1920

OUR THANKFUL Songs

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER, R. H. CORNELIUS,
J. S. HENDRICKS, Rev. E. F. STANTON
and Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D.D.

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COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

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A

OUR

THANKFUL SONGS

A NEW COLLECTION

OF CHOICE GOSPEL SONGS

FOR

Prayer, Praise and Gospel Meetings,
Sunday-Schools, Young Peoples' Societies,
and General Public Worship

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER, R. H. CORNELIUS, J. S. HENDRICKS, REV. E. F. STANTON
AND REV. N. KEFF SMITH, D.D.

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1900
Our

PREFACE.

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

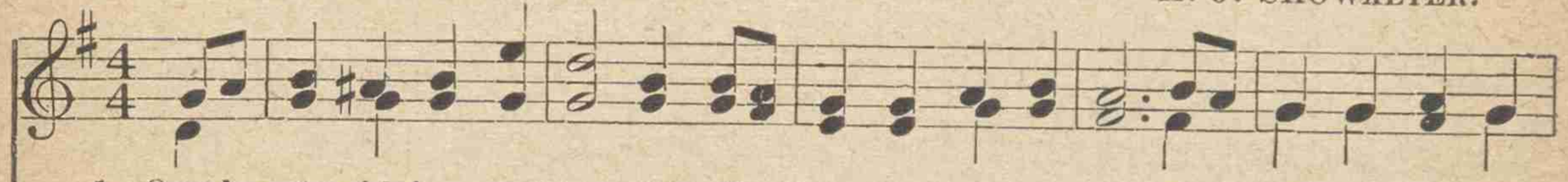
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.—*Psalm 100.*

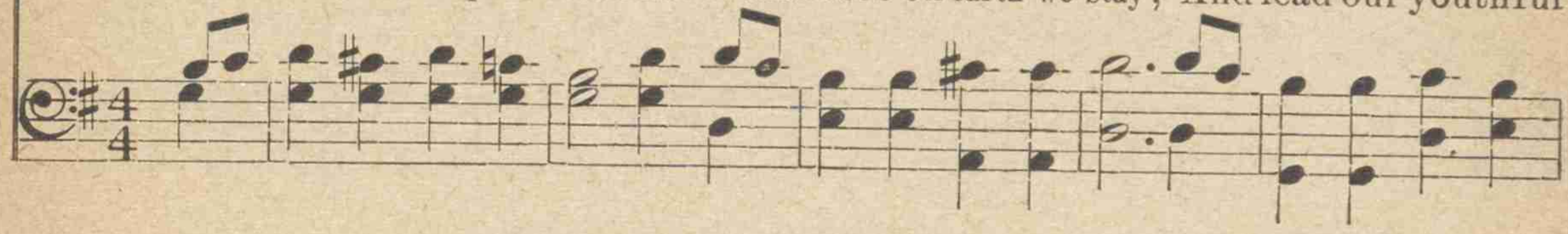
OUR
THANKFUL SONGS.

No. 1. OUR THANKFUL SONGS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Our hearts with joy are bounding, While once again we come To meet our bless-ed
2. How sweet the golden moments Of earnest pray'r and praise, To Him whose loving
3. O Saviour, keep us faithful While here on earth we stay; And lead our youthful



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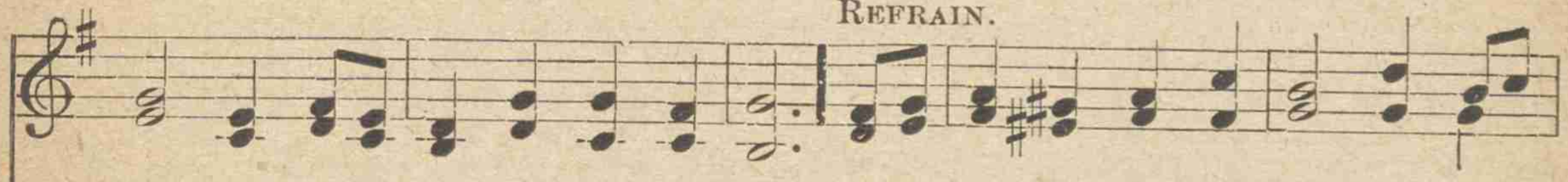
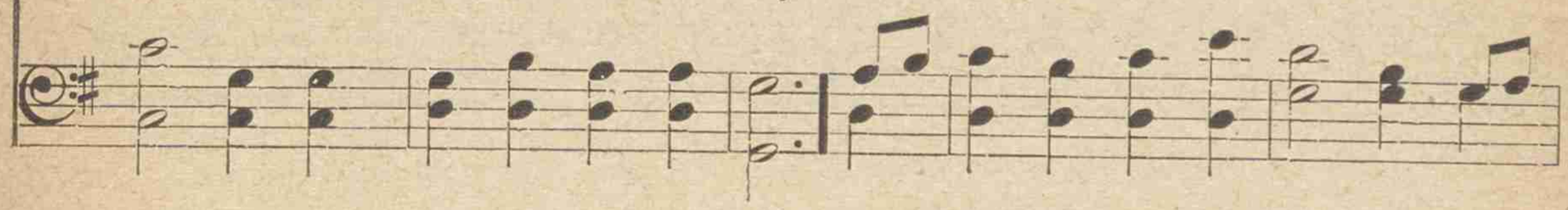
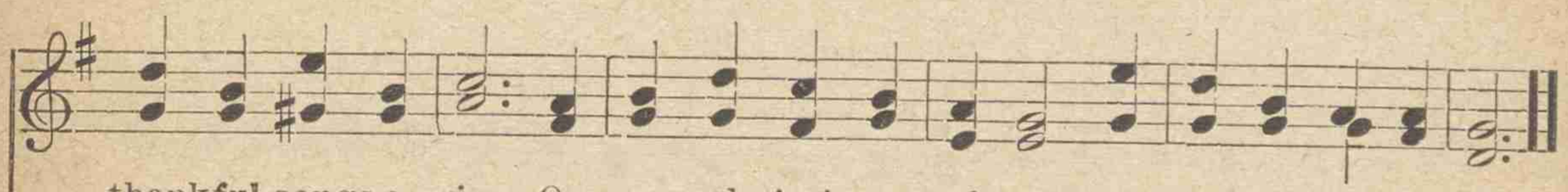
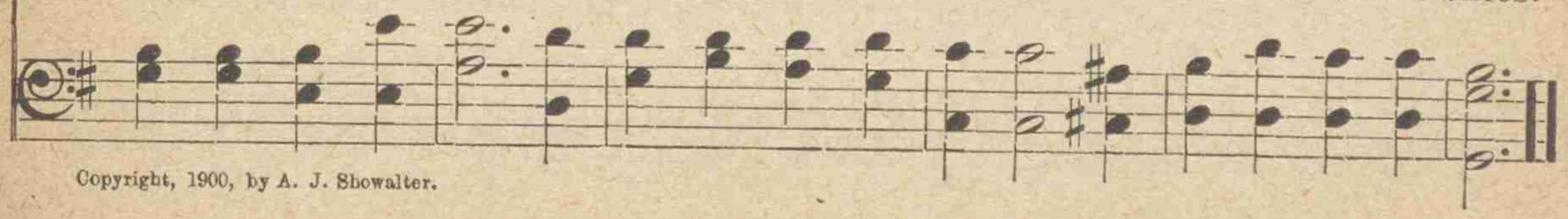


Sav - iour With - in our Lord's day home. Our hearts with joy are bounding, Our
kind - ness Has fol-low'd all our days.
foot - steps To realms of end-less day.





thankful songs a - rise; On an - gel pin-ions waft - ed, Like incense to the skies.



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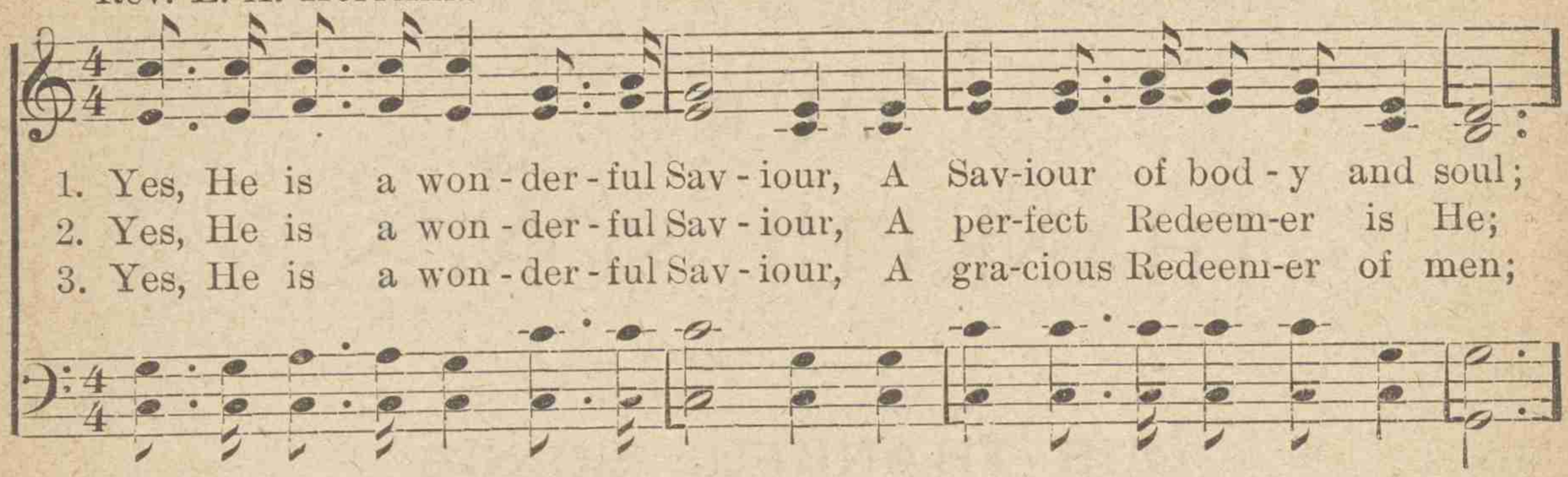
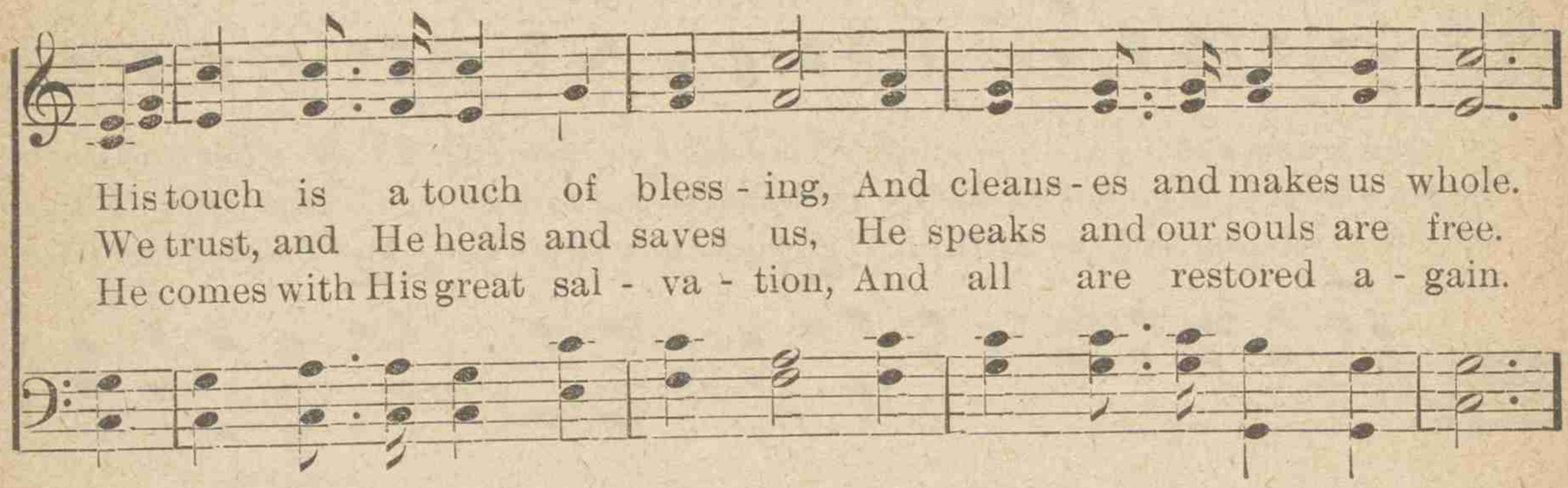
No. 2. A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. R. H. CORNELIUS.





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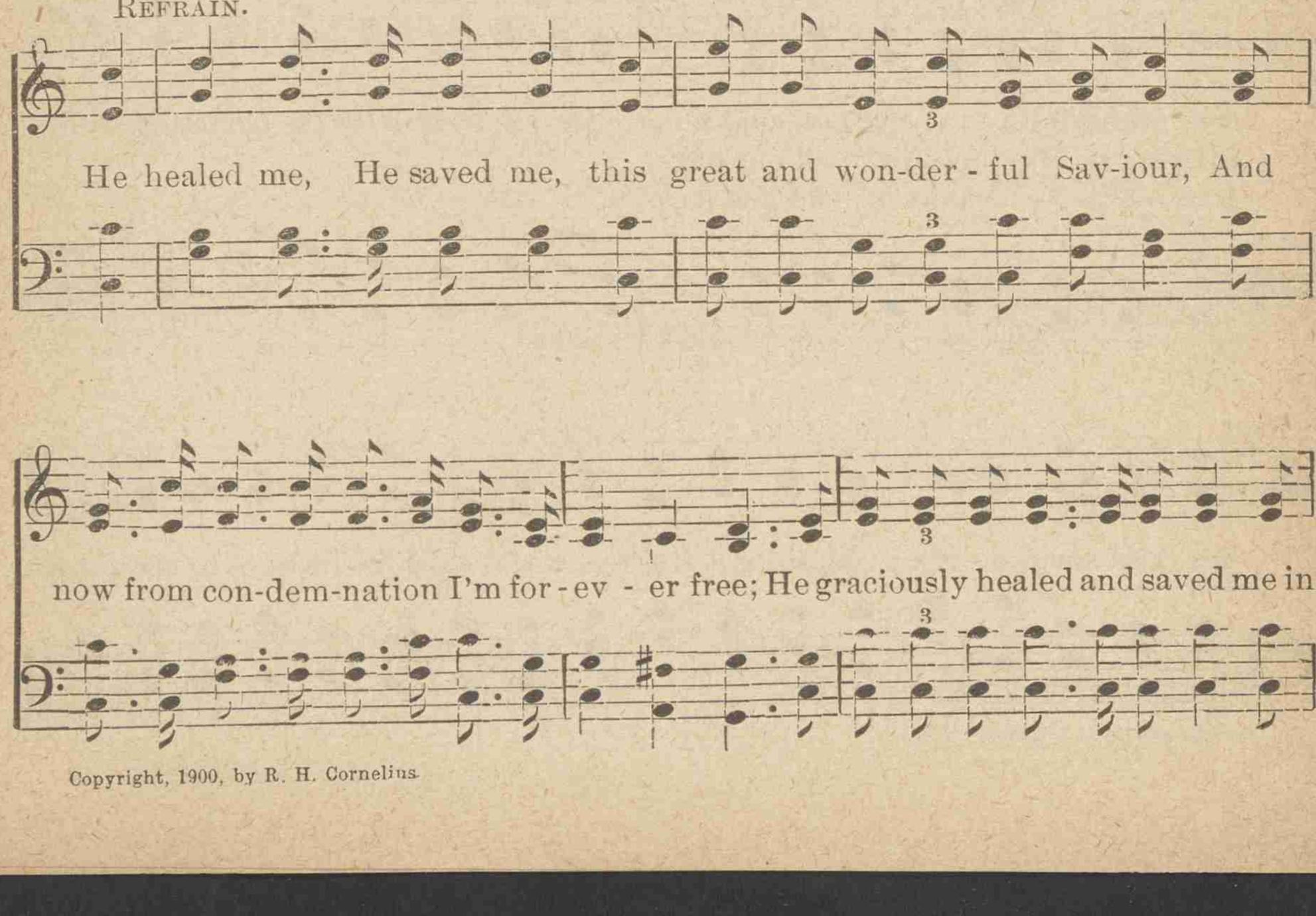

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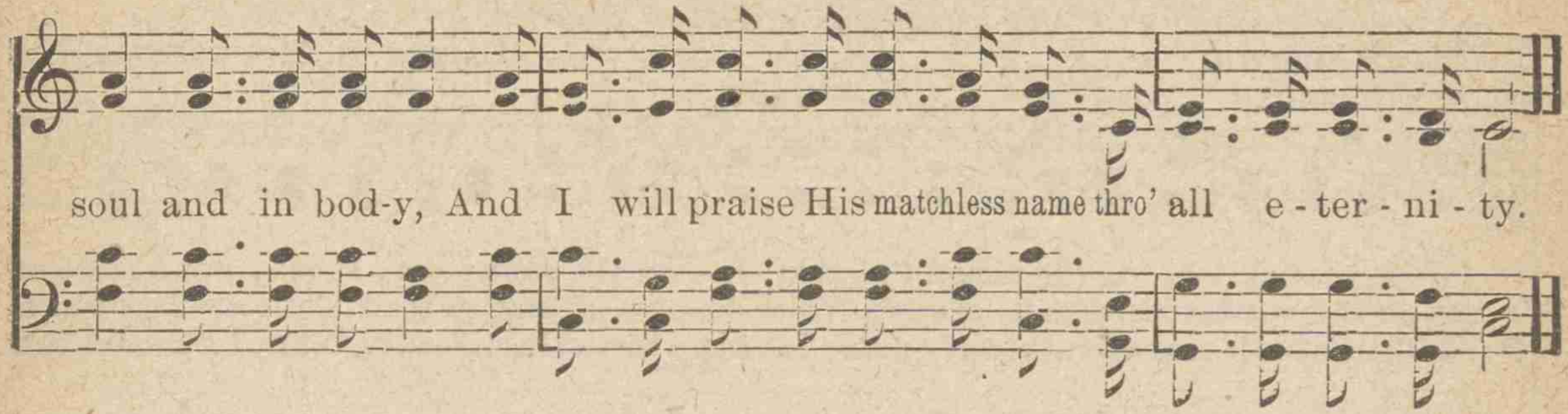
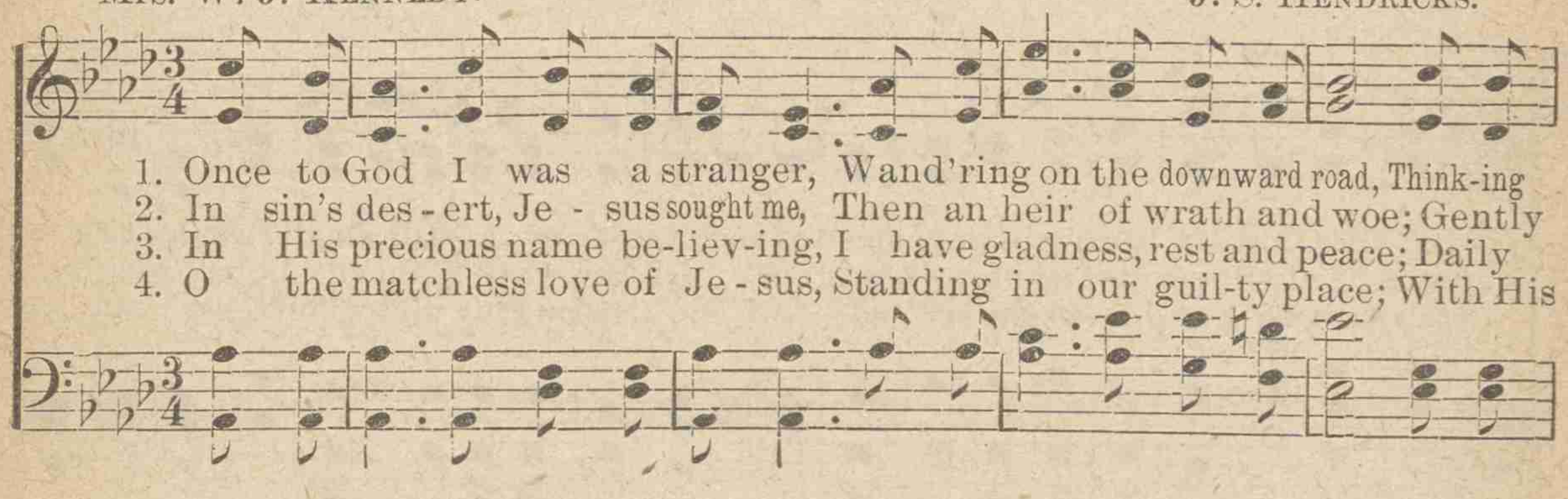
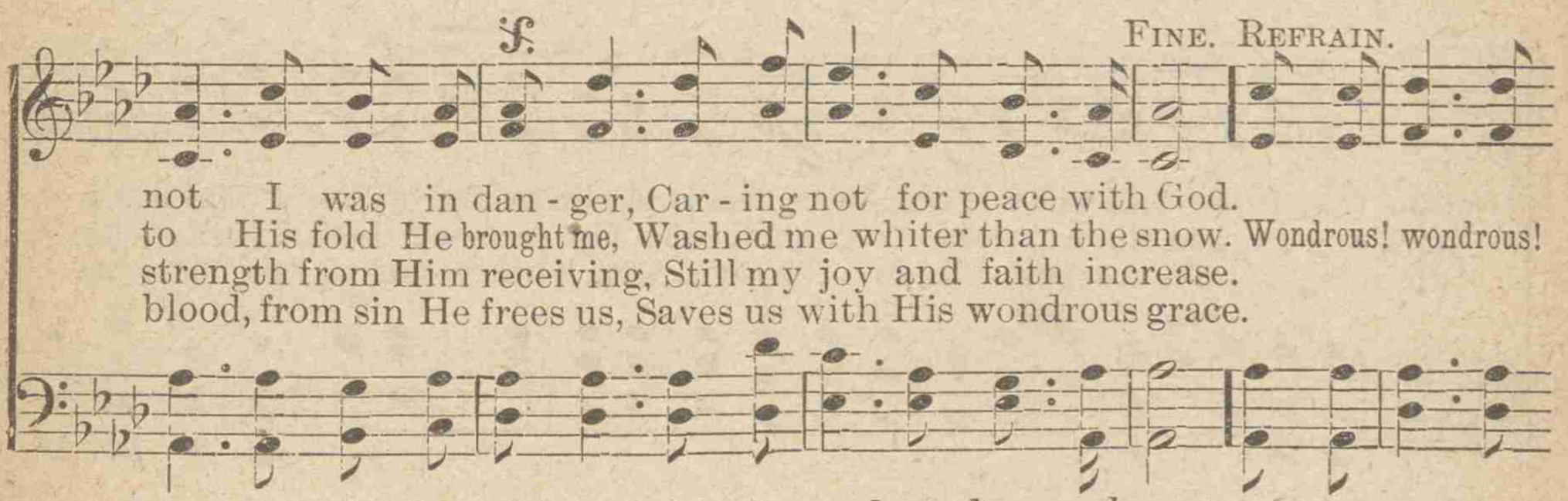
A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR. Concluded.

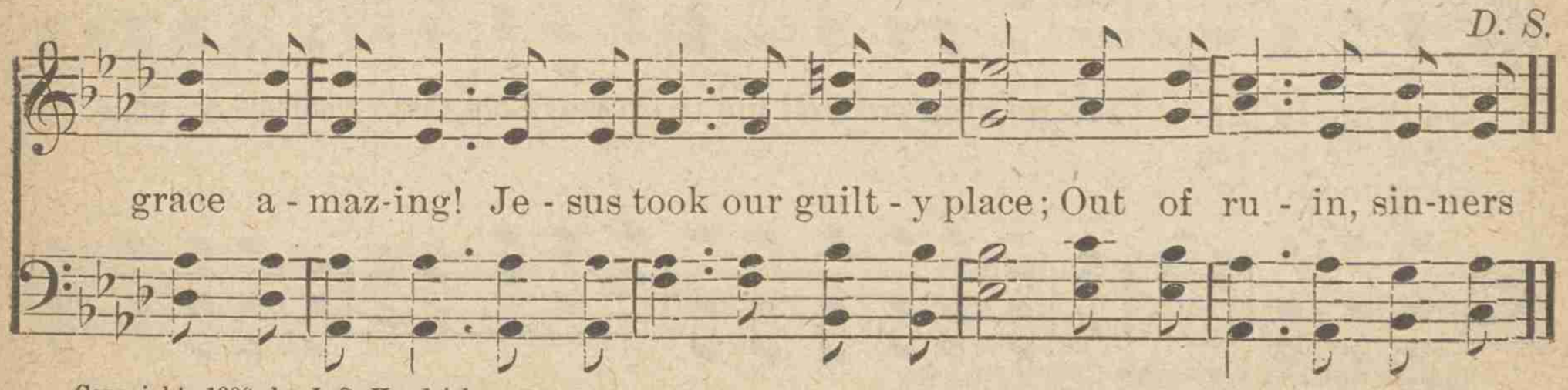


No. 3. WONDROUS GRACE.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.







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No. 4. CONSECRATION.

To be sung as a Solo or Quartet.

MARY BROWN. CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

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

REFRAIN.

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

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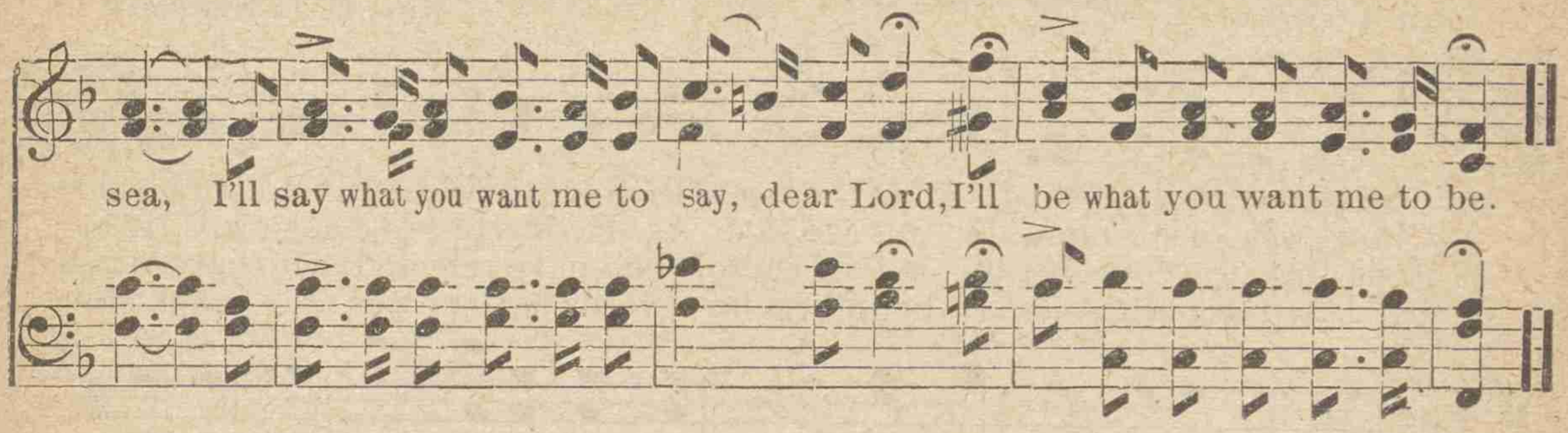
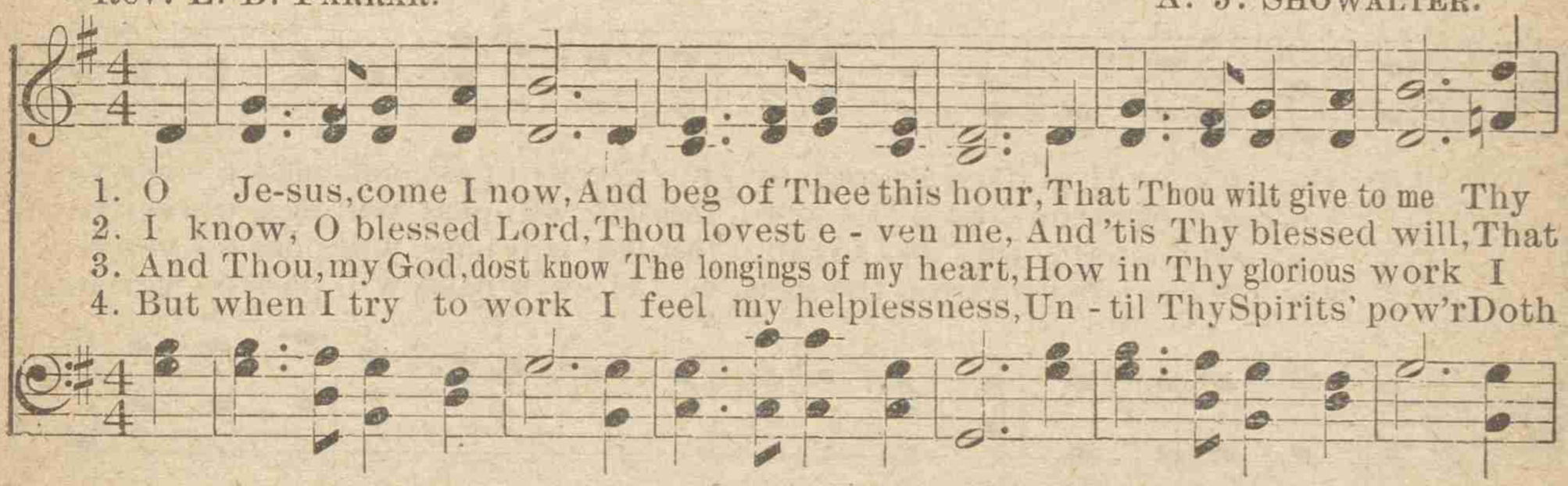
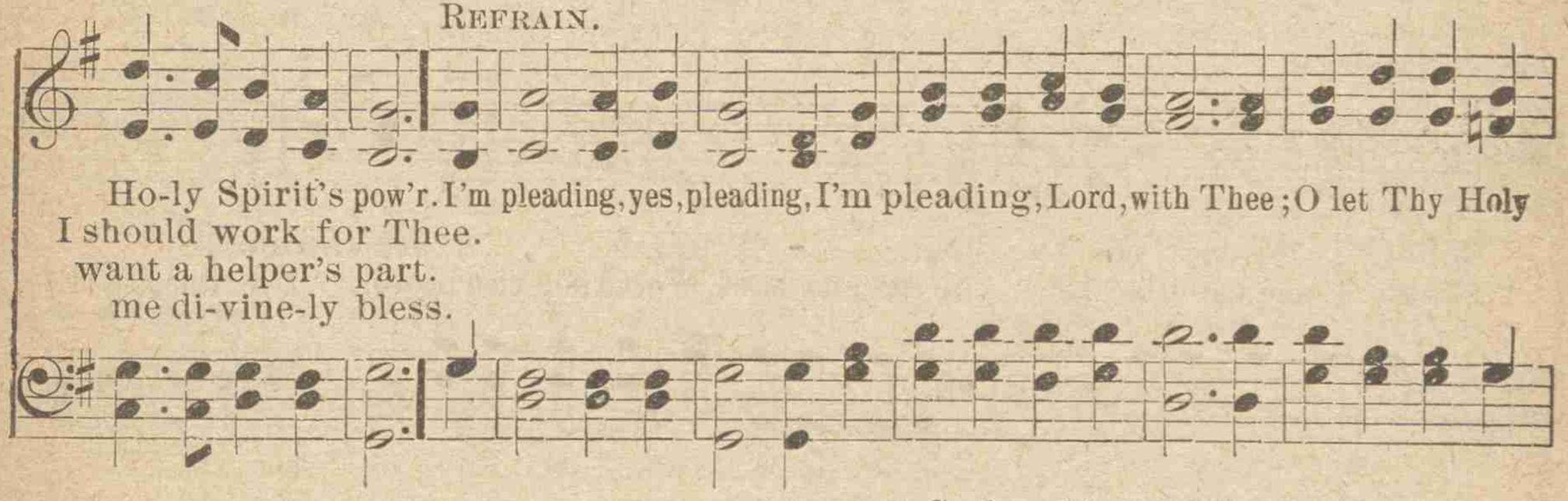


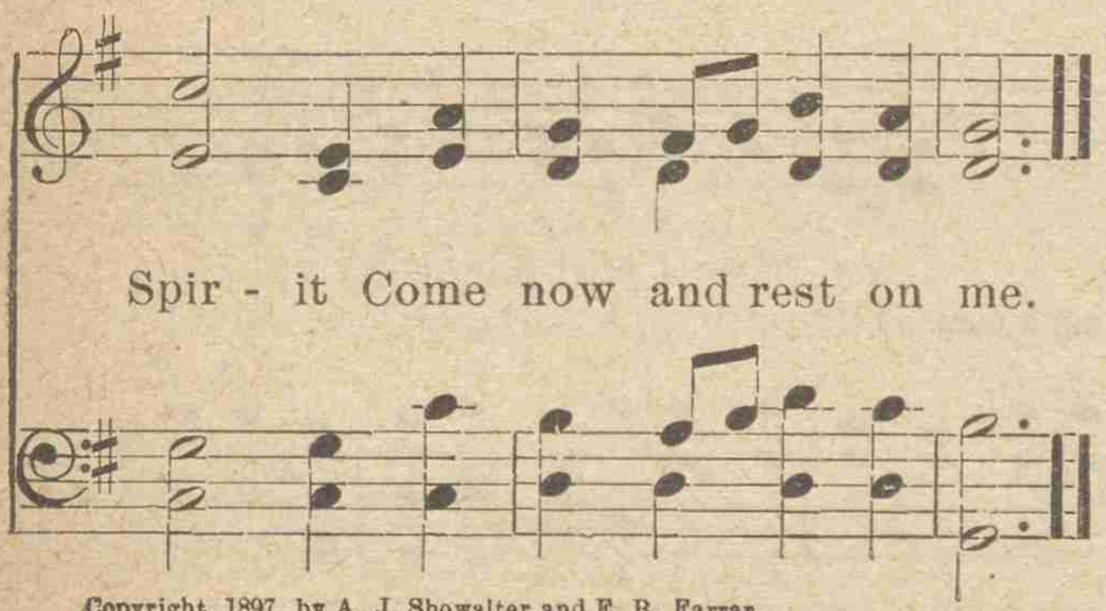
No. 5. THE BAPTISM OF POWER.

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



Refrain.





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

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

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

No. 6. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

JOHN FOOTE. Rev. E. F. STANTON.

1. Christ, our Redeemer, died on the cross, Died for the sinner, paid all his due;
2. Chief - est of sin-ners Je - sus can save, As He has promised, so will He do;
3. Judg - ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused;
4. O, what compassion! O, boundless love! Jesus hath power, Je - sus is true:

All who receive Him need never fear, For He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
O, sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
O, sin-ner, hasten, let Je - sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
All who believe are safe from the storm, O, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.

REFRAIN.

"When I see the blood, When I see the blood,
"When I see the blood, the cleansing blood, When I see the blood, the cleansing blood,

When I see the blood, I will pass, I will pass over you."
When I see the blood, the cleansing blood, over you."

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No. 7. 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 heav-y bur - den bears;
3. When the way seems rough and drear-y, 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, . . e - ter-nal-ly.
'Neath His wings, 'neath His wings,

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No. 8. THE RISEN LORD.

Words by Rev. R. M. Offord, D. D. Music by Rev. N. Keff Smith, D. D.

1. Lo, a ris - en Lord we sing; Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
2. Short with-in the tomb His stay, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
3. His the death, but ours the life, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
4. Lo, a ris - en life we bring, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Once He died, love's of - fer - ing, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Death no more can hold its prey, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Our's the vic - t'ry, His the strife, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
This our love's glad of - fer - ing, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

See Him death's dark ter - rors brave, Dy - ing, dy - ing souls to save,
Lo, He bled to meet our need, Rose His pre - cious blood to plead,
Now by all the griefs He bore, Now by all the shame He wore,
Souls re - deemed and hearts renewed, Wills to His sweet will sub - dued,

Us to res - cue from the grave. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Still for us doth in - ter - cede! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
We are His for ev - er - more! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
These shall speak our grat-i - tude, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

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No. 9. HAVE CHRIST AT YOUR HELM.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. Who's guid - ing your bark, my broth-er, When fierce and stormy the gale?
2. Who's guid - ing your bark, my broth-er, From cru - el rocks out of view?
3. Who's guid - ing your bark, my broth-er, When troubles would o-verwhelm?
4. Who's guid - ing your bark, my broth-er, In sun-shine, or tempest's roar?

When high the bil-lows are roll - ing, Does Je - sus then with you sail?
Rocks of temptation and tri - al, What Pi - lot is guid - ing you?
When waves of sor - row are roll - ing, Is Je - sus then at your helm?
There's none but Je - sus can bring you Safe to the bright shin - ing shore.

REFRAIN.

Have Christ at your helm, my brother, Still guid-ing you day by day;
He is the on - ly safe Pi - lot, His word the tempests o - bey.

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No. 10. HE CARES FOR ME!

A. J. S

A. J. Showalter.

1. My heart is fill'd with wondrous joy to - day, For Je - sus, in His mer-cy, hath redeem'd my soul; And so I go re-joic-ing on my way, Since
2. 'Tis sweet to trust Him all a - long the way, For He doth know and choose the paths of perfect peace; And if I fol-low Him I shall not stray, But
3. I'll serve Him glad - ly while on earth be - low, For He doth rich re - ward to all His children give; In mansions fair-er than the heart can know, With

Fine. Refrain.

He doth love me and hath made me whole. I'm so hap-py, for He cares for me!
reach at last the home of blessed-ness.
Him in glo - ry I shall ev - er live.

D.S. *I am hap-py as a child can be!*

D.S.

I go singing, for my soul is free! By faith my Father's smiling face I see, And

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No. 11. ON PISGAH'S MOUNTAIN.

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

1. On Pisgah's mountain top I stand, And view a - far the promised land,
2. How earth and heav-en seem to meet! Here, with the world be-neath my feet,
3. From Pisgah's mountain top, some day My soul shall wing its flight a - way

Where God's e - ter - nal bow of Light Ex - cludes the shadows of the night.
I have from sin a sweet re-lease, And bathe my soul in per-fect peace.
To join the saints who've gone before, And wor-ship Him for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

On Pis-gah's height I stand to-day, And, long-ing, trust - ing, look a - way
On Pis-gah's height I stand se-cure, For - ev - er blest, for - ev - er sure,
From Pis-gah's height my soul shall rise On wings of faith to cleave the skies,

Where God's e-ter - nal bow of Light Ex-cludes the shadows of the night.
I have from sin a sweet re-lease, And bathe my soul in per - fect peace.
To join the saints who've gone before, And worship Him for ev - er - more.

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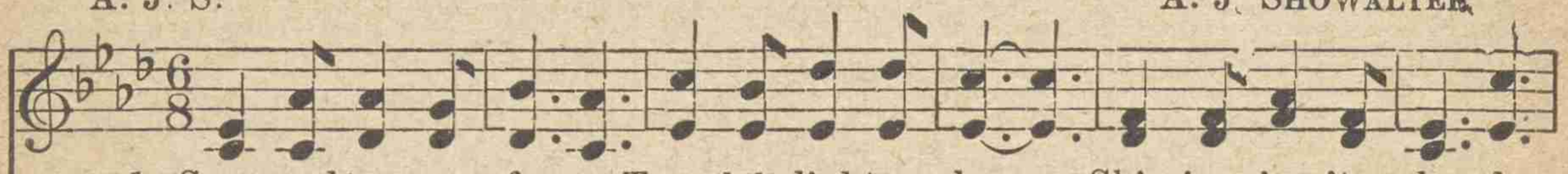
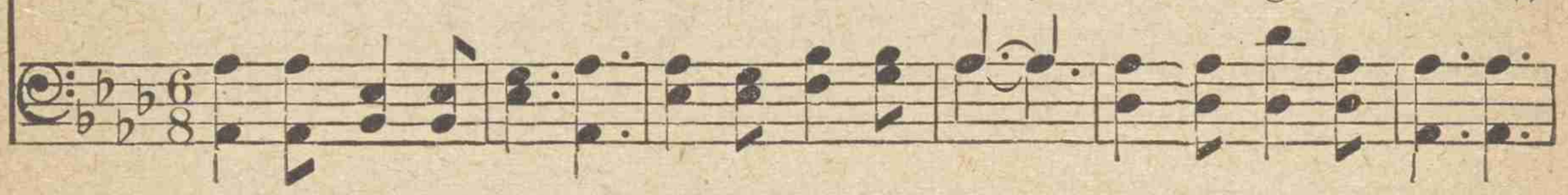
No. 12. SUNWARD TURN YOUR FACES.

Suggested by a sermon of Rev. Hugh K. Walker, Dalton, Ga., Nov. 28, 1897.

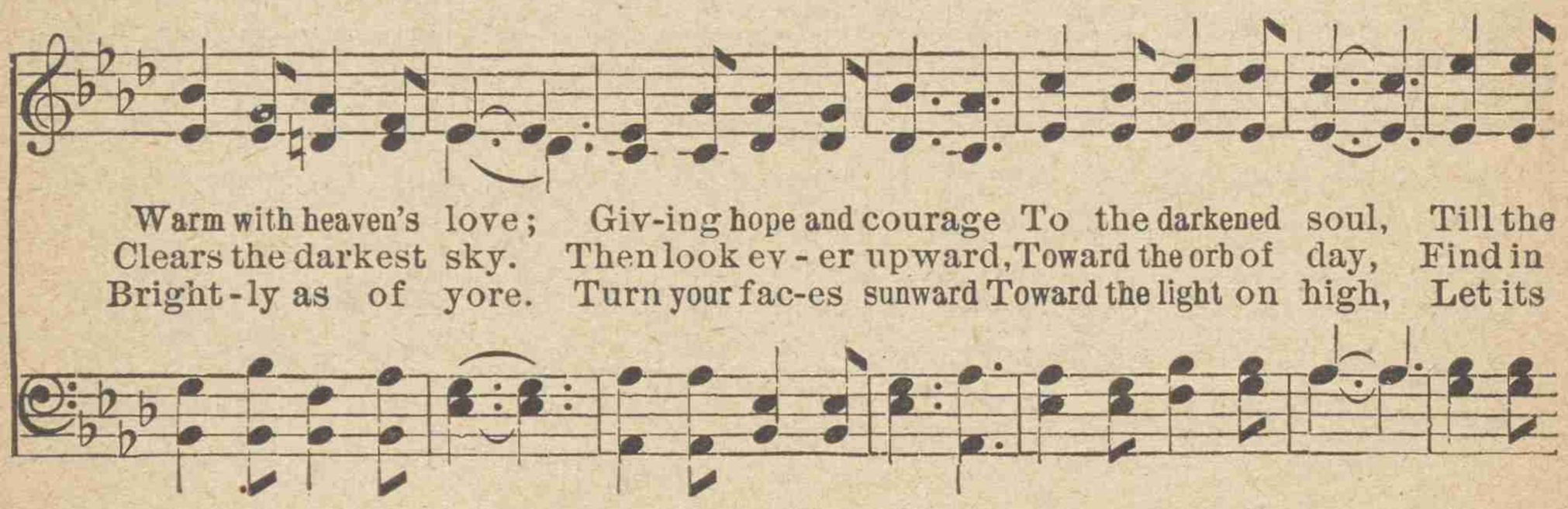
A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Sunward turn your fac-es, Toward the light a - bove, Shin-ing in its splen-dor,
2. Do not grope in darkness When there's light on high; Je - sus' lov-ing pres-ence
3. Tho' life's dreams have vanished, And the heart is sore, Yet the light is shin-ing

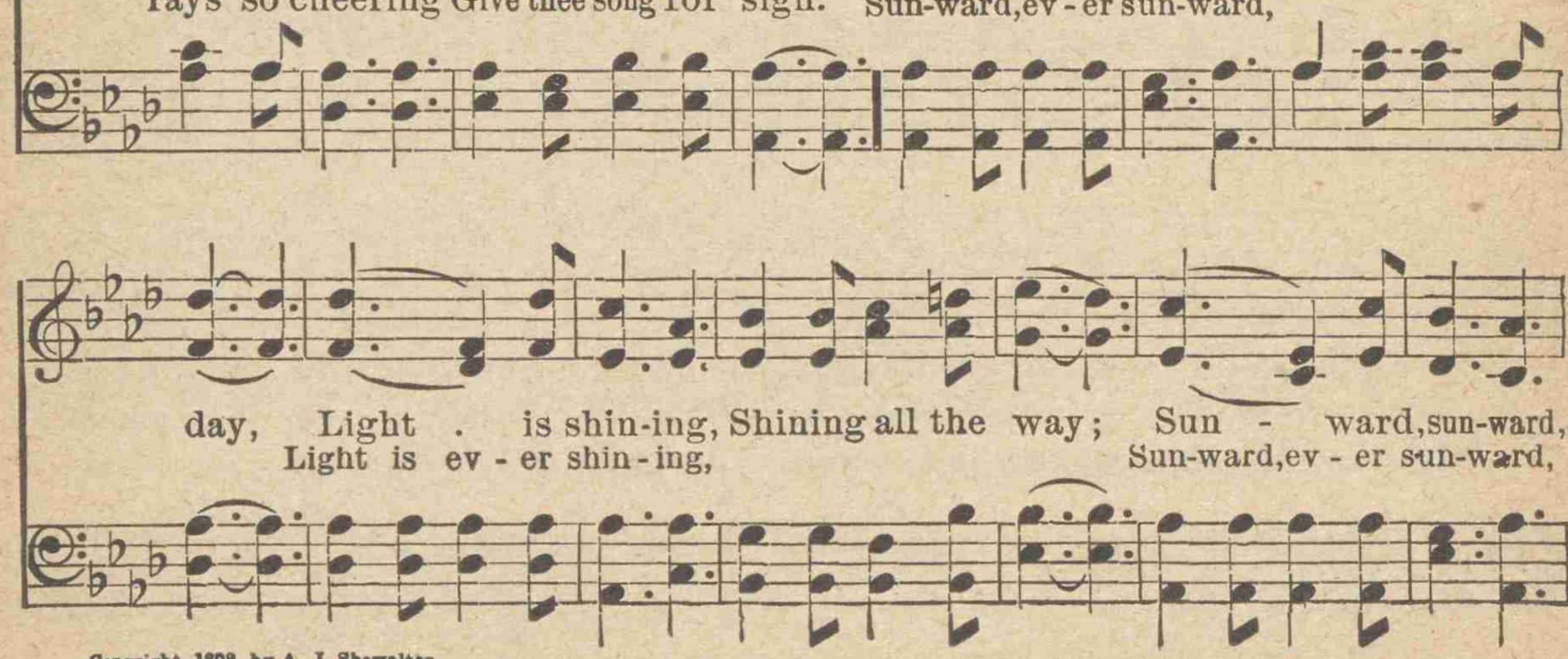


Warm with heaven's love; Giv-ing hope and courage To the darkened soul, Till the
Clears the darkest sky. Then look ev - er upward, Toward the orb of day, Find in
Bright-ly as of yore. Turn your fac-es sunward Toward the light on high, Let its



REFRAIN.

world with glo-ry Shines from pole to pole. Sun - ward, sun-ward, Sunward turn to -
Christ the sunshine That will light the way.
rays so cheering Give thee song for sigh. Sun-ward, ev - er sun-ward,



day, Light . is shin-ing, Shining all the way; Sun - ward, sun-ward,
Light is ev - er shin - ing, Sun-ward, ev - er sun-ward,

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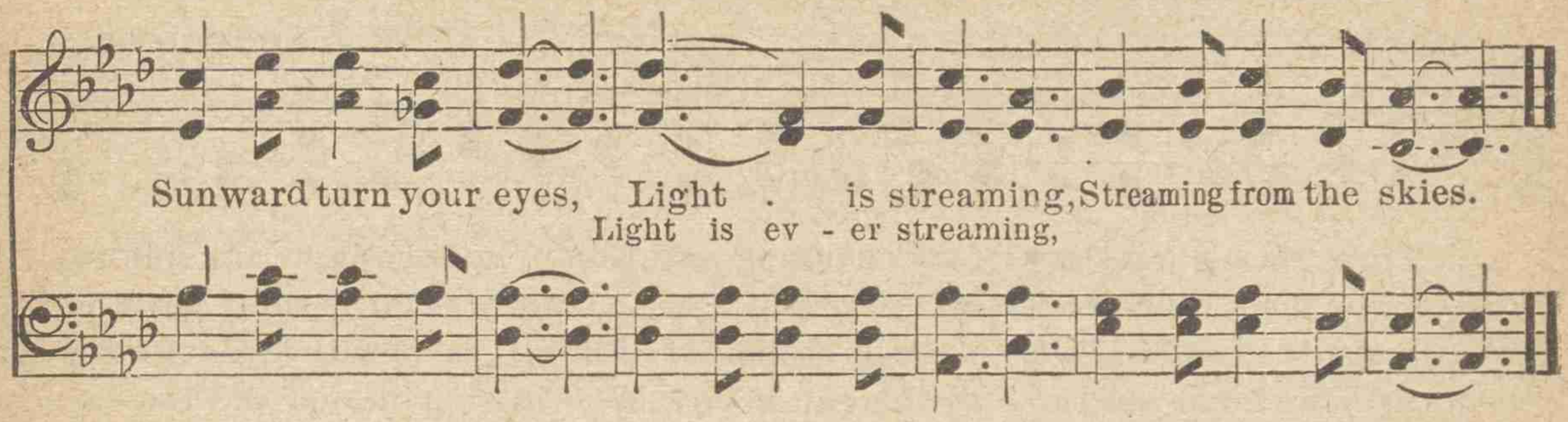
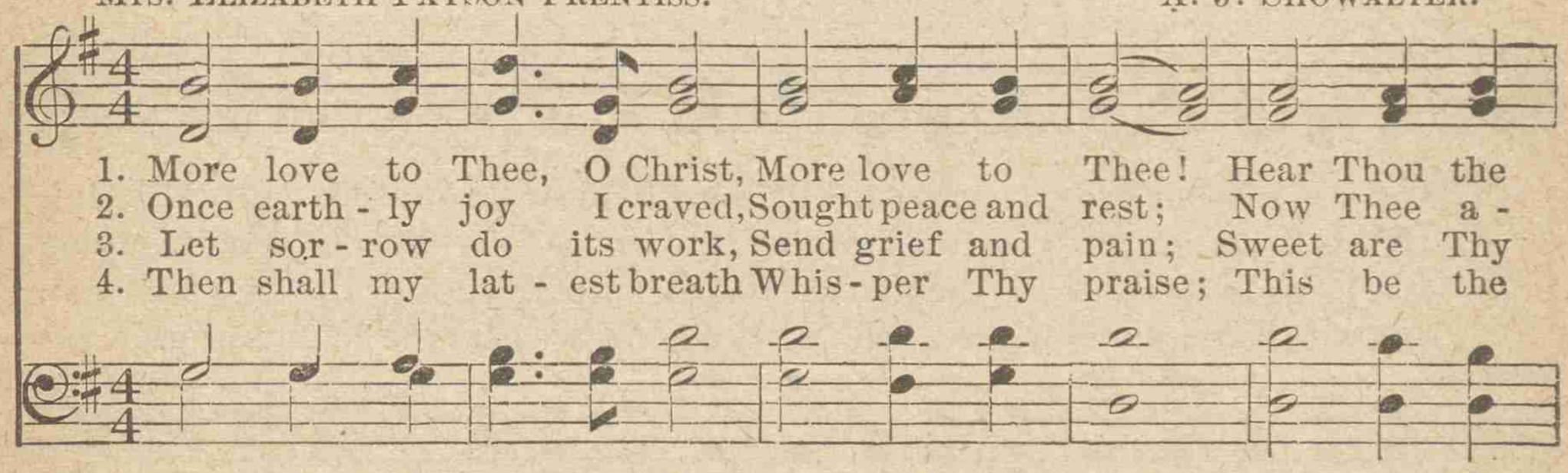
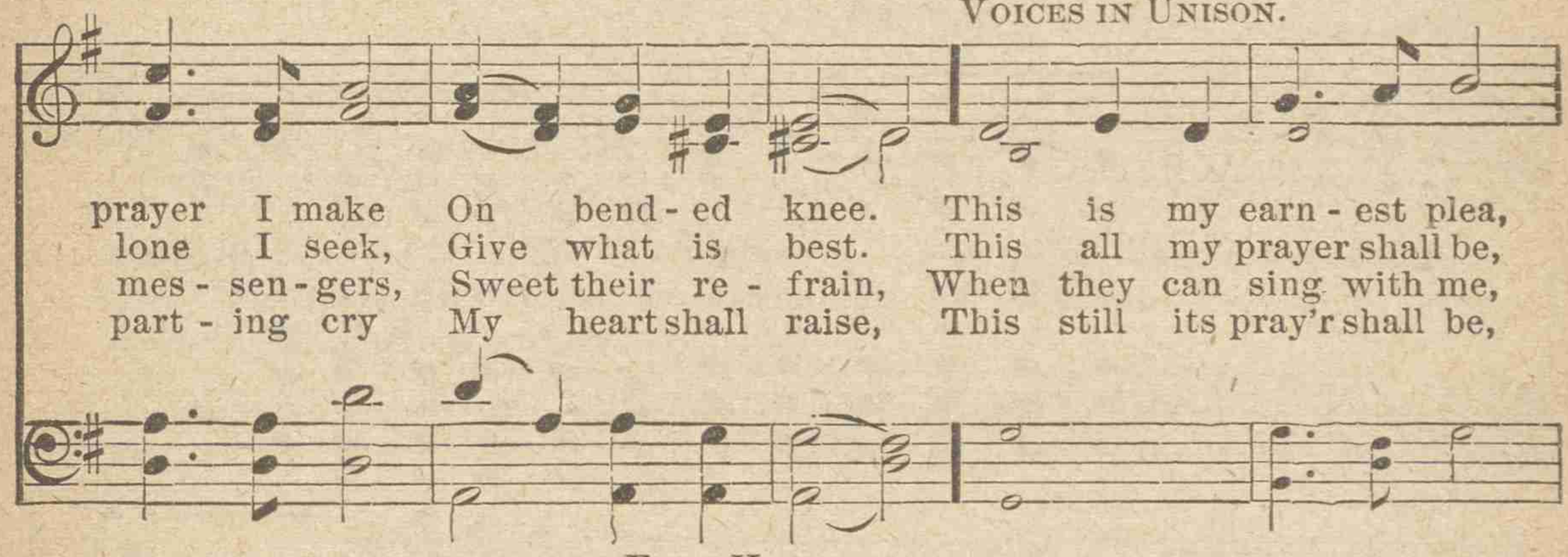
SUNWARD TURN YOUR FACES.

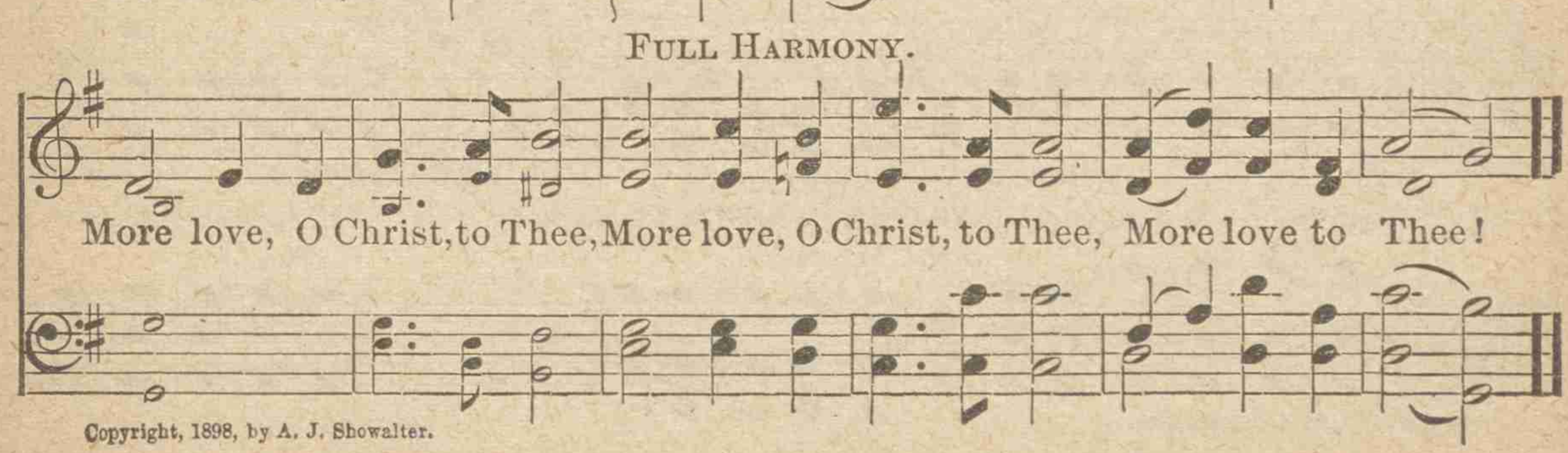


No. 13. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Payson Prentiss. A. J. Showalter.







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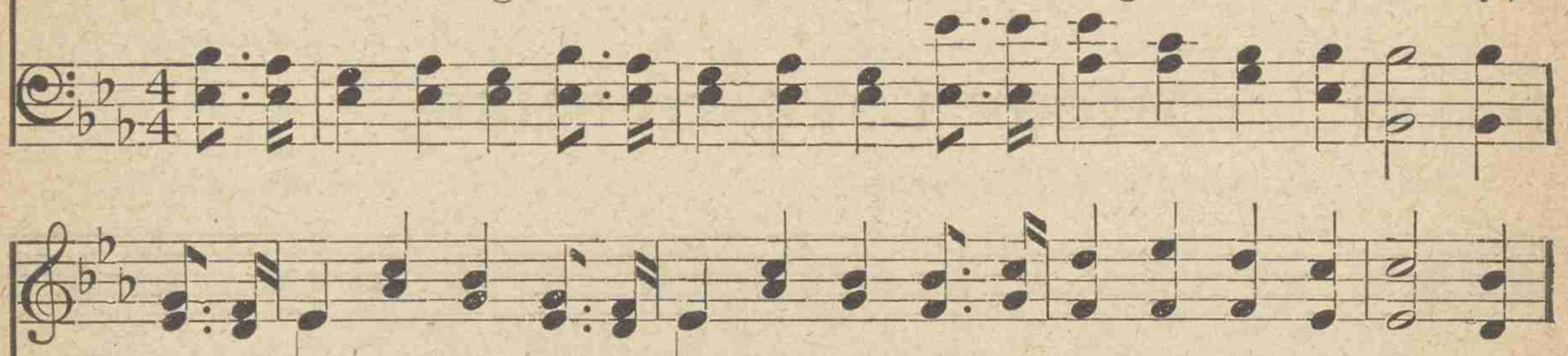
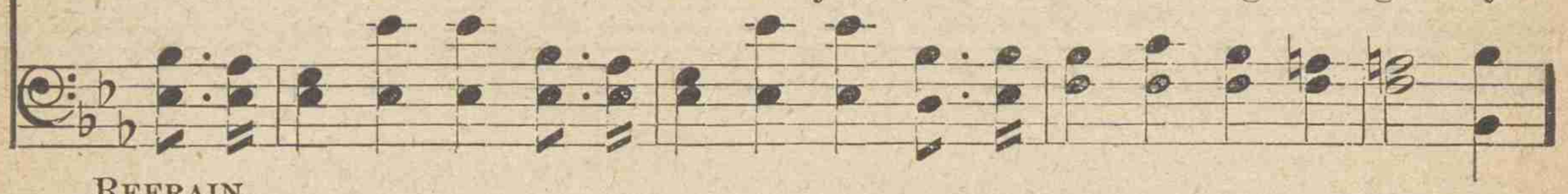
No. 14. BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Thro' the mists and tears Of the changing years, Rifts of gold-en light are shin-ing;
2. From the jeweled dome Shines the light of home, Like a bea-con broad-ly beam-ing;
3. Christ, the Lord of love, "Is the light thereof," Filling heav'n with joys su-per-nal;
4. As we homeward go From this vale be-low, We will sing the old, old sto - ry;



And we lift our eyes To the sun - lit skies, Heaven's glories half di - vin - ing.
It is brighter far Than the morning star, Or a vis - ion of our dream-ing.
And He guides His own To the great white throne, Thro' His gift of life e - ter - nal.
And with heart and voice We will all re - joice, As we near the heights of glo - ry.



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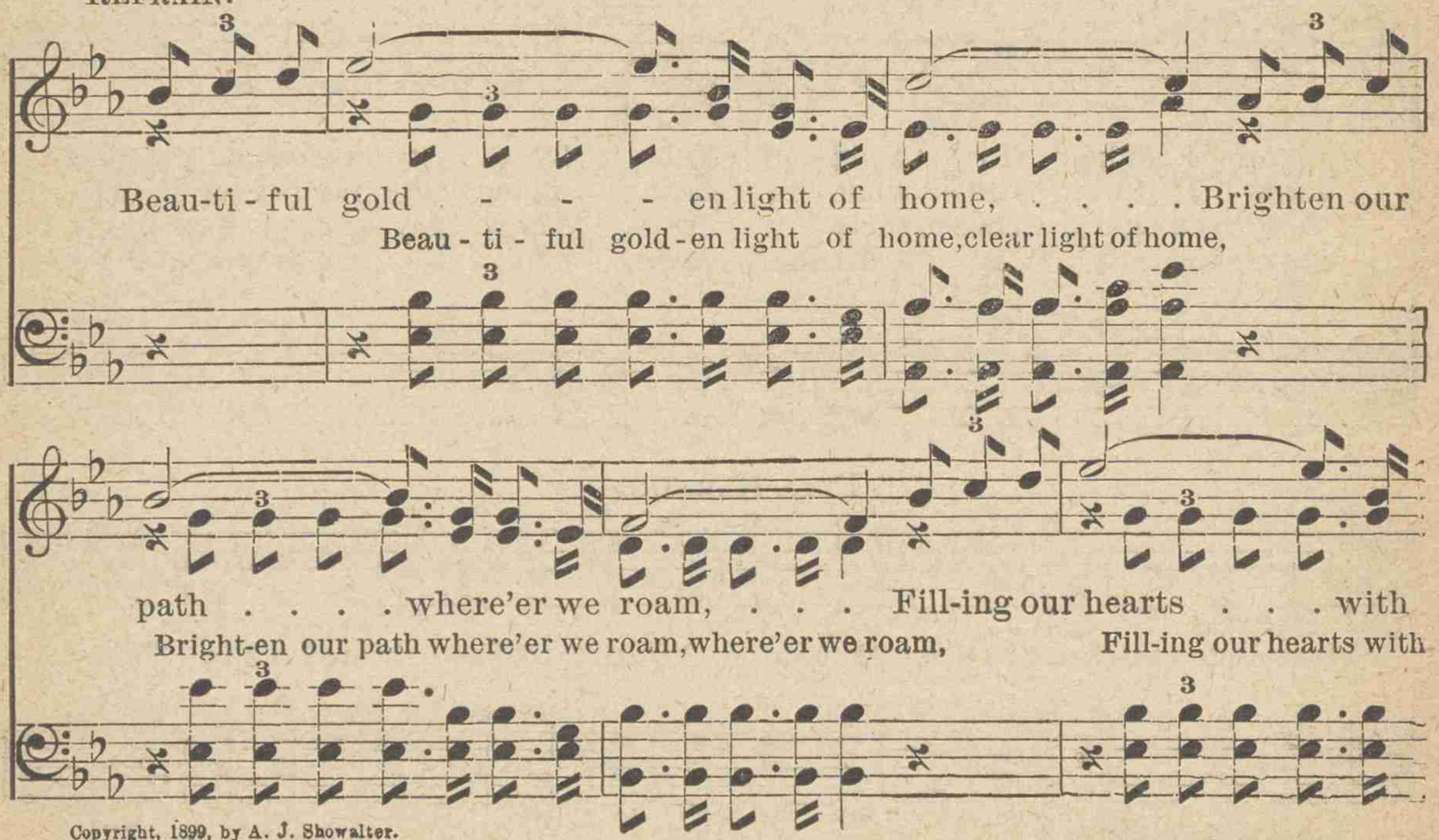

Beau-ti - ful gold - - - - en light of home, ... Brighten our path . . . . where'er we roam, . . . Fill-ing our hearts . . . with
Beau - ti - ful gold-en light of home, clear light of home, Bright-en our path where'er we roam, where'er we roam, Fill-ing our hearts with

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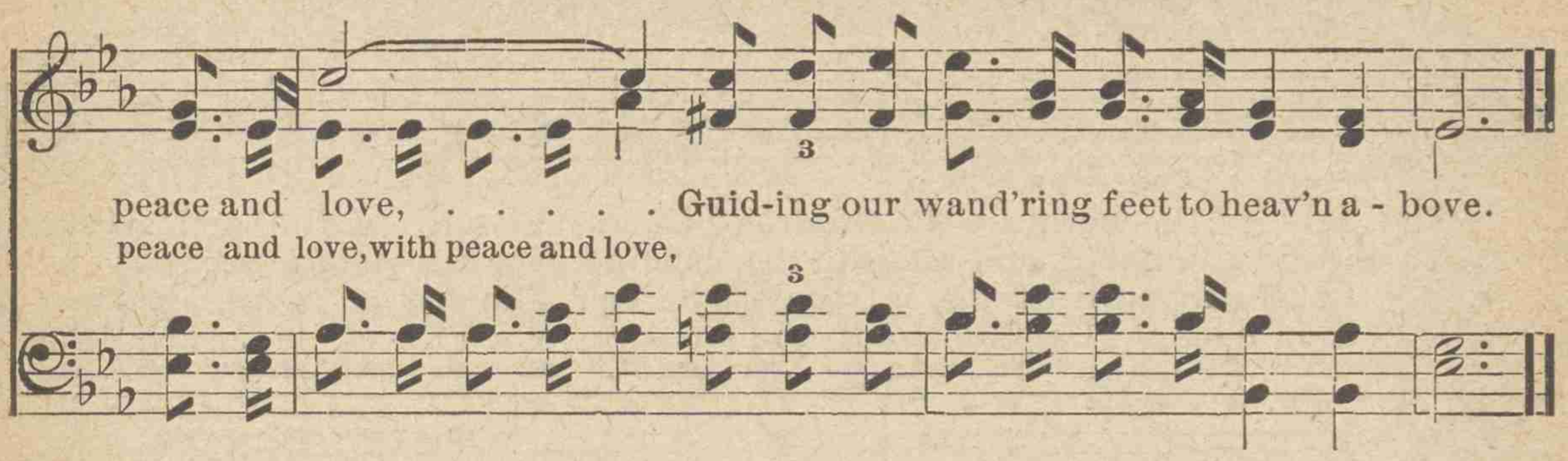
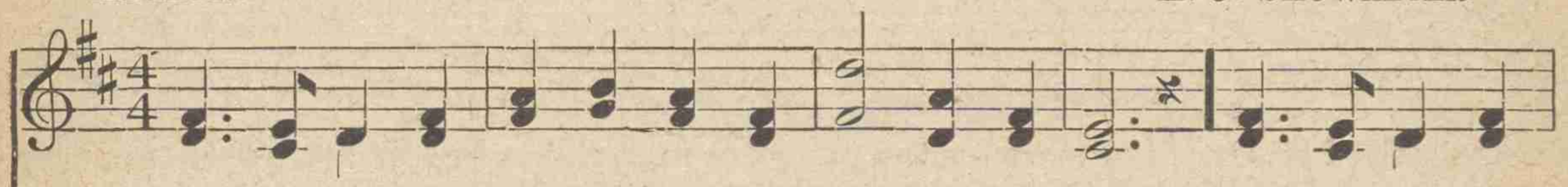
BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF HEAVEN.



No. 15. WALKING WITH THE SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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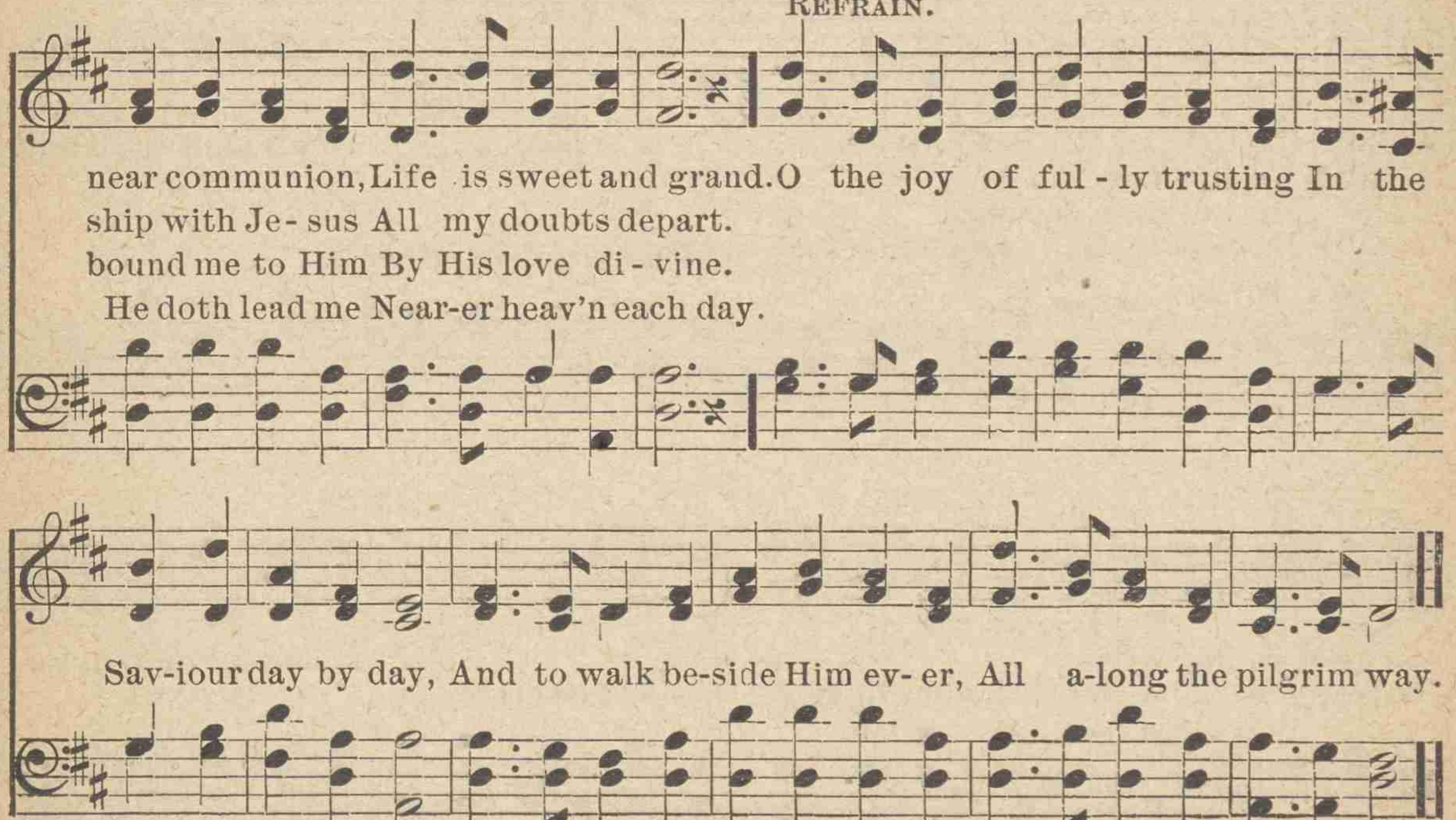

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No. 16. THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Rev. Geo. A. Lofton, D. D. Rev. E. F. Stanton.

1. The light of the world are the children of God, The salt of the earth and the
2. This world is all dark and the sin - ner is blind, Nor can he the way out a-
3. A - rise, then, ye Christians, and shine with your light, The way is so rug - ged and
4. Im - man-uel's our Captain and triumph is sure, When Zi - on is clothed in ha-

strength of His rod; But Christ is the glory re-fulgent in grace That Christians reflect
lone ev - er find; And Christians are camps on the broad way of gloom, The sin - ner to turn
black is the night; For thousands are stumbling o'er virgins asleep, Un-lighted their lamps,
bil - iments pure; And high o'er the ages His banner will wave, Till earth to His glo-

Refrain.

in the light of His face. A-rise, a - rise, With your light and
from his ill - fated doom.
to the bottomless deep.
ry His power shall save. Arise with your light, arise with your light,

let it shine; A-rise, a - rise, Glo-ri - fy the Lord divine.
A-rise with your light, a - rise with your light.

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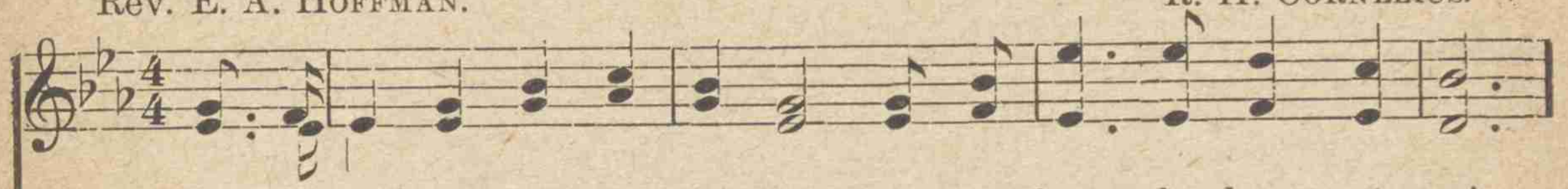
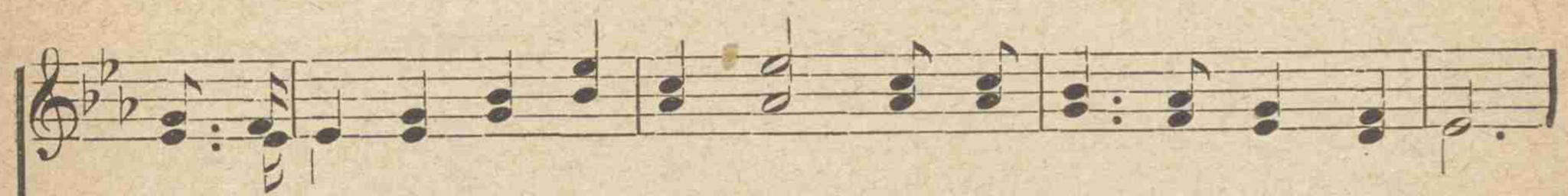
No. 17. HOW SWEET THE LOVE OF JESUS.

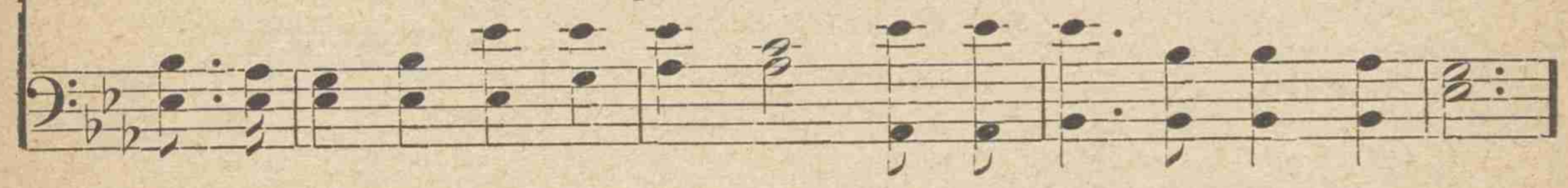
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. R. H. CORNELIUS.



1. O the pre-cious love of Je - sus, Deep-er than the deep - est sea!
2. O the pre-cious love of Je - sus, Ten - der, gra - cious, full and free!
3. O the pre-cious love of Je - sus, Of all love the pur - est, best!



Pur - er than the pur - est sun - beam Is His won-drous love to me.
Sweeter than the taste of hon - ey Is the heal - ing stream to me.
In its full-ness and com-plete-ness I am won - der - ful - ly blest.



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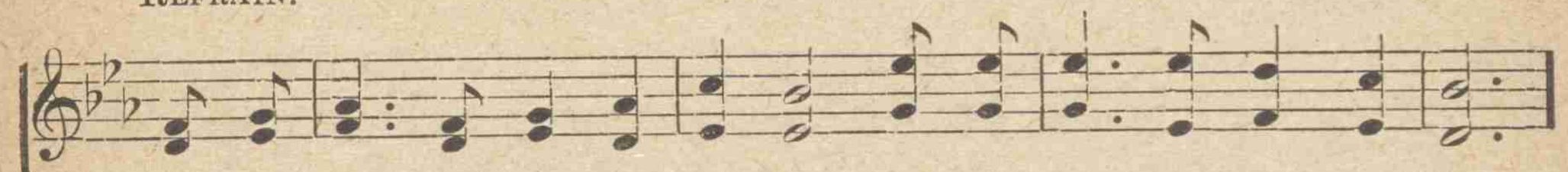
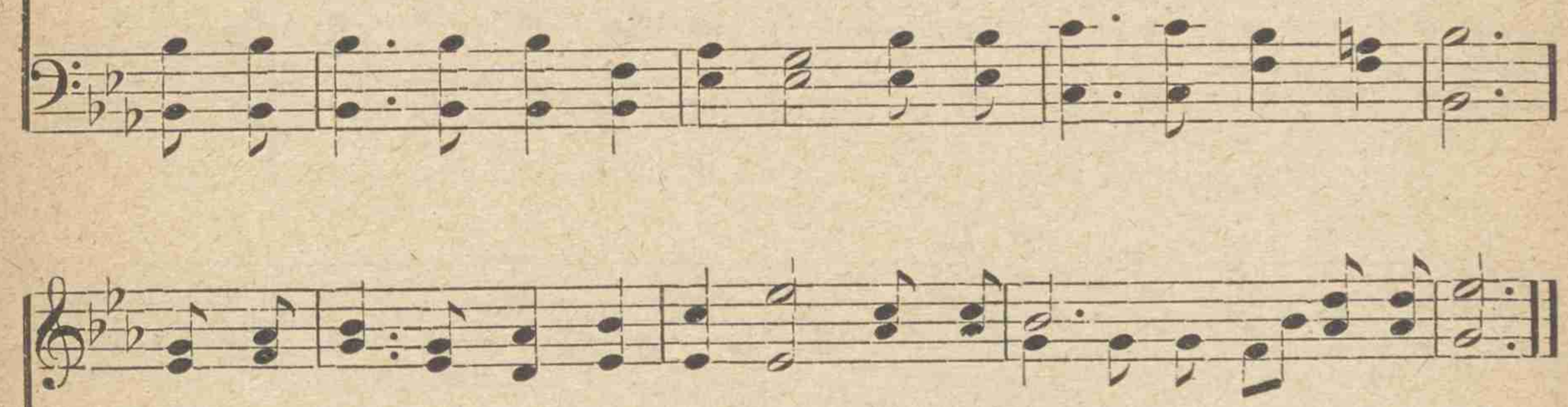
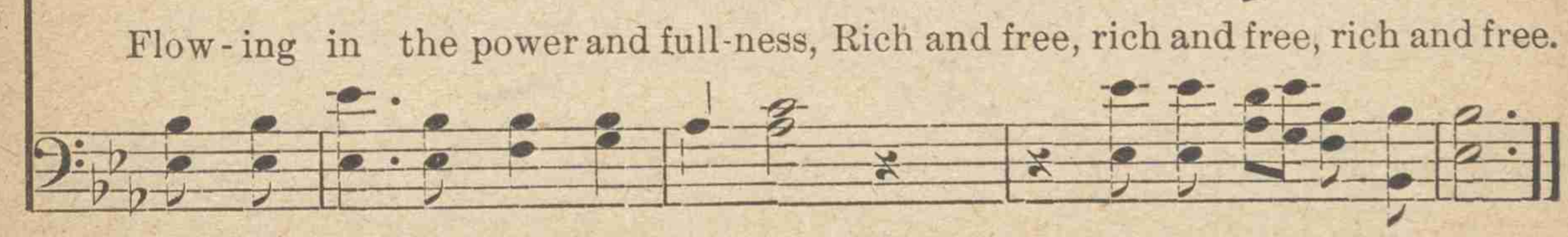


O how sweet, how sweet and precious Is the love of Christ to me,



Flow - ing in the power and full-ness, Rich and free, rich and free, rich and free.



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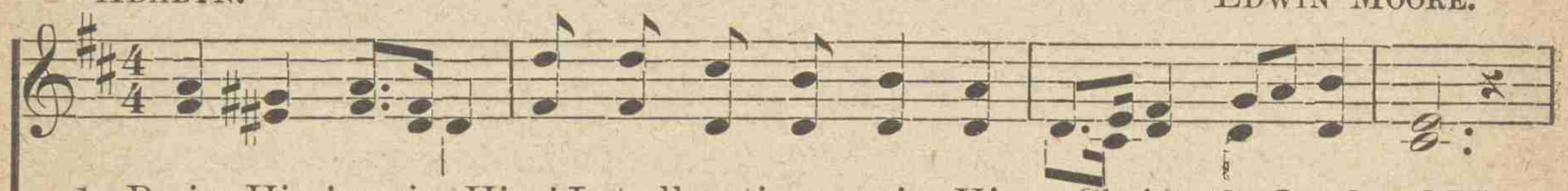
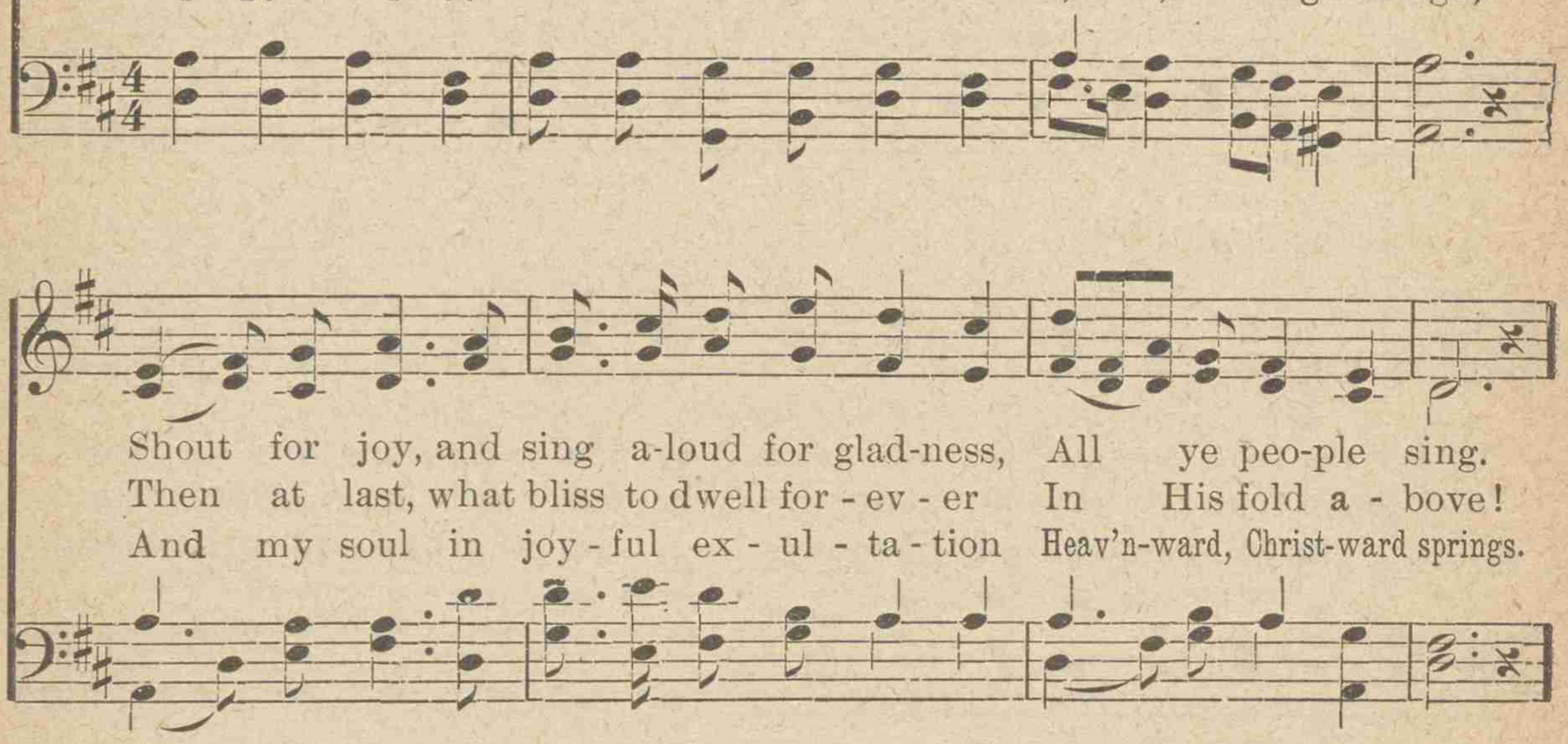
No. 18. JUBILATE.

ADALYN. EDWIN MOORE.

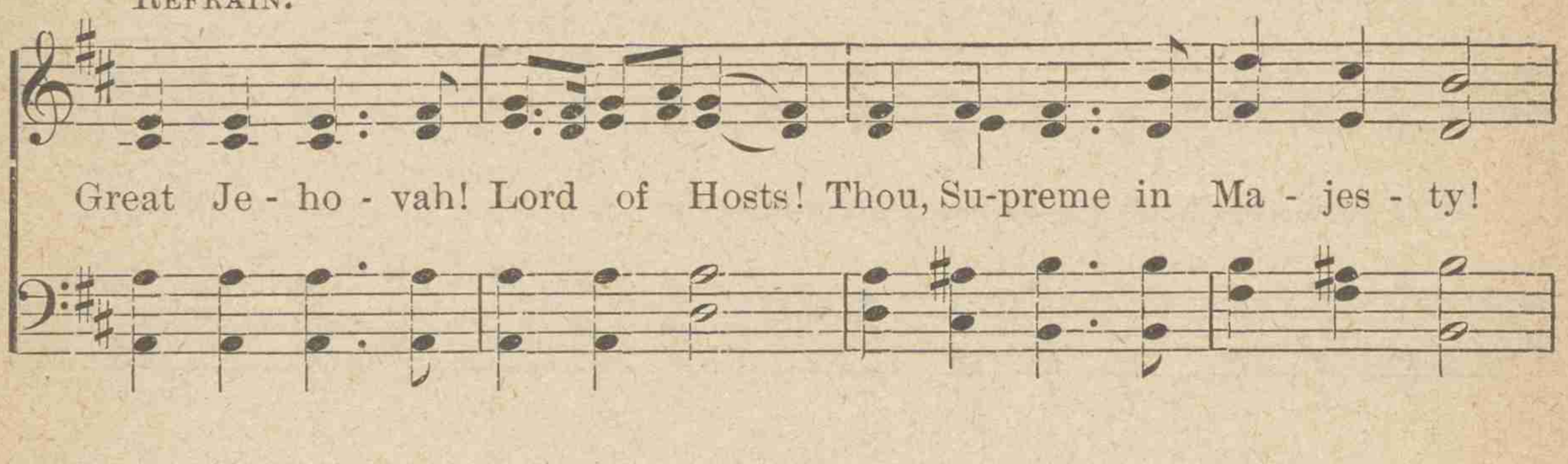


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Let all nations praise Him—Christ, the Lord and King;
2. Love Him! love him! Worship and a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord of Love;
3. Hap - py! hap - py! Are the hearts that serve Him, Christ, the King of kings;

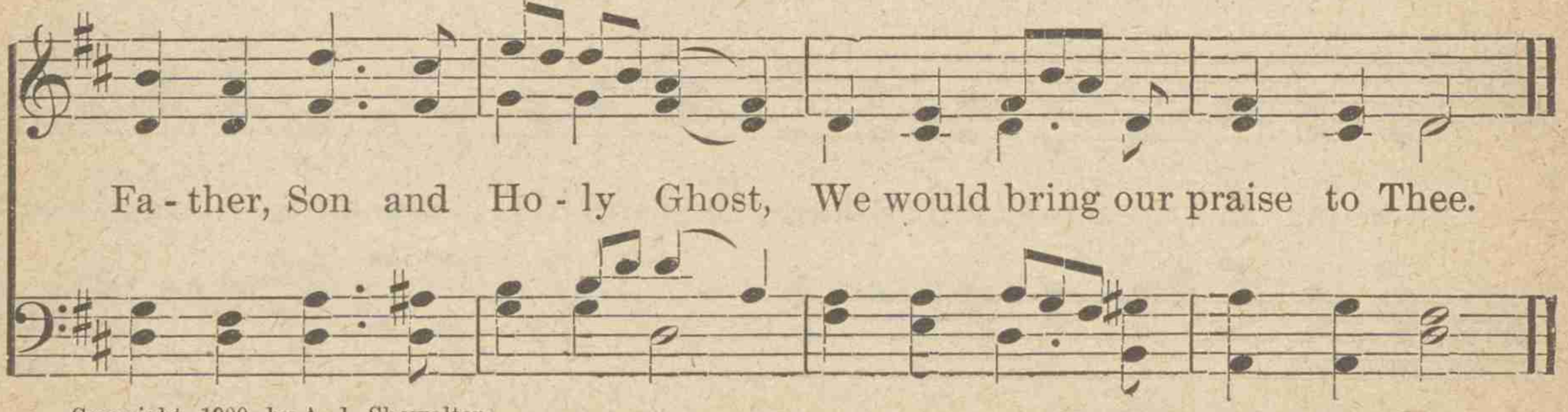


Shout for joy, and sing a-loud for glad-ness, All ye peo-ple sing.
Then at last, what bliss to dwell for - ev - er In His fold a - bove!
And my soul in joy - ful ex - ul - ta - tion Heav'n-ward, Christ-ward springs.

REFRAIN.



Great Je - ho - vah! Lord of Hosts! Thou, Su-preme in Ma - jes - ty!



Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, We would bring our praise to Thee.

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No. 19. PLEADING FOR THE CRUMBS.

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

1. Like Laz - a - rus, with faint - ing heart, My feet all torn and sore,
2. My faith is weak; from day to day More grace to me re - store;
3. My feet have fal - ter'd in the way Life's de - vious path-way o'er,
4. Thy good-ness and Thy love to me I con - stant - ly a - dore,

I plead for but the crumbs, dear Lord, And ask of Thee no more.
Con - tent with on - ly crumbs, dear Lord, I will not plead for more.
And while I have the crumbs, dear Lord, I will not plead for more.
And ask for but the crumbs, dear Lord, To feed me ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

As I am a - ble I will serve, . . Till toils of life are o'er;
I will serve,
I plead for but the crumbs, dear Lord, For I de - serve no more.

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No. 20. THE CONQUERING LION OF JUDAH.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. The Li - on of Ju - dah goes forth in His might, To vanquish the wrong and es-
2. The Li - on of Ju - dah shall conquer the world, The slayer of souls from his
3. The Li - on of Ju - dah shall reign o- ver all, And low at His feet ev - 'ry

tab - lish the right; To shat - ter the chains of the poor and oppress'd, And
throne shall be hurl'd; The pow-ers of darkness shall ut - ter - ly fail, For
crea-ture shall fall; His glo - ry shall saints and archan-gels proclaim, O

D.S. *free to the breez- es with bold-ness we fling The*

FINE. REFRAIN.

mil - lions from Satan's domin-ion to wrest. The glo - ri- ous ban-ner of
wor - thy and a - ble is Christ to pre-vail.
ho - ly, thrice ho-ly His won-der - ful name.

ban - ner of Ju-dah's all- con- quer -ing King.

D.S.

Christ is un-furled, The Li - on of Ju-dah shall con - quer the world; So

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No. 21. BE STRONG IN THE FAITH.

D. L. B. D. L. BLEDSOE.

1. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the faith of God; He will
2. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the pow'r of God; Though the
3. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the love of God; On the

keep you day by day In the straight and narrow way, Be strong in the faith of God.
way be dark and steep, He your soul will safely keep, Be strong in the pow'r of God.
cross the Savionr died, And the law is satisfied,—Be strong in the love of God.

REFRAIN.

Be strong in the faith, Be strong in the faith of God; He will
Be strong in the pow'r of God; Though the
in the faith, be strong, Be strong in the love of God; On the

keep you day by day In the straight and narrow way,—Be strong in the faith of God.
way be dark and steep, He your soul will safely keep, Be strong in the pow'r of God.
cross the Saviour died, And the law is sat-is-fied, Be strong in the love of God.

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No. 22. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

F. L. SNYDER. HOWARD E. SMITH.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 24. THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.

D. A. THREADGILL. S. M. SINGLETON.

1. We're on the straight . . . and nar - row way, ... That leads us on to end-less day, . . . Where Christ the Lord
2. O we would walk . . . . the way that's straight, . . . Un-til we reach . . . the golden gate; . . . Then once within
3. Yes, when we reach . . . . that cit - y fair, ... We'll see our Lord . . . and Saviour there; . . . He'll say, "Well done,

That leads us on to endless day, Where Christ the Lord . . . for us doth wait, ... To own and bless . . . . . us at the gate. . . . .

REFRAIN.

The nar - row way, ... the gate so straight, . . . Shall be my The narrow way, the gate so straight,

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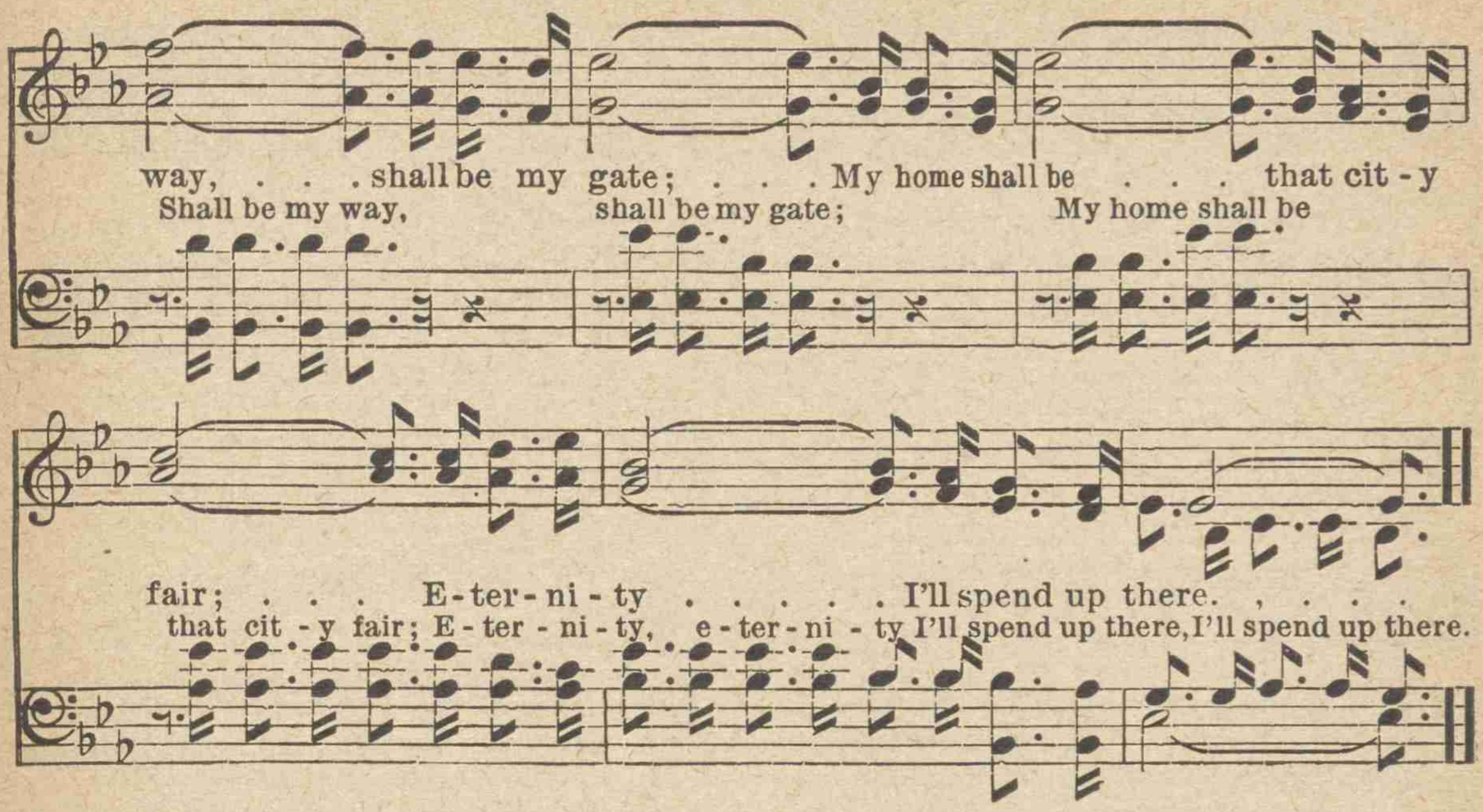
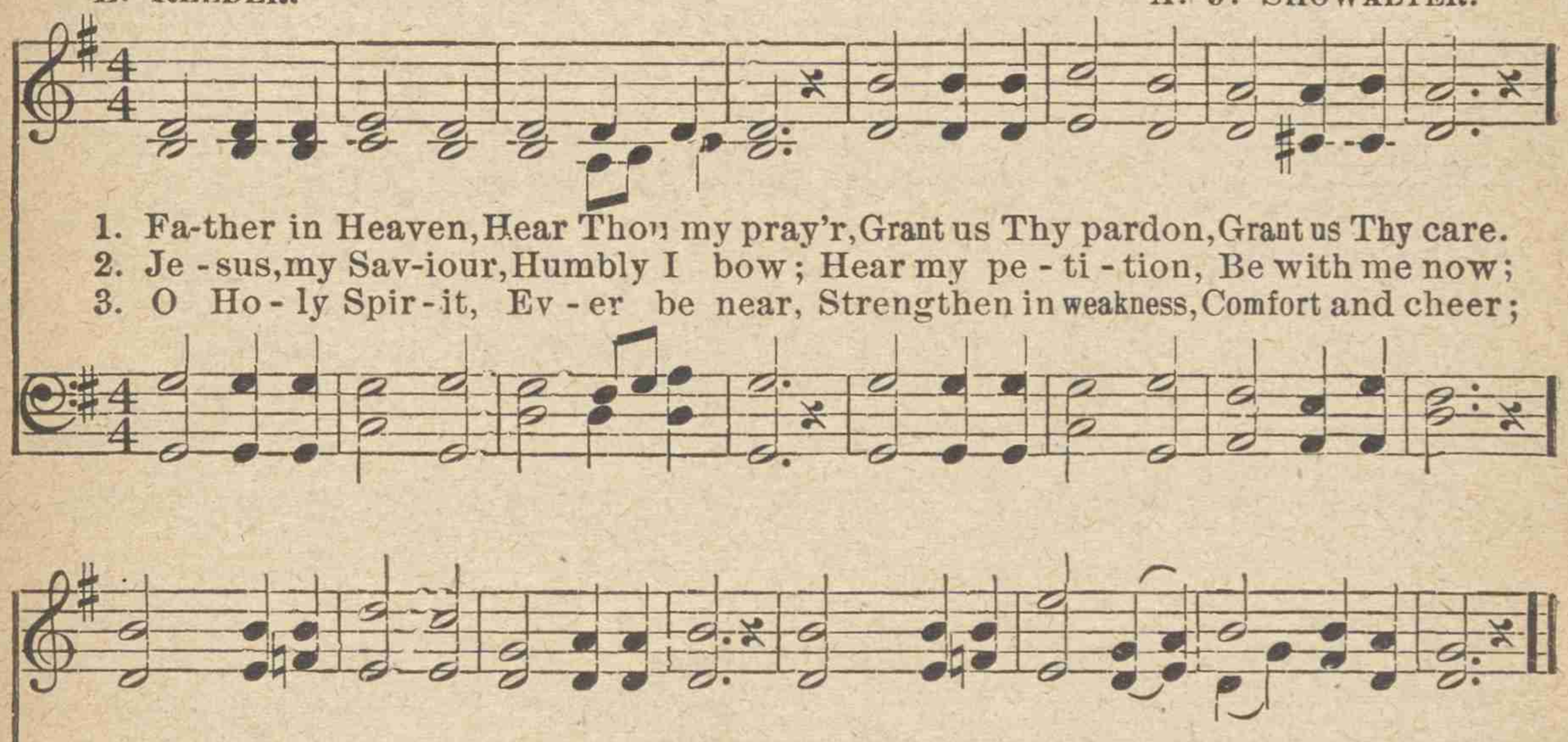


No. 25. FATHER IN HEAVEN.

E. REEDER. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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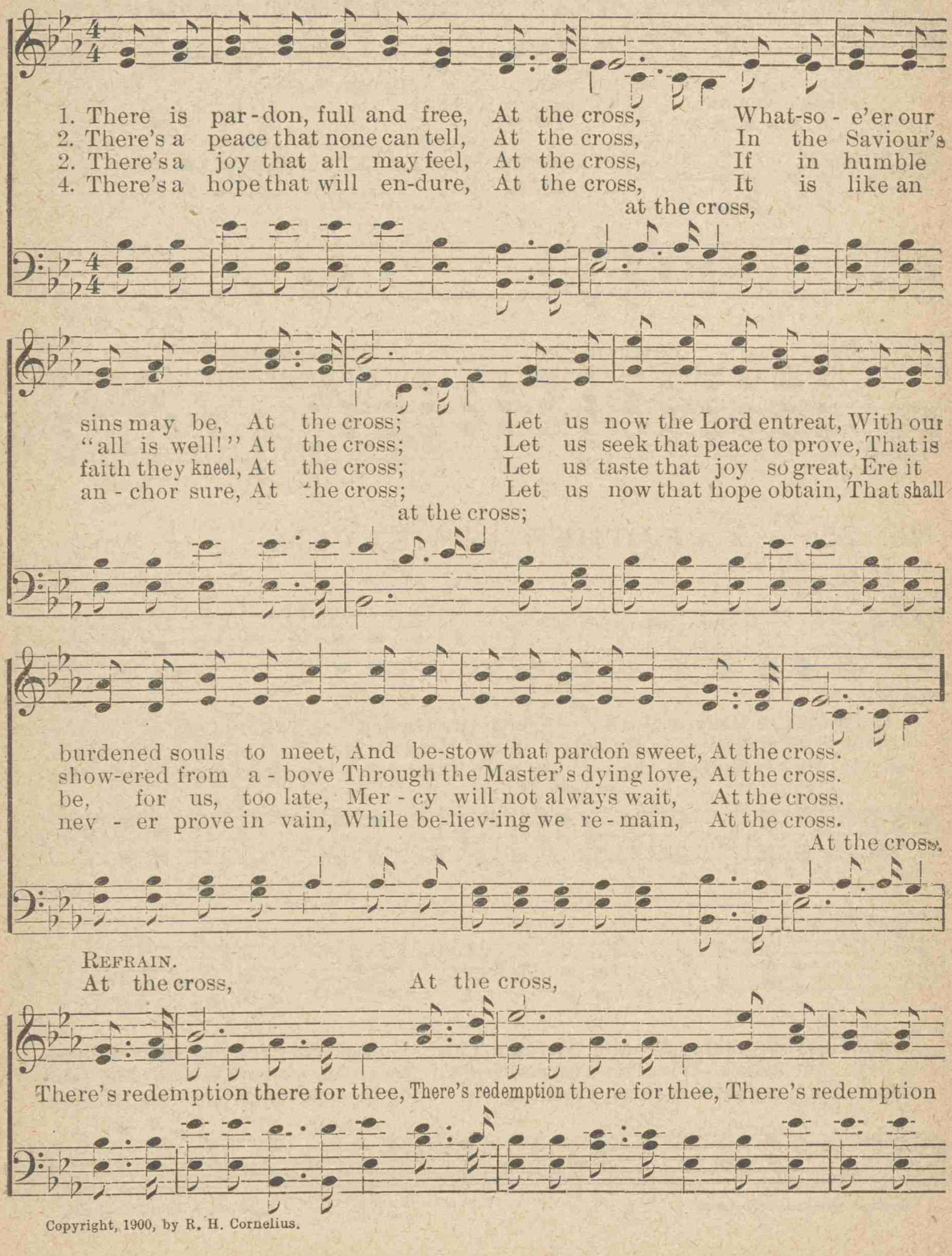
No. 26. AT THE CROSS.

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



REFRAIN.

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AT THE CROSS. Concluded.

At the cross, At the

there for me, At the cross; There's redemption there for thee, There's re-

At the cross;

cross,

demption there for thee, There's redemption there for me, At the cross.

At the cross.

No. 27. WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

ANNA B. WARNER. FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A - cross this lit - tle landscape of our life;
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foundation, Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
3. We would see Je - sus—other lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're needing, Strength, joy and willingness come with the sight;

We would see Je - sus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last wea - ri-ness—the fi - nal strife.
Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
The blessings of our pil-grim-age are fail-ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
We would see Je - sus, dy-ing, ris - en, pleading, Then welcome day, and fare-well mor-tal night!

No. 28. MARCHING HOME.

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

1. We are on our way to the realms of day, Marching home, . . we're marching
2. In those mansions bright dwell the saints in light, Marching home, . . we're marching
3. We will work each day while we watch and pray, Marching home, . . we're marching
4. By and by, in love, we'll be called a-bove, Marching home, . . we're marching

marching home,

home; And the God of love beckons from a - bove, Marching
home; And for us they wait at the pearl - y gate, Marching
home; We will trust the Lord and His own sure word, Marching
home; There to find our rest with the pure and blest, Marching

home, yes, marching home;

REFRAIN.

home, . . . we're marching home. We are march - ing home to

home, marching home, We are marching home to

God, In the way . . . our fathers trod, And we'll

God, home to God, In the way our fath-ers trod, our fathers trod,

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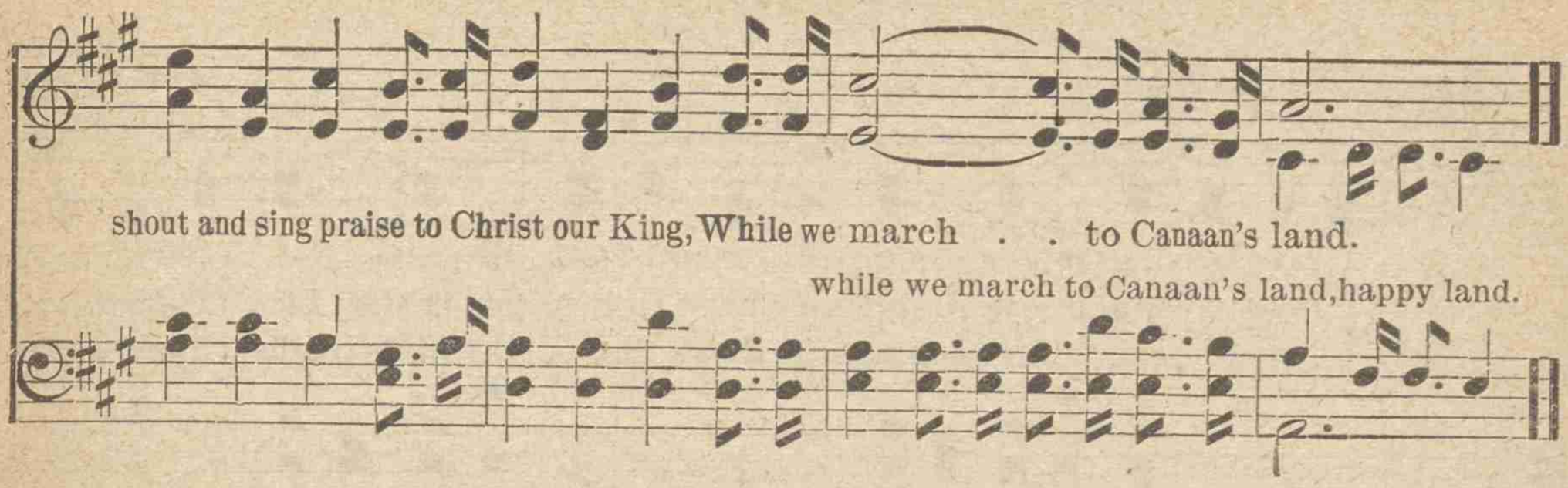
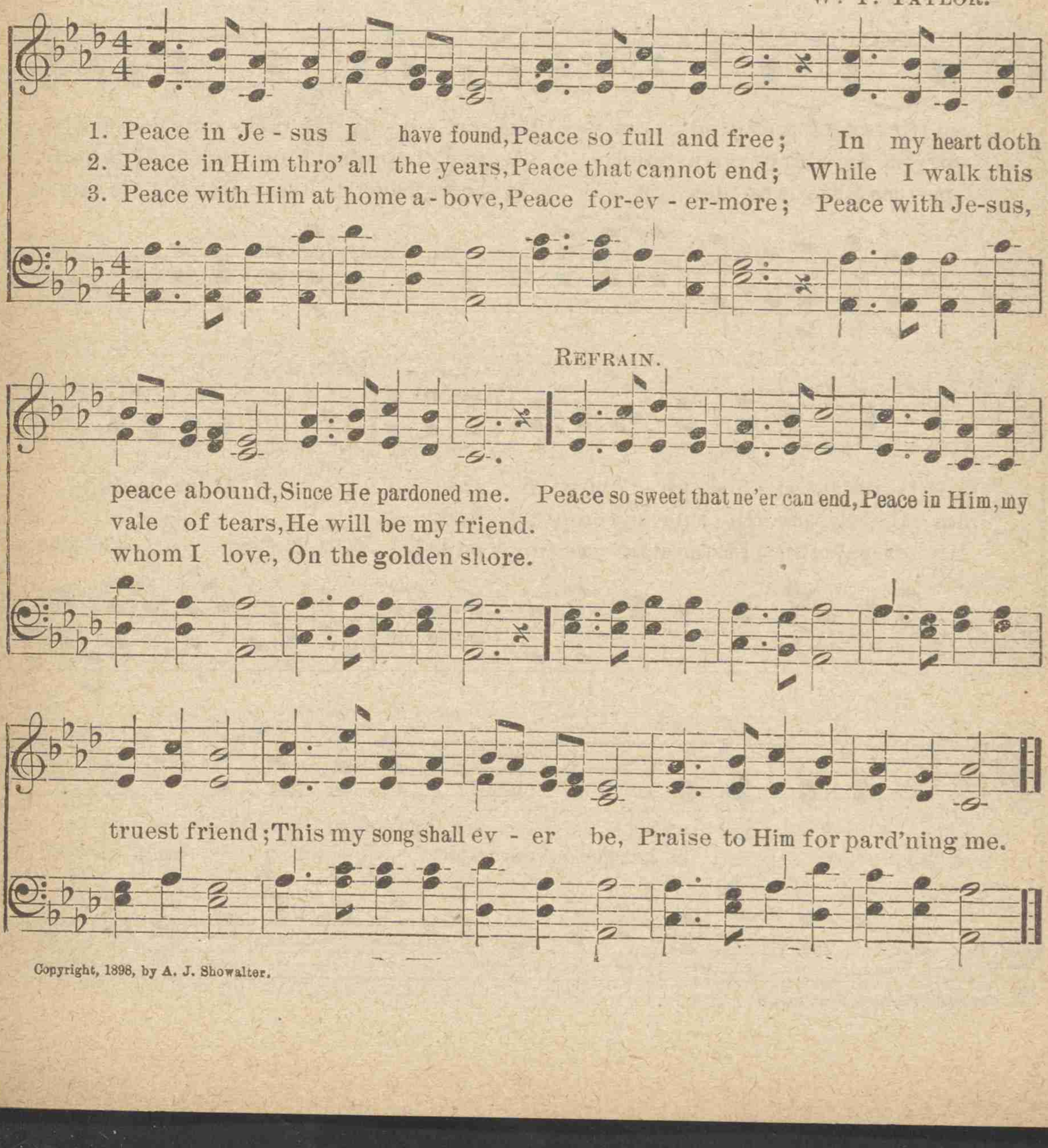
MARCHING HOME.



No. 29. PEACE IN JESUS.

D. A. THREADGILL. W. T. TAYLOR.



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No. 30. SINGING.

REV. O. E. GODDARD. A. B. LITTLE.

