PSALMS, HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

No. 3

For Church, Sunday-school and all Societies of Religious and Musical Endeavor.

BY

J. Henry Showalter, Geo. B. Holsinger, S. J. Perry & J. C Perry.

ASSOCIATE AUTHORS.

T. B. Mosley, E. B. Fowler, F. Clark Perry and J. Mooring York.

PUBLISHED BY

Showalter, Holsinger & Perry Bros.

WEST MILTON, O.
J. Henry Showalter, Manager.

BRIDGEWATER, VA.
Geo. B. Holsinger, Manager.

ATLANTA, GA.
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J. C. Perry, Manager.

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PREFACE

LET the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord. COLOSSIANS 3: 16.

ARMSTRONG & FILLMORE
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS AND PRESS
CINCINNATI, O.

Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

No. 3.

No. 257. SAYLOR. S. M.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. ELD. C. G. LINT.





5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

By per. of Geo. B. Holsinger.

No. 258. WATCH YE, THEREFORE.

MRS. M. M. NEWTON. BARBARA L. NISEWANDER.



By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

REFRAIN.



Christ will come, ... yes, He will come,

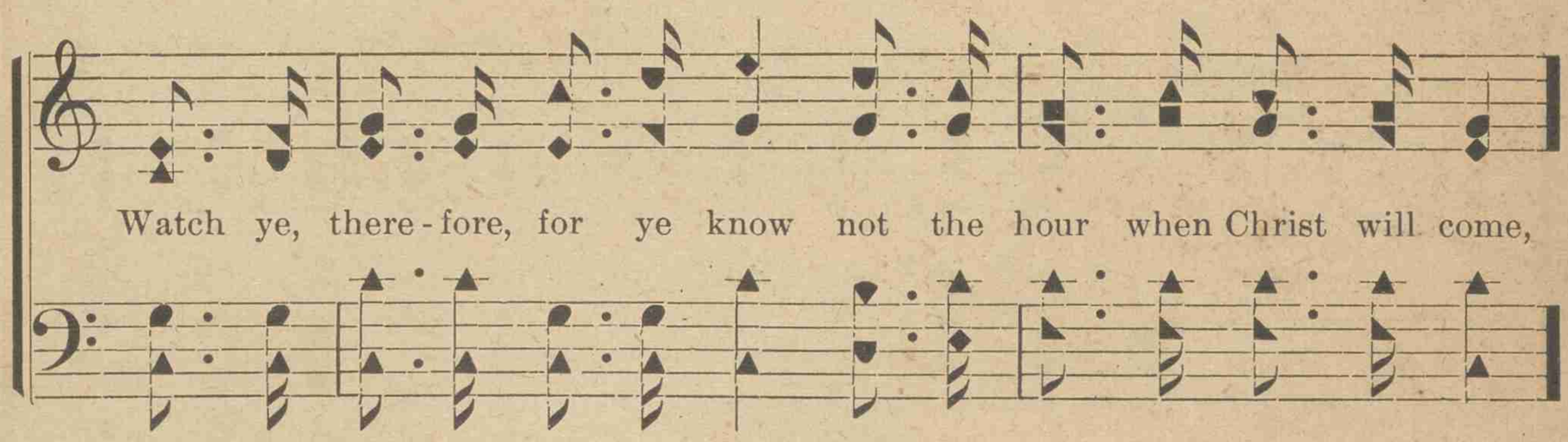
Christ will come, yes, He will come, yes, He will come, sure - ly come,





When the toils . . . . . of earth are done,

When the toils, the toils and cares of earth are done, all are done,



Watch ye, there - fore, for ye know not the hour when Christ will come,



Come to take us to our bless - ed heav'n - ly home.

No. 259. I LOVE THE FLAG OF JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. J. MOORING YORK.

1. I love the flag of Je - sus, And neath its folds would stand;
2. I love the flag of Je - sus, It is of rich - er worth
3. I love the flag of Je - sus, The flag the mar - tyrs bore;
4. I love the flag of Je - sus, It floats the soul to save;

Its lead - ing I would fol - low To Ca - naan's hap - py land.
Than flags of all the na - tions That dwell up - on the earth.
It com - forts and sus - tains me When floods of sor - row pour.
It leads me on to vic - t'ry— To vic - t'ry o'er the grave.

REFRAIN.

I love the flag of Je - sus, Its bear - er I would be;

I love the flag of Je - sus, Who gave His life for me.

By permission.

No. 260. SAVIOUR, KEEP ME CLOSE TO THEE.

I. N. GORTNER. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. When the world is dark and drear, And my bo - som beats with fear,
2. When the dark - ness is so deep That I dare not e - ven creep,
3. When my friends for - sake me here, And ten thou - sand foes are near,

When no world - ly shel - ter's found, And the earth is sink - ing ground,
When temp - ta - tion's ar - rows fly, And ob - scure the ver - y sky,
When I lose my earth - ly stay, And my ver - y hopes de - cay,

When the waves are on the sea, Sav - iour, keep me close to Thee!
When be - neath me all is sand, Pre - cious Sav - iour, take my hand!
When the surg - ing bil - lows roll, Sav - iour, then sup - port my soul,

When the waves are on the sea, Sav - iour, keep me close to Thee!
When be - neath me all is sand, Pre - cious Sav - iour, take my hand!
When the surg - ing bil - lows roll, Sav - iour, then sup - port my soul.

No. 261. STAND FAST.

G. W. LYON. S. J. PERRY.

1. Stand fast when fierce temp - ta - tions as - sail you all a - round, Have faith and cour - age, broth-er, and fight to win the crown; The way is full of
2. Stand fast—the hour of tri - al will test your strength to bear, Oft - times the heart grows fee - ble be - neath its load of care; Look up to Him who
3. Stand fast, and wage the bat - tle of right a - gainst the wrong, The Sav - iour will be near you, His pow'r will make you strong; Be-fore His mighty

dan - ger, and rough and thorn -y, too, But if you on - ly trust Him the
nev - er de-serts in time of need, He'll keep your feet from stumbling, your
scep - ter the en - e - my shall fall, Press on be-neath His ban - ner, and

REFRAIN.

Lord will help you through. Stand fast, stand fast,
soul with man - na feed.
you shall con-quer all. Stand ye fast for Je - sus, stand ye fast for Je - sus,

Shrink not though the fight be fierce and long! Press on,
Press ye on and up-ward,

press on, Un-til the fi-nal vic-t'ry's won!
press ye on and up-ward,

No. 262. TEMPEST TOSSED.

E. REEDER. To the ladies of my voice class at Horse Cave, Ky. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

TRIO for Ladies' Voices.

1. Tem-pest tossed, to Thee, O God, Look we for our help and guide!
2. Shall we trust in pow'r of man? Shall we trust our strength a-lone?
3. As up-on the rag-ing sea, Thou did'st bid the tem-pest cease,
4. Tem-pest tossed, by night or day, Near the land, or far from shore;

Wild-ly break the waves a-round, Loud the storm on ev-'ry side.
Help-less all, but Thou, to save, When the tem-pest makes its moan.
So, when storms a-bout us rage, Whis-per, Thou, and there'll be peace!
But re-buke the wind and waves, And our hearts will fear no more.

No. 263. RESCUE THEM!

E. REEDER. MRS. REV J. H. SNOW.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave, in heathen lands, Peo-ple, to i - dols, bow,
2. Shall we who have the word of God di - vine, Not let the light on them
3. Tell the be - night-ed ones in sin and woe, That Je-sus died for them—

fash - ioned with hands; Their eyes have nev - er seen the light a - bound:
won - drous - ly shine? Where dark-ness now pre-vails with - in the heart,
He loved them so! Leav - ing their i - dol-gods, ma - ny will be,

REFRAIN.

Their ears have nev - er heard the gos - pel sound.
Let pard-'ning grace and love brightness im - part. Res - cue them, res - cue them,
Thronging the cross a-round, o - ver the see!

