STANDARD

CHURCH MUSIC

A NEW AND CHOICE COLLECTION

of the

Hymns, Tunes and Gospel Songs Which Have Become so Universally Popular as to be Everywhere Recognized as Standard.

For All Occasions of

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Compiled By

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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Dalton, Ga.

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1939

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1901
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SOLINET/ASERL PROJECT

No. 1. DUKE STREET. L. M.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. 1757. JOHN HATTON. 1790.

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At-tempt Thy great Cre-a-tor's praise;
2. Enthroned a-mid the radiant spheres, He glo-ry like a garment wears;
3. In all our Mak-er's grand de-signs, Al-might-y pow'r with wisdom shines;
4. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do Thou, my soul, His glo-ries sing;

But O, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the lofty theme?
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
His works through all this wondrous fame, Declare the glo - ry of His name;
And let His praise employ thy tongue, Till list-'ning worlds shall join the song.

No. 2. Universal Praise.

L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 3. Christ's Dominion.

L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign whe'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

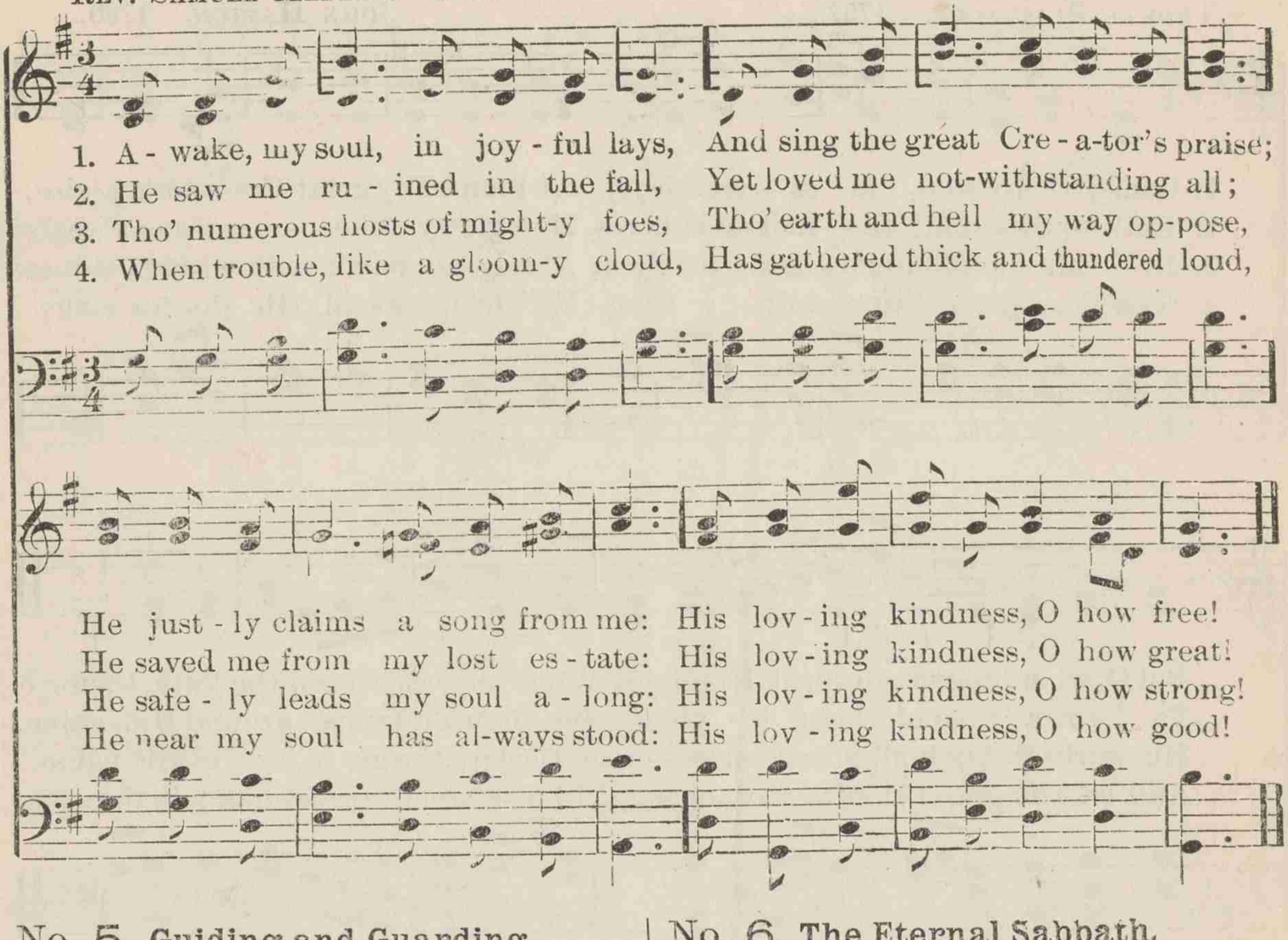
3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 4. WOODMAN. L. M.

REV. SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1787. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.



1. A - wake, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing the great Cre - a-tor's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;
3. Tho' numerous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

He just - ly claims a song from me: His lov - ing kindness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es - tate: His lov - ing kindness, O how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long: His lov - ing kindness, O how strong!
He near my soul has al-ways stood: His lov - ing kindness, O how good!

No. 5. Guiding and Guarding.

L. M.

1 Give thanks to God; He reigns above;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is Love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeeméd of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

4 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord:
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce His praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 6. The Eternal Sabbath.

L. M.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love-
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place:
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

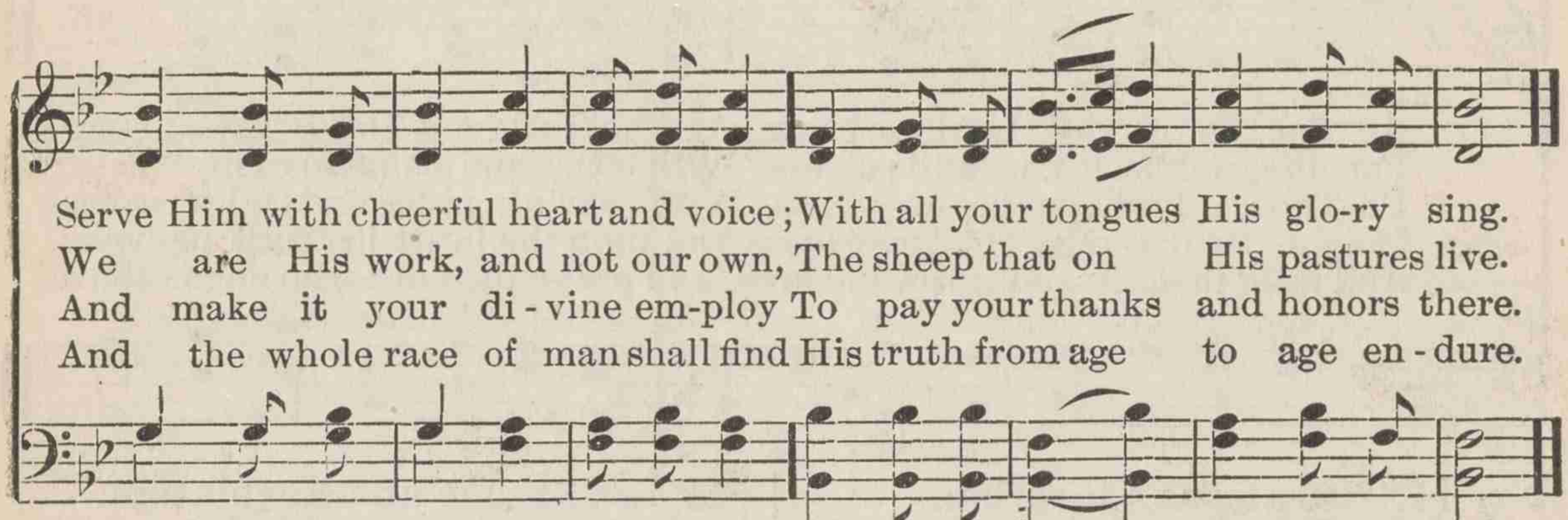
PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

No. 7. SESSIONS. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. L. O. EMERSON. 1847.

1. Ye nations round the earth, rejoice Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
2. The Lord is God; 'tis He a - lone Doth life, and breath, and being give;
3. En - ter His gates with songs of joy; With praises to His courts repair;
4. The Lord is good, the Lord is kind; Great is His grace, His mercy sure;

Doxology. *Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;*



Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice; With all your tongues His glo-ry sing.
We are His work, and not our own, The sheep that on His pastures live.
And make it your di - vine em-ploy To pay your thanks and honors there.
And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age en - dure.

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 8. Praise For Salvation.

L. M.

1 Praises to Him whose love has given,
In Christ, His Son, the Life of Heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

2 Praises to Him, in grace who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

3 Praises to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
The hands we lift, the knees we bow;
To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1861.

No. 9. Christ in the Gospel.

L. M.

1 God, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here, sinners of an humble frame
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

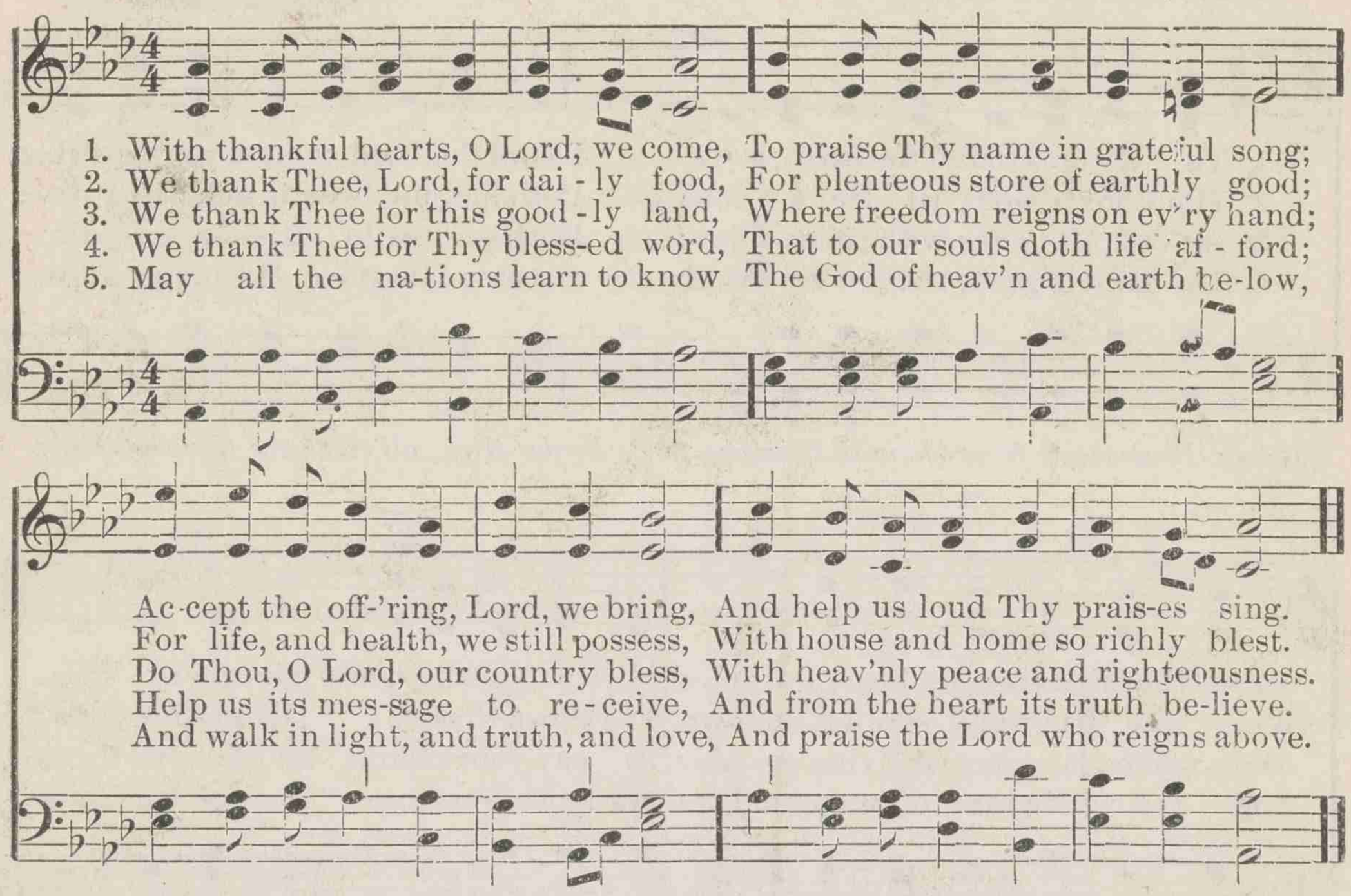
3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

4 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord,
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.
THOMAS COTTERILL. 1819.

No. 10. WITH THANKFUL HEARTS. L. M.

J. S. Mohler. 1891. J. Henry Showalter, 1891.



1. With thankful hearts, O Lord, we come, To praise Thy name in grateful song;
2. We thank Thee, Lord, for dai - ly food, For plenteous store of earthly good;
3. We thank Thee for this good - ly land, Where freedom reigns on ev'ry hand;
4. We thank Thee for Thy bless-ed word, That to our souls doth life af - ford;
5. May all the na-tions learn to know The God of heav'n and earth be-low,

Ac-cept the off-'ring, Lord, we bring, And help us loud Thy prais-es sing.
For life, and health, we still possess, With house and home so richly blest.
Do Thou, O Lord, our country bless, With heav'nly peace and righteousness.
Help us its mes-sage to re - ceive, And from the heart its truth be-lieve.
And walk in light, and truth, and love, And praise the Lord who reigns above.

No. 11. Grateful Adoration.

L. M.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name.

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts. 1719.
John Wesley. 1741.

No. 12. Nature and Revelation.

L. M.

1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

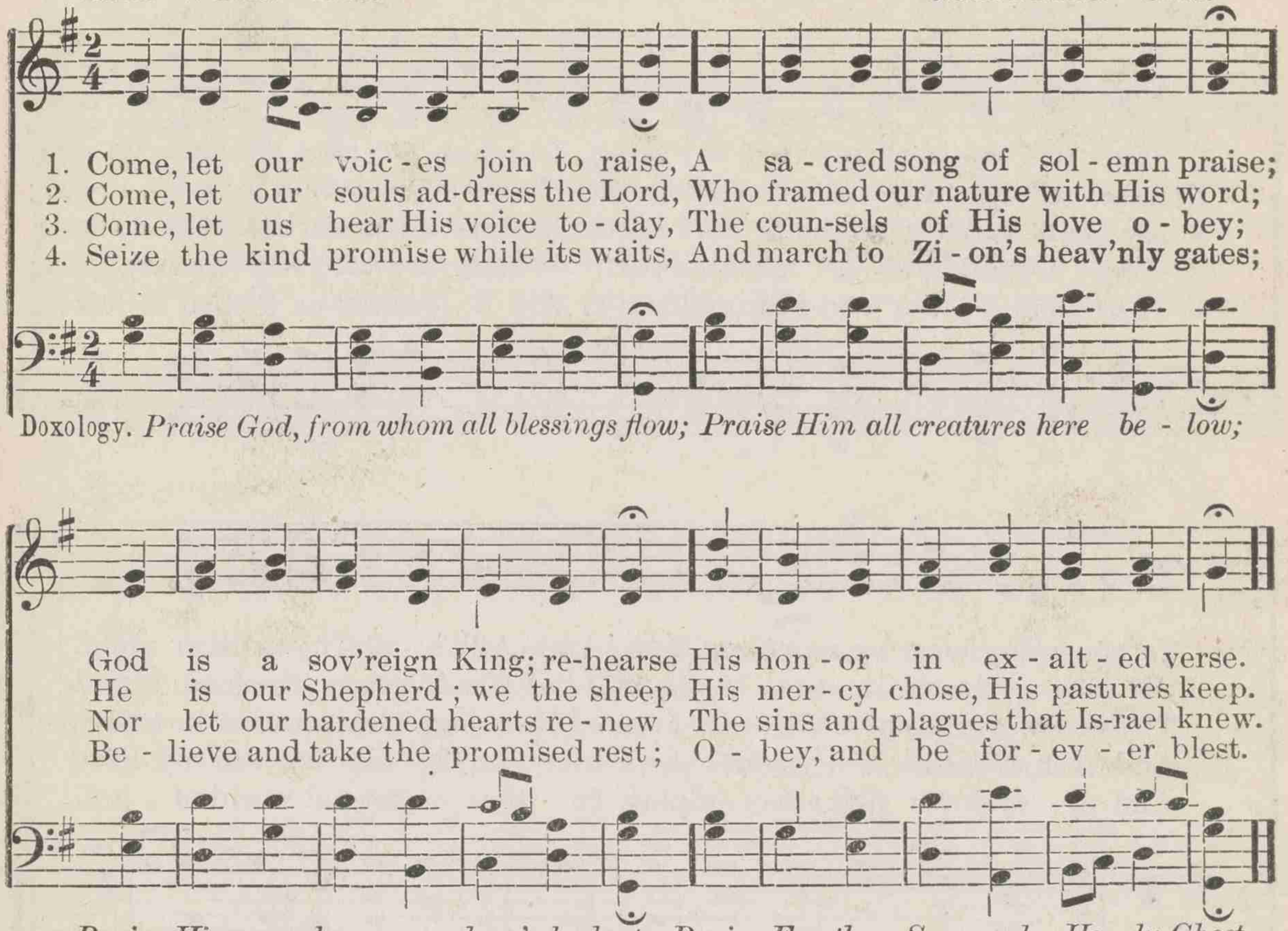
4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

No. 13. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. GUIL. FRANC. 1545.



No. 14. Thanks for the Gospel.

L. M.

1 Let everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in Thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well Thy blessed truths agree,
How wise and holy Thy commands;
Thy promises, how firm they be,
How firm our hope and comfort stands.

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 15. The Christian Warfare.

L. M.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 16. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. DR. L. MASON. 1830.

No. 17. Cheerful Worship.

L. M.

1 With one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
He whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafed to feed.

3 O enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat
And still His name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

No. 18. The Christian Farewell.

L. M.

1 Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place Thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain:
When absent, Thou dost make us share
Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.

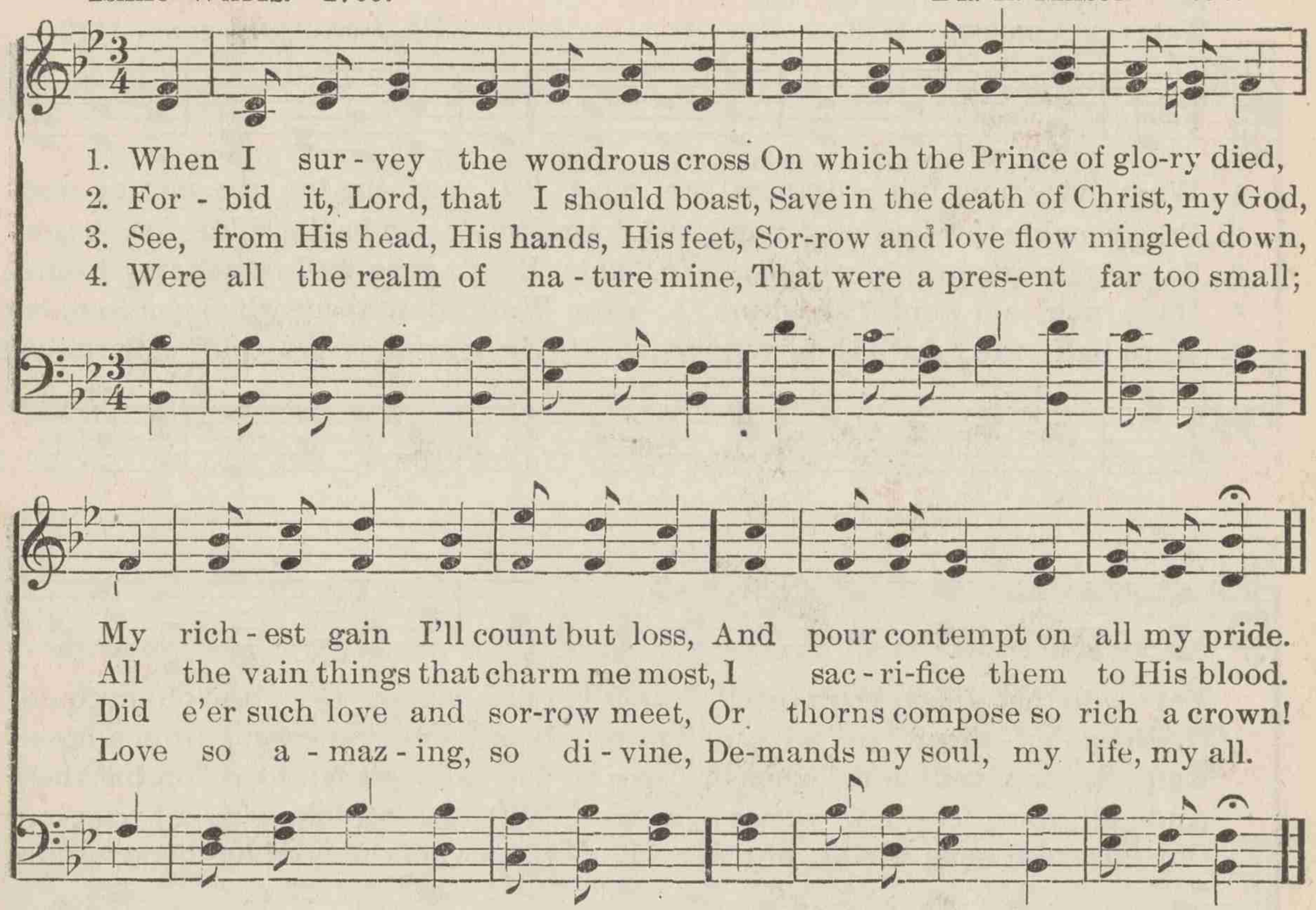
3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts at Thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

4 Give us, O Lord, within Thy house
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
O let us meet around Thy throne.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

No. 19. HEBRON. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. DR. L. MASON. 1830.



No. 20. The Pleasures of Public Worship.

L. M.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My soul would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and Thee.

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and thro' the road,
They lean upon their Helper, God.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 21. An Evening Hymn.

L. M.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known,
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home!
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

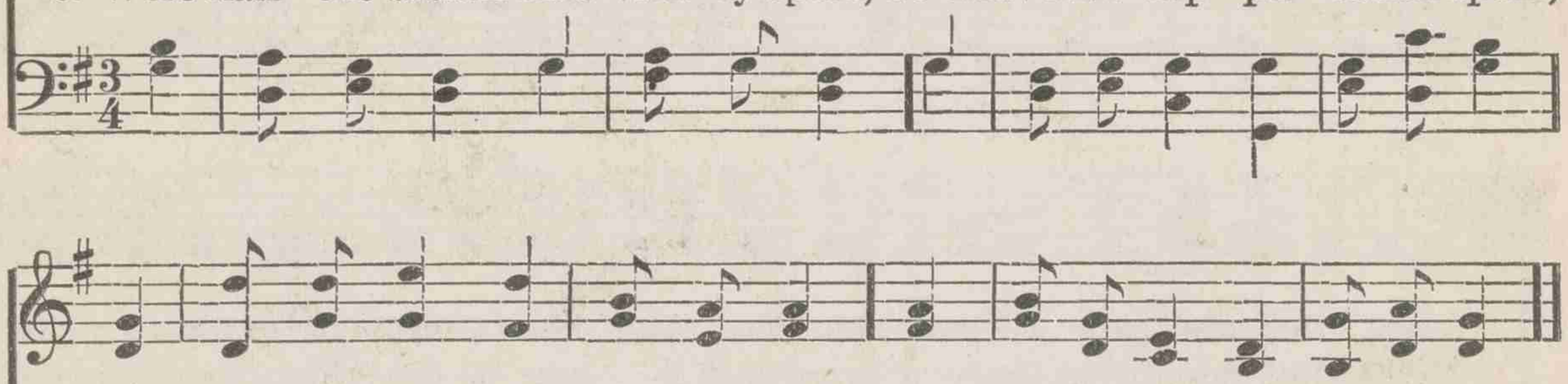
4 Faith in His name forbids my fear:
O may Thy presence ne'er depart;
And in the morning make me hear,
The love and kindness of Thy heart.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 22. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1779. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.

1. What va - rious hin - drances we meet In com-ing to the mer-cy-seat!
2. Pray'r makes the darkened cloud withdraw, Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
3. Re - strain-ing pray'r, we cease to fight; Pray'r makes the Christian's armor bright;
4. Have you no words? ah, think a - gain, Words flow apace when you complain,
5. Were half the breath thus vain - ly spent, To heav'n in sup - pli - cation spent,



Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r, But wishes to be oft-en there.
Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love, Brings ev-'ry bless-ing from a-bove.
And Sa - tan trem-bles when he sees The weakest saint up - on his knees.
And fill your fel - low creature's ear With the sad tale of all your care.
Our cheer-ful song would of-tener be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me."

No. 23. The Love of God in the Heart.

L. M.

1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, His Son.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 24. Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.

L. M.

1 What equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

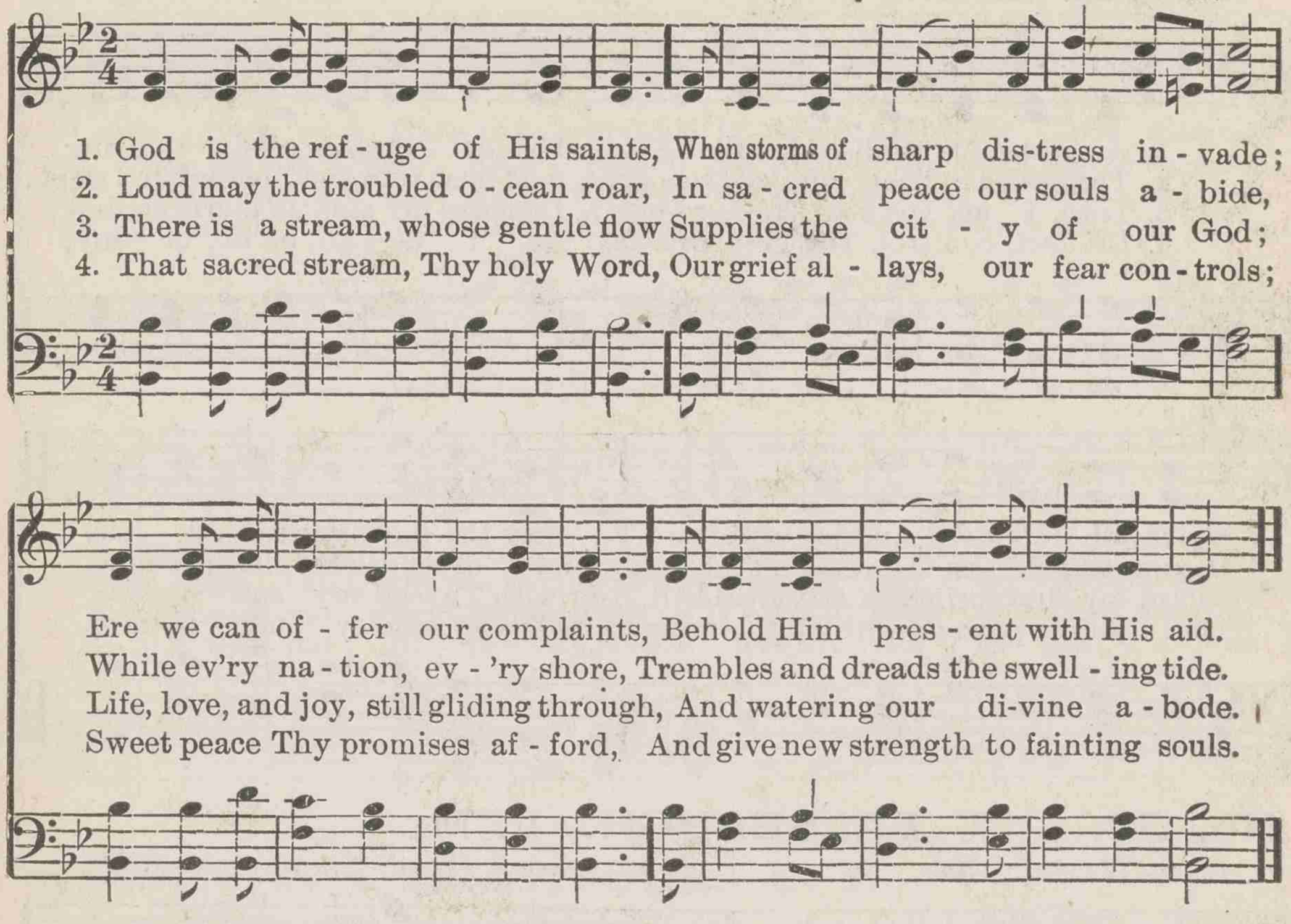
2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His almighty Father's side.

3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 25. WARD. L. M.

Isaac Watts. 1719. Arr. by Lowell Mason. 1830.



No. 26. Lord, I Am Thine.

L. M.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Samuel Davies. 1760.

No. 27. Forget Him Not.

L. M.

1 O Thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But O my soul, forget Him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne,
And for thy life gave up His own.

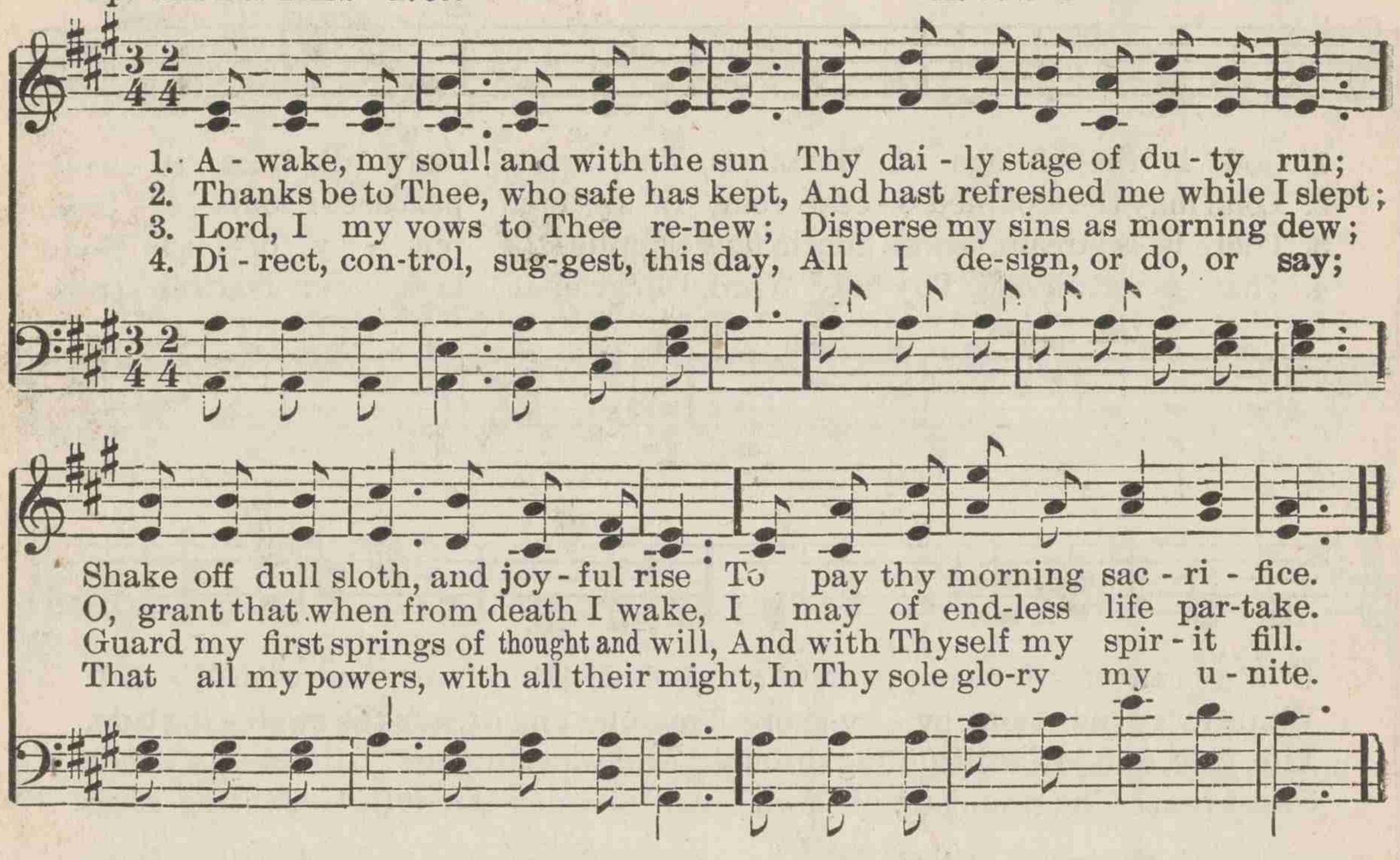
3 Eternal truth and beauty shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 O no: till life itself depart, [heart;
His name shall cheer and warm my
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Krishnoo Pal. 1801.
Tr. by Joshua Marshman. 1801.

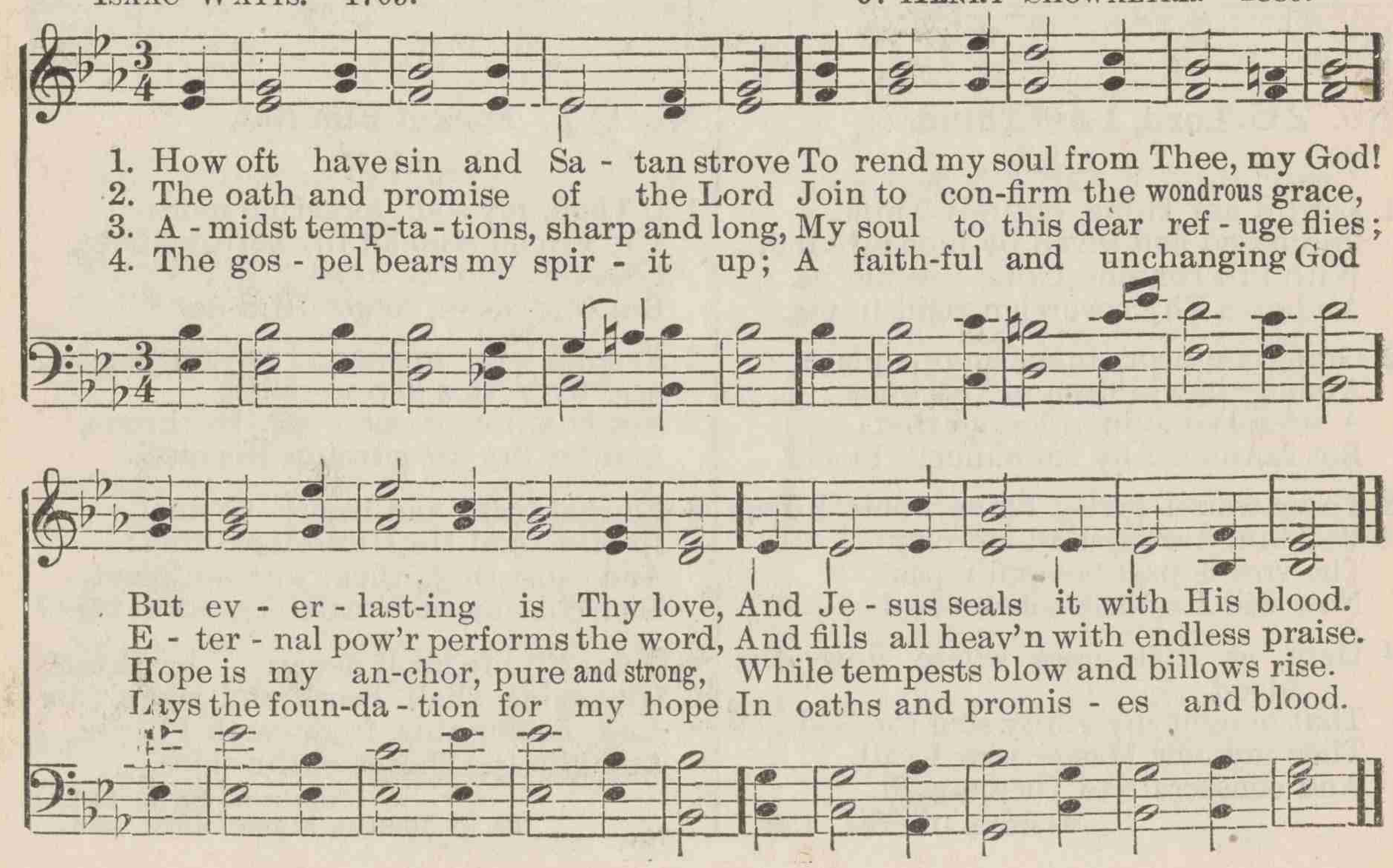
No. 28. WATSON. L. M.

Bp. THOMAS KEN. 1709. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1887.



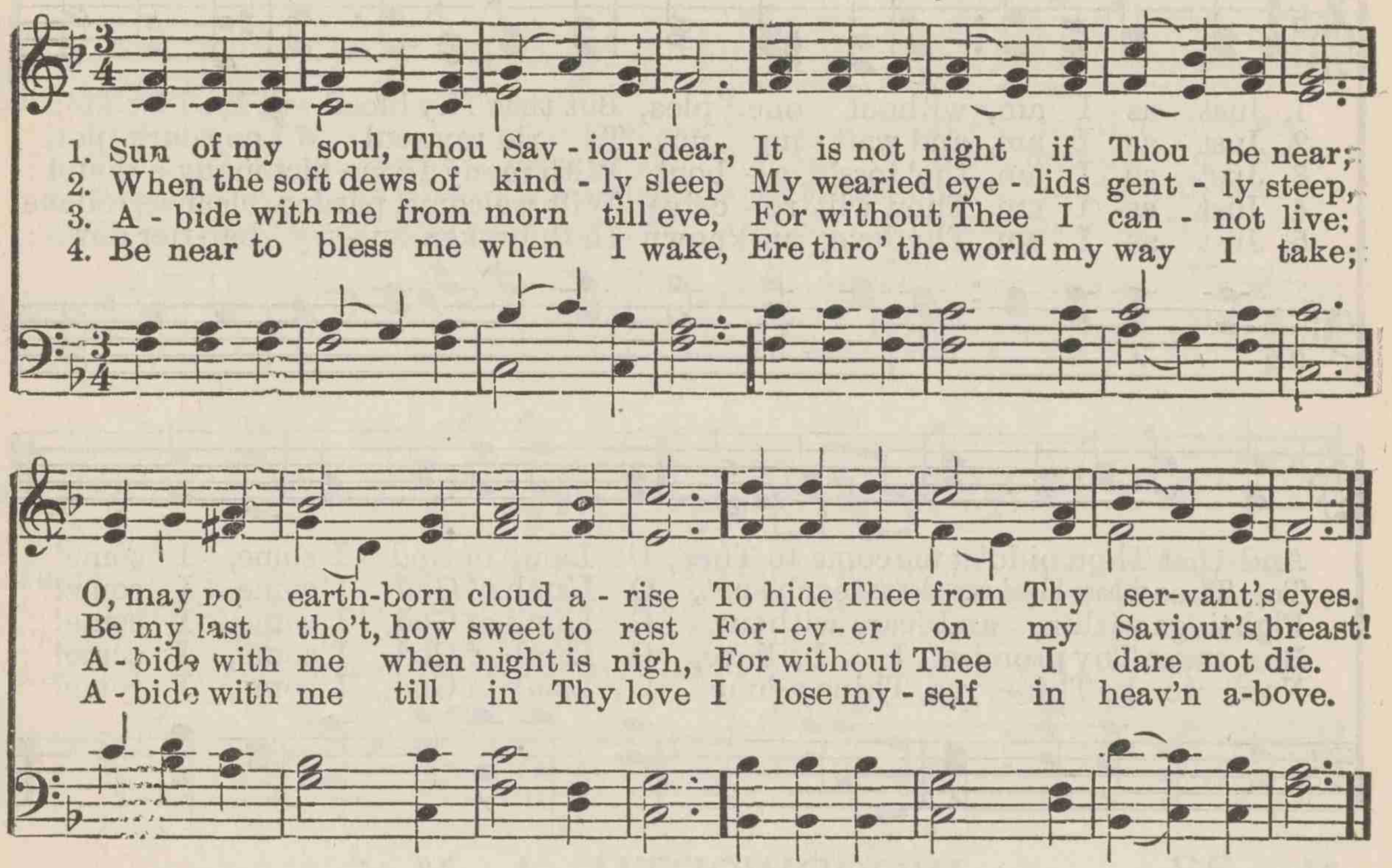
No. 29. BALSBAUGH. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. J. HENRY SHOWALTRR. 1889.



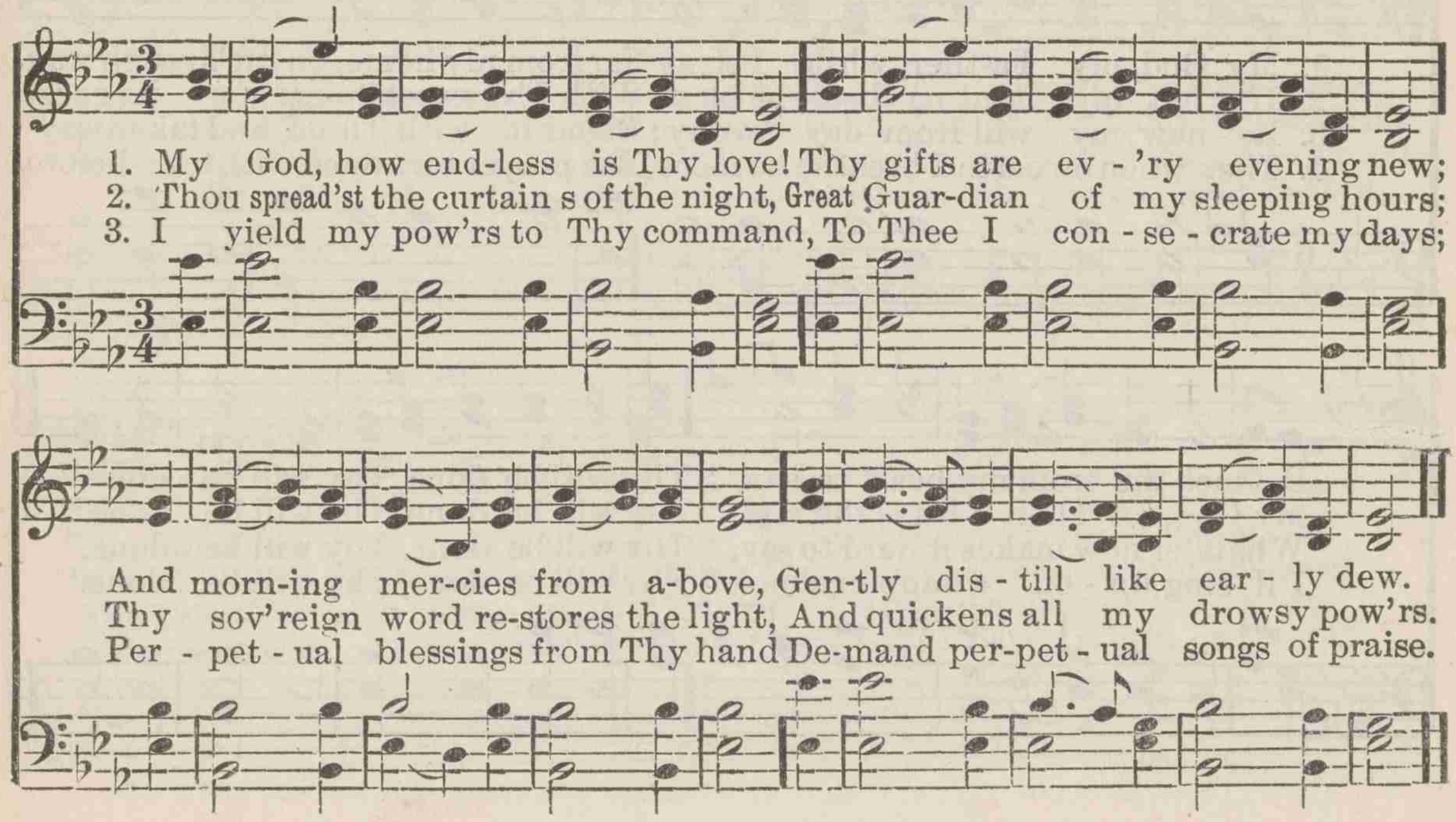
No. 30. HURSLEY. L. M.

JOHN KEBLE. 1827. Arr. by WM. H. MONK. 1861.



No 31. GRATITUDE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. AMI BOST. 1837.



No. 32. DAUERTY. L. M.

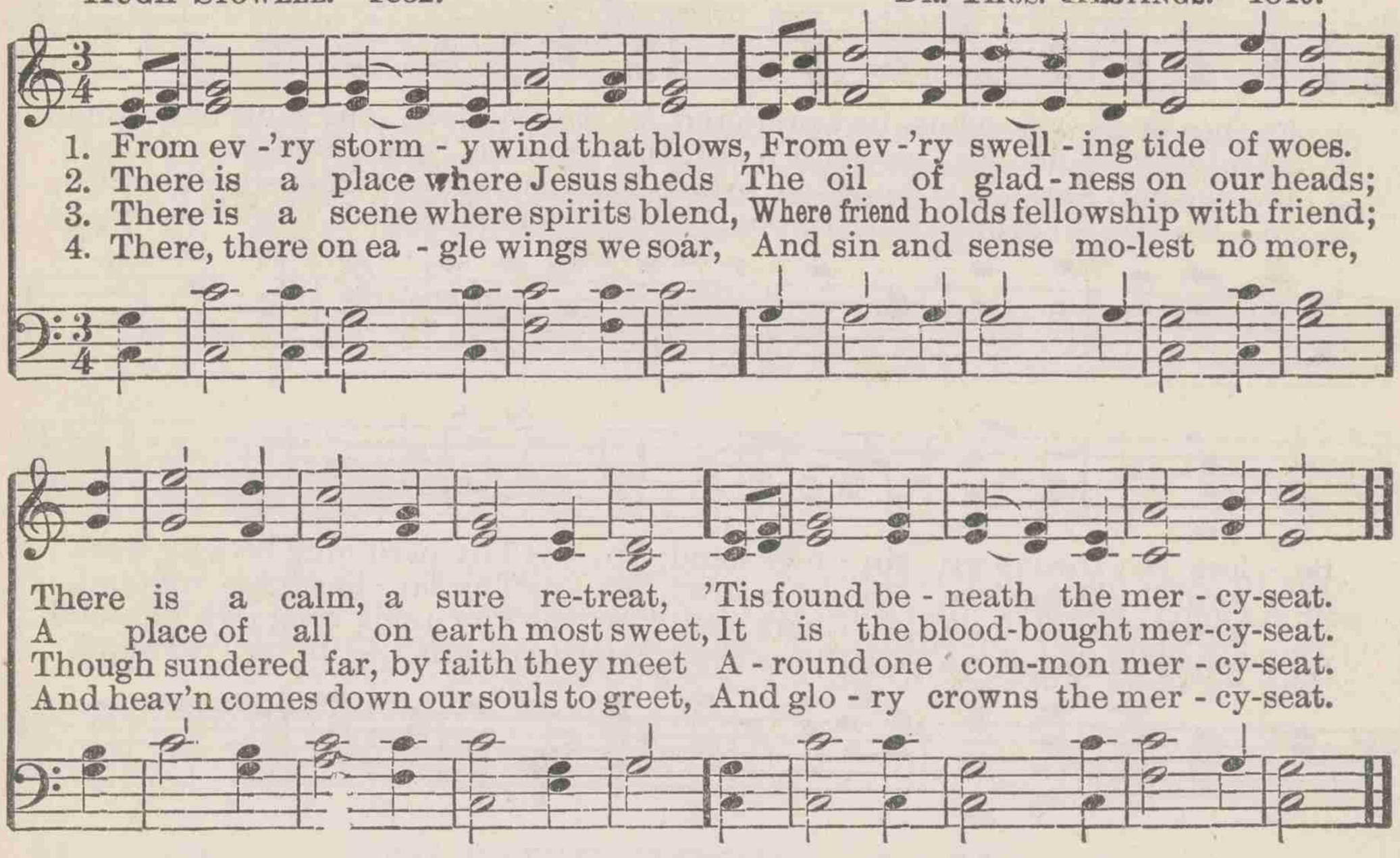
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1836. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1892.

No. 33. WOODWORTH. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834. W. B. BRADBURY. 1849.

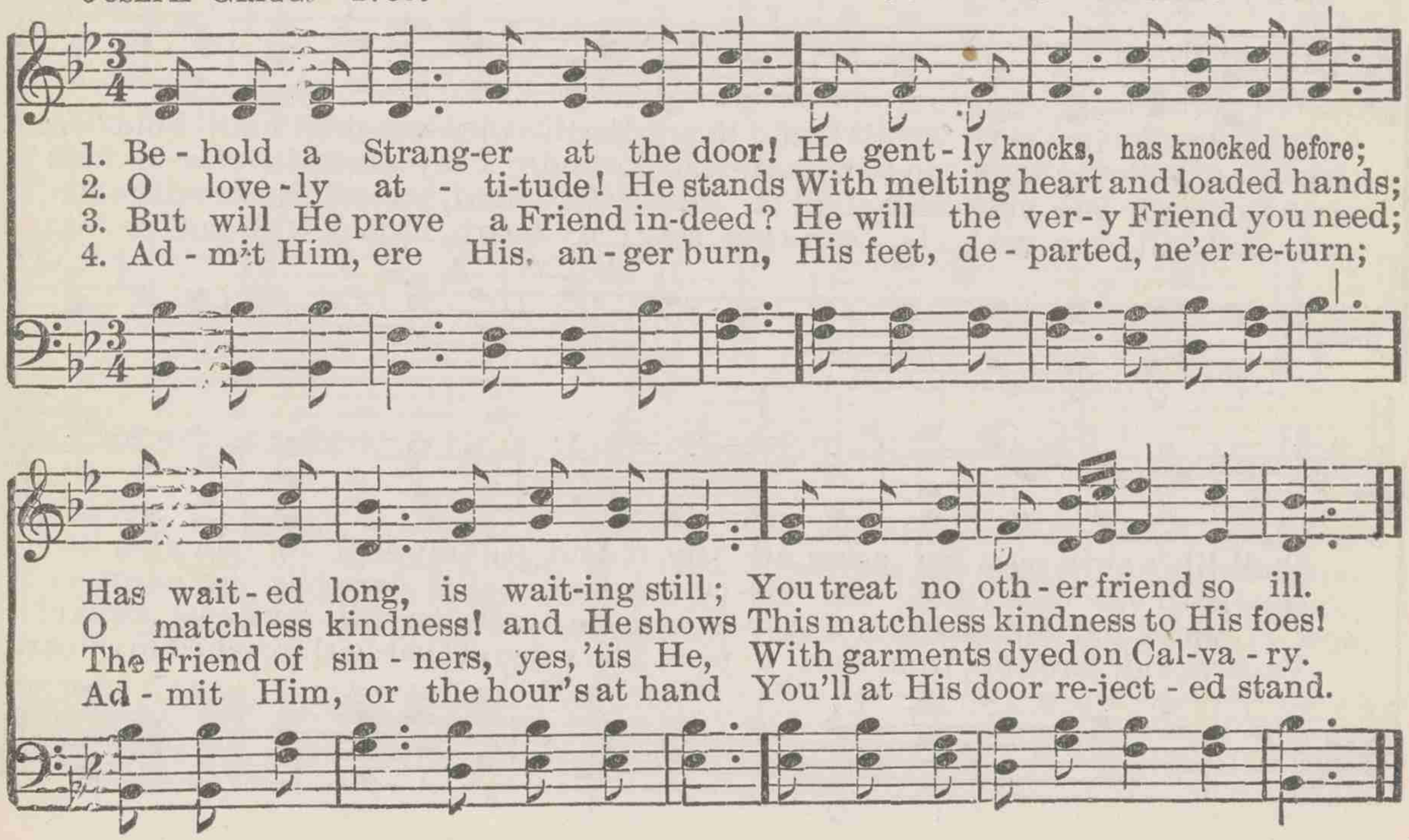
No. 34. RETREAT. L. M.

HUGH STOWELL. 1832. DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1840.



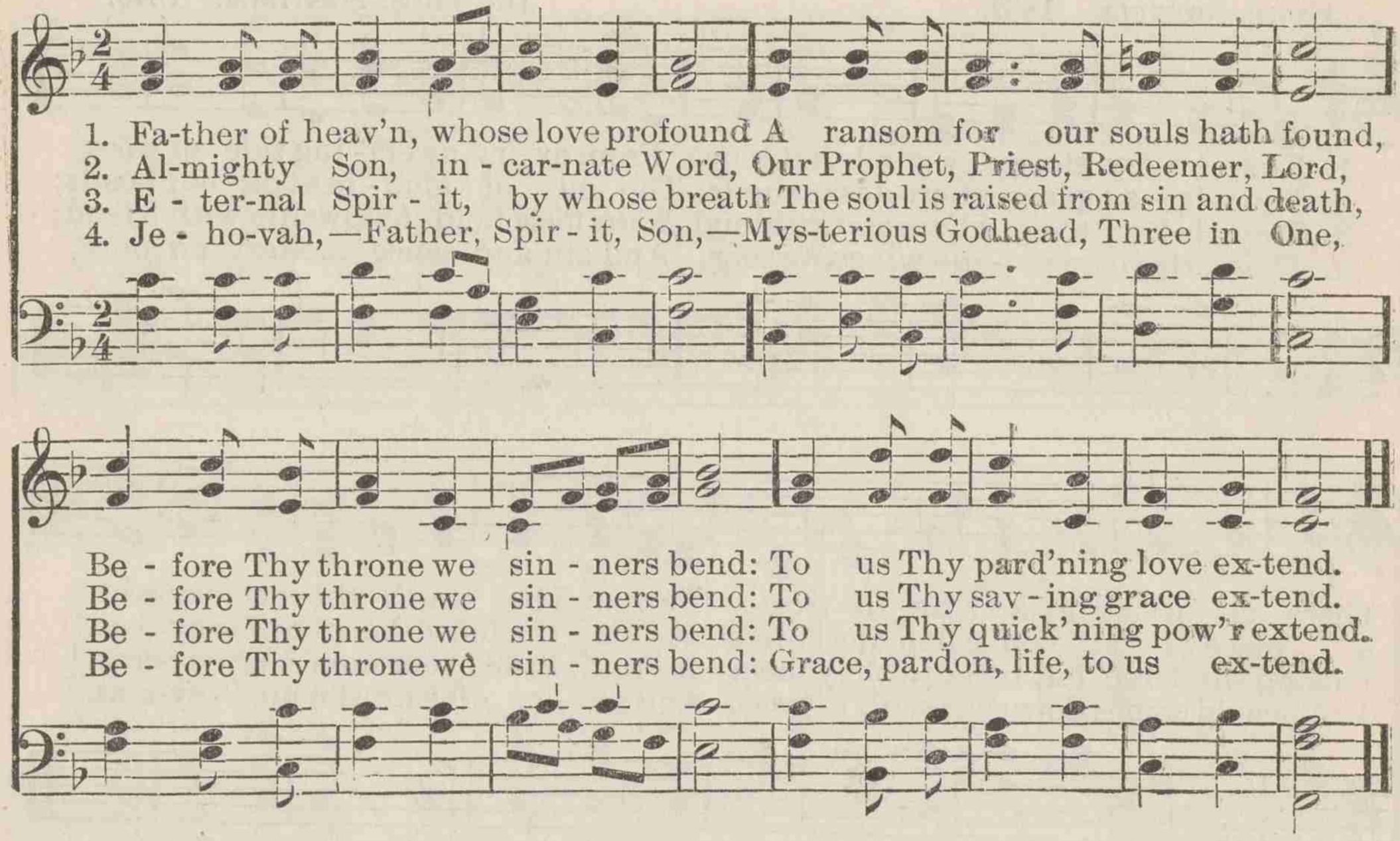
No. 35. BEHOLD A STRANGER. L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG. 1765. JOHN A. SHOWALTER. 1892



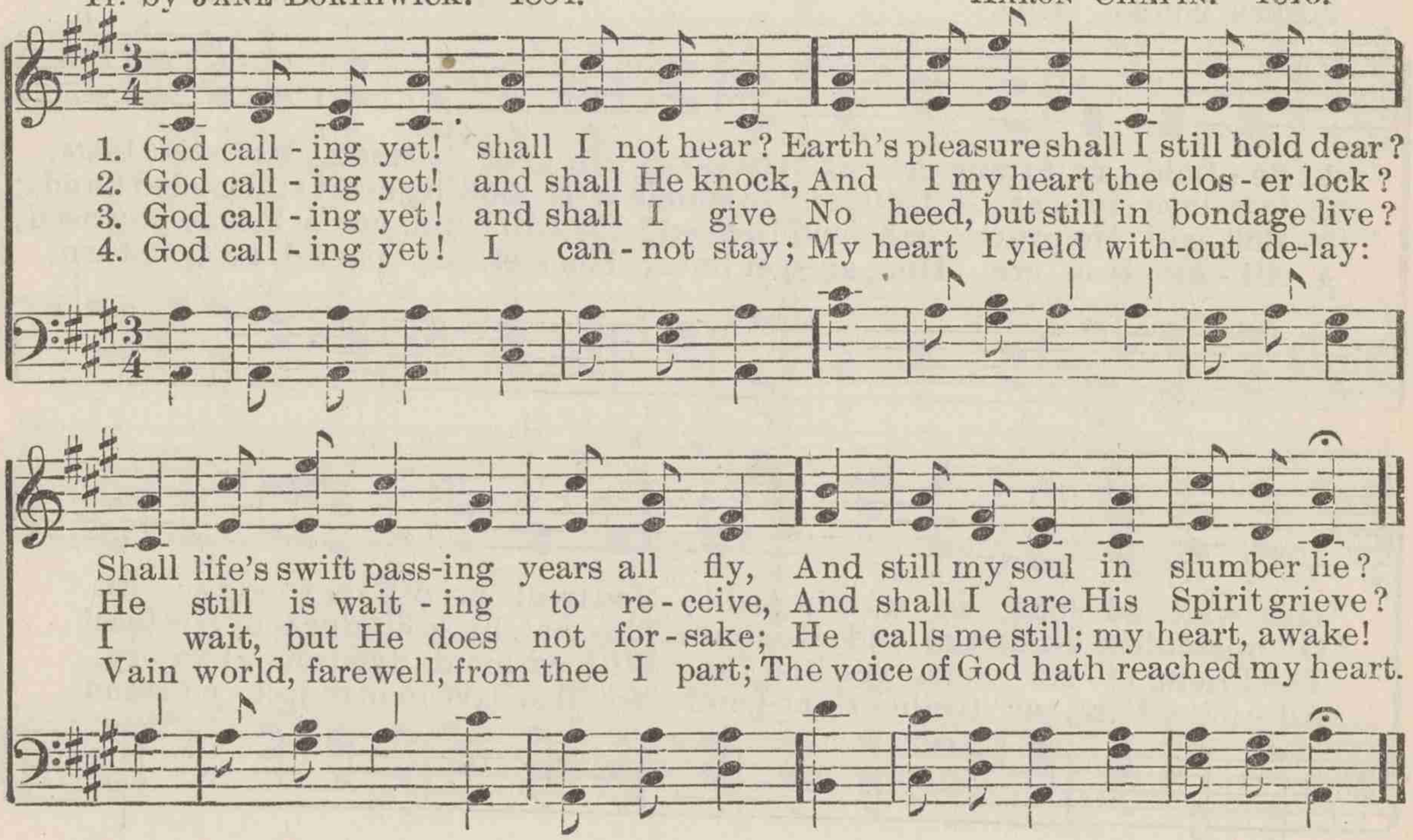
No. 36. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

JOHN COOPER. 1810. H. K. OLIVER. 1832.



