"BOTH YOUNG MEN, AND MAIDENS; OLD MEN, AND CHILDREN
LET THEM PRAISE THE NAME OF THE LORD."—Ps. cxlviii., 12, 13.

THE NEW VOICE OF PRAISE

—BY—

A. J. SHOWALTER,

H. A. LEWIS, and

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Published by

A. J. SHOWALTER & CO.,

Dalton, Ga.

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THE NEW

Voice of Praise

A NEW COLLECTION OF

BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE

Hymns, Tunes and Gospel Songs

—FOR—

Sunday-Schools and Gospel Meetings.

EDITED BY

A. J. Showalter, H. A. Lewis and Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

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1889
New

PREFACE.

The Voice of Praise contains just such music as Sunday Schools delight to sing.

The Voice of Praise includes hymns for both the young and the grown-up people, and all are the very best.

The Voice of Praise is intended for practical use in the Song Service of the Sunday-School, Prayer Meeting, Praise Meeting, and all other meetings where good gospel songs are appropriate.

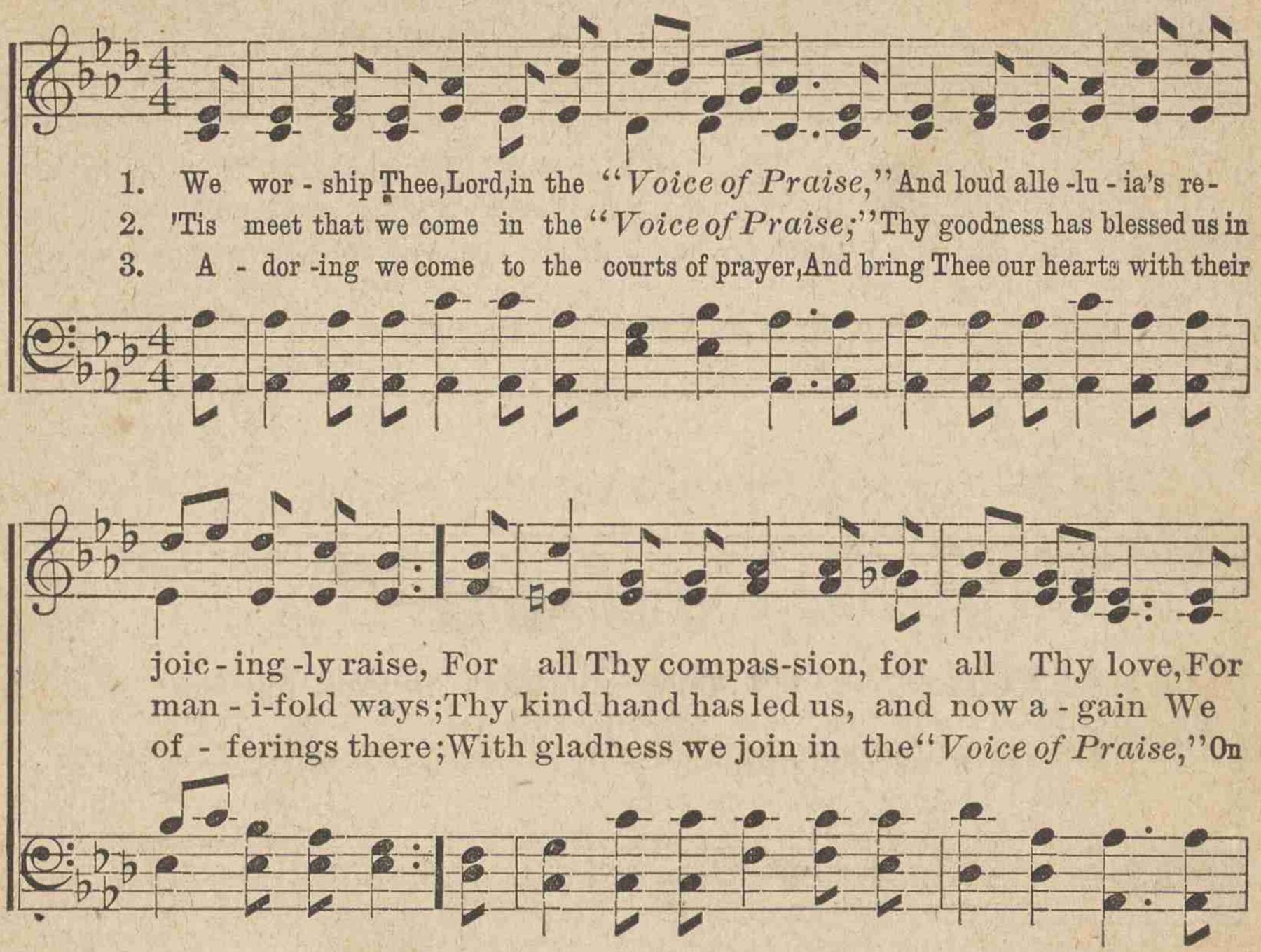
The Voice of Praise presents music suited to all occasions, such as Children's Day, Christmas, Easter, Anniversaries, Sunday-School Concerts, Celebrations of all kinds, etc., etc.

The Voice of Praise recognizes the fact that an improved taste demands better material for the Service of Song, and, while it does not contain any music that has the soul taken out of it by excessive technical polishing, nothing has been inserted which does not earnestly present some phase of the old Gospel theme—Christ in His character and His work.

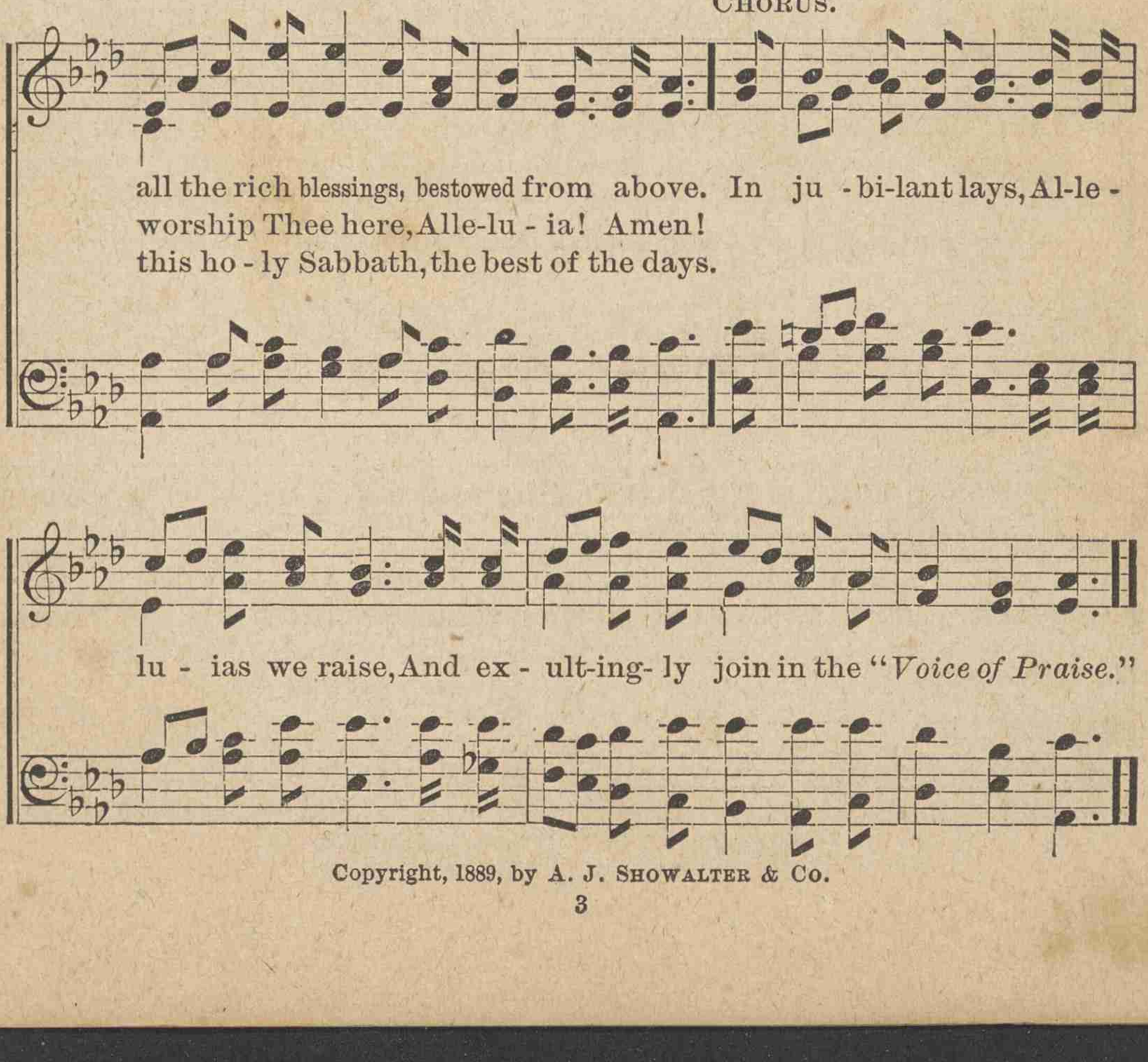
THE EDITORS.

No. 1. The Voice of Praise.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.



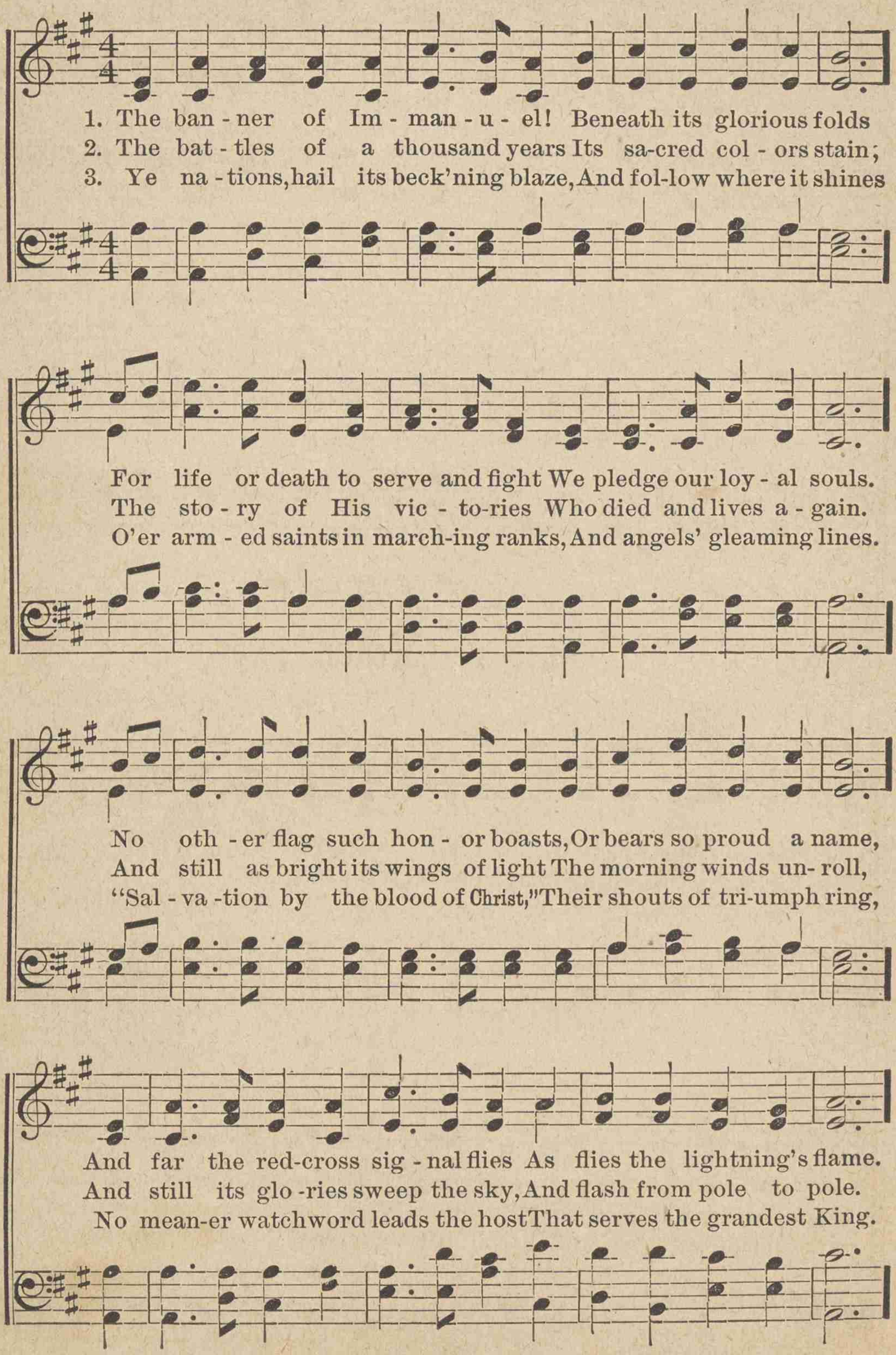
CHORUS.



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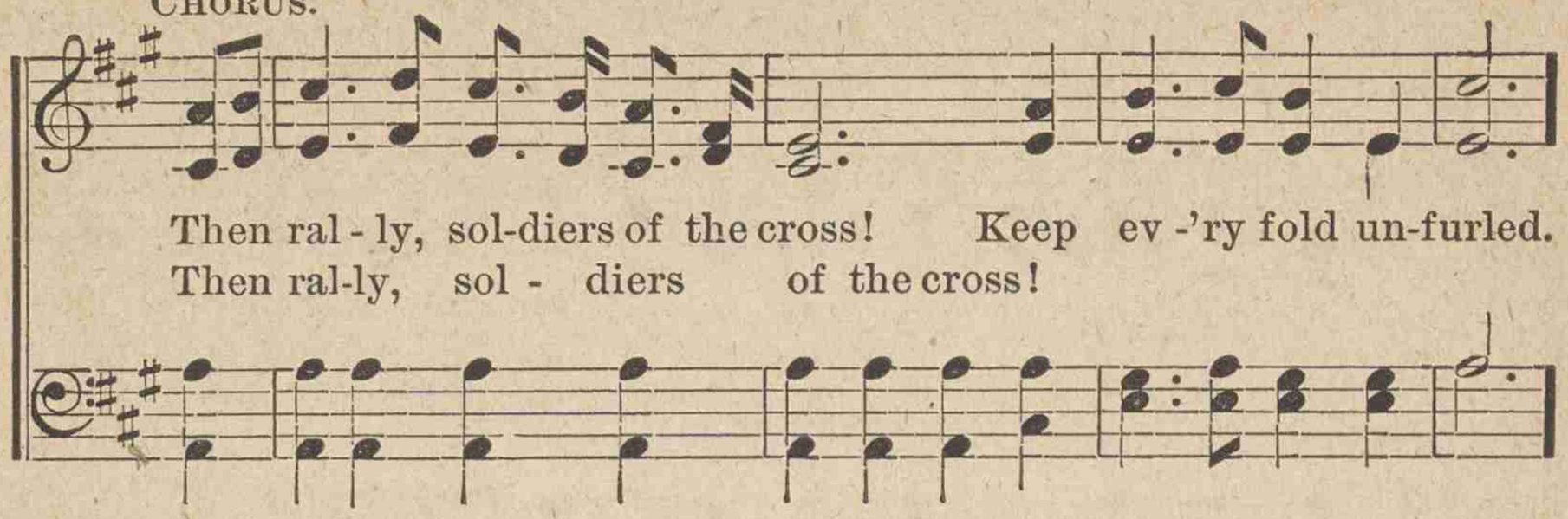
REV. THERON BROWN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.
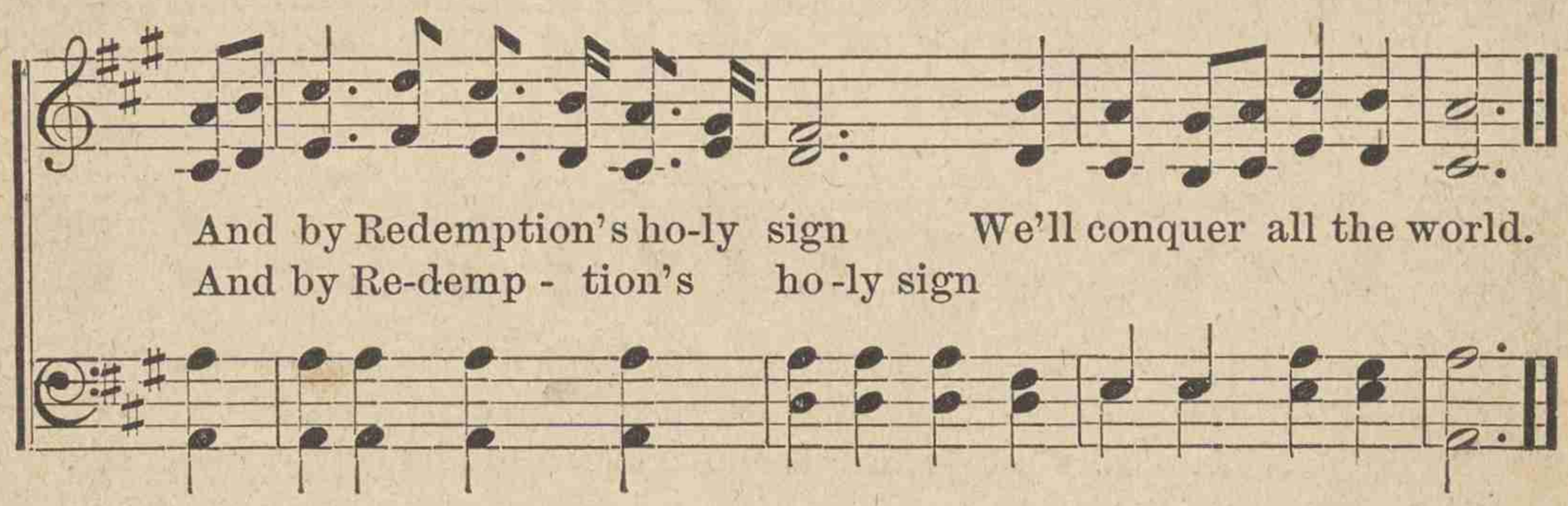


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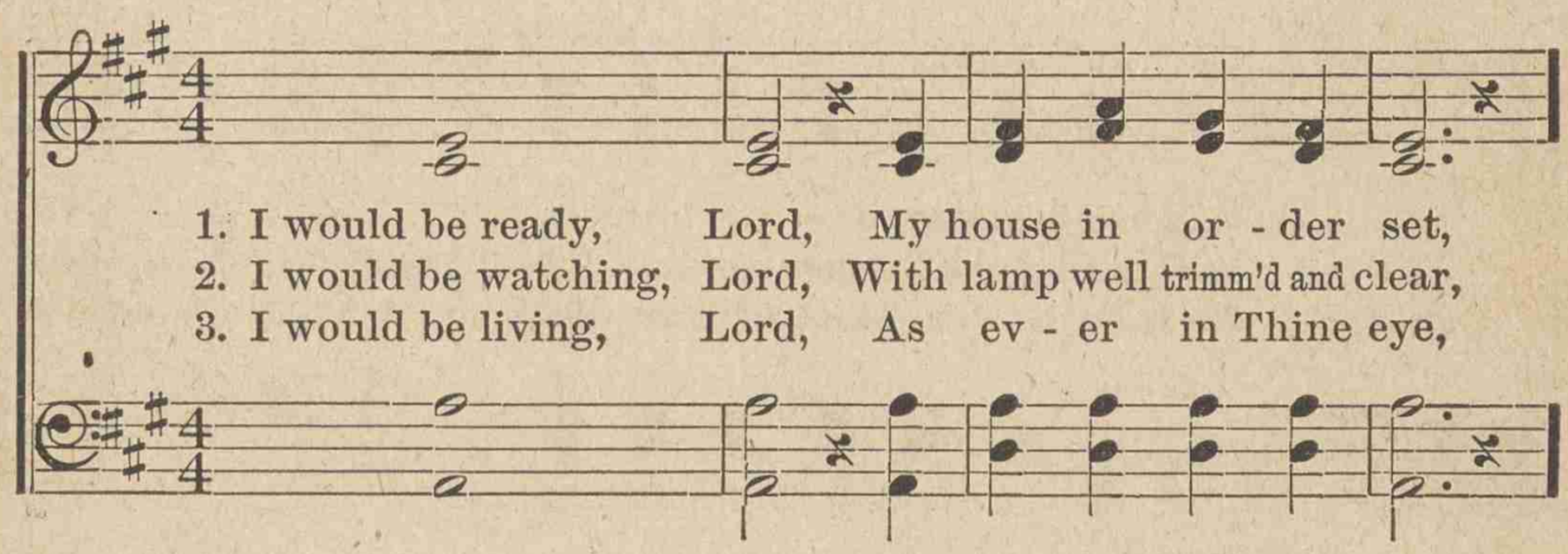
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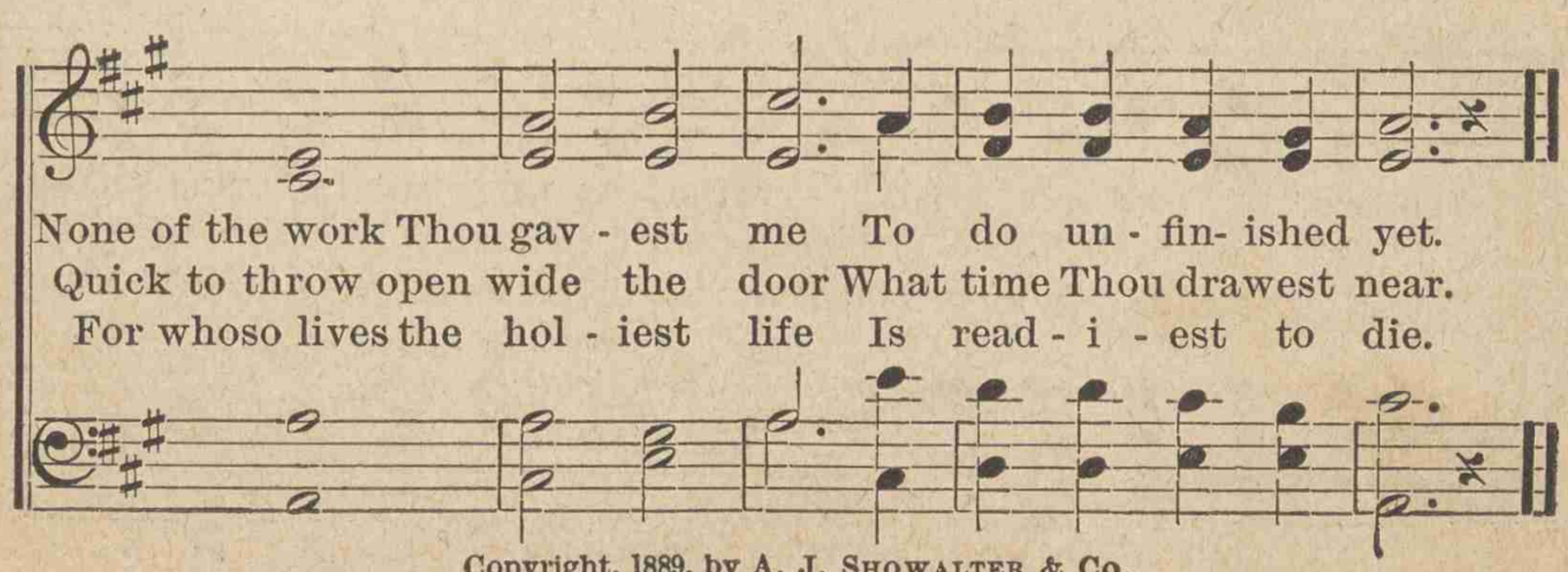




No. 3. I Would be Ready, Lord.

MARGARET J. PRESTON. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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No. 4. Waiting by the River.

H. A. LEWIS.

1. I am wait-ing by the river, And my heart has waited long; Now I
2. Far a - way beyond the shadows Of this weary vale of tears, There the
3. They are launching on the river, From the calm and quiet shore, And they

think I hear the cho - rus of the an-gel's welcome song; Oh, I
tide of bliss is sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years; Oh, I
soon will bear my spir - it Where the wea-ry sigh no more; For the
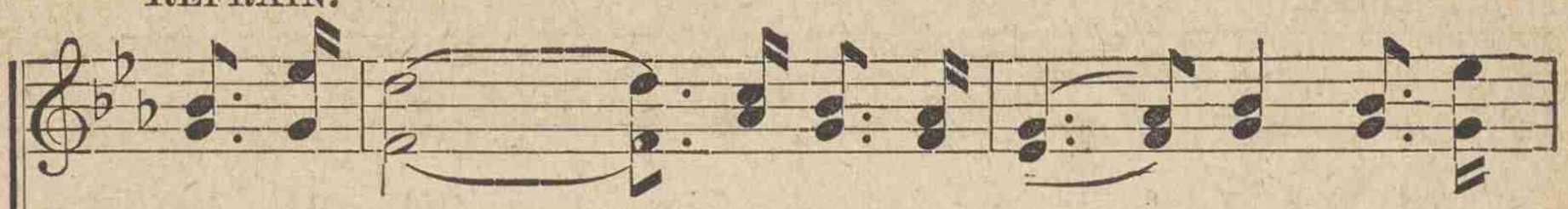
see the dawn is break-ing On the hill-tops of the blest, Where the
long to be with Je - sus, In the mansions of the blest, Where the
tide is swift - ly flow-ing, And I long to greet the blest, Where the

wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are - at rest.
wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
wick - ed cease from troubling. And the wea - ry are at rest.
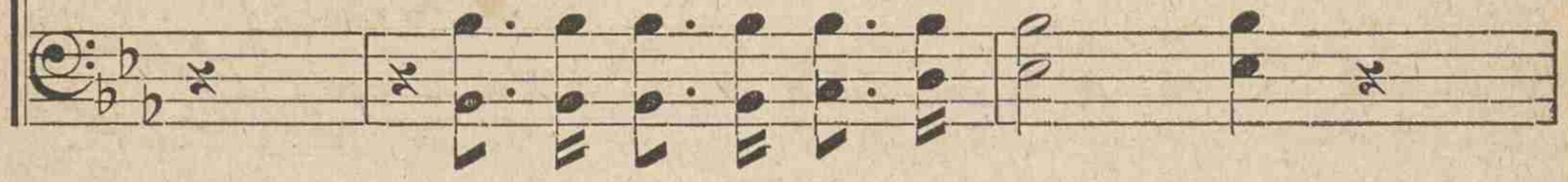
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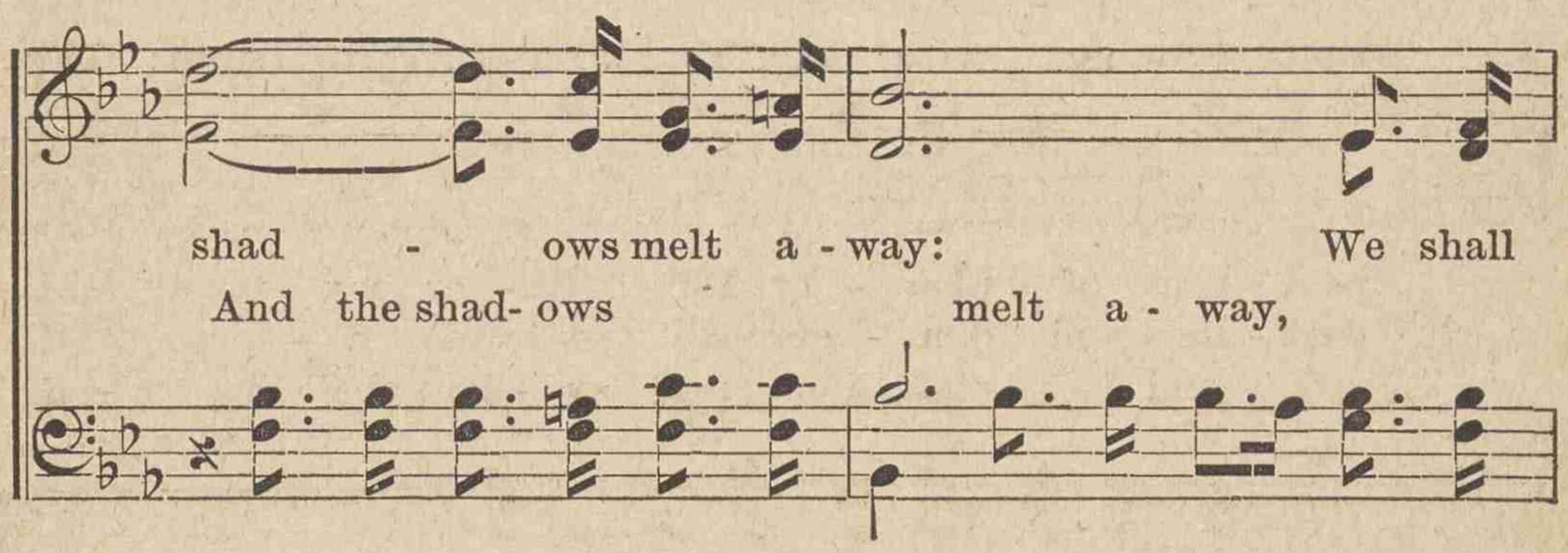
Waiting by the River. CONCLUDED.

REFRAIN.
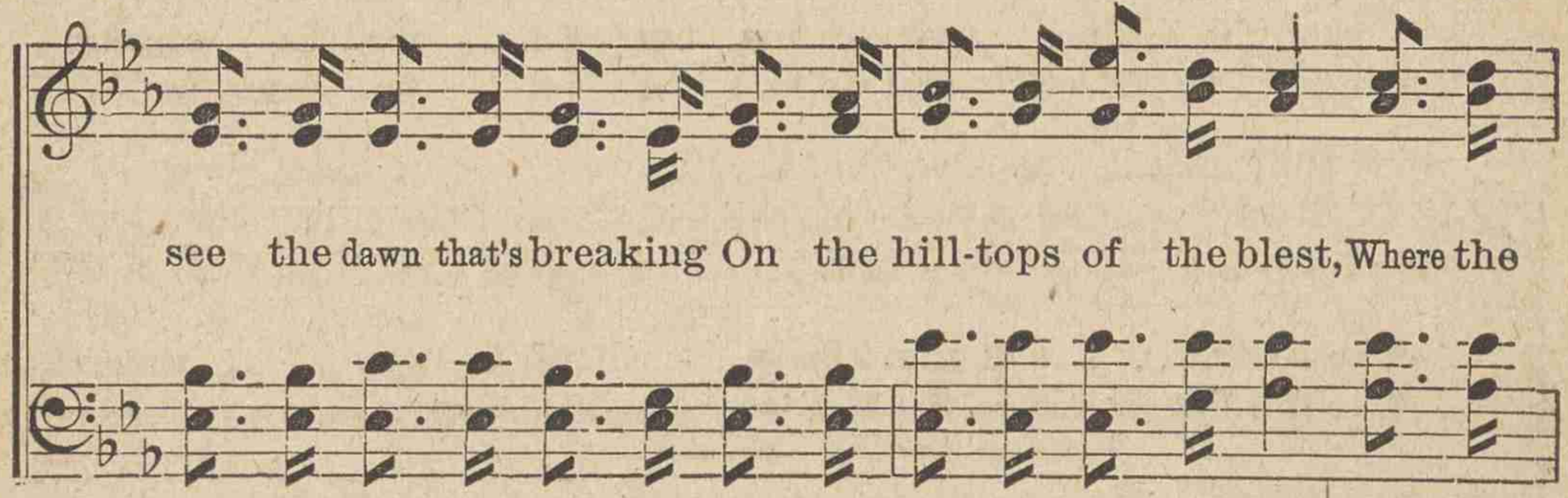


When the night . . . of sin shall van - ish, And the
When the night of sin shall

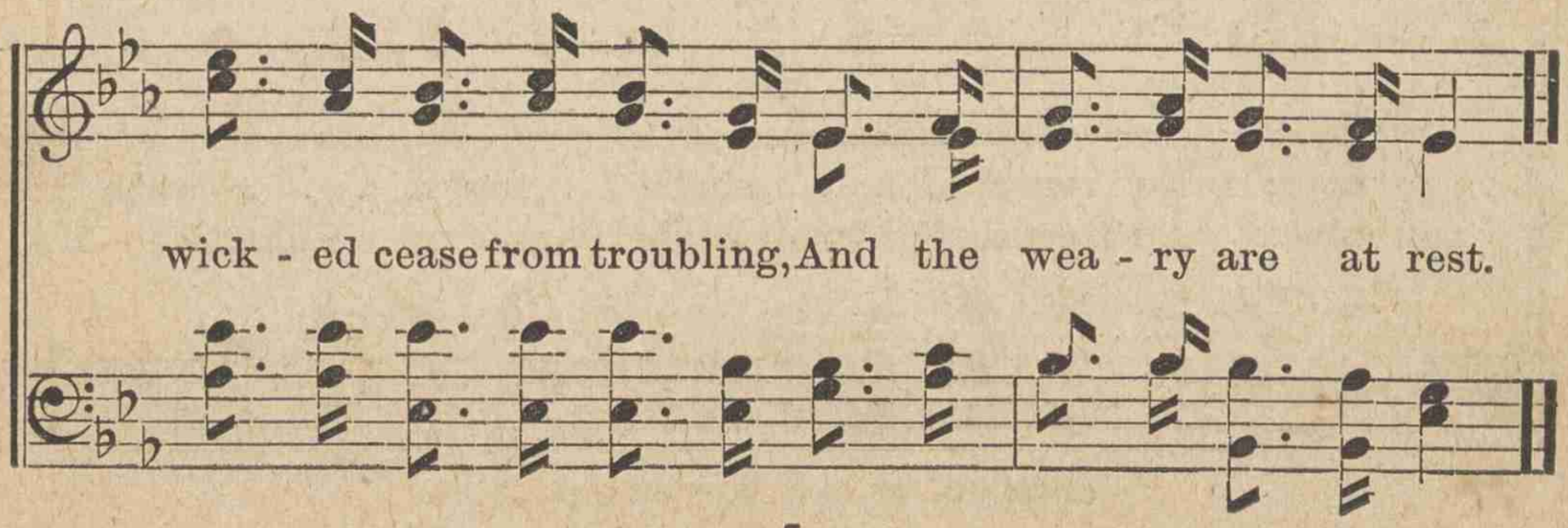




shad - ows melt a - way: We shall
And the shad- ows melt a - way,



see the dawn that's breaking On the hill-tops of the blest, Where the
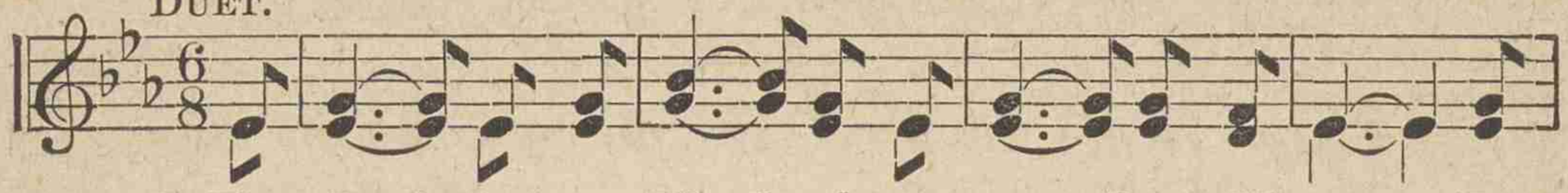


wick - ed cease from troubling, And the wea - ry are at rest.
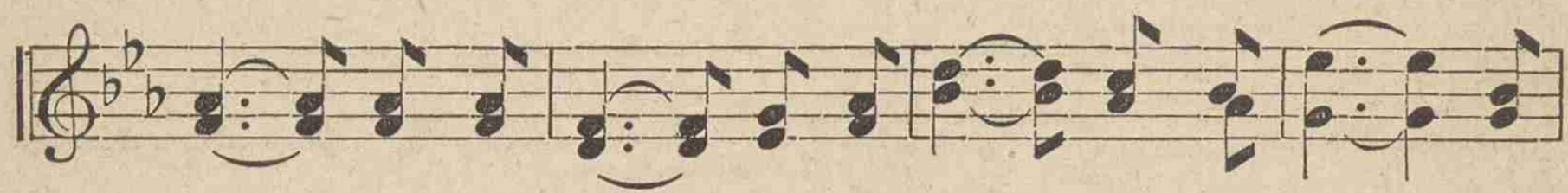
No. 5. The Lord is my Shepherd.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."—Ps. 23: 1. F. P. MORRIS.
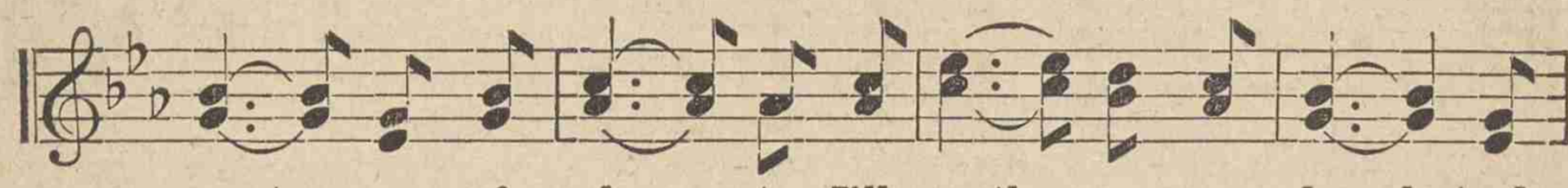
DUET.
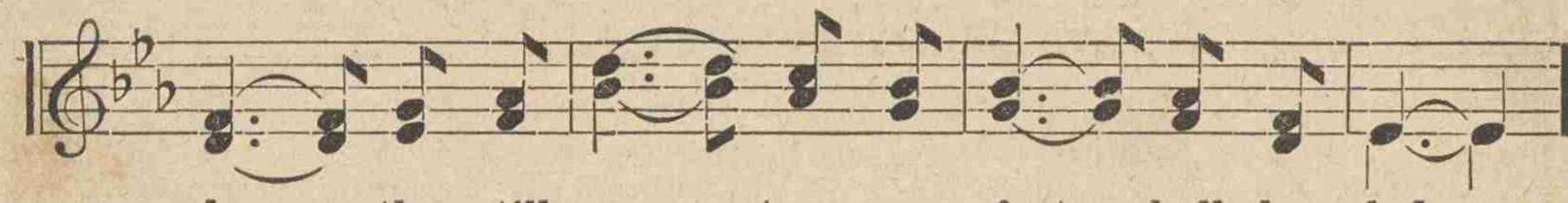


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, a - way then with care; No
2. He nev - er for - sakes me, tho' oft - en I stray, But
3. I know I must pass thro' the val - ley of death, But



want shall I know while His mer - cy I share; From
gen - tly re - claims me when tempt - ed a - way; Thro'
He will go with me, "Fear noth - ing," He saith: Thy
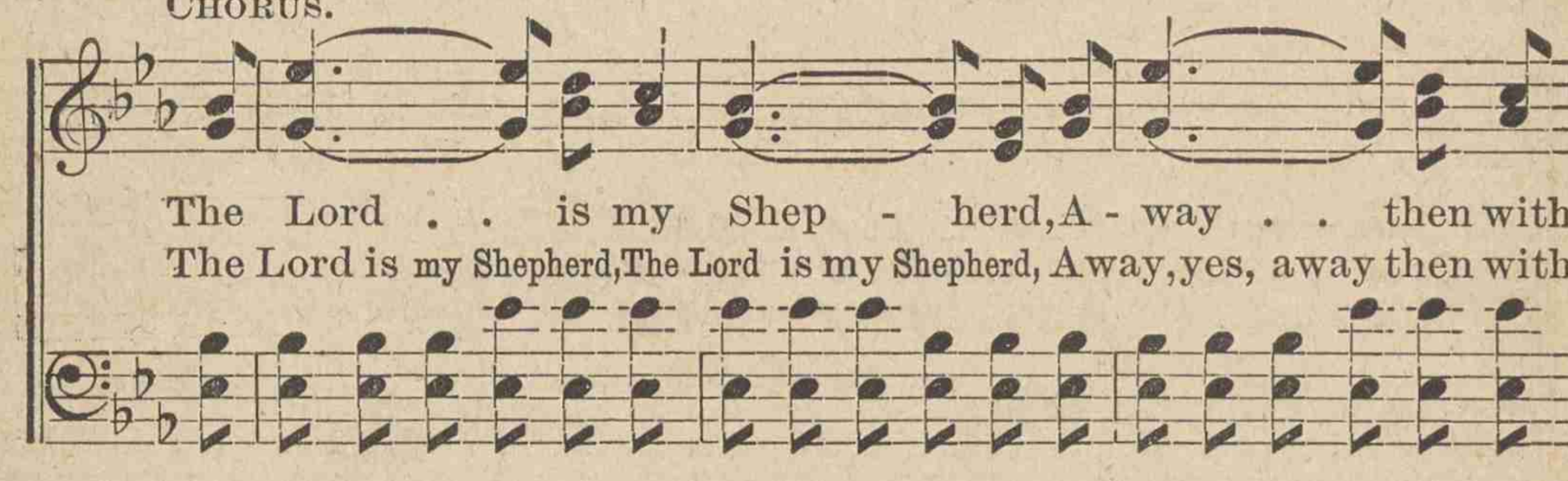


past - ures of plen - ty I'll gath - er my bread, And
dark - ness and dan - ger He guides me a - long, And
rod and Thy staff, pre-cious Sav - iour, shall be, Strong
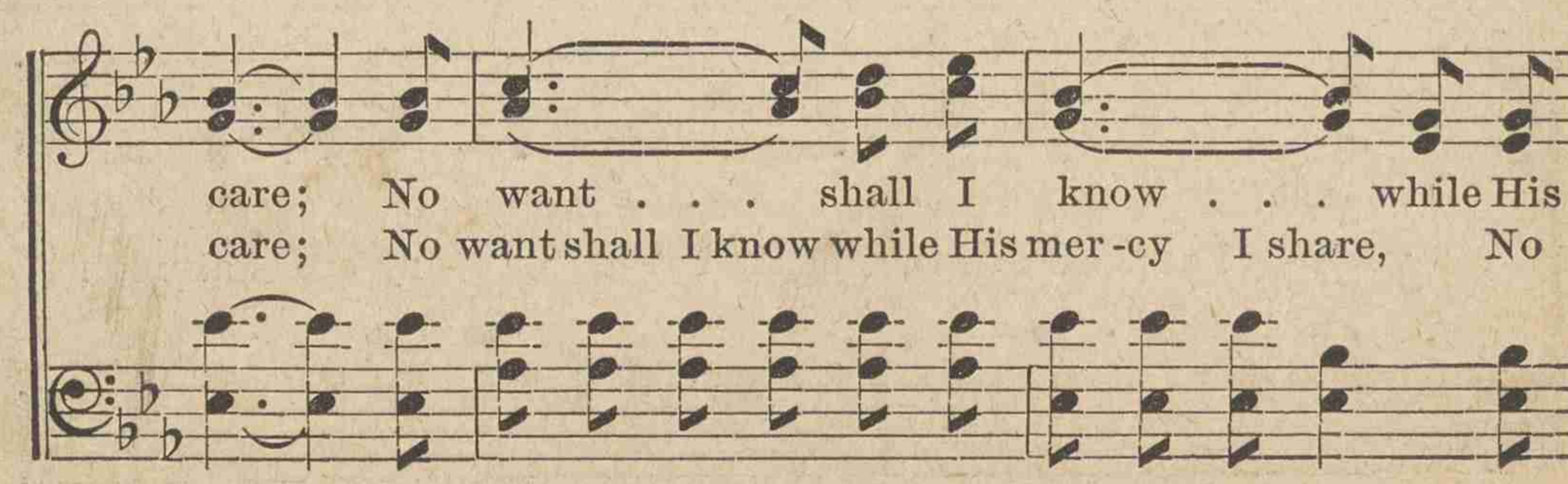


by the still wa - ters my feet shall be led.
though I am fee - ble, my Shep - herd is strong.
help and swift com - fort for - ev - er for me.

CHORUS.



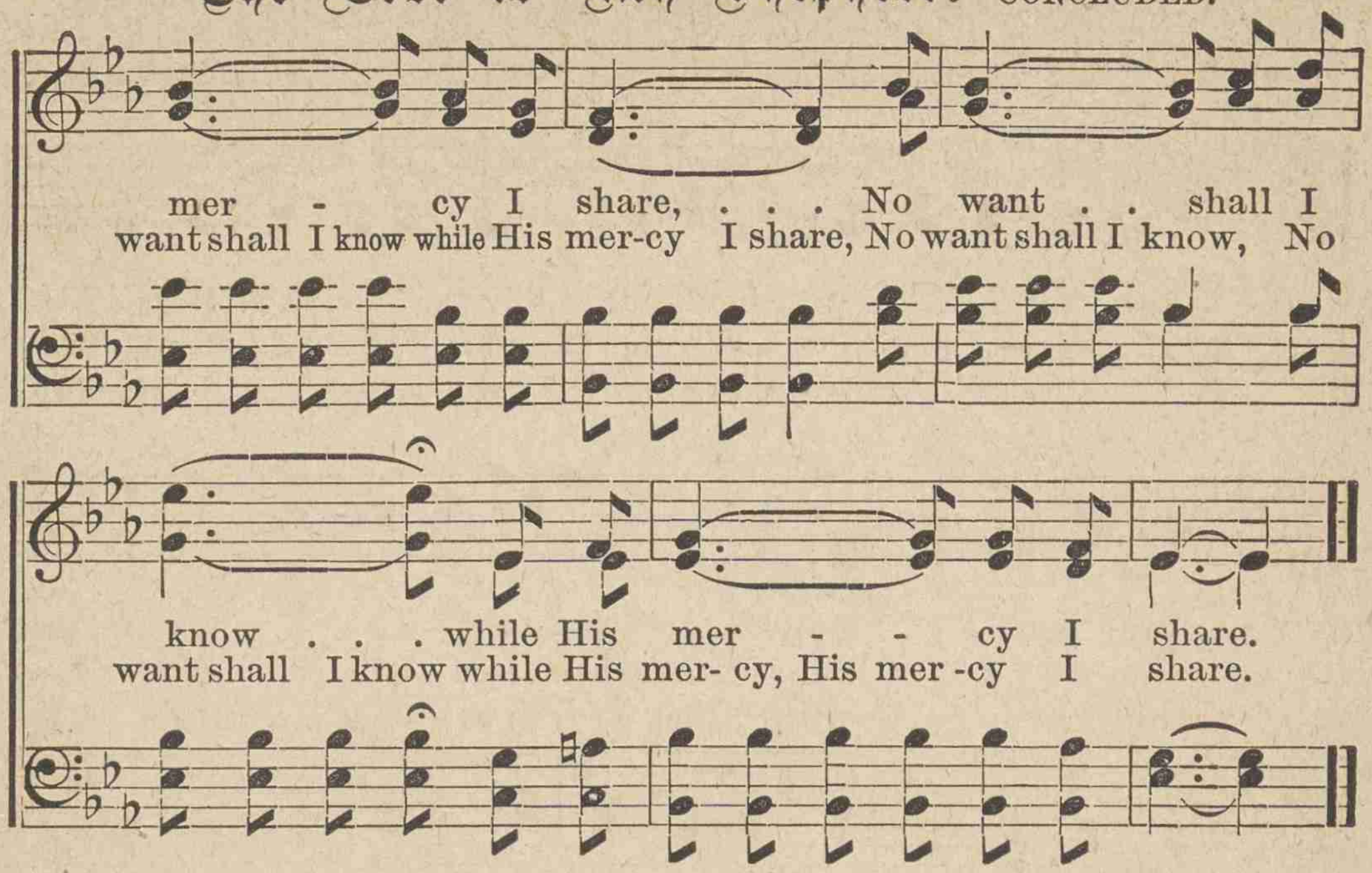
The Lord . . is my Shep - herd, A - way . . then with
The Lord is my Shepherd, The Lord is my Shepherd, A way, yes, away then with



care; No want . . . shall I know . . . while His
care; No want shall I know while His mer - cy I share, No

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The Lord is My Shepherd. CONCLUDED.



No. 6. He Cleanses me.

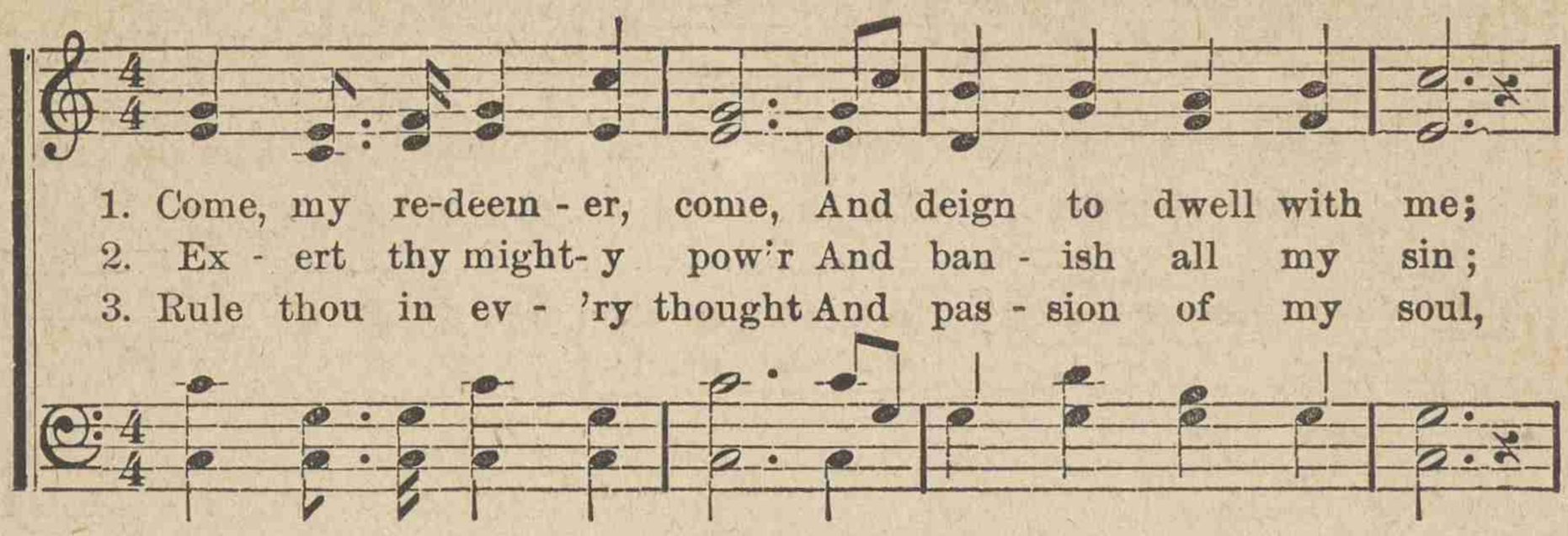
WILLIAM CODVILLE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

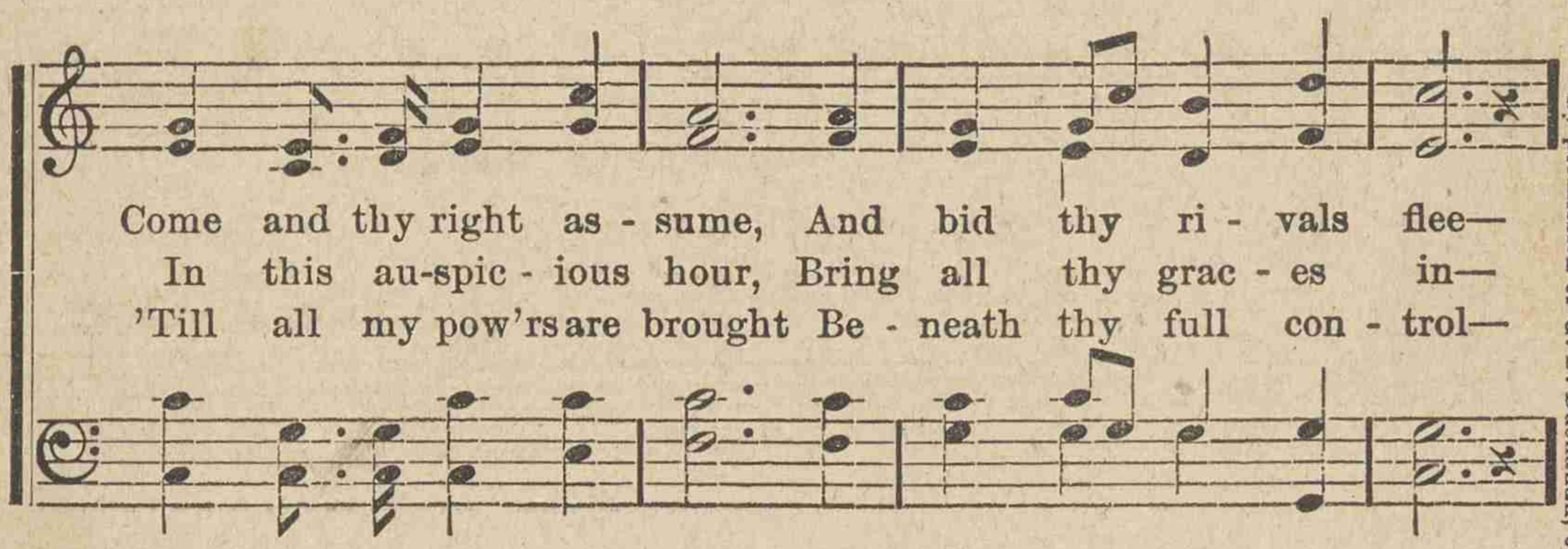
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No. 7. Whiter than the Snow.
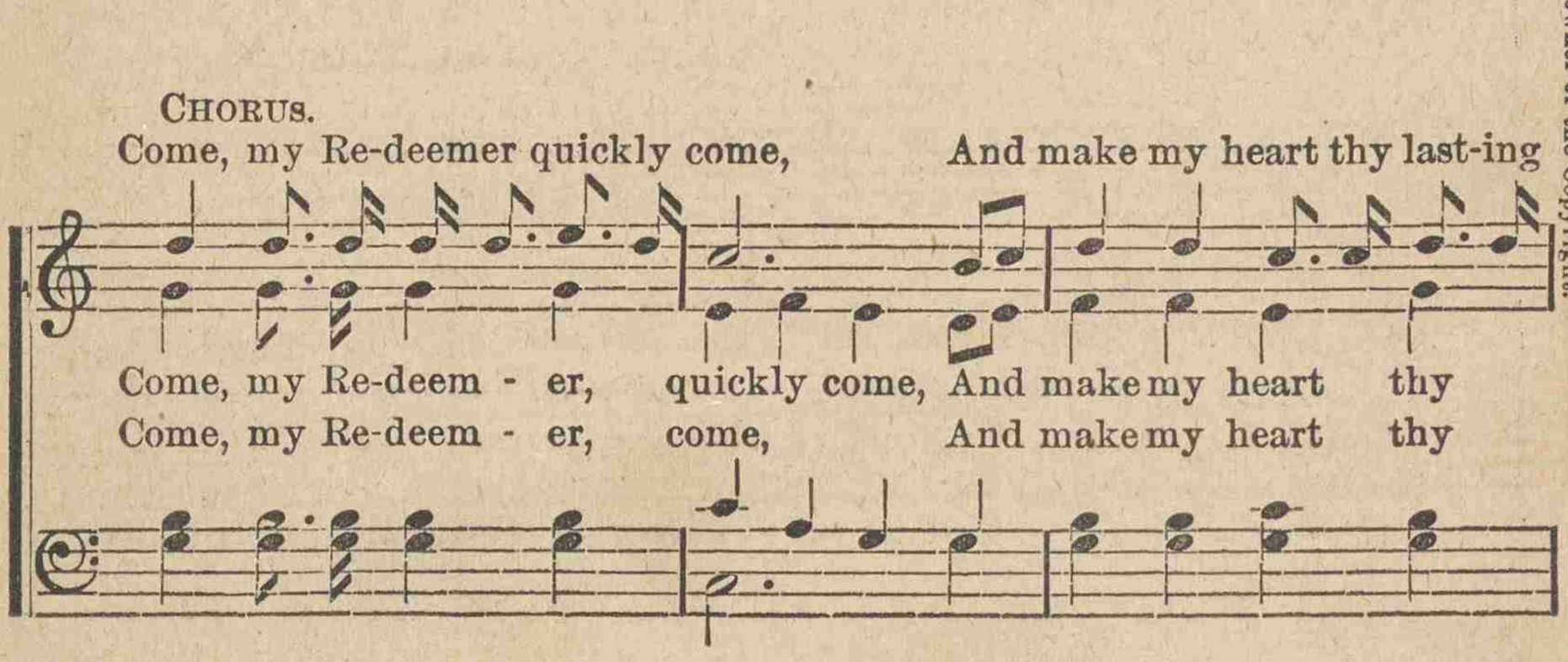
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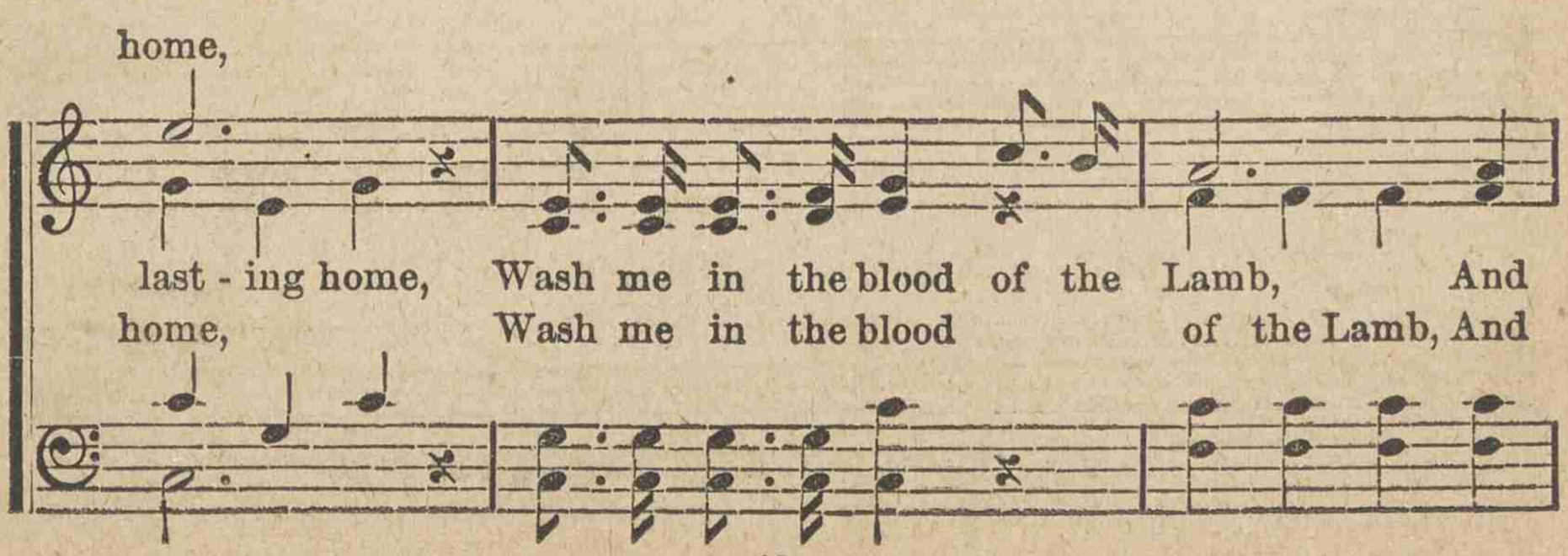
GEORGE D. BUCHANAN.
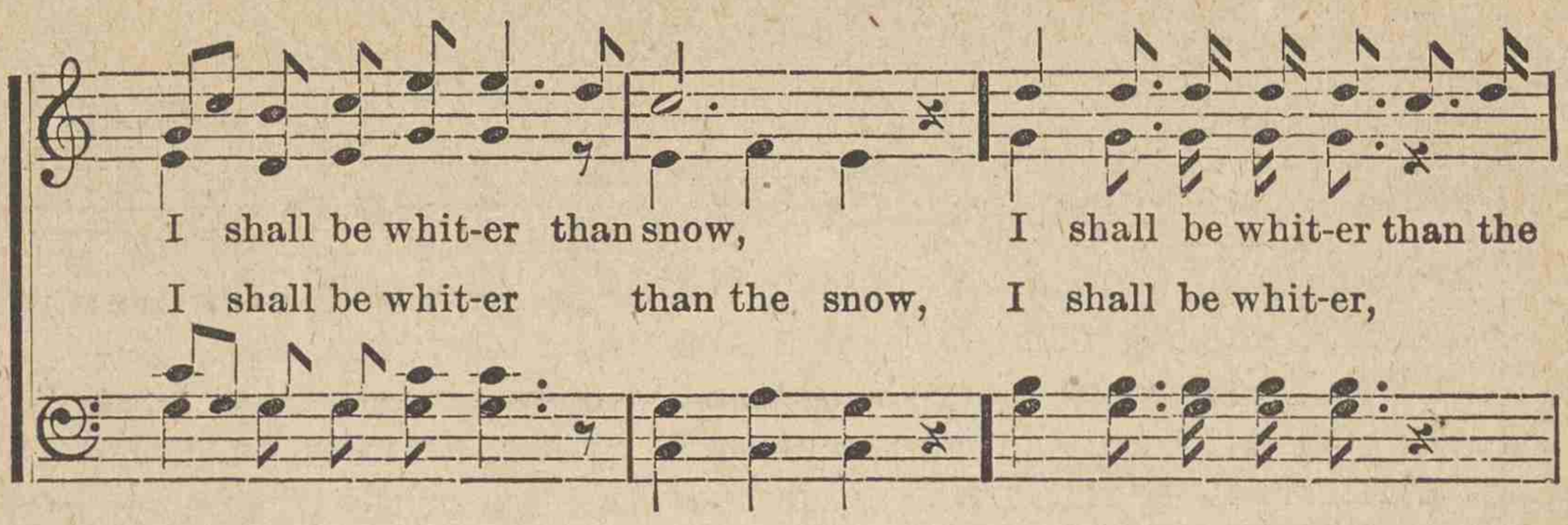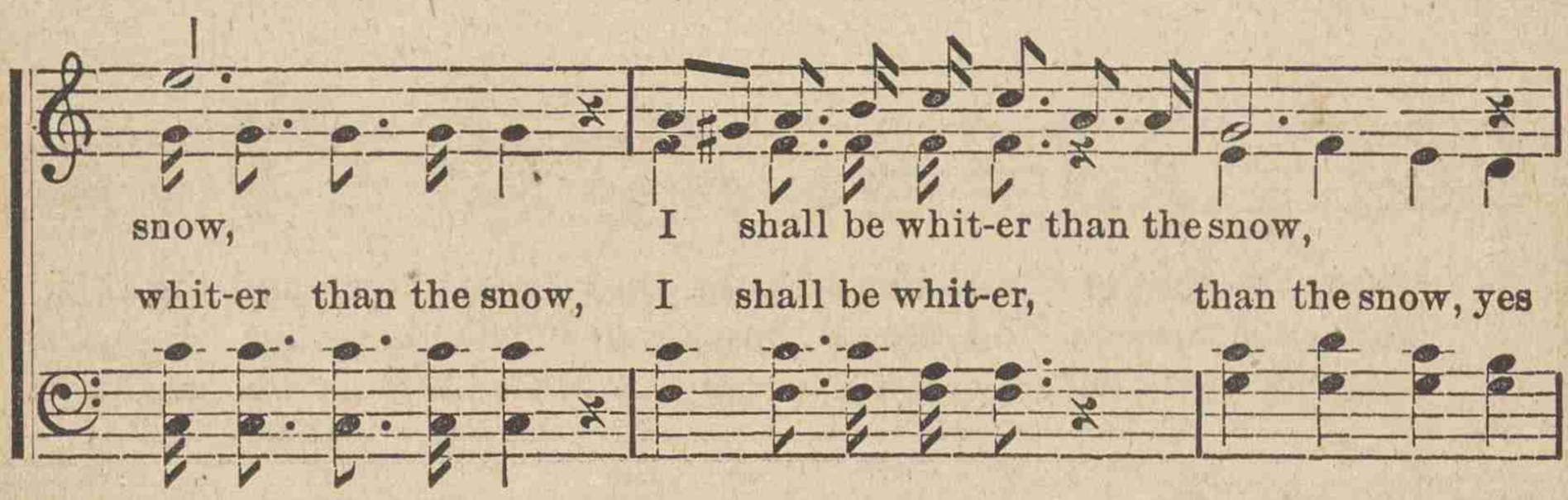




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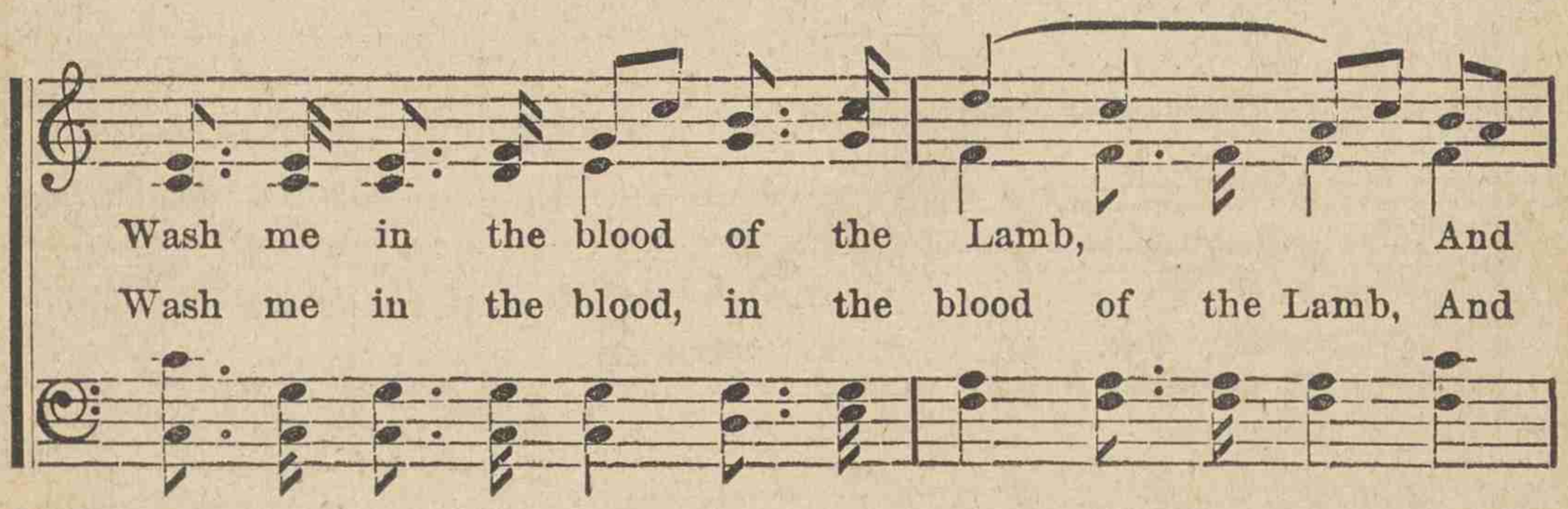


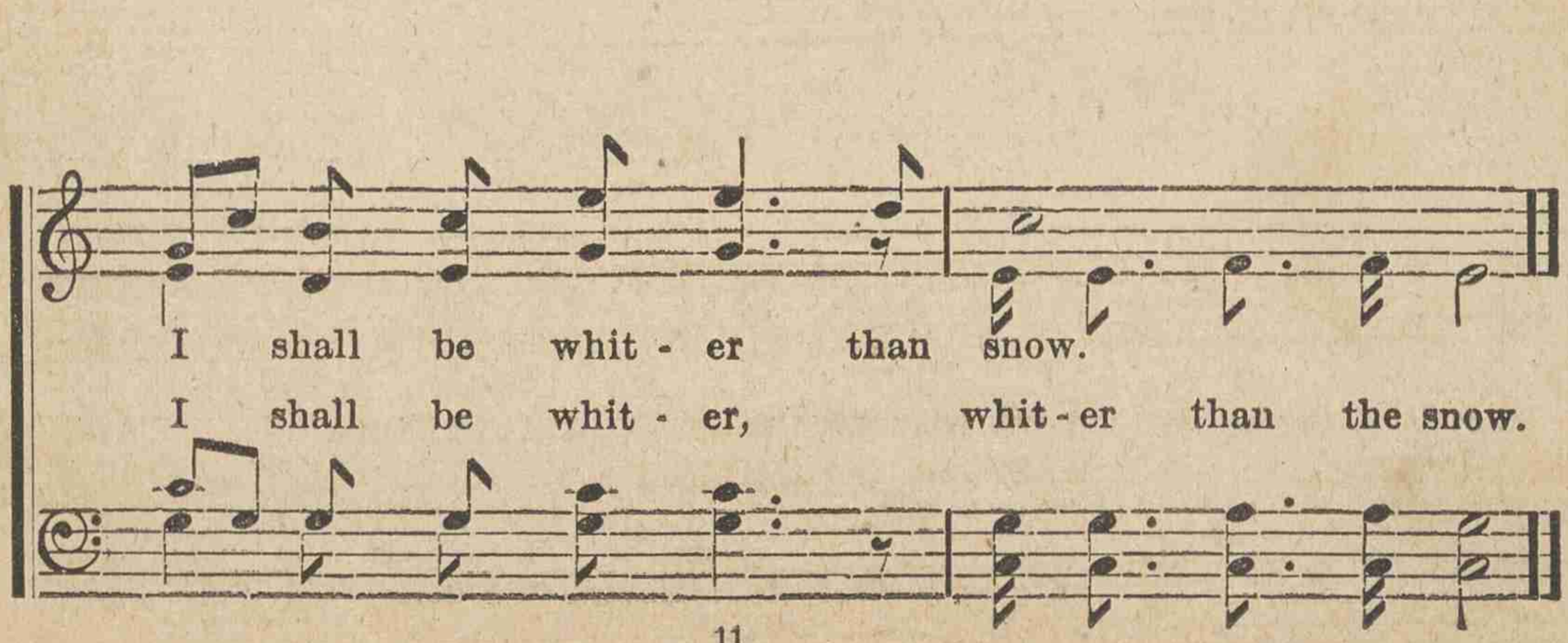


Whiter than the Snow. CONCLUDED.



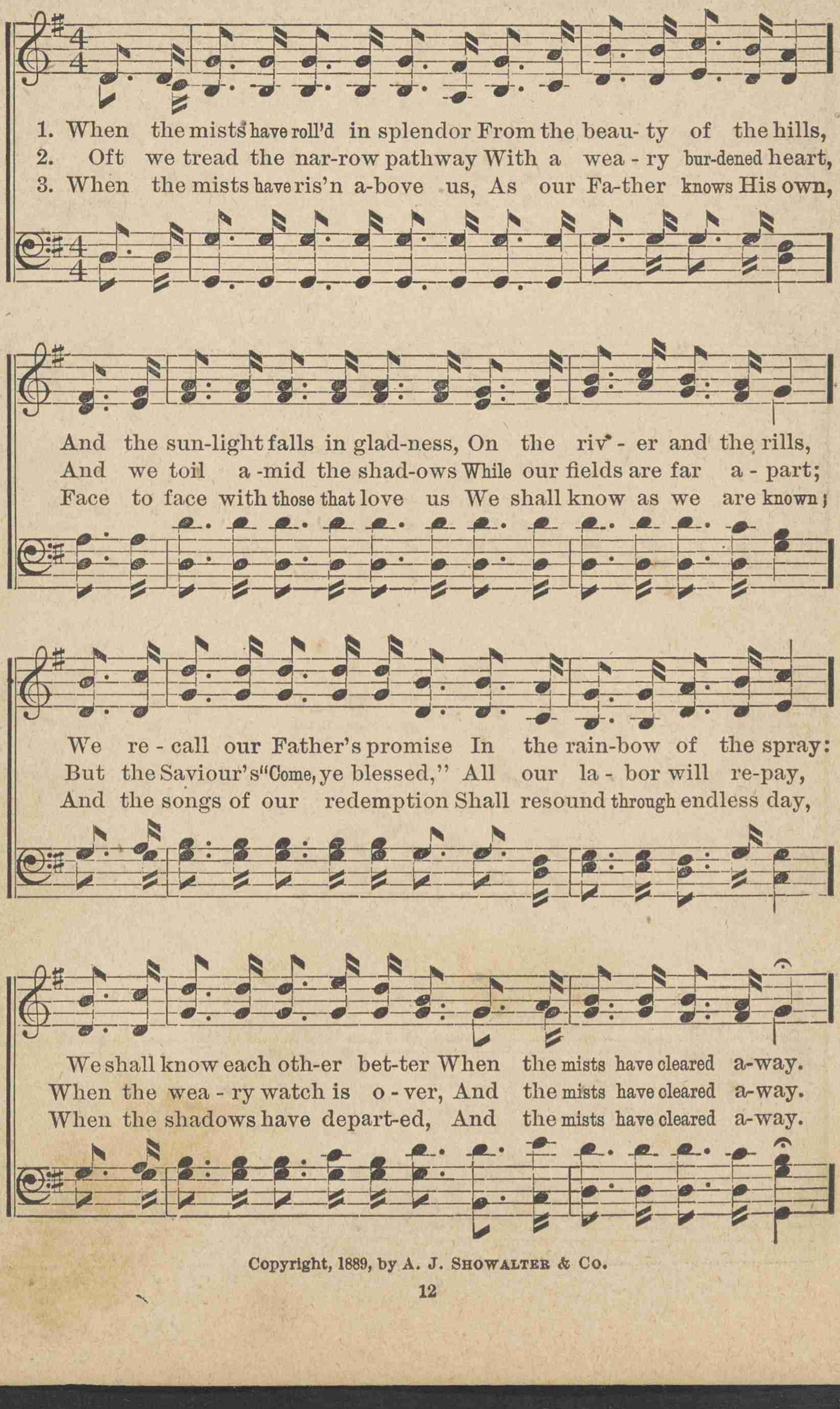






No. 8. When the Mists Have Cleared Away.
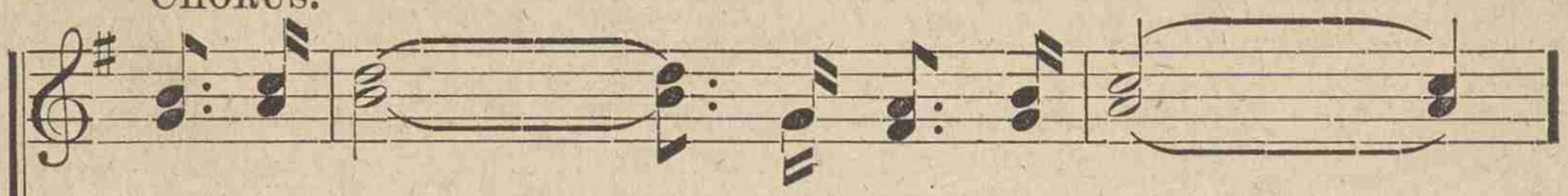
Words arr. A. J. SHOWALTER.
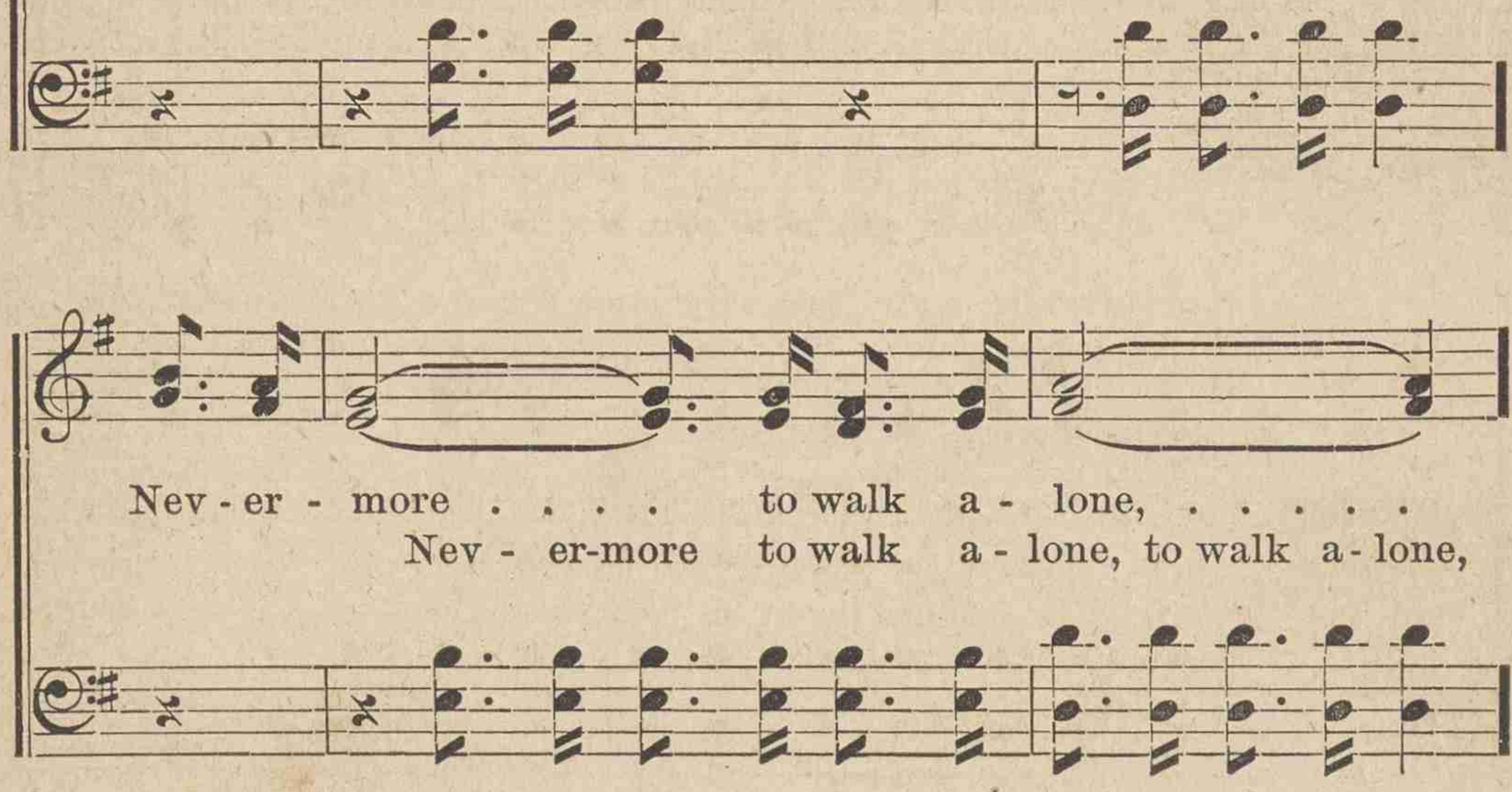


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When the Mists have Cleared Away. CONCLUDED.
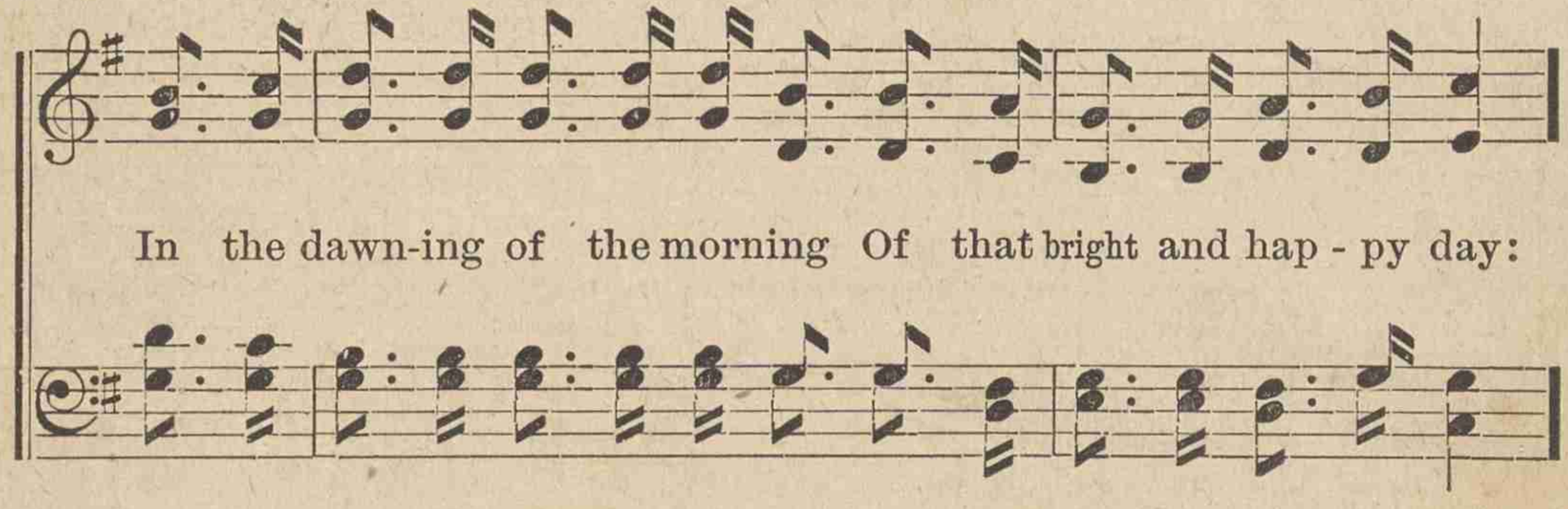
CHORUS.
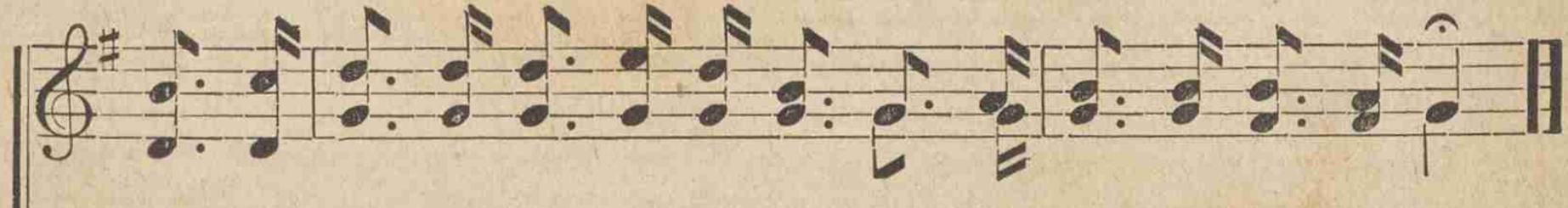


We shall know . . . . as we are known, . . .
We shall know as we are known,
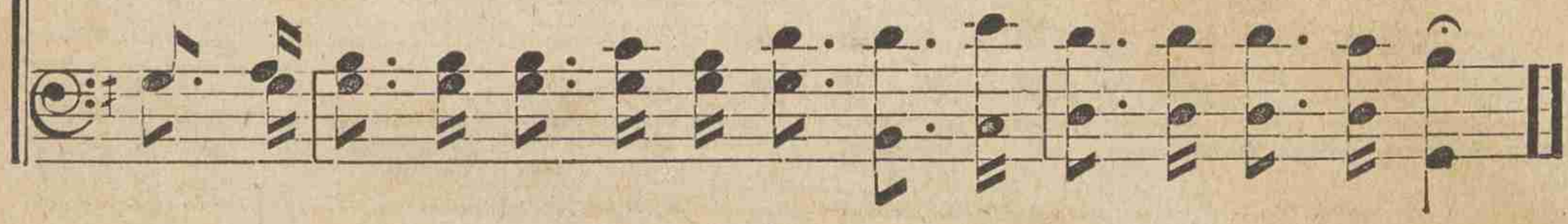


Nev - er - more . . . . to walk a - lone, ...
Nev - er-more to walk a - lone, to walk a - lone,



In the dawn-ing of the morning Of that bright and hap - py day:



We shall know each oth - er bet-ter, When the mists have cleared a-way.



No. 9. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. S. L. HOWARD.

1. On Jordan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye,
2. O'er all those wide ex - tended plains, Shines one e-ter- nal day;
3. Filled with de-light my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan'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.
Tho' Jordan's waves a - round me roll, Fearless I'd launch a - way.

CHORUS.
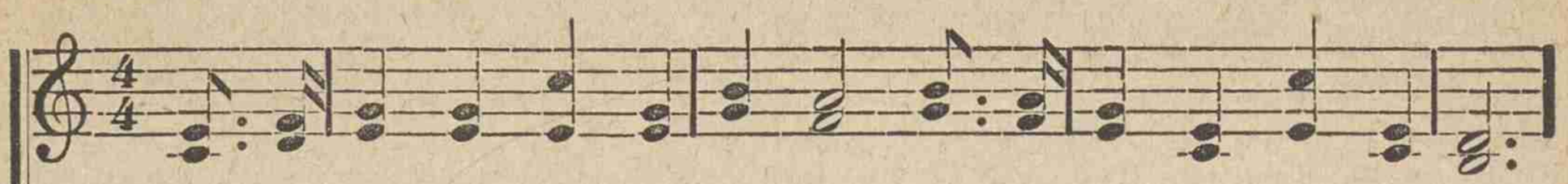
We will meet by and by, We will
We will meet by and by, We will meet by and by, We will

meet on Canaan's shore; We will meet by and
meet on Canaan's shore, beautiful shore, We will meet by and by We will
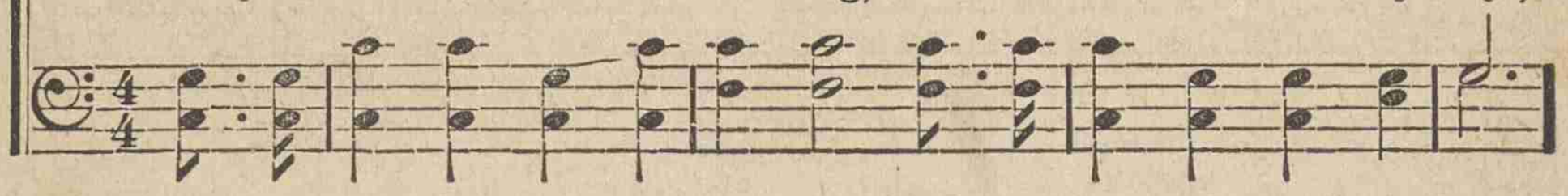
by, We will meet on Canaan's shore,
meet by and by, We will meet on Canaan's shore, beauti - ful shore.
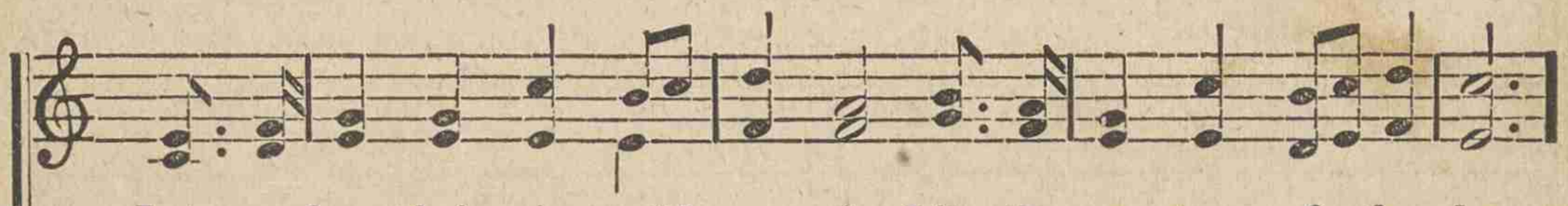
No. 10 How to Please Jesus.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY. A. J. SHOWALTER.
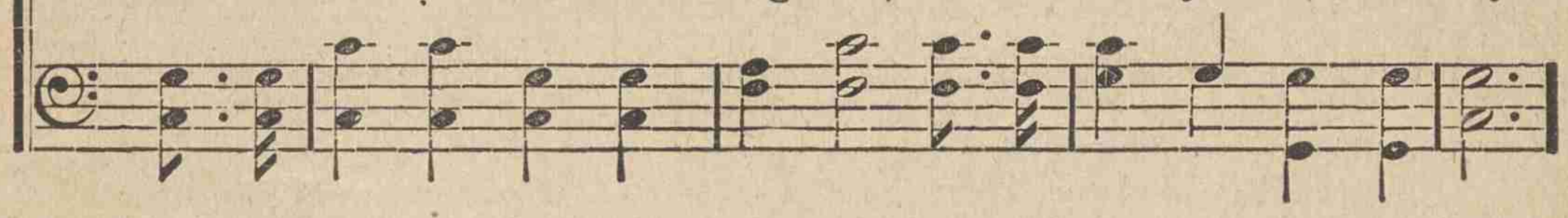


1. Let your face be like the day-break When you pass your neighbors by;
2. Let your tho'ts be kind and ten - der T'ward the weak and err - ing one;
3. Let your soul with truth be shin - ing, Talk with Je - sus ev - 'ry day;
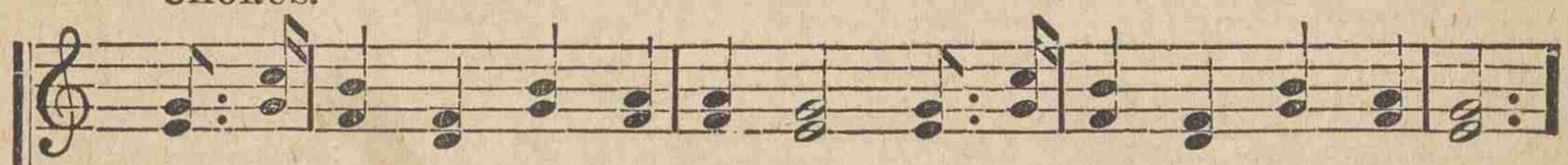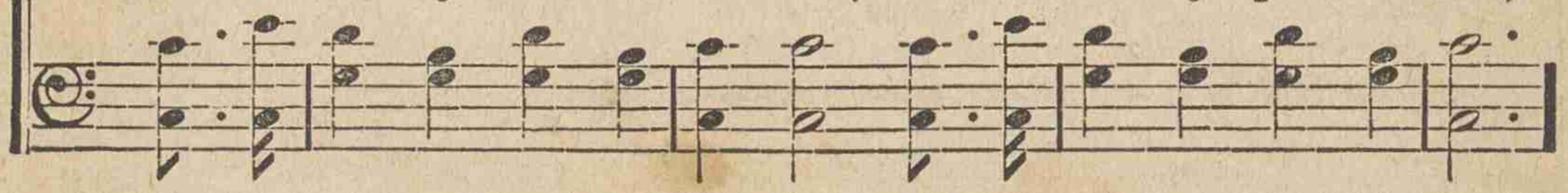




Let your heart brim o'er with mu - sic, Like the songsters of the sky.
Shun the faint-est breath of e - vil, Leave no deed of love un-done.
Gath - er lambs in - to his king-dom, And he'll bless you all the way.



