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SALVATION'S RIVER

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF
Sunday-School  Gospel Songs

— BY —

A. J. Showalter and Rev. John H. Benner.



PUBLISHED BY

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Books by A. J. Showalter.

GOOD TIDINGS COMBINED.—Published in 1885, but still in demand. Sunday-schools which have not used this book will find it a splendid collection of the best of simple Sunday-school and gospel songs. Shaped notes only. 25 cents per copy; \$2.50 per dozen.

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COMPLETE RUDIMENTS.—Published in 1896. 64,990 copies of Complete Rudiments have been sold to January 1, 1903, and its sales are increasing every year, more copies of it having been sold in the last two years than of all other Rudiments combined. It should be used in every singing school in the land. Round and shaped notes. 15 cents per copy; \$1.50 per dozen.

CLASS, CHOIR AND CONGREGATION NO. 2.—Published in 1896. This is a worthy successor to the great Class, Choir and Congregation, but containing music of a little higher grade. It also contains its author's splendid Complete Rudiments of Music. The singing teacher who wishes to improve the music of the Sunday-school and church could not possibly do better than to use this very superior book. Round and shaped notes. 65 cents per copy; \$7.00 per dozen.

No. 1. SALVATION

Respectfully inscribed to the
Alexander, the la

JENNIE WILSON.



1. Sal - va - tion's might
2. The pure and heal - in
3. Far out in des - er
4. In heav - en there is



O'er the bar-ren land is flow-ing, With a soul-re-fresh-ing tide.(Roll on.)
And the saved throngs, with re-joic-ing, Their Re-deem-er's name ex-tol.(Roll on.)
May sal-va-tion's stream sweep onward, With its waves of joy and life.(Roll on.)
And a song of praise a-ris-es For each soul to Je-sus won.(Roll on.)



REFRAIN.



Roll on,..... O glo-rious riv-er Of re-deem-ing grace and
Roll on, roll on, Of re-deem-ing grace, re-deem-ing



love, Let all earth be filled with the bless-ing That cometh from a-bove.
grace and love,



BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH
COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
1939

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28/
Sh 82.9
Hymn
1905
Salv

No. 1. SALVATION'S MIGHTY RIVER.

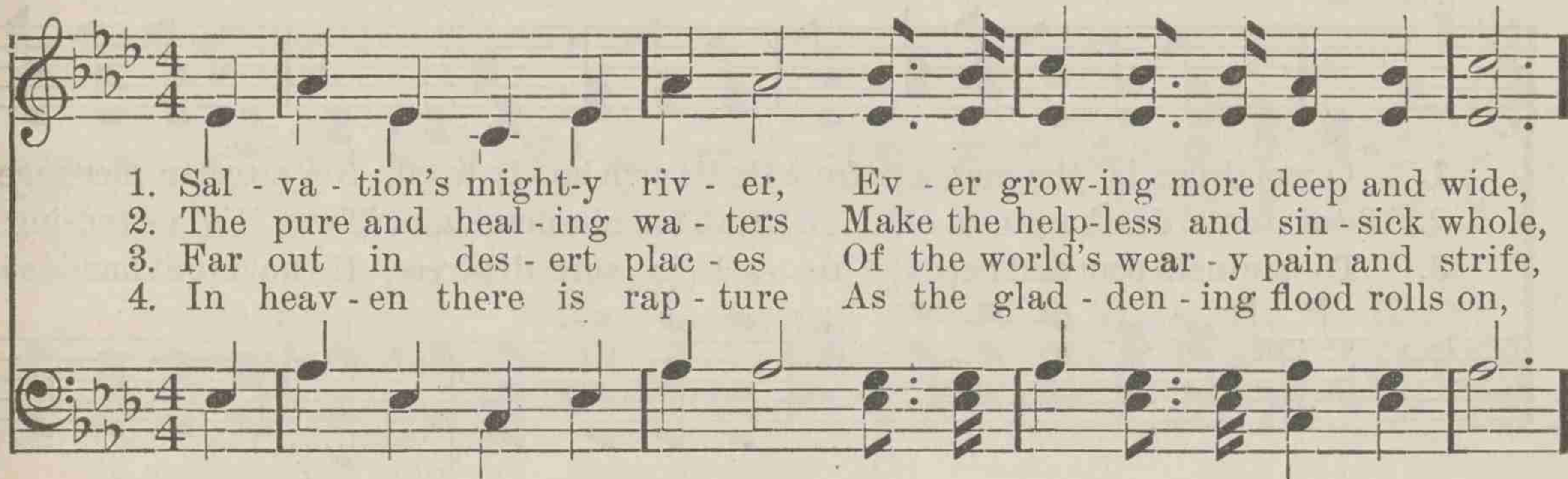
Respectfully inscribed to the consecrated soul winners, Dr. R. A. Torrey and Chas. M. Alexander, the latter of whom was once a pupil of the composer.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

28/
Sh 82.9

Hymn
1905
Salv

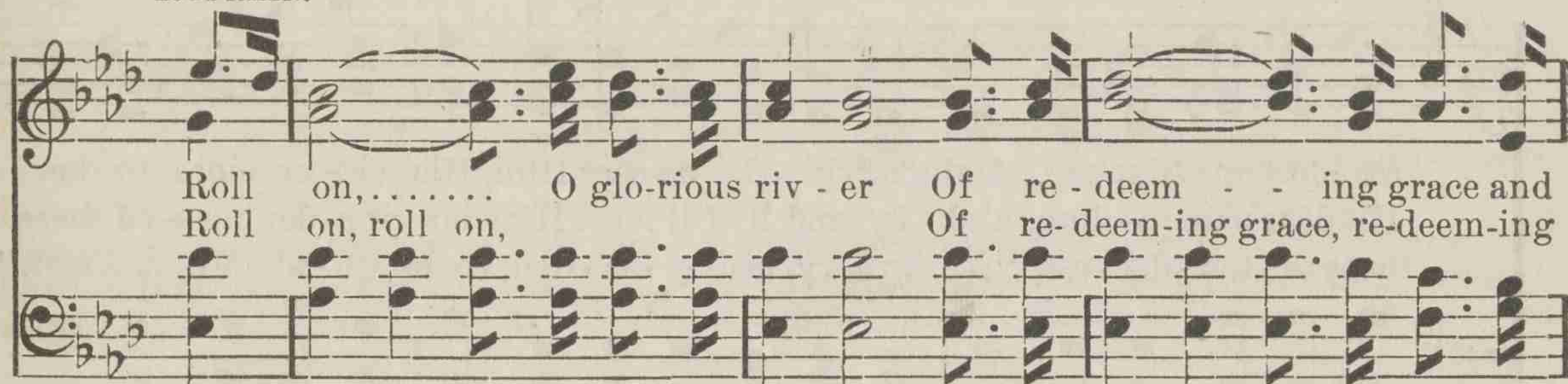


1. Sal - va - tion's might-y riv - er, Ev - er grow-ing more deep and wide,
2. The pure and heal-ing wa - ters Make the help-less and sin-sick whole,
3. Far out in des-ert plac-es Of the world's wear-y pain and strife,
4. In heav-en there is rap-ture As the glad-den-ing flood rolls on,



O'er the bar-ren land is flow-ing, With a soul-re-fresh-ing tide. (Roll on.)
And the saved throngs, with re-joic-ing, Their Re-deem-er's name ex-tol. (Roll on.)
May sal-va-tion's stream sweep onward, With its waves of joy and life. (Roll on.)
And a song of praise a-ris-es For each soul to Je-sus won. (Roll on.)

REFRAIN.



Roll on, O glo-rious riv-er Of re-deem-ing grace and
Roll on, roll on, Of re-deem-ing grace, re-deem-ing

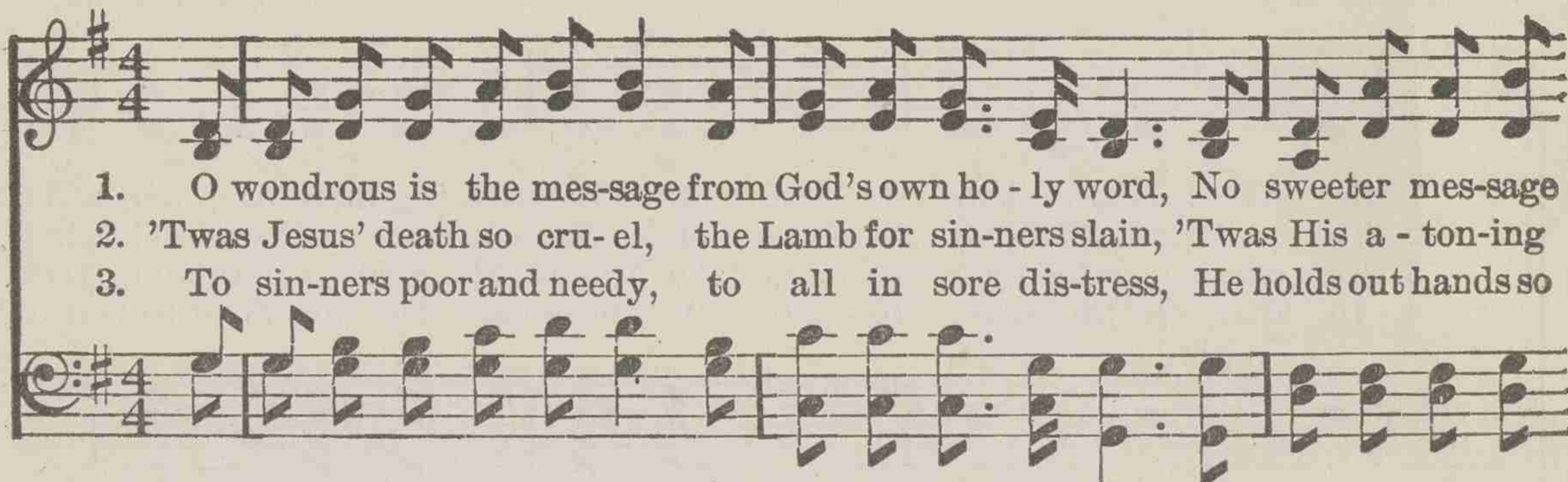


love, Let all earth be filled with the bless-ing That cometh from a-bove.
grace and love,

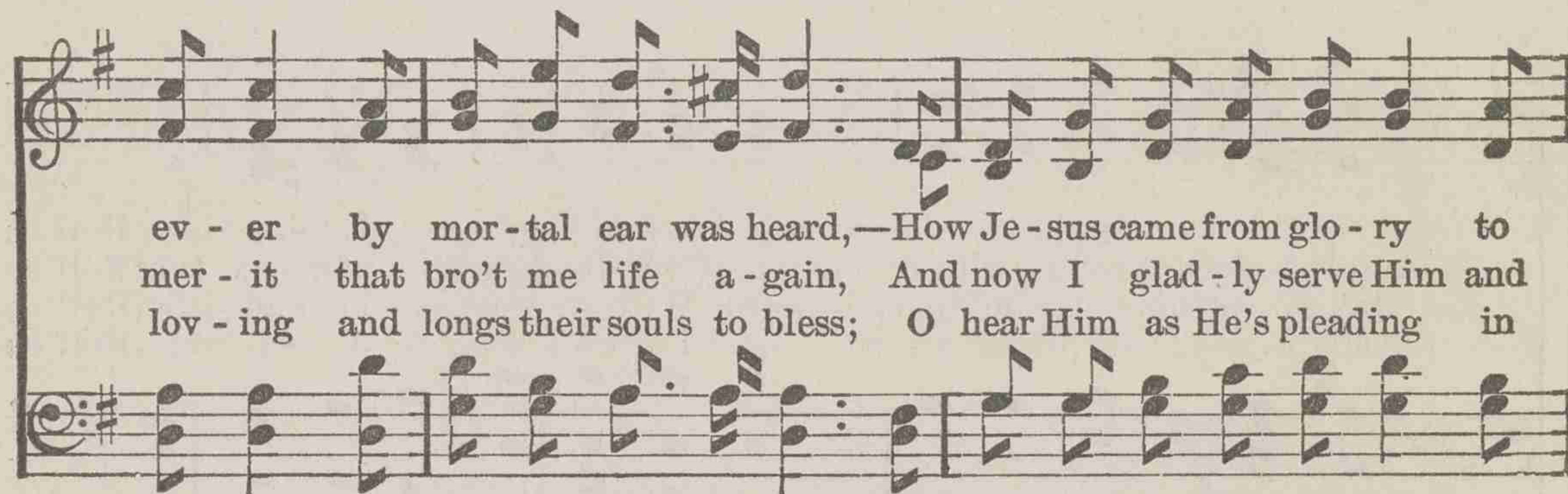
No. 2. O WONDROUS IS THE MESSAGE.

A. J. S.

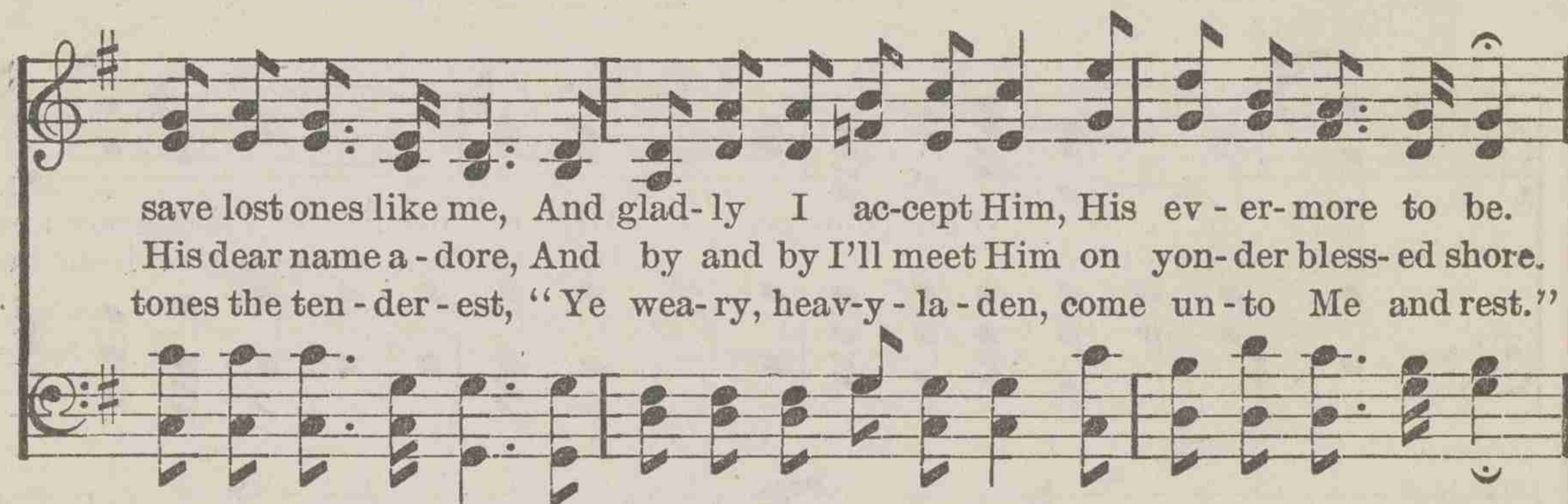
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O wondrous is the mes-sage from God's own ho - ly word, No sweeter mes-sage
 2. 'Twas Jesus' death so cru-el, the Lamb for sin-ners slain, 'Twas His a - ton-ing
 3. To sin-ners poor and needy, to all in sore dis-tress, He holds out hands so

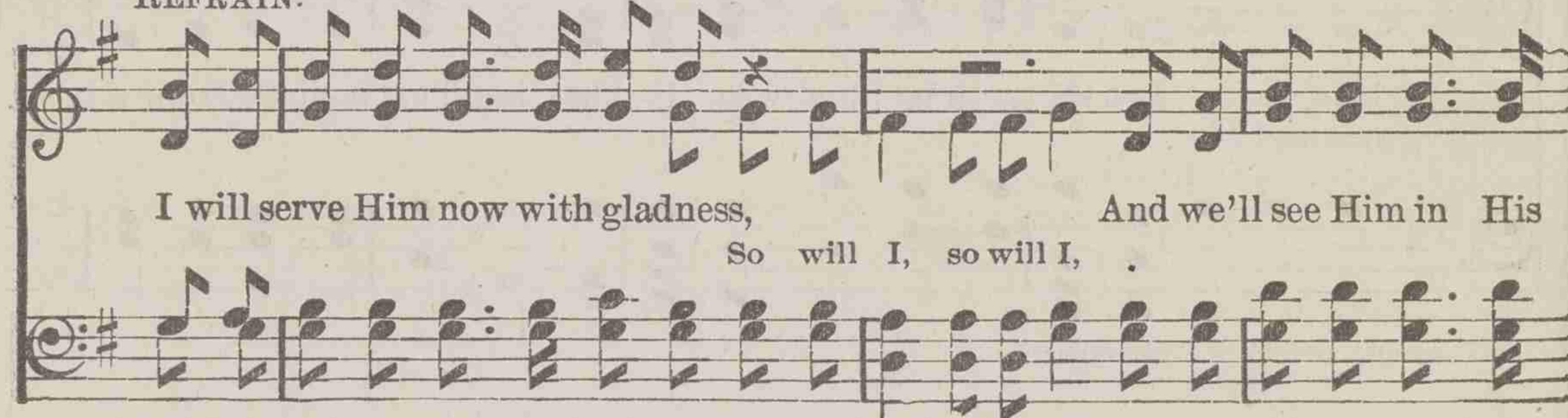


ev - er by mor-tal ear was heard,—How Je-sus came from glo-ry to
 mer - it that bro't me life a-gain, And now I glad-ly serve Him and
 lov - ing and longs their souls to bless; O hear Him as He's pleading in



save lost ones like me, And glad-ly I ac-cept Him, His ev - er-more to be.
 His dear name a-dore, And by and by I'll meet Him on yon-der bless-ed shore.
 tones the ten-der-est, "Ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, come un-to Me and rest."

REFRAIN.



I will serve Him now with gladness, And we'll see Him in His
 So will I, so will I,

O Wondrous is the Message.

beau-ty in glo-ry by and by; I will praise Him for His goodness, So will

I, so will I, And we'll dwell with Him for-ever in glo-ry by and by.

No. 3. Sweet is the Work, My God, My King!

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from SCHUMANN.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;
3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;
4. Lord! I shall share a glo-rious part, When grace hath well-re-fined my heart,

To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-emn sound.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how di-vine!
And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed, Like ho-ly oil to cheer my head.

No. 4. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

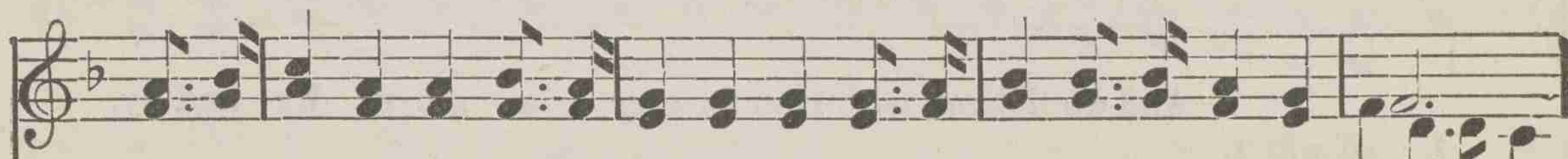
J. H. B. Arr.

JOHN H. BENNER.



1. There is peace and joy in my soul to-day, I've been wash'd in the precious blood;
2. Songs of hope and cheer greet my willing ear, I've been wash'd in the precious blood;
3. Tho' I'm drawing near now to death's cold stream, I've been wash'd in the precious blood;

(precious blood;)



Fresh supplies of grace help me on my way, I've been wash'd in the precious blood.
Com-ing from the ranks of the pilgrims dear, I've been wash'd in the precious blood
On the oth - er shore is a brighter beam, I've been wash'd in the precious blood.

(precious blood.)



REFRAIN.



I've been wash'd in the blood, I've been wash'd in the precious blood;
I've been wash'd in the blood precious blood;



I've been wash'd in the blood, I've been wash'd in the precious blood.
I've been wash'd in the blood, I've been wash'd in the precious blood of the Lamb.



No. 5. NEVERMORE YOU'LL GO THIS WAY.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Strive to make yourself a blessing, While you have the light of day, And this sol - emn
2. To some heart now bowed in sorrow You should go without delay, Do not wait un-
3. Try each day some load to light-en, Du - ty calls, you must o-bey. Try each hour some
4. Tho' you may find briars and brambles Where the sunlight ought to play, Do your best to
5. And when life for you is end-ed, And your work aside you lay, Strive to leave this



REFRAIN.

Nev-er - more . . . you'll go this



truth re - member, Nev-ermore you'll go this way.
 til to - mor - row, Nev-ermore you'll go this way.
 path to brighten, Nev-ermore you'll go this way.
 bring the ros - es, Nev-ermore you'll go this way.
 old world bet - ter, Nev-ermore you'll go this way.

Nev-ermore



way,

Nev - er - more . . . you'll go this way,

Do your



you'll go this way,

Nev - er - more

you'll go this way,



du - - ty ev - 'ry day,



Do your duty

ev - 'ry day, Nev-ermore you'll go this way. (go this way.)



No. 6.

WILL YOU COME?

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.

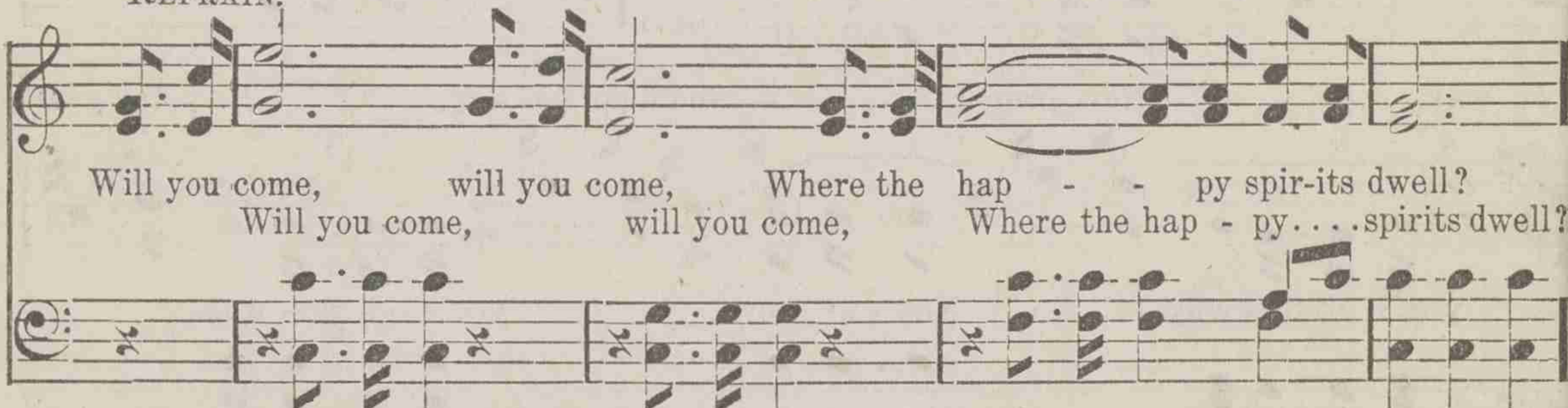


1. There's a home for you and a home for me, In the beau - ti - ful land on high;
 2. Je - sus went be - fore to pre-pare the way, To the beau - ti - ful land on high;
 3. Come and join the throng marching on the way, To the beau - ti - ful land on high,
 4. Je - sus will re - ceive us with welcome there, In the beau - ti - ful land on high,

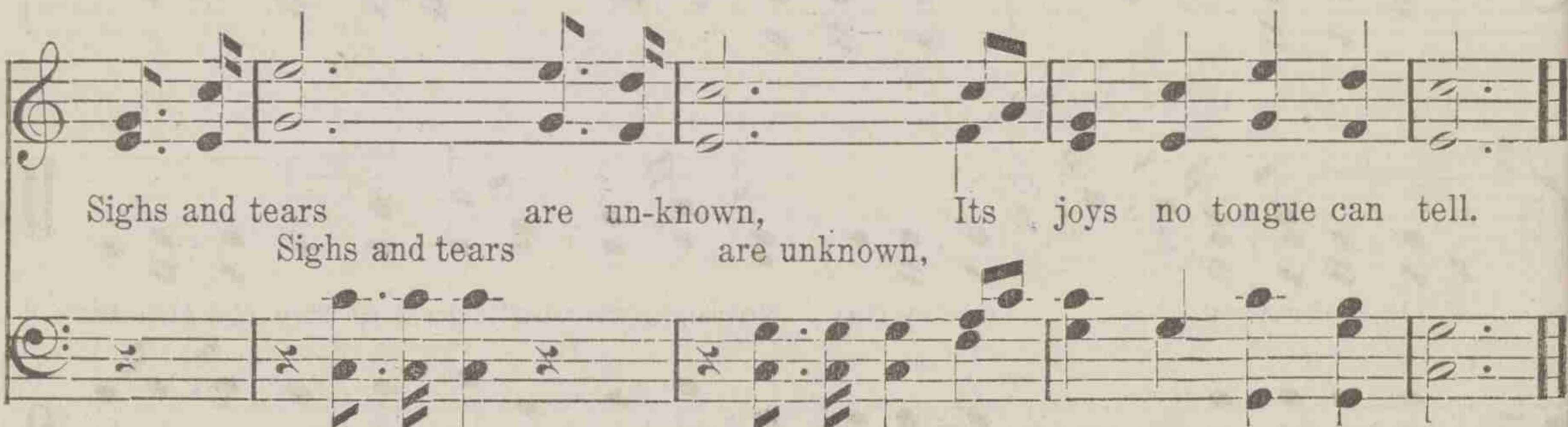


Sin - ner, will you come and the glo - ries see, In the beau - ti - ful land on high?
 Will you come with me, come with - out de - lay, To the beau - ti - ful land on high?
 And re - ceive the crown at the judg - ment day, In the beau - ti - ful land on high.
 Oh, then will you come to the home so fair, In the beau - ti - ful land on high?

REFRAIN.



Will you come, will you come, Where the hap - - - py spir - its dwell?
 Will you come, will you come, Where the hap - py . . . spirits dwell?



Sighs and tears are un - known, Its joys no tongue can tell.
 Sighs and tears are unknown,

No. 7. GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

John 3: 16.

W. A. STEWART.



1. God so lov'd the world that His own Son He gave, A ransom for those who were lost,
2. Like sheep we had wandered away from the fold, Had gone ev - ry man his own way,
3. Such love of the Saviour, so boundless and free, Such love of the Father in Heav'n,
4. Dear Father, we believe on the Son Thou didst send, We believe that for us He did come;



He came that the millions of earth He might save, Might save them, but O at what cost!
Till Christ sought and found us way out in the cold, But for us His life He did pay.

As wide as the heavens, as deep as the sea, And yet un-to us it was giv'n,
We'll love Him, and serve Him, our Saviour and Friend, Until He says, "Children, come home."



REFRAIN.



God so lov'd the world that He gave His own Son, To die in the midst of its strife,



And now who-so - ev - er will believe on His name May have ev - er - last - ing life.



No. 10. BY AND BY WHEN I GET HOME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

R. L. FERGUSON.



1. I will sing (I will sing) redemption's story, By and by (By and by) when I get home;
2. There no trials (There no trials) will come to vex me, By and by (By and by) when I get home;
3. There I'll see (There I'll see) friends gone before me, By and by (By and by) when I get home;
4. There some time (There some time) I hope to meet you, By and by (By and by) when I get home;
5. From my Lord (From my Lord) I'll wander nev-er, By and by (By and by) when I get home;



I shall wear (I shall wear) a crown of glo-ry, By and by (By and by) when I get home.
 Cares of life (Cares of life) will ne'er perplex me, By and by (By and by) when I get home.
 There no storms (There no storms) will e'er break o'er me, By and by (By and by) when I get home.
 O-ver there (O-ver there) I hope to greet you, By and by (By and by) when I get home.
 But I'll live (But I'll live) with Him for-ev-er, By and by (By and by) when I get home.



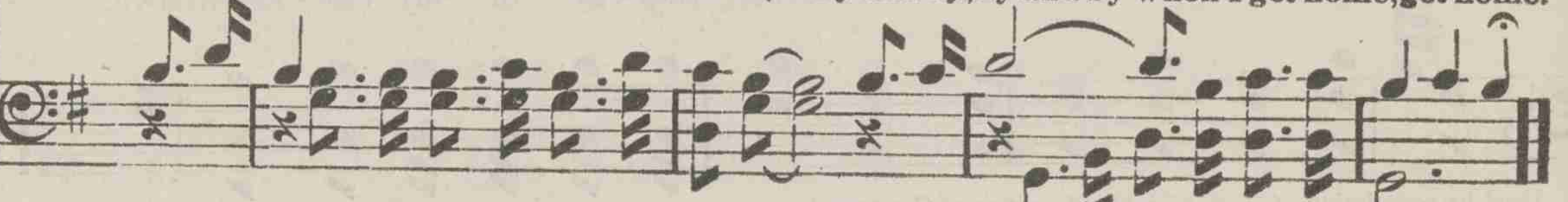
REFRAIN.



By and by, by and by, Nev-er-more will I roam,
 By and by, by and by, Nevermore will I roam, will I roam,



But up there..... I'll live for-ev-er, By and by..... when I get home.
 But up there, but up there I'll live for-ev-er, By and by, by and by when I get home, get home.



No. 11.

I WILL BE THINE.

S. W. BEAZLEY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



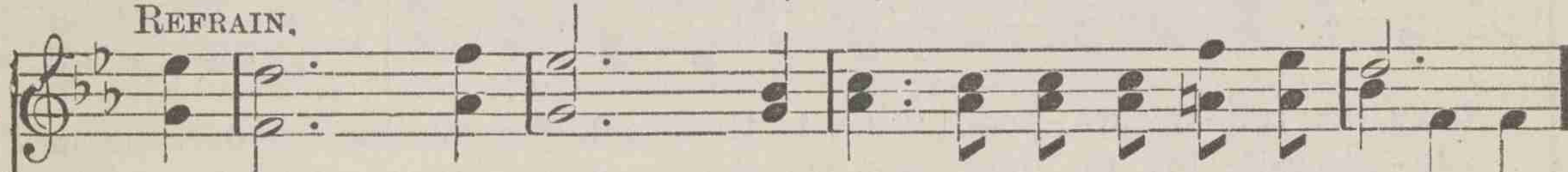
1. I will be Thine, my bless-ed Sav-iour, I will, I will;
2. I will bow low - ly at Thy al - tar, I will, I will;
3. I will come seek-ing for Thy cleans-ing,
4. I will go tell-ing love's sweet sto-ry,
5. I will go tell of sins for - giv - en,



I will re - ly up - on Thy fa - vor, I will, I will.
 I will, tho' wea - ry, I may fal - ter, I will, I will.
 I will be filled with love transcending,
 I will seek oth - ers for Thy glo - ry,
 I will lead oth - ers up to heav - en,



REFRAIN.



I will, I will, I will, I will be Thine, my Friend divine; I will;
 I will, I will, I will,



I will, I will, I will be Thine, for - ev - er Thine. I will.
 I will, I will,



No. 12. THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O how man - y years up - on the tide I drift - ed, But be -
2. Fast be - fore life's fit - ful gale my bark was driv - ing, Just be -
3. Then my tho'ts were all up - on a life of pleas - ure, Think - ing
4. Now my bark I'm steer - ing toward that shore e - ter - nal, For that



fore I reached the aw - ful o - cean wide, Je - sus called to me a -
fore me were the rocks of sin and pride, When I heard the voice of
that from me no joys should be de - nied, But the Sav - iour taught me
land thro' faith's clear vis - ion I've es - pied, And when time's small stream is



bove the roll - ing wa - ters, "It is time, soul, for the turning of the tide."
Je - sus call - ing to me, "Set thy sails now for the turning of the tide."
how to live for oth - ers When He saved me at the turning of the tide.
lost in that great o - cean I will land there at the turning of the tide.



REFRAIN.



Thank heav - en for the turn - ing of the tide, Now no
bless - ed turn - ing of the tide,



THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

more I'm drift-ing on the billows wide; Tho' way down the stream I
on the billows wide;
float-ed yet the Saviour came to me, And He sav'd me at the turning of the tide.

No. 13. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make on bend-ed knee;
2. Once earthly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best;
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy messengers, Sweet their re - frain;
4. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise;

This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!
This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!
When they can sing with me, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!
This still its pray'r shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

No. 14. THERE'S HOPE IN THE CHILDREN.

J. C. MIDYETT.

For Children's Day.

J. M. HAGAN.

Earnestly. m



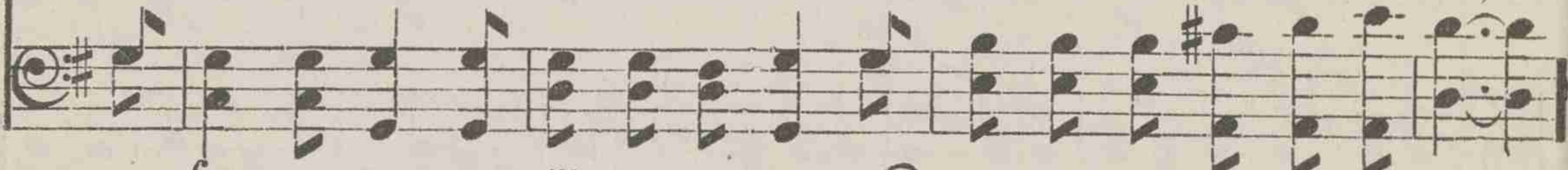
1. The boys of to - day so ac-tive and strong, The men of the fu-ture will be ;
2. The girls of to - day so hap-py and bright, In fu-ture the wo-men will be ;
3. The young will grow old, the old folks will die, And moved to the grave they will be ;
4. Oh, fa-thers and mothers, oh, kindred and friends, Look on us and think what you see ;
5. If wash'd in the blood of Je-sus di-vine, In life's sunny morning we be,



The friends of the right, the foes of the wrong, Will come from such boys as we.
 The frown for the wrong, the smile for the right, Will come from such daughters as we.
 The trades and professions will draw their supply From boys and from girls such as we.
 The hope of the country when your labor ends, Is hid in such children as we.
 The hope of the church, the Light that will shine, Will come from such children as we.



We boys, we boys, we glad-hearted boys, The men of the fu-ture will be ;
 We girls, we girls, we light-hearted girls, In fu-ture the wo-men will be ;
 We boys, we girls, so glad and so gay, The men and the wo-men will be ;
 We boys, we girls, so dear to you now, The strength of the na-tion will be ;
 We boys, we girls, when wash'd in the blood, The saints of the fu-ture will be ;



'Gainst wrong we'll contend, The right we'll de-fend, There's hope in such boys as we.
 'Gainst sin we'll contend, The good we'll de-fend, There's hope in such daughters as we.
 'Gainst wrong we'll contend, The right we'll de-fend, There's hope in such children as we.
 'Gainst wrong we'll contend, The right we'll de-fend, There's hope in such children as we.
 'Gainst wrong we'll contend, The right we'll de-fend, God save all such children as we.



No. 15.

HEAR THE CALL!

REV. THOMAS ADDINGTON.

JOHN H. BENNER.



