1897

Spiritual Songs

BY

A. J. Showalter
Edward Roberts
AND H. N. Lincoln.

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BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
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CORONATION SONGS

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS, TUNES, AND GOSPEL SONGS

FOR THE USE OF

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PRAYER AND PRAISE MEETINGS,
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES, EVANGELISTIC
WORK, AND GENERAL PUBLIC
WORSHIP

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER, EDWARD ROBERTS

AND

H. N. LINCOLN

PUBLISHED BY

The A. J. SHOWALTER CO.
DALTON, GA.

The SHOWALTER-LINCOLN CO.
DALLAS, TEXAS

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1897
Coro

PREFACE.

This collection is made up of the one hundred and seventy-two new pieces found in "Sunlight Songs," published in 1896, and eighty-six of the old favorites, selected with great care from the standard composers and hymn-writers of Europe and America, and is believed to contain more of the most helpful hymns and gospel songs for use in all Christian work and worship than was ever before published in the compact form here found.
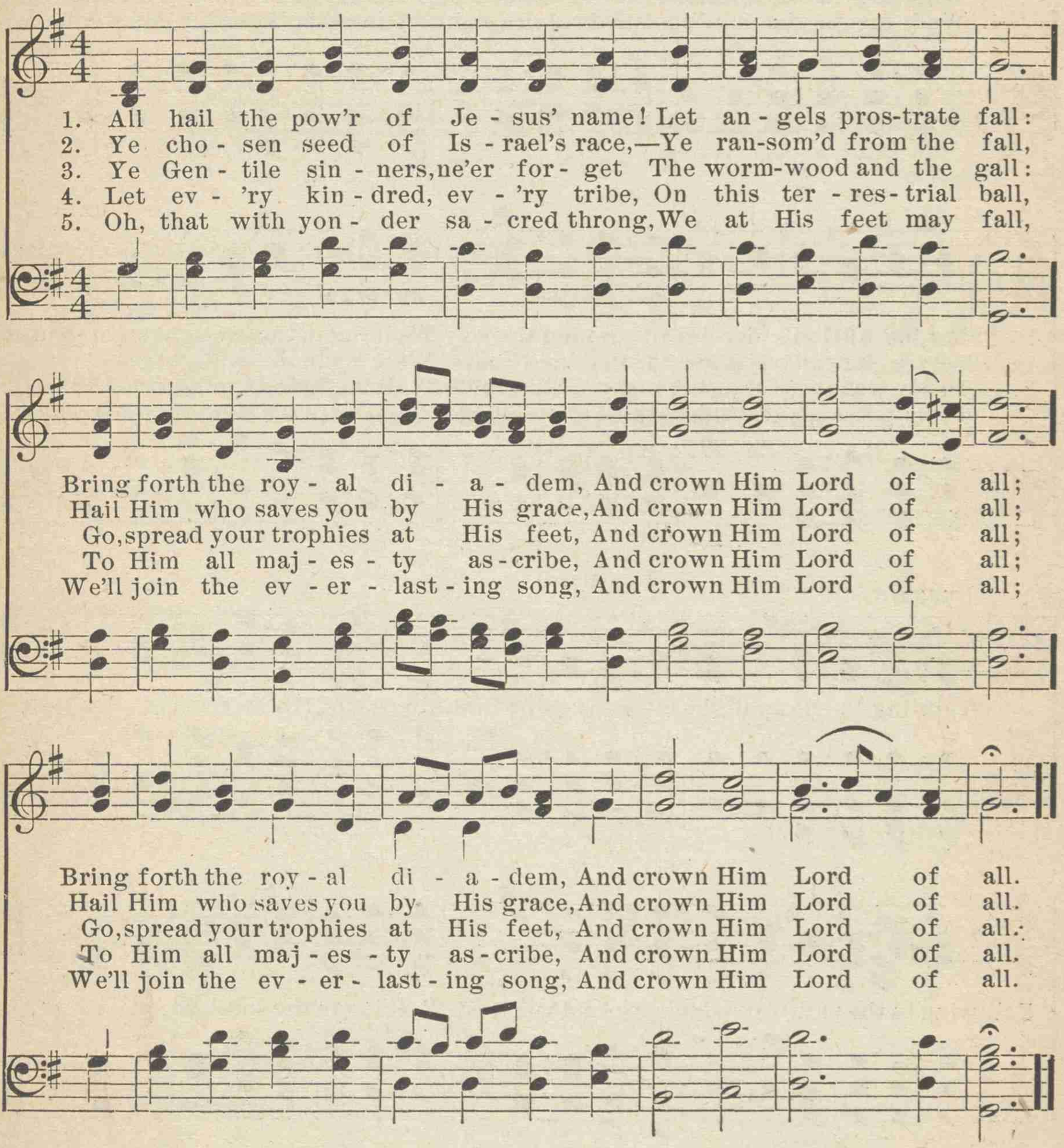
That "Coronation Songs" may bring good cheer to all who sing its soul-stirring melodies, and aid them in their efforts to "crown Him Lord of all," is the prayer of the authors and publishers.

January 1, 1897.

CORONATION SONGS.

No. 1. CORONATION. C. M.
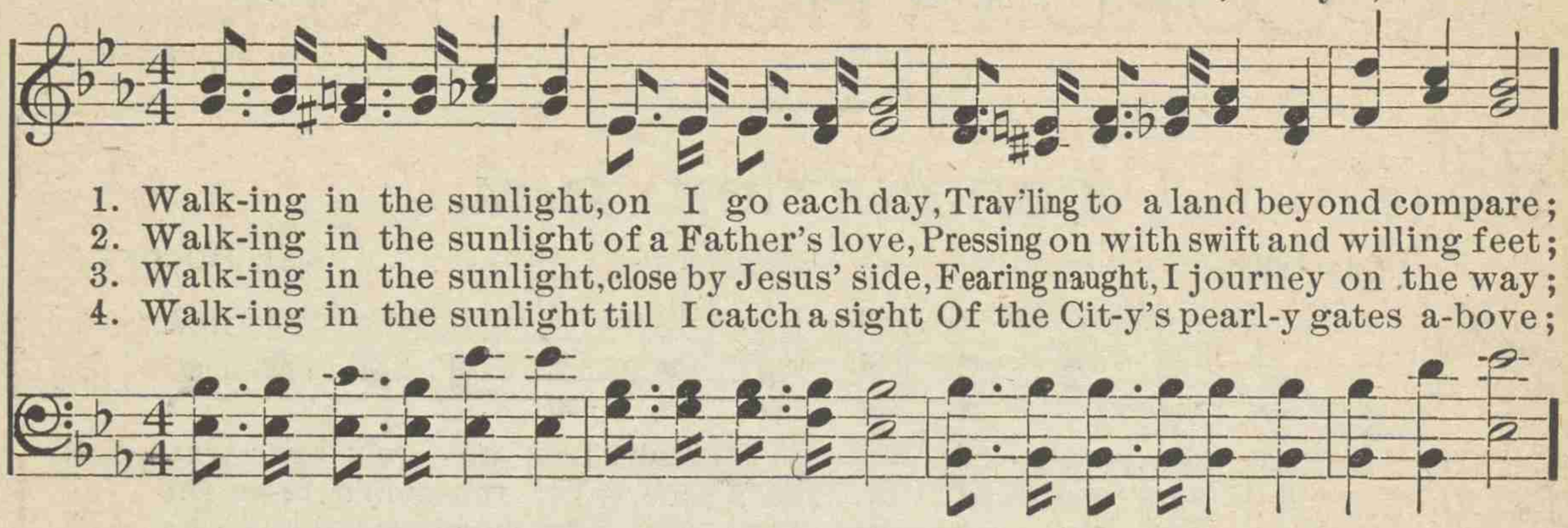
E. PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.

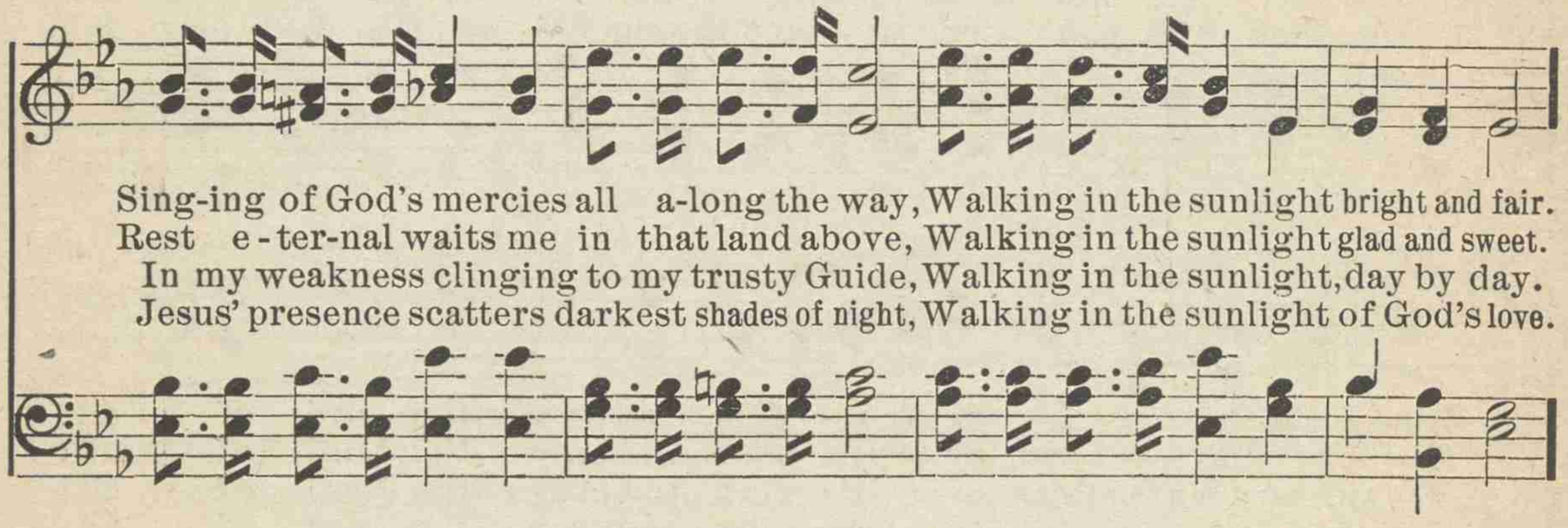


No. 2. WALKING IN THE SUNLIGHT.
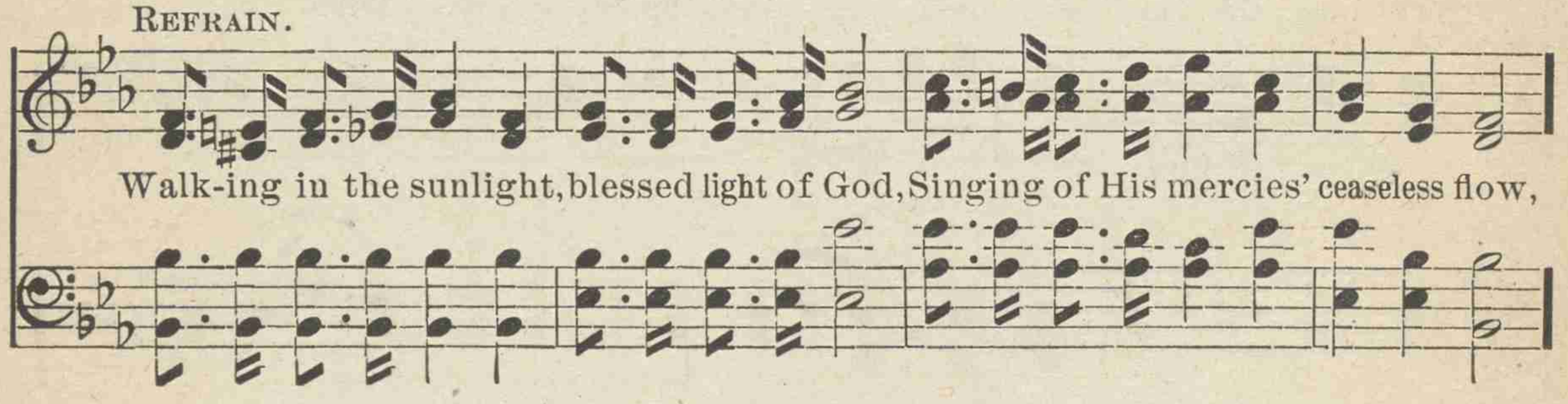
A. J. SHOWALTER.
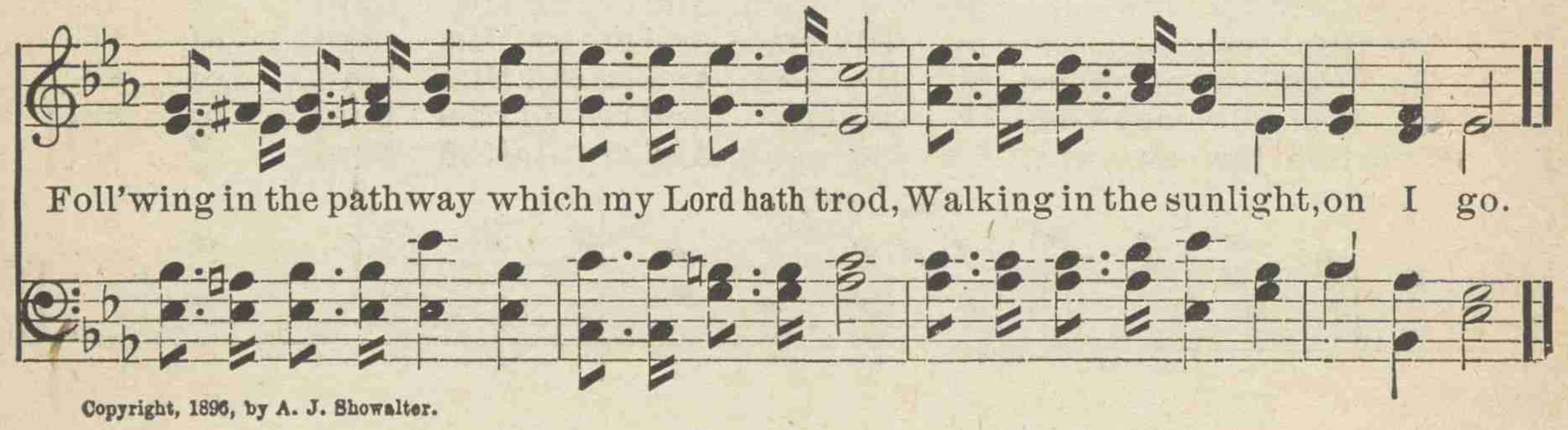
BIRDIE BELL. On board S. S. "Berlin," July 1, 1895.





REFRAIN.





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No. 3. WORK FOR ALL.

St. Matthew. 20: 4.

A. R. CAREY. E. ROBERTS.

1. Do you ask, waiting one, where's the vineyard? Where the path that the Master has trod?
2. Where earth's homes blossom out with young fa - ces, Where the feet of the throng tread the mart?
3. When a burden, you've borne for the wea-ry, Taught some wand'rer the quick-sands to shun,

Lo, 't is there! lo, 't is here all a-round you! Ev-'ry-where is the vine-yard of God!
Where the god-less bow down to their i -dols, There's a field for the toil-lov-ing heart.
Breathed a pray'r or a song fraught with blessing, For the Mas-ter a work you have done.

REFRAIN.

Work for all, work for all, Ev - 'ry one has a mis-sion be-low;
Work for all, work for all,

Hear the call, O hear the call! To the vineyard ye i - dle ones go.
Hear the call, hear the call!

Copyright, 1893, by Edward Roberts.

No. 4. ACCEPT TO-DAY.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. D. PATTON.

1. He of- fers re-demption to - day; He of- fers for-giveness of sin;
2. He pleads with you now to re - pent, And trust in the soul-cleansing blood;
3. He prom - is - es par-don to all, The full-ness of joy and of peace;

O why not ac -cept His free gift, And the life of a Chris-tian be - gin?
O why not for-sake all your sin, And ac-cept the great mer-cy of God?
What more could the dear Master do To se-cure your repentance than this?

REFRAIN.

Ac-cept His free gift to - day, . . The while He is pass-ing this way; . .
to-day, is passing this way;
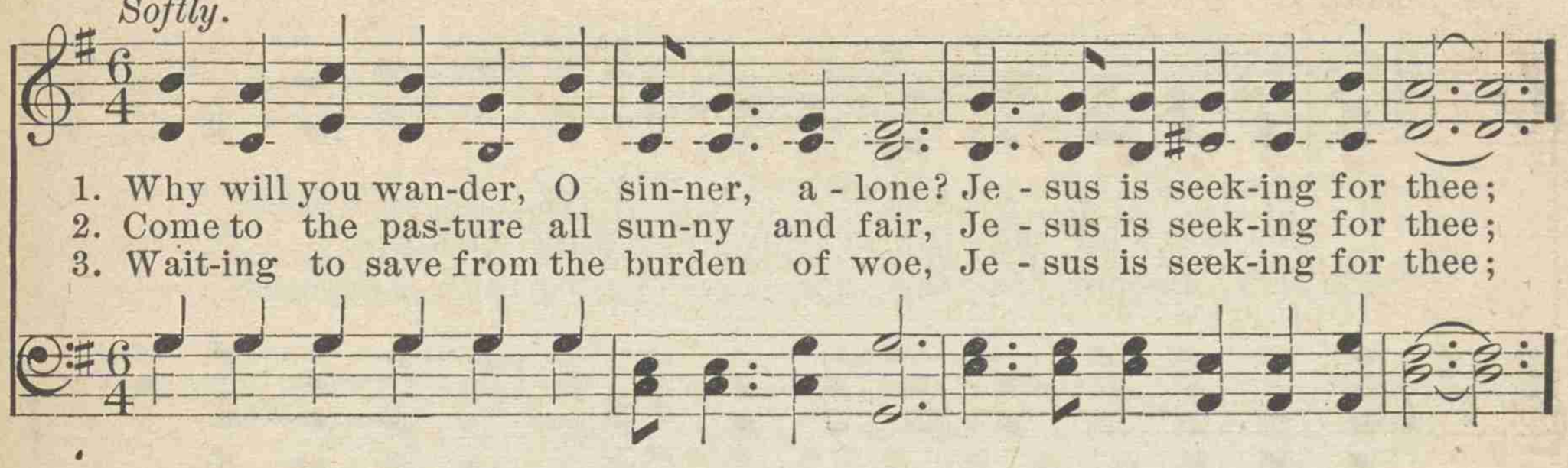
To - day, . . to - day, . . Ac- cept His great mer-cy to - day.
To - day, to - day, to - day, to - day,

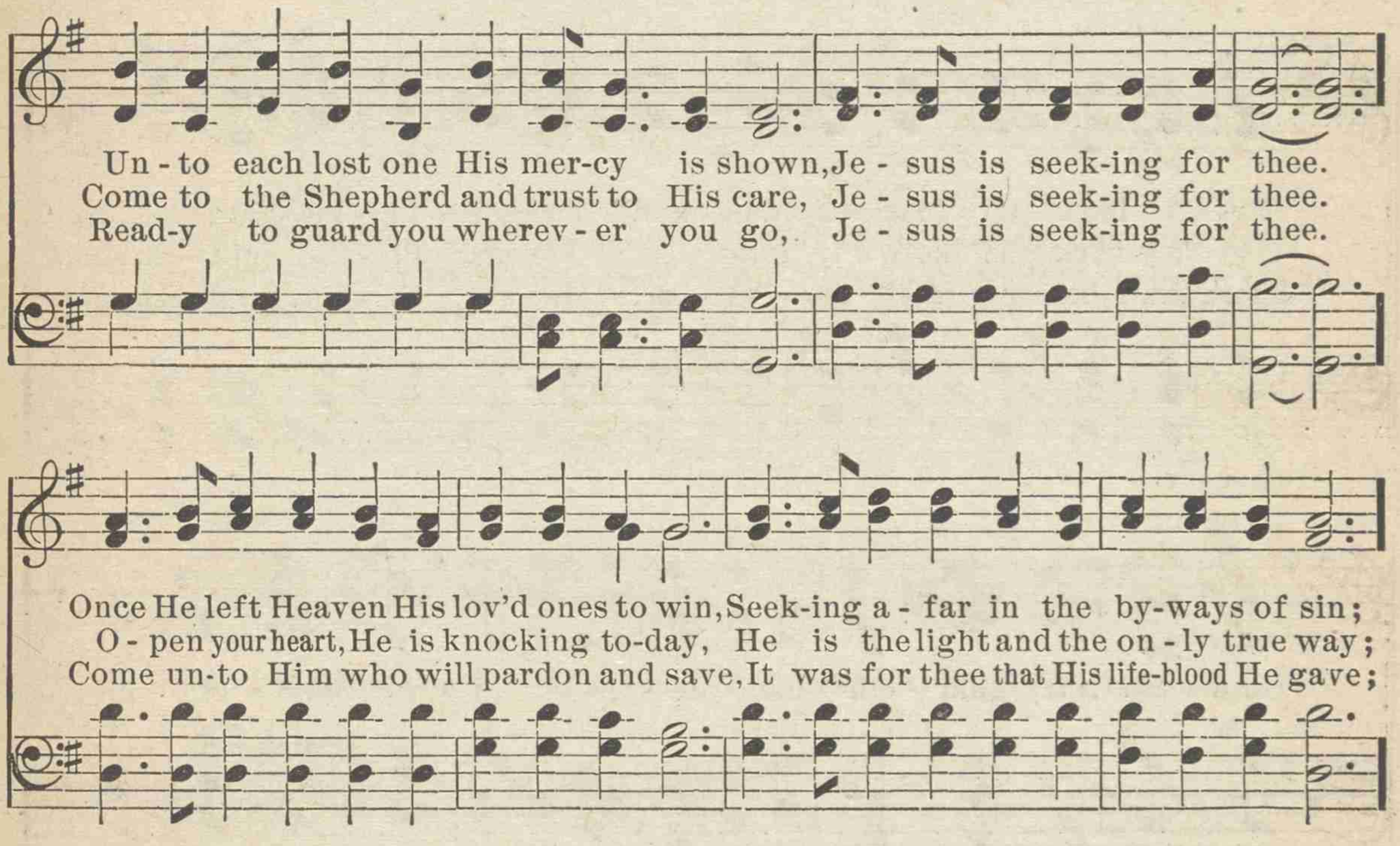
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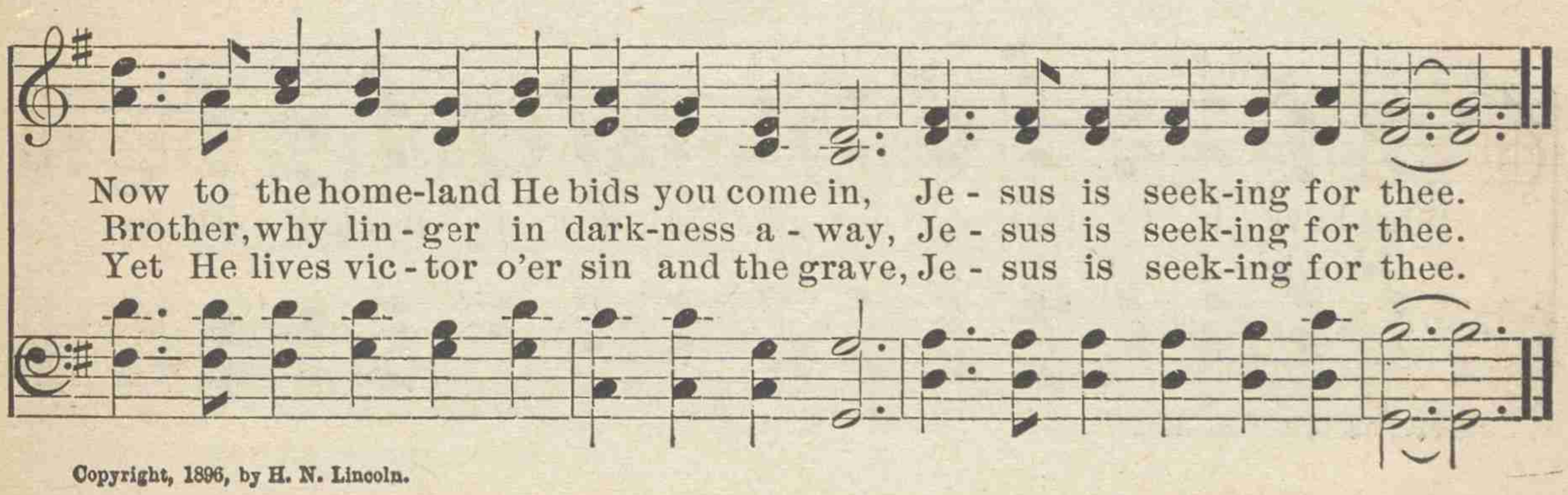
No. 5. JESUS IS SEEKING FOR THEE.

L. E. JONES. H. N. LINCOLN.

Softly.







Copyright, 1896, by H. N. Lincoln.

No. 6. JESUS, PILOT, GUIDETH ME.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend J. H. Morse, Yarmouth, N. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

F. M. DAVIS. On board the S.S. "Berlin," June 27, 1895.

1. Mid the break-ers I am drift-ing, Sail-ing o'er life's storm-y sea,
2. I am toss'd on an-gry bil-lows, Death and darkness o-ver me,
3. Soon I'll an-chor in the har-bor, E'en by faith its heights I see;

Yet I have no fear of dan-ger, Je-sus, Pi-lot, guid-eth me.
Yet my bark is safe-ly guid-ed, Je-sus, Pi-lot, guid-eth me.
There shall be my rest for-ev-er, Je-sus, Pi-lot, guid-eth me.

REFRAIN.
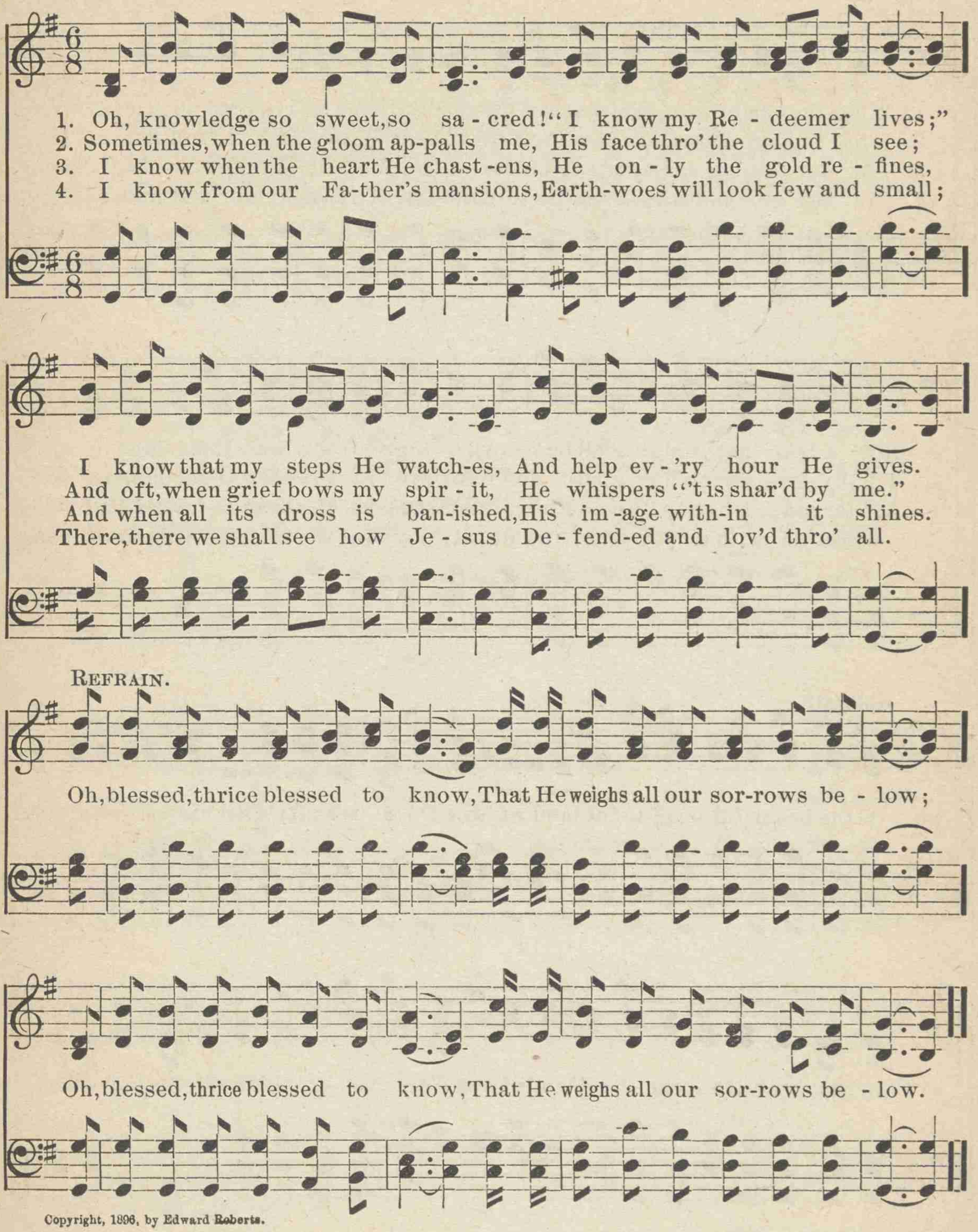
Guid-eth me, guid-eth me, Je-sus, Pi-lot, guid-eth me;
What have I to fear of dan-ger? Je-sus, Pi-lot, guid-eth me.

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No. 7. 'T IS BLESSED TO KNOW.

Job 19: 25.

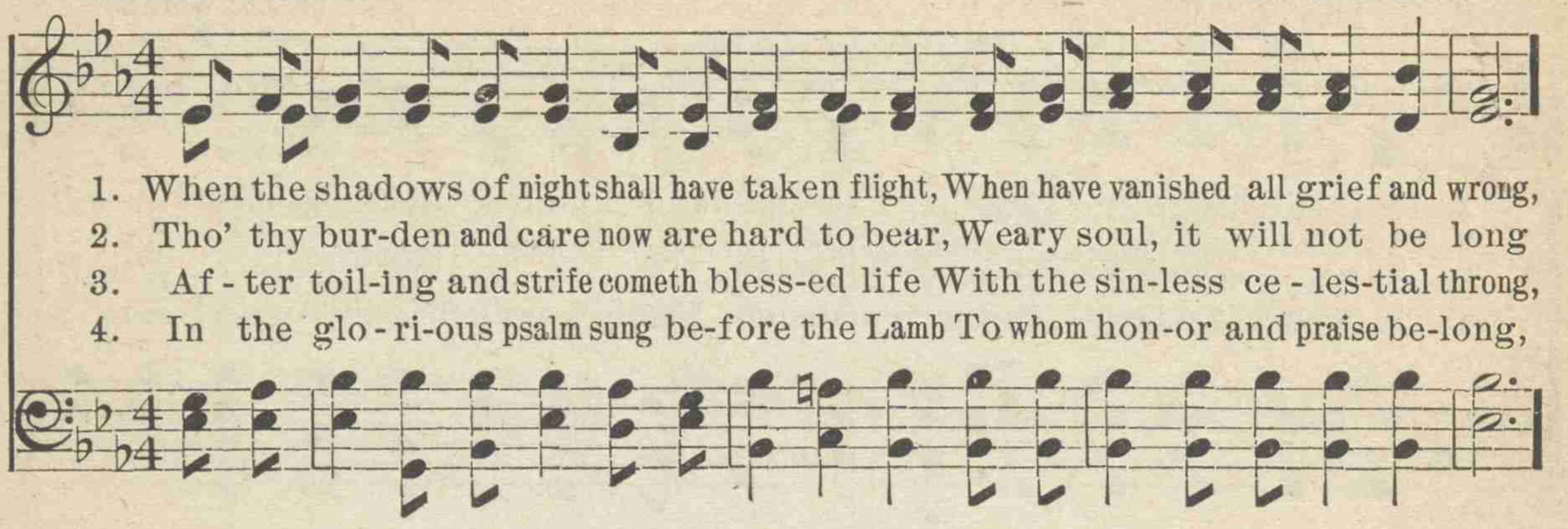
A. ROSALTHE CAREY. E. ROBERTS.



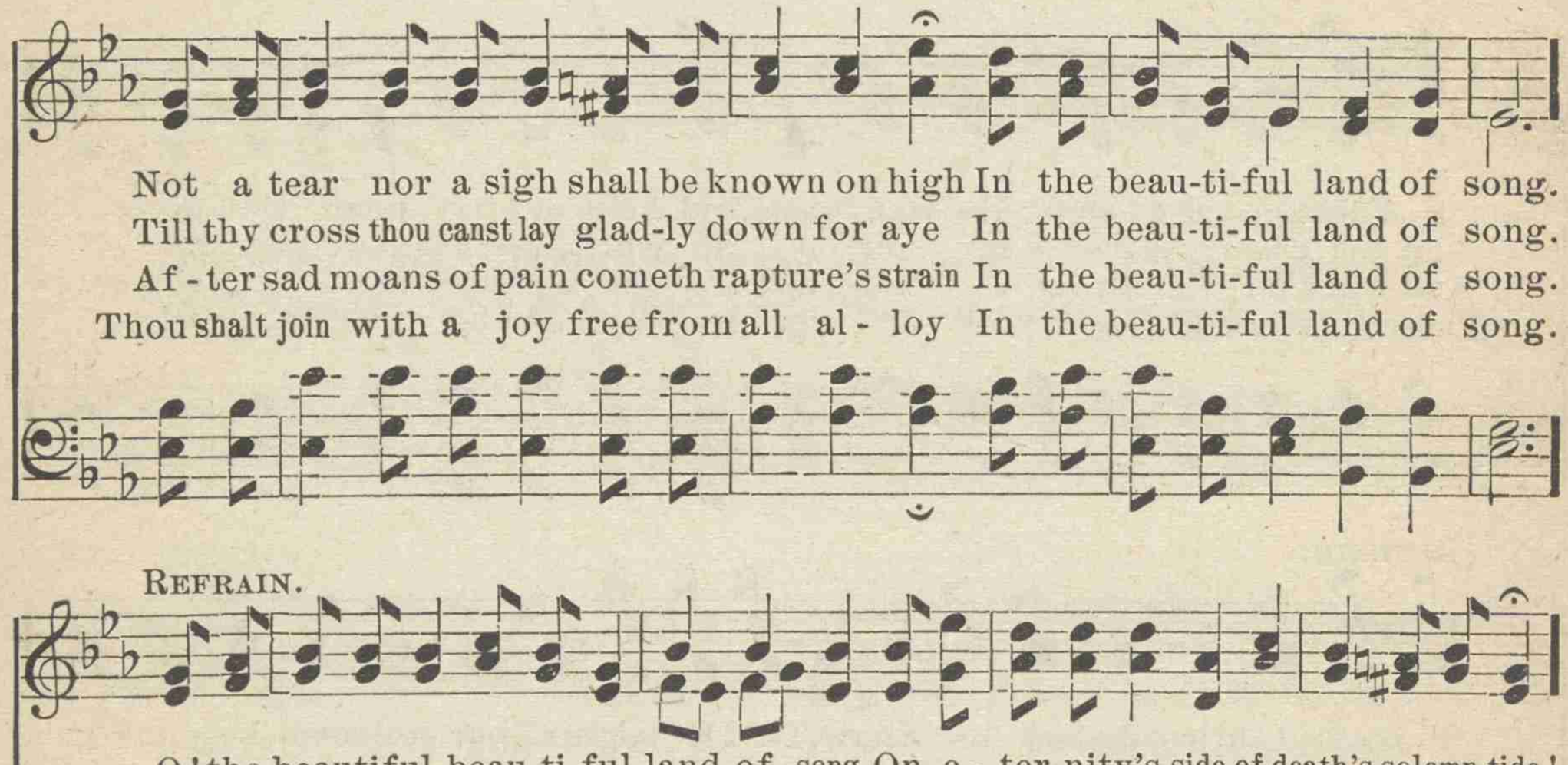
Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

No. 8. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

JENNIE WILSON. H. N. LINCOLN.



1. When the shadows of night shall have taken flight, When have vanished all grief and wrong,
2. Tho' thy bur-den and care now are hard to bear, Weary soul, it will not be long
3. Af - ter toil-ing and strife cometh bless-ed life With the sin-less ce - les-tial throng,
4. In the glo - ri-ous psalm sung be-fore the Lamb To whom hon-or and praise be-long,



Not a tear nor a sigh shall be known on high In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Till thy cross thou canst lay glad-ly down for aye In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Af - ter sad moans of pain cometh rapture's strain In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Thou shalt join with a joy free from all al - loy In the beau-ti-ful land of song.

REFRAIN.
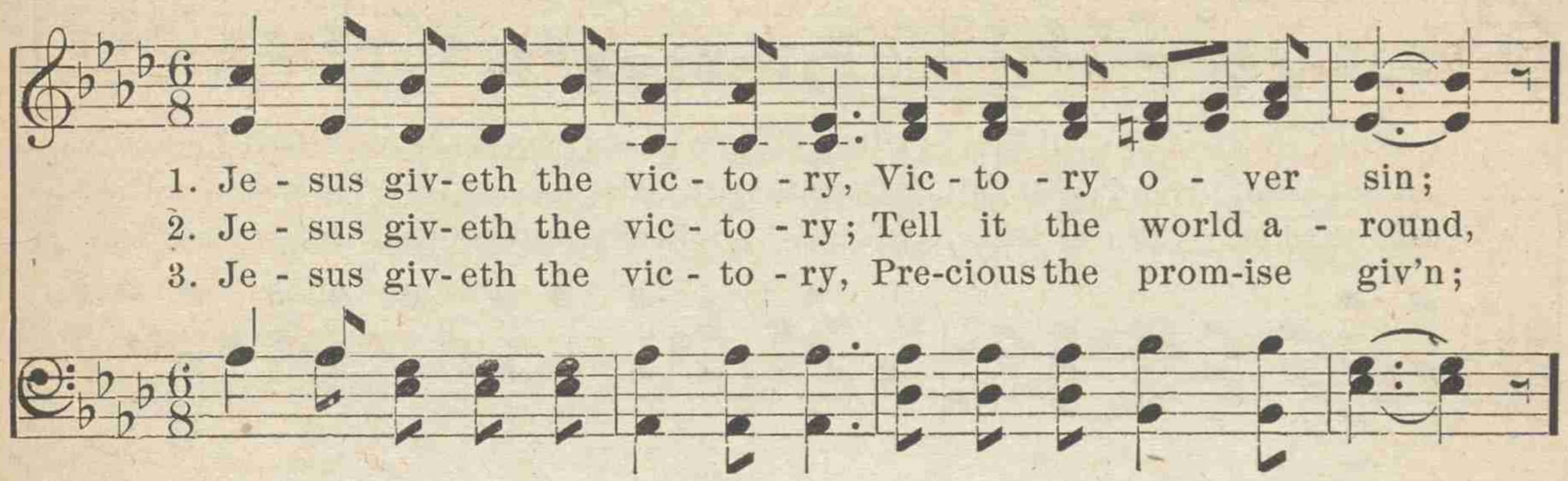
O! the beautiful, beau-ti-ful land of song, On e - ter-nity's side of death's solemn tide!
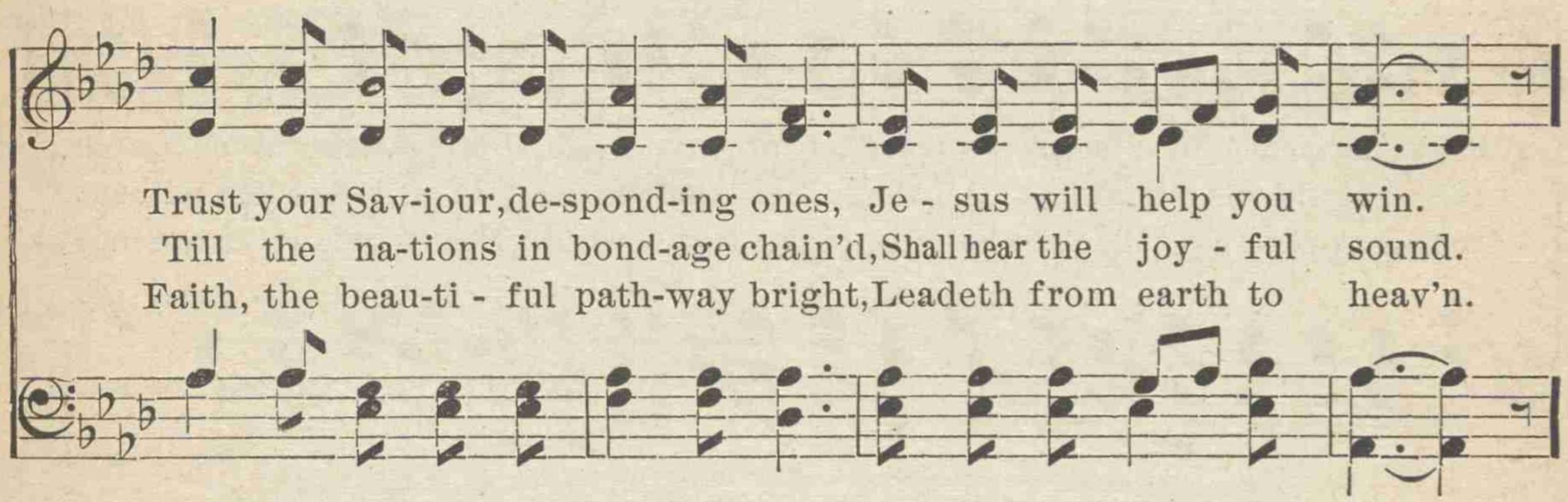
In that beautiful, beau-ti-ful land of song We shall ev-er abide with the pur-i-fied.

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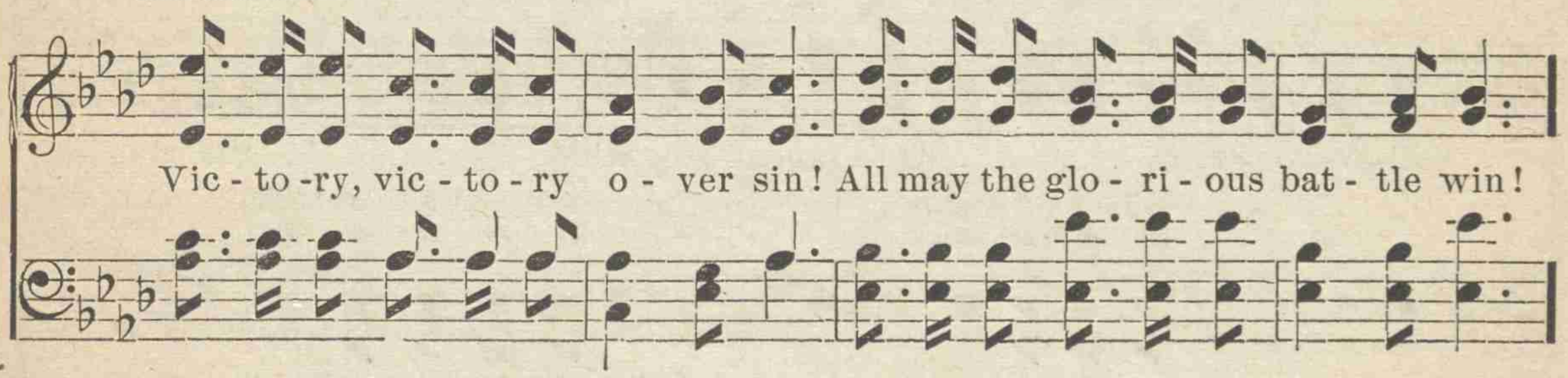
No. 9. JESUS GIVETH THE VICTORY.
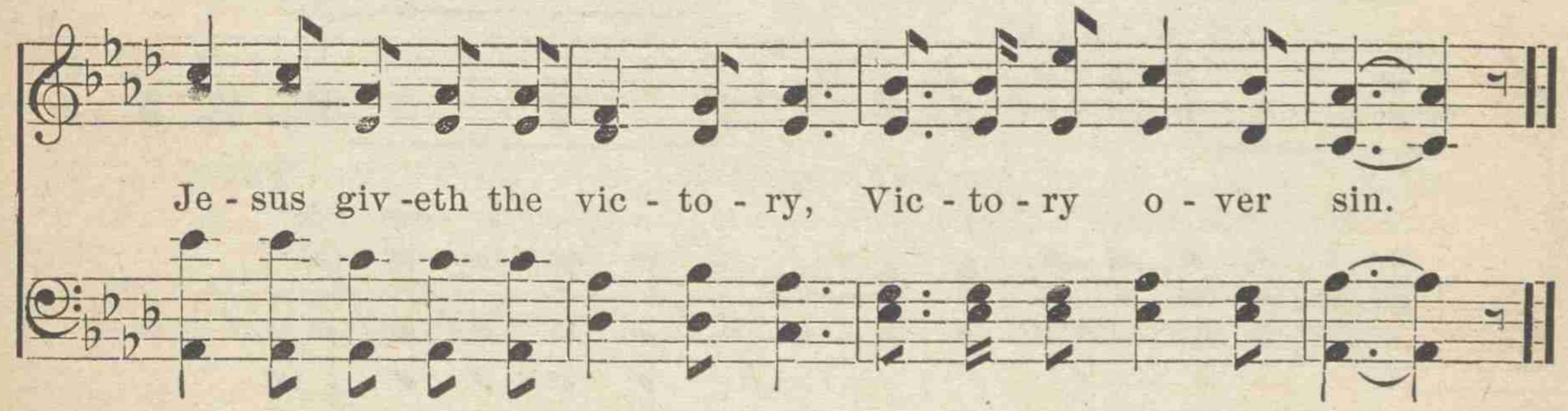
F. M. DAVIS. J. M. BOWMAN.





REFRAIN.





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No. 10. LIFE'S VOYAGE.

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.

1. Tossing on life's fit - ful sea, Frail our lit- tle barks may be, Nev-er fear! never fear!
2. Let our trust in God ne'er fail, Tho' 'neath stormy skies we sail, O'er the wave, o'er the wave,
3. Homeward let us ev - er steer, Soon the harbor will appear, Land in sight! land in sight!
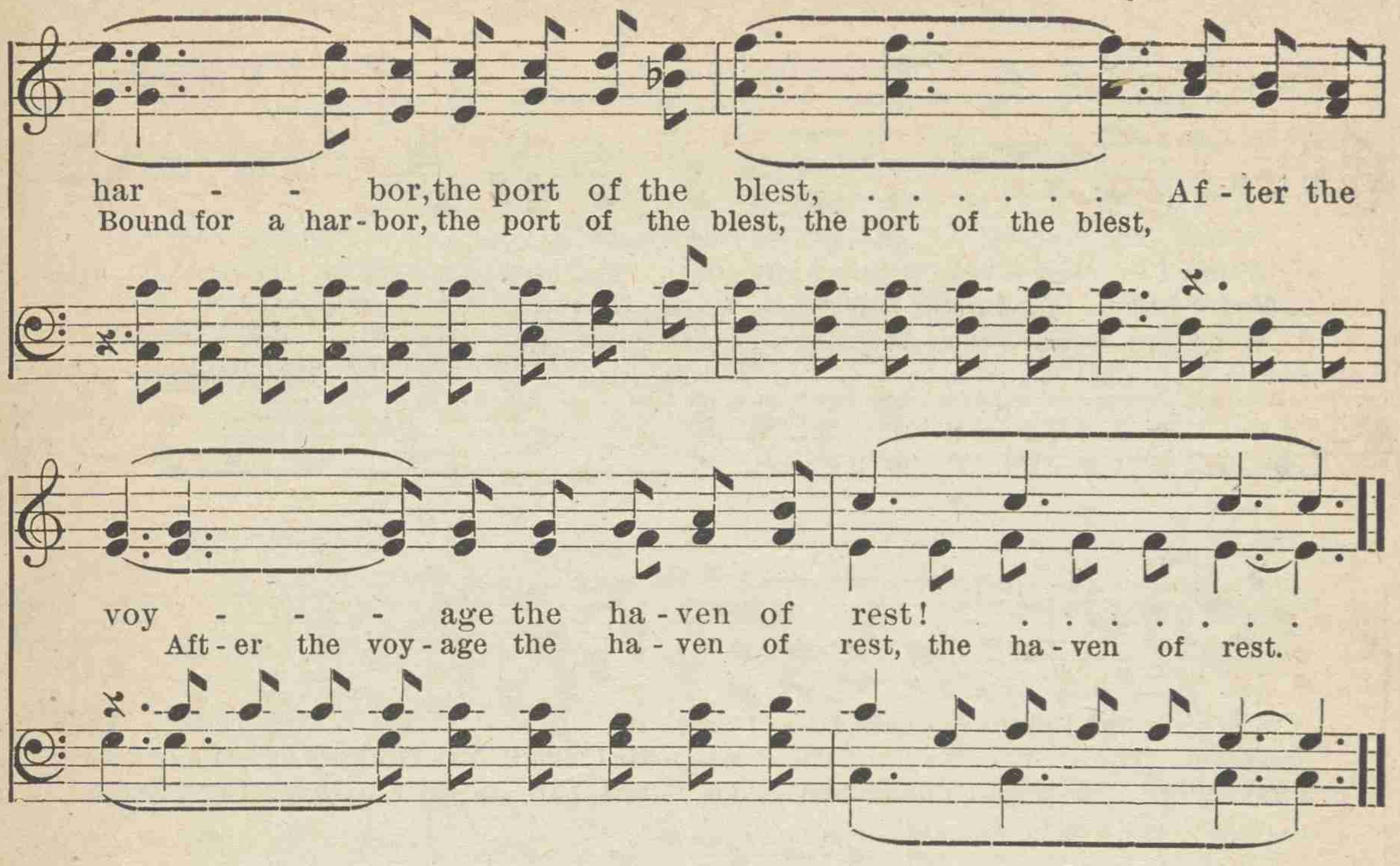
Rough the wave and strong the gale, Onward let us bravely sail, Home is near! home is near!
He will guide us till at last All the voyage shall be past, He will save! He will save!
Casting anchor near the shore, Safe from storms forevermore, Haven bright! haven bright!

Sail-ors we're on . . . . life's o-cean so wide, ... Steering our
Sail-ors we're on life's o-cean so wide,

barks . . . on a treach-er - ous tide, ... Bound for a
Steer-ing our barks on a treach - er - ous tide, a treach-er - ous tide,

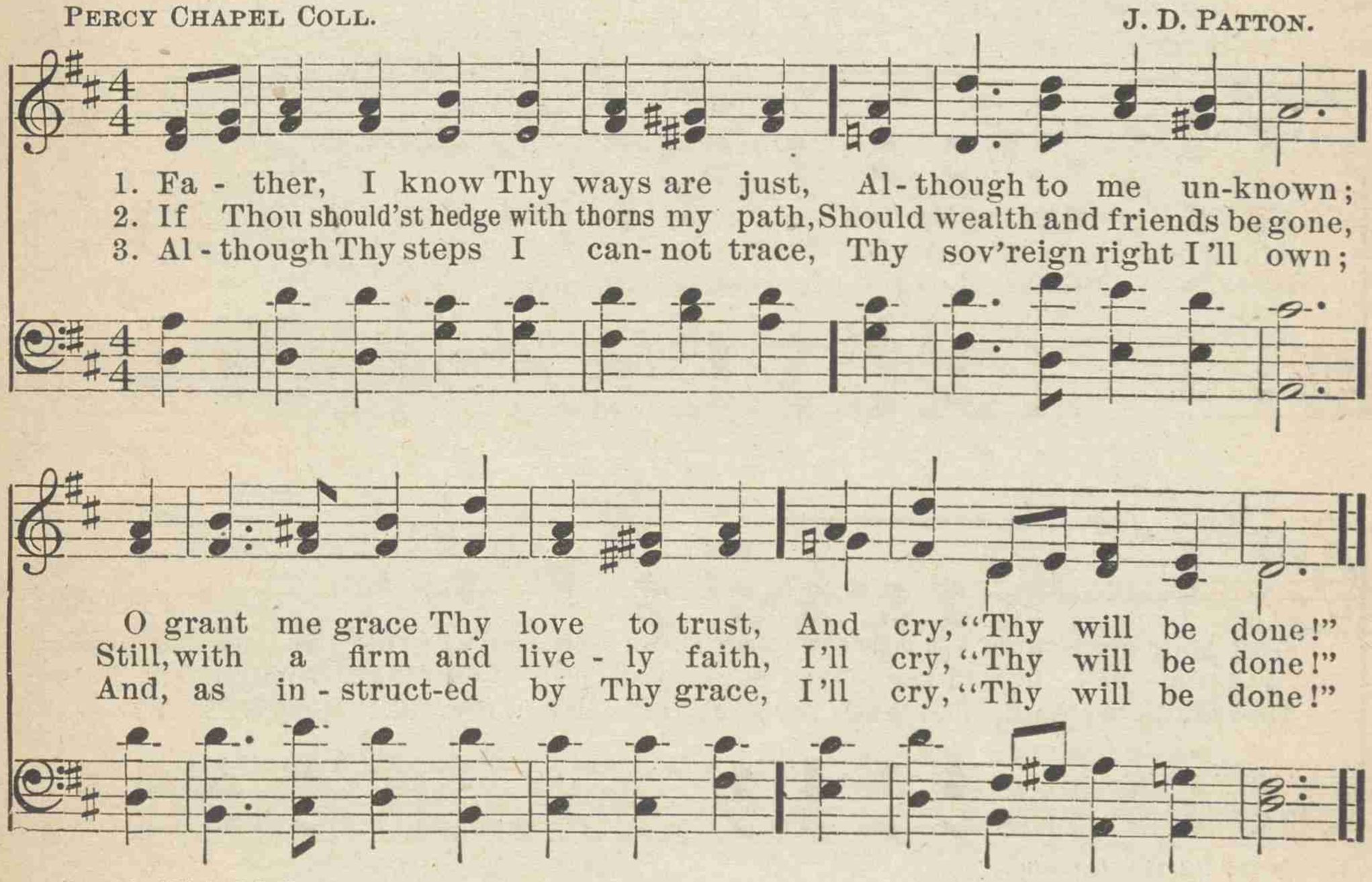
Copyright, 1895, by J. D. Patton.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.



No. 11. THY WILL BE DONE. C. M.

PERCY CHAPEL COLL. J. D. PATTON.



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No. 12. THE WONDROUS CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS. J. H. TENNEY.

1. When I sur - vey (When I sur - vey) the won-drous cross, (the wondrous cross,)
2. For - bid it, Lord, (Forbid it, Lord,) that I should boast, (that I should boast,)
3. Were the whole realm (Were the whole realm) of na - ture mine, (of na-ture mine,)
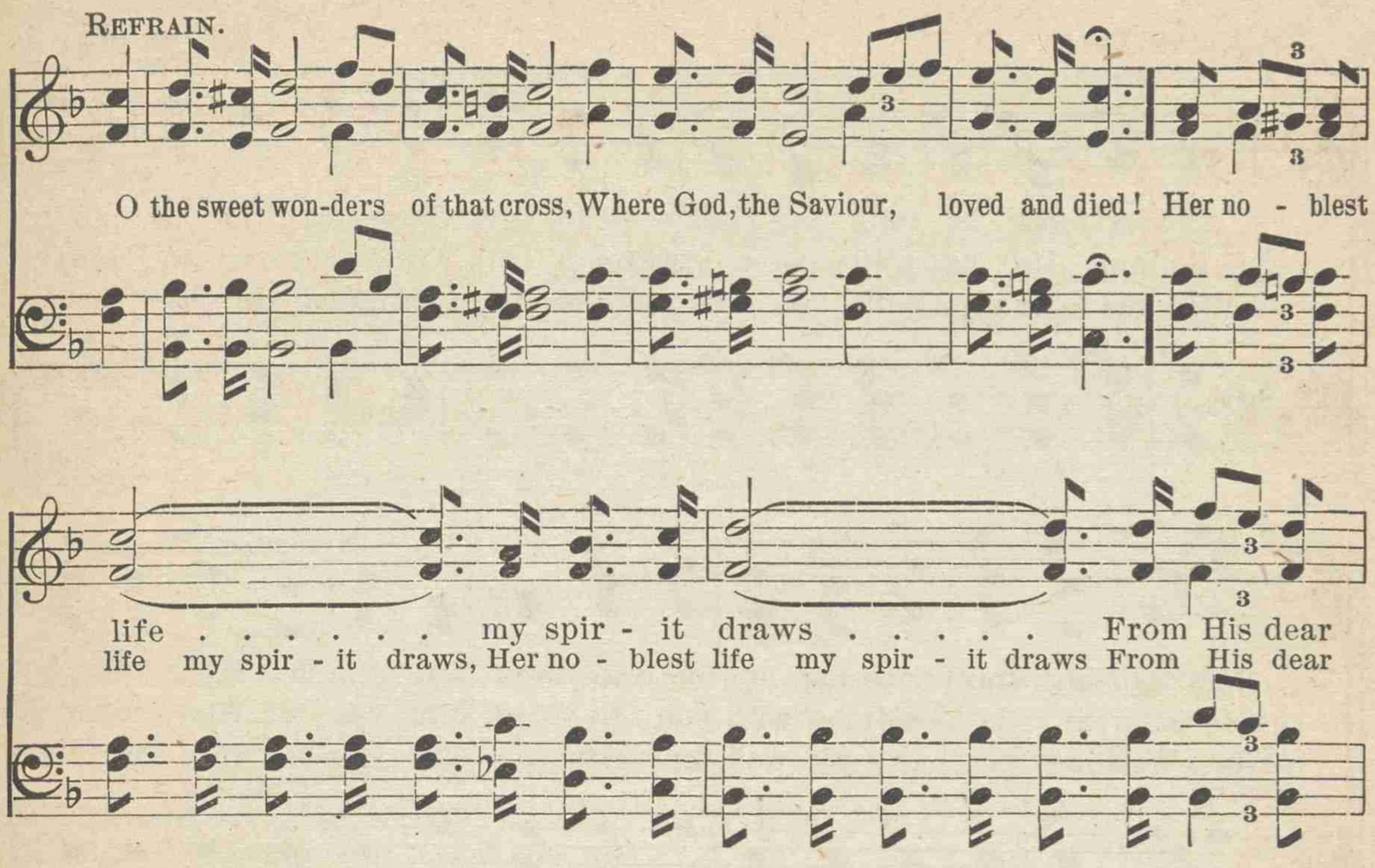
On which the Prince (On which the Prince) of glo - ry died, (of glo- ry died,)
Save in the death (Save in the death) of Christ, my God; (Of Christ, my God;)
That were a pres-(That were a pres - ent) far too small; (far too small;)

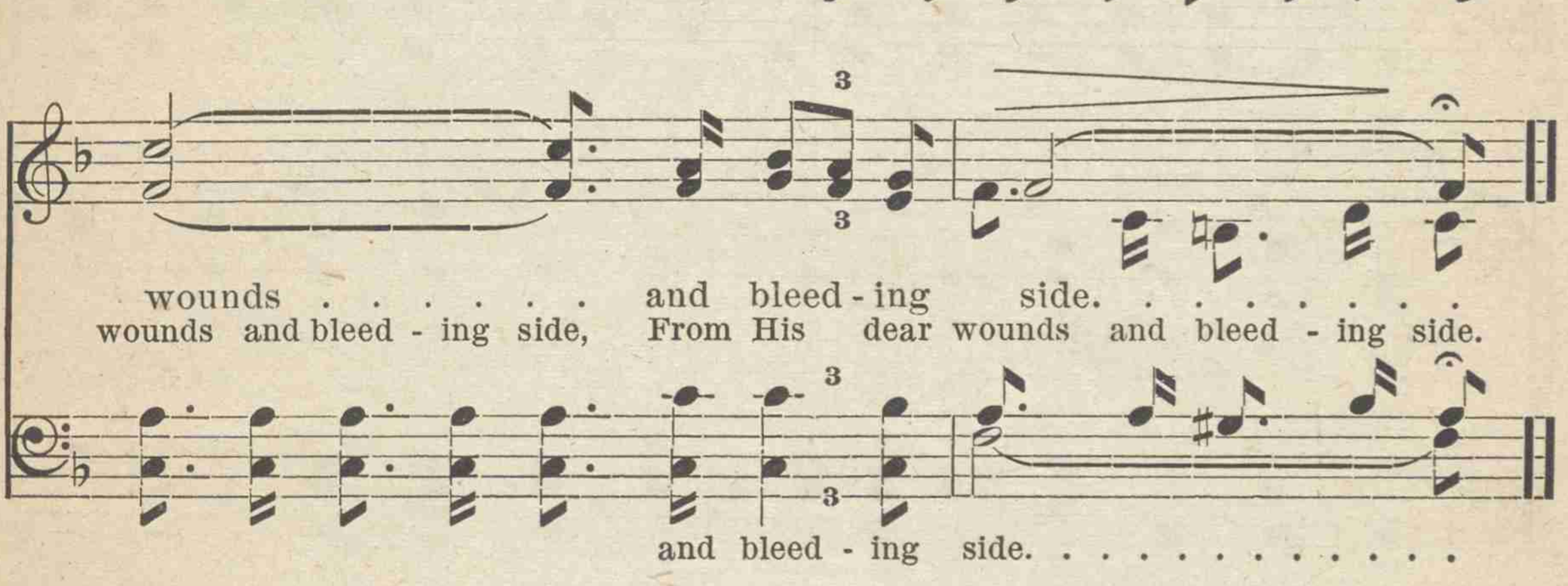
My rich - est gain (My rich - est gain) I count but loss, (I count but loss,)
All the vain things, (All the vain things,) that charm me most, (that charm me most,)
Love so a-maz-(Love so a maz - ing,) so di - vine, (so di -vine,)

And pour contempt (And pour con - tempt) on all my pride. (on all my pride.)
I sac - ri - fice (I sac - ri - fice) them to Thy blood. (them to Thy blood.)
De-mands my soul, (Demands my soul,) my life, my all. (my life, my all.)

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THE WONDROUS CROSS.





No. 13. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

1 I am coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

REF. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body, Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine, forever more.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 14. WILL YOU LET HIM IN?

F. M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The Sav- iour is long - ing your soul to save, Cleanse you from all sin;
2. So long He has wait - ed and knocked in vain, Tried your soul to win;
3. He ten - der - ly calls at thy still closed door, Faith-ful He has been;

He 's wait-ing and knock-ing at your heart's door, Will you let Him in?
He kind - ly is plead- ing with you to - day, Will you let Him in?
He 's wait-ing to en - ter, and sup with you, Will you let Him in?

REFRAIN.

Will you let Him in? . . Will you let Him in? . .
let Him in? let Him in?

He 's wait -ing and knocking at your heart's door, Will you let Him in? . .
let Him in?

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No. 15. ROOM FOR JESUS.

E. E. S. ELLIOTT. E. ROBERTS.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to ea - th for me;
2. Heav-en's arch-es rang, when the angels sang Of Thy birth and Thy roy - al de-cree;
3. Fox-es found their rest, ev-'ry bird its nest In the shade of the ce - dar tree;
4. Thou did'st come, O Lord! with Thy living word, That should set all Thy peo-ple free;

But in Beth - le - hem there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na- tiv - i - ty.
But in low - ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in great-est hu-mil - i - ty.
But up - on the sod laid the Son of God In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee.
But with mocking and scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal-va - ry.

REFRAIN.

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee;

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.

Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

No. 16. O THIS WONDERFUL SALVATION.

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. If you know the might-y mean-ing Of sal - va - tion full and free,
2: Tell the world a - bout it, brother,—Let your heart with love o'er- flow
3. O sal - va - tion! tell its sto - ry, Sing it ev - 'ry-where you go!

Tell it to the world, my brother—Let your neighbors know and see!
In a yearn-ing af - ter oth - ers Who should this sal - va - tion know.
Full sal - va - tion for the sin - ner, Peace and par - don here be - low.

Tell them how the eyes sin-blind-ed Have a - gain re-ceived their sight,
Tell them of thy sins for - giv - en—Of the peace that came to thee
All can have it for the seek-ing, Tell the good news far and wide,

Tell them how Christ Je - sus led you Out of dark-ness in - to light.
When He said, "I died to save thee On the cross of Cal - va - ry!"
Of this won - der - ful sal - va - tion Thro' a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied!

Copyright, 1893, by H. N. Lincoln.

O THIS WONDERFUL SALVATION.

REFRAIN.

O this won - der - ful sal - va - tion That each child of sin may share!

God's sal - va - tion, free sal - va - tion—Tell it, sing it ev - 'ry-where!

No. 17. HE KNOWS THE BITTER, WEARY WAY.

ANON. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striving day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows, when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink,
4. He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss,

The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, (He knows,) He knows, (He knows.)
The wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows, (He knows,) He knows, (He knows.)
Of dark despair—we pause and shrink, He knows, (He knows,) He knows, (He knows.)
We still can bear it, feel - ing this—He knows, (He knows,) He knows, (He knows.)

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No. 18. ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

F. M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. On the Rock of faith are you build-ing? Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty?
2. Are you build-ing on this foun-da - tion, Build-ing on a steadfast ground?
3. Is your Rock and Ref - uge the Sav-iour? Is the Lord your all in all?

Is your hope and trust fixed on Je - sus? Is He all your song and plea?
Are you an-chored safe - ly on Je - sus? With good works do you a - bound?
Are you rest - ing now on His promise? Do you an - swer at His call?
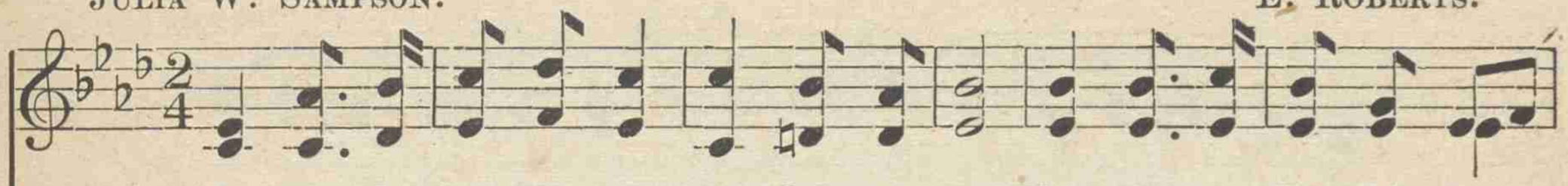
REFRAIN.

Let the Rock of faith your foundation be, O vershadowed by God's right hand;
Tho' the storms may beat and the winds as - sail, Yet se - cure - ly you shall stand.

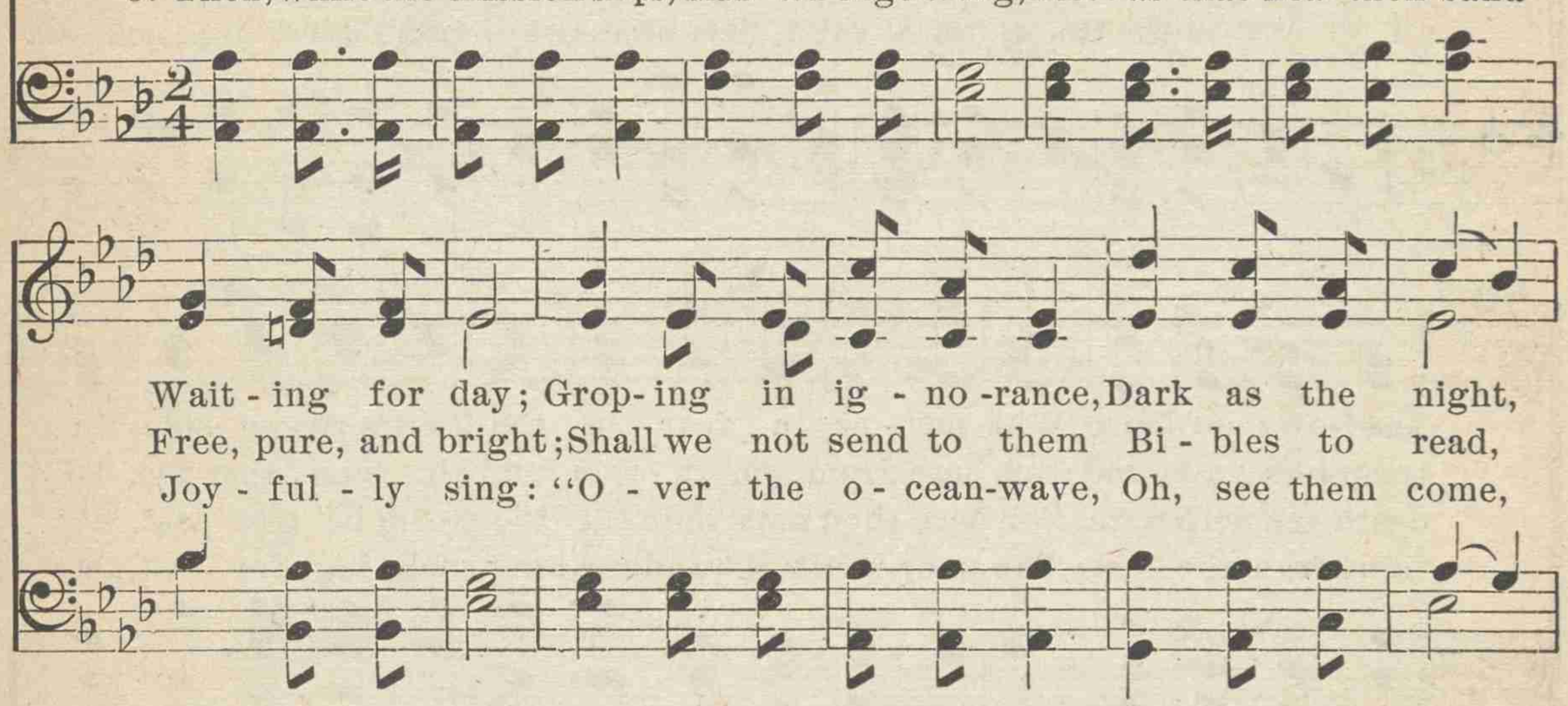
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No. 19. PITY THEM, CHRISTIAN.

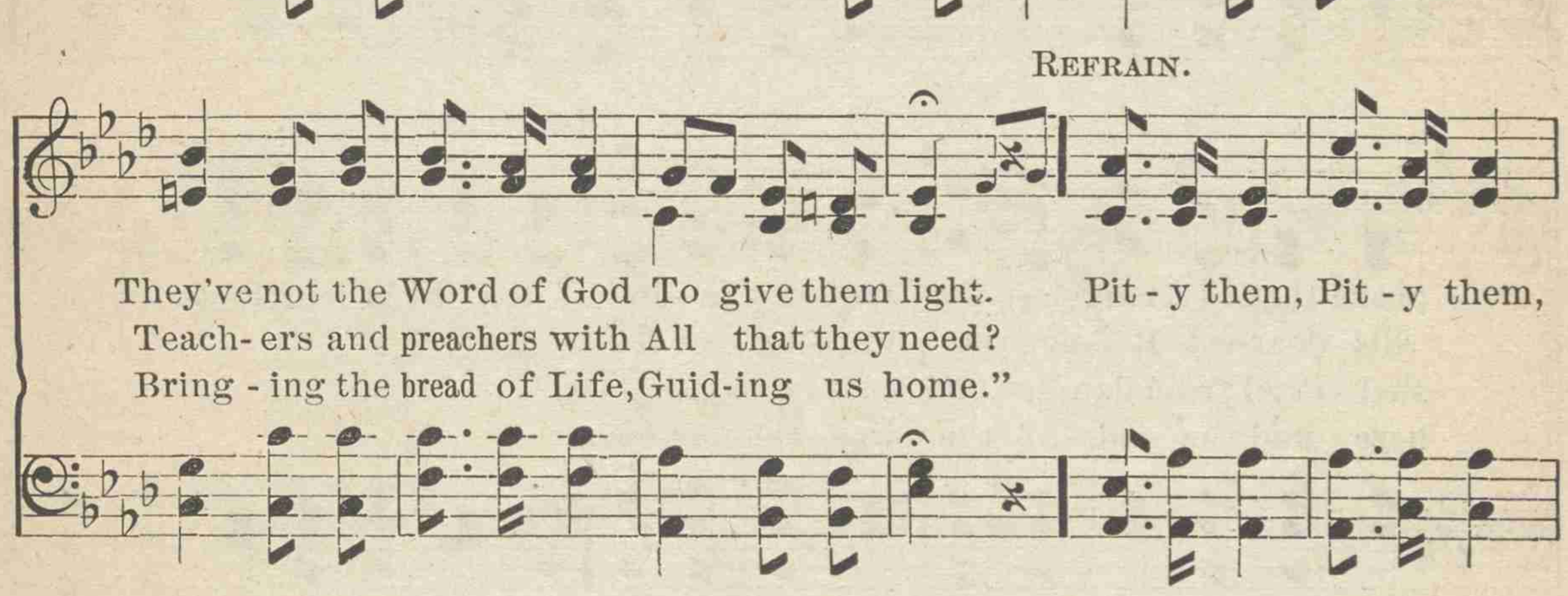
JULIA W. SAMPSON. E. ROBERTS.



1. O - ver the o - cean wave, Far, far a - way, There the poor hea-then live,
2. Here, in this hap- py land, We have the light Shin -ing from God's own word,
3. Then, while the mission ships, Glad tid-ings bring, List! as that hea- then band
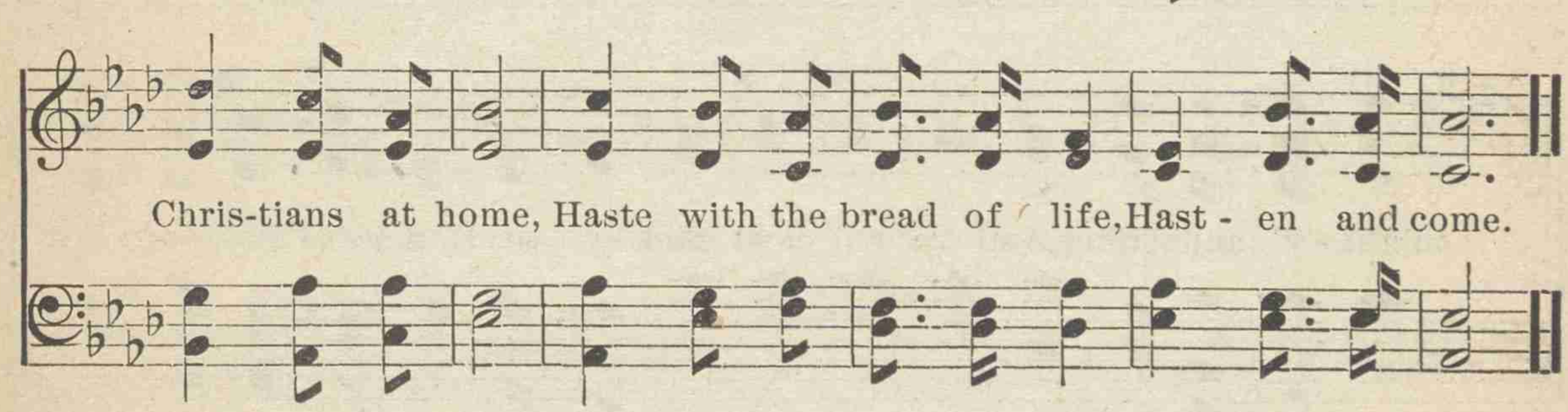


Wait - ing for day; Grop- ing in ig - no -rance, Dark as the night,
Free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them Bi - bles to read,
Joy - ful - ly sing: "O - ver the o - cean-wave, Oh, see them come,



REFRAIN.

They've not the Word of God To give them light. Pit - y them, Pit - y them,
Teach- ers and preachers with All that they need?
Bring - ing the bread of Life, Guid-ing us home."



Chris-tians at home, Haste with the bread of life, Hast - en and come.

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No. 20. OUR ROCK OF DEFENSE.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O *haste* to the Rock! 'tis a strong, sure defence, When gath-er around thee dark
2. O *hide* in the Rock, from the foes that surround; Life's per- ils are ma - ny, and
3. O *cling* to the Rock, when life's billows dash high, When fierce is the tempest, and
4. O *rest* in the Rock! 'tis a calm, blest retreat For earth's wea-ry pilgrims when

shad-ows so dense: With nev - er a fear in the Rock's riv- en side, In
temp-ters a-bound; But here from tempta - tion and sin thou canst flee, To
death seemeth nigh, For here thou mayst hide till the storm be o'er- past, All
faint from the heat; The poor, wretch-ed wand'rer, long seek- ing for rest, May
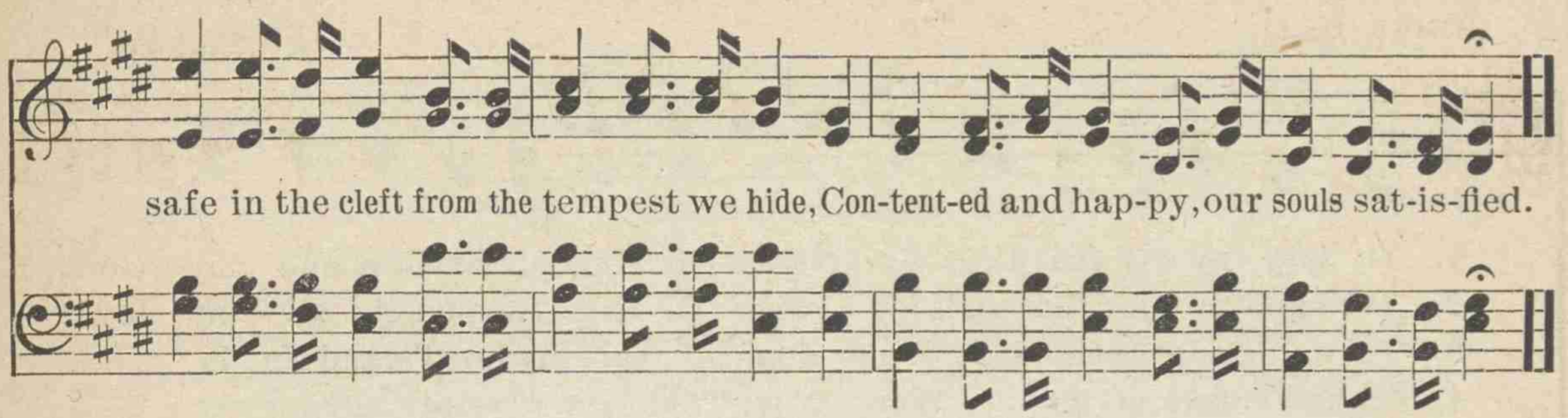
peace that is changeless thy soul may a - bide. The Lord is our Rock, that is
this dear-est Ref-uge that's wait-ing for thee.
shel - t'red from dan-ger, and safe from the blast.
here find the end of the wea - ri-some quest.