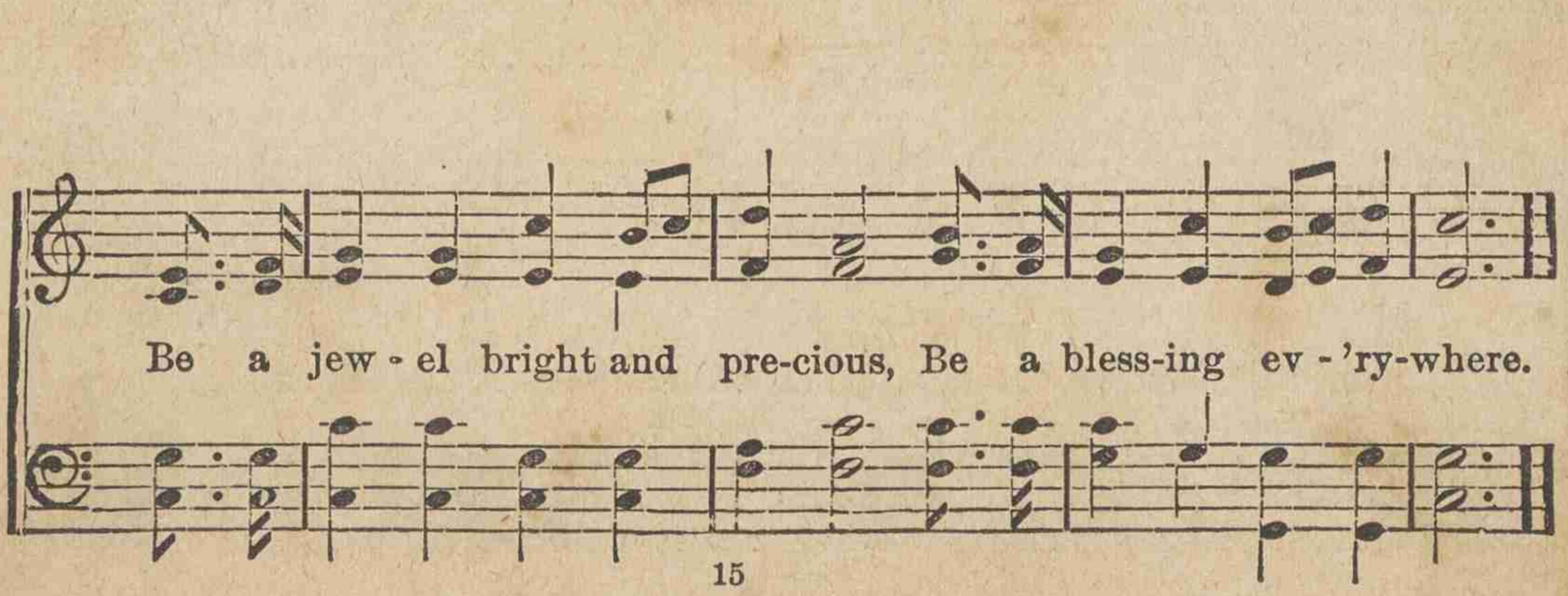
CHORUS.



Be a mer - ry beam of sun-shine, Be a lil - y pure and fair;



Be a jew - el bright and pre-cious, Be a bless-ing ev - 'ry-where.



No. 11. He Is Just The Same To-day.

MRS. S. Z. KAUFMAN. I. N. McHOSE. By per.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of the Babe of Beth - le - hem, Who was
2. Have you ev - er heard how Je - sus walk'd up - on the roll - ing sea, To His
3. Once while rest-ing on a pil - low in the ves - sel fast a - sleep, There a -
4. Sure - ly you have heard how Je - sus pray'd down in Geth-sem - a - ne, How He

wor - ship'd by the an - gels and by wise and ho - ly men; How He
dear dis - ci - ples toss - ing on the waves of Gal - i - lee, How He
rose a migh - ty temp - est on the wild and rag - ing deep; "Peace be
shed His pre - cious life - blood on the rug - ged shame - ful tree, Cru - el

taught the learn-ed doc - tors in the tem - ple far a-way? I am glad to tell you,
res-cued sink-ing Pe - ter from his dan - ger and dismay? I am glad to tell you,
still," the Lord command-ed, ev - 'ry an - gry wave did stay; I am glad to tell you,
thorns His forehead piercing as His Spir - it pass'd a - way! Sinner, won't you come and

CHORUS.

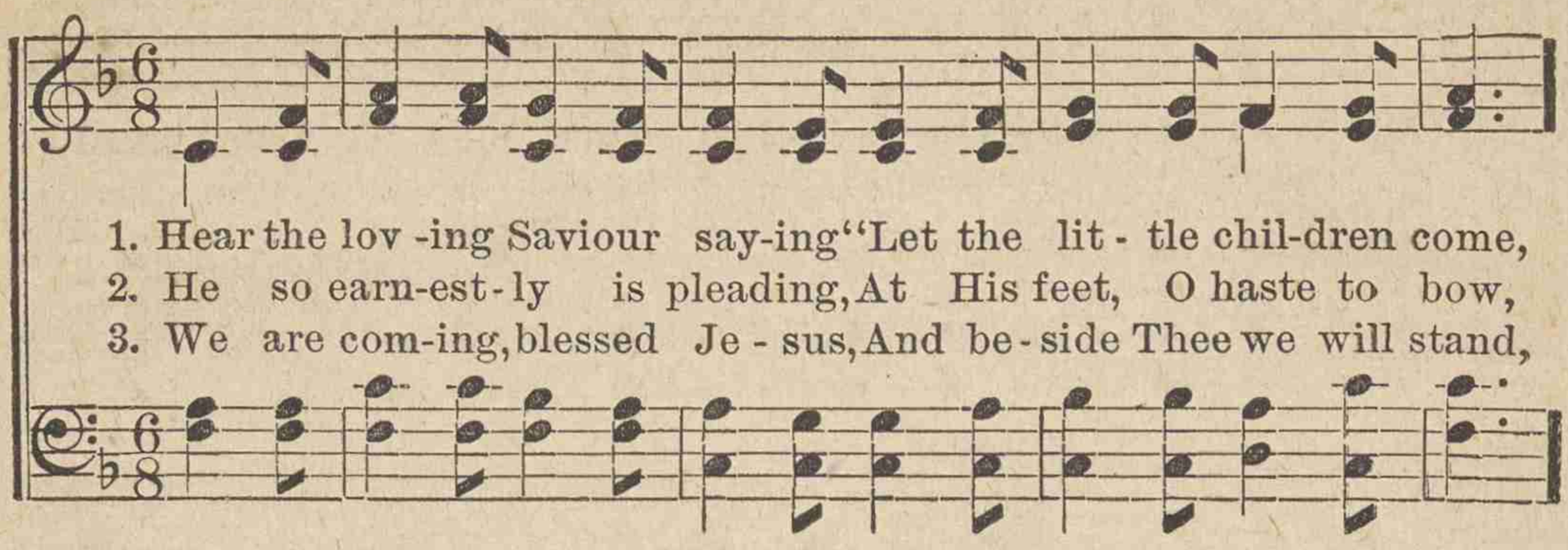
sin - ner, He is just the same to - day. He's just the same to - day, Yes,
sin - ner, He is just the same to - day.
sin - ner, He is just the same to - day.
love Him? He is just the same to - day.

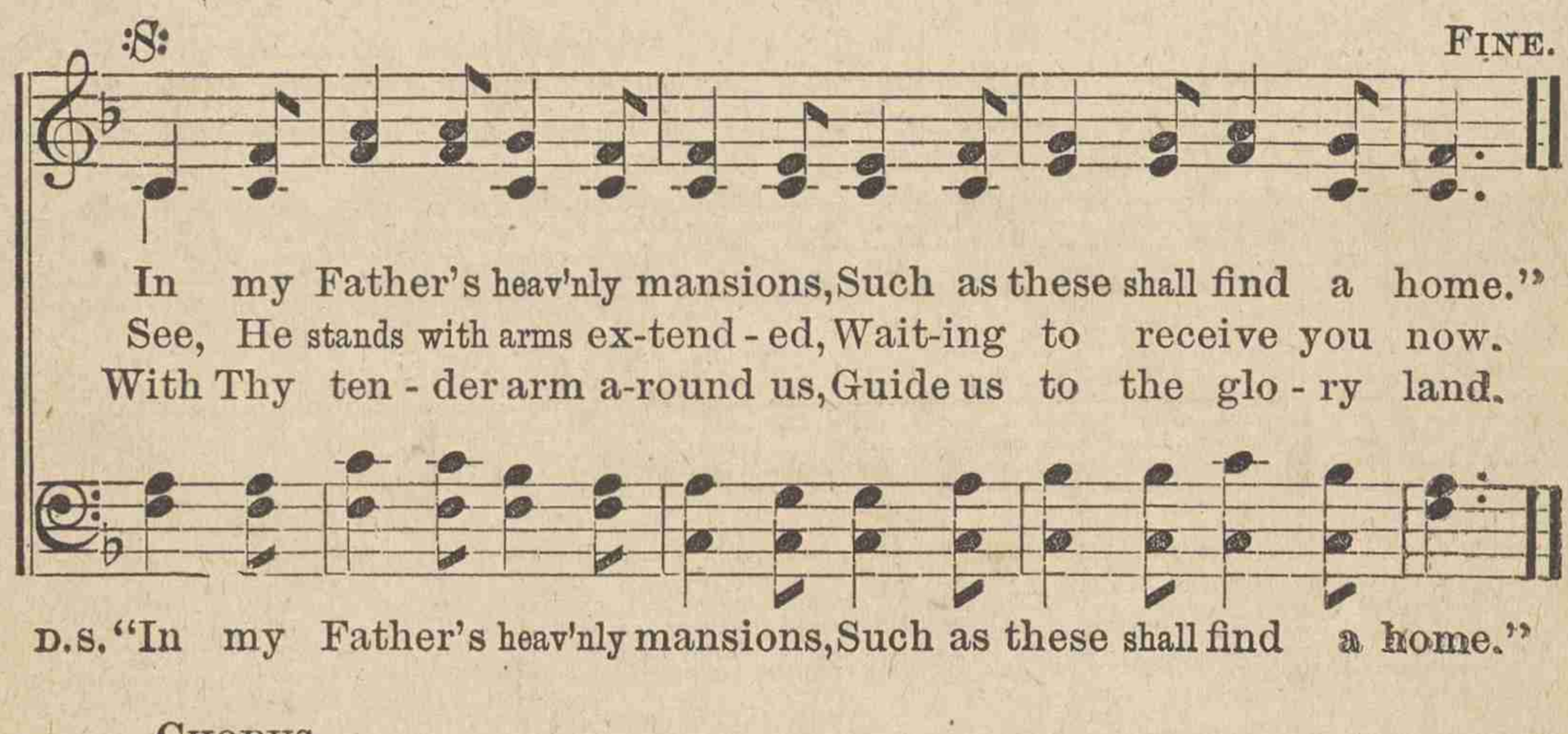
just the same to - day; I'm glad to tell you, sin-ner, He is just the same to-day.
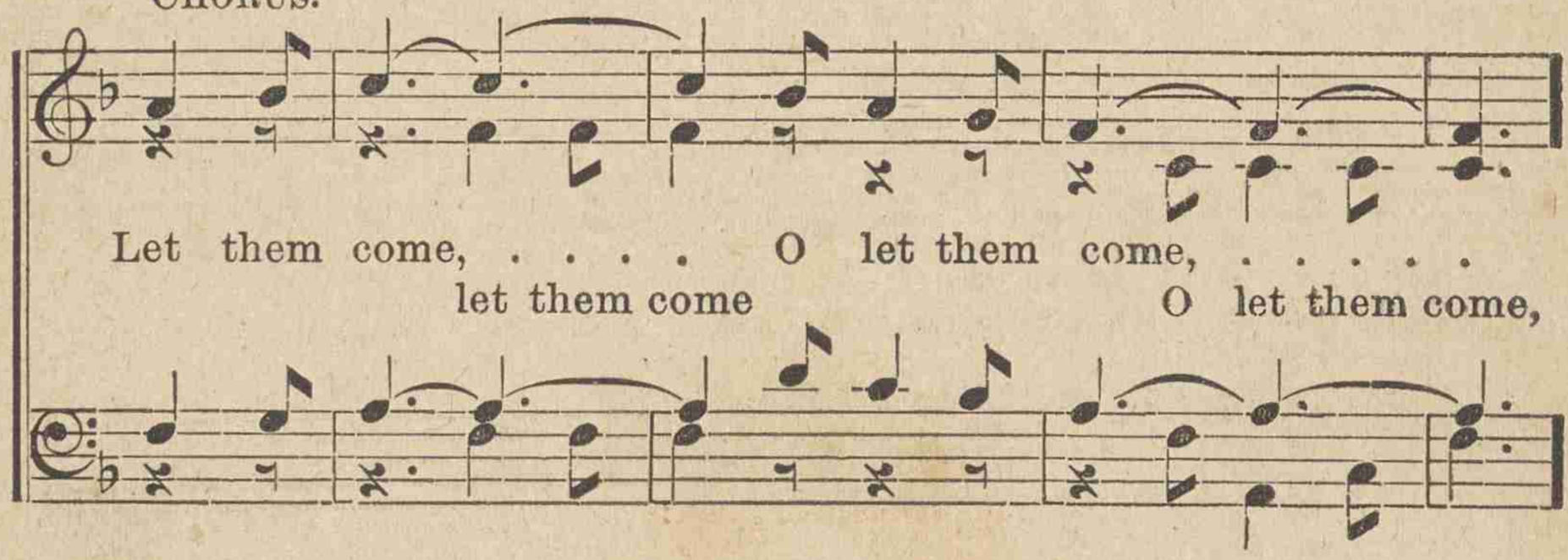
Copyright, 1887, by I. N. McHOSE.

No. 12. Let the little Children Come.

H. A. L. H. A. LEWIS.







By permission.

No. 13. Go Work in My Vineyard.

H. A. L. H. A. Lewis.
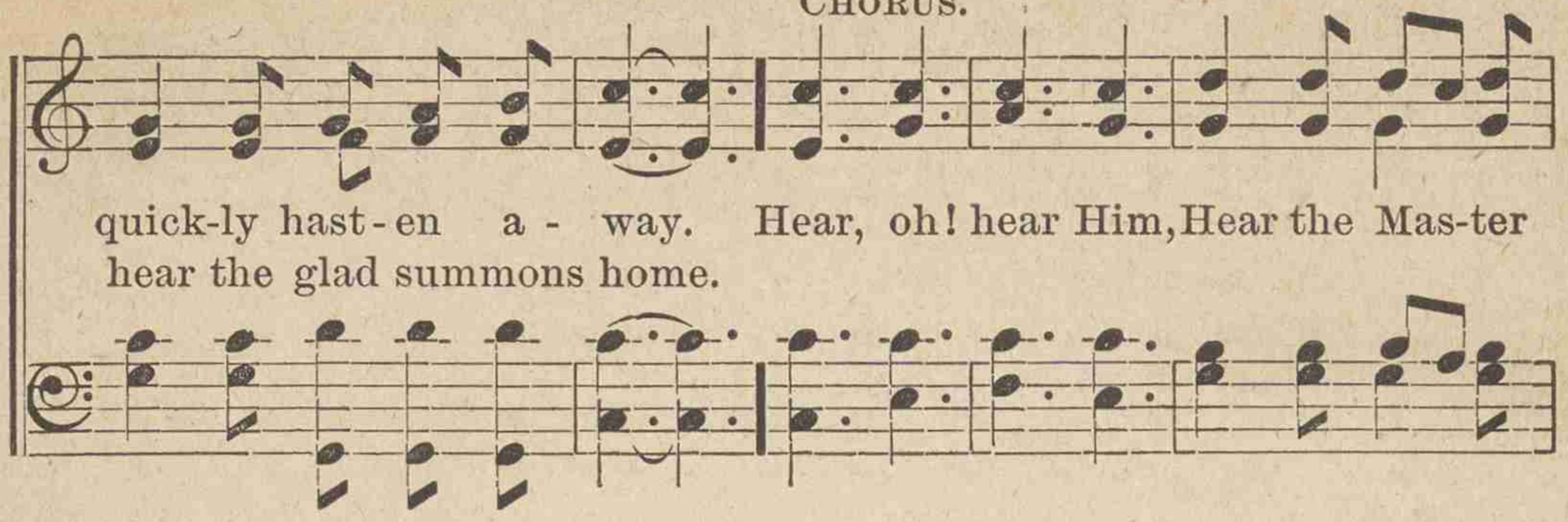
1. "Go work in my vineyard," the Mas - ter says, "And I will sure - ly re - ward thee," So much there's to do, and so few the days, O come and faith - ful - ly serve me; And when at eve your work is thro', To each I'll pay the wa - ges due. O stand ye not i - dle the long summer day, But
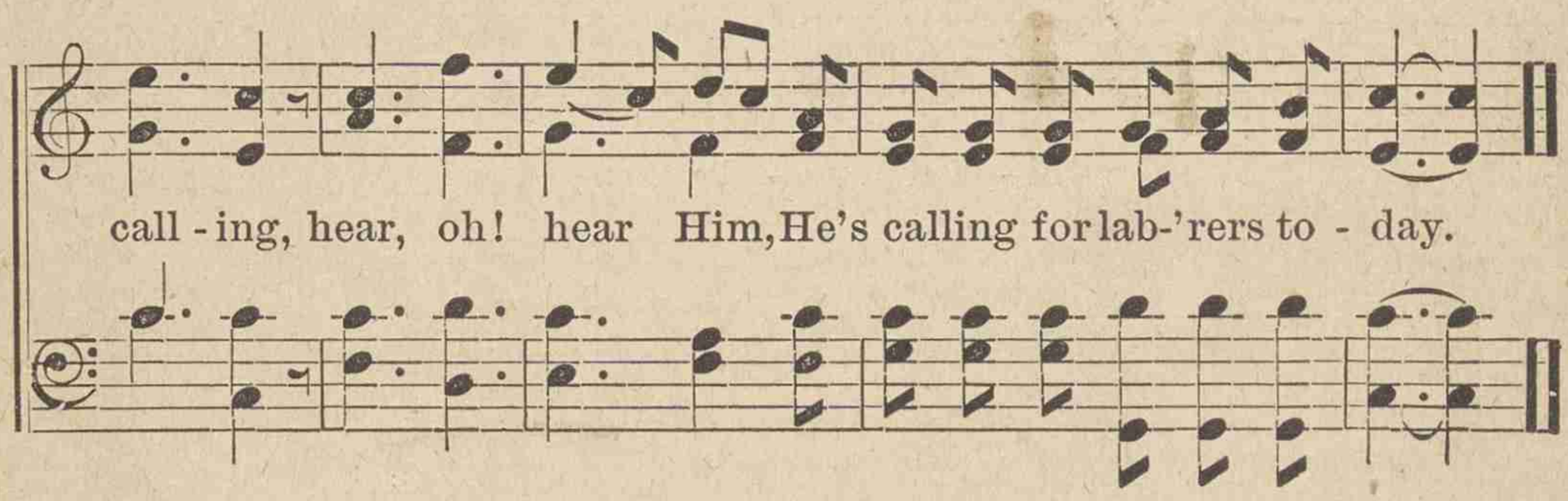
2. O strive to be dil - i - gent, faith - ful, and true, Be stead-fast, ev - er en - dur - ing, The har-vest is great, and the lab'rors are few— The night is rap - id - ly near - ing; The Mas - ter then will sure - ly come, And say to each, "Come home, come home." O will you be read - y, your work all done, To

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Go Work in My Vineyard. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.





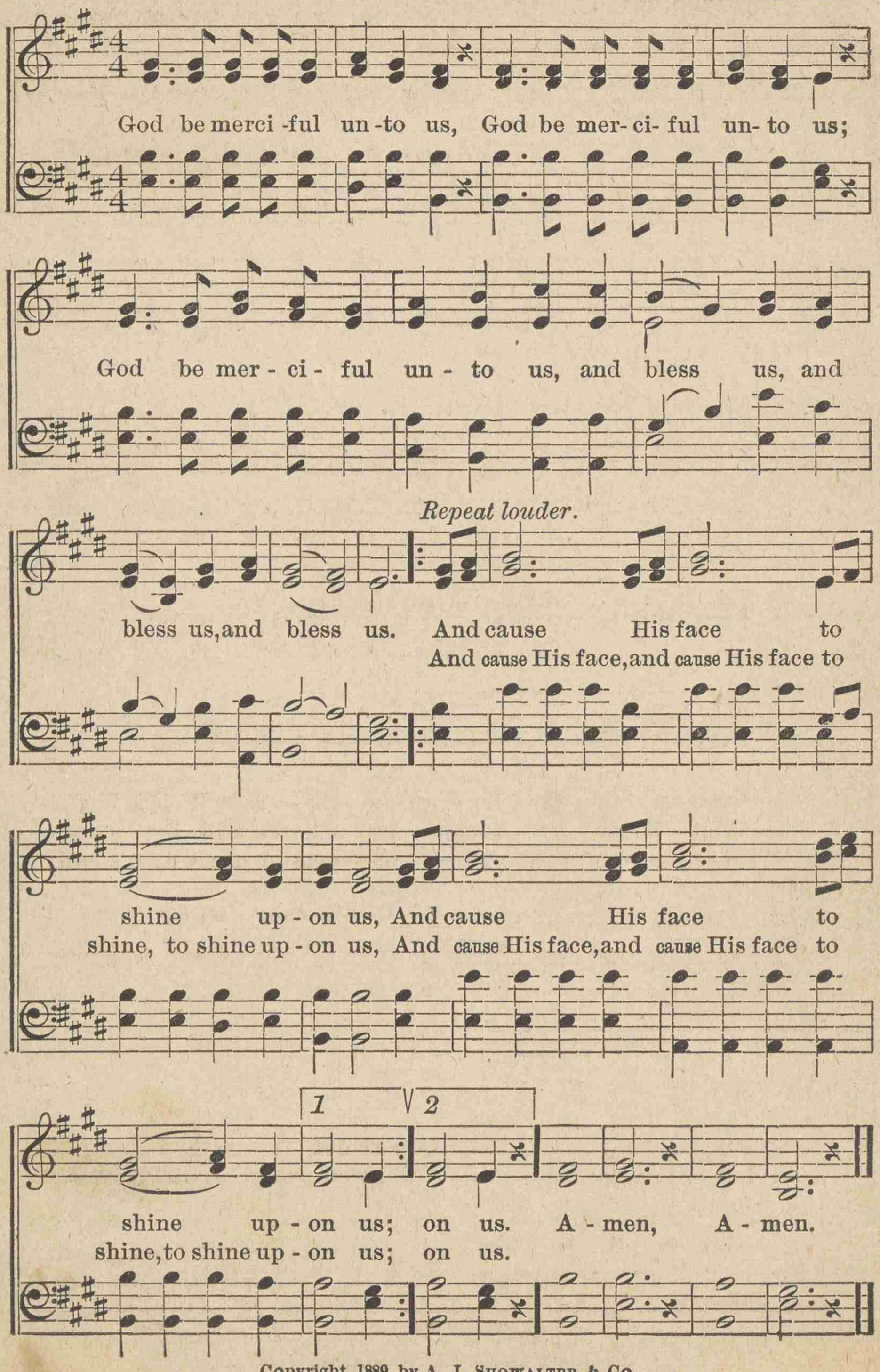
No. 14. Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord.

H. BONAR. H. A. LEWIS.

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No. 15. God Be Merciful Unto Us.

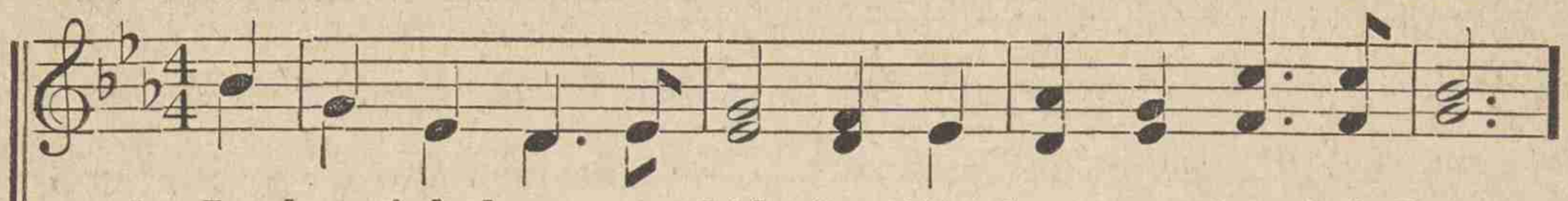
Ps. 67: 1. A. J. SHOWALTER.
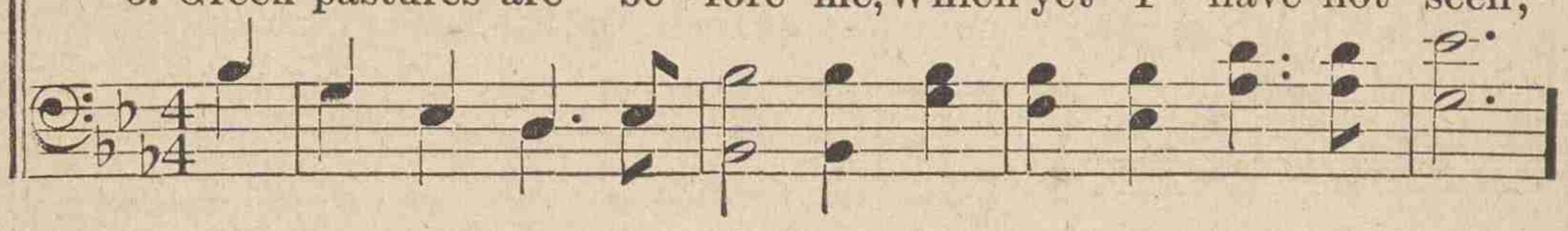


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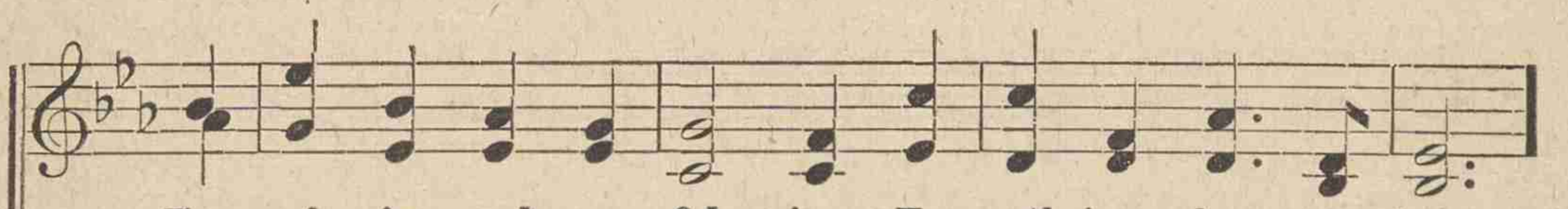
No. 16. Heavenly Love.

A. L. WARING. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.
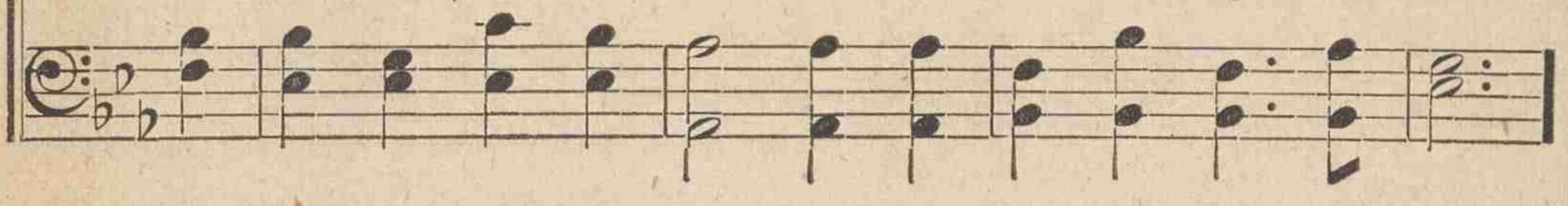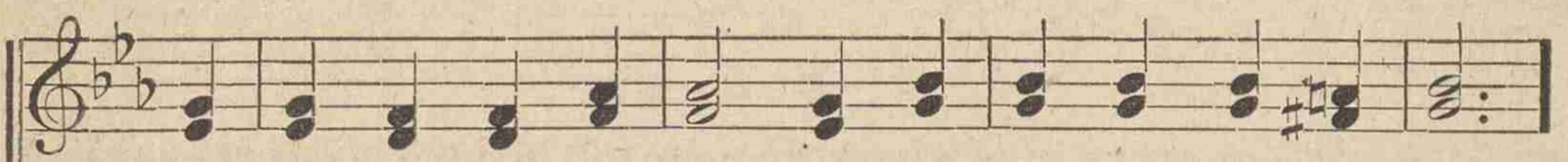


1. In heav-'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;
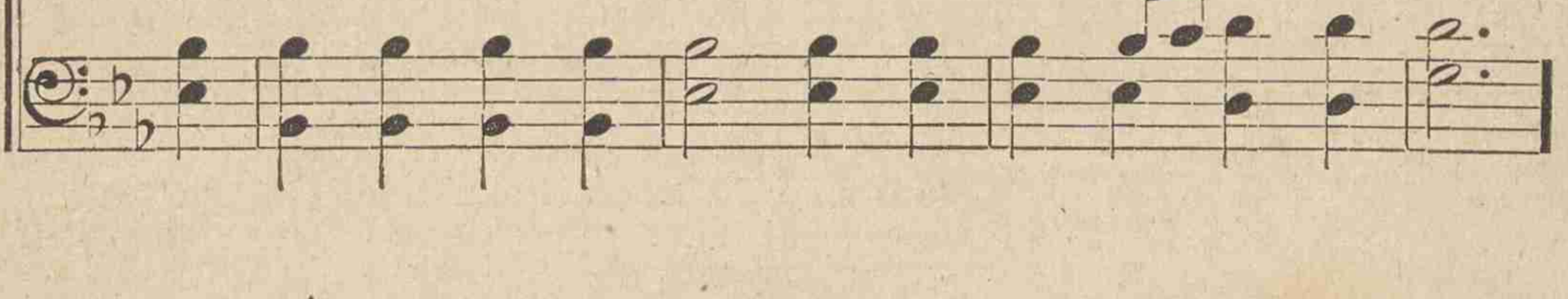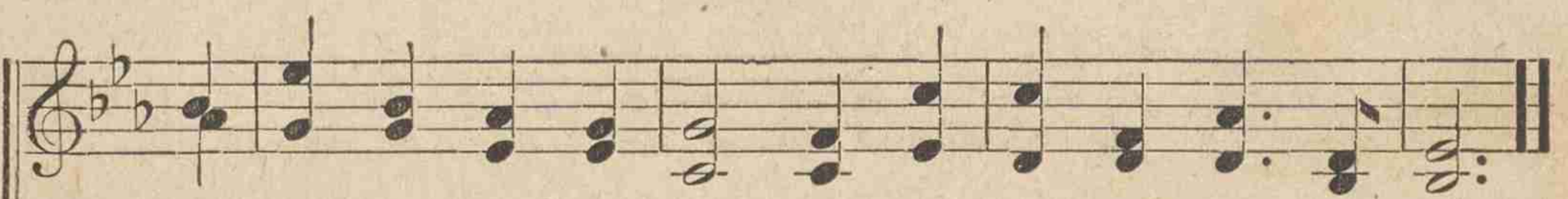




I'm safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth-ing chang-es here;
My Shepherd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I lack!
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest clouds have been;
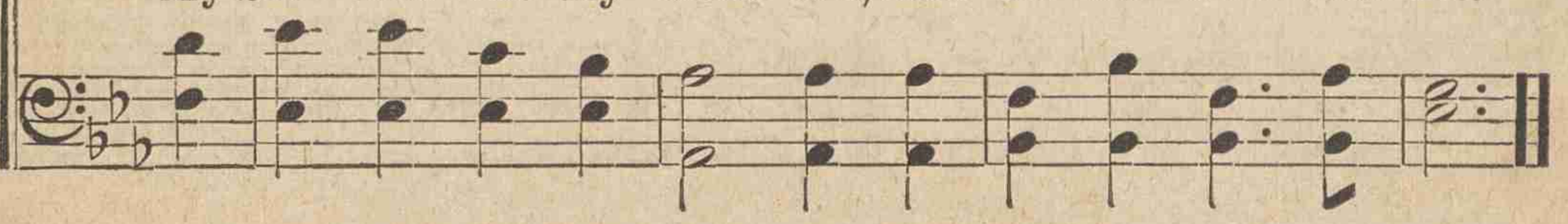




The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim,
My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free;



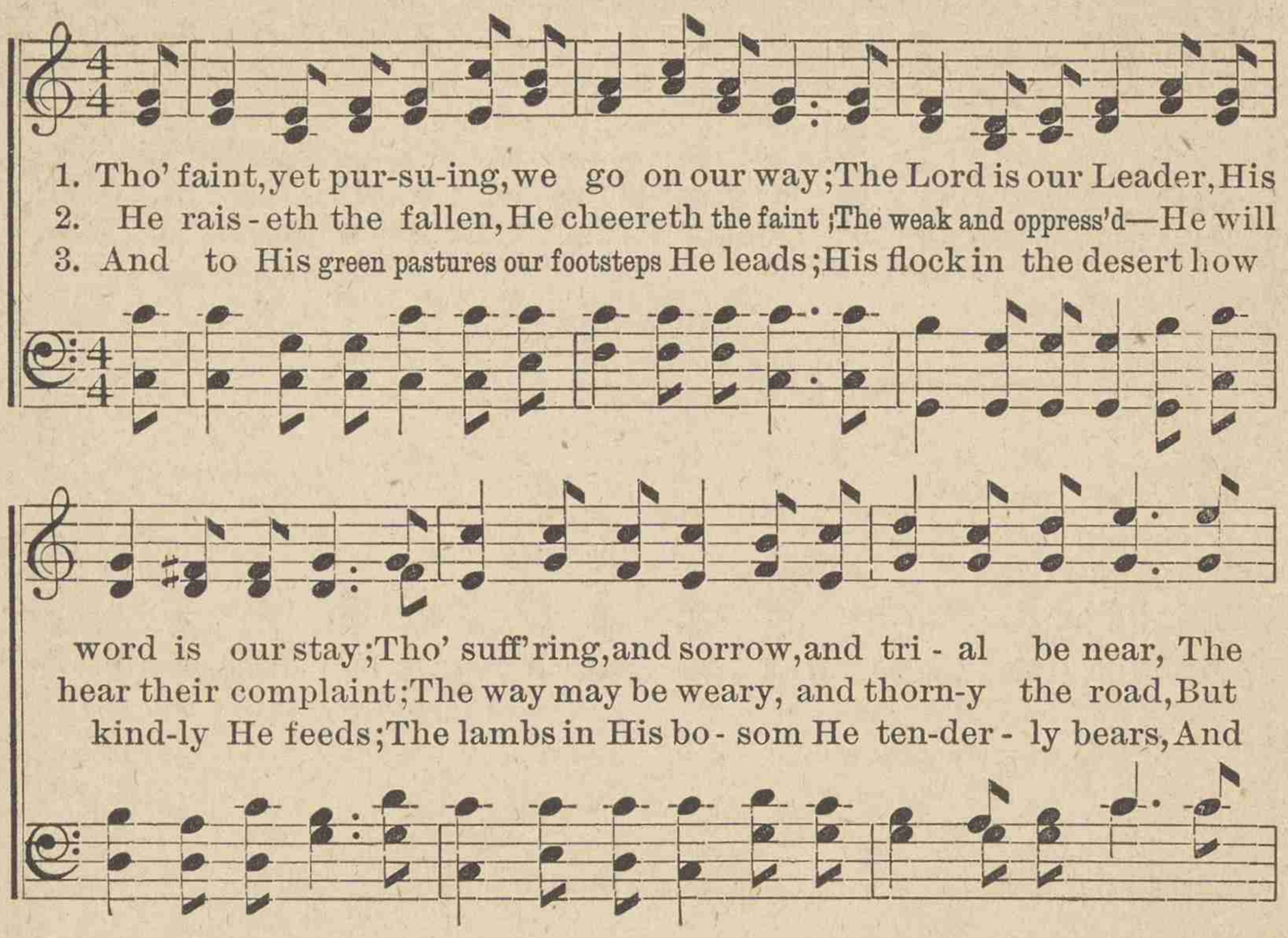


But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-may'd?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.
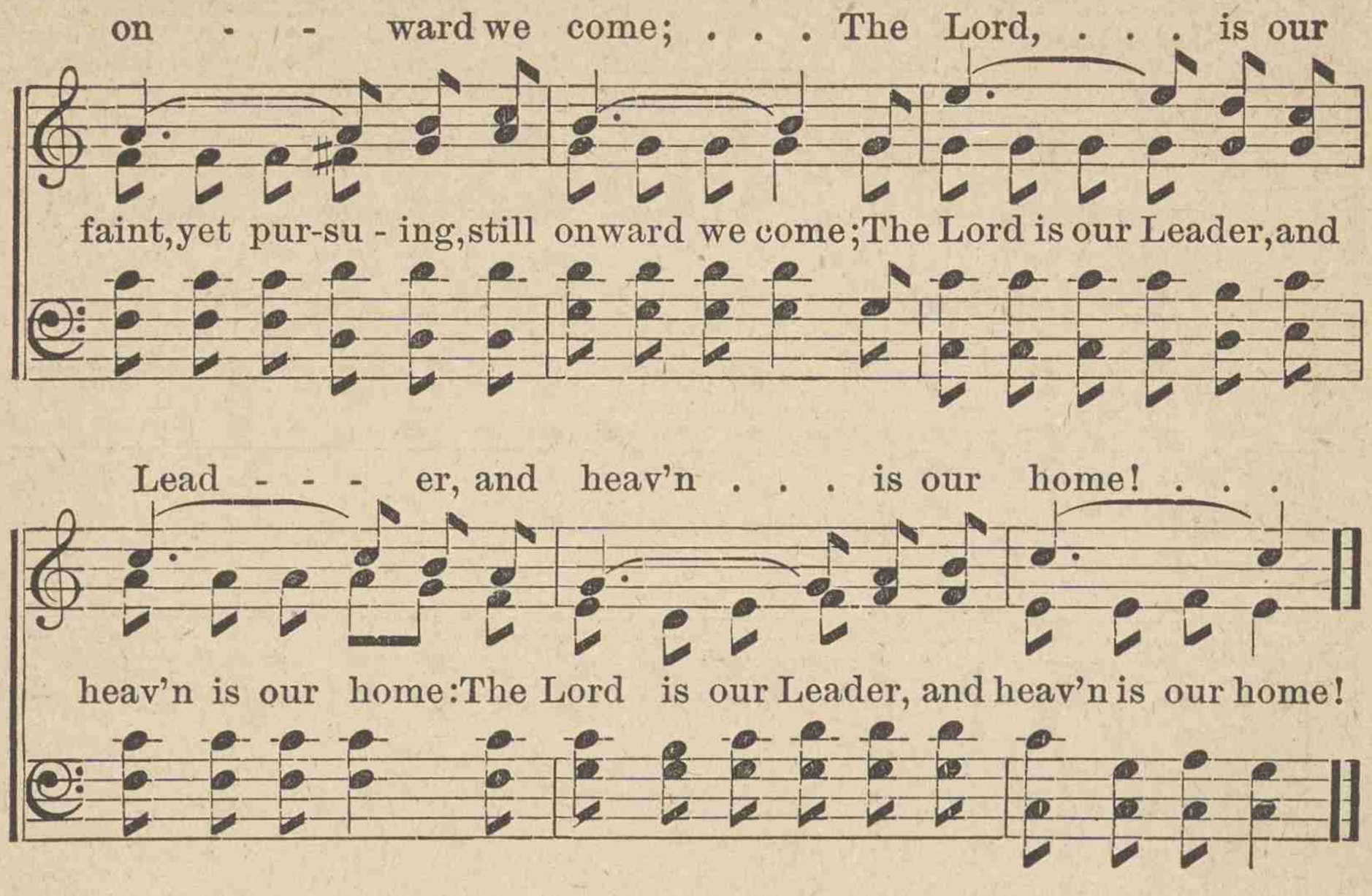


No. 17. Though Faint, Yet Pursuing.

W. H. LEWIS.



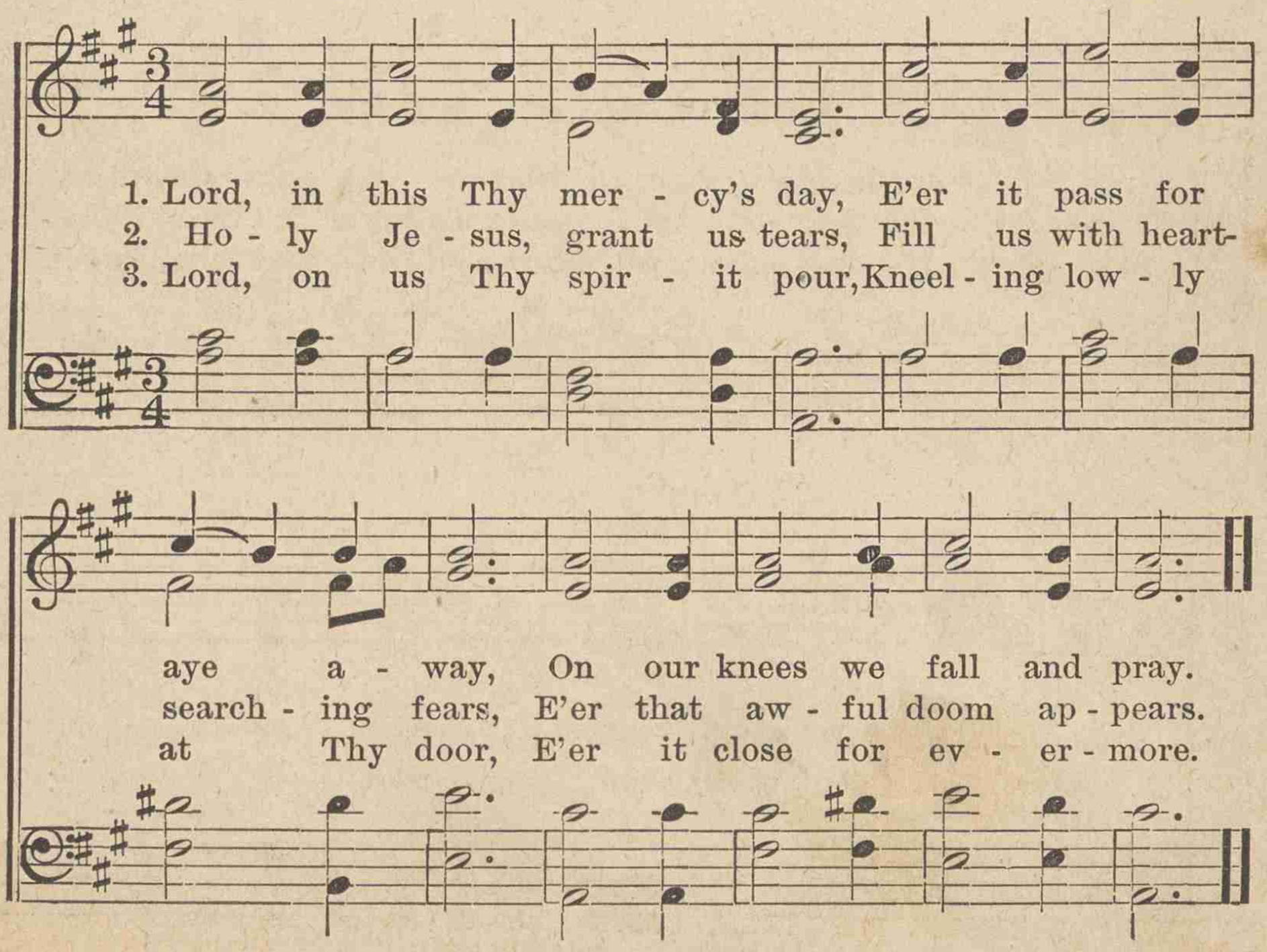
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Though Faint, Yet Pursuing. CONCLUDED.



No. 18. Mercy's Day.
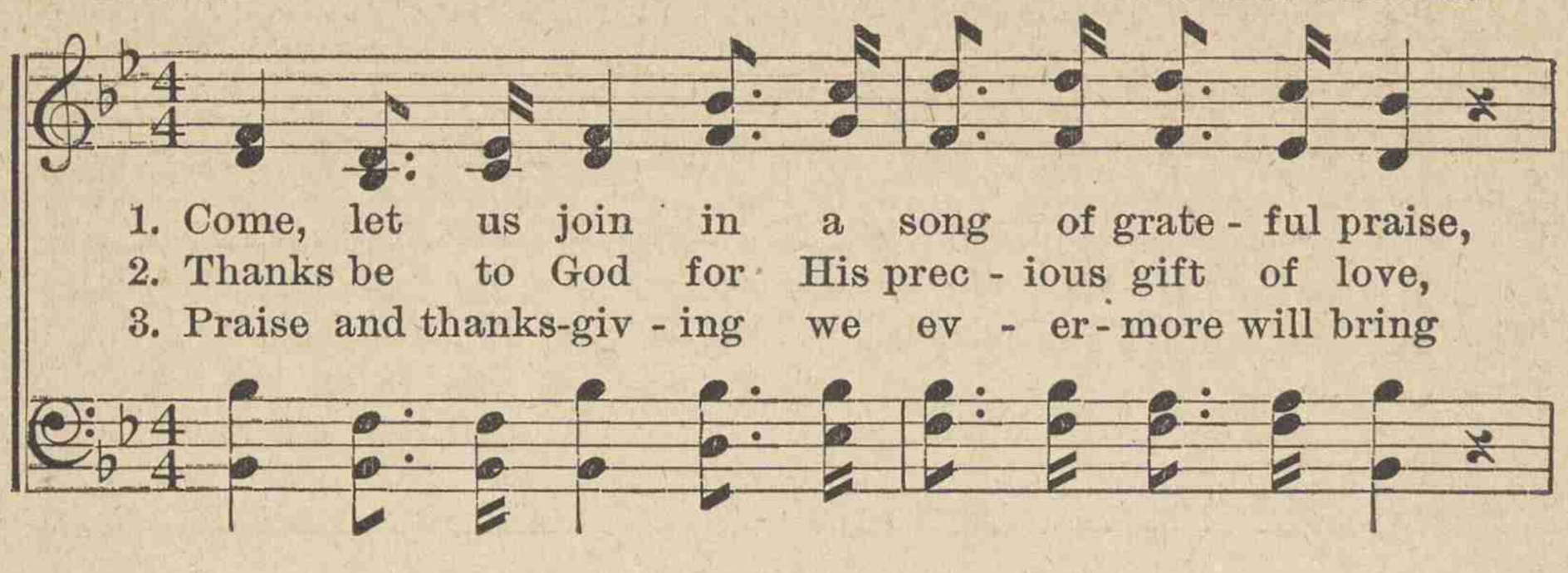
ISAAC WILLIAMS. H. A. L.
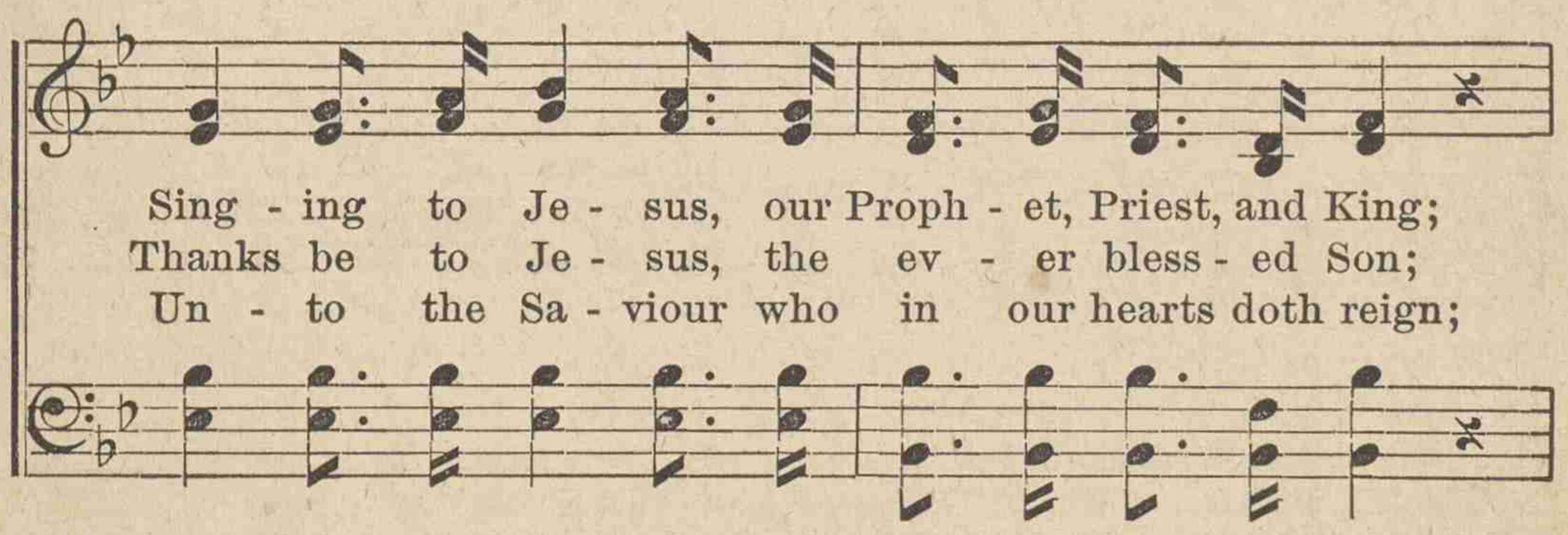


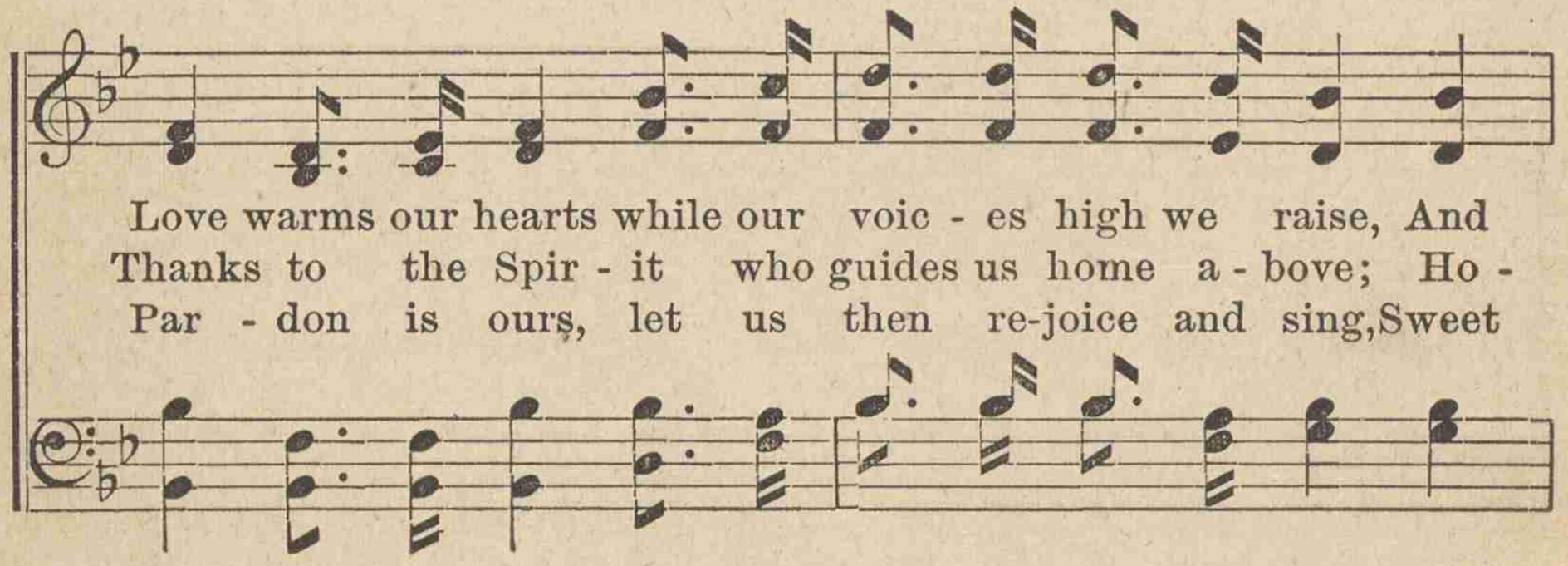
Copyright, 1889, by A. J. SHOWALTER & CO.

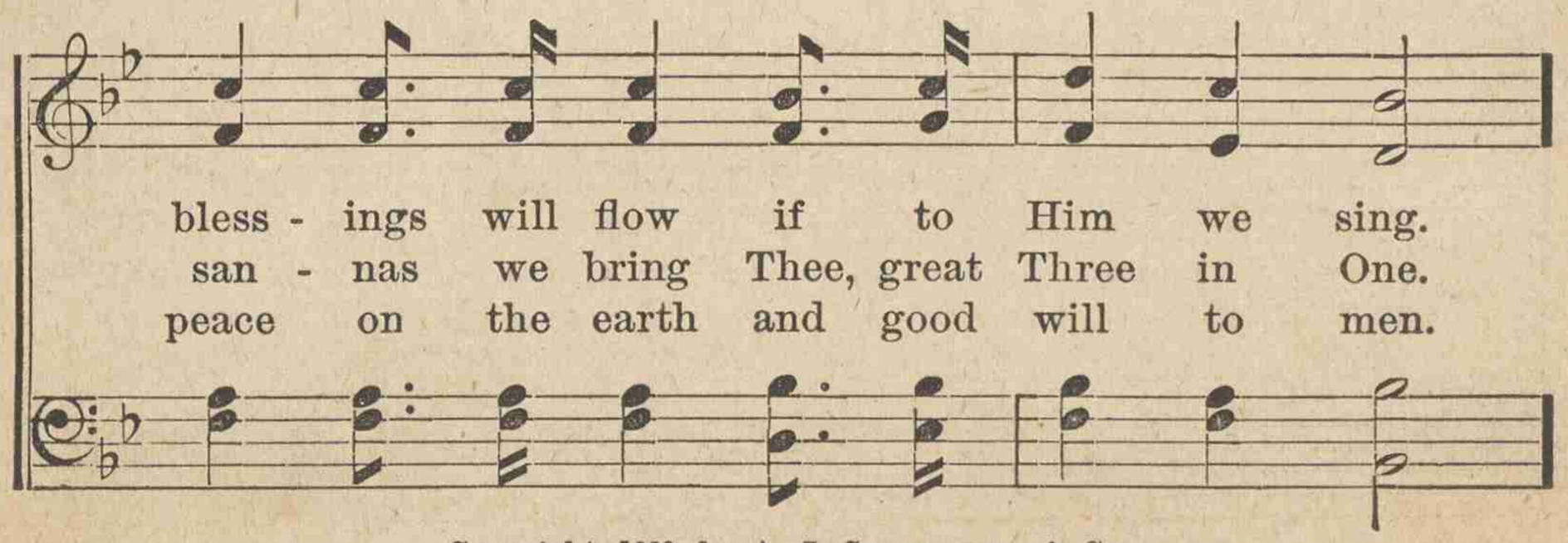
No. 19. Sing a Glad Hosanna.

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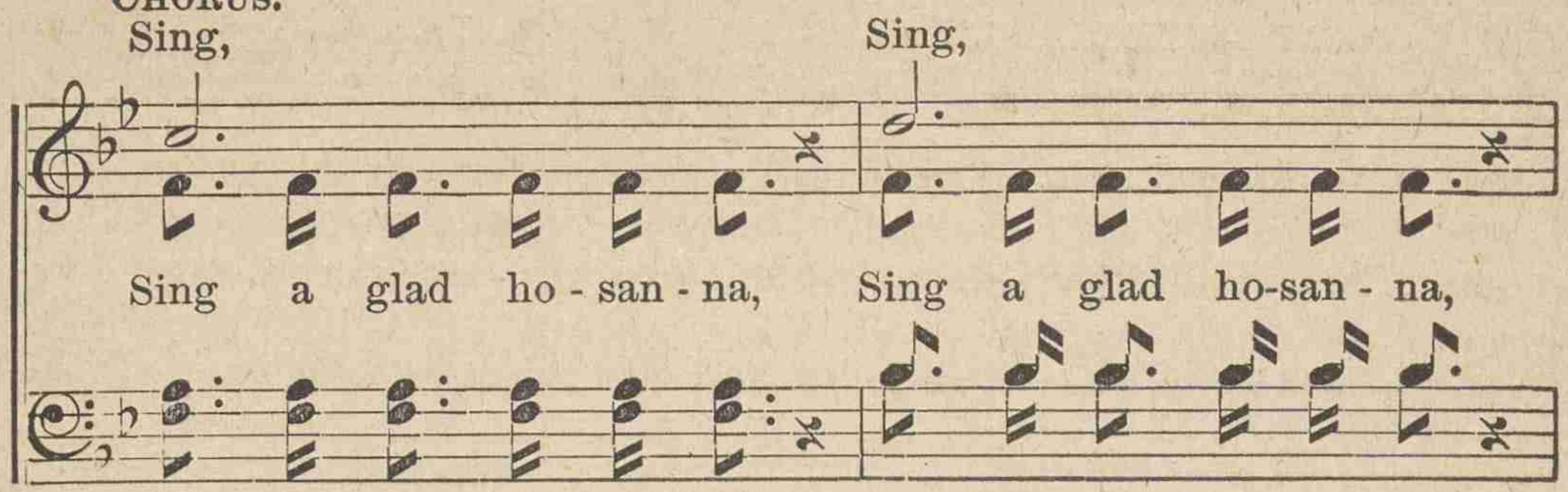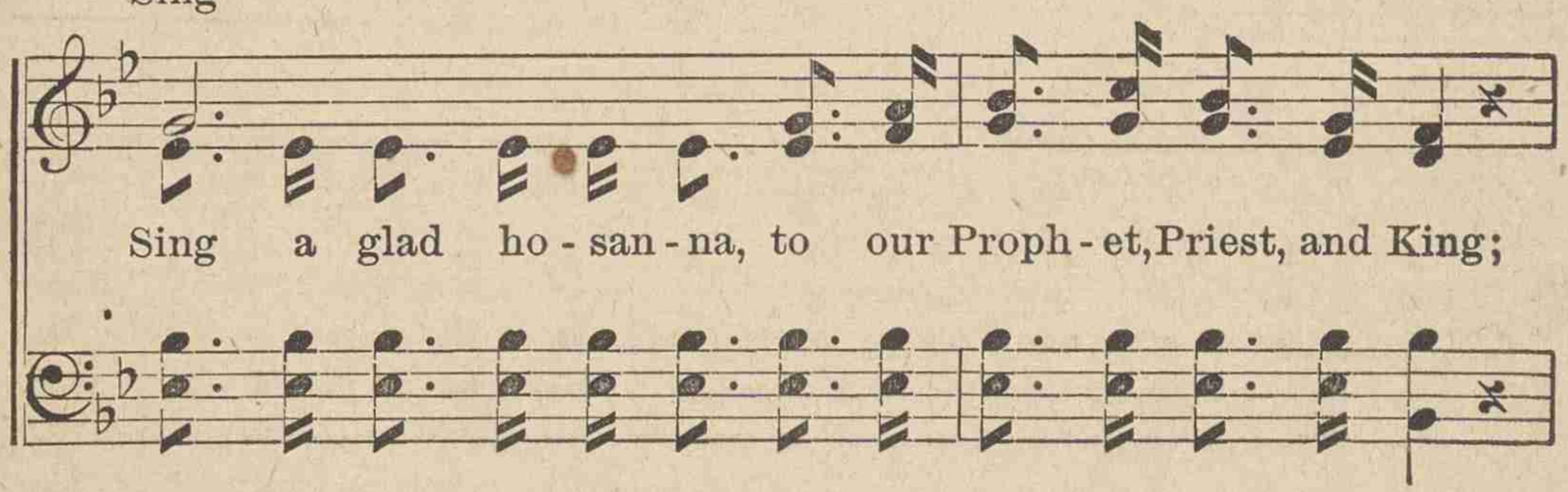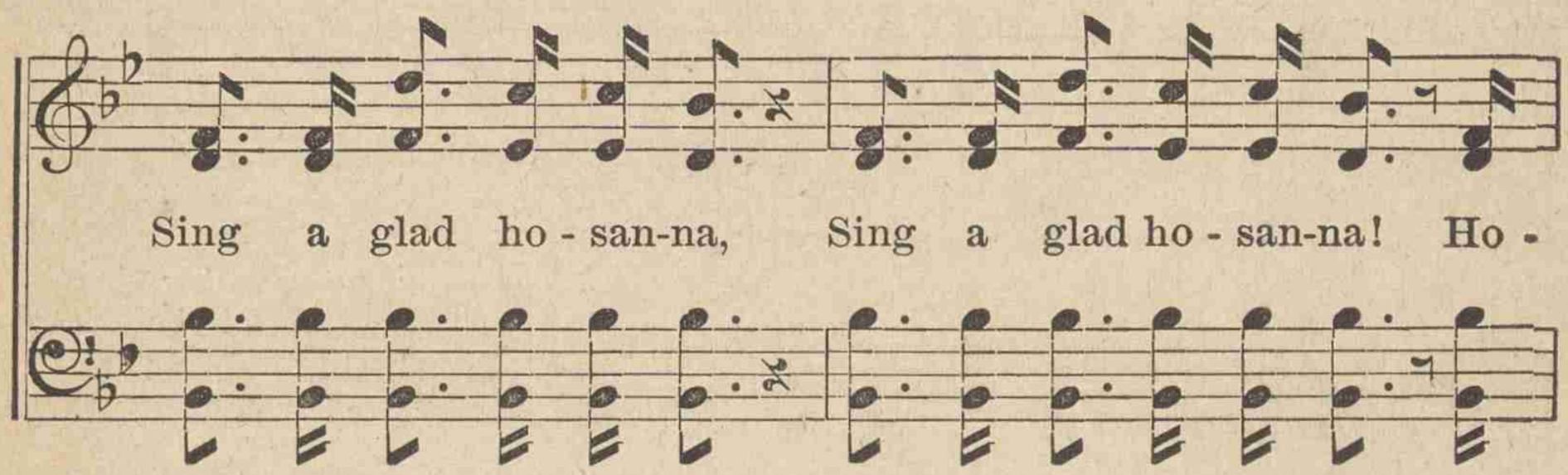








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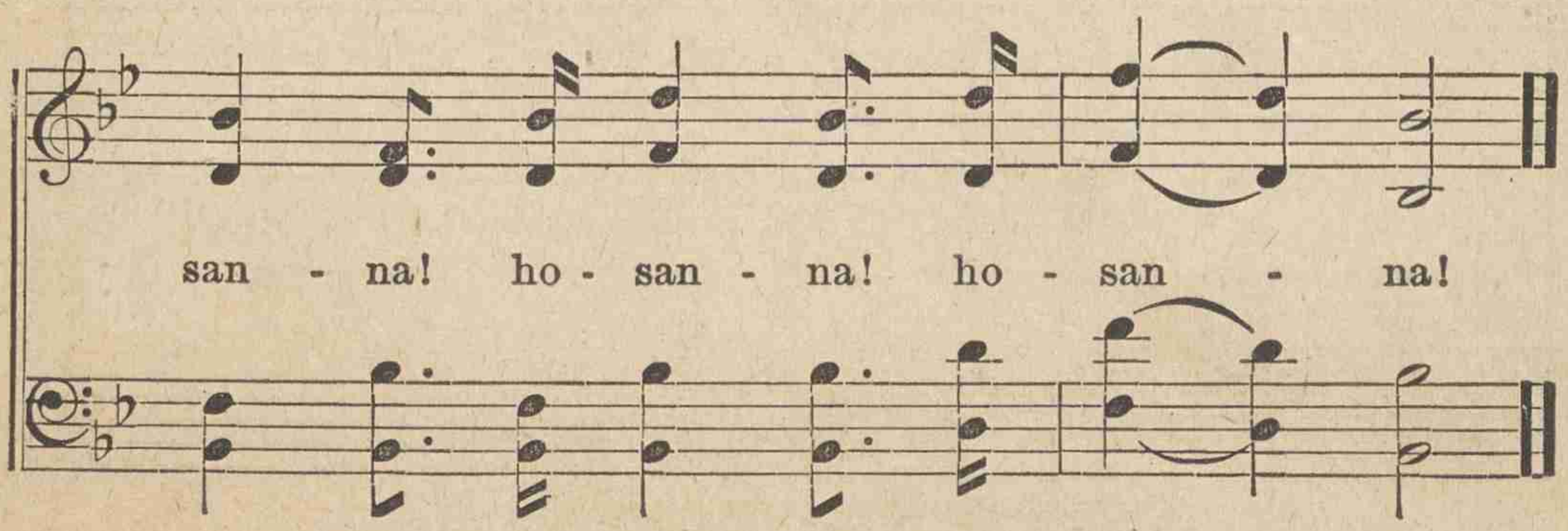
Sing a Glad Hosanna. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.
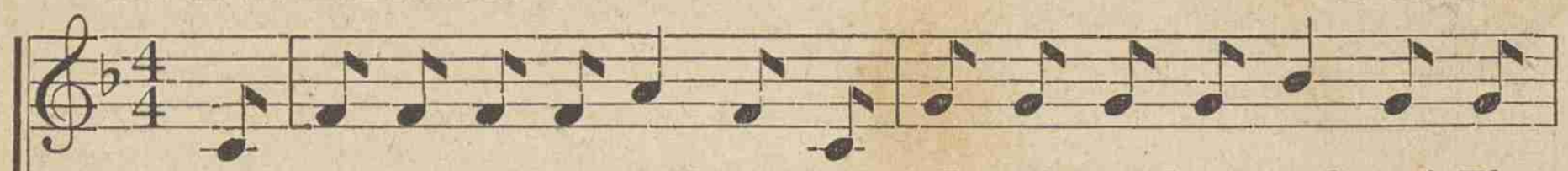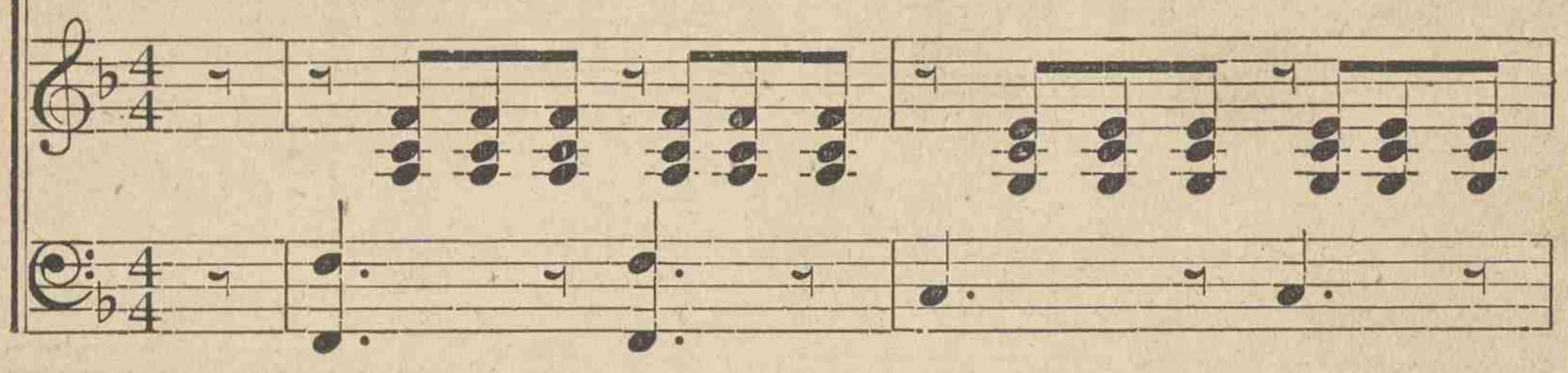








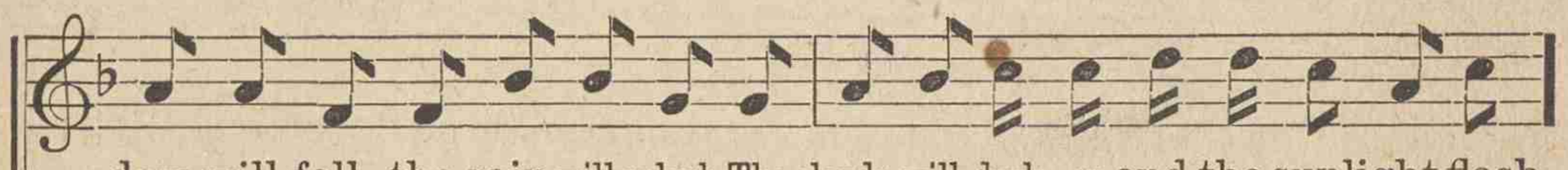
No. 20. Be Careful What You Sow.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. E. A. H.
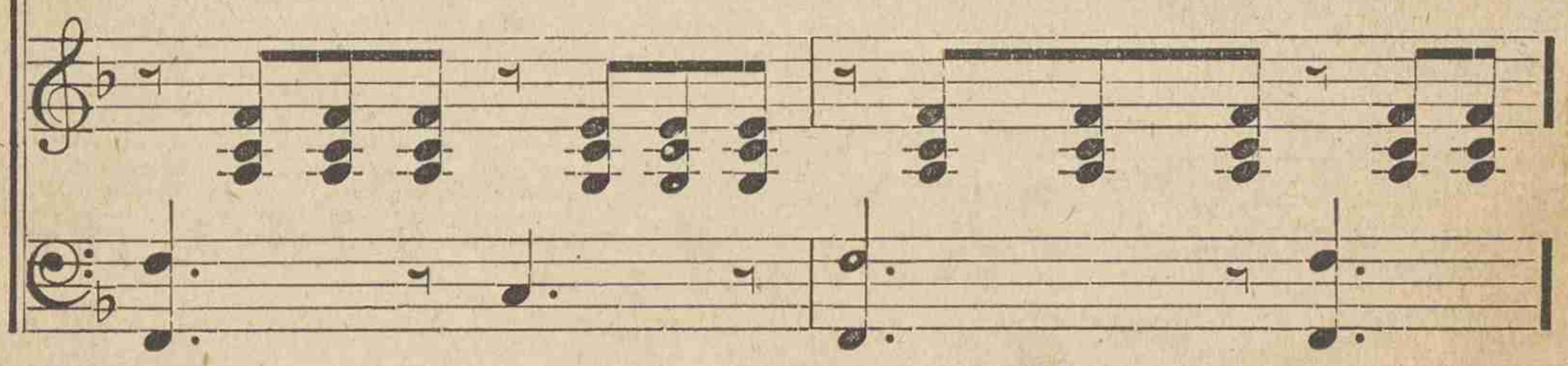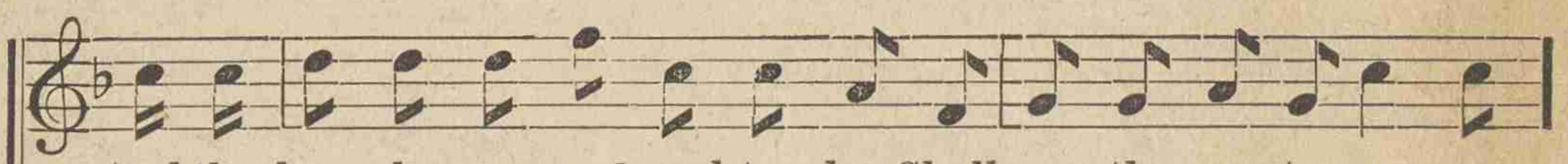


Girls. 1. Be careful what you sow, boys! For seed will sure-ly grow, boys! The
Boys. 2. Be careful what you sow, girls! For ev - ery seed will grow, girls! Where
Girls. 3. Be careful what you sow, boys! For seed will sure-ly grow, boys! The
Boys. 4. Be careful what you sow, girls! For all the bad will grow, girls! The
All. 5. Then let us sow good seeds now! And not the thorns and weeds now! That
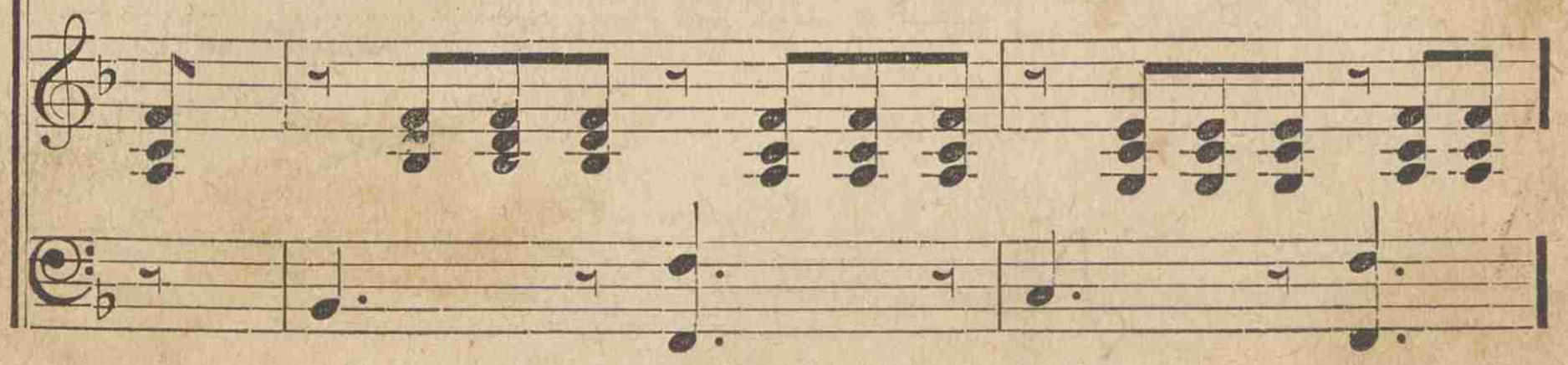




dew will fall, the rain will splash, The clouds will dark - en, and the sunlight flash,
it may fall you cannot know, Yet where it fall-eth it will sure-ly grow,
seed, when sown by wayside high, Must reap a harvest for you by and by,
girl who now, with careless hand, Is scattering thistles o'er the yielding land,
when the har-vest time will come, We'll have some gold-en sheaves to car -ry home,
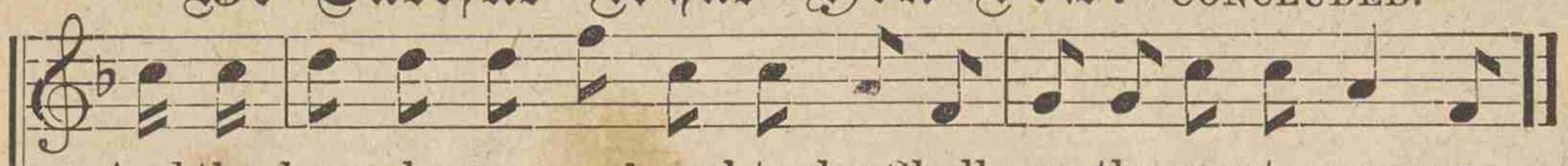




And the boy who sows good seed to - day Shall reap the crop to-mor-row,
And the girl who sows good seed to - day Shall reap the crop to-mor-row,
And the boy who sows wild oats to - day, Must reap wild oats to-mor-row,
Ought to know that what is sown to - day, Will yield the same to-mor-row,
For the seed we sow in life to-day Shall bear its fruit to-mor-row,
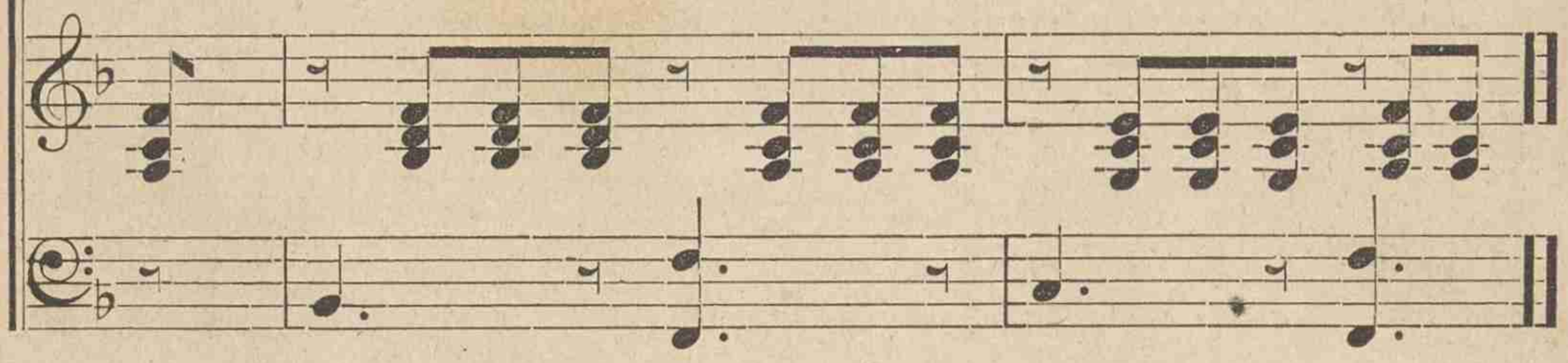


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Be Careful What You Sow. CONCLUDED.
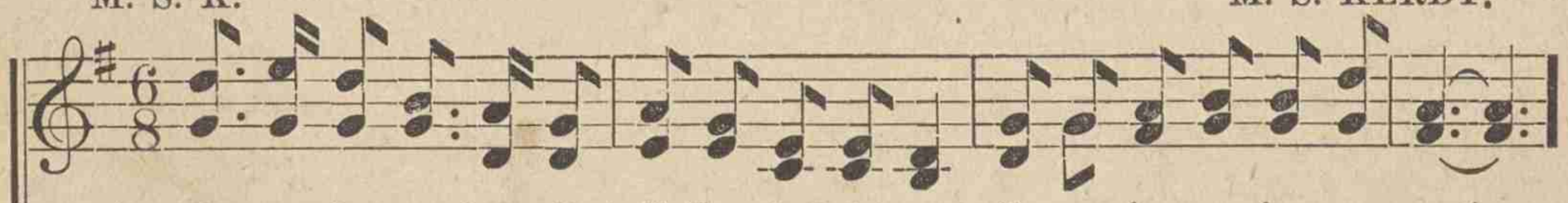


And the boy who sows good seed to-day Shall reap the crop to-mor-row.
And the girl who sows good seed to-day Shall reap the crop to-mor-row.
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day Must reap wild oats to-mor-row.
Ought to know that what is sown to-day Will yield the same to-mor-row.
For the seed we sow in life to-day Shall bear its fruit to-mor-row.
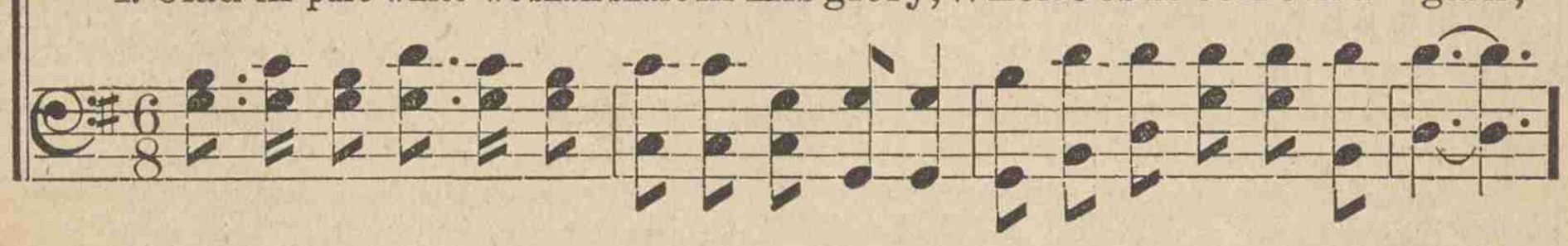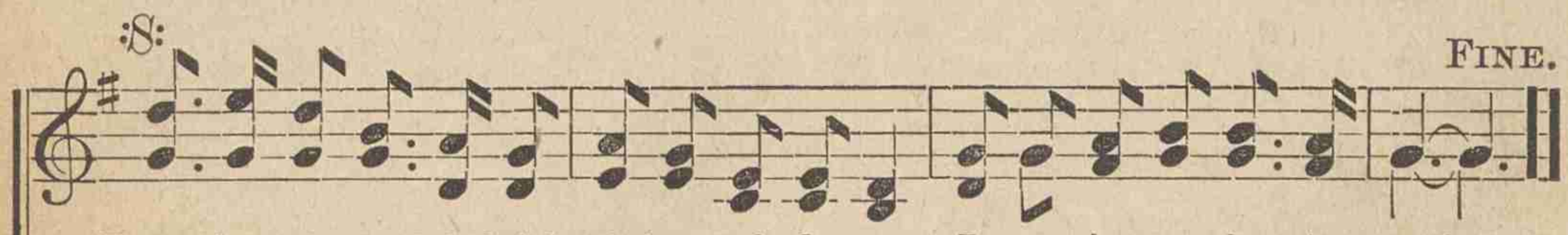


No. 21. Jesus Is Coming Again.

M. S. K. M. S. KERBY.
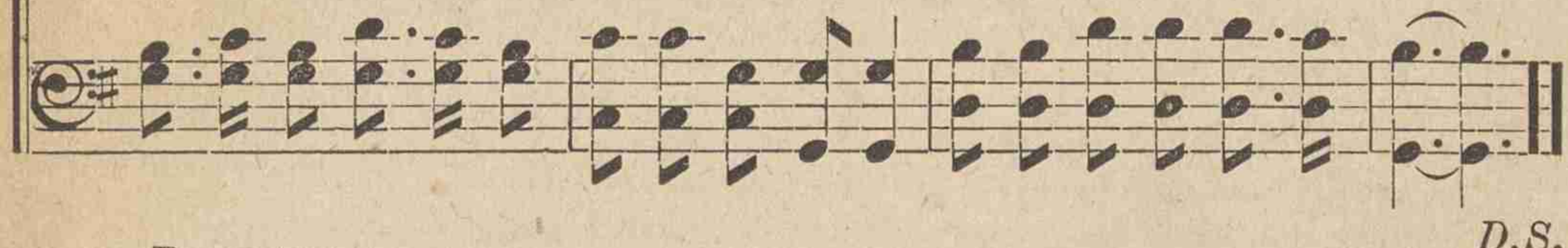


1. Je-sus is coming, O tell the glad sto-ry, Jesus is coming a - gain;
2. Cometh no more with His garments all go-ry, When Jesus cometh a - gain;
3. Bursting their tombs all His loved ones shall greet Him, When Jesus cometh a - gain;
4. Clad in pure white we shall share in His glory, When Jesus cometh a - gain;
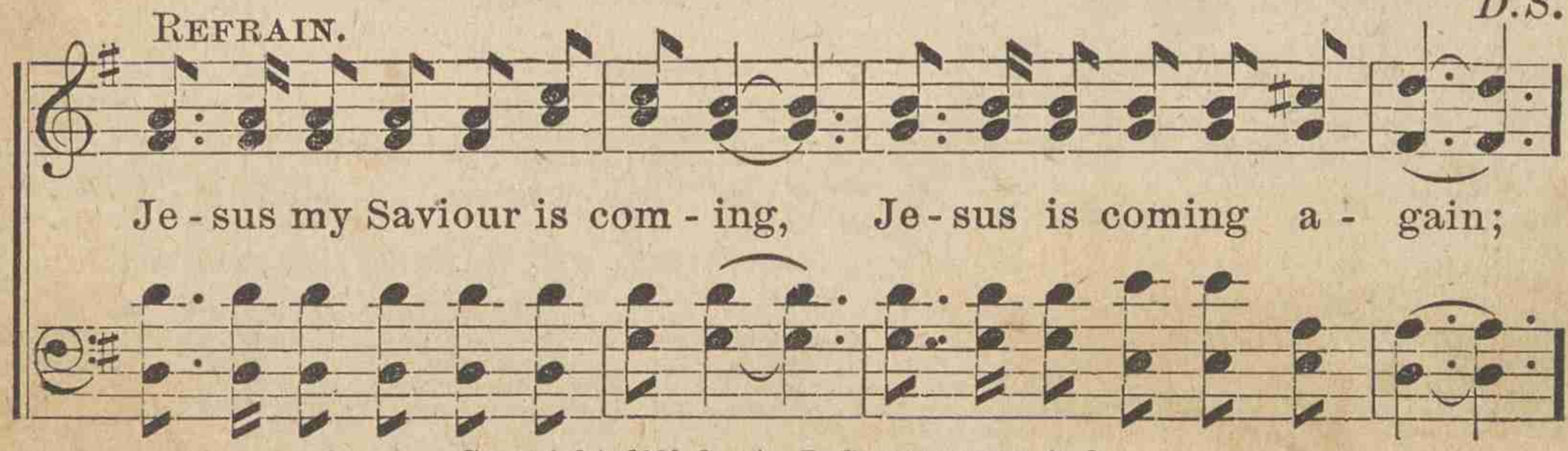




FINE.

Bursting the clouds in bright vis-ions of glo-ry, Jesus is coming to reign.
All His bright hosts shall come with Him from glory, When Je-sus cometh to reign.
Forth from their graves they'll be caught up to meet Him, When Jesus cometh to reign.
All will u-nite in redemption's sweet sto-ry, When Jesus cometh to reign.



D.S.