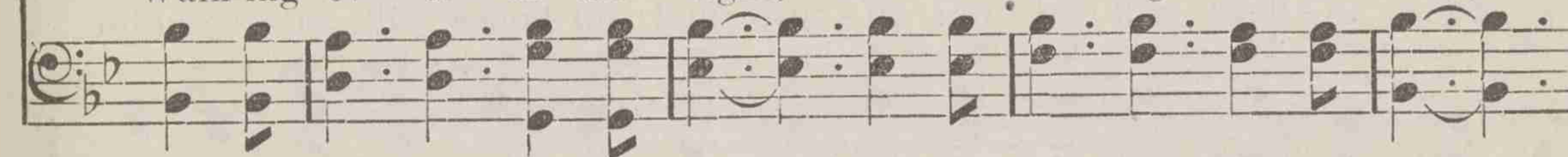
1. Bur-dened sin-ner, hear the call, Je - sus now is seek-ing thee;
2. Light for dark-ness He will give, Joy for sor - row shall ap - pear;
3. Sin - ner, hear Him call-ing thee From the paths of sin and shame,
4. Joy and glad-ness now ap - pear, Light and love and per - fect peace;



Bring thy sor-rows, bring them all, To the arms of mer - cy flee.
 All the dead in Him may live, All the deaf His voice may hear.
 "All ye wea - ry, rest in me," Trust a - lone in Je - sus' name.
 Hope comes in the soul to cheer, Sin and shame and sor - row cease.



He's thy Shep-herd, He's thy King, He has died thy soul to save;
 Crim-son stains He'll wash a - way, Scar - let dyes shall change to white;
 None can save but Christ a - lone, He can cleanse thy soul from sin;
 Walk-ing ev - er in the light, Je - sus lead - ing all the way,



All thy stains of con-science bring, Wash thee in the cleans-ing wave.
 On - ly seek Him while you may, On - ly trust His love a - right.
 Let His blood for thee a - tone, By His par-don en - ter in.
 He will guide thy steps a - right, Guide thee to the per - fect day.



No. 16.

AS UNTO HIM.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. There's a pre-cious Bi-ble promise, that our will-ing hands may give
2. Un-to Christ is ser-vice ren-dered when we do the kind-ly deed
3. Do we shun the faith-ful workers in the ser-vice of the Lord?



Lov-ing min-is-try to Je-sus while this life on earth we live:
Which will make a sad heart light-er and re-lieve a brother's need;
Are we heed-less of the warn-ing giv-en to us in His word?



Though He dwells a-bove in glo-ry, while His need-y ones are here,
Un-to Him the slight is of-fered if we turn with-out a care
Sad in-deed will be our fu-ture, and our hopes will all be dim



We to Him, thro' them, may ren-der ser-vice which He counts most dear.
From His friends who ask as-sis-tance, and re-fuse our aid to share.
If we wrong our Mas-ter's dear ones, and thro' them are wronging Him.

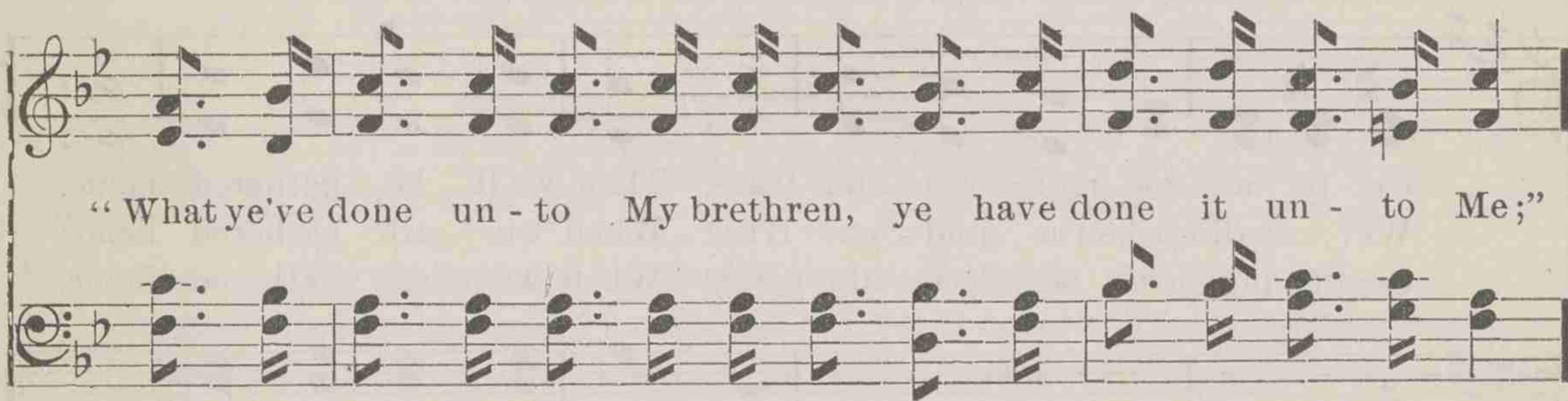


AS UNTO HIM.

REFRAIN.



Let us stud - y well this script-ure and its mean - ing clear - ly see,



"What ye've done un - to My brethren, ye have done it un - to Me;"



When ac-counts must all be reckoned will ap - pro - val cheer our heart,



Or with sad - ness none can ut - ter shall we hear Him say, de - part?

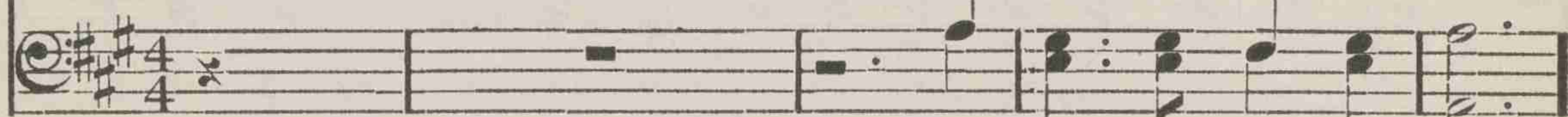
No. 17. WE'LL BE GATHERED HOME.

J. H. B.

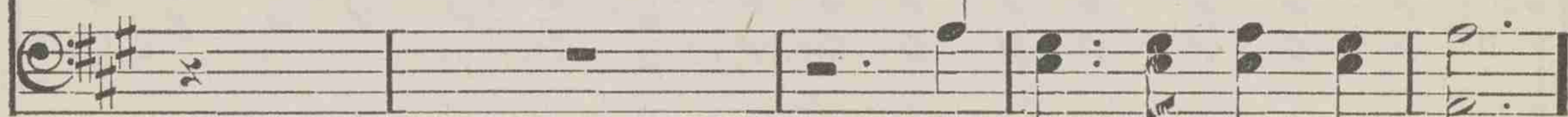
JOHN H. BENNER.



1. On - ly a few more fleet - ing years, Then we'll be gathered home;
2. We... shall join the heav'n-ly choir, When we are gathered home;
3. Then we'll join the ransomed throng, When we are gathered home,



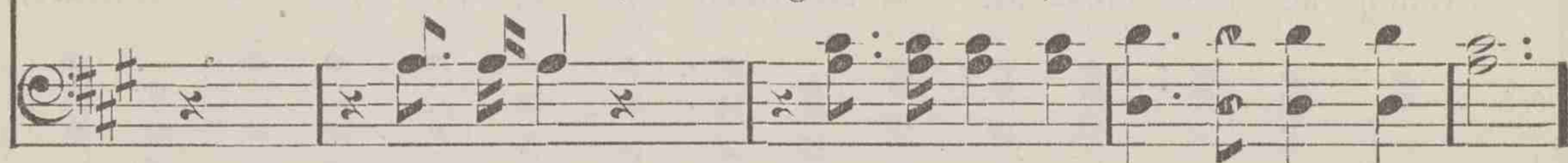
On - ly a few more sighs and tears, Then we'll be gathered home.
We.. shall strike the gold - en lyre, When we are gathered home.
Chant - ing love's re - deem - ing song, When we are gathered home.



REFRAIN.



Gathered home, gathered home, Then we'll be gathered home;
Gathered home, gathered home,



Gathered home, gathered home, Then we'll be gathered home.
Gathered home, gathered home,



No. 18. I TURN IT OVER TO JESUS.

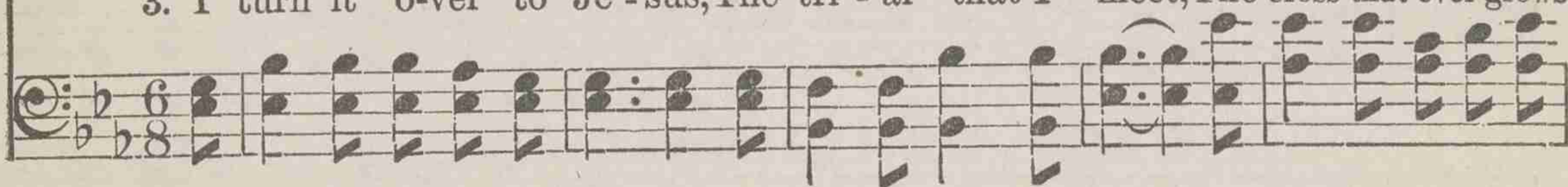
Suggested by a prayer meeting testimony: "I turn it over to Jesus, and He bears my burden for me. He has promised to do it and He does it." B. B.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. I turn it o-ver to Je - sus, The load which seems so great, Since He has promised to
2. I turn it o-ver to Je - sus, The grief that's hard to bear, I find no oth-er so
3. I turn it o-ver to Je - sus, The tri - al that I meet, The cross that ever grows



bear it Why sink beneath its weight? He gives me com-fort in sor-row, A balm for ev-'ry
faith-ful, He lightens ev-'ry care; A Friend that never will fail me, Whate'er my lot may
hea-vy, He makes the bitter sweet; The path I'm treading grows brighter, For He is at my



REFRAIN.



grief, I go to Him in each tri-al, For He will give re-lief. I turn it o-ver to
be, I take each burden to Je-sus, For He'll de-liv-er me.
side, And I am safe from all danger, While leaning on my Guide.



Je-sus, The burden of to - day; He gives me strength and courage To tread life's stormy way.



No. 19. HALLELUJAH, PRAISE JEHOVAH!

Psalm 148.

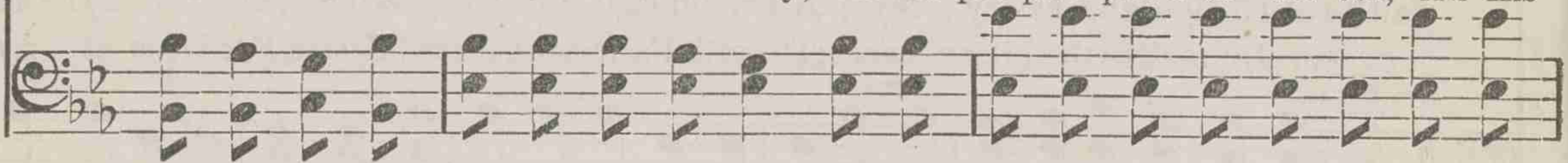
JOHN H. BENNER.



1. Hal-le-lu-jah, praise Je-ho-vah! From the heavens praise His name; Praise Je-ho-vah in the
2. Let them praises give Jehovah, They were made at His command; Them for-ev-er He es-
3. All ye fruitful trees and cedars, All ye hills and mountains high, Creeping things and beasts and
4. Let them prais-es give Je-ho-vah, For His name a-lone is high, And His glo-ry is ex -



high-est, All His an-gels praise proclaim; All His hosts to-geth-er praise Him, Sun, and
tab-lished, His de - cree shall ev-er stand; From the earth, O, praise Je-ho-vah, All ye
cat - tle, Birds that in the heav-ens fly, Kings of earth, and all ye peo-ples, Prin - ces
alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky; He His peo-ple's pow'r ex - alt-eth, All His



moon, and stars on high; Praise Him, O ye heav'ns of heavens, All ye floods a - bove the sky.
floods, ye dragons all; Fire, and hail, and snow, and vapors, Stormy winds that hear Him call.
great, earths judges all; Praise His name, young men and maidens, Aged men, and children small.
saints to praise ac-cord; Ja-cob's seed, a peo-ple near Him, Hal-le - lu-jah, praise the Lord!



O, sing prais - es to Je - ho - vah, Ev - er praise His
REFRAIN.



O, sing prais-es to Je-ho-vah, Ev-er praise His ho-ly name; O, sing prais-es to Je -



HALLELUJAH, PRAISE JEHOVAH!

ho - ly name;..... Praise His ho - ly name.....

ho-vah, Ev-er praise His ho-ly name; prais-es to Je-ho-vah, Ev-er praise His ho-ly name.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a repeat sign and a second ending marked with a '2'. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

No. 20. I FEEL LIKE GOING THERE.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I feel like go - ing there; No pain nor death can
2. Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, I feel like go - ing there; That heav'nly man-sion
3. The Lord has been so good to me, I feel like go - ing there; Un - til that bless - ed

The musical score for the first part of the song is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It includes three verses of lyrics corresponding to the melody and accompaniment.

REFRAIN.

en-ter there, I feel like go - ing there. } Yes, I feel like go-ing there, I
shall be mine, I feel like go - ing there. }
home I see, I feel like go - ing there. } go-ing there,

The musical score for the refrain is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melody and accompaniment for the repeated phrase.

feel like go - ing there, To live with Christ in that bright home, I feel like go - ing there.

The musical score for the final line is in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It concludes the song with a final melody and accompaniment.

No. 21.

THE CHILD OF A KING.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. My Father is rich (My Fa-ther is rich) in houses and lands, (in hous-es and lands,)
2. My Father's own Son, (My Father's own Son,) the Saviour from sin, (the Sav-iour from sin,)
3. A tent or a cot- (A tent or a cot-) tage, O why should I care? (O why should I care?)



He hold-eth the wealth (He hold-eth the wealth) of the world in His hands; (of the world in His hands;)
 Once wandered o'er earth (Once wandered o'er earth) as the poorest of men; (as the poor-est of men;)
 They're build-ing a pal- (They're building a pal-) ace for me o-ver there; (for me o-ver there;)



Of ru-bies and dia- (Of ru-bies and dia-) monds, of silver and gold, (of sil-ver and gold,)
 But now He is reign- (But now He is reign-) ing forev-er on high, (forev-er on high,)
 Tho' exiled from home, (Tho' ex-iled from home,) yet still I may sing, (yet still I may sing,)



REFRAIN.

His cof-fers are full, He has rich-es un-told. (rich-es un-told.) I'm the child of a
 And will give me a home in the sweet by and by. (sweet by and by.)
 "All glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King." (child of a King.)



THE CHILD OF A KING.



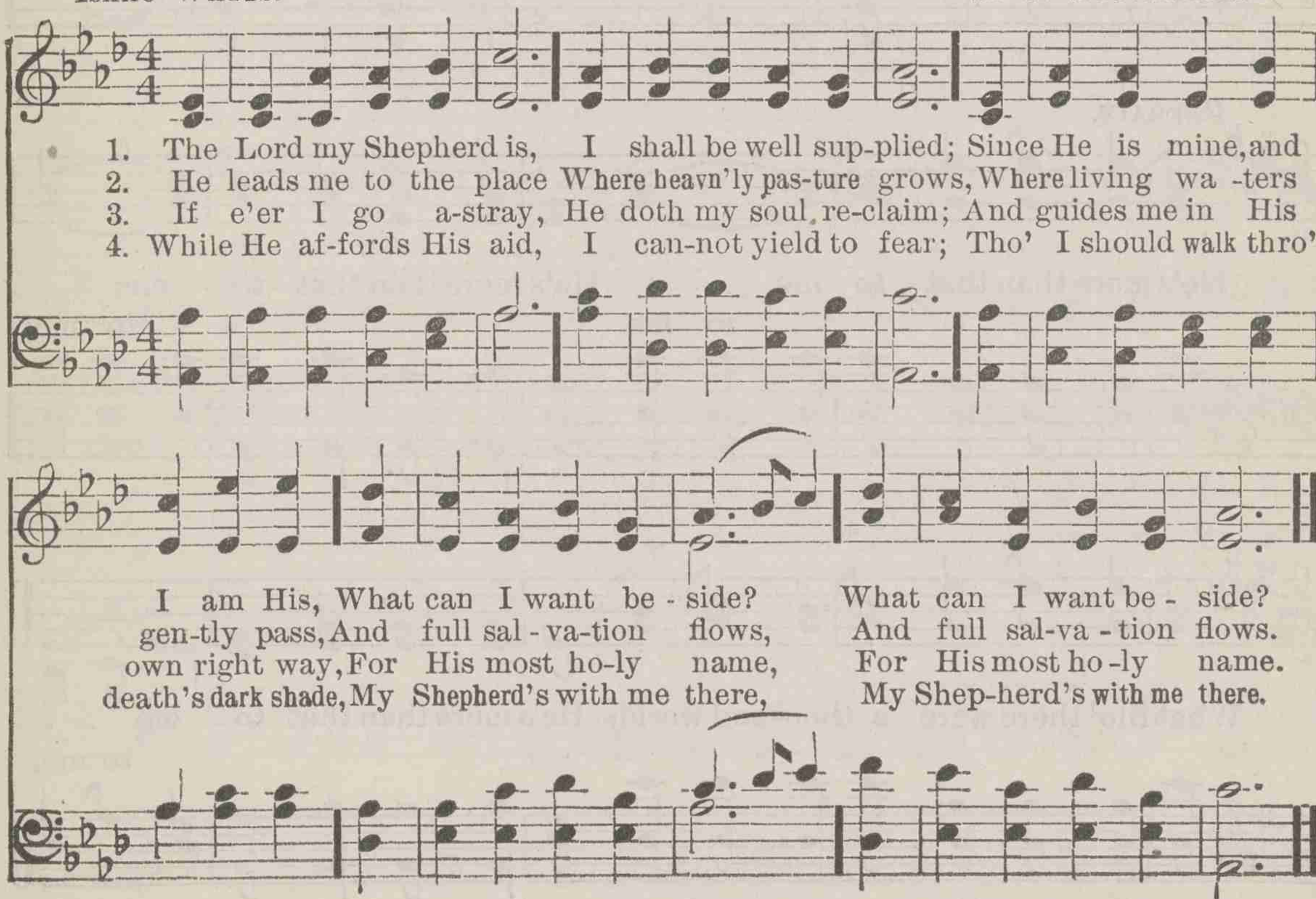
King, I'm the child of a King, With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King, I'm a
child of a King, I'm a child of a King, With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.

No. 22.

SHEPHERD. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup-plied; Since He is mine, and
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pas-ture grows, Where living wa-ters
3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul, re-claim; And guides me in His
4. While He af-fords His aid, I can-not yield to fear; Tho' I should walk thro'

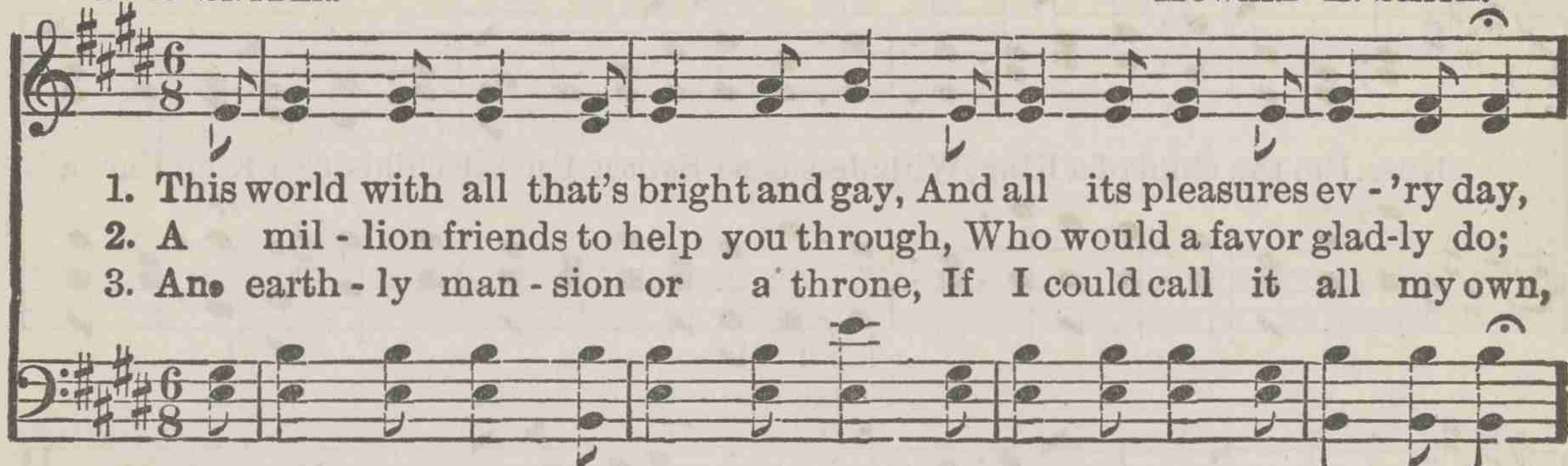
I am His, What can I want be-side?
gen-tly pass, And full sal-va-tion flows,
own right way, For His most ho-ly name,
death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there,

What can I want be-side?
And full sal-va-tion flows.
For His most ho-ly name.
My Shep-herd's with me there.

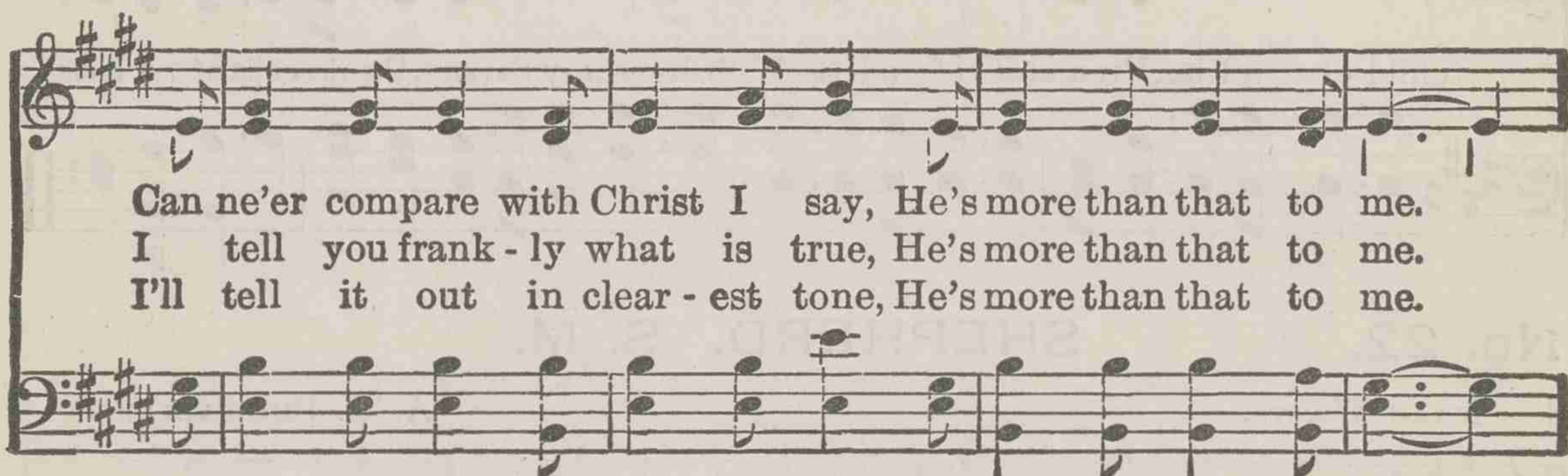
No. 23. HE'S MORE THAN THAT TO ME.

F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

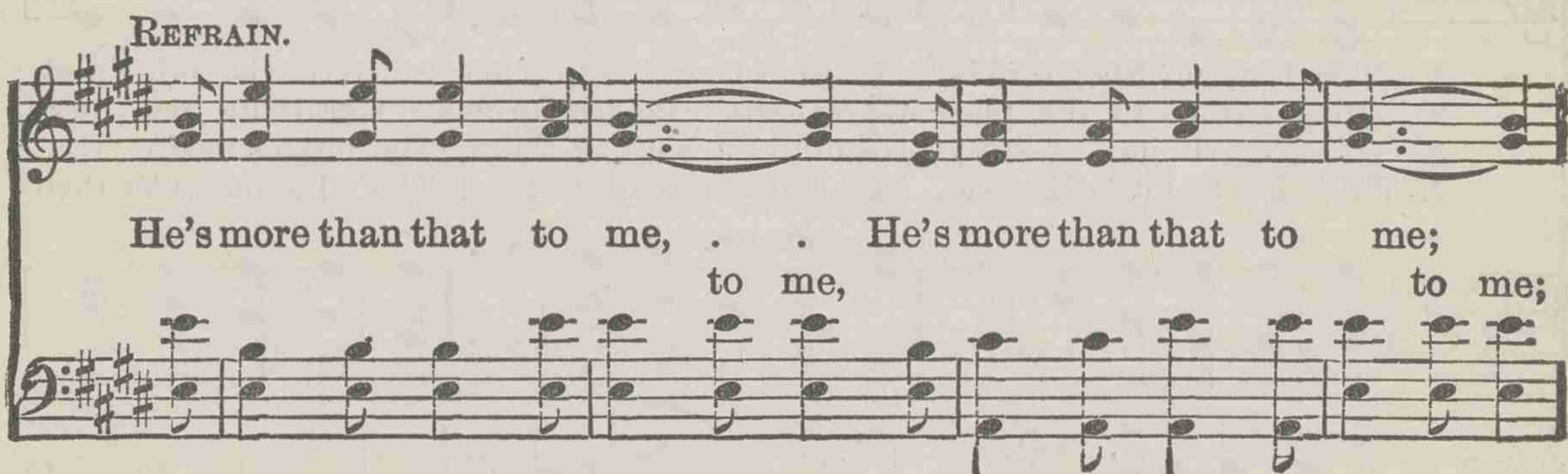


1. This world with all that's bright and gay, And all its pleasures ev - 'ry day,
 2. A mil - lion friends to help you through, Who would a favor glad - ly do;
 3. An earth - ly man - sion or a throne, If I could call it all my own,

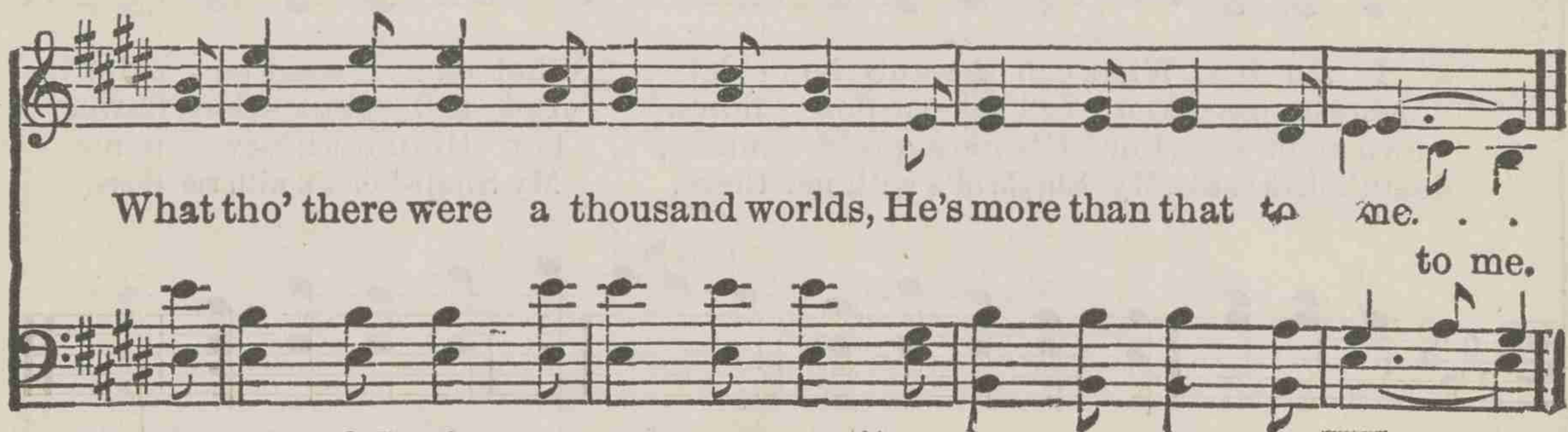


Can ne'er compare with Christ I say, He's more than that to me.
 I tell you frank - ly what is true, He's more than that to me.
 I'll tell it out in clear - est tone, He's more than that to me.

REFRAIN.



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



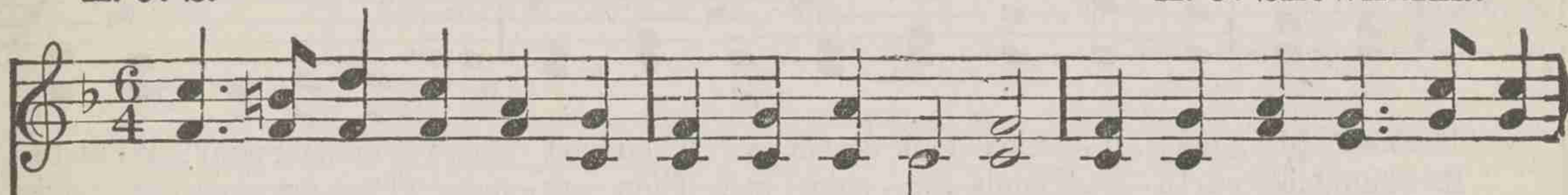
What tho' there were a thousand worlds, He's more than that to me. . .
 to me.

No. 24. Down in the Valley I Meet with my Saviour.

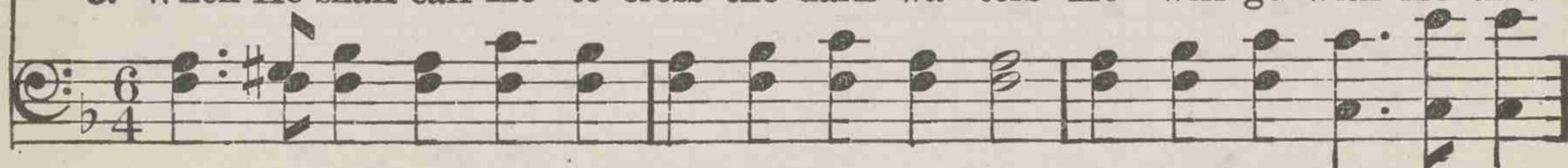
Affectionately inscribed to my father and mother, whose trust in the dear Saviour has ever followed me as a blessed benediction.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Down in the val - ley I meet with my Sav-iour, Humbly I sit at the
2. When the dark waves of temp-ta-tion roll round me, Threat'ning my soul to o'er
3. When He shall call me to cross the dark wa-ters He will go with me thro'

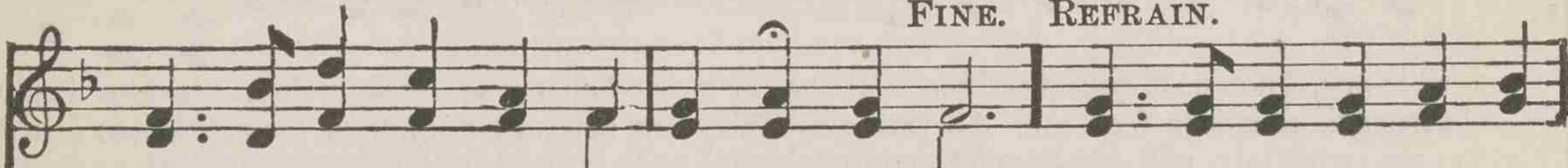


feet of my Lord, And in soft ac - cents He speaks to me gent - ly,
whelm in the flood, Then to my Sav - iour I go in the val - ley,
Jor - dan I know, For He has met me so oft in the val - ley



D. S.—In - to the depths of my soul there comes steal - ing

FINE. REFRAIN.



Thrill-ing my soul with His ev - er - y word. } O how it cheers me when
And He doth shel - ter me un - der the blood. }
That I can trust Him where-ev - er I go.



Won - der - ful peace 'neath His shel - ter - ing wing.

D. S.



way-worn and wea - ry, Thus to com-mune with my Sav - iour and King!



No. 25.

THOU ART NEAR.

JAMES ROWE.

R. H. CORNELIUS.



1. What to me if skies look storm-y? Thou art near; (Thou art near;) What to
 2. Should my earth-ly friends for-sake me, Thou art near; (Thou art near;) Should the
 3. What to me the chill-ing riv-er? Thou art near; (Thou art near;) Sure-ly



me the thorns be-fore me? Thou art here; Thou art al-ways, al-ways near me; If I
 temp-ter o-ver-take me, Thou art here; Thou wilt ev-er-more befriend me, Comfort,
 death will cause no shiv-er, Thou art here; Thou, the soul's un-fail-ing lov-er, Sure-ly



whis-per, Thou dost hear me; Thou wilt shelter me and cheer me, Saviour dear. (Saviour dear.)
 strengthen, and de-fend me; All the way Thou wilt attend me, Saviour dear. (Saviour dear.)
 me with love will cov-er; Thou wilt bear me safe-ly o-ver, Saviour dear. (Saviour dear.)



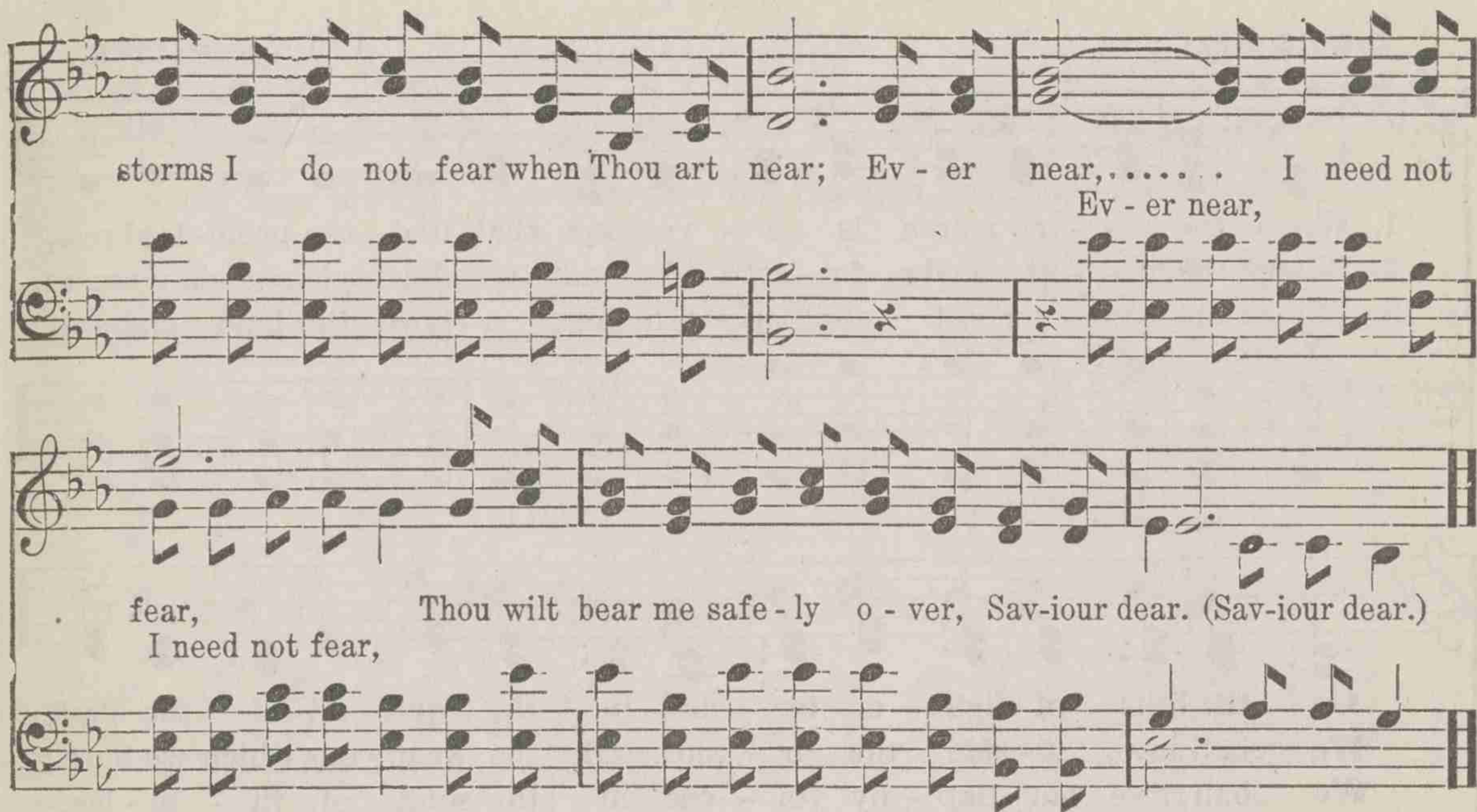
REFRAIN.