REFRAIN.

might - y and strong, And we will most glad-ly to Him raise our song; For

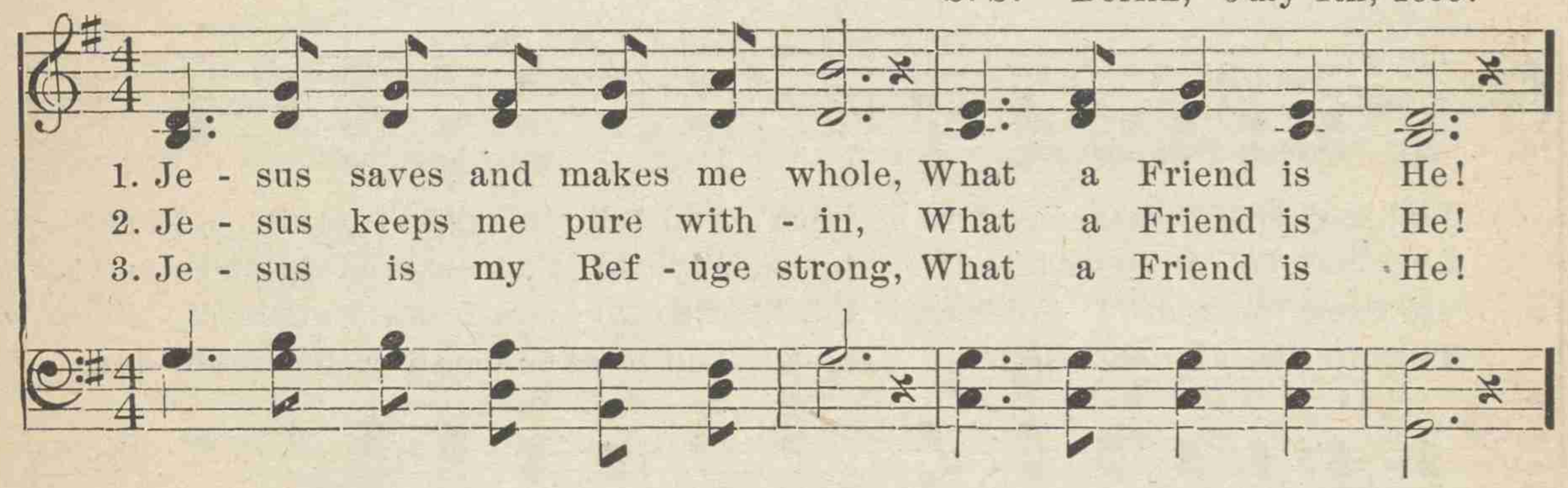
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OUR ROCK OF DEFENSE.
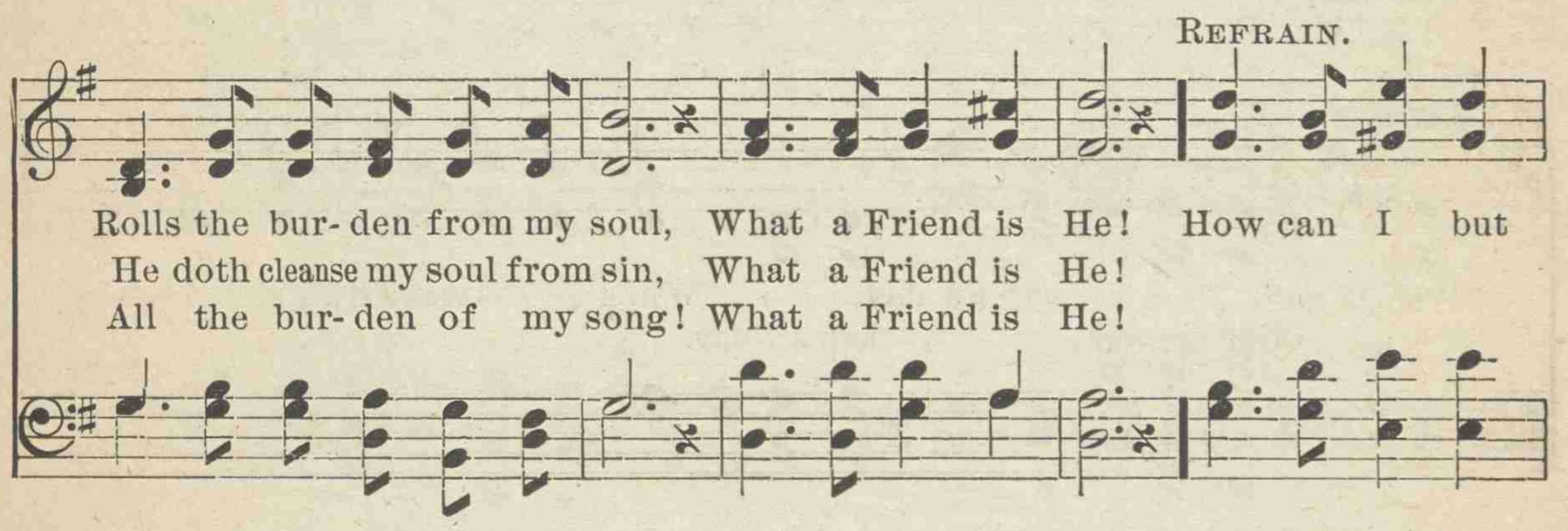


No. 21. WHAT A FRIEND IS HE.

F. M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.
S. S. "Berlin," July 4th, 1895.



REFRAIN.



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No. 22. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE. E. ROBERTS.

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
2. O hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transac - tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
4. High heav'n, that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai - ly hear,

Well may this glowing heart re - joice And tell its rap - ture all a - broad.
Let cheer-ful anthems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di - vine.
Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRAIN.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way;
Hap - py day, hap - py day.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

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HAPPY DAY.

slower.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way.
Hap-py day, hap - py day,

No. 23. CONFESSION.

H. Bonar, D.D. E. Roberts.

1. No, not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis -
2. Lord! I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin; All I am
3. Faith - ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all; Lov - ing and

trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee; Sin has gone o - ver me,
tell I Thee, All I have been; Purge Thou my sin a - way,
kind art Thou When poor ones call; Lord! let the cleans-ing blood,

Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died, Je - sus hath died.
Wash Thou my soul this day, Lord! make me clean, Lord! make me clean.
Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul, Pass o'er my soul.

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No. 24. WAITING DUTIES.

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. O, there are sheep with-in the de-sert stray-ing, Or lost up-
2. And there is seed to sow be-side all wa-ters, O, scat-ter
3. So ma-ny hearts are bowed 'neath grief and an-guish, O, tell them,
4. The lone-ly souls who starve for love and kind-ness, The wea-ry

on the rock-y heights a-far; The Shepherd call-eth, "O My chil-dren,
it with lib-'ral, bounteous hand; So at the har-vest you may be re-
who in sor-row so re-pine, That God hath prom-ised, af-ter night's sad
ones who long for qui-et rest,— O like a sun-beam, go and cheer their
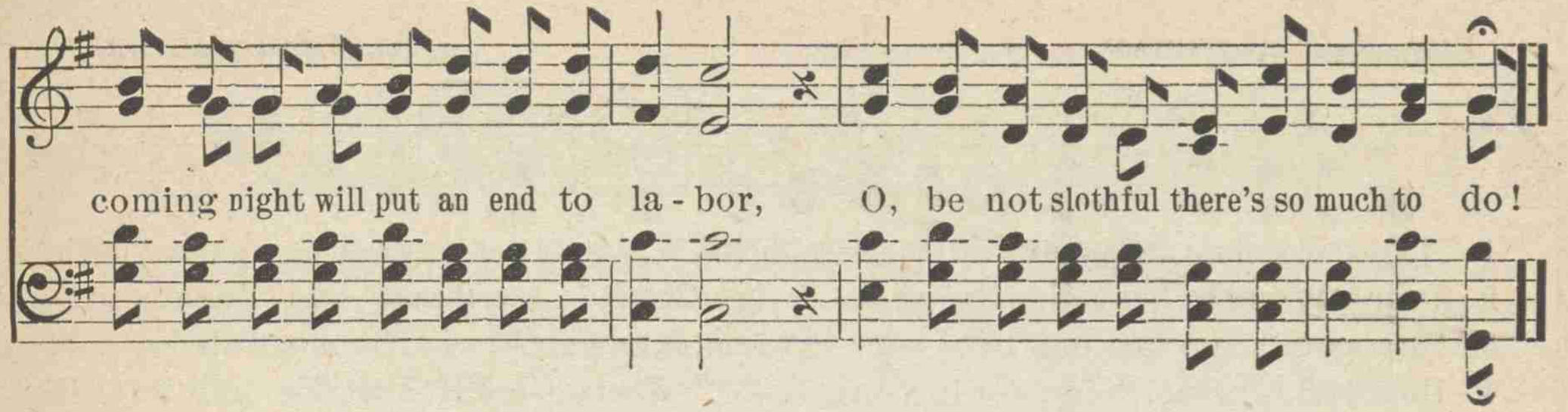
REFRAIN.

help Me To seek the wand'rers, per-ish-ing they are." "Go work within My
joic-ing, And la-den with the gold-en sheaves may stand.
weep-ing Glad songs shall come and morn's sweet radiance shine.
dark-ness; Such work if done for Christ is great-ly blest.

vineyard!" He is say-ing, How can you id-ly stand the whole day thro'? The

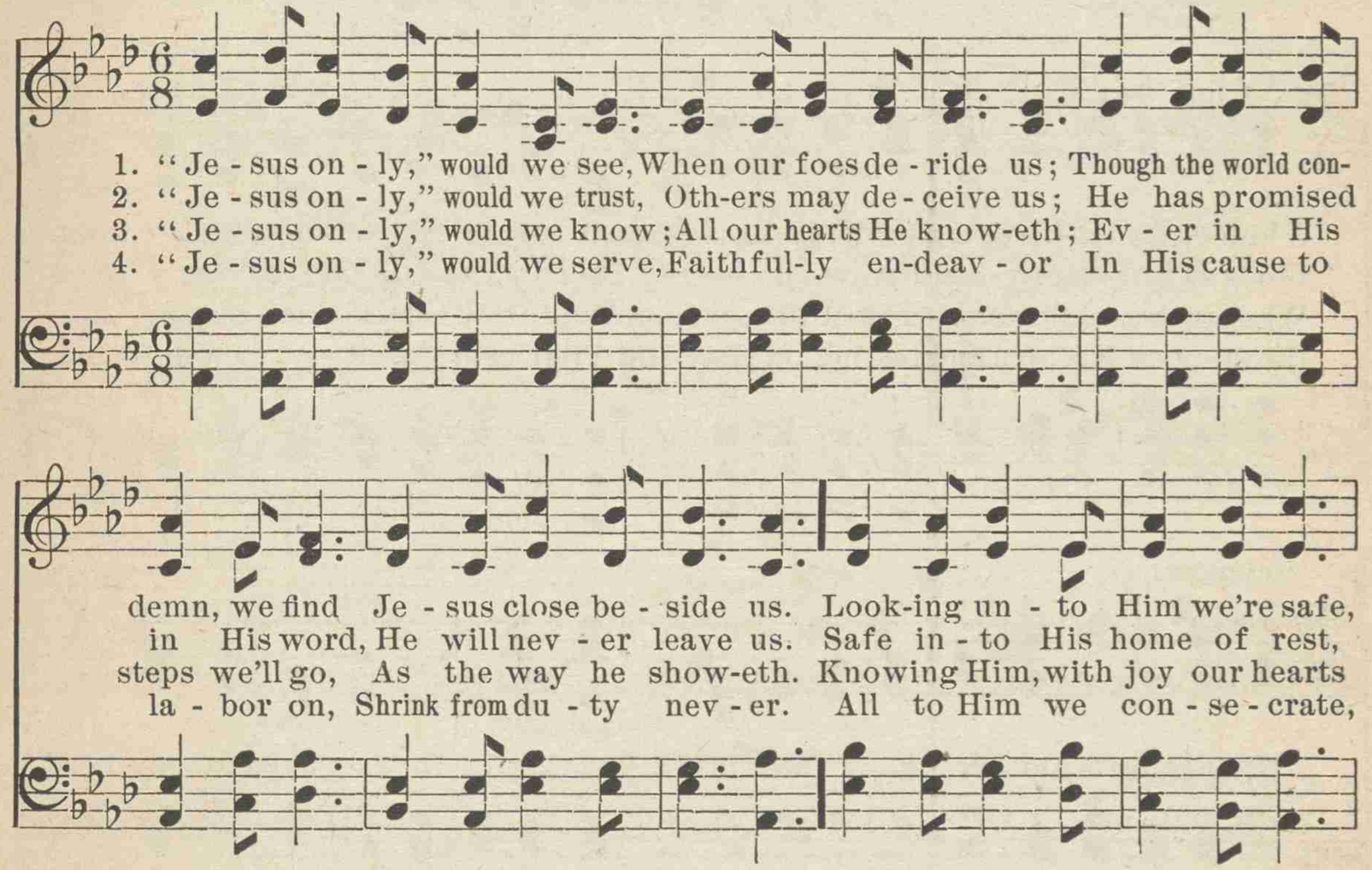
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WAITING DUTIES.



No. 25. JESUS ONLY.

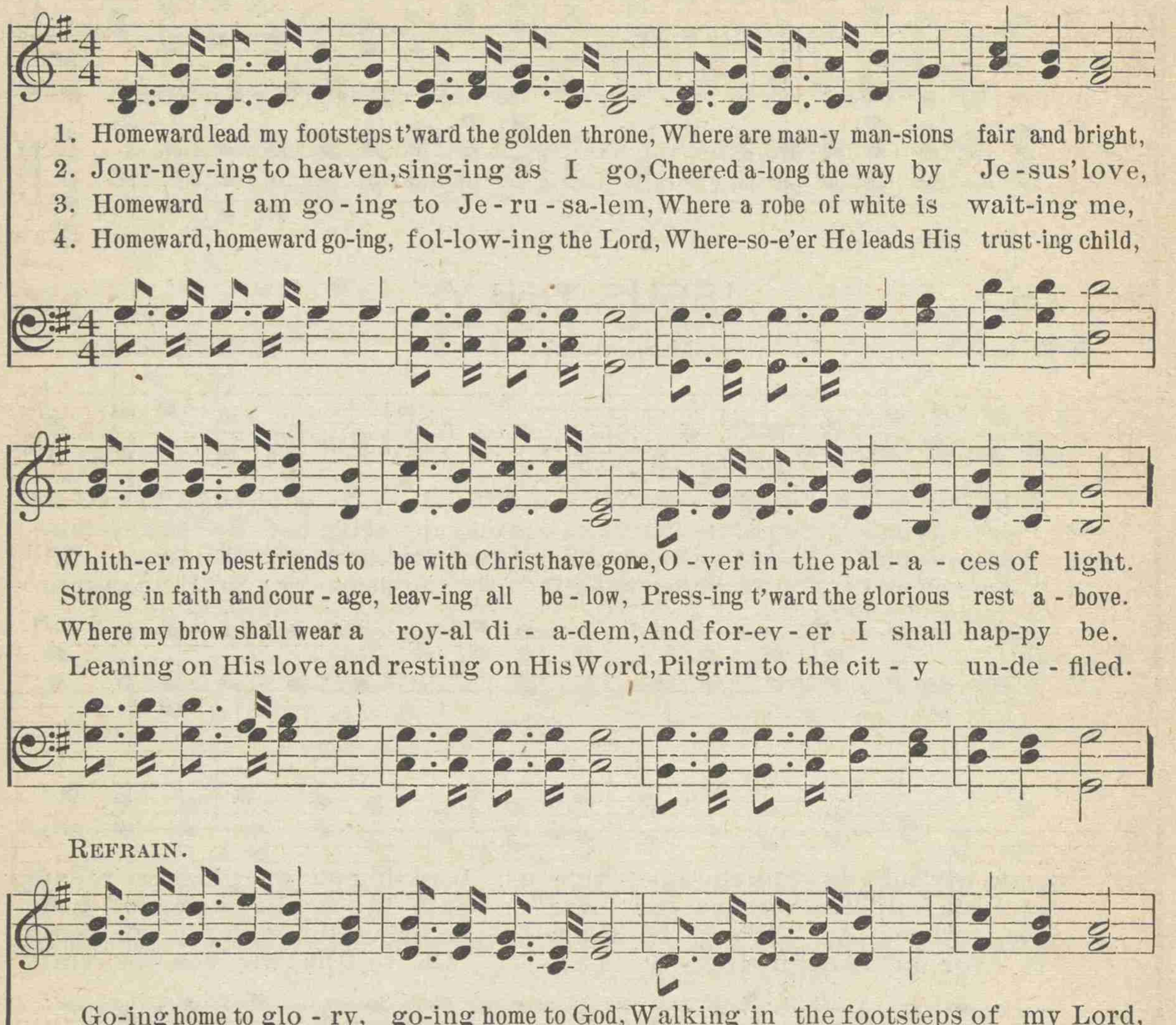
M. E. L. Matthew 27 : 18. H. N. Lincoln.



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No. 26. GOING HOME TO GLORY.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



REFRAIN.

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No. 27. COME AND SEE.

St. John 1: 46.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY. E. ROBERTS.

1. Why stand you a- far from the Saviour, As if you 'd no soul you would save? Why
2. You need Him, O hearts oft be-wail-ing Lost hopes earth can never re-store; His
3. O spurn not your Friend, and be strangers To love that will never grow cold, Nor
4. He suf-fer'd to win you sal-va- tion, His name is the passport to bliss; Draw

fail to entreat for His fa - vor, As if He had nought that you crave? Come and
word, like a foun-tain un-fail - ing, Yields hope that will live ev - er-more.
choose folly's quicksands and dangers, But come to His safe-shelter'd fold.
near, ev - 'ry kin-dred and na- tion, Nor wait lest God's blessing you miss.

REFRAIN.

see, come and see, In the Saviour is wonderful grace, come and see;
Come and see, come and see,

Come and see, come and see, Heaven beams in the smile of His face.
Come and see, come and see,

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No. 28. THE BEACON LIGHT.

A. J. Showalter.

F. M. Davis. On board the S. S. "Berlin," July 3, 1895.

1. Sail - ors on life's troub - led o - cean,
2. Tho' the tem - pest rag - es wild - ly,
3. Lift your eyes, ye storm-toss'd sail - ors,

1. Sail - ors ou . . . . life's troub - led o - cean, . Drift - ing
2. Tho' the tem - - pest rag - es wild - ly, . . And the
3. Lift your eyes, . . . ye storm-toss'd sail - ors, . . To the

Drift-ing 'neath a low-'ring sky, Look a - bove the
And the break - ers loud - ly roar, Yet the Bea - con
To the Bea - con, bright, a - bove, It is shin - ing

'neath . . a low-'ring sky, . . Look a - bove . . the clouds are
break - ers loud - ly roar, . . Yet the Bea - con guides you
Bea - - con, bright, a - bove; . . It is shin - ing for your

clouds are riv - en, And a light you may de - scry.
guides you safe - ly To a calm and peace-ful shore.
for your safe - ty, And its beams are beams of love.

riv en, . . And a light . . . you may de - scry. . .
safe - ly . . To a calm . . . and peace-ful shore. . .
safe - ty, . . And its beams . . . are beams of love. . .

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THE BEACON LIGHT.

REFRAIN.

From the light - - house of His mer - cy . . Je - sus

ALTO.

From the light - house of His mer - cy

sends . . His light of love; . . Fix your eyes . . up - on it,

Je - sus sends His light of love; Fix your eyes up -

sea - men, It will guide you home a - bove. . . .

on it, sea - men, It will guide you home a - bove.

No. 29. HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?

Rom. 10: 10.

Miss A. R. Carey. E. Roberts.

1. My friend, have you nothing to say? Have the won - ders of grace all been
2. My friend, is there noth-ing to say? Can your life not one mes - sage re -
3. Yes, friend, there is something to say! Let not si - lence your Sav-iour de -

told? . Have no blessings di-vine ev-er brightened thy way? Has the Shep-herd ne'er
peat? From each page of God's word shines a heav-en-ly ray,—There's a pre-cept to
ny; Think how words fit - ly spo-ken the spi - rit can sway,—Tell the world of sal -
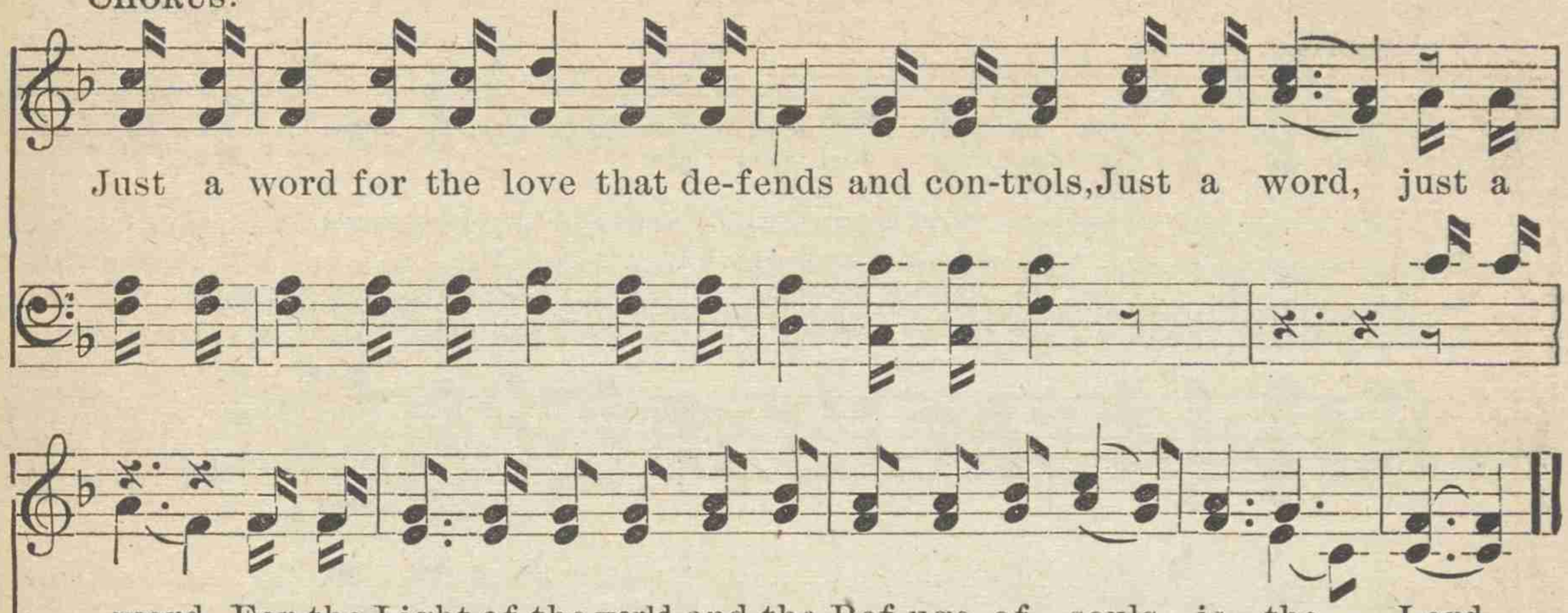
called when you wandered a - way, And in - vit - ed you home to the fold?
guide or a prom - ise to stay, Or a psalm with thanksgiv-ing re - plete.
va - tion, O, speak while you may! Let your voice bear good news from a - bove.

ad libitum.

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HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?

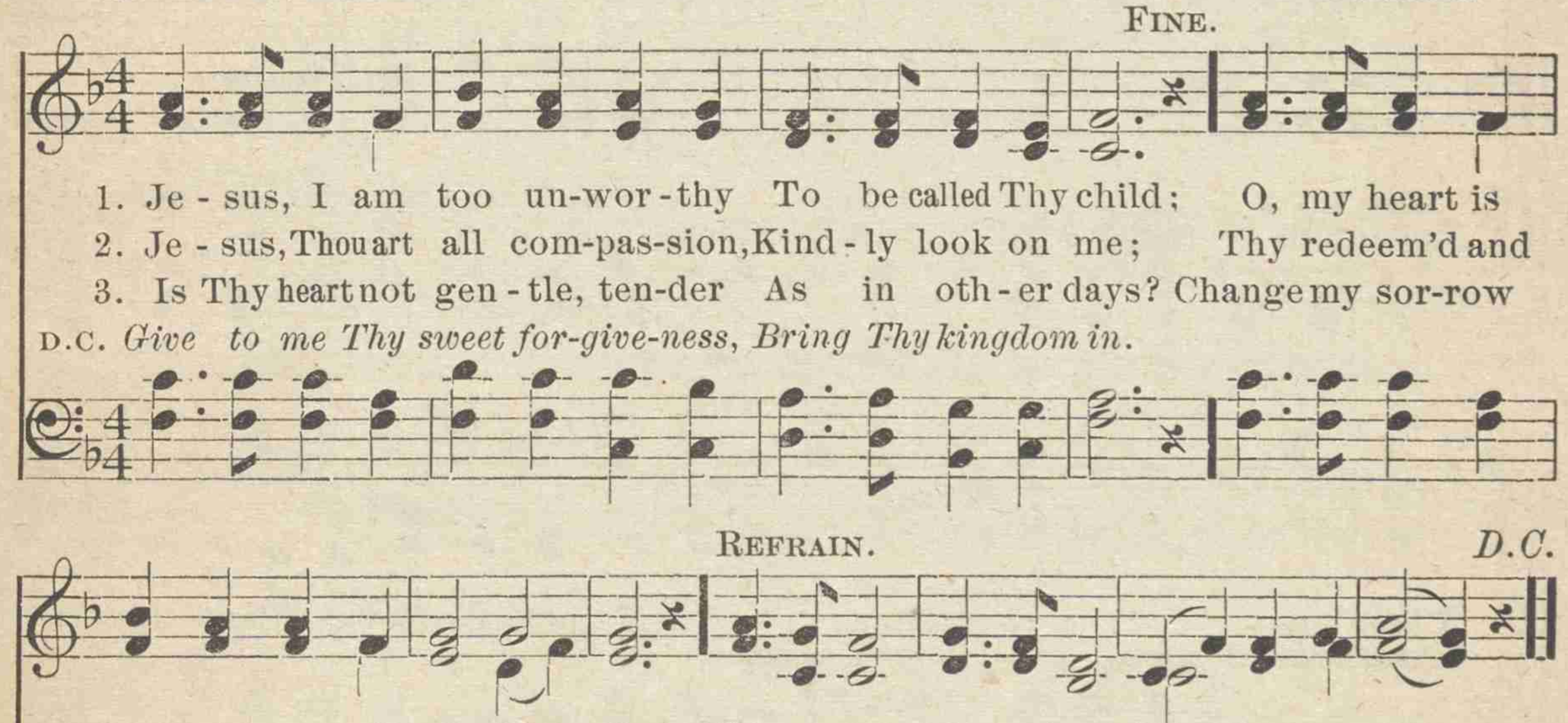
CHORUS.
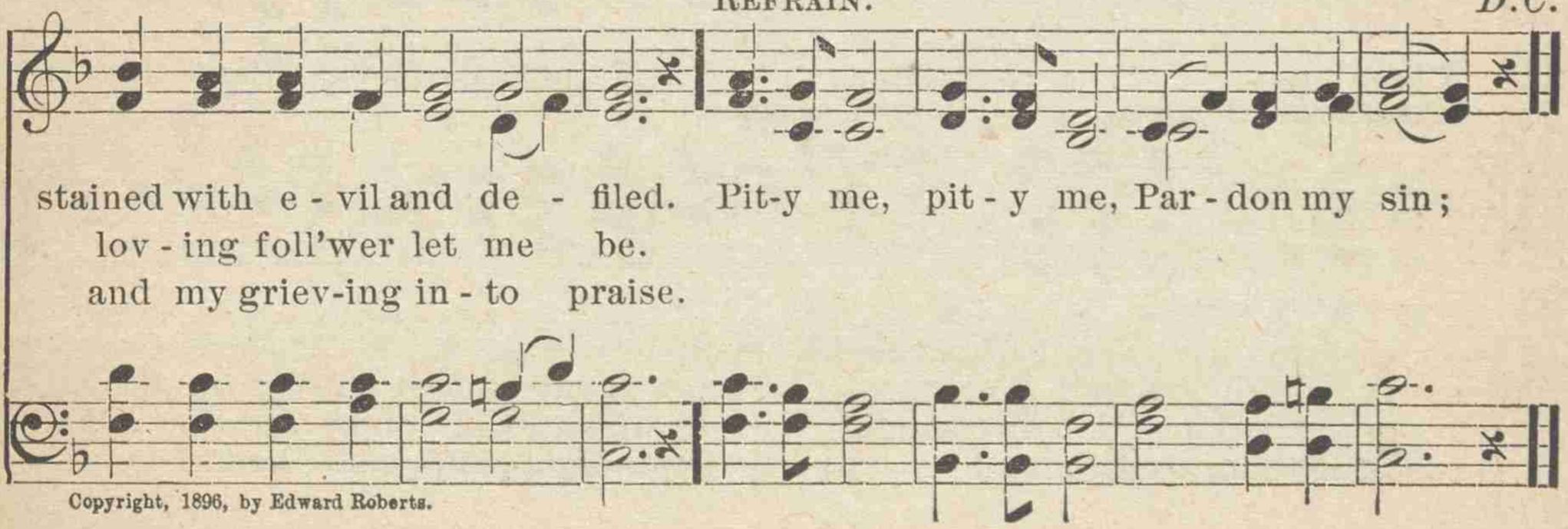


No. 30. PITY ME.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. ROBERTS.

FINE.



REFRAIN. D.C.



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No. 31. THE FATHER'S CALL.

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. Why in thy bond-age wilt thou stay? Far from thy home and Fa - ther stray?
2. Think of the years thou hast misspent, Time which the Fa - ther kind - ly lent;
3. Why wilt thou long - er doubting stand! Haste! for He waits with outstretch'd hand;
4. Turn from the des - ert, drear and wild, God lov - eth still His wayward child,

Wel - come is wait - ing thee to - day, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
He will for-give if thou re-pent, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
Wilt thou not heed that sweet command? O prod - i - gal child, come home!
Come, and to - day be rec - on - ciled, O prod - i - gal child, come home!

REFRAIN.

Re - turn, re - turn, O heed the ten - der plea, (sweet plea,)
Re - turn, O prod - i - gal, now re - turn,

Rit. ad lib.

Come home, come home, Thy Father calls for thee, (He calls for thee.)
Come home, O prod - i - gal, now come home,
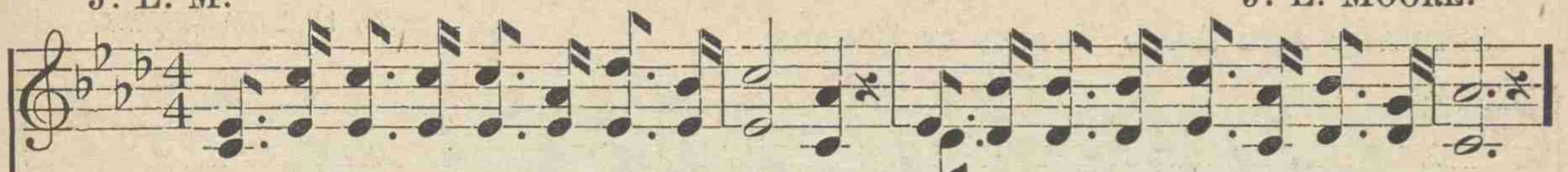
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5 Wondrous salvation God hath wrought,
Jesus thy sinful soul hath bought,
Long in the darkness for thee sought.
O prodigal child, come home!
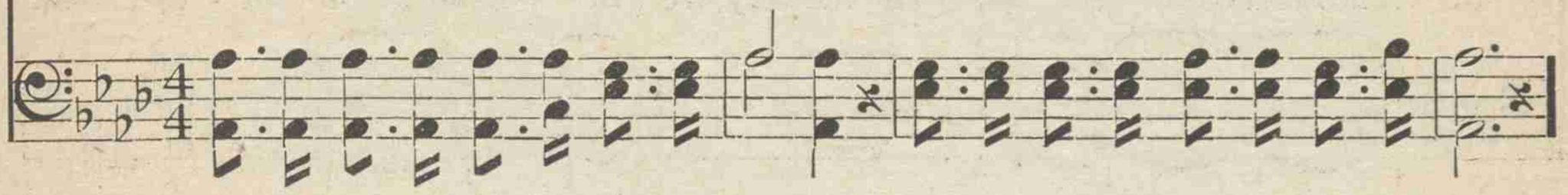
6 Soon will the shades of evening fall,
Life's day be past beyond recall,
Death's gloomy night will thee appall,
O prodigal child, come home!
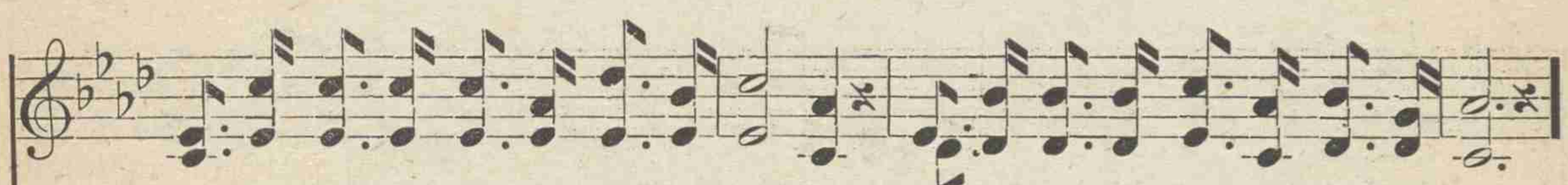
No. 32. WHO'LL HELP A BROTHER?

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE.
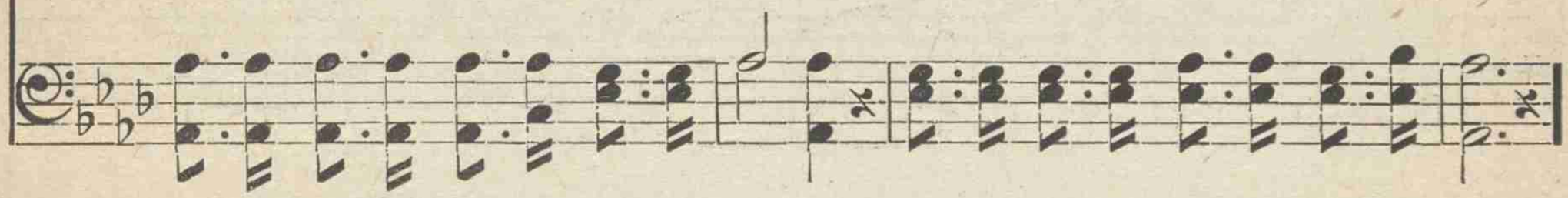


1. While the rugged sea of life we're sailing, Let the beacon lights burn bright below,
2. Adverse winds may toss our lit-tle ves- sel, As we sail thro' storms of ev'ry kind;
3. Some may lose their guiding chart and compass, Run against the breakers and be lost;
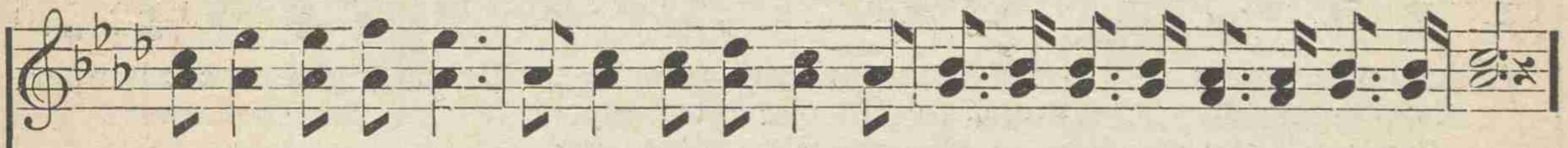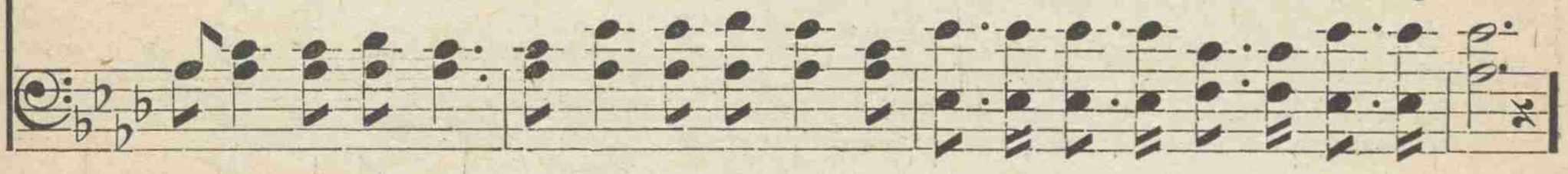




So the wea-ry sea-men on their voyage, May with safe-ty o'er the billows go.
On we'll press, with faith to-ward the landing, Leav-ing ev-'ry doubt and fear behind.
We must keep the life-boats ever read-y For the res-cue of the tempest-toss'd.
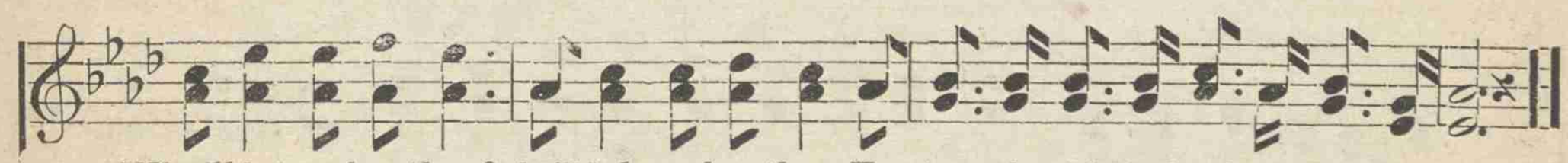


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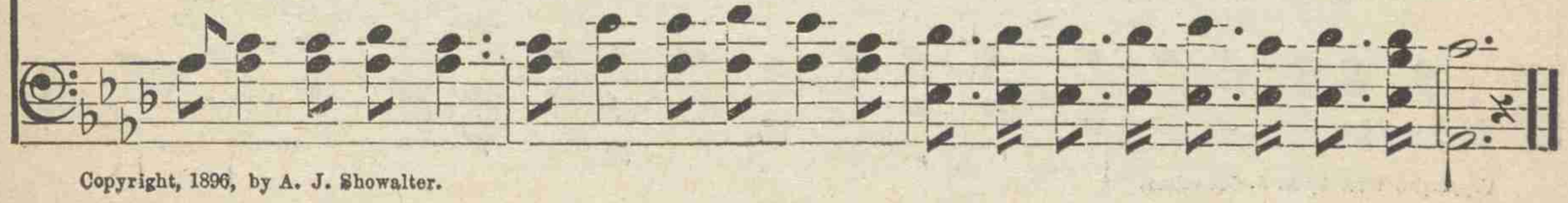


Who'll help a broth-er? who'll help a broth-er To stem the tide and make the landing sure?





Who'll help a brother? who'll help a brother To stem the tide and make the land -ing sure?



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No. 33. BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

S. H. LIGHTNER.

SOPRANO AND ALTO VOICES IN UNISON.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward
2. Je - sus, Lord, and Mas-ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing,
3. All our days, di-rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to-rious,

To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See Thy children meet; Of-ten have we left Thee, Often gone a - stray,
O - ver ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,

CHORUS.

And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'n-ward way. Brightly gleams our banner,
Keep us might - y Sav-iour, In the nar-row way.
Par-don Thou and save us, In the last dread hour.

Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.

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No. 34. HE IS CALLING, GENTLY CALLING.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL. JAMES M. GARRETT.

1. He is call-ing, gen-tly call-ing, Heed, O heed His voice di-vine,
2. Come to-day while He is call-ing, Time on earth is short at best,
3. Come to Je-sus—none so ten-der, Nev-er friend so kind and true,

Come to Je-sus, claim His prom-ise, "They who love Me shall be mine."
Shades of night will soon be fall-ing, Shall the eve-ning bring us rest?
As our mer-ci-ful De-fend-er, He who gave His life for you.

All the way His word di-rects us, He will keep us to the end;
Haste, O hast-en to o-bey Him! "Come to Me," saith Christ in love:
Now, just now, yield all, and serve Him; Je-sus knows each cross you bear,

Christ will coun-sel and pro-tect us, Je-sus is our tru-est Friend.
Now ac-cept His full sal-va-tion, Faith-ful to the Mas-ter prove.
He would share your ev-'ry bur-den, On-ly cast on Him your care.

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No. 35. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

ANON. E. ROBERTS.

1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je-sus, Love for you, and love for me;
2. Soft-ly sing the love of Je-sus, For our hearts are full of tears,
3. Glad-ly sing the love of Je-sus, Let us lean up-on His arm;

Heav-en's light is not more charming, Heaven's dews are not more free;
As we think how walk-ing hum-bly This low earth for man-y years,
While He loves us, what can grieve us? If He keeps us, what can harm?

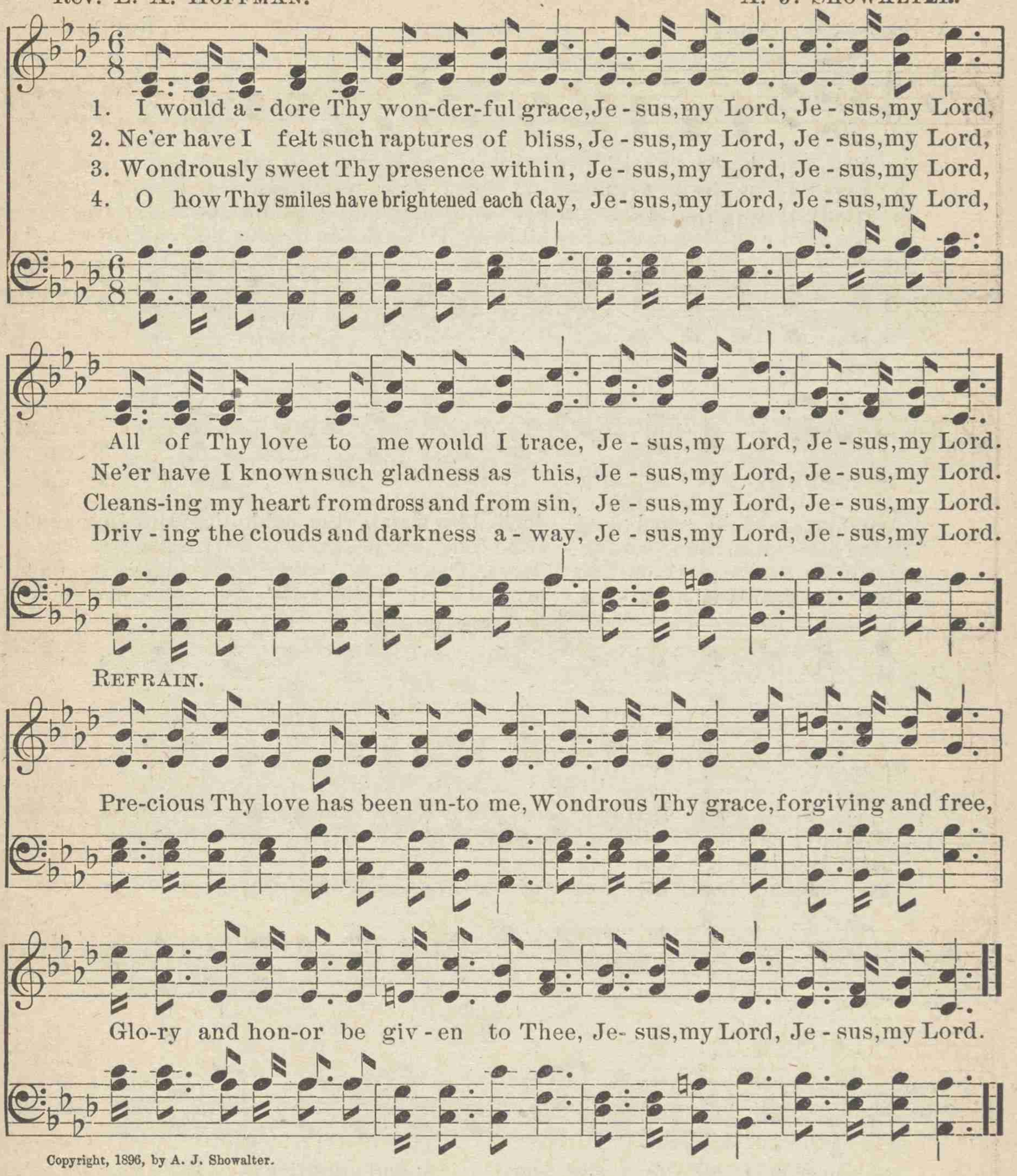
As a child in pain or ter-ror, Hides Him in His mother's breast,
Without rich-es, without dwell-ing, Wounded sore by foe and friend,
Still He lays His hand in bless-ing On each up-turn'd seek-ing face;

As a sail-or seeks a ha-ven, We would go to Him for rest.
In the gar-den, and in dy-ing, Je-sus lov'd us to the end.
And in Heav'n His children ev-er Near His throne shall have a place.

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No. 36. JESUS, MY LORD.

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



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5 All of my cares I lay at Thy feet,
Jesus, my Lord, Jesus, my Lord,
And the relief is quick and complete,
Jesus, my Lord, Jesus, my Lord.

6 I am Thine own, redeemed and forgiv'n,
Jesus, my Lord, Jesus, my Lord,
Sealed unto God, anointed for heav'n,
Jesus, my Lord, Jesus, my Lord.

No. 37. AT JESUS' FEET.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY. St. Luke 10: 39. E. ROBERTS.

1. Be like the flow'r with o-dor sweet, But breathe it all at Je - sus' feet; His
2. Be like a bird with melting lays, But sing your songs in Je - sus' praise; His
3. He claims your gifts, He claims your pow'rs, God's truth to spread where darkness lowers; When
4. To live for Him makes life all blest, To work for Him brings endless rest; To

love re - veal in word and deed, The wand-'ring guide, the faint-ing feed.
grace pro-claim, His words re - peat, Till hearts are sway'd with strains so sweet.
griev'd He 'll give you com-fort sweet, If you but fol - low close His feet.
sing His praise is high - est art, To do His will is an - gel's part.

REFRAIN.

At Je-sus' feet, at Je - sus' feet, O spend your life in ser-vice sweet; At

Je - sus' feet, at Je - sus' feet, O spend your life in ser - vice sweet.

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No. 38. I'LL FOLLOW CHRIST.

Rev. Geo. F. Robertson. A. J. Showalter.

1. I'll fol - low Christ my Sav - iour Wher-e'er He leads the way;
2. I'll fol - low Christ my Cap - tain, And watch, and pray, and fight,
3. I'll fol - low Christ my Shep - herd Who 'll guide me by His will

While walk - ing in His foot - steps I can not go a - stray.
O - bed - ient to His or - ders I 'll strive to do the right.
In - to the rich - est past - ures And by the wa - ters still.

Refrain.

Yes, Lord, I 'll fol - low, fol - low, A - long th'ap-point-ed way

Which shin - eth bright - er, bright - er, Un - to the per - fect day.

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No. 39. WE'RE A BAND OF SOLDIERS.

E. R. LATTA. Music and Refrain by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. We're a band of sol-diers, Marching to the field; For the truth to bat - tle,
2. We're a band of sol-diers, O-ver-com-ing sin, There are foes a-bout us,
3. We're a band of sol-diers, Fighting for the Lord; And we're marching onward,
4. We're a band of sol-diers, Fighting for our King; And we wave our banners,

Till the foe shall yield! Looking un - to Je - sus, Who to heav'n hath gone,
There are foes with - in! Ev - 'ry sin - ful hab - it, Ev - 'ry e-vil thought,
Trust-ing in His word! Je - sus was tri - um-phant O - ver ev - 'ry foe;
As we shout and sing! When the war is end - ed, We our crowns shall wear;
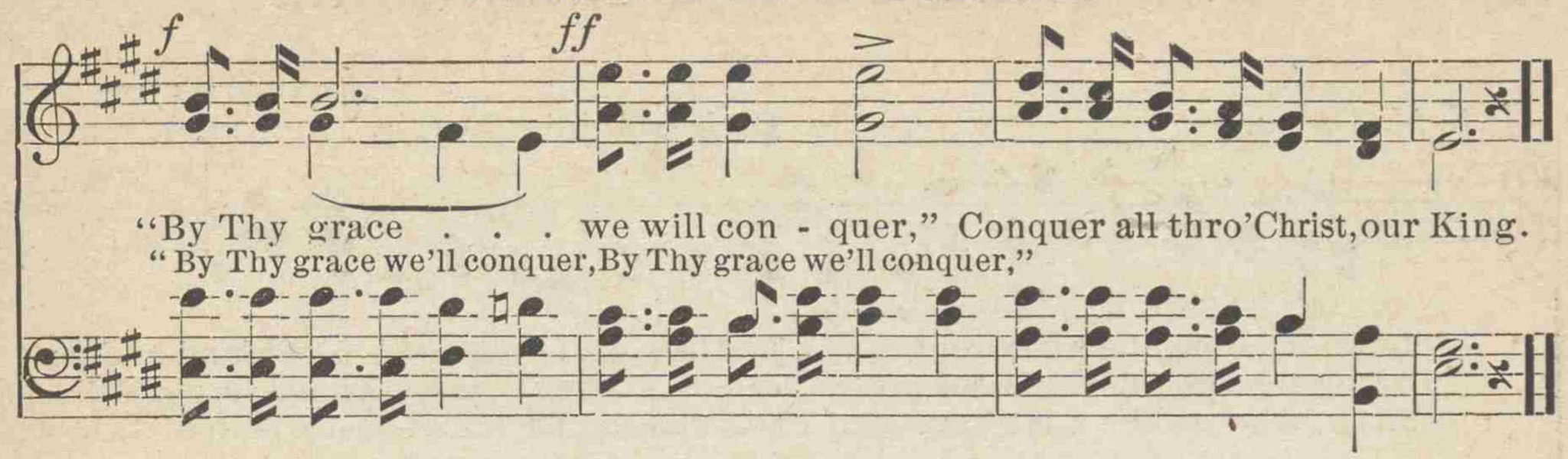
REFRAIN.

We will strive to fol-low, Where He leads us on. Pass . . . . a-long our
Must be slain in bat-tles, By our spir-its fought!
And, if we are faith-ful, We shall tri-umph know.
Reign with Christ in heaven, All His glo - ry share. Pass a - long our watch-word,

watch - word, Loud - - ly let it ring,
up and down the line, Shout it out with glad - ness, Let it loud - ly ring,

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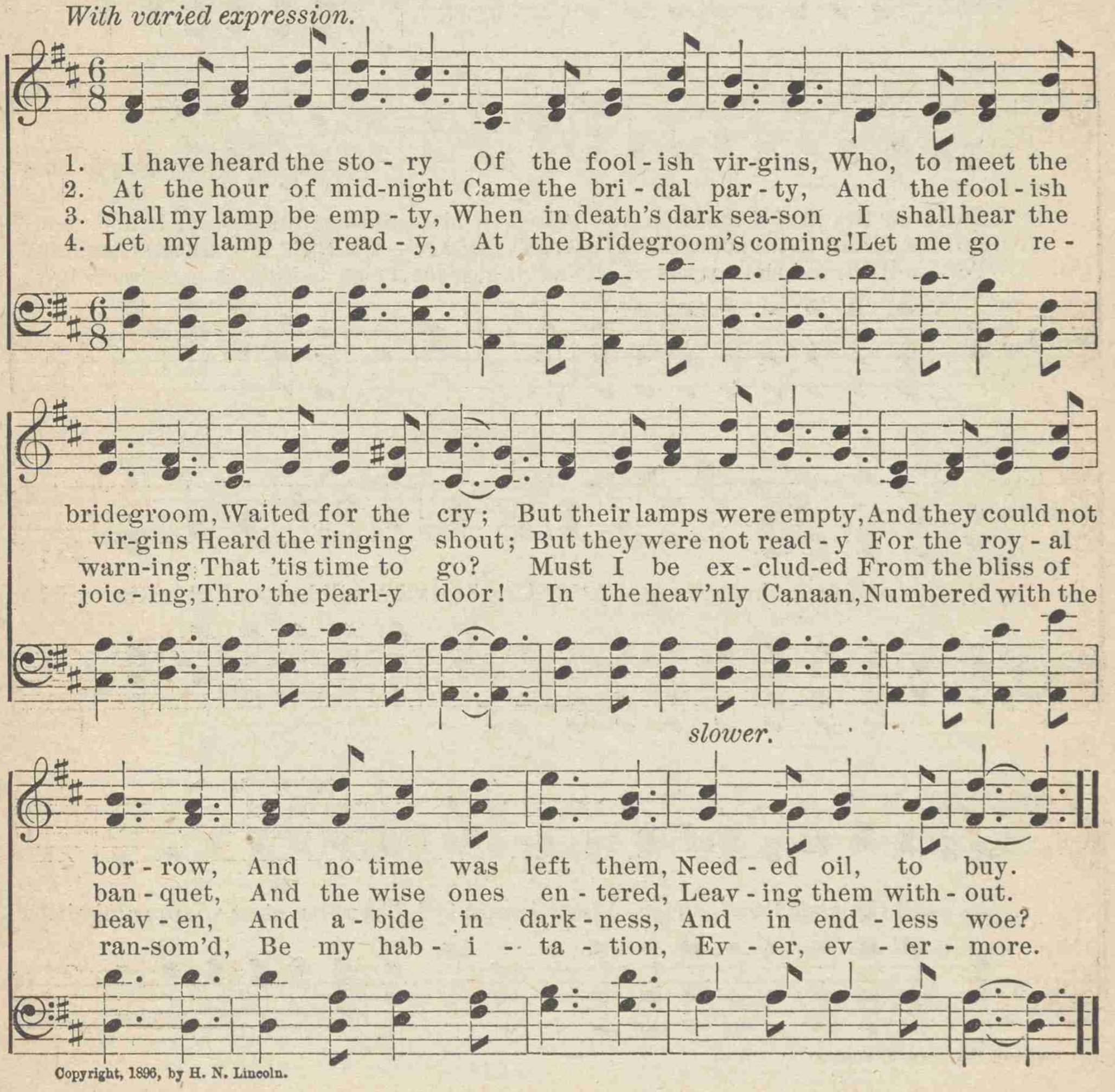
WE'RE A BAND OF SOLDIERS.



No. 40. SHALL MY LAMP BE EMPTY?

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

With varied expression.
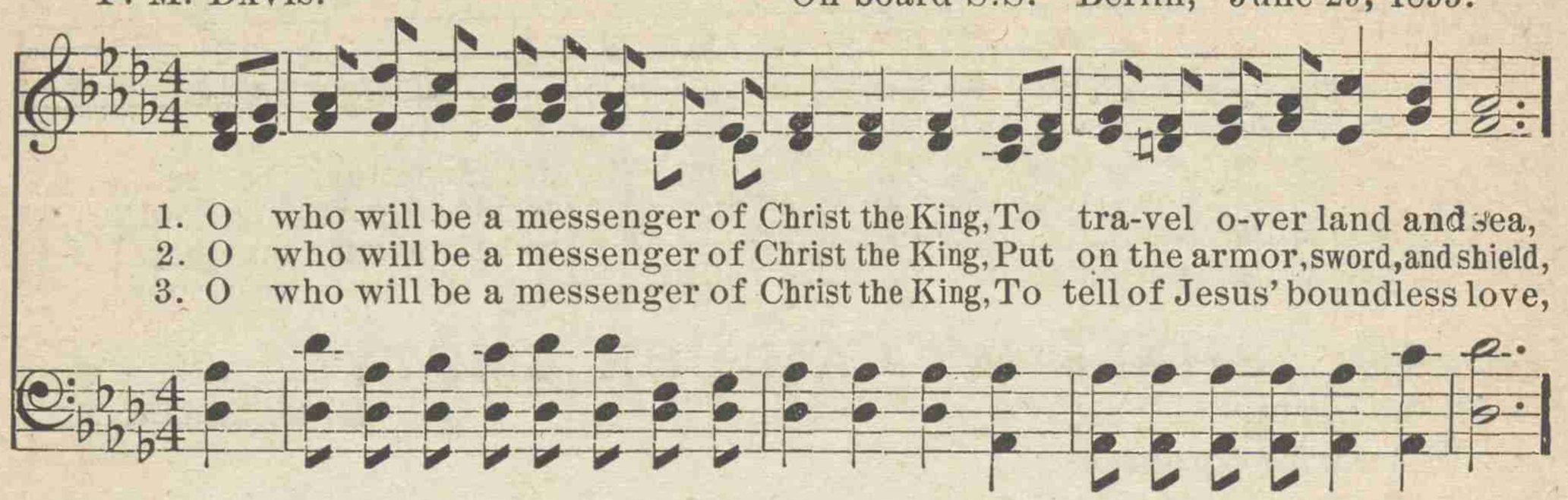


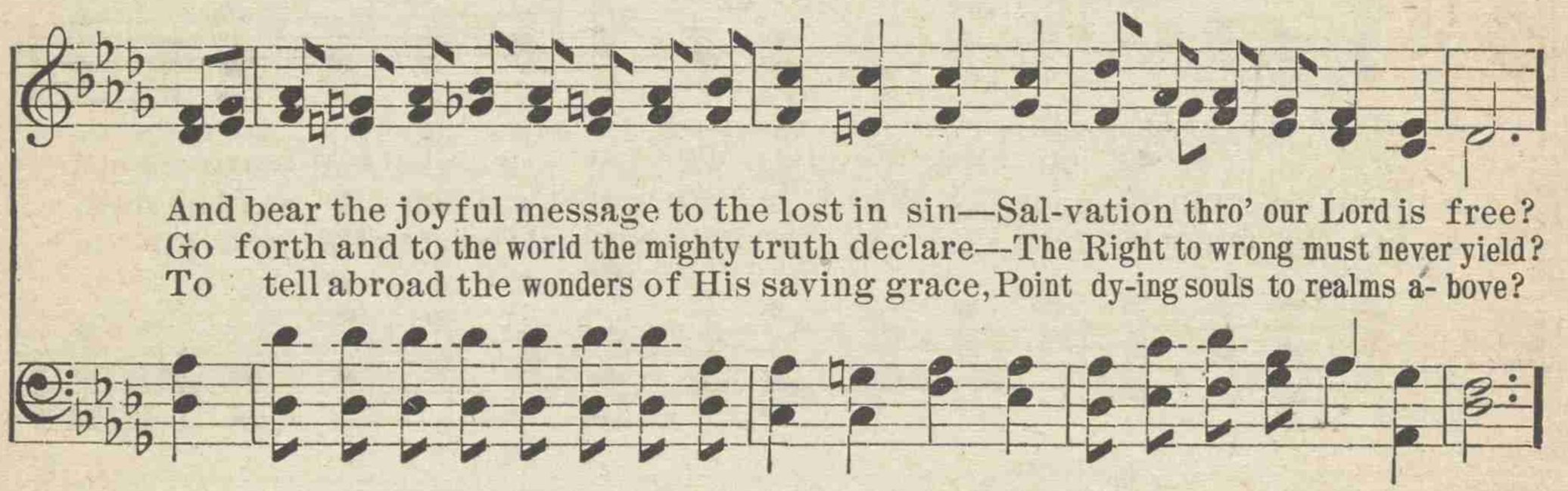
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No. 41. WHO WILL BE A MESSENGER?

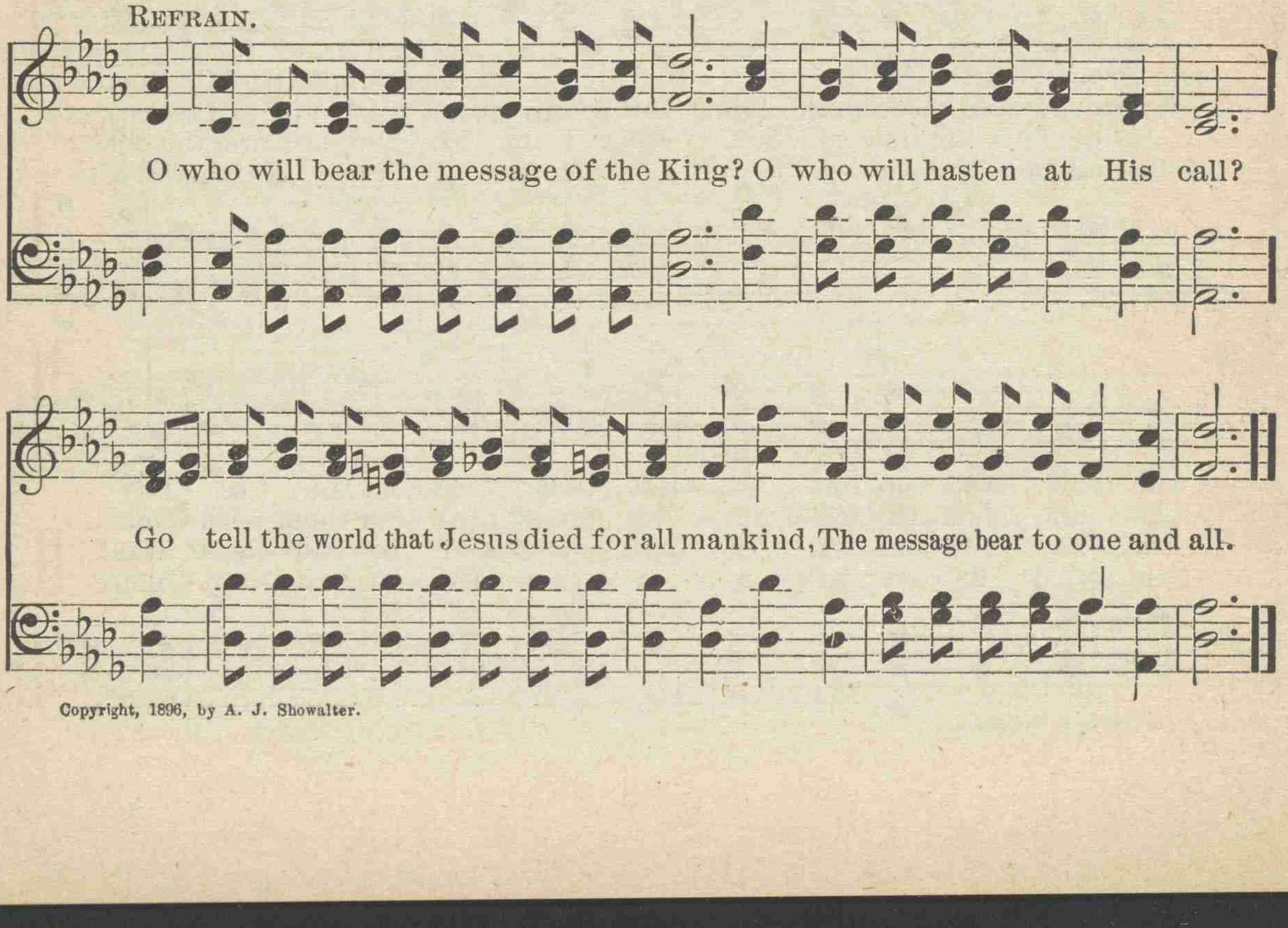
A. J. SHOWALTER.

F. M. DAVIS. On board S.S. "Berlin," June 29, 1895.





REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 42. O PARADISE.

Rev. F. W. FABER. E. ROBERTS.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest,
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old,
3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here;
4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more,

Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that lov'd are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold?
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot - less shore.

REFRAIN.

Where loy - al hearts and true, . . Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap - ture thro' and through, . . In God's most ho - ly sight.

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5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me; REFRAIN.

6 Lord, Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above; REFRAIN.

No. 43. SEND ME WORK TO DO.

ANON. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Lord, send me work to do for Thee; Let not a sin-gle day Be spent in
2. And teach me how to work for Thee; Thy Spir - it, Lord, im-part, That I may
3. And bless the work I do for Thee; Nor let me toil in vain; Mine be the
4. Thrice hap-py he who works for Thee! Thou grant-est him the grace, When he takes

wait-ing on my-self, Or wast- ed pass a - way; The Spi-rit calls, . . He calls in
serve Thee less from fear, Than from a lov-ing heart;
hand to drop the seed, Thine to send sun and rain.
home his work, to see The Mas-ter, face to face.

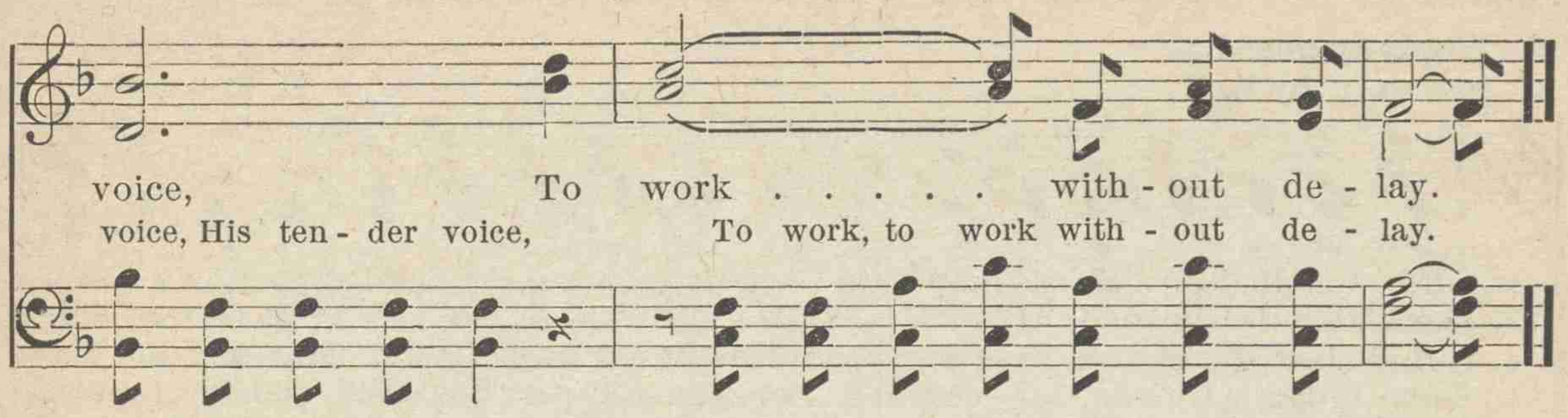
REFRAIN.

The Spirit calls,

love, ... He calls to toil, ... to toil to -
He calls in love,
He calls to toil,

day, ... O hear His voice, ... His tend - er
He calls to - day,
O hear His voice,

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.



No. 44. "OBEY, AND QUESTION NOT."

WM. H. GARDNER. W. A. OGDEN.

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No. 45. LOOK TO HIM AND LIVE.

Words arranged.
REFRAIN by E. R.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Je - sus died on Calv'ry's mountain Long time a - go, And sal - va - tion's cleansing foun - tain Now free - ly flows. Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus. He will
2. Once His voice in tones of pit - y, Melt - ed in woe, As He wept o'er Ju-dah's cit - y Long time a - go.
3. Je - sus died, yet lives in glo - ry, No more to die; He our Mas - ter and Re - deem - er, Now reigns on high.
4. Now in heav'n He 's in - ter - ced - ing For you and me; But when ends the time of plead-ing, Where shall we flee?
5. Bud-ding fig-trees tell that summer Dawns o'er the land; Signs por-tend that Je-sus' com - ing Is just at hand.

REFRAIN.

all your sins for-give; Now He 's waiting to be gracious, Look to Him, O look and live, Look to Him, Look to Him, Look to Je - sus, look and live.

Look to Him, Look to Him,

6 Friends, companions, He invites you,
List to His voice;
Now, the door of mercy 's open,
Make Him your choice. REF.

7 Should you bar the door against Him,
Where will you fly,
When He comes to take His loved ones
Home in the sky? REF.

Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

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. THE TRUMPET CALL.

L. D. S. A.

Music and Refrain by
H. N. LINCOLN.

1. There is work to be done in the vineyard, There are sheaves to be gathered in,
2. Go and gath - er them in from the hed - ges, Go and gath - er the young and old,
3. Go and work for the dear Blessed Mas - ter, It is strange you should so de - lay
4. There is work to be done in the vineyard, There is work tho' the hour be late,

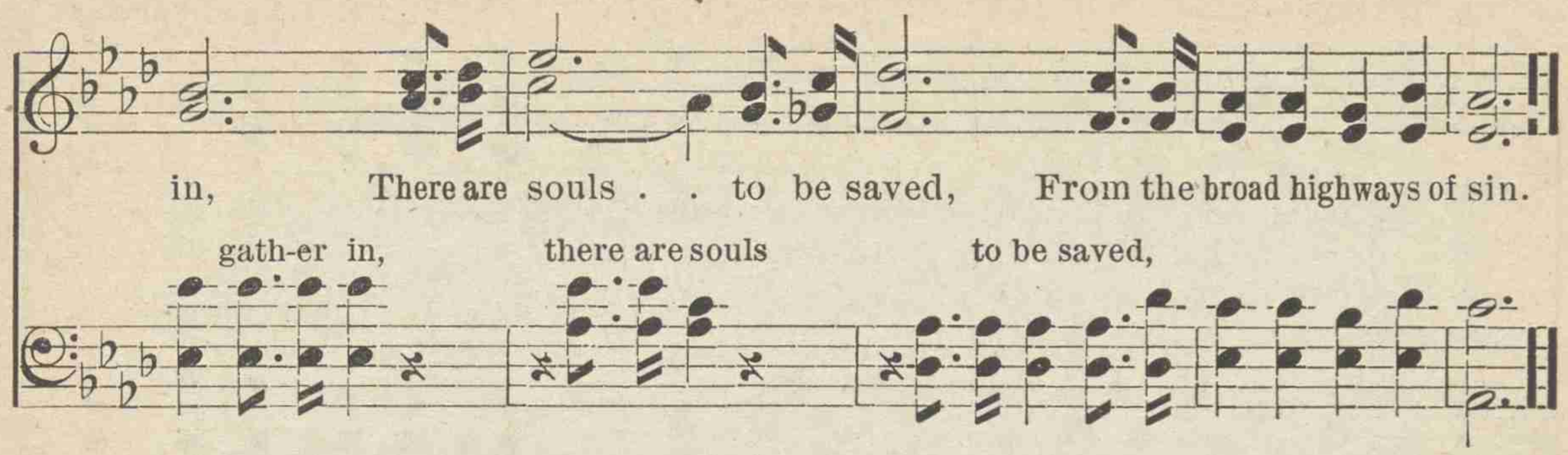
There are souls to be saved, and the Mas-ter saith Go and gath - er my lambs from the
Go and tell how the Shep-herd in wondrous love Left the light and the glo - ry of
When He prom-is-es strength if you ask a-right When the yoke is so eas - y, the
Ma - ny souls yet may turn from a life of sin, Judg-ment still may es-cape, and a

paths of death, From the pla-ces of woe and sin, From the pla-ces of woe and sin.
heav'n above, For the lambs, straying from the fold, For the lambs, straying from the fold.
burden light, And He pledges the best of pay, Yes, He pled-ges the best of pay.
bright crown win, Brother, why will you lon-ger wait? Brother, why will you longer wait?

REFRAIN.

Go and work, in the vine-yard, Precious sheaves, gath-er
go and work, Precious sheaves.

Copyright, 1896, by H. N. Lincoln.



No. 48. BE LOYAL TO THE MASTER.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. H. N. LINCOLN.

Copyright, 1896, by H. N. Lincoln.

No. 49. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

F. R. HAVERGAL. E. ROBERTS.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
2. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood,
3. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own arm-y
4. Chos-en to be sol-diers In an a - lien land; Chos-en, called and faith-ful,

Oth - er souls to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o - ver-throw. Round His stand-ard rang-ing, Vic - to - ry se - cure,
For our Captain's band; In the ser - vice roy - al Let us not grow cold,

RESPONSE.
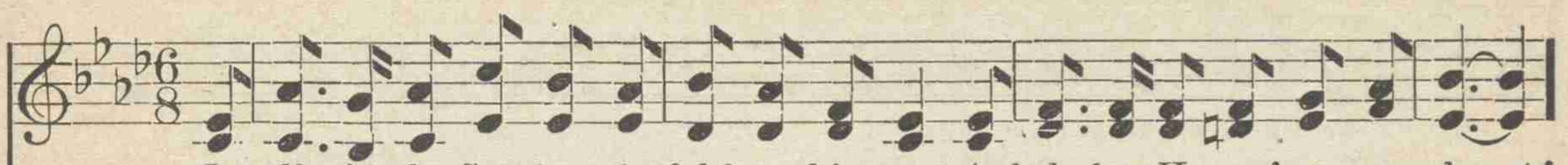
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demption,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri-umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,
Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true, and bold. Mas-ter, Thou wilt keep us

By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace di-vine, Al - ways on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, al-ways Thine.
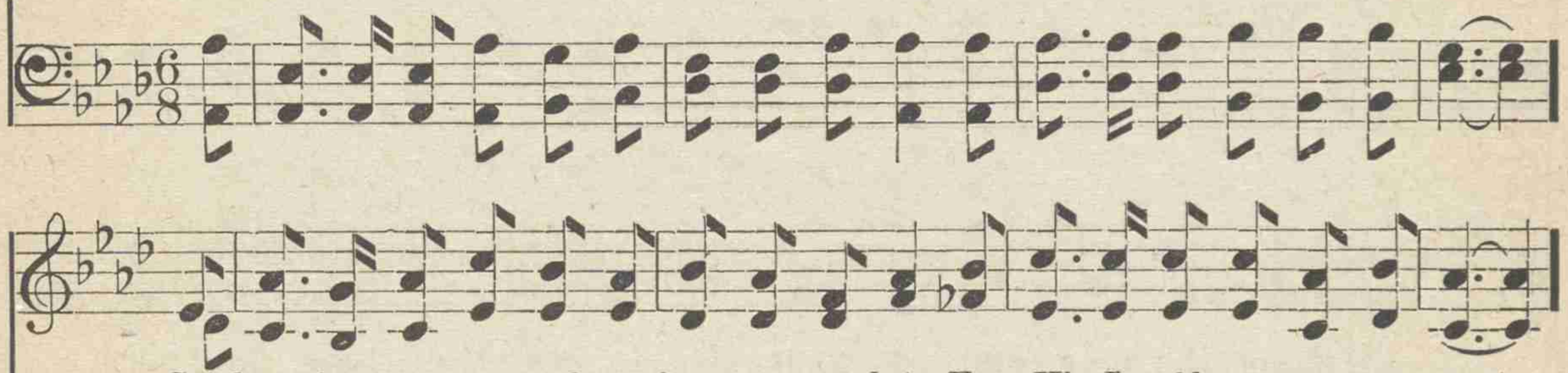
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No. 50. WALKING IN FELLOW-SHIP SWEET.
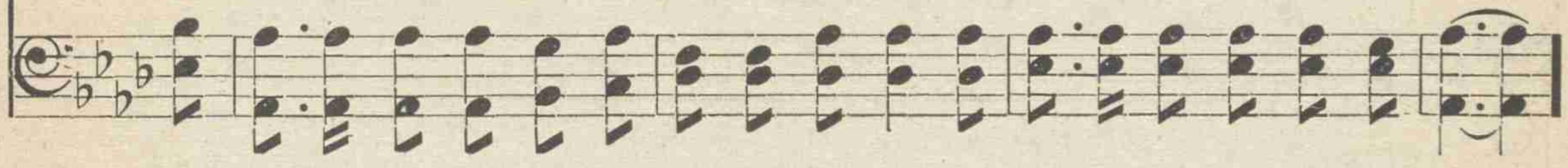
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.
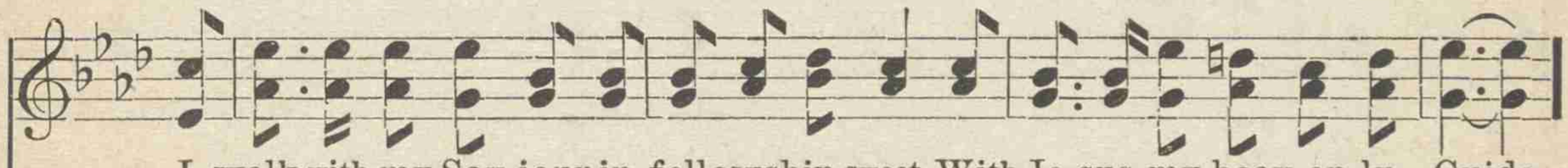


1. I walk with the Sav-iour in fel-lowship sweet, And oh, how He comforts my heart!
2. Be-side me He walks, and His love cheers the way, And then all is sunshine and peace;
3. A Coun-sellor He, a Compan-ion, a Guide, The best of all earth-friends is He;
4. With Je-sus be-side me, my hand in His hand, Temptations lose all of their pow'r;
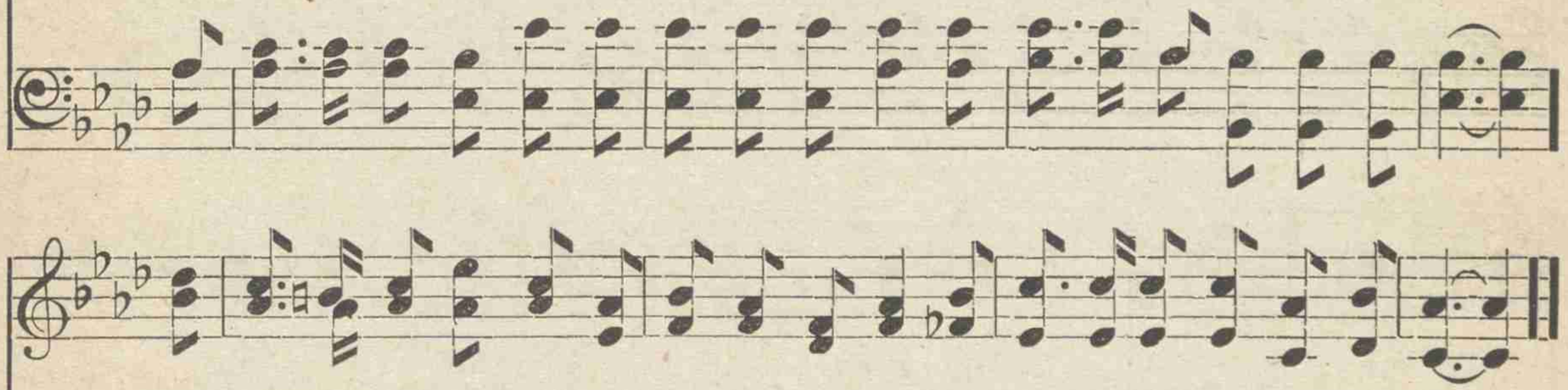


So deep is my peace, and my joy so complete, From Him I could nev-er-more part.
He keeps my faith strong with His presence each day; A wonderful friend Je-sus is!
I know if I on-ly keep near to His side, I nev-er discouraged shall be.
No harm can be-tide me, unconquered I stand, If Je-sus is with me each hour.
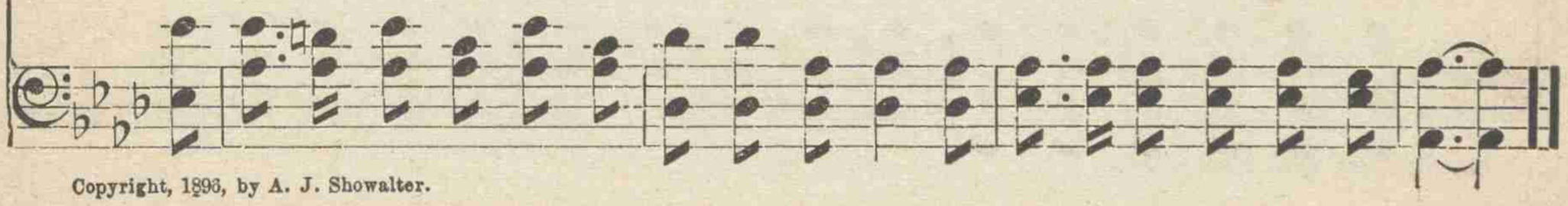


REFRAIN.



