless peace,
3. There, in ce - les- tial strains, En- rap-tured mil-lions sing; There love in ev - 'ry bo-som reigns,

And sweets that nev- er cloy. Hal- le - lu- jah! Hal-le - lu- jah! We are on our way to God.
And nev - er hun - ger more. Hal- le - lu- jah! Hal-le - lu- jah! We are on our way to God.
For God Him-self is King. Hal- le - lu- jah! Hal-le - lu- jah! We are on our way to God.

No. 72. IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD.

A. J. S. W. H. LAWSON.

1. In the vine-yard of the Lord, trust-ing in His ho - ly word, We will
2. There are des - erts lone and drear in the world both far and near, And the
3. To the fields we glad - ly go, toil - ing in this vale be - low, Look-ing

glad - ly la - bor day by day; Do - ing thus His ho - ly will, as we
call of God comes clear and strong; We will an - swer to the call, glad - ly
for the bless-ing from on high; For His prom - is - es are sure, they will

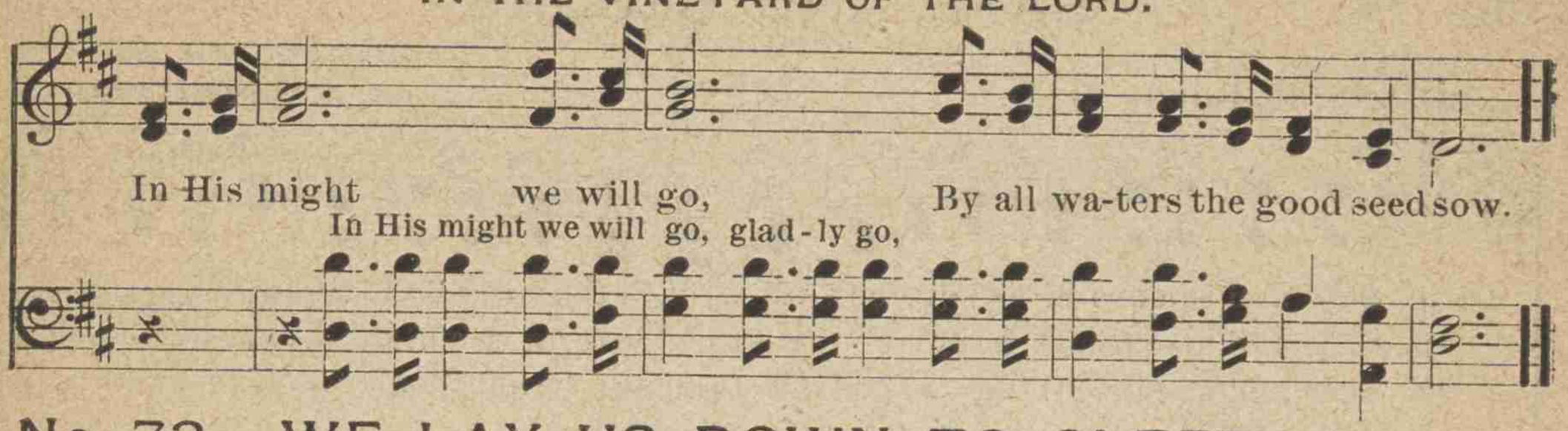
REFRAIN.

climb fair Zi - on's hill, He will rich - ly all our toil re - pay. We will
say - ing one and all, We will work for Thee with pray'r and song.
ev - er-more en-dure, Rich - ly He'll re-ward us by and by.

watch, we will pray, We will toil . . . . all the day;
We will watch, we will pray, We will toil, glad-ly toil all the day;

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IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD.



No. 73. WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

Anon. Arr. from SCHUMANN.

No. 74. SAFE AND SECURE.

Rev. W. H. DODGE, D. D. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Safe and se-cure in ev-'ry con - di- tion, Safe, troubled soul! tho' chasten'd of God;
2. Safe and se-cure, O happy con - di- tion! Safe in the night, secure from dismay;
3. Safe and se-cure, O blessed con - di- tion! Safe from all sin, secure from all harm;
4. Safe and se-cure, O gracious sal-va- tion! Purchase of Christ, redemption of God,

Safe and secure in ev-'ry tempta- tion, Je- sus will save you, He the way has trod.
Safe in fierce storms, se-cure in life's battles, Safe and secure when comes the judg-ment day.
Safe and secure the saints of all a- ges, Leaning on Christ, God's everlasting arm.
Sav- ing the lost, se- curing their pardon, Cleans-ing them all in Je-sus' precious blood.

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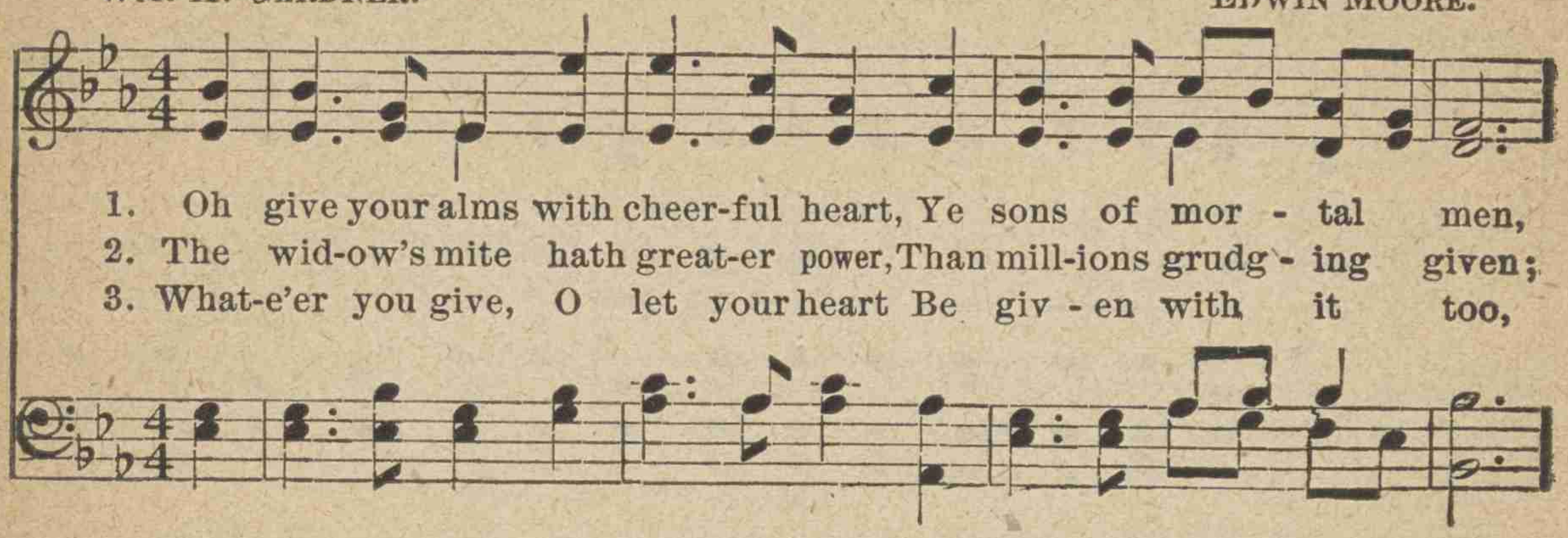
Safe! safe! safe and secure, Safe from the darts which e - vil por - tend;
Safe and se-cure!