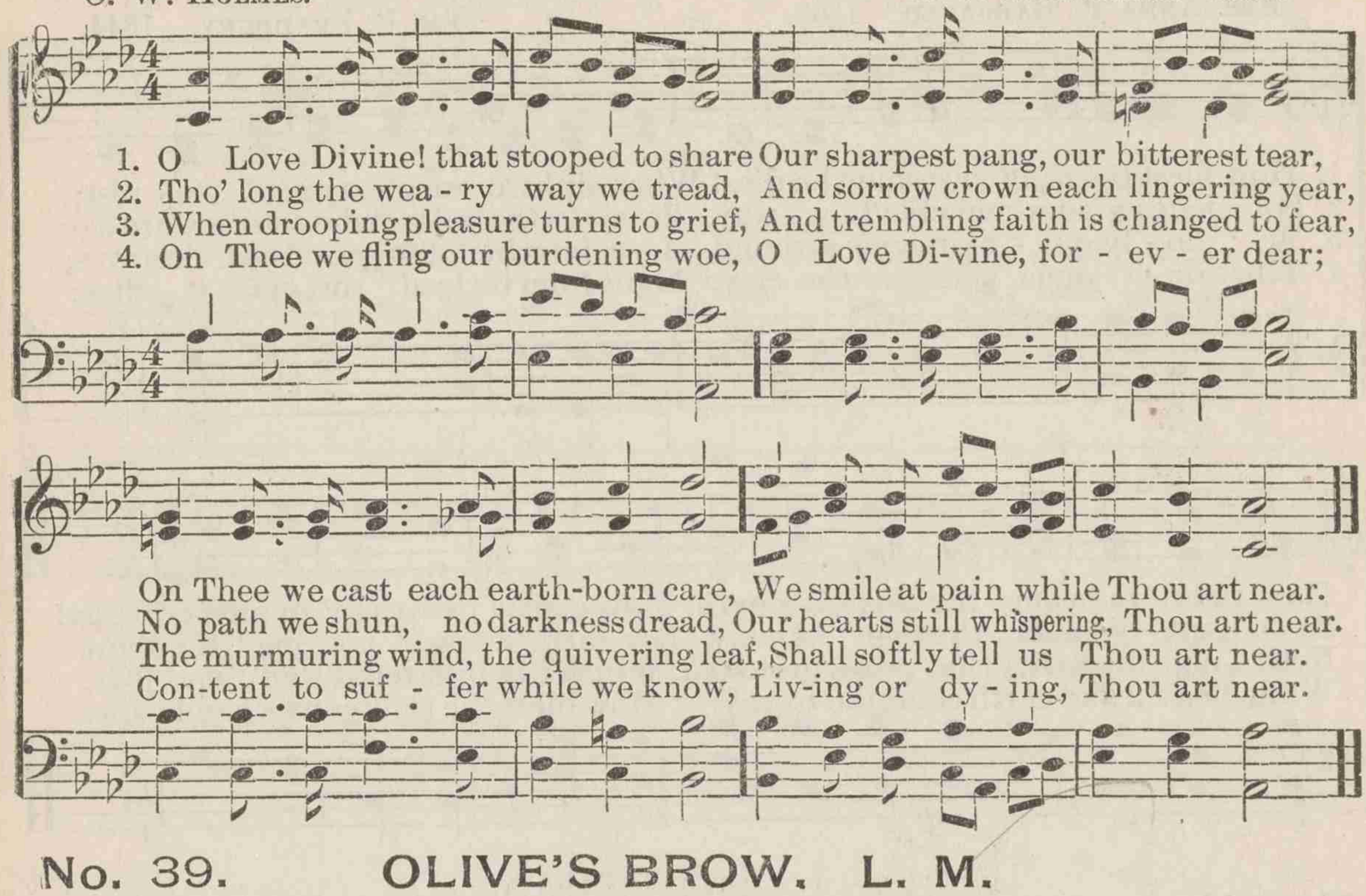
No. 37. FOREST. L. M.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. 1739.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1854. AARON CHAPIN. 1813.



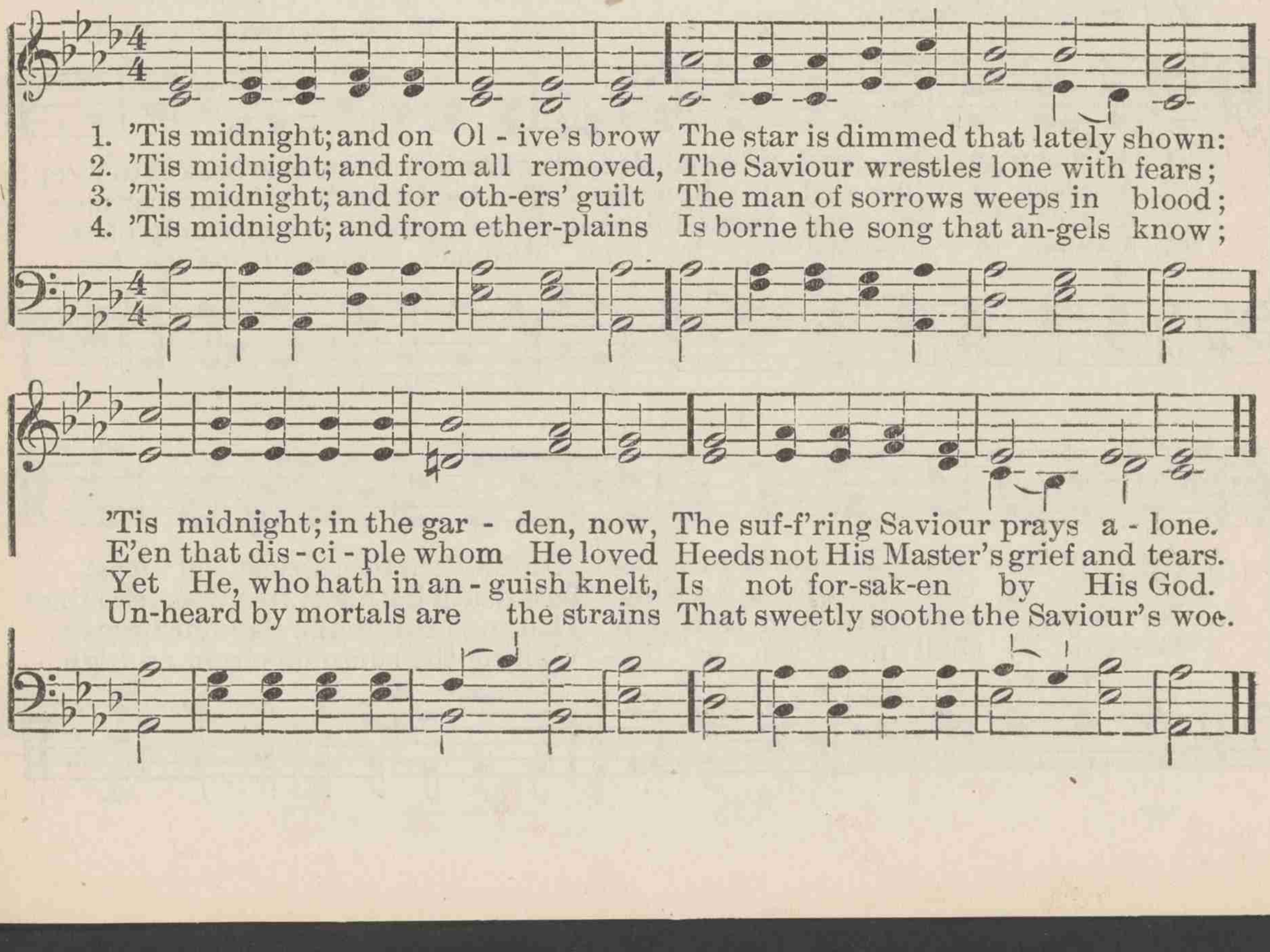
No. 38. LOVE DIVINE. L. M.

O. W. Holmes. A. J. Showalter. 1892.



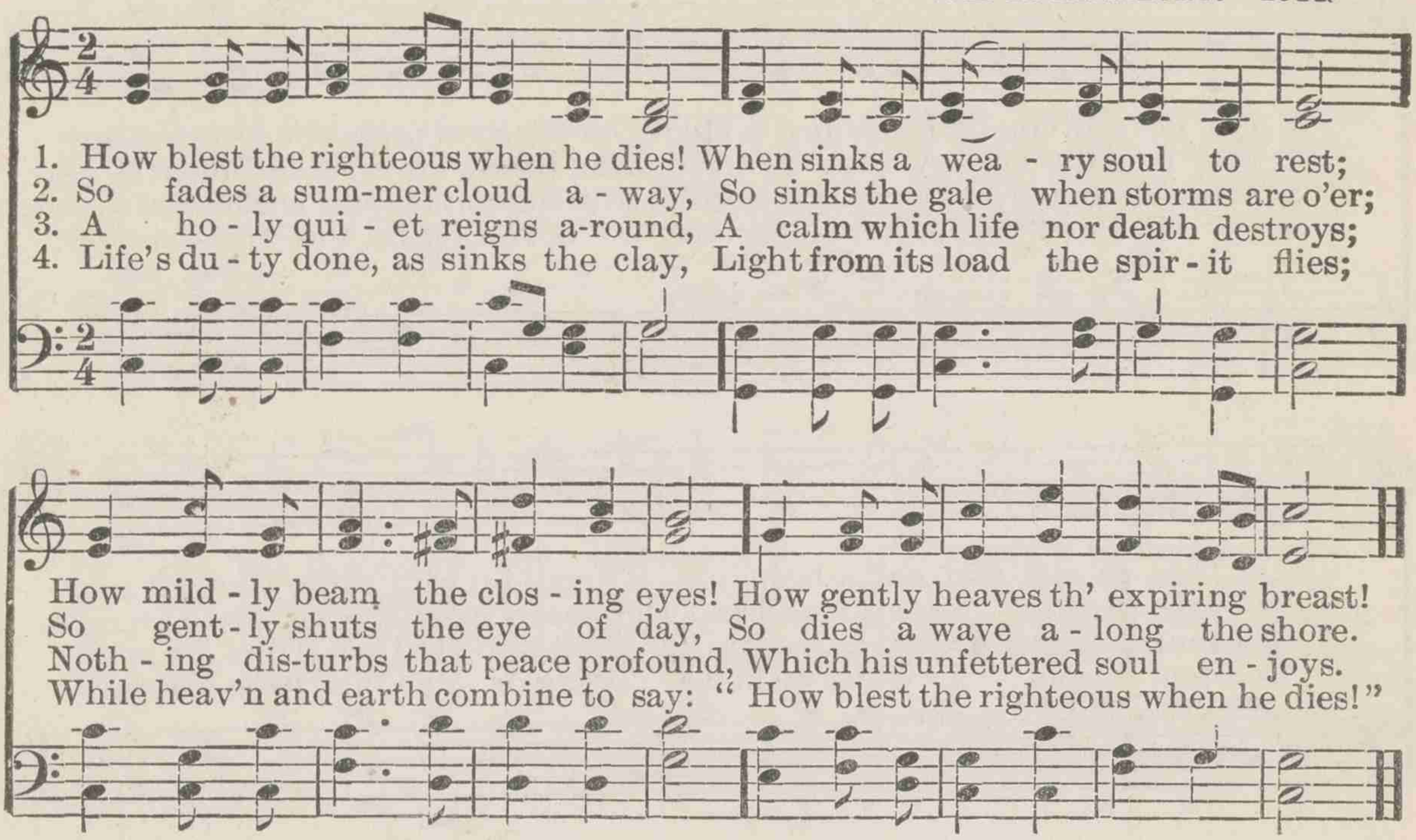
No. 39. OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

Wm. B. Tappan. 1819. Wm. B. Bradbury. 1853.



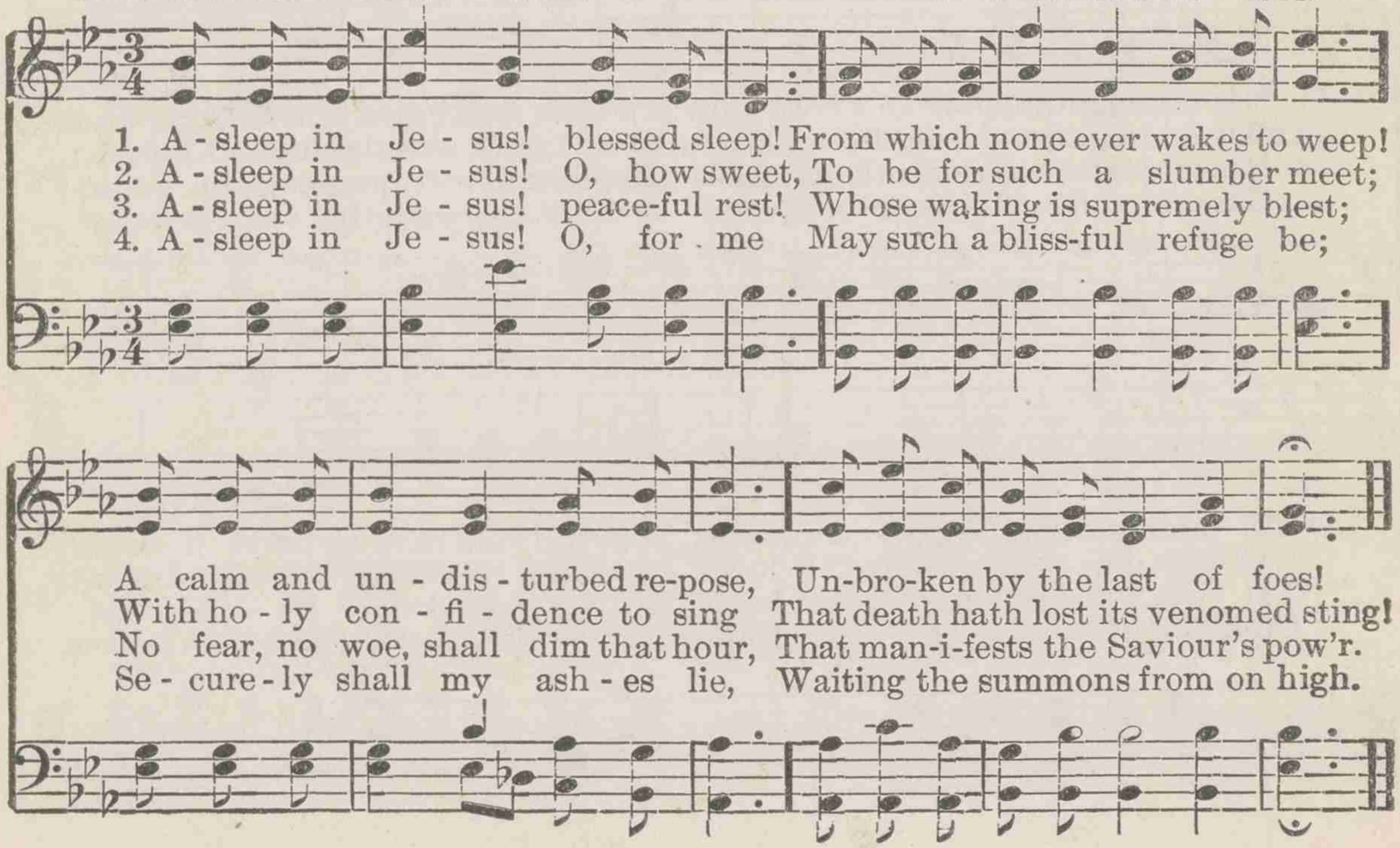
No. 40. ZEPHYR. L. M.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1809. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1844.



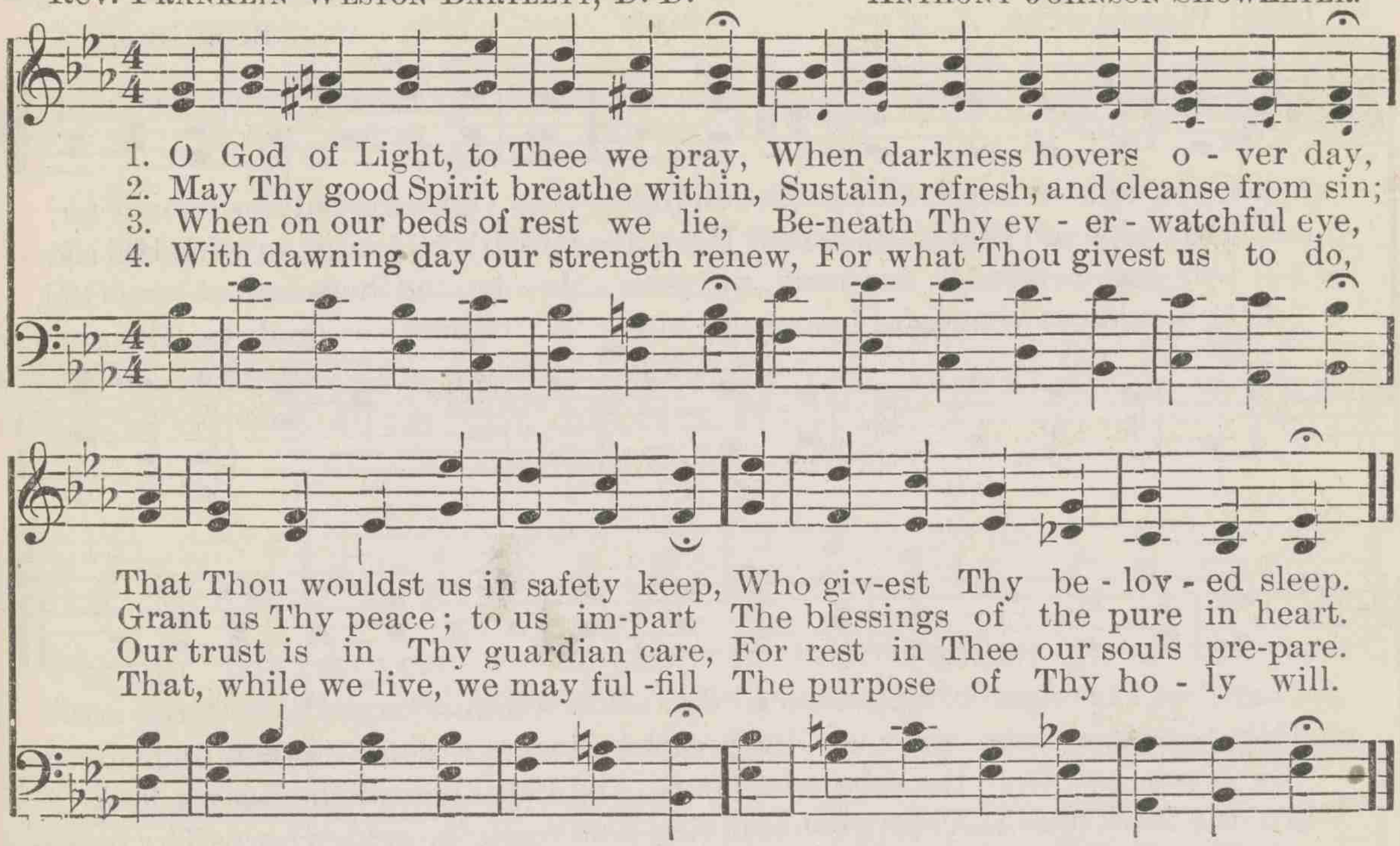
No. 41. REST. L. M.

MRS. MARGARET MCKAY. 1832. W. B. BRADBURY. 1844.



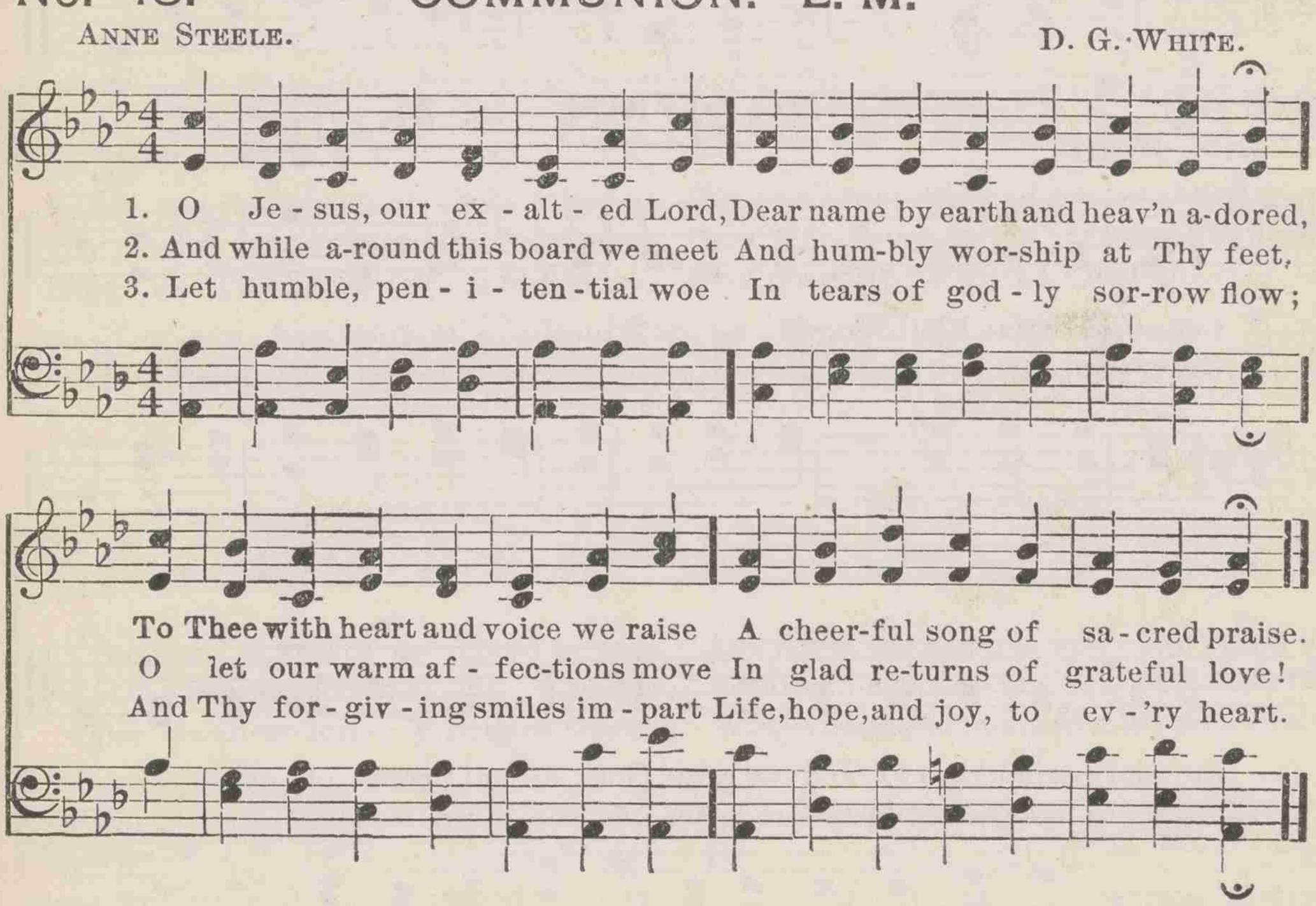
No. 42. BARTLETT. L. M.

Rev. Franklin Weston Bartlett, D. D. Anthony Johnson Showalter.



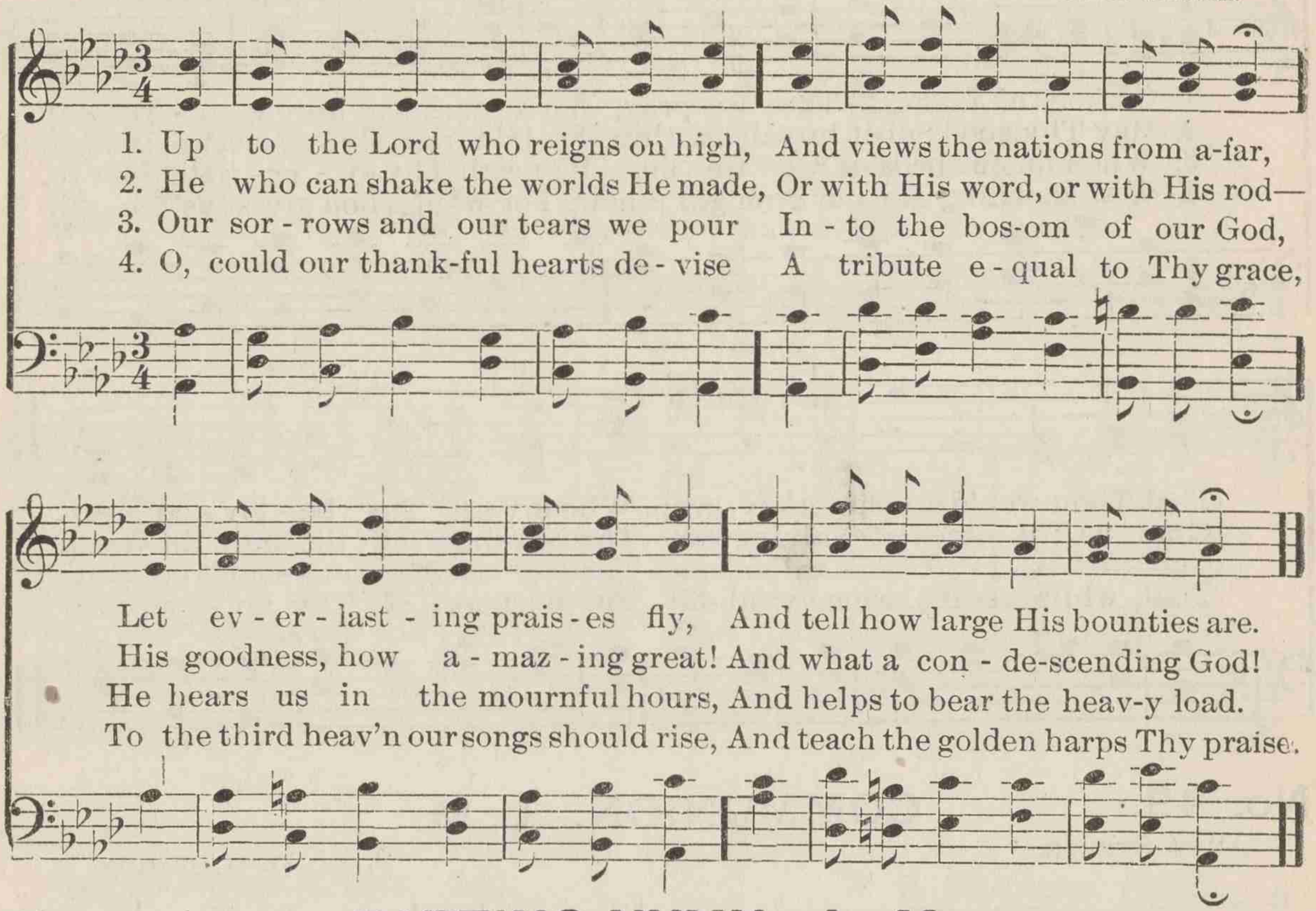
No. 43. COMMUNION. L. M.

Anne Steele. D. G. White.



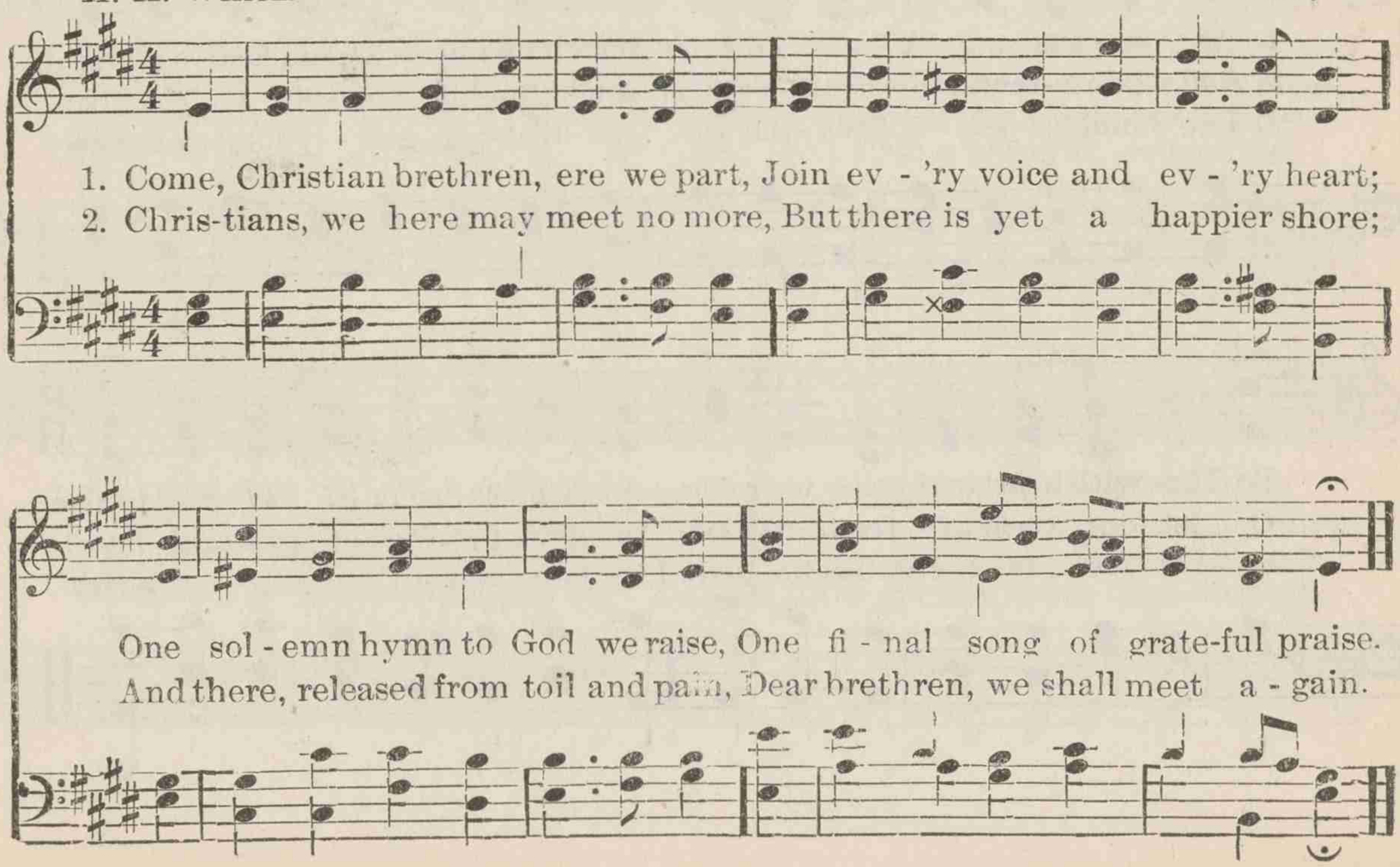
No. 44. EVERLASTING PRAISE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. B. B. BEALL.



No. 45. PARTING HYMN. L. M.

H. K. WHITE. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 46. NEW YEAR'S HYMN. L. M. D.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1755. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1880.

1. E - ter - nal source of ev -'ry joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em-ploy,
2. The flow'ry spring, at Thy command, Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
3. Seasons and months, and weeks and days, Demand successive songs of praise;

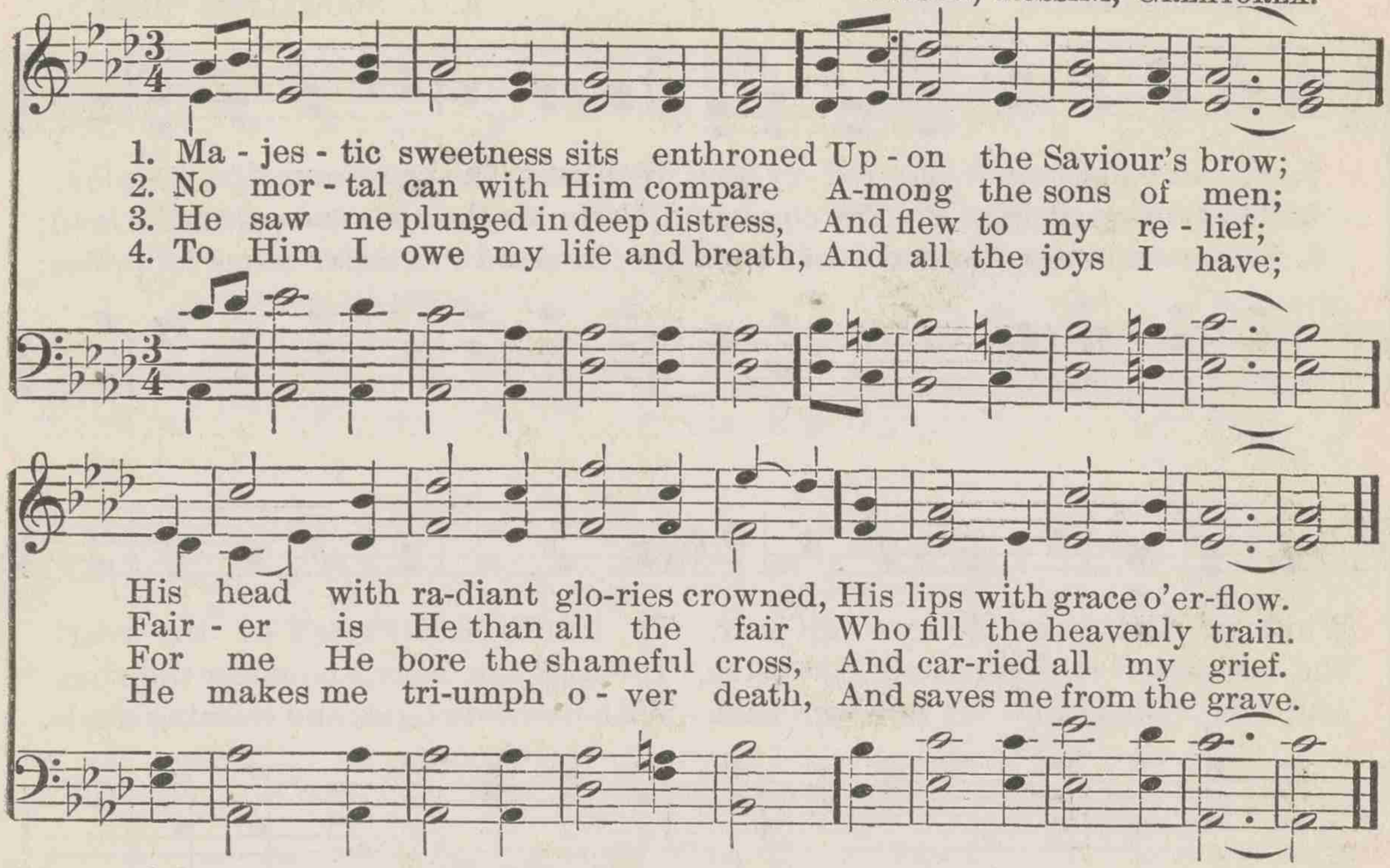
While in Thy tem - ple we ap-pear, To hail Thee, Sov'reign of the year!
The summer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
And be the grate - ful hom-age paid, With morning light, and evening shade.

Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
Thy hand, in au - tumn, rich-ly pours, Thro' all our coasts, a - bundant stores;
Here in Thy house let incense rise, And cir-cling Sabbaths bless our eyes,

The sun is taught by Thee to rise, And darkness when to veil the skies.
And win-ters, softened by Thy care, No more a drear - y as - pect wear.
Till to those loft - y heights we soar, Where days and years revolve no more.

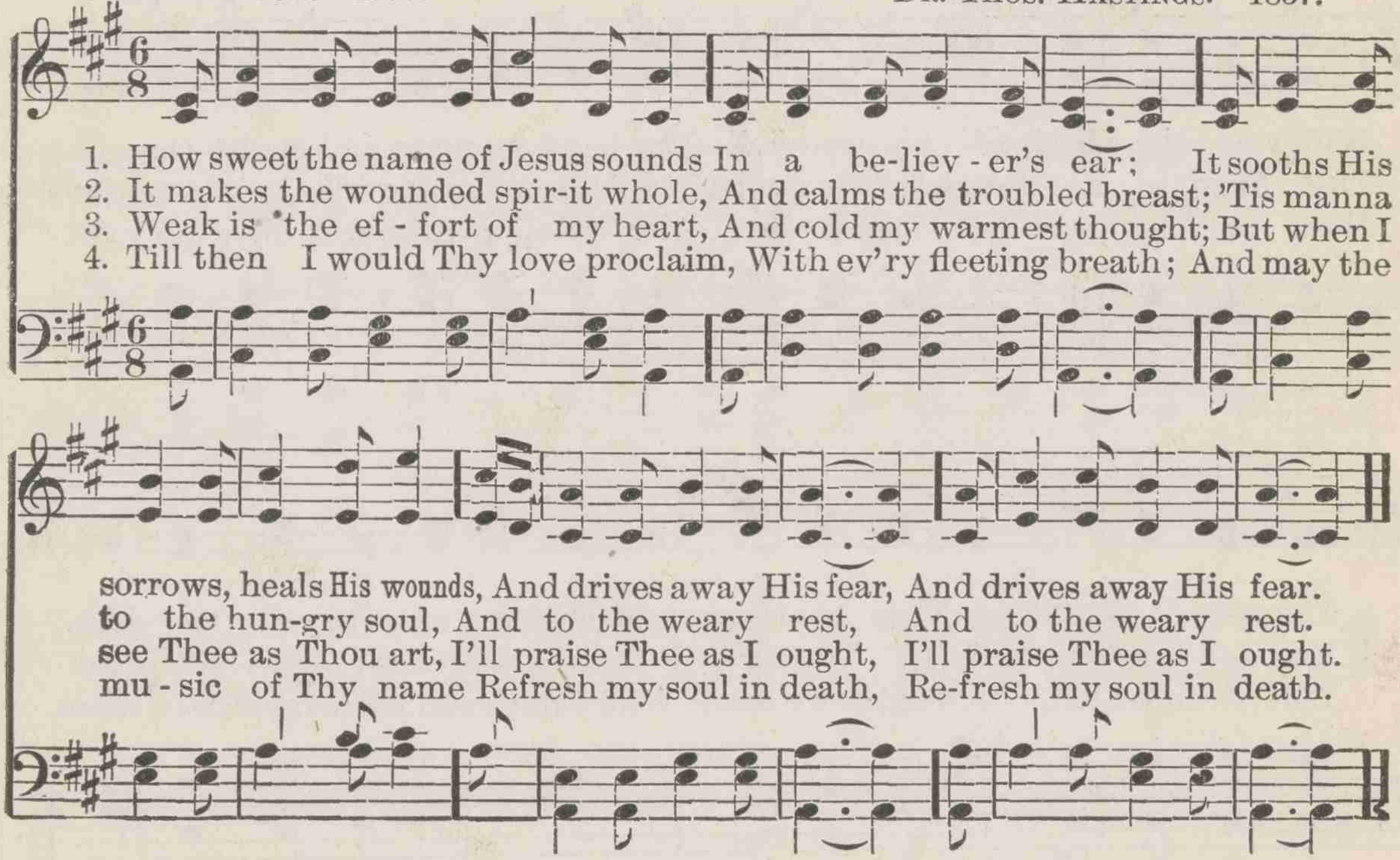
No. 47. MANOAH. C. M.

S. Stennett. 1787. Haydn, Rossini, Greatorex.



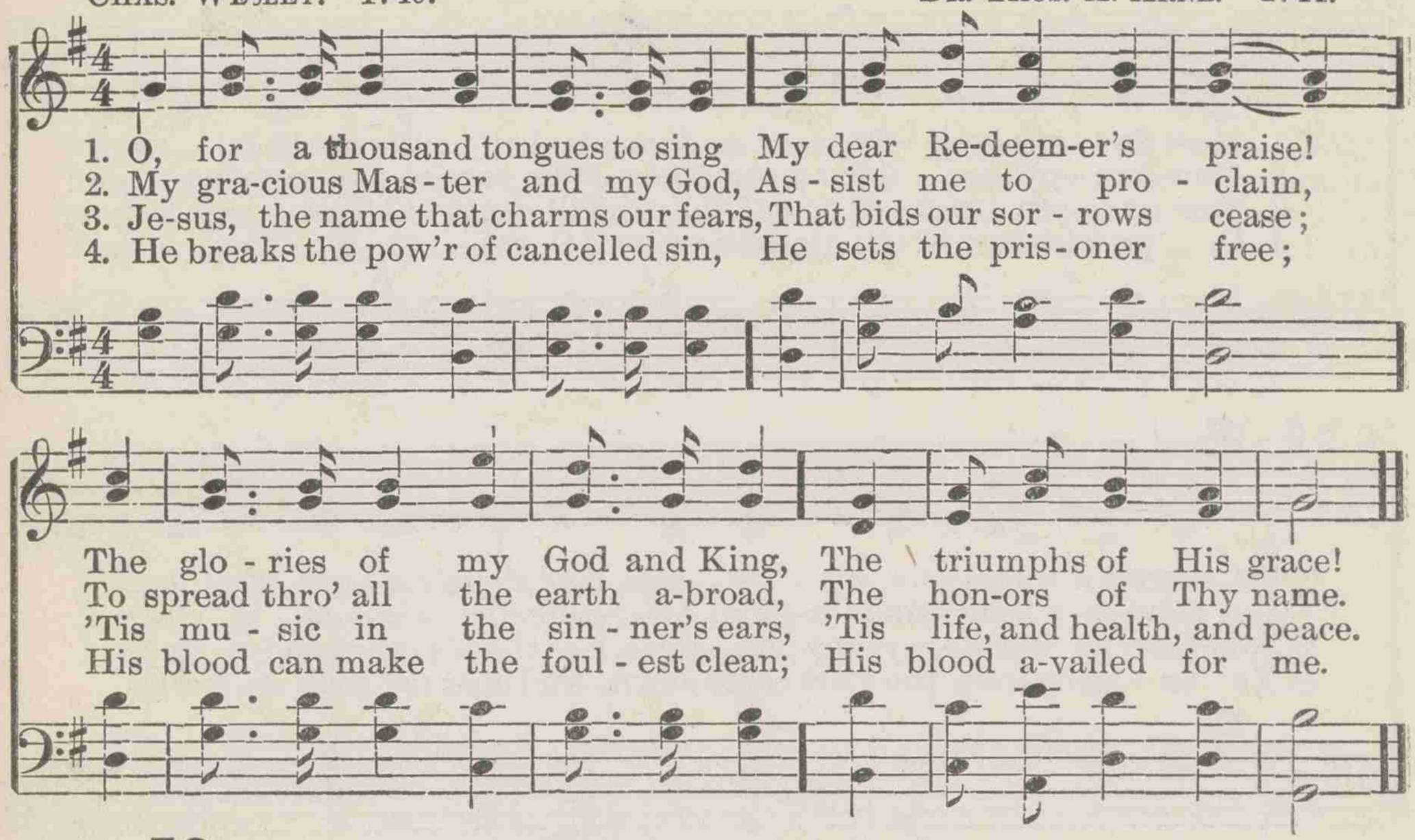
No. 48. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

John Newton. 1779. Dr. Thos. Hastings. 1837.



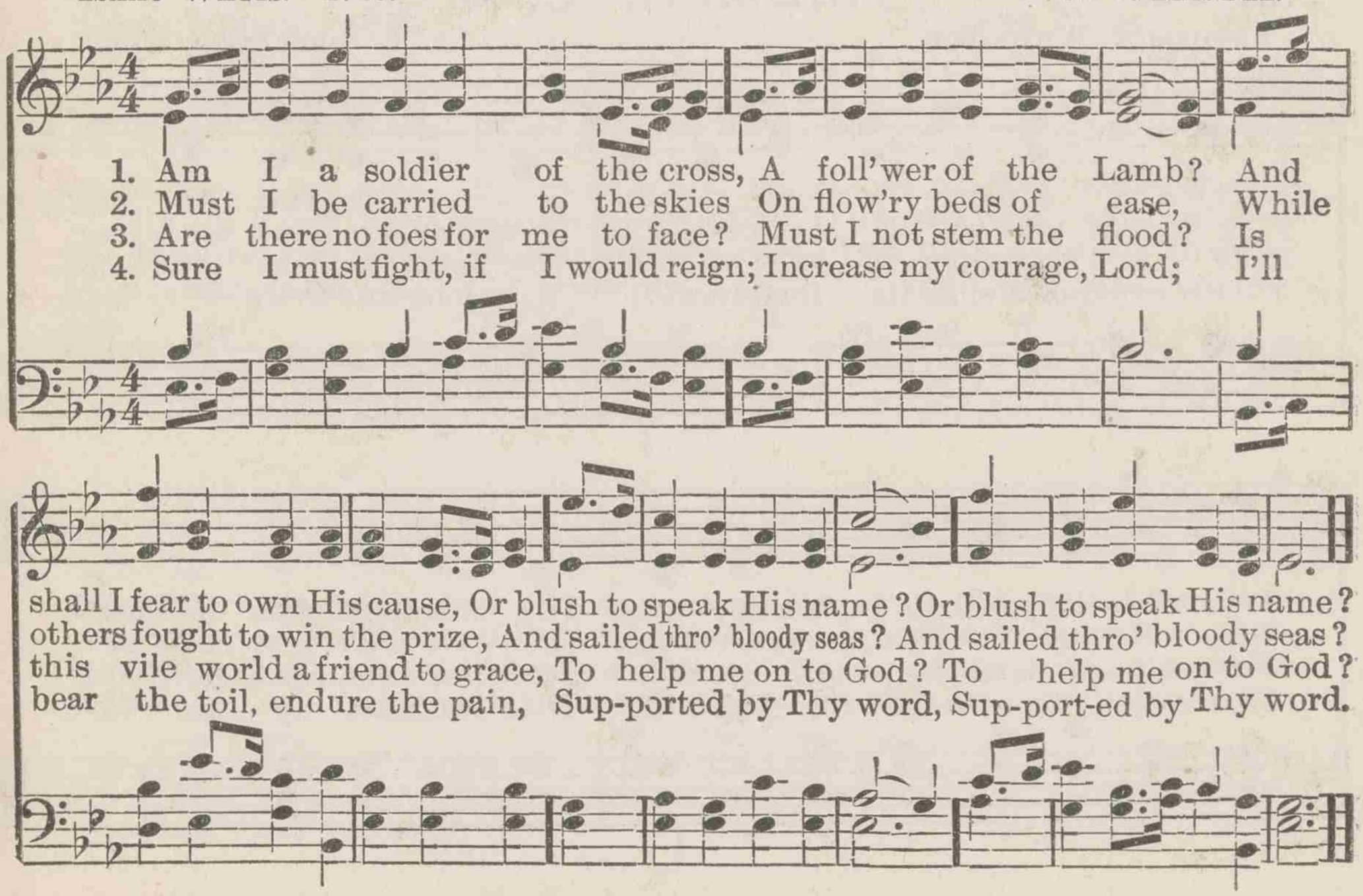
No. 49. ARLINGTON. C. M,

CHAS. WESLEY. 1740. DR. THOS. A. ARNE. 1744.



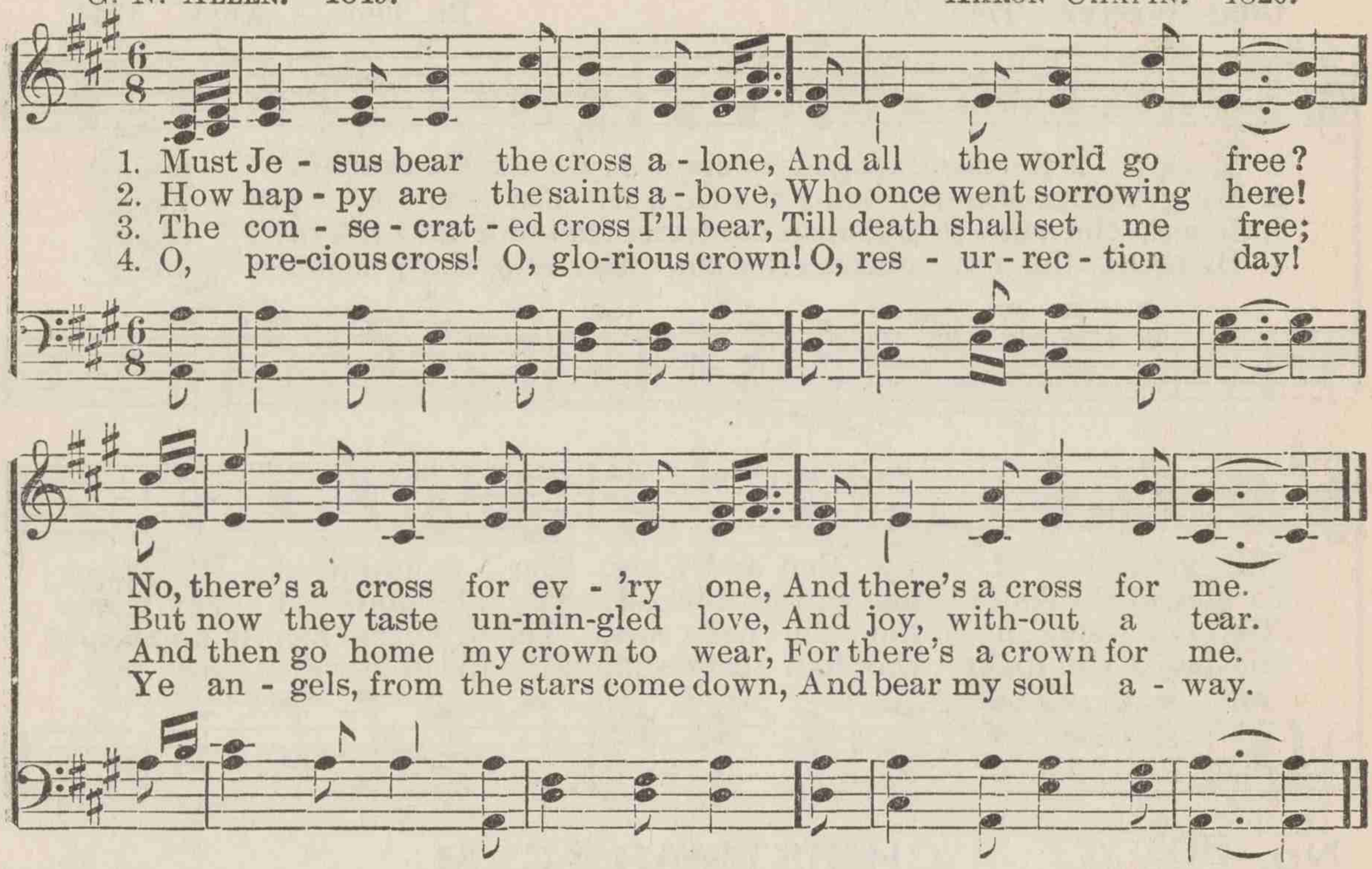
No. 50. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1720. G. F. HANDEL.



No. 51. MAITLAND. C. M.

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



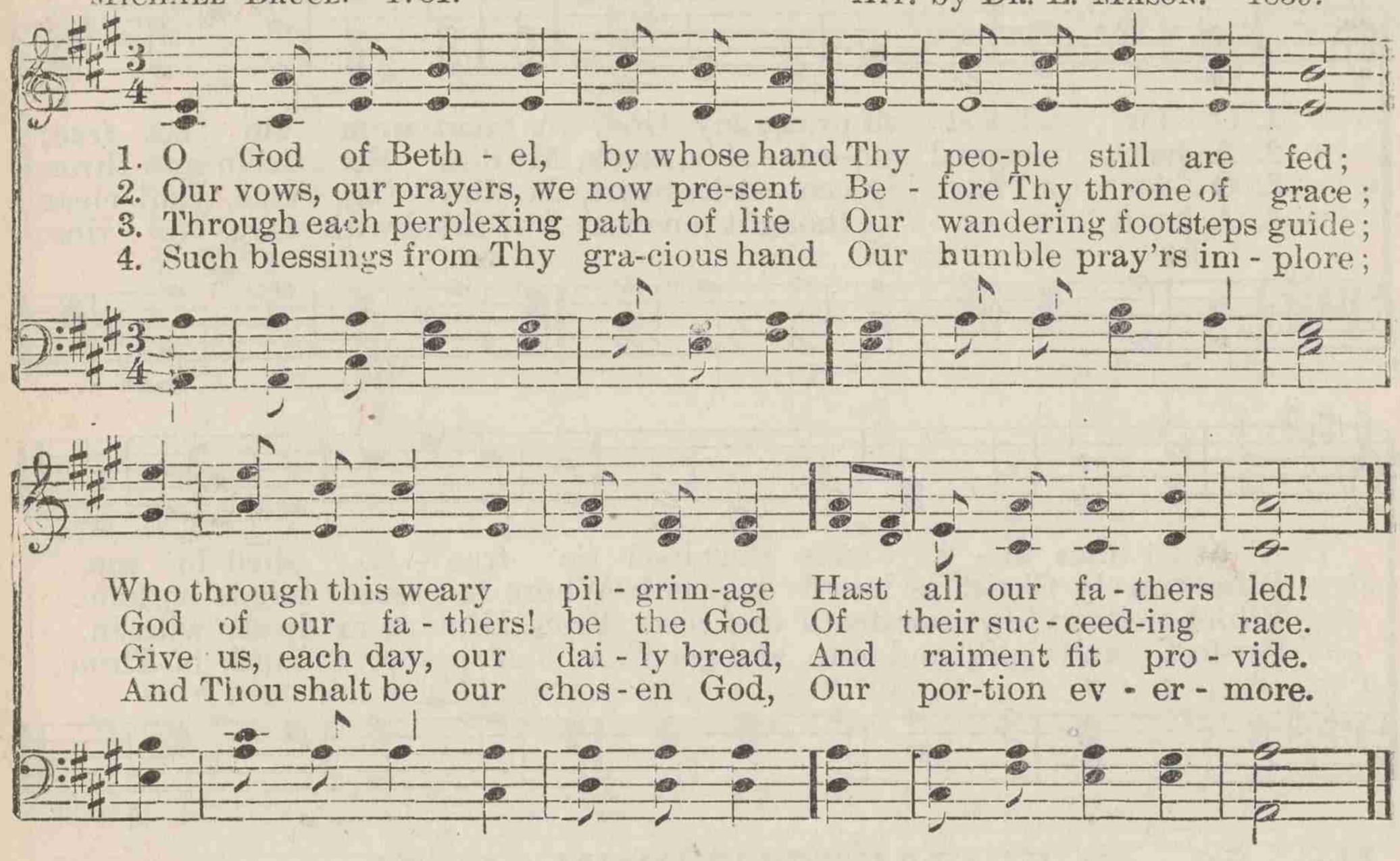
No. 52. TRIUMPH. C. M.

Frederick Whitfield. A. J. Showalter. 1887.

No. 53. AZMON. C. M.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1737.
MICHAEL BRUCE. 1781.

C. G. GLAZER. 1828.
Arr. by DR. L. MASON. 1839.



No. 54. DUNDEE. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. 1740.

GUILLAME FRANCK. 1545.

No. 55. BALERMA. C. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1742. Arr. by R. SIMPSON.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart resigned, sub-mis - sive, meek, My dear Re - deem-er's throne,
3. O for a low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And filled with love di - vine;

A heart that al - ways feels the blood So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which neither life nor death can part From Him who dwells with-in.
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.