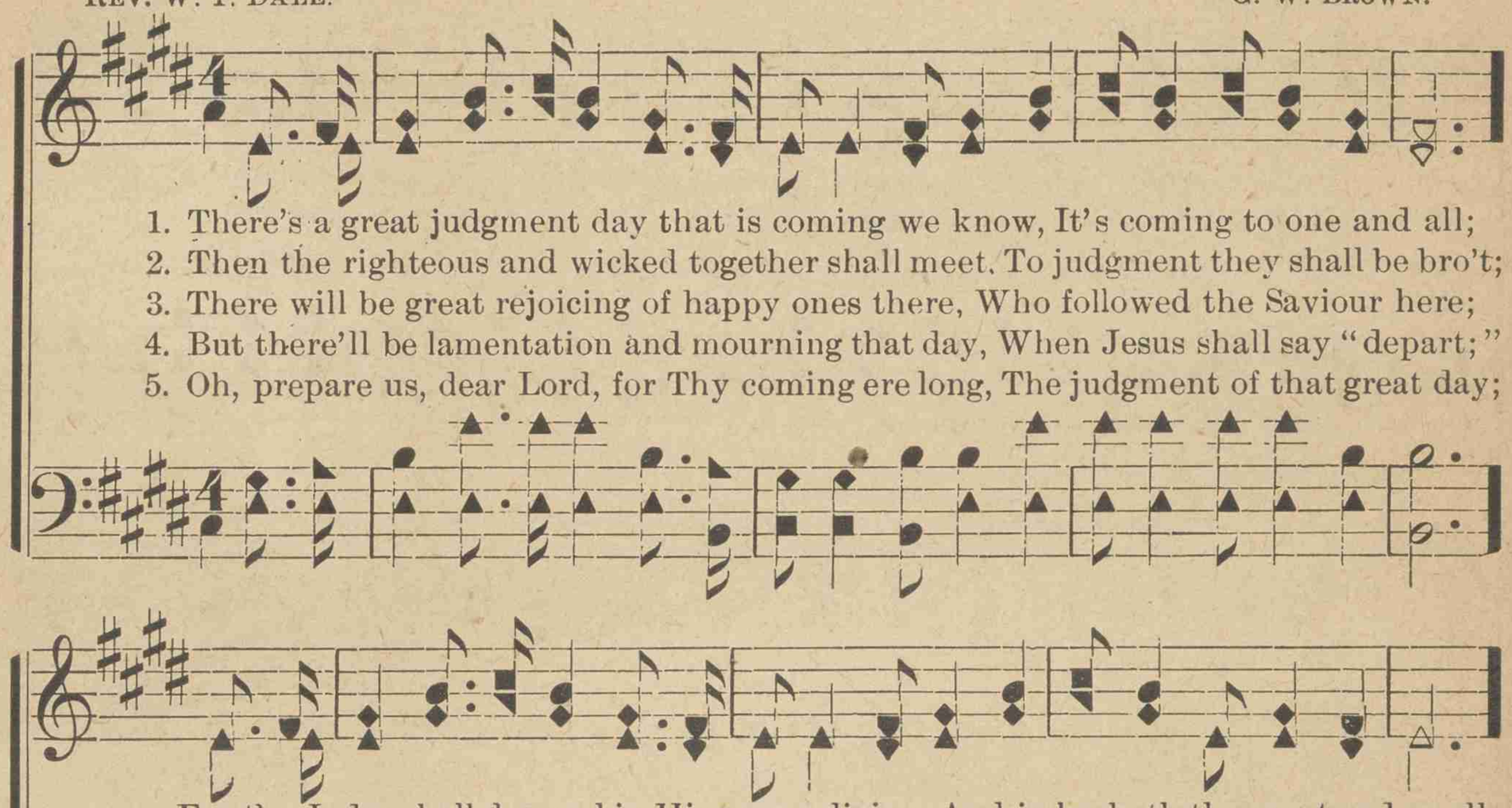
while ye may save! Speed on the gos - pel ship o - ver the wave!

By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 264. OH, WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

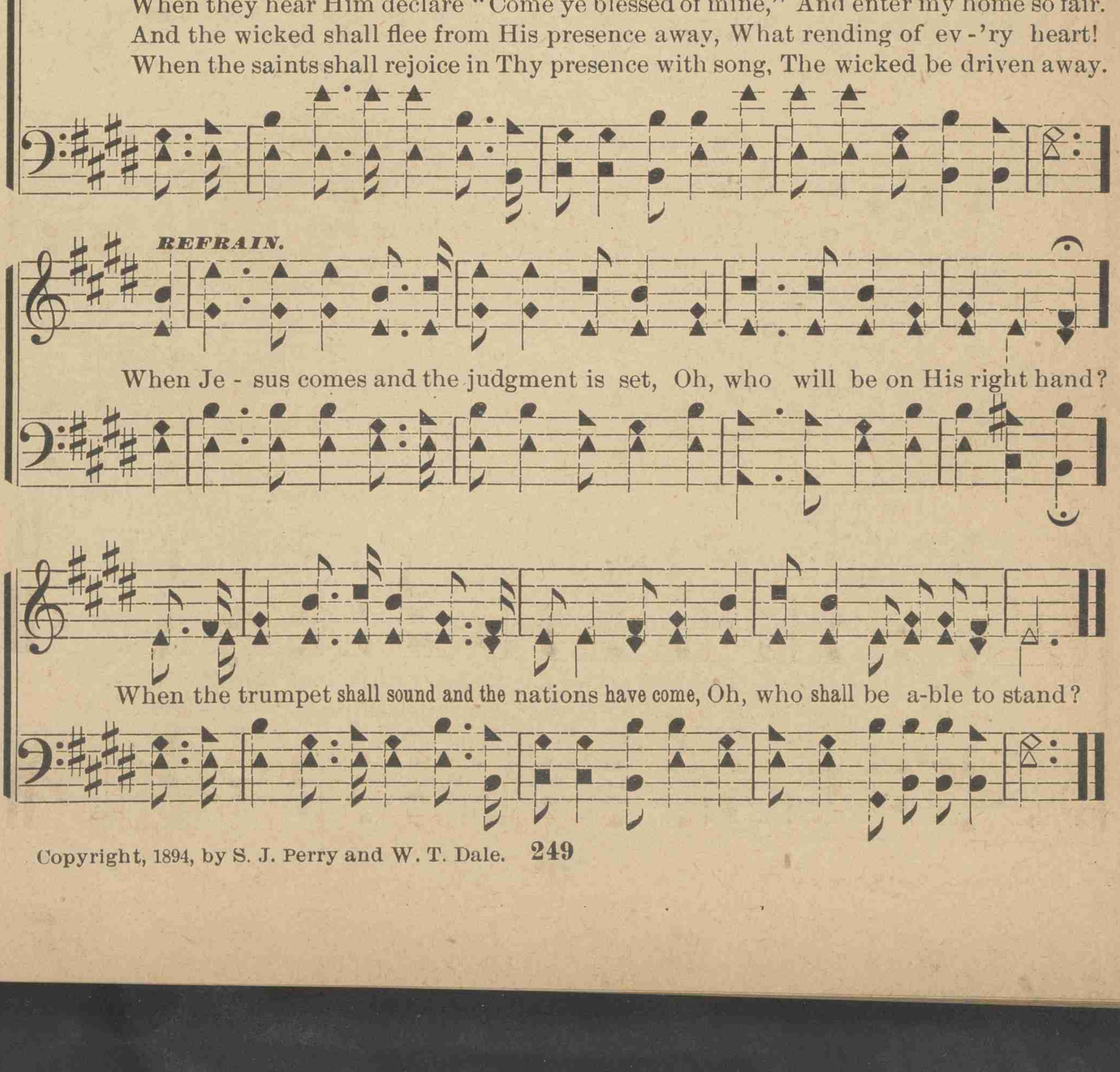
"For the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?"—REV. 6: 7.

REV. W. T. DALE. G. W. BROWN.



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 together shall meet, To judgment they shall be bro't;
3. There will be great rejoicing of happy ones there, Who followed the Saviour here;
4. But there'll be lamentation 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 descend in His power divine, 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 enter my home so fair.
And the wicked shall flee from His presence away, What rending of ev-'ry heart!
When the saints shall rejoice in Thy presence with song, The wicked be driven away.



REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 265. WILL YOU NOT COME TO ME?

BIRDIE BELL. H. N. LINCOLN. By per.

Tenderly.

1. All who are wear-y, sad and oppressed, Come un-to me, come un - to me!
2. All who are heart-sick, hungry and faint, Come un-to me, come un - to me!
3. All who are heav - y - lad-en with grief, Come un-to me, come un - to me!

For I will give you com-fort and rest, Will you not come to me?
For I will hush your sor-row - ful plaint, Will you not come to me?
For I will give a pre-cious re - lief, Will you not come to me?

