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SEARCH-LIGHT SONGS

. . . BY . . .

R. H. CORNELIUS.

PUBLISHED BY

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THE SONG TEMPLE

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER, J. D. PATTON

R. H. CORNELIUS & J. M. BOWMAN.

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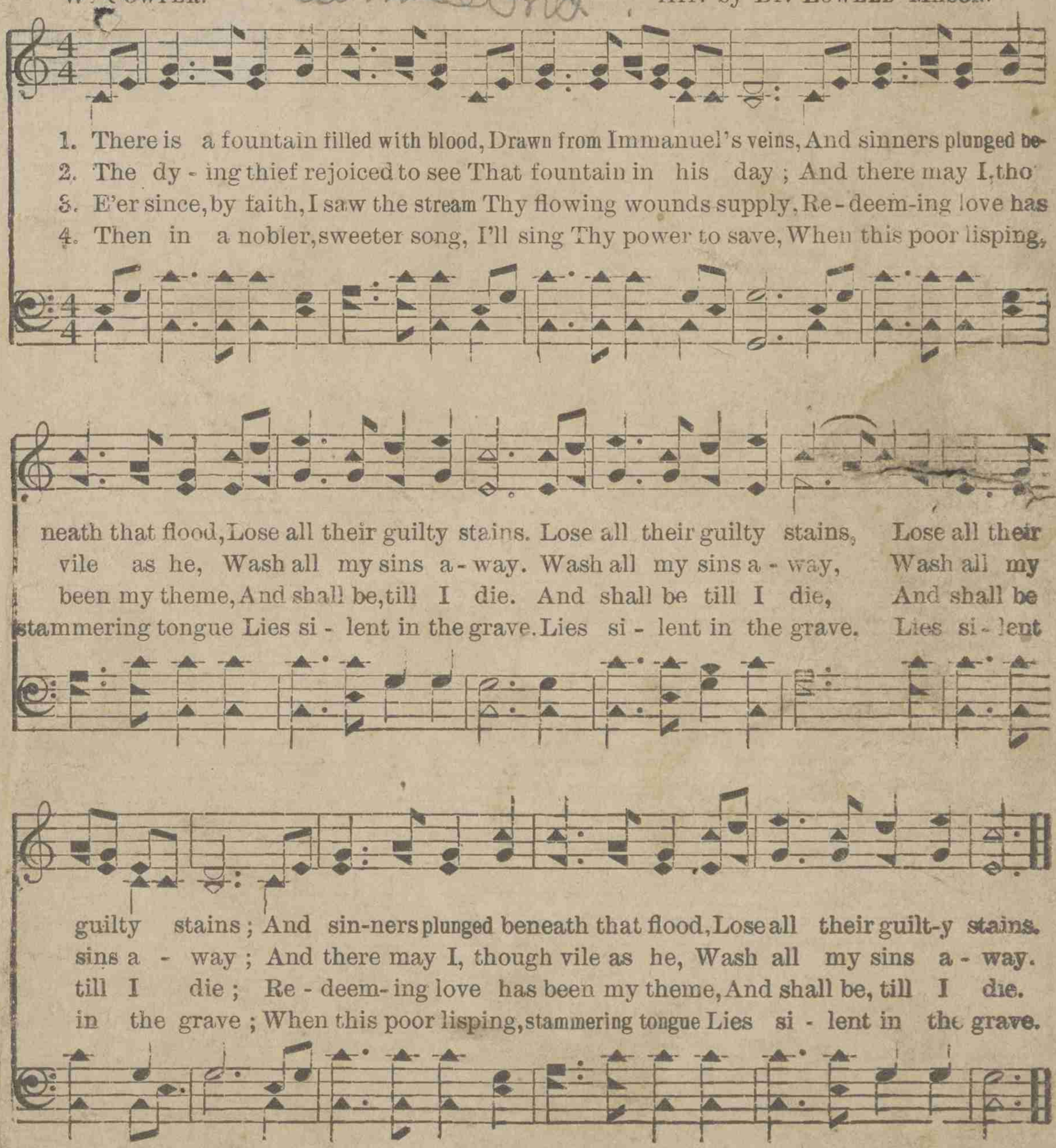
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S. S. at old M. E. Church

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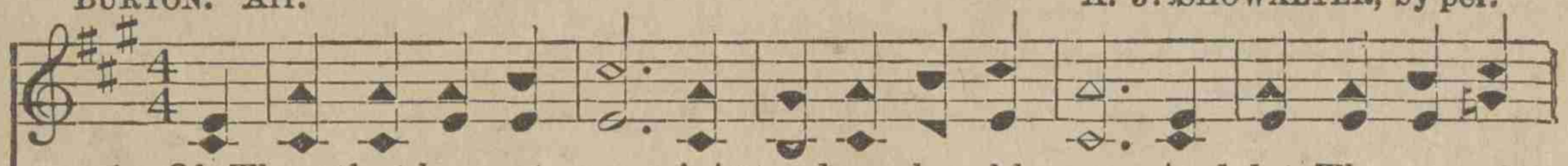
No. 1. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

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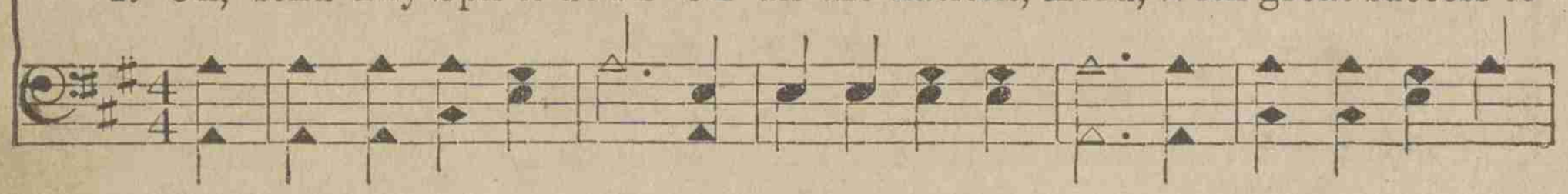


No. 2. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.
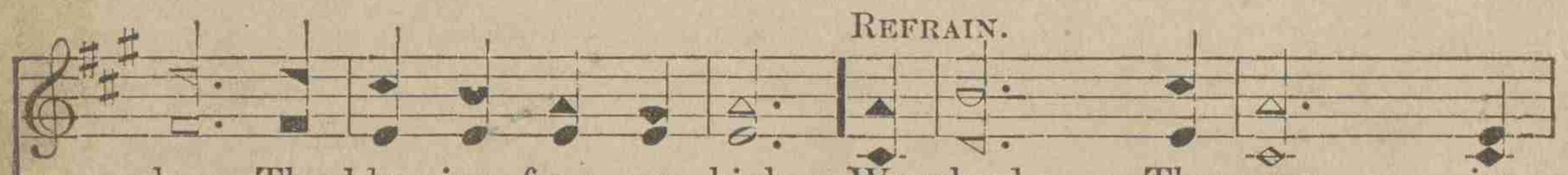
BURTON. Arr. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



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

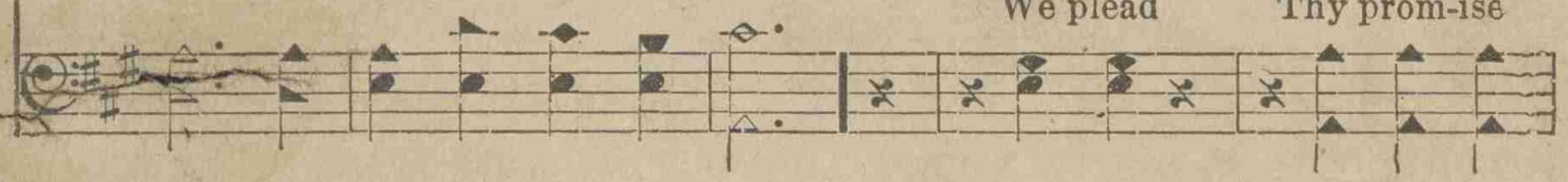


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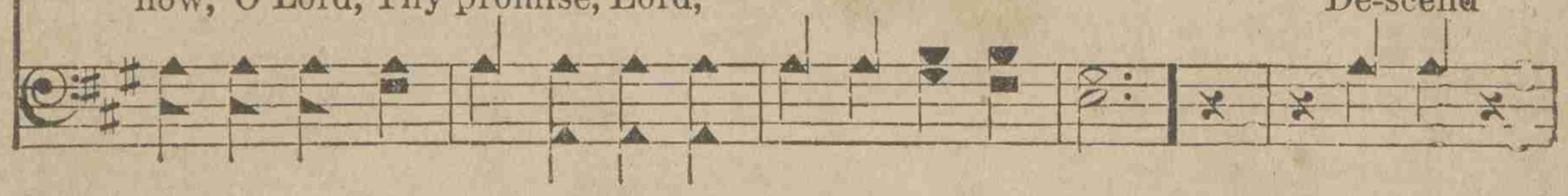


share Thy bless-ing from on high. We plead Thy prom - ise
cere, Their children's wants sup-ply.
now De-scend and fill the place.
crown The teach-ing of Thy word.
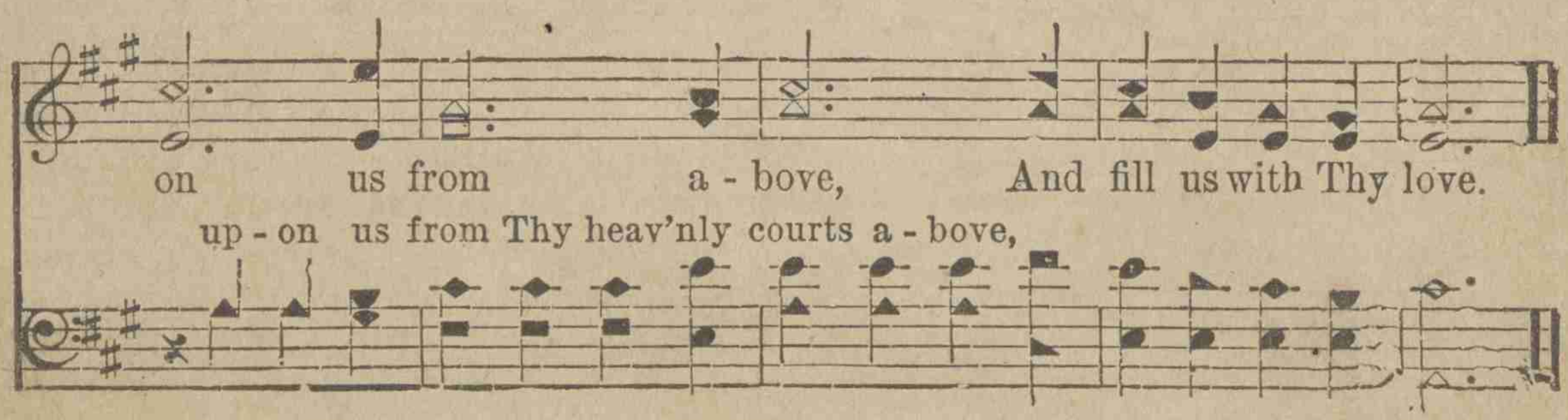
We plead Thy prom-ise



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. 3. HELP ME, LORD, TO HELP SOME OTHER.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Praise the Lord for His sal-va-tion, I am ful-ly saved today; And I want to work for Je-sus, Help- ing oth-ers in the way. Help me, Lord, . . to help some oth - er, Who may fal - ter by the way; Help me,
2. Where some heart is bowed in sorrow, May I help to dry some tear; Wait-ing not un- til the mor-row, But to-day give someone cheer.
3. Where some souls from Thee are straying, On the mountains wild and cold, Working for and with them praying, May I win them to Thy fold.
4. When life's harvest time is ended, May I have some sheaves for Thee; Then I will, when I've as-cended, Praise Thee thro' e-ter-ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

Help me, Lord, help some other, who may fal - ter by the way;

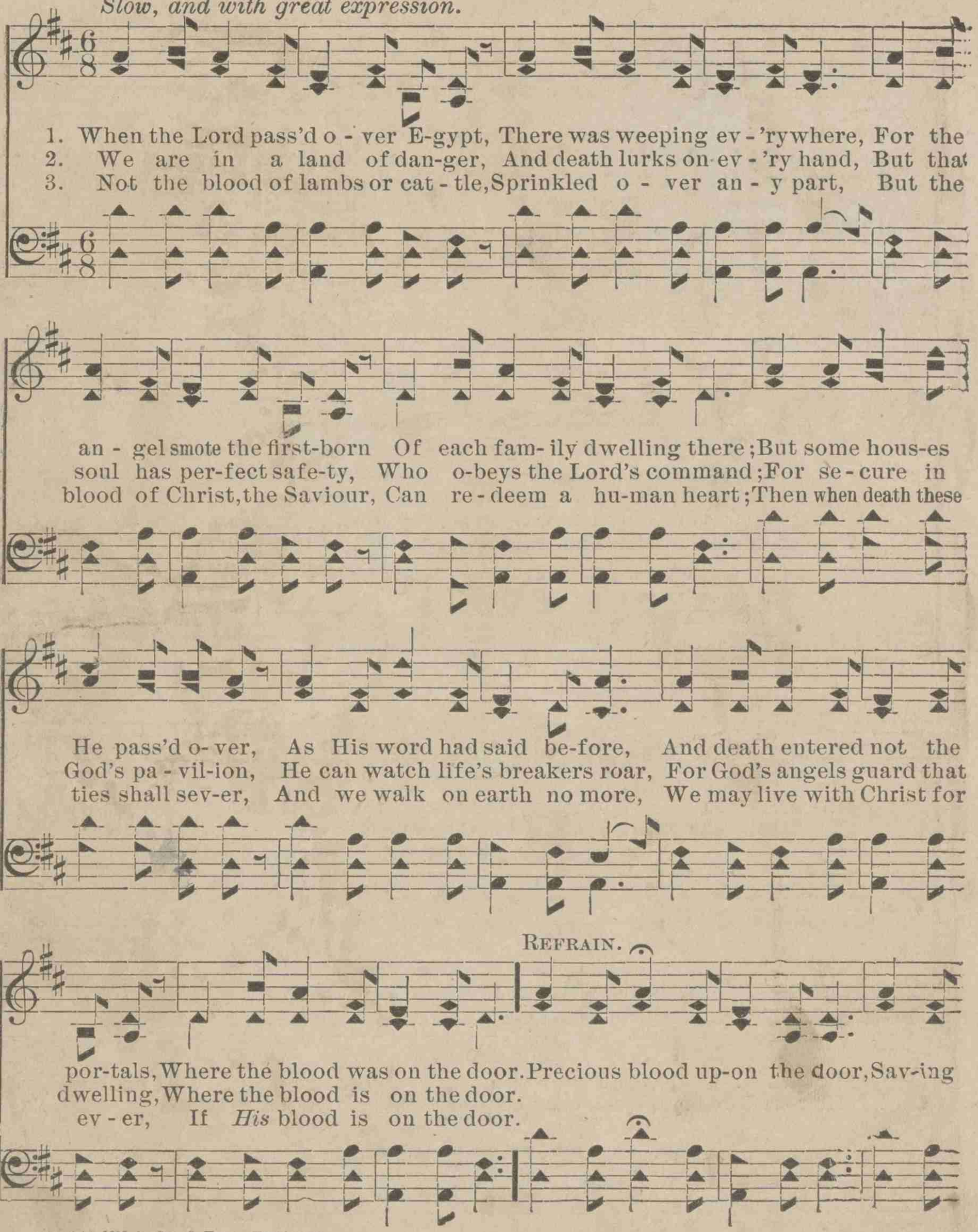
Help me, Lord, . . to help some other, on to realms . . of endless day.
Help me, Lord, to help some other, help some other, on to realms

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No. 4. THE BLOOD UPON THE DOOR.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great expression.



1. When the Lord pass'd o - ver E-gypt, There was weeping ev - 'rywhere, For the an - gel smote the first-born Of each fam- ily dwelling there; But some hous-es
2. We are in a land of dan-ger, And death lurks on ev - 'ry hand, But that soul has per-fect safe-ty, Who o-beys the Lord's command; For se - cure in
3. Not the blood of lambs or cat - tle, Sprinkled o - ver an - y part, But the blood of Christ, the Saviour, Can re - deem a hu-man heart; Then when death these

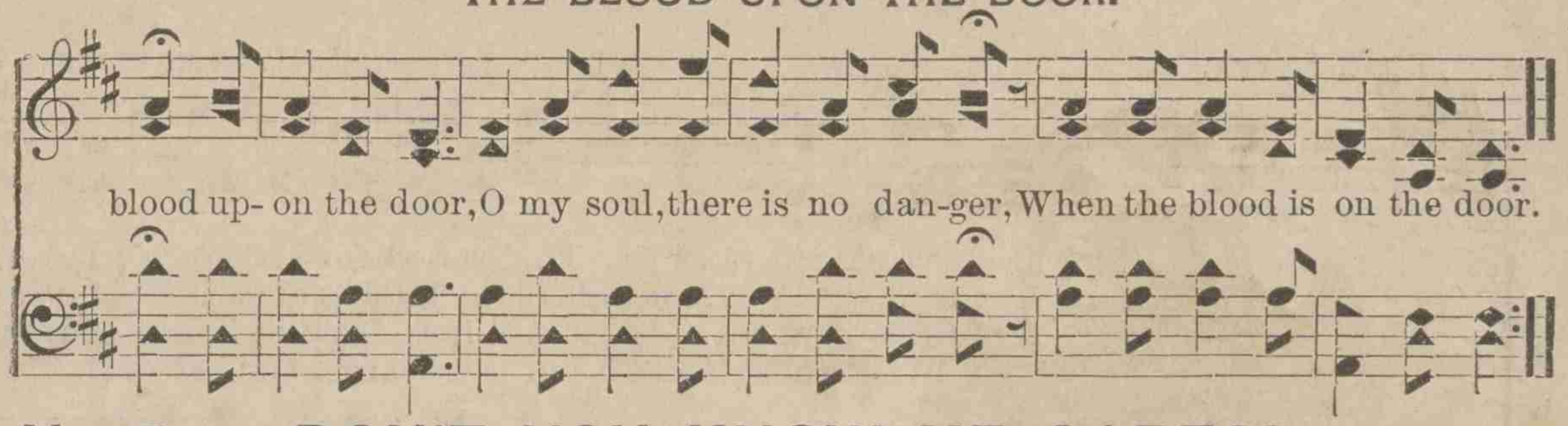
He pass'd o- ver, As His word had said be-fore, And death entered not the
God's pa - vil-ion, He can watch life's breakers roar, For God's angels guard that
ties shall sev-er, And we walk on earth no more, We may live with Christ for

REFRAIN.

por-tals, Where the blood was on the door. Precious blood up-on the door, Sav-ing
dwelling, Where the blood is on the door.
ev - er, If *His* blood is on the door.

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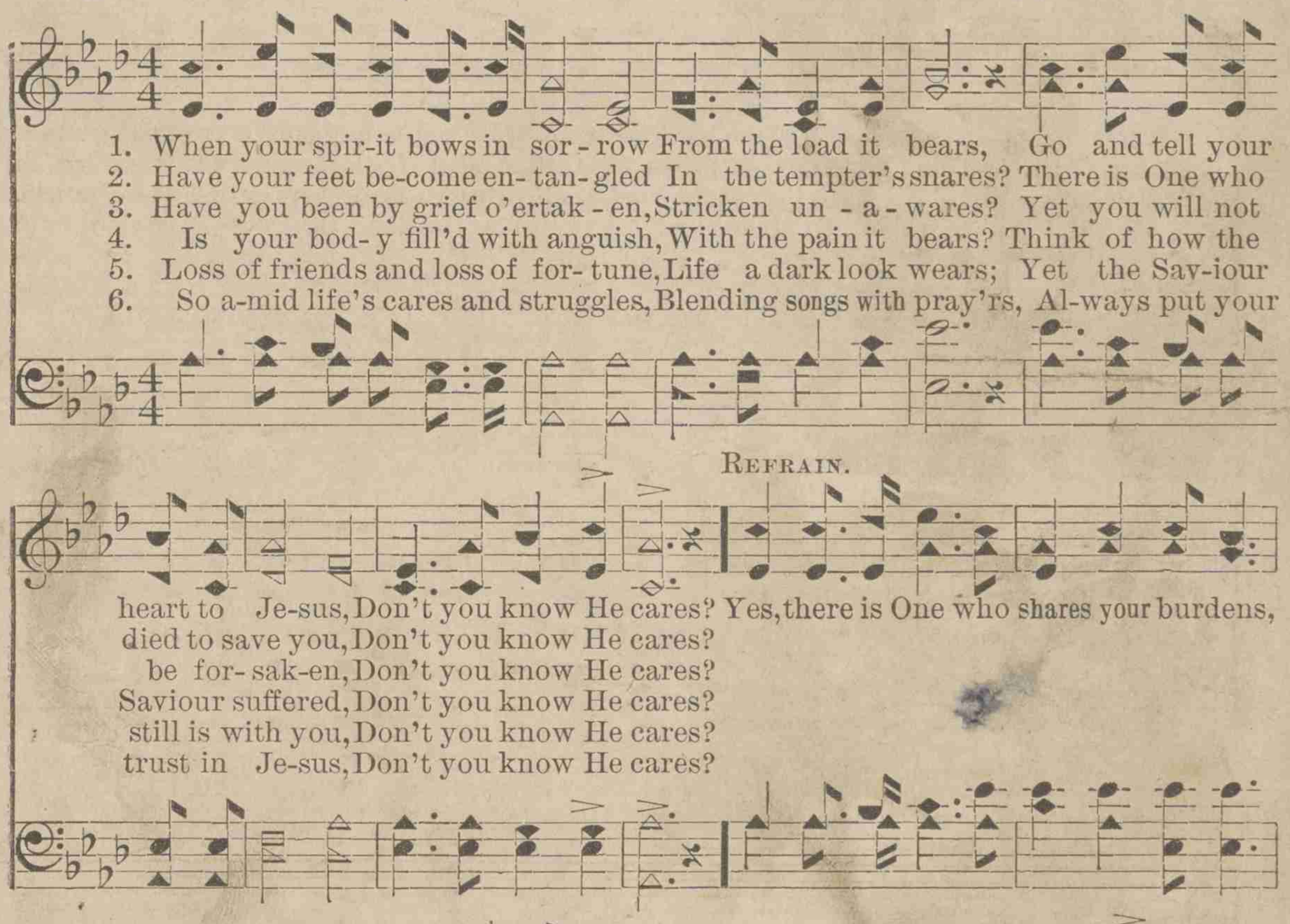
THE BLOOD UPON THE DOOR.



No. 5. DON'T YOU KNOW HE CARES?

Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.



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No. 6. A WELCOME FOR ME.

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

1. At the feet of my Lord, who was offered for sin, Tho' un-meet for acceptance I be,
2. At the feet of my Lord, O how ma-ny have knelt, In the breadths of the land and the sea,
3. At the feet of my Lord, I this moment would fall, And from sin and its bondage be free;
4. At the feet of my Lord, I in faith would remain, For the dearest and fairest is He;

With the blind, and the deaf, and the lame coming in, I am told there's a welcome for me.
And a glo-ri-fied sense of their pardon have felt, And I feel there's a welcome for me.
For the sake of His love I would sac-ri-fice all, But to find there's a welcome for me.
I would glad-ly sub-mit to His glo-ri-ous reign, If, in-deed, there's a welcome for me.

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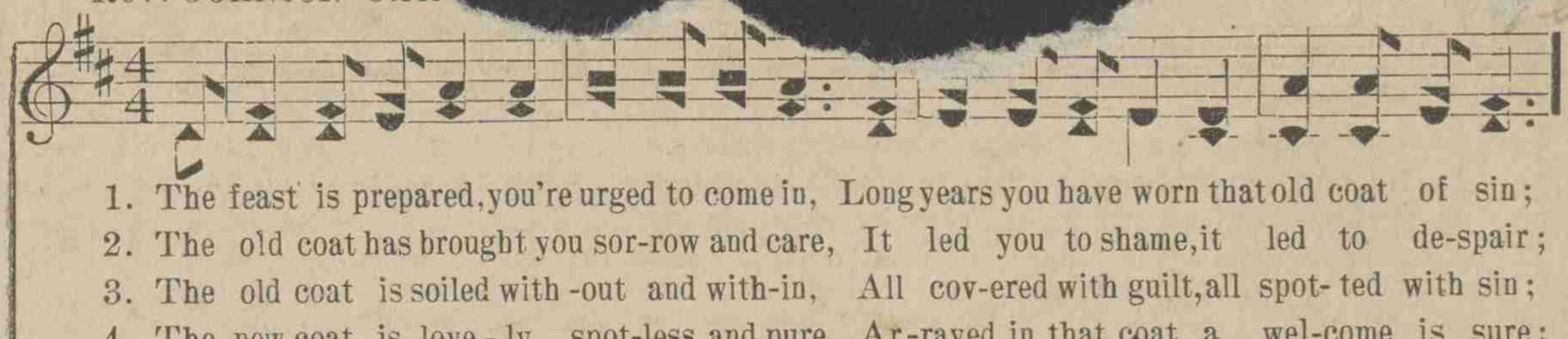
O how sweet, If His smile I shall see;
O how sweet, how sweet it will be, If His smile, if His smile I shall see, shall see;

O how sweet, If there's truly a wel-come for me.
O how sweet, how sweet it will be, If there's tru-ly a wel-come, a wel-come for me.
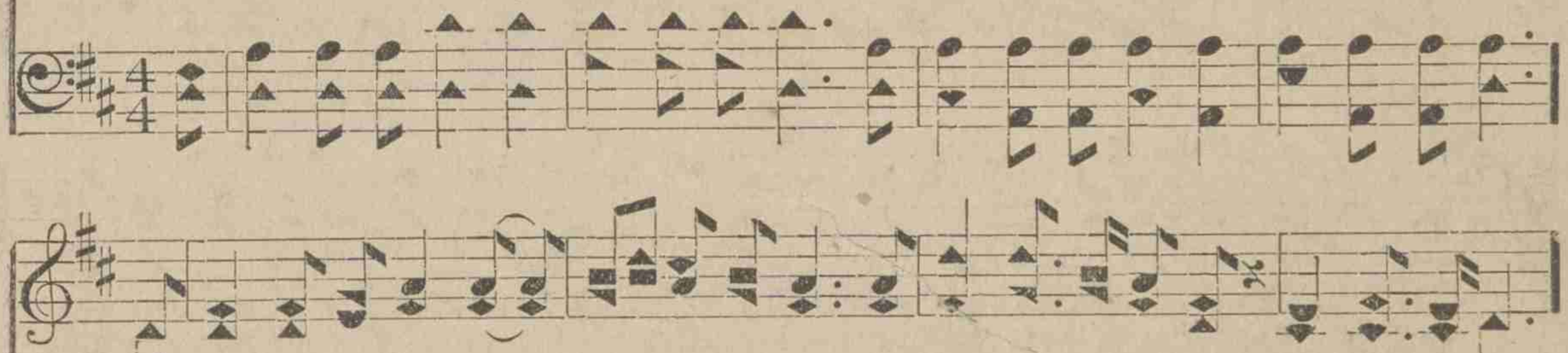
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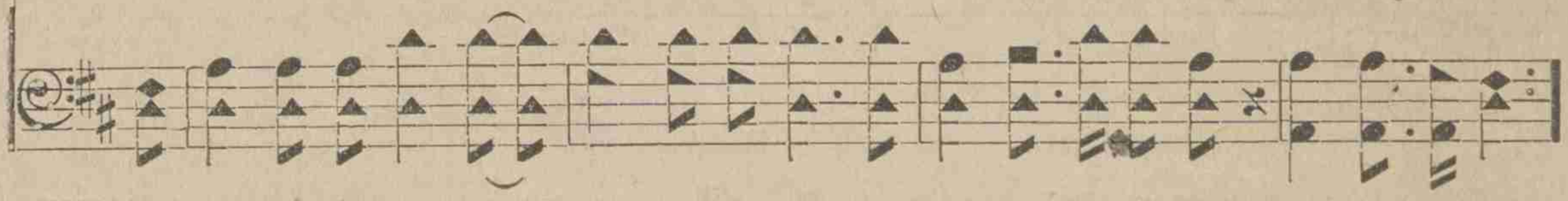
Rev. JOHNSON OAT[illegible] GEO. C. HUGG[illegible]
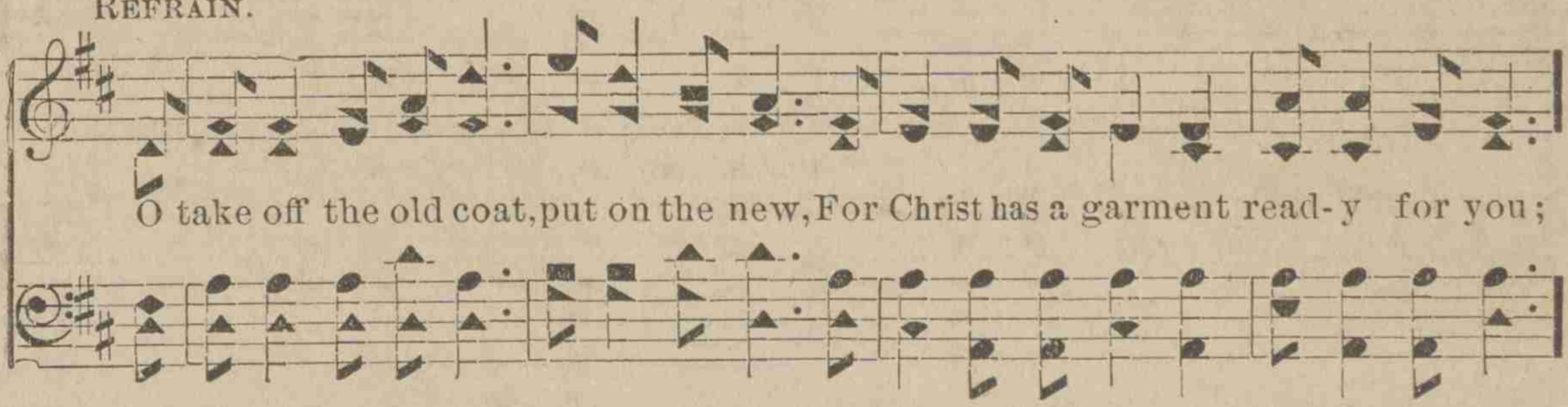


1. The feast is prepared, you're urged to come in, Long years you have worn that old coat of sin;
2. The old coat has brought you sor-row and care, It led you to shame, it led to de-spair;
3. The old coat is soiled with-out and with-in, All cov-ered with guilt, all spot-ted with sin;
4. The new coat is love-ly, spot-less, and pure, Ar-rayed in that coat, a wel-come is sure;



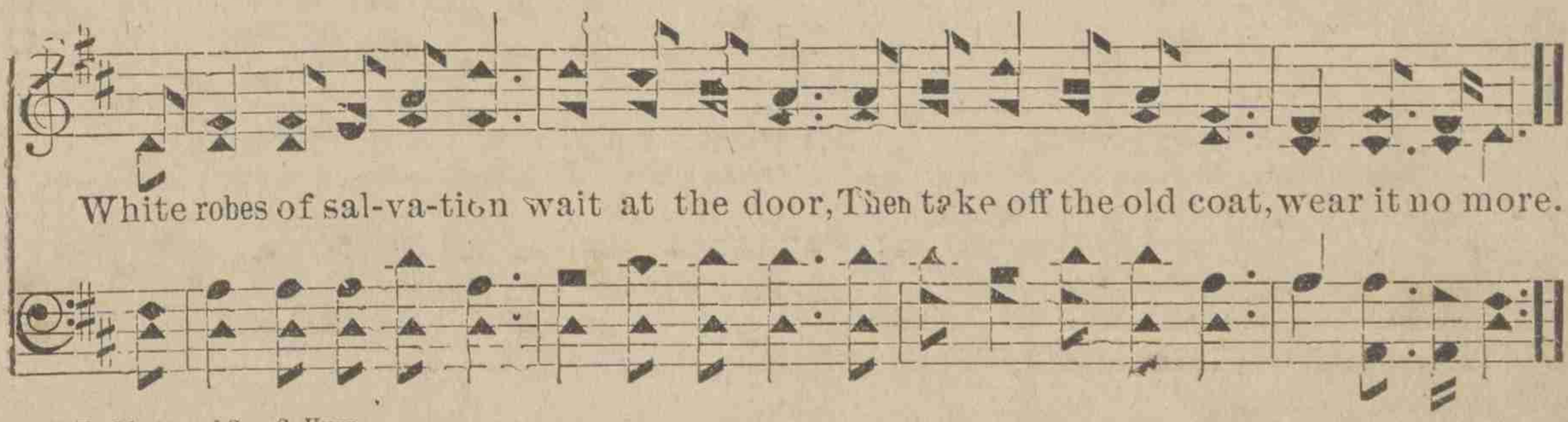
But for such a feast this old gar-ment won't do, Then take off the old coat, put on the new.
It nev-er has been a bless-ing to you, Then take off the old coat, put on the new.
To wear to the ban-quet it nev-er will do, Then take off the old coat, put on the new.
A place at the feast will be sav-ed for you, Then take off the old coat, put on the new.



REFRAIN.



O take off the old coat, put on the new, For Christ has a garment read-y for you;



White robes of sal-va-tion wait at the door, Then take off the old coat, wear it no more.

Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg.

...s. R. A. Evils... A. J. Showalter.

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

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

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

Refrain.

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

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IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

glo - ry, In the morn-ing of joy; In the morn-ing of joy, In the

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

No. 9. I'M GOING HOME.

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

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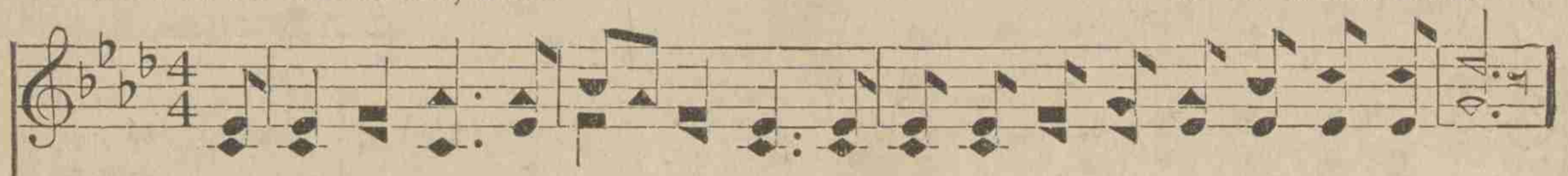
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death, can en - ter there;
   Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine.
2. My Father's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
   When from this earth-ly pris - on free, That heav'nly man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

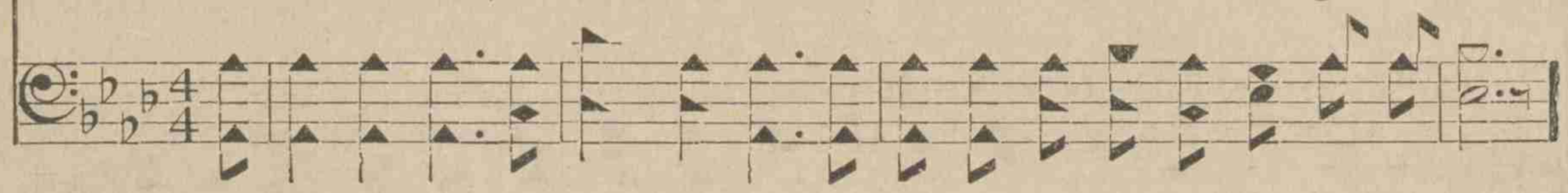
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more;
To die no more, To die no more, I'm go - ing home to die no more.
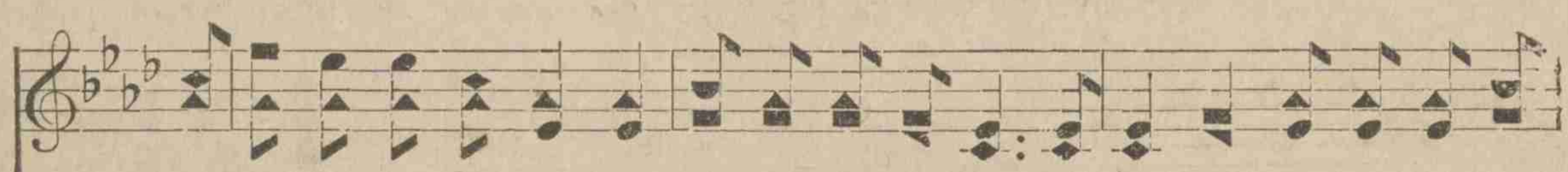
No. 10. WHEN JESUS COMES.

Rev. J. B. Cranfill, D.D. R. H. Cornelius.
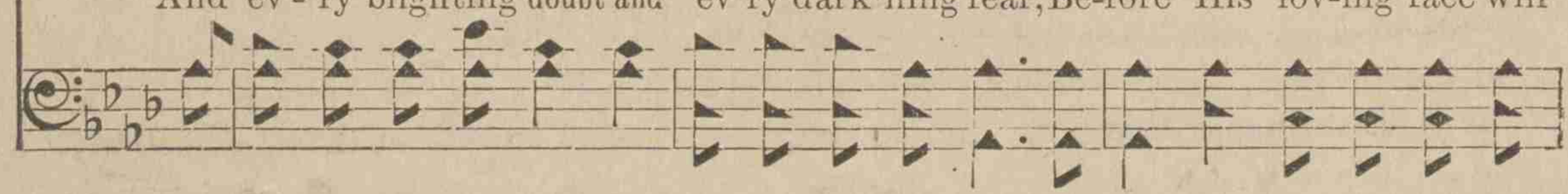


1. When Je-sus comes, when Je-sus comes, To take His waiting loved ones to His breast,
2. When Je-sus comes, when Je-sus comes, We'll lay our pains and sorrows at His feet,
3. When Je-sus comes, when Je-sus comes, The sins that have so weighed upon us here,
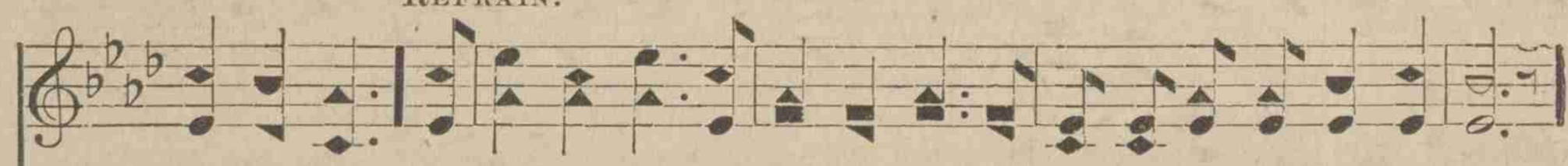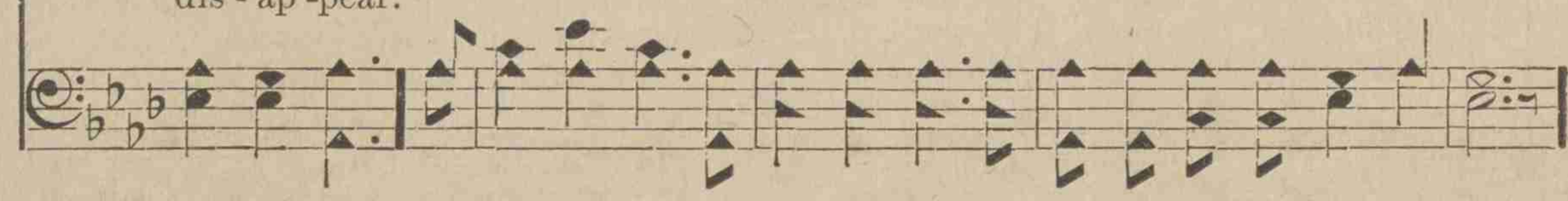




Then all our weary souls shall find their heav'nly rest, And we will know that all God's
And once a-gain our loved ones we will meet and greet, Then all life's bit- ter wa-ters
And ev -'ry blighting doubt and ev'ry dark'ning fear, Be-fore His lov-ing face will
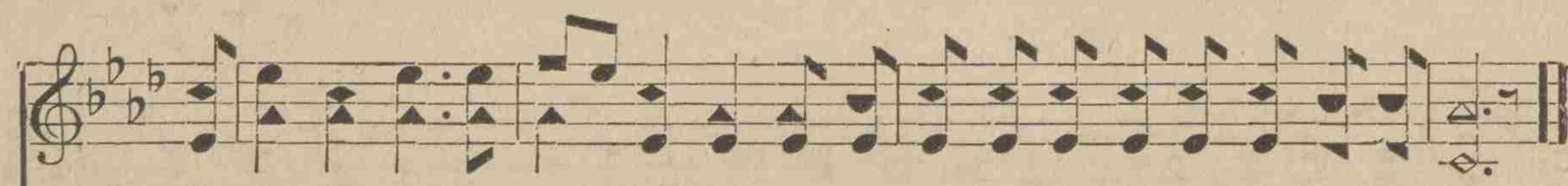


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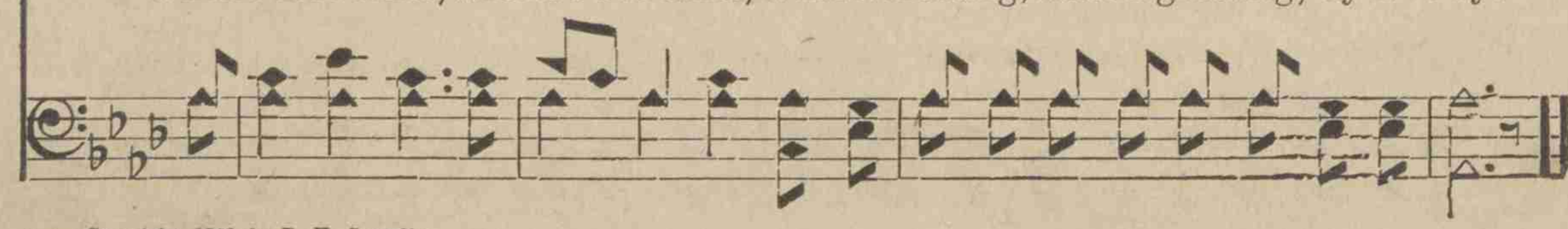


ways were best. When Jesus comes, when Jesus comes, To take us to our home on high,
will be sweet.
dis - ap -pear.





When Jesus comes, when Je-sus comes, What a meeting, what a greeting, by and by!



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No. 11. IN HIM ALONE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. R. D. BURLESON.

1. My Sav-iour is with me wher-ev - er I go, I trust in Him a - lone;
2. He giv - eth sal - va - tion to all who re - ceive, I trust in Him a - lone;
3. My Sav-iour hath comfort for all in dis - tress, I trust in Him a - lone;
4. My Sav-iour hath life ev - er-last-ing to give, I trust in Him a - lone;

With such a good shepherd no want shall I know, I trust in Him a - lone.
His promise hath blessing for all who be - lieve, I trust in Him a - lone.
And par-don is of-fered to all who con-fess, I trust in Him a - lone.
And all are par-tak - ers if will - ing to live, I trust in Him a - lone.

REFRAIN.

I trust in Je - sus a - lone, . . . I trust in Je - sus a - lone; . . .
I trust in Je - sus, in Je - sus a - lone, I trust in Je - sus, in Je - sus a-lone;

My Sav-iour will guide me what-ev-er be-tide me, I trust in Je-sus a - lone.

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No. 12. THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

fore I reached the aw - ful o - cean wide, Je - sus called to me a -
fore me were the rocks of sin and pride, When I heard the voice of
that from me no joys should be de - nied, But the Sav - iour taught me
land thro' faith's clear vis - ion I've es - pied, And when time's small stream is
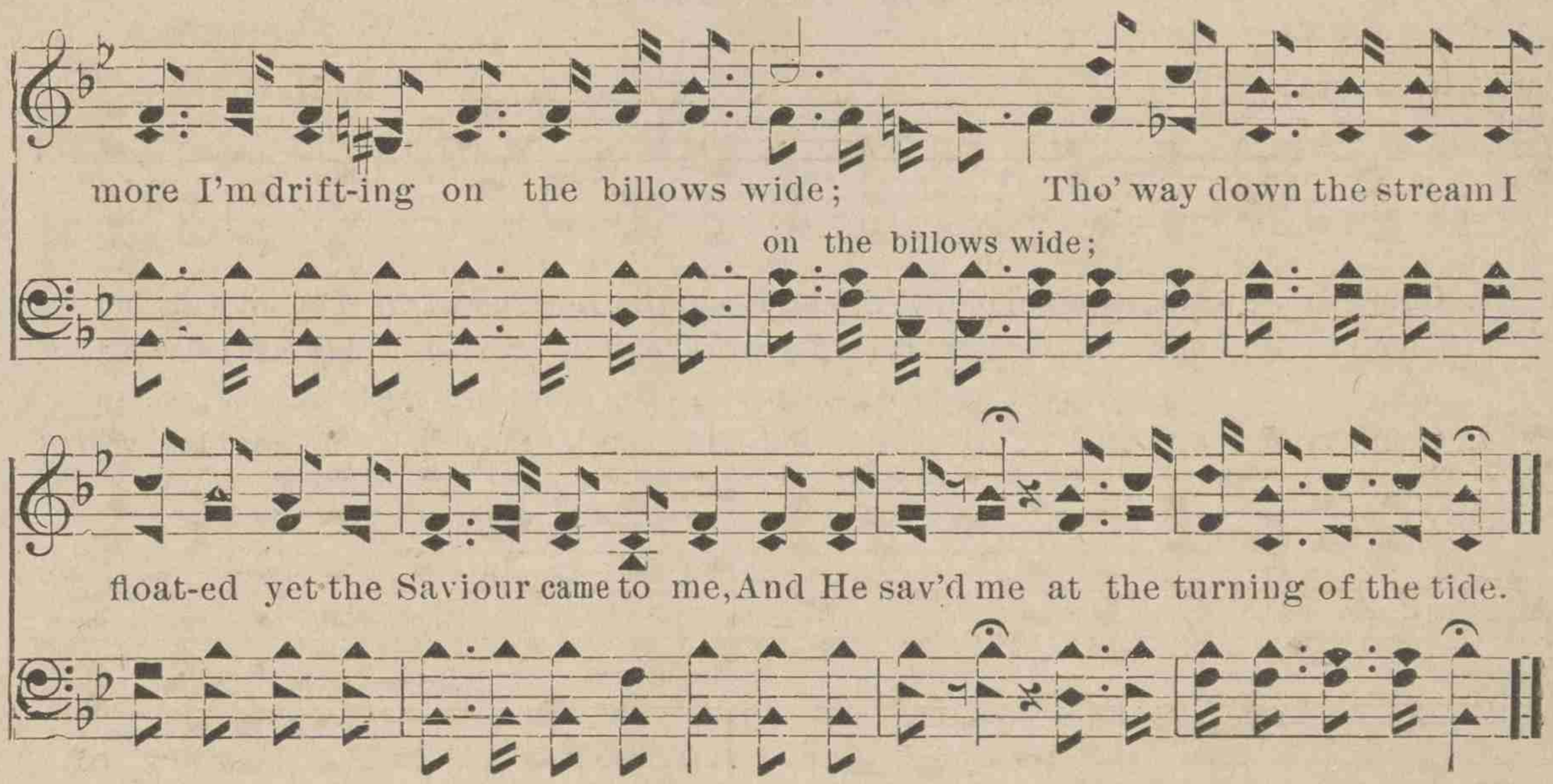
bove the roll - ing wa - ters, "It is time, soul, for the turning of the tide."
Je - sus call - ing to me, "Set thy sails now for the turning of the tide."
how to live for oth - ers When He saved me at the turning of the tide.
lost in that great o - cean I will land there at the turning of the tide.

REFRAIN.

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

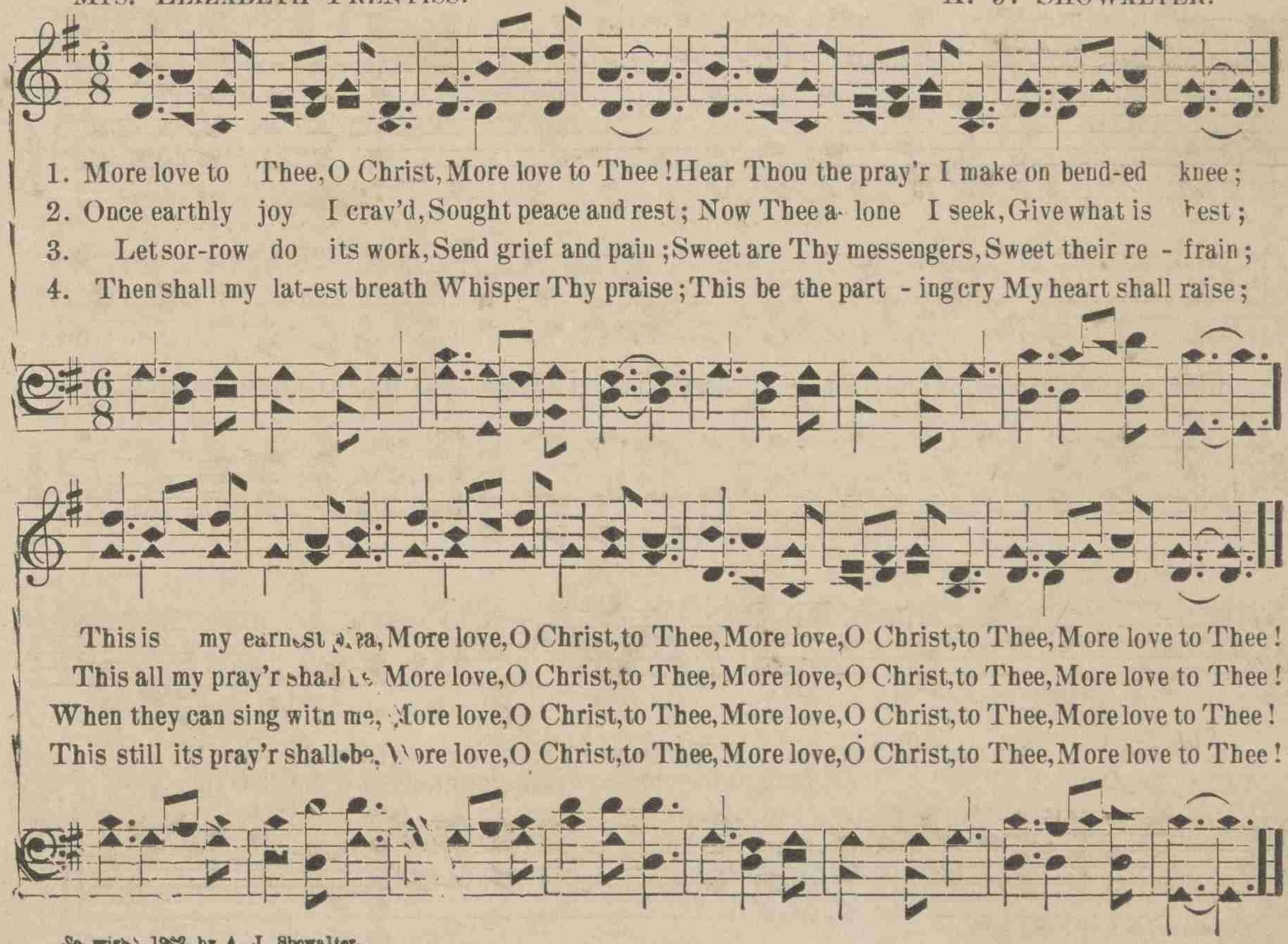
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THE TURNING OF THE TIDE.



No. 13. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss. A. J. Showalter.



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No. 14. COME TO-DAY.