No. 56. ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

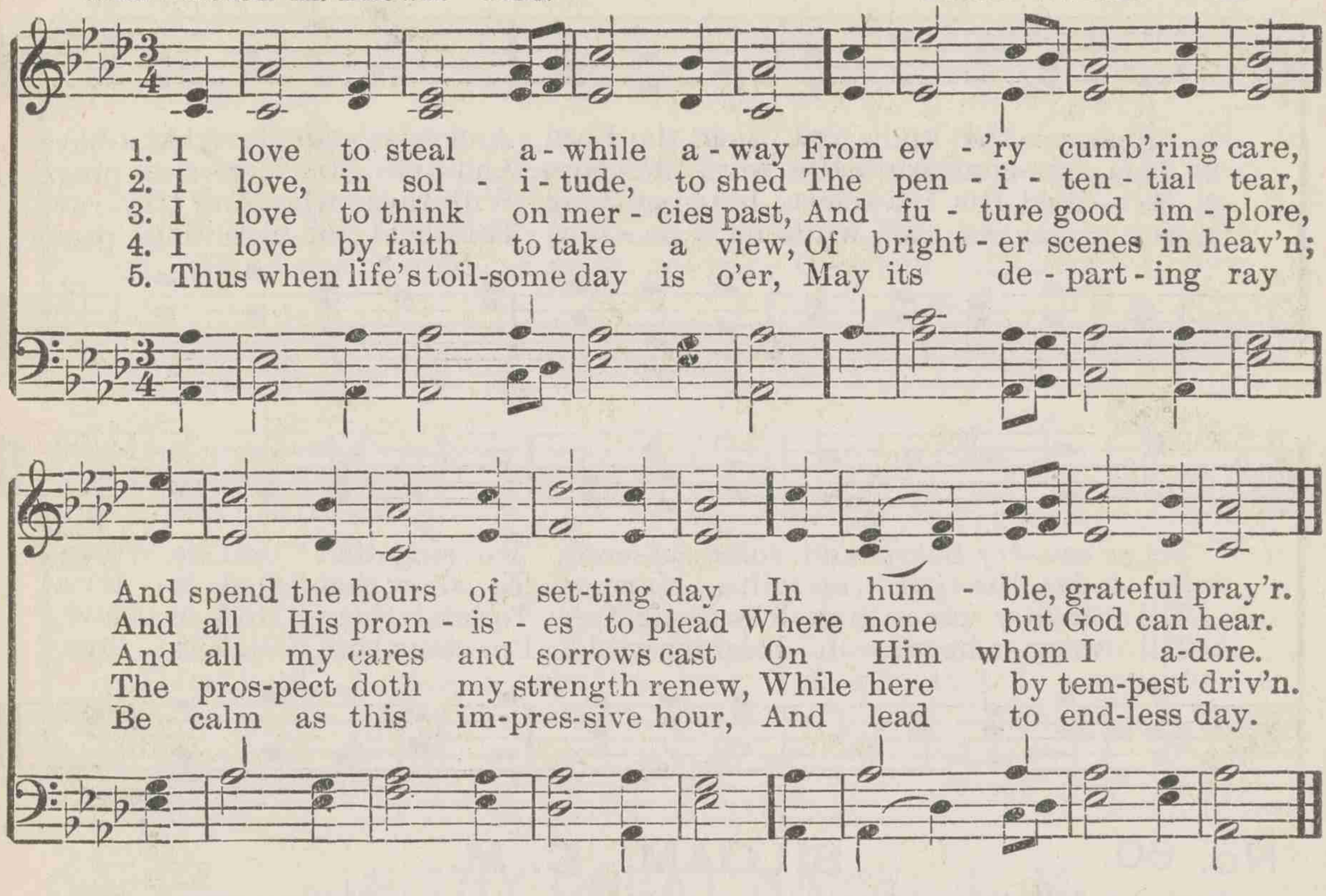
WM. COWPER. 1779. GEO. KINGSLEY. 1838.

1. O, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I then en-joyed, How sweet their mem'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet mes-sen - ger of rest!

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins which made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

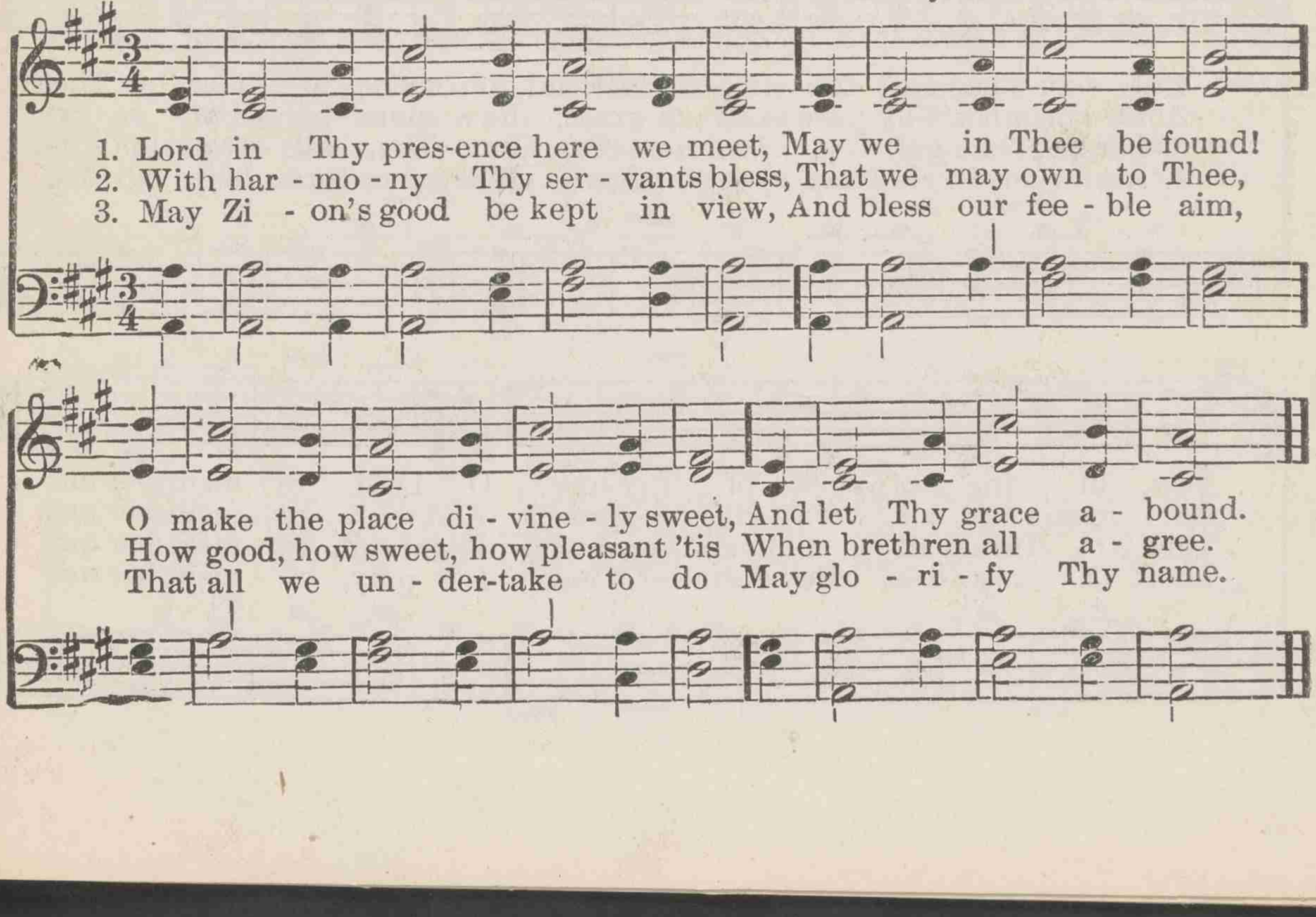
No. 57. AVON. C. M.

MRS. PHOEBE H. BROWN. 1824. HUGH WILSON. 1768.



No. 58. EVAN. C. M.

Arr. by HAVERGALL. 1849.

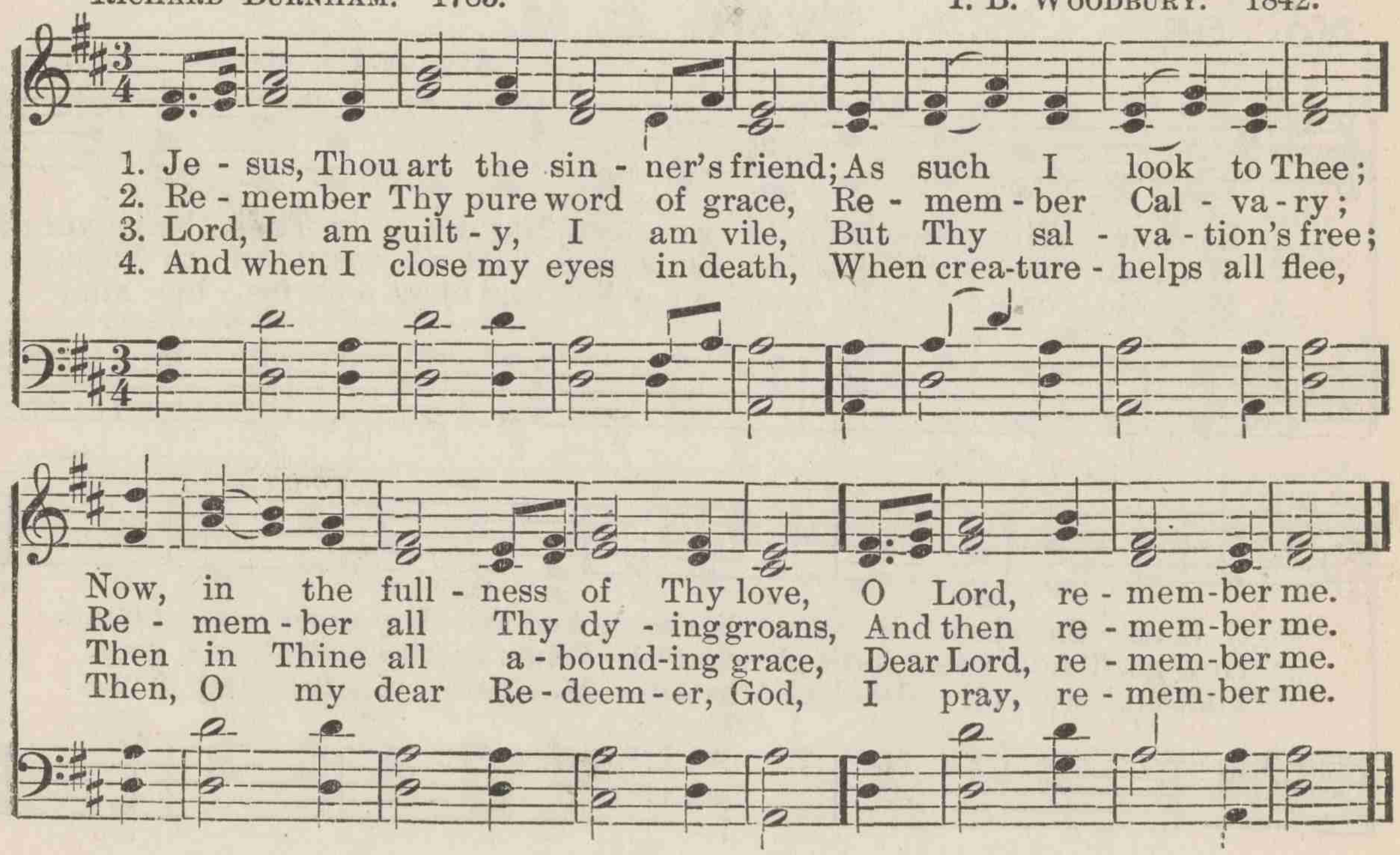


No. 59 DOWNS. C. M.

GEORGE BURDER. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.

No. 60. SILOAM. C. M.

RICHARD BURNHAM. 1783. I. B. WOODBURY. 1842.



No. 61. WATTS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1899.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on 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 ap-pears,
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak-er, died For man the 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.

No. 62. IN THY GREAT NAME. C. M.

Published by request of Elder A. Brumbaugh. Arr. by J. H. S.

1. In Thy great name, O Lord, we come, To wor-ship at Thy feet;
2. We come to hear Je - ho - vah speak, To hear the Sav-iour's voice;
3. Teach us to pray and praise and hear And un - der-stand Thy word;
4. Let sin-ners now Thy goodness prove, And saints re - joice in Thee;

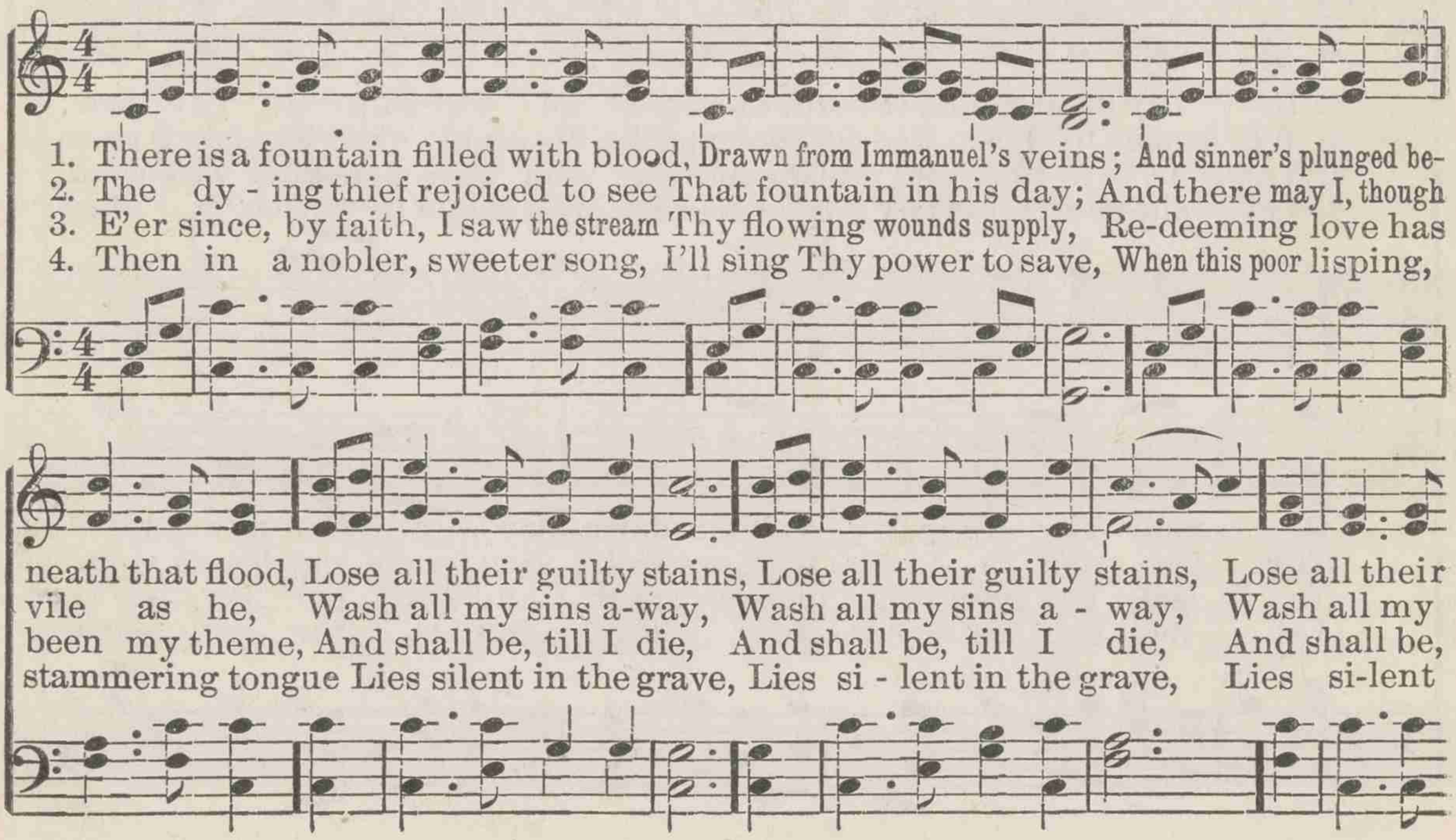
O, pour Thy Ho - ly Spir - it down On all that now shall meet.
Thy face and fa - vour, Lord, we seek; Now make our hearts re-joice.
To feel Thy bliss - ful pres-ence near, And trust our liv - ing Lord.
Let reb - els be sub - dued by love, And to the Sav - iour flee.

No. 63. COWPER. C. M.

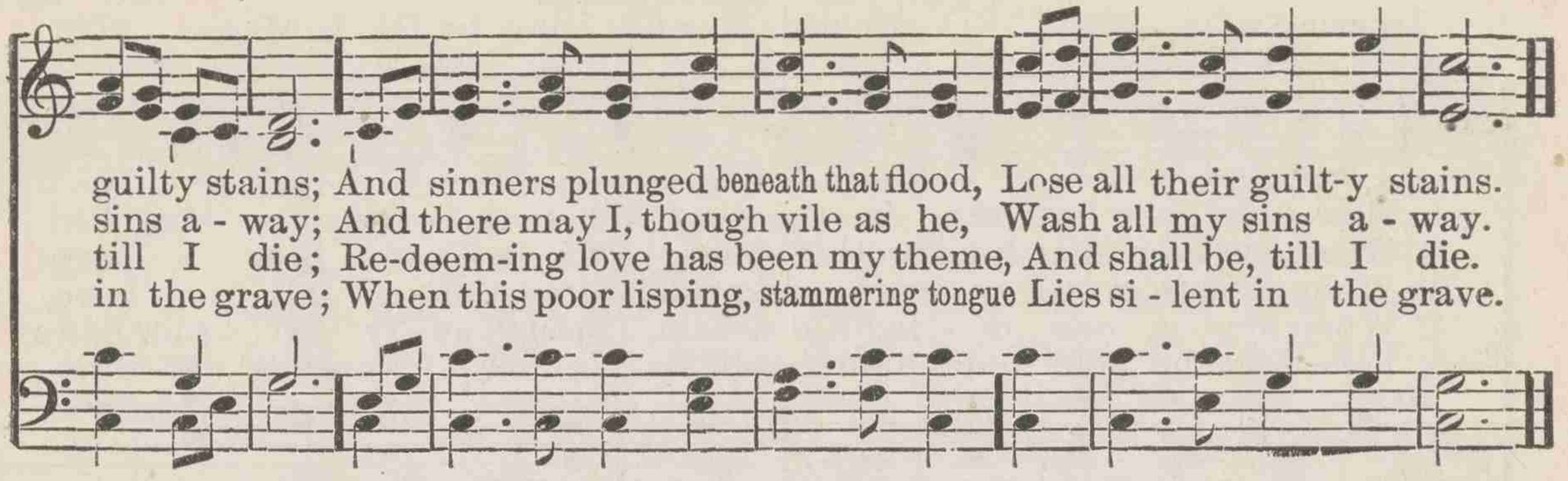
JOHN NEWTON. 1779. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.

No. 64. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

W. COWPER. 1779. Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON.

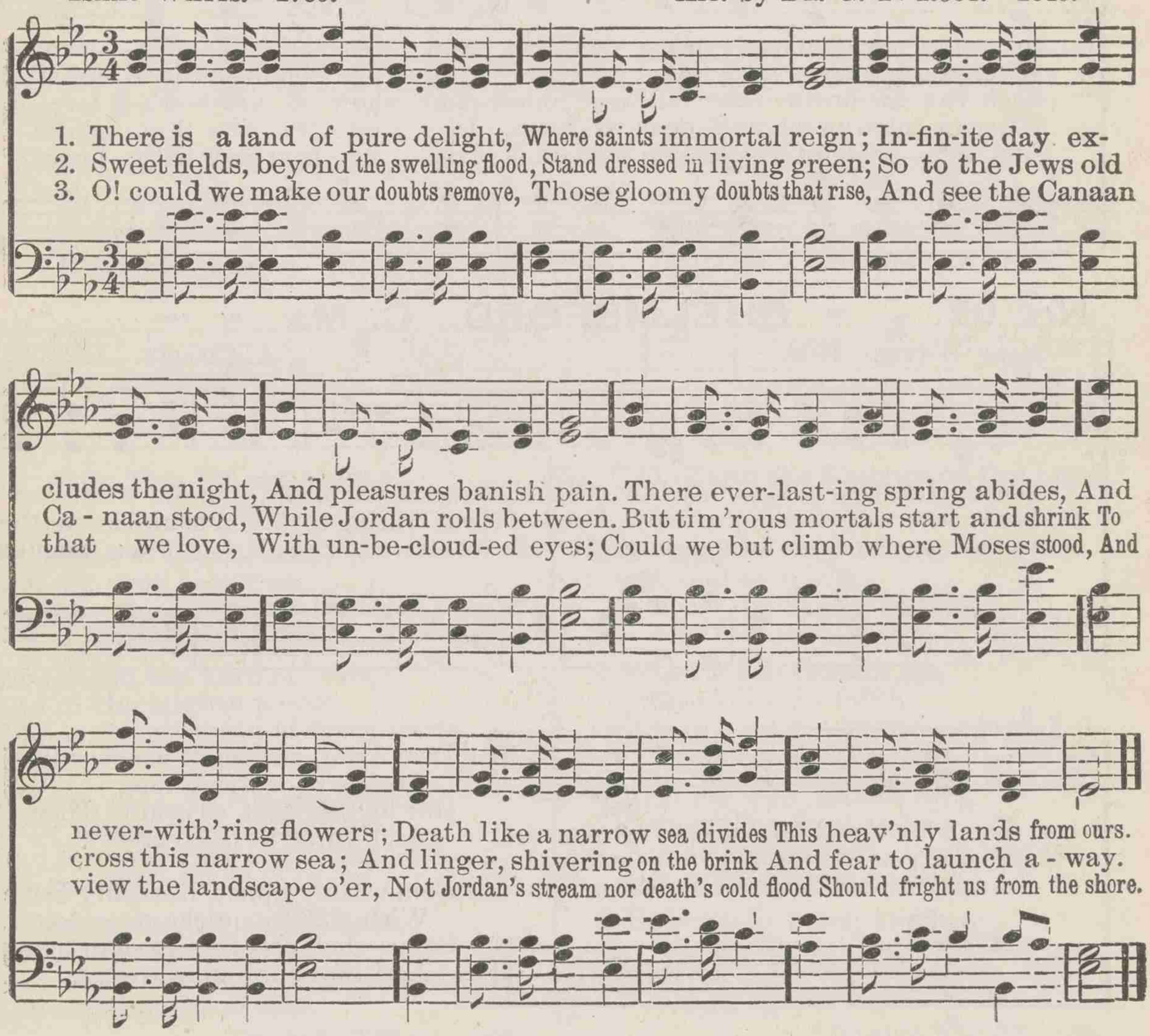


THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. Concluded.



No. 65. VARINA. C. M. D.

Isaac Watts. 1709. Arr. by Dr. G. F. Root. 1849.

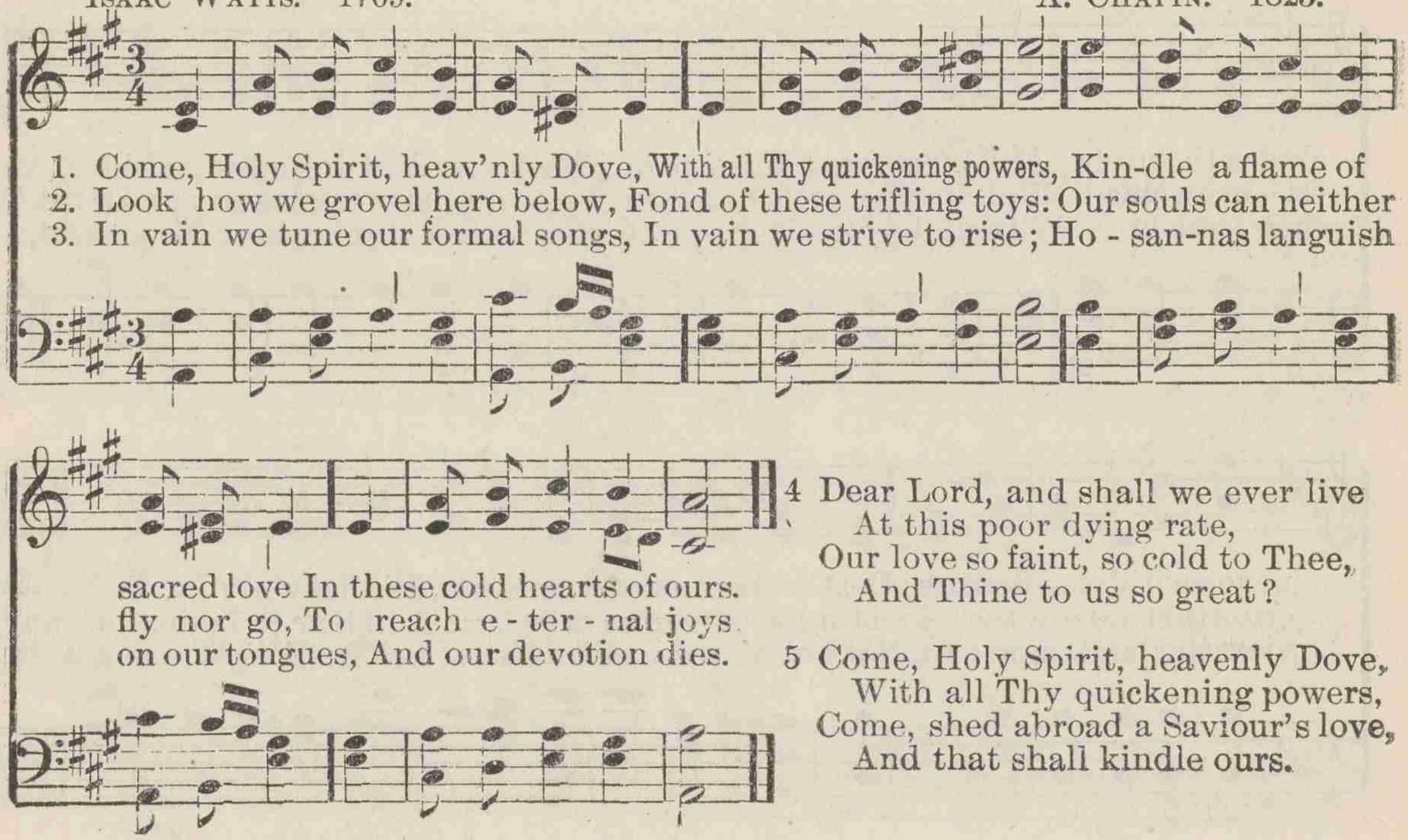


No. 66. MARLOW. C. M.

JOSEPH SWAIN. 1792. English Melody. Arr. by DR. L. MASON. 1832.

No. 67. CHELMSFORD. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. A. CHAPIN. 1823.

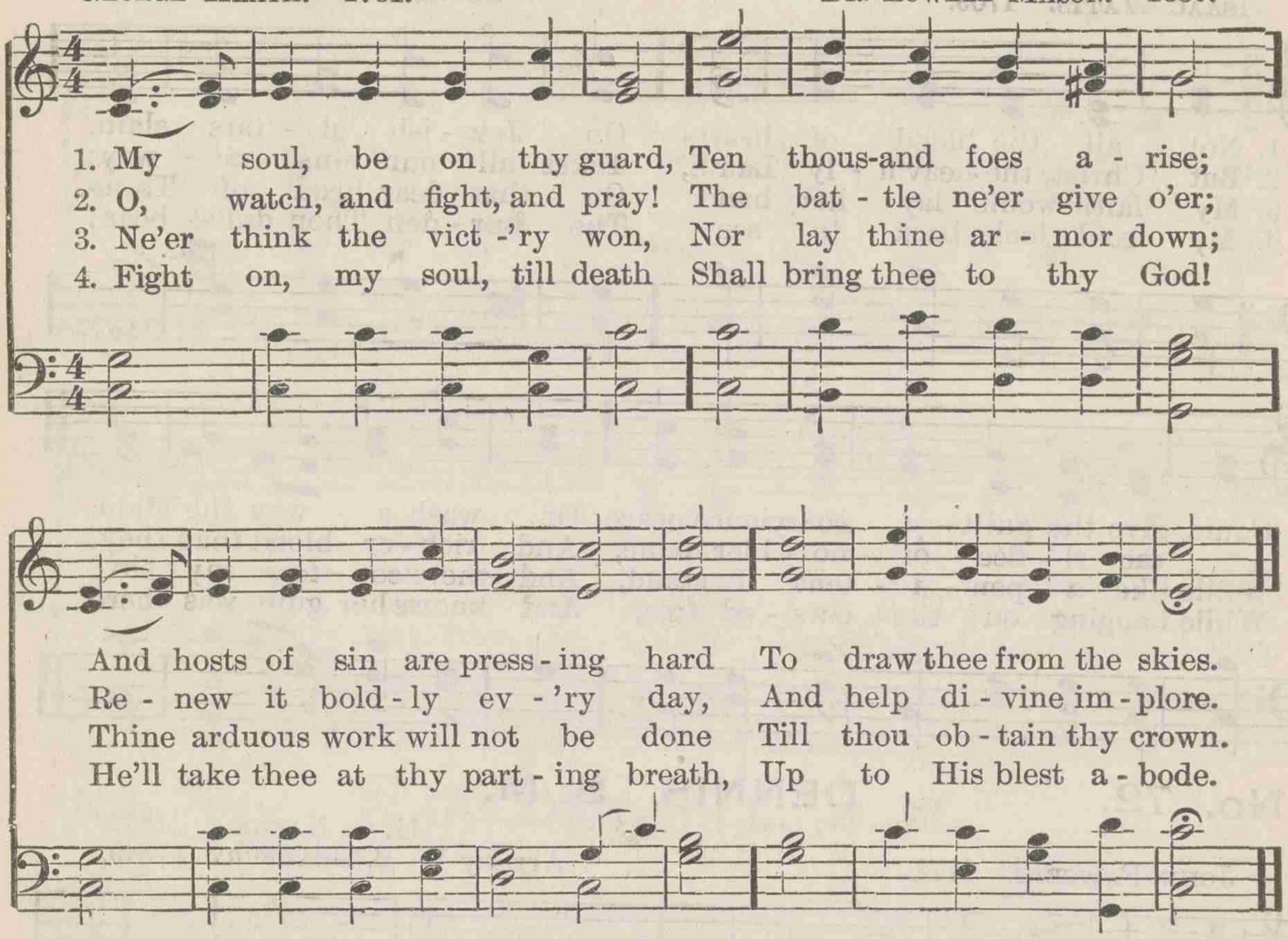


4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

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

No. 68. LABAN. S. M.

GEORGE HEATH. 1781. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1830.



No. 69. The Whole Armor.

S. M.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

No. 70. Keep the Charge of the Lord.

S. M.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

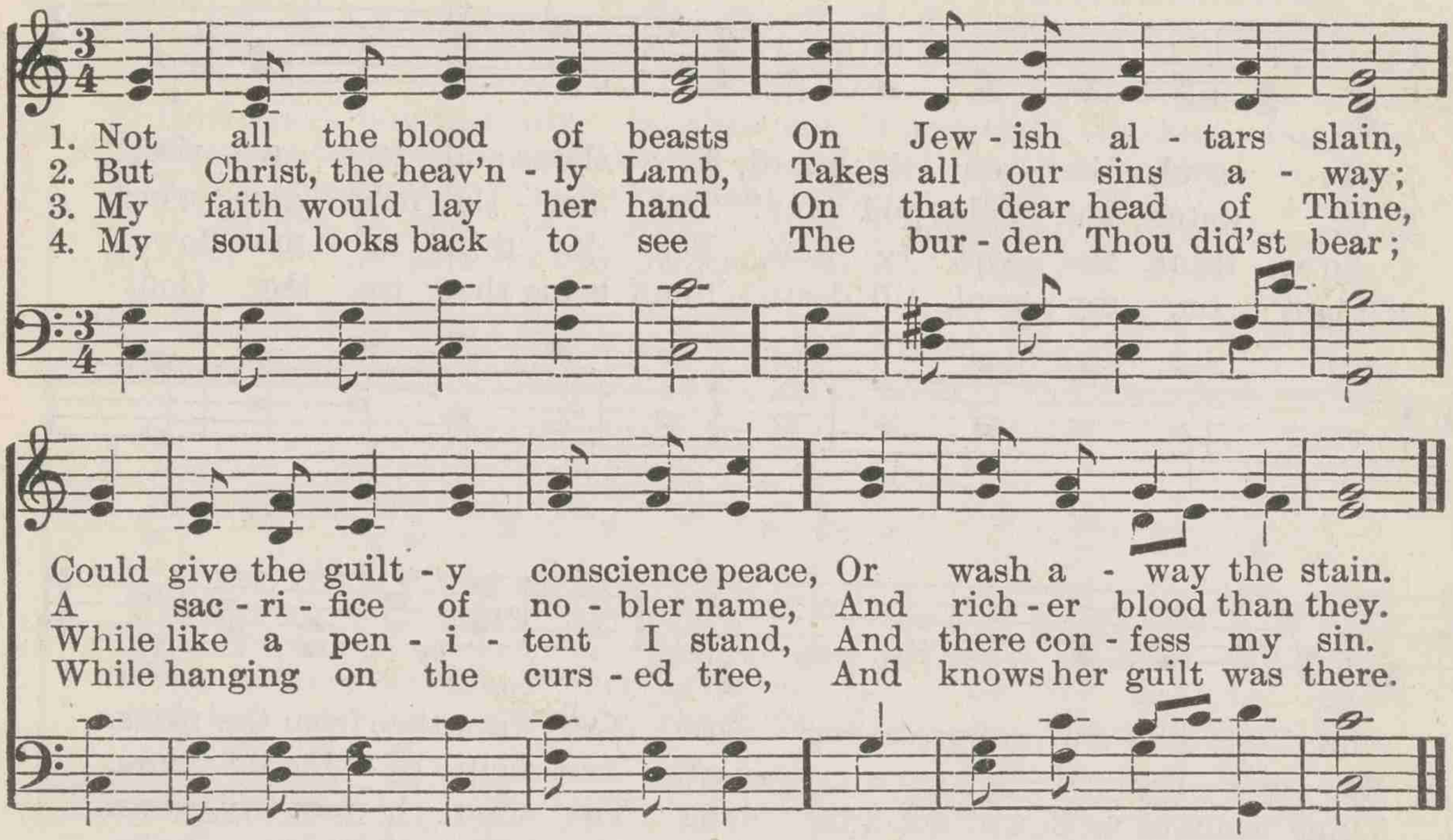
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1762.

No. 71. BOYLSTON. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.



No. 72. DENNIS. S. M.

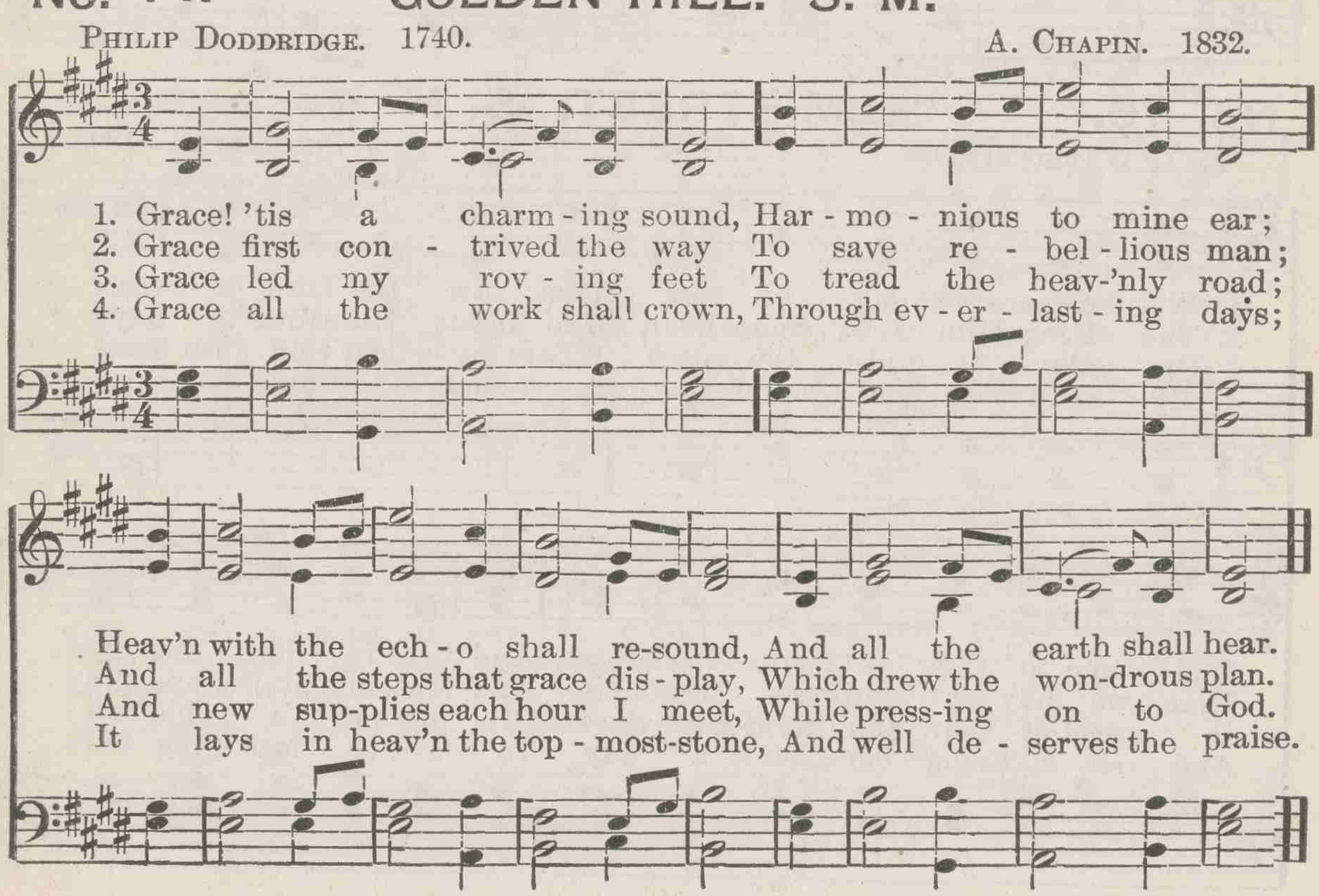
JOHN FAWCETT. 1772. H. G. NAEGELI .1832. Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY. 1849.

No. 73. LOTTIE. S. M.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787. WM. B. BRADBURY.

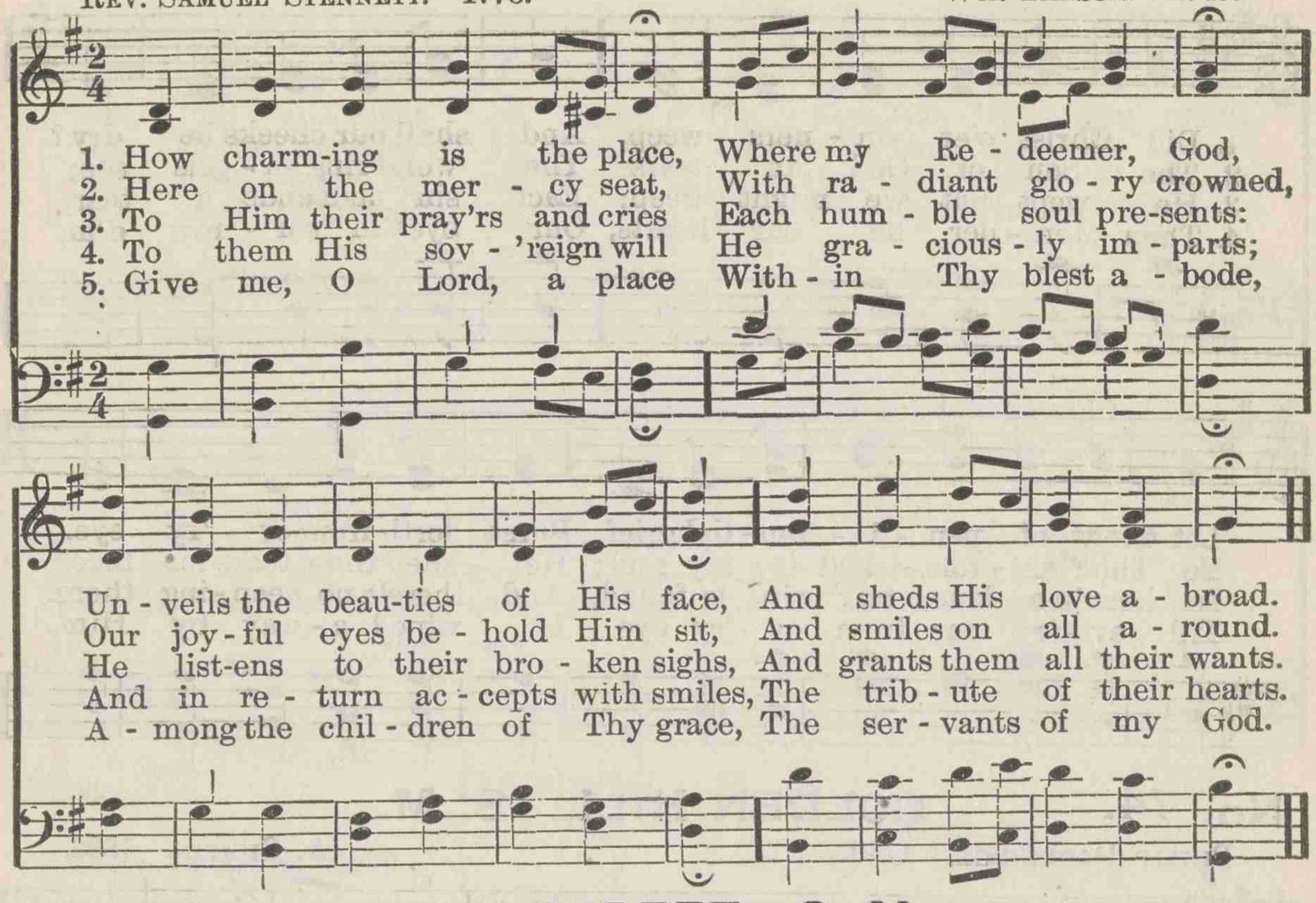
No. 74. GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740. A. CHAPIN. 1832.



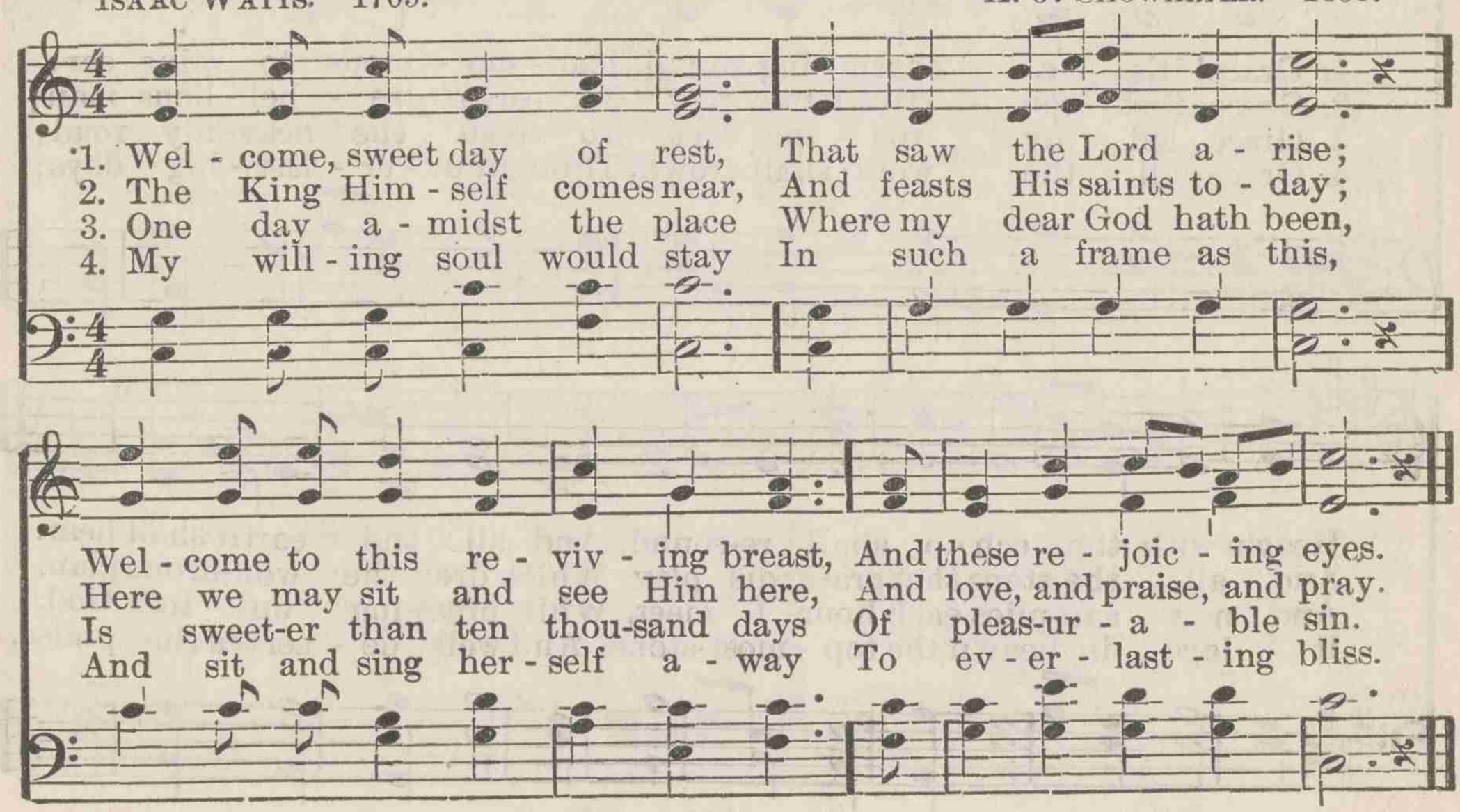
No. 75. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT. 1778. WM. TANSUR. 1743.



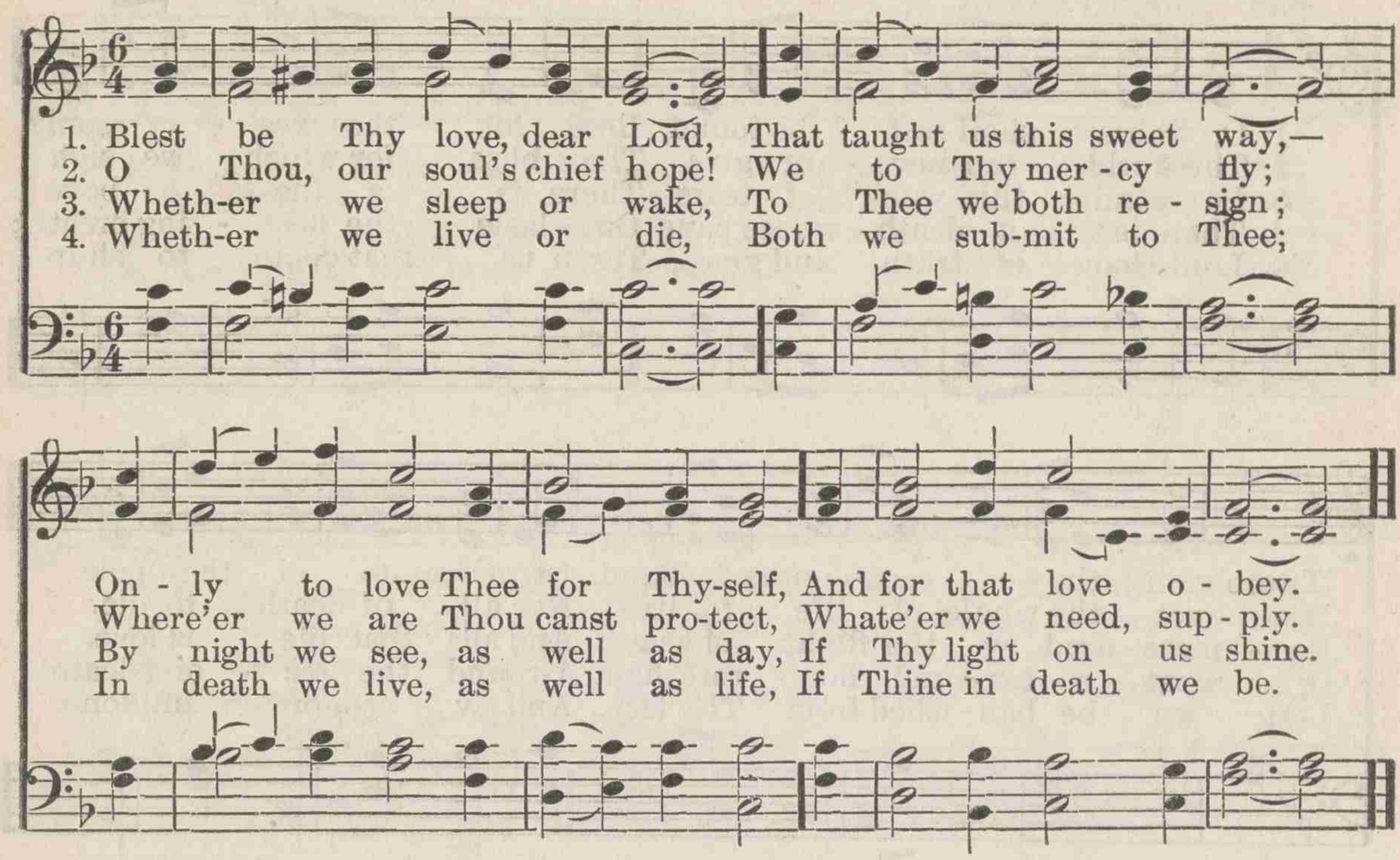
No. 76. ELM STREET. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.



No. 77. ELLINGTON. S. M.

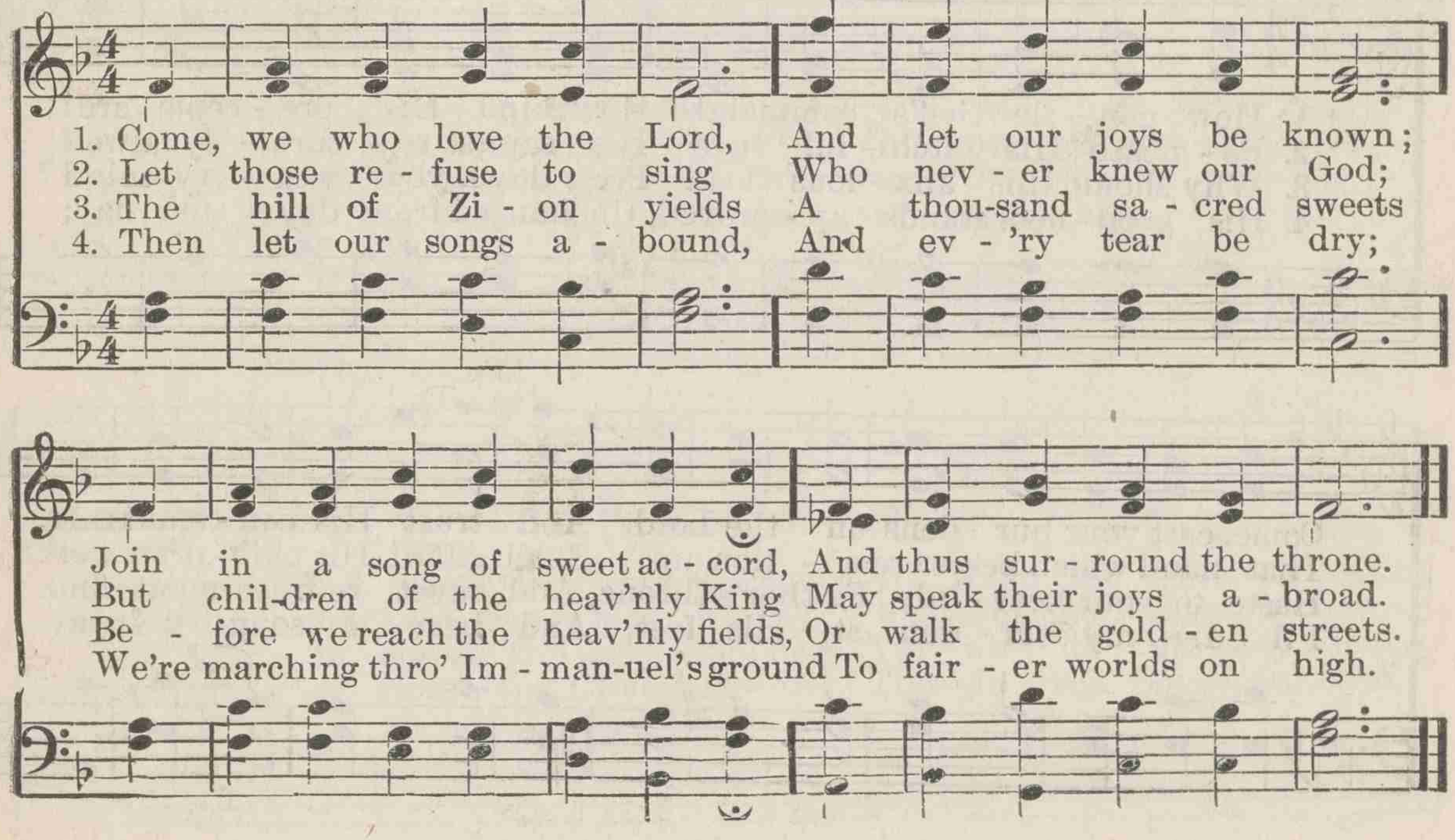
JOHN AUSTIN. 1868. J. H. TENNEY. 1890.



No. 78. PRAISE. S. M.

Melody by C. M. HATCH.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. Harmonized by A. J. S. 1892.



No. 79. KENTUCKY. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819, 1853. JEREMIAH INGALLS. 1805.

1. O, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove;
4. There is a death whose pang Out - lasts the fleet - ing breath;
5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun,

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Un - meas - ured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
O, what e - ter - nal hor - rors hang A-round the sec - ond death!
Lest we be ban - ished from Thy face, And ev - er-more un-done.

No. 80. GREENWOOD. S. M.

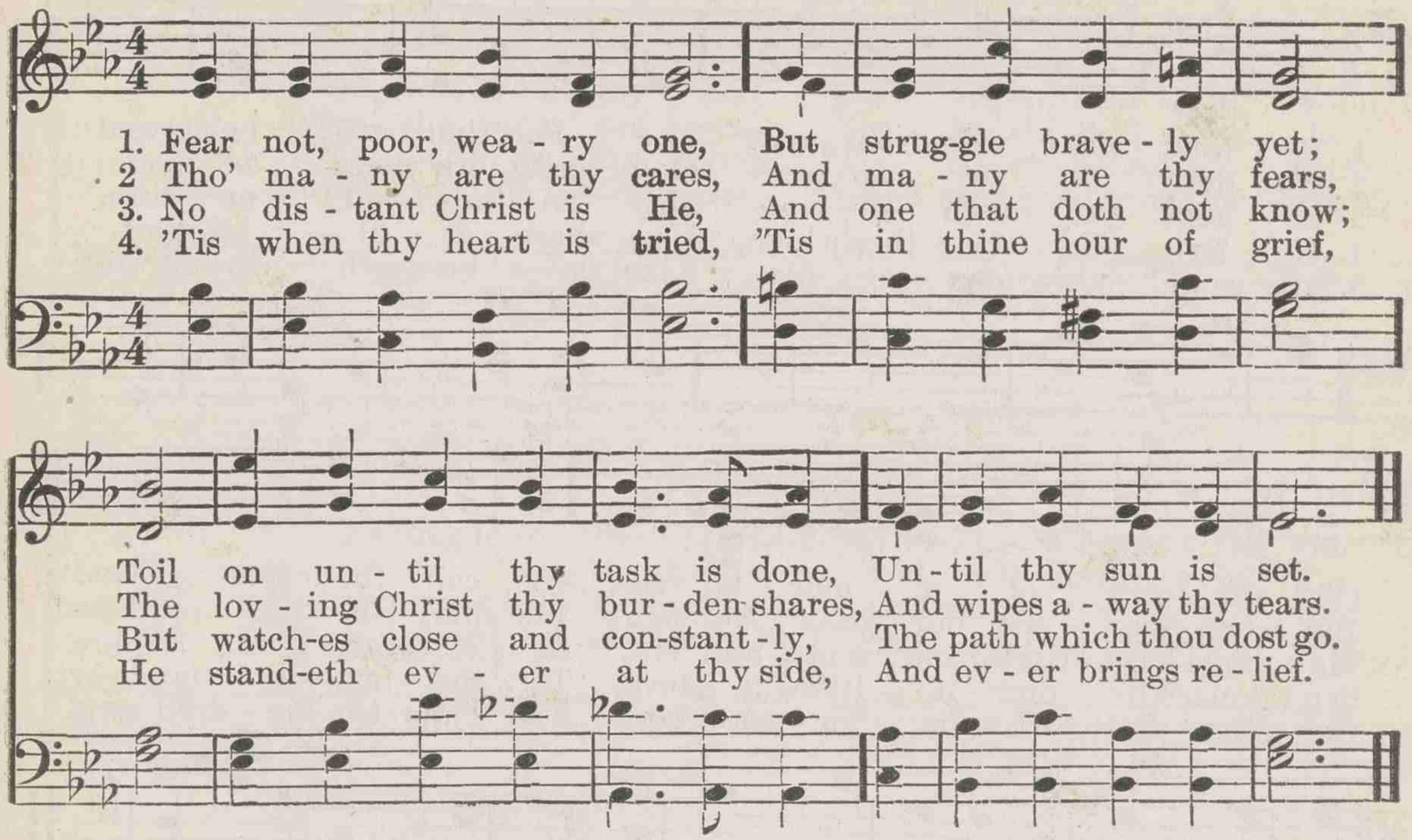
PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755. JOSEPH E. SWEETSER. 1849.

1. How gen - tle God's commands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Unchanged from day to day:

Come, cast your bur · dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That hand which bears cre-a - tion up Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav - 'nly Fa-ther's throne, And sweet re-fresh-ment find.
I'll drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

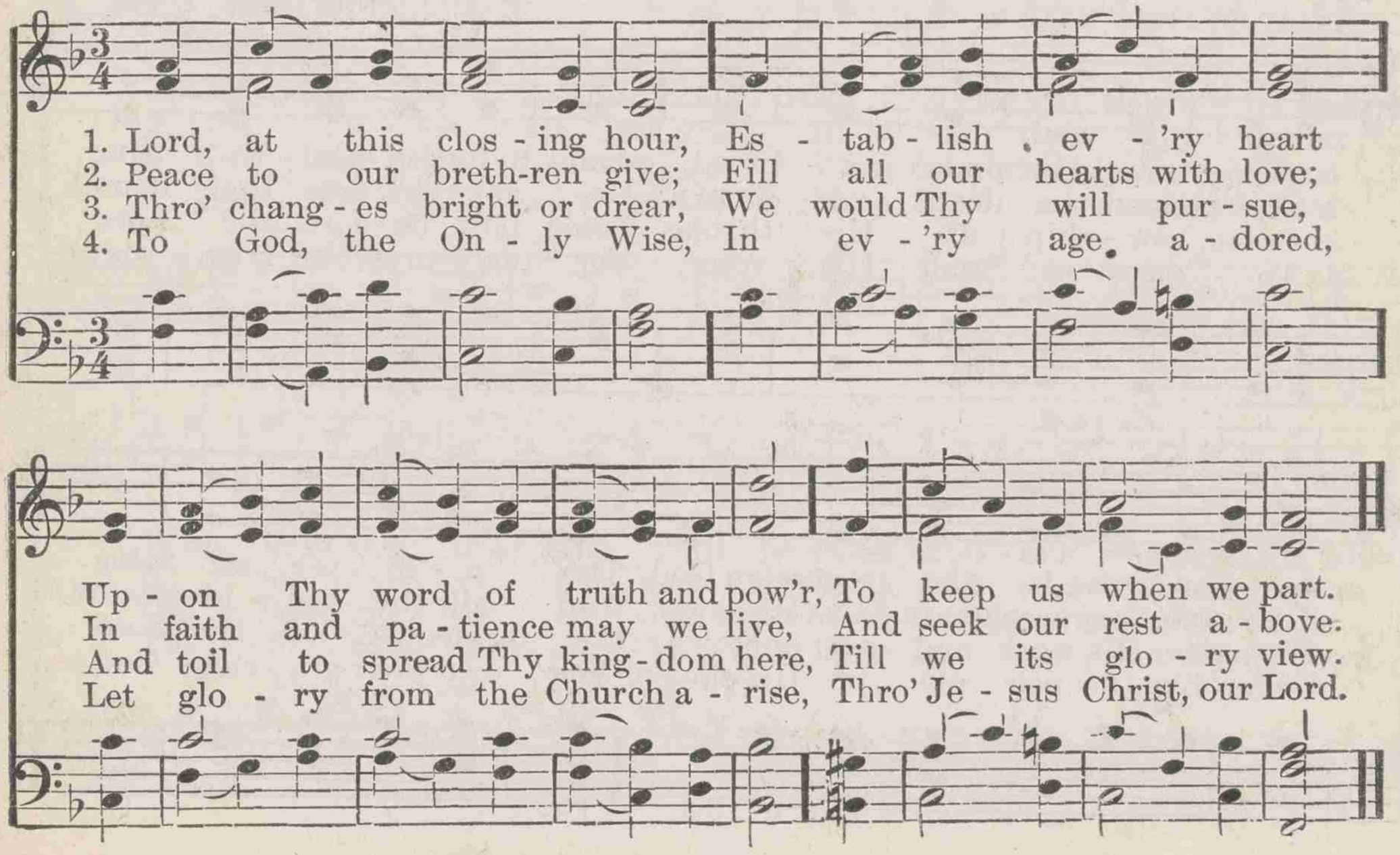
No. 81. MONSELL. S. M.

