

H. F. Smith's Book East Water

GOOD TIDINGS

(Nos. 1 & 2.)

COMBINED

—BY—

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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DALTON, GA.

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THE
PEOPLE'S ANTHEMS.

May 20, 1922
36 32 30
14
19
27
28

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER and EDWARD ROBERTS.

Printed in two editions, round and shaped notes, on the very best of paper, and bound in handsome style. Price, by mail post-paid, 60 cents per copy, \$6.75 per dozen. By express, charges not pre-paid, \$6.00 per dozen; 25 copies for \$12.00.

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GOOD TIDINGS.

FOR

Sunday-Schools, Prayer, Praise and Gospel Meetings.

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER.

ASSISTED BY

J. B. VAUGHAN,

GEORGE B. HOLSINGER,

G. E. LEONARD,

AND J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



PUBLISHED BY

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PREFACE.

*"I BRING YOU
GOOD TIDINGS
OF GREAT JOY."—Luke 2: 10.*

GOOD TIDINGS.

TRUSTING IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

A. J. S.

"If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."—JOHN 14: 14.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is cleansing in Jesus' blood, Trusting in the name of Jesus; Come and wash in this cleansing flood,
2. There is healing in Jesus' name, Trusting in the name of Jesus; Come just now and this healing claim,
3. There is pardon in Jesus' love, Trusting in the name of Jesus; Come just now and this blessing prove,

Fine. REFRAIN. *D.S.*
Trusting in the name of Je-sus, Name of Je-sus, name of Je-sus, Trusting in the name of Je-sus.

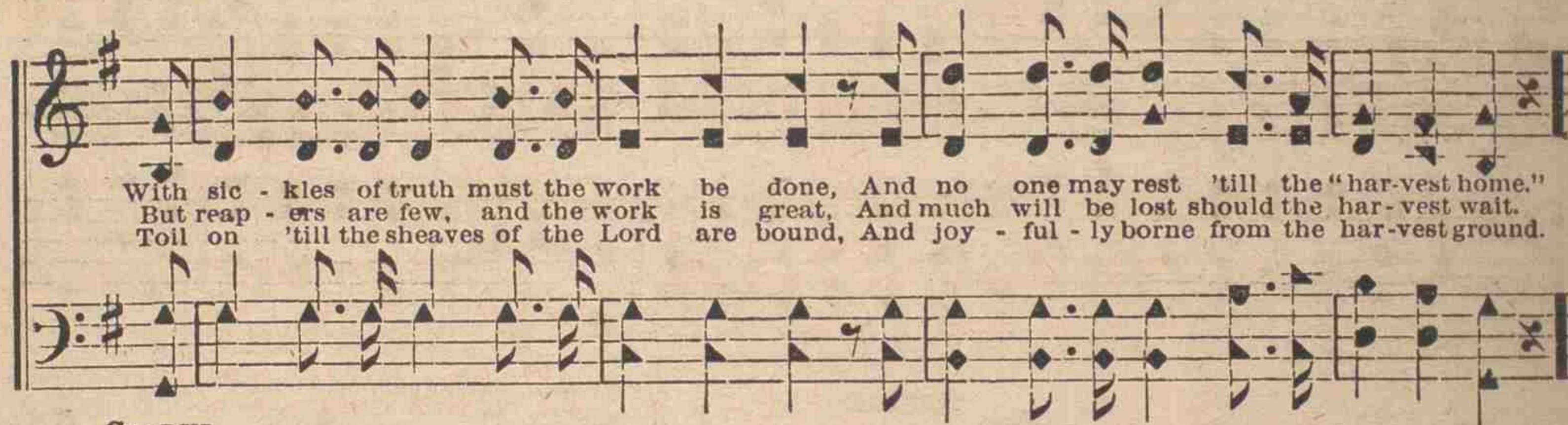
WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

Dr. G. F. ROOT.

"And he that reapeth..... gathereth fruit unto life eternal."—JOHN 4: 36.



1. Oh, where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin?
 2. The fields are all rip - ning, and far and wide The world now is wait - ing the har - vest tide;
 3. So come with your sic - kles, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth - er the gold - en grain;



With sic - kles of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest 'till the "har - vest home."
 But reap - ers are few, and the work is great, And much will be lost should the har - vest wait.
 Toil on 'till the sheaves of the Lord are bound, And joy - ful - ly borne from the har - vest ground.

CHORUS.



Where are the reapers! Oh, who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home?"

WHERE ARE THE REAPERS? Concluded.

5

Oh, who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

ON OUR WAY TO GLORY.

Arr. from C. H. GABRIEL.

"They desire a better country."—HEB. 11: 16.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. We are on our way to a better land. We are on our way to glo - ry. Where the an - gel voic es are sing - ing loud.
2. Then with joyful song we will travel on, with our voic - es loud - ly ring - ing, Till we land at home on the oth - er shore,

D.S. Just beyond these dark, gloomy hills of time
D.S. For we're on our way to a bet - ter land, *D.S.*

Fine.

As they chant the wondrous sto - ry. Tho' we're young and small yet we march along. With no fear of pain or sor - row;
With the an - gels ev - er sing - ing. Oh, then come and join in our pilgrim band. Help us sing the wondrous story,
Dawns the hap - py, glad to - mor - row.
We are on our way to glo - ry.

THE BEAUTIFUL STORY.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. There are an - gels in glo - ry re - peat - ing the sto - ry, Should we not re - peat it be - low?
 2. While the an - gels are sing - ing our songs we are bringing To join in their con - cert of praise;
 3. We will sing of the Sav - iour who loves us for - ev - er, And tell of his won - der - ful love;



Fine.
 'Tis a beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Christ and his glo - ry, Whose wa - ters of life ev - er flow.
 Oh, the beau - ti - ful sing - ing, our hap - py hearts bringing, How sweet is the an - them we raise,
 We will sing of the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful riv - er, Which flows by the pal - ace a - bove.

D.S. Then we'll join in the cho - rus the an - gels sing o'er us, The beau - ti - ful an - gels a - bove.

CHORUS.



D.S.
 Oh, the beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Christ and his glo - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto - ry of love;

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20.

Arr. from FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would en-ter the fold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Saviour, is suf-ficient for me;
 3. O, that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied be-ings In pure garments of white;

In the book of thy kingdom, With its pages so fair. Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
 For thy promise is written In bright letters that glow, Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow.
 Where no e vil thing cometh To de-spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching—Is my name written there?

CHORUS.

Is my name written there, On its pag-es so fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

SATAN THE SEED IS SOWING.

9

M. A. BAKER

MATT. 13: 30.

Dr. H. E. PALMER, by per.

1st. 2d.

{ 1. Sa - tan the seed is sow - ing— So earn - est - ly sow - ing, sow - ing—
Tares with the wheat are grow - ing, (Omit.) To - geth - er growing here.

REFRAIN.

And the an - gels will gath - er, By and by -- by and by,— The tares for the burn - ing, And the

1st. D.S. 2d.

wheat for the sky! The an - gels will gath - er By and by— by and by— sky.

2 God for the wheat is caring—
So tenderly caring, caring—
Though 'till the harvest sparing
The tares which now appear.

3 Harvest the tares will sever—
Eternally sever, sever—
Then may we be forever,
Safe in the Master's love.

10 Words arranged.

GATHERED HOME.

GEO. E. HOLSINGER



1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, On the shores of the bright crys-tal sea?
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, And from sor-row for-ev-er be free?
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morn-ing, Our bless-ed Redeem-er to see?



With the lov'd ones who long have been wait-ing? What a meet-ing in-deed there will be.
Shall we join in the songs of the ran-som'd? What a meet-ing in-deed there will be.
Shall we know and be known by our lov'd ones? What a meet-ing in-deed there will be.



CHORUS.



Gath-er'd home, Gath-er'd home, On the shores of the bright, crystal sea;
gather'd home, gather'd home, crystal sea;



GATHERED HOME. Concluded.

11

Gath-er'd home,..... Gath-er'd home,..... With our lov'd ones for - ev - er to be.
 Gath-er'd home, Gath-er'd home,

ROOM FOR LITTLE FEET.

G. E. LEONARD.

1. Yet there is room for lit - tle feet Up - on the nar - row road, And room e-nough on
 2. Yet there is room and none de-part Un - welcomed, un - for - giv'n, While there is room in

FINE. D.S. Yes, room e-nough for D.S.
 Zi-on's street. So gold-en and so broad. } Room e-nough, room e-nough Up - on the nar-row road;
 Je-sus' heart, there's room enough in heav'n. }
 lit - tle feet, On Zi-on's street so broad.

GATHER THEM IN.

F. M. DAVIS.

1. In - to the light of God's glo - ri - ous love, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in. In - to the path - way that
 2. Out of the paths where in er - ror they stray, Welcome them in. welcome them in, Tell them of Je - sus and
 3. Go to them lov - ing - ly, kind words are strong, Bid them come in, bid them come in, Lead them by lov - ing them

CHORUS.

lead - eth a - bove, And out of the val - ley of sin. { Gath - er them in, Gather them in, Gather them
 show them the way, A home in his Heav en a - bove. { In - to the light, in - to the light, out of the
 out of the wrong And souls for His har - vest - time win.

1st. 2d.

in, Gather them in, Out of the highways and by - ways of sin. O gath - er the wand'ers in.
 night, Out of the night,

PASSING THIS WAY.

13

Arr. by D. W. C.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Je - sus of Naz'reth, to Beth-le-hem came, Heal-ing the blind, the sick and the lame; Oh, it was wonderful,
 2. Je - sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, When a stray sheep a - way from the fold, Gent-ly and long he hath
 3. Je - sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Shed his dear blood and set my soul free; Oh, it was wonderful,

CHORUS.

blest be his name! Still he is pass - ing by.
 sought for my soul; Still he is pass - ing by.
 how could it be? Still he is pass - ing by.

Pass-ing this way, pass-ing this way, Je-sus is passing this

way; Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Still he is pass - ing by.

I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. I am wait - ing for thee, my Re - deem - er and King; With the crown in full view I thy prais - es would sing,
2. I am wait - ing for thee as the days dis - appear: I am long - ing, my Sav - iour, thy glad voice to hear;
3. I am wait - ing for thee, for the dawn draweth nigh That shall ush - er the morn of the sweet by-and-by;



Firm - ly hold - ing the faith which to me thou hast giv'n: I am wait - ing, O Lord, for a message from heav'n.
I am hop - ing to en - ter that bright home a - bove, And en - joy the rich treasures of in - fi - nite love.
As I jour - ney a - long to the home of the blest, I am sing - ing the songs of the pil - grims at rest.



CHORUS.



I am wait - ing for thee, yes, I'm wait - ing for thee, At thy call I would has - ten a - way!



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I AM WAITING FOR THEE. Concluded.

15

I am wait-ing for thee, yes, I'm wait-ing for thee, Till the dawn of the long prom-is'd day.

FRANCES E. HAVERGAL.

CROWN AFTER CROSS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Light aft - er dark - ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength aft - er wea - ri - ness, Crown aft - er cross.
 2. Sheaves aft - er sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Light aft - er mys - ter - y, Peace aft - er pain.
 3. Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam aft - er gloom, Love aft - er lone - li - ness, Life aft - er tomb.

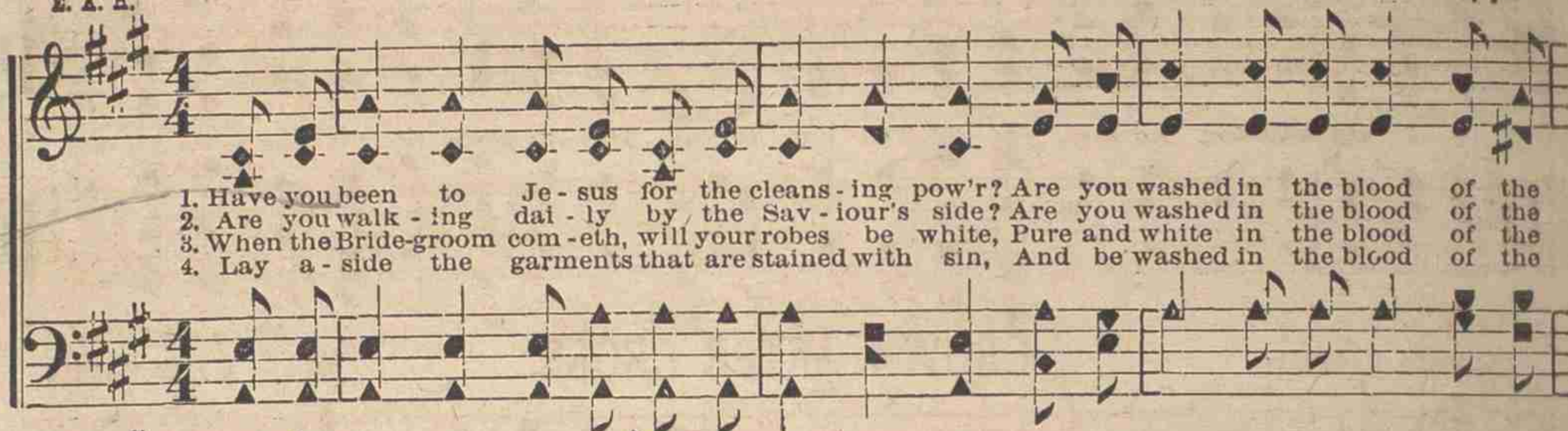
Sweet aft - er bit - ter, Song aft - er fears, Home aft - er wan - der - ing, Praise aft - er tears.
 Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast, Res' aft - er wea - ri - ness, Sweet rest at last.
 Now comes the weep - ing, Then the glad reap - ing; Now comes the la - bor hard, Then the re - ward.