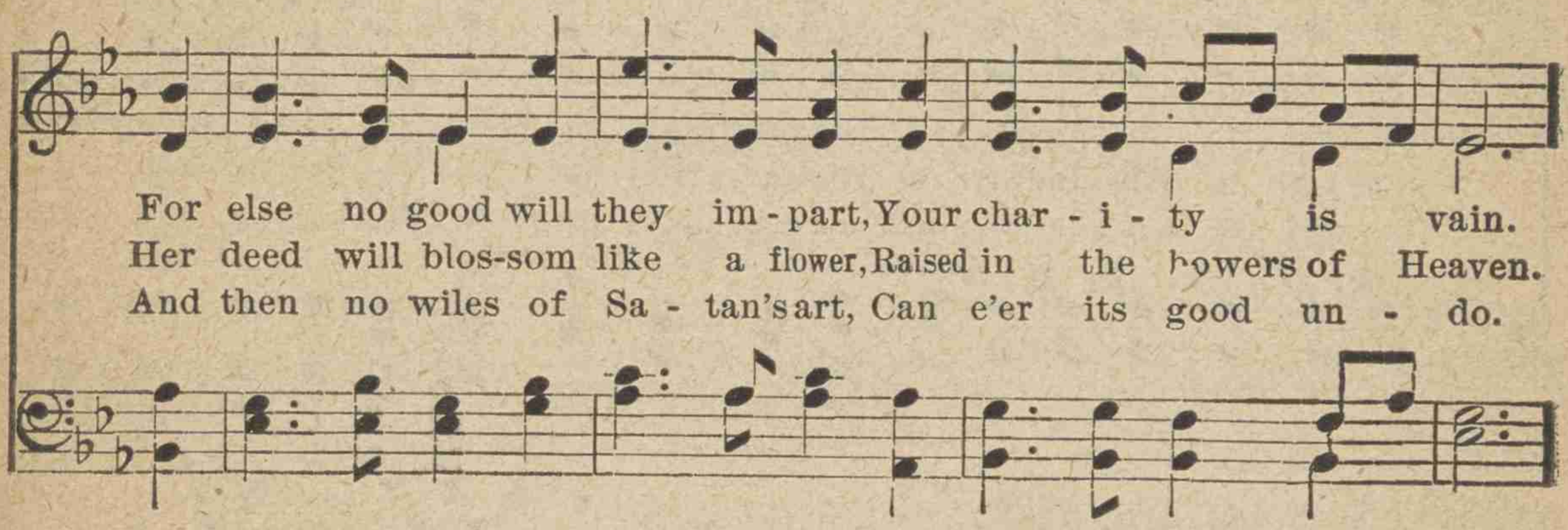
O'er all our foes we ever shall triumph, For Christ within us will our souls defend.

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No. 75. GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

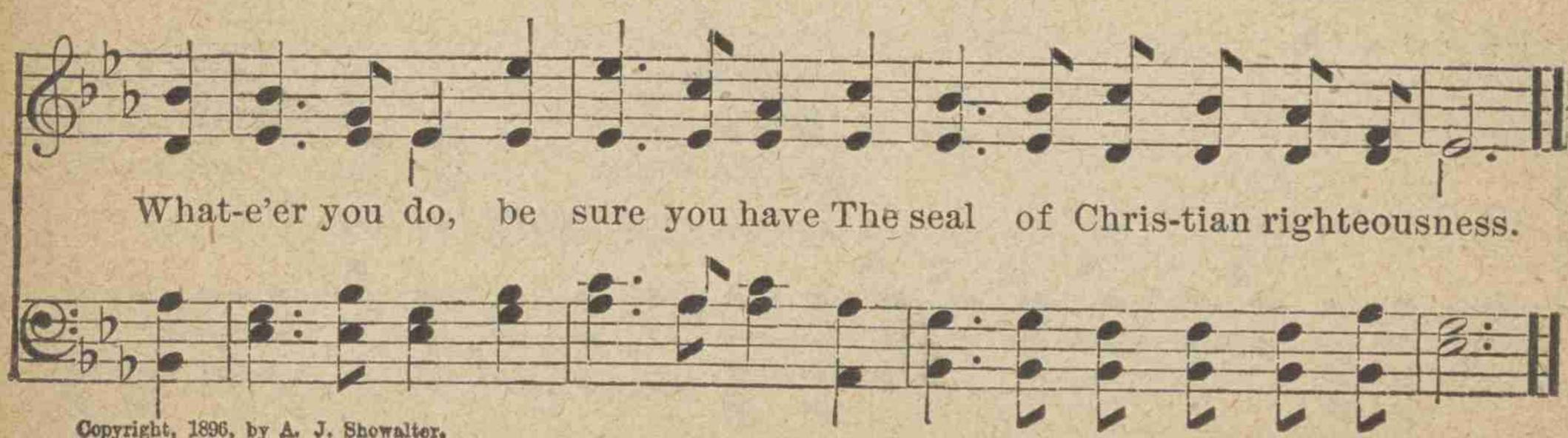
WM. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.