1. I love to sing (I love to sing) the praise of God, (the praise of God,) The songs both old (the songs both old) and new,— The mel - o - dy (the mel - o-dy) so no-bly
2. I love to sing (I love to sing) of Christ, my Lord, (of Christ, my Lord,) The Saviour of (the Saviour of) man - kind; I love to praise (I love to praise) His ho-ly
3. I love to sing (I love to sing) the Bi-ble truths, (the Bible truths,) How bright its pa-(how bright its pa-) ges shine! It shows the world, (it shows the world) the way of

REFRAIN.

sweet, (so nobly sweet,) The sen - ti-ment so true. O let us sing,
name, (His holy name,) In this my com-fort find.
life, (the way of life,) That great sal-va - tion's mine! O let us sing, and gladly
and glad - ly sing. Praise to our God
sing, Praise to our God we'll ev - er

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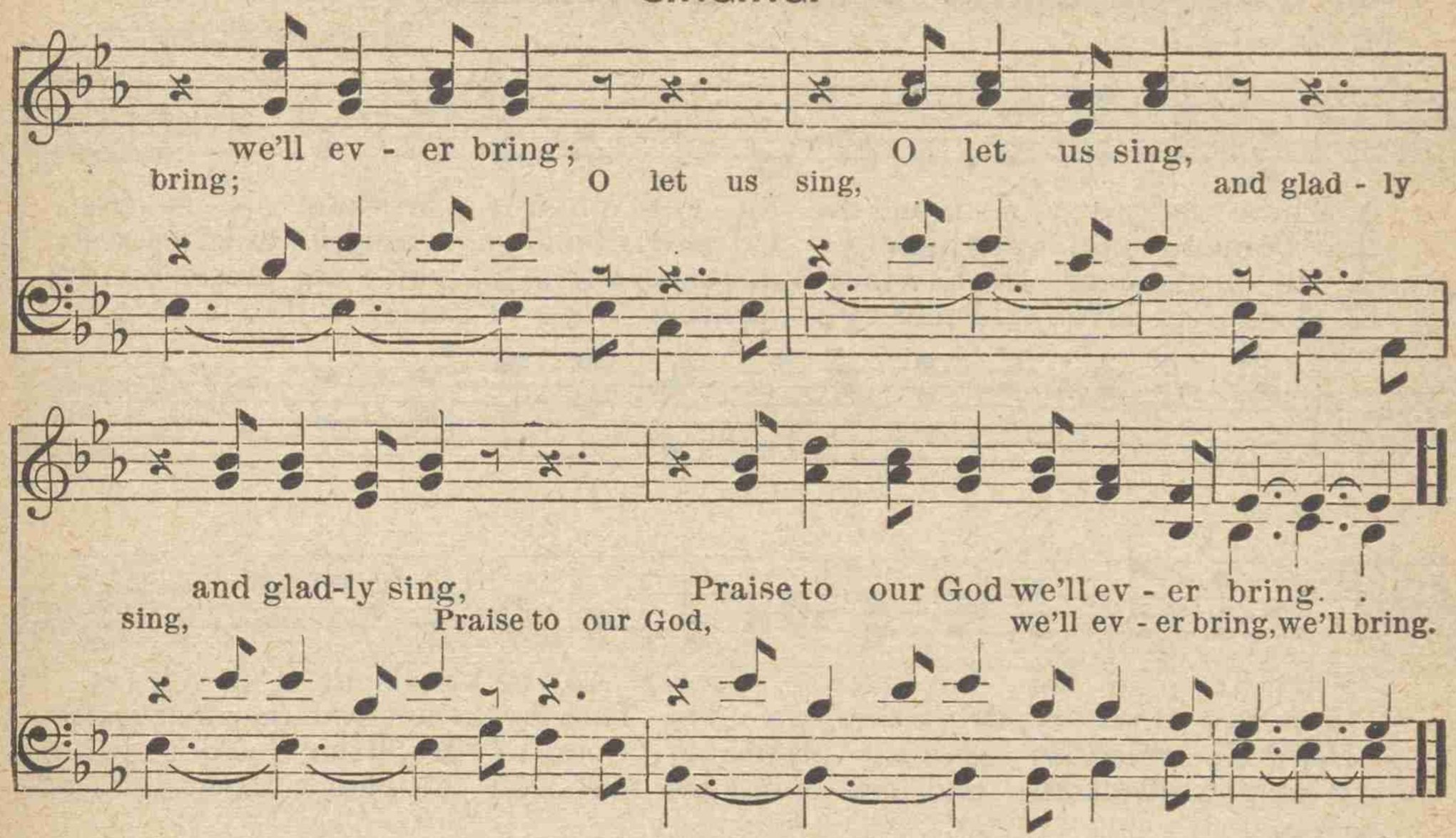
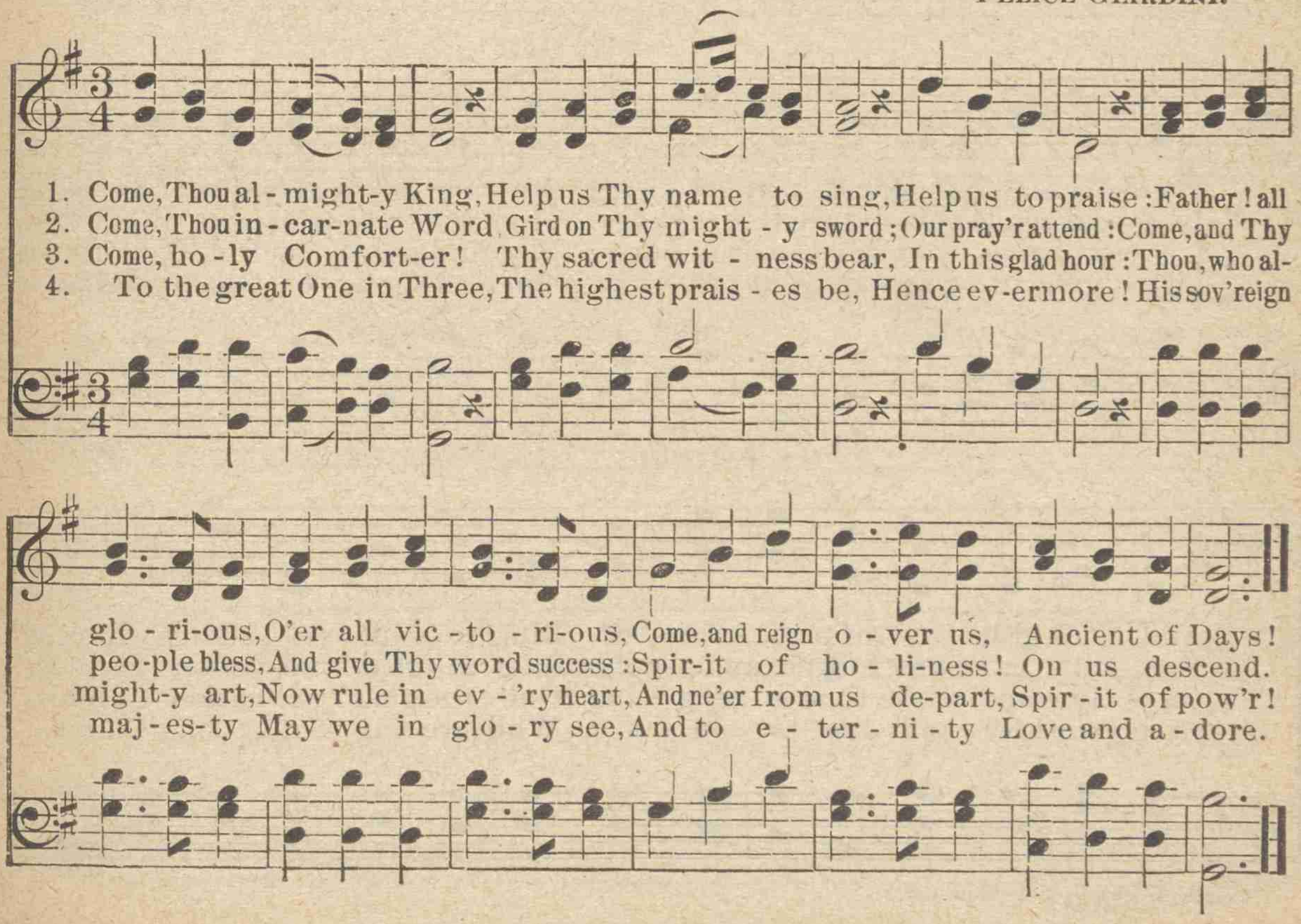


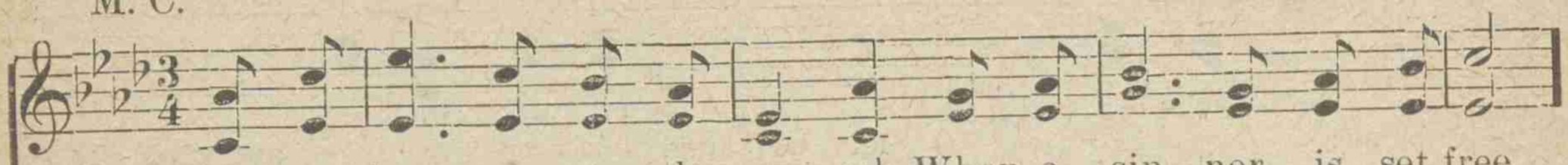
No. 31. COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

C. WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.

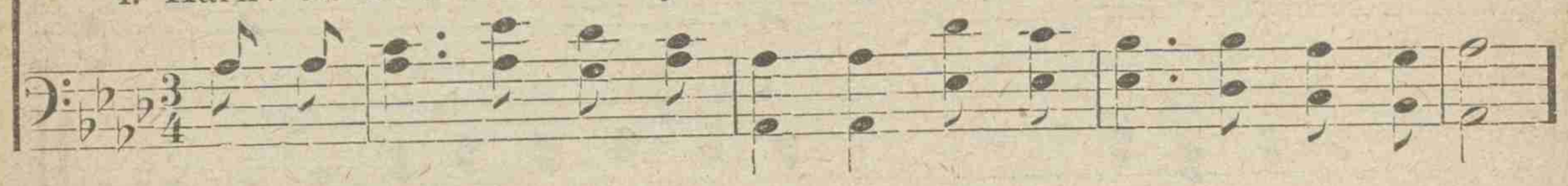


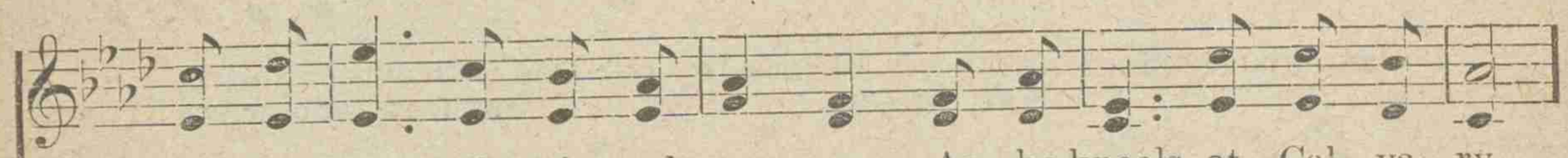
No. 32. SALVATION'S CHIMES.

M. C. MENZIES CUMMING.

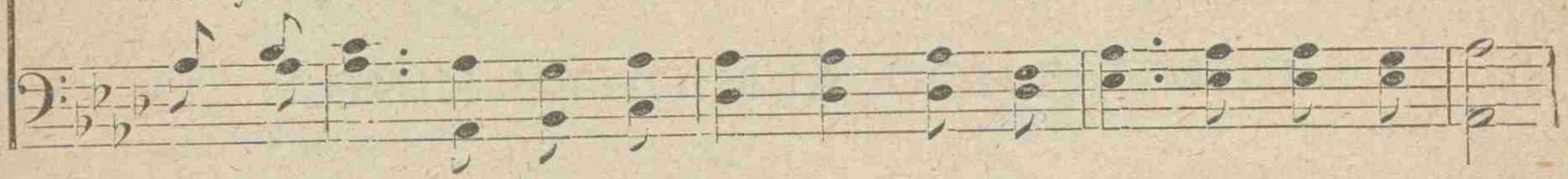


1. There is joy a - mong the an - gels When a sin - ner is set free
2. "Come to me, ye heav - y ladened, Come! ye wea - ry and distrest;
3. Sin - ners! hear the Sav-iour's mes-sage, Borne to you on Mercy's wing;
4. Hark! 'tis love and mer-cy's warning: "Days of grace" will soon be o'er;

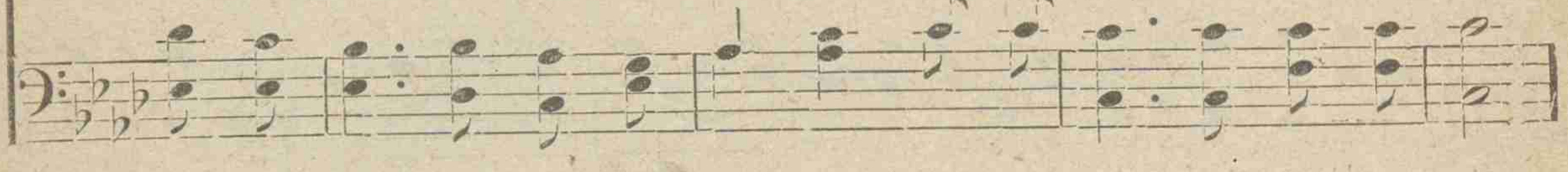


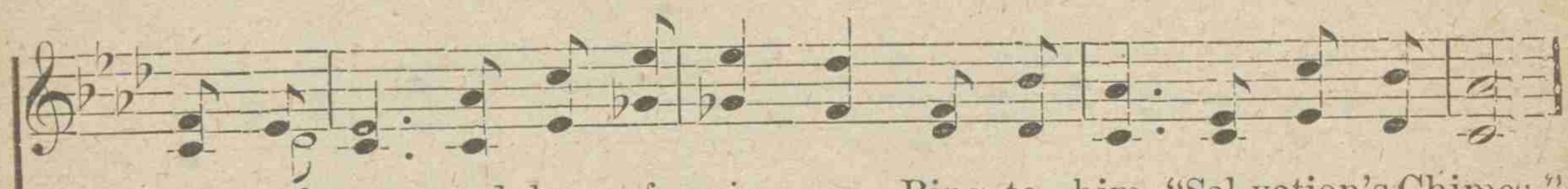


From his load of sin and sor - row, As he kneels at Cal - va - ry.
Come! ye thirs - ty, drink the wa - ter, That gives life and per-fect rest."
Heed His voice, so gen - tly plead-ing, "Come to Me; your burdens bring,
Will you dwell in end-less dark-ness, Or on Ca-naan's tearless shore?

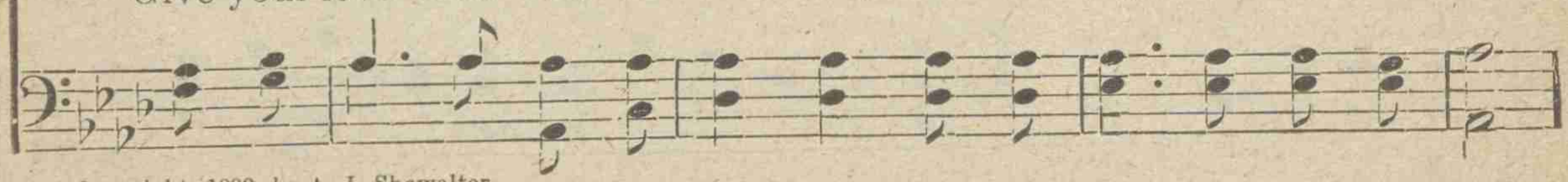


There he sees the bleed-ing Sav - iour, Dy - ing for man's sins and crimes,
Je - sus sends this bless-ed mes - sage Thro' the coun-tries, thro' the climes;
I will give you joy for sad - ness; Rest and peace in troublous times,
List - 'ning an - gels wait your an - swer.—Sin leads none to Glo - ry's climes;





And each groan and drop of crim - son Ring to him "Sal-vation's Chimes."
For all na - tions, tongues and peoples Ring the glad "Sal-vation Chimes."
On - ly come! while time is ring - ing Out the glad "Sal-vation Chimes."
Give your love and life to Je - sus, While we ring "Sal-vation's Chimes."



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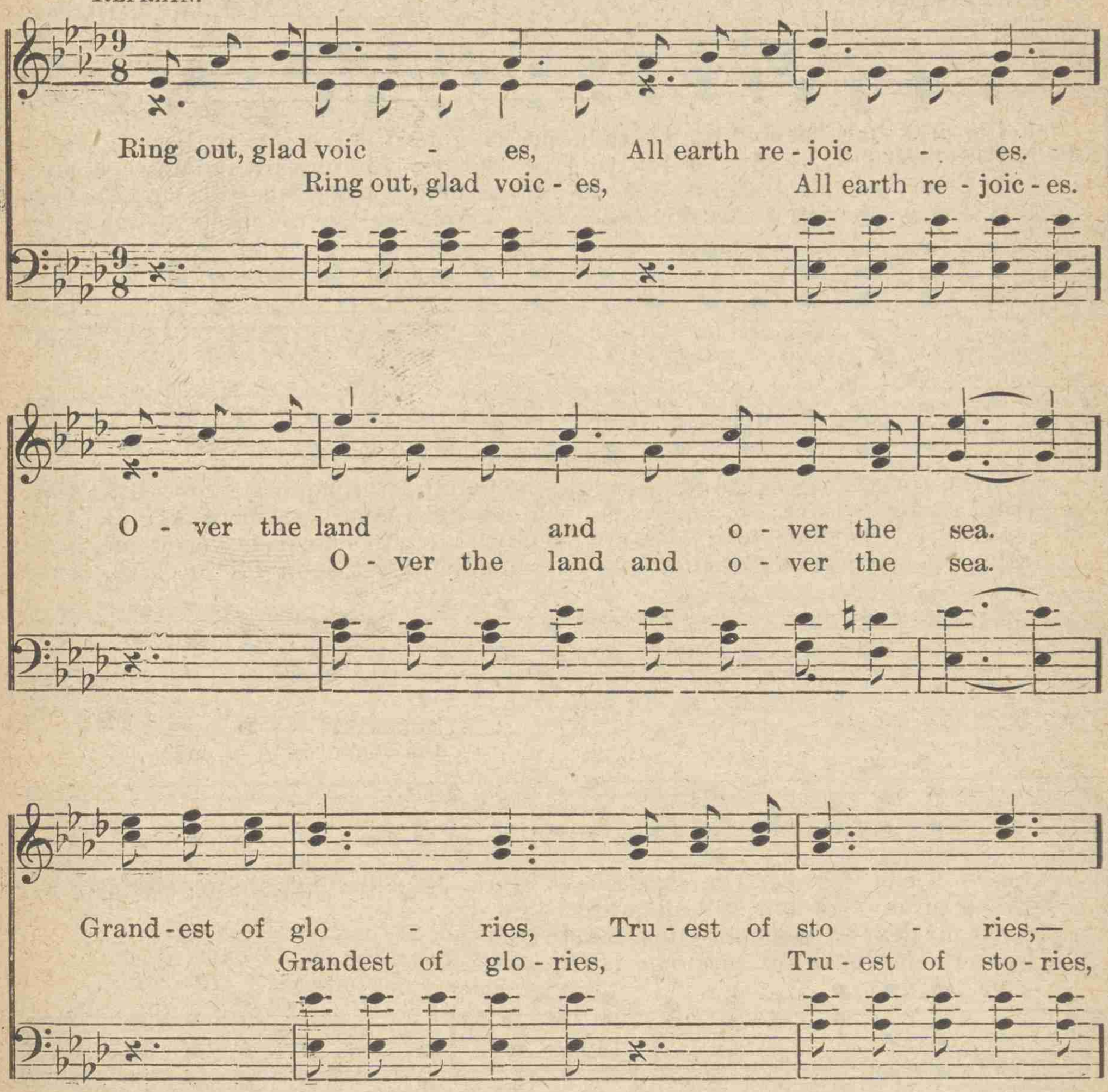
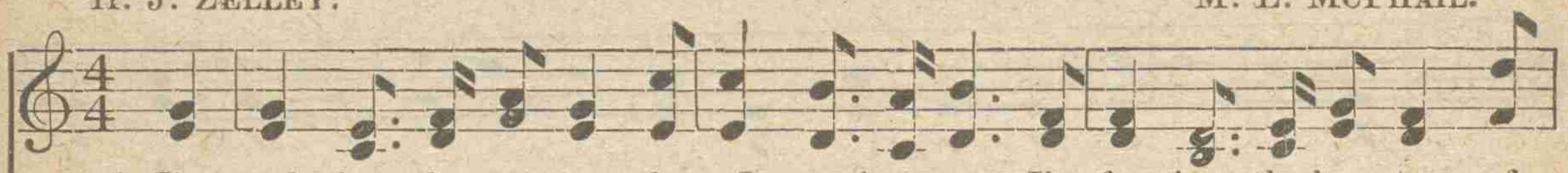
SALVATION'S CHIMES. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

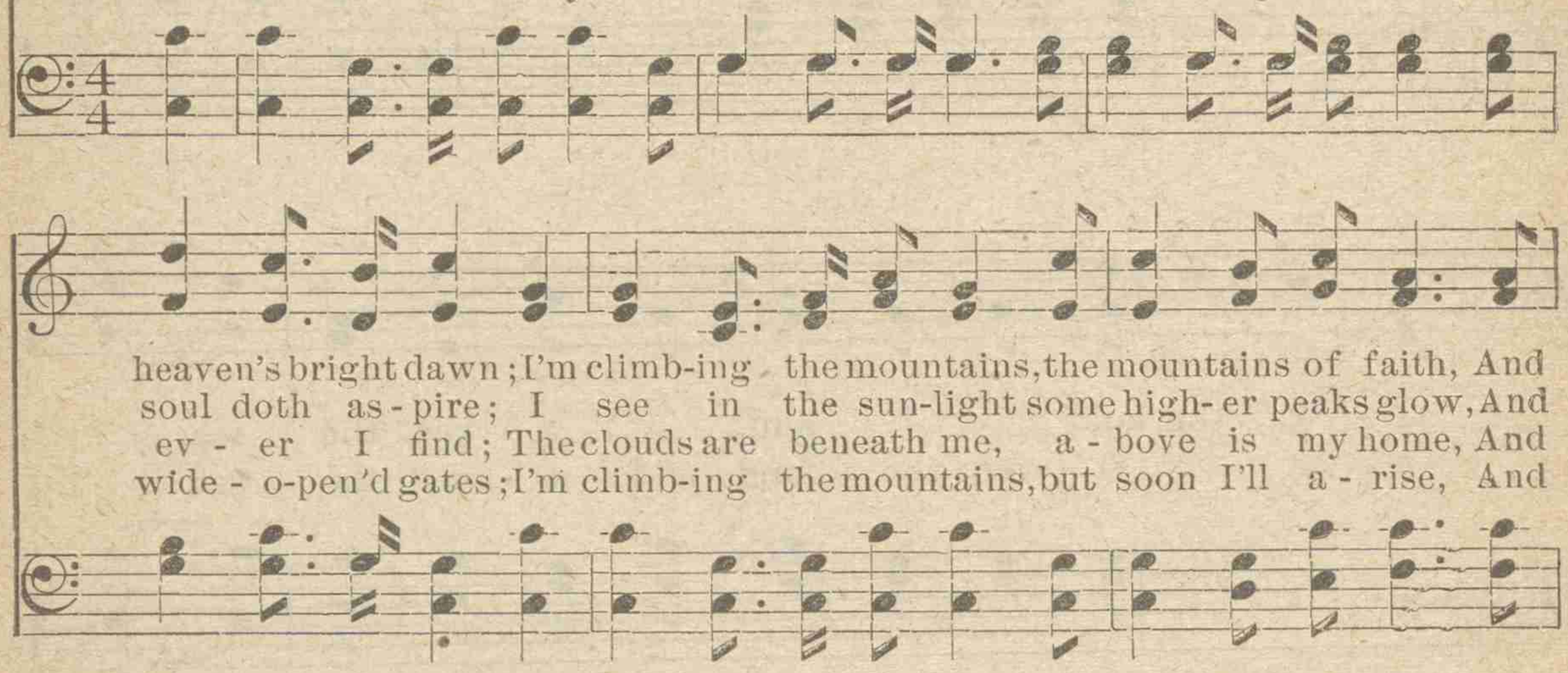


No. 33. THE MOUNTAINS OF FAITH.

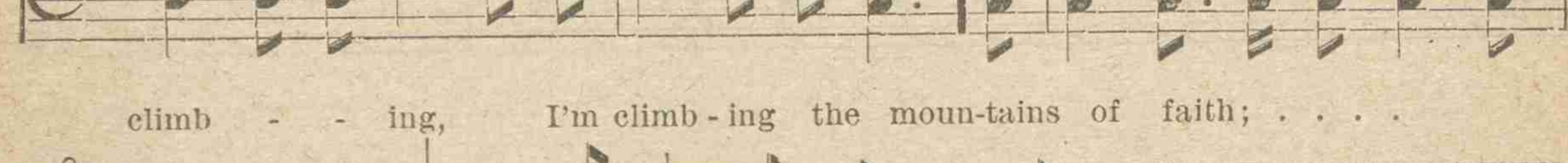
H. J. ZELLEY. M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. I'm seek-ing the country where Je-sus has gone; I'm fac-ing the beauty of
2. I've climb'd to the summit of ho-ly de-sire, But onward and upward my
3. I've left all the fogs of the val-ley be-hind, And here the bright sunlight for-
4. I see the fair cit-y where Je-sus a-waits; I see the bright walls with their

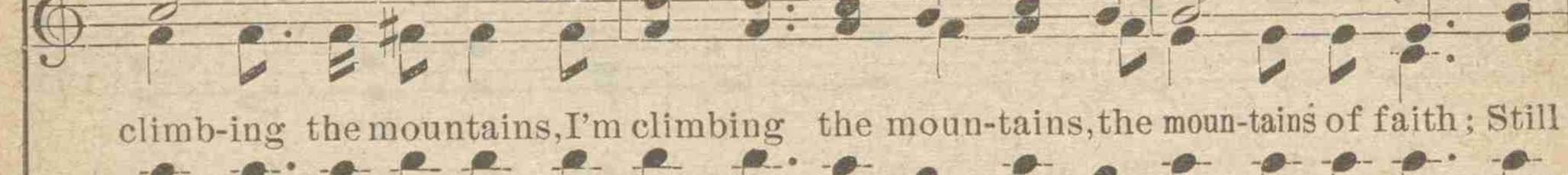


heaven's bright dawn; I'm climb-ing the mountains, the mountains of faith, And
soul doth as-pire; I see in the sun-light some high-er peaks glow, And
ev-er I find; The clouds are beneath me, a-bove is my home, And
wide-o-pen'd gates; I'm climb-ing the mountains, but soon I'll a-rise, And



REFRAIN.

I'm climb - - ing,



now I can see o'er the riv-er of death. I'm climbing the mountains, I'm
strong in my Sav-iour, still up-ward I go.
Christ, my dear Sav-iour, in-vites me to come.
leave the last peak for my home in the skies.

climb - - ing, I'm climb-ing the moun-tains of faith; . . . .

climb-ing the mountains, I'm climbing the moun-tains, the moun-tains of faith; Still

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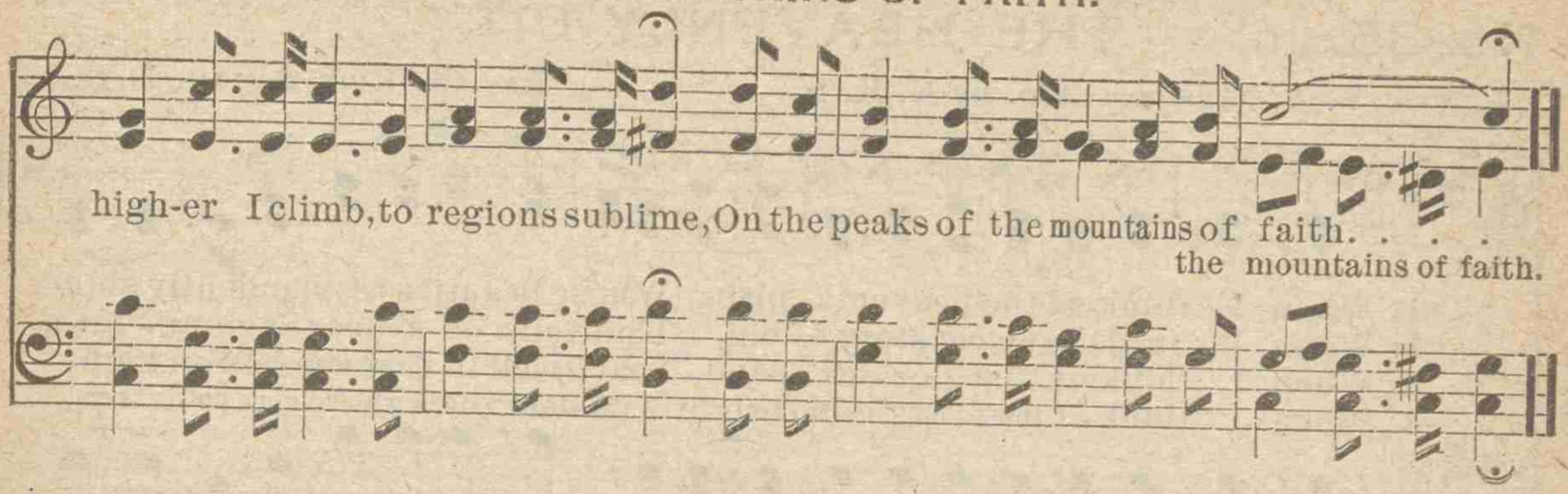
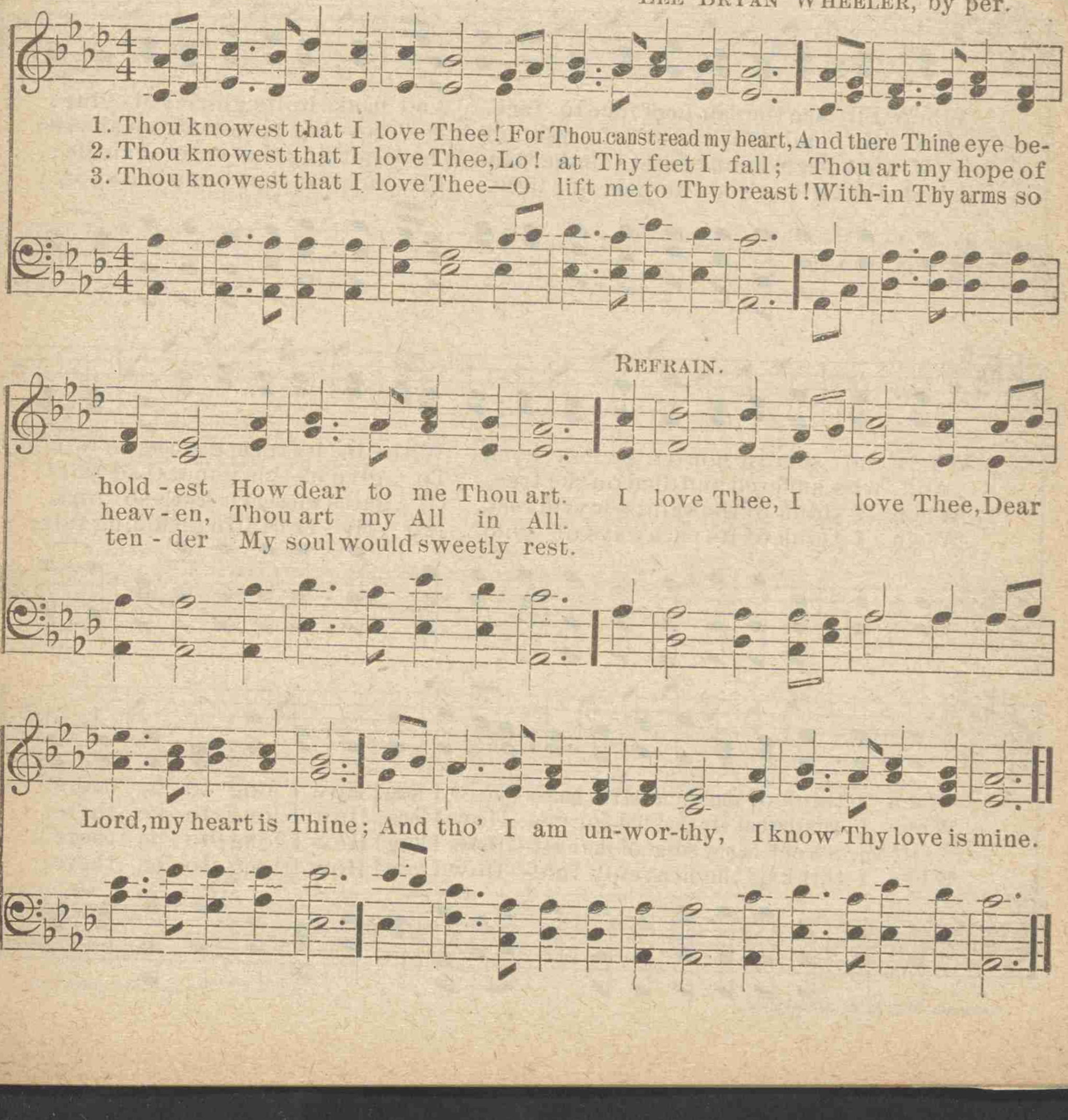


No. 34. THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.

John 21: 17.

A. D. NYAL.

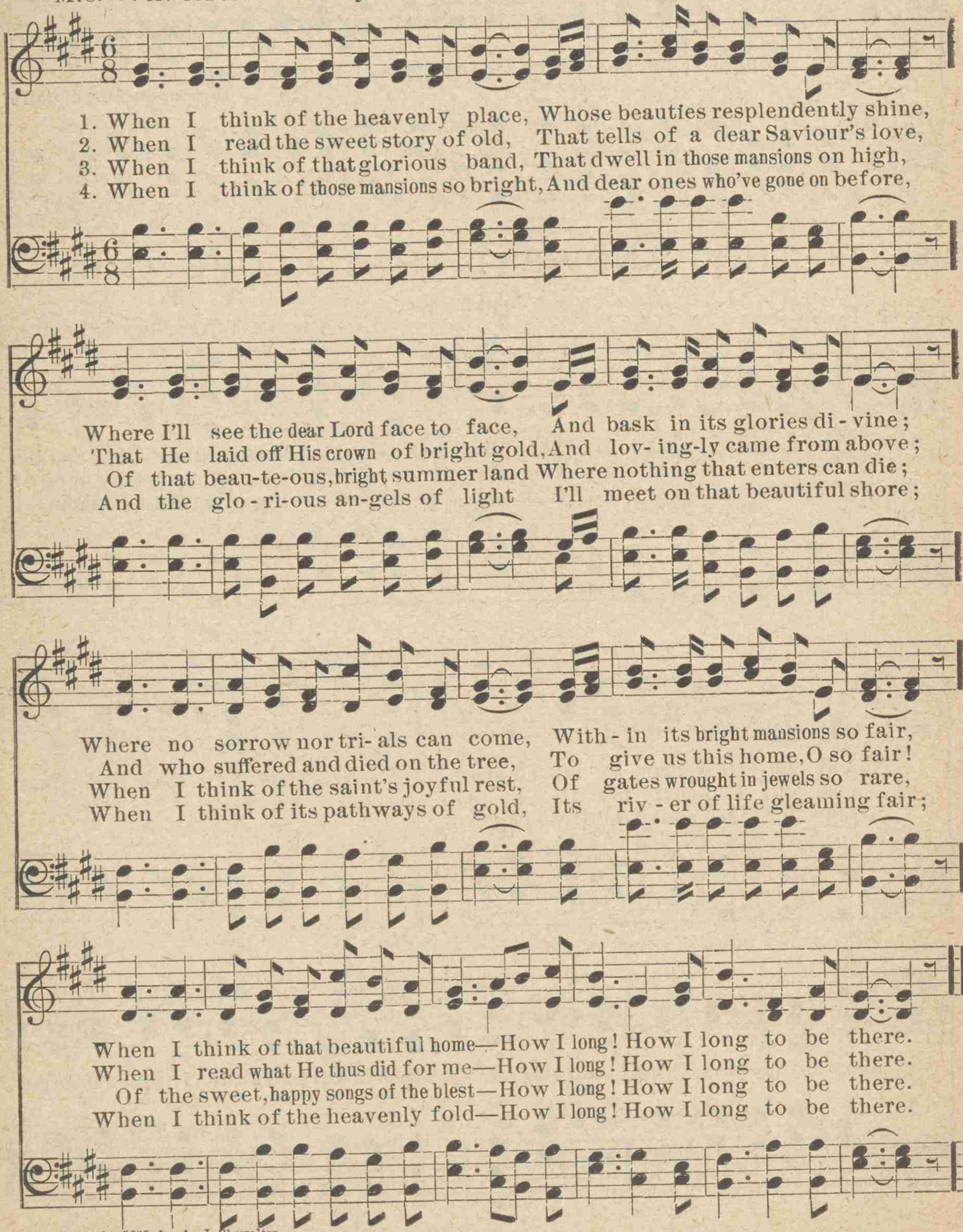
LEE BRYAN WHEELER, by per.



No. 35. THE HEAVENLY CITY.

Mrs. V. A. Gibson. Arr. by N. K. S. Rev. N. Keff Smith, D.D.

1. When I think of the heavenly place, Whose beauties resplendently shine,
2. When I read the sweet story of old, That tells of a dear Saviour's love,
3. When I think of that glorious band, That dwell in those mansions on high,
4. When I think of those mansions so bright, And dear ones who've gone on before,



Where I'll see the dear Lord face to face, And bask in its glories di - vine;
'That He laid off His crown of bright gold, And lov- ing-ly came from above;
Of that beau-te-ous, bright summer land Where nothing that enters can die;
And the glo - ri-ous an-gels of light I'll meet on that beautiful shore;

Where no sorrow nor tri- als can come, With - in its bright mansions so fair,
And who suffered and died on the tree, To give us this home, O so fair!
When I think of the saint's joyful rest, Of gates wrought in jewels so rare,
When I think of its pathways of gold, Its riv - er of life gleaming fair;

When I think of that beautiful home—How I long! How I long to be there.
When I read what He thus did for me—How I long! How I long to be there.
Of the sweet, happy songs of the blest—How I long! How I long to be there.
When I think of the heavenly fold—How I long! How I long to be there.

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No. 36. HE WILL NOT CAST THEE OUT.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. Christ says—"He will not cast thee out," To Him in faith draw near,
2. He will not cast thee out, poor soul, O trust His faith - ful word;
3. Though crim-son are thy sins to - day, Thou need'st not fear, or doubt;

And cast a - side each anx-ious doubt, Each un - be - liev - ing fear.
His love like balm will make thee whole, Doubt not thy lov - ing Lord.
Christ's blood will wash them all a - way, He will not cast thee out.

REFRAIN.

He will not cast thee out, poor soul, He will not cast thee out;

Christ's prom-is - es are sure, and true, He will not cast the out.

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No. 37. WALKING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

WM. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.

1. Would you flee from dark-est shad-ows? Are you press'd by hosts of sin?
2. Brother, are you ev - er tempt-ed? Is your spir - it sore - ly tried?
3. Are you, broth-er, faint and wea - ry? Does the light of hope burn dim?

Walk ye then in Je - sus' footsteps, Put your trust a - lone in Him.
Walk ye then in Je - sus' footsteps, Keep ye close, then, by His side.
Walk ye then in Je - sus' footsteps, Put your trust a - lone in Him.

REFRAIN.

Walk-ing in His foot - steps, Lean-ing on His arm,
Walk - ing in His foot-steps, Lean - ing on His arm,

rit.

He will ev - er keep you Safe from ev - 'ry harm, Safe from ev - 'ry harm.
He will ev - er keep you

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No. 38. WHILE WE LABOR FOR THEE. 12, 8.

"Establish Thou the work of our hands."—Ps. 90: 17.

J. O. BARNHARDT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. While we labor for Thee in the vineyard below, Dear Lord, give us strength to endure;
2. Tho' we scatter the seed with a hand that is weak, O may ev'ry motive be pure:
3. Toiling now for the Master and pleading in tears With souls which the world doth allure;

As we daily endeavor some good seed to sow, Establish our work, make it sure.
While with faltering lips to the sinner we speak, Establish our work, make it sure.
Tho' we still must await for the harvest of years, Establish our work, make it sure.

REFRAIN.

Yea, establish the work of our hands, blessed Lord, And grant it may ever endure;
As Thy glory expands in all kingdoms and lands, Establish our work, make it sure.

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No. 39. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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No. 40. COME UNTO ME.

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

1. The Sav-iour sweetly calls to - day, "O come un - to Me and rest;
2. The Sav-iour whispers ten - der - ly, "O come un - to Me and rest;
3. The ris - en Sav-iour calls in love, "O come un - to Me and rest;
4. The Saviour calls from mansions bright, "O come un - to Me and rest;

I am the Life, the Truth, the Way, O come un - to Me and rest."
I died for Thee on Cal - va - ry, O come un - to Me and rest."
With joy and gladness look a - bove, O come un - to Me and rest."
My yoke is eas - y, bur - den light, O come un - to Me and rest."

REFRAIN.

Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me,
Come un-to Me, come un-to Me, O come unto Me, come unto Me,

O come un-to Me, And I will give you rest,
Come un-to Me, come unto Me, sweet rest.

Rit.

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No. 41. JESUS IS CALLING.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. FINLEY LYON.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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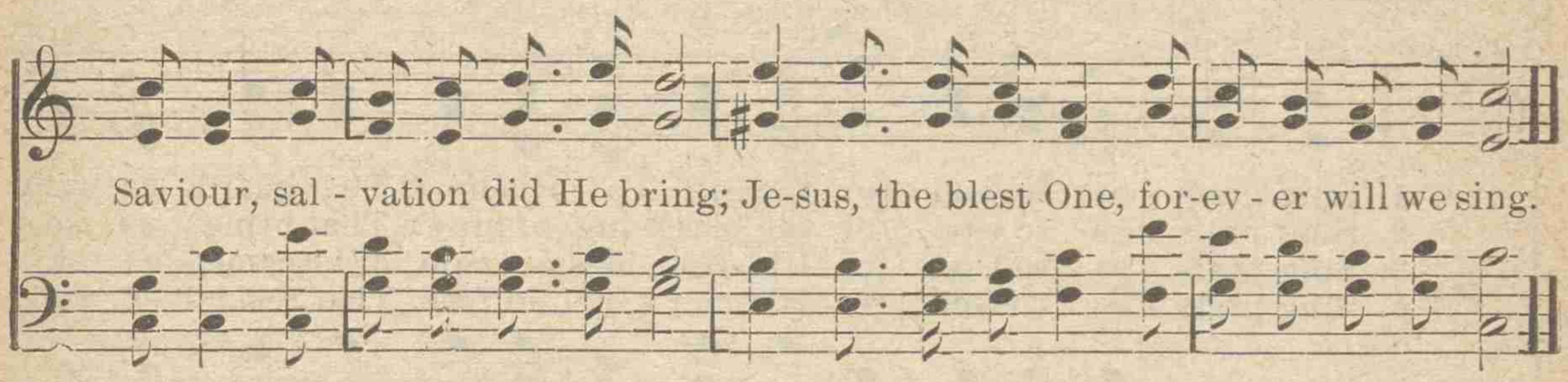
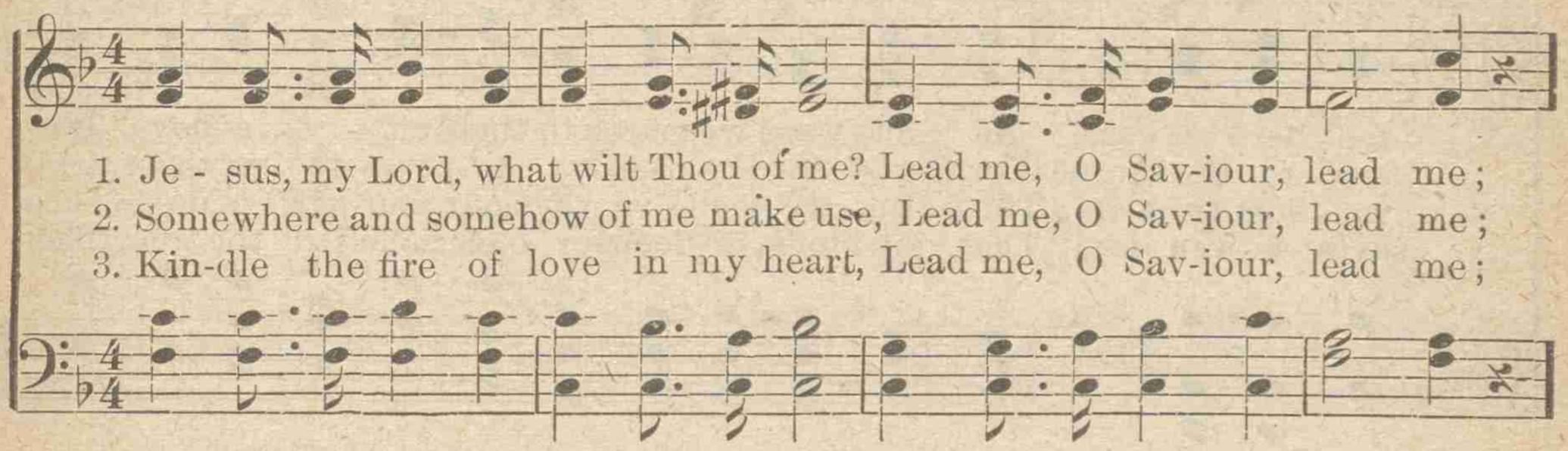
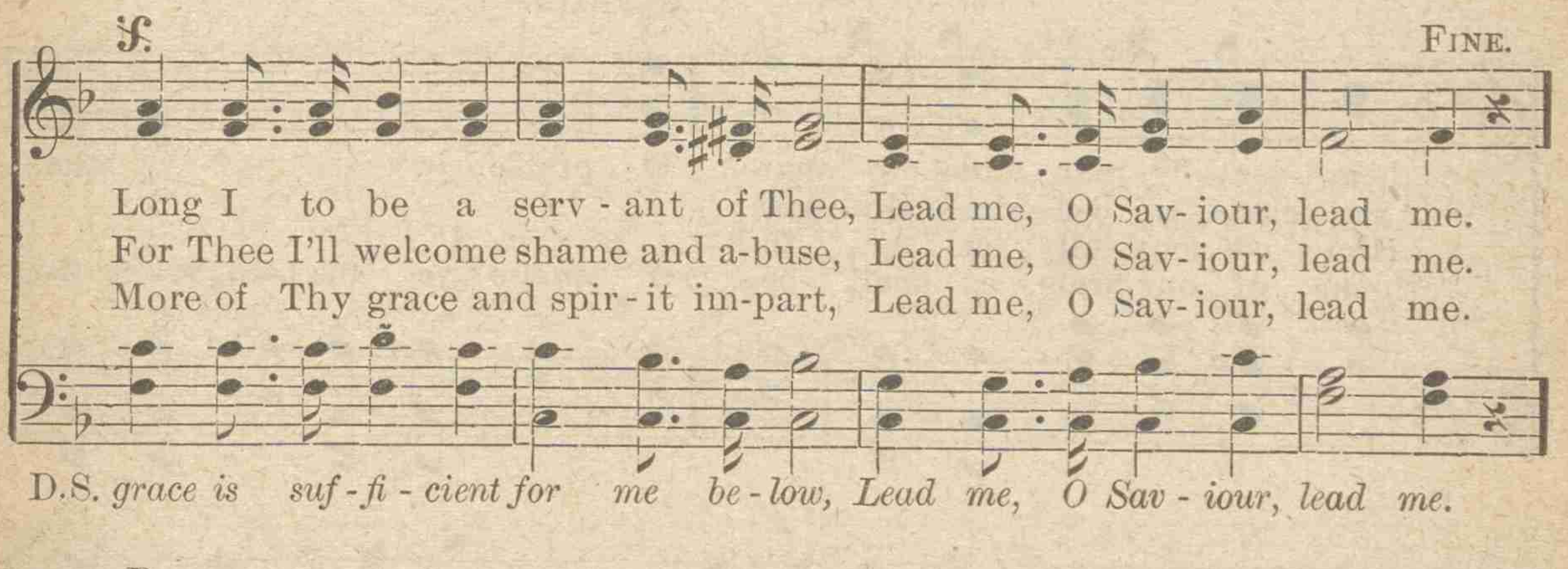
JESUS IS CALLING. Concluded.

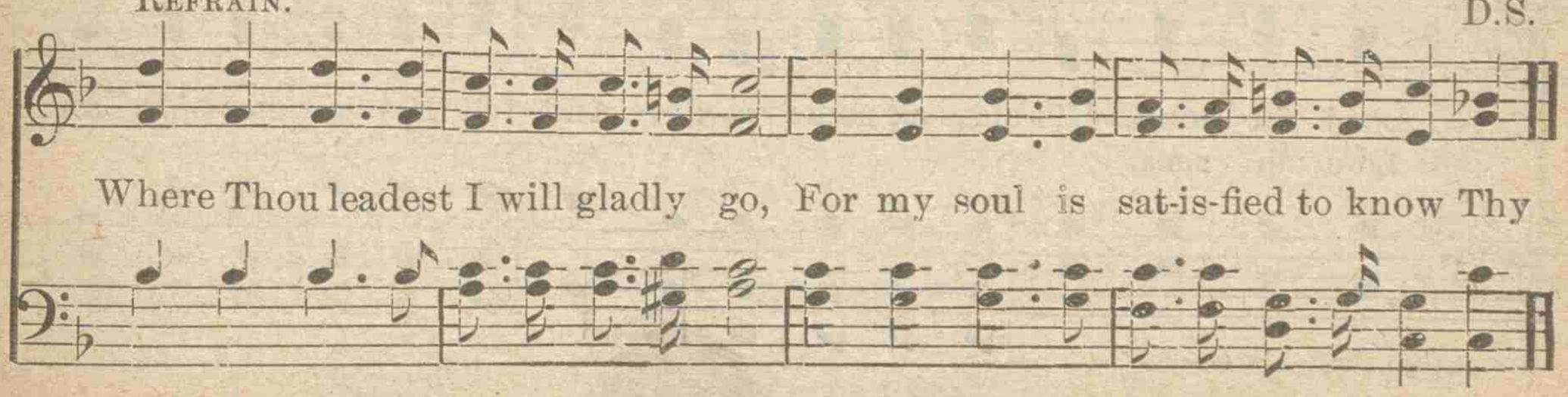


No. 42. LEAD ME, O SAVIOUR.

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







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No. 43. SING PRAISES TO GOD.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sing prais - es to God for the gift of His love, That guards us with ten - der - est care, As on - ward we march to that cit - y a- bove, Its
2. Sing prais - es to God for the bless - ing of pray'r, That brings us so near to His throne; For Christ in His beau - ty ap - pears to us there, And
3. Sing prais - es to God for His dear, bless-ed Son, Who came as a ran - som from sin; Thro' Him we shall live when our jour-ney is done, Thro'
4. Sing prais - es to God for His mer - cy so free, That reach - es and saves e - ven me; That pre-cious Re-deem-er once nailed to the tree, The

REFRAIN.

heav - en - ly man - sions to share. O praise ye the
gra - cious - ly wel - comes His own.
Him we may all "en - ter in."
theme of our prais - es shall be. O praise ye the Lord, praise the
Lord in song, His bless-ed name a - dore, And tell His mer-cies o'er, As
Lord in song,

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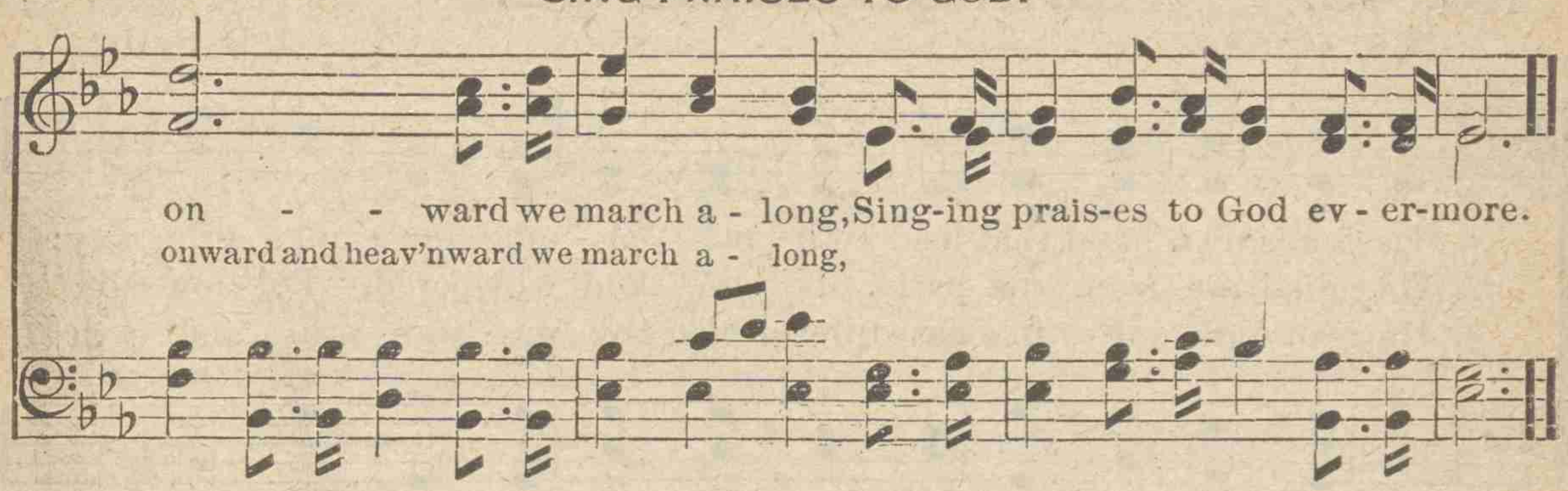
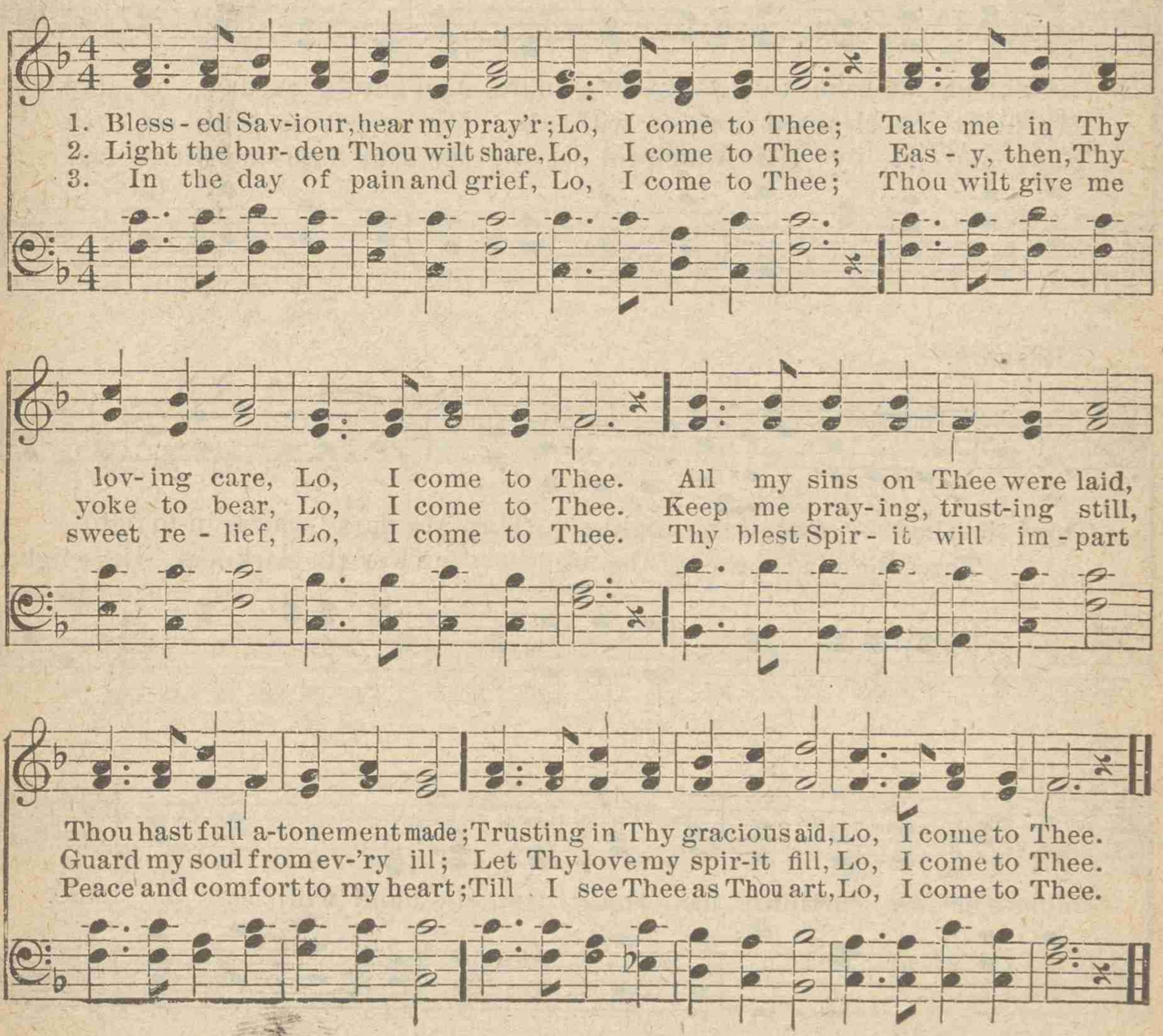
SING PRAISES TO GOD.



No. 44. LO, I COME TO THEE.

E. E. HEWITT. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 45. CHRIST LEADS ME.

J. D. S. J. D. STACY.

1. 'Tis God's own hand that lead - eth me A - long life's pil - grim way;
2. He called me from the paths of sin, And whispered, "Fol - low Me;"
3. He lead - eth me in pas - tures green, By wa - ters still and clear;

He shields me from the temp-ter's snare, And guides me day by day.
My heart He cleansed from sin with - in, My cap - tive soul set free.
Sur-round - ed by His watch-ful eare My soul hath nought to fear.

REFRAIN.

Thro' the shad - ows of the night,.... Thro' the dark - ness in-to light,
Thro' the shad - ows of the night, Thro' the darkness into light,
Wher-e'er on earth my feet shall roam, His hand will lead me home.

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No. 46. IN THE DAWNING.

Rev. W. C. Martin. Rev. N. Keff Smith, D.D.

1. The clouds hang darkly o'er me and the mist obscures my way, But the Saviour ev - er
2. The tempter seeks to lure me and the world is bright and fair, But the Saviour helps me
3. I care not if the shadows fall and earthly treasures fail, For my hope is as an
4. The love of Je- sus claims me in the sor-row of the night, And the presence of the

leads me and I cannot go a - stray; He'll keep me safely till I go to dwell with
conquer and He keeps me from the snare; The tri - als here shall help me for the glo - ry
anchor, and it holds within the veil; I know that death shall flee a-way, with Christ I
Spir-it fills my trusting soul with light; A peace that passeth knowledge makes my heart with-

Him al - way, In the glo-ry of the dawning of the morn - ing. In the glo - ry
to pre - pare, Which awaits me in the dawning of the morn - ing.
shall pre-vail, And with triumph see the dawning of the morn - ing.
in me bright—I await with joy the dawning of the morn - ing.

Fine. Refrain.

of the dawning of the morning, In the glo-ry of the dawning of the morning;

D.S.

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No. 47. MEET ME THERE.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There's a home of beau-ty in a sun - lit clime, By the riv - er of
2. Glorious things are spok-en of that land so bright, By the riv - er of
3. There the "Rose of Shar-on" in per-fec - tion grows, By the riv - er of
4. I have loved ones waiting for me o - ver there, By the riv - er of

life meet me there; Whoso-ev - er will may share its joys sublime, By the
life meet me there; When we cross its borders faith is lost in sight, By the
life meet me there; And the "Morning Star" in bright effulgence glows, By the
life meet me there; When the Lord shall call us to those mansions fair, By the

REFRAI

riv - er of life meet me there. Meet me there, meet me
Meet me there,

there, All the raptures of heav-en to share; When the
meet me there, meet me there;

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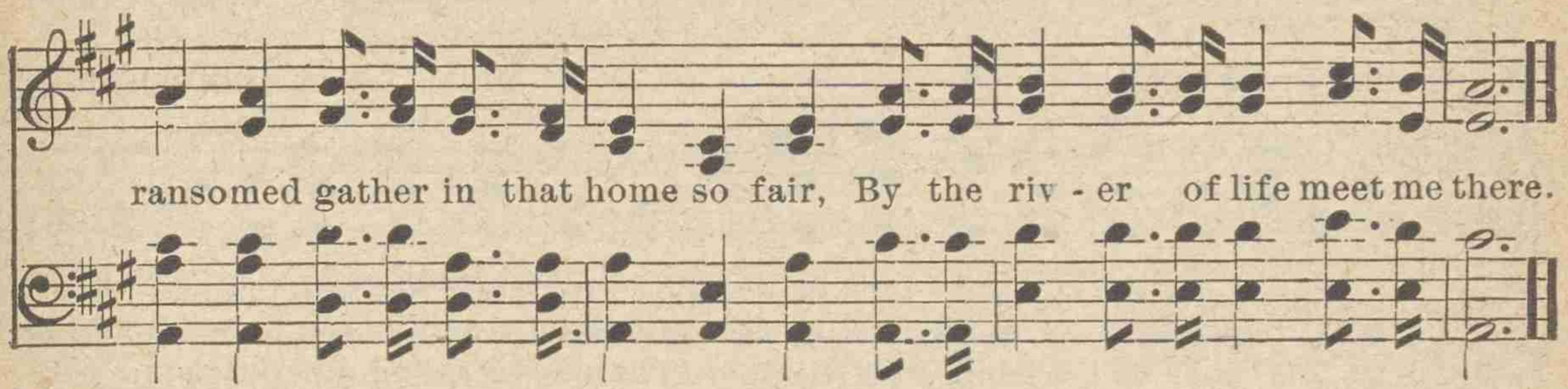
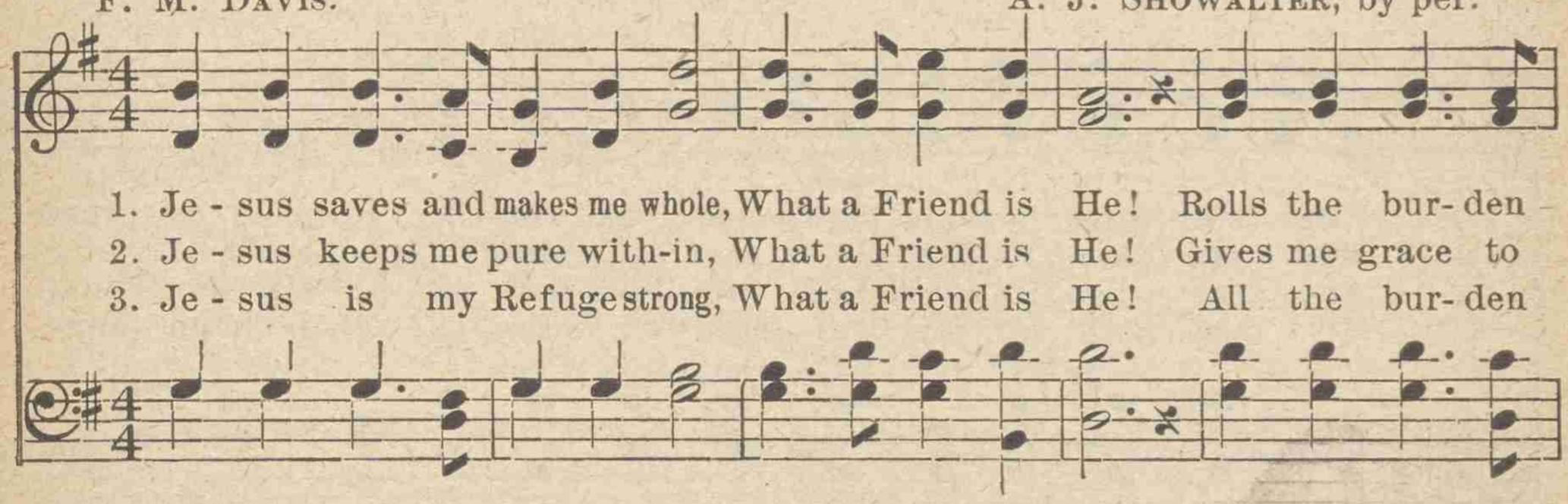
MEET ME THERE.



No. 48. WHAT A FRIEND IS HE!

F. M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



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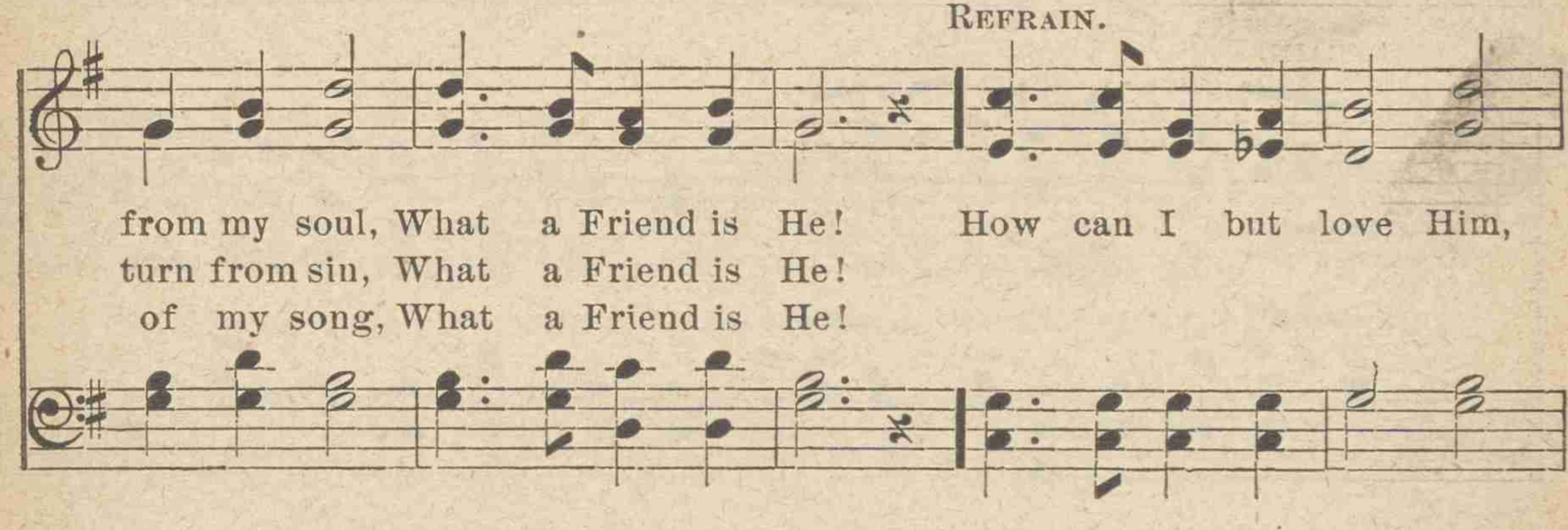
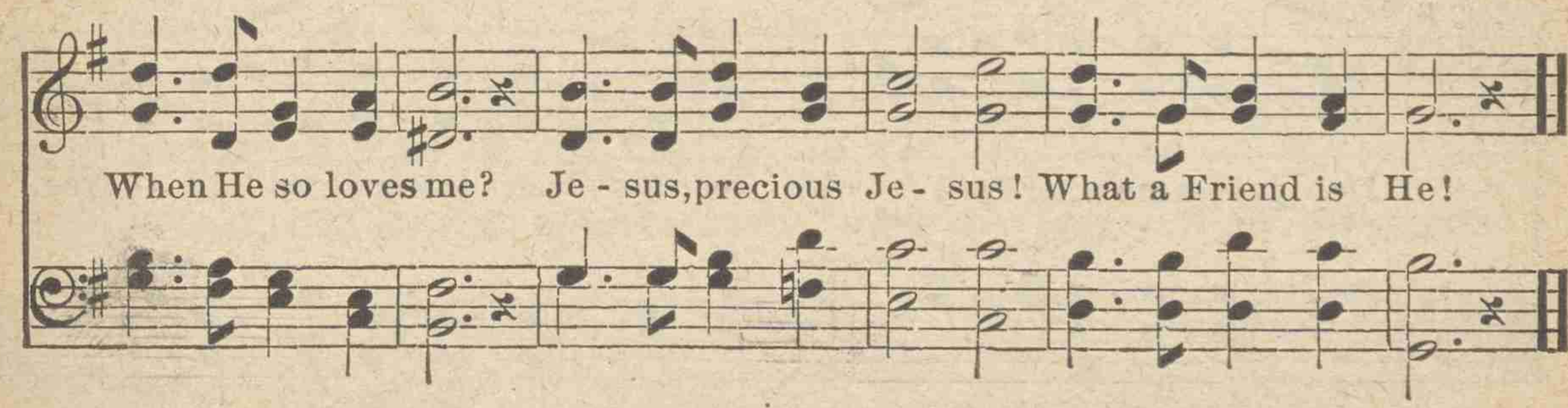
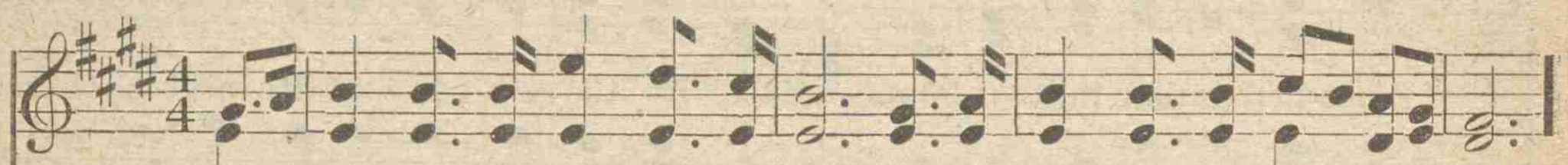


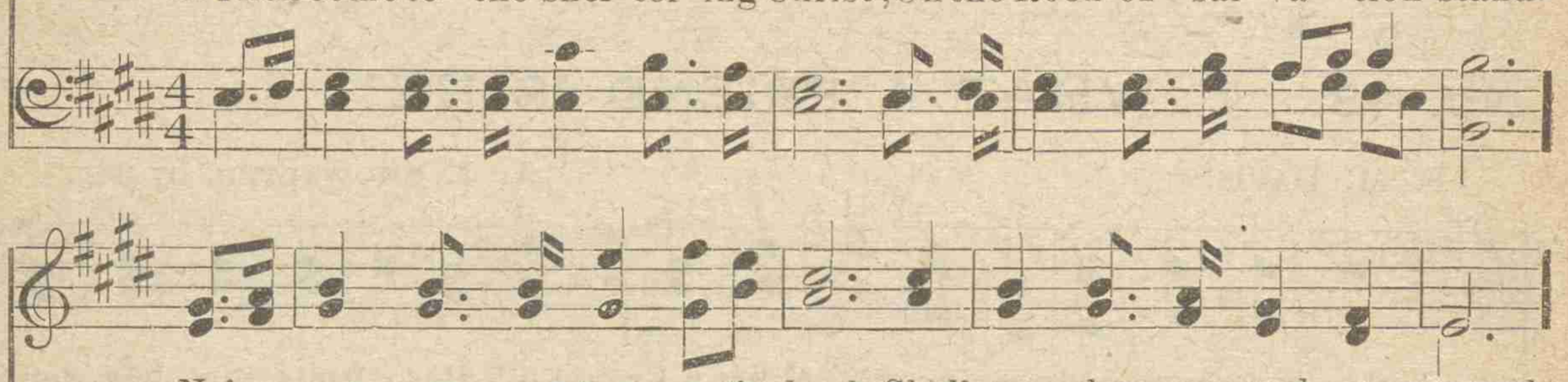


No. 49. I'LL CLING TO THE CROSS OF JESUS.

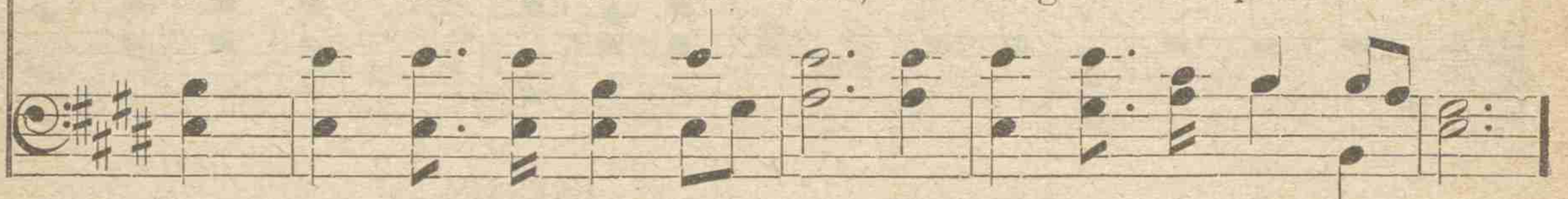
LAURA E. NEWELL. J. S. HENDRICKS.



1. I'm safe in the rift of the rock; In the love of my Lord I rest;
2. I know He is might-y to save; I have prov-en His love di - vine;
3. 'Tis joy to a - bide in His love; There is bless-ing and peace un - told,
4. Then come to the shel- ter- ing Christ; On the Rock of sal - va - tion stand.



Ne'er sor - row, nor tem- pest's shock, Shall ren - der my soul op - pressed.
His par - don He free - ly gave, And cleans'd this poor heart of mine.
And light, when life's skies are dim, When safe in the Sav-iour's fold.
His death hath for all suf - ficed; Oh! cling to His pierc-ed hand.



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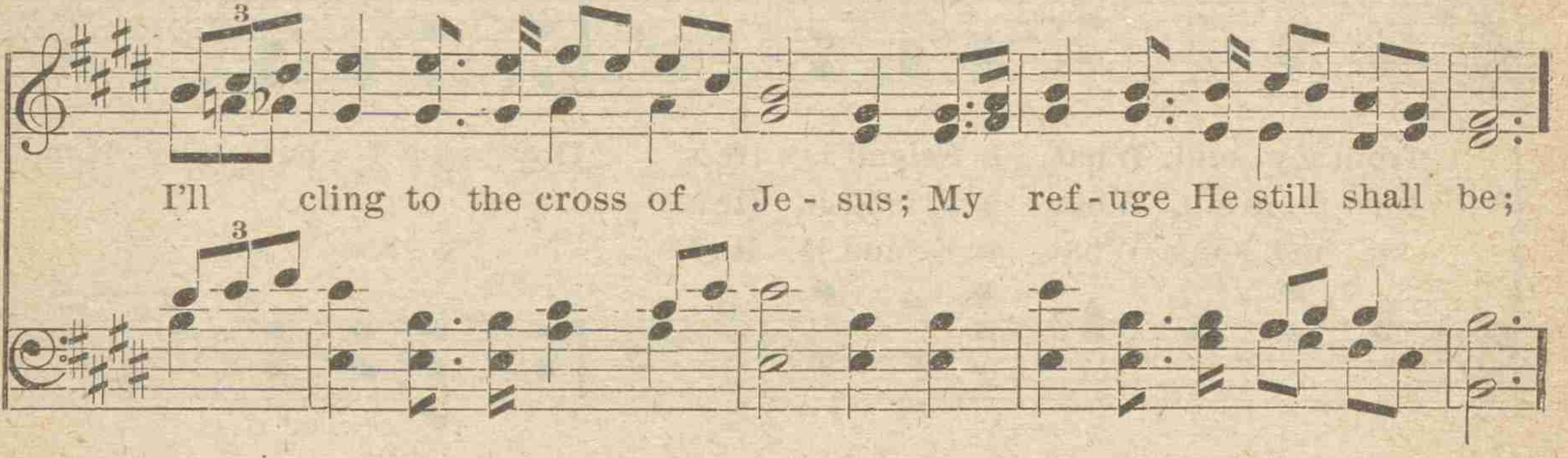
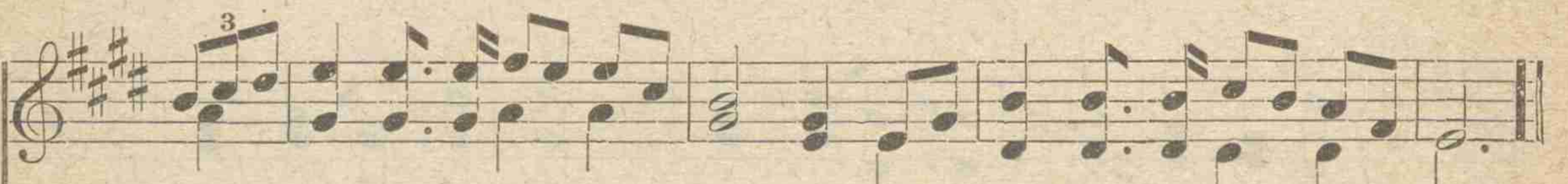
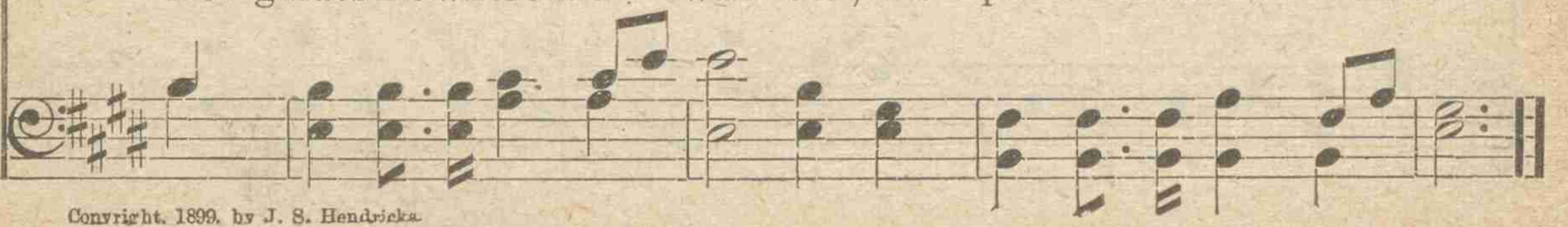


I'll cling to the cross of Je - sus; My ref - uge He still shall be;



He guides me where'er I wan - der; His par - don hath set me free.



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No. 50. JESUS--A LOVING FRIEND.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Je - sus can be a lov - ing Friend, He to the need - y help can lend;
2. He can each heart-ache far re-move, My troubles qui - et with His love;
3. He can each heav-y sor-row feel; He can for us each sickness heal;
4. He can the sin - ful heart re - new, And heal and cleanse it thro' und thro';

He has been good and kind to me; A ver - y ten - der friend is He.
Al - lay my doubts and hush my fears, And wipe away the mourn-er's fears.
He can His per - fect rest im-part, And comfort well the troubled heart.
He can make pure, and He a - lone, And seal each soul to be His own.

REFRAIN.

Within my heart His love doth shine; He doth with grace my love re - fine;
To faith He giv - eth large increase, And keepeth me in per - fect peace.

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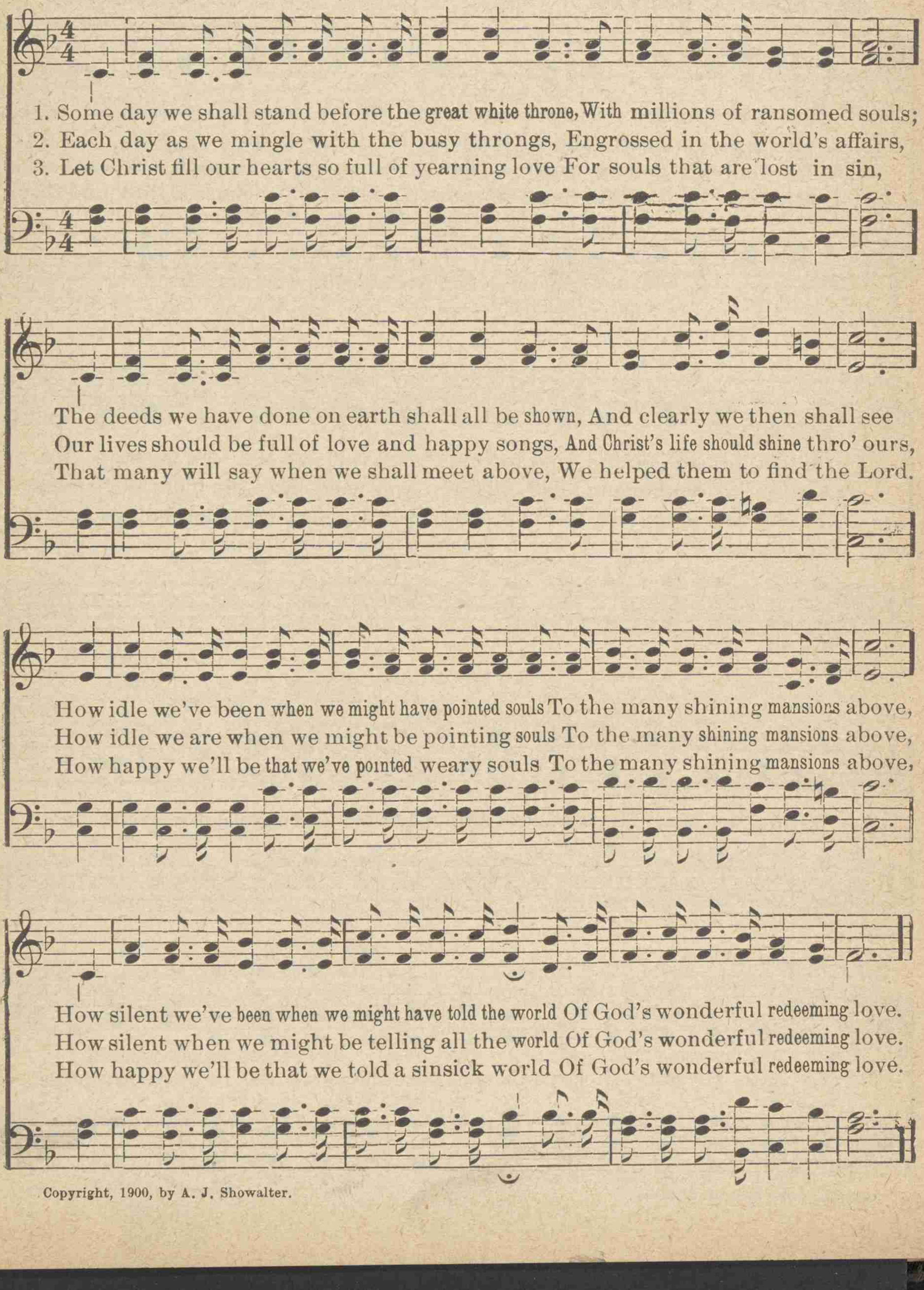
No. 51. GOD'S WONDERFUL LOVE.

Mrs. E. P. C. Mrs. Ethel Perkins Crippen.



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No. 52.

O LAMB OF GOD.

Dedicated to Rev. G. B. Strickler, D.D., Richmond, Va.

Words by
Rev. ROBERT P. KERR.

Music and Refrain by
Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D.D.

1. O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice! My load of guilt was laid on Thee;
2. O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice! At Thy dear cross I find my rest,
3. O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice! Of heav'n Thou art the light a - lone;

Thy prec-ious blood was free - ly giv'n, From all my sins to set me free.
My joy, my strength, my hope of heav'n, And there I am su-premely blest.
Thou dost not bleed on Cal - v'ry now, By faith I see Thee on the throne.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, my Sav-iour, died for me, I'll praise Him for-ev-er and ev - er;
Wash'd in His blood — from sin set free, I'll praise Him for - ev-er and ev - er.

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No. 53. WE SHALL MEET OUR LOVED ONES.

A. H. B.

A. H. Butler.

1. We shall meet those gone before, Over on the other shore, Where all partings will be
2. We shall join the happy band, Over on the golden strand; We shall see the promised
3. We shall stand before the King, And to Him our tribute bring, Songs of ad-ora-tion

o'er, By and by, (by and by;) O how happy we shall be, When we've crossed life's stormy
land, By and by, (by and by;) May our loved ones all be there, In that land beyond com-
sing, By and by, (by and by;) When we hear His words, "well done, Enter ye, your rest is

D. S. *happy we shall be, When we've crossed life's stormy*

Fine. Refrain.

sea, From all sin for-ev-er free, By and by, (by and by.) We shall meet,
pare, Past all earthly toil and care, By and by, (by and by.)
won," When with faith our race is run, By and by, (by and by.) We shall meet,

sea, From all sin for - ev - er free, By and by, (by and by.)

D.S.

we shall meet, We shall meet our loved ones there, By and by; O how
we shall meet, by and by;

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No. 54. PEACE THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE CROSS.

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

1. Come while God is call-ing, hear His word to-day, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
2. Sink the past for - ev - er 'neath the cleansing tide, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
3. Blessing free and boundless flowing from above, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;
4. Tell the joy-ful sto - ry ev-'ry-where you go, Peace thro' the blood of the cross;

Take the gift He offers, come without de - lay, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
Let the Ho - ly Spir - it in your heart a - bide, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
Ev - er-last-ing mer-cy, ev - er -last-ing love, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.
Till the wide world o-ver, ransom'd souls shall know, Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

REFRAIN.

Peace! . . . won-der-ful peace! . . . Peace! . . . won-der-ful peace! . . . peace! . . Peace thro' the blood of the cross; Peace thro' the blood of the cross.

Peace! wonder-ful peace! Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace! Peace! wonderful peace!

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No. 55. THE MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

GEO. RUNION. CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. There's a song my heart is sing-ing As I jour-ney day by day;
2. There's a song my heart is sing-ing As I do my Master's will,
3. There's a song my heart is sing-ing As I tri-umph o-ver sin,
4. There's a song my heart is sing-ing, And I can-not tell the joy

As I jour - ney day by day;

Thro' my soul the words are ring-ing, "I'll go with thee all the way."
To my life true glad-ness bring-ing, As I hear His "Peace, be still."
While I to the cross am cling-ing, Hop-ing still the cross to win.
Je-sus to my soul is bring-ing, While His work my tho'ts employ.

"I'll go with thee all the way."

REFRAIN.

'Tis the mu-sic born of love, Pre-cious gift from a-bove;
'Tis the mu - sic born of love, Precious gift from a-bove;

Sing, my soul, in ec-sta-cy, Praise to Him who set you free.
Sing, my soul, in ec-sta-cy,

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No. 56. DRIFTING FROM GOD AND HEAVEN.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Soul, thou art drift-ing from the Lord, Far from thy faith in His dear word,
2. Soul, thou art drift-ing heed-less - ly, O - ver the wide and boundless sea,
3. Soul, thou art drift-ing o'er and o'er Near - er "the great For - ev - er-more,"
4. Soul, thou art drift-ing on and on, And soon will set the eve-ning sun;

Far from His free and sav - ing grace, Far from the on - ly hid - ing place.
Borne by the roll - ing tide a - way, Far - ther from safe-ty day by day.
Drift-ing from God, and heav'n, and peace, Drift-ing where sorrows nev - er cease.
Then will be night, and woe, and gloom, And end-less death the sin-ner's doom.

REFRAIN.

Drifting, drifting, drift-ing a - way, Drift-ing from God and heav - en to-day;

After last verse repeat Refrain pp.

Drifting, drifting, drift-ing a-way, Drift-ing from end - less life a - way.

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No. 57. WHERE DWELLEST THOU?

John 1: 38.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. "Where dwell-est thou?" Is your home on the mountain? Close by the borders of Ca-naan fair?
2. "Where dwell-est thou?" Are you down in the val-ley, Groping in doubt thro' a mist of tears?
3. "Where dwell-est thou?" Are you close to the Sav-iour, Walk-ing with Him in the narrow way?

Thrice happy pilgrim! the bright Land of Prom-ise, God's faith-ful chil-dren shall free - ly share.
Lift up your eyes and be-hold now your Saviour Pa-tient-ly waits to dis - pel your fears.
Bless-ed art thou, for His foot-steps will guide you, Safe to the land of e - ter- nal day.

REFRAIN.

Pitch your tent in the Vale of Beu-lah, There liv-ing wa- ters are flow-ing free;
Glo - ry streams from the heights e - ter-nal, Light-ing the path-way to heav'n for thee

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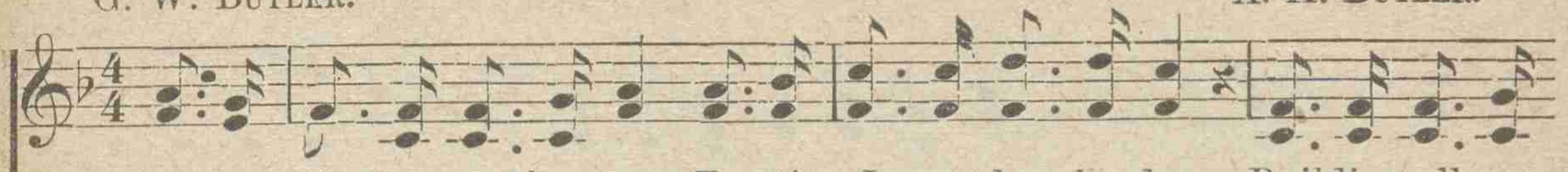
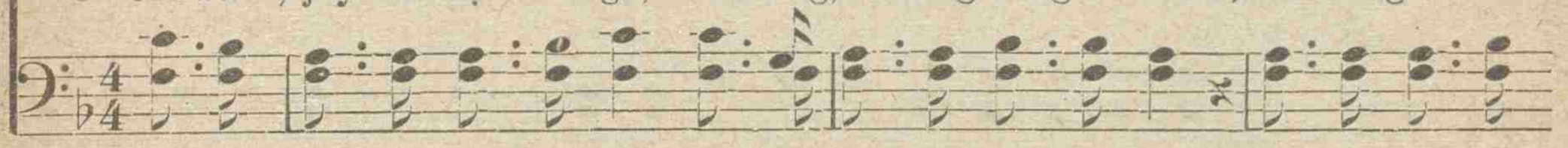
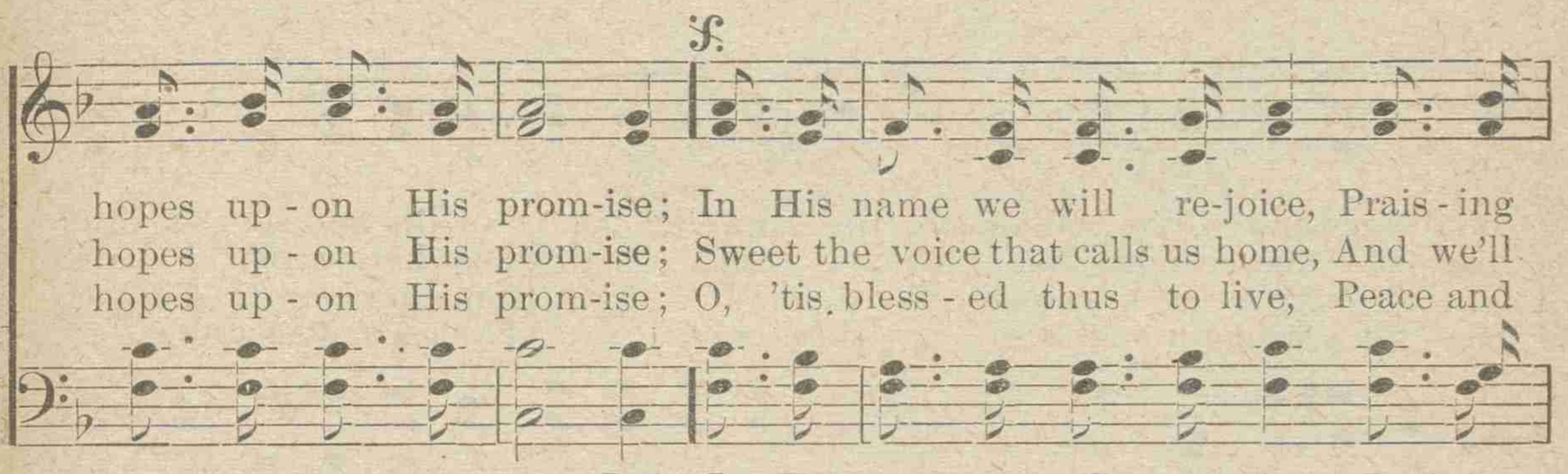
No. 58. BUILDING ALL OUR HOPES.

G. W. BUTLER. A. H. BUTLER.



1. We are pilgrims on the way, Trusting Je-sus day by day, Building all our
2. Tho' like sheep we've gone astray, His commands we will o-bey, Building all our
3. On-ward, joy-ful - ly we go, Trusting, fearing nought below, Building all our

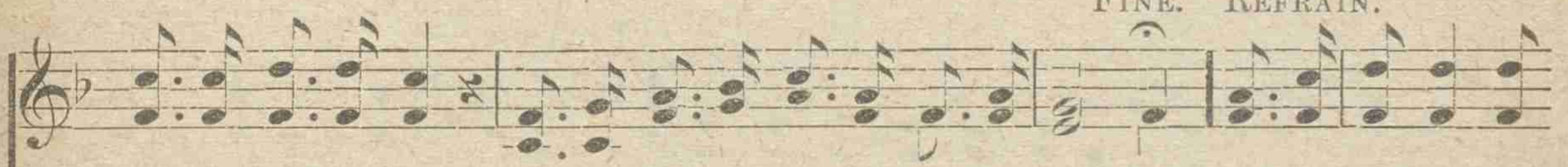




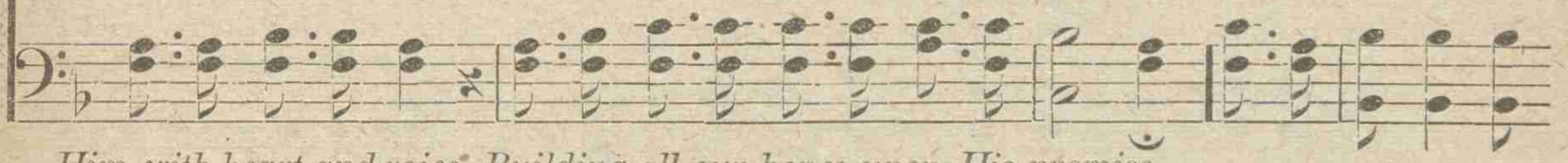
hopes up - on His prom-ise; In His name we will re-joice, Prais - ing
hopes up - on His prom-ise; Sweet the voice that calls us home, And we'll
hopes up - on His prom-ise; O, 'tis bless - ed thus to live, Peace and

D.S. *In His name we will re - joice, Prais-ing*

FINE. REFRAIN.

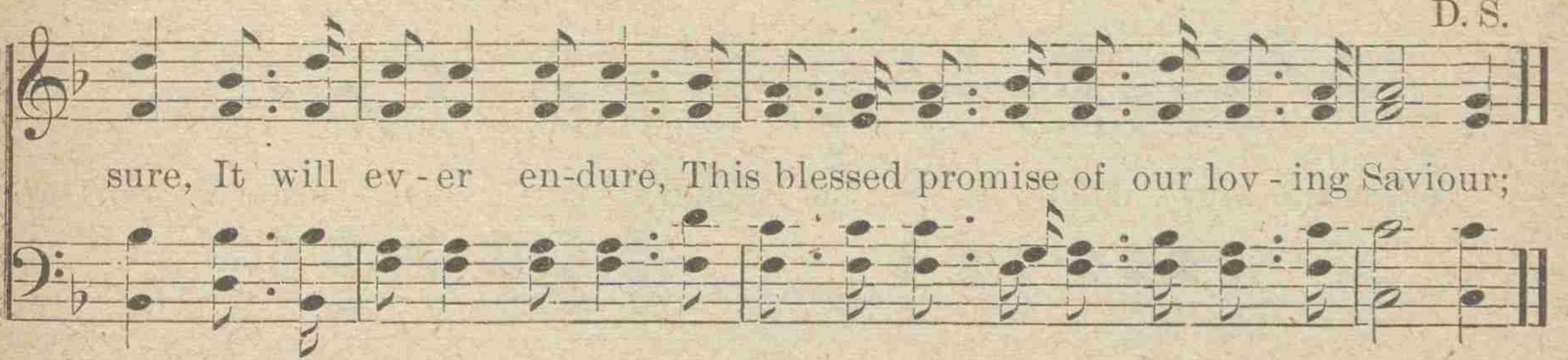


Him with heart and voice, Building all our hopes upon His promise.
answer, Lord, we come, Building all our hopes upon His promise. O, His promtse is
com-fort to re-ceive, Building all our hopes upon His promise.



Him with heart and voice, Building all our hopes upon His promise.

D.S.



sure, It will ev - er en-dure, This blessed promise of our lov - ing Saviour;

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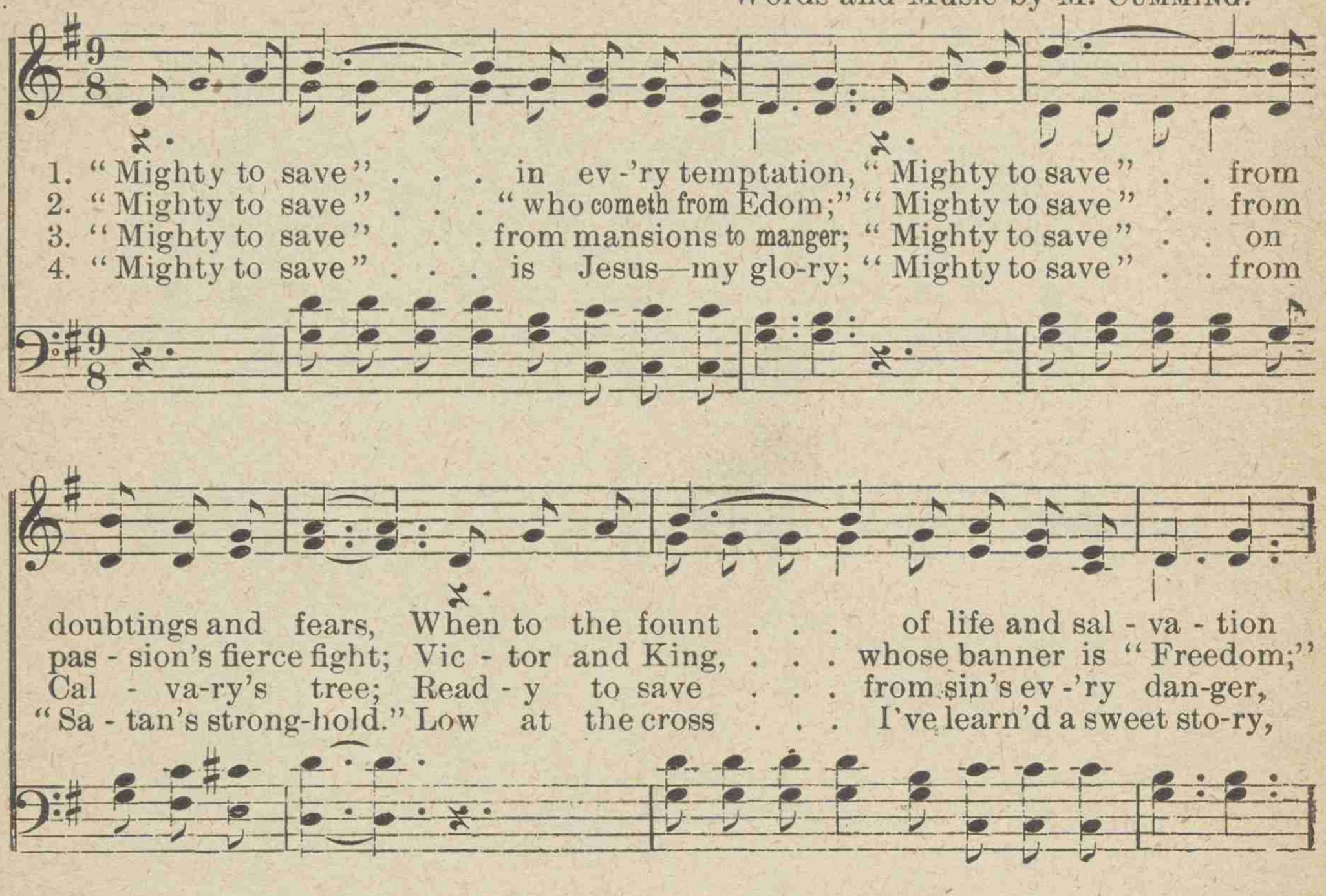
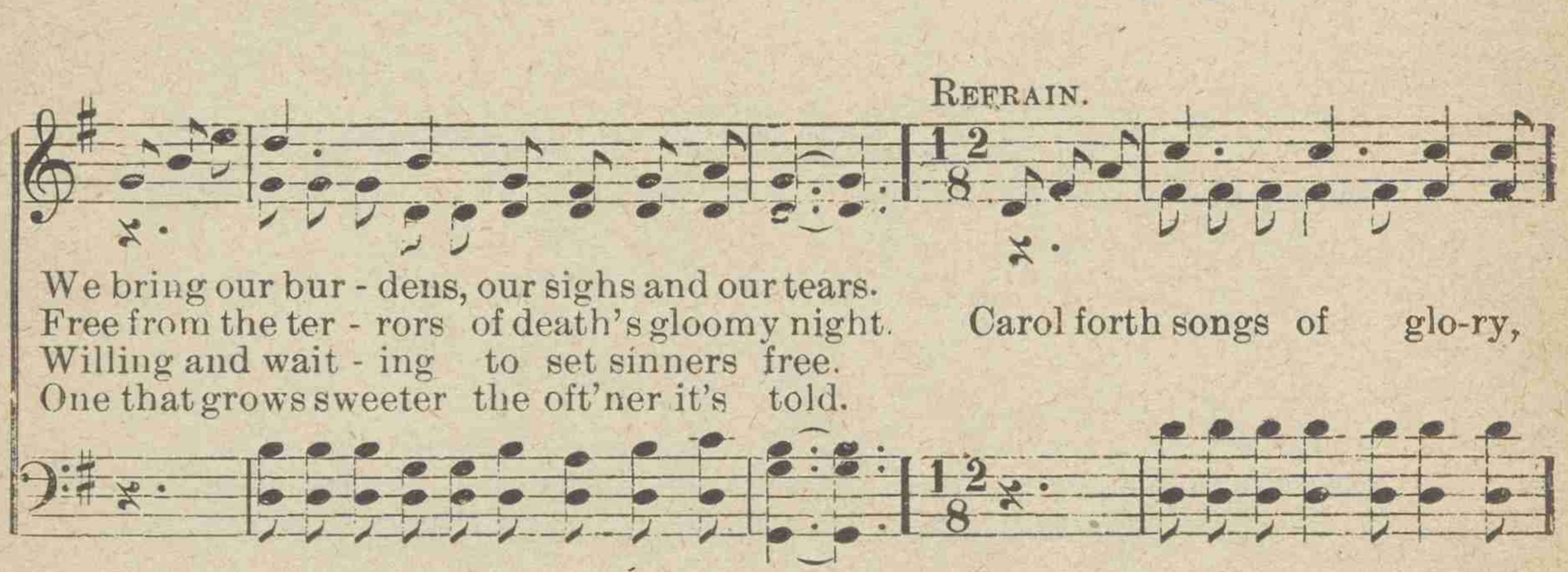
No. 59. JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Words and Music by M. CUMMING.





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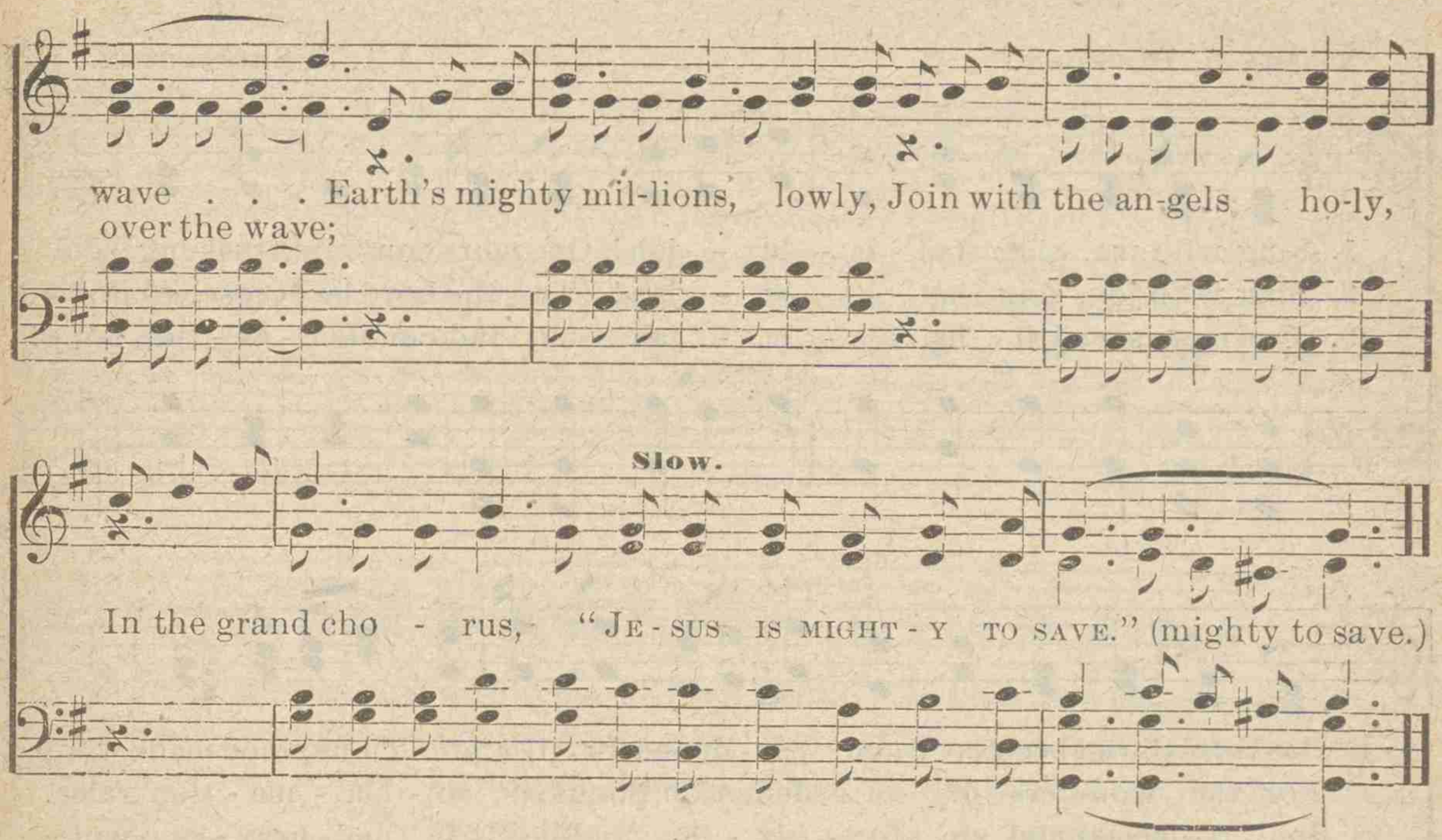
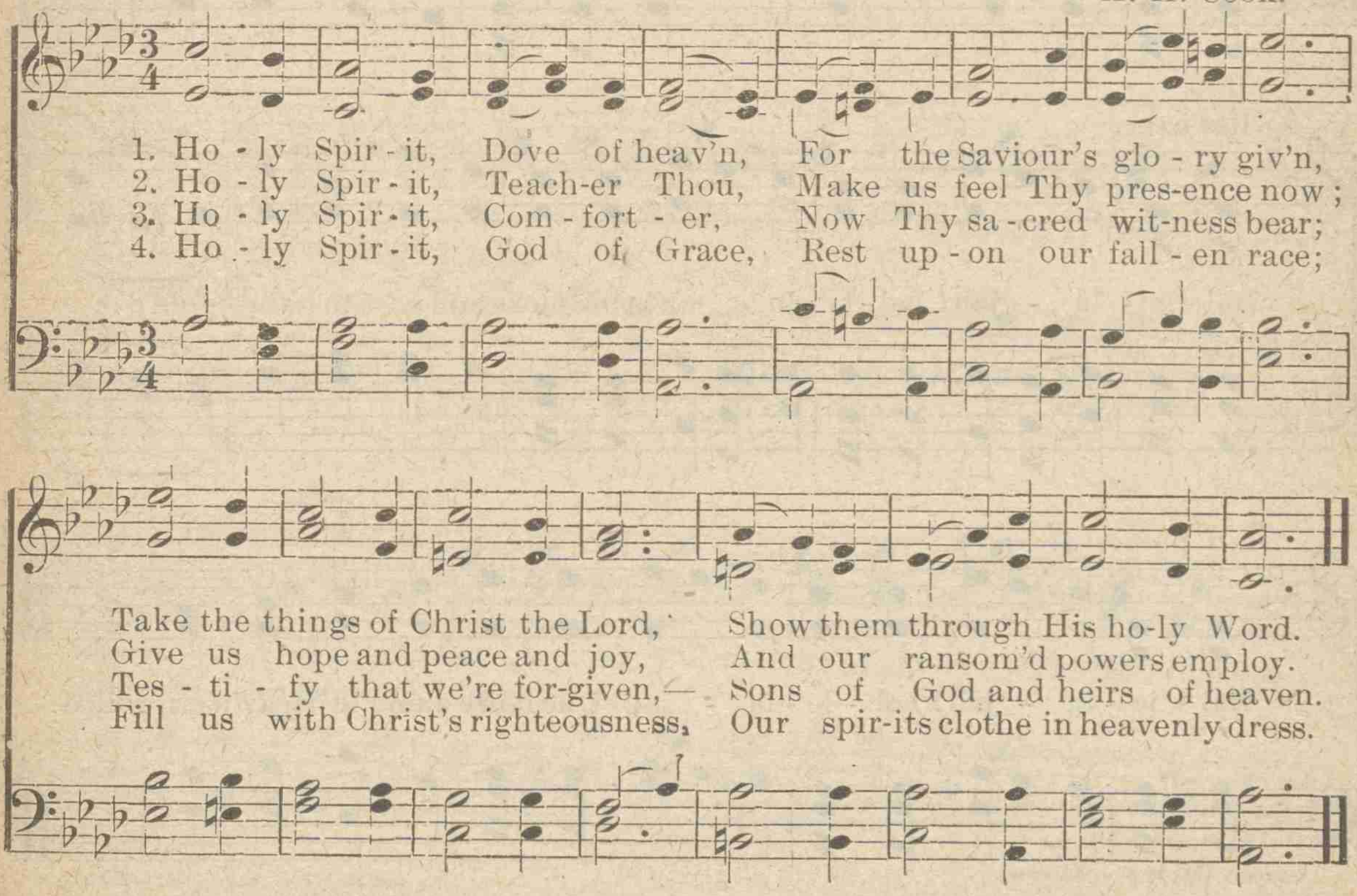
JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE. Concluded.



No. 60. INVOCATION. 7.

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



No. 61. ONE MORE SAVED, HALLELUJAH!

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sing with me, sing hal - le - lu - jah! One more con-trite, trust-ing soul
2. Sing with joy, sing hal - le - lu - jah! To the Lord be ceaseless praise!
3. One more saved, O hal - le - lu - jah! Guilt and con-dem - na - tion gone!

Has thro' Christ been sav'd and par - doned, In His pre - cious blood made whole.
For the won-ders of re - demption Songs of ac - cla - ma - tion raise.
Soul re-deem'd, and sin for - giv - en, End-less life and heav - en won.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! One more add-ed to the fold; . .

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah, One more name in Heav'n en - rolled.

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No. 62. MORE LIKE MY SAVIOUR.

E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.

1. More like my Saviour my spirit would be, Cleansed from all evil His pure eyes can see;
2. More of His sweetness of temper I crave, More of His kindness of heart I would have;
3. Noble, forgiving and pure would I be, Humble and lowly and meek as was He,

Bearing His likeness within me al-way, Walking in love with all people each day.
More of His likeness I daily would wear, More of His beau-ti-ful character share.
Ren-der-ing serv-ice to oth-ers in need, Showing the fruit of the Spirit in-deed.

REFRAIN.

More like my Sav - iour, More like my Sav-iour I long to be;
More like my Saviour I long to be,

More like my Sav - iour, Till nought of sin a - bid-eth in me.
More like my Saviour I long to be,

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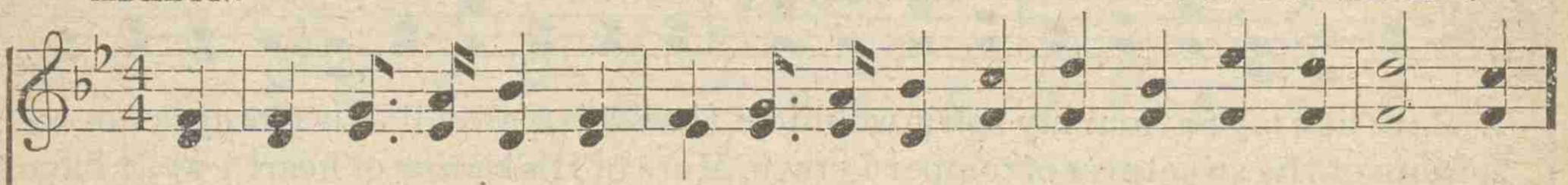
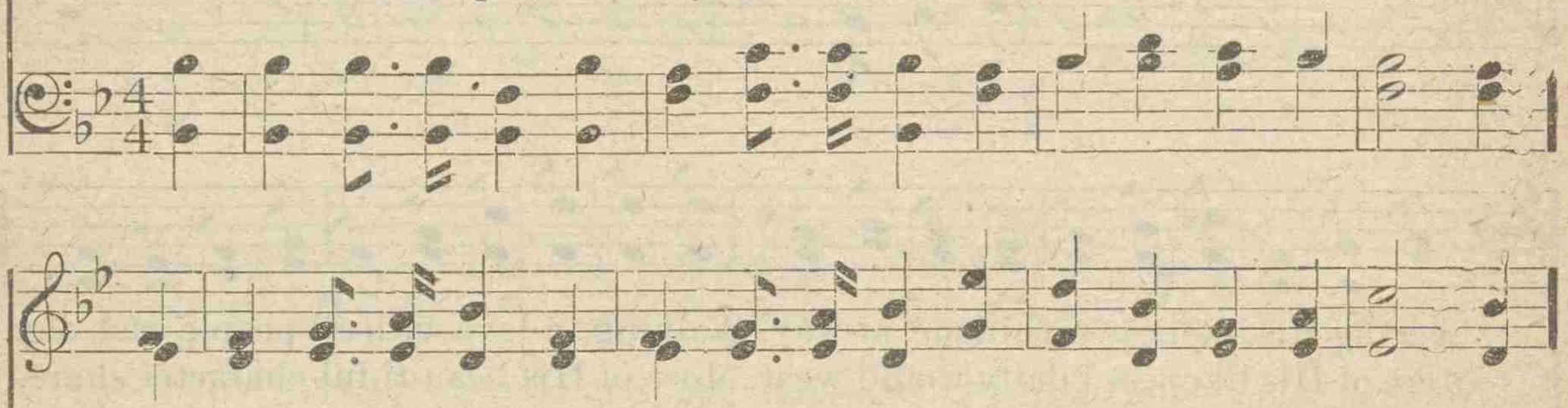
No. 63. IN THE LORD I TRUST.