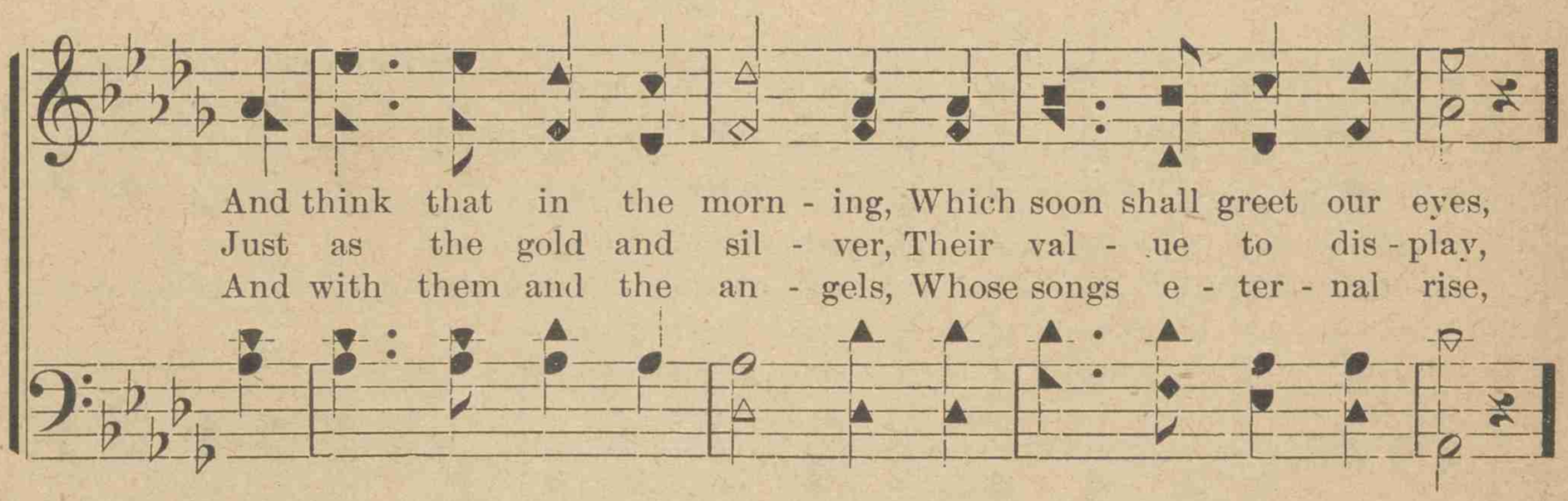
Here in my arms the troubled find peace, Close by my side earth's worriments cease;
I am the bread whereon you may feed, I am the wa - ter of life in-deed;
Tempest-tossed spirits come to my calm, And I will teach your lips a glad psalm;

Oh, then, when doubts and sorrows in - crease, Will you not come to me?
I will give strength in weakness and need, Will you not come to me?
Give to your wound-ed hearts a sweet balm, Will you not come to me?

No. 266. HOW SWEET 'TWILL BE.

MRS. V. A. BELDEN. H. B. GROENGILS.







No. 267. MOMENT BY MOMENT.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. I was a sin - ner a - way from the Lord, Scorn - ing His grace and de-
2. Walk-ing with Him I have glad-ness and rest, Talk - ing with Him I re-
3. Here, where His own Ho - ly Spir - it in - vites, Bur - dens are blessings and
5. He is my ref - uge, no dan - ger I fear, Who can mo - lest when His

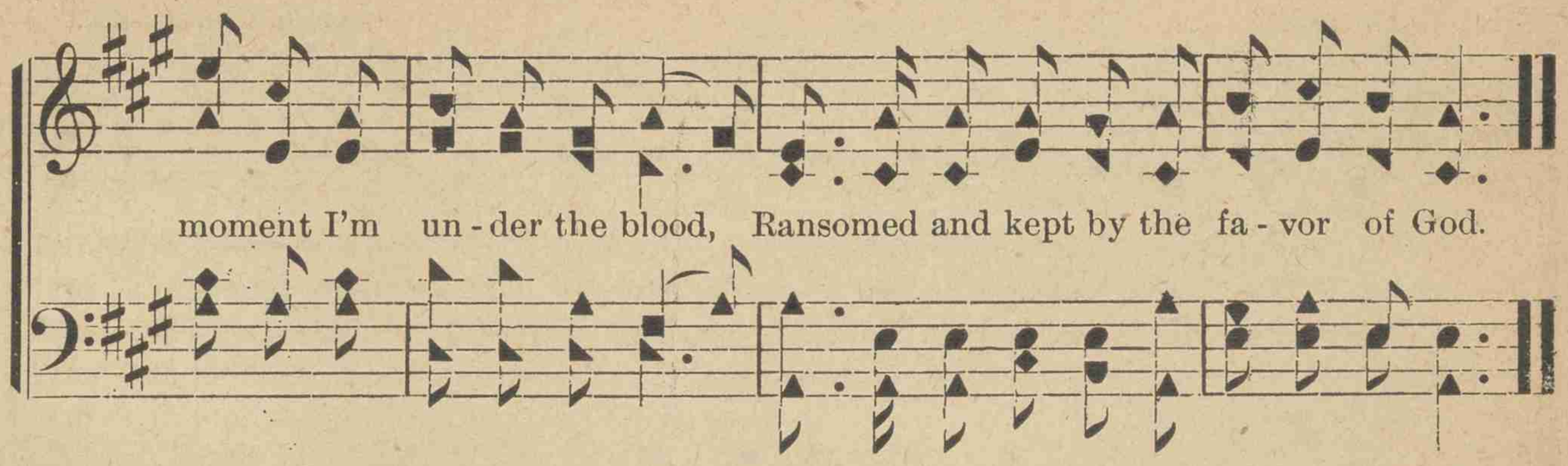
spis - ing His word; Je - sus with mer - cy and par - don came in,
pose on His breast; Ris - ing by Him o'er the ills I en - dure,
du - ties de - lights; Sor-row's sore rain-drops trans-mut - ed by love,
an - gels are near? "Hear ye! my spir - it ex - ult - ing - ly sings;"

Won me a - way from the serv - ice of sin.
Mo - ment by mo - ment He mak - eth me pure. Mo-ment by moment He
Gems are for crowns of re - joic - ing a - bove.
Hid for e - ter - ni - ty un - der His wings.

REFRAIN.

lead-eth me on, Shel-tered and safe till my jour-ney is done, Mo-ment by

MOMENT BY MOMENT. Concluded.



No. 268. I BRING IT ALL TO JESUS.

A. U. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



No. 269. THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. I hear the sound of march-ing feet, It is the Sunday-school ar - my!
2. I see a count-less mul - ti - tude, It is the Sunday-school ar - my!
3. They do not strive with sword and spear, The faith - ful Sunday-school ar - my!
4. They go with pray'r and song and shout, The trust - ing Sunday-school ar - my!
5. They're bidding us to go a - long, The joy - ful Sunday-school ar - my!

In win-ter's cold and summer's heat, It is the Sunday-school ar - my!
They're battling for the good and true, The val - iant Sunday-school ar - my!
But, with God's ho - ly word ap - pear, The conquering Sunday-school ar - my!
The hosts of sin can - not hold out A - gainst the Sunday-school ar - my!
Oh, let us join the heav'n-bound throng, The Sav-iour's Sunday-school ar - my!

CHORUS.

They're marching on the King's highway, The King's highway, the King's highway,
To re - gions of e - ter - nal day, The might - y Sunday-school ar - my!

By per. The Home Music Co.

No. 270. SHINE ON ME.

HORATIUS BONAR. E. B. FOWLER.

1. Light of Life, so soft - ly shin - ing, From the Cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Light of Life, that knows no fad - ing, From all chang - es Thou art free,
3. Light of Life, that knows no set - ting, Day and night Thy beams I see;
4. Light of Life, in days of glad - ness, To Thy ra-diance I would flee;

Nev - er wan - ing nor de - clin - ing, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.
Ho - ly light that knows no fad - ing, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.
Joy and peace in me be - get - ting, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.
Be my strength in days of sad - ness, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.

REFRAIN.

Shine on me, . . oh, shine on me, ... Light of Life, oh, shine on me,
shine on me, oh, shine on me,

me, With the light of Je - sus beam-ing, Shine on me, oh, shine on me.

By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 271. REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

"God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble."—Ps. 46: 1.

WESLEY. T. C. O'KANE. By per.