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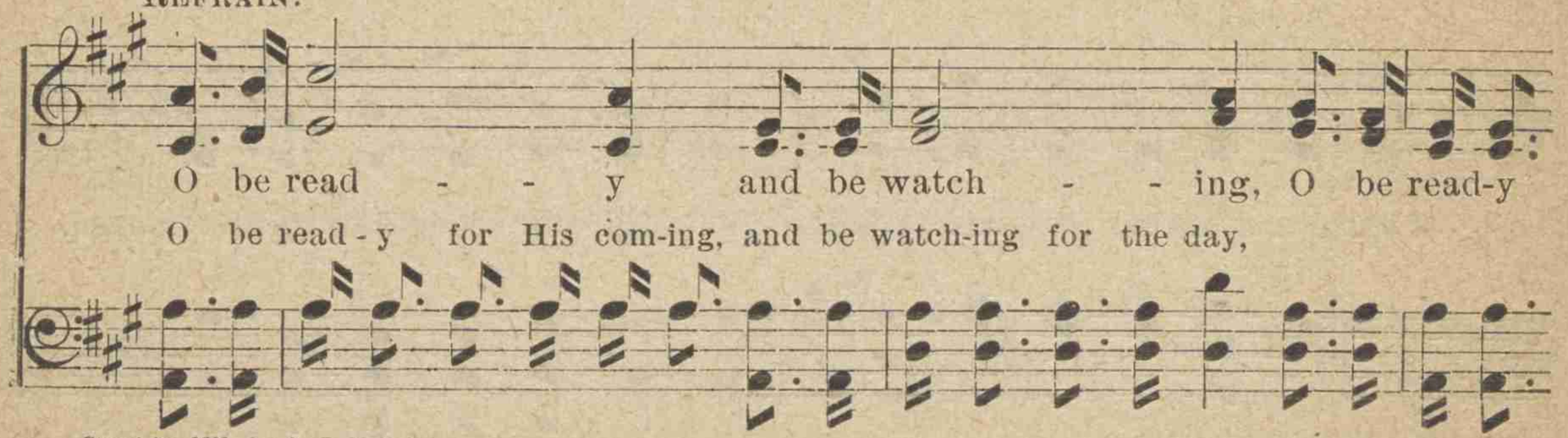
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No. 76. BE READY AND WATCHING.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