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

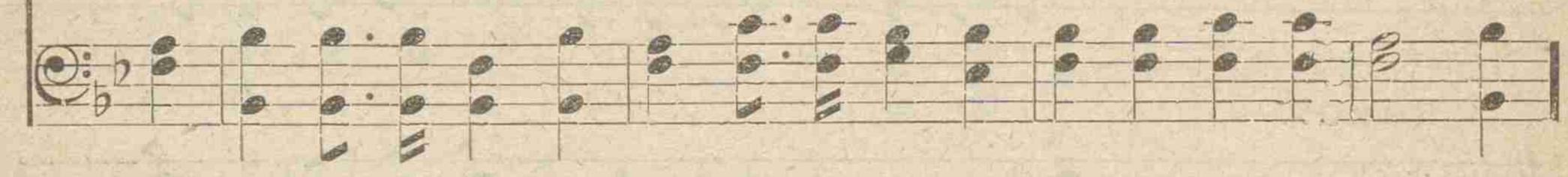
ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



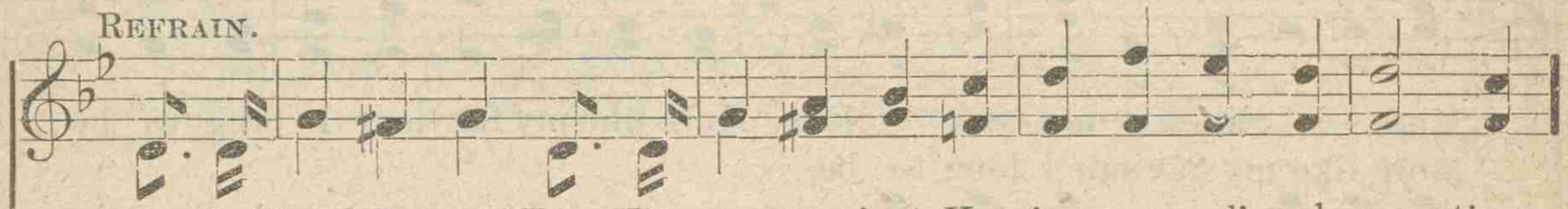
1. 'Tis sweet to o - bey, And walk in the way Of Christ, my blessed Sav - iour;
2. When sor-rows as- sail, His love will not fail; He hears my soul's ap - peal - ing.
3. Af - flic-tion and pain Shall try me in vain; I'll trust Him tho' He slay me.



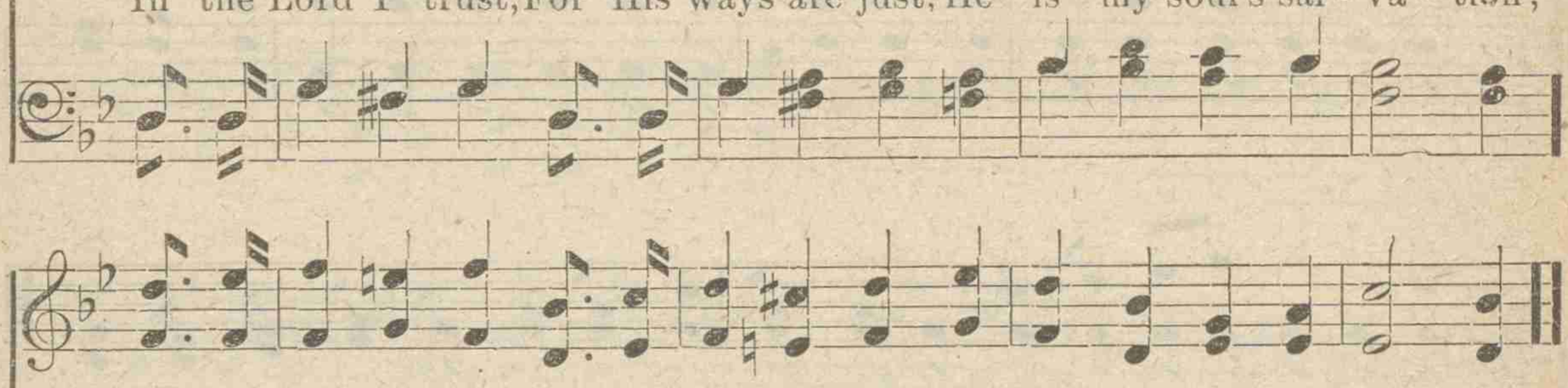
My soul is at rest, I'm hap - py and blest, When I en - joy His fa - vor.
In safe-ty I hide, And sweet-ly a - bide Be-neath His wings of heal - ing.
I know that at last, When tri - als are past, His love will well re - pay me.



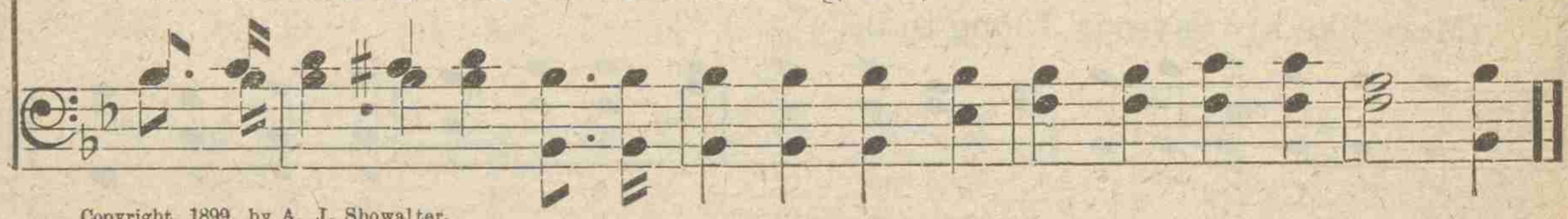
REFRAIN.



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.



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No. 64. I AM COMING.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. I am com - ing, Lord, for mer - cy, Take my load of sin a - way;
2. I have wander'd, wander'd from Thee, But I'm com - ing back to - day;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive me, Thou hast bid me come to Thee;

I am wea - ry, heav-y la - den, I have wandered far a - stray.
In Thy precious blood there's cleansing, Wash my sin and guilt a - way.
Now, dear Lord, to Thee I'm com-ing, Thine for ev - er - more to be.

REFRAIN.

I am com - ing, I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee;

I will trust Thy love and mer - cy, Who once died to res - cue me.

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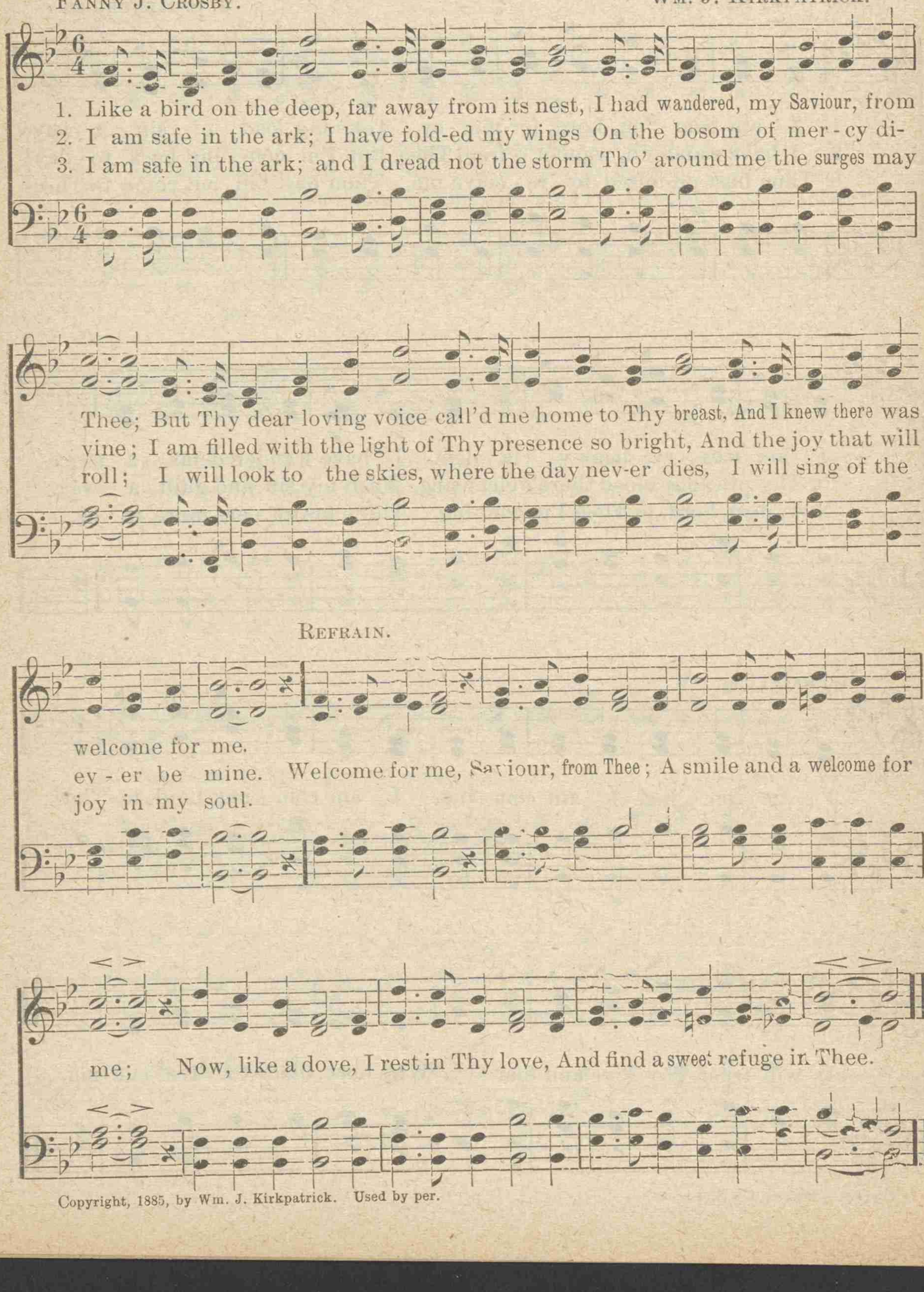
No. 65. WELCOME FOR ME.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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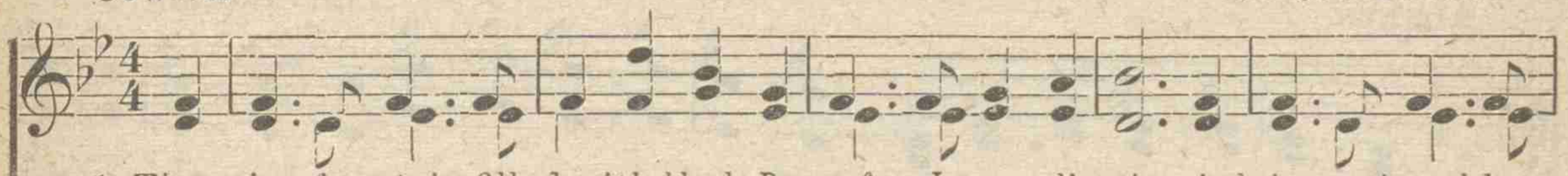
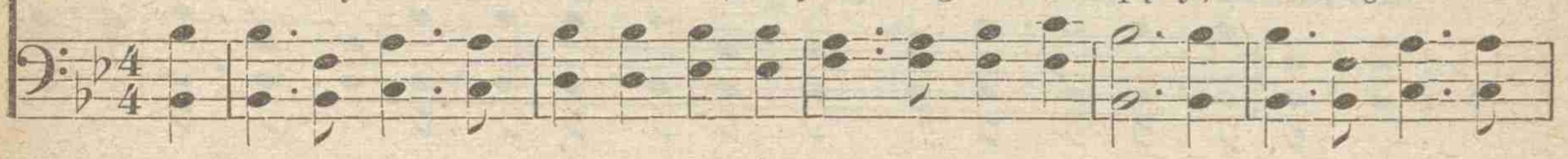
No. 66. SAVIOUR, WASH ME IN THE BLOOD.

COWPER. E. O. EXCELL.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners piunged be-
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, tho'
3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r Till all the ran-somed
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has



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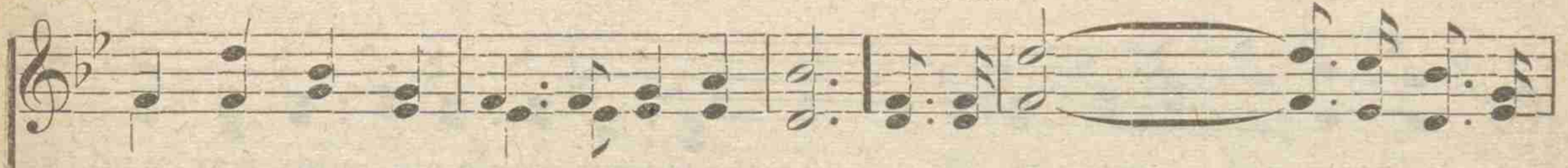
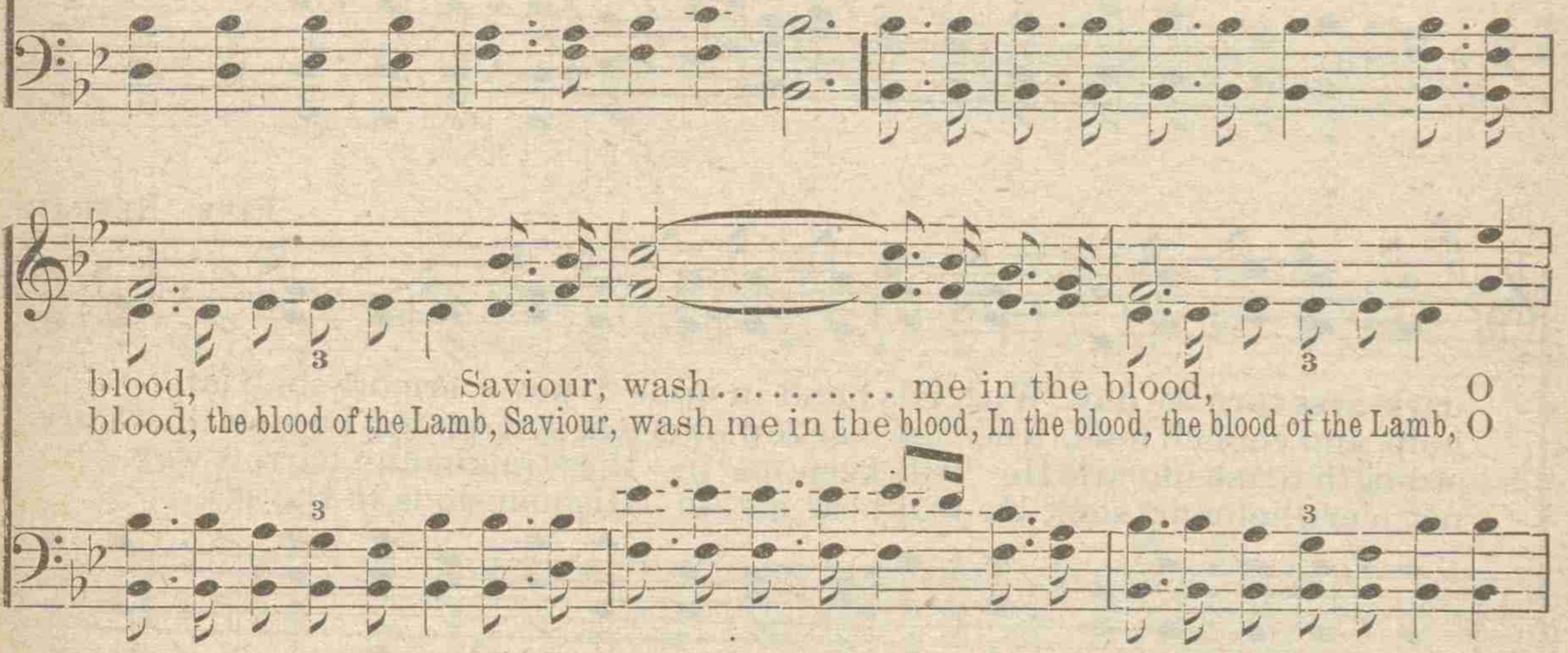
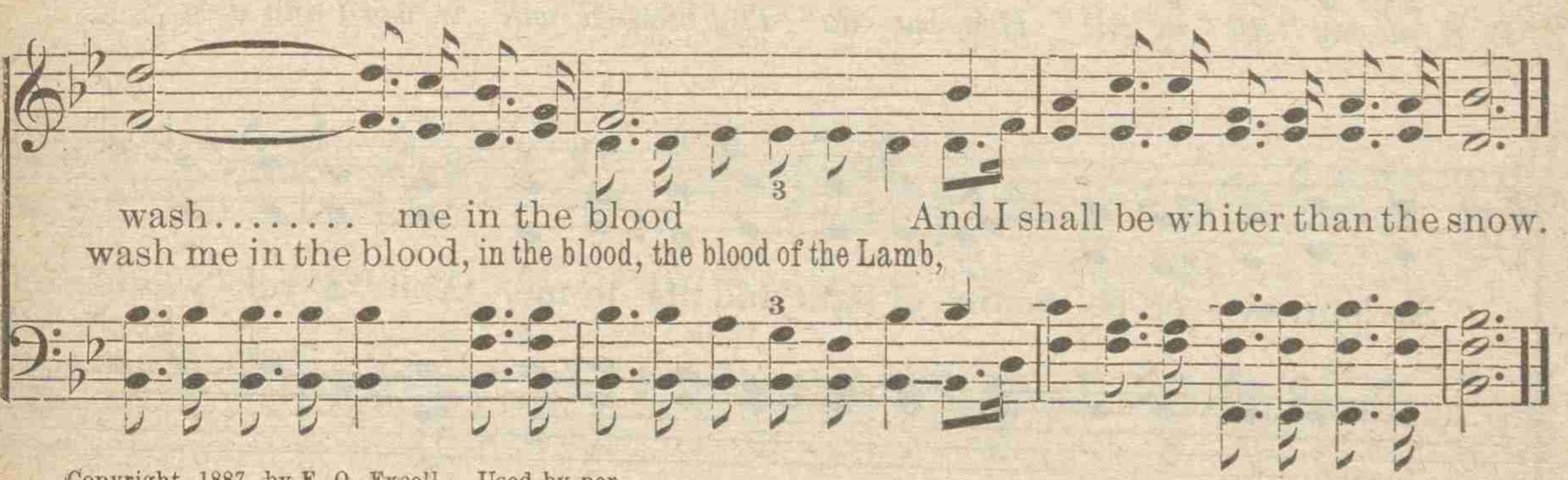


neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Saviour, wash..... me in the
vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
been my theme, And shall be till I die. Saviour, wash me in the blood, In the



blood, Saviour, wash..... me in the blood, O
blood, the blood of the Lamb, Saviour, wash me in the blood, In the blood, the blood of the Lamb, O



wash..... me in the blood And I shall be whiter than the snow.
wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,

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No. 67. CHRIST, MY LOVING SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When the path grows rough and steep, And the dark'ning shadows creep, Unto Christ, my lov - ing Sav-iour, I will call; (ev-er call;) He will guide me on my way, And the dark-ness turn to day, With His hand in mine I nev - ermore shall fall.
2. When I need a faithful friend Who will love me to the end, Unto Christ, my lov - ing Sav-iour, I will go; (ev-er go;) On His word I may depend; He will help and council lend, And in sor-row sweetest sym-pa-thy be-stow. O my
3. When with-in me doubts assail, And my faith be-gins to fail, Unto Christ, my lov - ing Sav-iour, I will pray; (ever pray;) He will bid my fears depart, And new strength to me impart, He will keep me in the straight and narrow way.
4. When the night of death draws nigh And I lay me down to die, Unto Christ, my lov - ing Sav-iour, I will cry; (softly cry;) And though deep the surges roll, They shall not o'erwhelm my soul, He will bear me to His mansions in the sky.

FINE. REFRAIN.

Saviour, ev - er be Source of light and life to me, And "a ver - y pres - ent

D. S. *me my "All in All," Help me do Thy bless-ed will in word and deed.*

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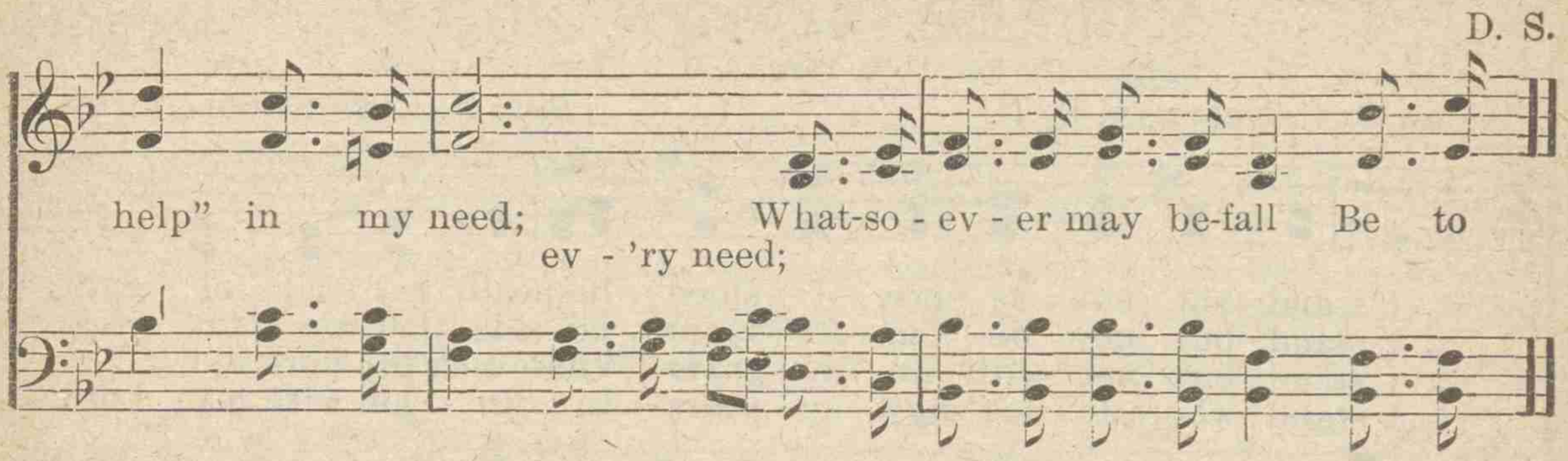
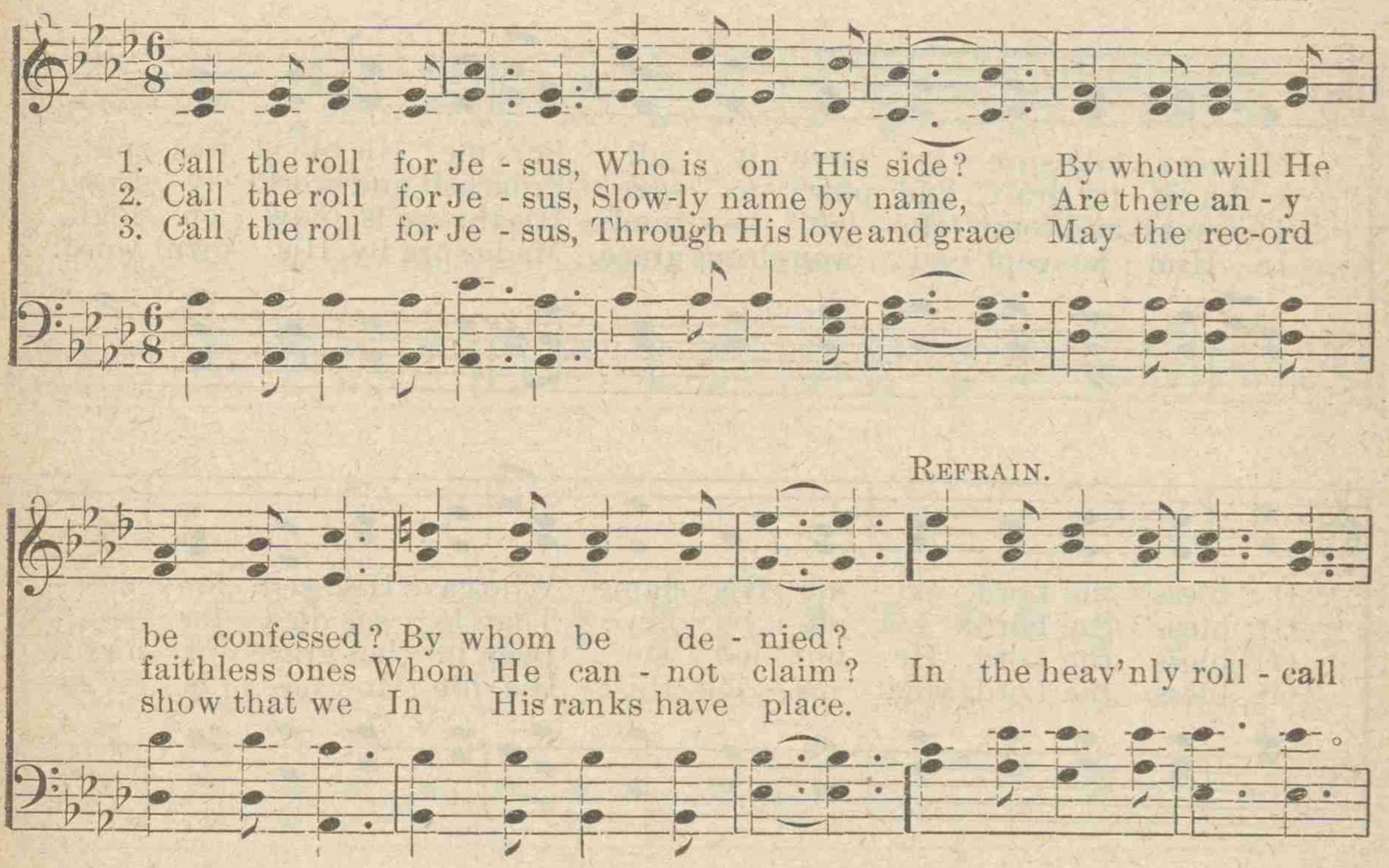
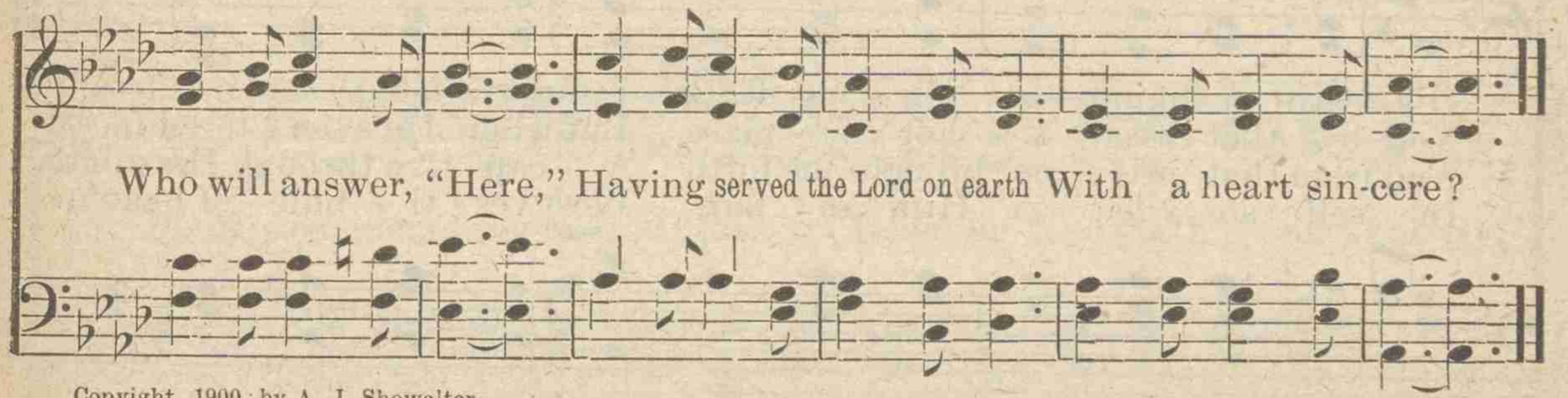
CHRIST, MY LOVING SAVIOUR. Concluded.



No. 68. CALL THE ROLL FOR JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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No. 69. THE BELIEVER'S STANDING.

EPH. 2: 4-6.

Dedicated to Rev. H. M. Parsons, D. D., Toronto, Canada.

Rev. G. C. NEEDHAM, D. D. Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D. D.

1. I stand; but not as once I stood Be-neath my load of guilt;
2. I stand; but now on Cal-vary's mount, Be-side that woe-ful cross;
3. I stand; but not with-in the grave Where once my Lord did lie;
4. I stand; where Je-sus now ap-pears In un-ion with my Lord:

My heav-'nly sure-ty 'bove it all, For me His blood was spilt.
I know its grace and pow'r to save From self and world-ly dross.
The cross and tomb He left be-hind— His throne is now on high.
In Him ac-cept-ed; won-drous grace, Made sure by His own word.

O bless the Lord, ex-alt His name, Who gave Him-self for me;
O bless the Lord; I do be-lieve That Je-sus died for sin,
O bless the Lord, He bur-ied sin Deep in that grave of night,
O bless the Lord, what un-ion this; His life to me is giv'n—

His death of shame,—a-ton-ing death, From wrath hath set me free.
Yet by that cross is not our place, But where He's en-tered in.
And from that pris-on brought me forth A cap-tive through His might.
In self so vile; in Him so fair, Blest ves-ti-bule of heav'n.

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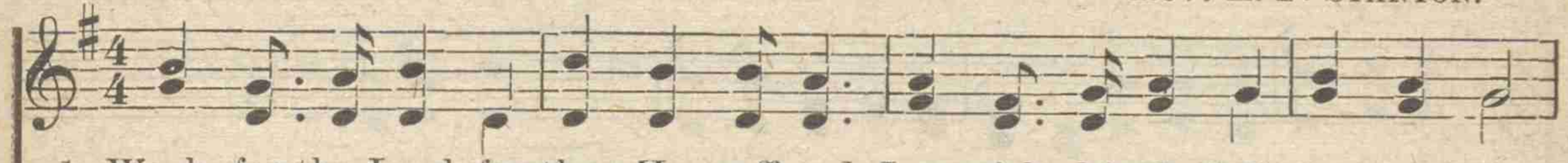
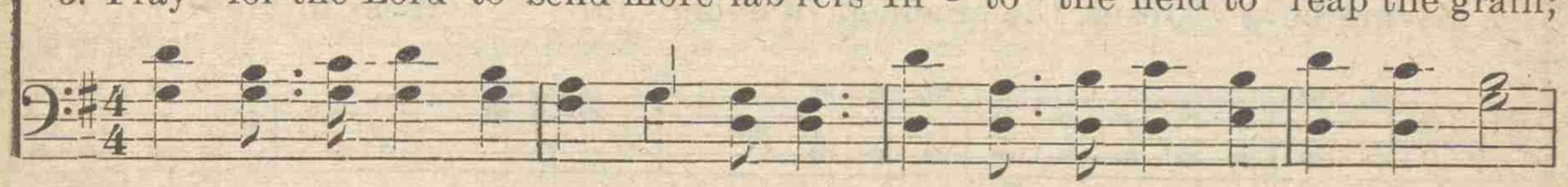
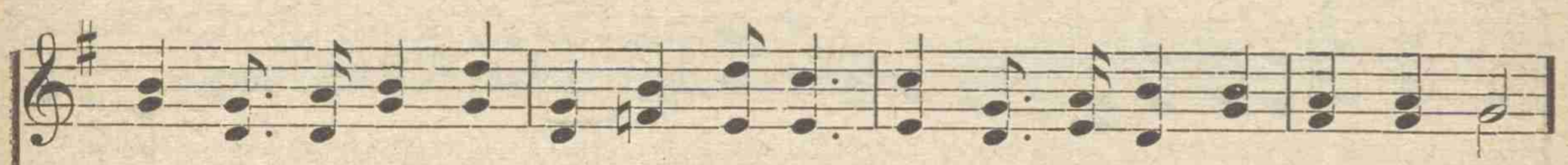
No. 70. WORK, WATCH AND PRAY.

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

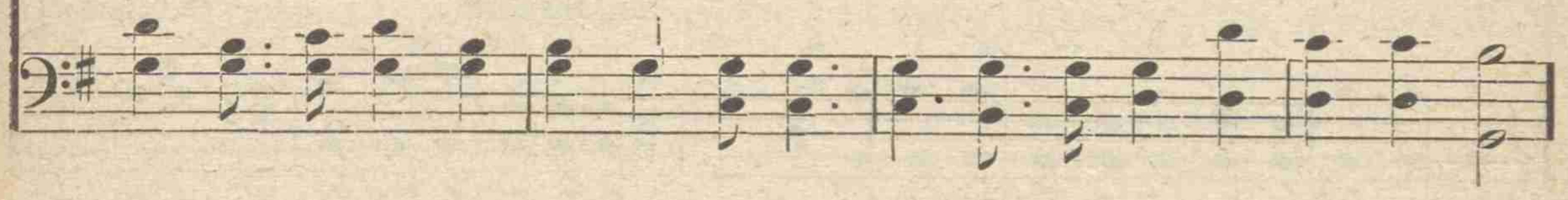


1. Work for the Lord, for thee He suffered, Languished in dark Geth-sem-a- ne;
2. Watch, for the Lord is com-ing quickly, Com-ing to wed His spot-less bride;
3. Pray for the Lord to send more lab'rers In - to the field to reap the grain;





La - bor for Him and share His glo - ry, Reign on the earth e - ter - nal - ly.
If you are faith-ful at His com-ing, Ev - er with Him thou shalt a - bide.
Go in - to all the world, preach Je-sus—Mer - ci - ful Lamb for sin-ners slain.



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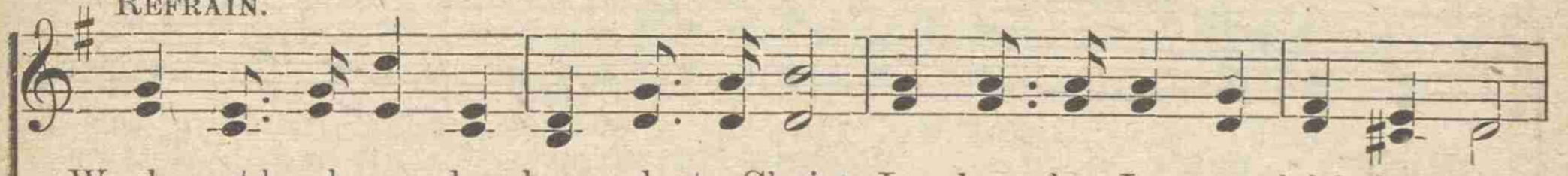
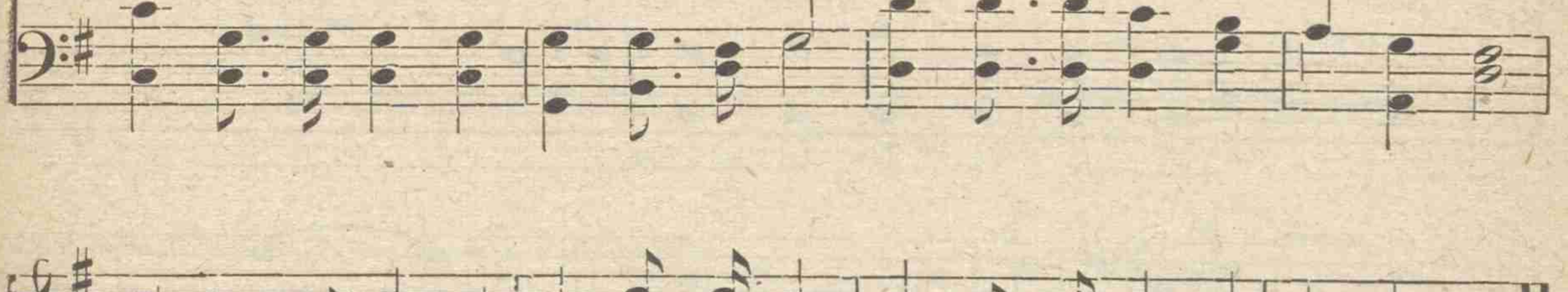
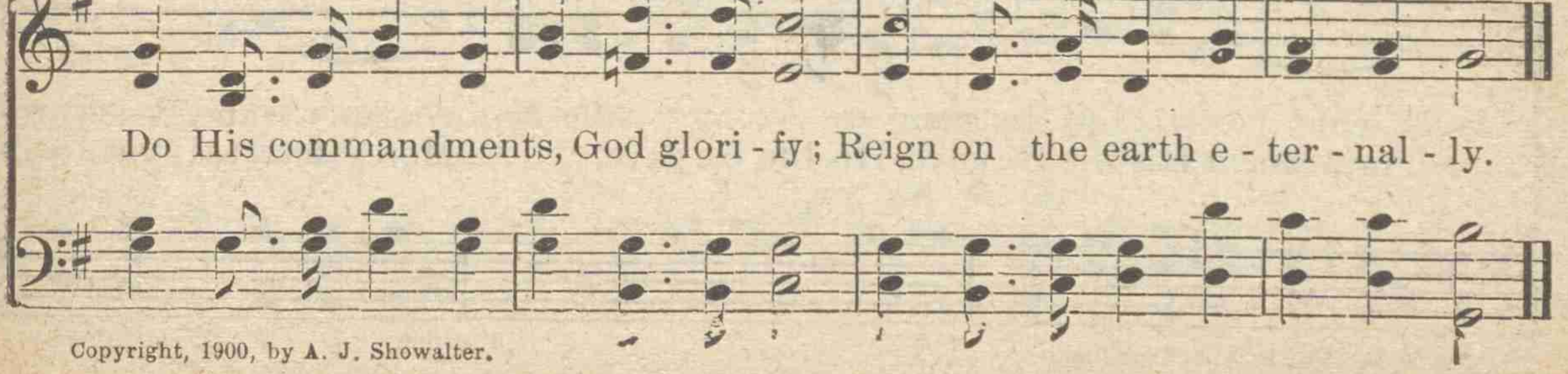


Work, watch and pray, be loy - al to Christ, La - bor for Je - sus faith-ful - ly;



Do His commandments, God glori - fy; Reign on the earth e - ter - nal - ly.



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No. 71. MIGHTY POWER OF CHRIST.

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

1. Saving Faith in Him who the world redeemed, With His blood He purchased me;
2. Saving Hope, a light to my darkened soul, Anchored safe within my breast,
3. Saving Grace, sufficient to set me free From the bonds of sin and shame;
4. Saving Love of Jesus, the crucified, Wonder - ful it is to me,
With His blood He purchased me;

Jesus paid the cost and my soul reclaimed Thro' His death on Calva - ry.
On the arm of pray'r while the dark waves roll, I will lean and find sweet rest.
Cleansing blood abundant to ransom me, Thro' the pow'r of Jesus' name.
In this realm of love I shall e'er abide, Praising Him who made me free.
Thro' His death on Cal-va-ry.

Refrain.

Might-y pow'r . . . . of Christ to save, For a
Might - y pow'r of Christ to save, of Christ to save,

world . . His life He gave, Mer-cy, Grace . . and Peace pro-
For a world His life He gave, His life He gave, Mercy, Grace and Peace pro-

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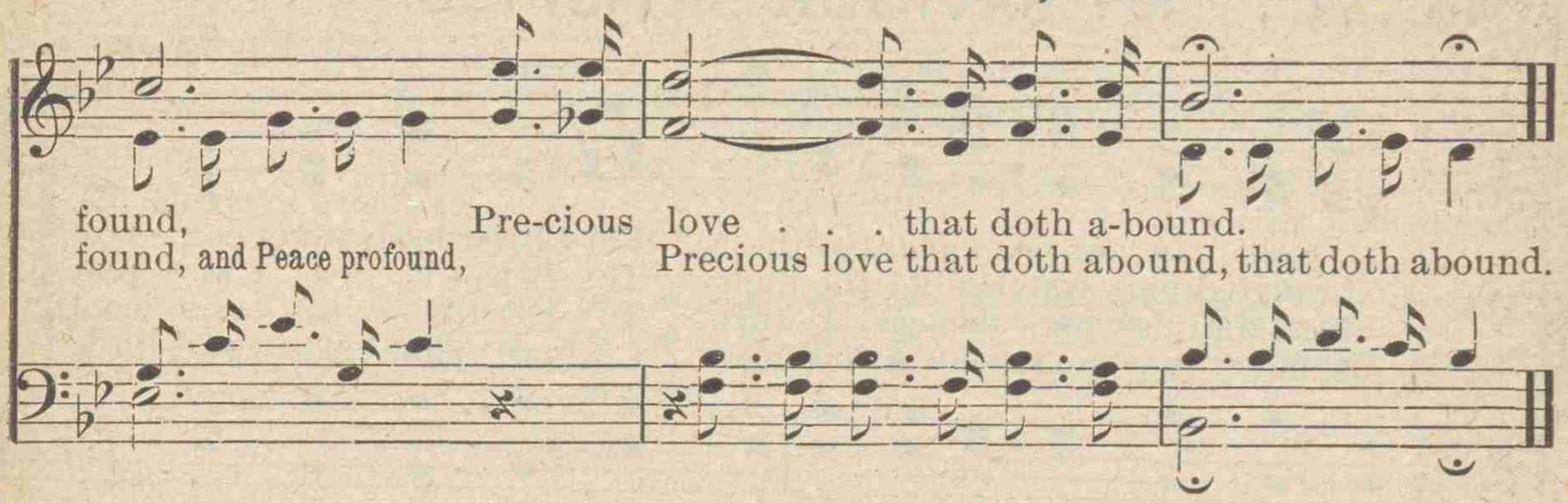
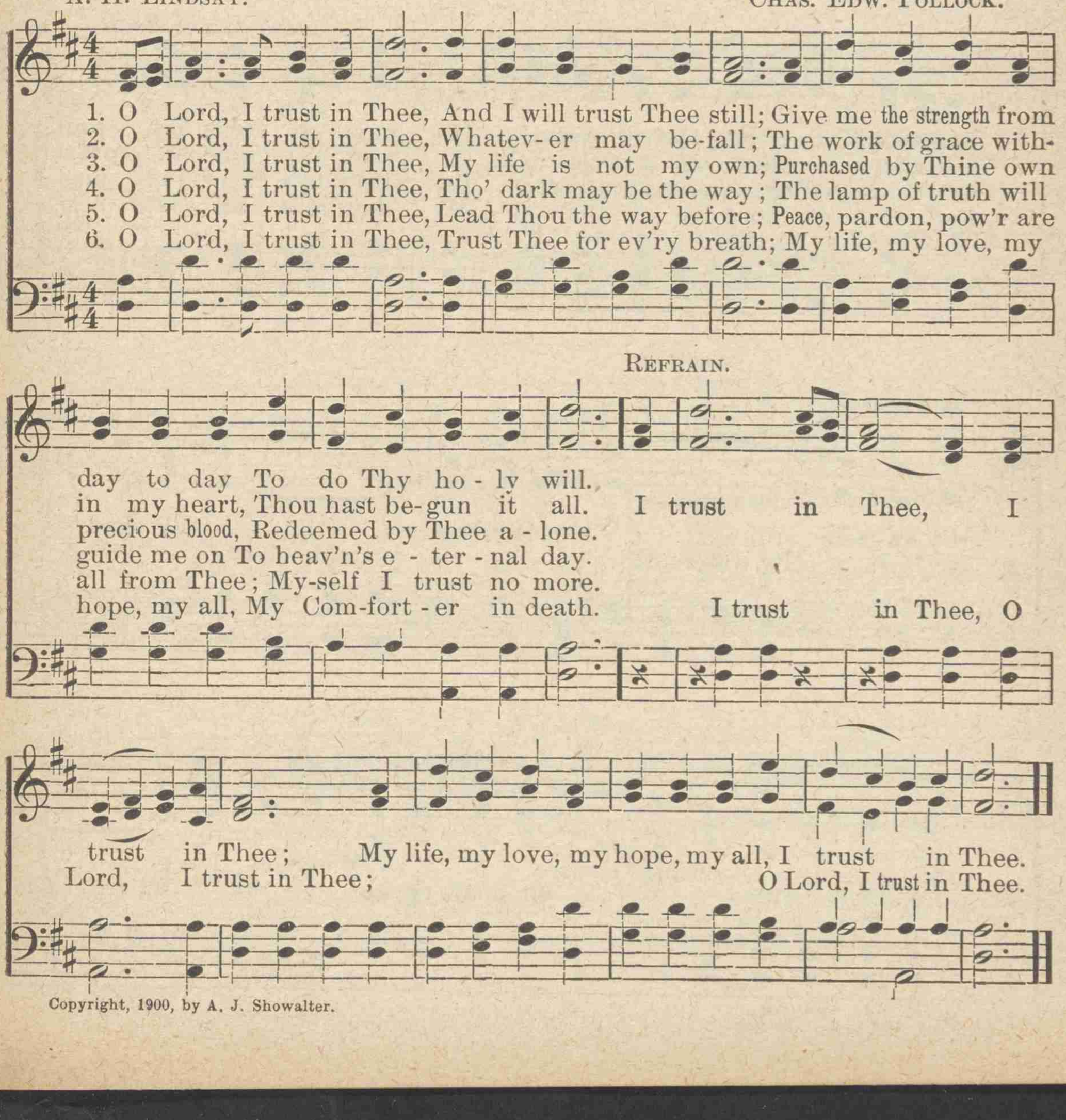
MIGHTY POWER OF CHRIST, Concluded.



No. 72. I TRUST IN THEE.

A. H. LINDSAY. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 73. MY SAVIOUR SATISFIES.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I walk in ways of pleas-antness, For Christ hath sweet con - trol;
2. Through dreary watches of the night To Beth - el I re - pair,
3. From Ma-ra's bit - terness I turn To E - lim's wa - ters cool;
4. Each day that nears the fi - nal goal I find some glad sur - prise,

And though I tread the wil - derness, His man - na feeds my soul.
And there a host of an-gels bright A - wait my soul in prayer.
And through distress mine eyes discern Be - thes - da's heal - ing pool.
And ev - 'ry long-ing of the soul My Sav - iour sat - is - fies.

REFRAIN.

By wa - ters still, ... or troubled sea, ... By shad - y rill, ... or flow-'ry lea, ... Where'er I go, . . .

By waters still, or troubled sea, By shad - y rill, or flow -'ry lea, Where'er I go,

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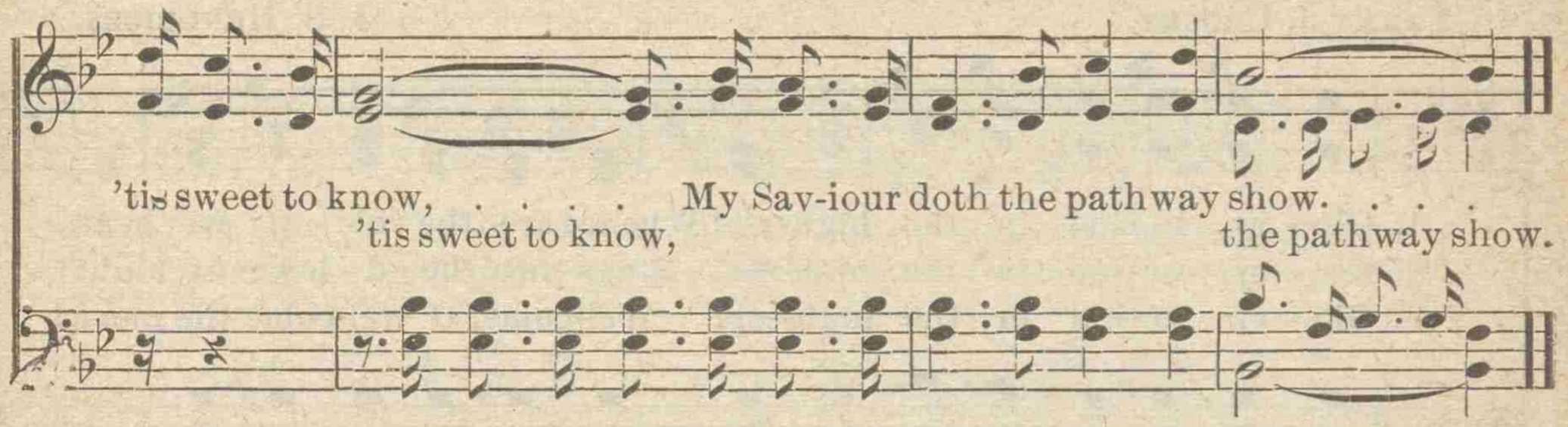
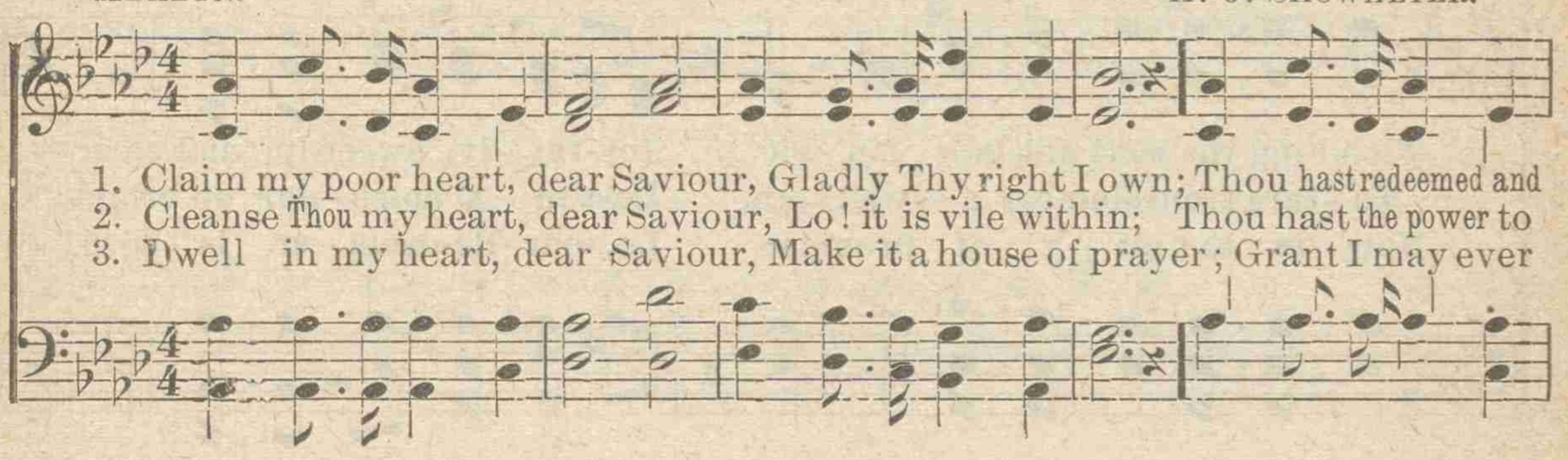
MY SAVIOUR SATISFIES. Concluded.



No. 74. TAKE MY HEART, DEAR SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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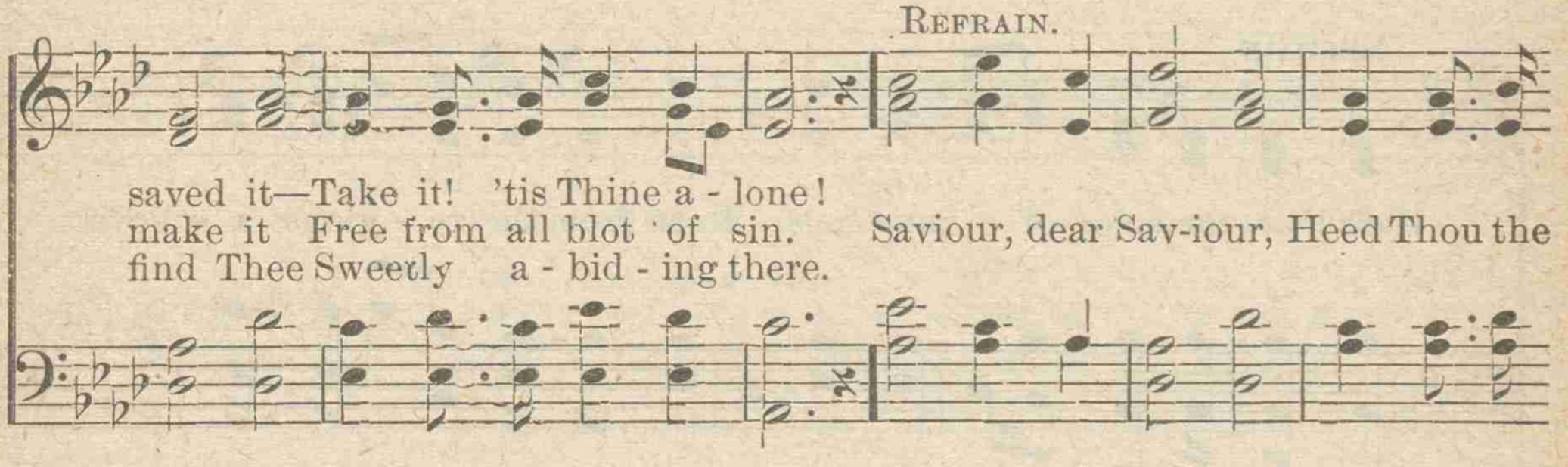

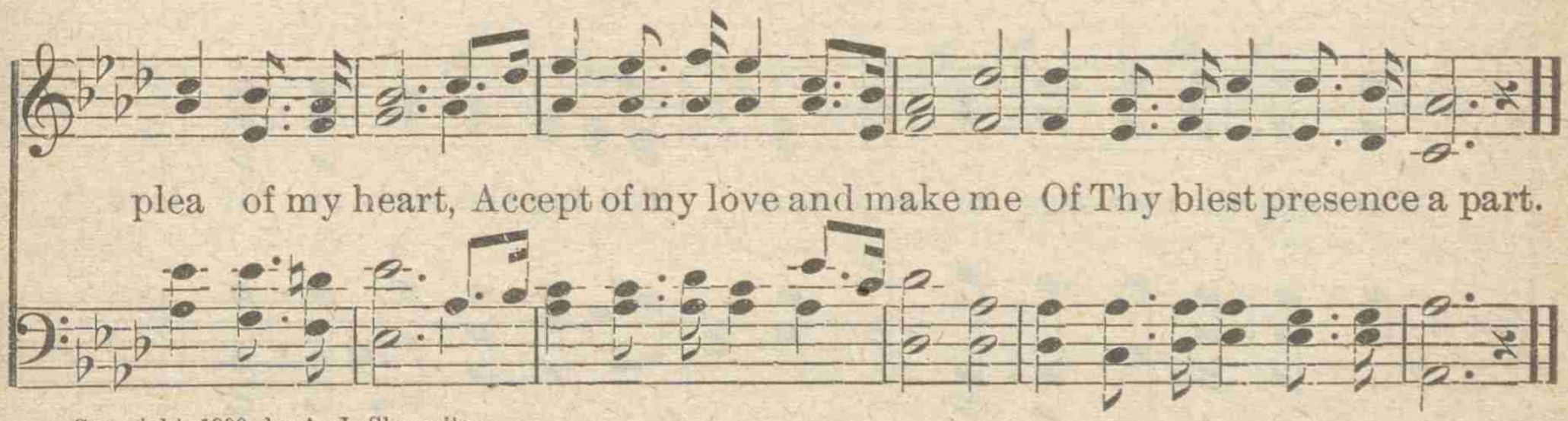

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No. 75. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

FANNY J. CROSBY. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Whence are the voic - es we hear,
2. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Rings thro' the si - lence of night;
3. Glo - ry to God in the high-est! Wel-come, O wel-come the morn!

Flood-ing the world with their mu - sic, Joy-ful - ly, sweet-ly and clear.
Na - ture from slumber a - wak - eth, Lost in a splen - dor so bright.
Now in the cit - y of prom-ise, Lo, our Re-deem - er is born!

REFRAIN

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Born from the re - gions a - bove,
Waft-ing the mes-sage of rap - ture, Tell-ing the sto - ry of love.

Copyright, 1897, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 76. THE CITY OF GOD.

R. H. C. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. In that beau-ti - ful cit - y that is built above, There's a mansion prepared for me;
2. 'Tis the hand of my Saviour that is leading on To those mansions prepared above,
3. O that beau-ti-ful city with its streets of gold, Soon we'll enter to sin no more;

There my Saviour is reigning, all is peace and love, And by faith all its glories I see.
And I trust Him completely, all my fears are gone, For I know that my Saviour is love.
There we'll dwell with the Saviour, share its joys untold, When we've crossed to the ever bright shore.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful cit - y, Cit - y so bright;
Beau-ti-ful cit-y, beau - ti-ful cit - y, Cit-y so fair, so beautiful and bright,

Beau - ti-ful cit - y, Jesus its light.
Beauti-ful cit-y, cit-y so bright, Jesus is its light, yes, Jesus is its light.

Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 77. COME HOME.

E. F. S. Rev. E. F. Stanton.

1. O sinner, come home . . . . to Jesus to-day, ... Come humbly, with
2. O brother, come home . . . to duty, to God, . . . Come, follow the
3. O prod-i-gal, come, ... you've tarried so late, . . Thy father so

O sinner, come home, to Jesus to-day,

faith . . . the gospel o-bey; , . . . On Cal-va-ry's cross . . .
path . . . that Jesus has trod; . . . . Come back to the church . .
long . . . has watched at the gate; . . . He'll hasten to run . . .

Come humbly with faith the gospel obey; On Calvary's cross

He suffered and died . . . . That you in His love . . . might ever a-
and take up Thy cross, ... The Lord will in love . . . consume all your
and meet you with bliss, . . . And give you a robe, . . . a ring and a

He suffered and died That you in His love

bide. . . . The Saviour of men . . . is waiting in love, ...
dross. . . . Why wander so long . . . away from the fold, ...
kiss; . . . Glad anthems will ring . . . thro' heaven and earth, , .

might ever abide. The Saviour of men is waiting in love,

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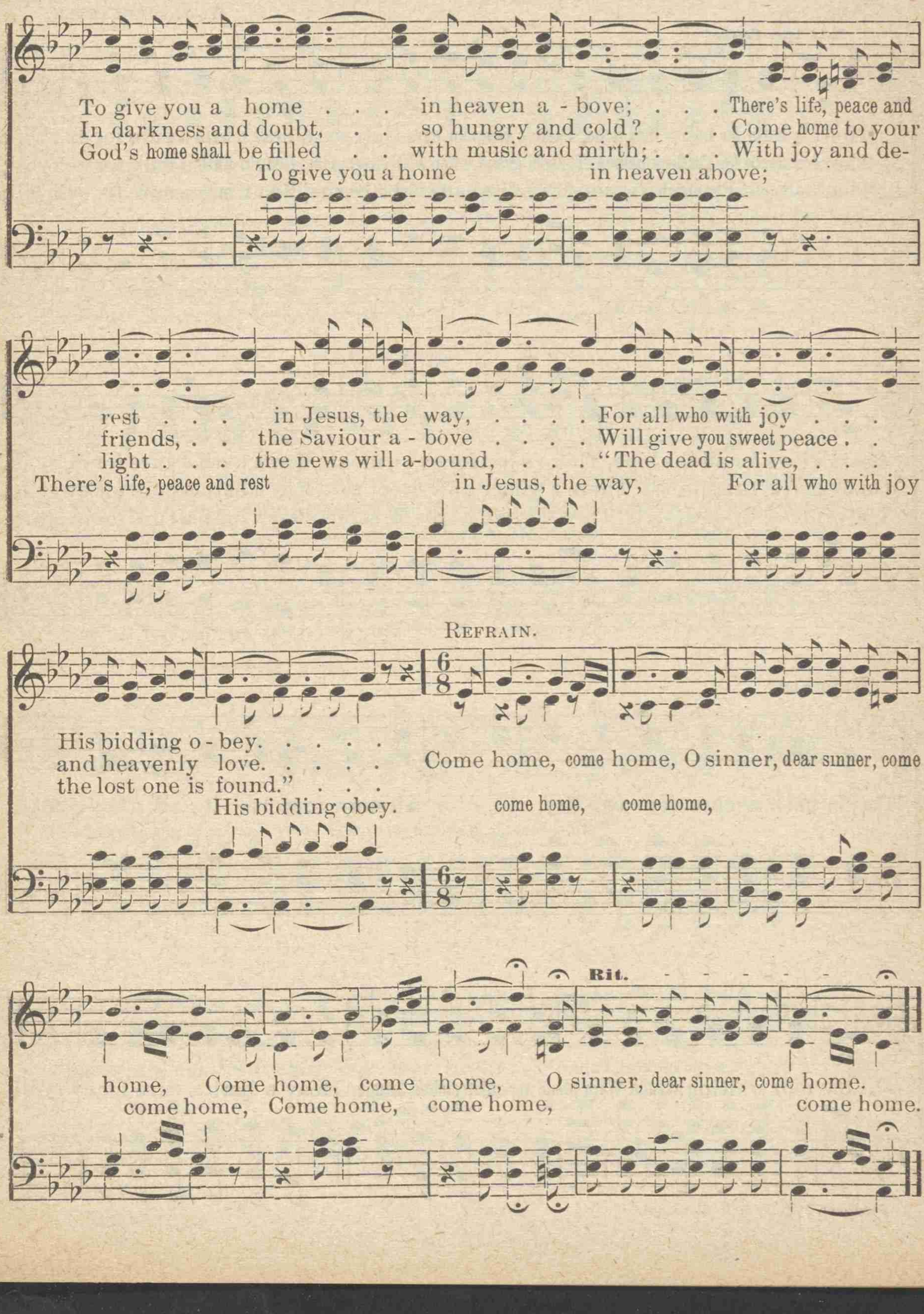
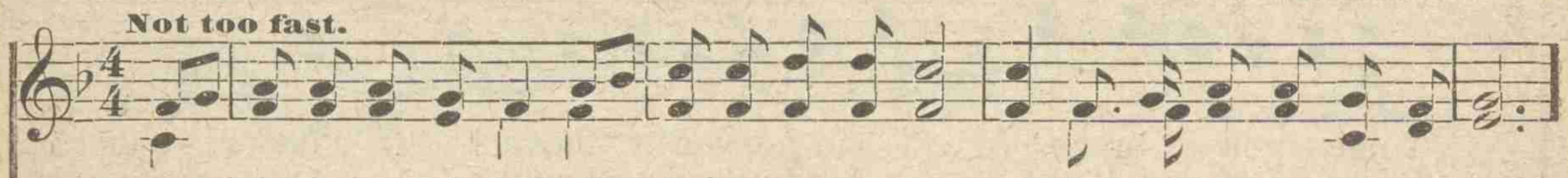
COME HOME. Concluded.



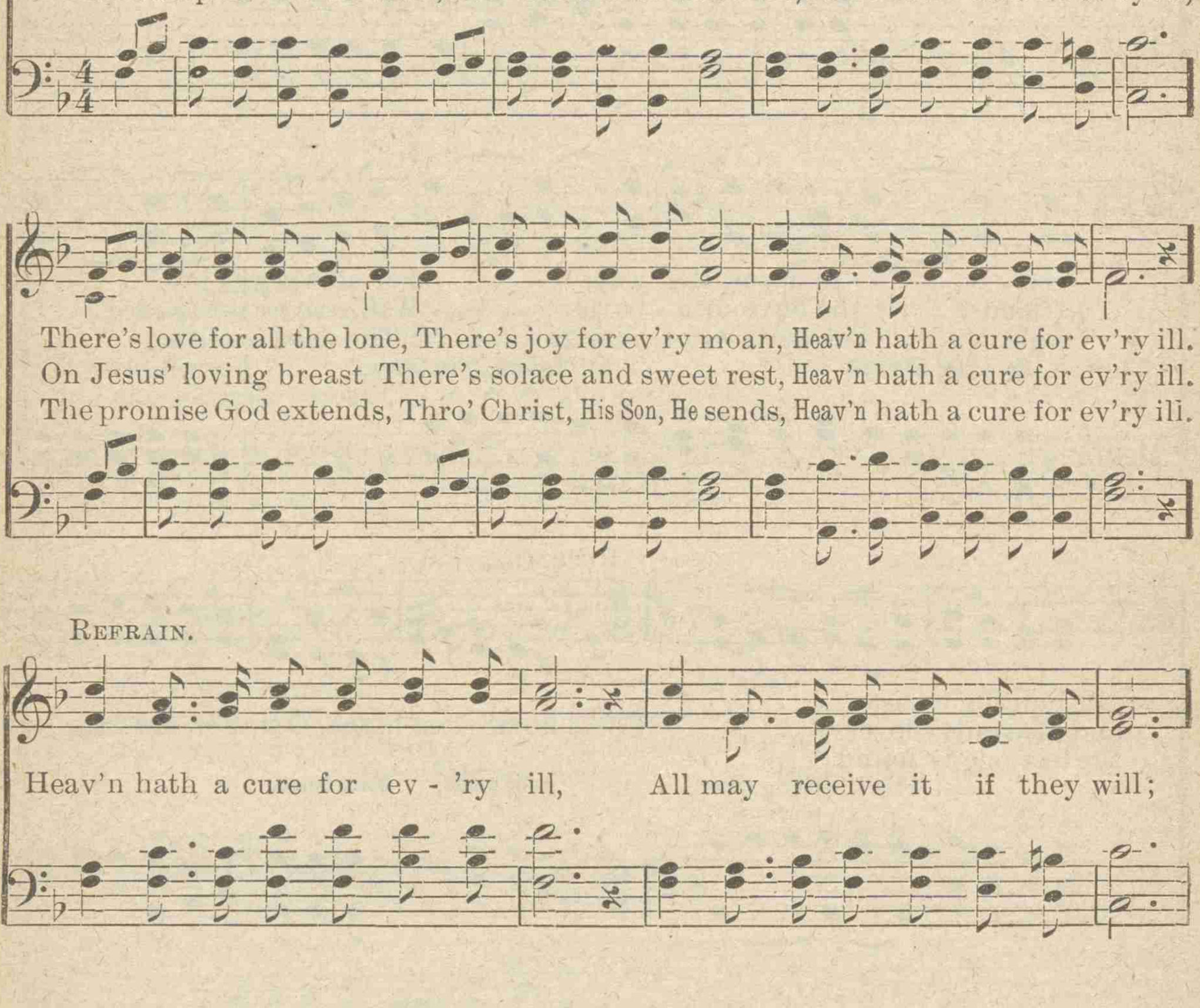
No. 78. HEAVEN HATH A CURE.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Not too fast.



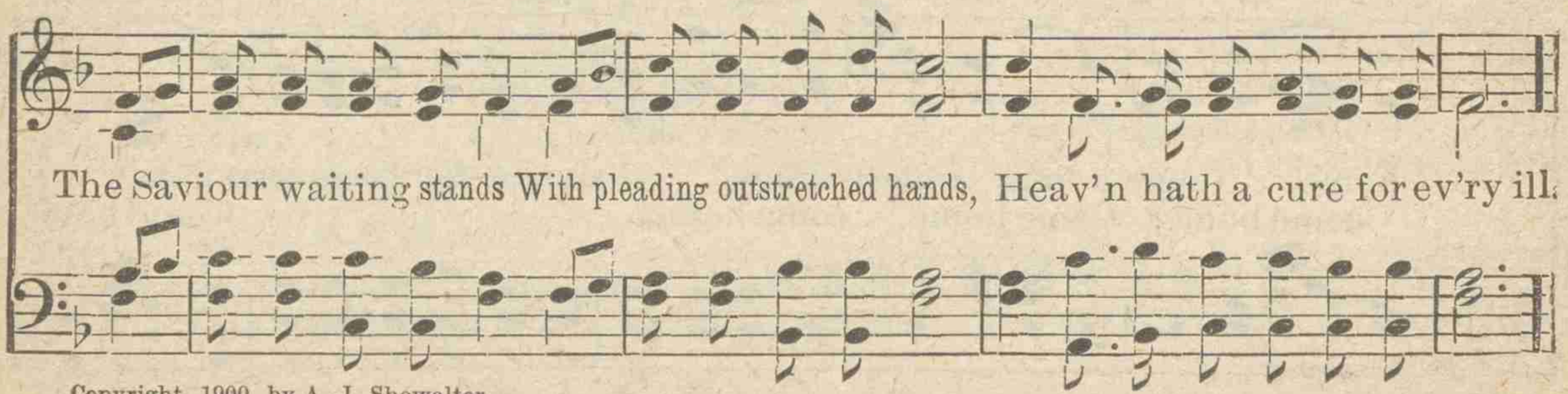
1. There's balm for hearts that ache, There's sleep for eyes that wake, Heav'n hath a cure for ev'ry ill;
2. There's peace for restless hearts, There's grace when sin departs, Heav'n hath a cure for ev'ry ill;
3. There's hope for souls that mourn, Life's cares can all be borne, Heav'n hath a cure for ev'ry ill;



There's love for all the lone, There's joy for ev'ry moan, Heav'n hath a cure for ev'ry ill.
On Jesus' loving breast There's solace and sweet rest, Heav'n hath a cure for ev'ry ill.
The promise God extends, Thro' Christ, His Son, He sends, Heav'n hath a cure for ev'ry ill.

REFRAIN.

Heav'n hath a cure for ev - 'ry ill, All may receive it if they will;



The Saviour waiting stands With pleading outstretched hands, Heav'n hath a cure for ev'ry ill.

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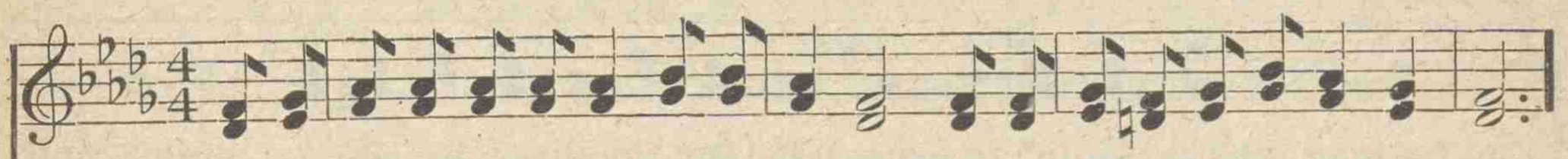
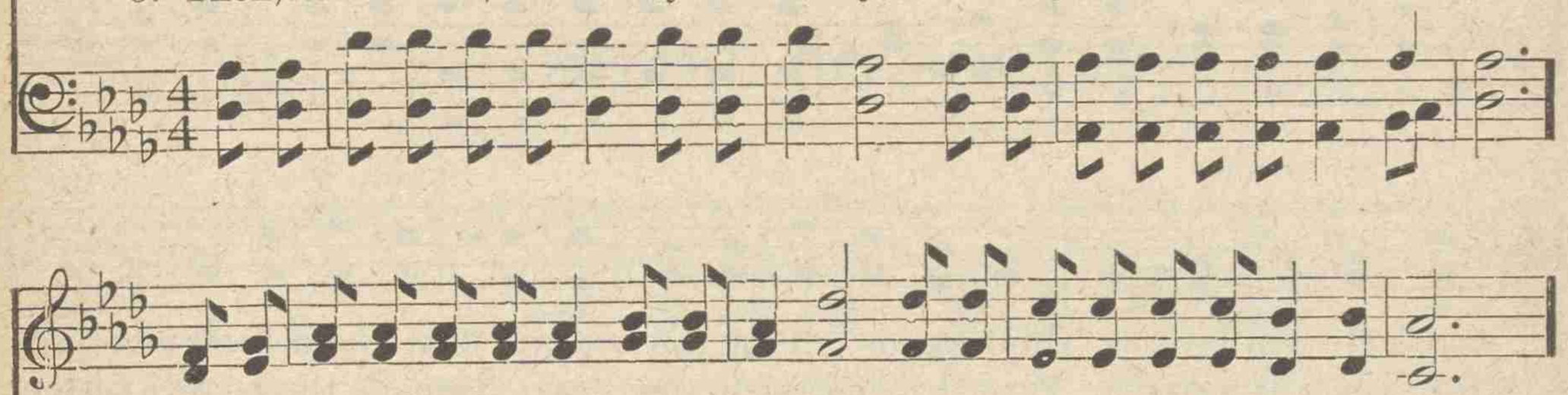
No. 79. FAR BEYOND THE STARLIT SKY THERE'S A CITY.

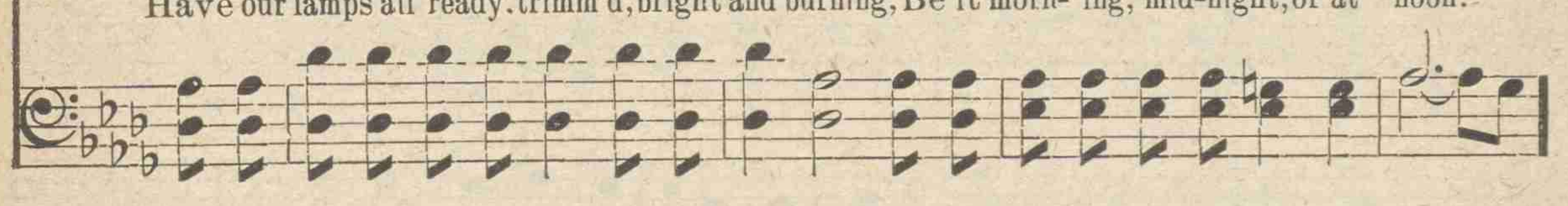
G. B. F. G. B. Fields.



1. Far beyond the star-lit sky there's a ci - ty Which was fashioned not by human hands,
2. Oh, there nev-er fall-eth night in that ci - ty, And there nev-er cometh pain nor care;
3. Then, dear comrades, on our way to that ci-ty, Let us put the wedding gar-ment on,



And life's riv-er flowing by in its beau-ty Ev-er ripples o-ver golden sands.
For the Saviour is the light and the beauty, Filling all that heav'nly land with cheer.
Have our lamps all ready. trimm'd, bright and burning, Be it morn- ing, mid-night, or at noon.



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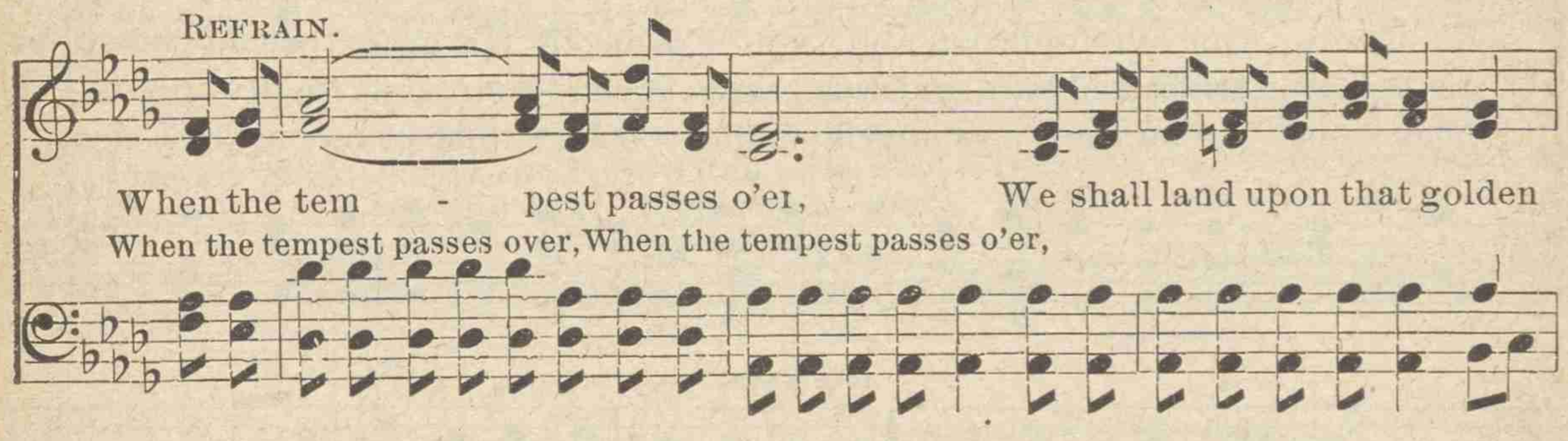
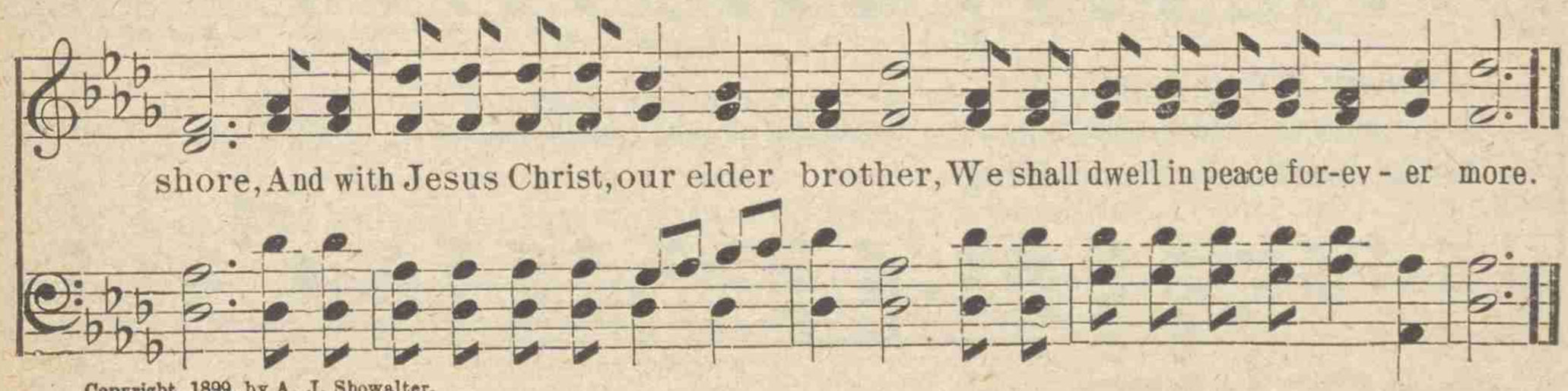


When the tem - pest passes o'er, We shall land upon that golden
When the tempest passes over, When the tempest passes o'er,



shore, And with Jesus Christ, our elder brother, We shall dwell in peace for-ev - er more.

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No. 80. LOOKING AWAY.

Dedicated to Dolly Hutson, South Carolina.

Words by
Rev. Eugene P. Mickel, D. D.

Music by
Rev. N. Keff Smith, D. D.

1. Looking a - way un-to Je - sus, What are the ills of to - day? Wisdom and
2. Looking a - way un-to Je - sus,—Je - sus who ev-er is near,— Sorrows and
3. Looking a - way un-to Je - sus, Soon we shall weary no more; O for the

strength He will give us, Guid-ing us all of the way. Out of our weakness and
troub-les will van-ish, Perfect love casteth out fear. Gone is the heart's bitter
rest that is promised, When this brief sojourn is o'er. O for the beauty of

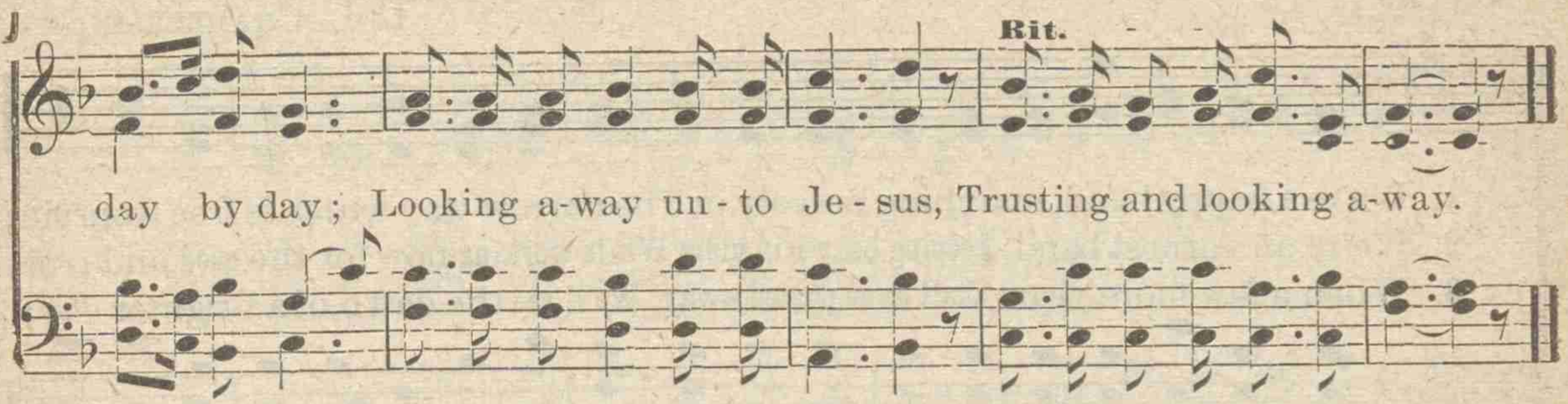
fail - ure, Out of temptation and sin, Kept by His grace thro' life's battles,
an - guish, Throbbings of pain and woe cease, When to our souls fondly trusting,
heav - en, O for the songs angels sing! O for the meeting our Sav - iour,

Refrain.

We shall the victo-ry win.
Jesus, our Saviour, speaks peace. Looking a-way, looking away! Morning, evening,
Jesus, our Saviour and King.

Cpoyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter.

LOOKING AWAY. Concluded.



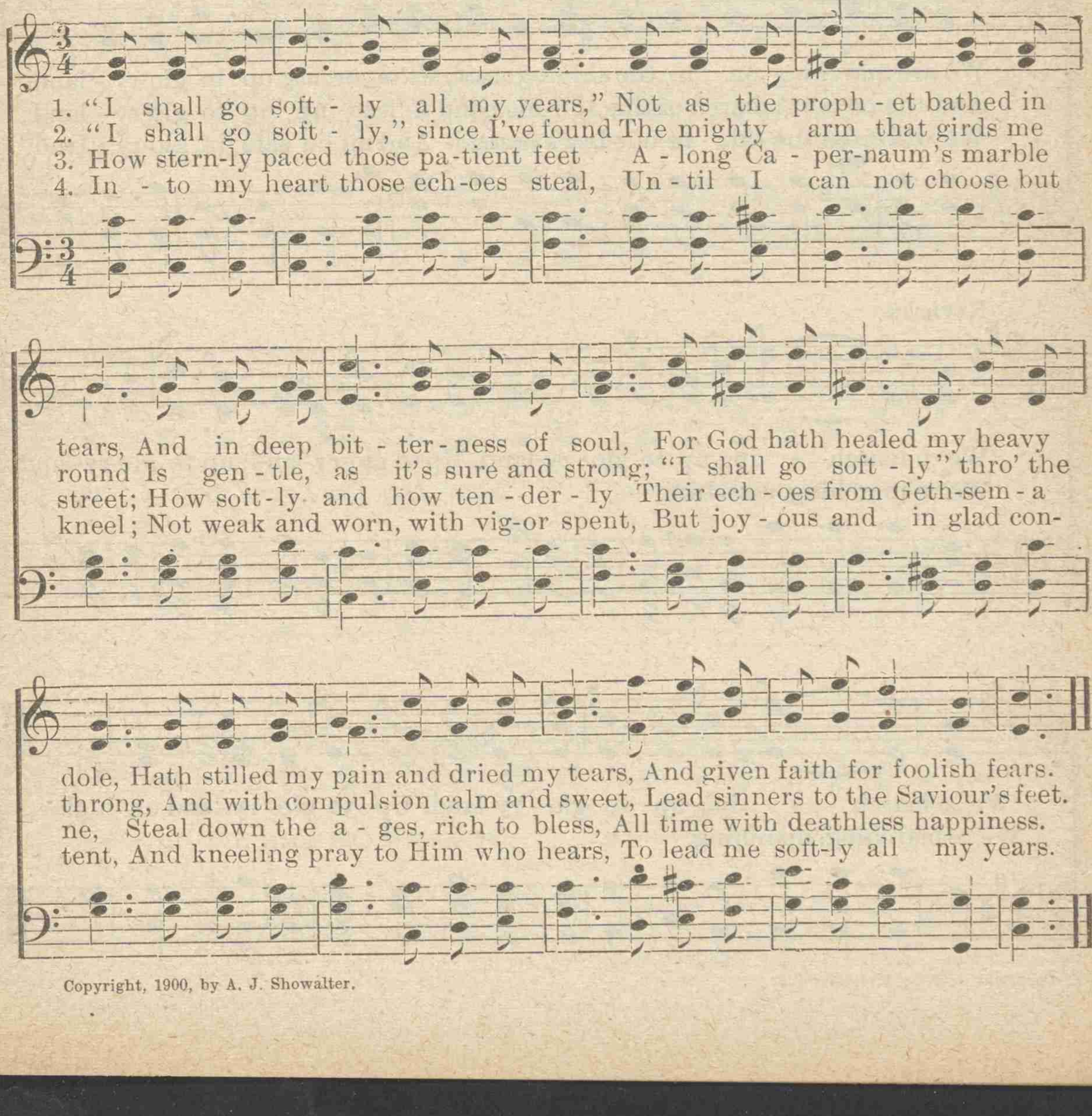
No. 81. "I SHALL GO SOFTLY."

Dedicated to my dear brother, A. J. Showalter.—(N. K. S.)

Words by
DR. ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

ISA. 38: 15.

Music by
Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D. D.



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No. 82. MARCHING UP TO GLORY-LAND.

C. L. C. C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. We're a happy band, marching bravely in The narrow way which is free from sin;
2. We're an earnest band, keeping heav'n in view While working now for the good and true,
3. When a few more years shall have passed away, We'll see the dawn of a brighter day;

We are marching on to the shining strand, We're marching up to glo-ry - land.
And the on-ward march of this toil-ing band Is lead-ing up to glo-ry - land.
We will cross the tide at our Lord's command, And all be safe in glo-ry - land.

REFRAIN.

We're march - ing up to glo - ry-land, Up to glo-ry-land, up to glo-ry-land,
We're marching, marching

We're march - ing up to glo - ry land, Up to glo - ry-land on high.
We're marching, marching

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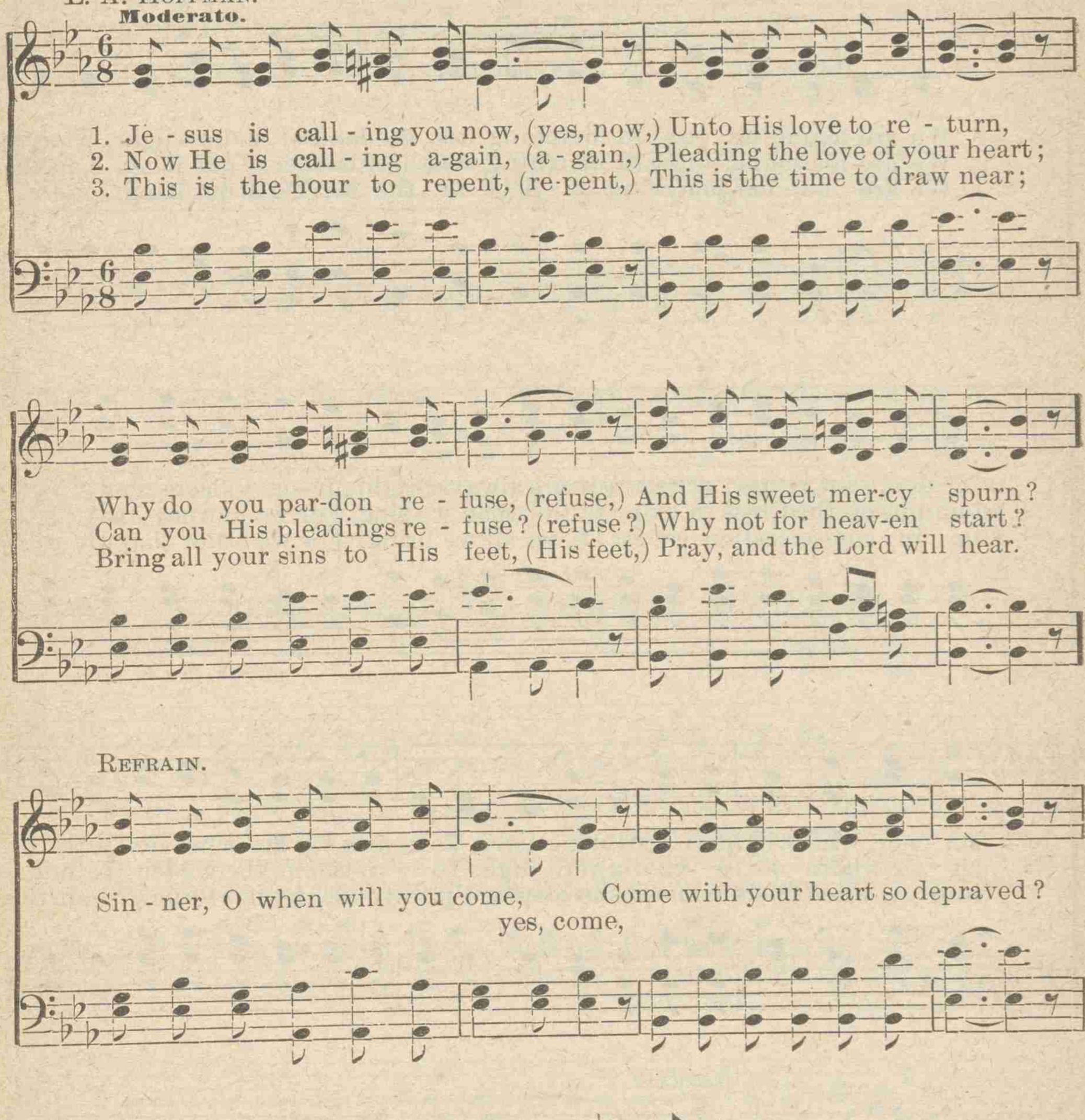
No. 83. JESUS IS CALLING YOU NOW.

E. A. HOFFMAN. GEO. W. BACON.

Moderato.



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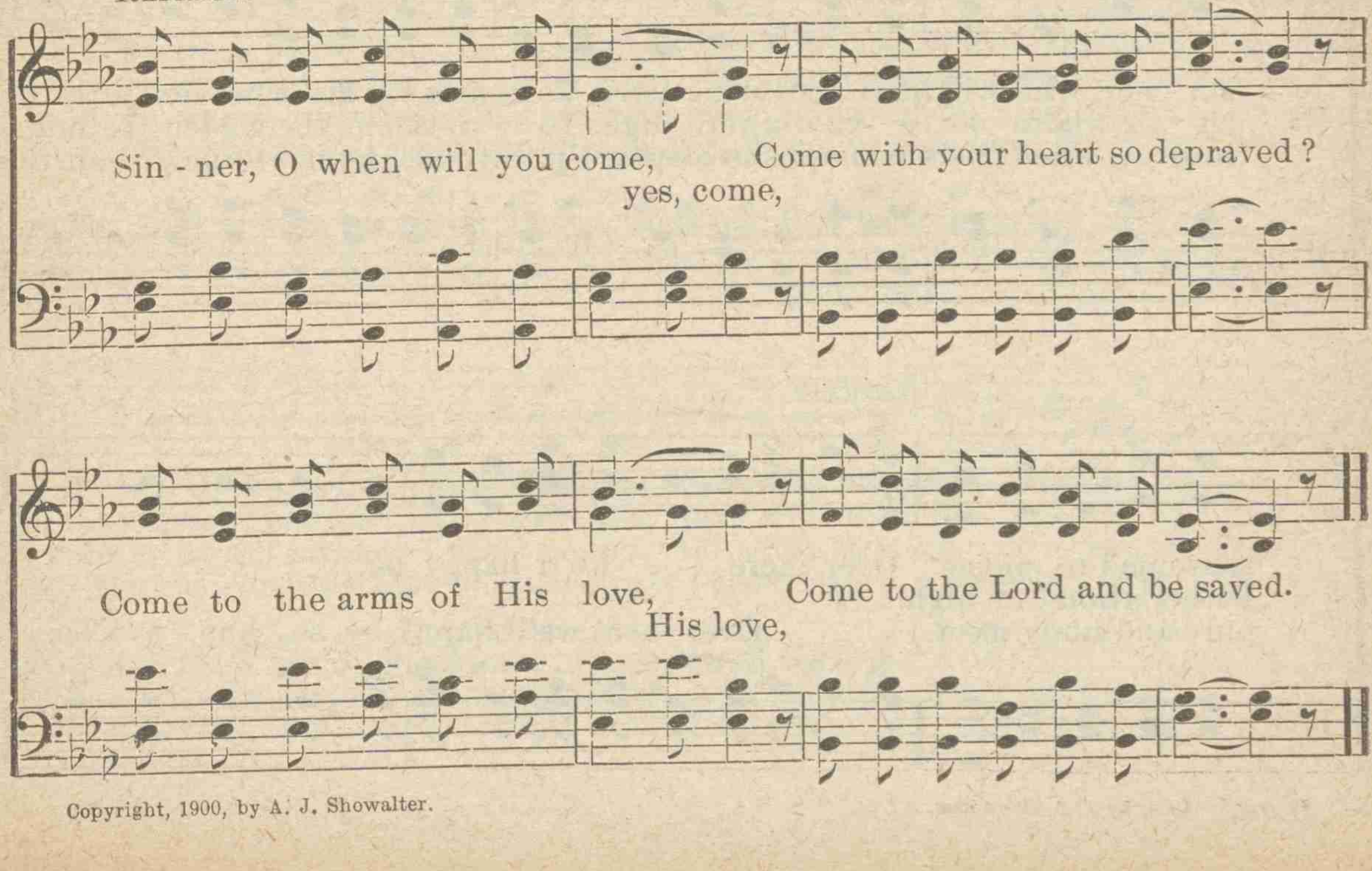

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No. 84. WE ARE MARCHING ONWARD.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Suggested by C. O. H. C. O. HARTSFIELD.

1. We are marching, onward marching, to the land of endless light, Where we
2. We are marching, onward marching, neath the banner of our King, And the
3. We are un - der marching or - ders in the service of our King, Un-to

ne'er shall know a sorrow, where the skies are always bright. Je-sus welcomes ev - 'ry
tri-umphs of the Cross in ex-ul-ta-tion glad we sing, For we journey to a
Him in con-se-cration, love and life, and all we bring; For we know that He will

sin - ner, who will heed His loving voice, To go home with Him in heaven, with the
cit - y where no e - vil draweth nigh, To Je-ru-salem, the golden, To our
lead us, when life's triumphs are complete, Up to yonder home eternal, where the

REFRAIN.

ransomed to rejoice. Over there . . we'll happy be,
Father's home on high.
pure and ho-ly meet. Over there we'll happy be. so hap - py be,

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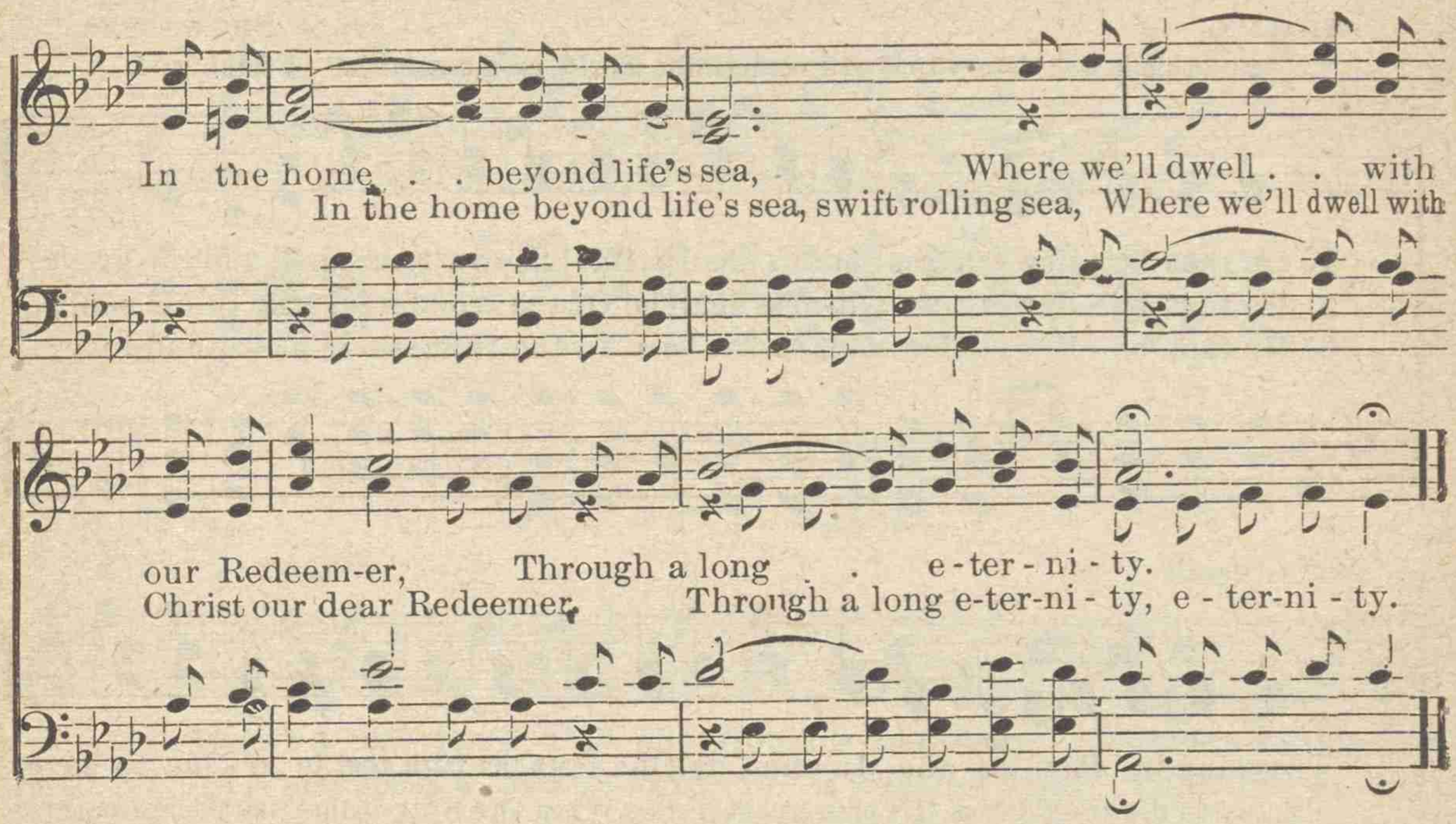
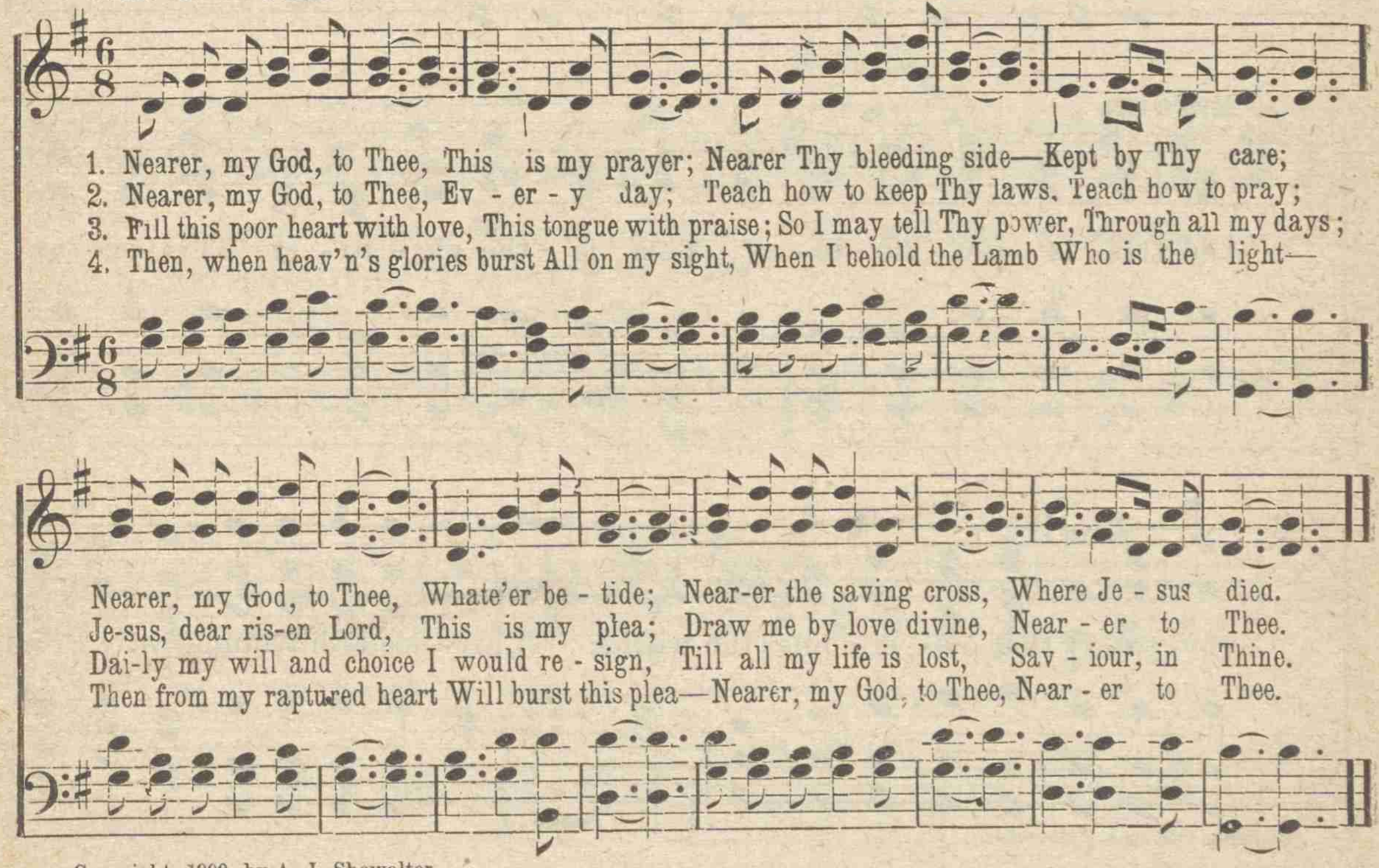
WE ARE MARCHING. Concluded.



No. 85. NEARER TO JESUS, MY GOD.

Words by
Mrs. A. P. Jaris.

Music by
Rev. N. Keff Smith, D. D.



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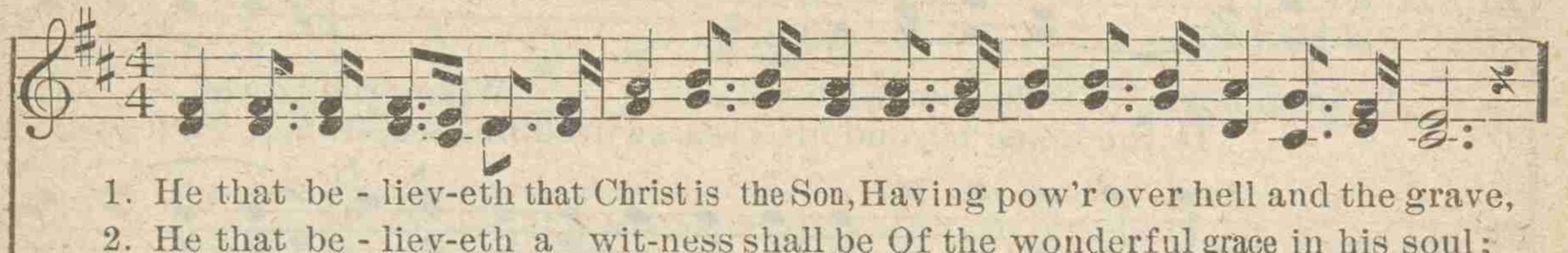
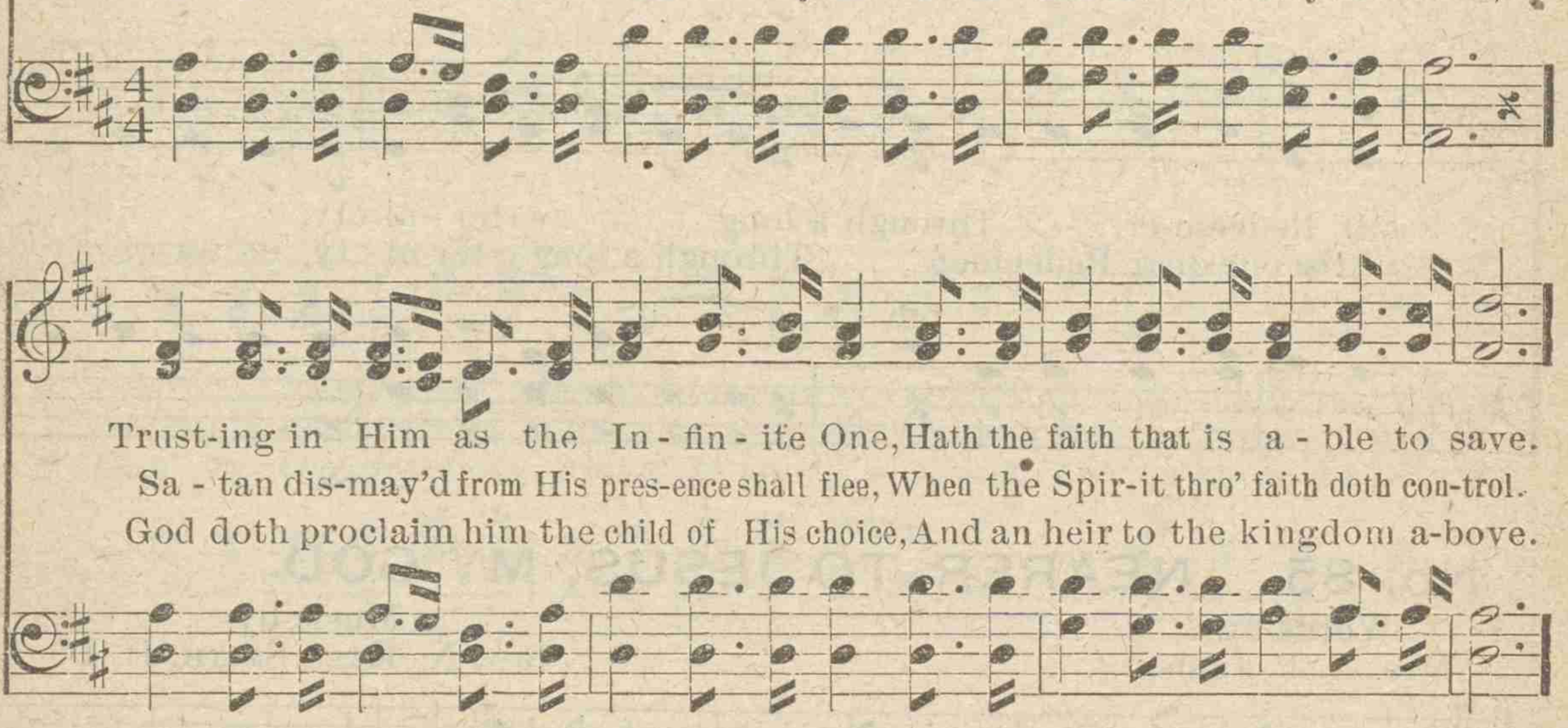
No. 86. FAITH IS THE VICTORY.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

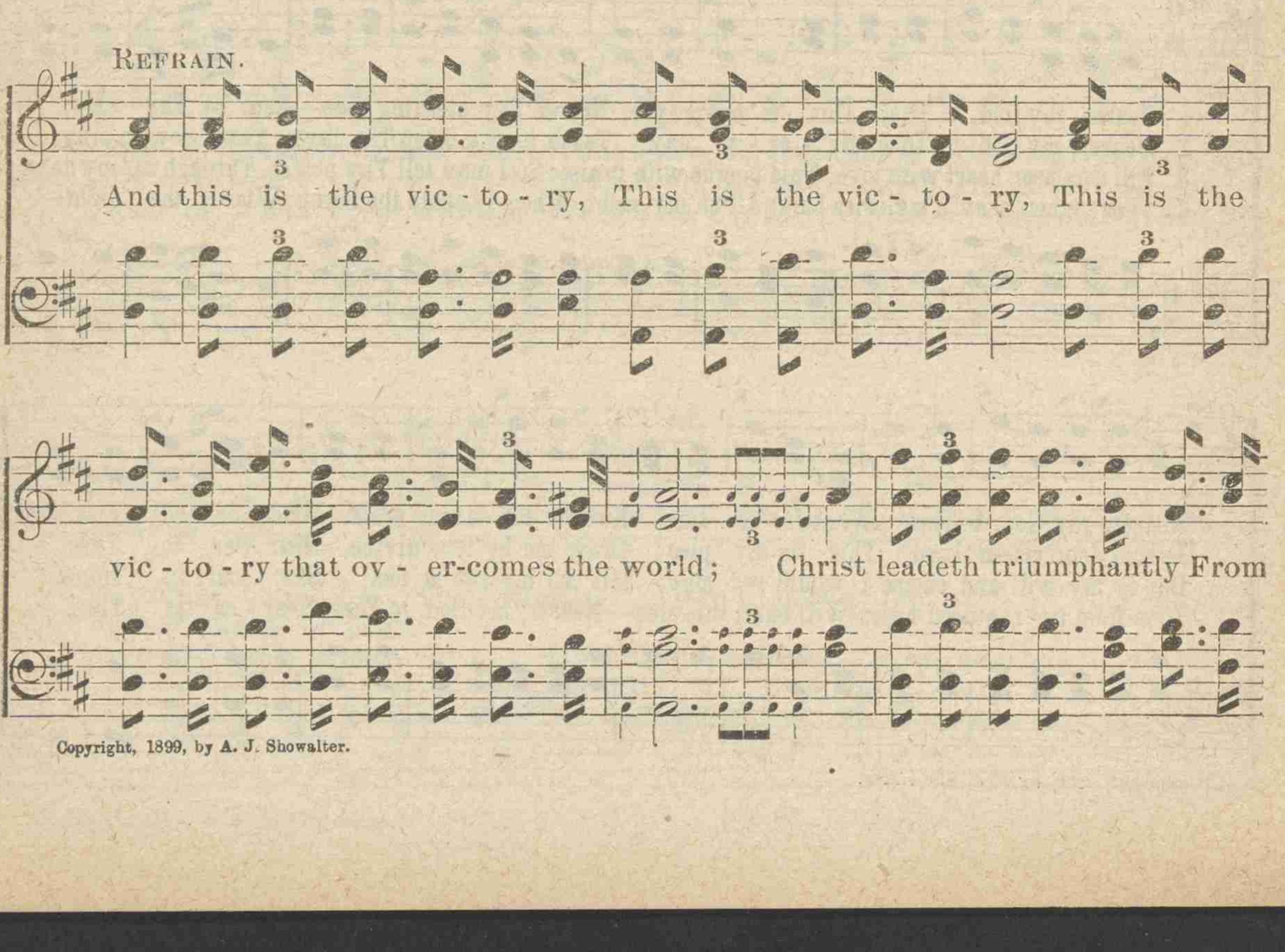
"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, *even* our faith." I John v: 4.



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



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



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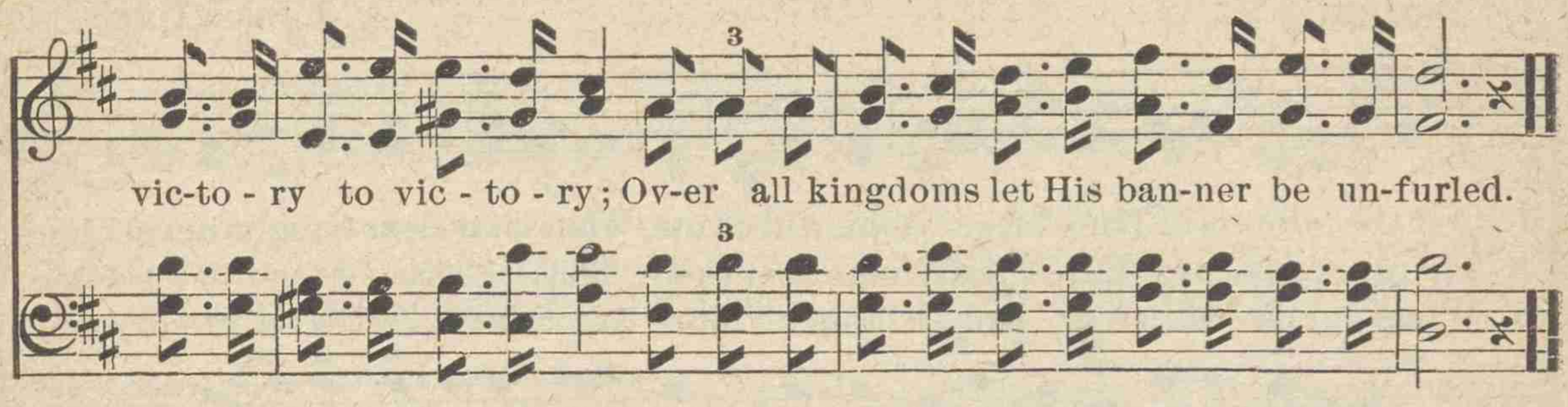
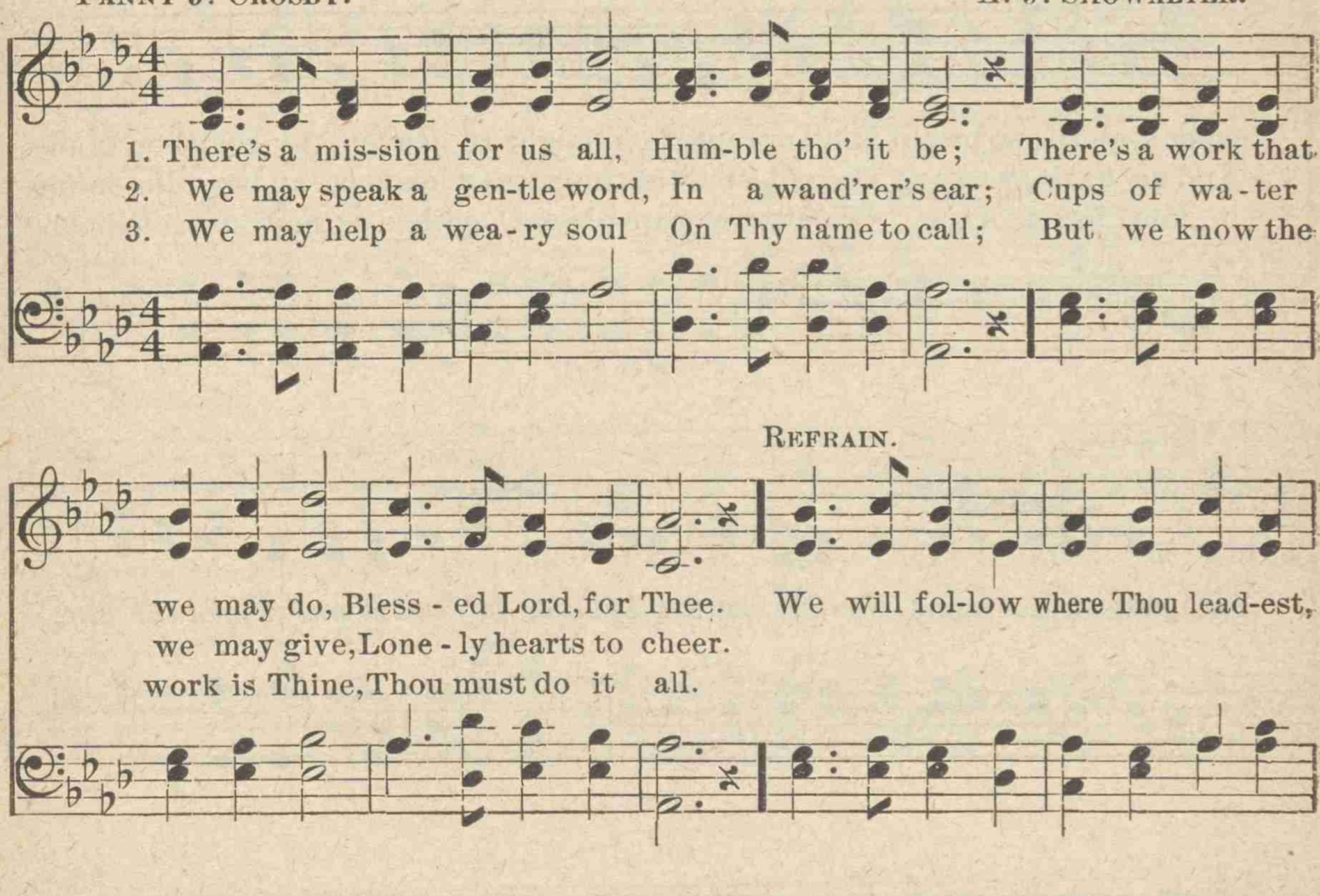
FAITH IS THE VICTORY.