Sav-iour dear,..... when Thou art near, Rag-ing
 O Saviour dear, I need not fear,



THOU ART NEAR.



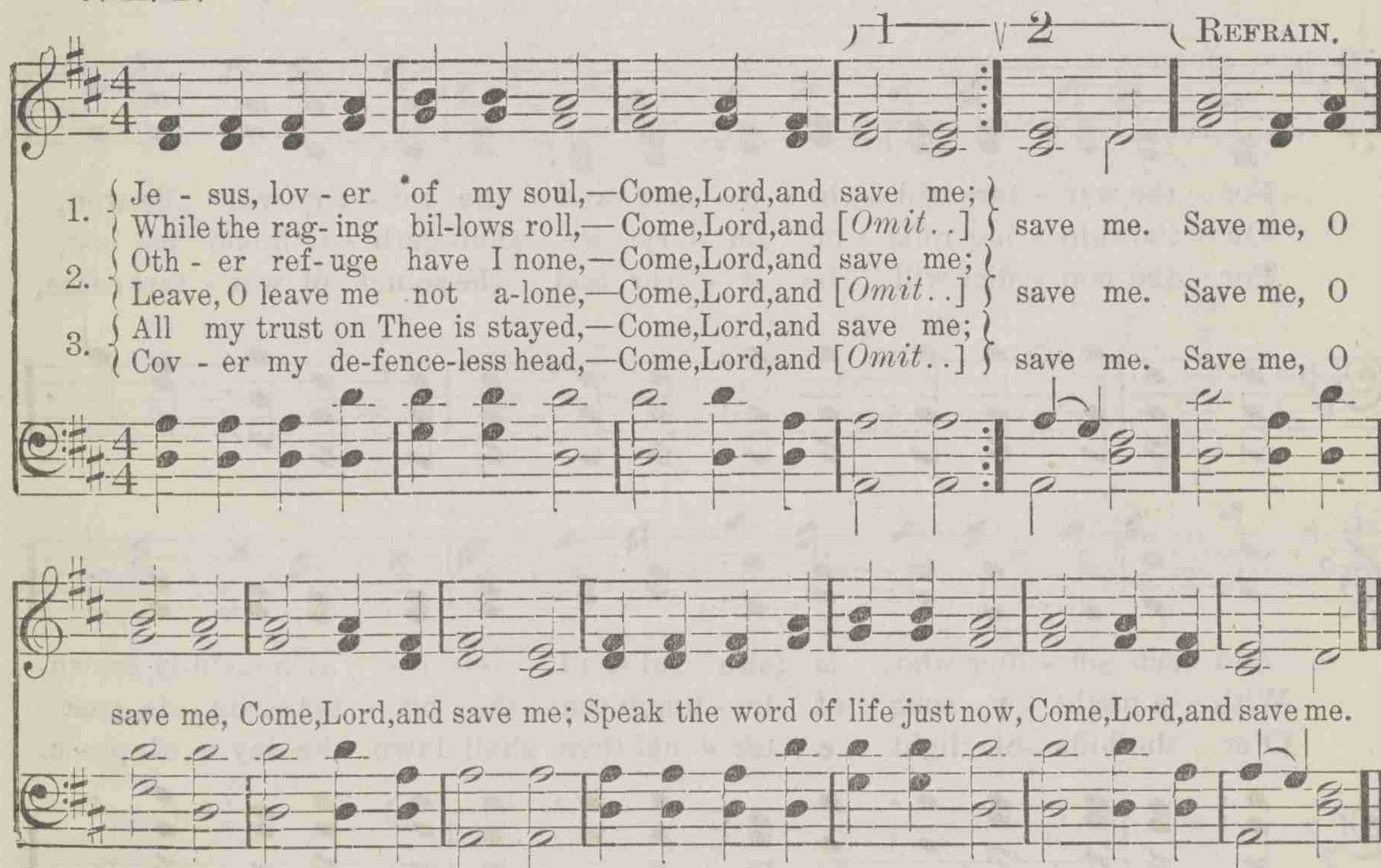
storms I do not fear when Thou art near; Ev - er near,..... I need not
Ev - er near,

fear, Thou wilt bear me safe - ly o - ver, Sav-iour dear. (Sav-iour dear.)
I need not fear,

No. 26. COME, LORD, AND SAVE ME.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.



1 — 2 — REFRAIN.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul,—Come,Lord,and save me; }
 { While the rag - ing bil-lows roll,—Come,Lord,and [Omit..] } save me. Save me, O

2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none,—Come,Lord,and save me; }
 { Leave, O leave me not a-lone,—Come,Lord,and [Omit..] } save me. Save me, O

3. { All my trust on Thee is stayed,—Come,Lord,and save me; }
 { Cov - er my de-fence-less head,—Come,Lord,and [Omit..] } save me. Save me, O

save me, Come,Lord,and save me; Speak the word of life just now, Come,Lord,and save me.

No. 27. ON THE ETERNAL HILLS.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. When the wea - ry march is o - ver we shall find the prom - ised rest,
2. When the bat - tle ends for - ev - er and the bu - gle sounds no more,
3. When the ban - ner of our Cap - tain floats a - bove the land and sea,



On the hills of light e - ter - nal, in the coun - try of the blest,
We shall lay a - side the ar - mor, and the weap - ons which we bore;
We shall raise our hap - py voi - ces in the song of ju - bi - lee,



For the war - fare will be o - ver and the vic - t'ry will be won,
On the shin - ing hills of glo - ry we shall gath - er home at last,
For the con - flict will be o - ver and the sound of war - fare cease,

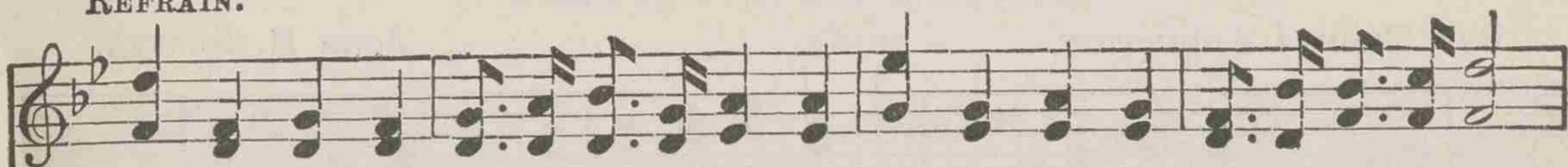


And each sol - dier who is faith - ful shall re - ceive a heav'n - ly crown.
With a might - y song of tri - umph that the bit - ter strife is past.
O'er the hills of light e - ter - nal then shall dawn the day of peace.



ON THE ETERNAL HILLS.

REFRAIN.



Soon, ah, soon the bat - tle will be o - ver, Soon, ah, soon the journey will be past ;



On the hills of light e - ter - nal We shall glad-ly gath - er home at last !

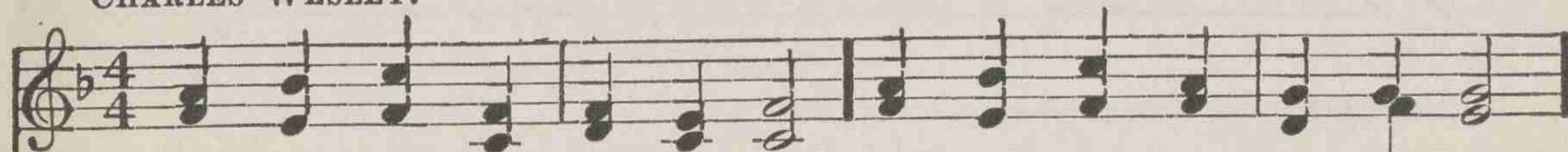


No. 28.

GOD OF LOVE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

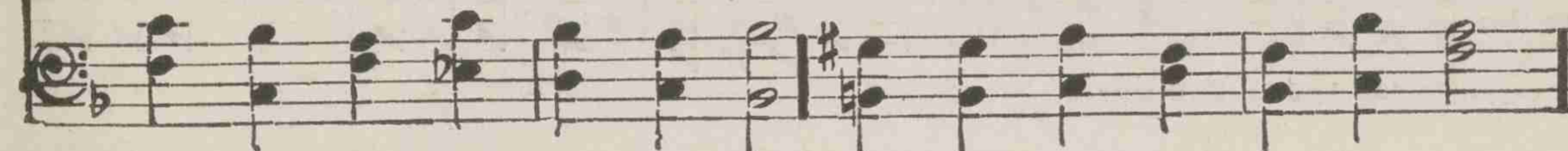
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. God of love, who hear - est prayer, Kind - ly for Thy peo - ple care,
2. Save us in the prosp'rous hour, From the flat - t'ring tempter's pow'r,
3. Save us from the great and wise, Till they sink in their own eyes,
4. Nev - er let the world break in, Fix a night - y gulf be - tween ;
5. Let us still to Thee look up, Thee, Thy Is - rael's strength and hope;



Who on Thee a - lone de - pend ; Love us, save us to the end.
 From his un - sus - spect - ed wiles, From the world's per - ni - cious smiles.
 Tame - ly to Thy yoke sub - mit, Lay their hon - or at Thy feet.
 Keep us lit - tle and un - known, Prized and loved by God a - lone.
 Noth - ing know, or seek, be - side, Je - sus, and Him cru - ci - fied.



No. 29.

JESUS, THE SHEPHERD.

Rev. THOMAS ADDINGTON.

JOHN H. BENNER.



1. O - ver the mountain, down in the val-ley, Thro' the dark woodland 'mid dangers un-told,
2. See Him now going Thro' the rough pathway, Fearless of danger, nor counting the cost;
3. Out in the darkness still He is seek-ing, Seek-ing the sheep that is gone far a - stray;



Je - sus, the Shepherd, is seeking the lost one, Seeking and calling, "come back to the fold."
 Hands torn and bleeding, and feet worn and weary, Jesus, the Shepherd, is seeking the lost.
 Why should you perish away from the Shepherd, Je - sus is call-ing, O come home to - day.



REFRAIN.



Then hear Him plead, Come home, O wand'rer, come; Why stand on the mountain, why
 Then hear Him plead, O wanderer, come,

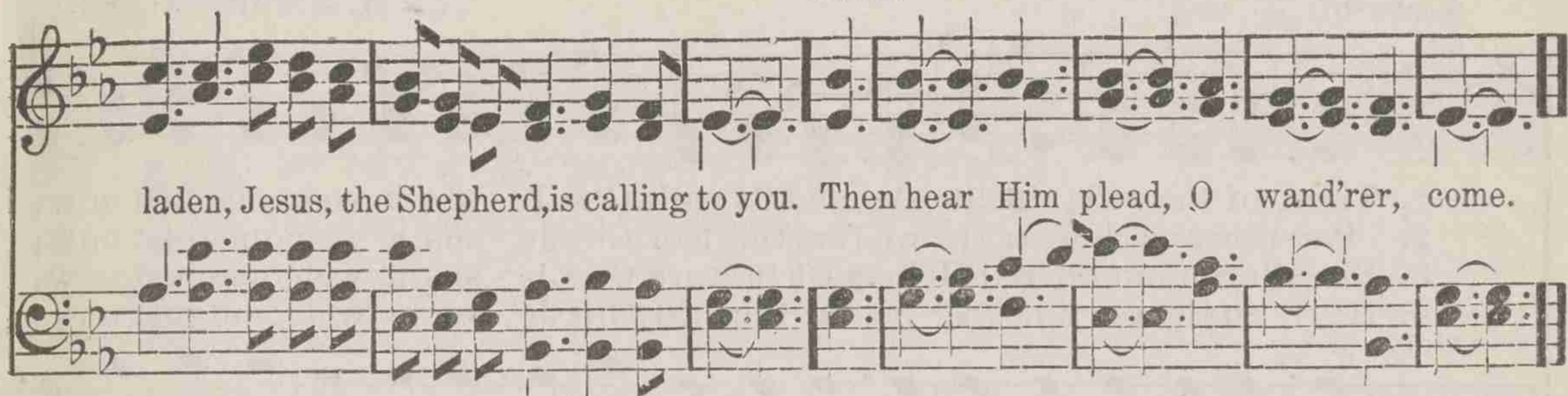


perish with cold? Come, drink at the fountain, come back to the fold; Come, all ye weary and heavy



JESUS, THE SHEPHERD.

CODA.



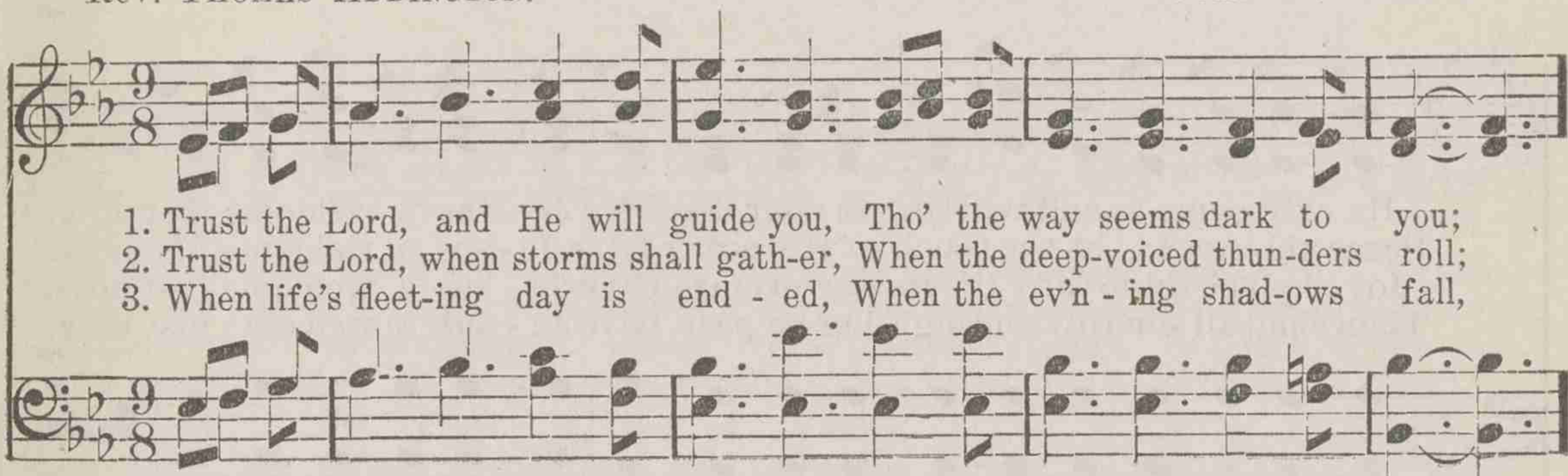
laden, Jesus, the Shepherd, is calling to you. Then hear Him plead, O wand'rer, come.

No. 30.

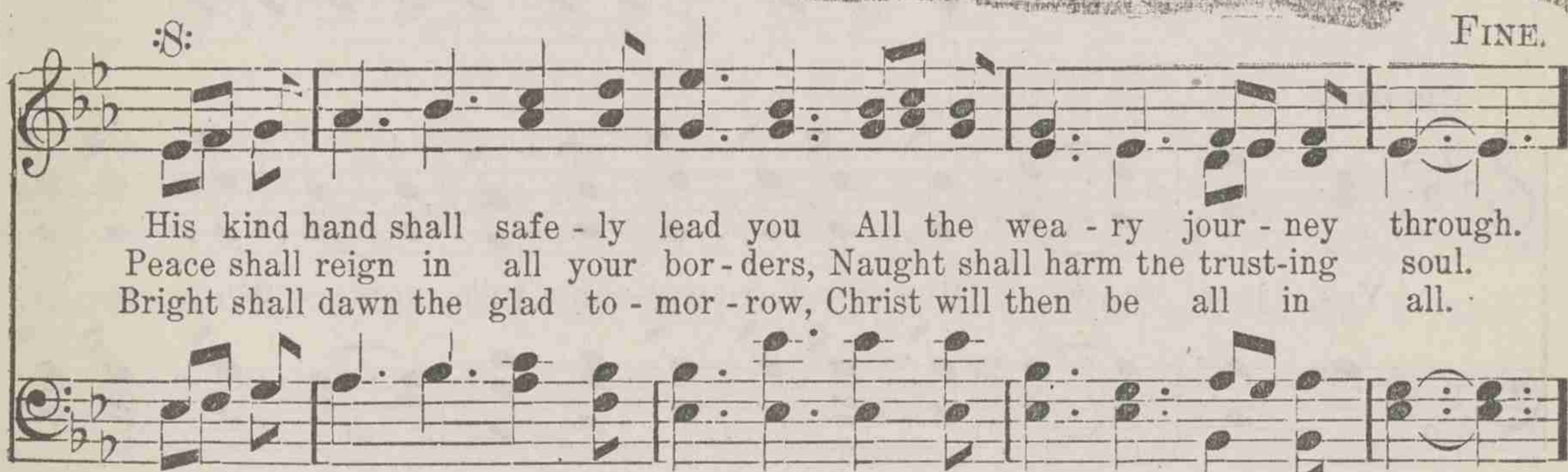
TRUST THE LORD.

Rev. THOMAS ADDINGTON.

JOHN H. BENNER.



1. Trust the Lord, and He will guide you, Tho' the way seems dark to you;
2. Trust the Lord, when storms shall gather, When the deep-voiced thunders roll;
3. When life's fleet-ing day is end-ed, When the ev'n-ing shadows fall,



His kind hand shall safe-ly lead you All the wea-ry jour-ney through.
Peace shall reign in all your bor-ders, Naught shall harm the trust-ing soul.
Bright shall dawn the glad to-mor-row, Christ will then be all in all.

D.S. On - ly trust and heed the call - ing, His kind hand will guide thee home.



REFRAIN. D.S.
O the mes-sage sweet - ly fall - ing, O the ten-der plead - ing, "Come;"

No. 31. GIVE JESUS A WELCOME JUST NOW.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Tired of the world with its sin and its strife, Give Je - sus a welcome just now ;
2. Par - don and cleansing He of - fers this hour, Give Je - sus a welcome just now ;
3. Blessings unnumbered He keep - eth in store, Give Je - sus a welcome just now ;
4. Heav - en thy portion shall be at the last, Give Je - sus a welcome just now ;



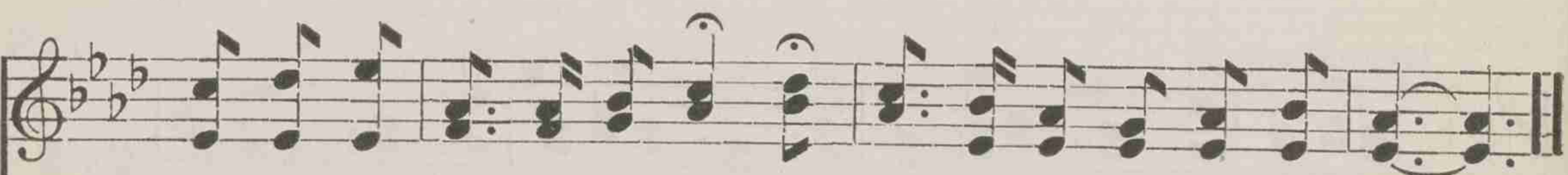
He will come in and will brighten your life, Give Je - sus a welcome just now.
Peace will come in at the touch of His pow'r, Give Je - sus a welcome just now.
Joy shall be thine thro' His grace ev - ermore, Give Je - sus a welcome just now.
Then shall all sor - row and sigh - ing be past, Give Je - sus a welcome just now.



REFRAIN.



Yes, just now, Give the Lord wel - come just now ; While He is



pleading throw o - pen the door, And give Him a wel - come just now.



No. 32. HOME-LAND OF HEAVEN.

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

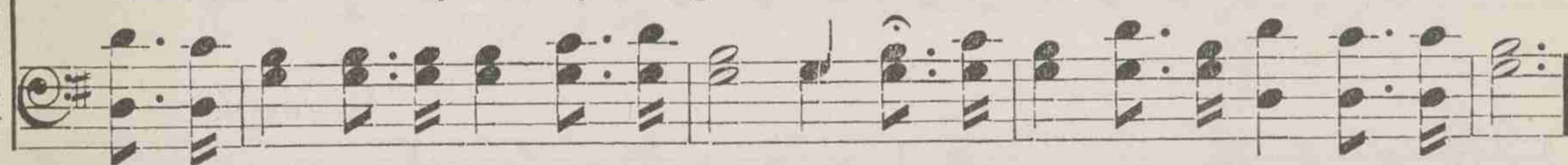
JNO. H. BENNER.



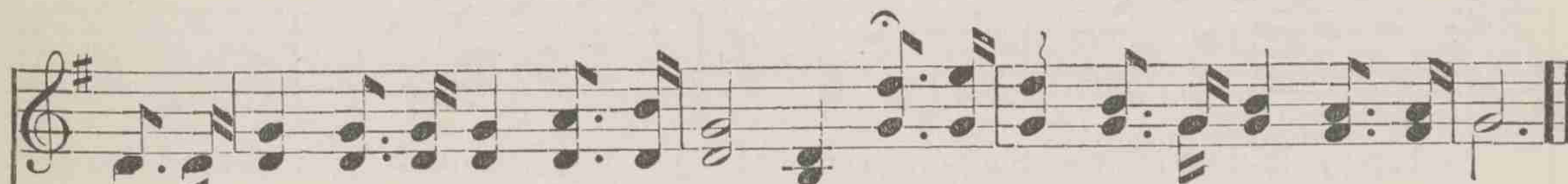
1. Oh, the home of the soul, in my dreaming, With its wide o - pen por-tals I see,
2. In that won-der-ful val - ley of E - den, Far a-way where the beautiful dwell,
3. Oh, we sing of the Home-land of heaven, And we call it the "Home of the soul,"
4. Land of Beu-lah, fair cit - y of prom-ise, How I long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



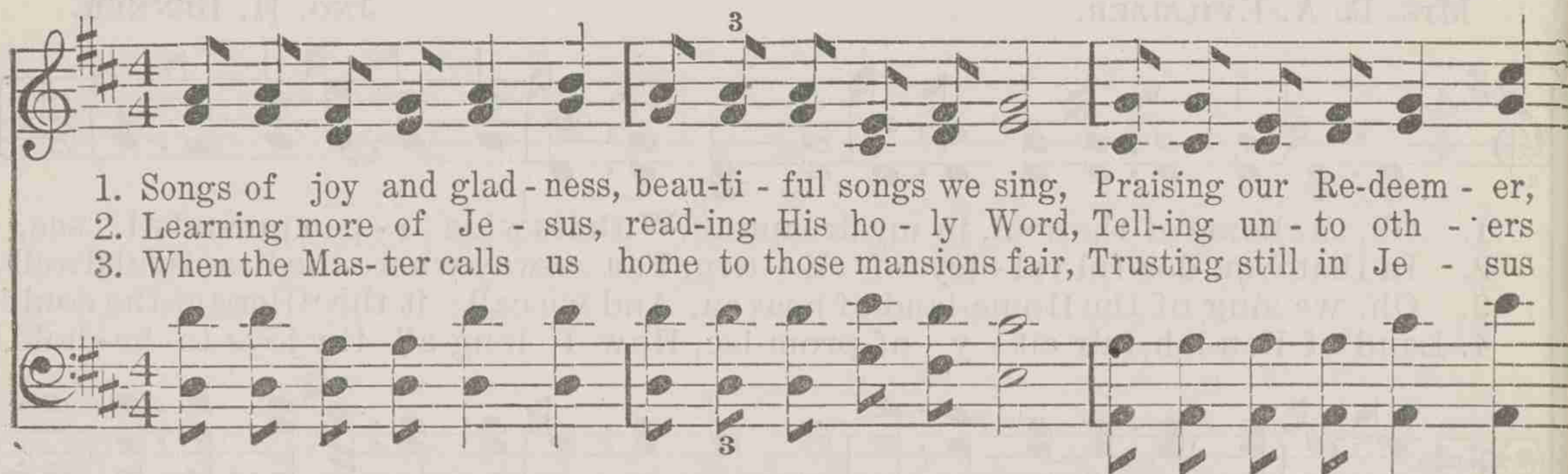
How I long for the summons to en - ter, And at home with my Sav-iour to be.



No. 33. SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

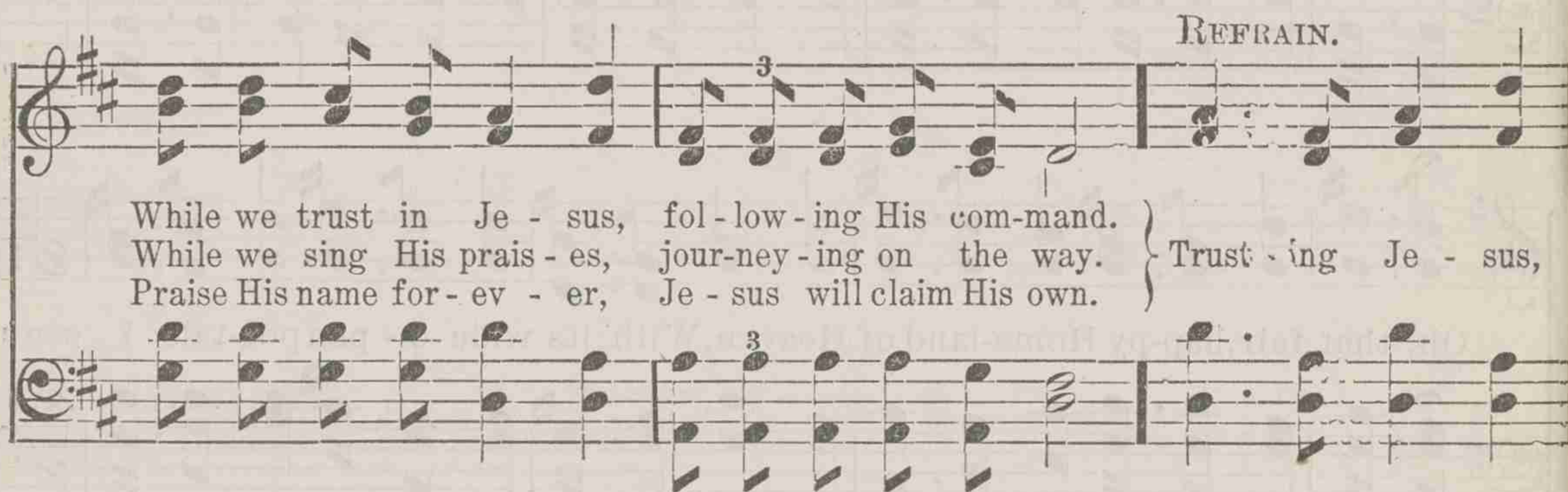


1. Songs of joy and glad-ness, beau-ti-ful songs we sing, Praising our Re-deem-er,
 2. Learning more of Je-sus, read-ing His ho-ly Word, Tell-ing un-to oth-ers
 3. When the Mas-ter calls us home to those mansions fair, Trusting still in Je-sus

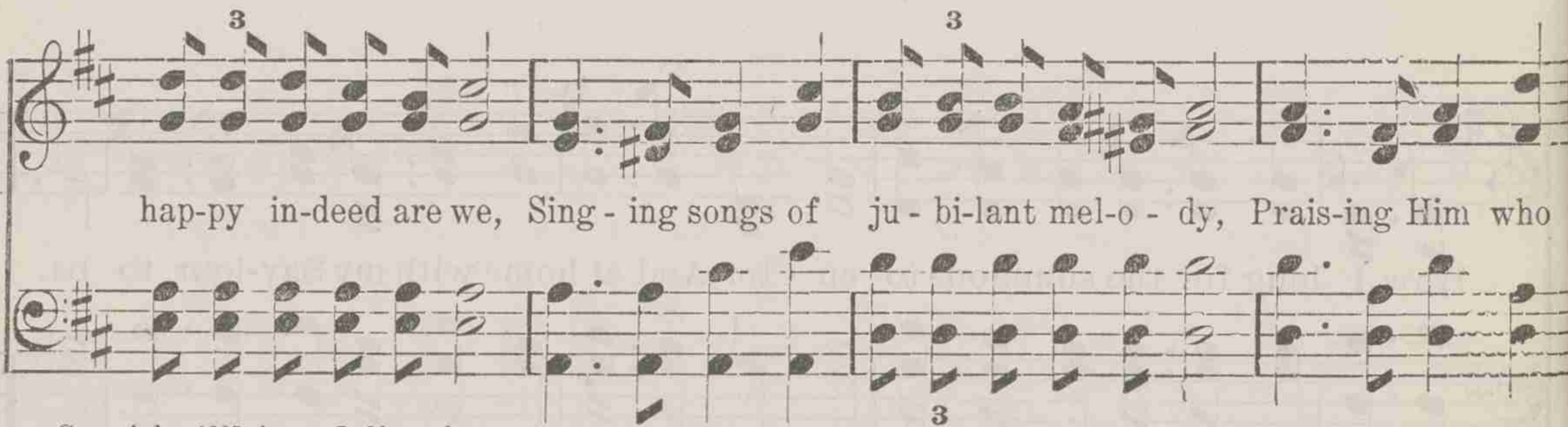


crowning our Sav-iour King; Sunshine all a-round us, blessings on ev-'ry hand,
 news of our bless-ed Lord, Find-ing in His ser-vice hap-pi-ness ev-'ry day,
 safe-ly to guide us there, Glad-ly we will fol-low, gath-er a-round His throne;

REFRAIN.



While we trust in Je-sus, fol-low-ing His com-mand.
 While we sing His prais-es, jour-ney-ing on the way.
 Praise His name for-ev-er, Je-sus will claim His own. } Trust-ing Je-sus,



hap-py in-deed are we, Sing-ing songs of ju-bi-lant mel-o-dy, Prais-ing Him who

SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

ten - der - ly loves us all, Guid - ing still our foot-steps, lead-ing us lest we fall.

No. 34.

CALLING SO SOFTLY.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Call - ing so soft - ly, pleading so gent - ly, Je - sus en - treats the sin - ner, to - day;
 2. If He should leave thee, nev - er - more warn thee, Sinner, O sin - ner, aw - ful thy fate!
 3. Still He is call - ing, wilt thou not hear Him, Hear and o - bey the call of Thy Lord?

FINE.
 Long He has tar - ried, pa - tient - ly waiting, — Wilt thou re - fuse and turn Him a - way?
 Of - fers of par - don then would be o - ver, Praying for mer - cy would be too late.
 Why dost thou lin - ger, tar - ry - ing long - er, Hard'ning thy heart at Je - sus' dear word?

D.S. — Giving new life to those in sin's bondage, Yield to His woo-ing and be made whole.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*
 Grieve not the Spir - it, Je - sus gives warning, 'Tis He a - lone can quicken the soul,

No. 35.

DRAWING NEARER.

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

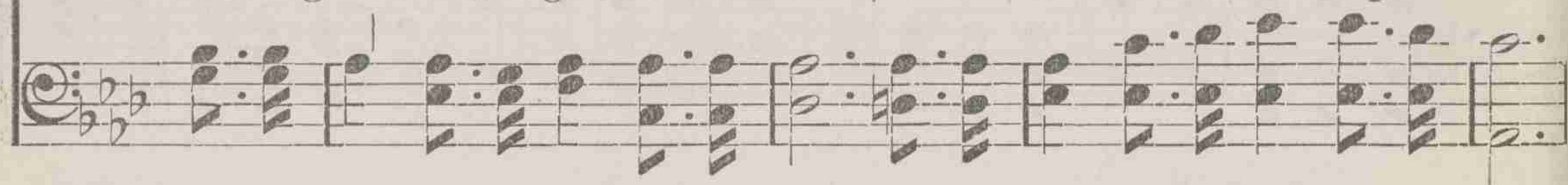
A. M. PHILLIPS.



1. There's a day that is com-ing by and by, To the pil-grim on life's weary way;
2. On the wings of the morning I would rise, And by faith I would view heaven's shore;
3. I am waiting and watching for the Lord, And I soon shall His glo-ry be-hold;



O the hour of redemption draws nigh, When the soul shall be freed from its clay.
I would soar to my home in the skies, And be freed from my sins ev - er - more
Trusting now in His grace and His word, I am safe in the dear Shepherd's fold.



REFRAIN.



Draw - ing near - - er, draw - ing near - - er,
Draw - ing near - er, draw - ing near - er, draw - ing near - er, draw - ing near - er,



O the beau - ti - ful ha - ven I see; Pre-cious Sav - - iour,
Pre-cious Sav-iour, lov-ing Sav-iour,



DRAWING NEARER.—Concluded.

Lov - ing Sav - - iour, I am draw-ing still near-er to Thee.
Pre - cious Saviour, lov - ing Sav-iour,

No. 36.

REQUIEM.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.

1. Gone, gone, gone, Gone from this world of strife; Gone, gone, gone,
2. Gone, gone, gone, Gone in the $\left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{morn} \\ \text{noon} \\ \text{eve} \end{array} \right\}$ of life; Gone, gone, gone,

Gone from this earth-ly life; Gone where no sorrows be, Gone to the heav'nly rest,
Gone to the heav'n-ly life; Gone to the Saviour's arms, Gone to the happy land,

Gone the dear Lord to see, In the mansions of the blest.
Gone from earth's rude alarms, With the ransomed host to stand. A - - MEN.

No. 37. HONEY FROM THE ROCK.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Deut. 32: 13. Ps. 81: 16.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Once my poor heart found that a sinner's prayer Could the door of God's mer - cy un - lock,
2. When the waves of life did a - bove me roll, And my poor heart did quail at the shock,
3. Now no more I roam on the mountains cold, For the Shep-herd counts me with His flock,
4. When my work is done and I cross the tide, At the great pearl-y gates I will knock,



For He heal'd my soul when He met me there, And He gave me hon - ey from the rock.
Then I pray'd to God to pre-serve my soul, And He gave me hon - ey from the rock.
For He took me in - to His bless-ed fold, And He gave me hon - ey from the rock.
For my Sav-iour said they would o - pen wide, When He gave me hon - ey from the rock.