I walk with my Sav-iour in fellowship sweet, With Je-sus, my heav-en-ly Guide,



And He, my Redeemer, Companion, and Friend Will ev-er keep close to my side.

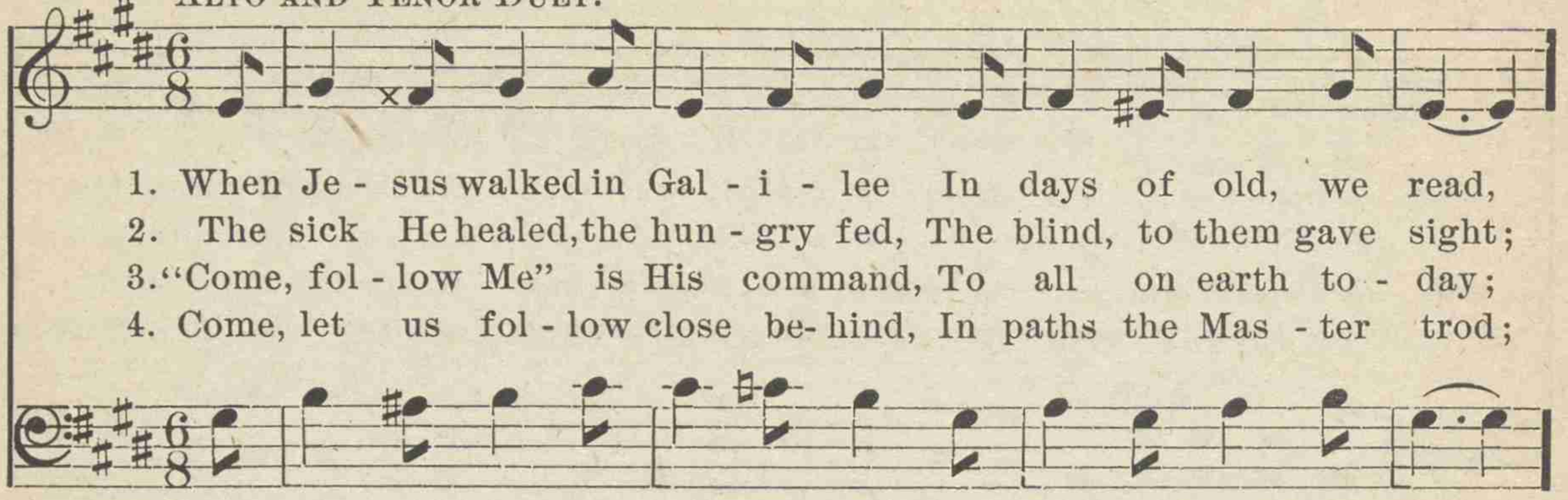


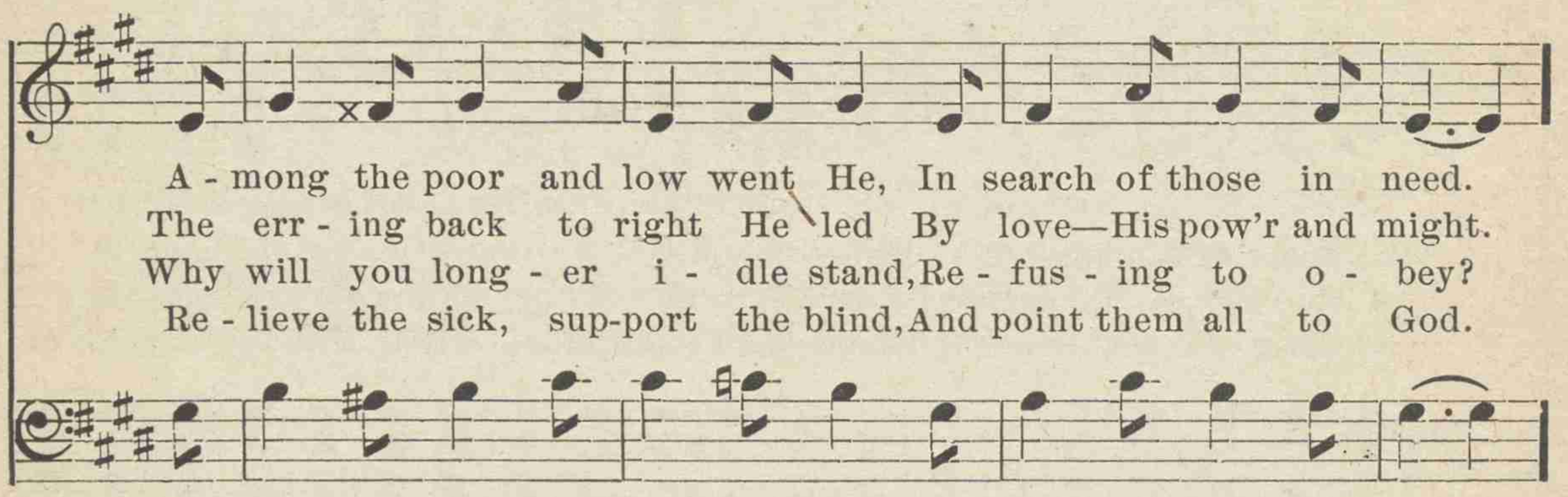
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No. 51. WHEN JESUS WALKED IN GALILEE.
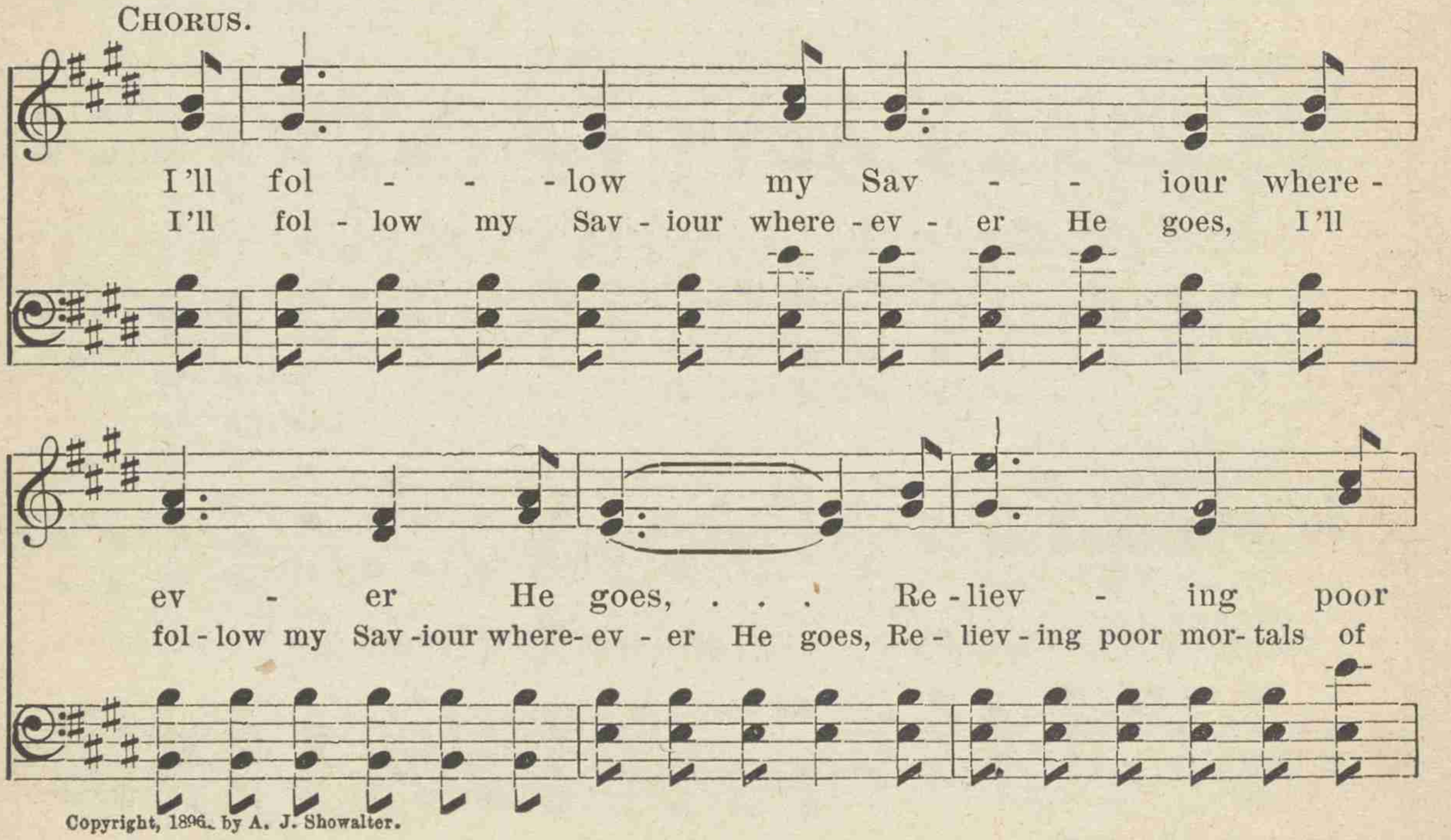
H. R. T. H. R. TUYRBYFILL.

ALTO AND TENOR DUET.





CHORUS.



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WHEN JESUS WALKED IN GALILEE.

mor - - tals of sor - - rows and woes; . . .
sor - rows and woes, Re - liev - ing poor mor - tals of sor-rows and woes;

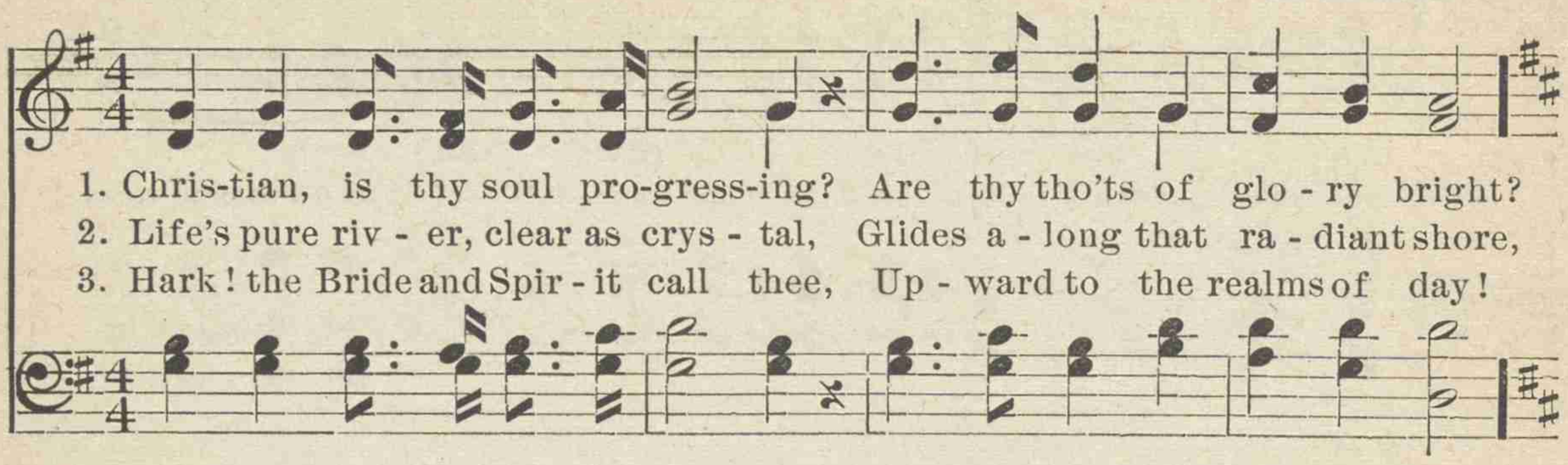
And when in the man - - sions of
And when in the man - sions of heav - en a - bove, And

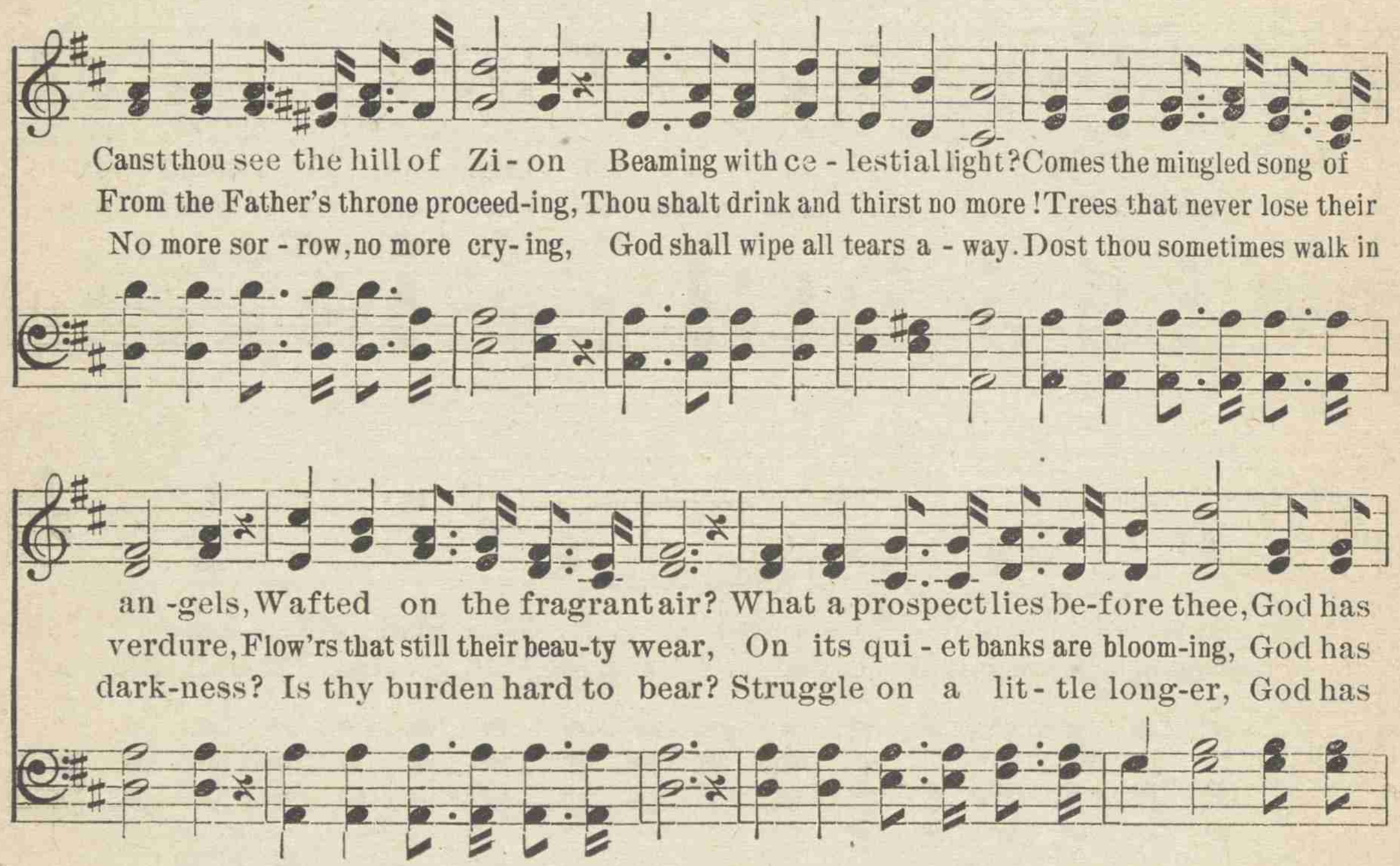
heav - en a - bove, . . . With glad - - ness I'll
when in the mansions of heav - en a - bove, With glad-ness I'll praise Him for
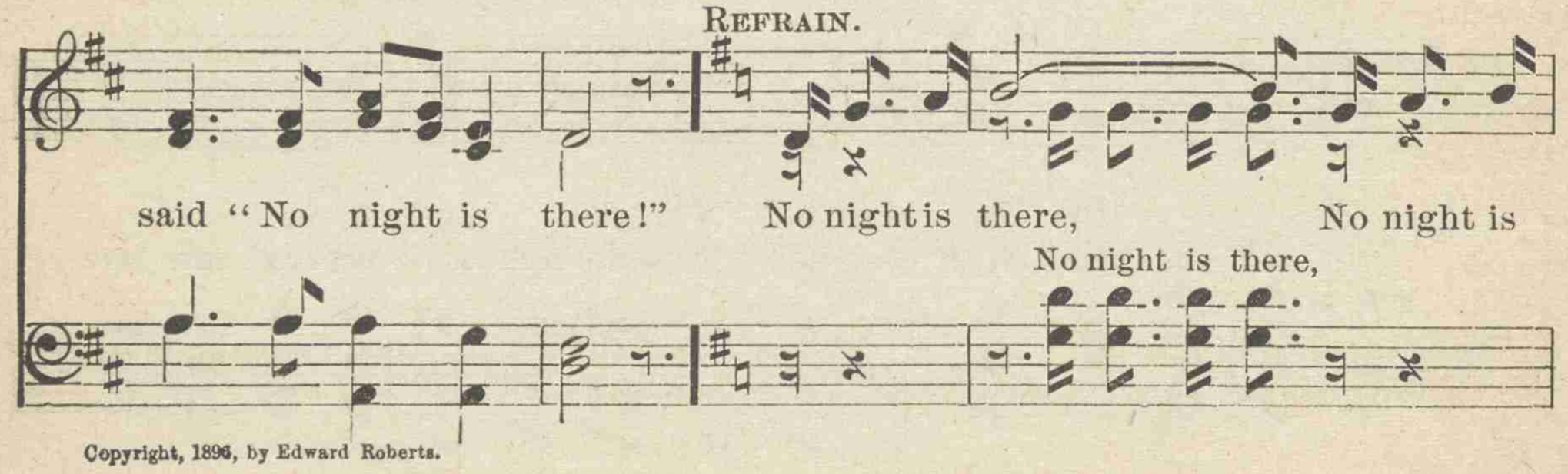
praise Him for mer - - cy and love. . . . .
mer - cy and love, With glad - ness I'll praise Him for mer - cy and love.

No. 52. THOUGHTS OF GLORY.
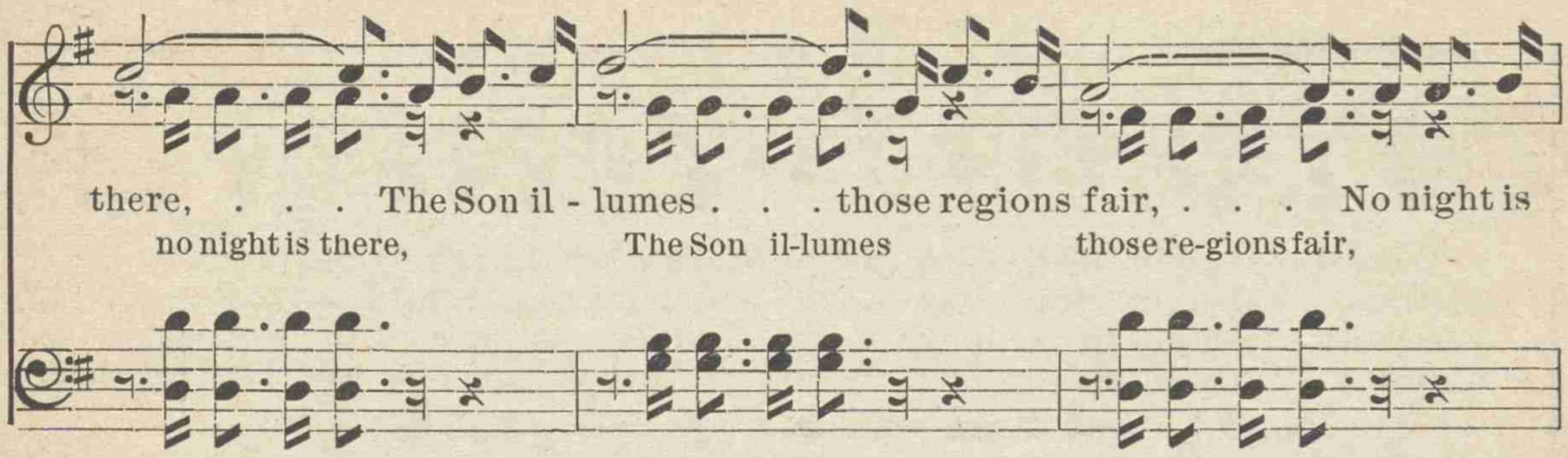
FANNY CROSBY. E. ROBERTS.
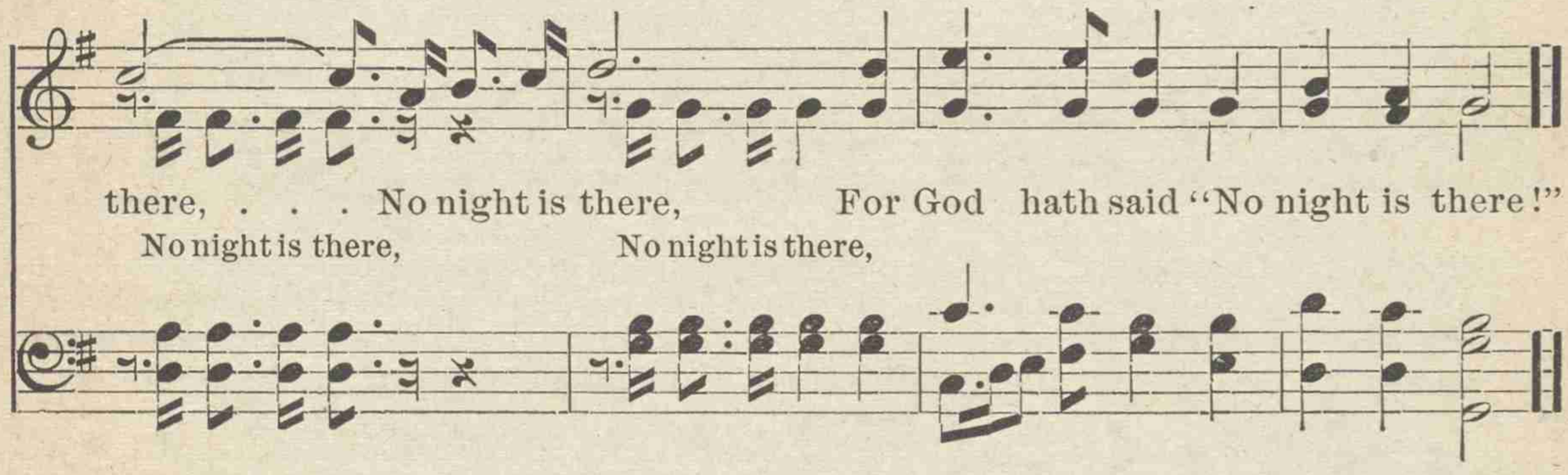






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No. 53. AT THE CROSS.

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

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

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

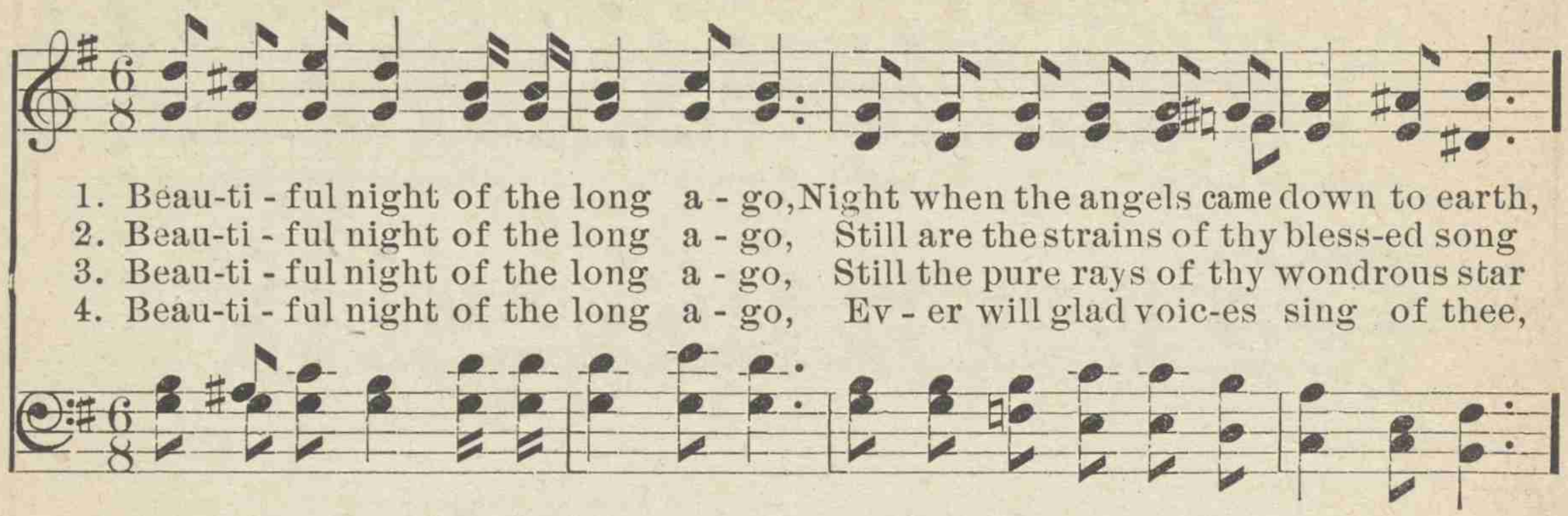
3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

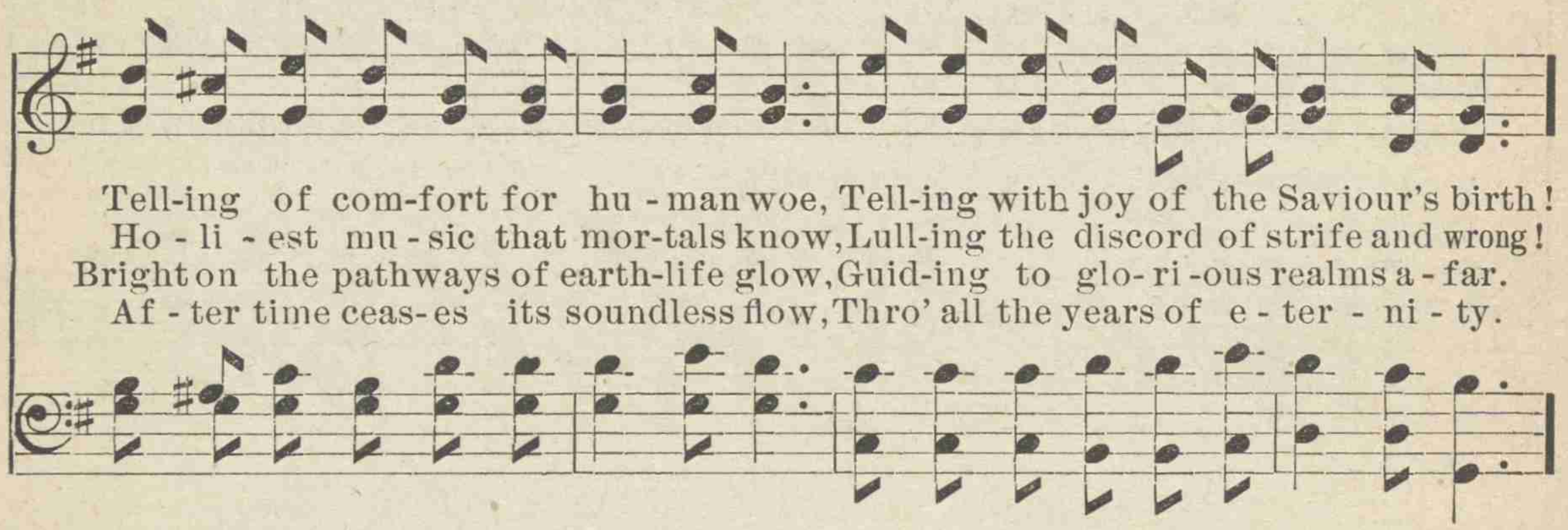
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
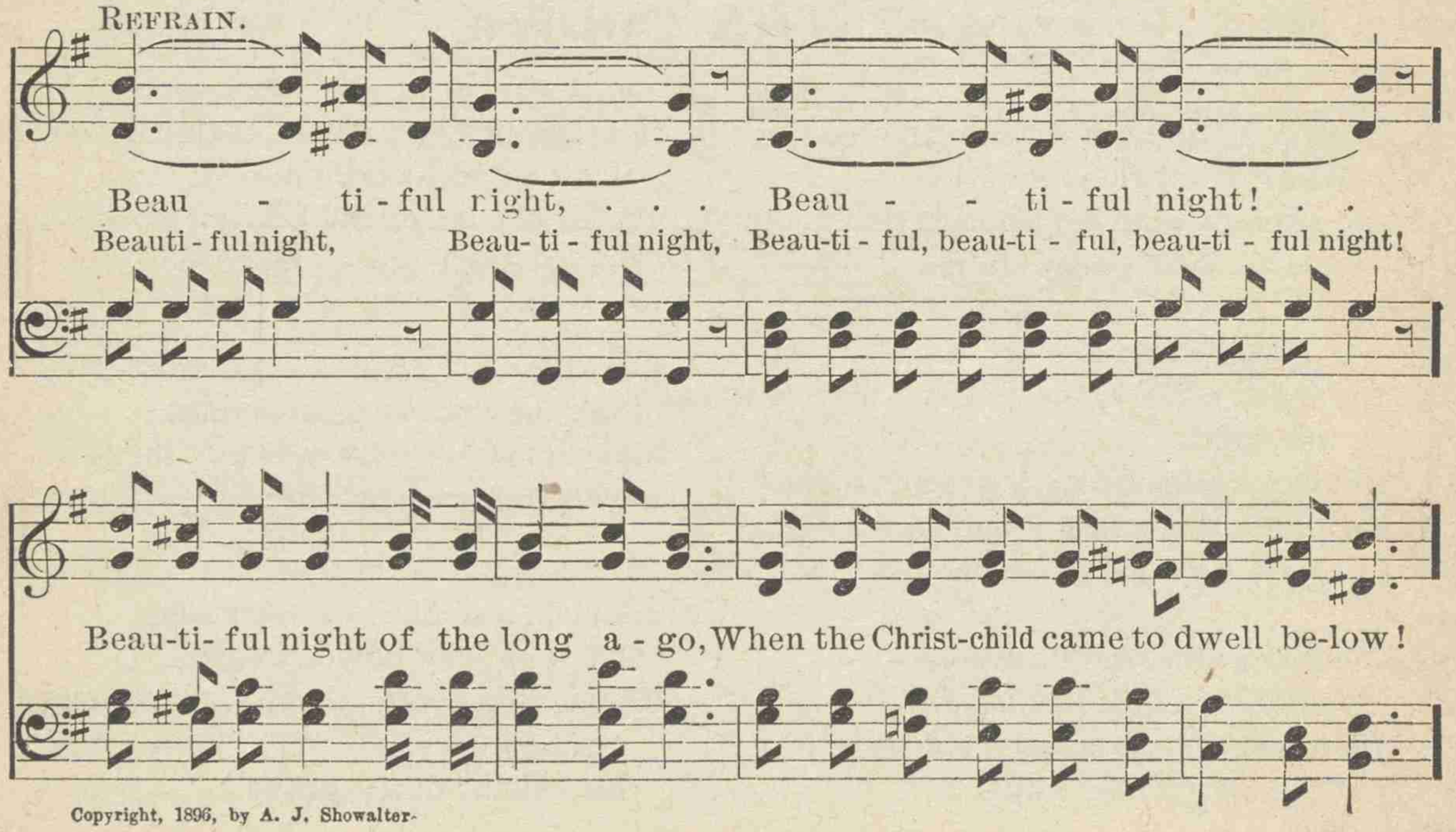
No. 54. BEAUTIFUL NIGHT OF THE LONG AGO.

JENNIE WILSON. J. P. LANE.
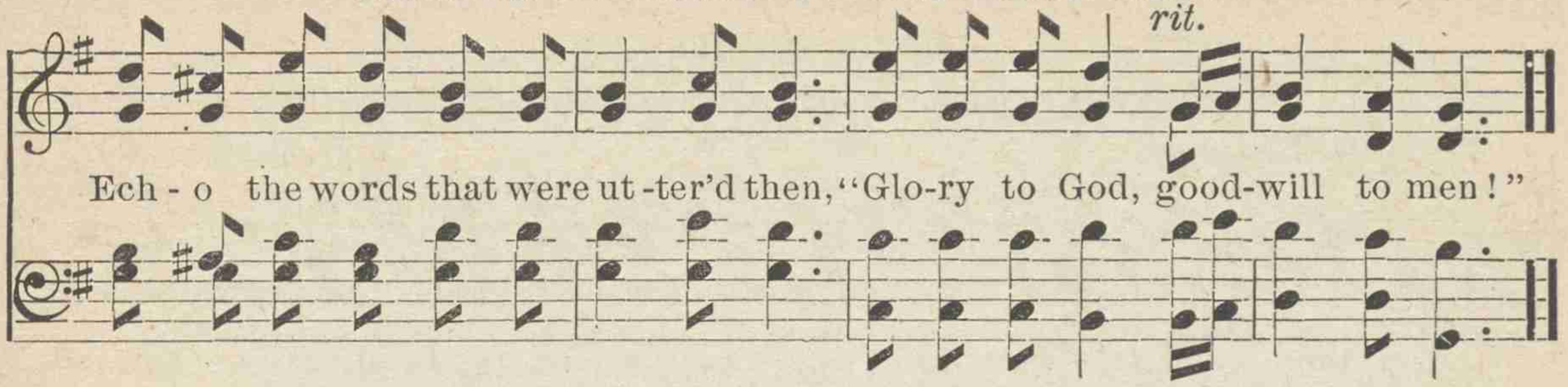




REFRAIN.



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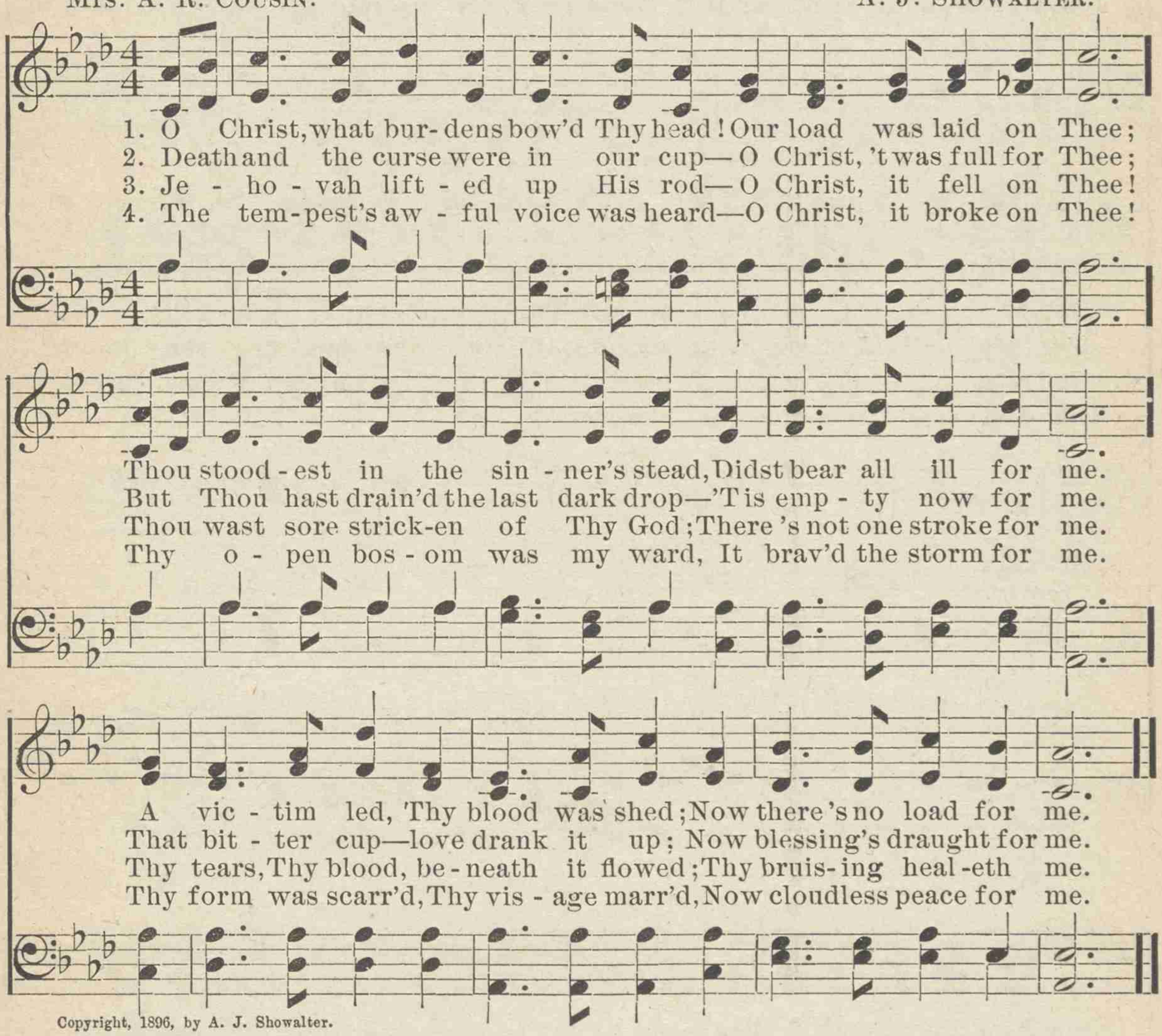
BEAUTIFUL NIGHT OF THE LONG AGO.



No. 55. O CHRIST, WHAT BURDENS.

"He was wounded for our transgressions." Isa. 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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5 Jehovah bade His sword awake —
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming sword must slake,
Thy heart its sheath must be —
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou 'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy *Glory* then for me!

No. 56. THE DEBT I OWE.

(MALE QUARTET.)

"And when he had nothing to pay, he forgave him all." Luke 7: 42.

ANNA D. BRADLEY. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Ten thou - sand tal - ents thou dost owe! Yes, yes, my Lord, 'tis e - ven so.
2. I nev - er, nev - er can re - pay! The debt grows greater ev - 'ry day.
3. My guilt - y soul would shrink in fear Did I not know Thy love so dear
4. Oh Lord, for - give; and I will prove By my glad life, how rich the love

But I have not a cent to pay The debt that's due this ver - y day.
I'm help - less, Lord, oh, hear my plea, And in Thy mer - cy par - don me.
Had plen - teous par - don to be-stow, For all the might-y debt I owe.
That e'en could par - don one like me, And set my soul for - ev - er free.

REFRAIN.

Softly.

Low at Thy feet in guilt I lie! Oh ten - der Sav - iour, hear my cry—

For-give the debt I can - not pay And set me free, dear Lord, to - day.

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No. 57. STEP BY STEP.

G. W. LYON. S. J. PERRY.

1. Step by step, from day to day, We are march - ing on the way;
2. Step by step, we'll drive the foe From the field wher - e'er we go,
3. Step by step, at du - ty's call, We are go - ing, tho' we fall;
4. Step by step, we're march-ing on, Gain-ing vic - t'ries one by one;

'Neath our ban - ner gleam-ing bright, We are bat - tling for the right.
Serv - ing Him whose might-y hand Helps us to re - deem the land.
Right shall tri - umph o - ver wrong, Then we'll shout the vic - tor's song.
Soon will come the time of peace, Then our la - bor all shall cease.

REFRAIN.

Step by step, step by step,

Step, step, step, step, Thus the vic - to - ry is won;

We will go till the ware - fare is done, Step by step we're marching on.

Copyright, 1896, by S. J. Perry.

No. 58. SOMETIME.

HARRIET E. JONES. E. ROBERTS.

1. In the land of end - less sheen, Where the fields are al-ways green, Where the glorious
2. In that wond'rous realm of light, Where the skies are ev - er bright, We shall stand up-
3. Far above this world of strife, In the home where joy is rife, We shall see the
4. Here we'll bear the cross a-while, For the good of oth-ers toil, Then sweet home and

REFRAIN. ECHO ECHO.

King is seen, We shall gather sometime. Sometime, (sometime,) sometime, (sometime,)
on the right, In that joyful some-time.
tree of life, In the promised some-time.
Je-sus' smile In the rapturous some-time.

In that home so bright and fair, so bright and fair, Where the many mansions are,

Join the dear ones wait-ing there, And the joy of heaven share, Sometime, some-time.

* Bass, Alto and Tenor sing large or small notes.
† Organ, or may be sung by few voices.
Persons singing the echo should be in the other end of the church and should sing softly, or the notes may be played an octave lower.

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No. 59. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Rev. 3: 20.

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

1. Lo! Je-sus pa-tiently knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart, knocks at thy heart,
2. O-pen the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and a - bide, come and a- bide;"
3. Je - sus stands wait-ing and pleads with thee still; O - pen to - day! o - pen to-day!
4. O - pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to - day, find it to- day;

O - pen to - day and re - sist Him no more, Lest He for-ev - er de - part.
He will redeem thee and cleanse from all sin, He will be with thee to guide.
How canst thou treat the dear Sav-iour so ill? How canst thou turn Him a - way?
Let Him but en - ter and thou shalt be blest; Why wilt thou longer de - lay?

REFRAIN.

Knock - ing to - day, . . Knock - ing to - day, . .
Knock-ing, knock-ing to - day, to - day, Knock-ing, knock-ing to - day, to - day,
Je - - sus is knock - - ing,
Je-sus is ear-nest-ly knocking to - day, Is knocking for entrance to-day.

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No. 60. HOW I FOUND HIM.

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

QUARTET. May be sung as a Solo.

Not too fast.

1. My heart was af-flict - ed with an - guish, Be - cause of my guilt and my sin,
2. Not long did I ling - er en-treat - ing In pen - itent tears at His feet,
3. And so I have found the Re-deem-er, And so I have tast-ed His grace,

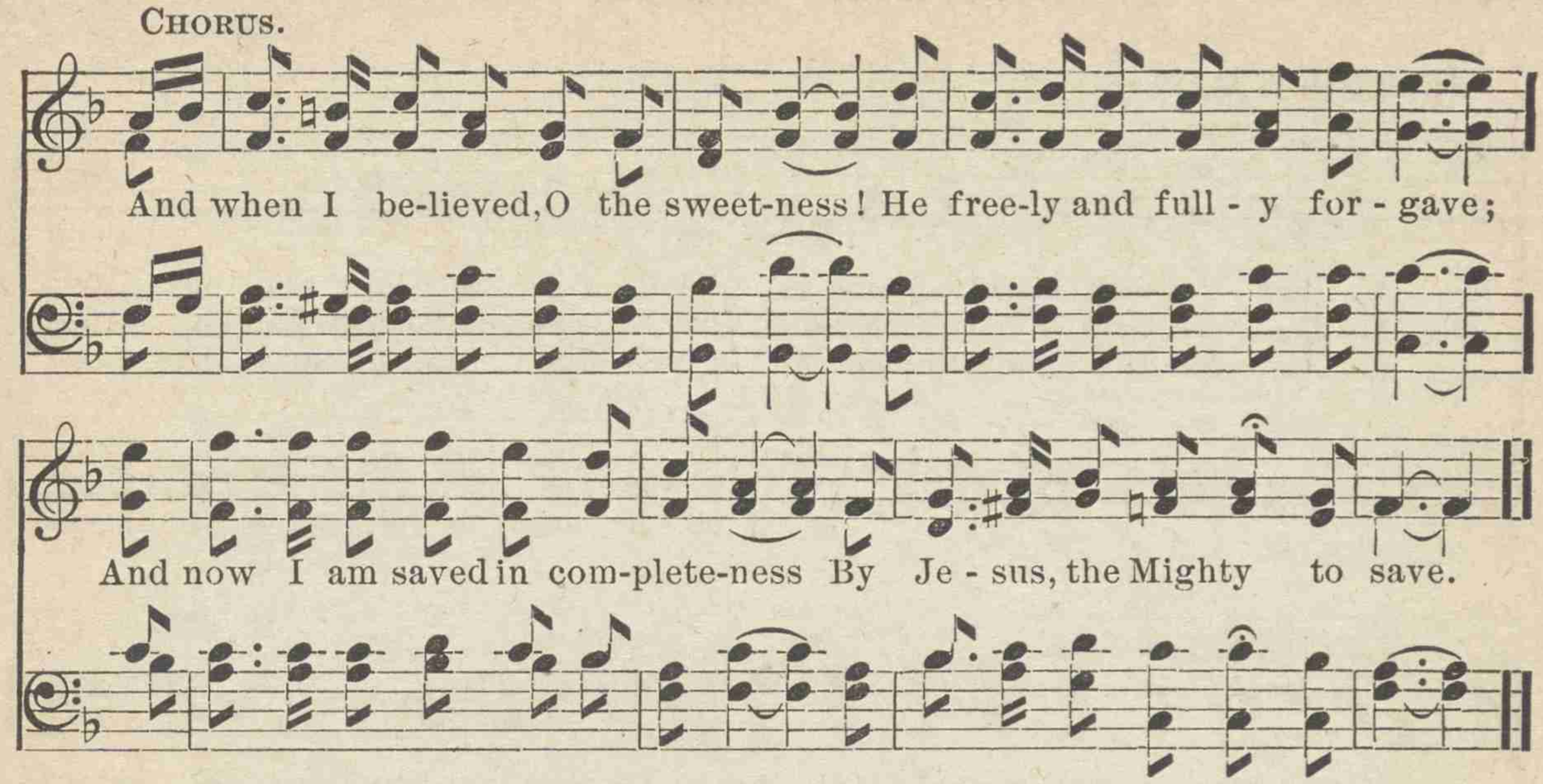
And I could but suf - fer and lan - guish Beneath the great bur-den with-in,
Not long did I breathe my pe - ti - tion With long-ings and yearnings re - plete;
And now, tho' the world should op-pose me, My steps I will nev - er re - trace.

Till some one took down the old Bi - ble, And read of the Cru - ci - fied One,
The an-swer came quickly from heav-en, And sweet was the peace from a - bove,
His love is too pure and too pre - cious, His heart is too ten - der to break;

And point-ed my soul to the Sav - iour, God's lov - ing and mer - ci - ful Son.
My sins were all free - ly for - giv - en, And I was a child of His love.
Let oth - ers who will turn from Je - sus, I nev - er my Lord will for - sake.

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CHORUS.



No. 61. COME, THOU FOUNT.

Rev. R. ROBINSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

FINE.
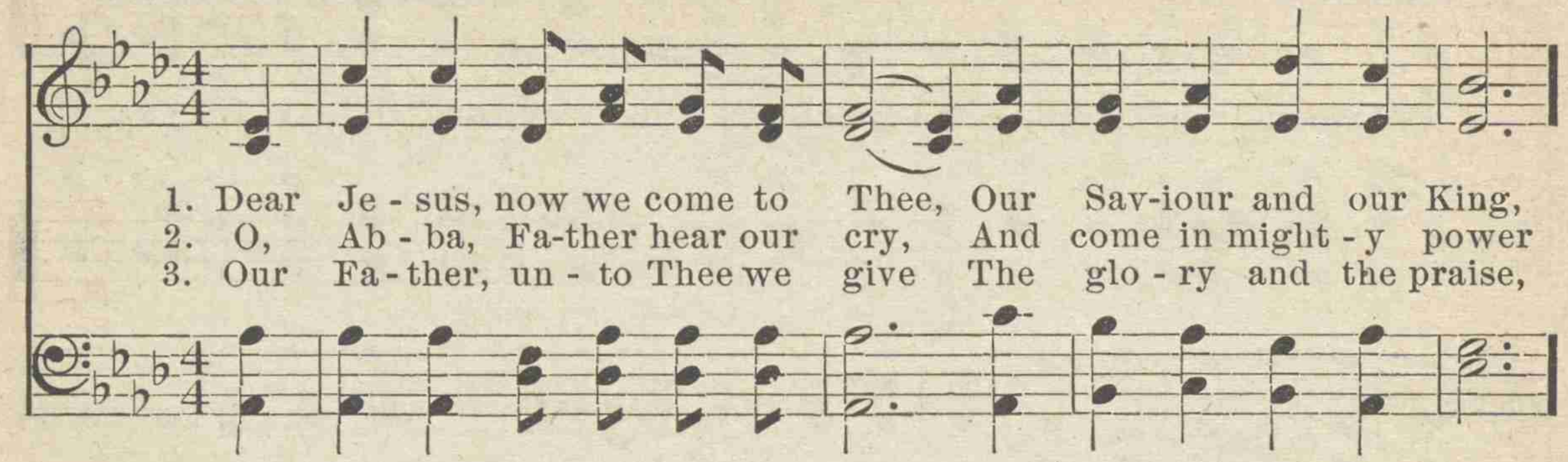
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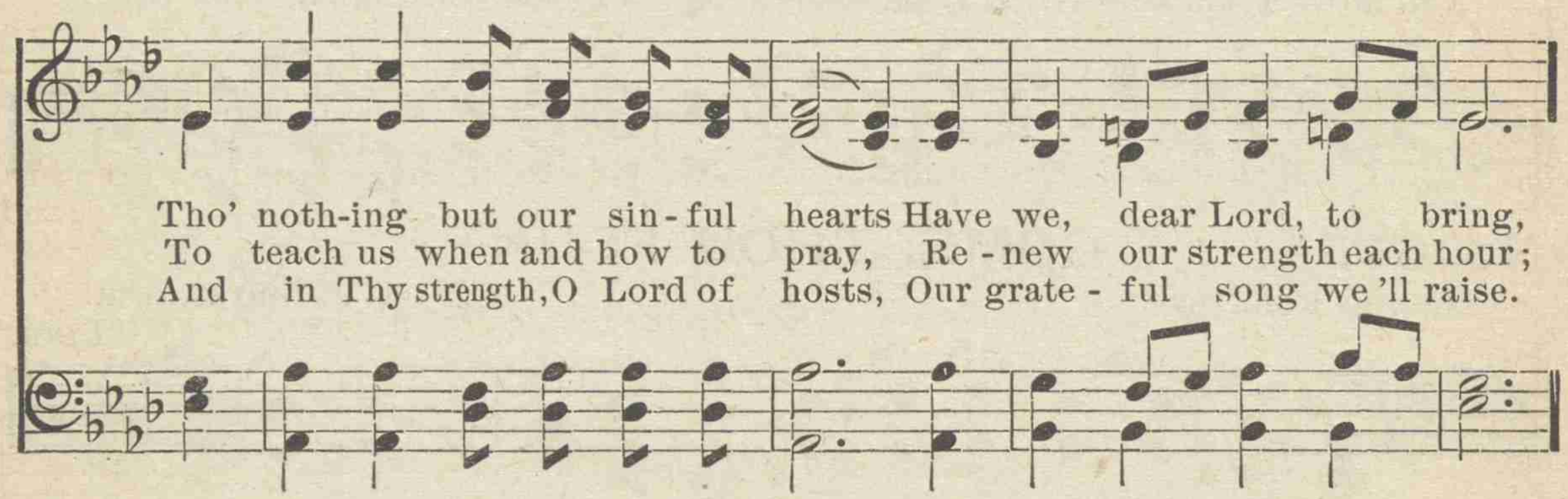
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God!
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.
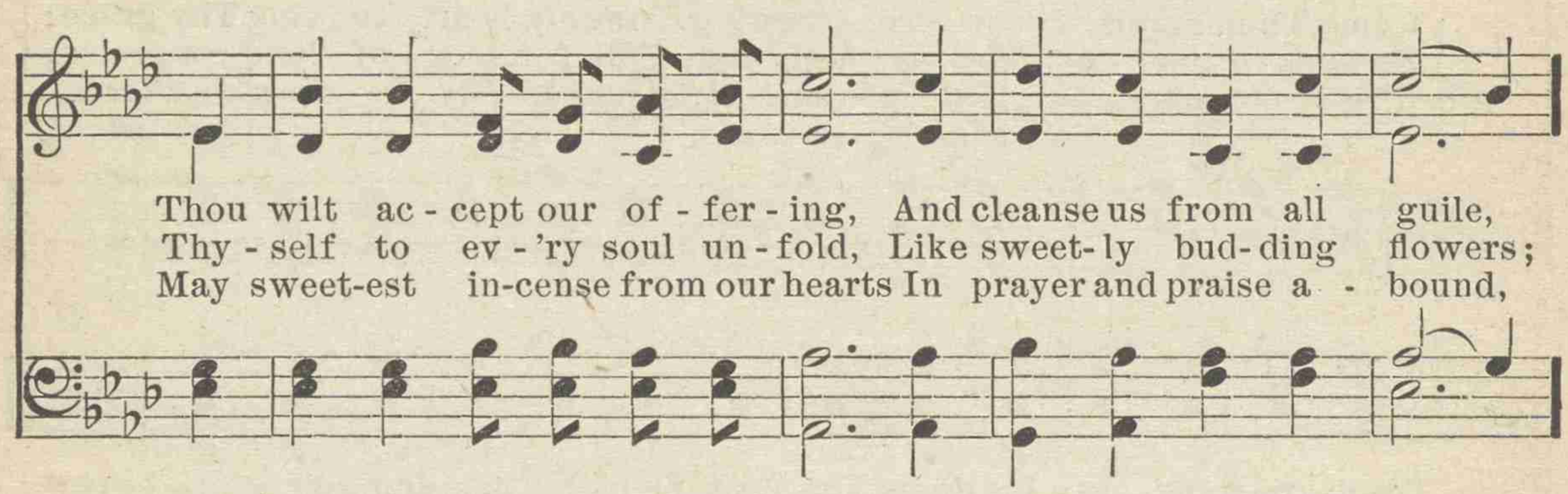
3. O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

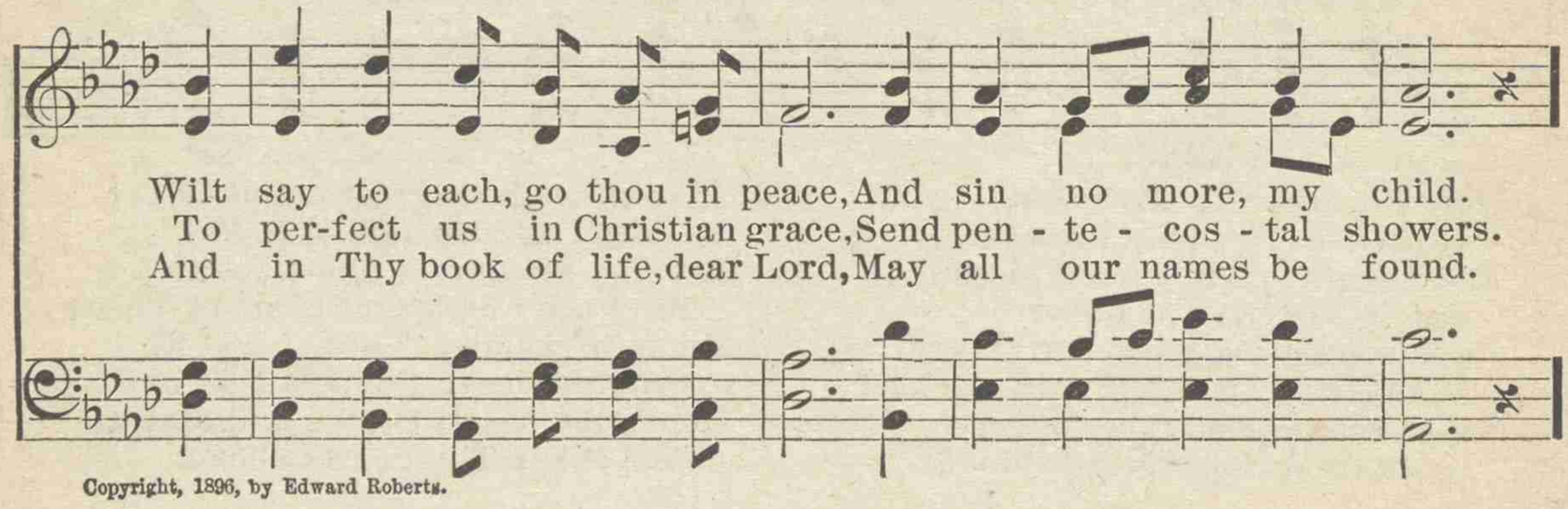
No. 62. LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

FRIZIAH A. HOYLAND. E. ROBERTS.





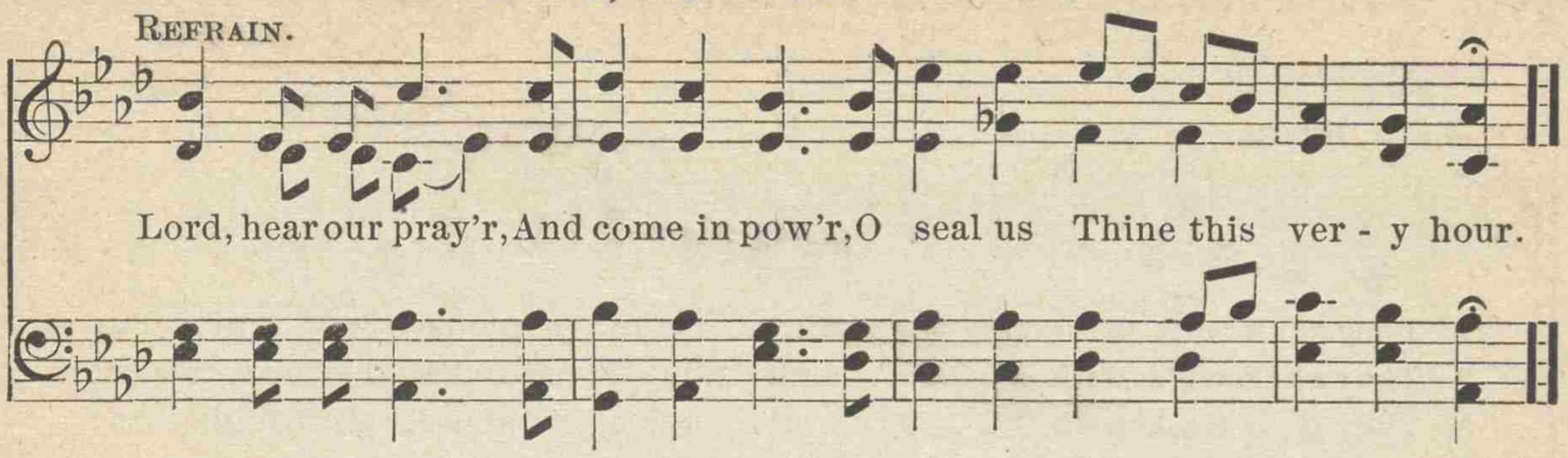




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LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

REFRAIN.



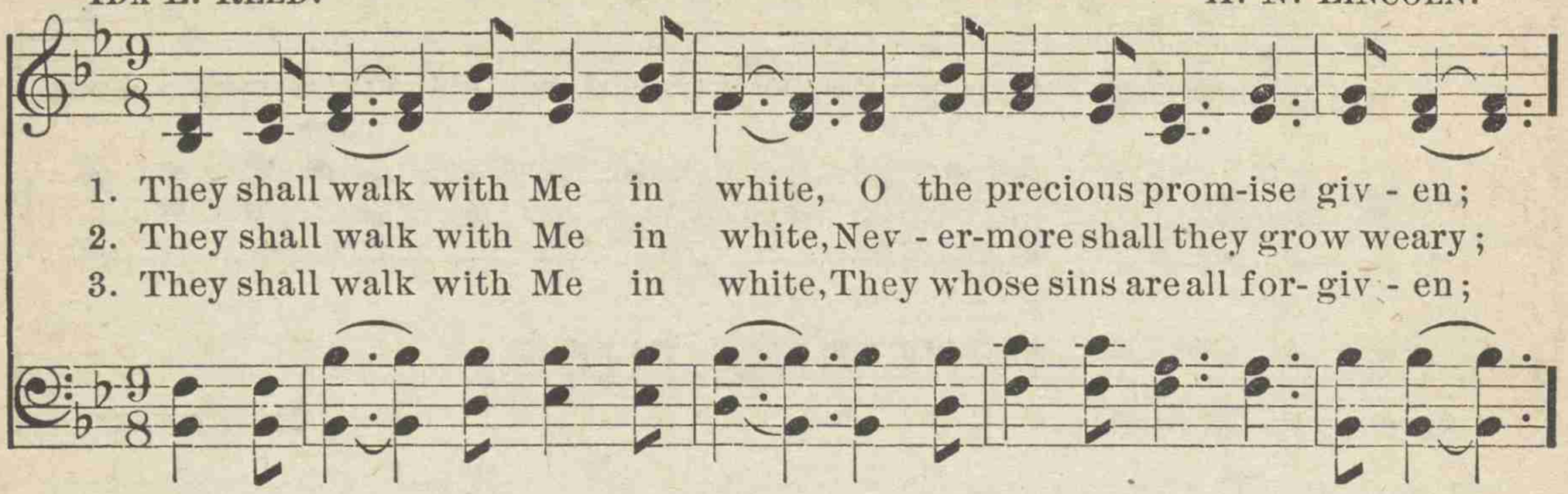
No. 63. TRUSTING THEE.
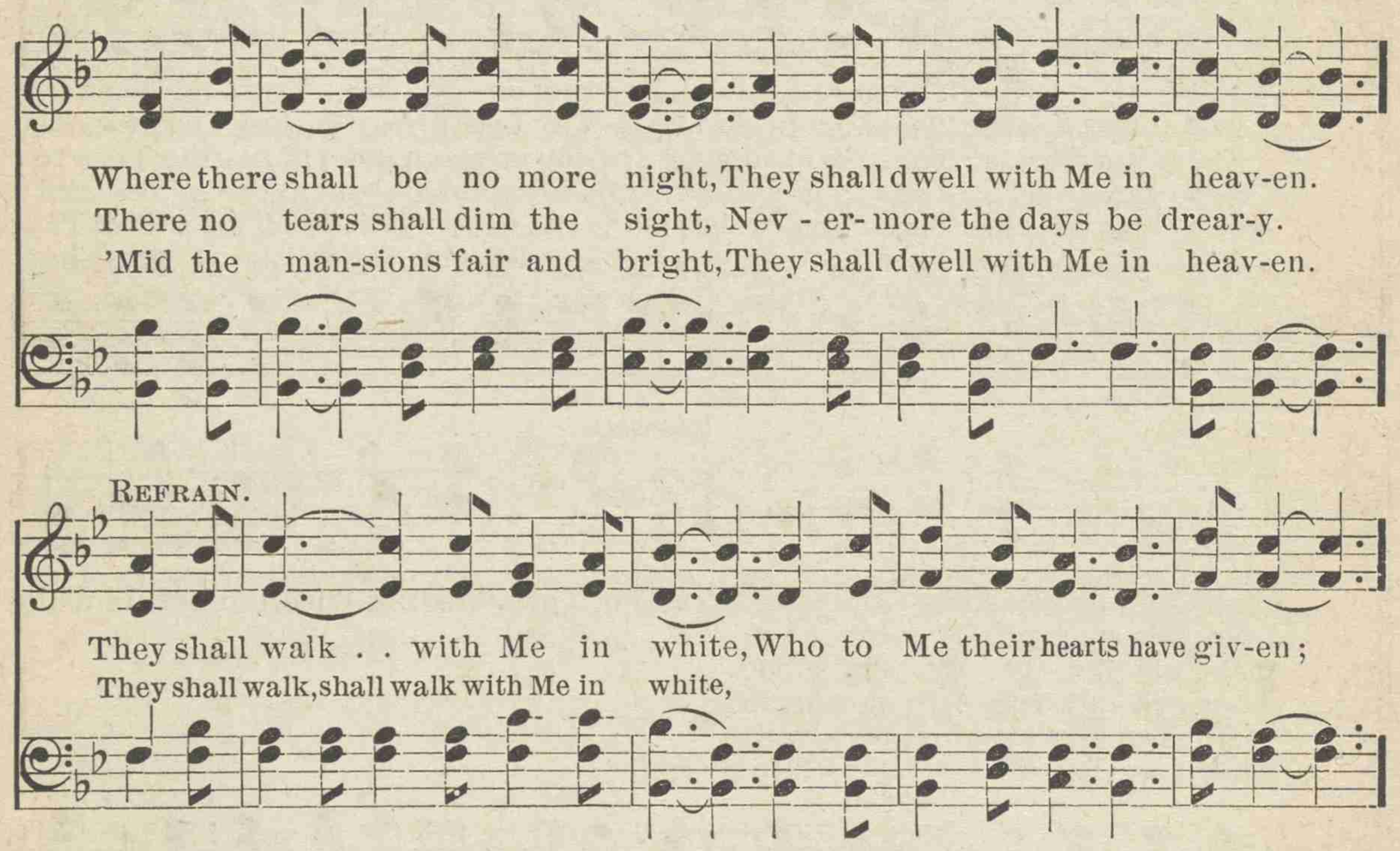
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No. 64. THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE.

IDA L. REED. H. N. LINCOLN.





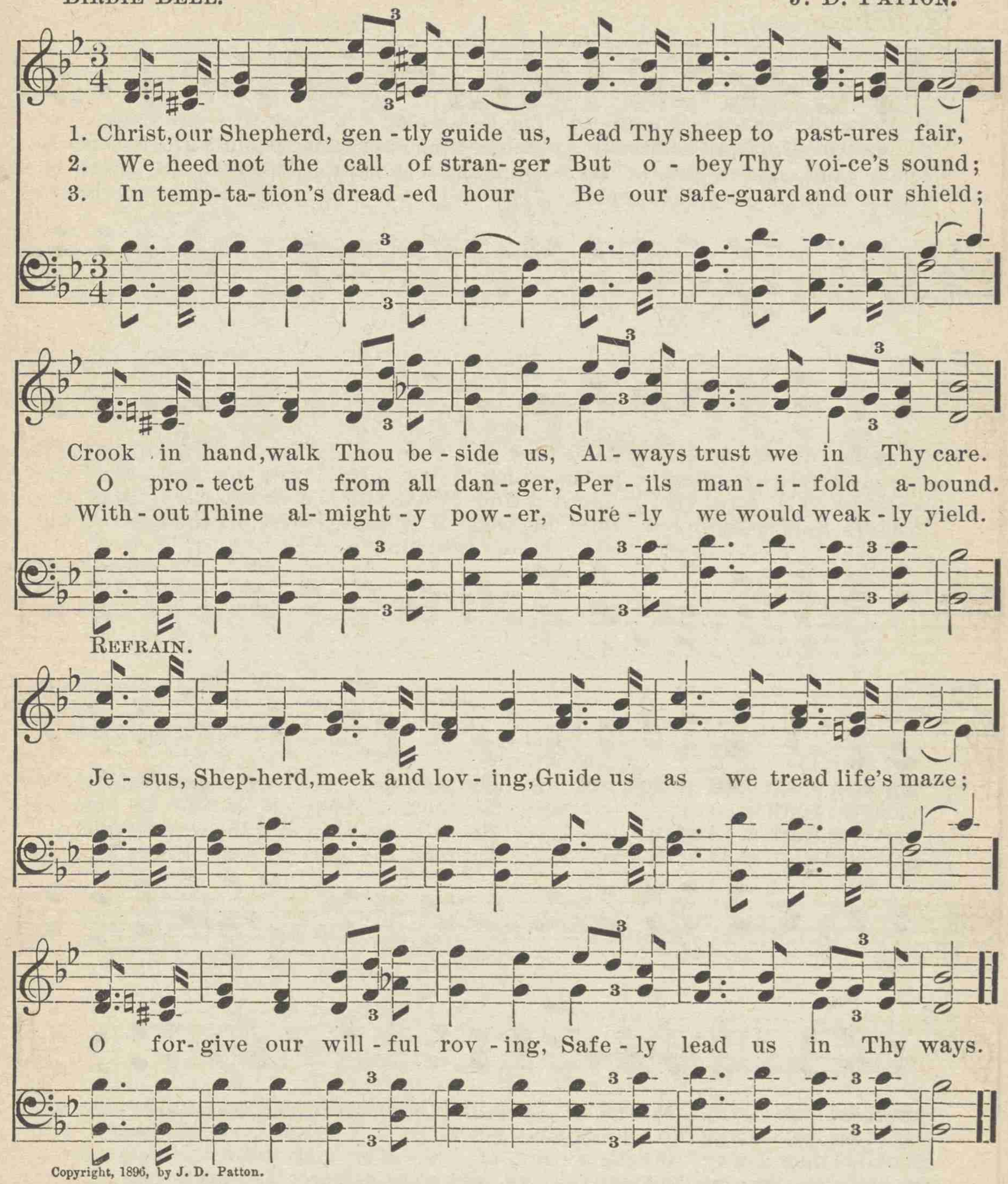
REFRAIN.



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No. 65. JESUS, OUR GOOD SHEPHERD.

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.



Copyright, 1896, by J. D. Patton.

4 Keep Thy flock from idly straying
From the shelter of the fold;
Let us ever with Thee staying
Be secure from harm and cold.

5 Heav'nly Shepherd, when Thou leadest
Where the darkness thickly lies,
May we trust in Thee who feedest
Us with needful, fresh supplies.

No. 66. AWAKE! THE MORNING COMETH.

Spirited.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. A - wake! the morn-ing com-eth! The East is all a - glow! Go, join the bus - y
2. A - wake! the day is breaking, Re - vealing wondrous things; God's glorious Sun is
3. In dis-tant sea-girt is - lands, In many a sun - ny clime, Where seed was sown with
4. Art thou not strong for reaping? Yet hap-ly thou shalt find, While sheaves are bound by

reapers, As forth to the fields they go. (Wake! wake!) Wake! for the Lord of the
ris - ing "With heal-ing in His wings." (Wake! wake!) Wake! for the Lord of the
weeping, 'Tis now the harvest time. (Wake! wake!) Wake! for the Lord of the
oth-ers, Some glean-ings left be-hind. (Wake! wake!) Wake! for the Lord of the

har-vest Hath need of thee to - day; The fields are white in the dawn-ing light, A -
har-vest Hath need of thee to - day; No long-er sleep—it is time to reap! A -
har-vest Hath need of thee to - day; He calls a - gain, and the waving grain Still
har-vest Hath need of thee to - day; Act well thy part with a will-ing heart; His

wake! and haste a-way! The fields are white in the dawn-ing light, A-wake! and haste a - way!
wake! and haste a-way! No long-er sleep—it is time to reap! A-wake! and haste a - way!
beckons thee a-way! He calls a - gain and the wav-ing grain Still beckons thee a-way!
strength shall be thy stay; Act well thy part with a will-ing heart; His strength shall be thy stay.

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No. 67. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

WESLEY. Ref. by H. P. S. HAMP. P. SEWELL.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of par - a - dise pos - sessed,

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest.

REFRAIN.

I am re-deem'd, I am re-deem'd, I've been
I am re-deem'd, I am re-deem'd,

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1896, by H. P. Sewell.

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. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Rev. R. W. Todd. E. Roberts.

1. O who is this that cometh From E-dom's crim-son plain? With wounded side, with garments dyed, O tell me now Thy name? "I that saw thy soul's distress A ran-som gave, I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
2. O why is Thine ap-par-el With reeking gore all dyed? Like them that tread the winepress red, O why this bloody tide? "I the winepress trod a-lone 'Neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo-ple there was none Mighty to save."
3. O bleeding Lamb, My Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught Thine own arm bro't Sal-va-tion in Thy name! "I the bloody fight have won, Con-quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save."

Refrain.

Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Christ, the Lord, Im-manu-el, is Might-y to save.

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No. 70. GATHERING HOME TO GOD.

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

1. They shall gath - er at last from all na - tions, They shall
2. They shall sing of the love of the Fa - ther, They shall
3. O the joy of the ran - somed in glo - ry! O the
4. We shall come by and by to that ha - ven, To the

gath - er, the quick and the dead; They shall come un - to Zi - on with
sing of the love of the Son, And the Spir - it e - ter - nal and
joy of the ho - ly and blest! They go home with re - joic - ing to
ci - ty of splen - dor un - told; We shall gath - er at last with the

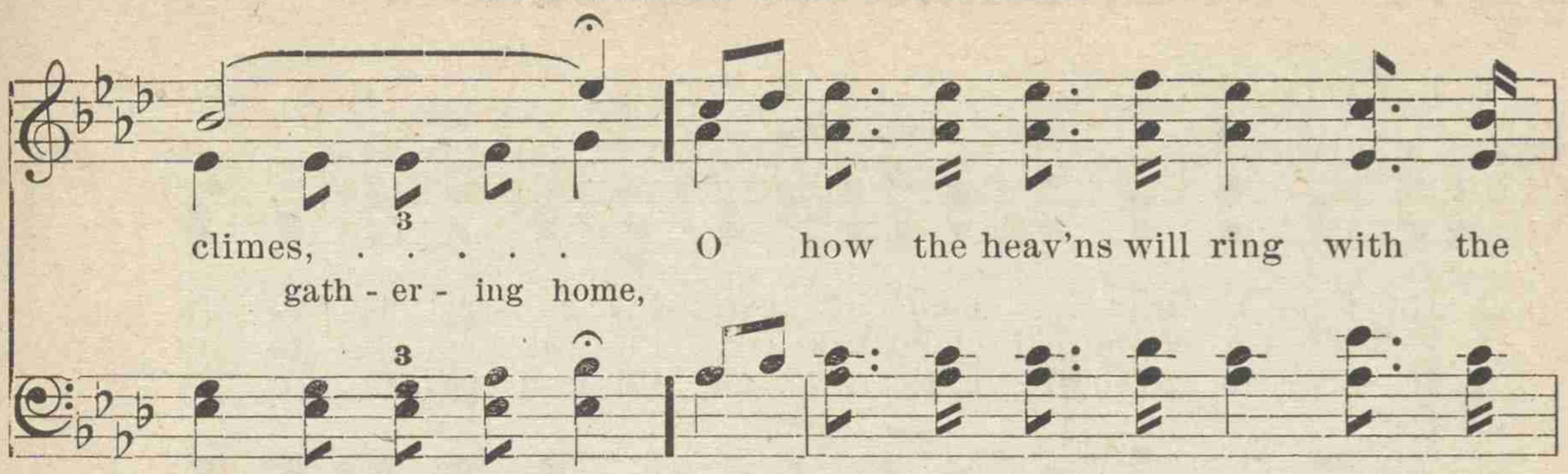
sing - ing, They shall gath - er with joy on their heads.
bless - ed, Shall be praised for the work He has done.
Je - sus, From the earth to the man - sions of rest.
ran - somed, Safe - ly housed in the dear Shep-herd's fold.

REFRAIN.

Gath-er- ing, gath'ring home from all na-tions, Gath- er-ing, gath'ring home from all

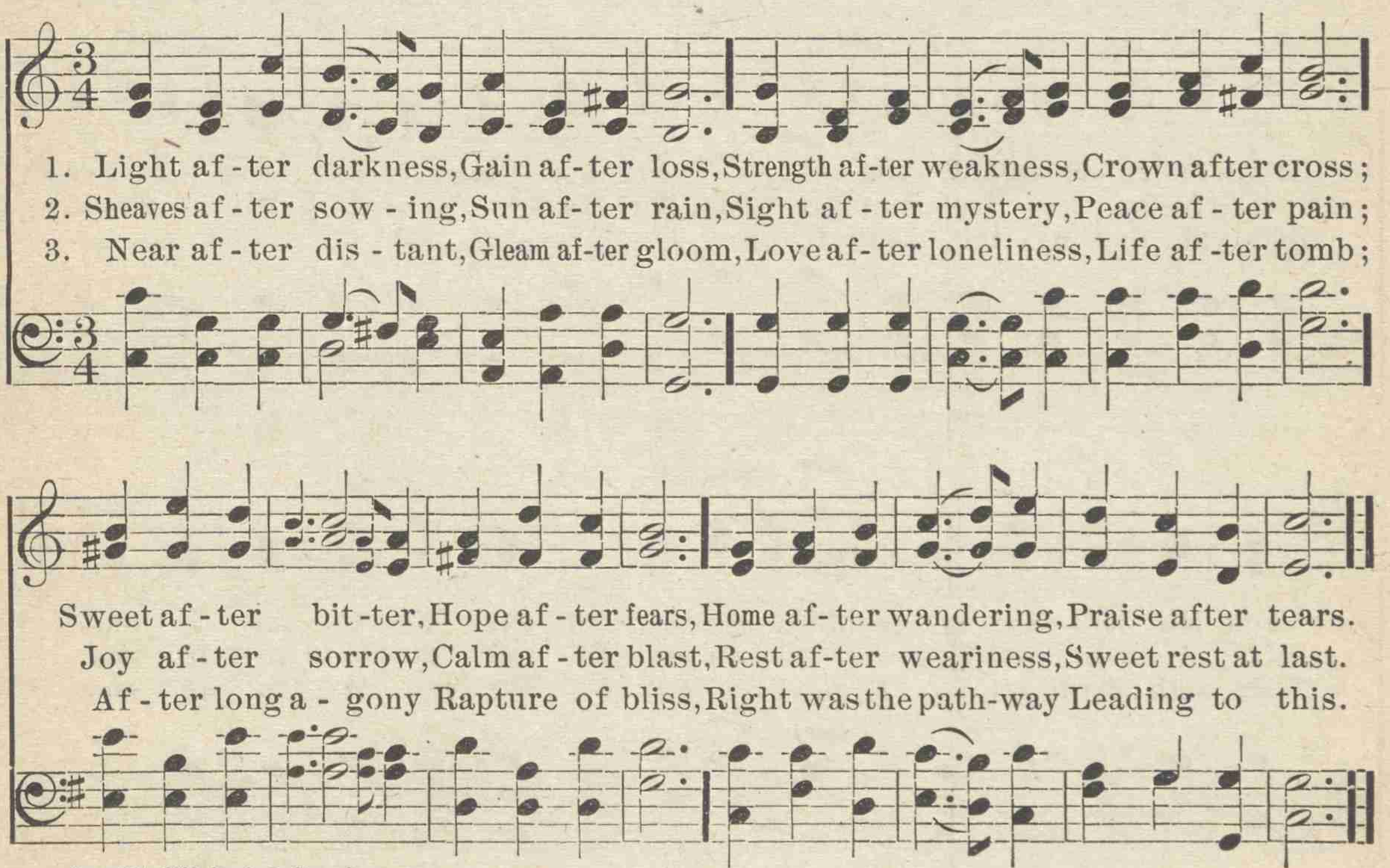
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GATHERING HOME TO GOD.