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 help - less 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 bil - lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port 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 fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

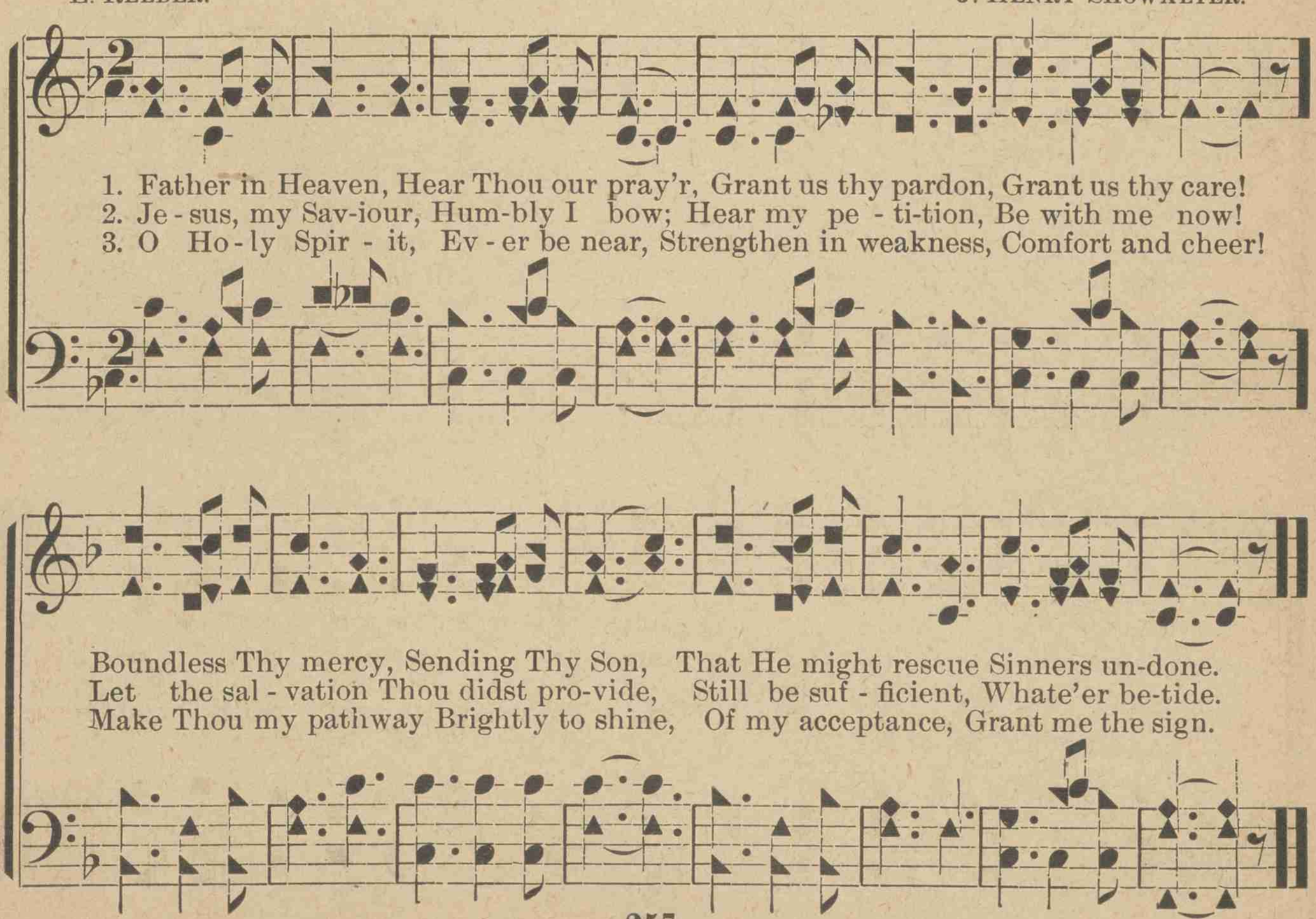
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

REFUGE AND STRENGTH. Concluded.



No. 272. A PRAYER. 5s & 4s.

E. REEDER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



No. 273. LIGHT AMONG THE SHADOWS.

E. A. HOFFMAN. Music and First Verse by S. J. PERRY.

1. There is light a-mong the shad-ows, There is gold a-mong the dross,
2. There is hope with our de-spair-ing, There is peace 'mid our dis-tress,
3. God is liv-ing and re-gard-ing All the cries of our dis-tress,
4. Bear your cross-es, un-re-pin-ing, Take the bit-ter with the sweet,

There's a joy for ev-'ry sor-row, There's a crown for ev-'ry cross;
For with oth-ers we are shar-ing, Joy as well as bit-ter-ness;
God is reigning and re-ward-ing All His own in right-eous-ness;
And your hearts to Him in-clin-ing, Bow in patience at His feet;

In this world of sin and sor-row, Where the heart is bowed with care,
Clouds have all a sil-ver lin-ing, Light is shin-ing o-ver-head,
Ev-ermore this Friend will love us, Ev-er-more His grace be-stow,
Tell Him, there, in sweet sub-mis-sion, You will welcome good or ill;

We may view by faith the mor-row, Where the soul is free from fear.
And we know mid our re-pin-ing, That our hopes have not all fled.
And from yonder heav'n a-bove us, Peace and blessing we shall know.
All that comes by His per-mis-sion, Work-eth out His sovereign will.

No. 274. GRACE, PEACE AND STRENGTH.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. M. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis the grace of Je - sus, Light - ens ev - 'ry sor - row,
2. 'Tis the peace of Je - sus, Ev - 'ry fear al - lay - ing,
3. 'Tis the strength of Je - sus, Our weak faith up - hold - ing,

Fills the heart with glad - ness, Prom - is - es a bright-er mor - row.
Gives us hope and com - fort, Keeps us from the path-way stray - ing.
Till at home in glo - ry, Throne and crys - tal sea be - hold - ing.

REFRAIN.

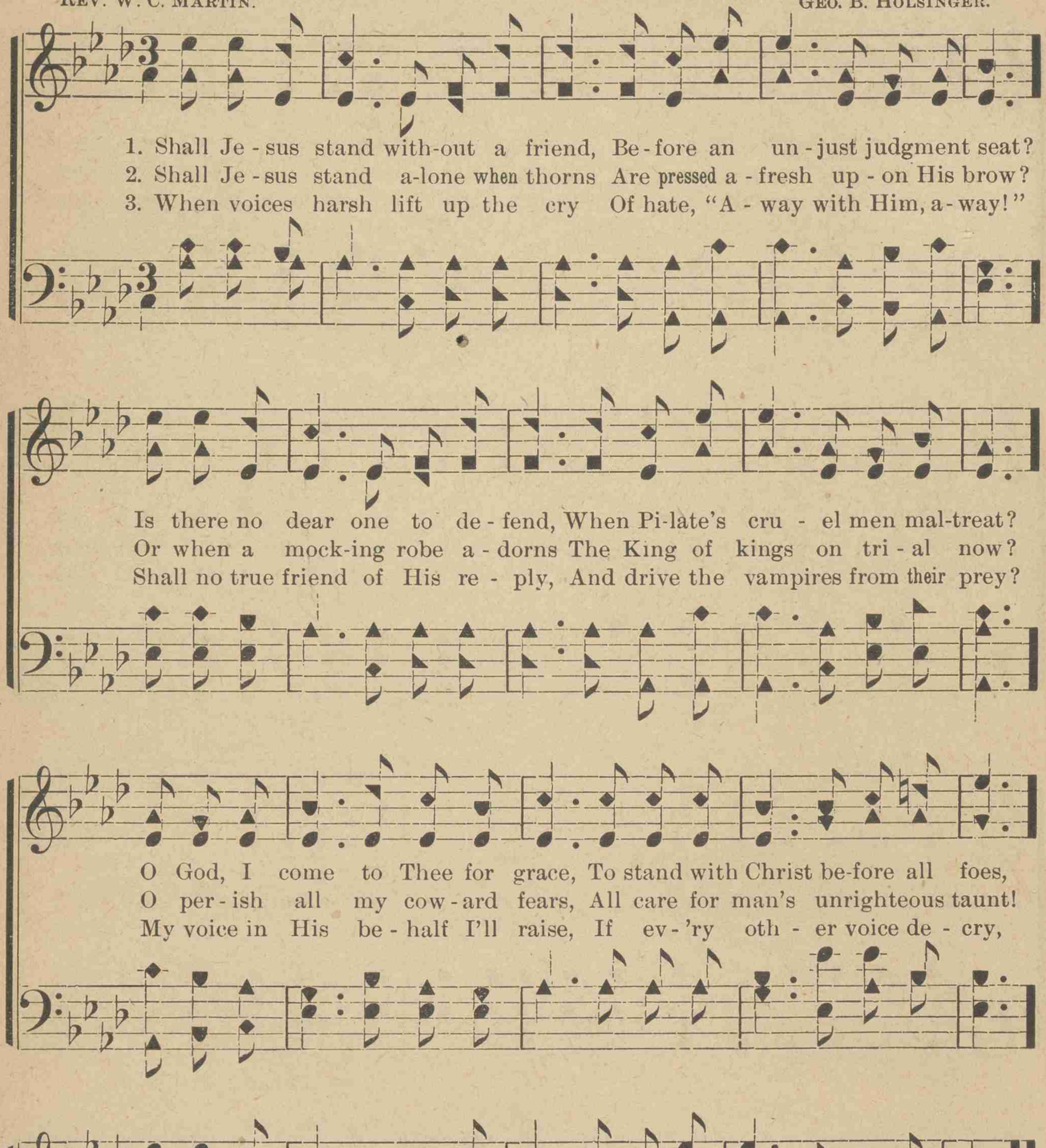
Grace and peace and strength of Je - sus, Free - ly to us giv - en;
Je - sus, of Je - sus,

From the ills of life re - lieve us, Lift our souls to heav - en.
re - lieve us, re-lieve us,

By per. J. Henry Showalter.