REFRAIN.



Yes, He gave me hon-ey from the rock, When my faith did those por-tals un-
Yes, He gave me hon-ey, gave me honey from the rock, When my faith did those portals, those



lock ; For God heard my pray'r when I met Him there, And He gave me honey from the rock.
portals unlock ;



No. 38.

I GLADLY WILL FOLLOW.

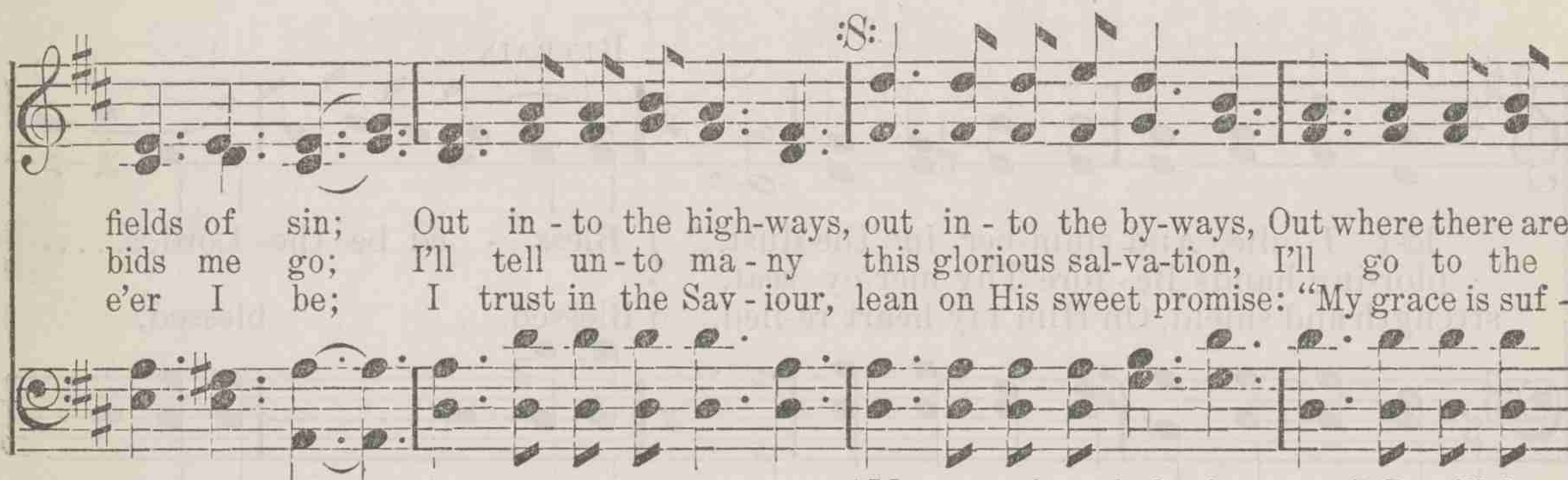
J. H. B.

Matt 8: 19.

JOHN H. BENNER.



1. I glad - ly will fol - low Je - sus, my Re-deem-er, Out in - to the bar - ren
 2. I glad - ly will fol - low o'er val - ley and moun-tain, I'll go where my Sav - iour
 3. I glad - ly will la - bor, I'll nev - er be i - dle, There's work for me where-so -



fields of sin; Out in - to the high-ways, out in - to the by-ways, Out where there are
 bids me go; I'll tell un-to ma - ny this glorious sal-va-tion, I'll go to the
 e'er I be; I trust in the Sav - iour, lean on His sweet promise: "My grace is suf -

D.S.—"My grace is suf-fi-cient, And I will be

FINE. REFRAIN.



lost ones I may win.
 home of sin and woe. Res - cu - ing per-ish-ing sin-ners, Bring-ing them to the dear
 fi - cient, Soul, for thee."

with thee to the end."



Sav-iour, And pointing to Him as their best Friend; Resting a - lone on His promise:

BLESSED BE THE LORD.

JOHN H. BENNER.

1. O Lord, to Thee I cry, Thou art my Rock and Trust; O be not si - lent
2. O hear my earn - est cry, Thy fa - vor I en - treat; Hear, while I lift im -
3. Now bless - ed be the Lord, He heard me when I cried; Je - ho - vah is my

REFRAIN.

Bless-ed be the Lord, Bless - ed be the Lord,..... Bless-ed be the Lord,
Blessed, Blessed, Be-

Because He hath heard the voice of my sup-pli - ca - tion,
cause He hath heard the voice, Be -

BLESSED BE THE LORD.

Be-cause He hath heard the voice of my sup - pli - ca - tion.
 cause He hath heard the voice,

No. 40. HAPPY LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.

1. Hap - py lit - tle boys and girls are we,
 2. Hap - py lit - tle sing - ers here we stand, In our { Sun - day } school;
 3. We are sweet - ly sing - ing here to - day, { sing - ing }

And while we are here we will o - bey,
 We will ev - er do the best we can, In our { Sun - day } school.
 Will you come and join our band, we pray, { sing - ing }

REFRAIN.

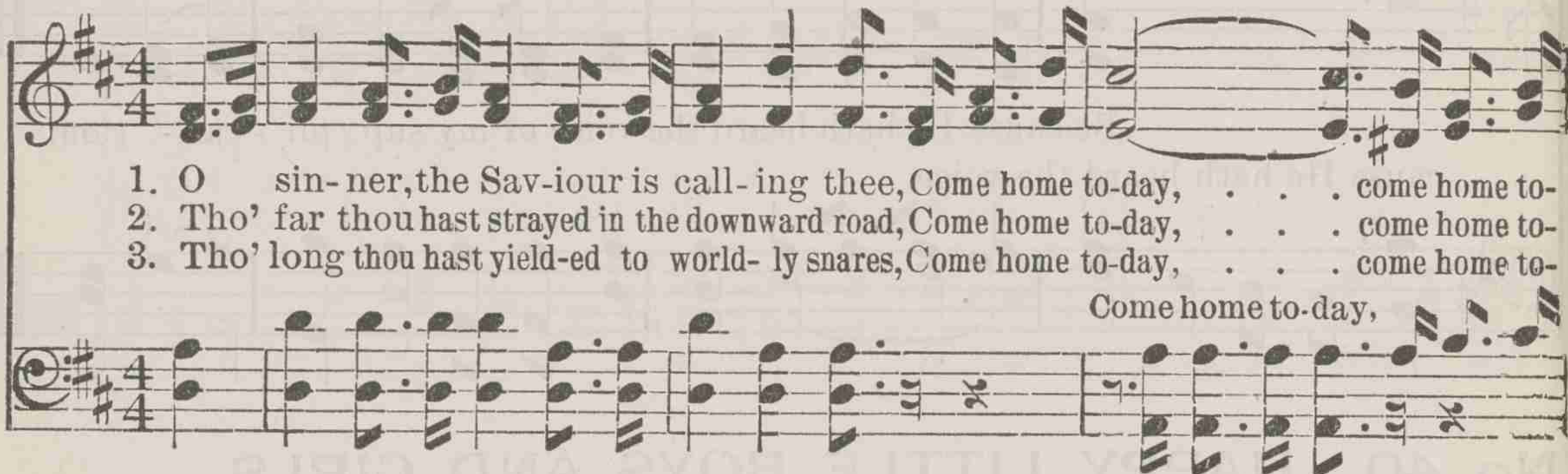
We're sing - ing, sing - ing, Sing - ing in our { Sunday } school; { day } school.
 Singing, singing, singing, singing, { singing } { ing }

No. 41.

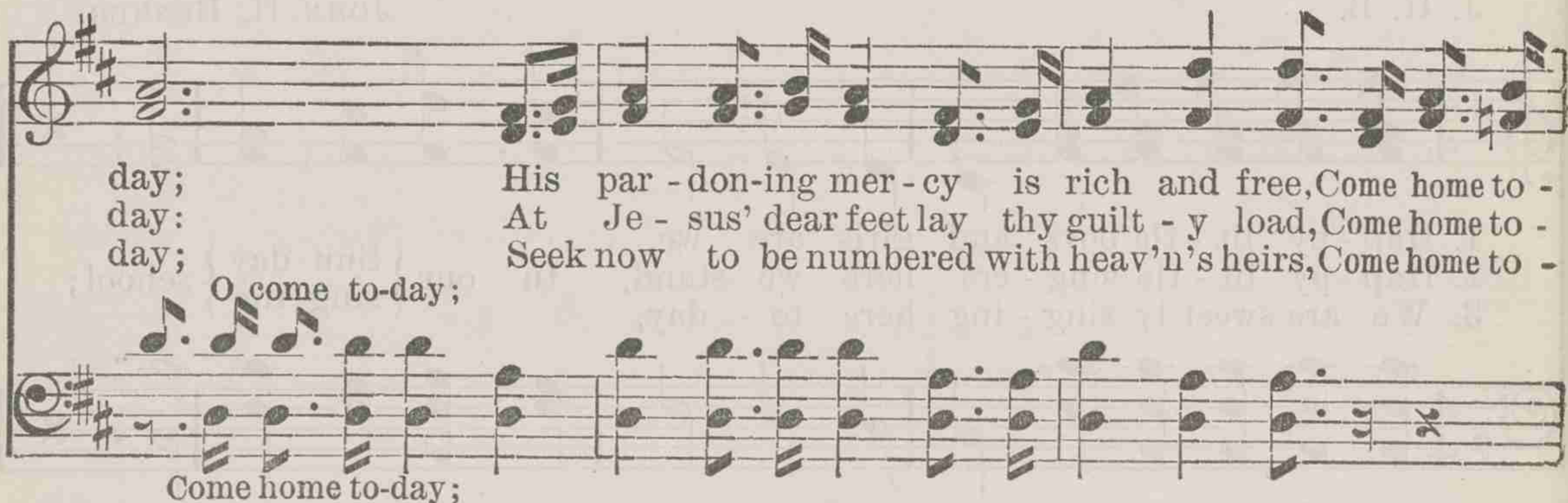
COME HOME TO-DAY.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



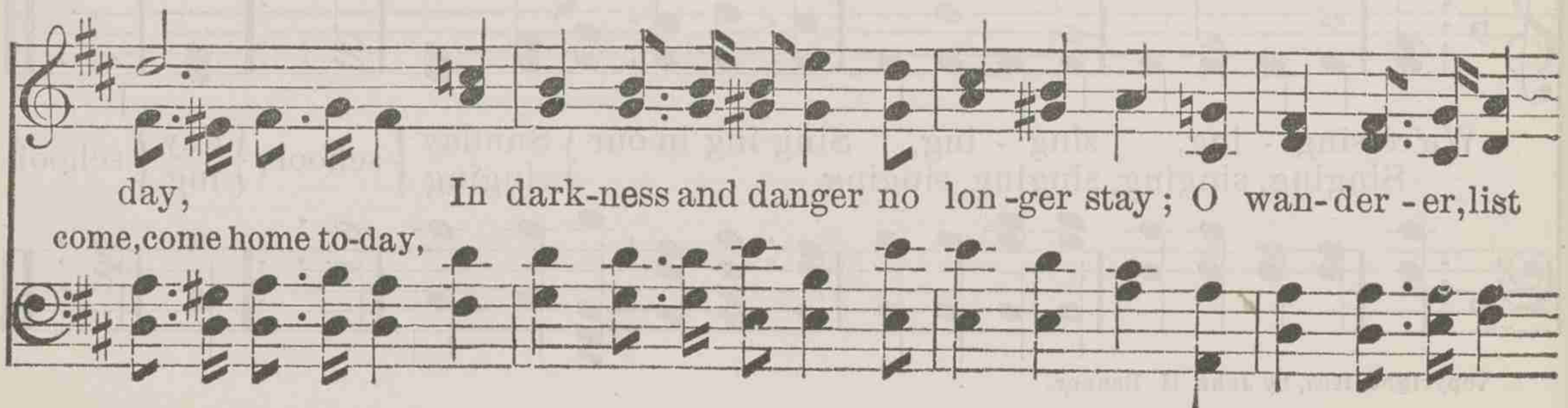
1. O sin-ner, the Sav-iour is call-ing thee, Come home to-day, . . . come home to-
 2. Tho' far thou hast strayed in the downward road, Come home to-day, . . . come home to-
 3. Tho' long thou hast yield-ed to world-ly snares, Come home to-day, . . . come home to-
 Come home to-day,



day;
 day;
 day;
 O come to-day;
 Come home to-day;
 His par-don-ing mer-cy is rich and free, Come home to -
 At Je-sus' dear feet lay thy guilt-y load, Come home to -
 Seek now to be numbered with heav'n's heirs, Come home to -



REFRAIN.
 day, . . . come home to-day. Come home to-day, come home to-
 Come home to-day, come home to-day, O come to-day. Come to-day, O
 come home to-day.



day,
 come, come home to-day,
 In dark-ness and danger no lon-ger stay; O wan-der-er, list

COME HOME TO-DAY.



to the Sav- iour's voice, Come home to-day, come home to-day.

Come home to-day, come home to-day, O come to-day.



No. 42. JESUS CALLS THEE HOME.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Out on the mountains bleak and bare, Far from the Shepherd's watch-ful care, Long thou hast
2. Dark is the night and wild the storm, Je- sus can shel- ter thee from harm; O- pen to-
3. Fly to the out-stretched arms of love, Trust in the Lord who reigns a- bove; Washed in His



REFRAIN.



wan-dered from the fold, — Hun- gry and shiv'ring in the cold. Ten- der- ly Je- sus calls thee home,
day is mer- cy's gate, O en- ter in, why lon- ger wait?
blood thy soul shall be Saved now and saved e- ter- nal- ly.



Calls thee home, calls thee home; While He entreats so loving-ly, O wilt thou not for safe-ty flee?



No. 41.

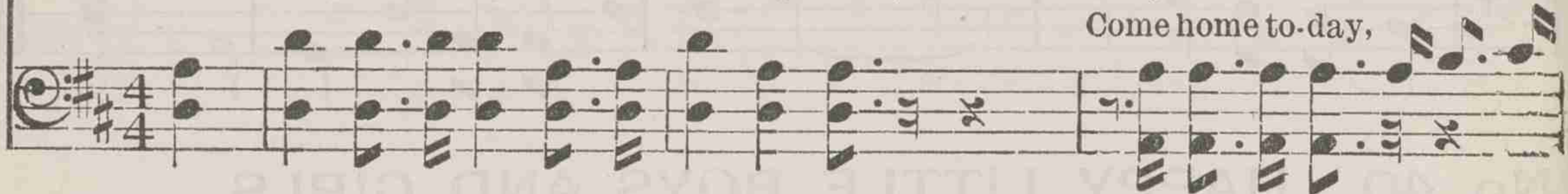
COME HOME TO-DAY.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O sin-ner, the Sav-iour is call-ing thee, Come home to-day, . . . come home to-
2. Tho' far thou hast strayed in the downward road, Come home to-day, . . . come home to-
3. Tho' long thou hast yield-ed to world-ly snares, Come home to-day, . . . come home to-



day;

day:

day;

His par-don-ing mer-cy is rich and free, Come home to -

At Je-sus' dear feet lay thy guilt-y load, Come home to -

Seek now to be numbered with heav'n's heirs, Come home to -

O come to-day;



Come home to-day;



REFRAIN.

day, . . . come home to-day.

Come home to-day, come home to - day, O come to-day.

Come home to-day, come home to-

Come to - day, O



come home to-day.



day,

come, come home to-day,

In dark-ness and danger no lon-ger stay; O wan-der-er, list



COME HOME TO-DAY.



to the Sav- iour's voice, Come home to-day, come home to-day.

Come home to-day, come home to-day, O come to-day.



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REFRAIN.



wan-dered from the fold,— Hun- gry and shiv'ring in the cold. Ten- der- ly Je- sus calls thee home,
day is mer-cy's gate, O en-ter in, why lon-ger wait?
blood thy soul shall be Saved now and saved e- ter-nal- ly.



Calls thee home, calls thee home; While He entreats so loving-ly, O wilt thou not for safe-ty flee?

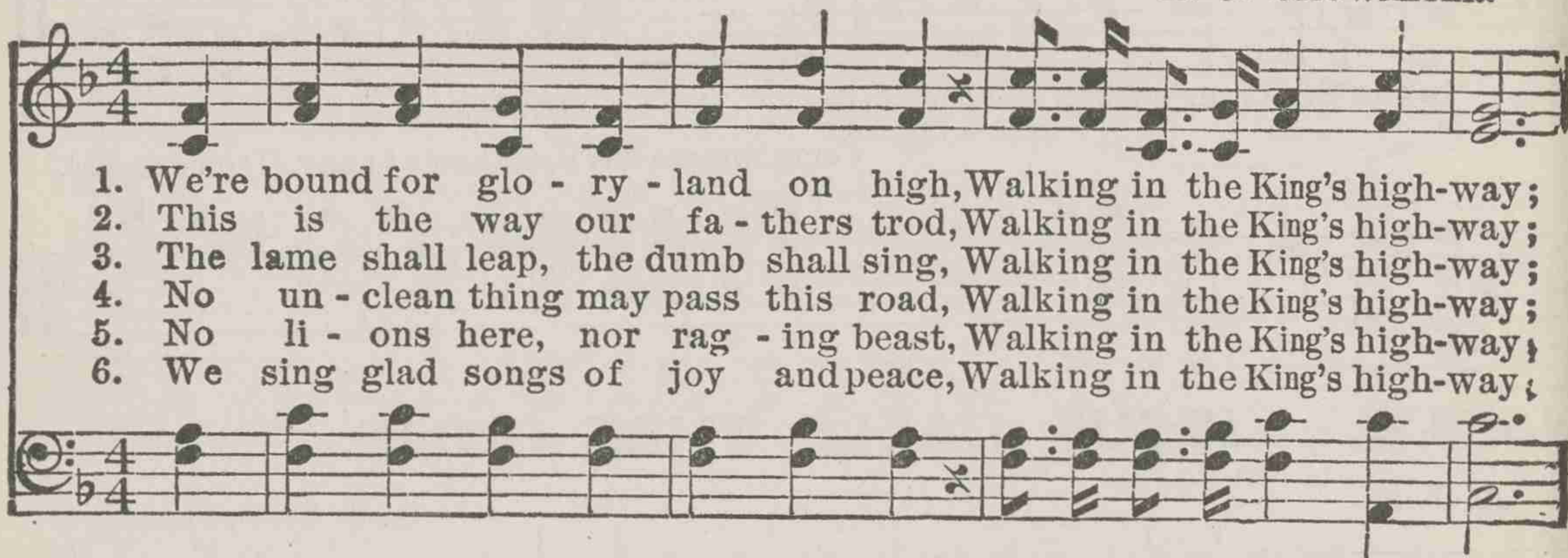


No. 43. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

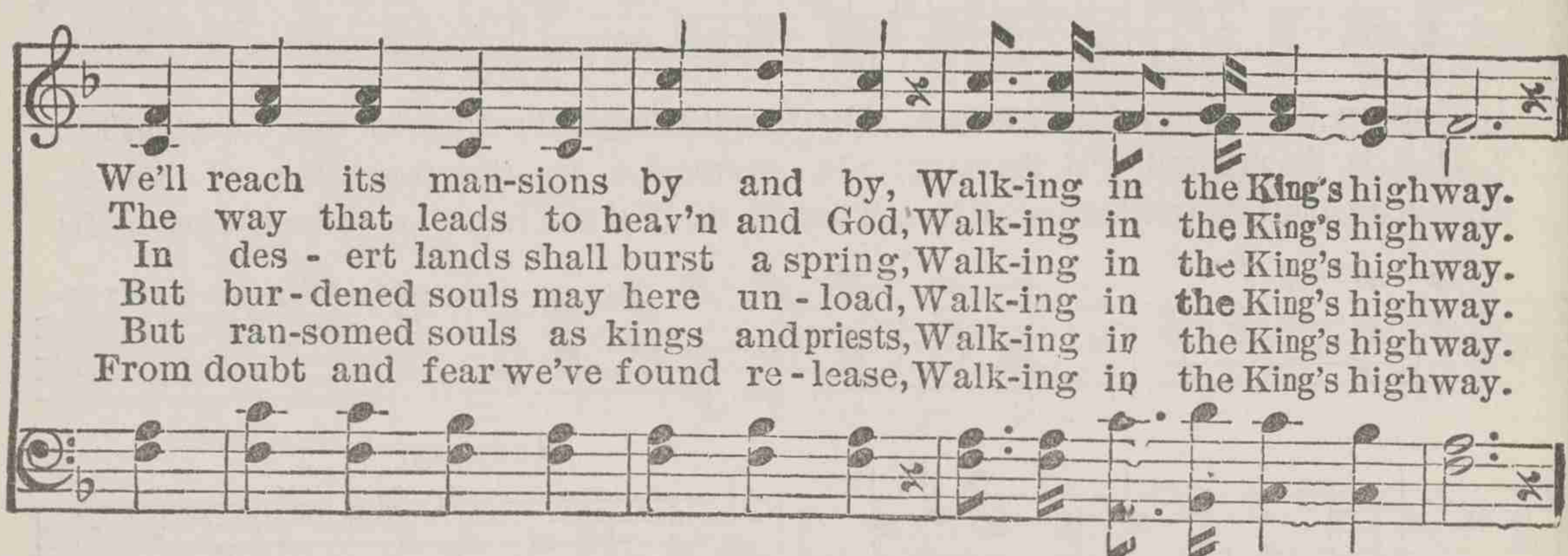
"And an highway shall be there, . . . and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Isa. 35: 8.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

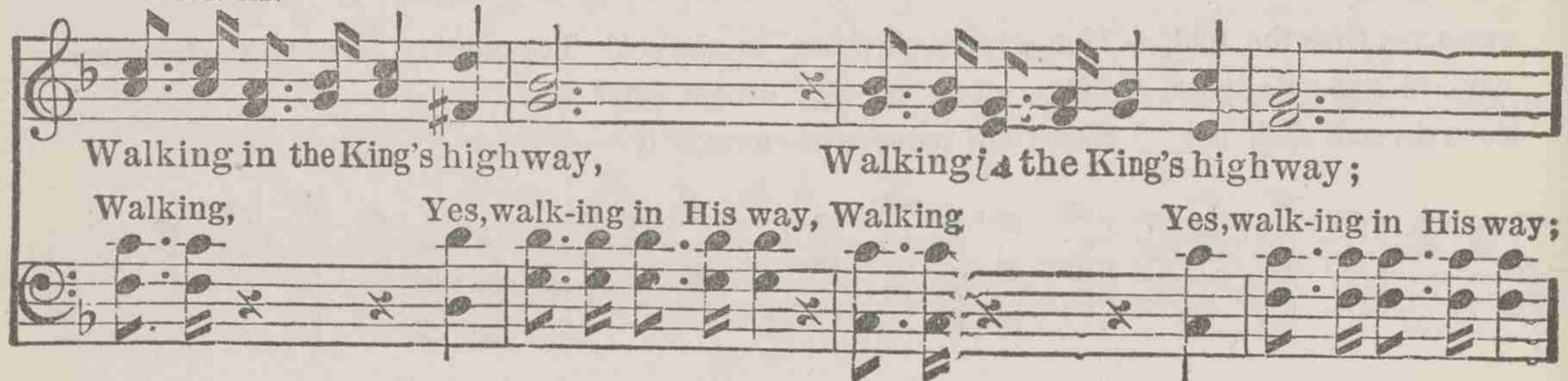


1. We're bound for glo - ry - land on high, Walking in the King's high-way;
 2. This is the way our fa - thers trod, Walking in the King's high-way;
 3. The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing, Walking in the King's high-way;
 4. No un - clean thing may pass this road, Walking in the King's high-way;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

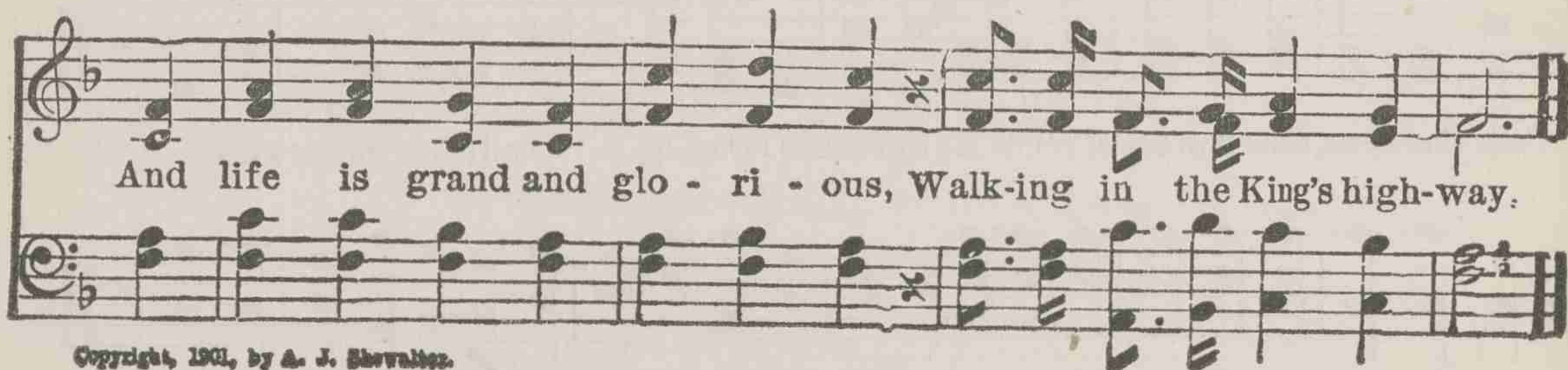


We'll reach its man-sions by and by, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
 The way that leads to heav'n and God, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
 In des - ert lands shall burst a spring, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
 But bur - dened souls may here un - load, Walk-ing in the King's highway.
 But ran-somed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

REFRAIN.



Walking in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway;
 Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way, Walking Yes, walk-ing in His way;



And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.



1. O the beautiful songs, sung by an-gels of light, Who dwell in the sweet home a-bove,
2. They sing of the won-der-ful goodness of God, Who dwells in that beautiful home;
3. They sing of the crowns if redeemed we shall wear, Of garments all spotless and white;



Are sweeter by far than the songs that we sing, They are filled with God's wonderful love.
 They tell of the mansions prepared for us there, And kindly in-vite us to come.
 They sing of the Saviour, who waits for us there, In the home of e - ter - nal life.



REFRAIN.



O the beau - - ti - ful songs The an - - gels sing,
 Beau - ti - ful songs, hap - py songs, An - gels sing, an - gels sing,

*Repeat p after last verse.*

O the beau - - ti - ful songs, Let their glad voic-es ring.
 Beau - ti - ful songs, an - gels sing,

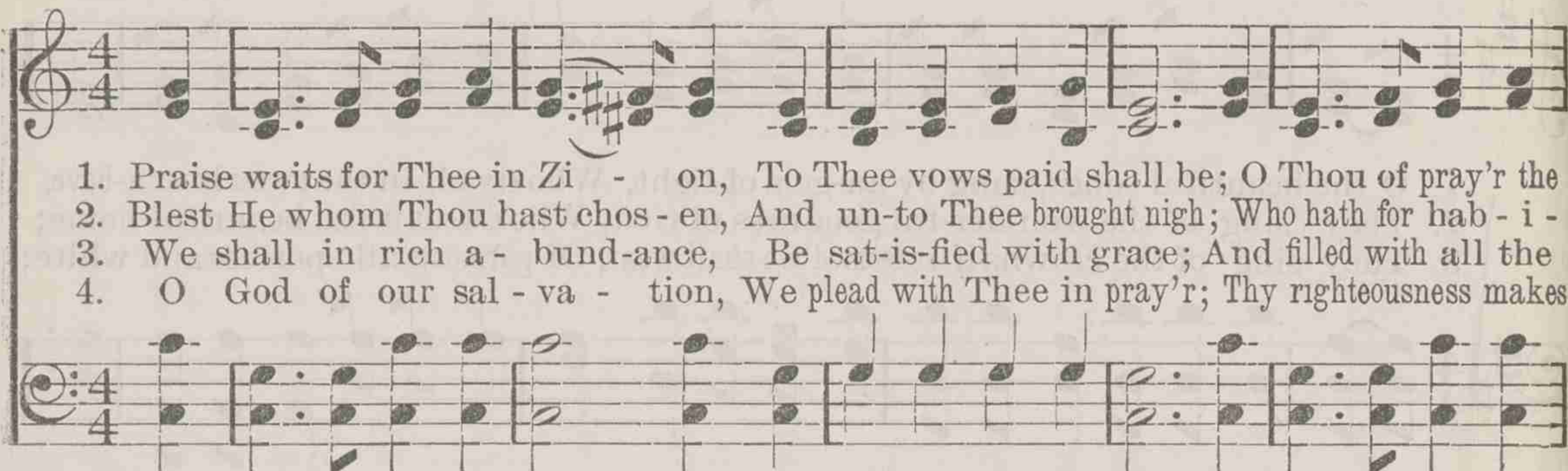


No. 45.

PRAISE WAITETH FOR THEE.

PSALM 65.

JOHN H. BENNER.

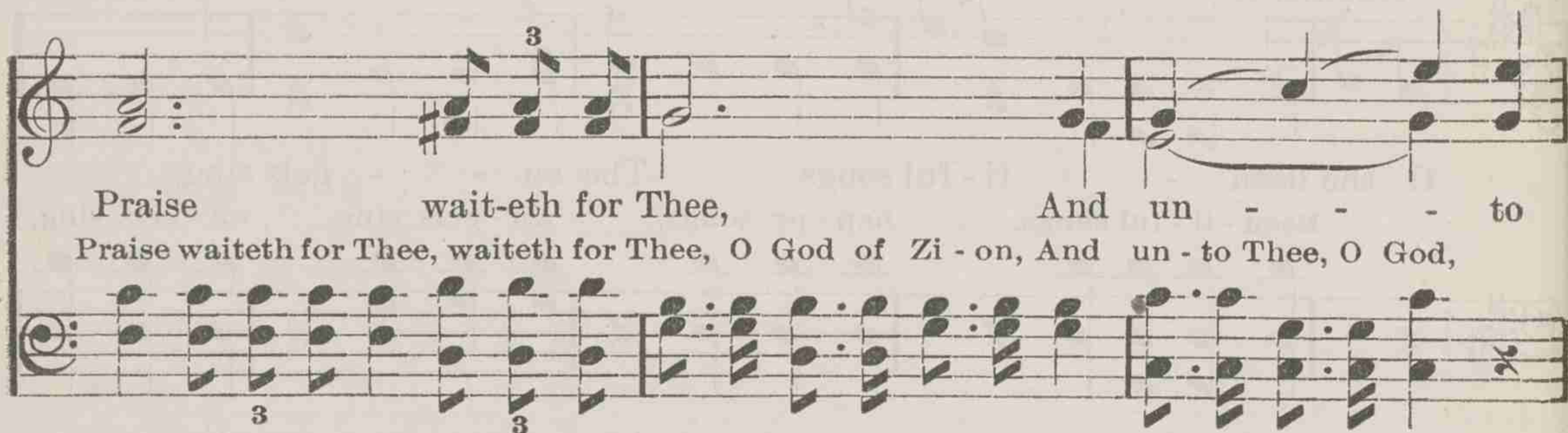


1. Praise waits for Thee in Zi - on, To Thee vows paid shall be; O Thou of pray'r the
 2. Blest He whom Thou hast chos - en, And un-to Thee brought nigh; Who hath for hab - i -
 3. We shall in rich a - bund-ance, Be sat-is-fied with grace; And filled with all the
 4. O God of our sal - va - tion, We plead with Thee in pray'r; Thy righteousness makes

REFRAIN.

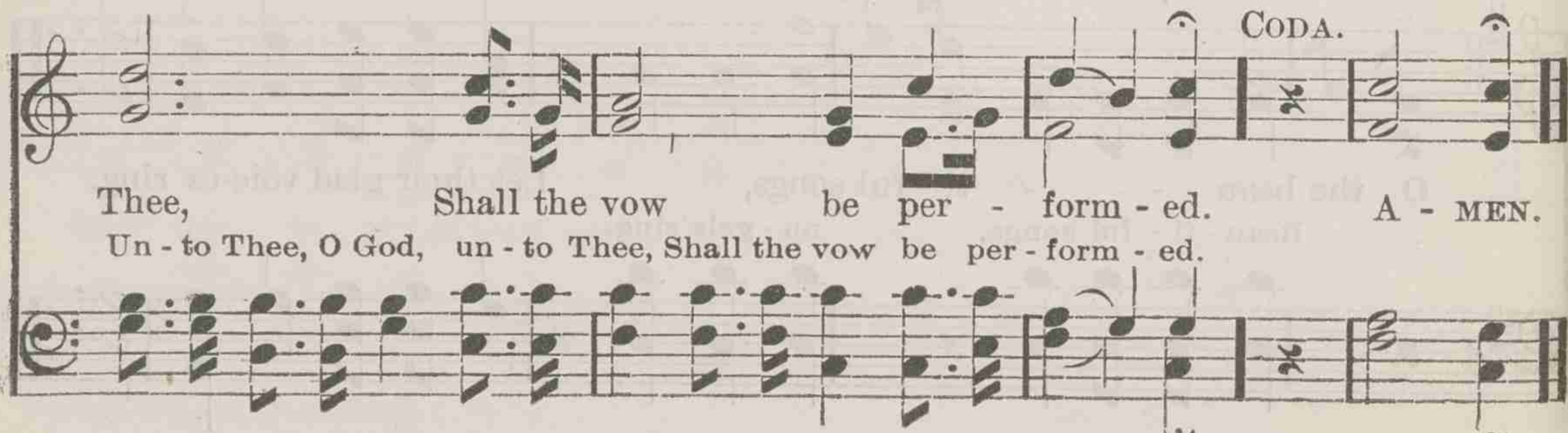


hear - er, All flesh shall come to Thee. Praise waiteth for Thee,
 ta - tion, The courts of God on high.
 good-ness Of Thy most ho - ly place.
 an - swer, By things which fearful are. Praise waiteth for Thee, waiteth for Thee, O God of Zion;



Praise wait-eth for Thee, And un - - - to
 Praise waiteth for Thee, waiteth for Thee, O God of Zi - on, And un - to Thee, O God,

CODA.



Thee, Shall the vow be per - form - ed. A - MEN.
 Un - to Thee, O God, un - to Thee, Shall the vow be per - form - ed.

No. 46. THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. There's a fountain of blood, 'Tis a soul-cleansing flood, It has pow'r, wond'rous pow'r, this I know;
2. O the blood that was spilt, Tho' as crimson my guilt, It can cleanse from my heart ev'-ry stain;
3. From the spear-pierced side Of my Saviour, who died, Flows the fountain that cleanseth from sin;



It is flow-ing so free, And it saves e-ven me; O the blood makes me white as the snow.
For the crimes I have done It can ful-ly a-tone, 'Tis the blood of the Lamb that was slain.
O, why longer delay? Come, O come while you may, Come to Him and your soul shall be clean.