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

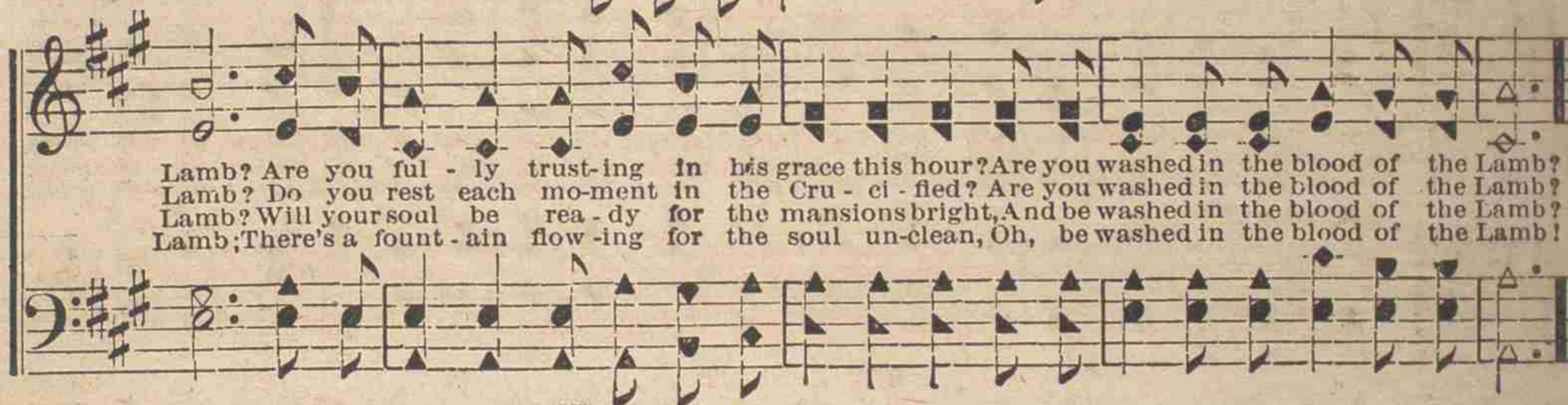
"These are they.....which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—REV. 7: 14

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

E. A. H.



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



Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the Cru - ci - fled? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Lamb; There's a fount - ain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

CHORUS.



Are you washed Are you washed in the blood, in the blood, In the soul - cleans - ing blood of the

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? Concluded.

17

Lamb? Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

the blood of the blood of the blood of the blood of

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In his mer - cy
2. Moth - ers then the Sav - iour sought, In the pla - ces where he taught, Un - to him their
3. Did the Sav - iour say them nay? No, he kind - ly bid them stay; Suf - fer'd none to
4. Chil - dren, then, should love him now, Strive his ho - ly will to do, Pray to him, and

blood of the blood of the blood of the blood of the

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.

passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
chil - dren bro't, Lit - tle ones like me.
turn a - way, Lit - tle ones like me.
praise him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

Lit - tle ones like me, Lit - tle ones like me;

B

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

E. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy,
 2. I know that thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng,
 3. O Sav-iour, precious Sav-iour mine! What will thy pres-ence be

For thou hast giv-en me the peace
 And sweet-er is the tho't of thee
 If such a life of joy can crown,

CHORUS.

Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
 Than a - ny love - ly song.
 Our walk on earth with thee?

The half has nev-er yet been told, yet been told. Of love so full and free;

Rit.

The half has nev-er yet been told, yet been told, The blood— it cleans - eth me, cleans - eth me.

COME TO JESUS.

1. Come to Je - sus! he will save you, Tho' your sins as crim-son glow; If you give your hearts to Je-sus, He will
 2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry, En - ter in at mer-cy's gate; Oh, de - lay not till the mor-row, Lest thy
 3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Saviour there is none, He will share with you his glory, When your

CHORUS.

make them white as snow. Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je -sus! come, to -
 com - ing be too late. Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day! Come to Je -sus! come, yes,
 pil - grim - age is done.

- day! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je -sus! come, come to-day!
 come, come to -day; Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

WE WILL REST, BY AND BY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We will rest, sweet-ly rest, by and by, When earth's tri - als and la - bors are o'er;
 2. We will sing, glad-ly sing, by and by, The me - lo - di - ous, soul-cheer-ing lays;
 3. All this toil will be o'er, by and by, All the troub - les of life will a - way;

We will walk by the clear flow-ing riv - er of life, At home on the ev - ergreen shore.
 We will sit 'neath the trees of that E - den a - bove, E'er sing - ing our dear Saviour's praise.
 He will lead us thro' past - ures the fair - est e'er seen At home in the cool of the day.

CHORUS.

We will rest, by and by, We will rest, by and by, We will rest on the ev - er-green shore, by and by;

WE WILL REST BY AND BY. Concluded.

21

We will rest, sweet-ly rest, by and by,..... We will rest on the ev - er-green shore, by and by.

COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Come, sound his praise a-broad, And hymns of glo-ry sing; Je - ho-vah is the sov'-reign God, The u - ni -
2. Come, worship at his throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We are his works, and not our own; He formed us

CHORUS.

Rit.

- ver - sal King. Praise ye the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise ye the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise ye the Lord.
by his word.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

"Jesus himself drew near, and went with them."—LUKE 24: 15.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, bless - ed fel - low-ship di - vine! Oh, joy su - preme - ly sweet! Com - pan - ion - ship with
 2. I'm walk - ing close to Je - sus' side, So close that I can hear The soft - est whis - pers
 3. I know his shelt'-ring wings of love Are al - ways o'er me spread, And tho' the storms may

Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete, In un - ion with the pur - est one I
 of his love, In fel - low-ship so dear, And feel his great, al - might - y hand Pro -
 fierce - ly rage, All calm and free from dread, My peace - ful spir - it ev - er sings "I'll

CHORUS.

find my heav'n on earth be - gun.
 - tects me in this hos - tile land. } Oh, wond'-rous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je sus with me
 trust the cov - ert of thy wings."

From "THE QUIVER." By per.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS. Concluded.

23

all the time, Oh, wond - rous bliss! oh, joy sub lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time.

HASTEN TO JESUS.

JOHN McPHERSON.

"Now is the accepted time."—2 COR. 6: 12.

G. E. LEONARD.

1. { Sure the night of death draws near, } Hasten to Je - sus to - day! Dark is the way you long have trod,
 { Shades are deep'ning dense and drear, }
 2. { Come, for now your loved ones wait, } Hasten to Je - sus to - day! Think of the joys a - wait-ing there,
 { Soon, ah soon, 'twill be too late! }

Wand'ring in doubt, a - way from God; Come and sub-mit to his dear rod, Has-ten to Je - sus to - day.
 Think of the palms that we shall bear, When all these glo-ries we shall share, Has-ten to Je - sus to - day.

GATHER THE LITTLE ONES IN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

QUARTET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

QUARTET.

1. Go to the hedg-es and broad highways,
 2. Gath-er them in from the drear - y home,
 3. Gath-er them in with a glow - ing love,

Gath-er the lit-tle ones in;

Hast-en, the Saviour's com-
 Je-sus has bid den them
 Lead them a-long to the

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

mand o - bey,
 all to come,
 home a - bove,

Gath - er the lit-tle ones in.

Gath - er them in, er them in,.....
 Gath - er them in, let the room be full,

Gath - er them in,.....
 Gath - er them in to - the Sun-day school,

Gath - er the lit-tle ones in;.....
 Gath - er the lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones in;

in.

'TIS SWEET TO SIT WITH THE MASTER.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

WM. B. BLALE. 25



1. 'Tis sweet to sit with the Mas - ter, A - part in the heav'nly place, A - near his side I would
 2. 'Tis sweet to sit with the Mas - ter, A beau - ti - ful peace is here; The qui - et joy of his
 3. And best of all is the prom - ise, Who dwells in the "se - cret place," Shall safe a - bide in the

CHORUS.



lin - ger, And rest in his fond em - brace.
 pres - ence, The love that can know no fear.
 shad - ow Of Je - sus' pro - tect - ing grace. } 'Tis sweet to sit with the Mas - ter, And



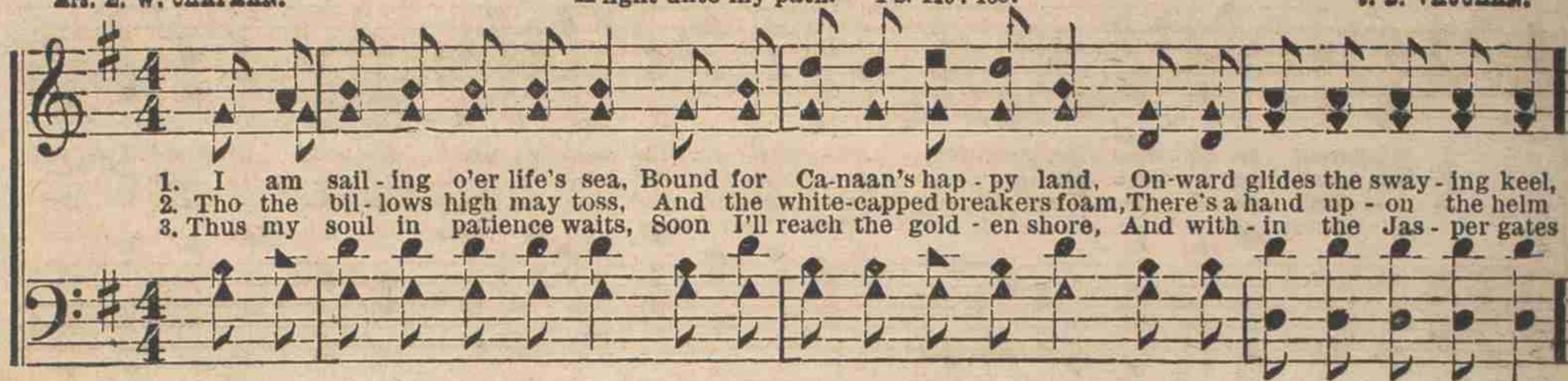
list to his gen - tle voice, That charms a way ev' - ry sor - row, And bids my soul re - joice.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HARBOR.

MR. E. W. CHAPMAN.

"A light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. I am sail - ing o'er life's sea, Bound for Ca-naan's hap - py land, On-ward glides the sway - ing keel,
 2. Tho the bil - lows high may toss, And the white-capped breakers foam, There's a hand up - on the helm
 3. Thus my soul in patience waits, Soon I'll reach the gold - en shore, And with - in the Jas - per gates

CHORUS.



Quick the helm o - beys the hand. There's a light in the har - - - bor, A
 Which will guide me safe - ly home.
 Sweet - ly rest for - ev - er more. There's a beau - ti - ful light in the har - bor of heav'n, A



beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful light; There's a light in the har - - - bor, It shineth with radiance bright.
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful golden light; There's a beau - ti - ful light in the harbor of heav'n, It shineth with radiance bright.

GLORY TO HIS NAME.

27

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

"I will glorify thy name forever."—Ps 63: 4.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - iour died, Down where for cleans - ing from sin I cried;
 2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in;
 3. Oh, pre - cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - ter'd in;
 4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav iour's feet;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood ap-plied;
 There at the cross where he took me in;
 There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;

Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name,

Glo - ry to his name; There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to his name.

GOLDEN LIGHT

G. A. M.

"And the light shineth in darkness."—JOHN 1: 9.

GEO. A. MINOR. By per.



1. There's a bright gold - en light, That is shin - ing on our way, And it com - eth from a - bove;
 2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the dark-ness of my sin, To the glo - rious light of day;
 3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug-ged paths of life, Up the wea - ry hills of time;



'Tis the pre-cious light of truth That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Sav - iour's love.
 'Tis the light that fills my soul, And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall nev - er stray.
 Thro' the trou-ple and the care, Thro' the con-flict and the strife, And this light shall be ev - er mine.

D.S. And bright-en up the way That will lead to end-less day; With the light of a Sav - iour's love.



CHORUS. D.S.

Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,
 Gold - en light, shine on, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,

I HAVE CALLED THEE.

29

Mrs. M. W. CHAPMAN.

"I, the Lord, have called thee."—ISA 42: 6.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have called thee to the fount - ain, Where the crim - son waves o'er-flow; Plung'd be-neath its cleansing
 2. I have called thee to the vine - yard, Where the rip - en'd har-vest waves; Pa-tient toil in ear-ly
 3. I have called thee to the ban - quet, Love di-vine hath free-ly giv'n; Wrought for thee a wed-ding

REFRAIN.

wa - ters, Pure thy soul as spark-ling snow.
 morn - ing, Thou at eve shalt bind the sheaves.
 gar - ment, For the mar - riage feast in heav'n. } I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Called thee

from thy sin and woe: I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Come, I'll wash thee white as snow.

ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING ?