THOS. C. UPHAM. 1872. JOSEPH BARNBY. 1868.



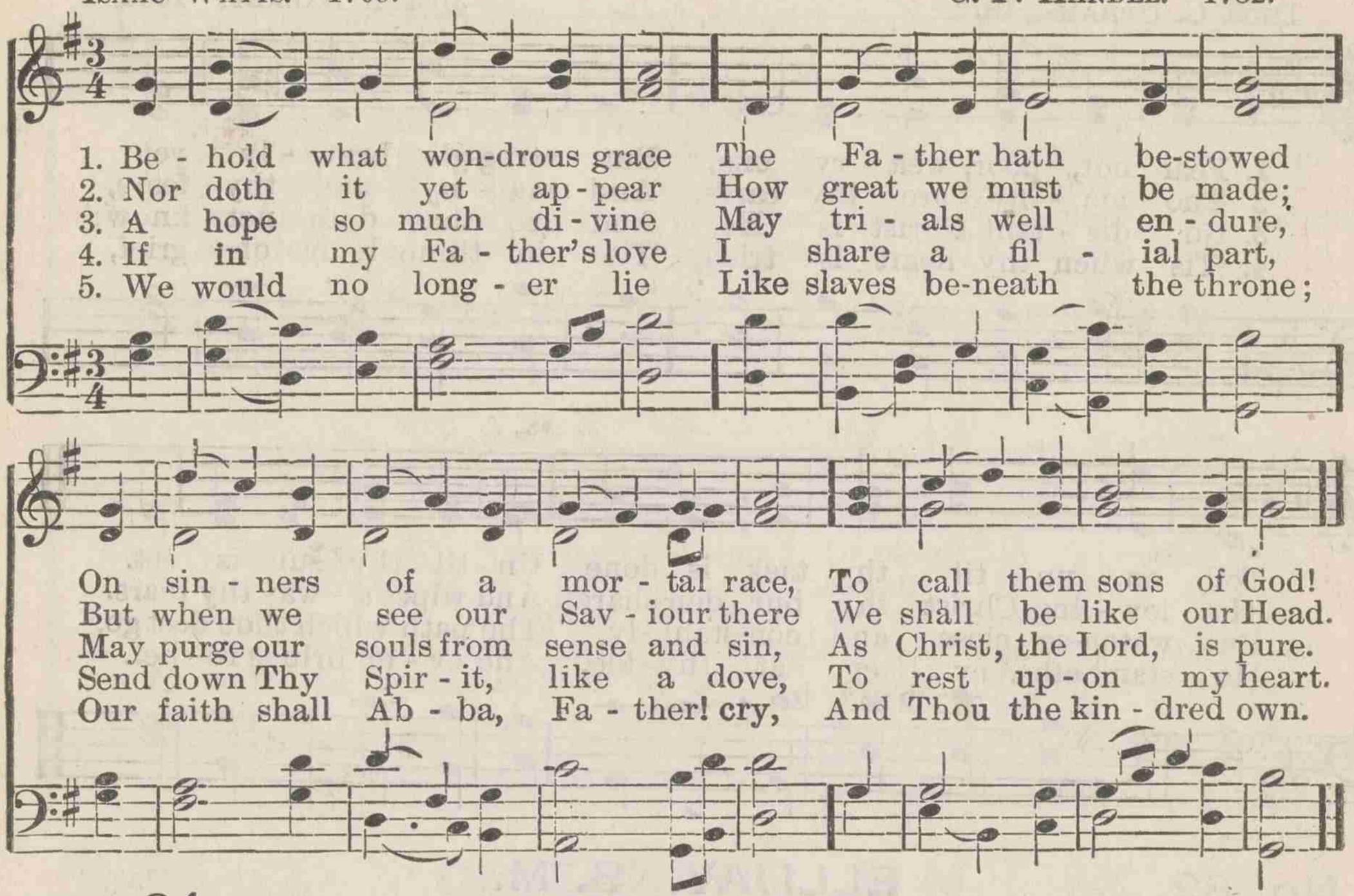
No. 82. ELLIJAY. S. M.

E. T. FITCH. T. B. MOSLEY. 1897.



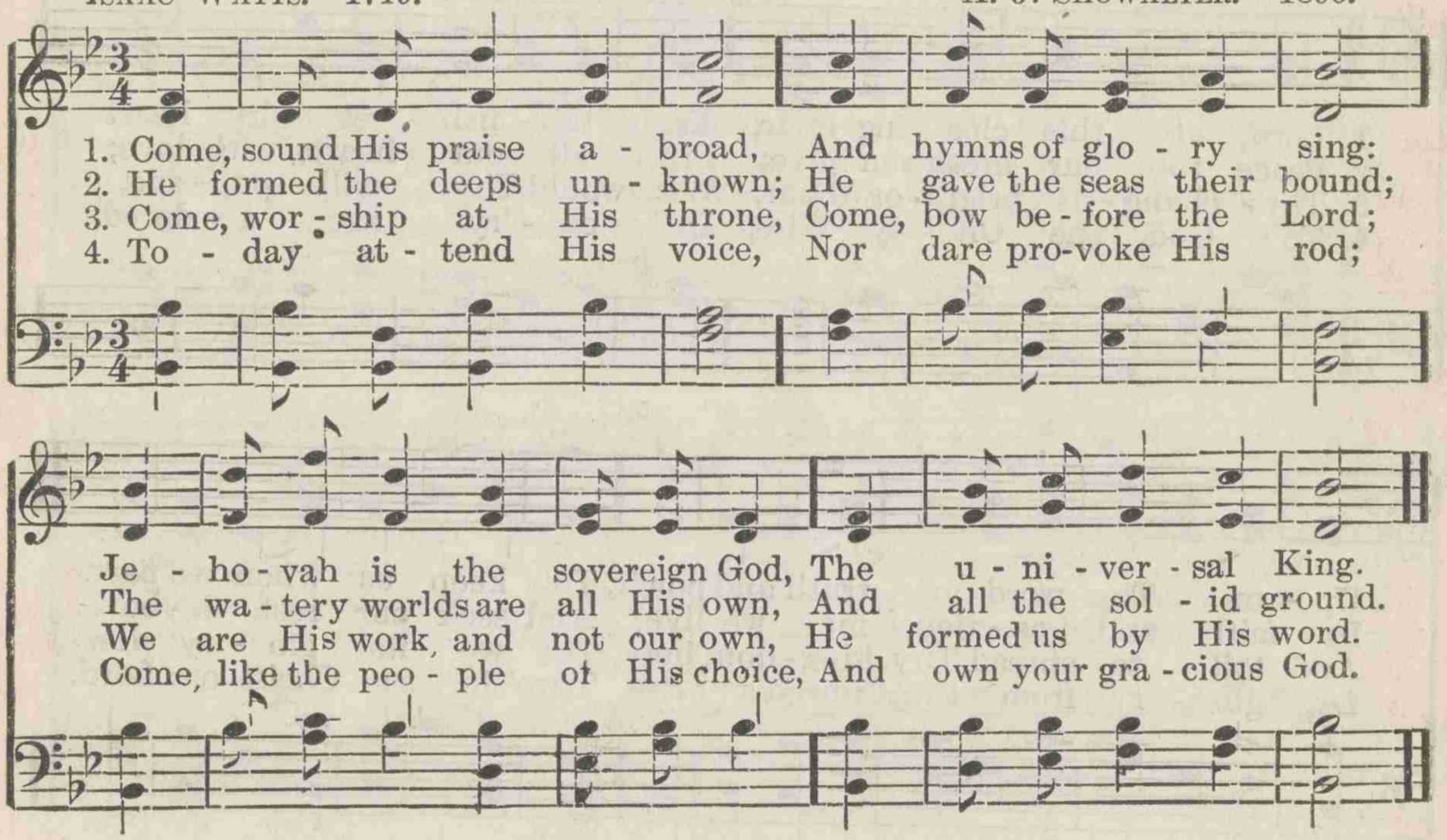
No. 83. THATCHER. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. G. F. HANDEL. 1732.



No. 84. HOFFMAN. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1896.



No. 85. STATE STREET. S. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. J. C. WOODMAN. 1844.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul; Let all with-in me join,
2. O bless the Lord, my soul; Nor let His mer-cies lie
3. 'Tis He for-gives thy sins; 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain;
4. He crowns thy life with love, When ransomed from the grave;

And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.
For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness, And with-out prais-es die.
'Tis He who heals thy sick-ness-es, And makes thee young a-gain.
He who redeemed my soul from hell Hath sovereign power to save.

No. 86. CONFIDENCE. S. M.

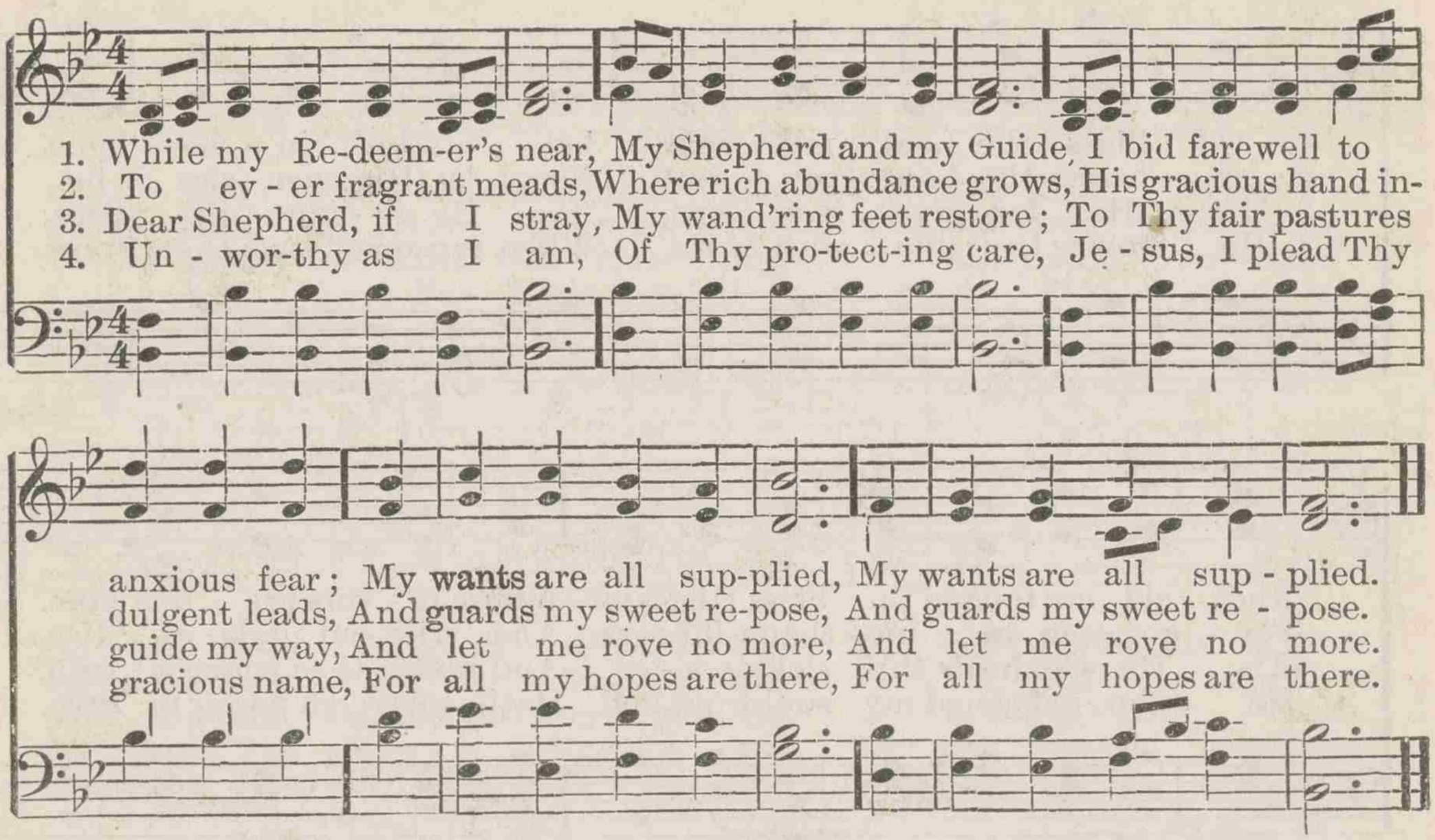
PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1888.

1. Our heav'n-ly Fa-ther calls, And Christ in-vites us near;
2. God pit-ies all our grief— He par-dons ev-'ry day;
3. How large His boun-ties are! What va-rious stores of good,
4. Here fix, my rov-ing heart! Here wait my warm-est love!

With both our friendship shall be sweet, And our commun-ion dear.
Al-might-y to pro-tect our souls, And wise to guide our way.
Dif-fused from our Re-deem-er's hand, And purchased with His blood.
Till the com-mun-ion be com-plete In no-bler scenes above.

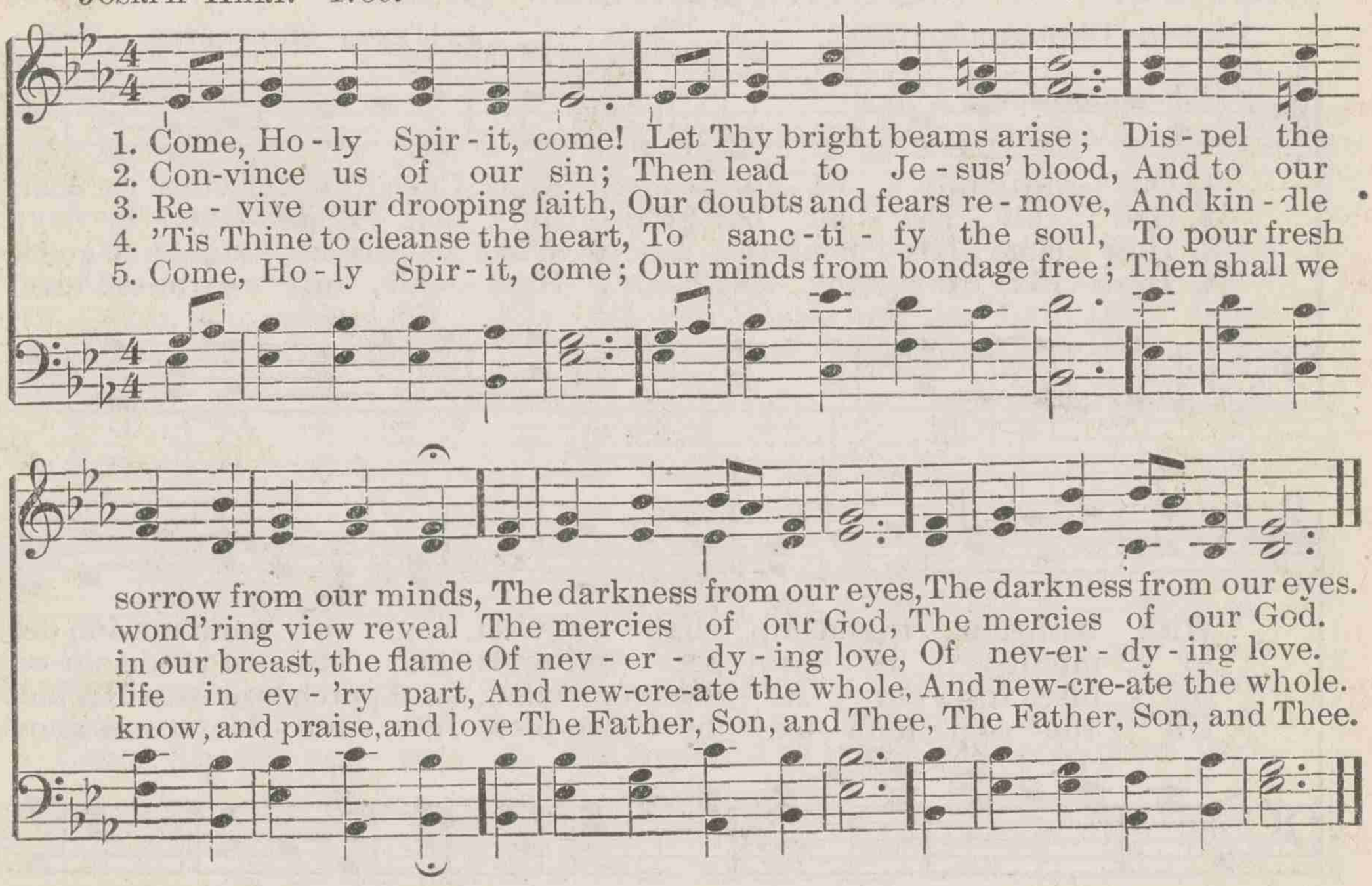
No. 87. ROWAN. S. M.

ANNE STEELE. 1760. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.



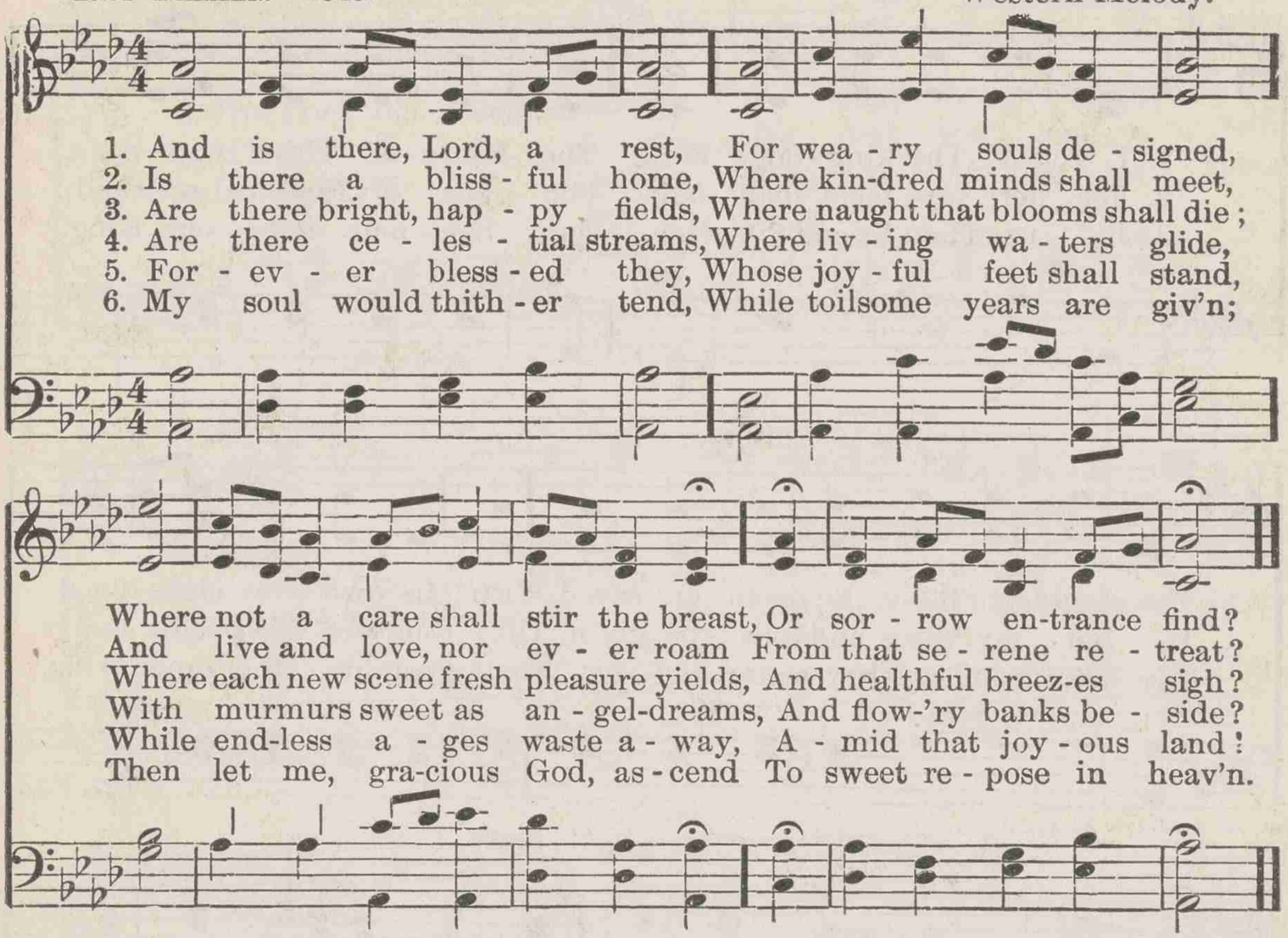
No. 88. DINSMORE. S. M.

JOSEPH HART. 1759. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.



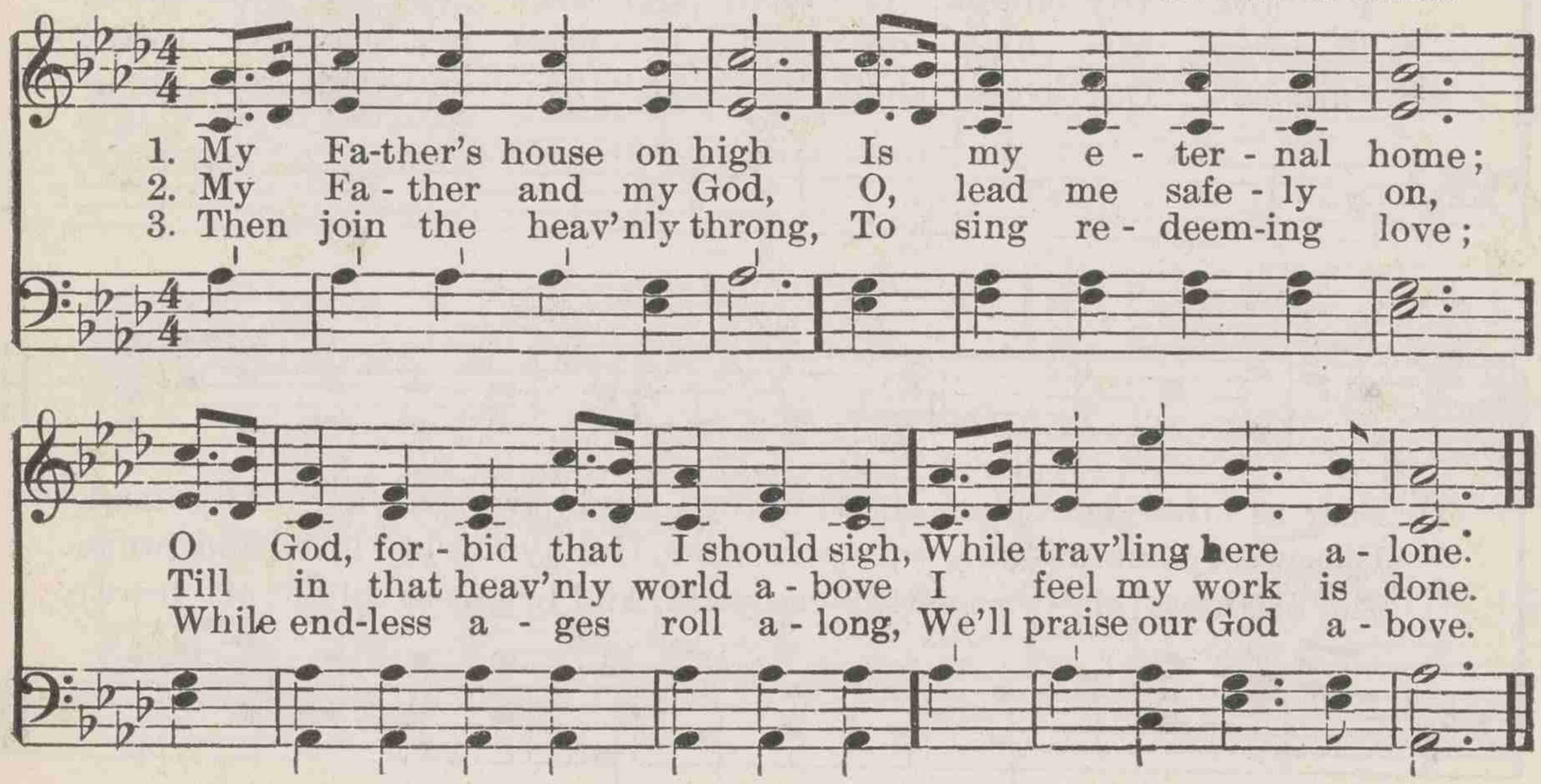
No. 89. VESPER. S. M.

RAY PALMER. 1843. Western Melody.



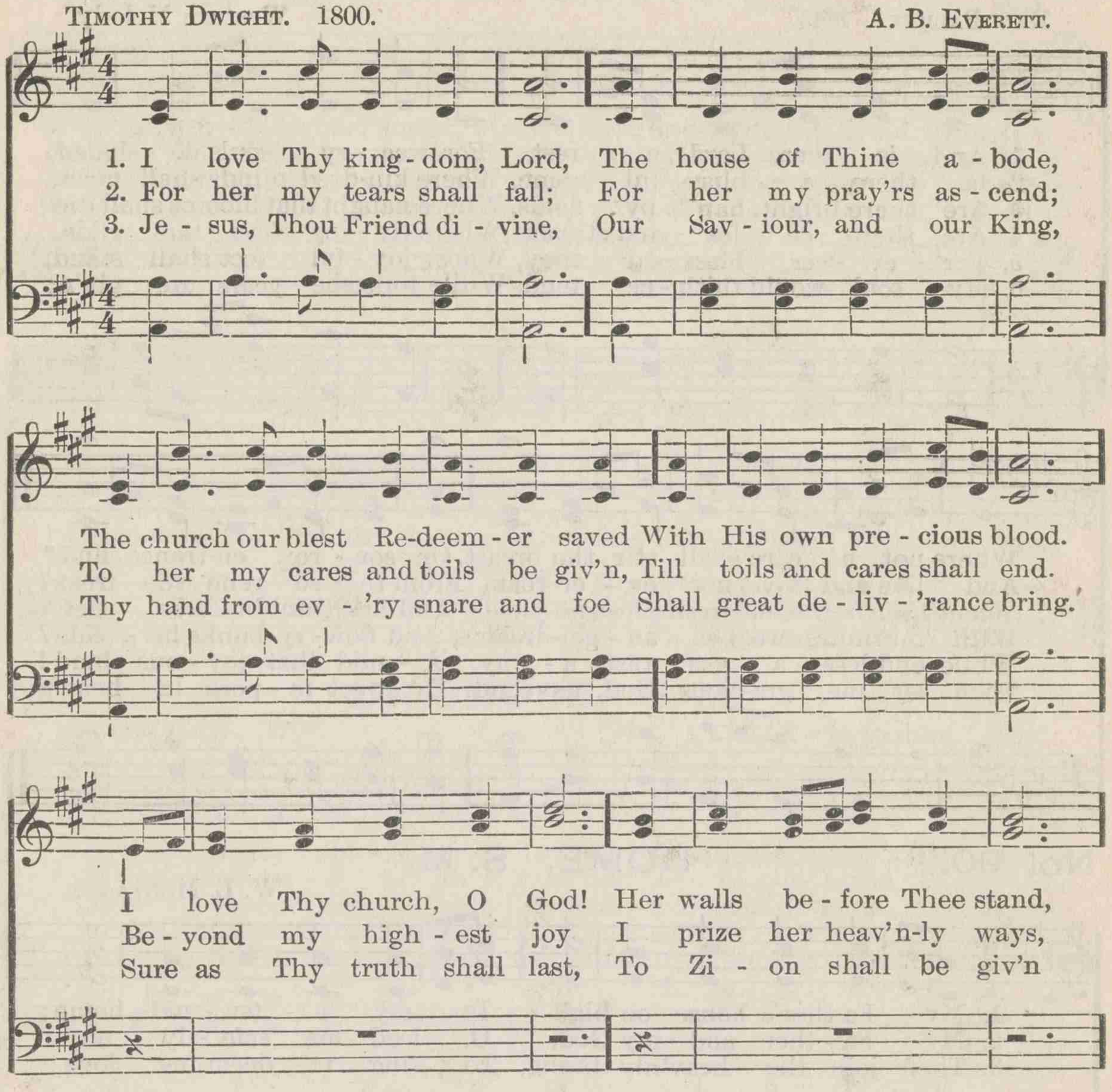
No. 90. HOME. S. M.

W. L. MONTAGUE.



No. 91. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1800. A. B. EVERETT.



No. 92. THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS. S. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1895.

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is; I shall be well sup - plied;
2. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim.
3. In sight of all my foes, Thou dost my ta - ble spread;

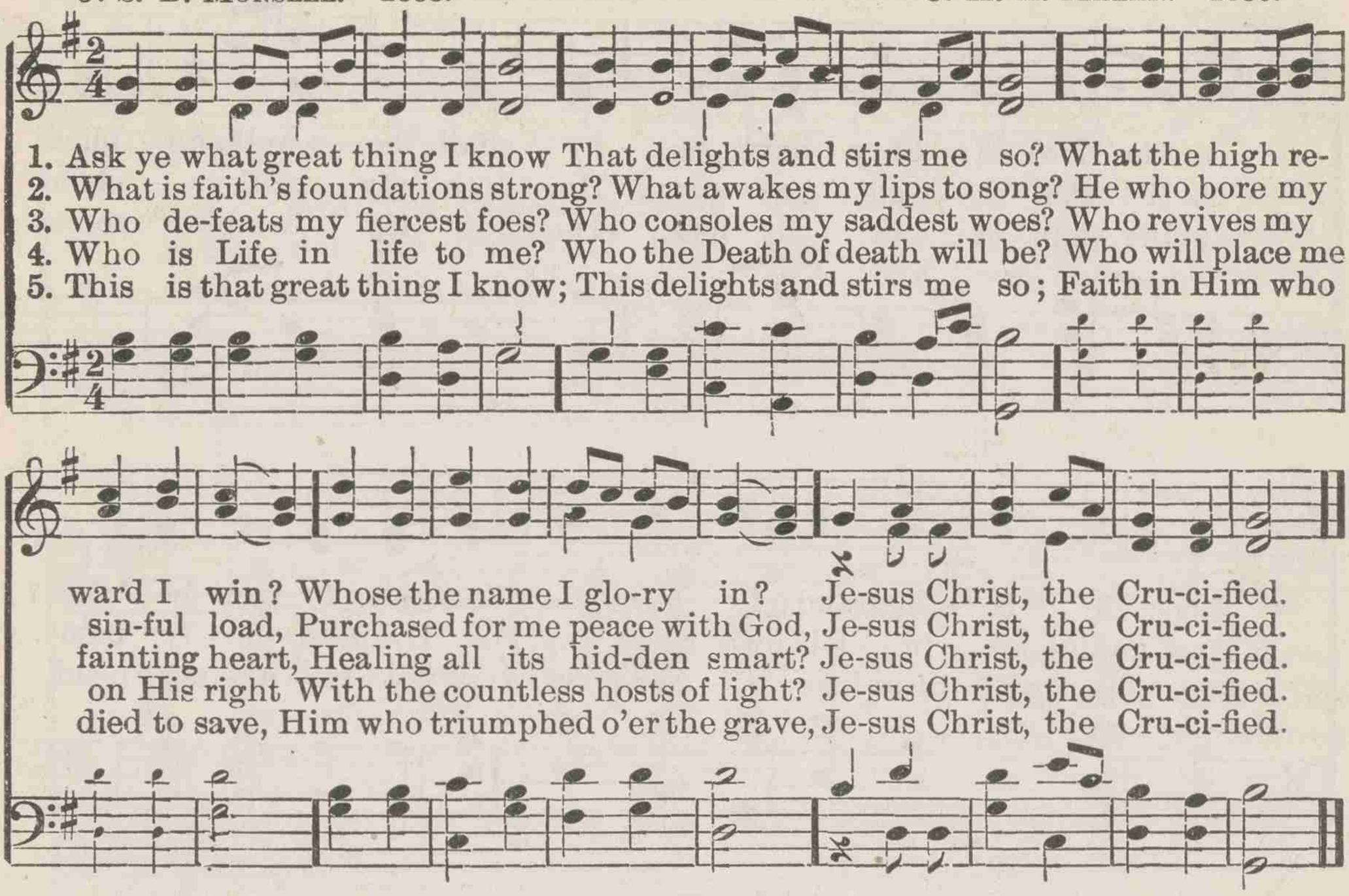
Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be - side?
And guides me in His own right way, For His most ho - ly name.
My cup with bless-ings o - ver-flows, And joy ex - alts my head.

He leads me to the place Where heav'nly pas - ture grows,
While He af - fords His aid, I can - not yield to fear;
The boun-ties of Thy love Shall crown my fut - ure days;

Where liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade, My Shepherd's with me there.
Nor from Thy house will I re-move, Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

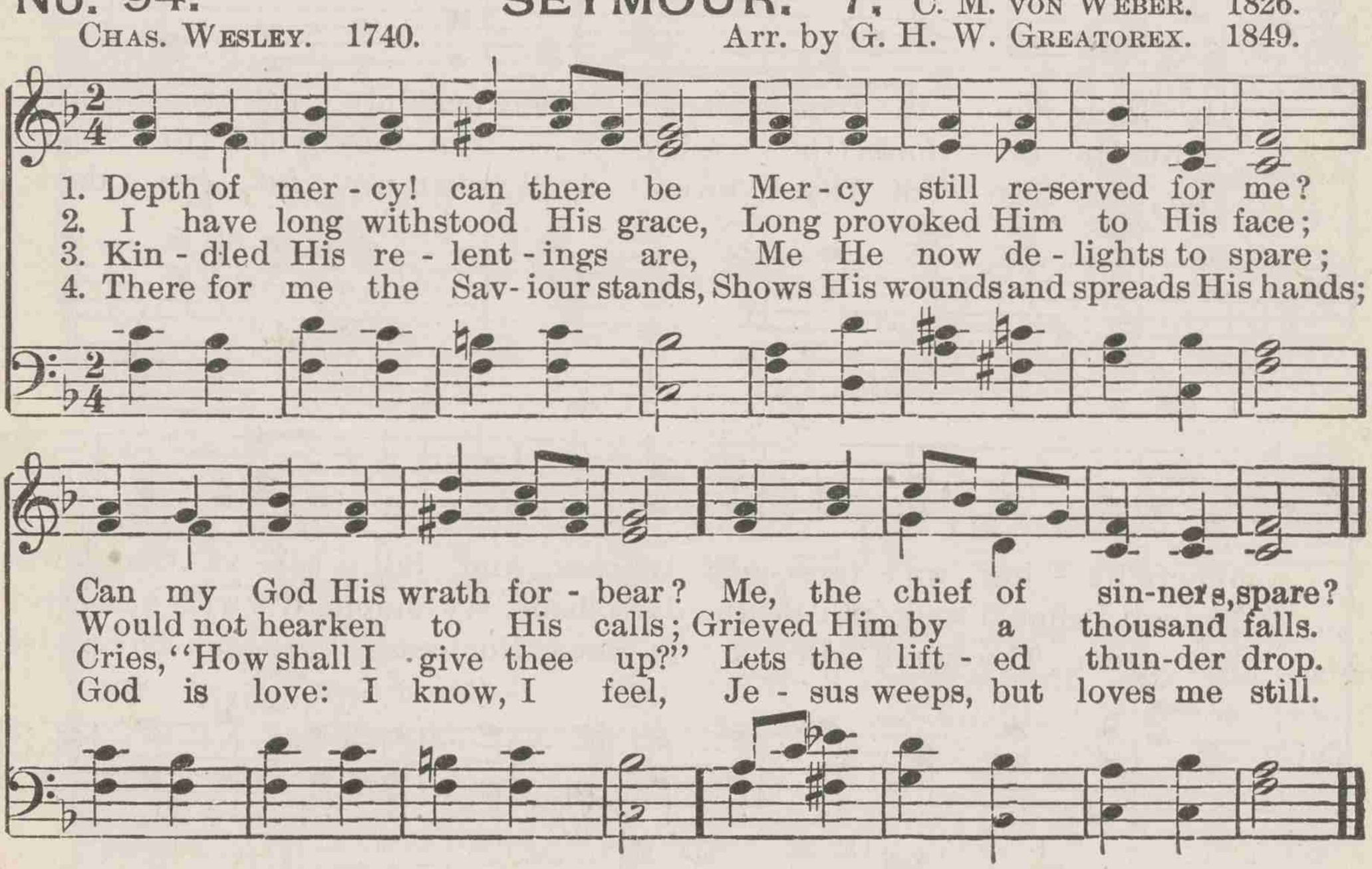
No. 93. HENDON. 7.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1863. C. H. A. Malan. 1830.



No. 94. SEYMOUR. 7.

Chas. Wesley. 1740. C. M. von Weber. 1826. Arr. by G. H. W. Greatorex. 1849.



No. 95. HORTON. 7.

JOHN STOCKER. 1776. XAVIER S. VON WARTENSEE. 1826.

1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Love Di-vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine;
2. Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me, Set the burdened sin - ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im-part, Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way;

All my guilt - y fears re-move; Fill me with Thy heav'nly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in His pre-cious blood.
Breathe Thy-self in - to my breast,—Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.

No. 96. SOLITUDE. 7.

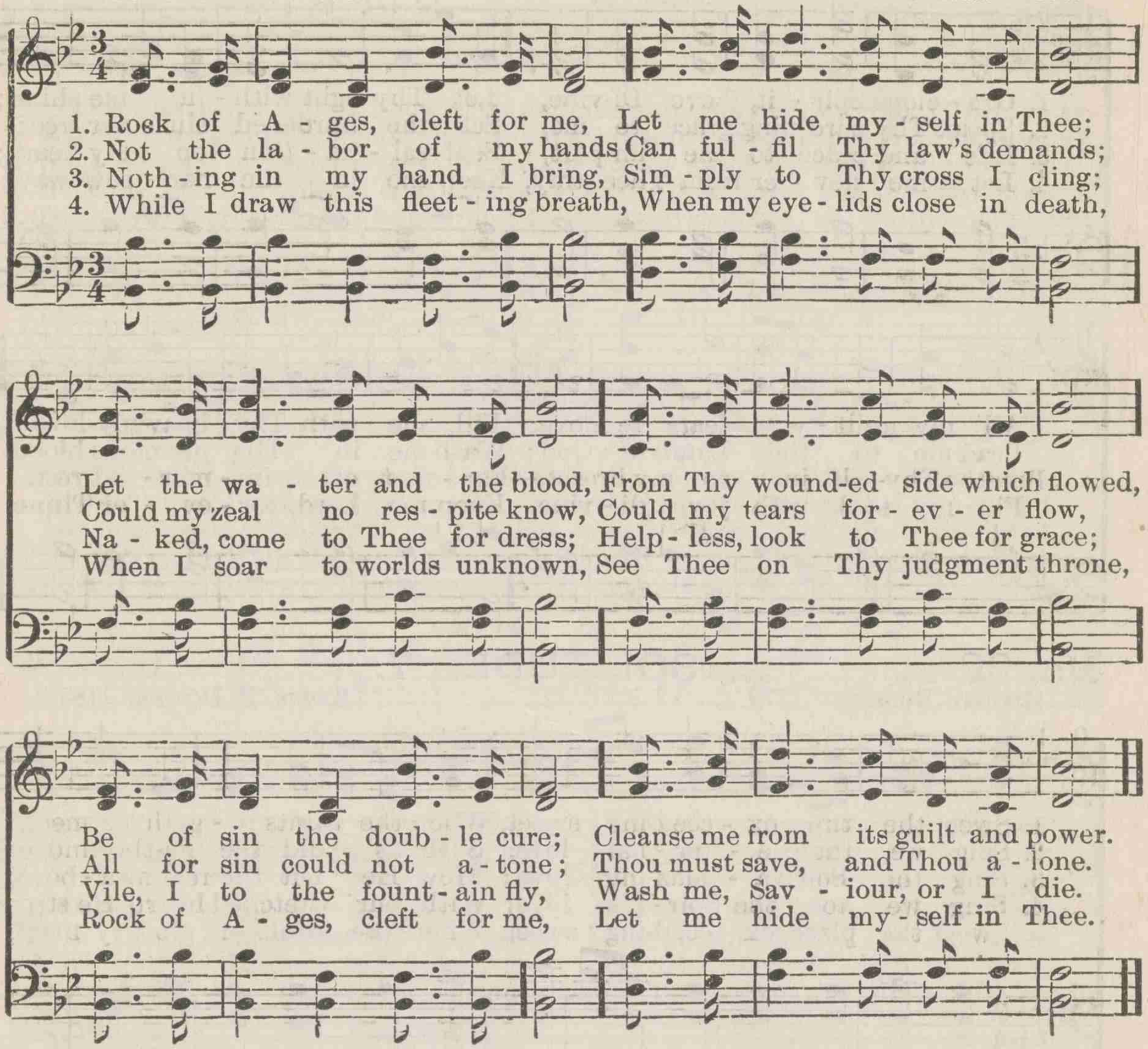
GEOBGE BURDER. 1779. LEWIS T. DOWNS. 1851.

1. Sweet the time, ex - ceed-ing sweet, When the saints to - geth -er meet,
2. Sing we, then, e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa-ther move:
3. Sing the Son's a - maz-ing love: How He left the realms a - bove,
4. Sing we, too, the Spir - it's love: With our wretched hearts He strove,
5. Sweet the place, ex - ceed-ing sweet, Where the saints in glo - ry meet;

When the Sav-iour is the theme, When they join to sing of Him.
He be - held the world un - done, Loved the world, and gave His Son.
Took our na-ture and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
Took the things of Christ, and showed How to reach His blest a - bode.
Where the Saviour's still the theme, Where they see, and sing of Him.

No. 97. TOPLADY. 7. 61.

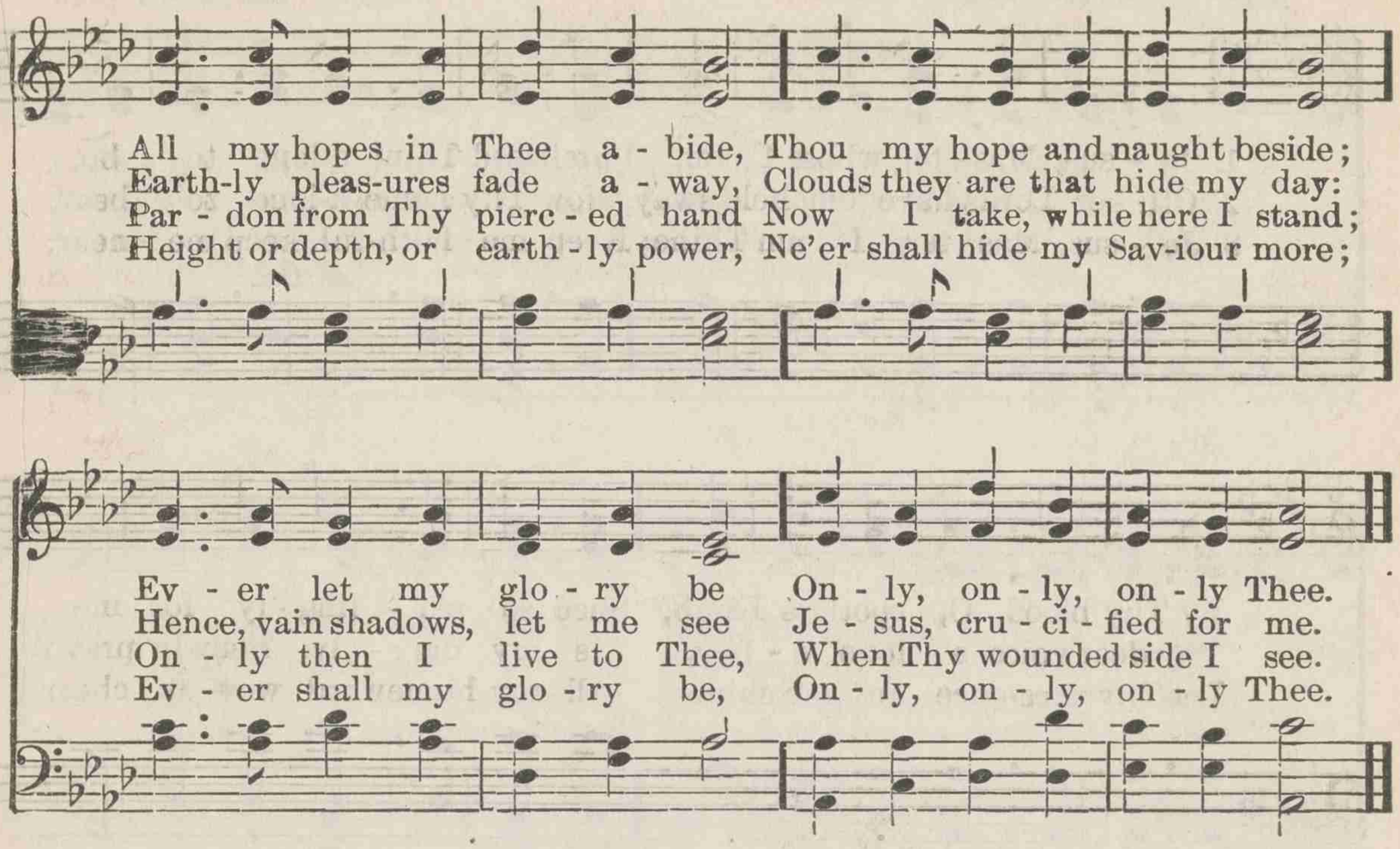
A. M. Toplady. 1776. Dr. Thos. Hastings. 1830.



No. 98. SPANISH HYMN. 7. 6l.

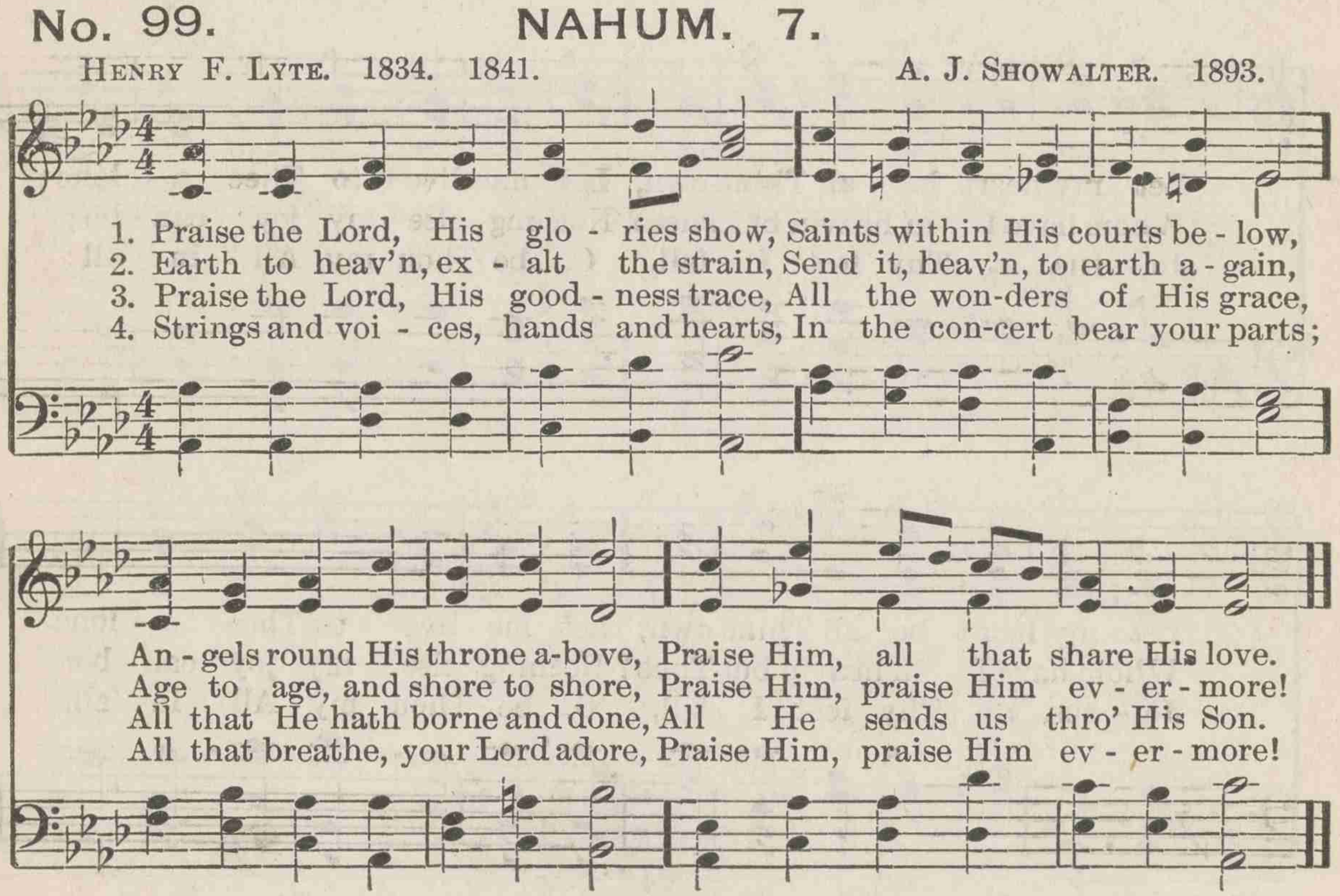
George Duffield. 1859. Spanish Melody.

SPANISH HYMN. Concluded.



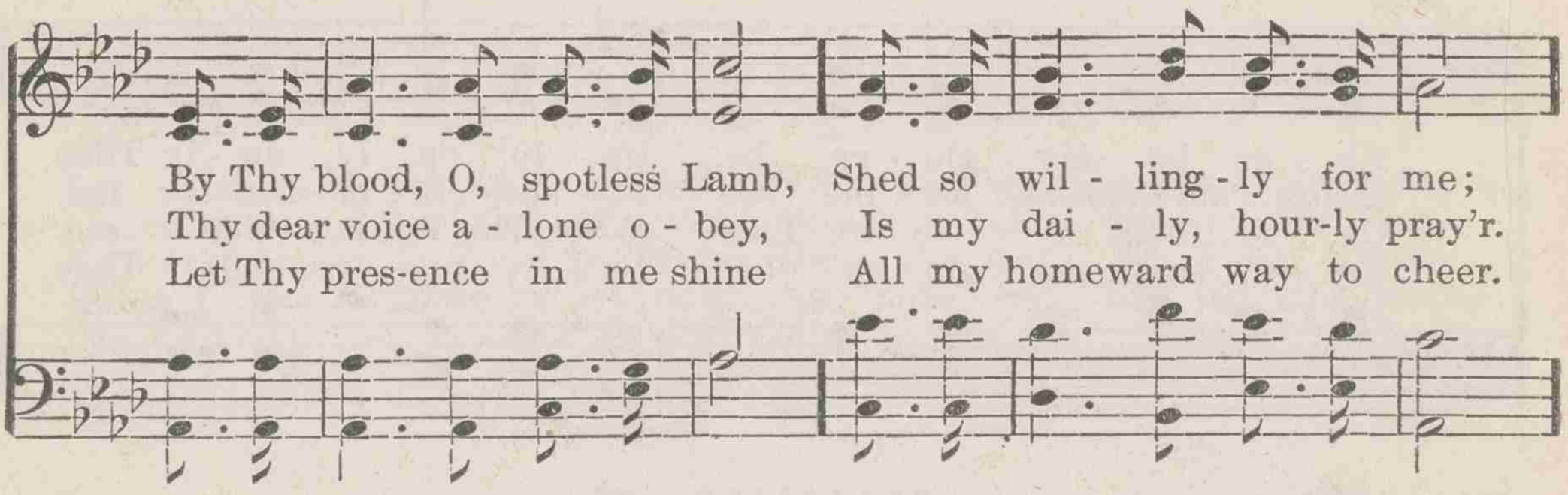
No. 99. NAHUM. 7.

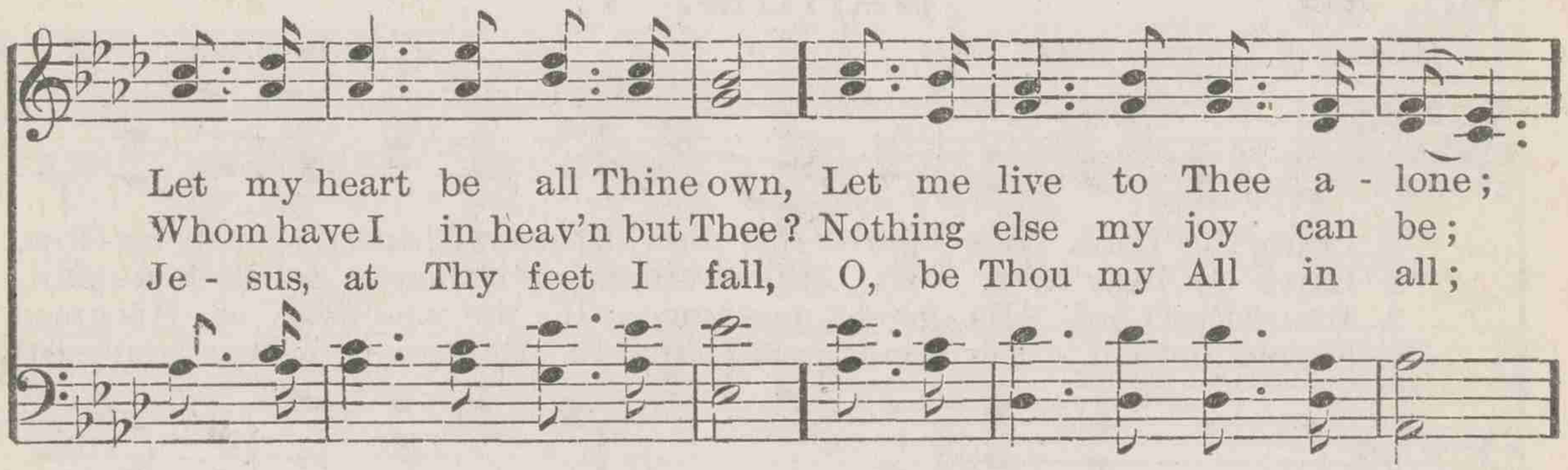
HENRY F. LYTE. 1834. 1841. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1893.

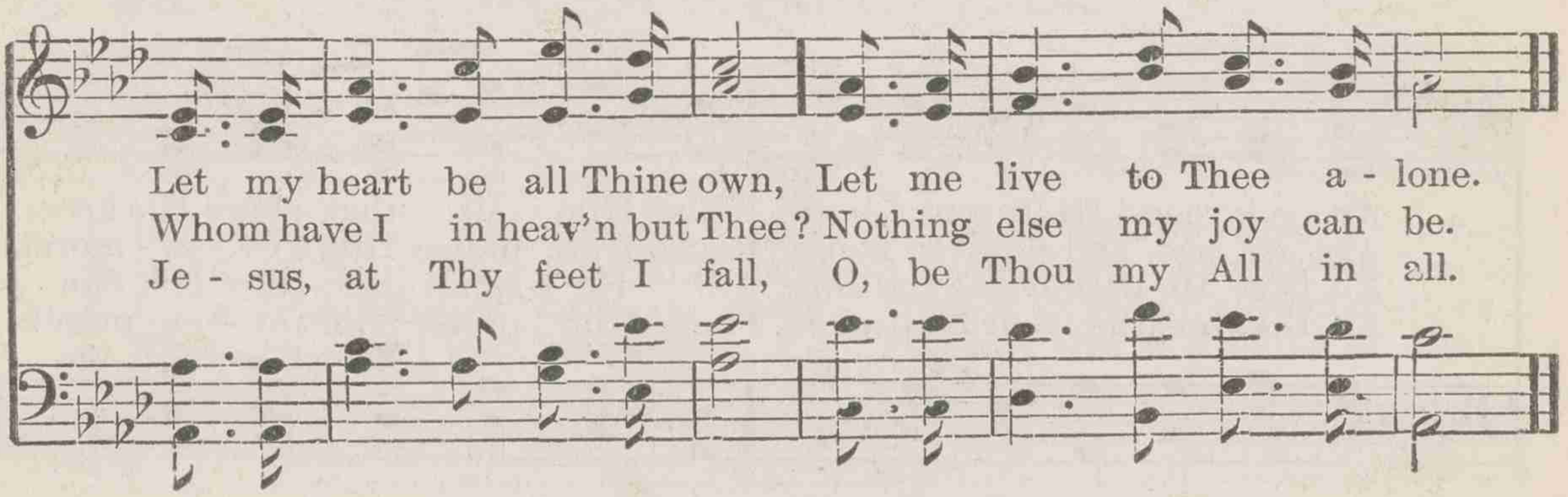


No. 100. WHOSE I AM. 7. D.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1872. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1879, 1899.







No. 101. MARTYN. 7. D.

CHAS. WESLEY. 1740. S. B. MARSH. 1834.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som 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;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par-don all my sin:

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, ah! 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.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un-right-eous - ness;
Thou of Life the foun-tain art; Free-ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shadow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 102. SABBATH. 7. D.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1824.

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

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

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

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

No. 103. GUIDE. 7. D.