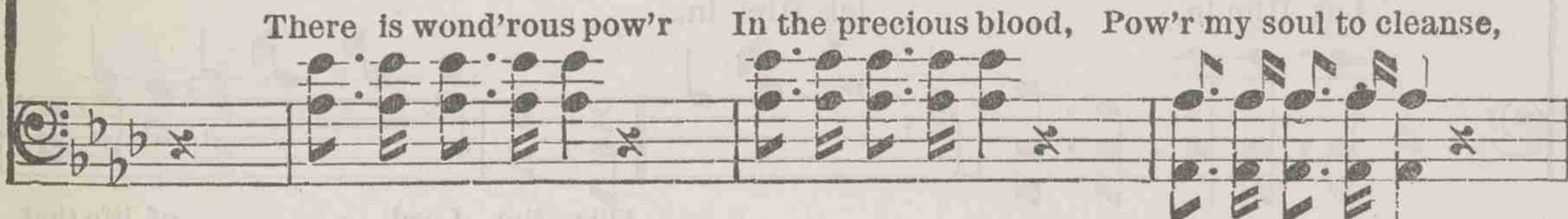


D.S. blood makes me white as the snow.

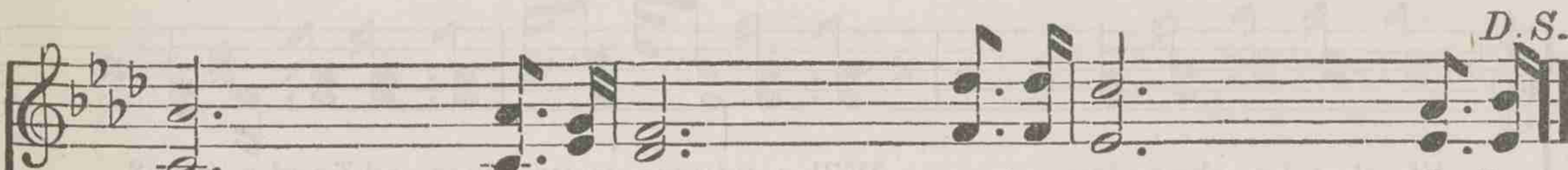
REFRAIN.



There is pow'r in the blood, Pow'r to cleanse, this I



There is wond'rous pow'r In the precious blood, Pow'r my soul to cleanse,



know; Fountain free, sav-ing me, O the



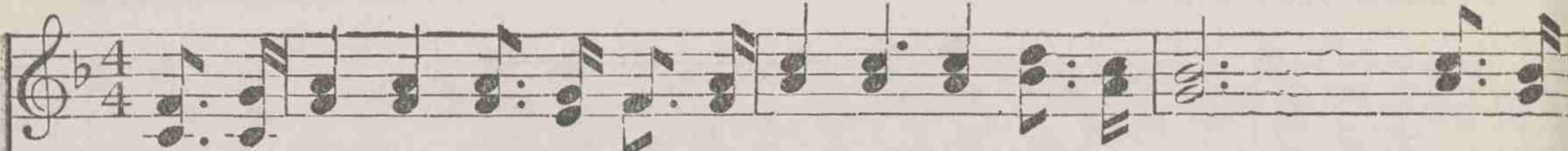
this I sure-ly know; Fountain flowing free, sav-ing e-ven me,

No. 47



A. J. S.

LET HIM IN.


A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. There's a heav'nly Stranger standing at the door, Let Him in, let Him
 2. 'Tis your dearest Friend that would an entrance find, Let Him in, let Him
 3. Do not leave Him standing at the close-barred door, Let Him in, let Him
 4. O - pen wide your heart and welcome in this Guest, Let Him in, let Him

in; He is gen - tly knock-ing, oft has knocked be-fore, Let Him
 in; Can you lon - ger be to Je - sus so un-kind? Let Him
 in; If you lon - ger wait He may re - turn no more, Let Him
 in; In His bless-ed pres-ence you will find sweet rest, Let Him
 let Him in;



REFRAIN.



in, let Him in. 'Tis the Lord of
 in, let Him in.
 in, let Him in.
 in, let Him in.
 Let Him in, let Him in.




life that knocks today, Will you turn your bless - ed Lord a-way?
 knocks to - day, Will you turn . . . your Lord a-way? He will



LET HIM IN.

He will cleanse your heart from ev-'ry sin, O then let this
 cleanse . . . your heart from ev - 'ry sin, O then let this Stran-ger

heav'nly Stranger in; Let Him in, . . . O let the Sav - iour in, Let Him
 in; Let Him in, O let the Sav-iour in,

in, . . . O let Him in; He will cleanse . . . your heart from
 Let Him in, O let Him in; He will cleanse your

ev - 'ry sin, Let Him in, . . . O let Him in.
 heart from ev - 'ry sin, Let Him in, O let Him in, O let Him in.

No. 48.

T. J. S.

A DREAM OF HOME.

Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

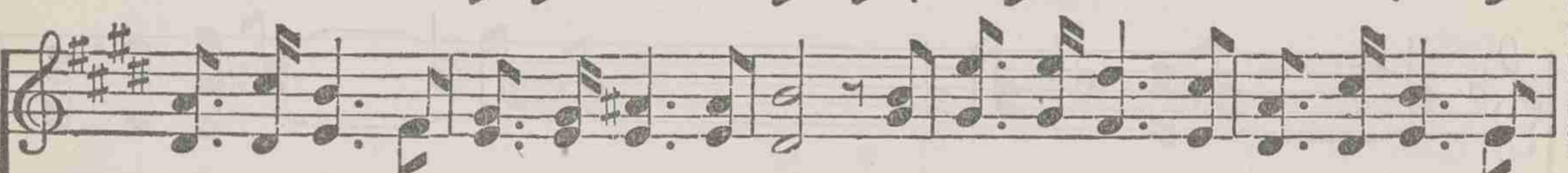
Effective as a Solo.



1. I sat a-lone at midnight hour, And watch'd the star-lit sky, And
2. "He's gone tho' now, far, far a - way, Per-haps in des-erts wild; O
3. "I fan-cy now I see his face, As fair as when a child; And
4. A - las! dear friends, 't was but a dream, My mother's here no more; She



dreamed I heard my mother say: "I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he
God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my dis-tant child, No fath-er there to
he's a full-grown man to-day, And true, and brave, but mild. A let-ter here says:
left this world of sin and pain For Canaan's hap-py shore. Lord, send some messen-



is tonight, He cross'd the trou-bled main; But this I know, if life holds out, He'll
guide him now, No brother with his cheer, No mother there to soothe his brow, No
'Mother, dear, No long-er I will roam; So now I stand and watch the gate, I
ger of love To guide my wayward feet, That I may meet my mother there, Who's



REFRAIN.



wander back a-gain." "He's coming home, O joy-ful tho't! My boy no more will
sis-ter with her tear."

know he's com-ing home." 4th verse.

wait-ing at the gate. I'm going home, 't will not be long Ere I shall cease to



A DREAM OF HOME.

roam; A let-ter here,says: 'Mother, dear, I'm coming, com - ing home.'"
 roam; And then I'll join re-demption's song With mother, dear, at home.

No. 49.

NETTLETON.

Rev. ROBERT ROBINSON.

Rev. ASAHEL NETTLETON.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace. }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. }
 D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it,—Mount of Thy re - deeming love.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
 D.C.

2 Here I'll raise mine 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,
 Wand'ring 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 wand'ring 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.

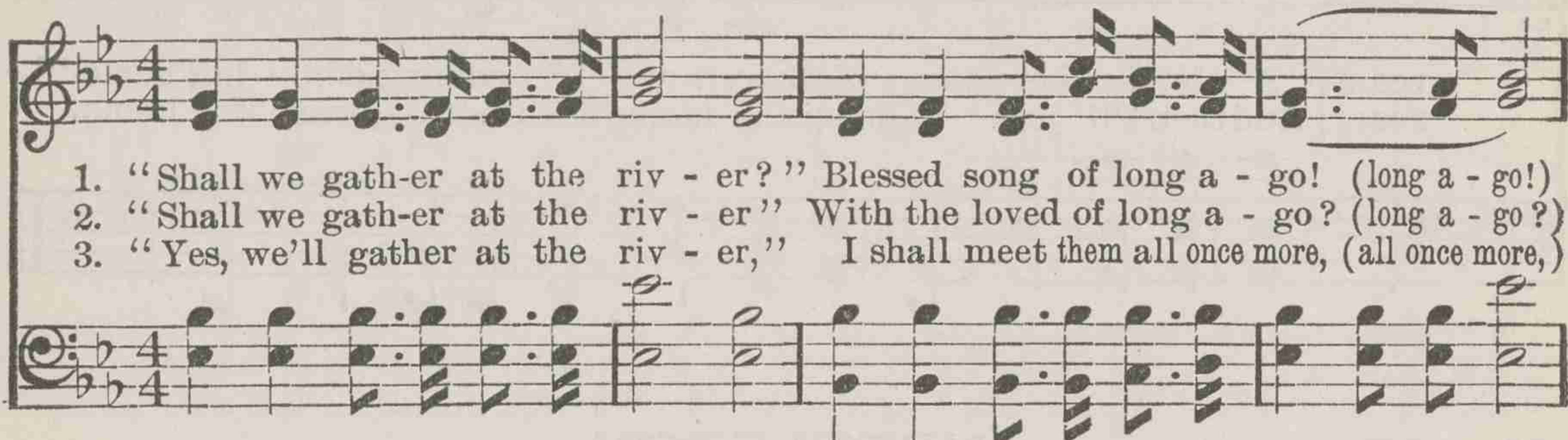
No. 50.

AT THE RIVER.

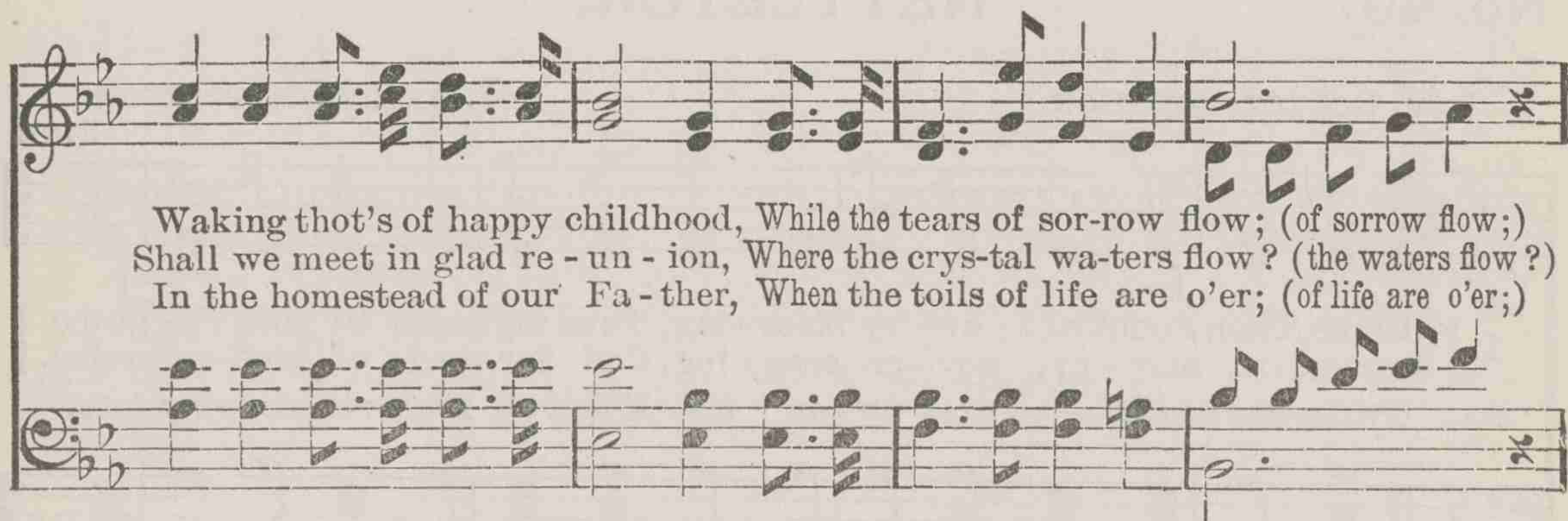
Suggested by an incident related by my pastor in reference to his boyhood in England,
and his father's playing and singing Mr. Lowry's well-known hymn. B. B.

BIRDIE BELL.

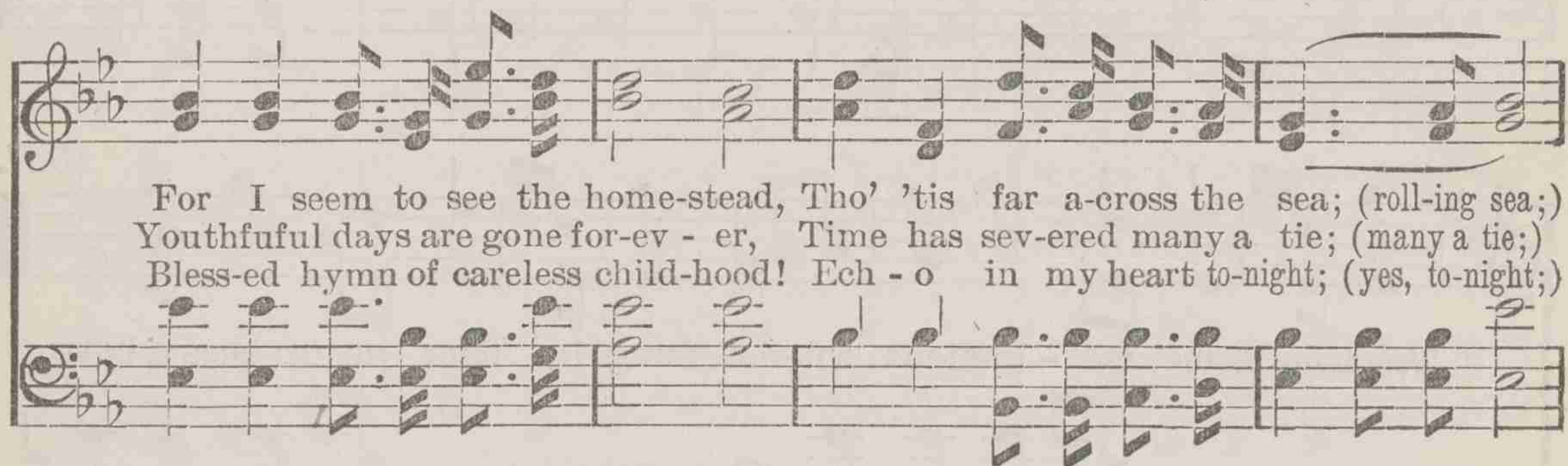
A. J. SHOWALTER.



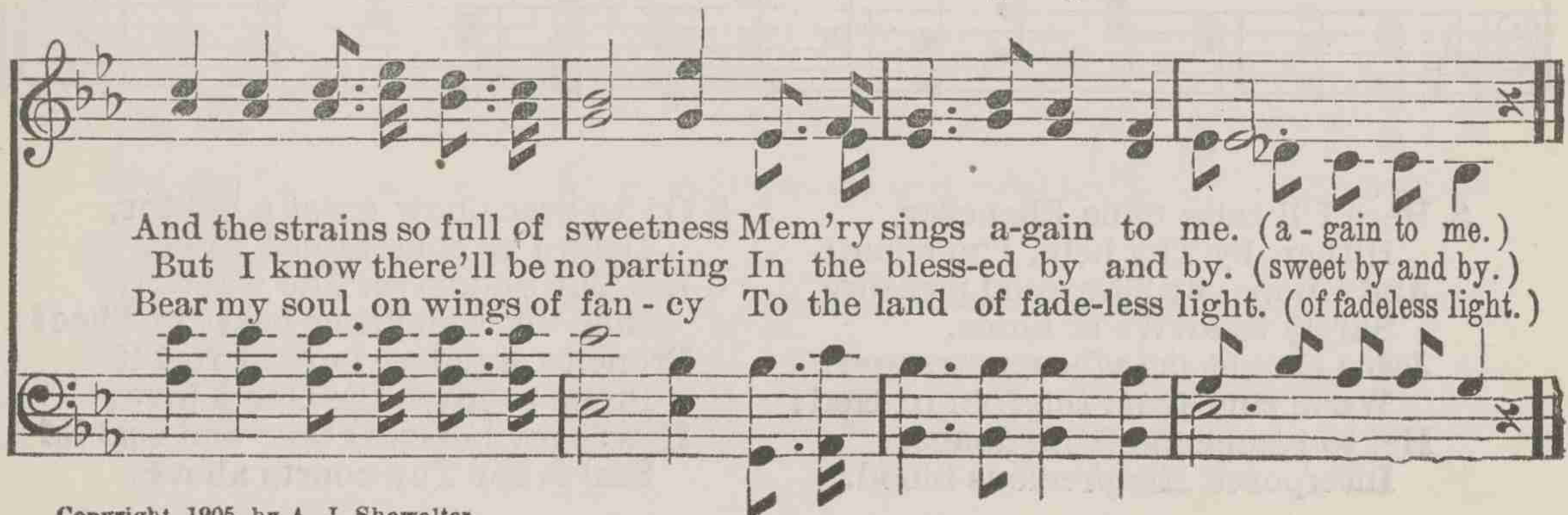
1. "Shall we gath-er at the riv - er?" Blessed song of long a - go! (long a - go!)
2. "Shall we gath-er at the riv - er?" With the loved of long a - go? (long a - go?)
3. "Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er," I shall meet them all once more, (all once more,)



Waking thot's of happy childhood, While the tears of sor-row flow; (of sorrow flow;)
Shall we meet in glad re - un - ion, Where the crys-tal wa-ters flow? (the waters flow?)
In the homestead of our Fa-ther, When the toils of life are o'er; (of life are o'er;)



For I seem to see the home-stead, Tho' 'tis far a-cross the sea; (roll-ing sea;)
Youthful days are gone for-ev - er, Time has sev-ered many a tie; (many a tie;)
Bless-ed hymn of careless child-hood! Ech - o in my heart to-night; (yes, to-night;)



And the strains so full of sweetness Mem'ry sings a-gain to me. (a - gain to me.)
But I know there'll be no parting In the bless-ed by and by. (sweet by and by.)
Bear my soul on wings of fan - cy To the land of fade-less light. (of fadeless light.)

No. 51.

LIFT UP JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. Lift up Je - sus in a world of sin, Christ of Calv'ry will the sin - ner win;
2. Lift up Je - sus as your dearest Friend, Grace and mercy shall your steps attend;
3. Lift up Je - sus 'mid our earthly strife, Show the glo-ry of His hid - den life;



Let His cross ex-ert its sav - ing might, Sending out its beams of life and light.
Swift to an-swer when His children call, Lift up Je-sus as the Lord of all.
Song and sto - ry, ac-tion, word and speech, Let them praise Him and His Gos-pel preach.



REFRAIN.



Lift up Je - sus, Lift up Je - sus; Dy-ing, liv - ing, glo - ri - fied;



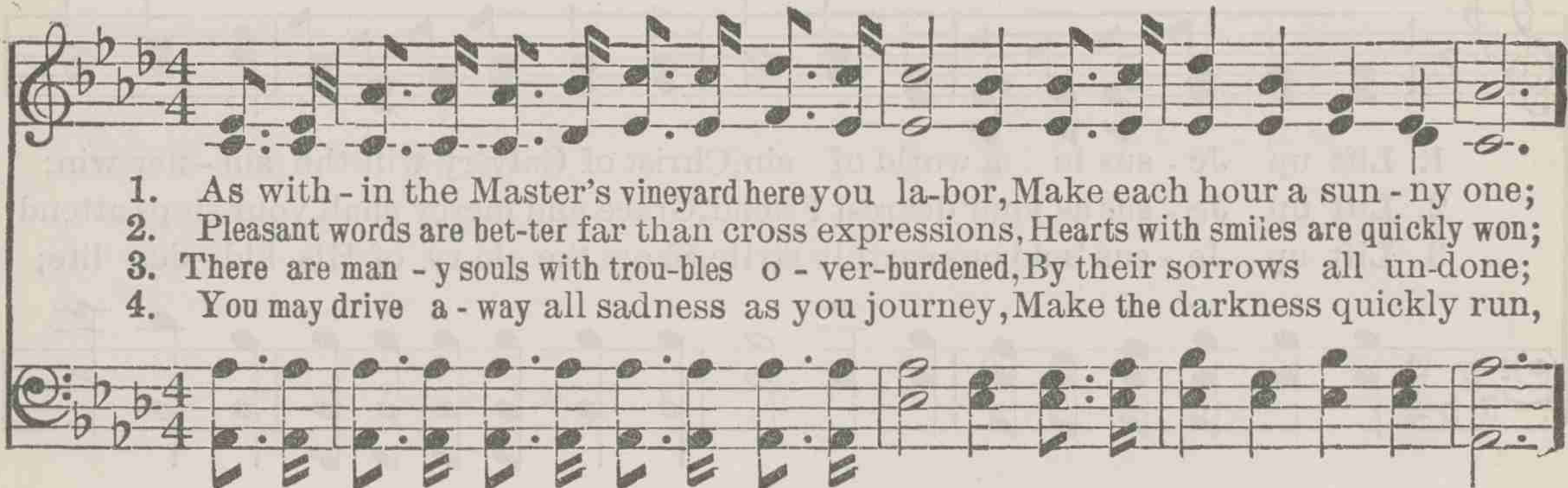
Lift up Je - sus, Lift up Je - sus; On - ly Sav - iour, Friend and Guide.



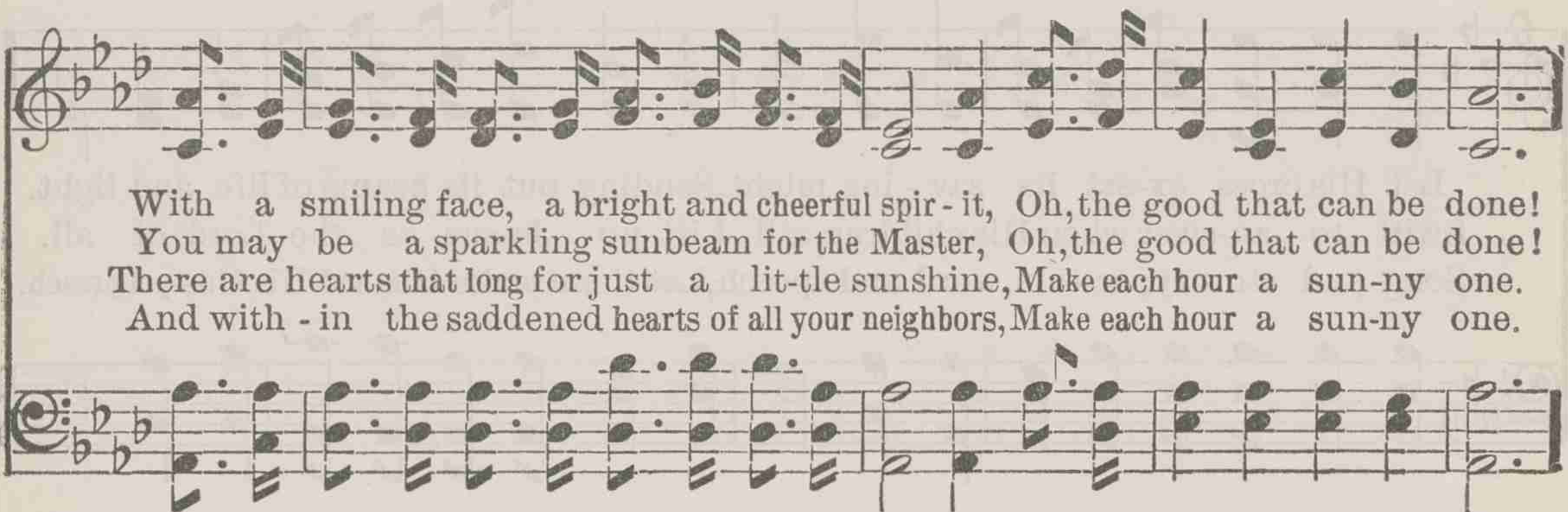
No. 52. MAKE EACH HOUR A SUNNY ONE.

E. D. ELLIOTT.

WM. EDIE MARKS.



1. As with - in the Master's vineyard here you la-bor, Make each hour a sun - ny one;
2. Pleasant words are bet-ter far than cross expressions, Hearts with smiles are quickly won;
3. There are man - y souls with trou-bles o - ver-burdened, By their sorrows all un-done;
4. You may drive a - way all sadness as you journey, Make the darkness quickly run,

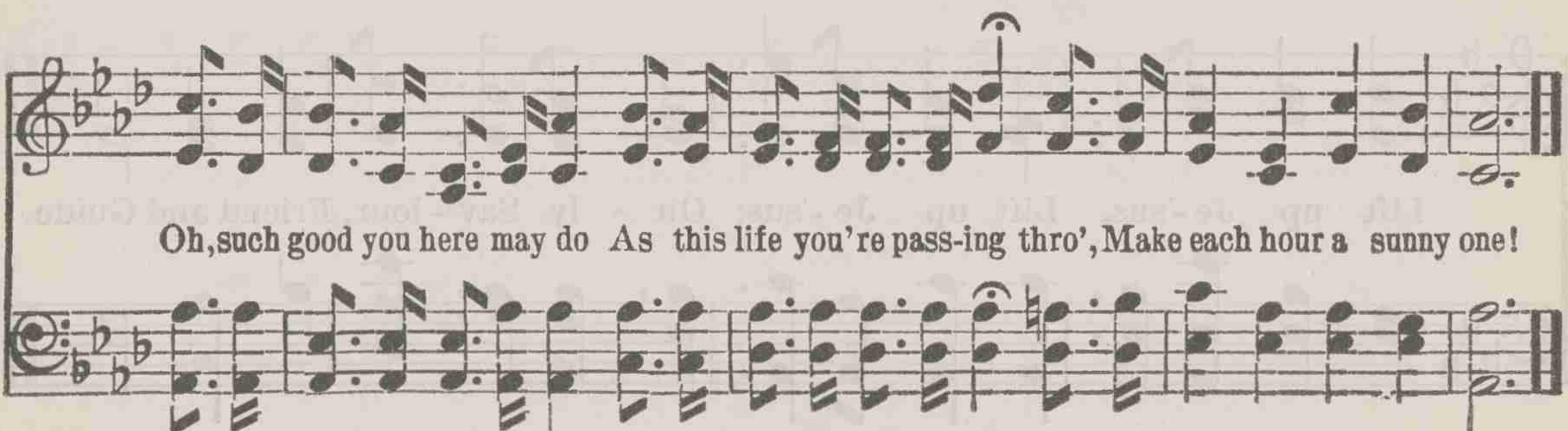


With a smiling face, a bright and cheerful spir - it, Oh, the good that can be done!
You may be a sparkling sunbeam for the Master, Oh, the good that can be done!
There are hearts that long for just a lit-tle sunshine, Make each hour a sun-ny one.
And with - in the saddened hearts of all your neighbors, Make each hour a sun-ny one.

REFRAIN.



Make each hour a sun - ny one as you jour-ney, Let each one with joy o'er-run as you jour - ney,



Oh, such good you here may do As this life you're pass-ing thro', Make each hour a sunny one!

No. 53. 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. 54. SHALL WE MEET AT HOME IN THE MORNING?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

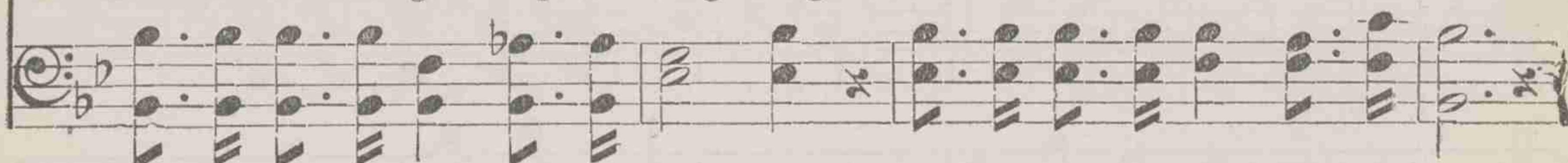
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Shall we meet at home in the morn - ing, When the shadows lift from our eyes?
2. Shall we see that cit - y e - ter - nal, Built by God's own hand in the sky?
3. Shall we stand sometime by the riv - er, When our tears shall fall never-more?
4. Shall we join the song they are sing - ing Un - to Him whose name be adored?



Shall we see the King in His beau - ty, In that blessed home in the skies?
Shall we see those fields ev - er ver - nal? Shall we meet at home by and by?
Shall we walk in white there for - ev - er? Shall we meet at home on that shore?
Shall we be where glad harps are ring - ing? Shall we be at home with the Lord?



REFRAIN.



Yes, we'll meet at home in the morn-ing, When the blessed Saviour bids us come;
bids us come.



Gather there to dwell, nevermore to say farewell, When we all shall meet in that home.
hap-py home



No. 55. THE GIVING IS FOR THE ASKING.

S. W. BEAZLEY.

"Ask, and it shall be given you."—Matt. 7: 7.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.



1. The giv - ing is for the ask - ing on - ly, Why not seek His face?
2. The giv - ing is for the ask - ing on - ly, Why then be a - fraid?
3. The giv - ing is for the ask - ing on - ly, Why not praise and sing?



CHO.—The giv - ing is for the ask - ing on - ly, Why so poor re - main?

FINE.



The wealth of the throne is yours, my broth - er, Why not ask for grace?
The boun - ties of heav'n are free, my broth - er, Thus the Sav - iour said.
The glo - ries of heav'n a - wait you, broth - er, You may be a king.



The rich - es of God are yours, my broth - er, Ask in faith a - gain.



The storehouse of God is o - pen, broth - er, Why so beg - gared be?
A - dornments of beau - ty He will give you, Why then be a slave?
Then rise on the wings of faith, my broth - er, Soar a - way on high;



D. C. for Chorus.



The ful - ness of love is yours, my broth - er, Make His love your plea.
When Je - sus now waits to bless you, broth - er, Waits to bless and save.
The giv - ing is for the ask - ing on - ly, Ask and feel Him nigh.



No. 56. 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.



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. 57.

FAREWELL.

This song is also published in octavo form for mens' voices.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.

Fare-well, fare - well, fare - well, Let us sing to all fare-
Now to all a kind fare-well, Fare-well, fare-well,

well, Let us sing to all fare - well. } This meet-ing time was not in vain, And
fare-well, } What precious moments here we spend, To
fare - well.

hop-ing all to meet a - gain, We now u - nite to sing the strain We all de-light to hear;
song and friendship now at-tend, Thus lift - ing to a bet - ter end The friends we welcome here. }

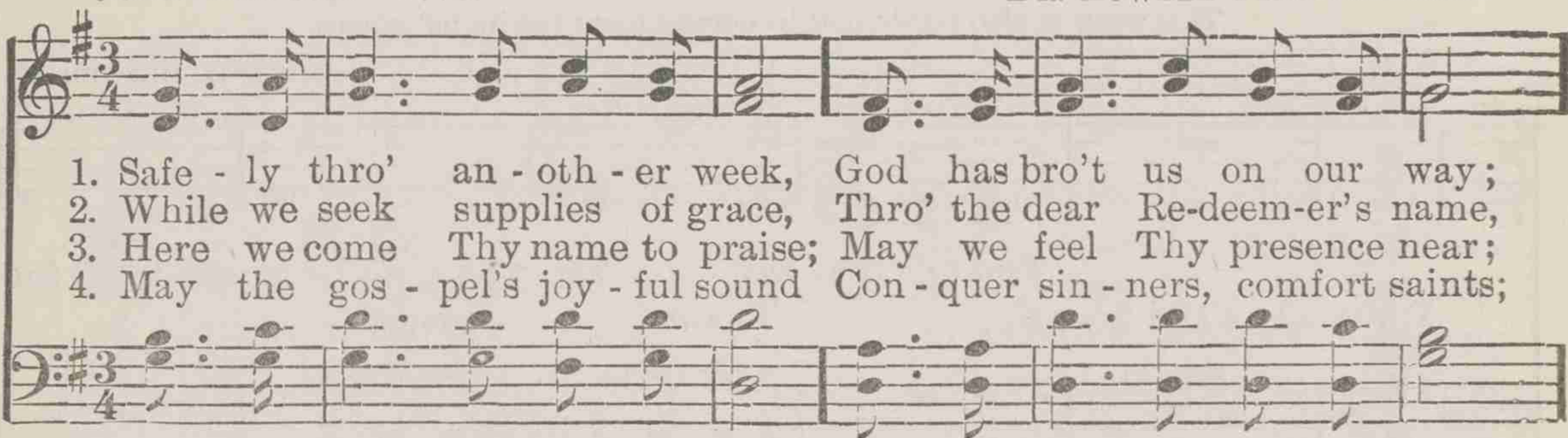
Fare - well, fare - well, Fare - well to all so dear; Fare-well, fare - well.
Fare-well, fare-well, so dear;

No. 58.

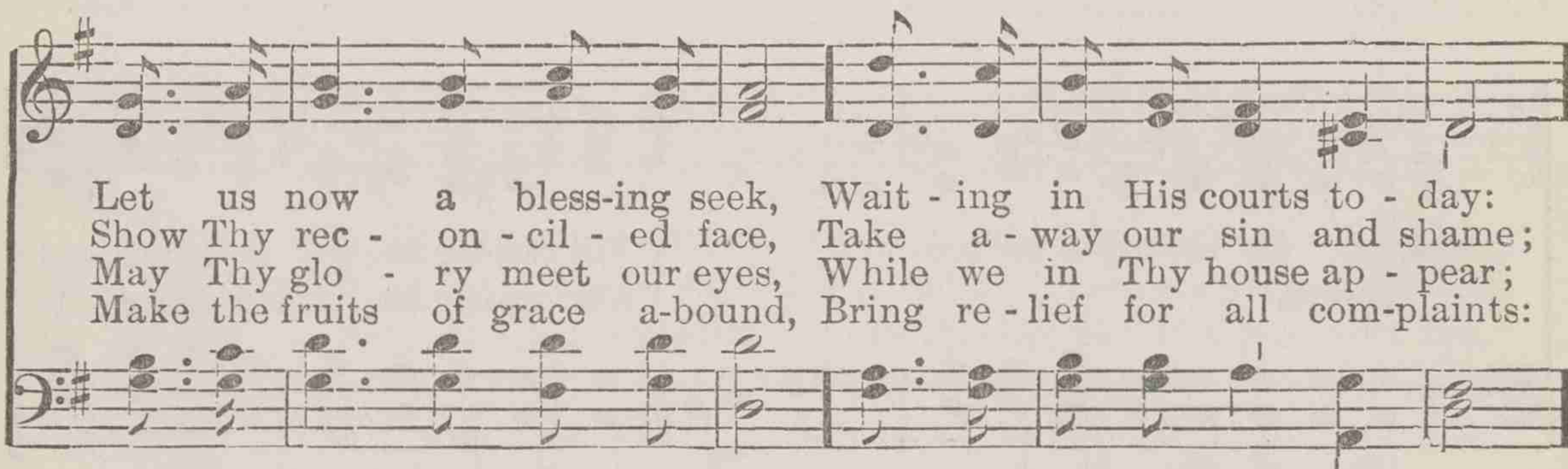
SABBATH. 7. D.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779.