No. 275. SHALL JESUS STAND WITHOUT A FRIEND?

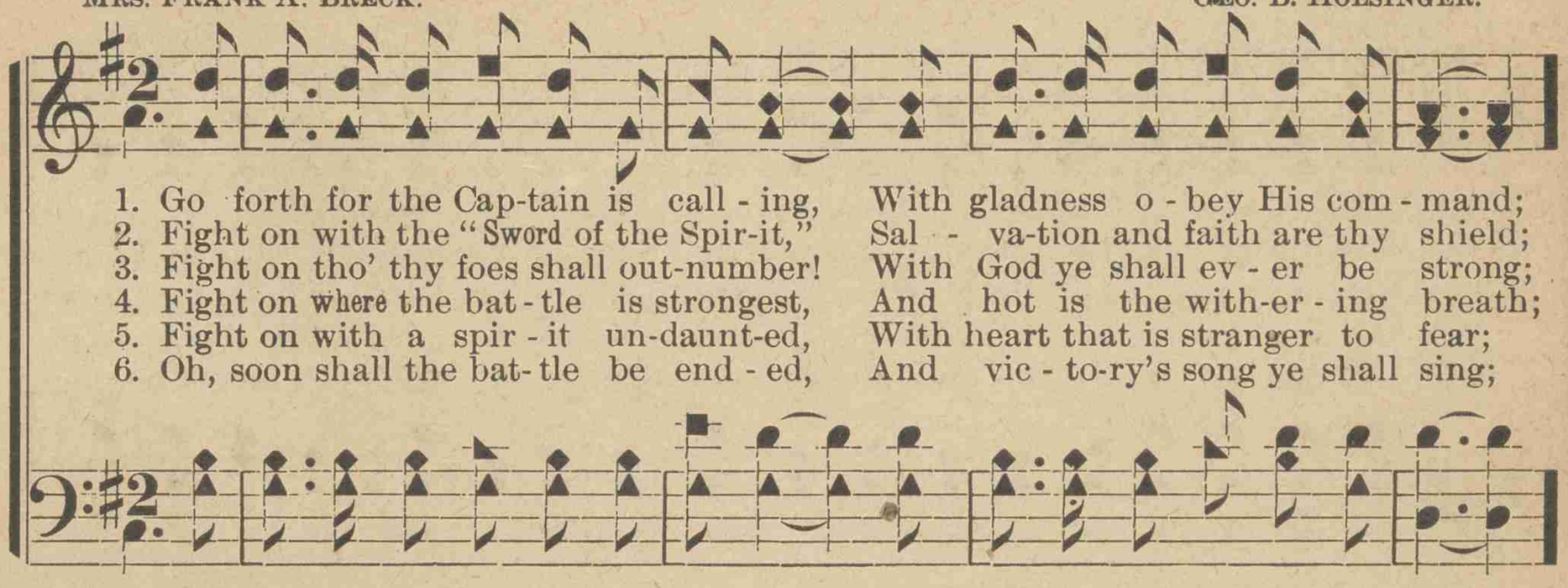
REV. W. C. MARTIN. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



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No. 276. FIGHT FOR THE KINGDOM.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



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No. 277. GIVING UP ALL.

E. REEDER. T. B. MOSLEY.

May be transposed to E.

1. Giv-ing up all for the love of Je - sus, Sing-ing the songs of love and praise;
2. Giv-ing up all for the love of Je - sus, Liv - ing for Him, who-e'er may frown;
3. Giv-ing up all for the love of Je - sus, See - ing by faith where He has trod;
4. Giv-ing up all for the love of Je - sus, Slain up - on Calv-'ry's height for me;

Leaving the ways where the lost are stray-ing; Serv-ing the Sav - iour all my days!
Tell-ing the news of His pard'-ning mer - cy; Bear-ing the cross to wear the crown!
Holding the hand that so gent - ly ev - er Lead-eth me in the way of God!
All I can do, be it e'er so lit - tle, Laid on His al - tar now shall be!

REFRAIN.

Giv - ing up all! yes, giv - ing up all! Hap - py in Him be-yond de-gree!

Giv-ing up all! yes, giv - ing up all! That is what Je - sus did for me.

By per. J. Henry Showalter.

No. 278. PRODIGAL CHILD.

T. A. P. THOS. A. POPE.

1. The Fa - ther is call-ing you, "prod- i - gal come!" The Sav-iour will welcome you,
2. You've wandered in darkness a - way from your home, You'll soon die of hun-ger, re-
3. Your Fa-ther has rich-es, why feed with the swine? The feast is now read-y, the

son, return home! Oh, haste from your journey in darkness and gloom, Return to your
turn, oh, re-turn! Tho' poor and so sin - ful, by Sa - tan be-guiled, Re-turn to your
lost may be found; Oh, will you a - rise in your sins all un-done? Your Father will

REFRAIN.

Fa-ther, oh, prod-i - gal son. Come home, come home, oh, prod - i - gal child, come
Fa-ther, oh, prod-i - gal child.
save you, oh, prod-i - gal son. come home, come home,

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

No. 279. I AM COMING TO THEE.

W. P. DAVIDSON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. I am com-ing to Thee, my Re-deem-er, I am com-ing with all my guilt;
2. I have wandered from Thee on the mountain, Like a sheep I have gone a-stray;
3. I have wandered a-way in the des-ert, I have wandered from Thy dear side;
4. I am look-ing to Thee for sal-va-tion, I am trust-ing in Thee a-lone;

On-ly trust-ing the merits of Thy shed blood, Which for me Thou hast freely spilt.
Now I'm seek-ing for entrance with-in Thy fold, I am seek-ing the nar-row way.
Now I turn my weary feet to the mer-cy-seat, At Thy cross I would e'er a-bide.
Let me hear the gracious word, "all thy sins forgiven," On-ly speak and the work is done.

REFRAIN.

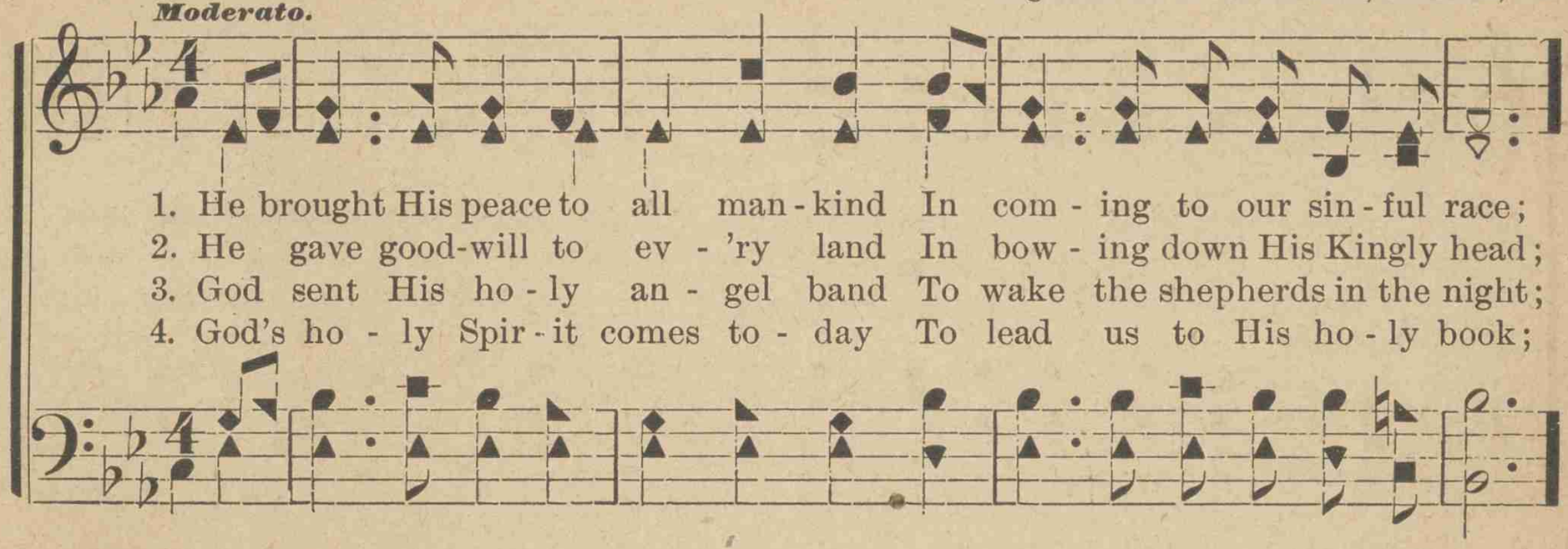
I am coming to Thee, my Re-deem-er, I am com-ing to Thee to be blest;
I am com-ing to Thee for Thy pard'ning love, I am com-ing to Thee for rest.