No. 87. AT THY SIDE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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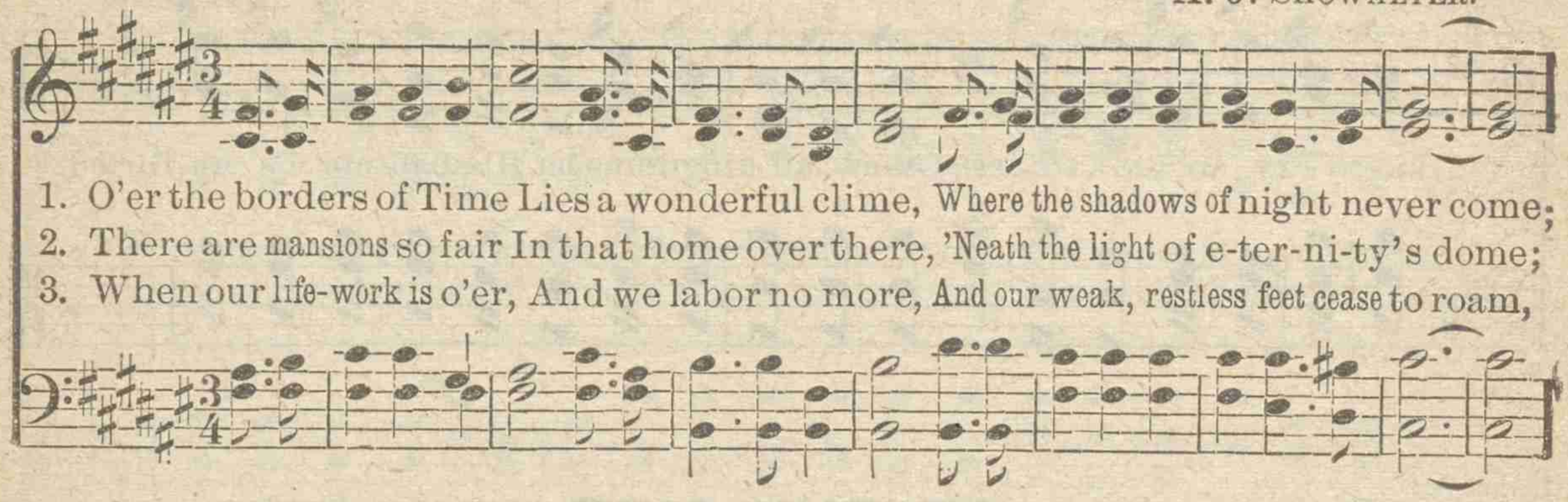
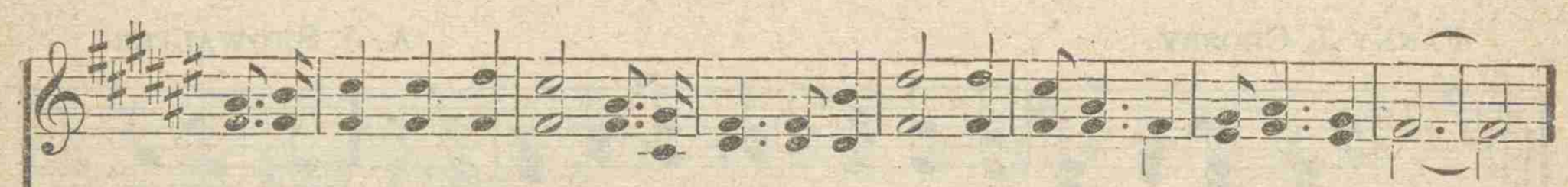
No. 88. THE HOME OF THE RANSOMED.

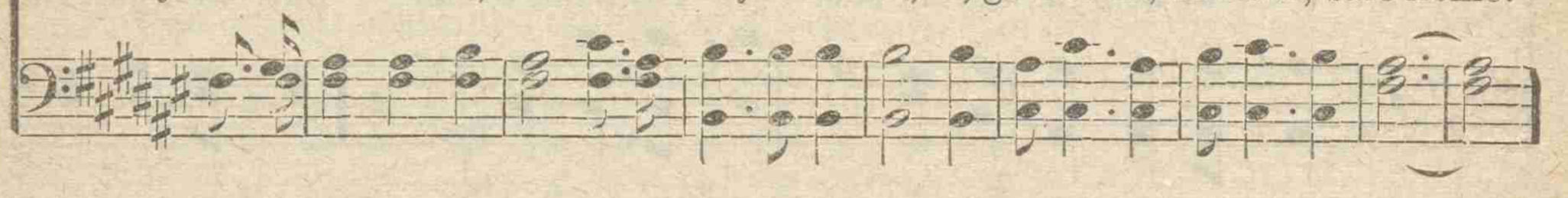
ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O'er the borders of Time Lies a wonderful clime, Where the shadows of night never come;
2. There are mansions so fair In that home over there, 'Neath the light of e-ter-ni-ty's dome;
3. When our life-work is o'er, And we labor no more, And our weak, restless feet cease to roam,



And its glories so bright Shall enrapture the sight In heaven, my beautiful home.
And my Saviour awaits The redeemed at the gates Of heaven, my beautiful home.
In yon "haven of rest," Where the weary are blest, O, gather us, Saviour, safe home!



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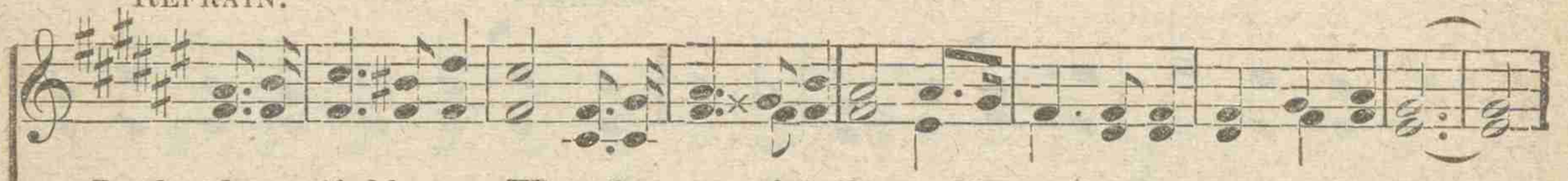
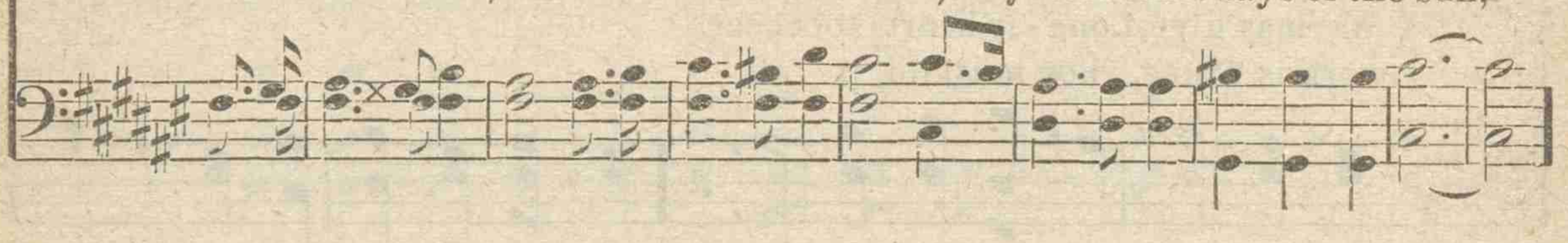


In that beautiful home, Where the ransomed shall come, They need no more rays of the sun,



For the Lamb is the light Of its glory so bright, And He gathers us there one by one.

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No. 89. GOD'S JUSTICE HAS BEEN SATISFIED.

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

1. My hopes a-lone on Christ are built, He has atoned for all my guilt;
2. O wondrous love! a - maz-ing grace! He took my lost and guilt - y place;
3. Though Satan and the world pur-sue, I will not fear what they can do;

For me on Calv'ry's mount He died,—God's justice has been sat - is - fied.
Be - neath His cross, safe I a - bide,—God's justice has been sat - is - fied.
Who can con-demn since Christ has died? God's justice has been sat - is - fied.

REFRAIN.

God's jus-tice has been sat - is - fied, Sat - is-fied, sat - is - fied;
God's jus-tice has been sat - is - fied, Sat - is-fied, sat - is - fied;
God's jus-tice has been sat - is - fied, Sat - is-fied, sat - is - fied;

Since Je - sus suf - fer'd, bled and died, God's justice has been sat - is - fied.
Be - neath His cross, safe I a - bide, God's justice has been sat - is - fied.
Who can comdemn, since Christ has died? God's justice has been sat - is - fied.

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No. 90. LET US LABOR FOR THE MASTER.

L. E. GREEN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter, In His vine - yard here be-low,
2. Let us love and plead for sin - ners, Tell them Je - sus came to die
3. There are sin - sick souls that wan - der In the dark-ness and the cold,

Us - ing faith - ful - ly our tal - ents And a bless - ing He'll be - stow;
That they might have life e - ter - nal In a hap - py home on high;
Let us brfng them to the Shep-herd And the safe - ty of the fold;

There is need of earn - est work - ers In the cause of Christ to - day,
Let us go in - to the hedg - es And the ma - ny haunts of sin—
Let us heal the brok - en-heart - ed With the pre - cious balm of love,

And the Sav-iour's kind ap - prov - al Shall our la - bor well re - pay.
There are lost ones on the mountains, Je - sus bids us bring them in.
Bid them take their griefs to Je - sus And a throne of grace a - bove.

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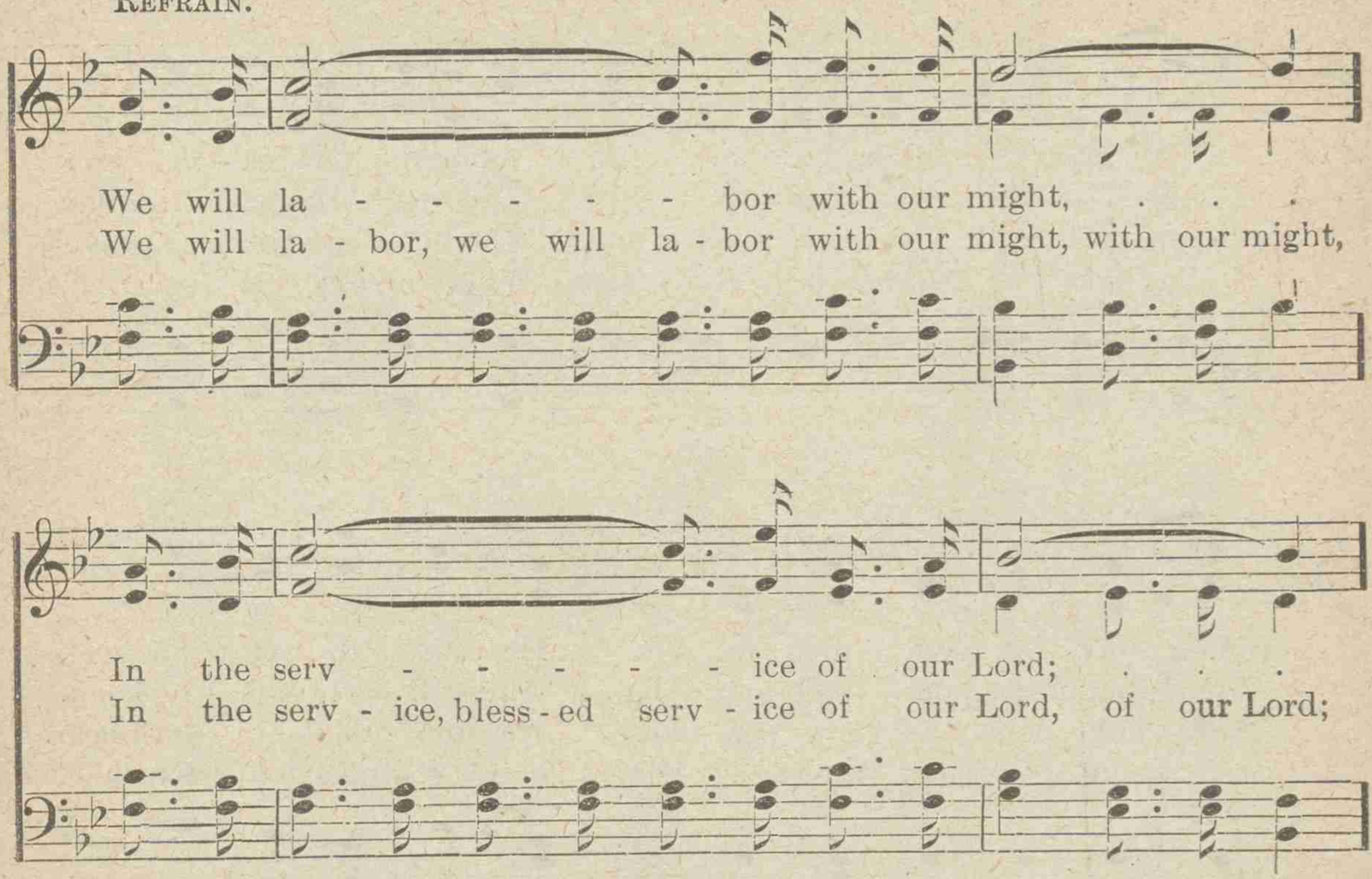
LET US LABOR FOR THE MASTER. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 91. I'M GLAD I HAVE A SAVIOUR.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. J. S. Hendricks.

1. I'm glad I have a Sav - iour Who came to res - cue me;
2. I'm glad I have a Sav - iour Who sought His wand'ring sheep;
3. I'm glad I have a Sav - iour Who hears and answers prayer;
4. I'm glad I have a Sav - iour Whose mer-cy is so free;

When sunk in sin and ru - in He died to set me free.
Who brought me home re - joic - ing, And still doth safe - ly keep.
My bur - dens and my sor - rows He ten - der - ly doth bear.
O come, poor soul, and trust Him, There's gladness too for thee.

Refrain.

I'm glad I have a Sav - iour, I'm glad, I'm glad to - day;

I'm glad I have a Sav - iour Who washed my sins a - way.

Copyright, 1900, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 92. ALL FOR JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. FINLEY LYON.

1. Bless-ed life of con - se-cra - tion, Yielded to the Lord our King, (our King,)
2. By His grace, redeemed, forgiv-en, I would glo - ri-fy His name; (His name;)
3. All for Je - sus; He has bought me, For His blood was shed for me; (for me;)

Of His ut - ter-most sal - va - tion, Let His ransomed children sing.
Fleeting hours to Him be giv - en, Let my lips His praise proclaim.
Now, dear Saviour, Thou hast taught me, All I have to bring to Thee.

REFRAIN.

All, all for Je-sus, all, all for Je-sus, Happy in the love that sets me free,
sets me free,

All, all for Je-sus, all, all for Jesus, All my life for Him who died for me,
who died for me.

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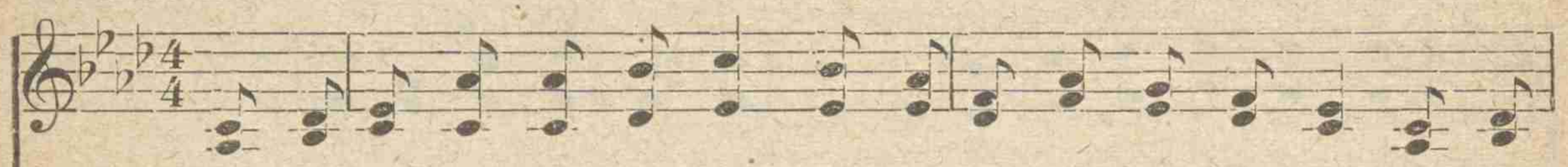
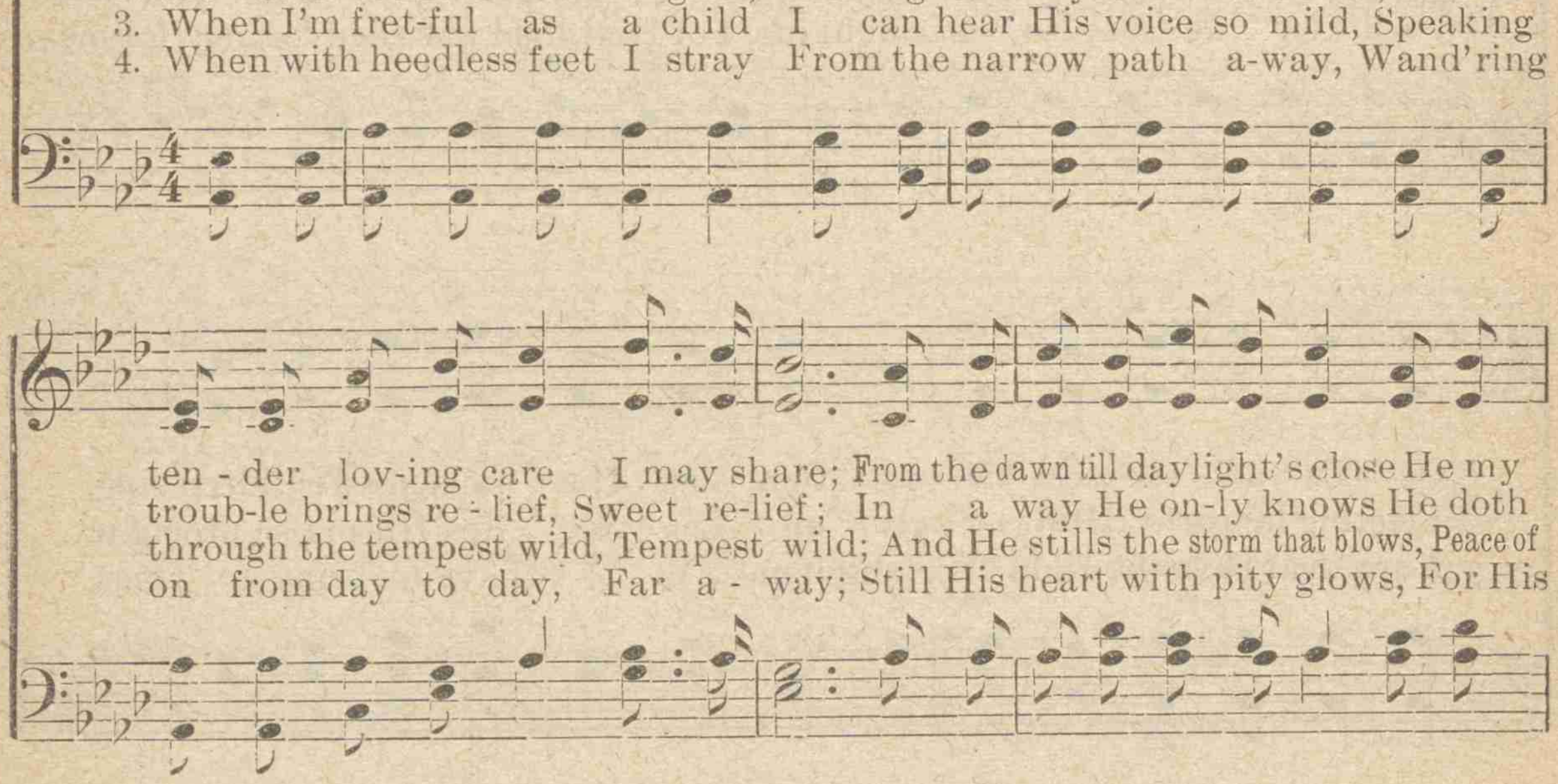
No. 93. HE NEVER WEARY GROWS.

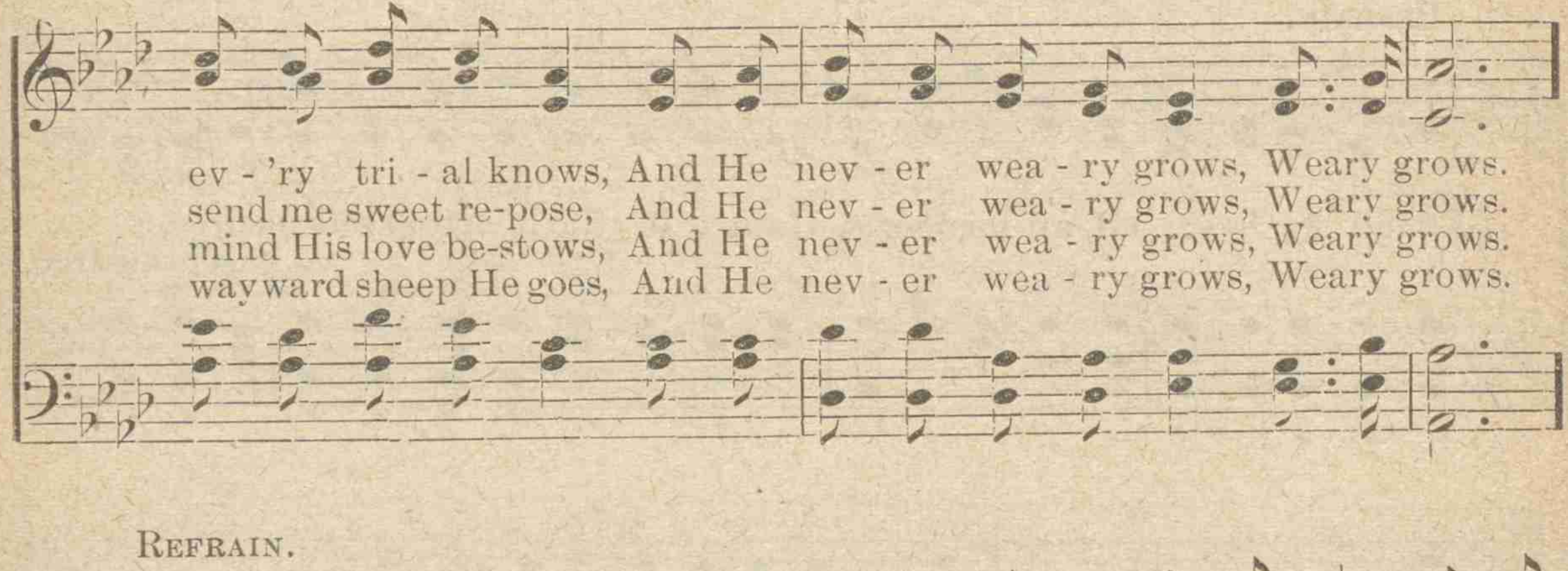
ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. When I come to Christ in prayer He doth all my bur-dens bear, And His
2. He doth comfort me in grief, Making all my sor - rows brief, And in
3. When I'm fret-ful as a child I can hear His voice so mild, Speaking
4. When with heedless feet I stray From the narrow path a-way, Wand'ring

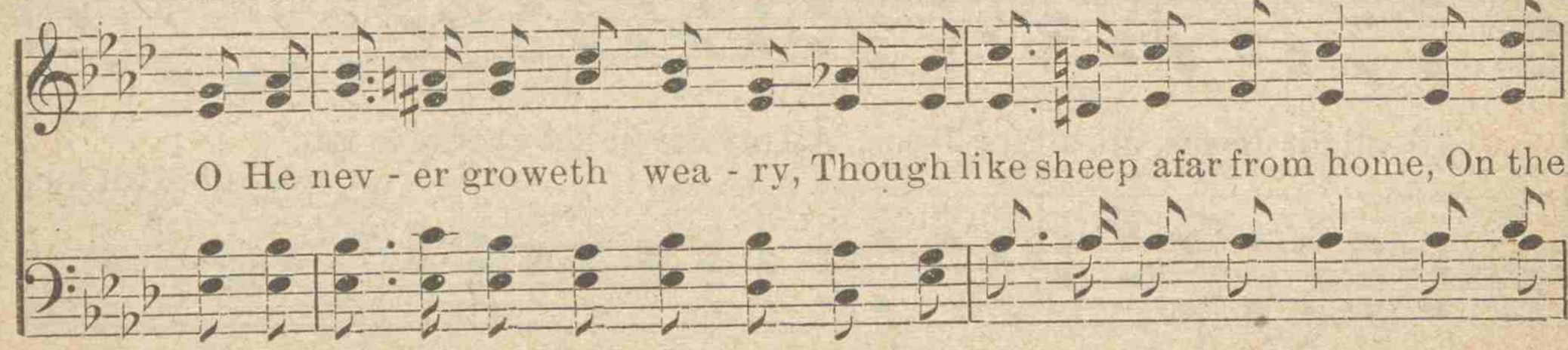


ten - der lov-ing care I may share; From the dawn till daylight's close He my
troub-le brings re - lief, Sweet re-lief; In a way He on-ly knows He doth
through the tempest wild, Tempest wild; And He stills the storm that blows, Peace of
on from day to day, Far a - way; Still His heart with pity glows, For His



ev - 'ry tri - al knows, And He nev - er wea - ry grows, Weary grows.
send me sweet re-pose, And He nev - er wea - ry grows, Weary grows.
mind His love be-stows, And He nev - er wea - ry grows, Weary grows.
wayward sheep He goes, And He nev - er wea - ry grows, Weary grows.

REFRAIN.



O He nev - er groweth wea - ry, Though like sheep afar from home, On the

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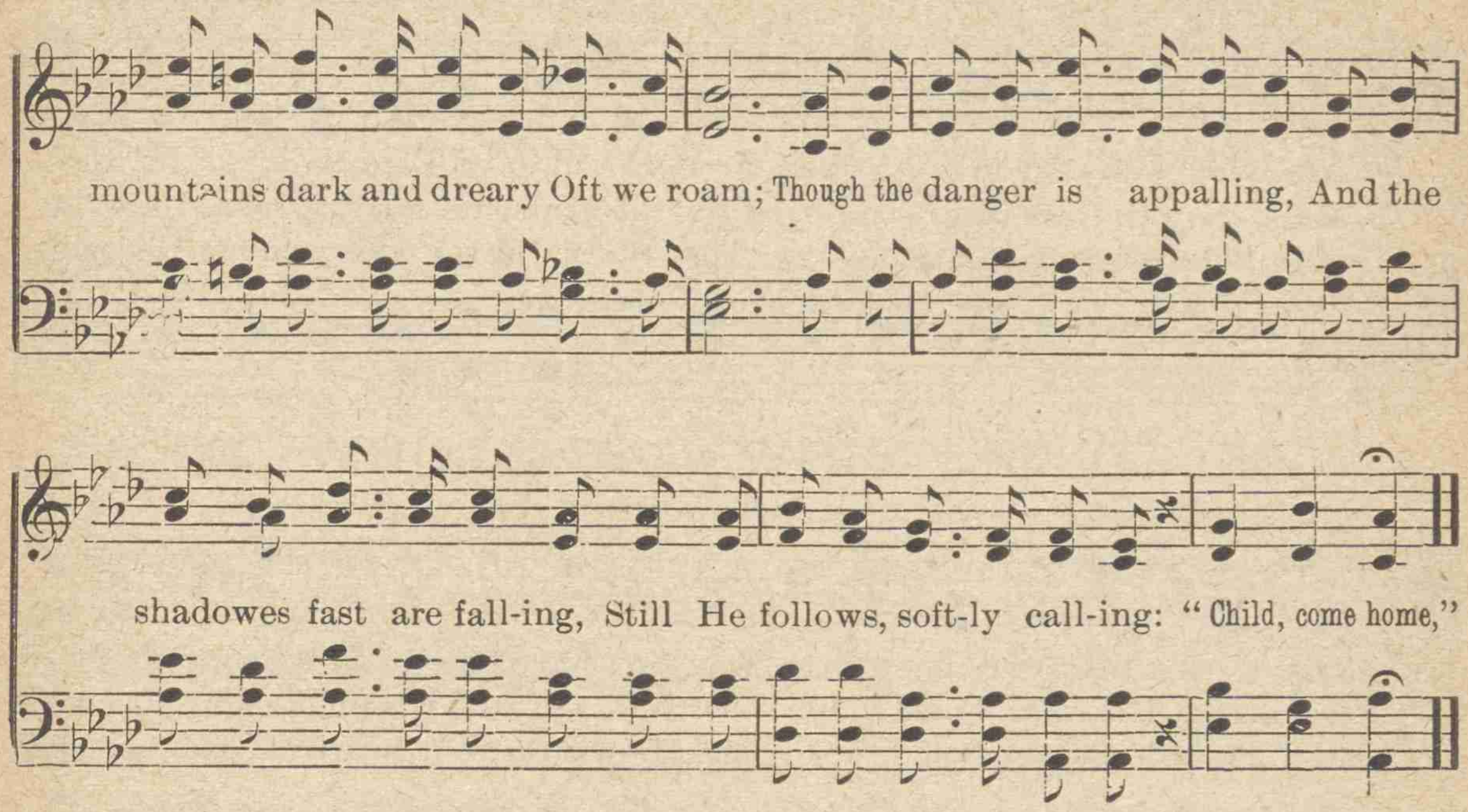
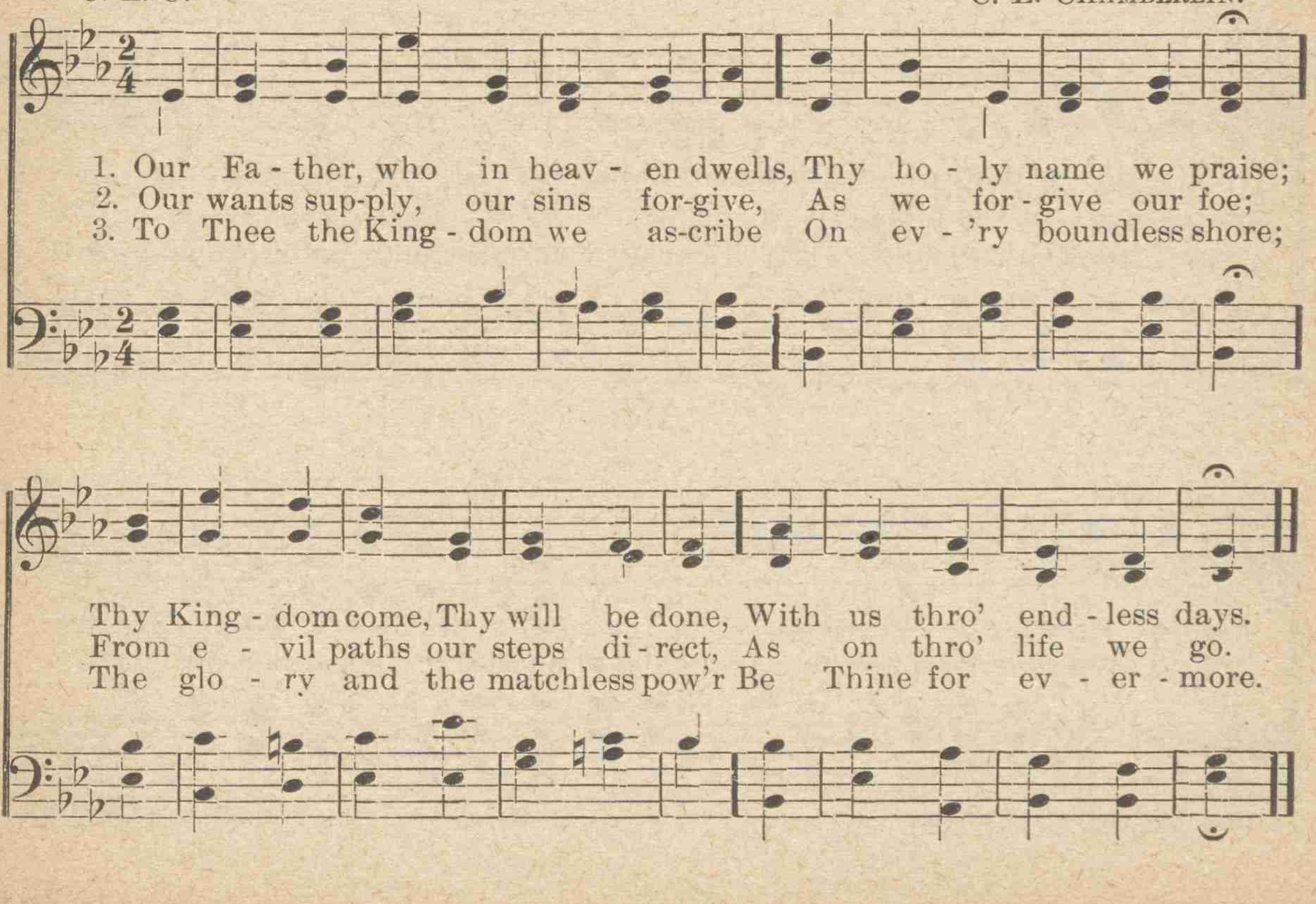
HE NEVER WEARY GROWS. Concluded.



No. 94. A PRAYER. C. M.

C. L. C. C. L. CHAMBERLIN.



No. 95. COME TO JESUS.

E. R. Latta. H. A. Mullennix.

1. Are you wan - der-ing a - way From the bless-ed Lord to-day, In the paths of sin astray? Come to Je - sus! You have journeyed far too long, With the un - re - pentant throng, In the wind-ing ways of wrong; Come to Je - sus!
2. Ma - ny oth - ers deep - ly stirred By the gladsome news they heard, Took the Sav - iour at His word: Come to Je - sus! Will you still His offer slight, From the morning to the night, To re-deem you by His might? Come to Je - sus!
3. He will peace on you be-stow, That the world can never know; He will make a heav'n below: Come to Je - sus! He within your heart will bide, And your ev - 'ry step will guide, Till you reach the oth - er side; Come to Je - sus!

Refrain.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus! Do not longer stay a - way!
Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus!

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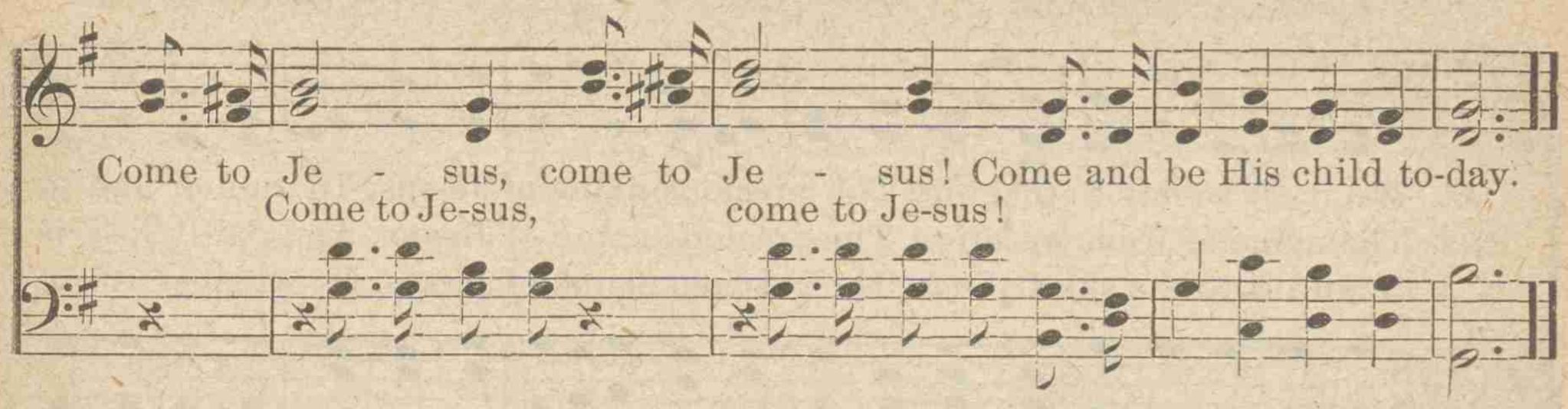
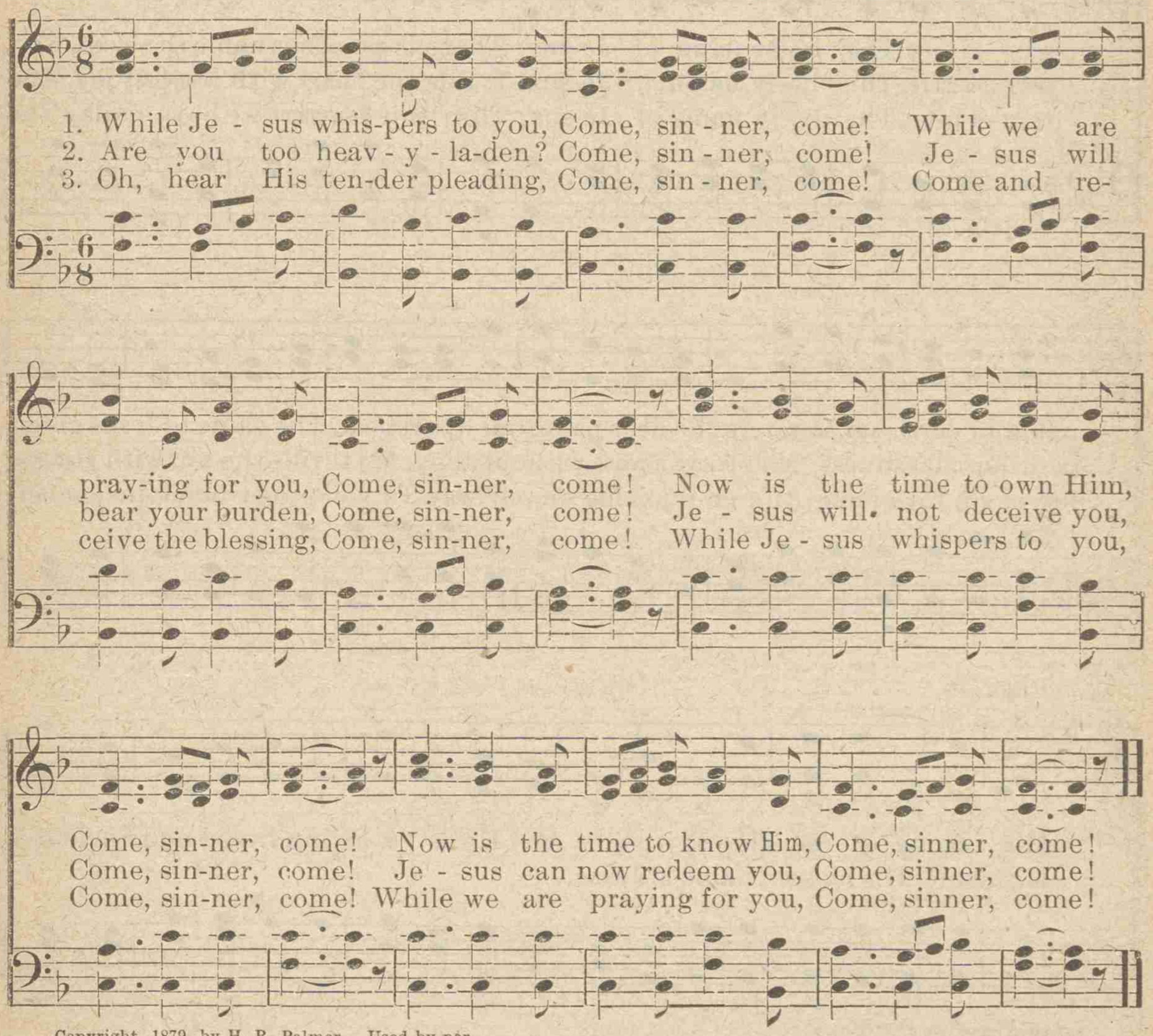
COME TO JESUS. Concluded.



No. 96. WHILE JESUS WHISPERS TO YOU.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

WILL. E. WITTER. DR. H. R. PALMER.



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No. 97. HIS NAME IS JESUS.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. D. Patton.

1. We meet to-day to magnify The precious name of Je-sus, To hon-or and to glo - ri - fy The ho-ly name of Je-sus; There is no other name so sweet, No name in earth and heaven As the dear name our lips repeat, The name to Jesus given.
2. The name of Jesus we adore, The precious name of Je-sus, And dai-ly love it more and more, The ho-ly name of Je-sus; It fills the heart with boundless joy, And banishes all sadness, And brings a peace without alloy, And thrills the soul with gladness.
3. O laud it to the skies above, The precious name of Je-sus, O whisper it in tender love, The ho-ly name of Je-sus; Thro' this dear name we have to-day The joy of sin for-given, And go rejoicing on our way To yon sweet home in heaven.

Refrain.

His name is Je - sus And He is a loving friend and Saviour;
His name, His blessed name is Jesus,

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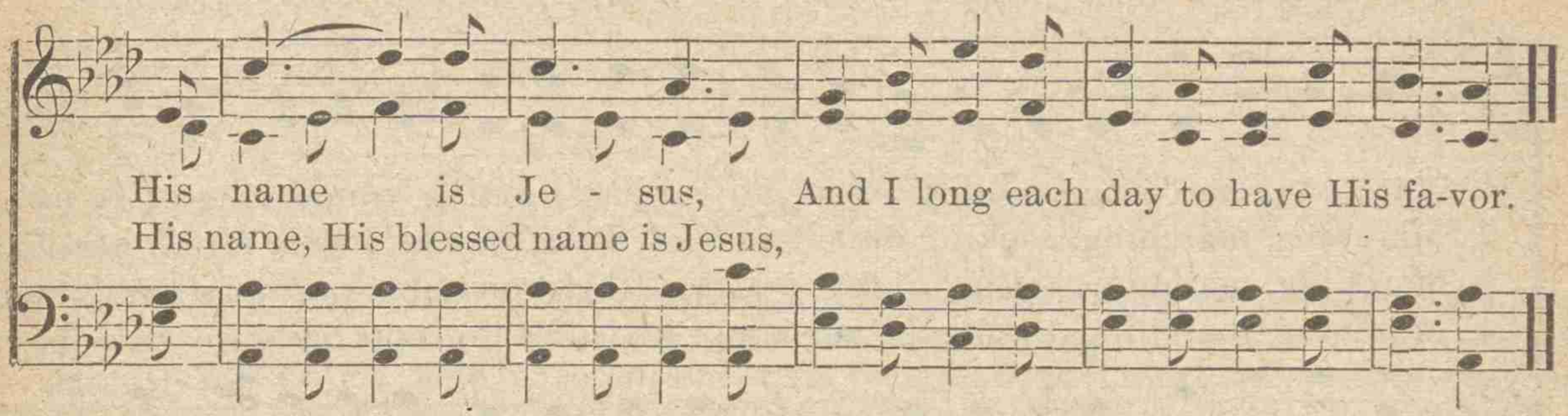
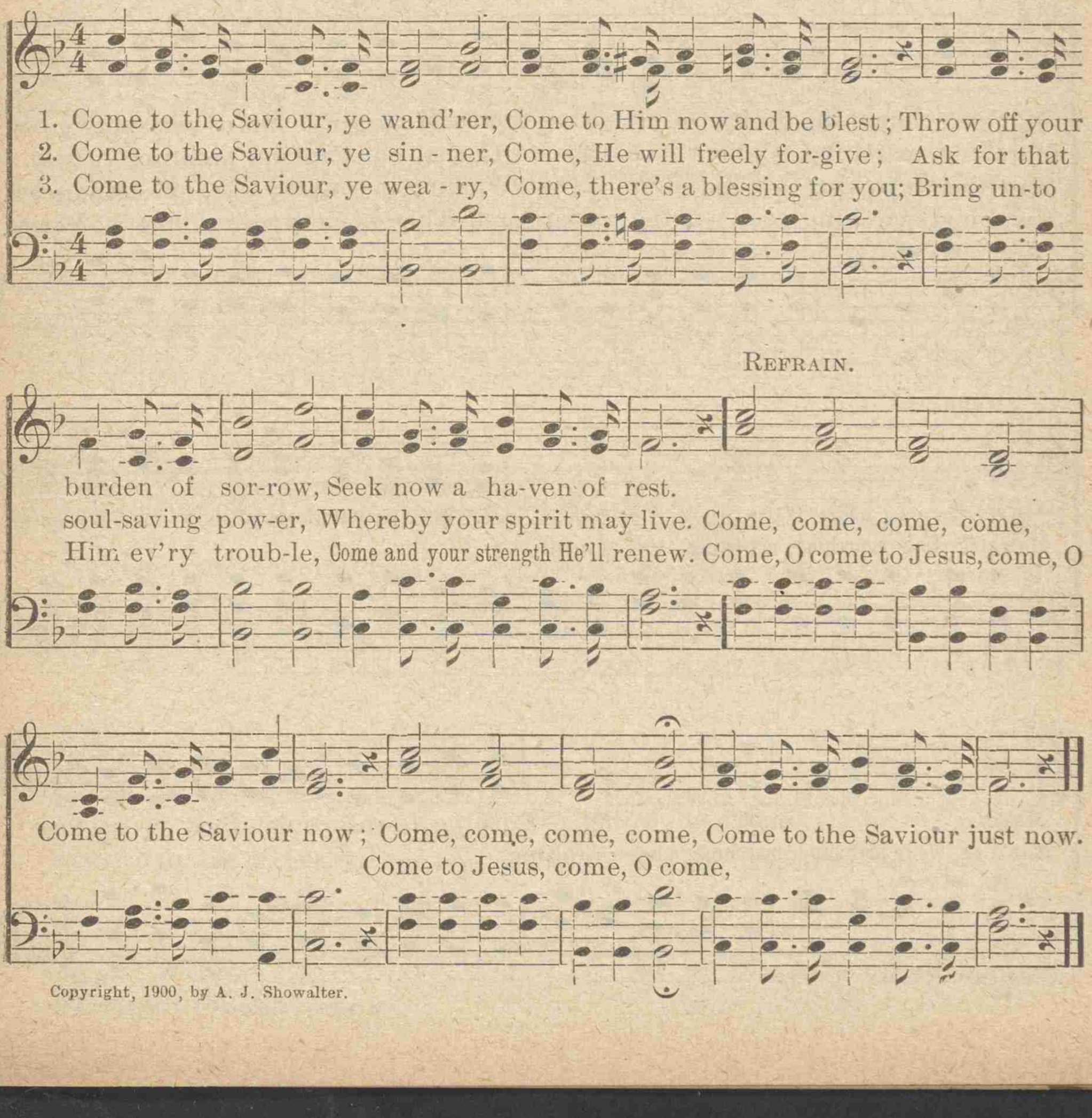
HIS NAME IS JESUS. Concluded.



No. 98. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

C. L. C. C. L. CHAMBERLAIN.



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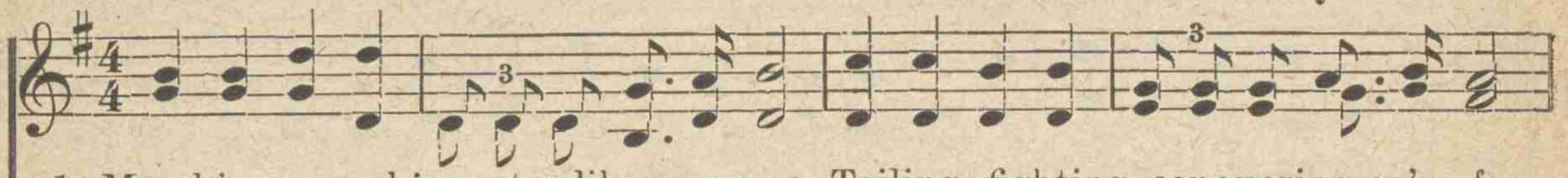
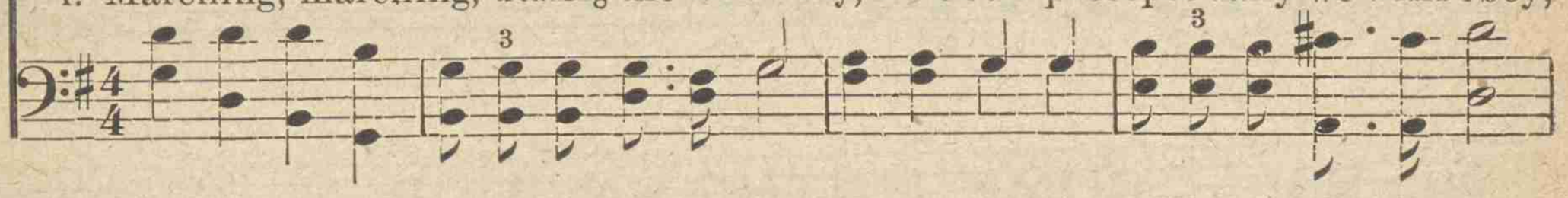
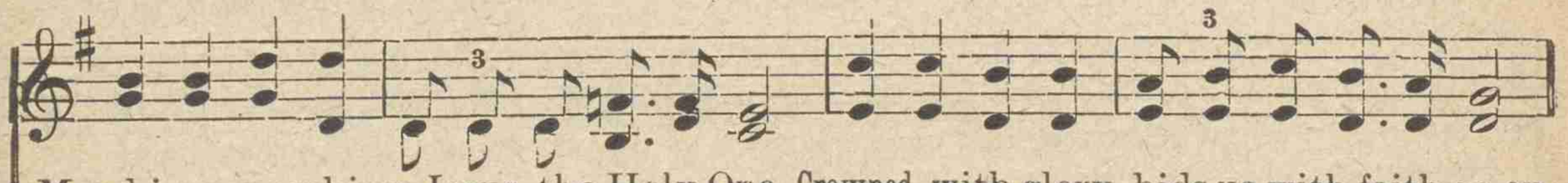
No. 99. MARCHING, MARCHING.

E. F. Stanton. Rev. E. F. Stanton. Arr. by A. J. S.

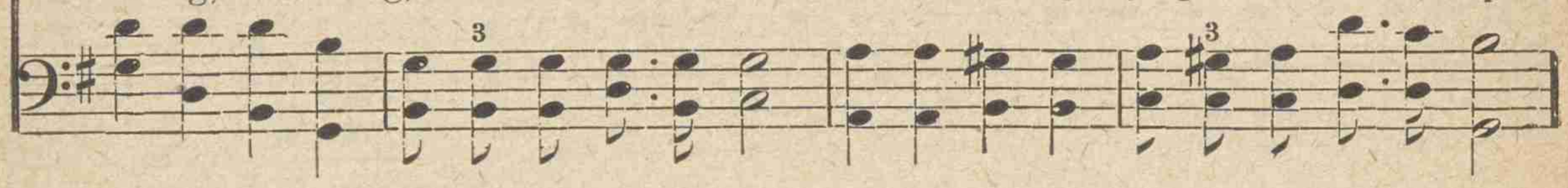


1. Marching, marching, steadily on we go, Toiling, fighting, conquering ev'ry foe;
2. Marching, marching, seeking the sinner blind, Hoping, trusting, praying for all mankind;
3. Marching, marching, telling of God's free grace, Christ on Calv'ry suffered to save the race;
4. Marching, marching, treading the narrow way, All God's precepts daily we would obey;





Marching, marching, Jesus, the Holy One, Crowned with glory, bids us with faith go on.
Marching, marching, soldiers of God are we, Christ, our Captain, promises victory.
Marching, marching, led by the Son of God, Walking in the paths which our fathers trod.
Marching, marching, soon will the warfare end, Then in glory ages of bliss we'll spend.



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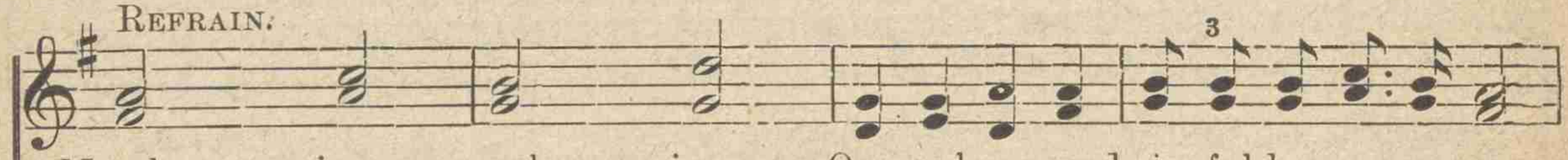
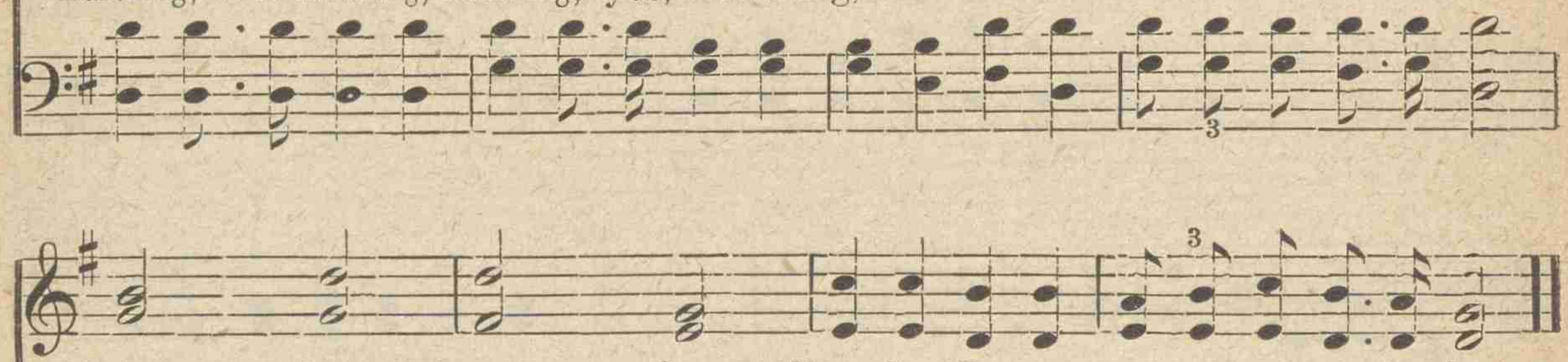
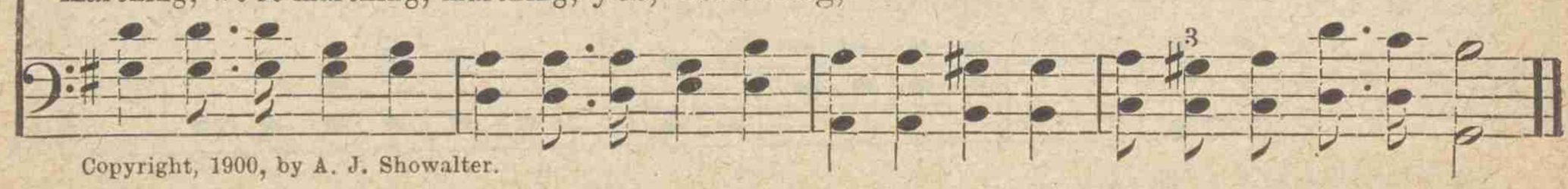


March - ing, march - ing, Onward, upward, joyful-ly on we go;
Marching, we're marching, marching, yes, marching,



March - ing, march - ing, Trusting Je-sus, conquering ev - 'ry foe.
Marching, we're marching, marching, yes, marching,



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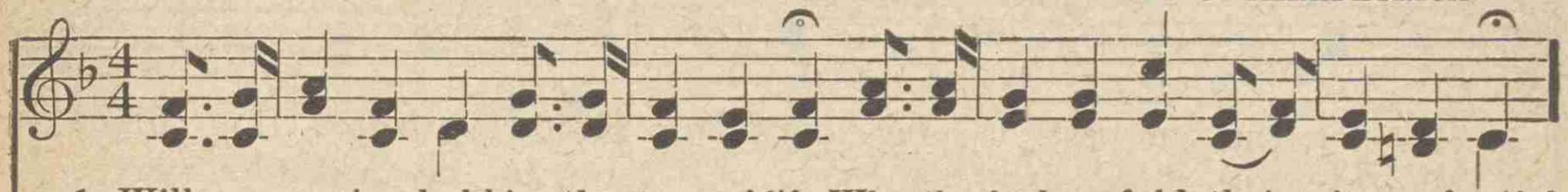
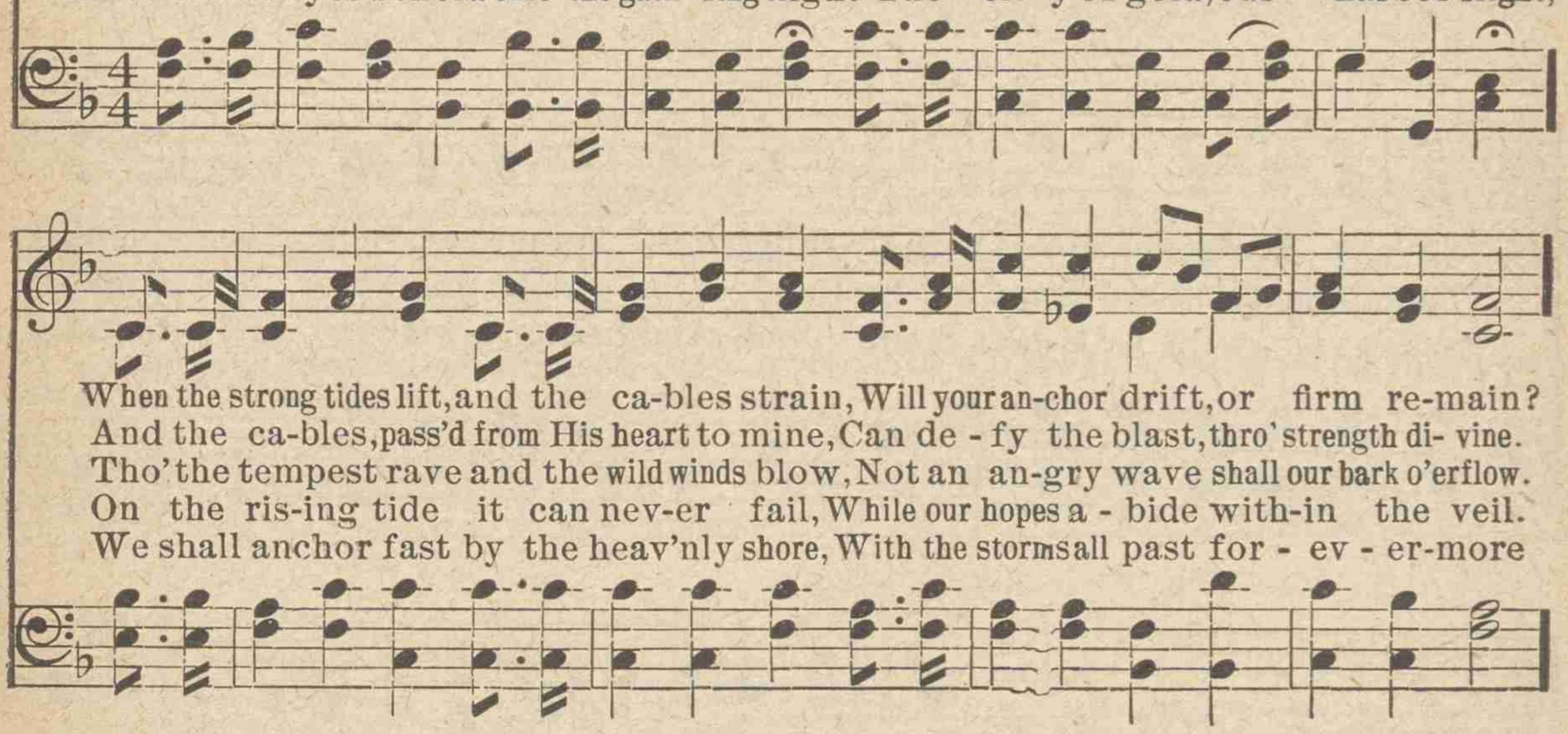
No. 100. WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

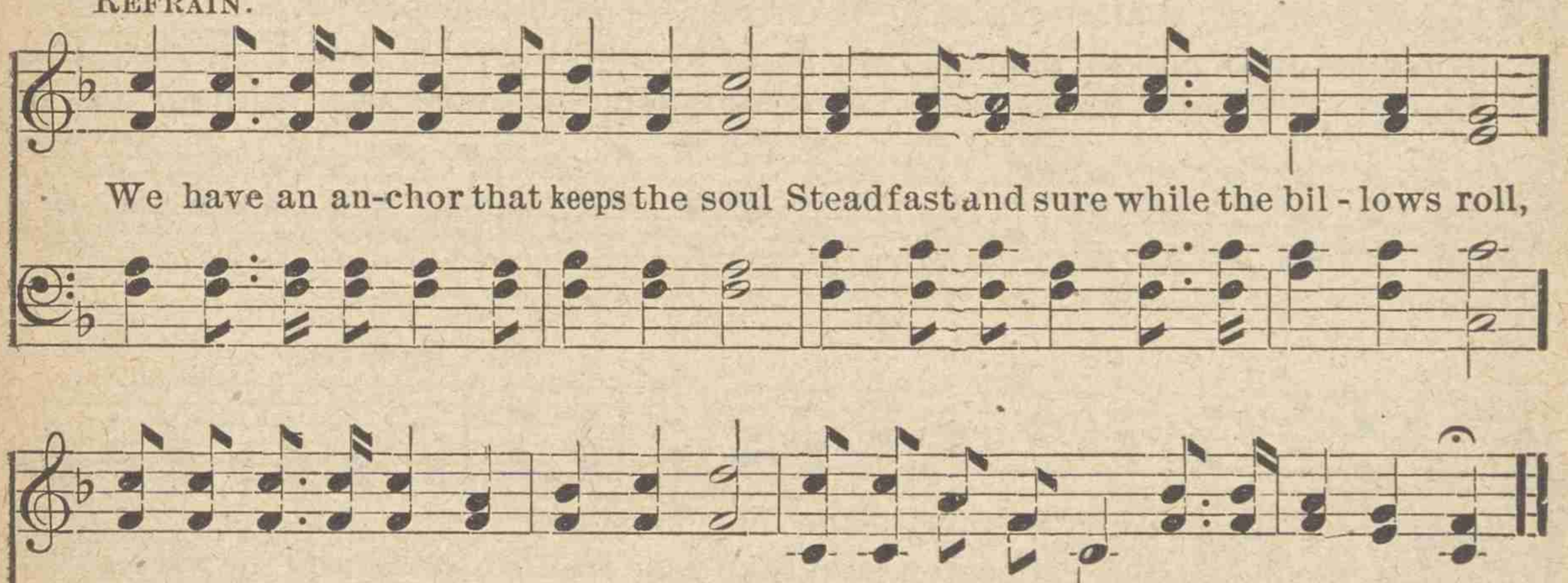


1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
2. It is safe-ly moor'd, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
3. It will firm-ly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the reef is near,
4. It will sure-ly hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our latest breath,
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath-'ring night The cit-y of gold, our harbor bright,



When the strong tides lift, and the ca-bles strain, Will your an-chor drift, or firm re-main?
And the ca-bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de-fy the blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an an-gry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
On the ris-ing tide it can nev-er fail, While our hopes a-bide with-in the veil.
We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore, With the storms all past for-ev-er-more

REFRAIN.



We have an an-chor that keeps the soul Steadfast and sure while the bil-lows roll,
Fasten'd to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

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No. 101. MASTER, THE TEMPEST.

MARY A. BAKER. DR. H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas - ter, the tem-pest is rag - ing! The bil-lows are toss - ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled— Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

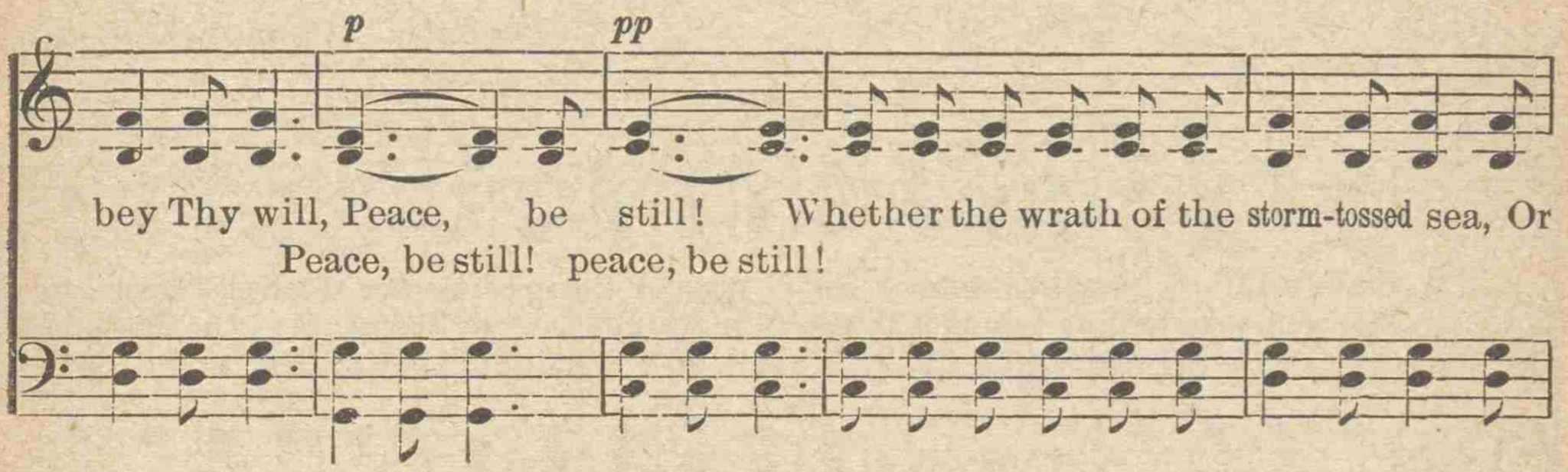
"Carest Thou not that we perish?" How canst Thou lie asleep, When each moment so
Tor-rents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I perish! I
Lin-ger, O blessed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more; And with joy I shall

REFRAIN.

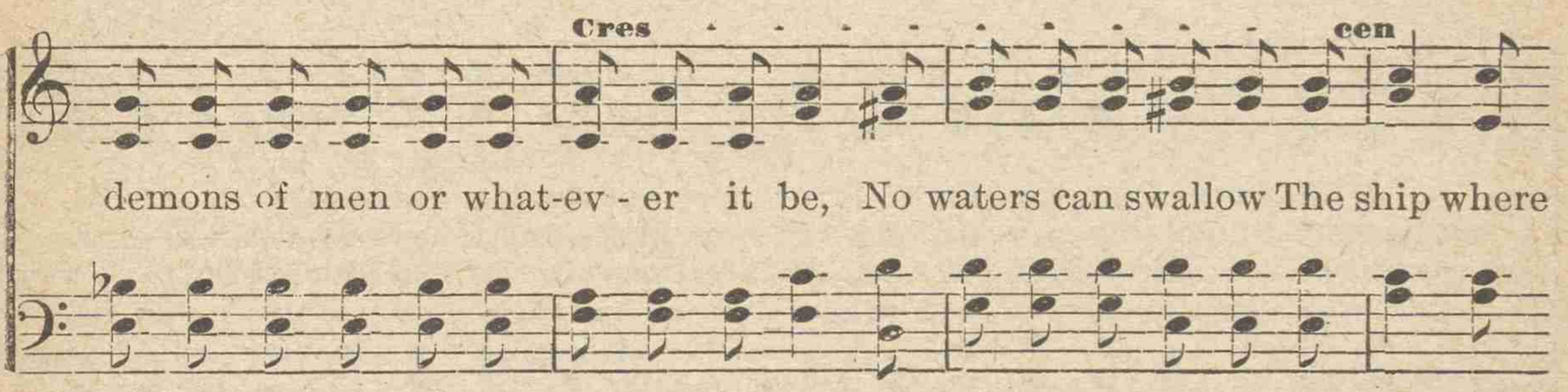
mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an - gry deep?
per-ish! dear Mas-ter— O hasten, and take con - trol! The winds and the waves shall o-
make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

By per. of Dr. H. R. Palmer, Owner of Copyright.

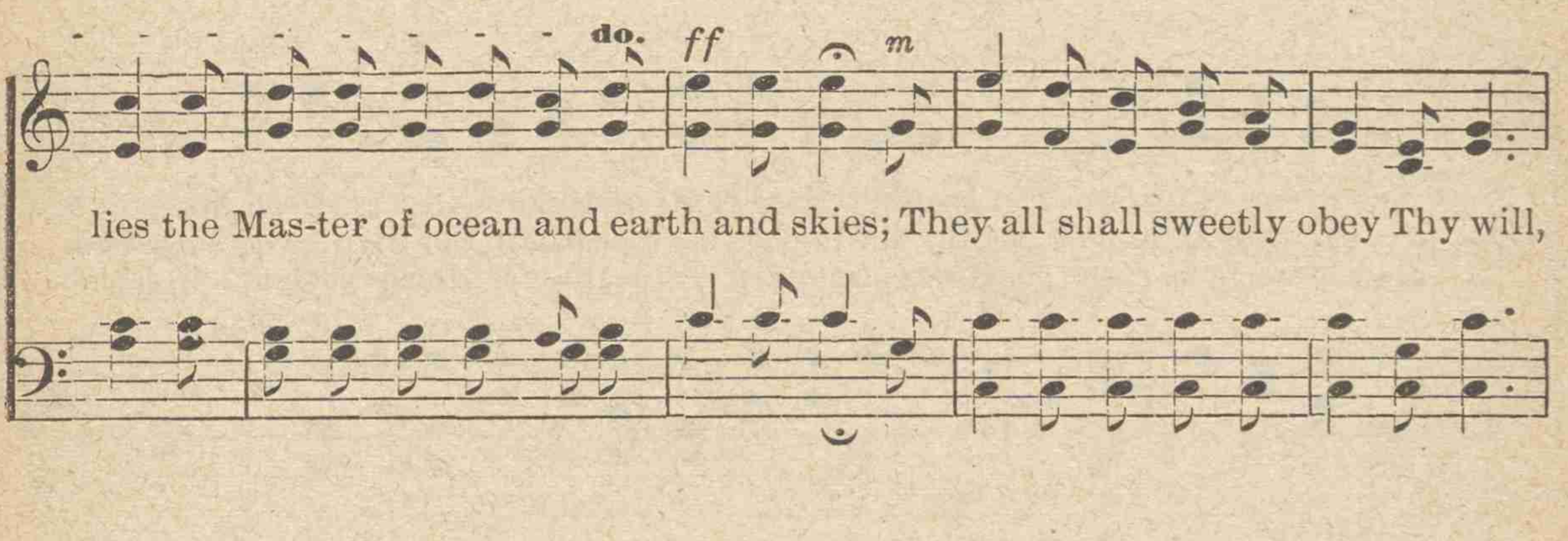
MASTER, THE TEMPEST. Concluded.



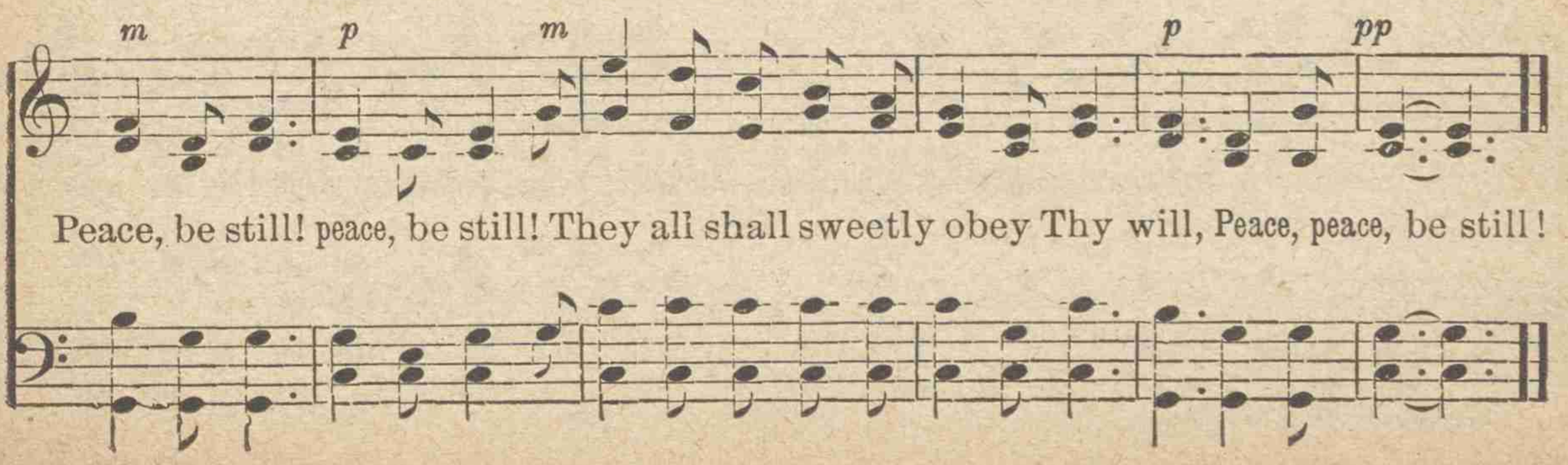
bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or
Peace, be still! peace, be still!



demons of men or what-ev - er it be, No waters can swallow The ship where



lies the Mas-ter of ocean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly obey Thy will,



Peace, be still! peace, be still! They all shall sweetly obey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

No. 102. RALLYING SONG.

G. E. GEORGE ELY.

Spirited.

1. Praise the Lord, a- gain we meet, Safely guarded on our way; With glad hearts, now at His feet Here a tuneful of-f'ring lay: For the kindness God has shown us, In
2. As the years have on - ward roll'd, Ma-ny blessings have we shared; May the fu-ture yet un-fold Ma-ny more as our re-ward. May our lives be made the bright-er, As
3. To our trust we would be true, Honor - ing the name we bear; Here we would our strength re-new, Here a-gain our lot declare. Blest the ties that here doth bind us, Where

ev-'ry try-ing hour; For sweet peace since He has known us, Kept by His might-y pow'r.
we go hand in hand; May the load to each be lighter, Following God's command.
glad-ly we have come; Blest the more that each day finds us Near-er our heav'n-ly home.

REFRAIN.

On-ward, ev- er on-ward, till His kingdom come, Chanting hymns of praise, Conquering all our
On - ward, ev - er on - ward,

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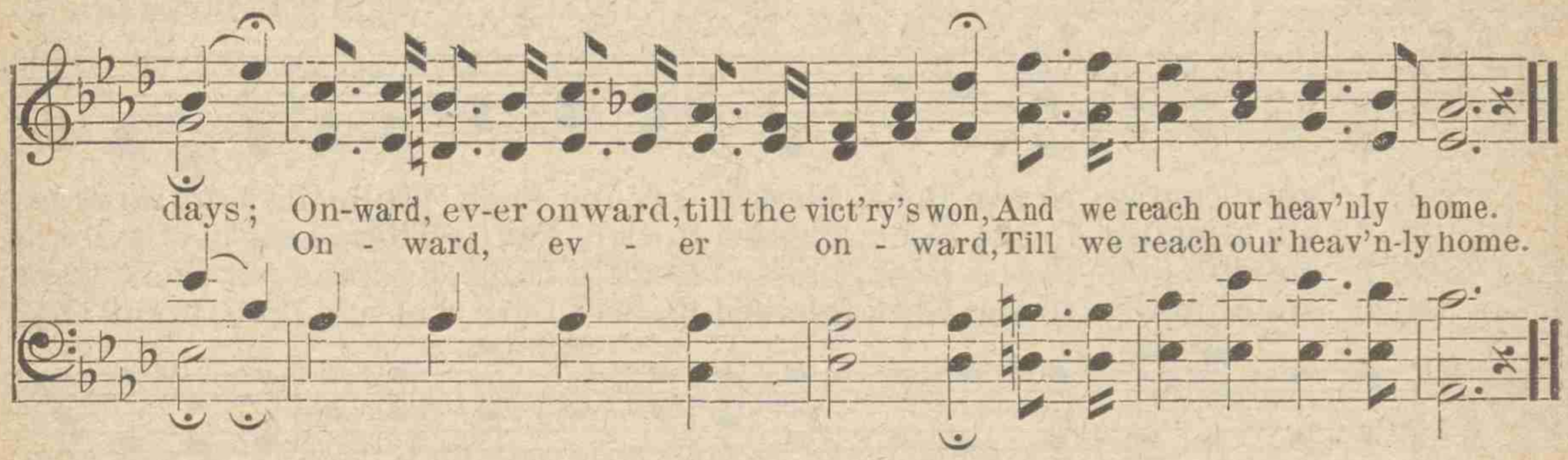
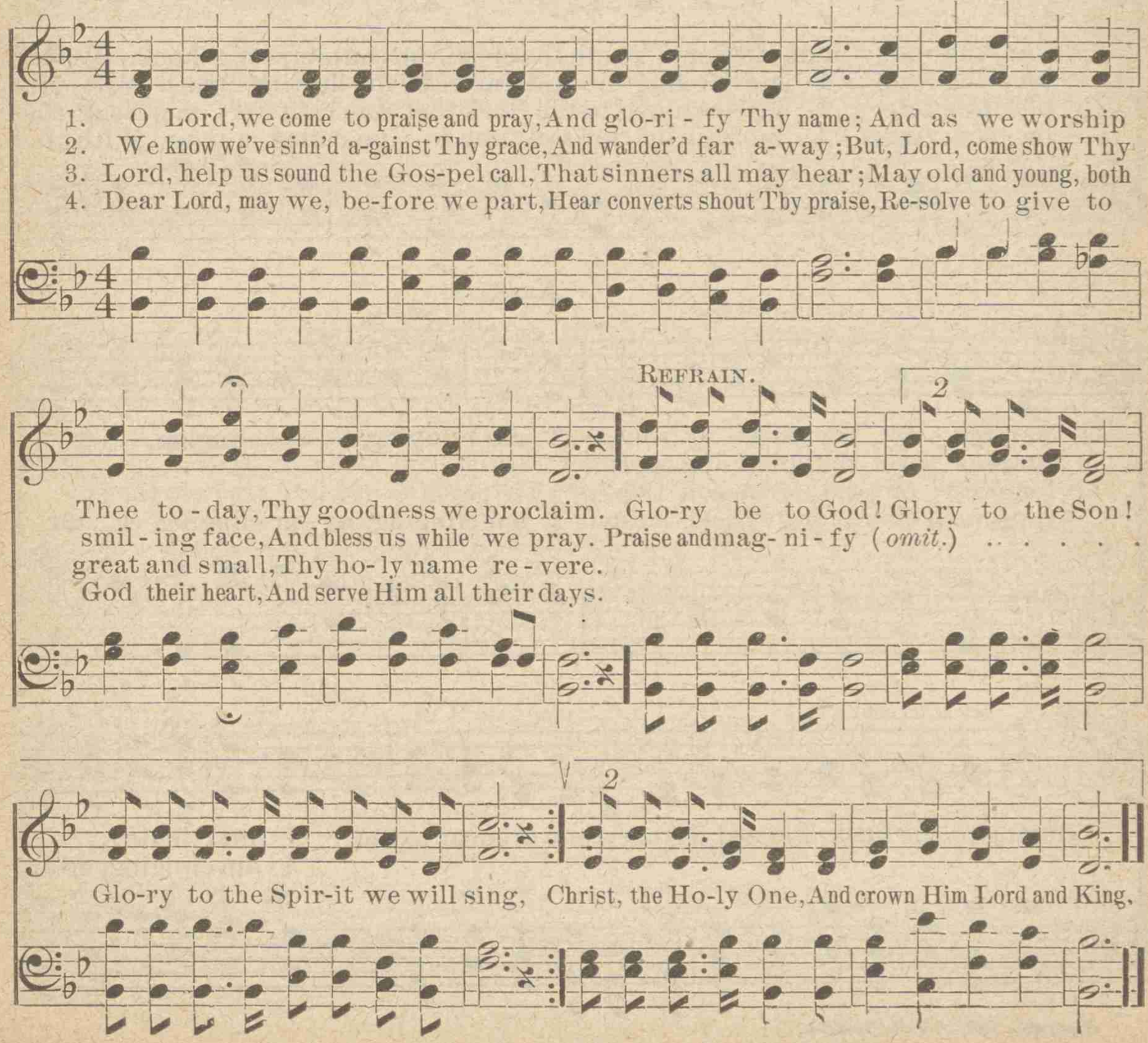
RALLYING SONG.



No. 103. CROWN HIM LORD AND KING.

W. H. M. W. H. MORRIS.



No. 104. I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

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

1. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed sav-ing Rock, While the angry storms may o'er me roll; I am sheltered 'neath the cleft from the tempest's shock,–Blessed
2. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Faith,–There I see my Saviour's lov - ing form; I am looking un-to Him while my fleeting breath Wafts His
3. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Hope, Keeping near the Saviour's bleeding side; I am anchored to the Rock that was cleft for me, Near the
4. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Love, Let me, Lord, upon Thy bo - som rest; I am waiting for the time to be called a-bove, With the

Refrain.

Ref-uge to my wea - ry soul. I am clinging, clinging,
prais-es thro' the pierc-ing storm.
fountain of the crim-son tide.
ransomed there for-ev - er blest. I am clinging, ev - er clinging, I am

clinging to the Rock; Biessed Refuge, thou art dear to me; I am clinging,
I am clinging, ev-er

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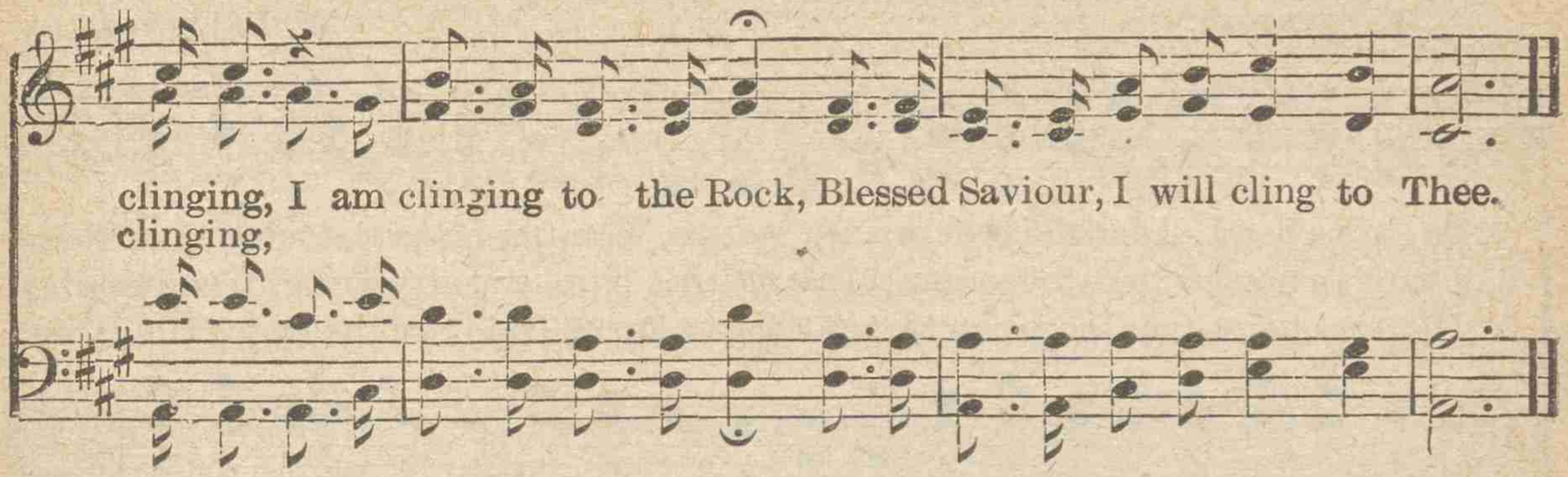
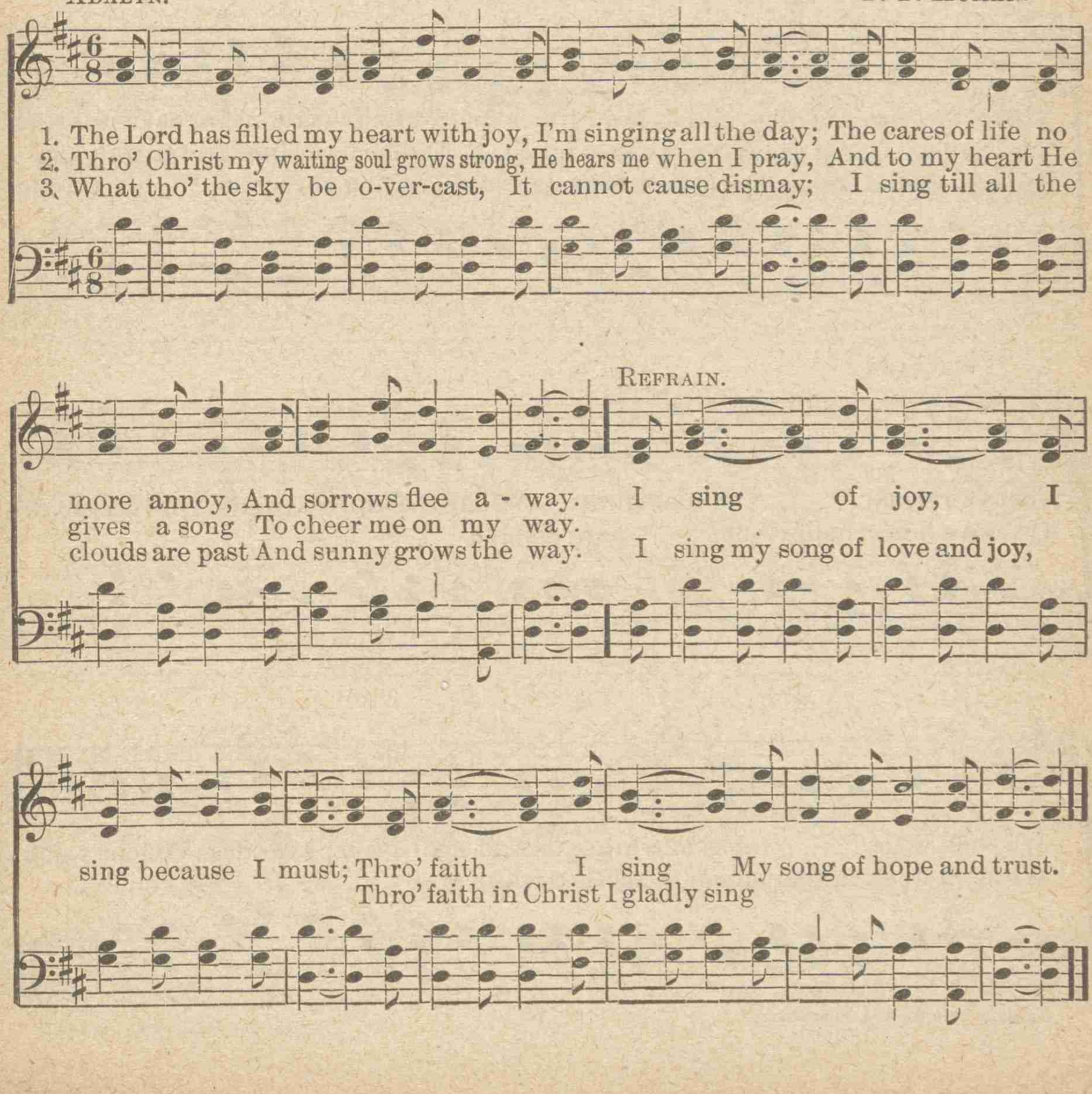
I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK. Concluded.



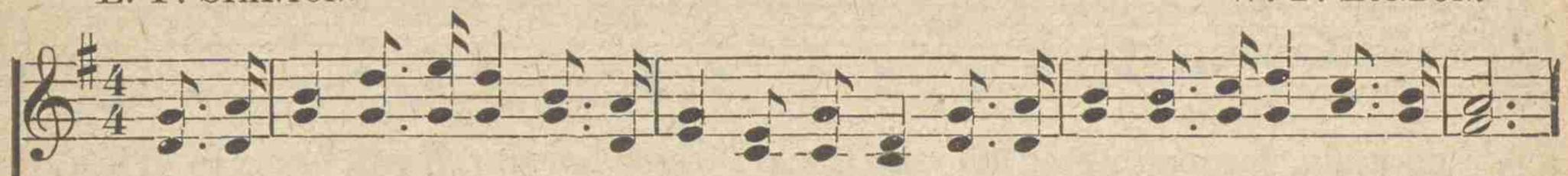
No. 105. THE HAPPY CHRISTIAN.

ADALYN. P. P. HUMAN.

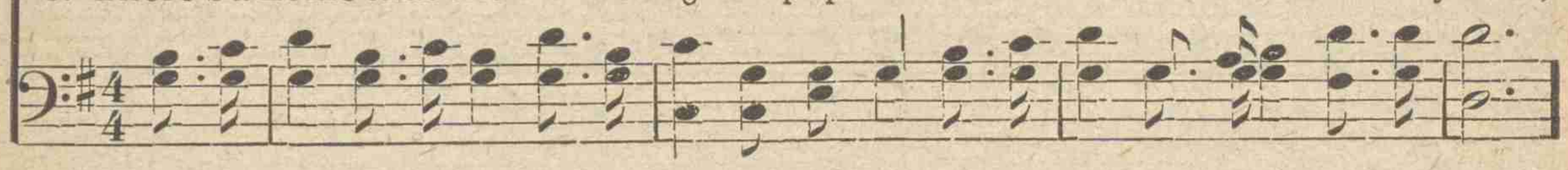


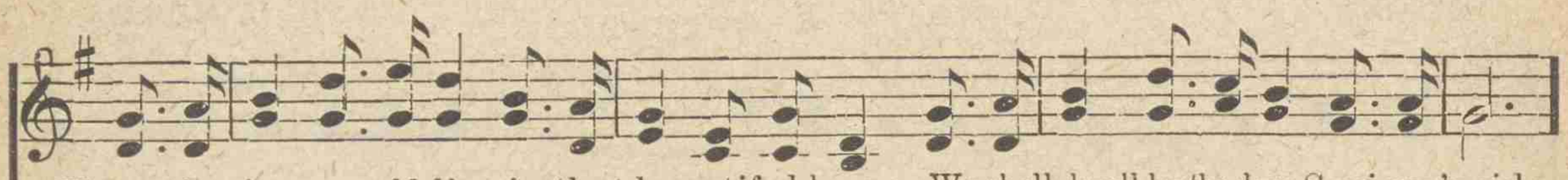
No. 106. HOME OF DELIGHT.

E. F. STANTON. W. F. LONDON.

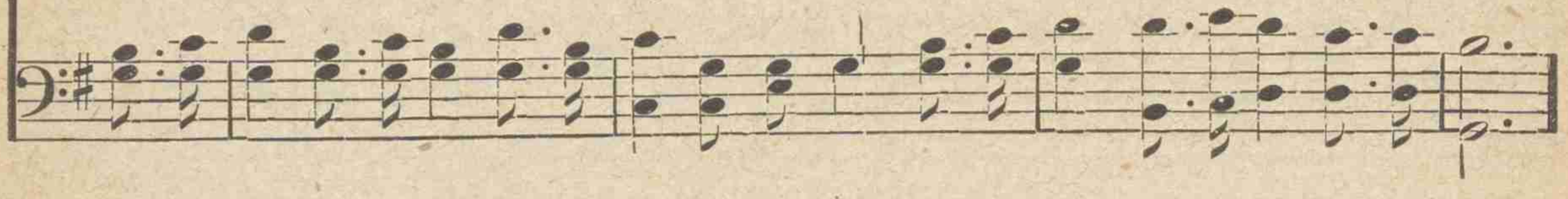


1. There's a home of delight where no sorrow can come, Where the ransomed of earth shall abide;
2. There's a home where the anthems of Jesus shall ring Thro' eternity's bright, endless day;
3. There's a home that the Saviour has gone to prepare For the saints of the thrice Holy One;





There thro' a-ges of bliss, in that beautiful home, We shall dwell by the dear Saviour's side.
We shall see Christ the Saviour, Redeemer and King, And be like Him forever and aye.
The sweet bliss of that home all the righteous shall share, Praising Father, and Spirit, and Son.



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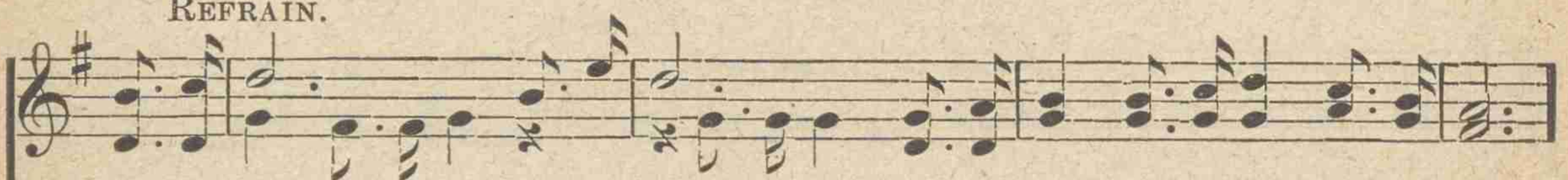
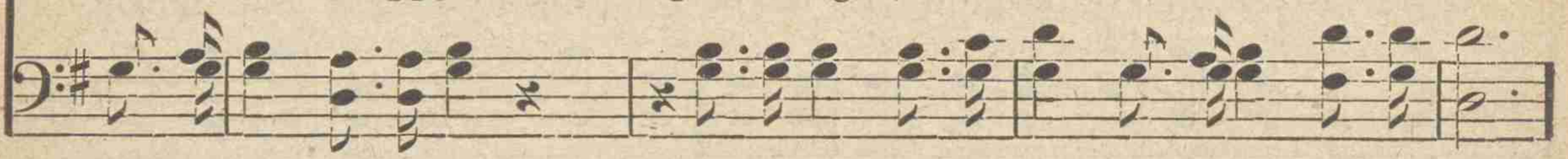
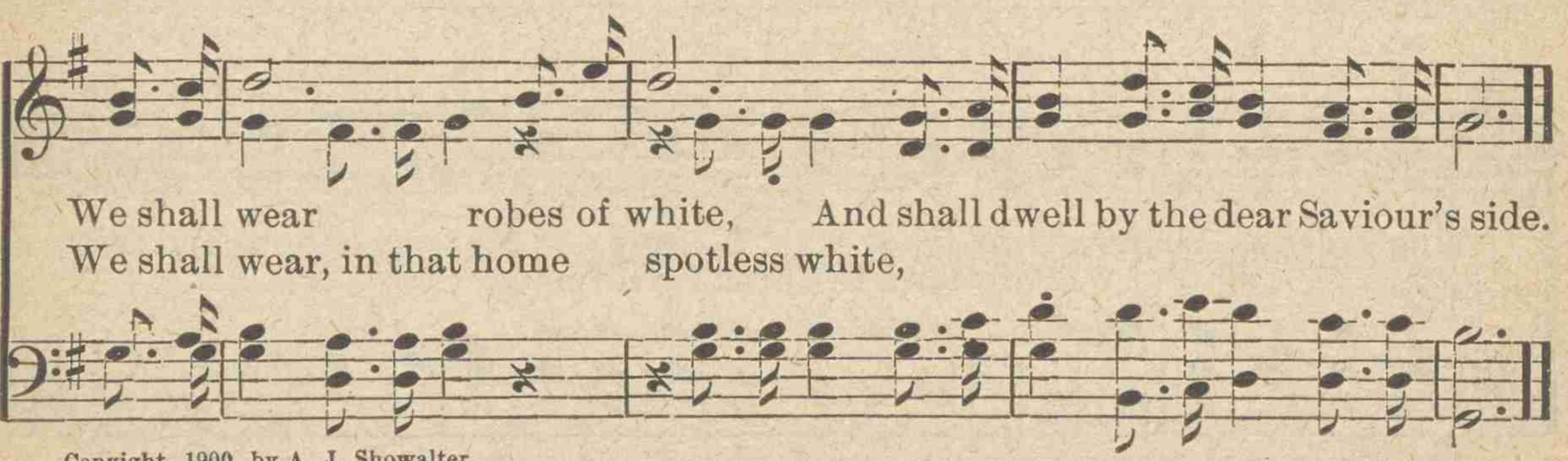


There's a home of de-light, Where the saints with the Lord shall abide;
There's a home, happy home, pure delight,



We shall wear robes of white, And shall dwell by the dear Saviour's side.
We shall wear, in that home spotless white,



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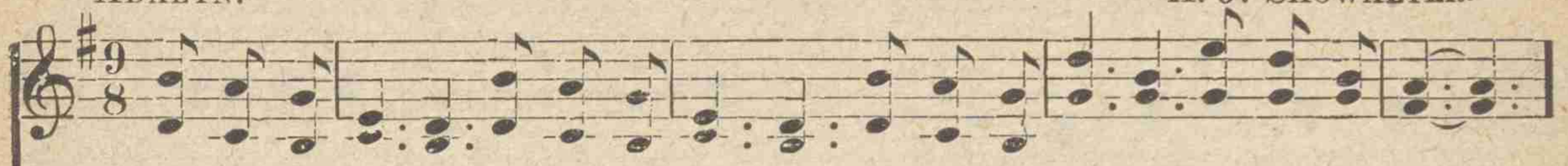
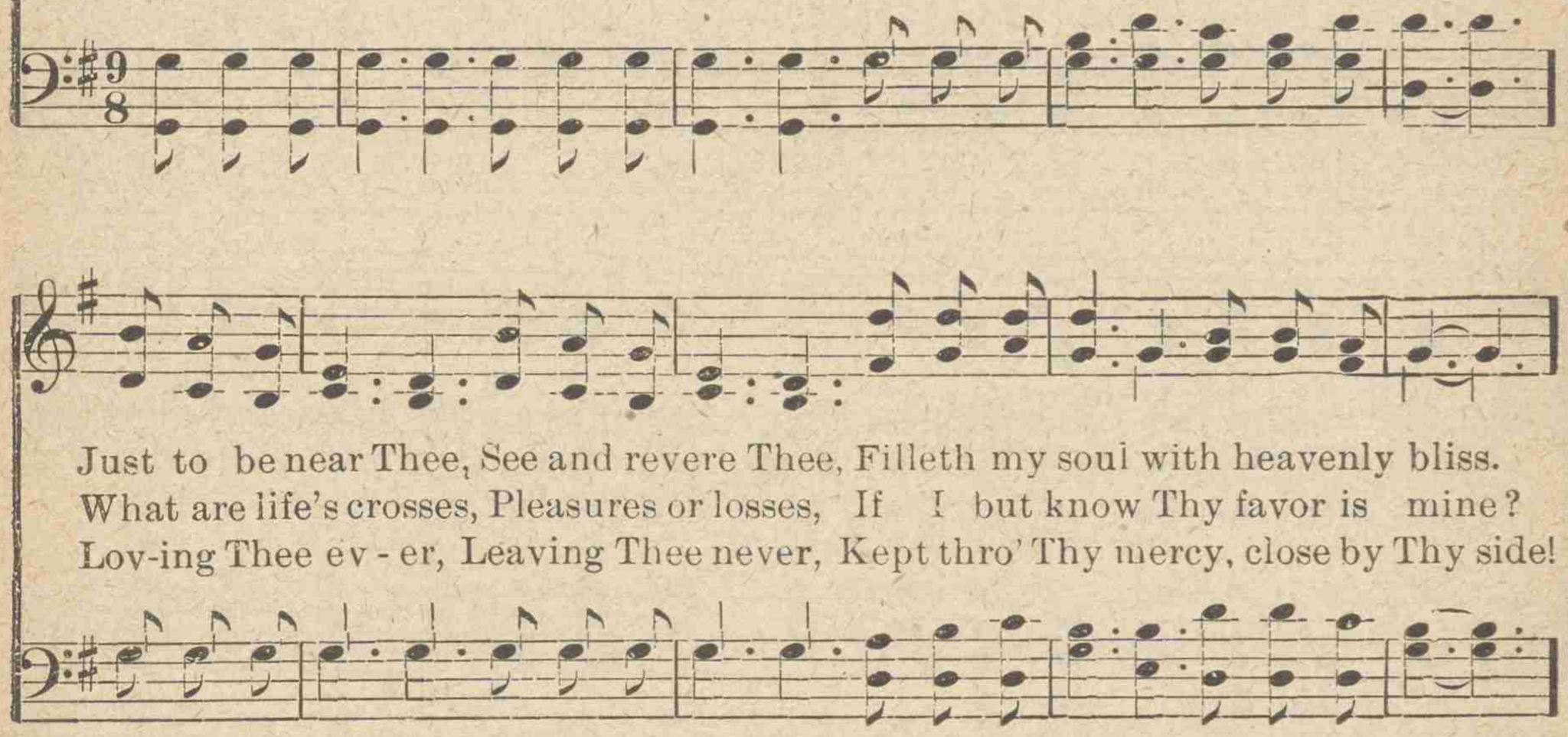
No. 107. ADORATION.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

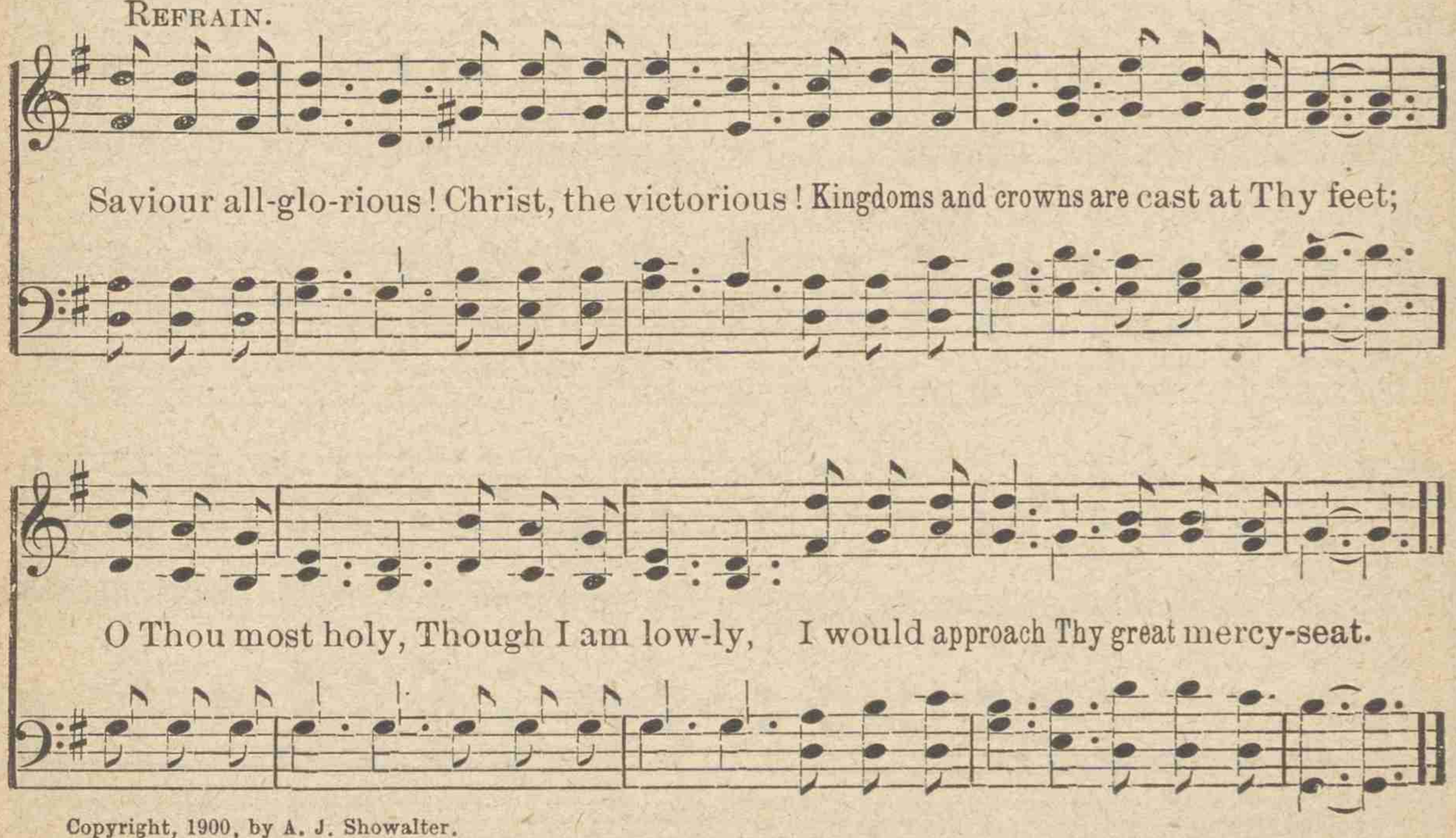


1. Je - sus, I love Thee; Seraphs above me Share in no rapture sweeter than this!
2. Christ, I adore Thee, Prostrate before Thee, Here at Thy feet my all I re-sign;
3. O Thou divine One! Great and benign One! Tho' I'm unworthy, let me abide,



Just to be near Thee, See and revere Thee, Filleth my soul with heavenly bliss.
What are life's crosses, Pleasures or losses, If I but know Thy favor is mine?
Lov-ing Thee ev - er, Leaving Thee never, Kept thro' Thy mercy, close by Thy side!

REFRAIN.



Saviour all-glo-rious! Christ, the victorious! Kingdoms and crowns are cast at Thy feet;

O Thou most holy, Though I am low-ly, I would approach Thy great mercy-seat.

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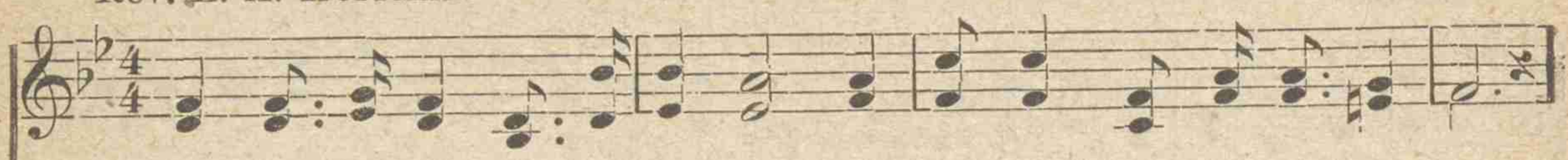
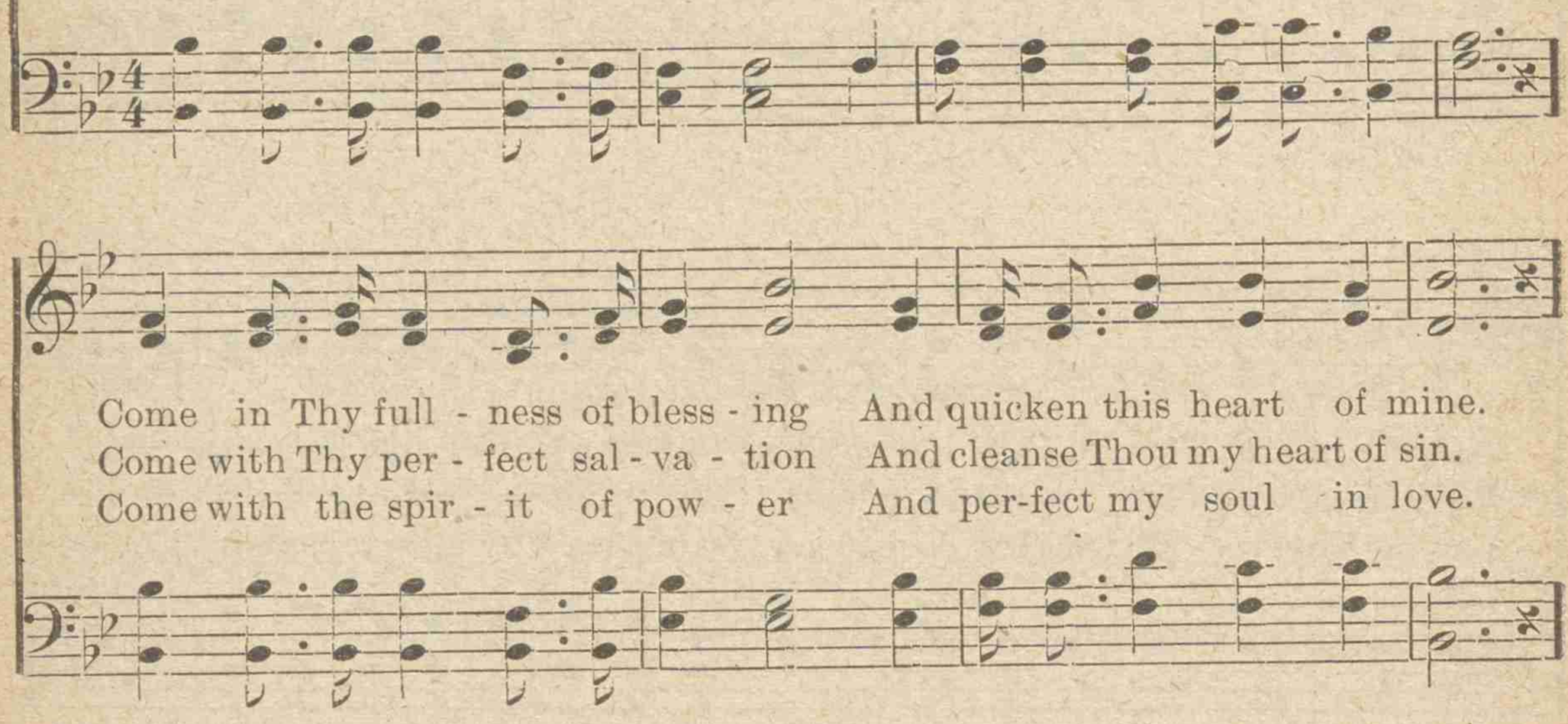
No. 108. QUICKEN THOU ME.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Mrs. R. H. Cornelius.

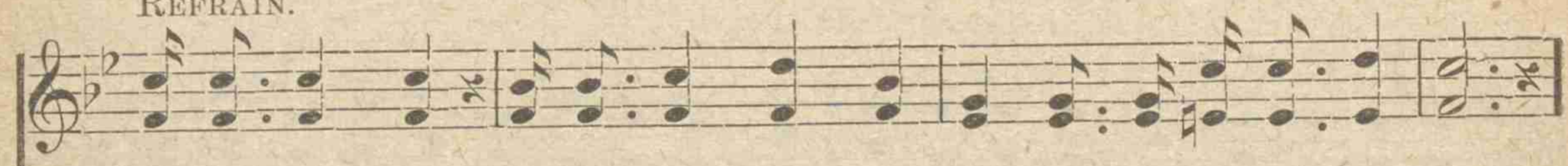


1. Low at Thy feet I am bend-ing, O Je - sus, Re-deem-er di - vine;
2. Earn-est and strong are the longings Now burning my spir-it with-in;
3. Seal Thou my heart with Thy image, A - noint me with grace from a-bove;



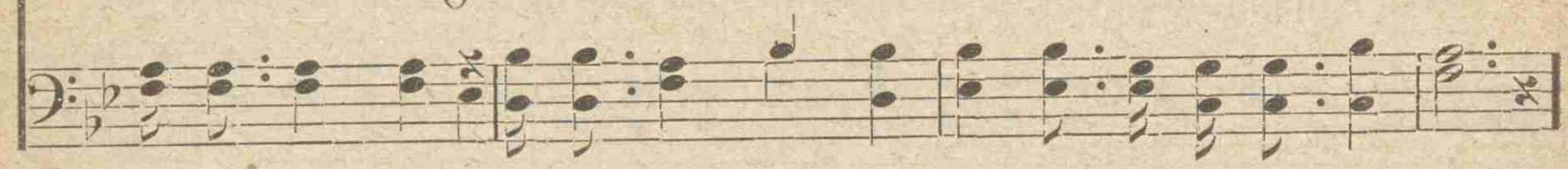
Come in Thy full - ness of bless - ing And quicken this heart of mine.
Come with Thy per - fect sal - va - tion And cleanse Thou my heart of sin.
Come with the spir - it of pow - er And per-fect my soul in love.