L. S. EDWARDS.

1. Are you build - ing your house on the sand, broth - er? To - day may be sun - ny and fair,
 2. The house that is built on the sand, broth - er, Does well for the calm of to - day,
 3. The house that is built on the rock, broth - er, No tem - pest of earth can o'er-throw.
 4. Let the rock that you build your house on, broth - er, Be Je - sus, the hope of us all;

But the mor - row may bring us the temp - est, broth - er, So choose your foun - da - tion with care.
 But be wise in the sun of the pres - ent, broth - er, And build for the fu - ture, I pray.
 While you're build - ing, build safe - ly and sure - ly, broth - er, On the rock that is stead - fast and sure.
 The house built on this stead - fast foun - da - tion, broth - er, Will stand when the mount - ains shall fall.

CHORUS.

Let us build on the rock, ev - er build on the rock, While the storms of life are raging, Let us build on the rock.

CN WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING? Concluded.

31

Let us build on the rock, ev-er build on the rock, Christ the Lord, our refuge ev-er, Let us build on the rock.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. JESUS, KEEP US IN THE FOLD. Closing Hymn. Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Je - sus, keep me in the fold, In thy care a - bid - ing, Shel-tered by thy ten - der - ness,
 2. May the truth we've gained to - day, Treasured in thy keep - ing, Be to us like gold - en grain
 3. Gra - cious Lord, thy peace we seek, All our sins con - fess - ing, Guard us thro' the com - ing week,

D.S. From thy ten - der watch - ful care

FINE. CHORUS.

In thy love con - fid - ing.
 In the time of reap - ing.
 Crown us with thy bless - ing.) In the fold, in the fold May we live for - ev - er;
 Let us wan - der nev - er.

By permission

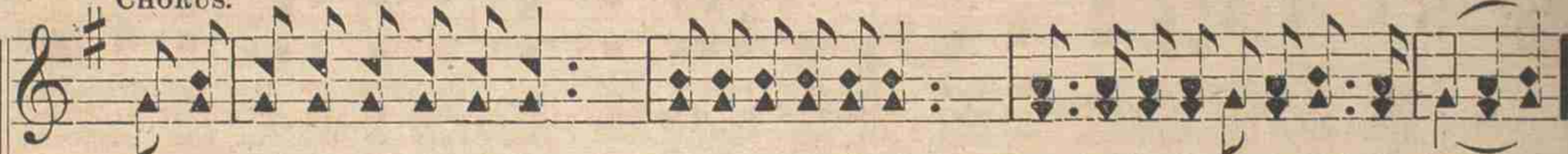
I AM WITH THEE EVERY HOUR.

Arr. from a "Jubilee Song,"
By J. H. TENNEY.


1. { I am with thee ev'-ry hour, O ransomed one, For too long the way and dark, for thee a - lone.
 I am with thee ev'-ry hour, trust thou in me, For my love unchang-a - ble is pledged to thee.
 2. { I am with thee ev'-ry hour, I know thy care, I will cheer thy troubled heart, thy bur - dens bear.
 I am with thee ev'-ry hour, my strength is thine, Thou the ten - der branch, and I the liv - ing vine.
 3. { I am with thee ev'-ry hour, till life's work done, I shall bear thee hence to stand be - fore the throne.
 I am with thee ev'-ry hour, and heav - en waits, To throw op - en wide for thee its pearl - y gates.



CHORUS.



I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, Thou art mine, for thee my life I gave!



with thee, with thee,



I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, With my love I'll guard and guide and save!



with thee, with thee,

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

Dr. W. O. PERKINS. 33

DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



1. Be - yond the sun-set's radiant glow There is a brighter world, I know, Where gold-en glo-ries ev-er
2. Be - yond the sun-set's purple rim,—Be-yond the twilight, deep and dim, Where clouds and darkness never
3. Be - yond this des-ert, dark and drear, The gold - en cit - y will ap - pear; And morning's love-ly beams
4. Those gold - en por-tals ev - er shine Be-yond the reach of day's de - cline; And Je - sus bids my soul pre-



FULL CHORUS.



shine, Be - yond the thought of day's de - cline. } Be-yond the sun-set's ra-diant glow, There
come, My soul shall find its heav'n-ly home. } radiant glow,
rise Up - on my man-sion in the skies.
pare To gain a hap-py entrance there.



After last verse repeat pp.



is a bright-er world, I know; Be - yond the sun-set I may spend De - light-ful days that nev - er end.



By permission.

WE ARE COMING.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

B. F. SHOWALTER

1. We have heard thy gen-tle voice, O bless-ed Saviour, We are com-ing, we are com-ing at thy call;
 2. We will fol-low in thy footsteps, precious Master, From the path of love and du-ty nev-er stray;
 3. We will fol-low, tho' the tem-pest burst around us, Tho' the waves of earth-ly sor-row o'er us roll,

Take us in thy migh-ty arms and keep us ev-er Safe-ly shel-ter'd in thy bliss-ful fold. We are
 And thy lov-ing voice shall cheer us as we journey To the land of beau-ty far a-way. D.S. We are
 For we know thy lov-ing hand will part the wa-ters, And thy "Peace, be still!" the storms control.

com-ing, We are com-ing, We are com-ing, blessed Saviour, at thy call;
 We are coming, We are coming, We are safe when sheltered in (Omit.) thy bliss-ful fold.

HOW SHALL I PRAISE THEE?

35

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

"I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. 66: 16.

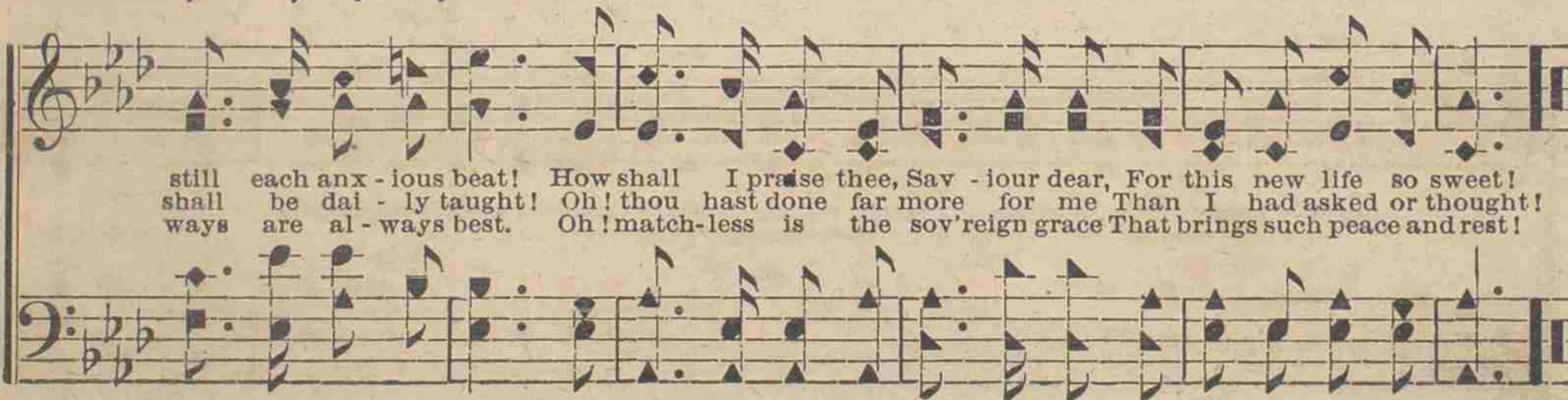
J. H. RUEBUSH.



1. How shall I praise thee, Sav - iour dear, For this new life so sweet, For tak - ing my poor
 2. Oh! thou hast done far more for me Than I had asked or thought! I stand and mar - vel
 3. Dear Lord! I find thy prom - ise true, Of per - fect peace and rest; I can - not sigh— I



gift that lay At thy be - lov - ed feet, For keep - ing hold up - on my heart, To
 to be - hold What thou, my Lord, hast wro't, And won - der what glad les - sons yet I
 can but sing While lean - ing on thy breast, And leav - ing ev' - ry thing to thee Whose



still each anx - ious beat! How shall I praise thee, Sav - iour dear, For this new life so sweet!
 shall be dai - ly taught! Oh! thou hast done far more for me Than I had asked or thought!
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THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

J. H. SHOWALTER.



1. The Sav - iour in - vites you, poor wan - der - er, come, The Fa - ther is wait - ing to welcome you home;
 2. Re - turn to the Fa - ther who holds you so dear, Say, why will you per - ish when plen - ty is near?
 3. Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draw - eth nigh; Say, why will you lin - ger still, — why will you die?



Now cease from your wand'rings, so lone - ly and wild; Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child.
 Though poor and un - wor - thy, with sin all de - filed, The Fa - ther will welcome his prod - i - gal child.
 Oh, leave the lone des - ert where shad - ows are piled; Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child.



CHORUS.



Come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home;
 Come home, come home, come home, come home;



THE PRODIGAL CHILD. Concluded.

37



Come home, come home, come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home, come home.

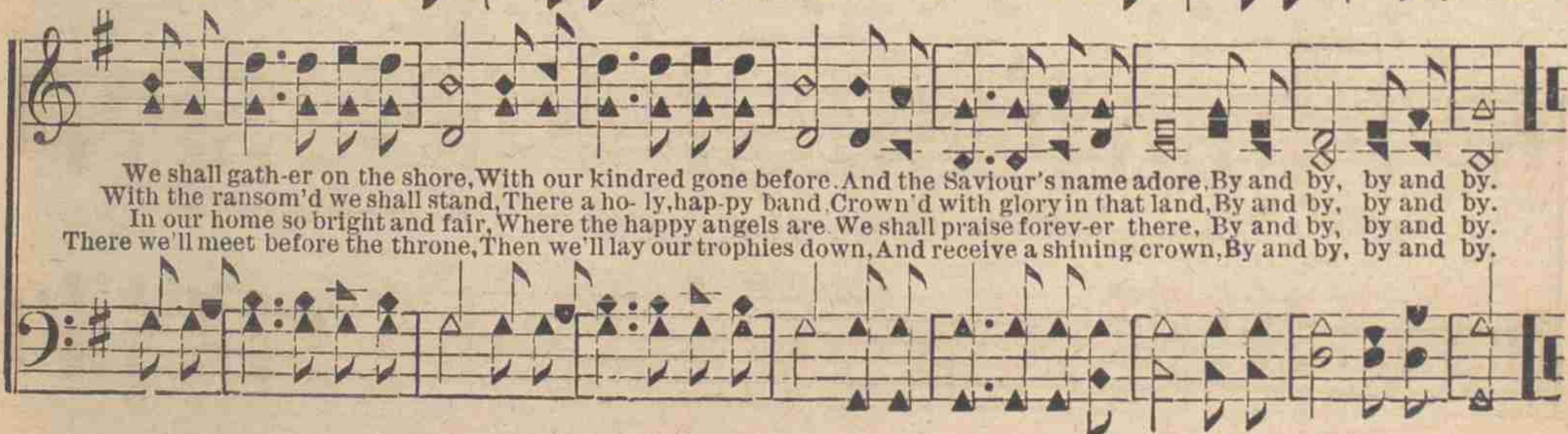
W. T. D.

BY AND BY.

Rev. W. T. DALE.



1. O-ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; In that hap-py land so sweet, By and by, by and by;
2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by; We shall strike the golden lyre, By and by, by and by;
4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by; Chanting love's redeeming song, By and by, by and by;



We shall gath-er on the shore, With our kindred gone before. And the Saviour's name adore, By and by, by and by.
 With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a ho-ly, hap-py band. Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by, by and by.
 In our home so bright and fair, Where the happy angels are. We shall praise forev-er there, By and by, by and by.
 There we'll meet before the throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down, And receive a shining crown, By and by, by and by.

GATHERING HOME.

Mrs. MARY B. C. SLADE.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. 14: 13.

E. M. McINTOSH. By per.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 2. Up to the cit-y where fall-eth no night, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

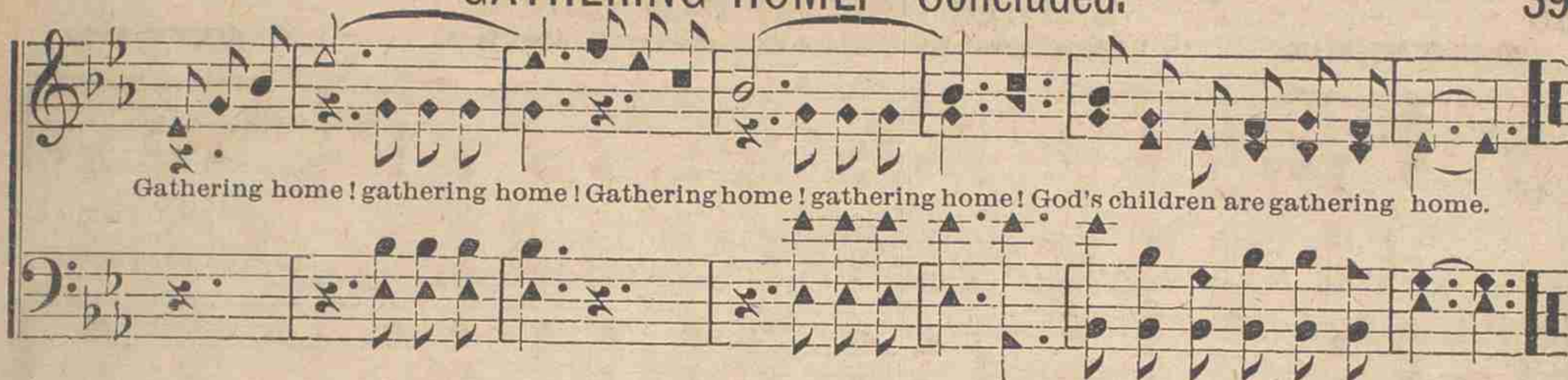
CHORUS.