REFRAIN.
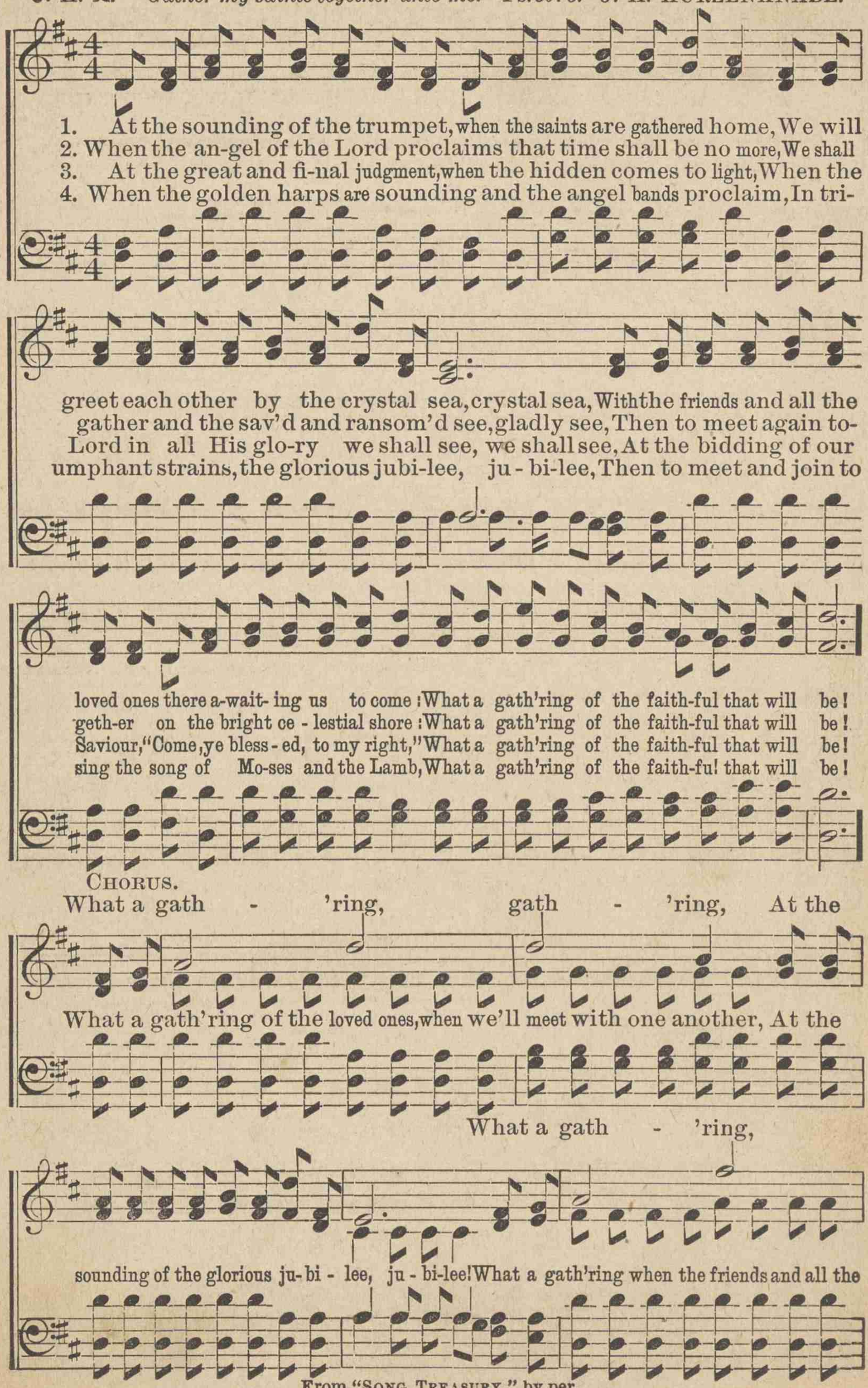


Je - sus my Saviour is com - ing, Je - sus is coming a - gain;

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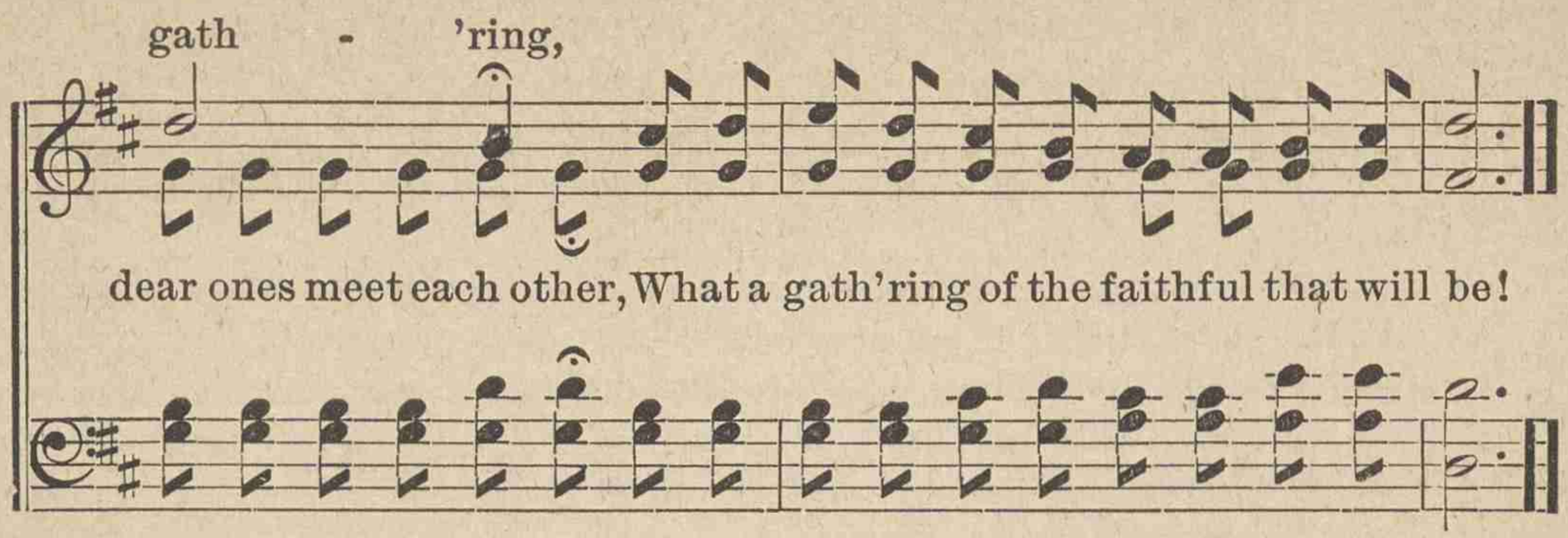
No. 22. What A Gathering That Will Be!

J. H. K. *"Gather my saints together unto me."* Ps. 50: 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



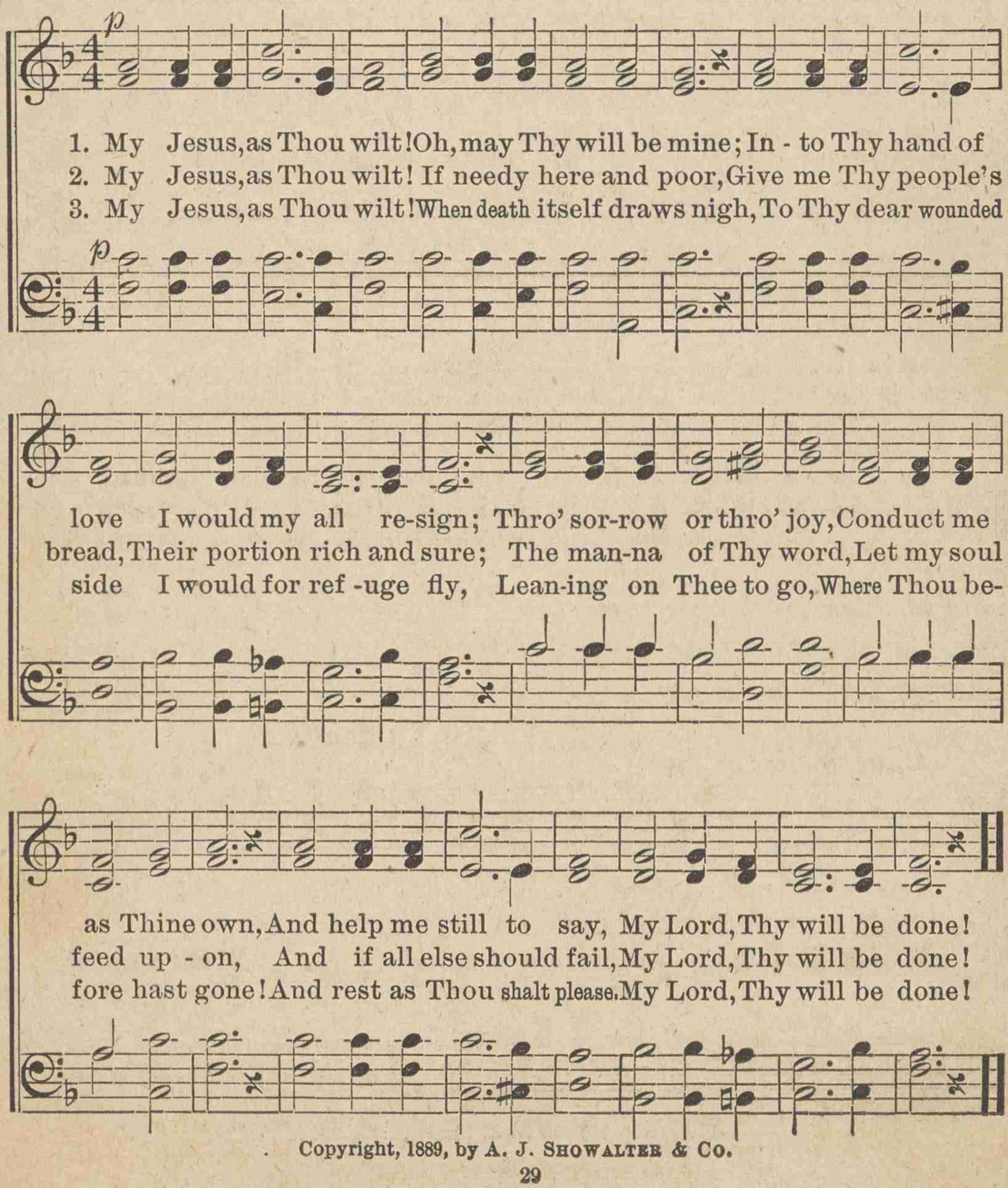
From "SONG TREASURY," by per.

What A Gathering That Will Be. CONCLUDED.



No. 23. As Thou Wilt.

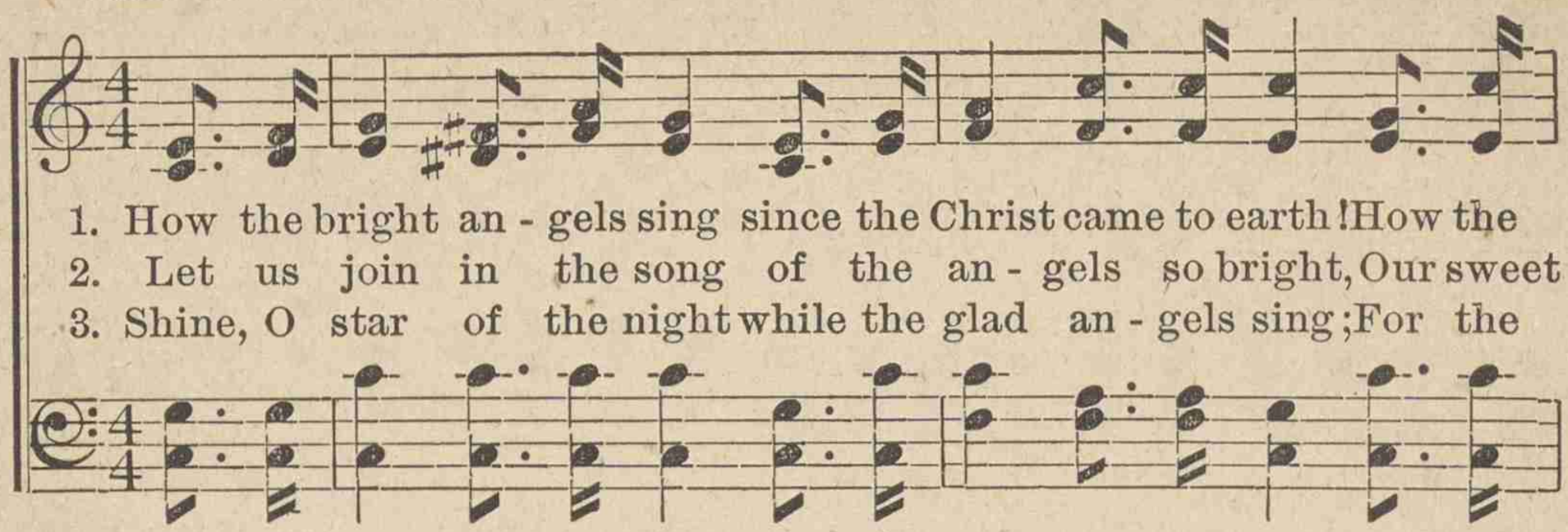
BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE. W. D. ARMSTRONG.



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No. 24. Shine on, Beautiful Star.

MRS. H. E. JONES. J. H. TENNEY.



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Shine on, Beautiful Star. CONCLUDED.

on, beau - ti - ful star, beau - ti - ful
shine on, beau - ti - ful star,

star of the night! Shine on, shine on, fill the
shine on, shine on,

earth with Thy light, Shine on, beau - ti - ful star! Shine

shine on.

on, shine on, beau-ti - ful star, shine on, beau-ti - ful star, shine on!
beau-ti-ful star, shine on,

shine on.

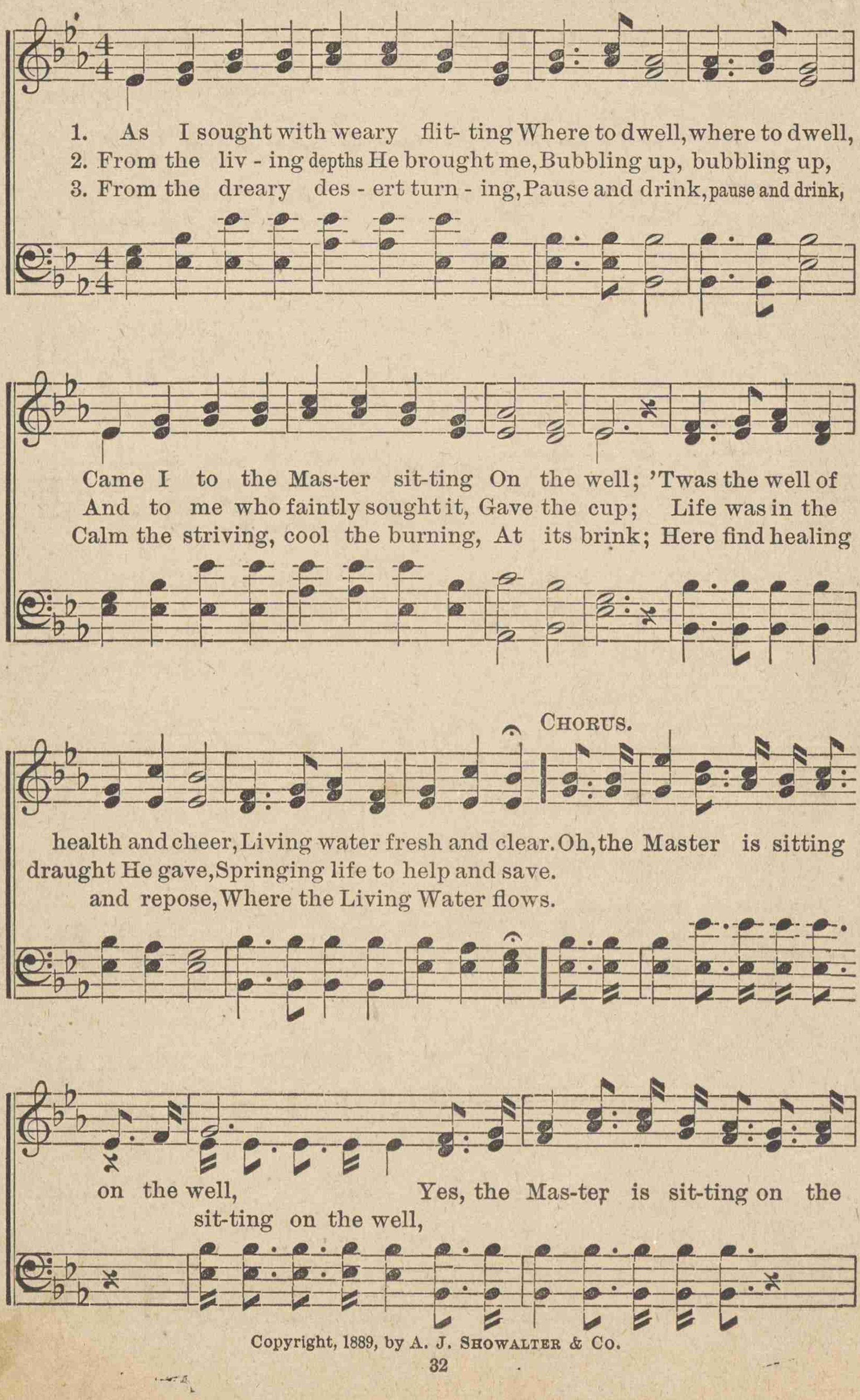
No. 25. Gloria Patri.

ANON.

Glory be to the Father,
and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the begin-
ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.
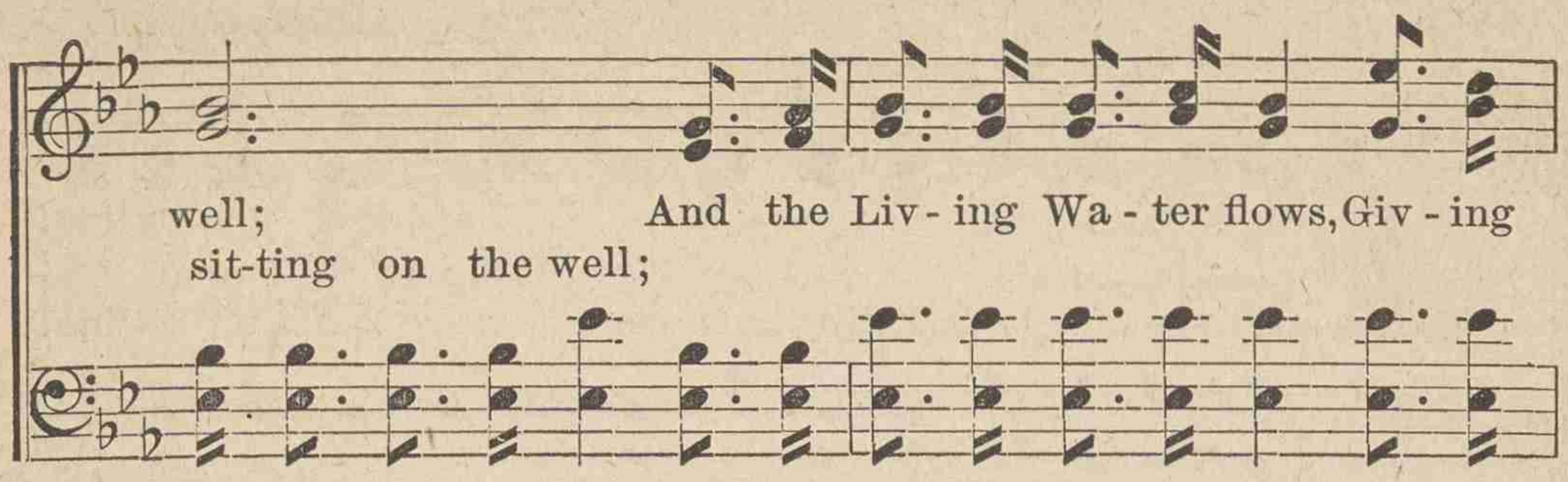
No. 26. Living Water.
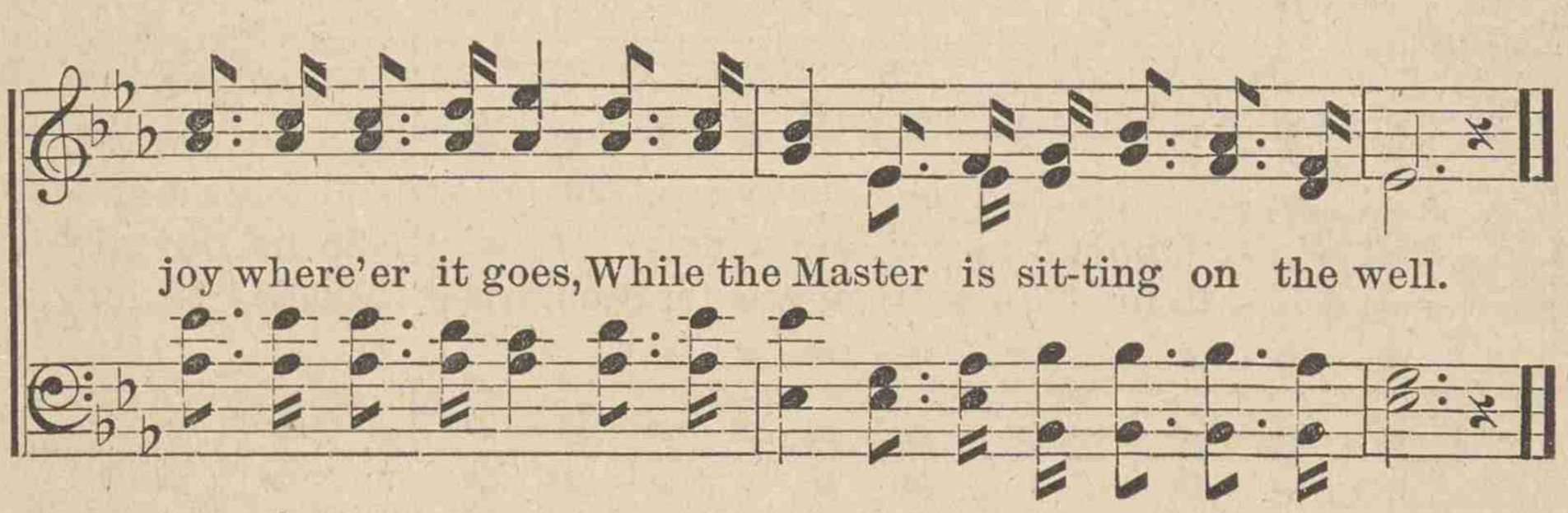
ANON. A. J. SHOWALTER.



Copyright, 1889, by A. J. SHOWALTER & CO.
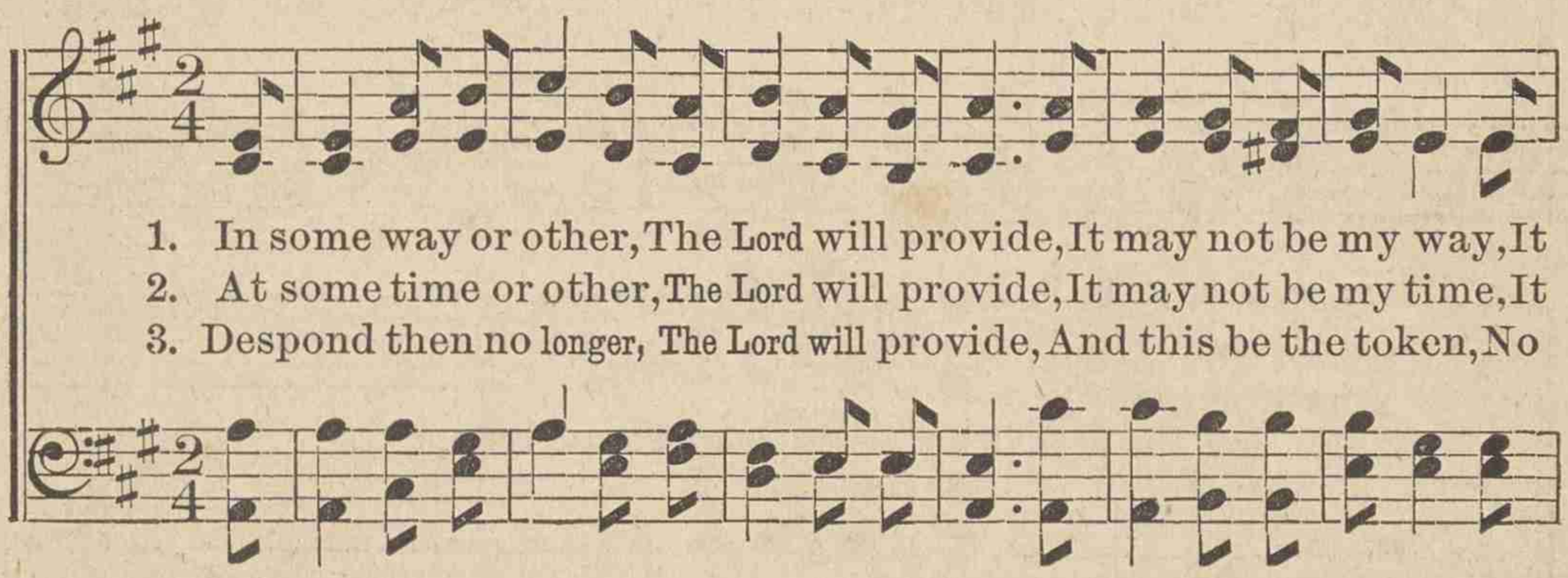
Living Water. CONCLUDED.





No. 27. The Lord Will Provide.

MRS. COOK. A. J. SHOWALTER.



Copyright, 1889, by A. J. SHOWALTER & Co.

No. 28. Rally For The Right!

E. A. H. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol - diers recruit-ing in the ranks of the Lord, Fall in - to line!
2. There is a bat - tle to be fought for the Right, Fall in - to line!
3. Ear-nest the con-flict, needing brave men and strong, Fall in - to line!

Fall in - to line! Gird on the ar-mor, both the shield and the sword,
Fall in - to line! And we can win it if we strike in our might,
Fall in - to line! We will not fal-ter though the struggle be long,

CHORUS.

Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line! Ral-ly then! ral - ly then!

Ral-ly for the right! God needs the brave and true,

God needs the true, then

Ral-ly then! ral - ly then! Ral-ly in your might! God is call-ing you!

Copyright, 1888, by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Used by per.

No. 29. Bring in the Children.

"Suffer little children to come unto me." CHRIST.

ANON. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Sprightly.

1. Bring in the children, oh, bring them in, Lure them to turn from the high-ways of sin; Lead their young feet in the paths of God,
2. Turn not a-way from a garment torn, Un-der the tatters God's im-age is worn, In-to the house of the un-de-filed
3. Hark! blessed words; oh, "forbid them not," Come they from hovel, or pal-ace, or cot, But if a bless-ing from Je-sus you'd win,
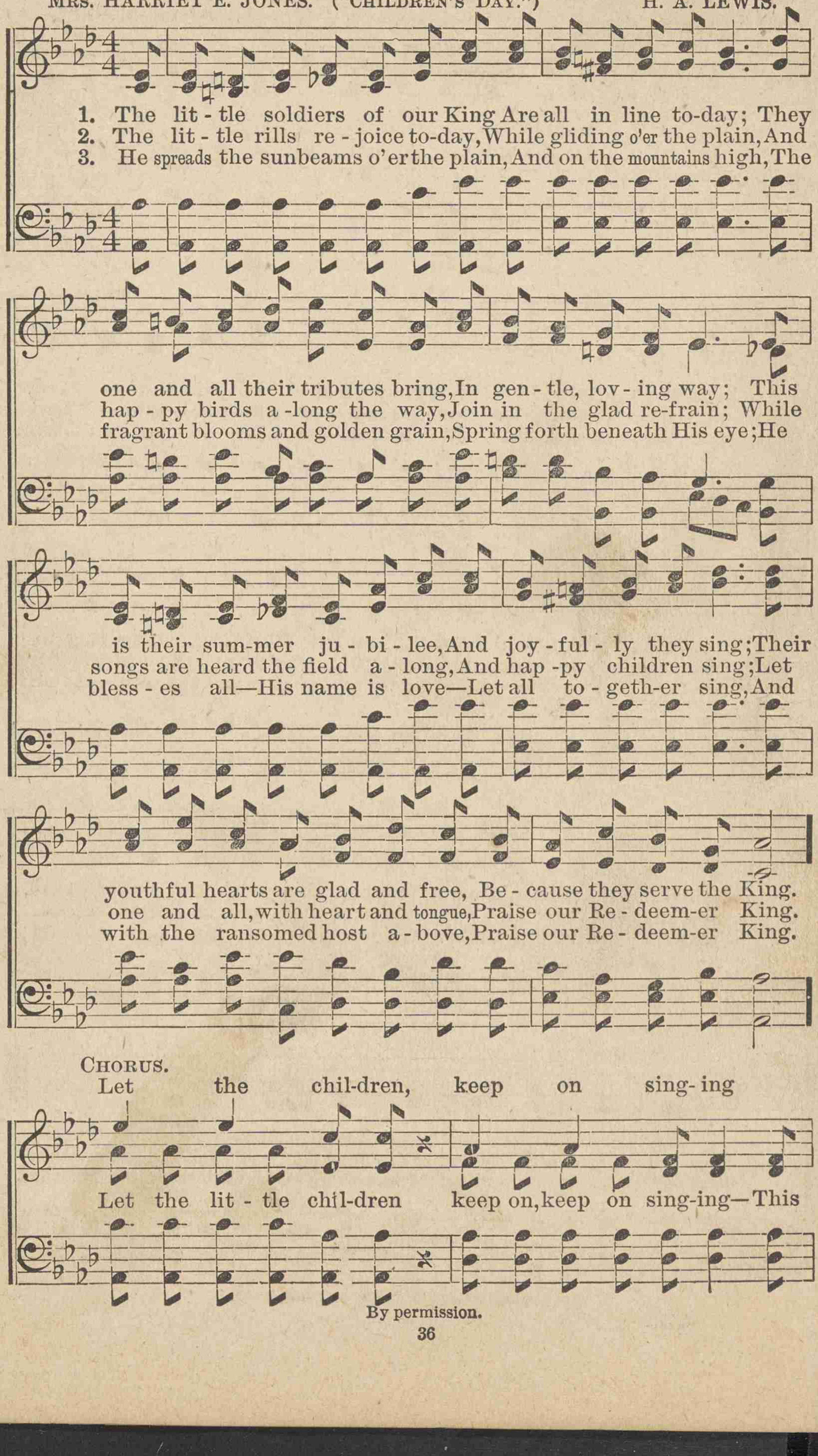
Point them the way which the Saviour trod. Christ will be waiting to welcome them there, Waiting to crown them with jew-els so rare,
We may not en-ter un-less as a child. Bring in the children for Je-sus to hold, He will embrace them as of-ten of old,
Go thro' the by-ways and bring them in. Sympa-thy soon-est will en-ter the heart, Causing the tear-drop of kind-ness to start;

Waiting to bless and to guard them from sin, Heed then the message and bring them in.
He will en-rich them with blessings so rare Bring them to Je-sus His love to share.
Gath-er them in to the temple of prayer, So in His kingdom bright crowns they'll wear.

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No. 30. Praise Our Redeemer—King.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. ("CHILDREN'S DAY.") H. A. LEWIS.



By permission.

Praise Our Redeemer—King. CONCLUDED

And

is their summer ju - bi - lee—Yes, let their voic-es ring! And

while the chil-dren chant ho - san-nas,

while the lit - tle children chant their glad ho - san-nas, Let

all, this hap - py, gold - en day, Praise our Re-deem- er - King.

No. 31. Father, We Thank Thee.

H. A. L.

1. Fa - ther, we thank Thee For all Thy won-drous love,
2. Still may we ev - er Be un - der Thy dear care,

Lead - ing us gen - tly To Thy dear home a - bove.
Walk - ing by wa - ters And pas-tures sweet and fair.

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No. 32. Behold! the Bridegroom Cometh.

G. MOULTRIE. H. A. LEWIS.

1. Be - hold! the bridegroom com-eth in the mid-dle of the night, And
2. Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down, Lest
3. That day, the day of fear shall come, my soul, slack not thy toil, But

blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright; But
thou be giv - en o'er to death, and lose the gold-en crown; But
light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil; Thou

woe to that dull ser-vant, whom his Mas - ter shall surprise With
see that thou be so - ber, with a watch-ful eye, and thus Cry—
know-est not how soon may sound the cry at e - ven-tide, Be -

D.S. watch, and bear thy lamp un-dimm'd, and Christ shall gird thee on His

lamp untrimm'd, un-burn - ing and with slum-ber in his eyes.
ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, have mer - cy up - on us.
hold! the bride-groom comes, a - rise! He comes to meet the bride.

own bright wedding robe of light—the glo - ry of the Son.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
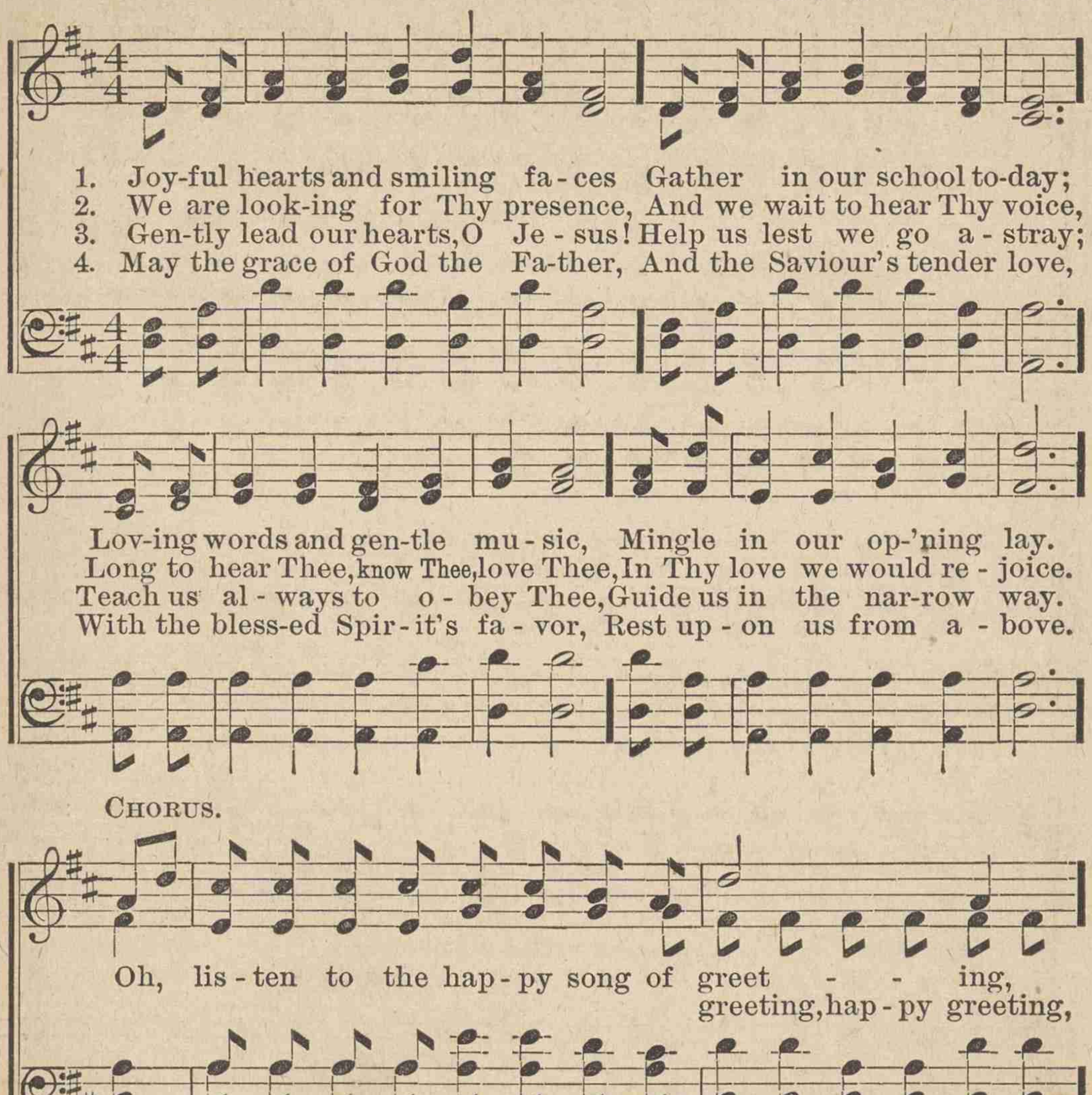
Take heed, my soul, lest thou in slumber lie, Remain without, and knock, and vainly cry; But

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No. 33. Welcome to Our Sabbath Home.

* * * *

A. J. SHOWALTER.
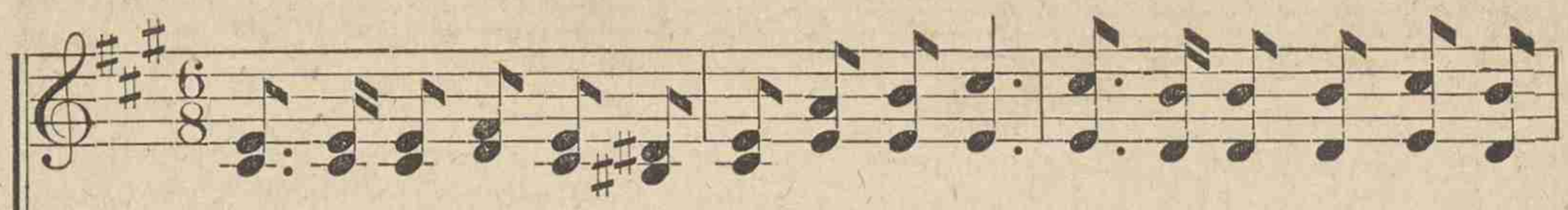


CHORUS.

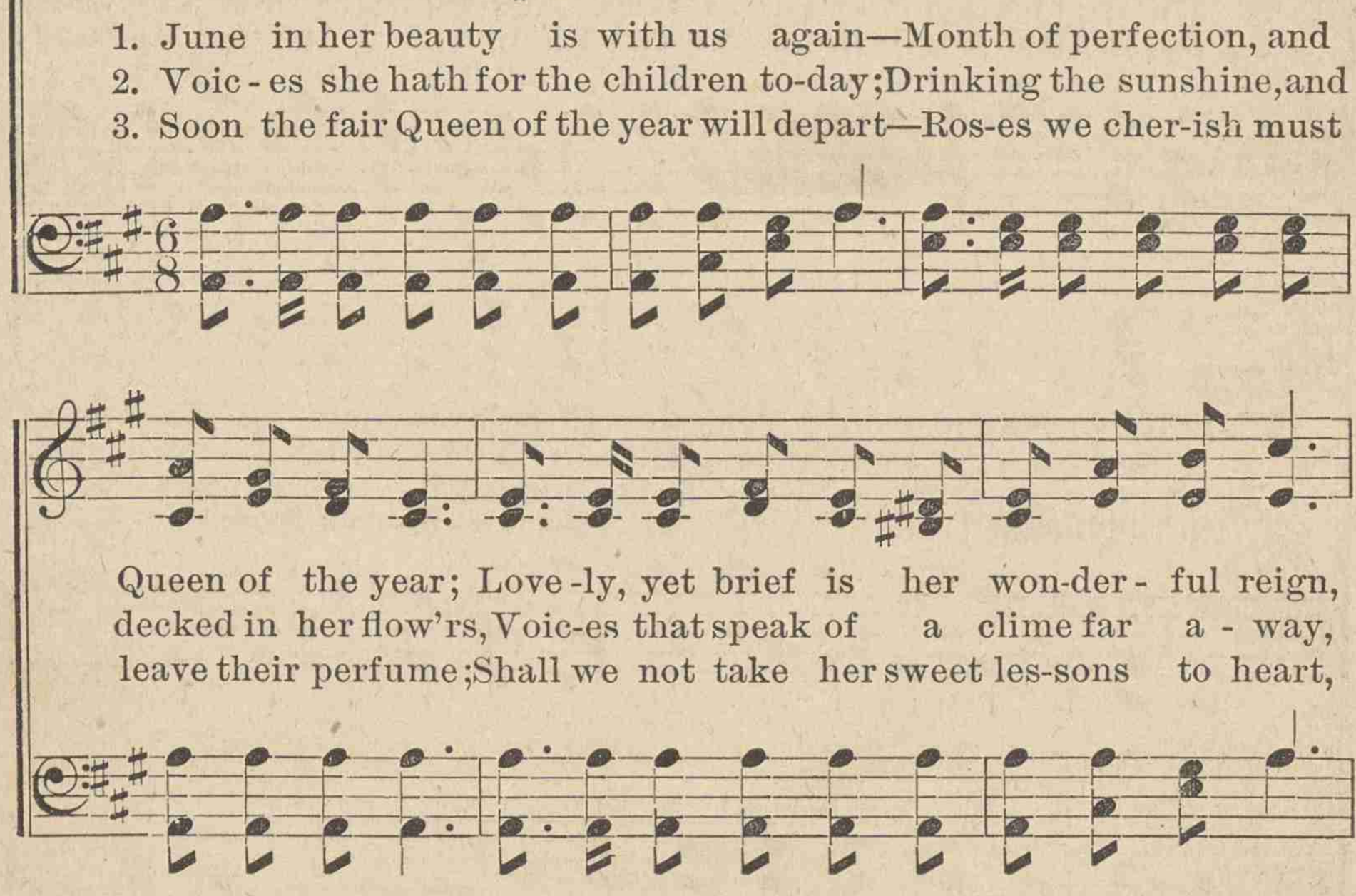
Copyright, 1889, by A. J. SHOWALTER & Co.

No. 34. June in Her Beauty.
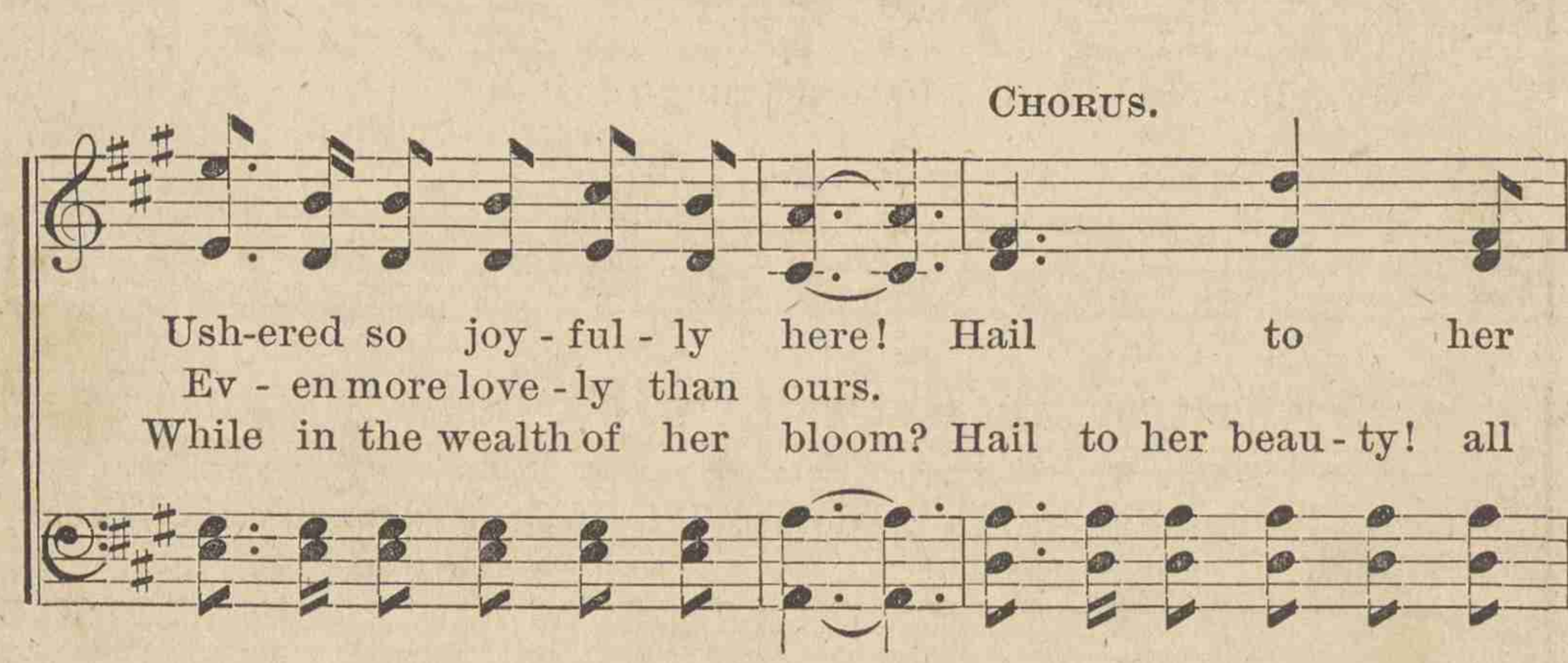
E. S. BROWN. ("CHILDREN'S DAY.") H. A. LEWIS.



1. June in her beauty is with us again—Month of perfection, and
2. Voic - es she hath for the children to-day;Drinking the sunshine,and
3. Soon the fair Queen of the year will depart—Ros-es we cher-ish must
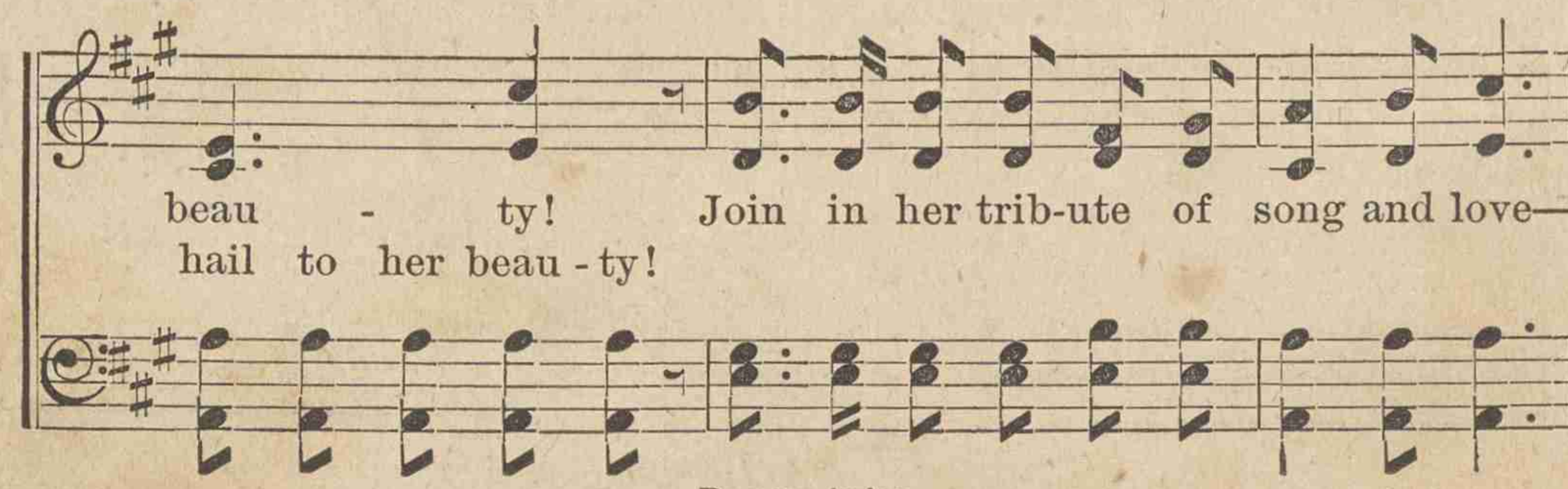


Queen of the year; Love -ly, yet brief is her won-der - ful reign,
decked in her flow'rs, Voic-es that speak of a clime far a - way,
leave their perfume;Shall we not take her sweet les-sons to heart,



CHORUS.
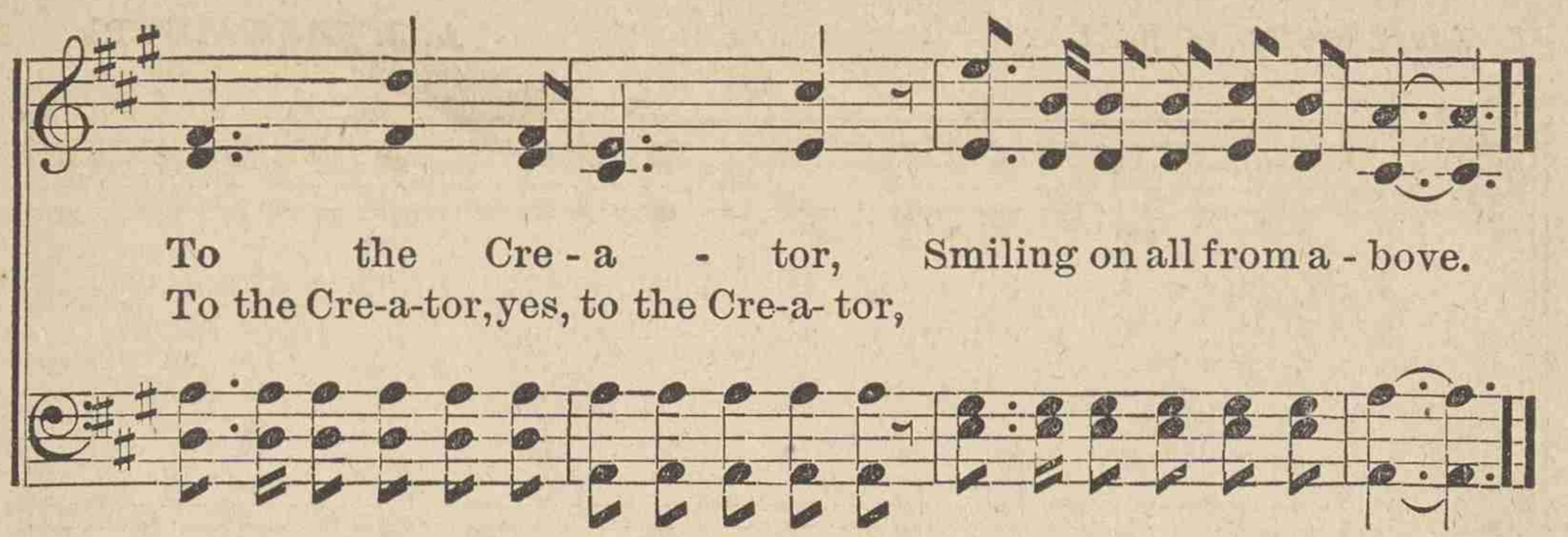
Ush-ered so joy - ful - ly here! Hail to her
Ev - en more love - ly than ours.
While in the wealth of her bloom? Hail to her beau - ty! all



beau - ty! Join in her trib-ute of song and love—
hail to her beau - ty!

By permission.

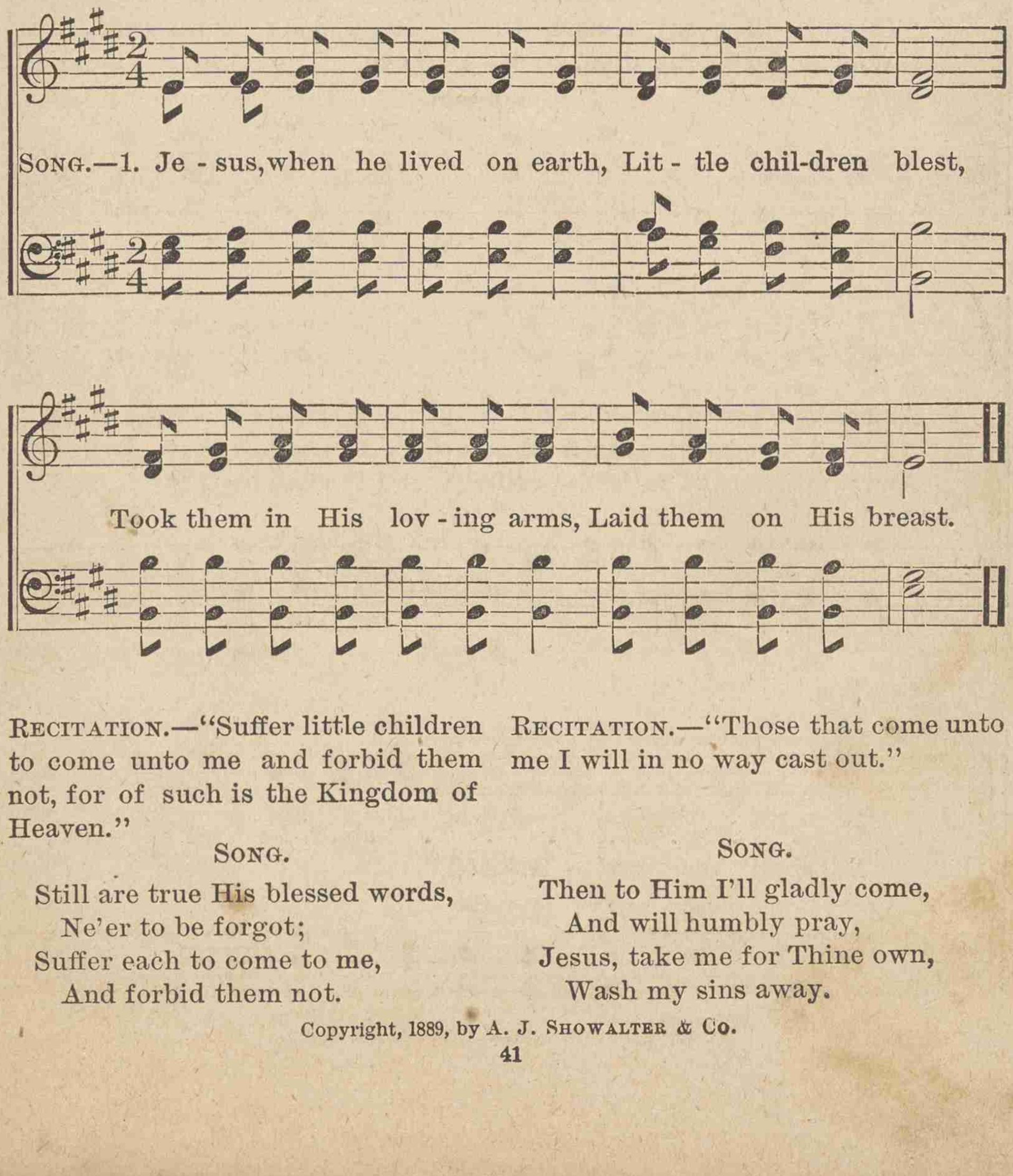
June in Her Beauty. CONCLUDED.



No. 35. Precious Words.

H. A. LEWIS.

RECITATION.—And Jesus took a little child and placed in the midst of them.



RECITATION.—"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

SONG.

Still are true His blessed words,
Ne'er to be forgot;
Suffer each to come to me,
And forbid them not.

RECITATION.—"Those that come unto me I will in no way cast out."

SONG.

Then to Him I'll gladly come,
And will humbly pray,
Jesus, take me for Thine own,
Wash my sins away.

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No. 36. I Shall Be Satisfied.

Arr. from Dr. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. When I a - wake in that sweet morn of morns,
2. When I shall meet all of those I have loved,
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him

Af - ter whose dawn - ing night ne'er re-turns,
Clasp in my arms the long, long removed,
Who for me died, with eye no more dim,

And with whose glory day ev - er burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
And find how faithful Thou then hast proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
And praise Him with Heav'n's deep-swelling hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied,

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I Shall Be Satisfied. CONCLUDED.

I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,

When I a - wake in Thy like - ness;
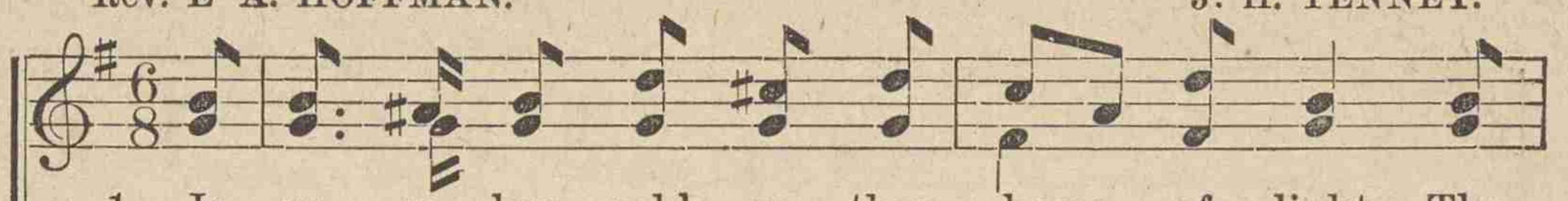
I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied,

I . . . . . shall be sat - is - fied,
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,
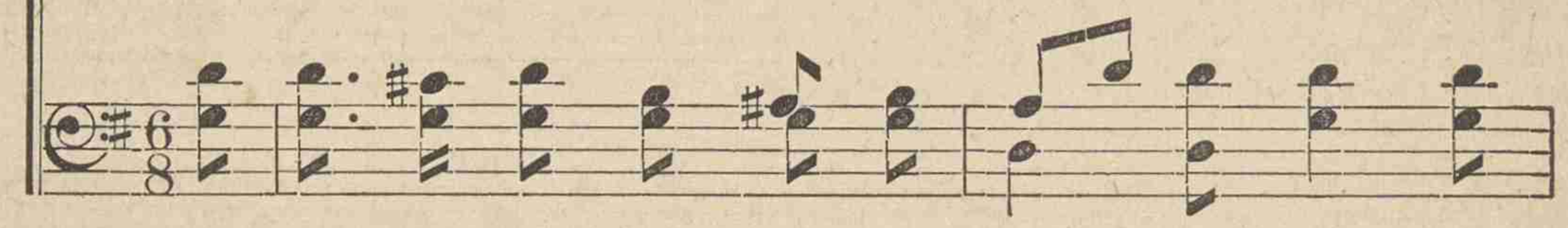
When I a - wake in Thy like - ness.

No. 37. It Would Not Be Heaven.
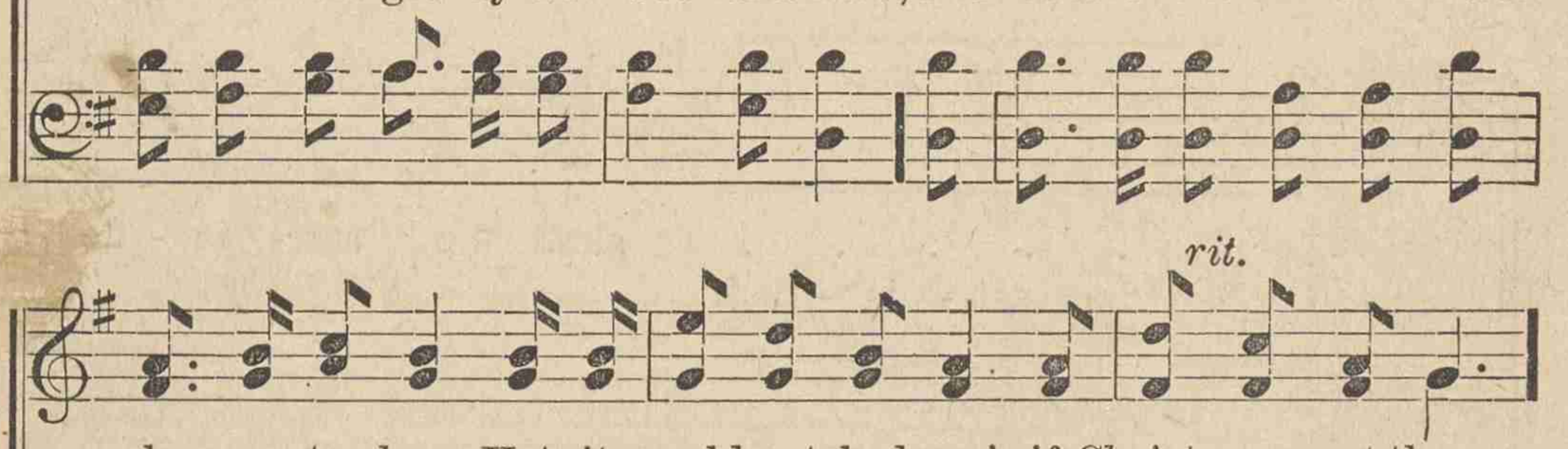
Rev. E A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.
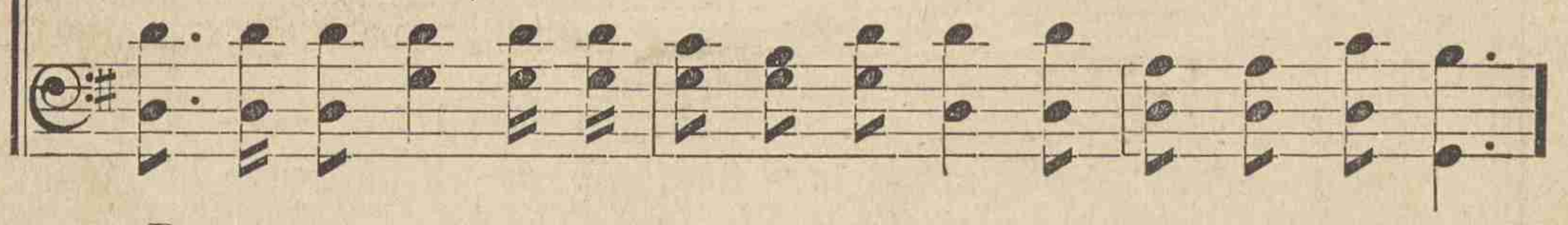


1. Je - ru - sa - lem gold - en, thou home of light, The
2. Thy skies are se - re - ner by far than ours; More
3. They say that thy path-ways are wrought of gold, That
4. That beau - ti - ful home is for you and me; Its



country of song, and the saints' delight, We long all thy beauty and
crys-tal the wat-ers, more sweet the flow'rs, More green are the fields, more am-
yon-der are rich- es and joys un-told; We know thou art glorious and
rich and rare glo -ry we soon shall see; The robes of the ransomed we
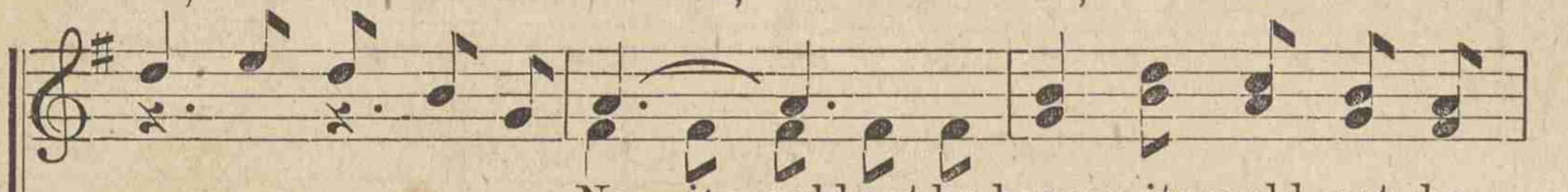


glo - ry to share, Yet it would not be heav'n if Christ were not there.
bro-sial the air, Yet it would not be heav'n if Christ were not there.
wondrously fair, Yet it would not be heav'n if Christ were not there.
soon shall wear, Yet it would not be heav'n if Christ were not there.
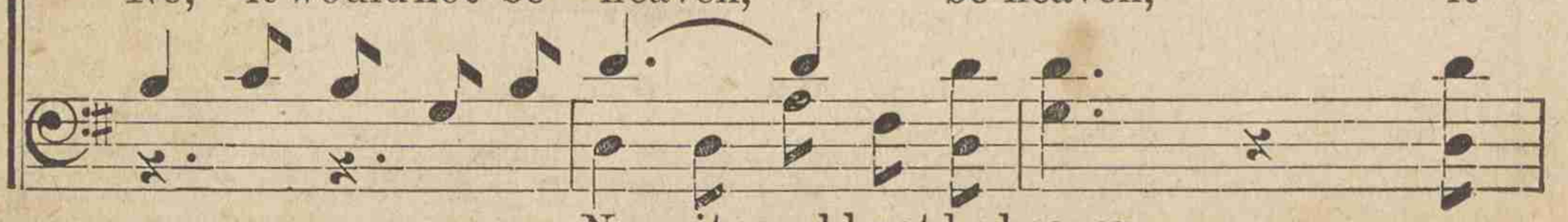


REFRAIN.

No, it would not be heaven, No, it would not be



No, it would not be heaven, it would not be
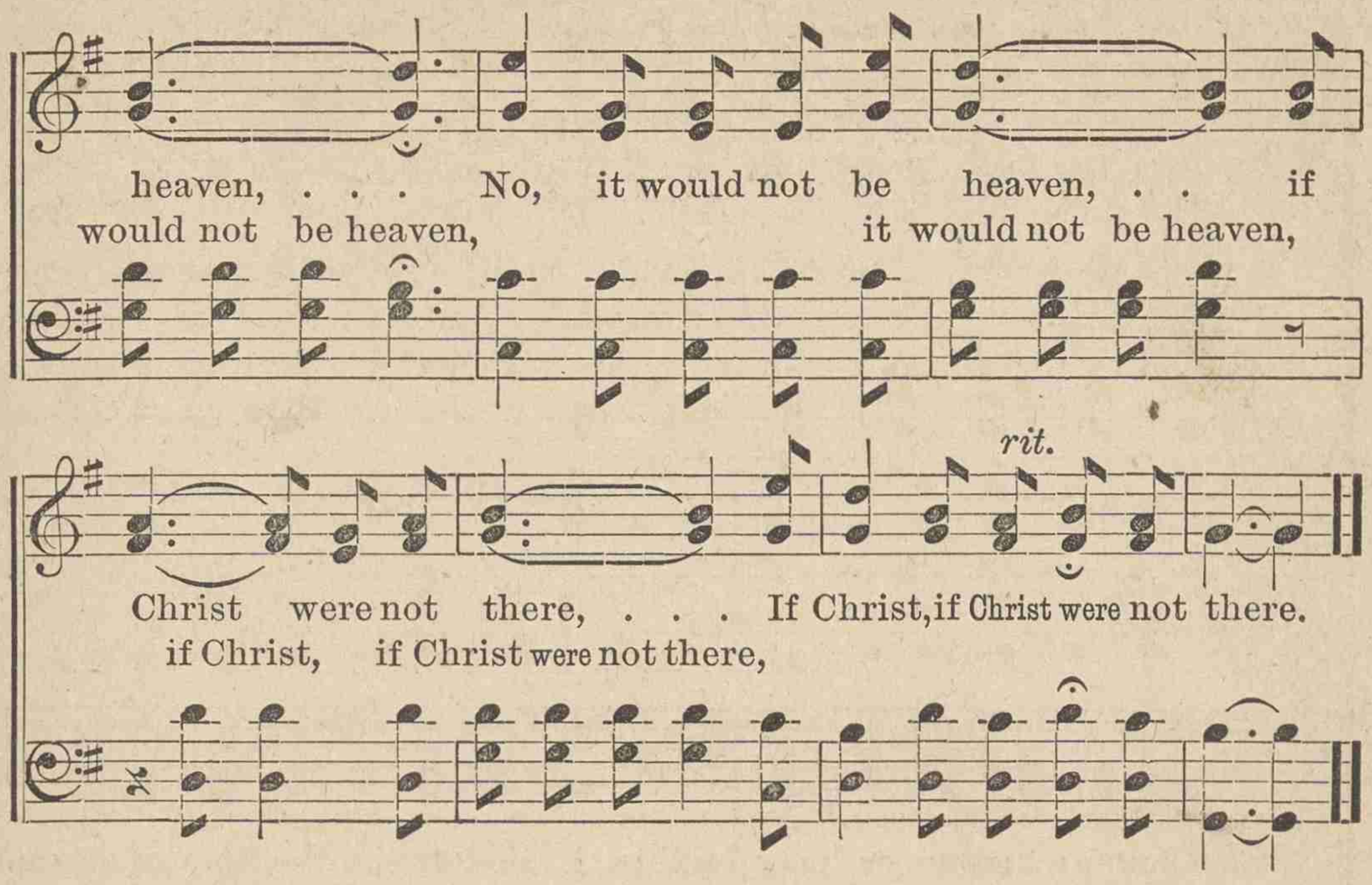
No, it would not be heaven, be heaven, it



No, it would not be heaven,

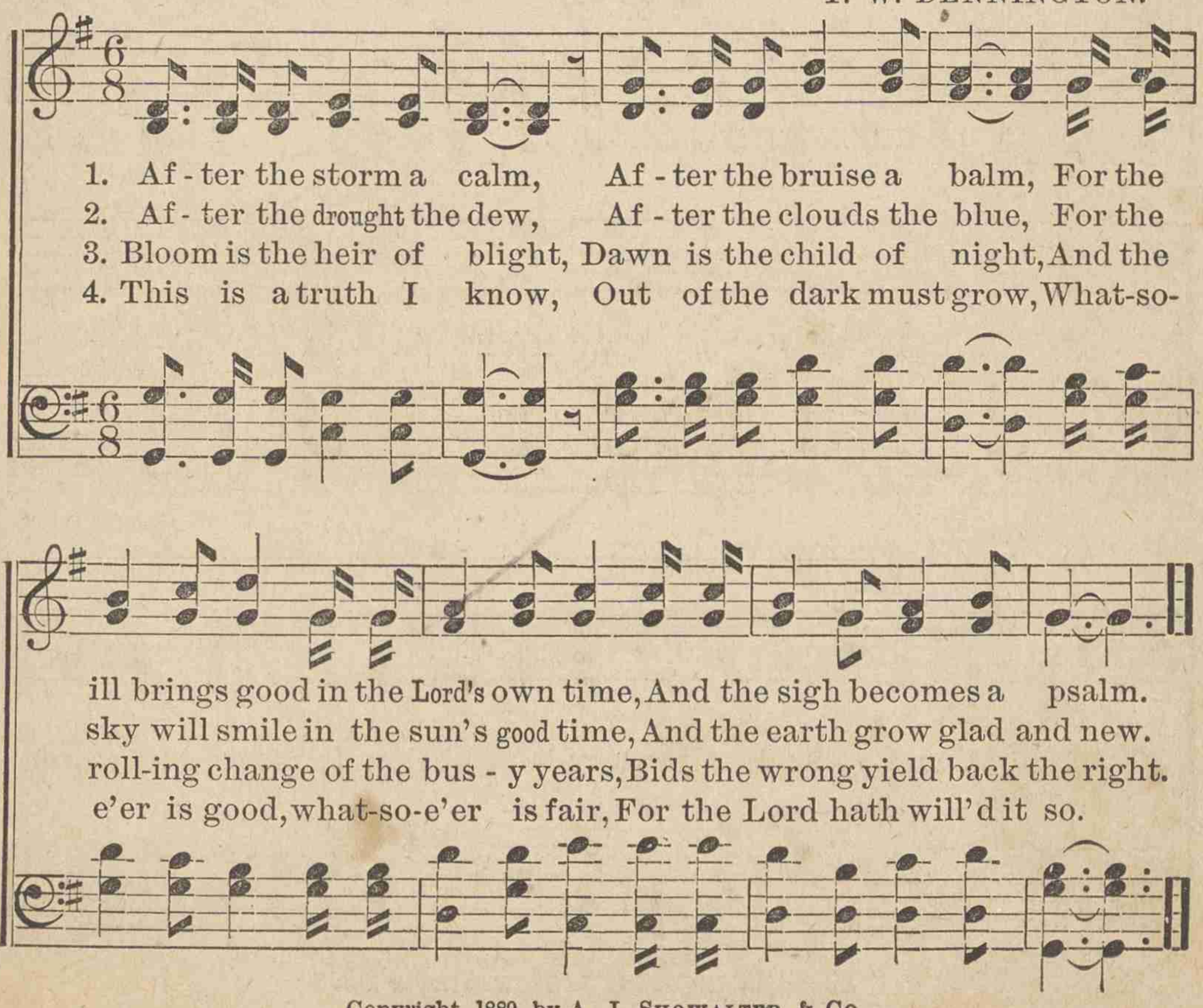
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It Would Not Be Heaven. CONCLUDED.



No. 38. After The Storm.

T. W. DENNINGTON.



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No. 39. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"God is the rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Words arr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
3. The raging storms may round us beat, A shelter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shelter in the time of storm;

Se-cure what-ev - er may be-tide, A shelter in the time of storm.
No fears a- larm, no foes affright, A shelter in the time of storm.
We'll nev - er leave this safe retreat, A shelter in the time of storm.
Be Thou our help-er ev - er near, A shelter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

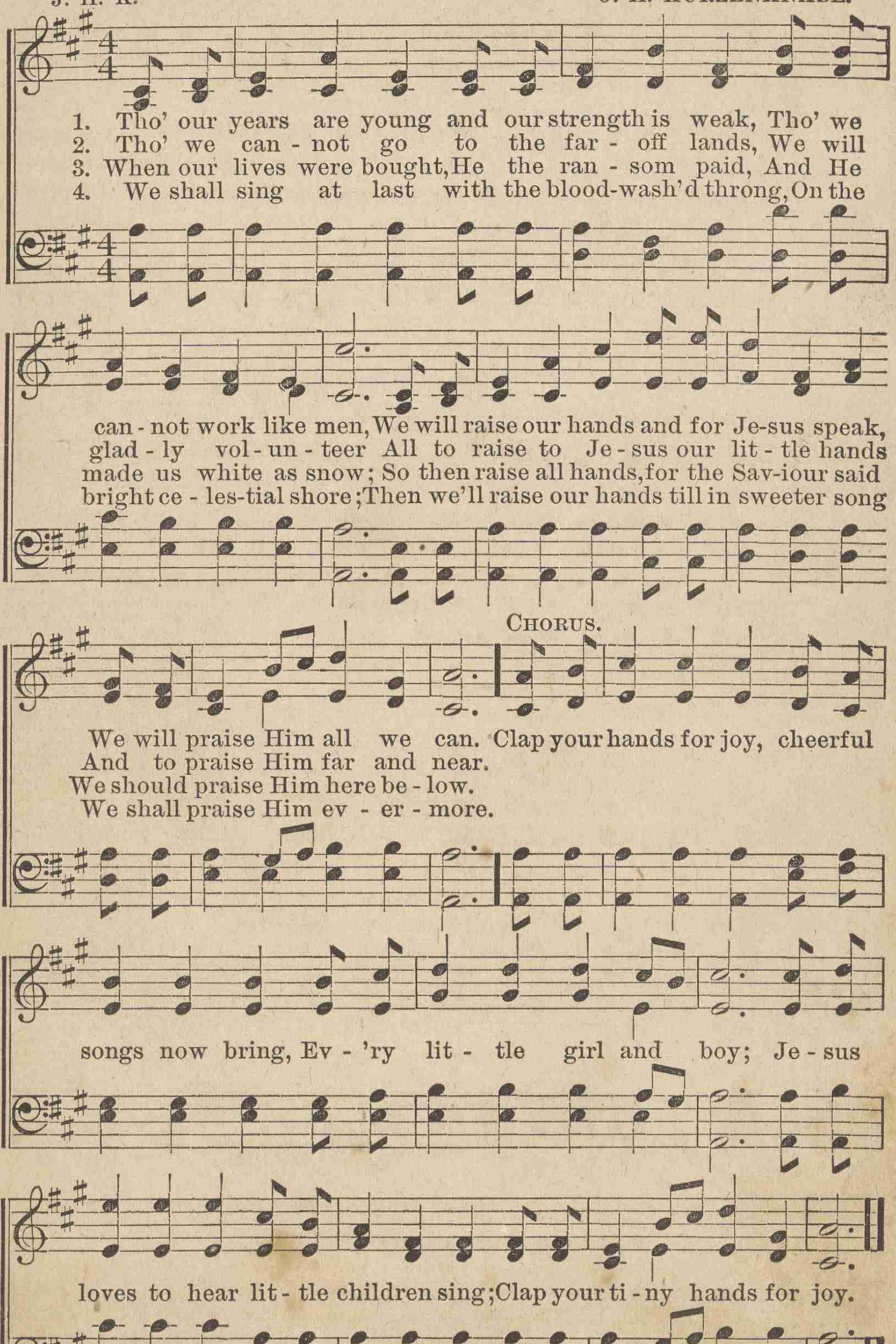
Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land; shelter in the time of storm.

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No. 40. Clap Your Hands For Joy.

Let the class raise their right hands while singing "raise our hands," etc. All clap hands four times while singing "Clap your hands for joy." Also clap hands on the closing words, "Clap your tiny hands for joy."

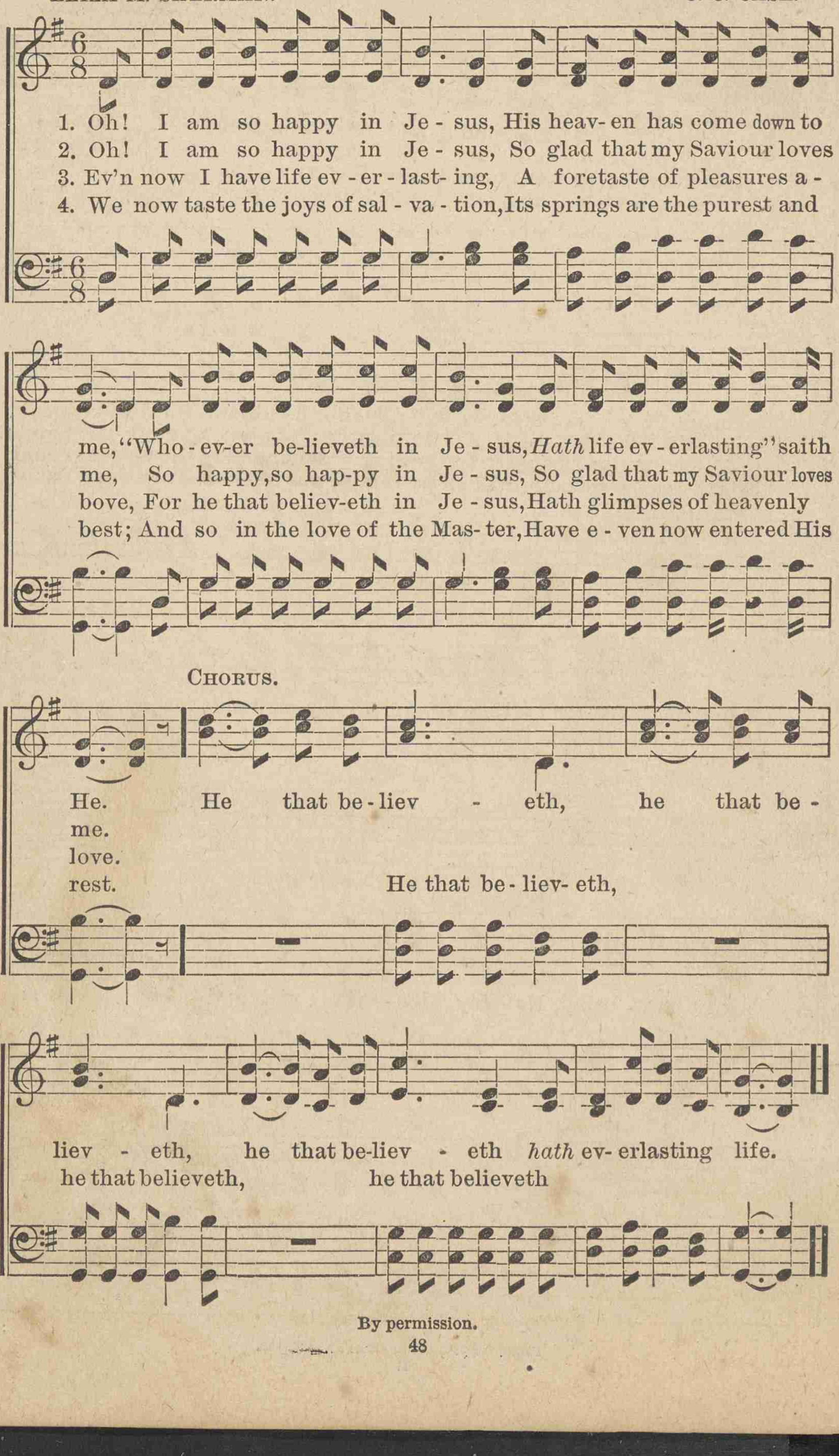
J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



From "SONG TREASURY." By per.

No. 41. In Him is Life.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. C. C. CASE.
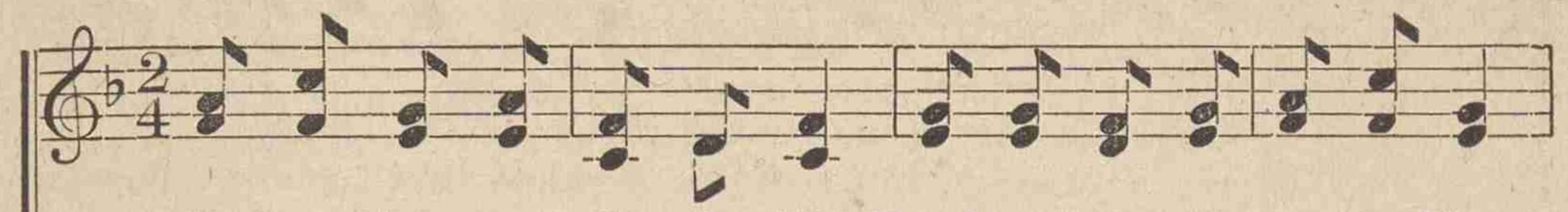


By permission.
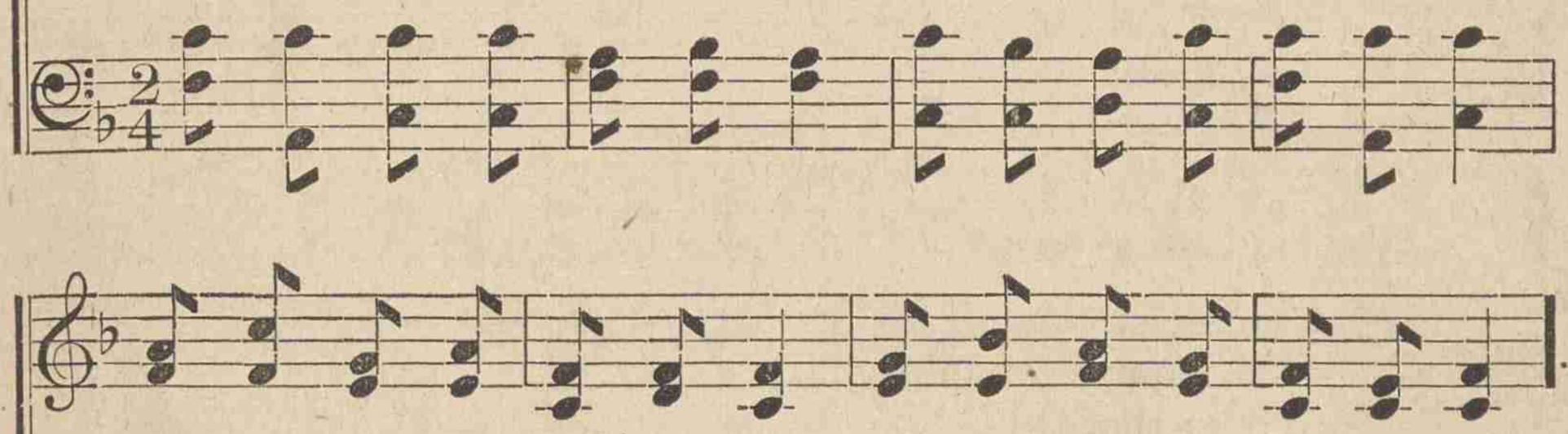
No. 42. Jesus, Hear Thy Little Child.*

(INFANT CLASS SONG.)

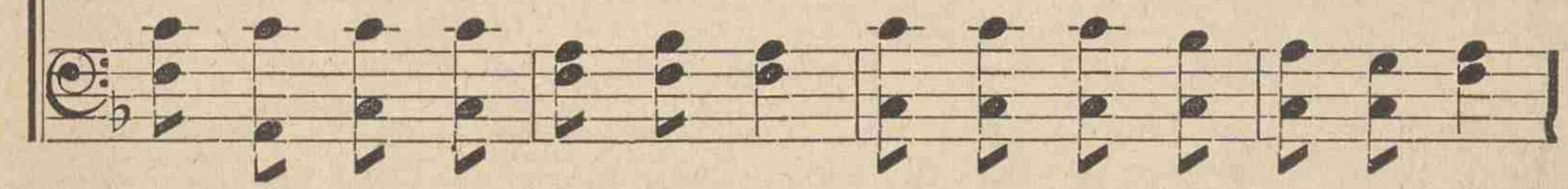
E. C. GREENLEE.
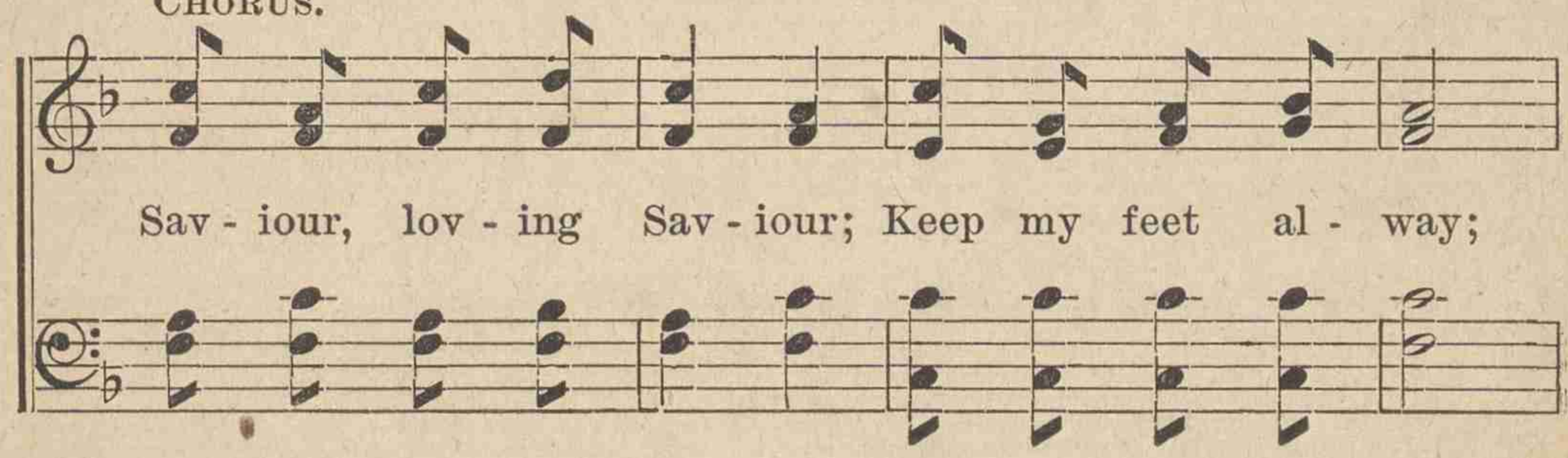


1. Saviour, bless a lit - tle child; Teach my heart the way to Thee;
2. I am young, but Thou hast said, All who will may come to Thee;
3. Je - sus, help me, I am weak; Let me put my trust in Thee;
4. I would nev - er go a - stray, Nev-er turn a - side from Thee;
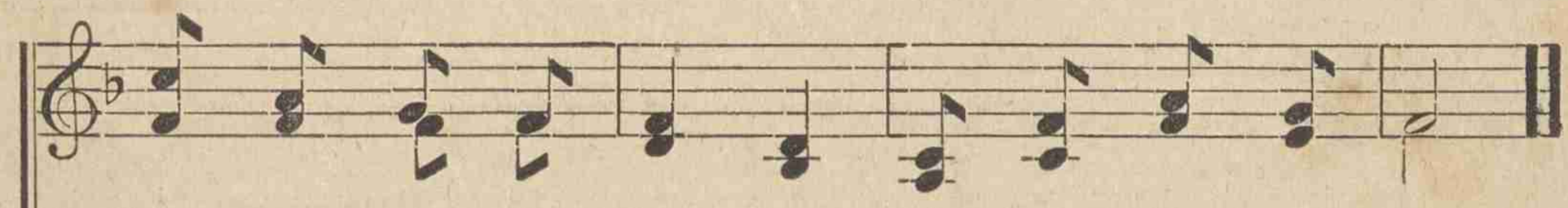


Make it gen - tle good and mild, Lov - ing Sav-iour, care for me.
Feed my soul with liv - ing Bread, Lov - ing Sav-iour, care for me.
Teach me how and what to speak, Lov - ing Sav-iour, care for me.
Keep me in the heav'nly way, Lov - ing Sav-iour, care for me.
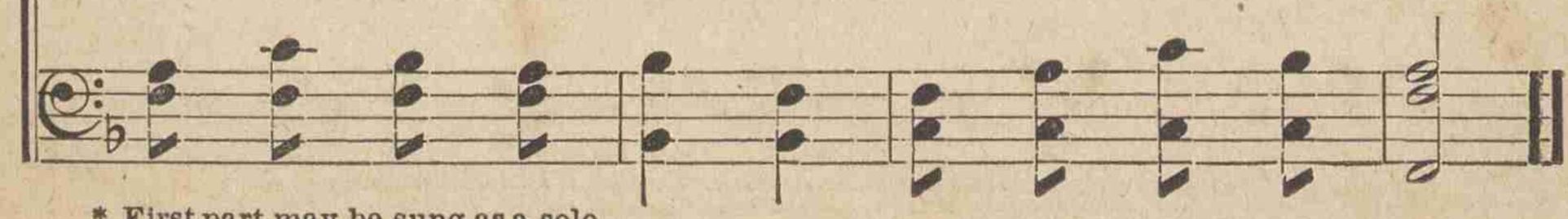


CHORUS.