Refrain.



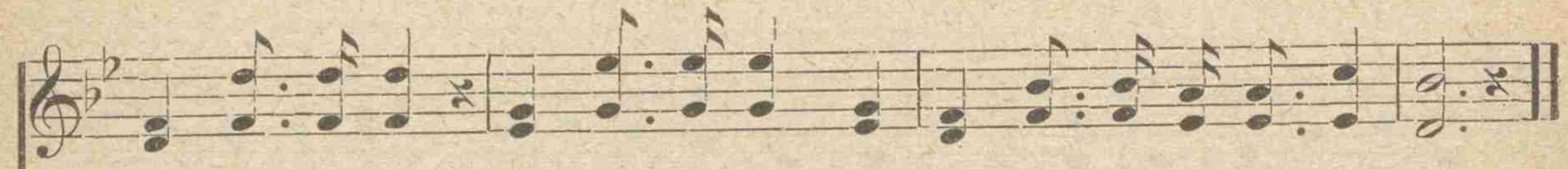
Quicken Thou me, quicken Thou me, And grant me Thy fa-vor di - vine;

O



Cleanse me from sin, cleanse me from sin, And make me e - ter-nal - ly Thine.

yes,



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No. 109. TO THEE, DEAR LORD, I GO.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Re - member me, dear Lord, to - day, My sor - row Thou dost know; My
2. The floods of grief a - round me rise, The winds of troub-le blow; Thou
3. Thou, on - ly Thou, hast pow'r to heal The sor - rows here be - low; Thy
4. In ev - 'ry tri - al that we meet, Thy lov - ing help be - stow; In

REFRAIN.

Heart is pressed with care and grief, To Thee, dear Lord, I go. To Thee, dear
art the Rock I'm rest-ing on, To Thee, dear Lord, I go.
love will soothe the stricken heart, To Thee, dear Lord, I go.
time of grief, in time of need, To Thee, dear Lord, I go. To Thee, dear Lord, to

Lord, To Thee, I go, Thou canst sustain and comfort me; To
Thee, I go, To Thee, dear Lord, to Thee, I go,

Thee, dear Lord, To Thee, I go, To Thee, dear Lord, I go.
Thee, dear Lord, to Thee I go, To Thee, dear Lord, to Thee I go,

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No. 110. OUR SABBATH HOME.

ADALYN. C. W. JAMES.

1. We glad - ly meet in our Sabbath home, Each heav'n-sent ho - ly day,
2. We'll sing with joy in our Sabbath home, Sweet songs of Je - sus' love,
3. We thank the Lord for our Sabbath home, And the sto-ry sweet and old,—

With friends we love and our teachers dear, To learn of Je - sus' way.
Un - til we join in a hymn of praise With an - gel choirs a - bove.
Of His dear love for the smallest child In His safe - ly sheltered fold.

REFRAIN.

O home of love, blessed Sabbath home, How we love to gath - er here,
To learn of Christ and our songs to sing In praise of our Sav - iour dear.

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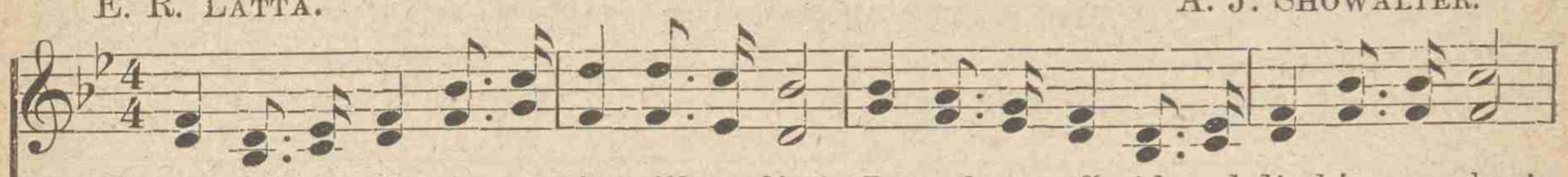
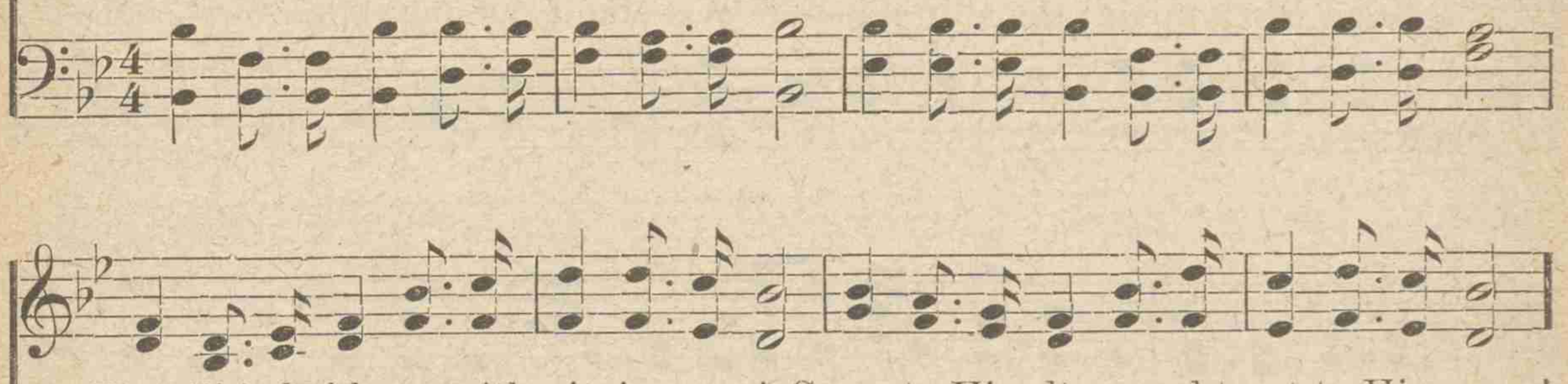
No. 111. WHY WILL YE DIE?

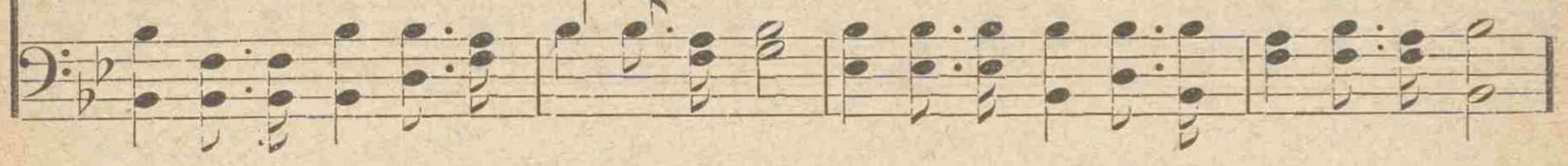
E. R. LATTA. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Why will ye die, sinners, why will ye die? Jesus has suffer'd and died in your place!
2. Why will ye die, sinners, why will ye die? Paid is the debt that you never could meet!
3. Why will ye die, sinners, why will ye die? Yours is a death that no ending may know!
3. Why will ye die, sinners, why will ye die? Life everlasting is yours to ob - tain!



He will behold you with pitying eye! Come to His altar, and trust to His grace!
Do ye the mark of the spear-point descry? See ye the wounds in His hands and His feet?
Christ, on the cross, did deliverance bring, He will accept you, and pardon bestow!
Now, to His altar, believing, draw nigh, Why will you still from your Saviour remain?



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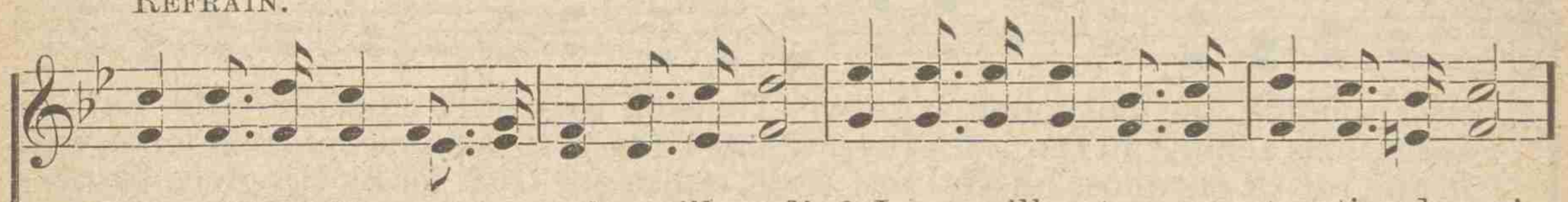
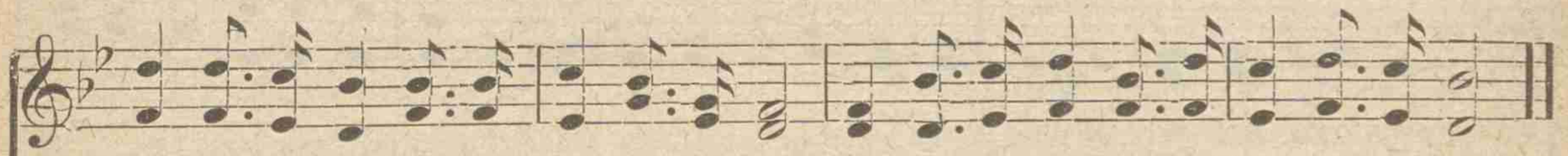
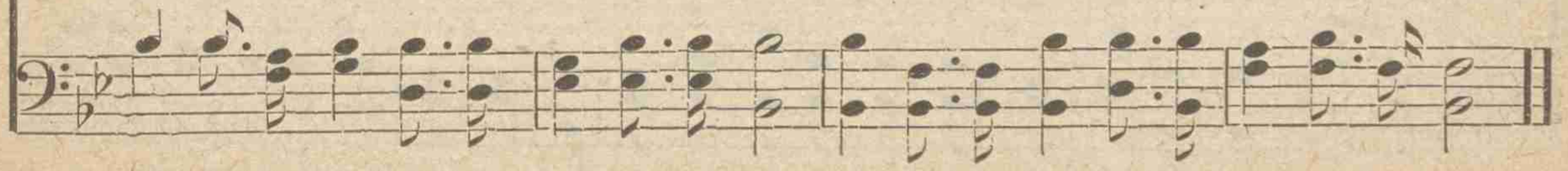


Why will ye die, sin-ners, why will ye die? Jesus will not your entreaties de-ny!



Seek Him this moment, for mercy apply! Why will ye die, sinners, why will ye die?



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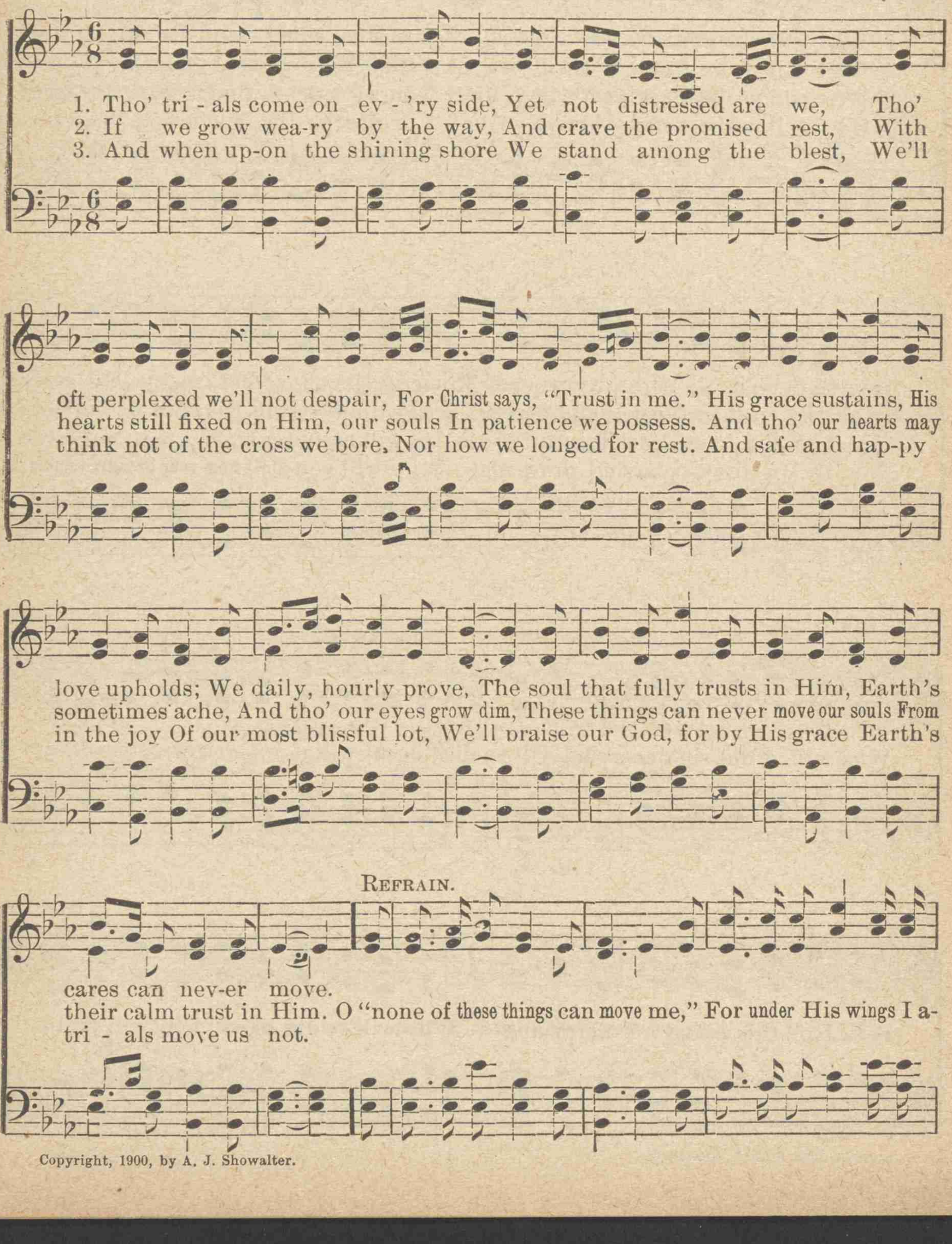
No. 112. CONFIDENCE.

"None of these things move me."—Acts 20 : 24.

Words by
Nellie B. Sweets. Refrain by N. K. S.

Music by
Rev. N. Keff Smith, D. D.



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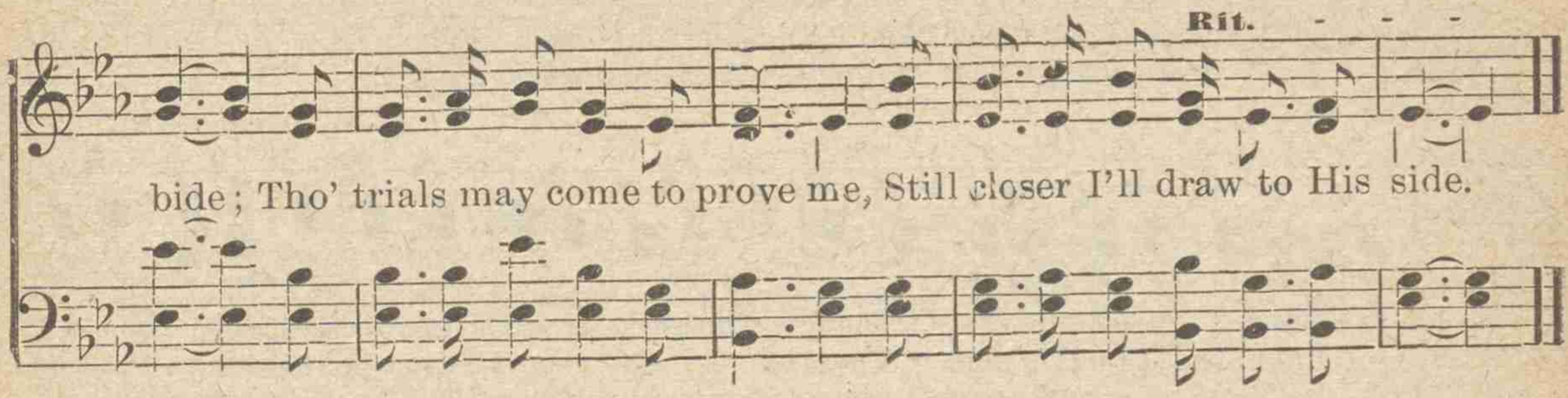
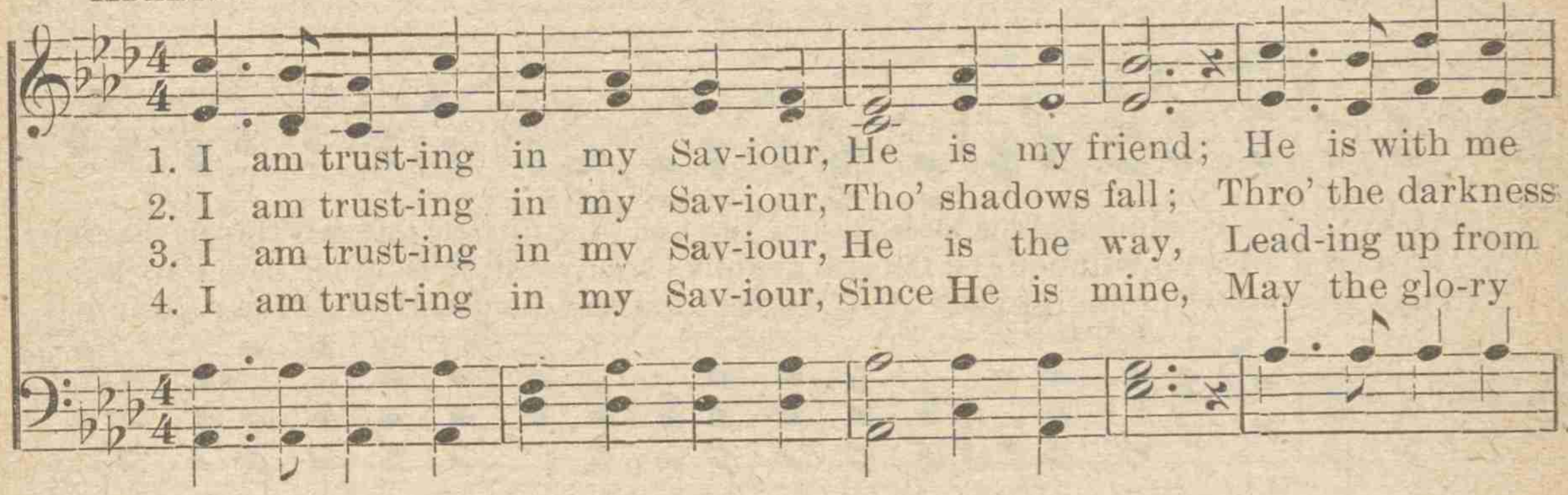
CONFIDENCE. Concluded.



No. 113. TRUSTING IN MY SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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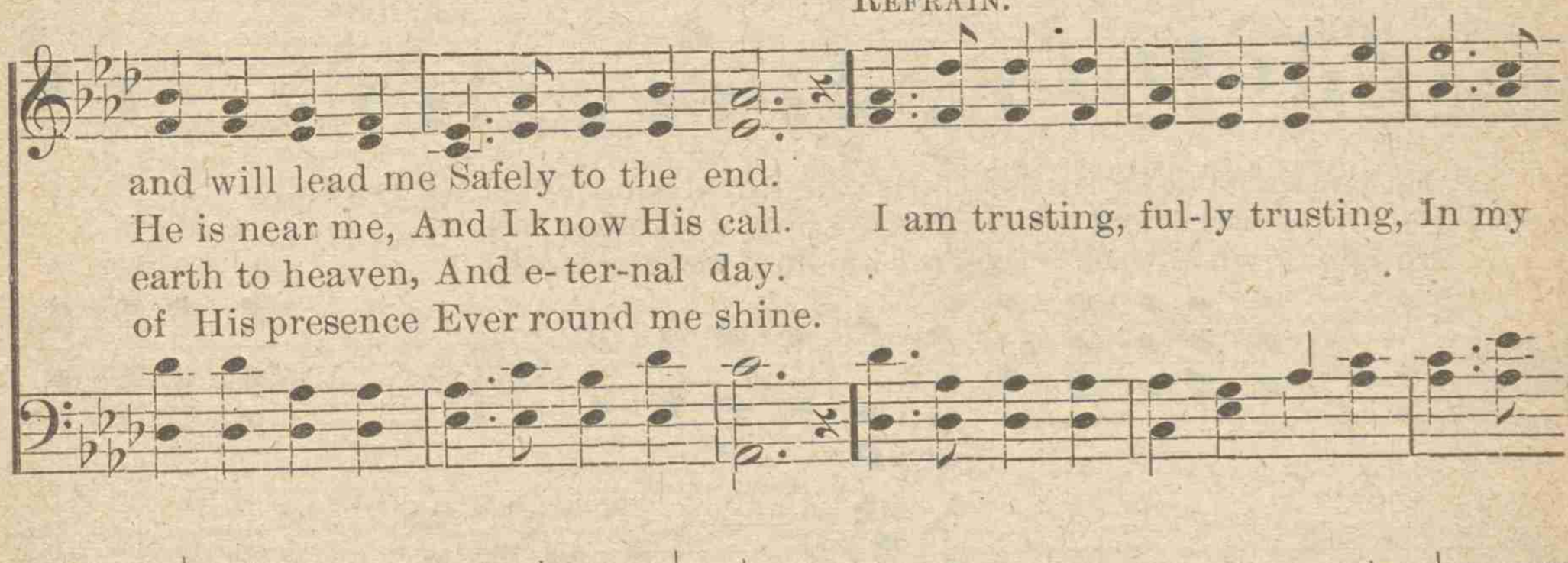

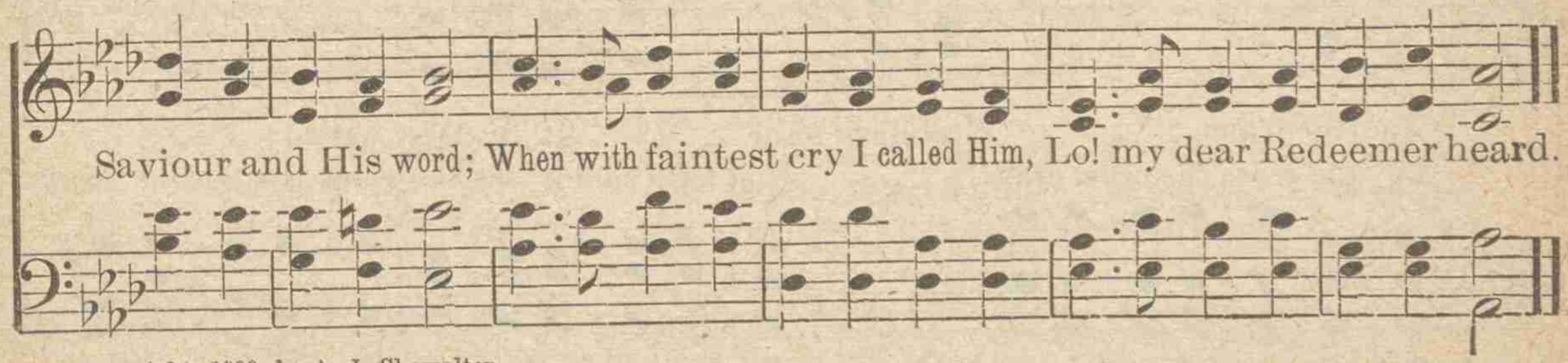

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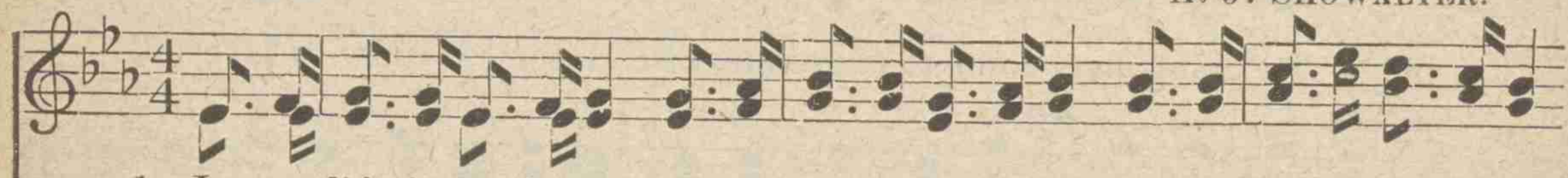
No. 114.

ONE IN CHRIST.

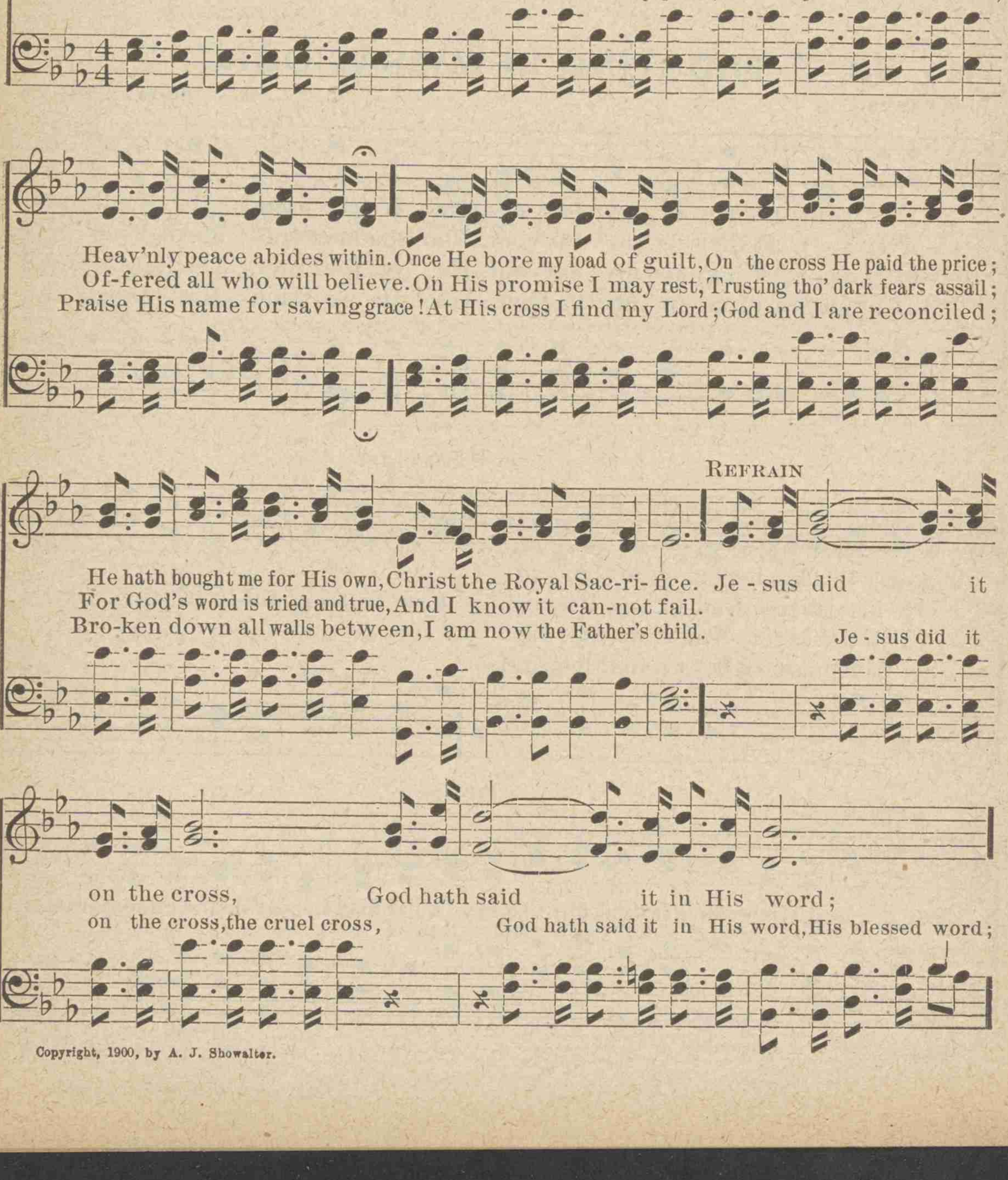
"For he is our Peace, who hath made both one."—Eph. 2: 14.

Dedicated to F. H. Breyfogle, who suggested the subject.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Je- sus did it on the cross, Paid the crushing debt of sin; He redeemed me by His blood,
2. God hath said it in His word, "Whoso-ev - er" may receive From His hand salva-tion free,
3. I be-lieve it in my heart, Je-sus suffered in my place; God accepts me for His own,



Heav'nly peace abides within. Once He bore my load of guilt, On the cross He paid the price;
Of-fered all who will believe. On His promise I may rest, Trusting tho' dark fears assail;
Praise His name for saving grace! At His cross I find my Lord; God and I are reconciled;

REFRAIN

He hath bought me for His own, Christ the Royal Sac-ri- fice. Je - sus did it
For God's word is tried and true, And I know it can-not fail.
Bro-ken down all walls between, I am now the Father's child.

Je - sus did it

on the cross, God hath said it in His word;
on the cross, the cruel cross, God hath said it in His word, His blessed word;

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ONE IN CHRIST.

I be - lieve it in my heart, And accept Him as my Lord.
I be-lieve it in my heart, I be-lieve it in my heart,

No. 115. HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

Words by LUCY LARCOM. Music by REV. N. KEFF SMITH, D.D.

1. Hand in hand with an - gels, Thro' the world we go; Bright- er eyes are
2. Hand in hand with an - gels, In the bus - y street, By the win - ter
3. Hand in hand with an - gels, Some are out of sight, Lead- ing us, un -
4. Hand in hand with an - gels, Walk-ing ev - 'ry day; How the chain may
5. Hand in hand with an - gels, Bless- ed so to be! Helped are all the

o'er us, Than we blind ones know; Ten-der- er voi - ces cheer us
hearth-fires, Ev - 'rywhere we meet, Though unfledged and songless,
know - ing, In - to paths of light. Some dear friends are loos-ened
length - en, None of us can say; But we know it reach - es
help - ers; Giv - ing light, they see. He who aids an - oth - er,

Than we deaf will own; Nev - er, walking heav'nward, Can we walk a- lone.
Birds of par - a - dise; Heav'n looks at us dai - ly Out of human eyes.
From our earthly clasp, Soul in soul to hold us With a firm-er grasp.
From earth's lowliest one To the shining seraph Throned above the sun.
Strengthens more than one; Sinking earth he grapples To the great white throne.

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No. 116. THE BANQUET OF THE KING.

BIRDIE BELL. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. "Whosoever will" may come To the royal palace home, All are welcome to the
2. All are bidden to the feast, From the highest to the least, You will find the invi-
3. Would you gather with the rest, Be accepted as a guest? You must lay aside the
4. O the message is for all, Will you list-en to the call, And accept the in - vi-

banquet of the King; From each far and distant clime They shall come in God's own time,
ta - tion in the word; On the sacred page we find It is free for all mankind,
garments stained with sin; Only those who wear the dress Of the Saviour's righteousness,
tation of the King? Take His robe so white and pure, It an entrance will ensure,

REFRAIN.

And the heav'nly courts with joyful songs shall ring.
And from sea to sea the message shall be heard. You may come, for all are
Shall receive the welcome glad and enter in.
Soul, be read-y for the banquet of the King. You may come,

bid-den to the feast, All may come, . . . 'tis for the greatest to the least; In His
All may come,

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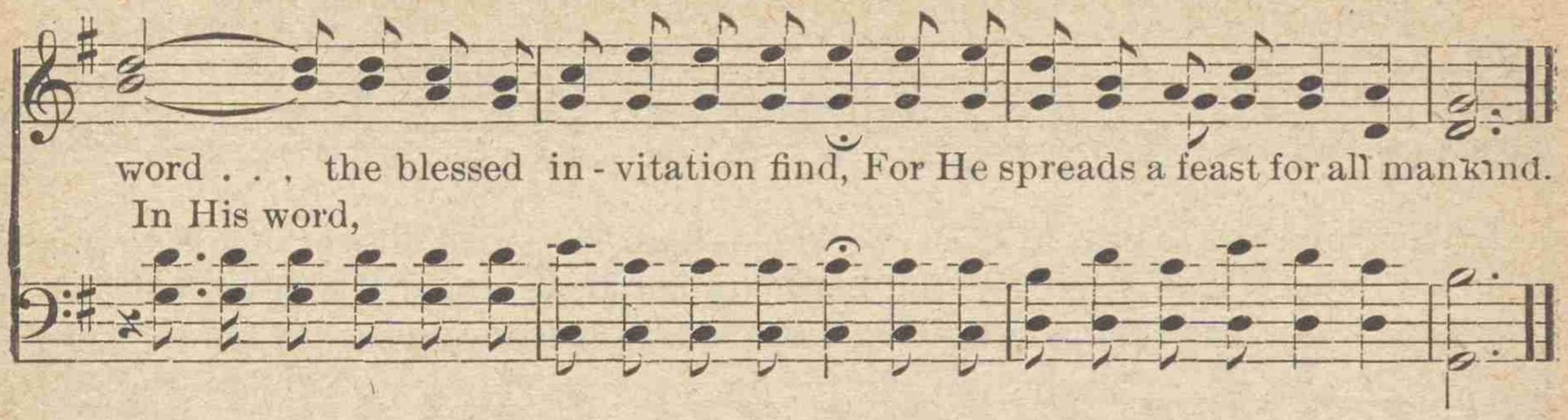
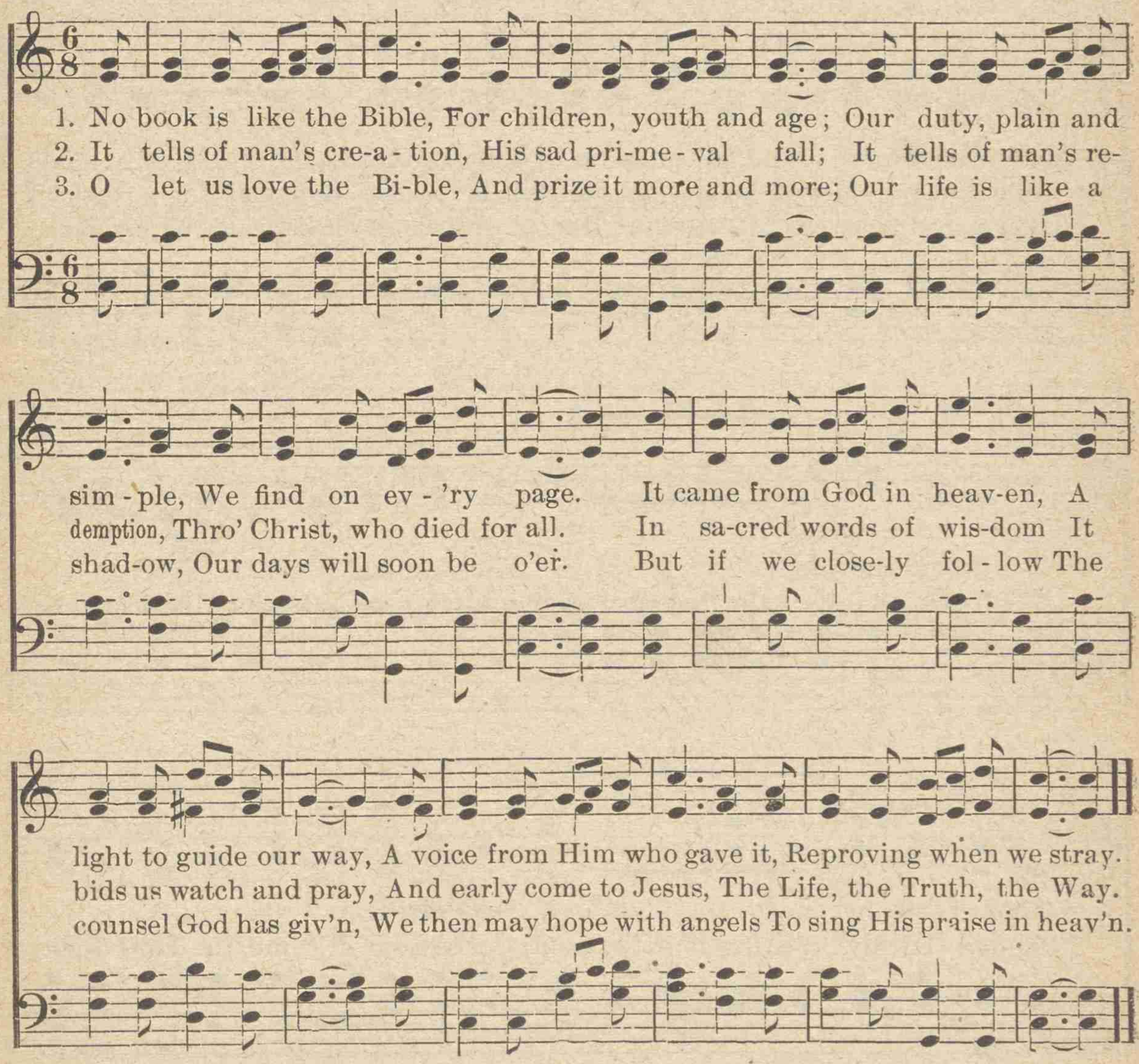
THE BANQUET OF THE KING. Concluded.



No. 117. NO BOOK IS LIKE THE BIBLE.

MINNIE KARNS. J. S. HENDRICKS.



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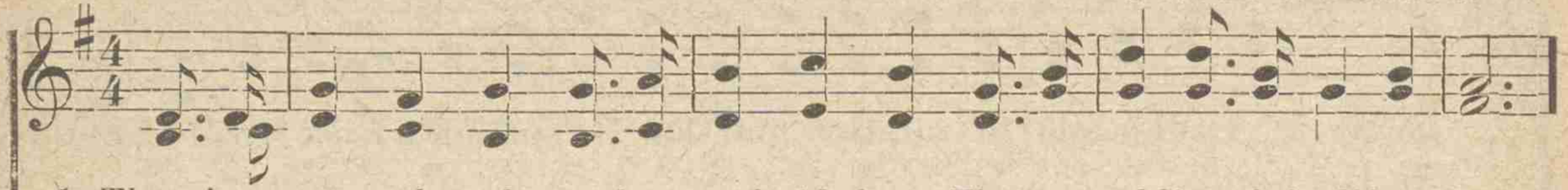
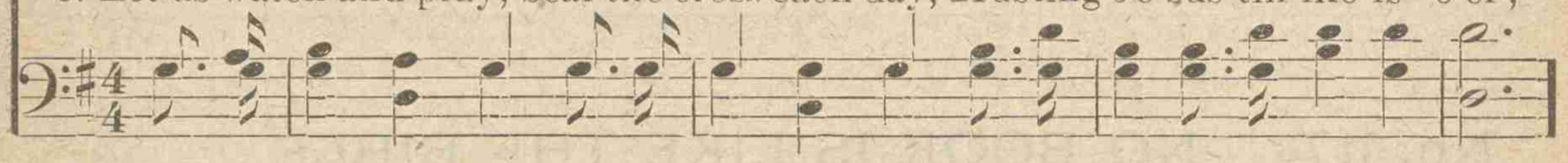
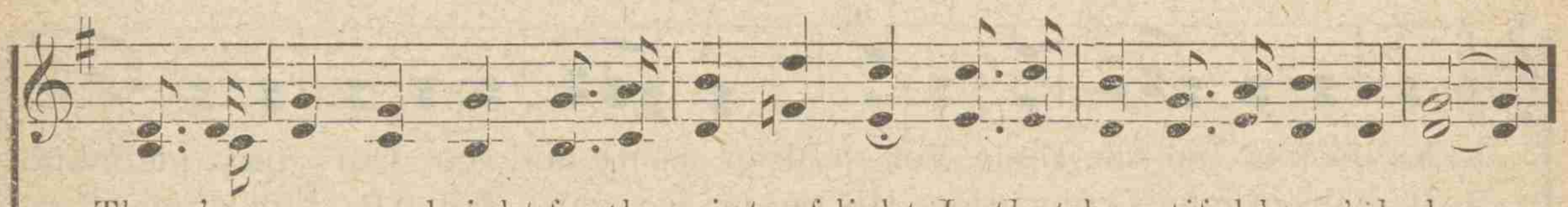
No. 118. THERE'S A CROSS TO BEAR.

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

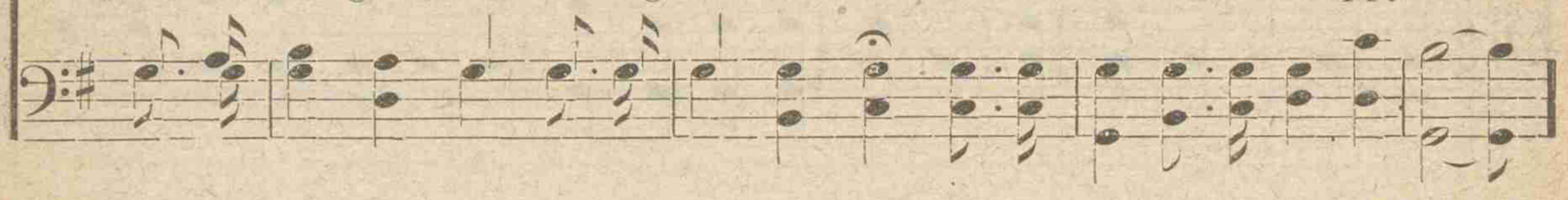


1. There's a cross to bear by each one who'd share The sweet bliss of the life to come;
2. We must self de - ny for the Lord on high If we would His disci - ples be;
3. Let us watch and pray, bear the cross each day, Trusting Je-sus till life is o'er;





There's a crown so bright for the saints of light In that beautiful heav'nly home.
If the crown we'd wear we the cross must bear, And o'er sin gain the victory.
Then a shining crown He will give His own As we reach Canaan's happy shore.



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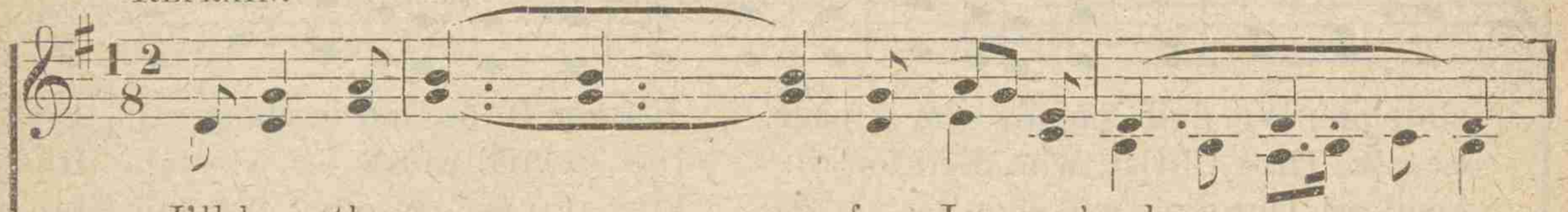
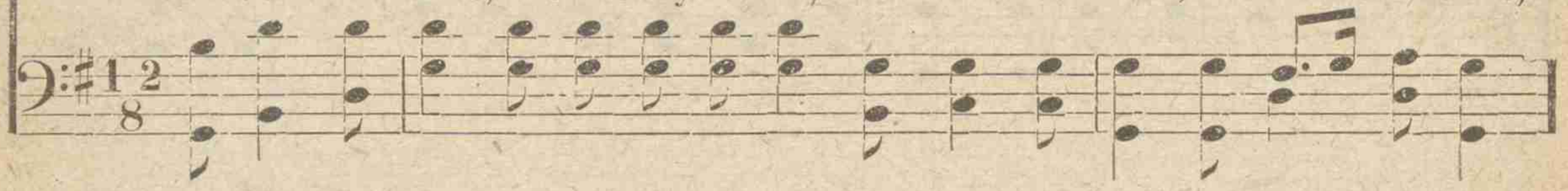
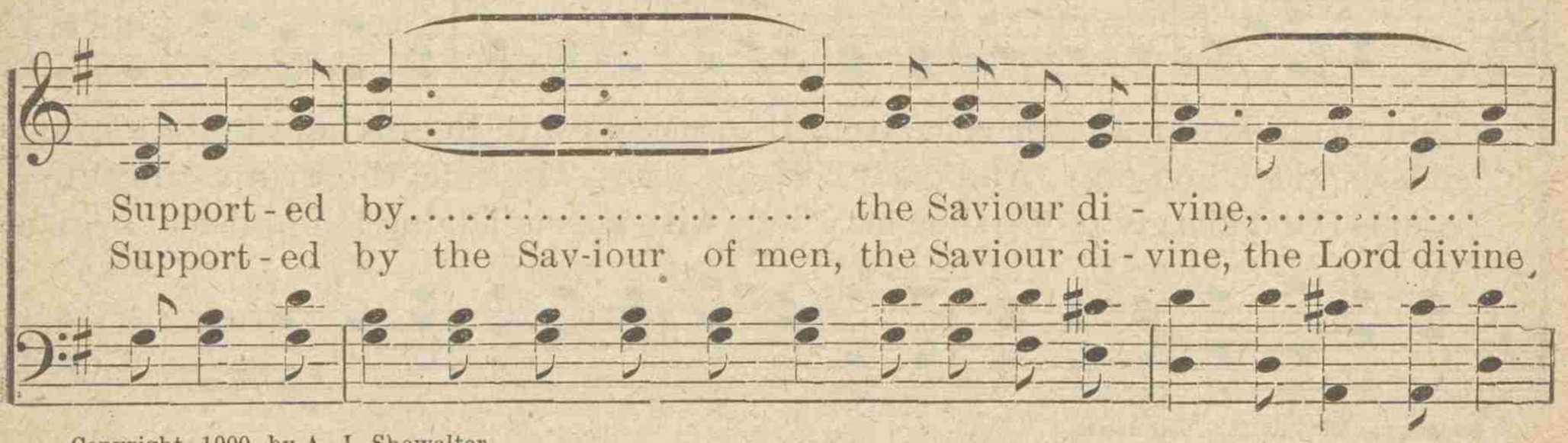


I'll bear the cross..... for Je - sus' sake,.....
I'll bear the cross, tho' heavy it be, for Je - sus' sake, for His dear sake,





Support - ed by..... the Saviour di - vine,.....
Support - ed by the Sav-iour of men, the Saviour di - vine, the Lord divine,

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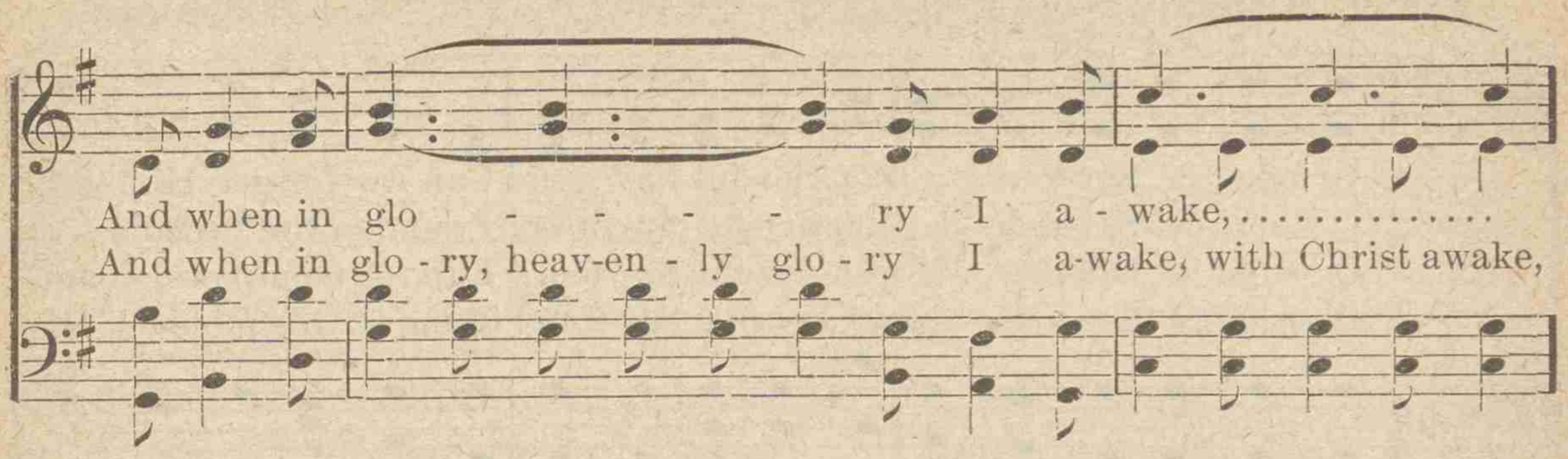
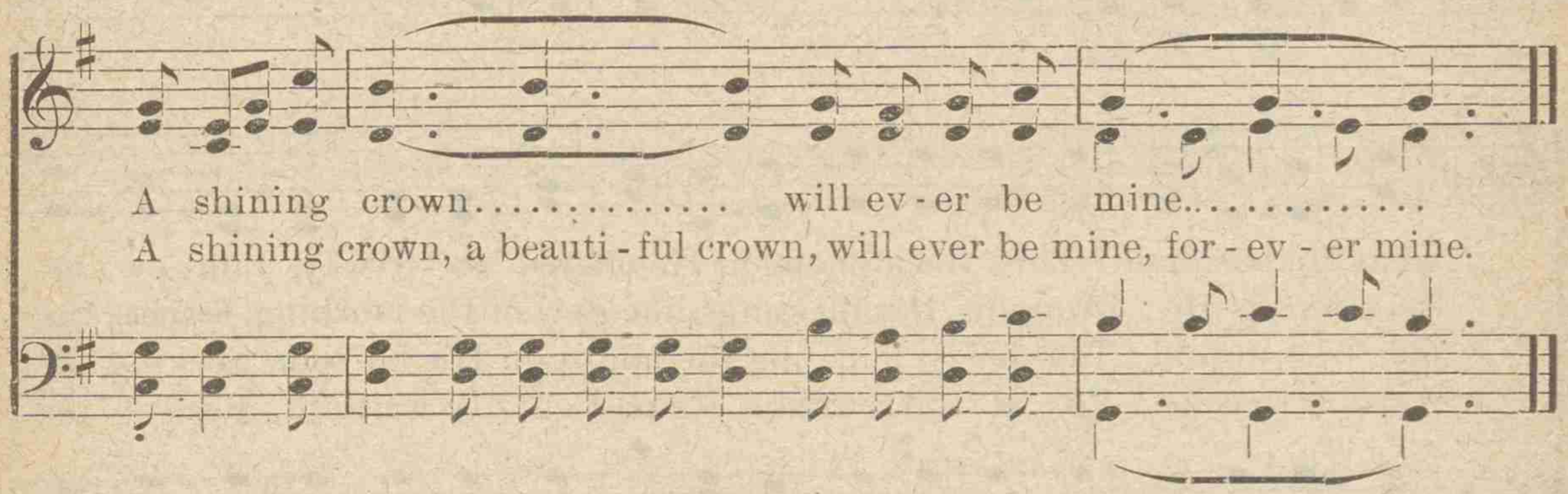
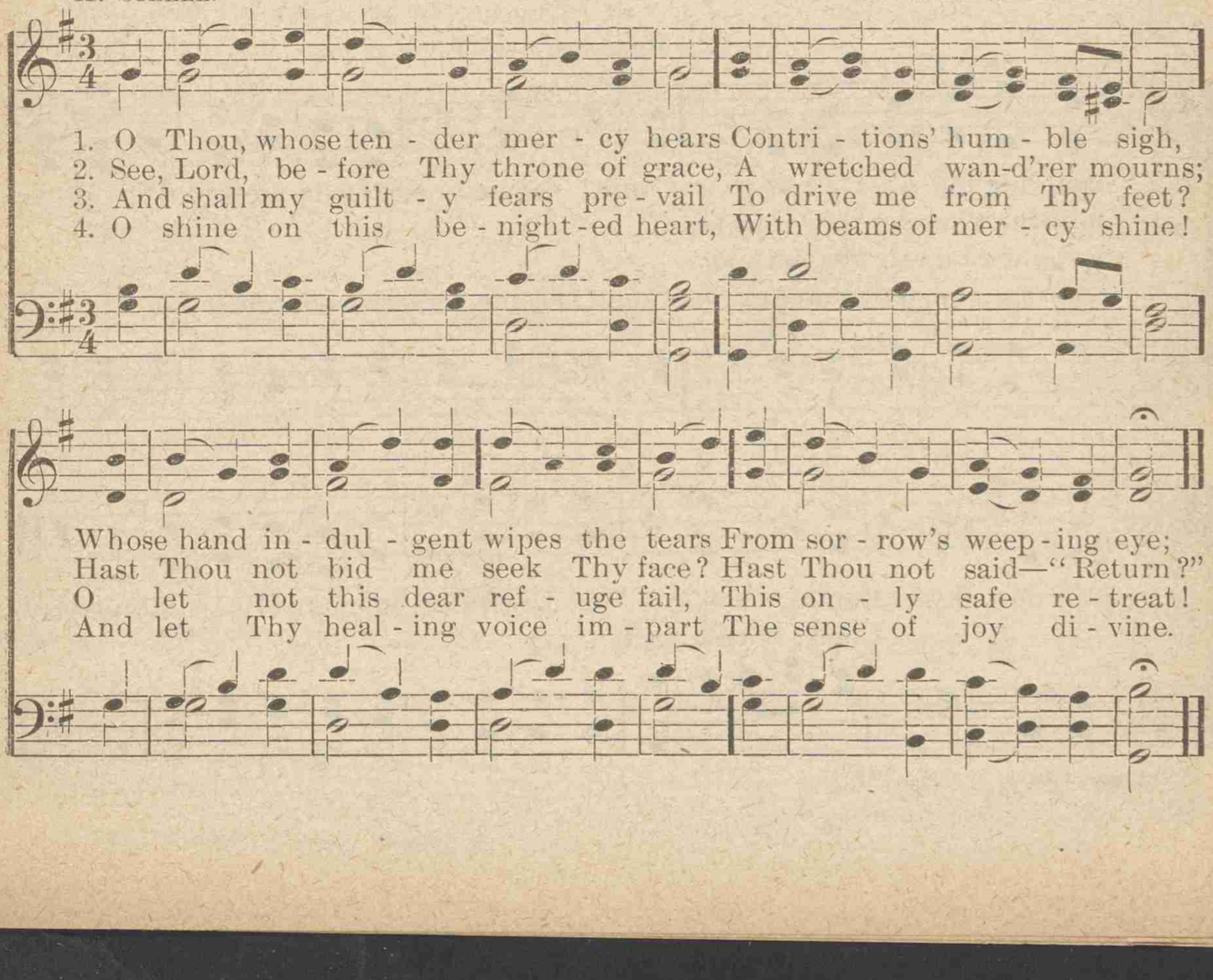
THERE'S A CROSS TO BEAR. Concluded.





No. 119. HENDY. C. M.

A. Steele. Chas. Edw. Pollock.



No. 120. ROOM IN HIS ARMS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O what a Sav-iour, a won-der-ful Sav-iour! Can we for-get Him for
2. O what a Sav-iour, a won-der-ful Sav-iour! Friend of the friendless, our
3. O what a Sav-iour, a won-der-ful Sav-iour! Full of com-pas-sion and
4. O what a Sav-iour, a pray'r hearing Sav-iour! Come at this moment, His

what He has done? Thro' the atonement He offered so free-ly, Life ev - er-
Shepherd is He; Dropping His blessings like dew of the morning, Guarding the
mer - cy untold; Ten-der-ly fold - ing the lambs on His bo-som, Seeking the
par-don re-ceive; Lo, at the fountain He pa-tient - ly wait-eth, Ready to

REFRAIN.

last - ing for all He has won. Come, come, sorrow-oppressed, Why do ye
faithful where'er they may be.
lost ones that stray from the fold.
welcome the souls that believe. Come, O come, ye sorrow-oppressed,

still de - lay? Come, come, yet there is room, Room in His arms to-day.
Come, O come, while

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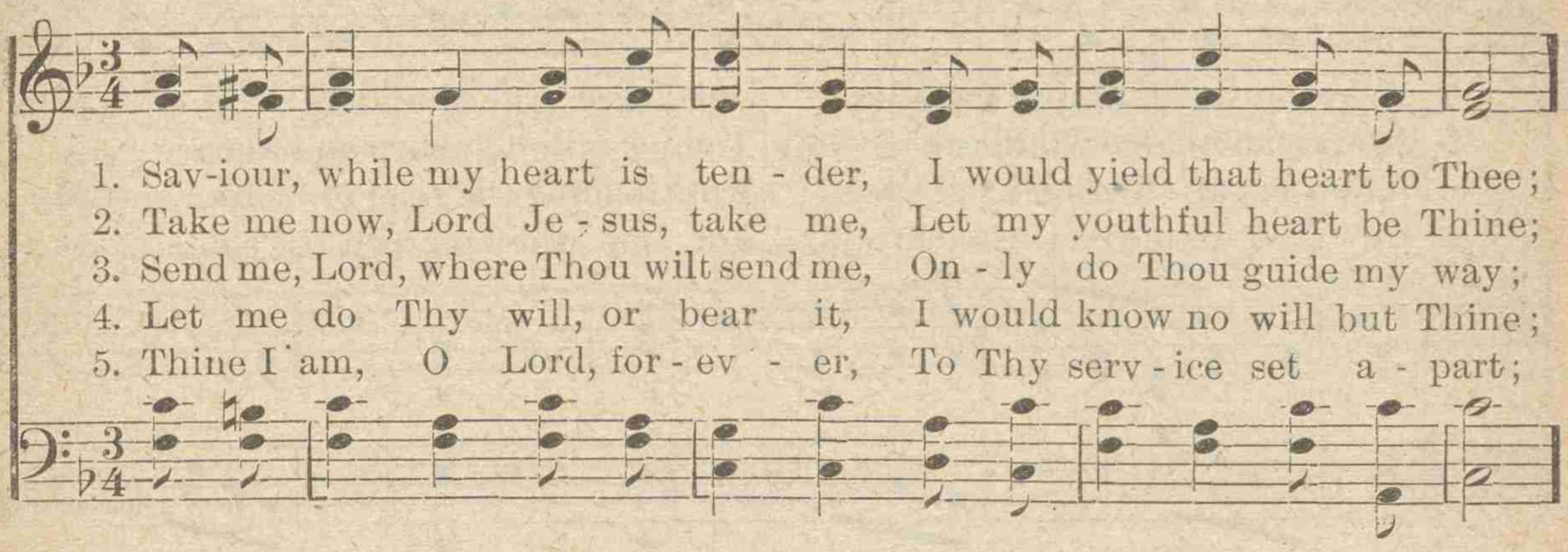
No. 121. SAVIOUR, TAKE ME.

"Let my prayer come before thee."—Ps. 88: 2.

JOHN BURTON.. W. H. DOANE.



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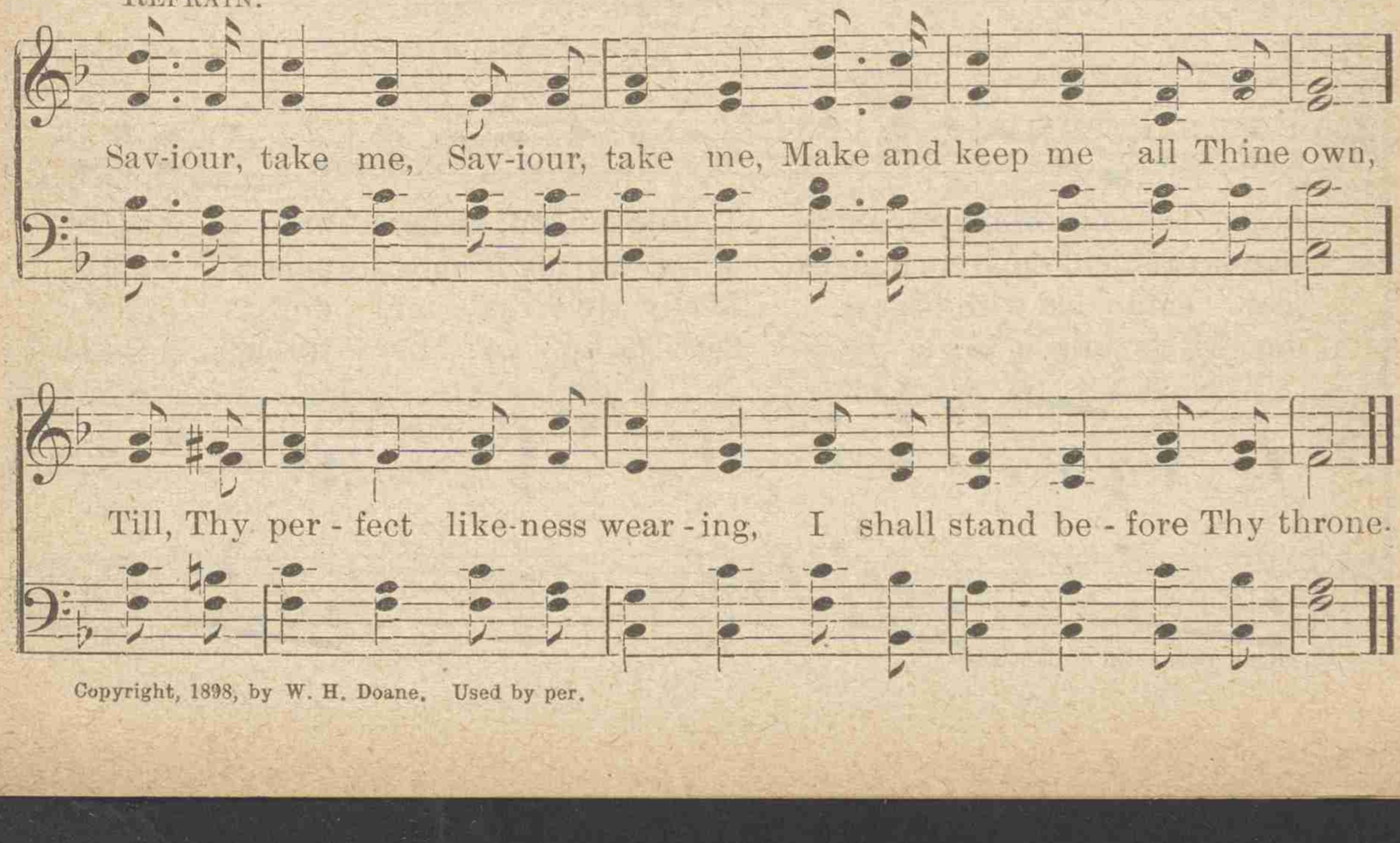

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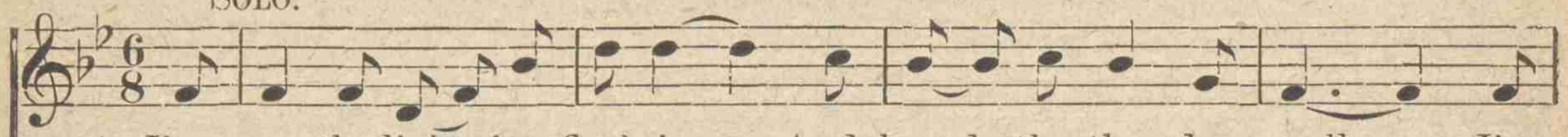
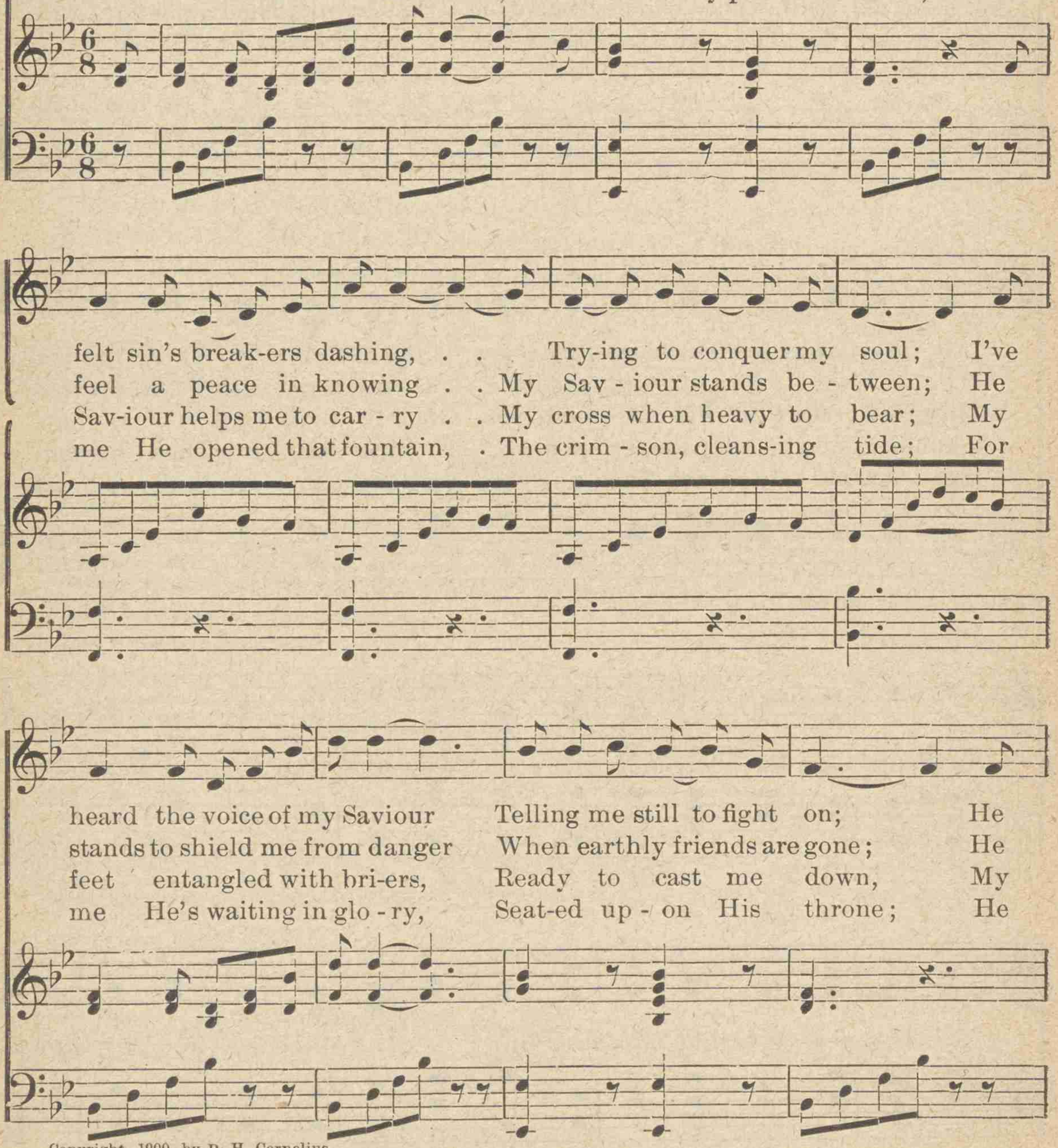
No. 122. NEVER ALONE.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.

Solo.



1. I've seen the lightning flash-ing, And heard the thunders roll, I've felt sin's break-ers dashing, . . Try-ing to conquer my soul; I've heard the voice of my Saviour Telling me still to fight on; He
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing, Temp - tation's sharp and keen; I feel a peace in knowing . . My Sav - iour stands be - tween; He stands to shield me from danger When earthly friends are gone; He
3. When in af - fliction's val - ley I'm treading the road of care, My Sav-iour helps me to car - ry . . My cross when heavy to bear; My feet entangled with bri-ers, Ready to cast me down, My
4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side, For me He opened that fountain, . The crim - son, cleans-ing tide; For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne; He



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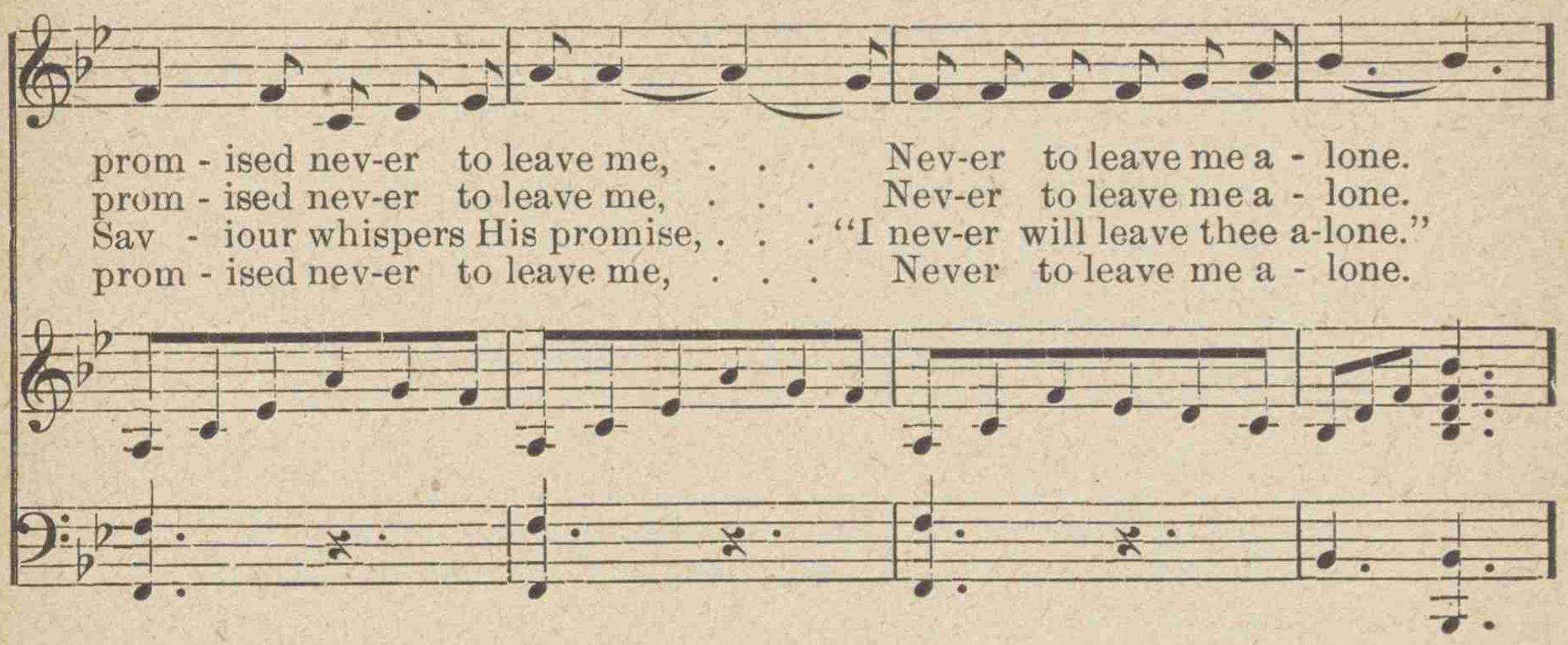
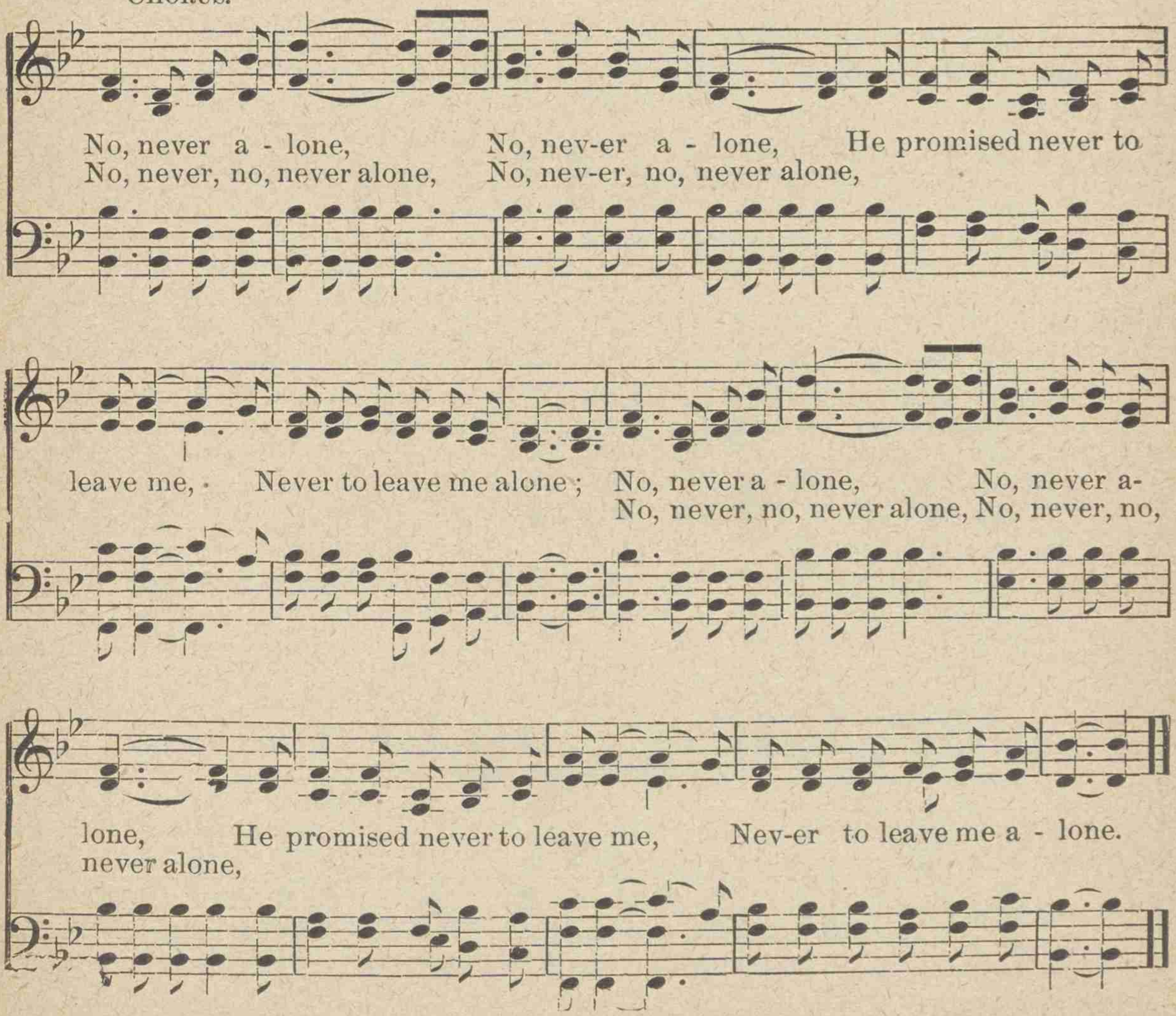
NEVER ALONE. Concluded.



CHORUS.



No. 123. MOVE OUT INTO THE LIGHT.

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men.—John 1 : 4.

EDNA LEAKE NIX. RICHARD K. HIGGINS.

1. O wea - ry, sin - sick wand'rer, A rest re-mains for you; God's
2. Give God a life of ser- vice, A life of faith and pray'r, That
3. The light still shines re- splendent, As on the a - ges roll, The
4. The time is swift - ly com- ing, By faith I now can see The

ho - ly word re- veals it, —A prom-ise kind and true. Lay down your sins and
you may en - ter heav- en, And all its glo-ries share. Let God now reign with-
Com-forter's been giv - en, That re - as-sures the soul. Put all up- on the
Prince of Peace descend-ing, Our King on earth to be. Get read - y now to

D.S. *Gird on the gos - pel*

bur-dens, Exchange for day your night, And joy and peace will fol-low; Move
in you, He rules by love, not might, He waits to bid you welcome; Move
al - tar, Live ho - ly in His sight, Re - ceive Him in His ful-ness; Move
meet Him, And live by faith, not sight; Ac - cept His full sal - va-tion; Move

ar- mor To bat - tle for the right; Pre - pare to meet the con-flict, Move

REFRAIN.

out in-to the light. Move out . . . . in- to the light,

Move in - to the light, in - to the beauti - ful light,

out in- to the light.

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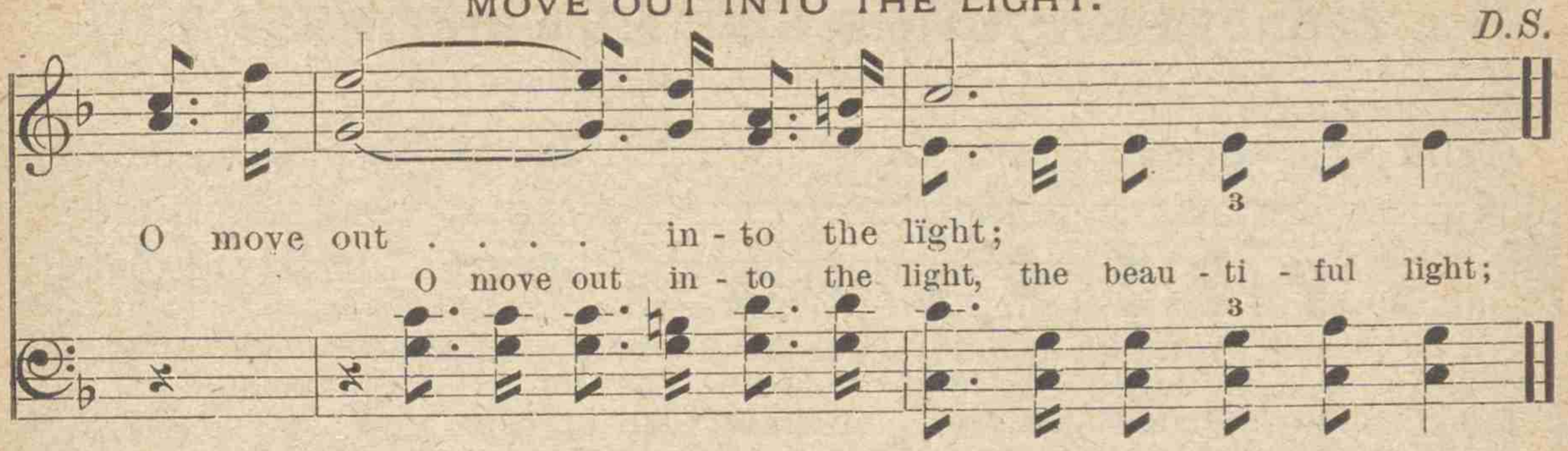
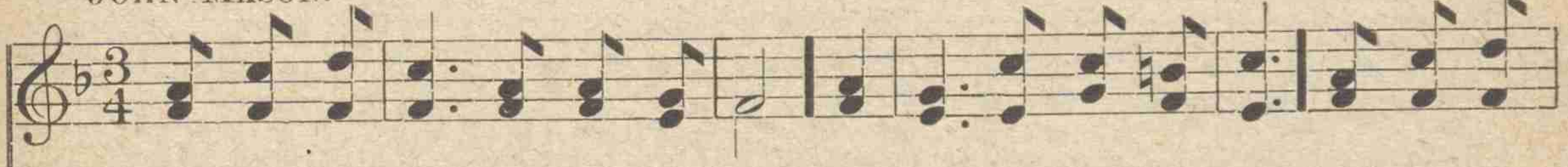
MOVE OUT INTO THE LIGHT.

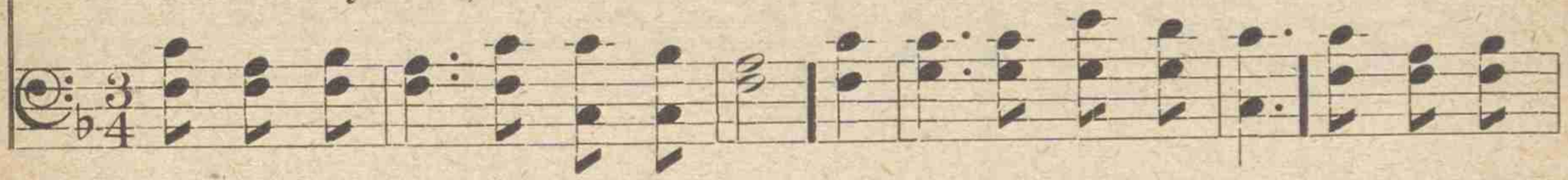


No. 124. SINGING FOR JOY.

JOHN MASON. J. W. DENNIS.



1. I've found the pearl of great-est price, My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I
2. Christ is my Proph-et, Priest, and King—A Proph-et full of light; My great High
3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings; He is the
4. Christ is my Peace; He died for me, For me He gave His blood; And as my



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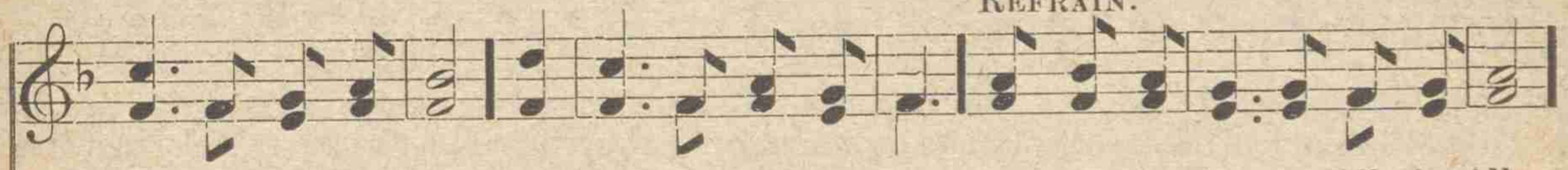
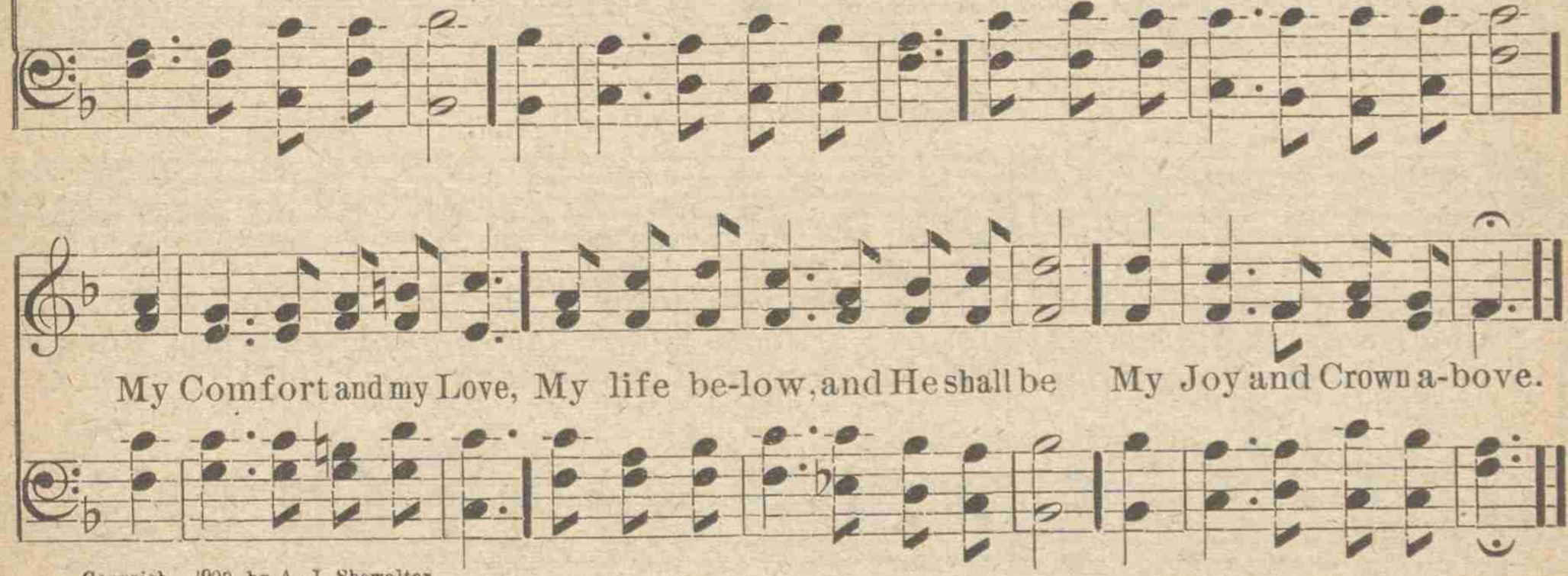


must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song em-ploy. Christ Je-sus is my All in All,
Priest be-fore the throne, My King of heav'nly might.
Son of righteousness, With healing in His wings.
wondrous sac-ri -fice, Of-fered Himself to God.



My Comfort and my Love, My life be-low, and He shall be My Joy and Crown a-bove.

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No. 125. PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE.

Dedicated to Mrs. F. M. Weed, Ocean Springs, Miss.

Words by
Mrs. M. A. NICHOLL.

Music by
Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D. D.

1. I see, by faith, a joy - ous land: No pain, no tears, no cry - ing; A land whose light can know no night, Of griefs, of fears, of dy-ing. Sad death passed o'er, and
2. I see, by faith, a land of rest, That for His own "remaineth;" They "o - vercame," in Je-sus' name, Each who this rest attaineth. I see, by grace, each
3. I wait, "till faith is lost in sight," Till grief in joy is end-ed; Till hap-py guest, at bri - dal feast I en-ter in, at-tend-ed By waving palms, by

on be-fore, O joy-ful contempla-tion! They'll gather in, souls washed from sin, "Of "dwelling place" Made fair by Christ's preparing; O marriage feast which our High Priest Won holiest psalms, Till lost in light and wonder, In white robes drest, I'll prove how blest My

REFRAIN.

ev -'ry tribe and nation." For ev - er-more, for ev - er-more, In pure and white a-
for the weak, the erring! For ev - er-more, for ev - er-more, In that new Eden's
homeland o-ver yonder! For ev - er-more, for ev - er-more, O joy, O rest, O

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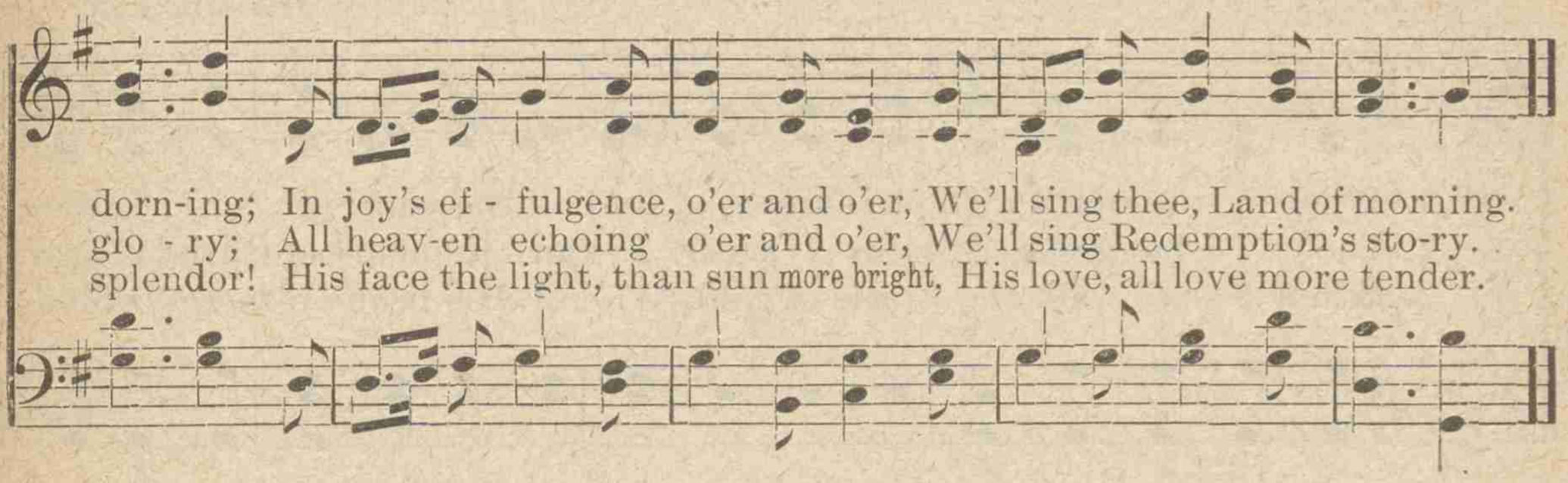
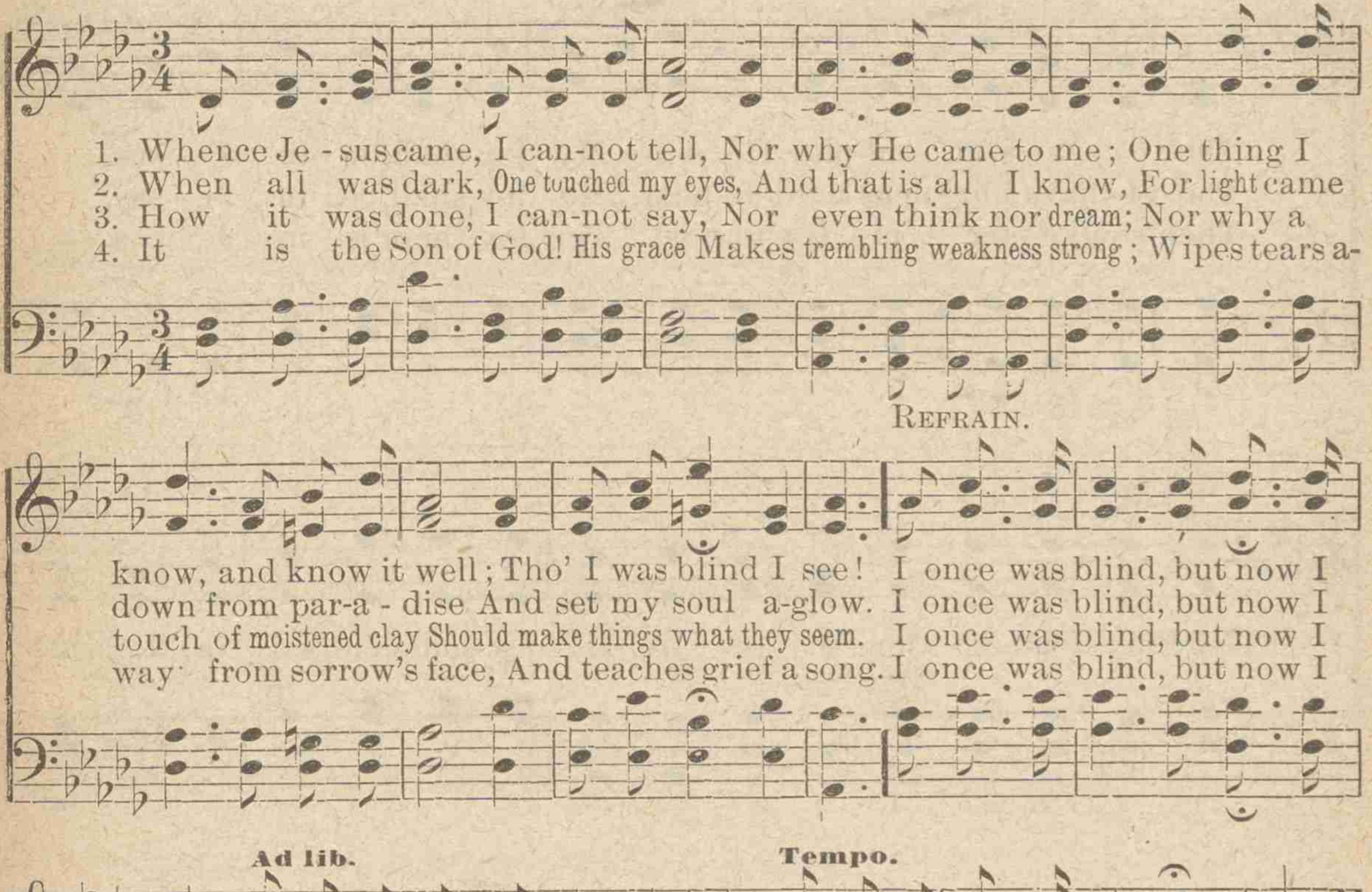
PLEASURES FOR EVERMORE. Concluded.



No. 126. BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Mrs. J. F. K. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



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No. 127. MY JOY SHALL BE IN JESUS.

G. E. GEORGE ELY,

1. What if the world with pleasure smiles, And all the whirl of sin beguiles;
2. Tho' I be greet-ed with a sneer, I can re-mem-ber Christ is near;
3. When I shall walk the streets of gold, When I His beau-ty there behold;

Tho' Sa - tan still em-ploy His wiles My joy shall be in Je - sus.
Tho' I have bur - dens hard to bear, My joy shall be in Je - sus.
Then shall e - ter - ni - ty un-fold The joy there is in Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

There my foun-da - tion is se - cure, My rest complete, sal - va - tion sure;

My King is rich, tho' I be poor, My joy shall be in Je - sus.

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No. 128. GATHERED HOME BY AND BY.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

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

FINE. REFRAIN.

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

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

D. S.

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No. 129. BRIGHTLY BEAMS THE GOSPEL.

HELEN DUNGAN. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Is your soul a-glow with love From the heav'nly home a-bove, Are you
2. Yes, your Saviour bids you come To that bless-ed, hap-py home, He's pre-
3. Ma-ny loved ones you will greet, In the shin-ing gold-en street, Of the

walk-ing in the straight, narrow way, That will lead you safe-ly on, All your
pared for those who serve Him below; And a welcome you'll receive, If your
cit - y of our God built a - bove; And with friends who've gone before, On that

REFRAIN.

cares and trials gone, To the land of ev - er-lasting day ?
heart to Him you'll give, And the blessing of His presence know. Brightly beams the gospel light,
bright, eternal shore, You will join them in their songs of love.

With a radiance pure and bright, In - to ev - 'ry anxious heart, Bringing

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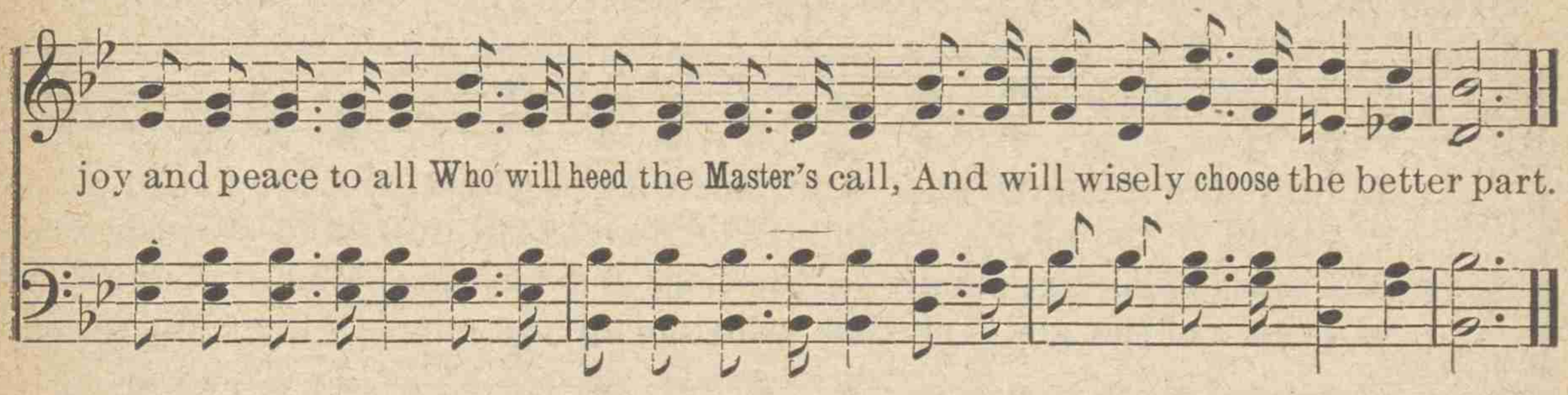
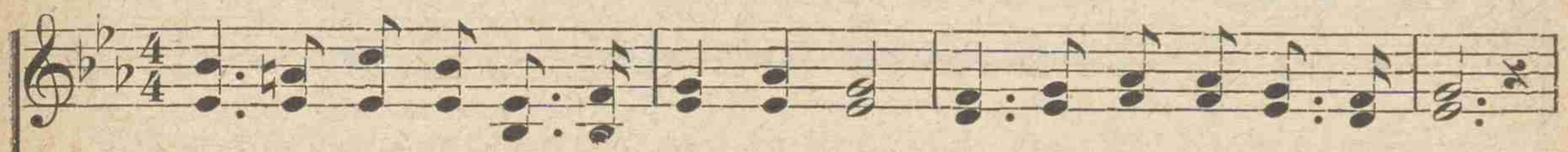
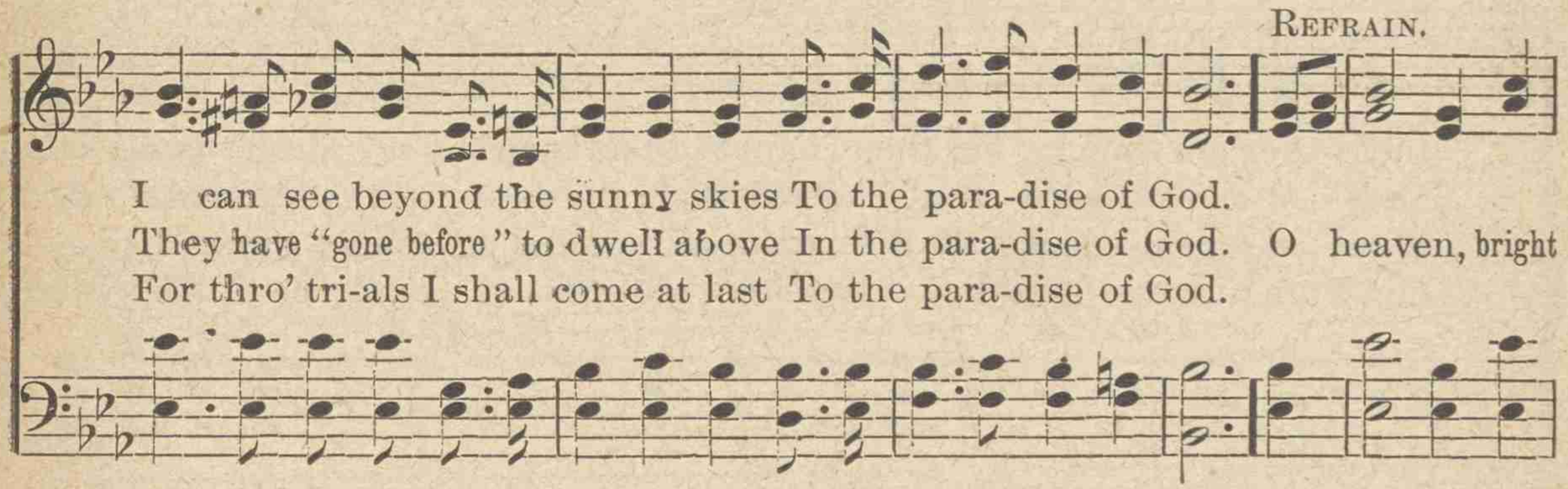
BRIGHTLY BEAMS THE GOSPEL. Concluded.

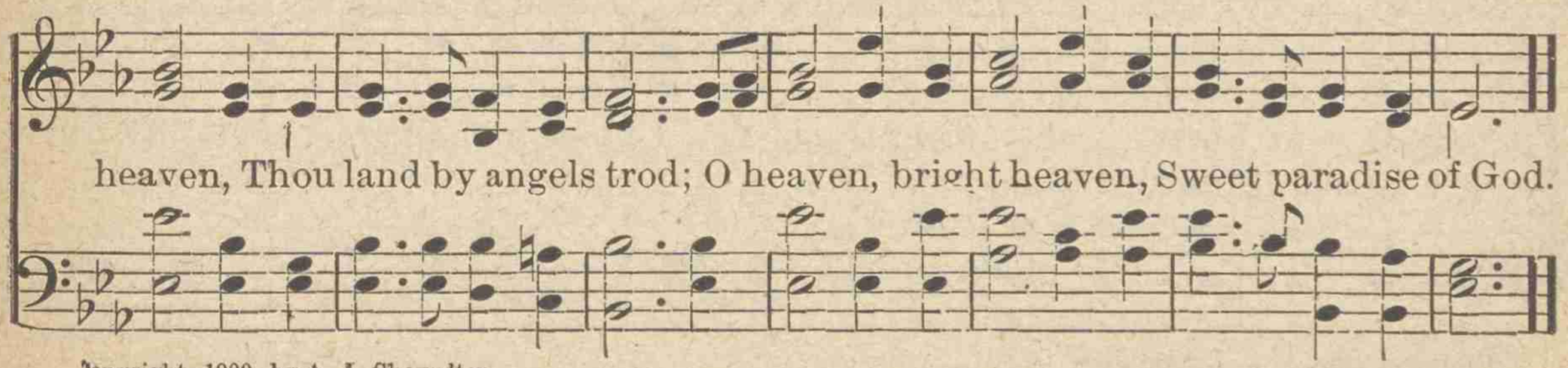


No. 130. THE PARADISE OF GOD.

ADALYN. H. L. HIETT.







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No. 131. WAITING UP YONDER.

Rev. H. P. FITCH. (GOOD AS A SOLO.) A. J. SHOWALTER.

Not too fast.

1. I think of the loved ones, who once with us gathered, And joined in the serv - ice of Je - sus be - low; Of the sheaves they are bringing, and the songs they are singing, For they chant the glad song the re - deemed only know.
2. I think of the proph - ets and pa - tri-archs faithful, Who longed for the day, now so glorious and bright; Of their pa - tient en-dur-ance, and the bless - ed as - sur-ance That cheered them in sorrow till faith changed to sight.
3. I think of the Sav - iour, so pre-cious and lov - ing, Who once for my sins died on Cal - va - ry's tree; Of the crown He is hold-ing, and the bless - ed en - fold-ing Which thro' grace all abounding, waits a sinner like me.
4. I think of the glo - ry that waits me up yon - der, Of the pleasures e- ter - nal that heav'n will af-ford; Of the knowledge in-creasing, and the rapt - ure un-ceas- ing, But sweet-er than all, I shall be with my Lord.

REFRAIN.

1–2. O I know I shall meet them, Yes, I know I shall greet them, By the
3–4. O I know I shall meet Him, Yes, I know I shall greet Him, By the

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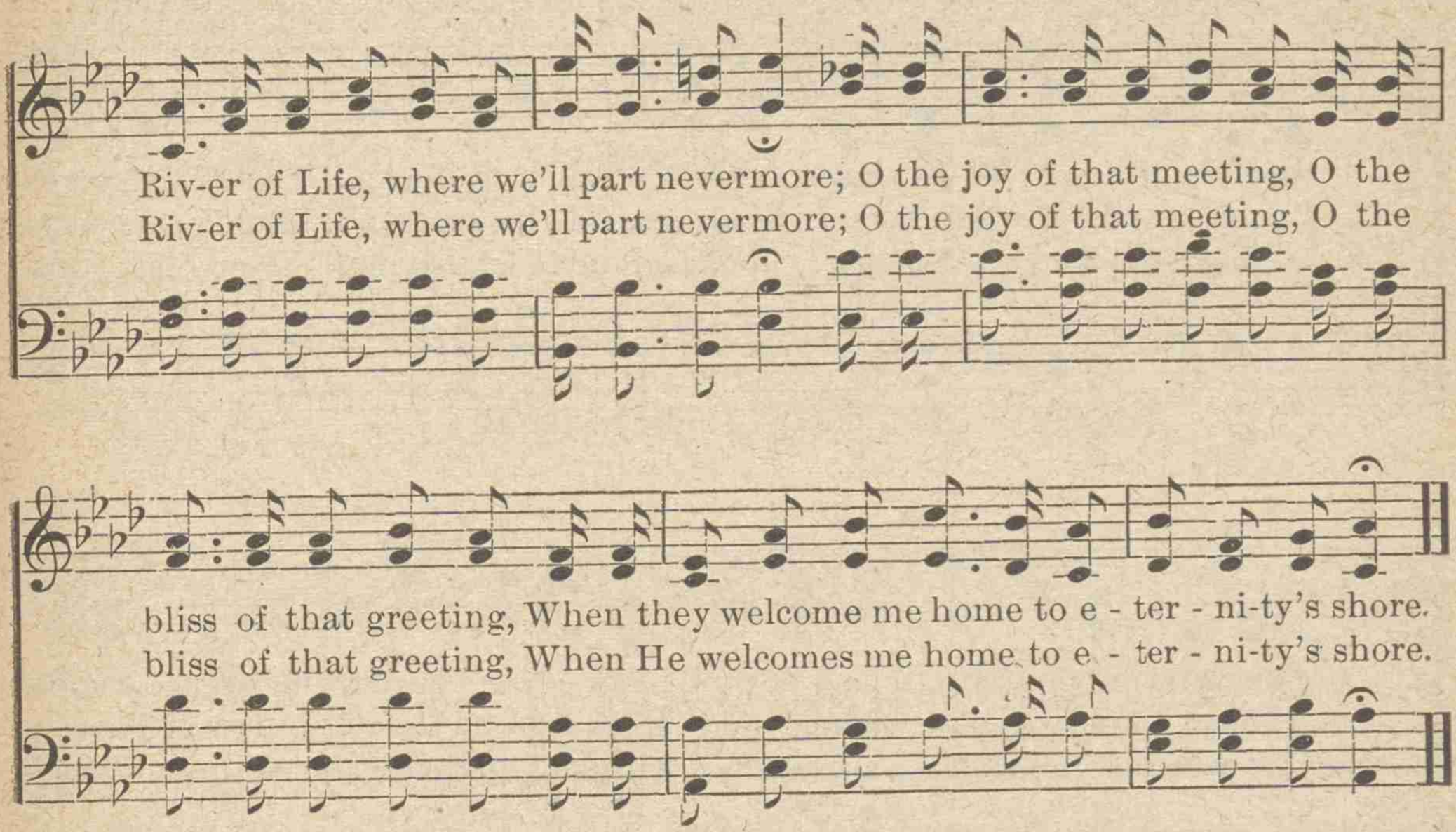
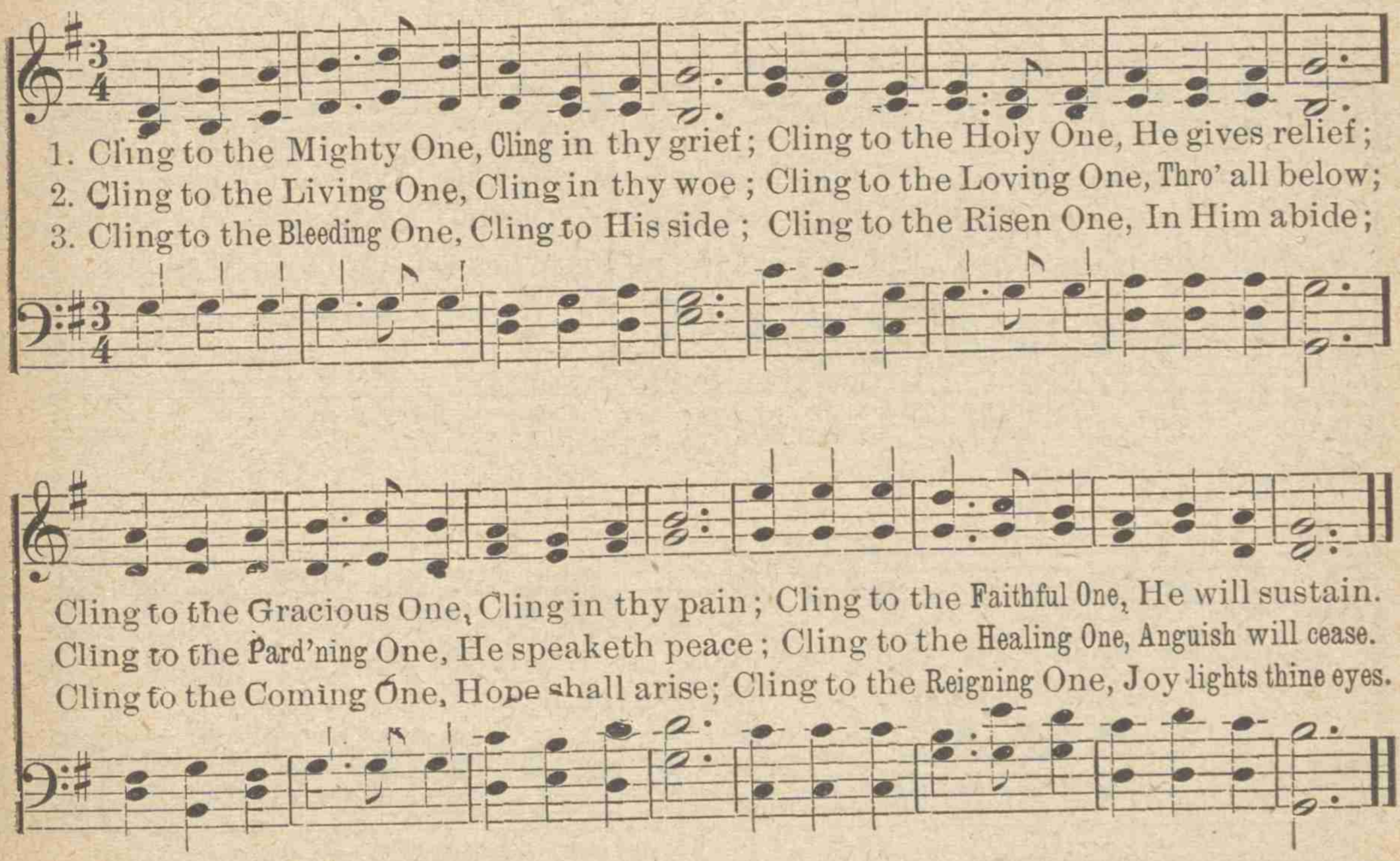
WAITING UP YONDER. Concluded.



No. 132. CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 133. LOOK BEYOND.

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

1. Brother, if thy lot be hard, Look beyond! look beyond! Heaven's bliss can
2. Rough may be thy path, to tread, Look beyond! look beyond! There's a smoother
3. Do not be the slave of sin! Look beyond! look beyond! Ev-er - last - ing

not be marred; Look beyond! look beyond! Look beyond each trying scene, And the
one ahead; Look beyond! look beyond! Look beyond the toil and care, That be-
joys to win, Look beyond! look beyond! Think of all that waits us there, That we

clouds that in - tervene! Whatsoe'er may come between, Look beyond! Look beyond!
set us ev -'ry-where; Do not yield thee to despair! Look beyond! Look beyond!
shall for-ev-er share, Where there are no ills to bear! Look beyond! Look beyond!

REFRAIN.

Look be - yond! look be-yond! Where the heav'nly Canaan lies;
Look be-yond! look be-yond!

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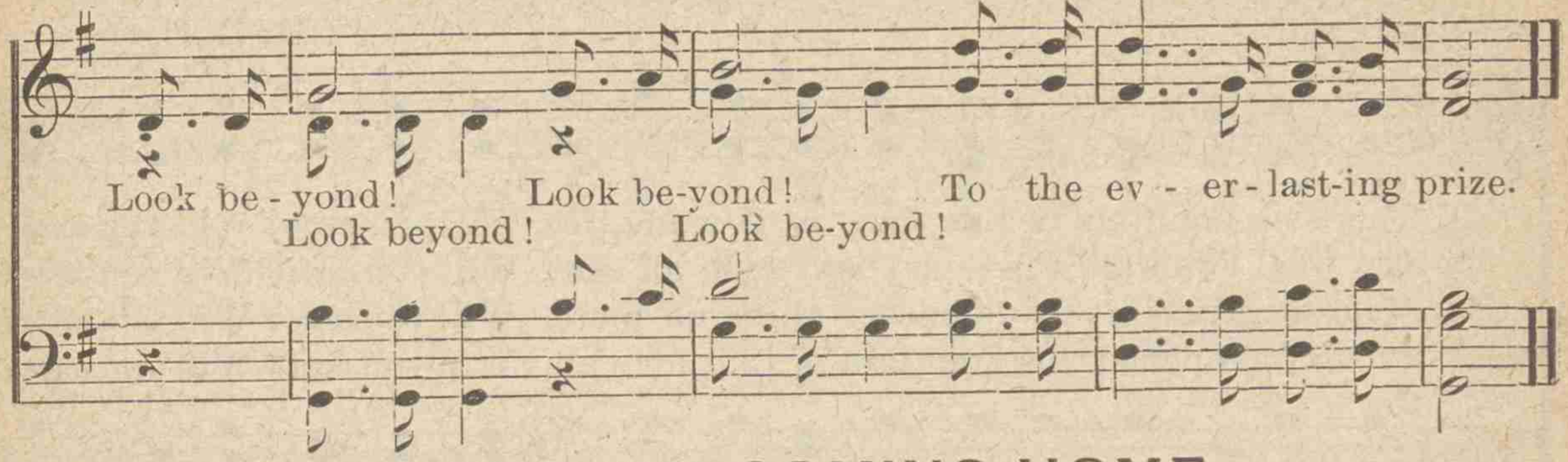
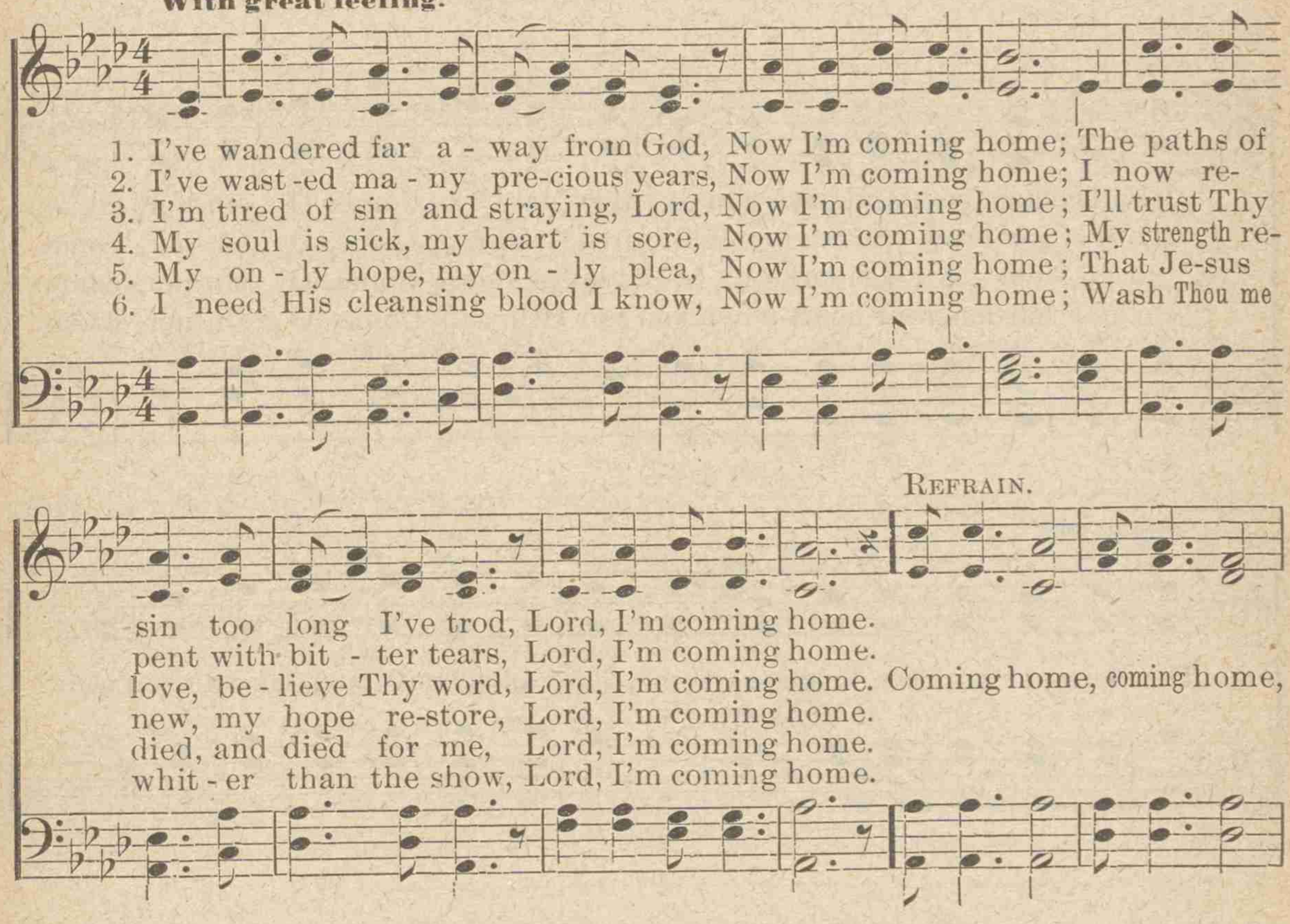
LOOK BEYOND. Concluded.