E. R. LATTA. R. H. OLIVER.

1. Come to Je - sus, young and old, Wan-der from the Lord no more ; Do not wait, but
2. Come to Je - sus and receive Bliss the world can ne'er be-stow; Leave the wind-ing
3. Come to Je - sus from the waste Where no cool - ing fountains well; Seek the pastures
4. Come to Je - sus and be His, His what-e'er your lot may be ; Come and have your

REFRAIN.

start to-day For the heav'nly Canaan's shore. Haste a - way . . while yet you
ways of sin, In the bless-ed high-way go.
of His love, Where His own in safe-ty dwell.
name enrolled, His throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

Haste a way,

may, hear . . . . say, ...
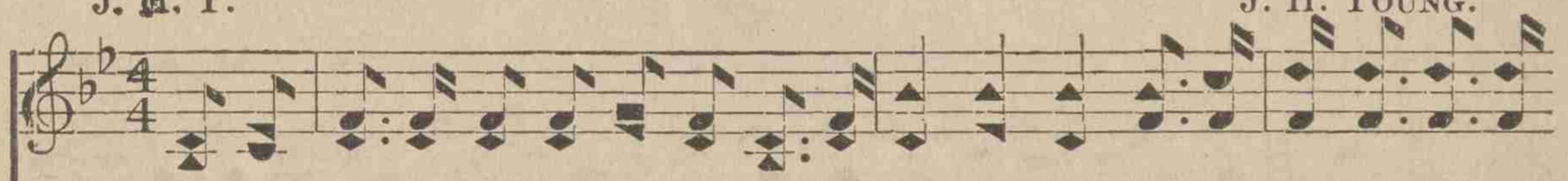
may, while you may, While you hear, While you hear the Master say, the Master say, "Come, O

Come . . to me to-day, . . . From your sins . . O turn a - way."
Come, O come O come to-day, From your sins O turn a-way."
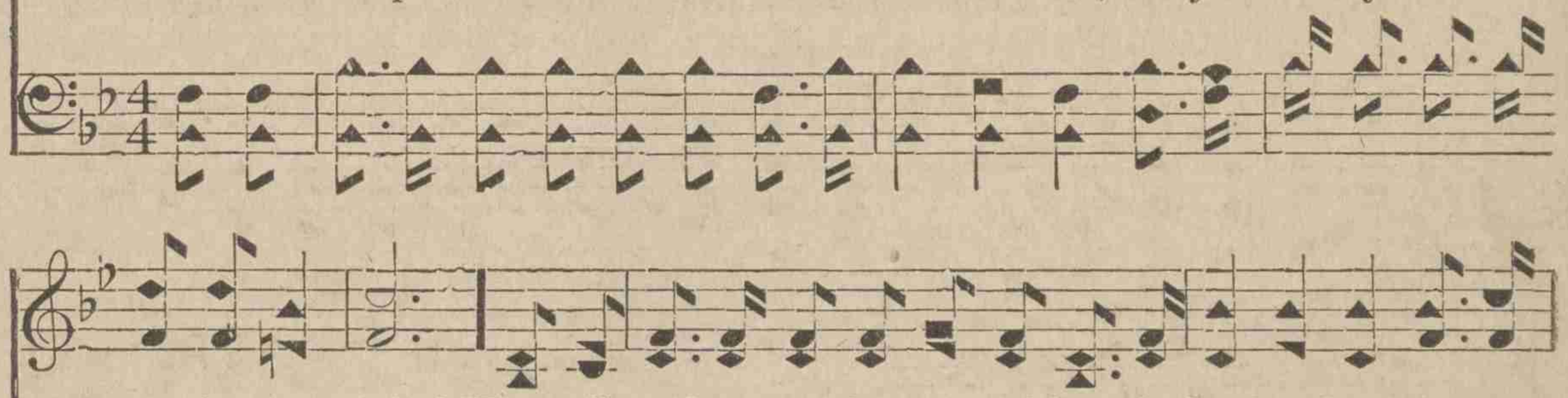
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No. 15. ARE YOU READY FOR THE QUESTION TO-NIGHT?
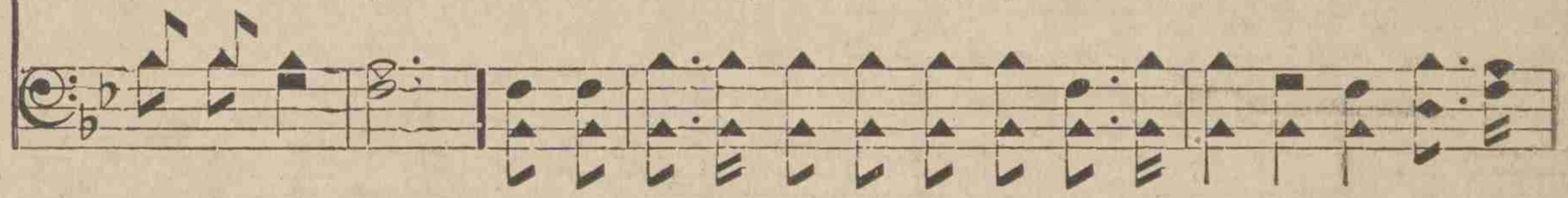
J. H. Y. J. H. Young.
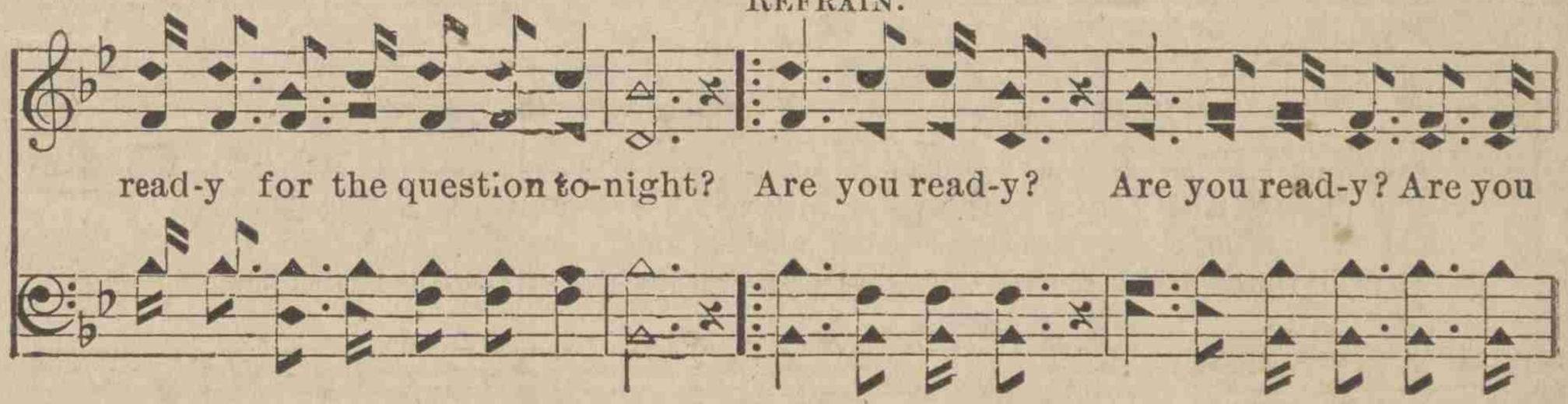


1. Sin-ners, what will be your answer in the judg-ment day? Are you read-y for the
2. See the beck'ning hand of wel-come on the far-off shore, Are you read-y for the
3. While the souls of men are dy-ing hear the Master's call, Are you read-y for the
4. When the trumpet shall have sounded and the dead a-rise, Are you read-y for the
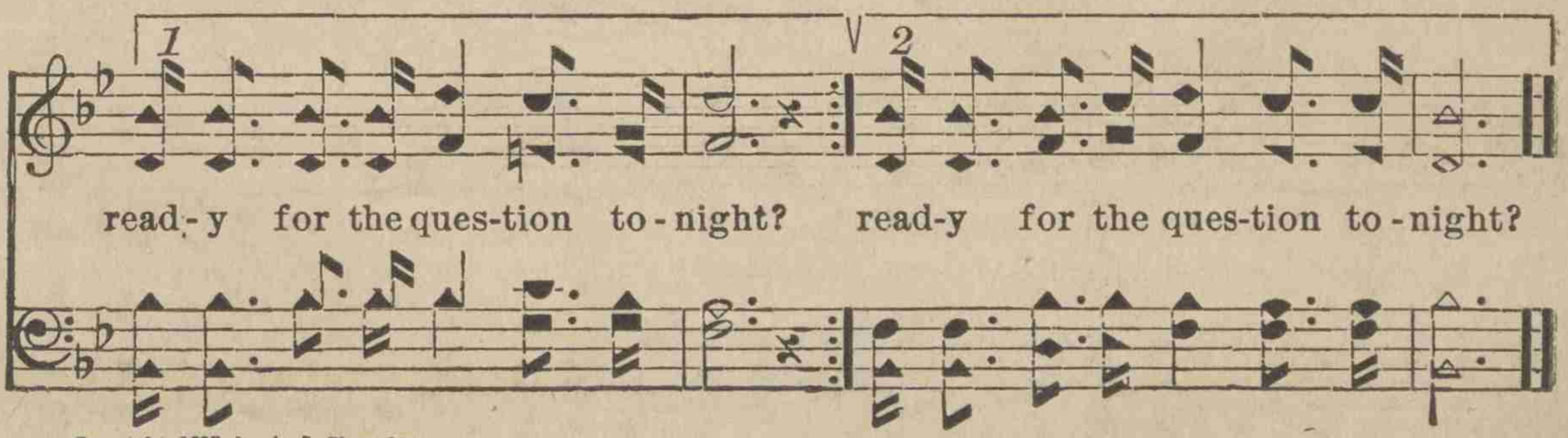


ques-tion to-night? When all nations shall be gath-ered from the land and sea, Are you
ques-tion to-night? 'Tis the hand of our dear Saviour who has gone be-fore, Are you
ques-tion to-night? He is call-ing and entreat-ing now to one and all, Are you
ques-tion to-night? There'll be moan-ing and be weeping, there'll be lost ones cries, Are you



REFRAIN.



read-y for the question to-night? Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you



read-y for the ques-tion to-night? read-y for the ques-tion to-night?

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No. 16. WHEN I MEET MY ANGEL MOTHER.

Affectionately dedicated to the memory of my dear deceased mother.

J. W.

Suggested B. N. H. B. N. HULTSMAN.

1. Oft my heart is sad and wea-ry since dear moth-er went a-way, When the bless-ed Sav-iour
2. Oth-er friends are kind and faithful, but a moth-er's love is best; 'Tis the love that brooded
3. Oft I miss the lov-ing coun-sel she so free-ly to me gave, Since my moth-er's form is
4. Ho-ly Fa-ther, make me worthy of my saint-ed moth-er's love; In the way of life e-

called her to the realms of end-less day. O how glad-ly I will greet her, nev-er more to
o'er me when a babe up-on her breast; 'Tis the love that sought to guard me from all harm in
ly-ing in the dark and si-lent grave; But I feel that her pure spir-it in its home of
ter-nal lead me till we meet a-bove. Safe be-yond death's surging riv-er, O what rap-ture
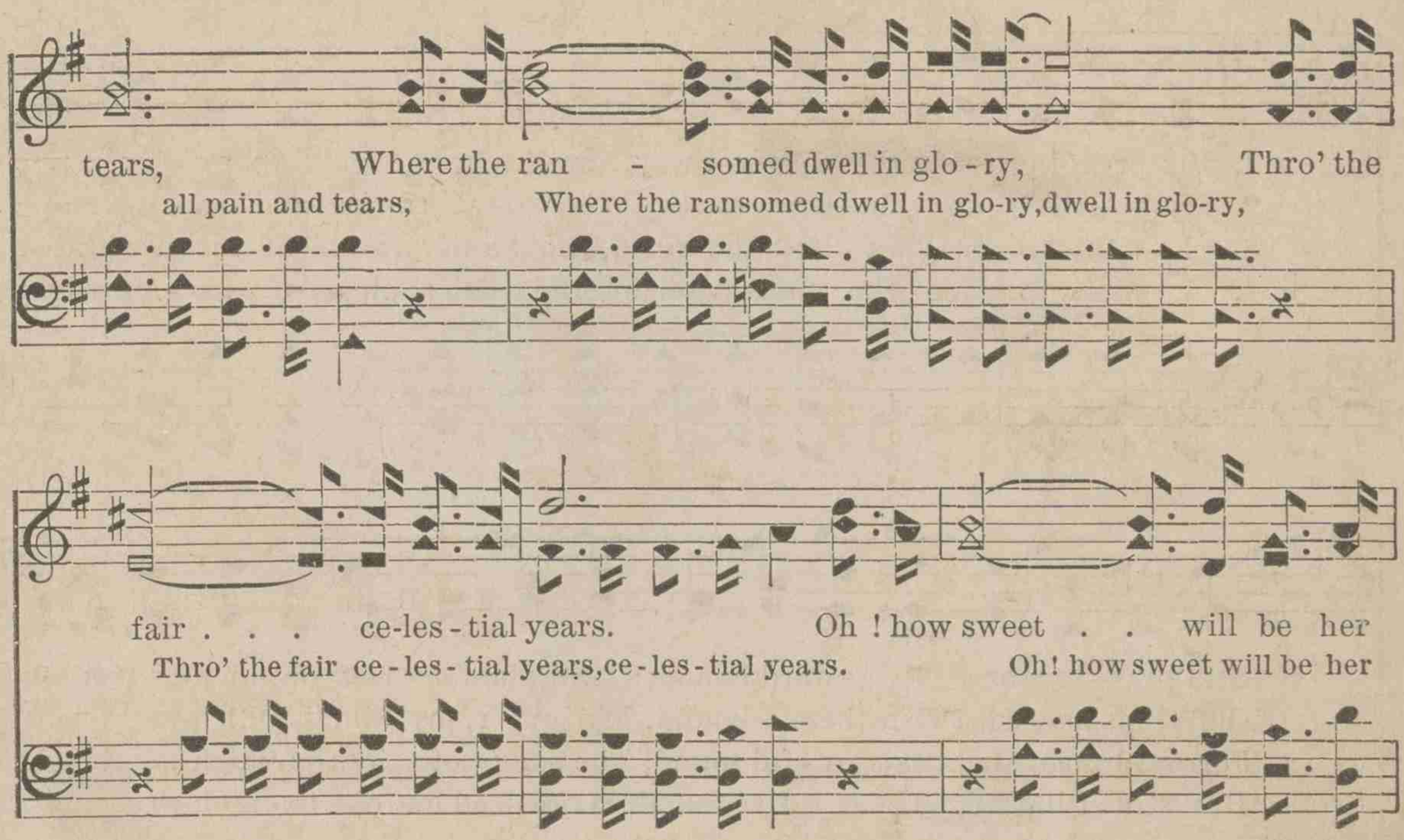
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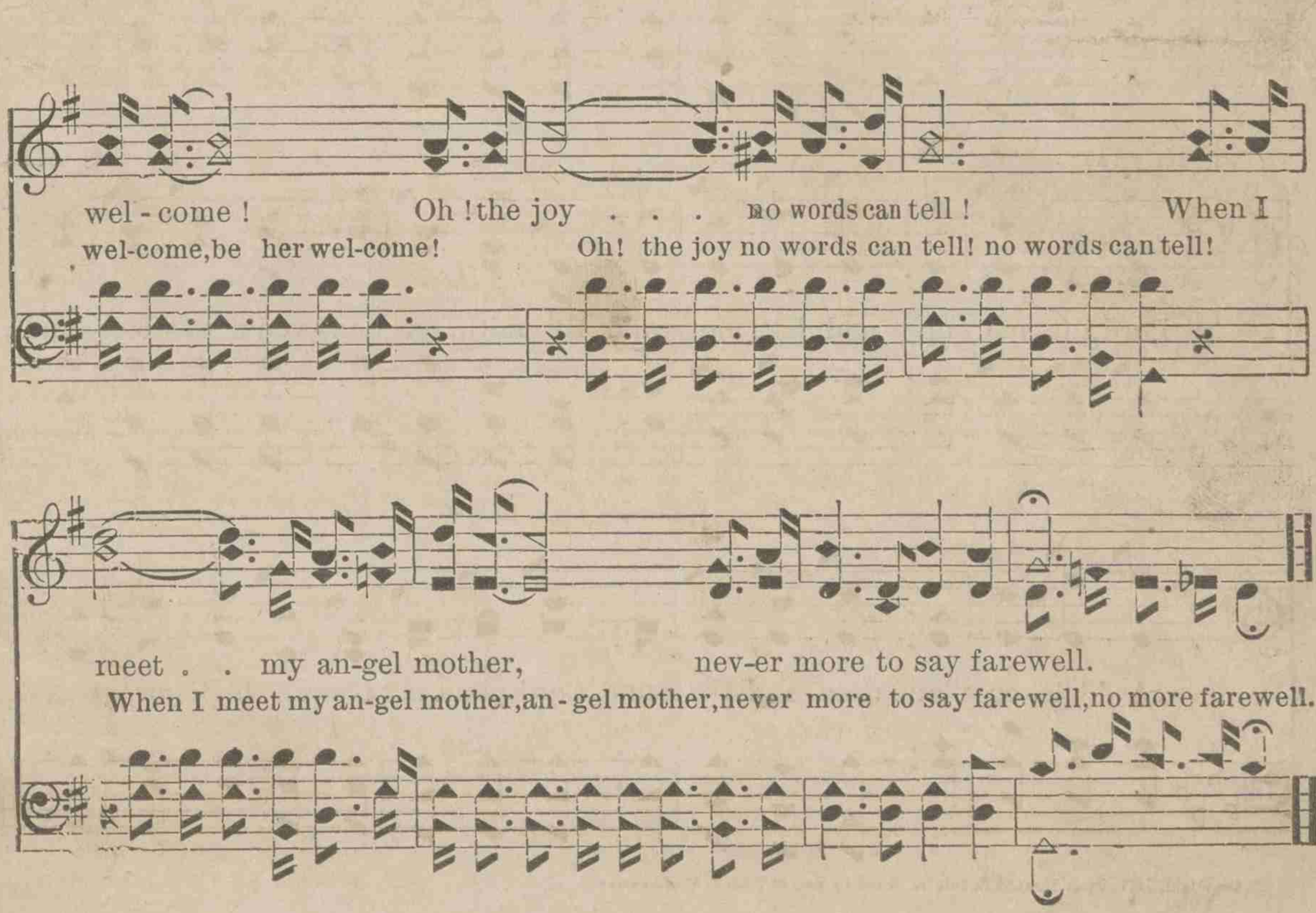
say goodbye, When I meet my an-gel moth-er in the home be-yond the sky. When I
youth-ful days, And her love was ev-er with me when I walked in manhood's ways.
light and joy, Look-ing down from heav'nly windows still is watch-ing o'er her boy.
I shall know, When I meet my an-gel moth-er where the liv-ing fountains flow.

meet . . . my an-gel moth-er . . far be-yond . . . all pain and
When I meet my an-gel moth-er, an-gel moth-er, far be-yond all pain and

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WHEN I MEET MY ANGEL MOTHER.





No. 17. HIGHER GROUND.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev - 'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;

Still pray- ing, as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these a-bound, My pray'r, my aim is "high-er ground."
For faith has caught the joy - ful sound, The song of saints on "high-er ground."
But still I'll pray, till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
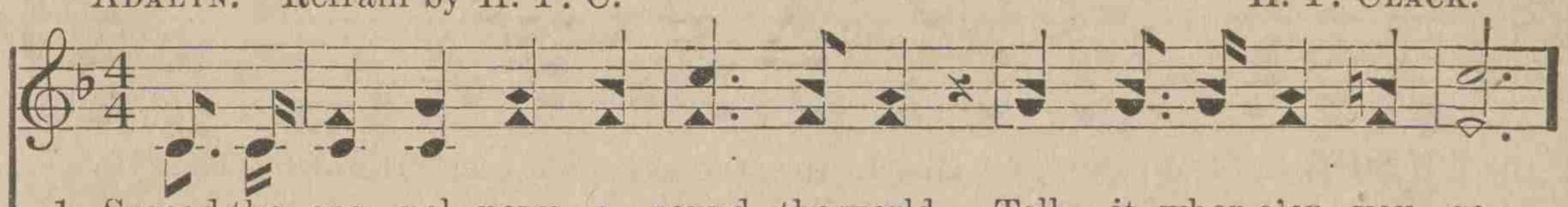
Refrain.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on hea - ven's ta - ble - land;
A high - er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.
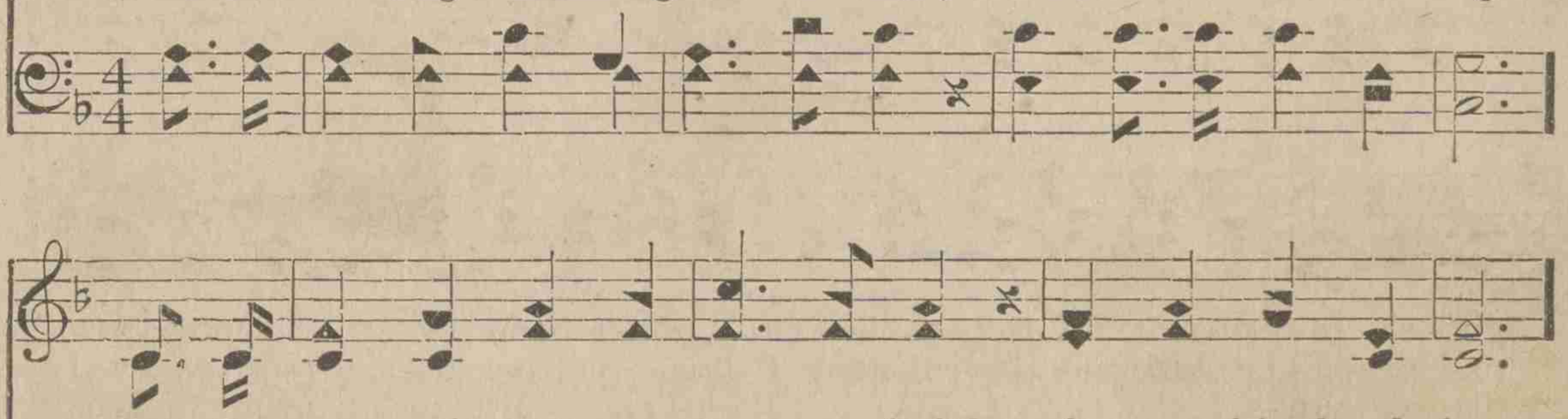
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No. 18. SPREAD THE GOSPEL NEWS.
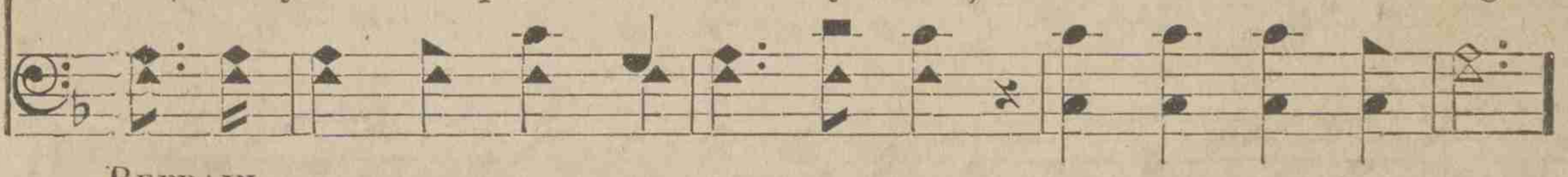
ADALYN. Refrain by H. P. C. H. P. CLACK.



1 Spread the gos - pel news a - round the world, Tell it wher-e'er you go;
2. Bear the grand, good news be - yond the sea, Tell it to those who mourn,
3. Tell the bless - ed news that Christ hath come, Suf - fered and bled and died,
4. Shout the ti - dings out with glad ac - claim, "Christ is our Lord and King!"
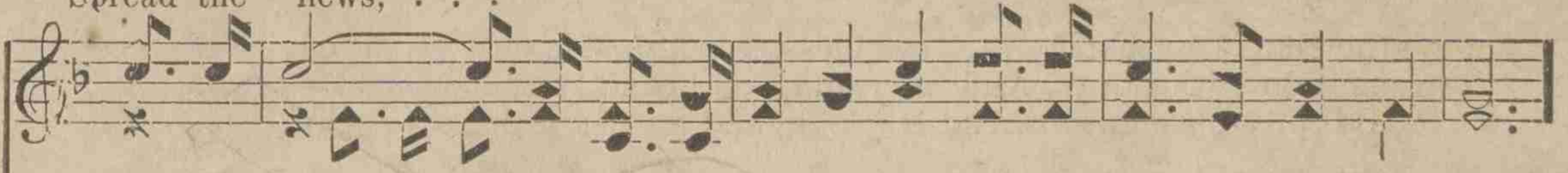


Let the gos - pel ban - ner be un - furl'd, O - ver friend and foe.
How the Lamb once slain on Cal - va - ry, Ev - 'ry cross hath borne.
And that all may gain a heav'n - ly home, Thro' Him cru - ci - fied.
Oh, re - joice and praise His ho - ly name, Till the heav - ens ring.
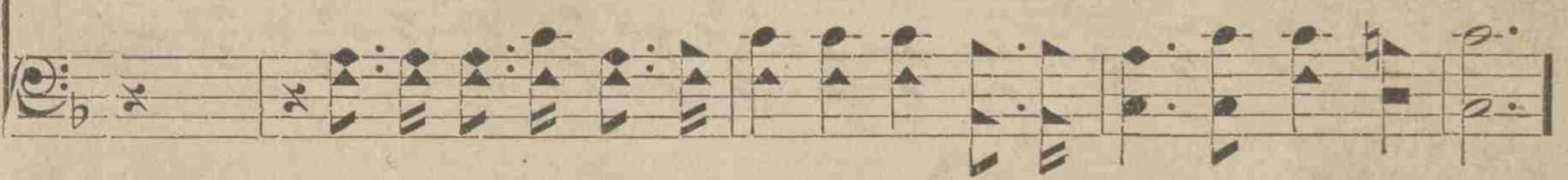


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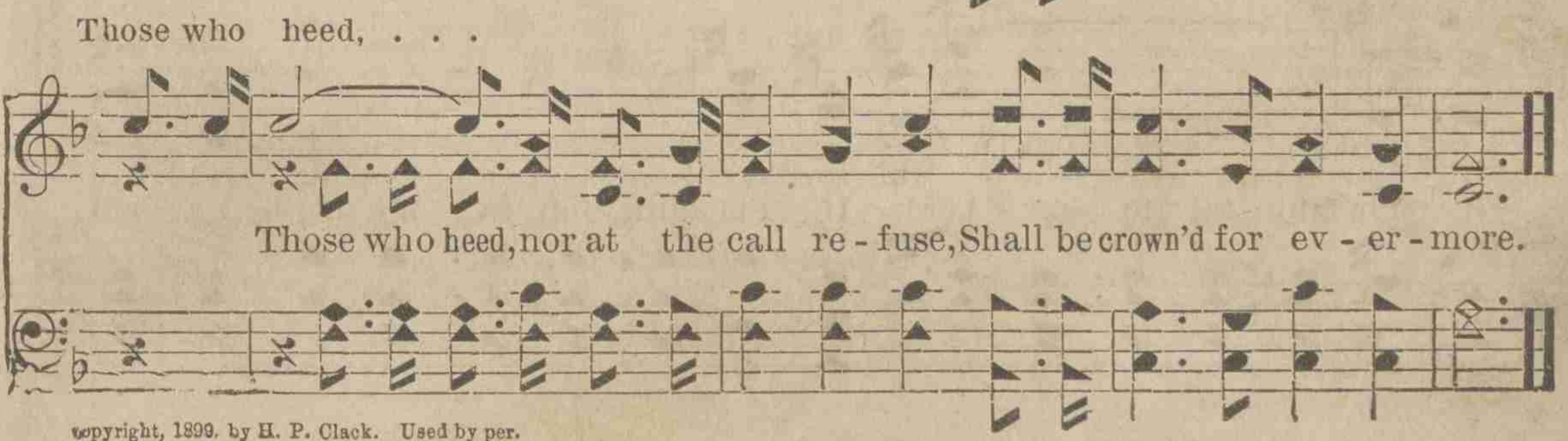
Spread the news, . . .



Spread the news, the bless-ed gos - pel news, Let it sound from shore to shore;



Those who heed, . . .



Those who heed, nor at the call re - fuse, Shall be crown'd for ev - er - more.

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No. 19. IF I'M FAITHFUL.

E. R. LATTA. JOSEPH A. MERRITT.

1. If I'm faith-ful to my Lord, In the keep-ing of His word That He's
2. If I trust Him for His grace, All the time, in ev-'ry place, It shall
3. He's a-toned for all my sin, And He bids me to come in And to

giv-en to di-rect my feet a-bove, He will lead me by the hand Till I
be suf-fi-cient for my time of need; He will be my con-stant stay, And will
be a faith-ful mem-ber of His fold; If I choose Him for my own, He will
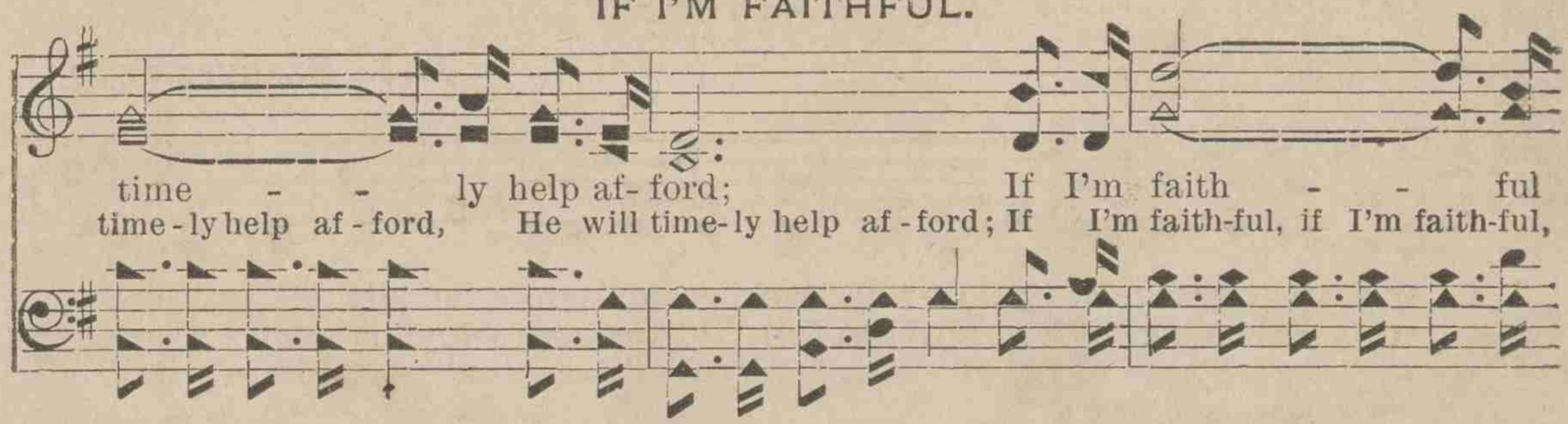
join the hap-py band, In the bless-ed hab-i-ta-tion of His love.
keep me in the way, And my soul on heav'nly man-na He will feed.
make His pres-ence known, And His love and mer-cy nev-er can be told.
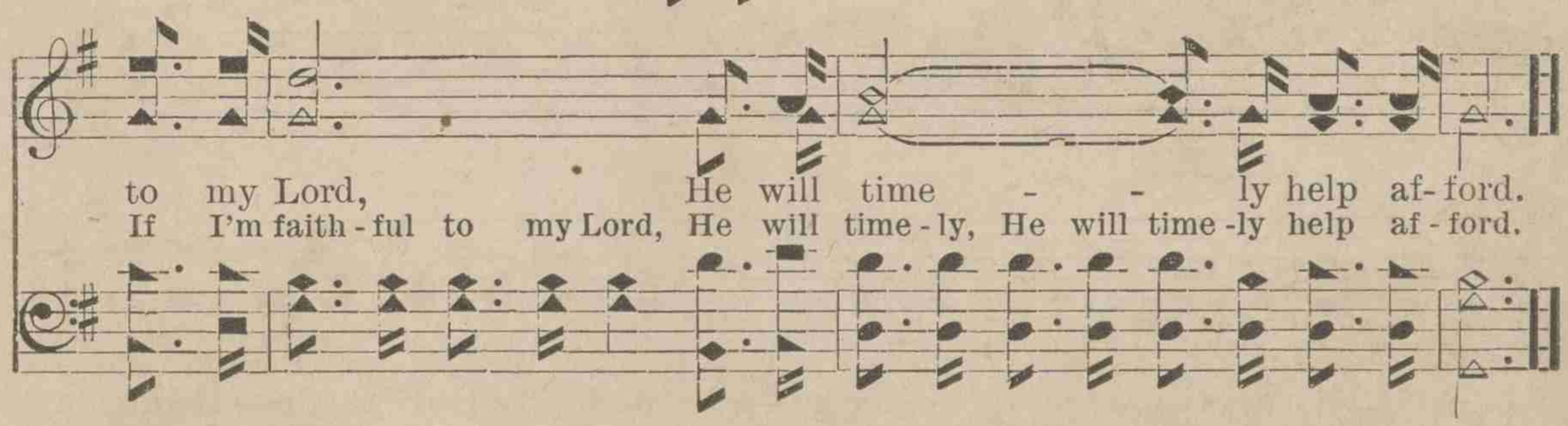
REFRAIN.

If I'm faith - - - ful to my Lord, He will
If I'm faith-ful to my Lord. If I'm faith-ful to my Lord, He will

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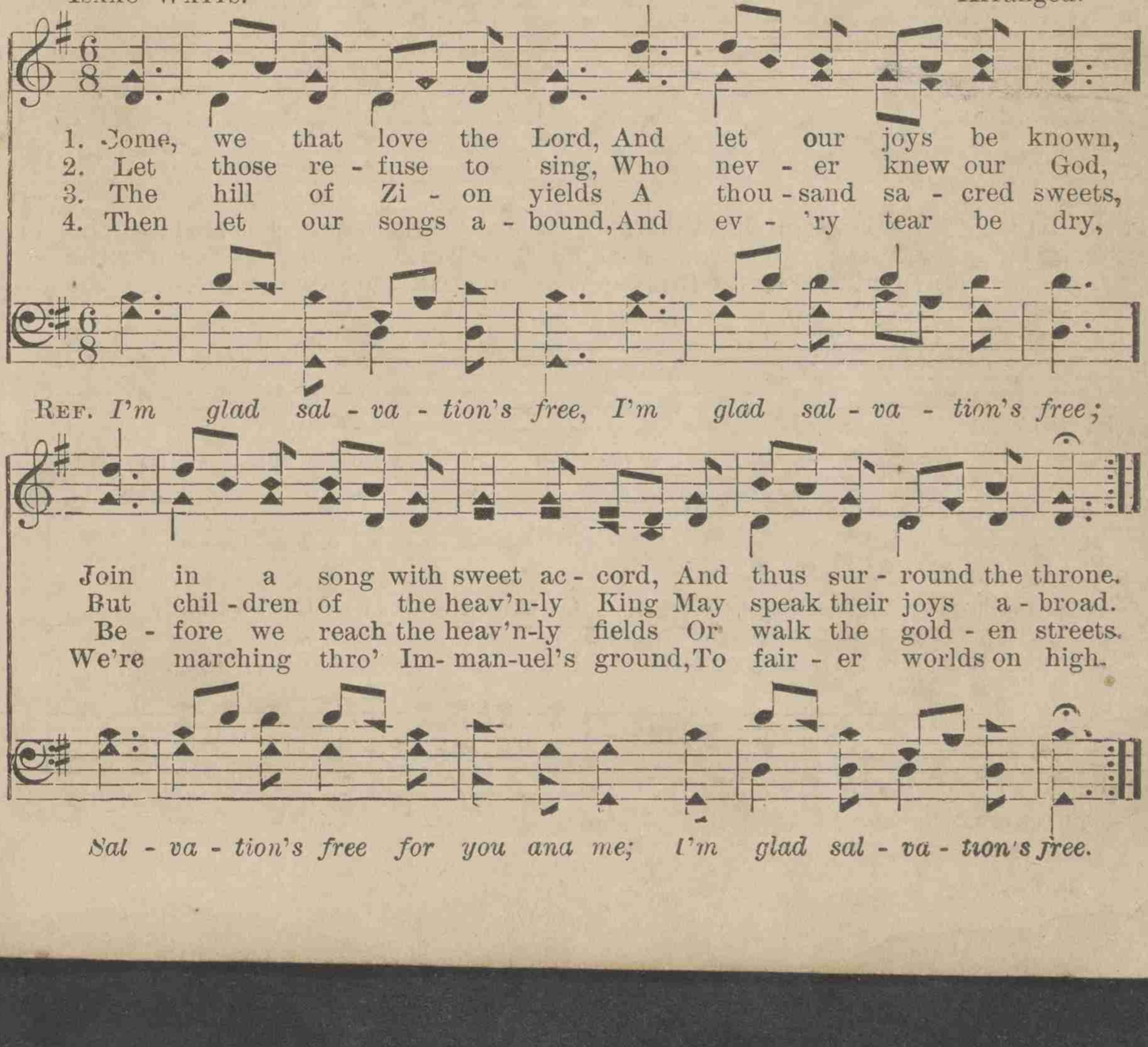
IF I'M FAITHFUL.
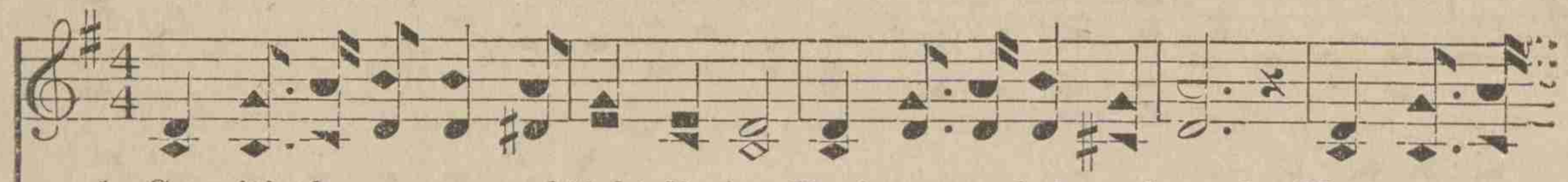




No. 20. COME, WE THAT LOVE THE LORD.

ISAAC WATTS. Arranged.
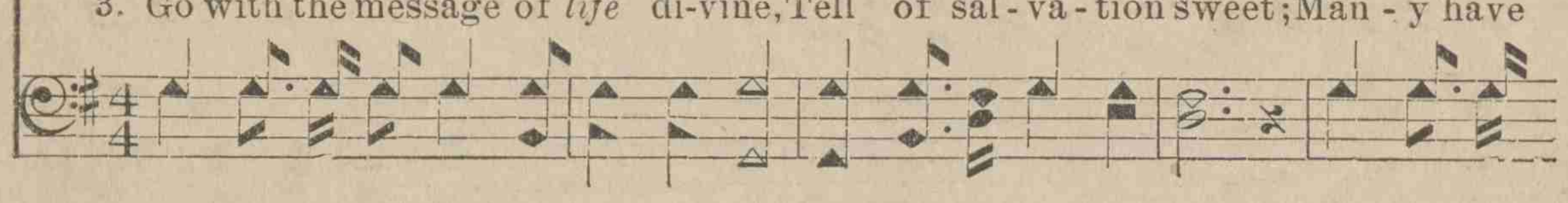


No. 21. GO WITH THE MESSAGE.
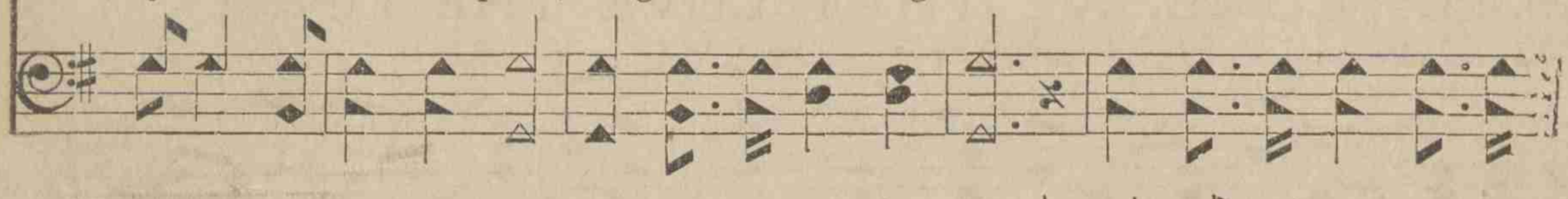
BIRDIE BELL. R. L. FERGUSON.
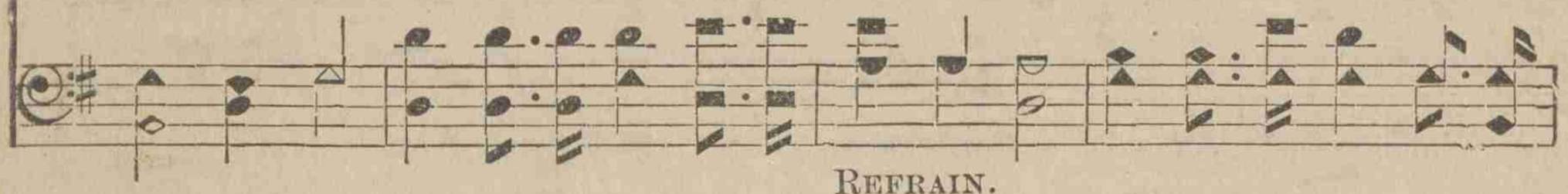


1. Go with the message of *light* di-vine, Darkness and sin a-bound; Man-y are
2. Go with the message of *love* di-vine, Tell it to those a-round; Man-y are
3. Go with the message of *life* di-vine, Tell of sal-va-tion sweet; Man-y have



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

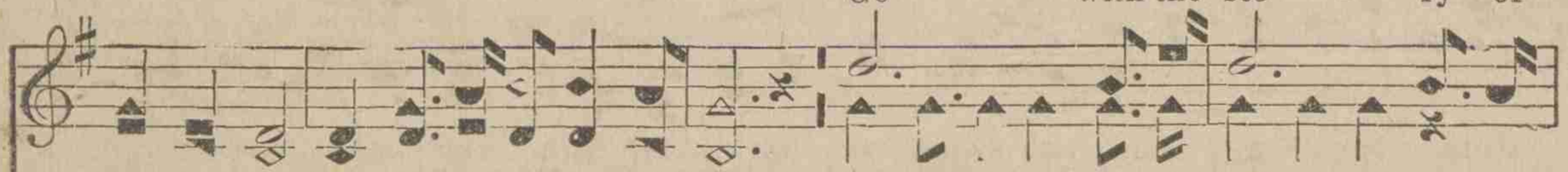


world's true light, Bring-ing a day that is fair and bright, Scatt'ring the shades of the
strong to save, Sto-ry of pardon each heart doth crave, Send it a-far o'er the
free to all, Death and its ter-rors can-not ap pall Those who will list to the



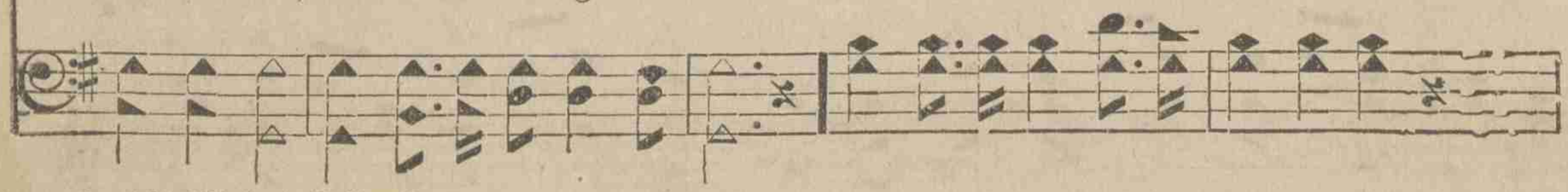
REFRAIN.

Go with the sto - ry of



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

Go with the story of Christ to all,



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GO WITH THE MESSAGE.

Christ to all, Mes - - sage of

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

light and love and life,

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

No. 22. HARMONY GROVE. C. M.

NEWTON. WM. WALKER.

Moderato.

1. A - maz - ing grace, how sweet the sound That sav'd a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
5. Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor - tal life shall cease,

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be, As long as life en - dures.
I shall pos - sess, with - in the vale, A life of joy and peace.

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. I AM BOUND FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

M. DURHAM.
Arr. by A. J. S.

1. On Jor-dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de - light, my rap-tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay;

To Ca-nann's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God, the Son, for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.

REFRAIN.
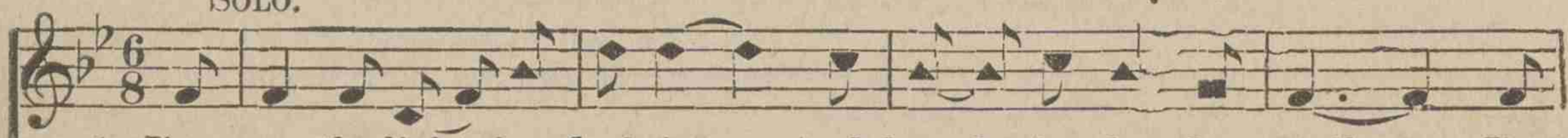
I am bound for the promised land! . . I am bound for the promised land!

Oh, who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land!
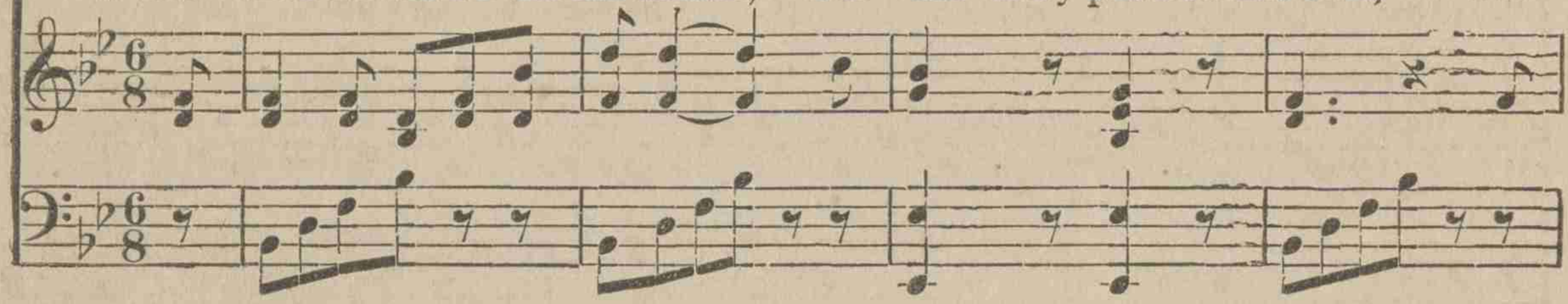
No. 25. NEVER ALONE.
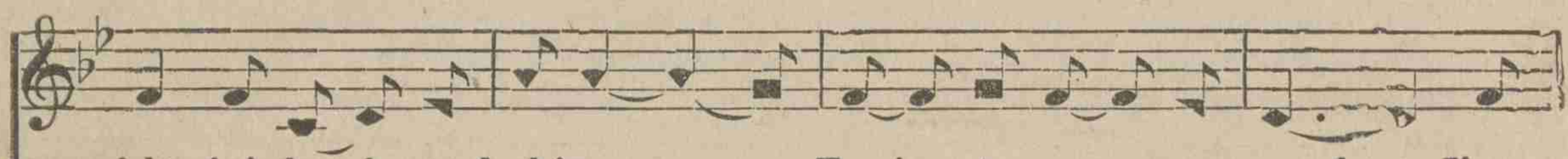
Arr. by B. H. Cornelius.

Solo.
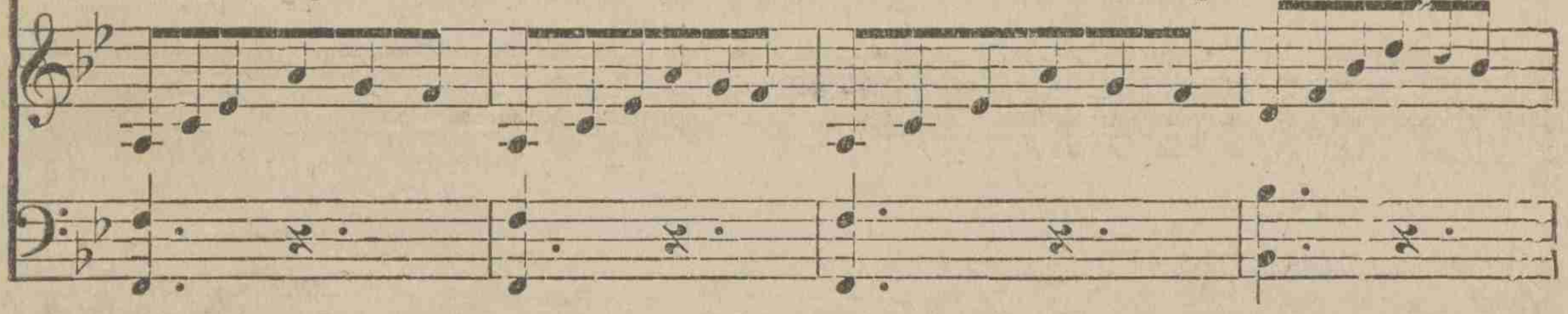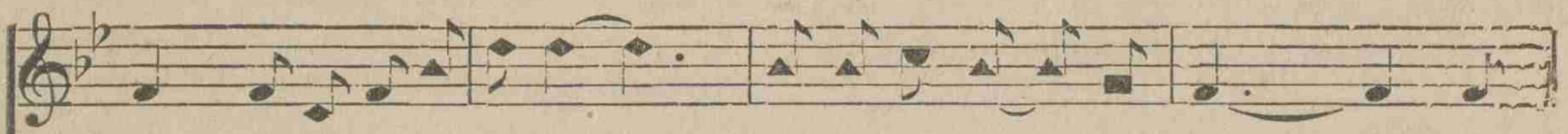


1. I've seen the lightning flash-ing, And heard the thunders roll, I've
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing, Temp - tation's snarp and keen; I
3. When in af - fliction's val - ley I'm treading the road of care, My
4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side, For
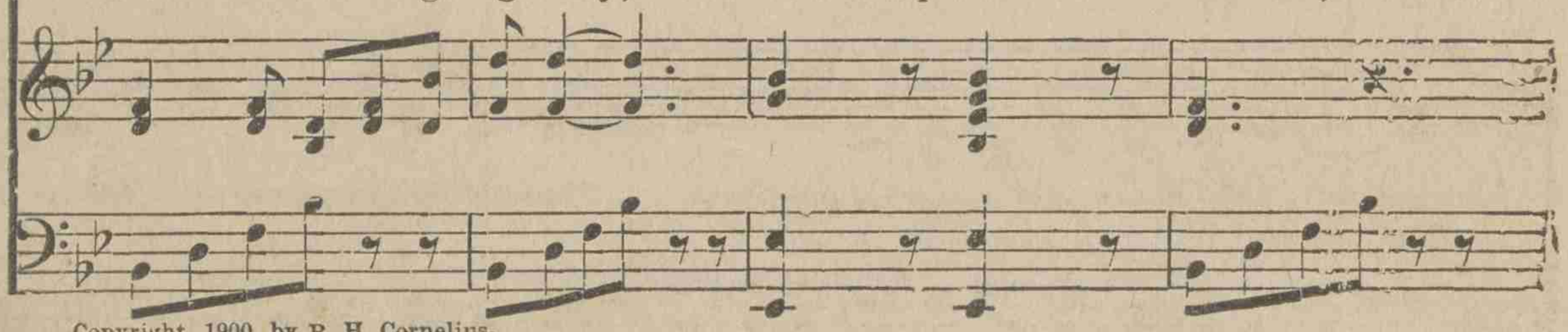




felt sin's break-ers dashing, . . Try-ing to conquer my soul; I've
feel a peace in knowing . . My Sav - iour stands be - tween; He
Sav-iour helps me to car - ry . . My cross when heavy to bear; My
me He opened that fountain, . The crim - son, cleans-ing tide; For





heard the voice of my Saviour Telling me still to fight on; He
stands to shield me from danger When earthly friends are gone; He
feet entangled with bri-ers, Ready to cast me down, My
me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne; He



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NEVER ALONE. Concluded.

prom - ised nev-er to leave me, . . . Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
prom - ised nev-er to leave me, . . . Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
Sav - iour whispers His promise, . . . "I nev-er will leave thee a-lone."
prom - ised nev-er to leave me, . . . Never to leave me a - lone.

CHORUS.

No, never a - lone, No, nev-er a - lone, He promised never to
No, never, no, never alone, No, nev-er, no, never alone,

leave me, Never to leave me alone ; No, never a - lone, No, never a-
No, never, no, never alone, No, never, no,

lone, He promised never to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a - lone.
never alone,

No. 26. AT THE CROSS.

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

1. There is par-don, full and free, At the cross, What-so-e'er our
2. There's a peace that none can tell, At the cross, In the Saviour's
2. There's a joy that all may feel, At the cross, If in humble
4. There's a hope that will en-dure, At the cross, It is like an
at the cross,

sins may be, At the cross; Let us now the Lord entreat, With our
"all is well!" At the cross; Let us seek that peace to prove, That is
faith they kneel, At the cross; Let us taste that joy so great, Ere it
an-chor sure, At the cross; Let us now that hope obtain, That shall
at the cross;

burdened souls to meet, And be-stow that pardon sweet, At the cross.
show-ered from a-bove Through the Master's dying love, At the cross.
be, for us, too late, Mer-cy will not always wait, At the cross.
nev-er prove in vain, While be-liev-ing we re-main, At the cross.
At the cross.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, At the cross,

There's redemption there for thee, There's redemption there for thee, There's redemption

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AT THE CROSS.

At the cross, At the

there for me, At the cross; There's re-demption 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. BETHANY.

Mrs. S. F. Adams. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Day-light all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;
4. Then with my wak-ing thot's, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs, Beth-el I'll raise;
5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
An-gels to beck-on me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
So by my woes to be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

No. 28. WHOSOEVER WILL.

Dedicated to the pupils of my Prairie View, Ark., Normal.

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

1. There's a bless - ed say - ing That my heart doth fill, Doubts and fears al-lay - ing,
2. With the husks no long-er Strive thy soul to fill, Here ap-pease thy hun-ger,
3. What a con - so - la - tion In my ev - 'ry ill, Com-eth from the say - ing,

Who - so - ev - er will; Far on er - ror's mountain, Lo, I feel its thrill!
Who - so - ev - er will; I will quaff sal- va - tion, From redemption's rill,
Who - so - ev - er will; Sin - ner, will you hear it, And its com-fort feel?

REFRAIN.
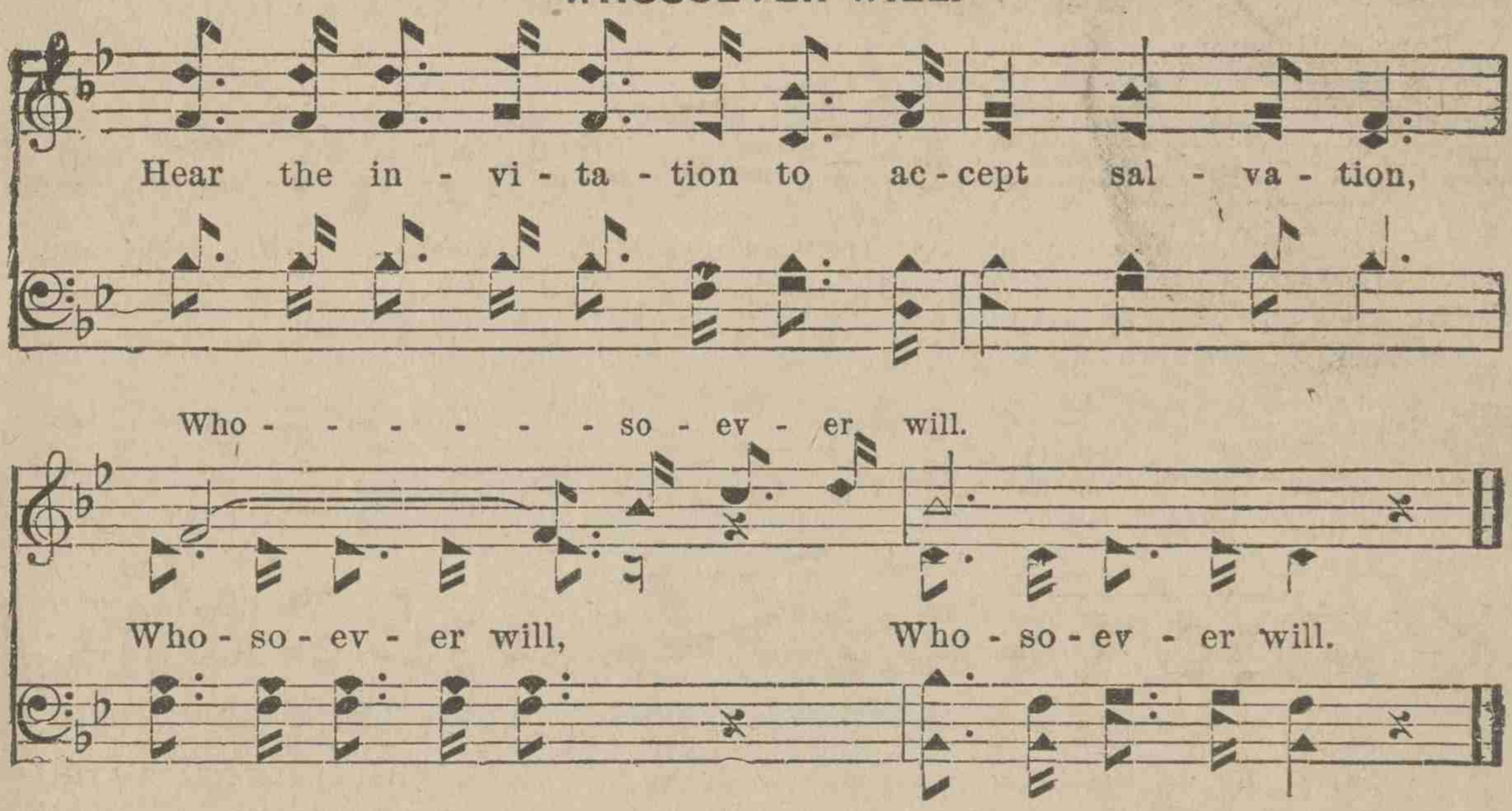
Come ye to the Fountain, Who-so - ev - er will! Who - - - so- ev - er
At the blest as-sur - ance, Who-so - ev - er will!
Come and have salva - tion, Who-so - ev - er will.