Up to the dwell-ing where com-eth no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home! Gath-er-ing
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home!
 Safe in the arms of his in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home!

home!..... Gathering home!..... Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam;
 gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

GATHERING HOME. Concluded.

39



Gathering home! gathering home! Gathering home! gathering home! God's children are gathering home.

SAVIOUR, BLESS THE CHILDREN.

KARL REDEN.



1. Sav-iour, bless the lit - tle chil - dren; Let them hear thy gracious voice; Draw them to thy bleed-ing fountain,
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, bless the chil-dren Wand'ring thro' this land of night; Lead them to the shin-ing glo - ry

D.S. Take them, oh, thou ten - der shepherd,
D.S. Lead them to the liv - ing wa - ters,

FINE.



Make them in thy love re-joice. Guide them in thy great compassion, They are weak and need thy strength;
Of thine own e - ter - nal light. Be to them the sa - cred teach - er, Guid-ing their in - quir-ing eyes;

To thy bless - ed arms at length.
Make them ho - ly, strong and wise.

By permission.

GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

"Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."—JOEL 3: 13.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Go out and gath - er the gold - en grain, The world is your har - vest field, Your
 2. Go lift the soul from the haunts of sin, The treas - ures of grace dis - play, Your
 3. Go find some pearl on the o - cean strand, The shell may be rough and brown, But

CHORUS.

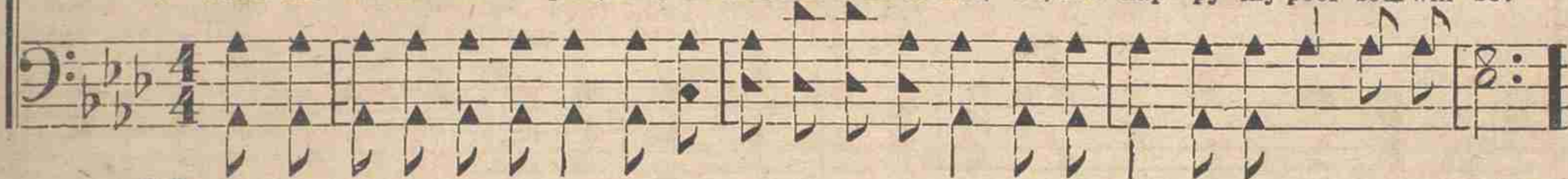
toil for Je - sus will not be vain For he will the in - crease yield. Gath - er, gath er,
 mis - sion here is to work and win, Go show to the lost the way.
 polished by the dear Master's hand; 'Twill shine in his jew - el'd crown. Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gather,

Gath - er in the gold - en grain; Gath - - er, gath - - er, Gath - er in the gold - en grain.
 Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er,

A PILGRIM SONG.



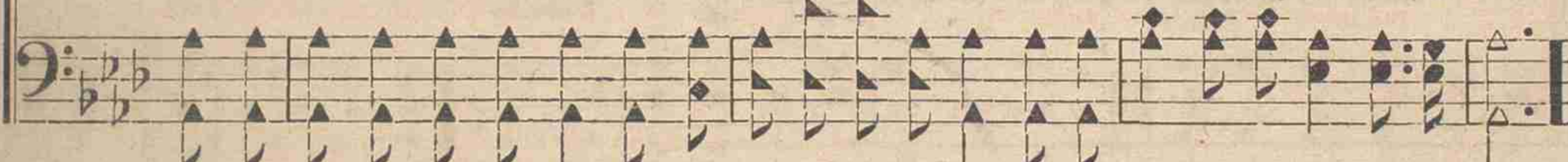
1. I'm a lone-ly pilgrim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear, As I jour-ney a-long by the way;
 2. Here the des-ert wilds expand Round a-bout on ei-ther hand, But I'm near-ing the Jor-dan, you see!
 3. When the wil-der-ness is past, And I reach that home at last, Oh, how hap-py my poor soul will be!



FINE.



But I hope at last to stand On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sor-row, from doubt and dismay.
 And be-yond that nar-row stream, Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
 With the glo-ri-fied to stand On that glit'ring glo-ry-land, And the Sav-iour, my Sav-iour, to see.

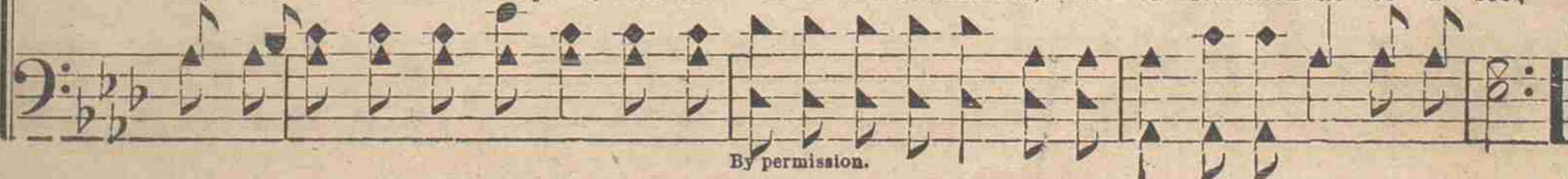


D.S. Thro' the stil-ly hours of night, From the plains of end-less light, Spir-it voic-es oft whis-per to me.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Oh, I know there's rest be-yond, That some oth-er souls have found, For in vis-ions their fac-es I see;



By permission.

OH, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

F. WHITFIELD.

"We love him because he first loved us."—1 JOHN 4: 19.

Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth, It
 2. It tells me of a Sav - iour's love, Who died to set me free; It
 3. This name shall shed its fra - gance still A - long this thorn - y road, Shall

CHORUS.

sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
 tells me of his pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 sweet - ly smooth the rug - ged hill That leads me up to God. } Oh, how I love Je - sus,

Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me.

JESUS IS A FRIEND INDEED.

43

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.
Earnestly.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

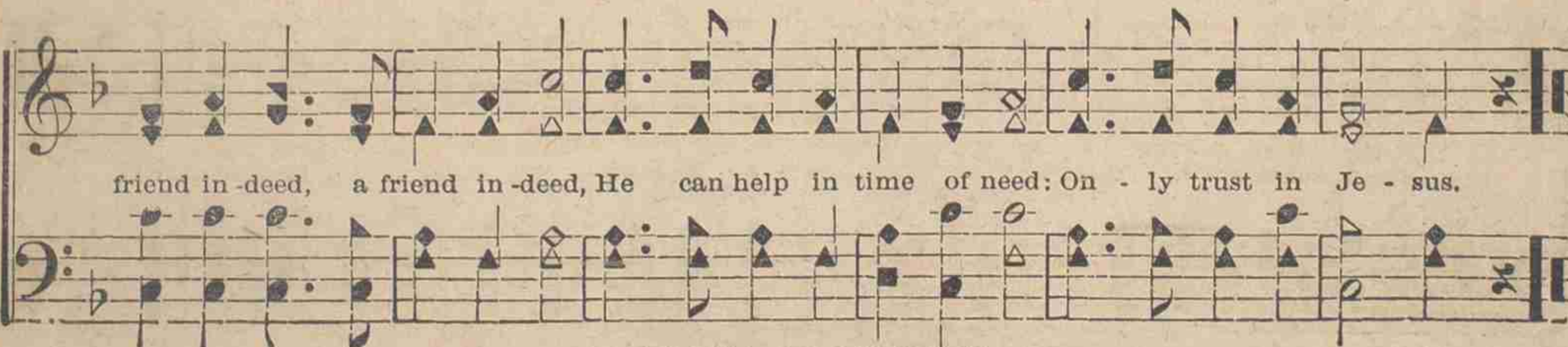


1. Is your soul with sin dis-tressed? Do you sigh for peace and rest? Christ a-lone can
 2. Would the world in sy-ren tone Lure you from the Lord you own? Heed not-cling in
 3. Have you sor-rows man-i-fold, Tri-als more than can be told? These but pu-ri-
 4. Wheth-er good or ill may come, Joy-ous life or dis-mal tomb, Fear not, Christ will

CHORUS.



make you blest; On-ly trust in Je-sus!
 faith a-lone To the migh-ty Sav-iour.
 -fy the gold, While you trust in Je-sus.
 bring you home To the heav'n-ly man-sions. } Je-sus is a friend in-deed, A



friend in-deed, a friend in-deed, He can help in time of need: On-ly trust in Je-sus.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 33: 17.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far be - yond the sky, And Je - sus, my Sav - iour, is there;
 2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor - row and care;
 3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair.

He has gone to prepare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
 And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
 Where the wat - ers of life sweet - ly mur - mur by, — Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!

CHORUS.

In that beau - ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall
 In that beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land

From "TEMPLE STAR." By per.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.

45

meet, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beau-ti-ful land.

shall meet, shall meet, shall meet,

EACH DAY I NEED THEE, LORD.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"Without me you can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Each day, dear Lord, I need Thy presence and thy peace, That more and more my soul May in thy love in-crease.
 2. I need thee when the storms My soul would over-flow, And plunge me in the depths Of wretchedness and woe.
 3. I need thee and thy grace Each mo-ment that I live, Thy com-fort to be-stow, Thy wondrous help to give.
 4. I need thee when I near The dark, e-ter-nal shore, To cheer my fainting heart, And bear me safely o'er.

CHORUS.

I need thy sav-ing grace, I need thy keeping pow'r; Thy strength and righteousness, I need each day and hour.

The Home Over There.

1 Oh! think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the
air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at
rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see,
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
prayer,

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

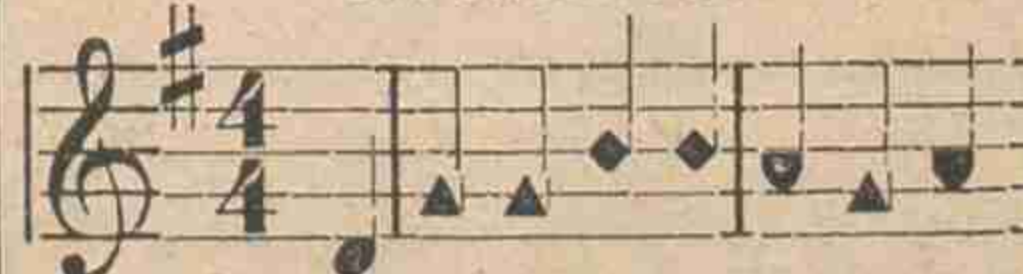
1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

Coronation.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus:
Go on in peace your way to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

All To Christ I Owe.



1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength, indeed, is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in me thine all in all.

CHORUS.—Jesus paid it all!
All to him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.

When He Cometh.



1 When he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

It Came Upon the Midnight.



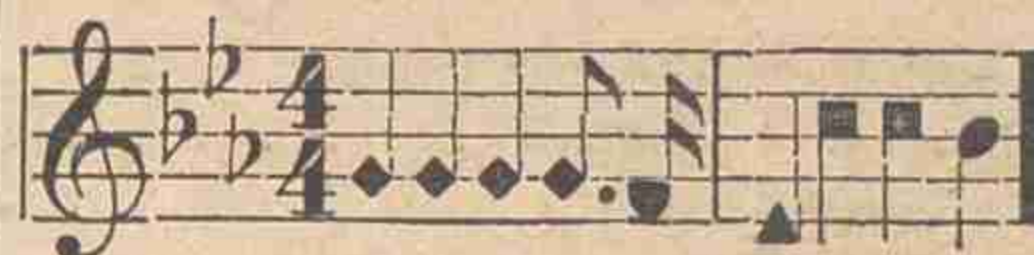
1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth—good will to men"
From heaven's all-gracious King:
The earth in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing—
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-cicling years,
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Her ancient splendors fling,
And all the world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Footsteps of Jesus.



1 Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee
calling,
Come, follow me!
And we see where thy footprints falling,
Lead us to thee.

CHORUS.

Footprints of Jesus,
That make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus,
Where'er they go.

2 Though they lead o'er the cold, dark
mountains,
Seeking his sheep;
Or along Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

4 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet;
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.

INDEX.

A

All to Christ I owe	47
A pilgrim song	41
Are you washed in the blood?	16

B

Beyond the sunset	33
By and by	37

C

Come, sound his praise	21
Come to Jesus	19
Companionship with Jesus	22
Coronation	46
Crown after cross	15

E

Each day I need thee, Lord	45
--------------------------------------	----

F

Footsteps of Jesus	46
------------------------------	----

G

Gathered home	10
Gathering home	38
Gather the golden grain	40
Gather the little ones in	24
Gather them in	12
Glory to his name	27
Golden light	28

H

How shall I praise thee?	35
Hasten to Jesus	23

I

I am waiting for thee	14
I am with thee every hour	32
I have called thee	20

I hear thy welcome voice	46
It came upon the midnight	47
Is my name written there	8

J

Jesus is a friend indeed	43
Jesus, keep us in the fold	31

L

Little ones like me	17
-------------------------------	----

O

Oh, how I love Jesus	42
On our way to glory	5
On what are you building?	30

P

Passing this way	13
Pressing onward	6

S

Satan the seed is sowing	9
Saviour, bless the children	39
Sweet hour of prayer	46

T

That beautiful land	44
The great physician	46
The beautiful story	7
The half has never been told	18
The prodigal child	36
There's a light in the harbor	26
'Tis sweet to sit with the Master	25
Trusting in the name of Jesus	3

W

We are coming	34
We will rest, by and by	20
When he cometh	47
Where are the reapers?	4

GOOD TIDINGS.