No. 134. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

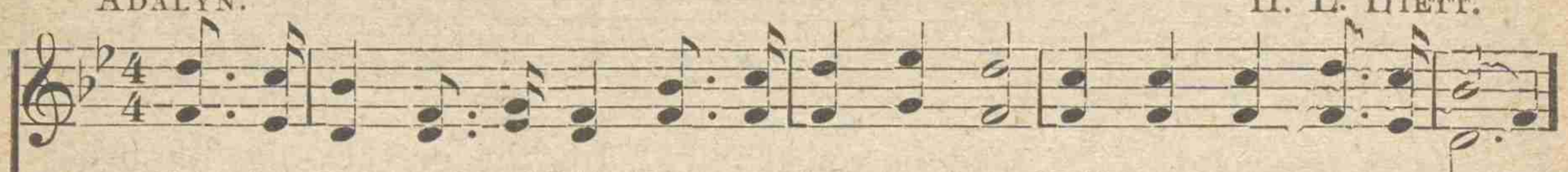
With great feeling.



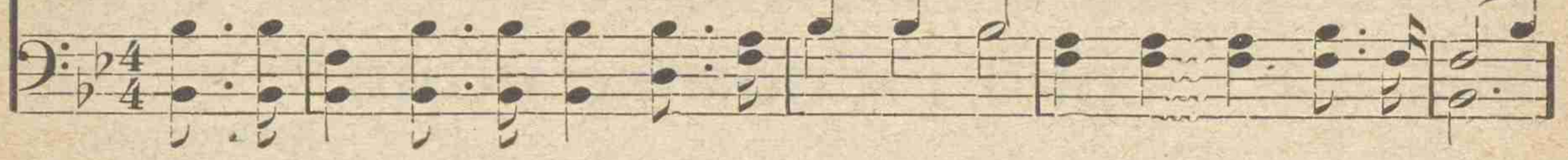
Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

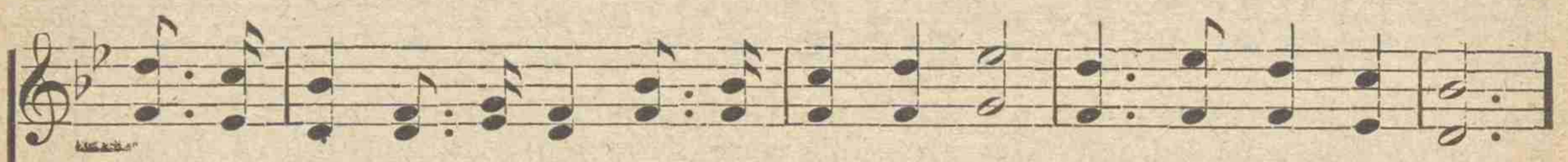
No. 135. THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

ADALYN. H. L. HIETT.

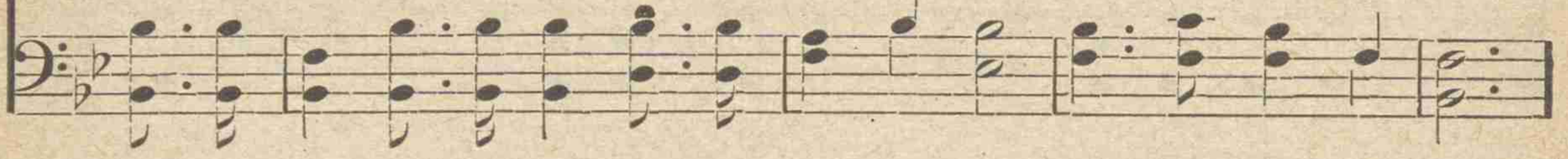


1. There's a Fountain of Life that is flow-ing free, Will you come? Will you come?
2. In this Fountain the weary may cast all care, Will you come? Will you come?
3. Who-so drinks of this water shall thirst no more, Will you come? Will you come?
4. Christ has opened this Fountain of Life for all, Will you come? Will you come?





It will cleanse you and save you e - ter - nal - ly, Come, O sin-ner, come.
Ev -'ry sor - row the Saviour will free -ly share, Come, O sin-ner, come.
But in - her - it a home on a fadeless shore, Come, O sin-ner, come.
Do not harden your heart when you hear Him call, Come, O sin-ner, come.



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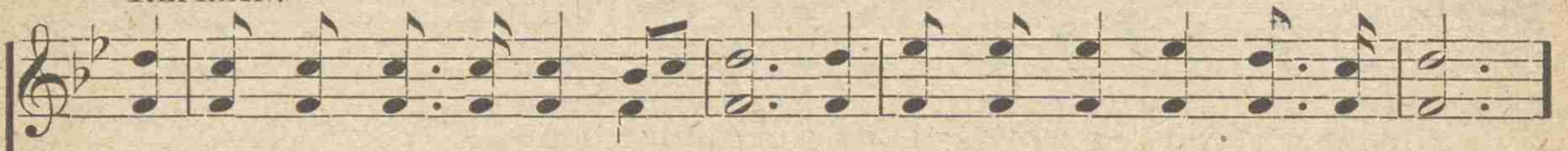
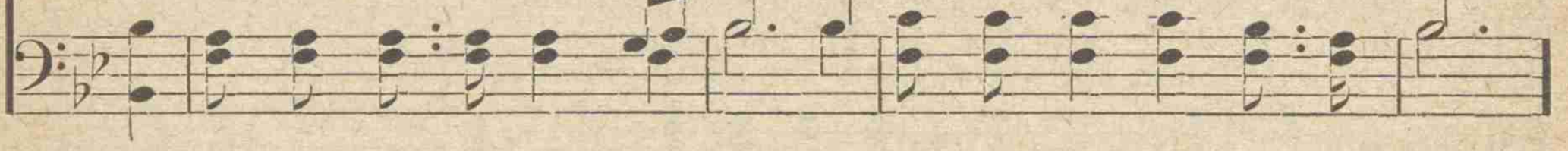
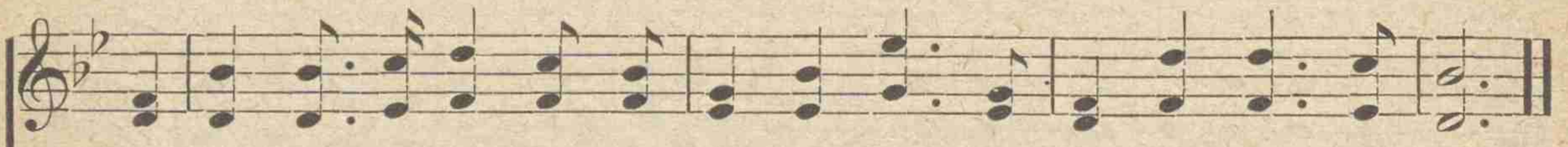
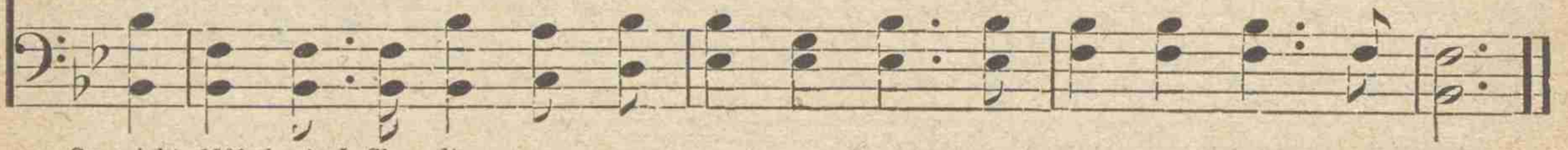


The Spir - it and the bride say come, They plead with you, why do you wait?





O haste to the Fountain and drink therefrom, Ere long 'twill be too late.



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No. 136. EVER IN THE LIGHT.

EMMA PITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Striv - ing to fol - low the foot-steps of Je - sus, Glad - ly to walk in the
2. Lean - ing more firm-ly on Christ who is guid - ing, Giv - ing our zeal to the
3. Cling - ing in faith to Him who is lead - ing, Lead - ing His dear ones safe
4. Rest - ing on Him who is strong to de-liv - er, Fear not the temp-ter, or

light He has giv'n; On-ward we go by the pur - est ex - am - ple, On by the
work in His field; Trusting more ful-ly the arm that can save us, Rich and a -
in - to the fold; Strength to the weak He ev - er is giv - ing, Till we in
heed not the foe; Christ is our Rock, the dear Rock of sal - va - tion, Ev - er we

REFRAIN.

path that will lead us to heav'n. 'Tis beau - ti - ful to walk in the
bun - dant the har - vest will yield.
glo - ry His face shall be - hold,
trust Him as on - ward we go.

1 2

foot-steps of Je-sus, Ev - er in the light, Ev-er in the light; Up to realms of light.

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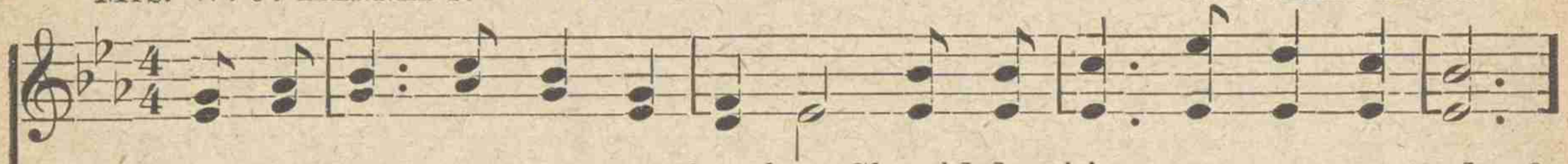
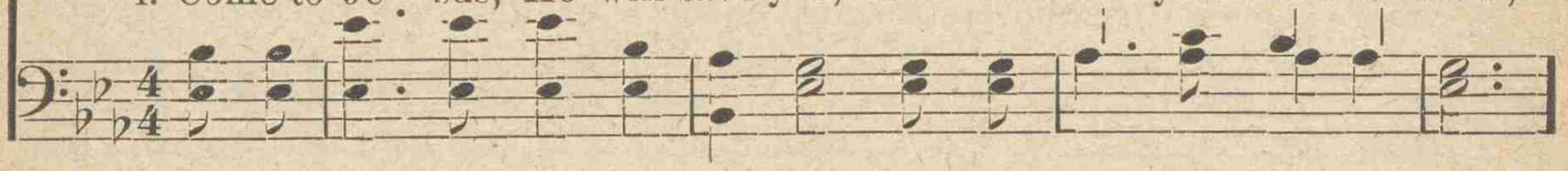
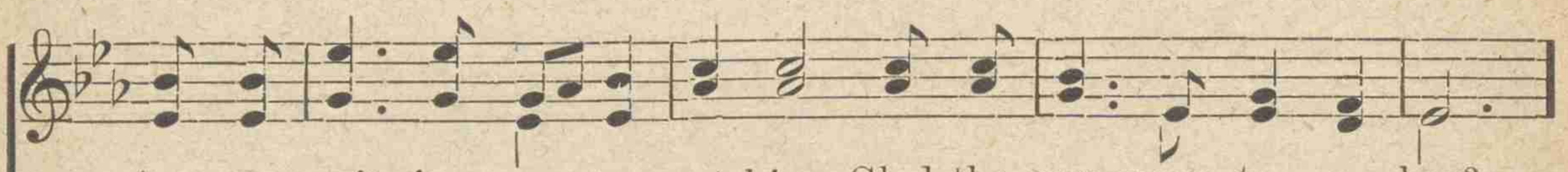
No. 137. ARE YOU READY?

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.

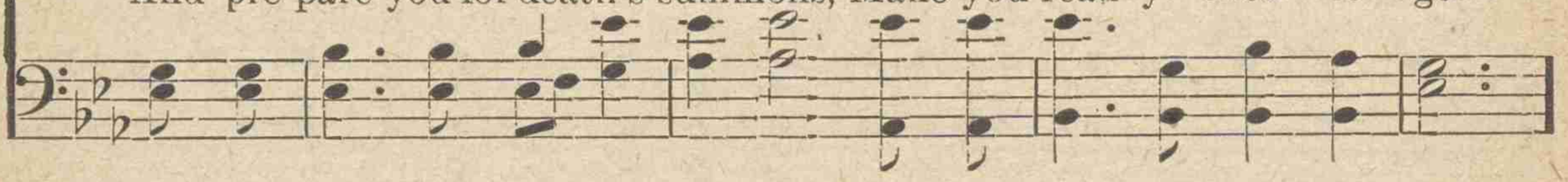


1. Are you read - y now, my brother, Should death's summons come to-day?
2. Are you trust-ing in the Saviour? Has He washed your sins a - way?
3. If the broad road you are walking, It will lead you far a - stray;
4. Come to Je - sus, He will save you, He will wash you white as snow;





Are you wait - ing, are you watching, Glad the sum-mons to o - bey?
Are you rest - ing on His mer - its, Liv - ing for Him day by day?
O be wise and learn it quick-ly, Learn it, broth - er, while you may.
And pre-pare you for death's summons, Make you read - y then to go!



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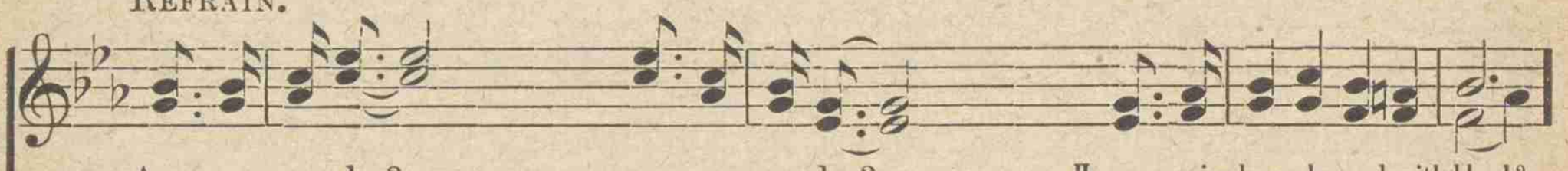
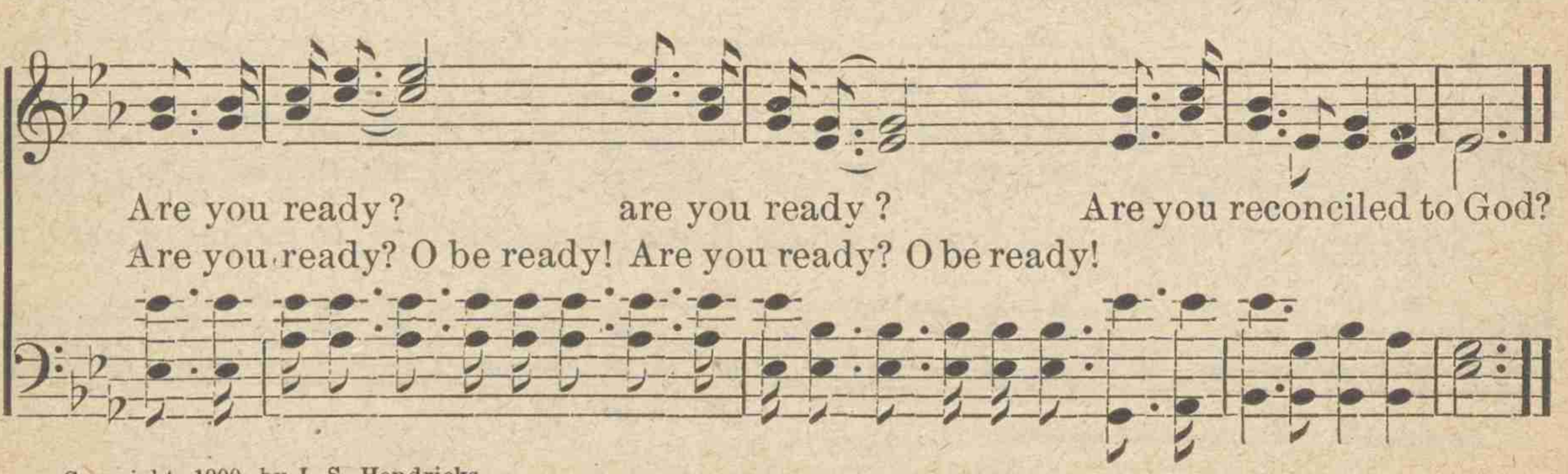


Are you ready? are you ready? Have your sins been cleansed with blood?
Are you ready? O be ready! Are you ready? O be ready!



Are you ready? are you ready? Are you reconciled to God?
Are you ready? O be ready! Are you ready? O be ready!

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No. 138. PILGRIMS HOMEWARD BOUND.

Suggested by W. H. L. W. H. LAWSON.

1. We are but pilgrims far from home, Bound for those mansions so fair;
2. Soon will the toilsome jour - ney end, Soon will its cares all be past;
3. There we will find those gone be - fore, Safe with the ransomed a-bove;

Here for a-while our feet must roam, Then we shall meet o - ver there.
Then with our Sav - iour, Guide and Friend, Glad-ly we'll shout "Home at Last."
Prais - ing the Lamb for ev - er - more, We shall a-bide in His love.

REFRAIN.

Home, home, sweet home, Hap - py home of love o - ver there;
Home, sweet home, O home e - ter - nal,

Home, home, sweet home, All thy pure delight we shall share.
Home a - bove, of joys su - per - nal,

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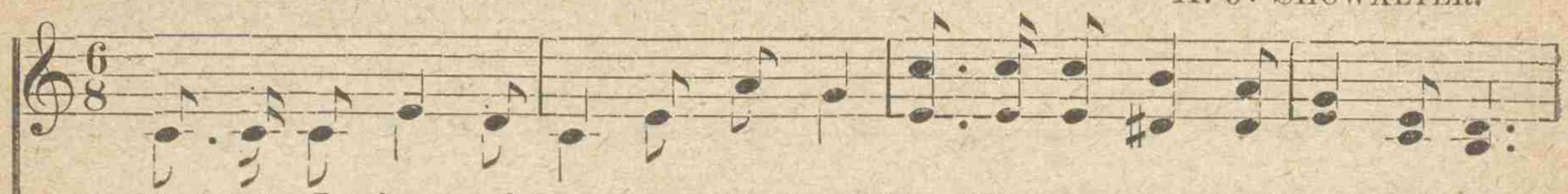
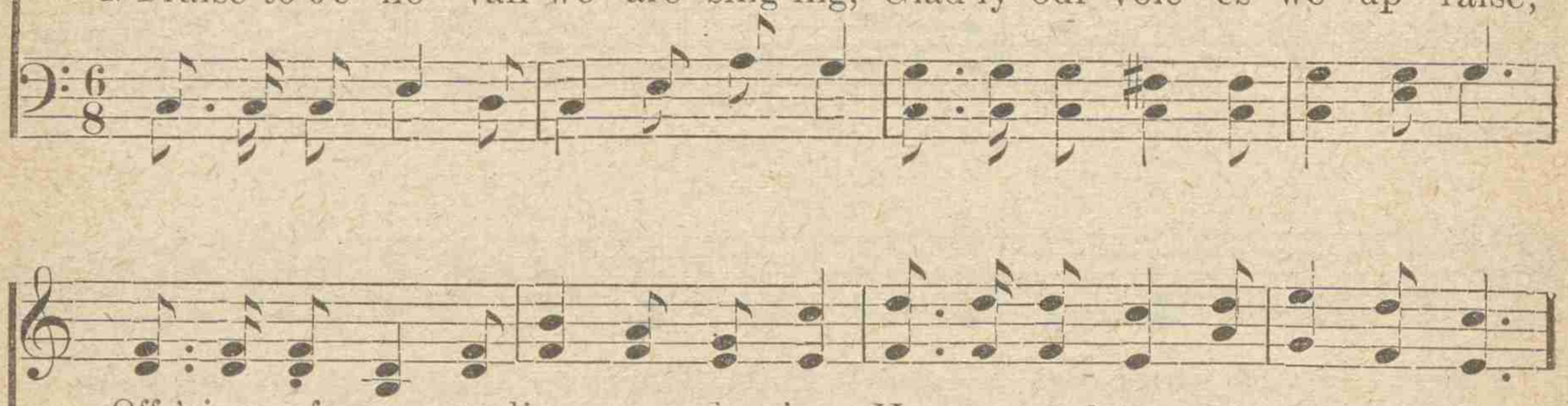
No. 139. PRAISE TO JEHOVAH.

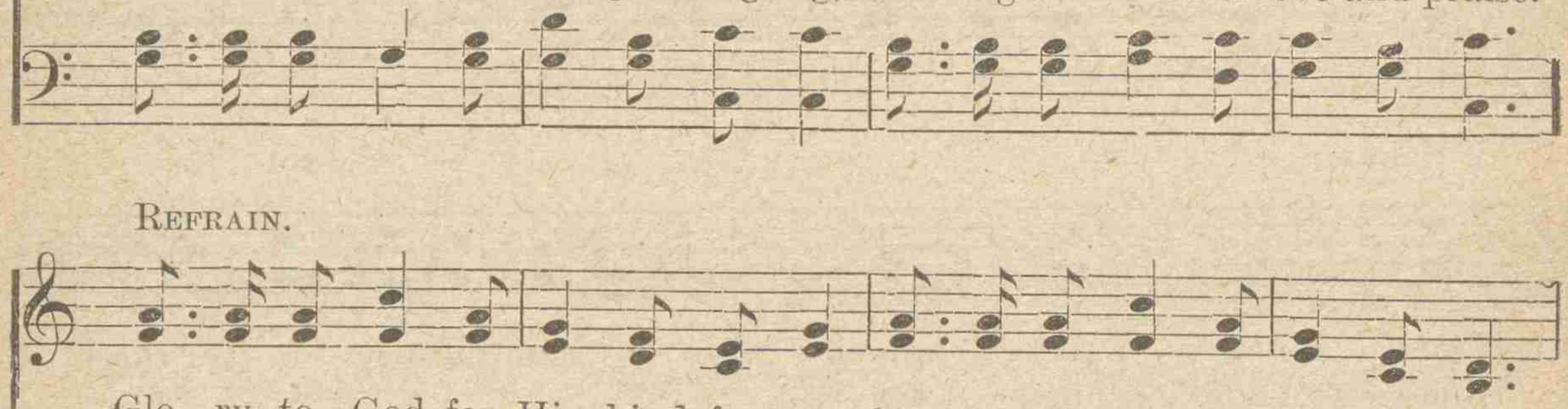
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Praise to Je - ho - vah we are sing-ing, For His unchang-ing love and grace;
2. Praise to Je - ho - vah we are sing-ing, He has been ve - ry good and kind;
3. Praise to Je - ho - vah we are sing-ing, His lov-ing kind-ness we pro-claim;
4. Praise to Je - ho - vah we are sing-ing, Glad-ly our voic - es we up - raise;



Off-'rings of song our lips are wing-ing, Heavenward from this sa-cred place.
He to His home the lost is bringing, He has our hearts to heav'n inclined.
Thanks from our grateful hearts are springing, Lauding His great and match-less name.
Join with the songs of an - gels ring-ing, Off-'ring our meed of love and praise.



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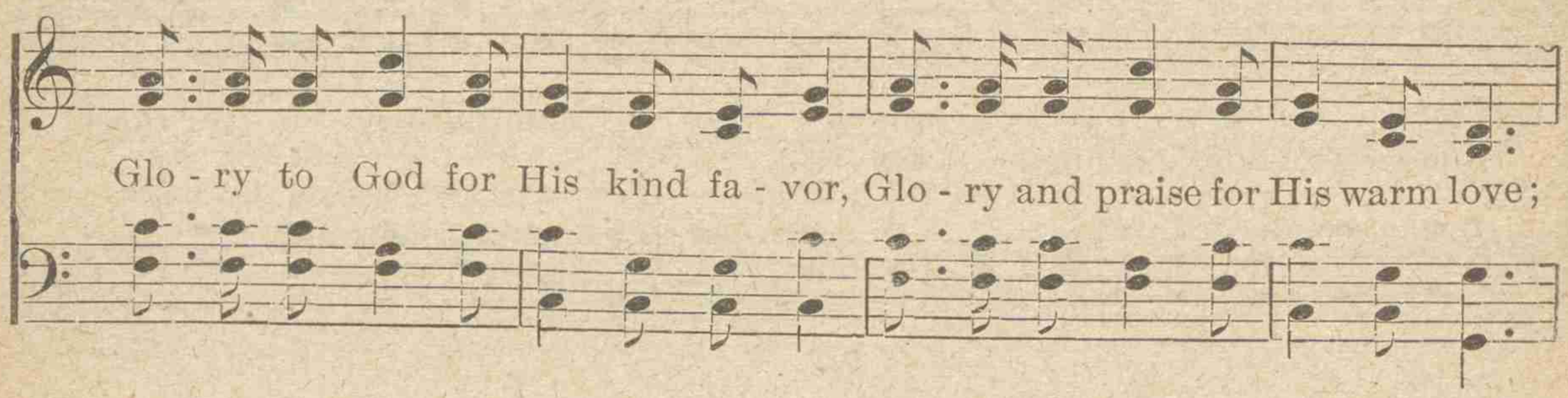
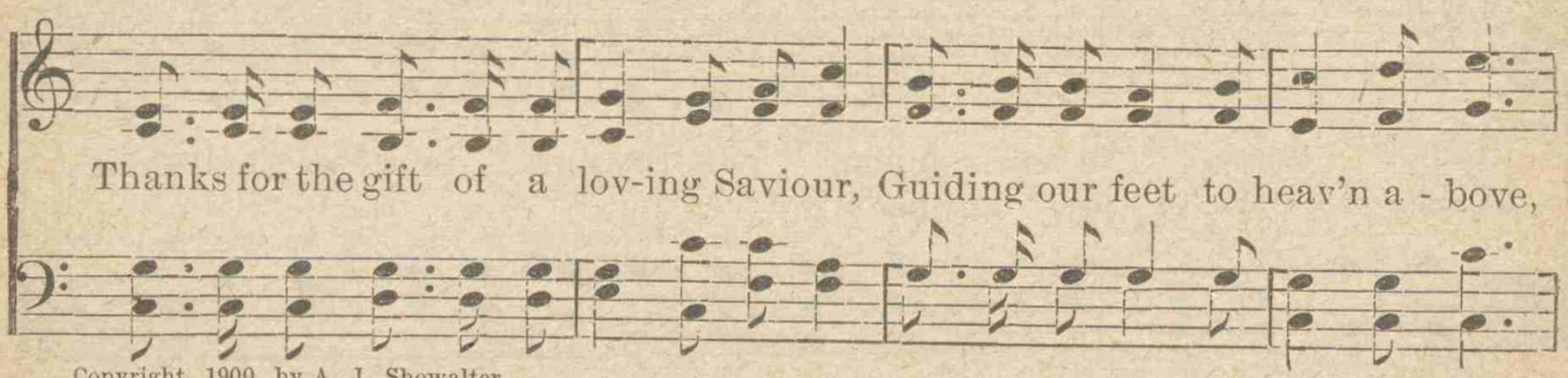


Glo - ry to God for His kind fa - vor, Glo - ry and praise for His warm love;



Thanks for the gift of a lov-ing Saviour, Guiding our feet to heav'n a - bove,

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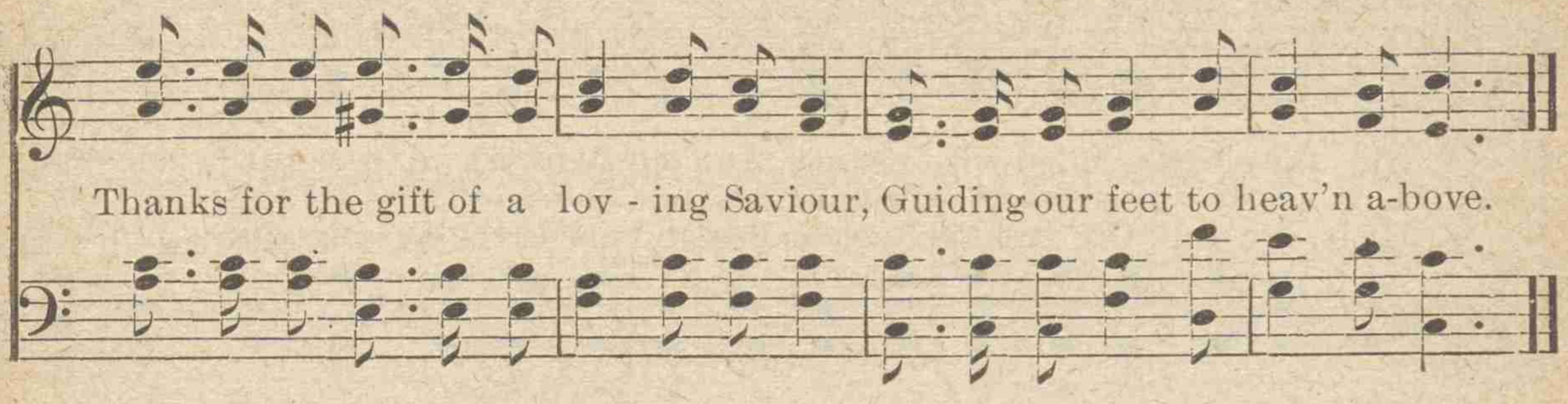
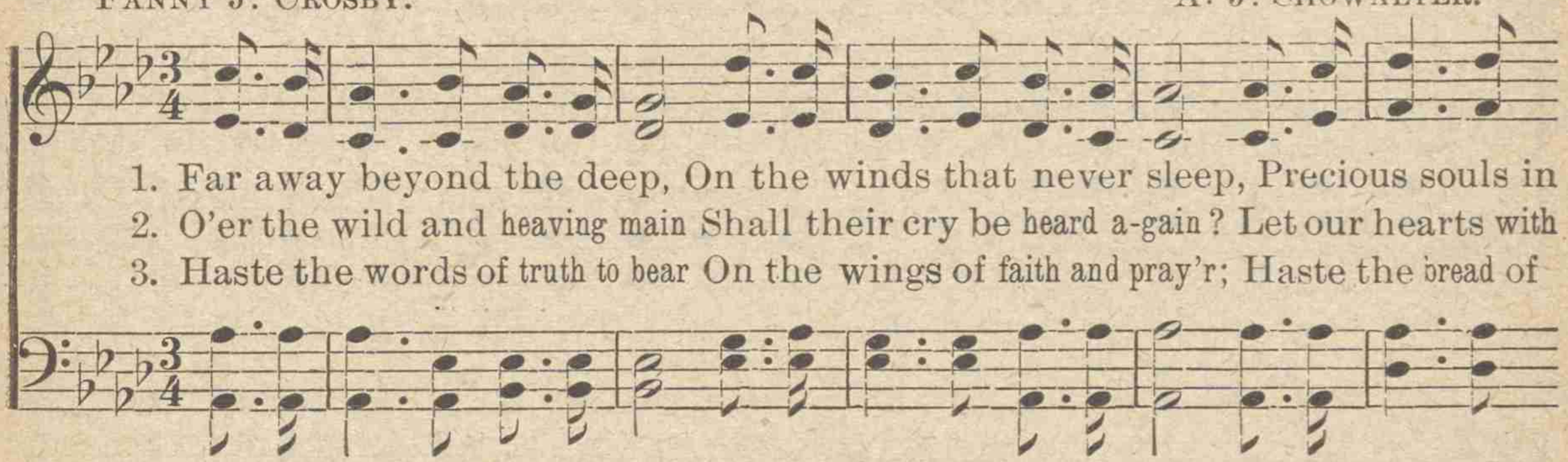
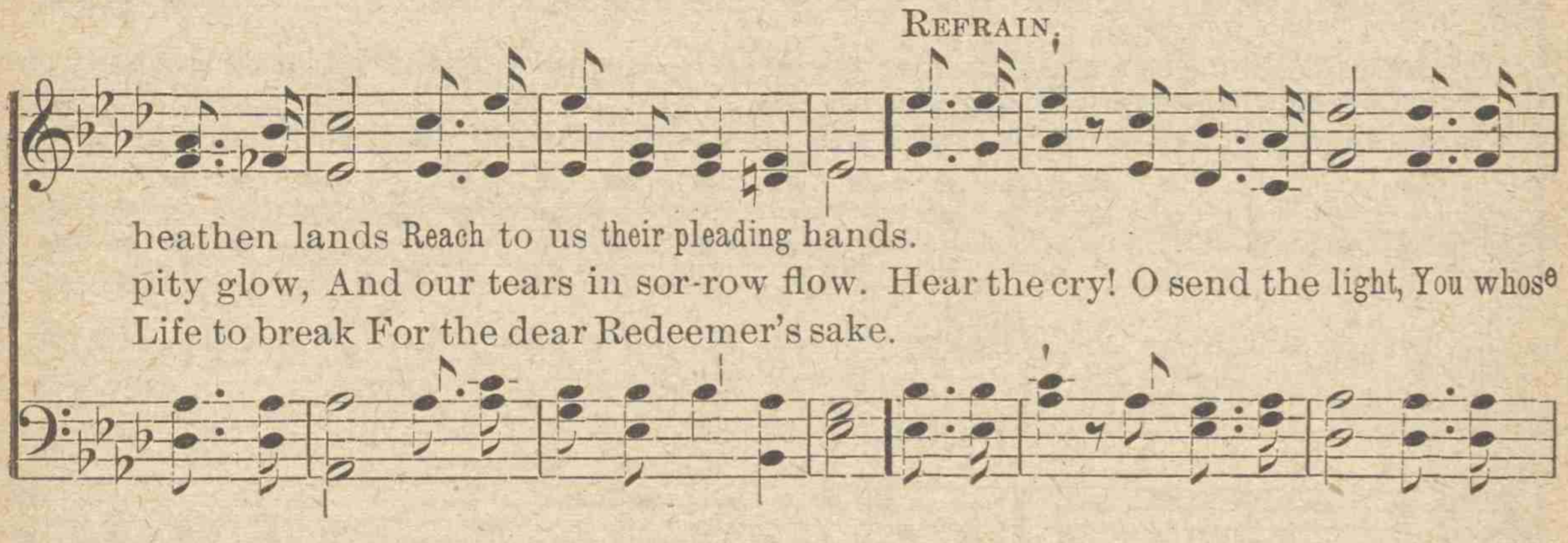
PRAISE TO JEHOVAH. Concluded.

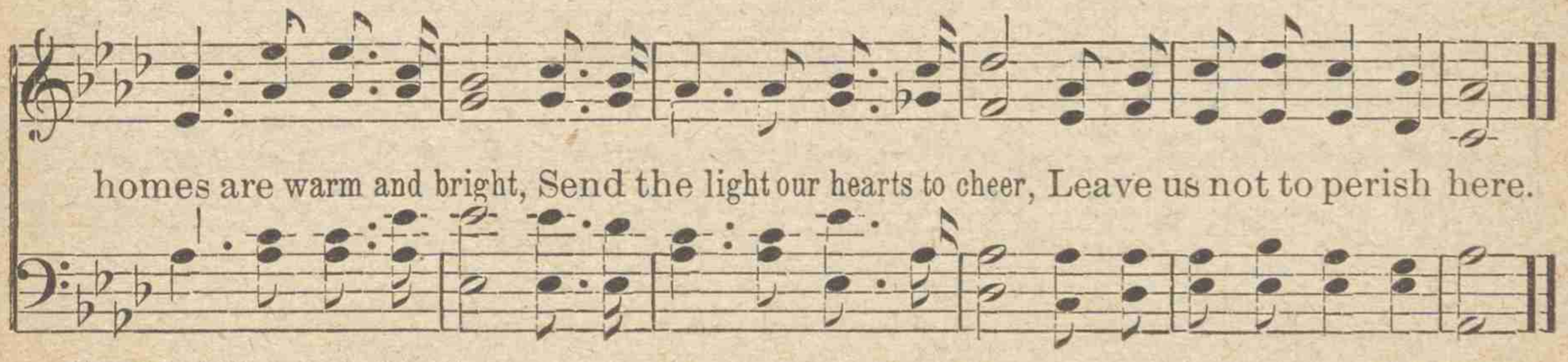


No. 140. HEAR THE CRY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.







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No. 141. I'LL BE WITH YOU FOREVER.

G. W. BUTLER. A. H. BUTLER.

1. All the earth is filled with beauty, And our hearts with rap-ture thrill, For our
2. This is He whose gracious promise Stilled the waves of Gal - i - lee; This is
3. Hear, my soul, thy faithful Shepherd, Hear and heed His lov - ing voice; While by

eyes can read a message In each woodland, vale and hill: It was spoken by the
He whose words of wisdom Taught the people by the sea: This is He that called the
wa - ters still He leads thee, What for thee but to rejoice! Through the valley dark and

D. S. *It was spoken by the*

Saviour When He walked beside the sea, To disciples gathered 'round Him, By the
wea-ry, Saying "come, I'll give you rest," And the sad and brok-en hearted, Heard with
dis - mal Je - sus will thy steps attend, And the valley will be lighted With the

Saviour When He walked beside the sea, To disciples gathered 'round Him, By the

FINE. REFRAIN.

hills of Gal - i - lee.
gladness and were blest. "I'll be with you for-ev - er," is the message sweet and
presence of thy Friend.

hills of Gal - i - lee.

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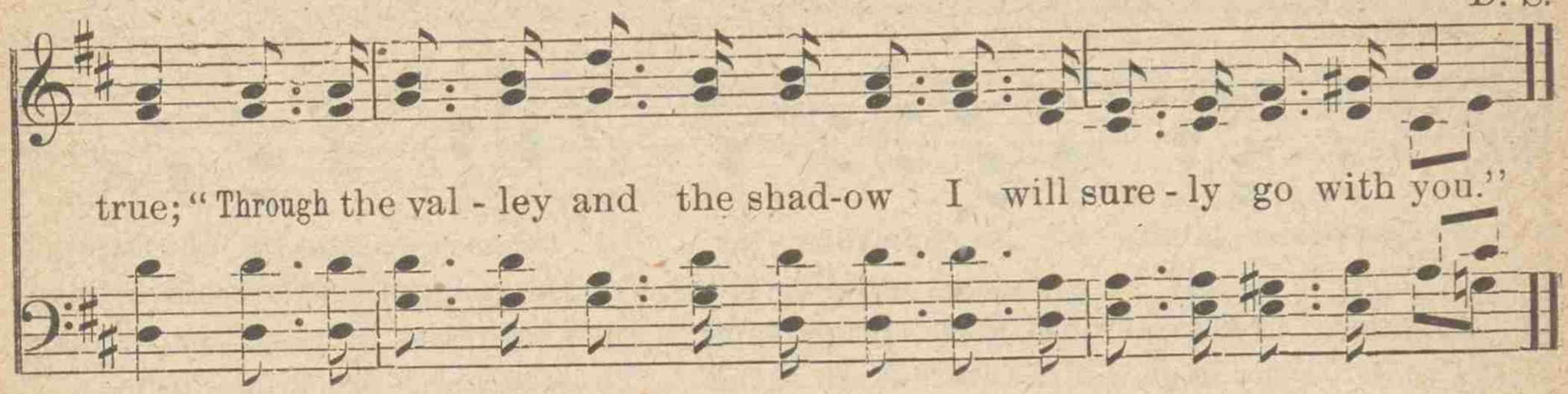
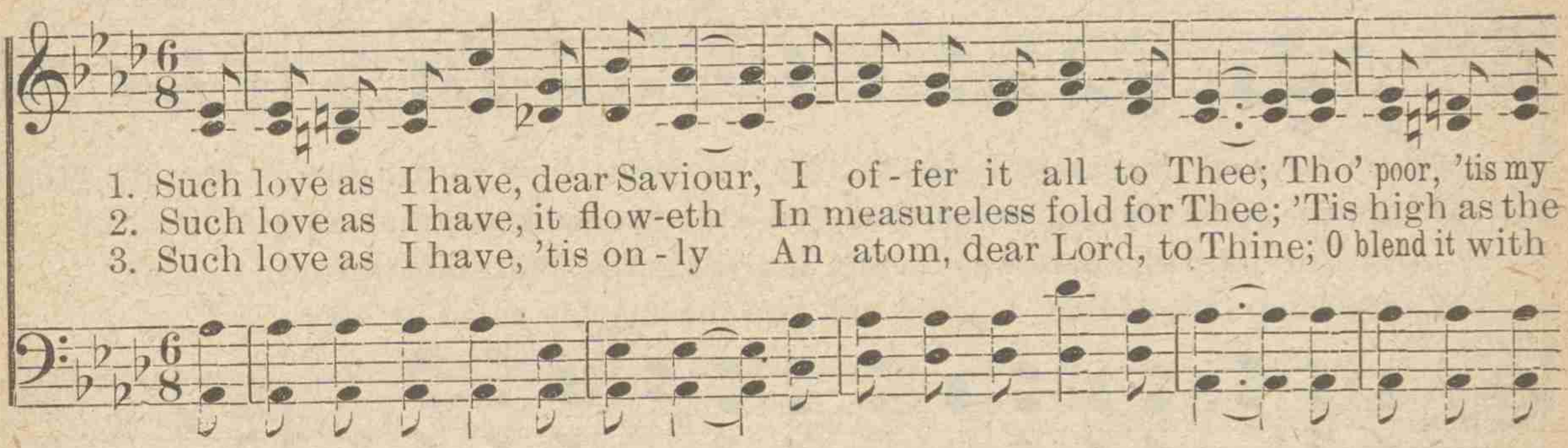
I'LL BE WITH YOU FOREVER. Concluded.

D. S.



No. 142. ACCEPT MY LOVE.

ADALYN. Dr. D. M. WILSON.



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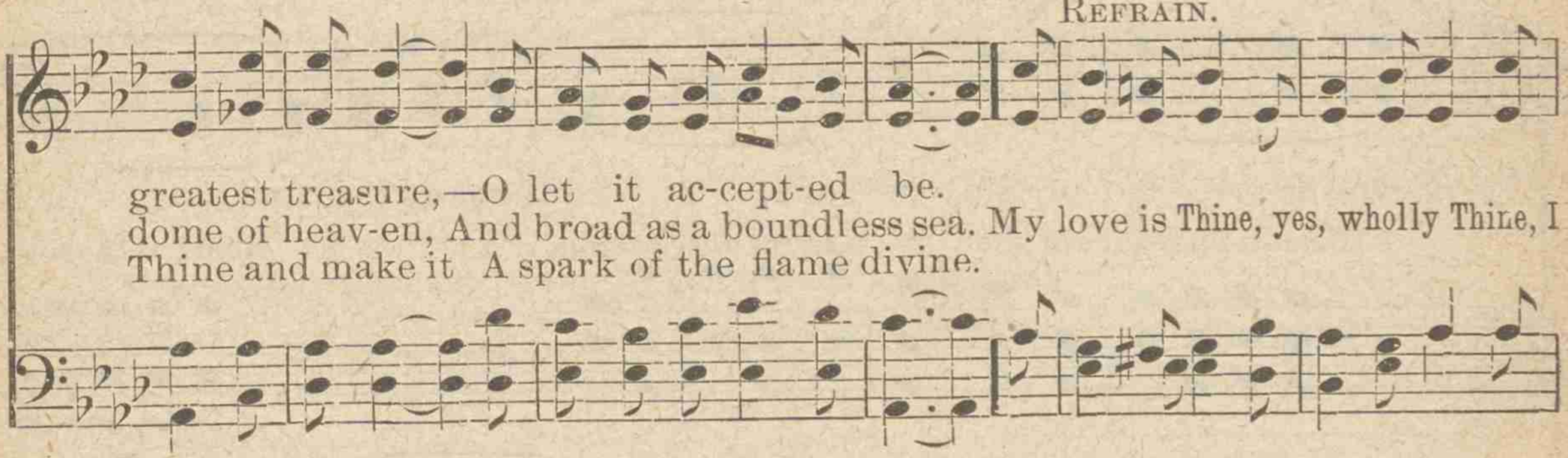

Cpoyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 143. REALMS OF GLORY.

ADALYN. H. L. HIETT.

1. There's a land of sa - cred sto - ry In the re - gion of the blest,
2. There's a cit - y bright and glo - rious, For the ransomed white-robed throng,
3. There are man-sions Christ's prepar- ing In that cit - y paved with gold;
4. O my soul would fain be go - ing To that hap - py home a-bove,

REFRAIN.

Where beyond the gates of glo - ry, We may find e - ter - nal rest. Beau-ti - ful
Where the souls o'er sin vic-torious, Praise the Lamb with harp and song.
And for pilgrims here wayfaring, Heaven's gates shall soon unfold.
Where the "tree of life" is growing, And the heart is ruled by love.

realms . . . of glo - ry land, ... Home of the soul, ...
Bean-ti-ful realms of glo - ry land, of glo - ry land, Home of the soul,
pre - pared a - bove, ... Soon on thy bright . . . . and gold - en
pre-pared a - bove, prepared above, Soon on thy bright and gold-en

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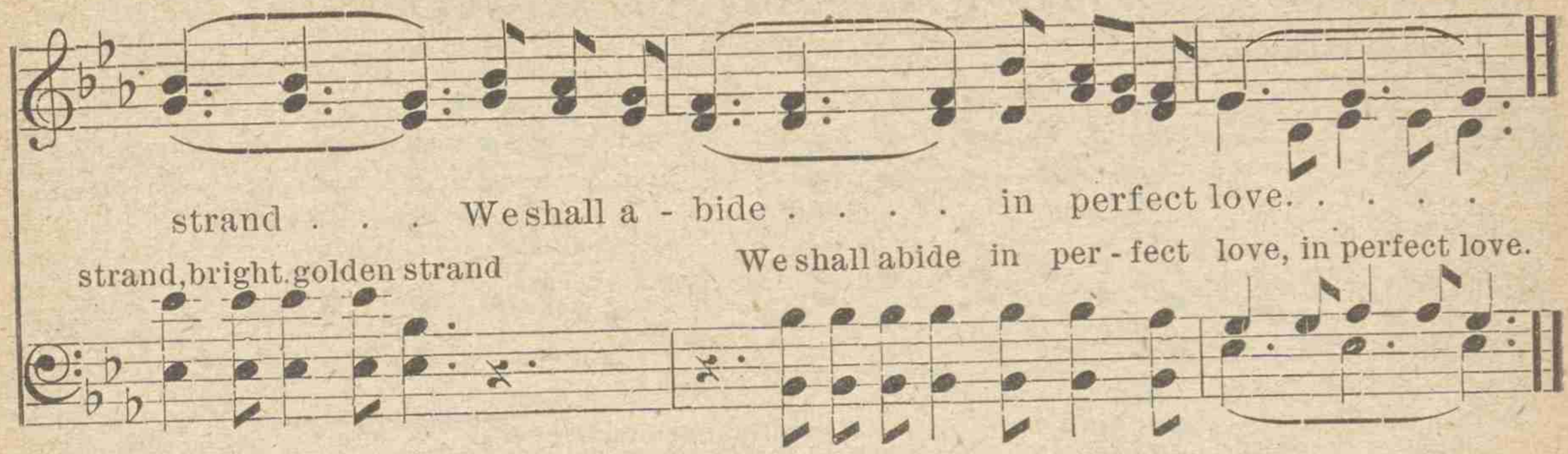
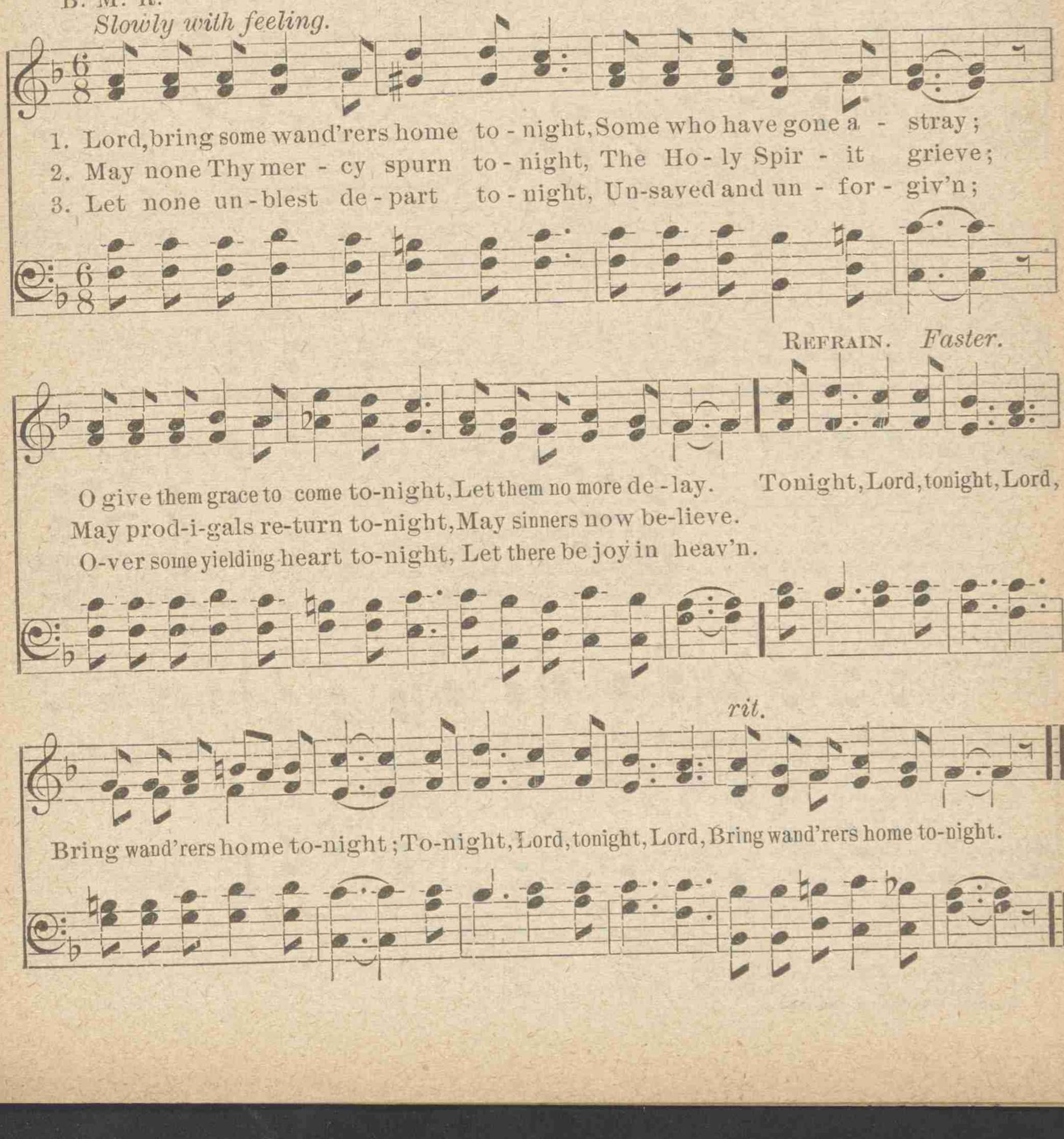


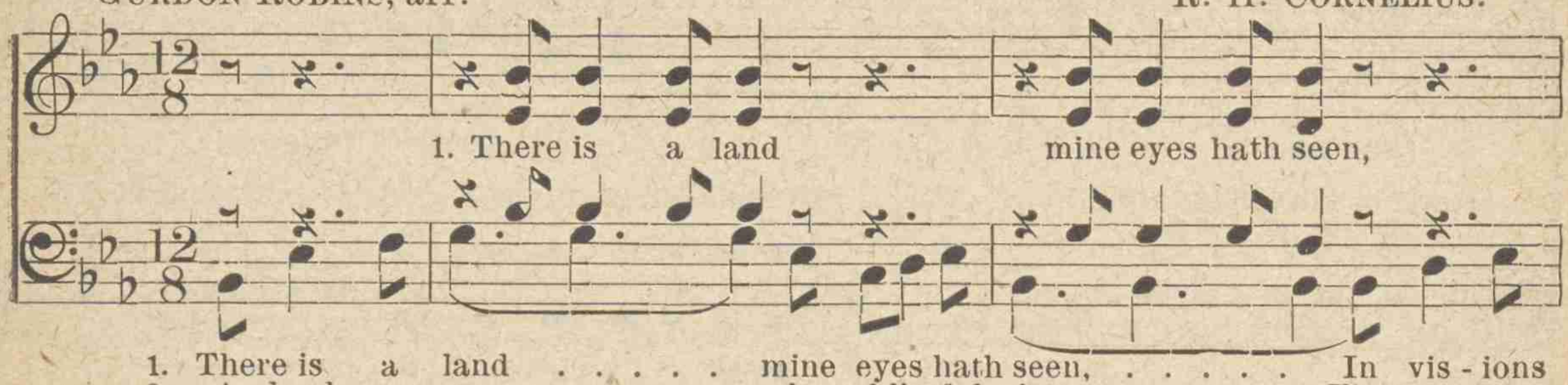
No. 144. LORD, BRING WANDERERS HOME.

B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

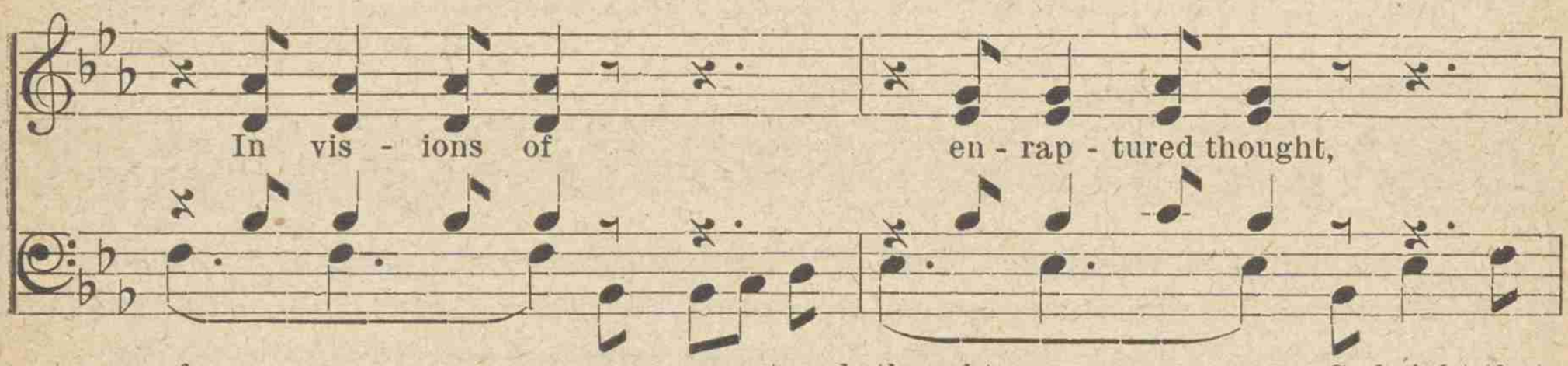


No. 145. THE FAR AWAY LAND.

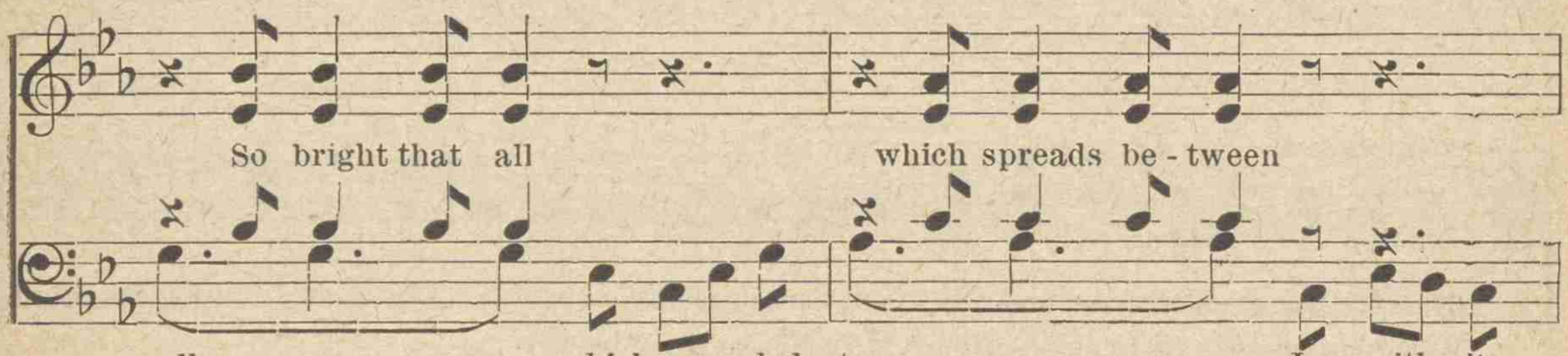
GURDON ROBINS, arr. R. H. CORNELIUS.



1. There is a land . . . . . mine eyes hath seen, ... In vis - ions
2. A land up - on . . . . . whose blissful shore . . . . . There rests no
3. Its skies are not . . . . . like earthly skies, ... With va - rying
4. There sweeps no blast . . . . . of blighting wind, ... A - cross the

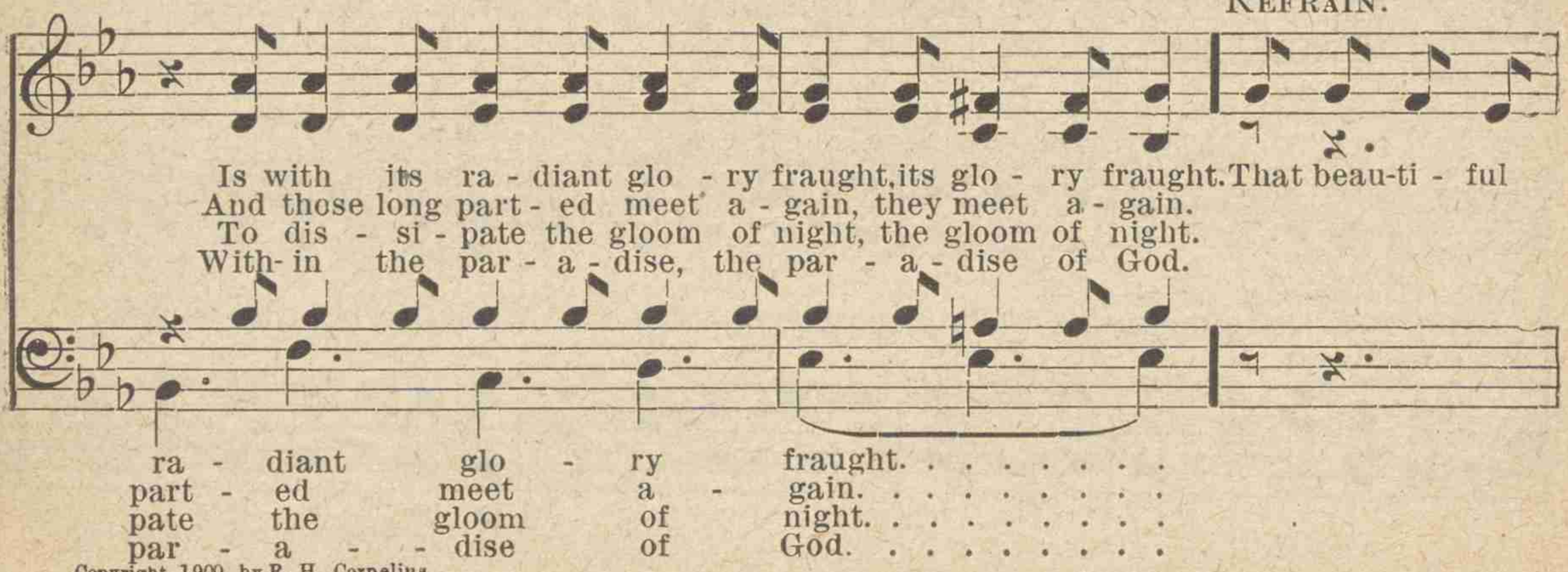


of . . . . . en - rap - tured thought, ... So bright that
shade . . . . . nor falls no stain; . . . . . There those who
hues . . . . . of shade and light; . . . . . It hath no
calm . . . . . se - rene a - bode; . . . . . The wan-d'rer



all . . . . . which spreads be-tween . . . . . Is with its
meet . . . . . shall part no more, ... And those long
need . . . . . of suns to rise, ... To dis - si -
there . . . . . a home may find, ... With-in the

REFRAIN.



Is with its ra - diant glo - ry fraught, its glo - ry fraught. That beau-ti - ful
And those long part - ed meet a - gain, they meet a - gain.
To dis - si - pate the gloom of night, the gloom of night.
With- in the par - a - dise, the par - a - dise of God.

ra - diant glo - ry fraught. . . . . .
part - ed meet a - gain. . . . . .
pate the gloom of night. . . . . .
par - a - - dise of God. . . . . .

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THE FAR AWAY LAND.

land, ... That glo - ri - fied land, ...

That beau-ti - ful land, that glo - ri - fied land,

Where shadows ne'er come, ... and pleasures ne'er end; . . . . . .

Where shadows ne'er come, and pleasures ne'er end, and pleasures ne'er end;

That beau-ti - ful land, ... that glo - ri - fied land, ...

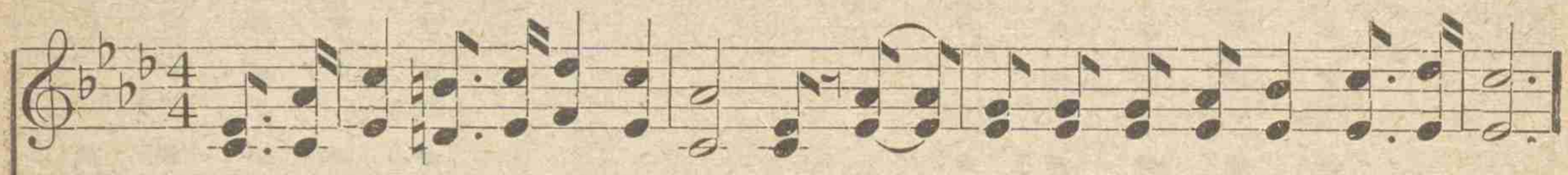
That beau-ti-ful land, that glo-ri -fied land,

The home of my Sav - - - - iour, Re-deem-er, and Friend. . . . . .

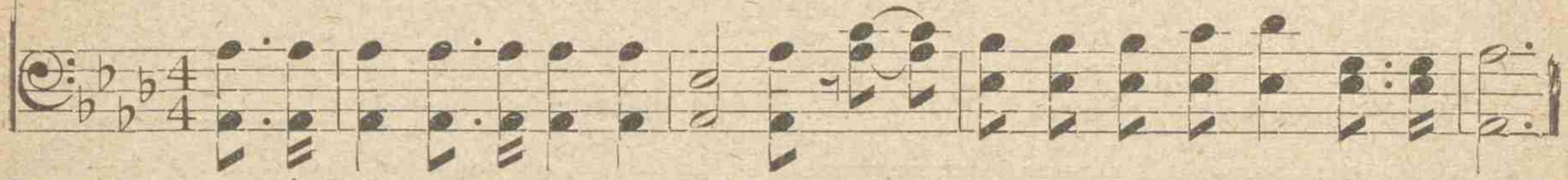
The home of my Sav-iour, Re-deemer, and Friend, my Saviour and Friend.

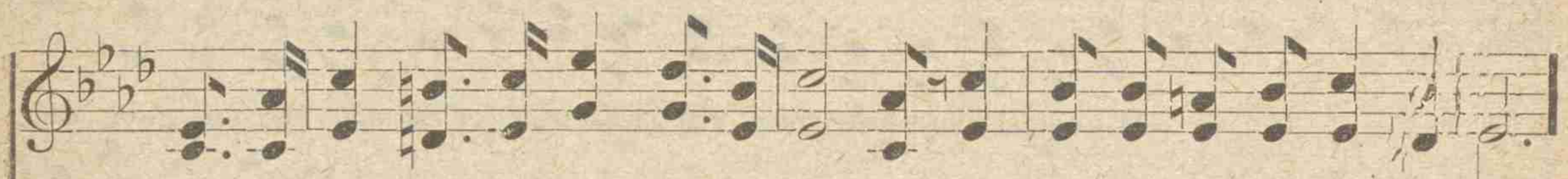
No. 146. THERE'S A JOY IN THE CUP OF SORROW.

EMMA A. GIFFANY. ADAM GEIBEL.

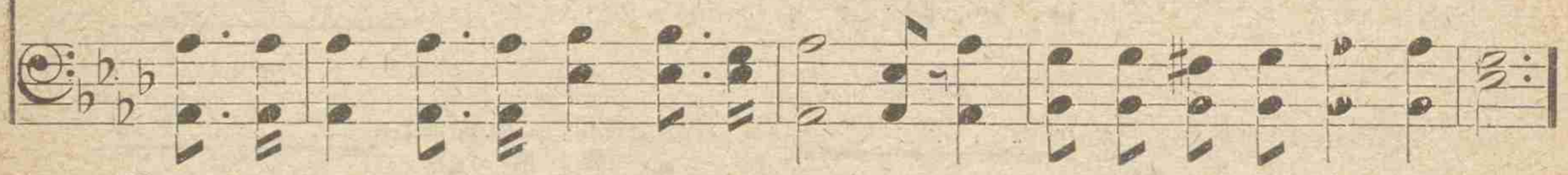


1. There's a joy in the cup of sor-row, Though bit-ter tears are fall-ing to-day;
2. There's a joy in the cup of sor-row, Though lonely hearts are bleeding to-day;
3. There's a joy in the cup of sor-row, For we bow in true submis-sion to-day;



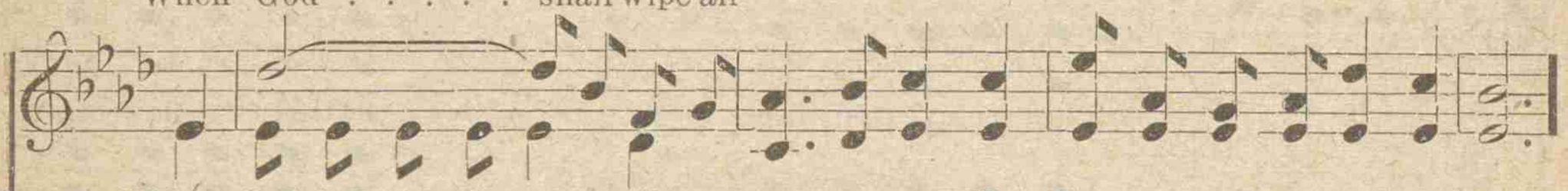


For there's peace that comes in on the morrow, When God shall wipe all tears a-way.
There's a tho't of the dawn of the morrow, When God shall wipe all tears a-way.
For we trust-ing-ly wait for the morrow, When God shall wipe all tears a-way.

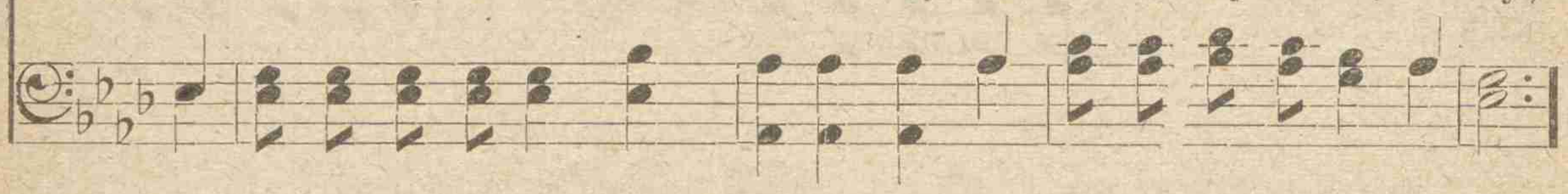


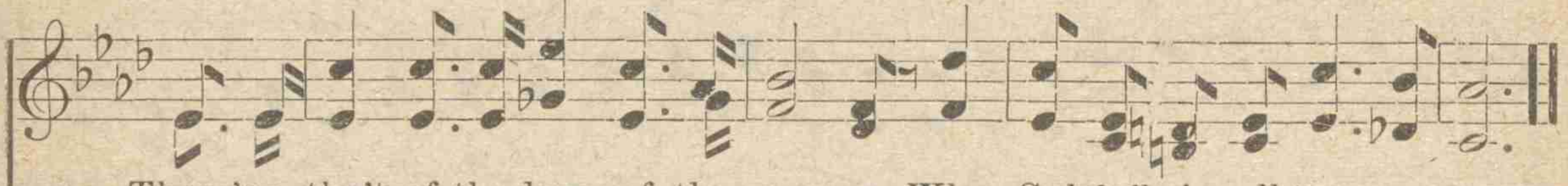
REFRAIN.

When God . . . . . shall wipe all

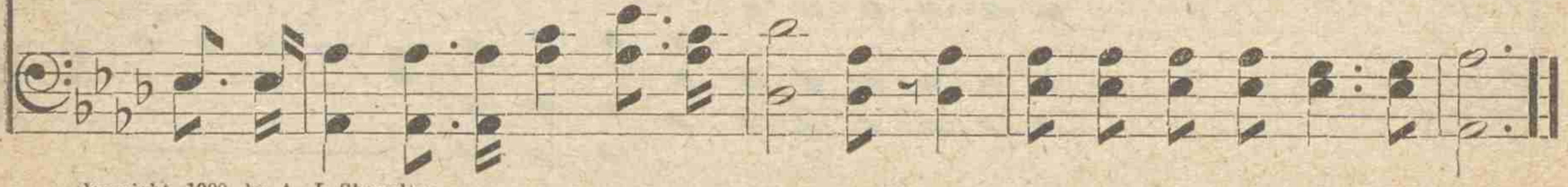


When God shall wipe all tears, all tears a-way, When God shall wipe all tears a-way;





There's a tho't of the dawn of the morrow, When God shall wipe all tears a-way.



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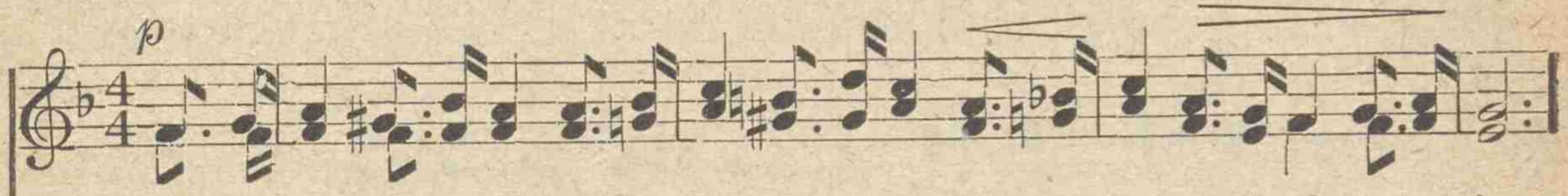
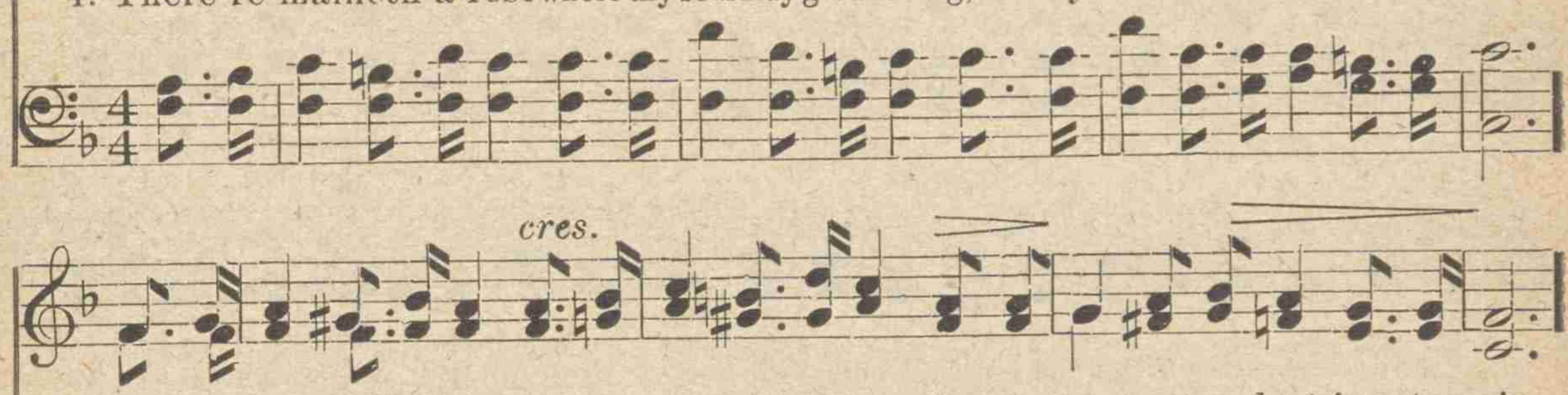
No. 147. THERE REMAINETH A REST.

Hebrews 4: 9.

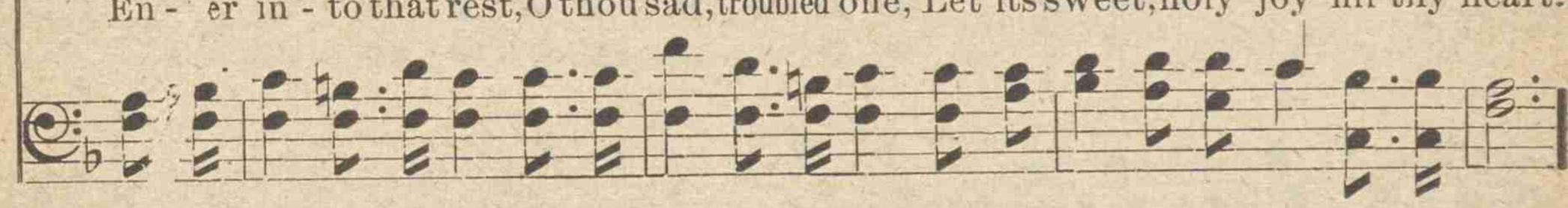
JENNIE WILSON. M. L. BARTLETT.



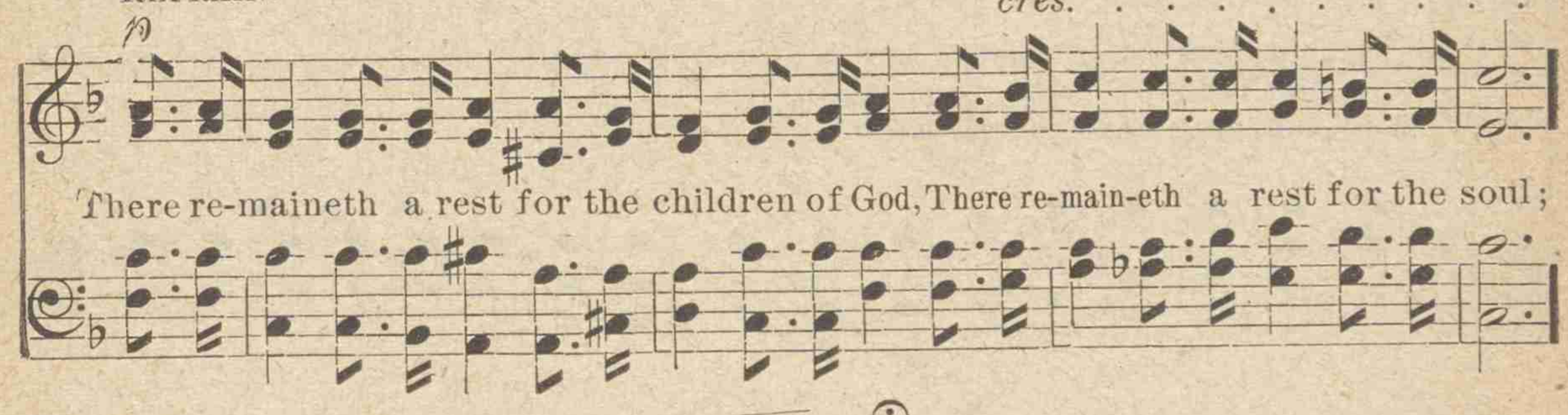
1. There re-maineth a rest for the children of God, O that haven of calm enter in;
2. There re-maineth a rest on-ly enter'd thro' faith, Thro' un-fal-ter-ing trust in the Arm
3. There re-maineth a rest from the burdens of care, And the sorrows that often betide;
4. There re-maineth a rest where thy soul may grow strong, Heavy-lad-en and weak tho' thou art;



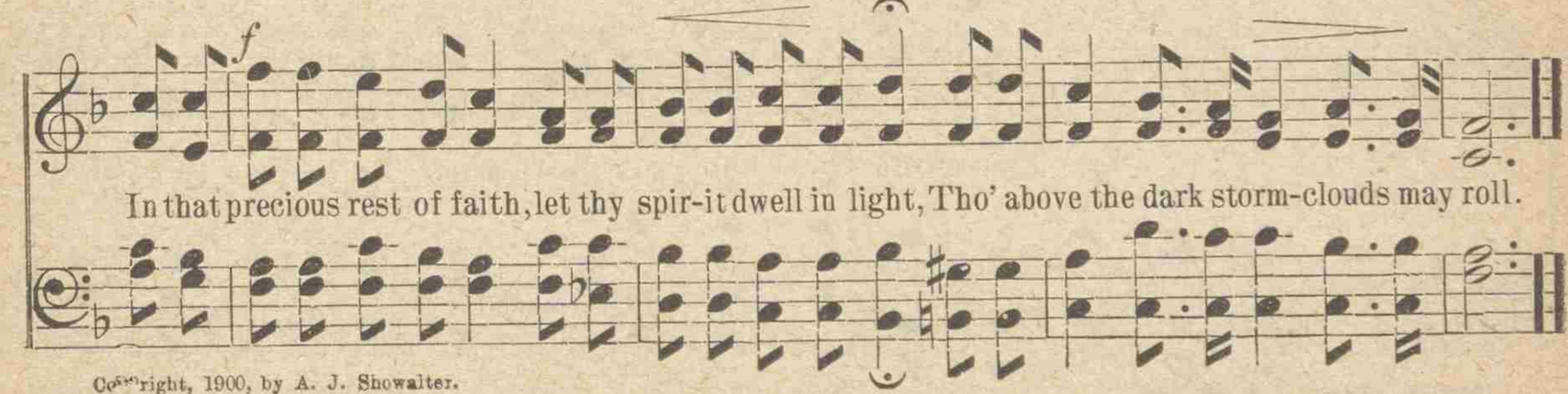
Wea-ry soul, tempest-toss'd on the billows of time, Seek that rest ev-er-last-ing to win.
That up-holdeth the righteous whatev-er befalls, And doth shield them from ev-er-y harm.
The be-liev-ing that rest in its fulness may know, Keeping close to the dear Saviour's side.
En-ter in-to that rest, O thou sad, troubled one, Let its sweet, holy joy fill thy heart.



REFRAIN.



There re-maineth a rest for the children of God, There re-main-eth a rest for the soul;



In that precious rest of faith, let thy spir-it dwell in light, Tho' above the dark storm-clouds may roll.

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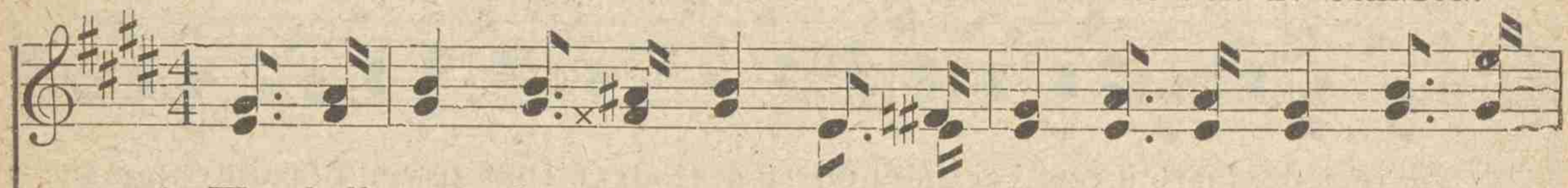
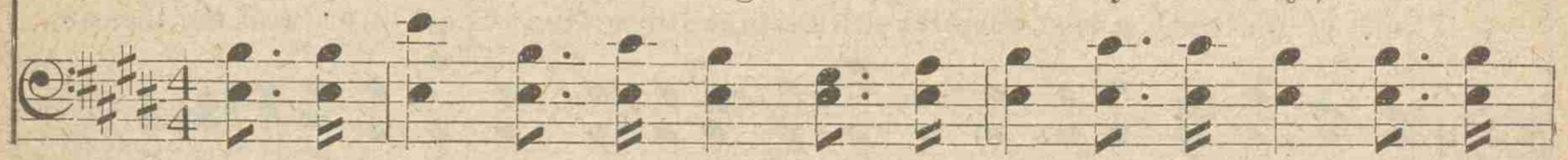
No. 148. WE SHALL MEET.

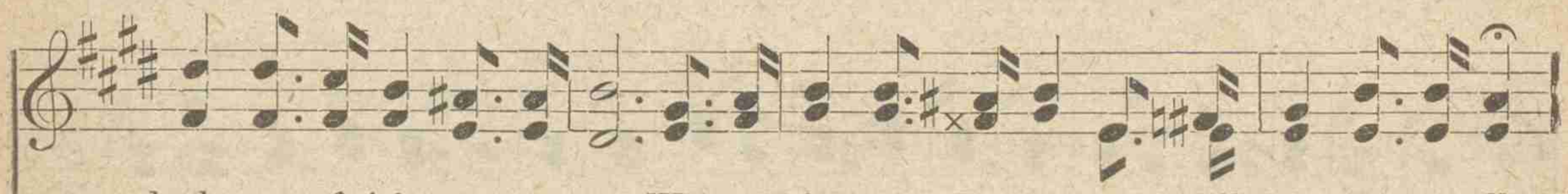
Respectfully inscribed to my dear teacher, Prof. A. J. Showalter.

E. F. S. Rev. E. F. Stanton.

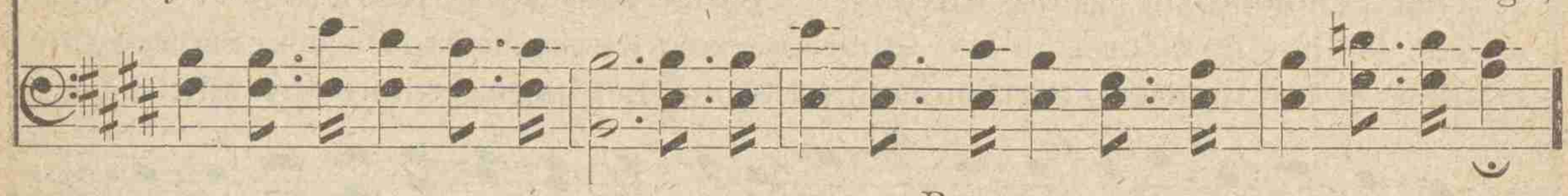


1. We shall meet where the shad - ows of death nev - er fall, Where the
2. We shall meet the dear Lord, and for - ev - er a - bide In that
3. We shall meet, bless - ed thought, in the sweet by and by; Then our

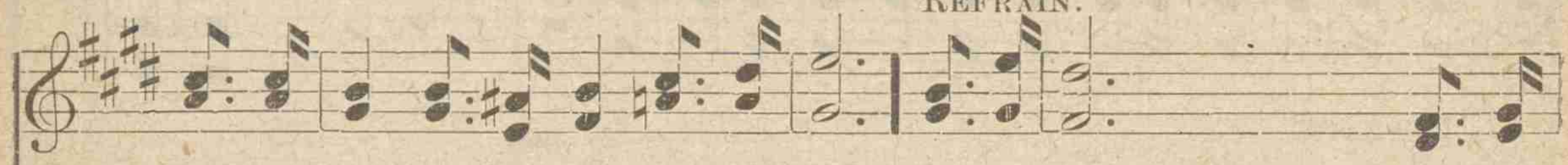




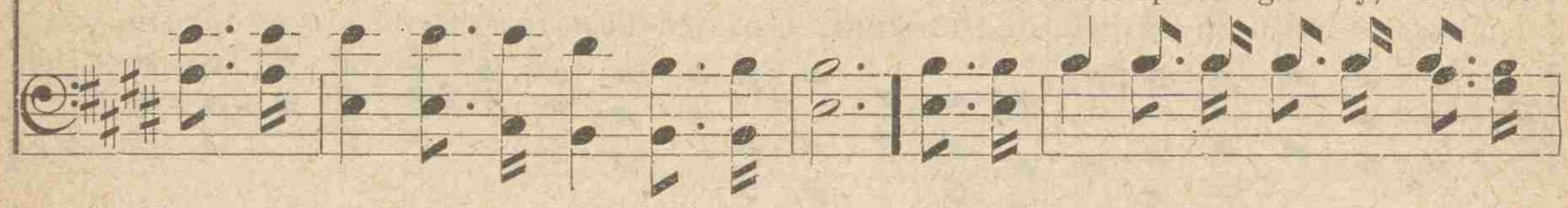
darkness of night can-not come; Where the blessed Redeemer will watch o - ver all,
home with the pure and the blest; We shall wake in His likeness and be sat - is-fied!
eyes nev-er more shall be dim; All the ransom'd of earth shall as-sem-ble on high,

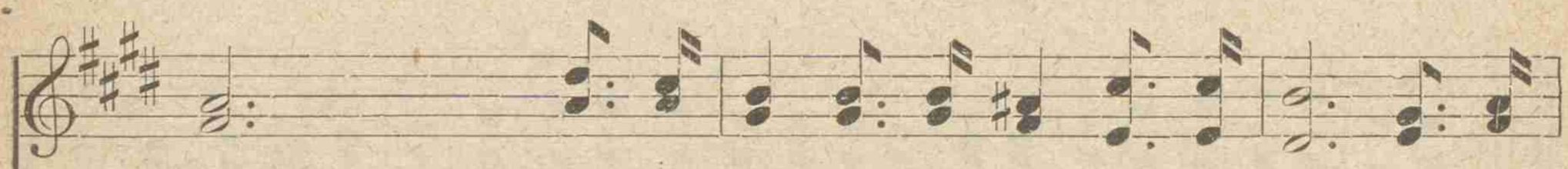


Refrain.

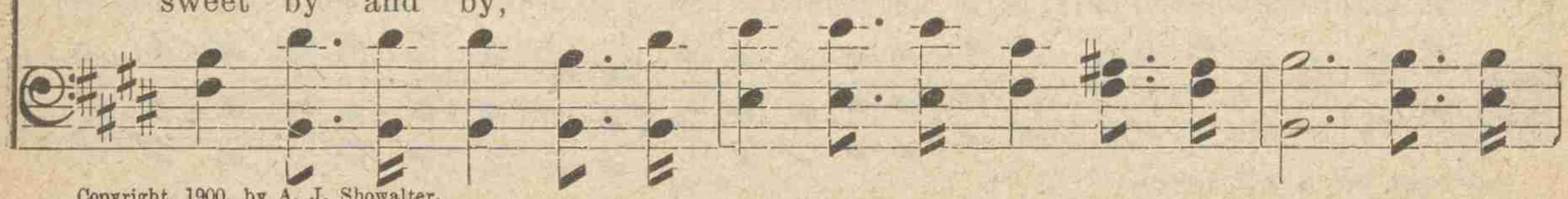


In that beau - ti - ful, heav-en - ly home. We shall meet, by and
In that land of delight, peace, and rest.
And shall sing heav-en's deep, swelling hymn.
We shall meet up in glo - ry, in the





by, There our eyes nev - er more shall be dim; We shall
sweet by and by,



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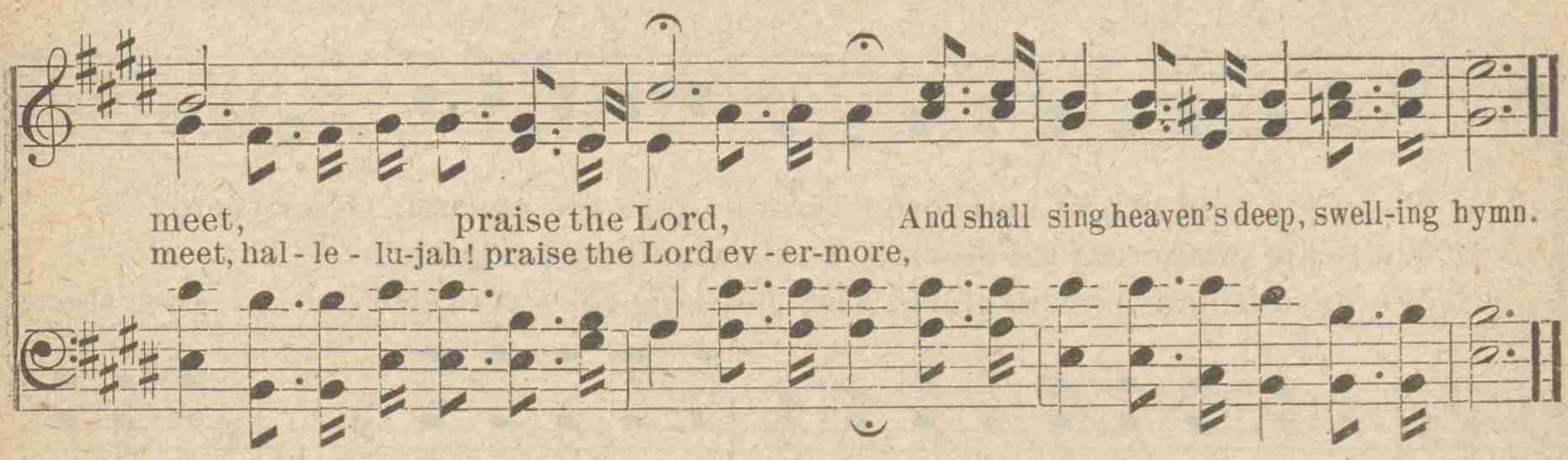
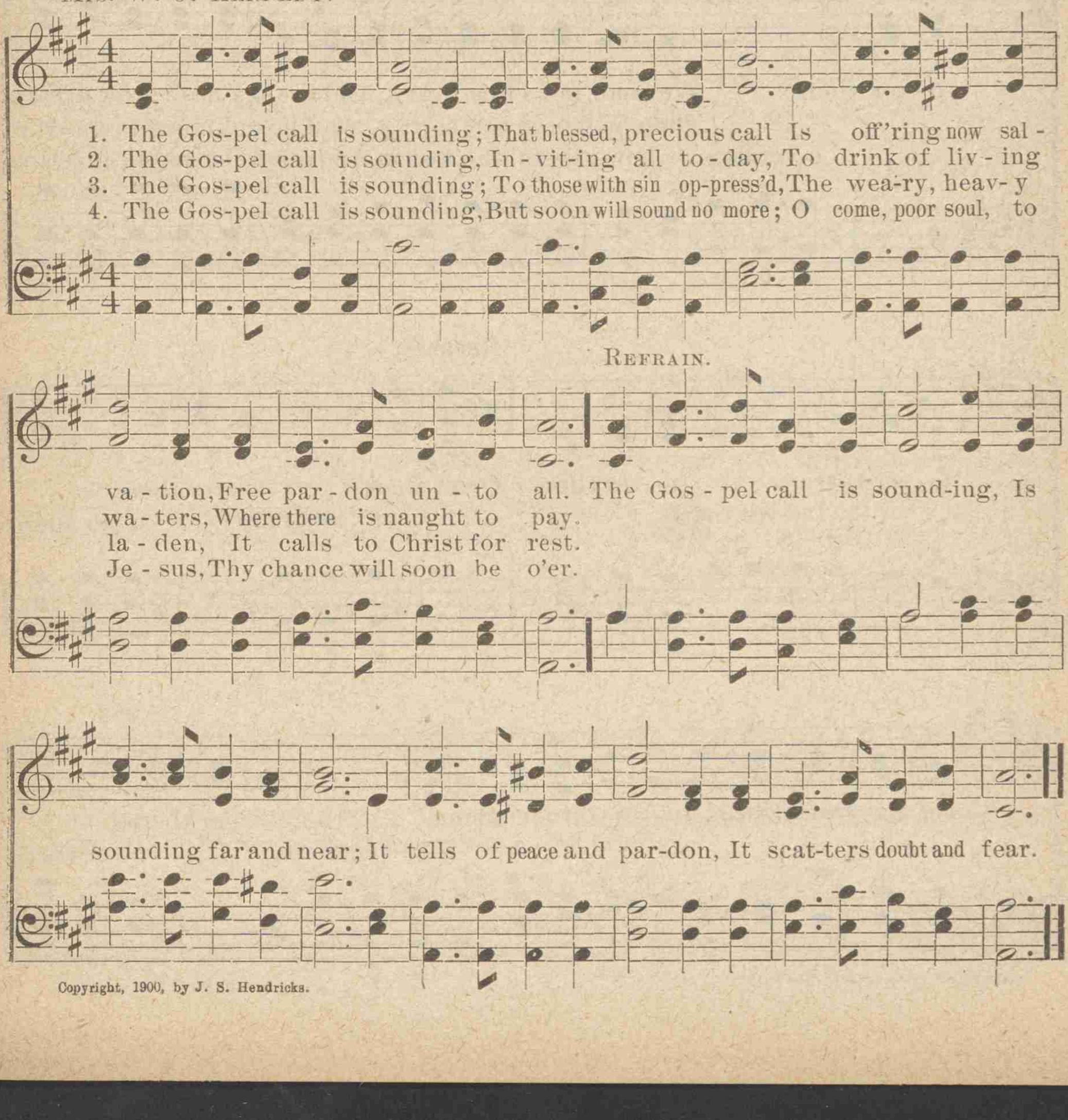
WE SHALL MEET.



No. 149. THE GOSPEL IS SOUNDING.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.



Copyright, 1900, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 150. HOME, OVER THERE.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There's a land bright and vernal, And its joys are eternal, O-ver there,
2. There are streams clear and flowing, To that land we are going,
3. We have friends now in glory, And they sing the sweet story. over there,

o - ver there; We shall nev-er be weary, And the sky ne'er grow dreary,
There will be no more sorrow, And no unknown to-morrow,
o-ver there; O how blissful the meeting, And how welcome the greeting,

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, o - ver there. O-ver there, o - ver there,
o-ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there.

Come, my friends, Christ invites you over there, O - ver there,
o - ver there, o-ver there,

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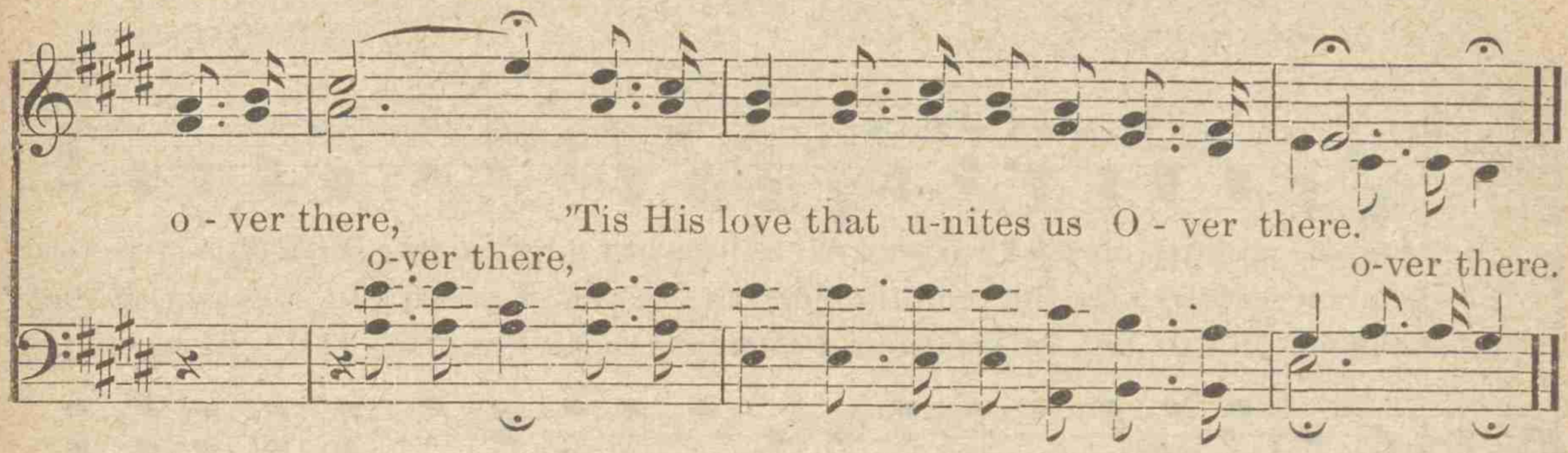
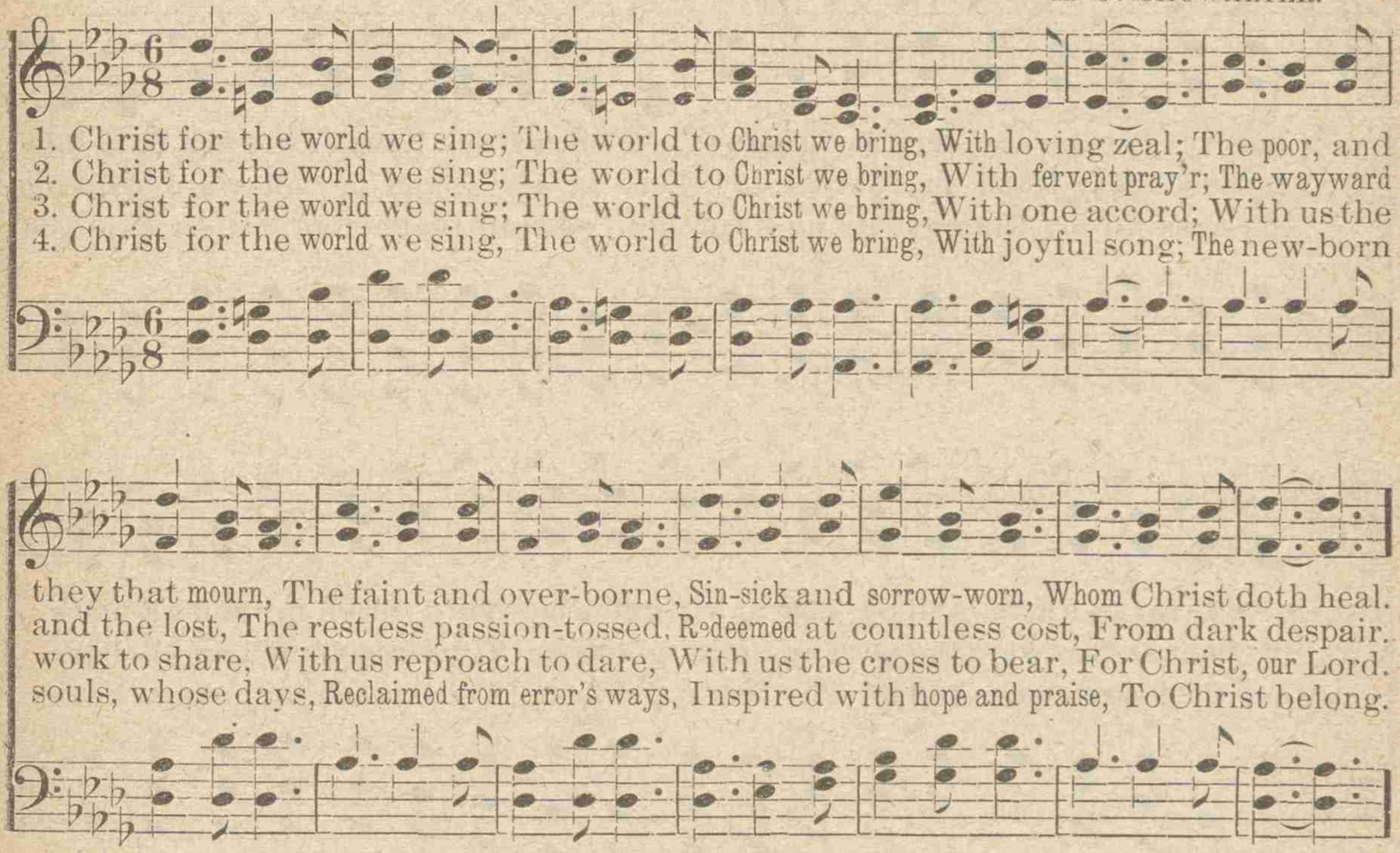
HOME, OVER THERE. Concluded.



No. 151. "CHRIST FOR THE WORLD."

SAMUEL WOLCOTT. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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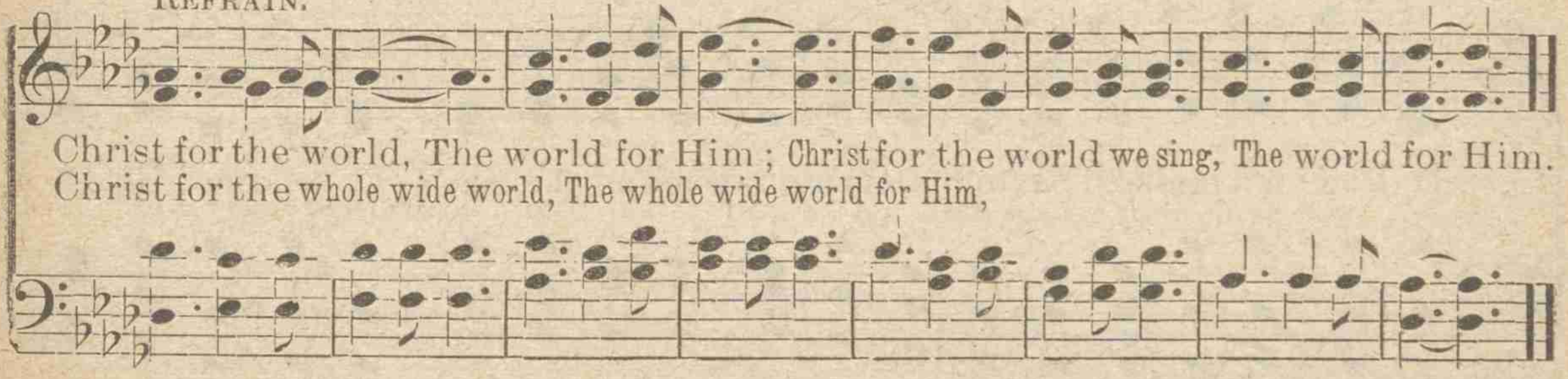

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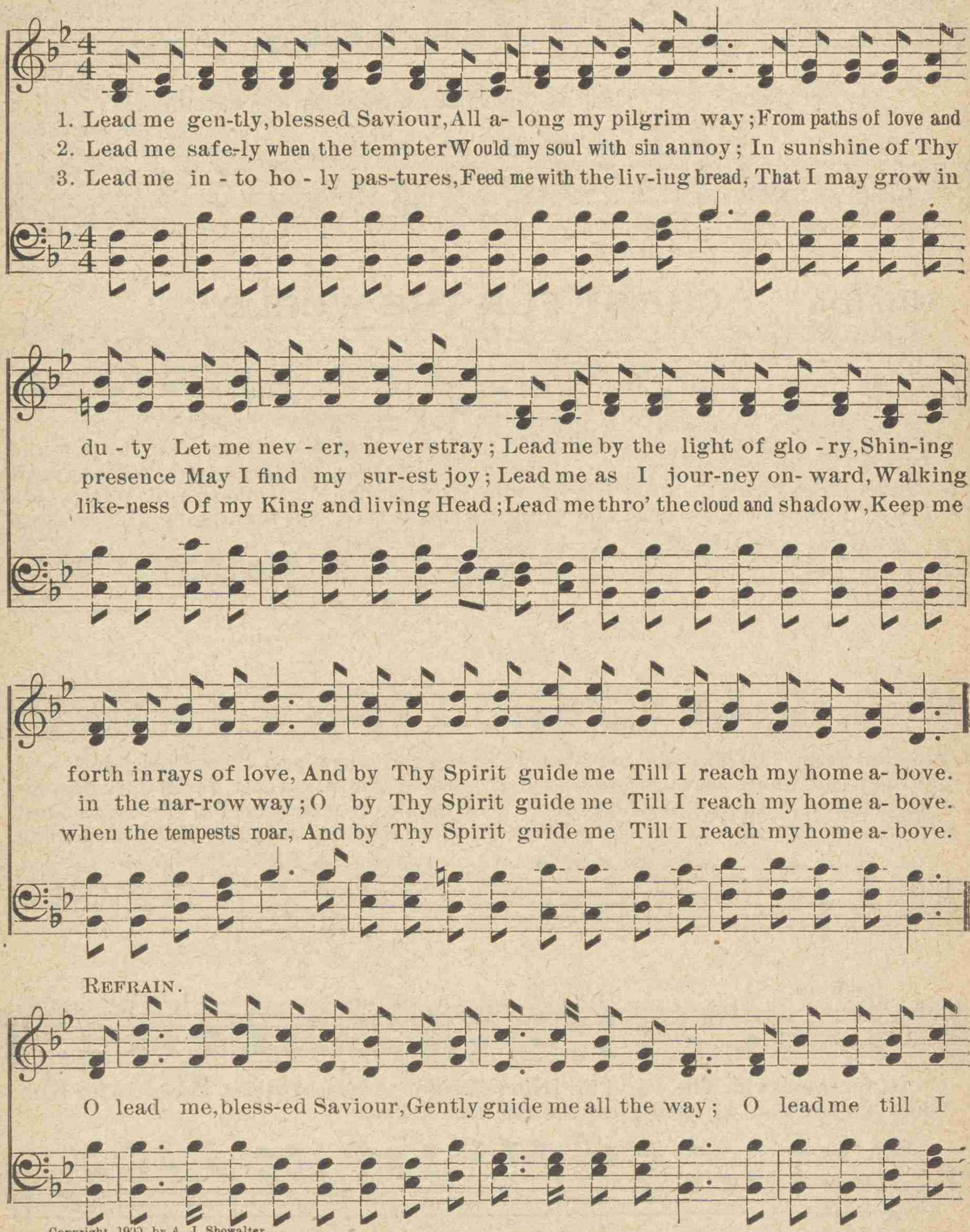
No. 152. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

NEAL A. MCAULAY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter.

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

see the glo - ry of e - ter - nal day. Sup-port in ev - 'ry tri - al, And in

ev - 'ry storm be near; For shelter'd in Thy grace divine, No danger will I fear.

No. 153. THE ONLY SAVIOUR. 7s.

A. H. Cook.

1. On - ly Christ, the Sav - iour true; On - ly He who call - eth you;
2. He can lead you to that home, To the lov'd and ran - som'd giv'n;

On - ly Christ who died for you, With the thorns up - on His brow.
He can keep while here you roam, He can lead from earth to heav'n.

No. 154. WE'LL GIRDLE THE GLOBE.

V. A. DAKE. IDA M. DAKE.

1. Be-hold the hands . . stretch'd out for aid, . . . Darken'd by sin . . . and sore dis-
2. In hea-then lands . . they watch and wait, . . . And sigh for help . . . which comes so
3. O, flash the news . . . and shout the sound . . In darkest lands . . the world a-
4. The watchfires burn . . both far and near, . . In ev-'ry land . . . let them ap-

1. Behold the hands stretched out for aid, Darken'd by sin

mayed; . . O will you to . . . . their rescue go, . . . Lost wan-d'rers
late, . . . And grope in sin . . . . and nature's night . . For-ev - er
round, . . Till all the earth, . . . from pole to pole, . . Shall full Sal-
pear, . . . Till kindling lines . . . of gos-pel fire . . . Shall gird the

and sore dismayed, O will you to their rescue go, Lost wand'rers

rit. REFRAIN.

bound for end-less woe? We'll gir - dle the globe with sal - va - tion, With ho - li-ness
vain - ly seek-ing light.
va - tion-ech-oes roll.
world and mount up higher.

un - to the Lord, And light shall il-lumine each na-tion, The light from the lamp of His word.

Copyright by T. H. Nelson. Used by permission from "Garden of Spices."

No. 155. O BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM OF PITY!

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful blossom called Pit - y, And it grew in a heaven - ly
2. In His love and His pit - y He sought us, The Re-deem-er and lov - er of
3. See the mul-ti-tude thronging around Him! See His beau-ti - ful pit - y - ing
4. And to - day there are tender hearts car-ing For the sick ones in ev - er - y

clime; But it bloom'd in the lifetime of Je-sus, On the sorrow-ful lowlands of
all; And He found us and bought us for heaven, And He helpeth us now when we
love Flowing forth in His marvels of healing, Shedding perfume from heaven a -
clime; 'Tis the seed from the blossom of Pit-y, Taking root in the lowlands of

REFRAIN.

mf *p*

time. O, beau-ti - ful blossom of Pit - y! A flow'r from a heav-en - ly
call.
bove.
time.

mf *p* *rit.*

clime! Transplant-ed from yonder bright cit-y, It grows in the lowlands of time.

Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 156. JESUS LOVES US ALL.

G. E. GEORGE ELY.

1. Come, ev-'ry one, make the glad news ring, Je - sus loves us all; Ev-'ry one may
2. There is enough and to spare for you, Je - sus loves us all; God's gift is
3. Tho' we might be as the countless sand, Je - sus loves us all; There would be

taste of the "liv-ing spring," For Je - sus loves us all. Drink-ing of the fountain,
free, His word is true, That Je - sus loves us all. Wond'rous love of God, His
room in Beu-lah land, For Je - sus loves us all. Though there may be terrors

limp - ed, pure, You shall all the ills of life en - dure, If you on-ly trust,—of
son He gave, Guil - ty souls to ran-som from the grave; Hes - i-tate no more, for
by the way, Soul, look up! the hills be-fore you lay; Forward let us push, then,

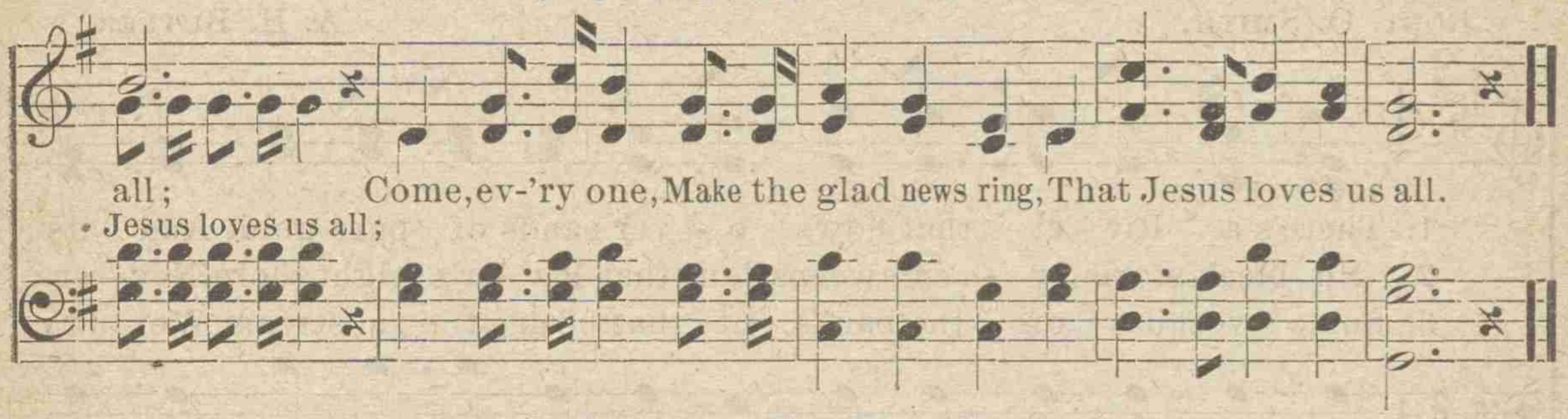
REFRAIN.

this be sure; For Je-sus loves us all. Je-sus loves us all, Je-sus loves us
He will save; For Je-sus loves us all.
while we may, Ere ev'ning shadows fall.