Who - so - ev - er will,

will Is . . . . . resounding still;
Who - so - ev - er will Is re-sounding still, Is resounding still;

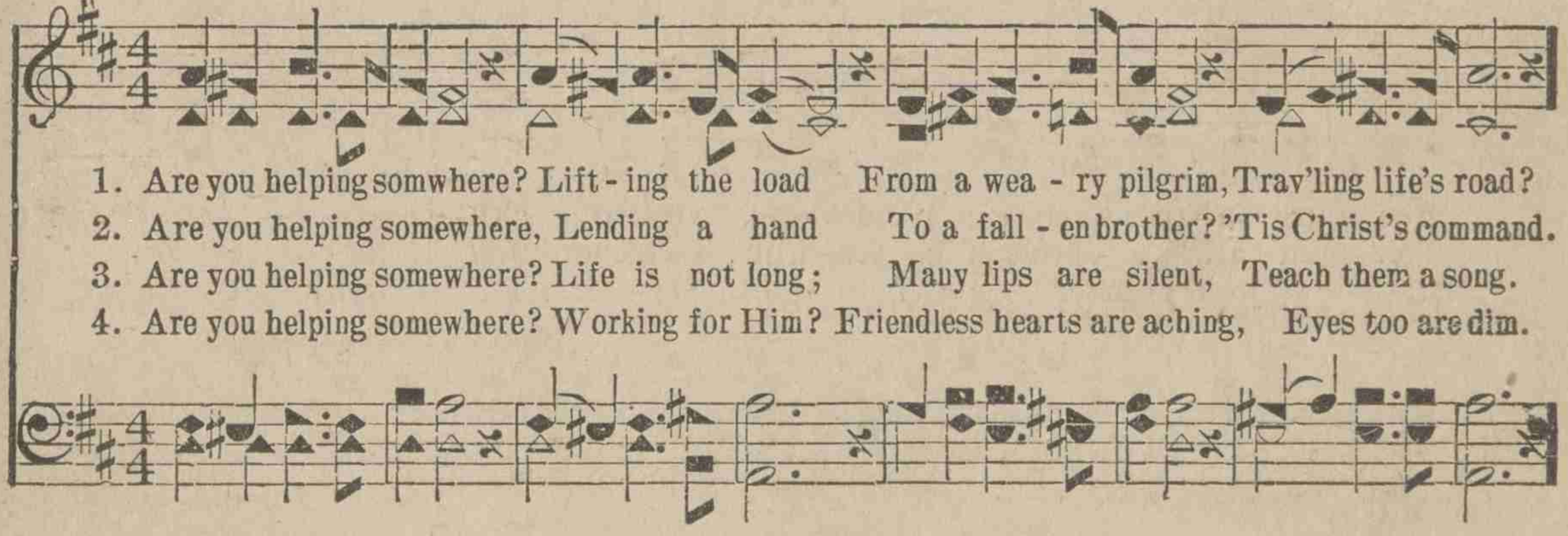
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WHOSOEVER WILL.
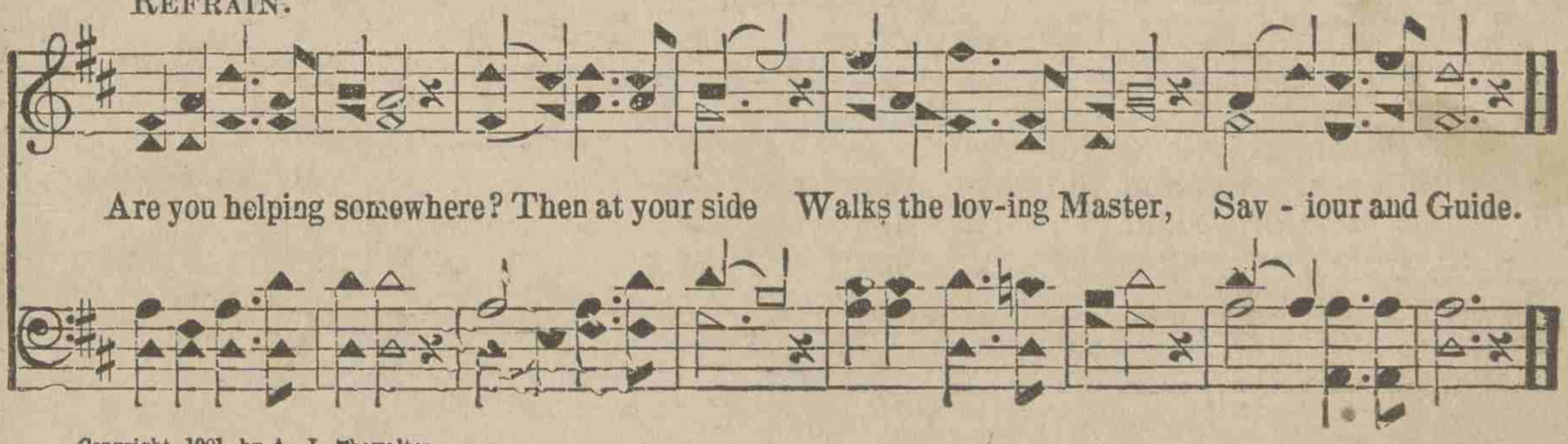


No. 29. ARE YOU HELPING SOMEWHERE?

BIRDIE BELL. HOMER F. MORRIS.



REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 30. HOLY MANNA.

Baptist Harmony. Arr. by A. J. S.

1. Breth-ren, we have met to wor - ship And a - dore the Lord our God;
2. Breth-ren, see poor sin - ners round you, Trem-bling on the brink of woe;
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ters aid - ed him;
4. Is there here a trem-bling jail - er, Seek - ing grace, and filled with fears?

Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trem - bling mourners, Who are strug-gling hard with sin?
Is there here a weep - ing Ma - ry, Pour - ing forth a flood of tears?

All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One come down;
See our fa - thers, see our moth - ers, And our chil - dren sink - ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav - iour, Tell them that He will be found;
Breth-ren, join your cries to help them; Sis - ters, let your pray'rs a - bound;

Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show-ered all a - round.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show-ered all a - round.
Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man - na Will be show-ered all a - rouud.
Pray, O pray, that ho - ly man - na May be show-ered all a - round.

No. 31. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

E. R. LATTA. JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the judgment draweth nigh? Shall I be there
2. Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the missing ones are known? Shall I be there
3. Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the vict'ries all are won? Shall I be there
4. Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the faithful form in line? Shall I be there

REFRAIN.

when the roll is call'd, And the faithful make re-ply? Shall I be there, . with saints to
when the roll is call'd, By the Saviour's glorious throne?
when the roll is call'd, With my earthly warfare done?
when the roll is call'd, And a mansion, fair, be mine?

Shall I be there,

stand, . . In white ar-ray, . . . on God's right hand, . A harp to
with saints to stand, In white array on God's right hand, on God's right hand,

sweep, . . a crown to wear, . . . Shall I be there, shall I be there?
a harp to sweep, a crown to wear, Shall I be there, shall I be there?

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No. 32. SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

5th verse by L. L. P. I. D. CARRINGTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. At home or a - way, in the al - ley or street, Wherev-er I chance in this
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown harden'd, whose
3. No mat- ter how deep he is sunken in sin, No mat- ter how much he is
4. That head hath been pillowed on ten-der-est breast, That form hath been wept o'er, those
5. How sad is the heart of some wander-ing child, A-drift from her home by a

wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless or a boy that is wild, My
spir - its are cold, Be it wo-man all fall-en, be it man all de-filed, A
shunned by his kin, No mat- ter how foul is his foun - tain of joy, Tho'
lips have been press'd, That soul hath been pray'd for in tones sweet and mild, For
trai - tor be-guiled; How drear-y her life, O how dread - ful the whirl, The

CHORUS.

heart ech - oes soft - ly, "It is some moth-er's child." Some mother's child,
voice whis-pers sad - ly, "It is some moth-er's child." Some mother's child,
guilt - y and loathsome, he is some moth-er's boy. Some mother's boy,
her sake deal gen- tly with some moth-er's child. Some mother's child
dark, rag - ing tor - rent onward bears moth-er's girl. Some mother's girl,

some moth-er's child, My heart ech-oes soft- ly, "It is some mother's child."
some moth-er's child, A voice whispers sad-ly, "It is some mother's child."
some moth-er's boy, Tho' guil - ty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.
some moth-er's child, For her sake deal gen-tly with some mother's child.
some moth-er's girl, The dark rag-ing tor- rent onward bears mother's girl.

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No. 33. THE LAST APPEAL.

Rev. J. E. GOULD. O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Lis - ten, sin - ner, will you lis - ten, While I make one more ap - peal? Would with
2. But the grave is not the end - ing, Sin will kill be-yond the tomb; Oh, what
3. You have had the Bi - ble warn-ing; You have had the Spir - it, too; Ev - er
4. But the Bi - ble you have slight-ed, And the Spir - it turned a - way, And re -

tears your eyes might glis - ten! Would to God your heart might feel! You will,
aw - ful hor - rors pend - ing In those words, the "sin-ner's doom!" God has
since life's ear - ly morn - ing, It has strove and plead with you; Man - y
fused, though oft in - vit - ed To im-prove your gra - cious day; Oh, how

too, ere long be dy - ing; Soon we'll miss you from the earth, And your
traced it with His fin - ger, Je - sus said it should be so: "He who
times the tear-drop glis - tened, Man - y times your heart did melt; To the
hard your heart is get - ting! Oh, how sad your state to - day! Friend, your

cold form will be ly - ing 'Neath the green - sward and the turf.
lives and dies a sin - ner Must en - dure e - ter - nal woe."
sto - ry you have lis - tened, Of the pangs your Sav - iour felt.
star of hope is set - ting; Haste to Christ with - out de - lay!

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No. 34. O! WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

"For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" Rev. vi: 7.

Rev. W. T. DALE. G. W. BROWN, by per.

1. There's a great Judgment day that is coming we know, It's coming to one and all;
2. Then the righteous and wicked to-gether shall meet, To judgment they shall be bro't;
3. There will be great rejoicing of hap-py ones there, Who follow'd the Saviour here;
4. But there'll be lamen-tation and mourning that day, When Jesus shall say "depart;"
5. Oh! prepare us, dear Lord, for Thy coming ere long, The judgment of that great day;

For the Judge shall de-scend in His power di-vine, And judge both the great and small.
And the Judge shall proclaim to the righteous, "Well done." The wicked, "I know you not."
When they hear Him declare "Come ye blessed of mine, And en-ter my home so fair."
And the wicked shall flee from His presence a-way, What rending of ev-'ry heart!
When the saints shall rejoice in Thy pres-ence with song, The wicked be driv'n a-way.

REFRAIN.

When Je-sus comes and the judgment is set, O! who will be on His right hand?

When the trumpet shall sound and the nations have come, O! who shall be a-ble to stand?

No. 35. YOU MAY TELL MY DEAR OLD PARENTS.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. If you reach the gates be-fore me to that land of end - less day, To that
2. Thro' my mind there steals a pict- ure of a fireside warm and bright, I can
3. Then my home was almost heav- en, tho' but hum- ble at its best, But to
4. Then no mat - ter what the journey, tho' the way be dark or bright, I will

home that is for - ev - er bright and fair, When my father and my mother ask you
see my moth-er in her old arm chair; I can hear my fa- ther praying that I
me it was most beauti - ful and fair; O what will it be in heav-en, in those
push a-head with hope, and not despair; For I soon will join my lov'd ones in that

D.S.–*Lord has heard and answered ev-'ry pray'r; Yes, be sure to give this message when they*

FINE.

if I'm on the way, You may tell my dear old parents I'll be there.
might be led a-right, And reach home at last in an-swer to his pray'r.
mansions of the blest, When with father and with mother I'll be there.
land of love and light, Then be sure to tell my parents I'll be there. (I'll be there.)

meet you at the gate, You may tell my dear old parents I'll be there.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

You may tell them I'll be there,..... That the
tell my pa - rents I'll be there,

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No. 36. 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!

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No. 37. HONEY FROM THE ROCK.

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

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 38.

GLORY OVER YONDER.

To my teacher, Prof. A. J. Showalter.

S. McN.

SHARP McNIEL.

1. What bright visions come to me When I think of joys to be, 'Twill be glo- ry when we
2. Af- ter pilgrims' paths are trod, Sharing in the peace of God, 'Twill be glo- ry when we
3. O the bliss that we shall know With our souls made white as snow, 'Twill be glo-ry when we

meet each oth - er there; Je- sus has pre-pared a home for us where no harm can come, 'Twill be
meet each oth - er there; While the endless a - ges roll Christ's a-ton- ing love ex - tol, 'Twill be
meet each oth - er there; We shall praise the holy Lamb, Chanting loud redemption's psalm, 'Twill be

REFRAIN.

glo - ry when we meet each other there. 'Twill be glo - ry o - ver
'Twill be glo- ry

yon - der, When we meet . . . each oth - er there; 'Twill be
meet, when we meet each oth - er there, each oth - er there;

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No. 41. RESTING IN JESUS' ARMS.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the arms of Je-sus I sweetly rest, And my soul re-pos-es up-on His breast;
2. In the arms of Je-sus my cares depart, For He shares my sor-row and cheers my heart;
3. In the arms of Je-sus! 'twas love di-vine Made this blessed shelter of safe-ty mine;
4. In the arms of Je-sus I'll sleep in peace When the cares and tri-als of earth-life cease;

As a ten-der mother her child doth hold, I am shelter'd in Je-sus' fold.
All my heav-y burdens He bears a-way, For I take them to Him each day.
And I ask no sweeter a-bid-ing-place Than in Je-sus', my Lord's embrace.
He will bear me upward on wings of love, To those mansions prepared a-bove.

REFRAIN.

I am rest-ing in Je-sus' arms, And I fear not the world's a-larms;
ten-der arms,
Tho' its storms as-sail me on ev-'ry side, In this ref-uge my soul shall hide.

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No. 42. CAN YOU SLIGHT THE LOVING JESUS?

JENNIE WILSON. S. W. COOPER.

1. Can you slight the lov - ing Je - sus, Who is call - ing you to - day?
2. Can you slight the lov - ing Je - sus And a stran - ger to Him be?
3. Can you slight the lov - ing Je - sus? Come and give to Him your heart,

While He of - fers you sal - va - tion, Can you turn from Him a - way?
He ex-changed His throne of glo - ry For the cross of Cal - va - ry.
Find-ing for your guilt full par - don, In His king - dom have a part.

REFRAIN.

Can you slight . . . . the lov - ing Je - sus, . . Who His

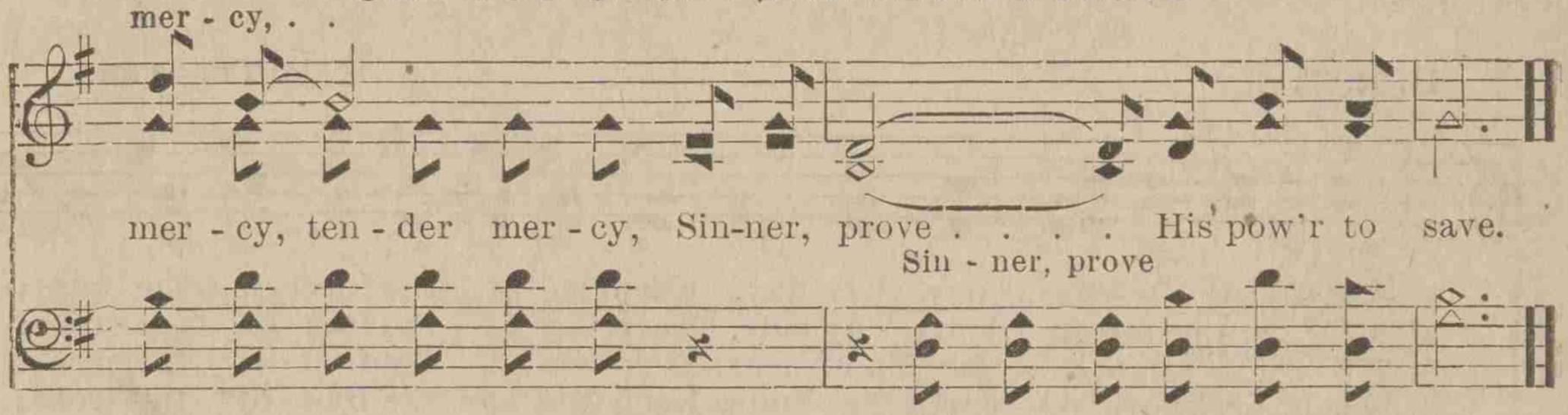
Can you slight the lov - ing Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus,

life . . . . so free-ly gave? Now ac - cept . . . . His ten - der

Who His life so free-ly gave, so free-ly gave? Now ac-cept His ten - der

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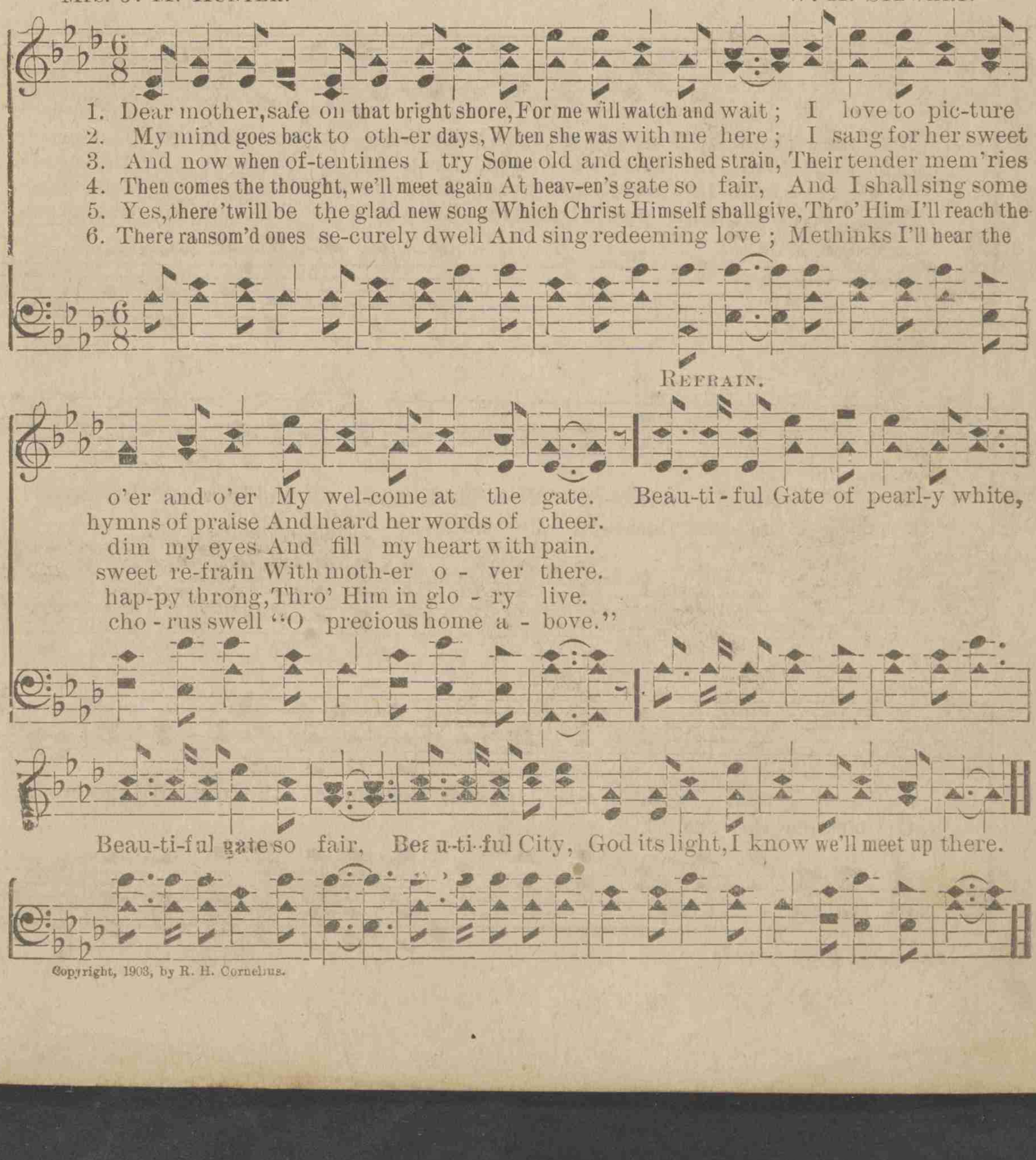
CAN YOU SLIGHT THE LOVING JESUS?



No. 43. WE SHALL MEET AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"My boy, I know we shall meet at the Beautiful Gate and I'll hear you sing some sweet song again," were the dying words of Mr. J. A. Taylor's mother for whom these stanzas were written.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. W. A. Stewart.



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No. 44. KEEP ME AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

H. R. T. H. R. TURHYFILL.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, day by day, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
2. I am prone to leave Thy side, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
3. When I'm tempt-ed, be Thou near, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
4. When my work on earth is done, Keep me at the foot of the cross;

Let me from it nev-er stray, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
Let me, Lord, in Thee a-bide, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
I can dwell in safe-ty here, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
May I praise Thee on Thy throne, Keep me at the foot of the cross.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
O bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus,

Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
O bless-ed Je - sus,

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No. 45. WHERE IS MY LORD?

L. L. P. Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. I've wandered in darkness, in the val-leys of sin; A-far from my Sav-iour
2. My heart feels the bur-dens and sor-rows of guilt, And yet on Mount Calv'ry
3. I hope in His goodness for mer-cy at last, But strong are the fet-ters
4. O hark! 'tis my Sav-iour! such ac-cents of love, In tones soft and ten-der,

ma-ny years I have been. The storms rage a-round me, and I shrink back with
Je-sus' life-blood was spilt: I know that He suf-fer'd on the thrice-curs-ed
sin a-round me has cast; Still doubt, fear, and darkness fet-ter hope, life, and
pour-ing down from a-bove. He of-fers me par-don, and I know He doth

fear; The ter-rors of judgment seem to be draw-ing near. Where is my Lord?
tree, But O, can His mer-cy reach a reb-el like me? Where is my Lord?
trust, I'm crush'd 'neath the burden, and I lie in the dust. Where is my Lord?
save; He free-ly for-gives me, and I fear not the grave. Here is my Lord,

REFRAIN.

1–3. Where is my Lord? I'm out in the dark-ness, Where, O where is my Lord?
4. Here is my Lord; I'm safe in His bo-som, Here, O here is my Lord.

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No. 46. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There 's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There 's a great day
2. There 's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There 's a bright day
3. There 's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There 's a sad day

com - ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
com - ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to
com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "De-
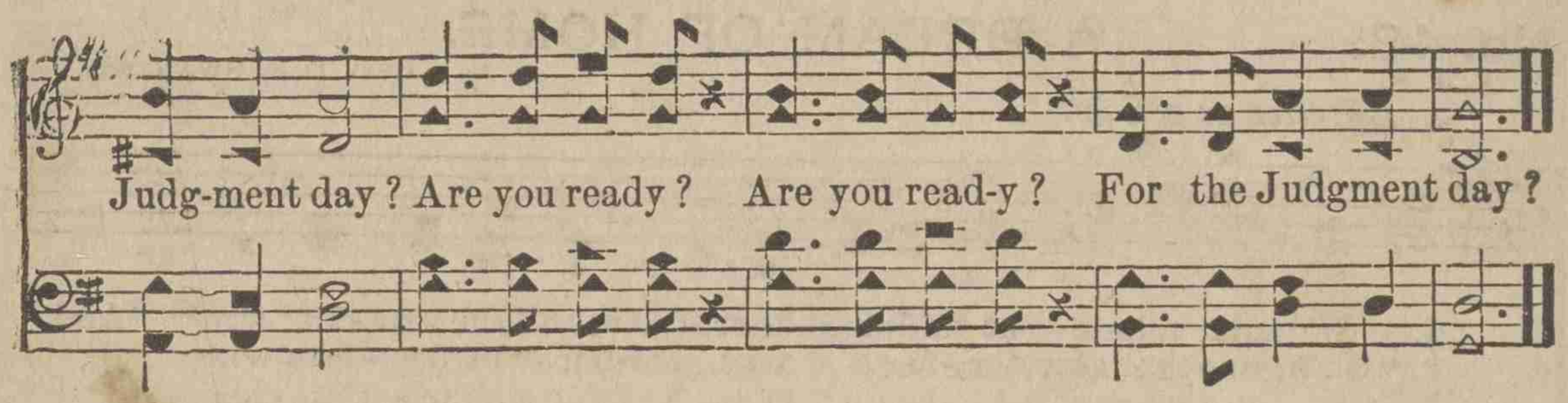
part - ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

RRFRAIN.

Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the

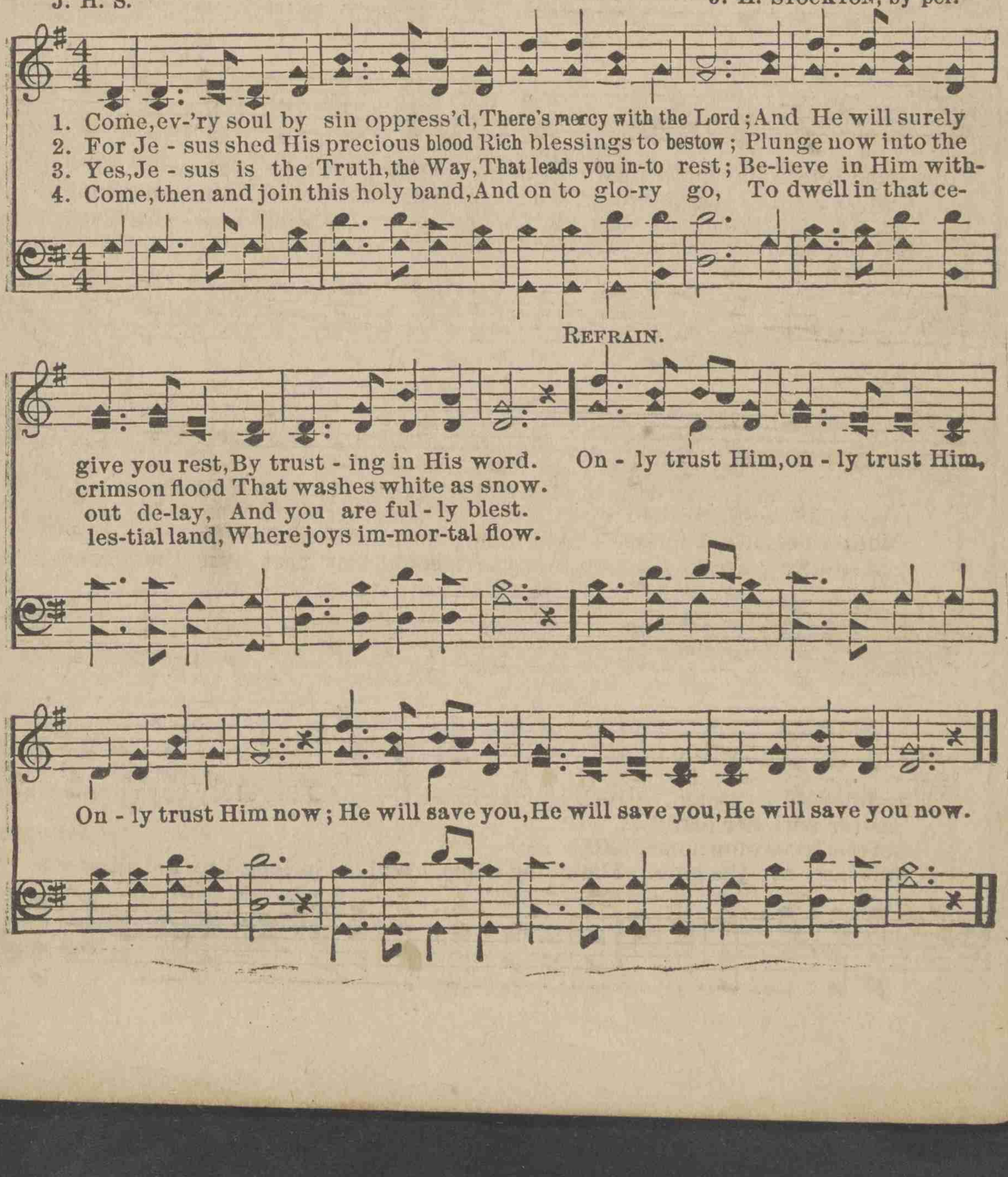
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THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.



No. 47. ONLY TRUST HIM.

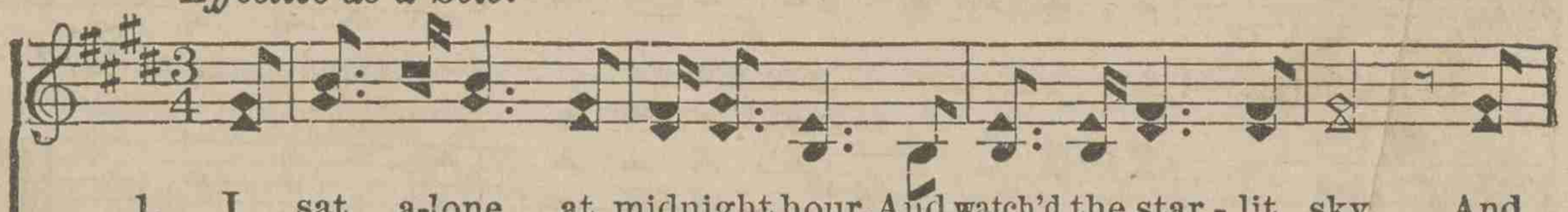
J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.
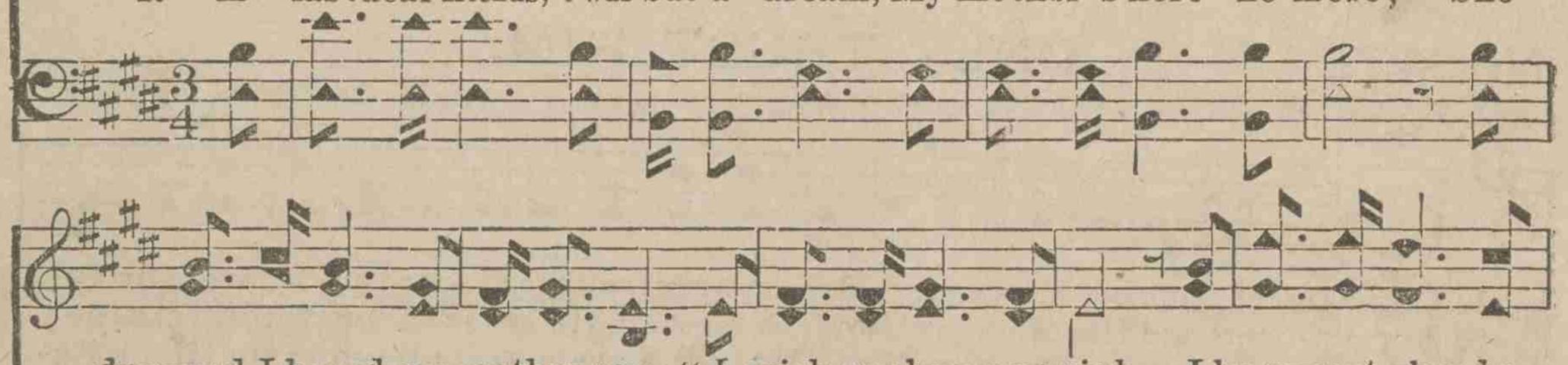


No. 48. A DREAM OF HOME.

T. J. S. Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.
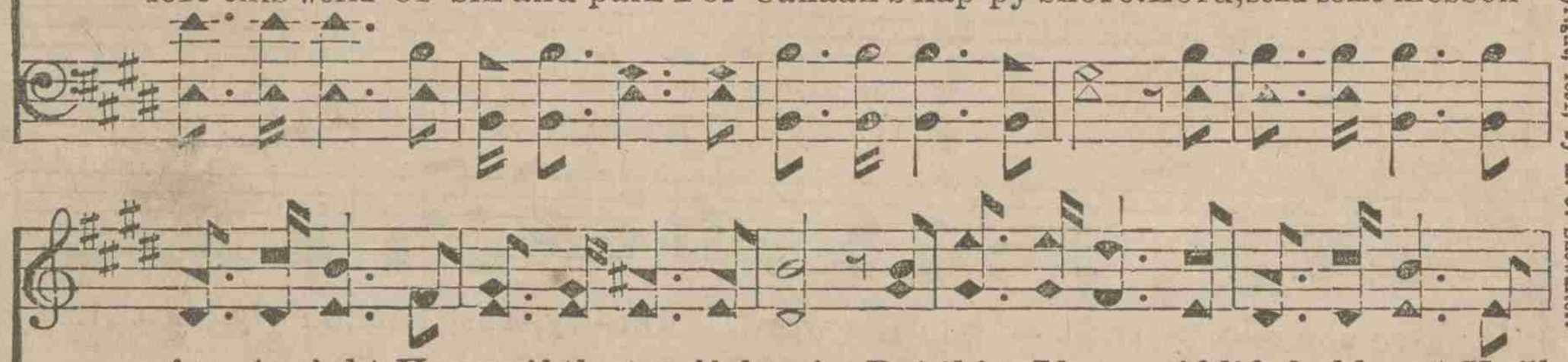
Effective as a Solo.



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

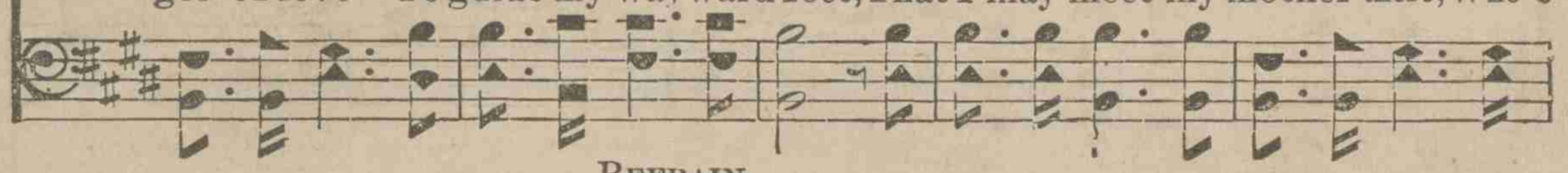


dreamed I heard my mother say: "I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he
God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my dis-tant child, No fath-er there to
he 's a full-grown man to-day, And true, and brave, but mild. A let - ter here says:
left this world of sin and pain For Canaan's hap-py shore. Lord,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



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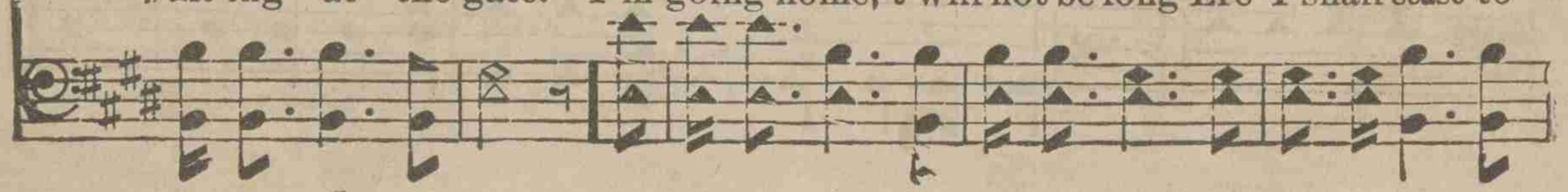
is tonight, He cross'd the trou-bled main; But this I know, if life holds out, He 'll
guide him now, No brother with his cheer, No mother there to soothe his brow, No
'Mother, dear, No long-er I will roam;' So now I stand and watch the gate, I
ger of love To guide my wayward feet, That I may meet my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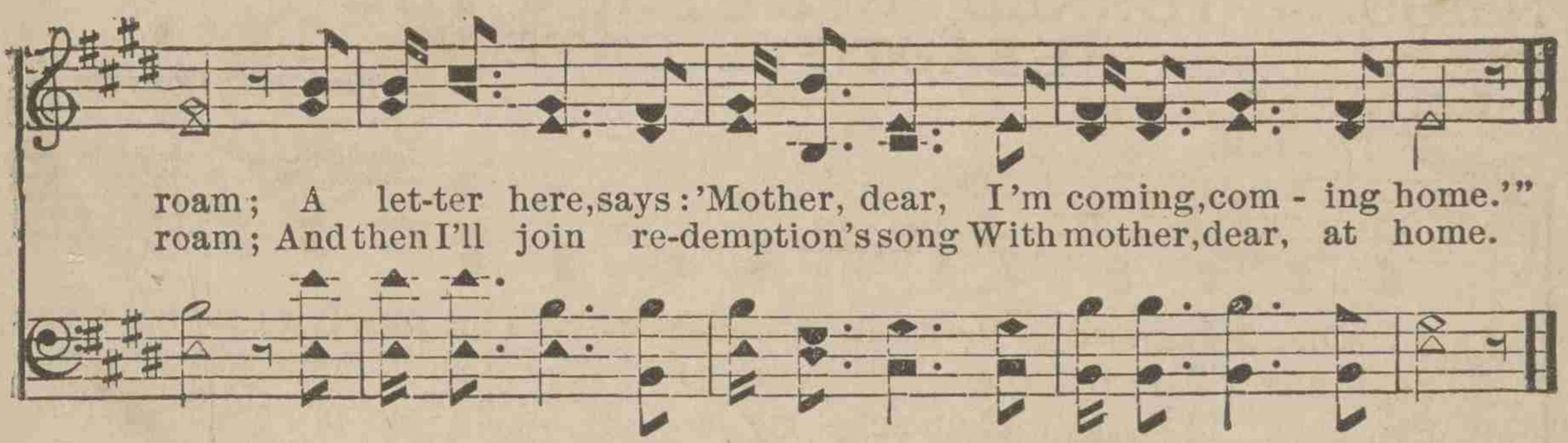


REFRAIN.



wander back a-gain." "He 's coming home, O joy-ful tho't! My boy no more will
sis-ter with her tear."
know he's com-ing home." *4th verse.*
wait-ing at the gate. I'm going home, 't will not be long Ere I shall cease to

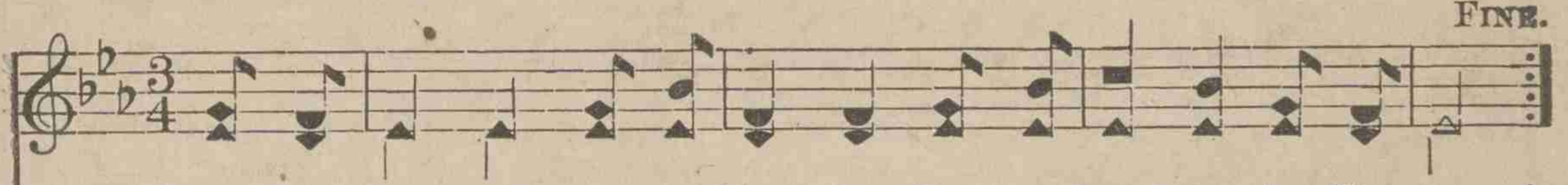


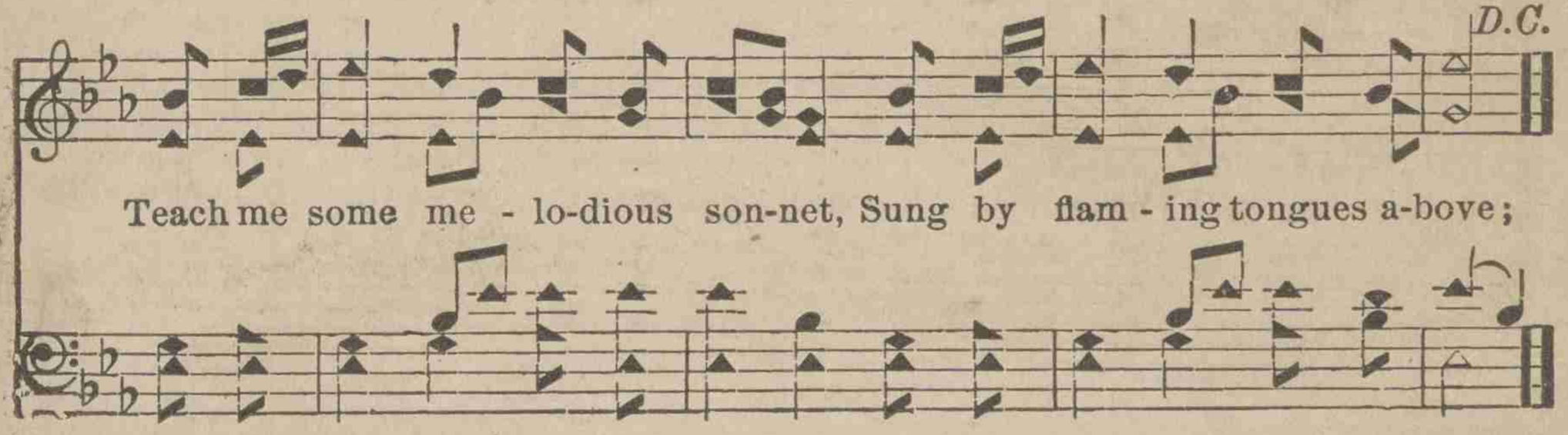
A DREAM OF HOME.



No. 49. NETTLETON.

Rev. Robert Robinson. Rev. Asahel Nettleton.





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

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

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No. 50. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. D. Rev. D. E. Dortch.

Not too fast.

1. Some one will knock at the saints' bright home, And hear the Lord saying, "You
2. Some one will hear the an - gels' song, And wish he could join with the
3. Some one will stand with an ach - ing heart, While Je - sus pro-nounc-es the
4. Some one will lin - ger with tear - ful eyes, While Christ and His people as -

can not come;" With sadness he 'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state; Turn'd a-
hap - py throng; With sighings he 'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state; Turn'd a-
word, "depart;" With groanings he 'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state; Turn'd a-
cend the skies; With weep-ing he 'll mourn o'er his sor- row- ful state; Turn'd a-

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FINE. REFRAIN.

way from the beau-ti - ful gate. Turn'd a - way from the beau-ti - ful

D.S.

gate, Turn'd a - way from the beau - ti - ful gate; With

No. 51. PRAISE HIS NAME.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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No. 52. ANGELS OF LIGHT.

F. W. FABER. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a-way, like bells at e-ven pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
4. An-gels, sing on, your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a-bove;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweet-ly ringing, The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
And la-den souls by thousands, meekly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Till morn-ing's joy shall end this night of weep-ing, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

REFRAIN.

An - - gels of light, An - gels of light
An-gels of light, An-gels of light, An-gels of light, An-gels of light,

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night, An - gels of light.
An-gels of Je-sus, An gels of light.

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No. 55. THE DYING GIRL'S FAREWELL.

G. W. ARCHER. J. D. PATTON.

The following words were in substance the farewell words of Miss Anna Taylor, who died Sept. 10, 1897.

1. The time has come, dear pa - pa, When I must say good-bye; I feel the shadows
2. Dear mamma, O dear mamma, Your love was warm and true! Cast all your cares on
3. And you, my pre-cious sis-ters, Whose eyes o'er-flow with tears, Think of my home in
4. Dear brothers, I must leave you! Remem-ber life is brief! I know my leav-ing
5. Farewell, my lov'd companions, I bid you all a - dieu! O give your lives to

thick'ning, the end is drawing nigh; I'm ent'ring in the val- ley, But what have I to
Je- sus Un - til He calls for you; He nev- er will forsake you, Tho' sorrows press you
glo - ry, Be-yond the rolling spheres; Be ready for His summons, Should it come soon or
pains you, And fills your hearts with grief; But I shall be with Jesus, And those who've gone be-
Je- sus, And be to du - ty true! Walk close beside the Master, Un-til your journey's

D.S. *I'll meet you at the por-tal, Where angels come and*

REFRAIN.

fear? The an- gels are in wait-ing, And Je - sus too is near. I'll meet you at the
sore, He'll bring you to that cit - y Where we shall part no more.
late, And I will hail you welcome, Hard by the gold-en gate.
fore! O brothers, will you meet me On that ce - les- tial shore?
o'er; He'll guide you thro' the valley, And we shall meet once more.

go; Be faith-ful, O be faith-ful! It won't be long you know. D.S.

por-tal, Where angels come and go; Be faithful, O be faithful! It won't be long you know;

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No. 56. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

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

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va - ry;

Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.

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No. 57. A POOR WAYFARING STRANGER.

* * *

J. D. PATTON.

1. I am a poor way-far - ing stran-ger, While journeying thro' this world of woe,
2. I know dark clouds will gath-er round me, I know my way is rough and steep,
3. I'll soon be freed from ev - 'ry tri - al, My bod -y will sleep in the old church-yard;
4. I want to wear a crown of glo - ry, When I get home to that good land,

Yet there's no sick - ness, toil nor dan - ger, In that bright world to which I go.
Yet beau-teous fields lie just be - fore me, Where God's re-deem - ed vig - ils keep.
I'll drop the cross of self de - ni - al, And en - ter on my great re - ward.
I want to shout sal - va-tion's sto - ry In con - cert with the blood-wash'd band.

REFRAIN.

I'm go - ing there to see my Fa - ther, I'm go - ing there no more to roam;
I'm go - ing there to see my moth - er, She said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm go - ing there to see my classmates, Who've gone be-fore me one by one;
I'm go - ing there to see my Sav - iour. To sing His praise for ev - er - more;

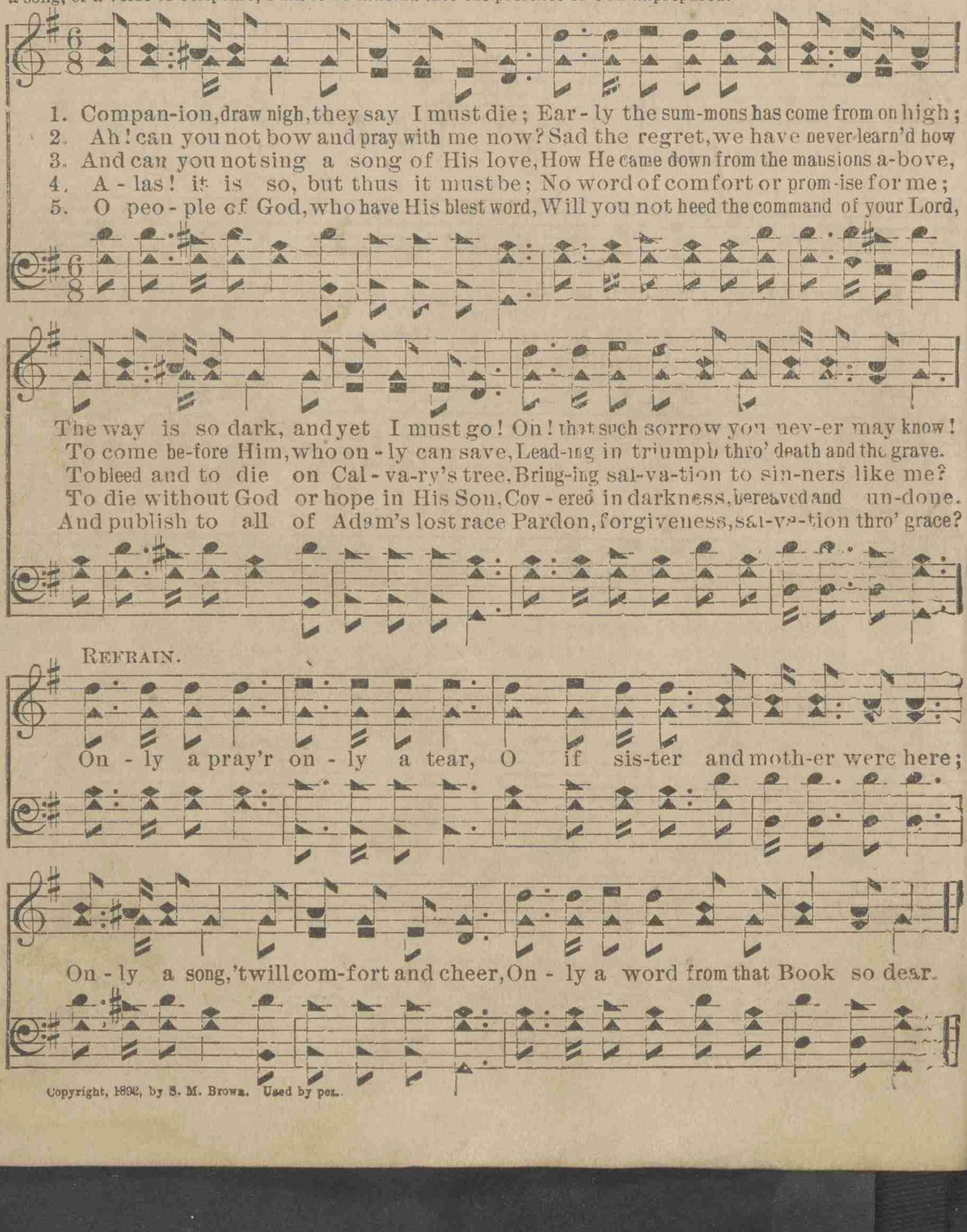
I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I'm on - ly go - ing o - ver home.

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No. 58. DYING FROM HOME, AND LOST.

S. M. B. S. M. BROWN.

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



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No. 59. BLESSED HOME.

Melody by J. E. BIGBIE. Arr. and harmonized by A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

New arrangement. Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 60. O WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

Dr. H. Bonar. A. J. Showalter.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst 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 thus this 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 to-night? Why not to-night?

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

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No. 61. TURN AWAY FROM YOUR SINS.

(Suggested by a sermon of Rev. A. C. Miller, of Florence, Ark.)

A. B. L. A. B. LITTLE.

1. The Sav - iour bids you come to - day, Turn a -way from your sins, turn away;
2. O come and He will make you whole, Turn a -way from your sins, turn away;
3. Come all ye wea -ry and oppress'd, Turn a -way from your sins, turn away;

His love will guide you all the way, Turn a -way from your sins, turn a-way.
Find balm in Gil - ead for your soul, Turn a -way from your sins, turn a-way.
In Him there's pardon and sweet rest, Turn a -way from your sins, turn a-way.

Turn a - way, . . turn a - way, . . Turn a-way from your sins, turn a -way;
Turn a - way, turn away, turn a-way, turn a-way,

Turn a - way, . . turn a - way, . . Turn away from your sins, turn a- way.
Turn a-way, turn a- way, turn a-way, turn a-way,

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No. 62. JESUS CALLS.

E. R. LATTA. W. M. CUSHING.

1. In a voice of lov - ing kind - ness Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls,
2. Tho' you far from Him be stray - ing, Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls,
3. That you may be saved for - ev - er, Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls,
4. He is wait - ing to re - ceive you, Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls,

Je - sus calls,

To re - move the spir - it's blind - ness Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls.
And His coun - sels dis - o - bey - ing, Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls.
Come and drink of love's deep riv - er, Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls.
He will ne'er de - ny nor leave you, Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls.

Je - sus calls,

REFRAIN.

Do you hear His ear - nest plead - ing, For your par - don in - ter - ced - ing?

Je - sus calls,

Are you His blest in - vi - ta - tion heed - ing? Je - sus calls, Je - sus calls.

Copyright, 1903, by R. H. Cornell

No. 63. JESUS PAID IT.

E. R. LATTA. R. L. FERGUSON.

1. I was born in sin - ful bond -age And I nev - er could be free,
2. There's a debt of love I'm ow - ing, And I must a debt - or be;
3. There is bound -less ob - li - ga - tion For the death on Cal - va - ry,
4. There's a debt of thanks up - on me To an in - fi - nite de-gree,

But a lov - ing Friend re -lieved me, Je - sus paid the debt for me.
Had not one the bur - den lift - ed, Je - sus paid the debt for me.
But tho' I can nev - er meet it, Je - sus paid the debt for me.
But tho' I could not dis-charge it, Je - sus paid the debt for me.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus paid it on the cross, Oh the love and sym - pa -thy;
Je - sus paid it on the Tree, Yes, He paid the debt for me.

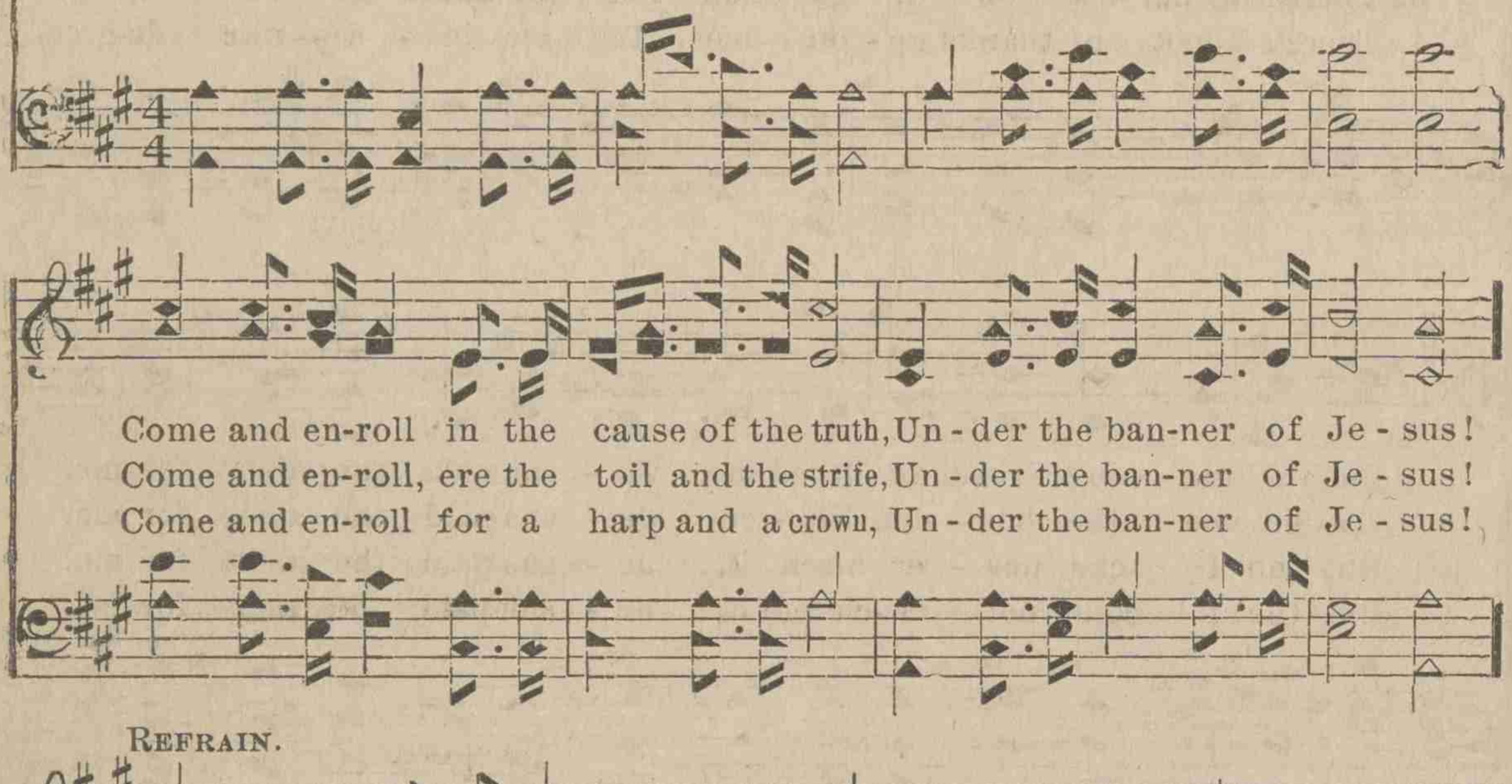
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No. 64. UNDER THE BANNER OF JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. L. H. WILEMON.
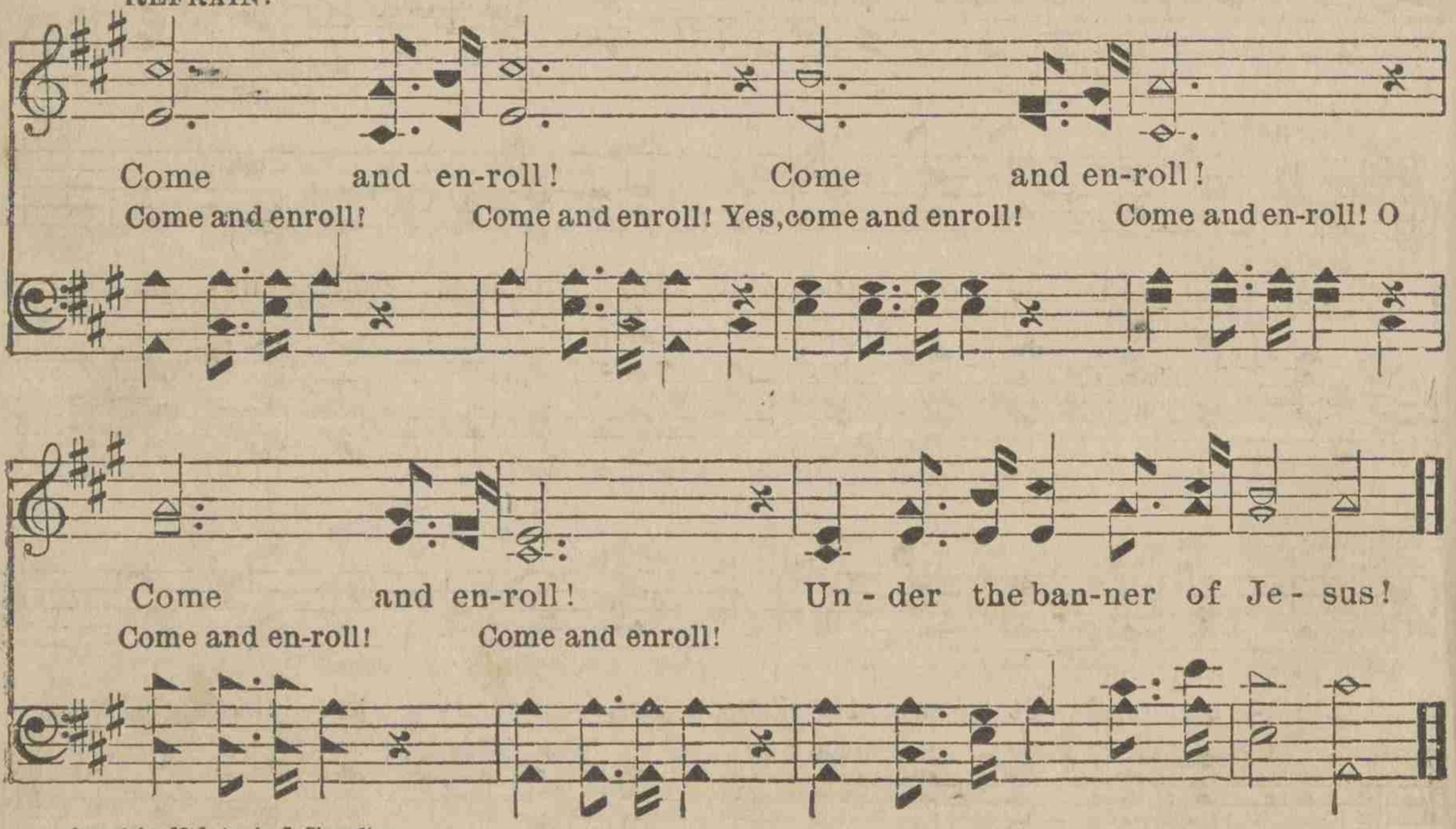


1. Come and enroll, in your childhood and youth, Un- der the banner of Je - sus!
2. Come and enroll, ere the noontide of life, Un- der the banner of Je - sus!
3. Come and enroll, ere your sun go-eth down, Un- der the banner of Je - sus!