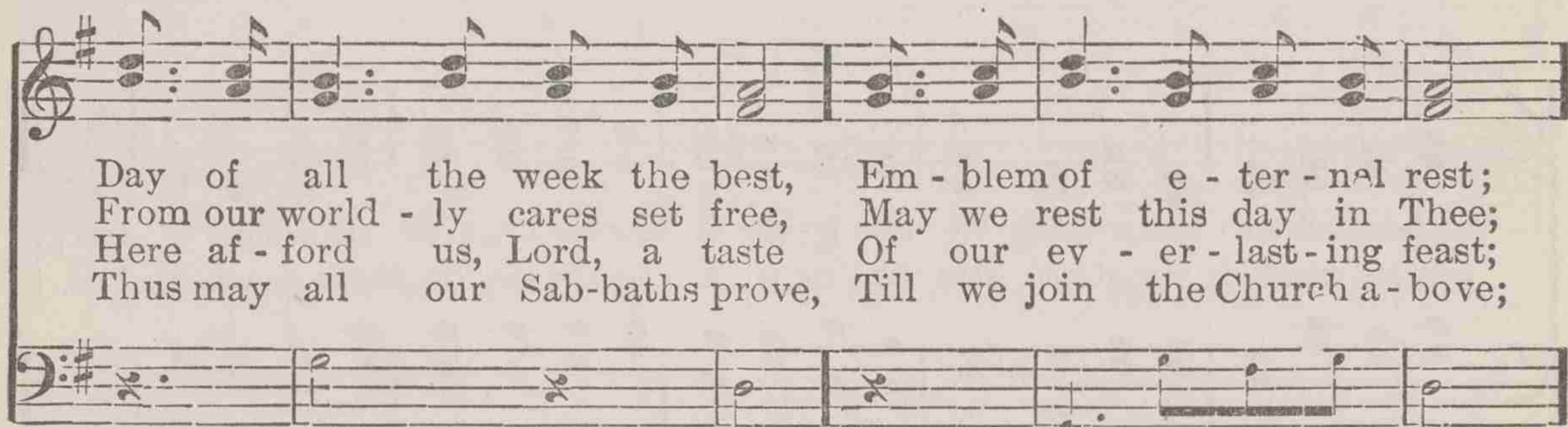
DR. LOWELL MASON. 1824.



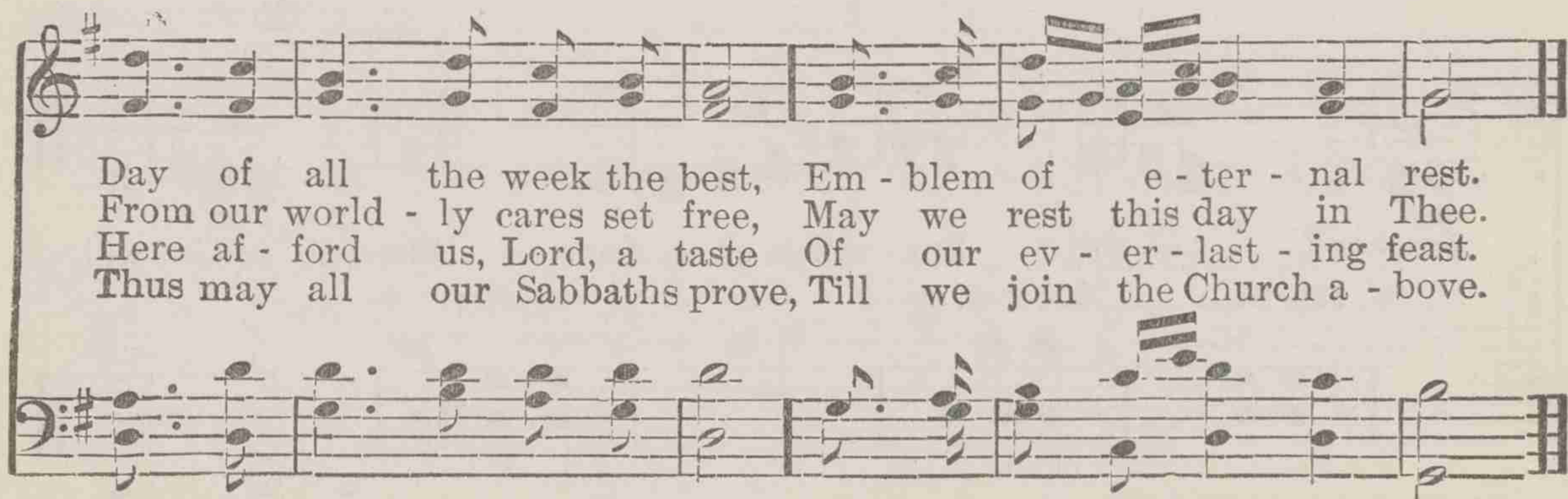
1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way;
 2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; May we feel Thy presence near;
 4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, comfort saints;



Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
 Make the fruits of grace a-bound, Bring re - lief for all com-plaints:



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
 Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 Thus may all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove.

No. 59.

BLESSED HOME.

Melody by J. E. BIGBIE.

Arr. and harmonized by A. J. SHOWALTER.



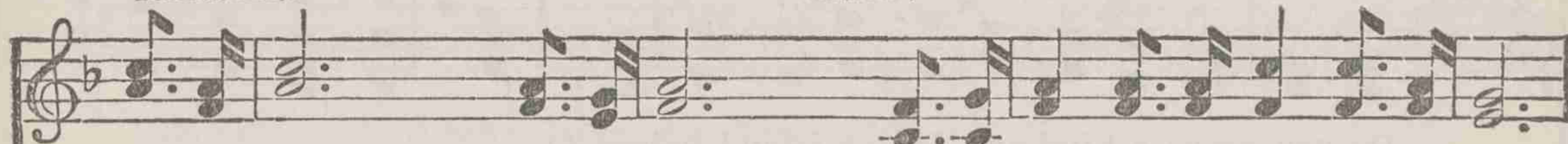
1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the riv-er of light;
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who before us the jour-ney have trod;
3. My Sav-iour is now o-ver there, There my kindred and friends are at rest;
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;



Where the saints all im-mor-tal and fair, Are rob'd in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ma-ny dear to my heart o-ver there Are watch-ing and waiting for me.



REFRAIN.



Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there;
Bless-ed home, hap-py home,



Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there.
Bless-ed home, hap-py home,



No. 60. HAS ONE BEEN SAVED TO-DAY?

S. W. BEAZLEY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Thro' this land of sin and woe, Thro' this world where'er you go, Do you carry light and
2. By example do you show That His pard'ning love you know, While upon life's thorn-y
3. Does your spirit yearn with-in For some weary one in sin? Do you strive to raise the



love to souls in need? Do you speak of sins forgiv'n? Do you point some life t'ward heav'n?
 pathway here you tread? Do you live a life of love, As re-flect-ed from a-bove,
 fal-len by the way? Do you long to carry light Where there's gloom, despair and night?



REFRAIN.



Do you prove a kind and loving friend indeed? }
 While by grace and tender mer-cies you are led? } Has one been saved to-day?
 By your la-bor has a soul been saved to-day? }



Has one been saved to-day? By some kind-ly word you've spoken, By you



HAS ONE BEEN SAVED TO-DAY?—Concluded.

heal-ing hearts once broken, By some ray of love's sweet tok-en, Has one been saved to-day?

No. 61.

MY ROCK AND SHIELD.

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

REFRAIN.

tri-als this I know—He is my Rock and Shield.
 es thro' all I claim, He is my Rock and Shield. } He is my Rock and Shield, My
 changing scenes of life Thou art my Rock and Shield.

all to Him I yield; In ev'-ry try-ing hour I know He is my Rock and Shield.

No. 62.

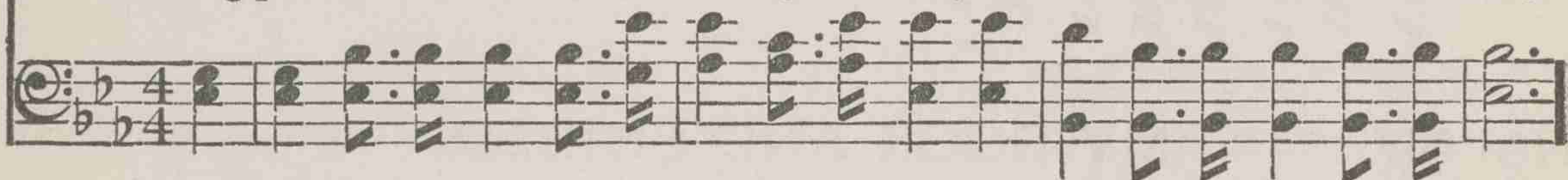
SING PRAISES TO GOD.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Sing prais-es to God for the gift of His love, That guards us with tender-est care,
2. Sing prais-es to God for the blessing of pray'r, That brings us so near to His throne;
3. Sing prais-es to God for His dear, blessed Son, Who came as a ransom from sin;
4. Sing prais-es to God for His mer-cy so free, That reach-es and saves e-ven me;



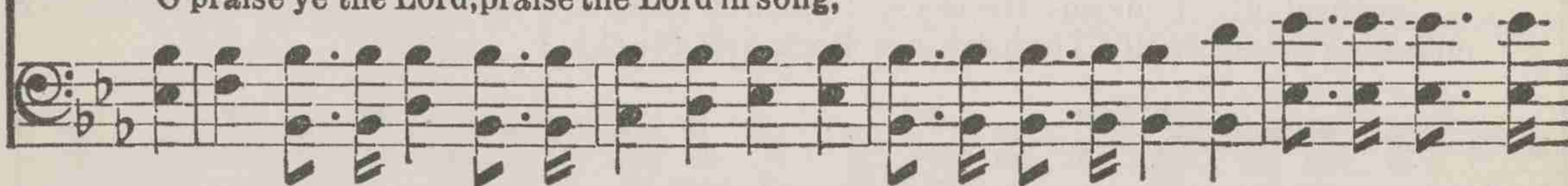
As on-ward we march to that cit - y a-bove, Its heav-en - ly mansions to share.
 For Christ in His beau-ty ap-pears to us there, And graciously welcomes His own.
 Thro' Him we shall live when our journey is done, Thro' Him we may all "en-ter in."
 That precious Redeem-er once nailed to the tree, The theme of our prais-es shall be.



REFRAIN.



O praise ye the Lord in song, His blessed name adore, And tell His mercies
 O praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord in song,



o'er, As on - - ward we march along, Singing prais-es to God ev - er-more.
 onward and heav'nward we march along,



No. 63.

IN THE LORD I TRUST.

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—Job 13: 15.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. 'Tis sweet to o - bey, And walk in the way Of Christ, my blessed Sav - iour;
2. When sor - rows as - sail, His love will not fail; He hears my soul's ap - peal - ing.
3. Af - flic - tion and pain Shall try me in vain; I'll trust Him tho' He slay me.



My soul is at rest, I'm hap - py and blest, When I en - joy His fa - vor.
In safe - ty I hide, And sweet - ly a - bide Be - neath His wings of heal - ing.
I know that at last, When tri - als are past, His love will well re - pay me.



REFRAIN.



In the Lord I trust, For His ways are just, He is my soul's sal - va - tion;



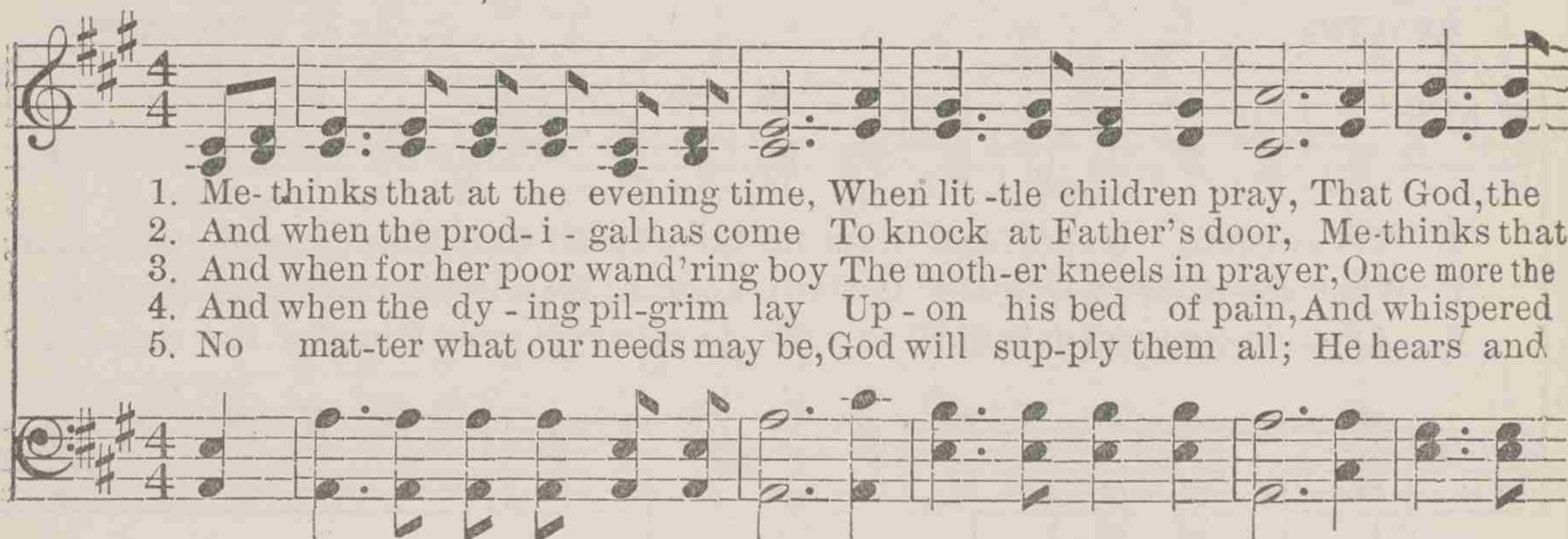
I will seek His face As a child of grace, And kneel in ad - o - ra - tion.



No. 64. CEASE YOUR SINGING, ANGELS.*

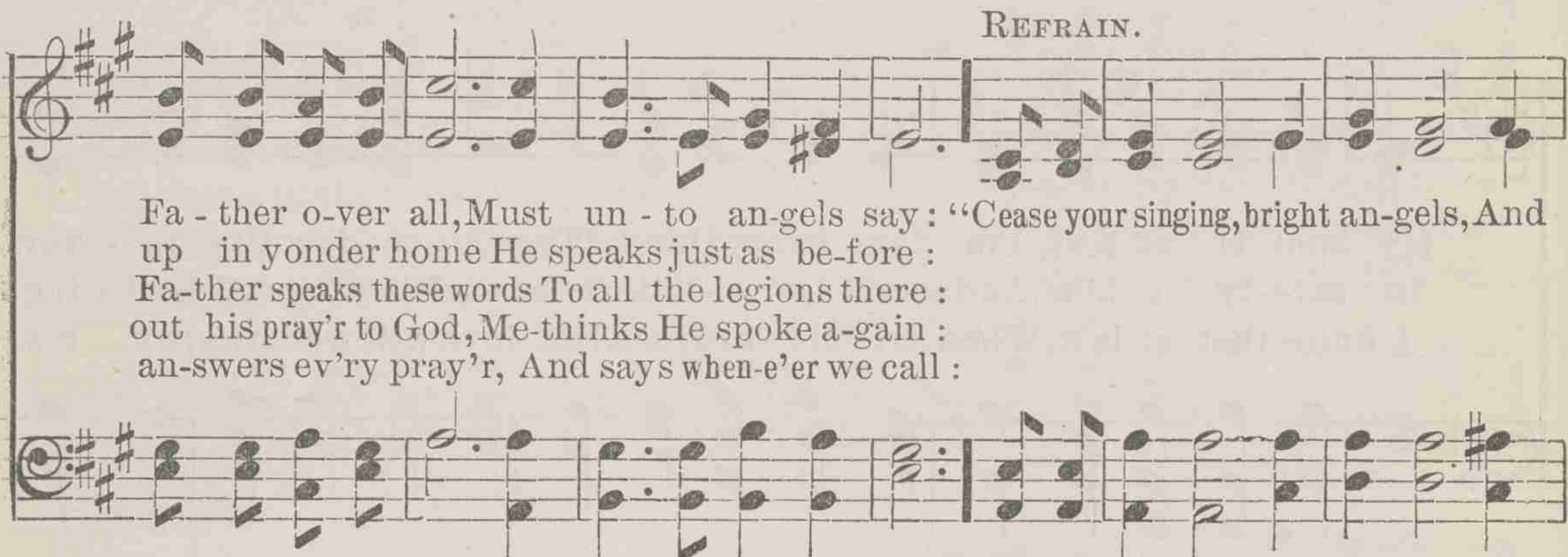
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Me-thinks that at the evening time, When lit-tle children pray, That God, the
 2. And when the prod-i-gal has come To knock at Father's door, Me-thinks that
 3. And when for her poor wand'ring boy The moth-er kneels in prayer, Once more the
 4. And when the dy-ing pil-grim lay Up-on his bed of pain, And whispered
 5. No mat-ter what our needs may be, God will sup-ply them all; He hears and

REFRAIN.



Fa-ther o-ver all, Must un-to an-gels say: "Cease your singing, bright an-gels, And
 up in yonder home He speaks just as be-fore:
 Fa-ther speaks these words To all the legions there:
 out his pray'r to God, Me-thinks He spoke a-gain:
 an-swears ev'ry pray'r, And says when-e'er we call:



put your harps a-way, For I, your God, must listen To hear my children pray;

pp



Yes, I, your God, must lis-ten To hear my children pray, To hear my children pray."

* A little girl was asked if she thought God would hear her prayers, and she answered, "O yes, God will say to the angels, "Angels, stop singing for a while, I must have it quiet, for there is a little girl down there that I want to hear pray."

No. 65. HEAVEN TO GO TO HEAVEN IN.

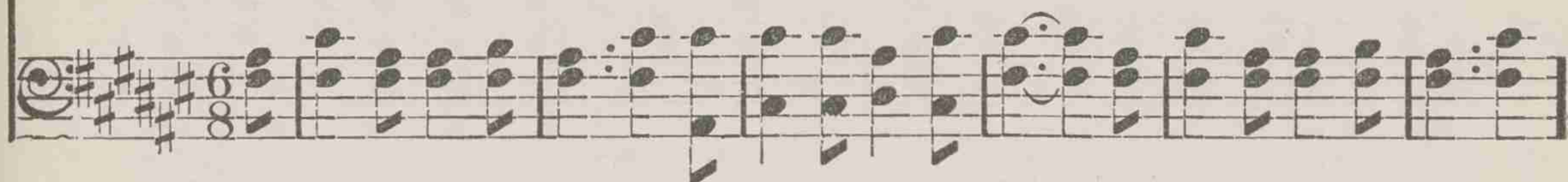
Respectfully inscribed to my Friend and Brother, F. D. Falkner.—R. L. P.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

R. L. PAGE, JR.



1. My path is filled with sunshine, My heart is filled with song; No mat-ter where I wan - der,
2. They tell me of a count - ry, Be-yond the stars of light, Where I may live for - ev - er,
3. Each day the path grows brighter, And soon I will be - hold My man-sion o - ver yon - der,



I'm hap-py all day long. For since the blood of Je - sus Has washed a-way my sin
And walk with saints in white. But since the blood of Je - sus My rov-ing heart did win,
And walk the streets of gold. But since my Saviour called me, And par-doned ev-'ry sin,



REFRAIN.



I've had a lit - tle heav - en To go to heav-en in. Yes, since I found the Sav-iour,



And felt new life be - gin, I've had a lit - tle heav - en To go to heav-en in.




No. 66.



WE'RE REJOICING IN JESUS.

J. H. B.


JOHN H. BERNER




1. We're al-ways a prais-ing the Sav-iour, He leads us, He loves us, 'tis true;
 2. We're al-ways a prais-ing the Sav-iour, His love is so pre-cious, so free;
 3. We're al-ways a prais-ing the Sav-iour, Who said, "let the children come in;"



And therefore we're always so hap - py, In do - ing the work that's to do.
 We tell of His kindness and mer - cy, In dy - ing to set us all free.
 He gath - ers the lit - tle ones to Him, And par-dons and cleanses from sin.




REFRAIN.



We're re - joic - - ing in Je - sus, His praise ev - er-more we will sing;
 We're re - joic - ing

We're re - joic - - ing in Je - sus, With gladness we call Him our King.
 We're re - joic - ing

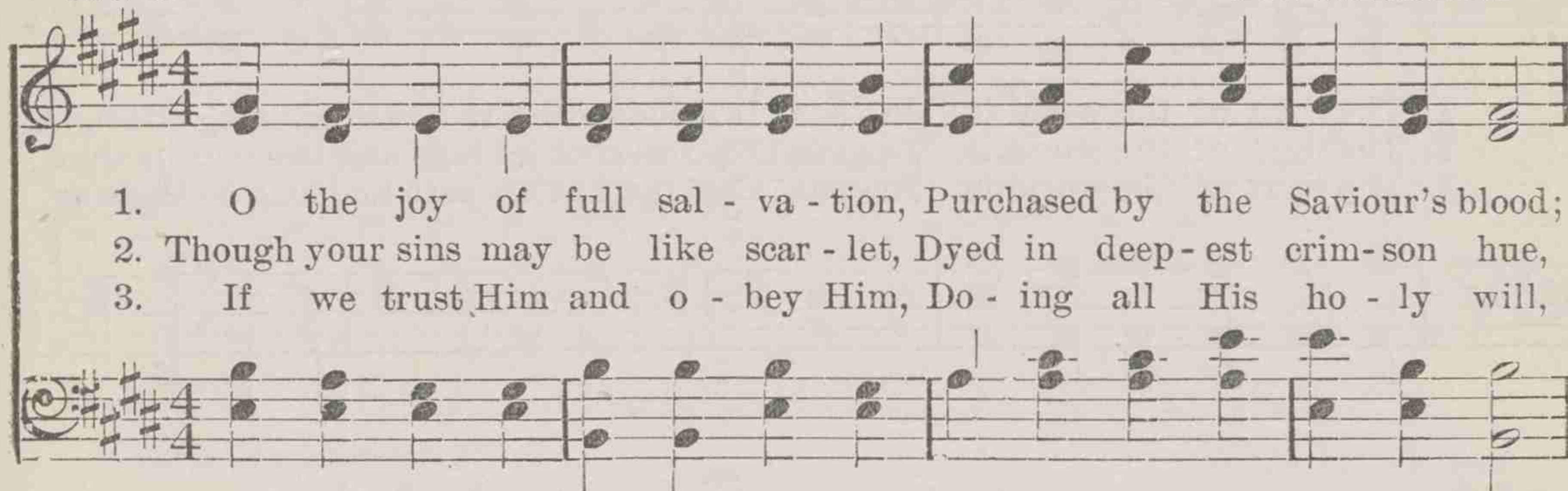


No. 67. O THE JOY OF FULL SALVATION.

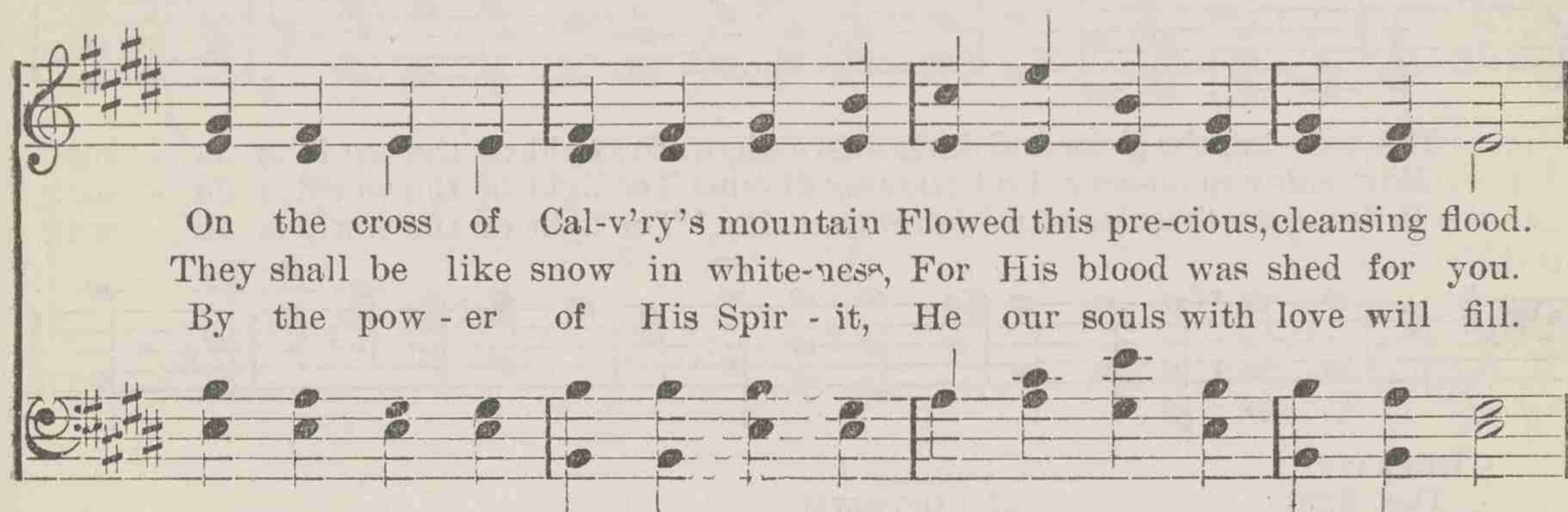
Respectfully inscribed to the Brethren who attended the Annual
Conference, Bristol, Tenn., June 3-8, 1905.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O the joy of full sal - va - tion, Purchased by the Saviour's blood;
2. Though your sins may be like scar - let, Dyed in deep - est crim - son hue,
3. If we trust Him and o - bey Him, Do - ing all His ho - ly will,

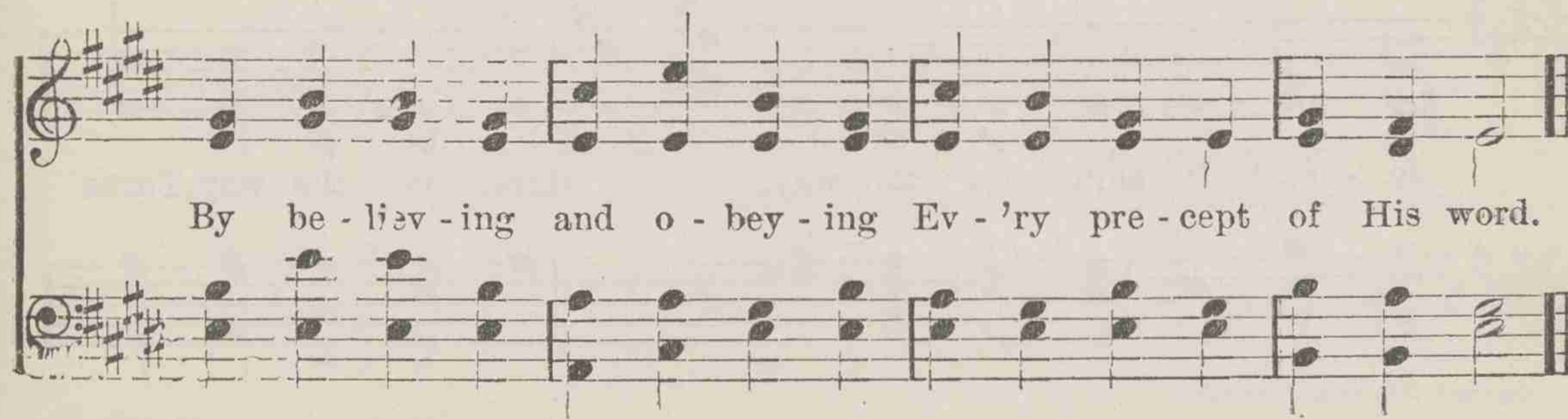


On the cross of Cal - v'ry's mountain Flowed this pre - cious, cleansing flood.
They shall be like snow in white - ness, For His blood was shed for you.
By the pow - er of His Spir - it, He our souls with love will fill.

REFRAIN.



Peace and par - don, pow - er and bless - ing Come to those who love the Lord,



By be - liev - ing and o - bey - ing Ev - 'ry pre - cept of His word.

No. 68 THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The light of the world is Je - sus! It shines with a radiance beaming so bright,
2. The light of the world is Je - sus! Ef - ful - gent its rays and lustrous its shine,
3. The light of the world is Je - sus! Tho' rough be my path and long be the way,



Dis - pell - ing the gloom and darkness of night, The light of the world is Je - sus!
No clouds can ob - scure its beams so di - vine, The light of the world is Je - sus!
It leads to those mansions "fairer than day," The light of the world is Je - sus!



REFRAIN.



The light of the world,

The light of the world, light of the world, The light of the world is



It shines on the way,



Je - sus! It shines on the way, shines on the way, Turns



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

night in - to day,

night in - to day, night in - to day, The light of the world is Je - sus!

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, along with rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 69 REST COMES SWEET AT LAST.

RUTH ELIZABETH HEARN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

The musical notation for the first part of the song is on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody and accompaniment are written across these staves.

1. I am go - ing home to rest me, Earth fad-eth fast; Life with all its cares op -
2. I shall find the love I sought for, When life is past; When is done the good I
3. At the feet of Christ, my Saviour, Life's load I cast; Then thro' love's di - vin - est
4. Heav'n is near and earth's re - ced - ing. Life soon is past; Christ is here, and safe - ly

REFRAIN.

The musical notation for the refrain is on two staves, continuing the key signature and time signature from the previous section. It features a melody and accompaniment.

prest me, Rest comes sweet at last. In my Sav-iour's arms I'll rest me, He will
wrought for, Rest comes sweet at last.
fa - vor, Rest comes sweet at last.
lead - ing, Rest comes sweet at last.

The musical notation for the final part of the song is on two staves, continuing the key signature and time signature. It includes a melody and accompaniment.

comfort me, I know; Since He hath supremely blest me, How I long with Him to go!

No. 70. NEARING MY HOME DAY BY DAY.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. B. EASTERLING.



1. There's a glo-ri-ous place I shall reach by and by, When I come to the end of my way;
2. Ev-'ry sun-set in time brings the wonderful dawn, Of e - ter - ni - ty near-er to me;
3. Tho' my journey seems wearisome soon I shall rest In the cit-y where Jesus doth reign;
4. Just a lit-tle while longer and then I shall view Those bright walls where unfading gems shine;



And tho' steep be the path that before me doth lie, I am nearing my home day by day.
 Soon the shades of my last earthly night will be gone, And then heaven's fair morn I shall see.
 Sheltered safe in that happy a-bode of the blest, I shall never know sorrow and pain.
 To the will of my Saviour, O may I be true, Till I pass thro' the portals di-vine.



REFRAIN.



I am near-ing my home day by day, I am near-ing my home day by
 I am near - ing my home day by day, I am near - ing my



day; As each e - ven - tide com - eth the beau - ti - ful shore Un - to
 home day by day;



NEARING MY HOME DAY BY DAY.—Concluded.

me li - eth clos - er than ev - er be - fore, I am nearing my home day by day.

No. 71. I HAVE WANDERED AWAY.

J. S. KIMBROUGH.

A. W. PHILIPS.

1. I have wan - der'd a - way, Wander'd from the Lord; From Him gone far a -
 2. I have liv'd long in sin, Have a - bus'd Thy grace; Quenched the Spir - it with -
 3. Since for me Thou hast died, Hear, O hear my plea; In my heart now a -

REFRAIN.

stray, Have not kept His word. } I am com - ing home to Thee, Nev - er -
 in, Have not sought Thy face. }
 bide, Stay, O stay with me. }

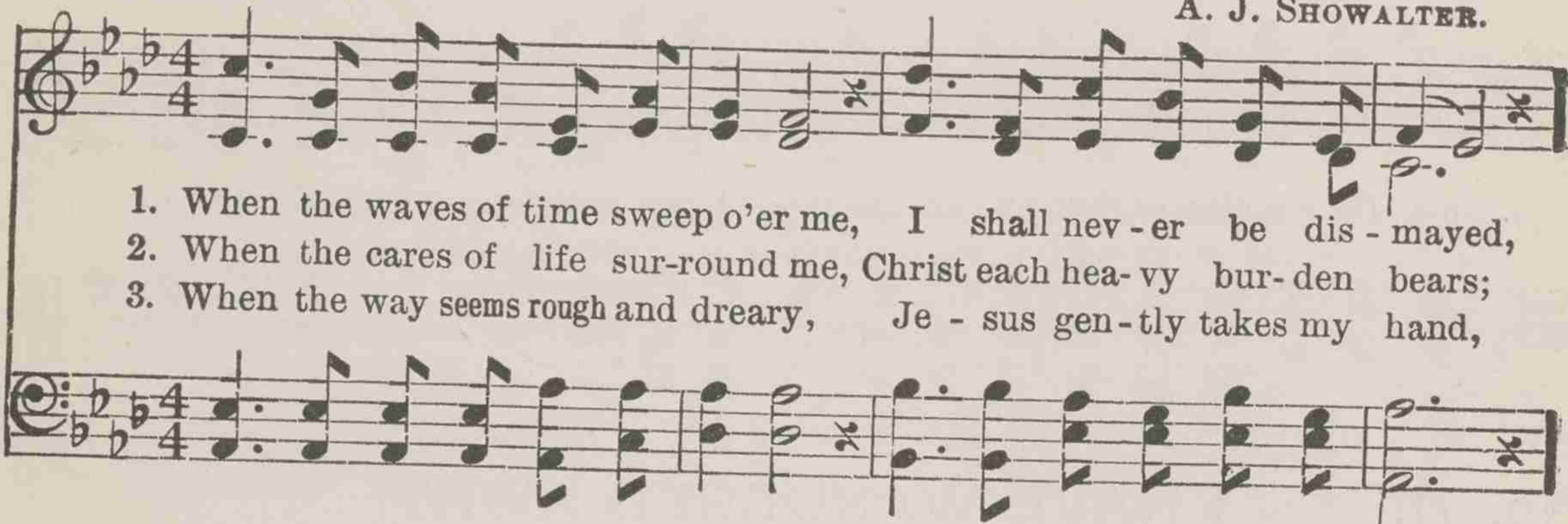
more a - gain to roam; Saviour, meet, O meet with me, I am com - ing home.

No. 72.

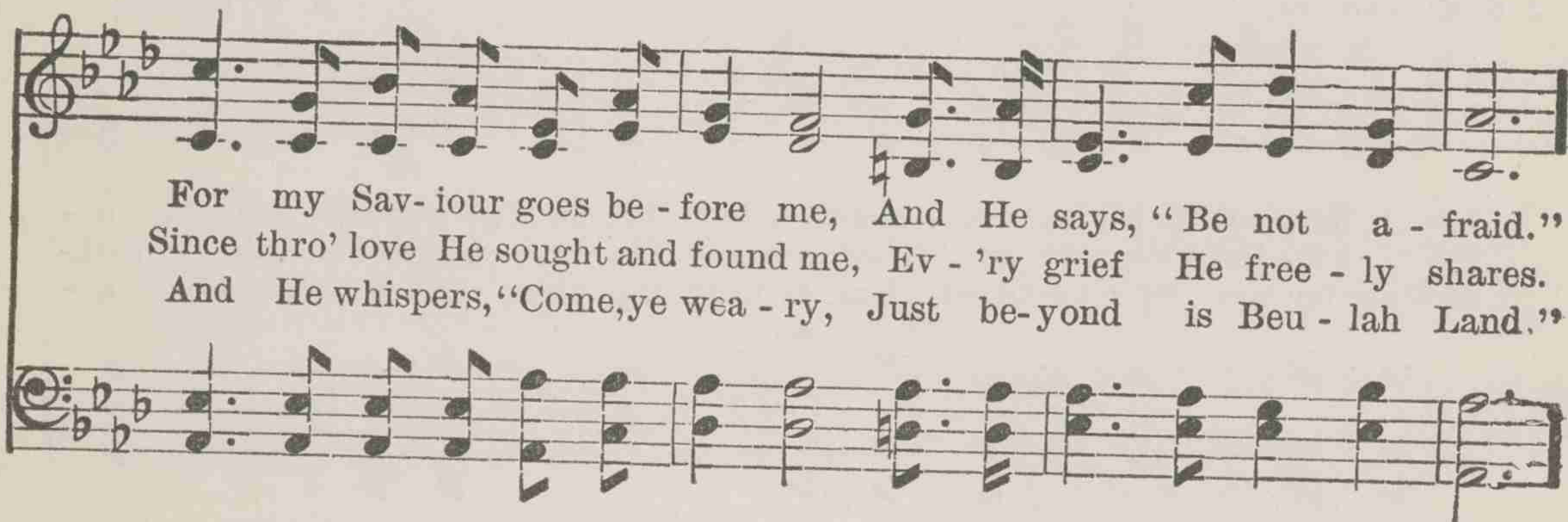
CHRIST IS NEAR ME.