No. 71. LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.
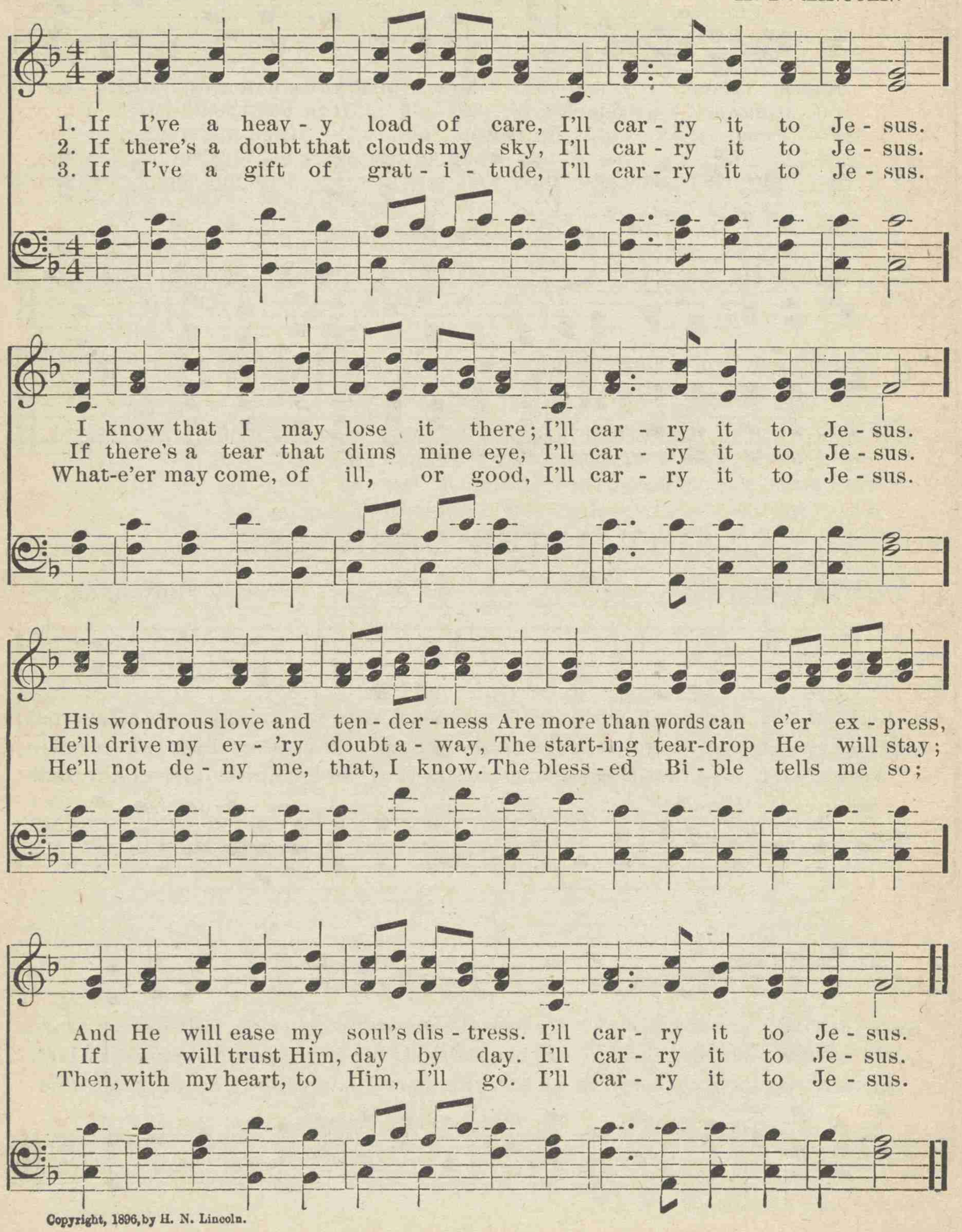
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 72 I'LL CARRY IT TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.



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No. 73. FROM THE DARKSOME TOMB, HE ROSE.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Did the Sav-iour of man-kind, Who was once for sin-ners slain, Pass the
2. Did the faith-ful wo-men go To a-noint Him at the dawn? Did they
3. Did an an - gel of the Lord Roll the hea - vy stone a - way? Did the
4. Did the Ro - man sen - ti - nels Fall as dead men at the sight? Yes, the
5. Let our hearts be glad to - day, And our lips His tri-umph sing! Je - sus

REFRAIN.

doorway of the grave, While the guardsmen watched in vain? Yes, He took the sting from
emp - ty find the tomb, Find their Lord and Saviour gone?
cru-ci - fied come forth, Ere the wak-ing of the day?
tomb-for - sak-ing Lord Filled their souls with dread af-fright.
lives in Glo - ry now, As our ev - er - last-ing King.

Yes, He took, yes, He

death, And He vanquished all His foes! For His

took the sting from death, And He vanquished, vanquished all His foes!

own to in - ter - cede, From the darksome tomb He rose!

For His own, for His own to in - ter-cede, He rose

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No. 74. LORD, I COME TO THEE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS.

1. 'Tis Thy love that brings me near - er, Lamb of God, to Thee,
2. When I'm weak and when I'm lone - ly, Trou-bled or in pain,
3. Christ a - lone is my sal - va - tion, He is all I need;

'T is my guilt a - lone can sev - er Thee, my Lord, from me;
Thou canst com-fort give, Thou on - ly Mak'st me strong a - gain.
Safe from dan - ger and temp - ta - tion He, His flock, will lead;

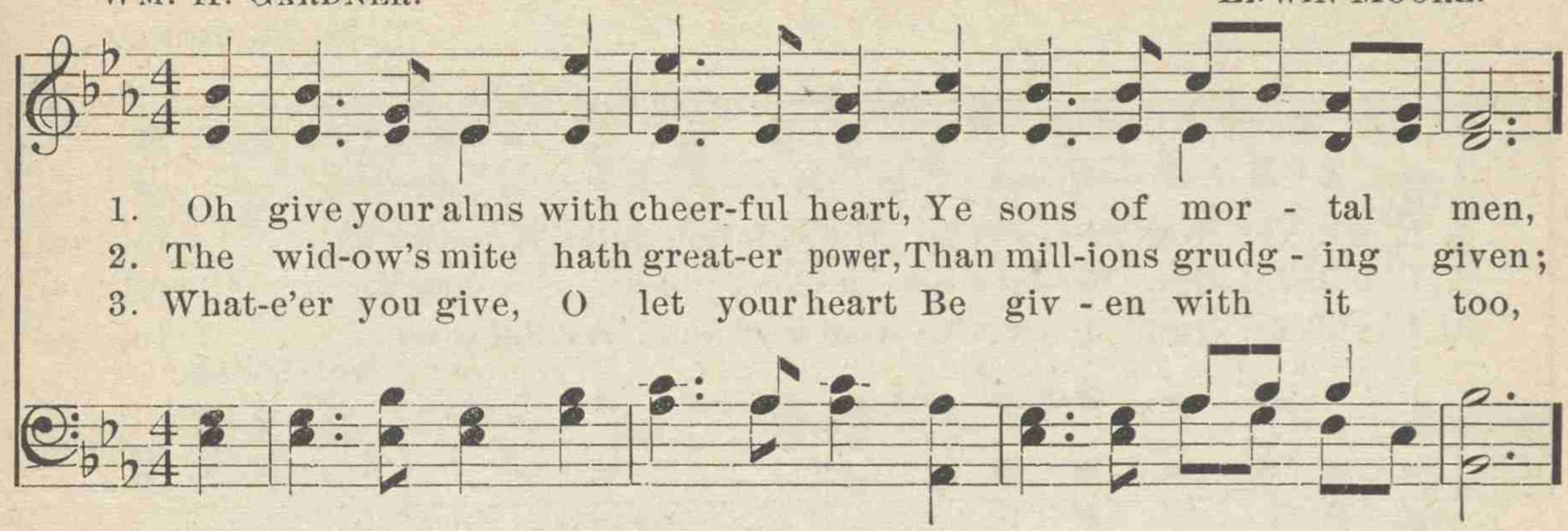
Love u - nites what sin has brok-en, Gives to faith a gra-cious tok - en,
Thou wilt not re - fuse to hear me, Thou wilt not re - fuse to cheer me,
Earth-ly bliss may be de-nied me, Friends may fail, and foes de - ride me,

In my heart a voice has spok - en, Lord! I come to Thee.
Lamb of God! O be Thou near me, Oth - er help is vain.
But with Je - sus still be - side me, I am blest in - deed.

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No. 75. GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

WM. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.



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No. 76. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

W. M. P. W. M. PETTIGREW.

1. I will fol - low Je - sus by His shin-ing light, Fol-low on, fol-low
2. I will fol - low Je - sus all a - long the way, Fol-low on, fol-low
3. I will fol - low Je - sus to that land a - bove, Fol-low on, fol-low

Fol - low on,

on, He will lead me gen - tly on by day and night, Fol - low
on, Guid - ed by His lov - ing voice I can - not stray, Fol - low
on, I am safe while guid - ed by His hand of love, Fol - low

fol - low on,

REFRAIN.
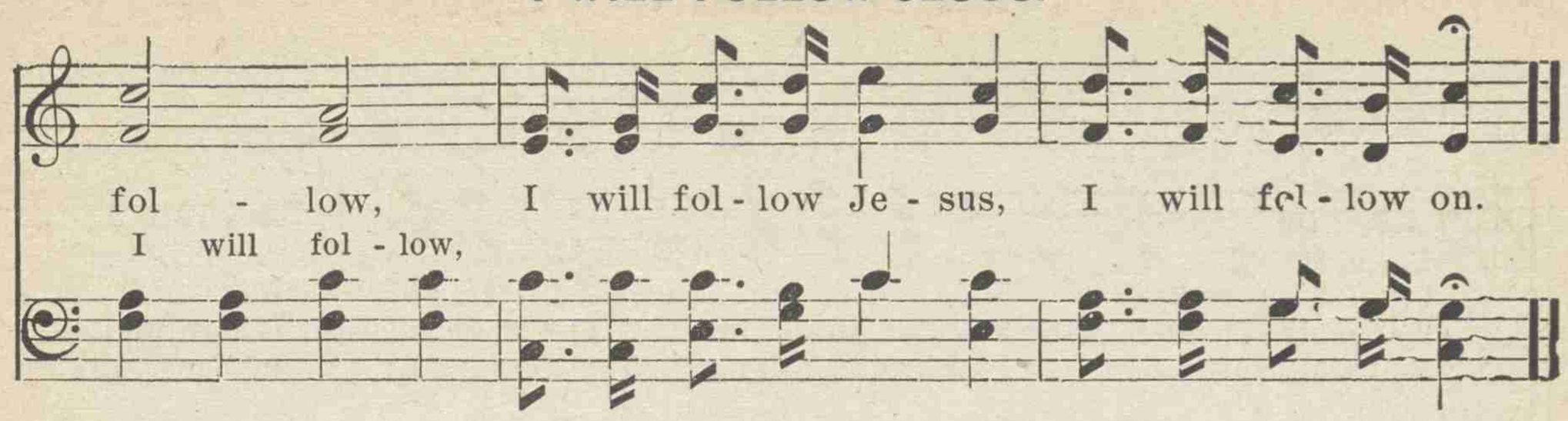
on, fol - low on. Fol - low, fol - low,
fol - low on, Fol - low, fol - low, I will fol - low,

I will fol - low Je - sus, I will fol - low on; Fol - low,

Fol - low, fol - low

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I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.



No. 77. THERE IS AN ARM THAT NEVER TIRES.

Rev. HENRY BURTON, in "Evangelical Messenger." A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 78. THE BETTER WAY.

F. R. HAVERGAL. H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. Just to let thy Fa- ther do what He will (what He will) ; Just to know that He is
2. Just to rec - ol- lect His love, always true (always true) ; Always shining from a-
3. Just to trust and yet to ask guidance still (guidance still) ; Take the training or the
4. Just to leave in His dear hand, lit-tle things (little things) ; All you can-not un-der-

true, and be still (and be still). Just to fol-low hour by hour, as He lead-eth ; Just to
bove, always new (always new). Just to rec -og- nize its light all en-fold- ing, Just to
task, as He will, (as He will). Just to take the loss or gain as He sends it ; Just to
stand, all that stings (all that stings). Just to let Him take the care sorely pressing ; Finding

Faster.
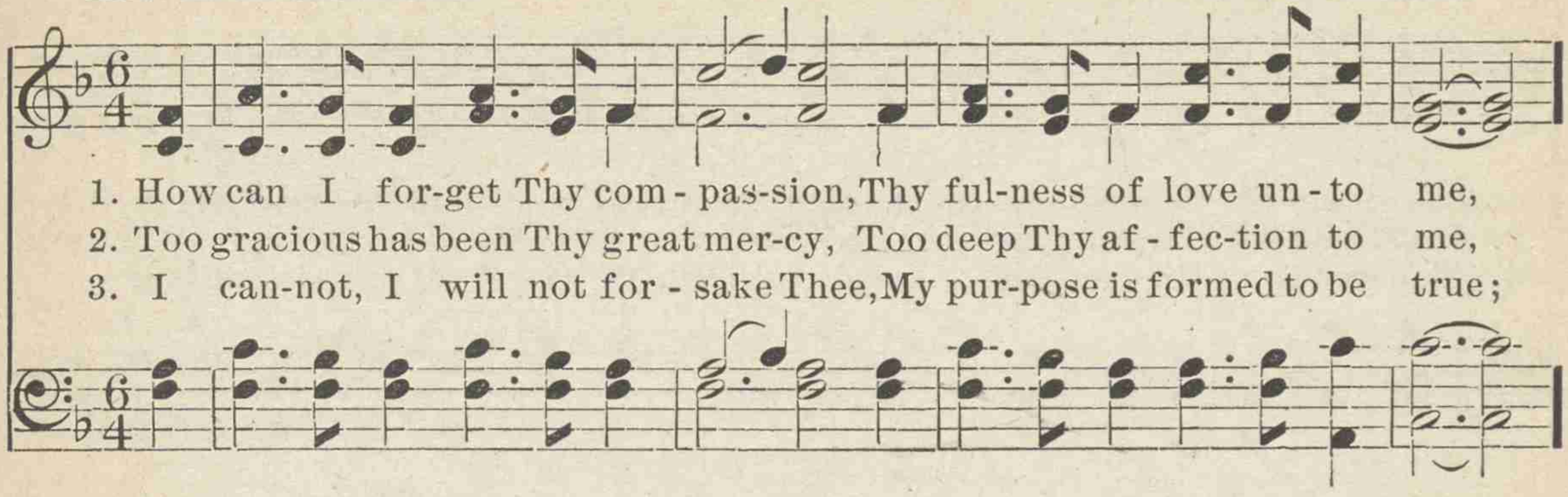
draw the moment's pow'r as it need-eth. Just to trust Him that is all, Then the
claim its present might all up- hold-ing. Just to know it is thine own, That no
take the joy or pain as He lends it. He who formed thee for His praise, Will not
all you let Him bear, chang'd to blessing. This is all, and yet the way, Mark'd by

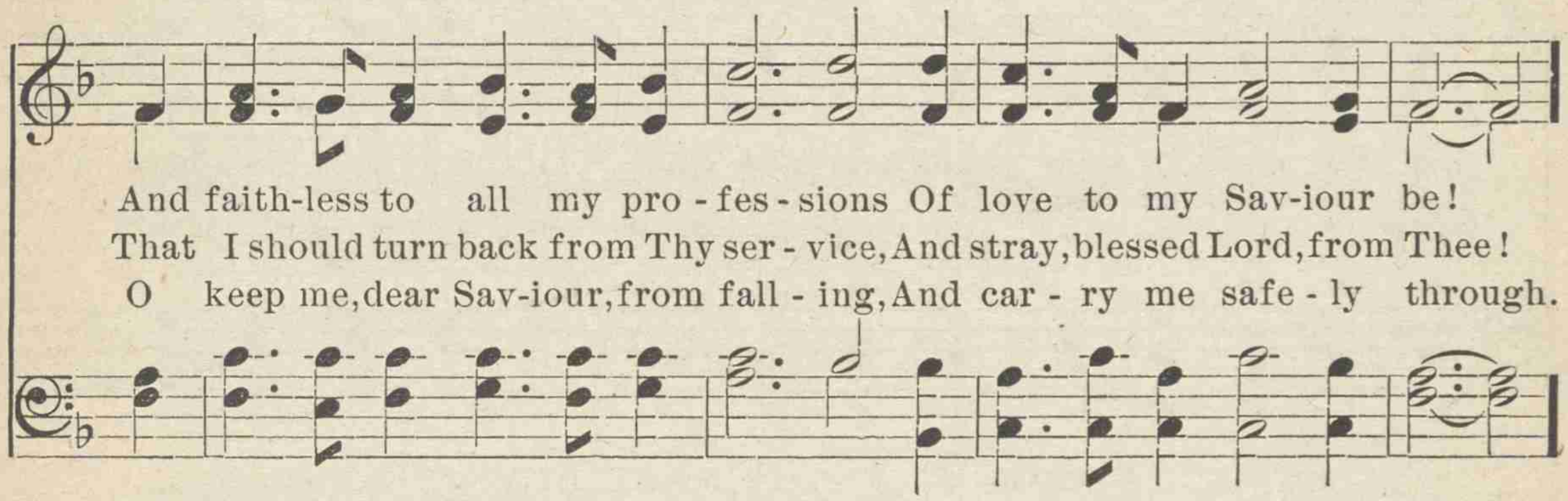
sky will sure-ly be Peaceful, what-so-e'er be- fall, Bright and blessed, calm and free.
pow'r can take a-way, Is not this e-nough a- lone For the gladness of the day?
miss His gracious aim, So to- day and all thy days, Shall be mould-ed for the same.
Him who loves thee best, Se-cret of a hap- py day, Se- cret of His promised rest.

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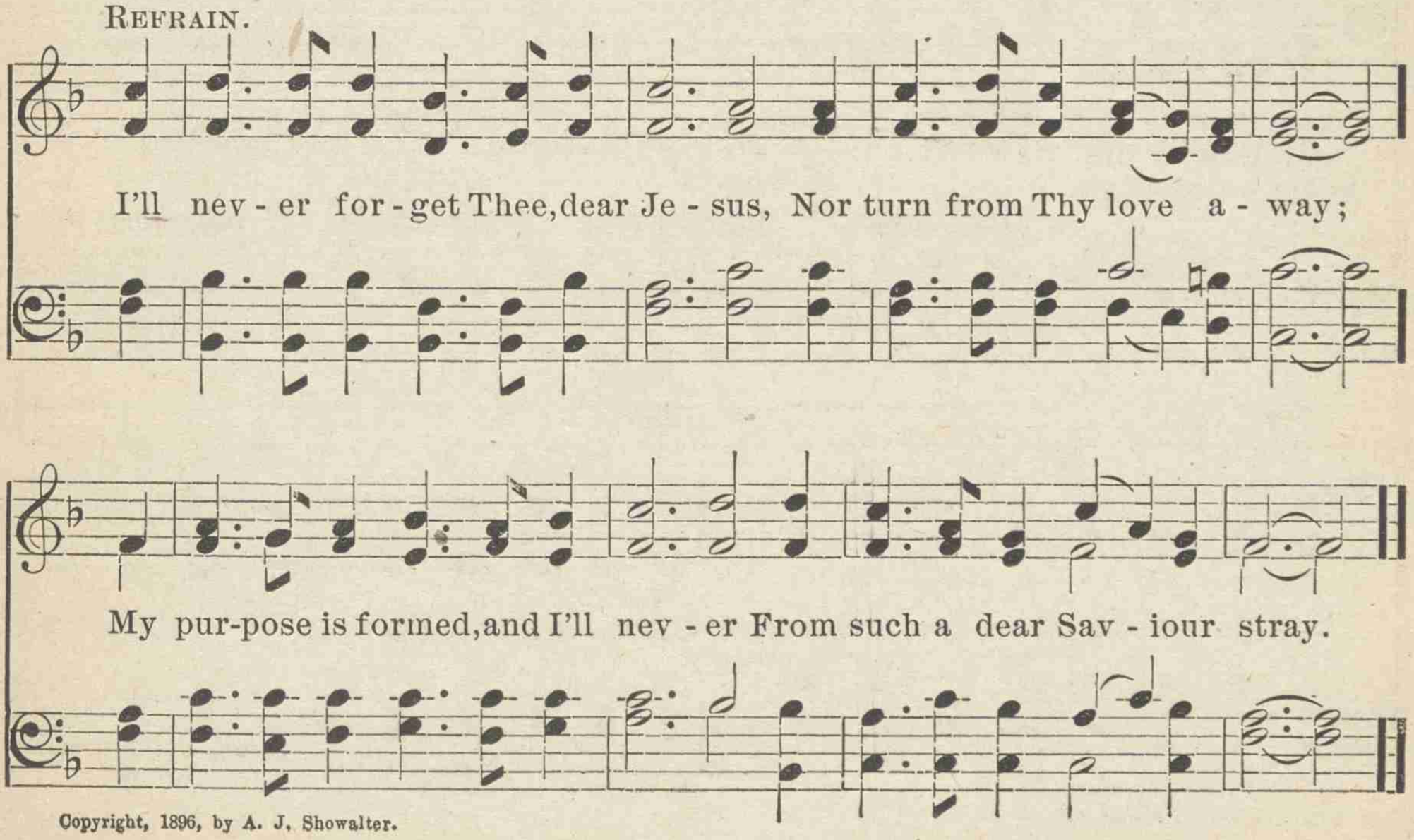
No. 79. I'LL NEVER FORGET THEE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. M. BOWMAN.





REFRAIN.



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No. 80. BRING THE LITTLE ONES.

A. R. CAREY. E. ROBERTS.

1. Bring the lit - tle ones in - to the fold, Lest they stray 'mid the shadows so dim;
2. Tell them oft as you gath-er them in, How the Shepherd came down from the sky;
3. Tell them how the great Father has planned That His blood should make souls white as snow;

Let the news to their young hearts be told Of the good Shep-herd who
And to keep us from sor - row and sin, Taught us all how to live
That if here we o - bey His com-mand, Up to His beau - ti - ful

REFRAIN.

calls them to Him. Bring . . them in, Bring . . them in,
and how to die.
home we shall go.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in, bring them in,

1 2

Lit - tle lambs, let them nev - er roam, For the good Shepherd says "let them come."

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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. WE MEET AGAIN.

ANON. J. H. TENNEY.
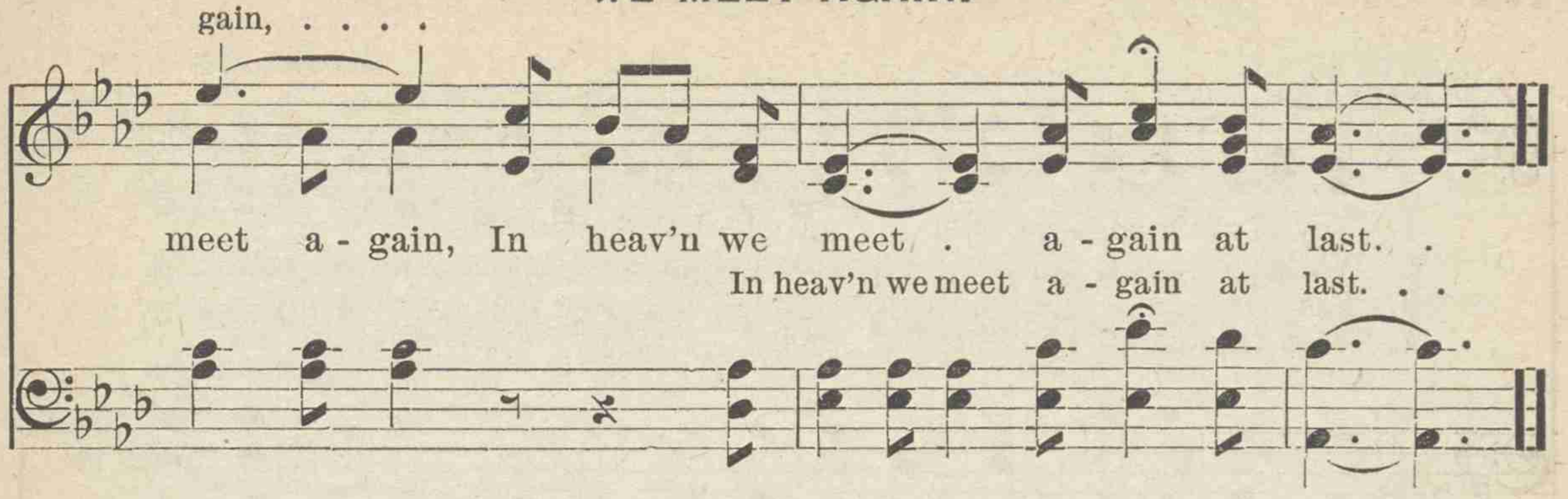
1. Joy-ful words—we meet a-gain! Love's own lan-guage com-fort bringing;
2. While we walk this vale of tears, Compassed round with care and sor-row,
3. Far in ex-ile, when we roam, O'er our lost endearments weeping,
4. When this wea-ry world is past, Hap-py they, whose spir-its, soar-ing,

Though we part, our hearts keep sing-ing, We but part to meet a-gain.
Gloom to-day and storm to-mor-row, "Meet a-gain!" our bos-om cheers.
Lone-ly, si-lent vig-ils keep-ing, "Meet a-gain!" transports us home.
Vast e-ter-ni-ty ex-plor-ing, "Meet a-gain!" in heav'n at last.

REFRAIN.

We meet a-gain, . . . we meet a-gain, . . . When all earth's cares . . and toils are past, . . . We meet a-gain, . . we meet a-gain, We meet a-gain, When all earth's cares . . and toils are past, . . . When all earth's cares . . and toils are past, . . . We meet a-gain, we meet a-gain, all earth's cares . and toils are past, We meet a-gain, we cares . . and toils are past, . . . all earth's cares . . and toils are past,

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No. 83. HARVEST HOME.

F. L. ROBERTSHAW.

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No. 84. WILL YOU NOT COME TO ME?

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.

Tenderly.

1. All who are wea - ry, sad and oppress'd, Come un-to Me, come un - to
2. All who are heart-sick, hun - gry and faint, Come un-to Me, come un - to
3. All who are heav- y - la - den with grief, Come un-to Me, come un - to

Me! For I will give you com-fort and rest, Will you not come to Me?
Me! For I will hush your sor - row-ful plaint, Will you not come to Me?
Me! For I will give a pre- cious re - lief, Will you not come to Me?

Here in My arms the troubled find peace, Close by My side earth's worriments cease, O then when doubts and sorrows in-crease, Will you not come to Me?
I am the Bread whereon you may feed, I am the Water of Life in- deed, I will give strength in weakness and need, Will you not come to Me?
Tempest-toss'd spi - rits, come to My calm, And I will teach your lips a glad psalm, Give to your wound-ed hearts a sweet balm, Will you not come to Me?

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No. 85. WAITING FOR YOU AND ME.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE.

1. We're marching to Canaan, that sweet happy home, To see our dear friends who be-
2. There's room in that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold, For all of God's children, we've
3. And when we've cross'd o-ver to that peaceful shore, We'll praise the dear Saviour, and

fore us have gone; We'll meet them a-gain, and their bright fa-ces see, They're
of-ten been told; He'll guide us all safe-ly be-yond the dark sea, Where
wan-der no more; With loved ones in glo-ry how hap-py 'twill be! They

wait-ing for you and for me. They're wait-ing for us o-ver there,
friends wait for you and for me.
now wait for you and for me. They're waiting, yes, waiting for us o-ver there,

1 2

Wait-ing for you, wait-ing for me; Wait-ing for you and me.

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No. 86. THE PROMISED ONE.

Isa. 35.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend, Chas. K. Hinkley, Gorham, Maine.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The des - ert, drear and lone - ly, Shall blos - som as the rose,
2. The wil - der - ness re - joic - es! The gush - ing springs a - bound,
3. O help us on our jour - ney To tread Thy ho - ly way,

The Prom -ised One is com - ing, The deaf - est ears un - close;
The crys - tal streams of mer - cy Make glad the thirst - y ground;
To fol - low in Thy foot-steps, Up to the land of day;

Un - see - ing eyes He o - pens, The fear - ful heart grows strong,
The ran-somed come with sing - ing, With joy that nev - er ends,
Re - fresh our droop - ing spir - its, Each trav - 'ler's heart re - joice,

The lame shall leap in glad - ness, The dumb shall lift a song!
They tread the King's own high - way; To heav'n the strait path wends.
And teach us how to praise Thee, In hap - py tune - ful voice.

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No. 87. JESUS, WALK BESIDE ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. ROBERTS.

Not too fast.

1. Je - sus, walk be - side me all the wea-ry way, With Thy words of com-fort
2. With my hand in Thine, Lord, what have I to fear? What is there can harm me
3. Bless - ed is the pathway, Beauti - ful and bright, While I am with Je - sus,
4. Je - sus, be Thou near me, Nev-er leave my side; Lead me on in safe-ty,

Cheer me day by day; Strengthen me for service, Give me faith and love,
With Thy help so near? No, I will not fal - ter, Here I can-not stay,
Walk-ing in the light; And the goal be - fore me Seems not far a - way;
Pi - lot Thou and guide; Then what may be - tide me, Lit - tle do I care;

REFRAIN.

Guide my soul in safe - ty To Thy home a - bove. Near me, near me,
But go on - ward, up - ward To the realms of day.
Soon will dawn the mor - row Of the end - less day.
Soon my Lord will bring me To His man-sions fair.

Je - sus, be Thou near me, Ev - er, ev - er, With Thy love to cheer.

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No. 88. TRAVELING ON.

J. H. K. J. H. KISSINGER.

1. We are trav - el - ing on in the way that pil - grims
2. We are trav - el - ing on in the way that's plain and
3. We are trav - el - ing on in the wāy that saints have

go, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on;
strait, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on;
trod, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on;

We are trav - el - ing on in the way that Chris - tians
We are trav - el - ing on in the way to heav - en's
We are trav - el - ing on in the way that leads to

know, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on. . .
gate, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on. . .
God, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on, . .

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TRAVELING ON.

REFRAIN.

Trav-el - ing on, ... trav-el-ing on, ...

Trav-el - ing, trav - el - ing on, Trav - el - ing, trav-el - ing on,

We are trav - el - ing on to that land on high; . .

Trav - el-ing on, ... trav-el-ing on, ...

Trav-el - ing, trav - el - ing on, Trav-el - ing, trav - el - ing on,

We are trav - el - ing on to that land on high. . . .

on high.

No. 89. TEMPTED AND TRIED.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Ref. arr. E. ROBERTS.

1. Tempt-ed and tried! Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be rag- ing and deep, may be
2. Tempt-ed and tried! There is One at thy side, And nev - er in vain shall His
3. Tempt-ed and tried! What -e'er may be-tide, In His se - cret pa - vil - ion His

wrath-ful and wild! Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the Lord shall restrain; And for
chil-dren confide! He shall save and defend, For He loves to the end, A -
children shall hide! 'Neath the shadowing wing Of E - ter - ni -ty's King, His

REFRAIN.

ev - er and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign. Tempted and tried, Thy
dor - a - ble Master and glo - ri - ous Friend!
chil -dren shall trust, and His ser- vants shall sing.

God doth pro - vide Thy Ref- uge, thy Safe-ty, When tempt-ed and tried.

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4 Tempted and tried!
Yet the Lord shall abide [Guide,
Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and
Thy Shield and thy Sword,
Thine exceeding Reward! [Lord!
Then enough for the servant to be as his.

5 Tempted and tried!
The Saviour who died [side;
Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His
His cross thou shalt bear,
And His crown thou shalt wear, [share.
And forever and ever His glory shalt

No. 90. THE KING'S HERALD.

WM. H. GARDNER. J. D. PATTON.

1. From the wil - der - ness he came, John the Bap-tist, pro - phet bold;
2. Some as now did pay no heed, And in - diff-'rent went their way;
3. Oth - ers heard the sto - ry sweet, And were read - y when He came;
4. Ah, we all may Her - alds be, Spread-ing tid - ings good a - broad,

Speak - ing with a tongue of flame, To the world his mes - sage told.
Of His love they saw no need, And a - las! such are to - day.
On they went with will - ing feet, Prais-ing oft the Sav-iour's name.
Set - ting hearts from sin's chain free, Serv - ing this our Ris - en Lord.

REFRAIN.

Her - ald of the Prince of Peace, Bro't he ti-dings from a - bove,
the Prince of Peace

Tell - ing how all strife should cease, Thro' the pow - er of His love.

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No. 91. THE WONDROUS GIFTS OF JESUS.

F. S. SHEPARD. H. N. LINCOLN.

Not too fast.

1. O! the wondrous *love* of Je - sus Which to me is dai - ly shown,
2. O! the wondrous *peace* of Je - sus Which to me is free - ly given,—
3. O! the wondrous *pow'r* of Je - sus Which in me is man - i - fest,

As He comes and walks be - side me, Nev - er leav - ing me a - lone.
Peace which pass- eth un - der-stand-ing, Fills my soul with joys of heav'n.
Giv - ing vic - t'ry o'er temp -ta- tions, And a sweet a - bid - ing rest.

REFRAIN.

O! the wond-rous, wondrous blessings, Which on me He doth be- stow;

Love and *peace* and *pow - er* giv- ing For my dai - ly life be - low.

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No. 92. CHRIST, THE CRUCIFIED.

H. N. LINCOLN. Theme from E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Lord, I look to Thee for par - don, Seek-ing now the Cru - ci - fied;
2. I am long - ing for ac - cept-ance, Trusting in the Cru - ci - fied;
3. O the pre-cious peace He gives me, Rest-ing in the Cru - ci - fied;
4. O the bless - ed, heav'n-ly rap - ture, Hop-ing in the Cru - ci - fied;

All be -sides with it is prom-ised, Seek - ing for the Cru - ci - fied.
Tho' I'm sin - ful and un-worth - y, Trust - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.
I am saved and saved for ev - er, Rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.
Of the bless - ed res - ur - rec - tion, Hop - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.

I am seek - ing ear - nest - ly, He shall be re - vealed to me;
I am trust - ing ear - nest - ly, He shall be re - vealed to me;
Praise His name my soul is free, He has been re - vealed to me;
Yes, I know I soon shall be In a home pre - pared for me;

So He tells me in the Gos - pel, Christ, the bless - ed, Cru - ci - fied.
All to Him I now sur - ren - der, Christ, the bless - ed, Cru - ci - fied.
What a - maz - ing grace and mer - cy, Saved by Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
In the boundless realms of glo - ry. With my Lord, be glo - ri - fied.

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No. 93. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.
Ref. by E. R.

E. ROBERTS.
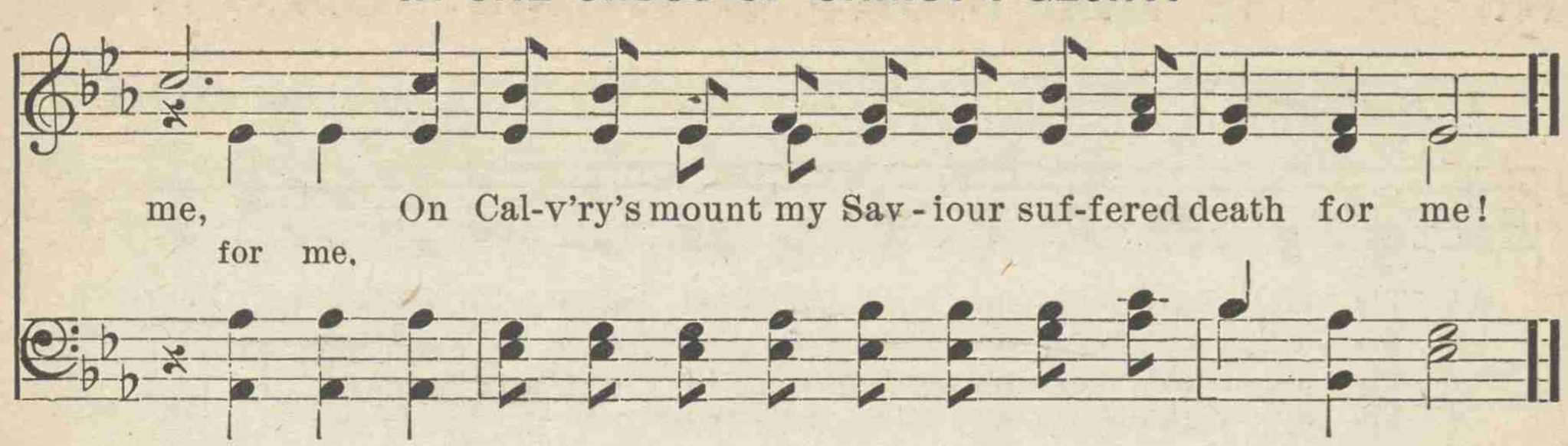
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'-ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'-ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds new lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.

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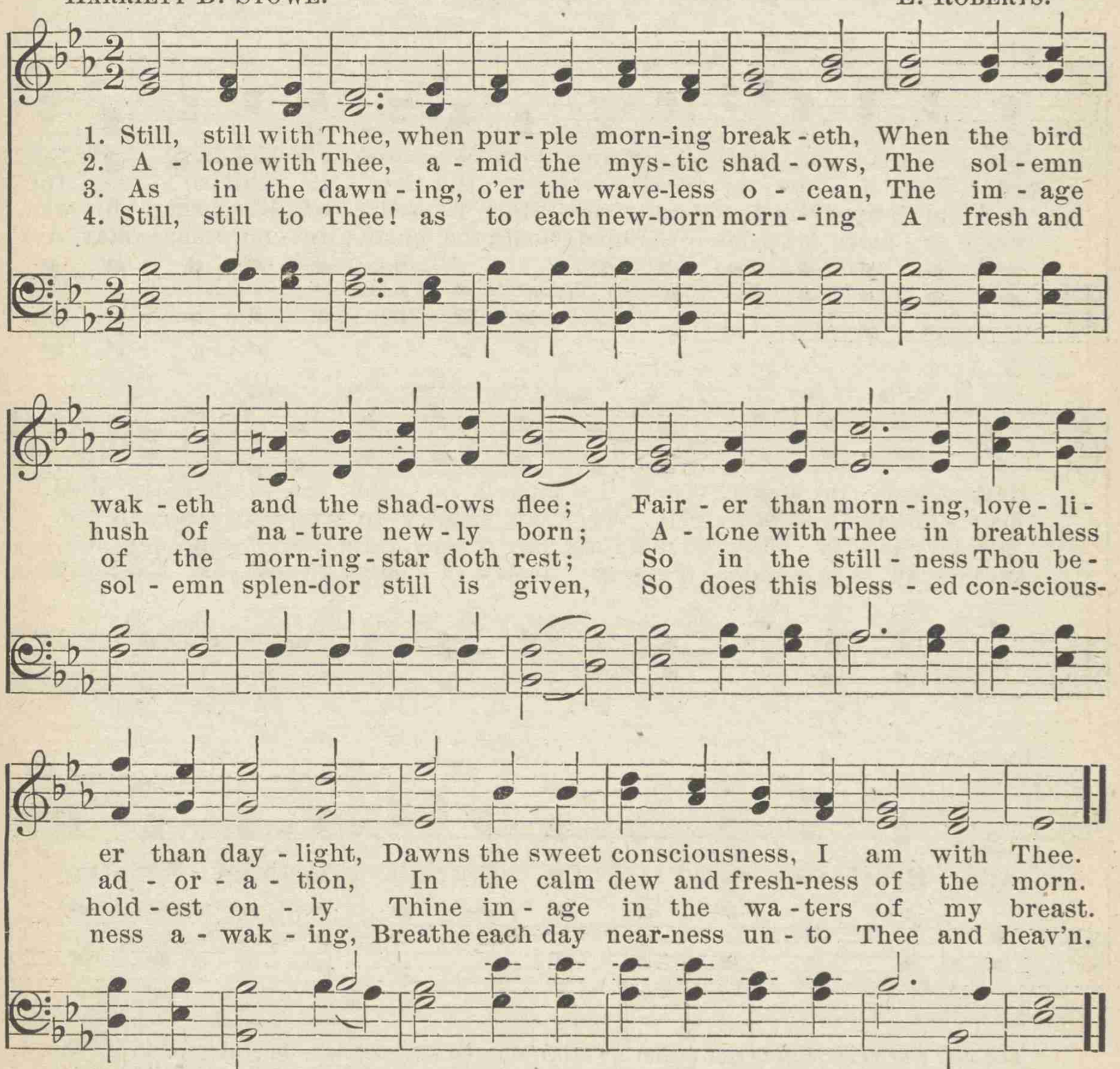
O the glo - ry of the cross, The cross of Cal - va - ry, Where -
on the Prince of Glo - ry suf-fered death for me; For me, for
For me,

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No. 94. I AM WITH THEE.

HARRIETT B. STOWE. E. ROBERTS.



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No. 95. 'TIS ALL RIGHT WITH ME NOW.*

E. E. HEWITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis all right with me now, there's a song in my heart; There's a joy, like an in - roll - ing tide; For the word of the Lord bade the
2. 'Tis all right with me now, I will rest in His love, And my peace, like a riv - er shall flow; For His Spir - it shall fit me for
3. 'Tis all right with me now, let me work for my King, With a soul all un - bur-dened and free; While I tell of His grace, I will
4. 'Tis all right with me now, for, what - ev - er be - tide, He will nev - er - more leave me a - lone, 'Neath the shad - ow - ing wings may I

dark - ness de - part, When I looked on the cross where He died.
man - sions a - bove, He is a - ble to con - quer each foe.
joy - ous - ly sing, Of the Sav - iour who car - eth for me.
safe - ly a - bide, Till at last, I shall know as I'm known.
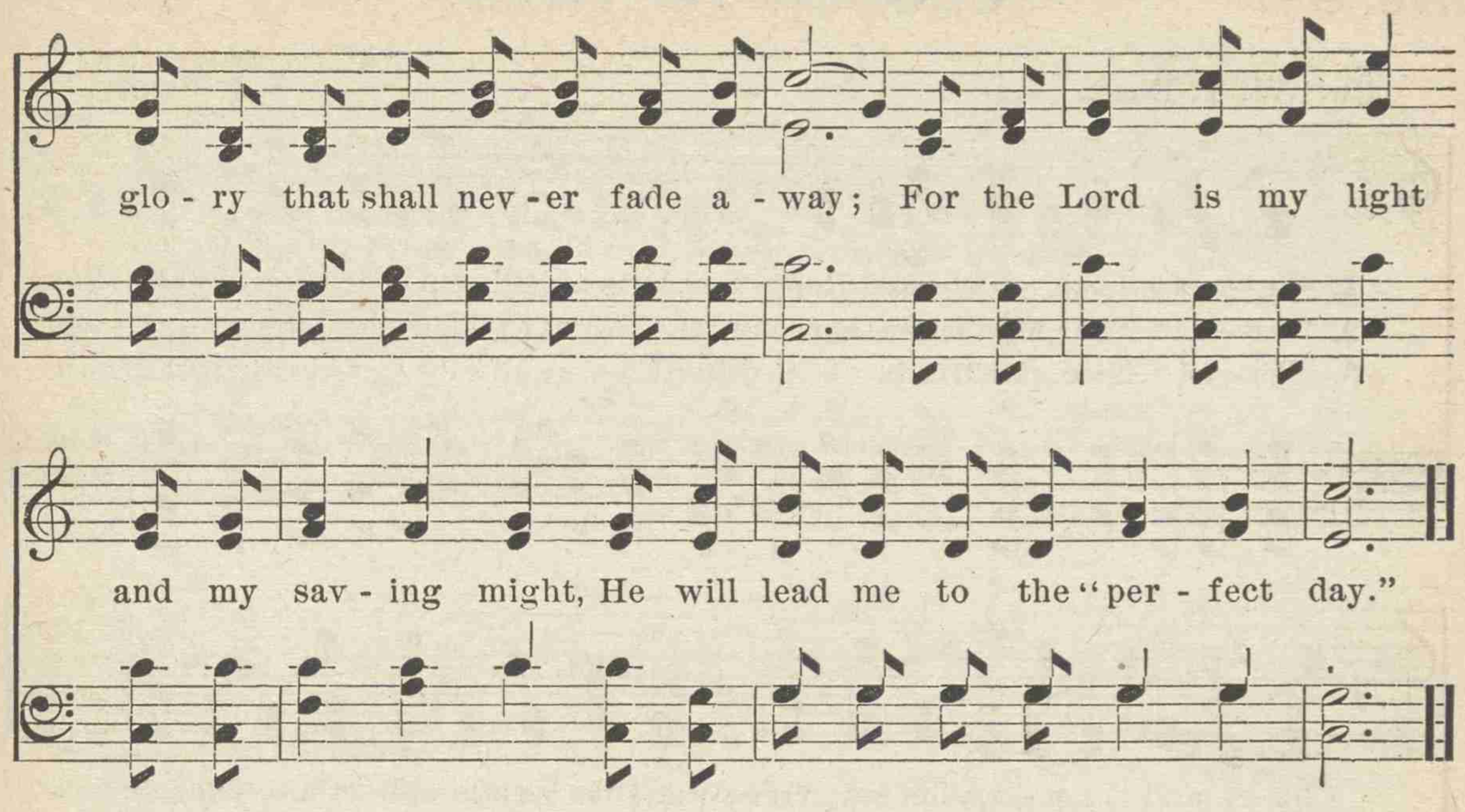
REFRAIN.

All right! all right! O the sky is so bright With the

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* The last words spoken to her father by Miss May D. Kirkpatrick, daughter of Prof. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, who fell asleep April 16, 1895, upon being asked, "How is it now?" were, "All right."

'TIS ALL RIGHT WITH ME NOW.



No. 96. BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD. S. M.

ANON. A. J. S.

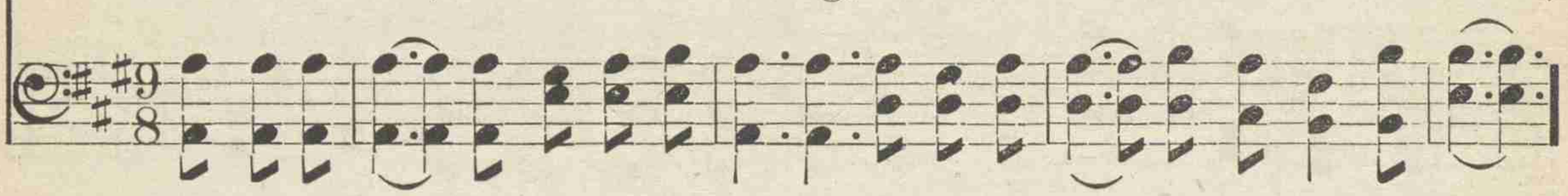
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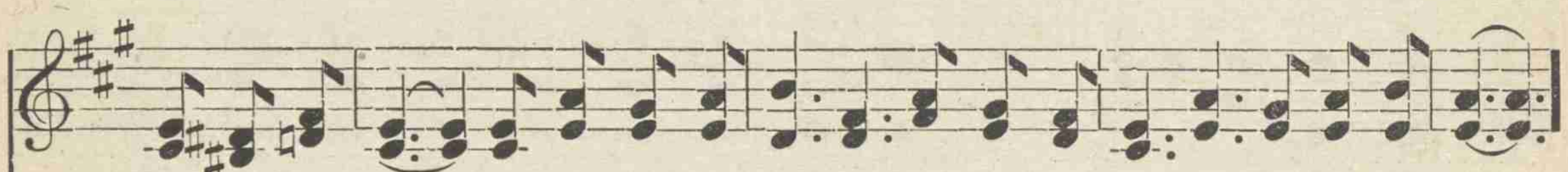
No. 97. CLOSER TO THEE.

Rev. W. T. Dale. S. J. Perry.
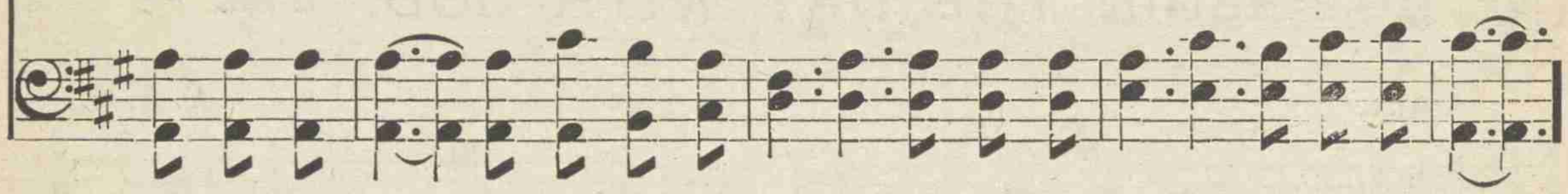


1. Clos-er to Thee, O blessed Redeemer, Draw us still clos - er each day and hour;
2. Clos-er to Thee, when sorrows surround us, Closer to Thee when earth's comforts flee;
3. Clos-er to Thee, when life is re - ced-ing, Closer and clos - er when death shall come;
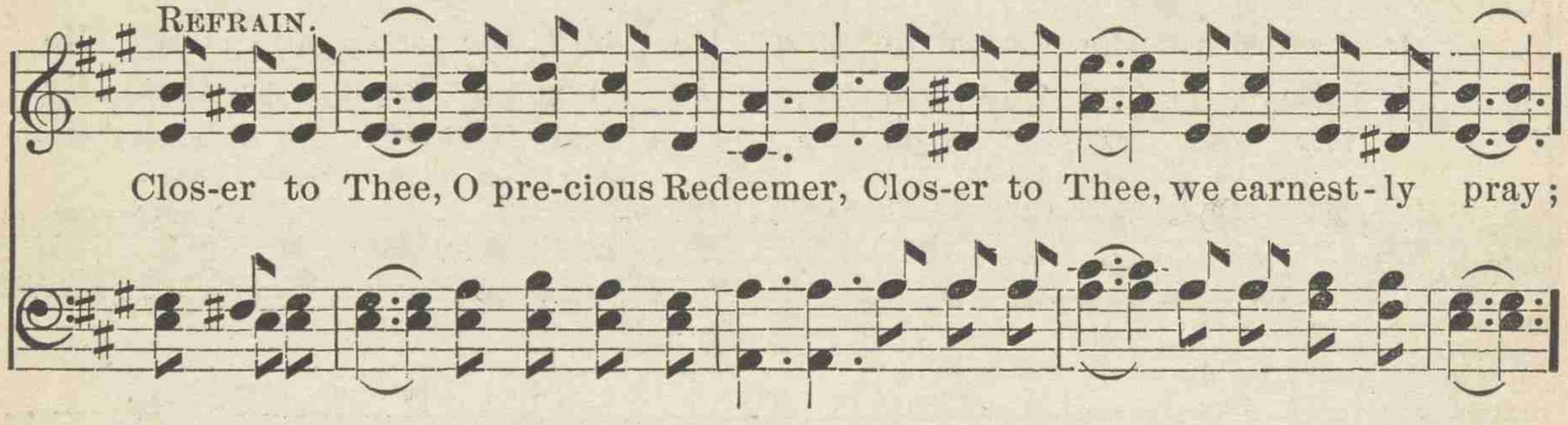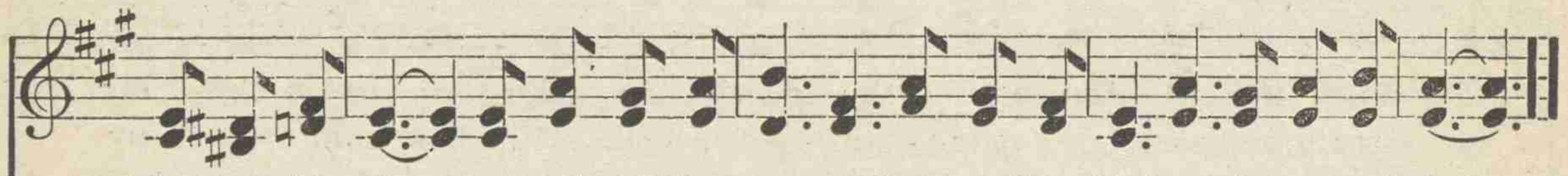




Clos-er and clos - er, Je- sus, our Saviour, Draw us still clos-er by Thy great pow'r.
Clos-er to Thee when earth-friends are failing, Closer, dear Saviour, closer to Thee.
Clos-er to Thee while crossing the riv - er, Closer to Thee in heaven our home.
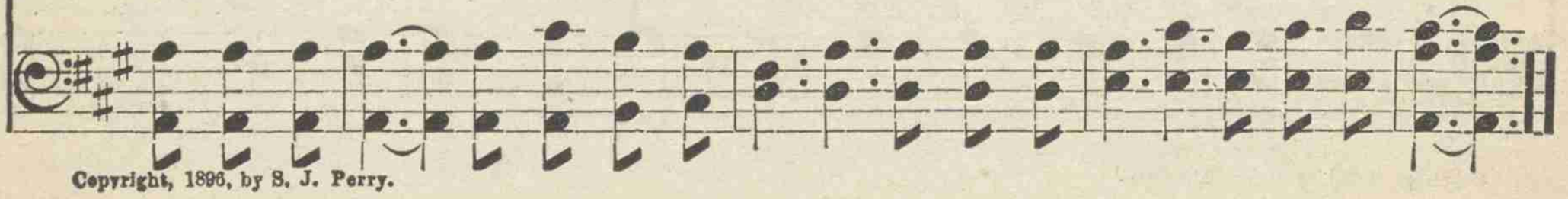


Refrain.



Clos-er to Thee, O pre-cious Redeemer, Clos-er to Thee, we earnest - ly pray;



Clos-er to Thee in tho't and in purpose, Draw us, dear Saviour, closer each day.



Copyright, 1896, by S. J. Perry.

No. 98. HIS GRACE HE FULLY GIVES.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell. J. M. Bowman.

1. His grace He ful-ly gives, Who bids thee seek Him now; O hear Him gen-tly call, Be-
2. More than we know He loves, And guides when far a-stray, He sees us yield to sin, Nor
3. To-day His voice we hear, He knocks at our heart's door, And yearns to en-ter in To

fore Him let us bow. His love is vast and free, And He would safe-ly guide
tread the nar-row way. He calls in pleading tones, Who died on Cal-va-ry,
bless us ev-er-more. For He will not for-sake The ones who trust His might,

Us o'er life's stormy sea To where no woes be-tide. His grace He freely gives,
And bids us to re-turn, To Him for safe-ty flee.
But guides them, home in love, To shores of peace and light.

Refrain.

He call-eth you and me; If we will hear His voice, We may His glo-ry see.

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No. 99. NEARER HOME.

J. WILLIAM GOINS.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set - ing, And the eve is draw - ing on;
2. One day near - er sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er,
3. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set - ing of the sun,

Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On his dis - tant na - tive shore
For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.

Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will come;
Thus the Chris-tian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
Thus we feel, when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal-worn we roam,

Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home;
In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture: "I am one day nea - er home;"
As the twi - light ga - thers o'er us, We are one day near - er home;

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NEARER HOME.

Near - er home, near - er home, Near - er to our heav'n - ly home;
Near - er home, near - er home, Near - er to my heav'n - ly home;
Near - er home, near - er home, Near - er to our heav'n - ly home;
Near - er home, near - er home,

Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home.
In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture; "I am one day near - er home."
As the twi - light ga-thers o'er us, We are one day near - er home.

No. 100. THE USEFUL LIFE.

Rev. H. Bonar. J. W. Medling.

1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will;
2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earth-ly loss is heav'nly gain;
3. Go, la - bor on; e-nough while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
4. Toil on, and in thy toil re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;

It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas-ter praises,—what are men?
Thy will-ing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bride-groom's voice, The midnight peal: "Be-hold, I come!"

No. 101. EVER NEAR ME.

M. C. B. E. ROBERTS.

1. Near me, ev - er near me, In the lone-some night, Near me, ev - er near me,
2. Near me, ev - er near me, In my loss and pain, Near me, ev - er near me,
3. Near me, ev - er near me, When op-press'd with care, Near me, ev - er near me,
4. Near me, ev - er near me, Thou wilt ev - er be, When o'er the dark some riv - er The

In the noon-day light, Chasing all the shad - ows From my sight a - way,
In my joy and gain; Near me, ev - er near me, When the world grows cold,
Griefs and ills to share; Near me, ev - er near me, When I'm sick and sad,
boat- man comes for me; When I tread the gold- en shore, Walk the path of light,

REFRAIN.

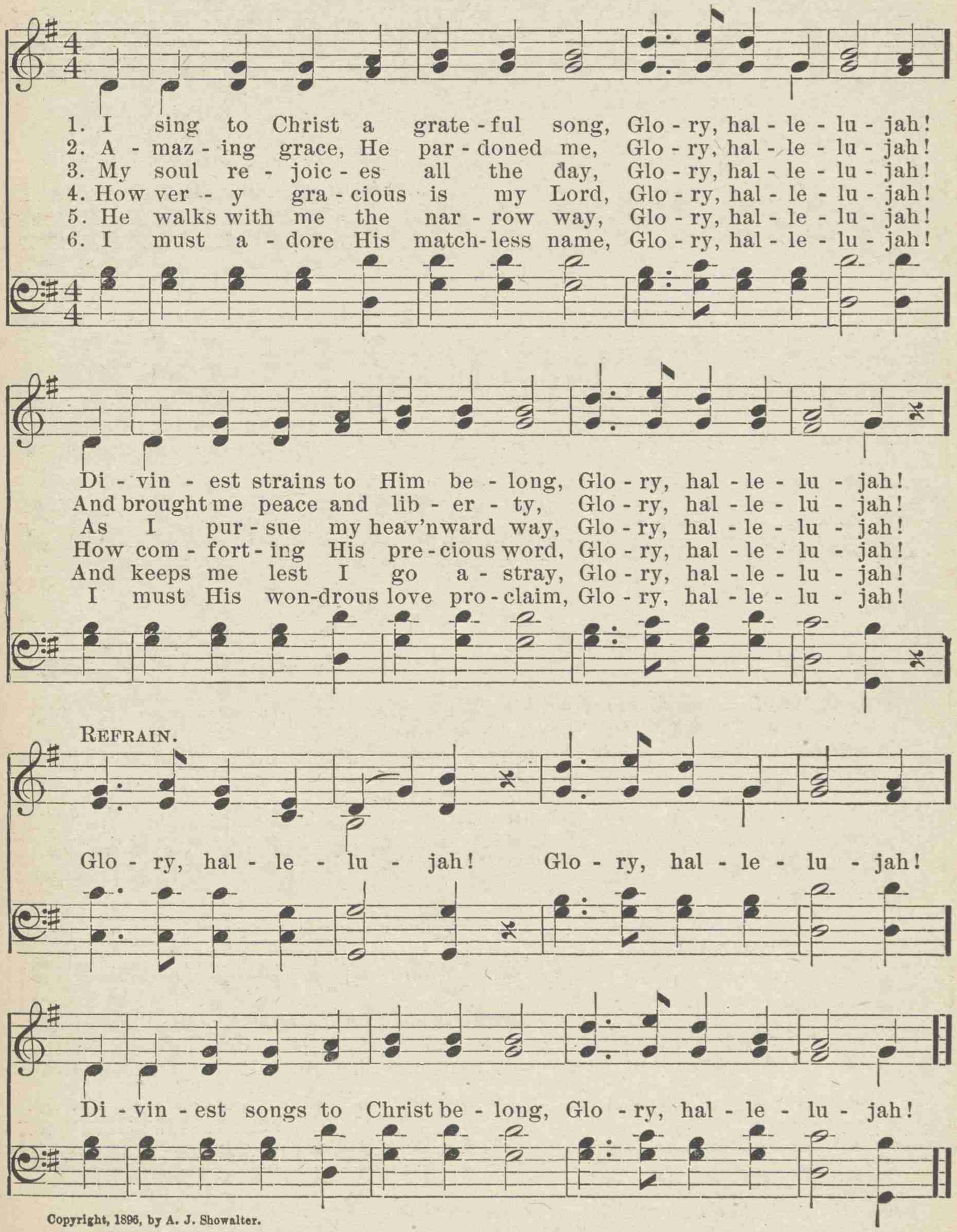
Shed-ding joy and glad - ness Thro' the wea - ry day. Near me, near me,
Near me, ev - er near me, When life's joys are told.
Near me, ev - er near me, Thou wilt make me glad.
Thy sweet presence ev - er-more Shall be my de- light.

Je - sus, be Thou near me, Ev - er, ev - er, With Thy love to cheer me.

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No. 102. I SING TO CHRIST.

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



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No. 103. O WHERE ARE YOU STANDING?*

Rev. J. B. K. Smith. E. Roberts.

1. O, where are you stand-ing, my broth - er, to - day, And to whom is your feal - ty paid? When the arm - ies of sin to the
2. The world's of - fered hon - ors, so strong in their grasp On the mul - ti - tude tho'tless and blind, En - tice count-less hosts with - in
3. Men rush in wild haste to take part in a strife Which in - volves on - ly sel-fish be - hest, While neg - lect - ing the in - t'rests of

good stand op-posed, On which side are your forc - es ar - rayed? The
sin's dead - ly clasp, In the hope speed - y prof - it to find; To
spir - it and life, They ig - nore God's commands and re - quests; The

love of so ma - ny grows luke-warm and cold, Lured a-way by the hope of re -
par - ty and platform al - le-giance is given, And God has no tho't in the
claims of re - lig - ion must give place to *state*, Though souls be destroyed in the

* Is effective as a solo.

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O WHERE ARE YOU STANDING?

ward; Their sight is so dimm'd by the glit - ter of gold, They've for-
heart; For earth's baubles men bar - ter the glo - ries of heav'n Oh! have
fray; And the church, pay-ing court at the shine of the great, Sees her

CHORUS.

sak - en the way of the Lord. Then, where are you stand-ing, my
you in this mad - ness a part?
chil-dren dragg'd down the broad way.

broth - er, to - day, And to whom is your feal - ty paid? When the

arm - ies of sin to the good stand opposed, On which side are your forces ar-rayed?

No. 104. GLADSOME PRAISE.

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

1. In the morn-ing of life we will seek our Fa-ther's face, We'll be-
2. Lit - tle chil-dren may come to the Lord and claim His love, For He
3. We will work for the Lord while we sing His praise in song; We will
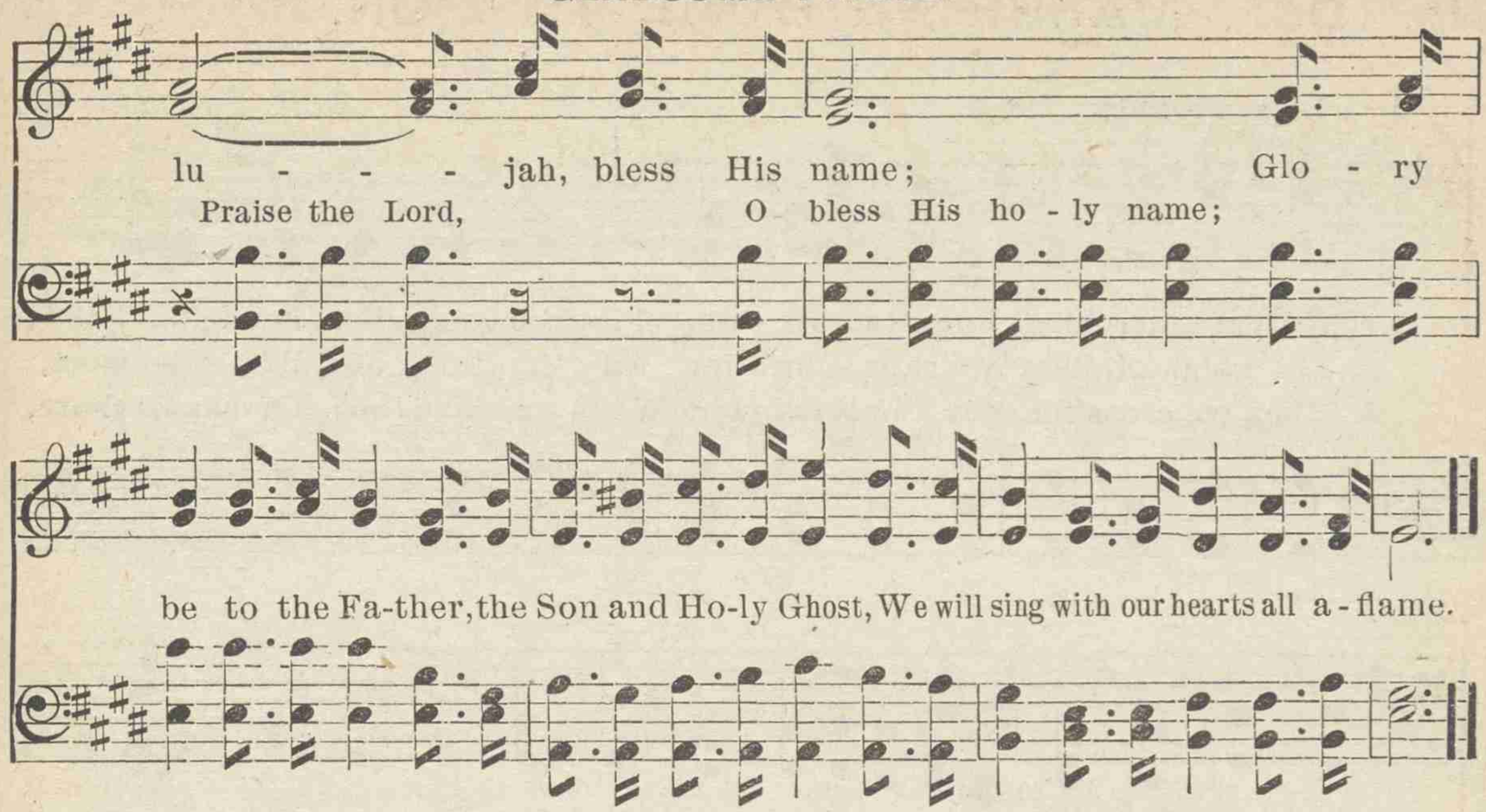
lieve in the bless - ed Lord, And we'll trust in the pow'r of His
died to re - deem us all; And He said, "for of such is the
tell of His sav - ing pow'r, We will try to be faith - ful and

free and sav - ing grace; We will walk by the light of His word.
king - dom a - bove," So to - day on His name we will call.
seek to do no wrong; We will trust in His grace ev - 'ry hour.

REFRAIN.

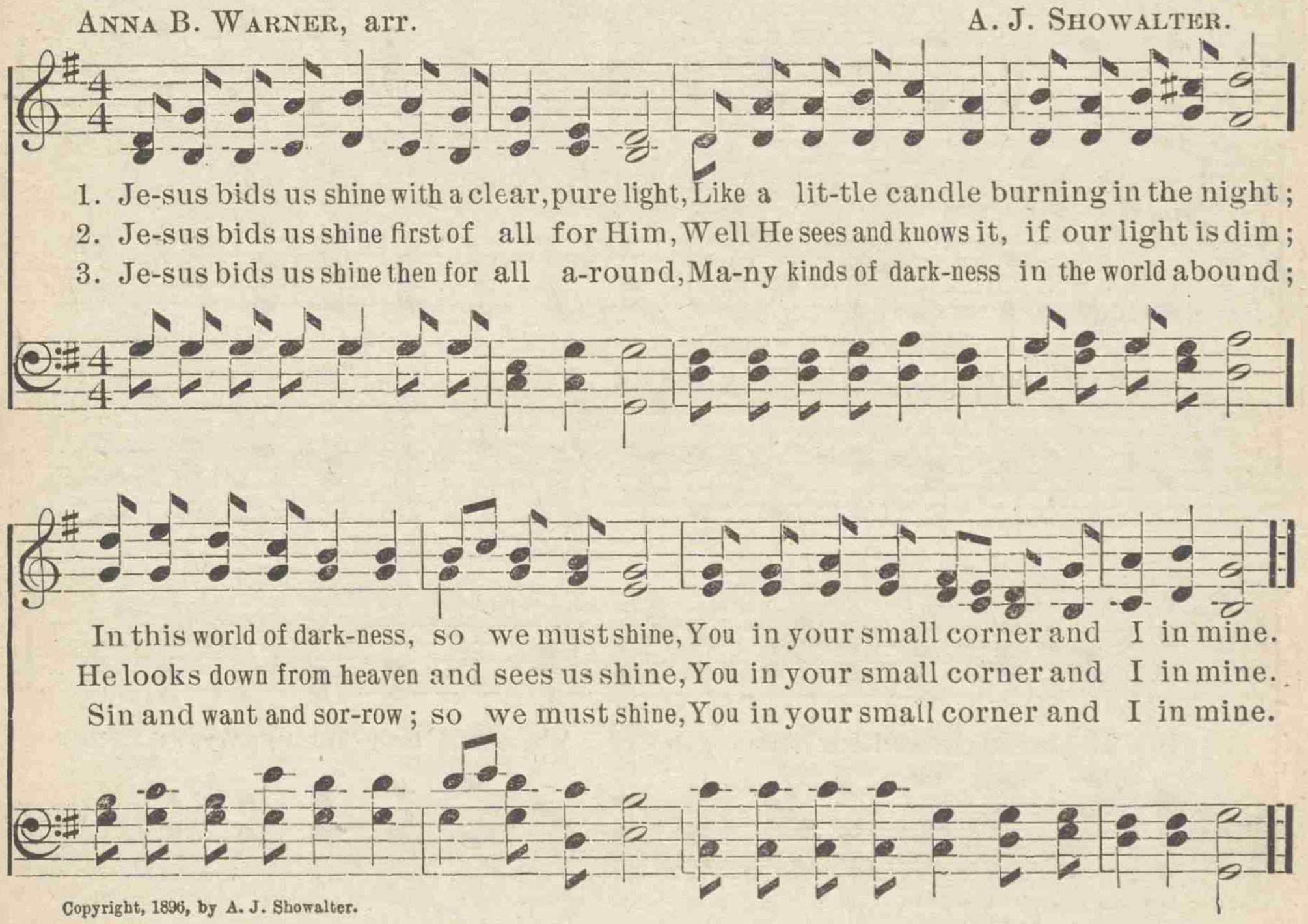
Hal - le - lu - - - jah, praise the Lord, ... Hal - le -
Praise the Lord, O praise His ho - ly name,

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No. 105. JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

ANNA B. WARNER, arr. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 106. MARCHING HOME TO ZION.

Rev. L. A. MORRIS. E. B. FOWLER.

1. We are marching home to Zi - on, Pil-grim sol - diers hand in hand;
2. As good sol-diers we're en - dur - ing All the toils of life we meet,
3. When we cross the tur - bid wa - ters, When we land on Ca- naan's shore,

Christ, our Cap - tain, ev - er leads us, And for Him we firm - ly stand.
God's own words our hearts as - sur - ing, Soon our jour-ney we'll com-plete.
Then with Zi - on's sons and daughters We'll re - joice for - ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Boldly.

Yes, we're marching on to Zi - on And re - joic - ing as we go;

In His strength and for His glo - ry We shall con - quer ev - 'ry foe.

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No. 107. OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

IDA L. REED. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Out of the shad - ows, In - to the light, . . .
2. Out of the shad - ows Shroud - ing life's way, . . .
3. Out of the shad - ows, Out of the night, . . .

Lead me, my Sav - iour, By Thy love's might, . .
Lead me, Lord Je - sus, In - to Thy day; . . .
Lead me, my Sav - iour, In - to Thy light; . .

Hum - bly I've sought Thee, Hear Thou my plea, . . .
In - to the splen - dor Of Thy dear home. . . .
Lord, be Thou near me, All of the way, . . .

Rit.

Out of sin's dark - ness, Guide me to Thee.
Through Thy love ten - der, Fain would I come.
Let me no long - er Far from Thee stray.

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No. 108. FOLLOW JESUS.

"Follow then Me." John xxi. 22.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

1. Come and fol-low Je-sus, Keep thy Guide in view, Walk-ing in His foot-steps
2. Sleep not on thy jour-ney! Stop not here to rest! Foes with bit-ter ha-tred
3. Hears't thou si-ren voi-ces Call-ing thee a-side? Right and left are path-ways

All thy journey thro'; Not a moment long-er Tar-ry by the way,
Have this land possessed; Souls are tak-en cap-tive, Bound with hea-vy chains,
All are smooth and wide; These are downward tend-ing, Lead-ing to de-spair;

Refrain.

Life is full of dan-ger, Sin will oft way-lay. Come and fol-low Je-sus,
And, with hate re-lent-less, Borne where sor-row reigns.
Who with sin will tri-fle, And its wa-ges share?

Keep thy Guide in view; Walk-ing in His footsteps All Thy jour-ney through.

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No. 109. THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BIRDIE BELL. J. P. LANE.

1. The jour-ney of life is be-fore thee, Which road wilt thou choose for thy feet?
2. The jour-ney of life is be-fore thee, O choose the right pathway to-day;
3. The jour-ney of life is be-fore thee, Be faithful and earnest and strong,

The Lord watches tender-ly o'er thee, O list to His bid-ding so sweet!
God's mes-sengers ev-er im-plore thee, "Walk thou in the true, narrow way."
And think of the love which Christ bore thee, Press on with a glad, trustful song;

"Walk thou in the way of my choosing, And ev-er keep close to my side,
It leads to a country e-ter-nal, A cit-y so wondrous-ly fair;
Just cling to the arm that is round thee, The arm of thy heav-en-ly Guide;

The tempter's allurements refus-ing, Turn not to the path that is wide."
Re-mem-ber its glo-ries su-per-nal, Its beau-ties beyond all com-pare.
Tho' numberless per-ils surround thee, They harm not the soul at His side.

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No. 110. THE MERCY-SEAT.

Rev. HEW STOWELL. REF. by E. R. E. ROBERTS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-' ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, When friend holds fellow-ship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy-seat.
A place than all be - sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought mer- cy-seat.
Tho' sun-der'd far, by faith they meet, A - round one com-mon mer- cy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer- cy-seat.

REFRAIN.

The mer - cy - seat, sweet mer - cy-seat, Like Ma - ry, at the Saviour's feet,
I find re-pose 'mid storms of life, While kneel-ing at the mer - cy-seat.

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No. 111. THERE'S GLORY AT THE END.

ANON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Though 'tis a thorn-y road I tread, And dan-gers do my way at - tend,
2. At times when clouds my pros-pect hide, And all the sky is o - ver - cast,

Yet He, by whose dear love I'm led, Doth thro' it all His pres-ence lend;
I still up - on His love con - fide, And sing un - til the clouds have passed;

And so I sing, thus com-fort - ed, And so I sing, thus com-fort - ed,
For well I know, what-e'er be - tide, For well I know, what-e'er be - tide,

There's glo - ry, glo - ry at the end, There's glo - ry, glo - ry at the end.
There's glo - ry, glo - ry at the last, There's glo - ry, glo - ry at the last.

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No. 112. PERFECT PEACE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. ROBERTS.

1. Like a riv-er glo-rious Is God's perfect peace, O-ver all vic - to - rious
2. Hid-den in the hol- low Of His blessed hand, Nev-er foe can fol - low,
3. Ev -'ry joy or tri - al, Fall-eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our di - al

In its bright increase. Perfect yet it flow-eth Full-er ev-'ry day; Perfect yet it
Nev-er trai-tor stand. Not a surge of wor-ry, Not a shade of care, Not a blast of
By the Sun of Love, We must trust Him solely, All for us to do; They who trust Him

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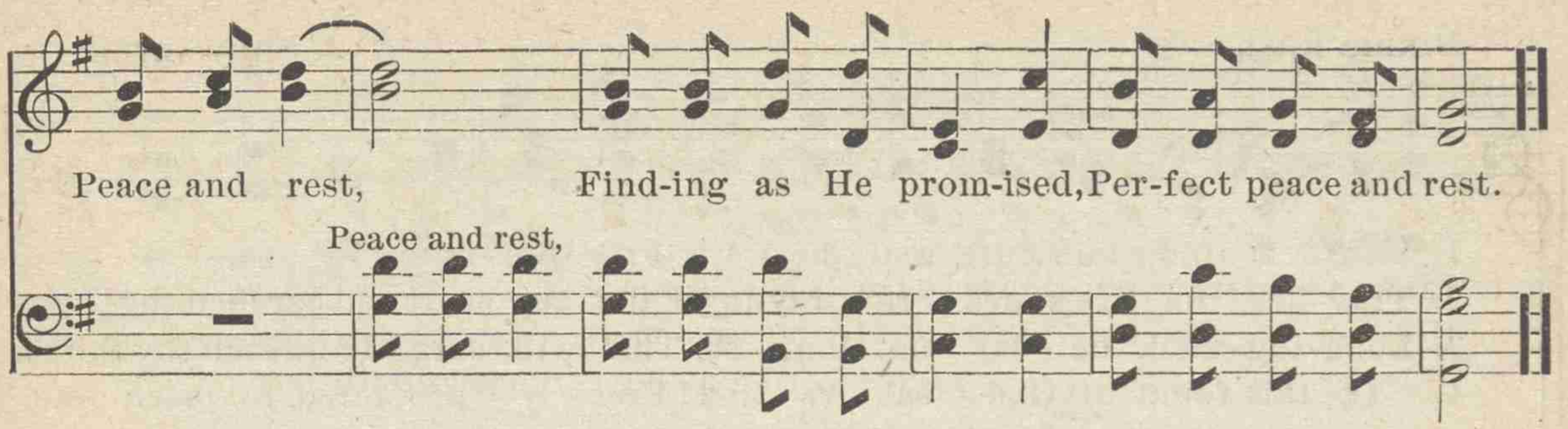
groweth Deep-er all the way. Stay'd up-on Je - ho-vah, Hearts are ful-ly blest,
hur - ry Touch the spir-it there.
whol - ly, Find Him wholly true.