A. J. SHOWALTER. 1

Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke 2: 10.



1. God, th' all wise, be-hold-ing sin-ners, Said "my peo-ple I'll re-claim;" From His throne the
2. One great sac-ri-fice was need-ed, One a-tone-ment for us all; Christ, the liv-ing
3. High o'er all the world's in glo-ry, With the Fa-ther now is He; Round the throne ce-



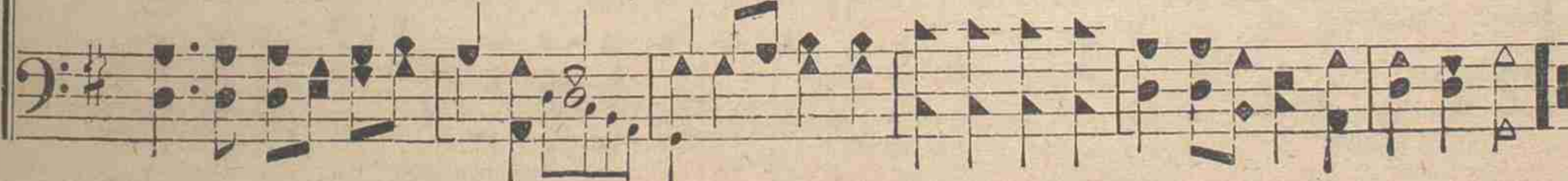
CHORUS.



world's Re-deem-er On that ho-ly mis-sion came. } Hail, the great E-man-ci-pa-tion!
 Son of Prom-ise, Died God's peo-ple to re-claim.
 les-tial ar-mies, Sing His praise e-ter-nal-ly.



Mil-lions of earth-bond-men freed, Come from ev'-ry clime and sta-tion, This for free-dom learn their need.



I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. When I a-wake in that sweet morn of morns, Af-ter whose dawn-ing night ne'er re-turns,
 2. When I shall meet with those I have lov'd, Clasp in my arms the long, long re-mov'd,
 3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with eyes no more dim,

REFRAIN.

And with whose glo-ry day ev-er burns, I shall be sat-is-fied.
 And find how faith-ful thou then hast prov'd, I shall be sat-is-fied.
 And praise Him with heav'n's deeps welling hymn, I shall be sat-is-fied. } I shall be sat-is-fied.

I shall be sat-is-fied When I a-wake in thy like-ness at last, I shall be sat-is-fied.

CLING TO JESUS.

3

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Cast thy burden on the Lord.—Ps. 55: 22.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Cling when the storm-cloud gath - ers, Cling in the sweet sun-shine, Cling in the howl - ing
 2. Cling when the buds are spring-ing, Cling when the li - lies bloom Cling when the Rose of
 3. Cling in the ear - ly morn - ing, Cling at the bright noon-tide,, Cling at the day's de -

CHORUS.



tem - pest, Cling to the Help - er di - vine. } Cling, cling to Je - sus, Cling, cling to Je - sus,
 Sha - ron Fills the whole earth with per-fume. }
 clin - ing, Cling to the dear Sav-iour's side. }



As you cross the riv - er To the glad for - ev - er, Cling, oh, cling to Je - sus.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1st. 2d.

1 { The new Je - rus'-lem! rap-tured seat! With Jas - per wall and throne,
With gate of pearl and gold - en street— Its.....tem - ple, God a - lone!

CHORUS.

O, gold - en cit - y, fair and bright, O, home of joy and love,
O, gold - en cit - y, fair and bright, so fair and bright, O, home of joy, sweet home of joy and love,

When shall I see thy ra-diant light, And dwell with Christ a - bove.
When shall I see thy ra-diant light, thy ra-diant light,

'Tis broad as long, with equal height,
And filled with mansions fair;
With God and Christ its life and light,
And spirit breath its air.

3 Its river pure with sparkling burst,
From throne of God its source,
Forever flows to slake the thirst,
With never-falling course.

4 On either side its crystal sheen
And 'mid the streets of gold,
The Tree of Life, with fadeless green,
Forever feeds the soul.

I'VE FOUND A JOY IN SORROW.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON.

J. H. TENNEY.

5



1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain, A beau - ti - ful to -
 2. I've found a glad ho - san - na For ev' - ry woe and wail, A hand - ful of sweet



- mor - row Of sun - shine aft - er rain; I've found a branch of heal - ing Near ev' - ry bit - ter
 man - na When grapes of Es - chol fail; I've found a Rock of A - ges When des - ert wells were



spring; A whispered promise steal - ing O'er ev' - ry bro - ken string.
 dry; And aft - er wea - ry sta - ges, I've found an E - lim nigh;

3 An Elim, with its coolness,
 Its fountains and its shade,
 A blessing in its fullness
 When buds of promise fade;
 O'er tears of soft contrition
 I've seen a rainbow light,
 A glory and fruition,
 So near, yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour! thee possessing,
 We have the joy, the balm,
 The healing and the blessing,
 The sunshine and the psalm,
 The promise for the fearful,
 The Elim for the saint,
 The rainbow for the tearful,
 The glory for the saint.

HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

With Vigor.


1. He has come, the Christ of God! Left for us his glad a-bode, Stoop-ing
 2. He has come, whose name of grace Speaks de-liv'-rance to our race, Left for
 3. Un-to us a Son is giv'n, He has come from God's own heav'n, Bring-ing

CHORUS.



from his throne of bliss, To this darksome wil-der-ness. He has come,..... the Prince of
 us his glad a-bode, Son of Ma-ry, Son of God. He has come,
 with him from a-bove Ho-ly peace and ho-ly love.



Peace, the Prince of Peace, Come to bid our sor-rows cease, Come to
 the Prince of Peace, Come to bid our sor-rows cease, to bid our sorrows cease, Come to

HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Concluded.

7

scat - ter with his light, Come to scat - ter with his light, All the shad - ows of our night.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It begins with a long, sweeping melodic line that descends. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with steady eighth-note patterns.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is spark - ling,

The musical score is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of two staves. The melody in the upper staff is composed of quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment using eighth notes.

D.S. Work, for the night is com - ing,
D.S.

Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

When man's work is done

This section continues the musical score in 4/4 time with the same key signature. It consists of two staves. The melody in the upper staff includes some triplet markings. The lower staff continues the accompaniment pattern.

2 Work, for the night is coming, work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor, rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming, when man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming, under the sunset skies;
While their brightest tints are glowing, work for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning, when man's work is o'er.

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Go - ing out with the fast ebb - ing tide; Go - ing out on an o - cean so wide;
 2. Go - ing out from the dark - ness and gloom, Go - ing in - to the bright - ness of noon;
 3. Go - ing out from the con - flict and strife, Go - ing near - er the "riv - er of life;"



FINE.

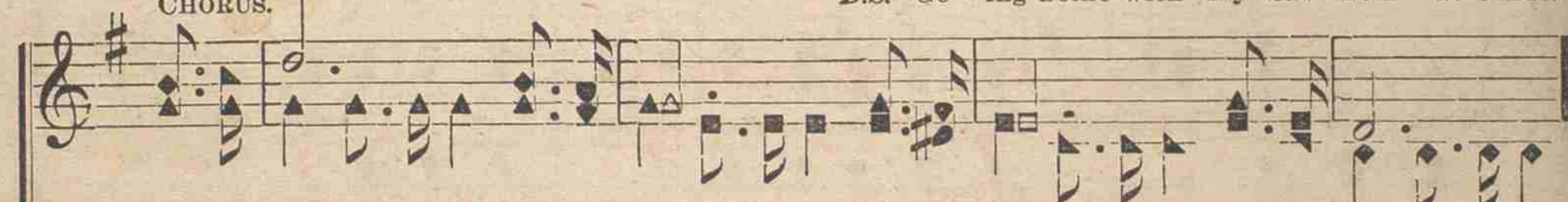


Go - ing out on e - ter - ni - ty's sea; Go - ing home with my Sav - iour to be.
 Go - ing out from the shad - ows of night, Go - ing in - to the man - sions of light.
 Go - ing where I his glo - ry may share, Go - ing up to my home, bright and fair.



CHORUS.

D.S. Go - ing home with my Sav - iour as Guide.



Go - ing out on the tide, on the fast ebb - ing tide,
 Go - ing out on the tide, go - ing out on the fast ebb - ing tide, on the fast ebb - ing tide,



GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE. Concluded.

9

D.S. al fine.

Go - ing out on an o - cean so wide, Go - ing out on the tide, on the tide,
wide, so wide, Go - ing out on the tide, on the fast ebb - ing tide.

FAR BEYOND.

J. T. HALL.

Slowly.

1. Far be - yond life's fit - ful fe - ver; Far be - yond this troubled dream; Far be - yond cold Jordan's
2. Far be - yond this world of sigh - ing; Far be - yond where tears are shed; Far be - yond the sick and
3. Bless - ed Sav - iour, help us dai - ly, While we're here on earth - ly ground; Help us walk in wisdom's

D.S.—Where the liv - ing live for -

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S. al fine.

riv - er, Far be - yond that sullen stream.
dy - ing, Far be - yond the mold'ring dead.
path - way, To that world that's far be - yond.

There we'll meet no more to sev - er, There we'll roam the golden shore,
- ev - er, And life's troubles come no more.

THE GOSPEL SHIP.

E. M. POORE.

1. Long the gos - pel ship's been sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore ; All who will set out for glo - ry,
 2. Thou sands she has safe - ly land - ed - Far be - yond this earth - ly shore ; Thousands now are sailing thith - er,
 3. Come, poor sin - ner, seek the Sav - iour ; Sail with us o'er life's rough sea ; Then with us you will be hap - py.

CHORUS.

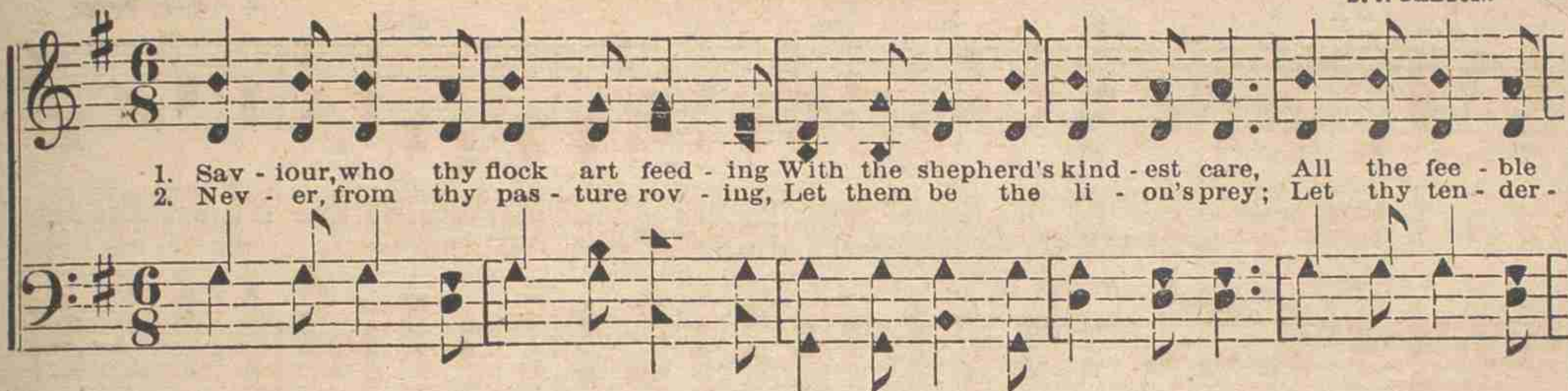
Come and wel - come, rich and poor !
 Yet there's room for thou - sands more. } "Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!" Hear the sail - ors
 Hap - py through e - ter - ni - ty.

loud - ly cry ; See the oliss - ful port of glo - ry O - pen to each faith - ful eye !

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

11

B. J. DALTON.



1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing With the shepherd's kind - est care, All the fee - ble
2. Nev - er, from thy pas - ture rov - ing, Let them be the li - on's prey; Let thy ten - der -



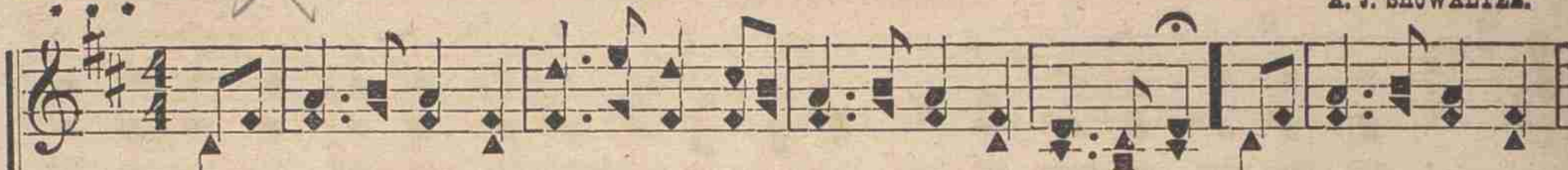
gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share;— Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing,
- ness, so lov - ing, Keep them all life's dan - gerous way. Then, with - in thy fold e - ter - nal,



Fold them in thy gra - cious arm; There we know, thy word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.
Let them find a rest - ing place, Feed in pas - tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of thy grace.