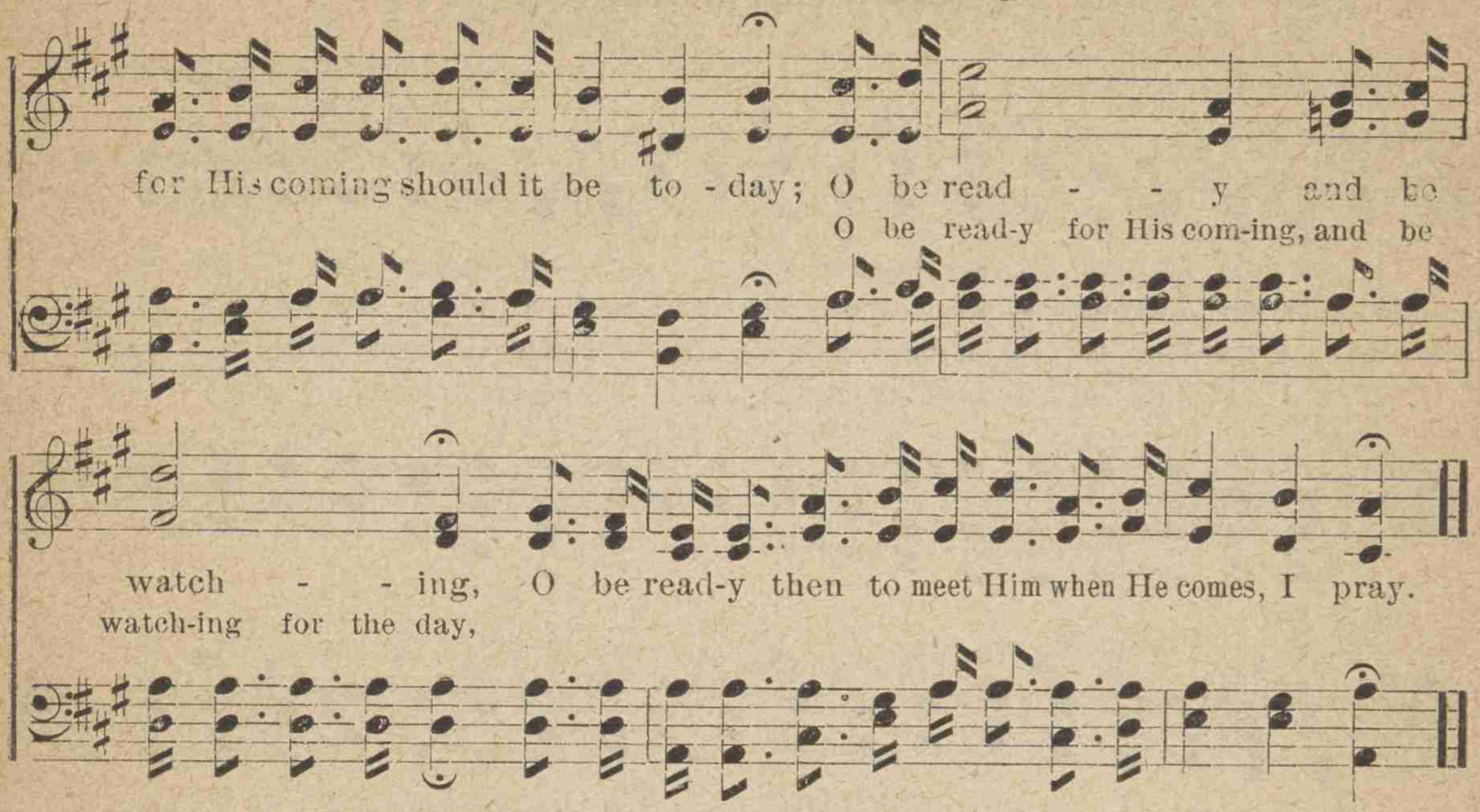


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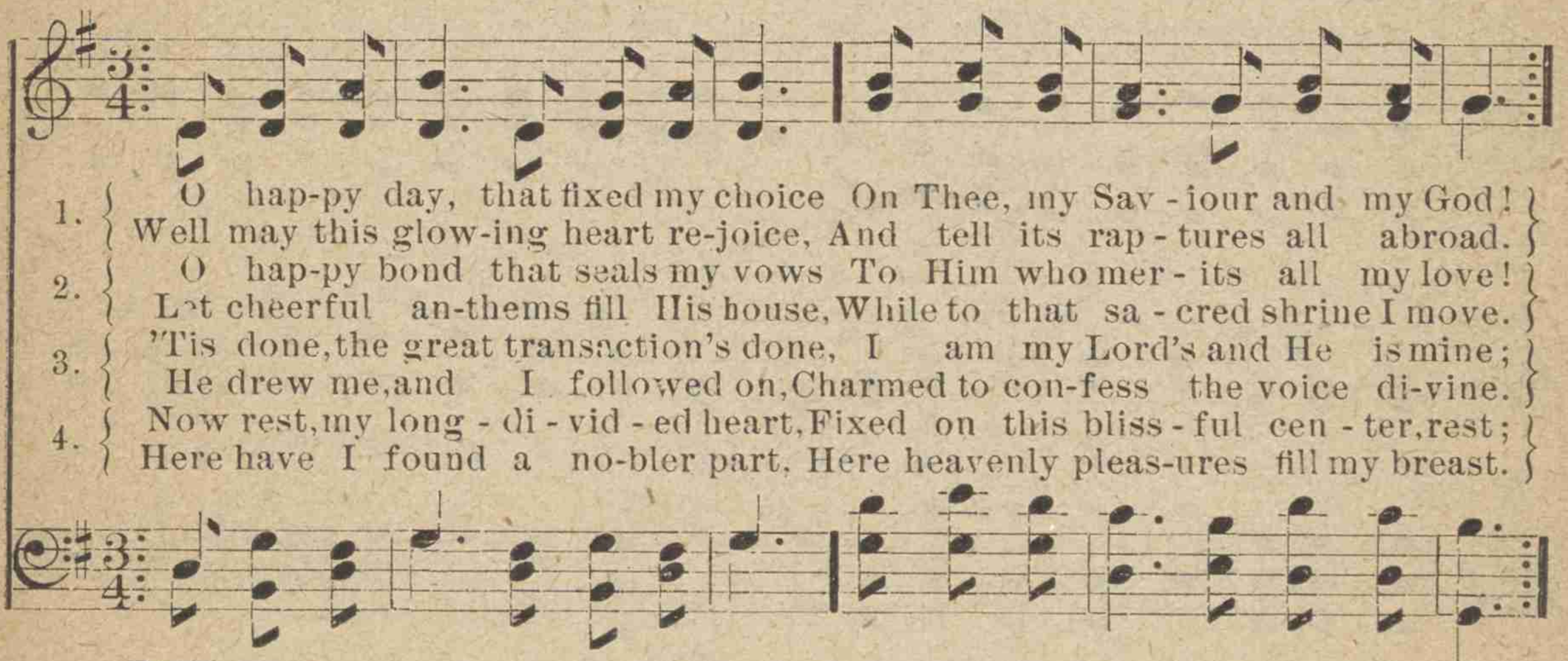
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BE READY AND WATCHING.



No. 77. HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.



REFRAIN.

No. 78. DRIFTING AWAY.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. H. H. THOMASON.

1. You are drift-ing a - way, my poor broth-er, So heed-less and care-less to - day; . .
2. You are drift-ing a - way on sin's cur - rent, Swift on to a des - o - late shore, .
3. From the God of your fa-thers, my broth - er, You sure - ly are drift-ing a - way; . .
4. He is wait - ing with sweet lov-ing kind-ness To cleanse all your sins in His blood; .

You are near - ing the rocks and the break-ers, You're thoughtlessly drift-ing a - way.
Where the pangs of re-morse are un - end - ing, Where hope of for - give-ness is o'er.
Yet a Sav - iour has paid for your ran - som, And waits to re - ceive you to - day.
He is of - f'ring you life ev - er - last - ing,— Be rec - on - ciled now to your God.

REFRAIN.

Drift - ing a - way, yes, drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way, you're drift-ing a - way;

Face round, my broth-er, and sail for bright Canaan, Take Christ for your pi - lot to - day. .

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No. 79. IN THE LIGHT OF GOD'S DEAR LOVE.

Mrs. Lizzie De Armond. A. J. Showalter.

1. Tho' the shadows gather round us, And the storms of sorrow fall, Let our fa - ces
2. If our life with Christ is hidden, We shall dwell with Him a-bove, And each grief will
3. Long may be the night of weeping, Rough the pathway that we tread, But the star of
4. Soon we'll gather at the portals Of the Par - a-dise a-bove, And we'll bless the

Refrain.

In the light, . . the blessed

still be shin-ing, For the Lord is all in all. In the light, the blessed
seem a bless-ing, In the light of God's dear love.
hope is shin-ing Thro' the darkness o-ver-head.
hand that led us In the light of God's dear love.

light, Ev - er shin - - - ing from a - bove; Lead us

light of God, Ev - er shin-ing from the courts a- bove; Lead us

where . . . . .

where, O lead us where the angels praise Thee, In the light of God's dear love.
His wonderful love.

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No. 80. 'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

CHARLOTTE ARCHER RANEY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Con espressione.

1. When the shad - ows dark - ly gath - er 'Round my path - way here be - low,
2. Let me learn the bless - ed les - son, That be - hind the black-est sky
3. Rest - ing sweet - ly in Thy keep-ing, Fold - ed safe - ly in Thy love,

And the floods of sore af - flic - tion Threaten me to o - ver-flow;
The bright sun of love is shin - ing, And the clouds must soon roll by.
Where no e - vil can come near me, And no tri - als can me move;

Then, O Fa - ther, give me shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing,
May I know the sure, safe shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing,
When I creep in - to safe shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing,

rit.