Find-ing, as He promised, Per-fect peace and rest: Peace and rest,

Peace and rest,

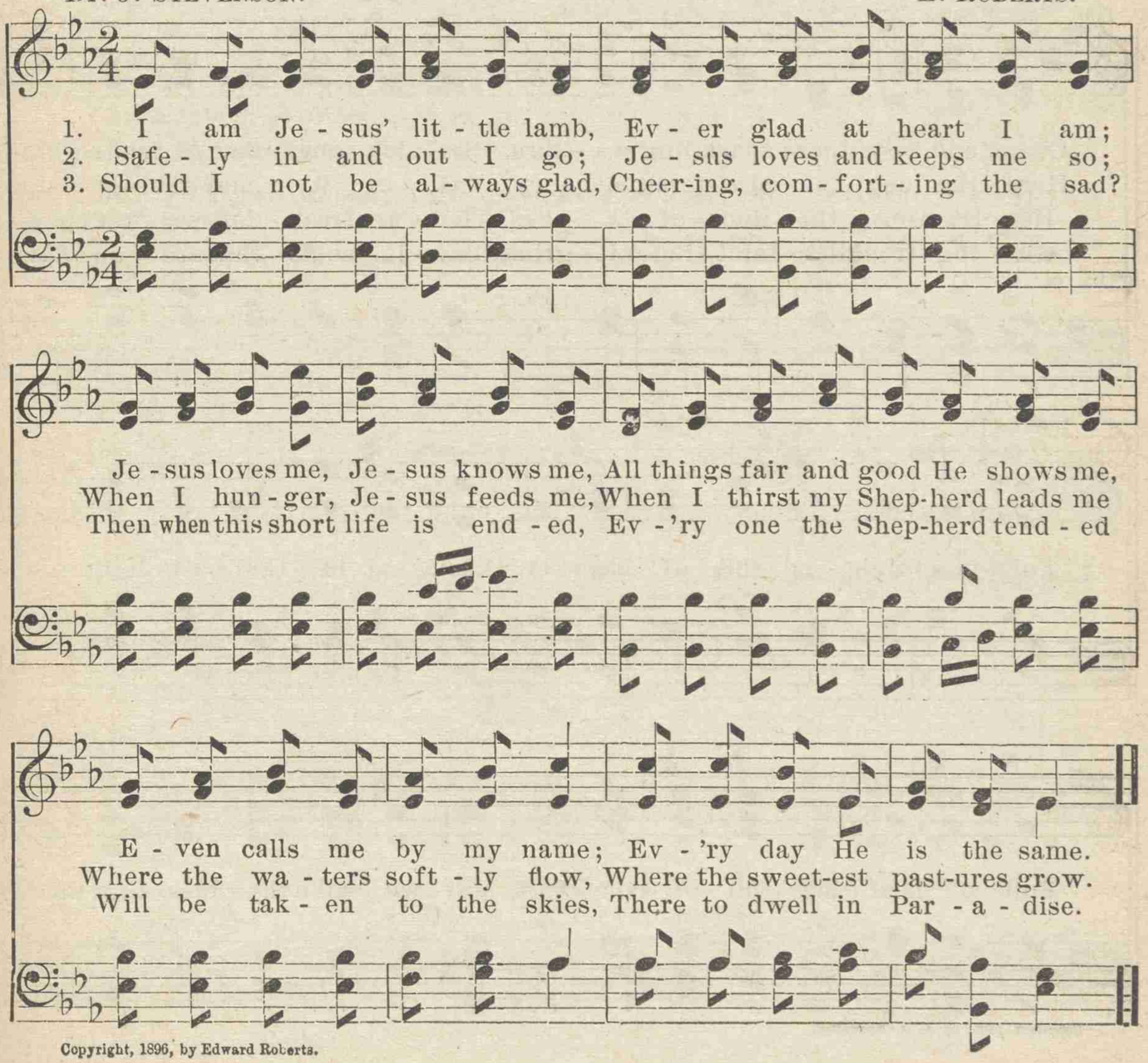
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PERFECT PEACE.



No. 113. I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

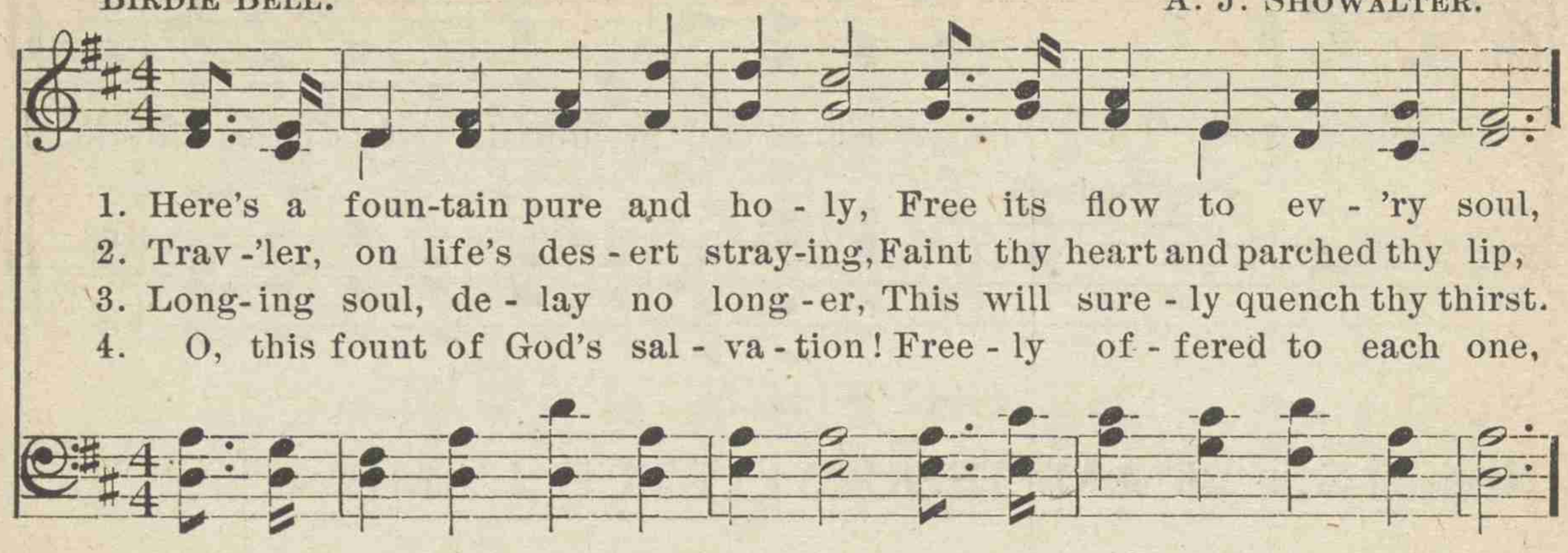
Dr. J. STEVENSON. E. ROBERTS.



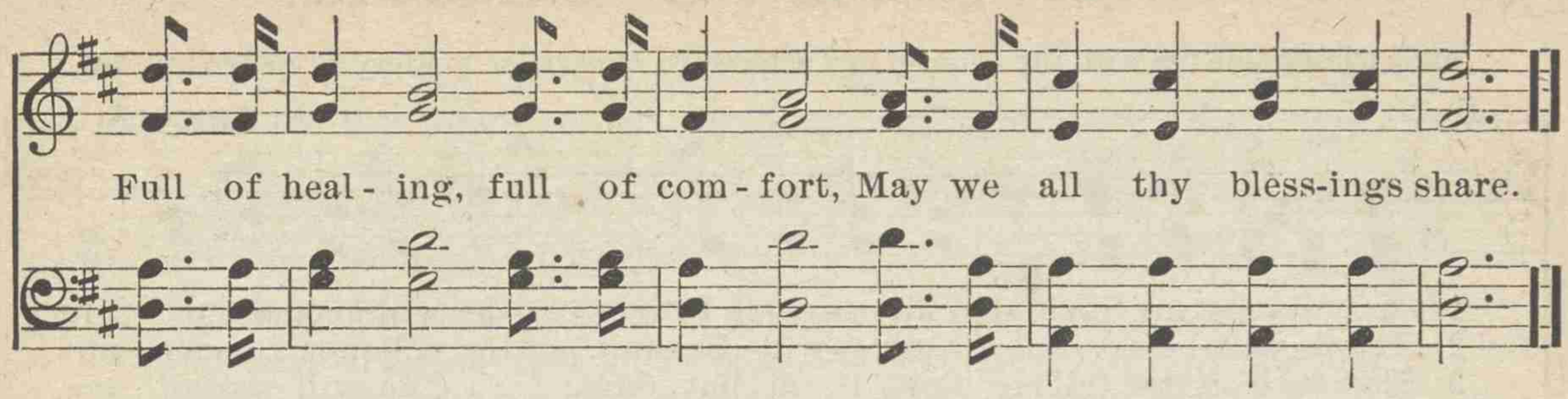
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No. 114. THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALING.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 115. THE SHEPHERD PSALM.

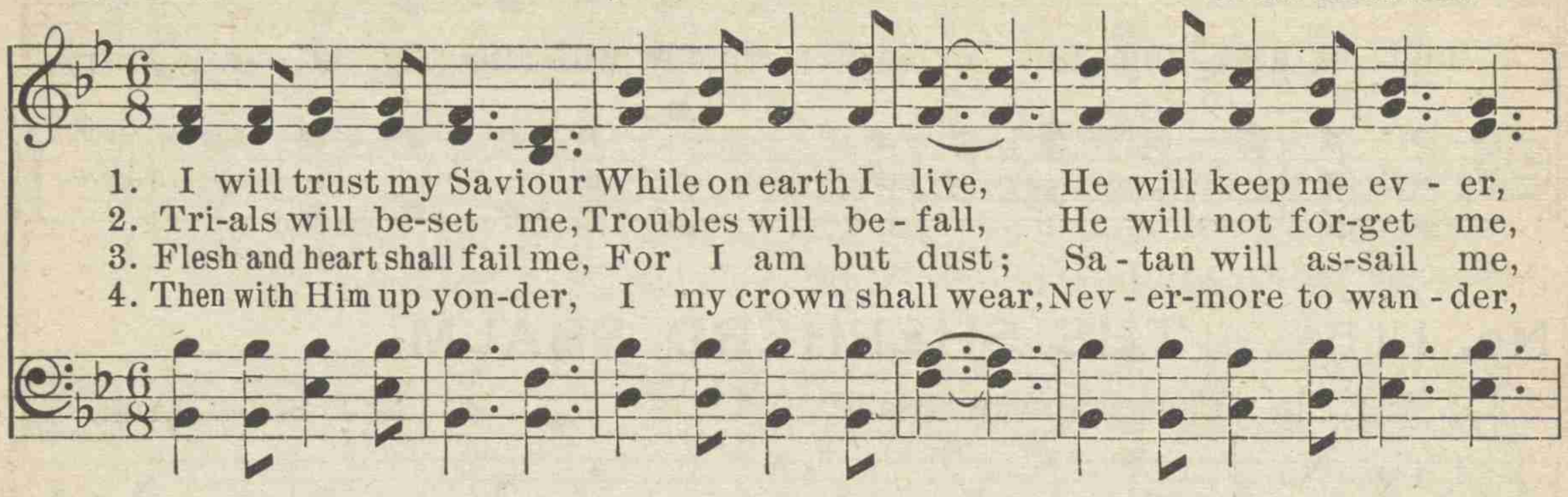
R. A. L., in "Central Presbyterian." A. J. SHOWALTER.
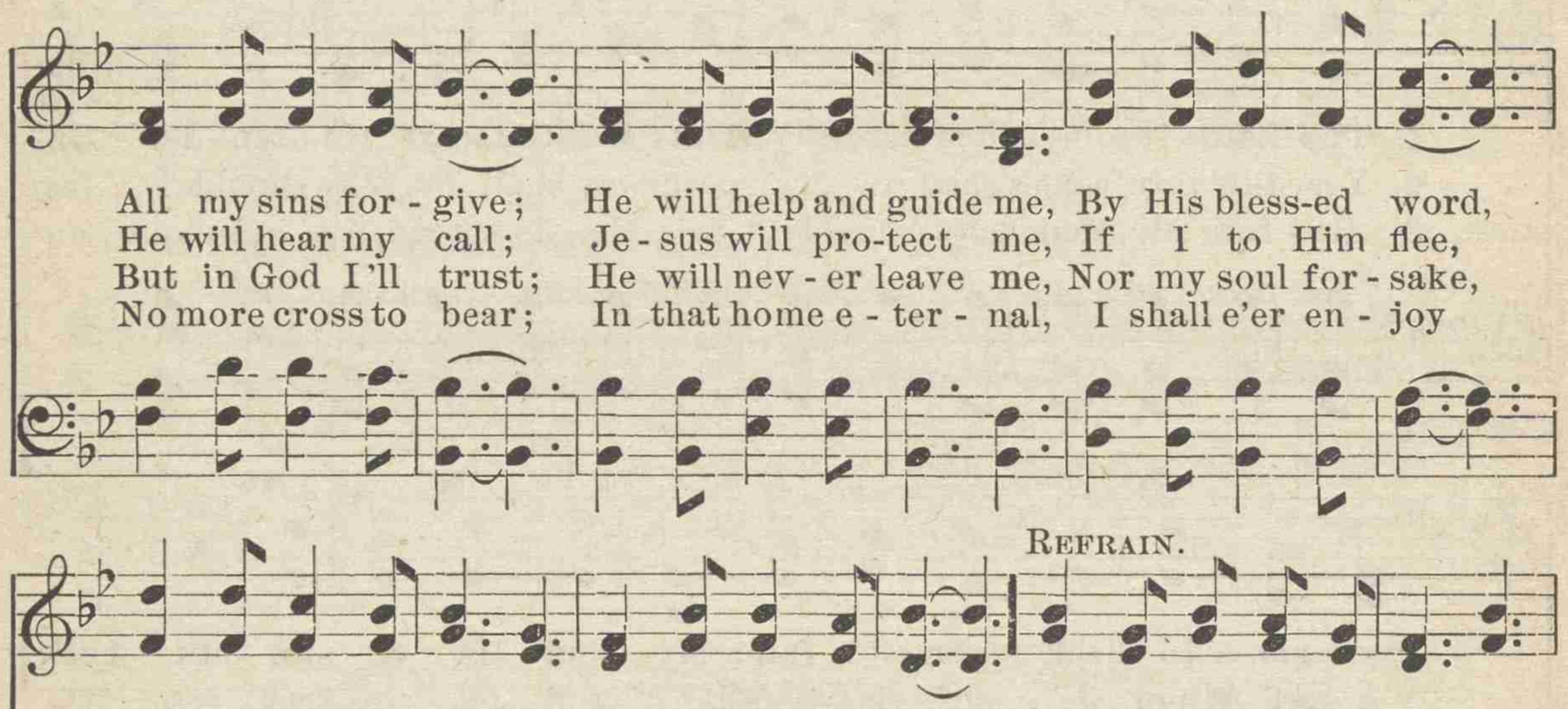
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No. 116. I WILL TRUST MY SAVIOUR.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory." Psalms 73: 24.

H. N. L. H. N. LINCOLN.





By per. S. Brainard's Sons.

No. 117. DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

THE "LANAN." F. P. ORR.

1. O Je - sus, my Lord, and my Sav - iour, A Rock and a Ref - uge to me;
2. Let peace from Thy presence pos-sess me, A peace that a - bid - ing shall be;
3. When close by Thy side I am keep - ing, My path-way is marked out by Thee;
4. And when my life's journey is end - ing, The waves of the riv - er I see,

I long to be drawn by Thy fa - vor Still clos - er and clos - er to Thee.
And when my temp-ta- tions dis-tress me, O draw me still clos - er to Thee.
And rich are the fields for my reap-ing While clos - er and clos - er to Thee.
Let an- gels, from glo - ry de-scend - ing, My spir - it bear clos - er to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Clos - er to Thee, clos-er to Thee, Clos - er my Lord and my Sav - iour;

Clos - er to Thee, clos - er to Thee, Draw me still clos - er to Thee.

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No. 118. LET HIS REIGN BEGIN.

2 Cor. 13: 5.

Miss A. R. Carey. E. Roberts.

1. Let Him in - to your heart, my friend, Welcome give to God's Ho-ly Son;
2. He's a won - der-ful friend and guide, Mighty coun-sel-lor, shield, and tower;
3. He will give what you fain would own, Robes of righteousness pass-ing fair,
4. Let the Lord with His glo - ry in, You will need Him when joys grow dim;

Ev - 'ry hour that with Him you spend Will be heav en on earth be - gun.
He will all your transgressions hide, If you trust in His grace and pow'r.
Wisdom's gems, to earth's mines un - known, If you ask them in hum - ble prayer.
You have naught, tho' all earth you win, Till sal - va - tion you find in Him.

Refrain.

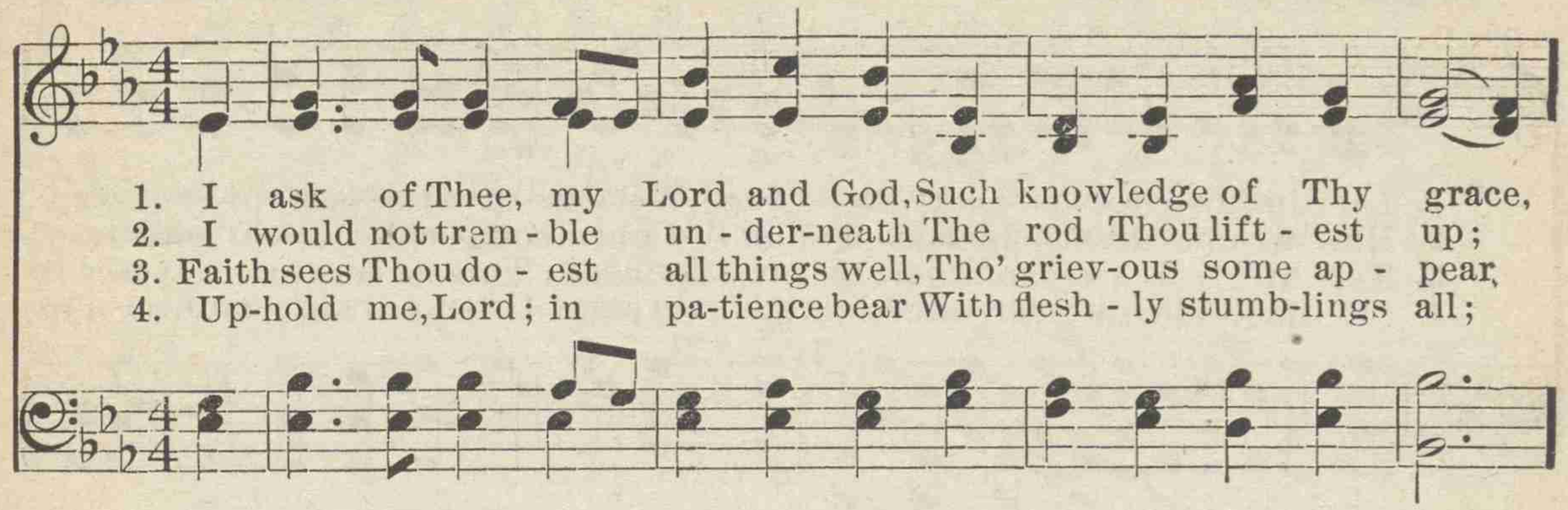
Let Him in, Let Him in, Let His reign of peace in your heart begin;
Let Him in, Let Him in,
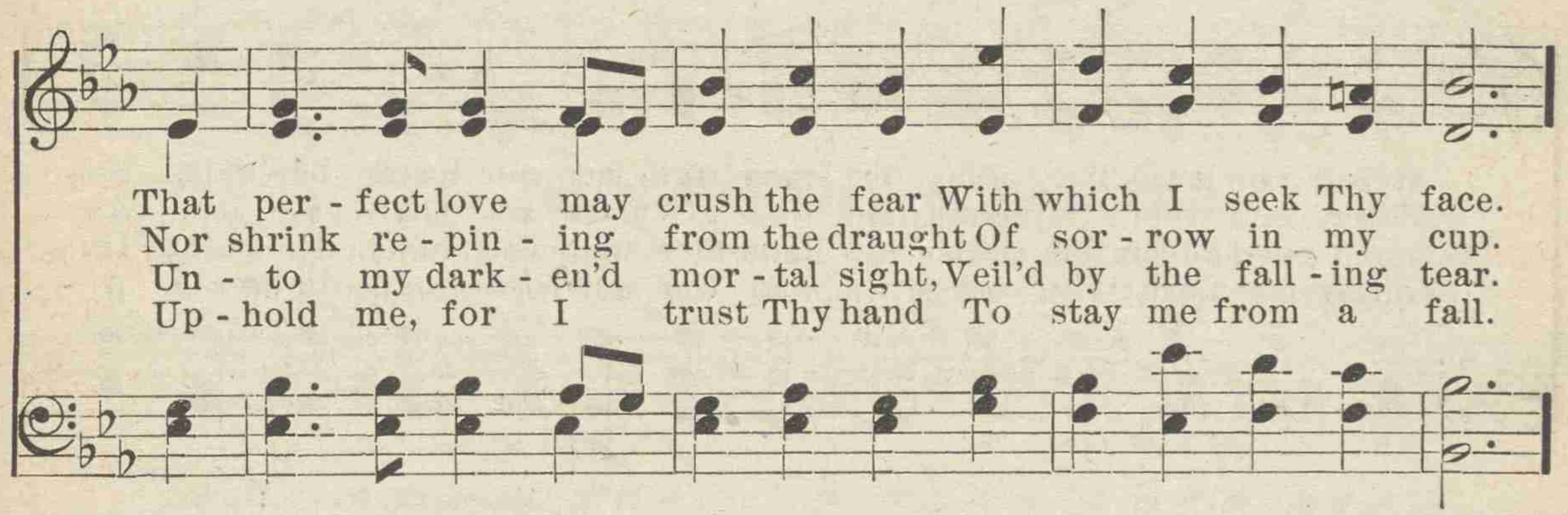
Let Him in, Let Him in, Let His reign of peace in your heart begin.
Let Him in, Let Him in,

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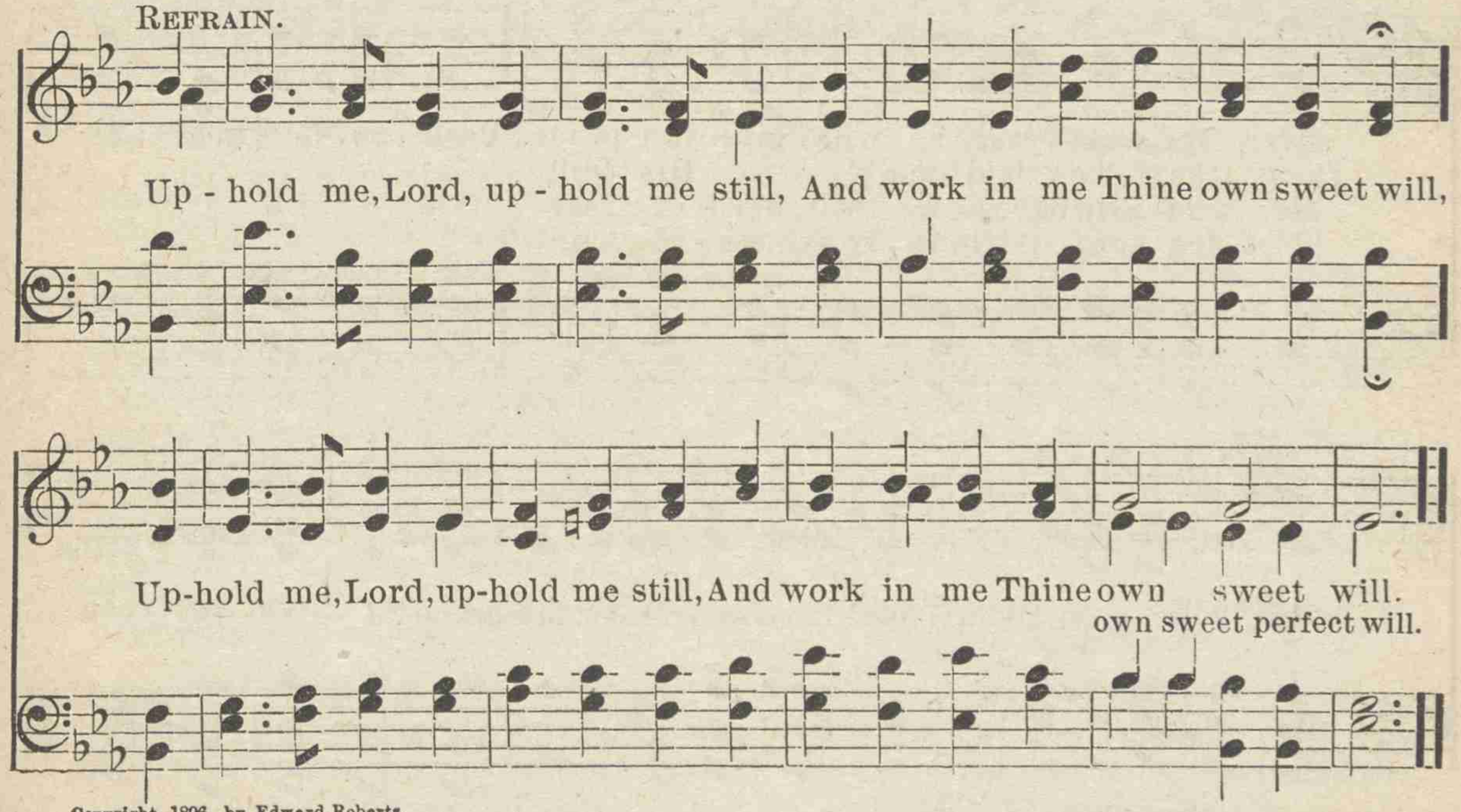
No. 119. UPHOLD ME, LORD.

Mrs. M. S. PETERS. Refrain added. E. ROBERTS.





REFRAIN.



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No. 120. CHRIST'S LEGACY OF PEACE.

John 14: 27.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O pre-cious leg - a - cy that Je - sus left, Giv - ing from doubts and fears a
2. When tempests loud - ly rage up - on life's sea, He speaks, di-vine commandment,
3. Tho' trib - u - la-tion come to ev - 'ry heart, We hear His voice, "My child, be
4. It pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, this sweet peace, O may it keep our hearts in

sweet re - lease, Tho' of our treas-ures be our heart be - reft, He
"Peace, be still!" So spake He a - ges past on Gal - i - lee, As
of good cheer, The dark - est trou-bles will ere long de - part; In
Christ our Lord; Tho' tri - als and tho' sor-rows may in-crease, A -
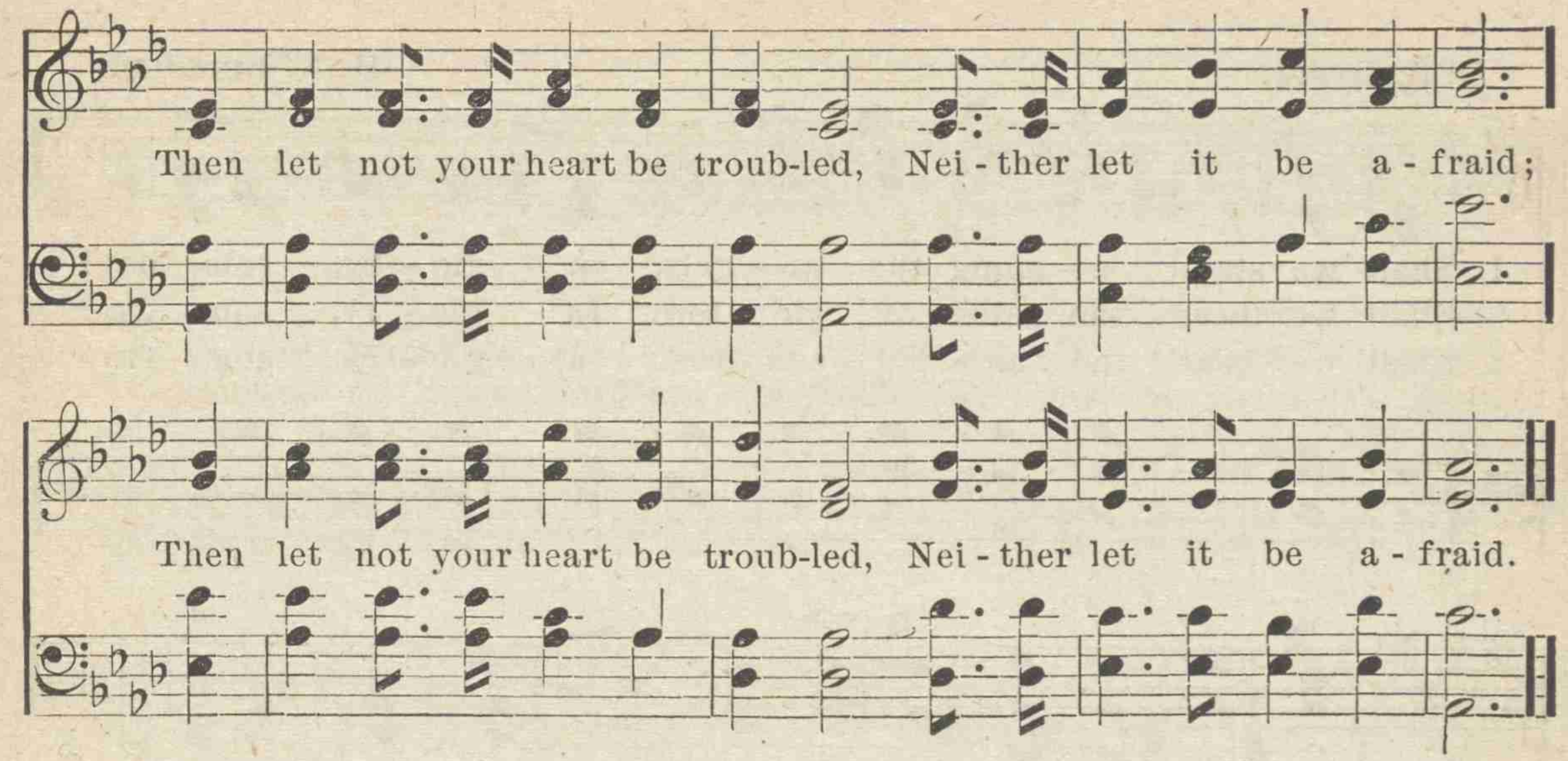
REFRAIN.

soft - ly whis-pers, "I will give you peace." Peace, end - less peace! My
then, the storms yield hum-bly to His will.
Me you may have peace, so nev - er fear."
bid - ing sure is God's own bless - ed word.

peace I leave with you; Peace, bless - ed peace! My peace I give to you;
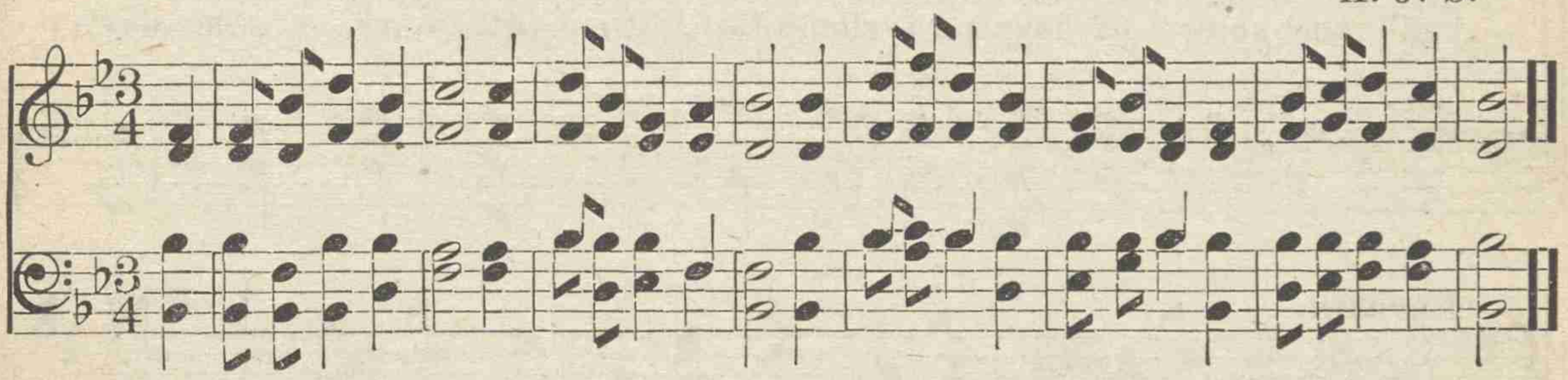
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CHRIST'S LEGACY OF PEACE.



HOFFMAN. S. M.

A. J. S.



No. 121. *Tune above.*

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till cares and toils shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 122. *Tune above.*

1 Blest be the tie thät binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 123. IN GLORY, SOME DAY.

E R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Shall we stand a - mong the an - gels, In glo - ry, some day?
2. Shall we bear the palms of vic - t'ry, In glo - ry, some day?
3. Shall we hear the an - gel cho - rus, In glo - ry, some day?

Shall we join the saints tri - um-phant, In glo - ry, some day?
Shall we wear the crowns un - fad - ing, In glo - ry, some day?
And the song of man's re - demp-tion, In glo - ry, some day?

REFRAIN.

If we give up all for Je - sus, His free grace shall fail us not; When our earthly journey ceas-es That shall be our hap-py lot, That shall be our hap - py lot!

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No. 124. HE IS MY ROCK AND SHIELD.

F. M. DAVIS. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. I go re - joic - ing in the love That Christ to me re-vealed;
2. I con - se - crate my life and powers, My all to Him I yield;
3. O bless - ed Lord, I'm whol - ly Thine, To Thee my heart is sealed;

In all my tri - als this I know, He is my Rock and Shield.
His prom - is - es through all I claim, He is my Rock and Shield.
Through all the chang - ing scenes of life, Thou art my Rock and Shield.

REFRAIN.

He is my Rock and Shield, My all to Him I yield; . .

In ev - 'ry try - ing hour I know, He is my Rock and Shield.

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No. 125. COME HOME.

A. R. CAREY. E. ROBERTS.

1. Come home, from the midnight of er - ror, Come home, from the dan-ger- ous way,
2. Re - turn from the false and the fleet - ing, Re - turn from the wiles that de-stroy,
3. Come home, where the bounty of bless- ing Thy fam- ine and want will re - move;
4. All heav - en will hail thy re - turn- ing, With gifts and with wel-come of love;

Come home, from the doubt and the ter - ror, Thy Fa - ther is grieved at thy stay.
O, list to thy Fa-ther's en-treat - ing, Re-turn from each heart-blighting joy.
Out-reached are the arms of ca - ress - ing, God's patience and prom-ise to prove.
Come home, for thy Fa - ther is yearn - ing, Is watch-ing and wait-ing a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Come home, come home, In the name of the cru - ci - fied One;
Come home, come home,

Come home, come home, There is room for each pen - i - tent one.
Come home, come home,

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No. 126. IF WE KNEW.

CHRISTIAN WORLD. E. ROBERTS.

1. If we knew, when walking tho't-less In the nois - y, crowd-ed way,
2. If we knew what forms were faint-ing For the shade that we should fling,
3. If we knew when friends a - round us Close - ly press to say good - by,
4. If we knew what lives are dark-ened By some tho't - less words of ours,

That some pearl of wondrous whiteness, Close be - side our path-way lay,
If we knew what lips are parch-ing For the wa - ter we could bring,
Which a - mong the lips that kissed us, First would neath the dais - ies lie,
Which had ev - er lain a - mong them Like the frost a - mong the flow'rs,

We would pause where now we hast - en, We would oft - en look a - round,
We would haste with ea - ger foot-steps, We would work with will - ing hands,
We would clasp our arms a-round them, Look-ing on them thro' our tears;
Oh! with what sin - cere re - pent - ing, With what an-guish of re - gret,

Lest our care - less feet shall tram-ple Some rare jew - el to the ground.
Bear - ing cups of cool - ing wa - ter, Plant-ing rows of shad - ing palms.
Ten - der words of love e - ter - nal We would whis-per in their ears.
While with tears our eyes o'er - flow - ing, We would say "For-get! For - get!"

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No. 127. BEAUTIFUL ROBE OF LIGHT.

BIRDIE BELL. J. P. LANE.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful robe that waits on high, In that heav-en - ly land be -
2. And that mar- vel-ous robe is the pur- est white, There is noth-ing can dim its
3. It is worn in the coun-try o- ver there, 'Tis the gar-ment the ransomed
4. At the last may we tread the gold- en street, May we join in the heavenly

yond the sky, O its lus - tre would blind the earth - ly eye, That
ra-diance bright, There is none who can paint the wond-rous sight, That
spir - its wear, Ah! its pat- tern is strange, be - yond com-pare, That
song so sweet, And re - ceive, as the Mas - ter we shall meet, That

REFRAIN.

beau-ti - ful robe of light. O sing of that robe . . . . . so fair and
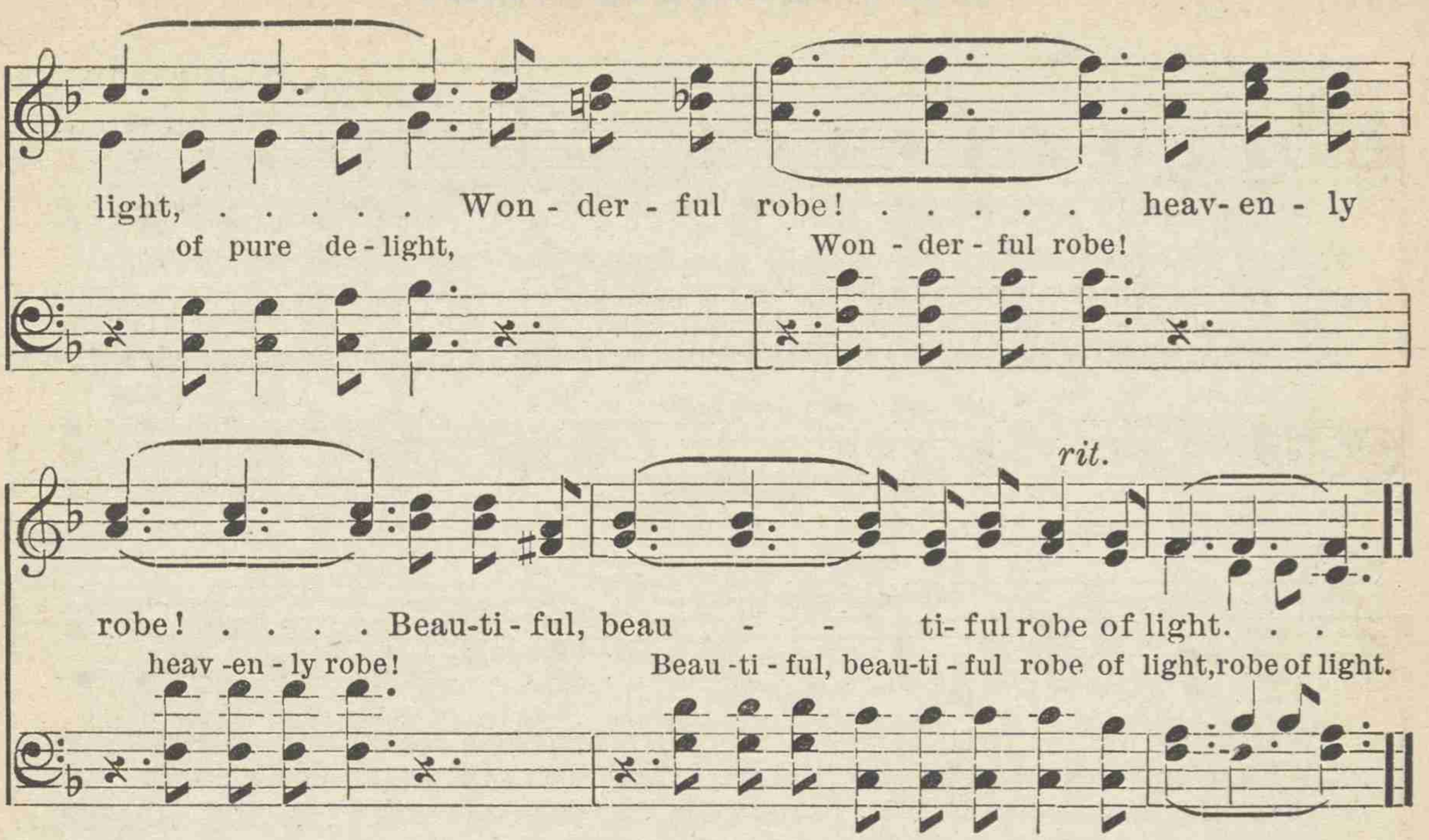
O sing of that robe

bright, ... 'Tis worn in the land . . . . . of pure de -

so fair and bright, 'Tis worn in the land

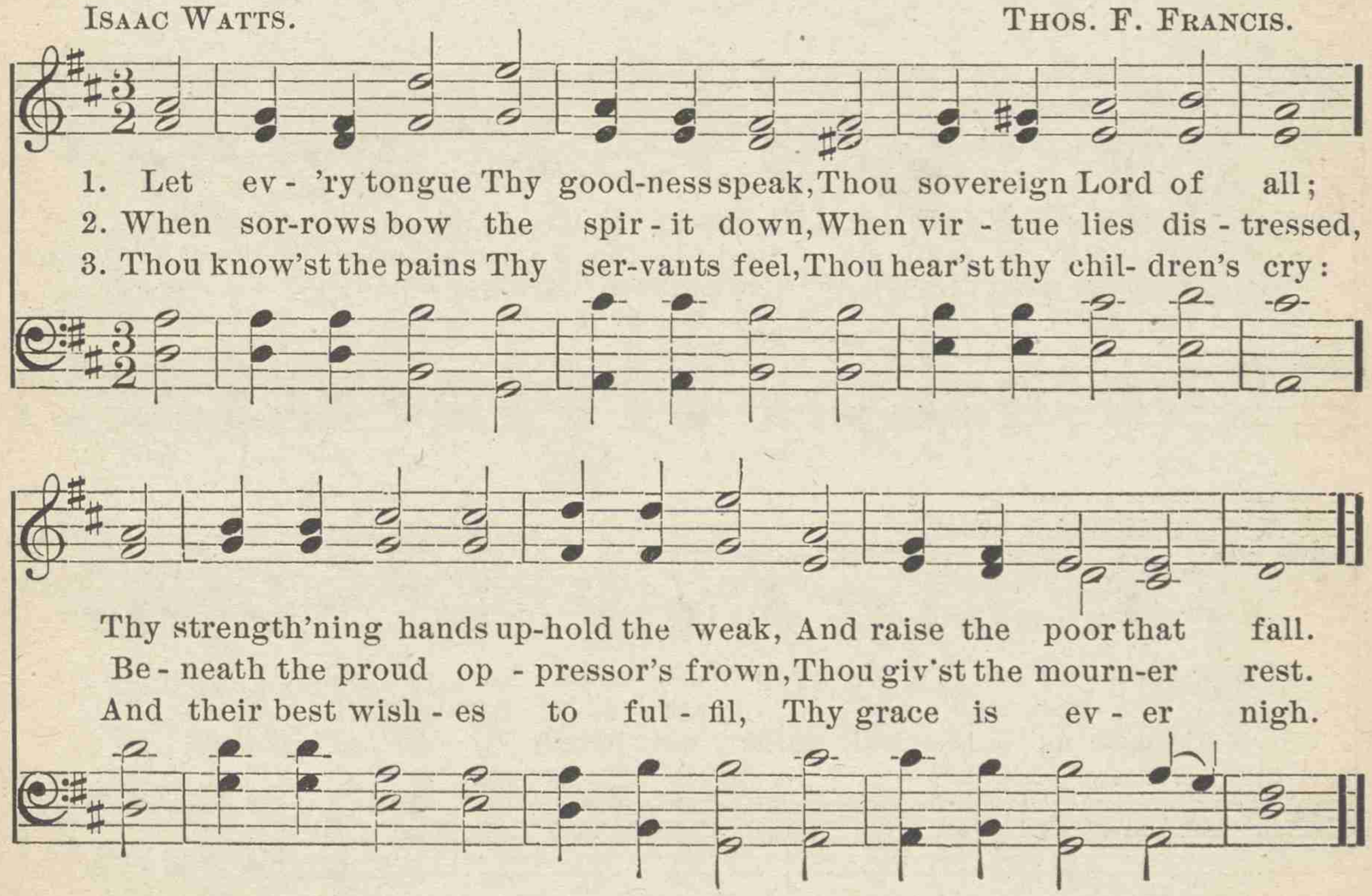
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BEAUTIFUL ROBE OF LIGHT.



No. 128. SHOWALTER. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. F. FRANCIS.



No. 129. WE ARE REDEEMED.

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY.

1. We'll praise the name (we'll praise the name) of God a - bove (of God a - bove)
2. We'll praise the name (we'll praise the name) of Christ, the Son, (of Christ, the Son,)
3. The Spirit's praise (the Spir-it's praise) we'll sing each day, (we'll sing each day,)

Who saved us by (who saved us by) His pre-cious love; (His pre-cious love;)
Who o'er the grave (who o'er the grave) hath vic - t'ry won, (hath vic - t'ry won,)
For He doth lead (for He doth lead) us in the way; (us in the way;)

He gave His Son (He gave His Son) to bleed and die (to bleed and die)
And sit - teth by (and sit - teth by) the Father's throne (the Fa-ther's throne)
He'll help the weak (He'll help the weak) to o - ver-come, (to o - ver-come,)

For reb - els such (for reb - els such) as you and I. . . .
To in - ter - cede (to in - ter - cede) for all His own. . .
And guide us safe- (and guide us safe-) ly to our home. . .

Copyright, 1896, by S. J. Perry.

WE ARE REDEEMED.

REFRAIN.

We are re - deemed, ... we are re - deemed, ...
We are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, We are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,

Christ paid the debt . . . . . up - on the tree; . . . . . .
Christ paid the debt up - on the tree, He paid the debt for you and me;

We are re - deemed, ... we are re - deemed, ...
We are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, We are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,

He suf-fered and died . . . . . on Cal - va - ry. (For you and me.)
He suf - fered and died, He suf-fered and died on Cal - va - ry. (For you and me.)

No. 130. ALL IN ALL.

EBEN E. REXFORD. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I trust it all to God who knows The fu - ture and the past;
2. He will not leave me com-fort-less In a - ny time or place;
3. How sweet to trust it all to Him Whose prom-ise can - not fail!

He shows me where the path-way is That lead - eth home at last.
Though deep and dark the shad-ows are, I still shall see His face.
To feel that he who fights with God Is might- y to pre - vail!

He shows me where the pit - falls are—He holds me by the hand,
I know that He in time of need Is nev - er far a - way,
Oh, let me keep close to His side, What - ev - er may be - fall,

And trust - ing ev -'ry-thing to Him I jour - ney through the land.
And so I lean up - on His love And trust Him more each day.
And learn in sun-shine or in storm To trust Him all in all.

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ALL IN ALL.

REFRAIN.

All in all, all in all! Though dark the way and dim,
All in all, all in all, the way and dim,
All in all, all in all! Though dark the way and dim,
"God knoweth best," my heart shall say, And trust it all to Him!
and trust it all to Him!

No. 131. DODDRIDGE. C. M.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D.D. E. ROBERTS.

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see;
2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love;
3. Is not Thy name me - lo - dious still To mine at - ten - tive ear?
4. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock I would dis - dain to feed?
5. Thou know'st I love Thee, dear - est Lord, But O, I long to soar

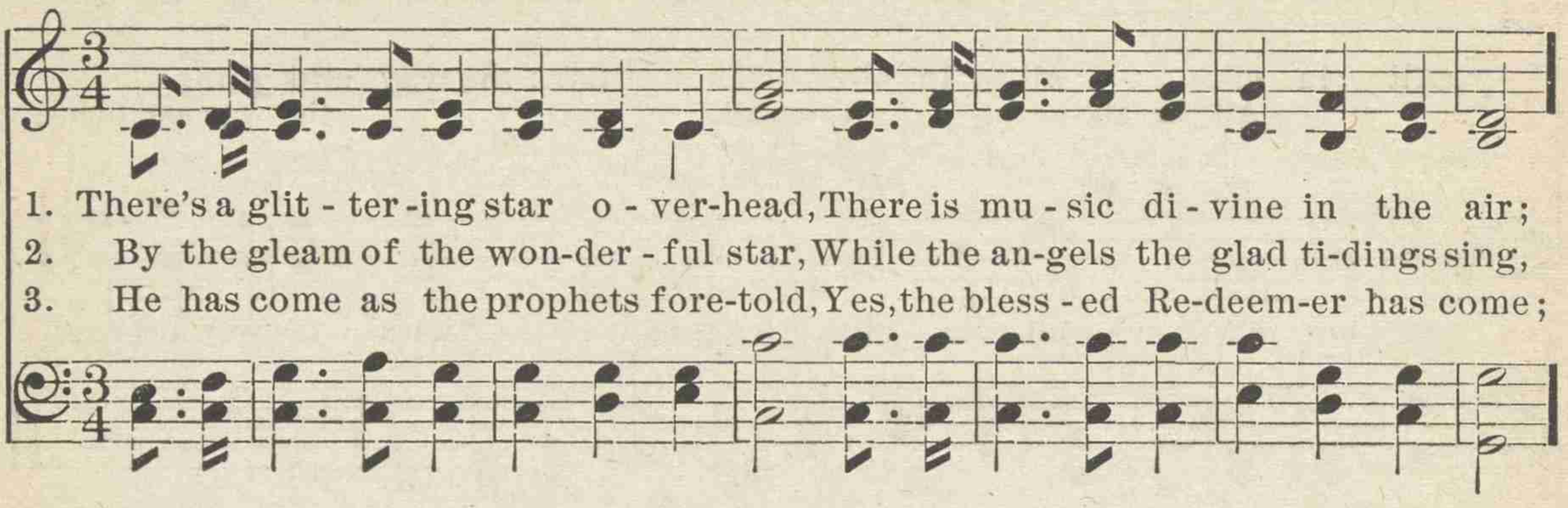
And turn each curs - ed i - dol out, That dares to ri - val Thee.
Dead is my heart to ev - 'ry joy, When Je - sus can - not move.
Doth not each pulse with pleas-ure bound My Sav - iour's voice to hear?
Hast Thou a foe be - fore whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?
Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys And learn to love Thee more.

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No. 132. THE REDEEMER IS HERE.
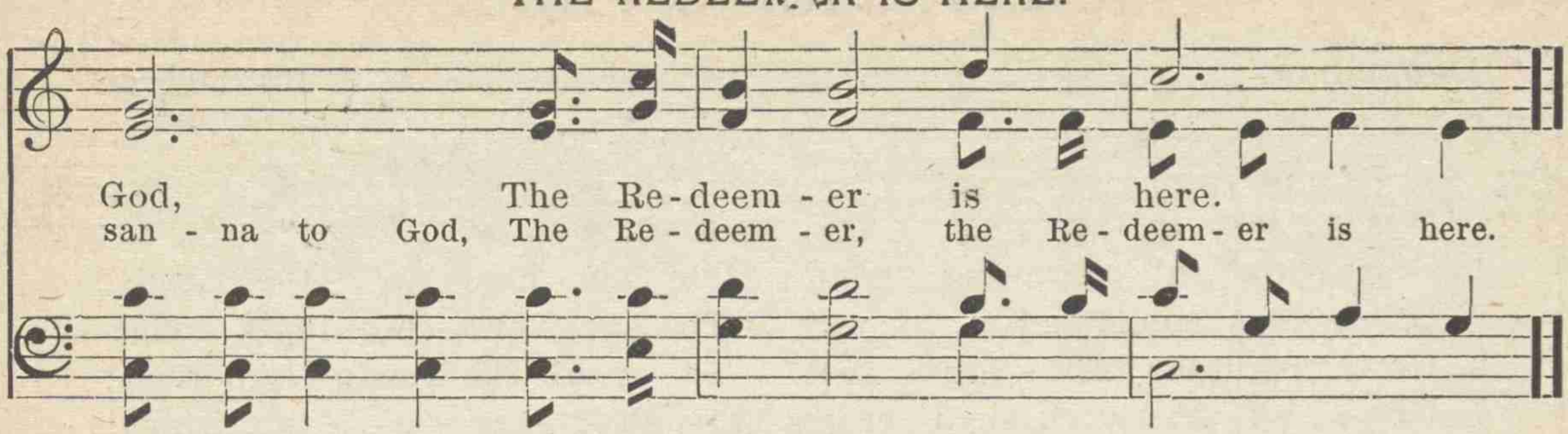
NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. H. N. LINCOLN.
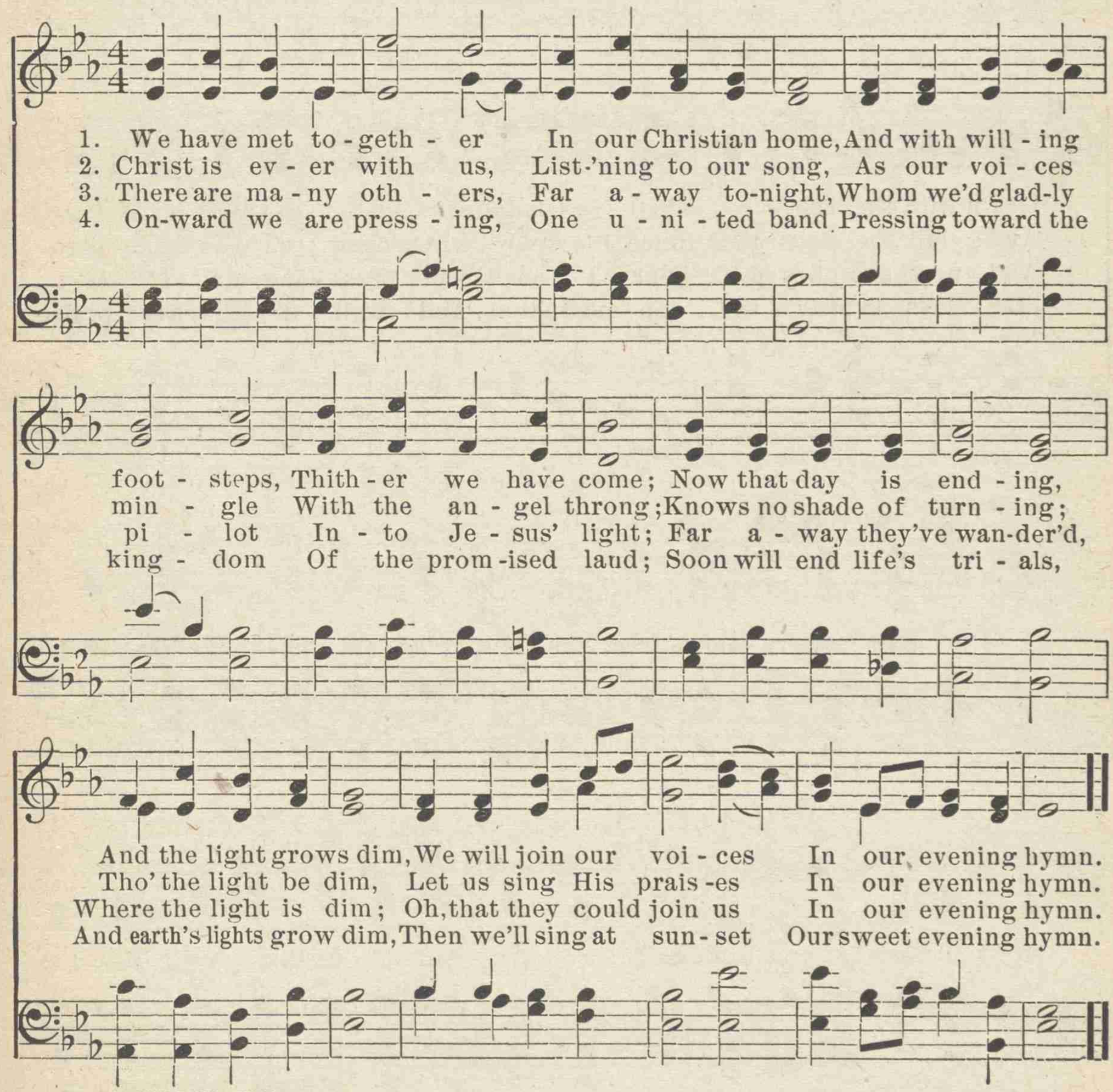


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THE REDEEMER IS HERE.



No. 133. EPWORTH GREETING SONG.

MARY M. LEIGHTON. Altered by E. R. E. ROBERTS.



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No. 134. SALVATION'S FREE.

DODDRIDGE. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear;
2. Grace first con-trived a way To save re - bel - lious man;
3. Grace taught my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'n - ly road;
4. Grace all the work shall crown Through ev - er - last - ing days;

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
And new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
It lays in heav'n the top - most stone, And well de - serves the praise.
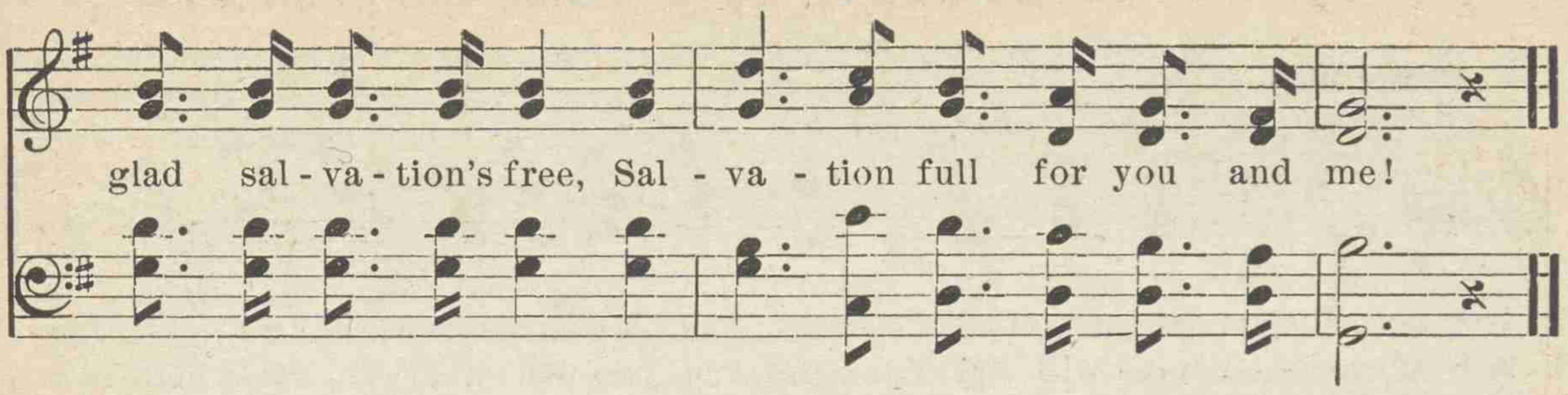
REFRAIN.

O I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, Yes, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, —Sal -

va - tion's free for you and me! I am glad sal - va-tion's free, Yes, I'm

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

SALVATION'S FREE.



No. 135. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

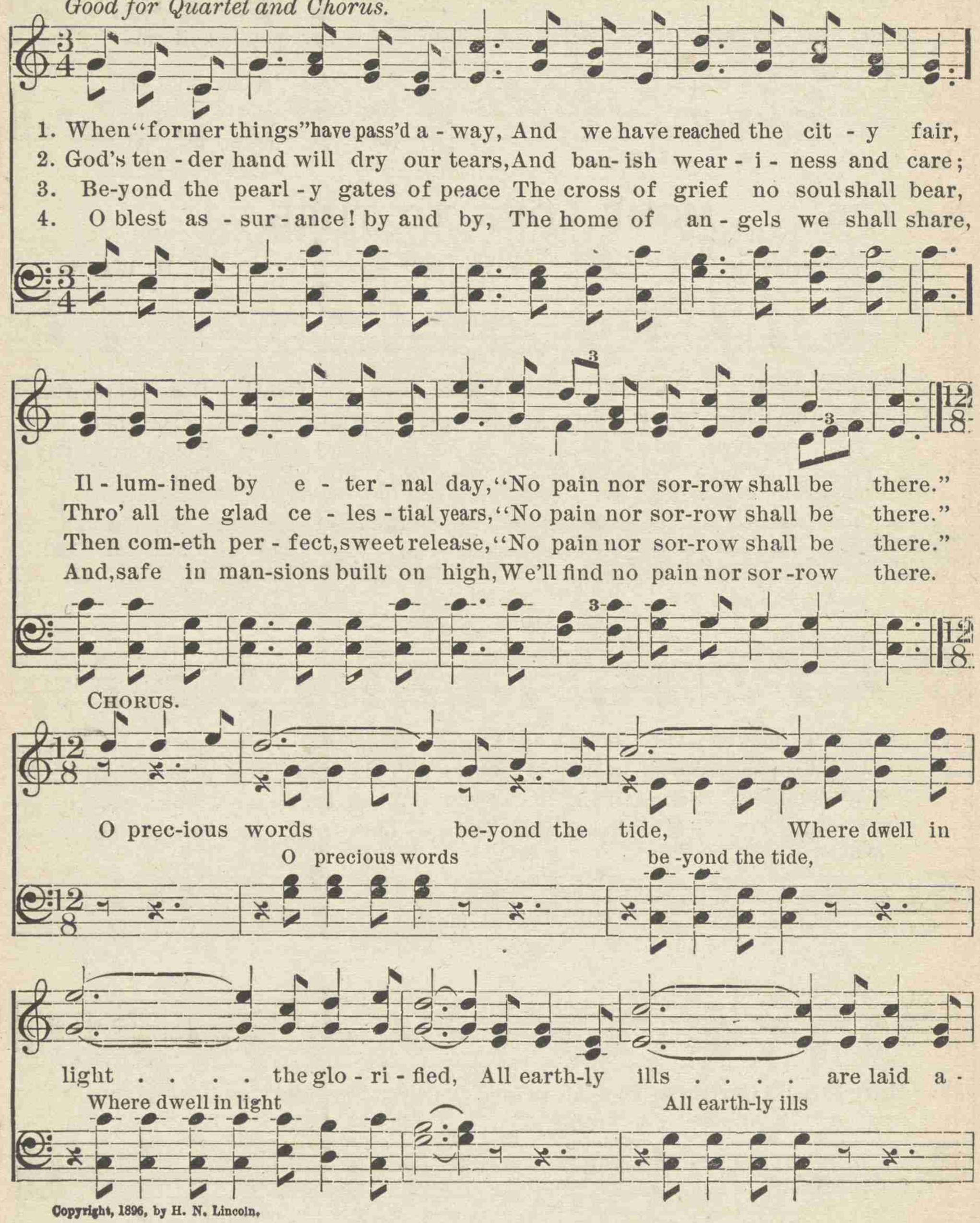
Mrs. Prentiss. J. H. Watts.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter

No. 136. NO PAIN NOR SORROW SHALL BE THERE.
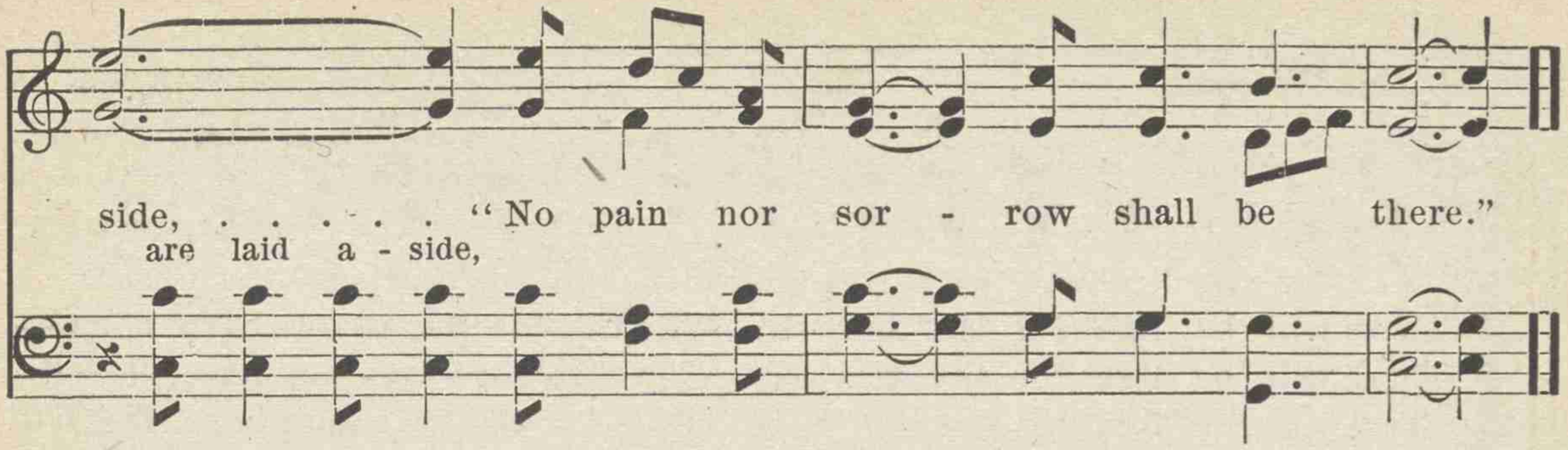
JENNIE WILSON. Rev. 21: 9. H. N. LINCOLN.

Good for Quartet and Chorus.



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NO PAIN NOR SORROW SHALL BE THERE.



No. 137. PROVE THAT YOU'VE BEEN WITH JESUS.

Mrs. G. M. Harrington. E. Roberts.

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No. 138. THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Af - ter the life-paths we're treading End up - on time's sol - emn shore,
2. There will be light for the spir - its Who thro' deep shad-ows have come—
3. There will be light for the wea - ry Who thro' sore tri - als have passed—
4. There will be light for the faith - ful, What-e'er the way they have trod—

There will be light at the riv - er While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.
Fade - less light shin - ing glad wel - come Out from the win-dows of home.
Ra - di - ant light as they en - ter Peace that for - ev - er shall last.
Glo - ri - ous light sent to guide them Safe to the cit - y of God.
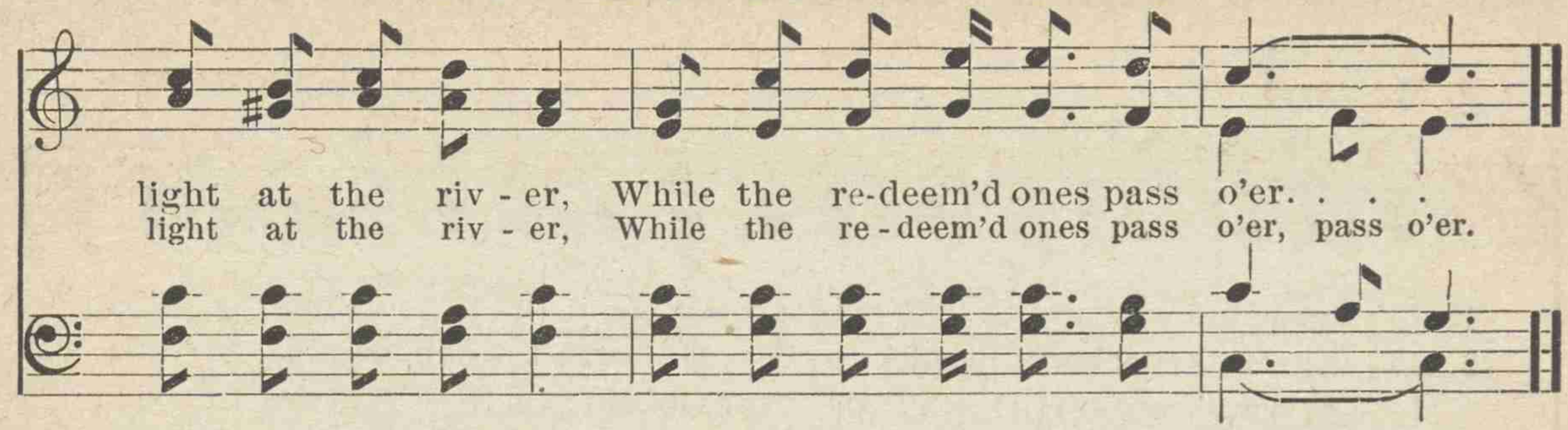
REFRAIN.

There . . . . will be light at the riv - er, There . . . .
There will be light, bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light,

will be light at the riv - er, There . . . . will be
bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless - ed

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.



No. 139. NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. ROBERTS.

REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

No. 140 JESUS WANTS WORKERS.

F. M. DAVIS. B. F. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus wants workers, O who will go And reap in the fields read - y white?
2. Je - sus wants workers, He calls to - day, Go forth, the command is to all;
3. Je - sus wants workers, O why de - lay? Go out in the by-ways of sin;

Thrust in the sick - le and reap the grain, Ere fall-eth the shadows of night.
Gath-er some sheaves for the Har-vest Home, O - bey-ing your Lord's earnest call.
Lift up the fall - en and save the lost, Go gath-er the wan-der-ers in.

REFRAIN.
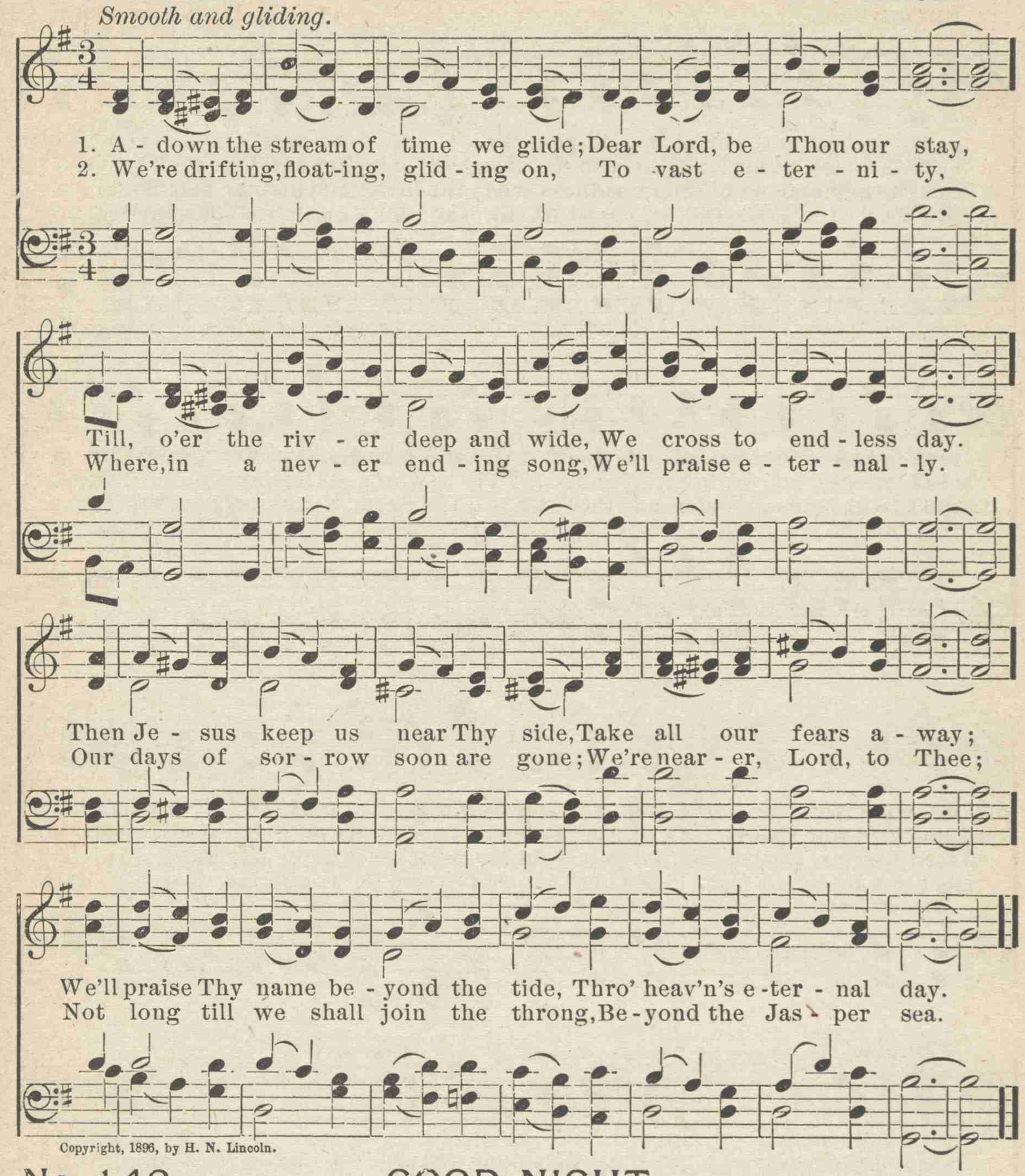
Je - sus wants workers, O heed the call! Go work for your Master and Lord;
Gath-er some sheaves for the Har-vest Home, And gain an e - ter - nal re - ward.

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No. 141. ADOWN THE STREAM OF TIME.

JOHN MCPHERSON. H. N. LINCOLN.

Smooth and gliding.



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No. 142. GOOD-NIGHT.

Music of No. 141.

1 The time for parting now has come;
We leave these scenes so bright;
May peace go with us to each home,
For now we sing good-night.

2 Good-night, we sing this parting song,
For faded is the light;
O may we not be parted long,
Good-night to all, good-night.

No. 143. WE SHALL NEVER SAY FAREWELL.

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN.
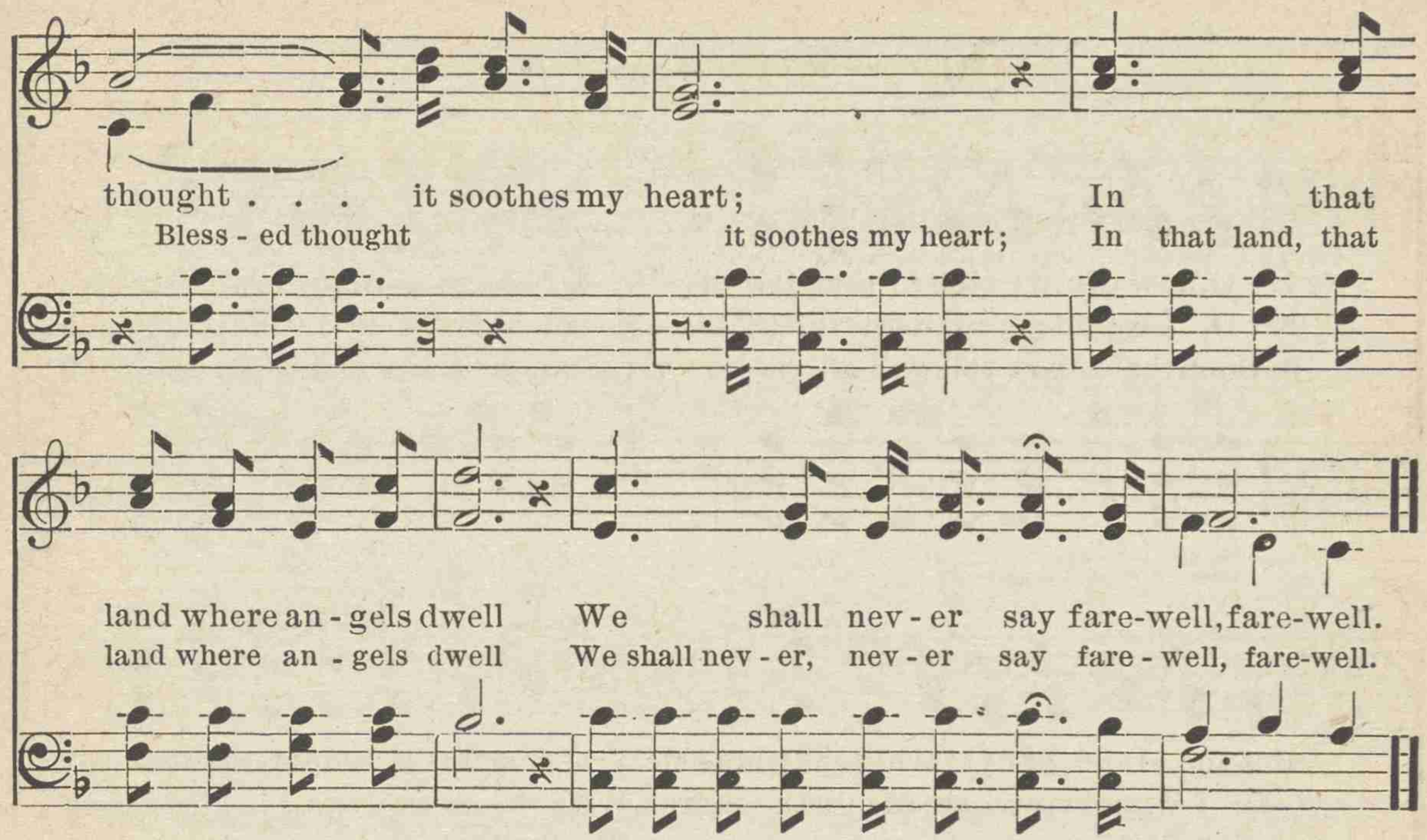
1. O, we clasp the hand in glad-ness as a friend once more we meet, One whose face we have not seen for ma-ny years; How the heart beats high with pleas-ure, as a wel-come we re-peat, Long a-go we sad-ly part-ed,—'twas in tears.
2. There's a glo-rious Land up yon-der where we'll nev-er say fare-well, Nev-er speak that word so full of grief and pain; 'Tis a world of changeless rapture where the white-rob'd spir-its dwell, And the ransomed ones for-ev-er shall re-main.
3. When the heart is bow'd in sadness when for loved and lost we weep There's a tho't to cheer us pil-grims on the road, At the "gate a-jar" they're waiting, yes, a watch for us they keep, Till we join them in their hap-py, blest a-bode.
4. Bless-ed tho't! so full of com-fort to the ach-ing, lone-ly heart, We are trav-'ling to a Land of endless bliss, Where we'll speak a lov-ing greeting as we meet no more to part, Find-ing in *that* world the treas-ures lost in *this*.

CHORUS.

We shall meet . . . no more to part Bless-ed
We shall meet no more to part,

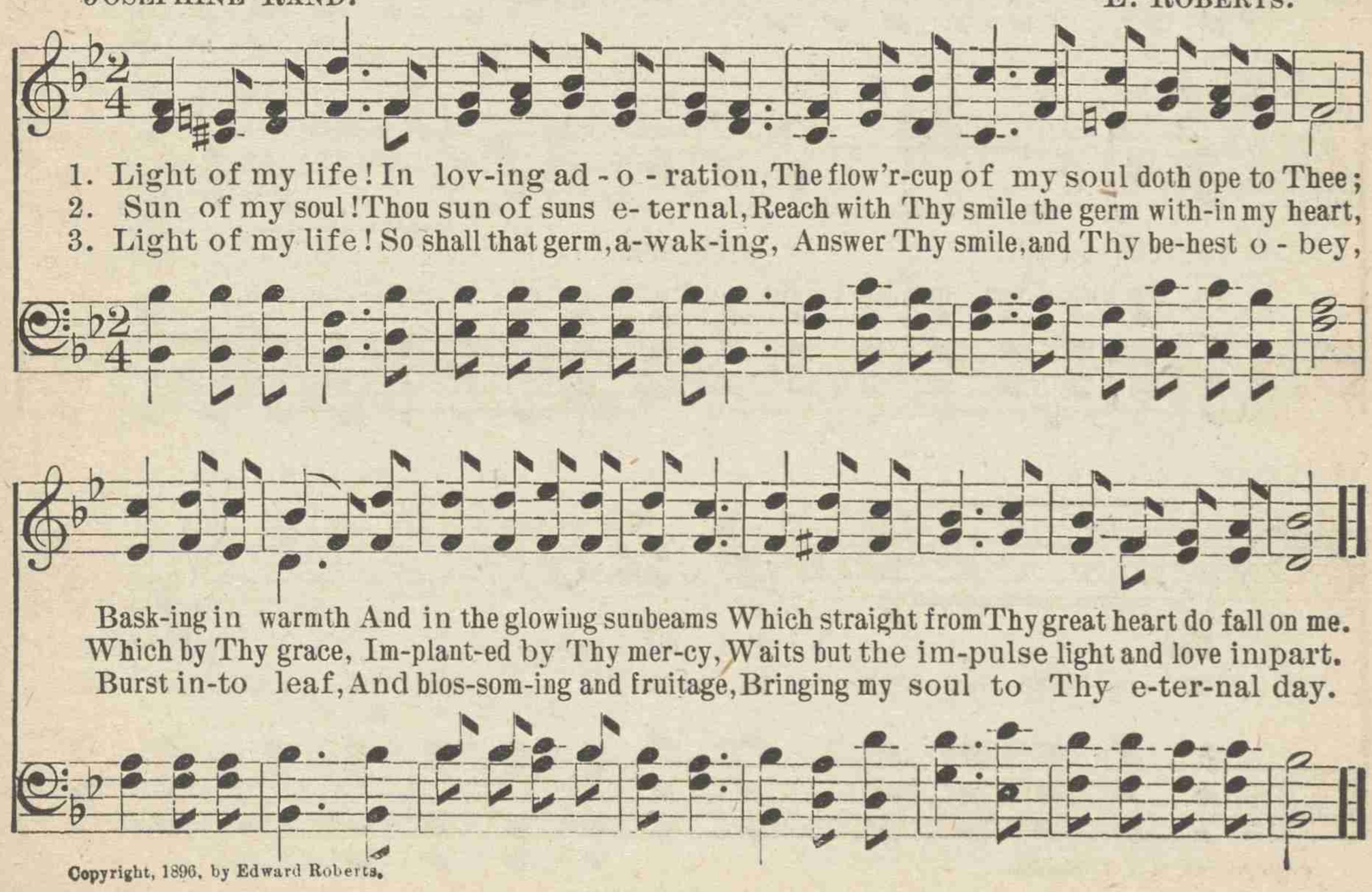
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WE SHALL NEVER SAY FAREWELL.