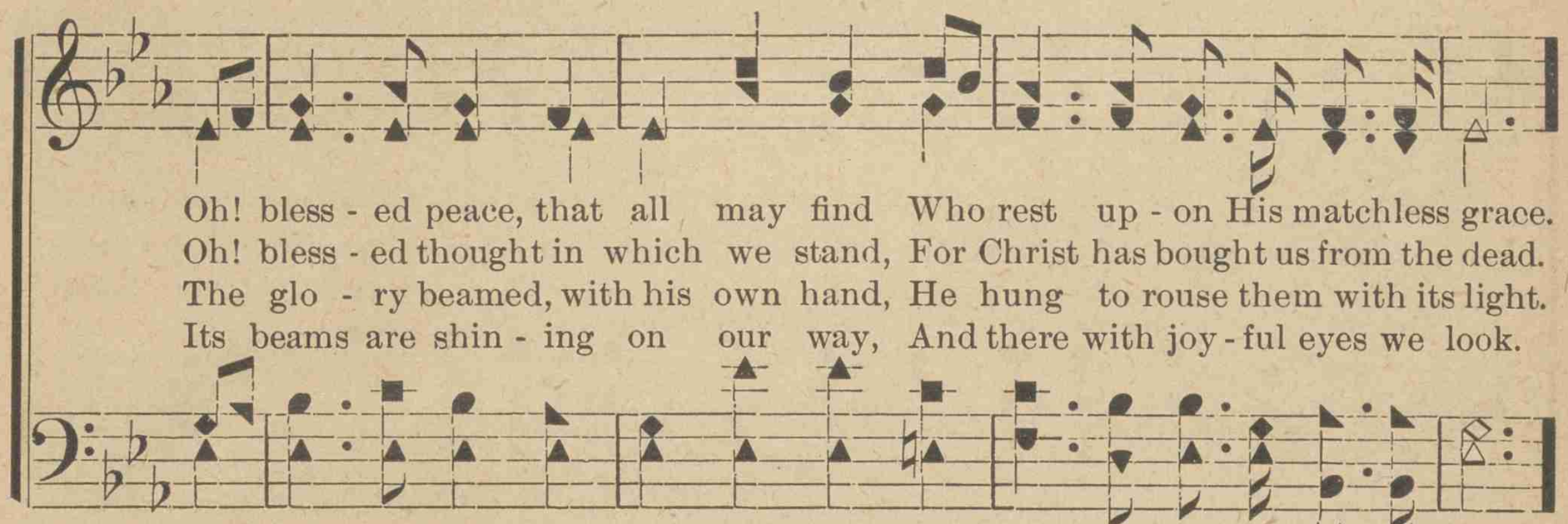
No. 280. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ALEX. W BAKER.

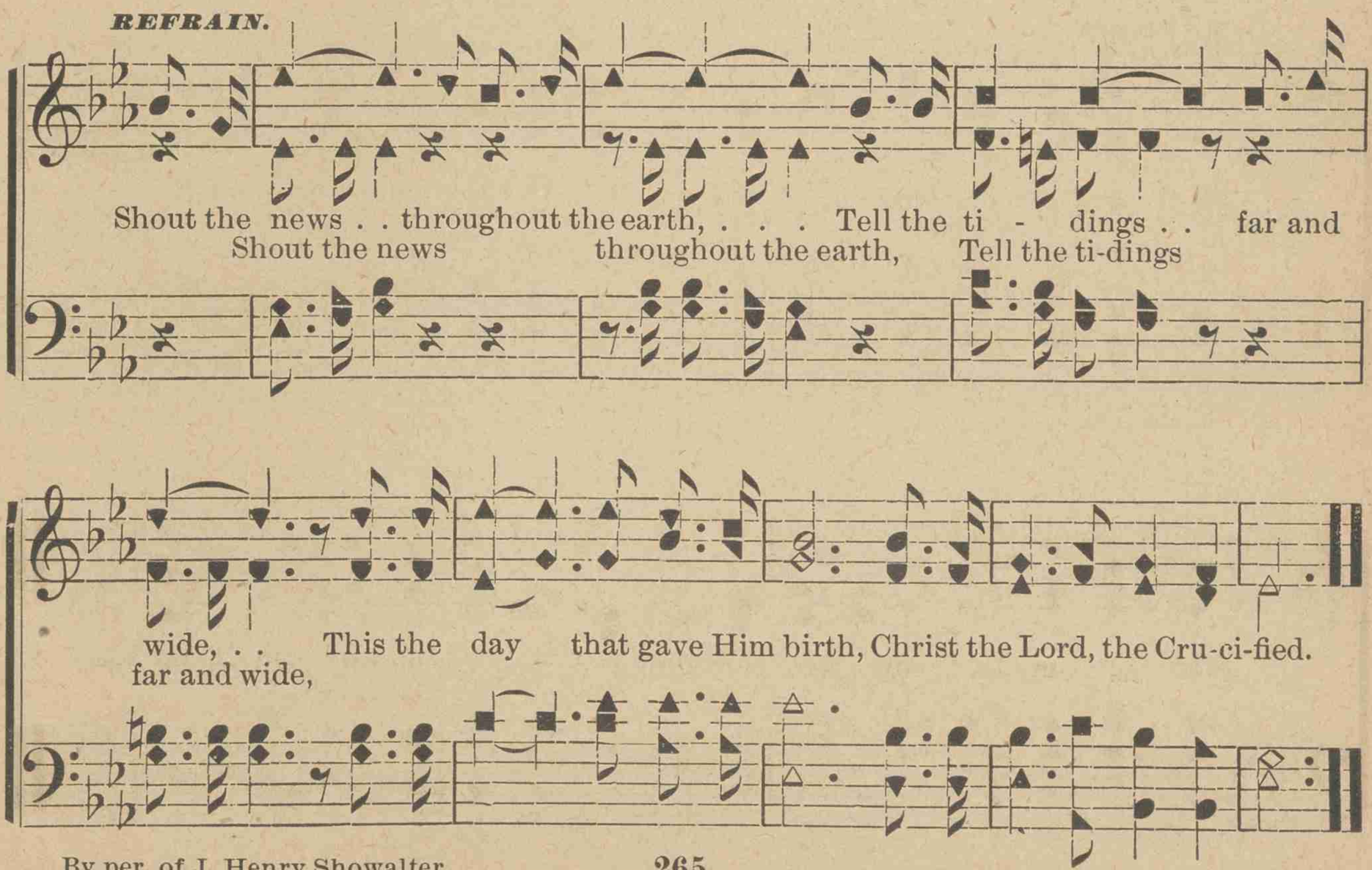
R. J. ROBBINS,
Organist 1st M. E. Church, Atlanta, Ga.

Moderato.





REFRAIN.



By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 281. THE HEAVENLY PILOT.

WM. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE. By per.

1. When the light of hope burns dimly, When the way grows cold and dark,
2. Tho' the rocks seem just be - fore you, And you help - less hast - en on,
3. When you take life's fi - nal voy-age, To that land, the Great Un-known,

Ne'er for - get the Heav'nly Pi - lot, He will save life's storm-tossed bark.
Call on Christ, the Heav'nly Pi - lot, He will save you from the storm.
If you have the Heav'nly Pi - lot, He will steer you safe - ly home.

REFRAIN.

Back to Port He'll safe - ly guide you, Back to Hope, and Peace, and Rest, . .
and Rest,

He is ev - er close be - side you, Christ, the Heav'nly Pi - lot, blest.

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No. 282. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

W. P. D. W. P. DAVIDSON.

1. The Bi - ble tells of a beau-ti-ful riv - er, Where saints and an-gels stand,
2. This wondrous stream flows as clear as crys- tal, A - midst the streets of gold;
3. I long to stand by this beau-ti-ful riv - er, With loved ones gone be - fore;

And sing the praise of the Sav-iour for - ev - er, A ho - ly, hap - py band.
Not half the joys of that beau-ti - ful cit - y, On earth, can e'er be told.
And sing the songs of the ransomed for-ev - er, And Je - sus' name a - dore.

CHORUS.

O beau - - ti - ful riv - er, ... Where the an - gel feet have trod;
O beau-ti-ful, beau- ti - ful riv - er of life,

Its wa-ters gleam bright in a heavenly light, As it flows by the throne of God.

No. 283. THE LORD OF THE HARVEST CALLS.