Then, O Fa - ther, give me shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing.
May I know the sure, safe shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing.
When I creep in - to safe shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing.

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No. 81. PRESSING ON.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Pressing on to the joys await-ing me, In the Par - a - dise so blest;
2. Pressing on, in the strength the Saviour gives, To at-tain the heav'nly prize;
3. Pressing on with a purpose brave and strong, With a pur-pose true and pure,

Pressing on,

Pressing on to the mansions fair to see, Where the wea-ry are at rest.
Pressing on to the home where Je-sus is, In the land be - yond the skies.
To that fair land of gladness and of song, Which for-ev - er shall en - dure.

Pressing on,

REFRAIN.

Pressing on, pressing on, To the goal that is be - fore;
Pressing on, pressing on,

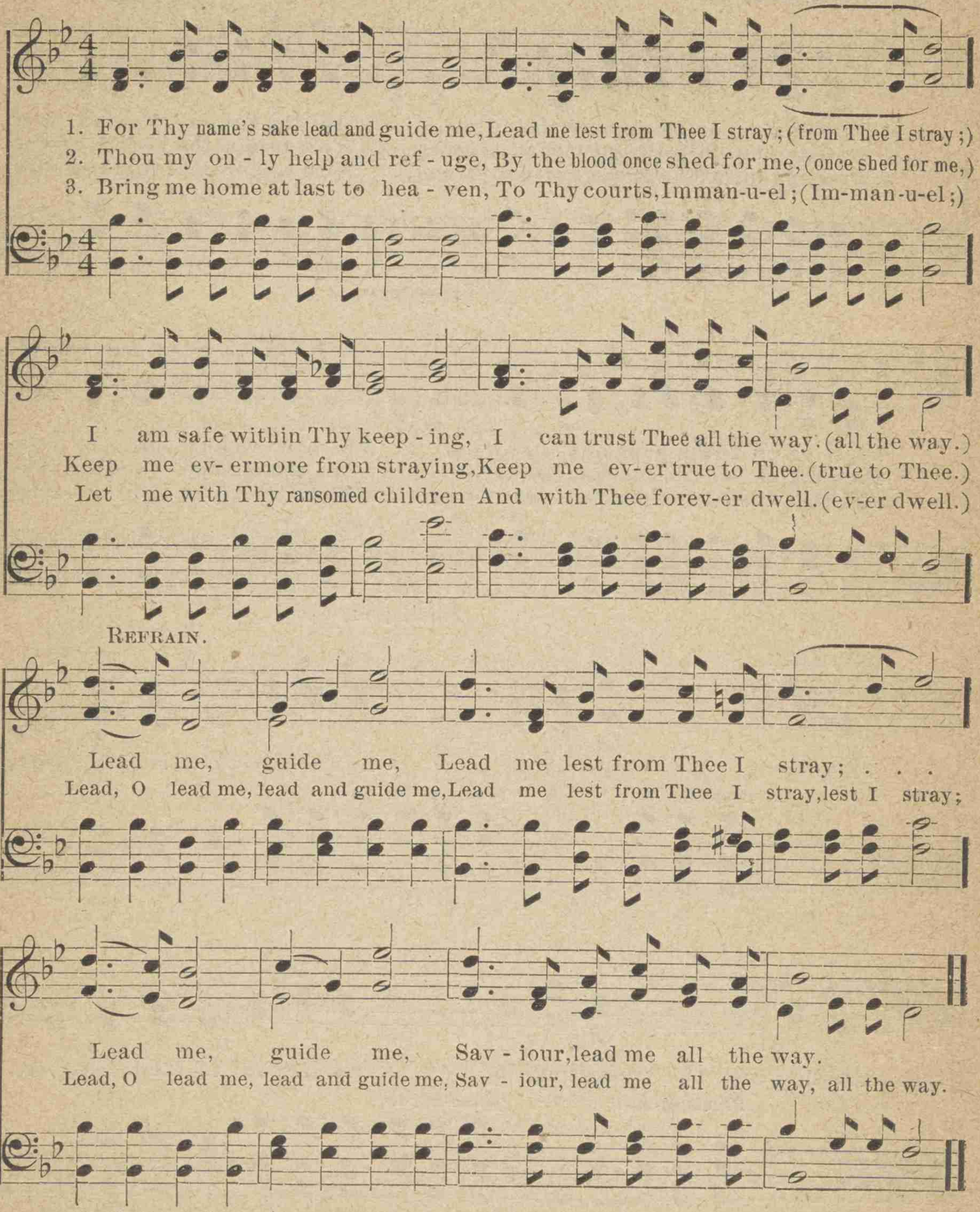
Pressing on, pressing on, Pressing on to Heaven's door.
Pressing on, pressing on,

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No. 82. FOR THY NAME'S SAKE.

"For thy name's sake lead and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