Come and en-roll in the cause of the truth, Un - der the ban-ner of Je - sus!
Come and en-roll, ere the toil and the strife, Un - der the ban-ner of Je - sus!
Come and en-roll for a harp and a crown, Un - der the ban-ner of Je - sus!

REFRAIN.



Come and en-roll! Come and en-roll!
Come and enroll! Come and enroll! Yes, come and enroll! Come and en-roll! O
Come and en-roll! Come and en-roll!
Come and en-roll! Come and enroll!
Un - der the ban-ner of Je - sus!
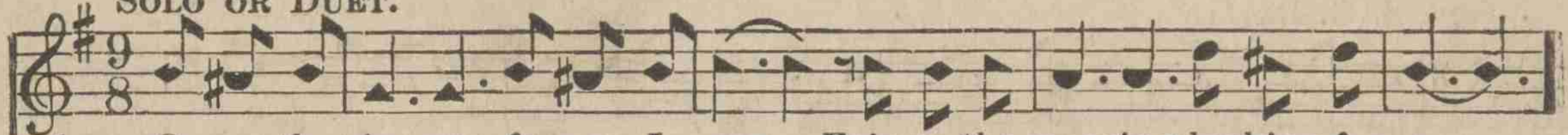
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No. 65. LOOKING THIS WAY.
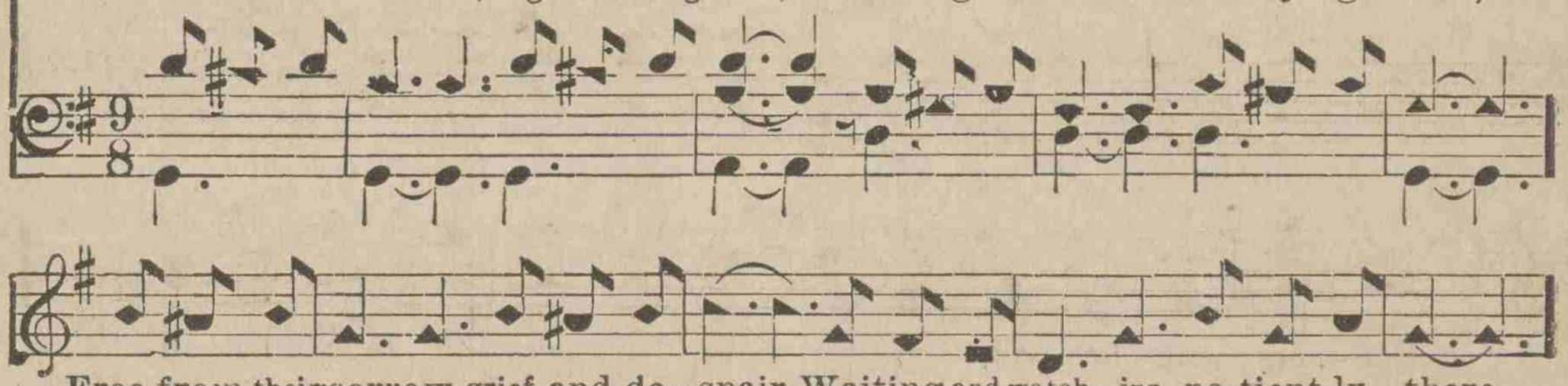
J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.
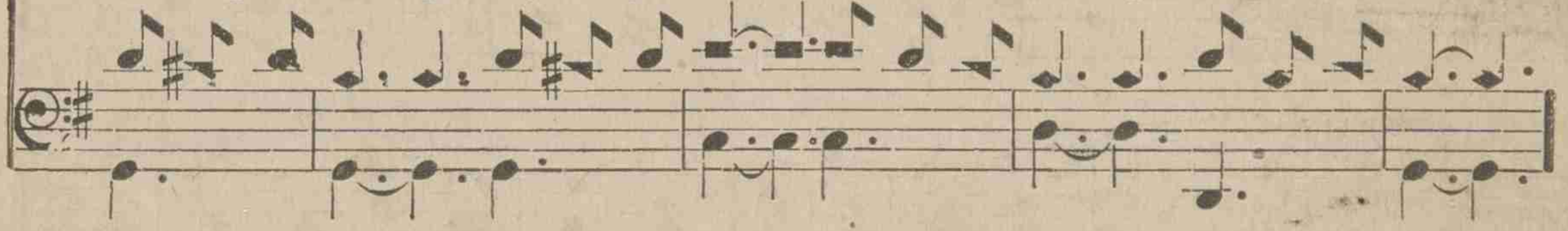
Solo or Duet.
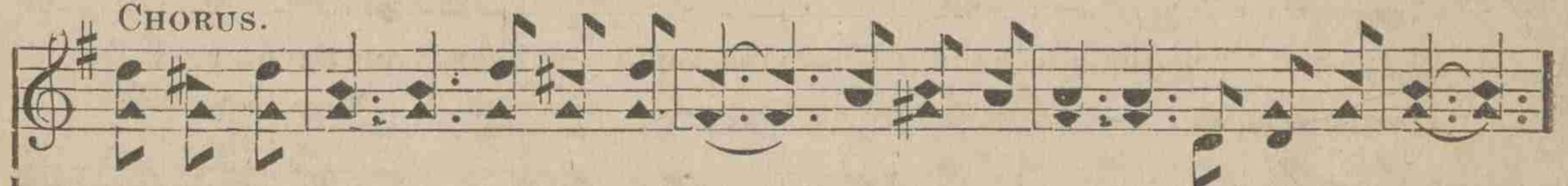


1. O- ver the riv - er, fa-ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Fa-ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, coming sometime;
4. Sweet lit - tle darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning come;
5. Je - sus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Looking for lost ones straying a - far;
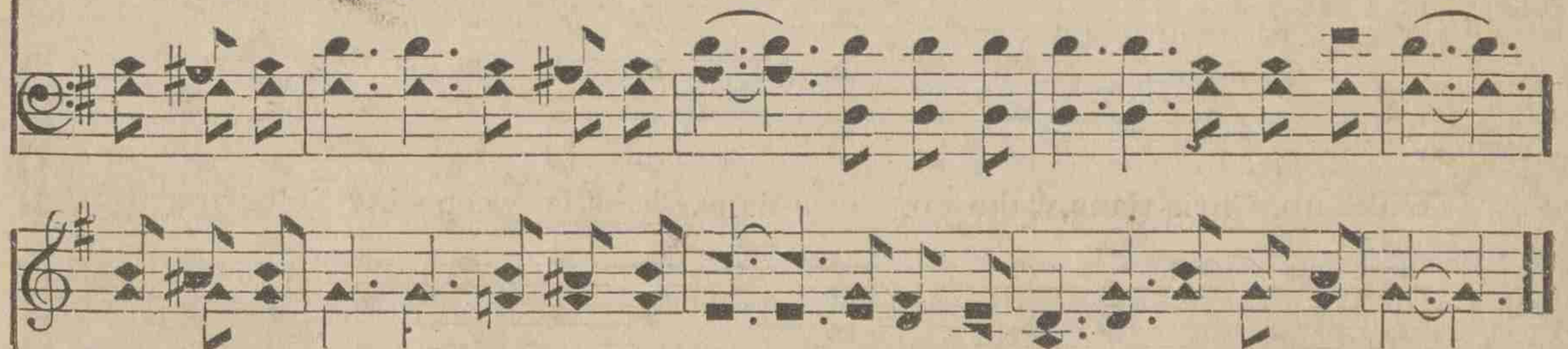


Free from their sorrow, grief, and de - spair, Waiting and watch - ing pa-tient-ly there.
Bearing the loved ones o - ver the tide, In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Safe with the an - gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be - low.
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxious-ly look - ing, mother, for you.
Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je-sus is call - ing, "Sinner, come home."
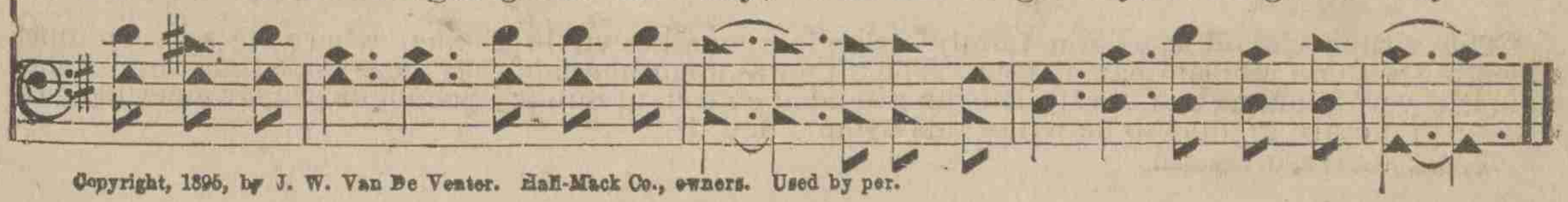


Chorus.



Look-ing this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry, looking this way.



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No. 66. WAKE UP, CHRISTIANS.*

"What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Jonah, 1 : 6.

Rev. S. C. Bailey. W. A. Steward

1. Chris-tians, sleep-ing by the way-side, Calm-ly sleep-ing, all is well;
2. Sleep-ing Chris-tians nev-er see them, For their eyes are closed in sleep;
3. Sin-ners dy-ing all a-round you, Oh, how can you sit and sleep?
4. You have lov'd ones who are sin-ners, They have wan-dered far, a-way,
5. You are sit-ting do-ing noth-ing, Is there naught for you to do?

Sin-ners swift-ly pass-ing by them, Go-ing on their way to hell.
They don't feel their Saviour's pres-ence, Who is bow-ing now to weep.
When you know their dread-ful por-tion, Seems as if you'd rise and weep.
And you i-dly sat and slum-bered, While your loved ones went a-stray.
Look, your bleed-ing Sav-iour yon-der, He has done it all for you.

Refrain.

Wake up, Chris-tians, wake up, Chris-tians, Don't you hear your Saviour's call?

Wake up, Chris-tians, wake up, Chris-tians, Christ is weep-ing o'er your fall.

*The writer visited a certain family living in a small town in Texas, where he was holding a meeting with an almost dead church. The father and mother said they were Christians, but all the children were sinners and rarely if ever attended church or Sunday School or prayer meeting. It was a sad picture to him; so he wrote this hymn. S. C. B.

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No. 67. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 68. PAPA, BE A CHRISTIAN.*

Mrs. Grace Weiser Davis. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Slow and expressive.

1. My lit - tle one, dressed in snow-y white, As she kissed me, said, "Dear pa-pa, good-night;" Then she clasped my neck, by her arms, so tight, Say-ing, "Pa - pa, be a Chris-tian for your lit - tle girl's sake." For the lov - ing one's sake, For the
2. I knew that I stood on ru - in's brink, Was a slave to sin, enchained by strong drink; But my child's sweet words made me stop and think, "Dear pa - pa, be a Chris-tian for your lit - tle girl's sake."
3. "O Fa-ther in Heav'n, forgive," I cried: And my pray'r was heard, in love He re - plied, "I have giv'n My Son, who for thee hath died; Though thy sins be as scar - let, they shall be white as snow."
4. No more do I hear the sweet "good-night," For my child's in Heav'n arrayed in pure white; And she waits for me in those realms of light Till I meet her, my loved one, safe in heav-en so bright.

Refrain.

hearts that nigh break, O wan-d'rer, thy fol - ly for - sake; God is wait-ing to

*A gentleman, converted in my services, told me when he was going out from the home that night his little girl, in her night dress, ran to kiss him good bye, and placing her arms around his neck said, "Papa, be a Christian for your little girl's sake." G. W. D.

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PAPA, BE A CHRISTIAN.

ad lib. *rit.*

hear, And to answer the pray'r, "Lord, save me, O save me, for the dear Je-sus' sake."

No. 69. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.

1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of
2. I've wast-ed ma-ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength re-
5. My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je-sus
6. I need His cleansing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home; Wash Thou me

REFRAIN.

sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home. Coming home, coming home,
pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
whit-er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

Nev-er more to roam; O-pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

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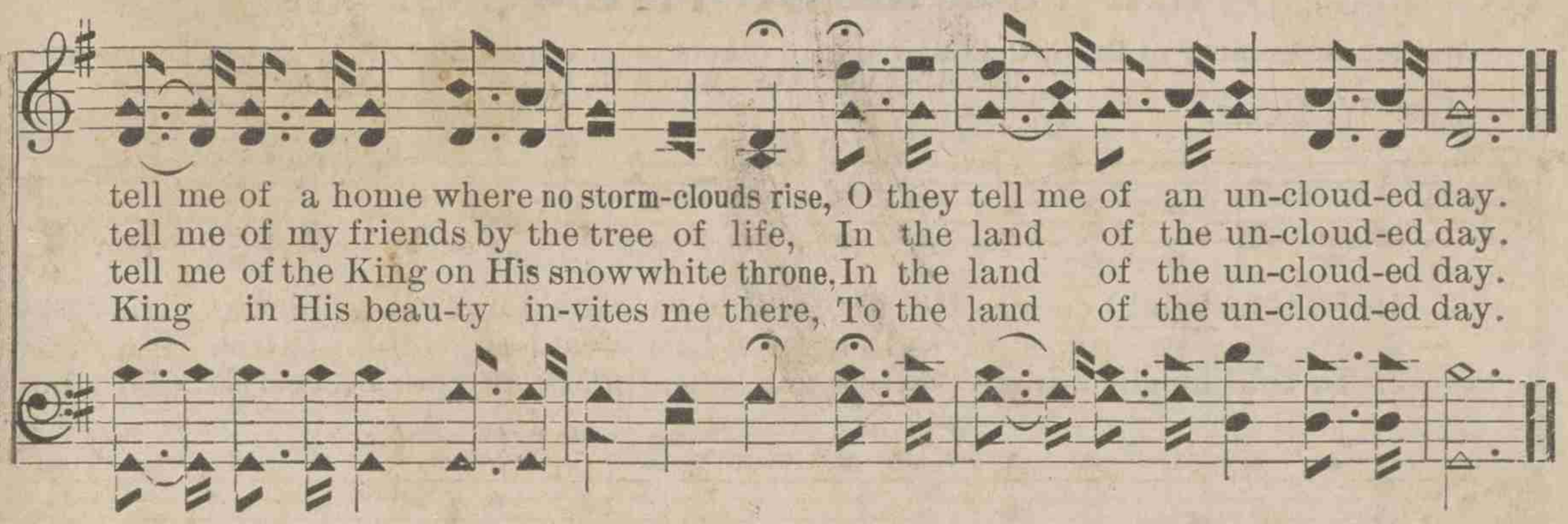
No. 70. THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

Rev. J. K. Alwood. J. F. Kinsey.

1. O they tell me of a home far be-yond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a-way, Where the tree of life in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day; O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they
3. O they tell me of the King in His beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-hold Where He sits on the throne that is whit-er than snow, In the cit-y that is made of gold; O that land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil-dren there, And His smile drives their sorrows all a-way; And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed day; O that land of love-ly smiles, O the smiles of His love-beam-ing eye; O the

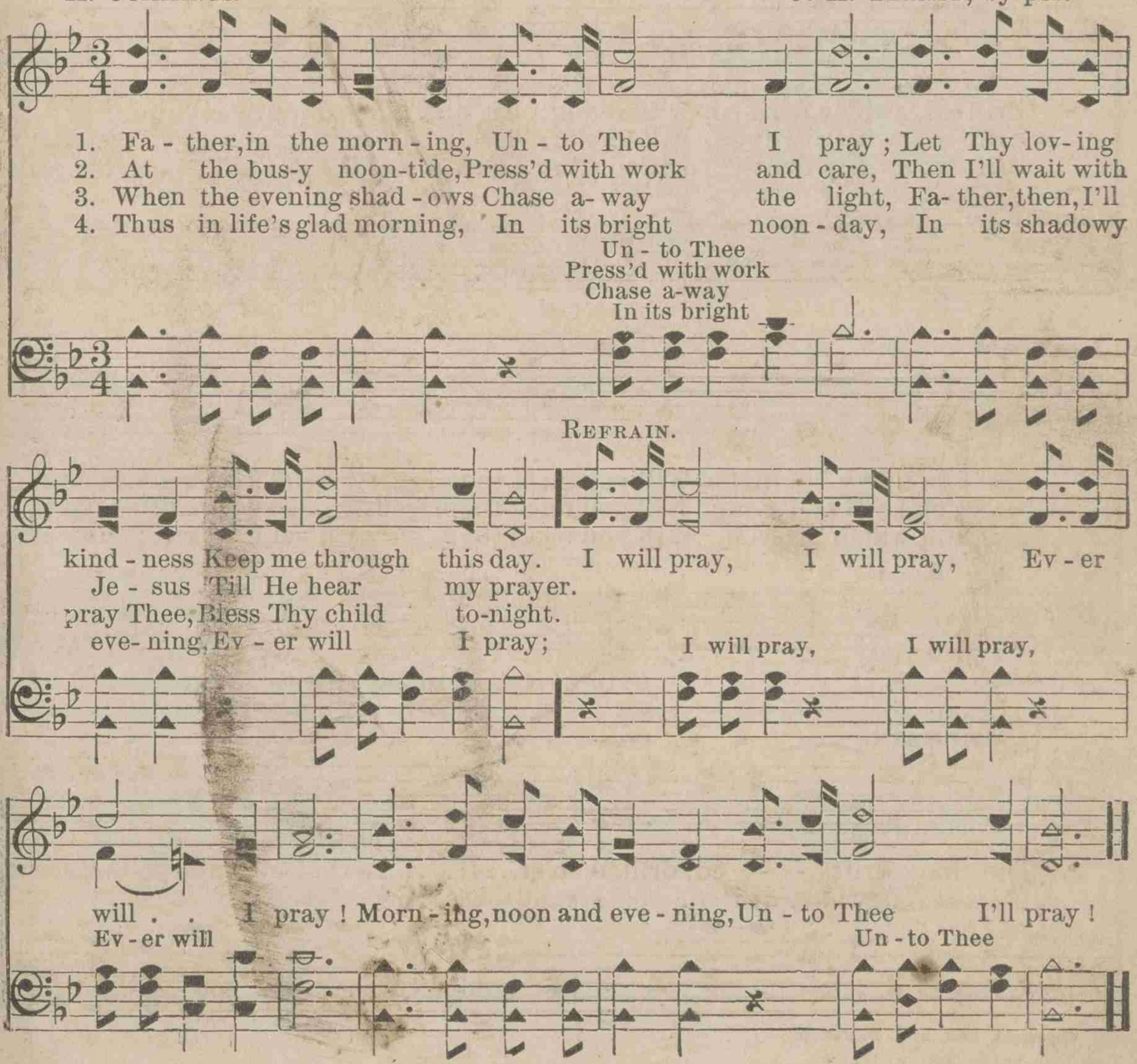
Used by per. of The Echo Music Co.

THE UNCLOUDED DAY.



No. 71. EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS. J. H. TENNEY, by per.



No. 72. WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE?

Written in memory of Dr. G. C. Chapman and others, who were killed in the great Cyclone at Birmingham, Ala., March 25, 1901.

JOS. W. ELLIS. J. D. PATTON.

1. To that bright ce-les - tial shore, those we lov'd have gone before, They have
2. To a hap - py, sin-less life, from this world of grief and strife, They have
3. To that bright a-bode so blest, to a place of per - fect rest, They have

drift-ed, swiftly drift-ed, drifted o'er; In that place of pure delight, they will
drift-ed, swiftly drift-ed, drifted o'er; With sweet songs of praise they sing, to their
drift-ed, swiftly drift-ed, drifted o'er; And a-mong the faithful, true, they will

nev - er know a night, Will you meet them, surely meet them, meet them there?
Sav-iour, Lord and King, Will you meet them, surely meet them, meet them there?
wait and watch for you, Will you meet them, surely meet them, meet them there?

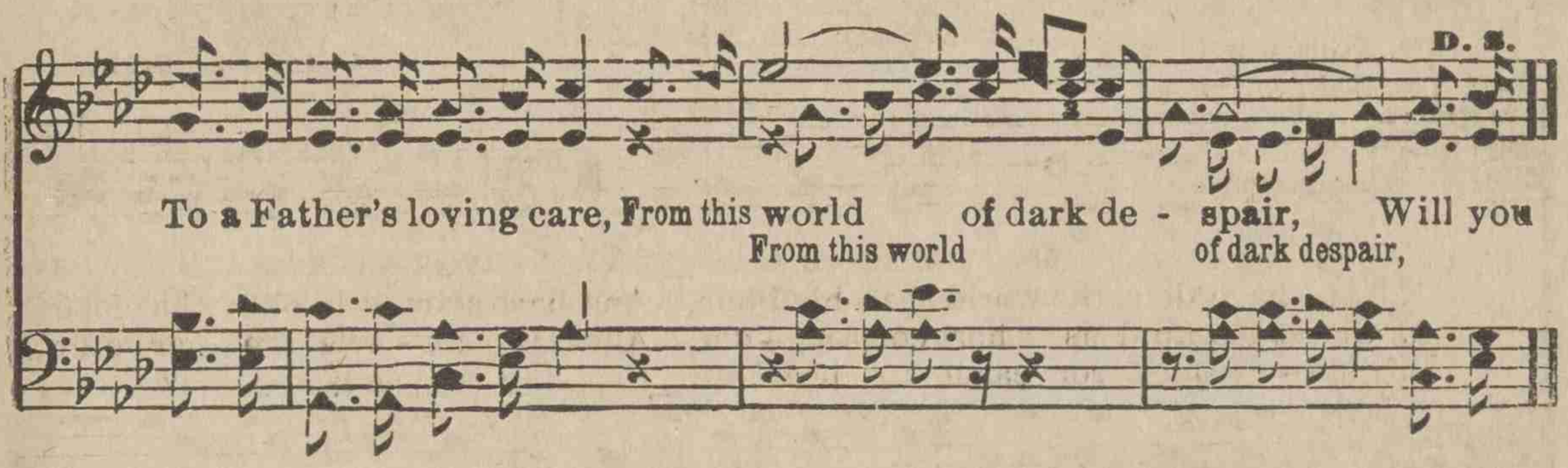
D. S. *meet them, sure-ly meet them, meet them there?*

REFRAIN.

They have drift - - ed, drifted o'er,..... To that bright and golden shore,
They have drifted, drifted o'er,

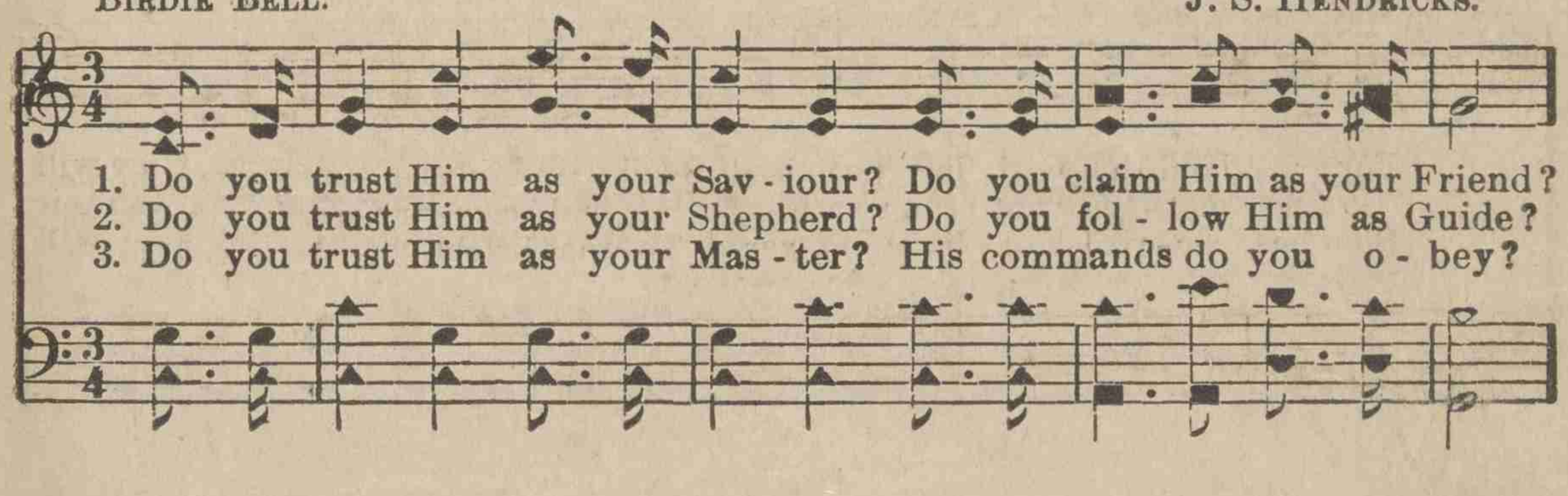
Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton.

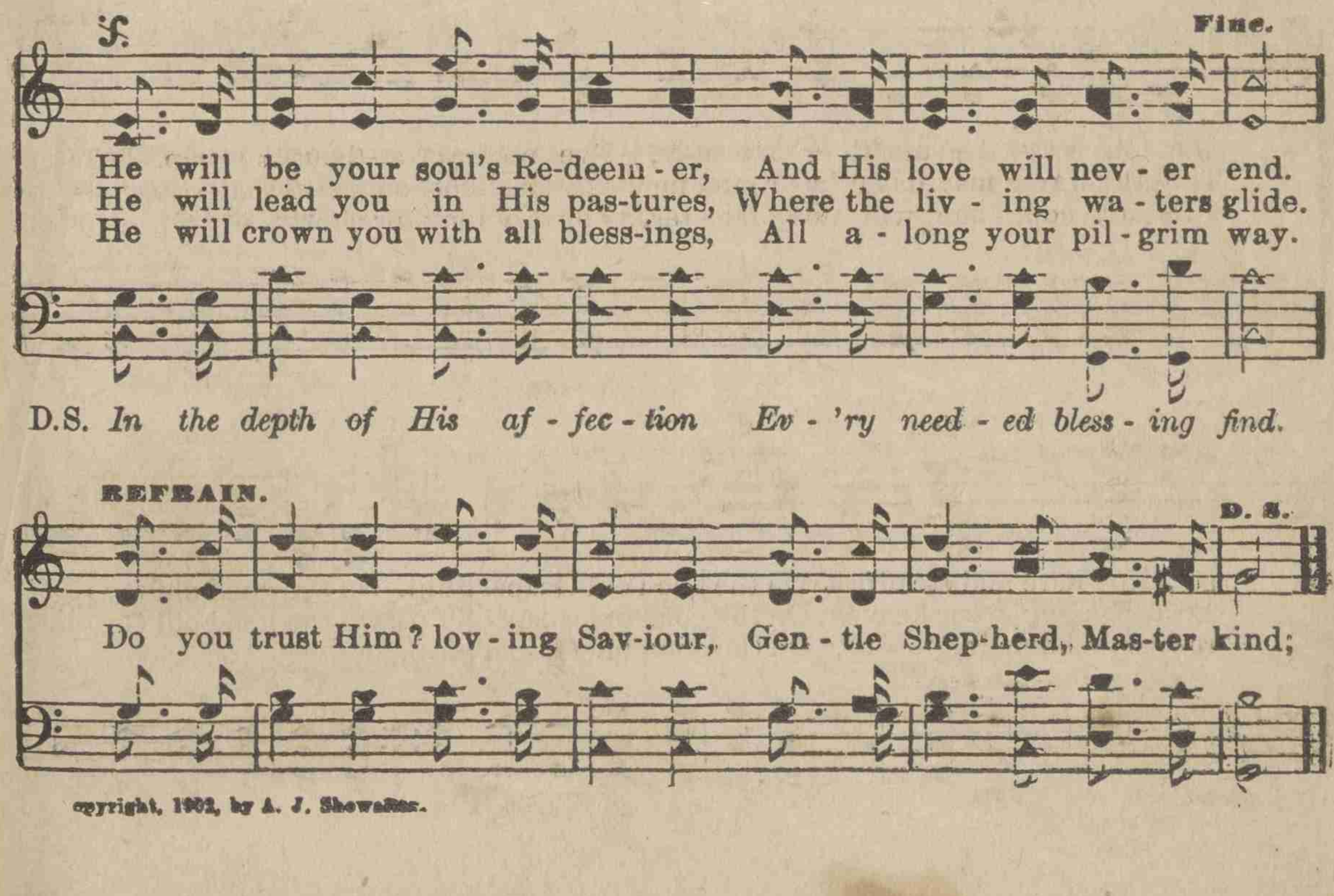
WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE? Concluded.



No. 73. DO YOU TRUST HIM?

BIRDIE BELL. J. S. HENDRICKS.





REFRAIN.

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No. 74. THE GOOD OLD GOSPEL SHIP.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Howard E. Smith.

With spirit.

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

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

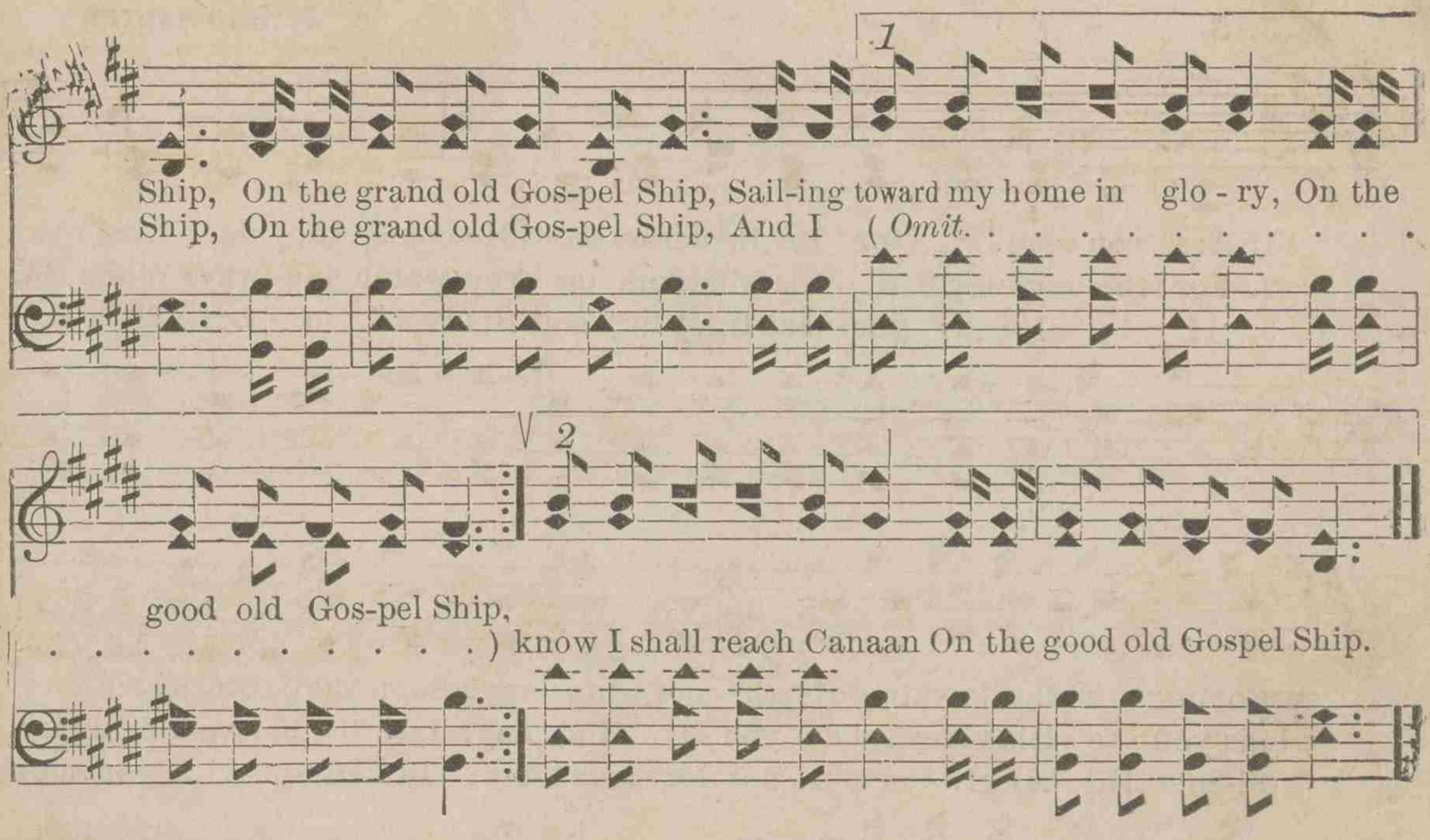
Let the way be smooth or storm-y, I've no fears a - bout the trip, For I'm
Tho' the waves may dash a - round her, Not a foot on board shall slip, Praise the
So my cour - age will not fal - ter, For tho' long or short the trip, I shall

Refrain.

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

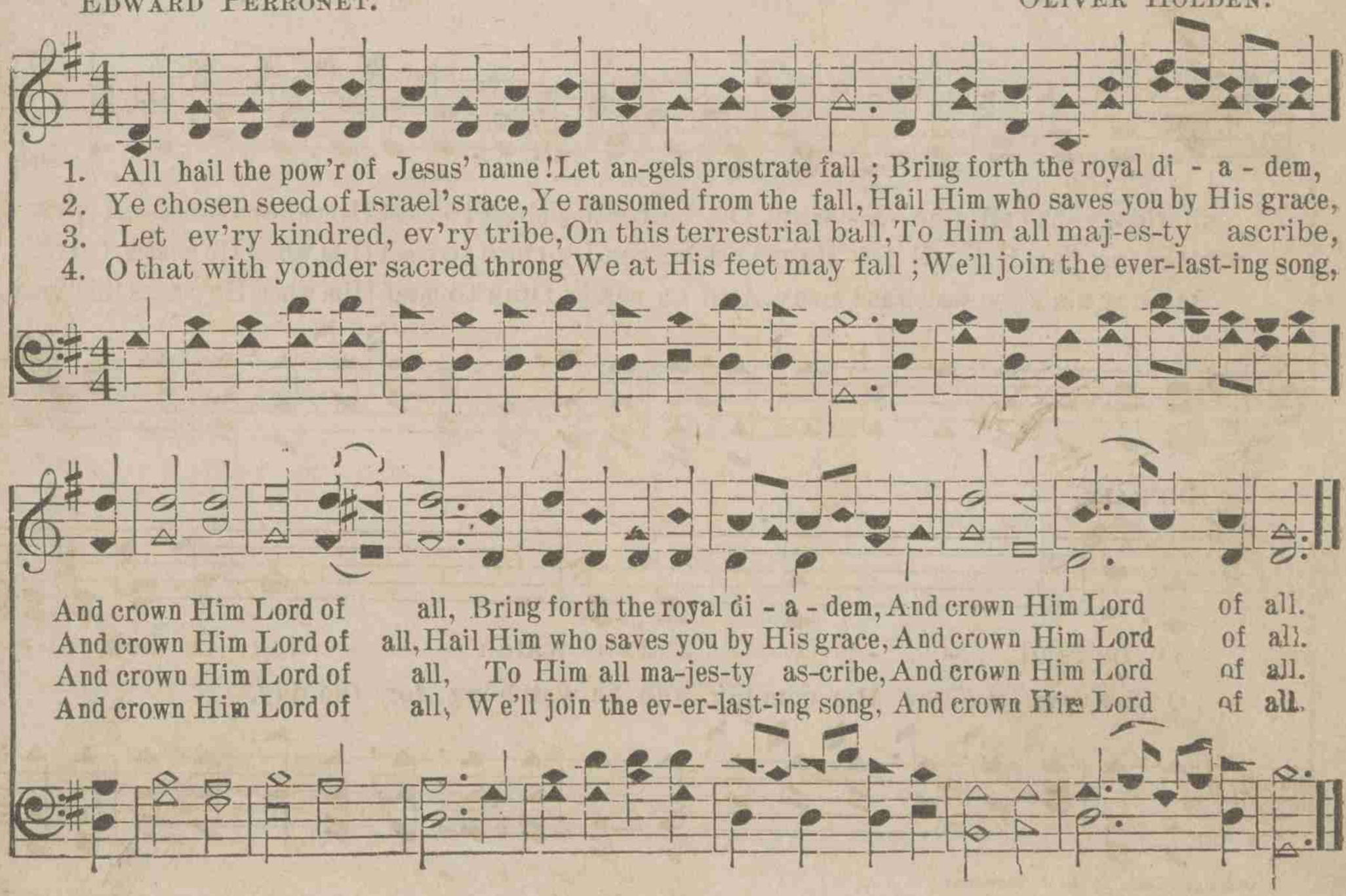
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THE GOOD OLD GOSPEL SHIP.



No. 75. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 76. BE READY AND WATCHING.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER

1. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom should He come to - day? Are you watching for the dawning of the morn-ing ray? Soon the darkness with its shadows shall all flee a - way, O be read-y then to meet Him when He comes, I pray.
2. For the com-ing of His kingdom do you watch and pray? When He bids you to His vineyard do you say Him nay? Lo! the har-vest fields are whitening, heed His call to - day, And be read-y then to meet Him when He comes, I pray.
3. If in Je-sus you are trust-ing and His word o - bey, Then the tal-ents He has giv - en must not dor - mant lay; In His ser-vice you must la - bor while you watch and pray, And be ready thus to meet Him when He comes this way.

REFRAIN.

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

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BE READY AND WATCHING.

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

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

No. 77. HAPPY DAY.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. E. Y. RIMBAULT.

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

REFRAIN.

FINE. D.S.

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

No. 78. DRIFTING AWAY.

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

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

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

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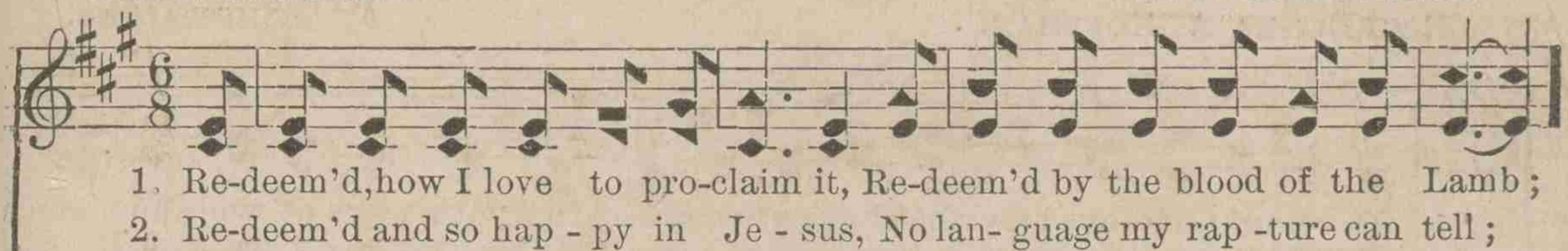
Drift - ing a - way, yes, drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing a - way, you're drift-ing a - way;

Face round, my broth-er, and sail for bright Canaan, Take Christ for your pi - lot to - day. .
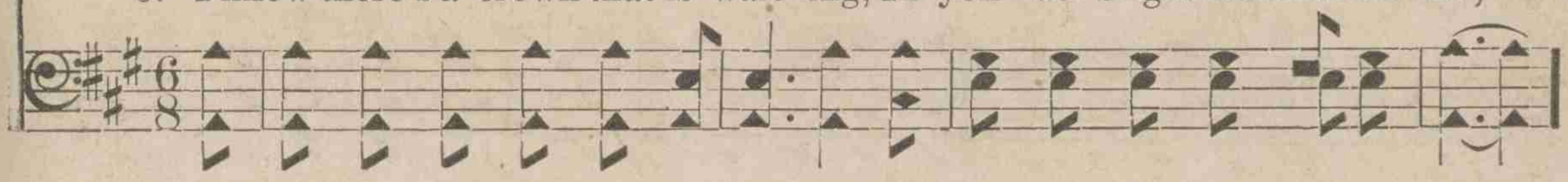
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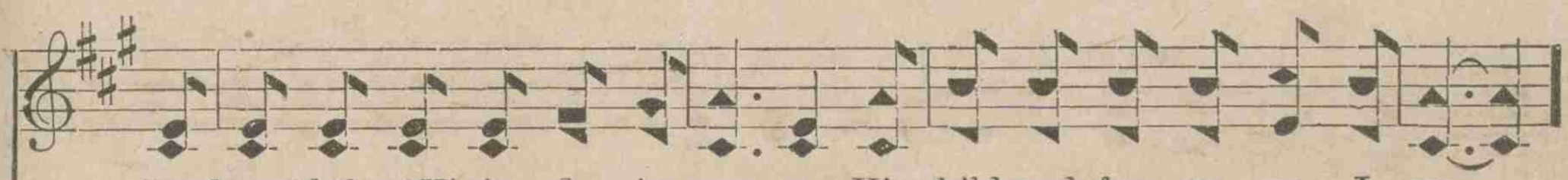
No. 79. REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

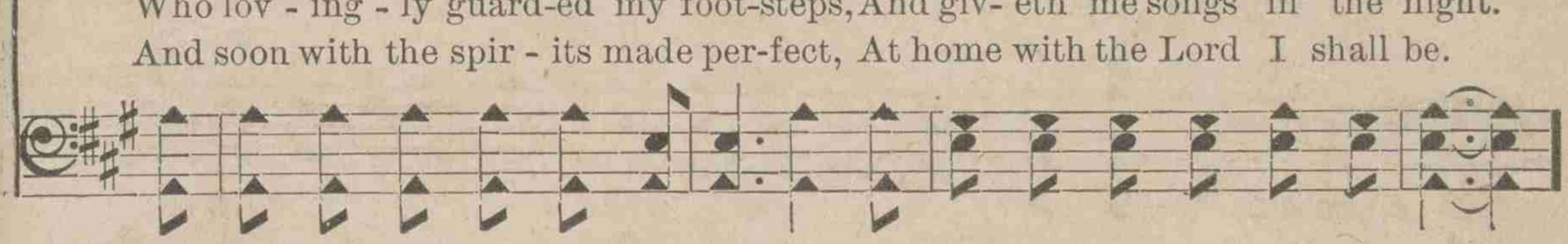


1. Re-deem'd, how I love to pro-claim it, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Re-deem'd and so hap - py in Je - sus, No lan- guage my rap -ture can tell;
3. I think of my bless- ed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in His beau- ty, The king in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait -ing, In yon - der bright mansion for me;
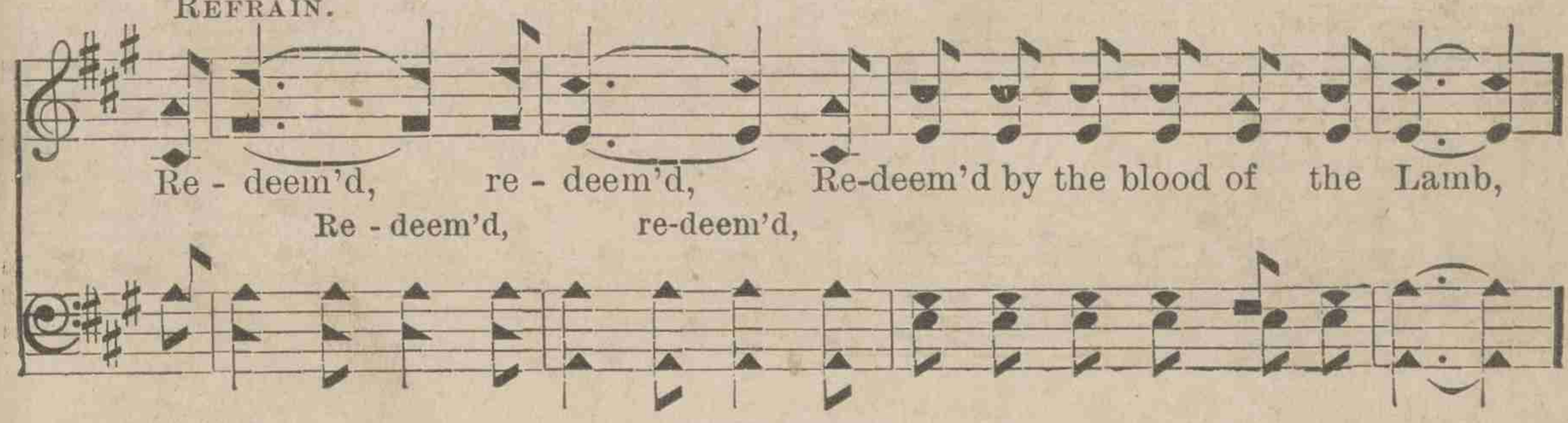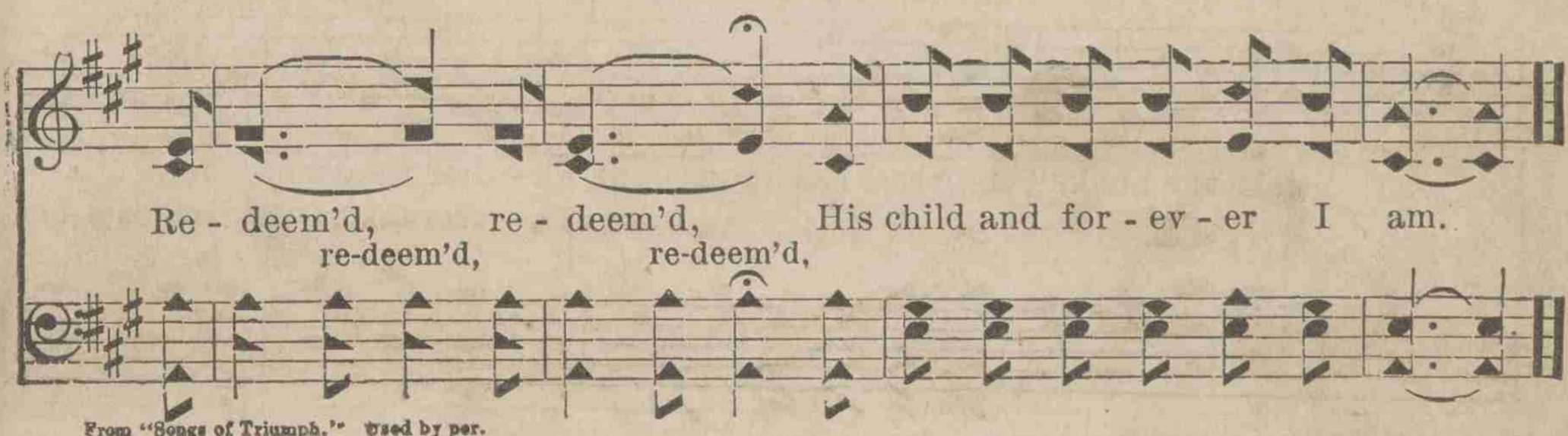




Re-deem'd thro' His in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for - ev - er I am.
I know that the light of His pres-ence With me doth con- tin - ual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I can - not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov - ing - ly guard-ed my foot-steps, And giv- eth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spir - its made per-fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



REFRAIN.



Re - deem'd, re - deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
Re - deem'd, re-deem'd,



Re - deem'd, re - deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
re-deem'd, re-deem'd,

From "Songs of Triumph." Used by per.

No. 80. DEAR FATHER, TAKE ME HOME.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. O Lord of love! my feet have wandered long In path-ways of woe and sin,
2. The pass - ing days have been so full of pain, I knew nei-ther peace nor rest;
3. How great my sin no words can ev-er tell, My sor - row how deep and sore;
4. Then take me back to Thy dear arms of love, O wel-come me home a - gain!

But I re - turn, re - ceive me back a - gain; For - give and take me in.
And so I pray, O take me back a - gain! To be at home is best.
A - gainst Thy love, so ten - der and so strong, I can hold out no more.
I come to find with Thee the rest I seek, And there I would re-main.

Refrain.
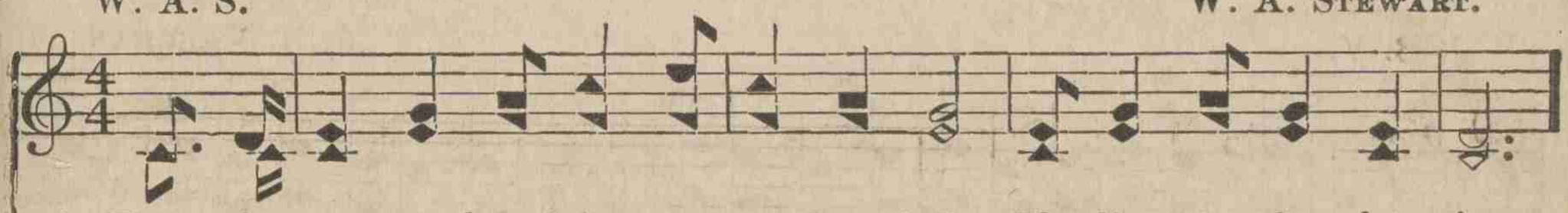
Lord, take me back, O take me home again! No lon - ger in sin can I roam;
I loathe the husks I long have fed upon; Dear Fa - ther, take me home.
Dear Fa - ther, take, O take me back home.

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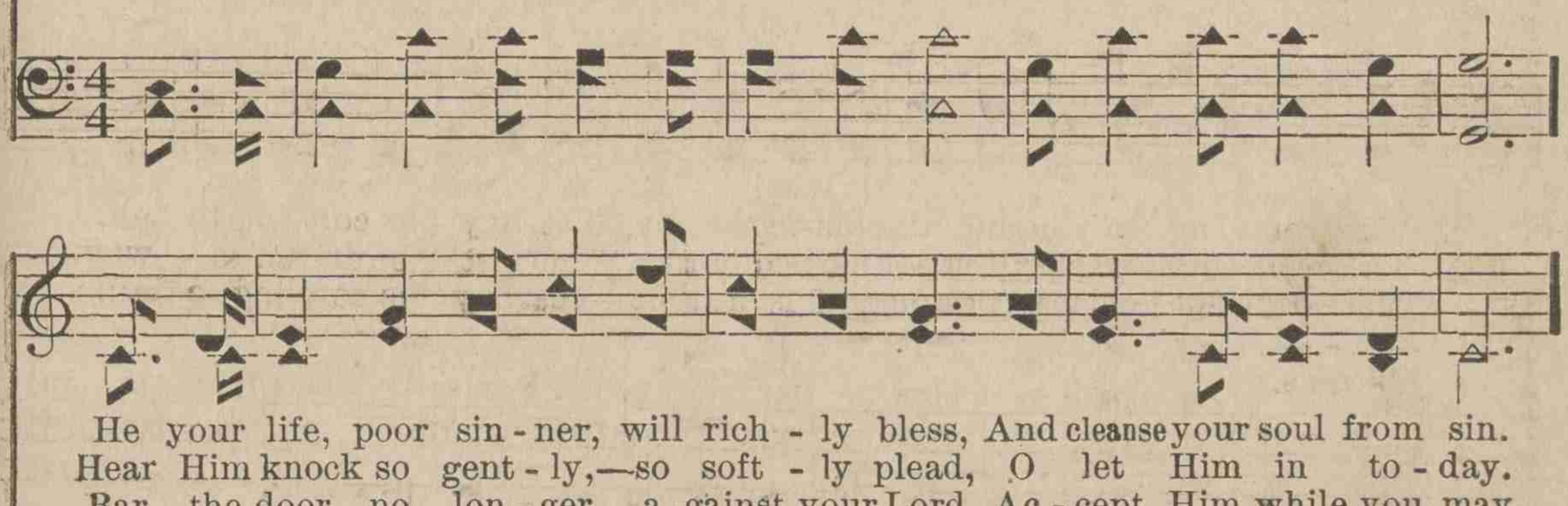
No. 81.

LET HIM IN.
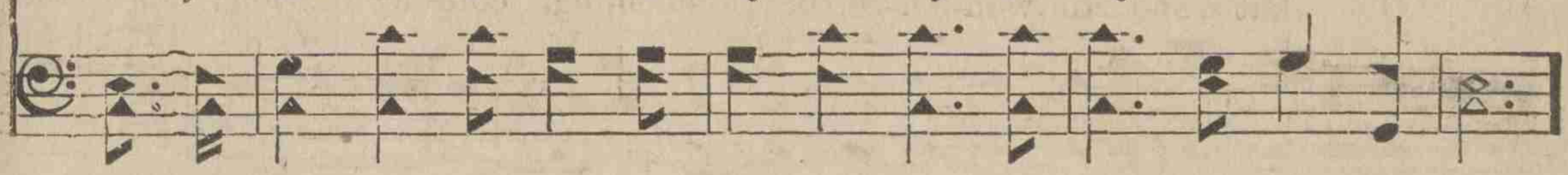
W. A. S. W. A. Stewart.
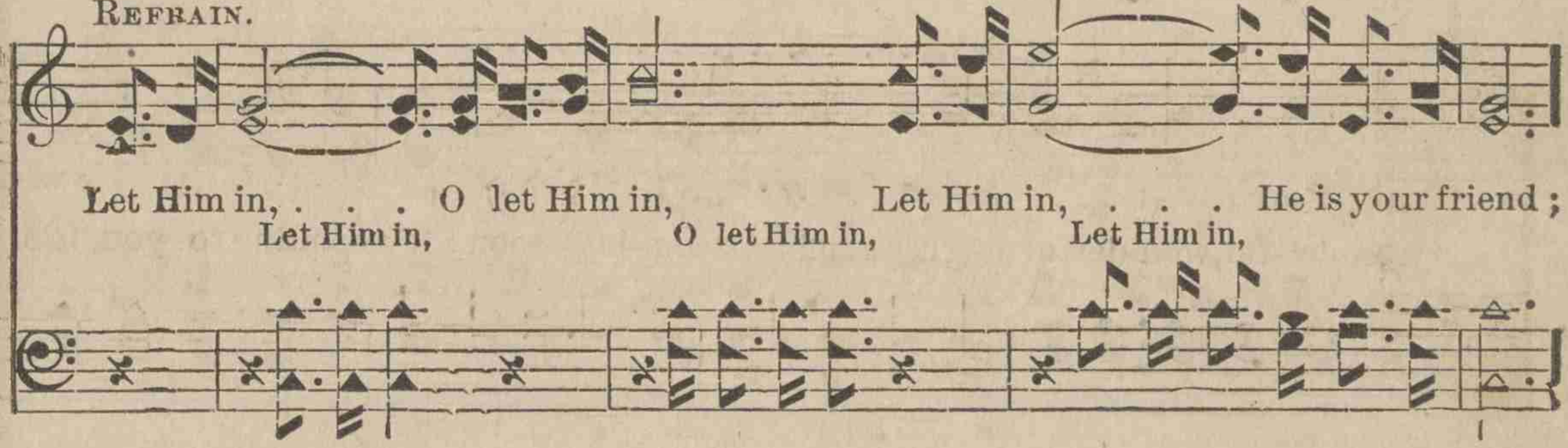


1. There is some one knock-ing at your heart's door, Pleading to be let in;
2. He is in - ter - ce - ding at God's right hand, How can you still de - lay?
3. If you wait, poor sin - ner, 'twill be too late, Why lon - ger stay a - way?
4. When thro' death's dark val - ley you're called to go, What then will be your fate?
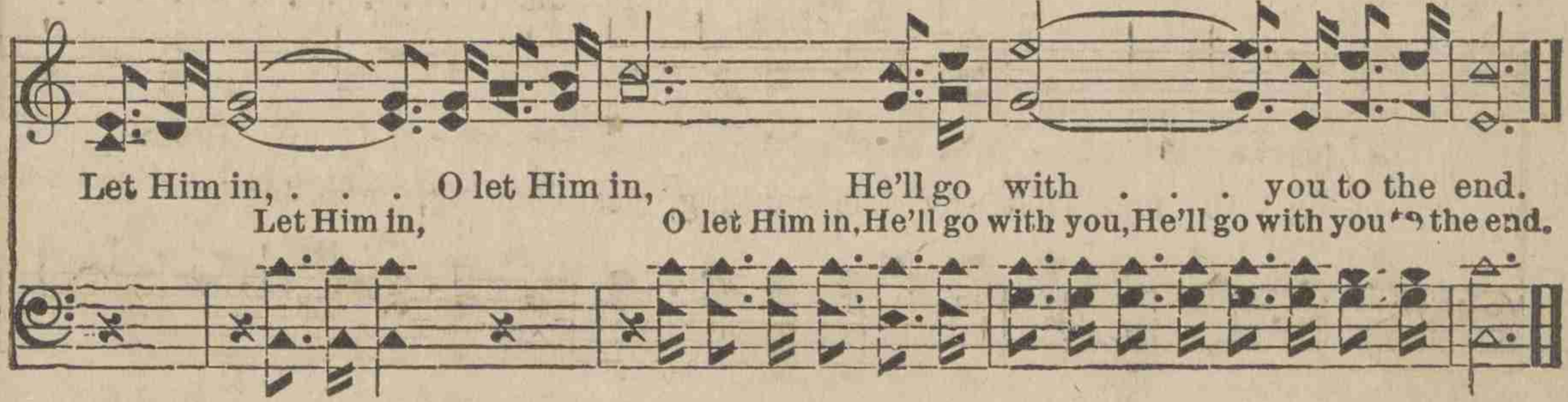


He your life, poor sin - ner, will rich - ly bless, And cleanse your soul from sin.
Hear Him knock so gent - ly,—so soft - ly plead, O let Him in to - day.
Bar the door no lon - ger a - gainst your Lord, Ac - cept Him while you may.
If you turn the Sav - iour a - way to - day It may be then too late.