Sav - iour, lov - ing Sav - iour; Keep my feet al - way;



Lis - ten now, dear Sav - iour, Hear me when I pray.



* First part may be sung as a solo.

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No. 43. So Wondrously Redeemed.

E. A. H.

ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.
AND E. O. EXCELL.

1. The joy I feel to - day No mortal could have dreamed;
2. No more I serve the world; How sweet its pleasures seem'd!
3. With- in my hap - py heart The heav'nly light has beam'd,

My heart is full of song (and praise), My heart is full of
I fol - low now my Lord (and Christ), I fol - low now my
And I have wondrous love (and peace), And I have wondrous

song (and praise), For I have been re - deemed, So
Lord (and Christ), By whom I am re - deemed, So
love (and peace), For I have been re - deemed, So
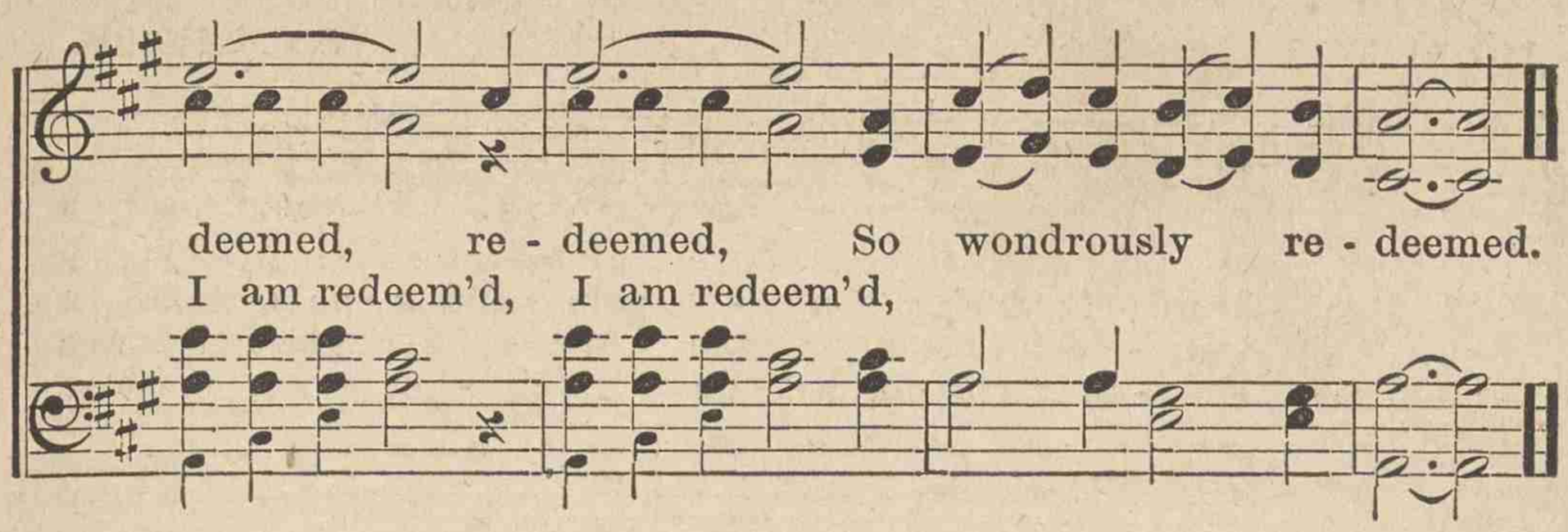
CHORUS.

won - drous- ly re - deemed. Re - demed, . . . re -
I am redeemed,

deemed, . . So won-drous-ly re - deemed, Re-
I am re-deemed, redeemed,

Copyright, 1887, by E. O. EXCELL. Used by per.

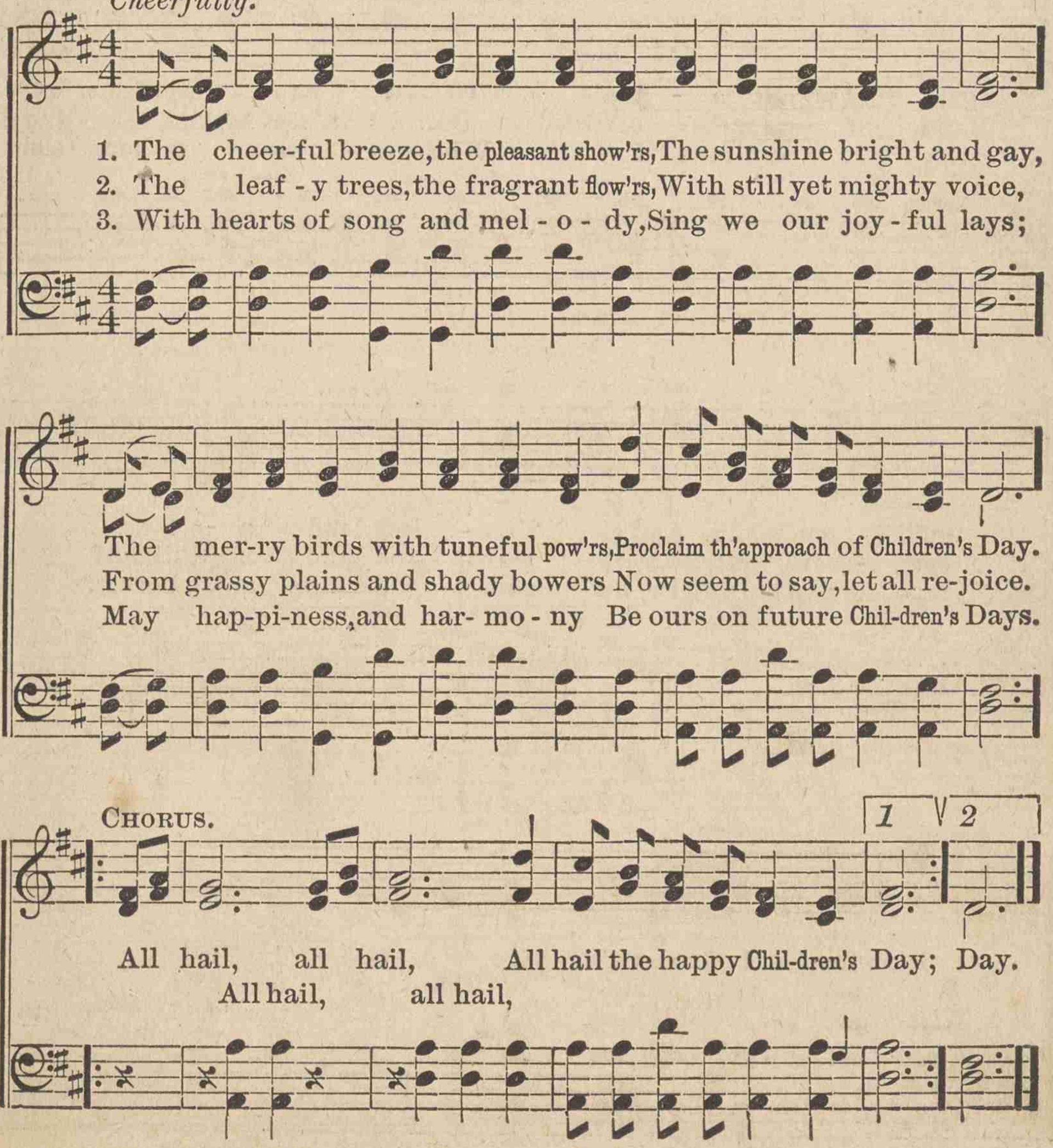
So Wondrously Redeemed. CONCLUDED.



No. 44. Children's Day.

S. A. MUEL. (FOR "CHILDREN'S DAY.") S. C. HANSON.

Cheerfully.



CHORUS.

From "LIVING GEMS," by permission of S. C. HANSON.

No. 45 The Open Gate.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. S. C. HANSON.

1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a - gain, Of a
2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a
3. The sin - ner's friend, as he reach - es down, With a

gate that stands a - jar, Of a sun - ny clime, and
land of an - gels bright, Do . . these for the ran - som'd
Sav - ior's won-d'rous love; Who pre - pares a man - sion,

gold - en plain, And a sin - less land a - far, . .
spir - it wait, As it gains the land of light?
robe, and crown, In his shin - ing courts a - bove, .

But when I have past the chil - ly tide, And
We may not know of the joy un - told, The
Will gath - er his flock in - to the fold, To the

The Open Gate.—Concluded.

en - ter my home a - bove, I be - lieve the gate will
bliss of the oth - er side, But when I come to the
fold beyond the tide, As they near the gate, the

o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love.
gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.
gate of gold, I be - lieve 'twill o - pen wide.

CHORUS.
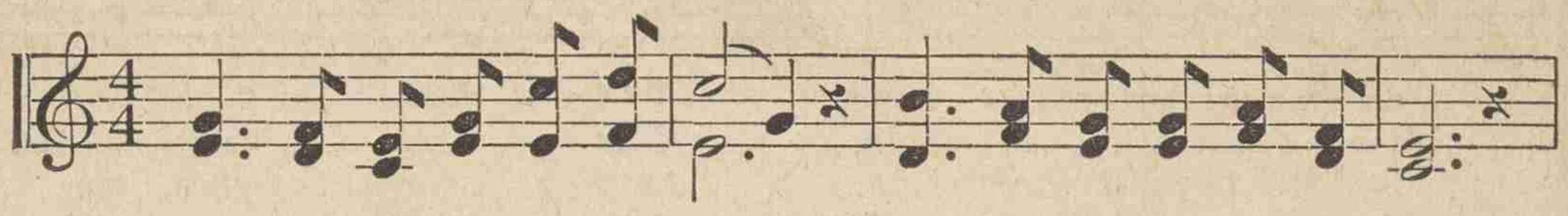
It will o - pen wide, yes o - pen wide, I'll pass thro' its

por - tals free, . . And rest . . in peace on the
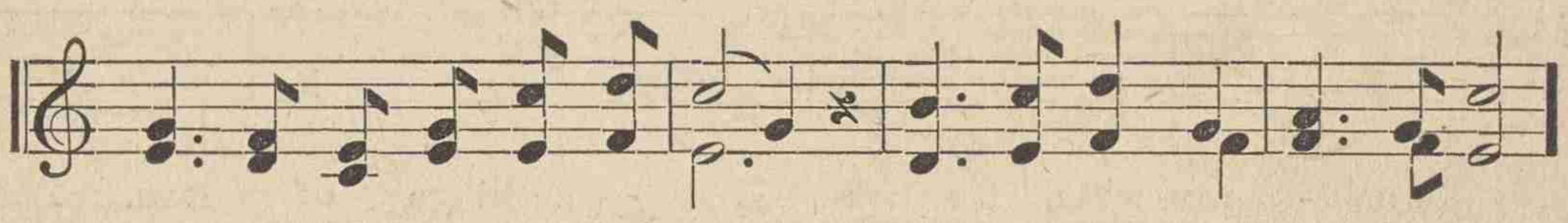
oth - er side, It will o - pen wide for me.

No. 46. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.
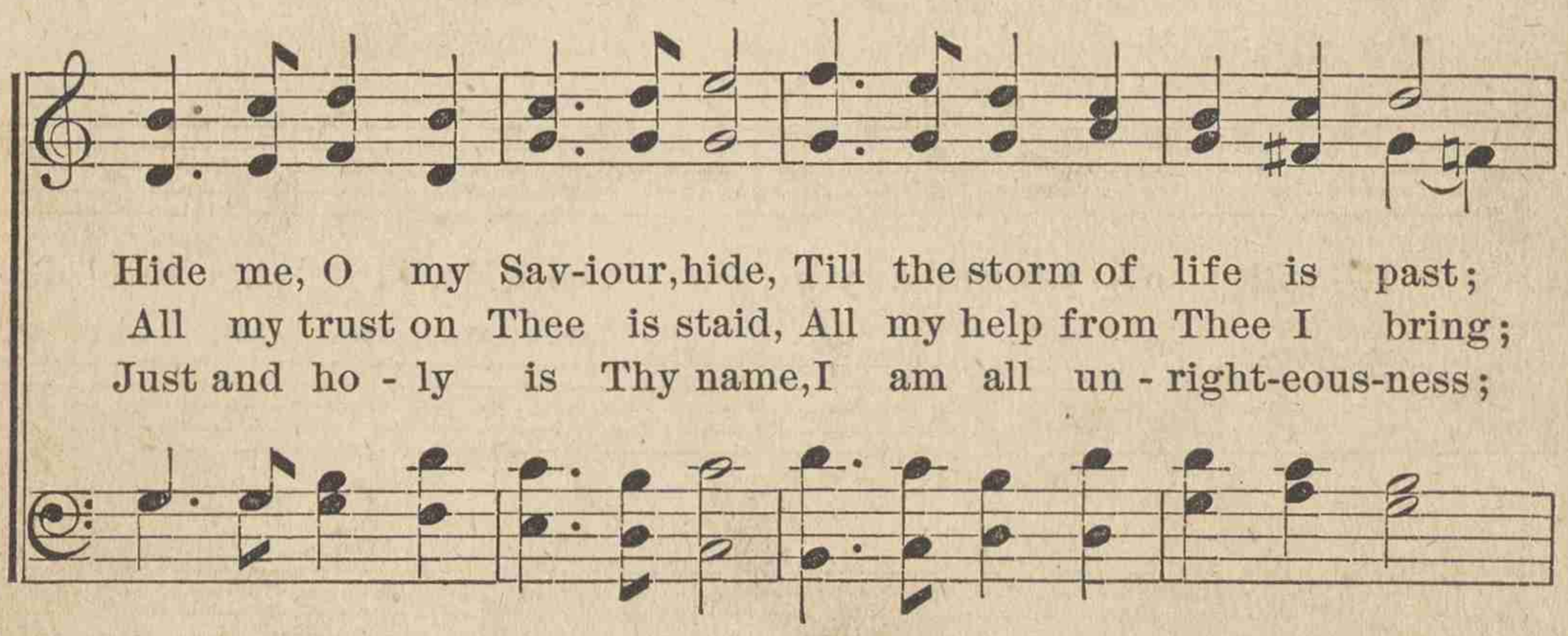
CHAS. WESLEY. J. L. HALE.



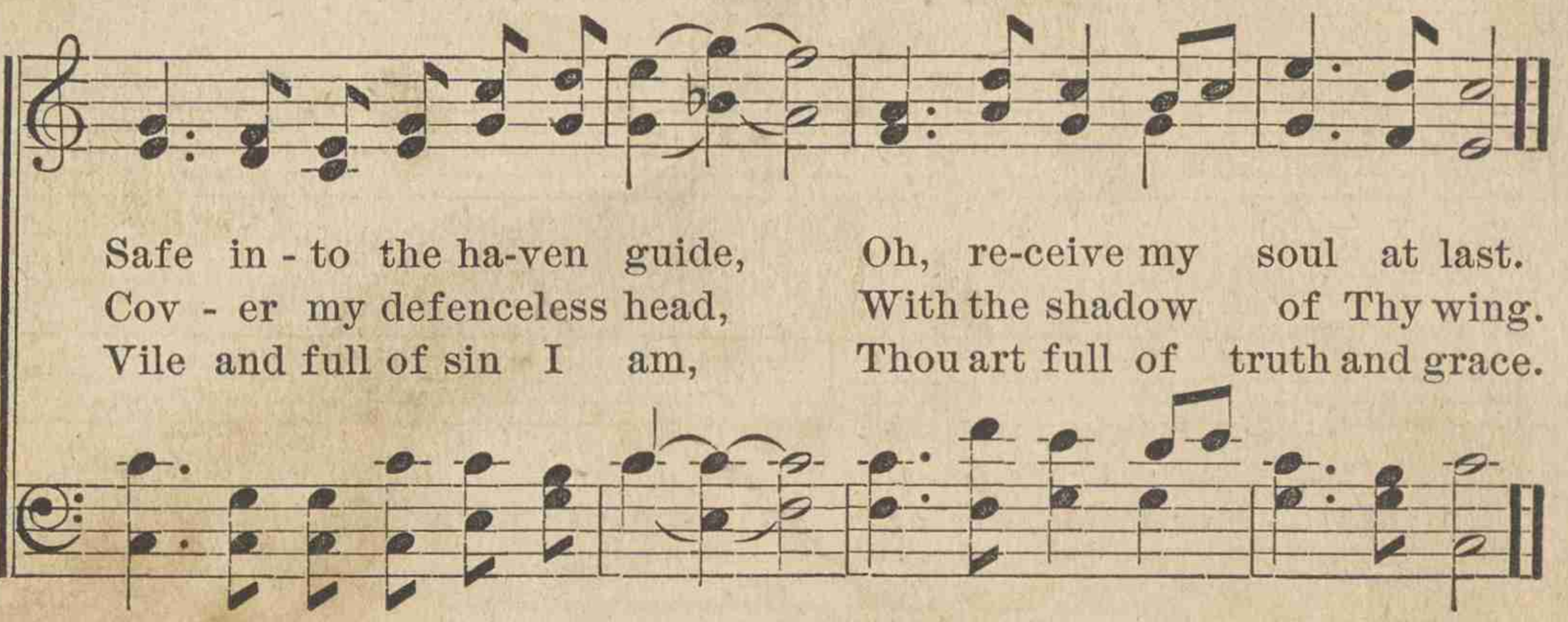
1. Je - sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,
2. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;



While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com-fort me.
Raise the fall-en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.



Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right-eous-ness;



Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my defenceless head, With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

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No. 47. All From Jesus.

REV. W. T. SLEEPER. I. N. McHOSE. By per.

1. All from Je-sus, all from Je-sus, All the hope of sins forgiv'n;
2. All from Je-sus, all from Je-sus, All the vict'ries o - ver sin;
3. All from Je-sus, all from Je-sus, All the righteousness and grace;
4. All from Je-sus, all from Je-sus, All the joy and all the trust;

All the comforts in life's journey, All the promis - es of heav'n.
All the strength to bear and la - bor, All the help the goal to win.
All the cleansing and the fit - ness To behold the Father's face.
When the soul is wing'd to heaven, And the dust returns to dust.

CHORUS.

All from Je-sus, all from Je-sus, All the gladness, all the song;
All the crowns, and all the glo - ry Of the happy blood-bought throng.

Copyright, 1887, by I. N. McHose.

No. 48. At the Crowning.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. S. C. HANSON.

1. When the Sav - ior counts his jew - els, Will I be number'd there?
2. When he calls the roll of heav - en, Will my name be writ- ten down?
3. Lov-ing Sav - ior keep me watch- ing, That I the bliss may share,
4. Now my soul looks up with rap - ture, I may the crown-ing share,

When he crowns his faith-ful chil - dren, Will I the crown-ing share?
When the faith-ful are re - ward - ed, Will I re - ceive a crown?
When thou comest in thy king - dom, Let me, let me be there.
Je-sus bought me, saves me, keeps me, I will, I will be there.

At the crown- ing in the king - dom, Will I the crowning share?
At the crown- ing in the king - dom, Will I re - ceive a crown?
At the crown- ing in the king - dom, Let me, let me be there,
At the crown- ing in the king - dom, I will, I will be there,

At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Will I the crowning share?
At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Will I re - ceive a crown?
At the crown-ing in the king - dom, Let me, let me be there.
At the crown-ing in the king - dom, I will, I will be there.

From "Living Gems," by permission of S. C. Hanson.

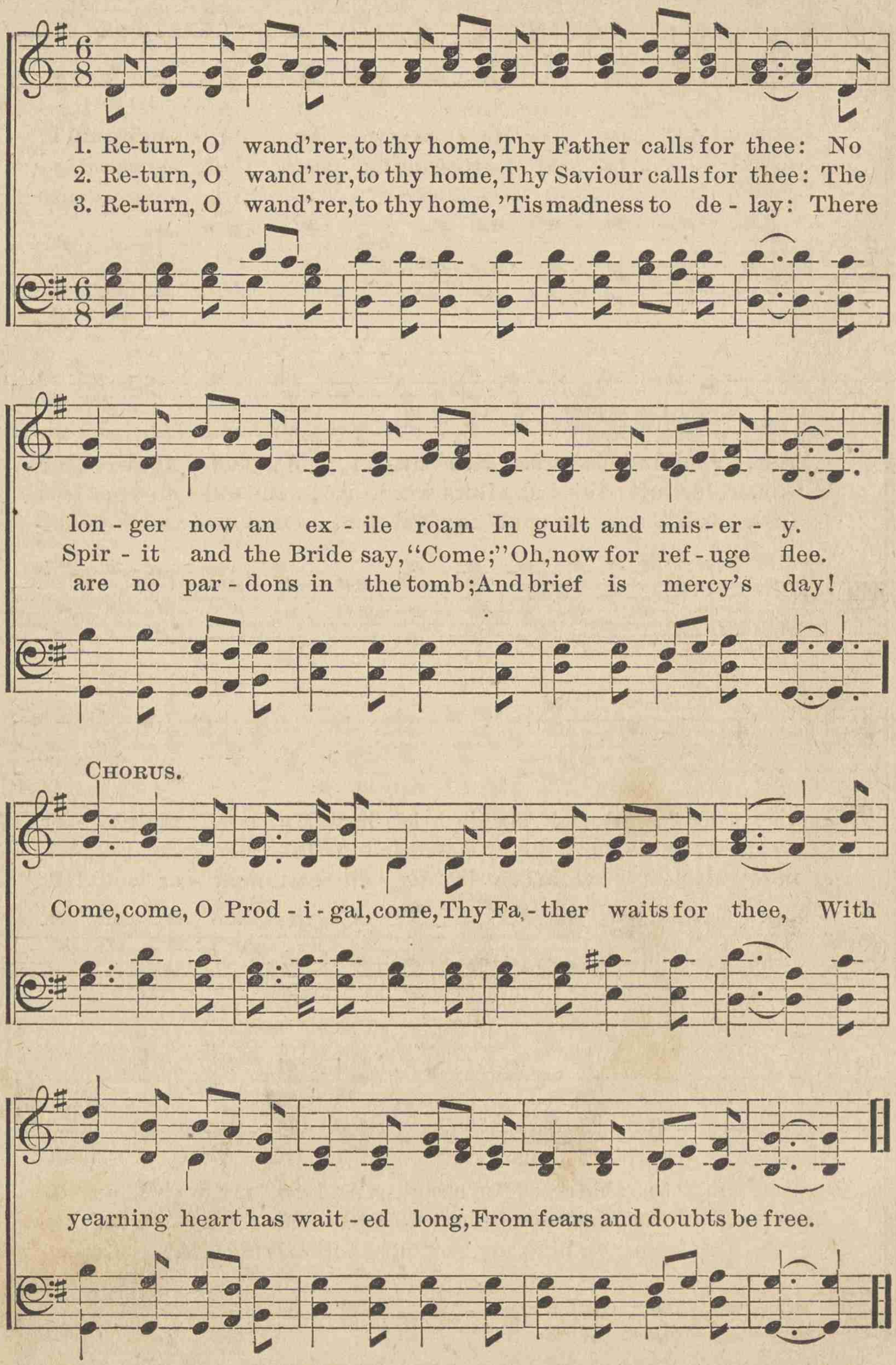
No. 49. Each Day A Little Nearer.

FAITH WILLIAM. J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Each day a lit - tle near - er To Je - sus would I rise, And find the ser - vice ev - er A glad - ly sweet sur - prise; Tho' what each day is bring-ing My soul may nev - er guess, But to this cross I'm clinging, And on my way I press.
2. And day by day I'm learn-ing That tho' my earth-ly way, Is oft thro' shadows winding, 'Twill lead to per-fect day, Each day I know I'm near-ing His shelt'ring, rest - ful arms; My heart, this thought enfolding, Is safe from earth's alarms.
3. So, trust - ing in His mer - cy And love so mea-sure- less, Each day my soul is ful - ler Of peace and joy - ful- ness; Each day while life is giv - en Still near - er would I come, Till from on high my Saviour Shall call me, "Child, come home."

No. 50. Return, O Wanderer.

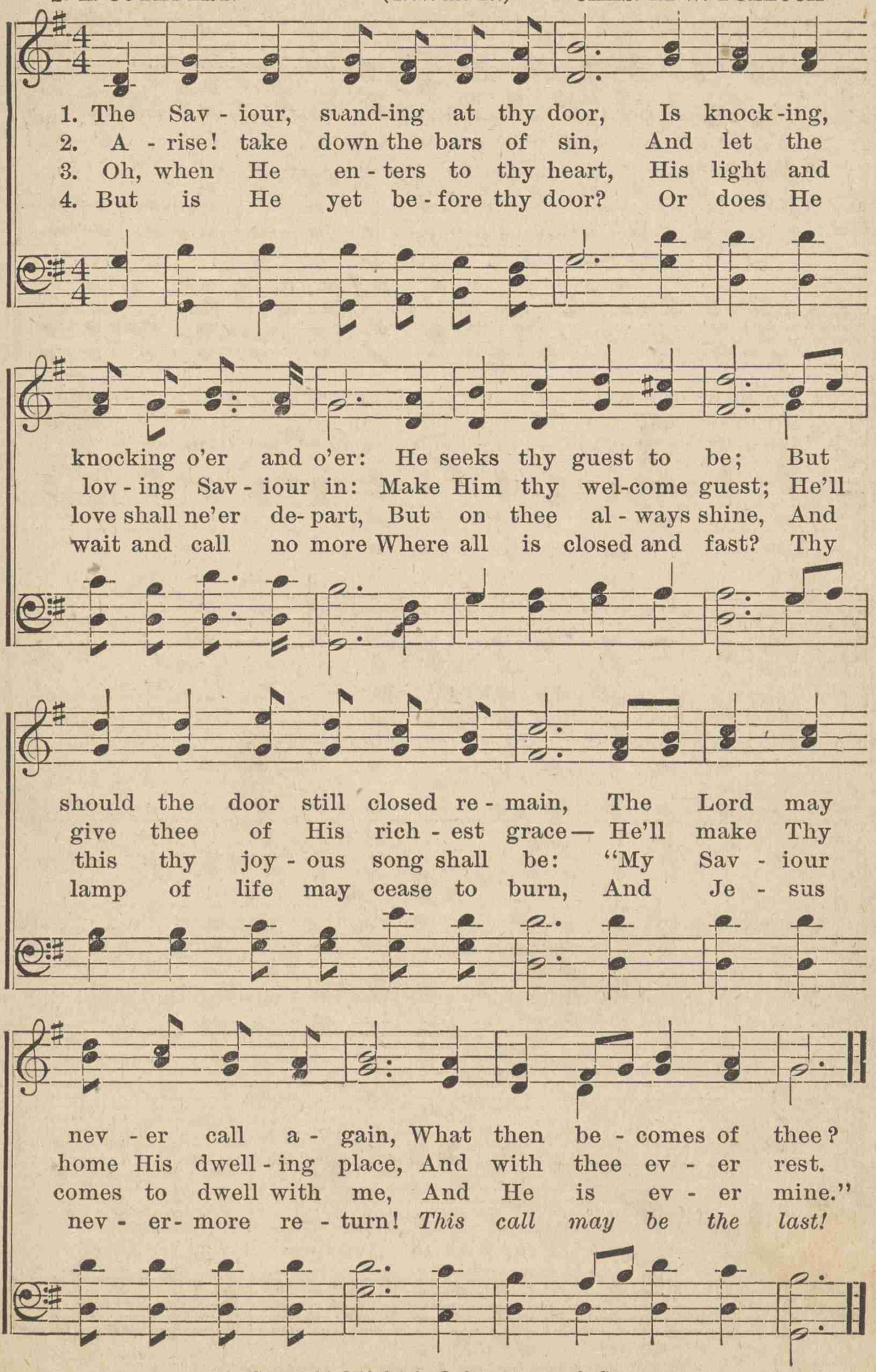
HASTINGS. H. A. LEWIS.



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No. 51. Jesus At the Door.

S. L. CUTHBERT. (Rev. iii: 20.) CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 52. Keep Within the Line!

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A - long the line of sol-diers, On life's great bat-tle - ground,
2. What tho' the arch de-ceiv - er And all His host u - nite
3. March on, nor heed the dan-gers That lurk a -mid our way;

We hear the roy - al man-date From rank to rank re - sound;
To draw us from the con - flict, And turn us from the right;
The King's command is ur - gent, We have no time to stay;

"Take up the cross, be val - iant, Let not your strength de-cline!
The Lord has said, "go for-ward," Let not our zeal de - cline;
He holds a crown be-fore us, Where stars of glo - ry shine:
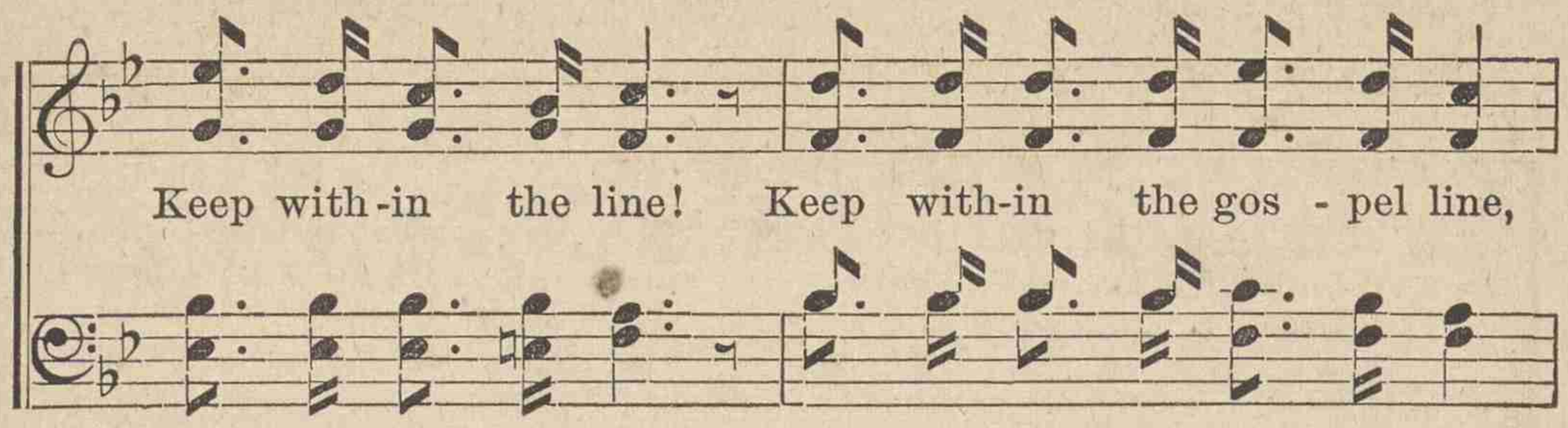
March on! march on with steady pace, And keep within the line!
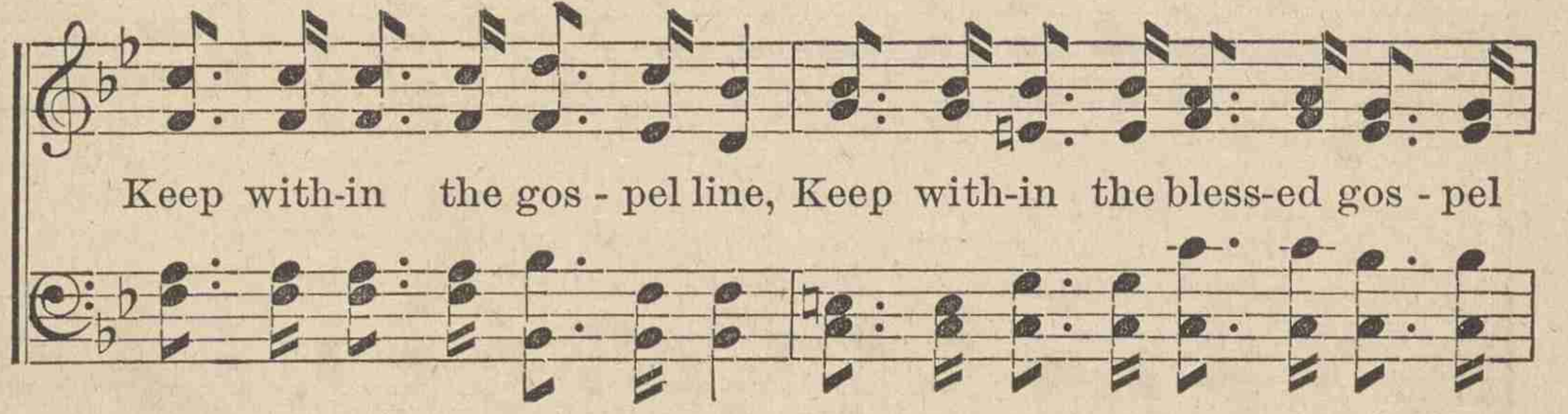
CHORUS.
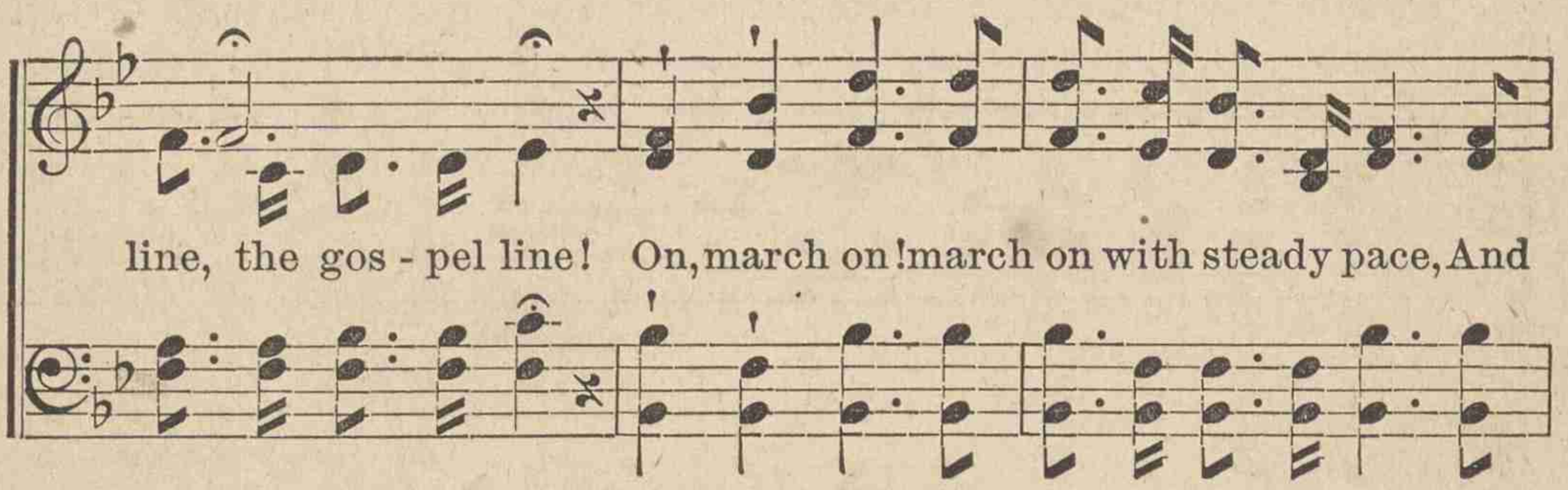
Keep, Keep, Keep with-in the line! Keep, Keep,

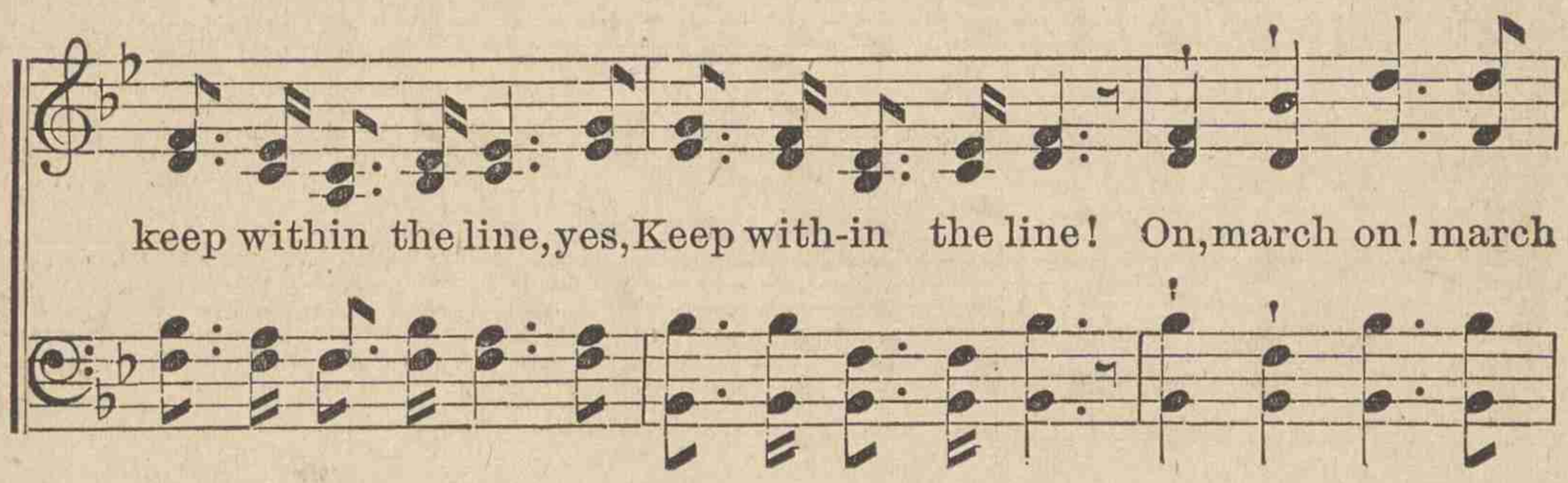
Copyright, 1888, by JNO. R. SWENEY. Used by per.

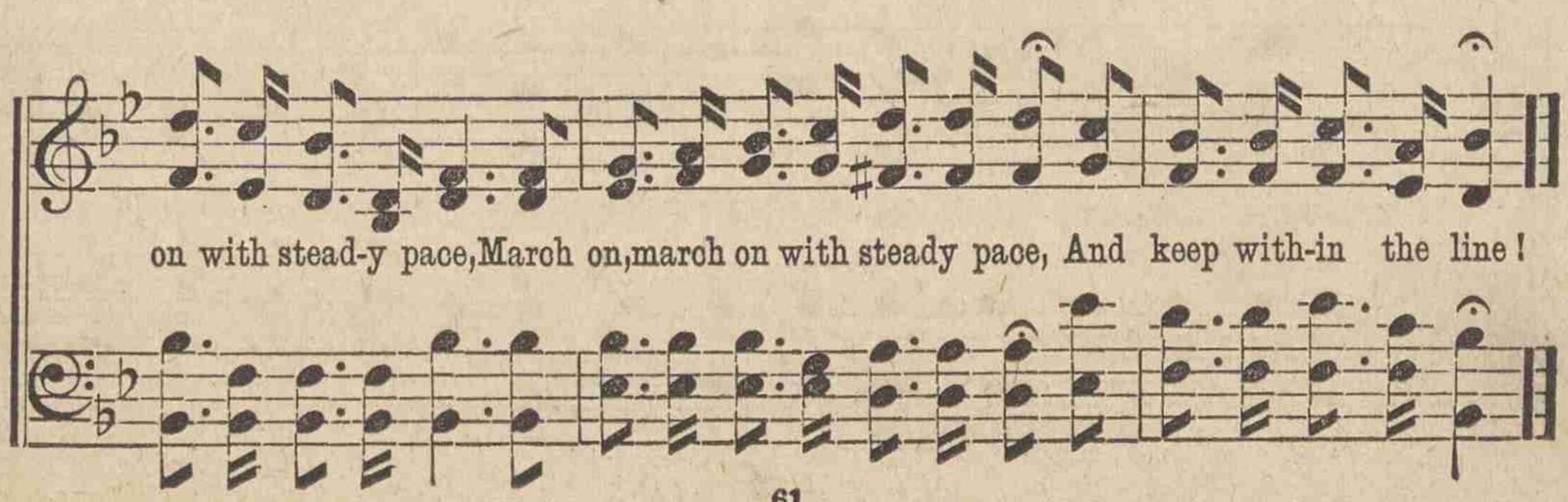
Keep Within the Line. CONCLUDED.











No. 53. Christ our Lord Arose To-day.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. EASTER SONG. C. C. CASE. By per.

1. Soft - ly fall the silver moon-beams On the spot where Jesus lay,
2. Christ a-rose, all gloom and darkness From the grave is gone away,
3. Christ a-rose, oh, glorious morning! O'er the golden gates of day,

While the an- gels in white raiment, Seem to guard the gates of day.
Since it o - pens heav-en's por-tals To the gold-en gates of day.
Sweet - er car - ol ne'er hath sounded, Than the East-er mel - o - dy.

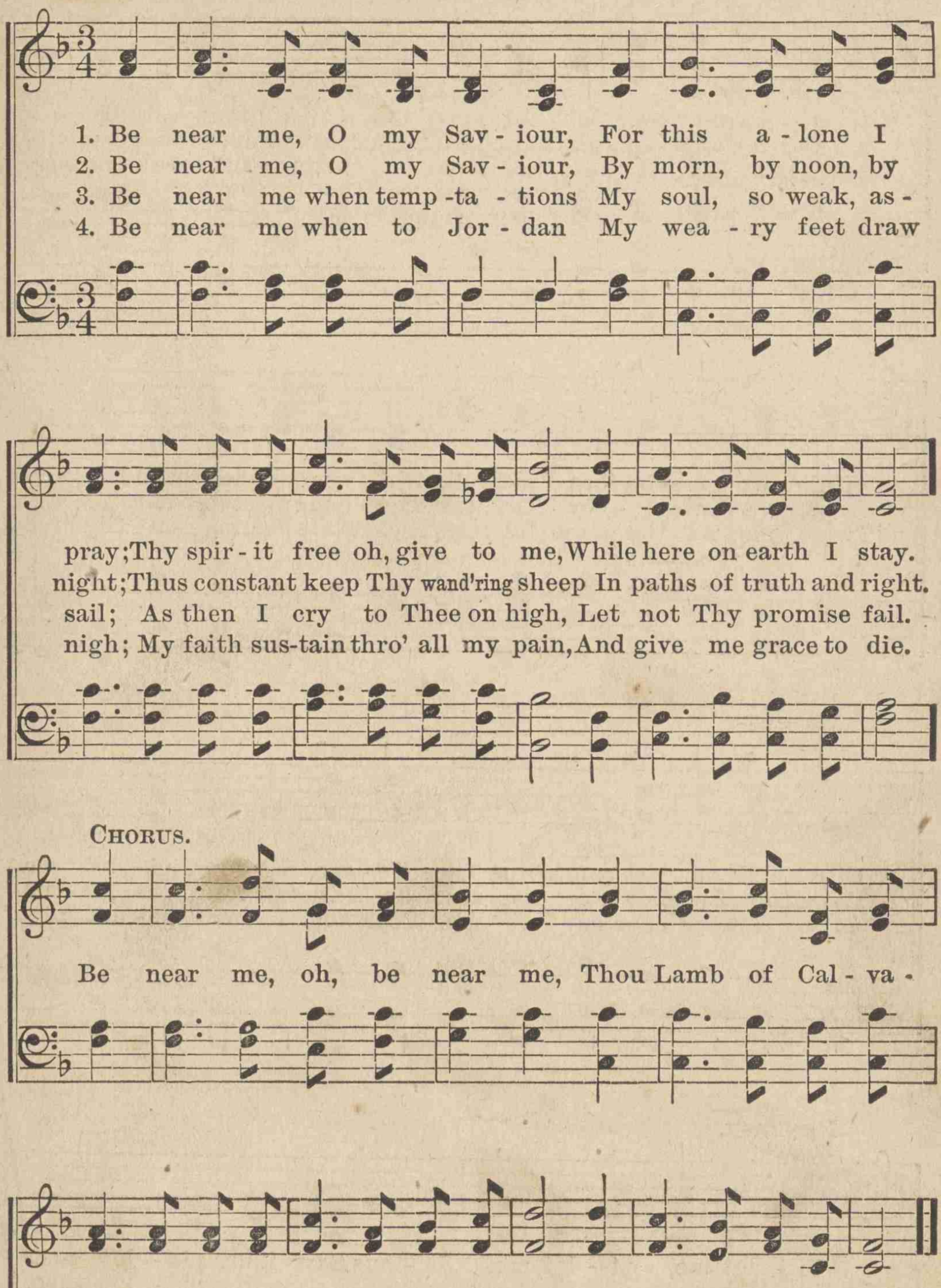
CHORUS.

Lo! the sa-cred tomb is o - pen; An - gels roll'd the stone a-way;

Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu- jah! Christ our Lord a - rose to-day.

No. 54. Be Near Me, O My Saviour.

EL. NATHAN. H. H. McGRANAHAN.



By permission.

No. 55. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

ANON. H. A. LEWIS.

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

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

Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

REFRAIN.

Pi - lot me, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
3rd v. Pi - lot thee, pi - lot thee, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

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No. 56. Tenderly Lay Her to Rest.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. J. H. TENNEY. By per.

Not too slow.

1. Ten-der-ly lay her to rest 'neath the sod: Angels look loving-ly
2. Why should we linger to weep round the tomb? Sorrow shall vex her no

down! But the fair spir-it hath flown to her God,—Gone to re-
more! Nev-er a shad-ow of trou-ble or gloom Reach-es yon

ceive a bright crown: In the sweet fields of the bless-ed to roam,
heav-en-ly shore: There with the glo-ri-fied spir-its to reign,

Sing-ing with an-gels so fair; Dwell-ing with Christ in His
Thro' the bright a-ges a-bove: Free from all sor-row and

beau-ti-ful home, All its bright splendor to share.
sick-ness and pain, Rest-ing in heav-en-ly love! A-men.

Copyright, 1886, by J. H. TENNEY.

No. 57. Jesus Is A Friend.

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

1. Je - sus is a friend—what a friend and a Saviour! Full of ten-der love and com-pas-sion is He; Though I oft for - get Him and
2. Je - sus is a friend lov-ing more than a brother, Comforting in sor - row and help-ing in need; Such a heart of love in the
3. Je - sus is a friend who will nev-er forsake me, Walking close be- side me my life-jour-ney thro'; Oth- ers may withdraw their af -
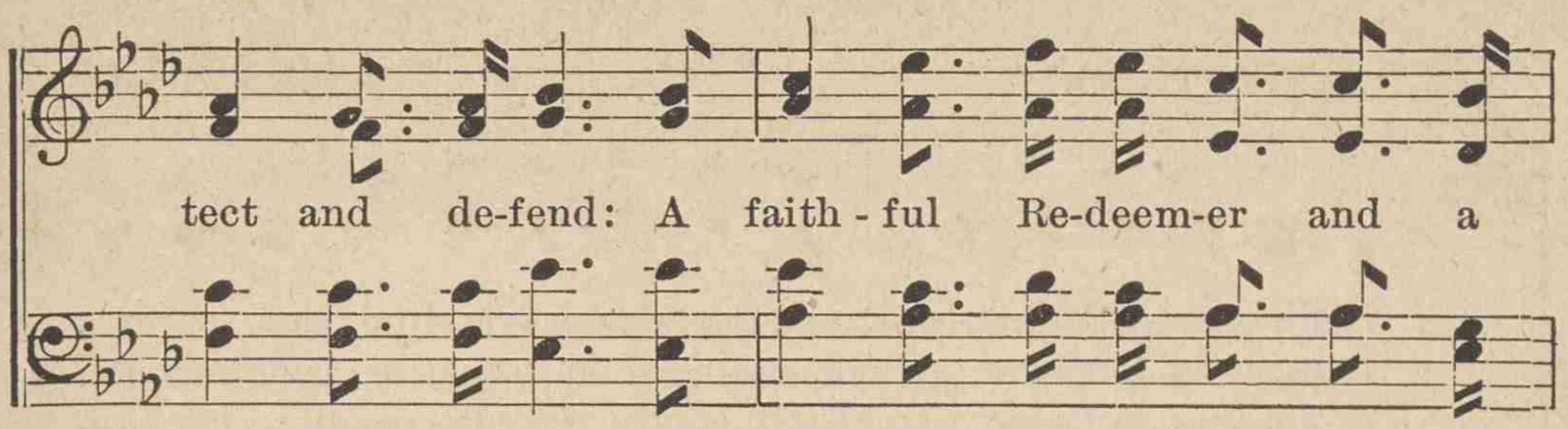
for-feit His fa -vor, Yet His heart is warm with af-fec-tion for me.
world is no oth- er; Best of all our friends is the Saviour indeed.
fection and friendship, Jesus to His friends will be faithful and true.
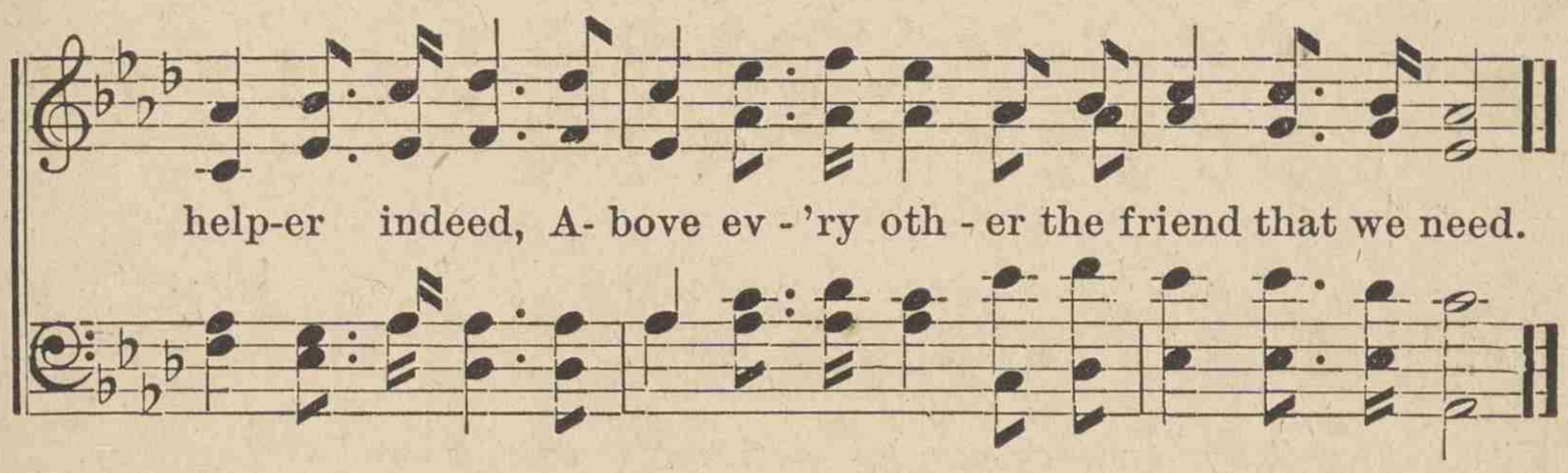
REFRAIN.

O such a friend! O such a friend! None so kind as He to pro-

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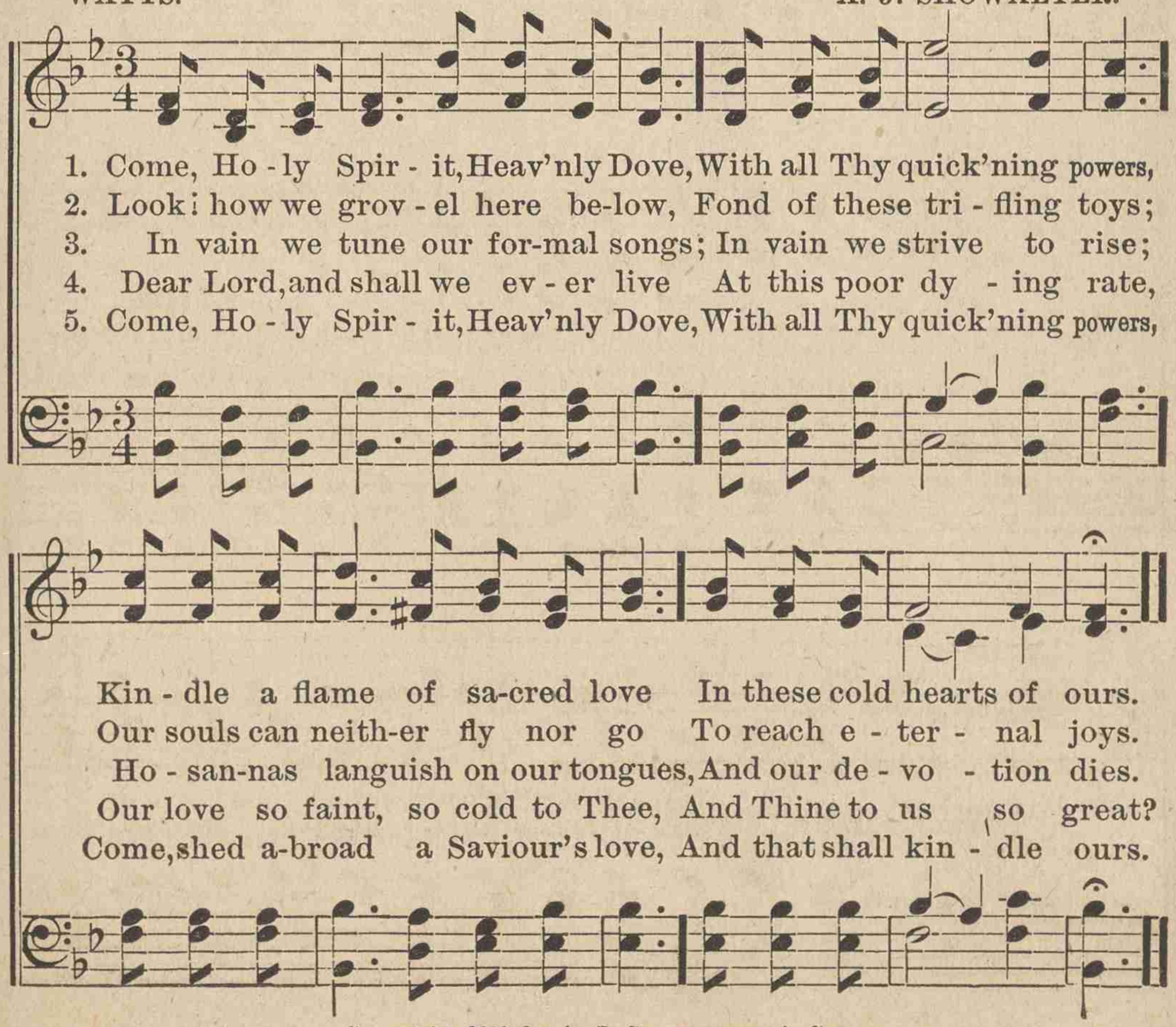
Jesus is A Friend. CONCLUDED.





No. 58. Wakefield. C. M.
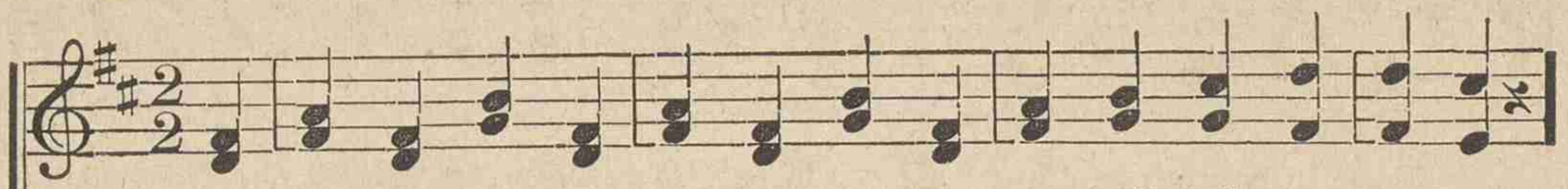
WATTS. A. J. SHOWALTER.
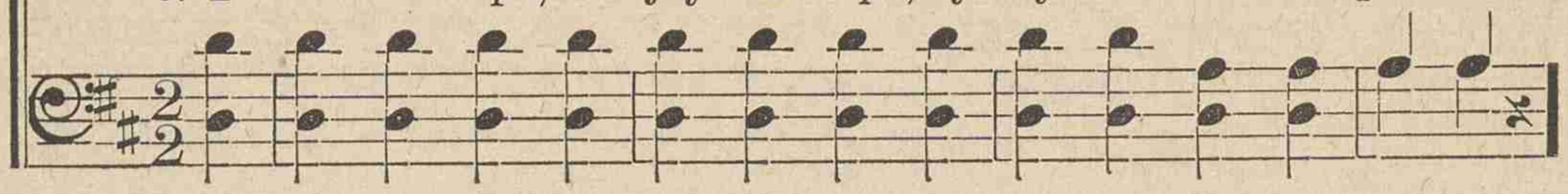


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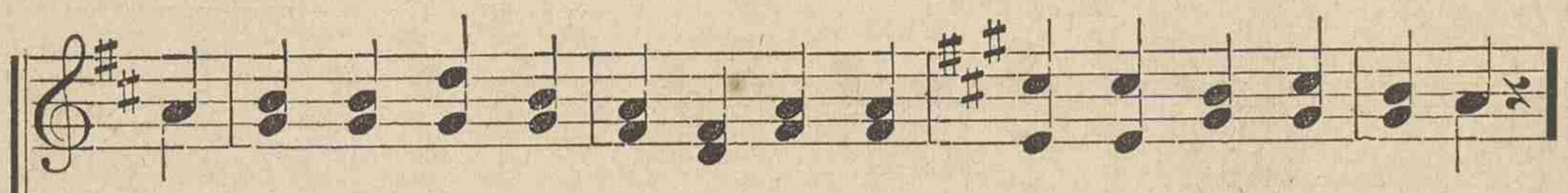
No. 59. A Song of Jesus' Love.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. KARL REDAN.
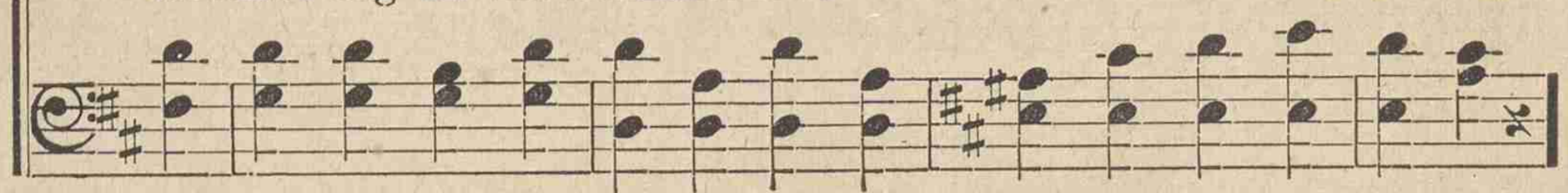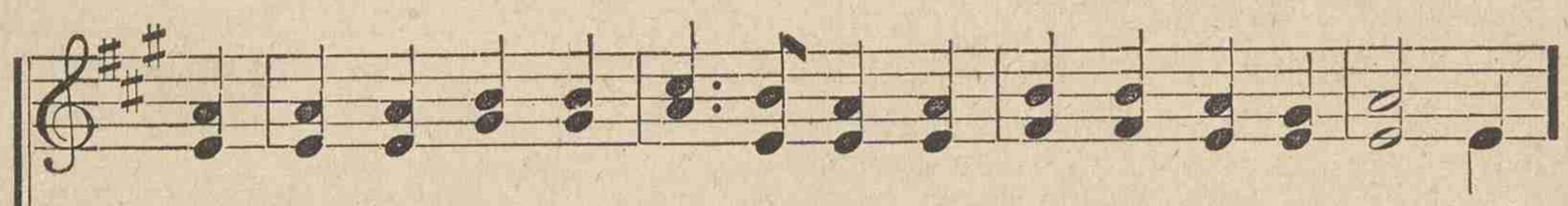


1. I have a friend, a precious friend, Whose love will fail me nev - er,
2. I have a home, a glorious home, A wait - ing me in heav-en,
3. I have a hope, a joy - ful hope, By my Re-deemer giv - en,
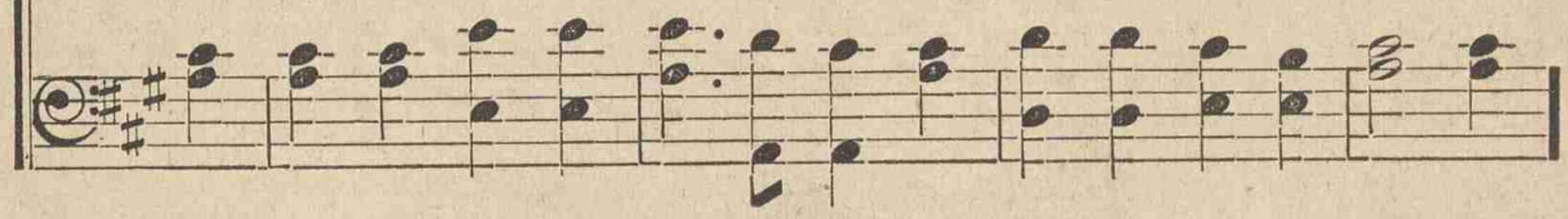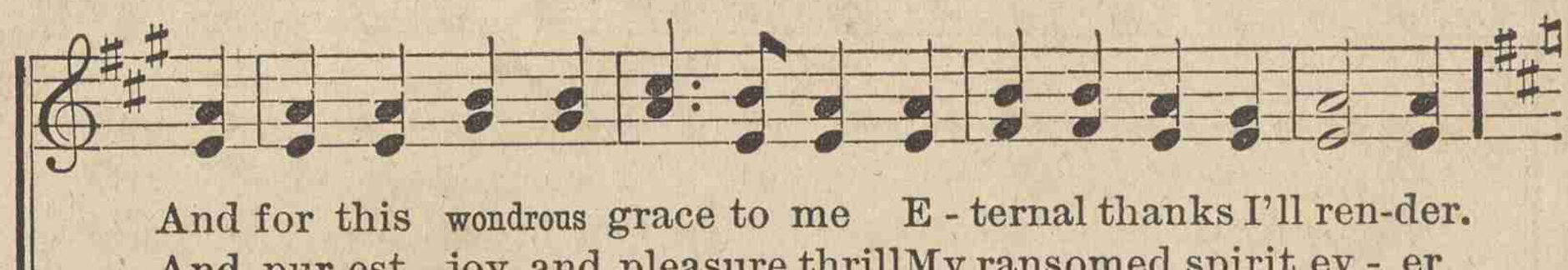




Whose heart with ten-der mer-cy flows For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
A bless - ed home by Christ the Lord To me in mer - cy giv - en.
Of meet - ing all the friends I love Be - fore the throne in heaven.
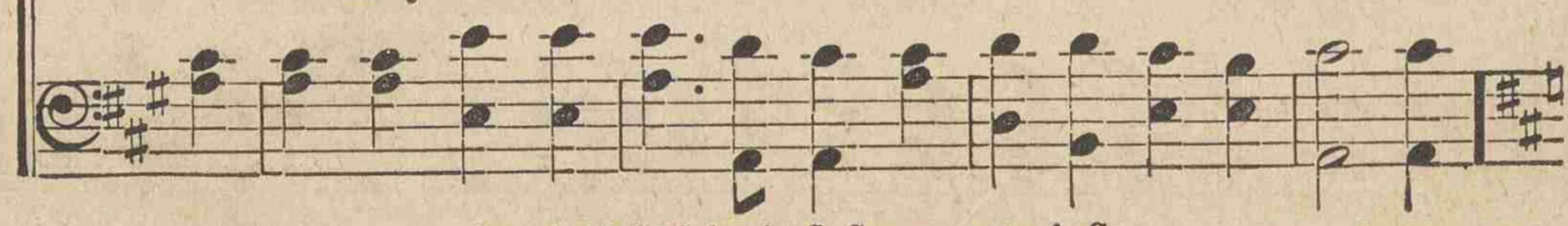




No oth - er friend so kind as He, So lov - ing, true, and ten - der,
There sor-row, wea - ri - ness, and pain Will be unknown for-ev - er,
This hope re-vives my fee - ble faith, And nerves me to en-deav - or,





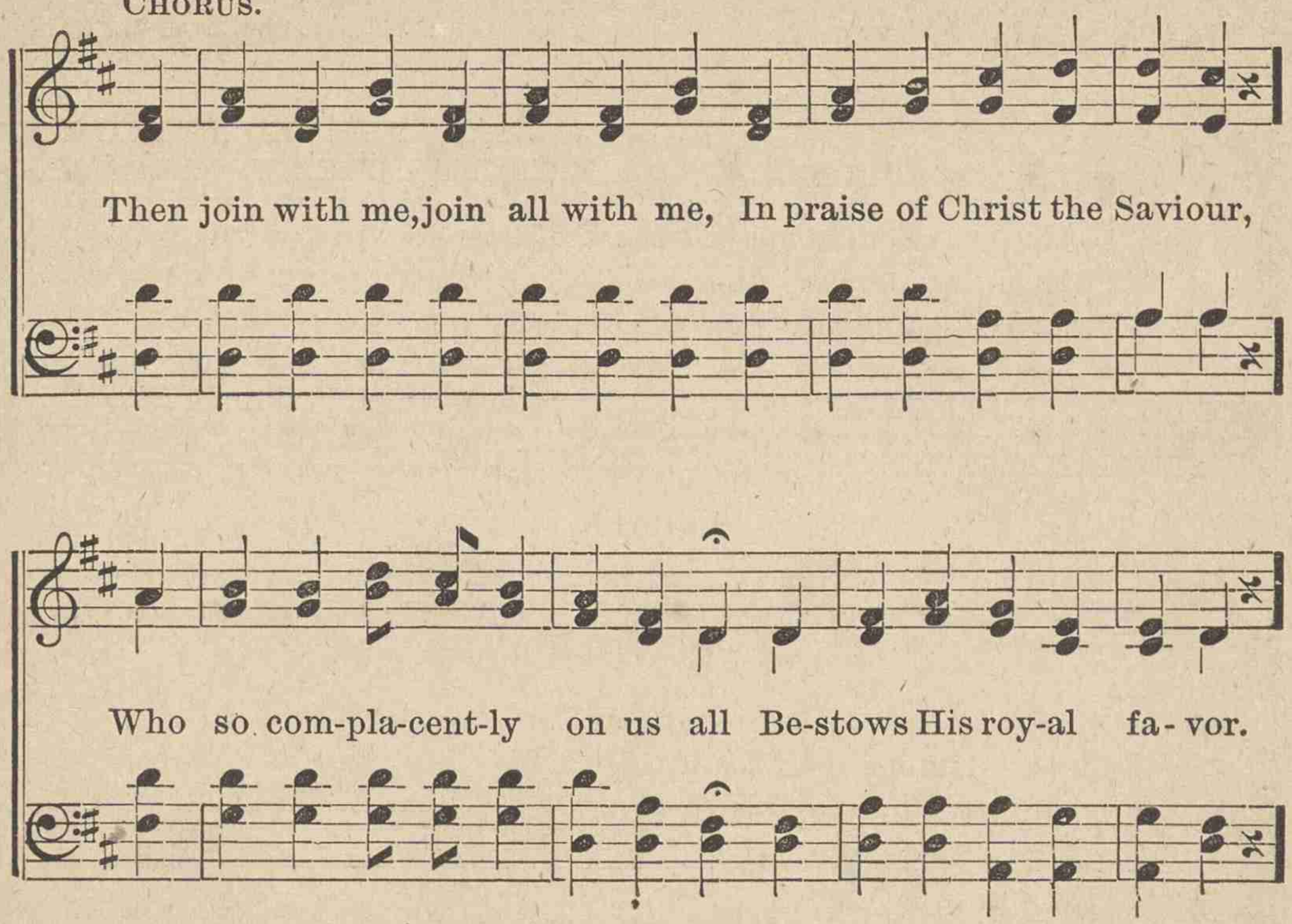
And for this wondrous grace to me E - ternal thanks I'll ren-der.
And pur-est joy and pleasure thrill My ransomed spirit ev - er.
That I may win the crown at last, And live with Christ forever.
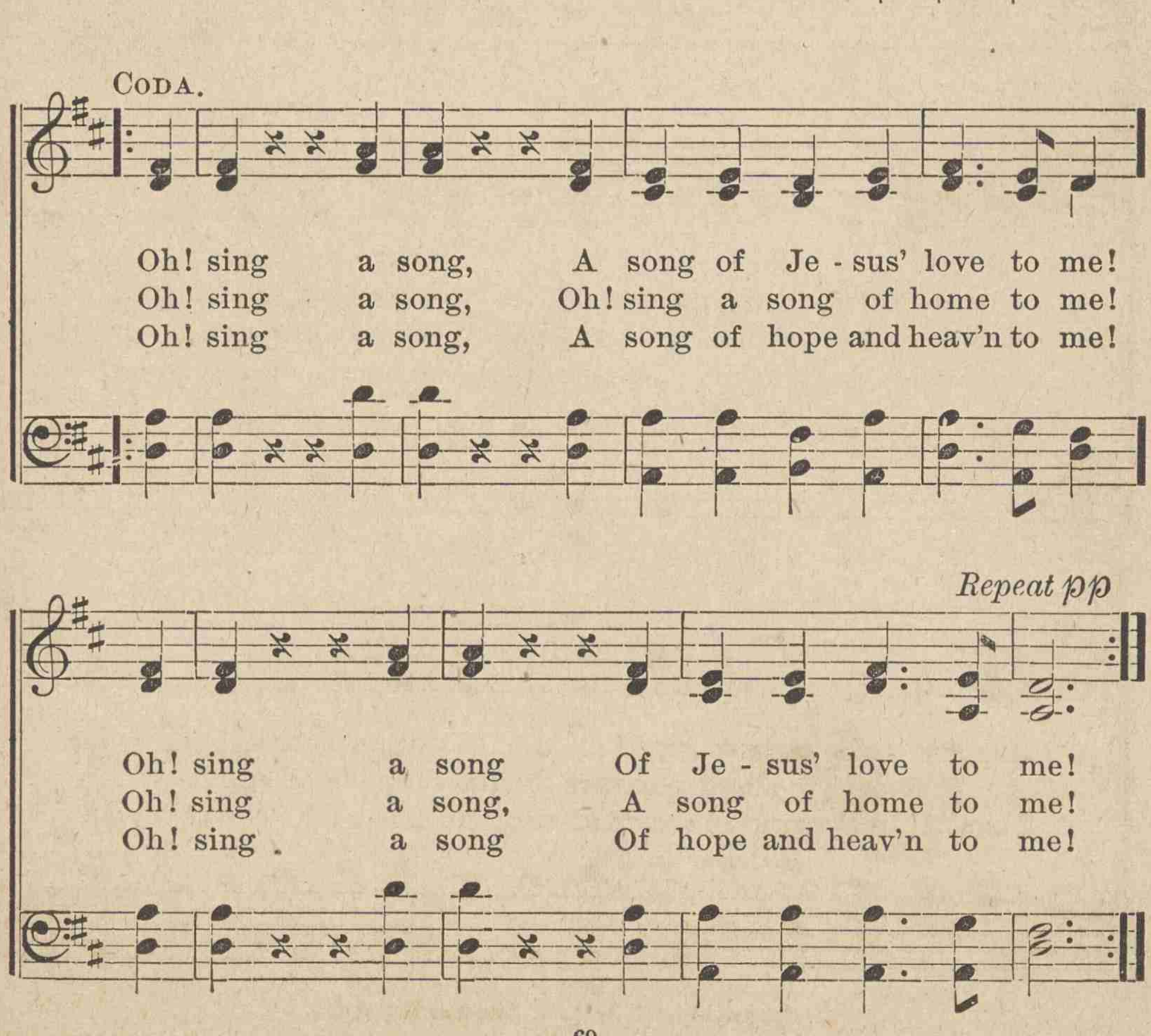


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A Song of Jesus' Love. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

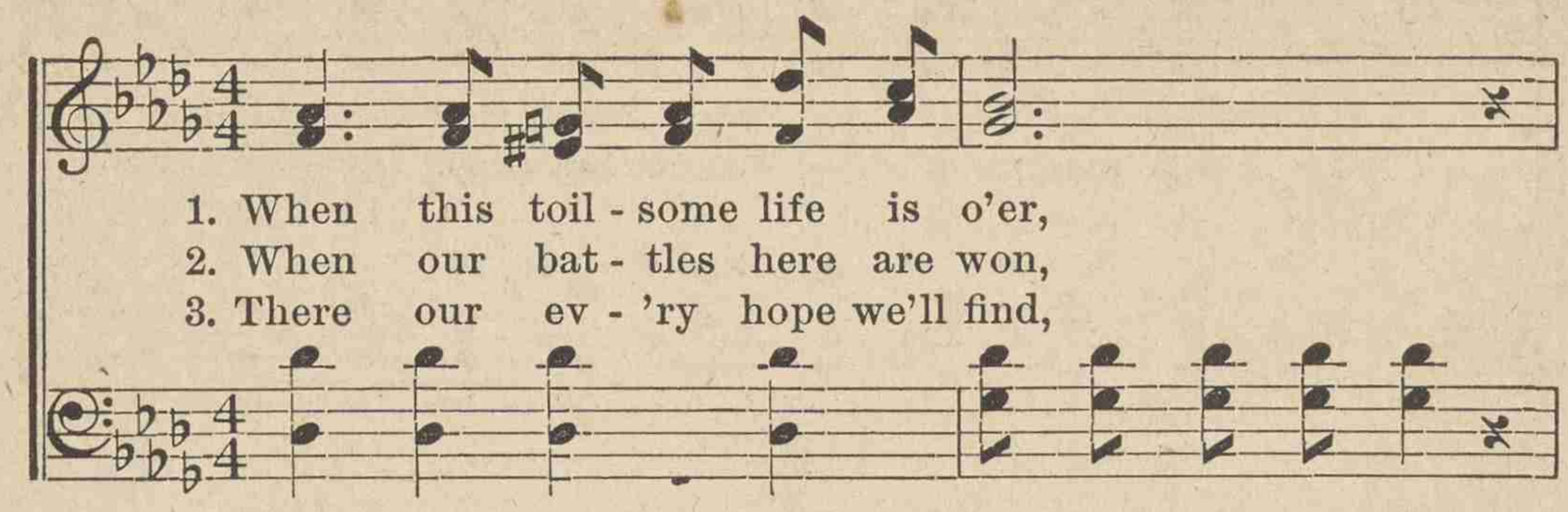


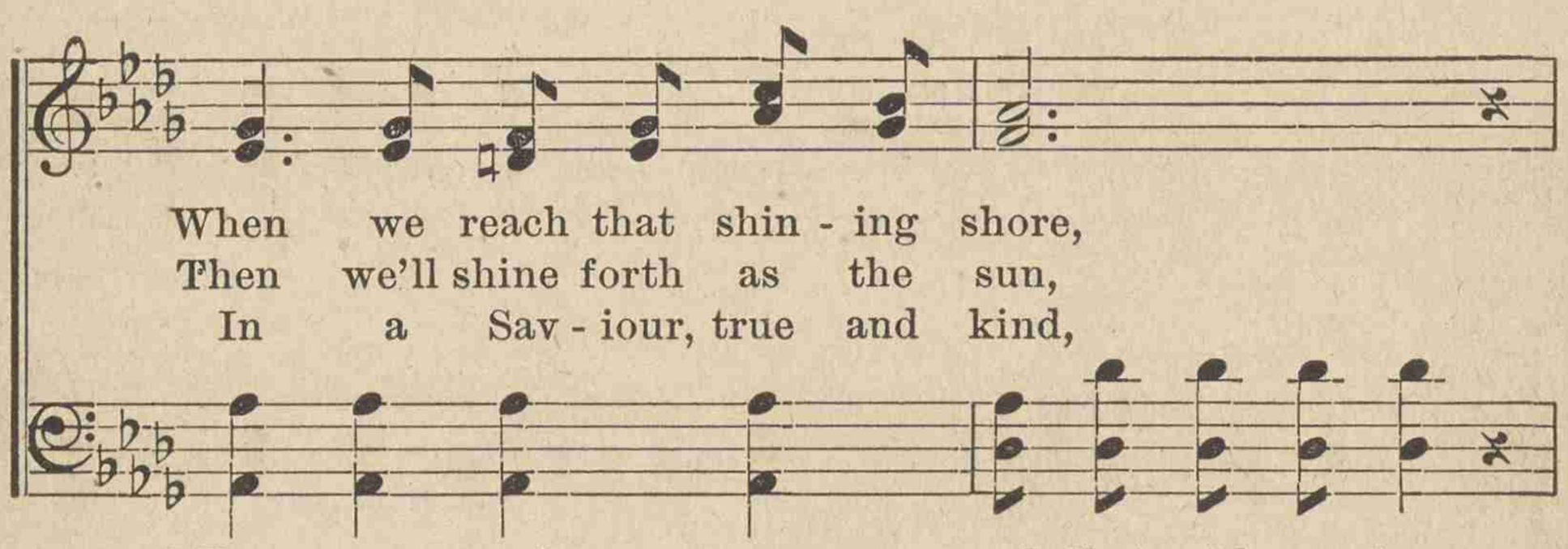
CODA.

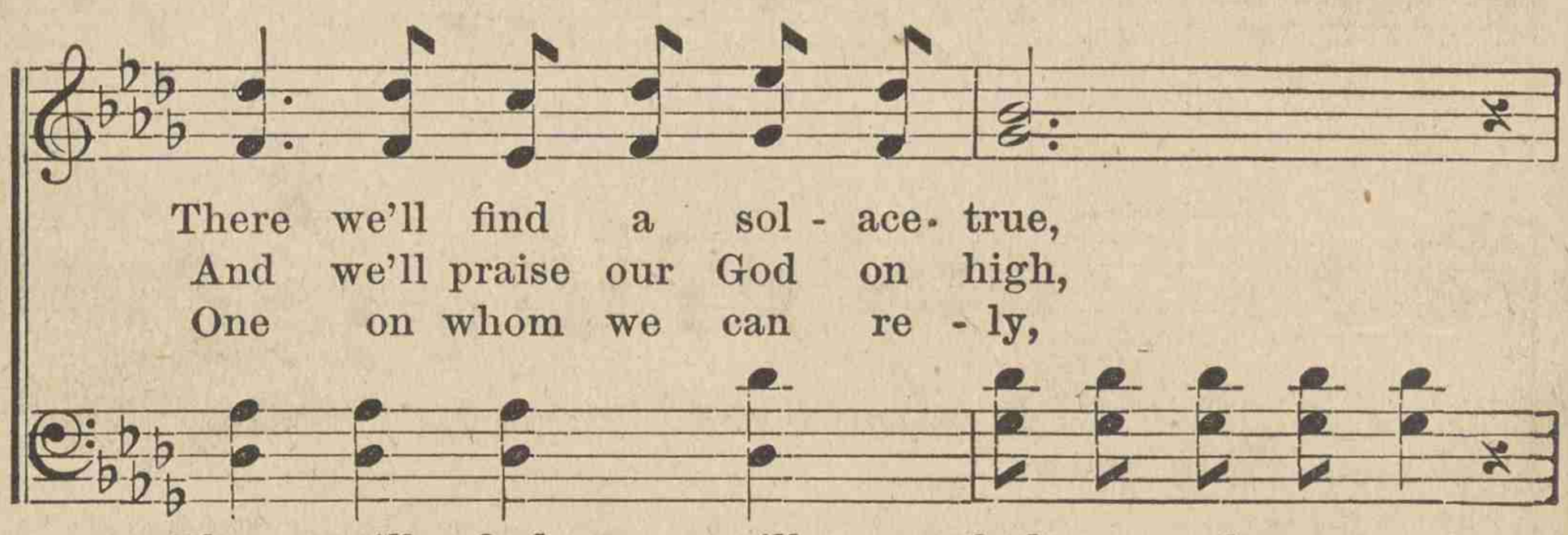


No. 60. By And By.

Arr. by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.







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By And By. CONCLUDED.

In that by and by we view, that we shall view.
For the bless - ed by and by, sweet by and by.
When we reach that by and by, sweet by and by.

REFRAIN.

By and by, ... by and by, There will
Sweet by and by, Sweet by and by, There will

be a by and by, By and by, ... by and
be a by and by, by and by, There will be a by and by, There will

by, ... Yes, there'll be a by and by, sweet by and by.
be a by and by,

No. 61. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHAS. WESLEY. T. M. BOWDISH.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than

to Thy bosom fly, While the near- er wa- ters roll, While the
help -less soul on Thee; Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup -
all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the

CHORUS.

tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O . . . my Sav- iour,
port and comfort me. All my trust . . on Thee is
Just and ho - - - ly is Thy
sick, and lead the blind. Hide me, hide me, O my Sav- iour,
All my trust, my trust on Thee is
Just, yes, just and ho - ly is Thy

Hide me, hide me, O my
All my trust on Thee, on
Just, yes, just and ho - ly

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Jesus, Lover of My Soul. CONCLUDED.

hide, . . . Till the storm . . . of life is
stayed, . . All my help . . . from Thee I
name, . . . I am all . . . . un-right - eous -

hide, . . Till the storm of life, the storm of
stayed, . . All my help, yes all my help from
name, . . I am all, yes I am all un -

Sav - iour hide, Till the storm, the storm of
Thee is stayed All my help from Thee, from
is Thy name, I am all, yes, all un -

past; Safe in - to . . . . . the ha - ven
bring; Cov - er my . . . . de - fence-less
ness; False and full . . . . of sin I

life is past, Safe, O safe in - to the
Thee I bring, Cov - er, cov - er my de -
right - eous-ness, False, yes, false and full of

life is past,
Thee I bring,
right- eous- ness,

guide, Oh, re - ceive . . my soul at last.
head, With the shad - - - ow of Thy wing,
am, Thou art full . . . of truth and grace.

ha-ven guide, Oh, re -ceive my soul, receive my soul at last.
fenceless head, With the shad- ow, with the shad-ow of Thy wing.
sin I am, Thou art full, yes, Thou art full of truth and grace.

Oh, receive my soul at last.
With the shad -ow of Thy wing,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 62. The Tower of Safety.

E. G. BROWN. PROVERBS 18: 10. H. A. LEWIS.

1. A tower of strength and safe - ty is the Lord's dear name,
2. Each Chris- tian heart may fal - ter when the dan - gers rise
3. No oth - er place of ref - uge from the rest - less world,
4. Oh! source of con - so - la - tion! pre - cious way- side rest;
5. "God's own" are in His keep - ing, tho' the rocks do quake,

Shin - ing through the grand e - ter - nal years,
Moun - tain - like a - cross the nar - row way—
Surg - ing like an o - cean in its pride—
Of - fered to all pil - grims bound for heaven!
Bil - lows can - not hide them from His view,

To glow with light more ten - der, since the Sav - iour came
For - get - ful that a - bove them, in the faith - ful skies,
No oth - er shield, when Sa - tan's darts are rude - ly hurled,
De - fence and cer - tain stronghold, when by sin op - prest,
His name in - sures their safe - ty when earth-ties must break,
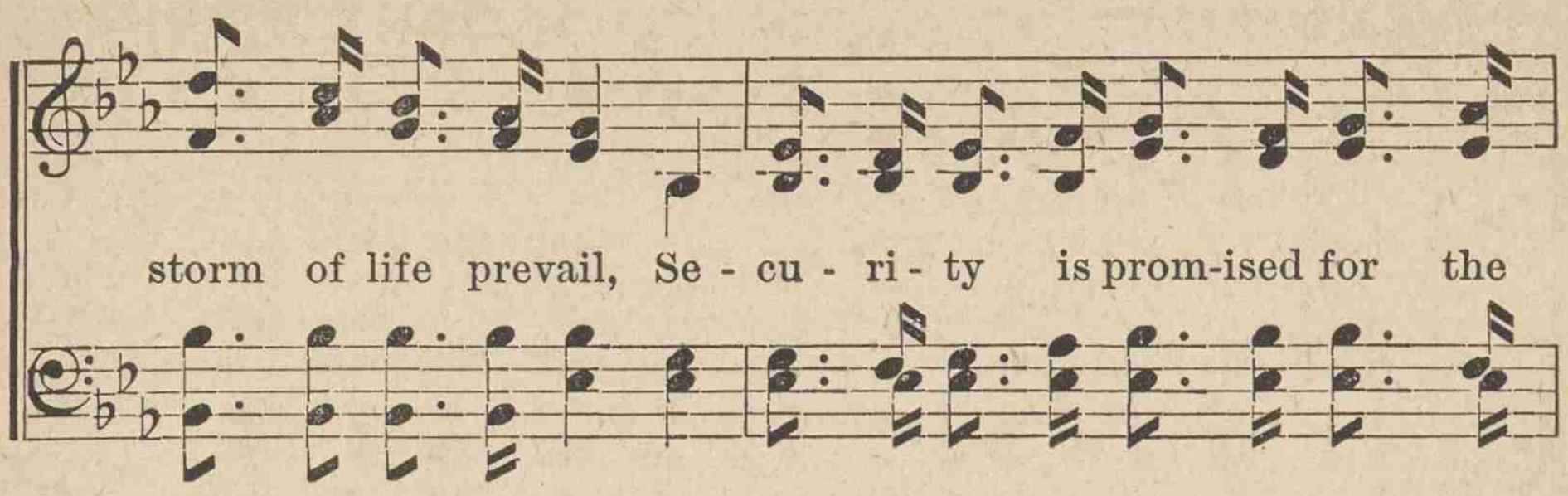
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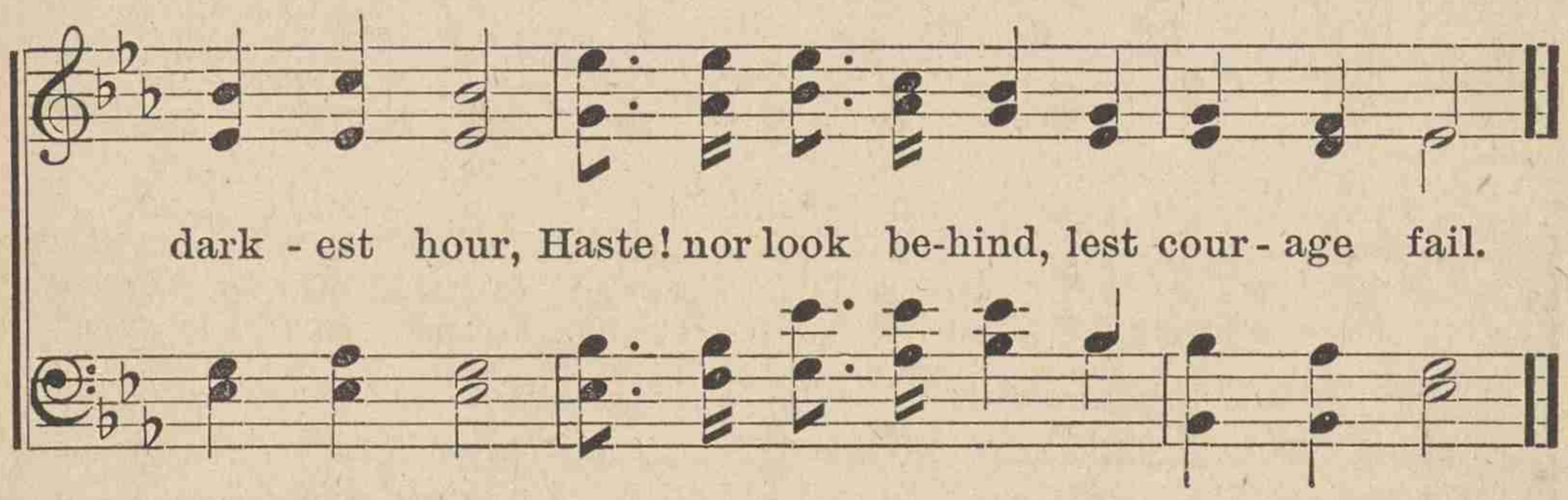
Ban - ish-ing the cloud of sin and shame. Hasten to the ref - uge
Beams the lamp to guide both night and day.
On - ly in the Lord's dear name to hide.
Tow'r of love and strength in mer- cy giv'n.
Bears them all the swelling wa - ters through.

of this mighty tow'r! Run in - to its bless- ed shel- ter, ere the

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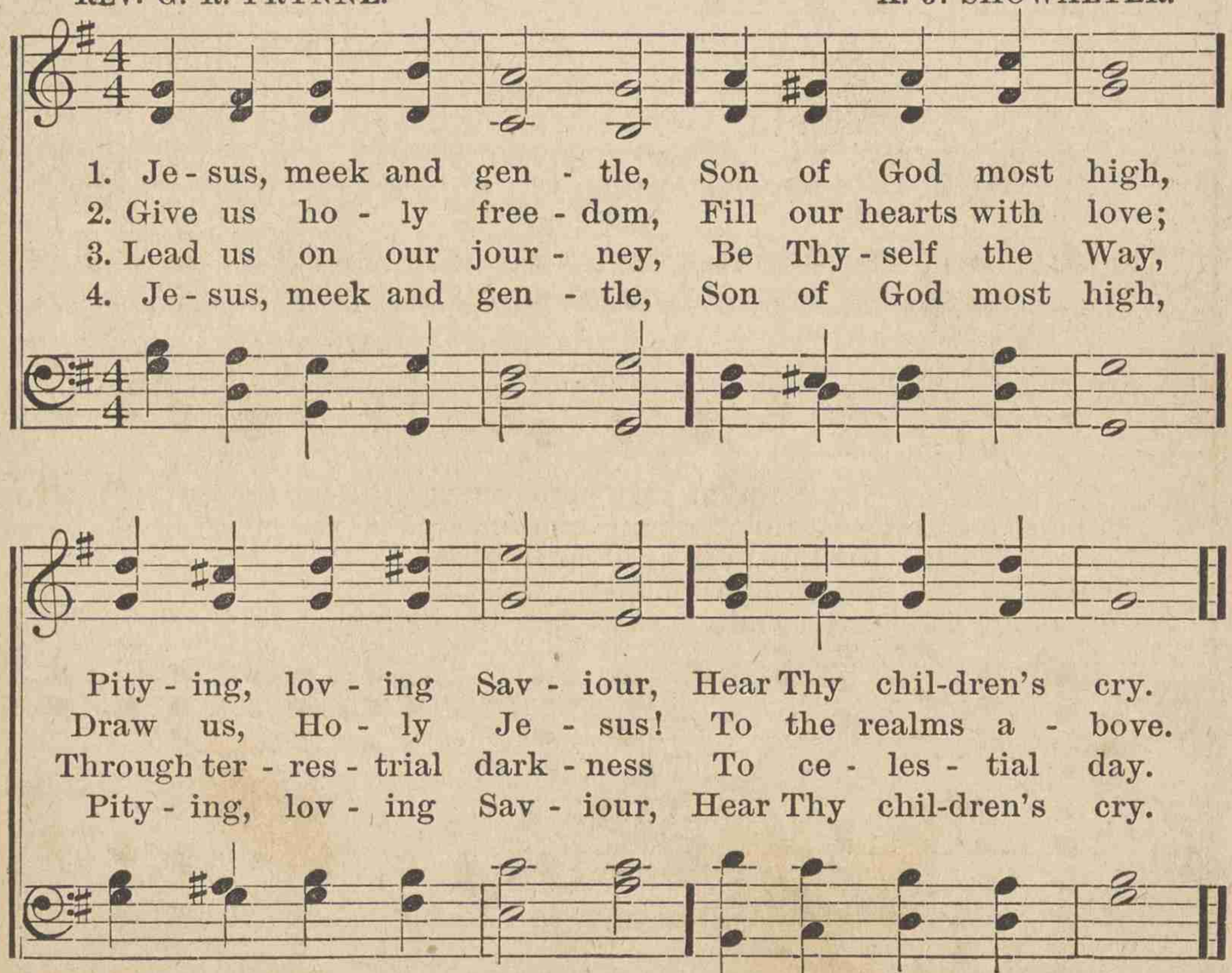
The Tower of Safety. CONCLUDED.