A. J. SHOWALTER. NORA HIGGASON.

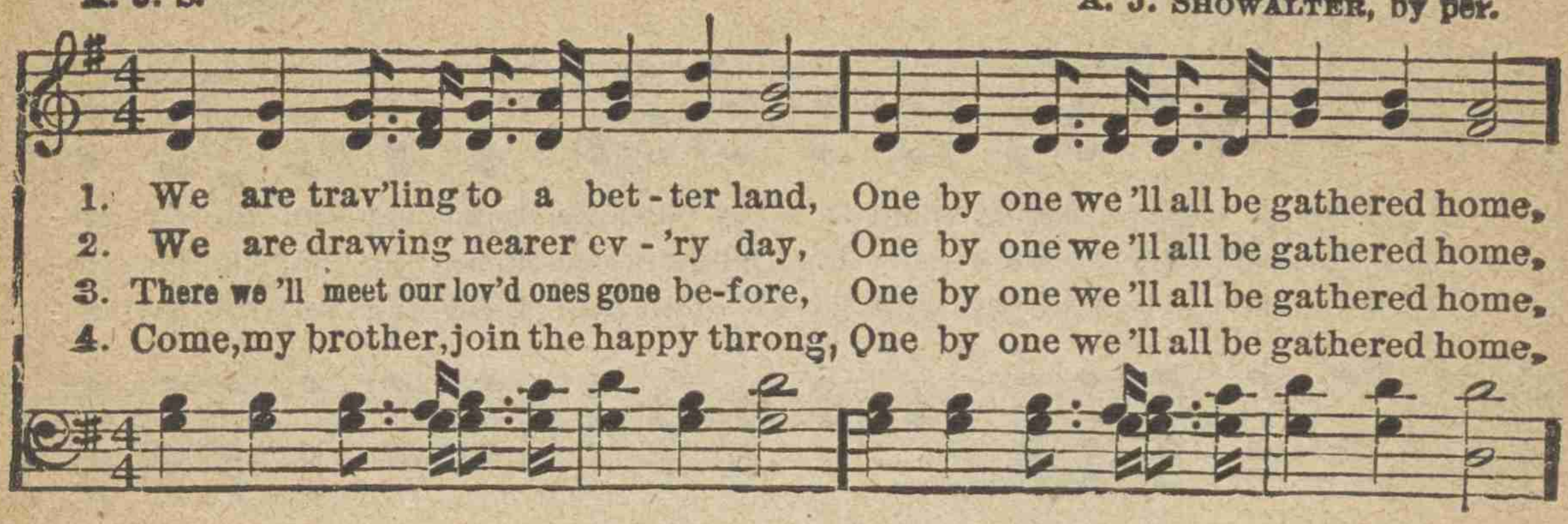


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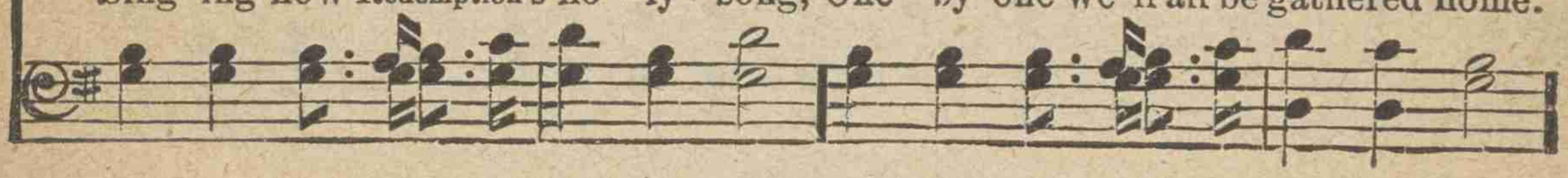
No. 83. GATHERED HOME.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet - ter land, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
2. We are drawing nearer ev - 'ry day, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
3. There we 'll meet our lov'd ones gone be-fore, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
4. Come, my brother, join the happy throng, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.



And we 'll trust the Saviour's guid-ing hand, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
To that joy that fadeth not a - way, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
And we 'll dwell with Je-sus ev - er - more, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
Sing -ing now Redemption's ho - ly song, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.



REFRAIN.



Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring, One by one we 'll all be gather'd home;
"Gath'ring together," "Gath'ring togeth-er,"



Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring, One by one we 'll all be gather'd home.
"Gath-'ring together," "Gath'ring togeth-er,"



No. 84. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-

last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

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Refrain.

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms! Lean-ing, lean-ing, Safe and secure from all a-larms;
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Jesus,
Lean-ing, lean-ing, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.
Leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,

No. 85. GOING OVER ON THE OTHER SHORE.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One by one our friends are call'd from earth-life, And they jour-ney by our side no more;
2. One by one fa - mil - iar tones grow si - lent, One by one dear forms are hid from sight,
3. One by one sweet voi - ces swell the an - them, Ring-ing thro' the cit - y built on high;

One by one they cross the sol-emn riv - er, Go - ing o - ver on the oth - er shore.
But a - far be - yond the chill-ing shad-ows Those we cher-ish dwell in heav-en's light.
One by one glad souls gain life e - ter - nal In that home where none shall ev-er die.

REFRAIN.

Go - ing o - ver on the oth - er shore! Go - ing o - ver on the oth - er shore!

pp *rit.* . . . . . .

One by one our well - be - lov - ed leave us, Go - ing o - ver on the oth - er shore.

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No. 86. FAITH IS THE VICTORY.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, *even* our faith." I John v: 4.

1. He that be - liev-eth that Christ is the Son, Having pow'r over hell and the grave,
2. He that be - liev-eth a wit-ness shall be Of the wonderful grace in his soul;
3. He that be - liev-eth henceforth shall re-joice In the fullness of mercy and love;

Trust-ing in Him as the In - fin - ite One, Hath the faith that is a - ble to save.
Sa - tan dis-may'd from His pres-ence shall flee, When the Spir-it thro' faith doth con-trol.
God doth proclaim him the child of His choice, And an heir to the kingdom a-bove.

REFRAIN.

And this is the vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, This is the

vic - to - ry that ov - er-comes the world; Christ leadeth triumphantly From

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FAITH IS THE VICTORY.



No. 87. AT THY SIDE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 88. TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST I CLING.

Respectfully inscribed to my Teacher, Prof. A. J. Showalter.

J. M. B. J. M. Bowman.

1. I am clinging to the blessed cross of Christ my Lord, I am liv- ing in the
2. I am feed-ing on the gos-pel bread that makes me whole, It is man- na in the
3. I am wait-ing for His coming thro' the wea-ry night, I shall see Him in the
4. I am drinking at the foun-tain, flow-ing full and free, And the dew-drops of His

sun-shine of His pre-cious word; I am shelter'd 'neath the shadow of His ten-der wing:—
des-ert to my hun-gry soul; I am thirst-y, and the liv-ing wa- ter He doth bring;
dawning of the morn-ing light: Where, O grave, where is thy vic-t'ry, where, O death, thy sting!
mer-cy gen-tly fall on me, Of His wondrous love and glo-ry I shall ev - er sing,

Refrain.

To the bless-ed cross of Christ I cling. I am clinging, ev-er clinging, I am

cling-ing to the cross; O what glo-ry, hon-or, blessing, sweetest mer - cy it doth bring! I will

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TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST I CLING.