No. 144. ASPIRATION.

JOSEPHINE RAND. E. ROBERTS.



Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

No. 145. THE GOLDEN CITY.

To my friend and classmate, J. S. Hendricks.

J. P. L. J. P. LANE.

1. O, how oft we sing of that fair cit - y, Of its gates of pearl and streets of gold;
2. O, I would my ears could catch the mu-sic, As it floats up-on the heav'nly plain;
3. Soon the wea-ry toil will all be o - ver; Soon we'll reach our heav'nly home on high;
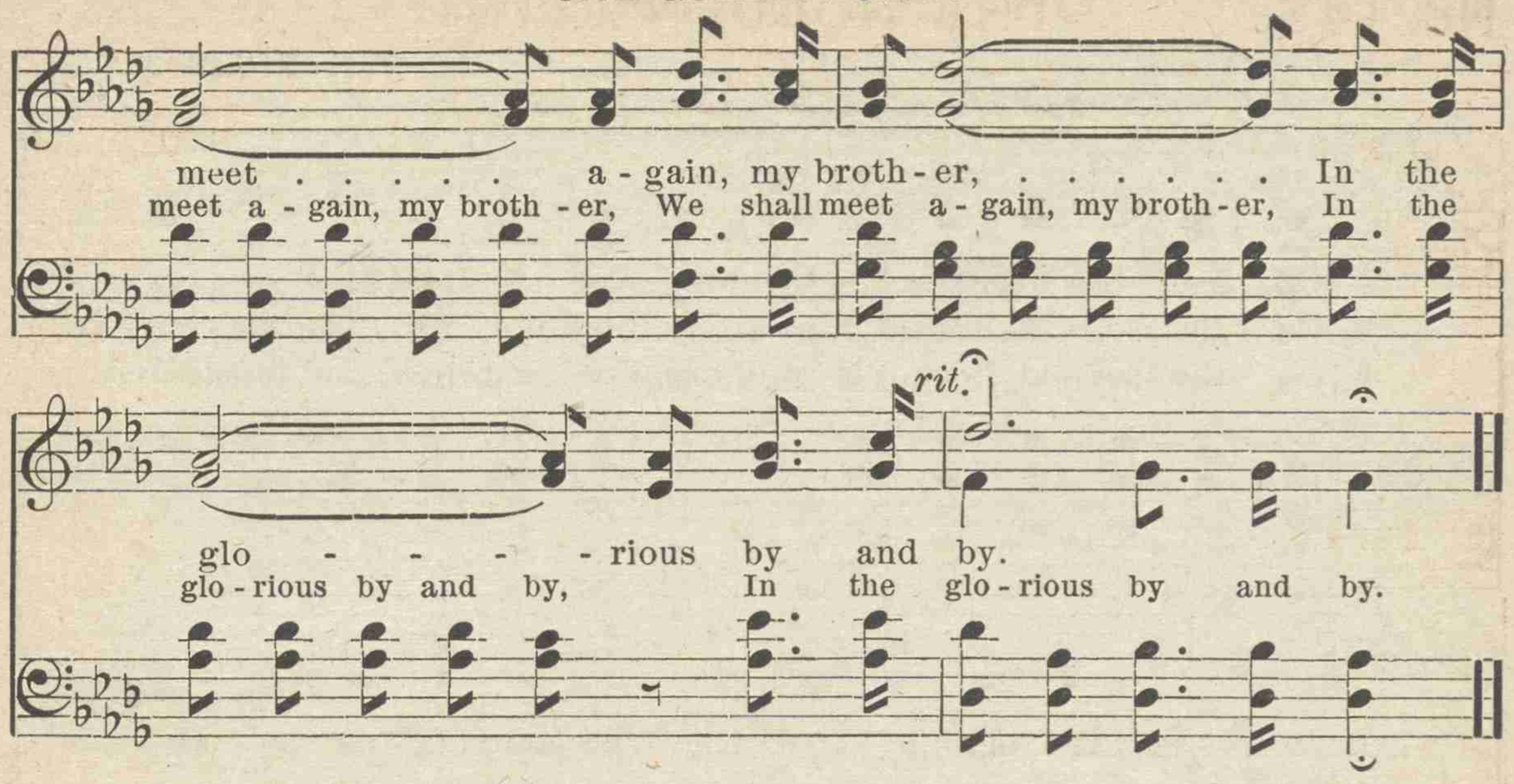
But the grandeur of its heav'nly mu - sic Yet remains a won-der still un-told.
O, I would my voice could join the chorus, With the ransom'd throng in glad refrain.
In the bright and golden cit - y, broth-er, We shall join the chorus by and by.

REFRAIN.

In the bright . . . . and gold - en cit - y, ... In the
In the bright, yes, in the bright and gold - en cit - y, gold - en cit - y, In the

Par - - - - - a - dise on high, We shall
Par - a - dise on high, In the Par - a - dise on high, We shall

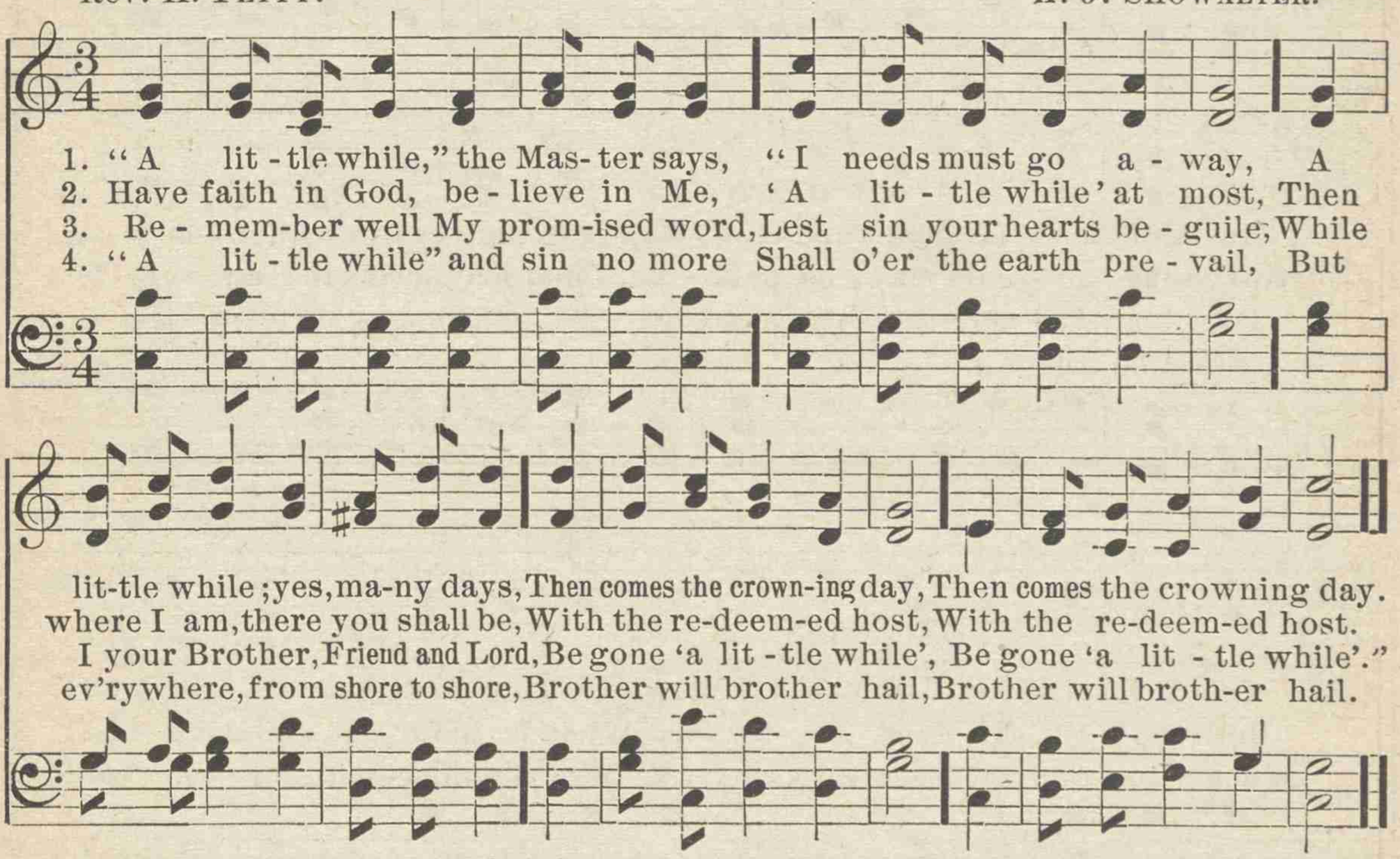
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No. 146. A LITTLE WHILE. C. M.

"A little while and ye shall not see me; and again a little while and ye shall see me." John 16: 17.

Rev. H. PETTY. A. J. SHOWALTER.



5 "A little while," o'er land and sea
Will go the glad refrain;
Blessing, and honor, power be
To Him who once was slain.

6 "A little while," and O! the joy
Of those whom Christ will own,
Of those who'll have the sweet employ
To stand before His throne.

No. 147. ON THE SOLID ROCK.

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

Carefully and with firmness.

1. On the sol - id Rock, I'm build-ing, And my hope shall sure - ly stand;
2. On the sol - id Rock, I'm buiid-ing, Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty;
3. On the sol - id Rock, I'm build-ing, For a bright and fadeless crown,

But, a - las, the ma - ny fool - ish, Who are build-ing on the sand!
And I need not fear the tem -pest, Tho' it gath - er o - ver me!
That shall rest up - on my fore-head, Where no trou- ble e'er is known!

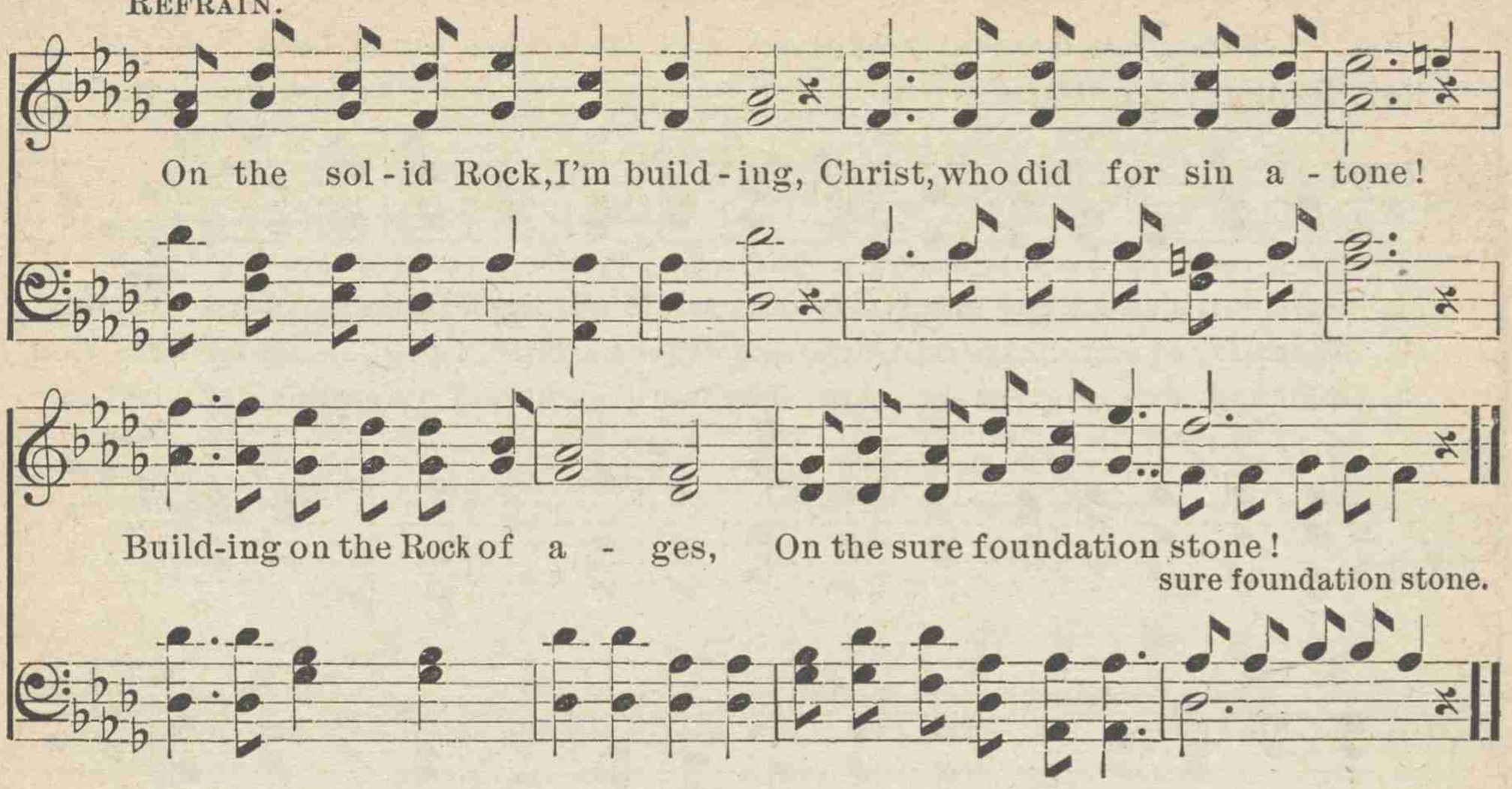
In the time of doubt and trou - ble, When their hearts with sor - row swell,
Sweep-ing tor -rents may be pour - ing, Loud may shriek the an - gry blast;
Dy - ing sin - ner, are you build- ing All your hopes up - on the sand?

In my sure foun - da - tion trust-ing, I can feel that all is well!
But, up - on the Rock e - ter - nal, What is build - ed, stand-eth fast!
When the temp- est beats up - on you, Dare you hope that they will stand?

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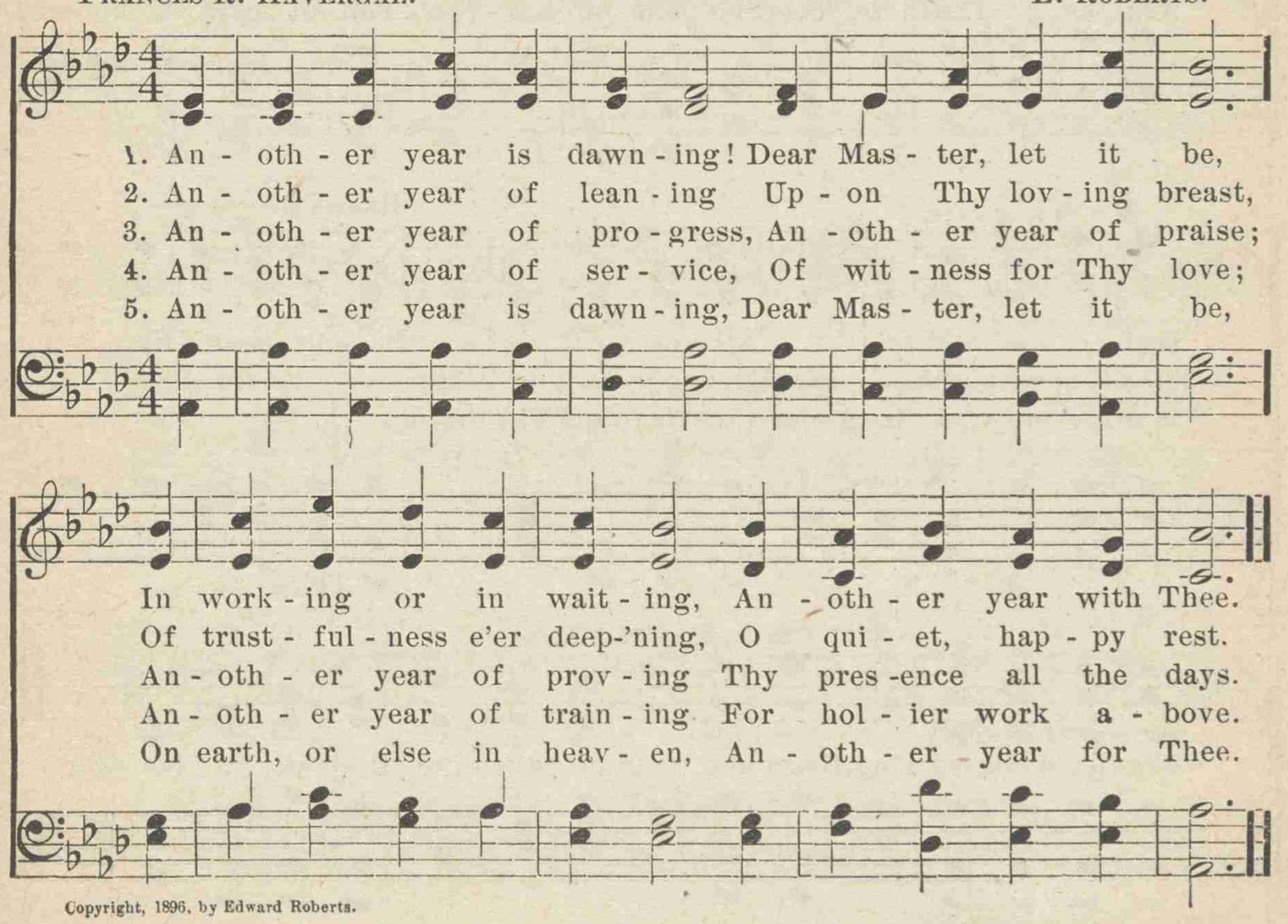
ON THE SOLID ROCK.

REFRAIN.



No. 148. ANOTHER YEAR. 7, 6.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. ROBERTS.



Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

No. 149. SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend, F. A. Fowler, New Haven, Conn.

Rev. GODFREY THRING. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sav-iour, blessed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voi-ces raising
2. Near-er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee! Deep in ad - o - ra - tion,
3. Great and ev - er great - er Are Thy mer-cies here, True and ev - er - last-ing

Prais-es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,
Bending low the knee: Thou for our re-demp-tion Cam'st on earth to die;
Are the glo-ries there, Where no pain or sor - row, Toil or care is known,

REFRAIN.

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. Saviour, blessed Sav - iour,
Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.
Where the an - gel le - gions Cir - cle round Thy throne.

Lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voic - es rais - ing Prais-es to our King.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 150. CARE FOR ME.

ANON. JAS. T. ALLEN.

1. Sav - iour, bless a lit - tle child; Teach my heart the way to Thee;
2. I am young, but Thou hast said All who will may come to Thee;
3. Je - sus, help me, I am weak; Let me put my trust in Thee;
4. All my days be Thou my guide, Light and strength and joy to me;

Make me gen - tle, meek and mild; Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
Feed my soul with liv - ing bread; Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
Teach me how and what to speak; Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
And when life is end - ed here, Let me find my heav'n with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Care for me, care for me, Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me;

Care for me, care for me, Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 151. BRING SOMEBODY TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. Music and Ref. by H. N. LINCOLN.

1. If you have on - ly one tal - ent, It to the Sav - iour be - longs!
2. If you have on - ly one tal - ent, Let it not i - dle re - main;
3. If you have on - ly one tal - ent, En - vy not those who have more!

Out in the path-ways of e - vil, Wit-ness the per - ish - ing throngs!
Put it to use, for the Mas - ter, That it a lit - tle may gain!
Where but a lit - tle is giv - en, There is the less to re - store!

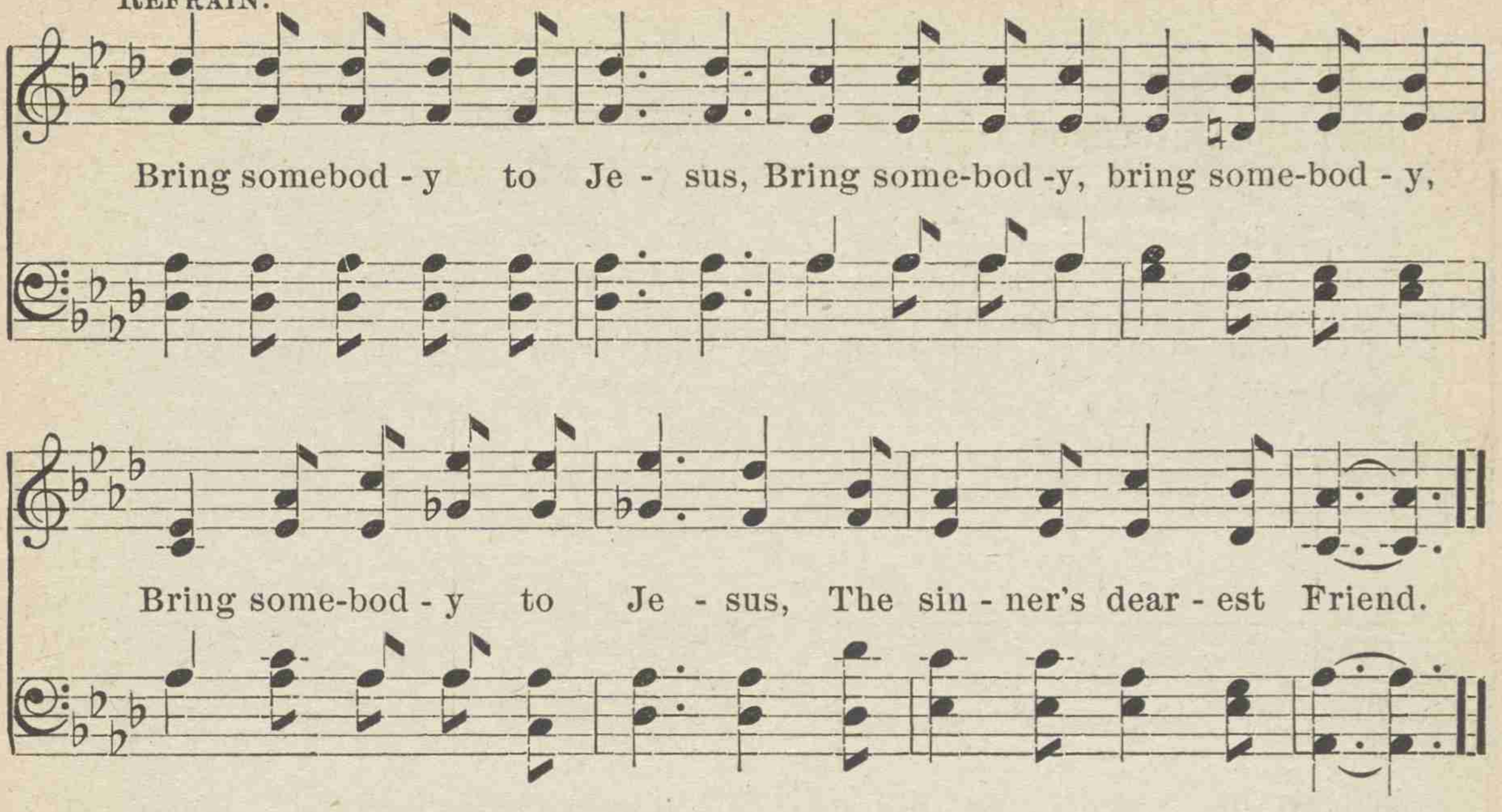
Fast as the mo-ments are speed - ing, Sin - ners are near-ing their end;
You may, tho' ev - er so hum - ble, Tell of His good-ness to you;
On - ly be earn - est and faith - ful, Pray'r-ful - ly do - ing your best!

Yet, they will slight their Re-deem - er,—Je - sus, the sin - ner's best friend!
Pos - si - bly lead - ing some oth - er, Je - sus, his Lord, to pur - sue!
Tell the glad news of sal - va - tion, Leav-ing with Je - sus the rest.

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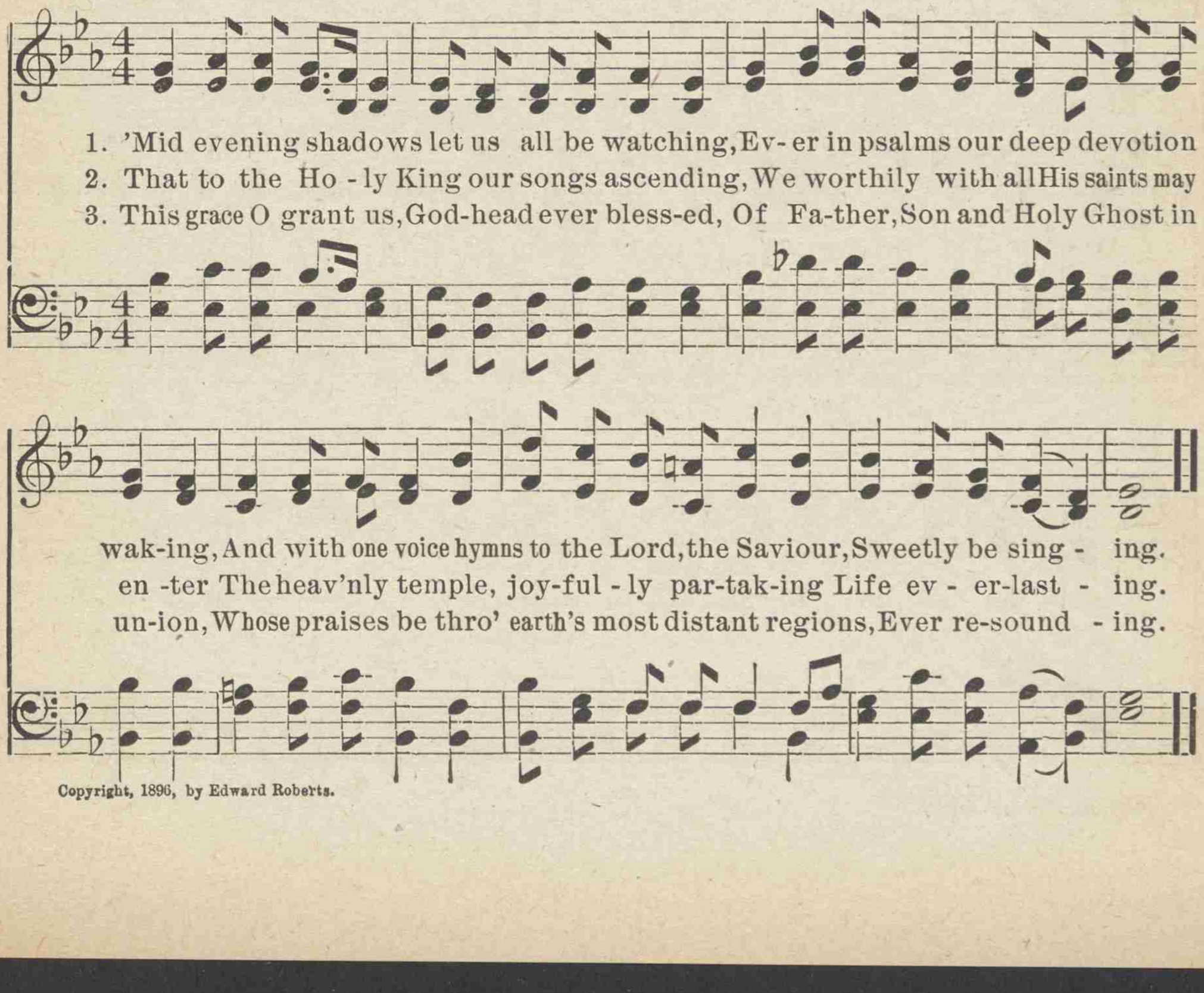
BRING SOMEBODY TO JESUS.

REFRAIN.



No. 152. EVENING SHADOWS.

Rev. RAY PALMER. E. ROBERTS.



Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

No. 153. THE HARPS OF HEAVEN.

W. H. GARDNER. S. J. PERRY.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.

1

1. When we go to realms a - bove, In the king-dom of His love,
   We shall praise Him all the day, (*Omit.* . . . . . .)
2. In that might - y choir there'll be, Saints from ev - 'ry land and sea,
   Gath - ered in the Mas - ter's name, (*Omit.* . . . . . .)

2

REFRAIN.

And on harps of gold we'll play, Prais-ing the name of the Sav - iour of men,
And His glo - ry they'll proclaim,

O - ver and o - ver and o - ver a - gain; Won - der - ful sweetness, and

ten - der - est love, Blend in the chords of the mu - sic a - bove.

Copyright, 1896, by S. J. Perry.

No. 154. SAVED BY GRACE.

E. R. LATTA. H. N. LINCOLN.

ALTO AND TENOR. QUARTET. SOPRANO AND BASS.

1. I have learn'd a sweet new song, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! I to Christ the Lord be-
2. I will strive to keep from sin, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! And a fadeless crown to
3. Tho' temptation me may try, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! I will on my Lord re-
4. If my all to Him I give, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! He will keep me while I

SEMI-CHORUS. REFRAIN. FULL CHORUS.

long, Saved by grace! saved by grace! Where the saints and an - gels
win, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
ly, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
live, Saved by grace! saved by grace!

Where the

are, And no blight of sin can mar; I shall
saints and an - gels are, And no blight, and no blight of sin can mar; I shall

see Him face to face, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
see Him, I shall see Him face to face, saved by grace!

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No. 155. I'M REDEEMED.
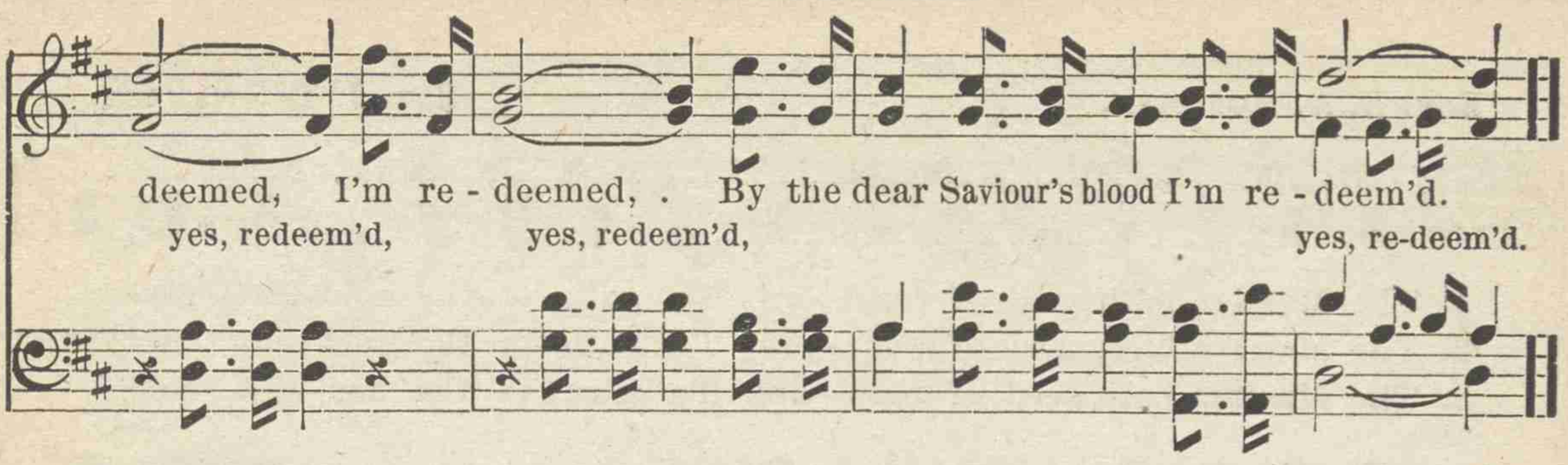
Rev. L. A. MORRIS. E. B. FOWLER.

Joyously.

1. I'm re-deemed from the thrall-dom of guilt and of sin And I'm walking with Je-sus the nar-row way in, I'm re-joic-ing in Him, for He guides me each day, Hal-le-lu-jah! He tak-eth my sins all a-way. I'm re-deemed, . I'm re-deemed, . I'm re-deemed, . . I'm re-deemed . . by Je-sus blood, . . I'm re-deemed,
2. I am clos-er to Je-sus than ev-er before, And tho' storms may be high, and the tempests may roar, Yet there's nothing can harm me, se-cure-ly I stand; By the storms I'm borne on-ward to Canaan's fair land.
3. Yes, the way still grows brighter as heav-en I near, And the lov'd ones are waiting, their voic-es I hear; Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, I'm near-ing the shore; Praise the Sav-iour's dear name I am safe ev-er-more.
4. O, the Lord will preserve from each sorrow and woe, His belov'd while they travel the des-ert be-low And to His bless-ed praise they shall sing ev-er-more, Hal-le-lu-jah! we haste to that bright hap-py shore.

I'm re-deemed by Je-sus' blood, I'm re-deemed,
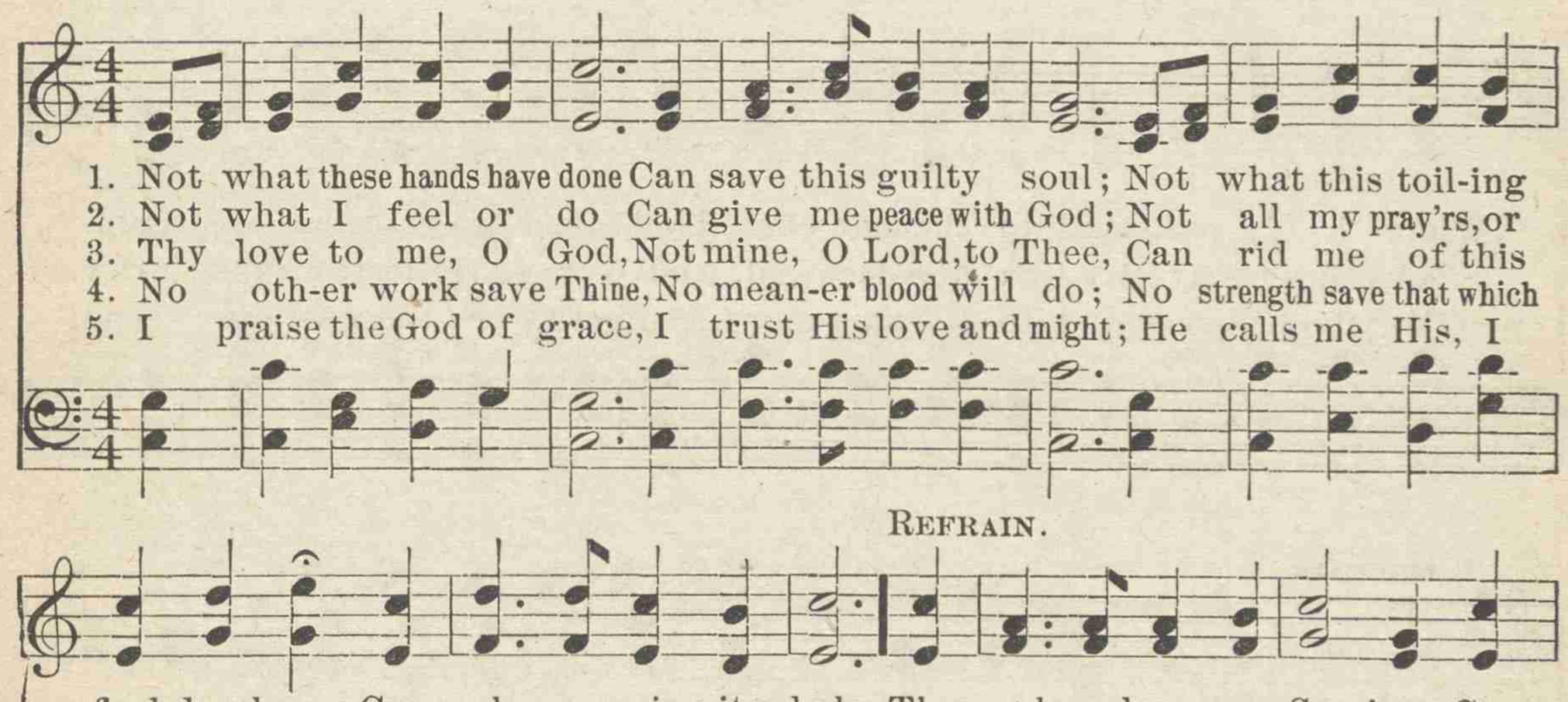
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No. 156. NOT WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE.

"Having made peace through the blood of the cross." Col. 1: 20.

H. BONAR, D.D. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 157. THE MASTER HATH NEED OF ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. T. SWANZEY.

1. The Mas-ter hath need of reap - ers To gath - er the gold - en grain;
2. The Mas-ter hath need of reap - ers To gath - er the gold - en sheaves;
3. The Mas-ter hath need of reap - ers To glean in the har - vest field;
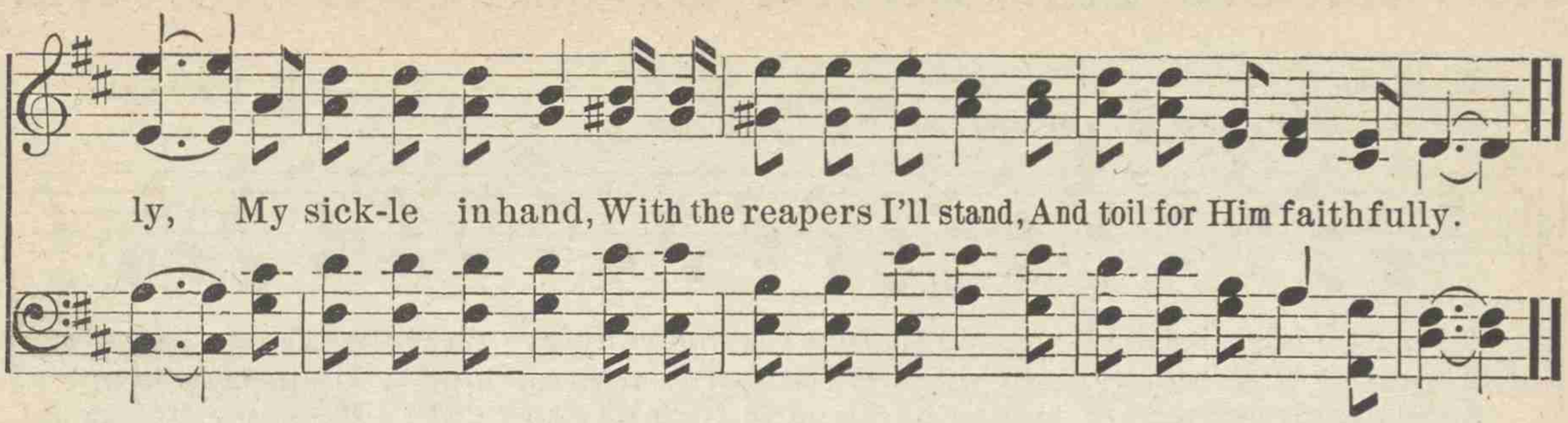
While i - dly you stand in the mar - ket, Tho' called a - gain and a - gain.
The call you have oft - en neg - lect - ed, And o'er you He sorrows and grieves.
Who, who will re-spond to the sum-mons, And gath - er the gold - en yield?

REFRAIN.

The Mas - ter hath need of me, . . In His vine-yard a toil - er to be; . . . My sick-le in hand, With the reapers I'll stand, And toil for Him faithful-

hath need of me, a toil - er, a toil-er to be;

Copyright, 1893, by J. T. Swanzey.



No. 158. GOING HOME.

T. J. S. Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.
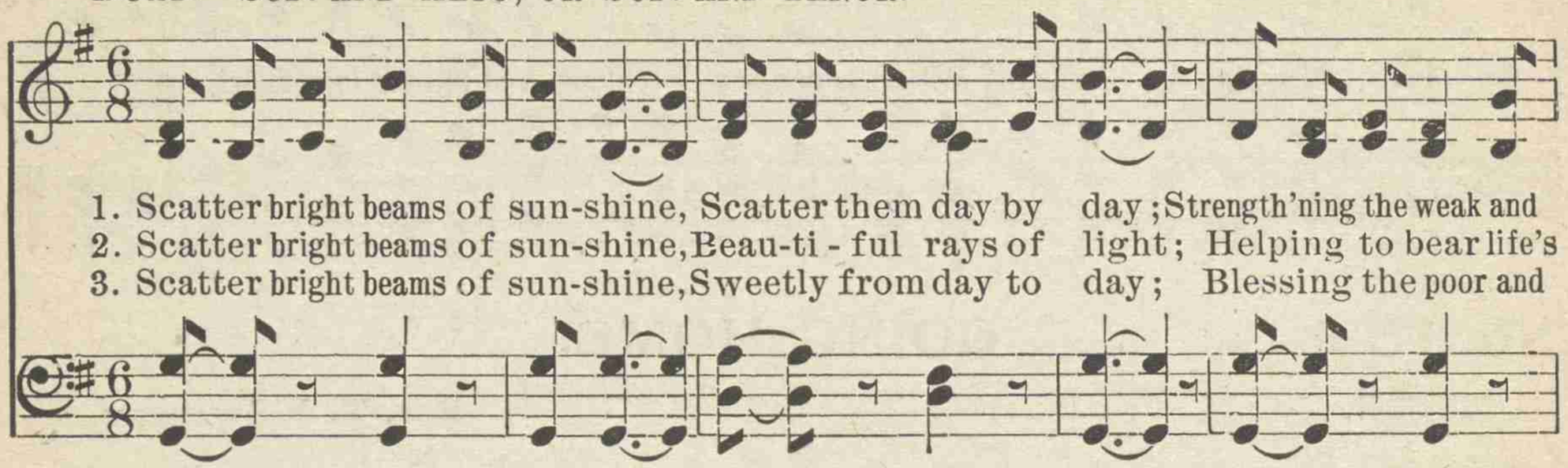
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No. 159. SCATTER BRIGHT BEAMS OF SUNSHINE.
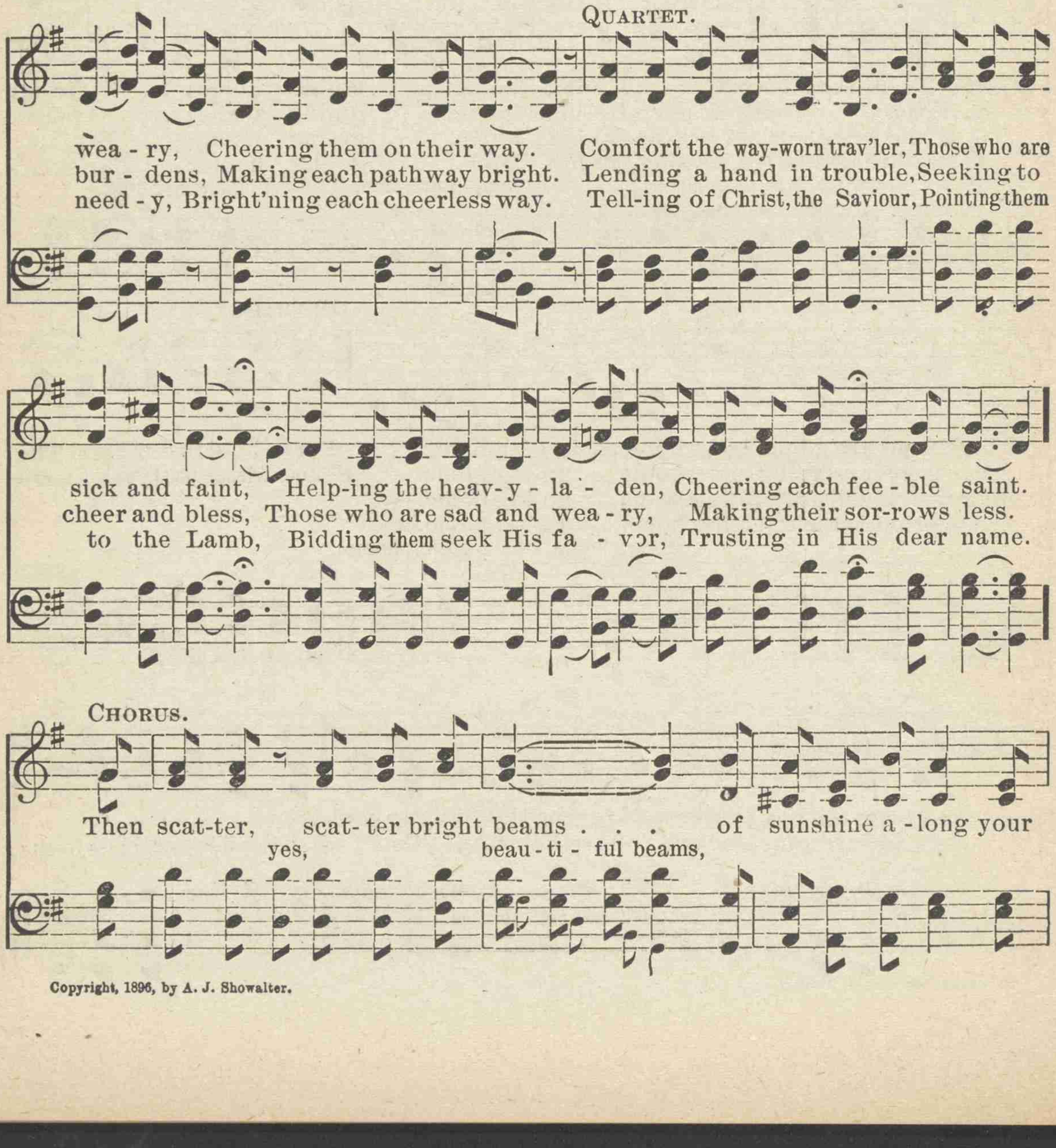
E. B. F.

E. B. FOWLER.

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO, OR SOP. AND TENOR.



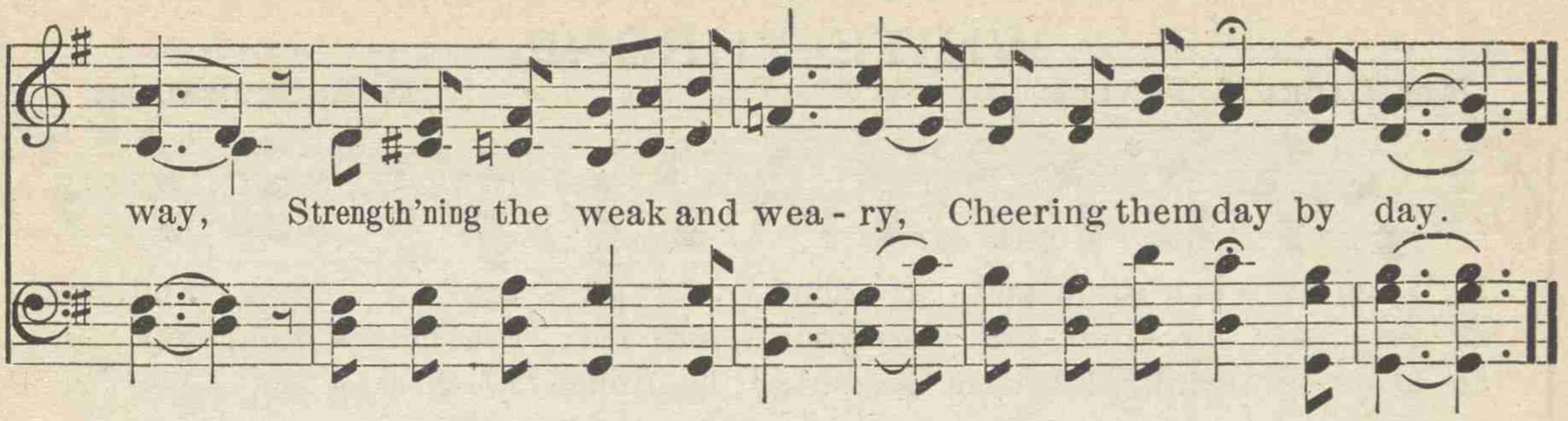
QUARTET.



CHORUS.

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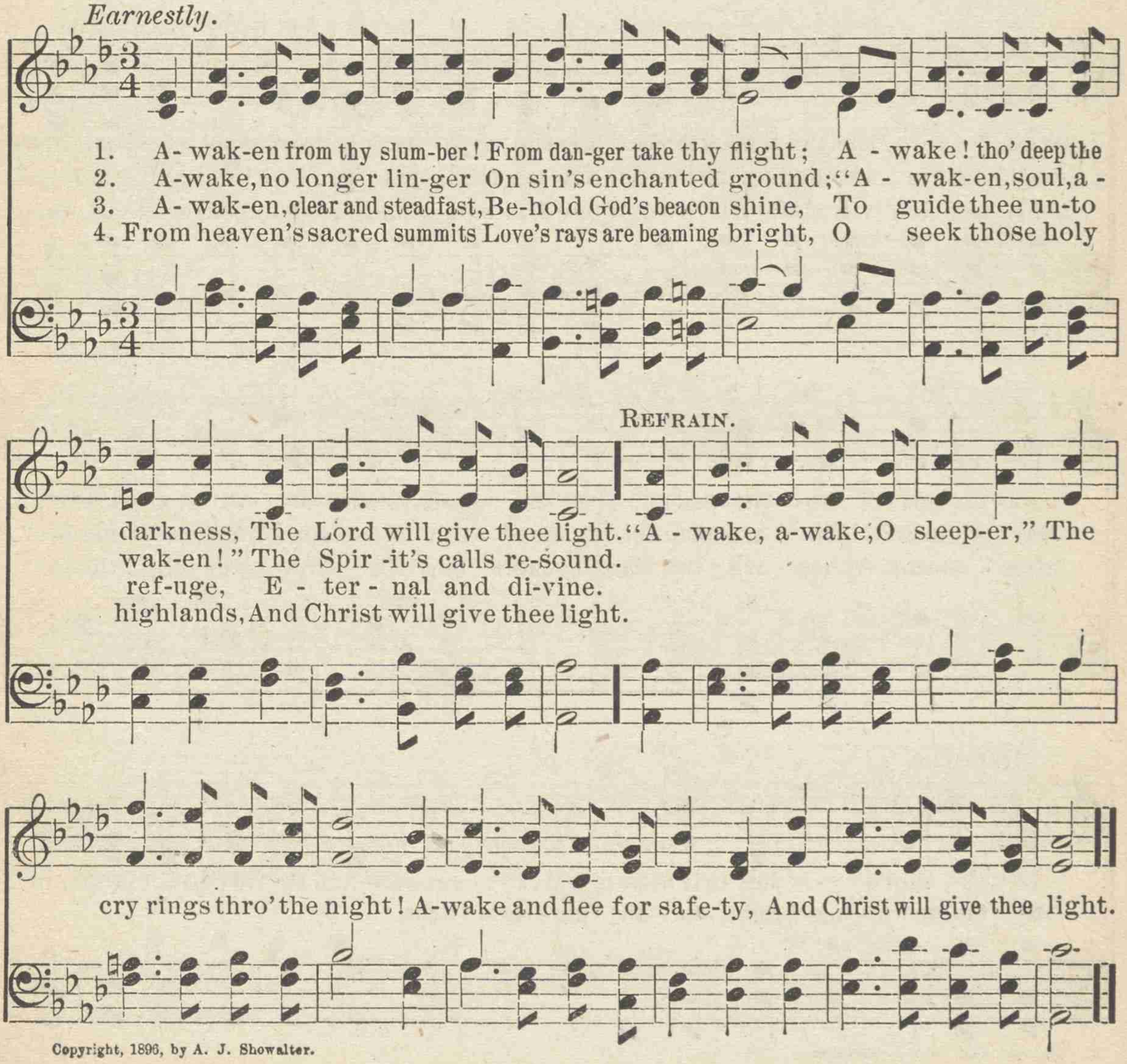
SCATTER BRIGHT BEAMS OF SUNSHINE.



No. 160. CHRIST WILL GIVE THEE LIGHT.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Earnestly.



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No. 161. WHEN WE STAND BEFORE THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

Mrs. Laura E. Newell. B. F. Showalter.
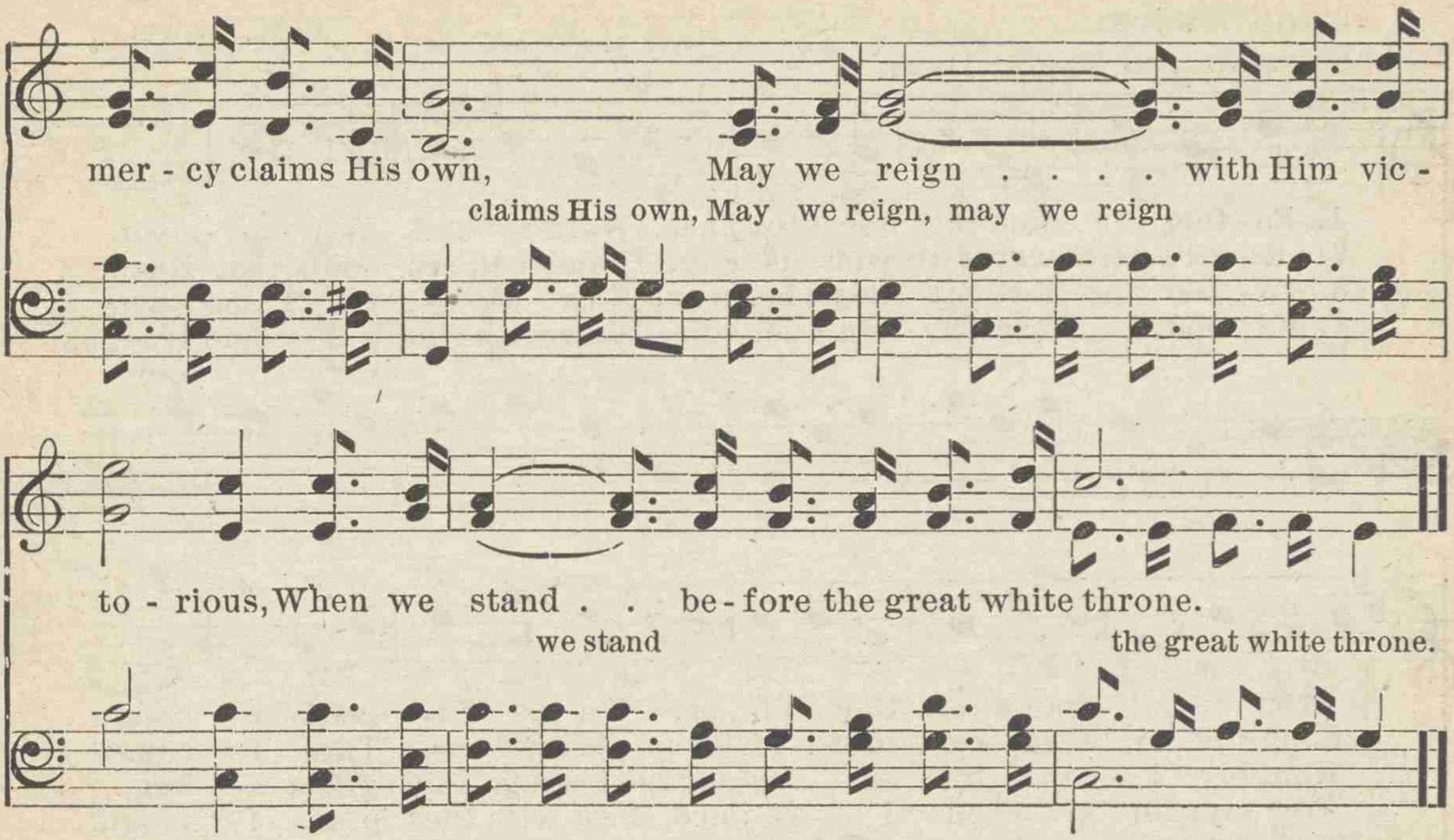
1. When life's sun-shine and its shad - ows all are o - ver, And we stand be-fore the great white throne, There the mys - ter - y of time we shall dis - cov - er, On that morn - ing we shall know as we are known.
2. As we la - bor, are we striv - ing for His king - dom, For a house that is not made with hands? Are we faith - ful to our kind and gra-cious Sav - iour? Do we prompt-ly heed the Mas - ter's blest com-mands?
3. Let us think, while time so soft - ly glides, of heav - en, And re - mem - ber God will claim His own, When His mes - sen-ger shall bear them to the king - dom, When we all shall stand be - fore the great white throne.

Refrain.

In the morn - ing bright and glo - rious, When the Sav-iour claims, in
In the morn - ing bright, in the glo - rious light,

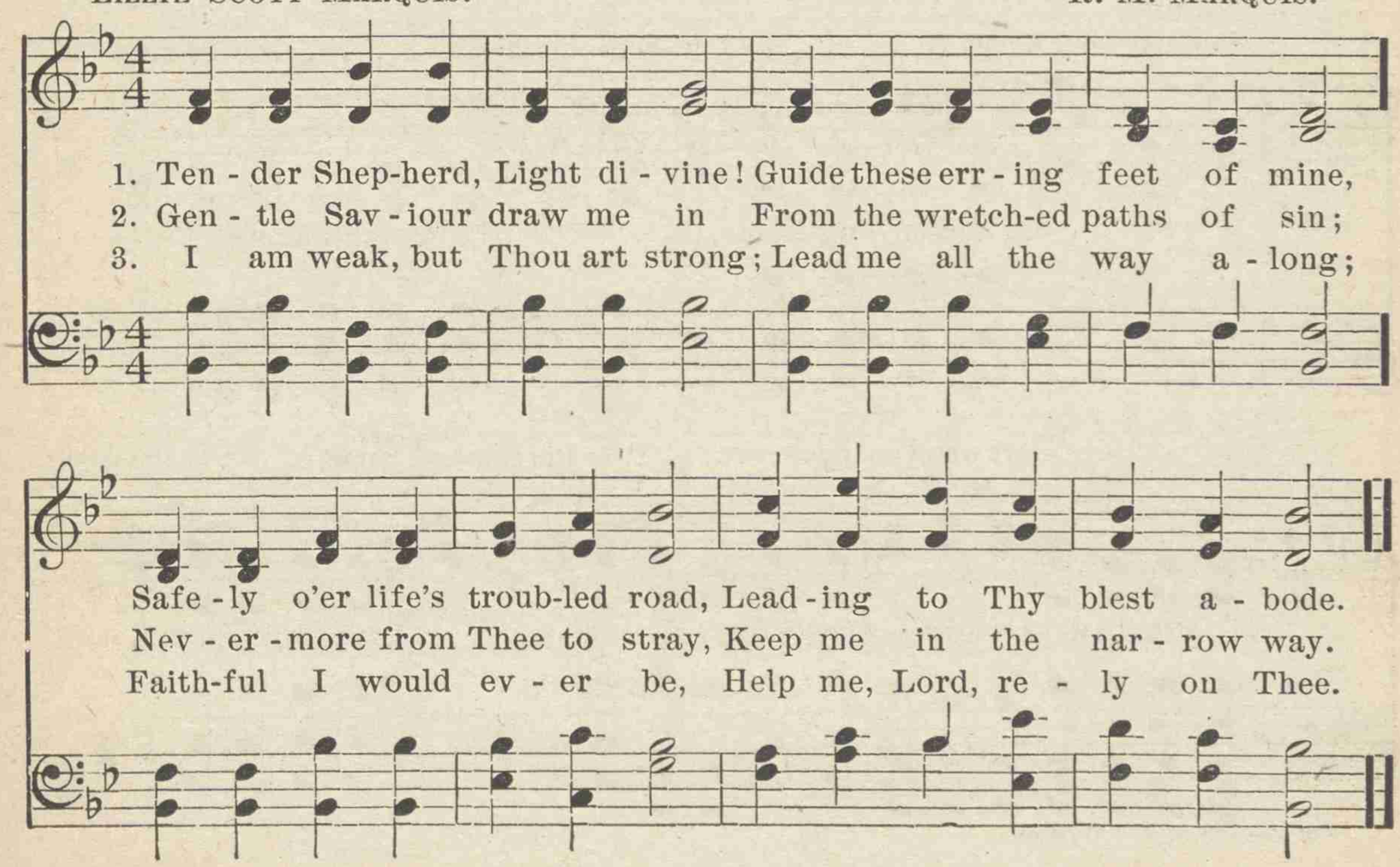
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WHEN WE STAND BEFORE THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.



No. 162. GUIDE ME, LORD.

LIZZIE SCOTT MARQUIS. R. M. MARQUIS.



No 163. I'M COMING HOME.

JENNIE WILSON. J. M. BOWMAN.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.

1. Fa-ther, I'm com-ing home to Thee, Wea-ry and guilt-de-filed,
2. E-vil's dark way with woe is rife, Famished are souls that roam,
3. Fa-ther, Thy love my heart has won, Now it is all Thine own;
4. Fa-ther, I hear Thy ten-der voice, Now with glad wel-come fraught;

Prod-i-gal wan-d'rer though I be, Pit-y Thy need-y child.
Long-ing to feed on bread of life, Fa-ther, to Thee I come.
Hum-bly I come, by sin un-done, Trusting Thy grace a-lone.
Free-ly for-giv-en I re-joice, Blest with the peace I sought.

CHORUS.

I'm com-ing home, ... I'm com-ing home, ... To stray in

I'm com-ing home, I'm coming home,

des - - - ert wilds no more; . . . . . I'm com-ing home, ... I'm coming

To stray in desert wilds no more, on time's rude shore; I'm coming home,

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I'M COMING HOME.

home, . . . Receive me, Fa - - - ther, I im - plore.

I'm coming home, Receive me, Fa-ther, I implore, yes, I im-plore.

No. 164. PONTIUS. C. M.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. Ho - san - na, raise the peal - ing hymn, To Da - vid's Son and Lord; .
2. Ho - san - na, Sov-'reign, Prophet, Priest, How vast Thy gifts, how free, . .
3. Ho - san - na, Mas - ter, lo, we bring Our of-f'rings to Thy throne;
4. Ho - san - na, once Thy gra - cious ear Ap-prov'd a lisp - ing throng; .
5. O Sav - iour, if, re-deemed by Thee, Thy tem - ple we be - hold, . .

With Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim Ex - alt th' In - car - nate Word;
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast; Thy name our on - ly plea;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mor - tal thing, But hearts to be Thine own;
Be gra - cious still, and deign to hear Our poor but grate - ful song;
Ho - san - nas thro' e - ter - ni - ty We'll sing to harps of gold;

With Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim Ex - alt th' In-car - nate Word.
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast; Thy name our on - ly plea.
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mor - tal thing, But hearts to be Thine own.
Be gra - cious still, and deign to hear Our poor but grate - ful song.
Ho - san - nas thro' e - ter - ni - ty We'll sing to harps of gold.

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No. 165. SO NEAR THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

Rev. J. Clark. J. H. Morse.

1. So near the cleansing foun-tain, In this the gos-pel day,
2. So near the Ref-uge Cit-y, Then why not en-ter in?
3. So near the fold of Je-sus, No long-er stay out-side,
4. So near the lov-ing Sav-iour, Why stand in fear and doubt?

O guilt-y one! a-wak-en, And wash thy sins a-way. . .
Pass thro' the o-pen gate-way, And life e-ter-nal win. . .
Come, find a peaceful shel-ter, Where God's re-deem'd a-bide. . .
In sim-ple faith approach Him, He will not cast thee out. . .

Refrain

Sal-va-tion, peace, and par-don, The Lord will free-ly give;
The way of life is eas-y,—'Tis on-ly, "Look and live!"

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5 So near the great Physician,
Go, touch His garment's hem,
See, while His saints adore Him,
What grace has done for them.

6. So near the Ark of safety,
Arise, and enter thou;
The storm of wrath is bursting!
O soul! escape it now.

No. 166. LAMP-BEARERS.

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.

1. How is your lamp, is it trimm'd, is it burn-ing Clear, bright and stead-y like yon heav'nly star, Lighting the souls in the wilderness straying,—
2. Or is it fee-ble and cast-ing no ra-diance For wea-ry trav'lers who strain their poor eyes? O, let it burn as a bea-con to guide them!
3. This is our du-ty, my broth-er, my sis-ter, Christ has com- manded that our light should shine; Ma-ny who seek for the on-ly true path-way,
4. Hark! you can hear them, for aid they are call-ing, Sink-ing in weakness up-on the cold ground, Per-ish-ing there while our lamps feeb-ly flick-er,
5. "Ye are the light of the world," said our Mas-ter. How then can lost ones be saved if we fail? Light up their path-way and point them to Je-sus,

D.S. *Ma-ny in dark-ness are ea-ger-ly watch-ing*

FINE. REFRAIN.

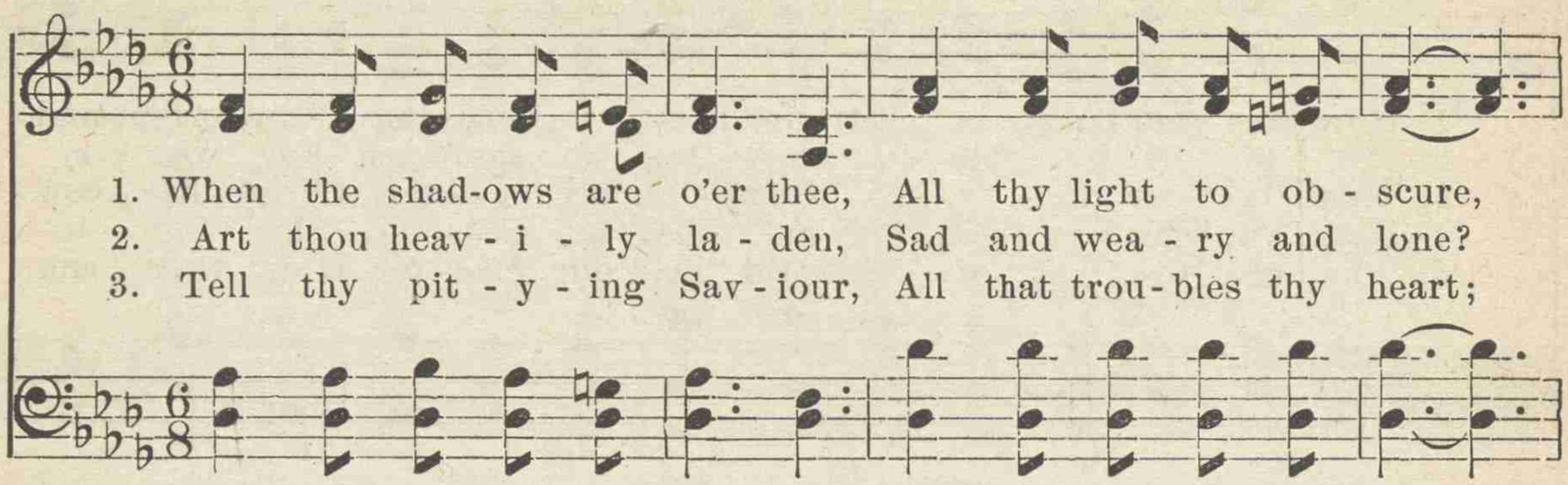
Lost ones who grope in the dark-ness a-far? Lift up your lamp! hold it firm! hold it stead-y! Flash out its rays, let them shine far and near!
Long have they watch'd for that light to a-rise.
Stum-ble for lack of your lamp, or of mine!
Dy-ing be-cause they cast no light a-round.
Do not be faith-less, for list their sad wail!
Mid shad-ows dense for your light to ap-pear.

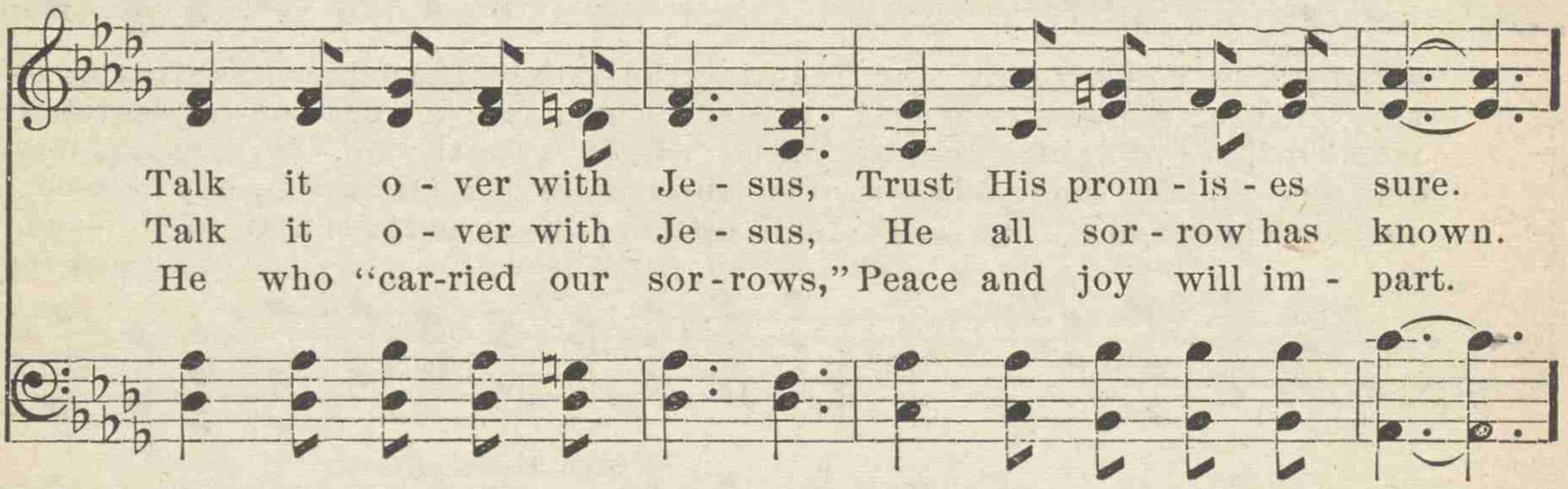
D.S.

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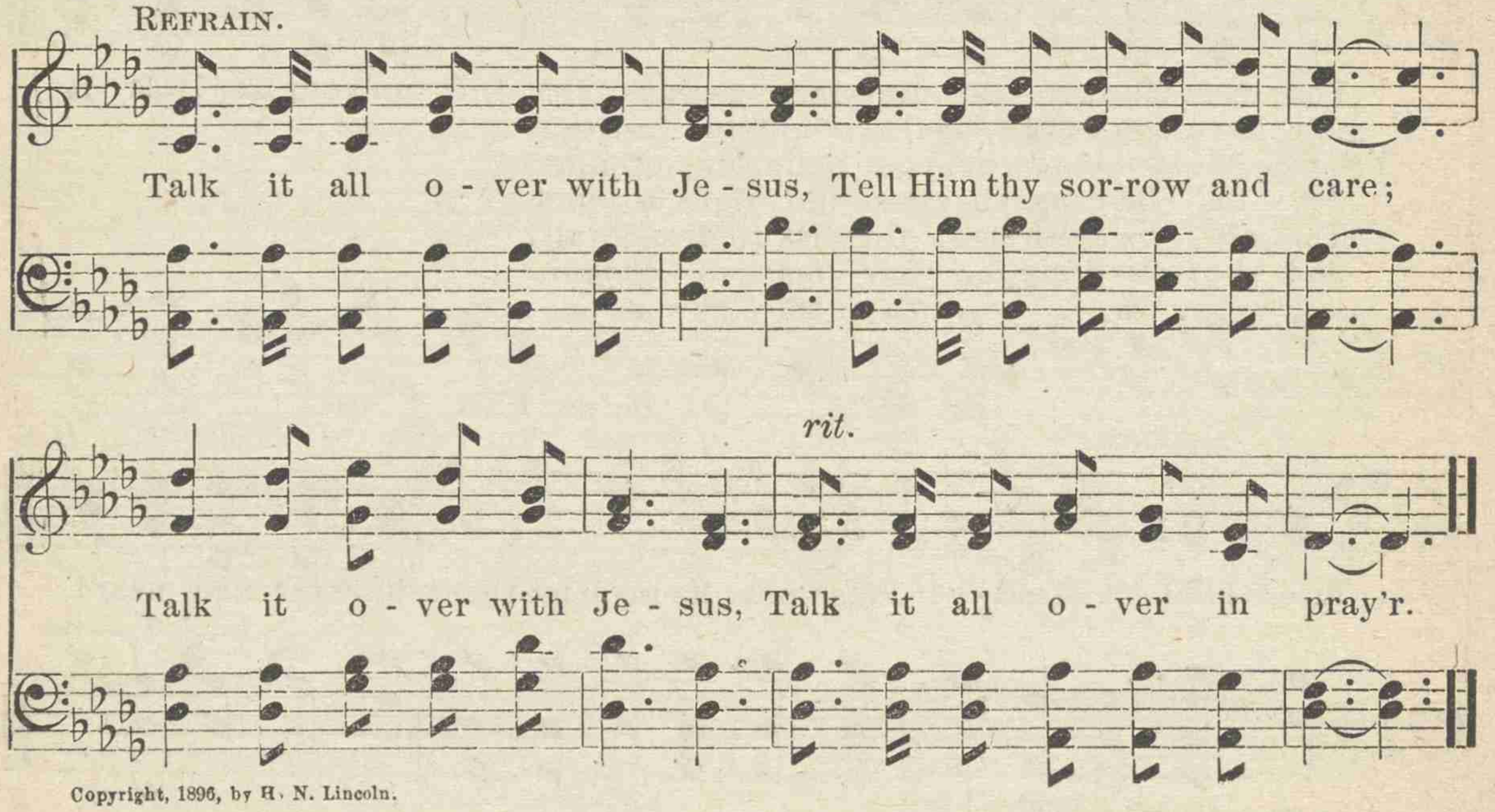
No. 167. TALK IT OVER WITH JESUS.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. H. N. LINCOLN.





REFRAIN.



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No. 168. LEND A HAND!

BIRDIE BELL. J. MOORING YORK, by per.

1. Trav'ling the path to Canaan's land, Pil-grims are fall-ing on each hand;
2. Ma-ny are faint-ing by the road, Oth-ers are bowed beneath their load,
3. Far from the path of right they've stray'd, Surely they need a comrade's aid;
4. Trav'ling to-geth-er, hand in hand, On-ward we tread, a pil-grim band,

Shall we not help the lost to-day Once more to tread the nar-row way?
Lend to them all a friend-ly hand, Help them a-gain e-rect to stand.
Who can re-fuse a hand to lend, Poor, stumbling pilgrims to be-friend?
Help-ing each oth-er on the way, Up to the Land of end-less day!

Lend a hand! Lend a hand!
Lend a hand! Lend a hand! Comrades are falling all a-round;
Lend a hand! Lend a hand!
Lend a hand! Lend a hand! Lead the er-ring ones to Je-sus.

No. 169. HIDDEN!

Isa. 49: 2.

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.

1. "In the shad-ow of His hand!" O, I am safe from ev-'ry snare
That the tempt-er for my feet has laid with cun-ning, art-ful care;

2. When the storm-clouds thick-ly gath-er and the darkness veils the sky,
When the winds a-wake in fu-ry and the an-gry waves dash high,
Still I find a place of shel-ter "in the shad-ow of His hand;"

3. And, al-tho' I tread the des-ert with its burn-ing scorch-ing sand,
Till the Sav-iour calls me homeward, be it soon, or be it late;
There I will be free from sor-row and from sin for-ev-er more;

For my Sav-iour guides my foot-steps as I jour-ney on life's way,

4. "In the shad-ow of His hand!" O, may my soul with pa-tience wait
Still I fear not but am trust-ing, in His might-y pow'r I stand,
For a Rock so high and might-y, lift-ing up its loft-y form,
When I pass thro' deep-est wa-ters, thro' the Jor-dan's rush-ing stream,
And my heart will sing in glad-ness as I tread that gold-en strand,

5. I will hear the ran-somed sing-ing a sweet wel-come on that shore,
And He leads me from the dark-ness to the blest and changeless day.
For my soul is ev-er hid-ing "in the shad-ow of His hand!"
Is the Lord who is our Ref-uge from the heat and from the storm.
Still He will be close be-side me, and from death He will re-deem.
"Praise the Lord who al-ways held me in the shad-ow of His hand."

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HIDDEN.

REFRAIN.

"In the shad-ow of His hand!" O, 't is a bless-ed hid-ing place;

Here I find sweet rest and com-fort when I'm wea-ry with the race;

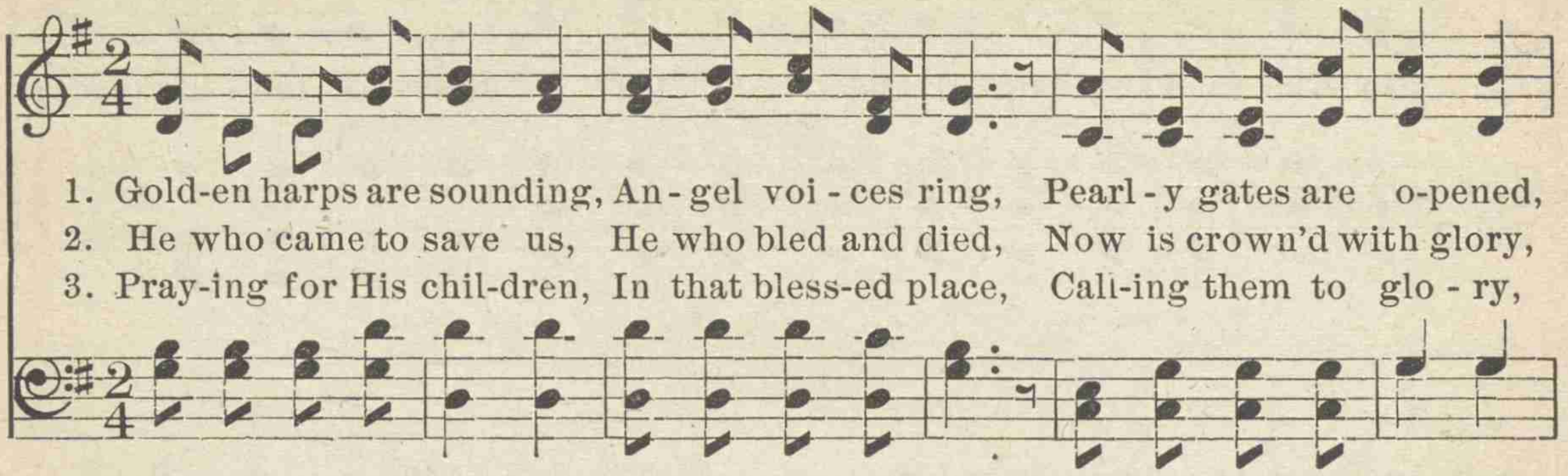
He doth hide me from all dan-ger, both the un-seen and the seen,

And up-on His strength suf-fi-cient doth my soul for-ev-er lean.