No. 63. Jesus, Meek And Gentle.

REV. G. R. PRYNNE. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 64. He Knoweth the Way.

MRS. S. M. WALSH. L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. Thro' the wea - ri - some hours of a sor - row - ful night, I have
2. When faint with the bur - den and heat of the day, I have
3. Tho' the road may be tan-gled, and thorn-y, and rough, So
4. And so as I jour-ney thro' darkness and light, Till the

pray'd for the morning to break; Till there came, not the morn, but this
long'd for the night to o'er-take, I am rest-ed and sooth'd as I
rough that all oth - ers for-sake, And leave me dis-courag'd; but
val-ley's dark shades o - ver-take, And the cit - y of rest lifts its

broad beam of light, "He knoweth the way that I take." He knoweth the
trust-ing - ly say, "He knoweth the way that I take." He knoweth the
ah! 'tis enough, "He knoweth the way that I take." He knoweth the
tow'rs on my sight, "He knoweth the way that I take." He knoweth the

way! and the way is His own, And I take it with Him, not alone, not alone!

From "HAPPY DAY," by permission of W. T. GIFFE.

No. 65. We Will Sing the Praise of Jesus.

ELLEN C. WEBSTER. J. H. TENNEY.

1. We will sing the praise of Je - sus, In a bright and cheerful lay;
2. We will sing His praise for-ev - er, By His Spir - it we are led,
3. We will keep on sing-ing, sing-ing, Till we reach the fields of bliss;

To His prom-ise sweet-ly clinging, As we trav - el on our way.
No rude hand the bond shall sev-er, For to Him our hearts are wed.
There the grandest mu - sic ren - der, For we'll see Him as He is.

CHORUS.

Sweet songs of praise, . . . Sweet songs of praise . . . We'll sing as
Sweet songs of praise, Sweet songs of praise
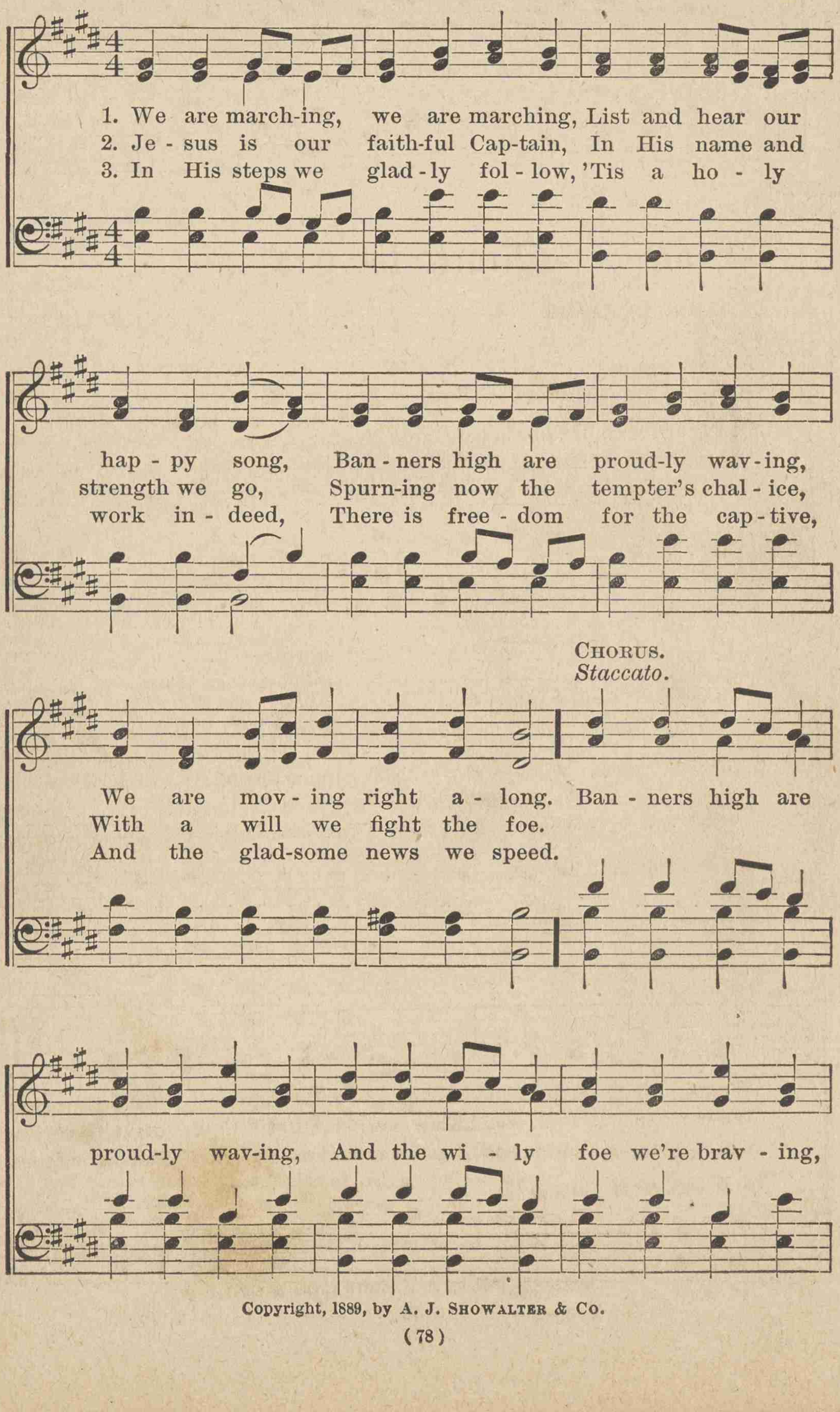
days . . . . . go quick-ly by, ... Yes, songs of
We'll sing as days go quick-ly by,

praise, . . . sweet songs of praise, ... As months and years so swift-ly fly.
Yes, songs of praise, sweet songs of praise, As months and years so swiftly fly.

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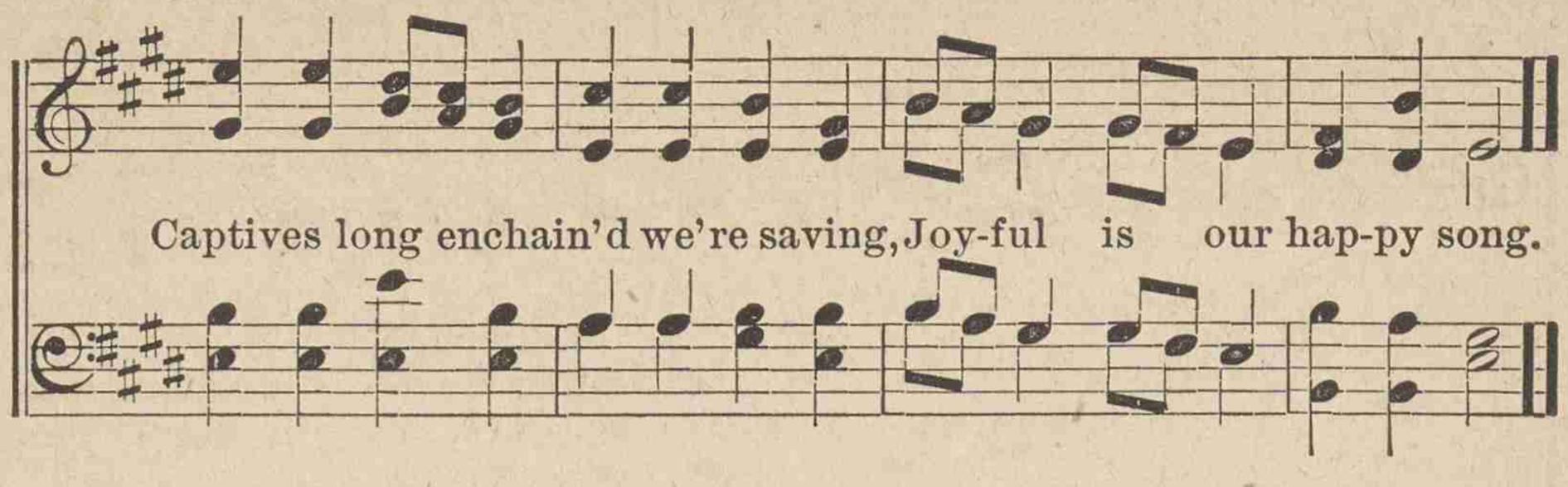
No. 66. The Temperance Brigade.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



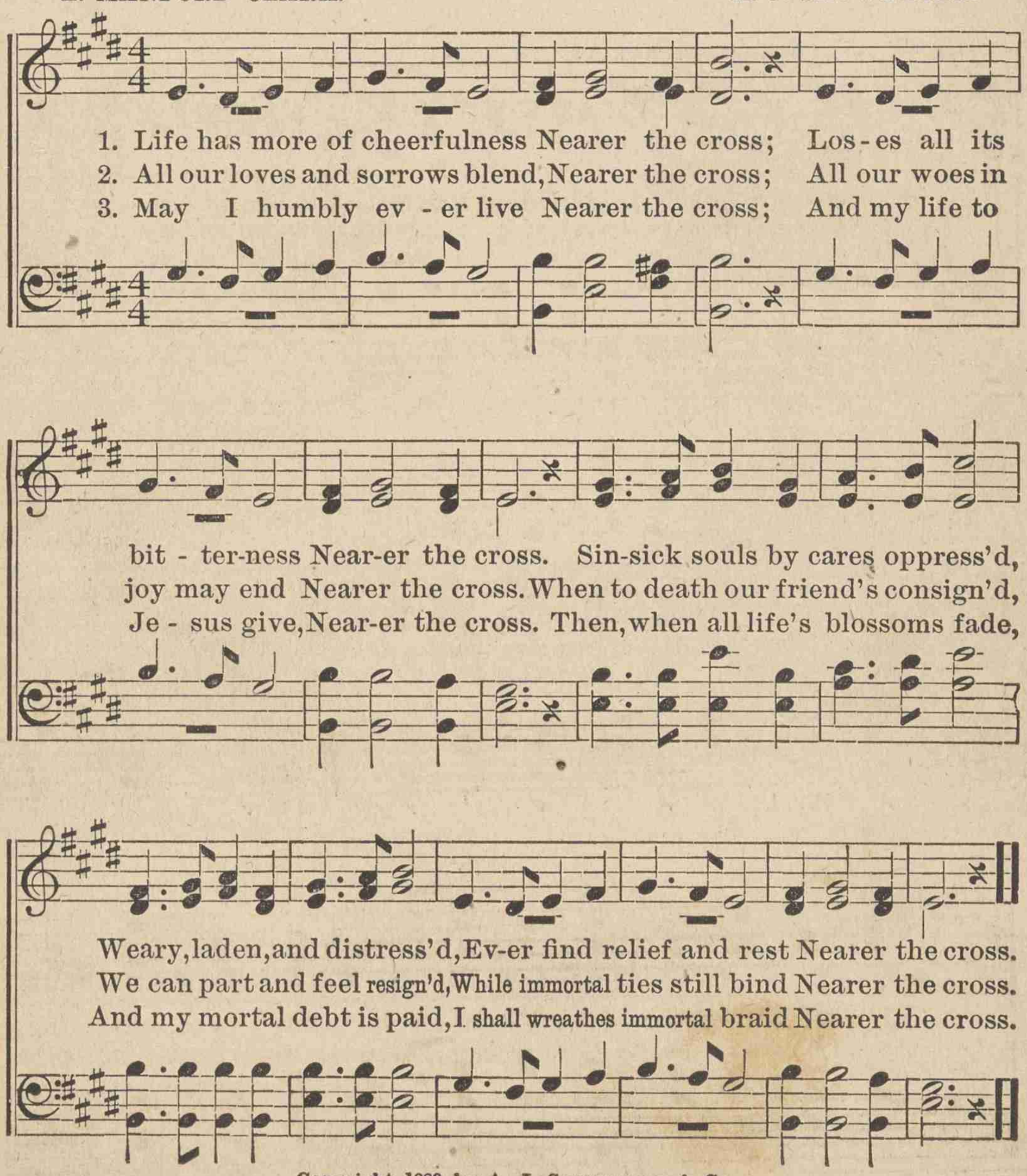
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The Temperance Brigade. CONCLUDED.



No. 67. Nearer the Cross.

E. MANFORD CLARK. A. J. SHOWALTER.
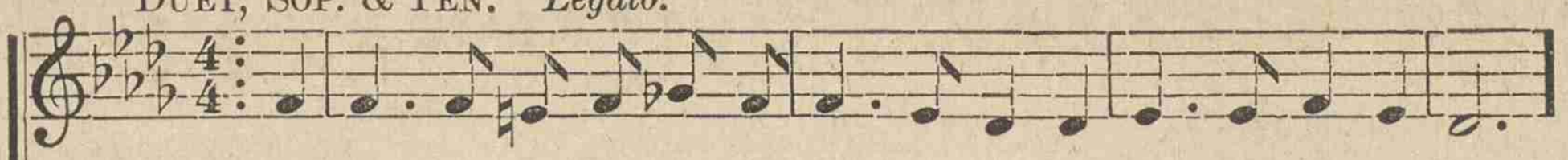


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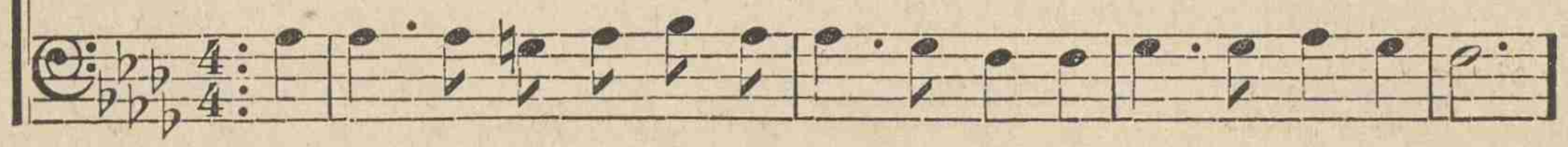
No. 68. Christmas Carol.
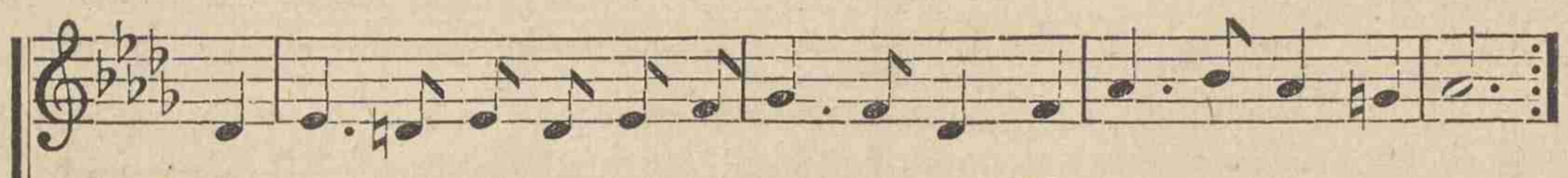
J. L. O. JAS. L. ORR.

DUET, SOP. & TEN. *Legato.*
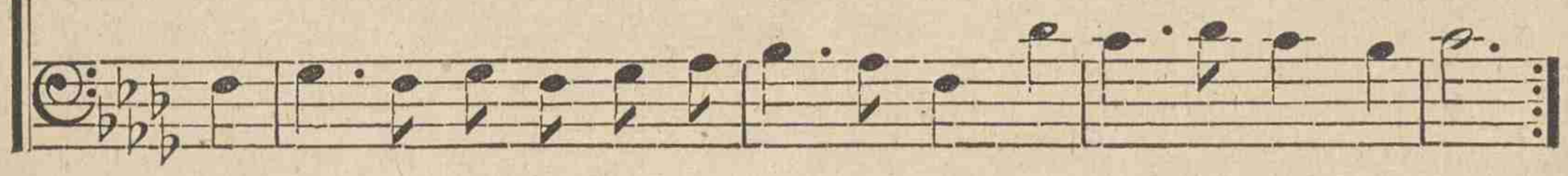


1. The star-light is silver'd o'er Judea's plain, And all was hushed in peace;
   And angels wing'd their way from heav'n to earth, A bright and shining throng,
2. The Prince of light to earth a stranger came, To res - cue fall - en man;
   Re-joice, re-joice, the Savior's ris'n to-day, He reigns in glo - ry now;
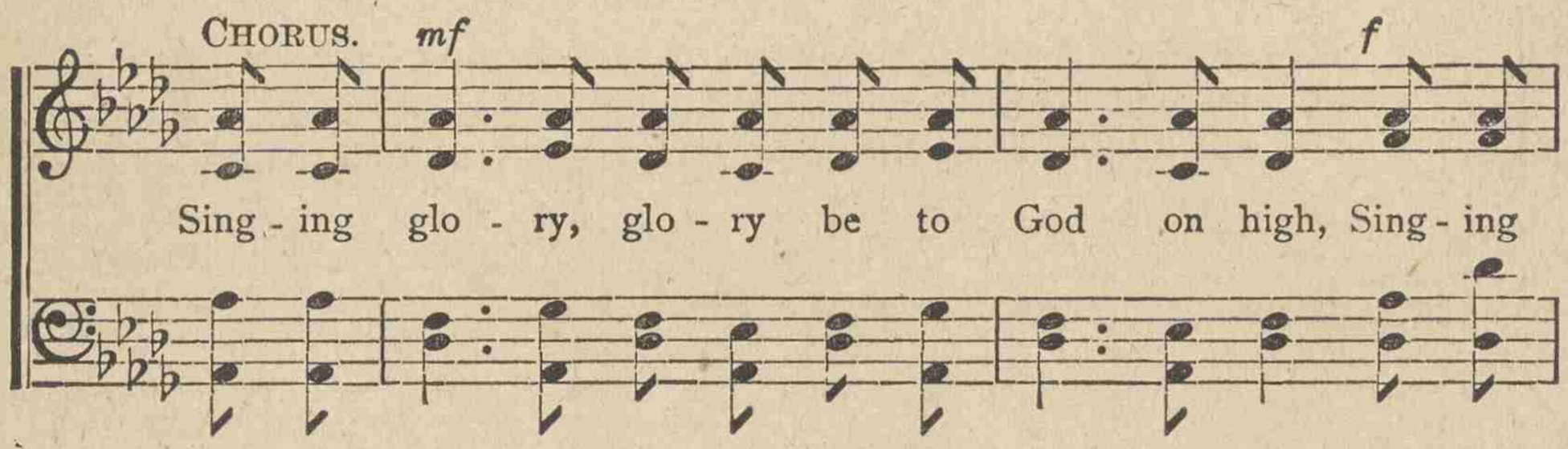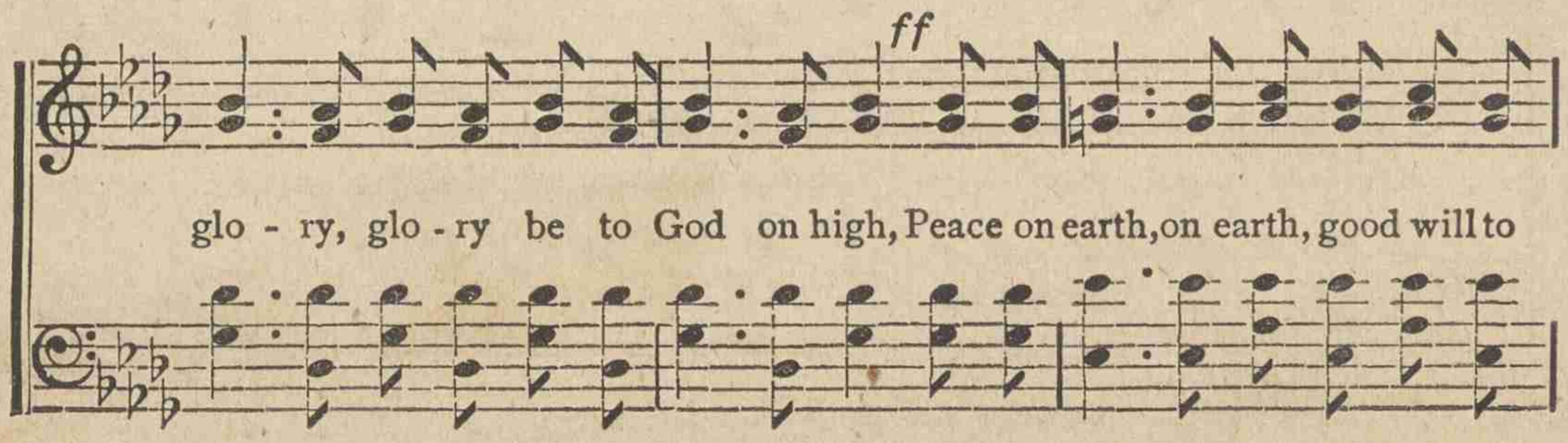




When clear and bright a guid-ing star appeared To wise men in the East.
To chant the news of a Mes - si - ah's birth, In sweet en- rapt-ured song.
He suffered death up - on the cross in shame, Fulfilled sal - va-tion's plan.
His sav- ing name shall ev-'ry tongue con-fess, To him all na - tions bow.



CHORUS. *mf* *f*
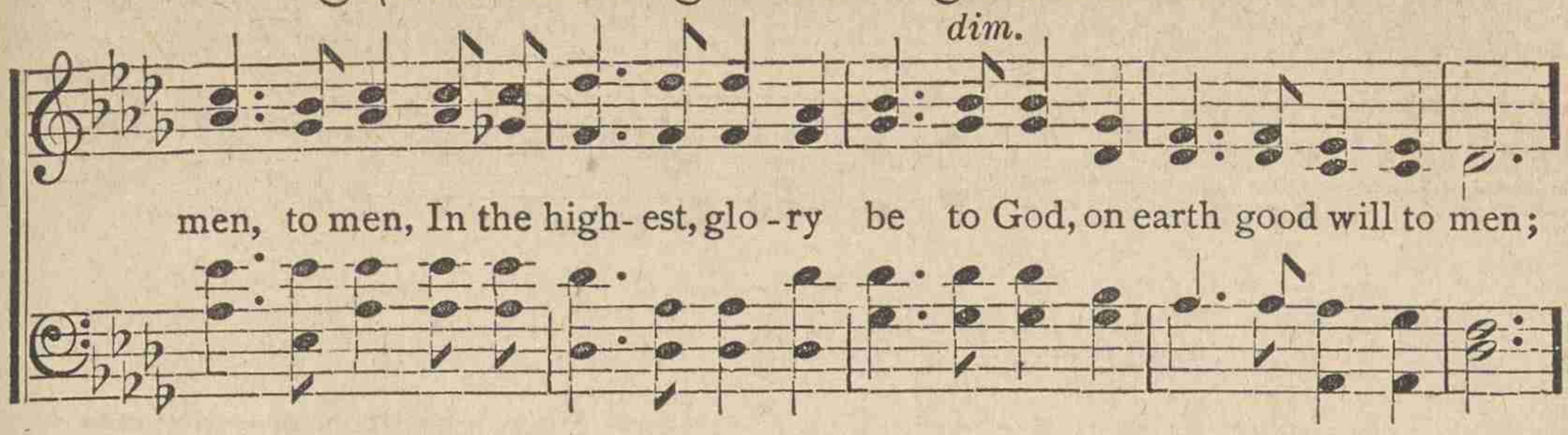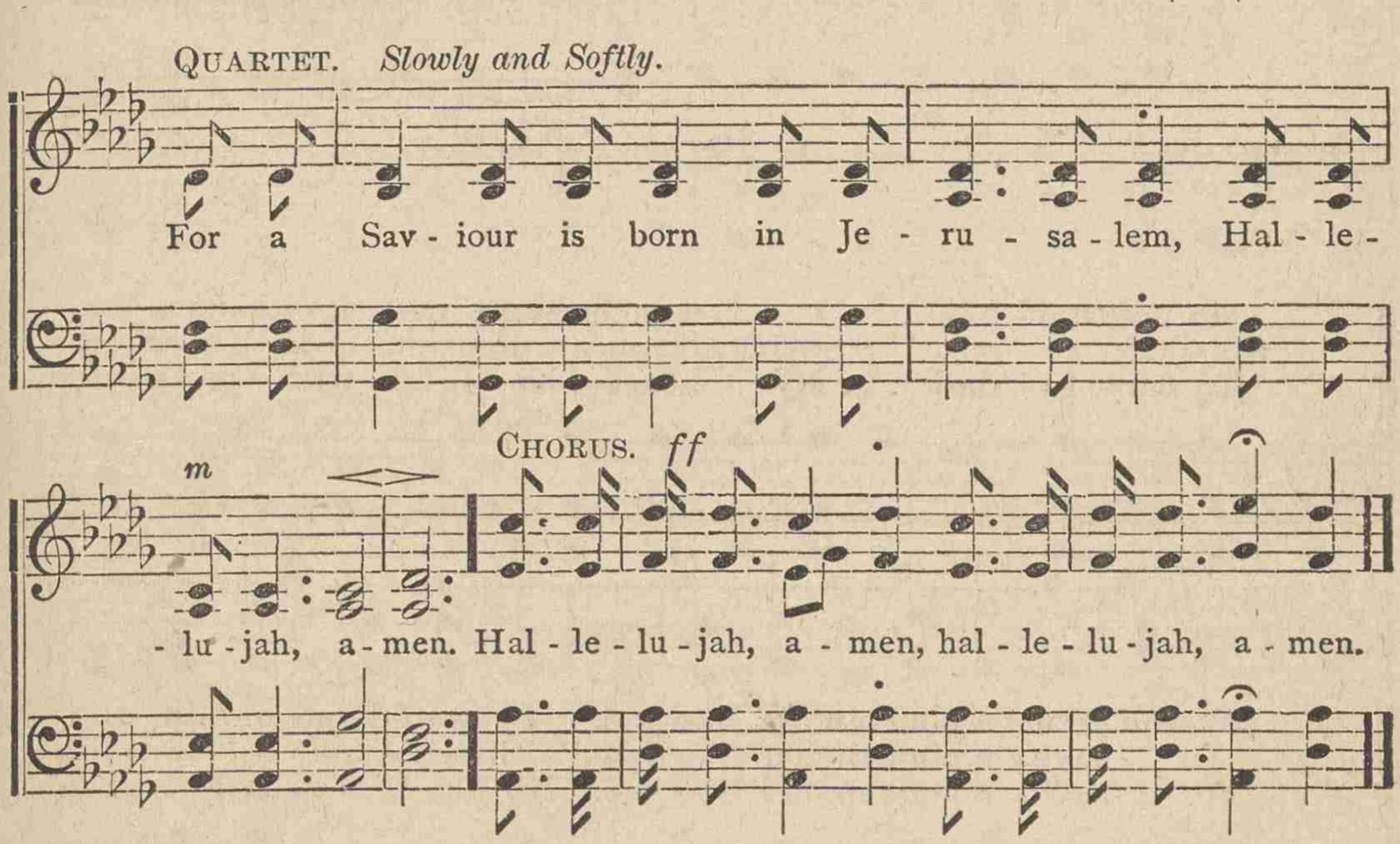


ff



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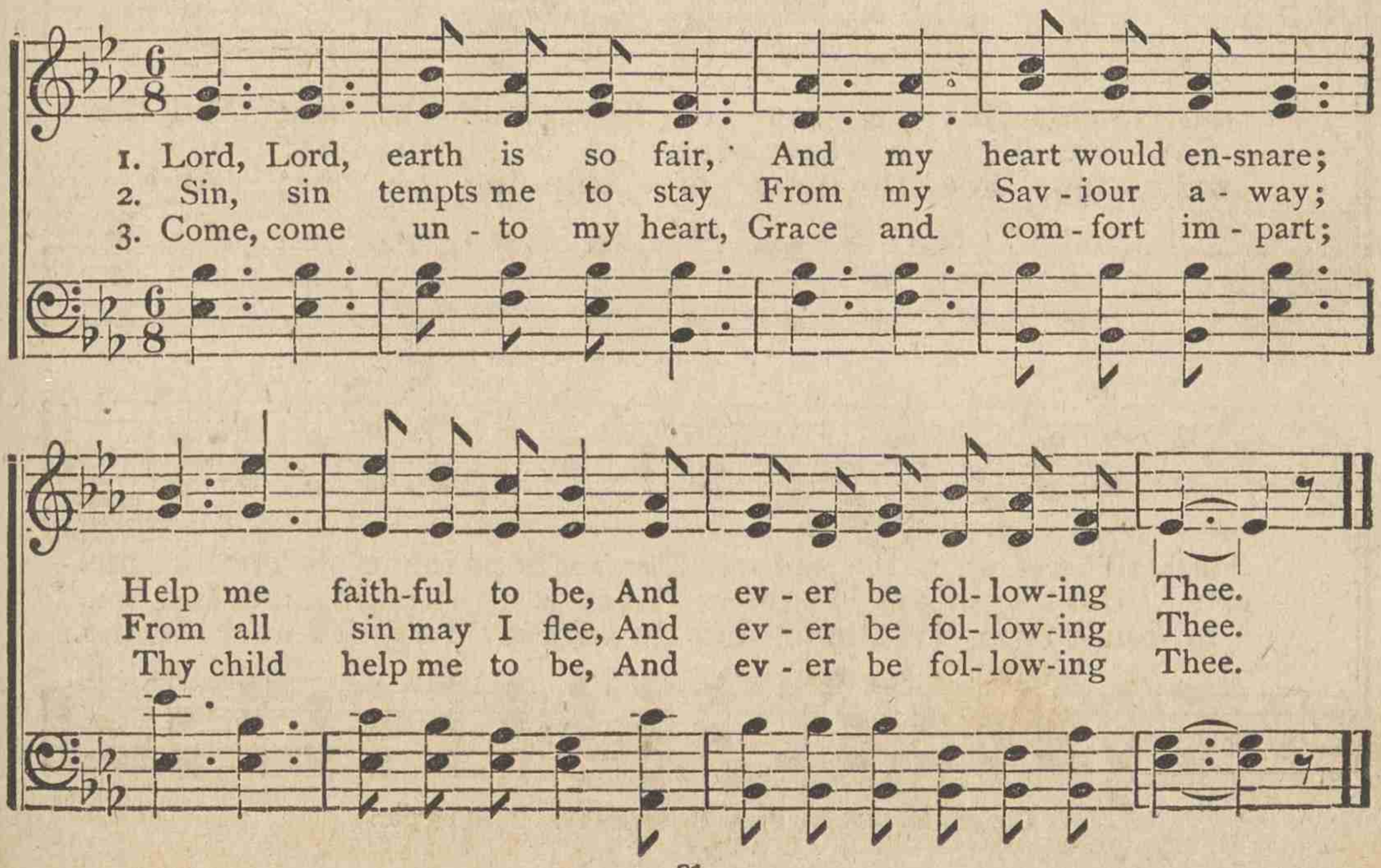
Christmas Carol.—Concluded.





No. 69. Following Thee.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. N. McHOSE.



No. 70. He Saves to the Uttermost.

CHAS. I. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I was once far a-way from the Sav-iour, And as vile as a
2. But there, in that lone - ly hour, A voice sweetly
3. Ful-ly then trust-ed I in Je- sus, And oh, what a

sin-ner could be; . . I won-der'd if Christ, the Re-deem -er,
whisper'd to me, Saying, "Christ, the Redeem - er, hath pow- er
joy came to me! . . My heart was fill'd with prais - es,

Would save a poor sin-ner like me. I wan-dered on in the
To save a poor sin-ner like thee." I listen'd and lo! 'twas the
For He sav'd a poor sin-ner like me. No lon - ger in darkness I'm

dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see; And the
Sav - iour That was speak-ing so kind to me: I . .
walk - ing, For the light is shin- ing on me; And

thought fill'd my heart with sadness, There's no hope for a sin-ner like me.
cried, "I'm the chief of sinners, Thou can'st save a poor sinner like me."
now un-to oth - ers I'm tell-ing How He sav'd a poor sinner like me.

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No. 71. Christ Is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1 Pet. ii: 7.

W. A. WILLIAMS. By per.

Effective as a Solo. Ad lib.

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u-ry were there,
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the mar-tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. I saw the gos-pel her-ald go To Af-ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dreamed that hoary time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day, The Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it say;

Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence Her help-less
Wait - ing for Jesus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
Nor death his soul appall; I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri-
To save from Satan's thrall; Nor home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and
A fire dissolved this ball; I saw the church's ransom'd throng, I heard the
The Bride repeats the call; For He will cleanse your guilty stains, His love will

CHORUS.

widowhood's defence, She told me, "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
spirit pass'd a-way, He whispered, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
umphant-ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
perils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
burden of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all." All in all, all in
soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all." All in all, all in

1st. *2nd.*

all, She told me "Christ was all." She told me "Christ was all."
all, He whisper'd, "Christ is all." He whisper'd "Christ is all."
all, And answered, "Christ is all." And answer'd, "Christ is all."
all, He felt that "Christ is all." He felt that "Christ is all."
all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all." 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
all, For "Christ is all in all." For "Christ is all in all."

No. 72. Angelic Songs.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea-ry
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of
4. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep-ing, Sing us sweet

fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are
souls, for Je-sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly
Je-sus sounds o'er land and sea; And lad - en souls by thousands meekly
fragments of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of

CHORUS.

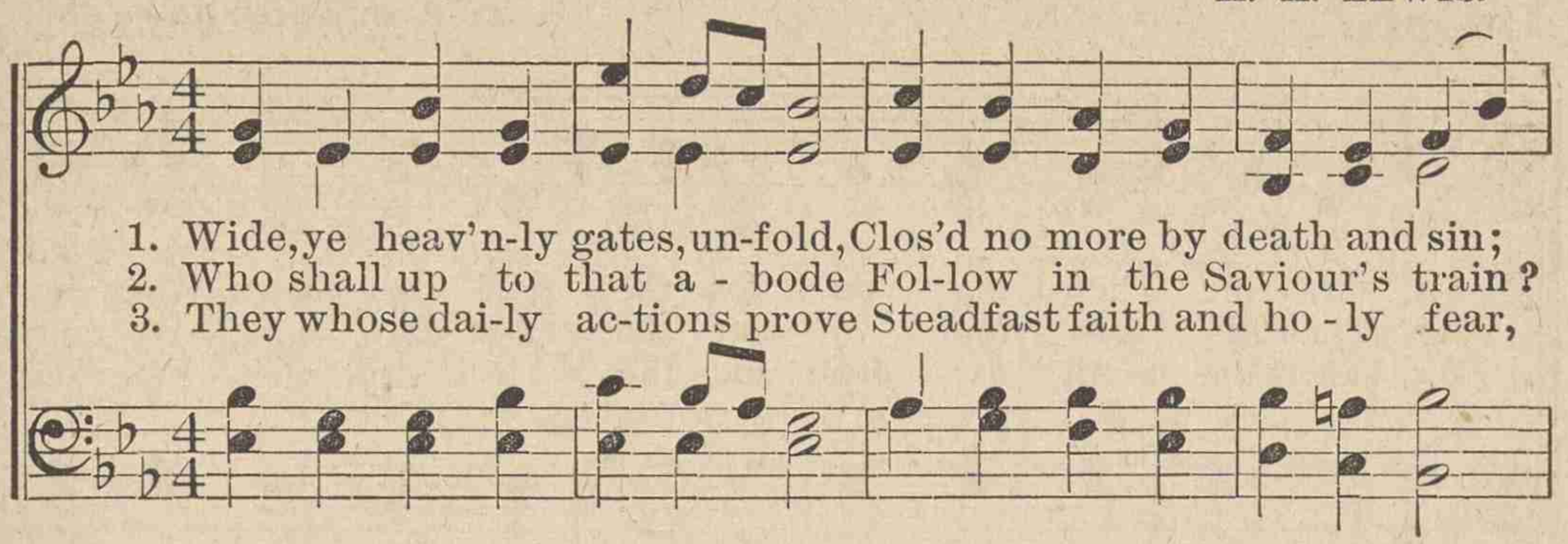
tell-ing, Of that new life where sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je-sus!
ring-ing, The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
weep-ing, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

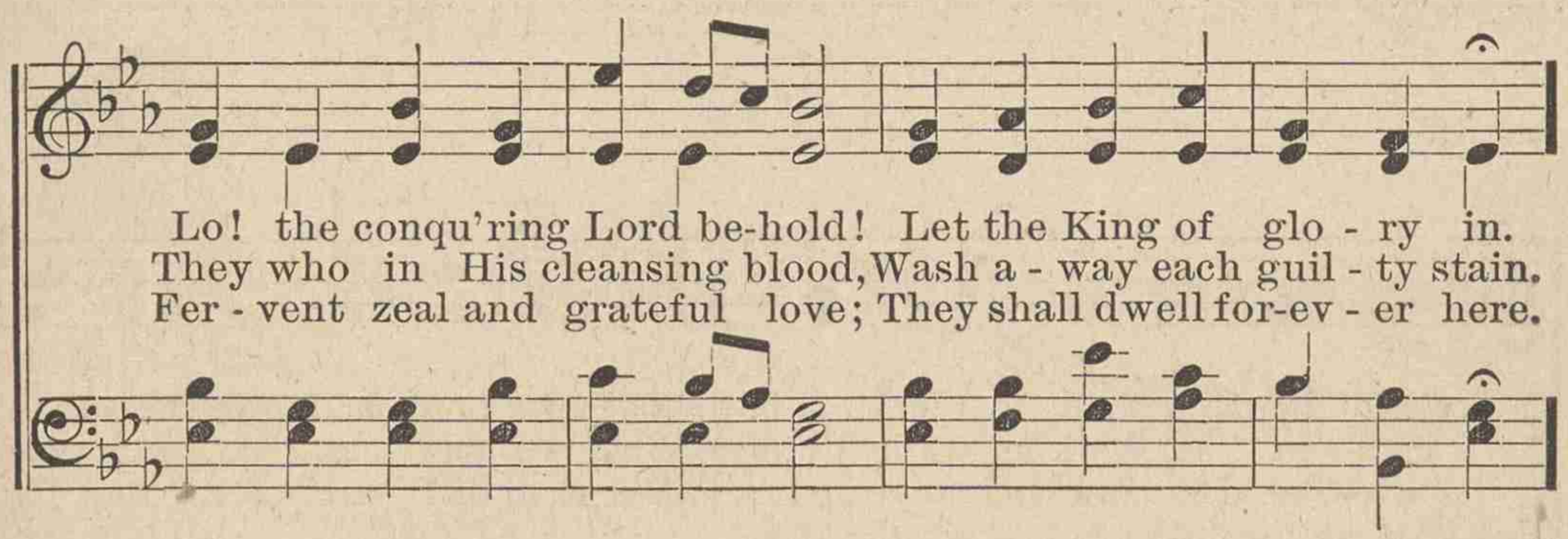
An - gels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
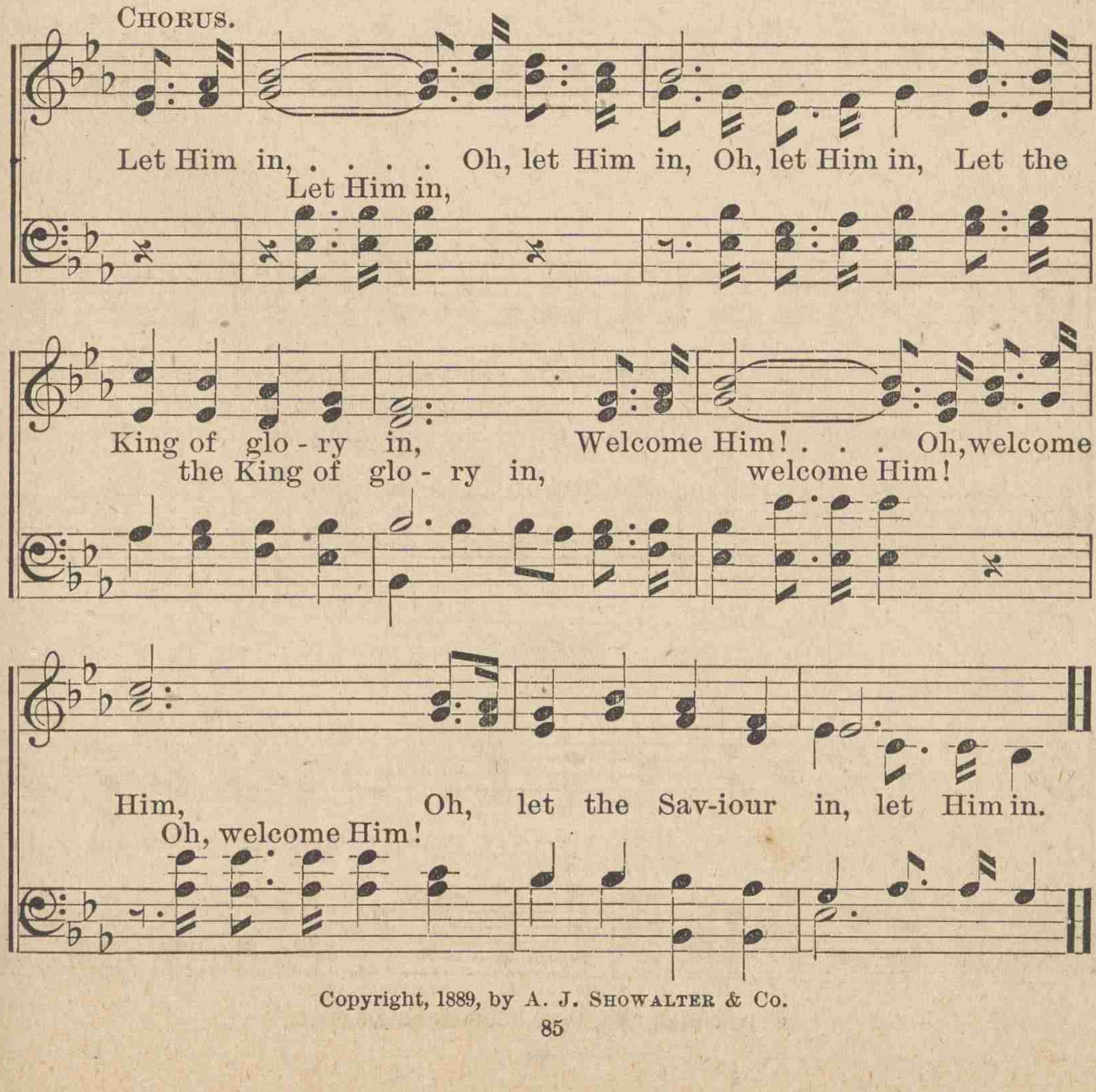
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No. 73. Wide, ye Heav'nly Gates, Unfold.

H. A. LEWIS.
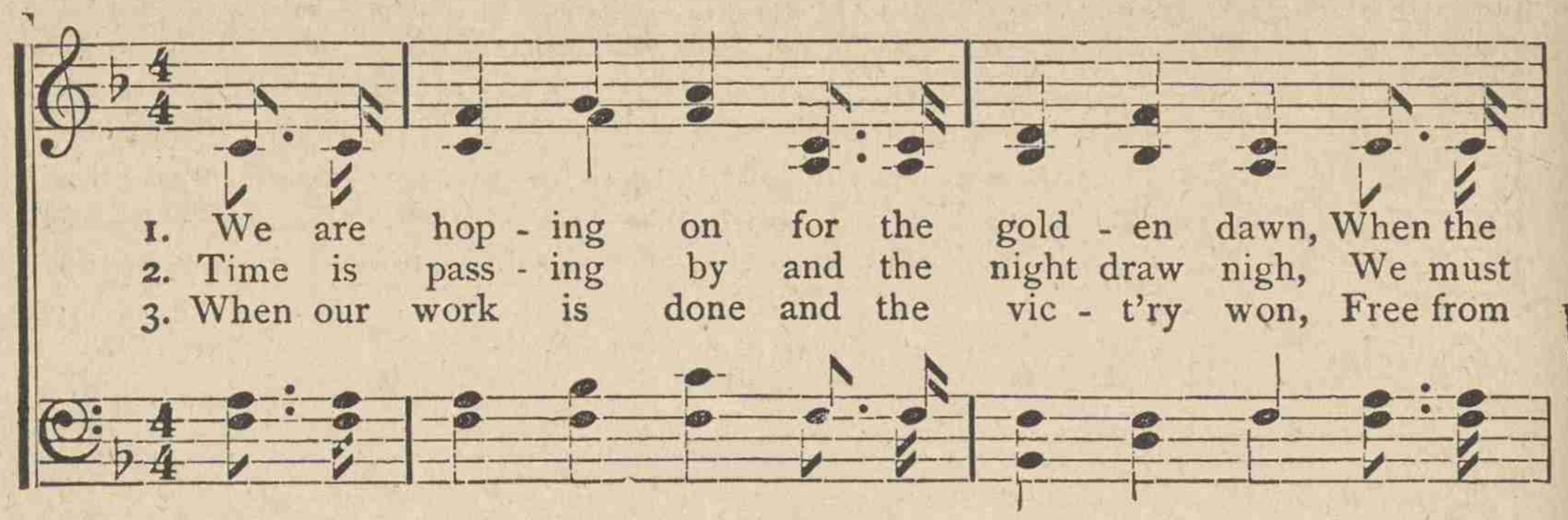




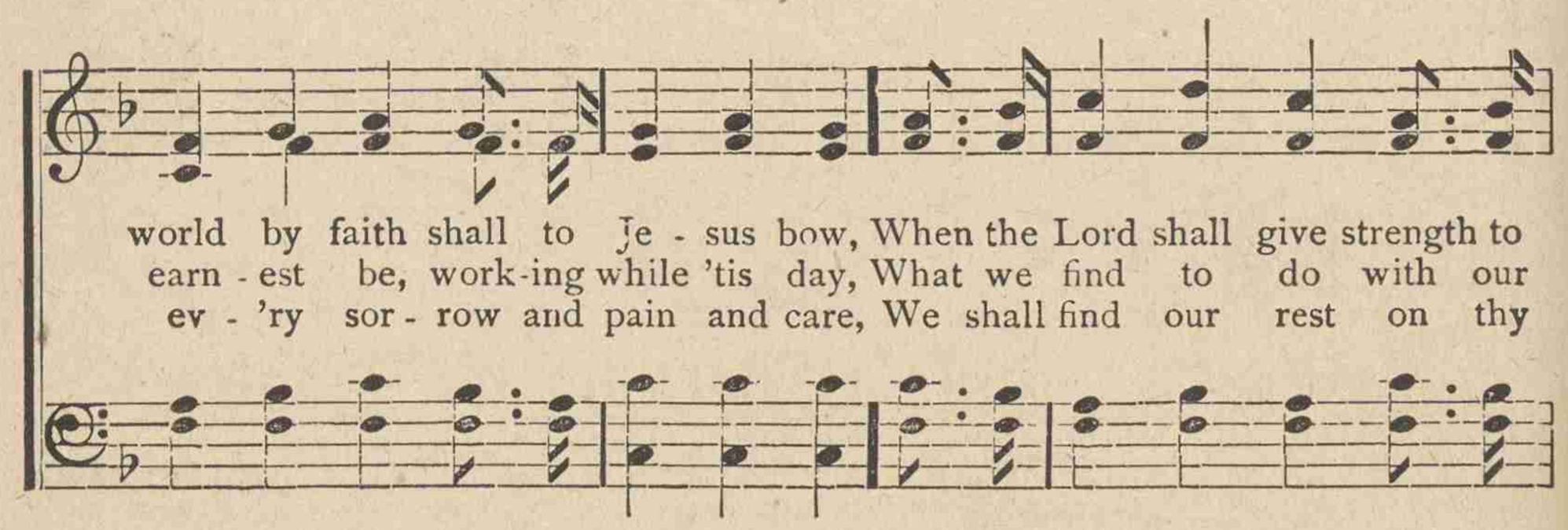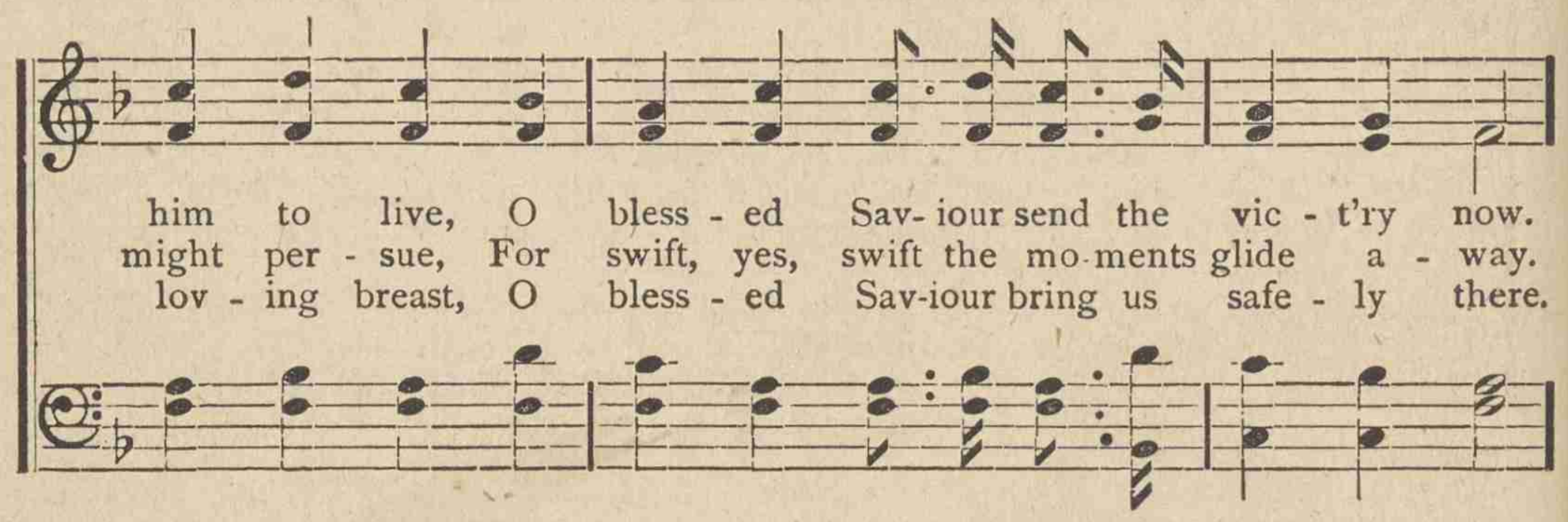


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No. 74. Send the Victory Now.
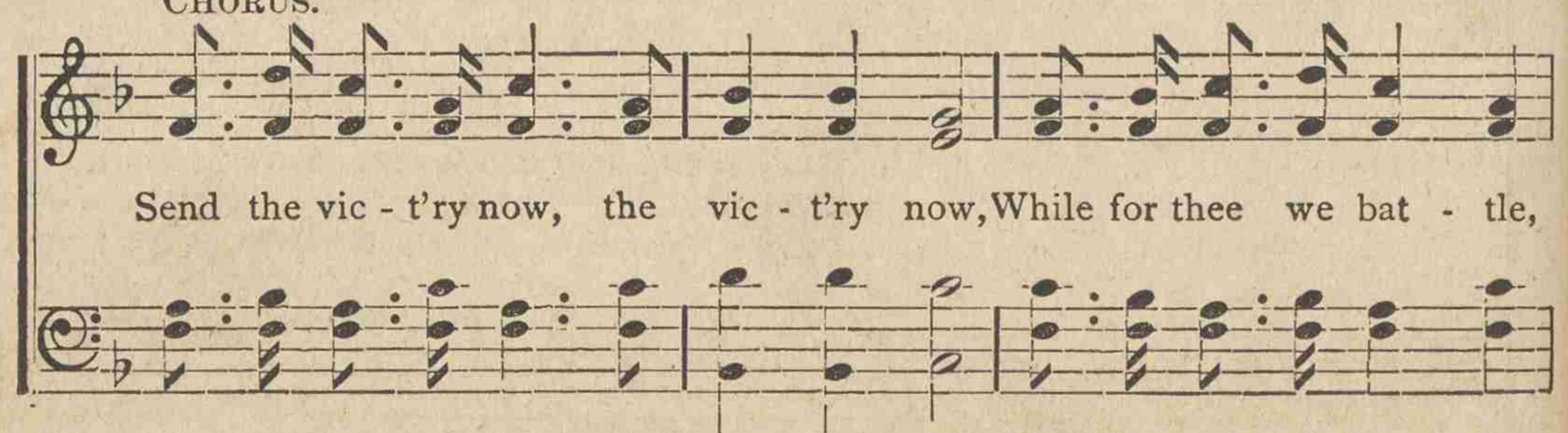
Words arr. A. J. SHOWALTER.





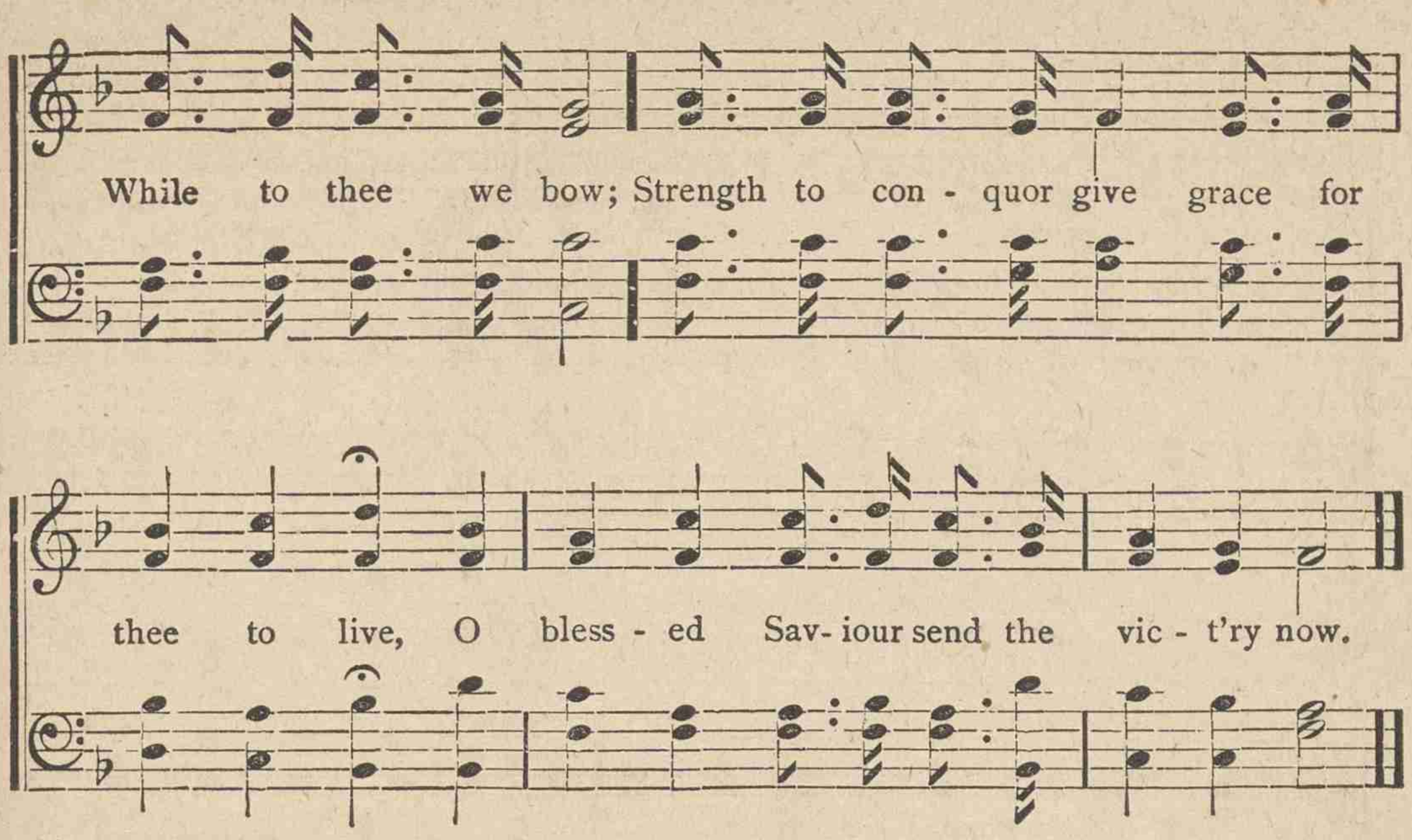


CHORUS.



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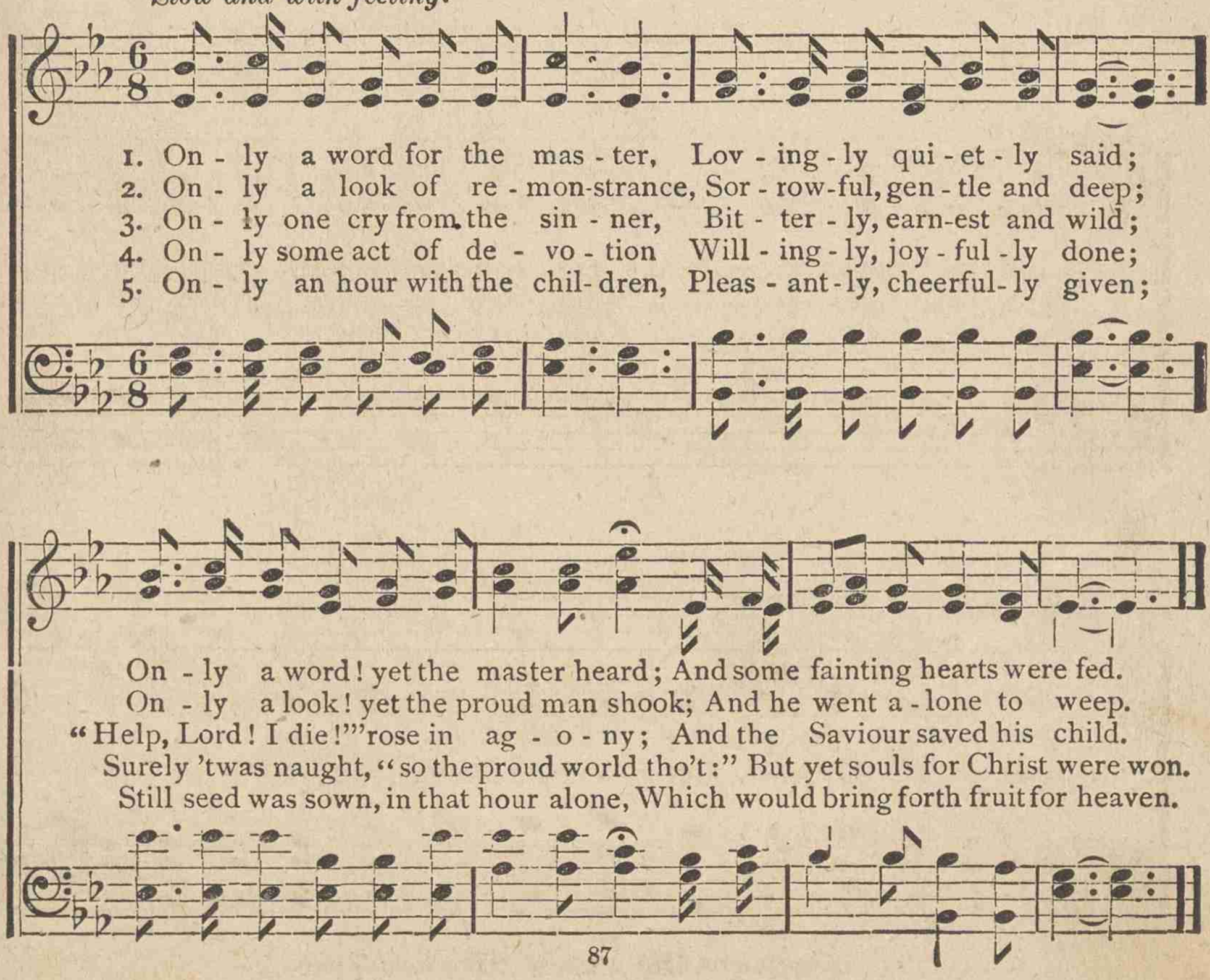
Send the Victory Now.—Concluded.



No. 75. Only a Word for the Master.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

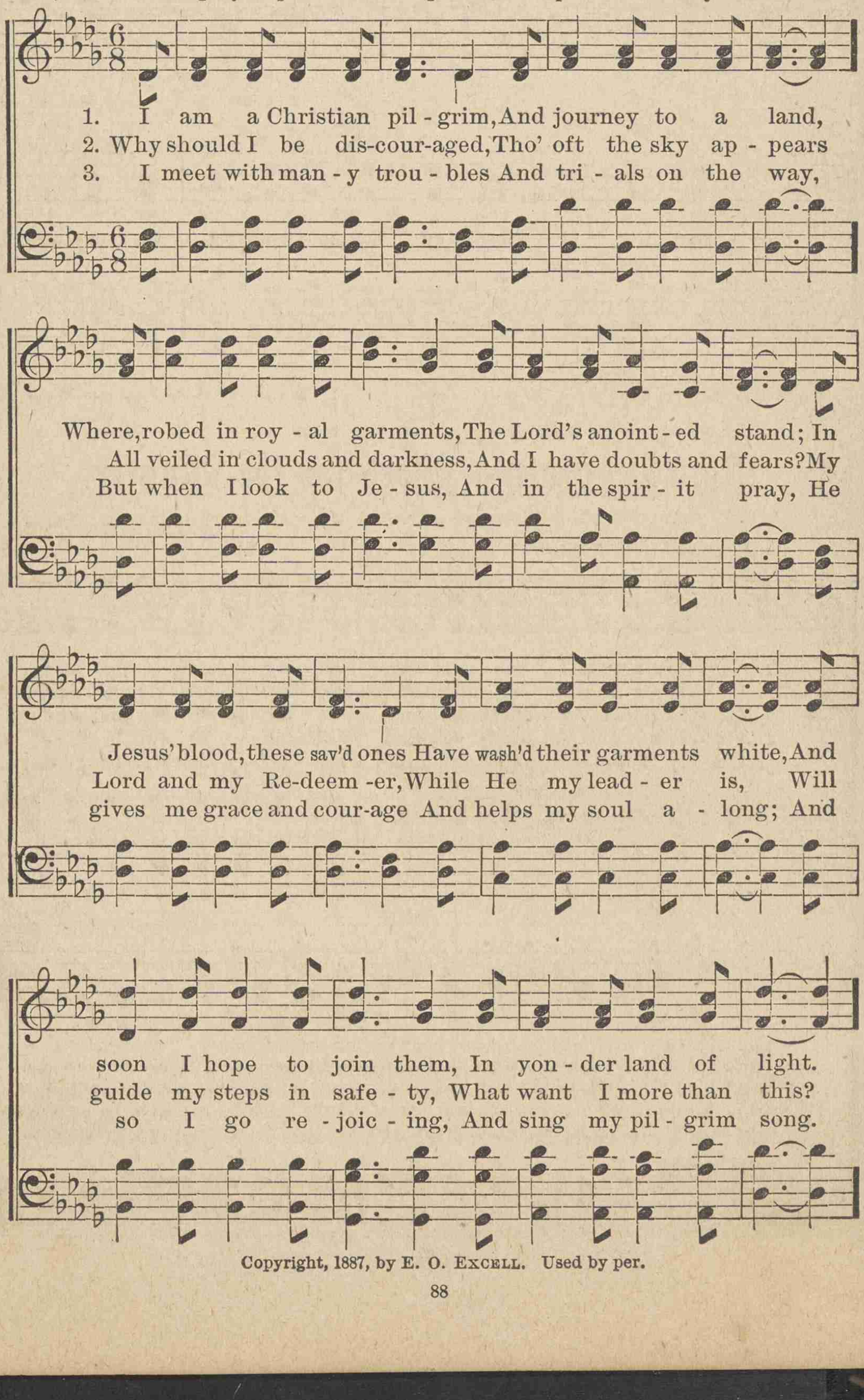
Slow and with feeling.



No. 76. I Feel Like Going On.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

In a testimony meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly down-cast. Following him, an old grey-haired father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones, cried: "Brethren, I feel like going on, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.



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I Feel Like Going On. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

I feel like go - ing on, brother, I feel like go - ing on,

I'm on my way to Zi - on, And I feel like go - ing on.

No. 77. I Heard the Voice.

DR. H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, Come un- to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, Be -hold, I free-ly give The liv-ing wa-ter, thirs-ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, I am this dark world's light; Look un-to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright. I look'd to Je - sus, and I found In
4. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, My Father's house above Has man-y mansions; I've a place Prepared for you in love. I trust in Je - sus: in that house, Ac -

ry, and worn, and sad, I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.
that life-giv-ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.
cord-ing to His word, Redeem'd by grace, my soul shall live For ev -er with the Lord.

No. 78. 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
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a

great day com ing by and by, When the saints and the
bright day com - ing by and by, But its bright - ness shall
sad day com - ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall

sin - ners shall be part - ed right and left, Are you
on - ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you
hear his doom, "De - part I know ye not," Are you

read - y for that day to come?
read - y for that day to come?
read - y for that day to come?

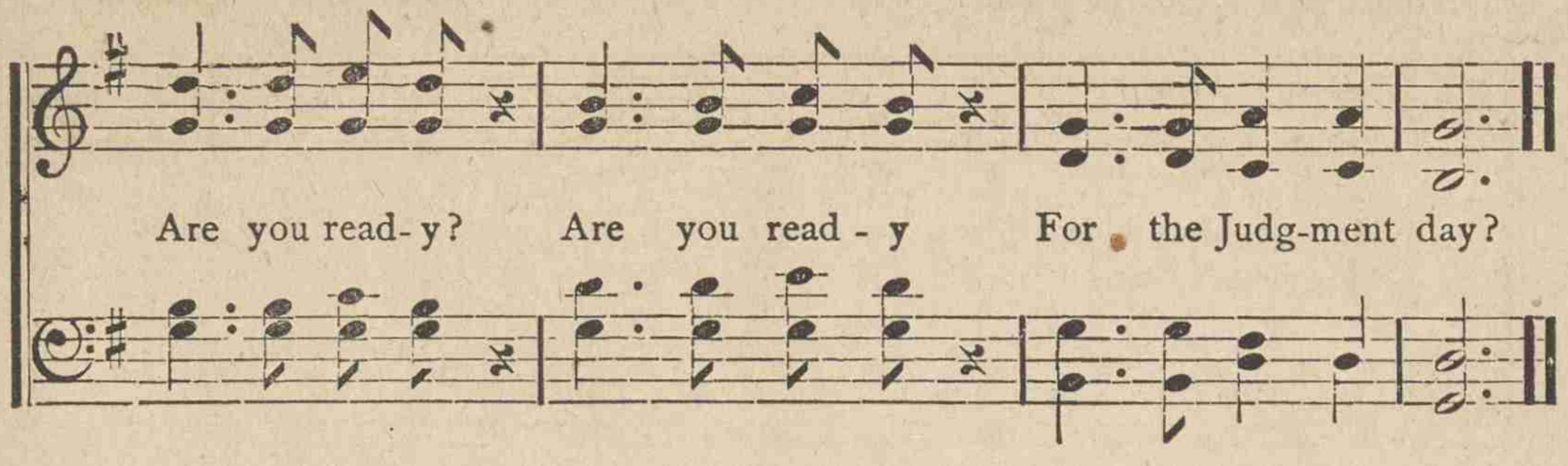
CHORUS.

Are you read - y?

Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the Judg- ment day?
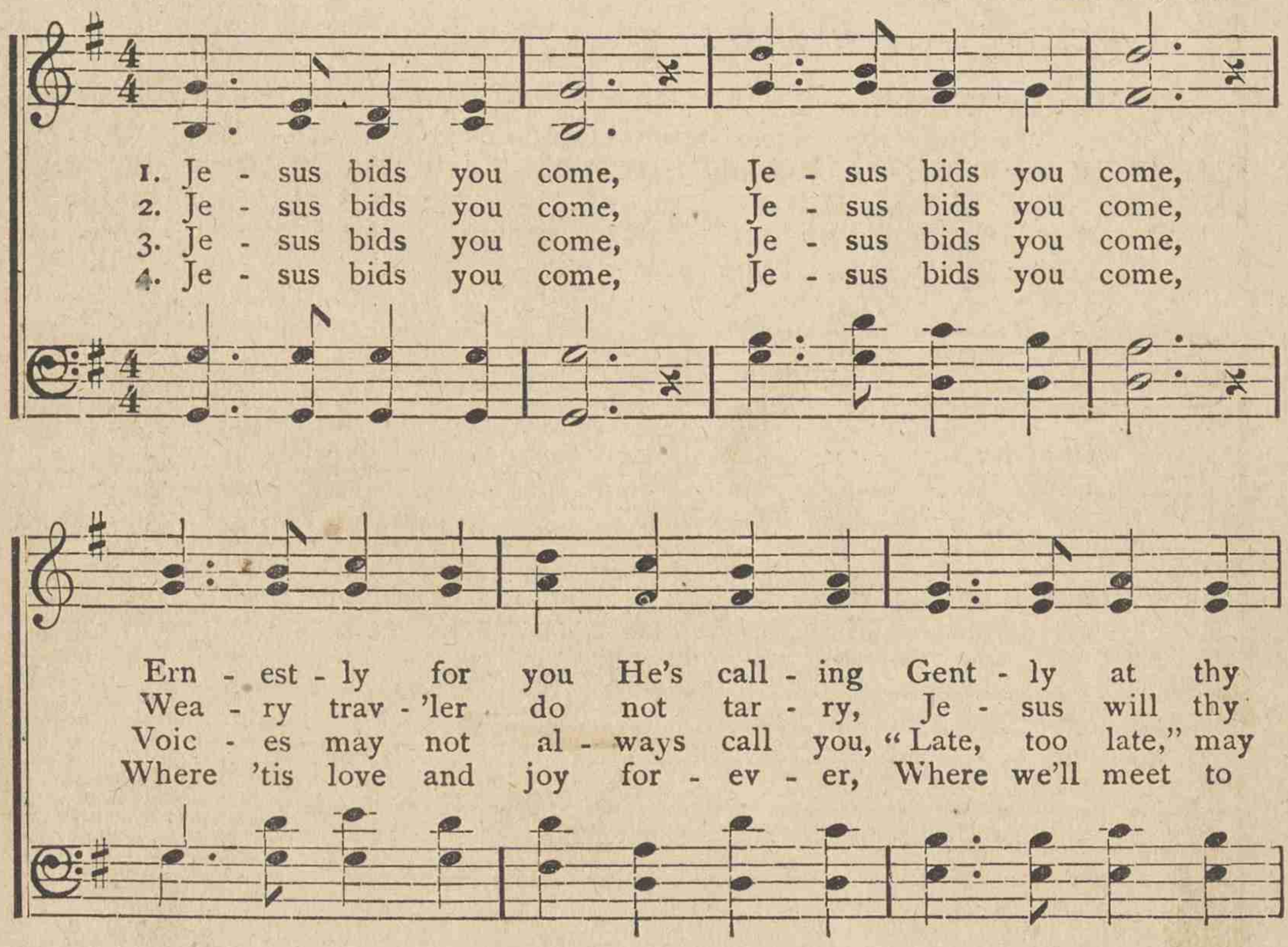
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There's a Great Day Coming.—Concluded.



No. 79. Jesus Bids You Come.

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



By permission of W. L. THOMPSON & CO., East Liverpool, O.

No. 80. I am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee!
2. I am trust-ing Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleansing In the crim-son flood;
4. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,
5. I am trust-ing Thee for pow - er, Thine can nev - er fail;
6. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Trust-ing Thee to make me ho - ly, By Thy blood.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing, All my need.
Words which Thou Thy-self shalt give me Must pre - vail.
I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er; And for all.

REFRAIN.

I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing, trust-ing
I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, trusting Thee, Trust-ing, trust-ing

Thee! . . . . I am trust - ing Thee, Lord
Thee! trust - ing Thee! I am trust - ing Thee, Lord

Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee.
Je - sus, trust - ing Thee! Trust - ing on - ly Thee.

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No. 81. Jesus is My Redeemer.

E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Je -sus is my soul's Redeem- er, He has saved me from my sin;
2. Coming in, He brought redemption; Said "thy sins are all forgiv'n;"
3. Oh the ful-ness of the bless-ing! Oh the rich - es of His love!
4. Praise the Lord for free sal - va - tion, For this bless-ed, bless-ed peace;

To my heart He came with par-don, And I bade Him en - ter in,
Cleans'd me from my soul - de - filement, Made me thus an heir of heav'n,
Wondrous are the streams of mer - cy, Flow-ing from the Throne a-bove,
Let my soul bow down a - dor - ing, And His prais - es nev - er cease,

To my heart He came with par-don, And I bade Him en - ter in.
Cleans'd me from my soul de - filement, Make me thus an heir of heav'n.
Wondrous are the streams of mer - cy Flowing from the Throne a- bove.
Let my soul bow down a - dor - ing, And His prais-es nev - er cease.
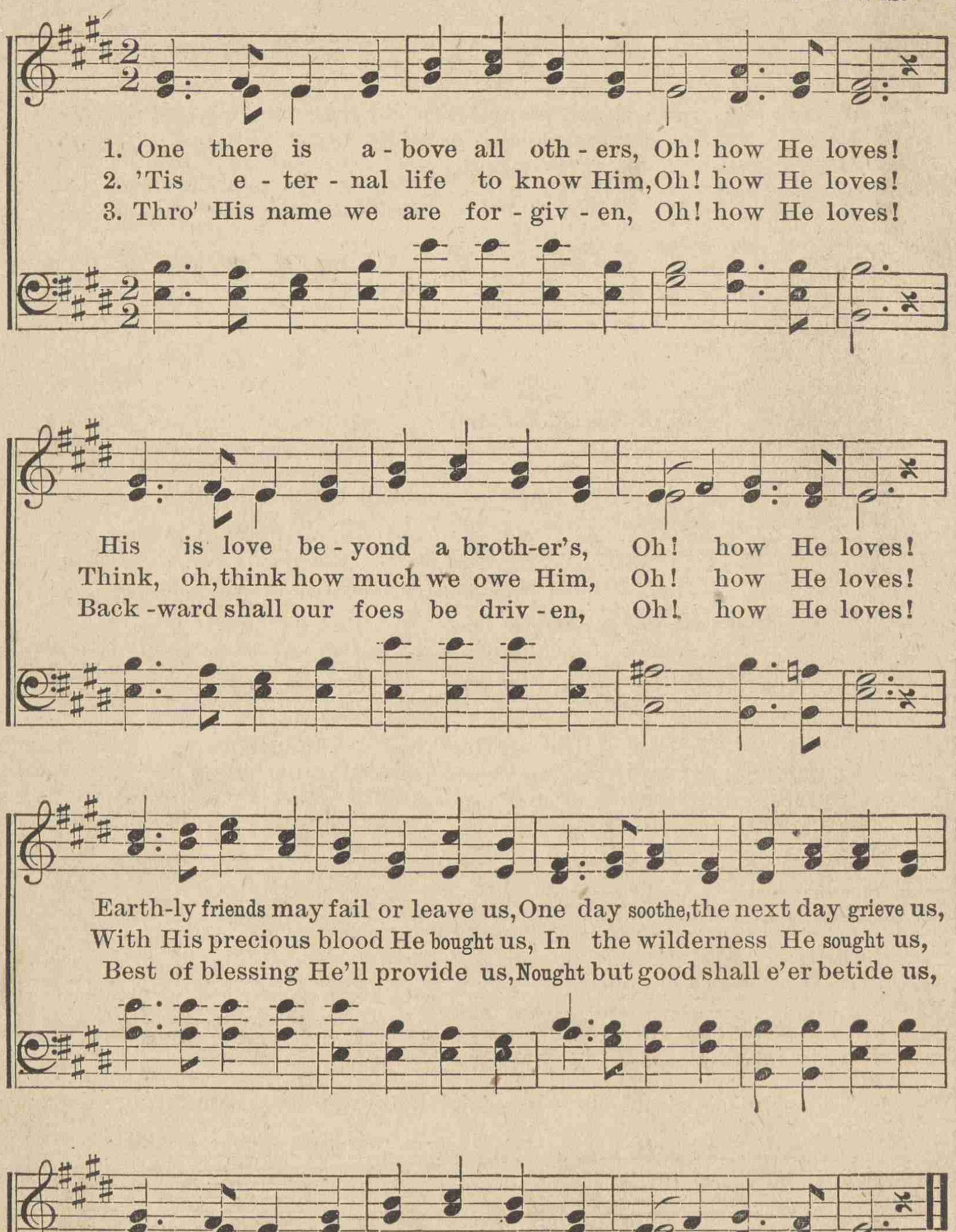
CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Let me praise Him and a- dore;

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Let me love Him more and more.

No. 82. Oh! How He Loves.

H. A. LEWIS.



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No. 83. Let Us Gather Up The Sunbeams.

MRS. ALBERT SMITH. J. L. HALE.

1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams, Ly-ing all around our path;
2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet - est bird has flown!
3. If we knew the ba - by fin-gers, Press'd against the window pane,
4. Ah! those lit - tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point our mem'ries back

Let us keep the wheat and ros - es, Casting out the thorns and chaff,
Strange that we should slight the vio-lets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone!
Would be cold and stiff to - mor-row, Nev-er trou - ble us a - gain,
To the has - ty words and ac-tions Strewn a - long our backward track!

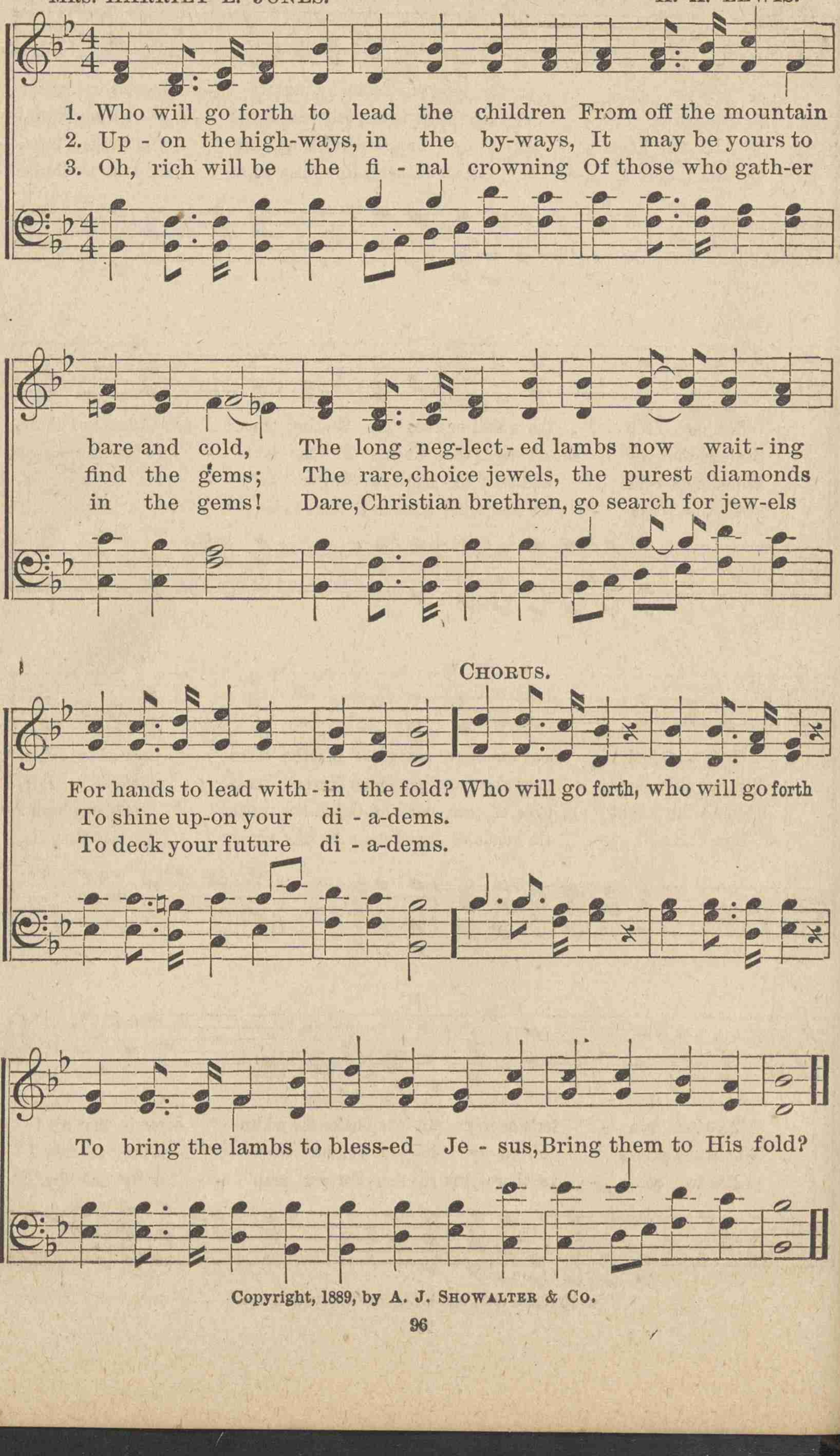
Let us find our sweetest com-fort In the bless - ings of to - day,
Strange that sum - mer skies and sun-shine Never seem one half so fair,
Would the bright eyes of our dar-ling Catch the frown up-on our brow?
How those lit - tle hands re - mind us, As in snow - y grace they lie,

With a pa - tient hand re - mov-ing All the bri - ars from the way.
As when win - ter's snowy pin-ions Shake the white down in the air!
Would the prints of ro - sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?
Not to scat - ter thorns, but ro - ses, For our reap - ing by and by.

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No. 84. Bring Them to His Fold.
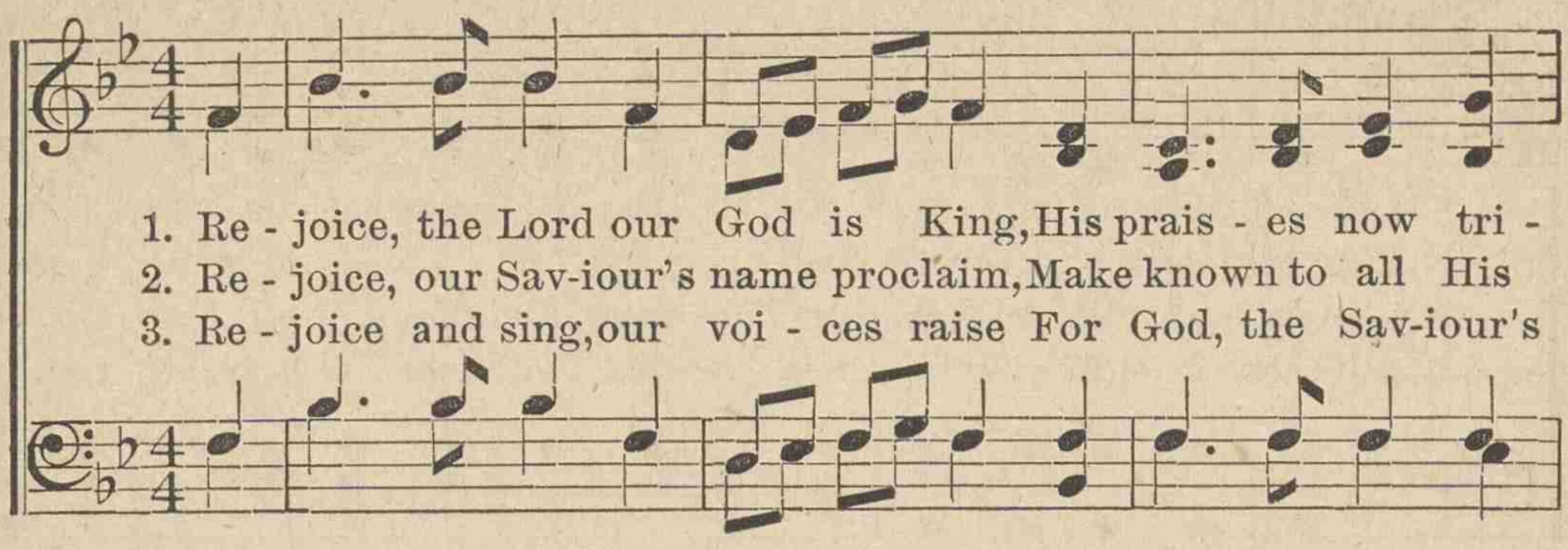
MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. LEWIS.