Refrain.



Let Him in, . . . O let Him in, Let Him in, . . . He is your friend;
Let Him in, O let Him in, Let Him in,
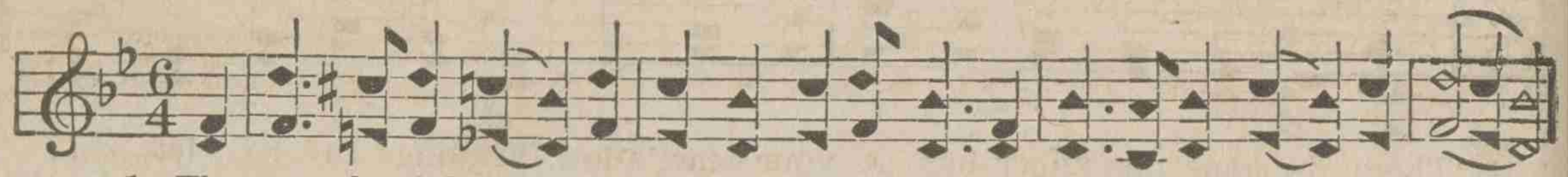


Let Him in, . . . O let Him in, He'll go with . . . you to the end.
Let Him in, O let Him in, He'll go with you, He'll go with you to the end.
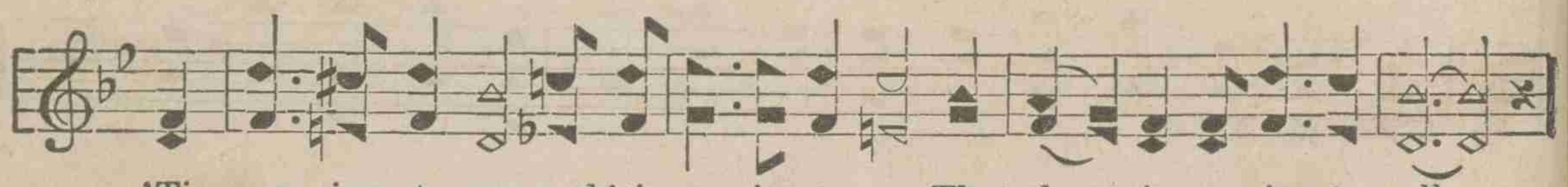
Copyright, 1903, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 82. THAT WONDERFUL DAY.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.



1. The won-der-ful day of judgment is coming, And we shall soon hear the call;
2. Poor sin - ner, be - lieve, the judgment is coming, O where will you stand that day?
3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All nations will hear the call
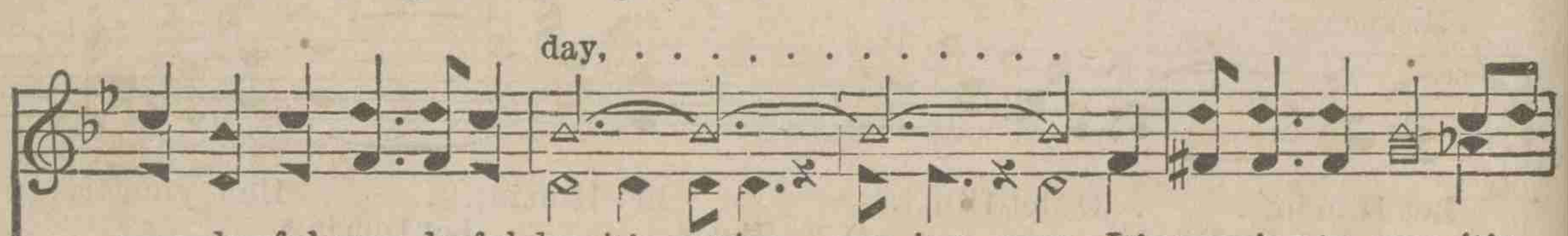


'Tis com - ing to you, and 'tis com-ing to me, That day is com-ing to all.
The right-eous will hear "Come ye blessed of mine," "The lost be driven a - way.
That speaks in loud tones time on earth is no more—That day is com-ing to all.

CHORUS.

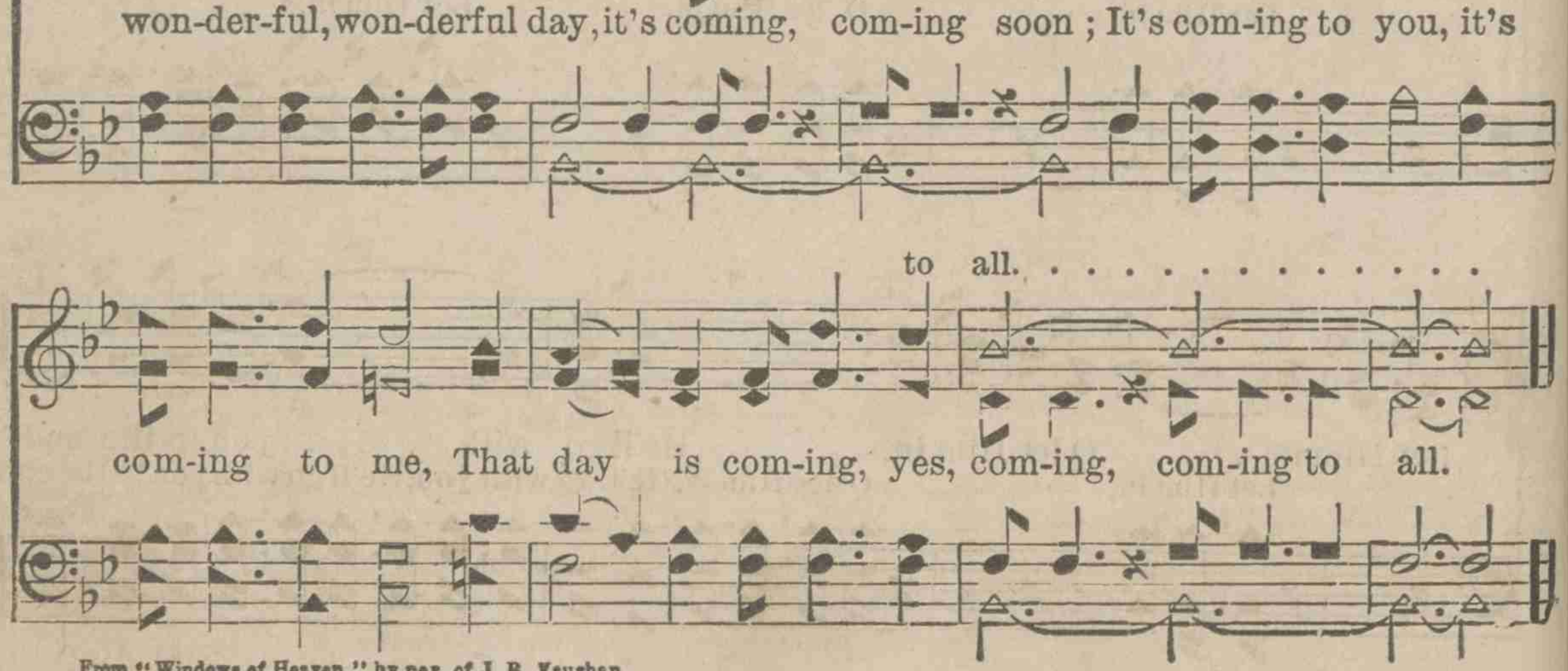


O that wonderful, won-der-ful day, it's coming, com-ing soon; O that

won-der-ful, won-derful day, it's coming, com-ing soon; It's com-ing to you, it's
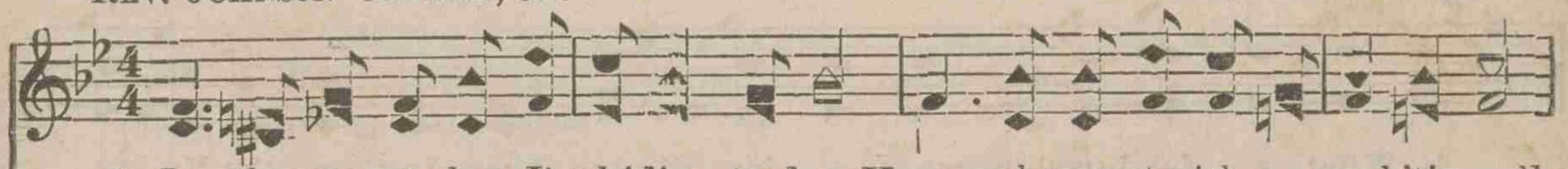


com-ing to me, That day is com-ing, yes, com-ing, com-ing to all.



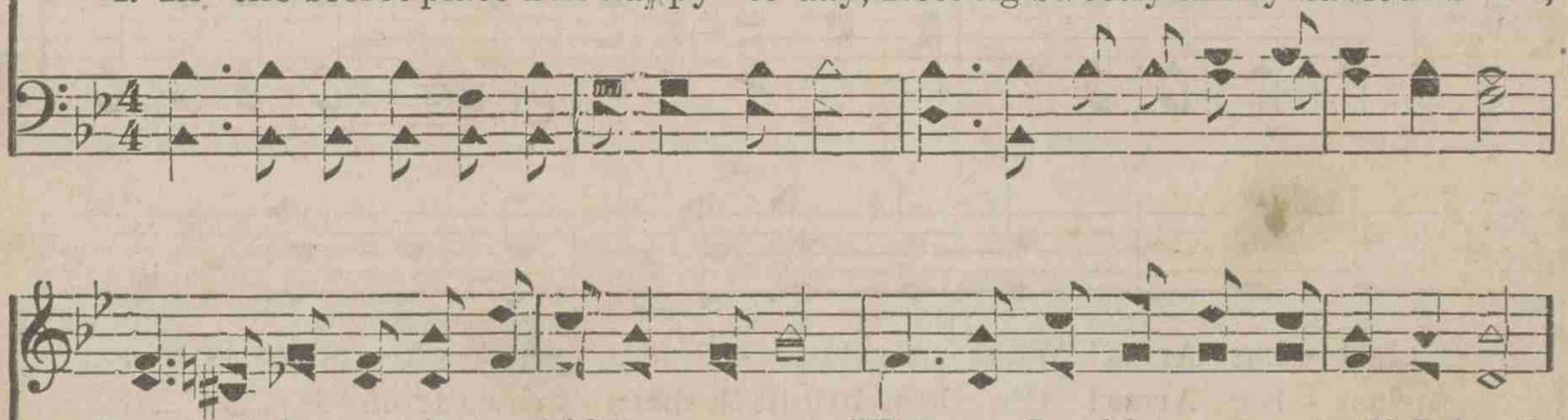
From "Windows of Heaven," by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

No. 83. IN THE SECRET PLACE.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. J. SHOWALTER.
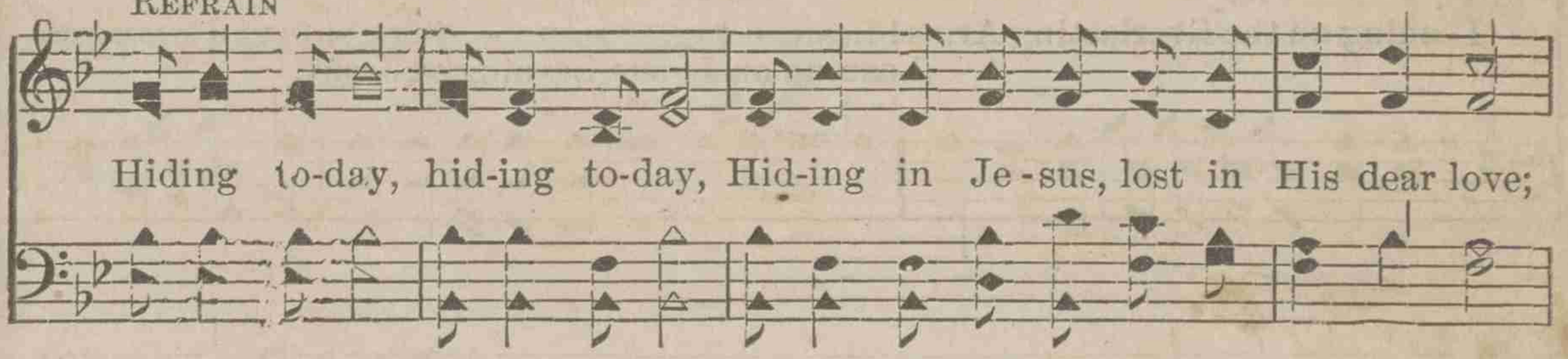


1. In the secret place I'm hiding to-day, Here each moment with my soul 'tis well;
2. In the secret place no foes can alarm, 'Neath the shadow of the Lord most high;
3. In the secret place I've entered to stay, There's no other where my soul can hide;
4. In the secret place I'm happy to-day, Resting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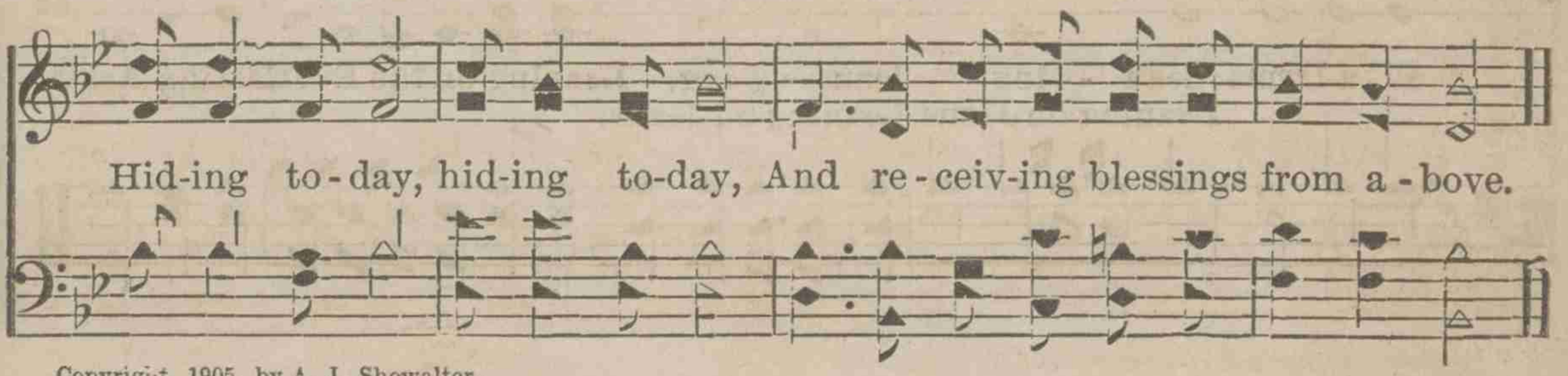


From all danger I am hidden a - way, With my Lord here ev-er will I dwell.
Here defend-ed by His Almight-y arm, From this place each foe is forced to fly.
From this shelter nevermore will I stray, But just here I ev - er will a-bide.
Trust-ing ev - er till He calls me a - way To a-bide with Him in courts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



REFRAIN



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



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

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No. 84. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

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

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

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

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Refrain.

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

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

No. 85. HALLELUJAH! THE GLORY OF HEAVEN.
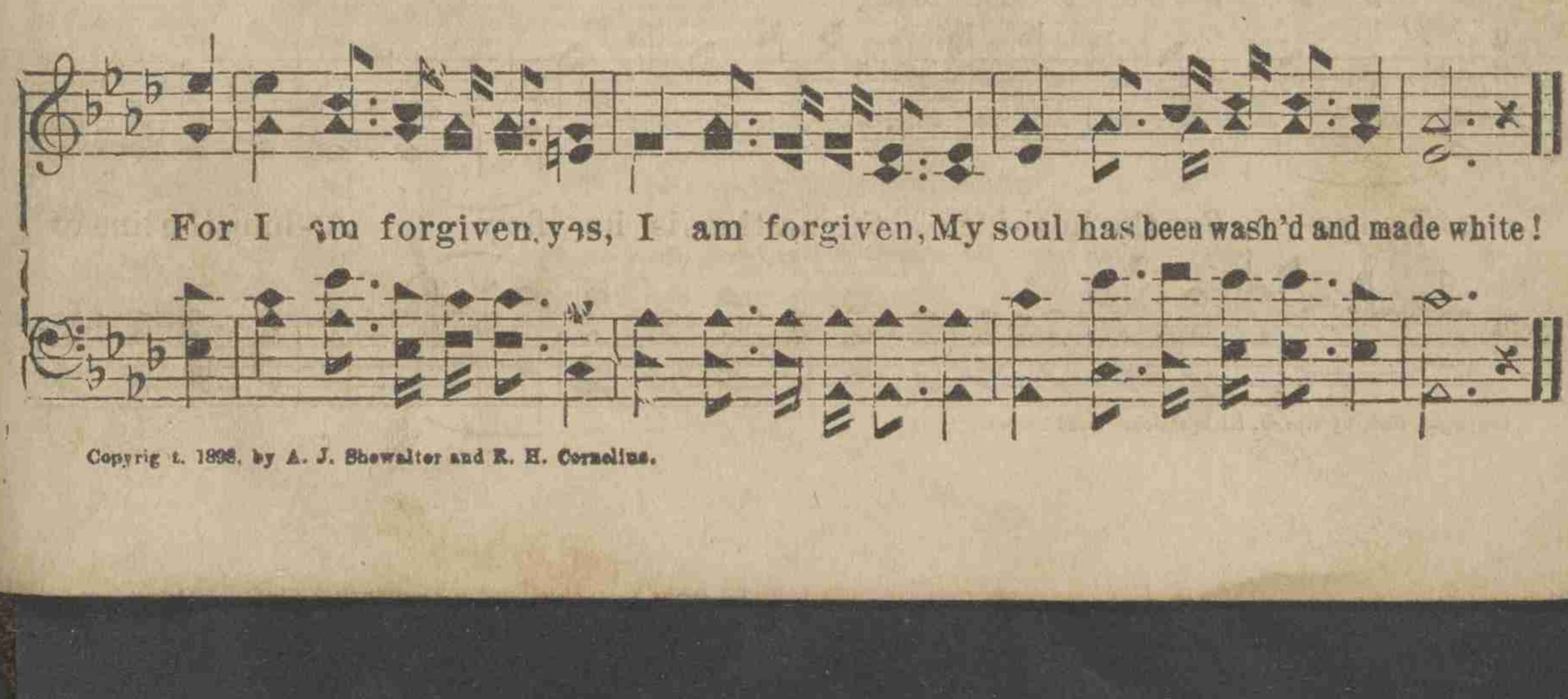
A. J SHOWALTER. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah! the glo - ry of heaven Is flooding my soul with its light;
2. Hal - le - lu - jah! my Sav-iour is with me, He fills all my life with His love;
3. Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm safe in His keeping! No more shall I fear for my soul;

Christ has come to my heart and has cleans'd it, And gone is my sorrow's dark night.
I can look to the fu - ture with courage, I know I've a mansion a - bove.
Je - sus' blood pu-ri -fies me completely, Thro' Him I am ev -'ry whit whole.

REFRAIN.

O gl - ry to Jesus! He's made me so happy, I shout and I sing with de-light!



For I am forgiven, yes, I am forgiven, My soul has been wash'd and made white!

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No. 86. THE OLD FOUNTAIN.

Effective as a Solo.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By Sa-ma-ria's wayside well Once a bless-ed mes-sage fell On a woman's thirsty soul, Long a - go;
2. And a lit - tle captive maid, By a lep - er un-dismay'd, Told to him a sim - ple story, Long a - go;
3. And a wo-man in a crowd, Without word or cry aloud, Just stoop'd down and touch'd His garment, Long a - go;
4. As the eunuch tried to read, Philip taught him of his need, And baptiz'd him in the stream, Long a - go;
5. O thou fountain, deep and wide, Flowing from the wounded side That was pierced for our re- demption, Long a- go;

And to eyes that long were seal'd, Was the glo-rious light reveal'd, Thro' a
That the stream where he might lave Had a-lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his
As her urgent soul appeal'd, So her sin-ful soul was heal'd, In that
As the outward seal and sign Of an inward work divine, That was
In thy ev - ercleansing wave There is found all pow'r to save, 'Tis the

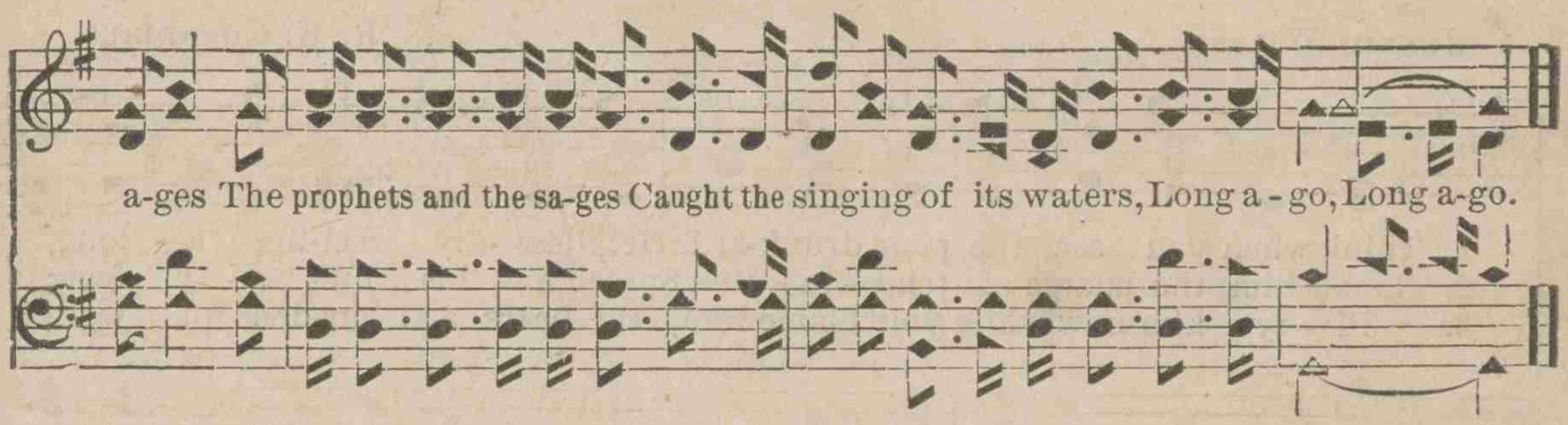
REFRAIN.

foun-tain that was o-pened Long a - go. There's a fountain that was o-pened Long a-
trust in that old foun-tain Long a - go.
foun-tain that was o-pened Long a - go.
wrought thro' that old foun-tain Long a - go.
pow'r that heal'd the na-tions, Long a - go.

go, Long a- go, For the heal-ing of the na-tions is its flow; A - long the line of
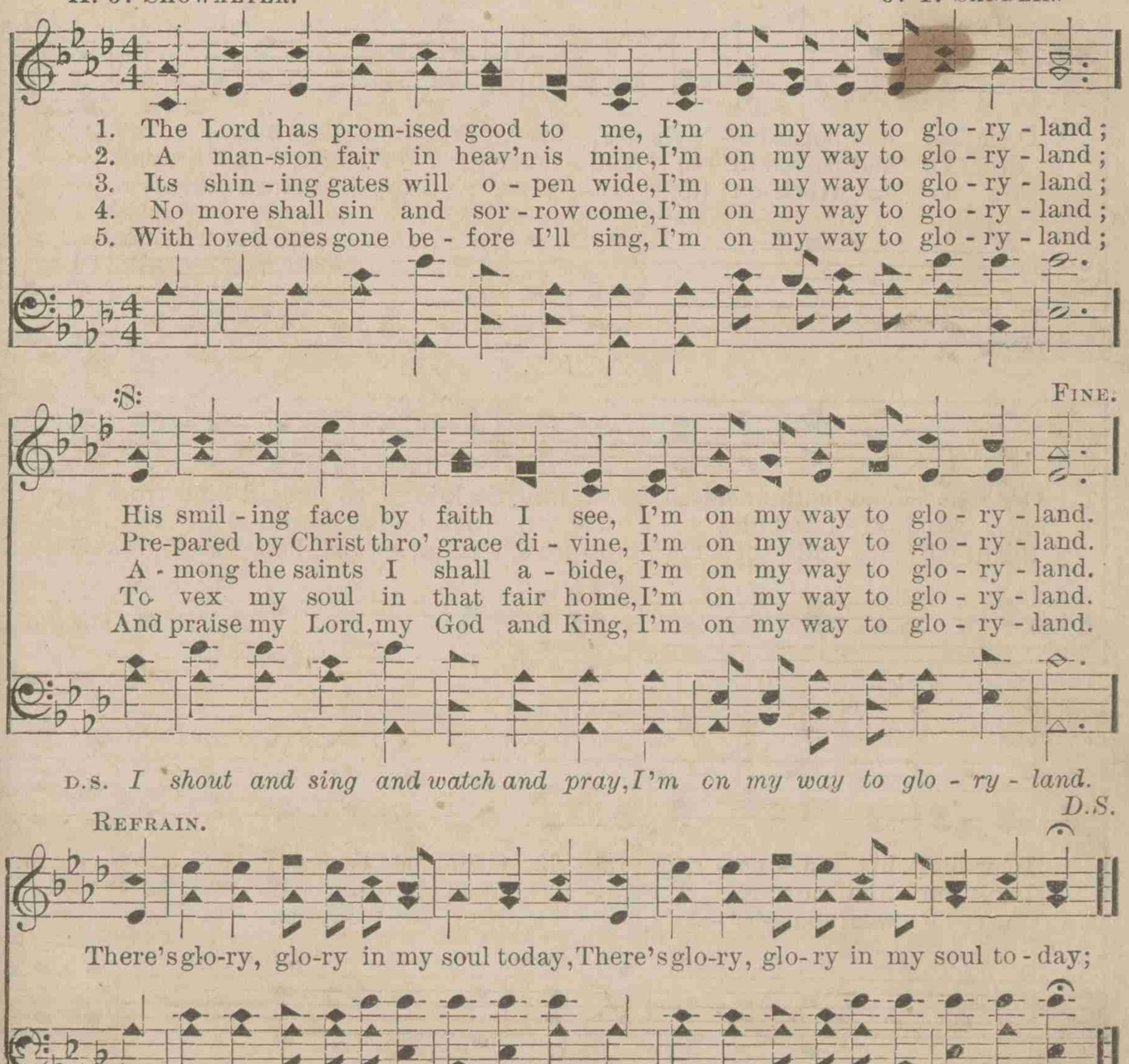
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THE OLD FOUNTAIN.



No. 87. I'M ON MY WAY TO GLORY-LAND.

A. J. SHOWALTER. J. T. SANDLIN.



REFRAIN.

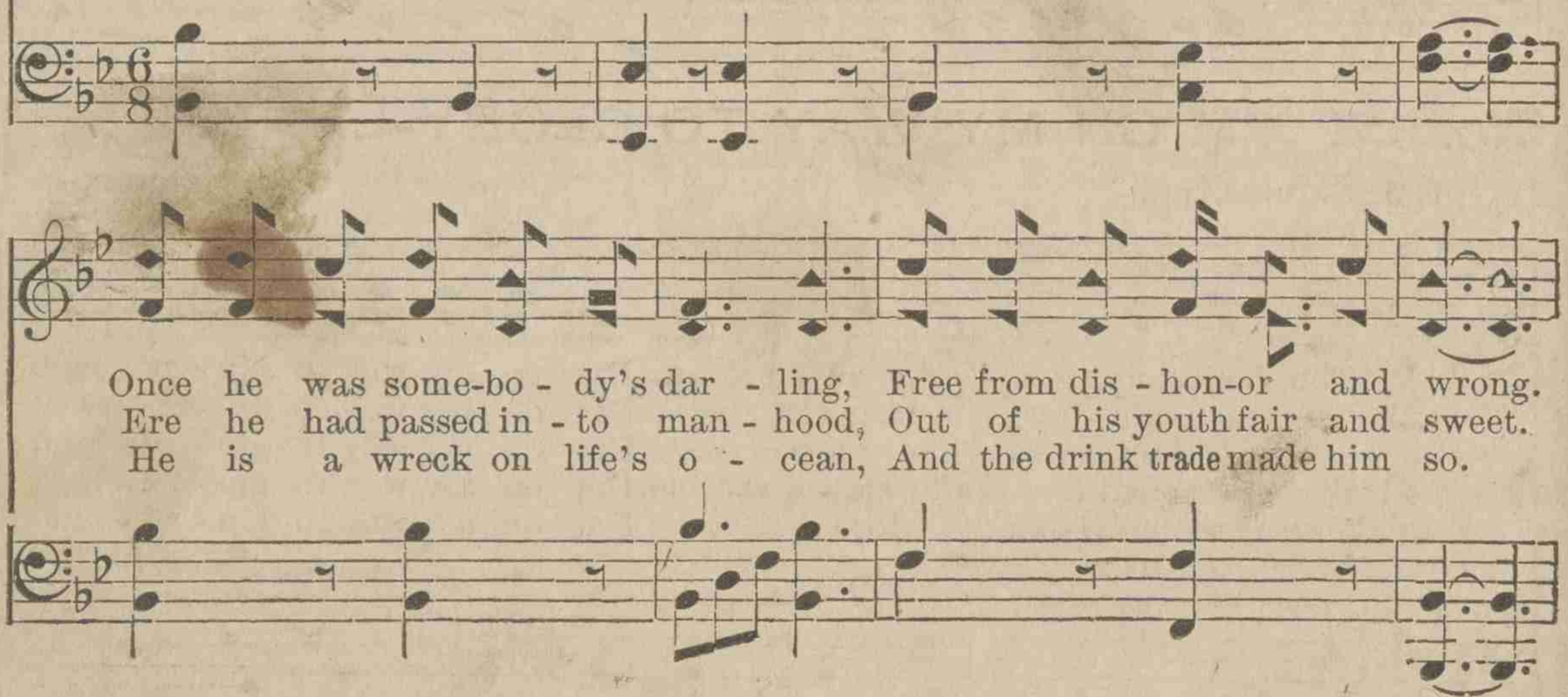
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No. 88. ONCE HE WAS SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

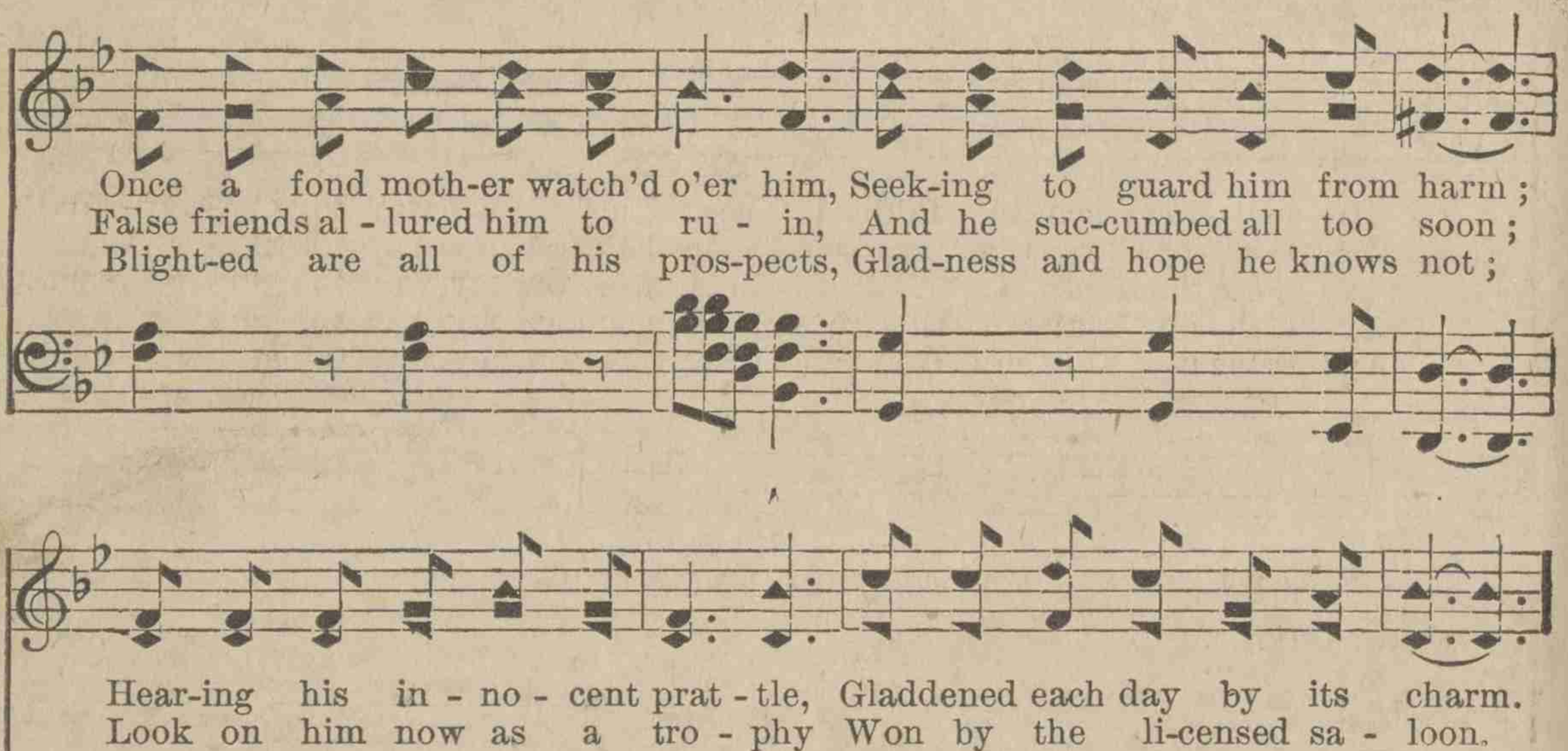
JENNIE WILSON. R. H. CORNELIUS.



1. Think when you see the poor drunk-ard Help-less - ly reel-ing a - long,
2. Round him the snares of temp - ta - tion Spread for his un - wa - ry feet;
3. Pi - ty him now while you blame him, He bears a bur-den of woe;
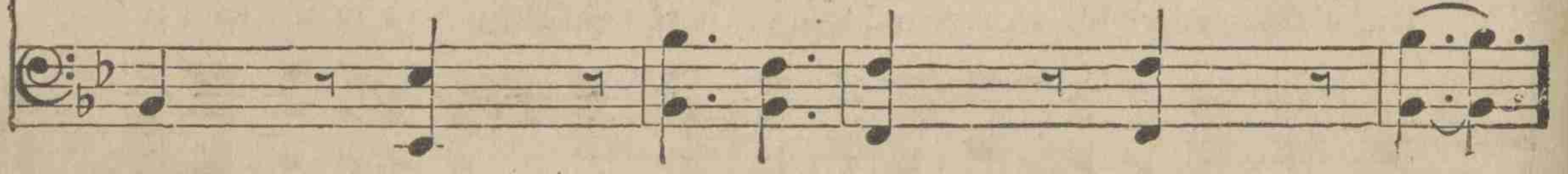


Once he was some-bo - dy's dar - ling, Free from dis - hon-or and wrong.
Ere he had passed in - to man - hood, Out of his youth fair and sweet.
He is a wreck on life's o - cean, And the drink trade made him so.



Once a fond moth-er watch'd o'er him, Seek-ing to guard him from harm;
False friends al - lured him to ru - in, And he suc-cumbed all too soon;
Blight-ed are all of his pros-pects, Glad-ness and hope he knows not;



Hear-ing his in - no - cent prat - tle, Gladdened each day by its charm.
Look on him now as a tro - phy Won by the li-censed sa - loon.
Once he was some-bo - dy's dar - ling, Now he is on - ly a sot.



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ONCE HE WAS SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

CHORUS.

Once he was some - bo - dy's dar - ling, Pause when you see him and think;

Now he is on - ly an out - cast, Bound by the de - mon of drink.

No. 89. ROCK OF AGES.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy laws de-mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

D.C. *Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.*
All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to world's un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,

No. 90. WILL THERE BE ONE SOUL TO GREET ME?

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. J. D. PATTON.

DUET, SOPRANO AND ALTO, OR SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. Soon I'll cross the "mys-tic riv - er," Soon my la - bors will be o'er,
2. Will there be one soul to greet me, Out of all that hap-py band,
3. Will some one then say with rap - ture, "It was you who showed the way,
4. O the bliss be-yond ex-pres - sion, O the joy se-rene and pure!
5. If I may, for Thine own king-dom, Win but one dear blood-bought soul,

Soon my boat shall reach the land - ing, Soon my feet shall press the shore.
One that I have helped to res - cue, Guid - ed to the shin - ing strand?
Led me to a gra-cious Sav - iour, Sought me when I went a - stray?
Lord, for this I'll glad - ly la - bor, All the heat and toil en - dure!
'Twill be pre - cious com-pen - sa - tion, When I've reached, at last, the goal.

CHORUS.

Help me, help me, now, my Sav iour, Wand'ring souls to win for Thee,
Help, now help me, help me, now, my Sav - iour, Wand'ring souls to win, to win for Thee,
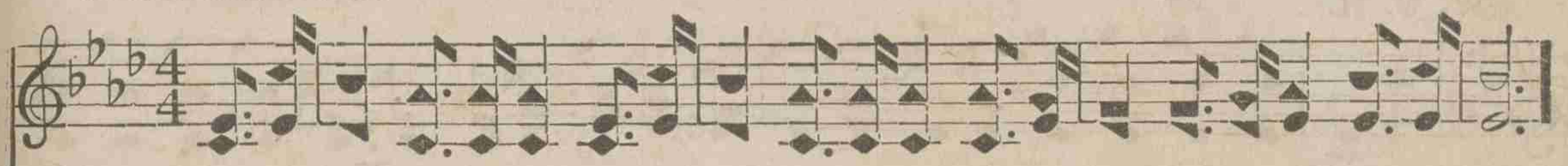
Souls to shine in Heav'nly man-sions, Thro'-out all e - ter - ni - ty!
Souls to shine, to shine in Heav'n-ly man - sions,

rit.

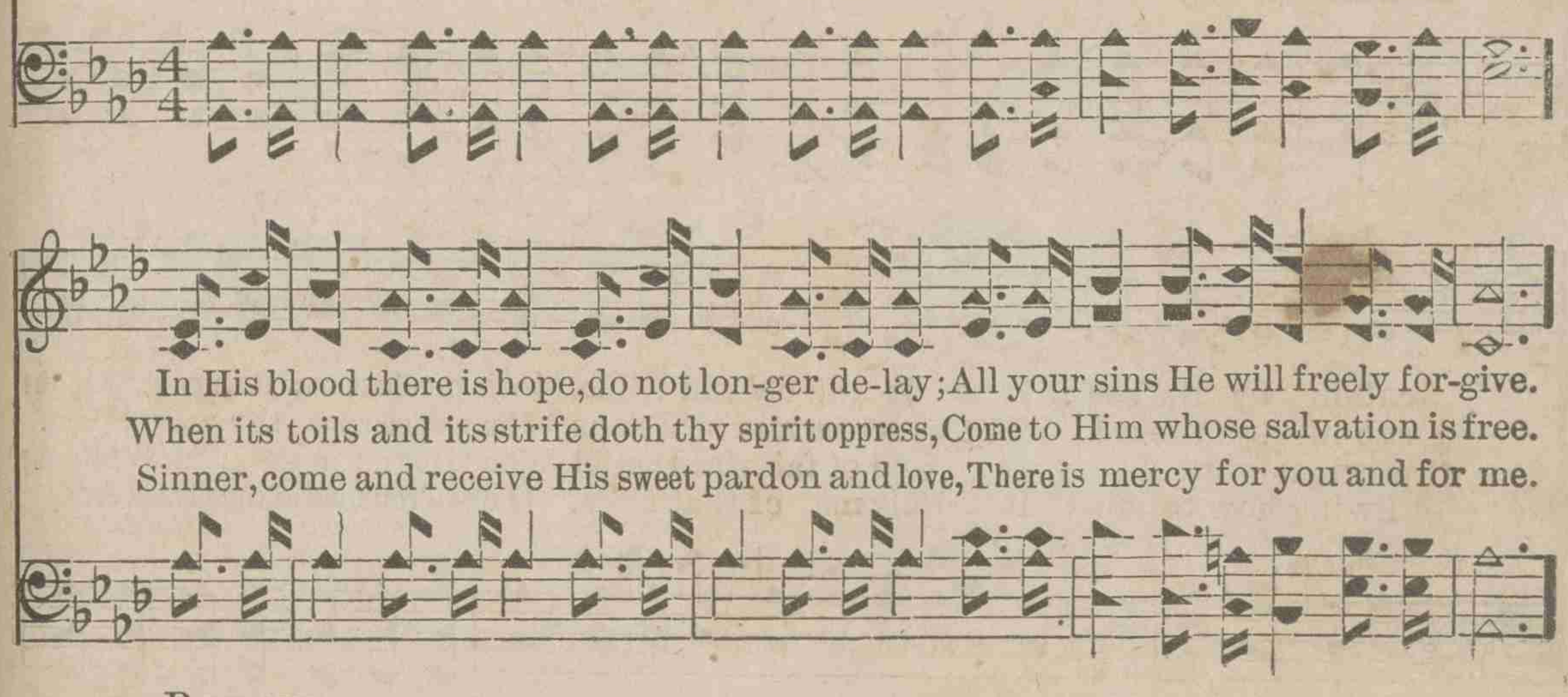
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No. 91. COME TO JESUS TO-DAY.

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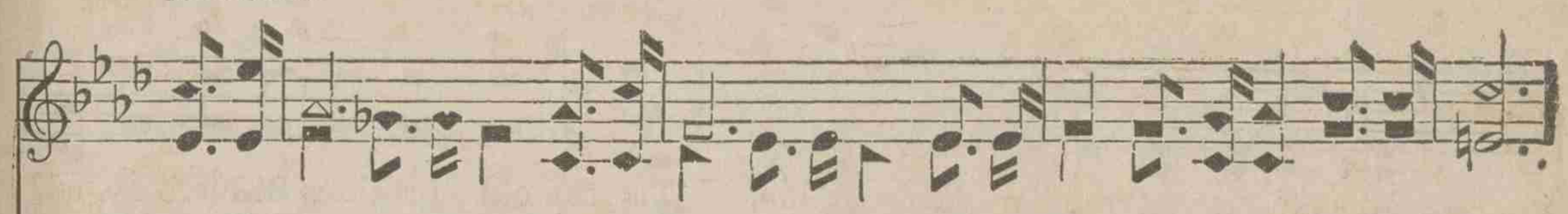


1. There is pardon and peace there is mercy to-day, Weary soul, come to Jesus and live;
2. When the cares of this life and its sorrows oppress, There is rest in the Saviour for thee;
3. There is room in the beauti-ful mansions above; There is room in His kingdom for thee;
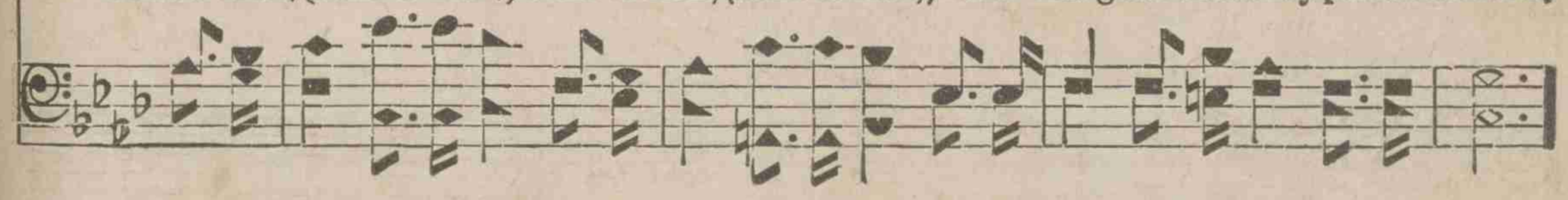


In His blood there is hope, do not lon-ger de-lay; All your sins He will freely for-give.
When its toils and its strife doth thy spirit oppress, Come to Him whose salvation is free.
Sinner, come and receive His sweet pardon and love, There is mercy for you and for me.
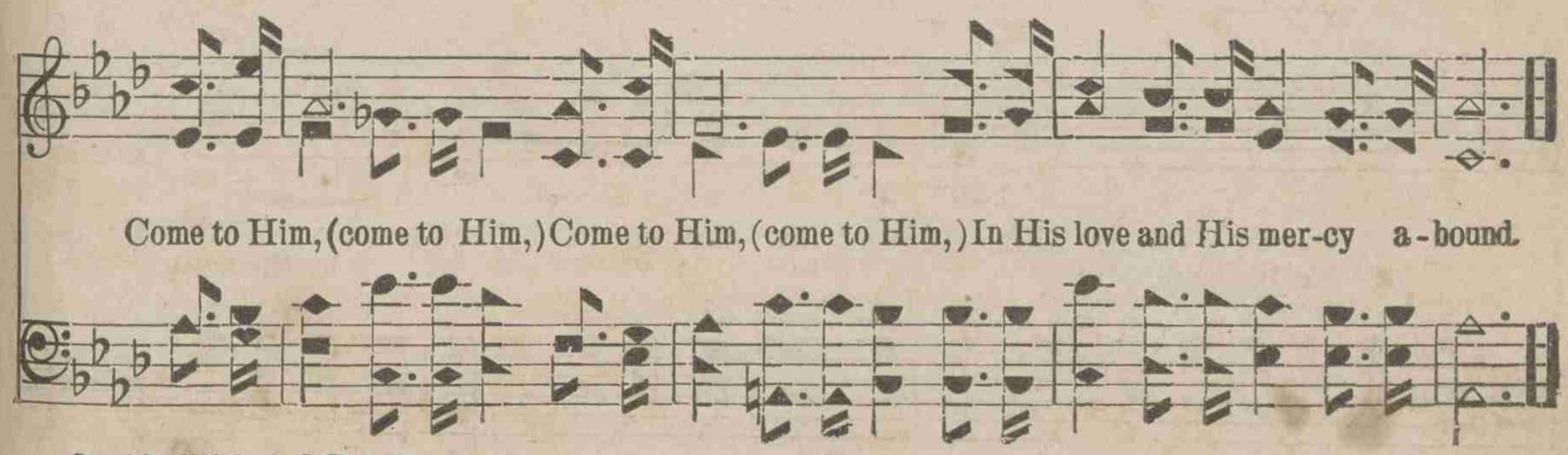
REFRAIN.



Come to Him, (come to Him,) Come to Him, (come to Him,) Thro' His grace there may pardon be found,



Come to Him, (come to Him,) Come to Him, (come to Him,) In His love and His mer-cy a-bound.



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No. 92. THE BIBLE IN THE CABIN BY THE SEA.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. There is a precious volume all finger-worn and old, In the lit-tle log-
2. How of-ten have I listened at the tempest howl and rave, Round that lit-tle log-
3. How of-ten, O how of-ten, she read the glowing word, Read a message from the
4. There is no oth-er vol-ume so precious as this book, It tells me how in

cab-in by the sea; It is the old, old Bible, More precious now than gold, 'Tis the
cab-in by the sea, While my mother read of Je-sus Who walked upon the wave, How
precious word of God; It told of faithful Daniel Who trusted in the Lord, While she
liv-ing how to die; It tells me of that cit-y, O wond'rous, wond'rous book, And
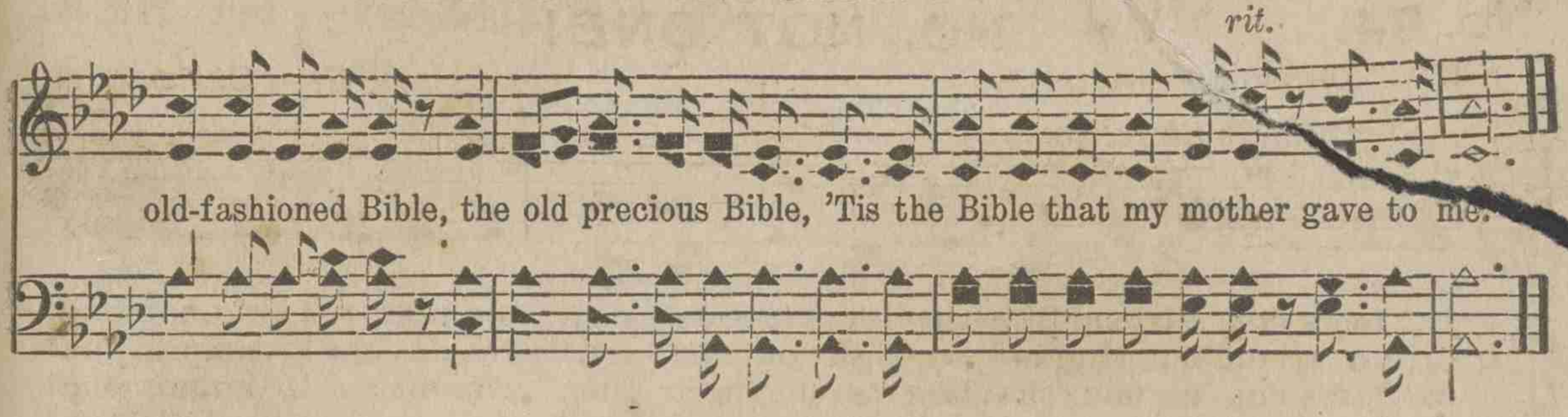
REFRAIN.

Bi-ble that my mother gave to me. 'Tis the old precious Bi-ble, bless-ed
Je-sus calmed the stormy Gal-i-lee.
led me in the pathway that he trod.
that I'll meet the loved ones by-and-by.

Bi - - - ble, That she read in the cabin by the sea; . . . 'Tis the
Bi-ble, blessed Bi-ble, by the sea;

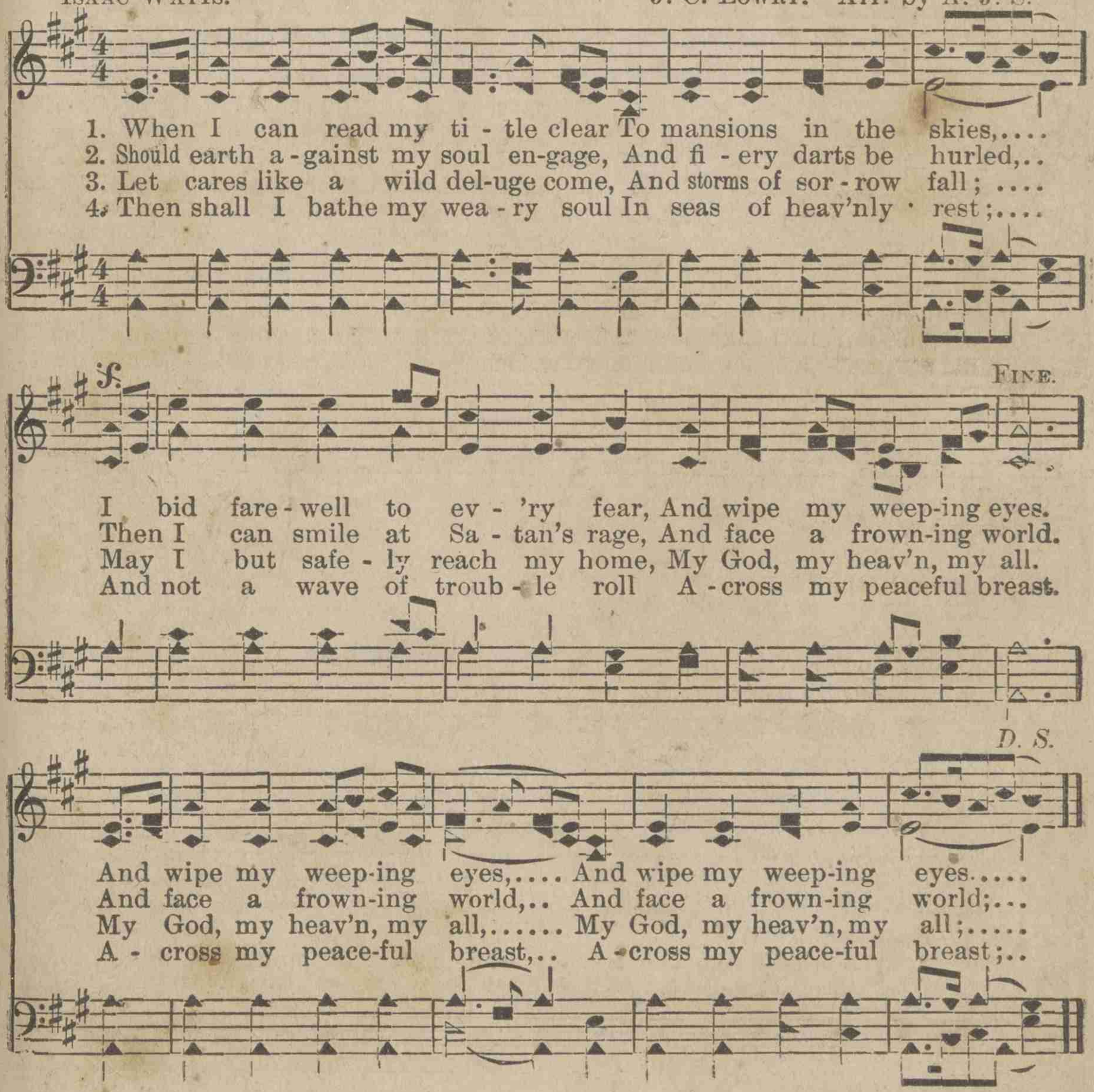
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THE BIBLE IN THE CABIN BY THE SEA.



No. 93. PISGAH.