No. 89. DELIVERANCE. C. M. D.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 90. THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

Respectfully inscribed to the earnest Christian workers of Chattanooga, Tenn.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We're soldiers in the temp'rance army, And we will strive to overthrow King Alco-
2. We spurn the ruddy, tempting wine-cup, And choose pure water clear and bright; The drunkard's
3. Before us waves a shining banner, With words of hope inscribed thereon; And where it

hol whose evil power Brings only loss, despair and woe.
vile and cruel bondage Shall never hold us in its might. We're soldiers in the temp'rance
leads we glad-ly fol-low, Un-til the vic-to - ry is won.

REFRAIN.

ar-my, And this our motto e'er shall be: " For God and home . . . . . and native
land," . . . . . Un-til from rum's dread curse we are free. . . . . .
" For God and home and native
land, fair native land," Un-til from rum's dread curse we are free, for-ev - er free.

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No. 91. LEANING ON THE SAVIOUR'S ARMS.

L. E. GREEN. J. D. VERNON.

1. O my heart is filled with wondrous love to-day, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms;
2. At the heal-ing fountain I have been made whole, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms;
3. When I came re-pent-ing Je - sus took me in, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms;
4. I am pressing onward to His man-sions blest, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms;

And I go re-joic-ing on my pil-grim way, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms.
Of its cleansing pow'r the half has ne'er been told, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms.
And He cleansed my soul from ev-'ry stain of sin, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms.
Soon I'll find up yon-der my e - ter - nal rest, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms.

REFRAIN.

I am lean - ing, I am lean - ing, I am lean - ing on the Sav-iour's arms;

I am lean - ing, I am lean - ing, I am lean-ing on the Saviour's arms.

No. 92. MAKE A FORWARD MOVE TODAY.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. A- rise, ye sol-diers of the cross, Who lie encamped at ease, Ye dare not stop to think of loss, If you the Lord would please; But press the bat - tle for the right, With
2. With those in front now march away, His ban-ner fol-low, true; If Je-sus conquers in the fray, He must de-pend on you; His hel - met of sal - va-tion wear, And
3. The foes a-round on ev - 'ry hand Now seek to press thee back, But with the Saviour in command, Thou shalt for noth-ing lack; So where He leads thee onward go, Nor

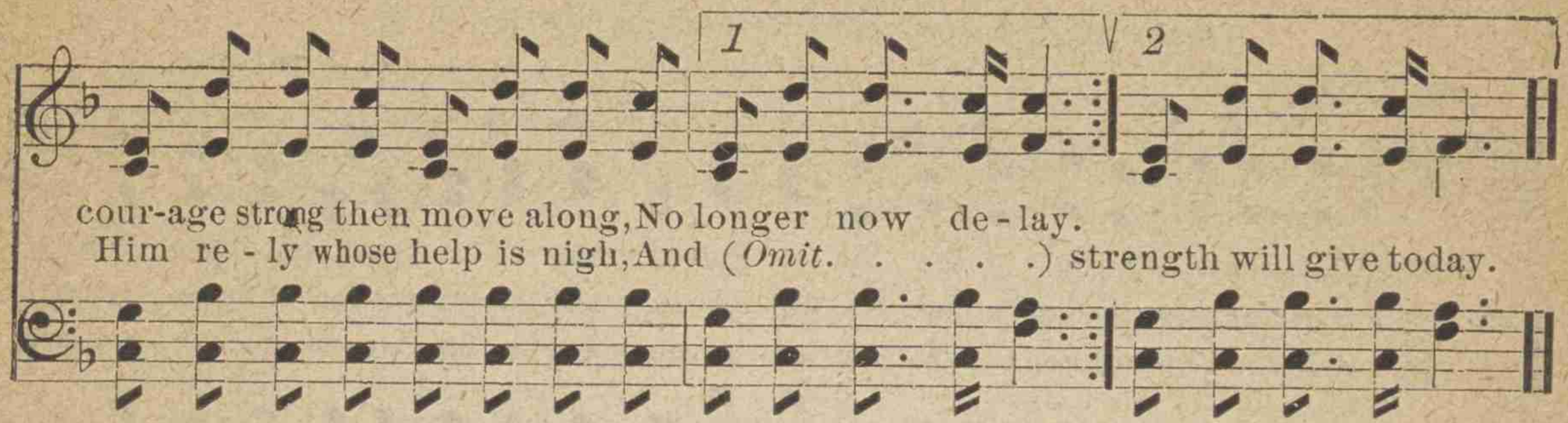
cour-age ev - er strong, The conflict then, ere comes the night, Must end in joy-ful song.
help to conquer sin, His ar - mor you must ev - er bear, If you the bat - tle win.
dare to trust thy might, For He shall conquer ev - 'ry foe, Who leads thee in the fight.

REFRAIN.

Then make a for-ward move to-day, Yes, make a for-ward move to-day, With
Then make a for-ward move to-day, Yes, make a for-ward move to-day, On

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MAKE A FORWARD MOVE TODAY.



No. 93. I'M ON MY WAY TO GLORY LAND.

A. J. S. J. T. SANDLIN.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

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No. 94. MEET ME AT THE PEARLY GATES.

Respectfully inscribed to the pupils of the S. N. M. I.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the wea - ry toil of this life is end- ed, And the Lord shall need us here no more,
2. Bur-dens here are heav-y and ills be - set us, And the race is run with wea - ry feet,
3. Here the wells are deep and the wa - ters bit - ter, And the light we see is but a gleam,

When He calls us hence to the land E - ly - sian, Meet me on that bright, e - ter - nal shore.
But in that fair land these will all be o - ver,—Meet me there to walk the gold -en street.
But the Sav- iour there is a liv - ing Fountain,—Meet me there be - side that cooling stream.

REFRAIN.

Meet me, O meet me, Meet me at the pearl-y gates above;
Meet me, yes, meet me, O meet me, yes, meet me.

Meet me, O meet me, Meet me in that glorious land of love.
Meet me, yes, meet me, O meet me, yes, meet me.

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INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPS; first lines in Roman.