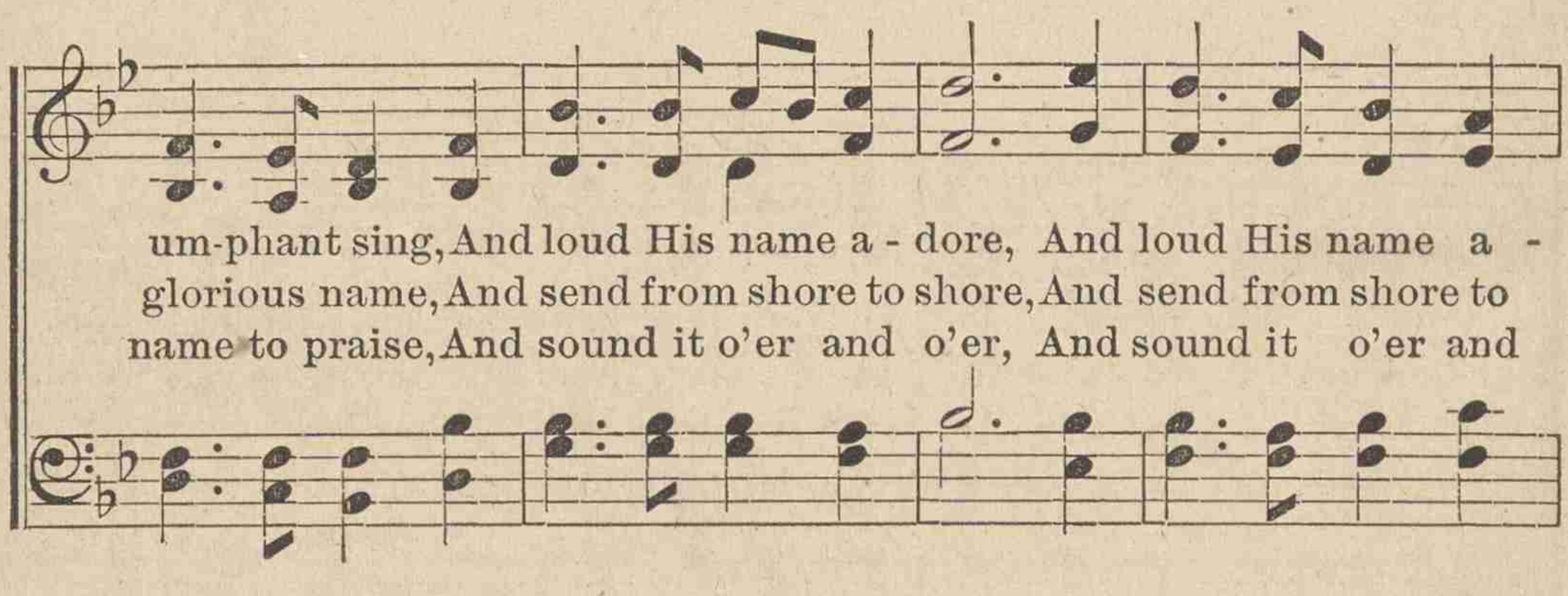


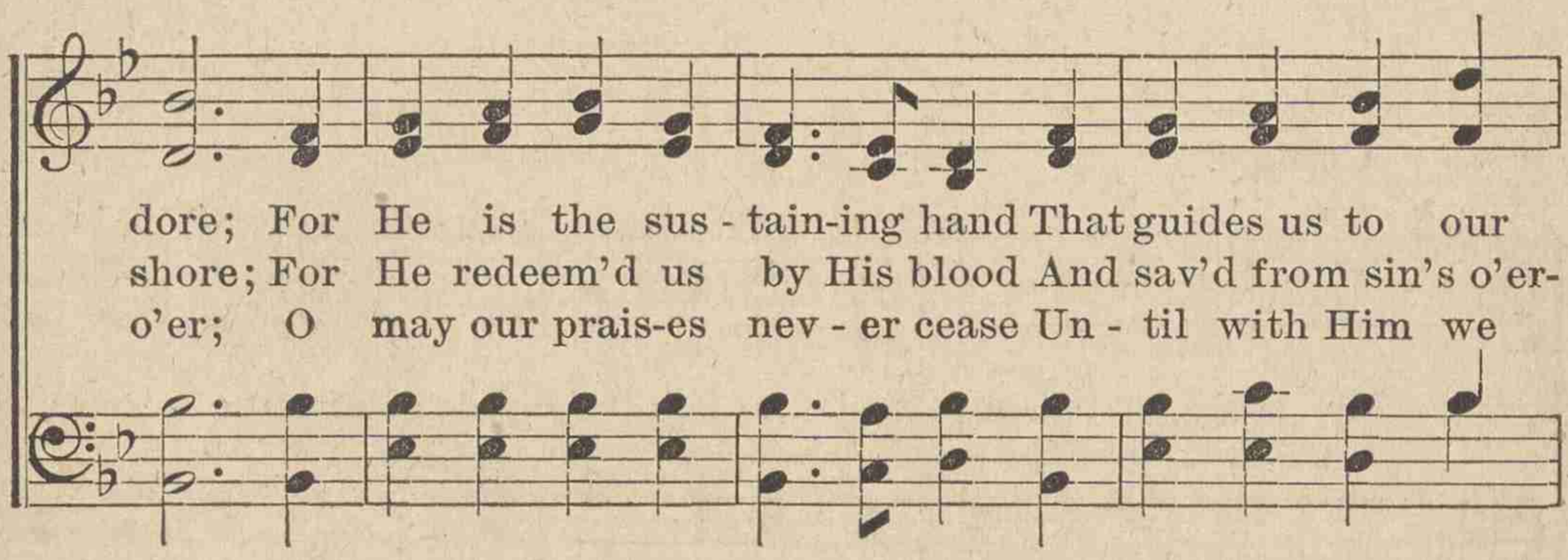
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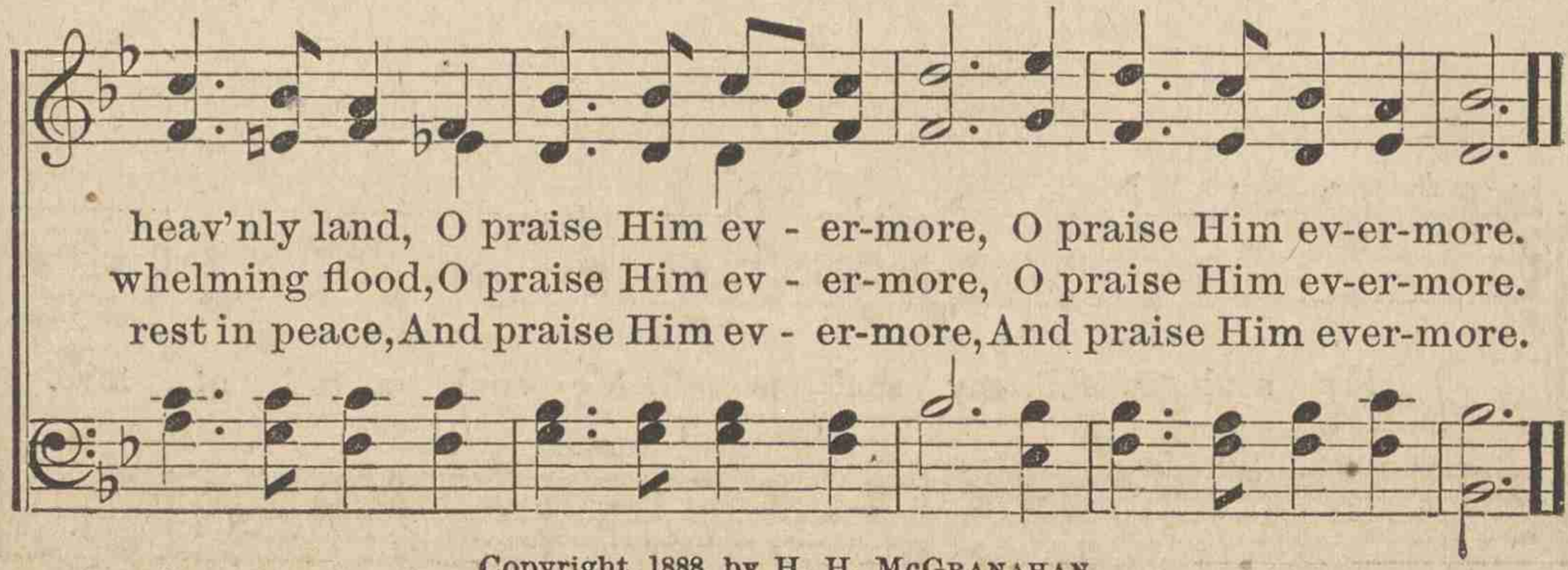
No. 85. Rejoice and Praise the Lord.

H. M. H. H. H. McGRANAHAN.









Copyright, 1888, by H. H. McGranahan.

No. 86. My Soul is full of Love.

T. W. DENNINGTON, by per.

Moderato.

1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a- gainst my soul en- gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall,
4. There I shall bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heavenly rest,

I bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face the frowning world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace- ful breast.

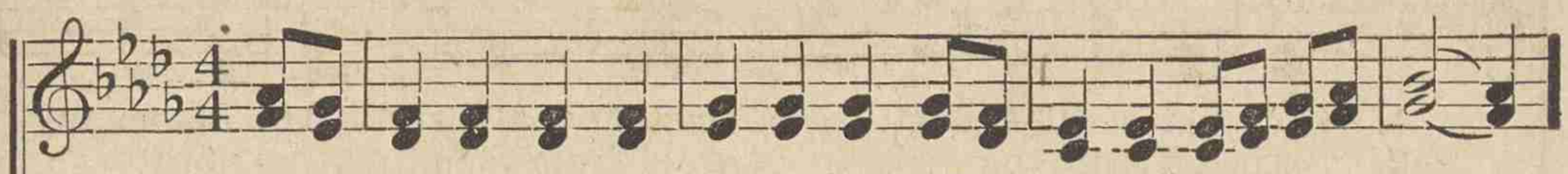
CHORUS.

My soul is full, my soul is full, Of glad - ness from a - bove,
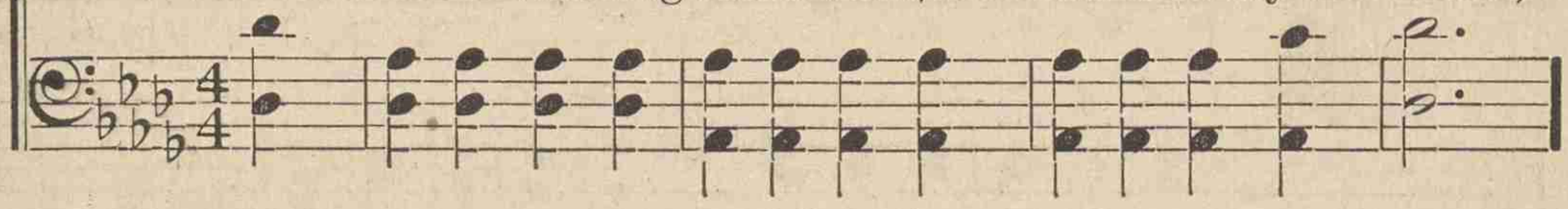
My soul is full, my soul is full, My soul is full of love.
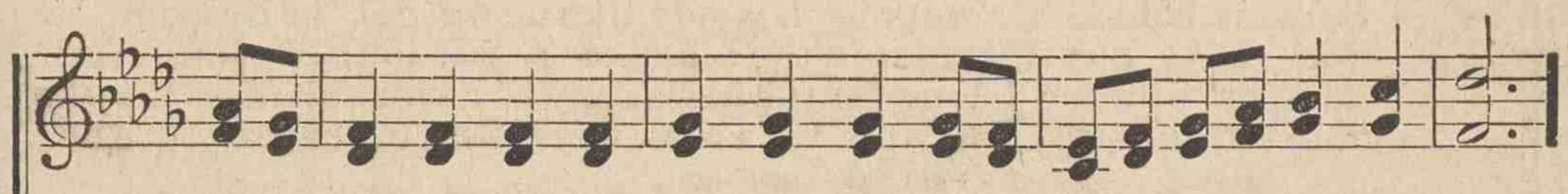
No. 87. Beulah Land.

"CHRISTIAN AT WORK." REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.
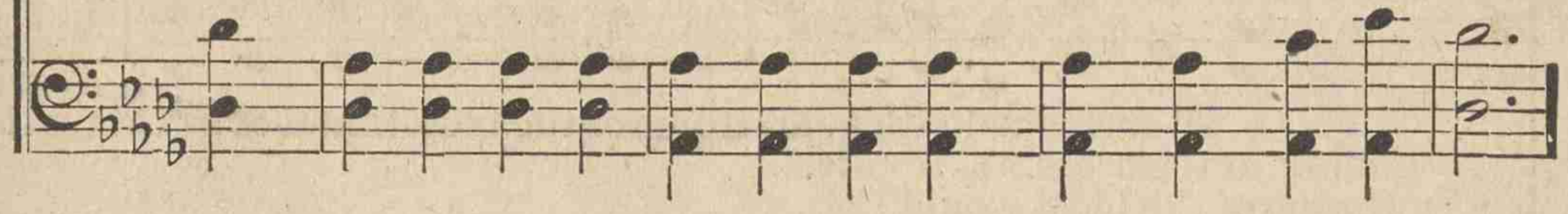


1. There is a country calm and fair, Where soft the moments glide,
2. Be - side the hill a riv-er runs, I hear it murmuring low,
3. And resting in those meadows fair, Are pilgrims aged and worn;
4. And now they wait 'neath quiet skies The summons of the King,
5. And when the shining ones draw near, And take them by the hand,
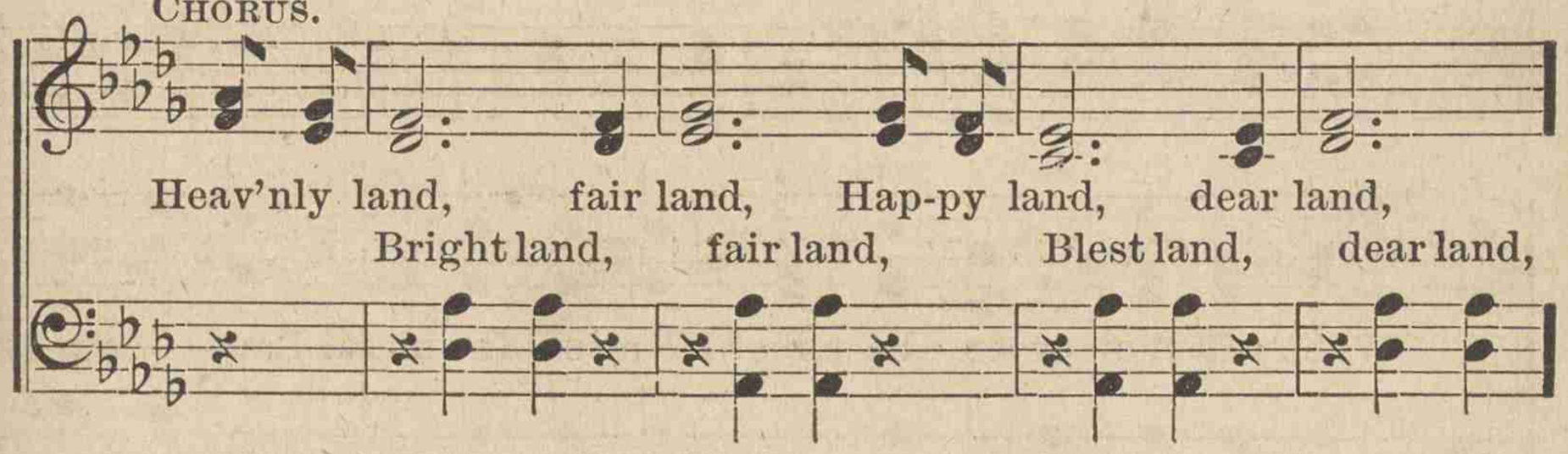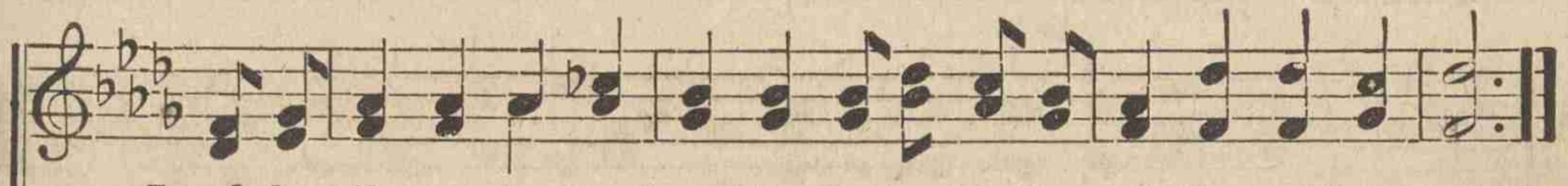




And heav'nly hills in gold- en air Rise on the further side.
And swiftly pass the shin-ing ones, A - bove it to and fro.
Their heads are crown'd with sil - ver hair, They long have burdens borne.
Who wipes, Himself, from weary eyes The tears of sor-row-ing.
They cross without one pang of fear, Un - to a dear-er land.
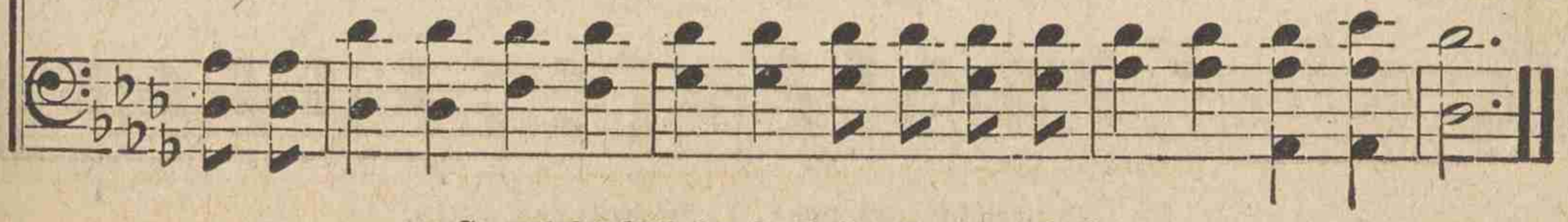


CHORUS.



Heav'nly land, fair land, Hap-py land, dear land,
Bright land, fair land, Blest land, dear land,



Lead the pilgrims by the hand, dear Saviour, To the shining, golden strand.



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No. 88. Home of the Blest.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oh, when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Je-sus, my Saviour, behold? Or walk by His side, like an an-gel of light, In a cit - y all garnished with gold? Home of the blest! Land of sweet rest!
2. No pearl from the o-cean or gold from the mine, Can pardon or pu - ri - ty buy: I'll trust in the blood of a Sav-iour di-vine, And cling to the cross till I die.
3. Though light are the sorrows that burden the child, And gentle the tempest of woe; I long for the land which was never defiled, To the throne of the blest would I go.
4. But while I'm a stran-ger, a-way from my home, I'll toil in the vineyard and pray; I'll carry the cross, while I think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day.

REFRAIN.

When wilt thou ev- er be mine? Home of the blest! Land of sweet rest! Soon shalt thou ev- er be mine, Soon shalt thou ev-er be mine.

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No. 89. Gather Blessings.

R. A. EVILSIZER. L. M. E. and A. J. S.

1. Gather in the morning Blessings for the day, Day is just ad -
2. Gather in the morning, While the east is red, Je - sus gives to

vanc-ing, Gath-er while you may; Gath-er in the morning
sin - ners Of the heav'nly bread; Gath-er in the morning,

Man-na sent from God, While the dew is shining Brightly on the sod.
Lit-tle children all, When the noontide cometh, Shadows dark may fall.

REFRAIN.

Gather, Gather, Gather in the morning
Gather in the morning, Gather in the morning, (*Omit.* . . . . .

Blessings for the day,
. . . . .) Gather in the morning Blessings for the day.

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No. 90. The Song of the Cross.

C. H. MANN. J. H. TENNEY.

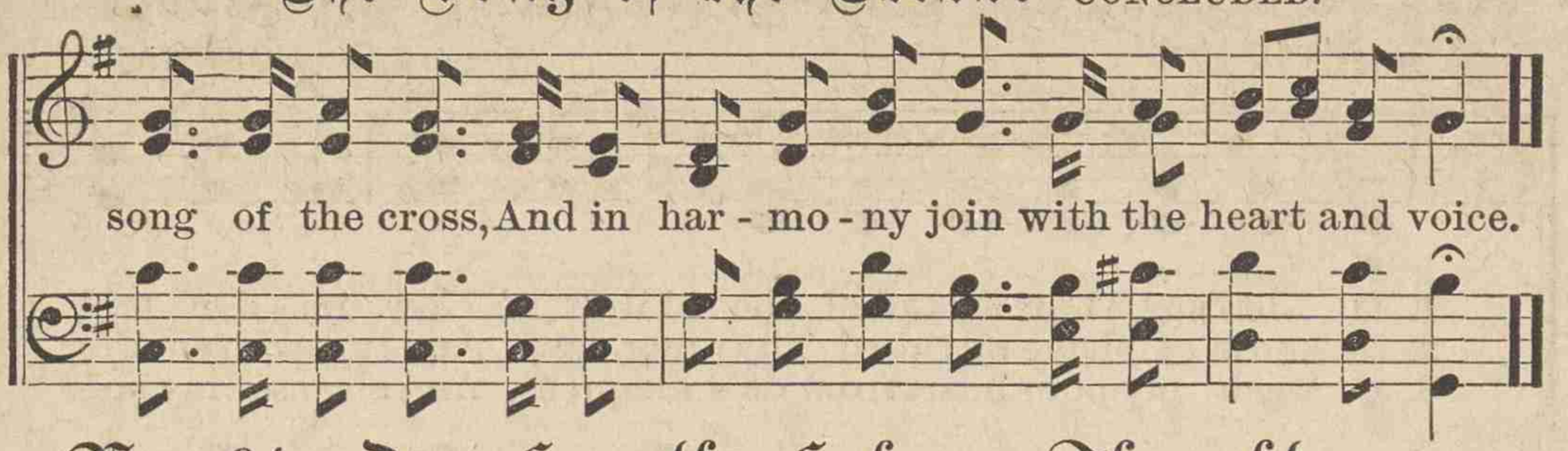
1. It was on - ly a song, and the voice was unknown, But a pleasure at once to my heart it gave, For it spoke of a rest in the future bright home, And the love of a Friend that from sin can save.
2. It was on - ly a song, but its mu - sic was sweet As the songs which the angels above may sing; To the sin - ner it whisper'd of par-don complete, Sign'd and seal'd by the hand of our gracious King.
3. On - ly lis - ten to - day and this song you may hear, Tho' you've wander'd a - far in the paths of sin; 'Tis the song of the cross, and its ac-cents are clear, Who-so - ev - er will come, may the gates en-ter in.

CHORUS.

Oh, the song of the cross, yes, the song of the cross, In its mel - o - dy sweet we may all re-joice; May we all be in tune for the

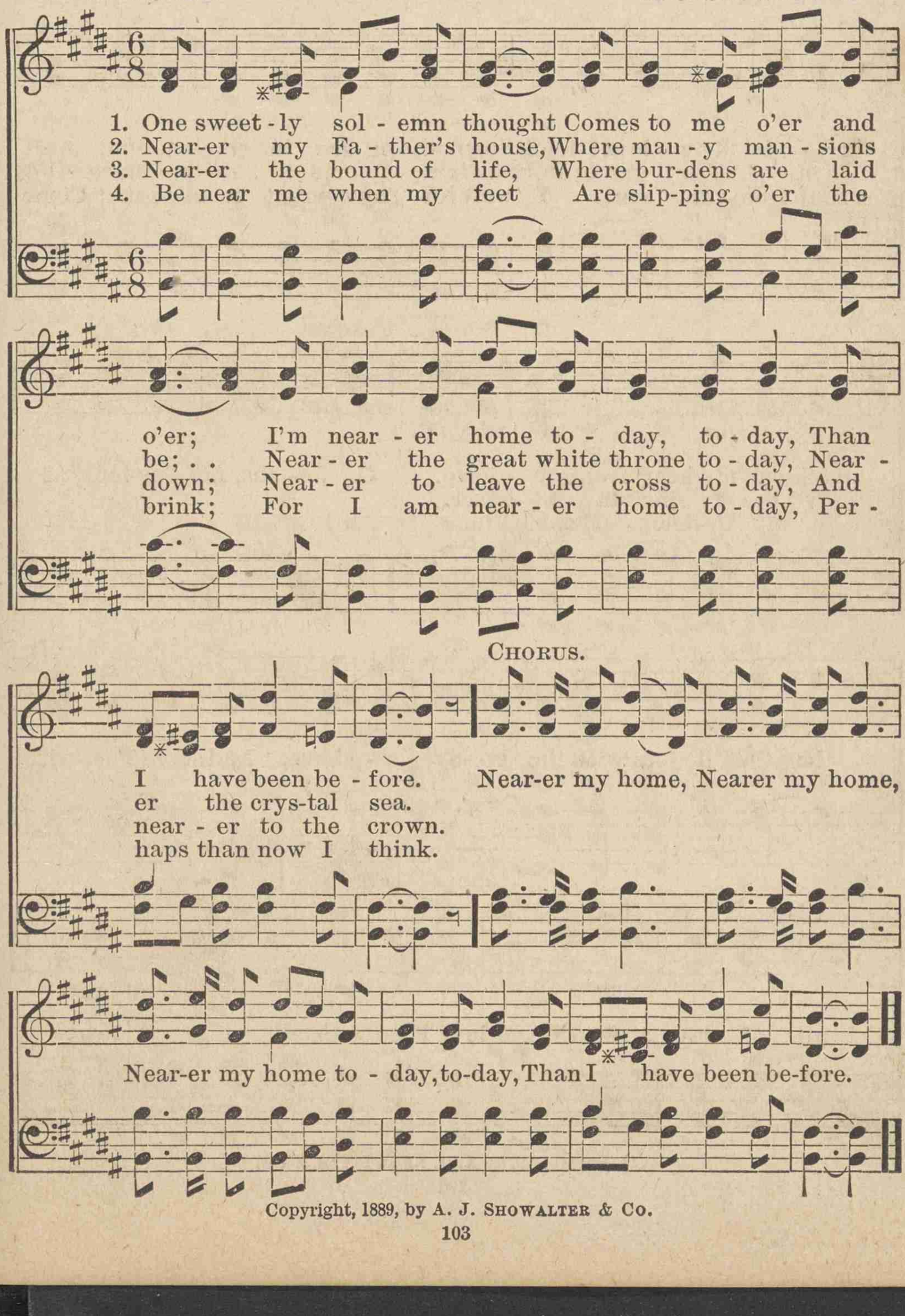
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The Song of the Cross. CONCLUDED.



No. 91. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

PHŒBE CARY. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No 92. I'll Love Thee With All of My Love.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. O Je - sus, Thou Friend of the chil-dren! How ten - der and free is Thy love! Look down up- on me in com-passion, And
2. I know I have slight-ed Thy mer - cy, And turned from the joys of Thy grace; But, Sav-iour, I come in re - pentance, And
3. O wash my poor heart from de - file-ment, And cleanse my poor soul from its sin! I wait for Thy coming to bless me; Come

CHORUS.
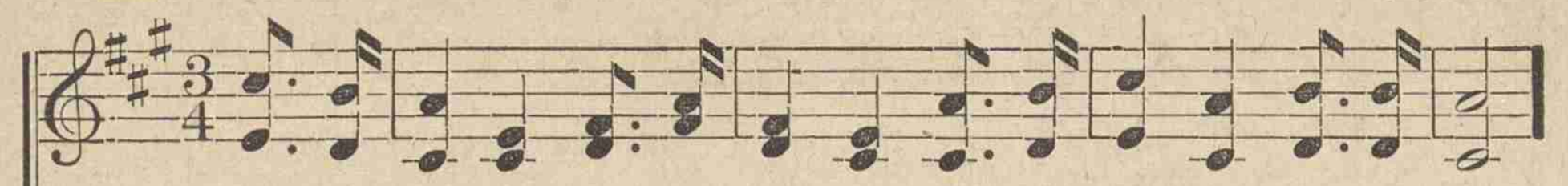
quick-en my heart from a - bove. O Je - sus, my Sav-iour, at
pray Thee my sins to ef - face.
in, my Re-deem - er, come in.

length, I'll join with the ho - ly a - bove, And serve Thee with all of my strength, And love Thee with all of my love.
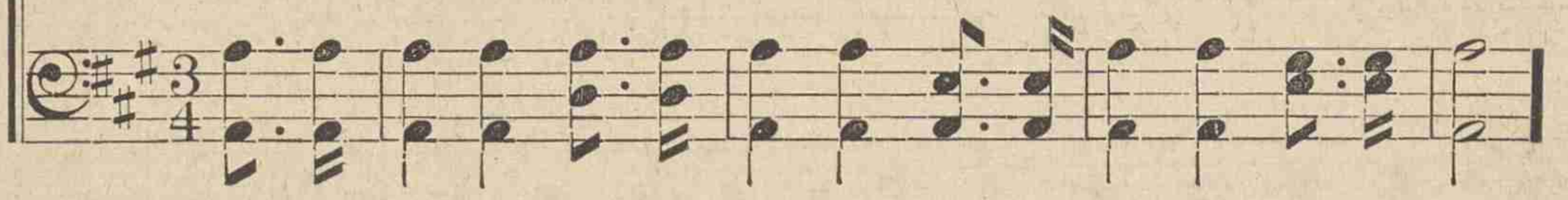
Copyright, 1889, by A. J. SHOWALTER & Co.
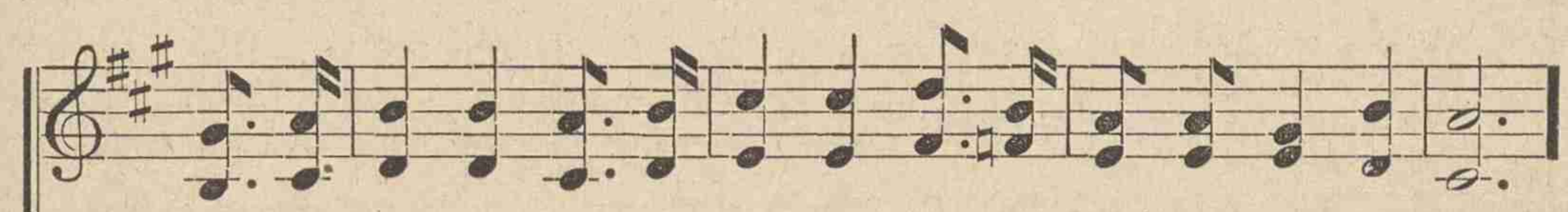
No. 93. Marching Home.

MRS. S. SMITH. G. R. STURGIS. By per.
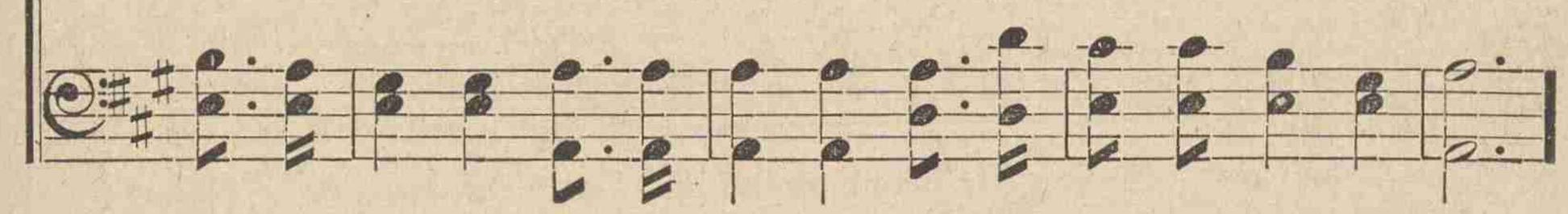


1. We are on our march to glo - ry, And our Sav-iour leads the way;
2. Our dear Saviour is our Cap-tain, And His prais-es we will sing,
3. For in pastures green He leads us, And by wa-ters still, we stay,
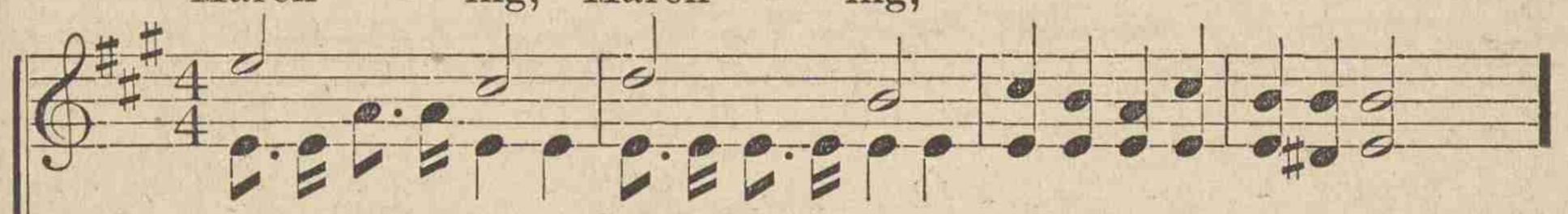




We are marching on to heav- en, To that land of end-less day.
As we fol- low in His footsteps, Giv-ing glo - ry to our King.
While our pathway will grow brighter Je - sus is Himself the way.
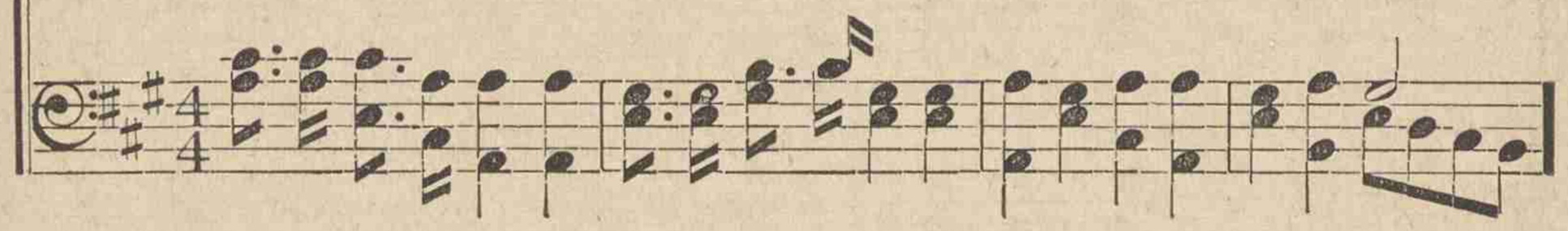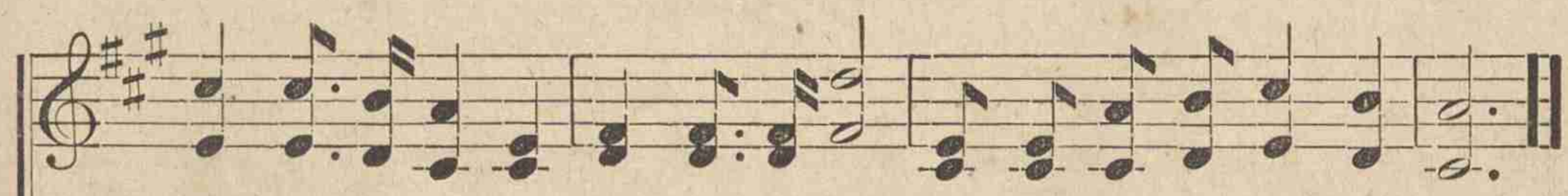


CHORUS.

March - ing, March - ing,
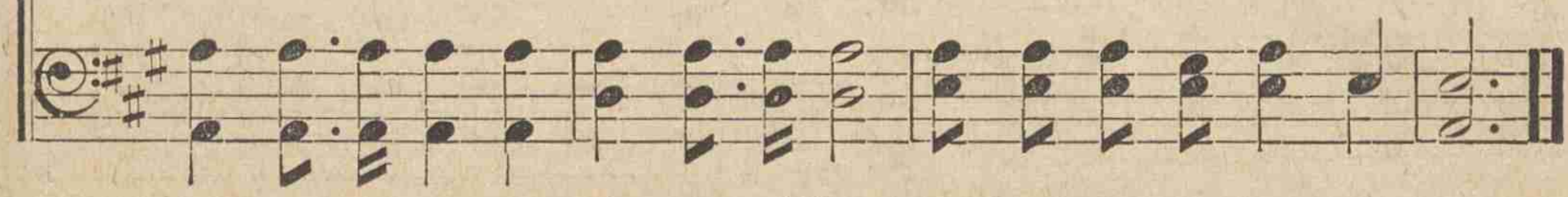


Marching, yes, we're marching, Marching, yes, we're marching, Marching to our heav'nly home,





Marching to glo-ry, Marching a-long, Marching to our heav'nly home.



No. 94. Star of the East.

REGINALD HEBER. H. A. LEWIS, by per.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of

dark - ness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
bed with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in
E - den and off - 'rings di - vine; Gems of the mount - ain and

- ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem-er is laid;
slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav-iour of all;
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine;

CHORUS.

Beau - - - ti - ful star, ... Shin - -
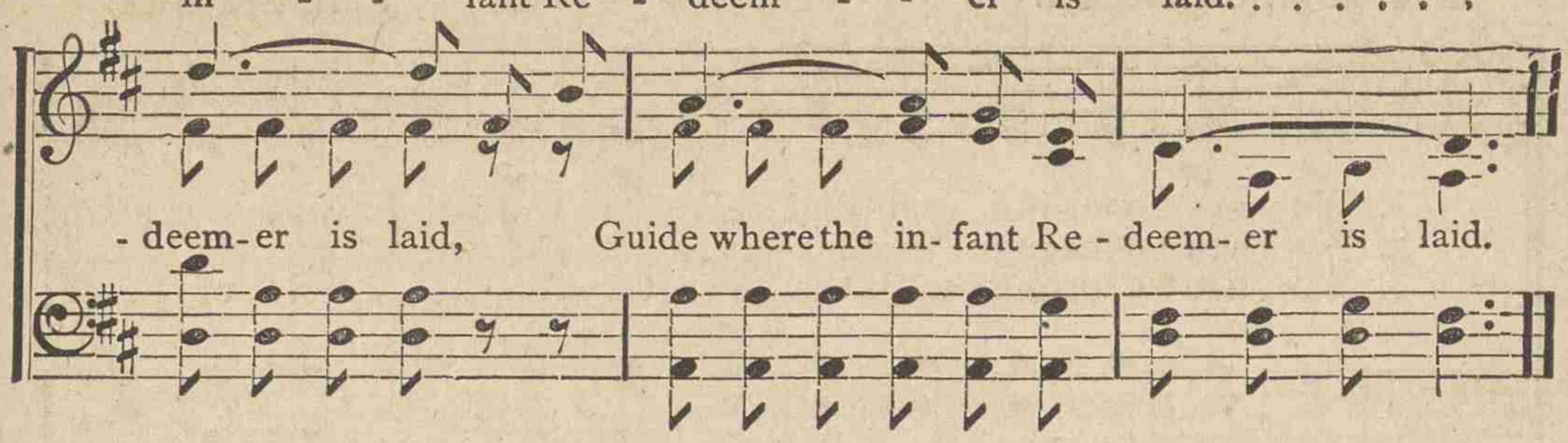
Beau - ti - ful star, beau - ti - ful star, Shin - ing a - far,

- ing a - far, ... Guide . . . . . where the

shin - ing a - far, Guide where the in - fant Re-

Star of the East.—Concluded.

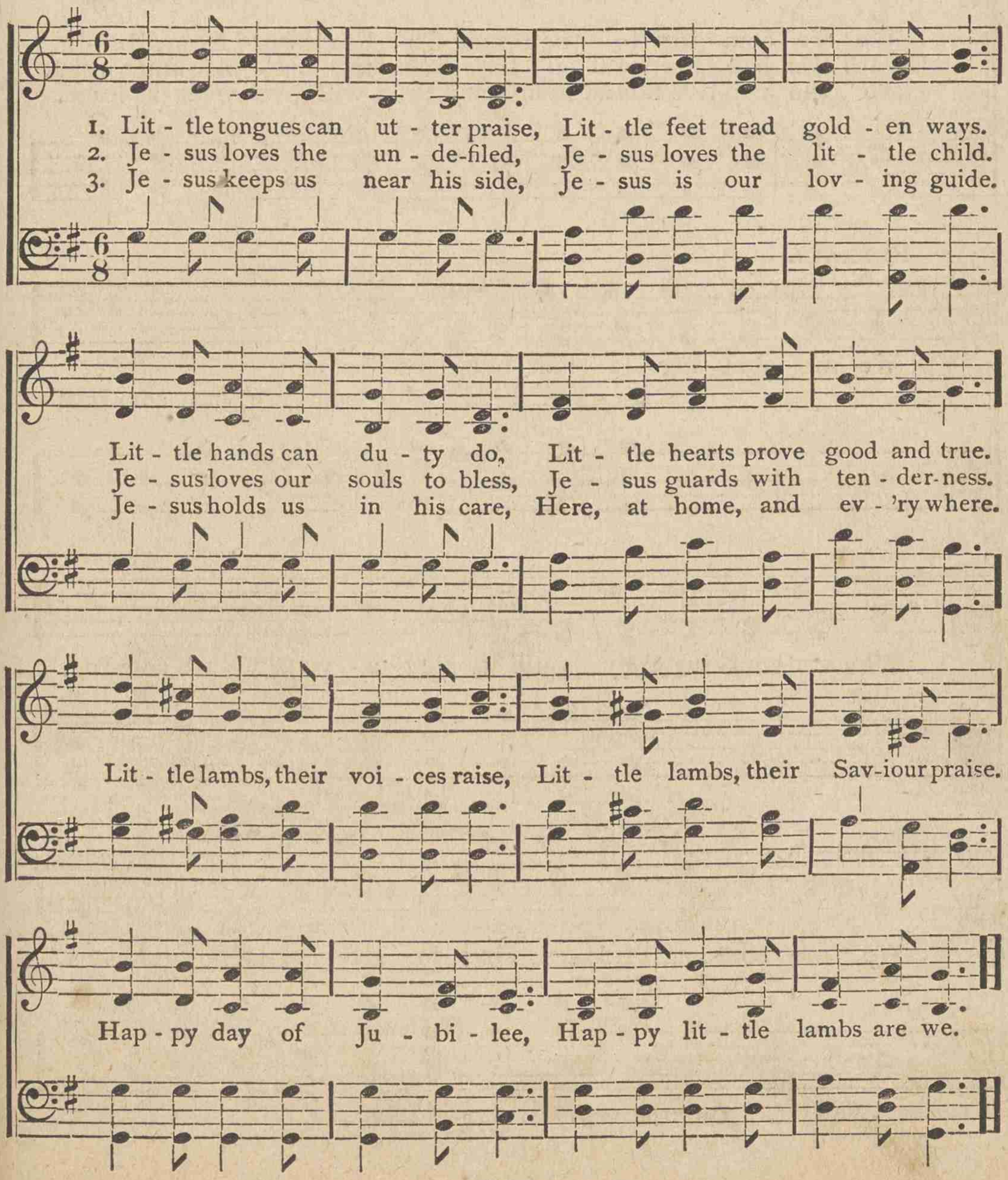
in - - - fant Re - deem - - - er is laid. . . . . .



No. 95. Happy Little Lambs are We.

(INFANT CLASS.)

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. LEWIS, by per.



No. 96. We Are Coming.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. We are com-ing one and all To the Lamb that was slain;
2. We are com-ing to en-gage In the work of the Lord;
3. We are com-ing with the news Of the gos-pel of peace;

We are com-ing to the fount To be cleans'd from all stain.
'Neath His ban-ner we'll en-list, Bring-ing hel-met and sword.
To the cap-tive bound in chains, Christ will give sweet re-lease.

REFRAIN.

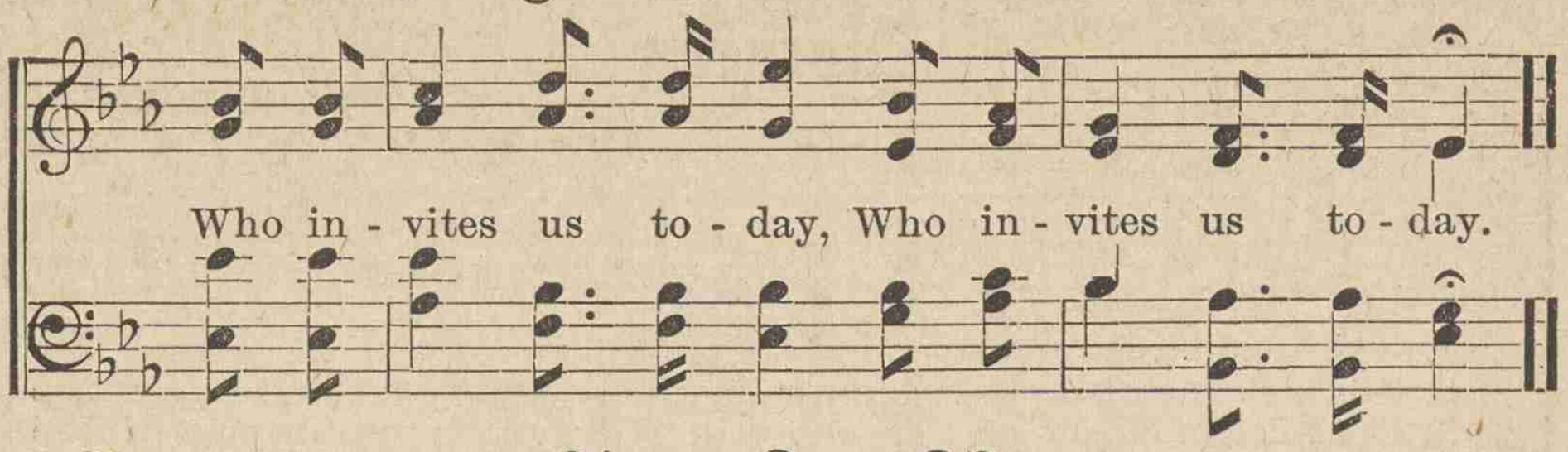
We are com-ing, Je-sus bids us come;
Je-sus bids us come, we are com-ing;

We are com-ing, Why should we stay a-way? we are com-ing.

We are com-ing, Prais-es sing to His name, Who invites us,

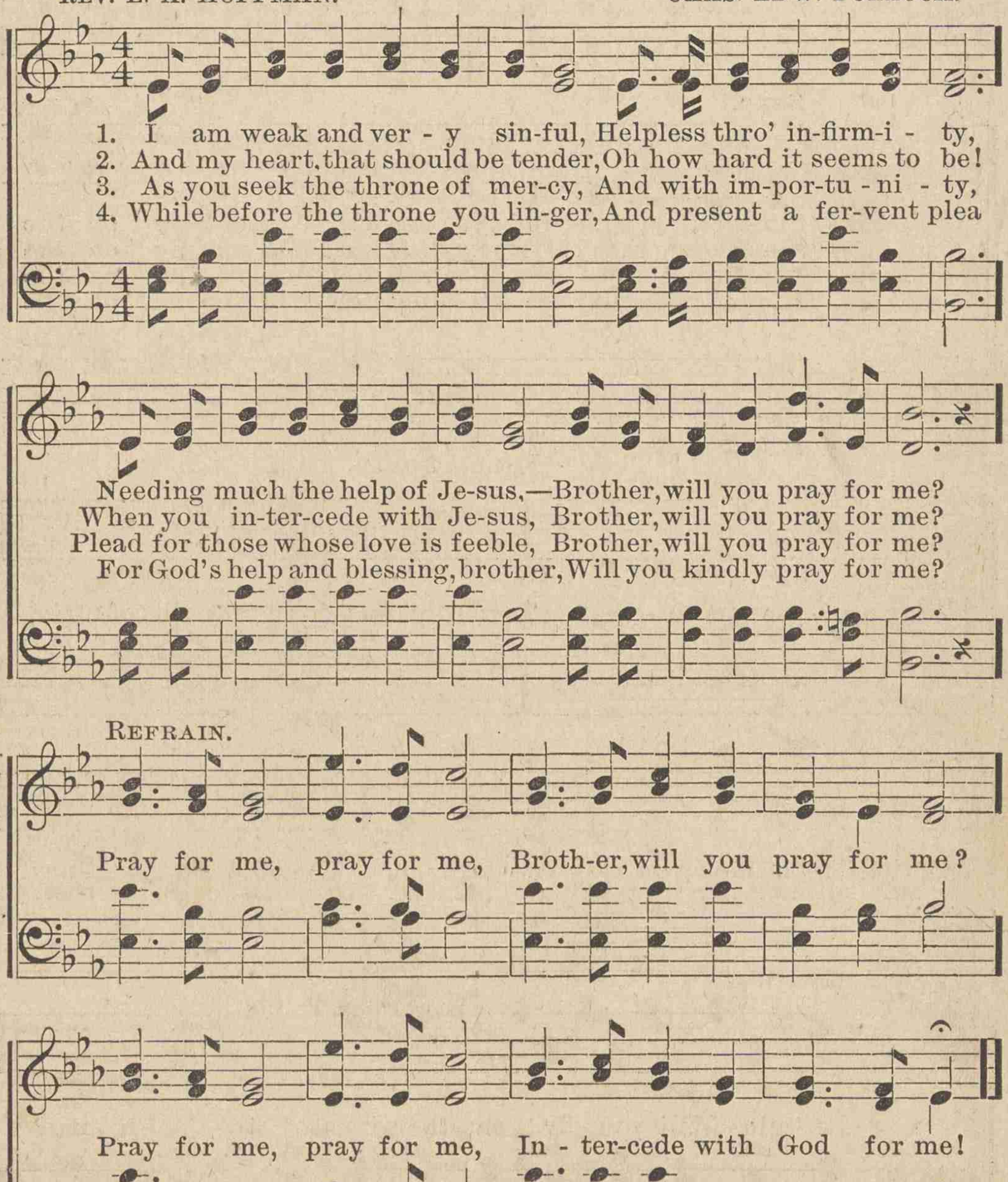
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We Are Coming. CONCLUDED.



No. 97. Pray For Me.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



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No. 98. Will You Fly On the Wings of the Morning?

J. E. M. J. E. MORSE.

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. The gos-pel trumpet's call o-bey; Will you fly on the wings of the
2. Oh, list the glad-ly solemn sound; Will you fly on the wings of the
3. The watchmen cry on Zi on's wall; Will you fly on the wings of the
4. O sin-ner, turn, why will ye die? Will you fly on the wings of the

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

morning? Sin-ner, it calls for you to-day, Will you fly on the
morning? Re-echoing thro' earth's farthest bound, Will you fly on the
morning? The storm of jus-tice soon will fall, Will you fly on the
morning? The judgment day is draw-ing nigh, Will you fly on the

FULL CHORUS.

wings of the morn-ing? Turn your feet from the paths of sin,

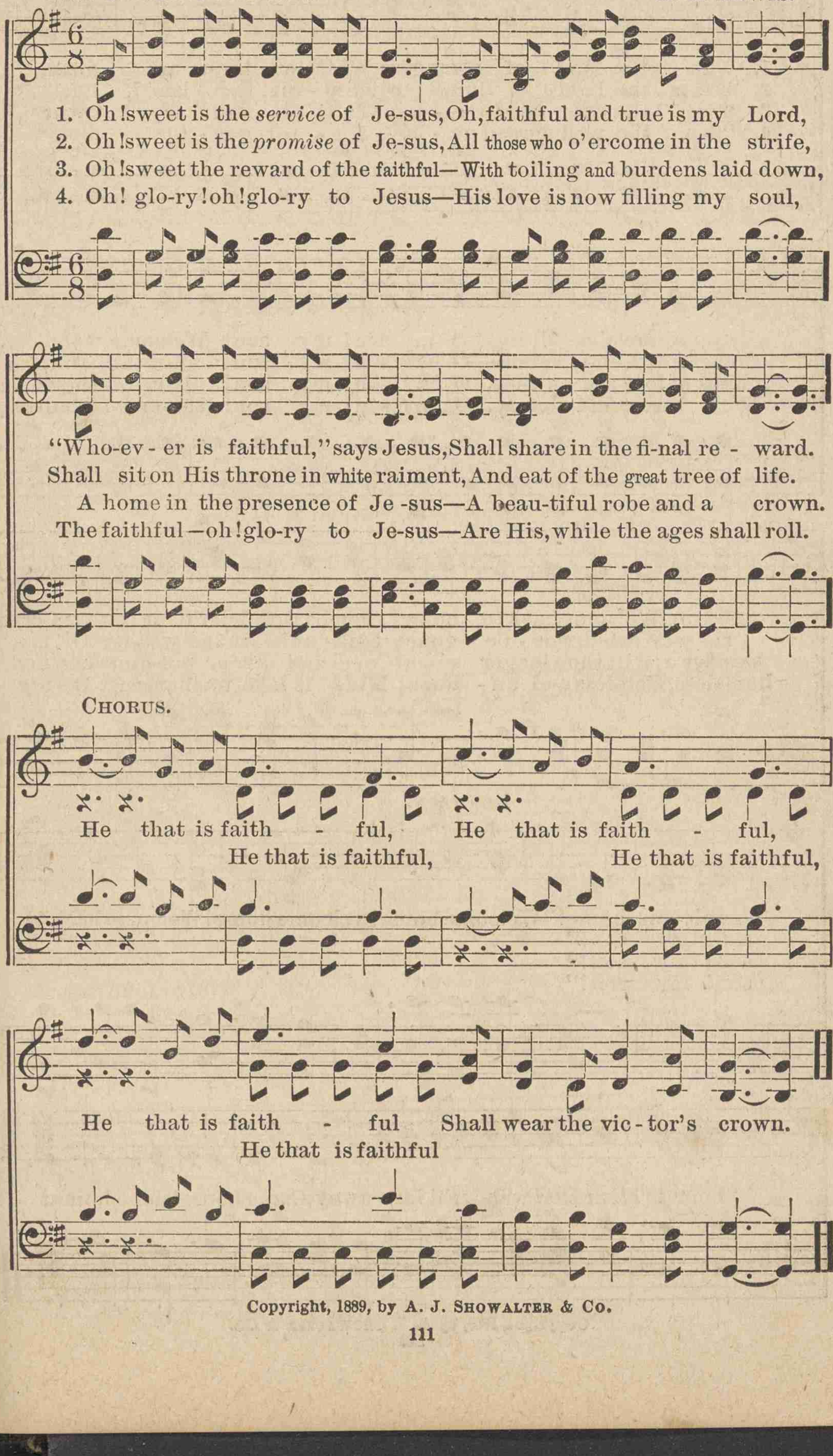
Christ is the door, you may en-ter in. The heav'nly jour-ney

now be-gin, Will you fly on the wings of the morn-ing?

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No. 99. He That is Faithful.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. LEWIS.



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No. 100. Welcome Home!

Arr. from DR. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the land of strangers, Whith-er thou art gone,
2. "From the land of hun - ger, Faint - ing, fam - ished, lone;
3. "See the door still o - pen! Thou art still my own;
4. "See the well-spread ta - ble, Un - for- got - ten one!

Hear a far voice call-ing, "O my son! my son! Welcome, wand'rer,
Come to love and gladness, O my son! my son! Quit the haunts of
Eyes of love are on thee, O my son! my son! Far off thou hast
Here is rest and plen-ty, O my son! my son! Thou art friendless,

welcome, Welcome back to home! Thou hast wander'd far away: Come
ri - ot, Wasted, woe - be - gone; Sick at heart and wea-ry, O my
wander'd: Wilt thou longer roam? Come, and all is par-doned, O my
homeless, Helpless and un - done; Mine is love unchanging, O my

REFRAIN.
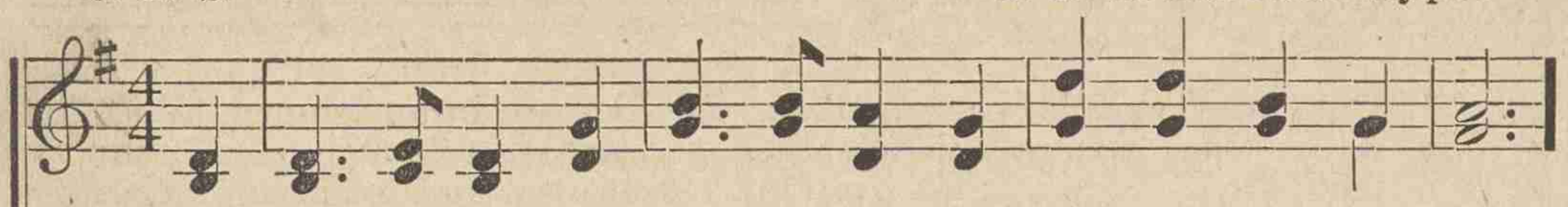
home! come home!" Welcome home! welcome home! Welcome back to
son! my son!"
son! my son!"
son! my son!"

home! Thou hast wander'd far away: Come home! come home!
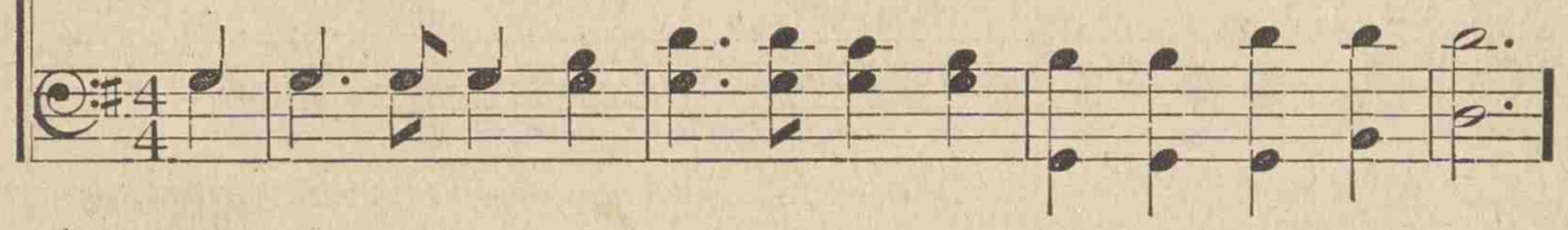
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No. 101. Only Trust Him.
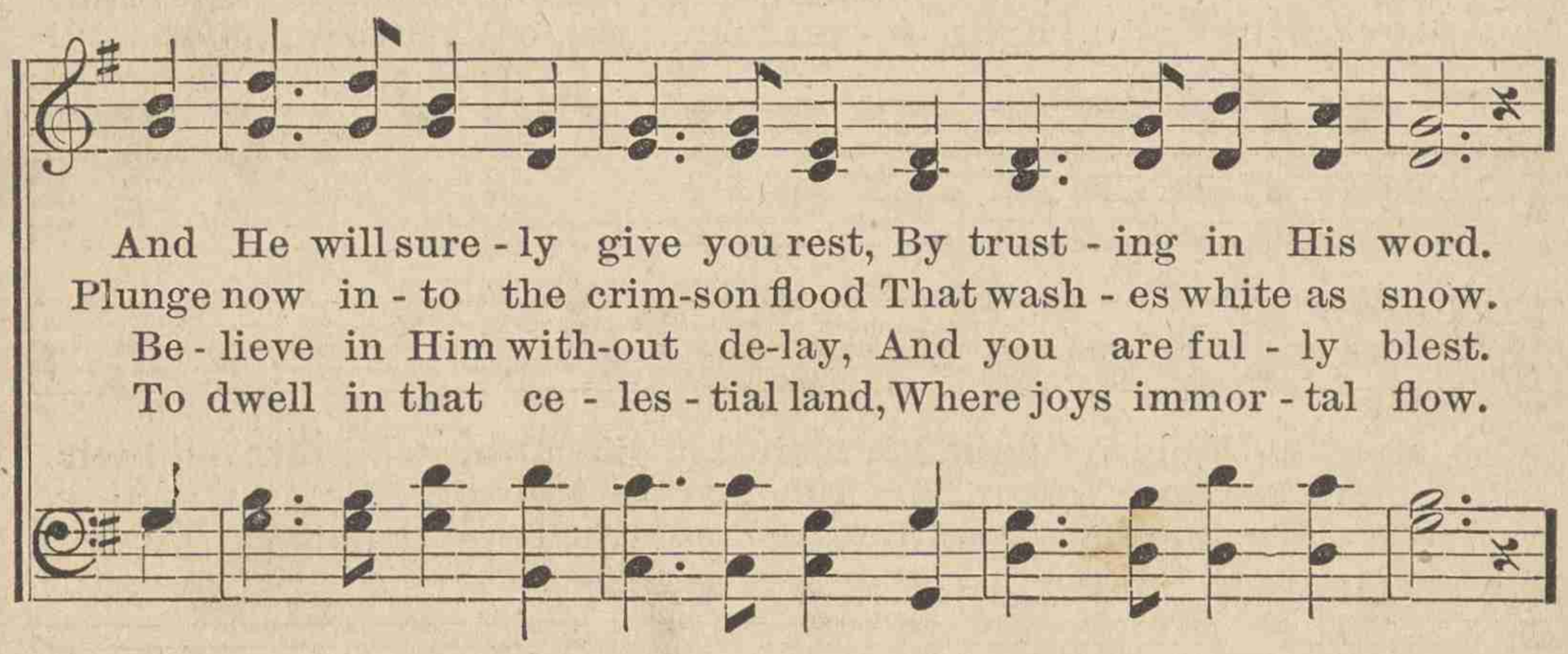
J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON. By per.
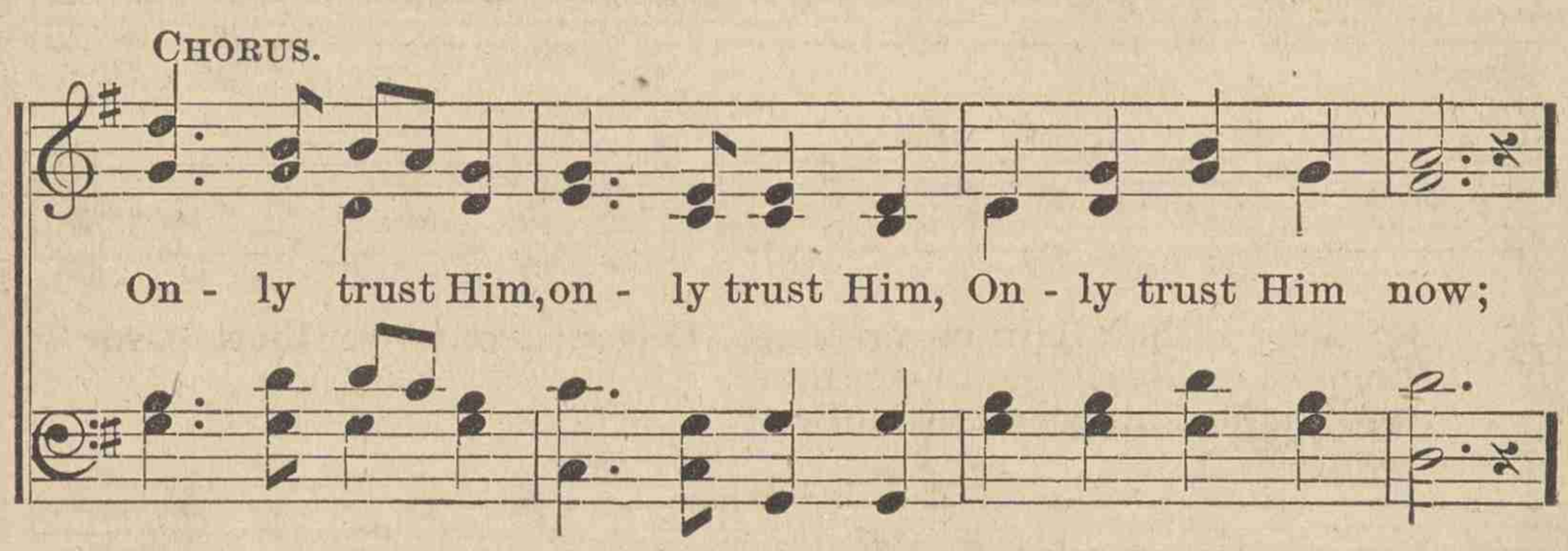


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je -sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



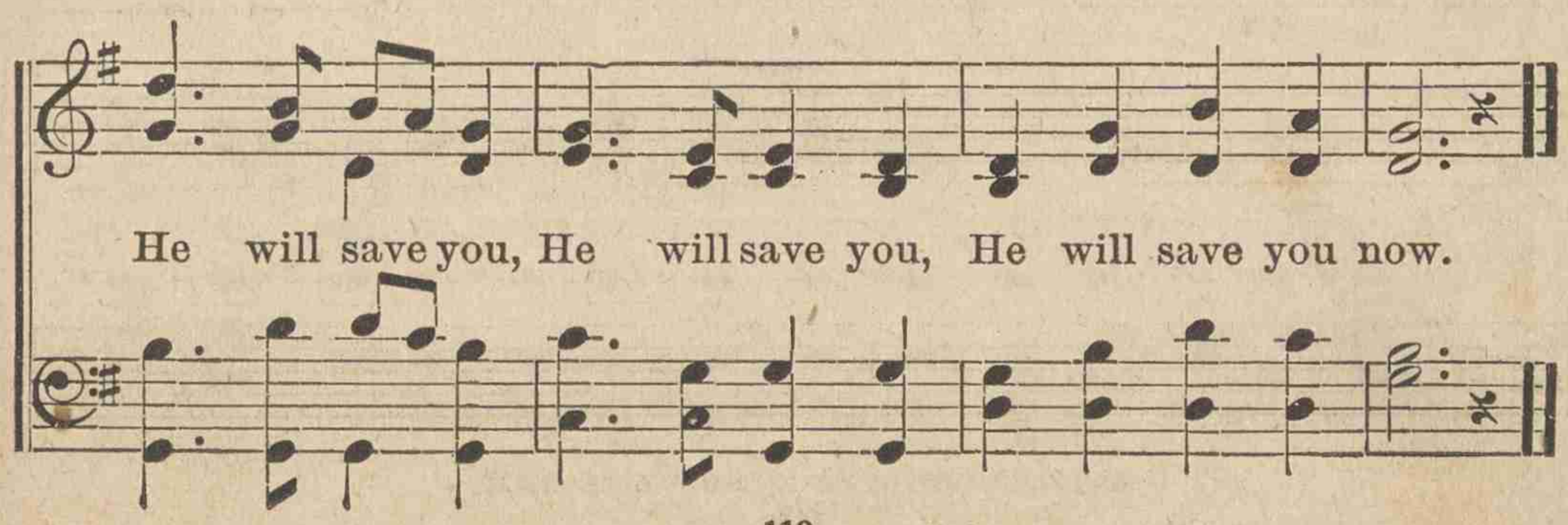
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim-son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys immor - tal flow.



CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 102. The New "Over There."

"S. S. ADVOCATE." T. M. BOWDISH.

1. They have reach'd the sunny shore, And will never hunger more, All their
2. Now they feel no chilling blast, For their winter time is past, And their
3. They have fought the weary fight, Jesus saved them by His might, Now they

grief and pains are o'er, o - ver there, (yes, o - ver there;) And they
sum-mers al - ways last, o - ver there, (yes, o - ver there;) They can
dwell with Him in light o - ver there, (yes, o - ver there;) Soon we'll

need no lamp by night, For their day is al-ways bright, And their
nev - er know a fear, For the Saviour's al-ways near, And with
reach the shin-ing strand, But we'll wait the Lord's command, Till we

CHORUS.

Sav-iour is their light o - ver there. O -ver there, (o-ver there,) Over
them is end-less cheer, o -ver there.
see His beck'ning hand, over there.

there, (yes, o-ver there,) They can nev - er know a fear, O - ver

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The New "Over There." CONCLUDED.

there, yes, o - ver there, All their streets are shining gold, And their

glo-ry is untold, 'Tis the Saviour's blissful fold Over there, over there.

No. 103. Cling to the Mighty One.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Cling to the Might - y One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the
2. Cling to the Liv - ing One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the
3. Cling to the Bleed- ing One, Cling to His side; Cling to the

Ho - ly One, He gives re - lief; Cling to the Gra-cious One,
Lov - ing One, Thro' all be - low; Cling to the Pard'ning One,
Ris - en One, In Him a - bide; Cling to the Com- ing One,

Cling in thy pain, Cling to the Faithful One, He will sus-tain.
He speaketh peace; Cling to the Heal-ing One, Anguish shall cease.
Hope shall a -rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

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No. 104. Meet Me There.

H. E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the

storms of life are o'er, Meet me there, Where the night dissolves away In - to
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there, By the river sparkling bright, In the
pal-ace of the King, Meet me there, Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

D. S. storms of life are o'er, On the

FINE.

pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
cit-y of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

meet me there.

happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the
Meet me there, Meet me there,

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Meet Me There. CONCLUDED.

D.S.

Tree of Life is blooming, Meet me there, When the
Meet me there,

No. 105. Songs of Praises Sing.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. In the ear - ly dawn of the glad new morn, Let the voice ascend in praise,
2. Let our thanks arise for the sac - ri- fice He hath giv'n for sin-ful men,
3. To the Saviour King we will anthems sing, And His vic'try shout a-gain:

To the God of light for the rest of night, And the love that crowns our days.
For the fountain's flow to redeem from woe, And salva-tion's glorious plan.
Let the world re-joice with the harp and voice, And re -peat the glad re - frain.

CHORUS.

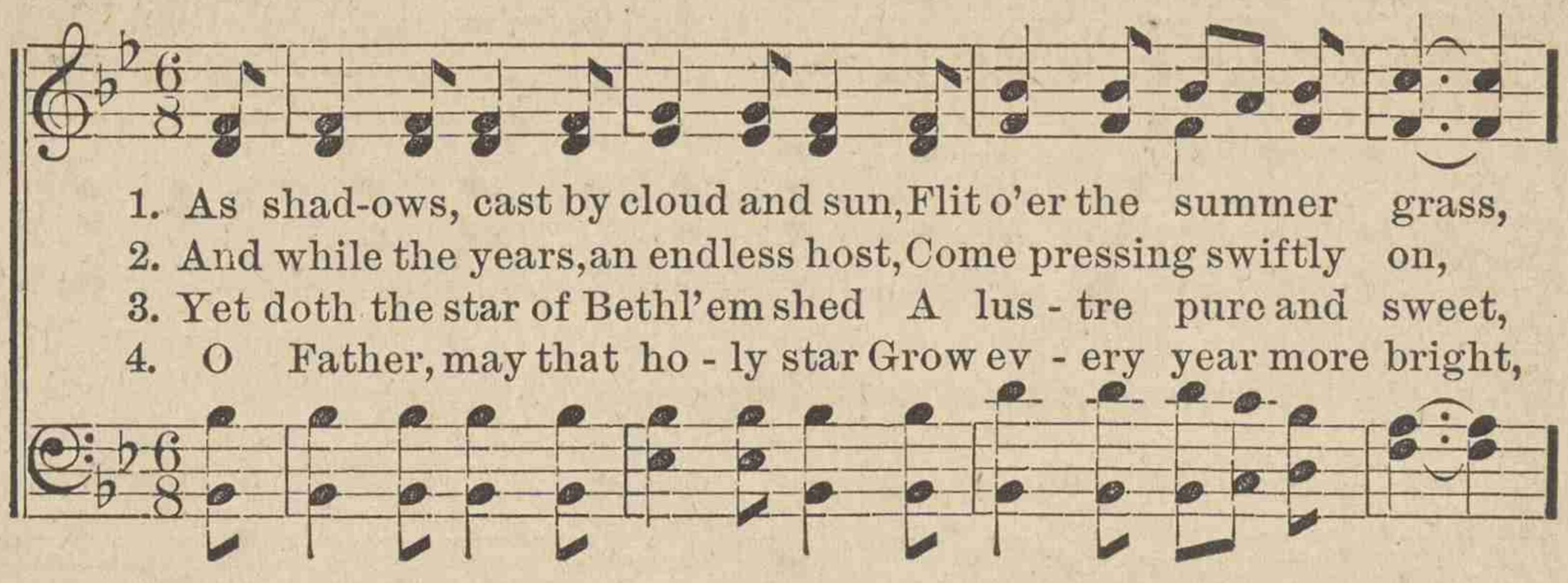
Songs of prais - es sing, Hal-le - lujahs shall resound,
Songs of praises sing to the Lord and King, Hallelujah,

We will join the cry as along the sky The sweet notes of praise rebound.
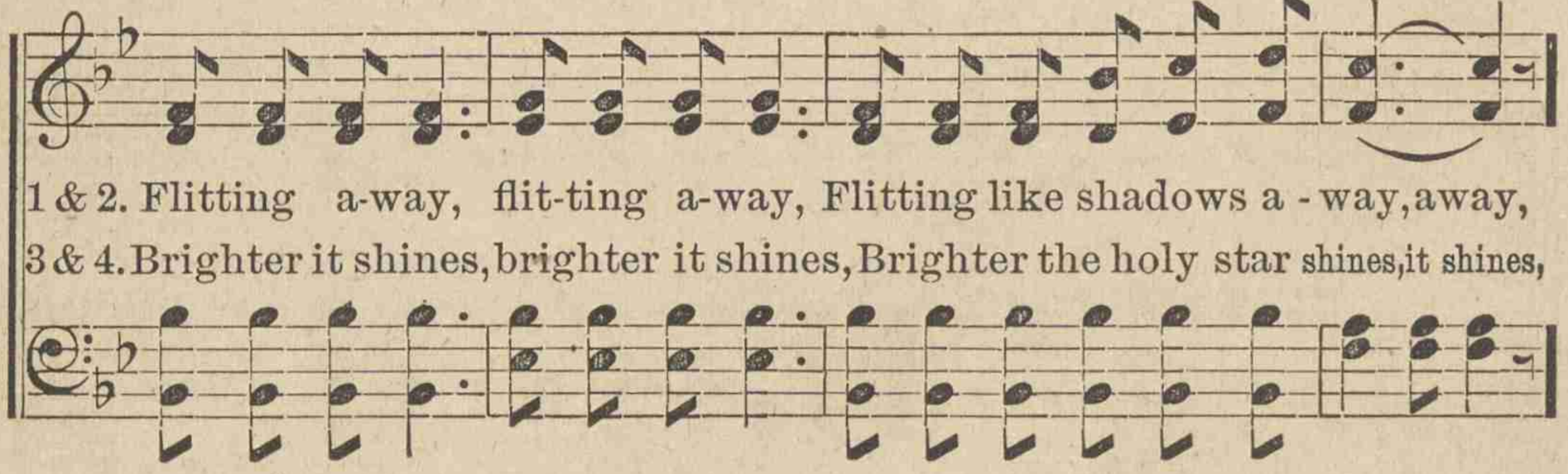
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No. 106. Flitting Away.

W. C. BRYANT. C. C. CLINE. By per.



CHORUS.



No. 107. Hallelujah to the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS. P. P. ORR.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

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

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, The Lamb that once was slain;

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, The Lamb who lives a - gain.

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No. 108. Our King.

J. I. INGHRAM. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sal - vation's free for you and me, All hail to the King, our God!
2. Our hope is bright as the blessed light That shines from the throne of God.
3. Free grace He sends to all His friends, Rejoice in the love of the Lord!

Let the mu - sic ring, in hon - or of our King, For He
We will shout and sing, in prais - es of our King, We'll pro-
Oh, hear His call, ye val - iant soldiers all, And un -

:S: FINE. CHORUS.

saves us with His precious blood. For He saves . . . us with His
claim His glorious name abroad.
furl the ban-ner of the Lord. For He saves us with His

blood, Yes, He saves . . . us with His blood.
blood, precious blood, Yes, He saves us with His blood, precious blood.

D.S.

Let the mu - sic sweetly ring, in hon - or of our King, For He

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No. 109. Jesus Hath Washed All My Sins Away.

J. E. M. J. E. MORSE.

1. Shout, shout a-loud the cho-rus to-day, Je-sus hath wash'd all my sins a - way; Purchas'd a par - don so full and so free,
2. Since to my heart the blood was applied, Jus-tice is now ful - ly sat - is - fied. Burst are the chains and the cap - tive goes free,
3. Now I am sav'd, I'll tell sinners round What a blest hope in the Lord I've found; If you the door of your heart will un - do,
4. Join heart and voice to ech - o the strain, An-gel-ic choirs catch the sweet re - frain; Join heav'n and earth in the great ju - bi - lee,

CHORUS.

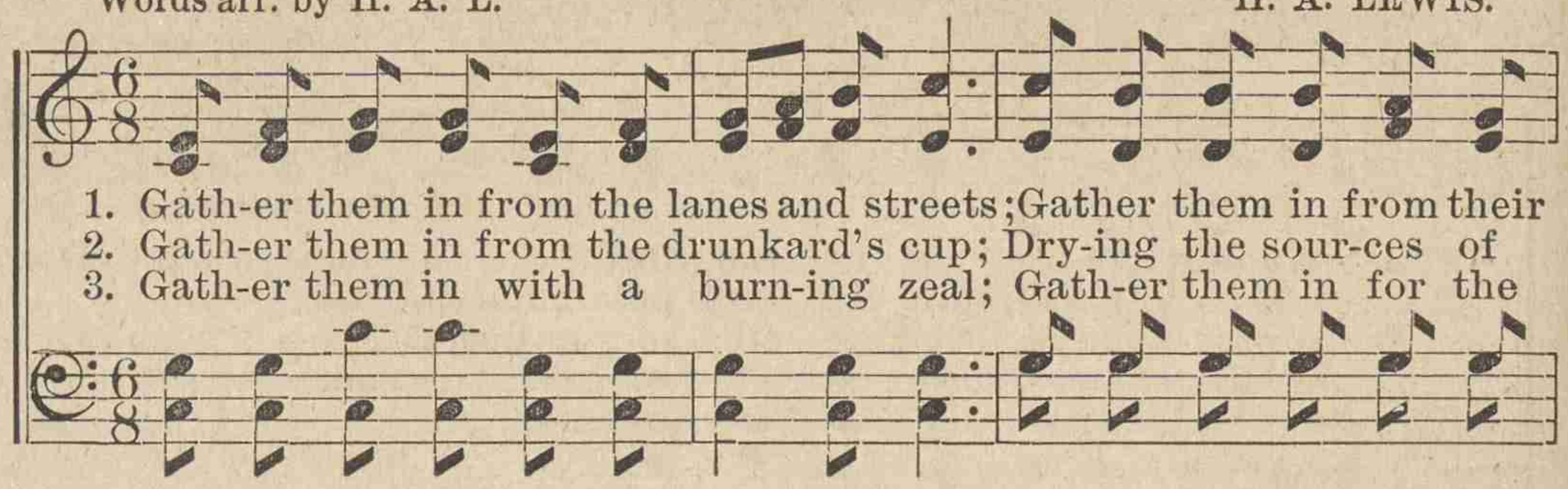
Glo - ry to Je - sus, He cleanseth me. Firm on the Rock He's plant - ed my feet, And in His presence we stand complete;
Glo - ry to Je - sus, He sav - eth me.
Glo - ry to Je - sus, He'll save you too.
Glo - ry to Je - sus, He's set me free.
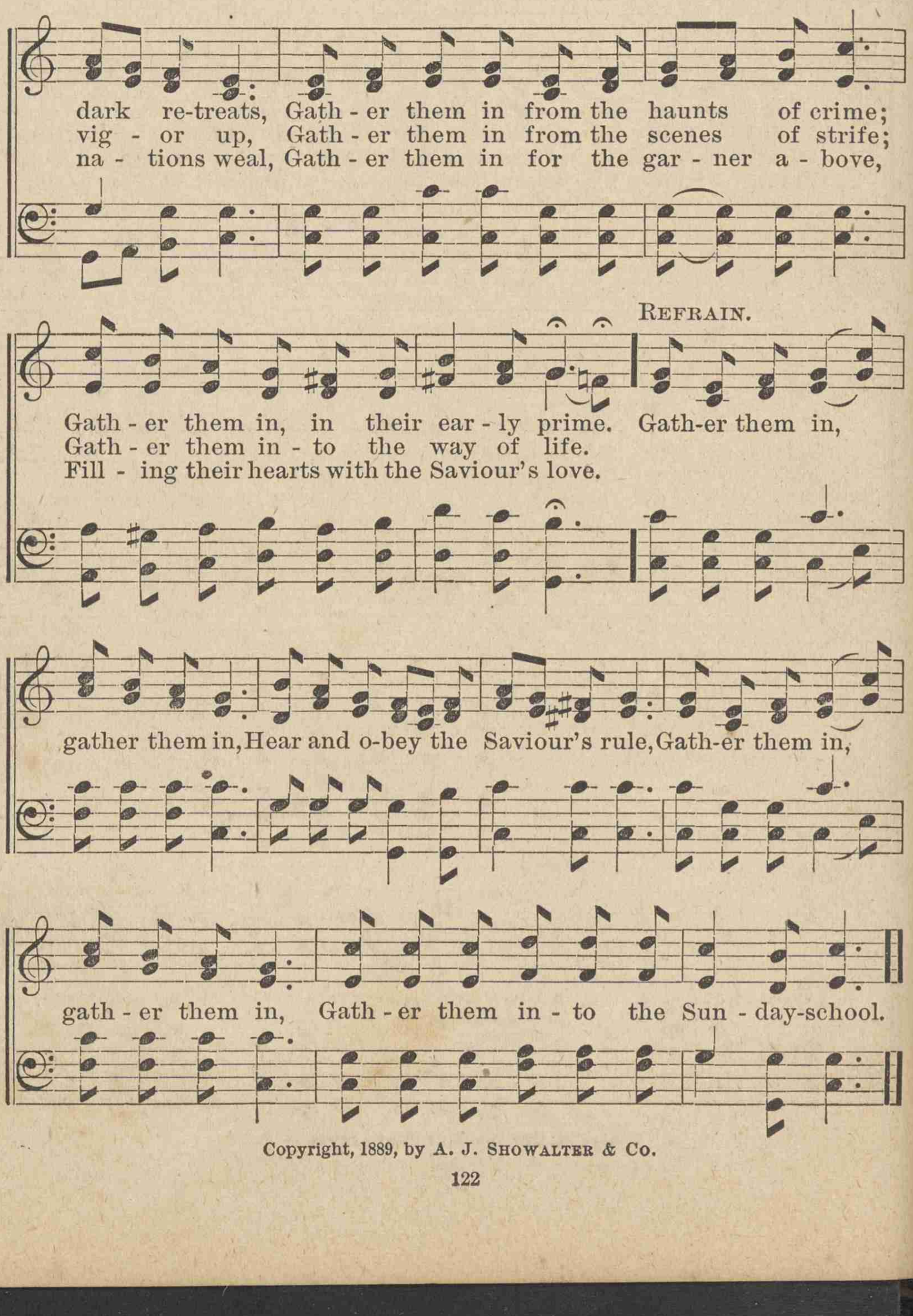
Shout, shout a - loud the cho - rus to-day, Je - sus hath wash'd all my sins a - way.

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No. 110. Gather Them In.

Words arr. by H. A. L. H. A. LEWIS.





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No. 111. Joy in the Lord.

"The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord." *Isa.* 29 : 19.

E. S. BROWN. H. A. LEWIS.

1. Have you found the joy of ser-vice, Liv - ing ser-vice for the
2. If this joy you have not tast - ed, Will you not em-brace it
3. Place your hand in that of Je - sus, Firm the clasp of love Di -

Lord? Have you felt His warm ap - prov - al As you
now, Ere the fleet - ing hours are wast - ed, When your
vine; Lean on Him, from care He frees us, Bids us

CHORUS.

fol - low'd at His word? Oh, there's pleas - ure, pure and
life in Christ should grow?
ev - 'ry doubt re - sign. Oh, there's pleasure,

ho - ly, In ful - fill - ing His commands, Ev - 'ry
pure and ho - ly, In ful-fill - ing His commands,

spir - it meek and low - ly, Shall be quicken'd at His hands.
Ev-'ry spir-it meek and lowly,

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No. 112. "He Found Him in Bethel."

E. S. BROWN. Hosea 12: 4. H. A. LEWIS.

1. How love - ly the place where the Sav - iour is re-vealed As
2. Each heart hath a place that no oth - er love can fill, Save
3. The an - gel who came in the still - ness of the night, Nor
4. How love - ly the grace that in our Re-deem- er glows To

One who will an-swer and bless! The place where our sins are in
that of a Friend all di-vine, Oh! can we for-get how the
left till the bless-ing was giv'n, Stands waiting to turn all our
crown ev - 'ry soul at His feet! Our Beth - el is here, and each
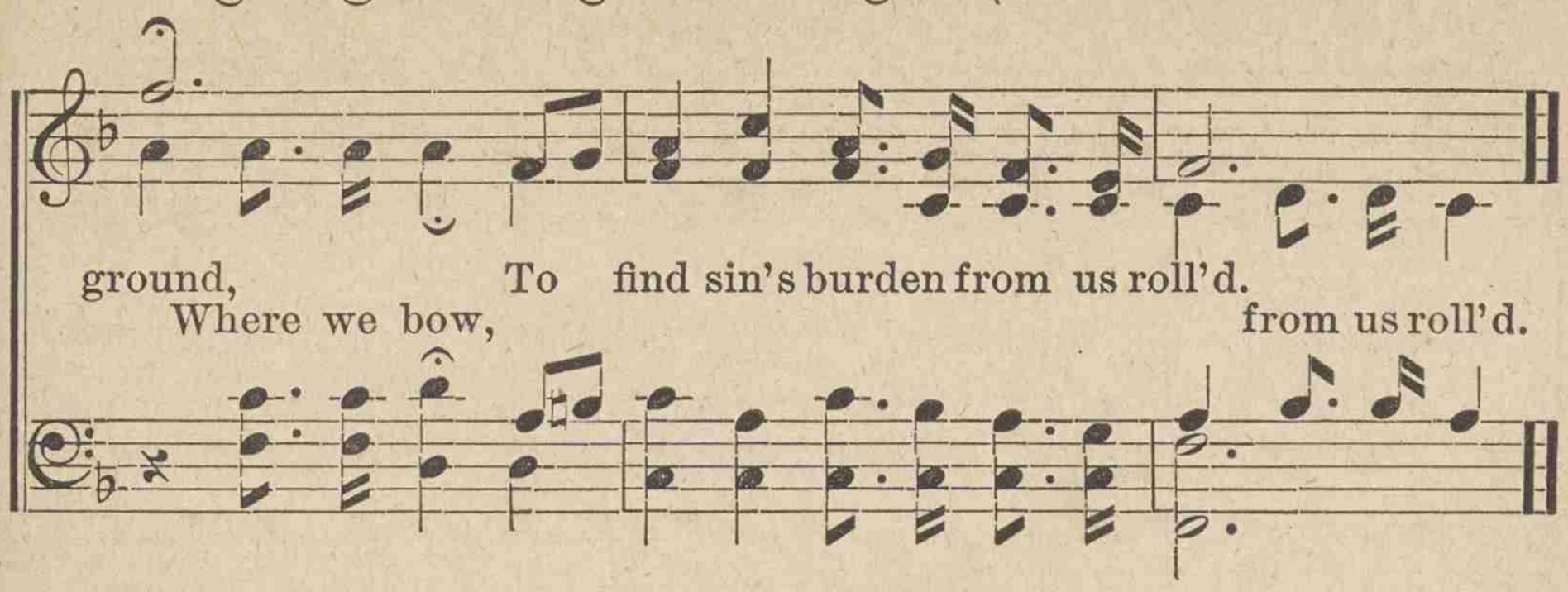
ten - der mer - cy healed With peace that no words can ex-press!
Sav-iour wait - eth still To claim for His own each low- ly shrine?
darkness in - to light, And shed on our way dews of heav'n.
fond at-trac - tion grows From dai - ly commu-nion pure and sweet.

CHORUS.