No. 170. ASCENSION SONG.
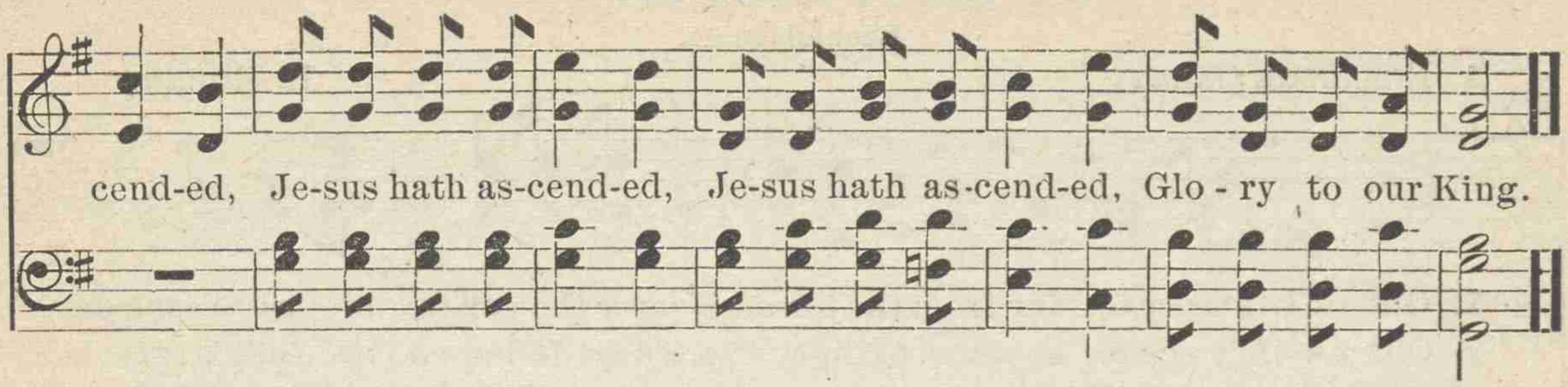
Eph. 4: 8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. E. ROBERTS.



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ASCENSION SONG.



No. 171. THE LORD IS MY SALVATION.

L. A. M. Rev. L. A. MORRIS.

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No. 172. DRIFTING AWAY.

Ezekiel 33: 11.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY. E. ROBERTS.

1. Out on life's ocean, far from the haven, Nearer the vor-tex of ru-in each day,
2. Out on life's ocean, heedless of du-ty, Charm'd and de-lud-ed by folly's bright foam,
3. Fondly around thee, dovelike and tender, Circle our pray'rs, as they rise to the throne;
4. Wand'rer, thy Saviour seeks to reclaim thee, Turn while He calls thee, nor mercy disdain;

Why dost thou leave us? why dost thou grieve us? Why from our hearts art thou drifting a-way?
Bet-ter tho'ts quelling, warning re-pelling, Scorning God's word that's inviting thee home.
O, wilt thou slight them? never requite them? Why like a blight on love's wreath hast thou grown?
Sal-va-tion's treasures dwarf all earth's pleasures; Wreck not thy soul emp-ty baubles to gain.

Drift-ing a-way, Drift-ing a-way,

REFRAIN.

Drifting away, Drifting away, Spurning His voice sin's call to o-bey;

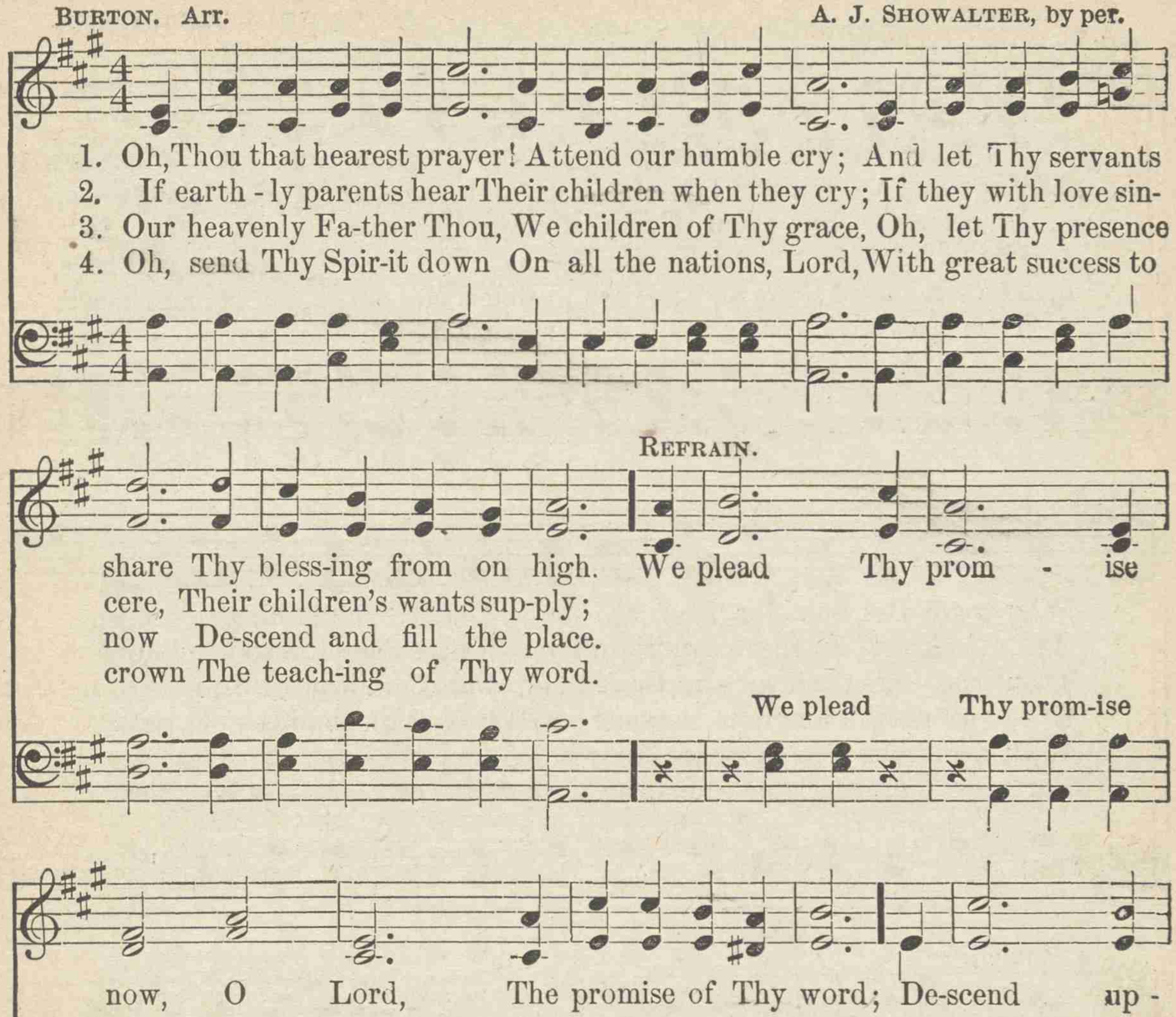
slow.

In thy frail bark, on thro' the dark, Wilt thou be drift-ing, still drift-ing a-way?

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No. 173. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.

BURTON. Arr. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 174. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man; Once ruin-ed by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel - lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,
5. The ran-somed hosts to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
6. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdom, Conquer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
With rapturous awe a - dore their King, And worship at His feet.
For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.

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REFRAIN.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

No. 175. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God." I John iii: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di- vine!
2. Per-fect submission, perfect de- light, Visions of rap- ture burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest;

Heir of sal-va-tion, purchase of God; Born of His Spir- it, wash'd in His blood.
An-gels descending, bring from a-bove Ech-oes of mer- cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, looking a- bove, Fill'd with His goodness, lost in His love.

REFRAIN.

This is my sto- ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long;

This is my sto- ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long

No. 176. 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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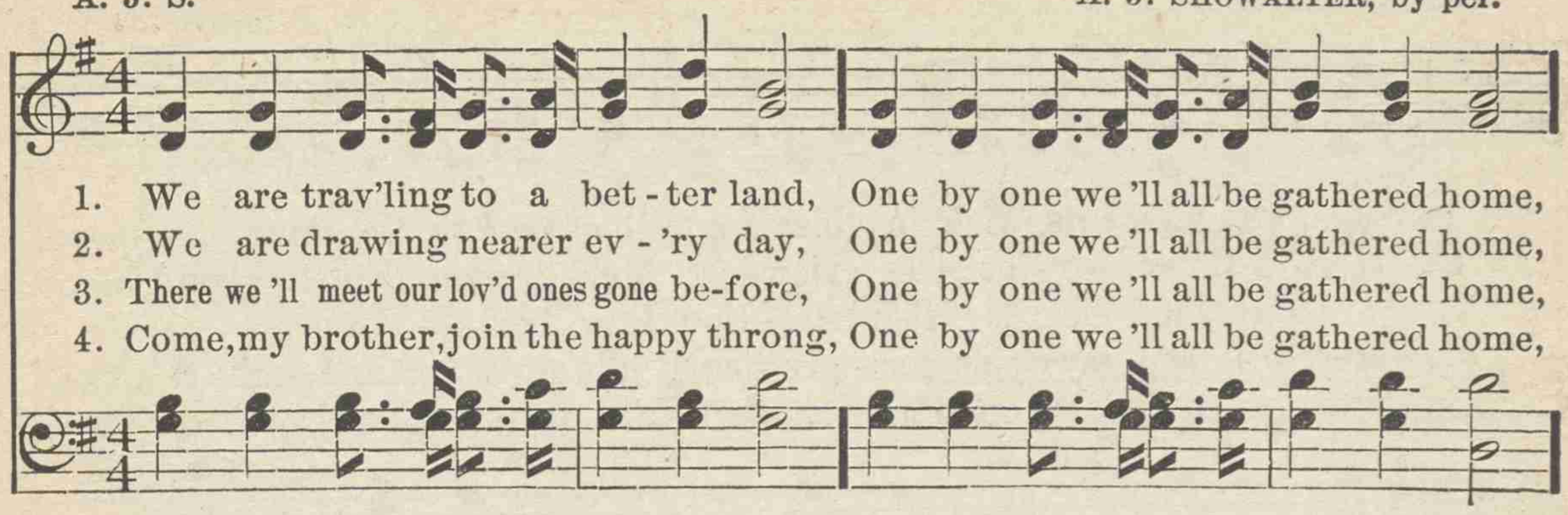
REFRAIN.

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,

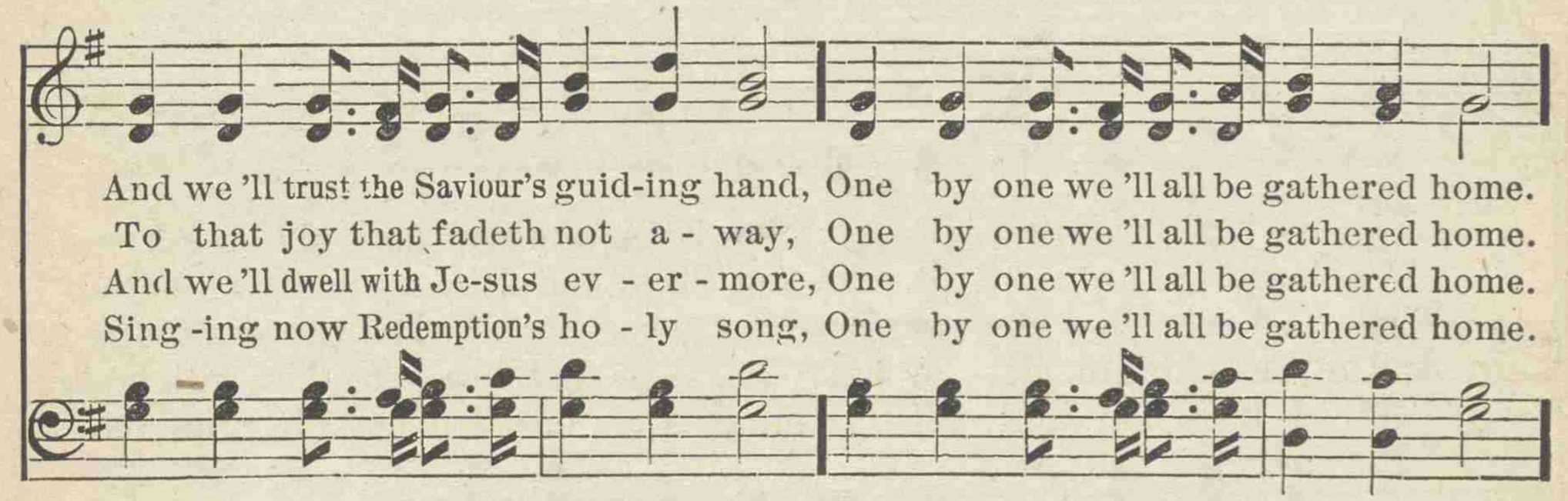
No. 177. GATHERED HOME.

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,

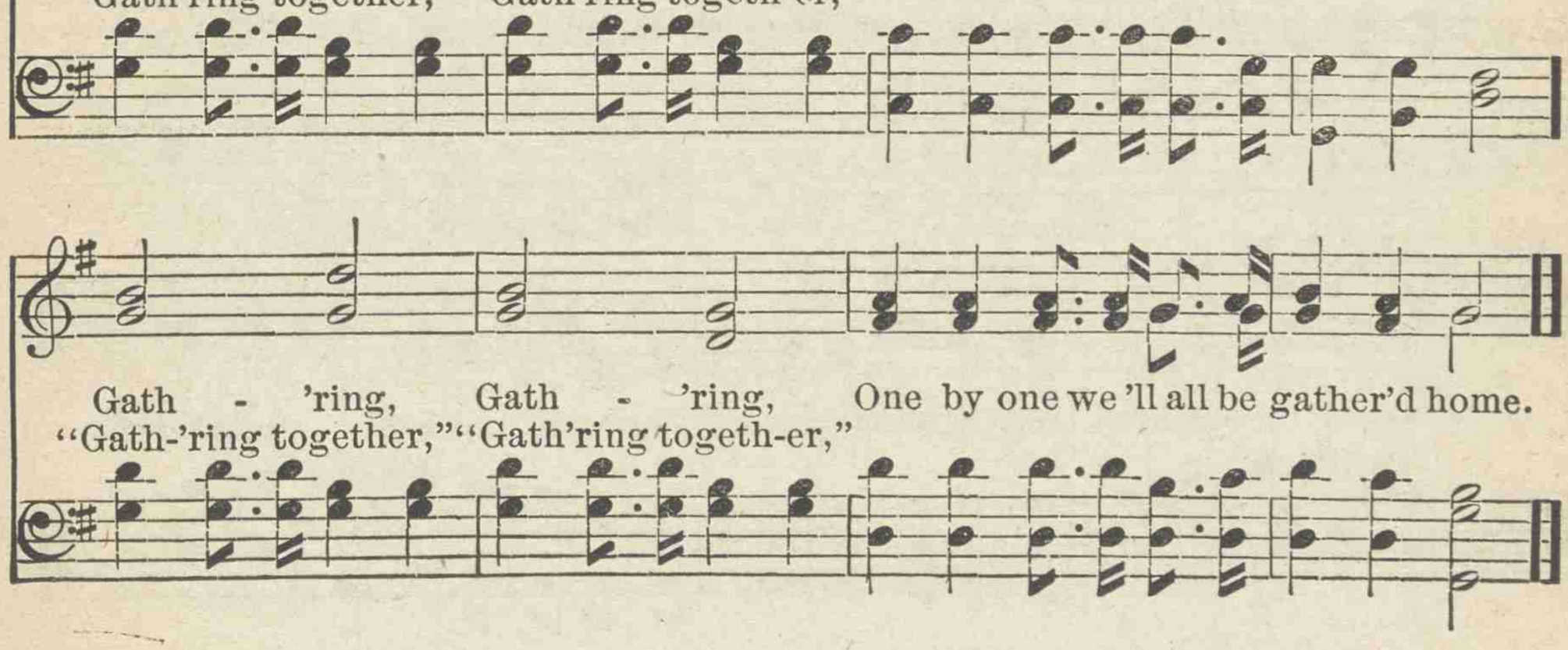


And we 'll trust the Saviour's guid-ing hand, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
To that joy that fadeth not a - way, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
And we 'll dwell with Je-sus ev - er - more, One by one we 'll all be gathered home.
Sing -ing now Redemption's ho - ly song, One by one we '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. 178. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

ALLEN-SHIRLEY.
REF. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest for - ev - er view-ing, Mer - cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta - tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for - giv - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem - pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,

Life, and health and peace pos-sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be - dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di - vine com-pas - sion, Beam - ing in His gra-cious eye.
And my thoughts are all of heav - en, And my lips o'er - flow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal - va - tion, And, unvailed, Thy glo - ries see.

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REFRAIN.

Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va - ry;
Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.

No. 179. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

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

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the clean - sing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you
3. When the Bride-groom com - eth will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the gar-ments that are stained with sin; Are you

:S:

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the
washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fount-ain flow - ing for the

D.S. *gar-ments spotless? Are they*

FINE. REFRAIN.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Cru- ci-fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un-clean; Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed

white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D.S.

blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
In the blood, of the Lamb?

No. 180. WHITER THAN SNOW.

J. NICHOLSON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-ev-er I know;
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow;
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with - in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No;

REFRAIN.

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 181. DOWN AT THE CROSS.

Refrain by A. J. S. — A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
3. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
4. All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

REFRAIN.

Down at Thy feet, O Lord, I fall, Down at the cross I lay my all;

O Je - sus, hear and bless me now, While at Thy throne I hum - bly bow.

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5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 182. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. Bonar. Charles C. Converse, by per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there trou-ble a - ny-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.
We should nev-er be dis-cour- aged— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre-cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness; Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
In His arms He 'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol -ace there.

No. 183. DRAW ME CLOSE TO THEE.

WM. COOPER.
Ref. added.

H. K. ZELLONGER.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once en - joyed, How sweet their memory still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn! Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;

rit.

A light to shine up-on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul-refresh-ing view, Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an aching void, The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

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REFRAIN.

O, my Saviour, draw me close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee,
O, my Saviour, draw me close to Thee, And my burdened soul set free.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
What e're that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close to God
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Land.

No. 184. HOW LONG?

Arr. and partly written by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. No gloom-y shad-ows o - ver yon - der! All light and song;
2. No bit - ter weep-ing o - ver yon - der! All fled a - way;
3. No lov'd ones want-ing o - ver yon - der, Bought by the Lamb!
4. No more sad part-ings o - ver yon - der! Nor time nor space

Each day I wait and watch and won-der, And say, "how long?"
While here I sigh and sad - ly wan-der Each wea - ry day.
All safe at home and gath-ered un - der The ev - er-green palm.
Shall sev - er those who dear - er, fond - er, See face to face.

REFRAIN.

Oh, how long shall time me sun - der From that dear, dear throng?

Each day I wait and watch and won - der, And say, "how long?"

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No. 185. CHRIST IS ALL.

Rev. W. A. Williams.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth-er whence Her help-less widowhood's defense, She told me, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all."
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head, Wait- ing for Je - sus' call; I mark'd his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as His spir- it pass'd a-way, He whisper'd "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, He whisper'd "Christ is all."
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake; The flames could not his cour-age shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri- umphant-ly to heav'n, And answer'd "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in all, And answer'd "Christ is all."
4. I dream'd that hoar-y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, A fire dis-solv'd this ball; I saw the church-es ran-som'd throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas told me, "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all."
5. Then come to Christ, O come to-day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say, The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all." Christ is all, all in all, For whisper'd "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, He whisper'd "Christ is all."

Refrain.

answer'd "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, And answer'd "Christ is all."
"Christ is all in all;" Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
"Christ is all in all;" Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

By per. of W. A. Williams. Warnock, O., publisher of "Silver Tones," 35 cts., and "Song Jewels," 20 cts.

No. 186. WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sound-ing of the trum-pet, when the saints are gathered home, We will
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and fi - nal judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the gold - en harps are sounding and the an-gel bands proclaim, In tri -

greet each oth - er by the crys-tal sea, (crystal sea,) With the friends and all the
gath - er and the sav'd and ransom'd see; (gladly see;) There we 'll meet no more to
Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, (we shall see,) At the bid-ding of our
umphant strains, the glorious ju - bi - lee, (ju - bi - lee,) Then to meet and join to

loved ones there a-wait-ing us to come: What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
sev - er on the bright ce-lestial shore: What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

REFRAIN.

What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, At the
What a gath-'ring of the loved ones, when we 'll meet with one an-oth-er, At the

From "Song Treasury," by per.

WHAT A GATHERING THAT WILL BE.

What a gath - 'ring,

sounding of the glorious ju-bi - lee! (jubilee!) What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

gath - 'ring,

dear ones meet each oth-er, What a gath-'ring of the faith-ful that will be.

No. 187. OLIVET.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour divine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way: Oh, let me from this day, Be wholly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart—My zeal inspire. As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be—A liv-ing fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to-day, Wipe sorrow's tear a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a-side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour, then in love, Fear and dis-tress remove; Oh, bear me safe above—A ransomed soul.

No. 188. HELP ME TO OVERCOME.

REV. II: 7, 17, 26; III: 12, 21.

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

ALTO AND TENOR. CHORUS.

1. Lord Je - sus, come in love and pow'r, And help me to o - ver-come;
2. My heart is bur - den'd and oppress'd, Lord, help me to o - ver-come;
3. By faith I see Thy pre-cious blood, Lord, help me to o - ver-come;
4. Cleanse Thou my heart from ev - 'ry stain, Lord, help me to o - ver-come;

I need Thy strength each day and hour, Lord, help me to o - ver-come.
To Thee I come for peace and rest, Lord, help me to o - ver-come.
In streams it flows, a cleans-ing flood, Lord, help me to o - ver-come.
O wash me and I shall be clean, Lord, help me to o - ver-come.

REFRAIN.

Help me to o - ver-come, Help me to o-ver - come, By Thy Spirit's power, Lord,

Help me to o - ver - come;
(*Omit* . . . . .) Help me to o - ver-come.

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No. 189. HAPPY IN IMMANUEL'S LOVE.

RAFFLES, Arr. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. High in yon - der realms of light, Dwell the rap-tured saints a - bove,
2. Days of sor - row all are o'er, Passed, this scene of toil and pain;
3. All is tran -quil and se - rene, Calm their un - dis-turbed re - pose;
4. 'Mid the cho - rus of the skies, 'Mid th' an-gel - ic choirs a - bove;

Far be-yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man-uel's love.
They shall feel dis - tress no more, Nev - er, nev - er weep a - gain.
There, no cloud can in - ter - vene, There, no an - gry temp - est blows,
Hark! their songs me - lo- dious rise, Songs of praise to Je - sus' love.

REFRAIN.

Hap - py, Hap - py in their home a - bove;
Hap - py in Im - man-uel's love, yes, Hap - py in their home a - bove;

Far be-yond our fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man-uel's love.
Far be-yond our poor and fee - ble sight, Hap - py in Im - man-uel's love.

No. 190. NEAR TO THEE.

Rev. F. W. FABER, alt.
Ref. added.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be,
2. I can - not feel Thee touch my hand, With pres-sure light and mild,
3. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Re-buk - ing sin for me;
4. And when, dear Sav-iour I kneel down, Morn-ing and night to prayer,

To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A fee - ble one like me.
To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child.
And, when my heart loves God, I know The sweet-ness is from Thee.
Some-thing there is with - in my heart, Which tells me Thou art there.

REFRAIN.

Near to Thee, Near to Thee, Dear Je - sus, I would be;

The hosts of sin shall from me flee When I am near to Thee.

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No. 191. EDEN OF PROMISE.

E. P. AMBROSE.

1. Oh, had I, my Sav-iour, the wings of a dove, How soon would I soar to Thy mansions a-bove; How soon would I flee where the weary have
2. I flut-ter, I strug-gle, I pant to get free; I feel me a cap-tive while banish'd from Thee; A pil-grim and stranger, the des-ert I
3. Soon, soon may this E-den of prom-ise be mine; Rise, bright Son of glo-ry, no more to de-cline; Thy light yet un-ris-en, the wil-der-ness

REFRAIN.

rest, And hide all my cares in Thy shel-ter-ing breast. Then rest, rest from
roam, And look on to heav-en, and long to be home.
cheers; Oh, what will it be when the full-ness ap-pears, To rest, rest from

3rd verse.

con-flict and care, Oh, the rest, sweet, e-ter-nal, With Je-sus to share.
con-flict and care?

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No. 192. MY ALL TO THEE.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL. Ref. by E. R. E. ROBERTS.

1. Take my life and let it e Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3 Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sa- ges from Thee;
4. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store;

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Always—on - ly—for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

REFRAIN.

Sav-iour, take me, make me Thine, Let Thy life be seen in mine;

Now I give my all to be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

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No. 193. HOME-LAND OF HEAVEN.

Mrs. R. A. Evilsizer. Jno. H. Benner.

1. Oh, the home of the soul, in my dreaming, With its wide o - pen por-tals I see,
2. In that won-der-ful val - ley of E - den, Far a-way where the beautiful dwell,
3. Oh, we sing of the Home-land of heaven, And we call it the "Home of the soul,"
4. Land of Beu-lah, fair cit - y of prom-ise, How I long all thy joys to be-hold!

And a glimpse of its jeweled walls gleaming, Is sometimes half reveal'd un - to me.
There are an - gel - ic harp-strings a-quiver, While sweet anthems of love ev - er swell.
And we sigh for its beau-ti - ful val - leys, Where fair riv-ers of peace ev - er roll.
I can dream of thy beau-ty and grandeur, But by tongue it can nev - er be told.

Oh, that fair, hap-py Home-land of Heaven, With its wide o - pen por-tals I see!

How I long for the summons to en - ter, And at home with my Sav-iour to be.

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No. 194. FULLNESS OF GOD.

"Filled with all the fullness of God." Eph. 3: 19.

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

1. My heart is full of song to - day, The peace of God is mine,
2. There is no con - dem - na - tion now, Since Je - sus died for me,
3. With con - fi - dence I now draw near, For Je - sus bids me come;
4. O glo-rious rest, O joy di - vine, O love of God to me!

For Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, And I have joy di - vine.
But heav-'nly breez - es fan my brow, The truth has made me free.
His per- fect love casts out all fear, And He will lead me home.
Fore - tastes of heav'n to - day are mine, Its glo - ry I can see!

REFRAIN.

I am "fill'd with the full - ness of God." I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,

And I journey with joy in the way the Master trod; "Fill'd with fullness of God" now I am!

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No. 195. JESUS WILL HEAR.

WILL H. GAREY.

1. Come, wea-ry soul, to the Sav-iour, and rest, Je - sus will hear your plea;
2. Come, wea-ry soul, to the Sav-iour Di -vine, Je - sus will hear your plea;
3. Come, wea-ry soul, you may sit by His side, Je - sus will hear your plea;

Tell Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest, Je - sus will hear your plea;
I was a stran-ger, but now He is mine, Je - sus will hear your plea;
And if you trust Him and with Him a - bide, Je - sus will hear your plea.

Je-sus is wait-ing to give you sweet rest, And with the ransom'd for-ev - er be blest;
Je-sus is wait-ing, His home is on high, Why wilt thou tarry and let Him pass by?
Come live with Je-sus, O will you? you may. Lean thou upon Him, no longer to stray.

Nev - er, no, nev - er ig - nore His re-quest, Je - sus will hear your plea.
If un - to Je - sus you on - ly draw nigh, Je - sus will hear your plea.
Then if you ask Him to show you the way, Je - sus will hear your plea.

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No. 196. ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

ALTO AND TENOR DUET.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in Thee; Let the water and the
2. Should my tears for ev-er flow, Should my zeal no lan-guor know, This for sin could not a -
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyelids close in death, When I rise to worlds un-

CHORUS.

blood, From Thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the doub - le cure,
tone, Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring,
known, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me!

Be of sin the double cure,
In my hand no price I bring,
Rock of A-ges, cleft for me!

Save me, Lord, and make me pure, Be of sin the
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, In my hand no
Let me hide my - self in Thee; Rock of A - ges,

Save me, Lord, and make me pure,
Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling,
Let me hide my - self in Thee;

doub - le cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure, and make me pure.
price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling, Thy cross I cling.
cleft for me! Let me hide my - self in Thee, my - self in Thee.

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No. 197. 'TIS FLOWING FOR THEE.

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come to the foun-tain of mer - cy, Why wilt thou tar - ry a - way?
2. Come to the arms that, ex-tend - ed, Glad - ly thy heart will re-ceive;
3. Come from the mountain, O lost one, Wea - ry, and hun- gry, and cold;
4. Come and be hap - py for-ev - er, Safe in Im-man - u - el's love;

Hear the sweet voice that is call - ing, Pa - tient - ly call - ing to - day.
He will for-give thy transgres - sion, On - ly re - pent and be-lieve.
Come to the dear lov - ing Shep - herd, Still there is room in the fold.
Think of the beau - ti - ful man - sions He is pre-par - ing a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Come, come, come to the fountain, Flow-ing so free, flow - ing so free;

Come, yes, come, O come to the foun-tain,

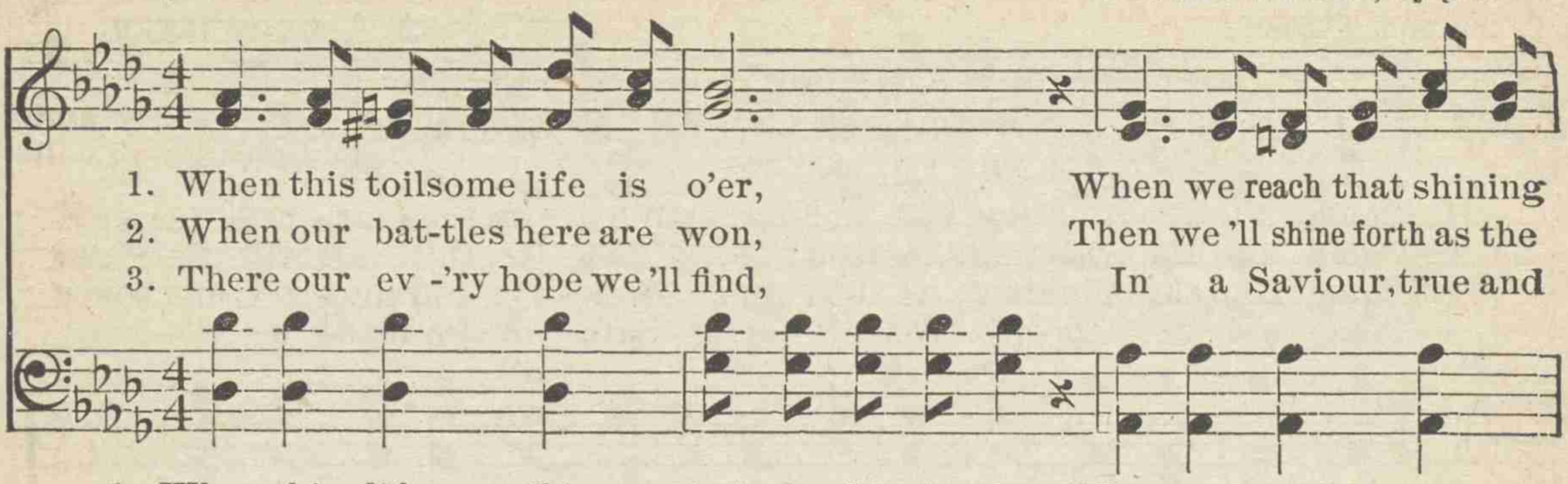
Come, come, come to the fountain, Flowing, 't is flow - ing for thee.
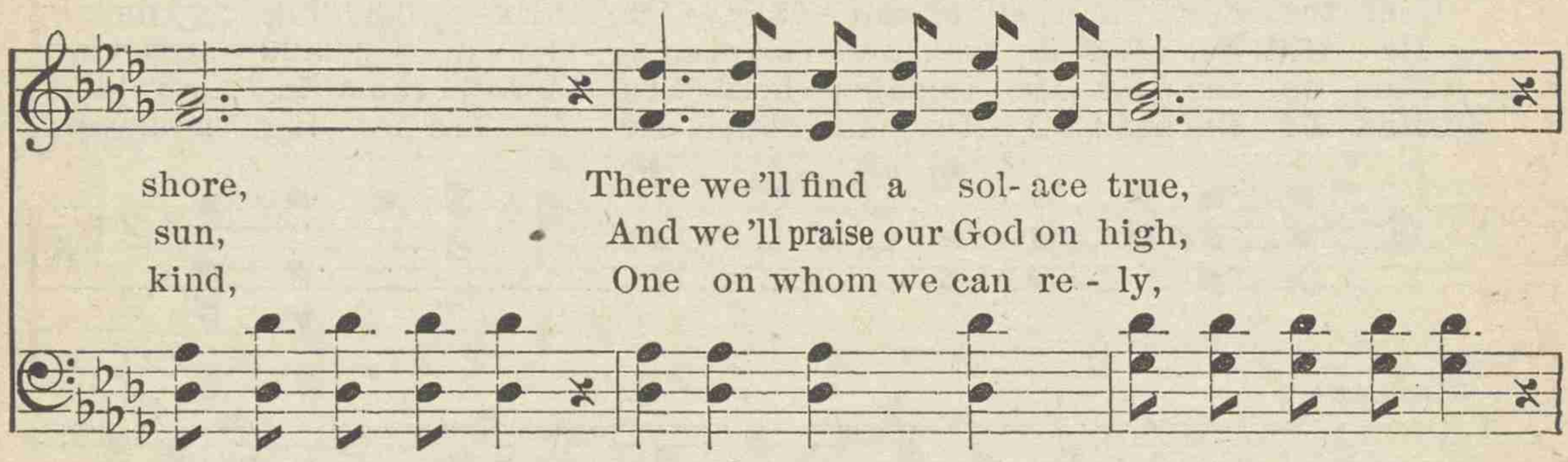
Come, yes, come, O come to the foun - tain,
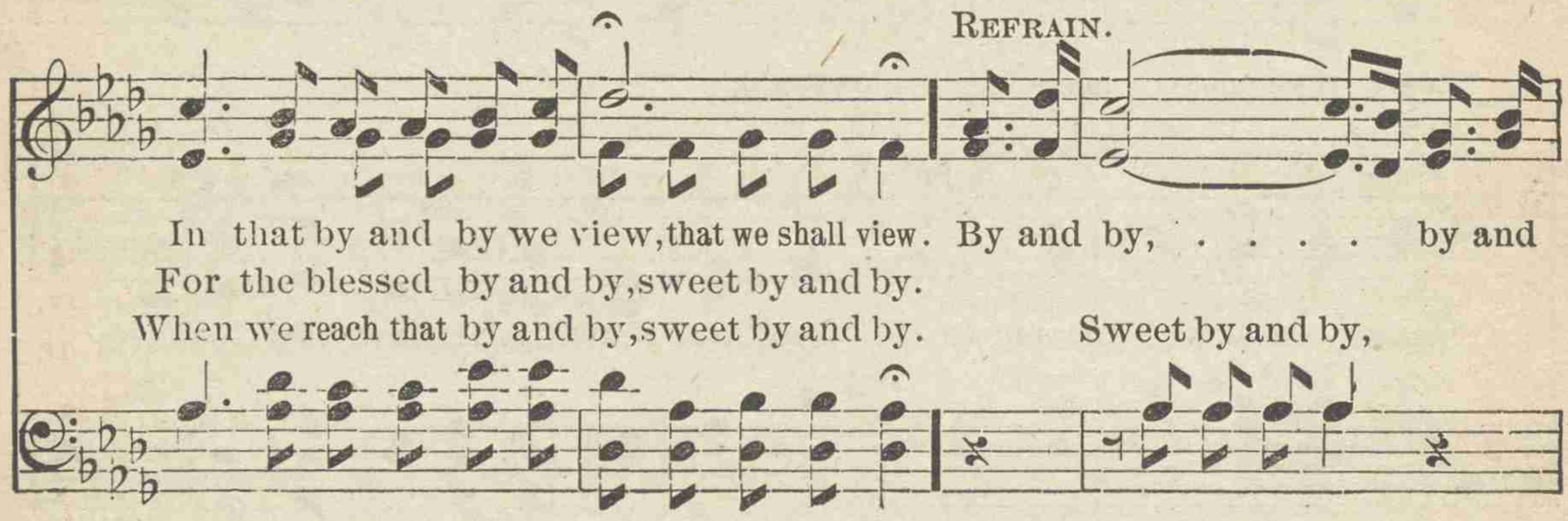
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No. 198. BY AND BY.

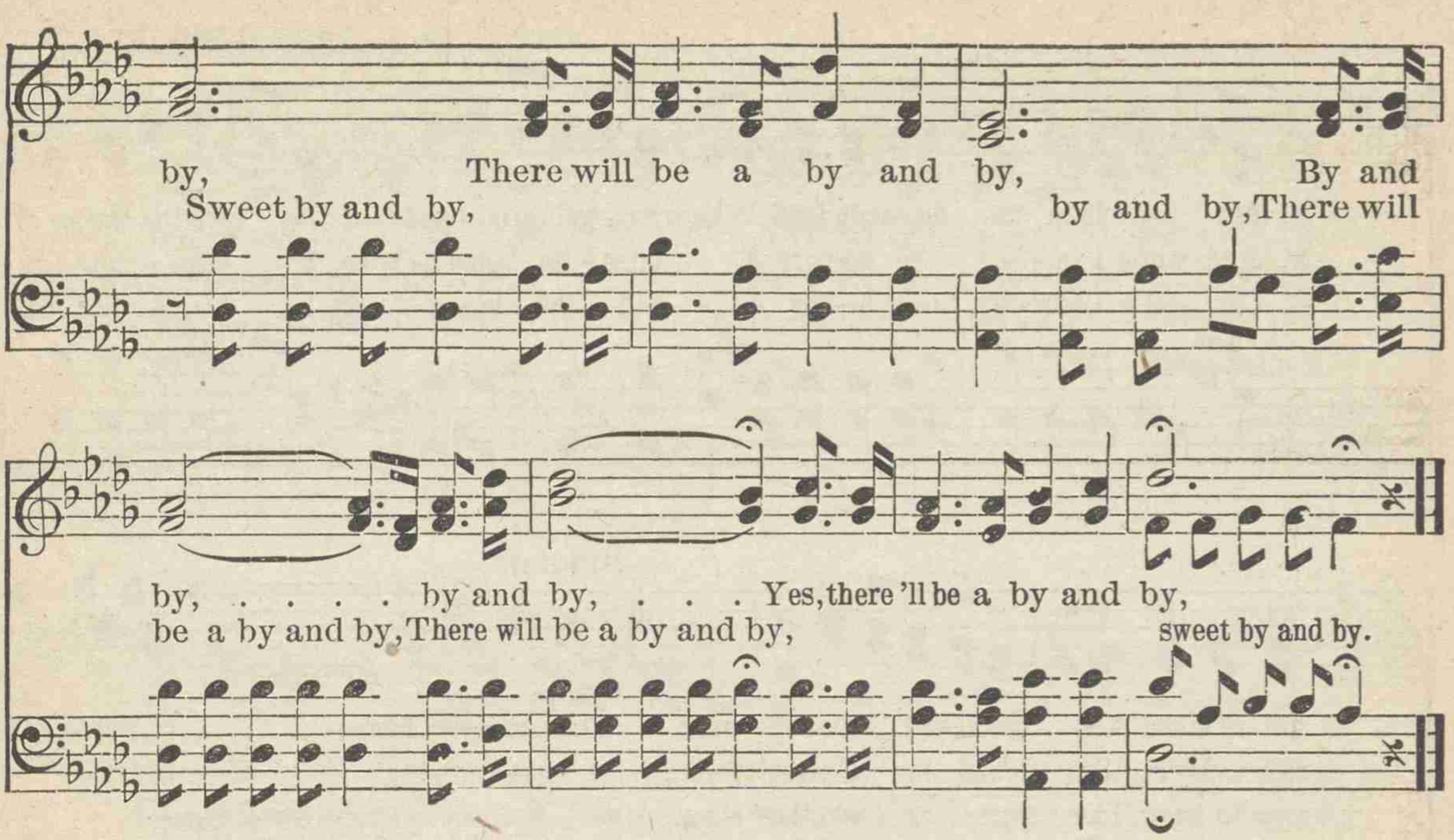
Arr. by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.
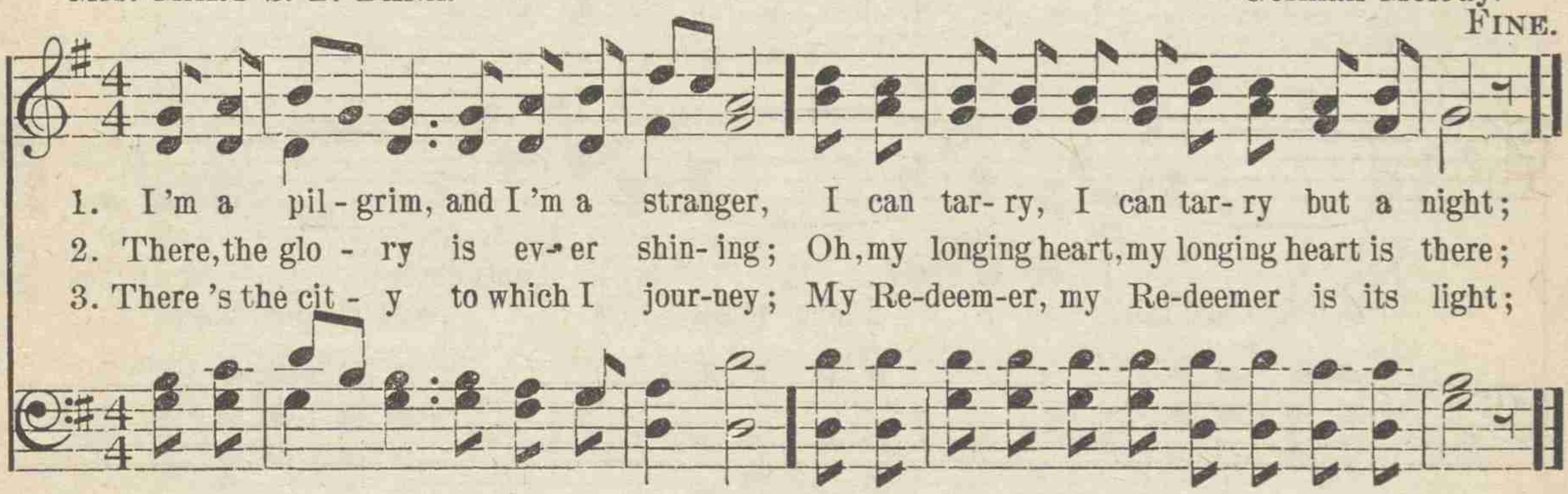






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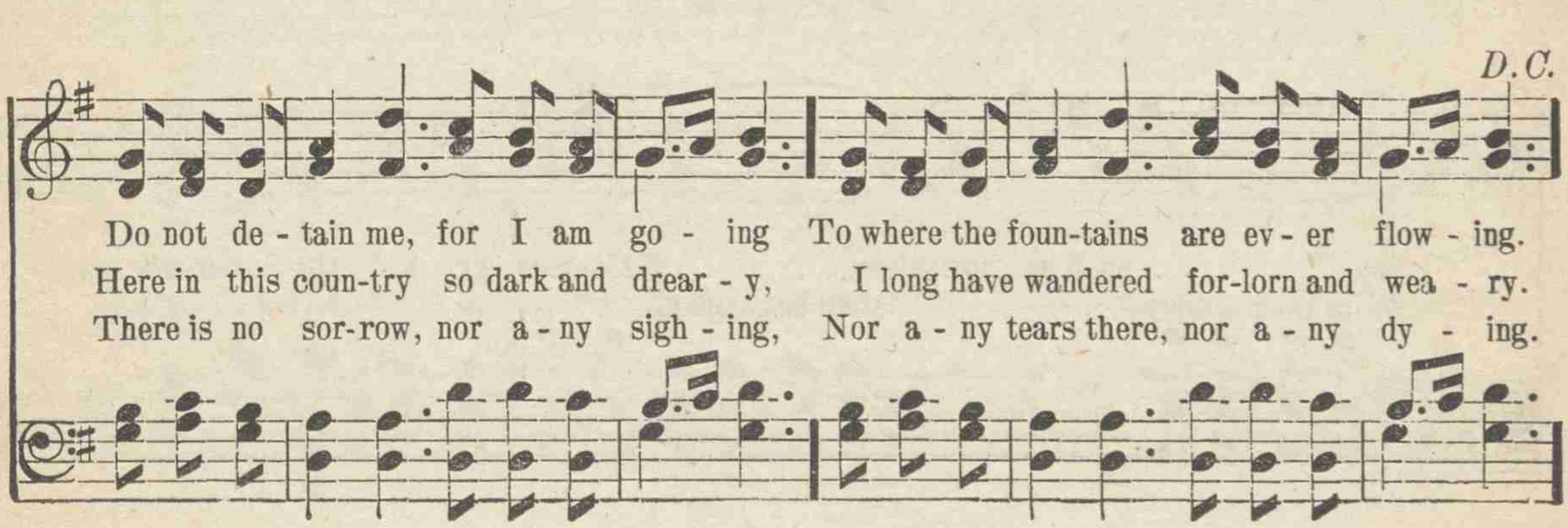


No. 199. I'M A PILGRIM.

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA. German Melody.

FINE.



D.C.



No. 200. MY HEAVENLY HOME.

ANON. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. My home is in the heavenly land, Where an - gels bright and fair, Be - fore the throne of
2. And while I la - bor to se-cure A bliss - ful home a- bove, I have a treas-ure
3. Oft while I jour-ney here be-low, A - mid the bus- y throng, I hear a voice and

REFRAIN.

glo -ry stand, And crowns of vict'ry wear. O home, sweet home, . . . so bright and
rich and sure, 'T is found in Je-sus' love.
seem to know The sing - er and the song. O home, sweet home,

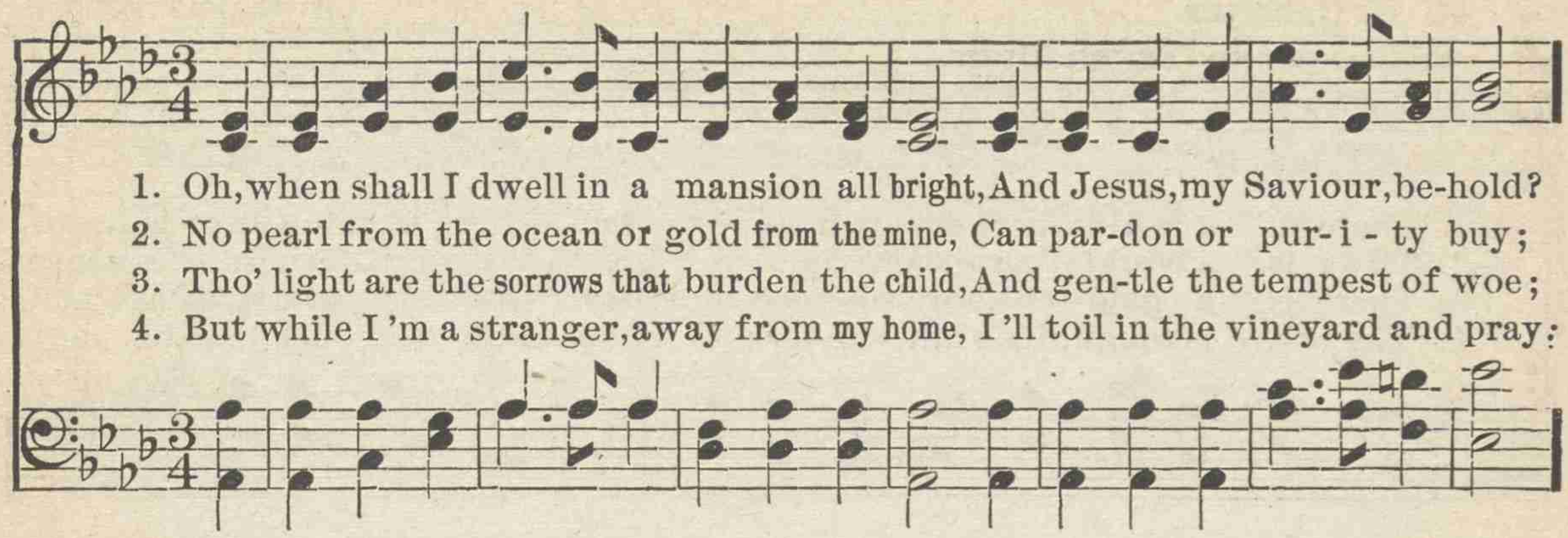
fair, . . . I long to see . . . . my lov'd ones there; . . With them my
so bright and fair, I long to see my lov'd ones there;

joy . . . . shall be com-plete, . . . While rest -ing at the Sav-iour's feet.
With them my joy shall be complete,

No. 201. HOME OF THE BLEST.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Best as a Solo and Chorus.

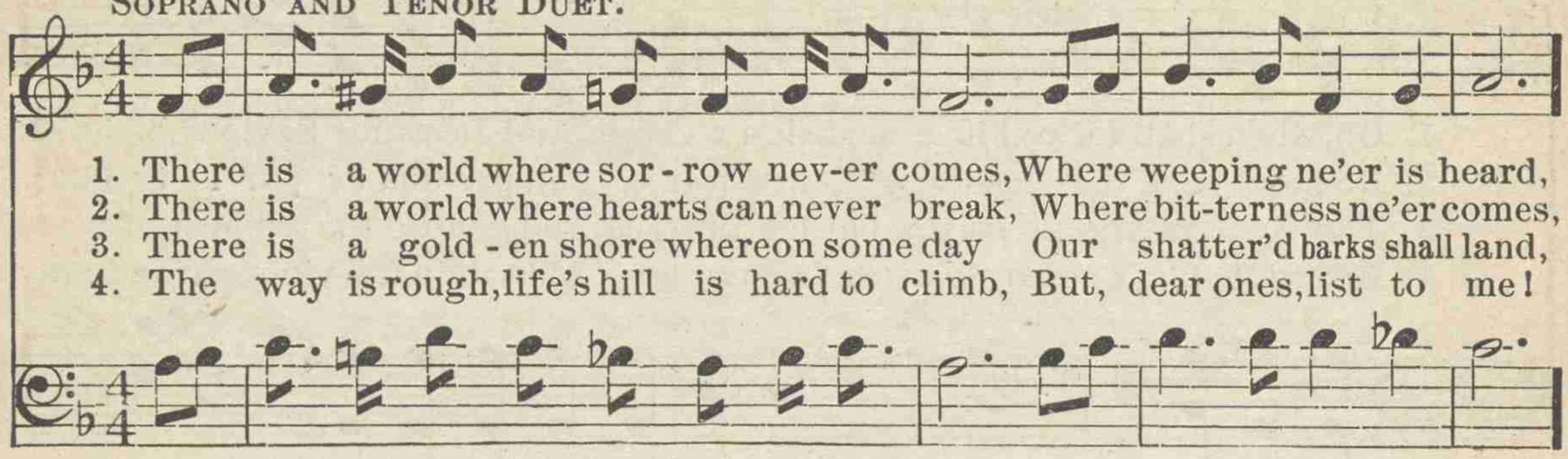


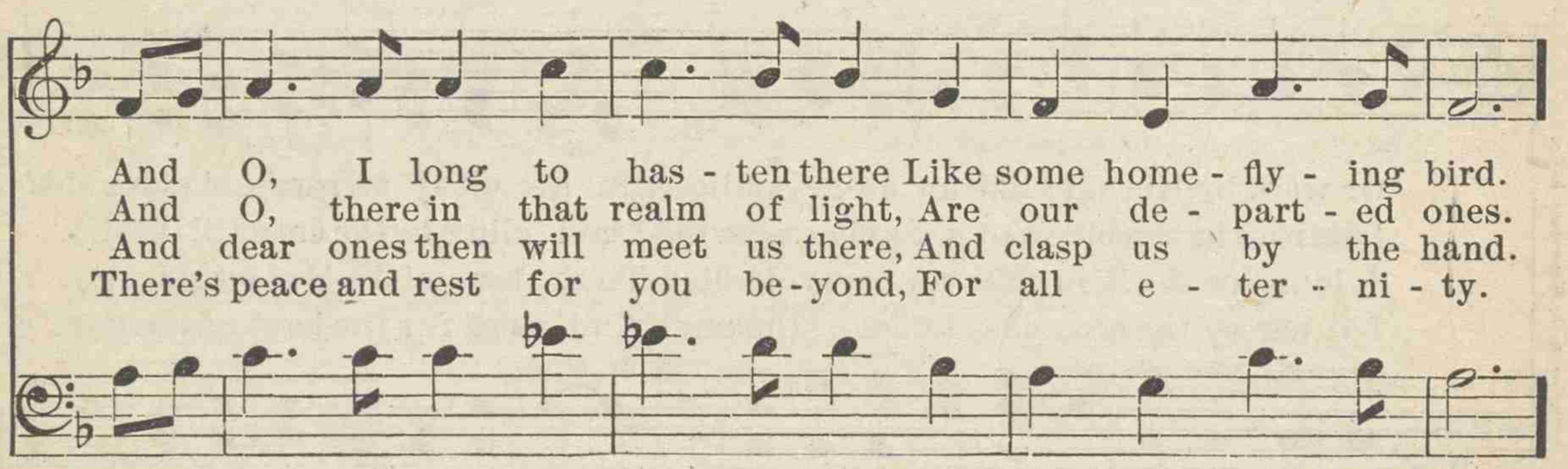
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No. 202. BEYOND.
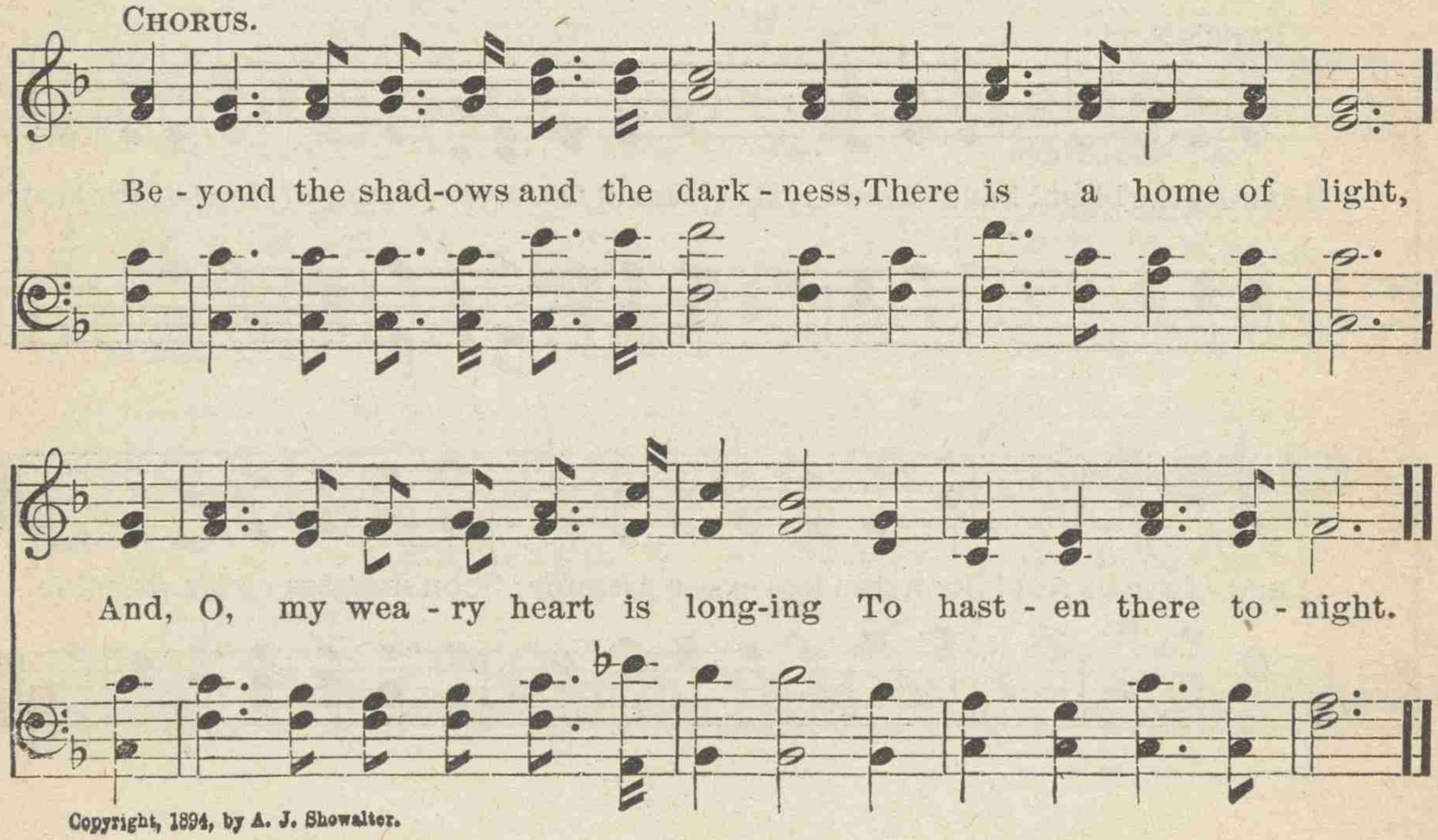
W. H. GARDNER. J. D. PATTON.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.





CHORUS.



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No. 203. FATHERLAND.

Arr. by A. J. S.

1. There is a place where my hopes are stayed, My heart and my treas-ure are there;
2. There is a place where the an-gels dwell, A pure and a peace-ful a-bode;
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suf-fered and worshiped with me;
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la-bors are o'er;

Where ver-dure and blos-soms nev-er fade, And fields are e-ter-nal-ly fair.
The joys of that place no tongue can tell, For there is the pal-ace of God.
Ex-alt-ed with Christ high as His throne, The King in His beau-ty they see.
A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sor-row no more.

REFRAIN.

That bliss-ful place is my fa-ther-land; By faith its de-lights I ex-plore;
Come, fa-vor my flight, an-gel-ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore-

No. 204. IN PSALMS AND HYMNS WE PRAISE THE LORD.

Suggested by a sermon of Rev. W. L. Skinner, preached at Comanche, Texas, Oct. 20, 1895.

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

1. In psalms and hymns . . we praise the Lord, ... And tell to
2. We tell good news . . . to all our race; . . . . The cross of
3. No more by guilt . . . . of sin op-press'd, . . . We lift our

1. In psalms and hymns we praise the Lord,
2. We tell good news to all our race;
3. No more by guilt of sin oppress'd,

all . . . . His wondrous love; . . . We speak in songs . . . His blessed
Christ . . . we magni-fy; . . . . We sing "on earth . . . good will and
hearts . . . in joy-ful lays; . . . To Father, Son, . . . and Spir-it

And tell to all His wondrous love; We speak in songs
The cross of Christ we magnify; We sing "on earth
We lift our hearts in joy-ful lays; To Father, Son,
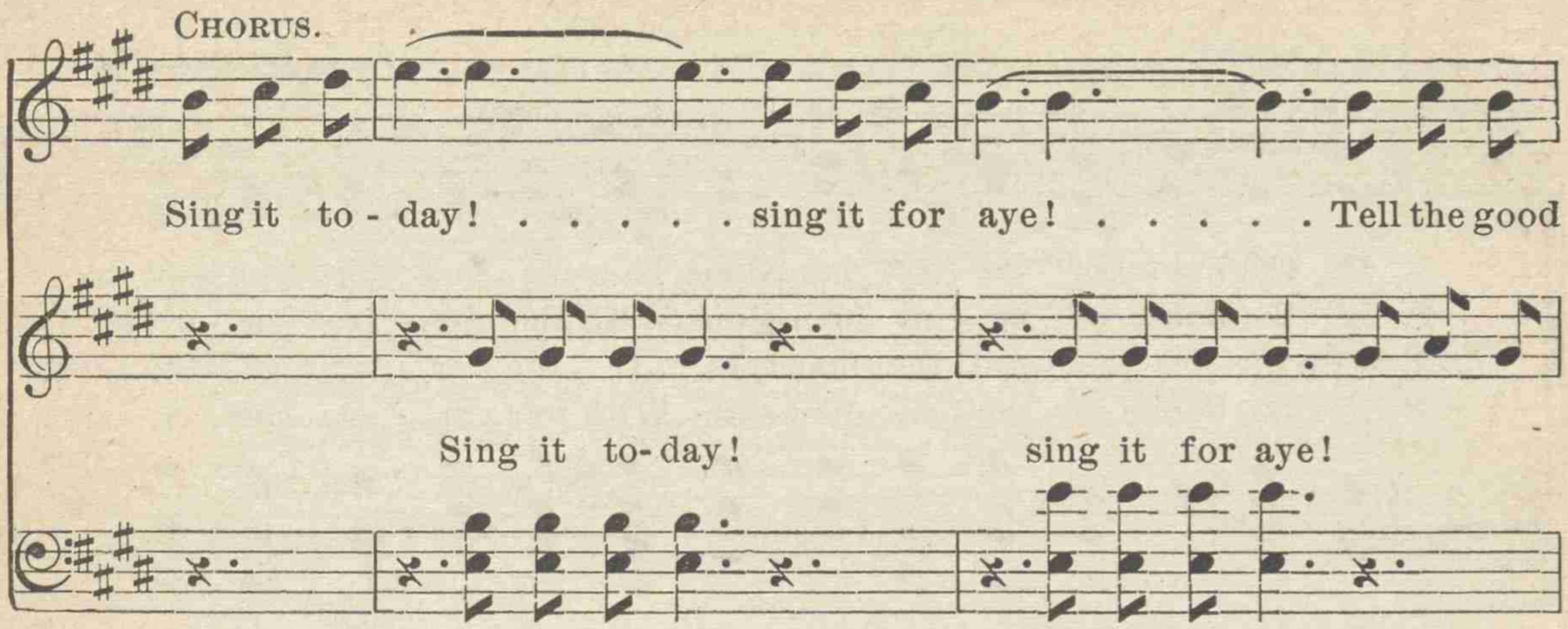
word, ... A lamp to light . . . . us home a-bove. . .
peace," . . . . And "glory to . . . . our God on high!" . .
bless'd, ... For-ev-er-more . . . . be high-est praise! . .

His bless-ed word, A lamp to light . . us home a-bove.
good will and peace," And "glo-ry to . . . our God on high!"
and Spir-it bless'd, For-ev-er-more . . be high-est praise!

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IN PSALMS AND HYMNS WE PRAISE THE LORD.

CHORUS.



No. 205. WE WILL PRAISE HIM.

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the house of ma - ny man-sions, There is one for you and me;
2. In the house of ma - ny man-sions, With the ho - ly an - gel throng,
3. With the pro-phets and the mar-tyrs, In the ar - my of the Lord,
4. In the house of ma - ny man-sions, With our part - ed ones a - bove,

There the King in all His beau - ty And His splen-dor we shall see.
That proclaim'd the Sav-iour's ad - vent, In their glo-rious mid-night song.
Who have fought the bat - tle brave - ly, And have con-quer'd thro' His word.
At the bless - ed feet of Je - sus, We will sing re - deem - ing love.

REFRAIN.

We will cast our crowns be-fore Him, When we reach the oth - er shore;

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! We will praise Him ev - er - more!

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No. 206. COMING HOME.

(May be sung as a quartet.)

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Like a way-ward child I wan-dered From my Father's house a-way,
2. I have wander'd in the dark-ness, And my path was lone and drear,
3. O the rap-ture that a-waits me, When I reach my Fa-ther's door!
4. I will ask Him to for-give me For the wrong that I have done,

But I hear His voice en-treat-ing, And I'm com-ing home to-day.
But my Fa-ther did not leave me, He was watch-ing ev-er near.
Once with-in its blest en-clo-sure, I am safe for-ev-er-more.
To re-ceive, ac-cept, and bless me, Thro' His well be-lov-ed Son.

REFRAIN.

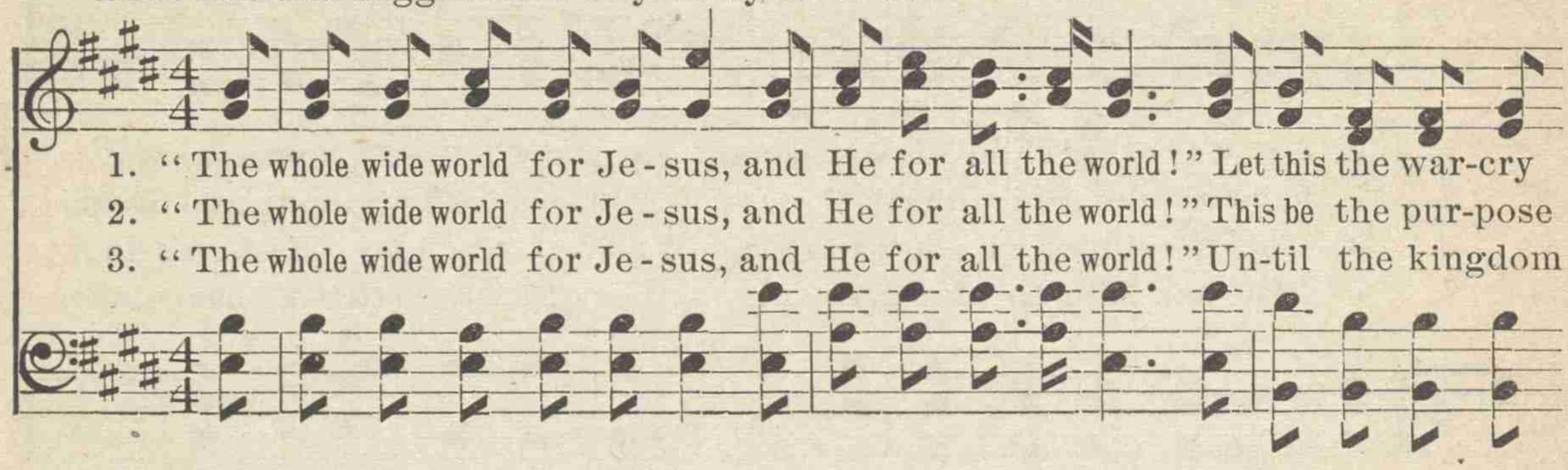
Coming, coming home, Coming, coming home, For I can no long-er roam, no longer roam;
I am sad and broken hearted, And I'm com-ing, com-ing home, I'm coming home.

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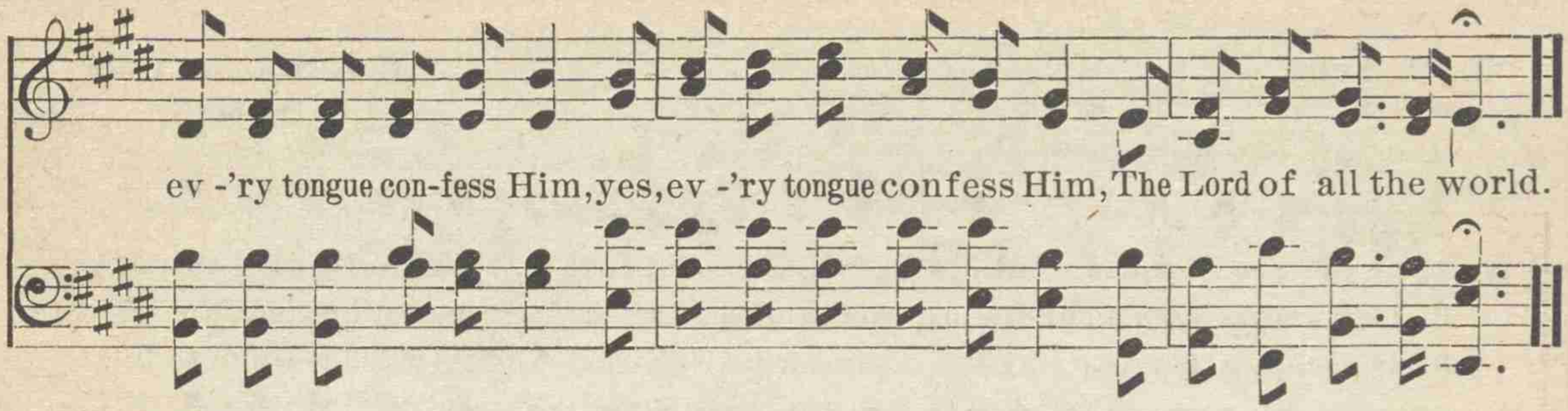
No. 207. THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.

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

First line and suggestion of hymn by A. J. S.



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No. 208. LOVING SAVIOUR.

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 209. O, WE ARE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

E. C. AVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O, we are Christian sol-diers, bat-tling for the Lord; We must ev - er fol-low at our
2. Our weapons are not car-nal, our sword and helmet, truth, And our great en-deav-or is to
3. O what a glo-rious work is giv-en us to do, Angels would rejoice to tell the

Captain's word; Where He leads, to forward march, At His call to quick o-bey; To the
save the youth; And the cry so loud and long, "Come, and help us ere we die," We will
sto - ry true; But our God has chosen him Whom the serpent would destroy, And thro'
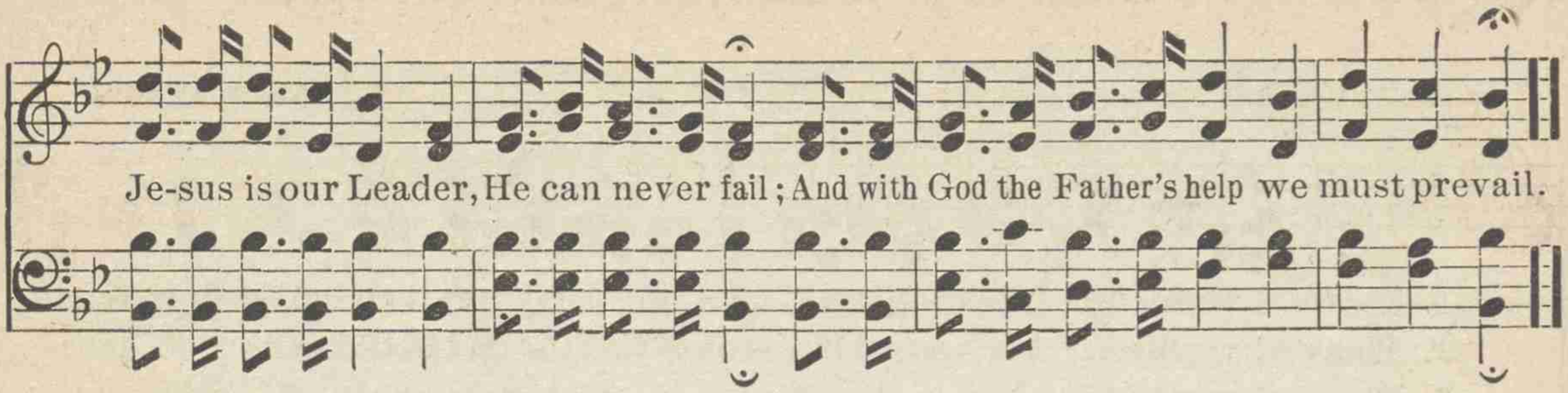
REFRAIN.

right or to the left we must not go a - stray. Come and join our ar - my,
an-swer, fond-ly say-ing, "by God's grace we'll try."
Him o'er Sa-tan's pow'r comes vic-to - ry and joy.

help us in the fight, Help us to lift up and en-deav-or for the right:
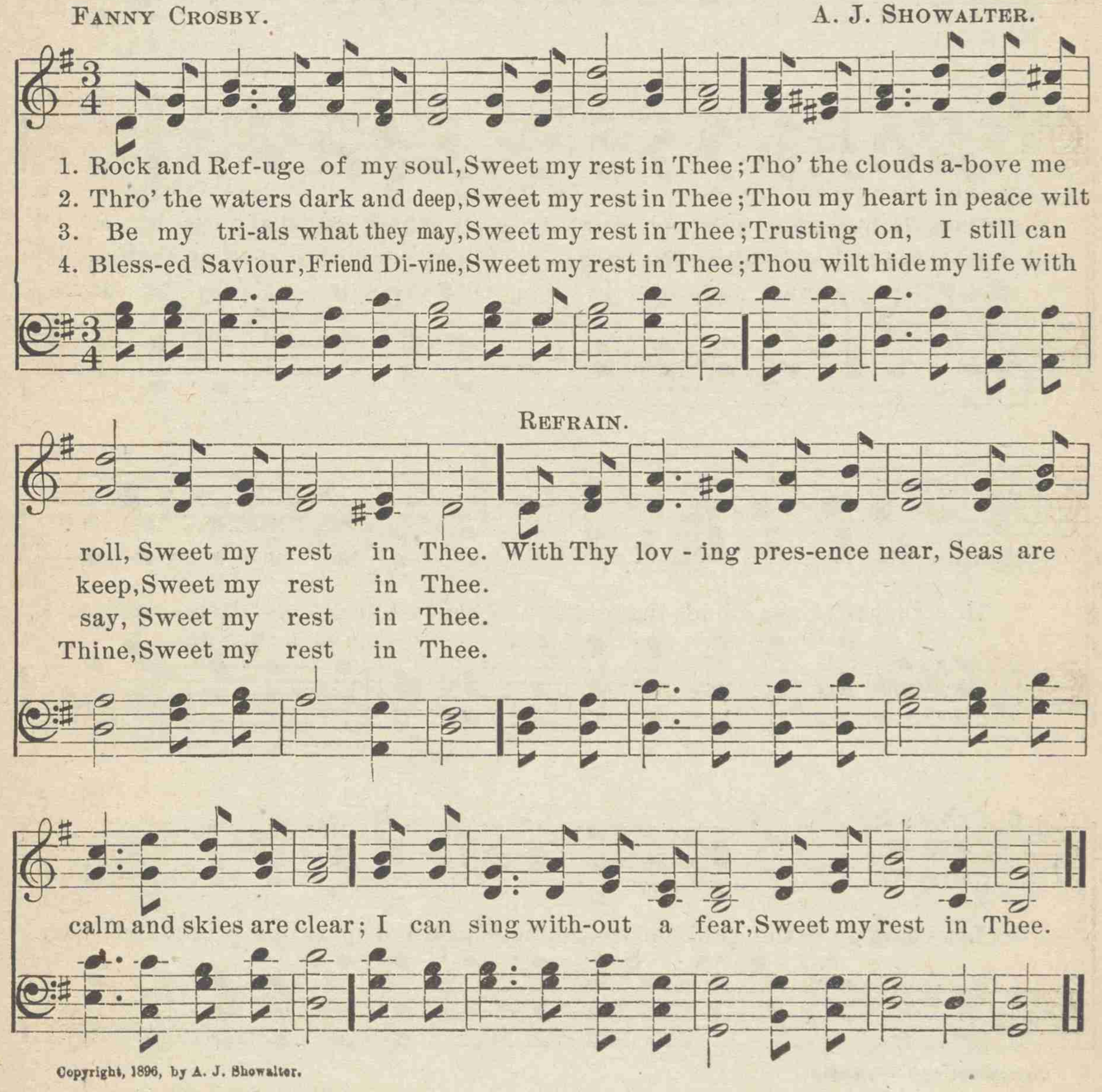
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O, WE ARE CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.



No. 210. SWEET MY REST IN THEE.

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 211. WORDS OF LOVING KINDNESS.

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.
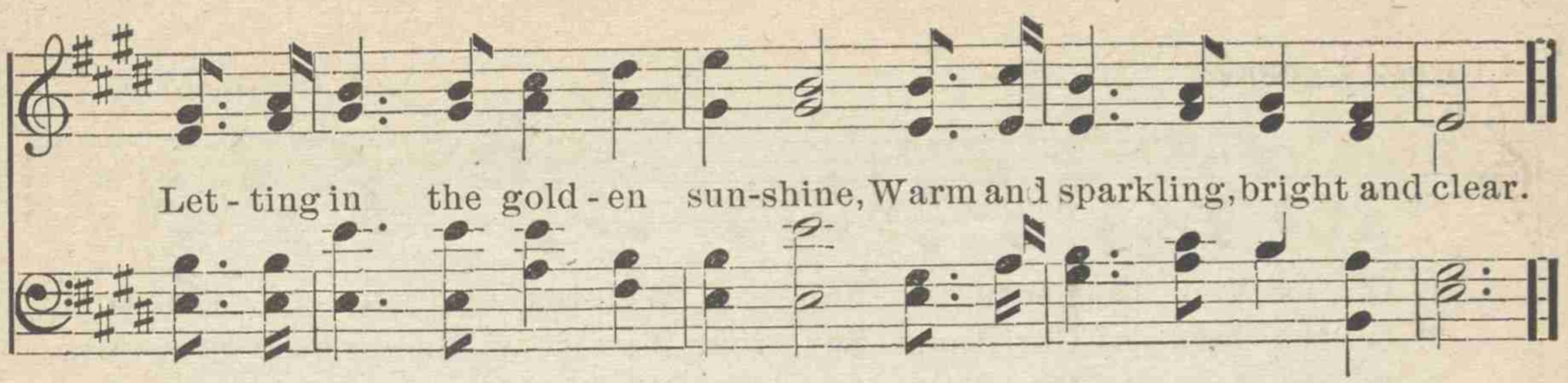
1. Bless-ed words of lov - ing kind-ness, From my Sav-iour's lips that fall,
2. Bless-ed words of lov - ing kind-ness, When the Mas - ter calls for me:
3. Bless-ed words of lov - ing kind-ness, How they cheer my pil - grim way,—

When He bids me cast my bur - den On the heart that feels it all.
"Go and toil a - mong the reap - ers, And re - ward - ed thou shalt be."
Breathing joy and con - so - la - tion O'er my spir - it, day by day.

REFRAIN.

How they lift the clouds that gath-er When my heart is dark and drear,
Let - ting in the gold - en sunshine, Warm and sparkling, bright and clear,

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No. 212. O FATHER, HEAR US.

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Andantino.

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No. 213. OUR HEAVEN BELOW.

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O to feel the love of Je - sus Well-ing up with - in the soul,
2. O the love of Christ, our Sav - iour, How it melts our hearts to love,
3. O the love of Christ, our Sav - iour, Vast and boundless, deep and wide,

O to feel its joy un - bound-ed, Like the waves of o - cean roll.
How it draws us un - re - sist - ing To the ra - diant hills a - bove.
Love that seeks, re-deems and saves us, Love transcend-ing all be - side.

REFRAIN.

What are all our cares and sor-rows To the heights of joy we know,

When our tongues that love are sing-ing, And our heav'n be - gins be - low.

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No. 214. NEVER ALONE.

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

1. Nev-er a - lone, no, nev - er a - lone, Dai-ly my Sav-iour walks by my side;
2. Je-sus, my Shepherd, still is my guide, When with life's cares I'm sore-ly op-press'd;
3. E'en tho' death's val-ley cross-es my way, E'en tho' its shad-ows her-ald the night,
4. When He at last shall call me a - way, Call me from earth to mansions more fair,

Wash'd in His blood I know I'm His own, And in His love I'll ev - er a - bide.
Men may for-sake, the world may de - ride, Still with my Sav-iour's presence I'm blest.
Still will His rod and staff be my stay, Still will my path be flood-ed with light.
Then will His presence, fair-er than day, Bright-en the path and bring me safe there.