M. W. W. 1858. MARCUS W. WELLS. 1858.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,

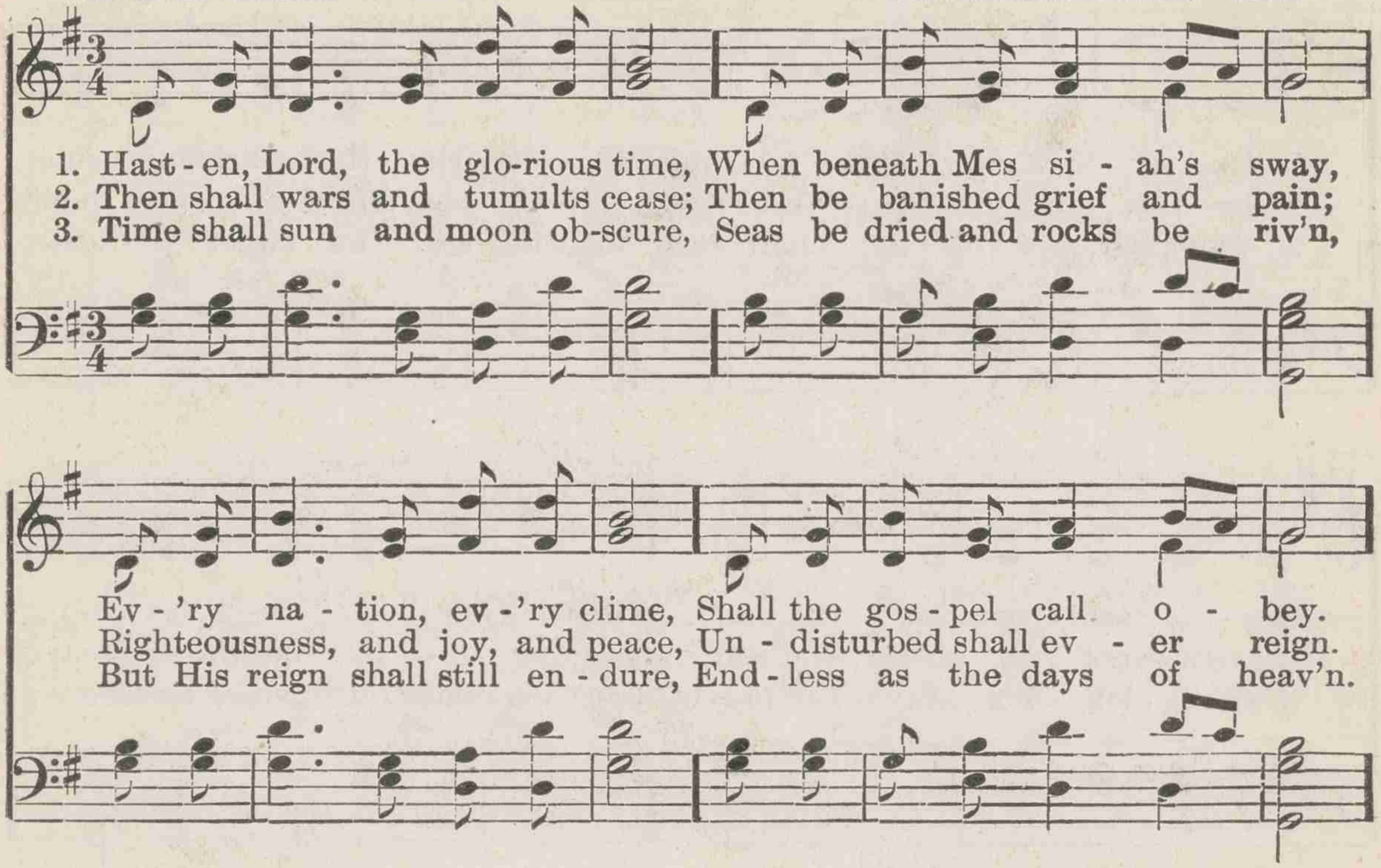
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear.
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trust-ing that our names are there;

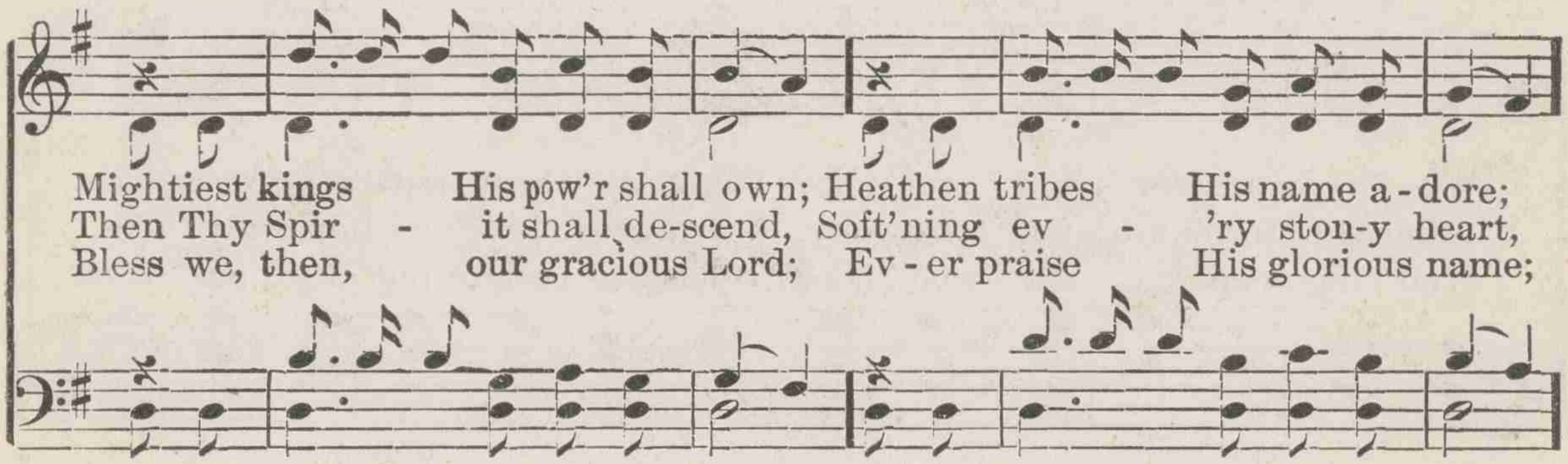
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Pleading naught but Je - sus' blood,

Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

No. 104. ELTHAM. 7. D.

HARRIET AUBER. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1840.





No. 105. MESSIAH. 7. D.

RALPH WARDLAW. 1817. L. J. F. HEROLD. 1830. Arr. by GEORGE KINGSLEY. 1838.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy,
2. When I touch the bless - ed shore, Back the clos - ing waves shall roll;
3. Gain, to part from all my grief, Gain to bid my sins fare - well;

Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs em-ploy.
Death's dark stream shall nev-er - more Part from Thee my rav-ished soul.
Gain, of all my gains the chief, Ev - er with the Lord to dwell:

Fount-ain of o'er-flow - ing grace, Free - ly from Thy full - ness give;
Thus, O thus, an en - trance give To the land of cloud-less sky;
This Thy peo - ple's por - tion, Lord, Peace on earth, and bliss on high;

Till I close my earth - ly race, May I prove it, "Christ to live."
Hav - ing known it, "Christ to live," Let me know it, "Gain to die."
This their ev - er sure re-ward, "Christ to live, and gain to die."

No. 106. TALMAR, 8. 7.

DR. H. BONAR. 1857. I. B. WOODBURY. 1850.

1. Yes, for me, for me He car - eth With a broth-er's ten - der care;
2. Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watch-eth, Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
3. Yes, for me, He stand-eth plead - ing At the mer - cy - seat a - bove;
4. Yes, in me, in me He dwell - eth; I in Him, and He in me!
5. Thus I wait for His re - turn - ing, Sing - ing all the way to heav'n;

Yes, with me, with me He shar - eth Ev - 'ry bur-den, ev - 'ry fear.
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth From the per-ils of the way.
Ev - er for me in - ter - ced - ing, Constant in un - tir - ing love.
And my emp - ty soul He fill - eth, Here and through e-ter - ni - ty.
Such the joy - ful song of morn-ing, Such the tran-quil song of ev'n.

No. 107. ELLIOTT. 8, 7.

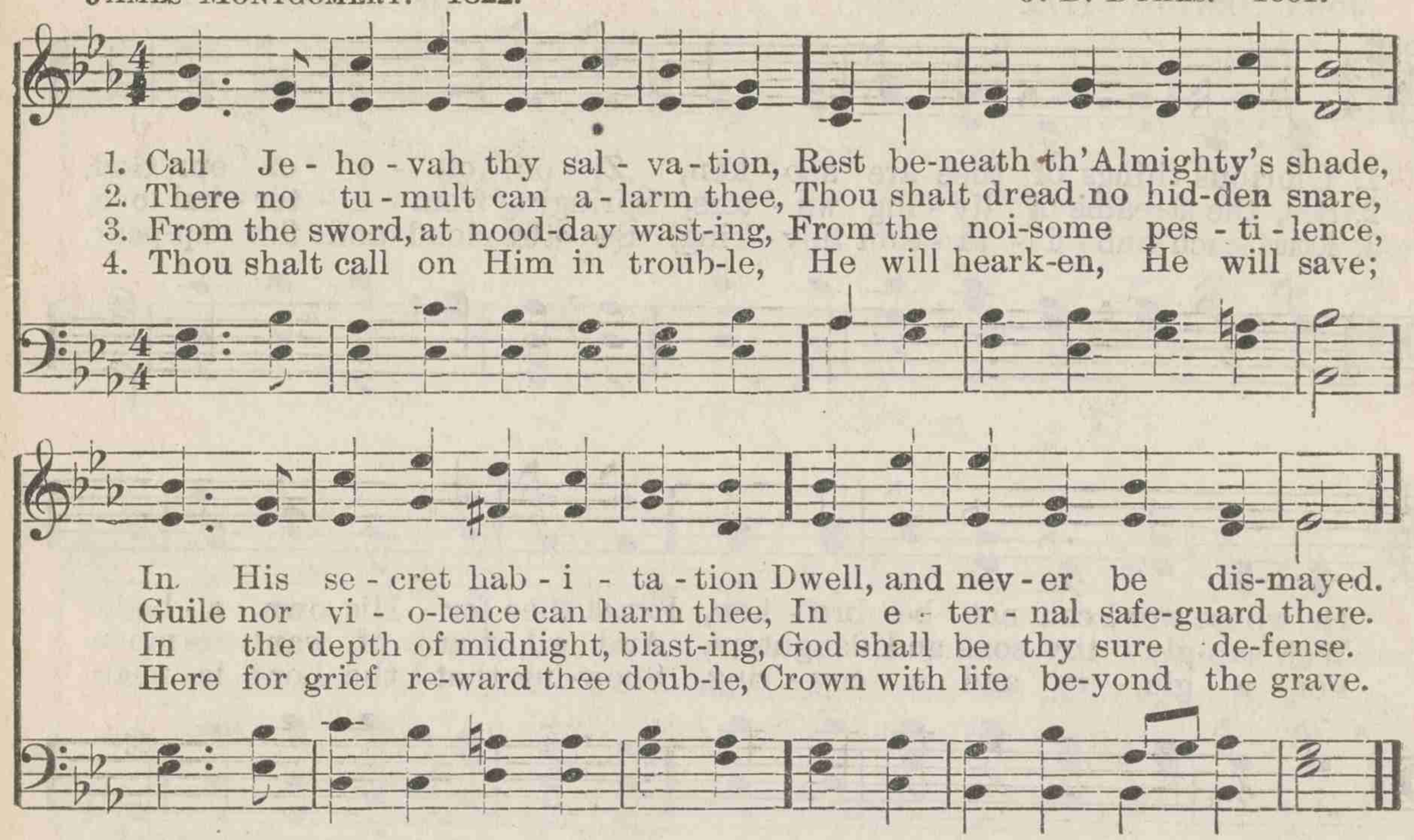
SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1828. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.

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

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

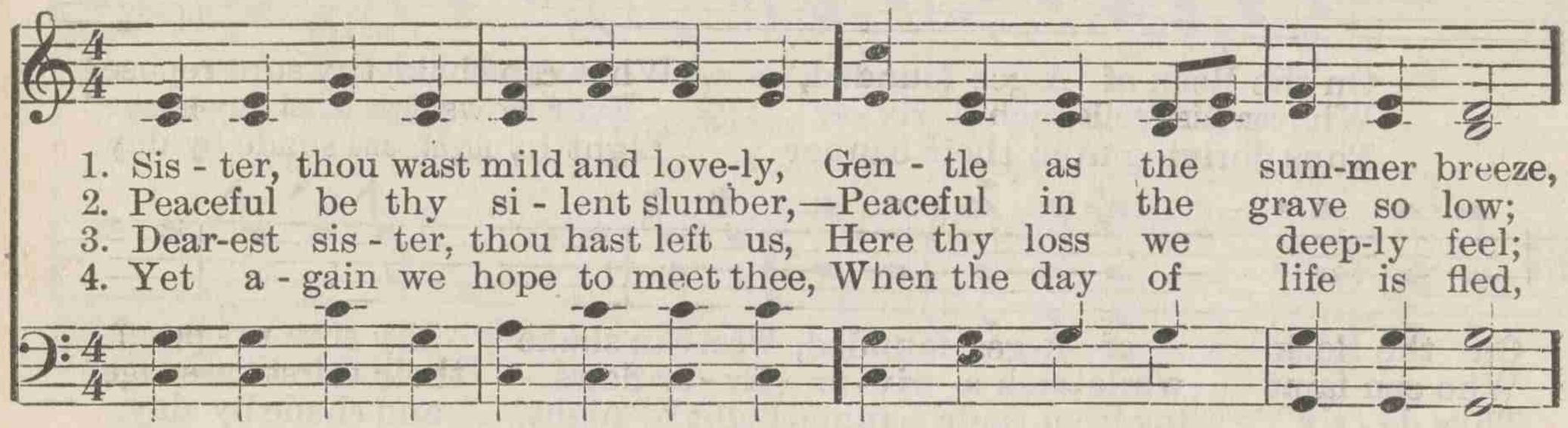
No. 108. OSWALD. 8, 7.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822. J. B. DYKES. 1861.



No. 109. MOUNT VERNON. 8, 7.

S. J. SMITH. DR. L. MASON.



No. 110. HARWELL. 8, 7. D.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779. DR. L. MASON. 1840.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God,
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,

He whose word can not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode:
Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near:

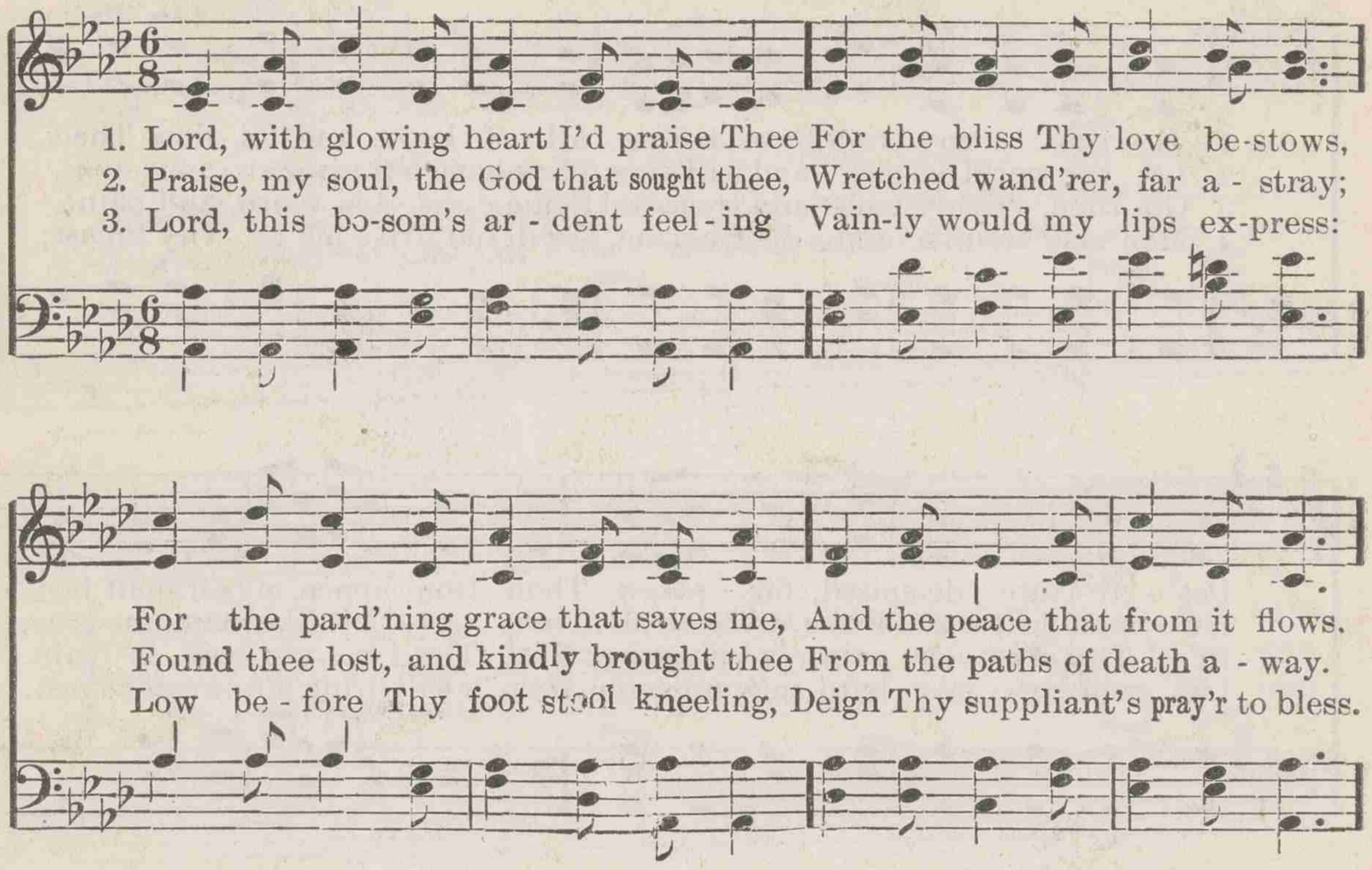
On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure repose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ever flows their thirst t'as-suage?
Thus deriving from their banner Light by night, and shade by day,

On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'assuage?
Thus de - riv - ing from their banner Light by night, and shade by day,

With sal - va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which He gives them when they pray.

No. 111. LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART. 8, 7. D.

FRANCIS S. KEY. 1857. F. N. BROWN. 1897.



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No. 112. ELLESDIE. 8, 7. D.

HENRY F. LYTE. 1825. Arr. from W. A. MOZART.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour too;
3. Go then, earthly fame and treasure! Come disas - ter, scorn, and pain!
4. Man may trouble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;

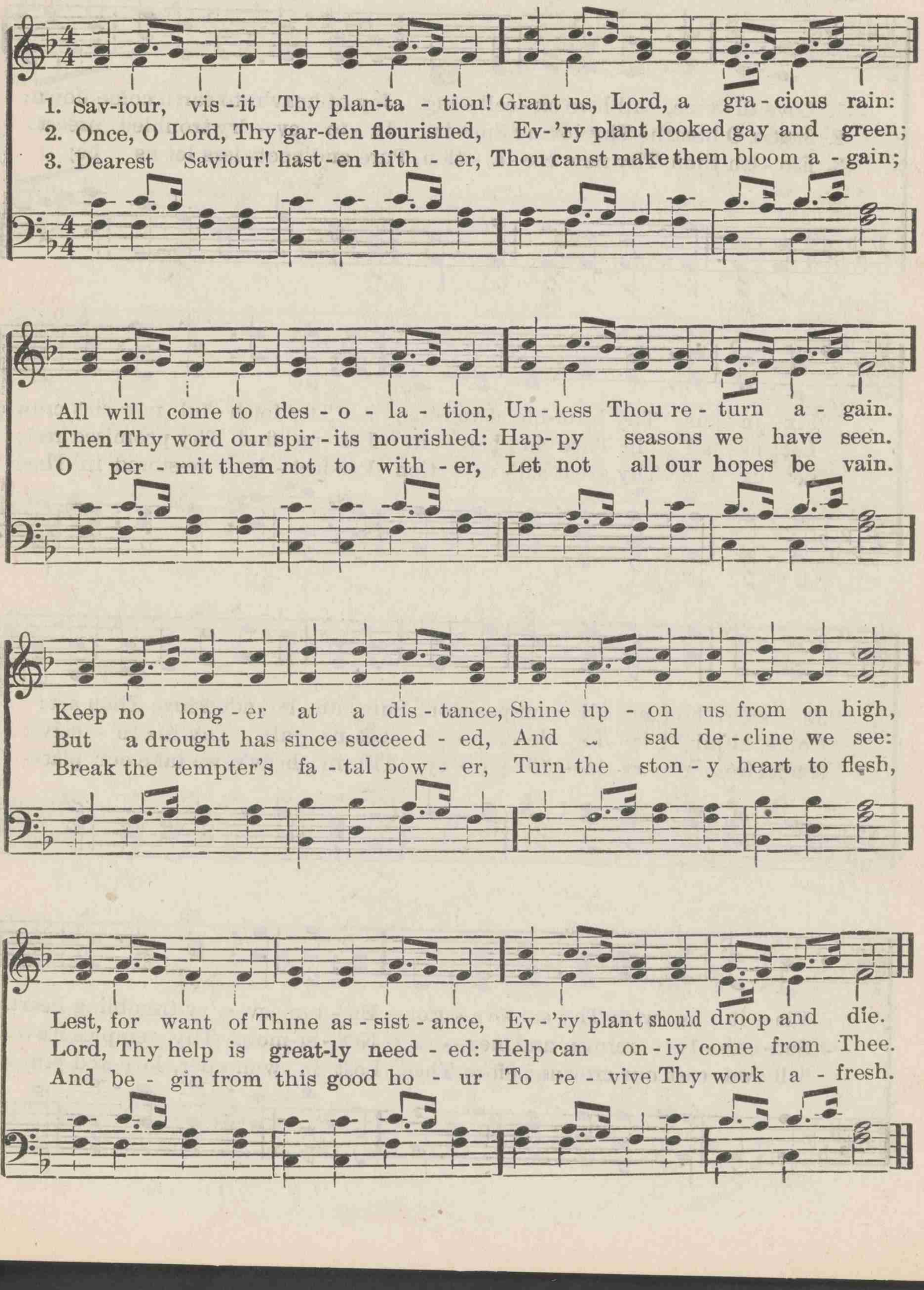
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - saken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de-ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;
In Thy ser - vice pain is pleasure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.

Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
I have called Thee, Ab-ba, Father; I have stayed my heart on Thee:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;

Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

No. 113. GREENVILLE. 8, 7. D.

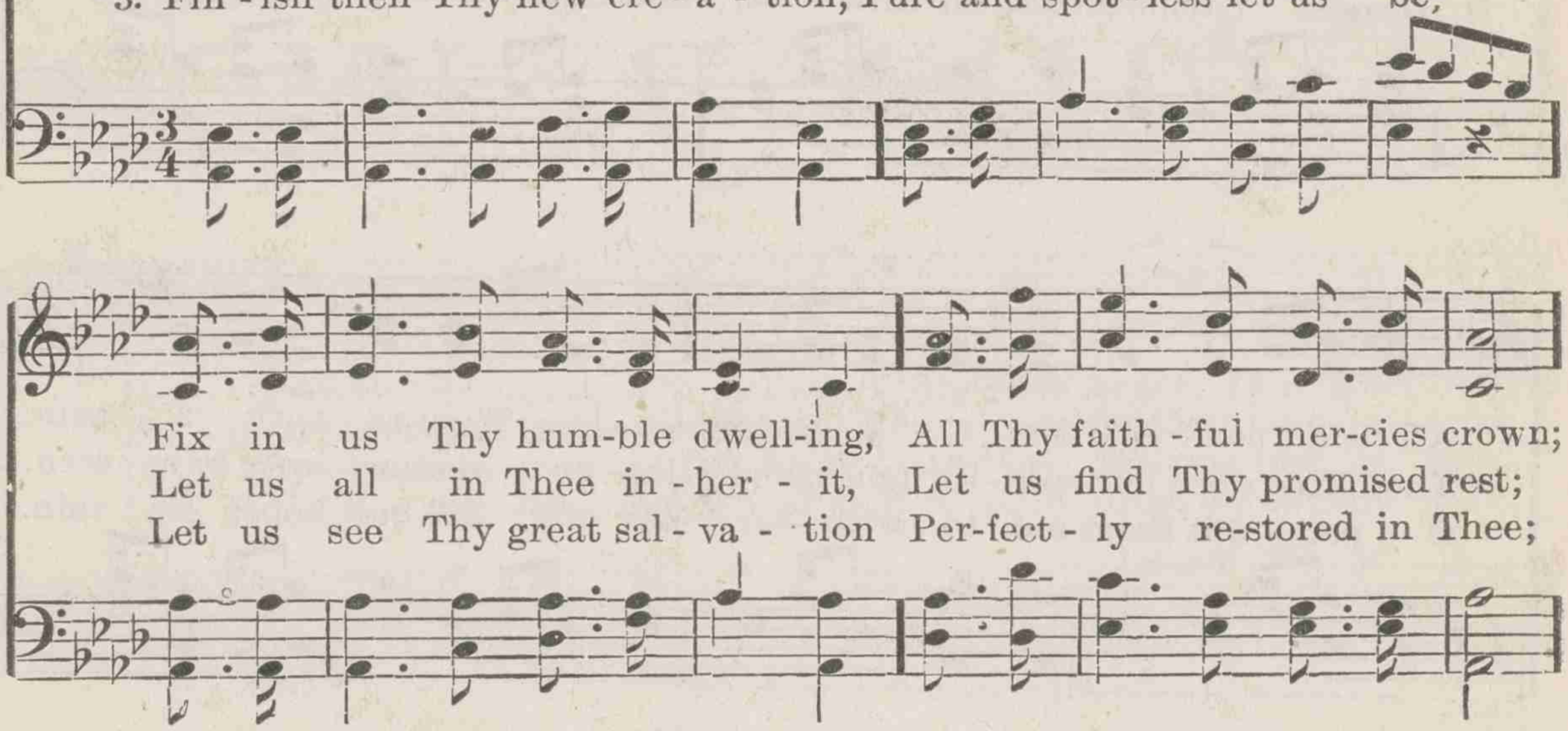
JOHN NEWTON. 1779. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. 1750.



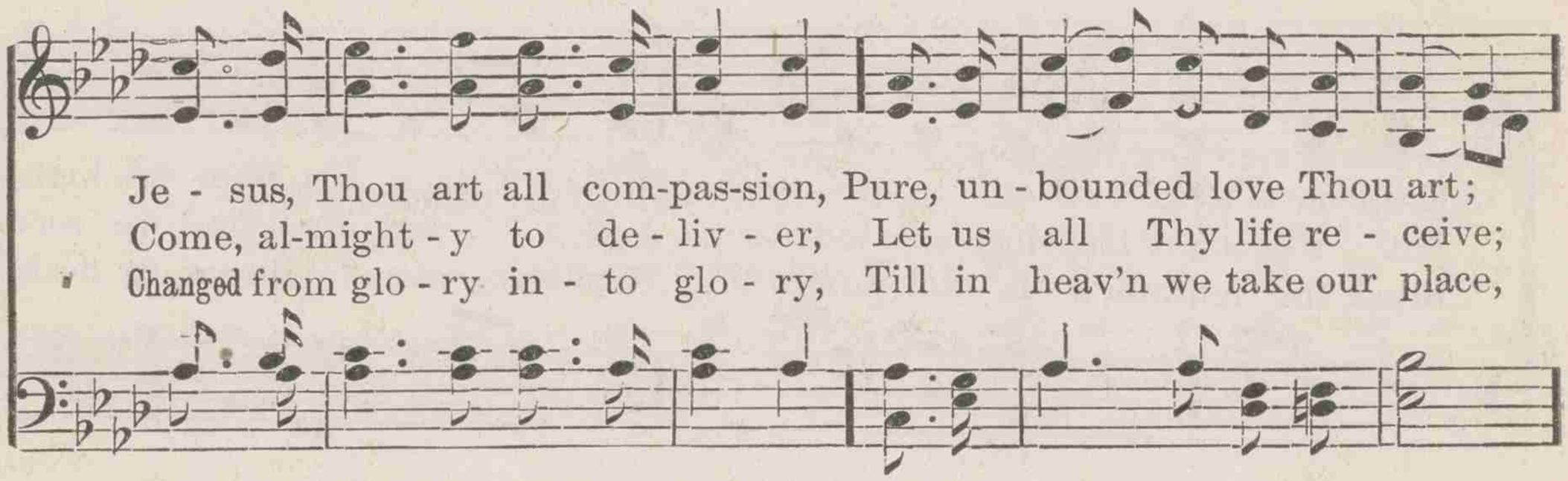
No. 114. AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.

CHAS. WESLEY. 1747. Spanish Melody.

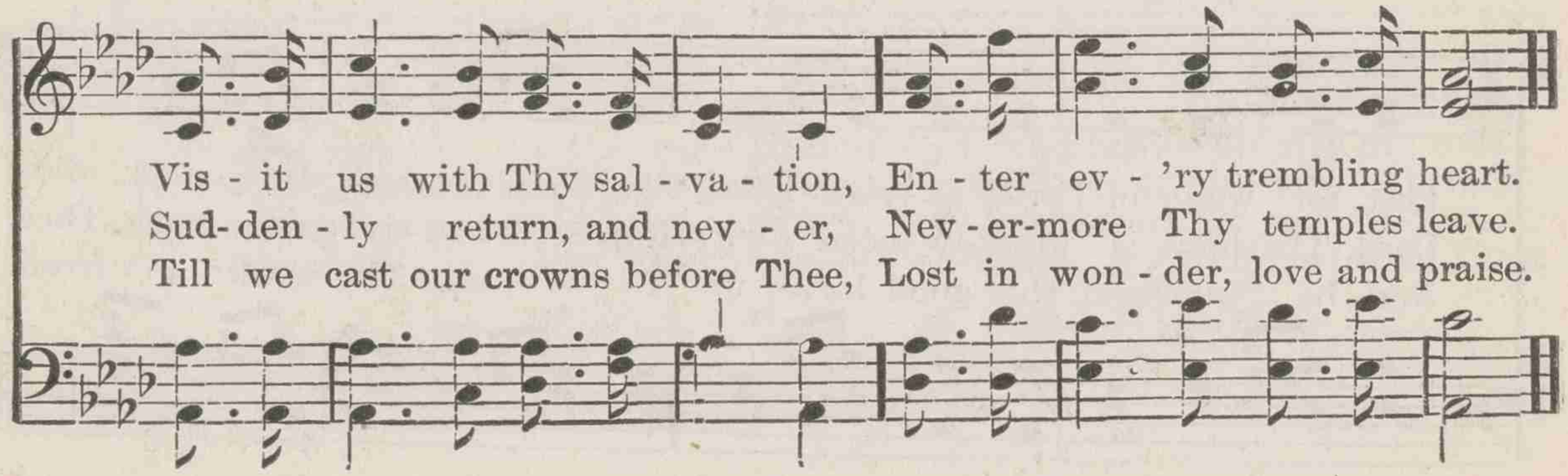
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spir- it In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast;
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer-cies crown;
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy promised rest;
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per-fect - ly re-stored in Thee;



Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un - bounded love Thou art;
Come, al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
Sud- den - ly return, and nev - er, Nev - er-more Thy temples leave.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

No. 115. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE. 8, 7. D.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE. By per.

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

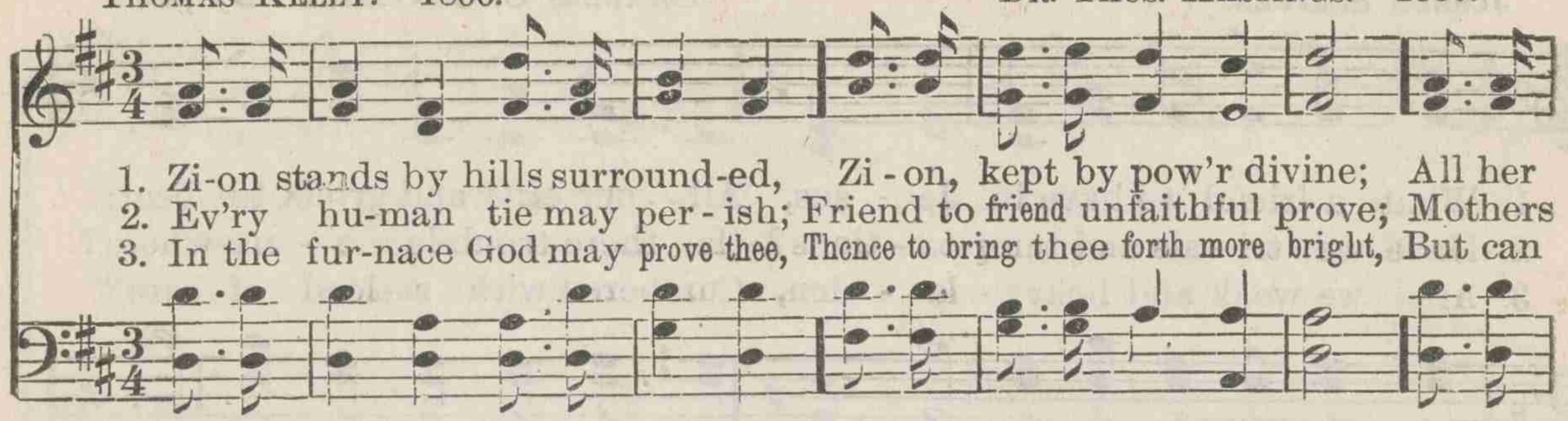
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in pray'r.
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

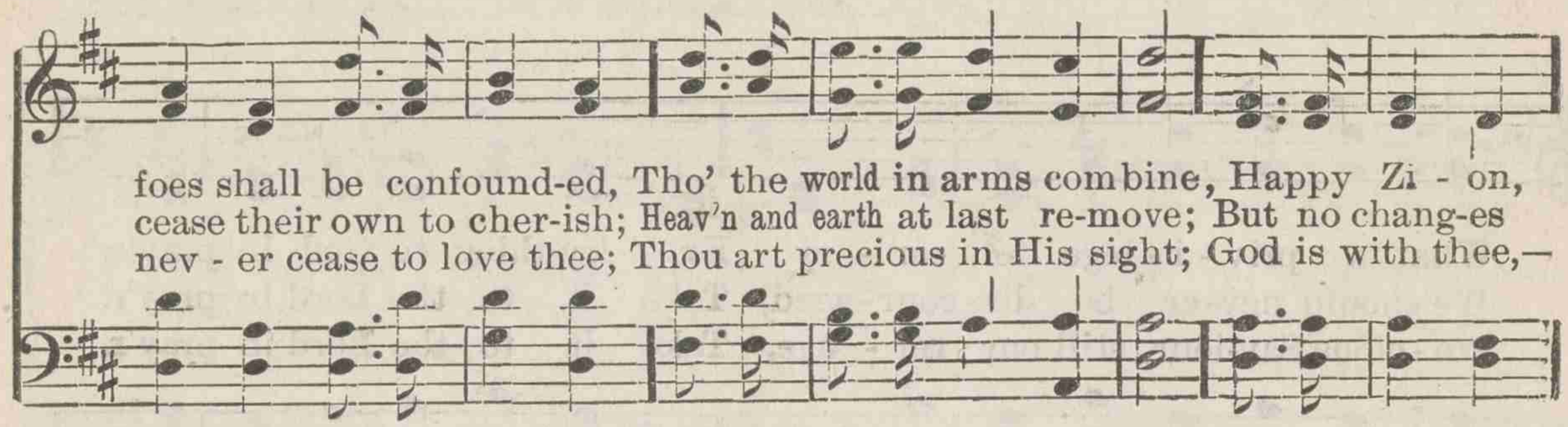
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

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

No. 116. ZION. 8, 7, 4.

THOMAS KELLY. 1806. DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1830.





No. 117. GOOD TIDINGS TO ZION. 8, 7, 4.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

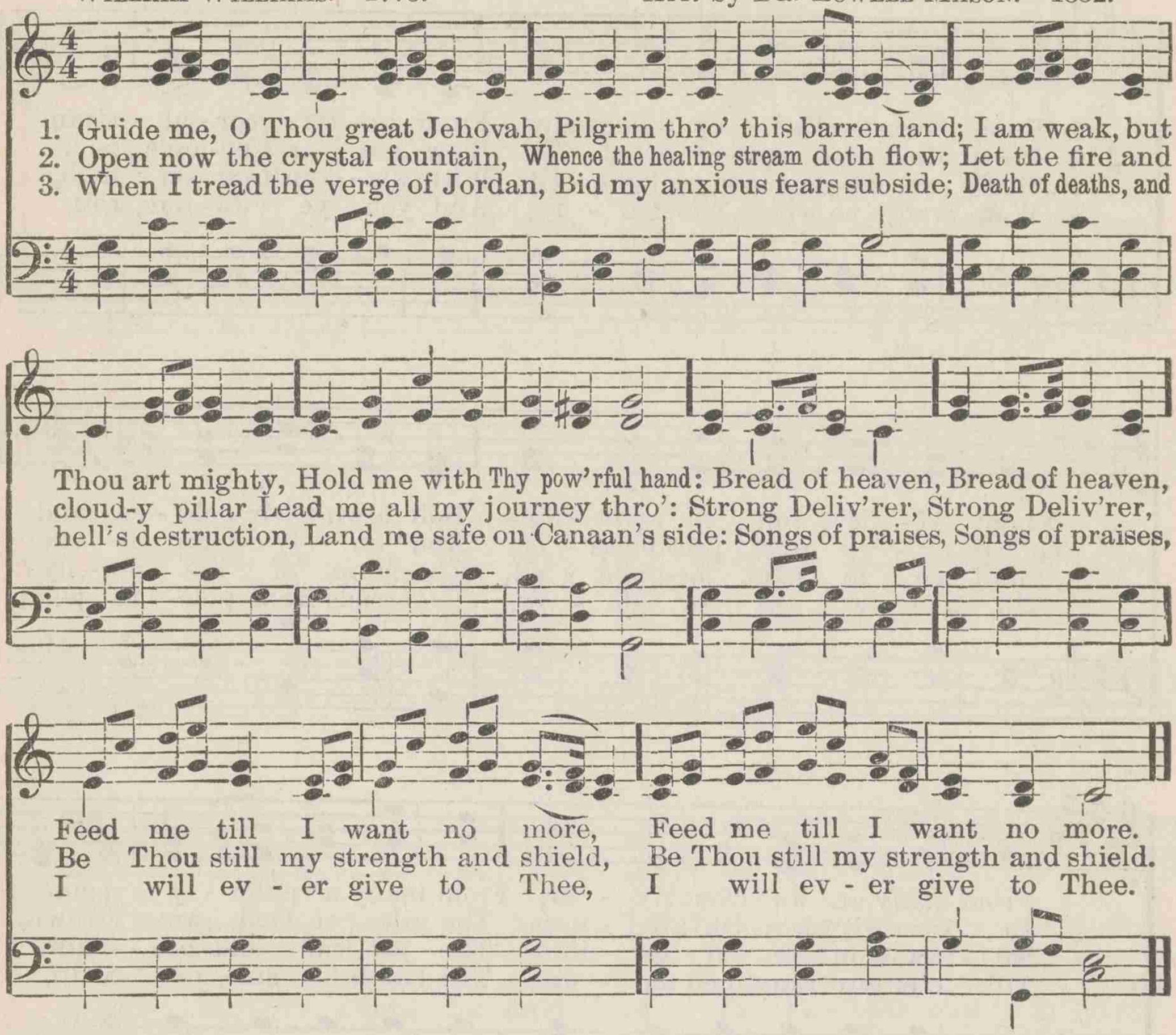
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance,
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

No. 118. OLIPHANT. 8, 7, 4.

PETER WILLIAMS. 1771.
WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1773. Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.



No. 119. GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY. 8, 7, 4.

1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations;
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819. 1825.

No. 120. MISSIONARY HYMN. 7, 6. D.

REGINALD HEBER. 1819. DR. L. MASON. 1823.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle,
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,

Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we, to men be-night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown,
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ransomed nat - ure, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath - en in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion, Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

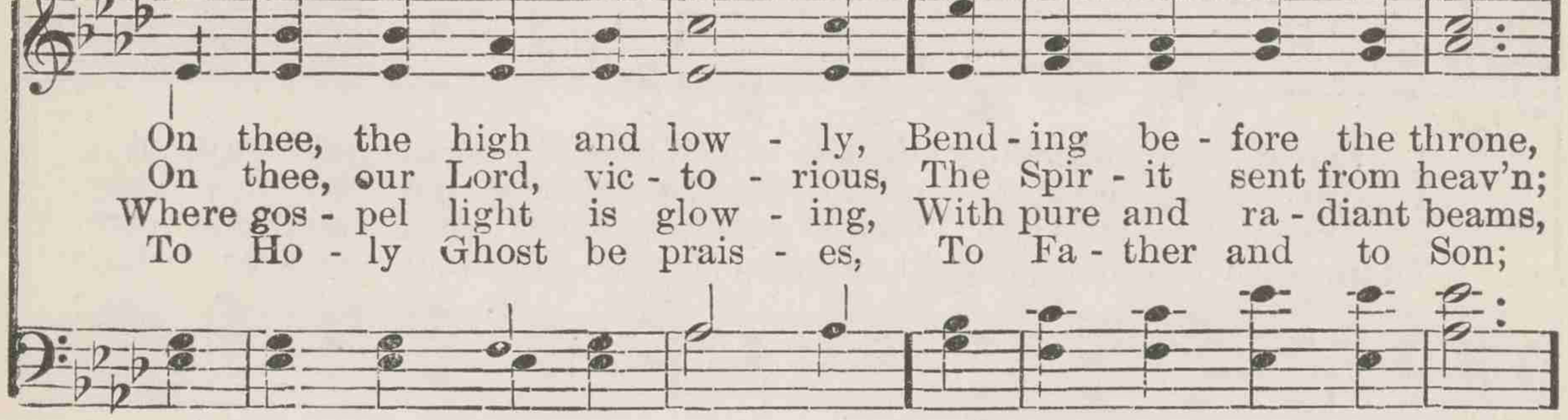
No. 121. HOLY SABBATH. 7, 6. D.

C. WORDSWORTH. 1862. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing, To spir - its of the blest.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne,
On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heav'n;
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing, With pure and ra - diant beams,
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son;



Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
And thus, on thee, most glo - rious, A tri - ple light was giv'n.
And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul re - fresh - ing streams.
The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.

No. 122. I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS. 7, 6. D.

Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. W. J. Manly, so long the very efficient organist of the First Presbyterian Church, Dalton, Ga.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. 1859. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1899.

1. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;
2. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
3. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, I need a friend like Thee,
4. I need Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, And hope to see Thee soon,

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;
A strang - er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store;
A friend to soothe and pit - y, A friend to care for me.
En - cir - cled with the rain - bow, And seat - ed on Thy throne:

I need the cleans-ing fount - ain Where I can al - ways flee,
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx-ious care,
There, with Thy blood-bought chil-dren, My joy shall ev - er be,

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt-ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
To tell my ev - 'ry troub - le, And all my sor - rows share.
To sing Thy prais - es, Je - sus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

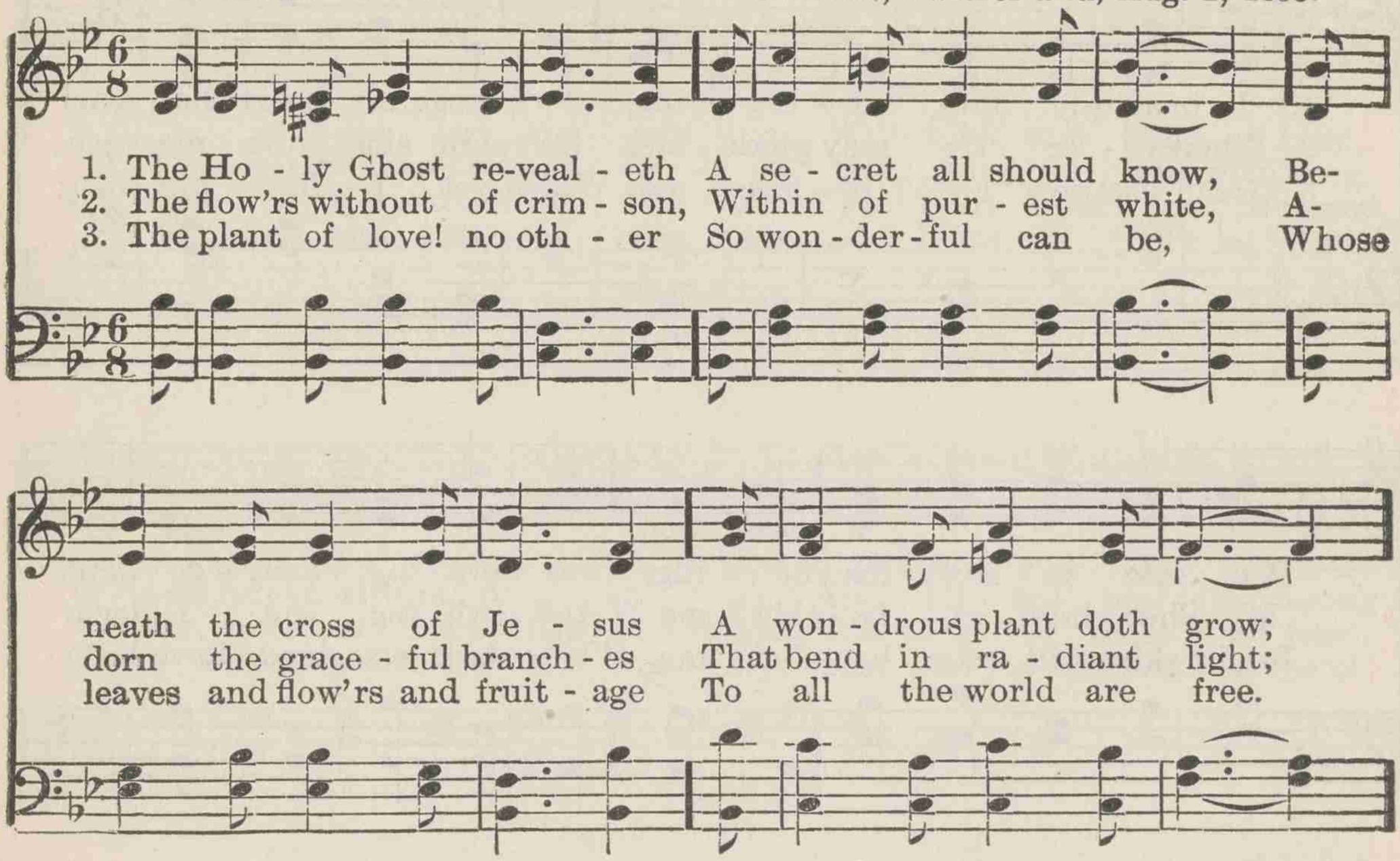
No. 123. A WONDROUS PLANT. 7, 6. D.

Is. 60: 21.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

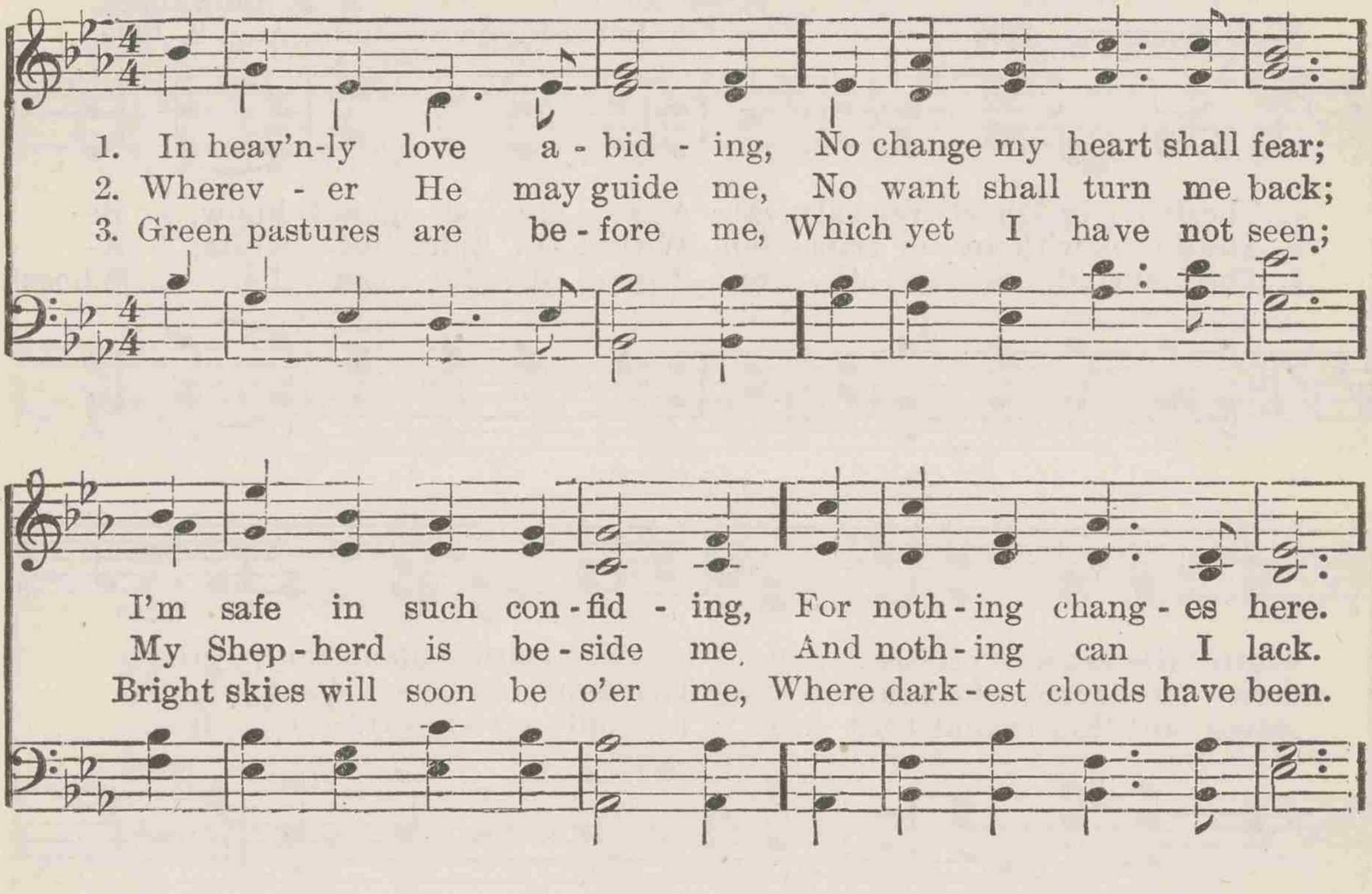
W. T. SLEEPER. 1895.

Lucerne, Switzerland, Aug. 2, 1895.



No. 124. HEAVENLY LOVE. 7, 6, D.

ANNA L. WARING. 1850. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



NO. 125. JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN. 7, 6. D.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. 1145.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE. 1851.

A. J. SHOWALTER. 1890.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there from care re-leased,
4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!

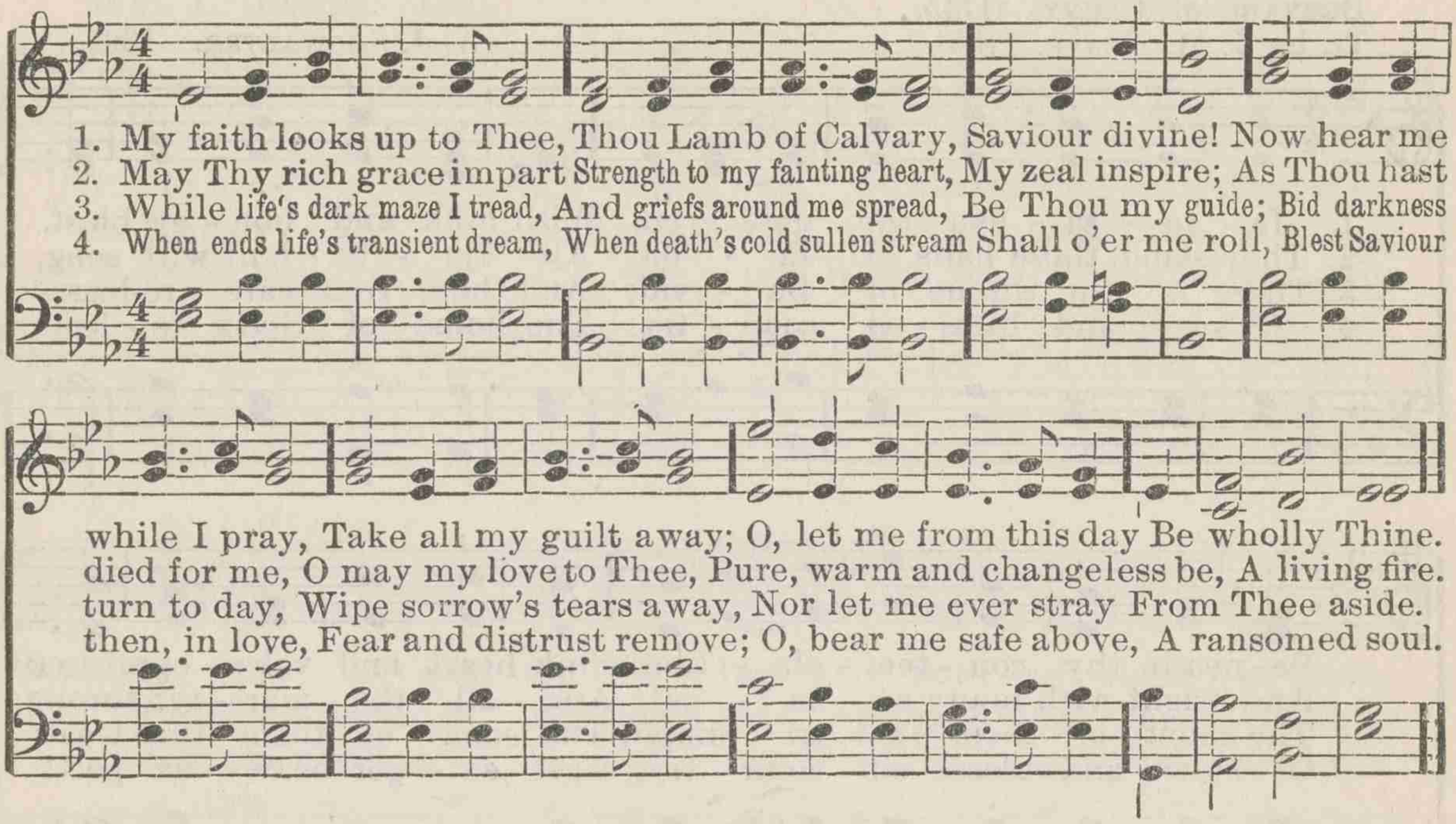
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed:
And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng;
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

I know not, O I know not What so - cial joys are there,
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
And they who, with their Lead - er, Have con-quered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com-pare.
The past - ures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

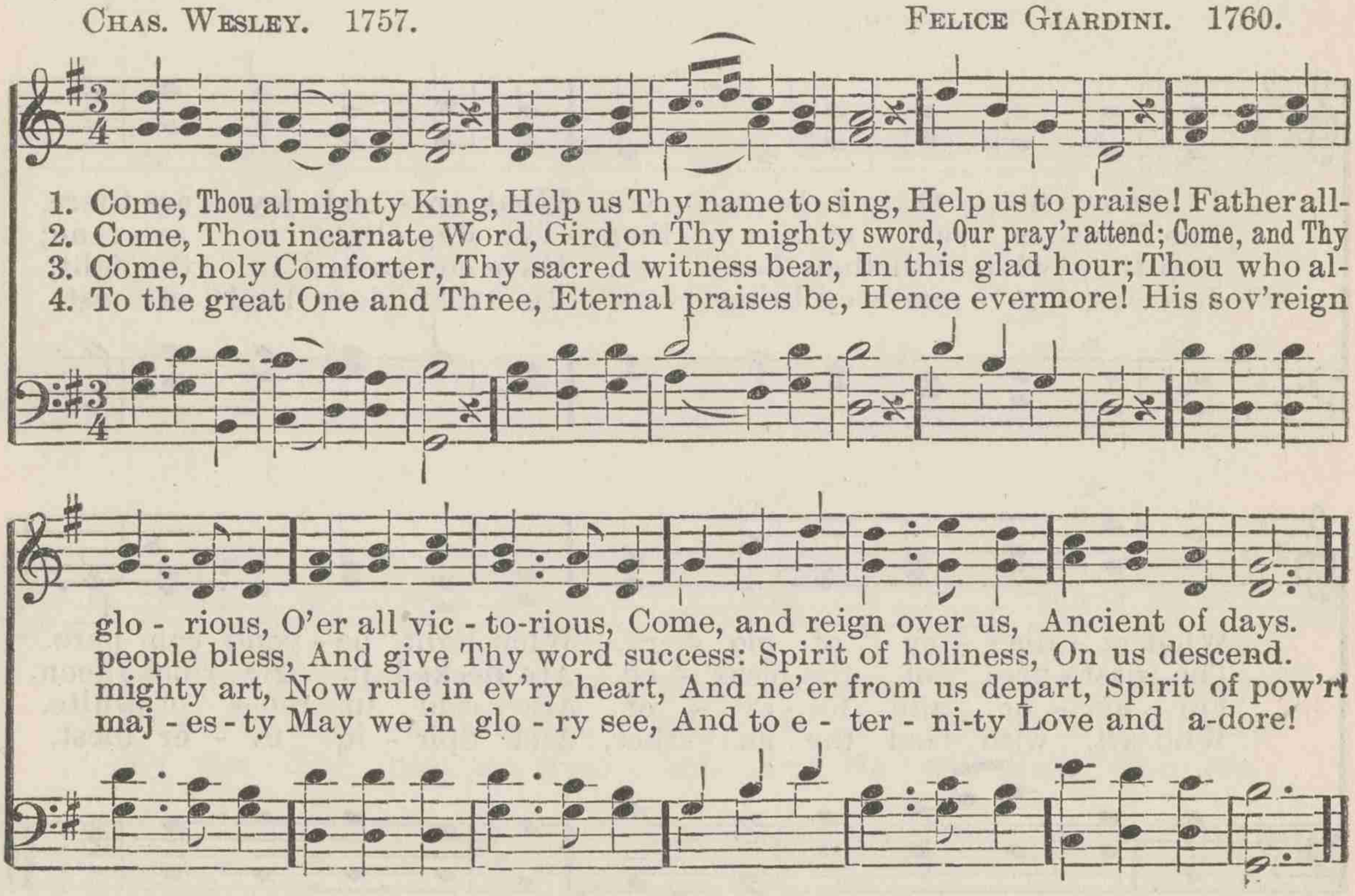
No. 126. OLIVET. 6, 4.