House of prayer, Beth-el fair, Here the
Gate of heav'n, To us giv'n,
same Redeem-er as of old, May be found, Hallowed
as of old, Seek Him now!
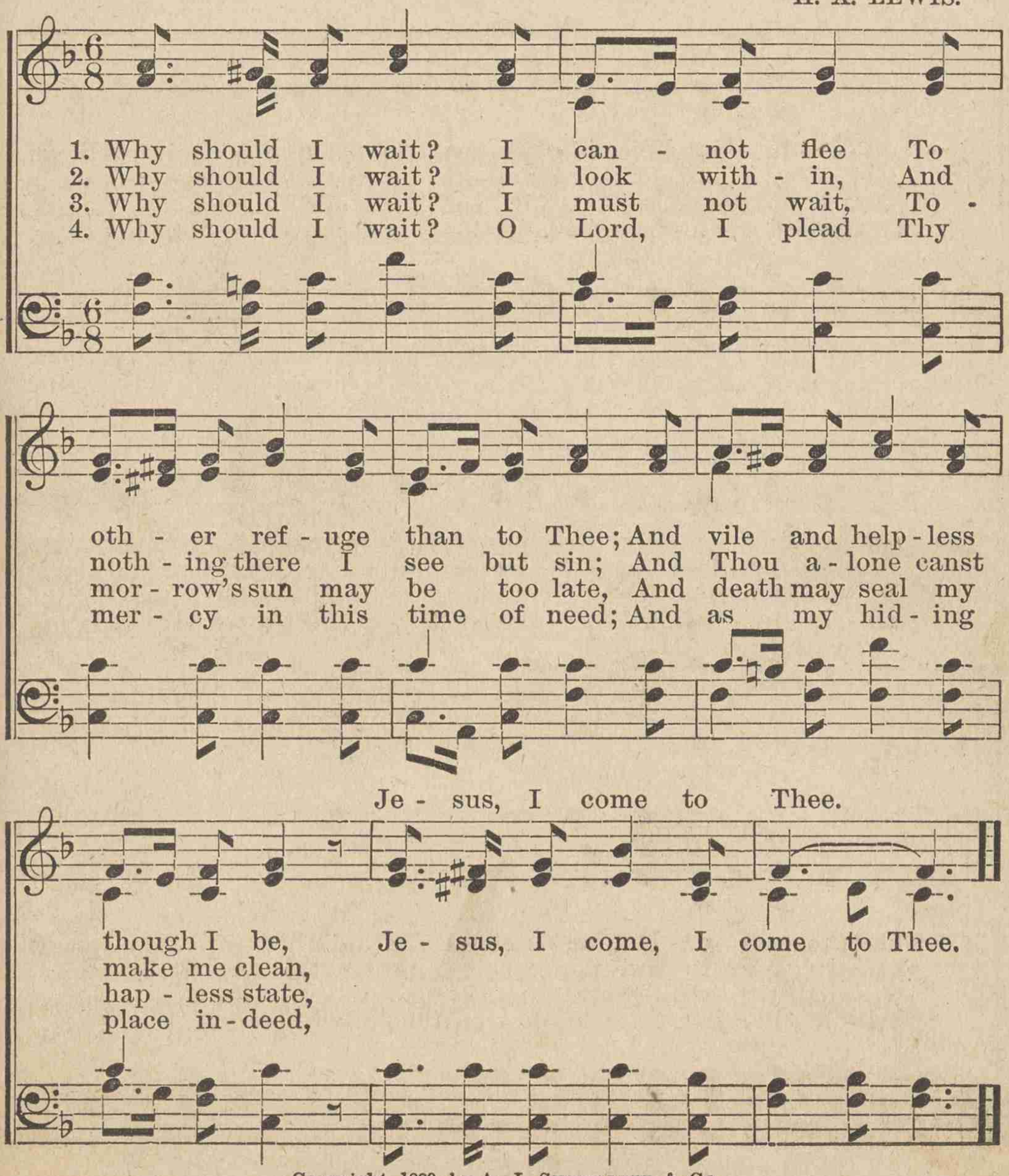
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"He Found Him in Bethel." CONCLUDED.



No. 113. Why Should I Wait?

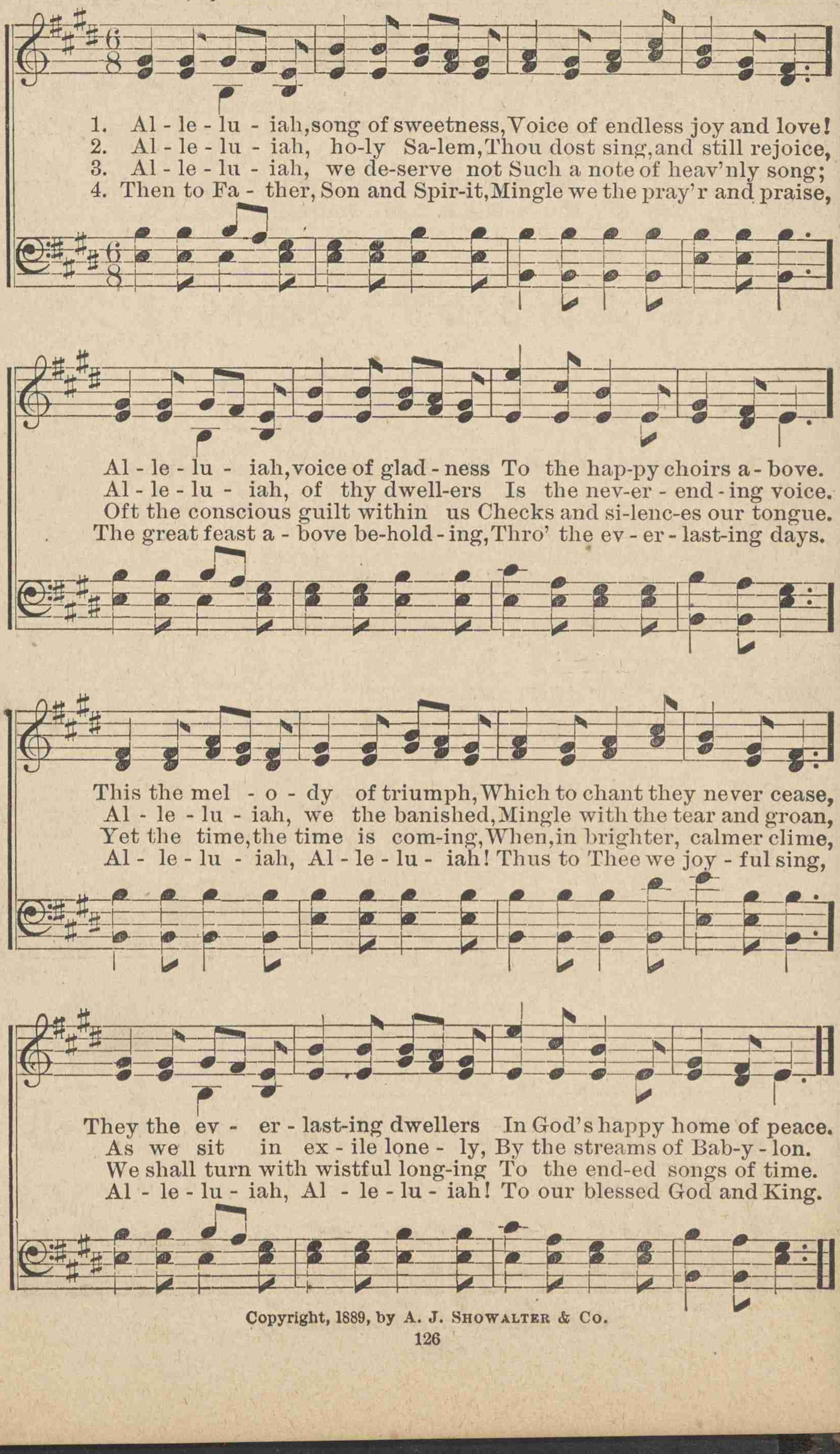
H. A. LEWIS.



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No. 114. Alleluiah, Song of Sweetness.
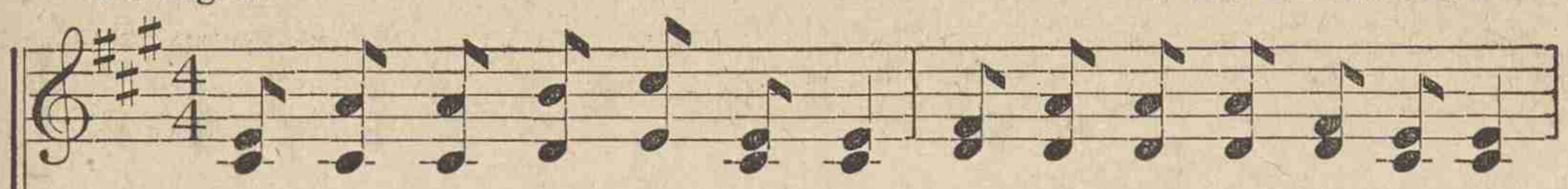
From the Latin, by DR. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.
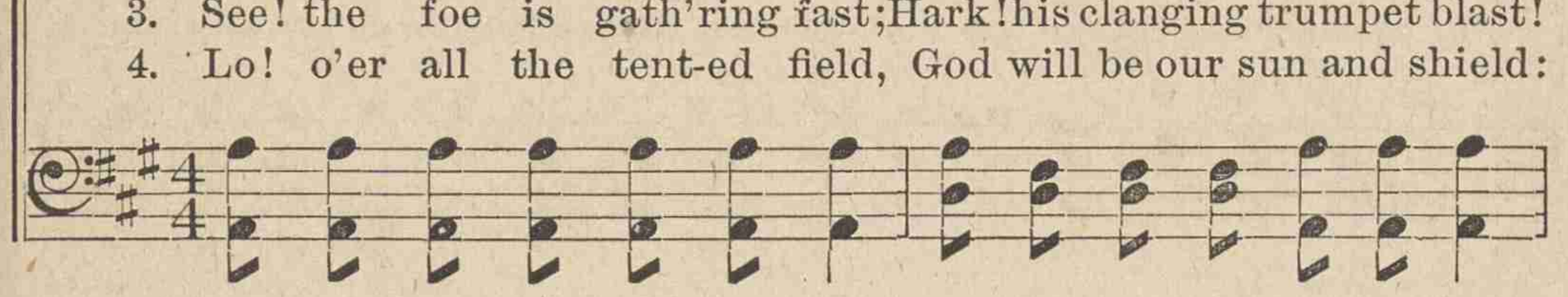


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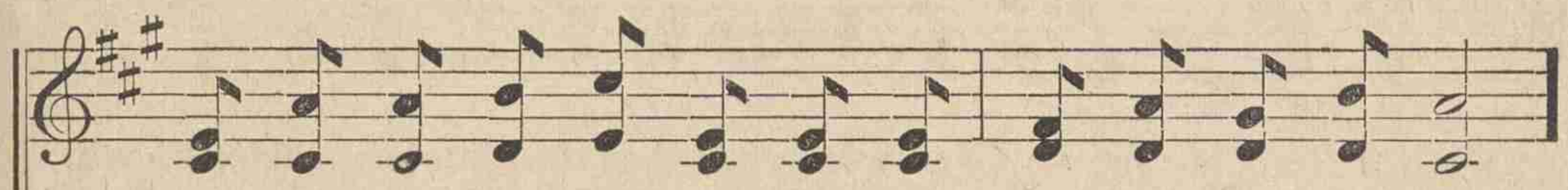
No. 115. Childrens' Battle Cry.

Arranged. L. M. EVILSIZER.

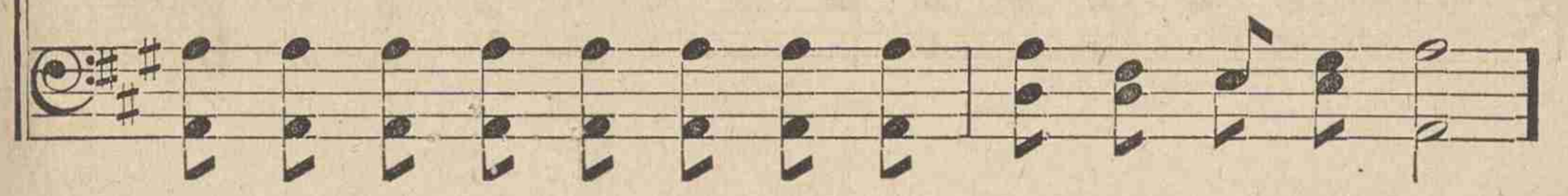


1. Chil-dren who have ral - lied now, Where Immanuel's soldiers bow,
2. Chil-dren! hear the bat - tle cry, Sounding loud and sounding nigh,
3. See! the foe is gath'ring fast; Hark! his clanging trumpet blast!
4. Lo! o'er all the tent-ed field, God will be our sun and shield:
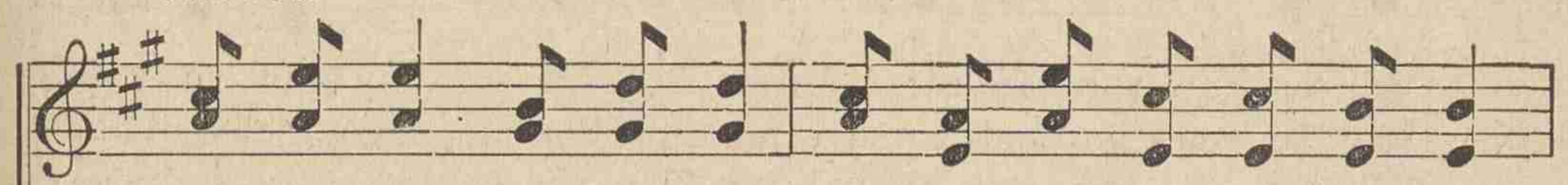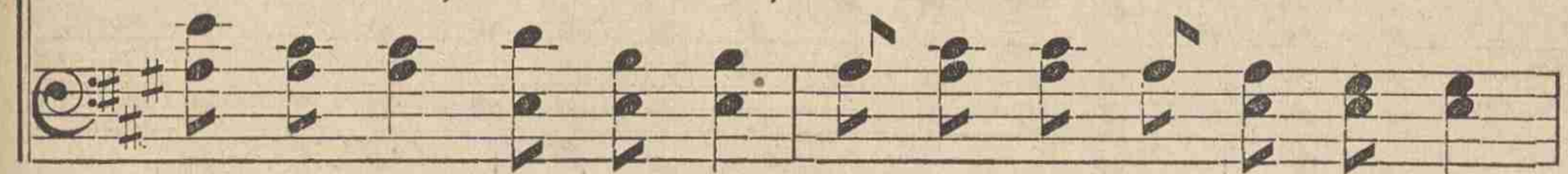




Who will take the temp'rance vow, And be a vol - un - teer?
From the throne of God on high: Who'll be a vol - un - teer?
Who will fight him to the last, And march a vol - un - teer?
Al - co - hol, the foe, shall yield, If all will vol - un - teer!
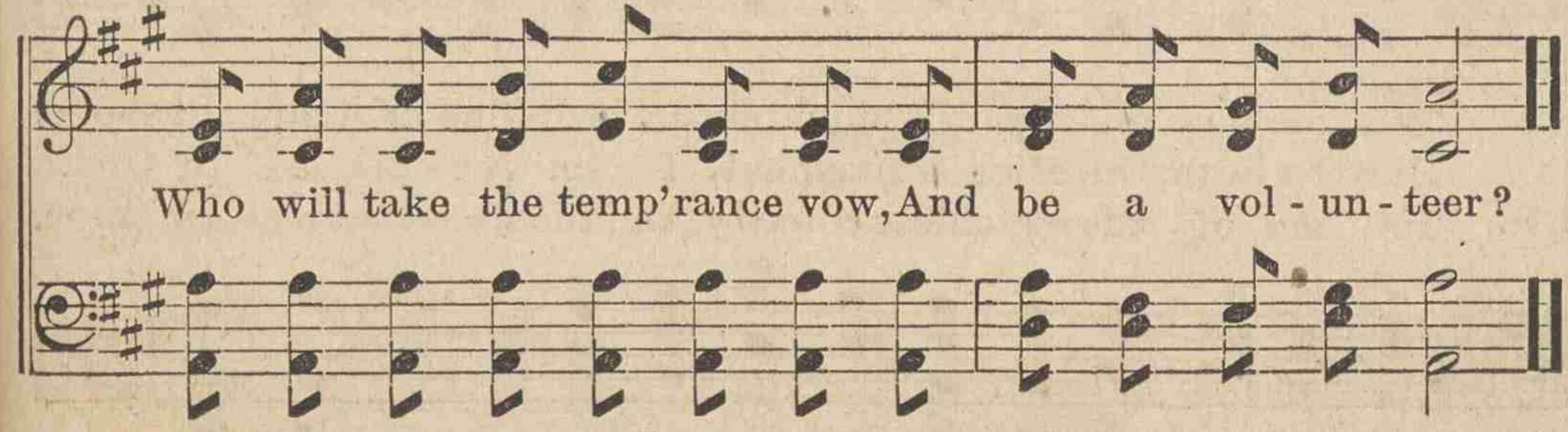


CHORUS.



Vol - un - teer, vol - un - teer, Who will be a vol - un - teer?



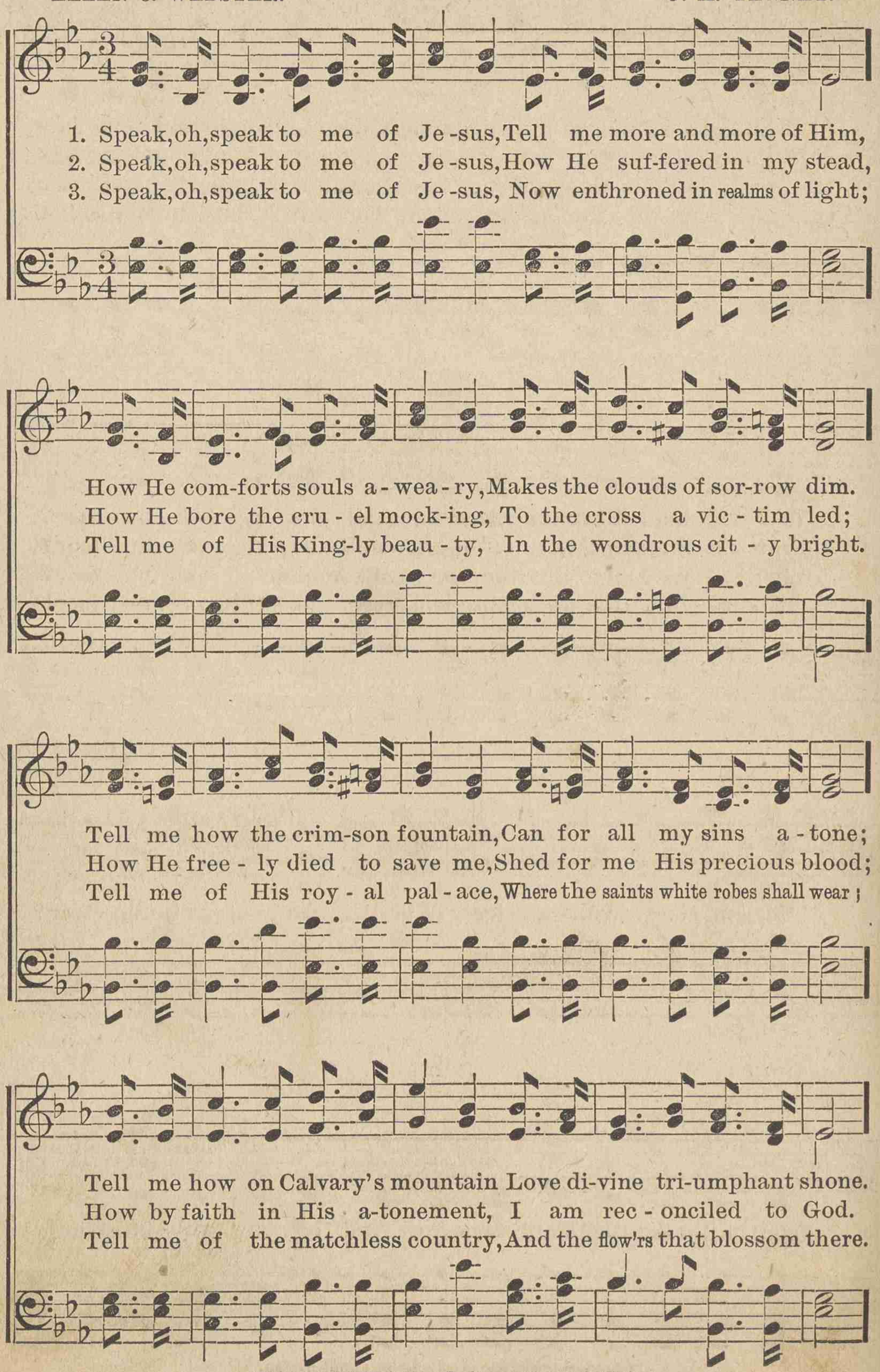
Who will take the temp'rance vow, And be a vol - un - teer?



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No. 116. Speak to Me of Jesus.

ELLEN C. WEBSTER. J. H. TENNEY.



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Speak to Me of Jesus. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Speak, oh, speak to me of Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, too;

Speak, oh, speak to me of Je - sus, Let His grace my heart re-new.

No. 117. Jesus Is Mine.

MRS. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.
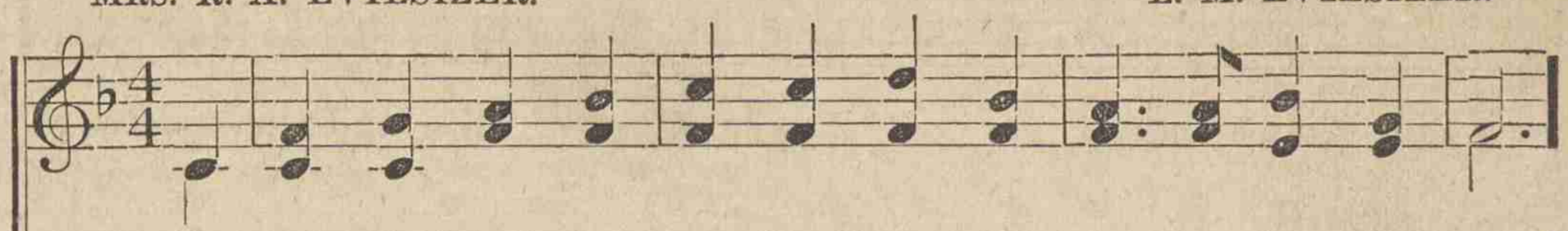
1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine; Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is this wil - derness;
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine; Here would I ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay,
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine; Lost in this dawning bright; Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried,
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine; Hail! im - mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel-come, O lov'd and blest;

Earth has no resting place; Je - sus alone can bless; Je-sus is mine.
Born but for one brief day, Pass from this earth away; Jesus is mine.
Left but a dis-mal void, Je-sus has sat-is-fied; Jesus is mine.
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest; Welcome, my Saviour's breast; Jesus is mine.

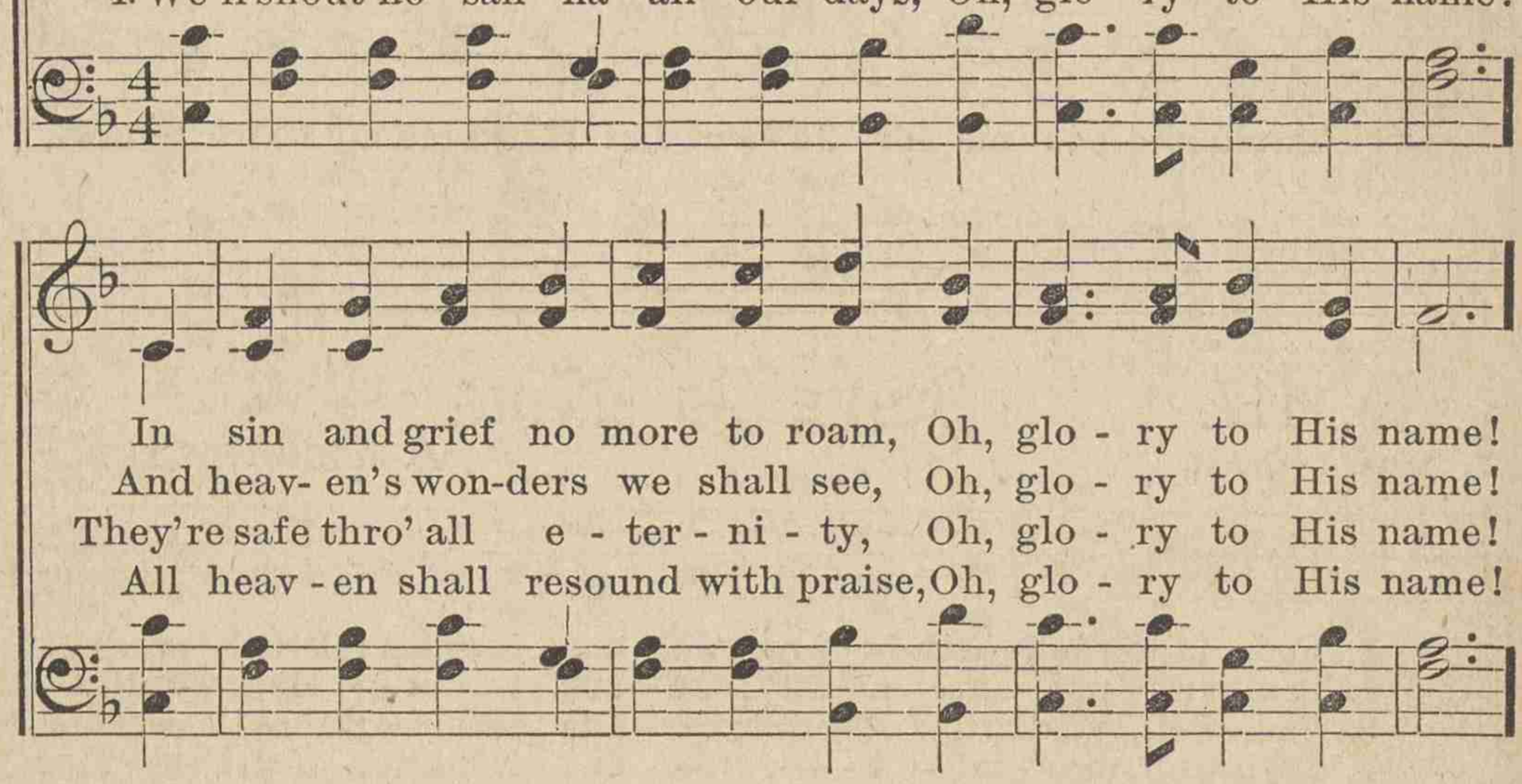
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No. 118. Home In the Kingdom.

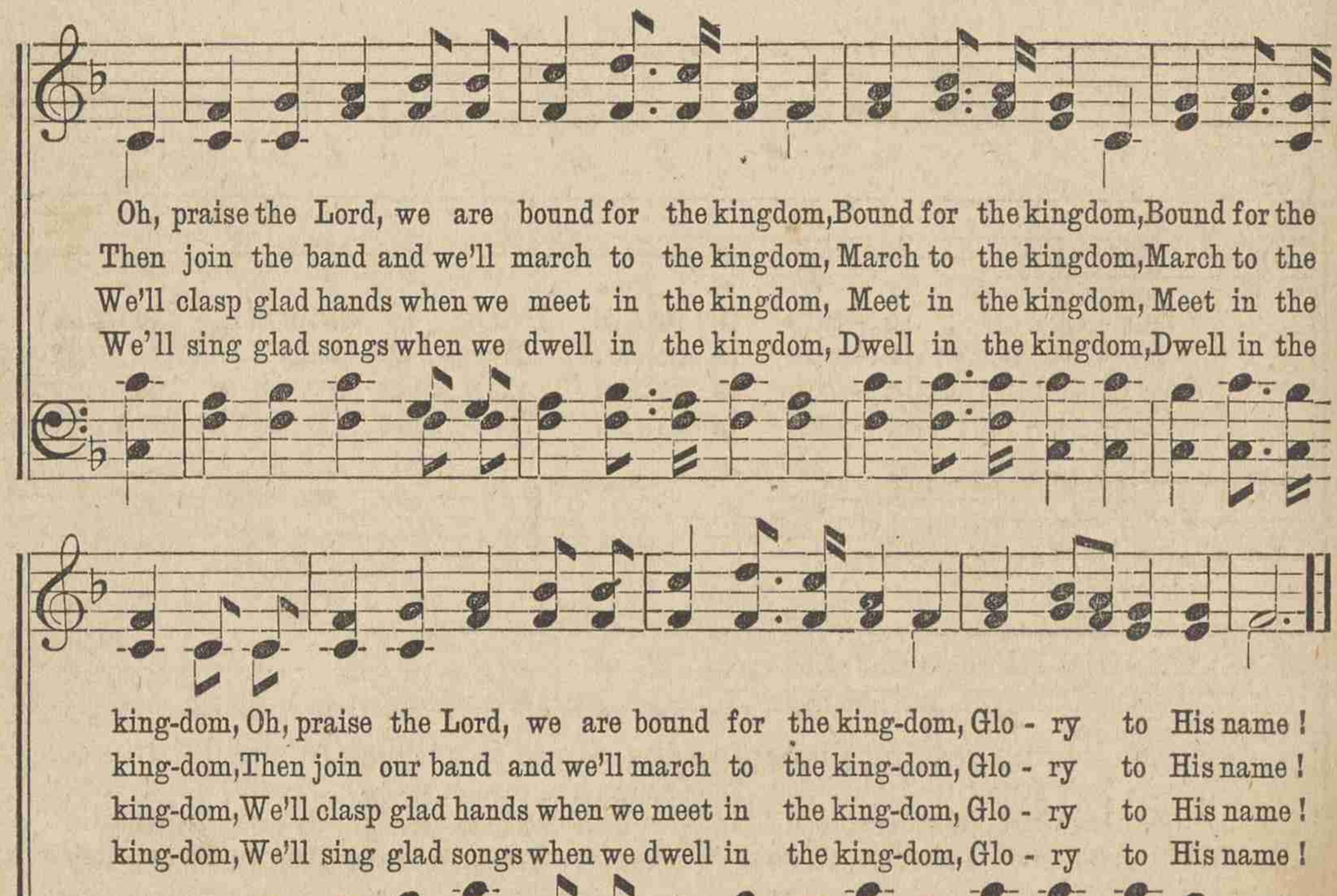
MRS. R. A. EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER.



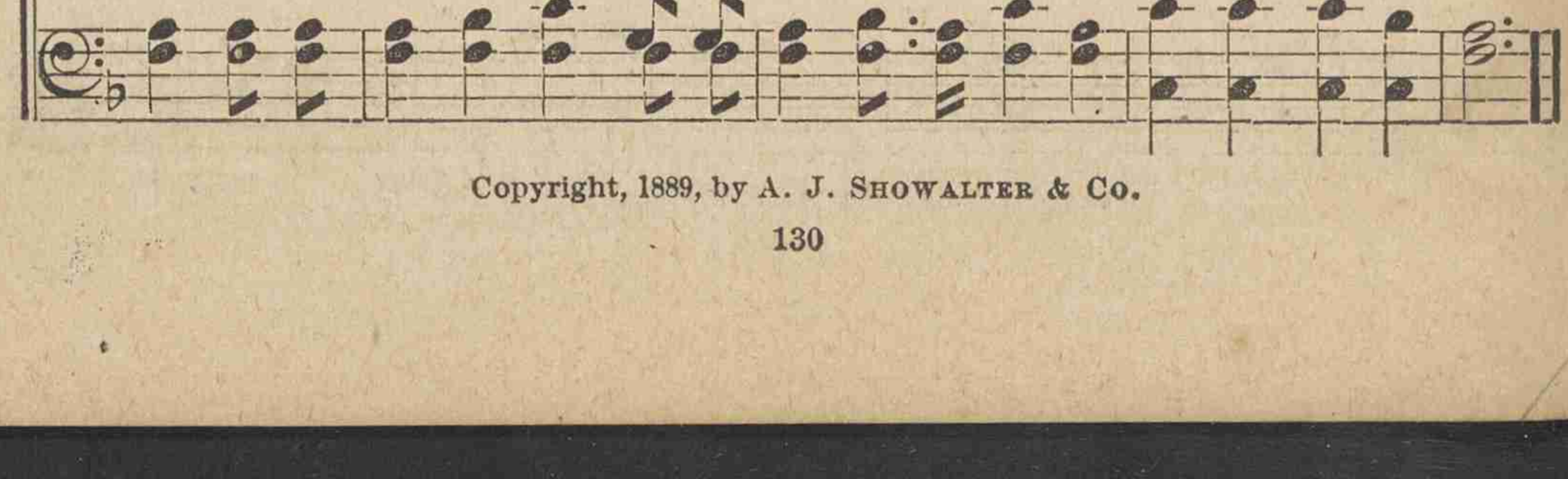
1. Oh, praise the Lord, we're go - ing home, Oh, glo - ry to His name!
2. Then come, dear friends, and go with me, Oh, glo - ry to His name!
3. De - part - ed friends we there shall see, Oh, glo - ry to His name!
4. We'll shout ho - san - na all our days, Oh, glo - ry to His name!



In sin and grief no more to roam, Oh, glo - ry to His name!
And heav- en's won-ders we shall see, Oh, glo - ry to His name!
They're safe thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, glo - ry to His name!
All heav - en shall resound with praise, Oh, glo - ry to His name!



Oh, praise the Lord, we are bound for the kingdom, Bound for the kingdom, Bound for the
Then join the band and we'll march to the kingdom, March to the kingdom, March to the
We'll clasp glad hands when we meet in the kingdom, Meet in the kingdom, Meet in the
We'll sing glad songs when we dwell in the kingdom, Dwell in the kingdom, Dwell in the

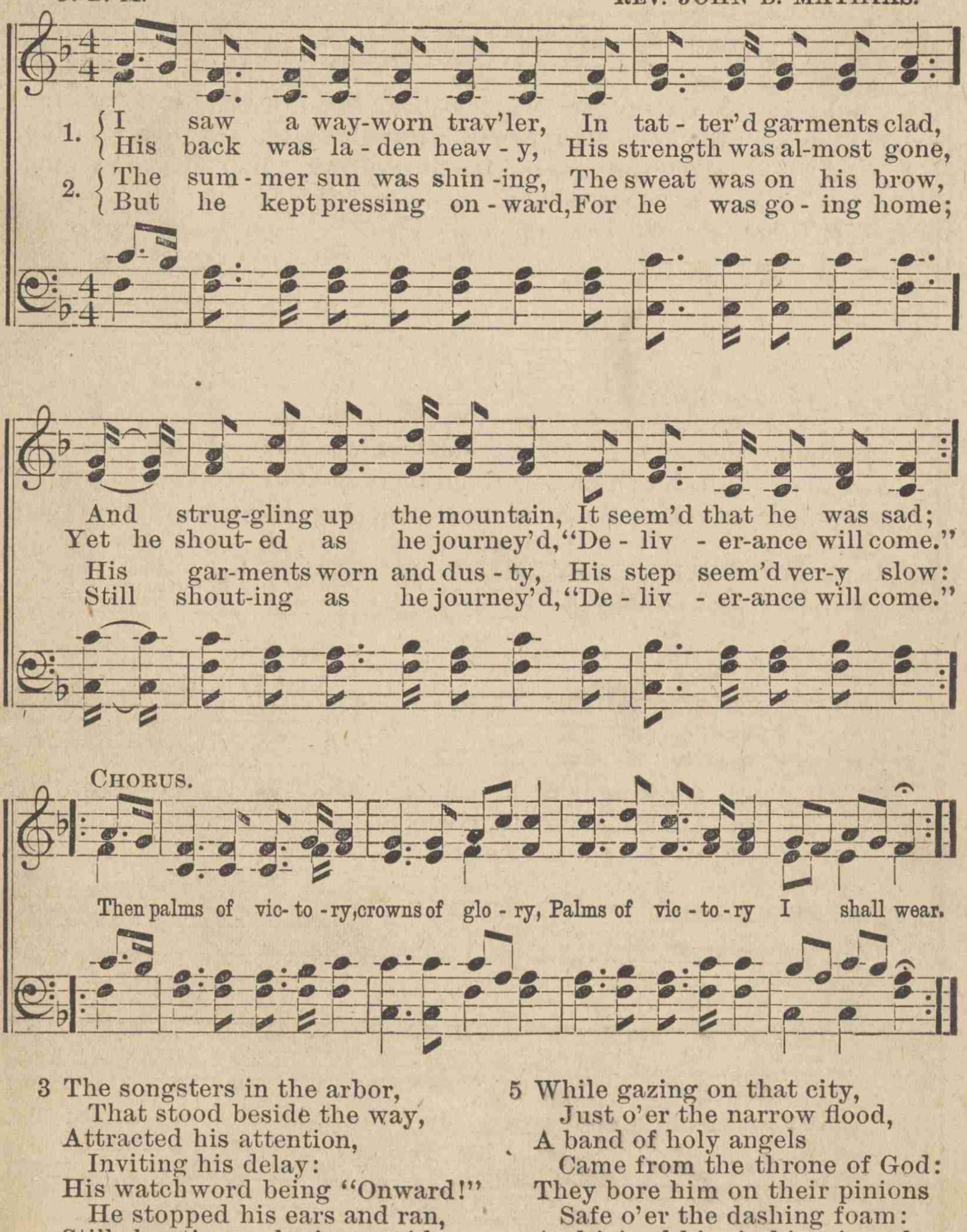


king-dom, Oh, praise the Lord, we are bound for the king-dom, Glo - ry to His name!
king-dom, Then join our band and we'll march to the king-dom, Glo - ry to His name!
king-dom, We'll clasp glad hands when we meet in the king-dom, Glo - ry to His name!
king-dom, We'll sing glad songs when we dwell in the king-dom, Glo - ry to His name!

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No. 119. Deliverance Will Come.

J. B. M. REV. JOHN B. MATHIAS.



3 The songsters in the arbor,
That stood beside the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watchword being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journey'd,
"Deliverance will come."

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, "Hosanna!
Deliverance will come!"

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam:
And joined him in his triumph,—
"Deliverance has come!"

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sung upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer never more:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, "Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!"

No. 120. The Kingdom to Come.

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Pil-grims and strangers we jour-ney be - low, Waiting for the
2. "Bless-ed the hope" that the pil-grim sus-tains, Waiting for the
3. Lo, on the throne sits the Lamb that was slain, Yonder in the

kingdom to come; Friendless and wea - ry how of - ten we go,
kingdom to come; Soon shall he share in the "rest that remains,"
kingdom to come; Soon is He com - ing in pow - er to reign

CHORUS.

Waiting for the kingdom to come. Ours is a home in the
Ev - er in the kingdom to come.
Ev - er in the kingdom to come.

glo - ry so bright, Yon - der in the king-dom to come;

Je - sus, the Saviour, a - lone is the light Shining in the kingdom to come.

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No. 121. Who Will Enlist?

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. LEWIS.

1. Bright lit - tle sol-diers are need-ed to-day, Who will en - list,
2. Migh - ty the ar-mies all o - ver the land, Sa - tan the chief—
3. Man - y old soldiers are pass-ing a - way, Ar - mor laid down,
4. Come, lit - tle children, and help in the fight, Step in to - day:

who will en - list? Who will be first to go forth in the fray?
Sa - tan the shield. Who will go forth with the Bi - ble in hand,
thro' with the race; Who are the chil-dren all read - y to - day
fall in - to line! Gird on the ar-mor and stand for the right,

CHORUS.

Who will en - list to - day? Who will en-list, Who will en-list
Fight-ing till all shall yield?
To fill each va-cant place?
That you like stars may shine.

Un-der dear Je - sus, our Saviour and King? Sweet is the pleasure such
ser - vice will bring, Who will en - list to - day?

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No. 122. Songs of Gladness.

VIOLET E. KING. H. A. LEWIS.

1. We come with songs of glad -ness, We come with words of love,
2. We come with songs of glad -ness, For our e - ter - nal King,

To swell the grand sweet cho-rus, That tells of Je - sus' love;
And thus our glad ob - la - tion, To Him we glad - ly bring;
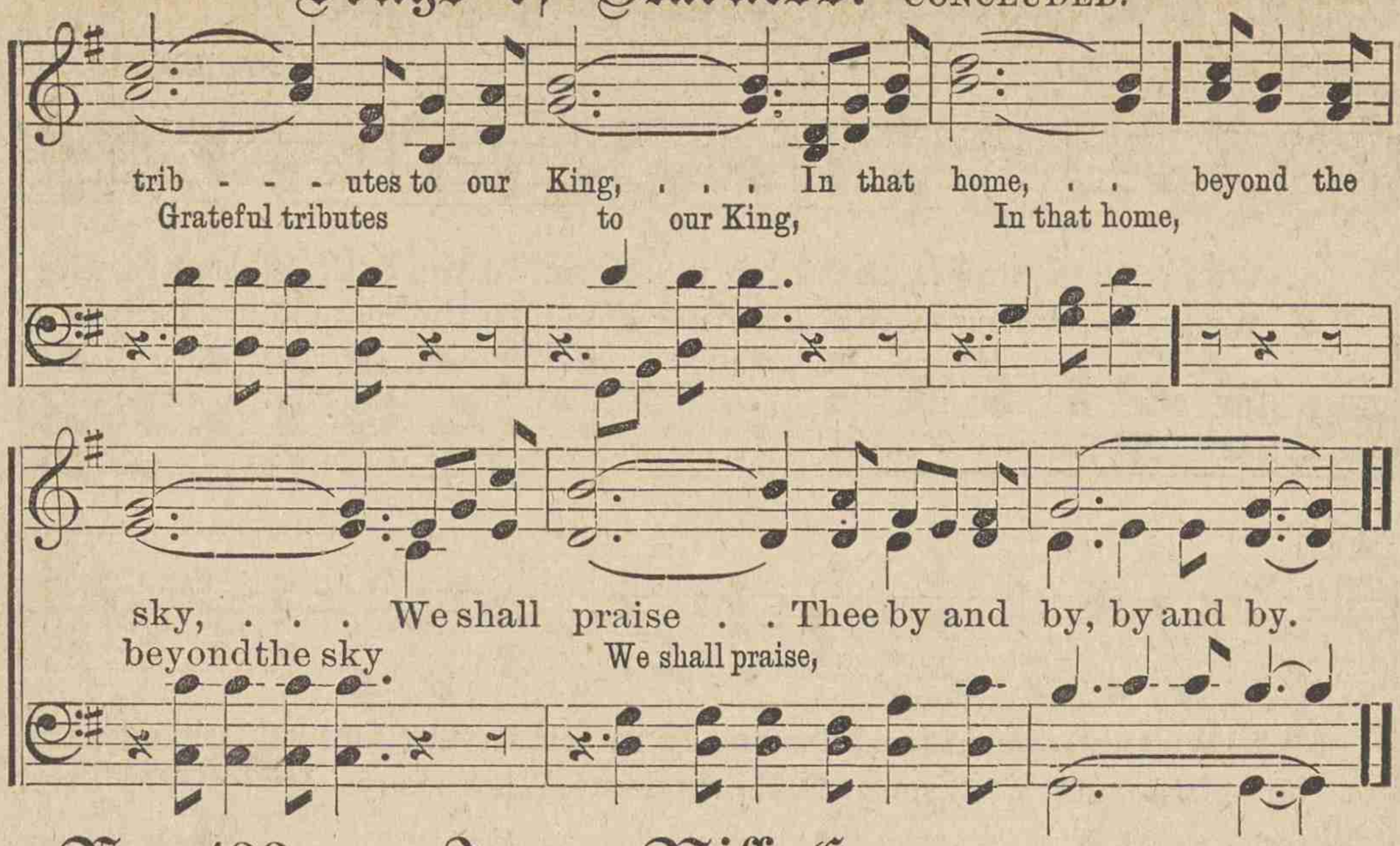
We bring to Him our trib - utes, With glad and wil - ling heart,
He comes to us in bless-ings That make each moment sweet,

For in the tune - ful ser - vice, We each would have a part.
With joy we sing His prais - es, And His dear name re - peat.

CHORUS.
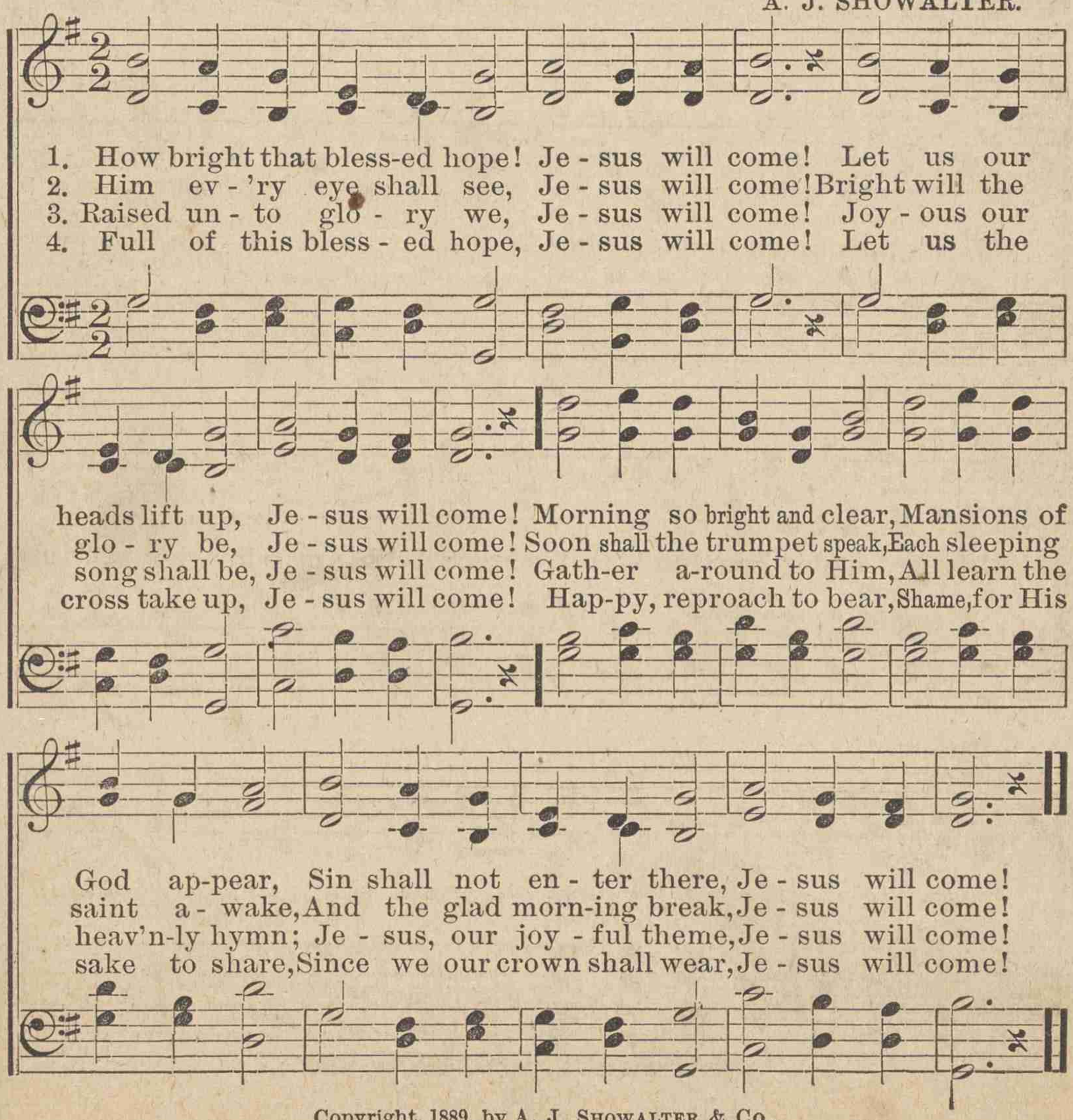
Songs of glad - - - ness we would sing, . . . Grateful
Songs of gladness we would sing,

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No. 123. Jesus Will Come.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 124. We Are Marching Home.

H. A. LEWIS.

1. We are marching to that heav'nly home, To the dear, dear home of the
2. We are marching to that heav'nly home, To the mansions waiting a -

blest; We shall sing around the ho - ly throne In that blessed land of rest.
bove, Pre-par'd within our Father's dome, Where is on - ly joy and love.

CHORUS.

We are marching, marching home, To the New Je-ru - sa - lem, To our

hap-py, happy home on high; We are marching, marching home, To the

New Je - ru - sa - lem, To our hap - py, hap - py home on high.

No. 125. We Come With Song to Greet You.

(ANNIVERSARY SONG.)

H. A. LEWIS.

1. A year a-gain has pass'd a-way! Time swiftly speeds a - long;
2. We'll sing of many a hap - py hour We've pass'd in Sunday - school,

We come a-gain to praise and pray, And sing our greeting song.
Where truth, like summer's genial show'r, Extends its gracious rule.

We'll sing of mer-cies dai - ly giv'n, Thro' ev - 'ry pass-ing year;
Our youth-ful hearts will glad-ly raise, Our voic - es sweet-ly sing

We'll sing the prom-is - es of heav'n With voic-es loud and clear.
A gen - 'ral song of grateful praise, To heavn's e - ter - nal King.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, We come with songs to greet you.
We come, we come, We come with songs a - - gain.

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No. 126. Leave Thy Heart With Jesus.

F. J. C. E. C. GREENLEE.

1. Go, leave thy heart with Je-sus, And tell Him all thy care; Go
2. Go, leave thy sins with Je-sus, The life, the truth, the way; Whose
3. Go, leave thy fears with Je-sus, Thy hopes, thy love, thy all; And

seek a throne of mer-cy, And find a refuge there; Tho' dim with tears of
precious blood has cancell'd The debt thou could'st not pay, Thy faith must bring the
then in calm submission A-wait thy Father's call; When angels hover

sor-row Thy wea-ry eyes may be, Look up, and trust in Je-sus, Who
bless-ing Of peace and par-don free, Look up, and trust in Je-sus, Who
round thee, And earthly scenes decay, Oh, lean thy head on Je-sus, And

CHORUS.
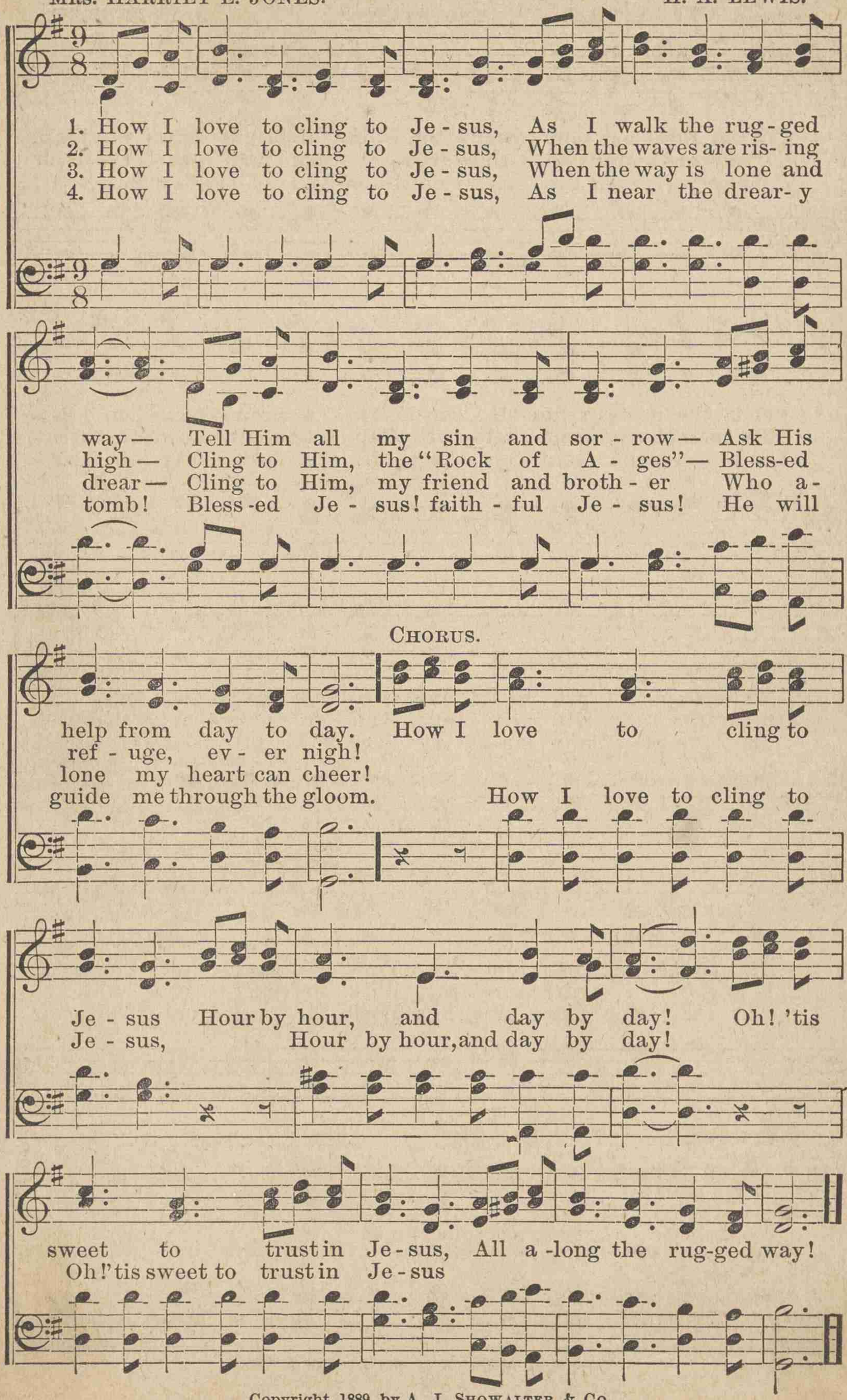
bore the cross for thee. Look up, look up, And tell Him
bore the cross for thee.
breathe thy life a-way. Look up, look up,

all thy care; Go, seek a throne of mercy, And find thy refuge there.

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No. 127. How I Love to Cling to Jesus!

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. LEWIS.



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No. 128. Keep the Colors Waving.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. TEMPERANCE. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Keep the col - ors wav - ing, Float the bright ban - ner high,
2. They are bound to con - quer Ev - ery foe in the field,
3. They will crush the mon - ster, Save the chil - dren and youth,

Lead the temperance ar - my To a grand vic - to - ry;
To their strength and val - or Cap - tive chains now must yield;
Lead the weak and err - ing, In the path - way of truth.

No - ble hearts are strug-gling, Great the work they will do,
Drunk-ards they will res - cue, And re - cov - er the lost,
To the poor and starv - ing They will give dai - ly bread.

In the strength of Je - sus They will stand for the true.
They are on - ward march-ing, With the might of a host.
Speed the temperance ar - my, With the col - ors o'erhead.

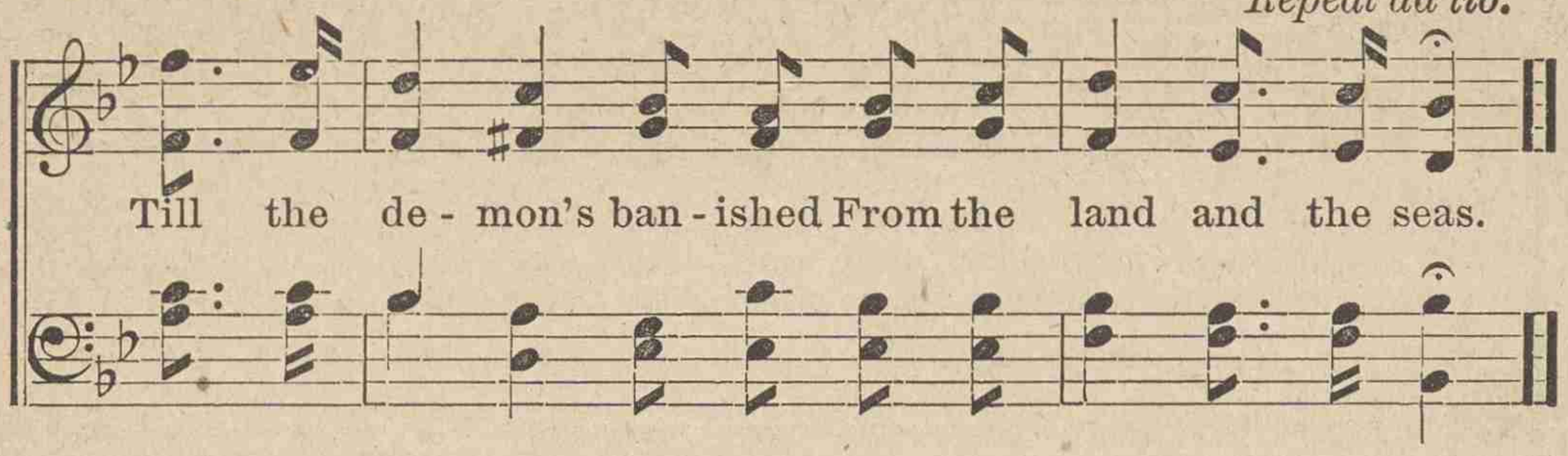
CHORUS.

Keep the col - ors wav - ing, Float them high on the breeze,

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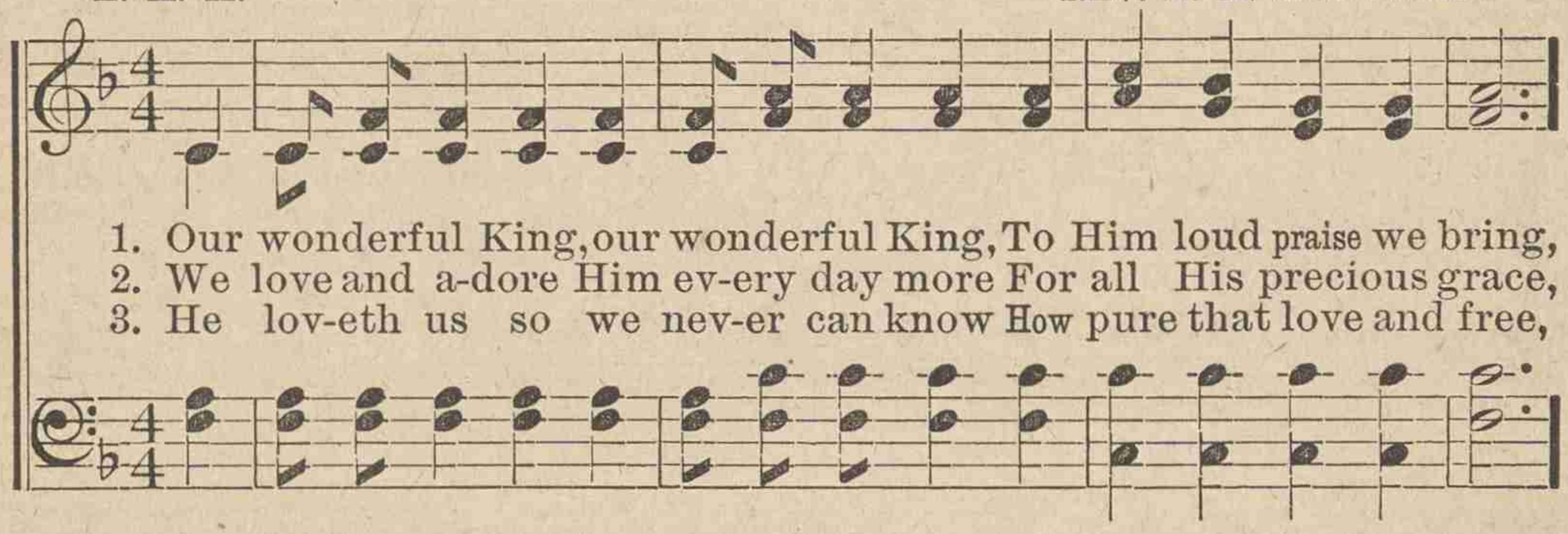
Keep The Colors Waving. CONCLUDED.
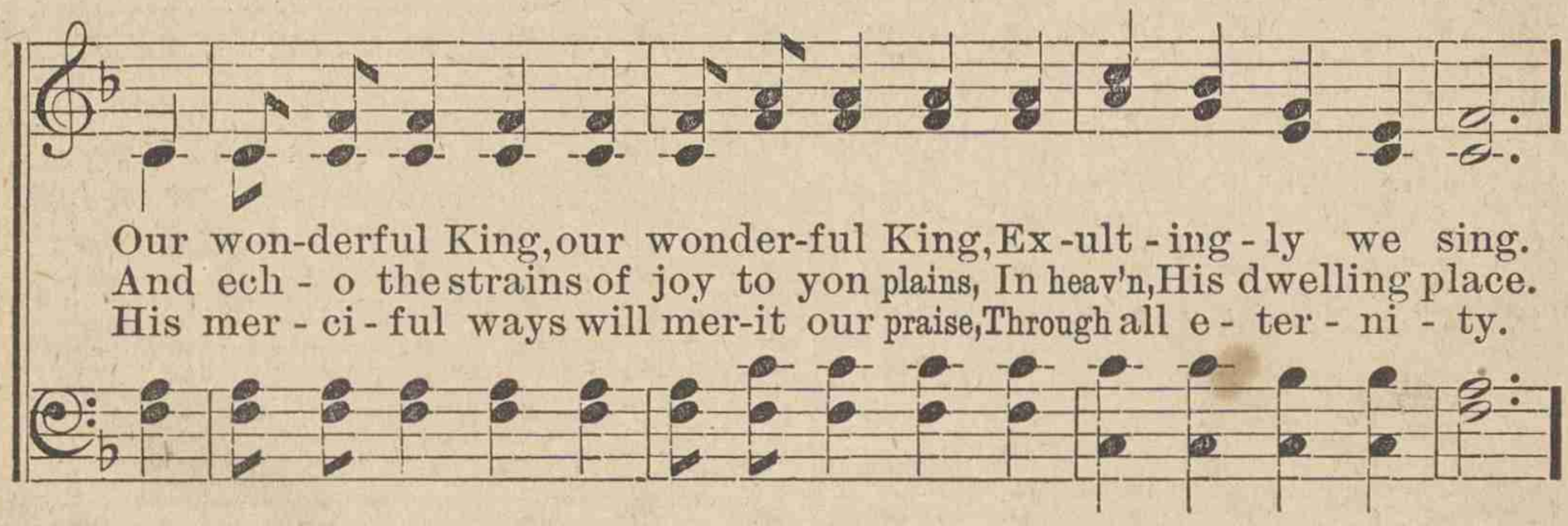
Repeat ad lib.
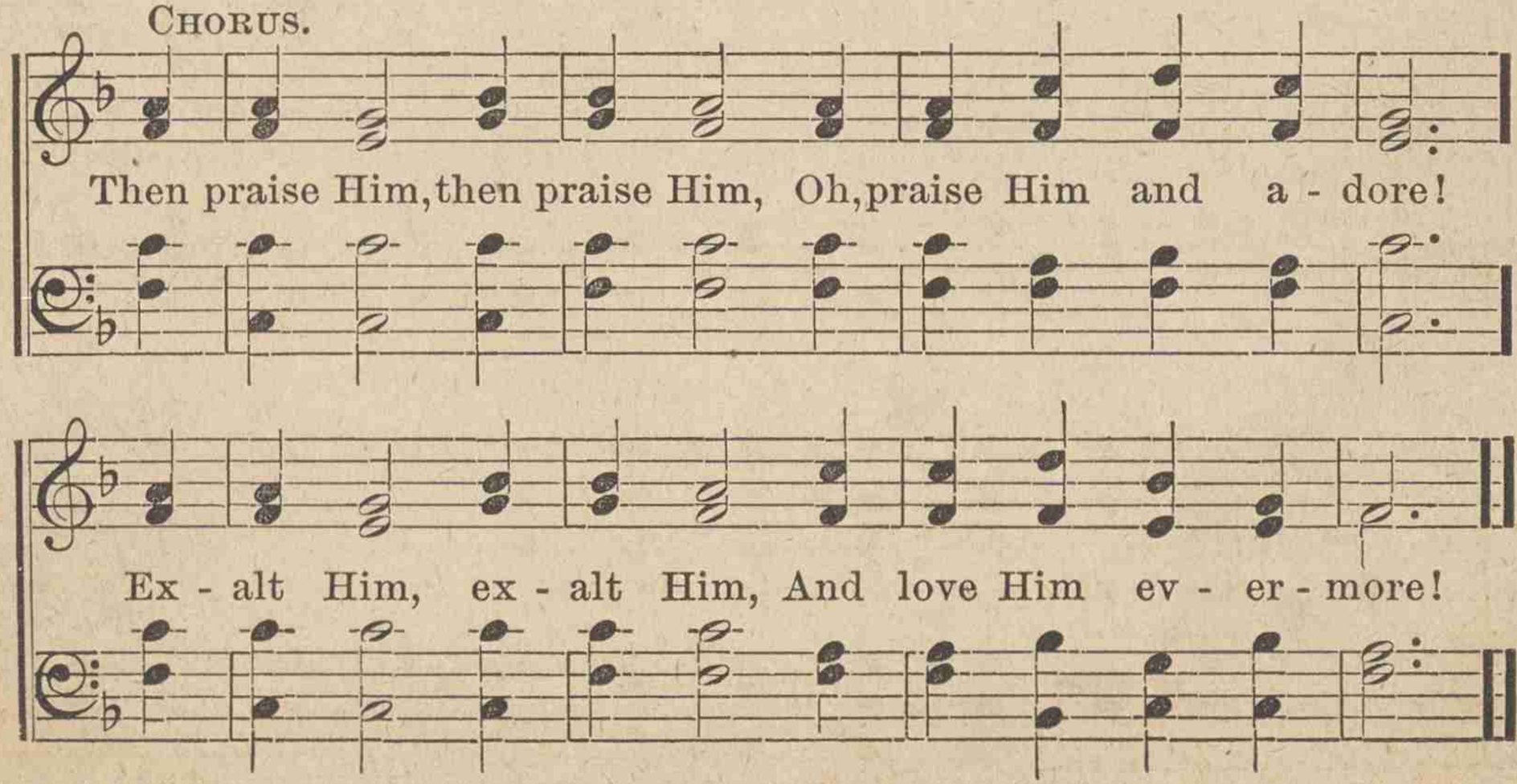


No. 129. Our Wonderful King.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.





CHORUS.



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No. 130. Where Can I Find the Saviour?

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

SOLO GIRL.

1. Where can I find the Sav - iour, My best and dear-est friend,
2. How can I come to Je - sus, The Sav-iour from all sin?
3. And will the Lord for-give me For all my want of love,

Who loves the lit - tle chil-dren, And loves them to the end?
Oh, lead me to the por - tal, That I may en - ter in.
And look in fa - vor on me, Down from His throne a - bove?

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

The Sav-iour dear is near you, He is not far a - way,
If you will on - ly trust Him, And o - pen wide your heart,
Oh, yes! His heart is ten - der! He will His child re - ceive
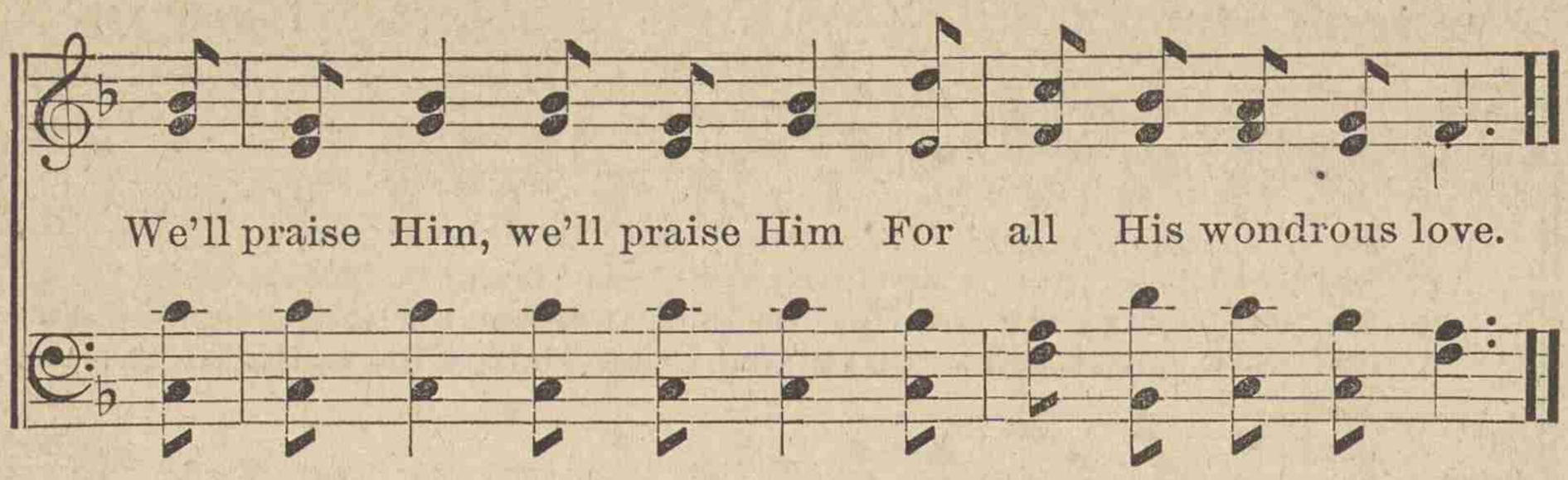
And with His love so ten - der Will bless His child to - day.
The bless - ed Christ will en - ter And His sweet peace im-part.
With glad-ness and with wel-come, And all your sins for - give.

ALL.

We'll praise Him, we'll praise Him, The Christ of God a - bove!

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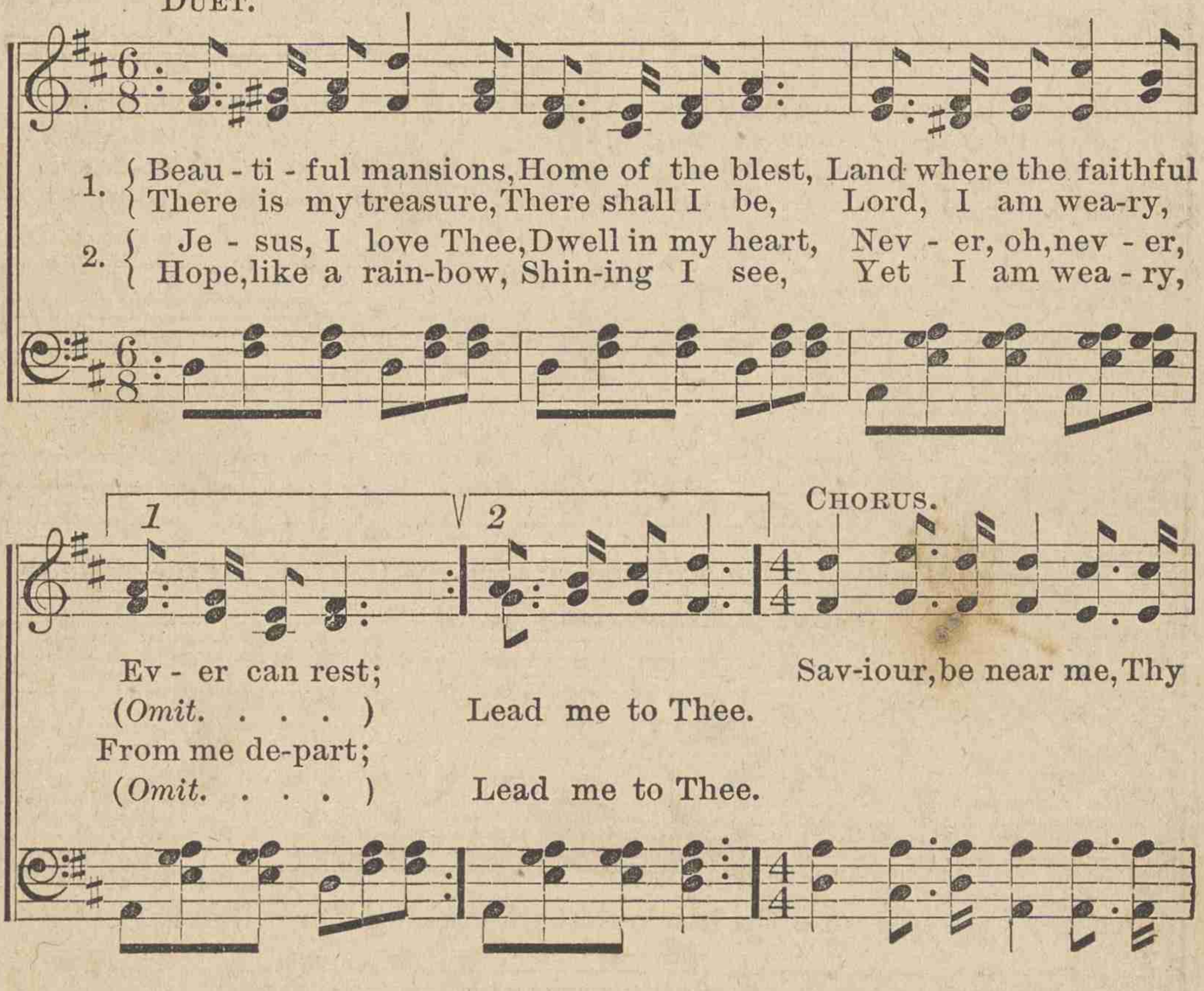
Where Can I Find the Saviour? CONCLUDED.
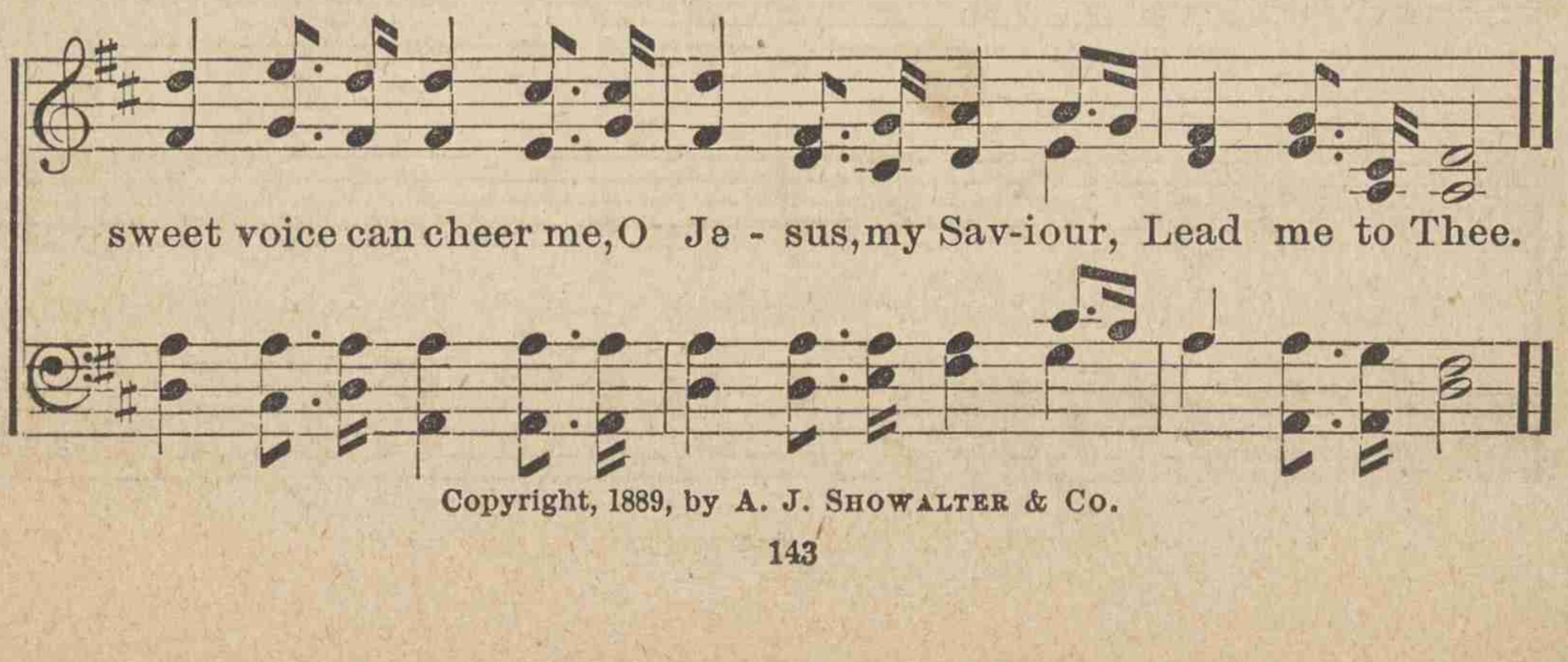


No. 131. Beautiful Mansions.

H. A. LEWIS.

DUET.
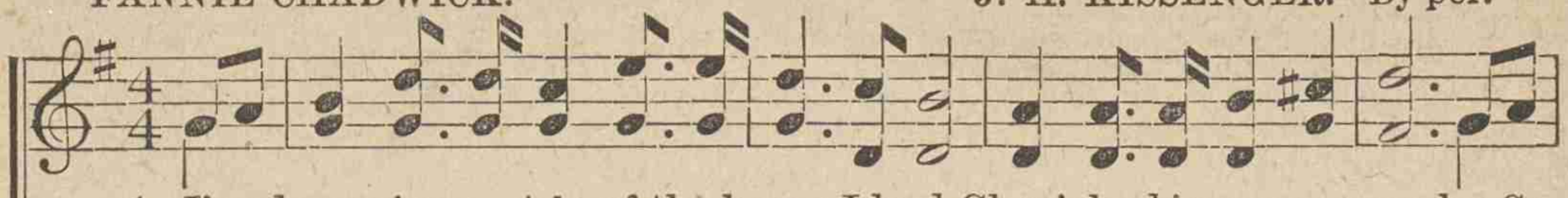




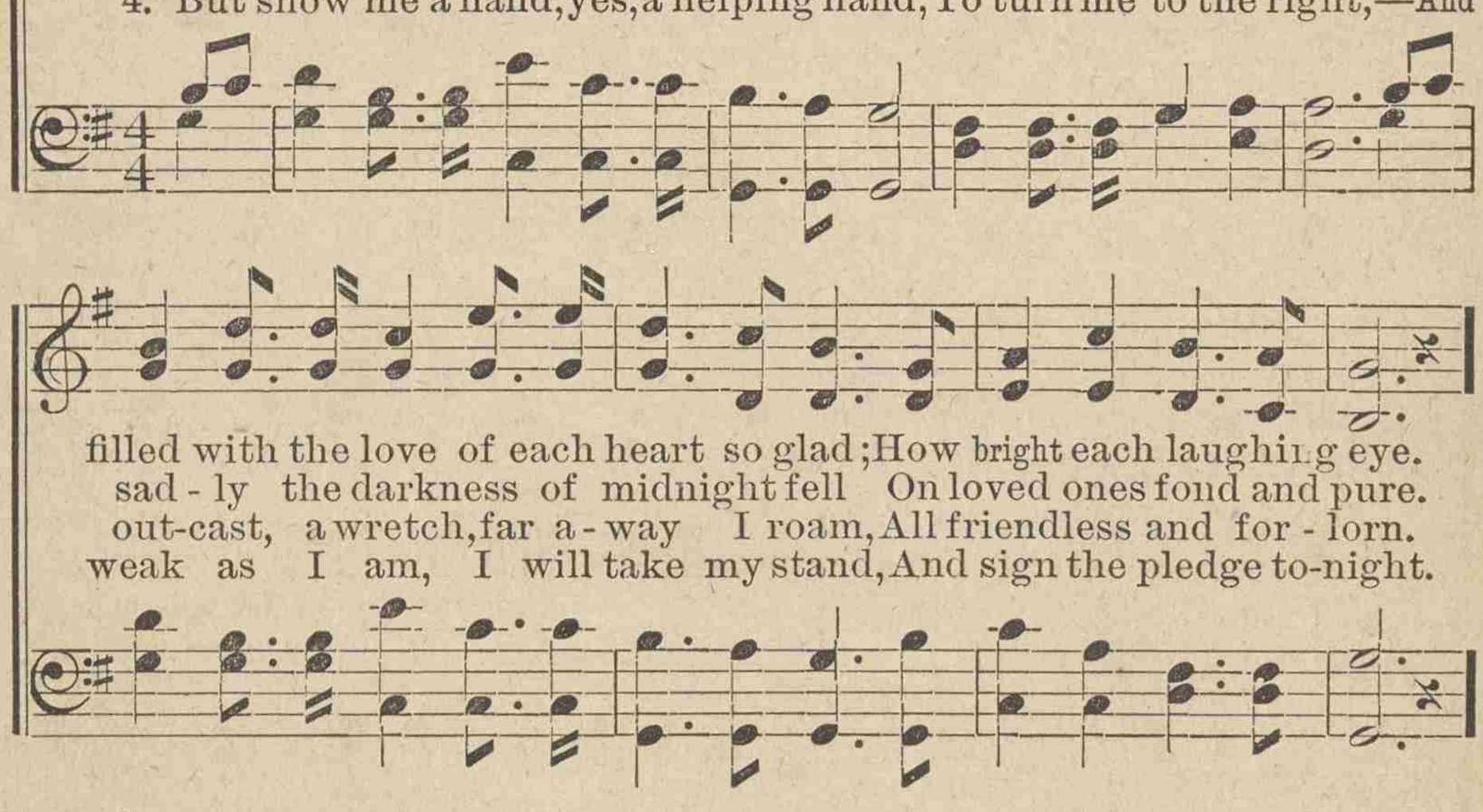
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No. 132. The Dear Old Home.

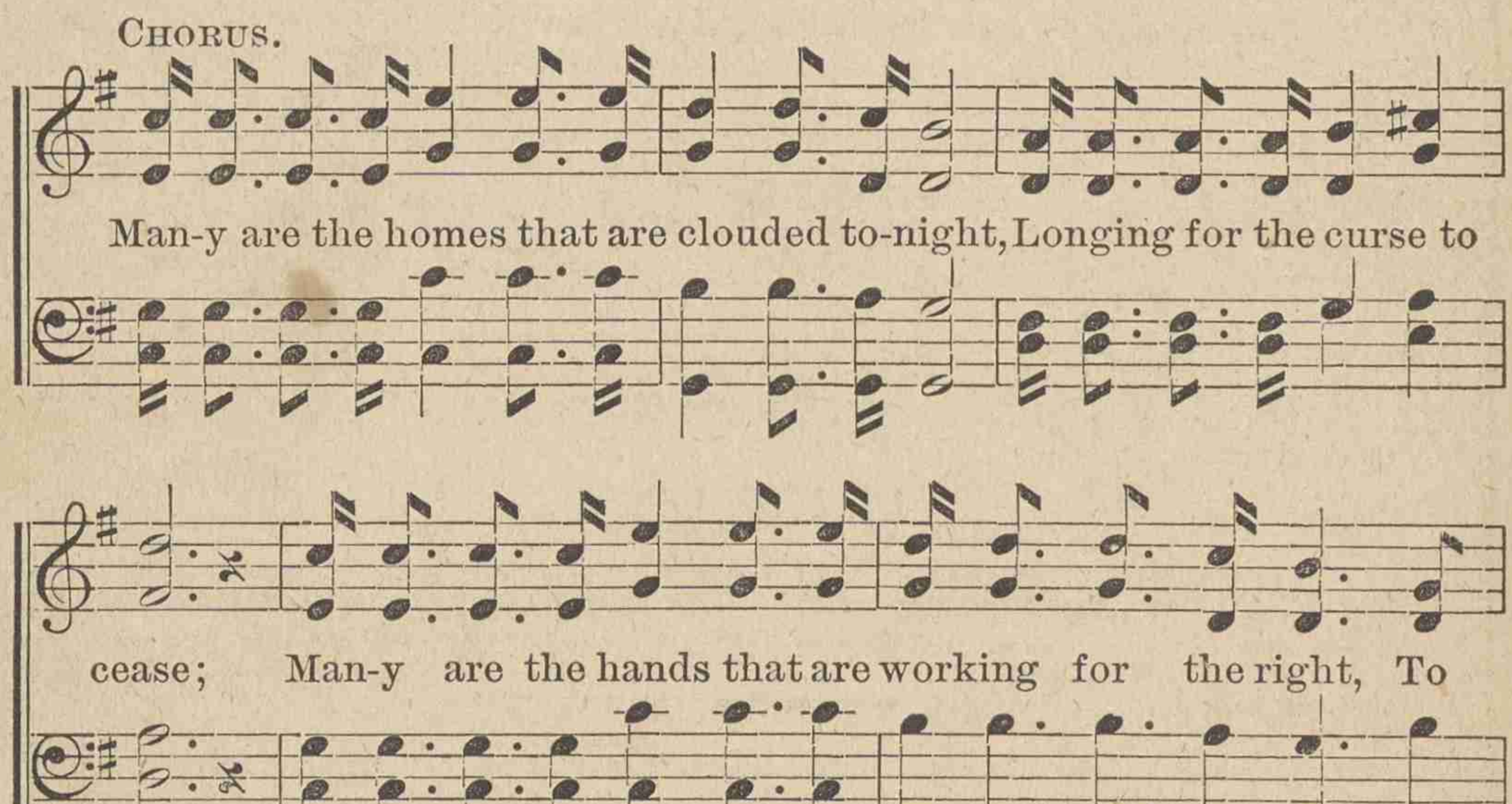
FANNIE CHADWICK. J. H. KISSENGER. By per.



1. I'm dreaming to-night of the home I had Cherished in years gone by, So
2. But light-ly at first came the tempter's spell, Growing so fast and sure, Till
3. Ah! lost, lost to me are the joys of home! Honor and hope are gone! An
4. But show me a hand, yes, a helping hand, To turn me to the right,—And



filled with the love of each heart so glad; How bright each laughing eye.
sad - ly the darkness of midnight fell On loved ones fond and pure.
out-cast, a wretch, far a - way I roam, All friendless and for - lorn.
weak as I am, I will take my stand, And sign the pledge to-night.



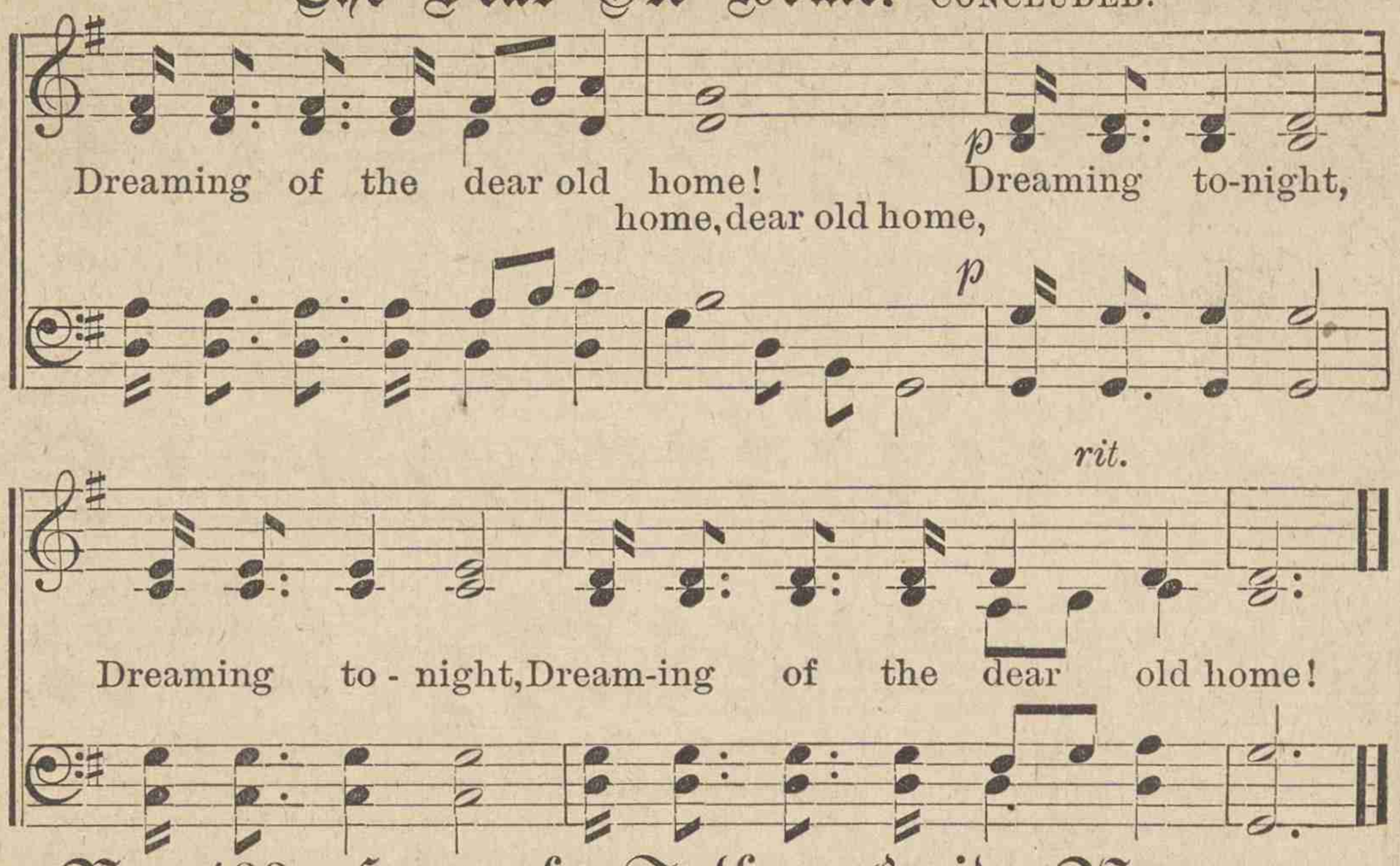
CHORUS.