REFRAIN.

Nev-er a - lone, nev-er a - lone, Nev-er a - lone, for Christ is my Lord;
Precious is He, pre-cious to me, Precious is He, my Sav-iour a - dored.

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No. 215. BEAUTEOUS SHELTER-LAND.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Not too fast.

1. Beau - te - ous Shel-ter-Land, long we for thee, Long for thy hap - pi-ness
2. Beau - te - ous Shel-ter-Land, glo - riēs are thine, Far be - yond a - ny our
3. Beau - te - ous Shel-ter-Land, send a sweet gleam O - ver the bois- ter -ous
4. Beau - te - ous Shel-ter-Land, nev - er will storm Break o'er thy mansions pre -

noth-ing can mar; Eyes that are ea - ger are striving to see Where thro' the
hearts can conceive, Shim-mering streets with a ra-diance di - vine Wait for the
o - cean of life; Tho'ts of thy comforts, O come like a dream When hearts are
pared for the blest. Shel-ter from all that can ren-der us harm; In thy fair

REFRAIN.

gloom shin - est thou like a star. Beau - te - ous Shel -ter-Land, long we for thee,
wea - ry,—for all who be-lieve.
faint-ing 'mid earth's bitter strife.
por - tals for - ev - er is rest.
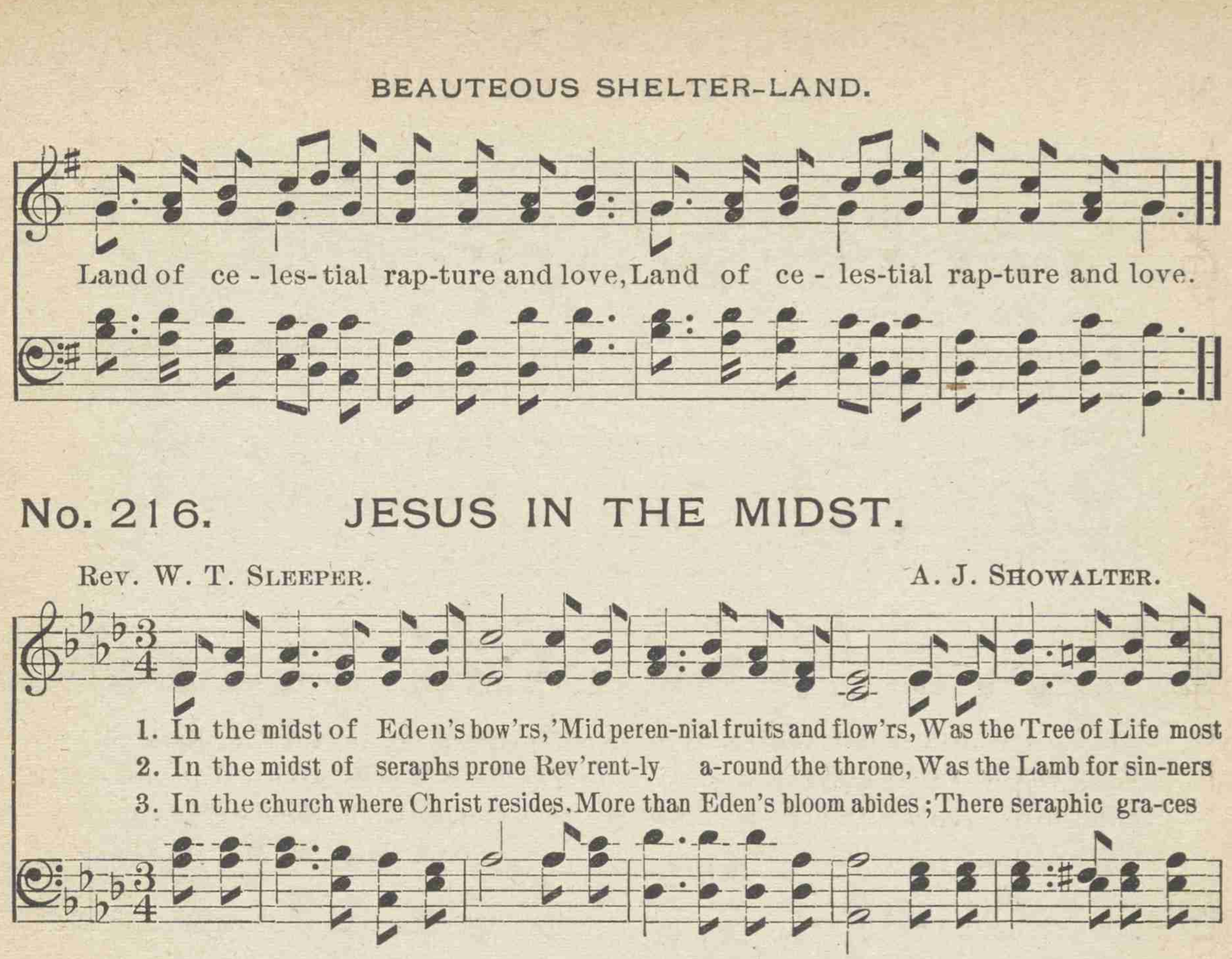
Haven of rest beyond life's troubled sea; Waft us sweet strains from thy choir above,

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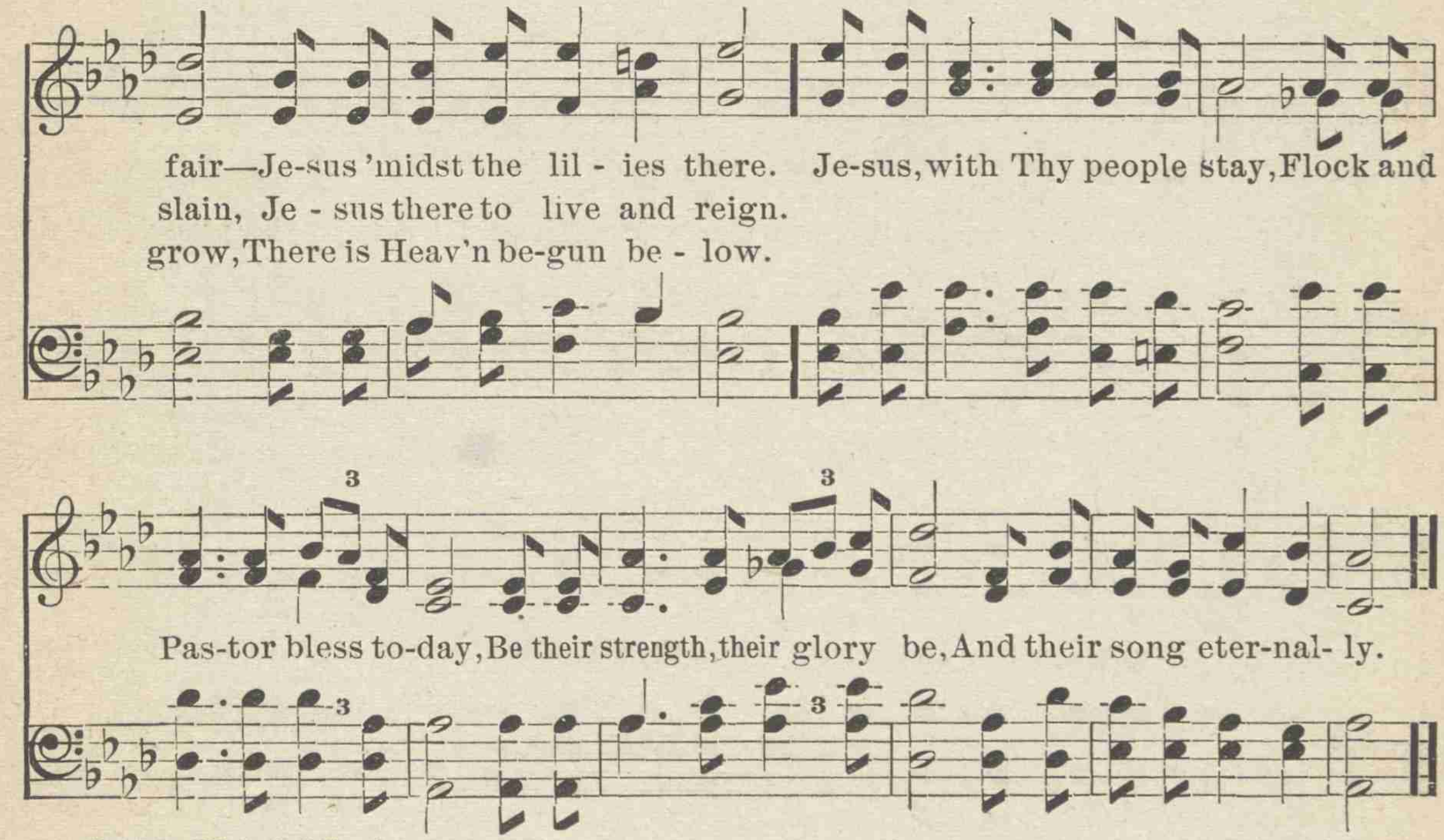
BEAUTEOUS SHELTER-LAND.

No. 216. JESUS IN THE MIDST.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER. A. J. SHOWALTER.



REFRAIN.



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No. 217. THE PRIZES OF LIFE.

W. H. GARDNER. J. H. TENNEY.

1. O, for whom are the priz - es of life, The white robes in the mansions a- bove?
2. O, for whom are the priz - es of life? For the hearts that are throb-bing with pain,
3. O, for whom are the priz - es of life? For the souls that were true to their God;

They are waiting earth's sorrowing ones, Who trust on in the dear Father's love.
And the eyes that are long -ing to see The dear fa - ces of lov'd ones a - gain.
Who, thro' tempests and tri - als se-vere, Still did trust in the word of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

O, then press t'wards the mark, wea - ry ones, wea - ry

O, then press t'wards the mark, O, then press t'wards the mark, wea- ry ones, O, then press t'wards the

ones, For the prize, for the prize, God's high

mark, wea - ry ones, For the prize, for the prize God's high calling will give, For the

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call - - ing will give;

prize God's high calling, high calling will give; There is joy, there is joy,

There is joy, there is joy most a-

there is joy, joy in heav'n, So hope on, hope on, tho' in sor-row ye live!

bun - dant in heav'n,

No. 218. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS. G. F. HANDEL.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb? And
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, While
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord; I 'll

shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Or blush to speak His name?
oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas? And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? To help me on to God?
bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port-ed by Thy word, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 219. JESUS CALLS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come ye wea-ry souls oppress, Find in Christ the promised rest; Let on Him your bur-dens roll, He can save and make you whole. Je-sus calls, . . . yes, Je-sus
2. Ye that dread the wrath of God, Come and wash in Je-sus' blood; To the Son of Da-vid cry, For this mo-ment He is nigh.
3. Na-ked, guilt-y, poor and blind, All your wants in Je - sus find; This the day of mer-cy is, Now ac - cept the proffered bliss.
4. Debt-ors who have nought to pay, Come to Je - sus, haste a - way; All your sins on Him were laid, All your debts the Saviour paid.
5. "It is fin-ish'd," lo! He cries, There on yon-der cross He dies; O be - lieve the rec-ord true, Je - sus died for such as you.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus calls the wand'rer home, Je - sus calls, Come ye wea - ry and op-pressed; He His life . . . a ran-som gave, He will give you heav'nly rest.

Je-sus calls the wand'rer home, Come ye wea - ry, come ye wea-ry and op-pressed; He His life a ran-som gave, He will give you heav'n-ly rest, sweet rest.

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No. 220. TAKE UP THE CROSS.

AMANDA SMILEY. J. F. KING.

1. Hark! do you hear the Saviour's call? Take up the cross, take up the cross;
2. Friend, as you journey thro' this life, Cling to the cross, cling to the cross;
3. Je - sus is kind, why not o - bey? Take up the cross, take up the cross;

He is the dear-est friend of all, Take up the cross, Oh, take up the cross!
It will suffice to con- quer strife, Cling to the cross, Oh, cling to the cross!
Sure-ly He 'll welcome you to - day, Take up the cross, Oh, take up the cross!

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REFRAIN.

Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross and bear your part;
Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross and bear your part;
Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross and bear your part;

Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross with will-ing heart.
Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross with trust-ing heart.
Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross with will-ing heart.

No. 221. SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. Arr. WM. BEERY.

1. We shall reach the golden strand, Some sweet day, by and by, Of that fair and sun-ny land,
2. We shall meet up-on the shore, Some sweet day, by and by, Those who journey'd on be-fore,
3. We shall pass in - side the gates, Some sweet day, by and by, To the joy that us a-waits,

Some sweet day, by and by, Where the silver wa-ters flow, Where the soft-est breezes
Some sweet day, by and by, Where the sunlight never dies, Where our Father's man-sions
Some sweet day, by and by, To the rap-tures of the blest, To our dear e - ter-nal

blow, Where the fair-est flow-ers grow, by and by. Some sweet day, . . by and by,
rise, We will rest our wist-ful eyes, by and by.
rest, To its bliss a welcome guest, by and by.

REFRAIN.

Some sweet day,
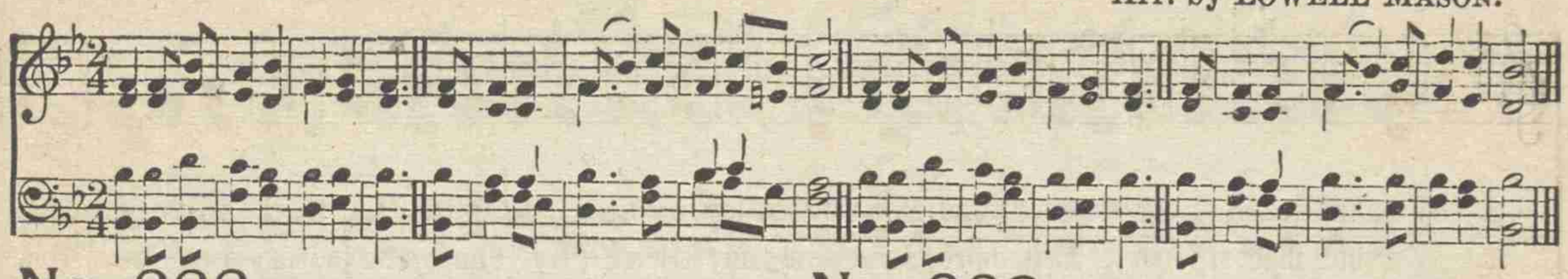
Some sweet day, . . by and by; O that hap-py time shall be, Some sweet day, by and by.

Some sweet day,

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WARD.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



No. 222.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

No. 223.

1 O Thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But O my soul, forget Him not.
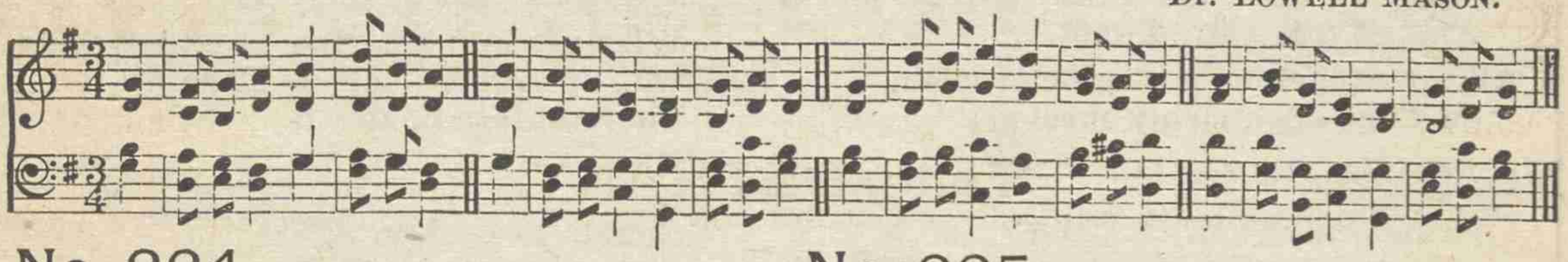
2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne
And for thy life gave up His own.

3 Eternal truth and beauty shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 O no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I 'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

ROCKINGHAM.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 224.

1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done, [Son.
By all the church, through Christ, His

No. 225.
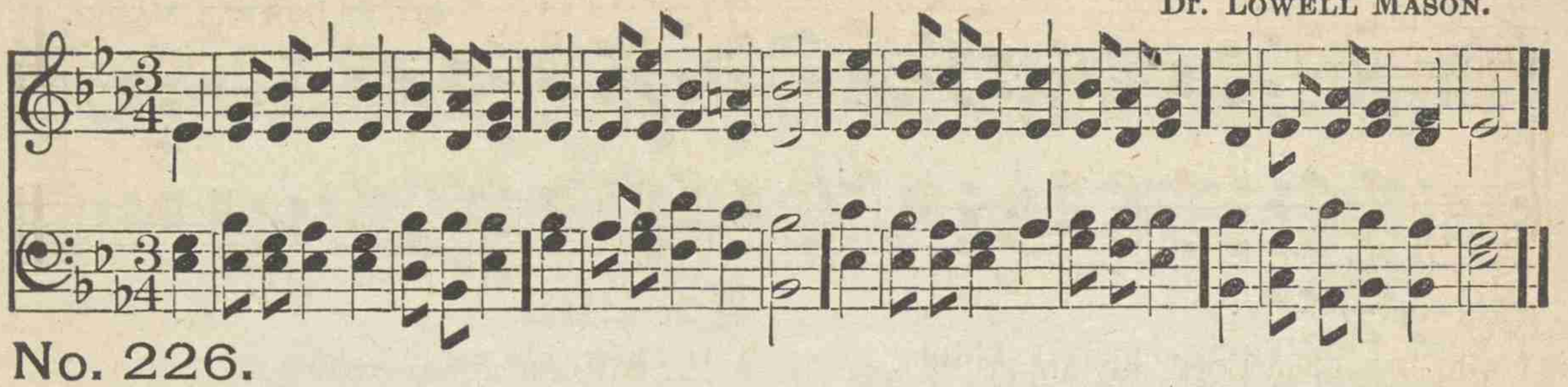
1 What equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His almighty Father's side.

3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

DOWNS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 226.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

No. 227.

1 Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I 'll speak the honors of Thy name,
With my last laboring breath; [arms,
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
The antidote of death.

No. 228. Tune, BETHANY.

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

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
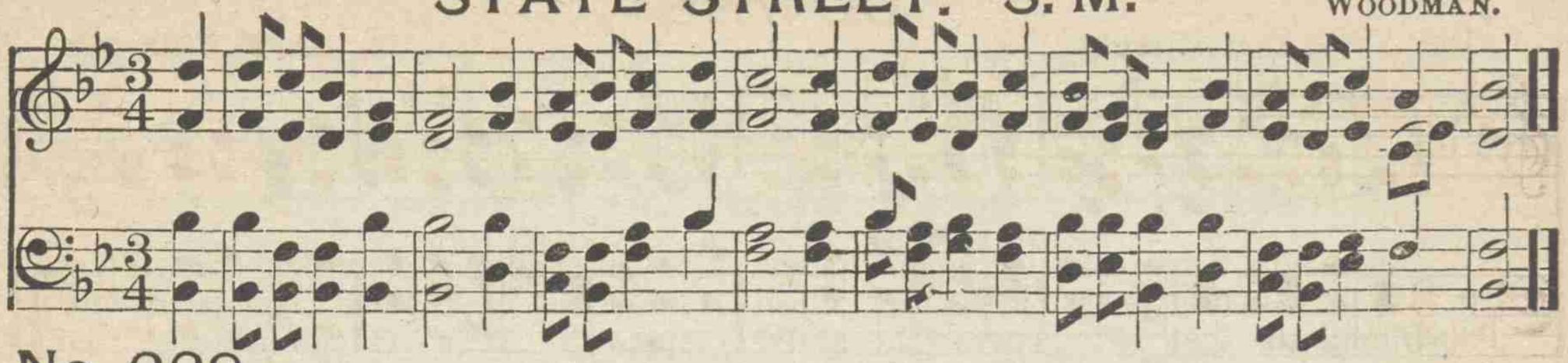
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

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

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,

STATE STREET. S. M.

WOODMAN.



No. 229.

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

No. 230.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
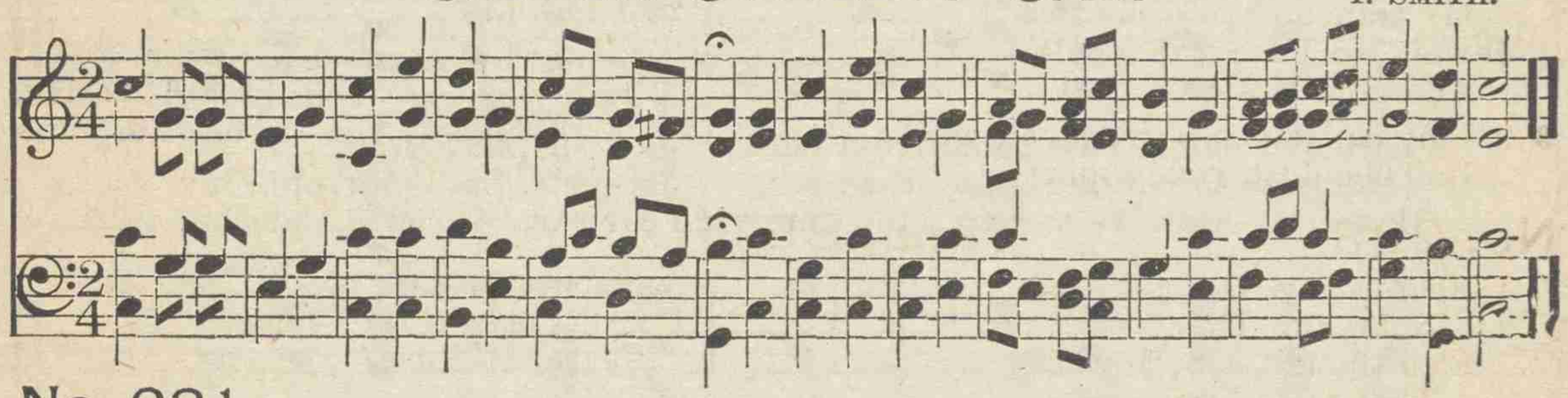
2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.



No. 231.

1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

No. 232.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

No. 233. PILOT. 7. 6 l.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar,

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won-drous sov -'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

No. 234. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6, 4.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear,
2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grimage,
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied,

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HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

Heav'n is my home; Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round me on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my
Heav'n is my home; And time's wild win-try blast Soon will be o - ver, past, I shall reach
Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best, There too I

Father-land, Heav'n is my home; Heav'n is my Father-land, Heav'n is my home.
home at last, Heav'n is my home; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home; There too I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

No. 235. OSWALD. 8, 7.

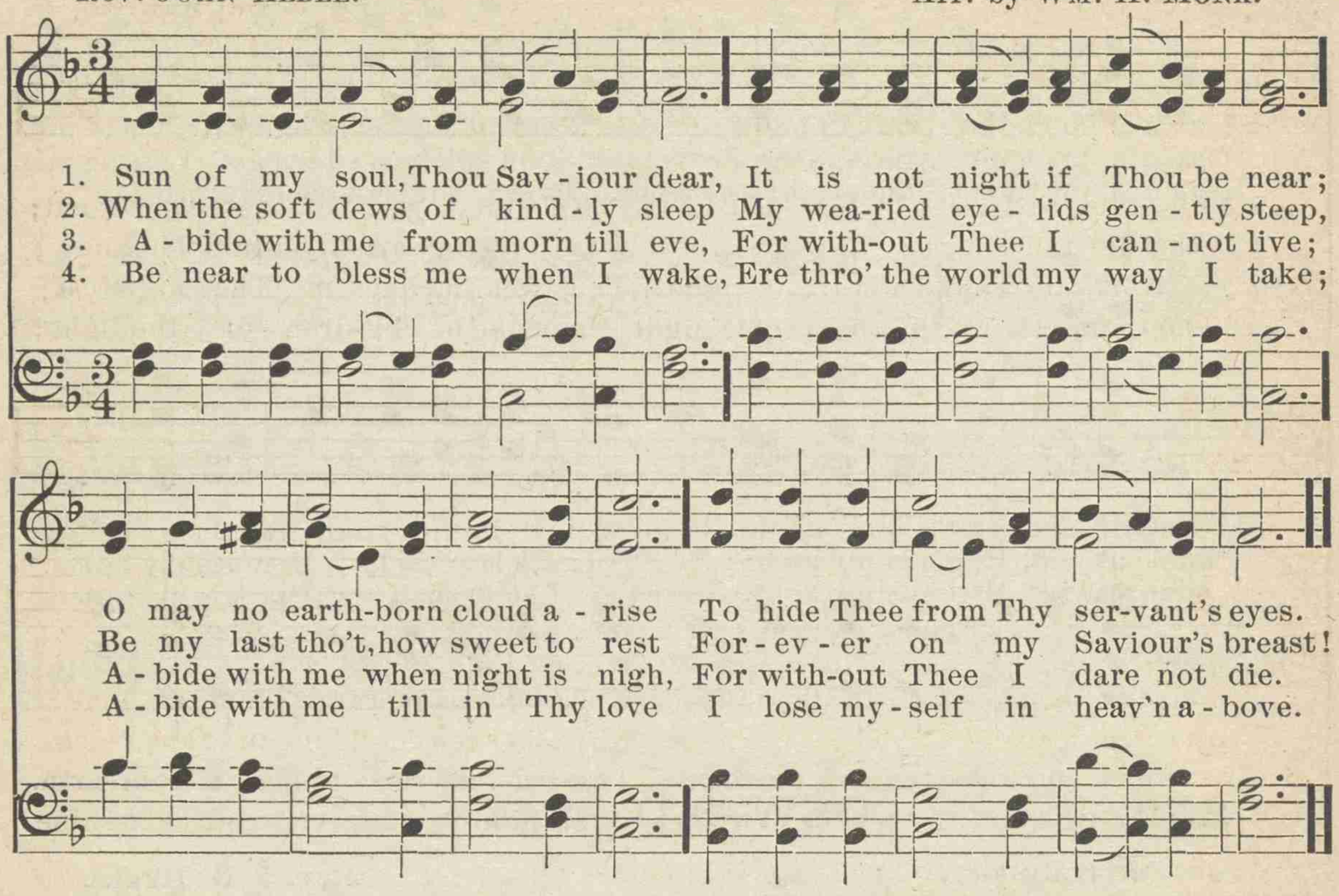
JAMES MONTGOMERY. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be-neath th'Al-mighty's shade,
2. There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid-den snare,
3. From the sword, at noon-day wast - ing, From the noi-some pes - ti - lence,
4. Thou shalt call on Him in trou - ble, He will heark-en, He will save;

In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis-mayed.
Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe-guard there.
In the depth of mid-night, blasting, God shall be thy sure de - fence.
Here for grief re - ward thee dou - ble, Crown with life be - yond the grave.

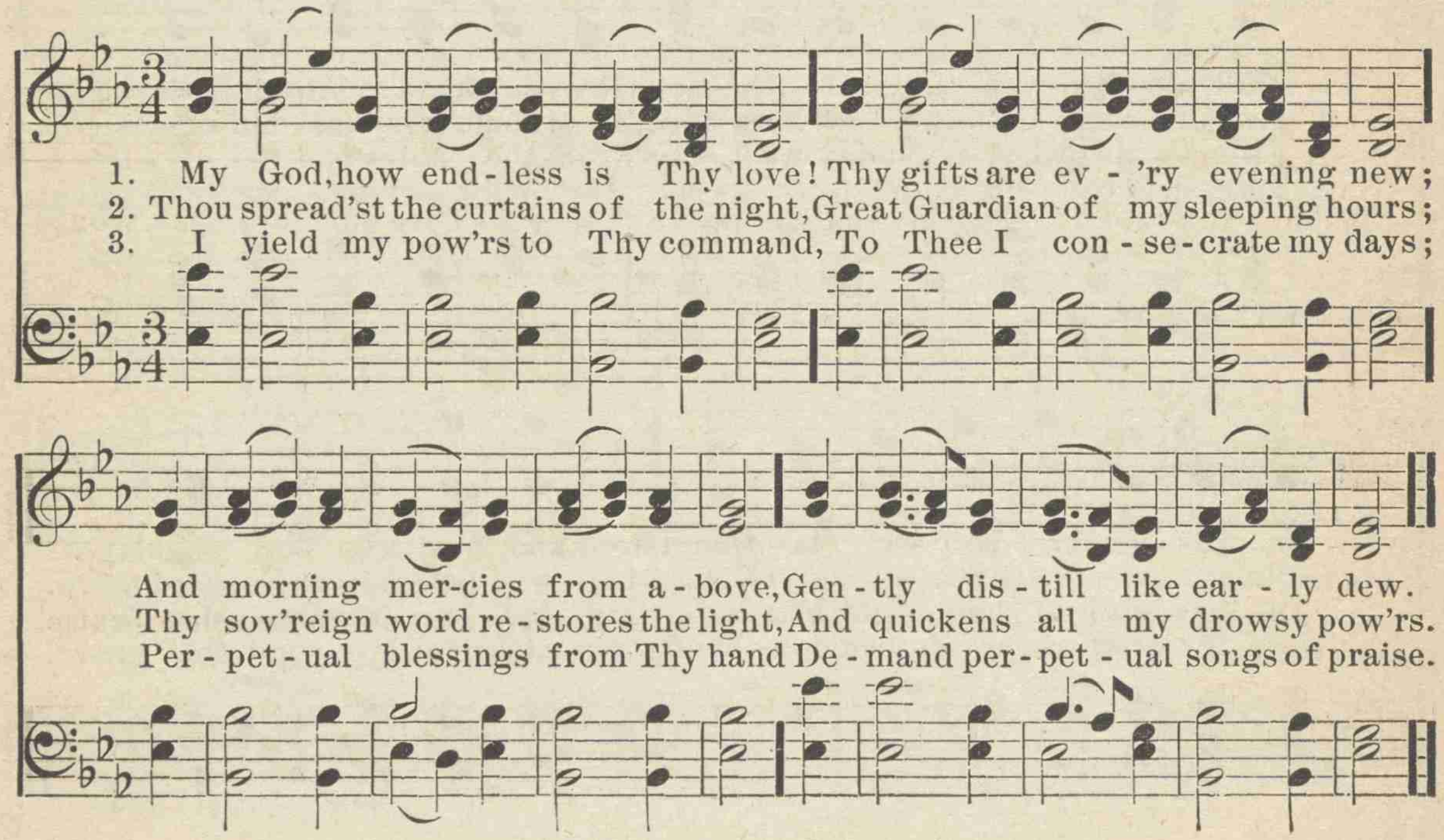
No. 236. HURSLEY. L. M.

Rev. John Keble. Arr. by Wm. H. Monk.



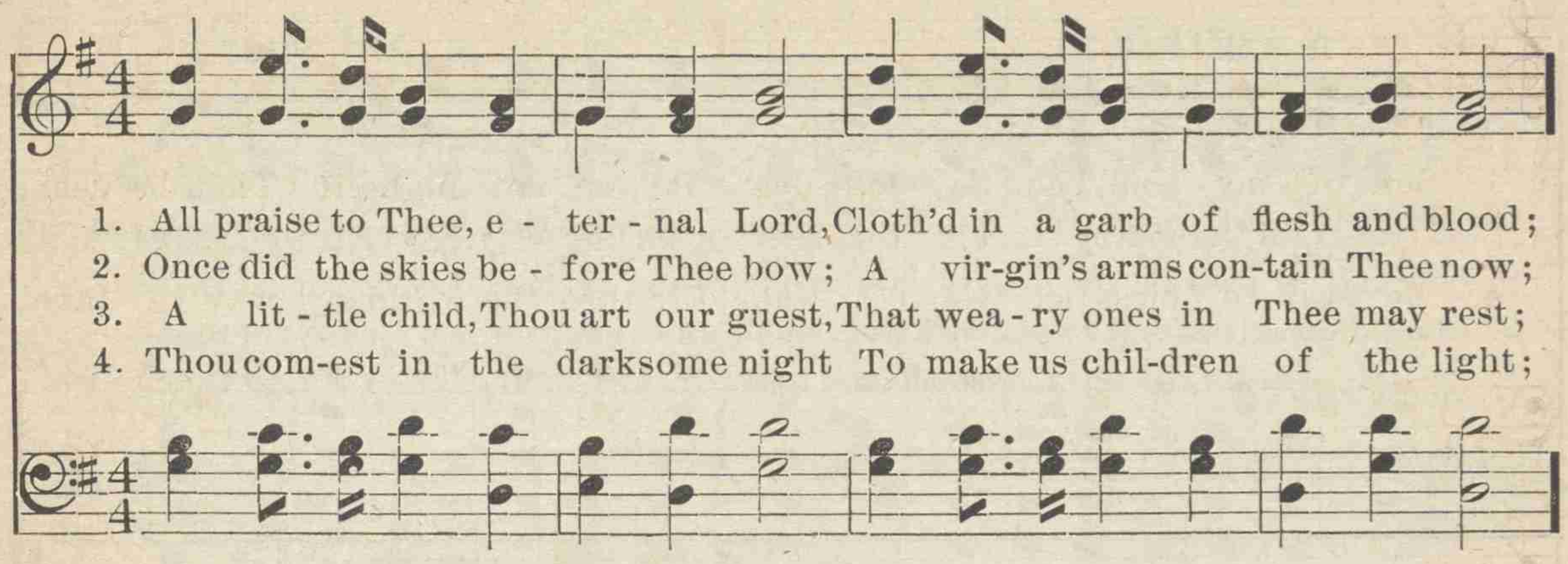
No. 237. GRATITUDE. L. M.

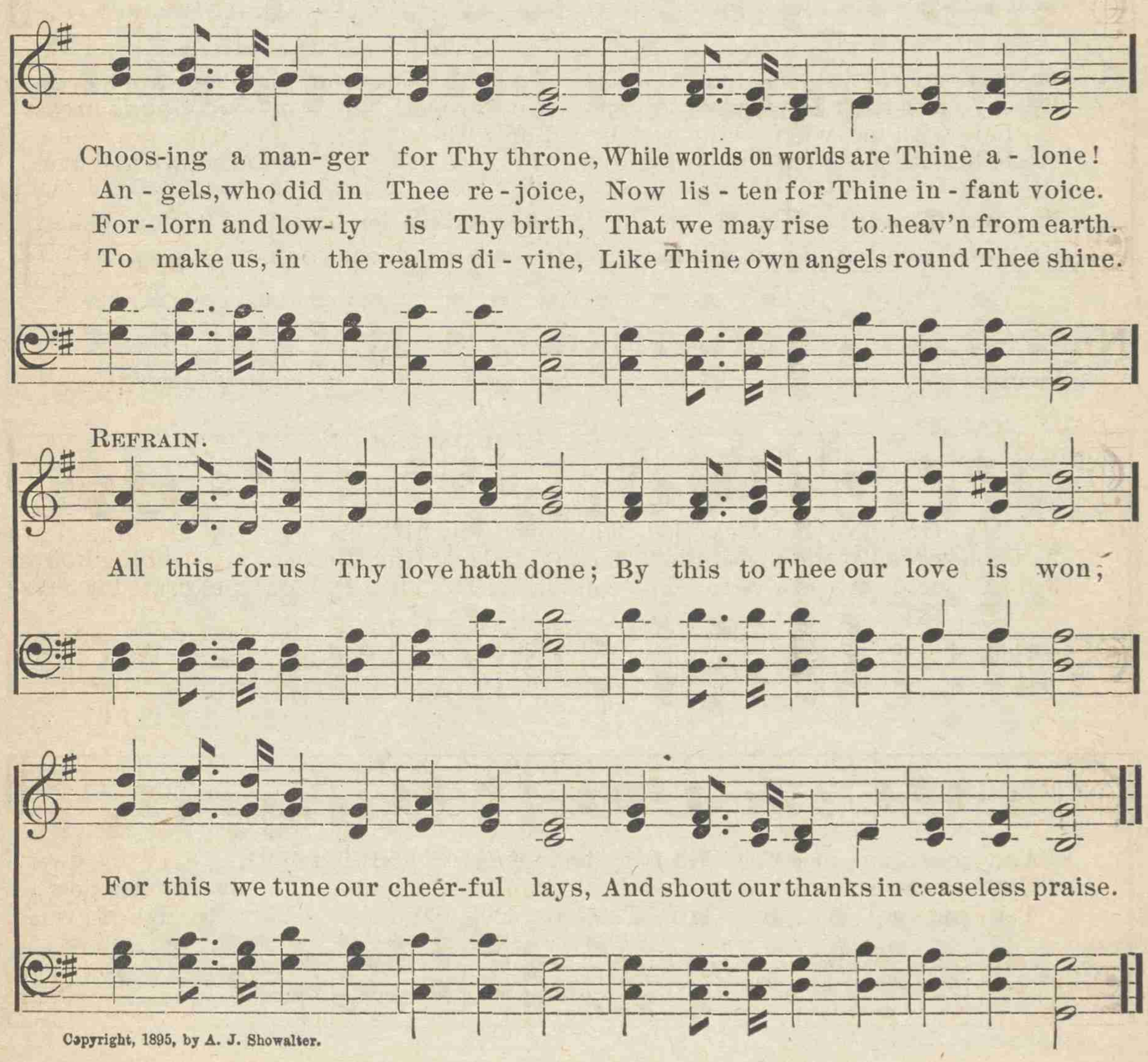
Watts. Rev. Ami Bost.



No. 238. ALL PRAISE TO THEE. L. M. D.

MARTIN LUTHER. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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No. 239. NEVER FORGET THAT JESUS IS YOUR FRIEND.

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

1. A - mid the ma-ny tri-als that meet you on life's way, Never forget that Je-sus
2. And if your task is heav-y and you are weak and faint, Nev-er forget that Je-sus
3. Should friends that once were faithful, prove faithless and un-true, Nev-er forget that Je-sus
4. O! val-ue His pure friendship, and trust Him ev'ry day, Nev-er forget that Je-sus

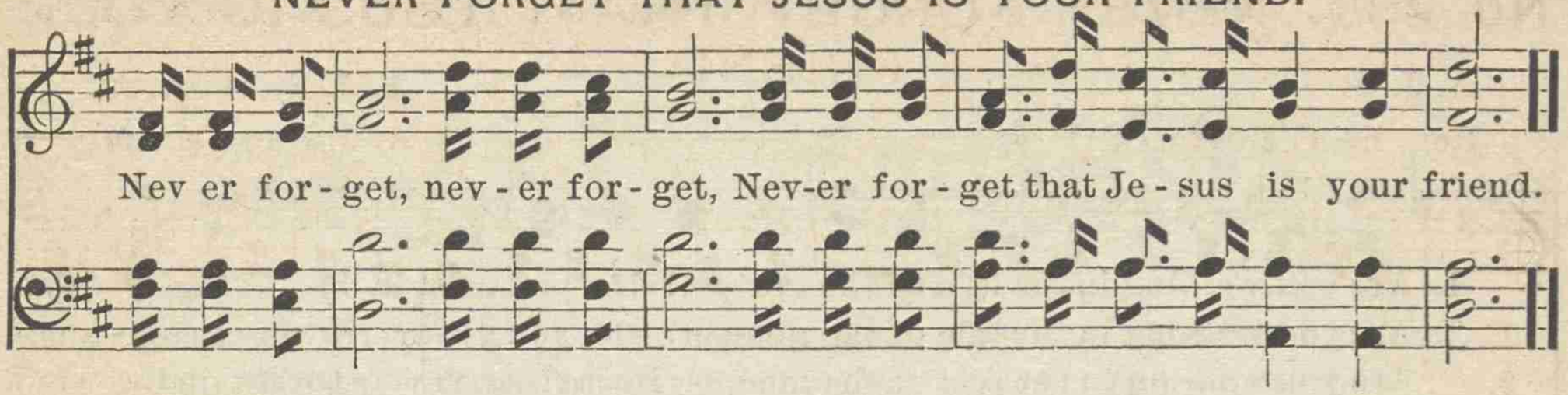
is your friend; Look ev - er to the Lord in con - fi-dence, and pray, And
is your friend; For He is ev - er read-y to hear the soul's complaint, Then
is your friend; Tho' by the world forsaken, He'll be a friend to you; Then
is your friend; And you will have His pres-ence to cheer you on the way; O!

Refrain.

nev-er for-get that Je-sus is your friend. Nev-er for - get, nev-er for -
Nev-er for - get,
get, There's one on whom you ev - er may de-pend;
nev - er for - get, nev - er for - get,
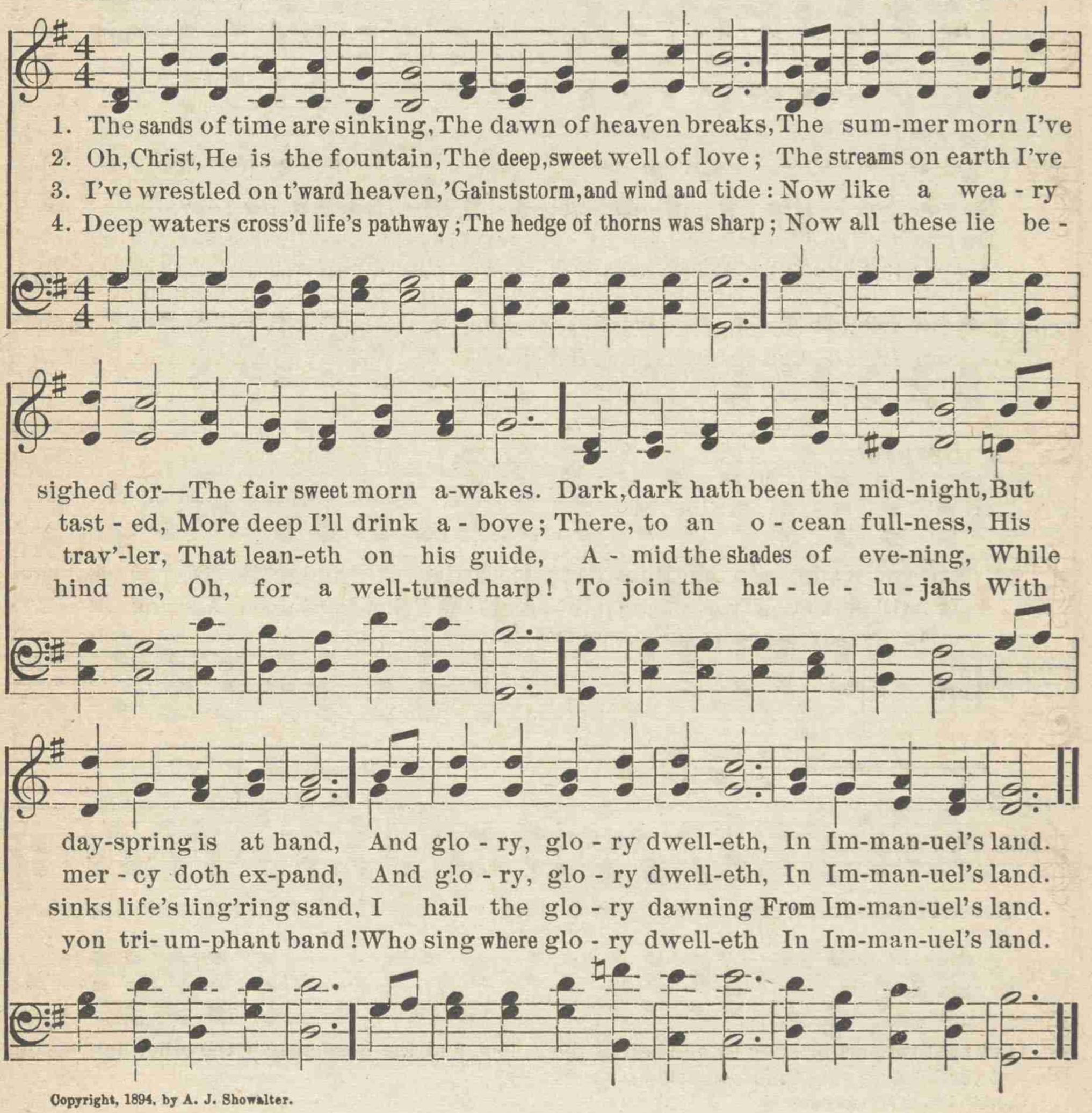
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NEVER FORGET THAT JESUS IS YOUR FRIEND.



No. 240. IMMANUEL'S LAND. 7, 6, D.

ANNIE R. COUSINS. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 241. ARE YOU WALKING IN THE LIGHT?*

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

1. Are you walking in the light of the gos-pel? Do you trust in Je- sus ev -'ry day?
2. Are you walking in the light of the gos-pel? Do you glo-ry in the cross a - lone?
3. Are you walking in the light of the gos-pel? Does the truth shine brighter on the way?

Do you look to Him for pardon and cleansing? Has He wash'd your guilty stains a - way?
Do you love and trust the Sav-iour of sin-ners? Does the blood He shed, for you a - tone?
Are you living more and more for His glo - ry? Do you find Him more and more your stay?

REFRAIN.
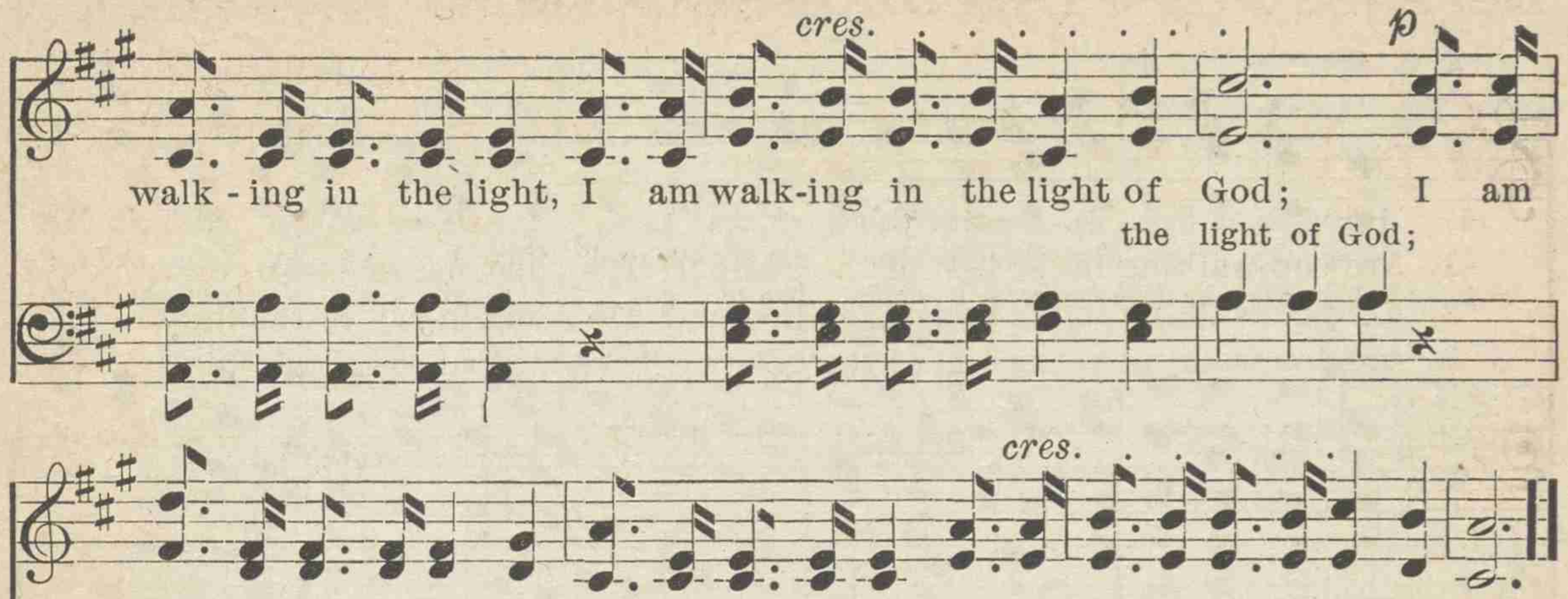
Are you walking in the light, Are you spotless now and white? Do you trust the
It will make you free indeed; Je - sus is the Friend you need; Are you
blessed Saviour's word? walking in the light of God? I am walking in the light, Yes,

RESPONSE.

* Let the first part be sung by one half of the school, and the Response by the other half. After the last verse let all sing the Response *pp*.

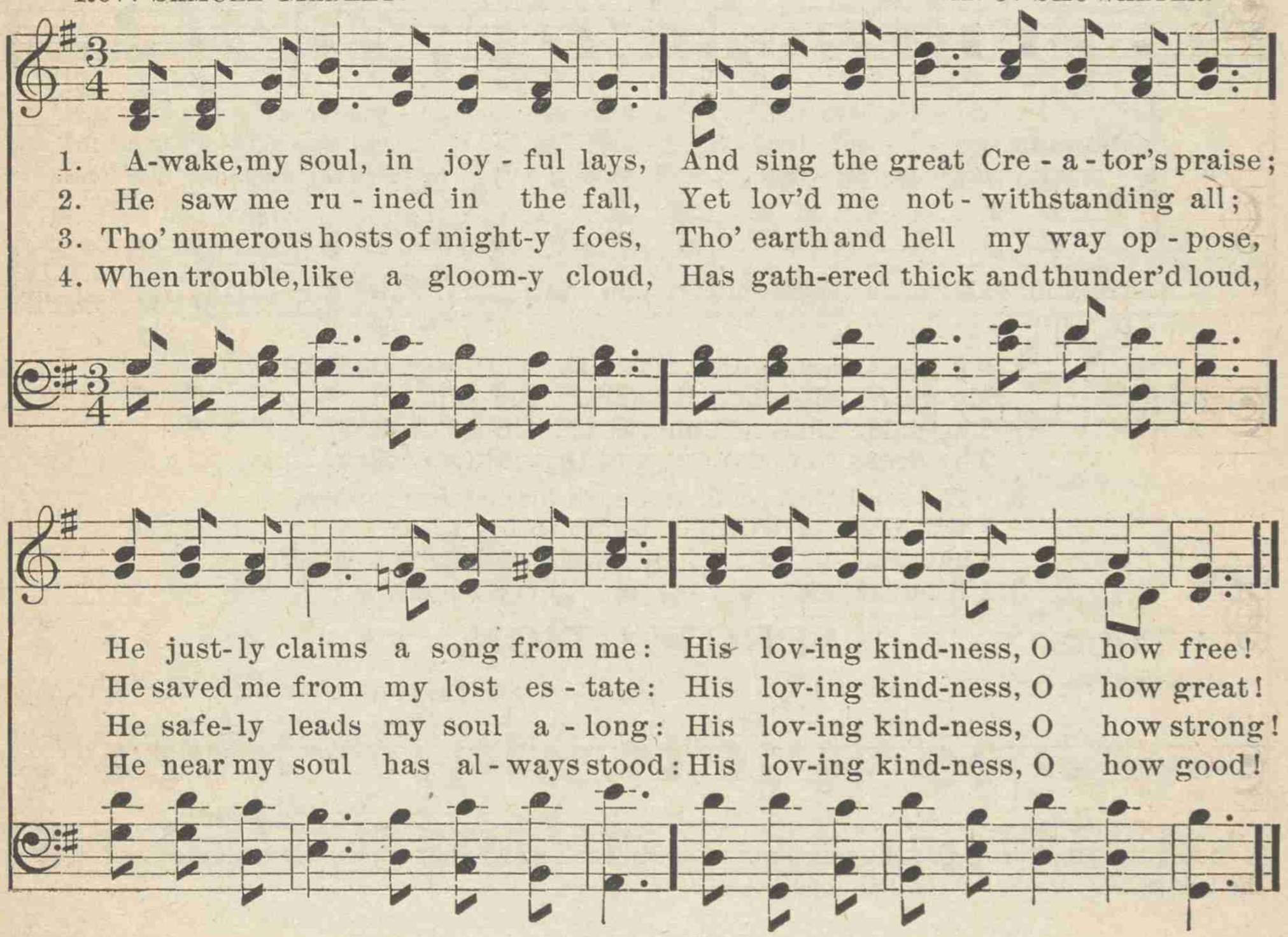
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ARE YOU WALKING IN THE LIGHT?



No. 242. WOODMAN. L. M.

Rev. Samuel Medley. A. J. Showalter.



No. 243. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

JOHN READING.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy God, and will
3. "When thro' the deep wa- ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of woe shall not

ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un- to
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My
thee o - ver- flow; For I will be with thee thy trou- ble to bless, And sanc - ti - fy

Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
to thee thy deep- est dis - tress, And sanc- ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis-tress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not — I will not desert to his foes;
That soul — tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"

Old Tune. PROTECTION.

R. KEENE.

Popular Melody.

FINE.

D.S.

No. 244. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

C. E. B., arranged. C. H. CRAWFORD, by per.

1. When the eve - ning shadows gath - er, And the long day's work is done;
2. Cher-ished forms who walk'd be - side us, Down the aisles of by - gone years,
3. Though a - while from us they're severed, Called from earthly hopes and fears,
4. Hush, then, each re - bel - lious mur-mur, For we too are go - ing home,

When we reach the unknown country, Out be - yond the set-ting sun; Af - ter
How we watch'd them fade and van - ish, Thro' a mist of fall-ing tears; Lov - ing
To en - joy the bliss of heav - en, Where are wiped a-way all tears, When the
There to find our household treasures, Nev - er - more a-gain to roam; Safe with-

D.S.— *We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, We shall know each oth - er there; On the*

all the wea-ry waiting, In their peaceful rest to share, No more need of anguish'd
voi-ces hush'd in silence, Joining now the an - gel band, Singing glo - ry, Hal - le -
Lord shall bid us en-ter, Thro' the pear-ly por-tals wide, They will be the first to
in our Father's mansion, Clad in robes so bright and fair, Hymning loud our Hal- le -

resurrection morning, Free from toil and free from care, With our tear-dimm'd eyes made

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

parting—We shall know each oth- er there. We shall know, we shall know,
lu - jah, O - ver in the oth- er land.
meet us O - ver on the oth- er side.
lu - jahs, We shall know each oth- er there. We shall know, we shall know,

per-fect, We shall know each oth - er there.

No. 245. NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10.

BISHOP R. HEBER. REV. J. B. DYKES.

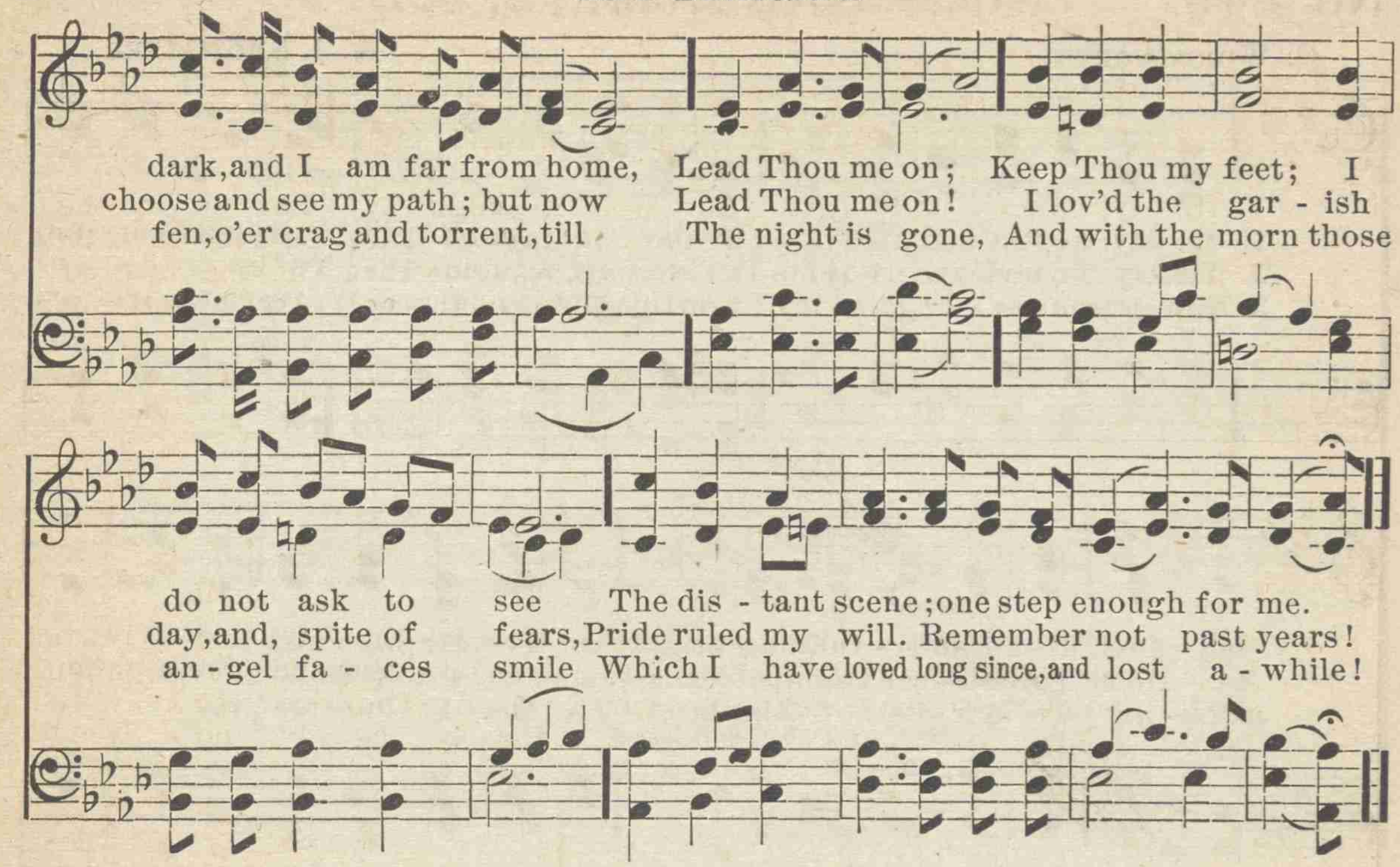
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their golden crowns a - round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser-a-phim
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Mer-ci - ful and Migh - ty! God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Lord God Al-migh - ty! God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 246. LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 10.

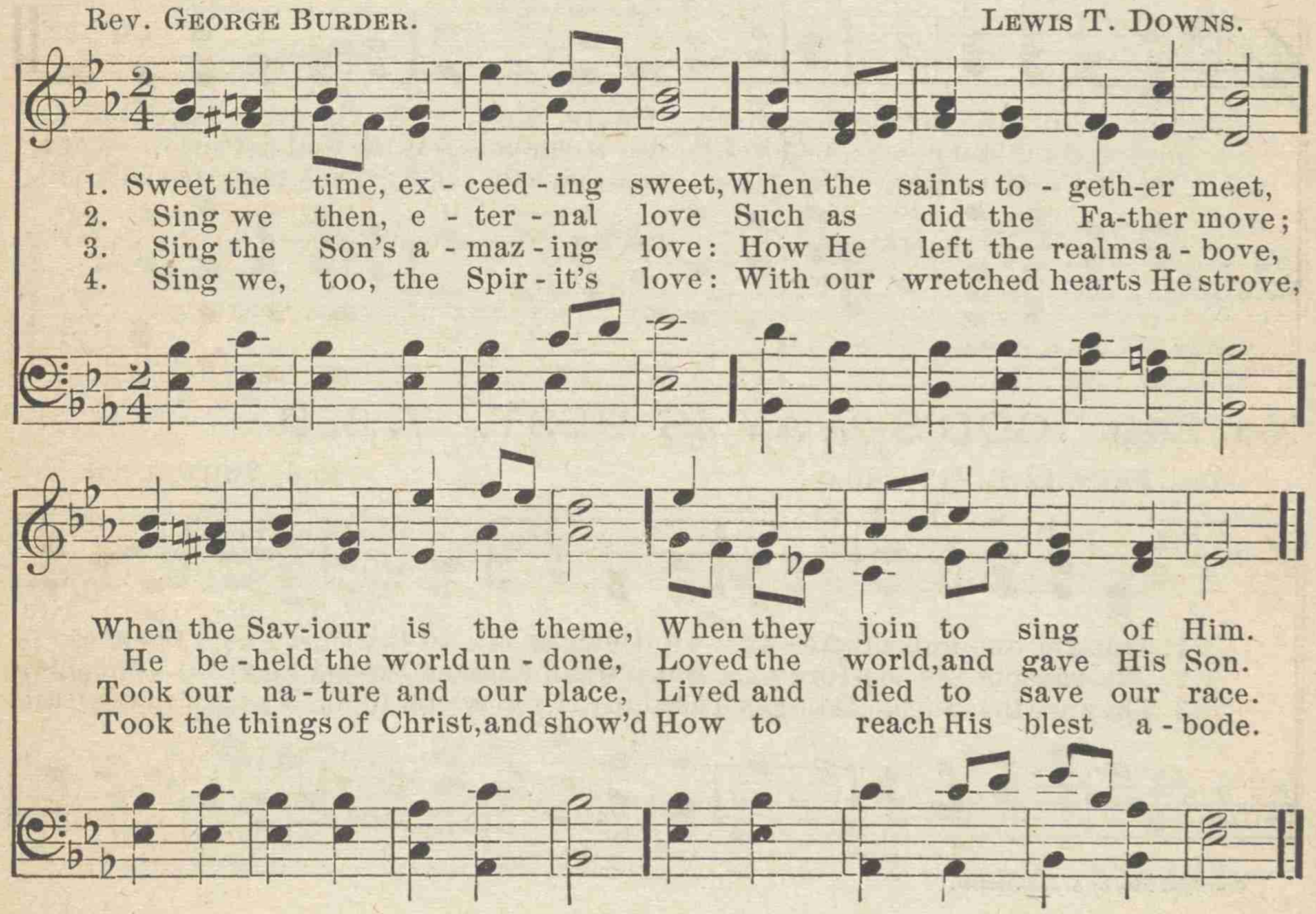
REV. J. H. NEWMAN. REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and
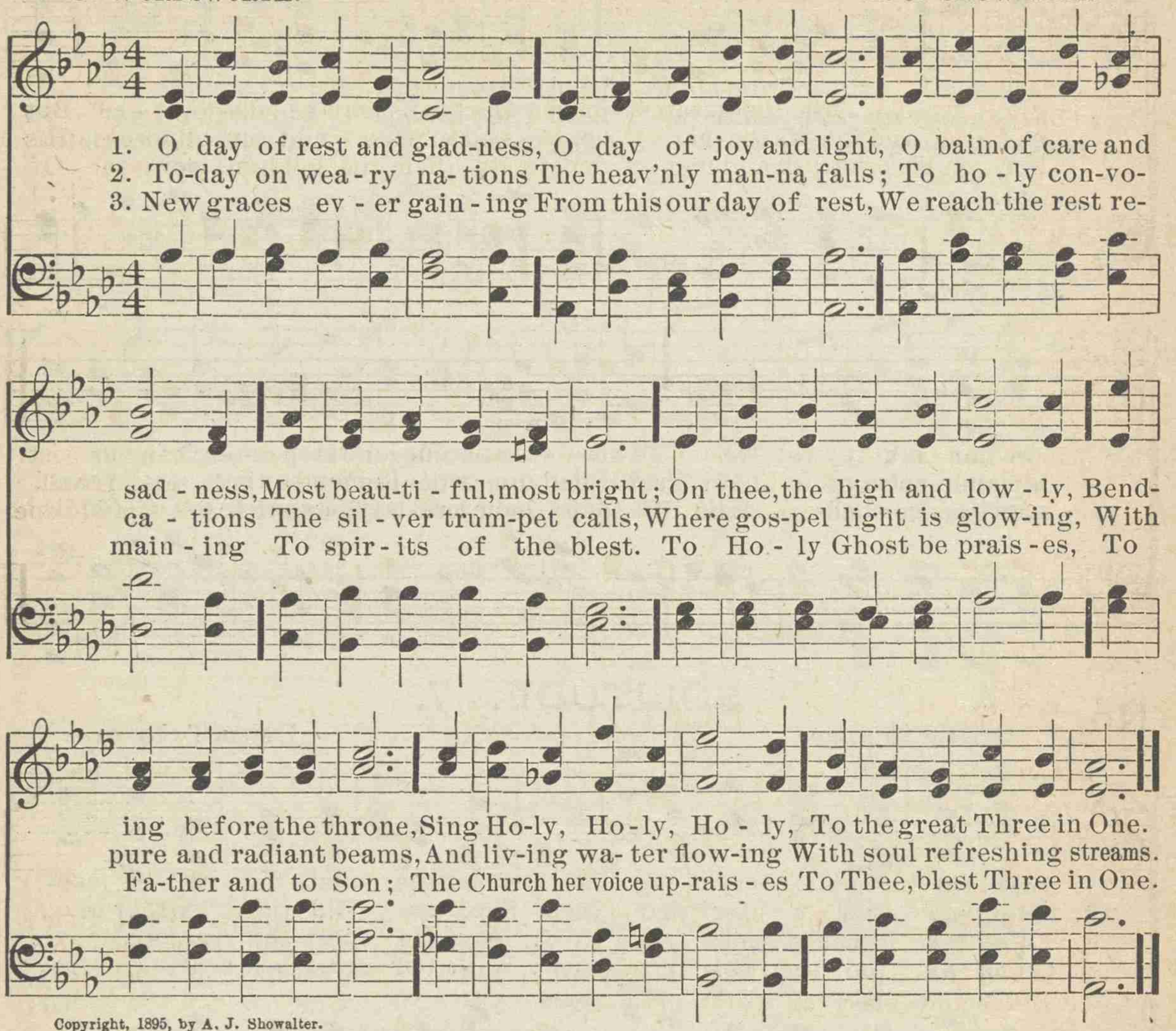


No. 247. SOLITUDE. 7.

Rev. George Burder. Lewis T. Downs.



No. 248. HOLY SABBATH. 7, 6, D.
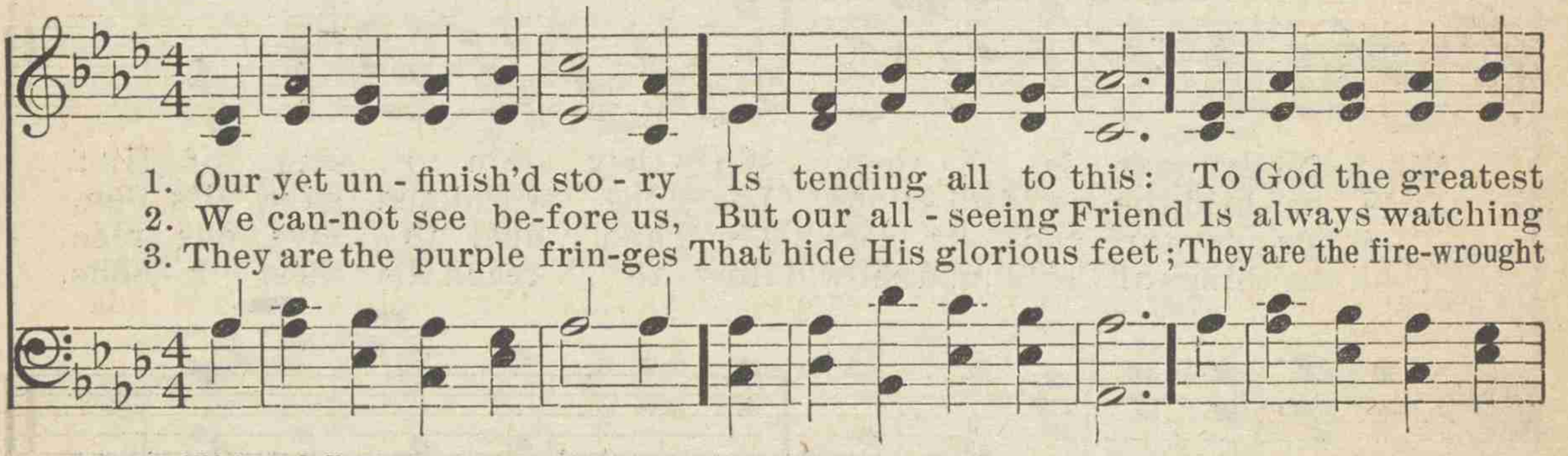
C. WORDSWORTH. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 249. GOD'S WAY IS BEST. 7, 6, D.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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GOD'S WAY IS BEST.

glo - ry, To us the greatest bliss. Our plans may be dis-joint - ed, But
o'er us, And knows the ver - y end; And when a - mid our blind-ness His
hin - ges Where truth and mer-cy meet; By them the gold-en por - tal Of
we can calm-ly rest: What God has once appoint-ed Is bet-ter than our best.
disappointments fall, We trust His loving kindness Whose wisdom sends them all.
prov-idence shall ope, And lift to praise immor-tal The songs of faith and hope.

No. 250. ELLIOTT. 8, 7.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub- lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for -sake me; Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds more lus - tre to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

No. 251. WE ARE MARCHING TO GLORY.

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.

1. We are march-ing to glo - ry, and we're sing -ing the sto - ry That the
2. O the path grow-eth brighter, and the load seem-eth light-er, And our
3. O then join in our sing-ing, and to Je - sus be bringing All your

pilgrims thro' the a - ges have sung, have sung; And thro'-out ev-'ry na-tion is the
toil is but the la - bor of love, of love; And when souls seek the favor of the
Service and your heart full of love, of love; And we'll march on to-gether to the

sweet - est ob - la - tion, Ev - er of - fered by a mor - tal tongue.
dear, bless - ed Sav - iour, There is joy a - kin to that a - bove.
bright, bright for - ev - er, Till we sing His praise at home a - bove.

REFRAIN.

We are march-ing to glo - ry, yes, we're march-ing to glo - ry, And the

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WE ARE MARCHING TO GLORY.

songs of sal - va-tion we will sing, we will sing, So in - spiring and cheering, as the

por - tals we're near-ing, And we jour - ney on to crown the King.

No. 252. ELLINGTON. S. M.

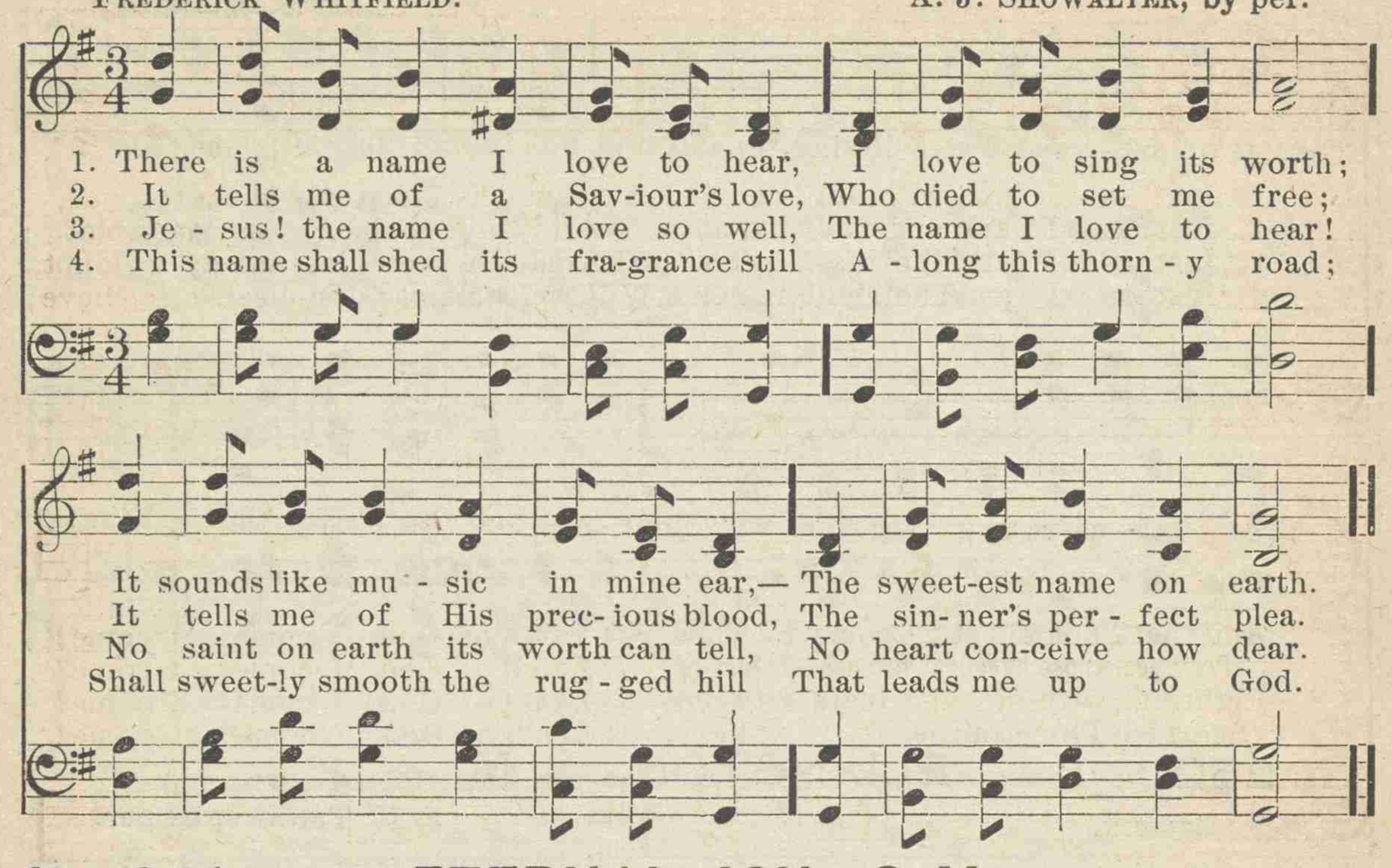
JOHN AUSTIN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Blest be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way,—
2. O Thou, our soul's chief hope! We to Thy mer - cy fly;
3. Whether we sleep or wake, To Thee we both re - sign;
4. Whether we live or die, Both we sub - mit to Thee;

On - ly to love Thee for Thy-self, And for that love o - bey.
Wher-e'er we are Thou canst pro - tect, What-e'er we need, sup - ply.
By night we see, as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.
In death we live, as well as life, If Thine in death we be.

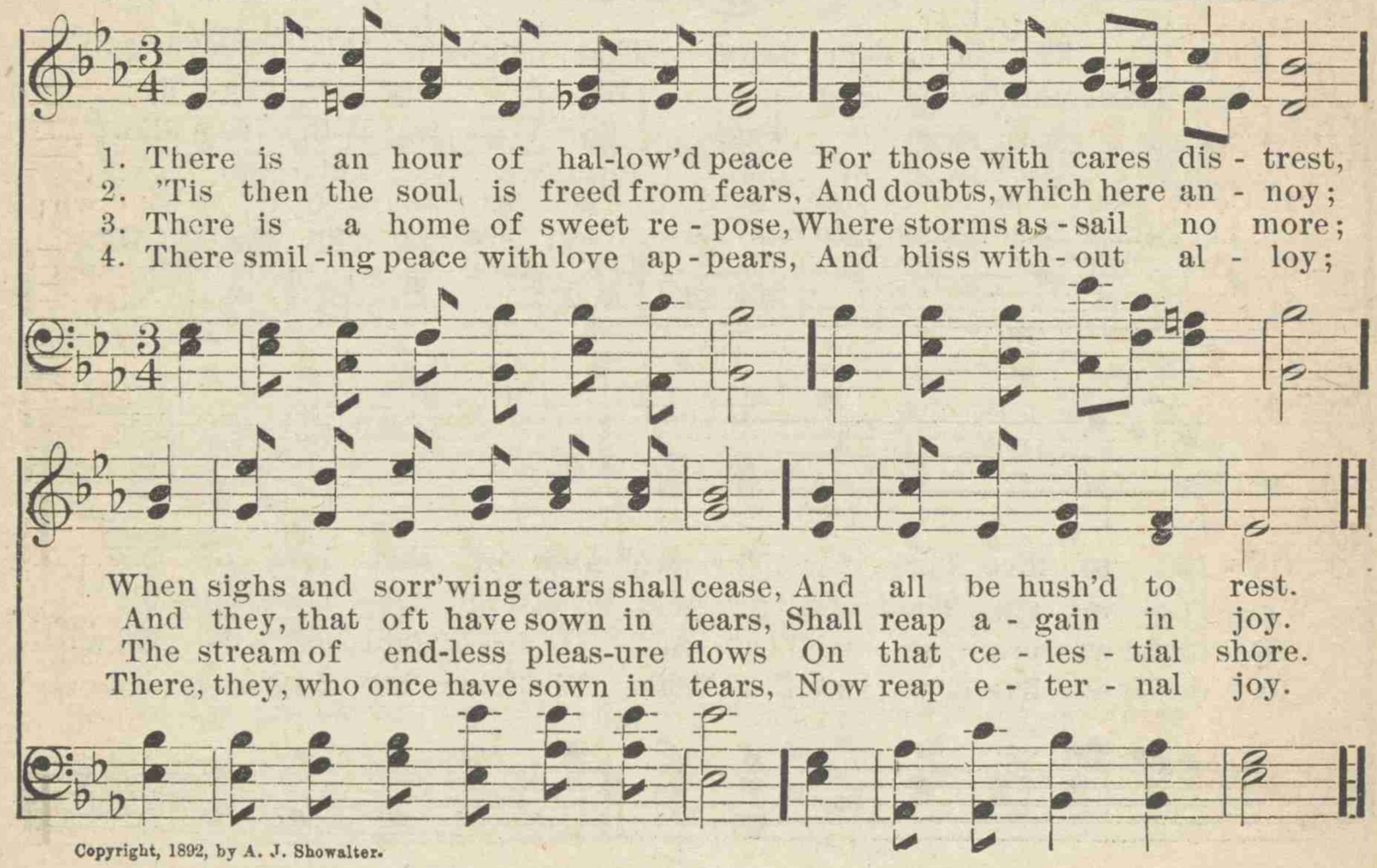
No. 253. TRIUMPH. C. M.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 254. ETERNAL JOY. C. M.

W. B. TAPPAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 255. ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

Sir GEORGE JOB ELVEY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a con-flict, ma-ny a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 256. PRAISE. S. M.

Melody by C. M. HATCH. Harmonized by A. J. S.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry;

Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.
But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a-broad.
Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
We're march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground To fair-er worlds on high.

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No. 257. HIDE ME, SAVIOUR. 7, D. or 8, & 7, D.

Tr. by H. W. BAKER. JOSEPH GARRISON, by per.

1. Je - sus, grant me this I pray, Ev - er in Thy heart to stay;
2. If the e - vil one pre - pare, Or the world, a tempting snare,
3. If the flesh, more dangerous still, Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
4. Death will come one day to me; Je - sus cast me not from Thee:

Let me ev - er-more a - bide Hid-den in Thy wounded side.
I am safe when I a - bide In Thy heart and wounded side.
Naught I fear when I a - bide In Thy heart and wounded side.
Dy - ing, let me still a - bide In Thy heart and wounded side.

REFRAIN.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide me, Till each storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide me, And re - ceive my soul at last.

No. 258. JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN 7, 6, D.

J. M. NEALE, Tr. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from care re - leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed:
And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng;
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

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