ADALYN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

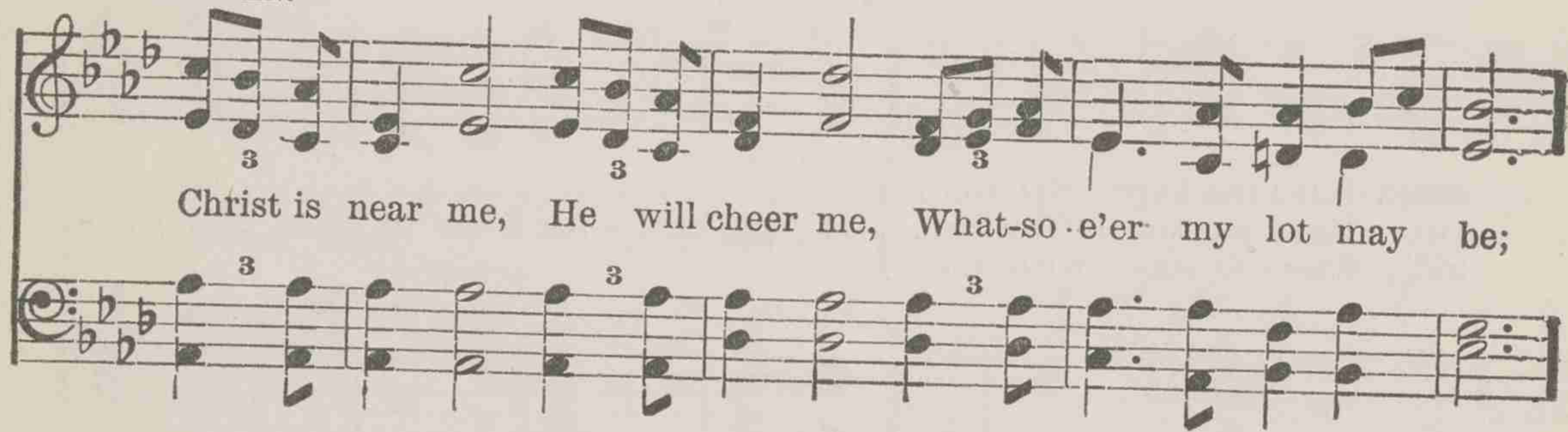


1. When the waves of time sweep o'er me, I shall nev - er be dis - mayed,
 2. When the cares of life sur-round me, Christ each hea-vy bur-den bears;
 3. When the way seems rough and dreary, Je - sus gen-tly takes my hand,

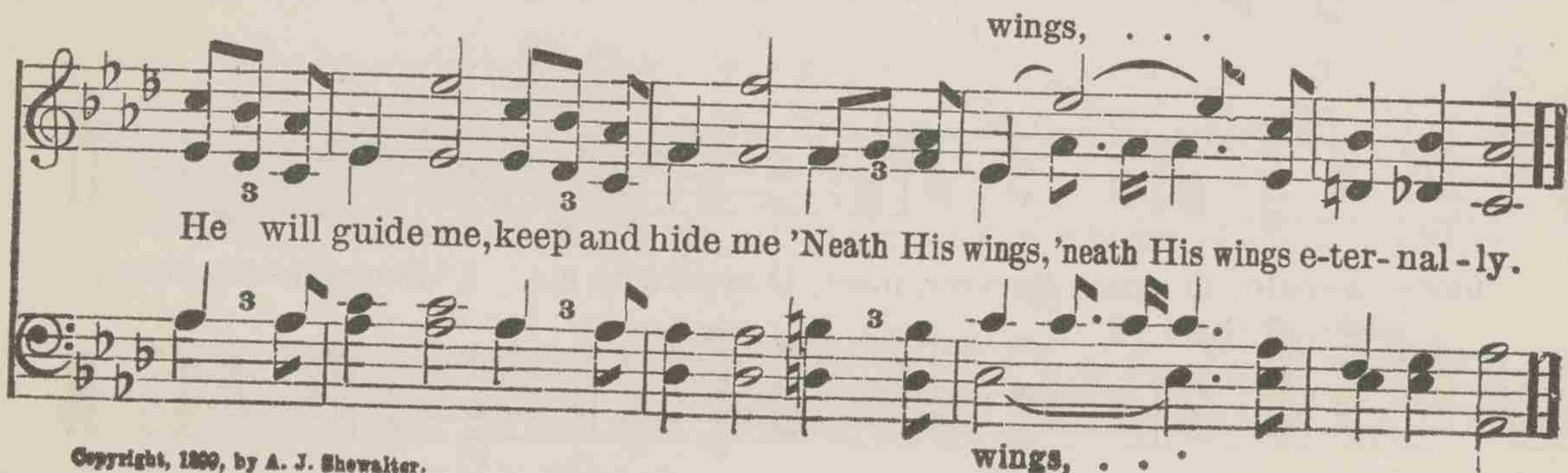


For my Sav-iour goes be - fore me, And He says, "Be not a - fraid."
 Since thro' love He sought and found me, Ev - 'ry grief He free - ly shares.
 And He whispers, "Come, ye wea - ry, Just be-yond is Beu - lah Land."

REFRAIN.



Christ is near me, He will cheer me, What-so - e'er my lot may be;



He will guide me, keep and hide me 'Neath His wings, 'neath His wings e-ter-nal - ly.
 wings, . . .
 wings, . . .

No. 73.

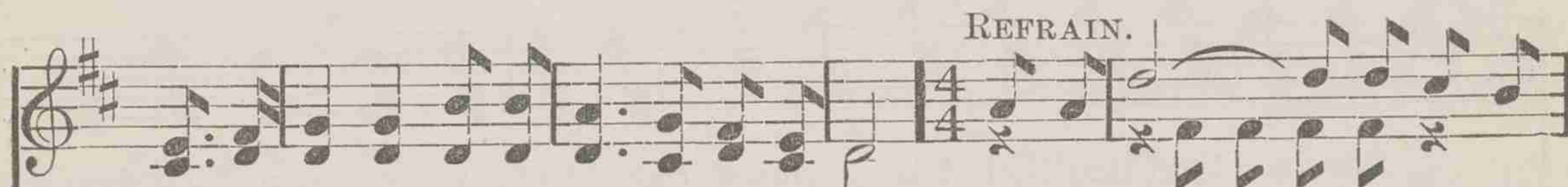
BRING THE FLOWERS.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.



1. Man-y flow'rs are in the gar-den, In the for - est and the field, Un - to us they
2. They are un - to us a bless-ing, Wher-so-ev - er they are found, They are where they
3. May we ev - er love the flowers, Ere their col - ors fade a - way, May their beauties



REFRAIN.

give their beauty, Un-to us great fragrance yield.
have been planted, Or in wreaths and bouquets bound.
make us bet-ter, May our lives be pure as they.

Bring the flow - ers bright and

Bring the flowers



fra-grant, We should cher - ish them for aye, In - to
bright and fragrant, We should cherish them for aye,



fine bouquets arrange them, For this is { our children's } day.
In - to fine bouquets arrange them, { Me - mo - rial }



No. 74. THE GOOD OLD GOSPEL SHIP.


Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



With spirit.




1. I have left the world be - hind me, And have start - ed o'er the foam,
 2. Christ the Lord is her com-man-der, And His an - gels are her crew,
 3. Ma - ny times from earth to heav - en Has the old ship crossed be - fore;


For a land that God has promised Shall be my e - ter - nal home.
 So no mat - ter what the weath - er, She will car - ry safe - ly through.
 She has car - ried mil - lions o - ver, To that bright ce - les - tial shore.


Let the way be smooth or storm-y, I've no fears a - bout the trip, For I'm
 Tho' the waves may dash a - round her, Not a foot on board shall slip, Praise the
 So my cour - age will not fal - ter, For tho' long or short the trip, I shall



REFRAIN.



standing sure and steadfast On the good old Gospel Ship. On the good old Gos-pel
 Lord I'm bound for heaven, On the good old Gospel Ship. On the good old Gos-pel
 reach my home in glo - ry, On the good old Gospel Ship.



THE GOOD OLD GOSPEL SHIP.

Ship, On the grand old Gos-pel Ship, Sail-ing toward my home in glo - ry, On the
 Ship, On the grand old Gos-pel Ship, And I (Omit.)

good old Gos-pel Ship,
) know I shall reach Canaan On the good old Gospel Ship.

No. 75.

CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name ! Let an-gels prostrate fall ; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
 2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 3. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,
 4. O that with yonder sacred throng We at His feet may fall ; We'll join the ever-last-ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 And crown Him Lord of all, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 And crown Him Lord of all, To Him all ma-jes-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 And crown Him Lord of all, We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 76. BE READY AND WATCHING.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Are you read - y for the Bridegroom should He come to - day? Are you
2. For the com-ing of His kingdom do you watch and pray? When He
3. If in Je - sus you are trust-ing and His word o - bey, Then the



watching for the dawning of the morn-ing ray? Soon the darkness with its
bids you to His vineyard do you say Him nay? Lo! the har-vest fields are
tal-ents He has giv - en must not dor - mant lay; In His ser-vice you must



shadows shall all flee a - way, O be read-y then to meet Him when He comes, I pray.
whitening, heed His call to - day, And be read-y then to meet Him when He comes, I pray.
la - bor while you watch and pray, And be ready thus to meet Him when He comes this way.



REFRAIN.



O be read - - y and be watch - - ing, O be read-y
O be read - y for His com-ing, and be watch-ing for the day,



BE READY AND WATCHING.

for His coming should it be to - day; O be read - - y and be
O be ready for His com-ing, and be

watch - - ing, O be ready then to meet Him when He comes, I pray.
watch-ing for the day,

No. 77.

HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God! }
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all abroad. }
2. { O hap-py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
3. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, I am my Lord's and He is mine; }
He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine. }
4. { Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest; }
Here have I found a no-bler part, Here heavenly pleas-ures fill my breast. }

REFRAIN.

FINE.

D.S.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
And live re-joic-ing ev'-ry day. }

No. 78.

WE'LL MEET UP THERE.

(Answer to " Shall I Meet You Up There?")

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Man-y are those mansions bright, We'll meet up there, In that home of love and light, We'll
2. Severed from our friends be-low, We'll meet up there, O what joy this truth to know, We'll
3. Toil-ing now for Je-sus' sake, We'll meet up there, When the dead in Christ shall wake, We'll



meet up there; Wondrous is the sto - ry, Crowning life with glo-ry, Yes, ev - er-more with
meet up there; Driving out all sadness, Filling us with gladness, Yes, ev - er-more with
meet up there; Falling then before Him, Gladly we'll adore Him, Yes, ev - er-more a

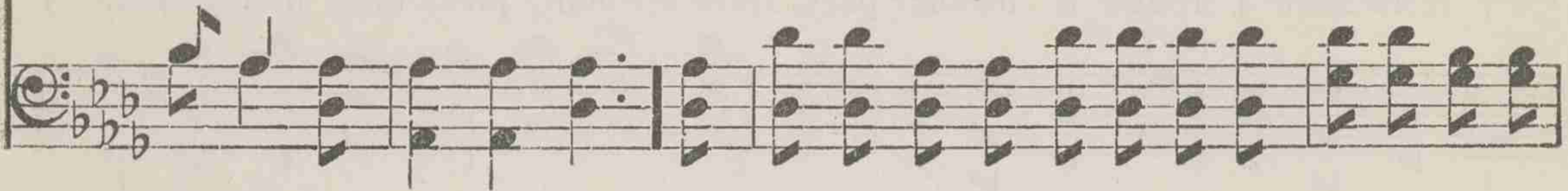


REFRAIN.



glo - ry, We'll meet up there. We'll meet up there, well meet up
glad-ness, We'll meet up there.
dore Him, We'll meet up there.

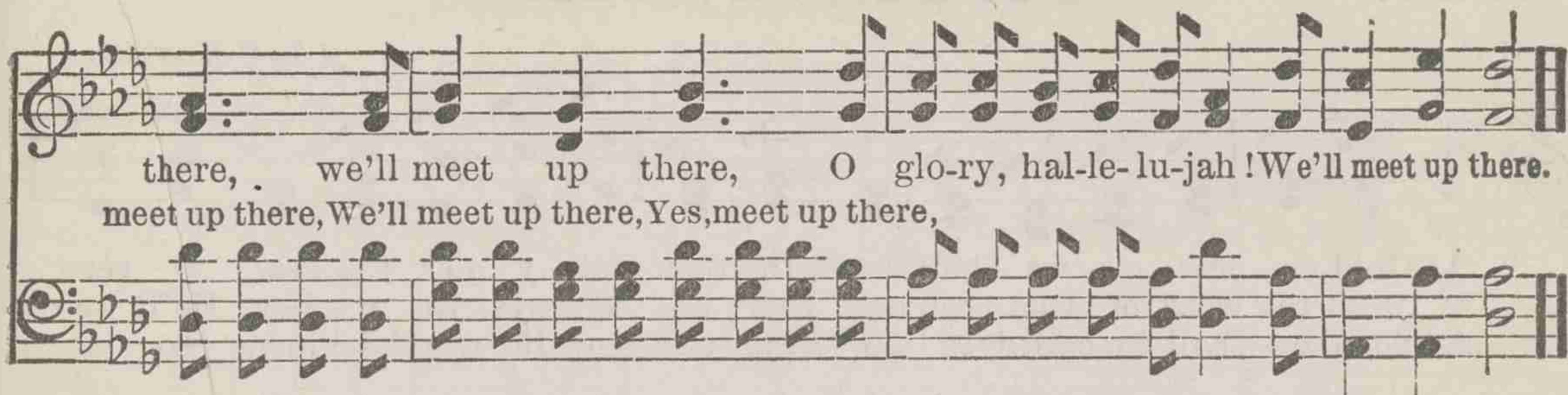
We'll meet up there, yes, meet up there, We'll meet up there, yes,



there, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu-jah! We'll meet up there; We'll meet up
meet up there, We'll meet up there, yes,



WE'LL MEET UP THERE.



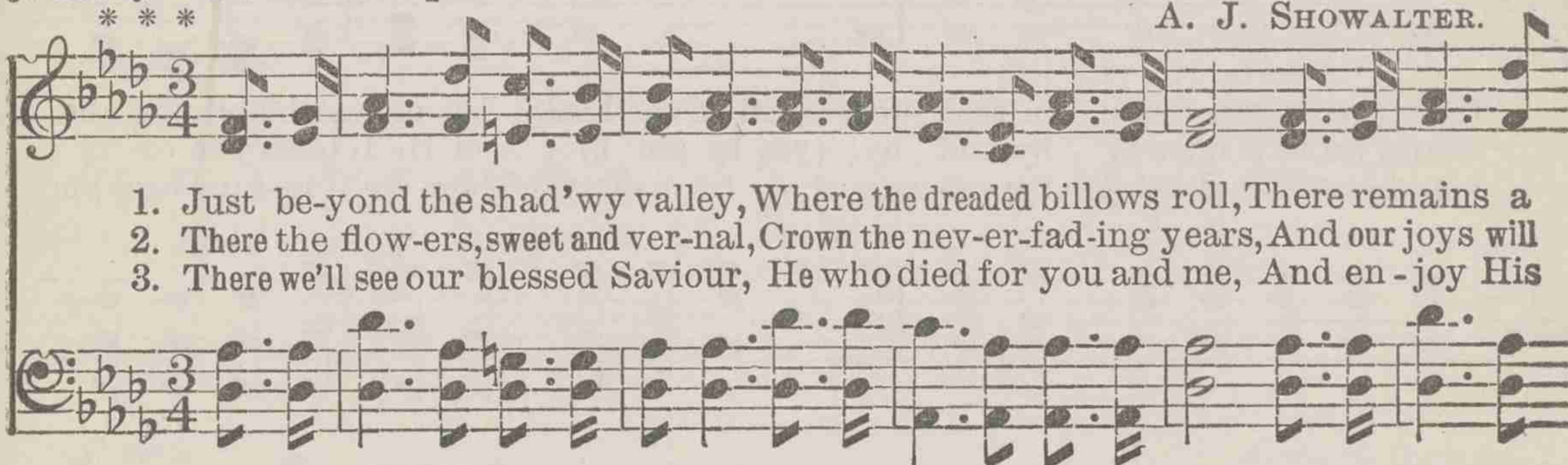
there, we'll meet up there, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! We'll meet up there.
meet up there, We'll meet up there, Yes, meet up there,

No. 79. JUST BEYOND THE SHADOWY VALLEY.

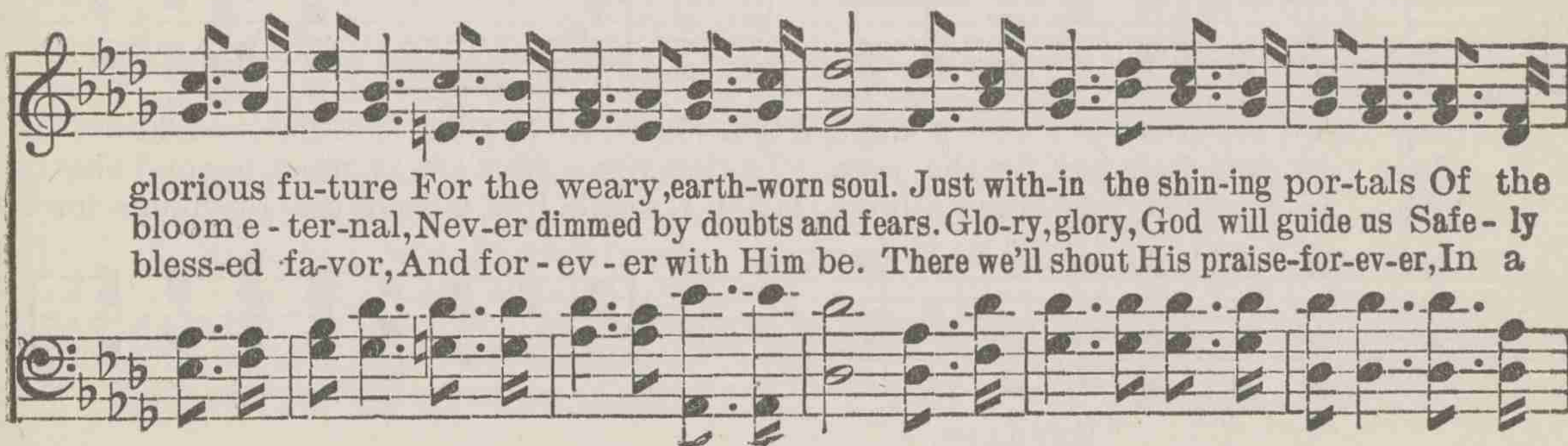
May be sung by an answering choir to the preceding song, a stanza of this following each stanza of the other, at the close of which all may join in singing very softly the Refrain of "We'll Meet Up There."

* * *

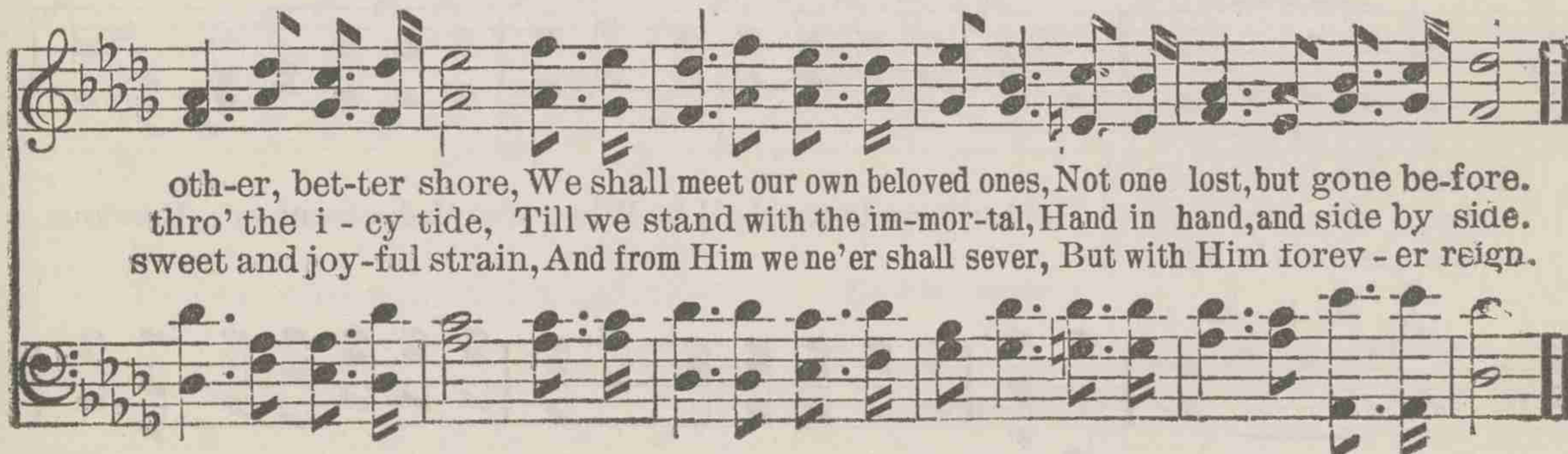
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Just be-yond the shad'wy valley, Where the dreaded billows roll, There remains a
2. There the flow-ers, sweet and ver-nal, Crown the nev-er-fad-ing years, And our joys will
3. There we'll see our blessed Saviour, He who died for you and me, And en-joy His



glorious fu-ture For the weary, earth-worn soul. Just with-in the shin-ing por-tals Of the
bloom e - ter-nal, Nev-er dimmed by doubts and fears. Glo-ry, glory, God will guide us Safe - ly
bless-ed fa-vor, And for - ev - er with Him be. There we'll shout His praise-for-ev-er, In a



oth-er, bet-ter shore, We shall meet our own beloved ones, Not one lost, but gone be-fore.
thro' the i - cy tide, Till we stand with the im-mor-tal, Hand in hand, and side by side.
sweet and joy-ful strain, And from Him we ne'er shall sever, But with Him forev - er reign.

No. 80.

GOLDEN JEWELS.

L. C. T.

L. C. TAYLOR.



1. Gold-en jew - els we shall be In that cit - y o'er the sea, O - ver
2. Read the word of God each day, Striv-ing al-ways to o - bey, He'll re -
3. Soon we shall be called to go, From this sin - ful world be-low, To our



there (yes, o - ver there) in that home; (that blissful home;) Let us watch and sing and
ward (yes, He'll reward) by and by; (yes, by and by;) And He'll bless you ev-'ry
home (our bless-ed home) far a - way; (yes, far a - way;) There we'll rest in peace and



pray And be read-y ev-'ry day, When He comes (O when He comes) to take us
day, As you jour-ney on the way, To that home (that hap-py home) beyond the
love, In our heav'nly home a-bove, When He calls (yes, when He calls) us home for



REFRAIN.



home. (to take us home.)
sky. (beyond the sky.)
aye. (us home for aye.) } Golden jewels we shall be When we reach eterni-ty—Precious



GOLDEN JEWELS.—Concluded.

gold-en jewels shin-ing so fair;..... There in heaven e'er to rest With our
yes, shining fair;

Sav-iour and the blest, And e - ter - - - - - nal glo - ries share!.....
And e - ter-nal glories share, yes, bright glories share!

No. 81.

REST IN PEACE.

For Decoration Day.

J. H. B.

JOHN H. BENNER.

p

1. Rest in peace, The meadow lark soft-ly is call-ing; Rest in peace,
2. Rest in peace, A-wak-en not from your sweet dreaming; Rest in peace,
3. Rest in peace, Sweet flowers thy grave is a - dorn-ing; Rest in peace,

f *ff* *p rit.*

On thy grave sweet flow'rs are falling; } Rest in peace, Rest in peace.
O'er thee the bright sun is shining; }
Rest in sweet peace till the morning; } Rest in peace,

No. 82.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

To Prof. B. C. Unseld, of New York City.

REV. THOMAS ADDINGTON.

JOHN H. BENNER.

Con espressione.

1. I know not the pas-tures green, I know not the waters pure, I know not where
2. Thy grace shall be my sup - ply, My spir-it's convenient food, Nor ev - er to
3. Death's vale some day I shall tread, Its shadows around me fall; Thy ban-ner of



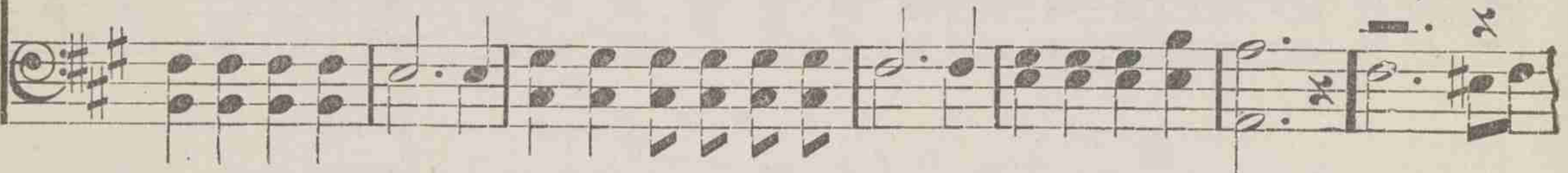
dangers lurk unseen, I know not the fold se-cure; I on - ly know Thy hand Shall
me wilt Thou deny The portion of need-ed good. Then why should I re - pine, If
mer-cy o'er my head, Thy staff still my all in all, I could not be a - fraid, For



REFRAIN.

guide me on my way, Thy loving care in ev'ry land Shall keep me day by day.
rough the way appear, Thou leadest me and I am Thine, Thy gentle voice I hear.
Thou art with me there, Upon Thy word my hope is stayed, Till in that land so fair.

Oh, the



Oh, the tho't, Supremely grand, Thy loving care and guiding hand Shall keep me ev'ry day.
thought,



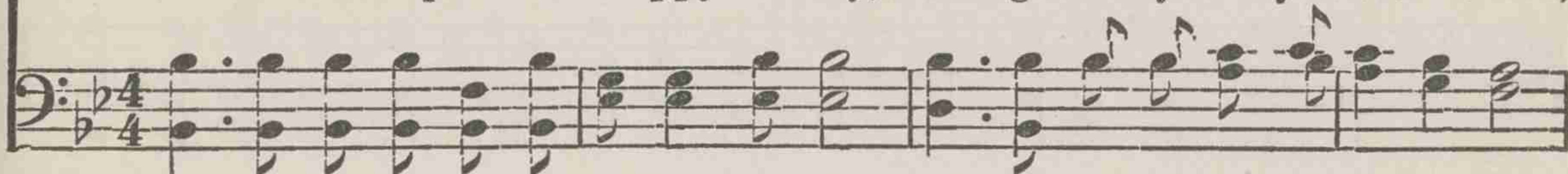
No. 83. IN THE SECRET PLACE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. In the secret place I'm hiding to-day, Here each moment with my soul 'tis well;
2. In the secret place no foes can alarm, 'Neath the shadow of the Lord most high;
3. In the secret place I've entered to stay, There's no other where my soul can hide;
4. In the secret place I'm happy to-day, Resting sweetly in my Saviour's love;



From all danger I am hidden a-way, With my Lord here ev-er will I dwell.
Here defend-ed by His Almighty arm, From this place each foe is forced to fly.
From this shelter nevermore will I stray, But just here I ev-er will a-bide.
Trust-ing ev-er till He calls me a-way To a-bide with Him in courts above.



REFRAIN.



Hiding to-day, hid-ing to-day, Hid-ing in Je-sus, lost in His dear love;



Hid-ing to-day, hid-ing to-day, And re-ceiv-ing blessings from a-bove.



No. 84. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



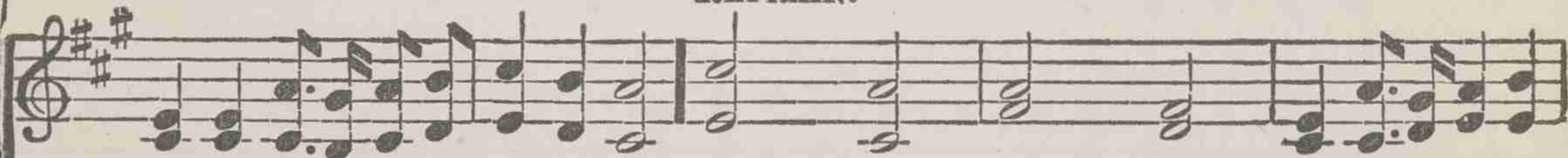
1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-



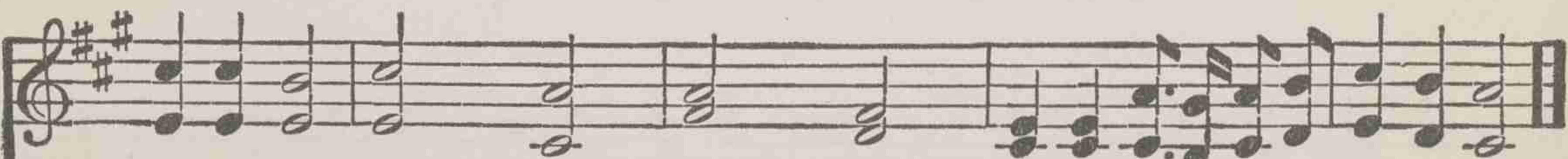
last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,



REFRAIN.



Leaning on the Everlasting Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Jesus,



all a-larms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.
Leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,



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No. 85. CLOSER TO THE CROSS.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. M. HAGAN.



1. Clos-er to the cross I long to be, Clos-er to the Christ who died for me;
2. Far-ther from the world I fain would flee, Clos-er to the Christ who died for me;
3. Clos-er till His bleed-ing form I see; Clos-er to the Christ who died for me;



"Clos-er yet" I an-swer to His call, Clos-er to the Christ who died for all.
Far-ther from temptation's si - ren tone, Clos-er to the Voice whose claim I own.
Clos-er draw me, by Thy help di - vine, Clos-er to Thee, keep me, Sav-iour mine.



REFRAIN.

Clos - er, clos - er,



Clos - er, clos - er, draw me clos - er, Clos-er to the cross of Cal - va - ry;



Clos - er, clos - er,



Clos-er draw me, bless - ed Sav-iour, Clos-er to the Christ who died for me.

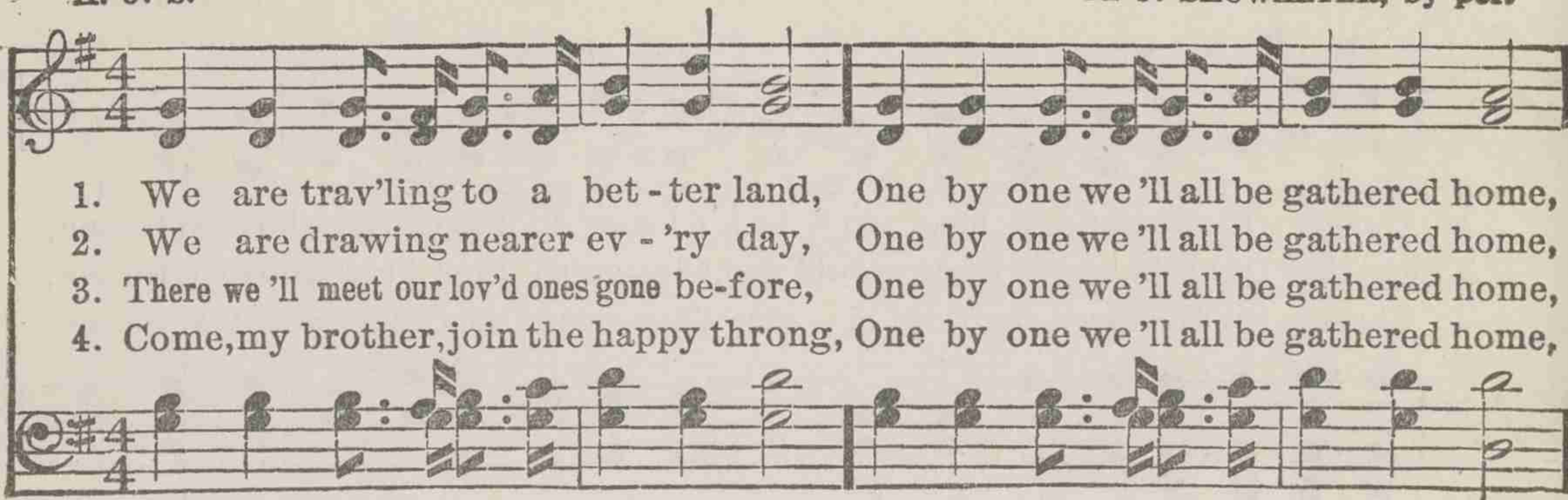


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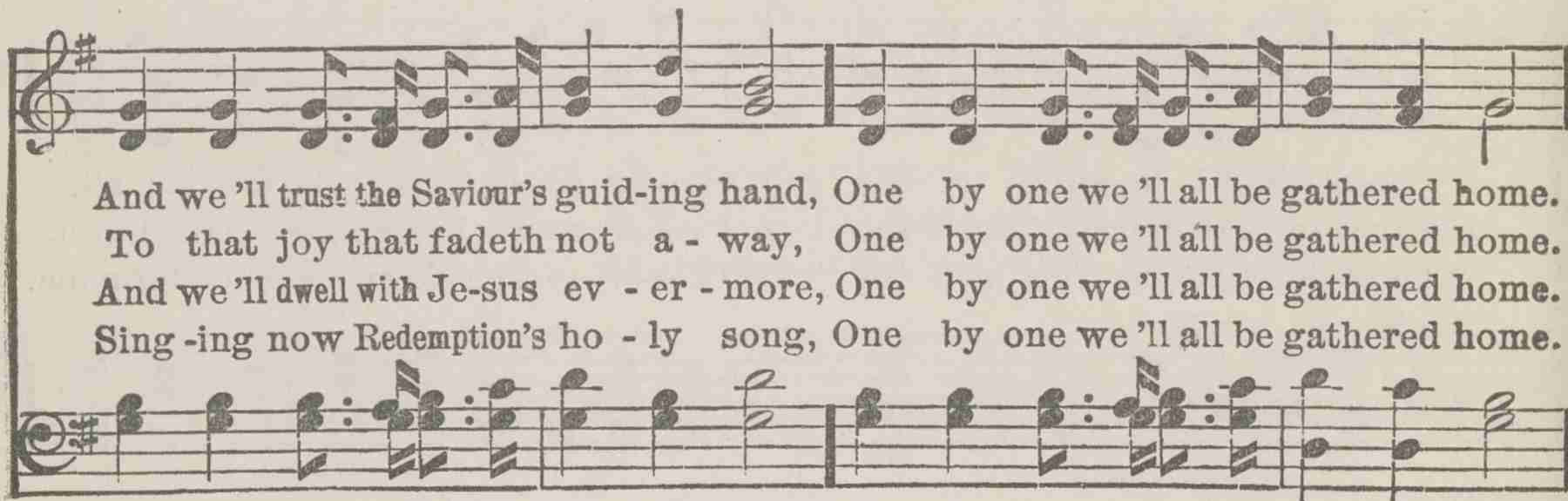
GATHERED HOME.