Man-y are the homes that are clouded to-night, Longing for the curse to

cease; Man-y are the hands that are working for the right, To

bless the land with peace. Dreaming to-night, Dreaming to-night,

The Dear Old Home. CONCLUDED.



No. 133. Heavenly Father, Guide Me.

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

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No. 134. I Want to be a Worker.

I. B. Matt. 9: 37. REV. I. BALTZELL. By per.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord; I want to love and
2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day; I want to lead the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave; I want to trust in
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

trust His ho-ly word; I want to sing and pray and be toiling ev'ry
erring in the way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and
Je-sus' pow'r to save; All who will truly come, shall find a happy
erring to Thy word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never

CHORUS.

day In the vine-yard of the Lord. I will work, I will
love, In the kingdom of the Lord.
home In the kingdom of the Lord.
die In the kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will

pray, In the vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will
work and pray, of the Lord;

work, I will pray, I will la-bor ev'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

No. 135. Saved By Grace.

CELIA SANFORD. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Weigh'd down with sin,with guilt oppress'd,My burden'd heart can find no rest; In darkest
2. "Come un - to me" I hear one say, "I am the Life,the Truth,the Way,My hands shall
3. 'Tis Je - sus speaks,His voice I know, No harp or lute could move me so,—Quick falls the
4. Saved by His grace, un - to His praise,In joyful strains my song I'll raise.Henceforth my

paths my way I grope Without one ray,one gleam of hope.Helpless and lost,and sick and
wipe a - way all tears, My love,dispel thy griefs and fears.My blood shall wash thy garments
bur-den from my heart,And all the clouds above me part.Love,joy, and peace my bo - som
dai - ly life shall prove My constancy and depth of love;Faith,hope,and trust shall bring me

faint,With burning tears I make my plaint,And cry for help, And cry for help.
clean From ev - 'ry stain and guilt with-in. Come un - to me,Come un - to me."
fills, And ec - sta - sy my be - ing thrills,When Je - sus speaks,When Je - sus speaks.
near The hallowed cross,and keep me there,Saved by His grace,Saved by His grace.

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No. 136. Columbia. S. M.

J. L. HEATH.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy-self re - ly,

A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
Oh, may it all my powers en-gage To do my Mas-ter's will.
And oh, Thy ser - vant, Lord, pre-pare A strict account to give.
As - sured, if I my trust be-tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

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No. 137. Crown After Cross.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

Sweet af-ter bit - ter, Song af-ter fears, Home af-ter wan-der - ing, Praise af - ter tears.
Joy af-ter sor - row, Calm af-ter blast, Rest af-ter wea - ri- ness, Sweet rest at last.
Now comes the weeping, Then the glad reaping; Now comes the labor hard, Then the re - ward.

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No. 138. Lord, Bring Wanderers Home.

B. M. R. B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

Slowly with feeling.

1. Lord, bring some wand'rers home to-night, Some who have gone a - stray,
2. May none Thy mercy spurn to-night, The Ho - ly Spir - it grieve,
3. Let none unblest de-part to-night, Unsaved and un - for - giv'n,

CHORUS.

Faster.

Oh, give them grace to come to-night, Let them no more de - lay. To-night, Lord, to-
May prod - i - gals re - turn to-night, May sin-ners now be - lieve.
O - ver some yielding heart to-night, Let there be joy in heav'n.

night, Lord, Bring wand'rers home to - night, Bring wand'rers home to - night.

1st. *2nd.*

No. 139. Are You Washed in the Blood?

E. A. H. E. A. H By per.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk-ing dai - ly by the Sav-iour's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the gar-ments that are stain'd with sin, And be

wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be read - y for the
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb! There's a fountain flow-ing for the

Chorus.

Fine.

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

wash'd in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the
Are you wash'd in the blood,

D.S.

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

No. 140. Let it Make Thee Whole.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oh, the precious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for reb - els,
2. Precious blood that hath redeem'd us, All the price is paid, Per - fect par - don
3. Tho' my sins are red like crimson, Deep in scar-let glow, Je - sus' pre - cious
4. Precious, precious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow-ing free, Oh, be-lieve it,

CHORUS.

shed for sin-ners, Shed for you and me. Oh! the precious blood,
now is of - fer'd, Per - fect peace is made.
blood can make them Whiter than the snow.
oh, receive it, Sin - ner, 'tis for thee. precious blood,

Let it make thee whole; . . . Let it flow in mighty cleansing, O'er thy guilty soul.
make thee whole;

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No. 141. Leaning On The Everlasting Arms!

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

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the Ev-er -
2. Oh how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the Ev-er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning 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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Leaning On The Everlasting Arms. CONCLUDED

FINE. CHORUS.

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing,
Leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,

D.S.

Safe and secure from all alarms; Lean - ing, lean - ing,
Leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Je-sus,

No. 142. Blessed Words.

MRS. R. A. EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER.

1. I was weak in sin and a wan - der - er, When Je - sus whisper'd to me,
2. Tho' my sins were great and my heart oppress'd, My bur-den heav - y to bear,
3. Then I brought my care and my grief to Him, And laid them down at His feet;

FINE.

"Come, ye wea - ry one, with your sin oppress'd, There's rest and par-don for thee."
Yet He bade me "Come" and with Him find rest, And droop no lon - ger with care.
Je - sus took my bur - den up - on Him-self, And made my blessing com - plete.

D.S.—How my heart re-joiced when the Sav-iour said Those words of com-fort to me.

CHORUS. D.S.

Oh, bless - ed words, "There is rest and pardon for thee,"
What blest, sweet words,

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No. 143. Children, Do What You Can.

H. A. LEWIS.

1. Don't think there is noth - ing for chil - dren to do, Be-
2. You think if great rich - es you had at com-mand, Your
3. But what if you've naught but a pen - ny to give? Then
4. Then don't be a slug-gard, and live at your ease, And

cause they can't work like a man; The har-vest is great and the
zeal should no wea - ri - ness know; You'd scatter your wealth with a
give it, though scan-ty your store; For those who give nothing when
life with vain pleasures be - guile, But ev - er be ac - tive and

la-borers are few; Then, chil - dren, do all that you can.
lib - er - al hand, And suc - cor the chil-dren of woe.
lit - tle they have, When wealth -y, will do lit - tle more.
bus - y as bees, And God on your la - bors will smile.

CHORUS.

Then do . . what you can, . .
Then do what you can, children, do what you can, The Sav- iour is watching to - day,
His bless - - ing you'll reap,
His blessing you'll reap, if you la - bor and wait, Dear children, then do what you can.

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No. 144. There Is A Blessed Home.

REV. HENRY W. BAKER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,
2. There is a land of peace, Good an - gels know it well;
3. Oh, joy all joys be - yond, To see the Lamb who died,
4. Look up, ye saints of God, Nor fear to tread be - low,

Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Glad songs that nev - er cease With - in its por - tals swell;
And count each sa-cred wound In hands and feet and side;
The path your Sav - iour trod Of dai - ly toil and woe;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,
A - round its glo-rious throne Ten thou-sand saints a - dore
To give to Him the praise Of ev - ery tri-umph won,
Wait but a lit - tle while In un - com-plain - ing love,

And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round.
Christ, with the Fa - ther One And Spir - it, ev - er - more.
And sing through endless days, The great things He hath done.
His own most gra-cious smile Shall wel - come you a - bove.

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No. 145. I'll Start For The Kingdom To-night.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. I. N. McHOSE.

1. You ask me to leave the broad roadway of sin, And turn from the wrong to the right;
2. Too dear-ly and long I have lov'd this poor world, And wasted the years in their flight;
3. The pleasures of earth have engrossed all my thoughts, The pleasures of sense and of sight;
4. No lon - ger I'll walk in the broad way of sin, And close my poor heart to the light;
5. How could I so long grieve the warm heart of God, So cold-ly His mer-cies re-quite!

So I have resolved a new life to be - gin, And start for the King-dom to - night!
'T is time I should leave all the sins of my life; I'll start for the King-dom to - night!
Too long I've neg-lect - ed, a - las! my poor soul, I'll start for the King-dom to - night!
If Christ will re-ceive me, my heart I will yield, And start for the King-dom to - night!
For - give me, dear Fa-ther in heav - en! for-give; I'll start for the King-dom to - night!

CHORUS.

I'll start, I'll start,

I'll start for the Kingdom, I'll start for the King-dom, I'll

start for the Kingdom to-night! God help-ing me, now I will

the Kingdom to-night!

take the first step, And start for the King-dom to - night!

the Kingdom to-night!

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No. 146. Why The Saviour Loves Me So.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. I had wander'd far from home, And my heart was all impure, But the Saviour bade me come,
2. All un-wor - thy of His grace, Once I walk'd the paths of sin; Now I view His loving face,
3. When the joys of earth are past, And the call of death shall come, When amid the throng at last,

Find in Him a rest se-cure; Wash'd in crimson fount I'm clean, On His breast I sweetly lean,
And His matchless fa -vor win; He doth all my need supply, Guiding me with watchful eye;
'Neath the shin-ing crystal dome, Tho' my Sav-iour I shall praise In the sweetest anthem lays,

CHORUS.

But the truth I fain would know Why the Saviour loves me so. Loves me so, loves me
Still in wonder I would know Why the Saviour loves me so.
Still for - ever I would know Why the Saviour loves me so. Loves me so, the Saviour
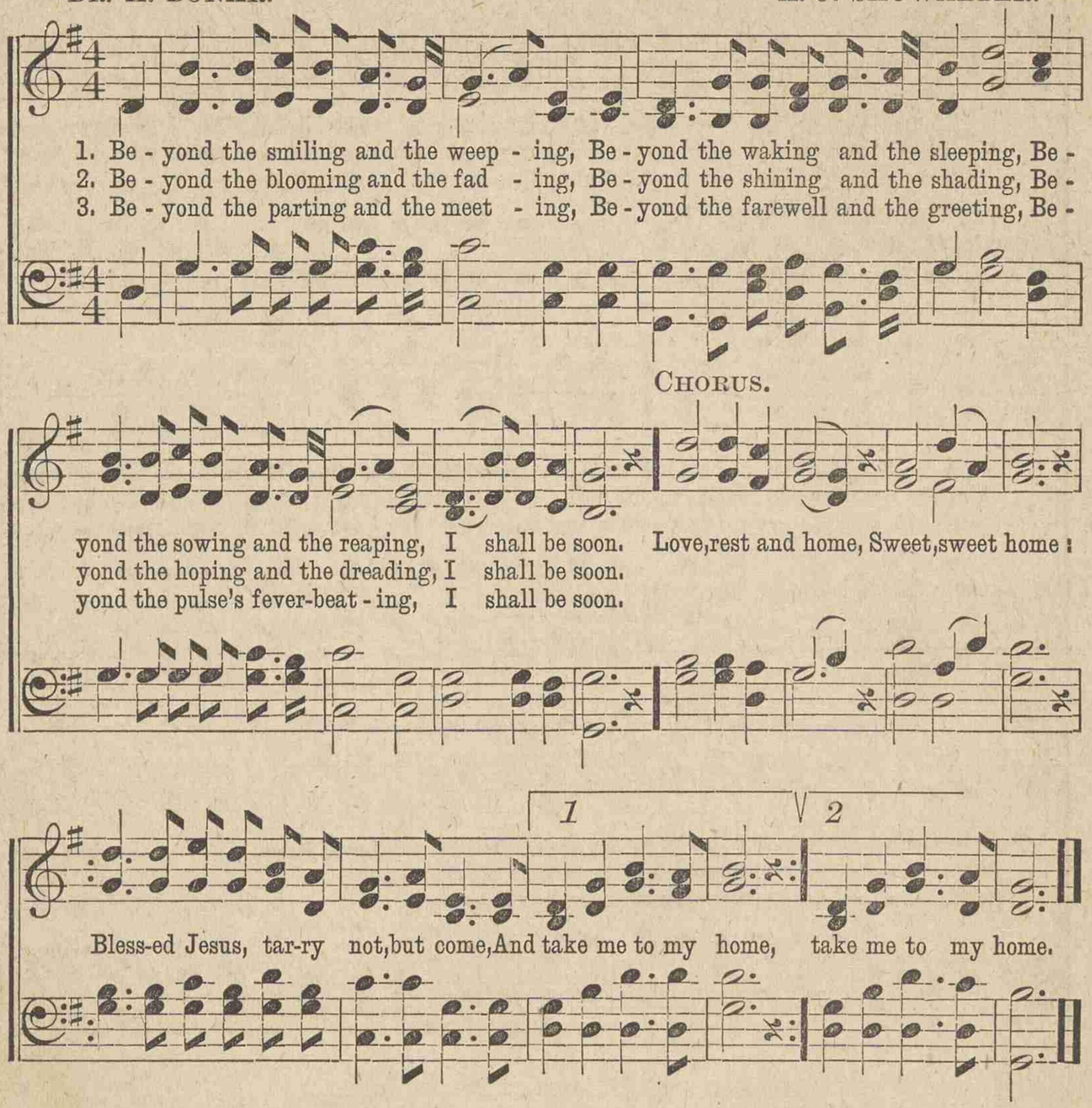
so, Why the Sav - - - iour loves me so, But the
loves, yes, loves me so, Why the Saviour loves me so, loves me so, Still for -

truth I fain would know Why the Sav- iour loves me so, Why the Sav- iour loves me so.
won - der I would know
ev - er I would know

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No. 147. Beyond The Smiling And The Weeping.
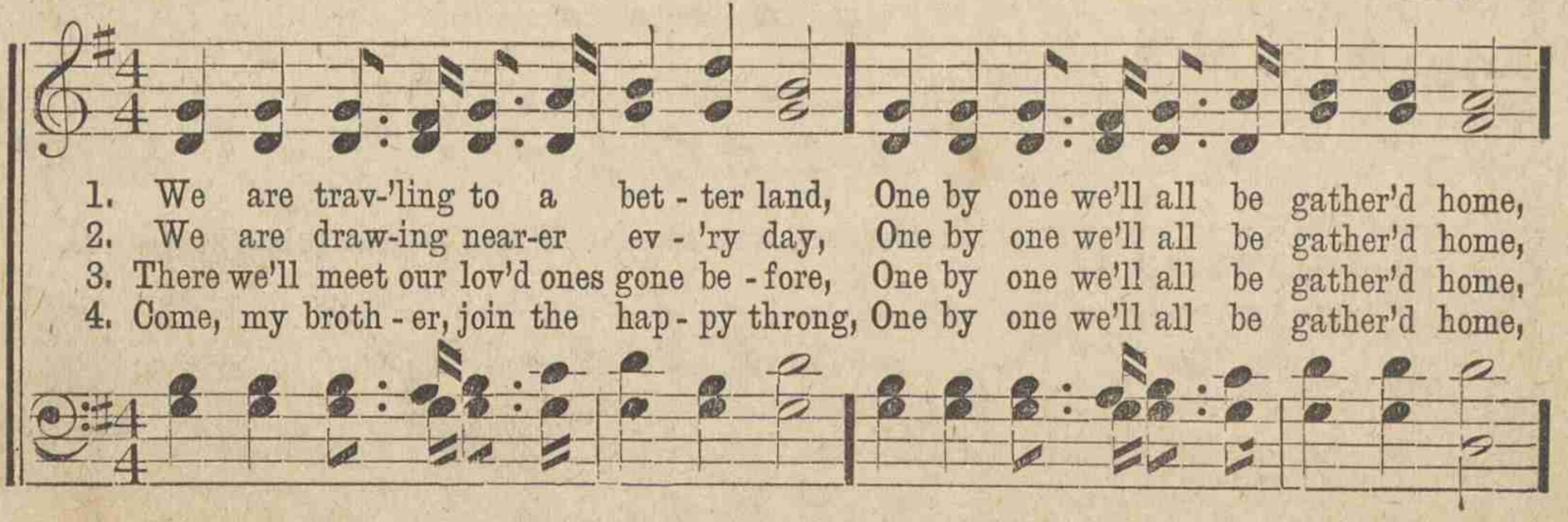
DR. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 148. One By One We'll All Be Gathered Home.

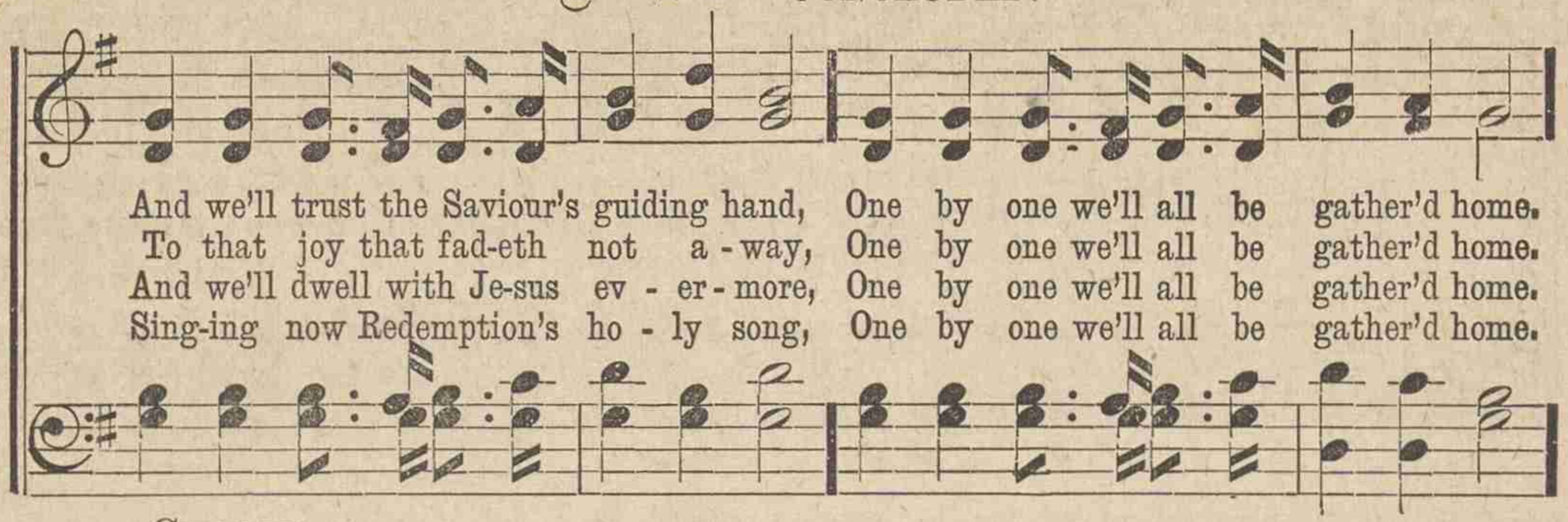
Gathering together unto him.—2 Thess. 2: 1.

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

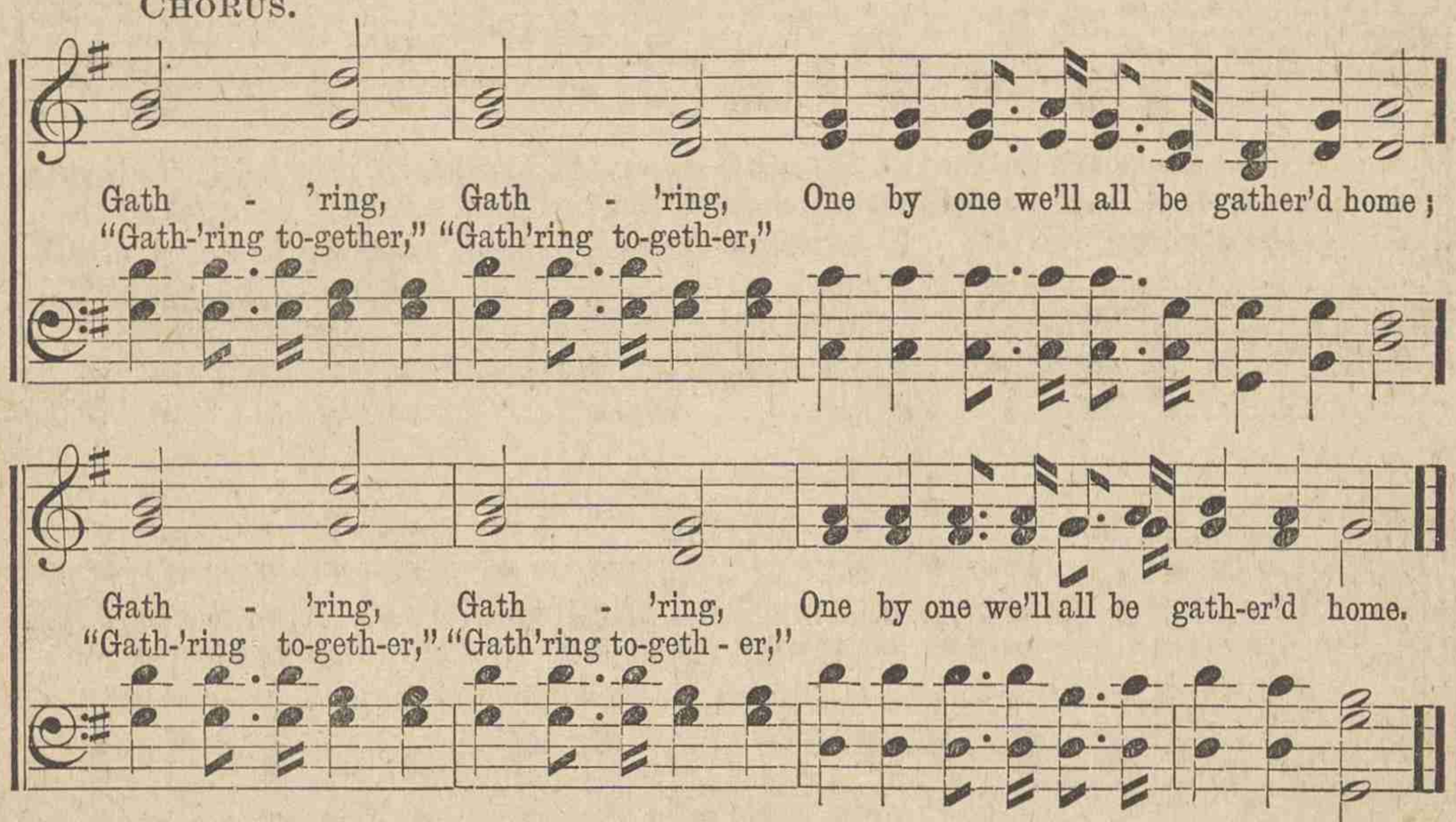


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One By One We'll All Be Gathered Home. CONCLUDED.
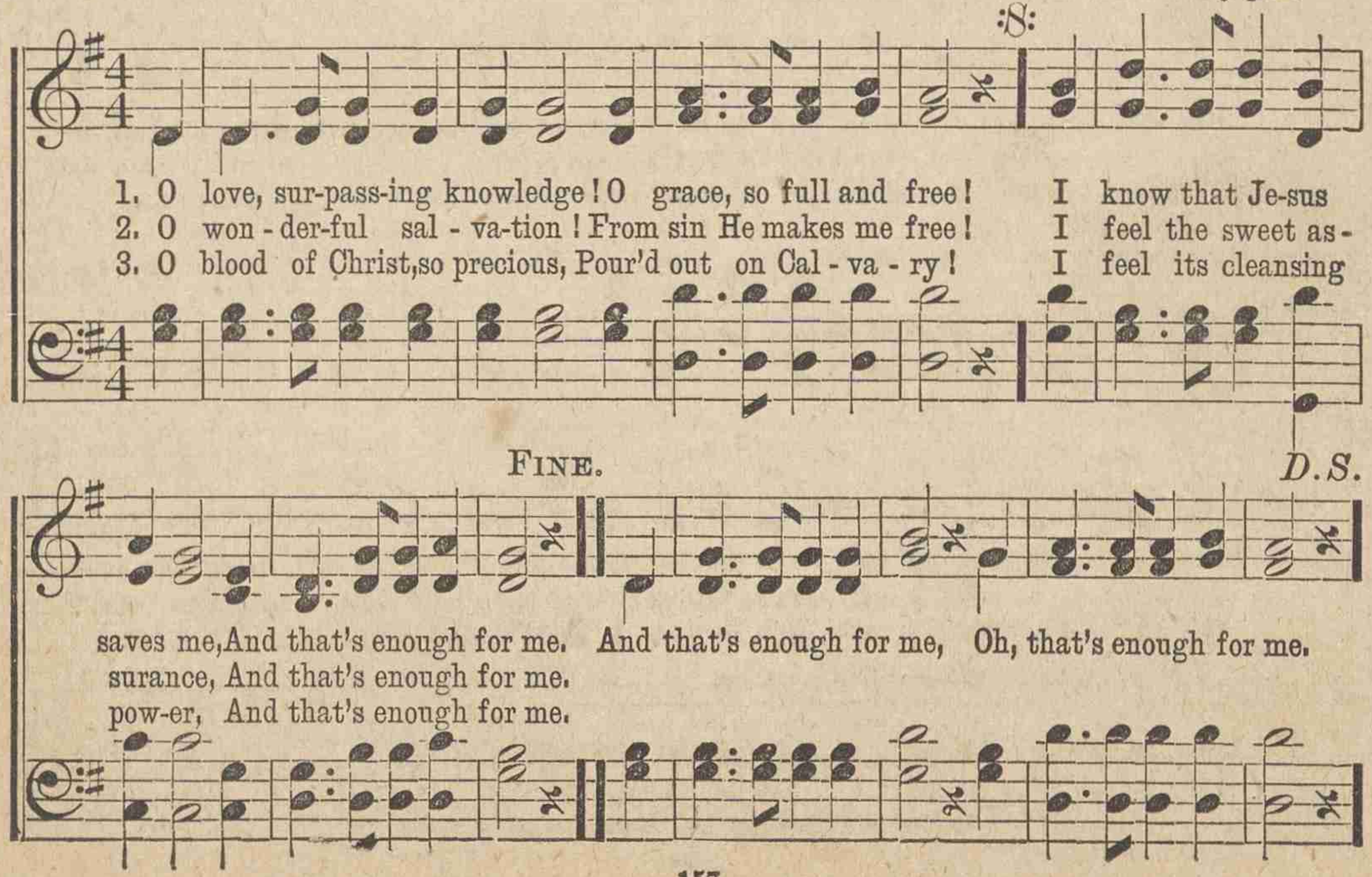


CHORUS.



No. 149. Enough For Me.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.



No. 150. That Sweet Story of Old.

LUKE. H. A. LEWIS.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How He call'd lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then, I should like to have been with Him then, I should like to have been with Him then, with Him then, I should like to have been with Him then, with Him then, How He call'd lit-tle children as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.

2. I wish that His hands had been plac'd on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me," "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me," "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me," And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un - to me."

3. But still to His foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love: And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a-bove, Him a-bove, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove, Him a-bove, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove, Him a - bove, And if I now earnest - ly seek Him be-low, I shall see Him and hear Him a-bove.

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No. 151. My Precious Saviour Loves Me.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES. H. A. LEWIS.

1. I know my Sav-iour loves me, Tho' oft I go a - stray, Be -
2. The friend of sin-ners loves me; Tho' oft He chastens sore, His
3. Yes, my Re-deem-er loves me, And al-ways will, I know, Be -

cause He al - ways meets me, When-e'er I kneel to pray; I
migh-ty arm sus - tains me Till all the pain is o'er; He
cause when I am doubting, He sweet-ly tells me so; Al -

feel His gentle presence, I hear His lov-ing tone; "Altho' thy strength is
whispers, oh, so sweetly, "'Tis thus I pu - ri - fy, That you be fit-ted
tho' I of-ten wan - der, Al - tho' so full of sin, My blessed Saviour

CHORUS.

weakness, I claim thee as my own." He loves me, oh, He loves me! I'm
whol - ly To reign with me on high."
loves me, And calls me back a - gain.

glad dear Je-sus came; My precious Sav-iour loves me; I'll praise His ho - ly name.

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No. 152. Sleeper In Zion Awake.

I. N. McH. I. N. McHOSE. By per.

1. A - wake, thou that sleep - est, a - rise from the dead, Be
2. A - wake from the stu - por of earth's gloomy night, The
3. The gates of the na - tions be - gin to un - fold, To
4. Go forth, O ye her - alds! ring out the glad song, The

glad, thou that weepest, the night is far sped, The beams of the morning stream
star of the morning sweeps on to its height; Let music mil-len-nial your
hear with delight the sweet story of old; While songs from the is-lands go
Saviour is coming, O watchers, be strong; All things are now ready, the

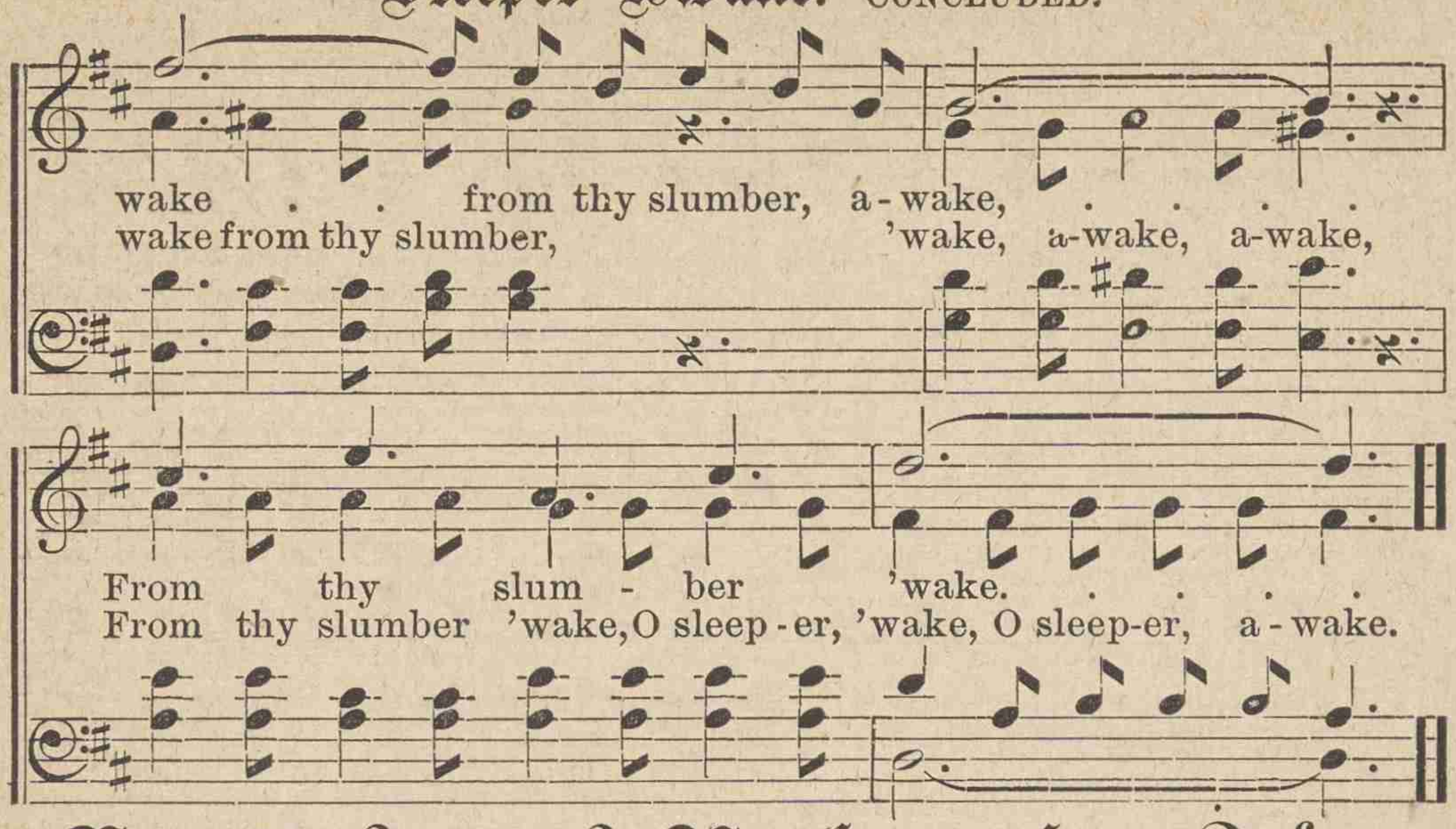
forth from the east, The Lamb's bright a - dorn-ing pre-pared for the feast.
pow-ers employ, Like sons of the morning break forth in - to joy.
up to the sky, Pro-claim-ing the day of re - demp-tion is nigh.
way-ward bring in; The feast ev - er - last - ing now waits to be - gin.

CHORUS.

A - wake, O sleep - er, a - wake, ... O
A-wake, a-wake, a-wake, 'wake, O sleeper, awake, O

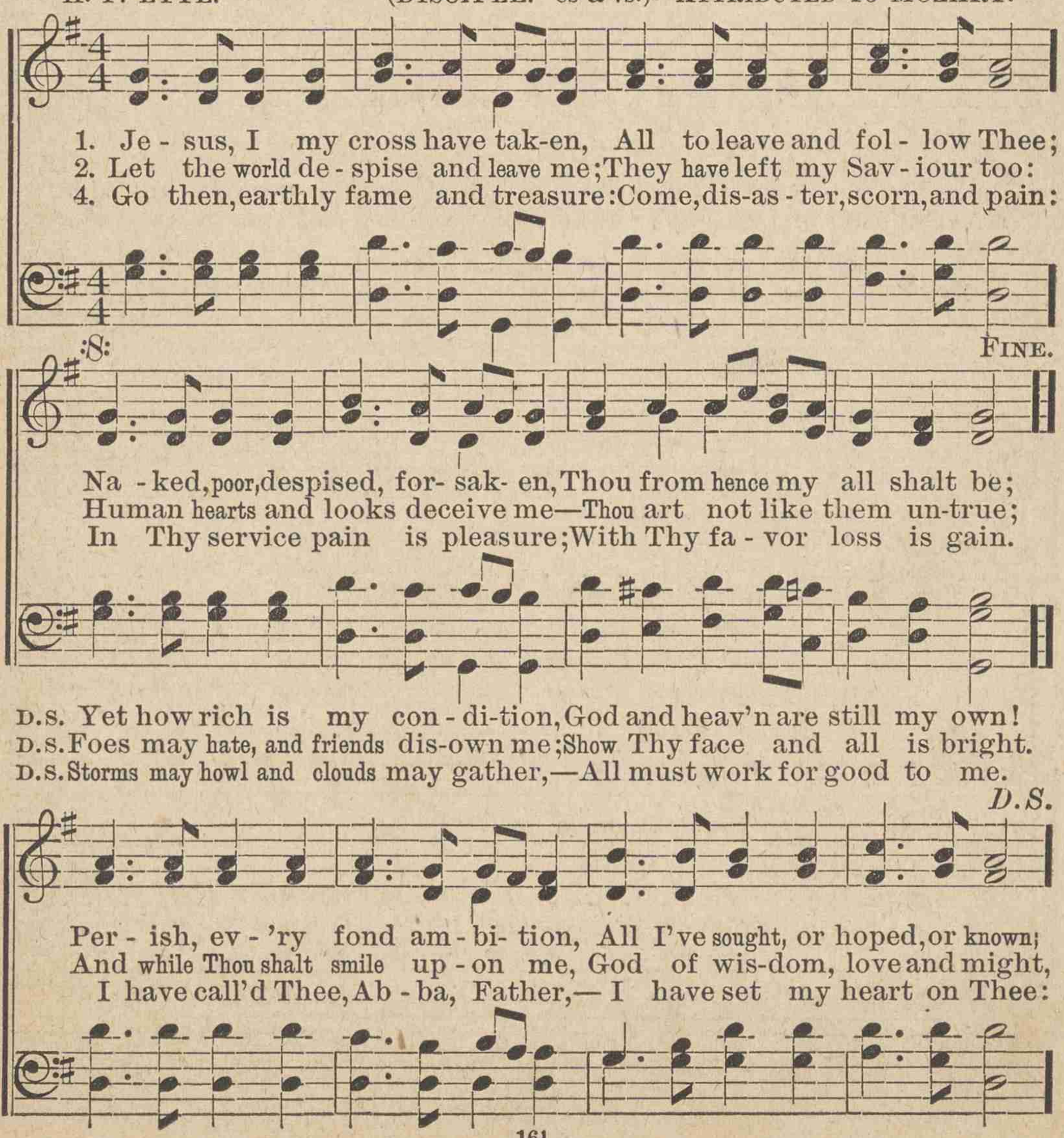
sleep - - - - - - - - er in Zi - on, a - wake, ... A-
sleep-er in Zi-on, awake, 'wake, O sleeper, a-wake, A-

Sleeper Awake. CONCLUDED.



No. 153. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

H. F. LYTE. (DISCIPLE. 8s & 7s.) ATTRIBUTED TO MOZART.



No. 154. Work In The Vineyard.

E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Why stand ye here i - dle with millions to save, Who, having no
2. Oh, is there no work in the vineyard for you, Where few hands are
3. Your time and your tal - ents, your service and love Be-long to the

gos - pel, are near-ing the grave Uncheer'd by the hope of a
toil - ing, and so much to do? Arouse thee, and speed thee to
Lord who be-holds from a - bove, And bids you go forth and to

home with the blest, Where life is e - ter - nal, and weary ones rest?
ser-vice a - way! The Master is call - ing for workers to - day.
strive in His name The lost and the wretched from sin to re - claim.
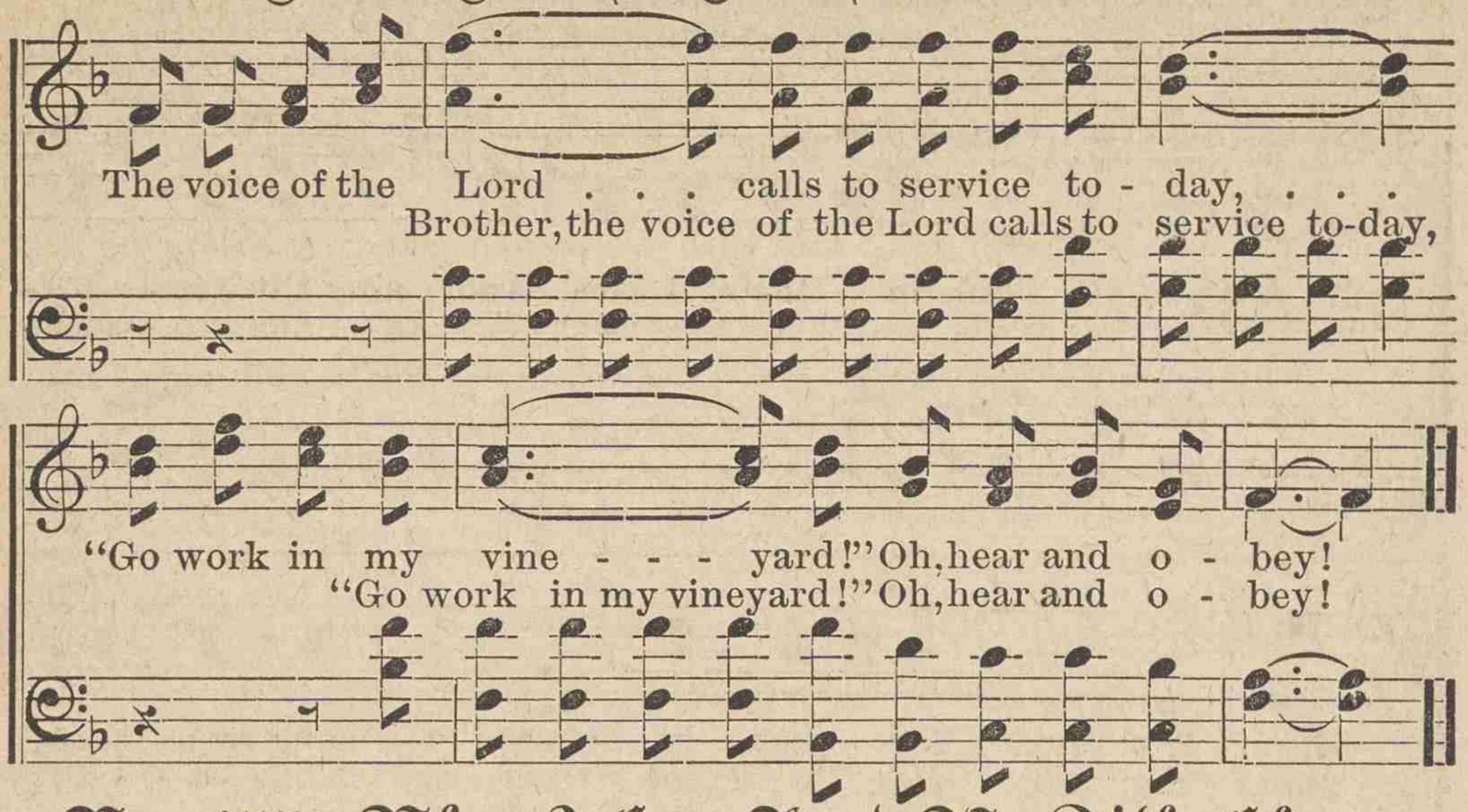
CHORUS.

My brother, there's work . . . in the vineyard to do; . . .
Brother, there's work in the vineyard for toilers to do;

The harvest is great, . . . and the lab'rers are few; . . .
Broth-er the har-vest is great, and the lab'rers are few;

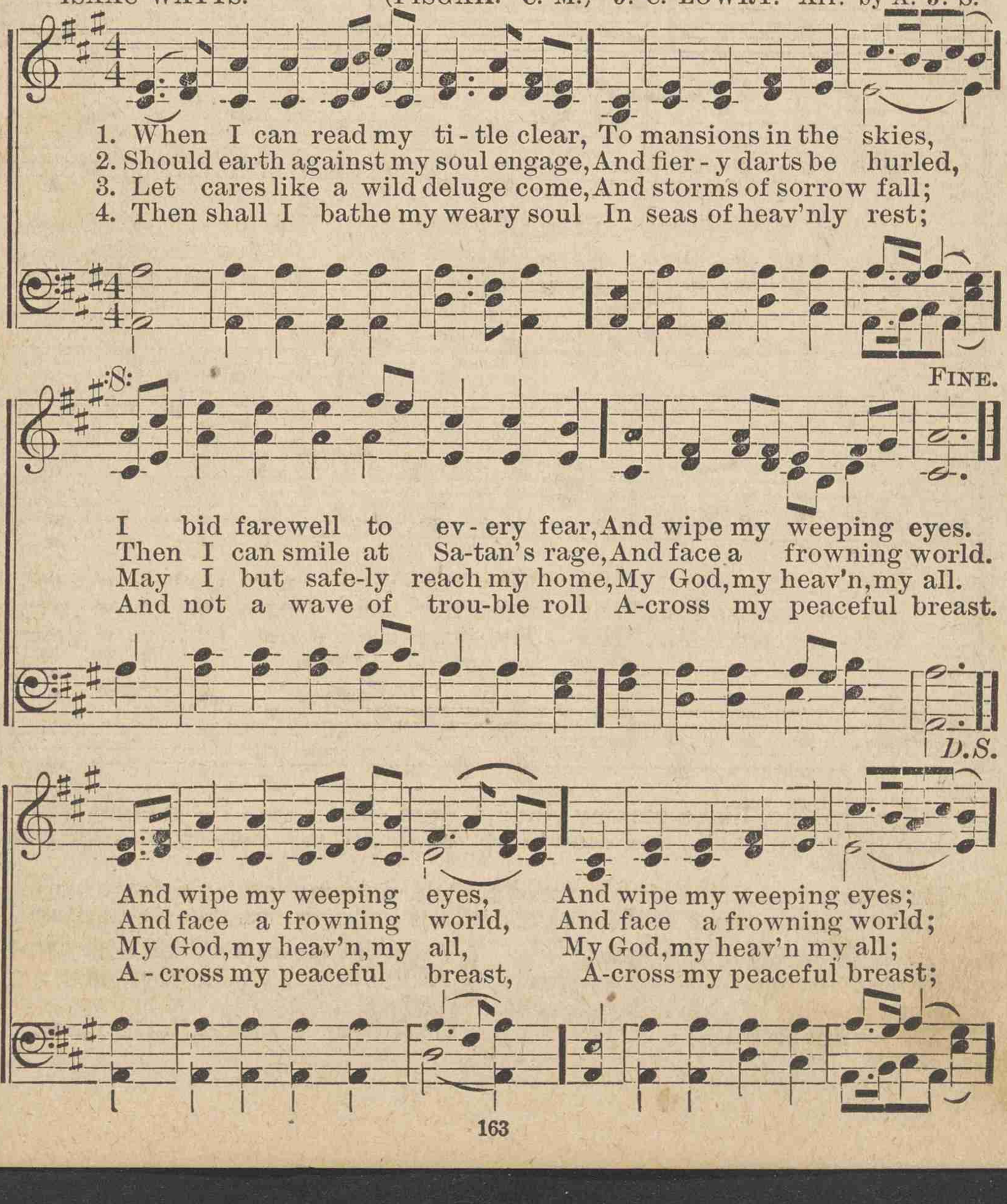
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Work In the Vineyard. CONCLUDED.



No. 155. When I Can Read My Title Clear.
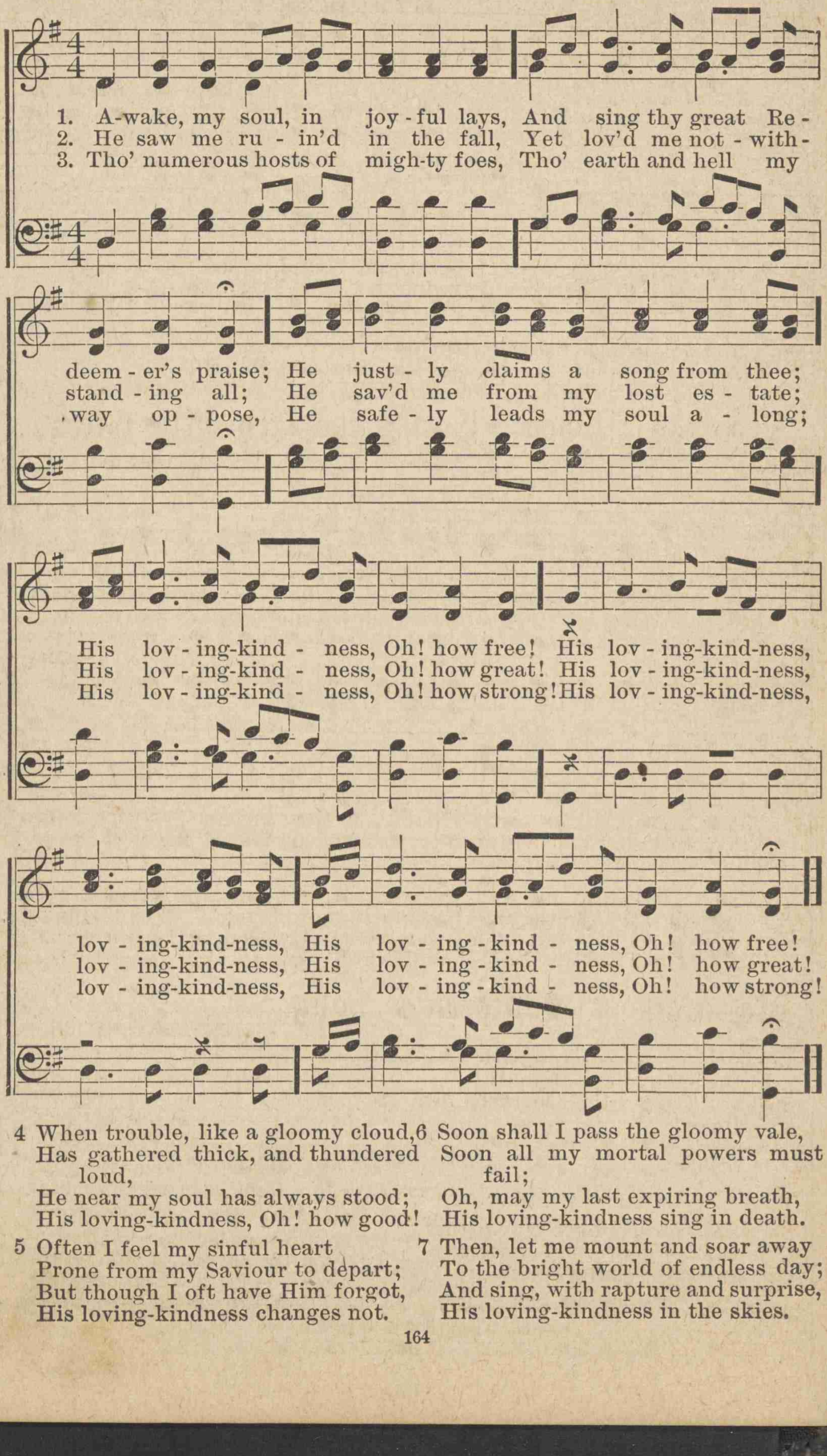
ISAAC WATTS. (PISGAH. C. M.) J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.



No. 156. Awake, My Soul, In Joyful Lays.

(LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.)

SAMUEL MEDLEY. WILLIAM CALDWELL.



4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, Oh! how good!

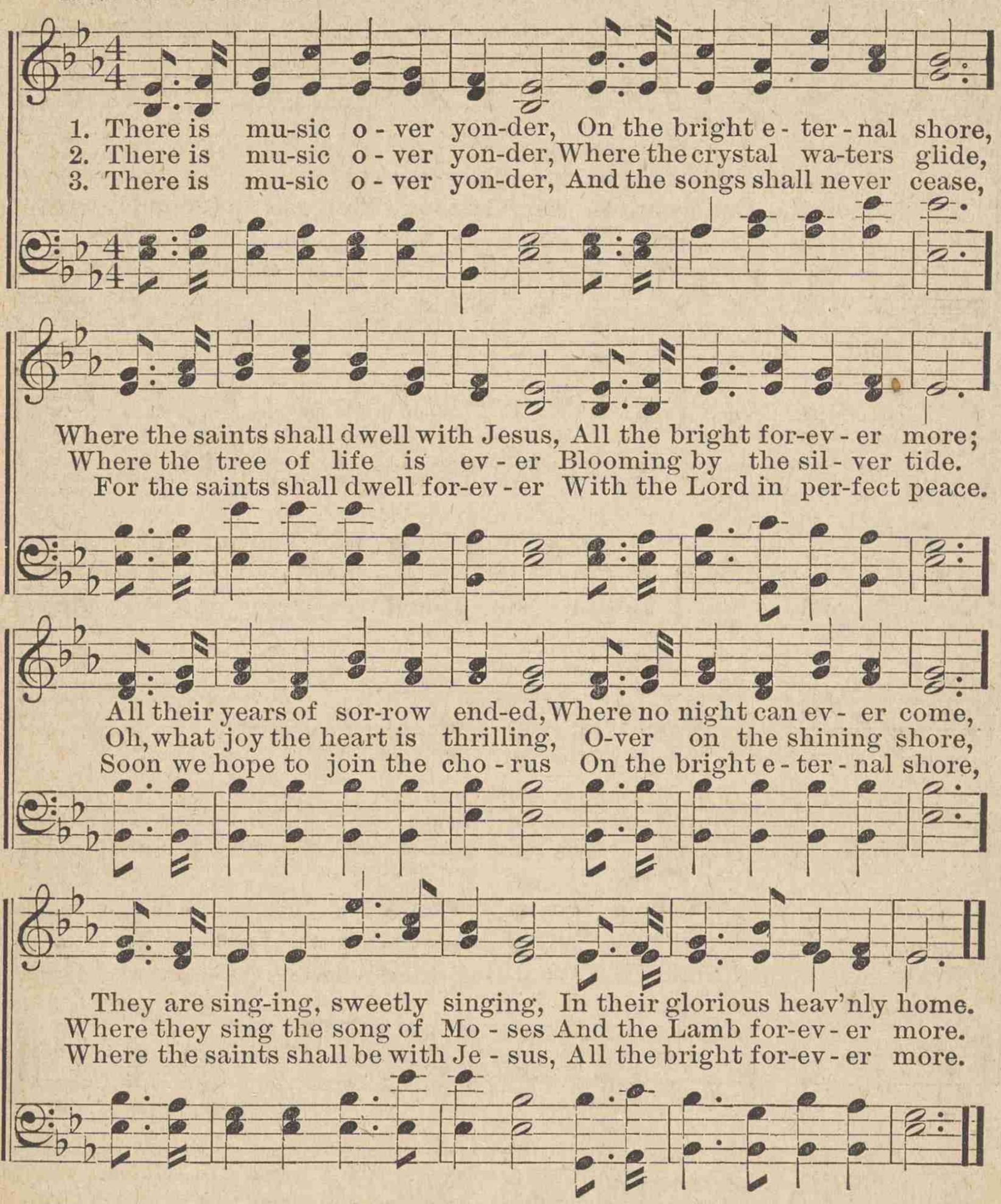
5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have Him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then, let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

No. 157. Music Over Yonder.

REV. W. F. COSNER. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 158. Children's Song. *

C. NYSEWANDER.

1 Little children, seek the Saviour
In the sunny days of youth;
Seek to know Him, learn to love Him,
Study now the Gospel truth.

CHORUS.

Soon the storms of life may gather,
Soon shall wintry age come on;
Oh, seek refuge in the Saviour,
He will safely guide you home.

2 Still the sky is clear above you,
Brightly shines the morning sun;
Do not linger by the way-side,
For life's course is quickly run.

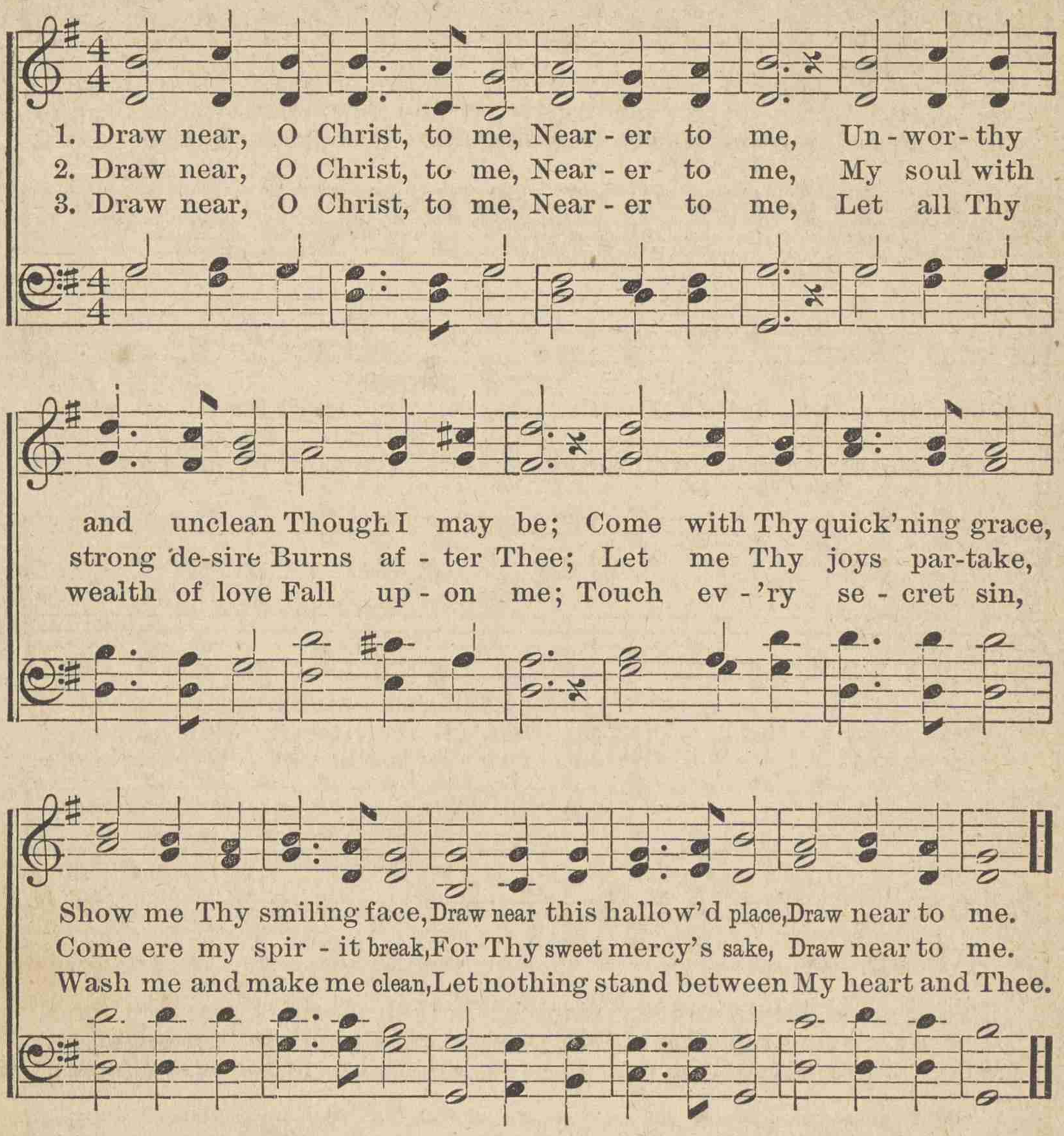
3 Consecrate yourselves to Jesus,
For He shed His blood for you;
Ever love Him, ever serve Him,
Daily He'll your strength renew.

4 Many children now are singing
Round the throne of God above;
For they sought the Saviour early,
And they learn'd the truth to love.

* From "ALWAYS WELCOME." By per.

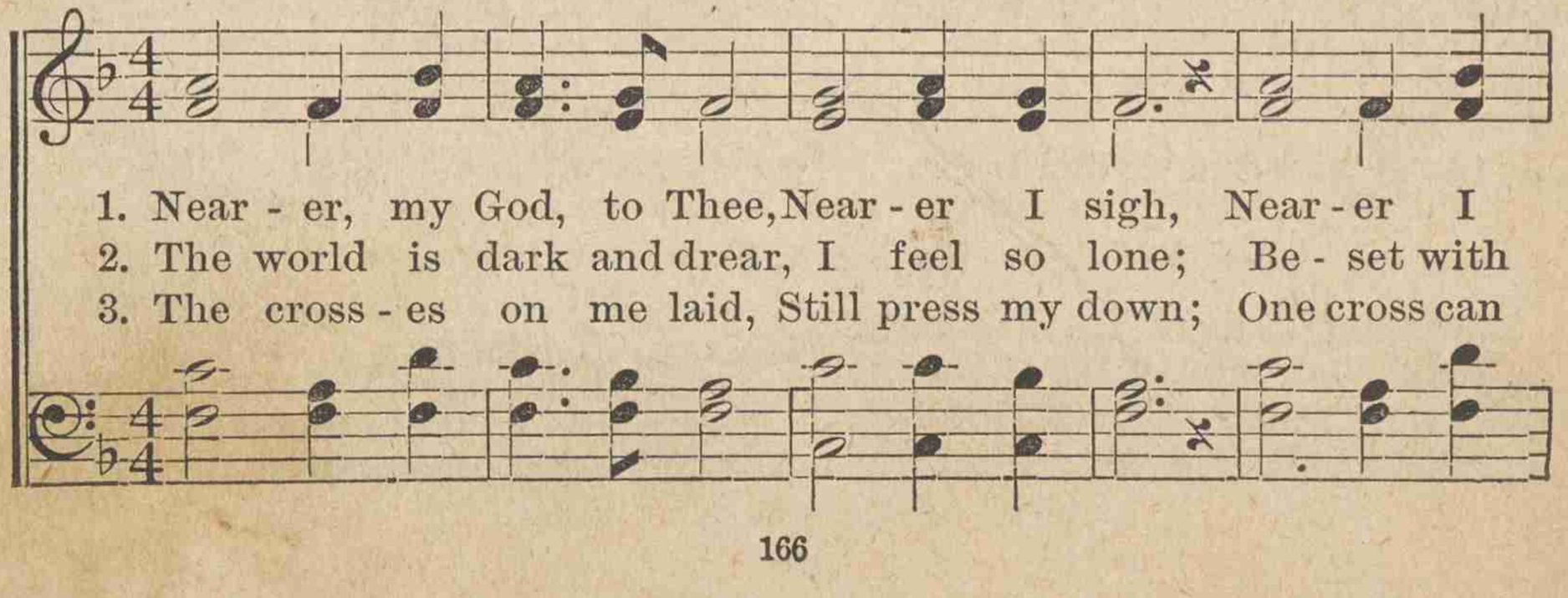
No. 159. Draw Near, O Christ, to Me.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. (HOFFMAN 6s, 4s & 6s.) A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.
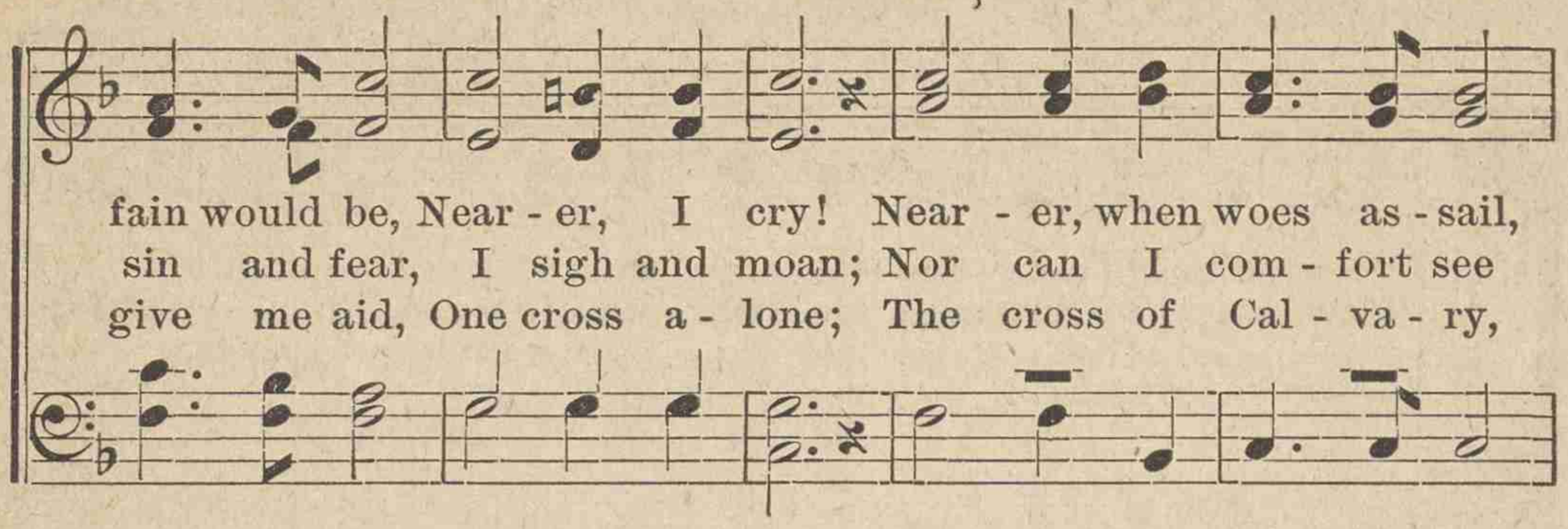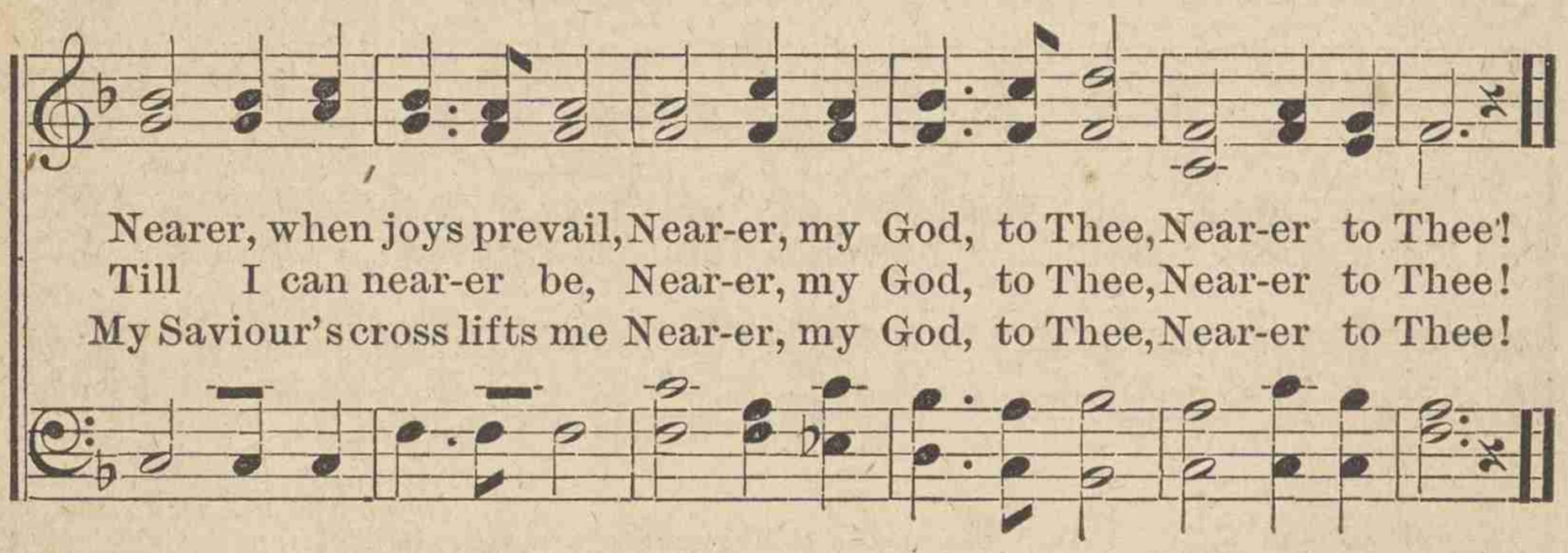


No. 160. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

DR. T. O. SUMMERS. (SUMMERS 6s, 4s & 6s.) A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.



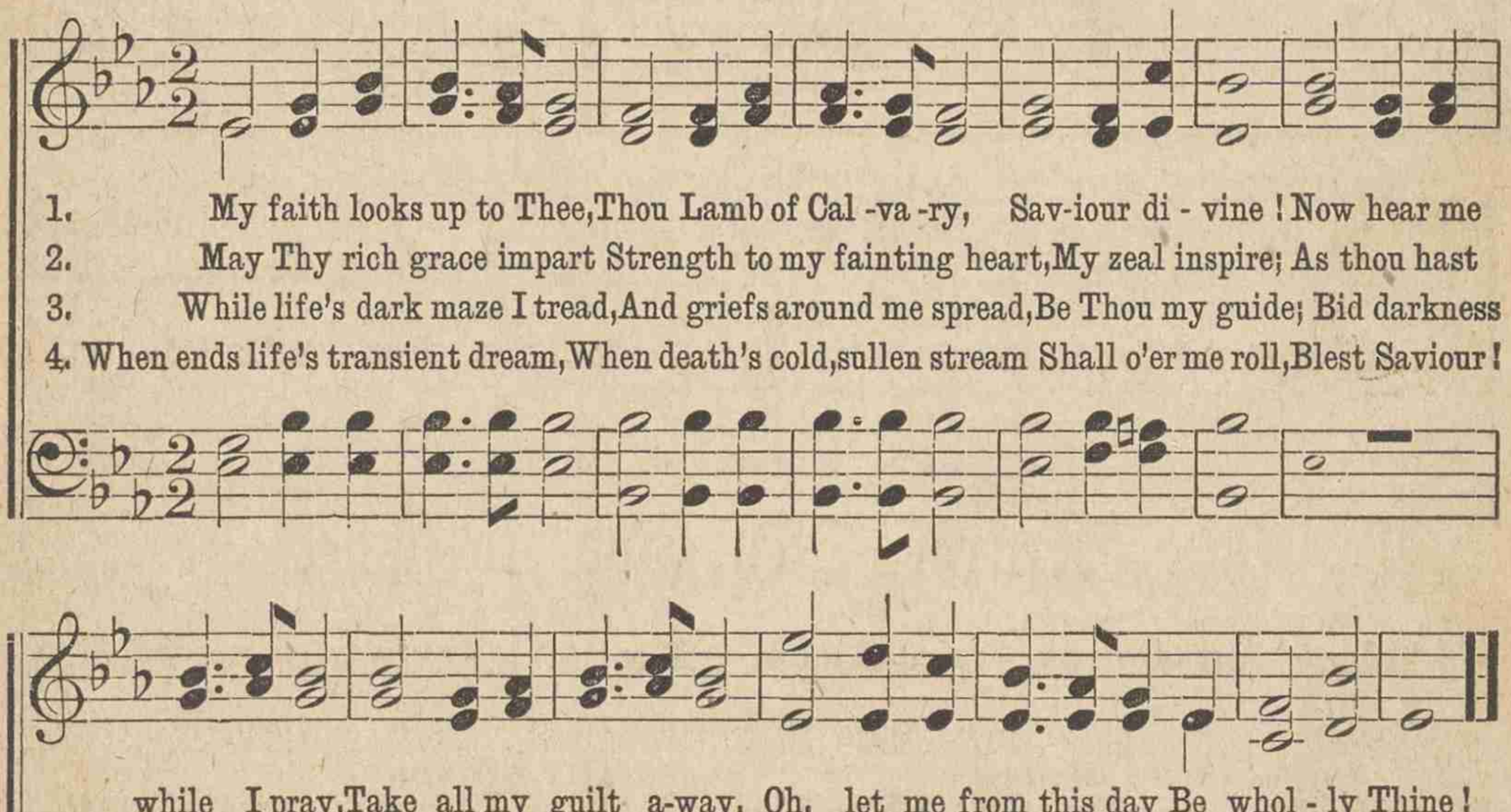
Nearer, My God, to Thee. CONCLUDED.
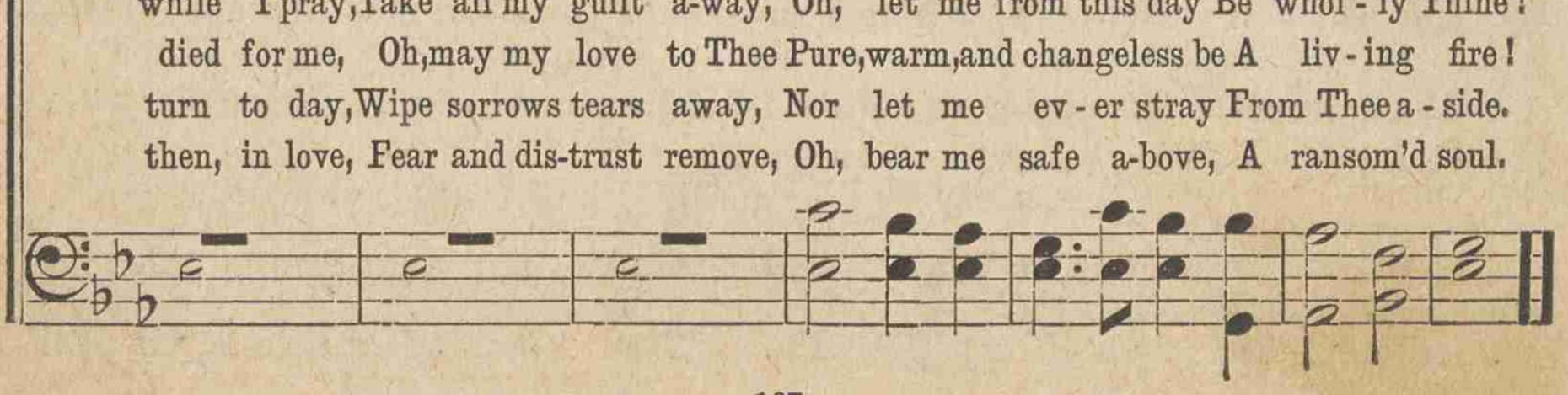




No. 161. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

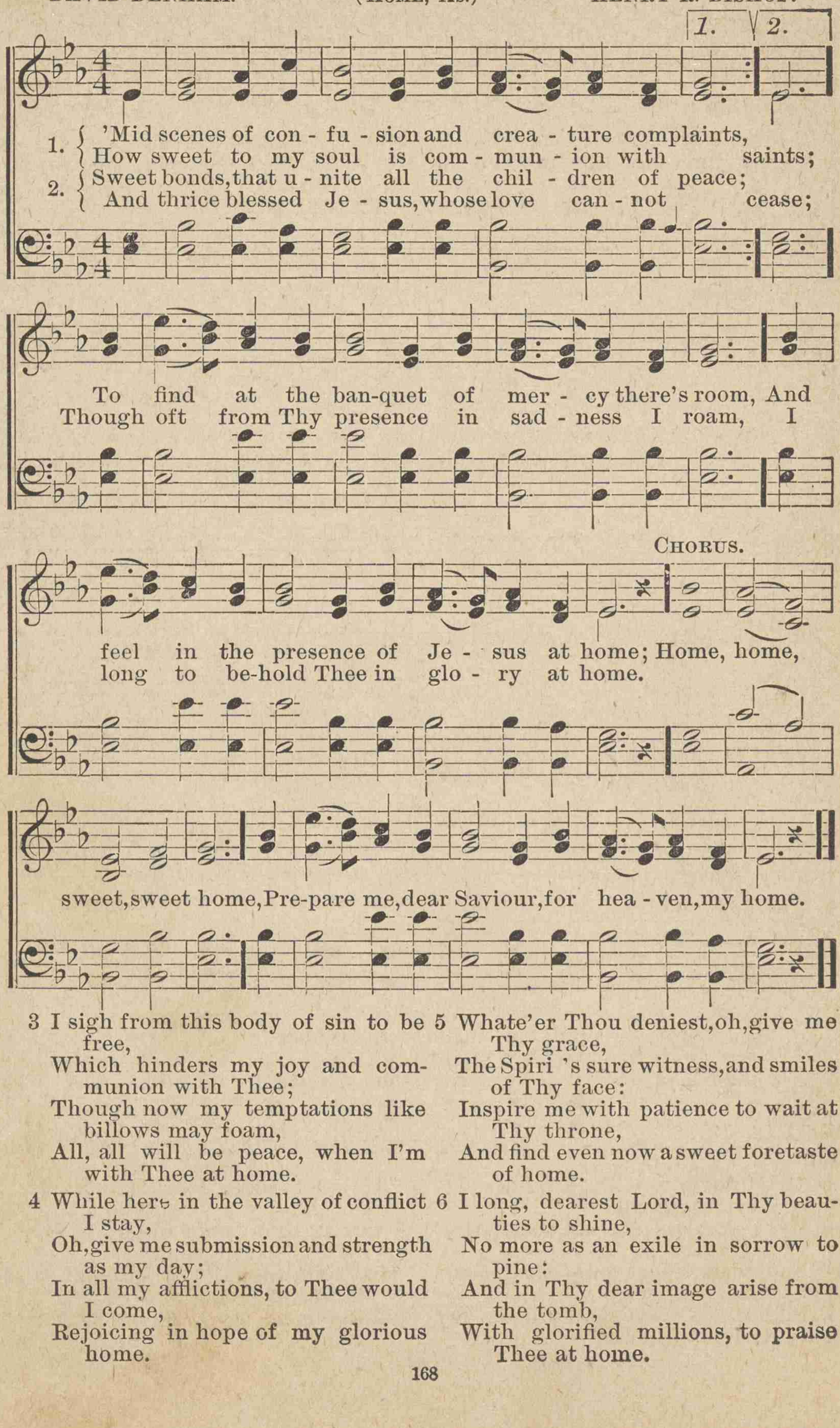
RAY PALMER. (OLIVET, 6s, 4s.) DR. LOWELL MASON.





No. 162. 'Mid Scenes of Confusion.

DAVID DENHAM. (HOME, 11s.) HENRY R. BISHOP.



3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and com-munion with Thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with Thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions, to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, oh, give me Thy grace,
The Spiri 's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face:
Inspire me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beau-ties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine:
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions, to praise Thee at home.

No. 163. How Firm A Foundation.

R. KEENE. (PROTECTION. 11s.) Popular Melody.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. In ev - 'ry con - di - tion, in sick - ness, in health,
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed,
4. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go,

Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word!
In pov - er - ty's vale, or a - bound - ing in wealth,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
The riv - ers of woe shall not thee o - ver - flow;

What more can He say than to you He hath said,
At home and a - broad, on the land, on the sea,
I'll strengthen thee, keep thee, and cause thee to stand,
For I will be with thee, thy trou - bles to bless,

You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled.
"As thy days shall de mand, shall thy strength ev - er be.
Up - held by my right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my peo-
ple shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchange-
able love;
And when hoary hairs shall their
temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my
bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd
for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His
foes;
That soul, though all hell shall en-
deavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never for-
sake."

No. 164. God be with You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Romans 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His counsels guide, up-
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings securely
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's perils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you; God be
found you, Put His lov - ing arms a - round you; God be
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a-gain! Till we meet! . . . Till we
with you till we meet a-gain!
with you till we meet a-gain!
with you till we meet a-gain! Till we meet! Till we

meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
meet a - gain! Till we meet!

meet! . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

By per. of J. E. RANKIN.

No. 165. Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?

HYMN ANTHEM.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' an-gel - ic host re - joic - es,

2. Hear them tell the won - drous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy: . . . Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs rise.

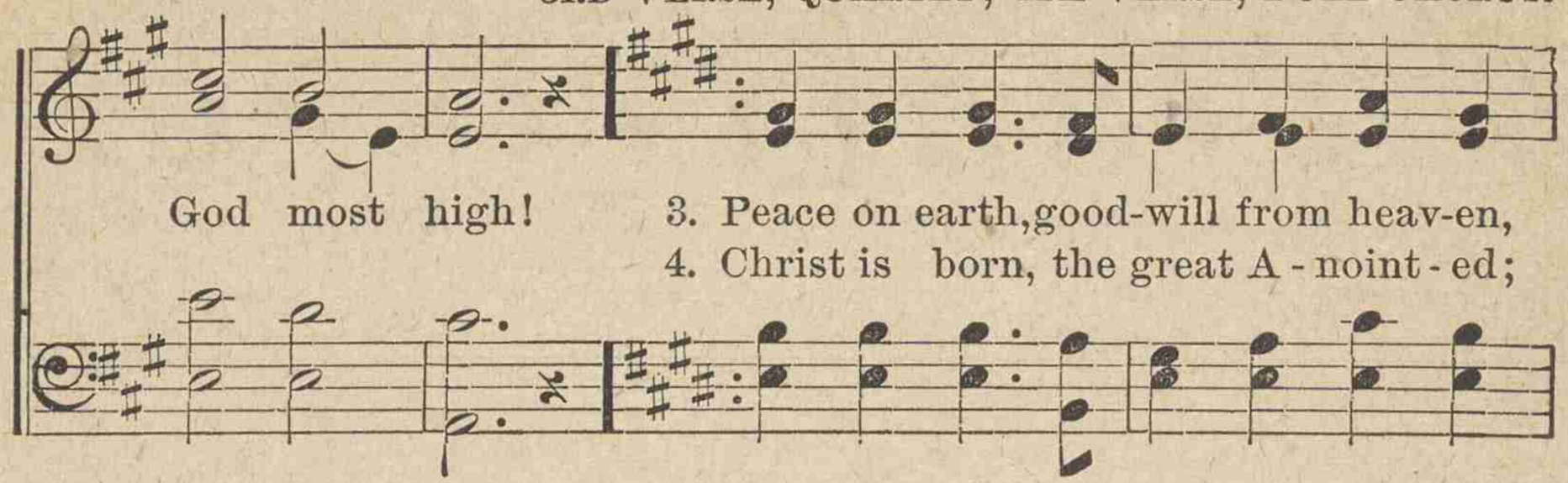
2. Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
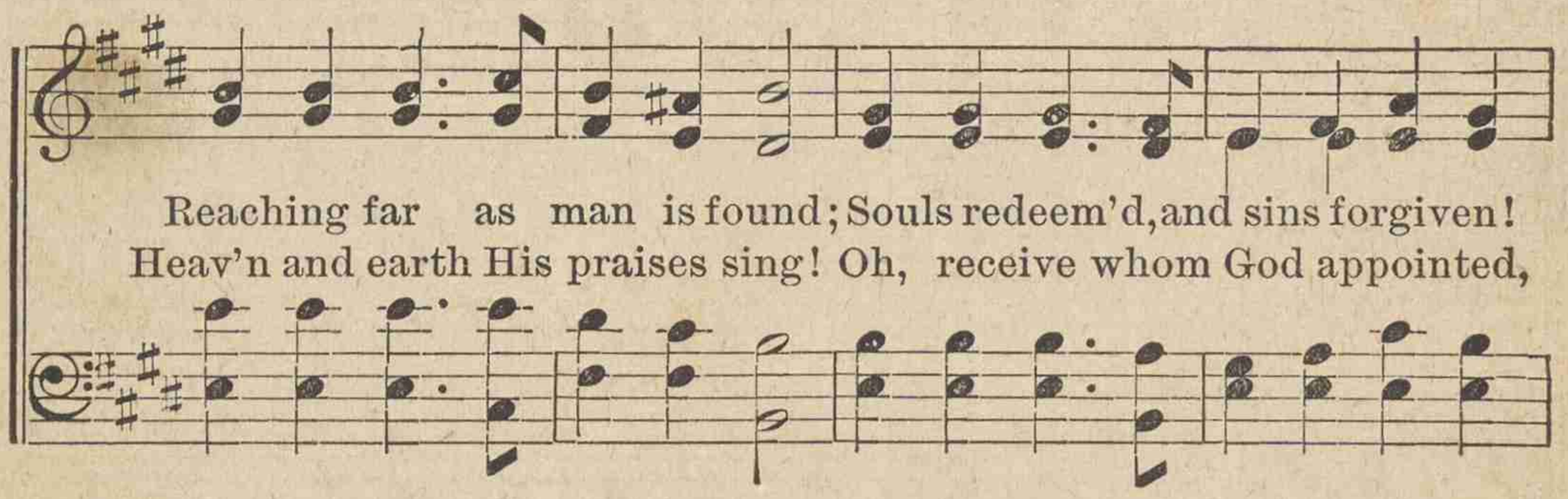
Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry in the highest, glo-ry! Glo - ry be to
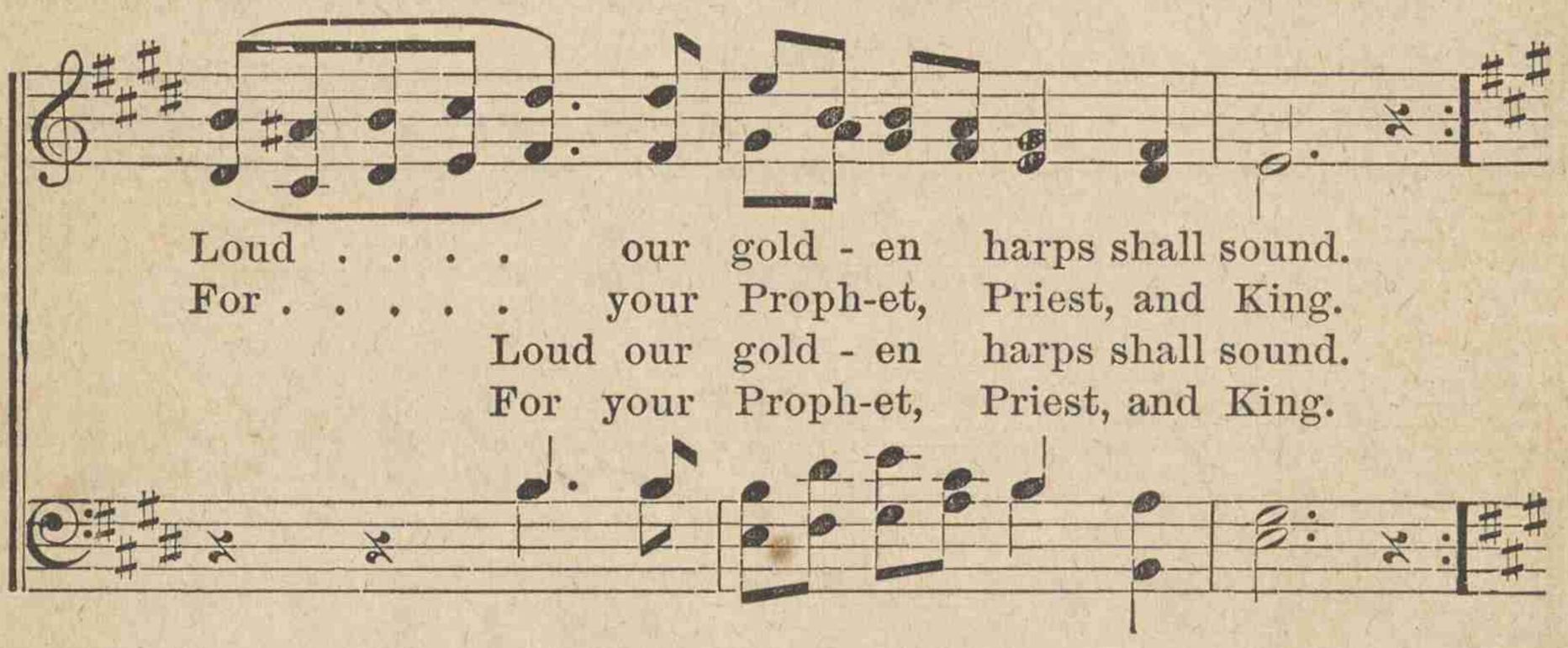
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Harꝁ! What Mean Those Holy Voices. CONTINUED.
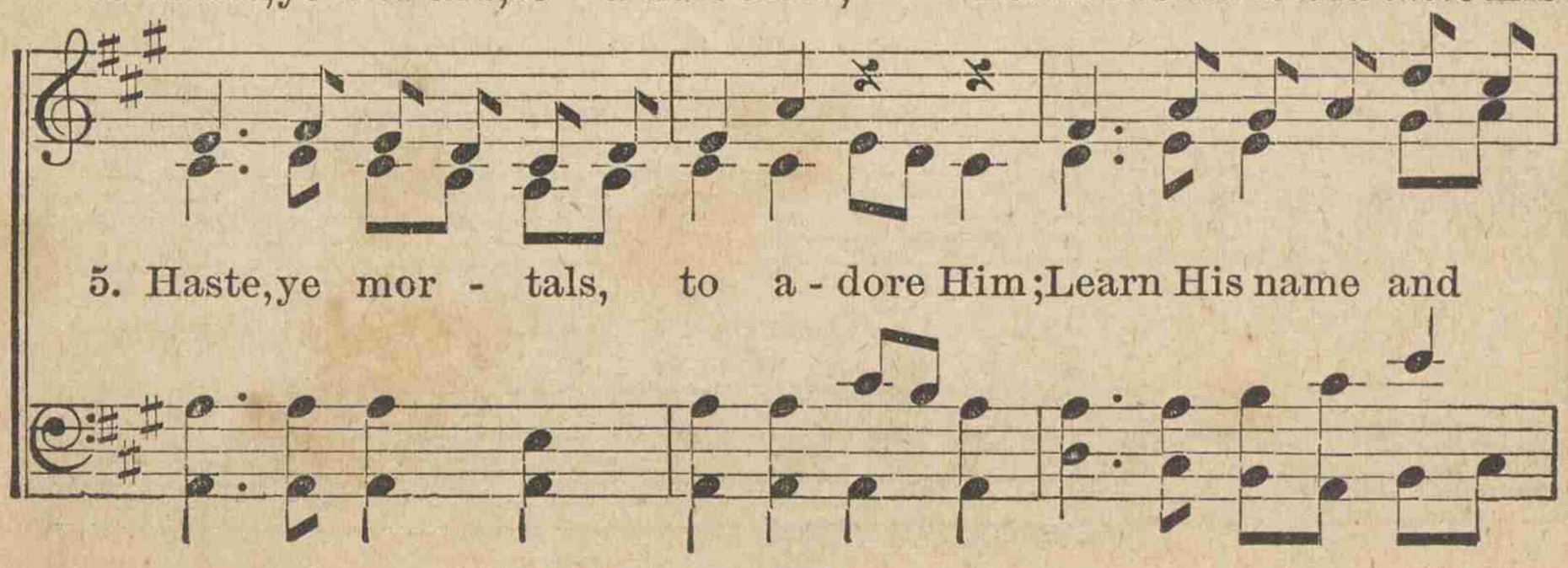
3RD VERSE, QUARTET; 4TH VERSE, FULL CHORUS.







5. Haste, ye mor-tals, to a-dore Him; Learn His name and taste His



Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices? CONCLUDED.

joy; . . Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore Him:—

taste His joy; Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore Him:—

Glo - ry be to God most high! Glo - ry be to God,

Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God most high!

Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God, Glo-ry be to God most

Second time take small notes in Alto and Tenor.

high !to God most high !to God most high !to God, to God most high!

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