ISAAC WATTS. J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.
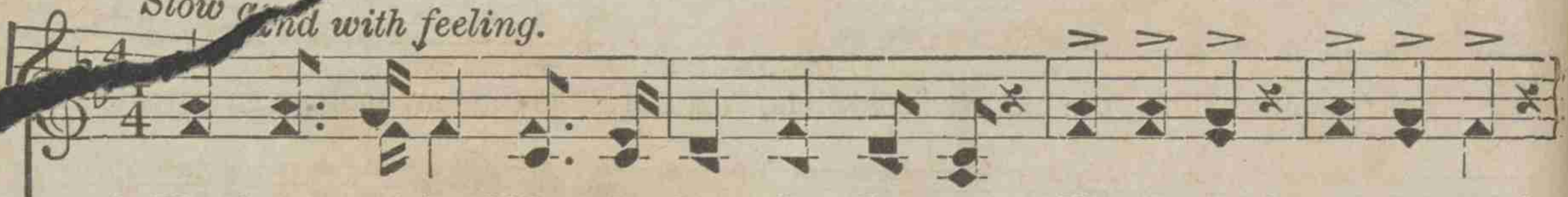


No. 94.
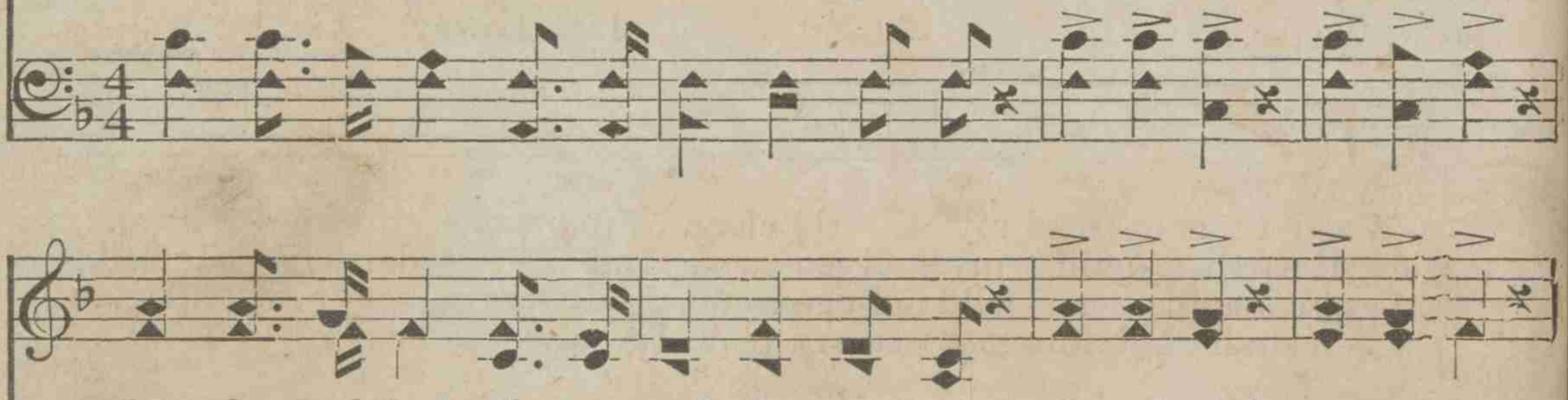
NO, NOT ONE!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.
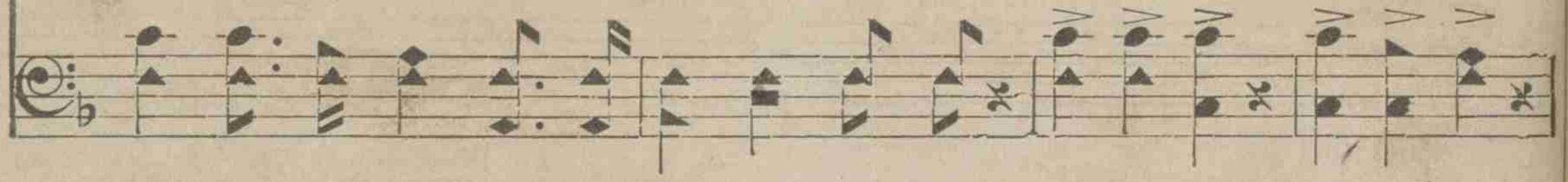
Slow and with feeling.



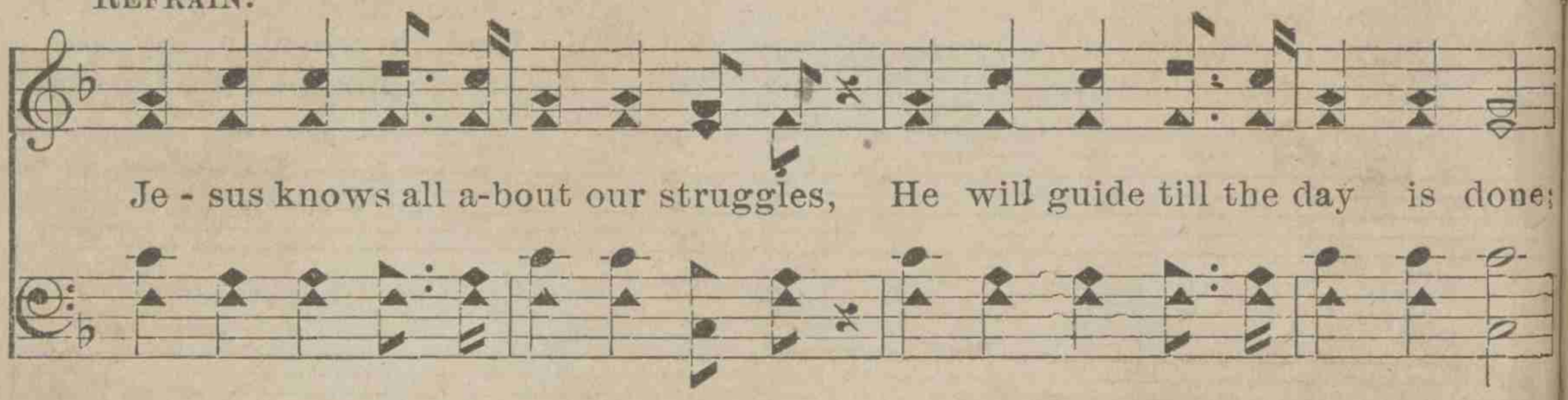
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for - sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!



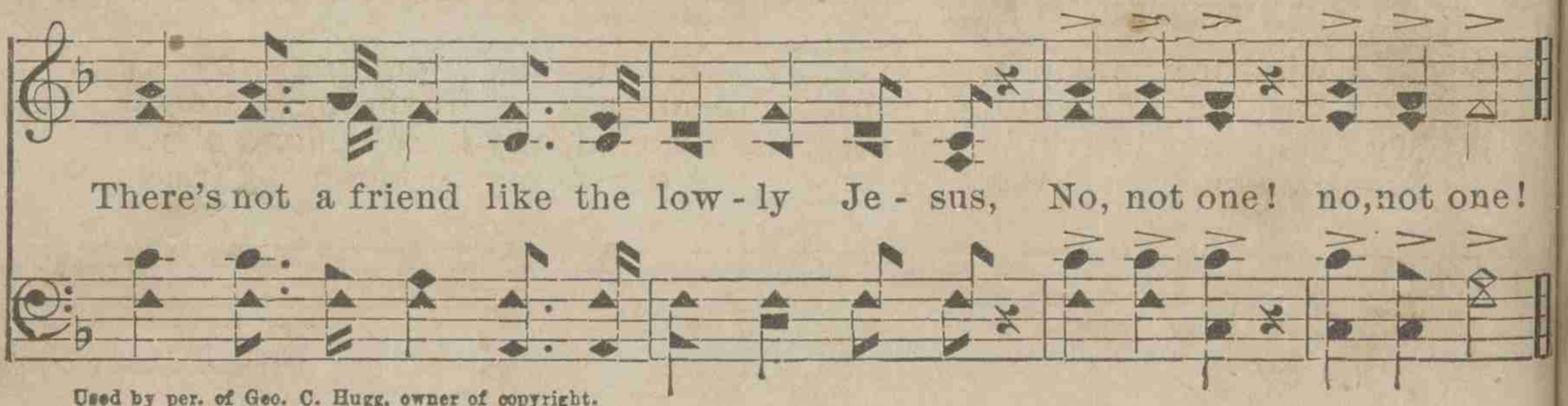
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!



REFRAIN.



Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;



There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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No. 95. ALL TO THEE.

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

1. Saviour, may we give our hearts to Thee, All to Thee, all to Thee;
2. Thou did'st give Thyself that we might be, All to Thee, all to Thee;
3. When we 've cross'd death's dark and stormy sea, All to Thee, all to Thee;

all to Thee, all to Thee;

All we are and all we hope to be, All to Thee, . . yes, all to Thee.
And by grace di - vine our love shall be, All to Thee, . . yes, all to Thee.
May our song of tri-umph ev - er be, All to Thee, . . yes, all to Thee.

All to Thee, yes, all to Thee.

REFRAIN.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 't is all to Thee;
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 't is all to Thee, yes all to Thee.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 't is all to Thee.
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee,

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No. 96. SAFE AT HOME.

Dedicated to my pupils of the five Normals taught at Sidney, Texas, in July of 1900, '01, '02, '03, '04.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. When our toil.... be - low is end - ed,
2. Just a few.... more years of sor - row,
3. As we gaze... the view seems clearer,

When from earth.... we
Just a few..... more
Day by day..... the

1. When our toil be - low is end-ed, here is end-ed, When from earth we

have as-cend - ed,
days to bor - row,
hope grows dearer,

We will sing with voic-es blend-ed,
Then we'll shout and sing to - mor-row,
Hour by hour we're drawing near-er,

have as-cend-ed, have ascended, We will sing with voices blended, voices blended,

REFRAIN.

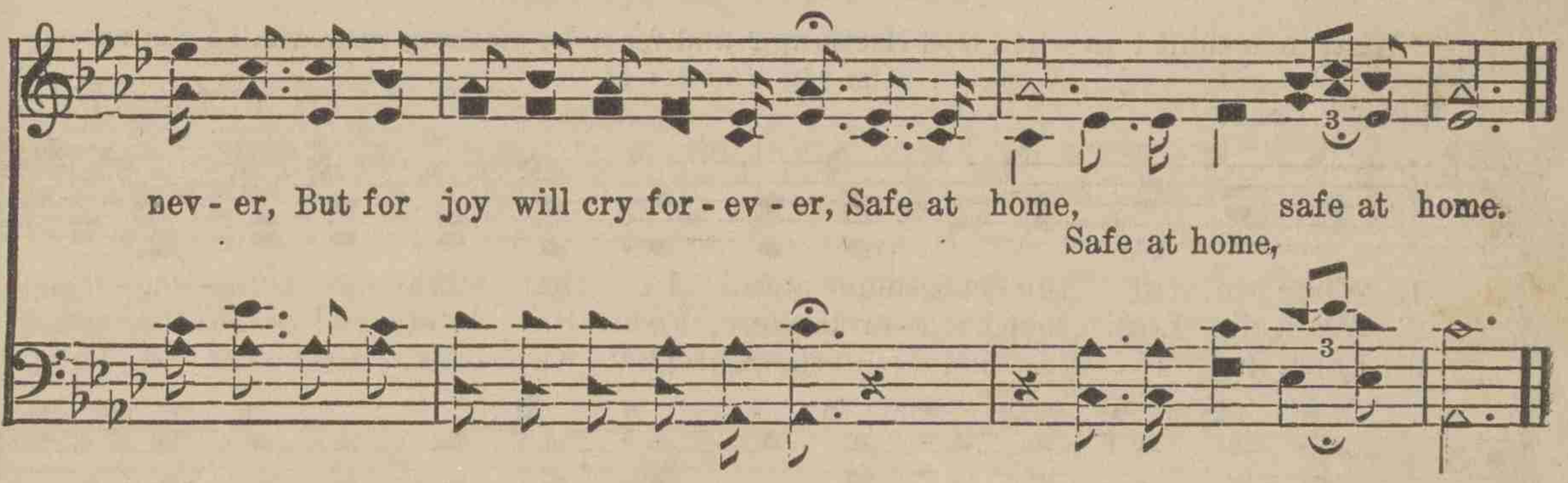
Safe at home, safe at home. Safe at home, safe at
Safe at home, safe at home.
Near-er home, near-er home. Safe at home,

Safe at home, safe at home.

home, Here no more our ties will sever, safe at home; From our friends we will part.
safe at home,
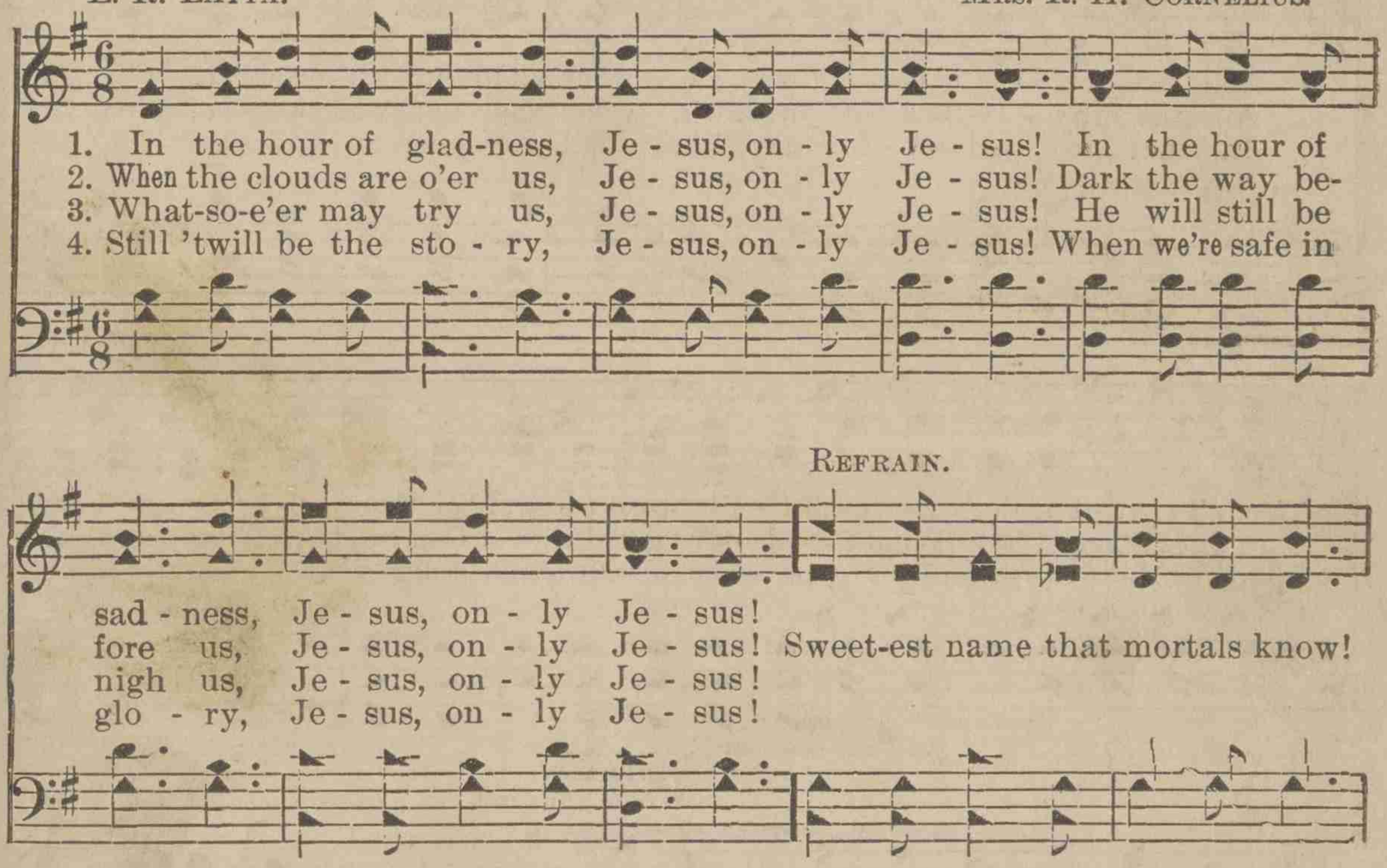
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SAFE AT HOME.



No. 97. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

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



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No. 98. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

"What then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer Him?" Job 31: 14.

E. R. LATTA. D. E. DORTCH.

1. When we in the judg-ment stand, In that might-y com-pa-ny,
2. When the Lord has gath-ered there, From the land and from the sea,
3. Lord, it is a sol-emn thought That we must ac-count to Thee,

And the Judge shall ques-tion us, Oh, what shall our an-swers be? What for
All the fam-i-lies of men, Oh, what shall our an-swers be? What for
In that great and aw-ful day, What shall our poor an-swers be? Oh, pre-

ev-'ry tri-fling tho't, And each i-dle word we say? What for ev-'ry sin-ful act,
all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we hope a crown to gain,
pare us, Lord, we pray, In Thy presence there to stand! Purge us from each sinful blot,

REFRAIN.

When that aw - - - - ful day we
We may do from day to day?
And a man-sion bright a-bove?
Place us, Lord, on Thy right hand!
When that aw-ful day we

From "Gospel Voices," by per. of the author.

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

see, Oh, what shall . . . . our an - swers be? When that

see, day we see, Oh, what shall our an-swers be, our answers be?

aw - - - - ful day we see, Oh, what shall . . . our an - swers be?

When that aw-ful day we see, day we see, Oh, what shall our answers be?

No. 99. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin-ners came to die, In His mer-cy
2. Mothers then the Saviour 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. Children then should love Him now, Strive His ho - ly will to do, Pray to Him and

FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.

passed not by Lit-tle ones like me. Lit-tle ones like me, Lit-tle ones like me;
children bro't, Lit-tle ones like me.
turn a - way Lit-tle ones like me.
praise Him too, Lit-tle ones like me.

No. 100. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

"Thy work shall be rewarded." Jer. 31: 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Dr. Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful shelt-'ring dome,
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on His breast, Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.

Refrain.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work

We'll work

work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.

We'll work,

No. 101. HEAR THE GOSPEL CALL.

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

1. Hear the gos - pel call in the qui - et vale, Or up - on the mountain-side;
2. Hear the gos - pel call in the peal - ing bell, As it gives it to the air;
3. Hear the gos - pel call to the young and old, To the rich and poor the same;

Hear the gos - pel call on the gen - tle gale, As it sweeps the prai-rie wide.
Hear the gos - pel call say - ing all is well, In the house of praise and pray'r.
Hear the gos - pel call to the Saviour's fold, And His sav-ing prom-ise claim.

REFRAIN.

Hear the gos-pel call to a fall - en race, Hear the gos-pel call and speed it;
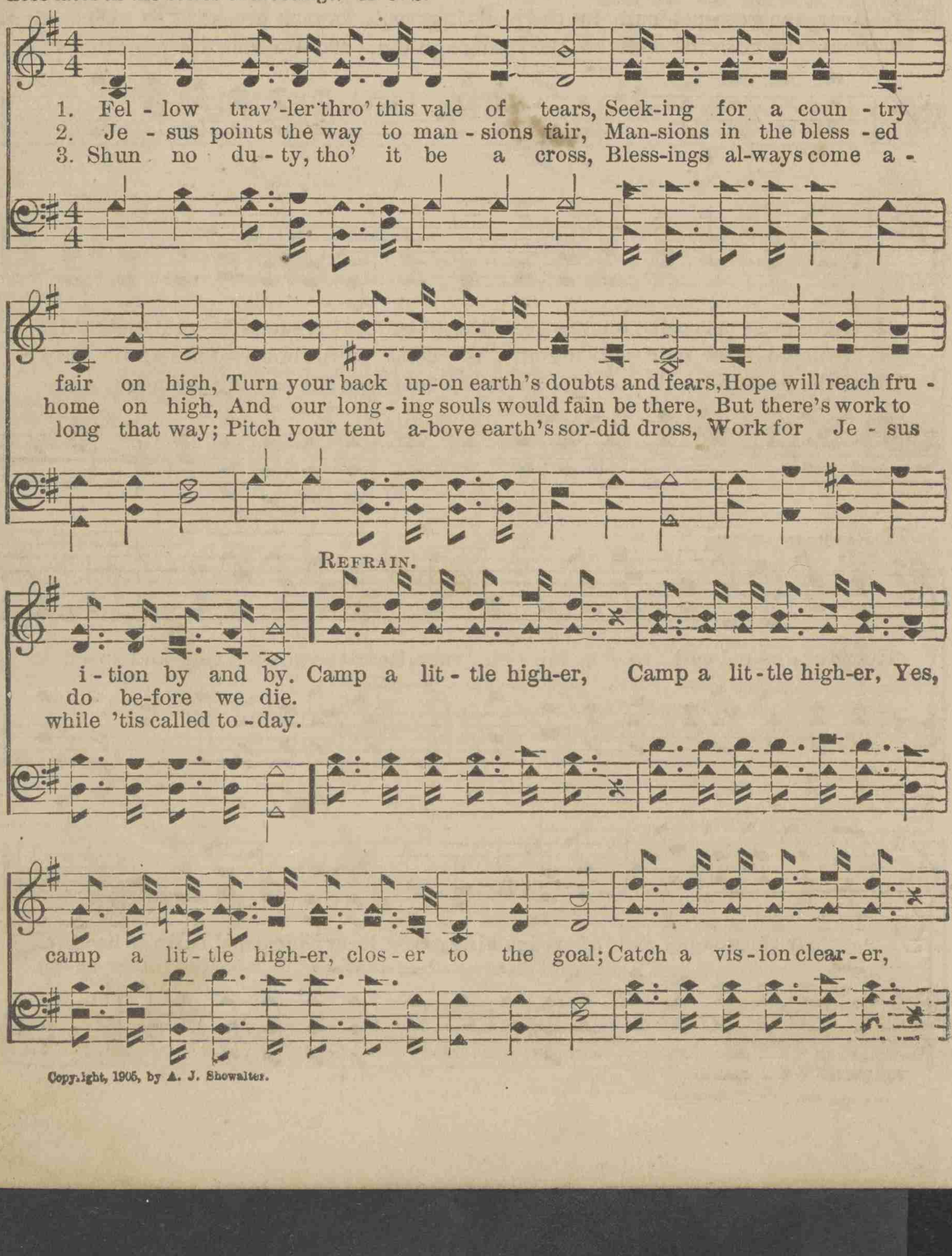
O hear the gos-pel call of redeeming grace, Hear the gospel call and heed it.

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No. 102. CAMP A LITTLE HIGHER.
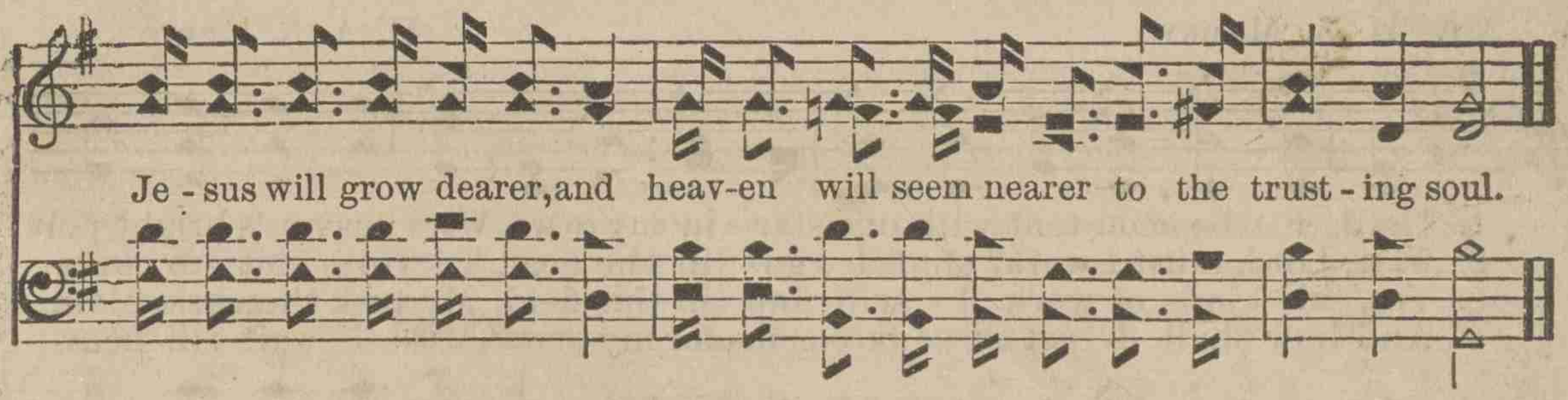
A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

In a preparatory service for a revival meeting at Abilene, Texas, conducted by Rev. A. P. Lowry, there were a number of short talks in the form of humble confessions, earnest pledges of faithfulness to duty, and encouraging words for the success of the meeting, and to many of these Brother Lowry made appropriate replies, one of which was: "Camp a little higher." The writer was leading the music, and this hymn and musical setting were at once written, and sung with much earnestness later in the series of meetings. A. J. S.
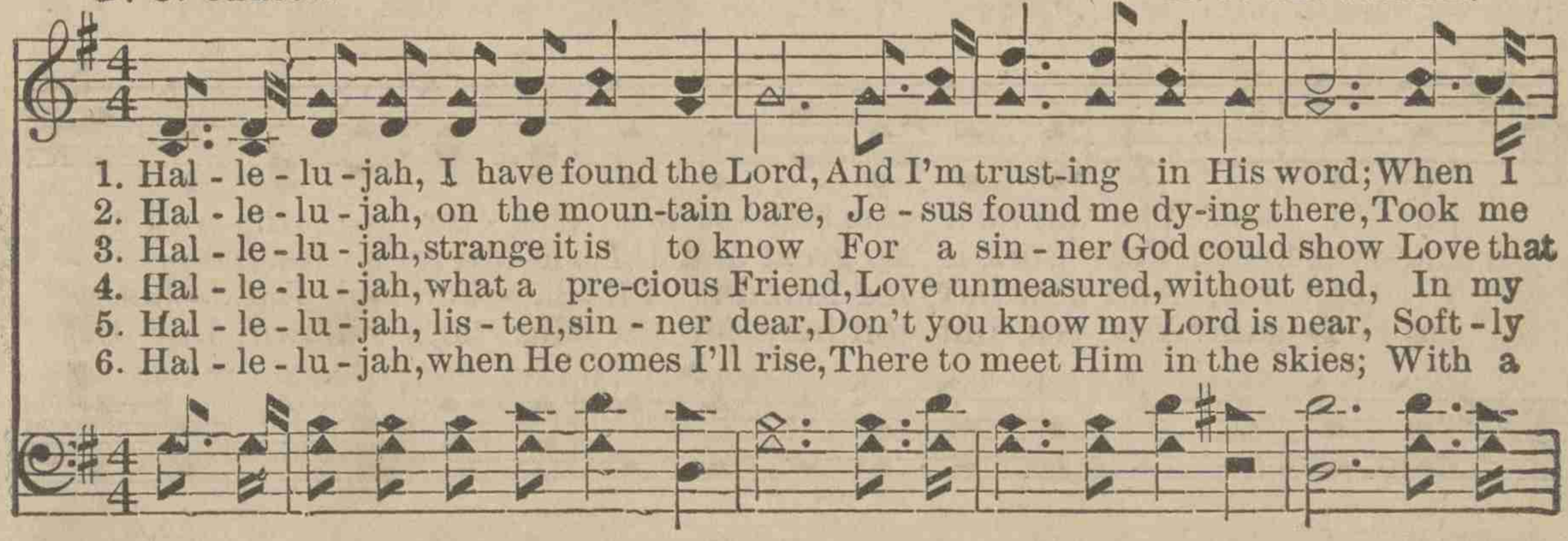


Copyright, 1905, by A. J. Showalter.
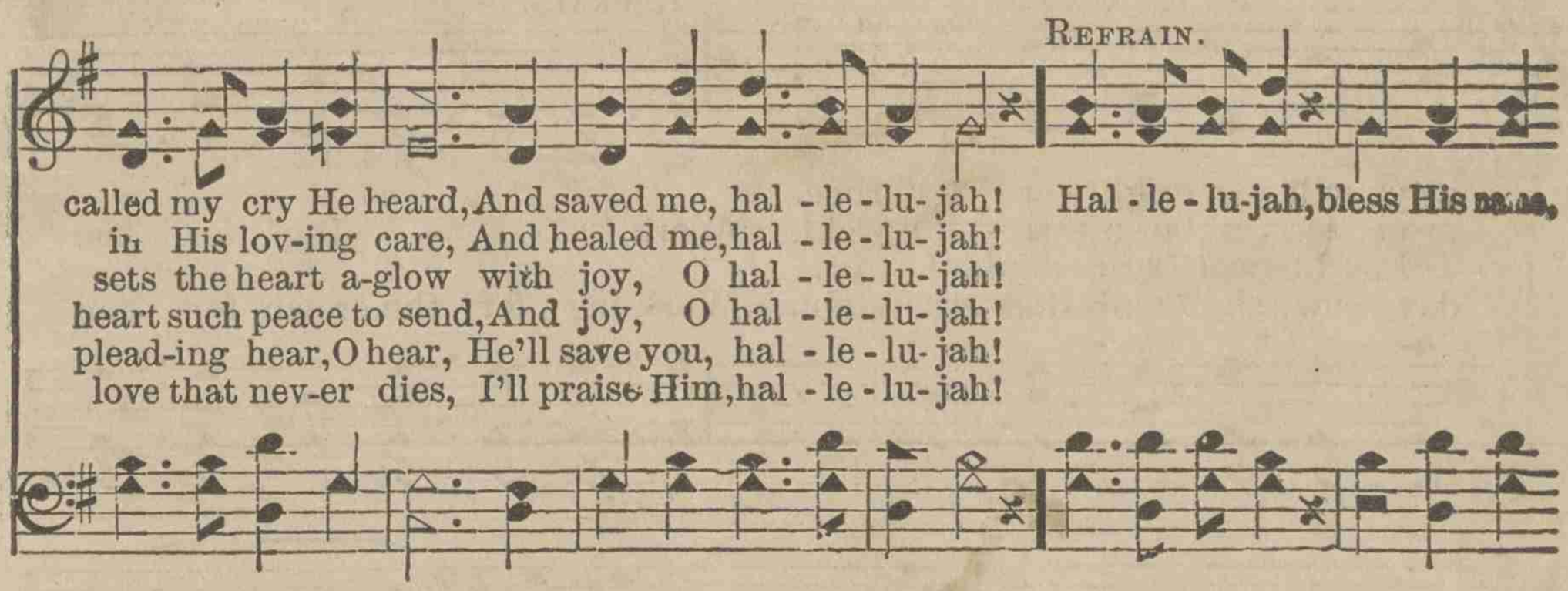
CAMP A LITTLE HIGHER.



No. 103. O PRAISE HIM, HALLELUJAH!

D. C. CARSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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No. 104. WORKING FOR THE CROWN.

MRS. H. A. MABRY. H. A. R. HORTON.

1. Shall I be con-tent with one star in my crown, When heaven's bright por-
2. When, Lord, must I work? shall I go in the heat, To white and to wide
3. Yes, all kinds of work I will find in this field, My task then quite plain
4. And how shall I get these rare gems for my crown? Must I wait till heav-

tals I see? The an-swer comes back—strive a clus - ter to win, And the
har-vest fields, Where work is so great and the la-b'rers so few, And the
I can see, And now hav'-ing found it I'll la - bor and wait, Whol-ly
en I gain? Yes, yes, but toil here for the Mas - ter's renown, Day by
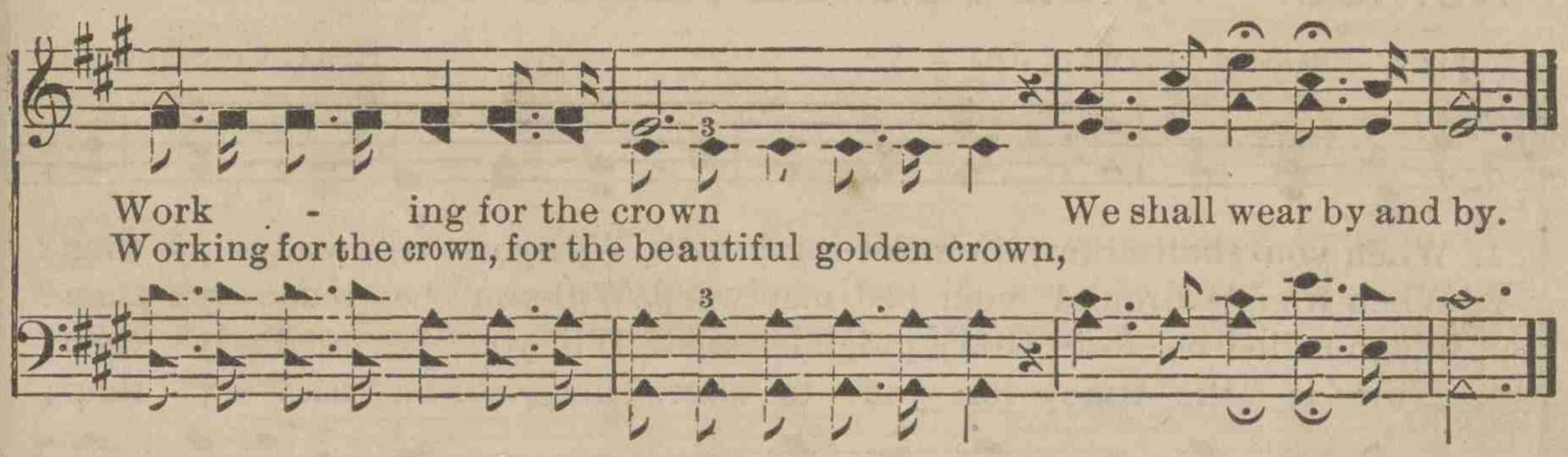
REFRAIN.

way will be bright - er for thee.
prom - ise a boun - ti - ful yield. Work - - ing for the
Thine, blessed Lord, would I be.
day for the Lamb that was slain. Work-ing for the crown, for the

crown, Work - ing for the crown,.....
beauti-ful golden crown, Working for the crown, for the beau-ti-ful gold-en crown,

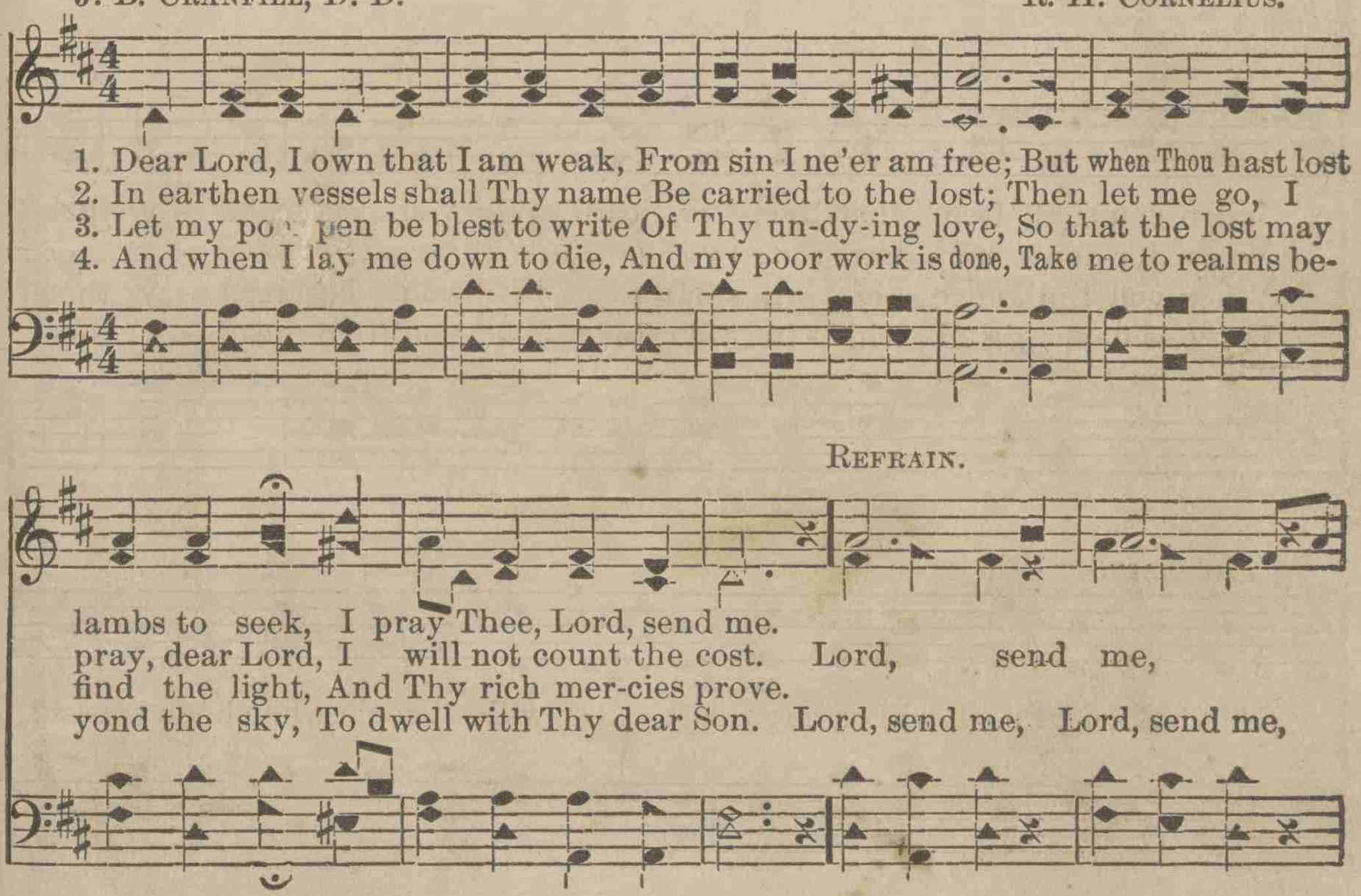
Copyright, 1889, by H. A. R. Horton. Used by per.

WORKING FOR THE CROWN.



No. 105. LORD, SEND ME.

J. B. CRANFILL, D. D. R. H. CORNELIUS.



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No. 106. WILL YOU BE READY THEN?

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. When you shall draw life's clos-ing breath, Will you be read - y then?
2. When friends a-round your bed may weep, Will you be read - y then?
3. When called be - fore God's judgment-seat, Will you be read - y then?
4. Now is the time for you to start, Then you'll be read - y then;

When you shall face that mon-ster, death, Will you be read - y then?
When Jor-dan's bil - lows round you sweep, Will you be read - y then?
When you the Judge of all shall meet, Will you be read - y then?
Let Je - sus dwell with - in your heart, Then you'll be read - y then.

REFRAIN.
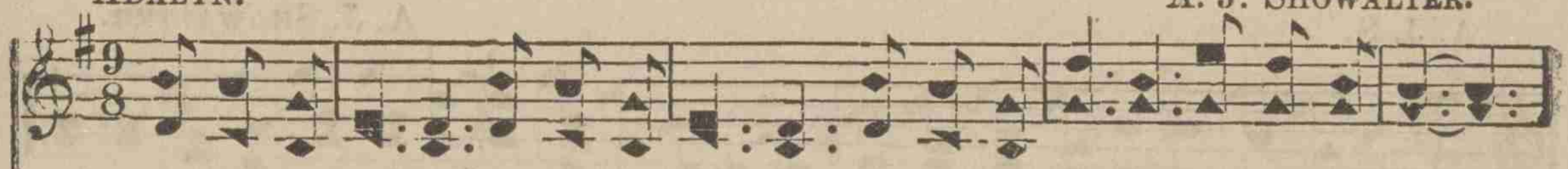
That hour, dear soul, will come at last, O will it come when hope is past?

When Jesus speaks with trumpet blast, Will you be ready then? Will you be ready then?
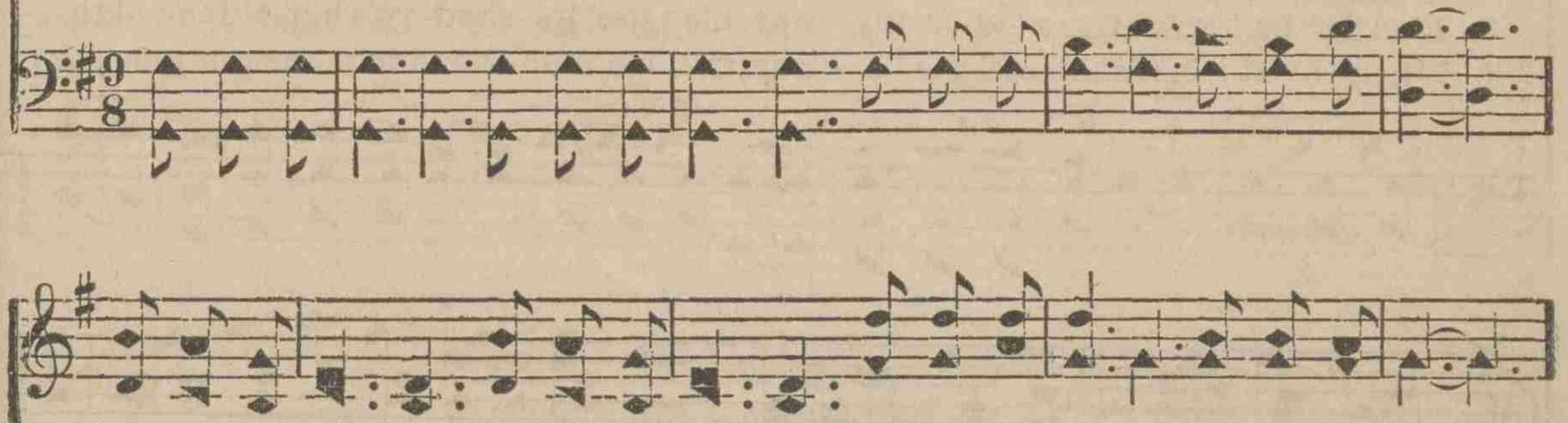
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No. 107. ADORATION.
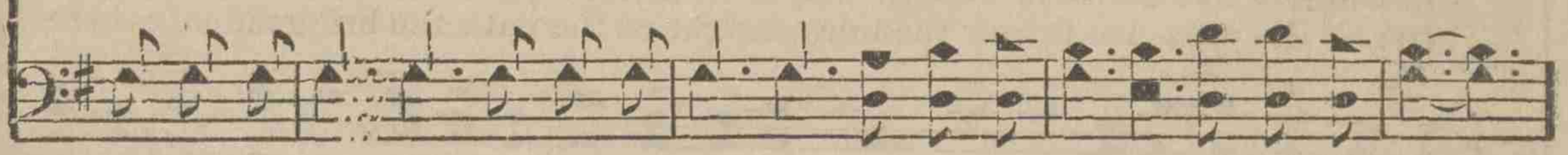
ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



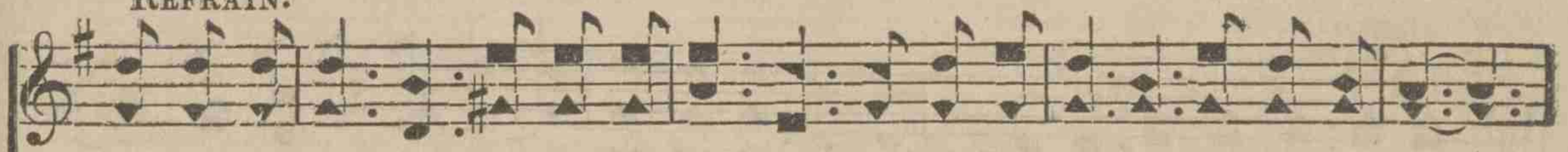
1. Je - sus, I love Thee; Seraphs above me Share in no rapture sweeter than this!
2. Christ, I adore Thee, Prostrate before Thee, Here at Thy feet my all I re-sign;
3. O Thou divine One! Great and benign One! Tho' I'm unworthy, let me abide,
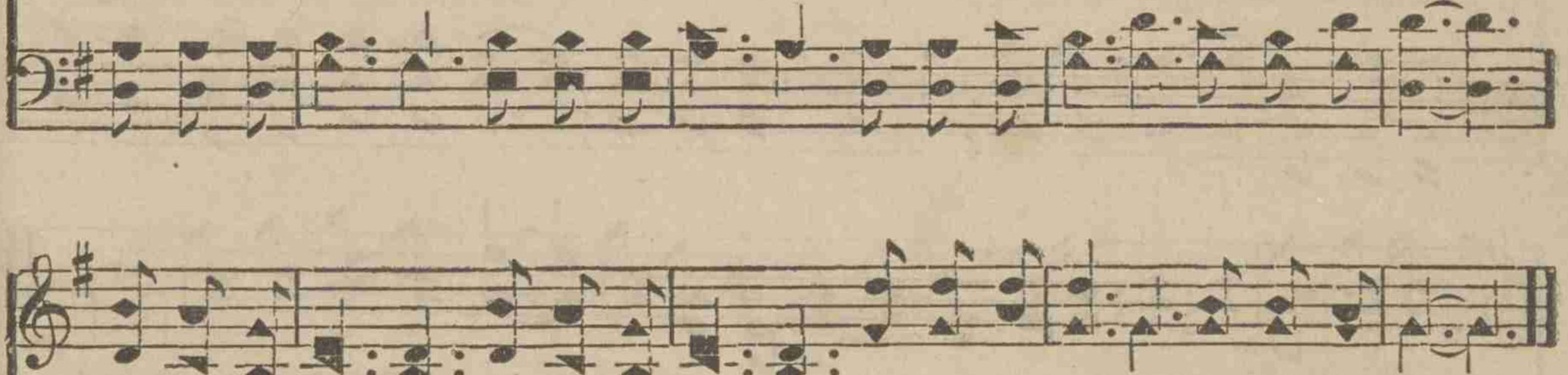


Just to be near Thee, See and revere Thee, Filleth my soul with heavenly bliss.
What are life's crosses, Pleasures or losses, If I but know Thy favor is mine?
Lov-ing Thee ev - er, Leaving Thee never, Kept thro' Thy mercy, close by Thy side!



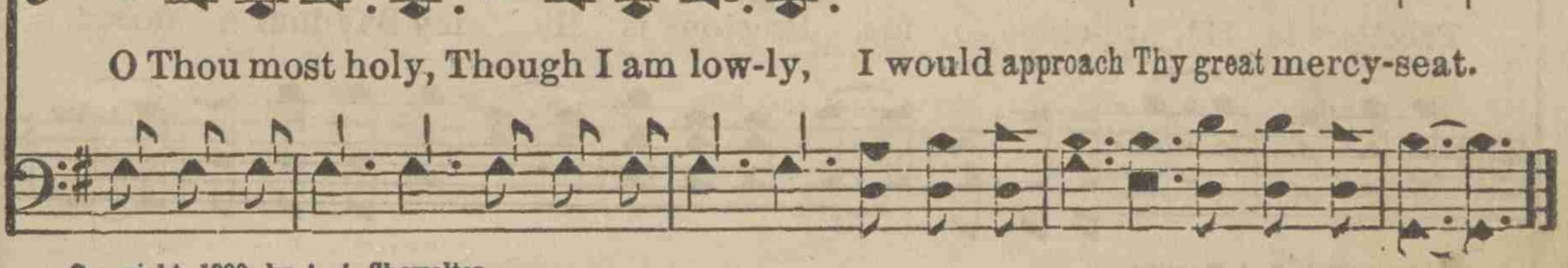
REFRAIN.



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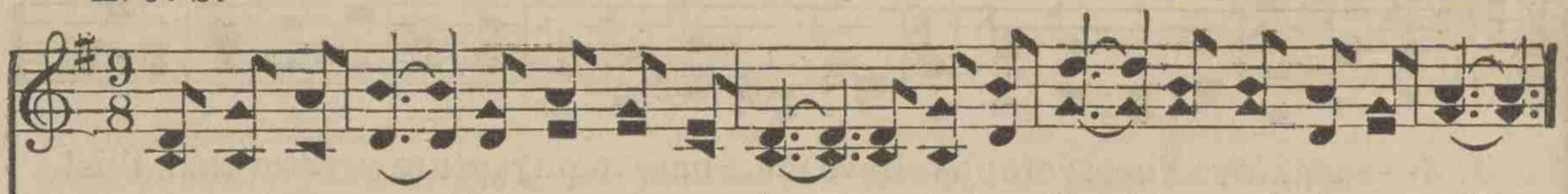


O Thou most holy, Though I am low-ly, I would approach Thy great mercy-seat.



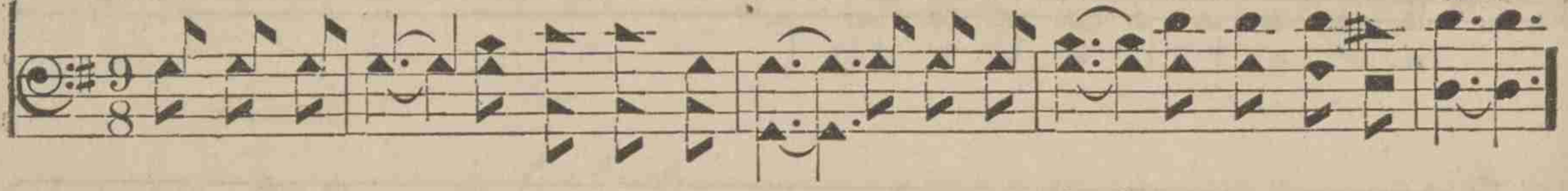
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No. 108. NEVER ALONE.
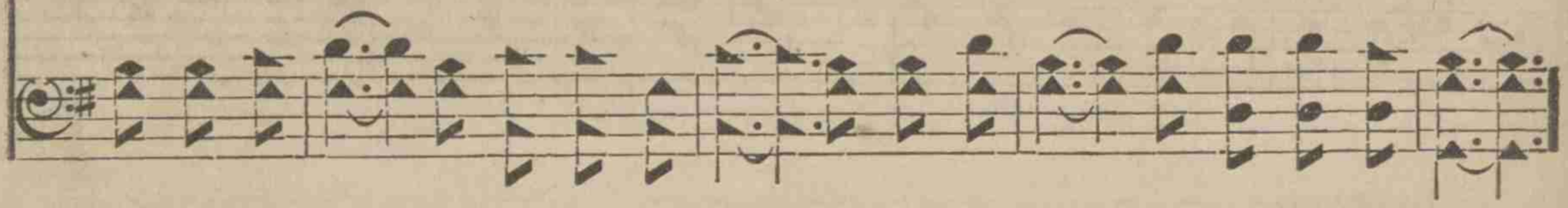
A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.
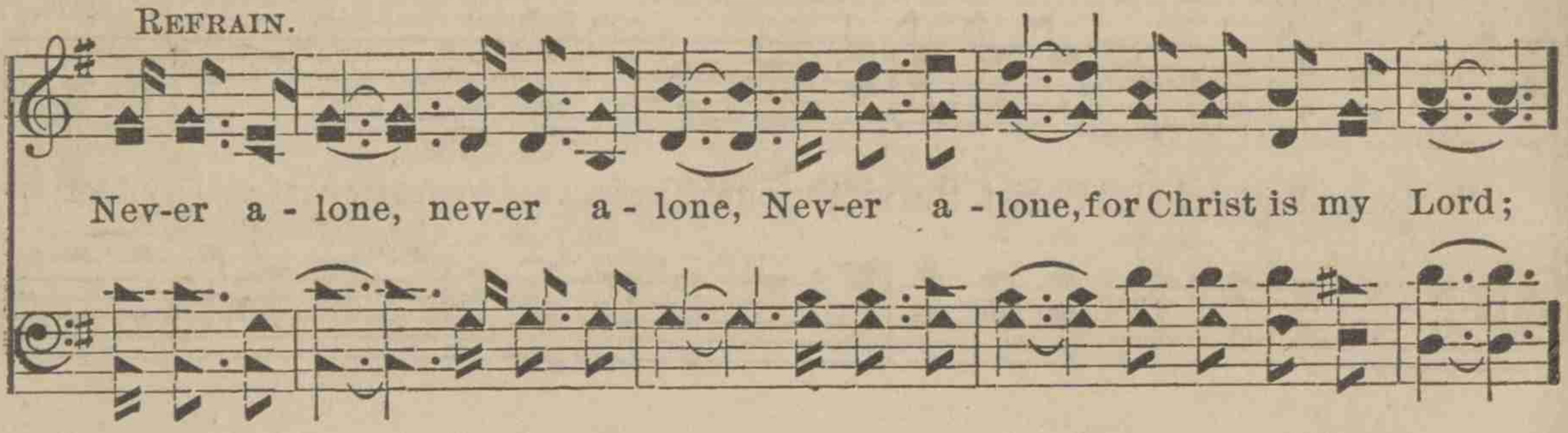


1. Nev-er a - lone, no, nev - er a - lone, Dai-ly my Sav-iour walks by my side;
2. Je-sus, my Shepherd, still is my guide, When with life's cares I'm sore-ly op-press'd;
3. E'en tho' death's val-ley cross-es my way, E'en tho' its shad-ows her-ald the night,
4. When He at last shall call me a - way, Call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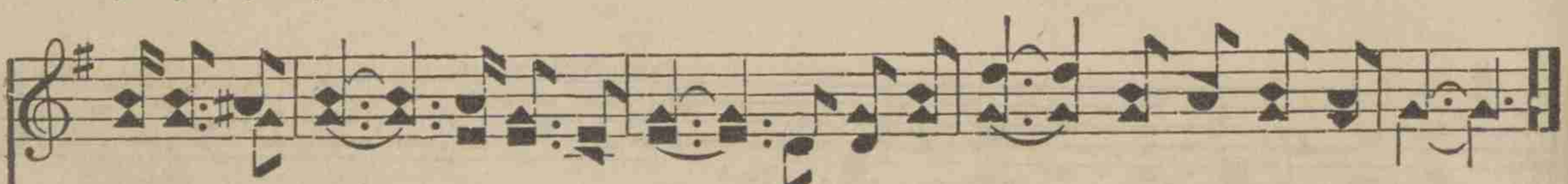


Wash'd in His blood I know I'm His own, And in His love I'll ev - er a - bide.
Men may for-sake, the world may de - ride, Still with my Sav-iour's presence I'm blest.
Still will His rod and staff be my stay, Still will my path be flood-ed with light.
Then will His presence, fair-er than day, Bright-en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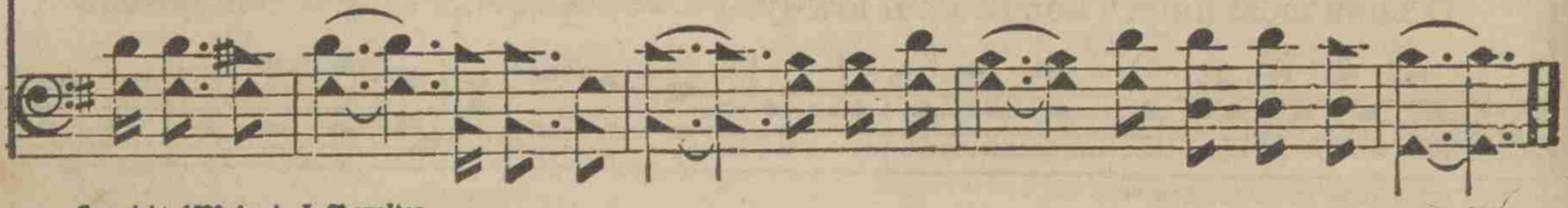


REFRAIN.



Nev-er a - lone, nev-er a - lone, Nev-er a - lone, for Christ is my Lord;



Precious is He, pre-cious to me, Precious is He, my Sav-iour a - dored.



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No. 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 löv - 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. ARE YOU READY FOR THE CALL OF YOUR LORD?