Jesus loves us all,

Copyright, 1909, by A. J. Showalter.

JESUS LOVES US ALL.



No. 157. SHOWALTER. 7, 6l.

TOPLADY. A. H. COOK.

Not too fast.

No. 158. THE RIVER OF LIFE.

ROBT. O. SMITH. A. H. BUTLER.

1. There's a Riv - er that flows o - ver sands of pure gold, And its
2. No bleak storm ev - er sweeps 'long that Riv - er's bright shore, Nev - er
3. Some sweet day on the banks of that beau - ti - ful stream We may

waves are so won-drous-ly bright, As they dim - ple the crest of that
ruf - fles that stream deep and wide; From the Fa-ther's white throne in that
meet with our loved gone be - fore, Where the bil - lows of sor - row may

bright crystal stream, As it flows thro' the Cit - y of Light. Beau - ti - ful Riv-er!
fair home a-bove, It doth flow in a ra - di - ant tide.
nev - er more roll, And where part-ing and sin are no more.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful Riv - er! Soon will I see thee in glo - ry so bright;

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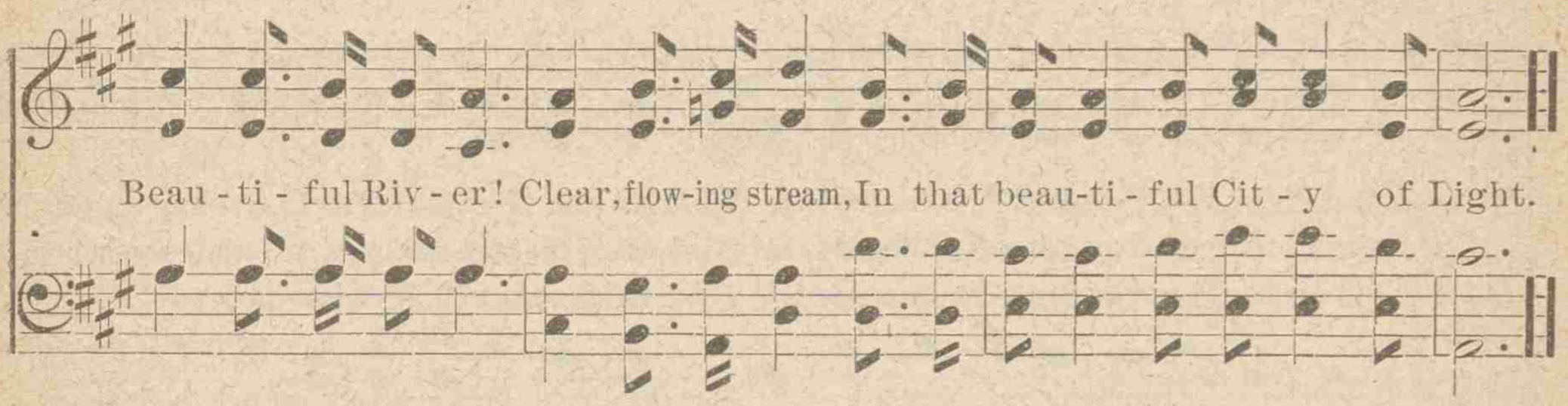
THE RIVER OF LIFE.



No. 159. I NEED THEE EVERY DAY.

Mrs. M. A. Holt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 160. SEARCH FOR THE WANDERING SHEEP.

BIRDIE BELL. S. D. THOMASON.

1. Search for the wandering sheep of the fold, Go to the wilderness, dreary and cold,
2. Search for the wandering sheep of the fold, Scale the high mountain, be earnest and bold;
3. Search for the wandering sheep of the fold, Bring them with joy to the por-tals of gold;

Save them from perishing, dangers sur-round, Joy is in heav-en o'er one that is found.
Ford the deep river, and save them today, Far from the shelter they wil-ful-ly stray.
Dark is the wilderness, long did they roam, Bring them a-gain to the shel-ter of home.

REFRAIN.

Search for the wandering sheep of the fold, Long have they stray'd from the gate-ways of gold;

Haste, lest they per-ish from hun-ger and cold, Search for the wan-der-ing sheep!

Copyright, 1898, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 161. AT THE CROSS OF JESUS.

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

1. There's a par - don to be found, At the cross of Je - sus;
2. There's a joy that none can tell, At the cross of Je - sus;
3. There's a peace be - yond de - gree, At the cross of Je - sus;
4. O my spir - it loves to fall At the cross of Je - sus;
At the cross of Je - sus;

All the might - y world a - round, At the cross of Je - sus.
And I found it when I fell At the cross of Je - sus.
And that peace was giv'n to me At the cross of Je - sus.
And a - new for mer - cy call, At the cross of Je - sus.
At the cross of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

There was par - don there for me, There is par - don there for thee!

Sin - ner, on - ly go and see, At the cross of Je - sus!
At the cross of Je - sus!

Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 162. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y arm -y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces

Go - ing on be -fore; Christ, the roy- al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail:
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King;

Refrain.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char- i - ty!
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je- sus go - ing on be-fore.

No. 163. HOPE ON, HOPE ON.

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

1. Hope on, hope on, be not dismay'd, Tho' fears a-larm and foes mo-lest;
2. Hope on, hope on, thro' life your God With-in thy heart shall ev-er be;
3. Hope on, hope on, with Christ the King, In mansions fair thou shalt a-bide;

"Have faith in God," "be not a-fraid," Up-on His word se-cure-ly rest.
In death His staff and ho-ly rod Will shield and guide and comfort thee.
With heav-en's host His prais-es sing, And be for-ev-er sat-is-fied.

REFRAIN.

Hope on, hope on, Tho' fears a-larm and foes mo-lest;
Hope on, hope on, "have faith in God,"

Hope on, hope on, Up-on His word se-cure-ly rest.
Hope on, hope on, "have faith in God,"

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No. 164. THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

LOUELLA MCCUTCHEN. C. L. CHAMBERLIN.

1. Though hard the work and hum - ble, The Mas - ter gives to you,
2. Per - haps but one small tal - ent He hath on thee be - stowed;
3. And if where weeds grow thick-est He bids thee seek for grain,

Still with thy might perform it As He hath bid thee do. Though fruitless
Per - haps He bids thee car - ry Some ver - y heav - y load. O, do not
Then be thy search un - tir - ing, And do not thou com-plain; For to the

seem thy la - bor, And sad thy lot may be, Yet He who keeps the
thou grow wea - ry, Nor sigh too soon for rest; His help to thee is
faith-ful ser - vant Is prom-ised great re - ward, And on - ly such shall

REFRAIN.

sparrow Will still re - mem-ber thee. Be faith-ful, O be faith - ful, And
promised, He knoweth what is best.
en - ter The king-dom of their Lord.

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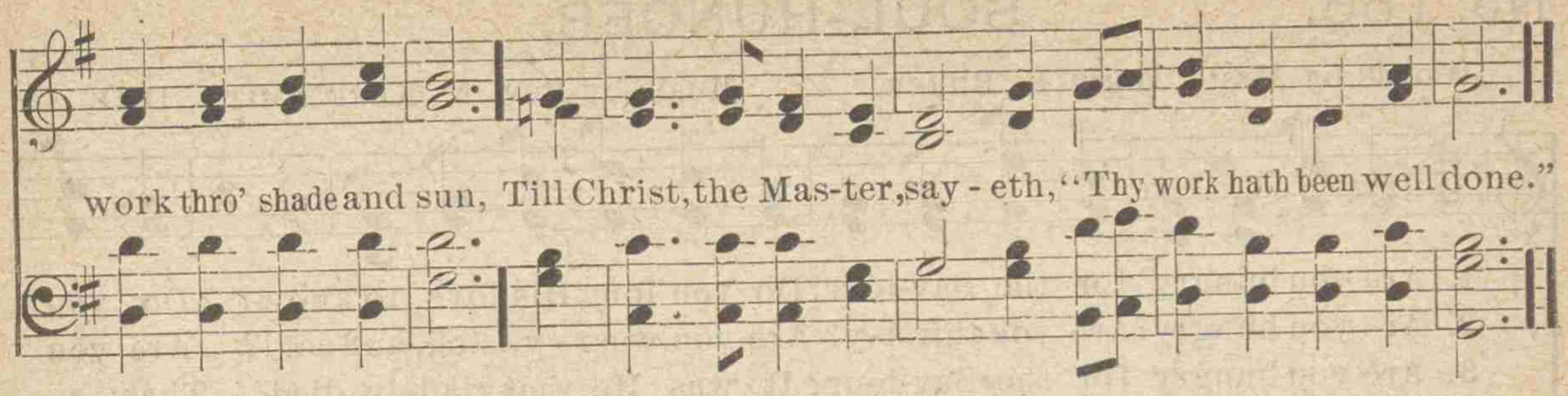
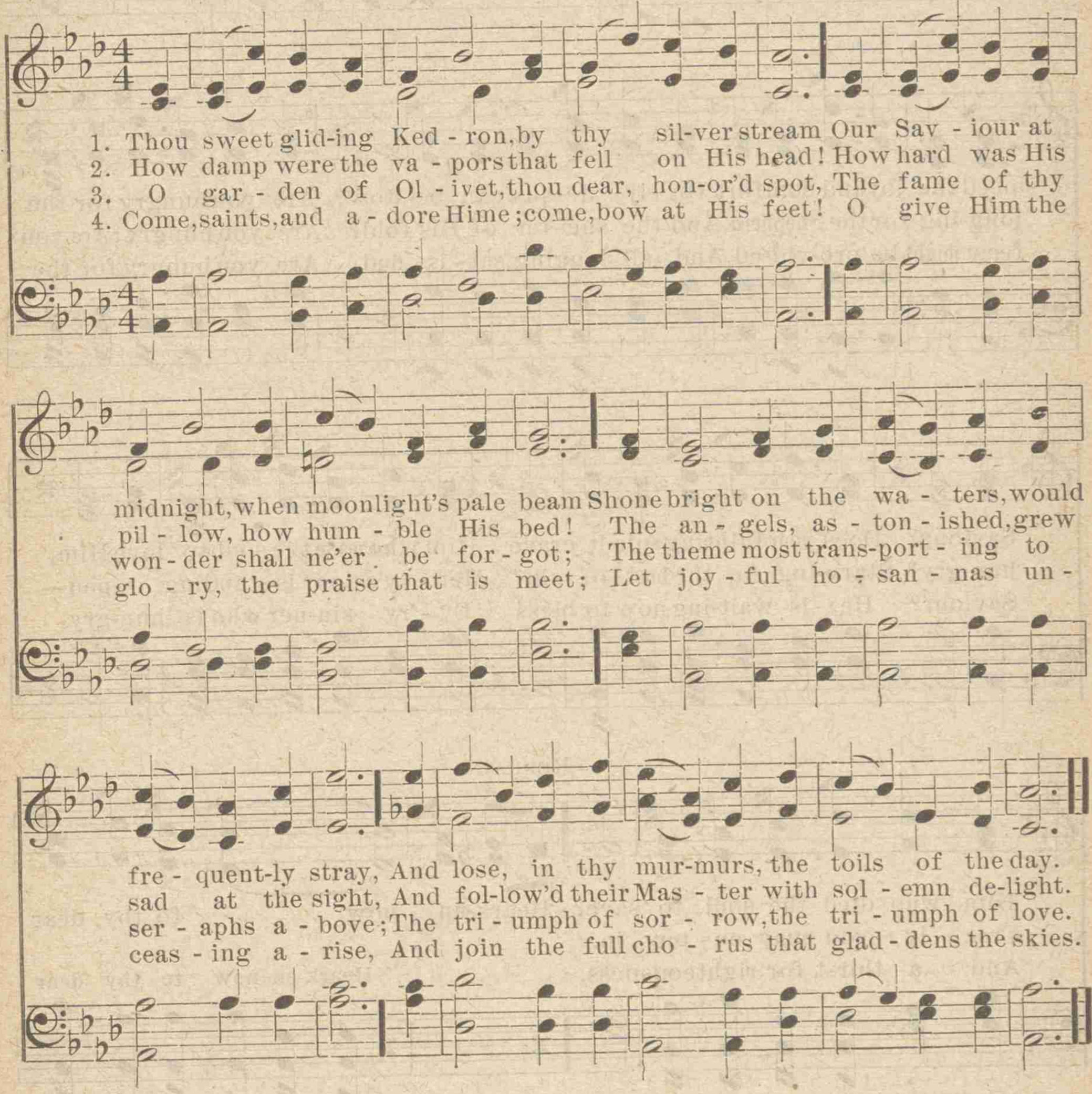


No. 165. KEDRON'S VALE. 11.

A. H. Cook.



No. 166. SOUL-HUNGER.

Words by Mrs. CARRIE E. BRECK. Music by Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D.D.

1. Are you hungry for the Sav-iour? Do you long His love to know? Do you need the joy and comfort On - ly Je-sus can be-stow? Are you hungry for the Saviour? Does your fainting spir-it crave Him who made the soul to love Him, Refrain. Him who died the soul to save? Heark-en now . . . to thy dear Saviour?

2. Are you hungry? Are you thirst-y? Are you wear - y, sick, and cold? Are you long-ing for the Shepherd, And the shel-ter of His fold? Are you hungry? Are you hun-gry? Starv-ing on the husks of sin? Mer - cy's door is standing o -pen— Free - ly you may en - ter in.

3. Are you hungry for the Sav-iour? It was He that glad-ly died That a feast might be pro-vid-ed, And all longing sat - is - fied. Are you hungry for the Saviour? He is wait-ing now to bless Ev - 'ry sin-ner who is hun-gry And a thirst for righteousness. Heark-en now to thy dear

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Saviour, He is stand-ing at thy door. Take the
He is standing, standing at thy door.

liv - - ing bread of heav- en, And you shall nev - er hun- ger more.
Take the liv - ing bread of

No. 167. THE WORLD FOR CHRIST. L. M.

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

Words by R. P. KERR, D.D. Music by Rev. N. KEFF SMITH, D.D.

1. The world for Christ, let an -gels sing, As swift from star to star they fly;
3. The world for Christ; the mar-tyrs join, His wide do-min - ion to proclaim;
3. The world for Christ; in countless host, The saints that throng the courts a -bove,
4. The world for Christ; let earth re- ply, His mer - cy tell to ev - 'ry soul;
5. The world for Christ; from heav'n to earth, From earth to heav'n His glo - ry rings;

The world He died to save is His, Give glo - ry to our King most high.
The King of an- gels is our King, All laud and hon - or to His name.
With ceaseless prais-es day and night For - ev - er sing His won- drous love.
Till mor-tals all shall own Him Lord, From sea to sea, from pole to pole.
While sons of men and shin-ing hosts U - nite to crown Him King of kings.

No. 168. 'TIS WONDERFUL SUCH LOVE TO SEE.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. For my sins Je - sus bowed His head, Free-ly suffered on Mount Cal- va - ry;
2. I'm so glad Je - sus came to save Sin - sick sin-ners of the world like me;
3. Souls a - wea - ry of doubt and sin, Christ is waiting, and His grace is free;

For my cleansing His blood was shed, O 'tis wonder-ful such love to see!
For my par-don His life He gave, O 'tis wonder-ful such love to see!
Hear Him plead, "May I not come in?" O 'tis wonder-ful such love to see!

REFRAIN.

O 'tis won-der- ful, won - der- ful, Won - der - ful that Je - sus loves me!
O 'tis won-der- ful, won - der- ful, Won - der - ful that Je - sus loves me!
O 'tis won-der- ful, won - der- ful, Won - der - ful that Je - sus loves me!

For my cleansing His blood was shed, O 'tis won- der-ful such love to see!
For my par-don His life He gave, O 'tis won- der-ful such love to see!
Hear Him plead, "May I not come in?" O 'tis won- der-ful such love to see!

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No. 169. O MY SOUL CRIES OUT FOR JESUS.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. C. H. BOTTOMS.
Arr. and Ref. partly composed by A. J. S.

1. O my soul cries out for Je-sus, And this Je - sus I a - vow My complete and
2. I am full of want and weary, And to come I scarce know how; Ho-ly Ghost, Thou
3. Burn a - way the dross within me; In my heart no sin al-low; Sancti - fy and
4. Hal - le - lu-jah! Thou art coming! On my trembling heart and brow Sterams of mercy

REFRAIN.

per-fect Saviour! Praise His name, He saves me now. Saves me now, . . saves me
Mighty Help-er, Come and bless me even now. Ev - en now, . . ev - en
cleanse me fully; Sancti - fy and cleanse me now. Cleanse me now, . . cleanse me
are descending, And the streams of bless-ing flow. Sav-ing now, . . sav-ing

Saves me now,

now, . . . Je - sus saves . . and loves me now; (He loves me now;) Saves me
now, . . . Come and bless . . me ev - en now; (yes, ev-en now!) Ev - en
now, . . . Sancti - fy . . and cleanse me now; (and cleanse me now;) Cleanse me
now, . . . Blessing, cleans - ing, sav - ing now; (yes, sav-ing now;) Sav-ing

saves me now, Je - sus saves,

now, . . saves me now, (saves me now,) Je-sus saves and loves me now, (He loves me now.)
now, . . ev - en now, (ev - en now,) Come and bless me ev - en now, (yes, ev- en now.)
now, . . cleanse me now, (cleanse me now,) Sanctify and cleanse me now, (O cleanse me now.)
now, . . sav - ing now, (saving now,) Blessing, cleansing, sav - ing now, (yes, saving now.)

Saves me now, saves me now,

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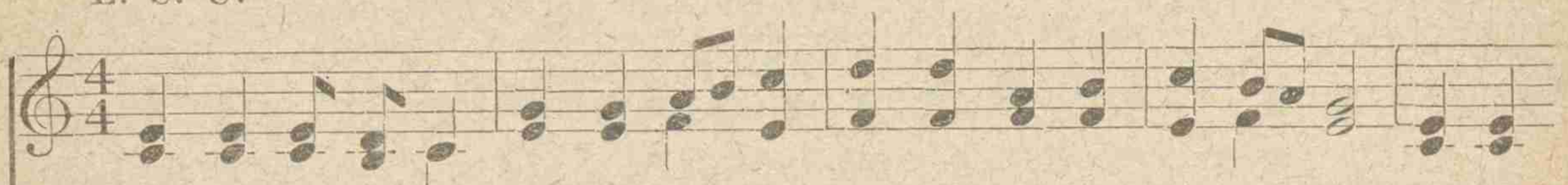
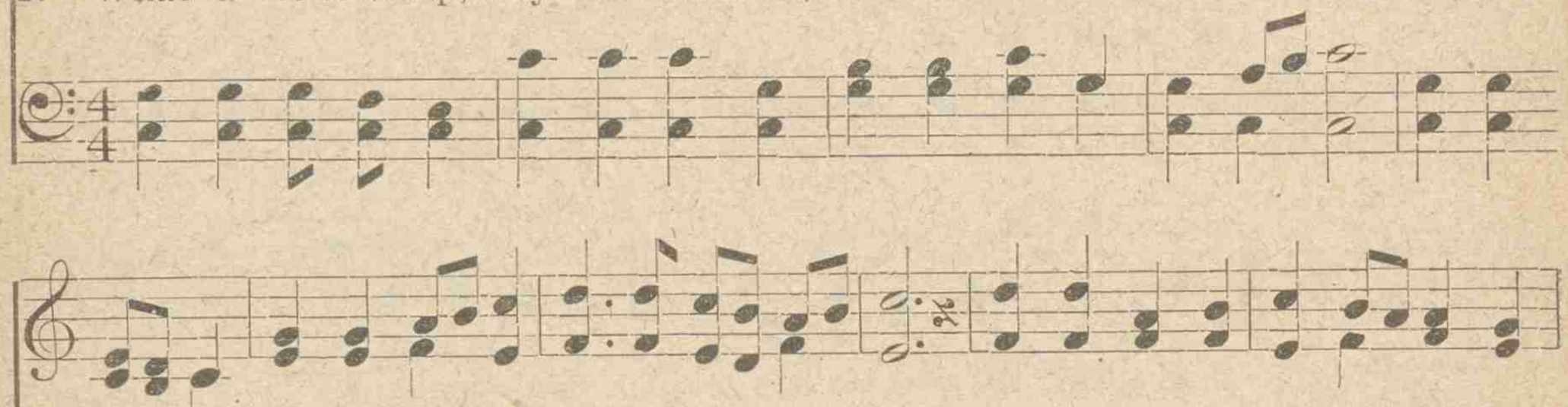
No. 170. WHAT A FELLOWSHIP.

Dedicated to my friend, Prof. A. J. Showalter.

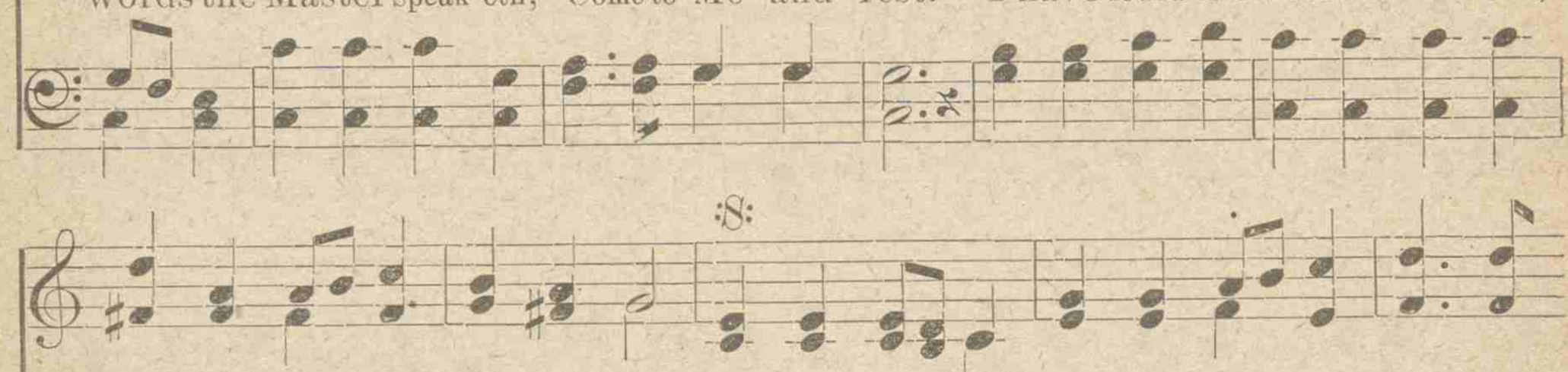
E. S. U. Rev. E. S. Ufford.



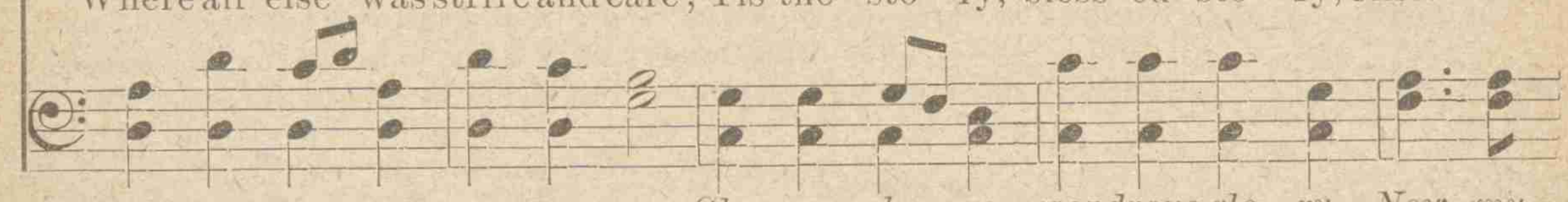
1. "What a fellowship," says the Christian, As he sits at Je-sus' feet; Glo-ry,
2. "What a fellowship," says the Christian, As he leans on Je-sus' breast; Hears the



glo-ry, won-drous glo-ry, Here is joy com-plete. Here is wis-dom, grace, and power,
words the Master speak-eth, "Come to Me and rest." I have found the dearest comfort,

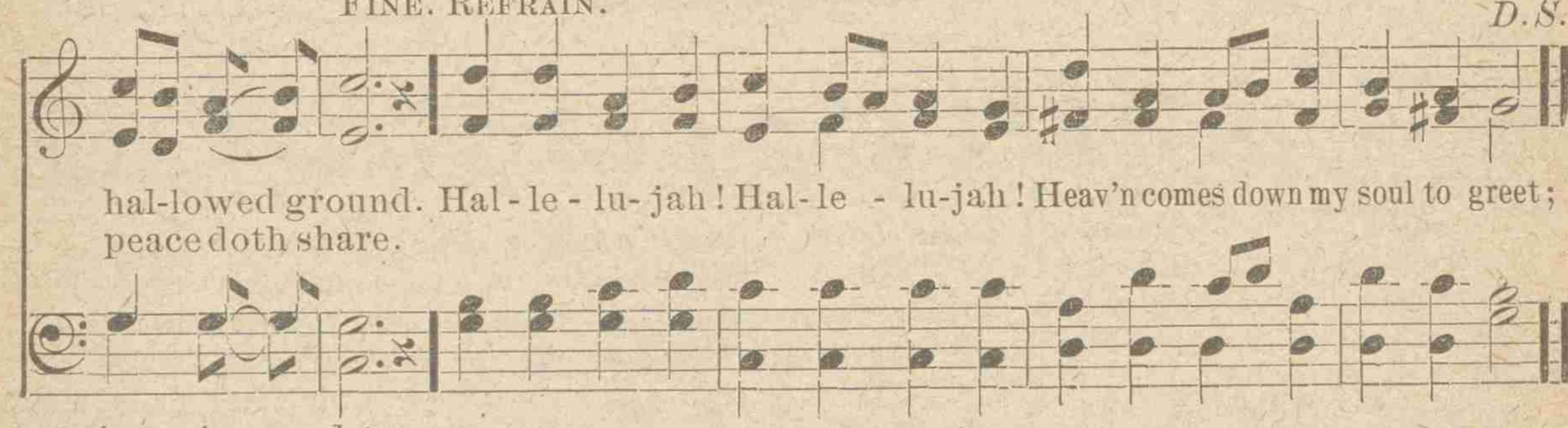


By earth's sa-ges nev-er found, Till they sought a Saviour's dow-er, On this
Where all else was strife and care; 'Tis the sto-ry, bless-ed sto-ry, Christ His



D. S. *Glo-ry, glo-ry, wondrous glo-ry, Now my*

Fine. Refrain. *D.S.*



hal-lowed ground. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Heav'n comes down my soul to greet;
peace doth share.

joy is complete.

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No. 171. WHY NOT TONIGHT?

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

Dr. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord, in pit-y, lin-gers still, And wilt thou then His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;

Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, O to-night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to-night.
Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to-night.
Be-lieve! o-bey!—the work is done: Be saved, O to-night.

REFRAIN.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Why not tonight? Why not tonight?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

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No. 172. COME NOW.

Mrs. R. A. Evilsizer. Jas. F. Cagle, by per.

1. Dear brother, the Saviour is call- ing, He's call-ing you now to come home;
2. Dear brother, the Saviour is wait-ing, He pa-tient-ly stands by your side;
3. Dear brother, the Saviour is grieving Because you re- ject Him to - day;

Es-cape from your bond-age ap - pall- ing, O lin- ger no lon- ger, but come.
O cease with your conscience de - bat - ing, And safe in His promise a - bide.
O heed Him, accept Him, be - liev- ing He pardons you—saves you for aye.

Refrain.

O come, . . O come, . . My broth-er, why will you de - lay? . . .
Come now, come now, My broth - er, why will you, why will you de - lay?

O come, . . O come, . . And give Him your heart while you may.
Come now, come now,

No. 173. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.

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

1. Oh, Thou that hearest prayer! Attend our humble cry; And let Thy servants
2. If earth - ly parents hear Their children when they cry; If they with love sin-
3. Our heavenly Fa-ther Thou, We children of Thy grace, Oh, let Thy presence
4. Oh, send Thy Spir-it down On all the nations, Lord, With great success to

REFRAIN.

share Thy bless-ing from on high. We plead Thy prom - ise
cere, Their children's wants sup-ply;
now De-scend and fill the place.
crown The teach-ing of Thy word.

We plead Thy prom-ise

now, O Lord, The promise of Thy word; De-scend up -

now, O Lord, Thy promise, Lord, De-scend

on us from a - bove, And fill us with Thy love.

up - on us from Thy heav'nly courts a - bove,

No. 174. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Anon. R. L. FERGUSON.

1. In a wea-ry land I wan-der, And with falt'ring steps I walk, For my
2. Here my toils are un - a - bat-ing, And rude cares a-bout me mock, But my
3. In those pas-tures fair and ver - nal, With my Shepherd's chosen flock, I will
4. By those wa-ters gen - tly flow-ing I will fear no tem-pest's shock, And no
5. So with pa-tient faith I wan-der, And with lov-ing trust I walk, For my

REFRAIN.

rest is o - ver yon-der, In the shadow of the Rock. In the shad - ow
rest is o - ver yon-der, In the shadow of the Rock.
feast on joys e - ter - nal, In the shadow of the Rock.
want nor grief be knowing, In the shadow of the Rock.
rest is o - ver yon-der, In the shadow of the Rock.

In the shad-ow

of the Rock, In the shad - - ow of the Rock,
of the Ev - er-last-ing Rock, In the shad-ow of the Ev - er-last - ing Rock,

For my rest is o - ver yonder, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
In the shad-ow, in the shad-ow of the Rock.

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No. 175. SOFTLY, SOFTLY FADES THE DAY.

M. C. VESPER HYMN. MENZIES CUMMING.

Slow, with expression.

1. Soft - ly, soft - ly fades the day, In - to shad - ows faint and gray.
2. Sweetly, sweet-ly would we raise Loft-y an - thems in Thy praise,
3. Sad - ly, sad - ly do we mourn All our way - ward-ness and scorn
4. Soft - ly, soft - ly fades the day In - to shad - ows faint and gray.

p

Fa - ther, keep us in Thy sight While o'er earth steals dark-wing'd Night;
For the love we ev - er share In Thy nev-er fail - ing care;
Of Thy mer-cies: Lord, we pray Thy for - giv-ness for this day;
Fa - ther, may Thine An - gels keep Si - lent vig-ils as we sleep;

p

Fa - ther, keep us in Thy sight While o'er earth steals dark-wing'd Night;
For the love we ev - er share In Thy nev - er fail - ing care;
Of Thy mercies: Lord, we pray Thy for-giv - ness for this day;
Fa - ther, may Thine Angels keep Si - lent vig - ils as we sleep;

p *p*

Fa - ther, keep us in Thy sight While o'er earth steals dark-wing'd Night.
For the love we ev - er share In Thy nev - er fail - ing care.
Of Thy mercies: Lord, we pray Thy for - giv - ness for this day.
Fa - ther, may Thine An-gels keep Si - lent vig - ils as we sleep.

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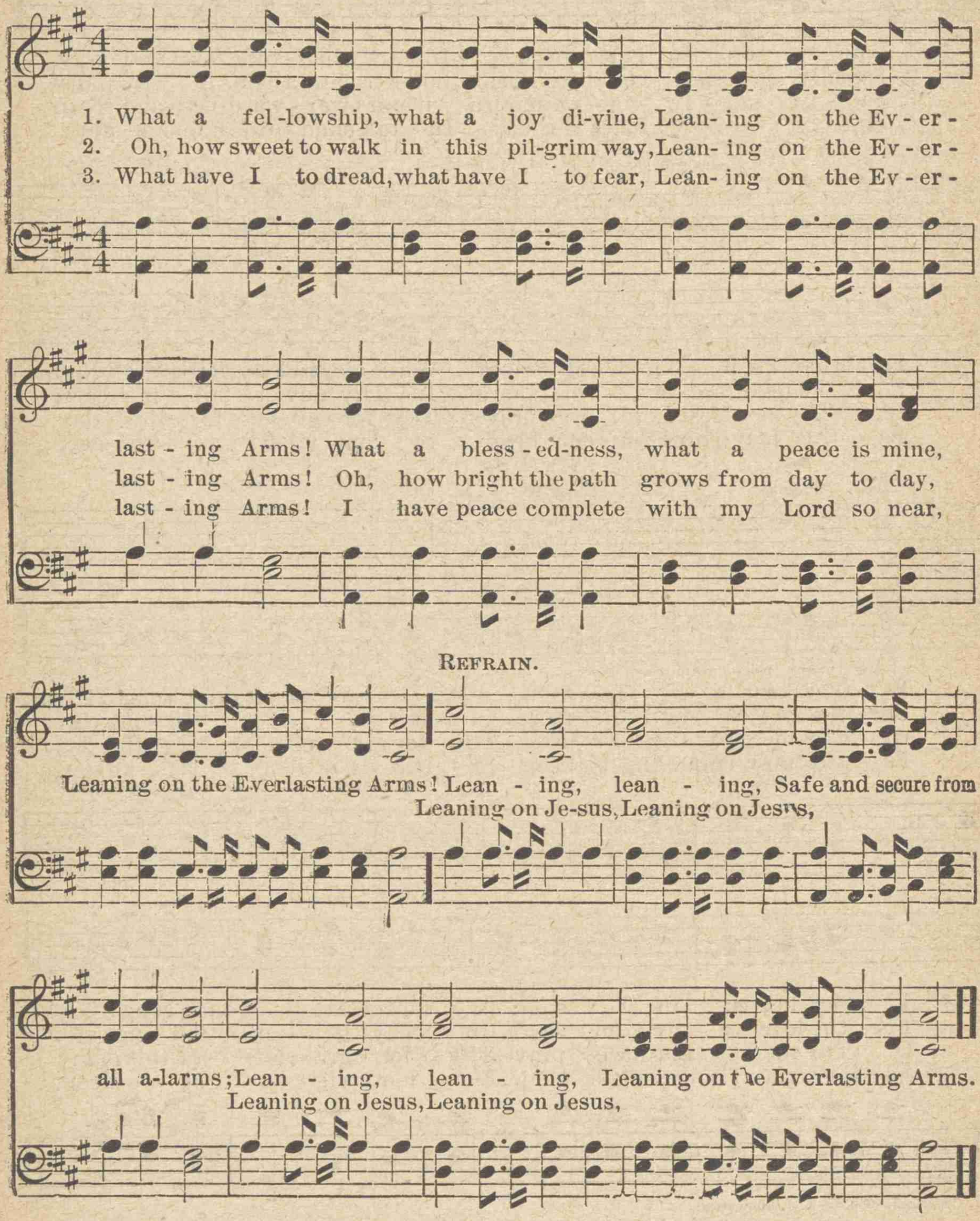
No. 176. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

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



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No. 177. GATHERED HOME.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 178. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

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

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

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.

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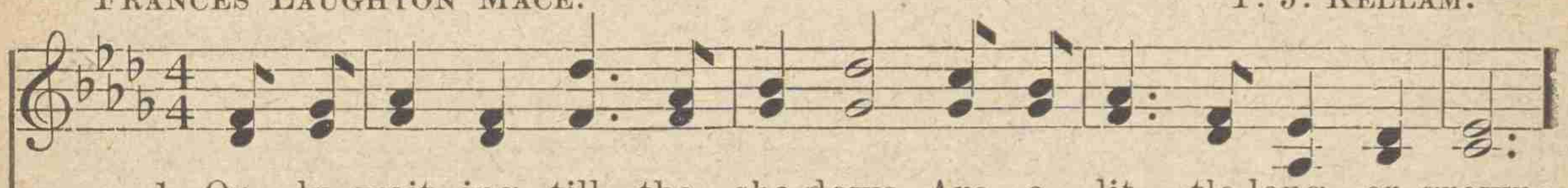
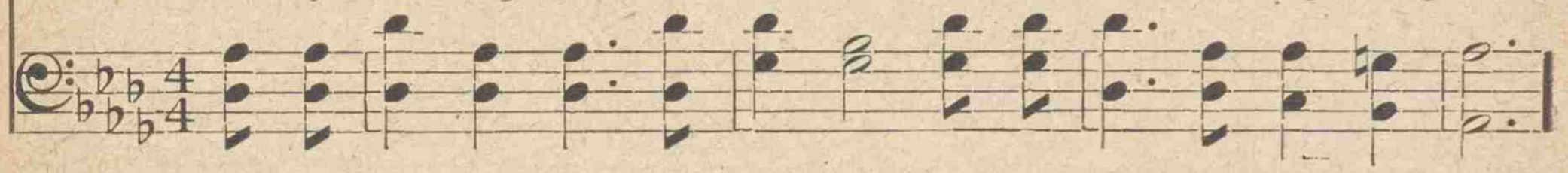
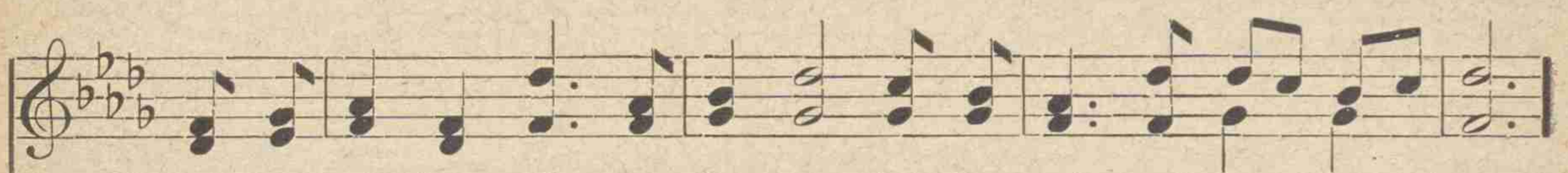
No. 179. ONLY WAITING.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE. T. J. KELLAM.

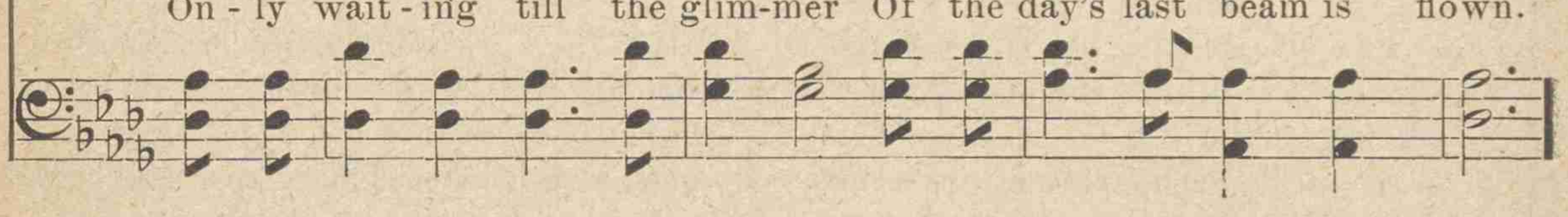


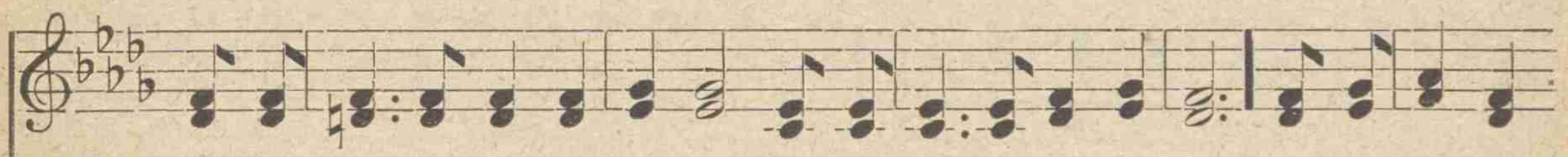
1. On - ly wait - ing till the sha-dows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;
2. On - ly wait - ing till the reap- ers Have the last sheaf gathered home;
3. On - ly wait - ing till the sha-dows Are a lit - tle long - er grown;



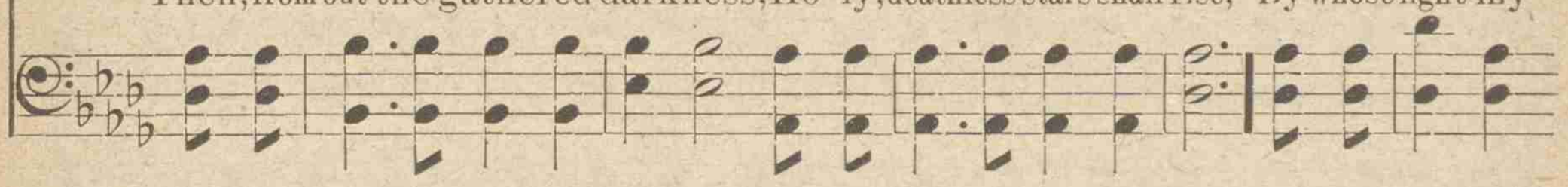


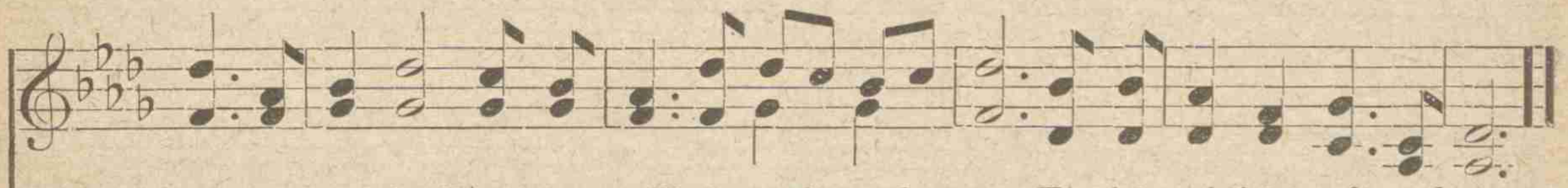
On - ly wait - ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown;
For the sum- mer-time is fad - ed, And the au - tumn winds have come.
On - ly wait - ing till the glim-mer Of the day's last beam is flown.



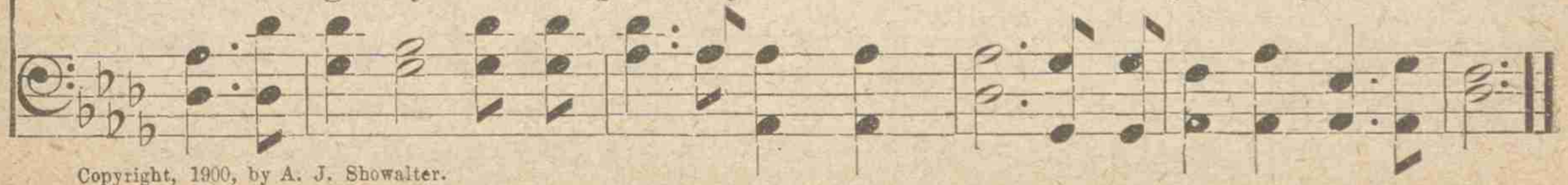


Till the light of earth is fad - ed From the hearts once full of day; Till the stars of
Quick-ly, reapers, gather quick-ly These last ripe hours of my heart; For the bloom of
Then, from out the gathered darkness, Ho - ly, deathless stars shall rise, By whose light my





heav'n are break-ing Thro' the twilight soft and gray, Thro' the twi-light soft and gray.
life is withered, And I hast- en to de - part, And I hast-en to de-part.
soul shall gladly Tread its pathway to the skies, Tread its pathway to the skies.



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No. 180. WHITER THAN SNOW.

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

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev'ry i - dol, cast out ev'ry foe;
make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-ev-er I know;
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing I see Thy blood flow;
in me a new heart create; To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st No;

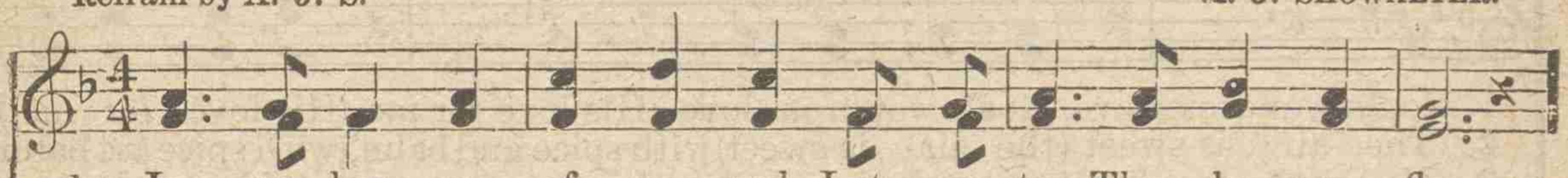
REFRAIN.

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

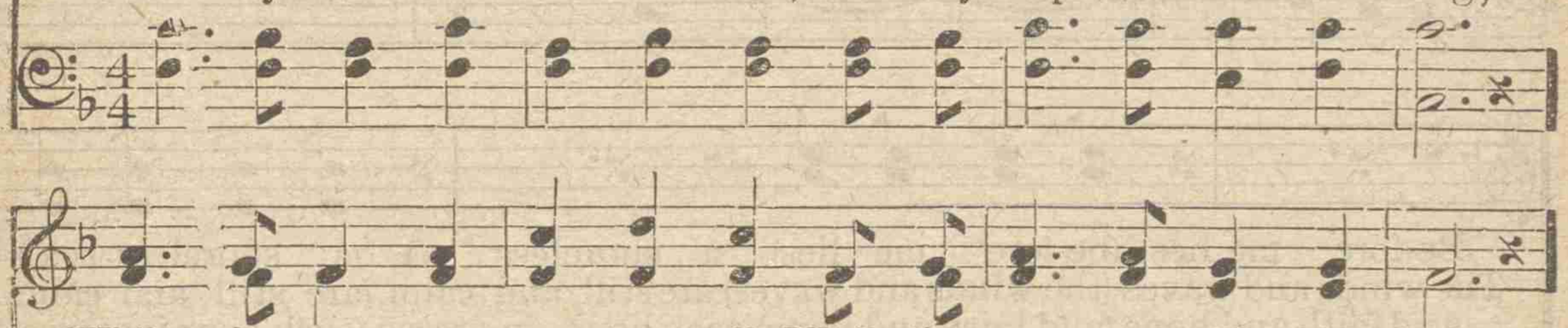
whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 181. DOWN AT THE CROSS.

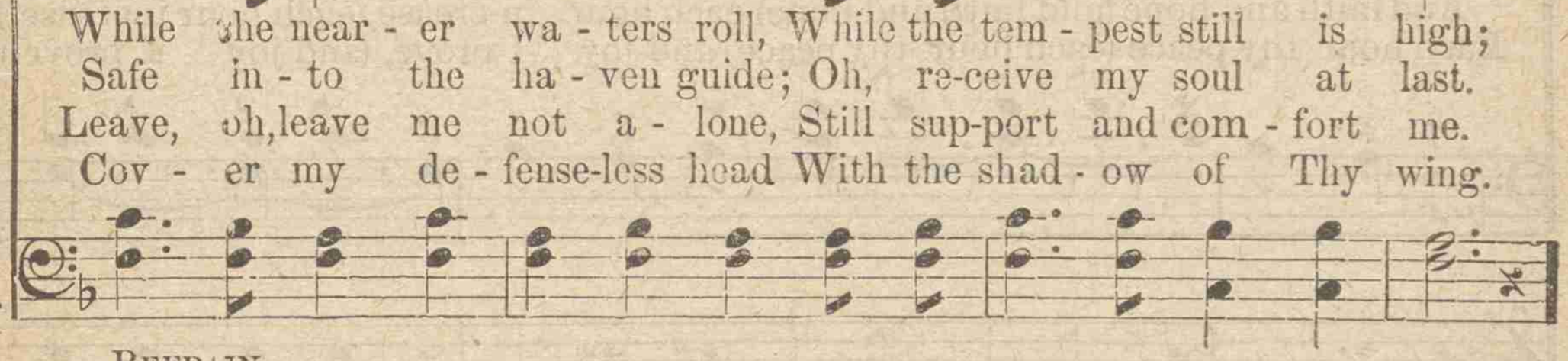
Refrain by A. J. S. — A. J. SHOWALTER.



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



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



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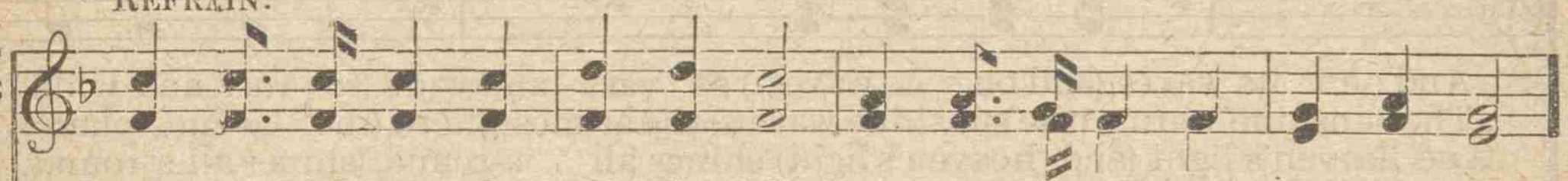
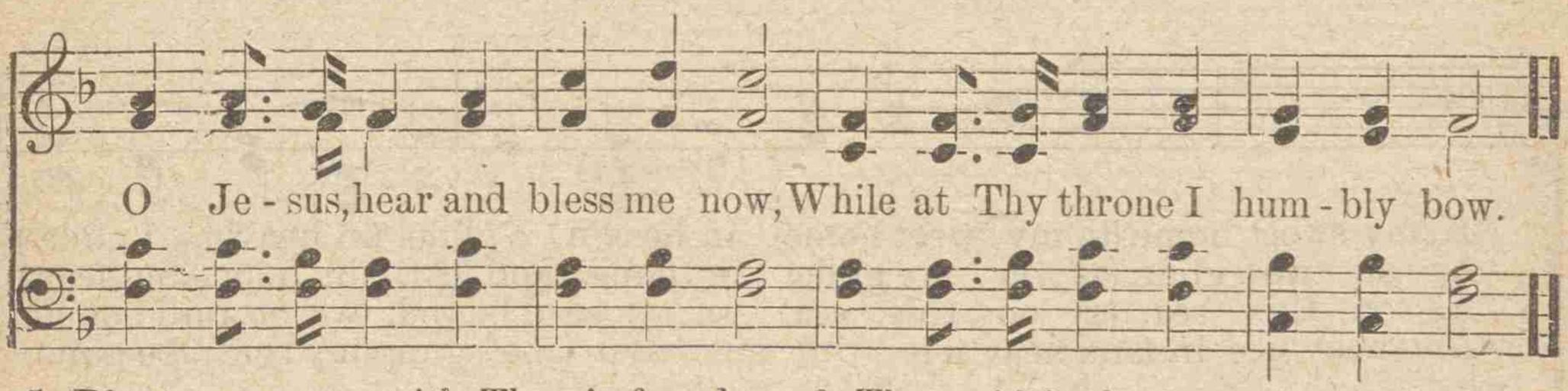
REFRAIN.



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



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

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

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

No. 182. GOD'S INFINITE LOVE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. H. P. CLACK.

1. God's wondrous love, (God's wondrous love,) His love for me, (His love for me,)
2. The air is sweet (the air is sweet) with spice and balm, (with spice and balm,)
3. My soul is full (my soul is full) of joy and peace, (of joy and peace,)
4. O shore-less sea (O shoreless sea) of God's sweet love! (of God's sweet love!)

Be-fore me lies (be-fore me lies) a shoreless sea, (a shoreless sea,)
The winds and waves (the winds and waves) are still and calm, (are still and calm,)
And faith and hope (and faith and hope) each hour in-crease, (each hour increase,)
Each hour thy peace (each hour thy peace) and joy I prove, (and joy I prove,)

And on its waves, (and on its waves,) so vast and wide, (so vast and wide,)
The sunshine warms (the sunshine warms) the at-mos-phere, (the at-mos-phere,)
And heaven's light (and heaven's light) shines all a-round, (shines all a-round,)
And life, in sweet (and life, in sweet) con-tent, moves on, (content, moves on,)

To my sweet home (to my sweet home) in heav'n I glide. (in heav'n I glide.)
As on we glide (as on we glide) in hope and fear. (in hope and fear.)
As on this sea (as on this sea) we onward bound. (we onward bouud)
And heav'n is in (and heav'n is in) my soul be - gun. (my soul be-gun.)

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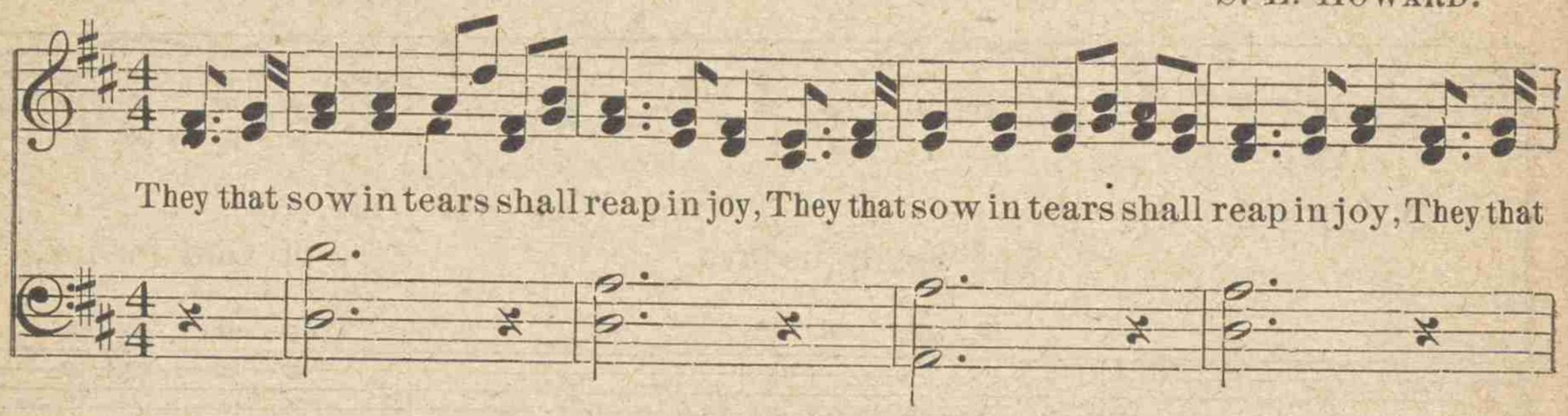
GOD'S INFINITE LOVE. Concluded.

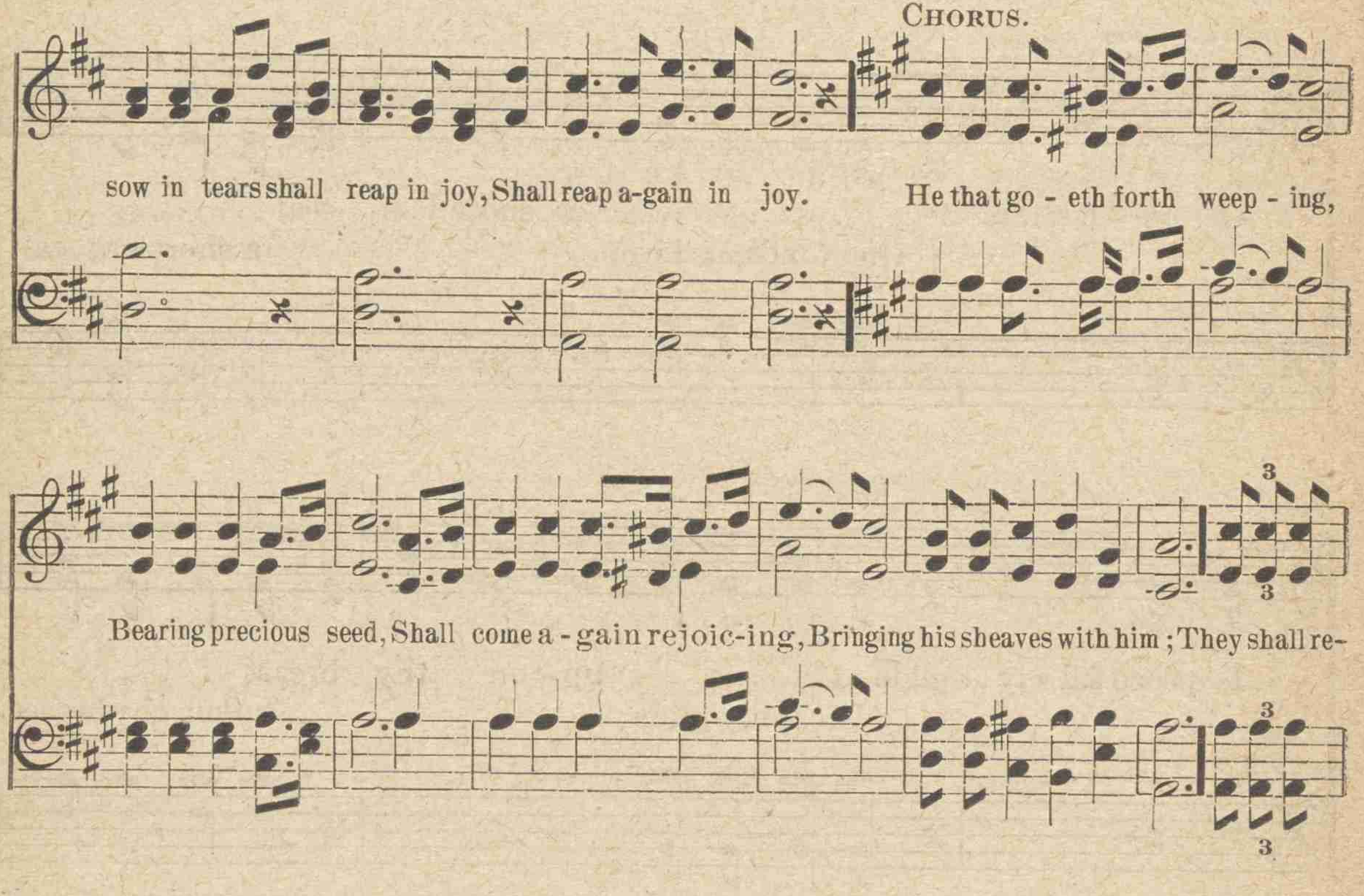
REFRAIN.

No. 183. THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET. S. L. HOWARD.



CHORUS.



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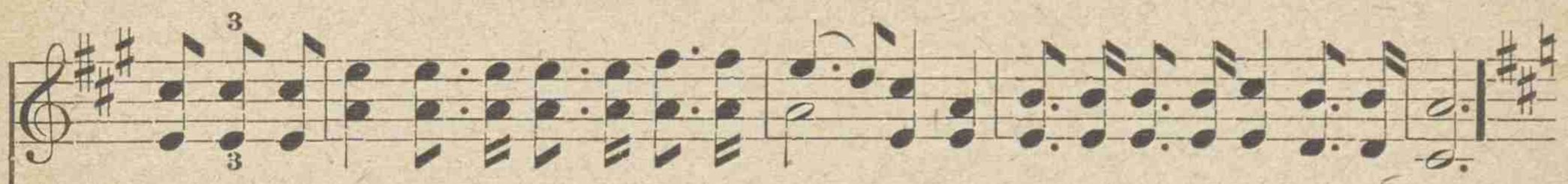
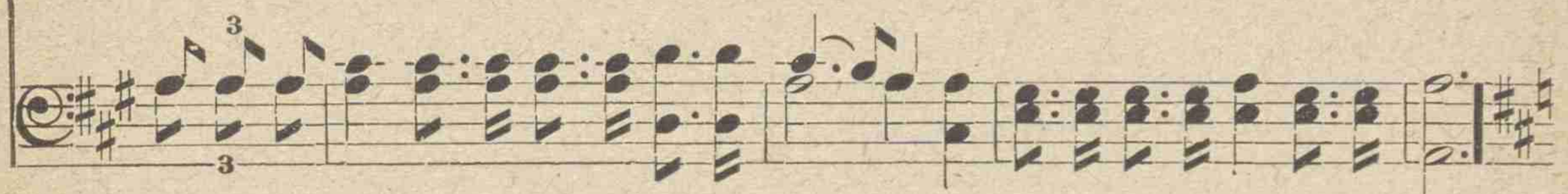
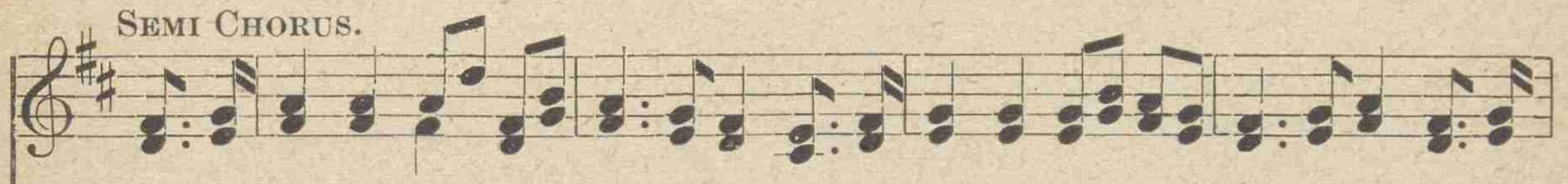
THEY THAT SOW IN TEARS.



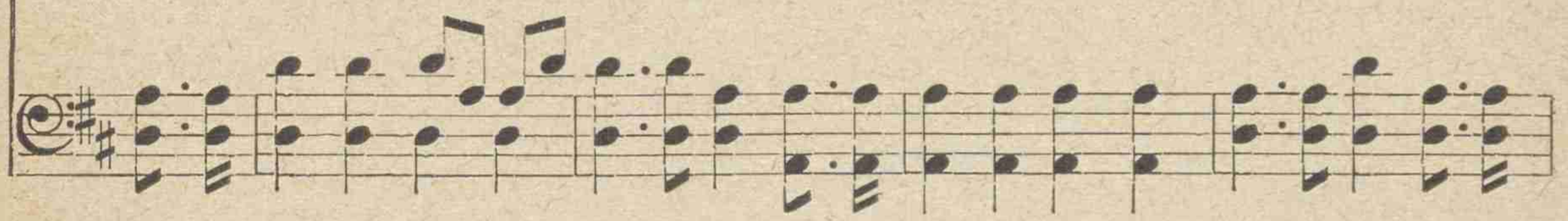
They shall return to Mount Zion with re-joic - ing, And ev-erlasting joy on their heads.

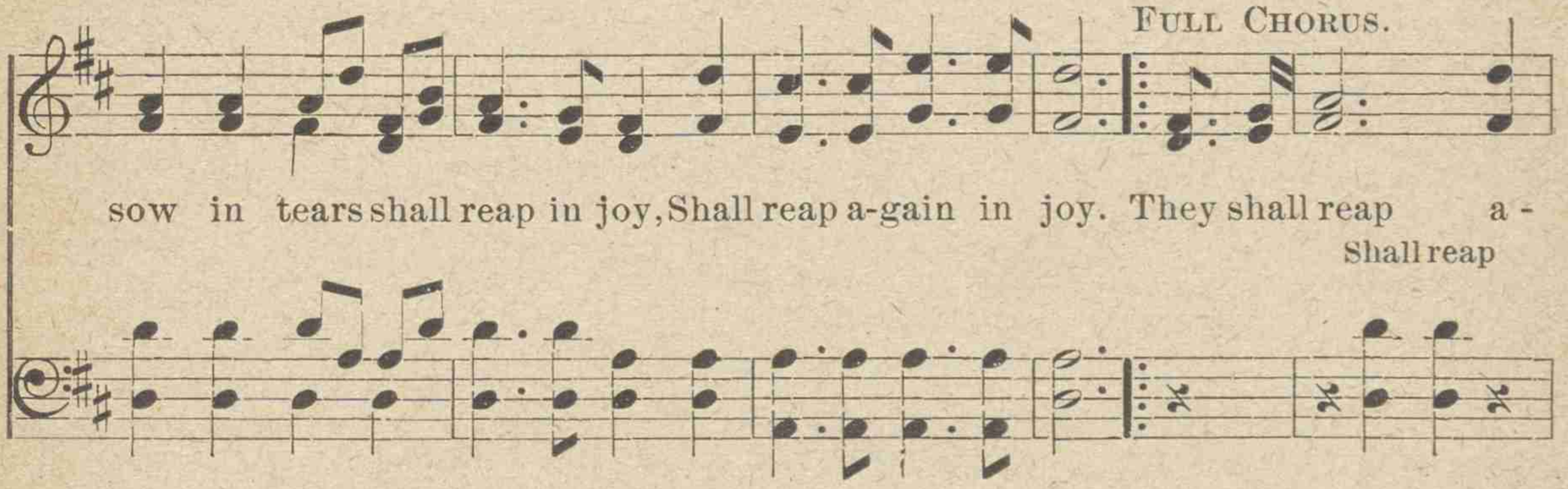


SEMI CHORUS.



They that sow in tears shall reap in joy, They that sow in tears shall reap in joy, They that





FULL CHORUS.

sow in tears shall reap in joy, Shall reap a-gain in joy. They shall reap a -

Shall reap

gain, Shall reap a-gain in joy; reap a-gain in joy. A - men, A - men.

a - gain, Shall (*Omit.*)

No. 184. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. R. D. Burlison.

1. Tell me more of Je - sus and His won-drous love, How He con-descends to
2. Tell me more of Je - sus and His precious love, How His heart with goodness
3. Tell me more of Je - sus and His pard-'ning love, How His warm af-fec - tions
4. Tell me more of Je - sus and His ho - ly love, And the home of glo - ry

us from heav'n a - bove, Pass-ing by the an - gels, and with grace di-vine Com-ing
constant-ly doth move; How He sends the sunshine with its golden light, Just to
sweet-ly He doth prove By the free forgive-ness He bestows on all Who on
in the realms above; I de-light to hear the message ten-der, sweet, And to

D.S. *by His grace di-vine, And the*

FINE. REFRAIN.

to redeem this sin-ful heart of mine. Wonder-ful His love! Wonderful His love!
make our lives more beau-ti-ful and bright.
Him for mer-cy and compassion call.
pour my praise in joy at Je-sus' feet.

light of heav-en in my soul doth shine.

D.S.

Won-der-ful His sym-pa-thy from heav'n a - bove! He has come to save me

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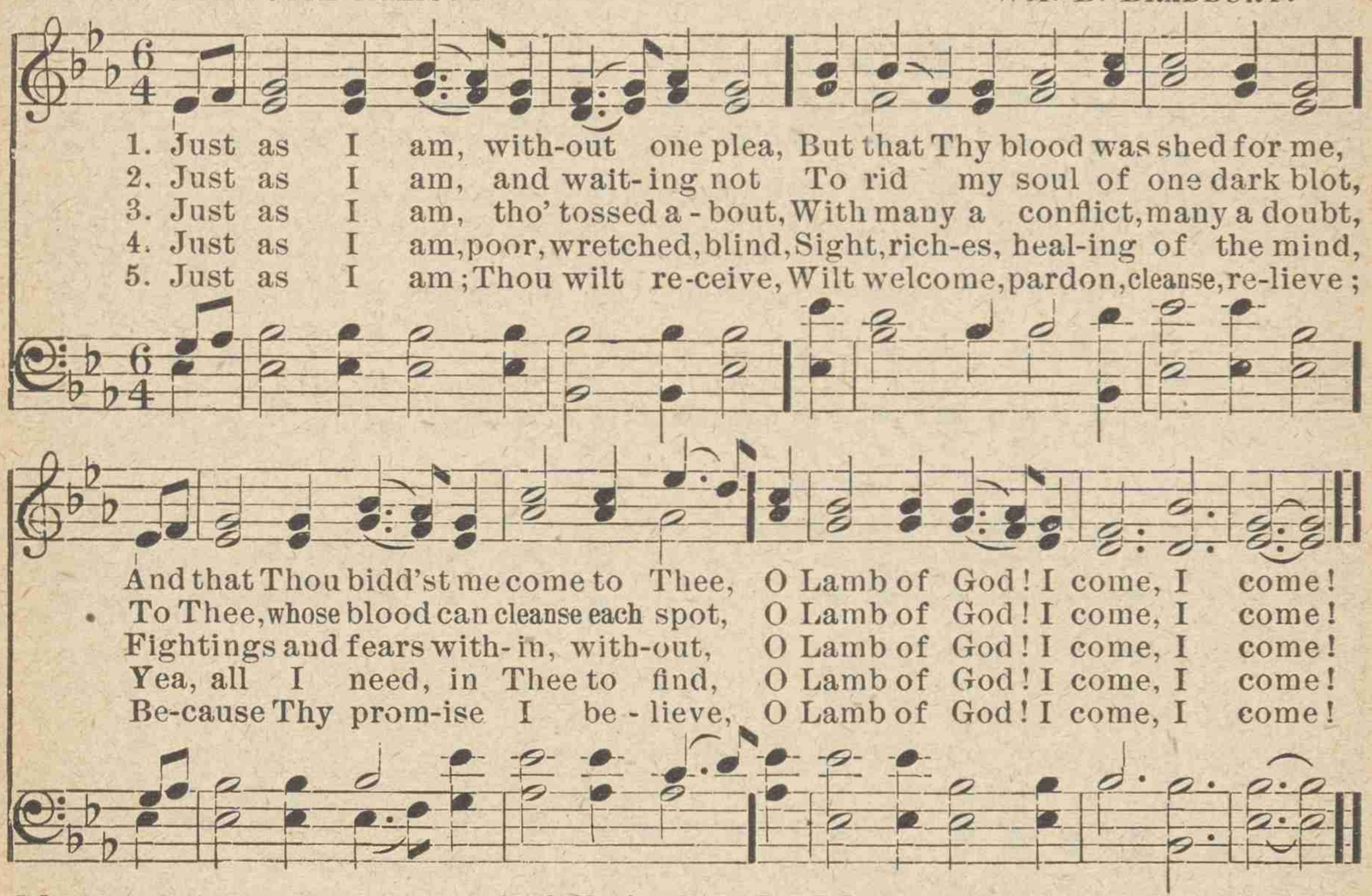
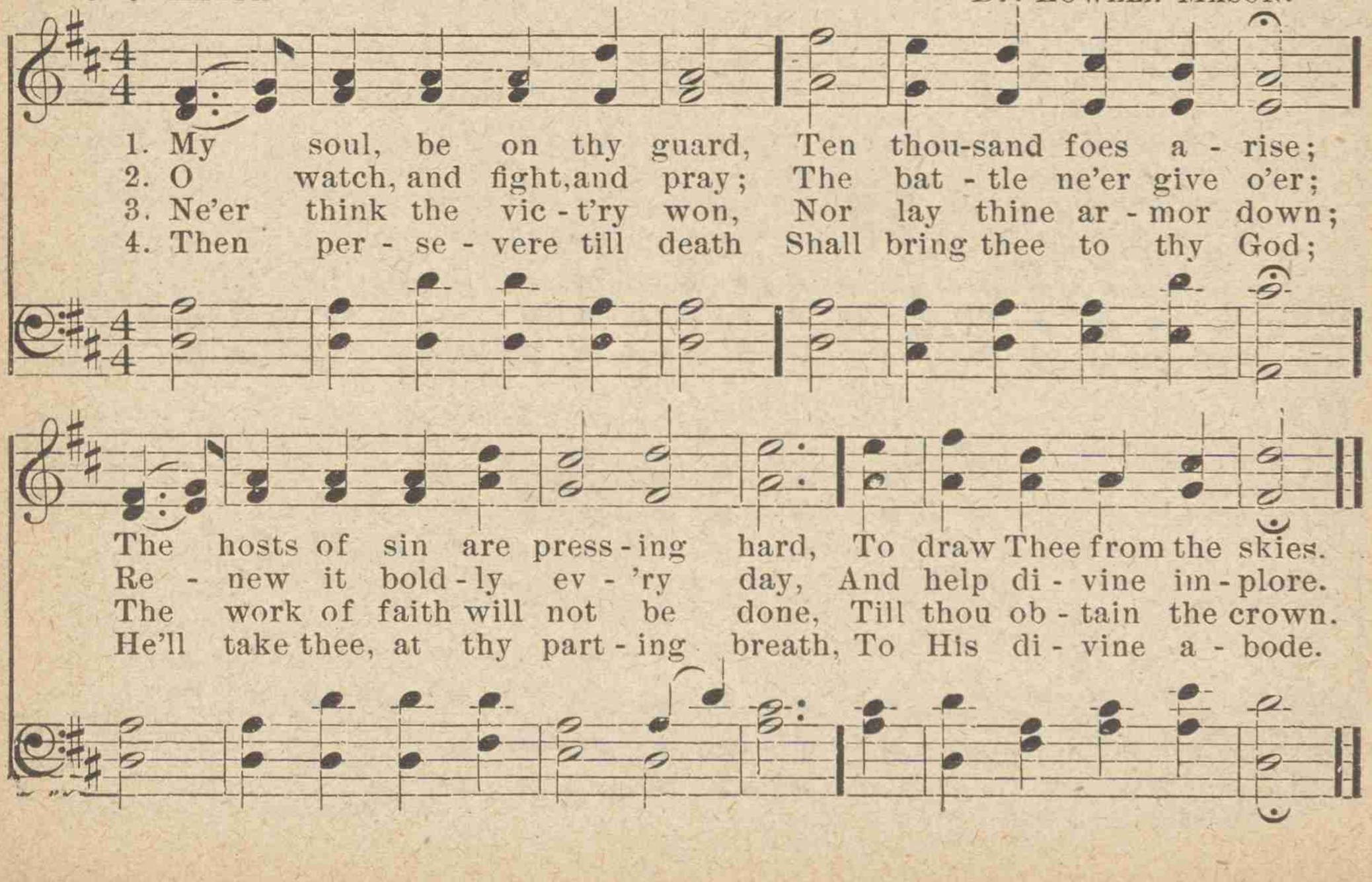
No. 185. JUST AS I AM. L. M.

Miss Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.



No. 186. LABAN. S. M.

Geo. Heath. Dr. Lowell Mason.



No. 187. WE'LL ALL SING TOGETHER BY AND BY.

L. E. GREEN. Dr. D. M. WILSON.

1. We're a band of sing-ing Christians On the march to Ca-naan's land, We'll all sing togeth-er by and by; There we'll join the an-gel chorus And with
2. We will sing the praise of Je-sus, As we jour-ney here be-low, We'll all sing togeth-er by and by; Then with ransomed souls in glo-ry, With our
3. Let us praise our heav'nly Fa-ther For the sa-cred gift of song, We'll all sing togeth-er by and by; Till we reach our home in heaven Then with
4. As we walk the streets to-geth-er, In that bright ce-les-tial land, We'll all sing togeth-er by and by; With a crown up-on our forehead, And a

REFRAIN.

loved ones on the strand, We'll all sing together by and by. By and by, by and
robes made white as snow, We'll all sing together by and by.
yon-der happy throng, We'll all sing together by and by.
harp within our hand, We'll all sing together by and by. By and by,

by, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by; By and
by and by, by and by;

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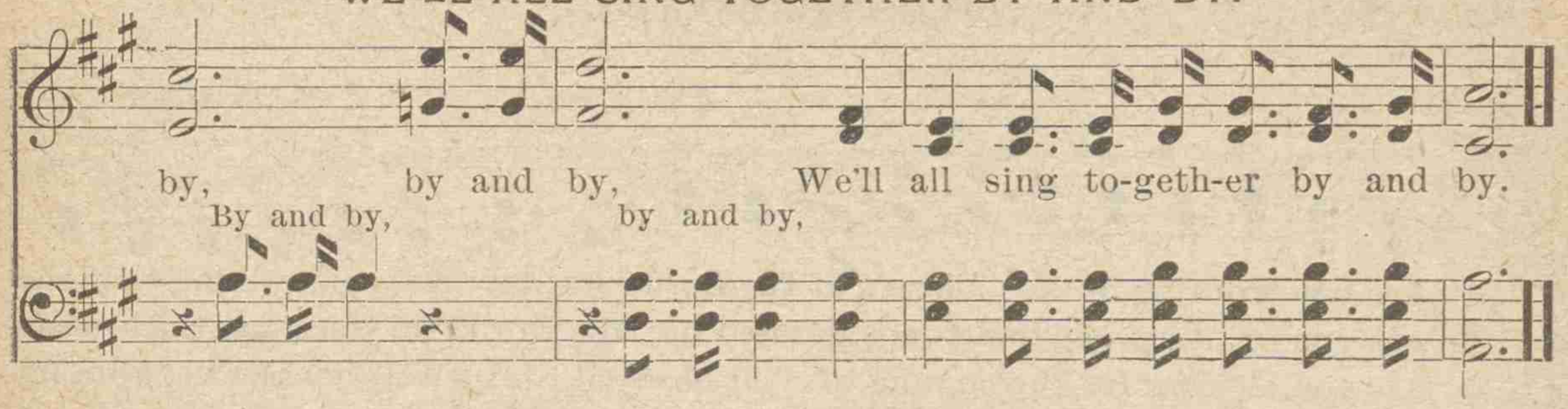
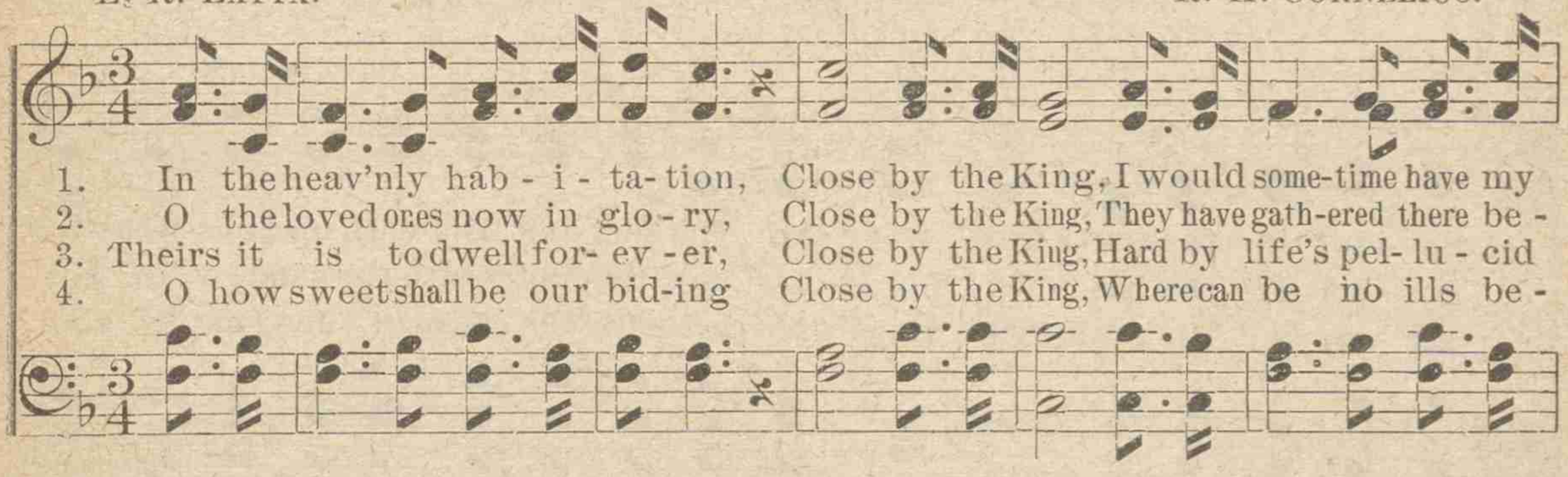
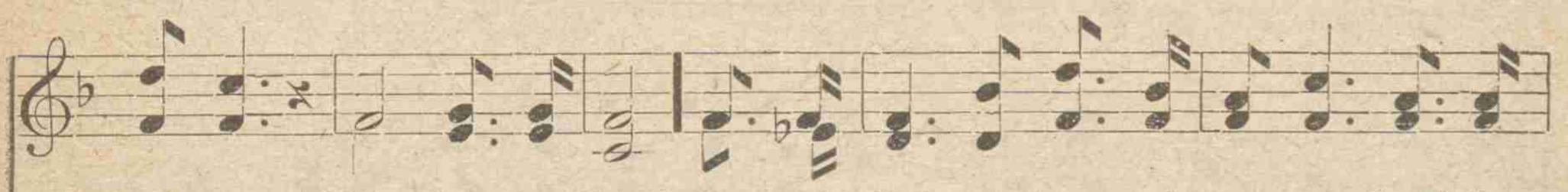
WE'LL ALL SING TOGETHER BY AND BY.

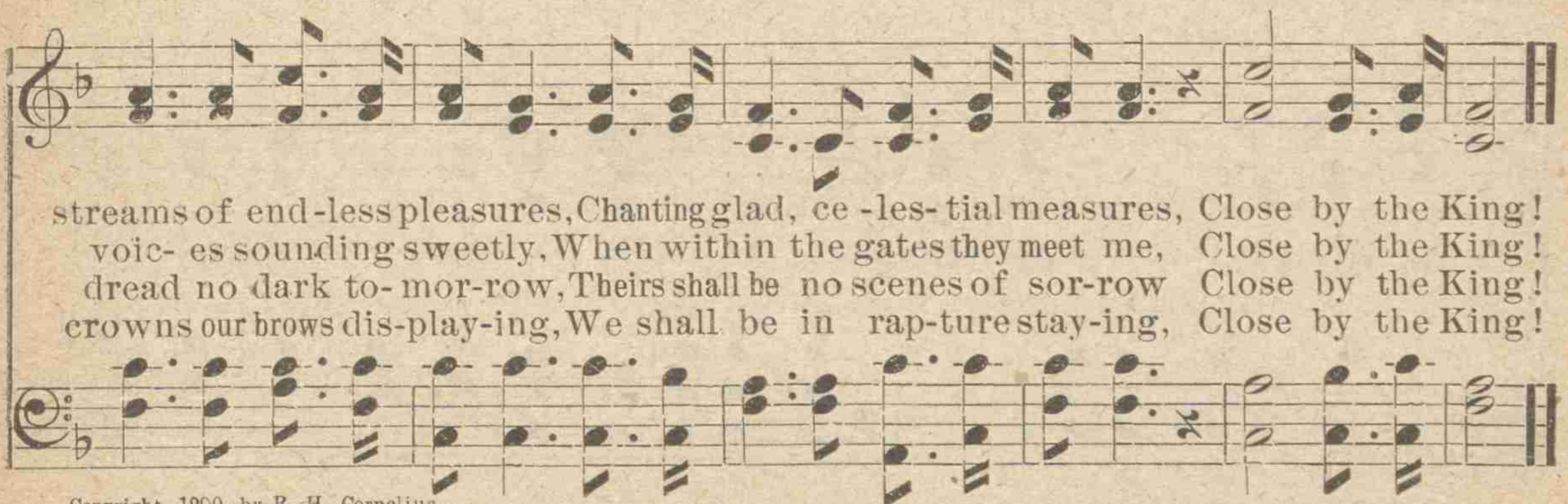


No. 188. CLOSE BY THE KING.

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







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No. 189. DO HIS WILL.

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

1. Are you working in the vineyard of the Lord each day? Are you walking with the
2. Are you pointing men to Je - sus, guid-ed by His word? Do you preach the blessed
3. Are you looking for the coming of the bless-ed King? Will you meet the Lord in

Sav-iour in the nar - row way? Are you serv-ing Him with gladness, trusting
gos - pel of the ris - en Lord? Are you liv - ing 'neath the shadow of His
glo - ry and His prais - es sing? If thro' life the cause of Je - sus is your

in His blood? Love, o - bey the bless-ed Mas - ter, do the will of God.
pierc - ed side? Christ the Saviour bids the righteous in His love a - bide.
glad em - ploy, You will hear Him sweetly say-ing, "En - ter thou My joy."

REFRAIN.

Do His will, do His will, Do the bless-ed will of God;
Do His will, do His will,

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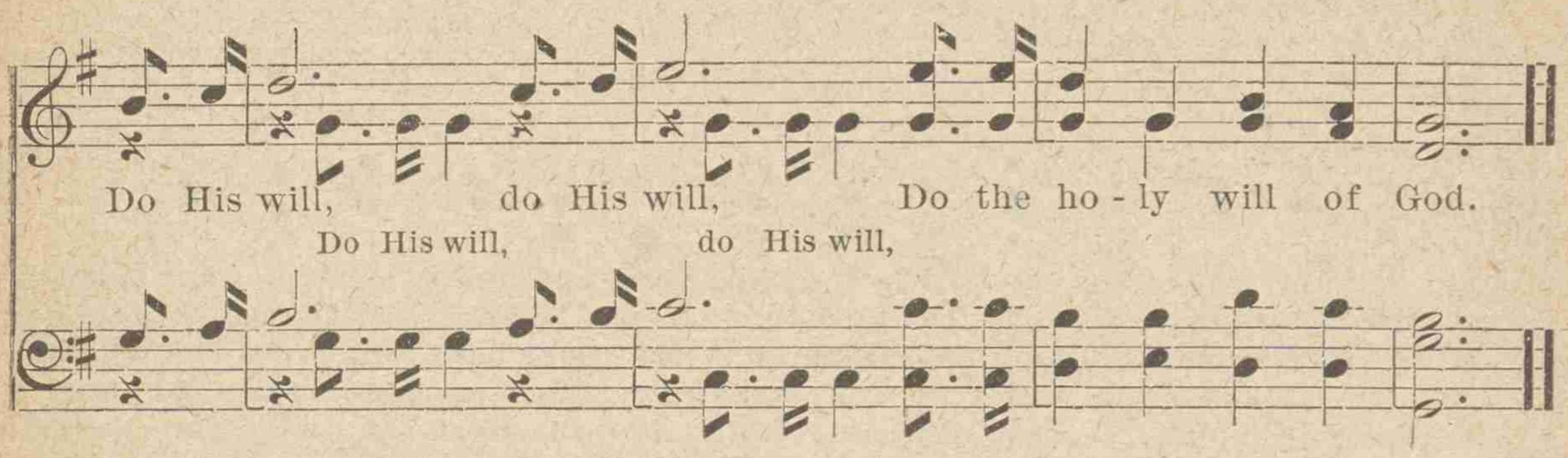
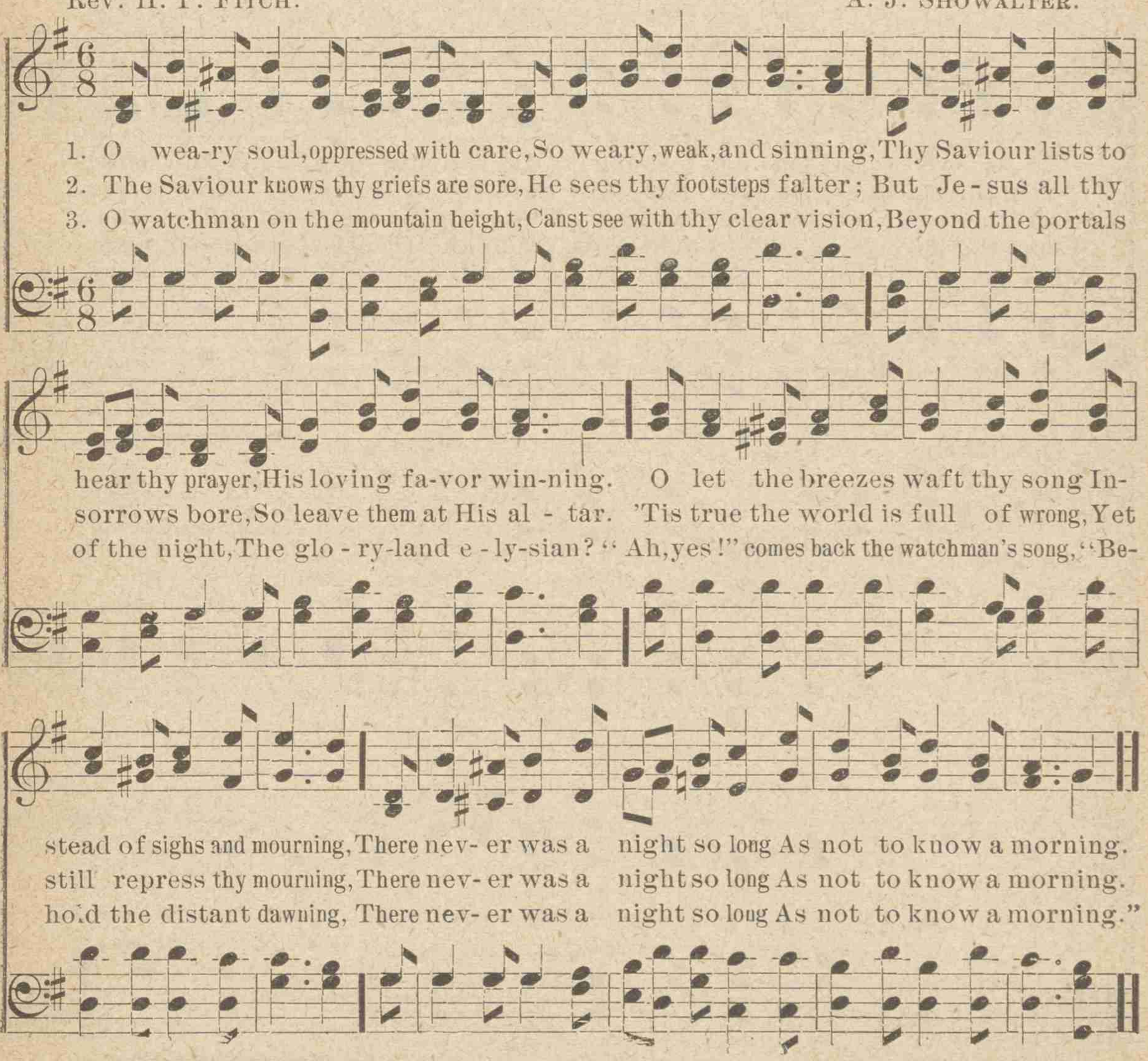
DO HIS WILL.



No. 190. THE MORNING COMETH.

Rev. H. P. Fitch. A. J. Showalter.



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No. 191. SAILING ON LIFE'S OCEAN.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. S. D. Thomason.

1. I am sail - ing on life's o - cean, Frail and fee - ble is my bark;
2. Tho' the break- ers oft I'm near-ing, Yet I have no cause to fear;
3. Oft the storms of trou - ble threaten My poor bark to o - ver-whelm;
4. I am sail - ing swift- ly on - ward To fair Ca - naan's peaceful shore;
5. There I'll short- ly cast my an - chor, Je - sus nev - er will for - sake;

It is oft - en sad - ly toss-ing 'Mid the bil - lows fierce and dark.
From the snares of sin and Sa - tan Safe - ly will my Pi - lot steer.
But the wild - est storm I'll weather When my Sav-iour's at the helm.
Where there comes no sin nor sor - row, Where the tempests cease to roar.
He has prom-ised to go with me, And His word He will not break.

Refrain.

I am sail - - - - ing on life's o - cean, ...
I am sail - ing on life's o - cean, I am sail - ing,
But my Sav - - - - iour sails with me; . . . . . .
But my Sav - iour sails with me, He sails with me;

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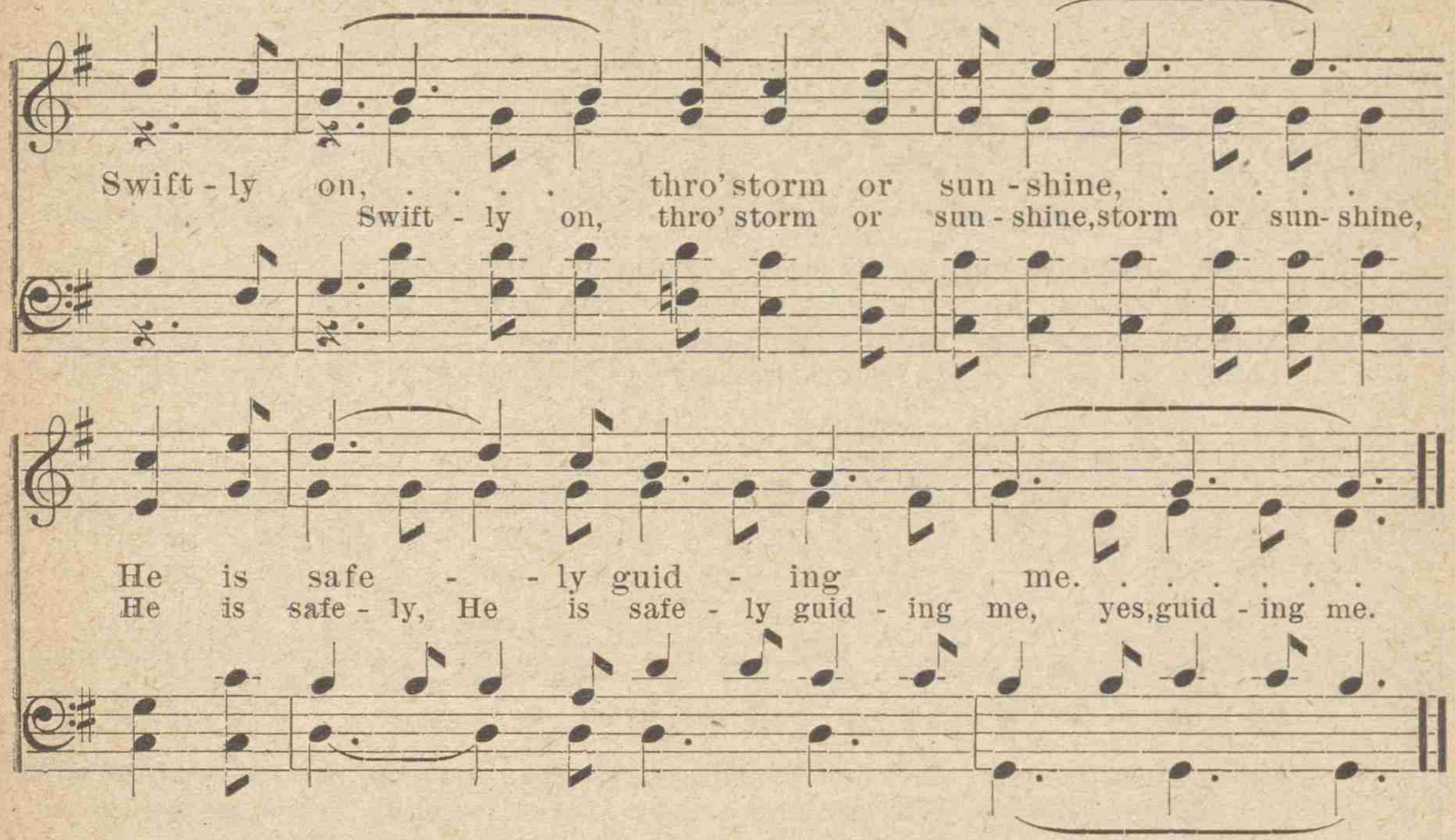
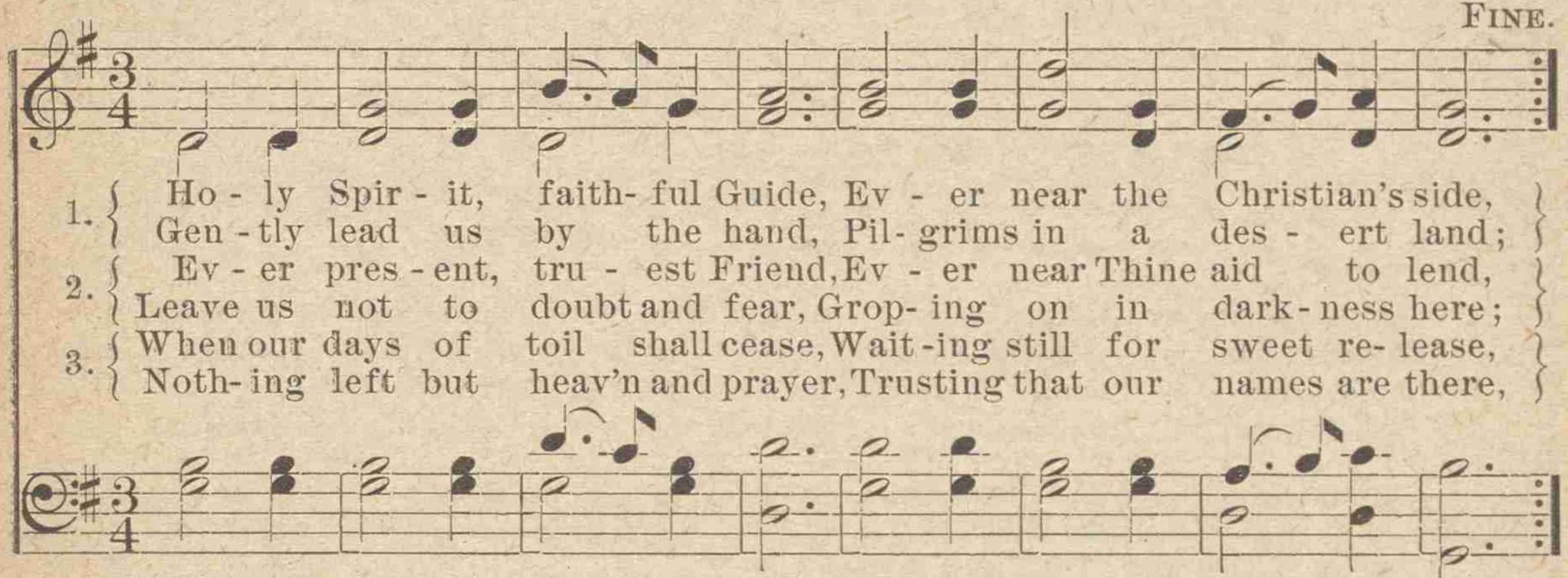
SAILING ON LIFE'S OCEAN.



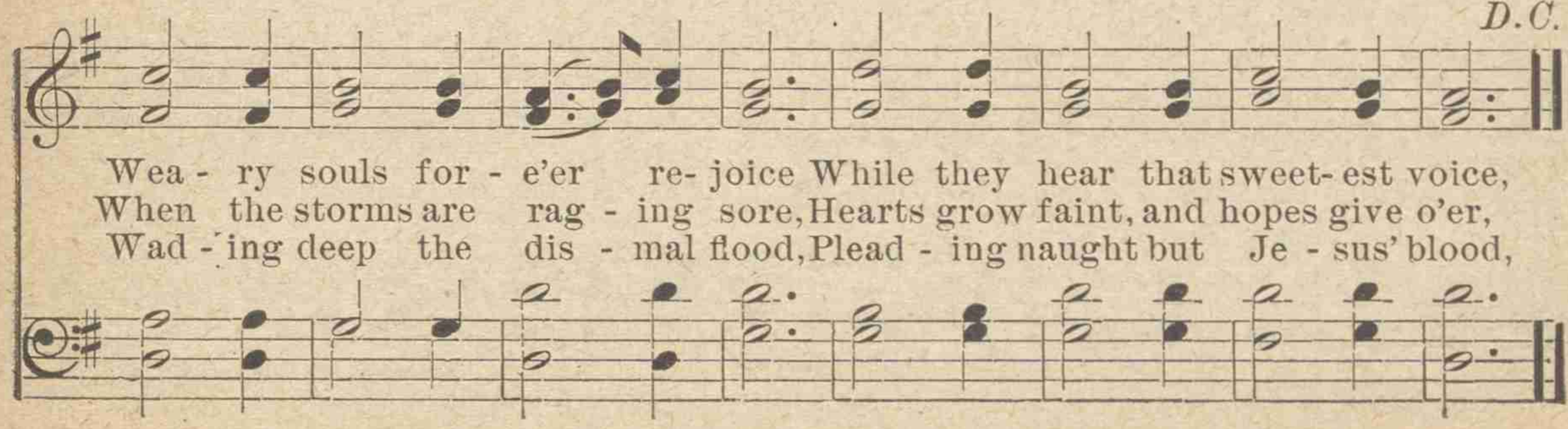
No. 192. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W. MARCUS M. WELLS.

FINE.



D.C.



No. 193. THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD.

Inscribed to all "who love His appearing."

Words and music by N. KEFF SMITH, D.D.

1. The day soon comes when loud and clear, Throughout the realms of space, The trump of God His
2. O come, that all the sleep-ing saints May meet Thee in the air; And then, descending
3. Come, that cre- a- tion, now in pain, And cursed by sin so long, Its bless-ed lib- er-
4. O come, that Satan may be bound Throughout the "thousand years;" That hearts no more shall

saints shall call To see their dear Lord's face. O come, Lord Je - sus, quickly come, With
to the earth, For e'er Thy glo - ry share. And then shall we who are a - live, Be
ty shall claim, And join re-demp - tion song. Come, call a - gain the scattered Jews, To
break with pain, Nor eyes be dimmed with tears. Then heav'n and earth and all things ours, Will

wait-ing saints, we pray; Come sit up-on King David's throne, And sov'reign power display.
changed by pow'r di - vine, We shall be like our coming Lord, And in His glo-ry shine.
dwell in Pal - es - tine; To crown Thee, Lord, on Zion's hill, And be for-ev - er Thine.
lift the song of praise To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Thro' ev-er-lasting days.

REFRAIN. *Allegro.*

He's com - ing a - gain, He's com - ing a - gain— Je- sus, our bless-ed Re - deem - er;

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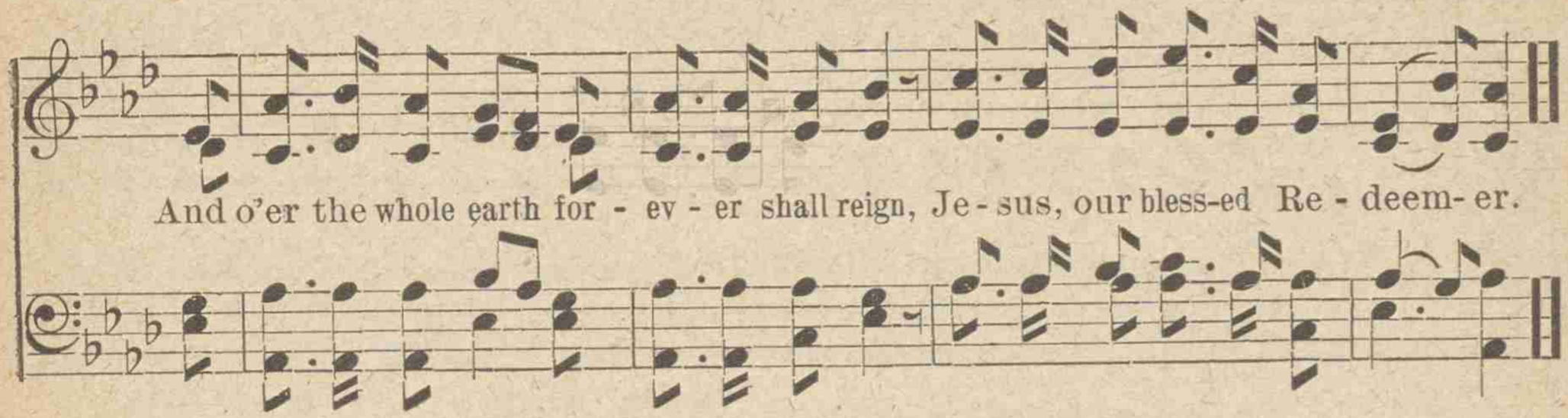
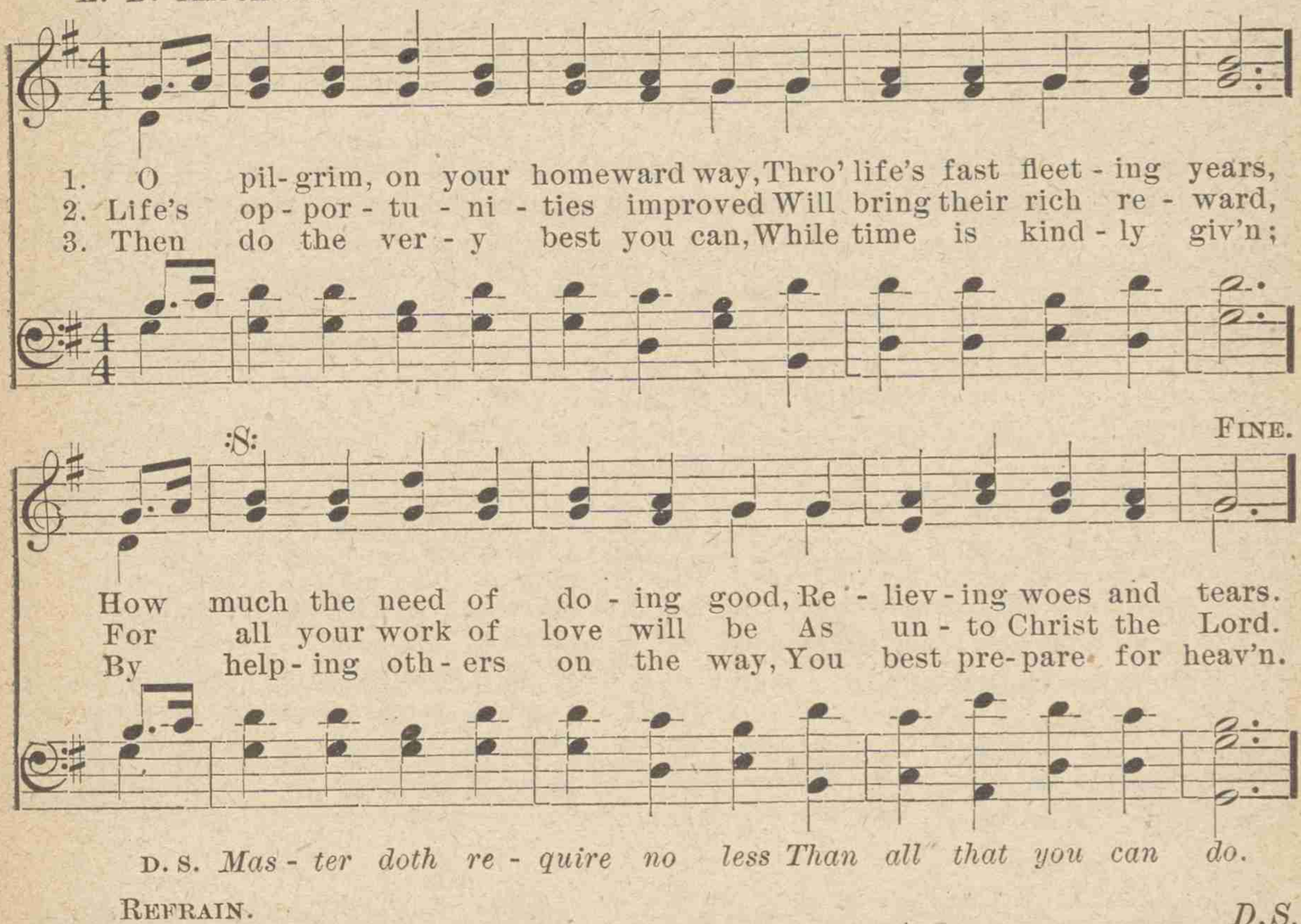


No. 194. IMPROVE THE TIME.

L. B. MITCHELL. M. A. ANDERSON.



No. 195. BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. R. D. BURLESON.

1, As we go our pil-grim way, foll'wing Je-sus day by day, We are hap-py in His
2. It will not be ver-y long till we join the ho-ly throng In their songs of grateful
3. What a meeting that will be when with vis-ion clear we see All the dear ones of our

grace and His love; Joy-ful-ly we haste along, sing-ing strains of ho-ly song As we
praise by the throne; Ev-'ry foot-step brings us near our e-ter-nal home so dear, Whither
love o-ver there; When we walk with them in white, wear the crowns of glo-ry bright, And with

REFRAIN.

jour-ney to the man-sions a-bove. By and by . . we'll reach our home,
our be-lov-ed friends now are gone.
them the ceaseless glory share. By and by we'll reach our home, eternal home,

Reach our hap - py home on high; Af-ter life's . . e-
Reach our happy home on high, fair home on high; Af-ter life's, yes

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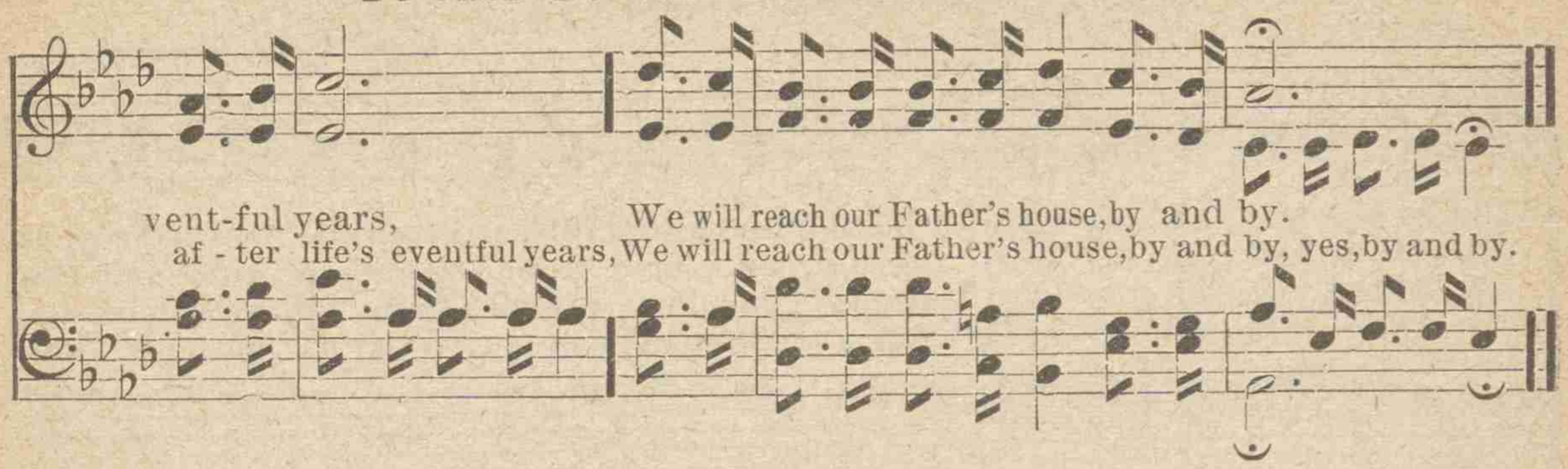
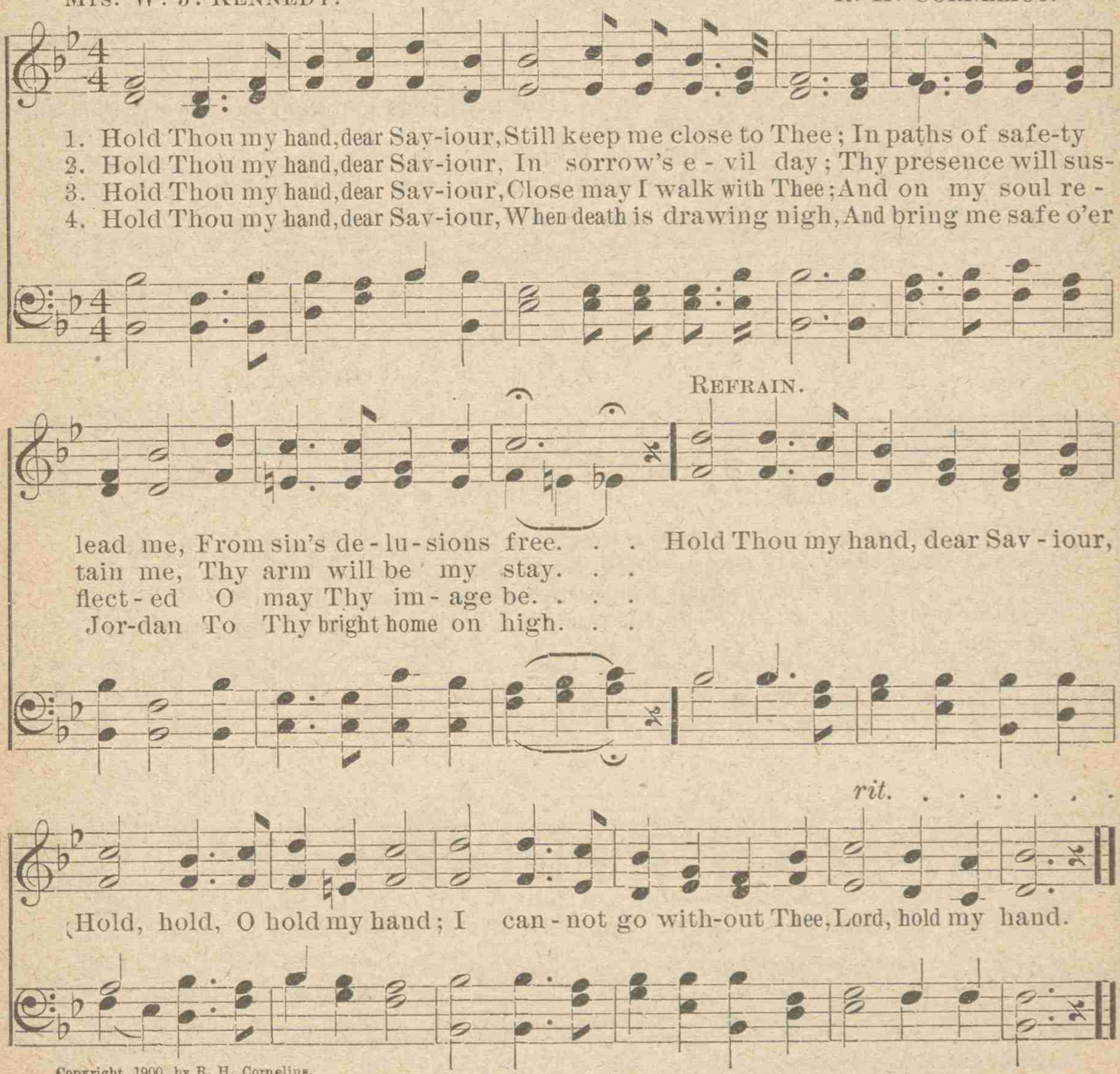
BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME.



No. 196. HOLD THOU MY HAND.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. R. H. CORNELIUS.



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No. 197.

AT HIS FEET.

ADALYN. REV. E. F. STANTON.