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. 87. THERE'S A CITY THAT IS FAR, FAR AWAY.

Respectfully dedicated to my friend, J. H. D. Tomson, Richmond, Mo.

W. C. H.

W. C. HAFLEY.



1. There's a cit - y that is far, far a - way, (far away,) You can see its sil - ver
2. We will hear the an - gels sing o - ver there, (over there,) As they hold within their
3. There the tree of life will bloom ev - er - more, (evermore,) While the cy - cles of e -
4. All the pilgrims of this earth, I am told, (I am told,) Who have suffered for their



spires o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,) 'Tis beyond the rolling waves' misty spray, (misty spray,)
hands harps of gold, (harps of gold,) In that cit - y that is bright and so fair, (and so fair,)
ter - ni - ty roll, (ever roll,) And no sickness, pain nor death we shall know, (we shall know,)
Lord on the way, (on the way,) Will receive a shining crown, made of gold, (made of gold,)



D.S. There no sorrows, sin, nor death, e'er shall come, (e'er shall come,)

FINE. REFRAIN.



Oh, that cit - y is for you and for me. Oh, that home, . . . hap - py
Oh, that cit - y is the home of the soul.
For that cit - y is the home of the soul.
In that cit - y that is far, far a - way. bless - ed home,



For that cit - y is the home of the soul.

D.S.




home, . . . Where the cy - cles of e - ter - ni - ty roll, . . .
hap - py home, ev - er roll,





Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.


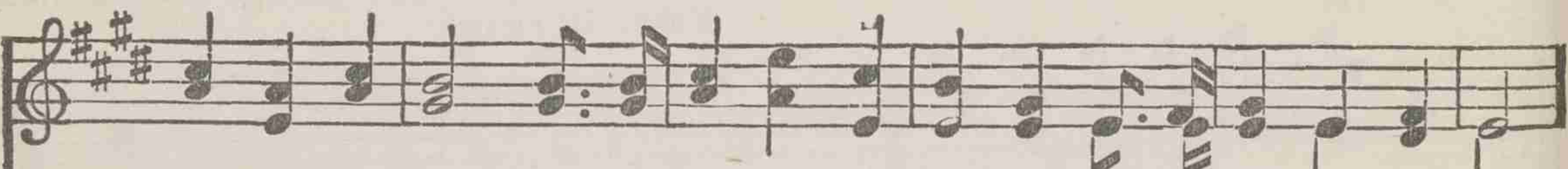
A. J. SHOWALTER.




1. When the trumpet shall sound, And the dead shall a-rise, And the splendors im-
 2. When the King shall ap-pear In His beau-ty on high, And shall summon His
 3. O the bliss of that morn When our lov'd ones we meet, With the songs of the


mor - tal Shall en - vel - op the skies, When the An - gel of Death Shall no
 chil - dren To the courts of the sky, Shall the cause of the Lord Have been
 ran - som'd We each oth - er shall greet, Sing - ing praise to the Lamb, Thro' e -


long - er de - stroy, And the dead shall a - wak - en In the morning of joy.
 all your em - ploy, That your soul may be spot - less In the morning of joy?
 ter - ni - ty's years, With the past all for - got - ten With its sor - rows and tears.



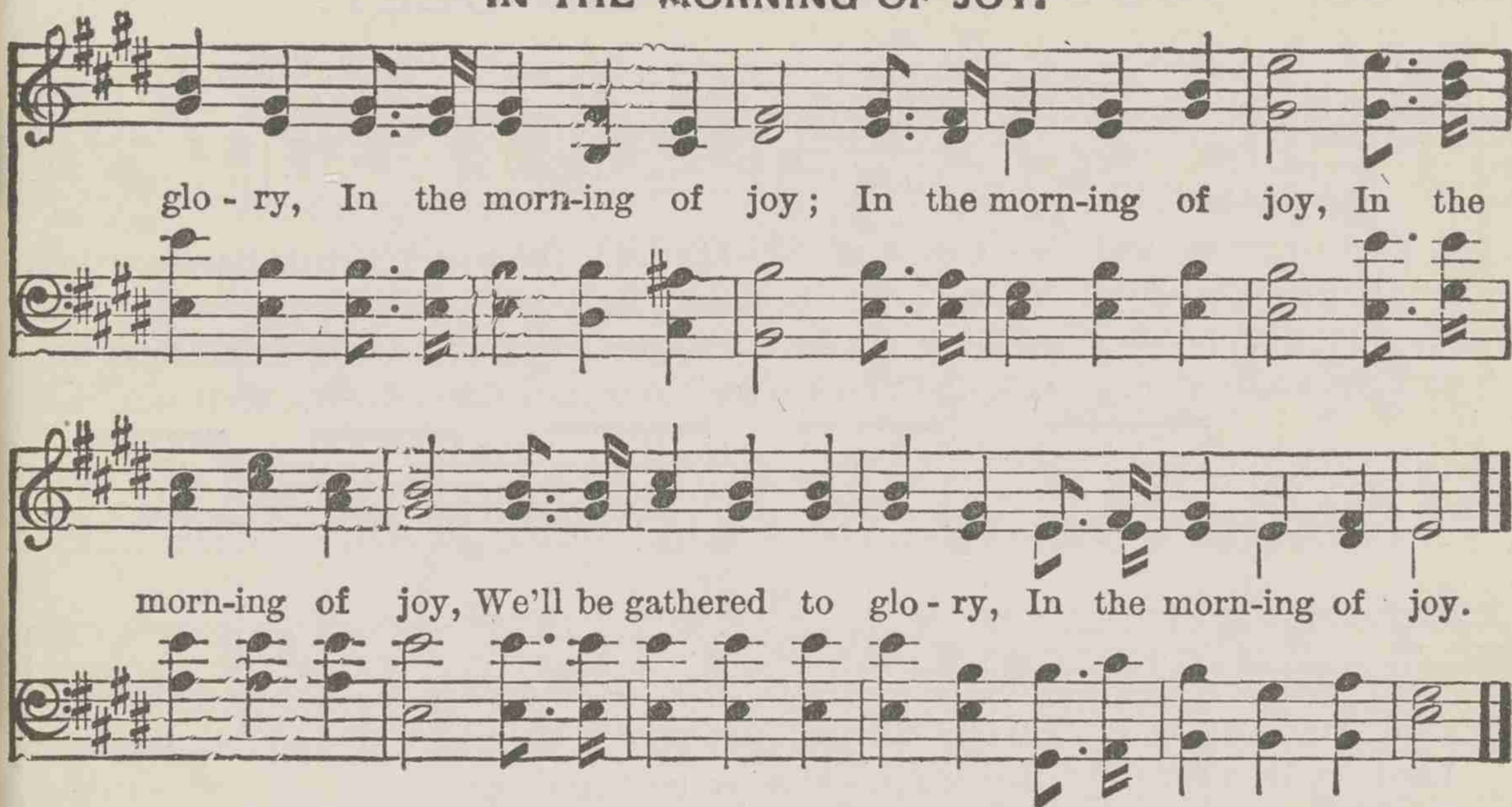
REFRAIN.



In the morning of joy, In the morning of joy, We'll be gathered to



IN THE MORNING OF JOY.



glo - ry, In the morn-ing of joy; In the morn-ing of joy, In the
morn-ing of joy, We'll be gathered to glo - ry, In the morn-ing of joy.

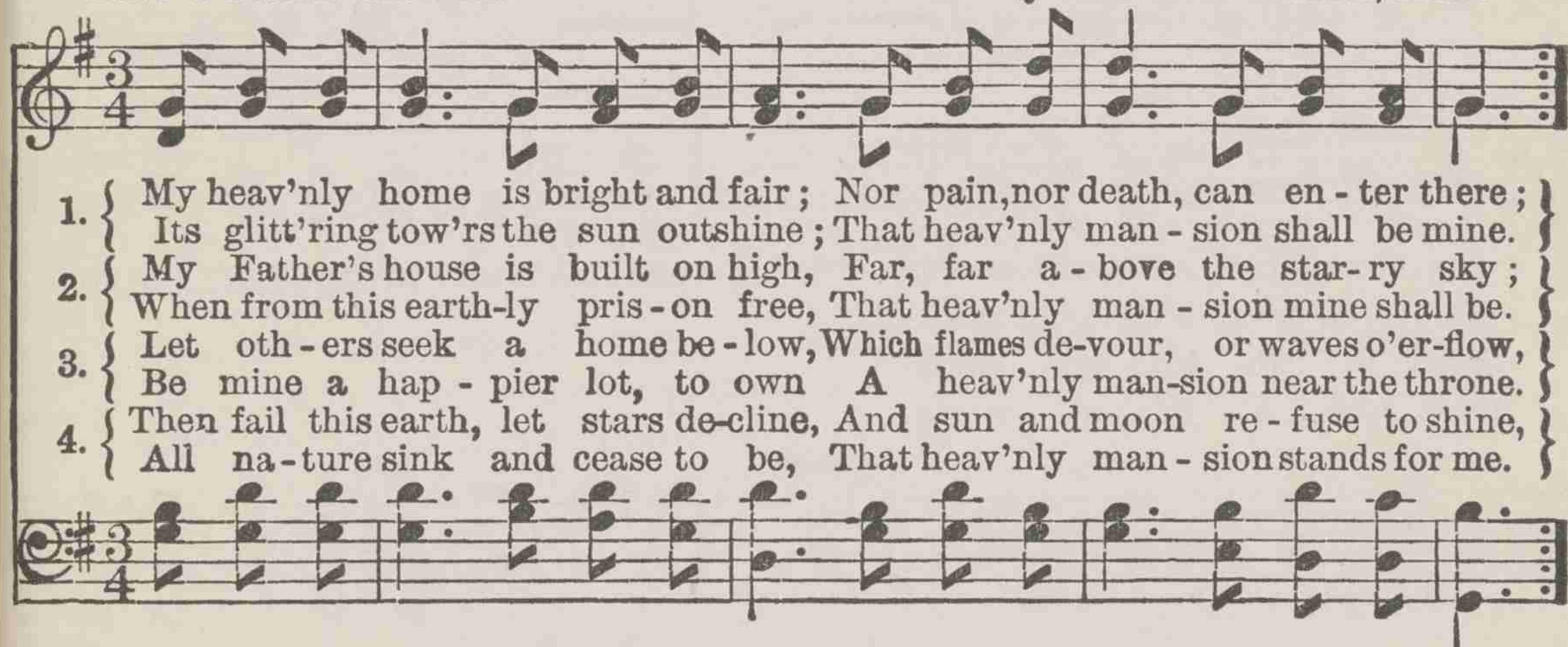
No. 89

I'M GOING HOME.

In my Father's house are many mansions." John 14 : 2.

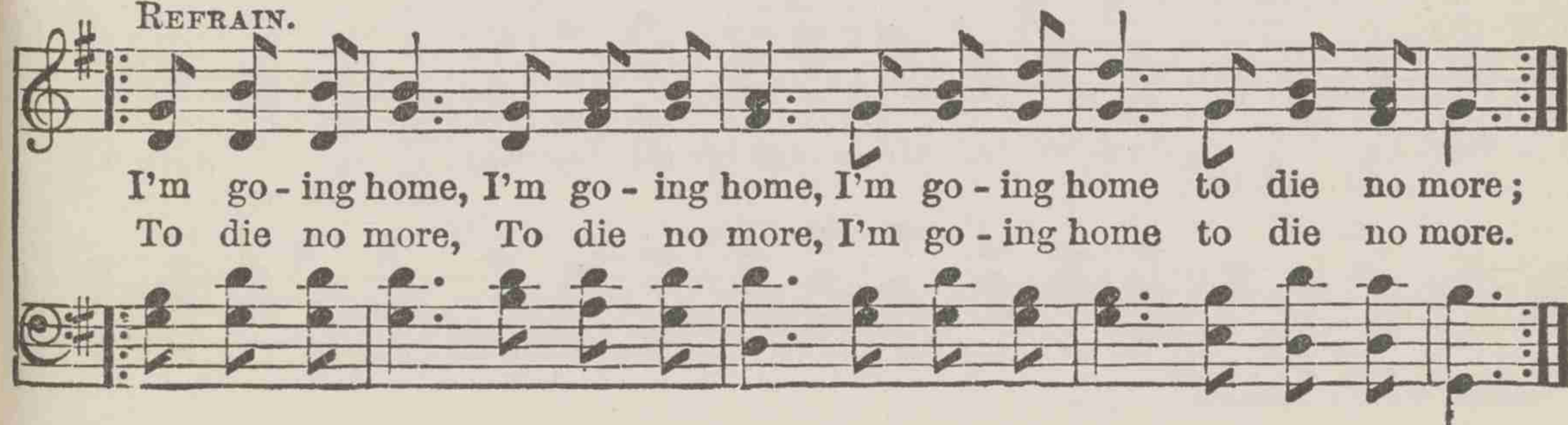
Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M.D.



1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain,nor death, can en - ter there; }
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine. }
2. { My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky; }
 { When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'nly man - sion mine shall be. }
3. { Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames de-vour, or waves o'er-flow, }
 { Be mine a hap - pier lot, to own A heav'nly man-sion near the throne. }
4. { Then fail this earth, let stars de-cline, And sun and moon re - fuse to shine, }
 { All na-ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly man - sion stands for me. }

REFRAIN.

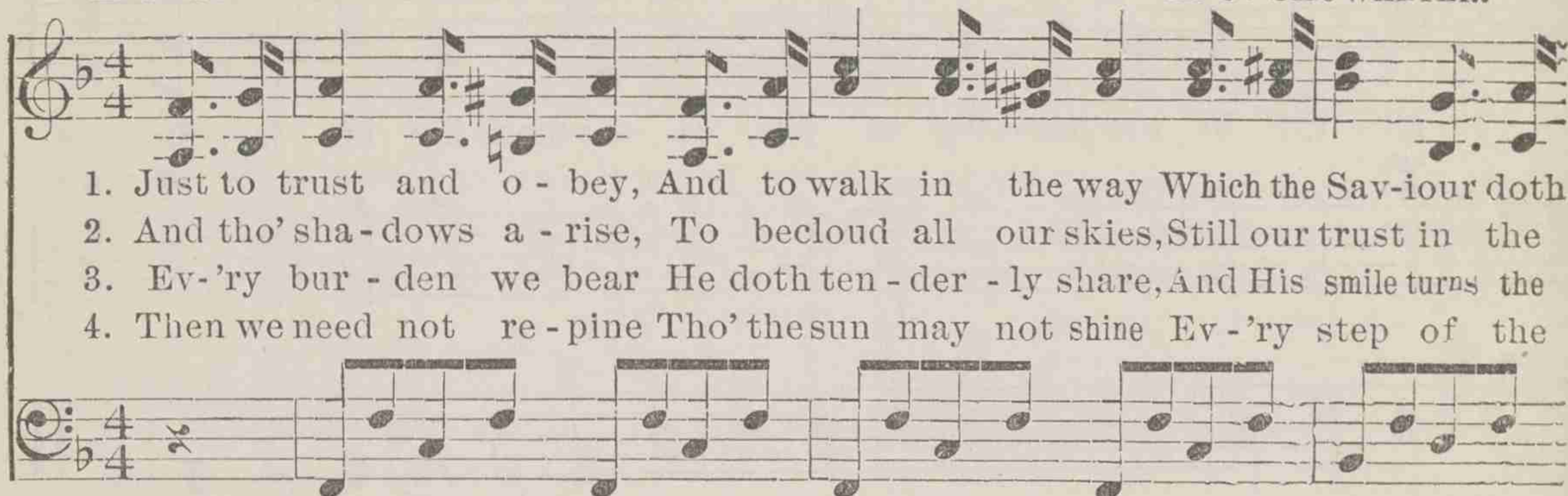


I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more;
To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

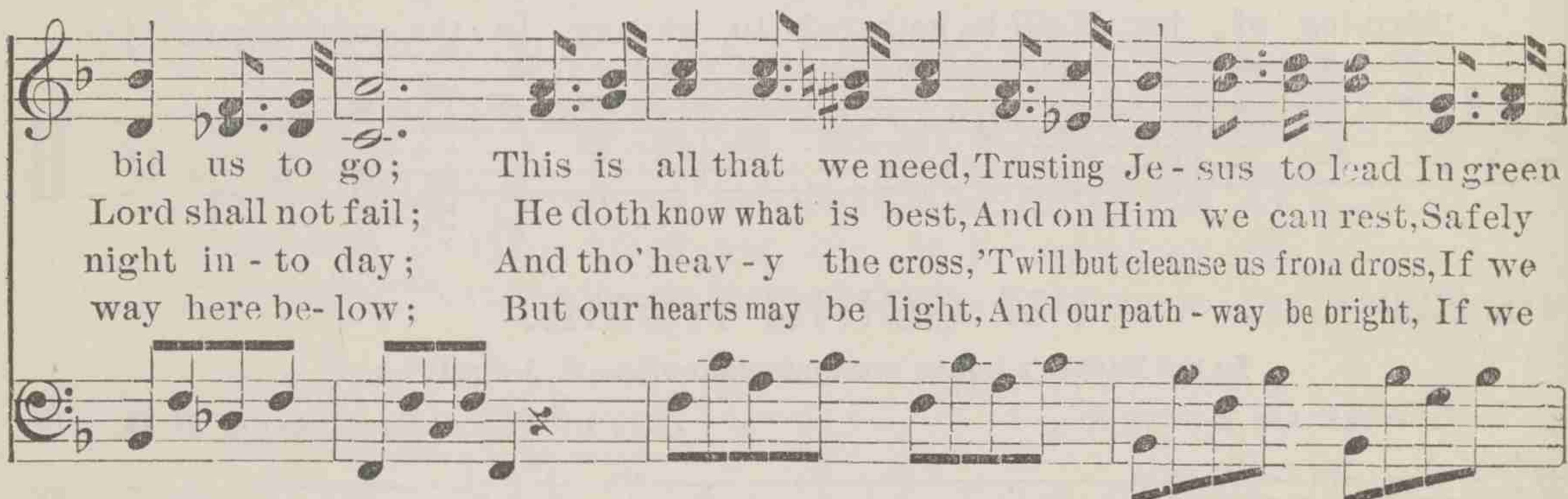
NO. 90. JUST TO TRUST AND OBEY.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

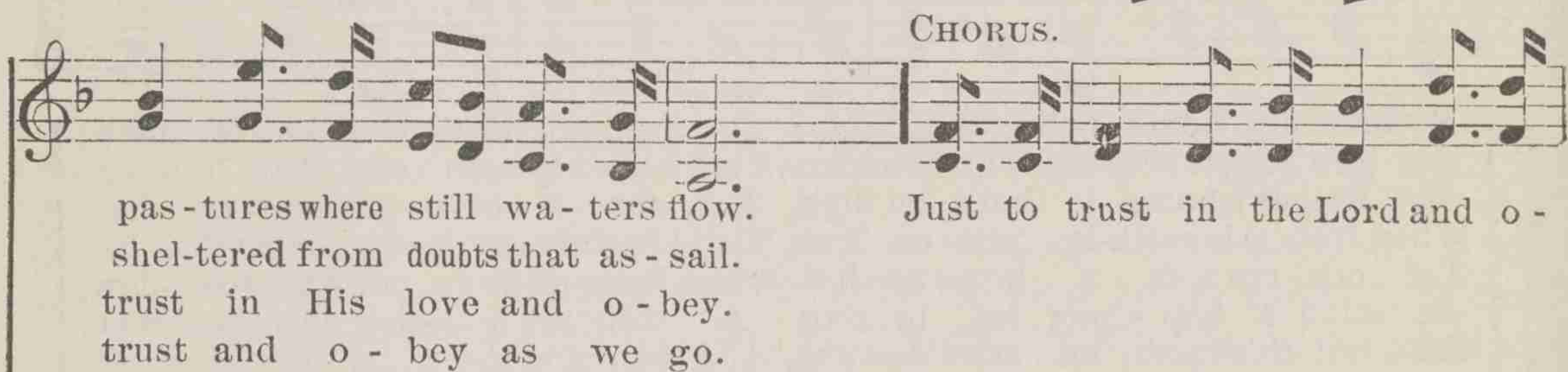


1. Just to trust and o - bey, And to walk in the way Which the Sav-iour doth
 2. And tho' sha-dows a - rise, To becloud all our skies, Still our trust in the
 3. Ev-'ry bur - den we bear He doth ten - der - ly share, And His smile turns the
 4. Then we need not re-pine Tho' the sun may not shine Ev-'ry step of the



bid us to go; This is all that we need, Trusting Je - sus to lead In green
 Lord shall not fail; He doth know what is best, And on Him we can rest, Safely
 night in - to day; And tho' heav - y the cross, 'Twill but cleanse us from a dross, If we
 way here be-low; But our hearts may be light, And our path - way be bright, If we

CHORUS.



pas - tures where still wa - ters flow. Just to trust in the Lord and o -
 shel-tered from doubts that as - sail.
 trust in His love and o - bey.
 trust and o - bey as we go.



bey, Just to let Je - sus guide all the way, Just to
 and o - bey, all the way,

JUST TO TRUST AND OBEY.

fol - low the foot-steps He trod, And be-lieve they will lead home to God.
the foot-steps He trod,

No. 91. I KNOW THAT JESUS LOVES ME.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I know that Je - sus saves me, He heard my feeble pray'r, And in the great re -
2. He is the great Phy - si - cian, His balm hath made me whole, I'm hap - py, oh, I'm
3. I once op - posed the Sav - iour, I would not hear His voice; But now I know He
4. I know that Je - sus saves me, I know He loves me, too; He sweet - ly dwells with -

REFRAIN.

demption I now do free - ly share. I know that Je - sus saves me, I
hap - py, I know He saves my soul.
saves me, In Him I do re - joice.
in me— Say, does He dwell in you?

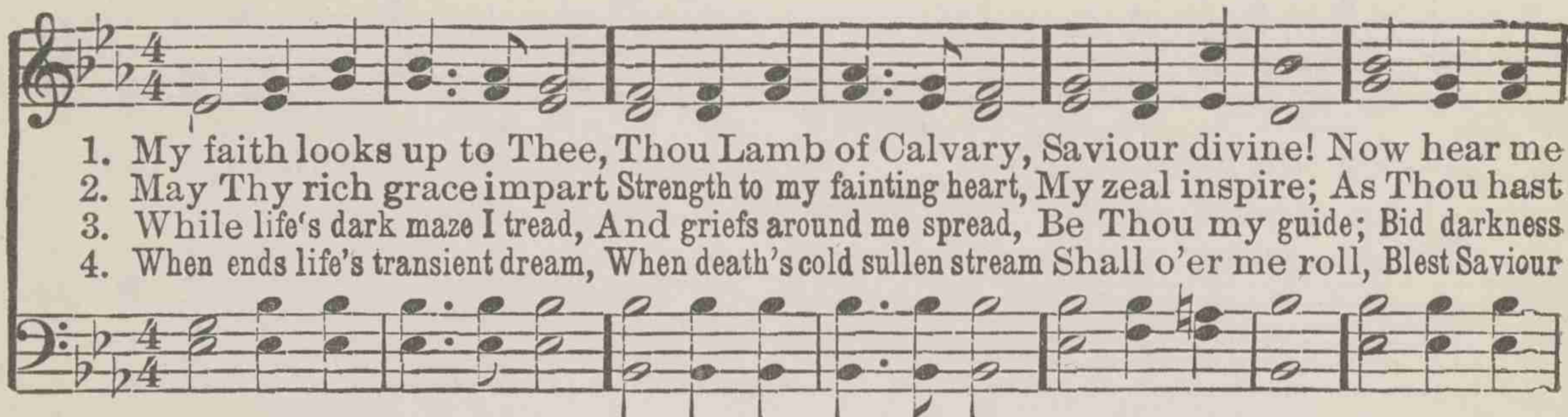
know that I am His, And by and by I'll meet Him, And see Him as He is.

No. 92.

OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER. 1830.

DR. L. MASON. 1830.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour



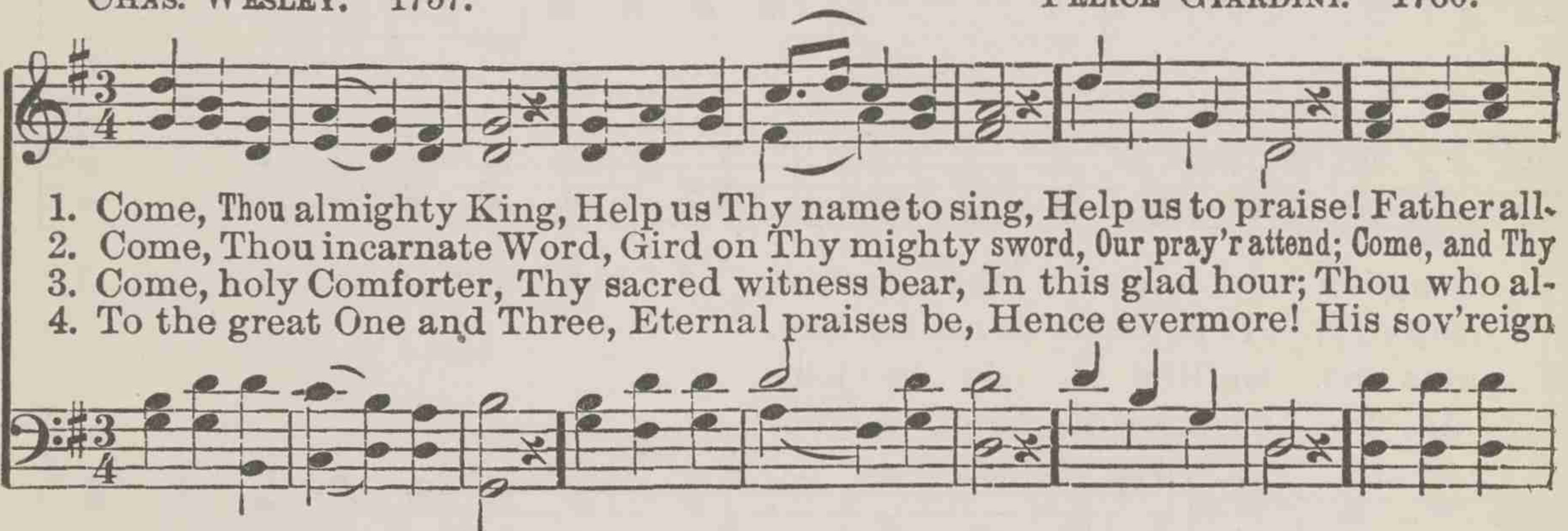
while I pray, Take all my guilt away; O, let me from this day Be wholly Thine.
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A living fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From Thee aside.
 then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O, bear me safe above, A ransomed soul,

No. 93.

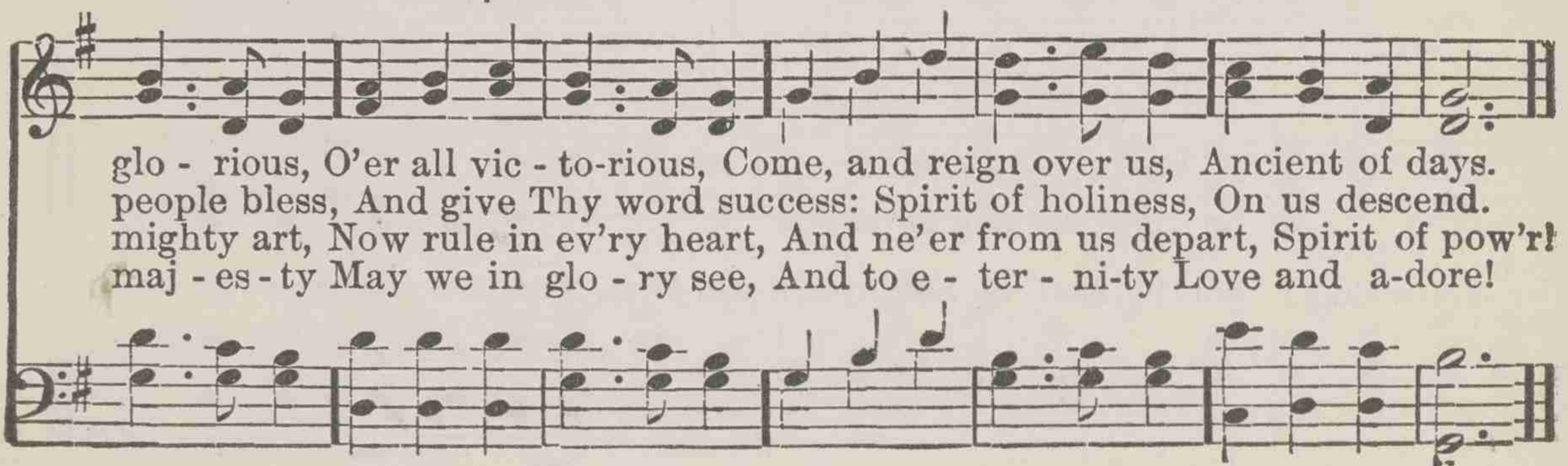
ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

CHAS. WESLEY. 1757.

FELICE GIARDINI. 1760.



1. Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Father all-
2. Come, Thou incarnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear, In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One and Three, Eternal praises be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign



glo - rious, O'er all vic - to - rious, Come, and reign over us, Ancient of days.
 people bless, And give Thy word success: Spirit of holiness, On us descend.
 mighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 94.

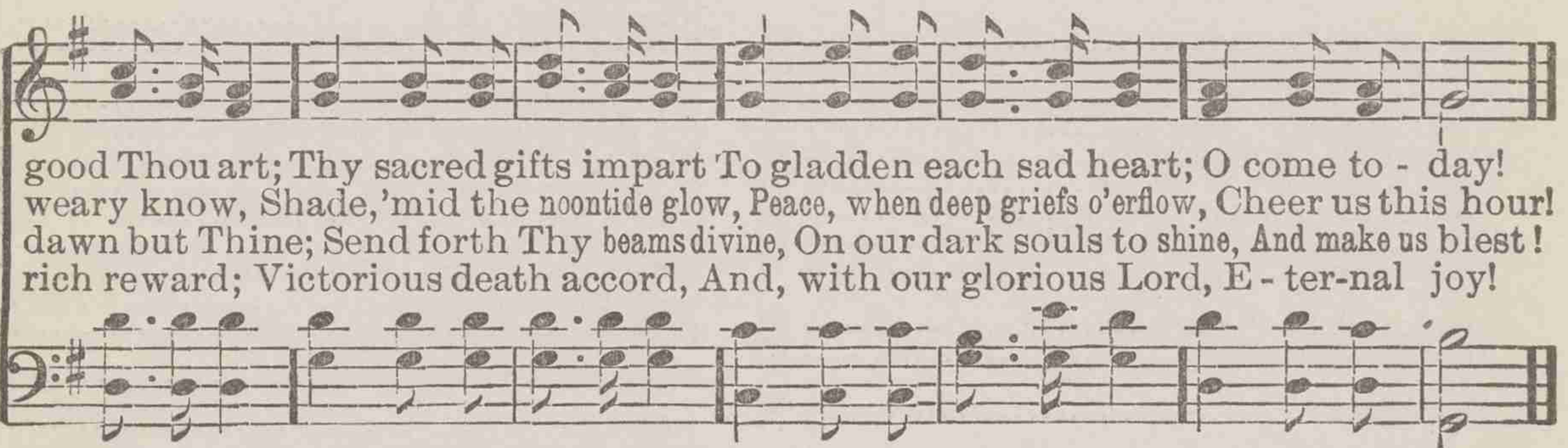
NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

Tr. by RAY PALMER. 1858.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1833.



1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Divinely
2. Come, tenderest Friend, and best, Our most delightful Guest, With soothing pow'r! Rest, which the
3. Come, Light serene, and still Our inmost bosoms fill; Dwell in each breast! We know no
4. Come, all the faithful bless; Let all who Christ confess, His praise employ: Give virtue's



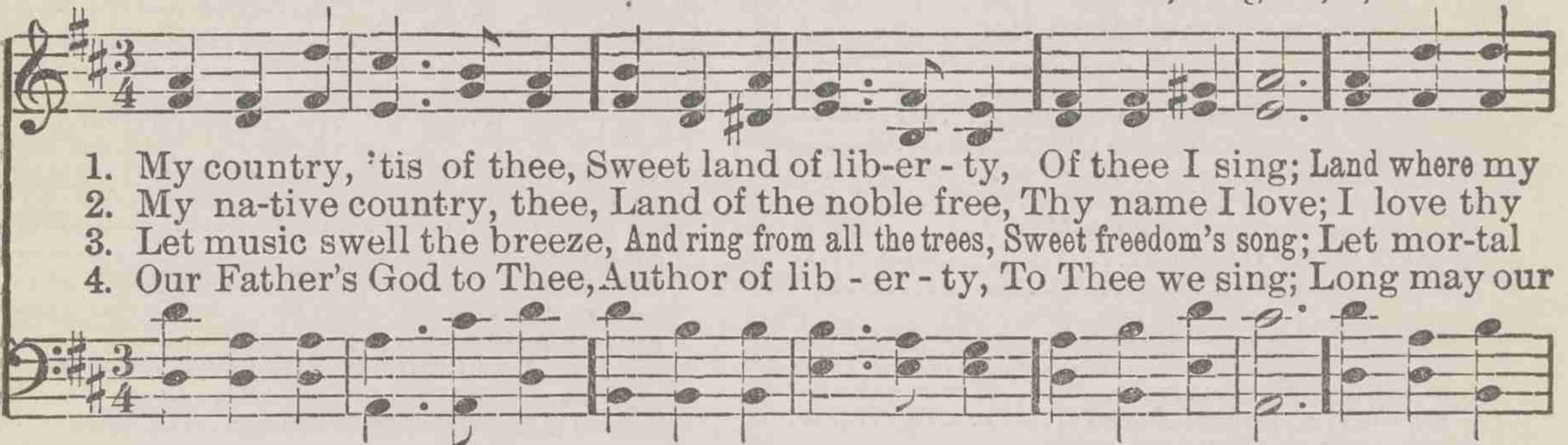
good Thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart; O come to - day!
 weary know, Shade, 'mid the noontide glow, Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow, Cheer us this hour!
 dawn but Thine; Send forth Thy beams divine, On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest!
 rich reward; Victorious death accord, And, with our glorious Lord, E - ter - nal joy!

No. 95.

NATIONAL HYMN OF AMERICA. 6, 4.

S. F. SMITH. 1832.

A. J. SHOWALTER.
 On the German Rhine, August, 6, 1895.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our Father's God to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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