GOING HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the flow'rs that soon must die, A - mid our tears while
 2. We'll cling to Je - sus in the hour When sin and Sa - tan use their pow'r, And mur - mur not when
 3. No dy - ing groans shall there be heard, And we shall speak no part - ing word; O sin - ner, to the

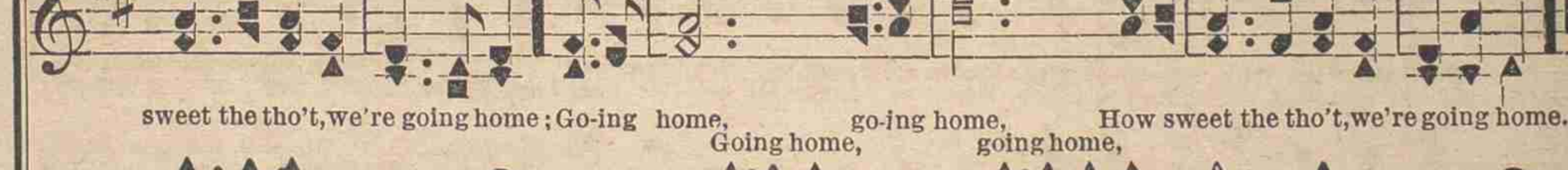
CHORUS.



here we roam, How sweet the tho't, we're go - ing home. Go - ing home, go - ing home, How
 sor - rows come, For by - and - by we're go - ing home. Go - ing home, go - ing home,
 Sav - iour come, And join the band that's go - ing home.



sweet the tho't, we're going home; Go - ing home, go - ing home, How sweet the tho't, we're going home.
 Going home, going home,



COMING AGAIN.

JOSEPH B. MOON. 13



1. O - ver the val - leys, hill - tops and mount - ains, Rings out the shout from wood - land and plain;
 2. Cheer - ing each pil - grim, way - worn and wea - ry, No more we hear him fret or com - plain;
 3. Com - ing to take us o - ver the riv - er, Where we shall sing of Him who was slain;



Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fount - ains, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 Bright is the way that once was so drear - y, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 Glad - ly then sing his prais - es for - ev - er, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.

D.S. Shout it a - loud, ye isles of the o - cean, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.

CHORUS.



Com - ing a - gain, Oh, glo - ri - ous the tid - ings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain!

D.S.

THE NEW SONG.

JNO. B. SWENEY, Mus. Doc.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing When my heart was as blithe as a bird..... in Spring;
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din..... of strife;
 3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra - cious Mas - ter hath made..... me glad?



But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the dark-ness here.
 But I know of a home that is wond-rous fair, And I sing the psalm they are sing-ing there.
 When he points where the ma - ny bright man-sions be, And sweet - ly says, "there is one for thee?"

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Oh, the new, new song, Oh, the new, new song, I can
 Oh, the new, new song, new song, Oh, the new, new song, new song,



From "GEMS OF PRAISE," by per.

THE NEW SONG. Concluded.

15

sing I can sing it now With the ran - som'd throng: Pow-er and do-
 it now, just now, With the ransom'd, the ransom'd throng:

- min - ion to Him... that shall reign; that shall reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

S. F. SMITH, D.D.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Ye wand'ers, come: Oh ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 2. To - day the Sav - iour calls; Oh, hear him now: With in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
 3. To - day the Sav - iour calls; For ref - uge fly: The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to his pow'r; Oh, grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

BEAUTIFUL ARE THE STREETS OF GOLD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

And the street of the city was pure gold.—REV. 21: 21.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Beau - ti - ful are the streets of gold, Sweet - er the joy than can be told; Pure and am -
 2. Beau - ti - ful are the forms we love, Roam - ing the vast do - mains a - bove; Beau - ti - ful
 3. Beau - ti - ful is the gold - en gleam, Beau - ti - ful is life's crys - tal stream, Beau - ti - ful

Rit. - - - CHORUS.

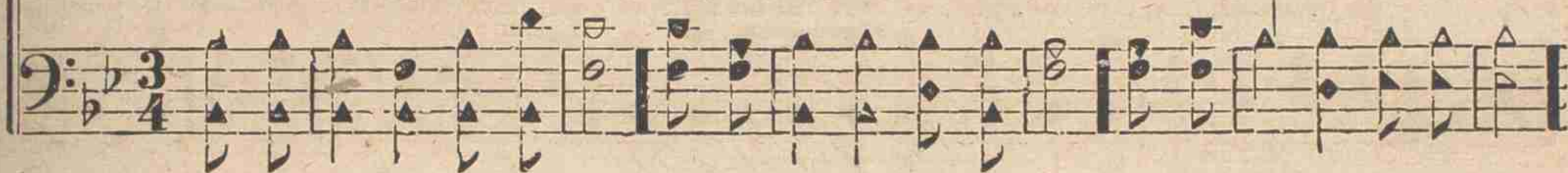
- bro - sial is the air, But bet - ter than all, Je - sus is there. Je - sus is
 are the robes they wear, But bet - ter than all, Je - sus is there.
 are the man - sions fair, But bet - ter than all, Je - sus is there.

Rit. - - -

there, Je - sus is there, Yes, bet - ter than all, Je - sus is there.
 Je - sus is there, Je - sus is there,



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the bil-lows round me roll,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone,



While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the
 Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on thee is stayed; All my



storm of life be passed! Safe in - to the ha - ven guide! Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.



OVER ON THE HILLS OF GLORY.

J. E. MORCE.

1. Look, ye saints, and see the light, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, Lo! the dawn is breaking bright,
 2. We shall meet on that bright shore, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, Meet with loved ones gone be - fore,
 3. We shall see our Sav-iour there, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, And a crown of life shall wear,
 4. Oh, the rest will be so sweet, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, When our jour-ney is complete,

CHORUS.

O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.
 O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.
 O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.
 O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.

Tho' our feet have wea - ry grown, In the des - ert -
 - path rock-strown, We shall walk no more a - lone, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.

From "ECHOES OF EDEN," by per. of E. O. EXCELL.

AMAZING GRACE.

19

Arranged by . . .



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me; I
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved; How
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, tolls and snares, I have al - rea - dy come; 'Twas

CHORUS.



once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see. } Home, home, sweet home,
 pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved. }
 grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home. }



Heav-en, it is my home; Home, home, sweet home, Heav-en, it is my home.

WE'RE NEARING THE GOLDEN SHORE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. A joy-ful song we'll sing to-day,
 2. We hear the mu-sic of the band,
 3. Loud swell our praise in grateful song,

We're nearing the golden shore: { The light we see not far a-way,
 The friends are waiting on the strand,
 To God the notes of praise be-long, } We're

nearing the gold-en shore: { Thro' foam-capped waves our bark has sailed, And stormy winds have oft prevailed, But
 The bil-lows all are safe-ly past, Thro' smoothest sea we're sail-ing fast, And
 Thro' strength divine we're onward press'd, And grace has made us tru-ly blest; And

CHORUS.

Christ, the helmsman, ne'er has failed: }
 soon the an-chor will be cast: } We're nearing the golden shore. Then sing! re-joice and sing! The
 in His home we soon shall rest: }

WE'RE NEARING THE GOLDEN SHORE. Concluded.

21

light is streaming o'er, Our home is in sight, and with glad delight—We're nearing the gold-en shore.

OPEN NOW THE DOOR.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”—REV. 3: 20.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Don't keep Je - sus wait-ing, Wait-ing at the door; Oft He knock-eth soft - ly, Soft - ly ev - er - more.
 2. Don't keep Je - sus wait-ing, Wait-ing at the door; He will bear you gen - tly, Gen - tly ev - er - more.
 3. Don't keep Je - sus wait-ing, Wait-ing at the door; He will be your Sav - iour, E - ven ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Hear him now and o - pen. Hear him, I im - plore; Hear him now and o - pen, O - pen now the door.

PRAISE THE LORD.

FRANCIS M. DAVIS.

"I will praise Thee with my whole heart."—Ps. 133: 1.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, { 1. Glad ex - ult - ing voic - es with an - gels sing, }
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, { 2. Bless his ho - ly name all that live and move, }
 { 3. For the great sal - va - tion to men he brings, }

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, { O sing prais - es to our God and King. }
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, { Sing ho - san - na to the God of love. }
 { O sing prais - es to the King of kings. }

The hills and vales, the lakes and plains, Praise the Lord. Re - peat the ech - o, Je - sus reigns,
 The tes - ti - mo - nies ev - er sure, His count - less mer - cies shall en - dure.
 He gained the vict' - ry o - ver death, Praise the Lord, O praise him with your lat - est breath, Praise the Lord,

PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.

23

D.C.



Praise the Lord,..... praise the Lord, { The King of earth and heav'n a - dore.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, { Let all the sons of earth re - joice.
Let heav'n and earth with prais - es ring.

BLESS ME NOW.

Arr. from ASA HULL.



1. A - - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my sov' - reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
D.C. CHORUS. Oh, bless me now, oh, bless me now, I want to love thee more,
Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died For me, the crea - ture's sin.
Un - less thou turn and bless me now, I will not let thee go.

BLESSED HOME.

J. E. BIGBIM



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



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

CHORUS.



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

BLESSED HOME. Concluded

25

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

SUBMISSION. L. M.

Rev. B. F. BRIGHT.

1. Here, at thy cross, in car - nate God, I lay my soul be - neath thy love,
2. Should worlds con - spire to drive me hence, More - less and firm this heart should lie!
3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear: Am I not safe be - neath thy shade?

Be - neath the drop - pings of thy blood, Je - sus, nor shall it e'er re - move.
Re - solved, for that's my last de - fence, If I must per - ish, here to die.
Thy ven - geance will not strike me here, Nor Sa - tan dare my soul in - vade.

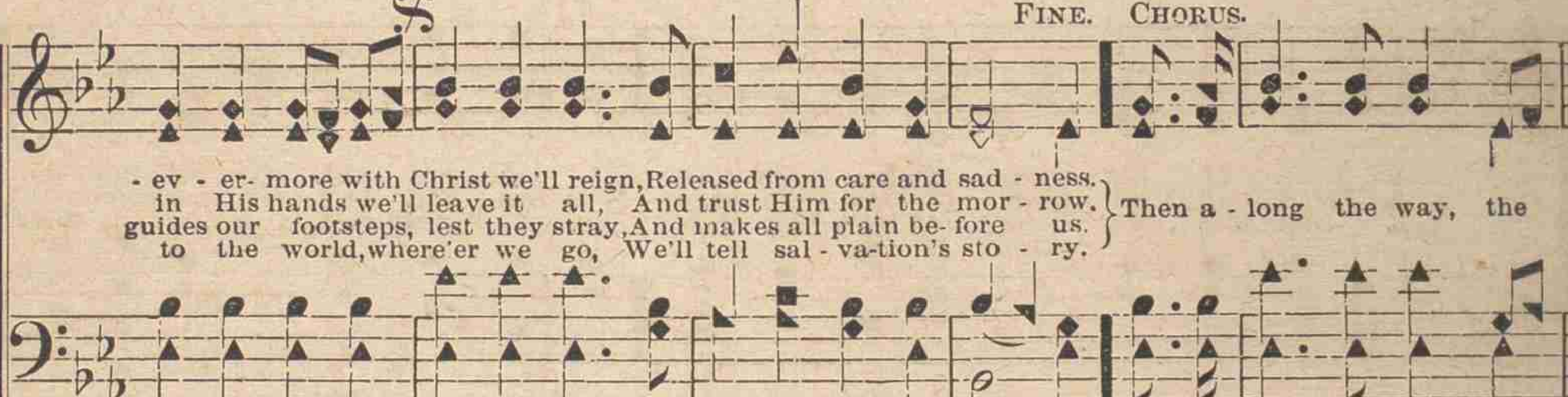
SINGING ON THE WAY

M. E. SERVOS. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35: 10. JNO. B. SWENEY.



1. We will sweet - ly sing on the gold - en shore, Where all is joy and glad - ness; For -
 2. We are sure our Fa - ther knows all our need, Each heart - ache, pain, and sor - row; So
 3. We will sing of Je - sus, our Sav - iour - King, Whose wondrous love is o'er us; Who
 4. We will sing of heav - en, — our home a - bove, With all its joy and glo - ry; And

FINE. CHORUS.



- ev - er - more with Christ we'll reign, Released from care and sad - ness.
 in His hands we'll leave it all, And trust Him for the mor - row.
 guides our footsteps, lest they stray, And makes all plain be - fore us. } Then a - long the way, the
 to the world, where'er we go, We'll tell sal - va - tion's sto - ry.

D.S.—as we go, And en - ter Zi - on sing - ing. D.S. al fine.



Lord's high - way, With voi - ces clear and ring ing, We'll shout ho - san - na

From "CROWNING TRIUMPH" by per.