A CALL FOR REAPERS . . . 31
ACQUAINTANCE WITH JESUS . . 18
ANCHORED AT LAST 2
ARE YOU LOOKING UP . . . 37
Are you ready for the Bridegroom . 76
Are you treading in His footsteps 50
Arise, ye soldiers of the cross . . 92
A river rolls along between . . 9
ART THOU WEARY 67
As you journey o'er life's highway . 16
AT THY SIDE 87
Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring 32

BE READY AND WATCHING . . 76
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER . 33
By and by the mists shall all be cleared away 56

CANAAN'S HAPPY SHORE . . . 71
CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING . . 38
COME, COME TODAY 65
Companion draw nigh, they say I must die 58
CONSECRATION 4

DELIVERANCE. C. M. D. . . 89
DOING WHAT I CAN 70
Down at the cross where my Savior died 62
Do you wonder why my heart is light 47
DRIFTING AWAY 78
DYING FROM HOME AND LOST . . 58

ETERNAL SABBATH. L. M. . . 22

FAITH IS THE VICTORY . . . 86
FOR THY NAME'S SAKE . . . 82
FOUNT OF REDEMPTION . . . 36

GATHERED HOME 83
GATHERED HOME BY AND BY . . 61
GLORY TO HIS NAME. . . . 62
GOD IS GOOD TO THEE . . . 68
GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER . 75
GOING OVER ON THE OTHER SHORE . 85
GO WITH THE MESSAGE . . . 21

HAPPY DAY 77
HE'S MORE THAN THAT TO ME . 23
He that believeth that Christ is the Son 86

I am clinging to the blessed cross . 88
I AM ON MY JOURNEY HOME . . 14
I can sing a new song . . . 12
I know I love Thee better, Lord . 46
I LOVE JESUS 47
I'm drifting no more 2
I'M ON MY WAY TO GLORY-LAND . 93
In mansions of glory prepared for the blest 15
In my Savior I am trusting . . 48
IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS . . 50
In the hour of gladness 60
IN THE LIGHT OF GOD'S DEAR LOVE 79
In the Lord's wide harvest field . 70
In the vineyard of the Lord . . 72
In this world of sore temptation . 27
It may not be on the mountain's height 4
I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB 12
I've found the peace my heart has craved 1

Jesus! and shall it ever be . . 3
Jesus descended from heaven's bright shore 53
Jesus died on calvary 51
JESUS IS CALLING 41
Jesus is Waiting 65
JESUS KEEPS ME 27
Jesus, my Lord, what wilt thou of me 42
JUST ONE TOUCH 52
JESUS, ONLY JESUS 60
JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME . . . 63
JESUS SOUGHT AND FOUND ME . . 34

LEAD ME, O SAVIOR 42
LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS 84
LEANING ON THE SAVIOR'S ARMS . 91
LEND A HELPING HAND . . . 16
LET THE REDEEMED OF THE LORD . 8
LOOK BACK AND REJOICE . . . 54
Look back o'er the path He has led you 54
LOOKING AND LISTENING . . . 9
Lord, I believe a rest remains . 69
LO, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH . 7
LUX ILLA. L. M. 13

MAKE A FORWARD MOVE TODAY . 92
McQUIDDY. L. M. 3
MEET ME AT THE PEARLY GATES . 94
My feet had wandered far away . 34

'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING 80

O give your alms with cheerful heart 75
O happy day that fixed my choice . 77
O how sweet to trust in Jesus . . 28
O Jesus, come I now 5
O my heart is filled with wondrous love 91
One by one our friends are called . 85
On the christian's path a shining light 35
OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN . 19
O sweet are the things in the Bible I see 45
O the sun shines in glory above me 49
Out in the harvest field of God . 10

Praise Him, praise Him, praise the Creator 59
PRAISE HIS NAME 51
Praise the Lord, sing hallelujah . 44
PRAISE THE REDEEMER 24
PRAISE TO THE TRIUNE GOD . . 59
Pilgrim weary, weak and thirsting. 68
PRESSING ON 81

SAFE AND SECURE 74
SAVIOR, STAY WITH ME 25
SINGING ON THE WAY TO GLORY . 1
Sing, O my soul, a joyful song . 89
SING PRAISES TO GOD 26
SITTING AT THE FEET OF THE MASTER. 17
SO NEAR THE KINGDOM 11

THE BAPTISM OF POWER 5
THE CROWNING BY AND BY . . 56
THE HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD 46
THE HARVEST FIELD OF GOD . . 10
The heart of God abounded . . 36
The joy of acquaintance with Jesus 18
THE KING IS MY FRIEND . . . 20
THE KING'S HIGHWAY 39
The Lord is now my Shepherd . 55
The Lord has promised good to me 93
THE MYSTIC GATEWAY 66
The new made world was wrapped in night 13
THE PROMISE IS SURE 69
The reapers sing as they toil along. 31
There is a path of peace . . . 39
THERE IS SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL . 49
There is peace and joy in my soul today 14
There's a home forever blest . . 61
There's a mission for us all . . 87
THE SHINING LIGHT 35
THE SUN IS EVER SHINING . . 29
THE TEMPERANCE ARMY . . . 90
THE VOICE OF LOVE 6
THE WALK OF FAITH 30
THEY'LL GREET OUR HOME COMING . 15
Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love 22
This world with all that's bright and gay 23
Tho' the shadows gather round us . 79
Thro' the years of hope and promise 66
To Canaan's sacred bound . . 71
To daily walk by faith . . . 30
TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST I CLING . 88
TRUSTING IN JESUS 57
TRUSTING JESUS 28

UNTOLD RICHES 45

WALKING IN HIS STEPS . . . 40
WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY. 43
We are traveling to a better land. 83
WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP . . 73
We're bound for glory-land on high. 43
We're soldiers in the temperance army 90
What a fellowship today is mine . 17
What a fellowship, what a joy divine 84
When the bridegroom cometh. . 7
When the shadows darkly gather . 80
When the weary toil of life is ended 94
WHERE ART THOU 64
WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL FOLLOW 55
WHERE HE LEADS ME I WILL GO . 48
While I'm tossed on life's rough sea. 25
WONDERFUL MESSAGE OF LOVE . 53

You are drifting away, my brother. 78

Zona. L. M 32

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