RAY PALMER. 1830. DR. L. MASON. 1830.



No. 127. ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

CHAS. WESLEY. 1757. FELICE GIARDINI. 1760.



No. 128. NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

Tr. by KAY PALMER. 1858. DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1833.

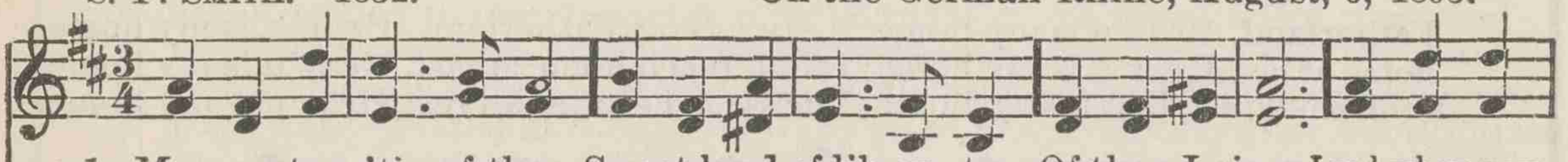
1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from above Thine own bright ray! Divinely
2. Come, tenderest Friend, and best, Our most delightful Guest, With soothing pow'r! Rest, which the
3. Come, Light serene, and still Our inmost bosoms fill; Dwell in each breast! We know no
4. Come, all the faithful bless;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

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

No. 129. NATIONAL HYMN OF AMERICA. 6, 4.

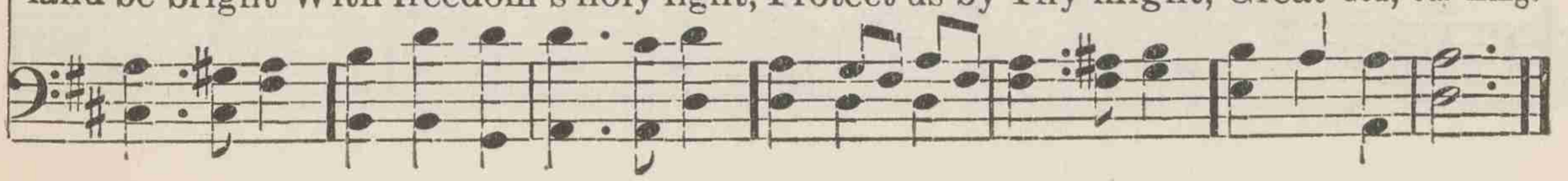
A. J. SHOWALTER.

S. F. SMITH. 1832. On the German Rhine, August, 6, 1895.



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

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

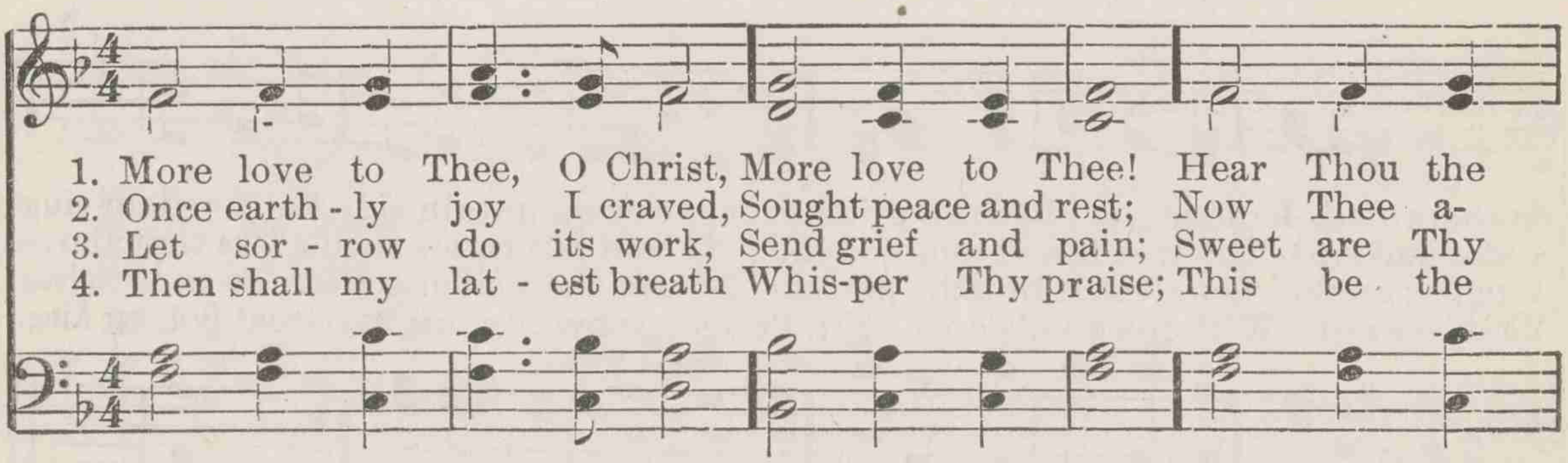


No. 130. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6, 4.

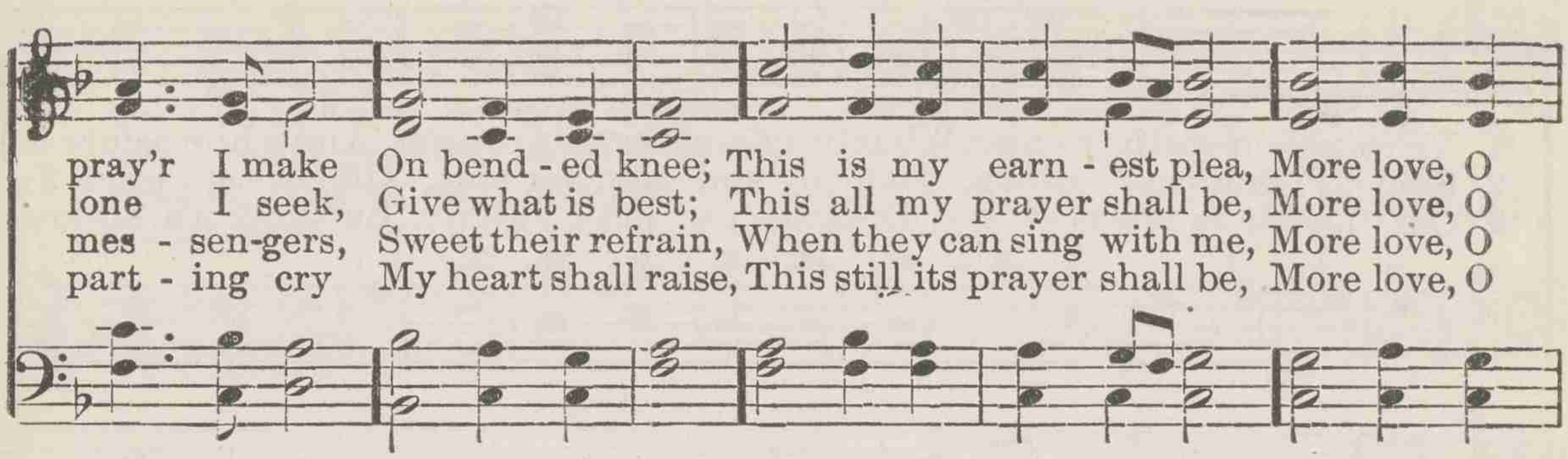
T. R. Taylor. A. J. Showalter. 1895.

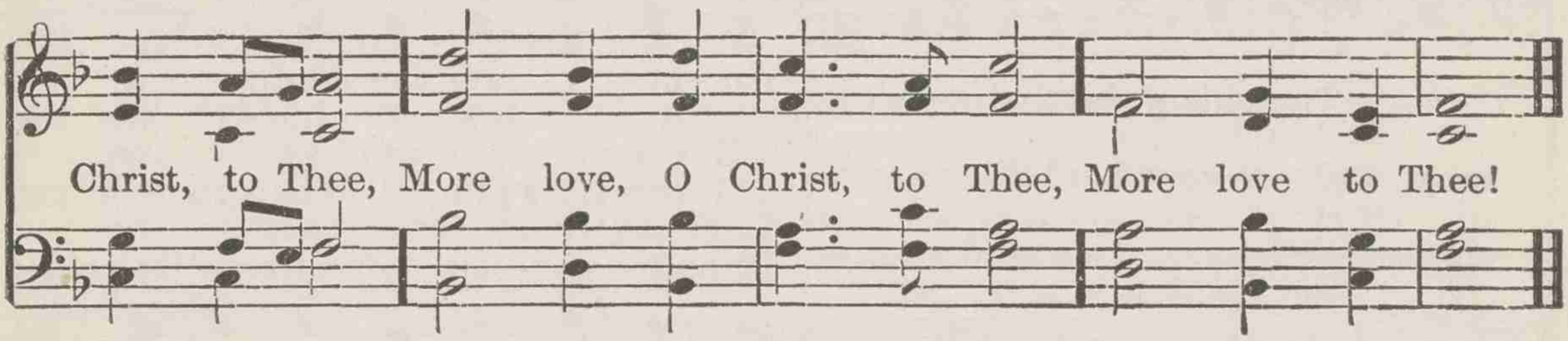
No. 131. OAK. 6, 4.

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Prentiss. 1869. Dr. Lowell Mason. 1854.



OAK. 6, 4. Concluded.

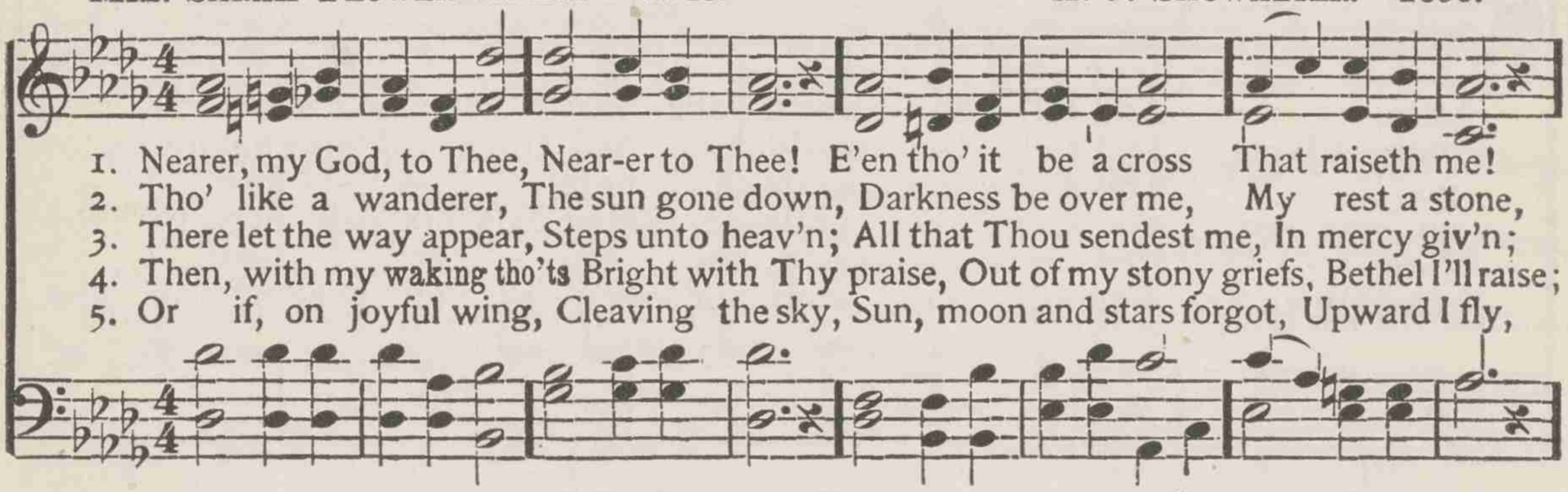




No. 132. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6, 4.

(May be sung to "Bethany," if so preferred.)

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. 1840. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1898.



No. 133. SING ON. H. M.

A. J. Showalter. 1895.

1. Ye saints on earth re-peat What heav'n with rapture owns, And while before His
2. Sing as you pass a-long, With joy and won-der sing, Till oth - ers learn the
3. Our fee-ble minds are lost Be-neath the loft - y strain, But Jordan's bil-lows

feet The elders cast their crowns, { Go im - i - tate the choirs a-
Go im - i - tate, go im - i - tate the

song, And own your Lord their King; { Till con-verts join you as you
Till con-verts join, till converts join you

crossed, We'll catch the sound a-gain; { In praise we'll join the heav'n - ly
In praise we'll join, in praise we'll join the

bove, And tell the world your Sav - iour's love.
choirs a-bove, And tell the world, and tell the world your Saviour's love.
go, And sing His prais-es here be - low.
as you go, And sing His prais-es, sing His prais-es here be - low.
choir, Nor ev - er stop, nor ev - er tire.
heav'nly choir, Nor ev - er stop, nor ev - er stop, nor ev - er tire.

No. 134. LENOX. H. M.

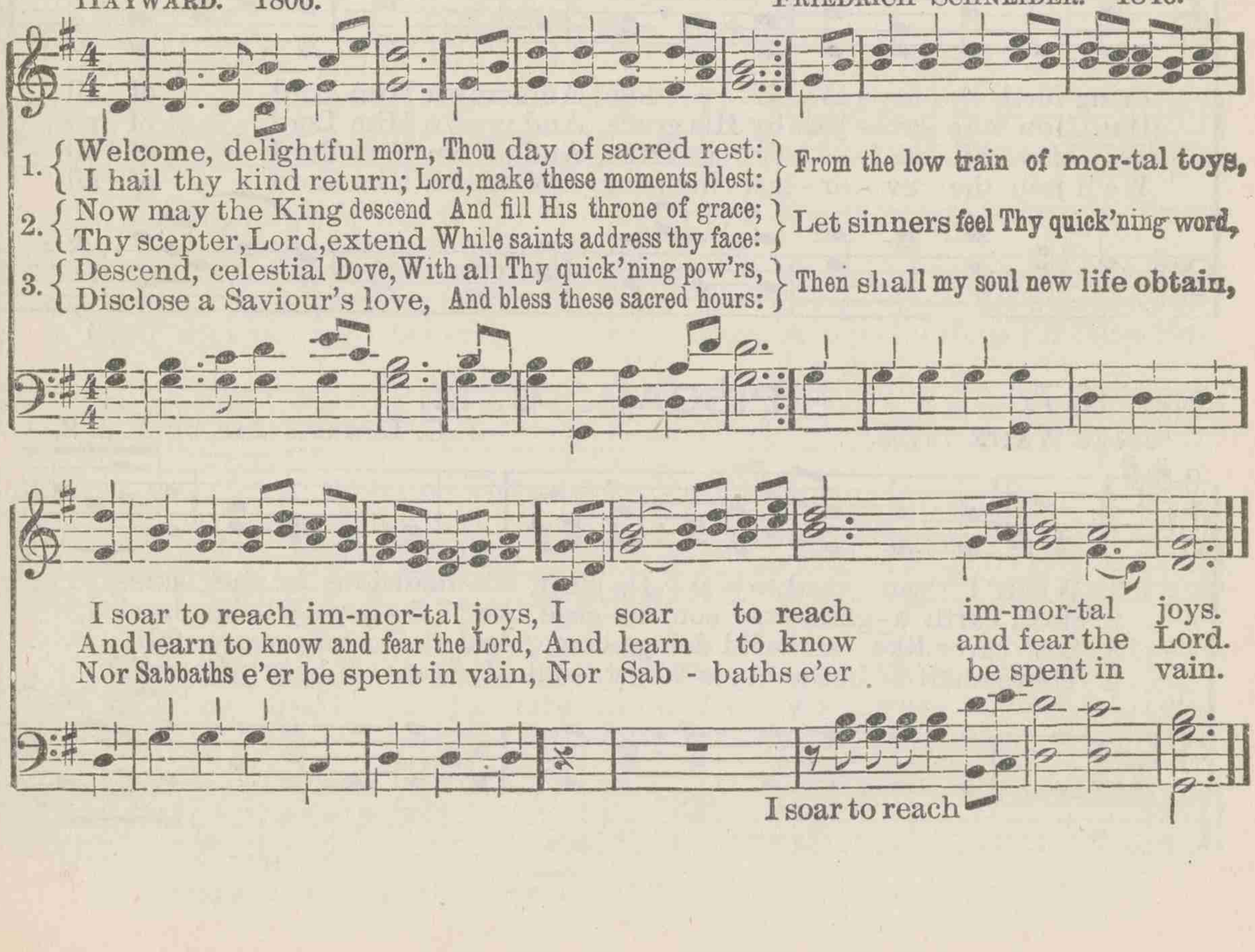
Chas. Wesley. 1742. Lewis Edson. 1781.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleeding sac - ri-
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-deem-ing
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Cal-va-ry; They pour ef-fect - ual
4. My God is rec - on-ciled; His pard'ning voice I hear; He owns me for His

LENOX. Concluded.

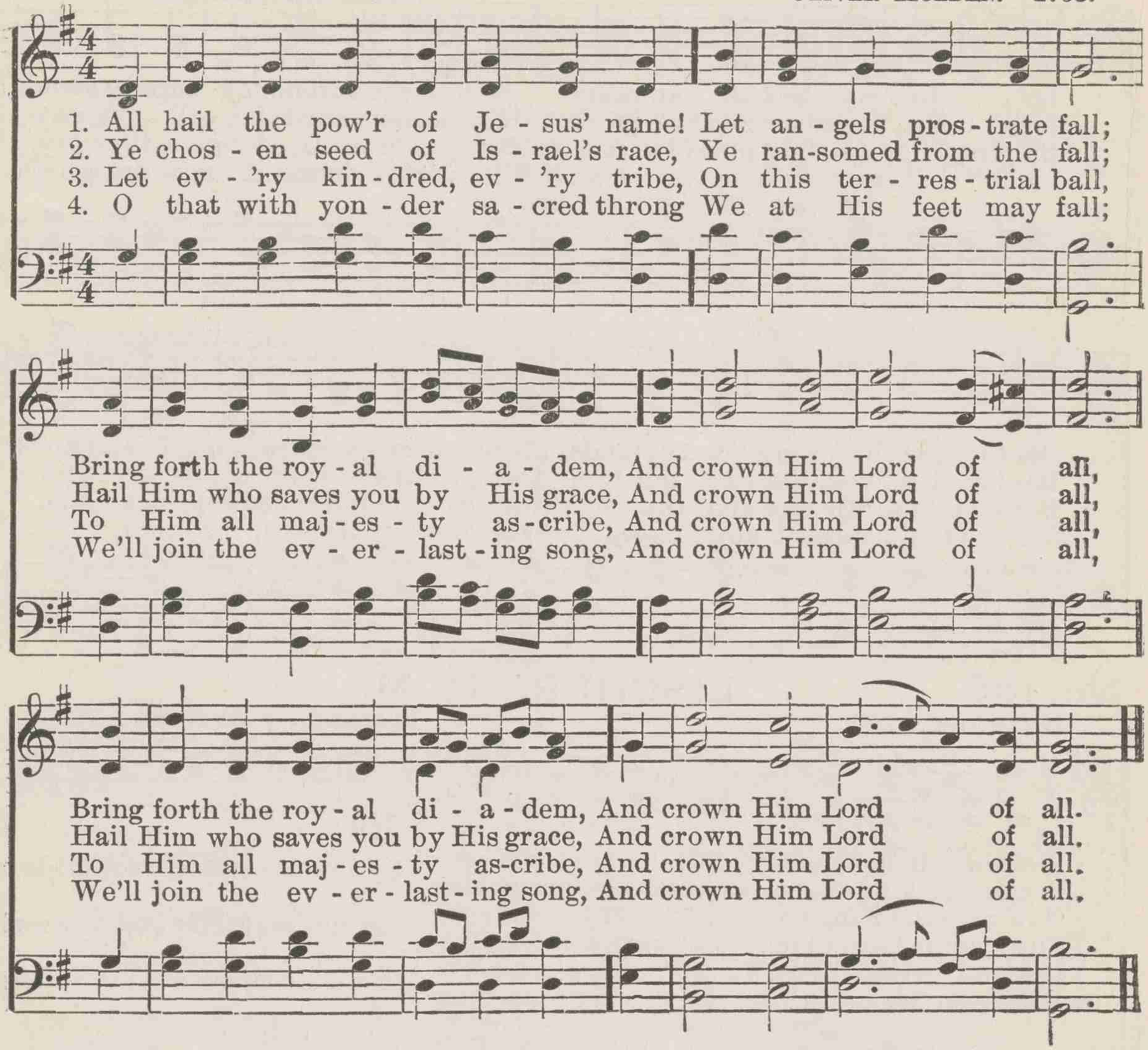
No. 135. LISCHER. H. M.

HAYWARD. 1806. FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER. 1840.



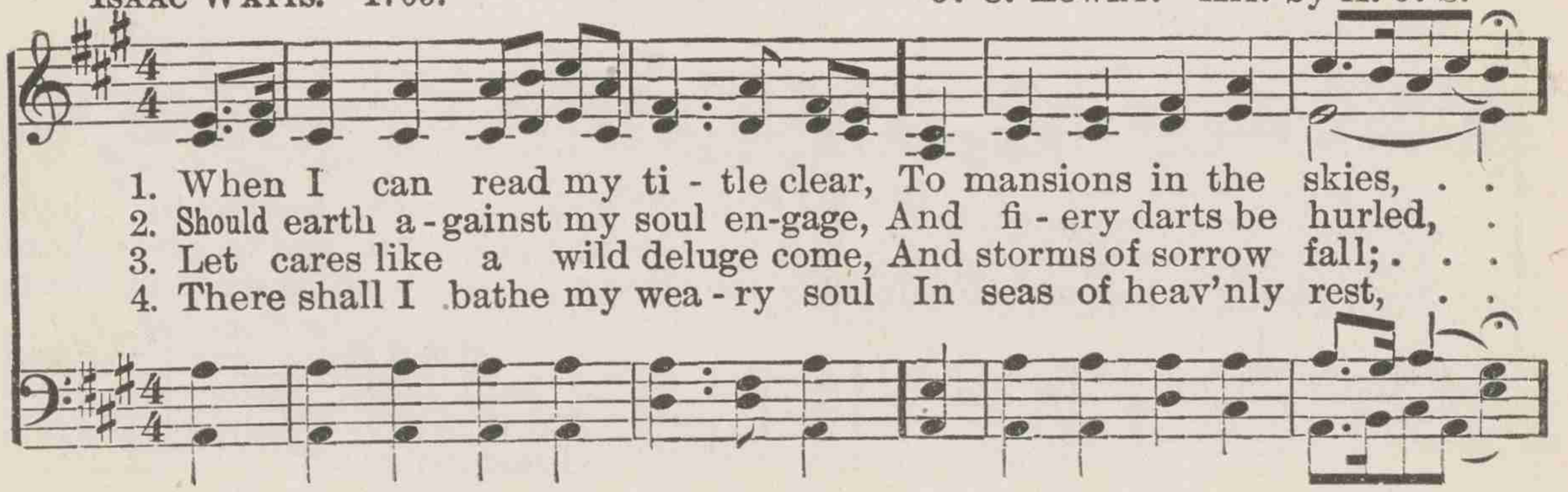
No. 136. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. 1780. OLIVER HOLDEN. 1793.



No. 137. PISGAH. C. M.

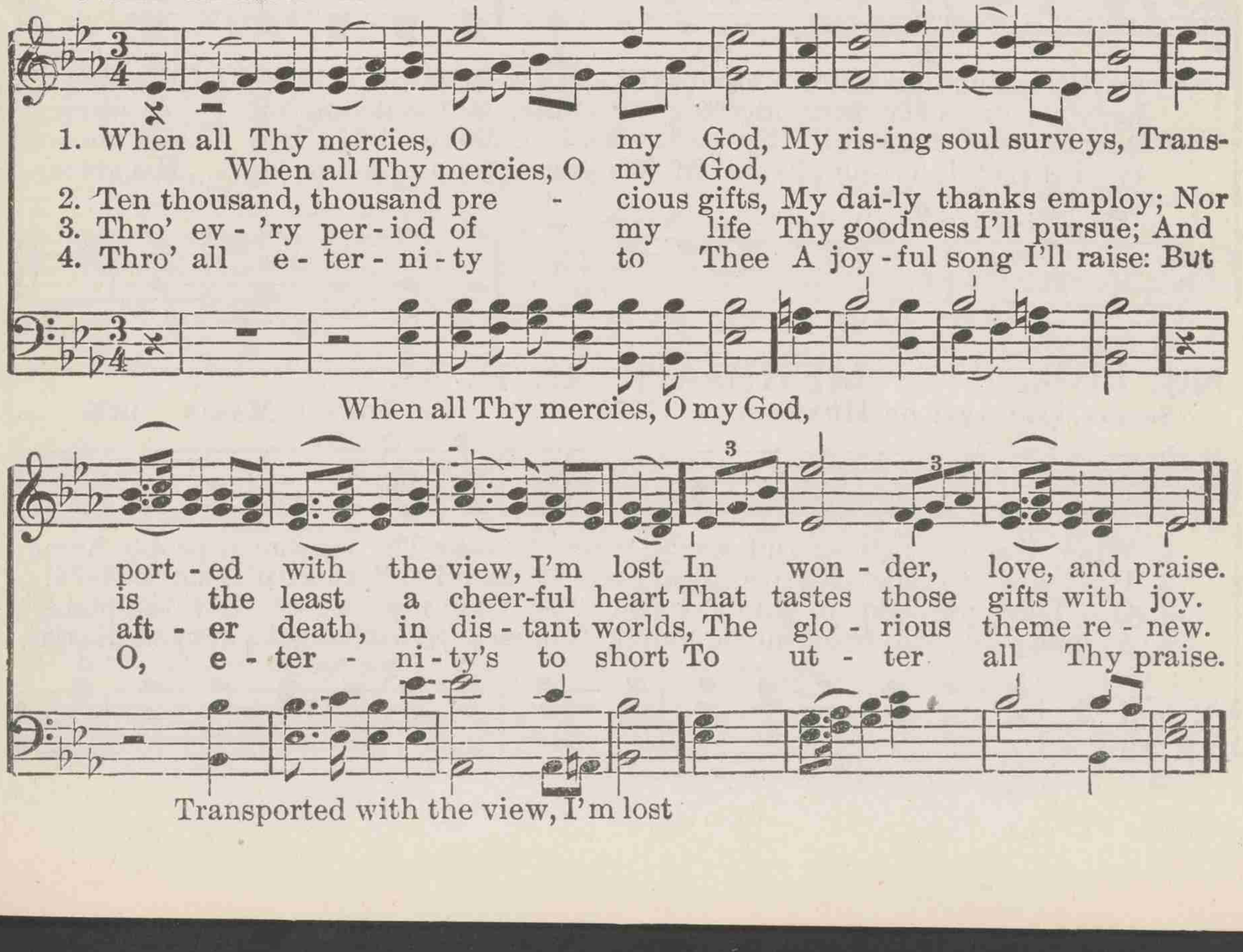
ISAAC WATTS. 1709. J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.



PISGAH. Concluded.

No. 138. GENEVA. C. M.

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1712. JOHN COLE. 1800.



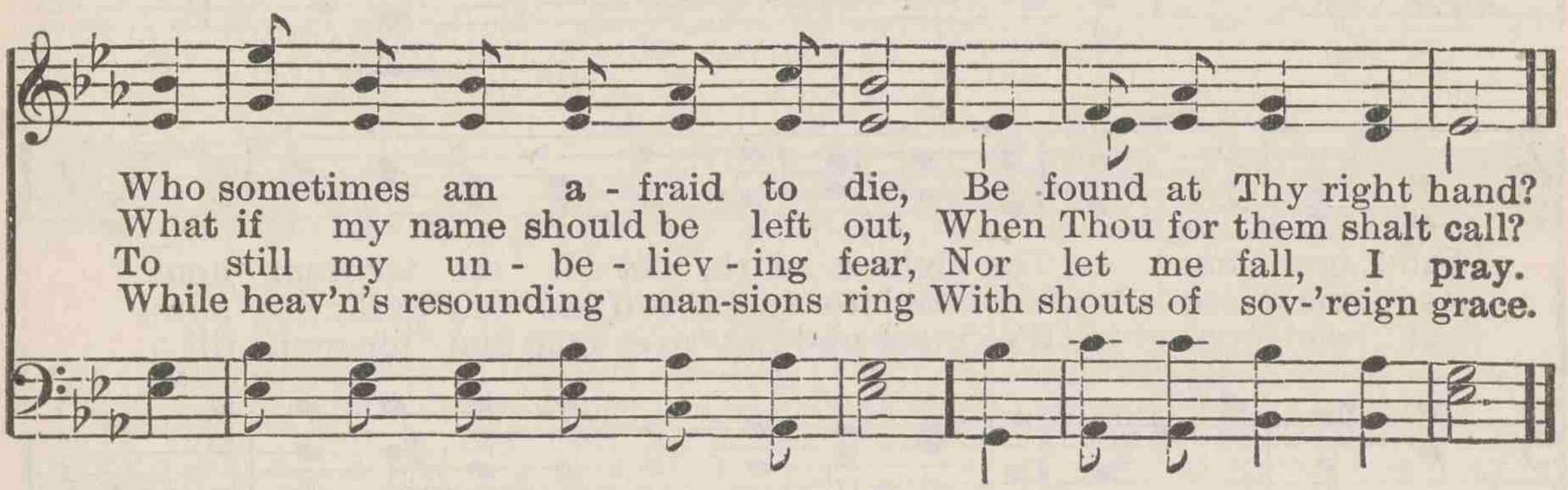
No. 139. ARIEL. C. P. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. 1789. Arr. from MOZART, by DR. L. MASON. 1836.

No. 140. MERIBAH. C. P. M.

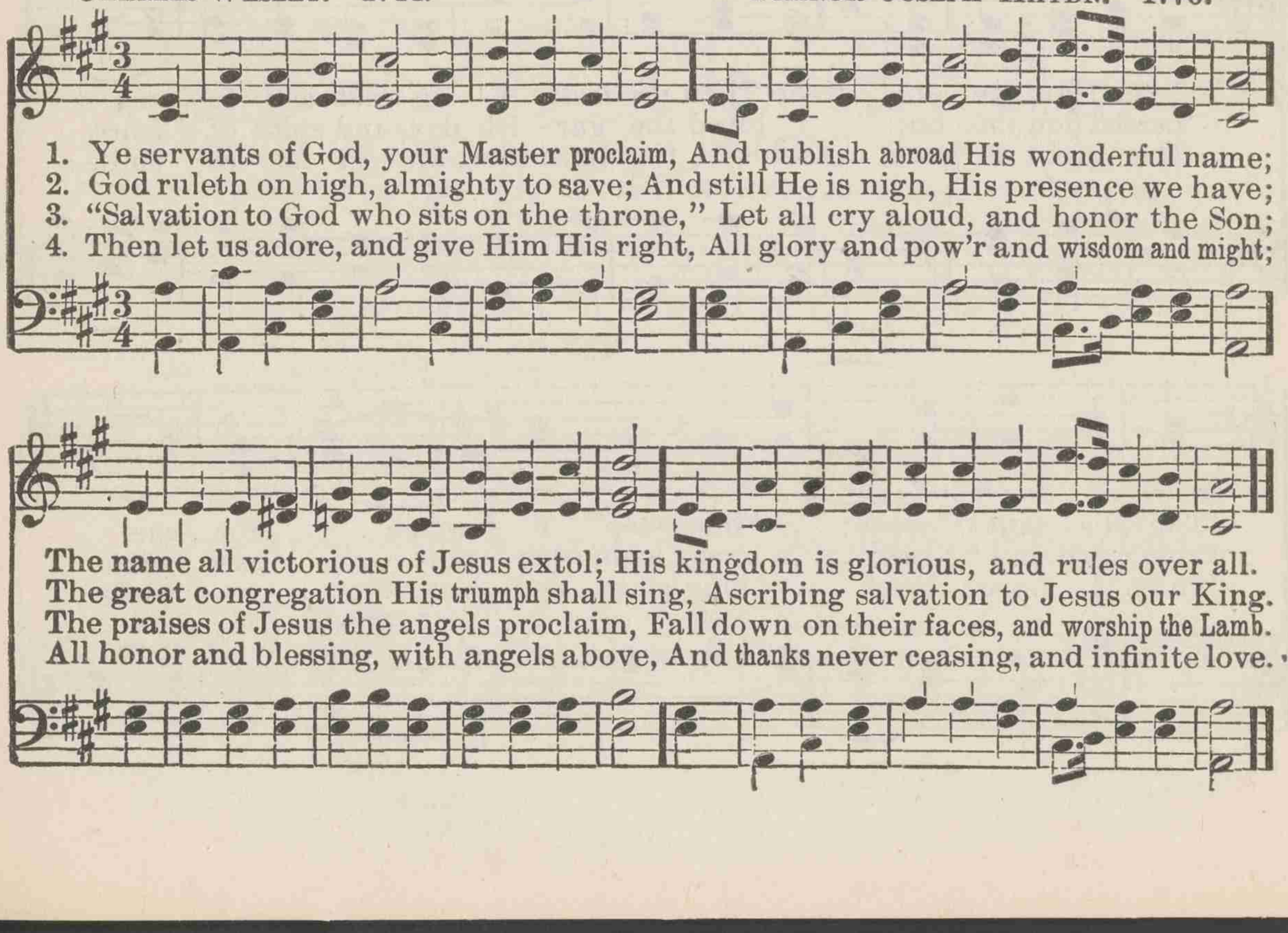
SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON. 1772. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1839.

MERIBAH. Concluded.



No. 141. LYONS. 10, 11.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1744. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1770.



No. 142. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend and co-worker, Prof. Edwin Moore, Yonkers, N. Y.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. 1833. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1899.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will

Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till

Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,

The dis - tant scene; . . one step e - nough . . for me.
Pride ruled my will; . . . re - mem - ber not . . . . past years.
Which I have loved . . . long since, and lost . . . . a - while.

No. 143. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Rev. 3: 20.

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

1. Lo! Je-sus pa-tiently knocks at the door, Knocks at thy heart, knocks at thy heart,
2. O-pen the door and say, "Master, come in, Come and a-bide, come and a-bide;"
3. Je-sus stands wait-ing and pleads with thee still; O-pen to-day! o-pen to-day!
4. O-pen the door of thy heart and find rest, Find it to-day, find it to-day;

O-pen to-day and re-sist Him no more, Lest He for-ev-er de-part.
He will redeem thee and cleanse from all sin, He will be with thee to guide.
How canst thou treat the dear Sav-iour so ill? How canst thou turn Him a-way?
Let Him but en-ter and thou shalt be blest; Why wilt thou longer de-lay?

REFRAIN.

Knock-ing to-day, . . Knock-ing to-day, . .
Knock-ing, knock-ing to-day, to-day, Knock-ing, knock-ing to-day, to-day,

Je-sus is knock-ing,
Je-sus is ear-nest-ly knocking to-day, Is knocking for entrance to-day.

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No. 144. NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10.

REGINALD HEBER. 1827. J. B. DYKES. 1861.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u - bim and Ser - a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Persons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur-i - ty.
Lord God Al-might - y! God in Three Persons, Blessed Trin-i - ty!

No. 145. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11. 10.

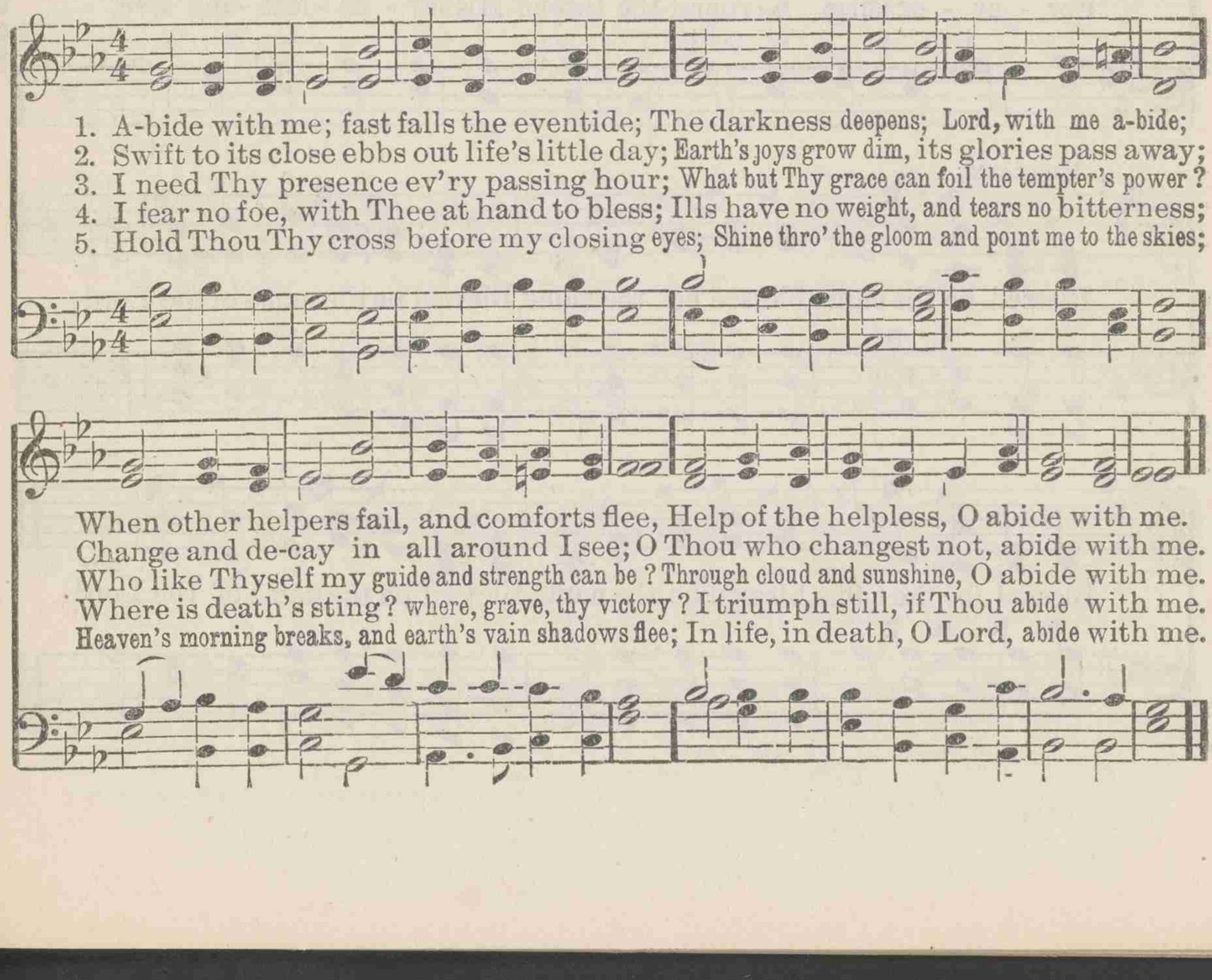
THOS. MOORE AND THOS. HASTINGS. SAMUEL WEBBE. 1800.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o- late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. Concluded.

No. 146. EVENTIDE. 10.

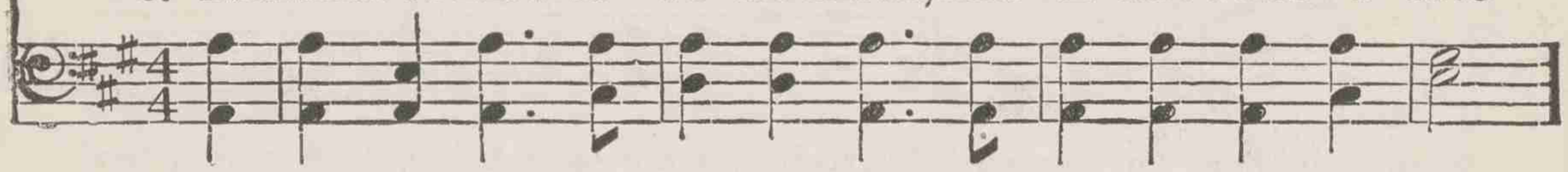
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1847. WILLIAM HENRY MONK. 1861.



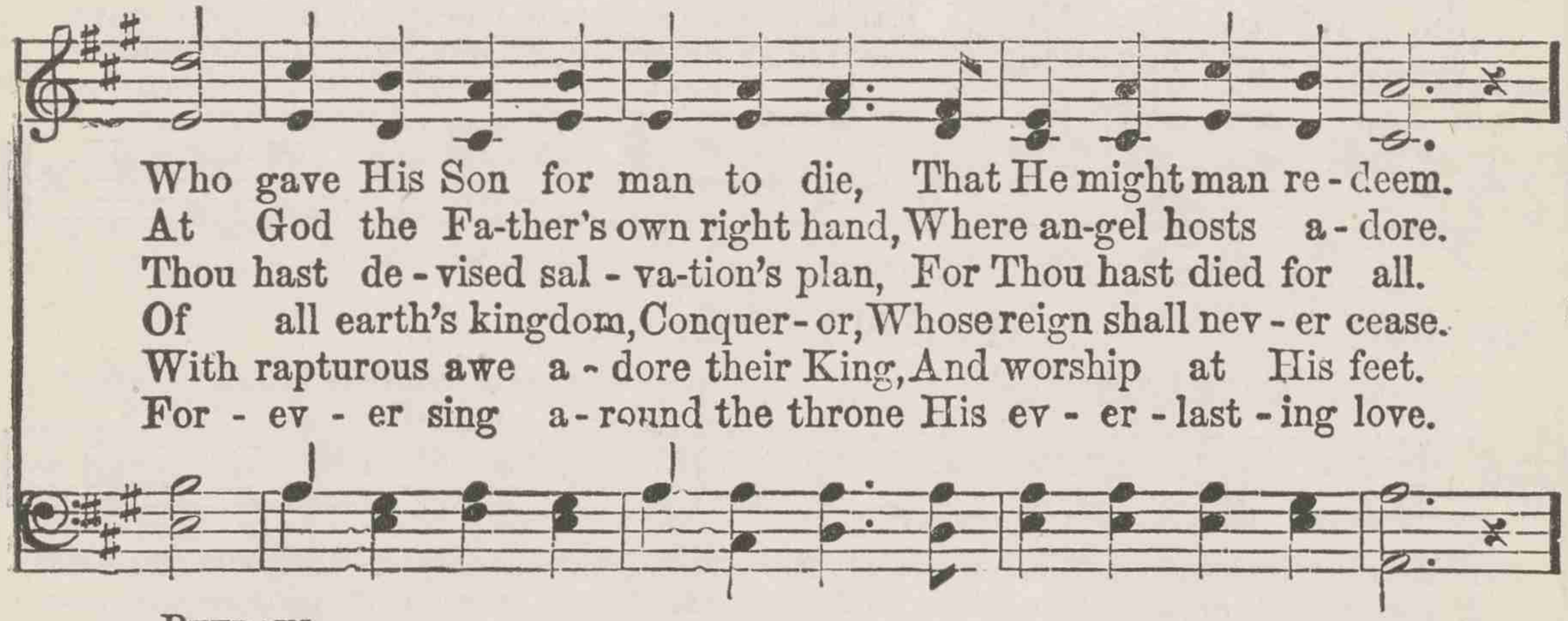
No. 147. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man; Once ruin-ed by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel - lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,
5. The ran-somed hosts to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
6. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove



Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdom, Conquer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
With rapturous awe a - dore their King, And worship at His feet.
For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.



REFRAIN.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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No. 148. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing commun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;

More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faithful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.

More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

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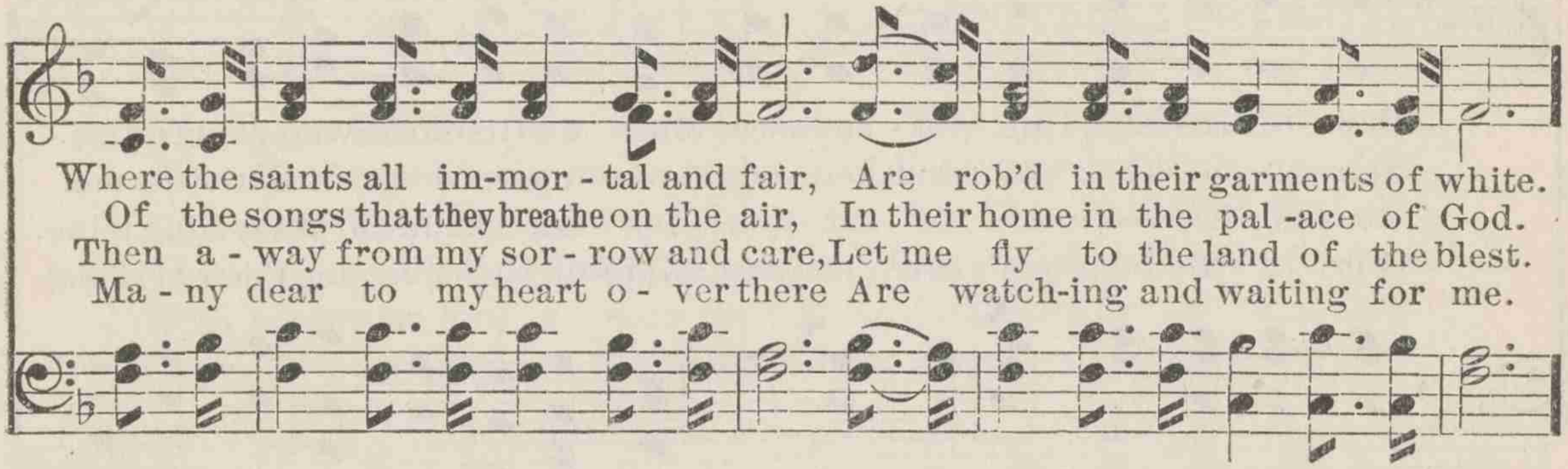
No. 149. BLESSED HOME.

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

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

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



REFRAIN.

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

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

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

No. 150. RIVER OF SALVATION.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Firmly.

1. Fa-ther of love and mercy, Cheer us up-on our way, Guide us to that safe
2. Trusting in Thee for pardon, Trusting forev-er-more; Safe thro' the waters
3. Fa-ther of mercy, guide us, Teach us to know Thy will, Send now the bless-ed

harbor Of Faith's eternal day; . Teach us Redemption's story, Lead us to realms of
passing, Safe to the Golden Shore. Leaning on Thee, confiding, Safe in Thy love a-
message Of comfort, "Peace be still;" Fountain forever flowing, Pardon and peace be-

D.S. *Riv-er of great salvation, Saving from condem-*

FINE. REFRAIN.

glo-ry, Be Thou our Pi-lot, Sav-iour, we pray. Flowing, flow-ing,
bid-ing, No more to sor-row, joy ev-er-more.
stowing, Guide us, dear Saviour, safe thro' the vale. Flowing, flowing, ever flowing,

na-tion, Flowing, O sin-ner, for you and me.

D.S.

Soul-cleansing love, sent from above, Nev-er ceas-ing, So rich and free.
Ever flowing, never ceasing, flowing

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No. 151. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

WM. HUNTER. Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. The great Phy -si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz -ing Je - sus;
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis- pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
5. And when to that bright world a - bove, We rise to see our Je - sus,

He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
O, how my soul de-lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je - sus.
We'll sing a -round the throne of love His name, the name of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

"Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

rit.

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

No. 152. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

"London Hymn Book." A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,

For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re -
And pur-chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the

REFRAIN.

deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my
wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
death - dew lies cold on my brow,
glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

Je - sus, 'tis now; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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No. 153. DARE AND DO.

E. E. REXFORD. G. W. LYON, by per.

1. Let 's dare and do for the pure and true; Let 's ev - er be brave and bold;
2. Let 's work and toil now in life's tur-moil, Steadfast and strong for the right;
3. Let 's sow good seed as the day may need, And wait till the har- vest come;

In the fight with sin let us strive to win Some soul from the tempter's hold.
Let 's bat - tle on the whole day long, And rest not un-til the night.
The sheaves are bound on the Master's ground, In the time of the har-vest home.

REFRAIN.

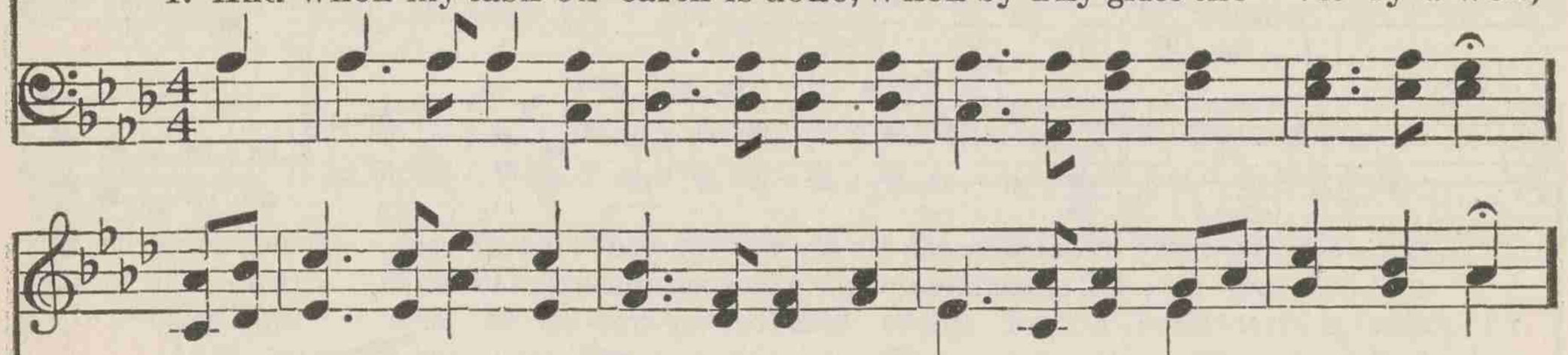
Oh, dare and do for the pure and true; That is the mission we have to do;

Dare and do, Dare and do, Ev - er be brave and true.

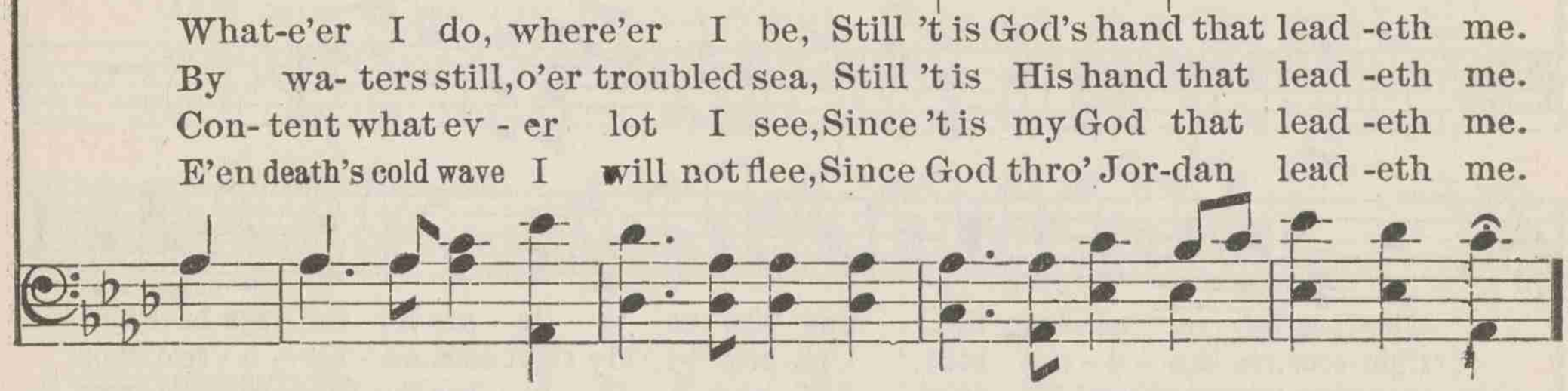
No. 154. HE LEADETH ME.

Rev. J. H. GILMORE. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. He lead- eth me! oh, bless-ed tho't, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Some-times 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E - den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-'ry 's won,

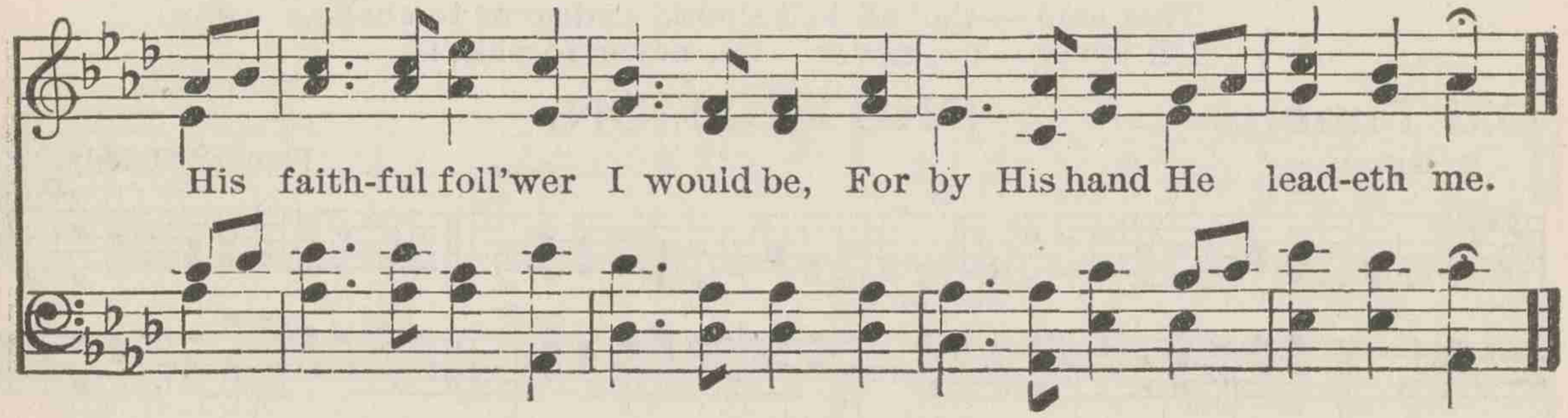


What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead -eth me.
By wa- ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 't is His hand that lead -eth me.
Con- tent what ev - er lot I see, Since 't is my God that lead -eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead -eth me.



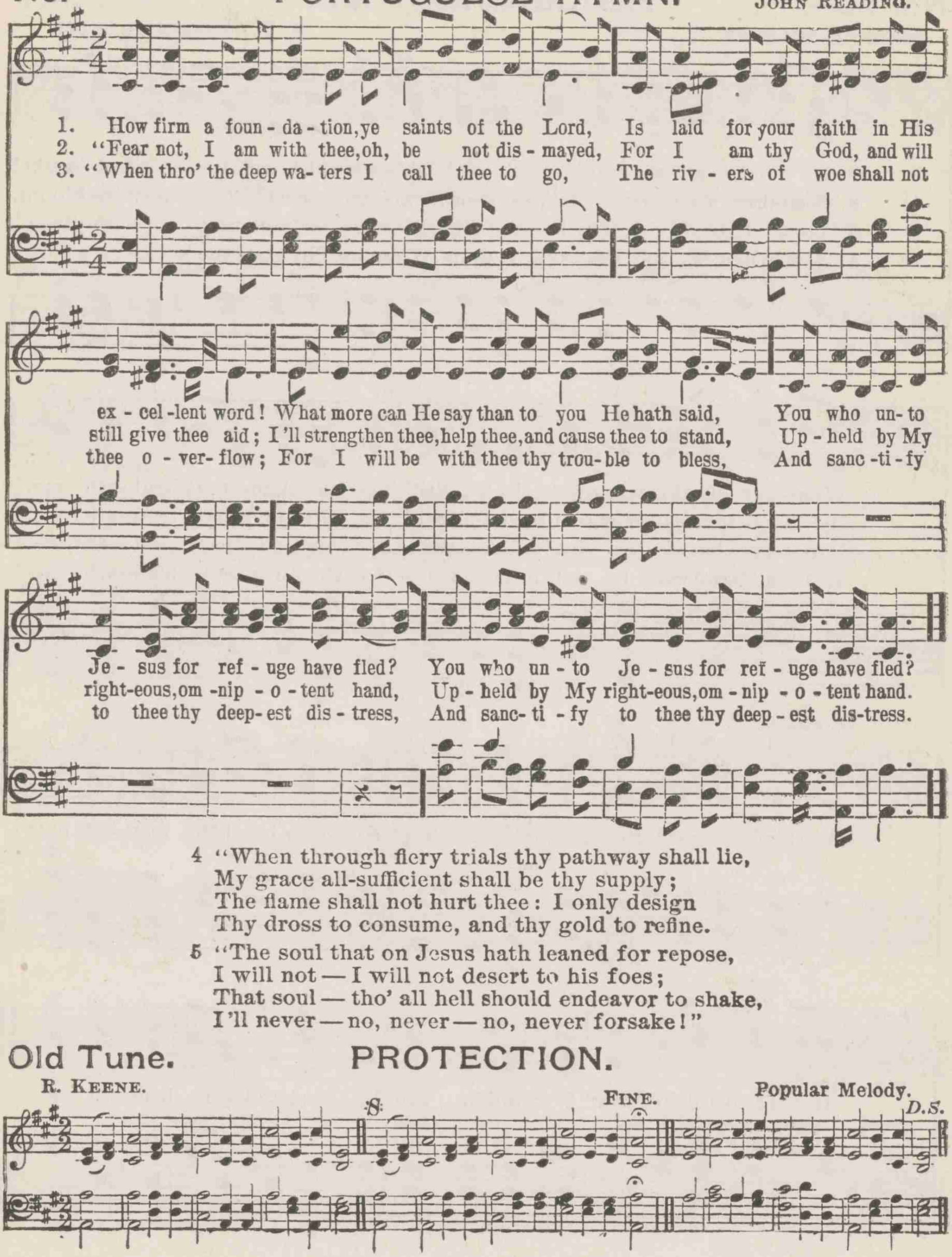
REFRAIN.

He lead -eth me! He lead -eth me! By His own hand He lead -eth me!



His faith-ful foll'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 155. PORTUGUESE HYMN. JOHN READING.



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

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

Old Tune. PROTECTION.

R. KEENE.

No. 156. HOME, SWEET HOME.

DAVID DENHAM. 1826. H. R. BISHOP. 1829.