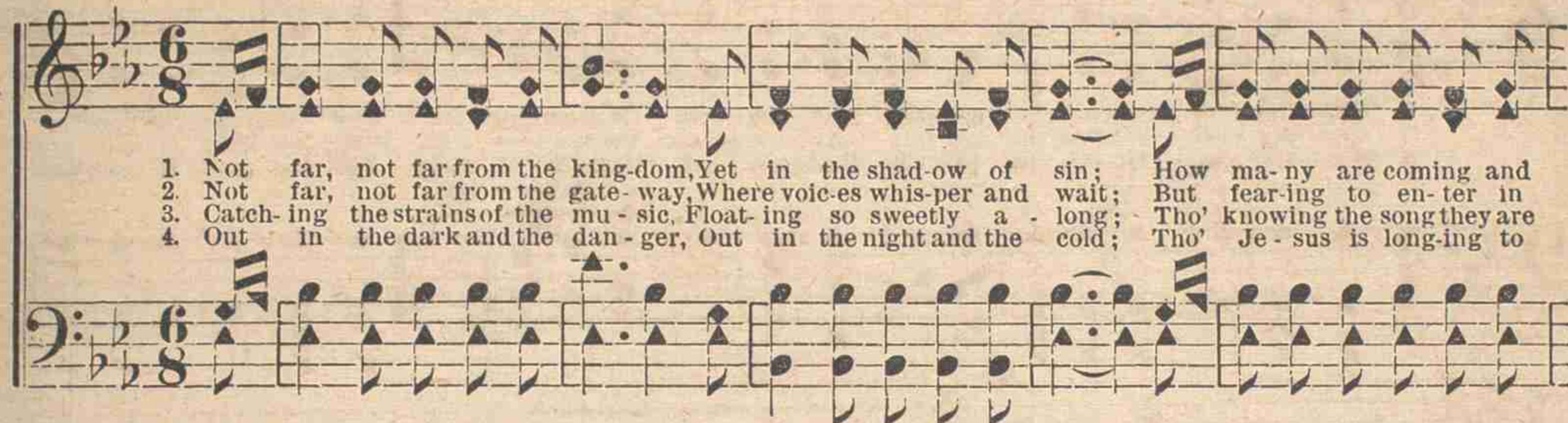
NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

27

English.

"Now is the day of salvation."—2 COR. 6: 2.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin; How ma-ny are coming and
 2. Not far, not far from the gate-way, Where voic-es whis-per and wait; But fear-ing to en-ter in
 3. Catch-ing the strains of the mu-sic, Float-ing so sweetly a-long; Tho' knowing the song they are
 4. Out in the dark and the dan-ger, Out in the night and the cold; Tho' Je-sus is long-ing to

CHORUS.



go-ing, How few are en-ter-ing in.
 bold-ly, They lin-ger still at the gate.
 sing-ing, Yet join-ing not in their song.
 lead them So kind-ly in-to the fold.

Not far, not far from the king-dom, Yet



ling'-ring still at the gate-way; Oh, wait not to get near-er, But en-ter while you may.

NEARER HOME.

JOSEPH B. MOON.



1. O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is draw-ing on, Slow-ly drops the gen-tle
 2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or. As he glides the wa-ters o'er, While the light is soft-ly
 3. Worn and wea-ry, oft, the pil-grim Hails the set-ting of the sun; For the goal is one day



twi-light, For an-oth-er day is gone. Gone for aye, its race is o-ver; Soon the
 dy-ing, On his dis-tant na-tive shore. Thus the chris-tian on life's o-cean, As his
 near-er, And his jour-ney near-ly done. Thus we feel, when o'er life's des-ert, Heart and



FINE.



dark-er shades will come. Still 'tis sweet to know at e-ven, We are one day near-er home.
 light boat cuts the foam, In the eve-ning cries with rap-ture, "I am one day near-er home."
 san-dal worn we roam, As the twi-light gath-ers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.



D.S.— Oh. 'tis sweet to know at e-ven, We are one day near-er home.

NEARER HOME. Concluded.

29

CHORUS.

D.S.

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

Rev. G. A. LOFTON, D.D.

O LORD, I COME TO THEE.

...

1. O Lord, I come to thee—Thy blood was shed for me, A lit - tle child; My soul from
2. For once a child wast thou, And chil-dren lov - est now, Though sin - ful grown; Who ear - ly
3. By grace I'm saved se - cure, And grace will keep me pure, And meek and mild; But guard my
4. Of yore, thy bo - som blessed The lambs thou gen - tly pressed, With ten - der care; Thy Fa - ther's

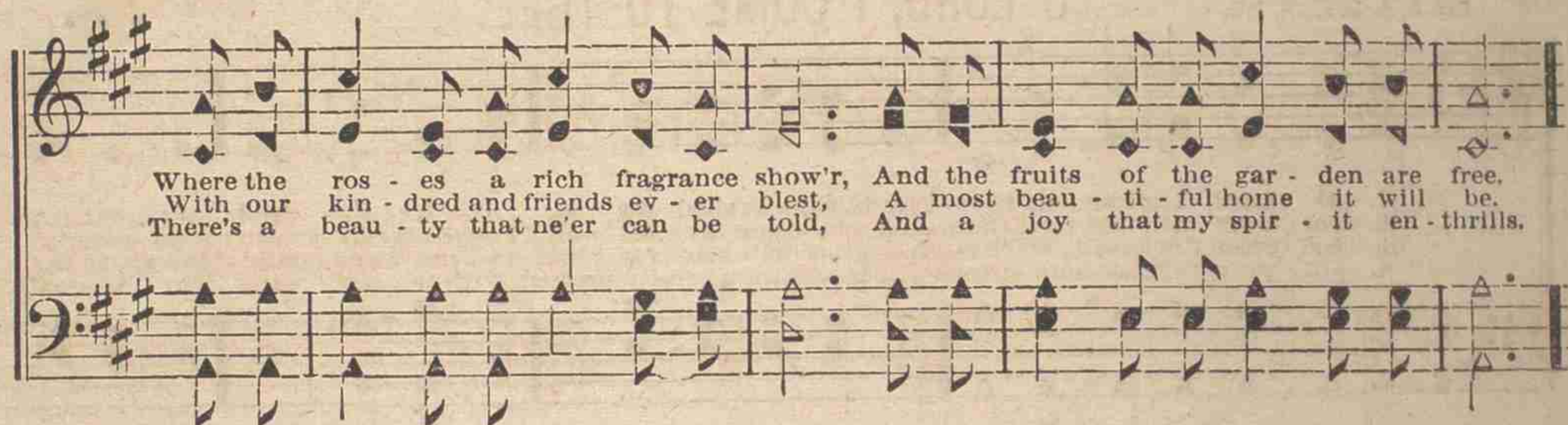
earth would part, O, take and cleanse my heart, O, take and cleanse my heart, By sin de - filed.
learns thy rest, Will ev - er love Thee best, Will ev - er love Thee best, And ser - vice own.
hands and feet, My heart from sin's de - ceit, My heart from sin's de - ceit, A lit - tle child.
face a - bove, Our an - gels see in love, Our an - gels see in love, Who guard us here.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

J. L. SNIPES.



1. There's a home in a beau - ti - ful bow'r, By the side of the pure crys - tal sea,
 2. There's a home which the ten - der - est love, Hath cre - a - ted and fur - nished a - new,
 3. There's a home where the streets are of gold, And I'm press - ing a - long o'er the hills,



Where the ros - es a rich fragrance show'r, And the fruits of the gar - den are free,
 With our kin - dred and friends ev - er blest, A most beau - ti - ful home it will be.
 There's a beau - ty that ne'er can be told, And a joy that my spir - it en - thrills.

CHORUS.



In that home, we shall rest, And the Sav - iour we love we shall see, glad - ly see;
 glorious home, ev - er rest,

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

31

With our kin - dred and friends ev - er blest, ev - er blest, A most beau - ti - ful home it will be.

E. A. H.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love, surpass - ing knowledge! O grace, so full and free! D.S. I know that Je - sus saves me, And }
 2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free! D.S. I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And }
 3. O blood of Christ, so prec - ious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry! D.S. I feel its cleansing pow - er, And }

FINE.

D.S.

that's e - nough for me. And that's e - nough for me, Oh, that's e - nough for me;

NO MORE GOOD-BYES.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where life's crys - tal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no
 2. There the good a - gain shall meet, Who have clasp'd the part - ing hand; Fa - thers,
 3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more, Where no

chill - ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet - ly bloom; Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro'
 moth - ers, chil - dren dear, A - round the throne shall stand; There no tem - pests e'er shall blow, There no
 sick - ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r; Where they feel no weight of care, And no

all the cloud - less skies, There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.
 dis - mal cloud a - rise, And in that e - ter - nal home, Shall be no more good - byes.
 tears be - dim the eyes, All the good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good - byes.

From "Grateful Praise," by permission of Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati, Ohio.

NO MORE GOOD-BYES. Concluded.

33

CHORUS.

No more good - byes,..... no more good - byes..... O bless - ed
 No more good-byes, no more good-byes,

- thought!..... No more good - byes; 'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that
 O, bless-ed thought!

home be - yond the skies, Where the end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.

WE SHALL KNOW.

J. H. ANDERSON, by per.



1. When the mists have roll'd in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the
 2. If we err in hu - man blind - ness, And for - get that we are dust, If we
 3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to




sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter In the
 miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snow - y wings of peace shall cov - er All the
 face with those that love us *We shall know as we are known;* Low, be - yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the




rain - bow of the spray, We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have clear'd a - way.
 plain that hides a - way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.
 gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shad - ows, Till the mists have clear'd a - way.



WE SHALL KNOW.—Concluded.

35

REFRAIN.



We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev-er - more..... to walk a - lone, In the
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,




dawn - - - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a - way; In the
In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away;




dawn - - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a - way, Rit.
In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away.



ONLY REMEMBERED.

And they judged every man according to his works.—REV. 20: 13.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Up and a-way! like the dew of the morning, Soar-ing from earth to its home in the sun,—
 2. Up and a-way! like the o - dors of sun - set, Sweet'ning the twi-light as dark-ness comes on,
 3. Need I be miss'd if an - oth - er succeeds me, Reap-ing those fields which in spring I have sown?



So let me steal a - way, gen - tly and lov - ing - ly, On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done.
 So let me pass a - way, peace-ful - ly, si - lent - ly, On - ly re-mem-bered by what I have done.
 Who plow'd or sow'd is not miss'd by the har-vest-er, But he's re-mem-bered by what he has done.

CHORUS.



On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what I have done; what I have done.
 LAST VERSE. On - ly remembered, on - ly remembered, On - ly remembered by what he has done; what he has done.

JUST BEYOND THE DARKSOME VALLEY.

C. T. S.

C. T. SPRADLEY.

37



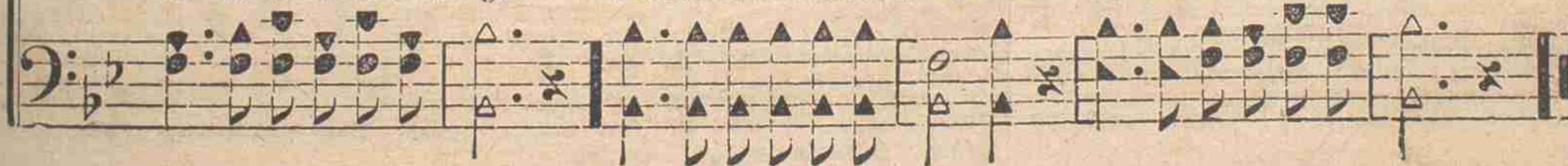
1. Just be-yond the darksome val - ley, Lies the heav'nly cit - y fair, And the streets thereof are
2. Just be-yond the darksome val - ley, Near the pearl-y gates doth stand, An - gels waiting who will
3. Just be-yond the darksome val - ley, In that cit - y bright and fair, With its crys-tal fountains



gold - en, And we've loved ones o - ver there. Je - sus Christ, our bless - ed Sav - iour,
wel - come Us to that blest, hap - py land. Hear them sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry,
flow - ing, We shall dwell for - ev - er there. Glo - ry, Hon - or, Wis - dom, Pow - er,



Pleads for sinners such as we— At a throne of mercy plead-ing, Lord, I pray thee, plead for me.
Glo - ry to the Lord on high; And with them we'll sing forev - er, In that land beyond the sky.
Be un-to the Lord on high! We shall meet with all our loved ones In that land beyond the sky.



SOME DAY.—Duet and Chorus.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

"And they sing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb."—REV. 15: 3.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Duet. *Slowly, and with expression.*

1. I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re -
 2. Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heav - en
 3. Some day, I say, con - tent to wait The ope - ning of the Jas - per

cres.
 - peat, Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing say I'll sing it if God wills some day.
 won, And when the long rough way is trod I shall be - hold the face of God.
 gate, Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.

CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - - - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o -
 Some hap - py day, a day to be, My voice will learn its

From "CAROLS OF JOY," by per

SOME DAY. Concluded.

39

cres. *ritard.*

- dy, And I shall sing the song so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je - sus' feet.

mel - o - dy,

COME TO-DAY.

S. J. DALTON.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev' - ry soul be Je - sus' guest;
 2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all;
 3. Come all ye souls by sin oppressed, Ye rest - less wand'ers aft - er rest,

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all mankind.
 Come, all the world! come, sin - ner, thou; All things in Christ are rea - dy now.
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart - y wel - come find.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

EMMA STURTEVANT.

On earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE 2: 14.

GEO. BAKER.



1. On a bless - ed Christ-mas night Eighteen hun-dred years a - gone, Came the Lord of Life and Light—
 2. Bend-ing low with joy - ful fear, Shepherds knelt with one ac-cord; Sa - ges from a - far drew near To
 3. Bless-ed be the old and gray, Wait-ing for God's har-vest time; Bless-ed be the young and gay



Came to earth God's Bless - ed Son.
 view the dear face of their Lord.
 Through life's ev - ry Christ - mas time;

Then the ho - ly an - gels sang, Sang a - bove the
 Bless - ed be the Christ - mas - tide, Bless - ed be the
 Till with heav - en's white-robed throng, And with an - gels'



Christ-child's head, Then the glo - ry an thems rang,—
 dy - ing year, When our pass - ing joys a - bide,
 sweet ac - cord, We shall sing the Christmas song

Rang a - bove his man - ger bed.
 Bless - ed be the draw - ing near.
 In the pres-ence of our Lord.