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

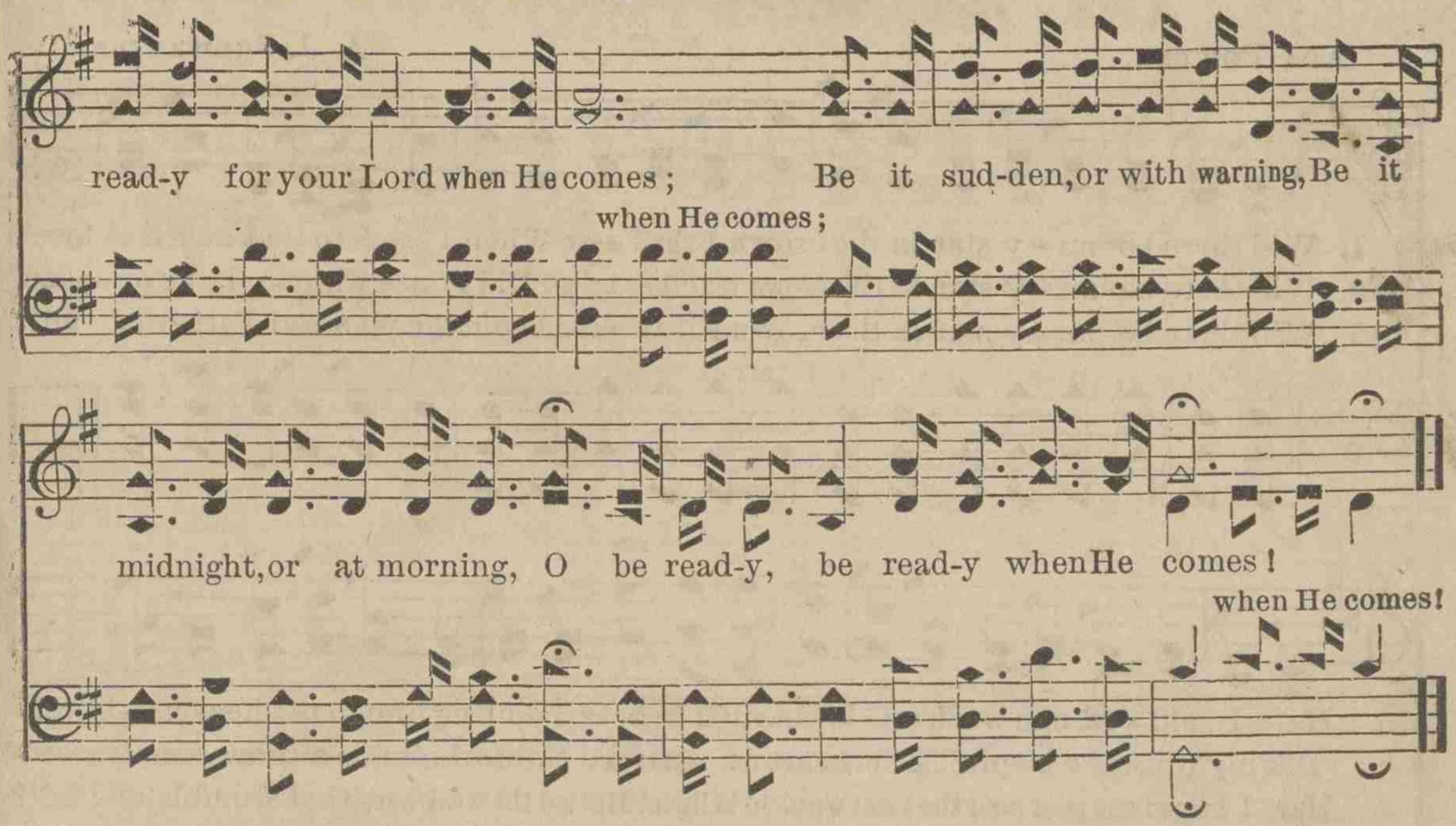
1. Are you read-y for the call of your Lord, of your Lord? Are you read-y hence to go at His word? Should His voice be heard with gladness, Or your soul be filled with sad-ness? O be read-y, be read-y when He comes!
2. Are you read-y should the call come to-day, come to-day? Are you read-y His commands to o-bey? Are you watching now and praying, Or from Je-sus are you stray-ing? O be read-y, be read-y when He comes!
3. Are you read-y for the Bridegroom to come, soon to come? Are you read-y should He summons you home? Is your lamp both trimmed and burning? For His com-ing are you yearn-ing? O be read-y, be read-y when He comes!
4. Are you read-y to re-joice in His love, in His love? Are you read-y for those mansions a-bove? Friends are fall-ing all a-round you, Soon 'twill be that death has found you, O be read-y, be read-y when He comes!

REFRAIN.

O be read-y for your Lord when He comes, when He comes, O be

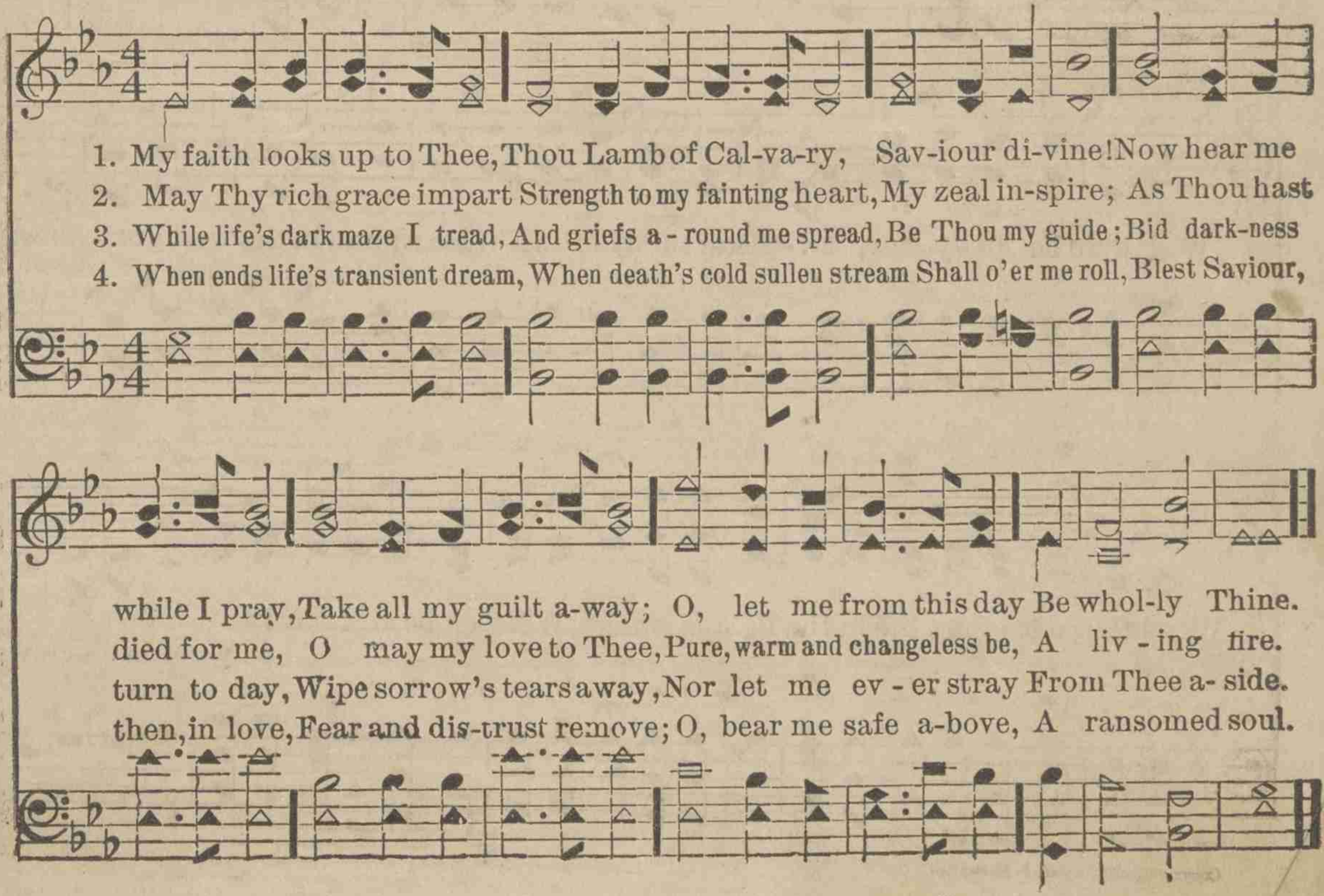
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ARE YOU READY FOR THE CALL OF YOUR LORD?



No. 111. OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER. Dr. L. MASON.



No. 112. WILL THERE BE ANY STAR IN MY CROWN?

ADA POWELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Will there be an - y star in the crown I shall wear When I cross to that haven of love?
2. Will there be an - y star in the crown that they bring? Did I once with an erring one plead?
3. Will there be an - y star in the crown I'll receive From the merciful Father of all?

Have I aid - ed one weak one his burden to bear, Pointing him to the heaven a-bove?
Did my presence inspire in the heart of a friend Noble tho'ts, or a brave, kindly deed?
Have I helped one poor soul the blest word to believe? Raised the weak ones that stumble and fall?

REFRAIN.

Will there be an - y star, an - y star in my crown When my sun in the west goeth down?

When the page of my life in the light is revealed, Will there be any star in my crown?
an-y star in my crown?

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No. 113. WE COME TO THEE.

E. E. HEWITT. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. We gath - er, Lord, a - round Thy feet, In Thy dear house a - gain we meet;
2. We thank Thee for the gifts we share, Thy gen-tle grace, Thy ten - der care;
3. Our Fa- ther, may Thy pre-cious word Be taught in faith, in gladness heard;

With joy - ful lips we praise Thy name, With contrite hearts, Thy mer - cy claim.
O grant us now Thy Spirit's pow'r, To wor-ship Thee a - right this hour!
And in this pray'r our souls u - nite, May Je - sus be our chief de-light.

REFRAIN.

We come to Thee; in love draw near, And bless us while we gath - er here;

We come to Thee, in love draw near, And bless us while we gath - er here.

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No. 114. THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

ISAAC WATTS, arr. A. J. SHOWALTER

1. When I sur-vey . . . the wondrous cross, . . On which the Prince . . of glory
2. Forbid it, Lord, . . that I should boast, . . Save in the death . . of Christ, my
3. See, from His head, . . His hands, His feet, . . Sorrow and love . . flow mingled
4. Were the whole realm . . of nature mine, . . That were a gift . . by far too

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince

died, . . . My richest gain. . . . I count but loss, . . . And pour con-
God; . . . All things of earth, . . . that charm me most, . . . I sac-ri-
down; . . . Did e'er such love . . . and sorrow meet, . . . Or thorns com-
small; . . . Love so com-plete, . . . love so di-vine, . . . Demands my

of glo-ry died, My richest gain I count but loss,

REFRAIN.

tempt . . . on all my pride. . . . O wondrous cross, . . O cross of
fice . . . them to His blood. . .
pose . . . so rich a crown? . .
soul, . . . my life, my all. . . . O wondrous cross,

And pour contempt on all my pride.

Christ, . . Whereon my Lord . . . and Saviour died; . . . O blessed
O cross of Christ, Whereon my Lord and Saviour died;

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cross . . of Calva-ry, . . . Beneath thy shade . . I safely hide. . .
O blessed cross of Calva-ry, Beneath thy shade I safely hide.

No. 115. TELL ME OF THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

E. R. LATTA. R. D. BURLESSON.

1. Tell me, in my youthful days, Of the Saviour's truth and grace! I His faithful
2. In each dark and troubled hour, When I strive with Satan's pow'r, That my soul may
3. If my lot, be-low, be hard, He will me, in heav'n, reward! From the guilt of
4. He is might-y to re-deem All who put their trust in Him; He's the Lord of

REFRAIN.

child would be, For I know He died for me! Tell me, tell me ev-'ry day! I will
find re-lease, Tell me of the Prince of Peace!
sin He frees: Tell me of the Prince of Peace!
lands and seas, Tell me of the Prince of Peace!

hearken what you say! Till my life on earth shall cease, Tell me of the Prince of Peace!

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No. 116. I'M COMING HOME.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. I have wan-dered far in the wil-der-ness of sin, But my feet no
2. I have lived too long from the Fa-ther's house a-way, I am home-sick,
3. I have stray'd a-far from the shel-ter of the fold, I am tired and

more shall roam, For my heart is sick for the Fa-ther's love a-gain, And to-
hun-gry, sore; I re-turn at last to the dear fa-mil-iar home, For I
long for rest, So I turn my feet to the Father's home a-gain, For to

Refrain.

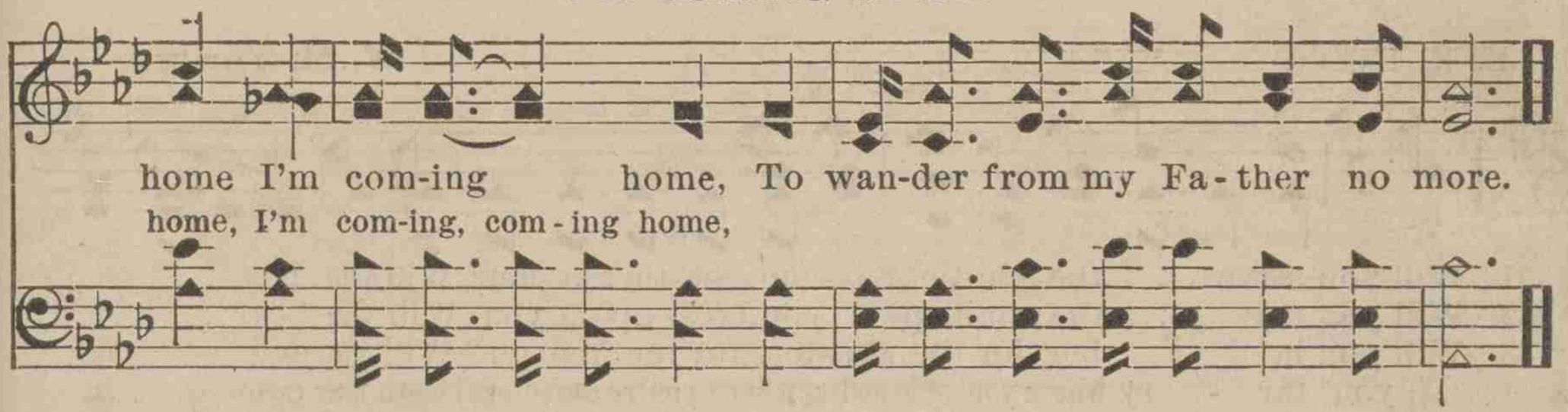
day I'm com-ing home. I'm com-ing home, I'm com-ing home, I'm
will not hun-ger more.
be at home is best.

com-ing home, com-ing home,

homesick, faint, and wea-ry and sore; I'm com-ing
I'm wea-ry, faint, and sore: com-ing

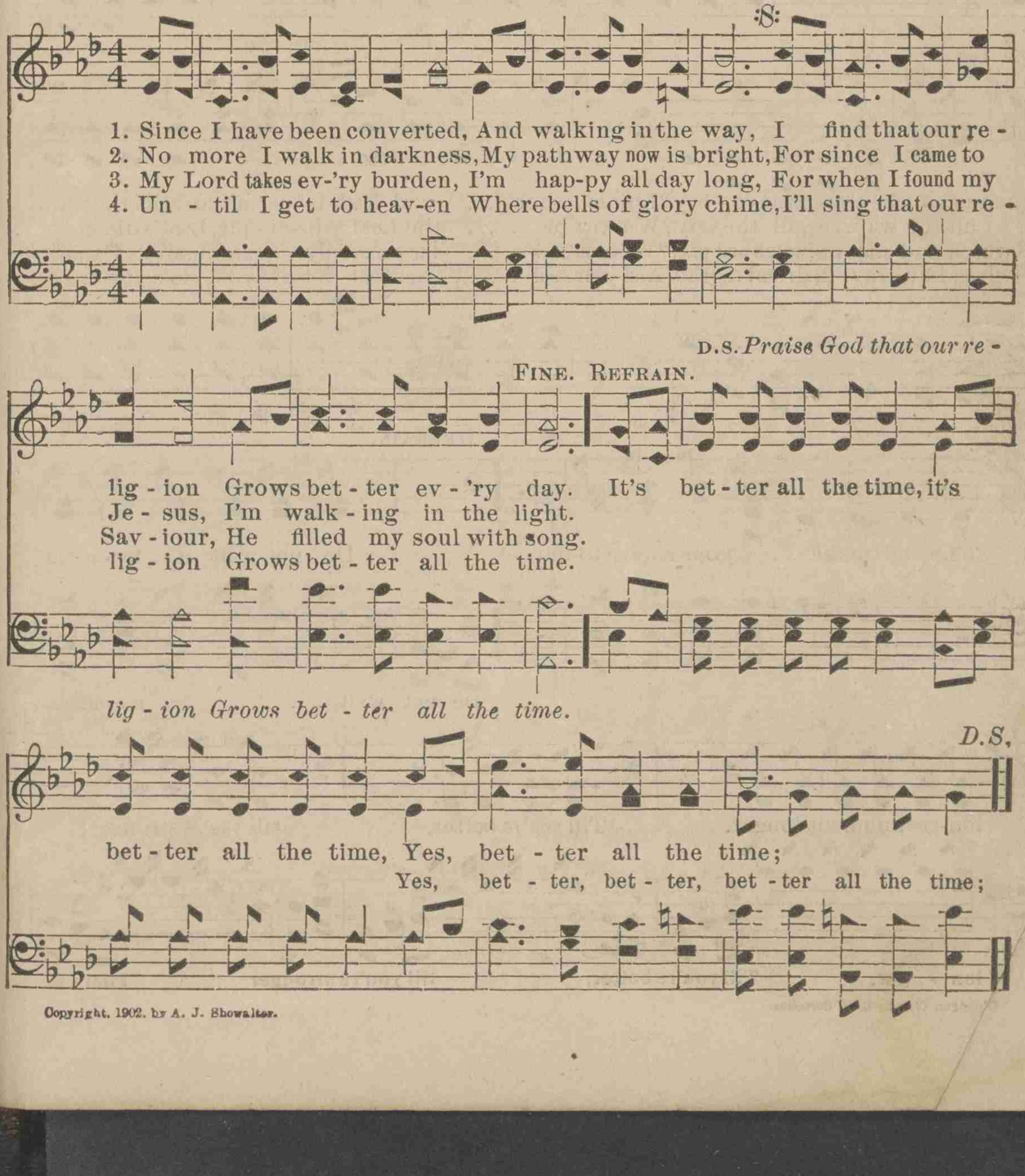
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I'M COMING HOME.



No. 117. BETTER ALL THE TIME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 118. MAKE YOUR CHOICE TO-DAY.

E. R. LATTA. W. M. YOWELL.

1. Will you serve . . the gen-tle Sav-iour, gen-tle Sav-iour, Will you His . . com -
2. Will you take . . the cross up-on you, cross up-on you? Will you bear . . it
3. Will you la - bor for the Mas-ter? for the Mas-ter? Will you ev - er
4. If you tar - ry where you're standing where you're standing, Death may come . in

mands o - bey? commands o - bey? Life is short . . and death is certain, death is certain,
all the way, yes, all the way? Will you be . . . the Lord's dis-ci - ple, Lord's dis-ci-ple,
watch and pray, yes, watch and pray? Will you seek . . the heavenly Canaan, heavenly Canaan,
dread ar - ray, in dread ar-ray, And your soul . . . be lost for-ev - er, lost for-ev - er,

REFRAIN.

Come and make . . your choice to-day. Do not wait a mo-ment
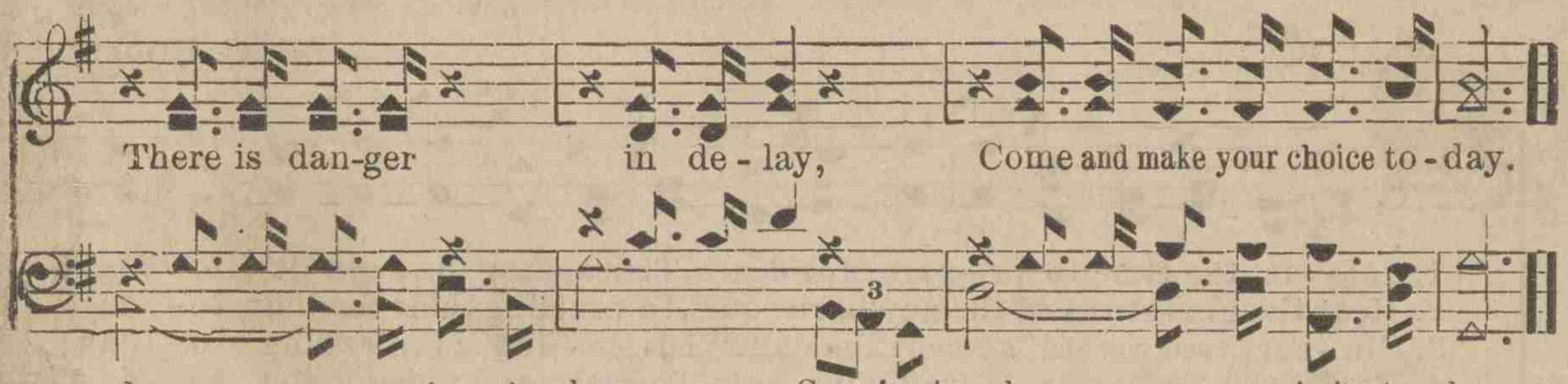
Do not wait . . . . a mo - ment

lon-ger, moment longer, Till you're better, till you're stronger,

lon - ger, Till you're better, till you're stronger, There is

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MAKE YOUR CHOICE TO-DAY.

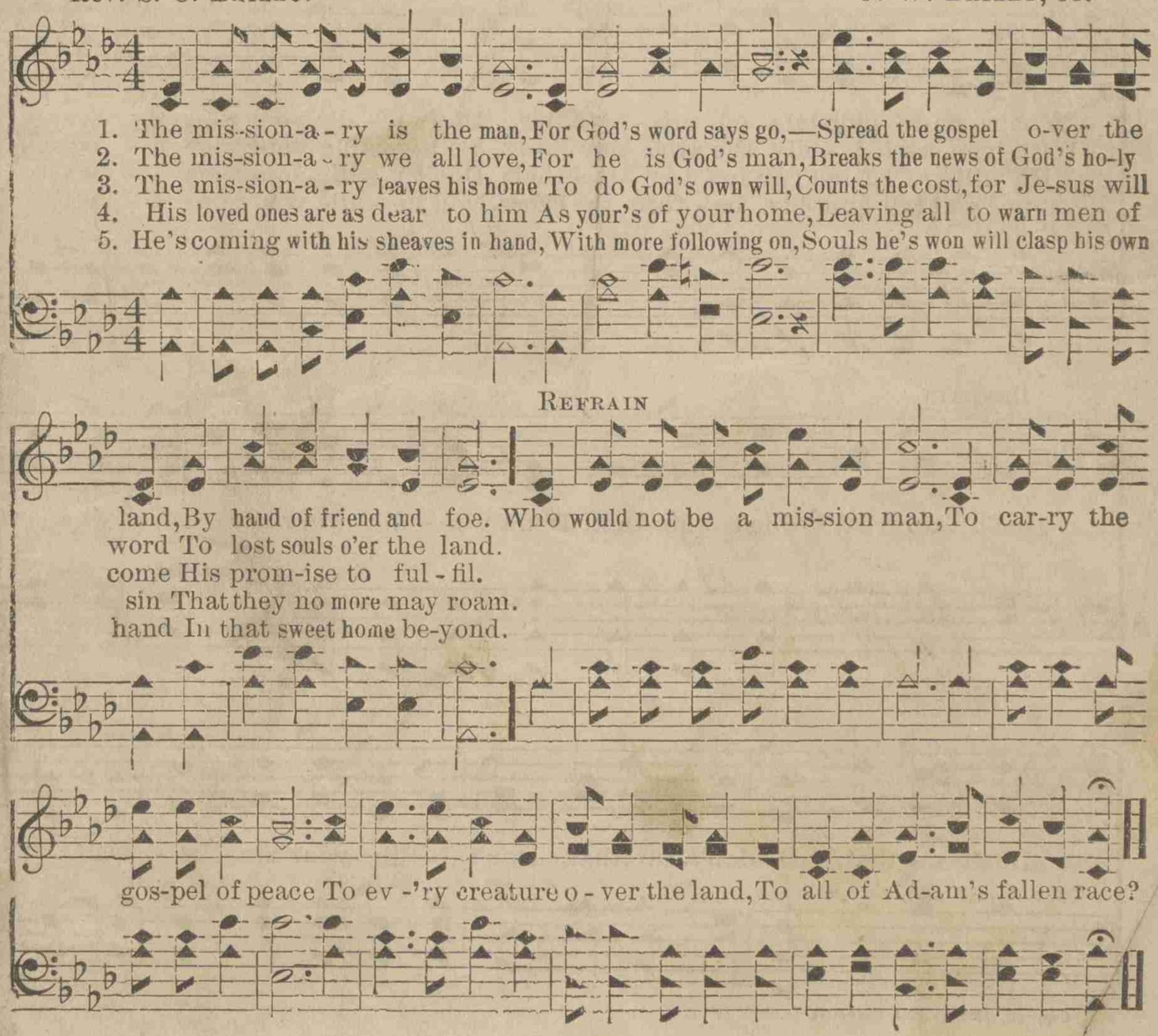


No. 119. WHO WOULD NOT BE A MISSIONARY?

Dedicated to the self-sacrificing missionaries of Texas.

Promise—"I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Rev. S. C. Bailey. J. W. Bailey, Jr.



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No. 120. DON'T IDLE YOUR TIME AWAY.

W. C. H. W. C. Hogan.

1. Life is the time to pre-pare for death, Then why not be - gin it to - day?
2. Hear the glad shouts of the newborn souls, In praising their Saviour to - day,
3. Sin -ners, come now and ac-cept the call, While Je - sus is pleading to - day;
4. Christ the Redeemer is wait - ing now To cleanse and receive you to day:

You're on-ly mor-tals on pro - bate life, Don't i - dle your time a - way.
While you stand i - dly the whole day long, Still wasting your time a - way.
He will re - ceive you in - to His fold; Don't i - dle your time a - way.
Come and fall hum-bly be - fore the cross, Don't i - dle you time a - way.

Refrain.

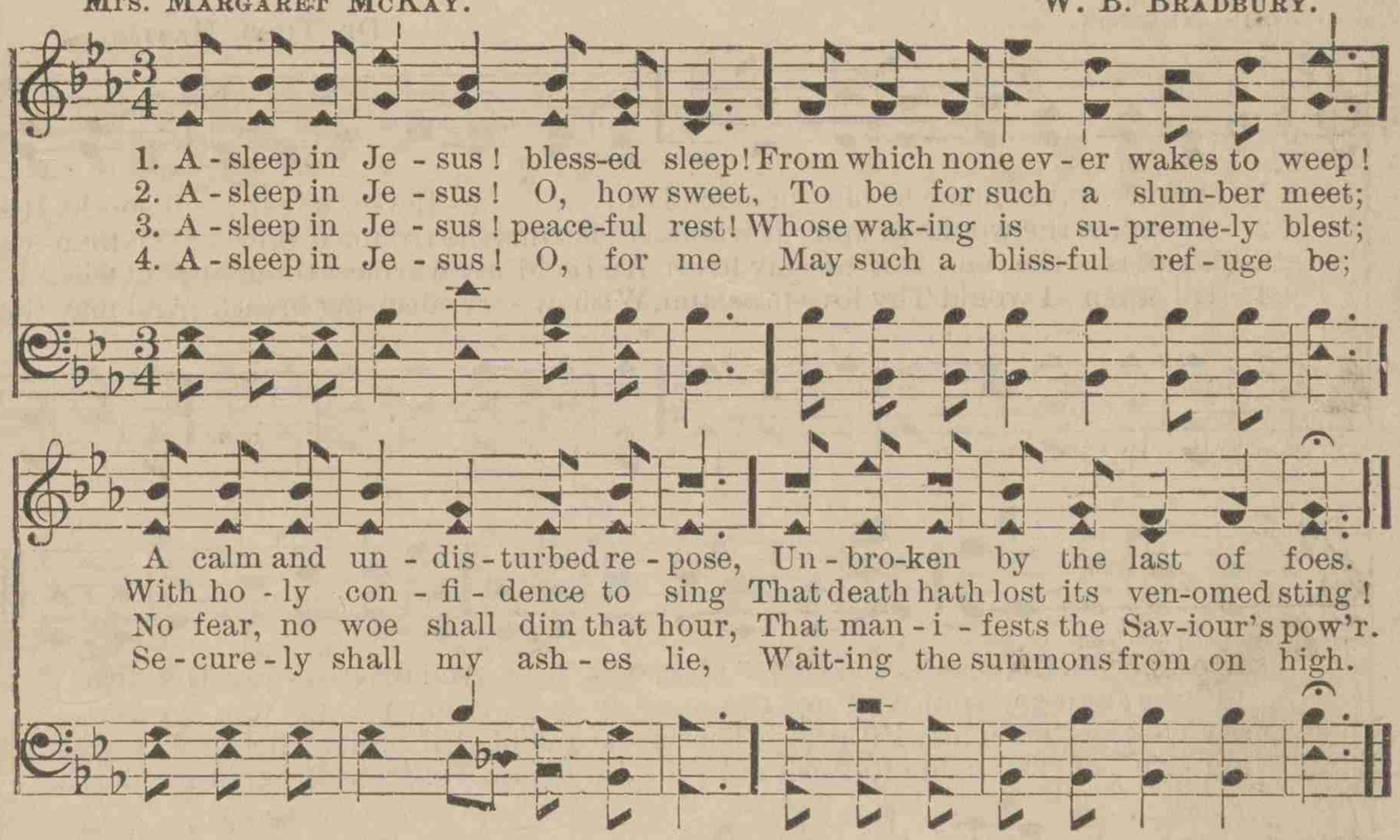
Don't do that, don't do that, Don't i - dle your time a - way;

Don't do that, O don't do that, Don't i - dle your time a - way.

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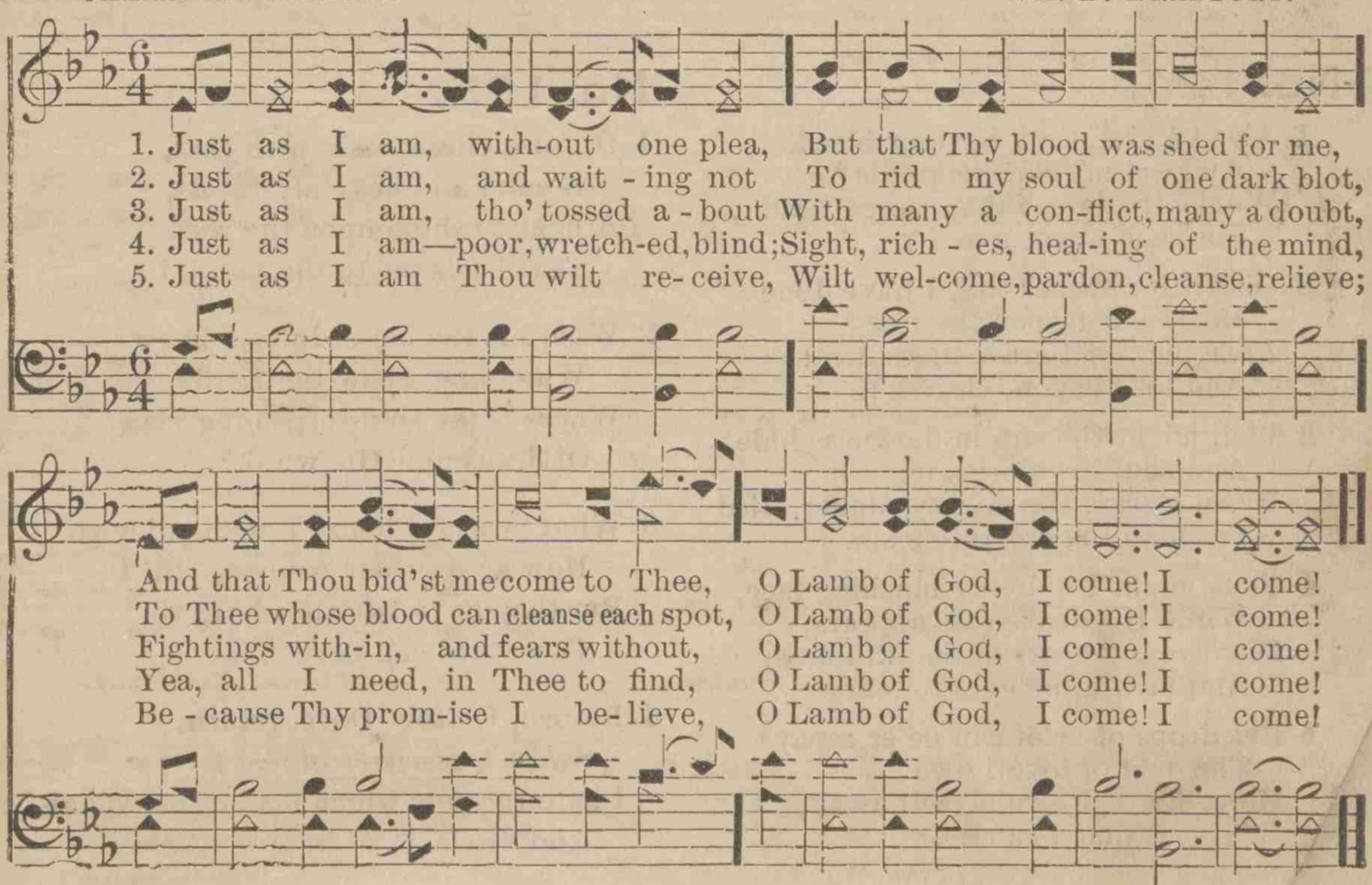
No. 121. REST. L. M.

MRS. MARGARET MCKAY. W. B. BRADBURY.



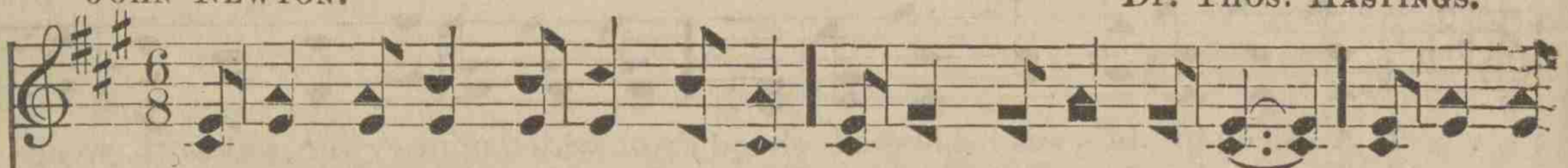
No. 122. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. WM. B. BRADBURY.
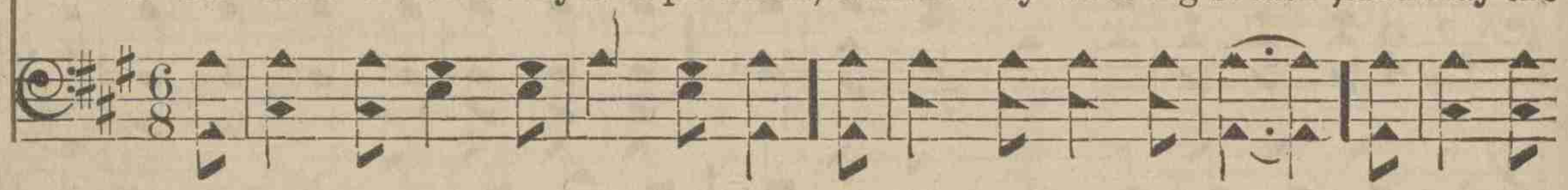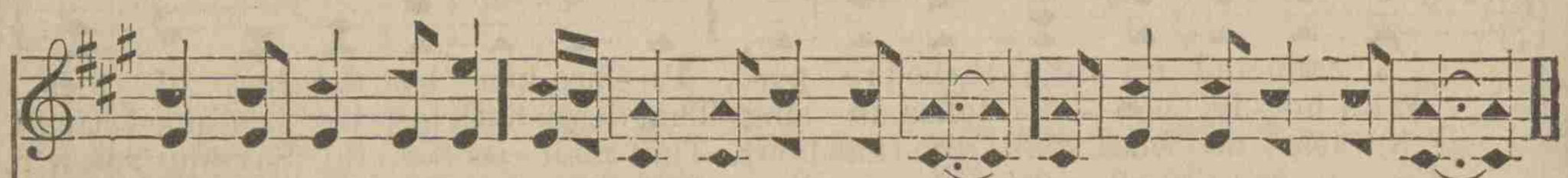


No. 123. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

JOHN NEWTON. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.
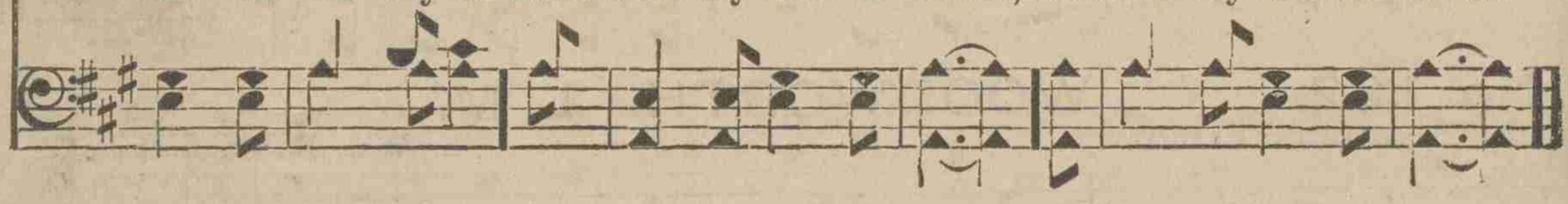


1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear; It sooths His
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man-na
3. Weak is the ef-fort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought; But when I
4. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev-'ry fleet-ing breath; And may the





sorrows, heals His wounds, And drives away His fear, And drives a-way His fear.
to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest, And to the wea-ry rest.
see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
mu-sic of Thy name Refresh my soul in death, Re-fresh my soul in death.



No. 124.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS.

No. 125.

1 O, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

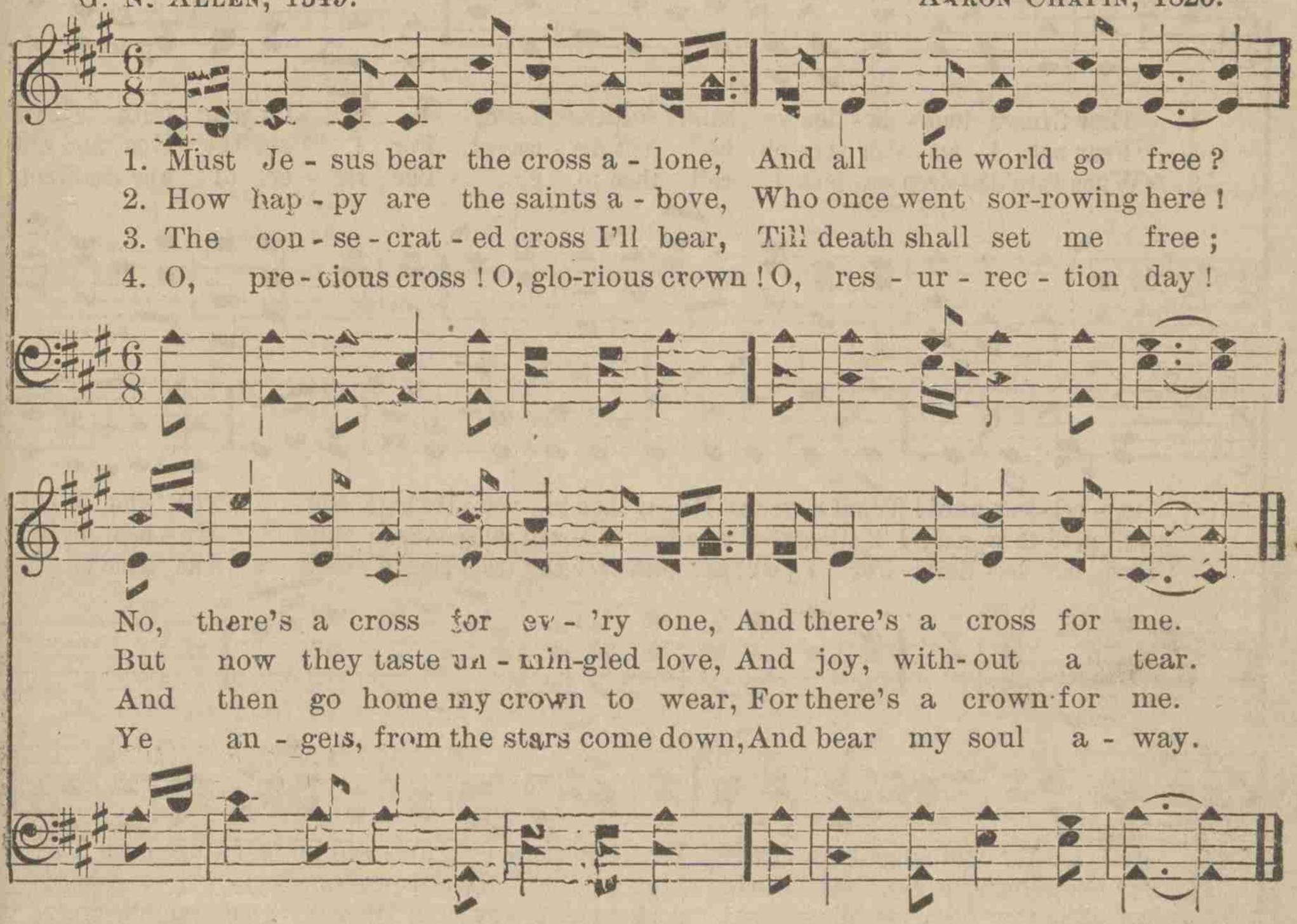
3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed.
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins which made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

WM. COWPER.

No. 126. MAITLAND. C. M.

G. N. Allen, 1849. Aaron Chapin, 1820.



No. 127.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 128.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

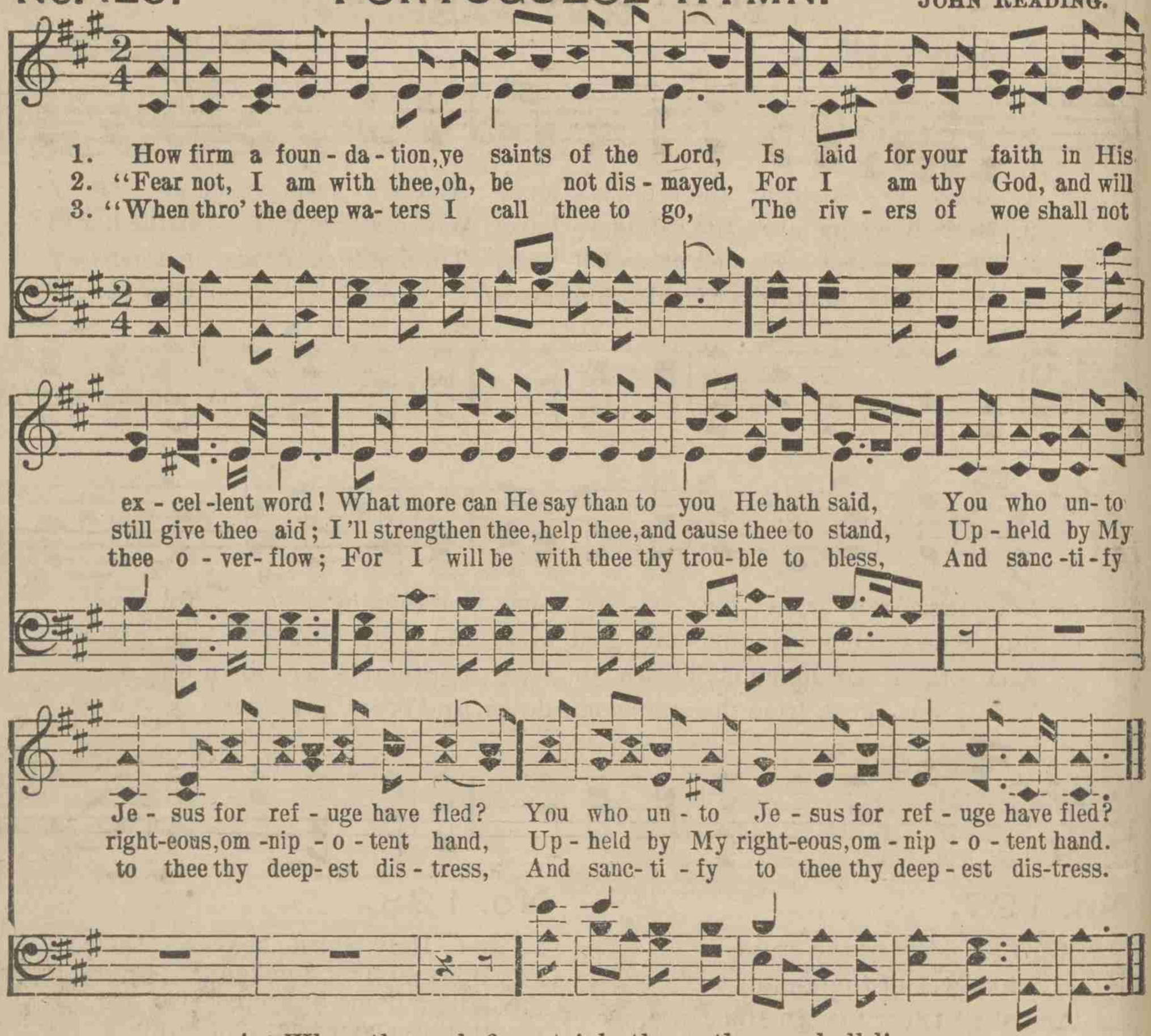
3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 129. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

JOHN READING.
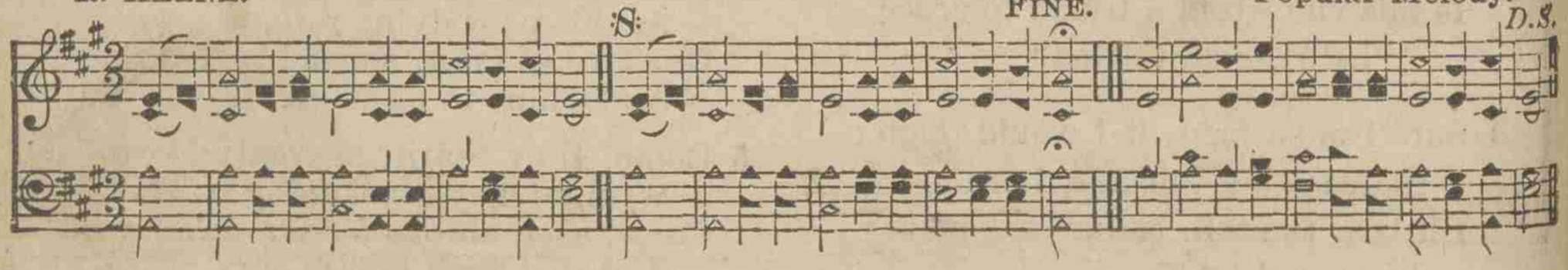


4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not — I will not desert to his foes;
That soul — tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I 'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"

Old Tune. PROTECTION.

R. KEENE.

Popular Melody.



No. 130. PEACE THAT PASSETH.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Tho' the cares of this life may sur-round me, Tho' the winds as they roar may not cease,
2. My dear Sav - iour is ev - er be - fore me, Since from sin He hath giv - en re - lease;
3. Tho' the tempt-er His war-fare is wag-ing, Yet it serves but my trust to in-crease;
4. Praise the Lord for this foretaste of heav-en, Praise the Lord, O my soul, do not cease,

Yet the arm of my Lord is a - round me, And way down in my soul there is peace.
So, al-though all life's waves may sweep o'er me, Yet way down in my soul there is peace.
For I feel, while the bat - tle is rag - ing That way down in my soul there is peace.
For I have, since my sins were for - giv - en, Ev - 'ry step of the way per-fect peace.

REFRAIN.

There's a peace that passeth understanding, Hushing all.... the storms of life to rest,
There's a peace Hushing all

There's a peace that pass-eth understanding, And I have that peace within my breast.
There's a peace

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No. 131. 'TWILL BE GLORY BY AND BY.

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. My Redeem-er has gone to pre-pare, (in the sky,) Blessed mansions of rest by and
2. I've no treasures to bind me be-low, (here below,) In this land full of sor-row and
3. I shall sing home at last by and by, (by and by,) And my voice will be tuned to the

by; (by and by;) Soon He'll call me home to rest with the ransomed and the blest, For it
woe; (here be-low;) All my treasures are a- bove in that land of peace and love, Soon I'll
lyre; (heav'nly lyre;) Then my song shall ev- er be, home at rest beyond the sea, It will

REFRAIN.

How I long for that

all will be glo-ry by and by. (by and by.) How I long for rest
go and shall rest for ev - er - more. (ev-er-more.)
all soon be glo-ry by and by. (by and by.)

rest, In the home of the blest, 'Twill be

with the good and blest, In that home of rest, with the good and blest,

Used by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

'TWILL BE GLORY BY AND BY.

sweet when we meet,

Oh, it will be sweet, for we soon shall meet, Oh, it will be glo-ry by and by.

by and by.

No. 132. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

SIDNEY DYER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is spark-ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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No. 133. HIS GUIDING HAND.

BIRDIE BELL. B. F. ROE.

1. I have felt His guiding hand all the way, (all the way,) I have heard His sweet com-
2. When the clouds are dark o'erhead, He is near, (He is near,) When the road is rough I
3. To my Fa - ther's house I'll come by and by, (by and by,) For the promised rest at

mand day by day; (day by day;) He has made my heart re-joice As I lis-ten to His voice,
tread, He doth cheer; (He doth cheer;) I can trust my heav'nly Guide, As I jour-ney at His side,
home oft I sigh; (oft I sigh;) I shall see Him face to face, Then I'll praise His love and grace,
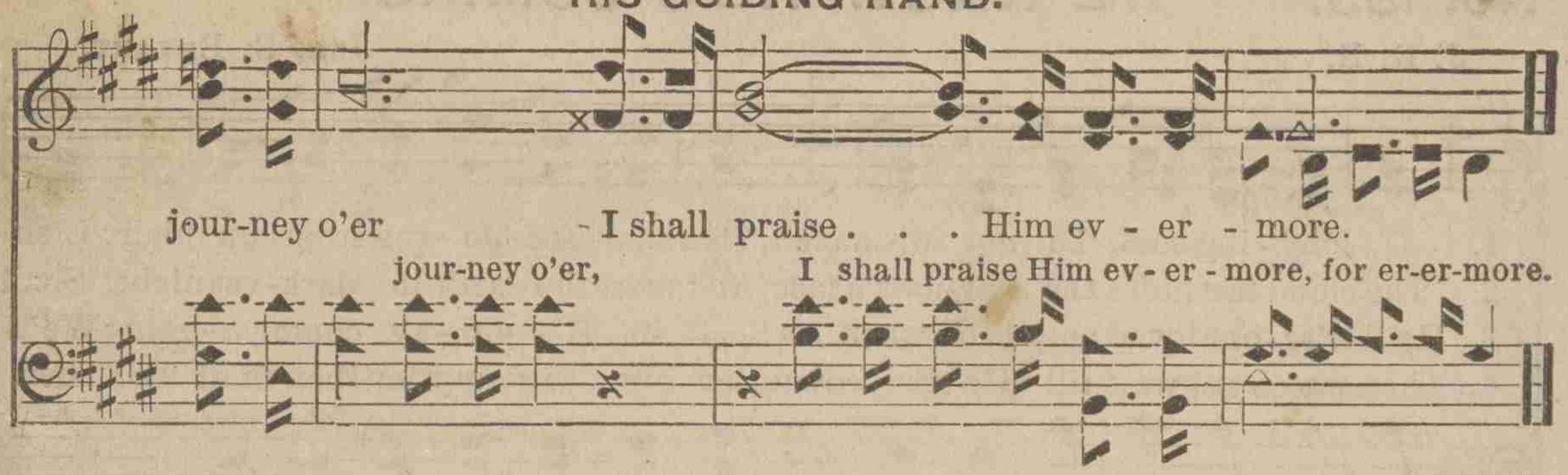
REFRAIN.

"Make the nar - row path thy choice and obey." (and obey.") Blessed hand! guiding
And what-ev - er may be-tide, I'll not fear. (I'll not fear.)
Which have led me to that place—home on high! (home on high!) Blessed hand!

hand! Lead-ing to the heav'nly land, Where the wea - - ry
guid-ing hand! heav'n-ly land, Where the wea-ry

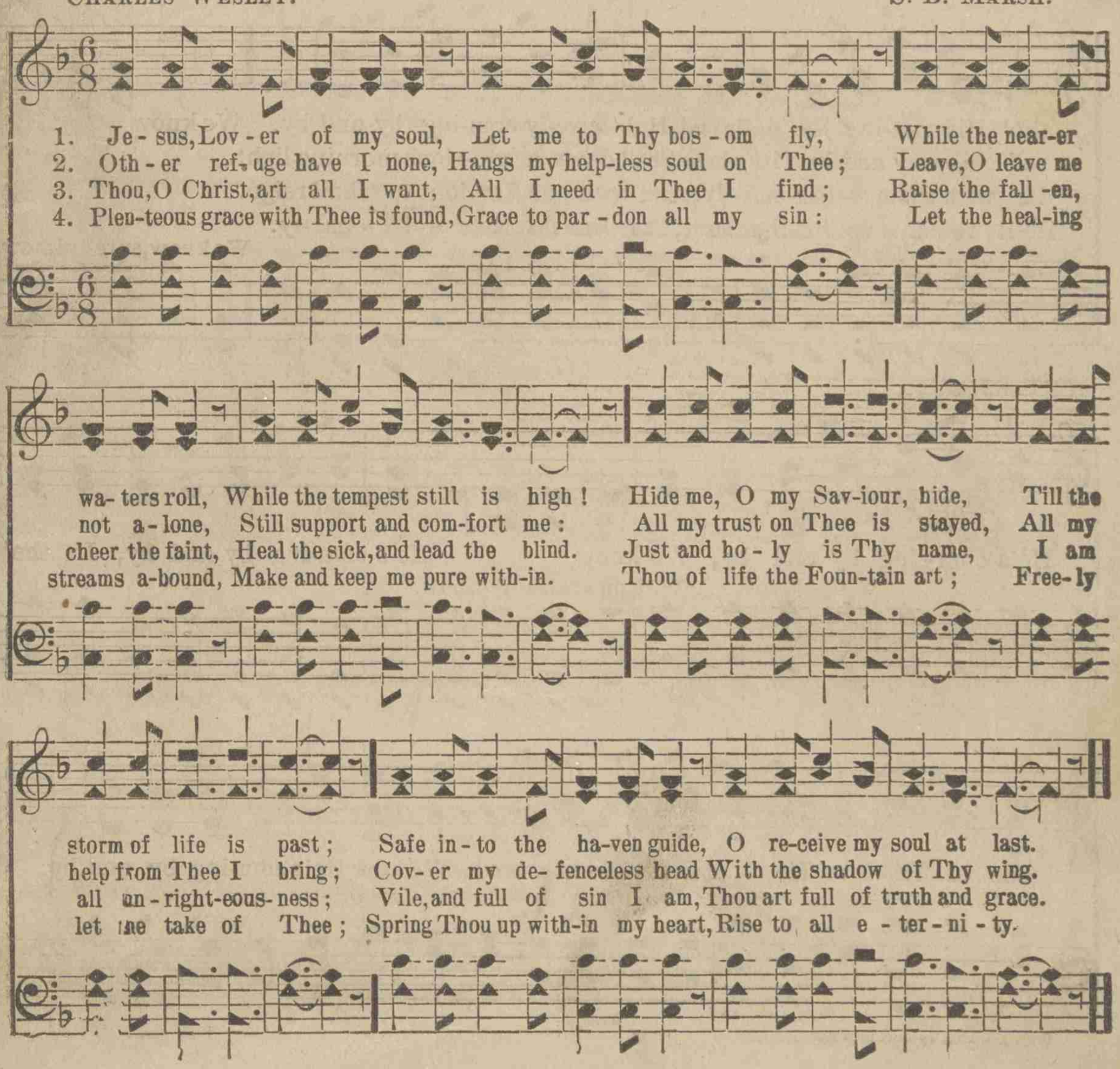
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HIS GUIDING HAND.



No. 134. MARTYN.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.



No. 135. WE KNOW HE'S COMING.