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice blessed
3. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stray, O give me sub-
4. I long, dear-est Lord, in Thy beau - ty to shine, No more as an

soul is com - mun-ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
Je - sus, whose love can not cease! Tho' oft from Thy pres-ence in
mis - sion and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to
ex - ile in sor - row to pine; And in Thy dear im - age a-

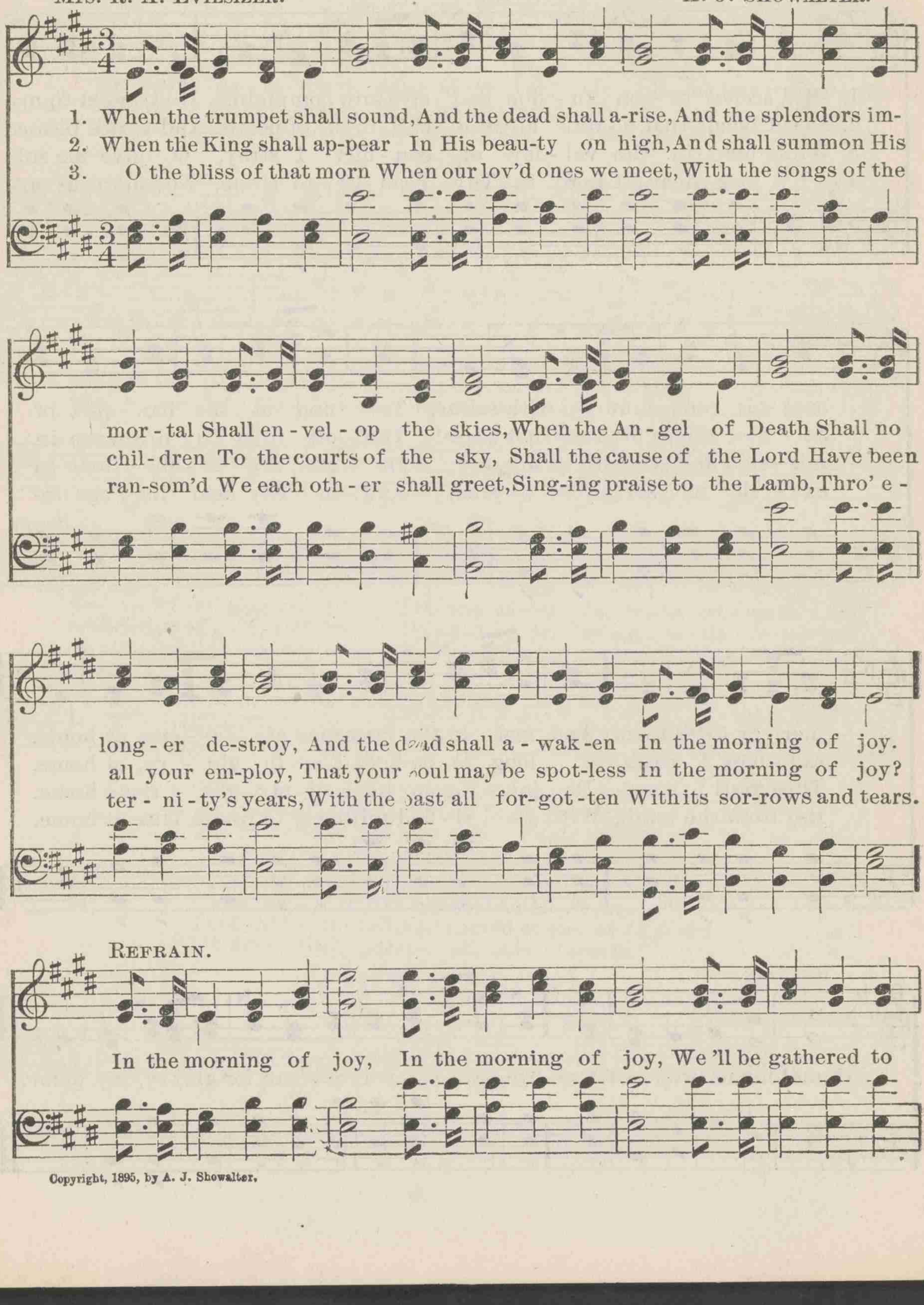
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
sad - ness I roam, I long to be-hold Thee in glo - ry, at home.
Thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - rious home.
rise from the tomb, With glo - ri - fied millions, to praise Thee at home.

REFRAIN.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home, Pre-pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

No. 157. IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

Mrs. R. A. Evilsizer. A. J. Showalter.



Refrain.

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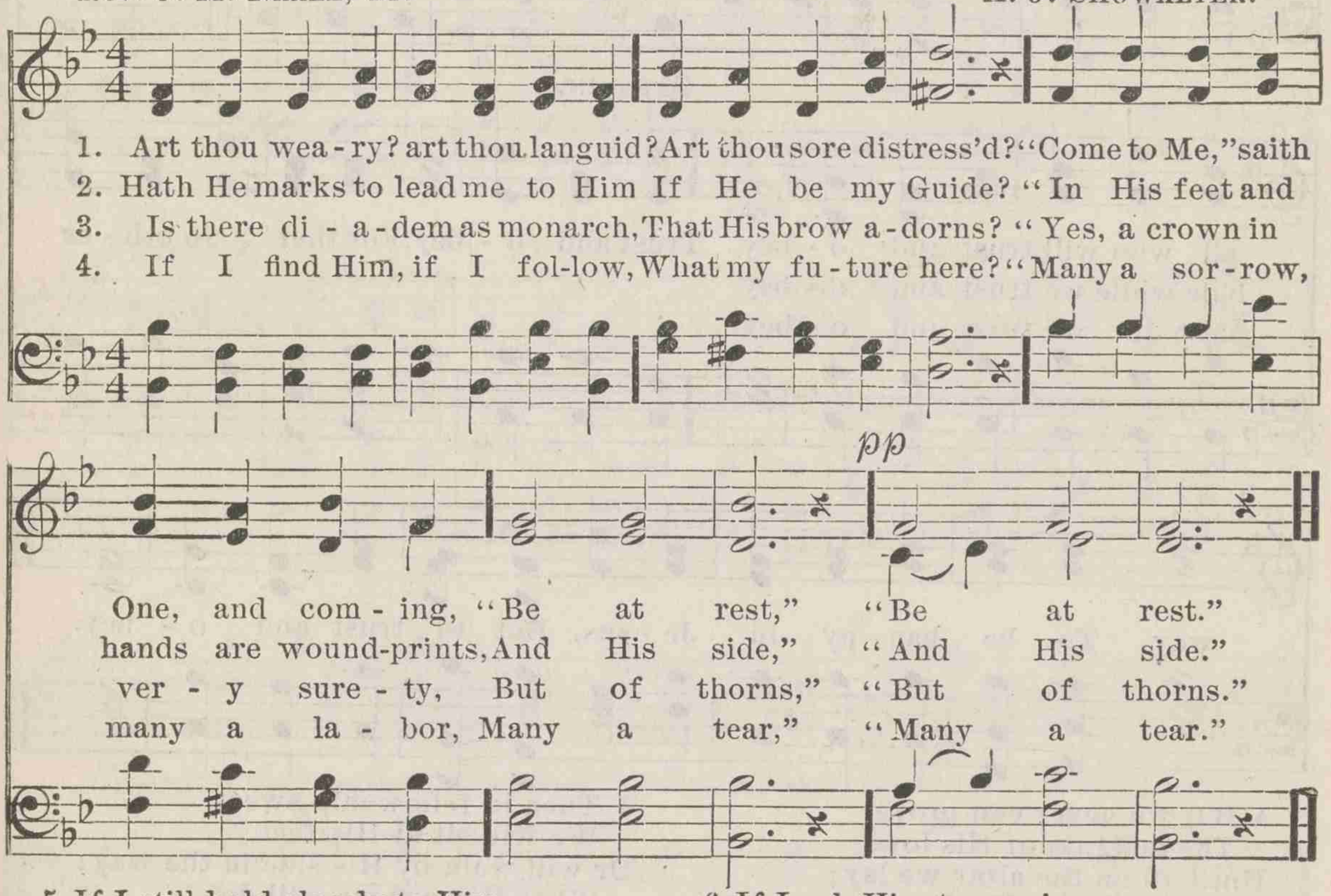
IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

No. 158. ART THOU WEARY?

Rev. J. M. NEALE, Tr. A. J. SHOWALTER.



5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
‖: Jordan past." :‖

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
‖ : Pass away." :‖

No. 159.

TRUST AND OBEY.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

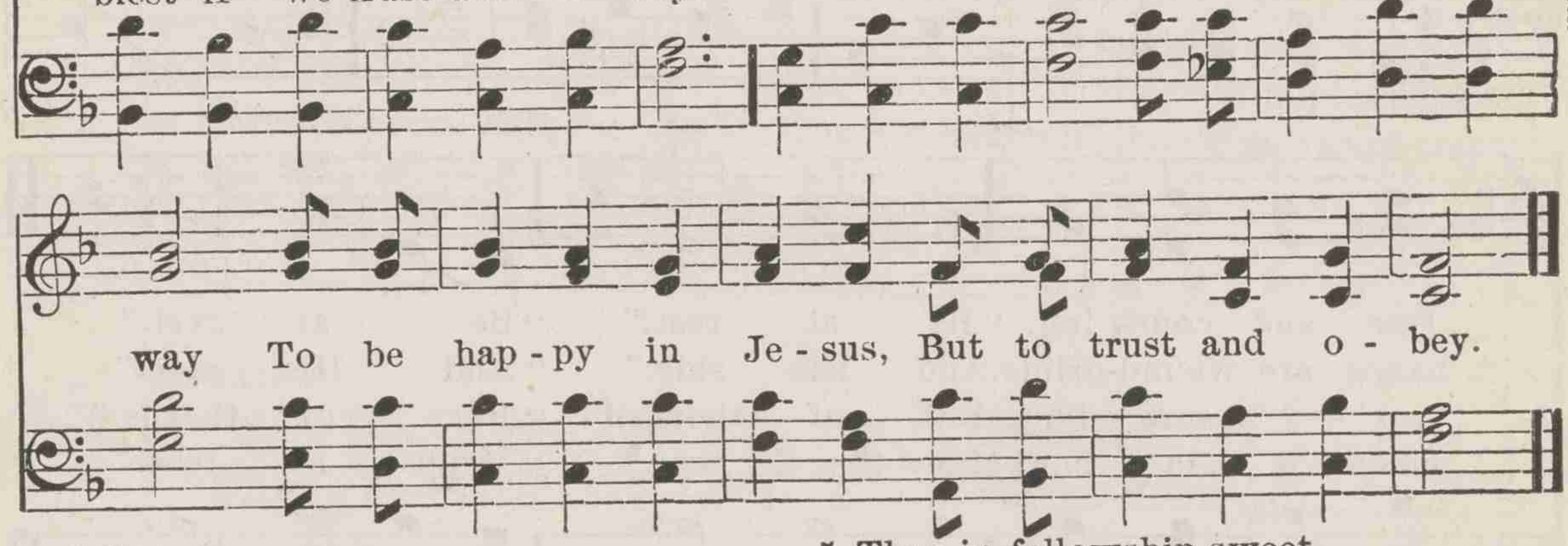
D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick - ly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But in some way He 'll

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us still, And with
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a -
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is

REFRAIN.

all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there 's no oth - er
bide while we trust and o - bey.
blest if we trust and o - bey.



way To be hap - py in Je - sus, But to trust and o - bey.

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4 But we never can prove
The delights of His love
Until all on the altar we lay;
For the favor He shows,
And the joy He bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

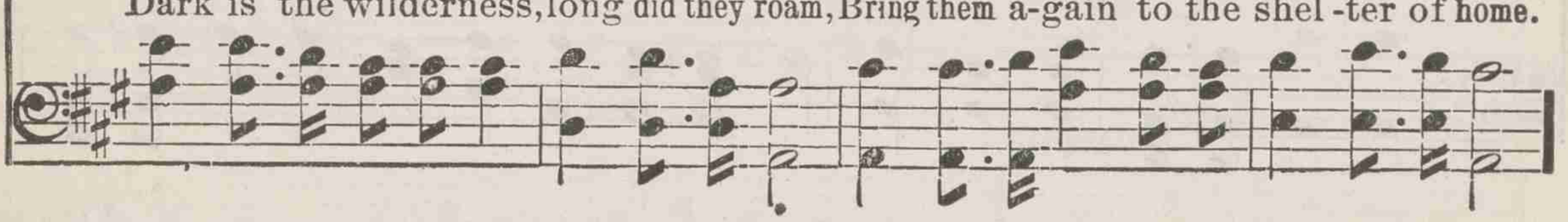
5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at His feet,
Or will walk by His side in the way;
What He says we will do,
Where He sends we will go,
So we 'll trust Him, we 'll trust and obey.

No. 160. SEARCH FOR THE WANDERING SHEEP.

BIRDIE BELL. S. D. THOMASON.

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

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



REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 161. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil-ver nor gold, I wouldmake sure of
2. Lord,my sins they are ma - ny,Like the sands of the sea,But Thy blood,oh,my
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y,With its mansions of light,With its glo-ri- fied

heav-en, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of Thy king-dom,With its
Sav-iour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten In bright
be-ings, In pure gar-ments of white,Where no e - vil thing com-eth To de -

pa - ges so fair,Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
let- ters that glow,"Tho' your sins be as scar- let, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair,Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

D.S. *In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name written there?*

REFRAIN. D.S.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page bright and fair?

No. 162. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

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

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

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

Refrain.

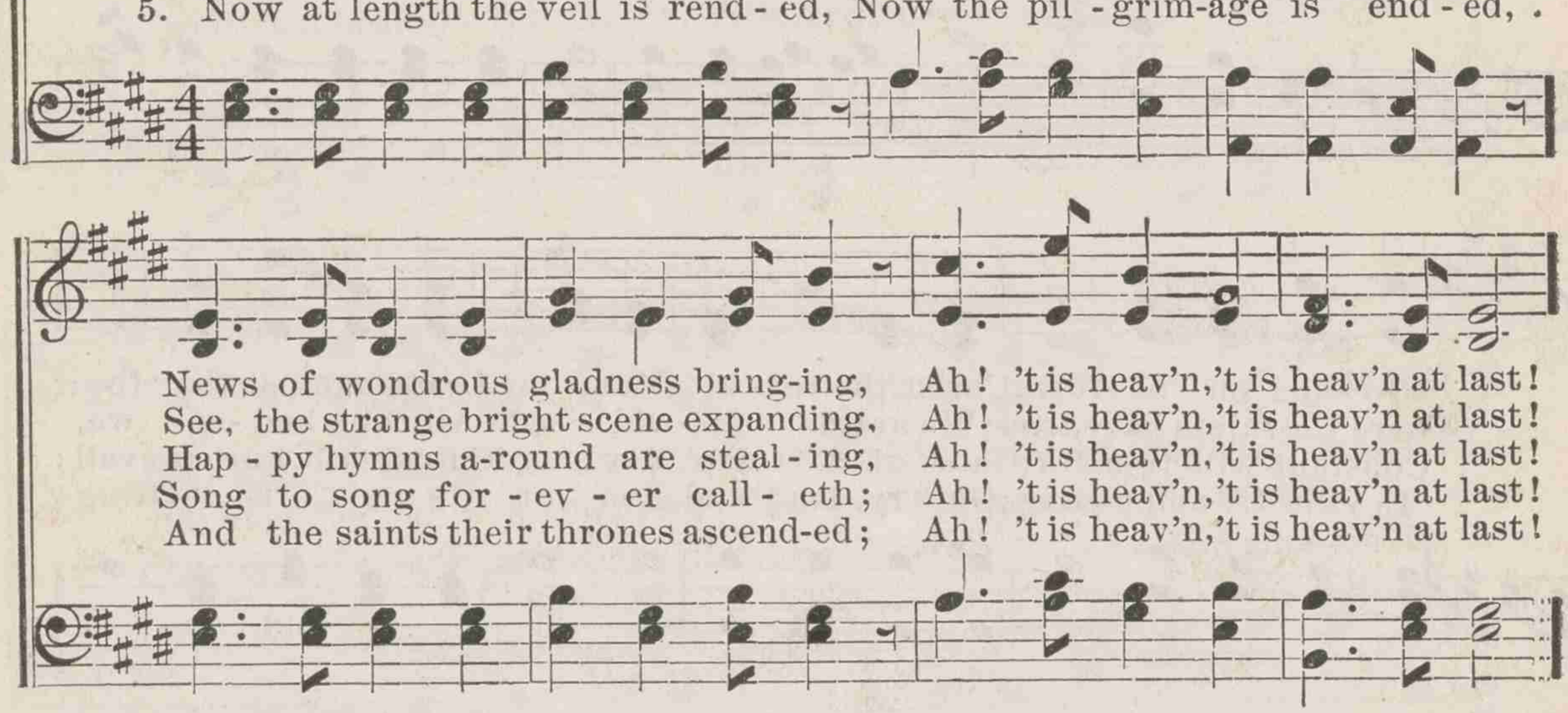
Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char- i - ty!
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

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

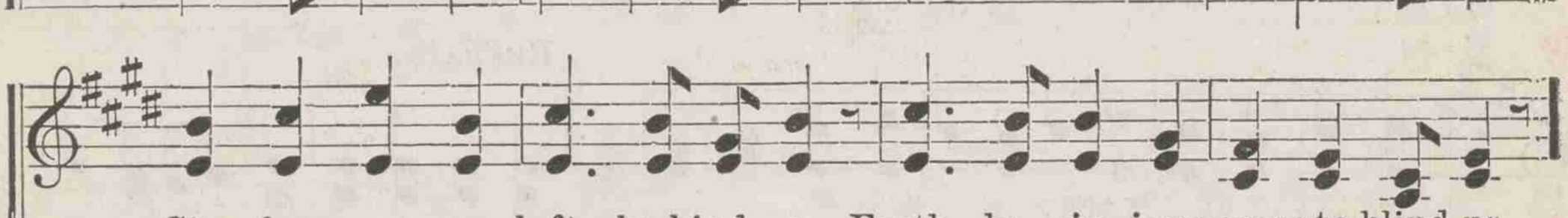
No. 163. 'T IS HEAVEN AT LAST.

Dr. H. BONAR. Adapted by A. J. S.

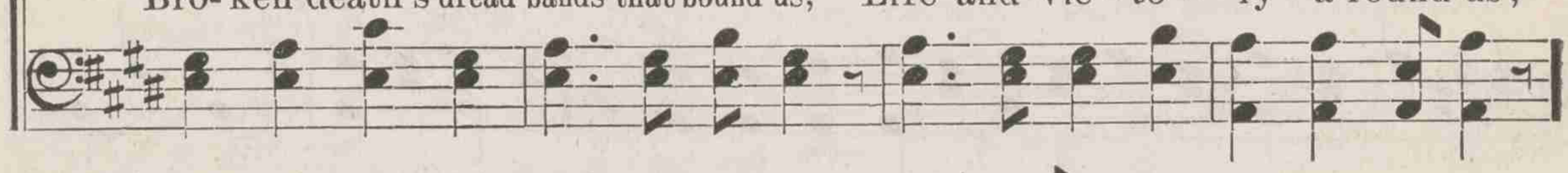
1. An - gel voi-ces, sweet-ly sing-ing, Ech-oes thro' the blue dome ringing,
2. On the Jas-per threshold standing, Like a pil - grim safe - ly land-ing,
3. Soft-est voi-ces, sil - ver peal-ing, Fresh-est fra-grance, spir-it - heal-ing,
4. Not a tear-drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas-ure ev - er pall - eth,
5. Now at length the veil is rend - ed, Now the pil - grim-age is end - ed, .



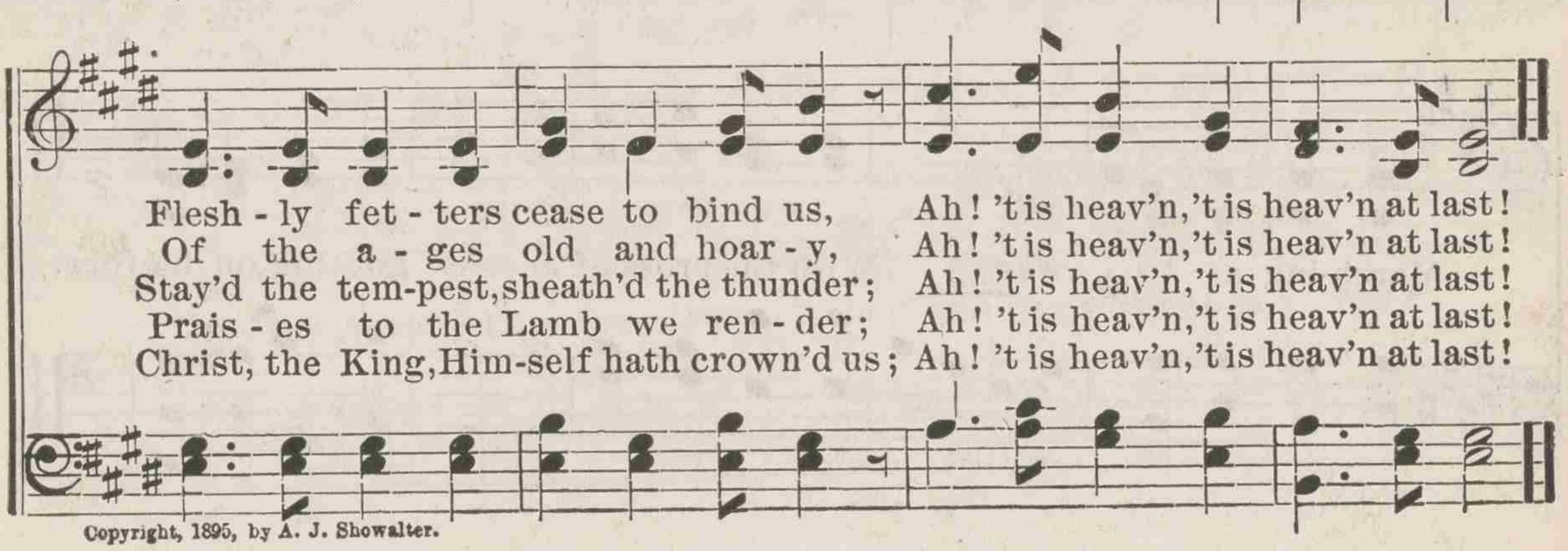
News of wondrous gladness bring-ing, Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!
See, the strange bright scene expanding, Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!
Hap - py hymns a-round are steal - ing, Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!
Song to song for - ev - er call - eth; Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!
And the saints their thrones ascend-ed; Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!



Sin for - ev - er left be-hind us, Earth - ly vis - ions cease to blind us,
What a cit - y! what a glo - ry! Far be - yond the brightest sto - ry
Not a bro - ken blos-som yon-der, Not a link can snap a - sun - der,
Christ Him-self the liv - ing splendor, Christ the sun-light mild and ten-der,
Bro-ken death's dread bands that bound us, Life and vic - to - ry a-round us;



Flesh - ly fet - ters cease to bind us, Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!
Of the a - ges old and hoar - y, Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!
Stay'd the tem-pest, sheath'd the thunder; Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!
Prais - es to the Lamb we ren - der; Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!
Christ, the King, Him-self hath crown'd us; Ah! 't is heav'n, 't is heav'n at last!



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No. 164. OUR BETTER HOME.

MILDRED MERLE. Ref. arr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. It lies beyond earth's vision, Be-yond the star-ry sky— Be - yond the ra-diant sun-set: We'll reach it by and by.
2. 'T is in a gold-en cit - y, Fair cit - y of the blest, With-in its walls of jas-per Earth's weary toil-ers rest.
3. The tree of life is growing In rich lux - u-riance there; The stream of life is flow-ing So crys - ta-line and fair.
4. Bright crowns of life are wait-ing In mansions fair a - bove, And golden harps are tun-ing To sweet-est songs of love.
5. There I shall meet my lov'd ones, When He shall bid me come, And share with them, in glo - ry, That bright-er, bet - ter home.

REFRAIN.

There with the glo-ri-fied, Safe at the Saviour's side, I . . . shall be sat - is - fied, By and by; By . and by, by, . . By and by, . . I . . shall be sat-is - fied, By and by.

There, there with the glo-ri-fied, Safe, safe at the Sav-iour's side, I, yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, By and by; By and by, By and by, I, yes, I shall be sat - is - fied, By and by.

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No. 165.. GATHERING HOME.

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

1. One by one our friends are going on be-fore, Go - ing on be-fore,
2. One by one they gath-er on the golden shore, Gather on the shore,
3. One by one they see the blessed Saviour's face, See Him face to face,
4. One by one they join to sing the glad, new song, Sing the glad, new song,

go - ing on be-fore, Up to mansions that are ev - er bright and fair, O
gath-er on the shore, Where they nev-er-more shall know a grief or care, O
see Him face to face, And for - ev - ermore His glo-ry they will share, O
sing the glad, new song; Robes of righteousness they ev-ermore shall wear, O

REFRAIN.

say, shall we meet them up there? Gath'ring home - - - ward
meet up there? Gath'ring homeward one by one,

one by one, . . . When their work . . . on earth is
Gath'ring homeward one by one, When their work on earth is done, When their

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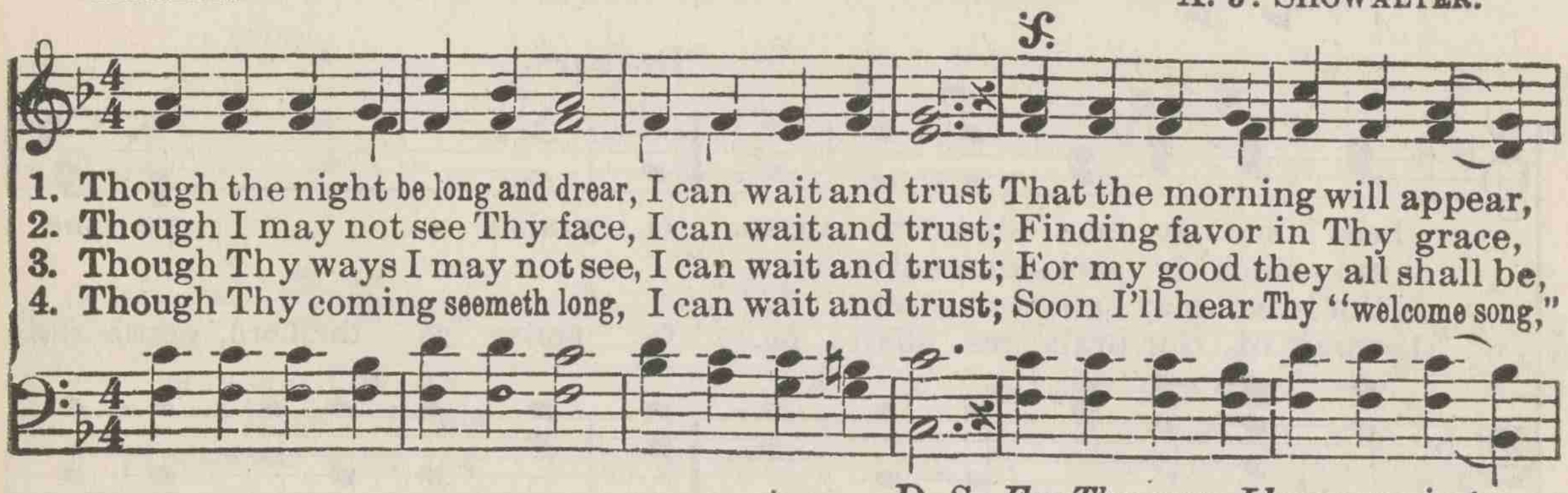
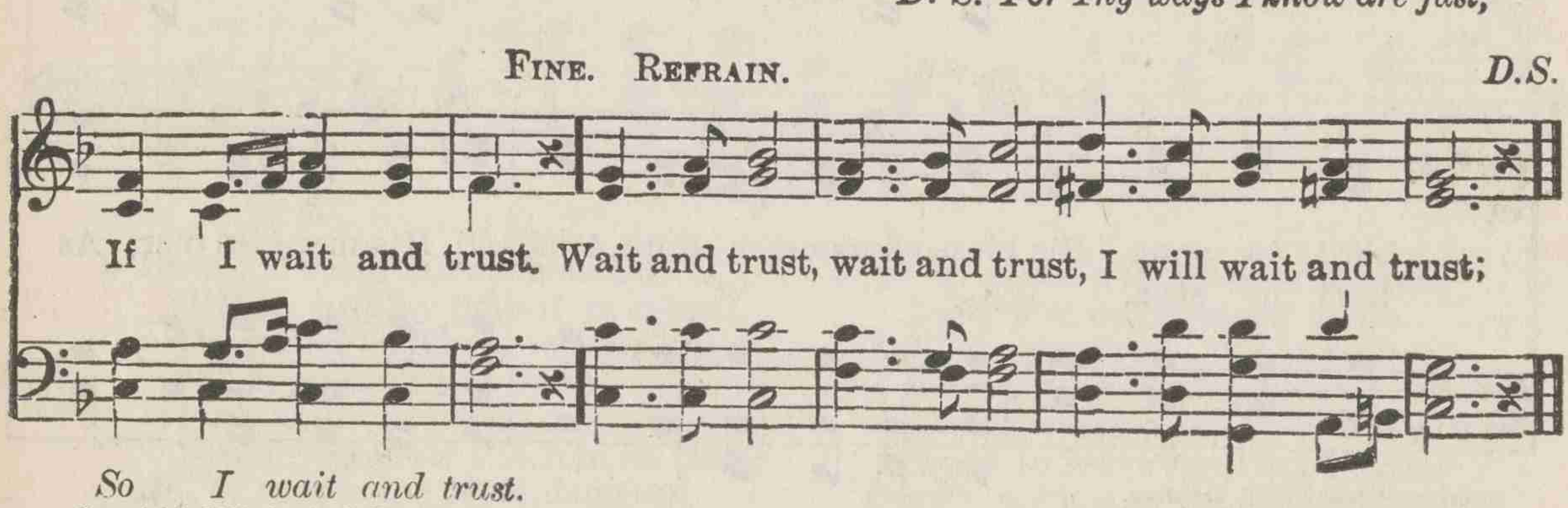
GATHERING HOME. Concluded.

No. 166. WAIT AND TRUST.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



FINE. REFRAIN. D.S.



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No. 167. SING PRAISES TO GOD.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sing prais - es to God for the gift of His love, That guards us with
2. Sing prais - es to God for the bless - ing of pray'r, That brings us so
3. Sing prais - es to God for His dear, bless-ed Son, Who came as a
4. Sing prais - es to God for His mer - cy so free, That reach - es and

ten - der - est care, As on - ward we march to that cit - y a- bove, Its
near to His throne; For Christ in His beau - ty ap - pears to us there, And
ran - som from sin; Thro' Him we shall live when our jour-ney is done, Thro'
saves e - ven me; That pre-cious Re-deem-er once nailed to the tree, The

REFRAIN.

heav - en - ly man - sions to share. O praise ye the
gra - cious - ly wel - comes His own.
Him we may all "en - ter in."
theme of our prais - es shall be. O praise ye the Lord, praise the

Lord in song, His bless-ed name a - dore, And tell His mer-cies o'er, As
Lord in song,

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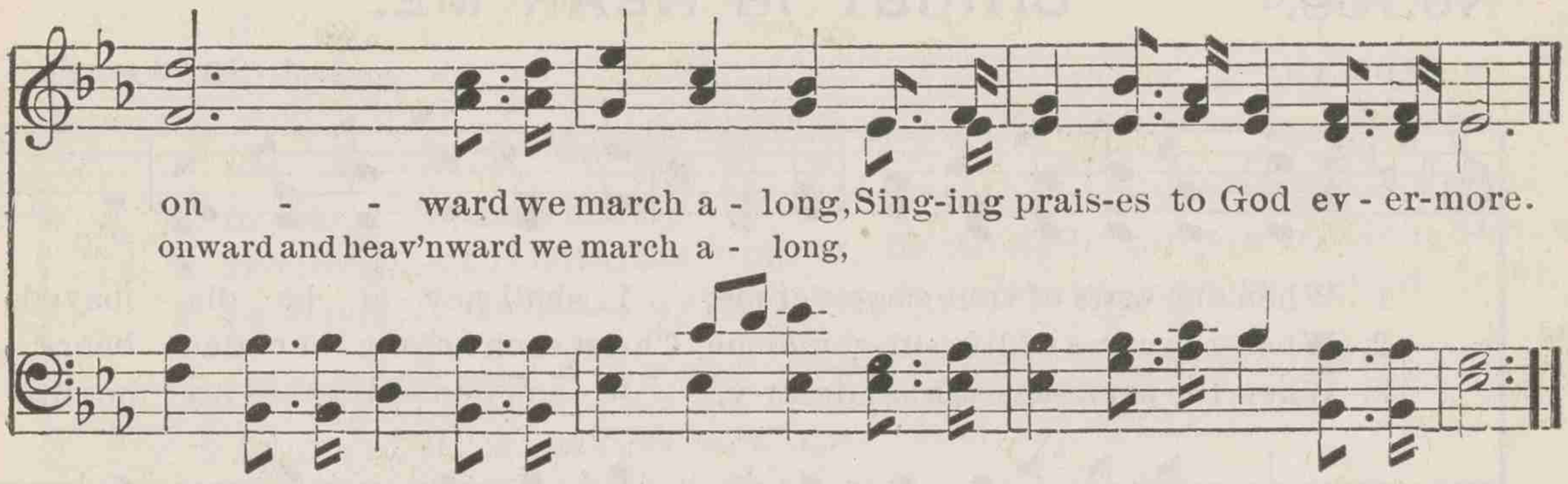
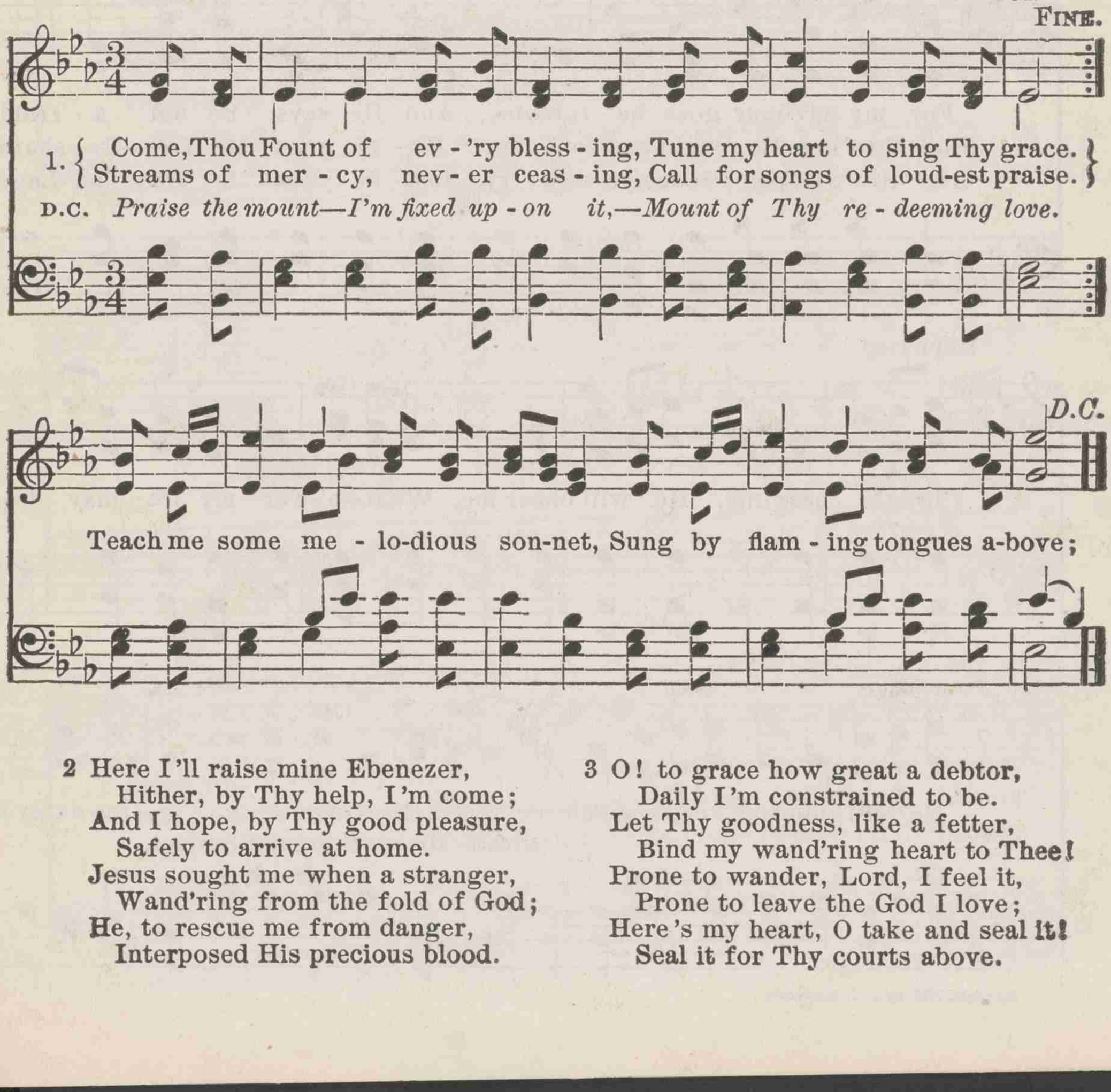
SING PRAISES TO GOD.



No. 168. NETTLETON.

Rev. Robert Robinson. Rev. Asahel Nettleton.



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

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

No. 169. CHRIST IS NEAR ME.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Christ is near me, He will cheer me, What-so - e'er my lot may be;
He will guide me, keep and hide me 'Neath His wings, . . e - ter-nal-ly.
'Neath His wings, 'neath His wings,

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No. 170. BE STRONG IN THE FAITH.

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

1. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the faith of God; He will keep you day by day In the straight and narrow way, Be strong in the faith of God.
2. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the pow'r of God; Though the way be dark and steep, He your soul will safely keep, Be strong in the pow'r of God.
3. Be strong in the faith, my broth-er, Be strong in the love of God; On the cross the Savionr died, And the law is satisfied,—Be strong in the love of God.

REFRAIN.

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

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No. 171. WHY NOT TONIGHT?

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 172. CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Close to the Saviour, Near to the cross, Counting earth's treasures Nothing but dross;
2. Close to the Saviour, Serving Him still, Learning His pleasure, Doing His will;
3. Close to the Saviour, E'en to the last, Till all life's sorrows Safely are past;

Leaving its fol - lies Gladly to be Closer, dear Saviour, Closer to Thee.
Earn-est-ly striv-ing Ev - er to be Closer, dear Saviour, Closer to Thee.
And when the summons Cometh for me, Draw me, my Saviour, Closer to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Clos - er to Thee, yes, Closer to Thee, Draw me, my Saviour, Closer to Thee!

Here and in heaven, Let me a - bide, Now and forev - er, Close by Thy side.

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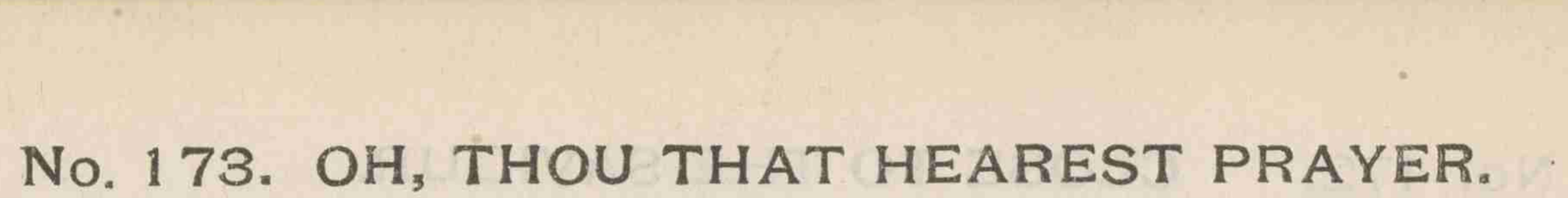
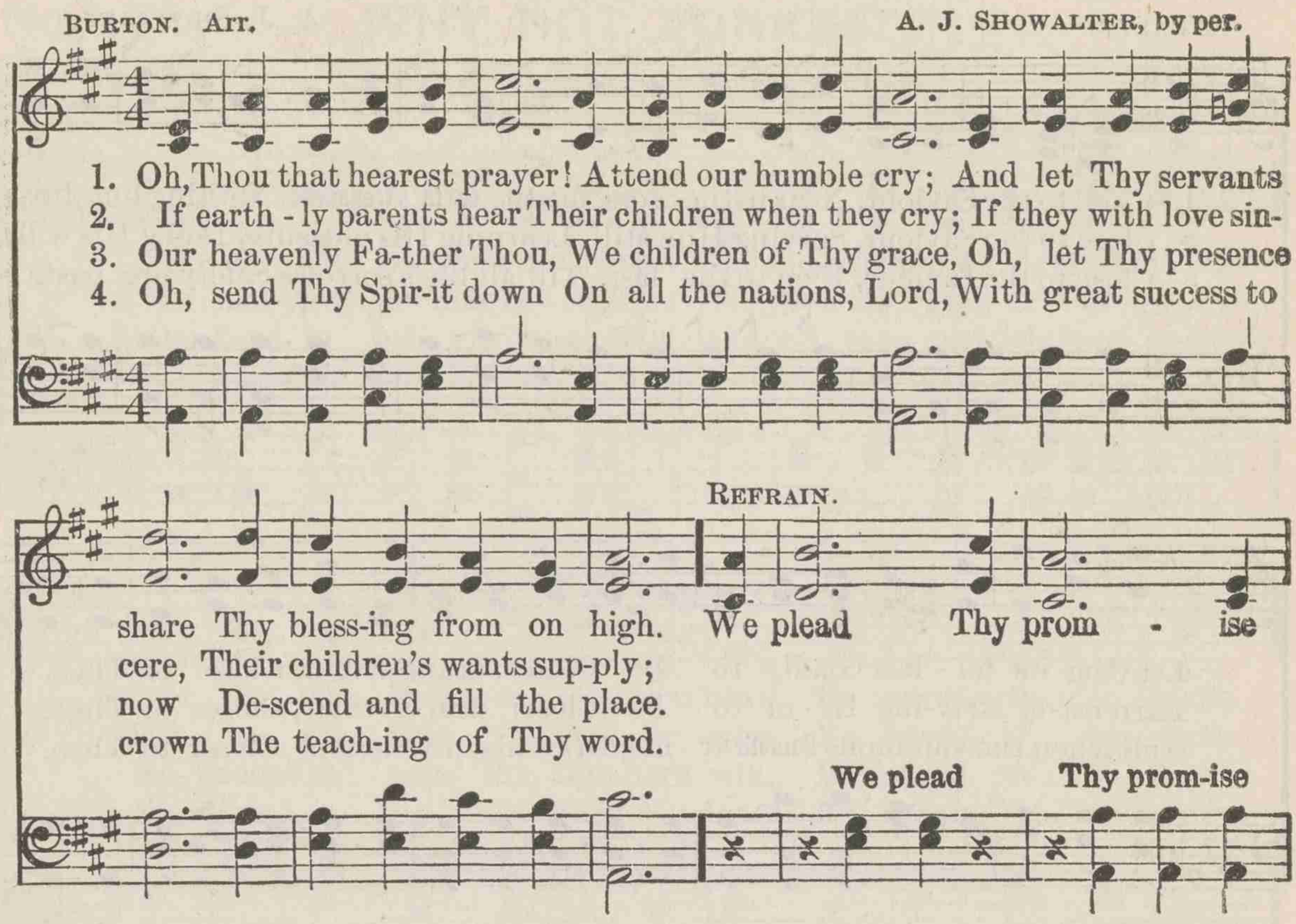
No. 173. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.

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

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





No. 174. TO THEE, DEAR LORD, I GO.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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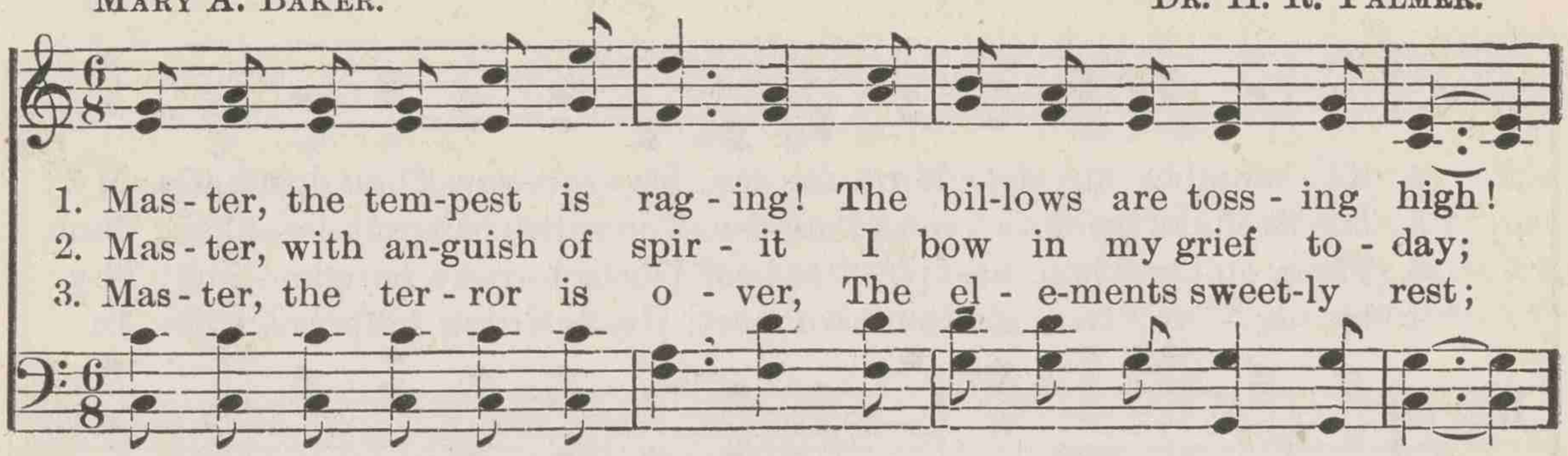
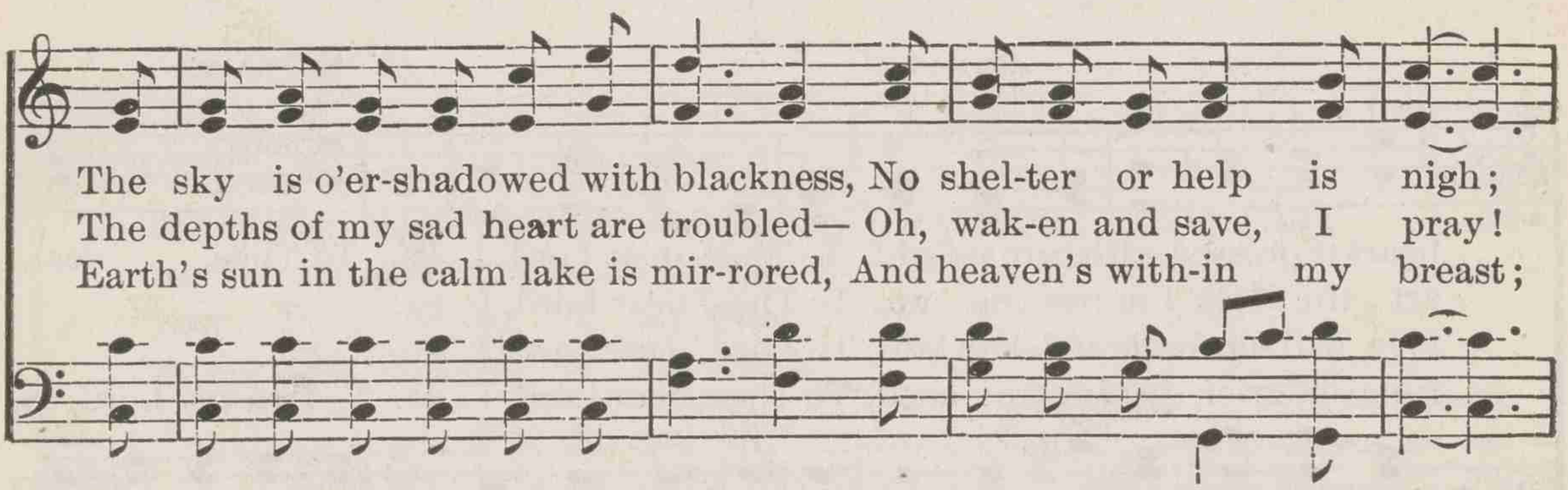
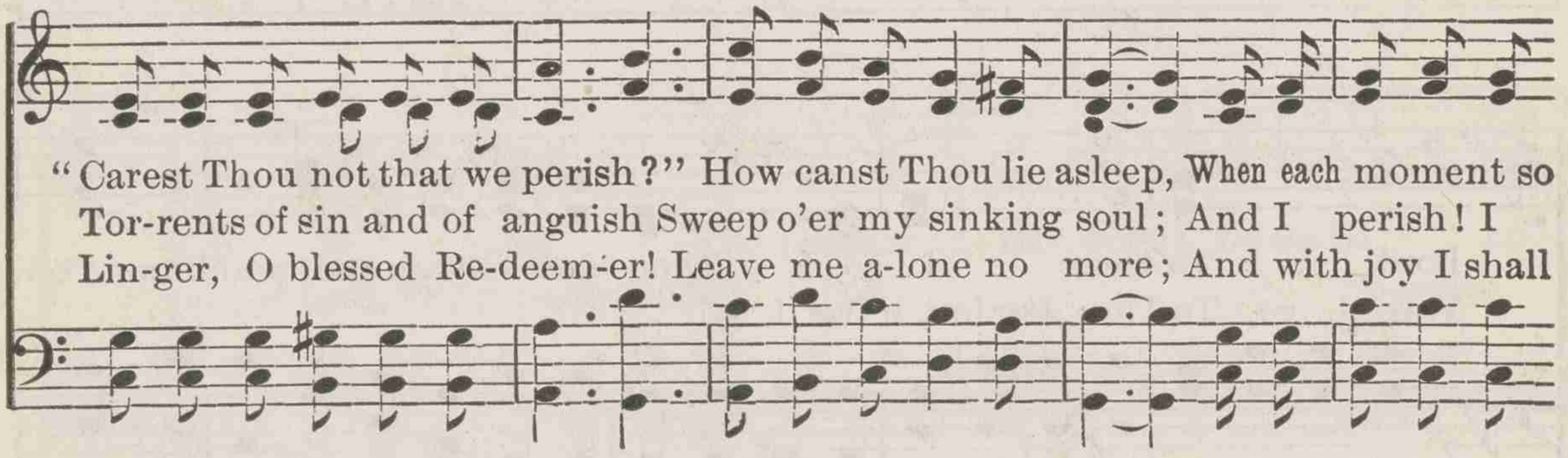
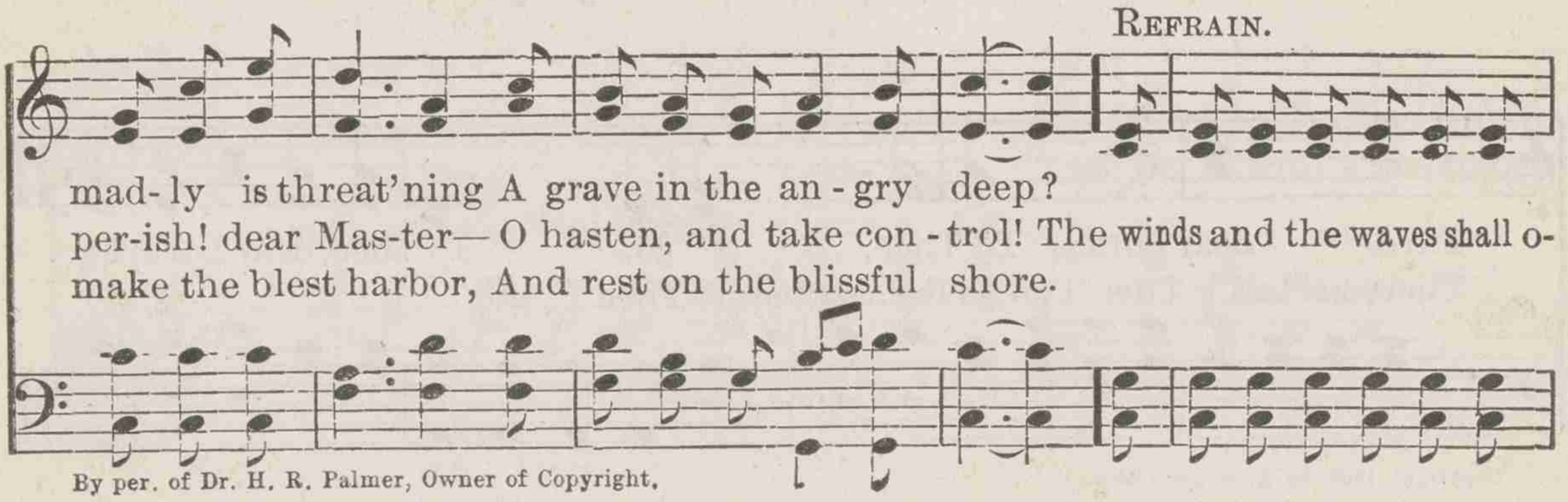
No. 175. MASTER, THE TEMPEST.

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









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MASTER, THE TEMPEST. Concluded.

No. 176. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms! Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and secure from
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Jesus,
all a-larms; Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.
Leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,

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No. 177. GATHERED HOME.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 178. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

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

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

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REFRAIN.

Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va - ry;
Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.

No. 179. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

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

:S:

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the
washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fount-ain flow - ing for the

D.S. *gar-ments spotless? Are they*

REFRAIN.

FINE.

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

white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D.S.

blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
In the blood, of the Lamb?

No. 180. WHITER THAN SNOW.

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

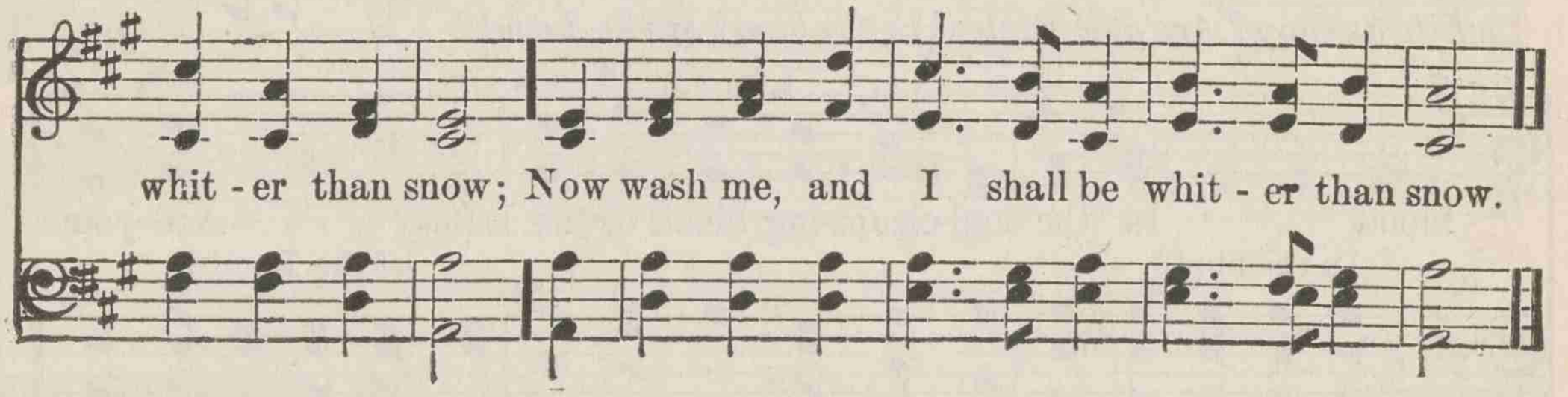
1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with -

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

REFRAIN.

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

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



No. 181. EVER IN THE LIGHT.

EMMA PITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

1 2

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

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No. 182. MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

Dr. R. MORRIS. H. R. PALMER.

QUARTET.

1. Each coo - ing dove, . . . and sigh - ing bough . . That makes the
2. Each flow - 'ry glen, . . . and mos - sy dell, . . . Where hap - py
3. And when I read . . . . the thrill - ing lore . . . Of Him who

eve . . . . . so blest to me, ... Has something
birds . . . . . in song a - gree, ... Thro' sun - ny
walk'd . . . . . up - on the sea, ... I long, oh,

far . . . di-vin - er now, . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal - i -
morn . . the praises tell . . . . Of sights and sounds . . in Gal - i -
how . . . I long once more . . . To fol-low Him . . . in Gal - i -

CHORUS.

lee. . . . Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so

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MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

No. 183. COME, SINNER, COME.