CHRISTMAS CAROL. Concluded.

41

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God in the high - est! Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God most high!

Peace, peace on earth, good will, good will to men. Glo - ry be to God in the high - est!

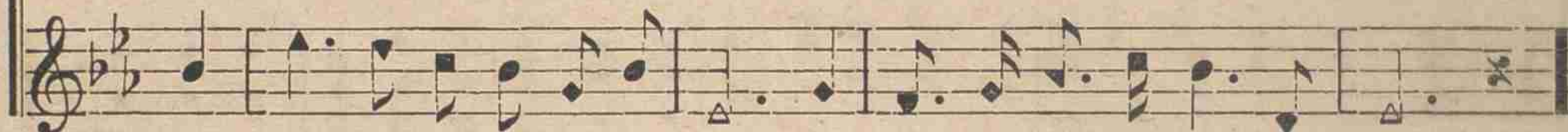
Glo - ry be to God most high, and on earth Peace, peace on earth, good will, Good will to men.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. A - gain has mer - ry Christ - mas come, And brought her an - nual Christmas tree
 2. A sis - ter's love will nev - er end, Of this the tree true wit - ness bears;
 3. And broth - ers, too, have decked this tree, At their command the branches nod;



To glad - den many a hum - ble home, And fill the chil - dren's hearts with glee.
 And wis - dom sees its branches bend Be - neath the bur - den of her pray'rs.
 And in it all the wise can see The good - ness of a faith - ful God.

CHORUS.



Ring, sweet bells, Ring, sweet bells, Let joyous strains peal forth again, Let
 Ring, sweet bells, oh, ring a - gain, Ring, sweet bells, oh, ring a - gain,

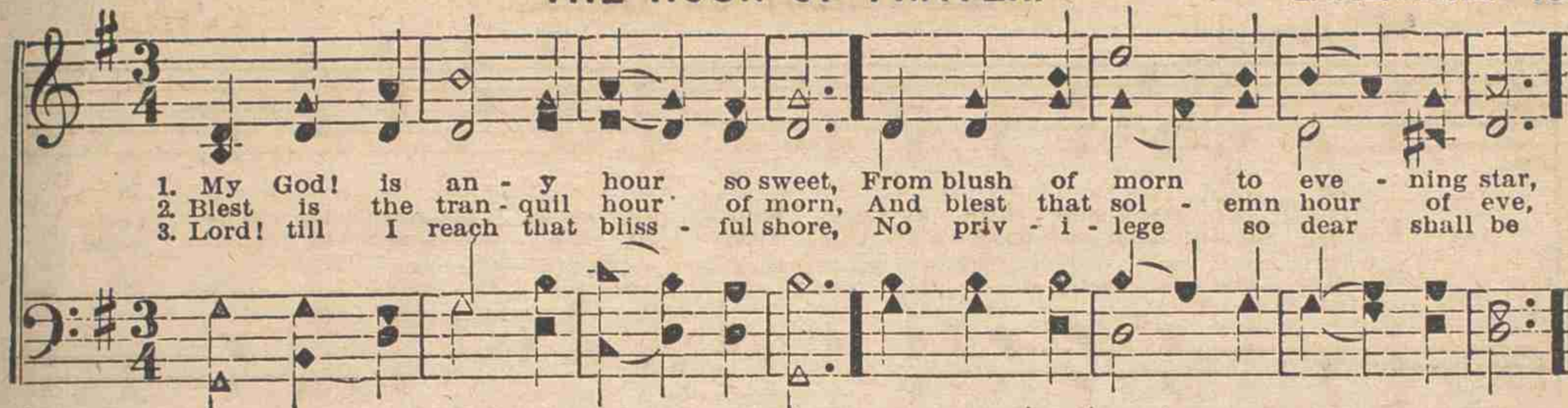


mu - sic sweet - ly flow, As on the plains of Beth - le - hem, Ho - san - nas ev - er - more.

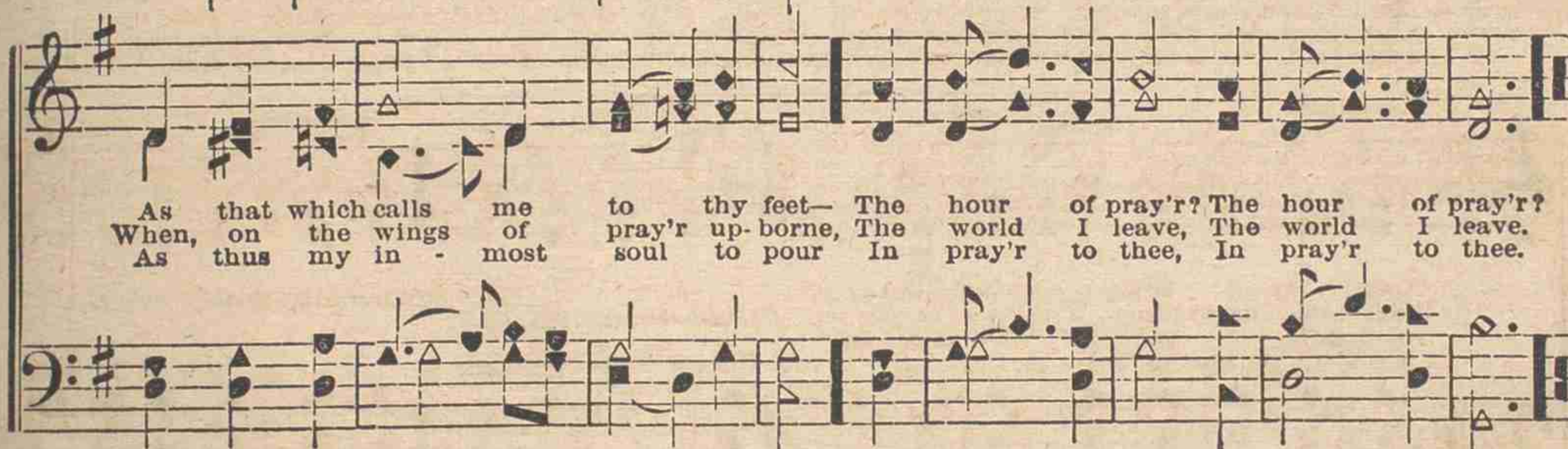


THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

A. J. SHOWALTER. 43



1. My God! is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star,
 2. Blest is the tran - quill hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve,
 3. Lord! till I reach that bliss - ful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall be



As that which calls me to thy feet— The hour of pray'r? The hour of pray'r?
 When, on the wings of pray'r up-borne, The world I leave, The world I leave.
 As thus my in - most soul to pour In pray'r to thee, In pray'r to thee.

LAMB OF GOD.

J. H. HARBIN.



1. Lamb of God, I look to thee; Thou shalt my example be; Thou art gentle meek and mild; Thou wast once a little child.
 2. Fain I would be as thou art; Give me thy obedient heart! Thou art pitiful and kind; Let me have thy loving mind.
 3. Loving Jesus gentle Lamb, In thy gracious hands I am: Make me, Saviour, what thou art! Live thyself within my heart.

THE FEAST OF LOVE.

G. R. STREET.

♩ Not too fast.

1. { Child of sor - row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es -
 Hu - man strength is weak and vain, Let not sin its pow'r re - gain, Hum - bly
 2. { Pain - ful days, and months, and years, Gloom - y doubts, dis - tract - ing fears, In this
 But the Lord will lead us on, He will nev - er leave his own, Till we

D.S.—To en - joy the feast of love, That the Sa - viour from a - bove, Has pre -

1st time. 2nd time. FINE. CHORUS.

-cape from ev' - ry snare? Trust in God; We'll be there,
 ask and help ob - tain From thy God,
 dark-some vale of tears, We may see;
 reach the shin - ing throne, Safe - ly there. we'll be there,

par'd for those who prove Wor - thy there. D.S.

we'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo - ry calls us, We'll be there, we'll be there,

From "New Starry Crown," by per.

OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

45



1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden not your
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be
3. Our Lord in pit - y ling-ers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite? Renounce at once thy stubborn
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus-ed none Who would to him their souls u-nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is



CHORUS.

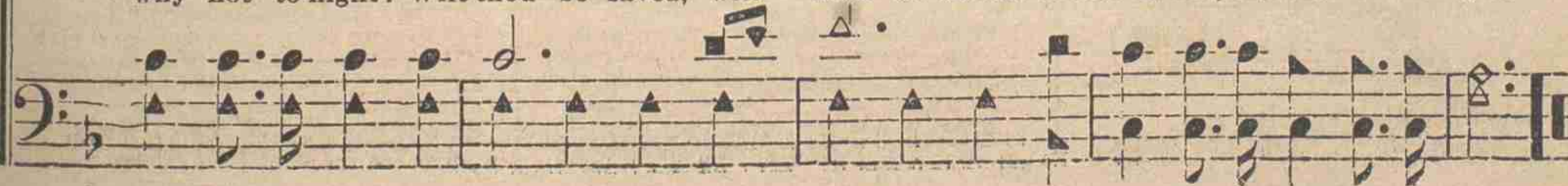


heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?



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



Revised

What a Friend.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Nothing but the Blood.



1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHORUS.

Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my cleansing this I see,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

For my pardon this my plea,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

I am Coming to the Cross.



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

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary.
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine for evermore.

Come, Thou Fount.



1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;

Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

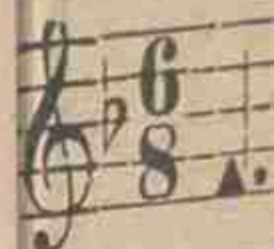
The Voice of Jesus.



1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto to me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; (vived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in the light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.



In God I have
Where I can
No refuge nor
And here I

Oh, what c
As my soul
I am safe fr
While und

I dread not the
No arrow can
His shadow ha
My fears he

The pestilence
When darkn
Can never cor
The presence

The wasting de
No fearful fo
With Jesus my
His perfect s

A thousand m
Ten thousan
Above me his
Beneath the

Nearer, M



1 Nearer, my
Nearer

Under His Wings.



- 1 In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

CHORUS.

Oh, what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings:
I am safe from all danger
While under his wings.

- 2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.
- 3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.
- 4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.
- 5 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand upon my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.



- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Jesus Will Let You In.



- 1 Come to our Father's house,
Come, ere the day be gone;
Tempests are gath'ring fast,
Darkness is coming on.

CHORUS.

Fly, for the tempest is coming,
Sweeping the fields of sin!
Knock at the portals of mercy,
Jesus will let you in.

- 2 Look at the weary way;
Look where thy feet have trod;
Finding no rest nor peace,
Wand'ring away from God.

- 3 Darker thy pathway grows,
Soon will the night come down;
Fiercely the lightnings flash,
Darker the tempests frown.

- 4 Fly from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life to-day;
Fly to thy Father's house,
Enter the narrow way.

- 5 Here will thy soul find rest,
Safe from each angry blast;
Here find a perfect peace,—
Joys that forever last.

Come to the Saviour.



- 1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in his word He's shown us the
way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-
day,
Tenderly saying, "Come."

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and
free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with
thee,
In our eternal home.

- 2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his
voice;
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now his blest commands, and
obey;
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come!"

INDEX

A.	PAGE	H.	PAGE	P.	PAGE
Amazing Grace.....	19	He has come.....	6	Praise the Lord.....	22
B.		I.		S.	
Beautiful streets of Gold.....	16	I shall be satisfied.....	2	Submission.....	25
Blessed Home.....	24	I've found a Joy in Sorrow.....	5	Singing on the way.....	26
		I am coming to the Cross.....	47	Some Day.....	38
C.		J.		T.	
Cling to Jesus.....	3	Just Beyond.....	37	The Gospel Ship.....	10
Coming Again.....	13	Jesus will let you in.....	46	The Good Shepherd.....	11
Come to-day.....	39			The New Song.....	14
Christmas Tree.....	42	L.		To-day the Saviour calls.....	15
Come, Thou Fount.....	47	Lamb of God.....	43	The Beautiful Home.....	30
Come to the Saviour.....	47			Take me Home.....	35
Christmas Carol.....	48	N.		The Hour of Prayer.....	43
		New Jerusalem.....	4	The Feast of Love.....	44
D.		Not far from the Kingdom.....	27	The Voice of Jesus.....	47
Don't keep Jesus waiting.....	21	Nearer Home.....	28		
		No more Good-byes.....	32	U.	
E.		Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	47	Under His Wings.....	46
Enough for Me.....	31	Nothing but the Blood of Jesus... 46			
F.		O.		W.	
Far Beyond.....	9	Olio.....	17	Work for the night is coming.....	7
		Over on the hills of Glory.....	18	We're nearing the Golden Shore... 20	
G.		O bless Me now.....	23	What a Friend we have in Jesus.. 46	
Good Tidings.....	1	O Lord, I come to Thee.....	29	When He comes to gather up	
Going out with the tide.....	8	Only Remembered.....	36	His jewels.....	34
Going Home.....	12	Oh, why not to-night.....	45		

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