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

1. O long-ing soul, be not dismayed, Thou shalt see Je-sus from on high; E'en
2. The cloud that hides the Sav-iour's face, And wraps the earth in dark-est night, Shall
3. He'll bring our loved ones back when He Shall in His glo-ry come a-gain; We'll
4. Then watch and wait till He shall come, For our re-demption then shall be; Then

REFRAIN.

tho' His com-ing be de-layed, He's sure-ly com-ing by and by. We know
roll a-way and in its place Shall dawn a glo-rious morning light.
be with them e-ter-nal-ly, And with our Sav-iour too shall reign.
He'll re-ceive us in that home, That home that lasts e-ter-nal-ly.

We know, sure-ly know,

He's com-ing by and by, We know He's com-ing by and by, In the
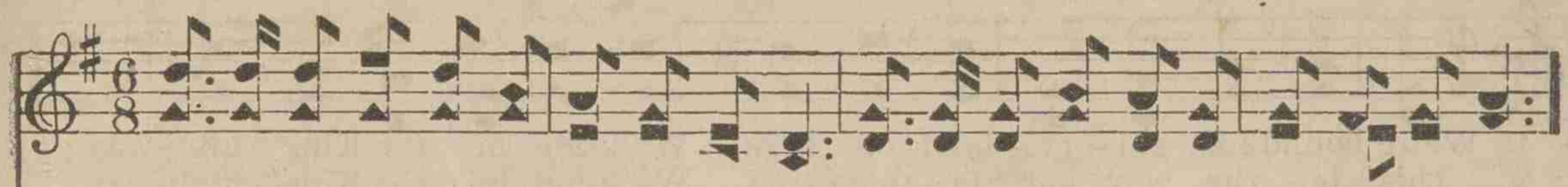
We know, sure-ly know,

clouds of His love, He is com-ing from a-bove, We know He's com-ing by and by.
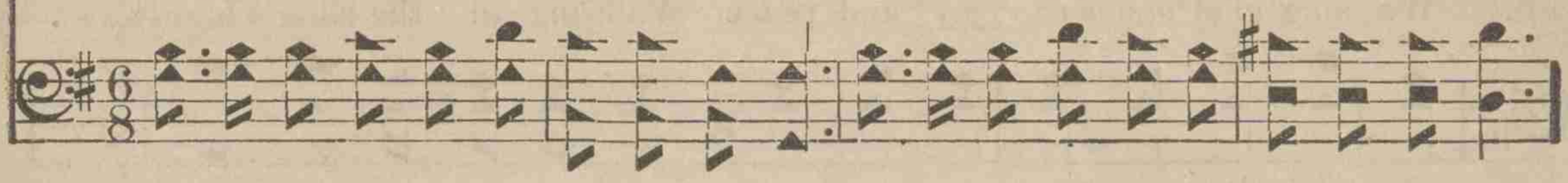
Copyright, 1904, by A. J. Showalter.
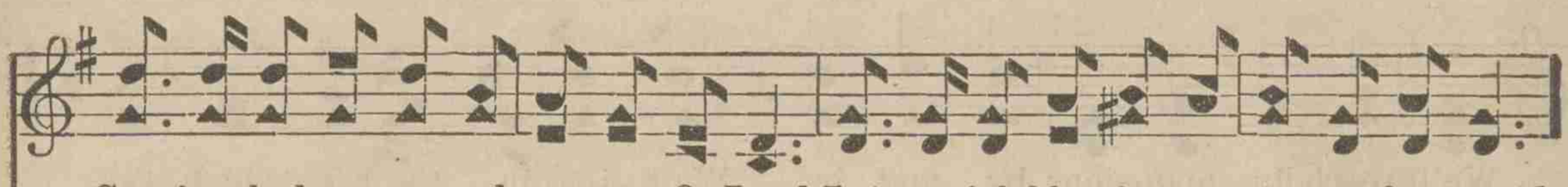
No. 136. OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN TODAY.

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

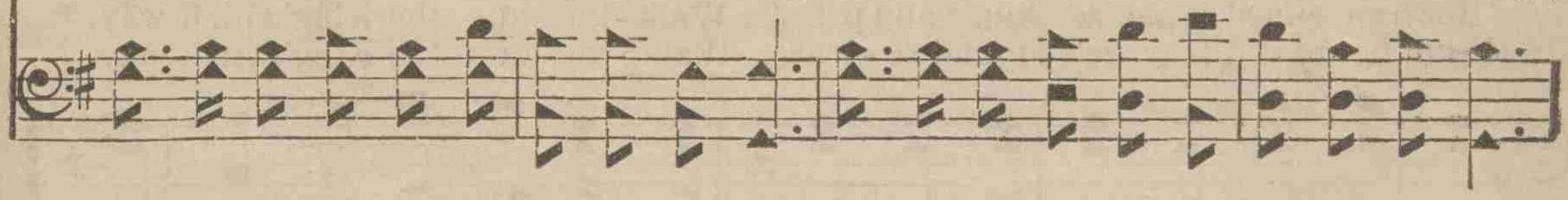


1. O-pen the windows of heaven to-day, Meet with Thy peo-ple, Thy power dis-play;
2. O-pen the windows of heaven a-gain, Let Thy sal-va-tion flow free-ly to men;
3. O-pen the windows of heaven once more, Fill us to-day from Thy bounti-ful store;
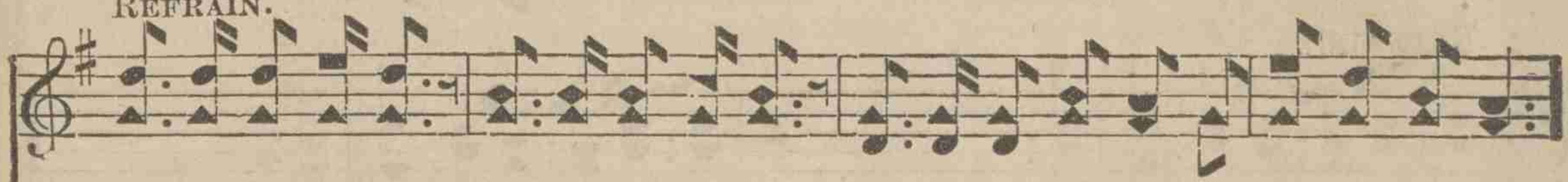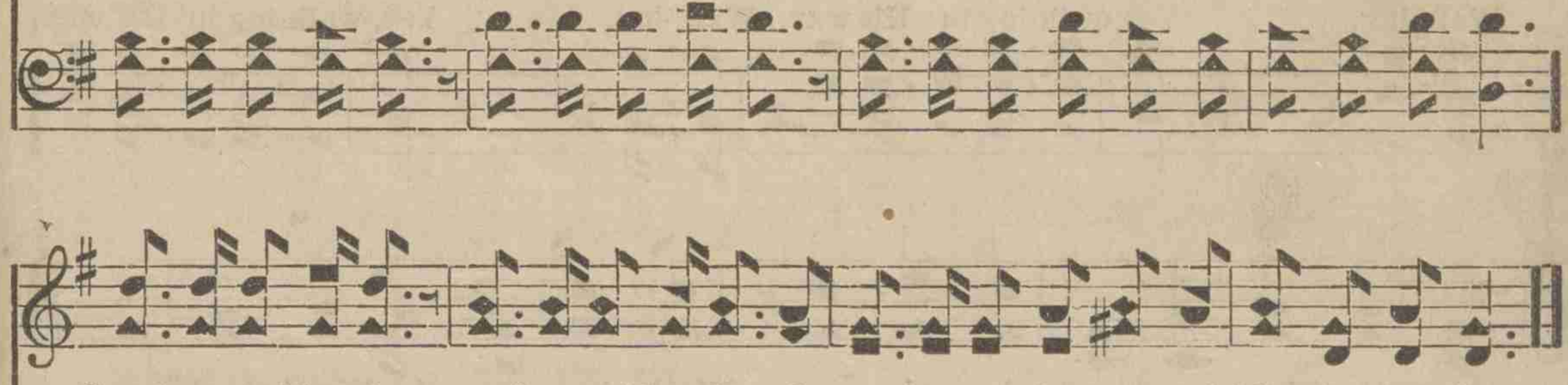




Graciously hear us and answer, O Lord, Let a rich blessing up-on us be pour'd.
In-fi-nite love and compassion Thou art, And in that love may we all have a part.
Then with our hearts and our voices we'll sing Praise to our blessed Redeemer and King.
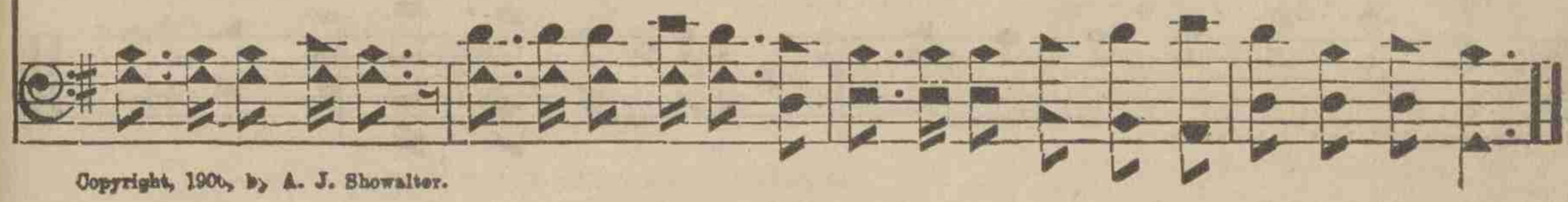


REFRAIN.



O-pen the windows, o-pen the windows, O-pen the windows of heav-en, we pray;



Send us a blessing, send us a blessing, O send us a shower of blessings to-day.



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No. 137. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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

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

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

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

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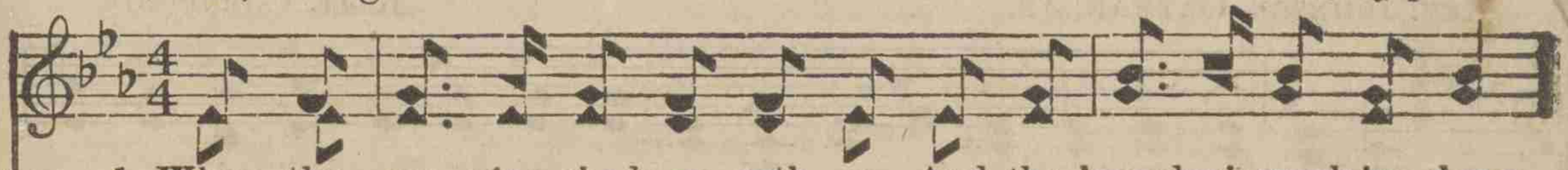
Walk-ing in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway ;
Walk-ing, Yes, walk-ing in His way, Walk-ing, Yes, walk-ing in His way;

And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk - ing in the King's high-way.
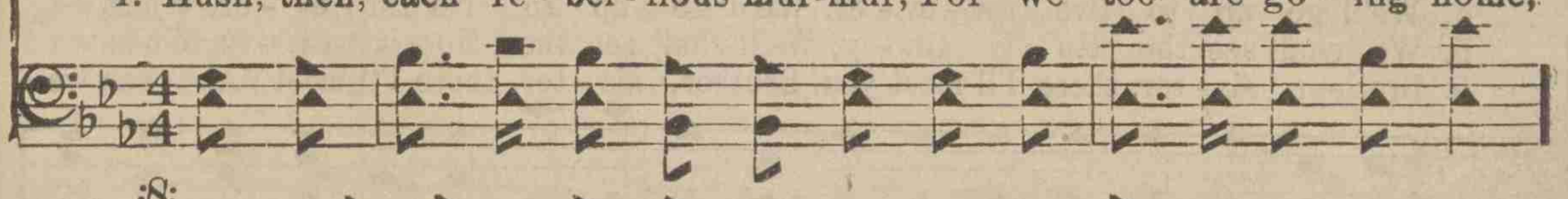
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No. 138. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.
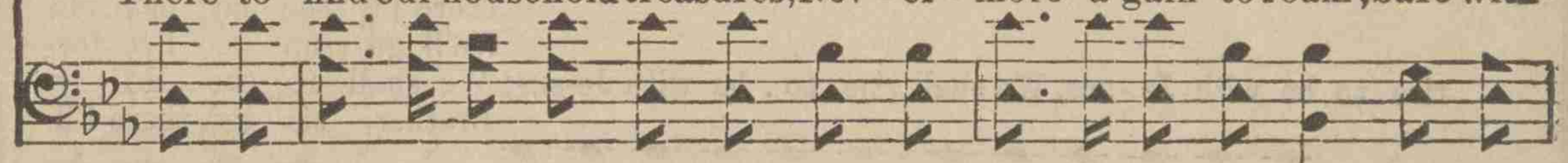
C. E. B., arranged. C. H. CRAWFORD, by per.
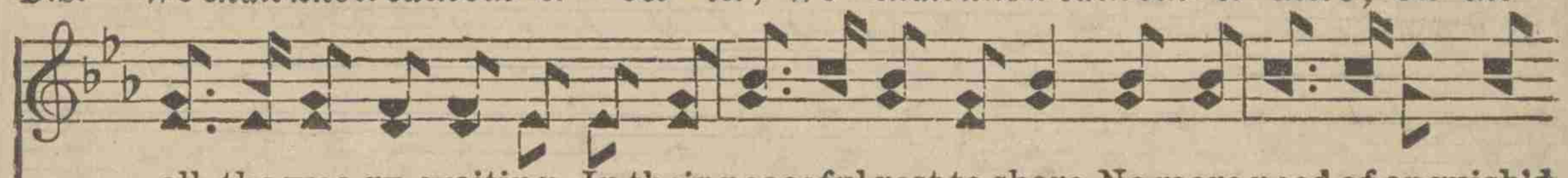


1. When the eve - ning shadows gath - er, And the long day's work is done;
2. Cher-ished forms who walk'd be - side us, Down the aisles of by - gone years,
3. Though a - while from us they're severed, Called from earthly hopes and fears,
4. Hush, then, each re - bel - lious mur-mur, For we too are go - ing home,
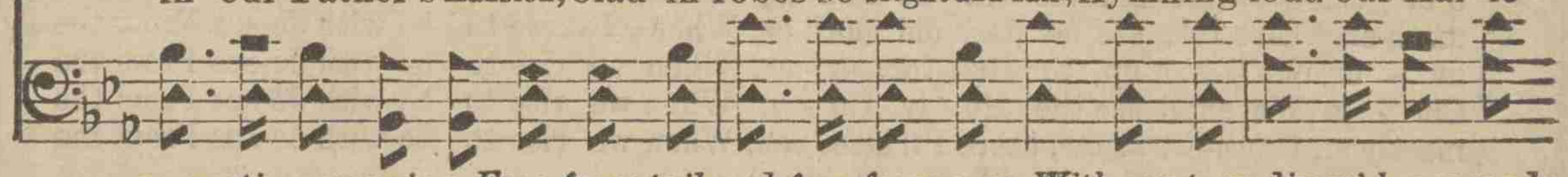


When we reach the unknown country, Out be - yond the set-ting sun; Af - ter
How we watch'd them fade and van - ish, Thro' a mist of fall-ing tears; Lov - ing
To en - joy the bliss of heav - en, Where are wiped a-way all tears, When the
There to find our household treasures, Nev - er - more a-gain to roam; Safe with-



D.S.— *We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, We shall know each oth - er there; On the*
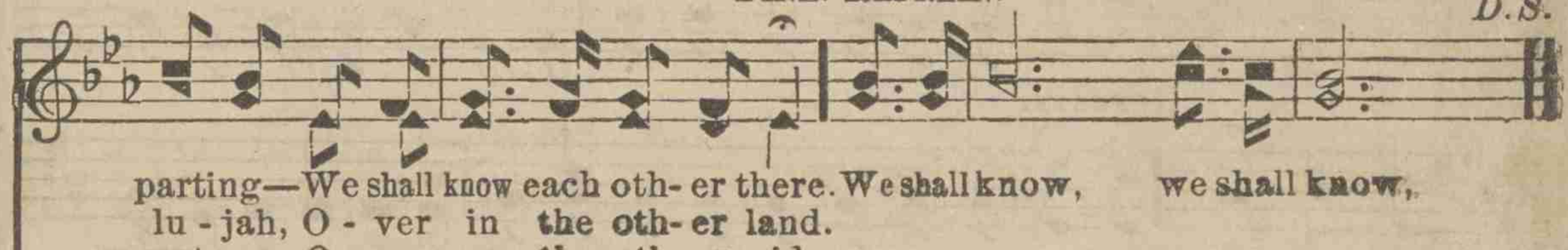


all the wea-ry waiting, In their peaceful rest to share, No more need of anguish'd
voi-ces hush'd in silence, Joining now the an - gel band, Singing glo - ry, Hal - le -
Lord shall bid us en-ter, Thro' the pear-ly por-tals wide, They will be the first to
in our Father's mansion, Clad in robes so bright and fair, Hymning loud our Hal- le -
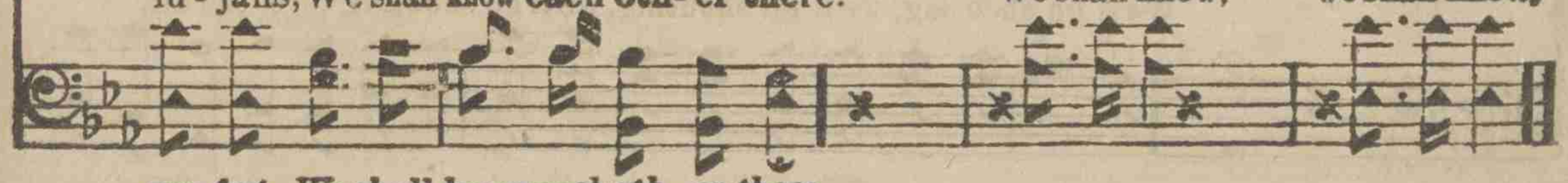


resurrection morning, Free from toil and free from care, With our tear-dimm'd eyes made

FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*



parting—We shall know each oth- er there. We shall know, we shall know,
lu - jah, O - ver in the oth- er land.
meet us O - ver on the oth- er side.
lu - jahs, We shall know each oth- er there. We shall know, we shall know,



per-fect, We shall know each oth - er there.

No. 139. WE SHALL RISE TO BE WITH JESUS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. When the an - gel trump is sounding, When the an - gel trump is sounding, We shall
2. O what mu - sic will be o'er us, O what mu - sic will be o'er us, When we
3. There I'll see my dear old moth - er, There I'll see my dear old moth-er, When I
4. We'll go up to live for - ev - er, We'll go up to live for - ev - er, When we
5. We shall see the Ho - ly Cit - y, We'll shall see the Ho - ly Cit - y, When we
6. Broth-er, sis - ter, there I'll meet you, Brother, sis - ter, there I'll meet you, When we

rise..... to be with Je - sus;

When the an - gel trump is
O what mu - sic will be
There I'll see my dear old
We'll go up to live for-
We shall see the Ho - ly
Brother, sis - ter, there I'll

rise to be with Je - sus, We shall rise to be with Je-sus;

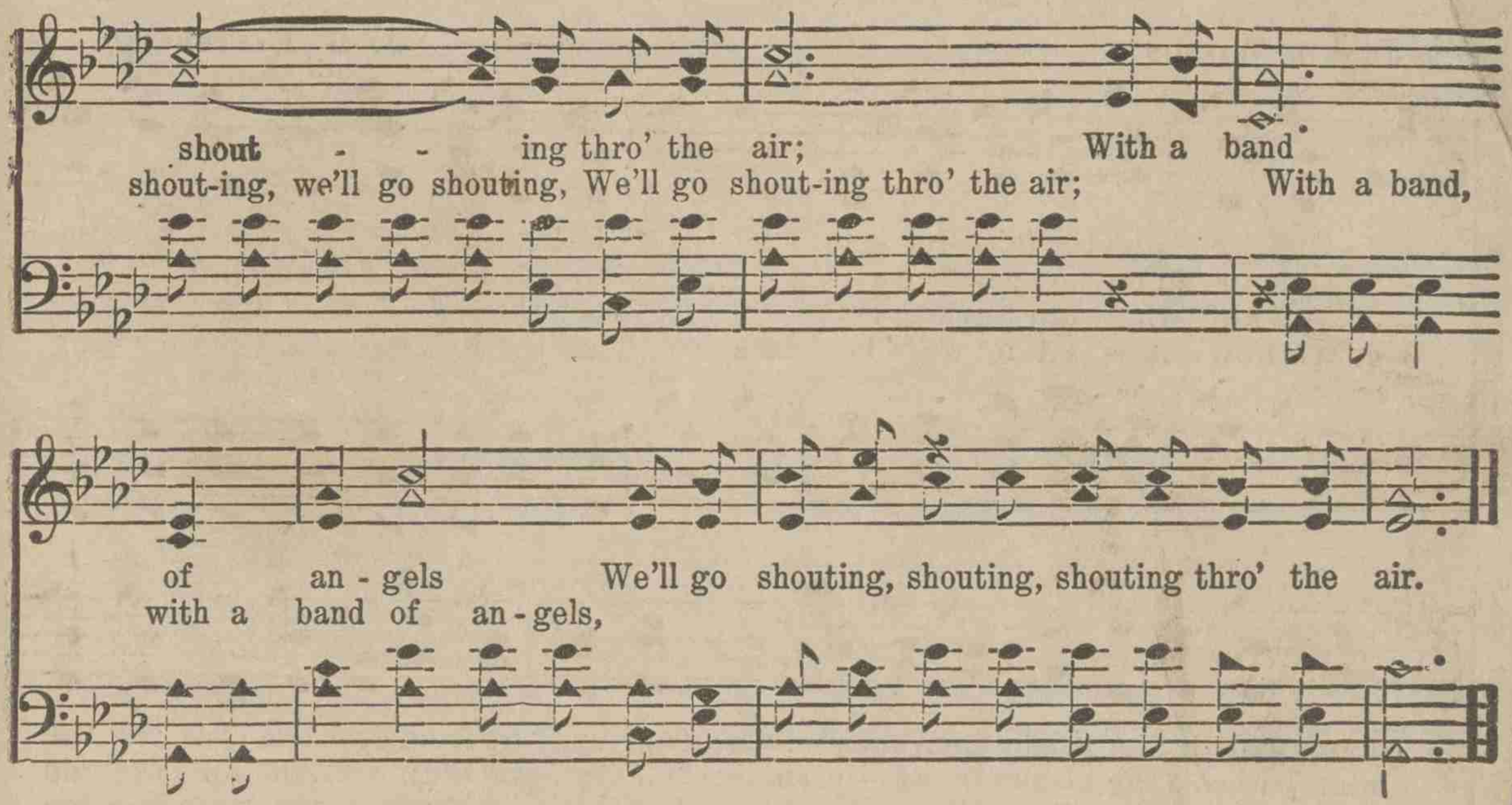
sounding, When the an-gel trump is sounding, We shall rise to be with Je-sus From the
o'er us, O what mu - sic will be o'er us, When we rise to be with Je-sus From the
moth-er, There I'll see my dear old moth-er, When I rise to be with Je-sus From the
ev - er, We'll go up to live for - ev - er, When we rise to be with Je-sus From the
Cit - y, We shall see the Ho - ly Cit - y, When we rise to be with Je-sus From the
meet you, Broth-er, sister, there I'll meet you, When we rise to be with Je-sus From the

REFRAIN.

green grave-yard. With a band of an - gels We'll go
We'll go shouting, we'll go shouting, we'll go shouting thro' the air,
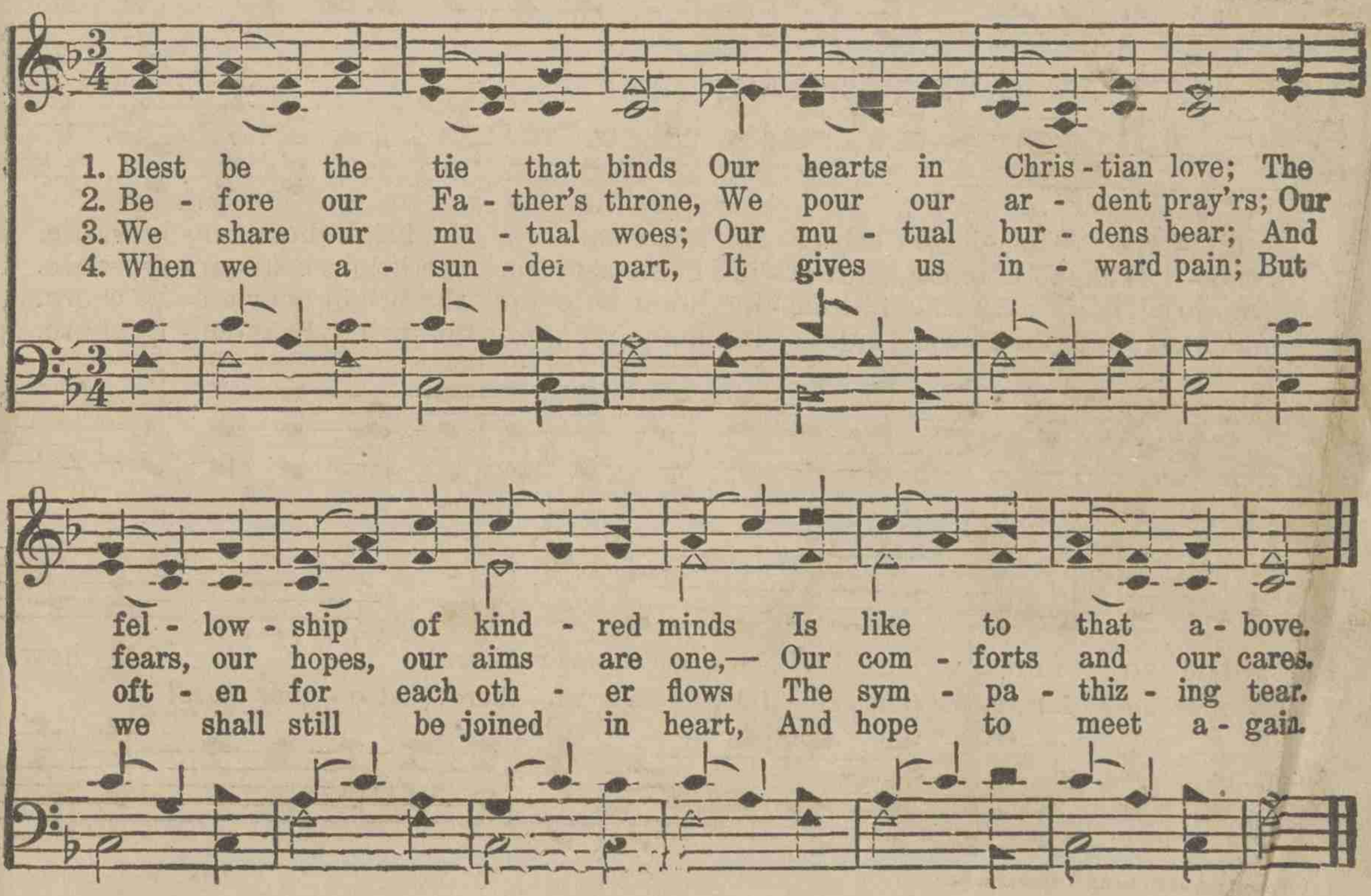
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WE SHALL RISE TO BE WITH JESUS.
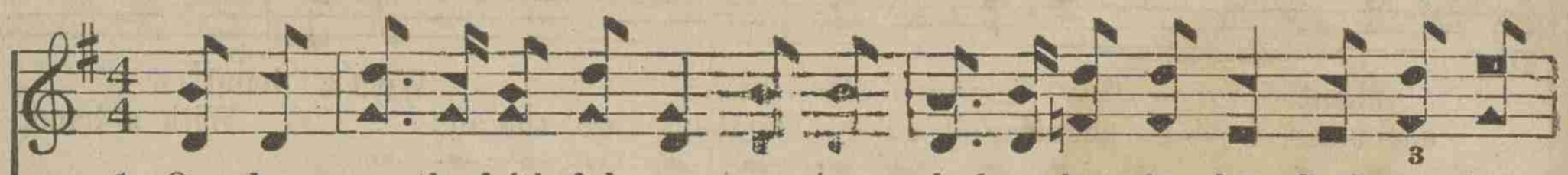


No. 140. DENNIS. S. M.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAEGELI.
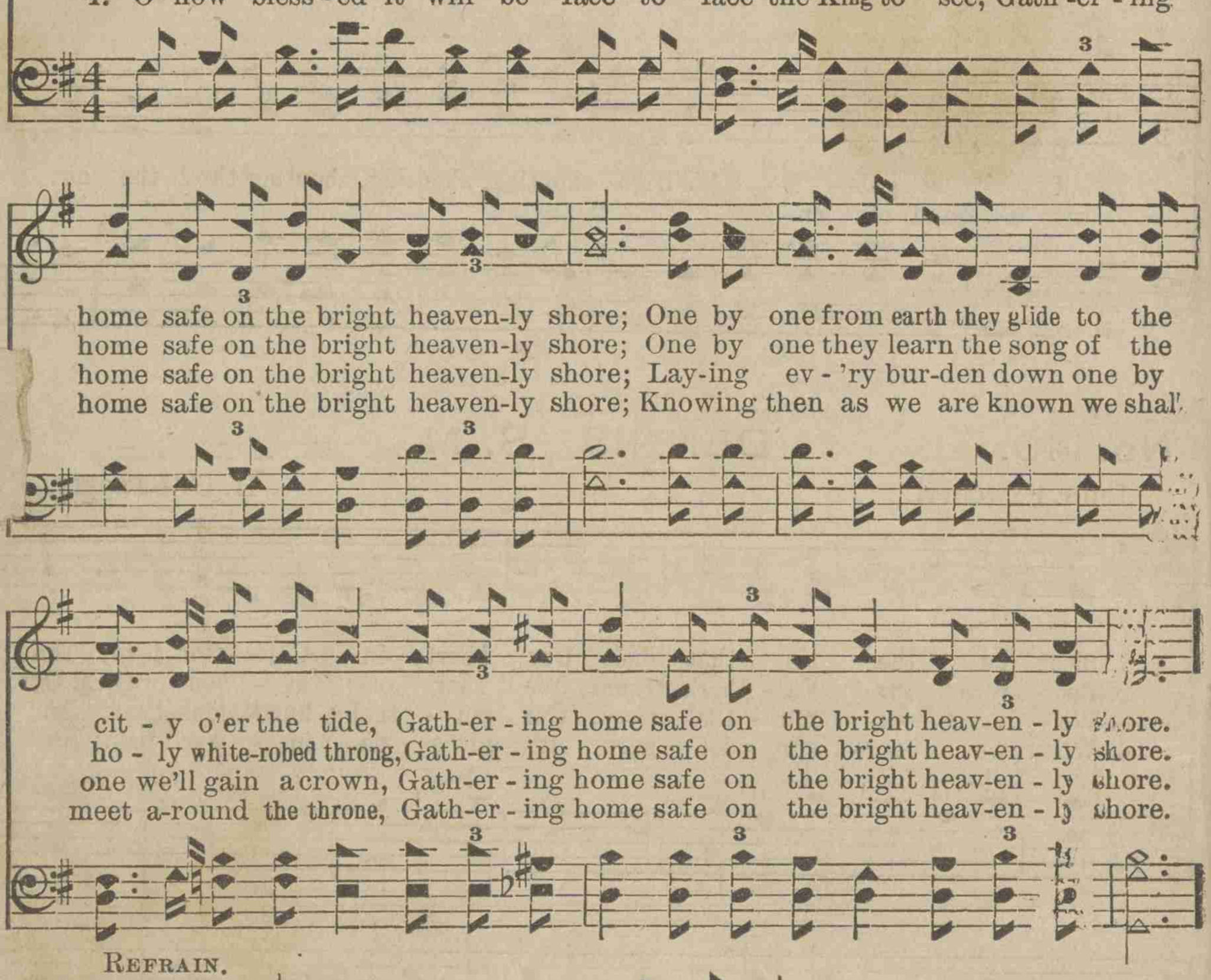


No. 141. GATHERING HOME.

JENNIE WILSON. J. B. EASTERLING.
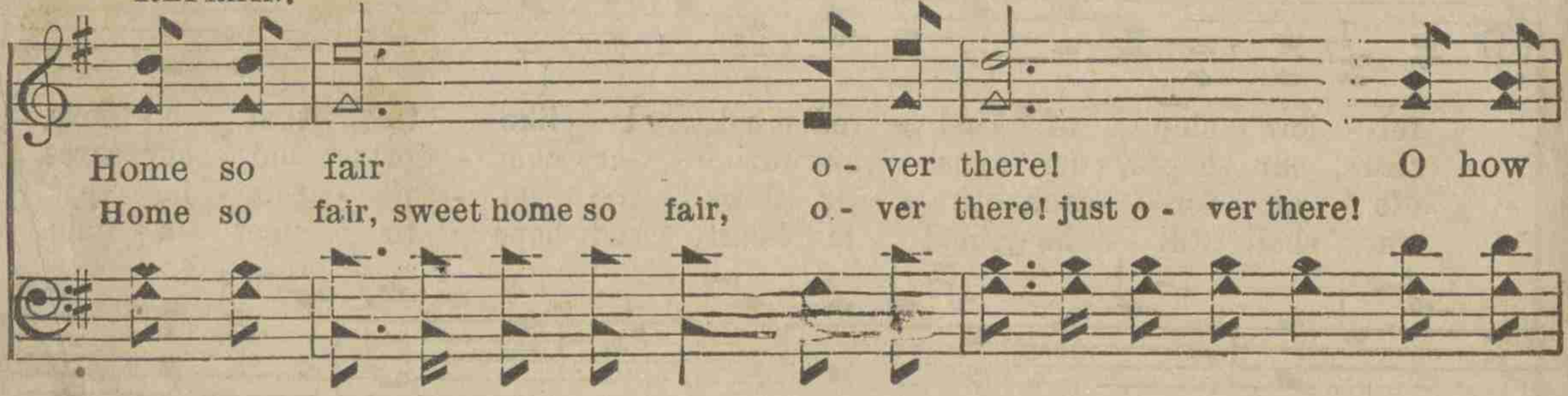


1. One by one the faith-ful go la-bors here be - low, Gath -er - ing
2. One by one they pass the gate an-gels for them wait, Gath-er - ing
3. Walking where our Saviour trod reach the land of God, Gath -er - ing
4. O how bless - ed it will be face to face the King to see, Gath -er - ing



home safe on the bright heaven-ly shore; One by one from earth they glide to the
home safe on the bright heaven-ly shore; One by one they learn the song of the
home safe on the bright heaven-ly shore; Lay-ing ev - 'ry bur-den down one by
home safe on the bright heaven-ly shore; Knowing then as we are known we shal'

cit - y o'er the tide, Gath-er - ing home safe on the bright heav-en - ly shore.
ho - ly white-robed throng, Gath-er - ing home safe on the bright heav-en - ly shore.
one we'll gain a crown, Gath-er - ing home safe on the bright heav-en - ly shore.
meet a-round the throne, Gath-er - ing home safe on the bright heav-en - ly shore.

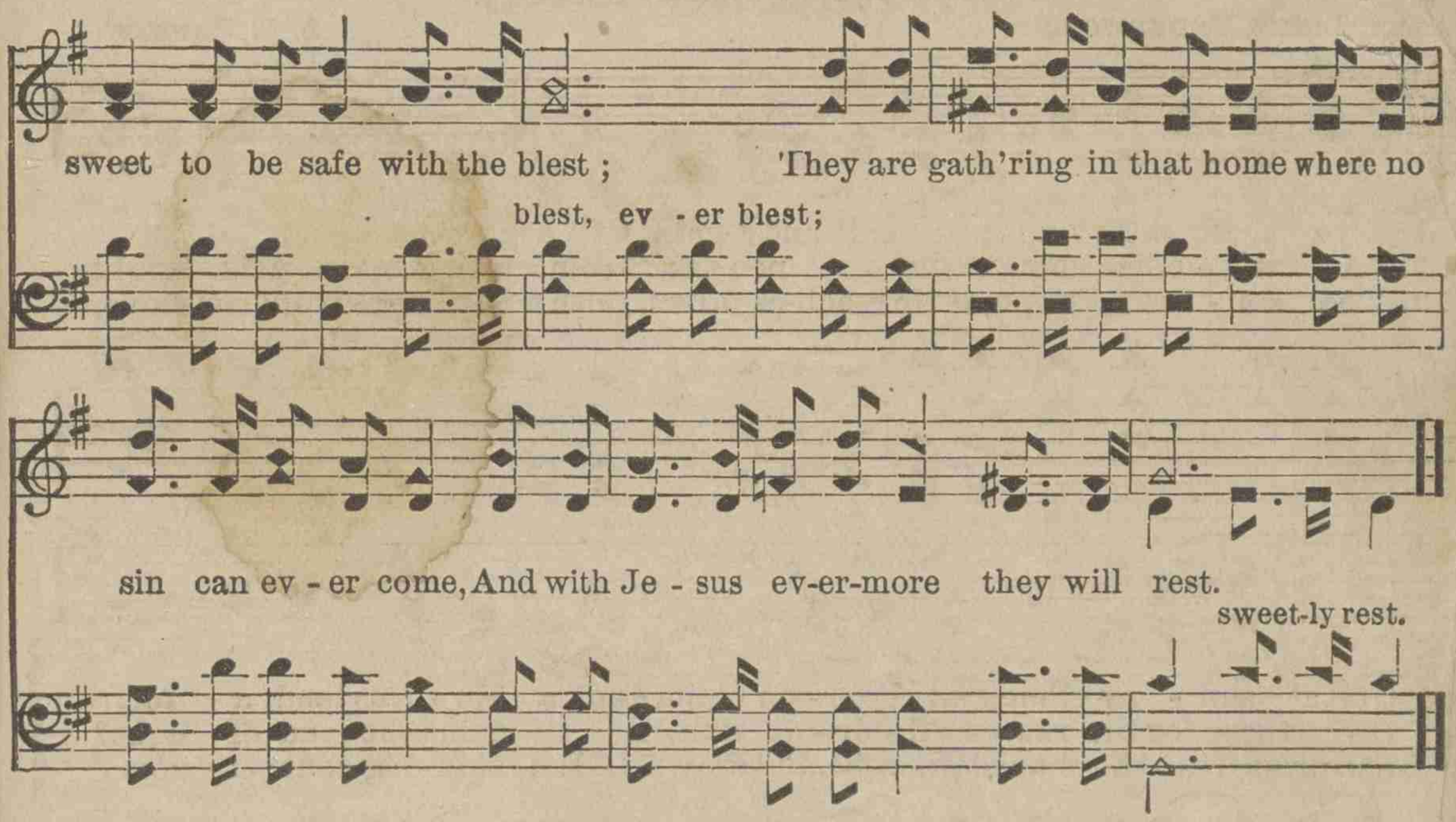
REFRAIN.



Home so fair o - ver there! O how
Home so fair, sweet home so fair, o - ver there! just o - ver there!

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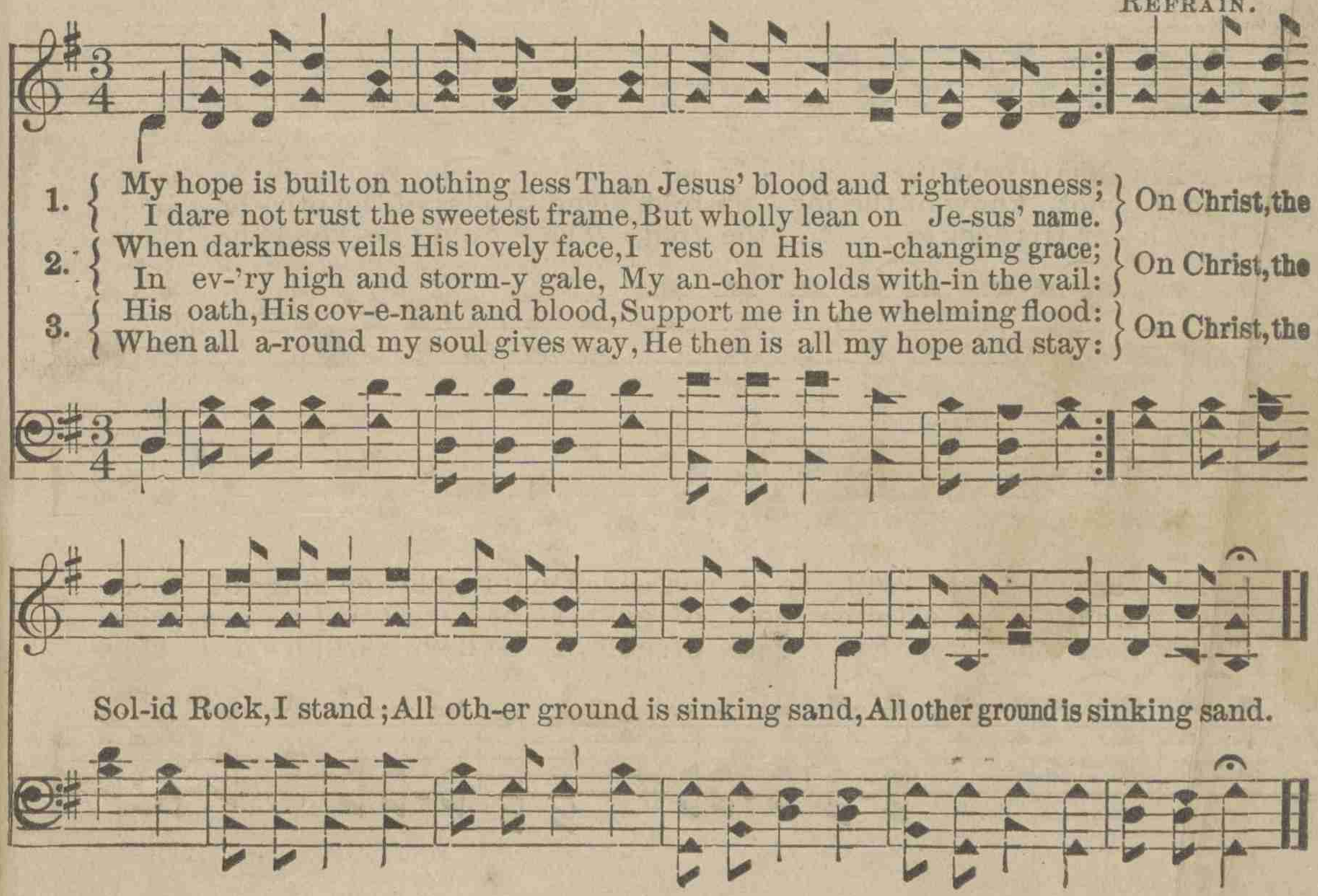
GATHERING HOME.



No. 142. SOLID ROCK.

EDWARD MOTE. W. B. BRADBURY.

REFRAIN.



No. 143. THE OPEN GATE.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. S. C. HANSON.

1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a-gain, Of a gate that stands a - jar,
2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a land of an - gels bright,
3. The sin - ner's Friend, as He reach-es down, With a Sav-iour's wondrous love,

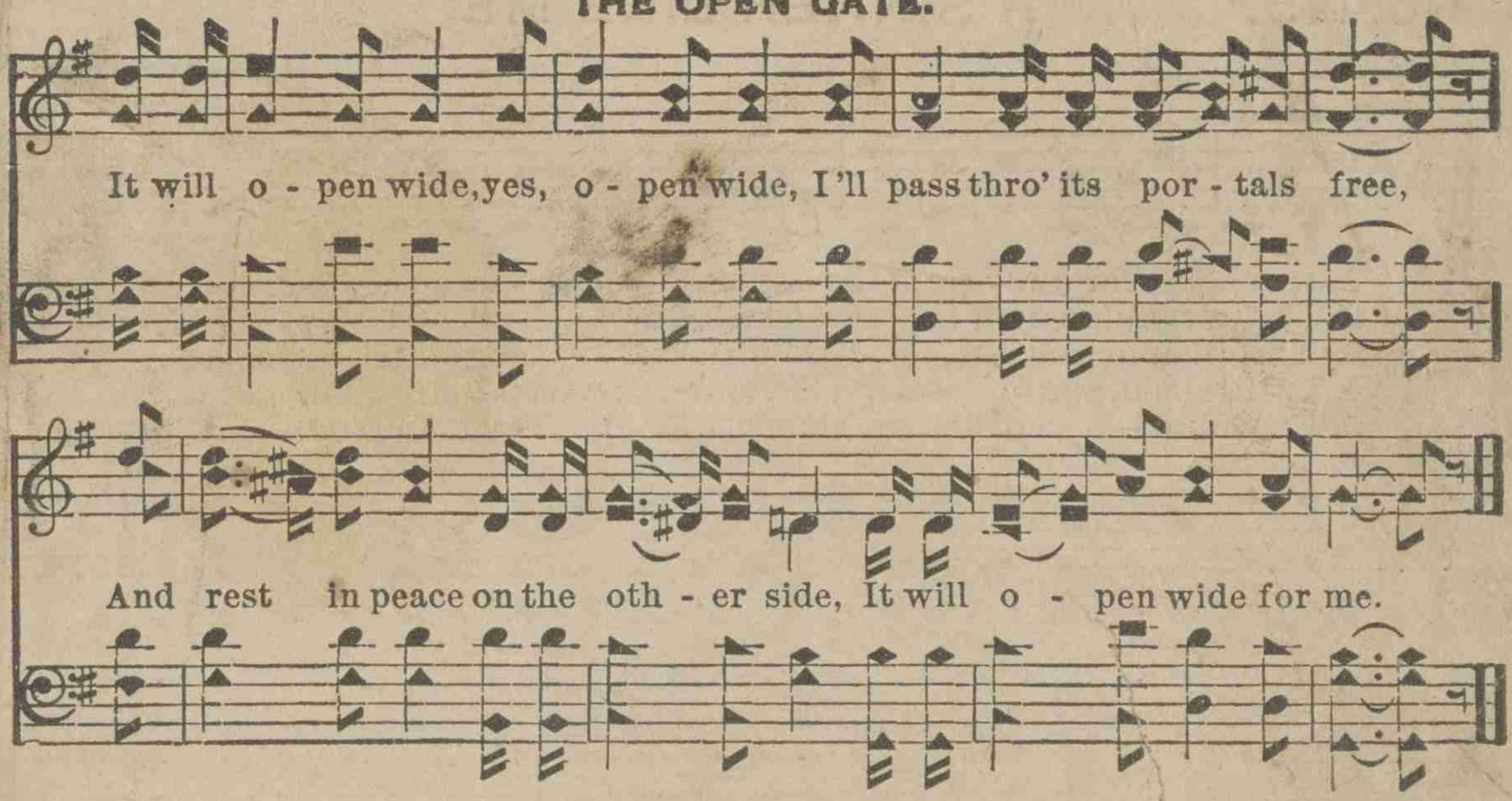
Of a sun - ny clime, and gold - en plain, And a sin - less land a - far.
Do these for the ran-som'd spir - it wait, As it gains the land of light?
Who pre-pares a man-sion, robe, and crown, In His shin -ing courts a - bove,

But when I have past the chil - ly tide, To en-ter my home a bove,
We may not know of the joy un-told, The bliss of the oth - er side,
Will gath - er His flock in - to the fold,—The fold be- yond the tide,

I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love.
But when I come to the gate of gold, I be-lieve 't will o - pen wide.
As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be-lieve 't will o - pen wide.
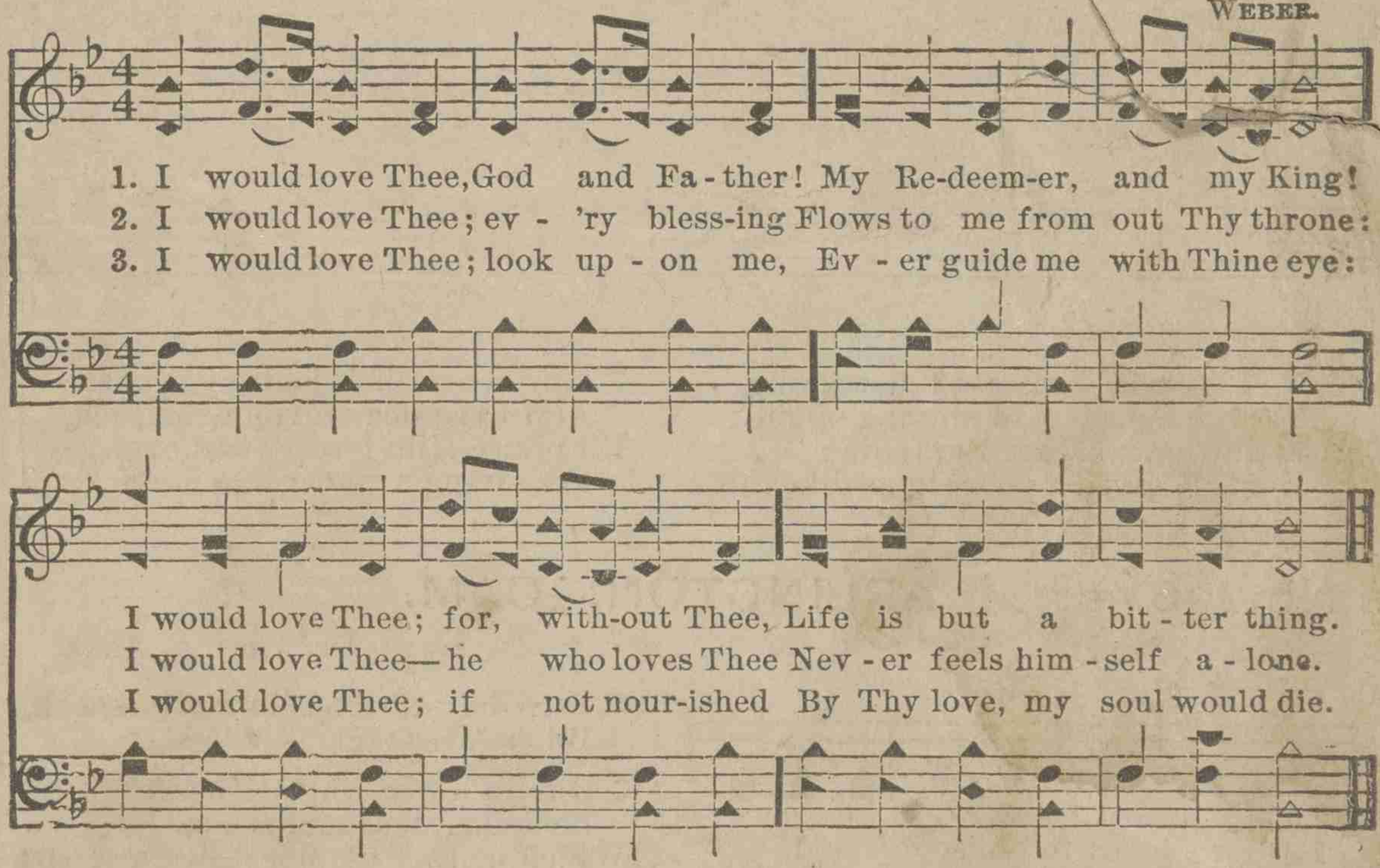
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THE OPEN GATE.



No. 144. WILMOT.

WEBER.



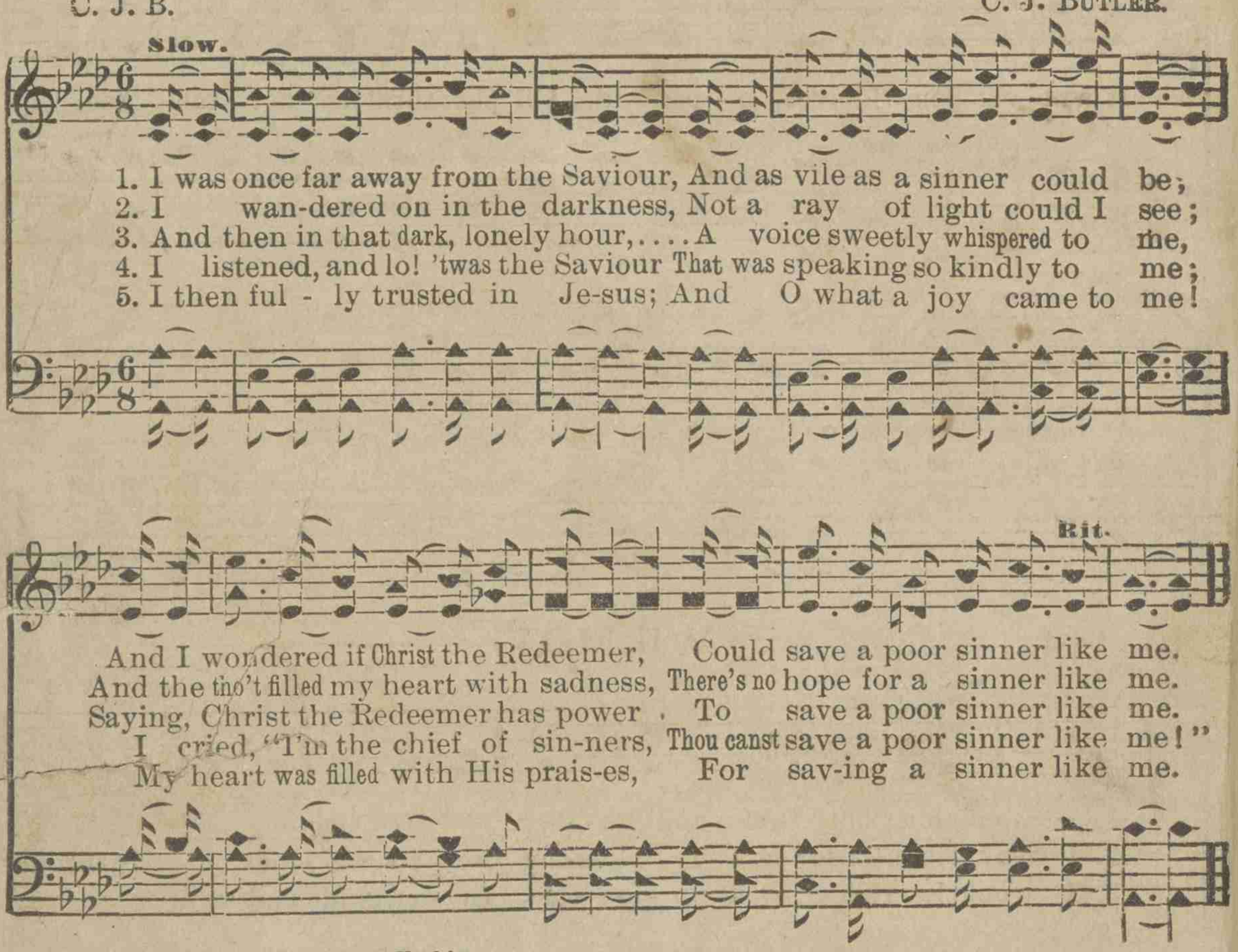
4 I would love Thee; may Thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love Thee; may Thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5 I would love Thee, I have vowed it;
On Thy love my heart is set:
While I love Thee, I can never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

From "Hymns Ancient & Modern," by permission of E. C. Bannister.

No. 145. A SINNER LIKE ME.

C. J. B. C. J. BUTLER.



1. I was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be;
2. I wan-dered on in the darkness, Not a ray of light could I see;
3. And then in that dark, lonely hour,.... A voice sweetly whispered to me,
4. I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour That was speaking so kindly to me;
5. I then ful - ly trusted in Je-sus; And O what a joy came to me!

And I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.
And the tho't filled my heart with sadness, There's no hope for a sinner like me.
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power To save a poor sinner like me.
I cried, "I'm the chief of sin-ners, Thou canst save a poor sinner like me!"
My heart was filled with His prais-es, For sav-ing a sinner like me.
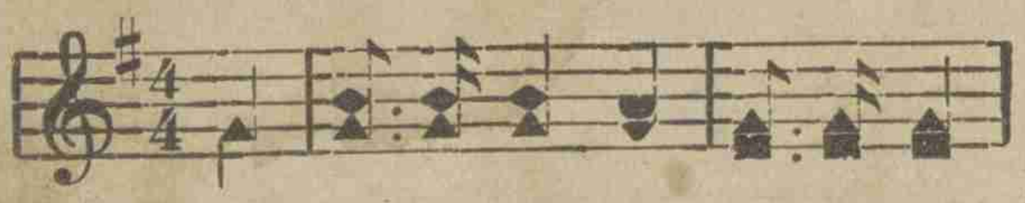
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6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 146. ARLINGTON. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. DR. THOS. A. ARNE.



1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne.
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

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