R. A. EVILSIZER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. The time of the har-vest is nigh, All rip-ened the waiting fields lie;
2. The Lord of the har-vest needs *you*—There's work that *you* on - ly can do;
3. Oh, brother, the la - bor is blest, And af - ter the toil com-eth rest;

The lab'rers are few, Christ calleth for you, To glean for His gar-ner on high.
Then do not de - lay, But has-ten a-way And glean where the toil-ers are few.
Your Sav-ior and Lord Will richly re-ward If you will but heed His re - quest.

REFRAIN.

The la - b'rers are few, Christ call - eth for you; Then
The lab'rers, the lab'rers are few, are few, Christ calleth, He calleth for you, for you; Then

has - - ten a - way, The Lord of the har-vest o - bey. (to-day.)
has-ten, oh, has-ten a - way, a-way, The Lord of the har-vest o - bey. (to-day.)

No. 284. AWAKE, O EARTH!

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING. In "Cincinnati Commercial Gazette." J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. A-wake, a-wake, O earth! Thy ma-ny voic-es raise, And let the echoing
2. A-wake, a-wake, O earth! For-get the hour of gloom, When in thy shuddering
3. Bring treasures of the field, Bring leaf and blossom sweet, Thy choicest and thy
4. Lift up thy gates with praise, And robes of joy put on, The Lord of Life and

hills Re-peat the note of praise. Let all the isles re-joice, Let seas take
breast Thy Ma-ker claimed a tomb. Put off thy win-try robes For garb of
best, Be-fore His pierc-ed feet. While all thy sons are glad, And tears are
Death Hath ris-en to His throne. He hath gone up on high, And giv-eth

up the strain, Christ from the dead hath come, He lives, He lives a-gain.
joy-ous spring, Crown thee with lil-ies fair, To greet the ris-en King.
put a-way, Let youth and age a-like, Sing Christ is ris'n to-day.
gifts to men; He lives, no more to die, He lives, He lives a-gain.

from the dead hath come, He lives, He lives a-gain.

REFRAIN.

He lives . . . . a-gain! . . . . Our ris-en Lord, to-day! Christ
He lives! Christ lives! He lives a-gain!

D. S.

No. 285. WE'LL DROP OUR ANCHOR.

J. L. M. JUDSON L. MOORE, by per.

1. We're sail - ing to (We're sail-ing to) a far off shore, (a far off shore,)
2. We spread our sails (We spread our sails) and swift - ly glide, (and swift-ly glide,)
3. We're sail - ing to (We're sail-ing to) the pil-grim's home, (the pilgrim's home,)

Where lov-ing friends (Where loving friends) have gone be - fore; (have gone be-fore;)
With chart and com-(With chart and compass) pass near our side; (" near our side;)
Where Je - sus waits (Where Je-sus waits) and bids us come; (and bids us come;)

We'll breast the waves, (We'll breast the waves,) and stem the tide, (and stem the tide,)
Tho' strong the wind (Tho strong the wind) and dark the night, (and dark the night,)
We'll reach the dis-(We'll reach the distant) tant har - bor soon, (" har - bor soon,)

And trust in Je- (And trust in Je-) sus as our guide.
The port to which (The port to which) we go . is bright.
And shout the ti- (And shout the ti-) dings back, there's room.

WE'LL DROP OUR ANCHOR. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

When-e'er we reach the port on high,
When - e'er we reach . . . . . the port on high, ...

We'll drop our an - chor by and by;
We'll drop our an - - - - chor by and by;

Our ship well land - ed on the shore,
Our ship well land - - - - - ed on the shore, ...

Safe in the har - bor ev - er - more, (for ev - er - more)
Safe in the har - - - - bor ev - er - more. . . . . .

No. 286. GO GATHER THE LOST ONES IN.

L. McHAN. Matt. 28 : 19. S. J. PERRY.

1. Go un - to na - tions, far and near, Gath - er the lost ones in;
2. Go to the hedg - es, bring them in, Gath - er the lost ones in;
3. Go to the halt, the blind, the lame, Gath - er the lost ones in;
4. Go to the wear - y and dis-tressed, Gath - er the lost ones in;
5. Go to the home-less, sad and lone, Gath - er the lost ones in;
6. Go un - to earth's re - mot - est bound, Gath - er the lost ones in;
7. Go till the Sav - iour comes a - gain, Gath - er the lost ones in;

Tell them of Je - sus' love so dear, Gath - er the lost ones in.
In from the thorn - y paths of sin, Gath - er the lost ones in.
Tell them of life thro' Je - sus' name, Gath - er the lost ones in.
Tell them that Je - sus will give rest, Gath - er the lost ones in.
Tell them of man-sions they may own, Gath - er the lost ones in.
Search till the lost ones have been found, Gath - er the lost ones in.
Then at His com - ing you shall reign, Gath - er the lost ones in.

Gath - er, gath - er, Gath - er the lost ones in;
Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, yes, gath - er, Gath - er the lost ones in;

Gath - er, gath - er, Gath - er the lost ones in.
Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, O gath - er, Gath - er the lost ones in.

No. 287. CROSS OF CHRIST.

D. T. TAYLOR. H. B. GREONGILS.

1. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Hide my sins and shel - ter me;
2. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Let me to thy shad - ow flee;
3. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Type of love's deep mys - ter - y;
4. Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, This my boast shall ev - er be,

Claim or mer - it have I none, I am vile and all un - done;
Here they mocked the cru - ci - fied, Here the roy - al suf - f'rer died;
'Twas my sins provoked this love, I this match-less pas - sion moved;
That Thy blood for me was shed, That for me He groaned and bled;

I to thee for suc - cor fly, Give me ref - uge or I die,
Here was shed th' a - ton - ing blood, Here ex - pired the Son of God,
For my soul this love was stored, On my head the bless - ing pour'd,
Now I catch that gra - cious eye, Now I know I shall not die,

Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my hopes are hung on thee.
Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Can the guilt - y trust in thee?
Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, Now I solve love's mys - ter - y.
Cross of Christ, O sa - cred tree, All my guilt is lost in thee.

No. 288. RING ON, SWEET BELLS.

MRS. M. M. NEWTON. J HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Ring on, sweet bells, of Christ-mas time, Proclaim "Peace and good-will,"
2. Ring out con - ten-tion, strife and hate, Let hu - man dis-cords cease;
3. Al - le - vi - ate all suf - fer - ing, And give from pain re - lief;

For Christ is born in Beth - le - hem, God's prom-ise to ful - fill.
Ring in faith, hope and char - i - ty, From bond-age bring re - lief.
Give sol - ace to the sor - row - ing, And turn to joy their grief.

He came to bring us peace and joy, To set the cap - tive free;
Ring out de - ceit and en - vy here, All sel - fish - ness and spite;
Ring out com-plaint and mur - mur - ing, Bring grat - i - tude and praise;

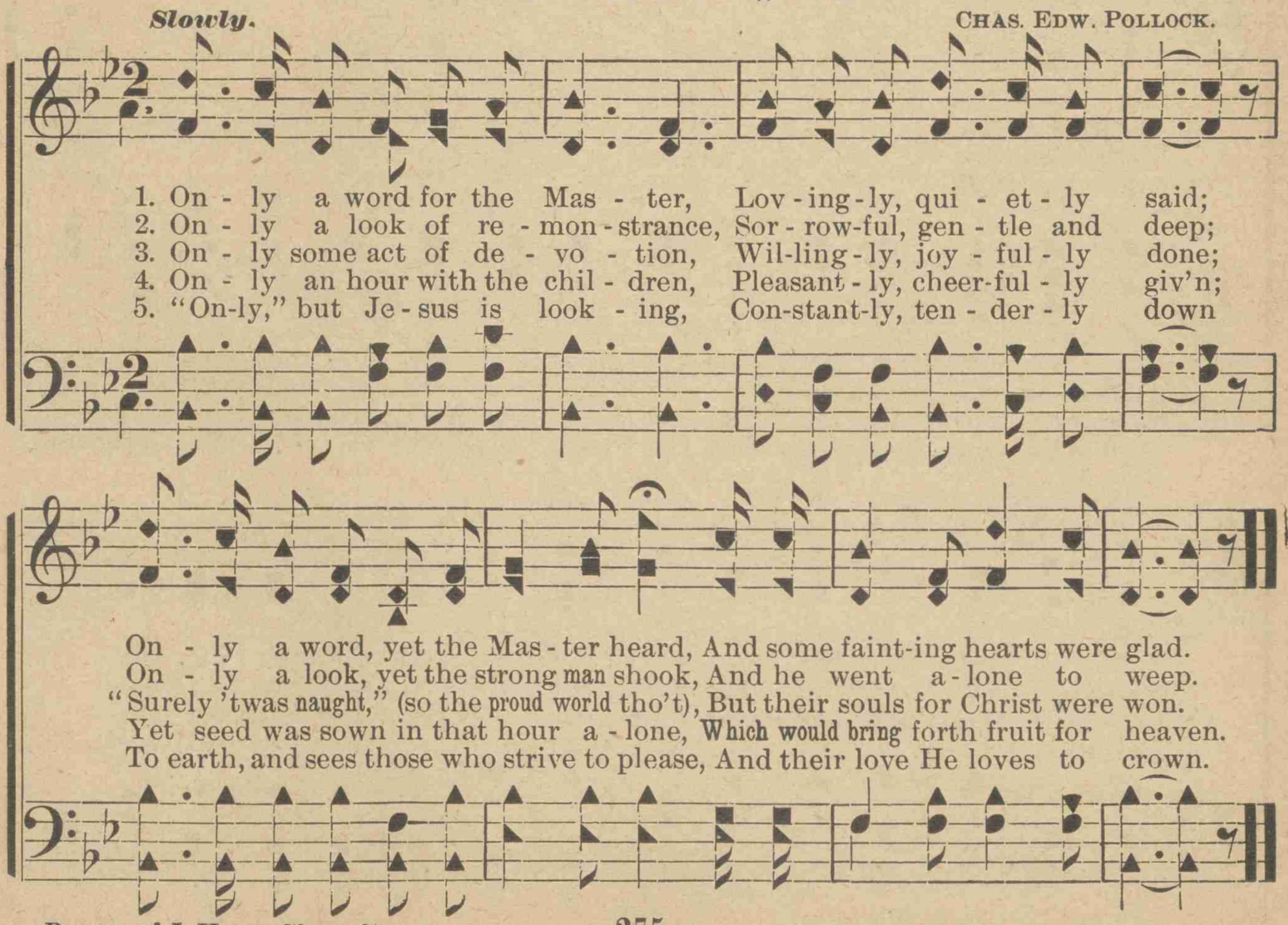
To break the bonds of death and sin, And give the vic - to - ry.
Oh, ring in truth and pur - i - ty, Ring in the reign of right.
Ring in true Chris - tian fel - low - ship, Ring in the bet - ter days.