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

W. E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.

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No. 184. BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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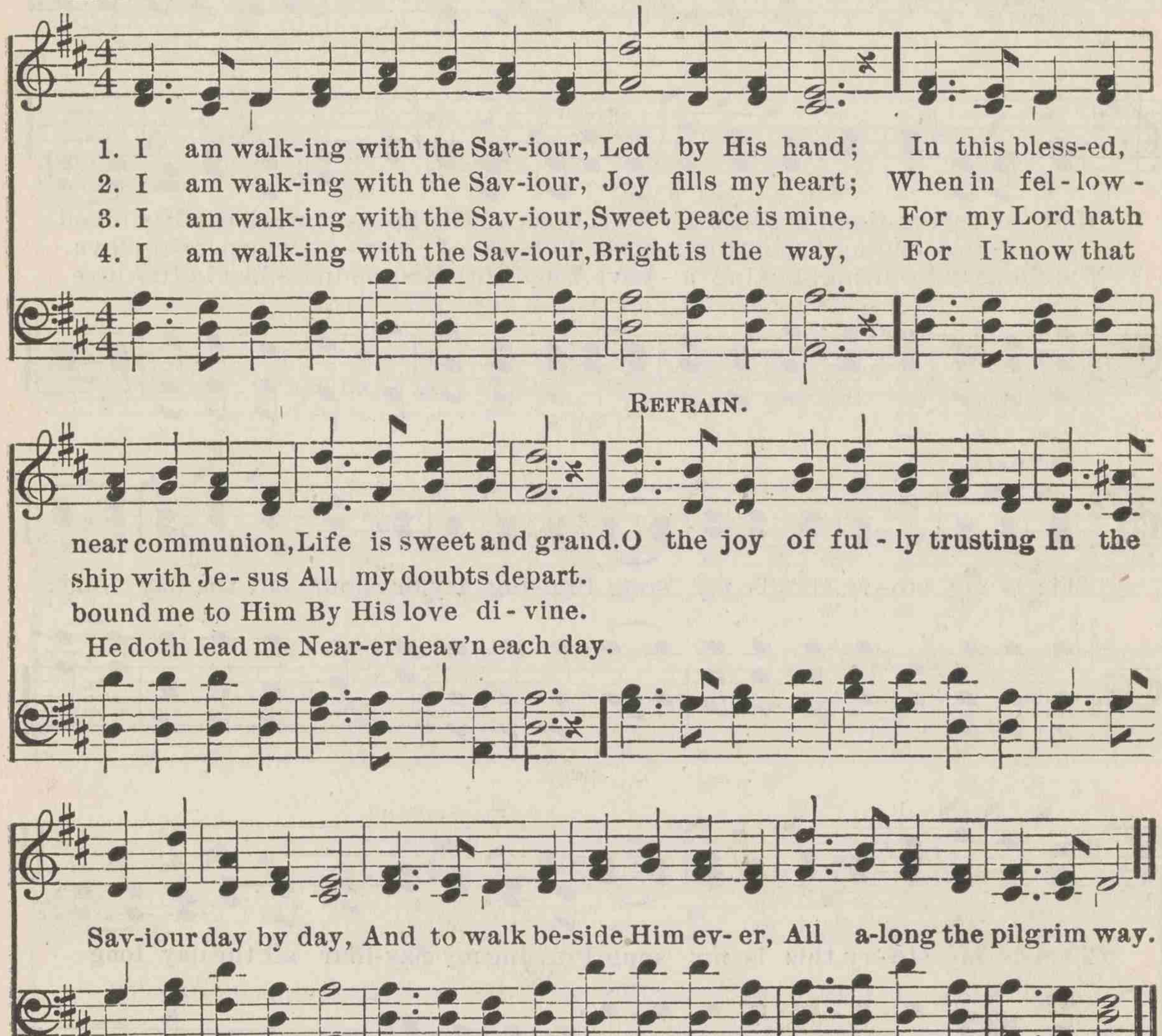
BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

No. 185. WALKING WITH THE SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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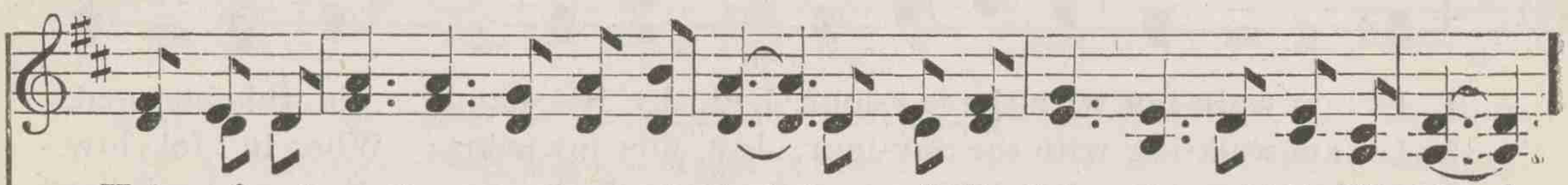
No. 186. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

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

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

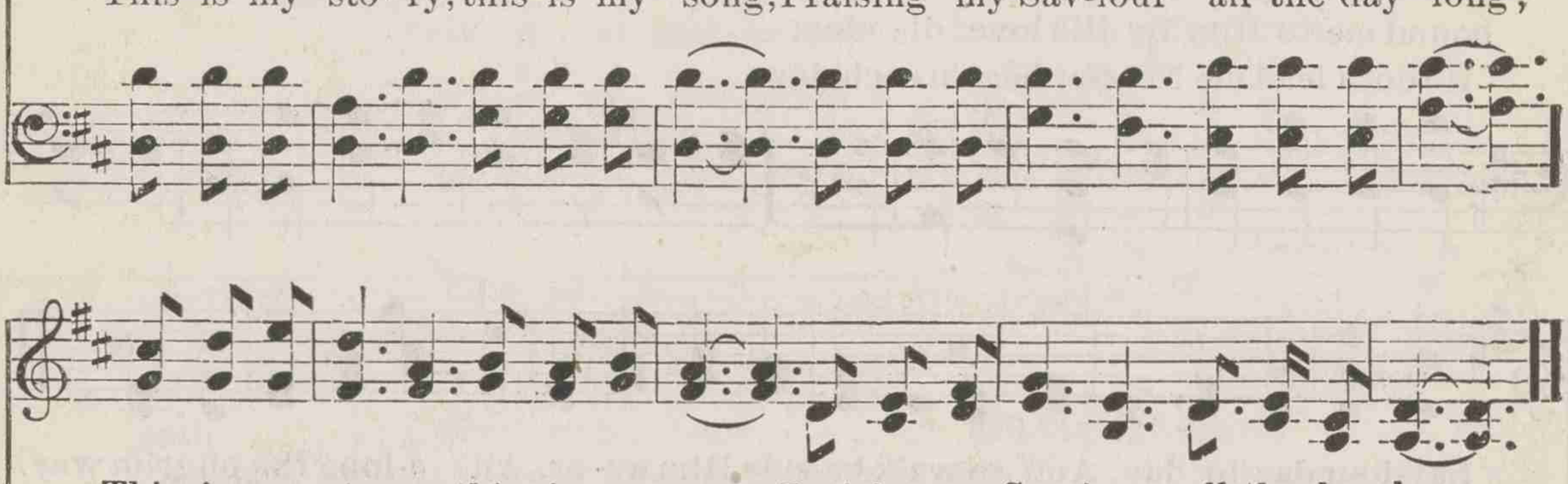
1. Blessed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di - vine!
2. Per-fect submission, per-fect de - light, Visions of rap - ture burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest;



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

REFRAIN.

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



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

No. 187. OUR HEAVEN BELOW.

FANNY CROSBY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O to feel the love of Je - sus Well-ing up with - in the soul,
2. O the love of Christ, our Sav - iour, How it melts our hearts to love,
3. O the love of Christ, our Sav - iour, Vast and boundless, deep and wide,

O to feel its joy un - bound-ed, Like the waves of o - cean roll.
How it draws us un - re - sist - ing To the ra - diant hills a - bove.
Love that seeks, re-deems and saves us, Love transcend-ing all be - side.

REFRAIN.

What are all our cares and sor-rows To the heights of joy we know,
When our tongues that love are sing-ing, And our heav'n be - gins be - low.

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No. 188. PRAISE TO THE TRIUNE GOD.

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

1. Praise Him! praise Him! praise the Cre - a - tor of all things, Sing, ye mor-tals!
2. Praise Him! praise Him! praise the Re-deemer all - glo-rious, Sing, ye ransomed!
3. Praise Him! praise Him! praise the blest Spirit E - ter - nal, Sing, ye toil - ers!

sing of His wondrous love; Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our Saviour, He's given,
sing of His pow'r to save; Praise Him! praise Him! o - ver all e - vil vic - to-rious,
sing of His pow'r di - vine; Praise Him! praise Him! wooing to regions su-per-nal,

That He might His love for His children prove! Hail Him! hail Him! hail Him, Jehovah, E-
Death is vanquish'd, conquer'd art thou, O grave! Crown Him! crown Him! crown Him the King of Sal-
On the sa-cred page as a light doth shine! Bless Him! bless Him! bless Him for being so

ter - nal! God, the Fa-ther! thron'd in the heav'ns a - bove; Praise Him! praise Him!
va-tion! Fount of cleansing! in its cool wa-ters lave; Praise Him! praise Him!
gra-cious! Ho - ly Spir - it! Spir - it of love be - nign! Praise Him! praise Him!

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PRAISE TO THE TRIUNE GOD.

No. 189. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

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

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No. 190. I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

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

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

Refrain.

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

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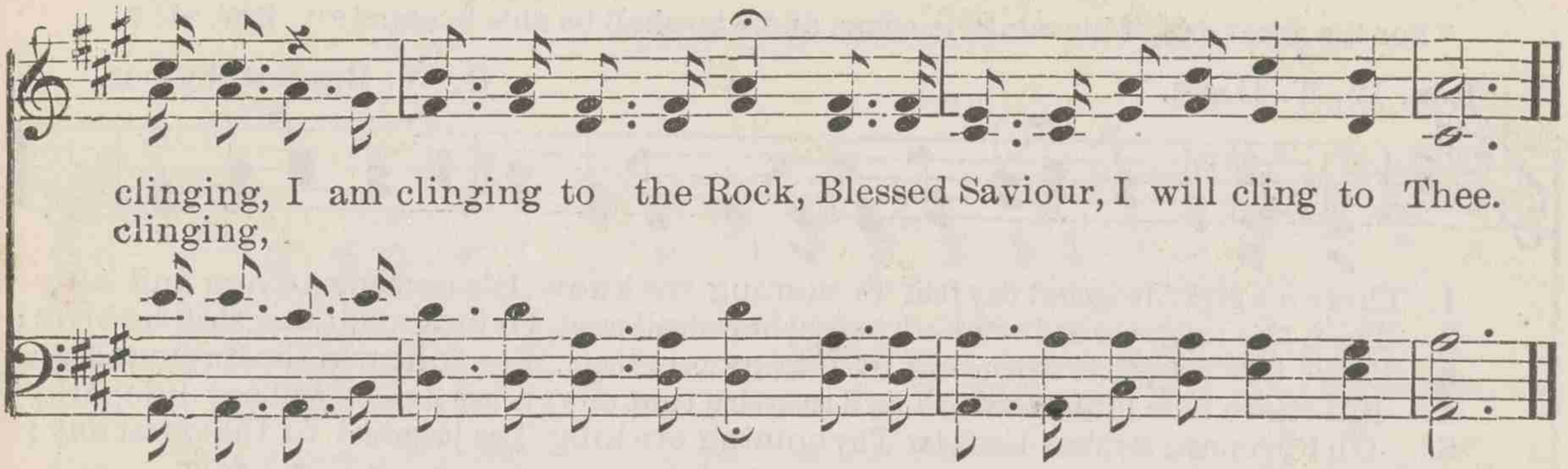
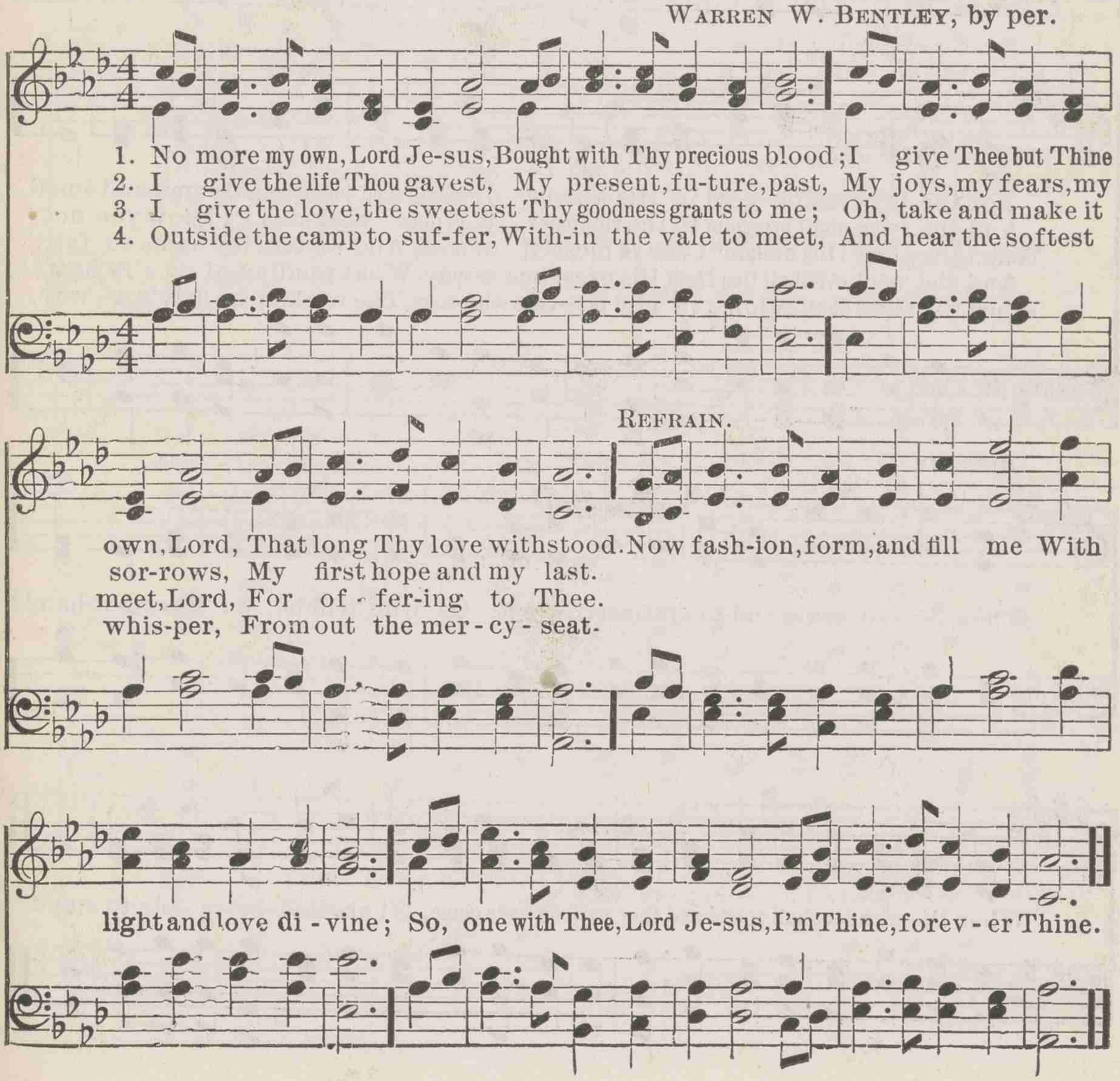
I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK. Concluded.



No. 191. I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his." Cant. ii. 16.

WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.



No. 192. O! WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

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

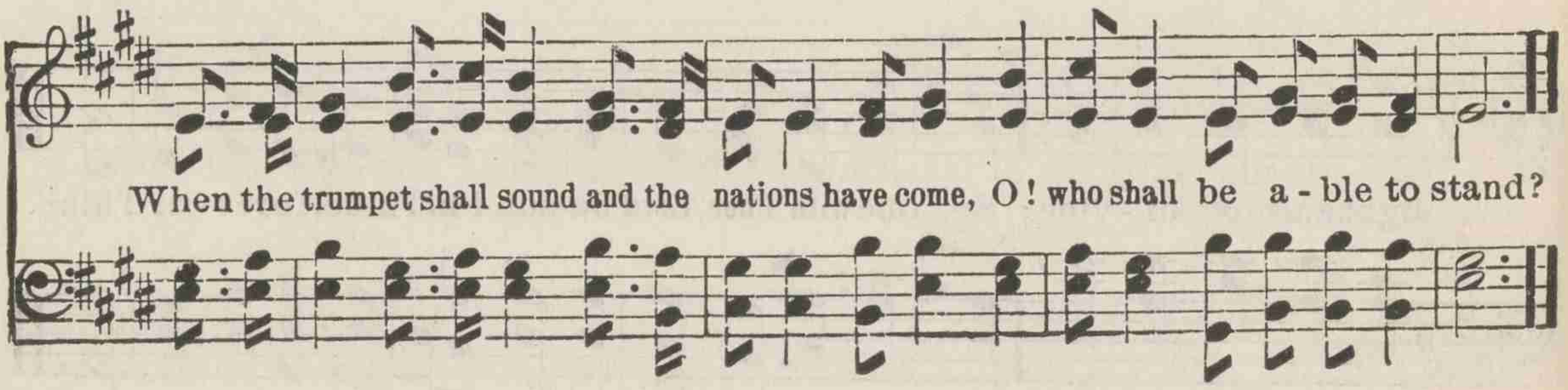
Rev. W. T. DALE. G. W. BROWN, by per.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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



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

No. 193. LISTEN TO THE SAVIOUR'S WORDS SO TENDER.

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

1. Lis-ten to the Saviour's words so ten-der, Sweeter than the harps on the golden shore,
2. Let the tender Shepherd choose your pathway, None so kind and lov-ing, so true as He;
3. O what blessed words are these, my Sav-iour, How they cheer my heart as I toil for Thee,
4. When the work of life with me is o - ver, And I hear Thy voice on the earth no more,

Say- ing to the wea - ry, heav-y - lad - en, Come to Me and sorrow no more.
Lis-ten to His soft - est ac-cents pleading, Say-ing come and follow thou Me.
Bringing in the sunshine of Thy presence, Showing that Thou carest for me.
May I see and hear Thee, blessed Saviour, Calling me to heaven's fair shore.

Find in Me sweet -est rest, Take My yoke up - on you, learn of Me;
Fol - low Me, fol - low Me, I am meek and low - ly now of heart;
Care for me, Sav - iour dear, I am trust-ing in Thy won-drous grace;
Call for me, bless - ed Lord, Call me to that bet -ter land on high;

Come and be heav-en's guest, Come and sup with Me and I with thee.
Thou My child then shalt be, And from Thee I nev - er more shall part.
Per - fect love casts out fear, And I long to see Thee face to face.
I will trust in Thy word, And shall see and know Thee by and by.

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No. 194. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright,
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a-ny earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun-shine, blessed sun-shine, When the peaceful hap-py mo-ments
sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul,

roll: When Jesus shows His smiling face, There is sunshine in the soul.
hap-py moments roll:

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No. 195. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

C. E. B., arranged. C. H. CRAWFORD, by per.

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

:S:

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

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

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

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

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

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

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

No. 196. THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Af - ter the life-paths we're treading End up - on time's sol - emn sh
2. There will be light for the spir - its Who thro' deep shad-ows have come —
3. There will be light for the wea - ry Who thro' sore tri - als have passed —
4. There will be light for the faith - ful, What-e'er the way they have trod —

There will be light at the riv - er While the redeem'd ones pass o'er.
Fade - less light shin - ing glad wel - come Out from the win-dows of home.
Ra - di - ant light as they en - ter Peace that for - ev - er shall last.
Glo - ri - ous light sent to guide them Safe to the cit - y of God.

REFRAIN.

There . . . . will be light at the riv - er, There . . . .
There will be light, bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light,
will be light at the riv - er, There . . . . will be
bless - ed light at the riv - er, There will be light, bless - ed

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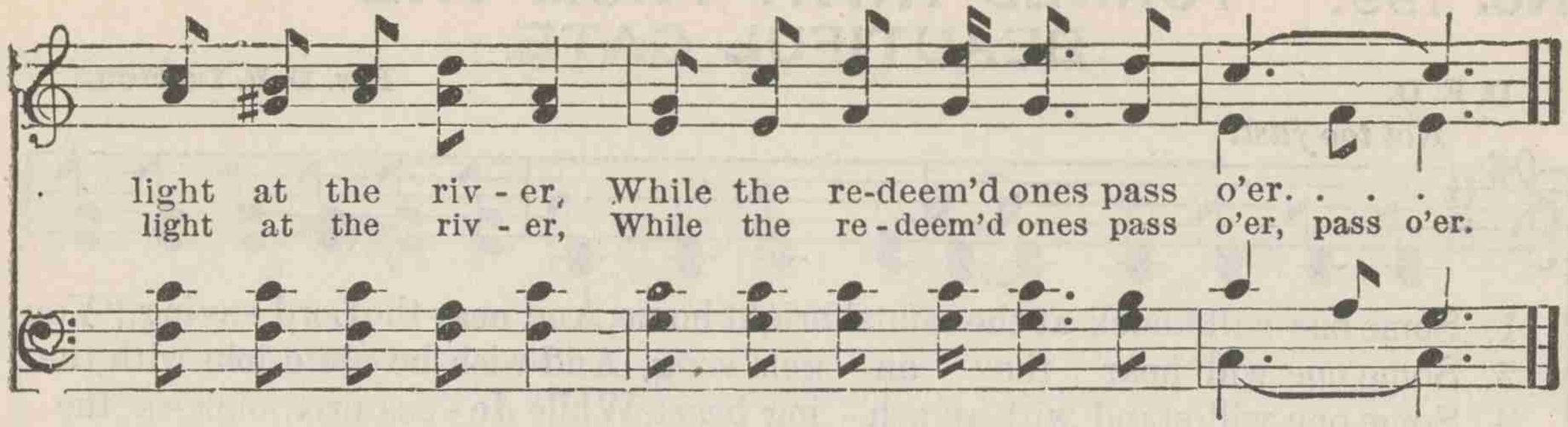
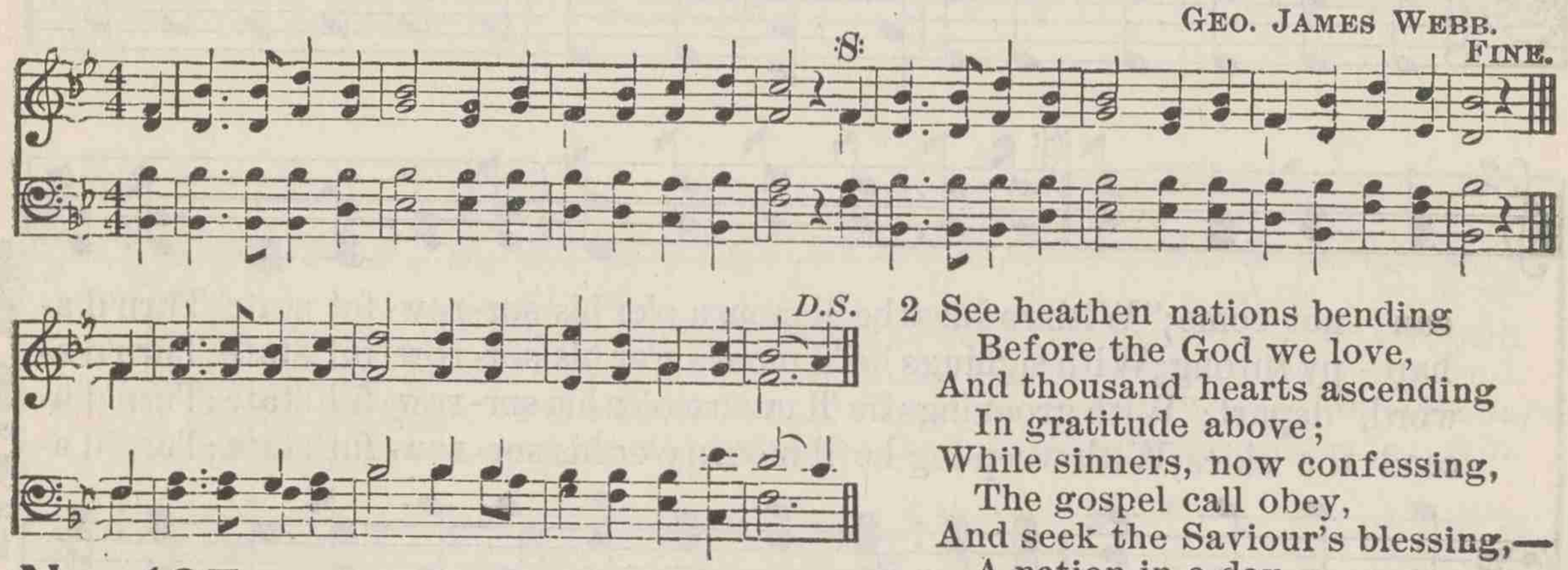
THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.



WEBB.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.



No. 197.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day,

3 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

No. 198.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally,

No. 199. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

D. E. D. Rev. D. E. DORTCH.

Not too fast.

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

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

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FINE. REFRAIN.

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

D.S.

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

No. 200. I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je -sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these burdens a-lone;
2. I must tell Je -sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, compassionate Friend;
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Saviour, One who can help my burdens to bear;
4. O how the world to e - vil allures me! O how my heart is tempted to sin!

In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev-er loves and cares for His own
If I but ask Him, He will de-liv - er, Make of my troubles quickly an end.
I must tell Je-sus, I must tell Je-sus; He all my cares and sorrows will share.
I must tell Je-sus, and He will help me O-ver the world the vict'ry to win.

REFRAIN.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a - lone;

Rit.

I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Jesus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

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No. 201. NO, NOT ONE!

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

Slow and with feeling.

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

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

REFRAIN.

Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

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No. 202. THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. MCPHAIL

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that ev - er is new;
2. It came to my heart when all fet-ter'd by sin, I sat in the pris- on of doubt;
3. It comes to my soul when the tempt-er is nigh With snares for my way-weary feet;
4. When sor-row is mine, and on pil-lows of stone My ach - ing head seeks for re - pose,
5. When down in the "val - ley and shad-ow of Death," I en - ter the gloom of the grave,

The message that saints of all a - ges have told, The mes-sage so ten - der and true.
Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in And led me tri-umph-ant - ly out.
It tells of the rock that is high - er than I, And leads to its bliss - ful re - treat.
This sto - ry brings com-fort and peace from the throne, My des - ert blooms forth like the rose.
I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath, Of Christ and His pow - er to save.

REFRAIN.

The sto - ry that nev - er grows old, ... Tho' o - ver and o - ver 'tis told; . .
that nev - er grows old, 'tis told;

The sto - ry so dear, bring-ing heav-en so near, Sweet sto - ry that nev - er grows old.

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No. 203. REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

Rev. Horatius Bonar. John J. Husband.

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

Refrain.

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

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

No. 204. REVIVE US AGAIN.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 205. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried; There to my heart
2. I am so won-drously sav'd from sin; Je-sus so sweetly a-bides within; There at the cross
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en-tered in; There Jesus saves
4. Come to this foun-tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day,

There to my heart

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

was the blood applied; Glory to His name. Glory to His name, Glo-ry to His name;
where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name.
me and keeps me clean; Glory to His name.
and be made complete; Glory to His name.
was the blood applied; Glory to His name.

No. 206. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest-uous sea;
D.C. — *Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
D.C. — *Won - drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar,
D.C. — *May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"*

D.C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks 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 lean-ing on Thy breast,

No. 207. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

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

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

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

REFRAIN.

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

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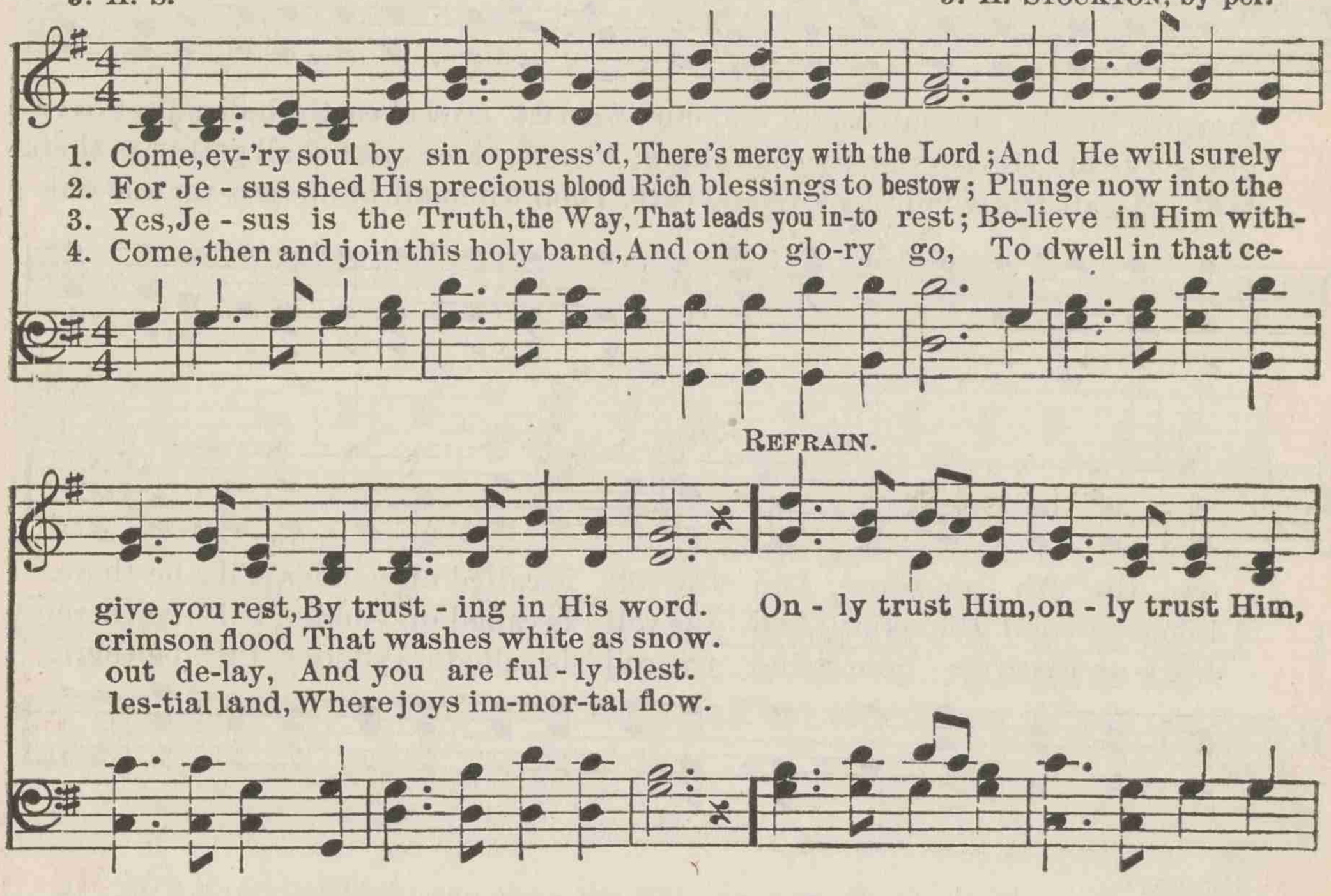
THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

No. 208. ONLY TRUST HIM.

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



No. 209. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

B. M. J. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us

morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather over
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His chosen ones shall gather to their
talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when all of life is o-ver and our

on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain.

When the roll . . . is called up yon - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

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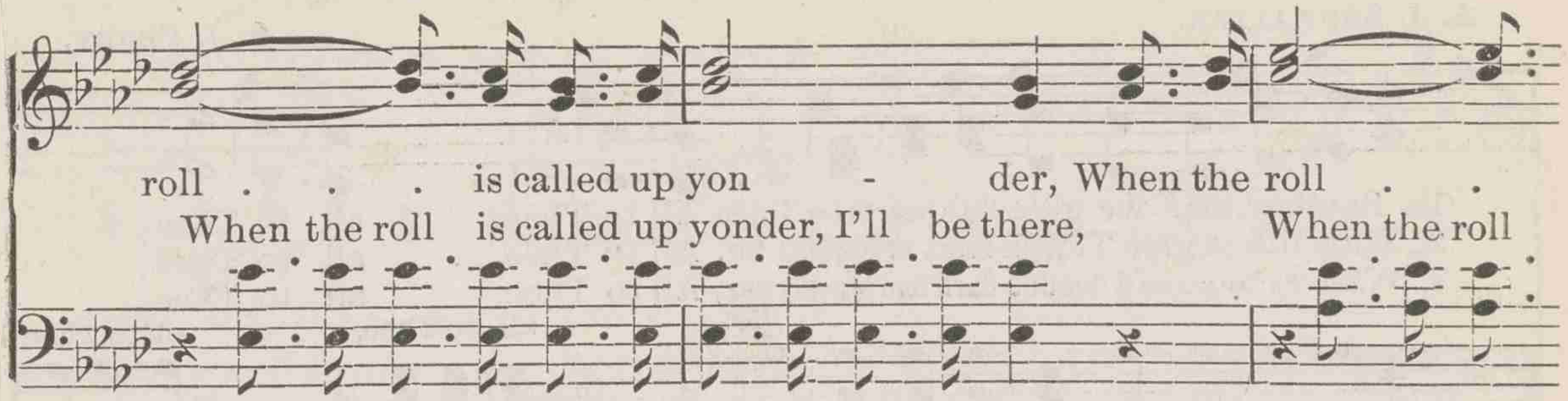
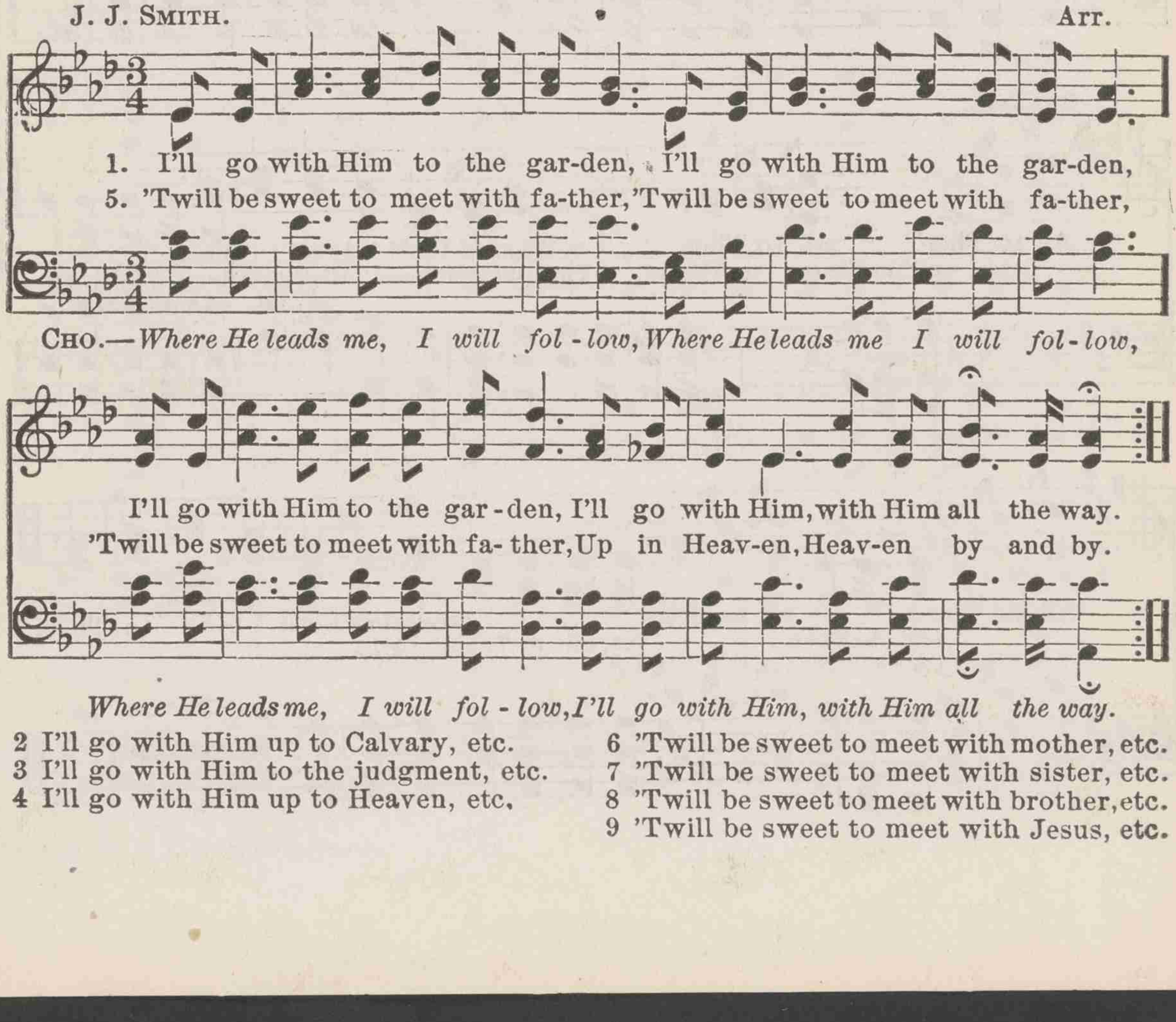
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.



No. 210. WHERE HE LEADS ME, I WILL FOLLOW.

J. J. SMITH. Arr.



2 I'll go with Him up to Calvary, etc.
3 I'll go with Him to the judgment, etc.
4 I'll go with Him up to Heaven, etc.
6 'Twill be sweet to meet with mother, etc.
7 'Twill be sweet to meet with sister, etc.
8 'Twill be sweet to meet with brother, etc.
9 'Twill be sweet to meet with Jesus, etc.

No. 211. ALL TO THEE.

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

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

all to Thee, all to Thee;

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

All to Thee, yes, all to Thee.

REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 212. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—Cor. 10: 13.

H. R. P. HORATIO R. PALMER.

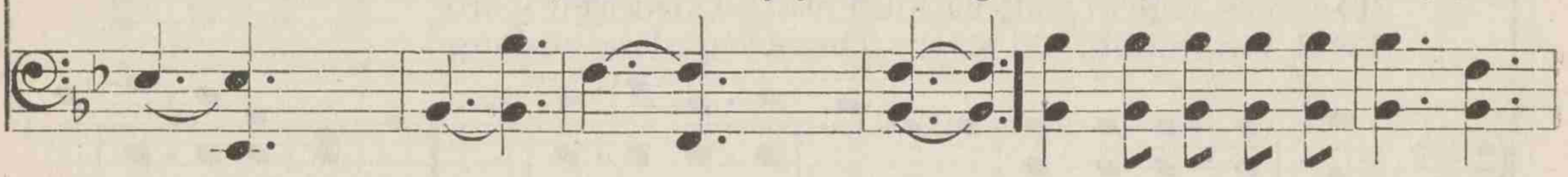
DUET.

1. Yield not to temp - ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vict'ry will help you
2. Shun e - vil compan - ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in rev-'rence,
3. To him that o'ercom-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall conquer,

Some oth - er to win. Fight manful - ly on-ward, Dark passions sub - due;
Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kindheart-ed and true;
Though oft- en cast down. He who is our Sav - iour, Our strength will re - new;

REFRAIN.

Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,



Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

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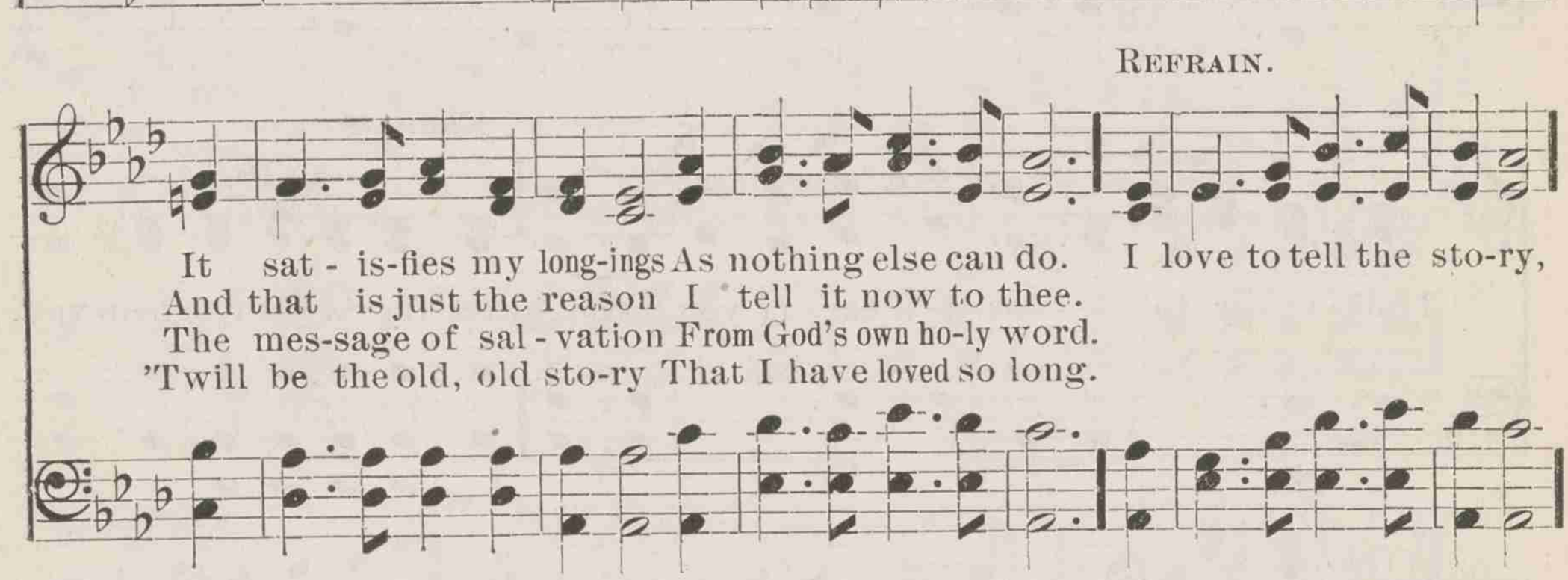
No. 213. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

CATHERINE HANKEY. WILLIAM G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His glo-ry,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder-ful it seems Than all the golden fancies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'T is pleasant to re-peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More wonderful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev-er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song,



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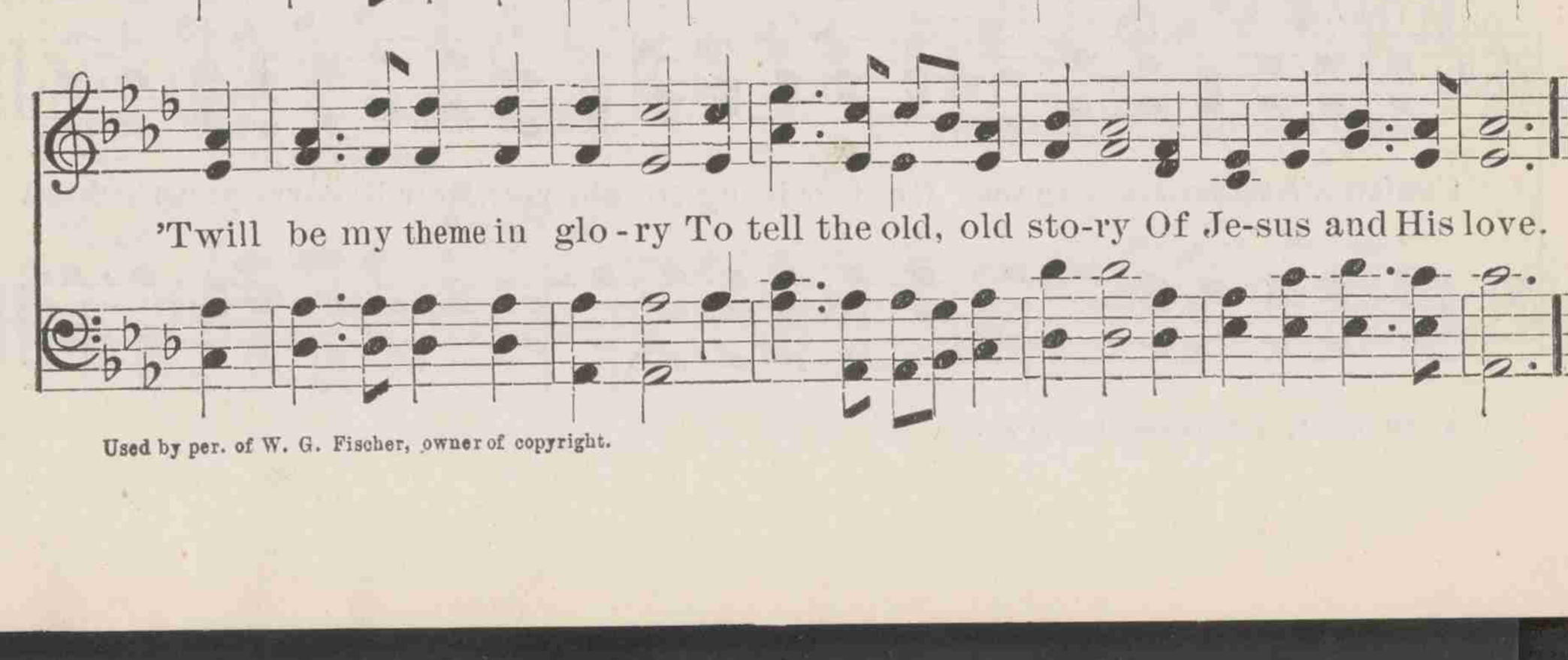

It sat - is-fies my long-ings As nothing else can do. I love to tell the sto-ry,
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.
The mes-sage of sal - vation From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto-ry That I have loved so long.

'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and His love.

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No. 214. HE HAS COME.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeem-er has come, He has tak - en my heart, as His own chosen home; At last I have giv - en the welcome He sought;
2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev -'ry tho't of my be - ing is sway'd by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
3. He has come to a - bide, And ho - ly must be The place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,

:S. FINE. REFRAIN.

He has come, and His coming all gladness has bro't. Joy, joy is mine! my
And His scep-tre is love; O bless - ed con-trol!
Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

D.S. *My own lov - ing Saviour a - bid - eth with me.*

D.S.

Sav-iour di-vine Comes to a-bide with me, with me, Comes to a-bide, Ev-er to a - bide, with me,

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No. 215. LOOKING THIS WAY.

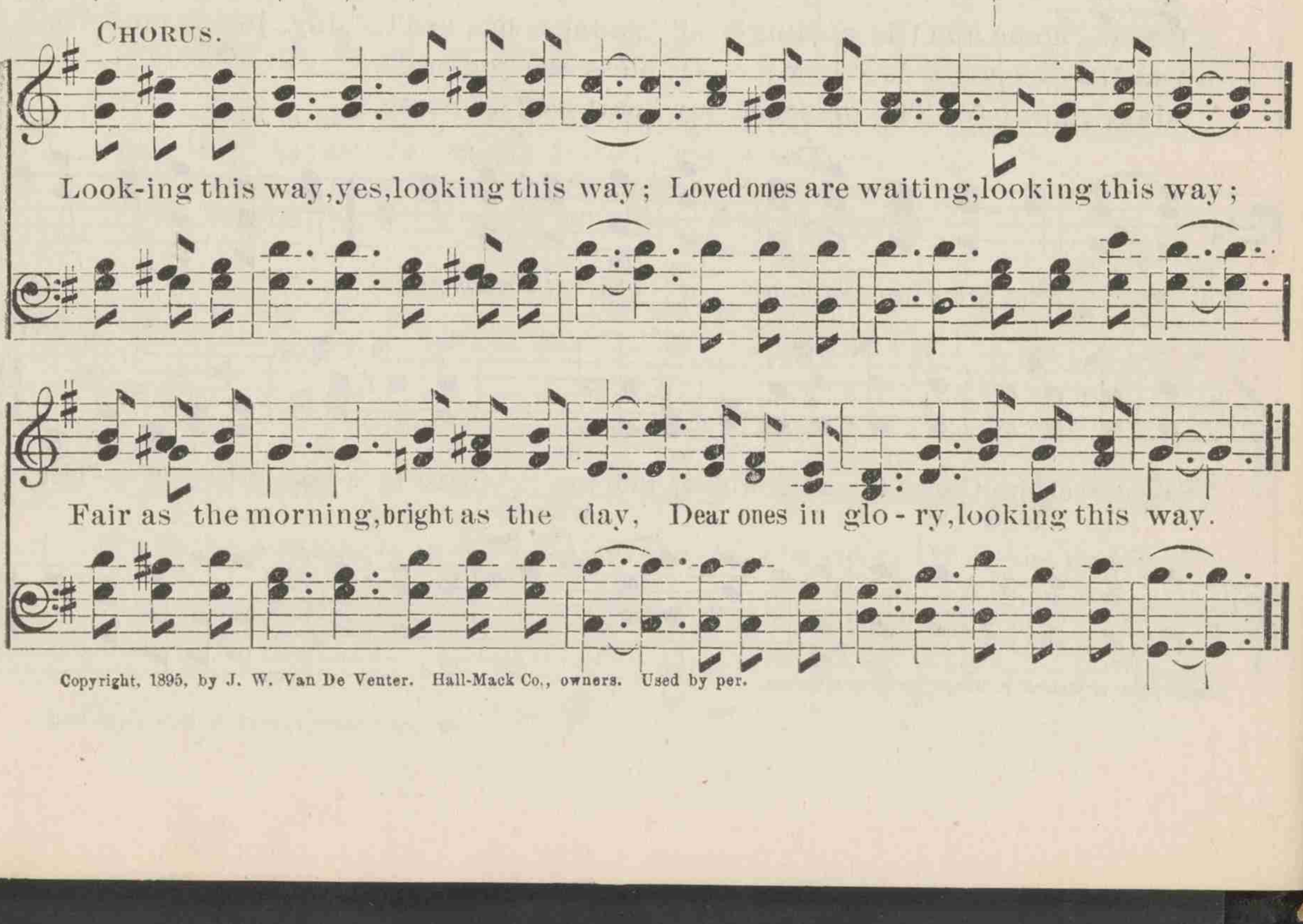
J. W. V. J. W. Van De Venter.

Solo or Duet.

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

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

Chorus.



Look-ing this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;
Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry, looking this way.

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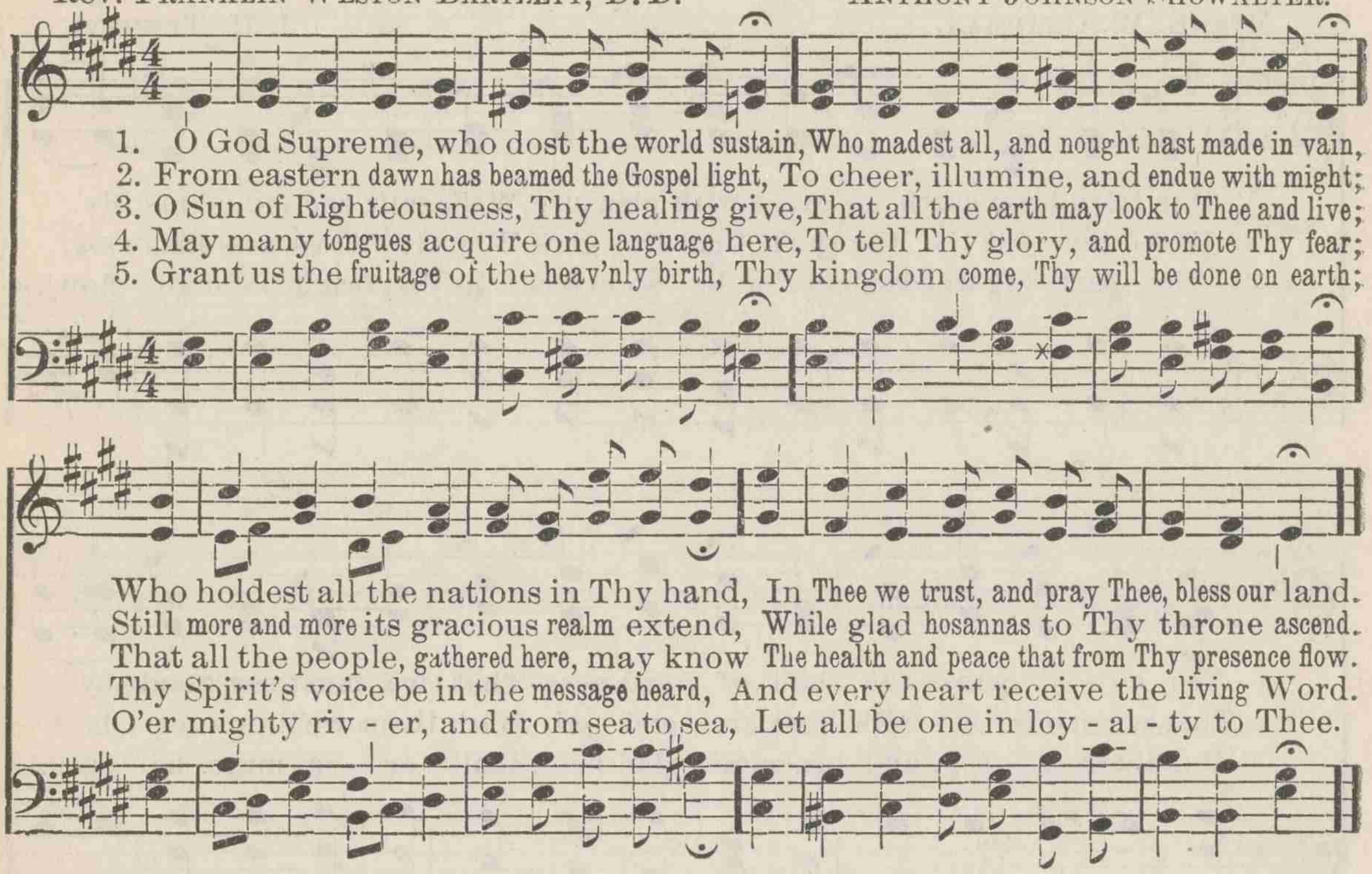
No. 216. NEW WORLD. 10.

Rev. Franklin Weston Bartlett, D. D. Anthony Johnson Showalter.

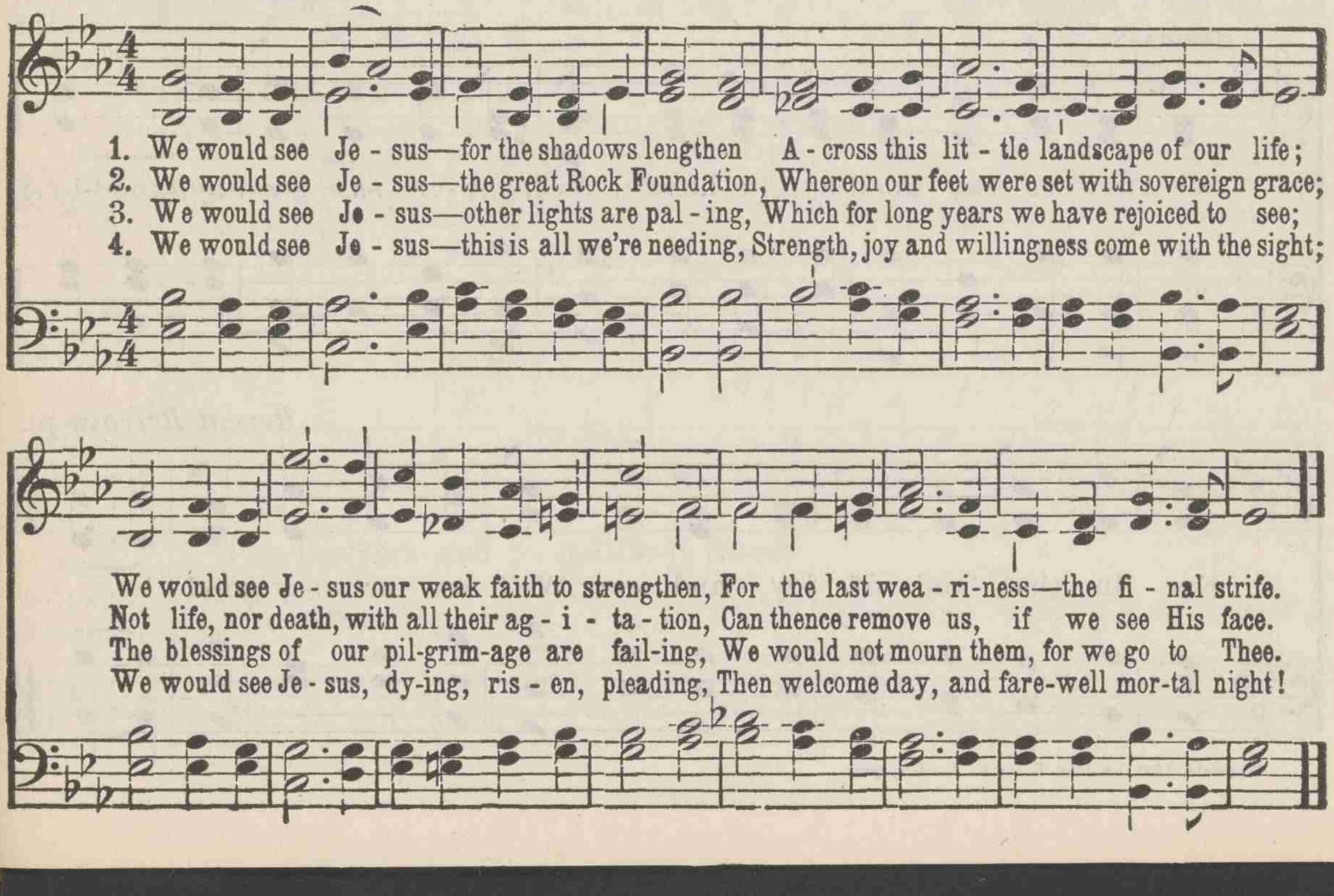


1. O God Supreme, who dost the world sustain, Who madest all, and nought hast made in vain,
2. From eastern dawn has beamed the Gospel light, To cheer, illumine, and endue with might;
3. O Sun of Righteousness, Thy healing give, That all the earth may look to Thee and live;
4. May many tongues acquire one language here, To tell Thy glory, and promote Thy fear;
5. Grant us the fruitage of the heav'nly birth, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth;

Who holdest all the nations in Thy hand, In Thee we trust, and pray Thee, bless our land.
Still more and more its gracious realm extend, While glad hosannas to Thy throne ascend.
That all the people, gathered here, may know The health and peace that from Thy presence flow.
Thy Spirit's voice be in the message heard, And every heart receive the living Word.
O'er mighty riv - er, and from sea to sea, Let all be one in loy - al - ty to Thee.

No. 217. WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

Anna B. Warner. Fellx Mendelssohn.



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

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

No. 218. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Our friends on earth we greet with pleasure, While swift the mo-ments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the tho't that lin - gers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spo - ken In that bright land of flow'rs,

Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness That we must say good - by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and glad-ness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.

Refrain.

We'll nev - er say good-by in heav'n, We'll nev - er say good-by, (good-by,)

Repeat Refrain pp.

For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev - er say good - by.

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No. 219. JESUS IN THE MIDST.

Rev. W. T. SLEEPER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the midst of Eden's bow'rs, 'Mid peren-nial fruits and flow'rs, Was the Tree of Life most
2. In the midst of seraphs prone Rev'rent-ly a-round the throne, Was the Lamb for sin-ners
3. In the church where Christ resides, More than Eden's bloom abides; There seraphic gra-ces

REFRAIN.

fair—Je-sus 'midst the lil - ies there. Je-sus, with Thy people stay, Flock and
slain, Je - sus there to live and reign.
grow, There is Heav'n be-gun be - low.

Pas-tor bless to-day, Be their strength, their glory be, And their song eter-nal- ly.

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No. 220. GLORIA PATRIA.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Glory be to the Father, and } to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the be-ginning, is now, and } ever shall be, [*Omit. . . . .*] World without end, A - men, A-men.

No. 221. GOD BE WITH YOU.*

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. xvi: 20.

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

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.

REFRAIN.

Till we meet, till we meet. Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we meet,

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

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