1. At the feet of my Lord I have found sweet release From the sor-rows that
2. At the feet of my Lord I would ev - er a-bide, Gaz-ing up in His
3. At the feet of my Lord there is par-don for all Who will seek Him in
4. At the feet of my Lord! what a ref - uge from sin, What a gath - er - ing-

bur - den me sore; When I told Him my griefs the dear Lord whispered "peace,"
glo - ri - fied face; For with Him I am safe, since His blood is applied
pen - i - tent pray'r; If they on - ly on Je - sus will ear - nest - ly call
place for His own! When they seek Him in love He will glad - ly come in

REFRAIN.

m *p* *p* *pp*

And they bur-den my spir - it no more. (no more.) Peace, peace,
To my heart thro' His won -der-ful grace. (free grace.)
He will bless them and be with them there. (yes, there.)
To their hearts as a king to his throne. (his throne.) Sweet peace, sweet peace,

f

What a blessed sur - cease From sor-row His word doth af - ford! (af-ford!)

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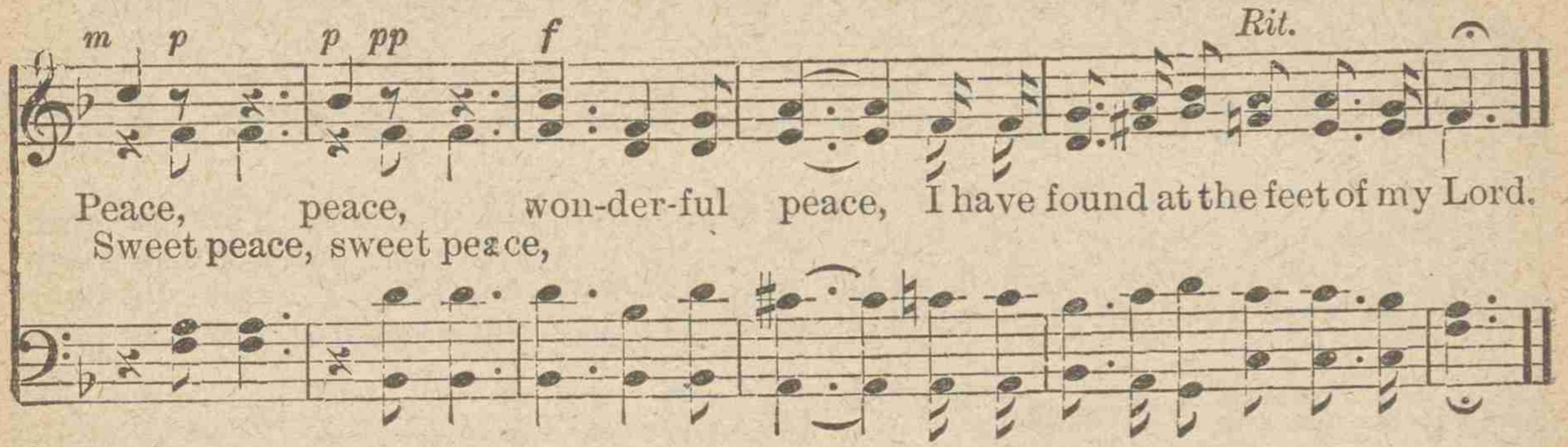
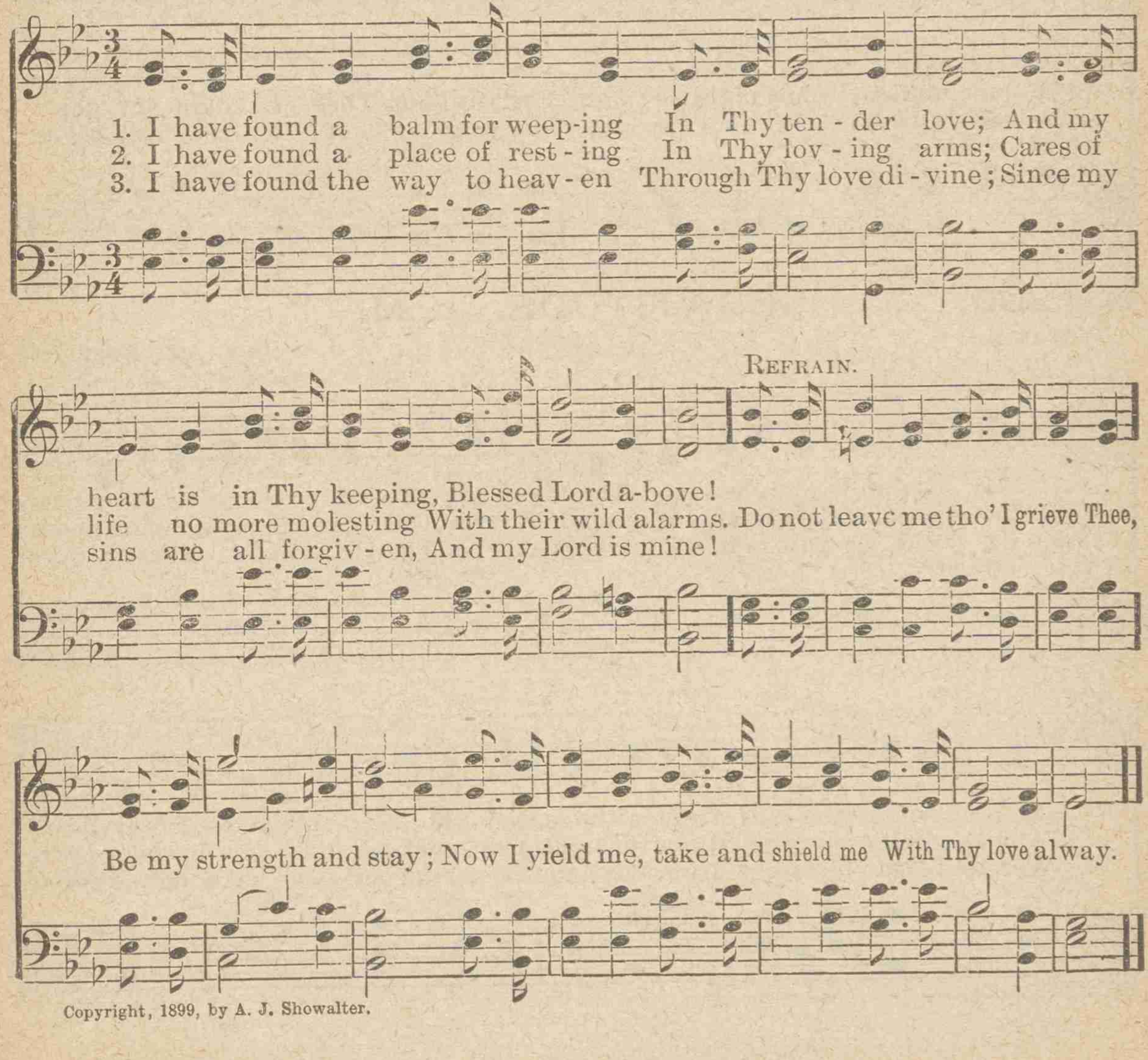
AT HIS FEET. Concluded.



No. 198. SINCE MY LORD IS MINE.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 199. HURSLEY. L. M.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Arr. by WM. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast!
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

No. 200. GRATITUDE. L. M.

WATTS. Rev. AMI BOST.

1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry evening new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy command, To Thee I con - se - crate my days;

And morning mer-cies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - till like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word re - stores the light, And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
Per - pet - ual blessings from Thy hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

No. 201. HENDON. 7s.

Rev. J. S. B. Monsell. C. H. A. Malan.

1. Ask me what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re -
2. What is faith's foundation strong? What awakes my lips to song? He who bore my
3. Who de-feats my fierc-est foes? Who consoles my sad-dest woes? Who revives my
4. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
5. This is that great thing I know; This delights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who

ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci - fied.
sin-ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci - fied.
fainting heart, Heal-ing all its hid-den smart? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci - fied.
on His right With the countless hosts of light? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci - fied.
died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci - fied.

No. 202. SEYMOUR. 7s.

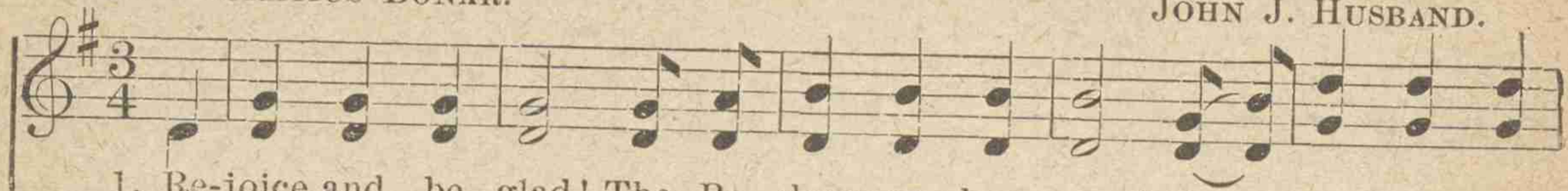
Rev. Wm. Hammond. C. M. von Weber.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it! gen - tly come, Raise us from our fall - en state;
2. Now Thy quick'ning in-fluence bring, On our spir - its sweet - ly move;
3. Take the things of Christ, and show What our Lord for us hath done;

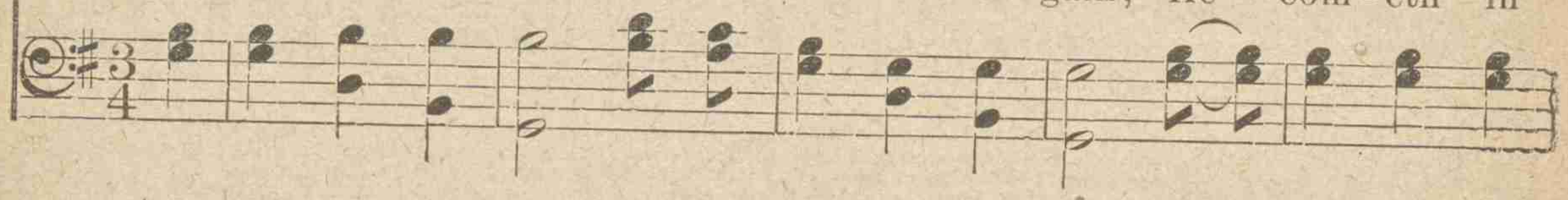
Fix Thy ev - er - last - ing home In the hearts Thou didst cre-ate.
O - pen ev - 'ry mouth to sing Je - sus' ev - er - last - ing love.
May we God the Fa - ther know Thro' His well-be - lov - ed Son.

No. 203. REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

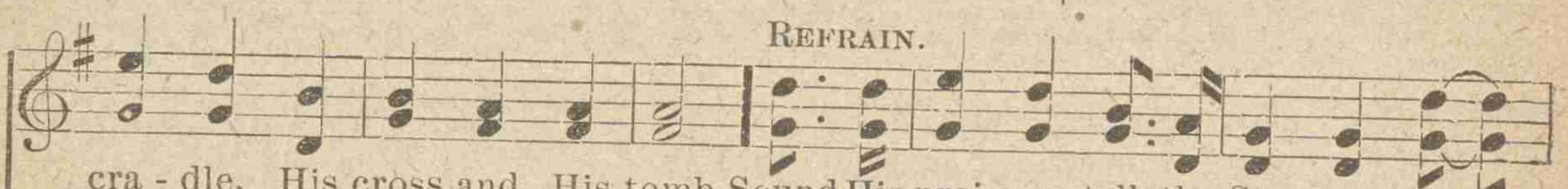
Rev. Horatius Bonar. John J. Husband.



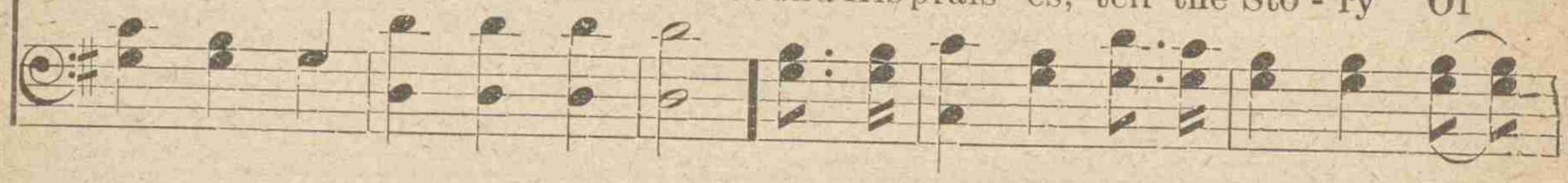
1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re - deem-er has come! Go look on His
2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de -
3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re - demp-tion is
4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the par- don is free! The Just for the
5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri -
6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He plead- eth for
7. Re-joice and be glad! For He com-eth a - gain; He com - eth in



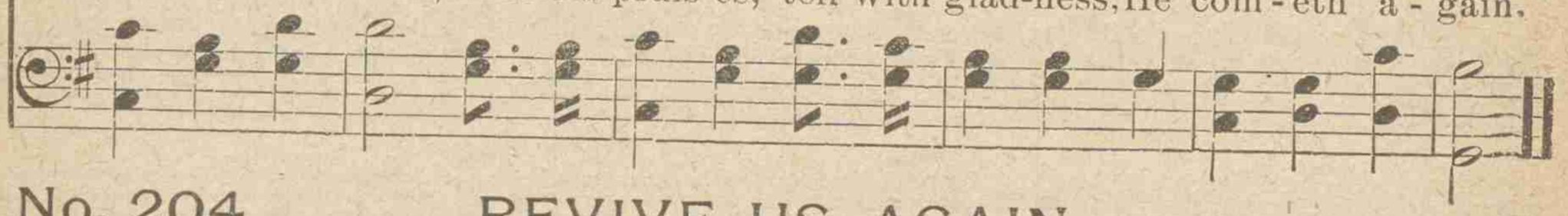
Refrain.



cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb. Sound His prais-es, tell the Sto - ry Of
part - ed, the shad- ows are past.
fin - ished, the price hath been paid.
un - just has died on the tree.
umphant, and liv - eth a - gain.
us on His throne in the sky. (*Ref. for 7th verse.*)
glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain. Sound His prais - es, tell the Sto - ry Of



Him who was slain; Sound His prais-es, tell with glad-ness, He liv - eth a - gain.
Him who was slain; Sound His prais-es, tell with glad-ness, He com - eth a - gain.



No. 204. REVIVE US AGAIN.

1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Ref.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.

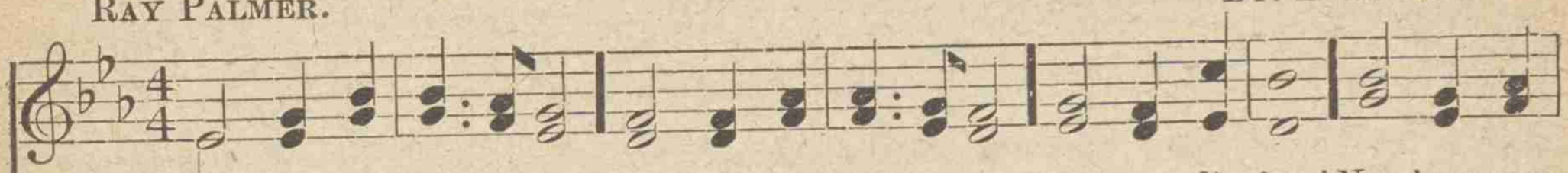
2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.—Ref.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.—Ref.

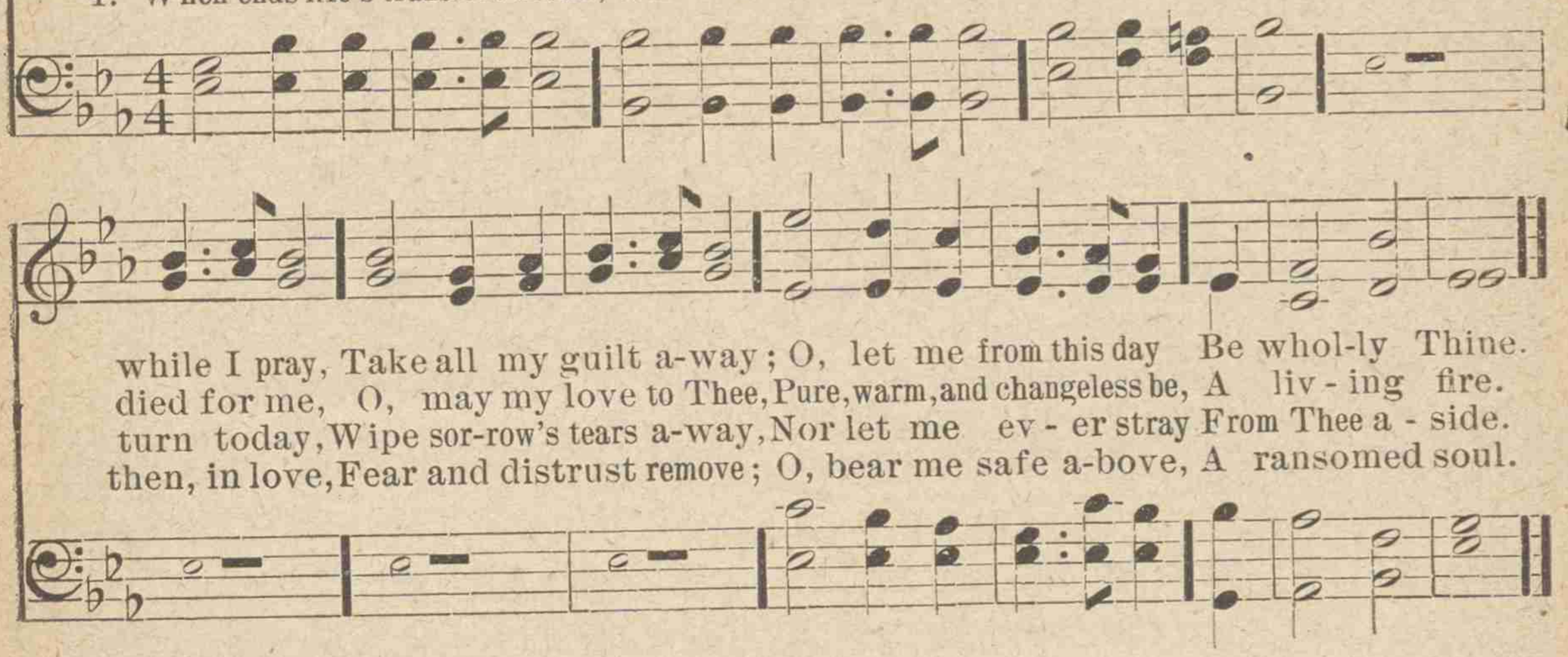
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways

No. 205. OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER. Dr. L. MASON.

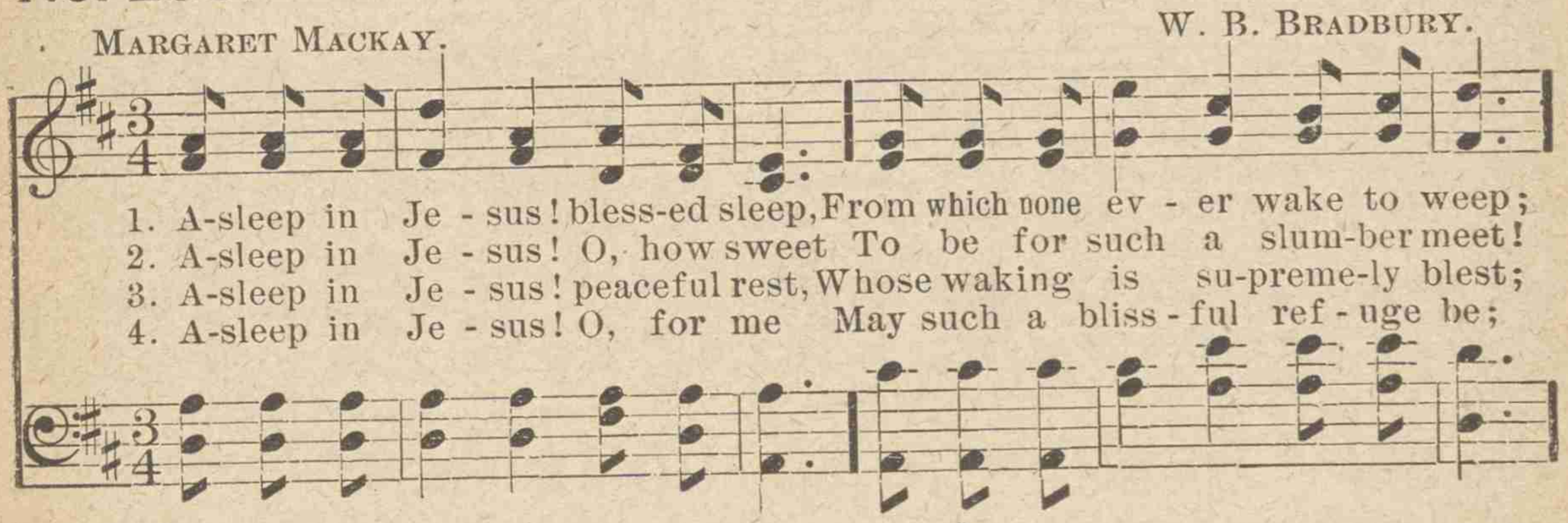


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va-ry, Saviour di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; O, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine.
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn today, Wipe sor-row's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour then, in love, Fear and distrust remove; O, bear me safe a-bove, A ransomed soul.

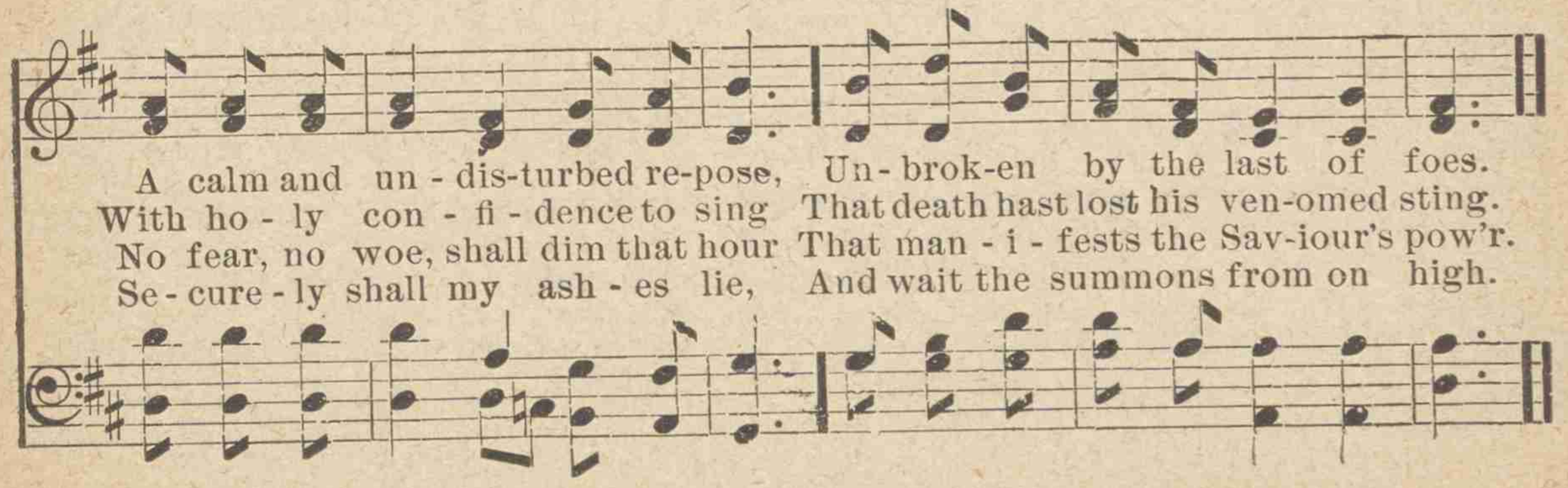


No. 206. REST. L. M.

MARGARET MACKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep; A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un - brok-en by the last of foes.
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hast lost his ven-omed sting.
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i - fests the Sav-iour's pow'r.
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! O, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be; Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.



No. 207. PILOT. 7. 6 l.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

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

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

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

No. 208. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6, 4.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear,
2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grimage,
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied,

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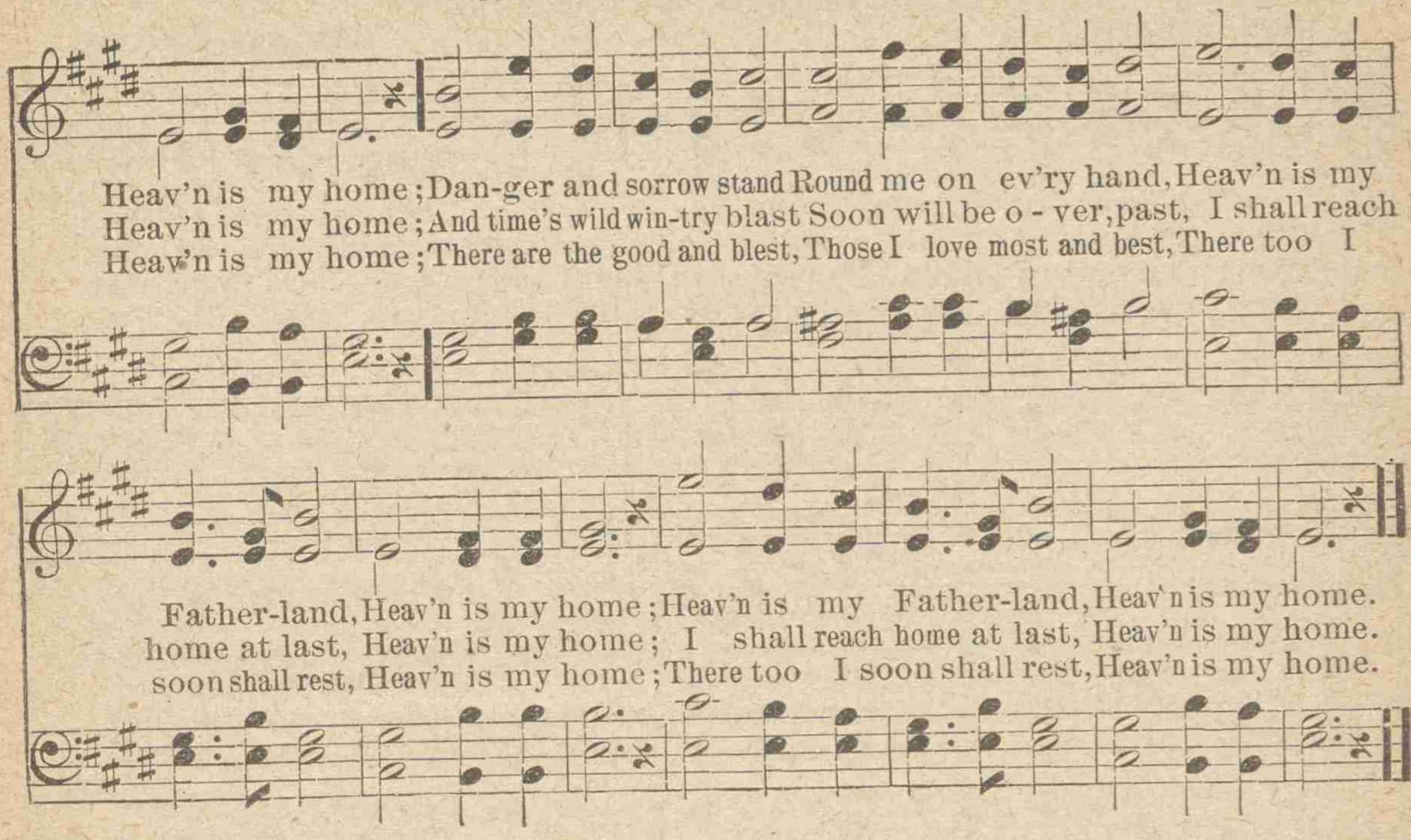
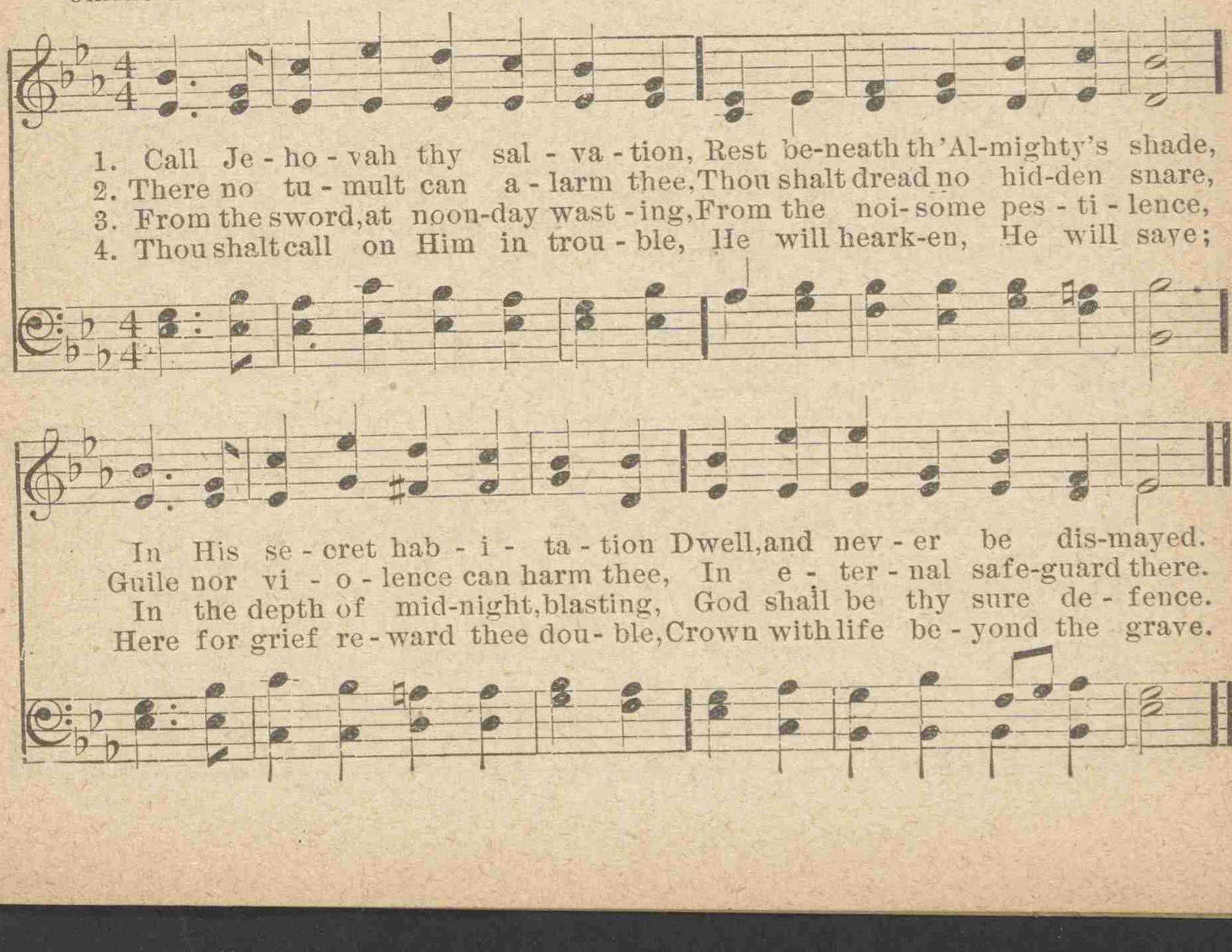
HEAVEN IS MY HOME.



No. 209. OSWALD. 8, 7.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Rev. J. B. DYKES.



No. 210. RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

JOHN BOWRING. ITHAMAR CONKEY.

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

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

No. 211. AVON. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. HUGH WILSON.

1. A-las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face Whilst His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 212. SEND OUT THE BIBLE.

E. E. HEWITT. FINLEY LYON.

1. Send out the blessed Bi - ble thro' the land we love; It bears a glorious message
2. Send out the blessed Bi - ble to the lanes a-far, Un - til they see the ra-diance
3. Send out the blessed Bi - ble till the nations know The blessings of sal-va - tion

from the King a-bove. O, may His word of wisdom be our strength and stay, And guide us
of the Morning Star. Send out across the waters, beams of grace divine, Till ev -'ry-
that from Je-sus flow; Till ev -'ry wea-ry sinner hears the Master's call; Till saints shall

to His own right way.
where the light shall shine.
crown Him Lord of all.

REFRAIN.

Send out the Bi-ble! Send out the Bible! God's reve-la - tion
from a - bove; Send out the Bi - ble! Send out the Bible! Send out the bless-ed book of love.

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No. 213. HEAVEN'S GIFT.

R. E. W.

R. E. WINSETT.

1. What wondrous love . . . . of God on high, ... To give His
2. The glad news came . . . . one Christmas morn, ... Un-to the
3. His pre-cious life . . . . on earth was brief,— . . . . Up-on the

1. What won-drous love of God on high,

Son . . . for man to die! . . . This gift of heav'n's . . all-glo-rious
world . . . when Christ was born: . . . His life of love . . . began He
cross . . . He died of grief; . . . But now thro' Him, . . . by faith, is

To give His Son for man to die! This gift of heav'n's

King, . . . We now with heart . . . and voice would sing, (would gladly sing.)
then . . . . With "peace on earth, . . . good-will to men," ("good-will to men.")
giv'n . . . New life to all . . . . who live for heav'n, (who live for heav'n.)

all-glo-rious King, We now with heart and voice would sing. . . . . .

REFRAIN.

He meek-ly bore the cross for me,

He meek-ly bore . . . . . the cross for me, ... His blood He

Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter.

HEAVEN'S GIFT.

His blood He shed on Cal-va-ry; O gift of love

shed . . . . . on Cal - va - ry; . . . . . O gift of love . . . . . beyond com-

beyond compare, And in this love we all may share, we all may share.

pare, ... And in this love . . . . . we all may share. . . . . .

No. 214. I'M GOING HOME.

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

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER. Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M.D.

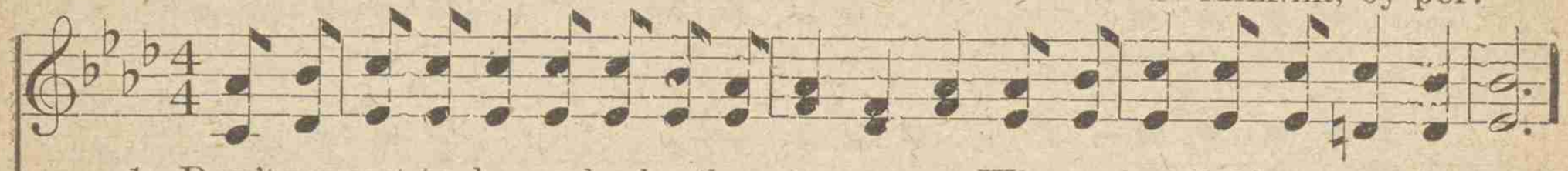
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there;
   Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine.
2. My Father's house is built on high; Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
   When from this earth - ly pris - on free, That heav'nly man - 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.

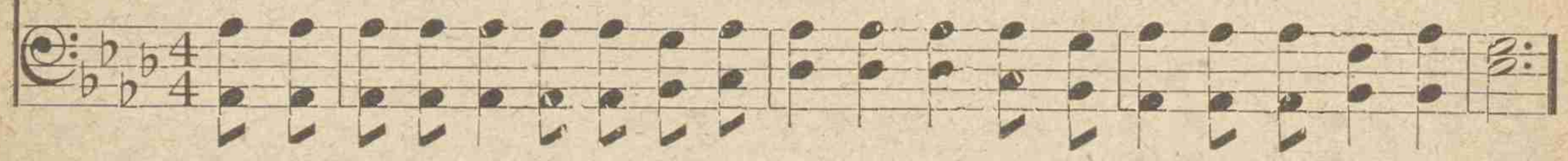
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more.
To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.

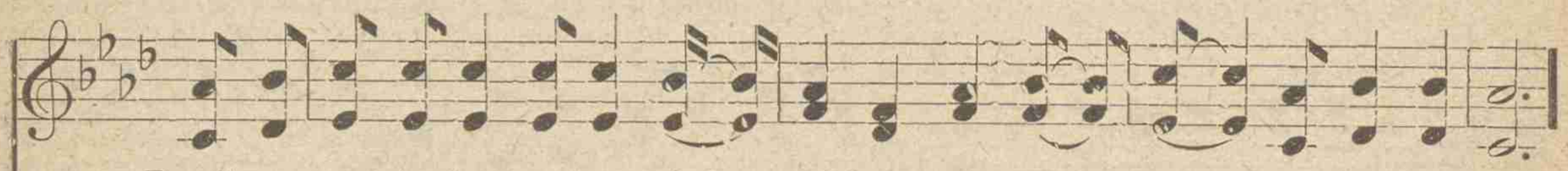
No. 215. DON'T YOU WANT TO BE READY?

W. S. MILNER, by per.

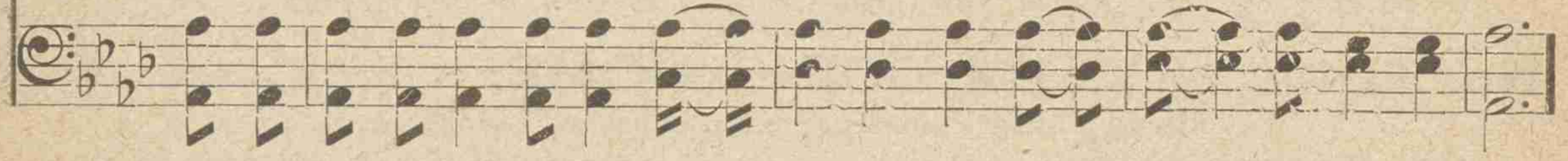


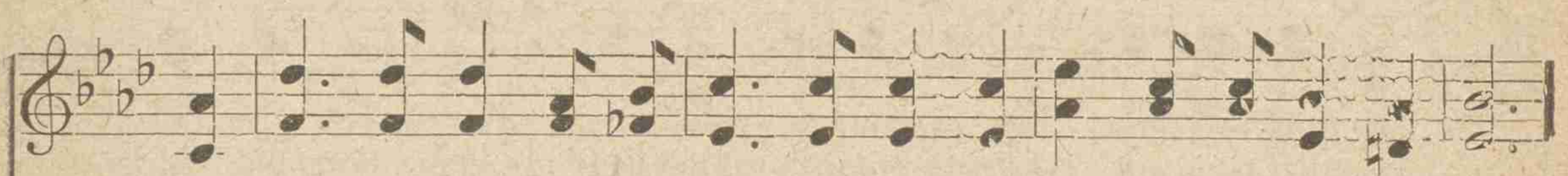
1. Don't you want to be ready when the summons comes, When you're called from your labors here?
2. Don't you want to be ready with a sweet goodby, When the loved ones a-round you stand?



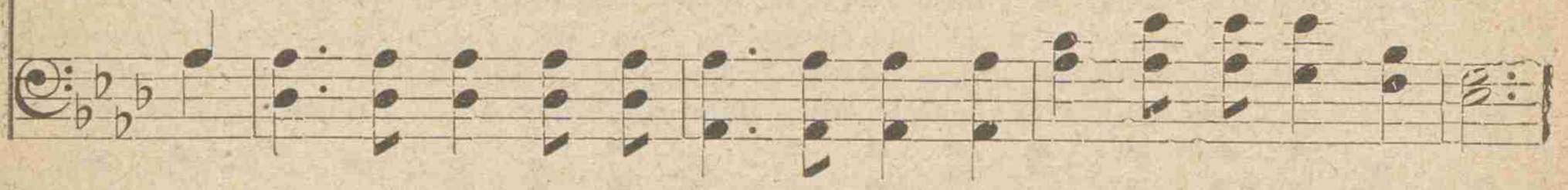


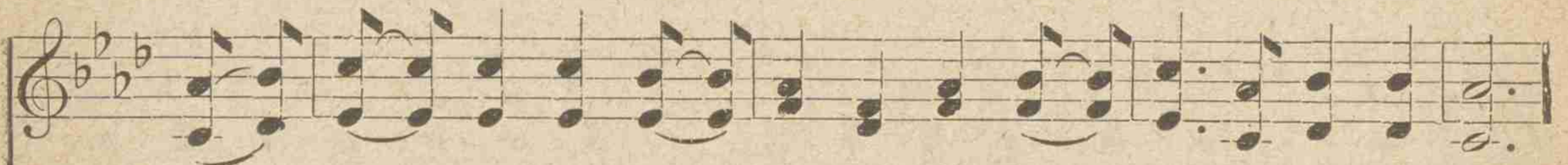
Don't you want to be read-y and waiting too, With nev-er a thrill of fear?
Don't you want to be waiting with a joy-ous smile, As you take the parting hand?



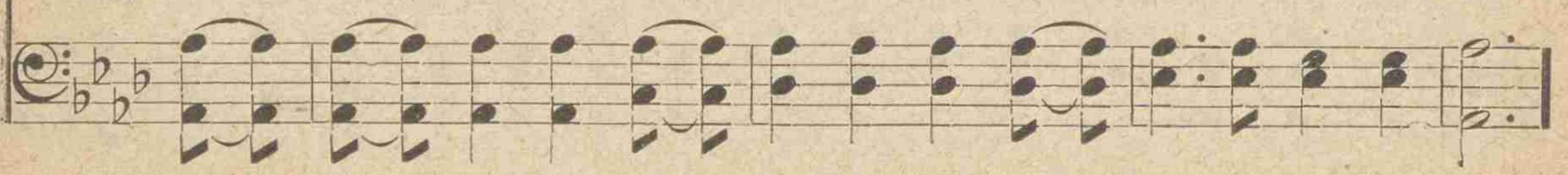


Then turn a-way from your sins to-day, And pray'rful-ly seek His face,
O look a-way from a sin-ful world, To Heav-en so bright and fair;





And the Saviour will own and bless you too, And save you by His grace.
Hope on, pray on, till the an-gels come To con-vey you o-ver there.



DON'T YOU WANT TO BE READY?

REFRAIN.

Don't you want to be read-y to go when He calls? Don't you want to be read-y to go?

Repeat pp after last verse.

With nev-er a thrill of fear or a-larm, Don't you want to be read-y to go?

No. 216. THE OLD TIME RELIGION.

Arr. by A. J. S.

Anon.

Vary the rhythm to suit the words.

1. 'Tis the old time re - lig- ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
2. It was good for our moth-ers, It was good for our moth-ers,
3. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
4. It has saved our good fa- thers, It has saved our good fa - thers,

D.C. *'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,*

D.C. for Refrain.

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion And it's good e - nough for me.
It was good for our moth - ers, It is good e - nough for me.
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, It is good e - nough for me.
It has saved our good fa - thers, It is good e - nough for me.

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion And it's good e - nough for me.

4 ‖: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :‖
It is good enough for me.

5 ‖: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :‖
It is good enough for me.

6 ‖: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :‖
It is good enough for me.

7 ‖: It was good for Paul and Silas, :‖
It is good enough for me.

8 ‖: It will do when I am dying, :‖
It is good enough for me.

9 ‖: It will take us all to heaven, :‖
It is good enough for me.

No. 217. TARRY WITH US.

Rev. W. T. Dale. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Je - sus, For the ev'ning shadows fall, And the
2. Tar - ry with us, lov - ing Mas- ter, Till the morning light ap-pears, For we're
3. Here our hearts will pine with sad-ness For our kin-dred gone be-fore, Friends who

day is fast re-ceding; Darkness gathers like a pall. Tar - ry with us, blessed
pilgrims sad and lone-ly; Let Thy pres-ence calm our fears. Tar - ry with us, for we're
now are watching for us, Waiting on the oth - er shore. When we gath- er in the

Saviour, For we're in a des-ert drear; See, the day of life is pass-ing, And the
pil-grims Camping on a des- ert plain, All in lone-li-ness without Thee; Gracious
morning, Morning of e - ter- nal rest, Shall we meet no more to sev-er? Shall we

Refrain.

night of death is near. Tar - ry with . . . . us, blessed Je - sus, . . .
Mas-ter, here re-main.
be for - ev - er blest? Tar - ry with us, blessed Je-sus, Tar - ry with us thro' the night,

Music copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

TARRY WITH US.

Tar - ry till . . . the morning light; Tar - ry with . . . us
Tar - ry with us, tar - ry till the morning light; Tar-ry with us, blessed Je-sus,

thro' the dark-ness, Tar - ry with . . . . . us all the night.
thro' the dark-ness, Tar - ry with us, bless-ed Je - sus, all the night, all the night.

No. 218. CORNELIUS.

CHAS. WESLEY. R. D. BURLESON.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long with-stood His grace, Long pro-voked Him to His face;
3. Kin - dled His re - lent - ings are, Me He now de - lights to spare;
4. There for me the Sav - iour stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;

Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark - en to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thous-and falls.
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.
God is love; I know, I feel, Je - sus weeps, but loves me still.

No. 219. MARCHING TO THE LAND ABOVE.

Mrs. W. W. Savage. J. H. Fillmore.

Sopranos and Altos in Unison.

1. We are march-ing to a land a-bove, Beau-ti-ful land a-bove,
2. We are march-ing t'ward the cit - y fair, Beau-ti-ful cit - y fair,
3. We are march-ing to the home of God, Beau-ti-ful home of God,

beau-ti-ful land a-bove; To a land where dwells e - ter - nal love,
beau-ti-ful cit - y fair; Where the an - gel an-thems fill the air,
beau-ti-ful home of God; And our guide-book is His ho - ly word,

Boys or Basses and Tenors.

The beau-ti-ful land a - bove.
The beau-ti-ful cit - y fair.
The beau-ti-ful word of God.

And we sing a glad, triumphant song,

Marching a - long, marching along, marching a - long; While our glo-rious Cap-tain

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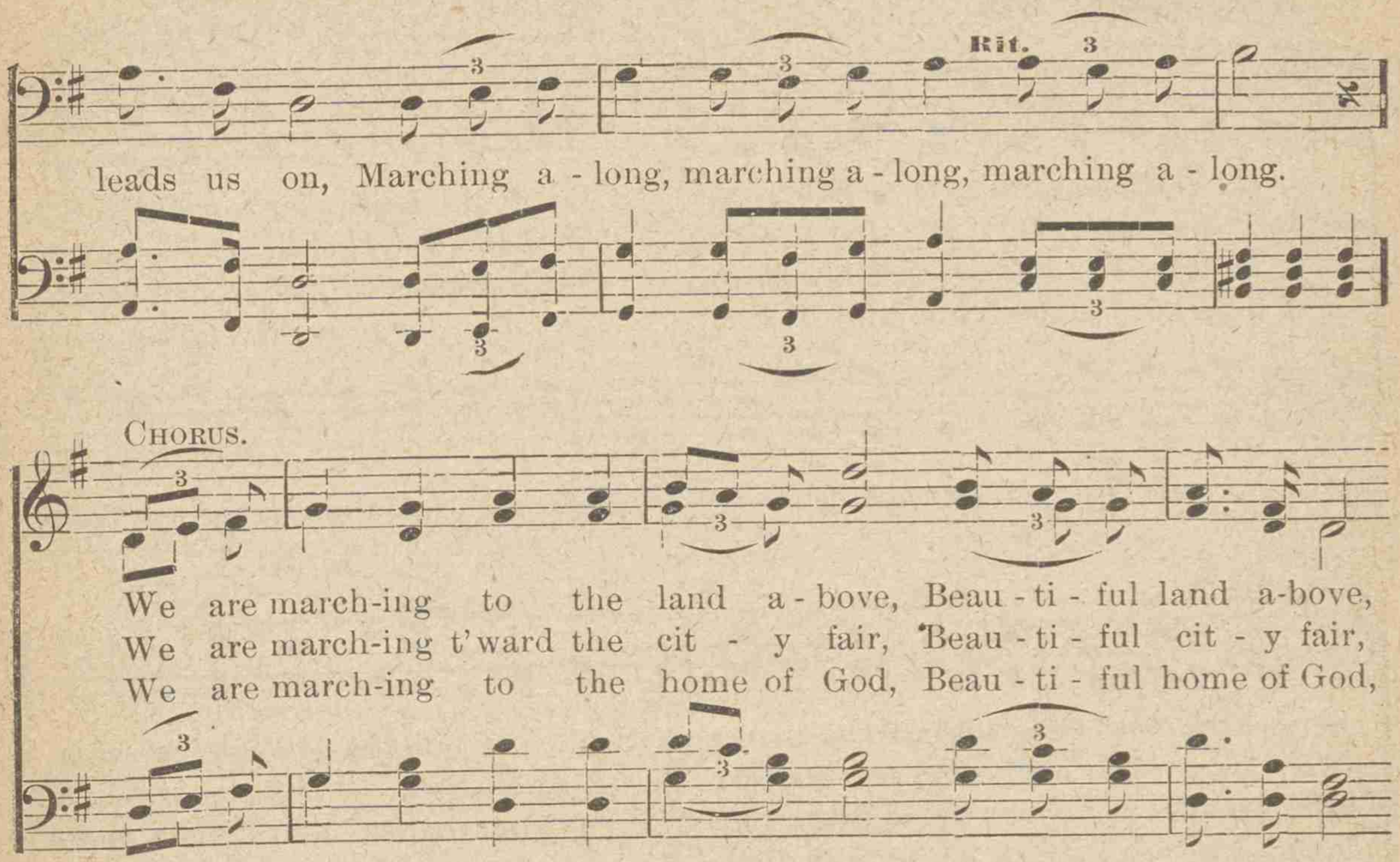
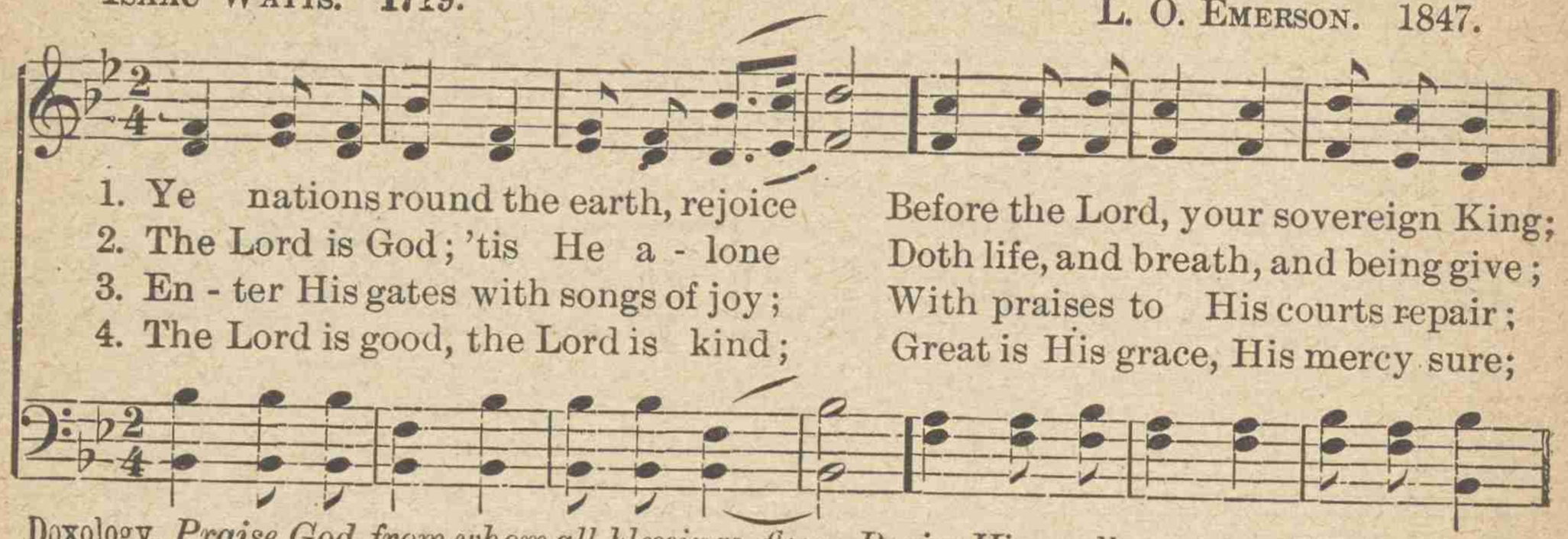
MARCHING TO THE LAND. Concluded.



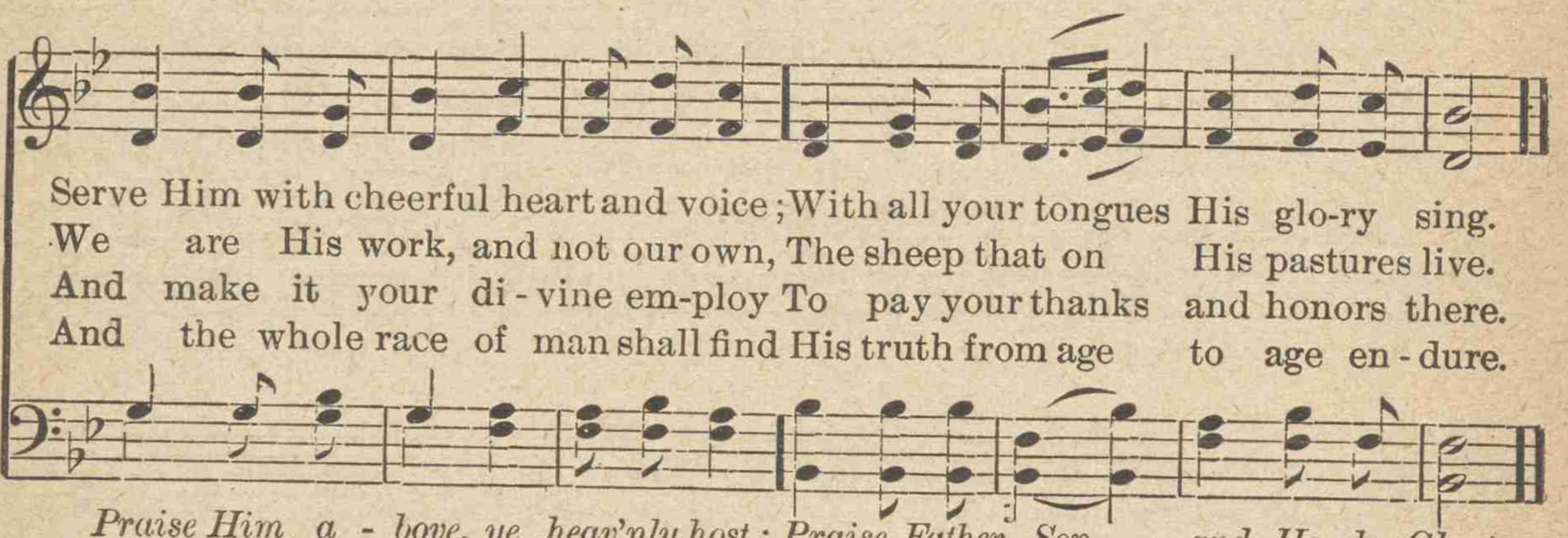
No. 220. SESSIONS. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. L. O. EMERSON. 1847.



1. Ye nations round the earth, rejoice Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
2. The Lord is God; 'tis He a - lone Doth life, and breath, and being give;
3. En - ter His gates with songs of joy; With praises to His courts repair;
4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is His grace, His mercy sure;

Doxology. *Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;*



Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues His glo-ry sing.
We are His work, and not our own, The sheep that on His pastures live.
And make it your di - vine em-ploy To pay your thanks and honors there.
And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age en - dure.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

221. Praise For Salvation.

L. M.

1 Praises to Him whose love has given,
In Christ, His Son, the Life of Heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

2 Praises to Him, in grace who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

3 Praises to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1861.

222. Christ in the Gospel.

L. M.

1 God, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

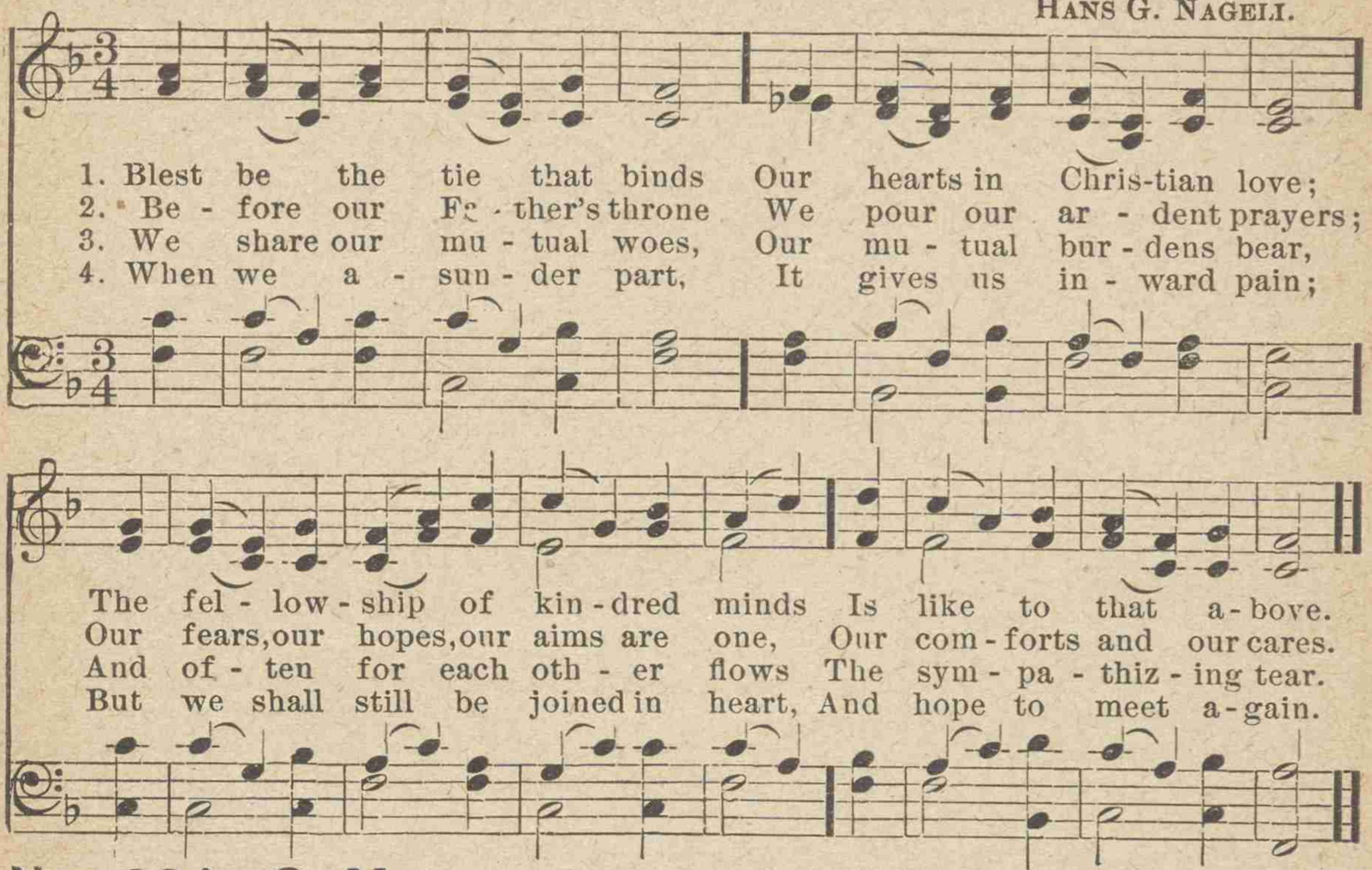
3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.
THOMAS COTTERILL. 1819.

No. 223. DENNIS. S. M.

HANS G. NÄGELI.



No. 224. S. M.

1 And though our bodies part,
To different climes afar,
Still ever joined as one in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 The vineyard of the Lord
Before His laborers lies,
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

3 O that our heart and mind
May evermore ascend
That haven of repose to find
Where all our labors end;

4 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain!
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

CHARLES WESLEY.

No. 225. S. M.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man·
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

No. 226. S. M.

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 227. GATHERING HOME.

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter.

1. One by one our friends are going on be-fore, Go - ing on be-fore,
2. One by one they gath-er on the golden shore, Gather on the shore,
3. One by one they see the blessed Saviour's face, See Him face to face,
4. One by one they join to sing the glad, new song, Sing the glad, new song,

go - ing on be-fore, Up to mansions that are ev - er bright and fair, O
gath-er on the shore, Where they nev-er-more shall know a grief or care, O
see Him face to face, And for - ev - ermore His glo-ry they will share, O
sing the glad, new song; Robes of righteousness they ev-ermore shall wear, O

Refrain.

say, shall we meet them up there? Gath'ring home - - - ward
meet up there? Gath'ring homeward one by one,

one by one, . . . When their work . . . on earth is
Gath'ring homeward one by one, When their work on earth is done, When their

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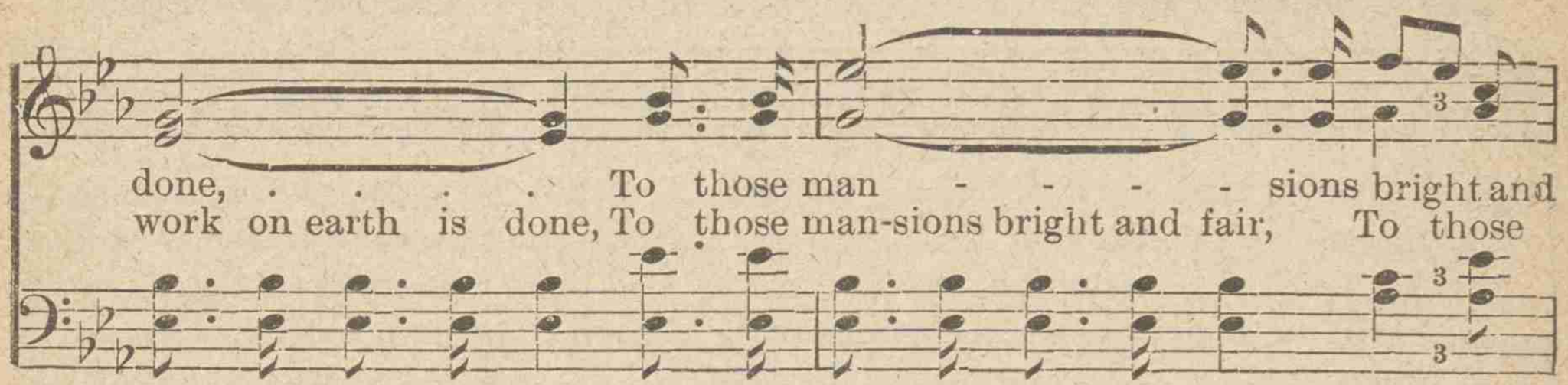
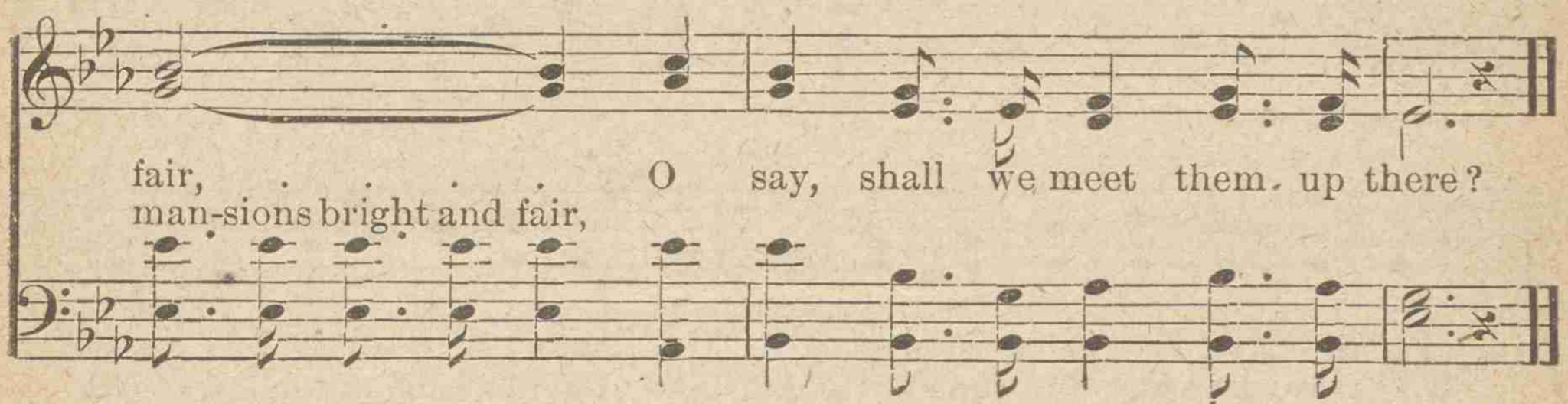
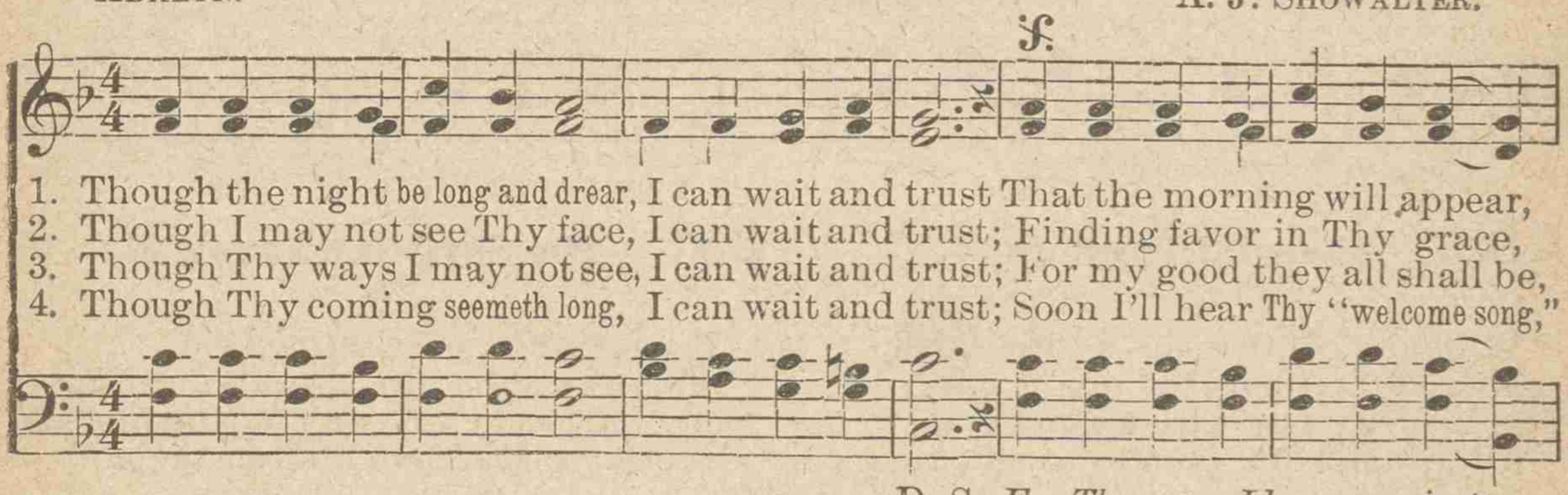
GATHERING HOME. Concluded.



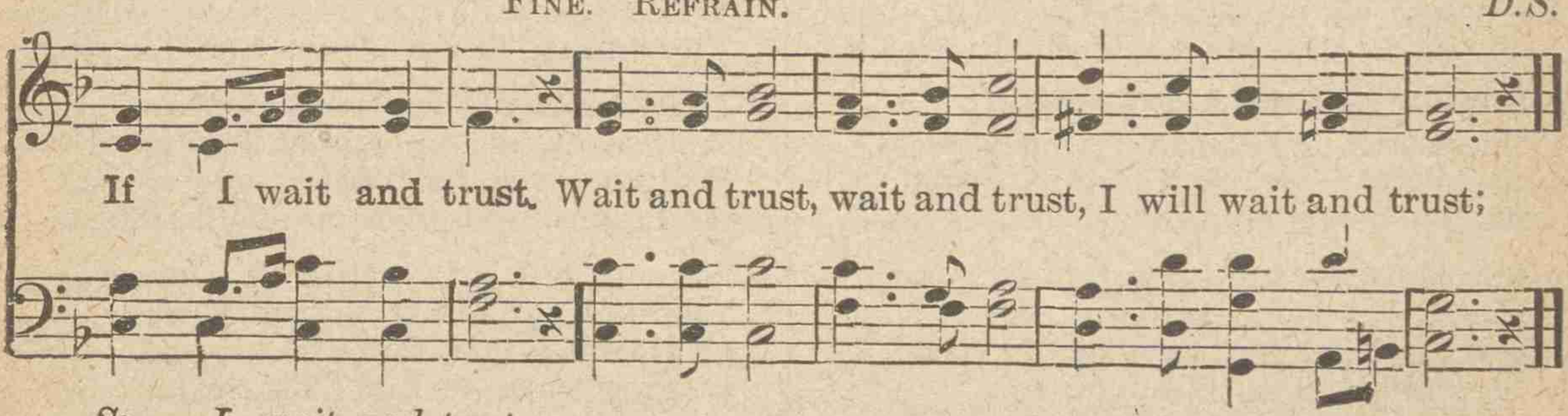


No. 228. WAIT AND TRUST.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.



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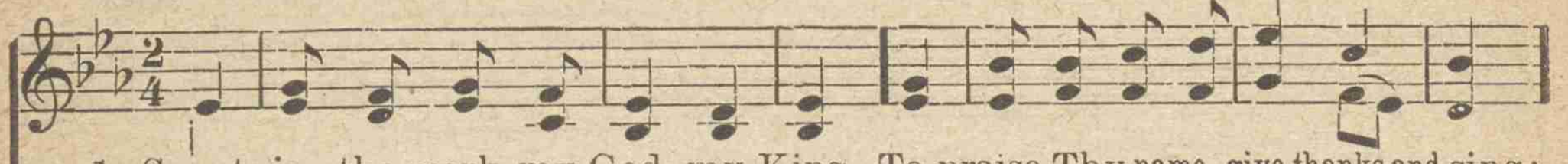
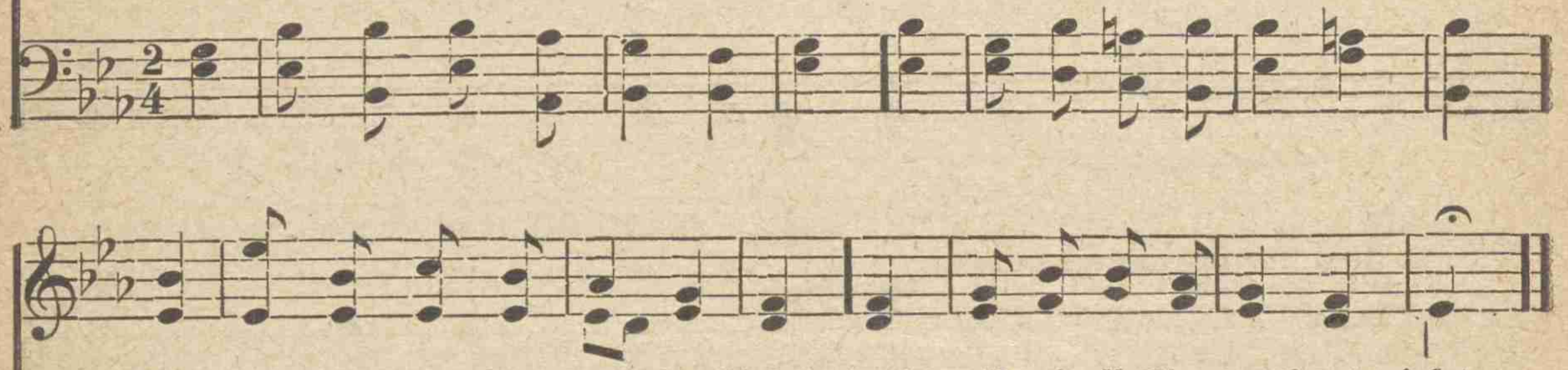
No. 229. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

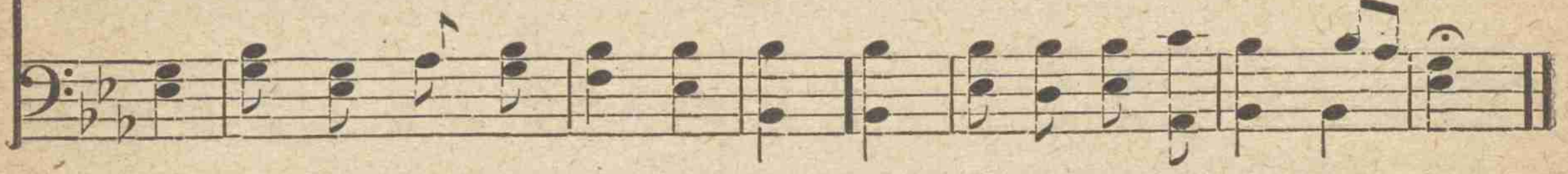
ISAAC WATTS. 1719. DR. L. MASON. 1830.



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 mortal care shall seize my breast;
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works and bless His word;
4. Lord, I shall have a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart;
5. Then shall I see and hear and know, All I desired or wished be-low;



To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
O! may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
Thy works of grace how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil to cheer my head.
And ev -'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that e - ter-nal world of joy.



230. Cheerful Worship.

L. M.

1 With one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
He whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafed to feed.

3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat
And still His name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

231. The Christian Farewell.

L. M.

1 Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain:
When absent, Thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.

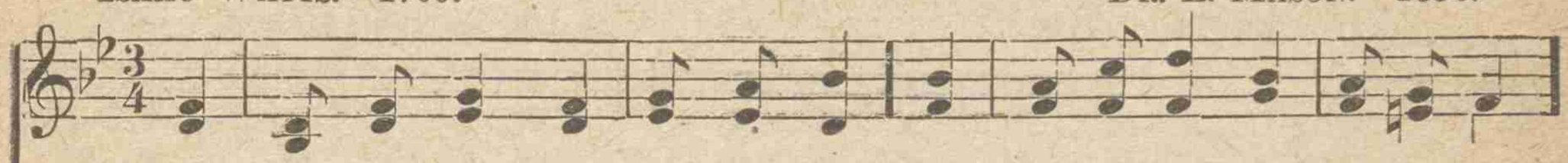
3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts at Thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

4 Give us, O Lord, within Thy house
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
O let us meet around Thy throne.

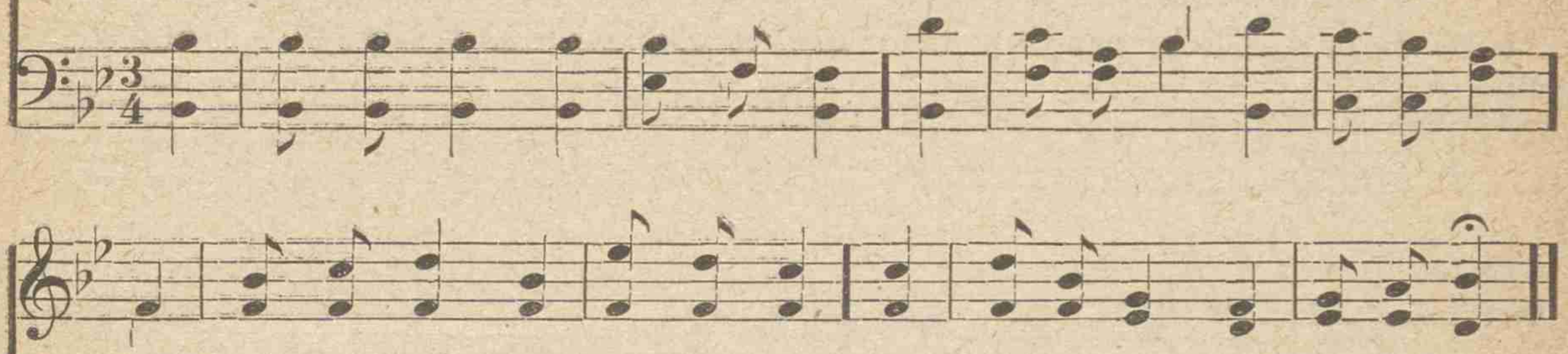
PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

No. 232. HEBRON. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. DR. L. MASON. 1830.



1. When I sur - vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God,
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down,
4. Were all the realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I'll count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

233. The Pleasures of Public Worship.

L. M.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My soul would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee.

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road,
They lean upon their Helper, God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

234. An Evening Hymn.

L. M.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home!
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

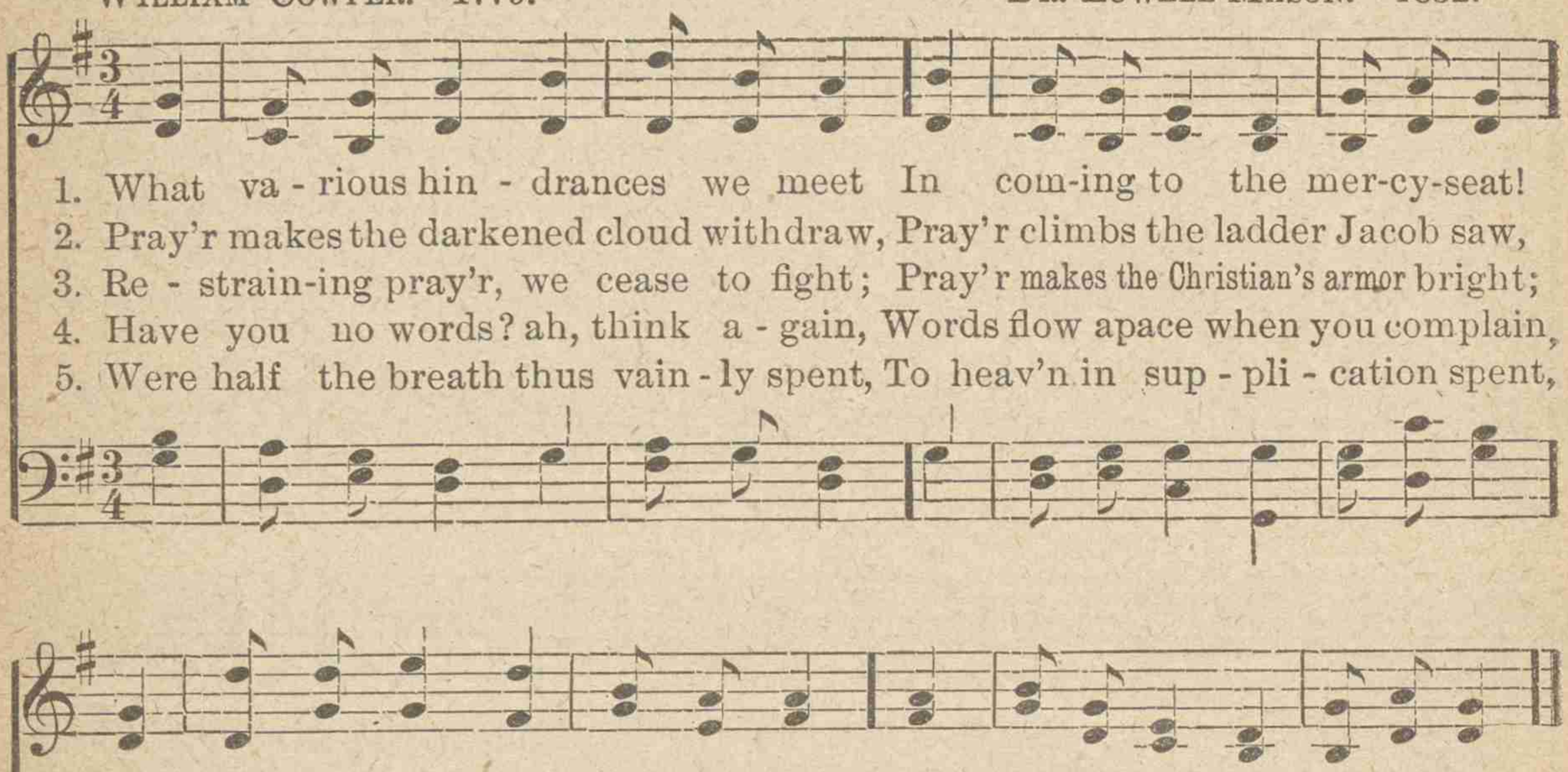
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in His name forbids my fear:
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear,
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 235. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.



236. The Love of God in the Heart.

L. M.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

237. Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.

L. M.

1 What equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

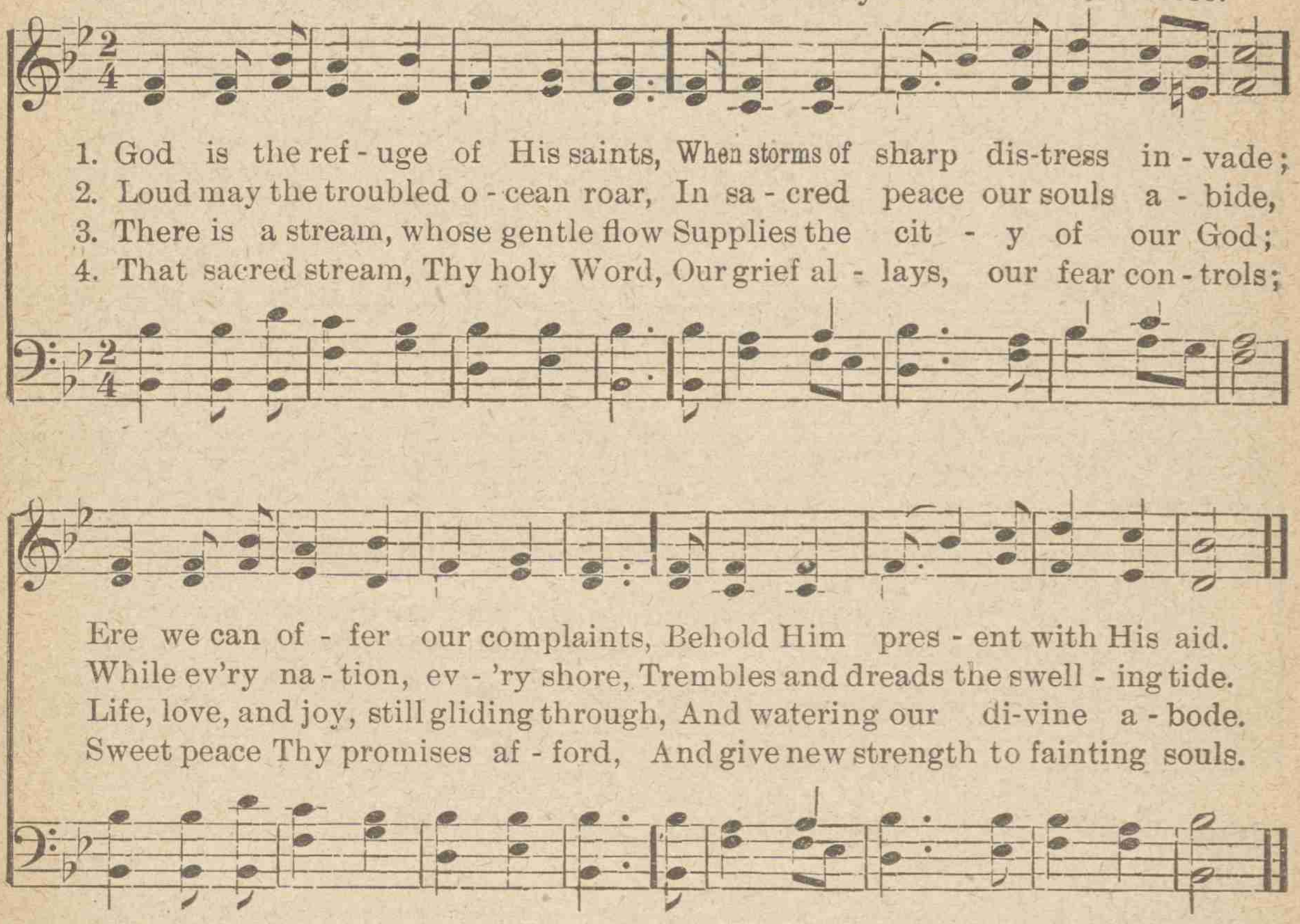
2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His almighty Father's side.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 238. WARD. L. M.

Isaac Watts. 1719. Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1830.



239. Lord, I Am Thine.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

Samuel Davies. 1760.

240. Forget Him Not.

L. M.

1 O Thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

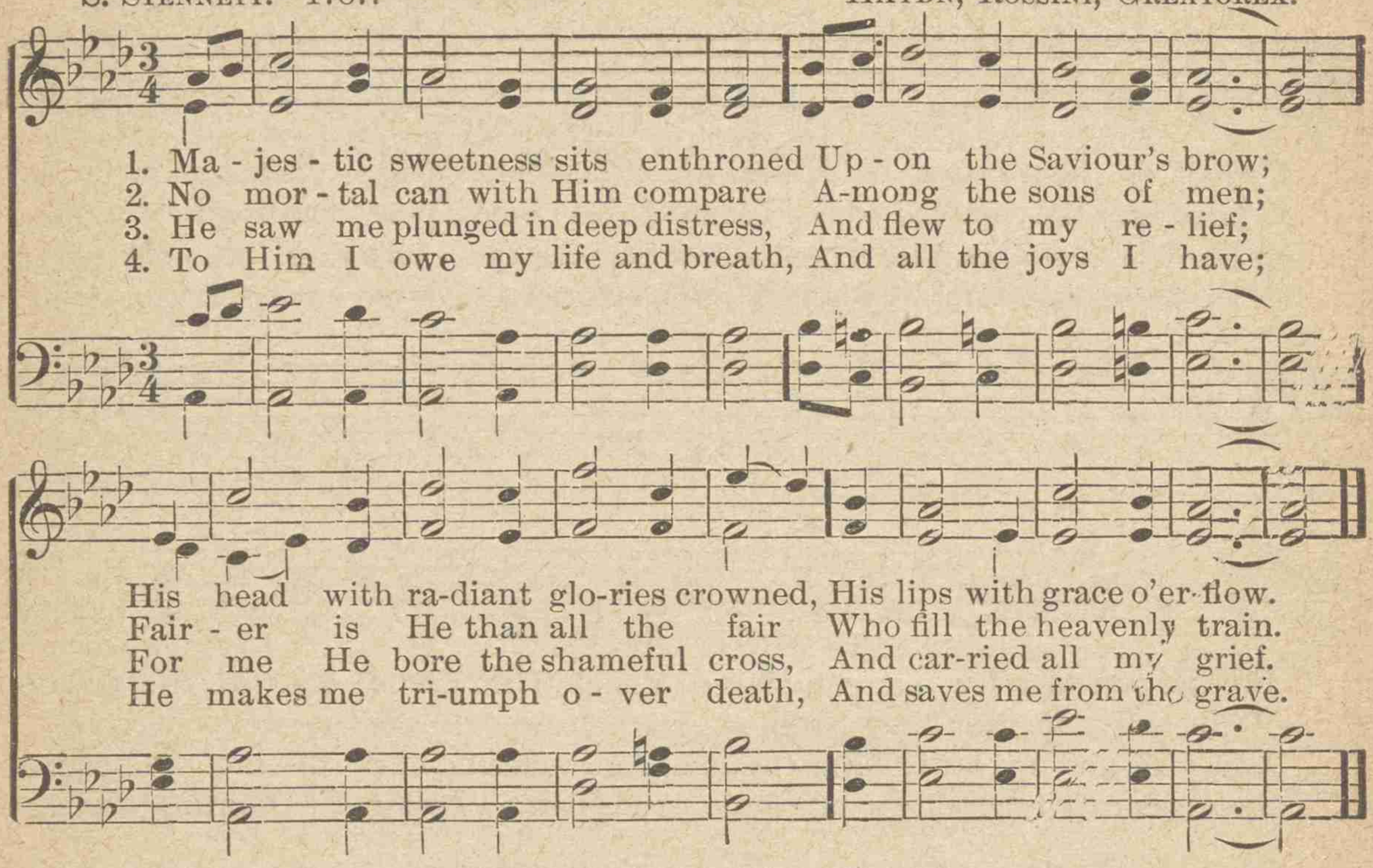
3 Eternal truth and beauty shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

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

Krishnoo Pal. 1801.
Tr. by Joshua Marshman. 1801.

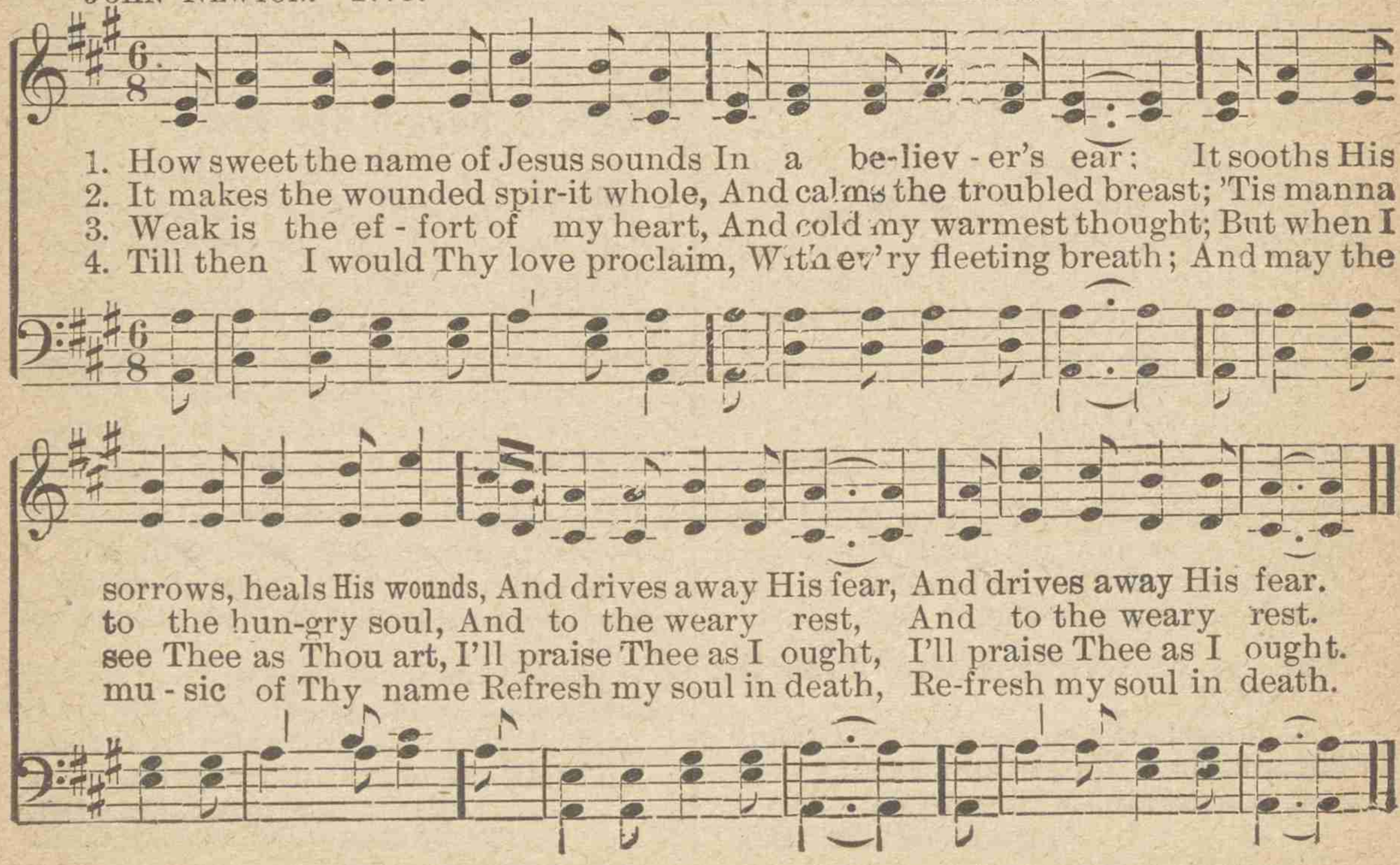
No. 241. MANOAH. C. M.

S. Stennett. 1787. Haydn, Rossini, Greatorex.



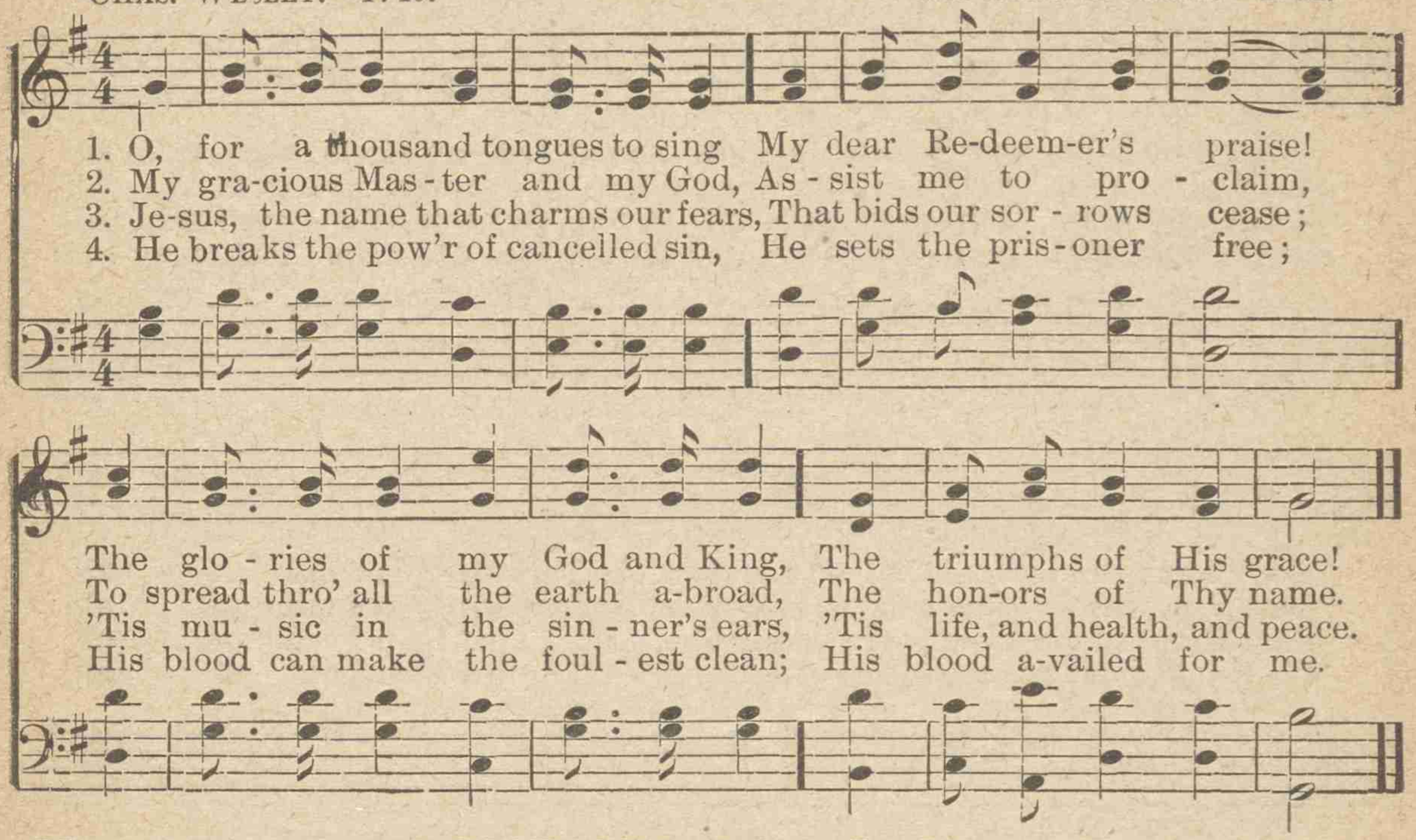
No. 242. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

John Newton. 1779. Dr. T[illegible]. Hastings. 1837.



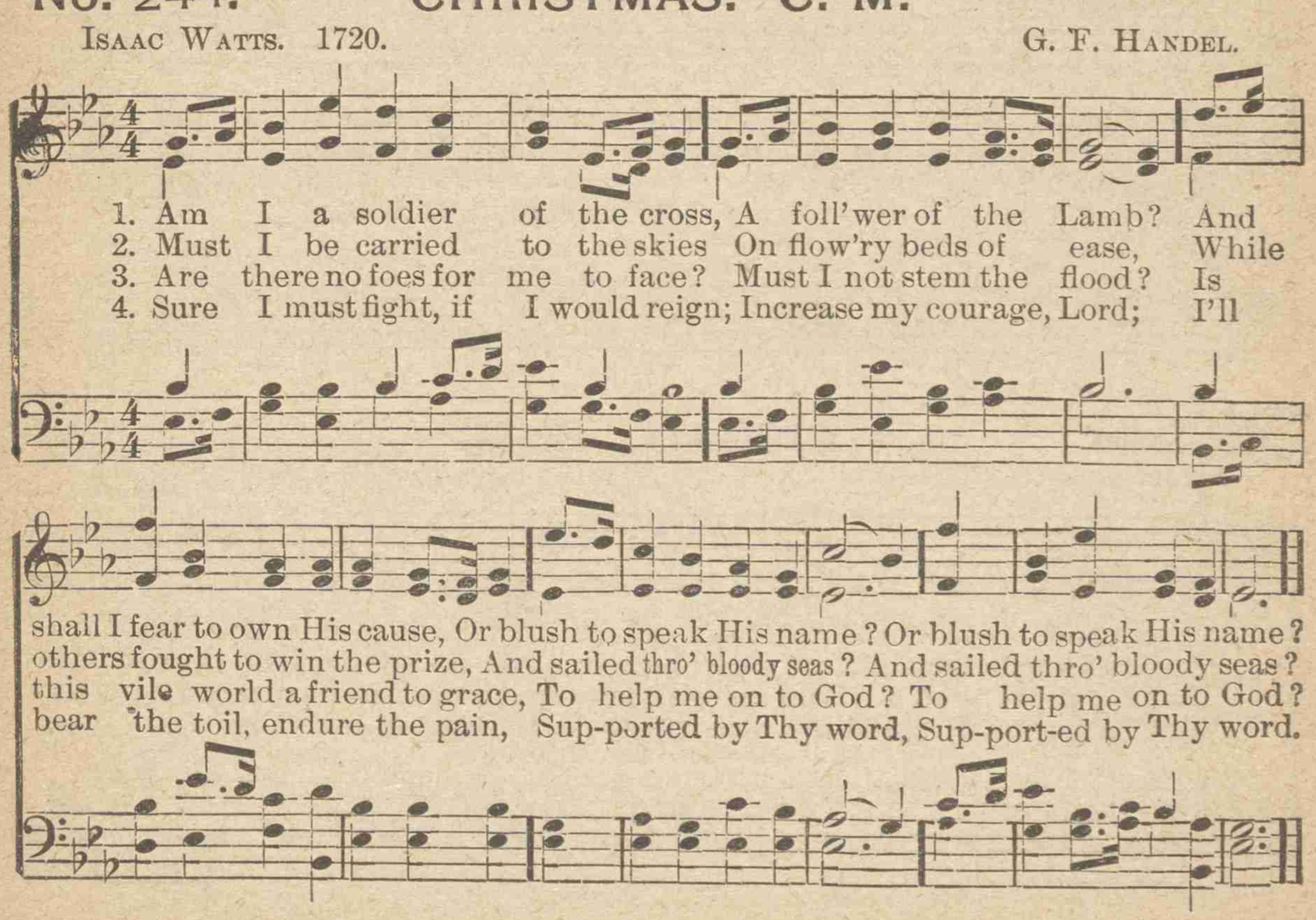
No. 243. ARLINGTON. C. M,

CHAS. WESLEY. 1740. DR. THOS. A. ARNE. 1744.



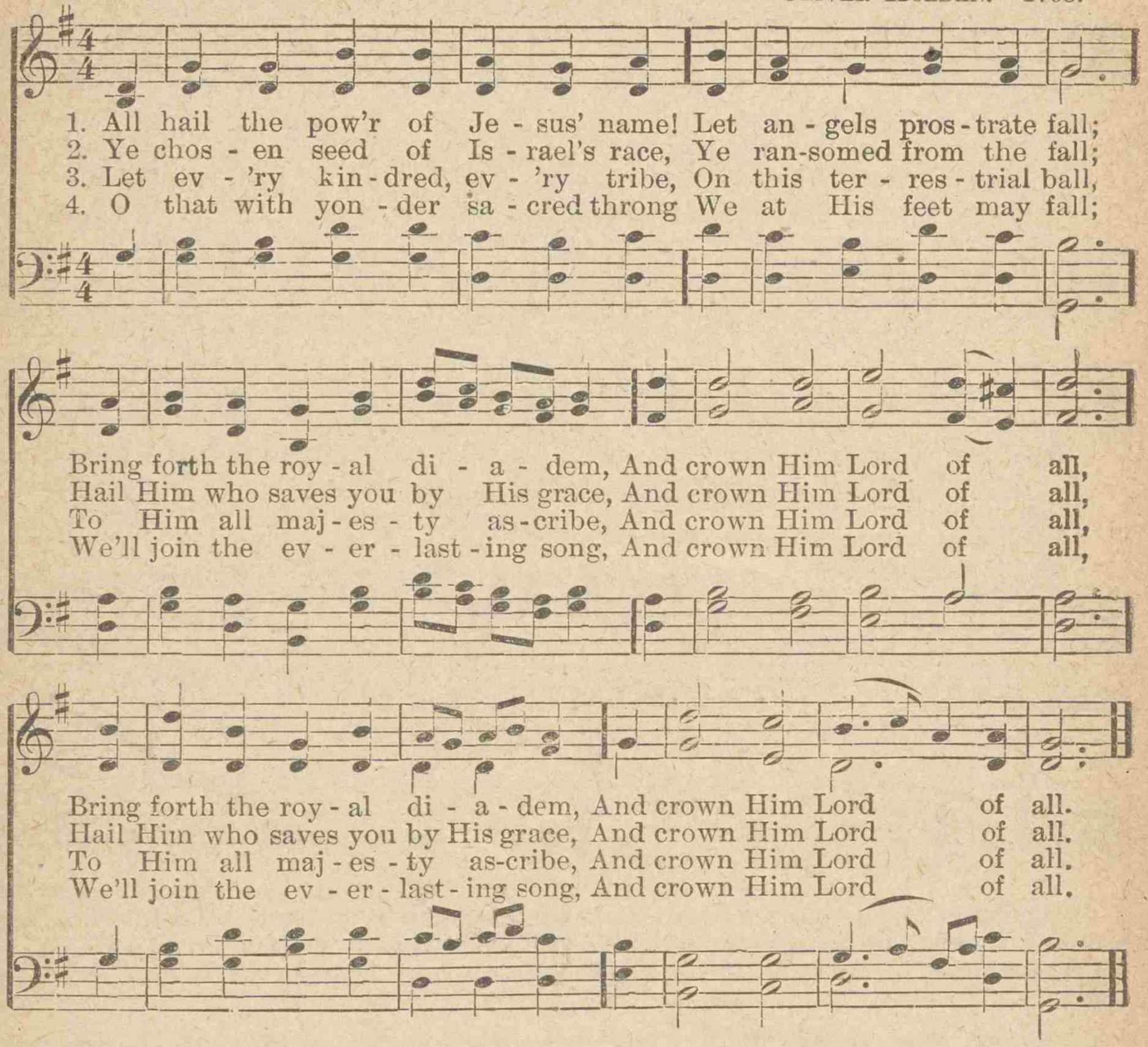
No. 244. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1720. G. F. HANDEL.



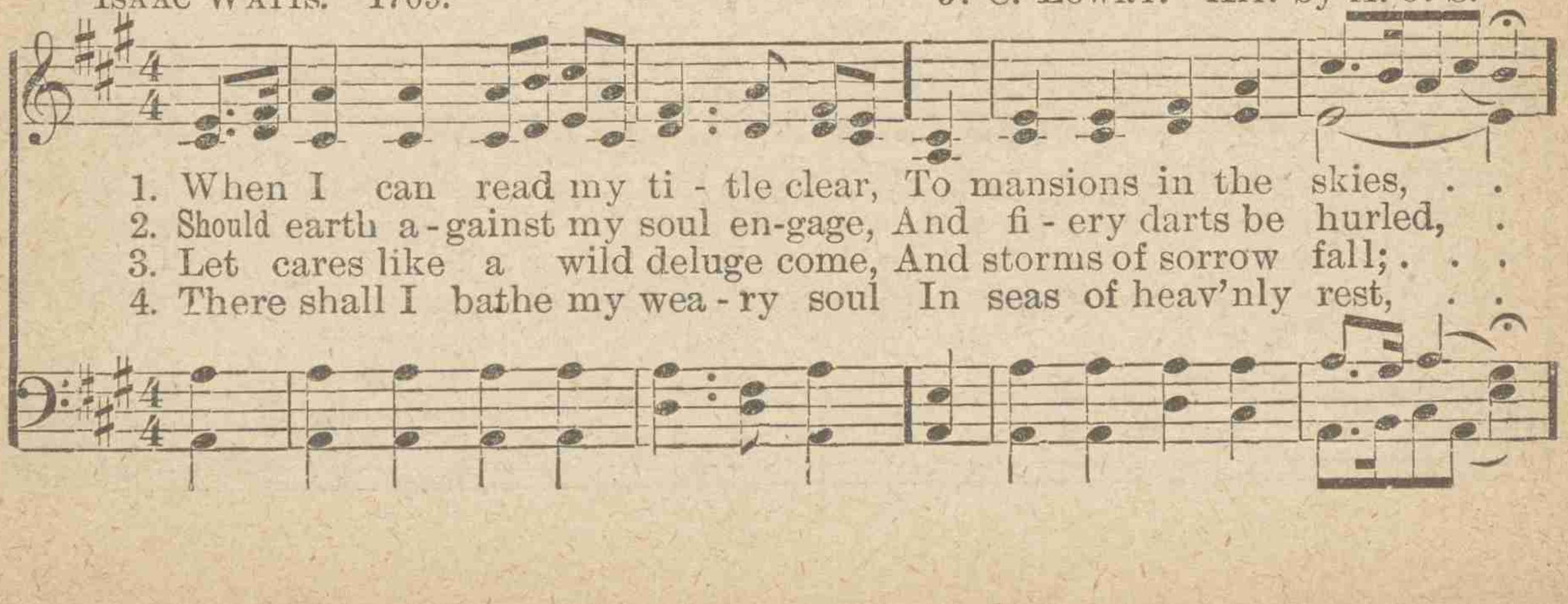
No. 245. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. 1780. OLIVER HOLDEN. 1793.

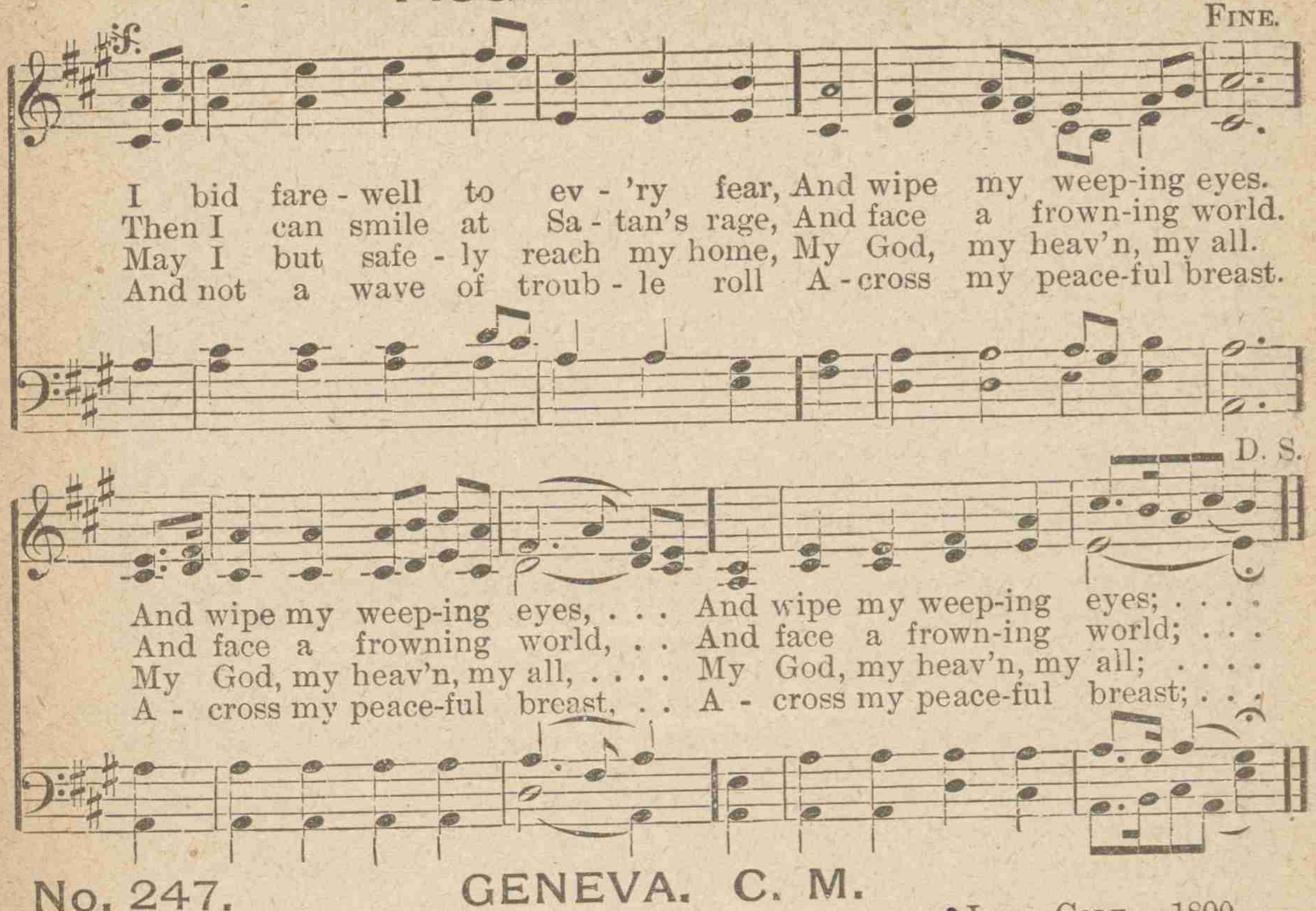


No. 246. PISGAH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.



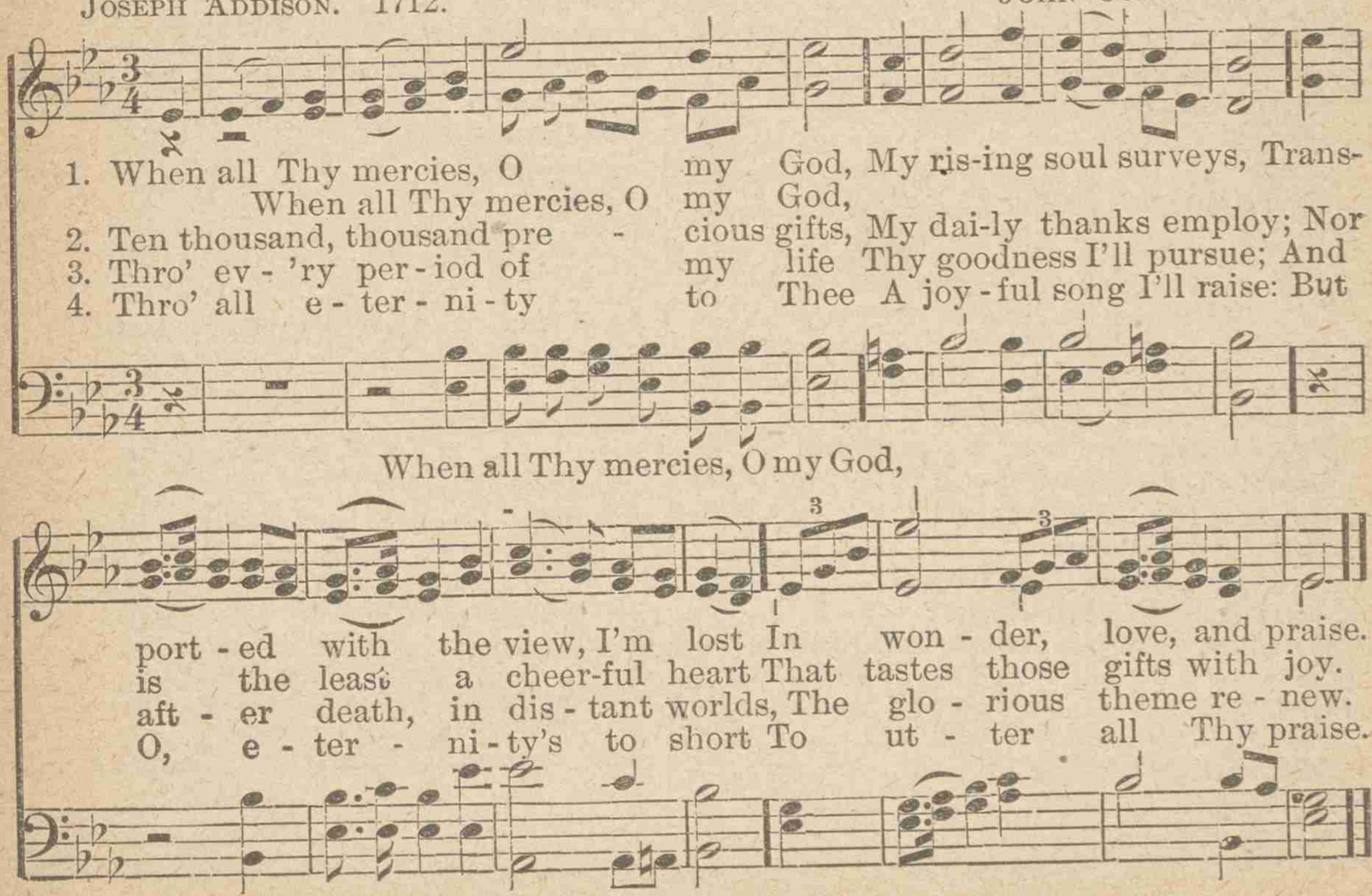
PISGAH. Concluded.



No. 247. GENEVA. C. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712.

JOHN COLE. 1800.



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