RING ON, SWEET BELLS. Concluded.





No. 289. ONLY A WORD.



By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 290. WORKING FOR JESUS.

Words arranged. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. In the vine-yard of the Fa - ther Dai - ly work we find to do,
2. Toil - ing ear - ly in the morn - ing, Catch-ing moments thro' the day,
3. Not for self - ish praise or glo - ry, Not for ob - jects noth - ing worth,
4. Up and ev - er at our call - ing, Till in death our lips are dumb,

Scat-tered glean - ings we may gath - er, Tho' we are but young and few.
Noth - ing small or low - ly scorn - ing, While we work and watch and pray,
But to send the bless - ed sto - ry Of the gos - pel o'er the earth,
Or till sin's do - min - ion fall - ing, Christ shall in His king-dom come,

Lit - tle clus - - ters, Lit - tle clus - - ters,
Gath'ring of - - f'rings, Free - will off - - 'rings,
Tell - ing mor - - tals, Tell - ing mor - - tals,
And His chil - - dren, Yes, His chil - - dren,

Lit - tle clus - ters, lit - tle clus - ters, Help to fill the gar - ners too,
Gath-'ring off - 'rings, glad - ly gath - 'ring Free - will off - 'rings by the way,
Tell - ing mor - tals, tell - ing mor - tals, Of our Lord and Sav - iour too,
And His chil - dren, yes, His chil - dren, Reach their ev - er - last - ing home,

Help to fill the gar - ners too, Help to fill the gar - ners too.
Free - will off - 'rings by the way, Free-will off - 'rings by the way.
Of our Lord and Sav - iour too, Of our Lord and Sav - iour too.
Reach their ev - er - last - ing home, Reach their ev - er - last - ing home.

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WORKING FOR JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Work - - ing for Je - - sus, We are
Work - ing in the vine - yard, Work - ing ev - 'ry day, We are

toil - ing for the Mas - ter so true, We are
toil - ing for the Mas - ter, His per - fect will to do, We are

work - - ing for the Mas - - ter,
work - ing for the Mas - ter, Who is lov - ing, kind and true,

We are toil - ing ev - 'ry day, And we try His will to do.

No. 291. TO THE WONDERFUL CITY OF GOLD.

L. McHAN. S. J. PERRY.

1. There's a path-way made straight, Leading up to the gate Of the won-der-ful
2. Count-less mil-lions have gone O'er this path-way a-long, To the won-der-ful
3. Ma-ny loved ones of ours, Rest 'neath E-den's ho-ly bow'rs, In the won-der-ful
4. Ev-'ry step I'll re-new, As I on-ward pur-sue, To the won-der-ful

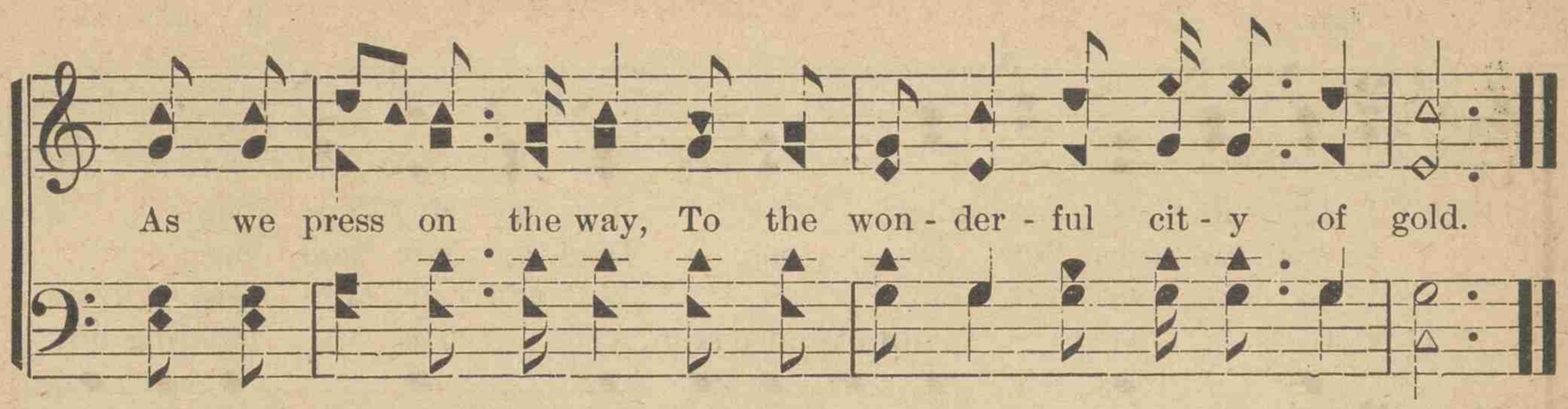
cit-y of gold; Tho' dark a-ges have rolled, Yet it leads as of old,
cit-y of gold; Nev-ermore they shall roam, For they're now safe at home,
cit-y of gold; Now they join with the throng, As they sing redemption's song,
cit-y of gold; At the gate I'll exclaim: Saved by grace thro' Je-sus' name,

REFRAIN.

To the won-der-ful cit-y of gold.
In the won-der-ful cit-y of gold. Cheer, broth-er, cheer! Drive a-
In the won-der-ful cit-y of gold.
As I en-ter the cit-y of gold.

way doubt and fear, We are trav'ling the pathway of old; Oh, 'tis brighter to-day,

TO THE WONDERFUL CITY OF GOLD. Concluded.



No. 292. YE ARE CALLED OF GOD.

R. A. EVILSIZER. J. MOORING YORK.



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No. 293. CHILDREN'S SONG.

D. W. CRIST. A. B. COFFMAN.

1. List - en to our sing - ing, As we sing our song,
2. And we learn how Je - sus, Died for you and me;
3. So when we are old - er We will do the right,
4. Ev - er love and praise Him, And His bid-ding do;

Of the lov - ing Sav - iour, He who did no wrong.
How the Jews did nail Him To the rug - ged tree.
Send those heath - en chil - dren, Bless - ed gos - pel light.
He is sure to help you. To be good and true,

We are hap - py chil - dren Of the Sun - day-school,
Ma - ny lit - tle chil - dren Can - not do as we,
Let us Je - sus fol - low, And His les - son learn,
If for Him we suf - fer, But do good and love,

Where we sing of Je - sus, Learn His gold - en rule.
For in heath - en coun - tries They no Bi - bles see.
That we'll nev - er, nev - er, From His foot - steps turn.
He at last will take us, To His home a - bove.

By per. of Geo. B. Holsinger.

No. 294. LOOKING TO THEE.

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

1. Look - ing to Thee, my Sav - iour, Up from the cares of life,
2. Look - ing to Thee, my Sav - iour, Trust - ing to Thee for all,

Seek - ing Thy great com - pas - sion, Mid earth - ly care and strife.
Know-ing Thy hands sup - port me, Lift - ing me when I fall.

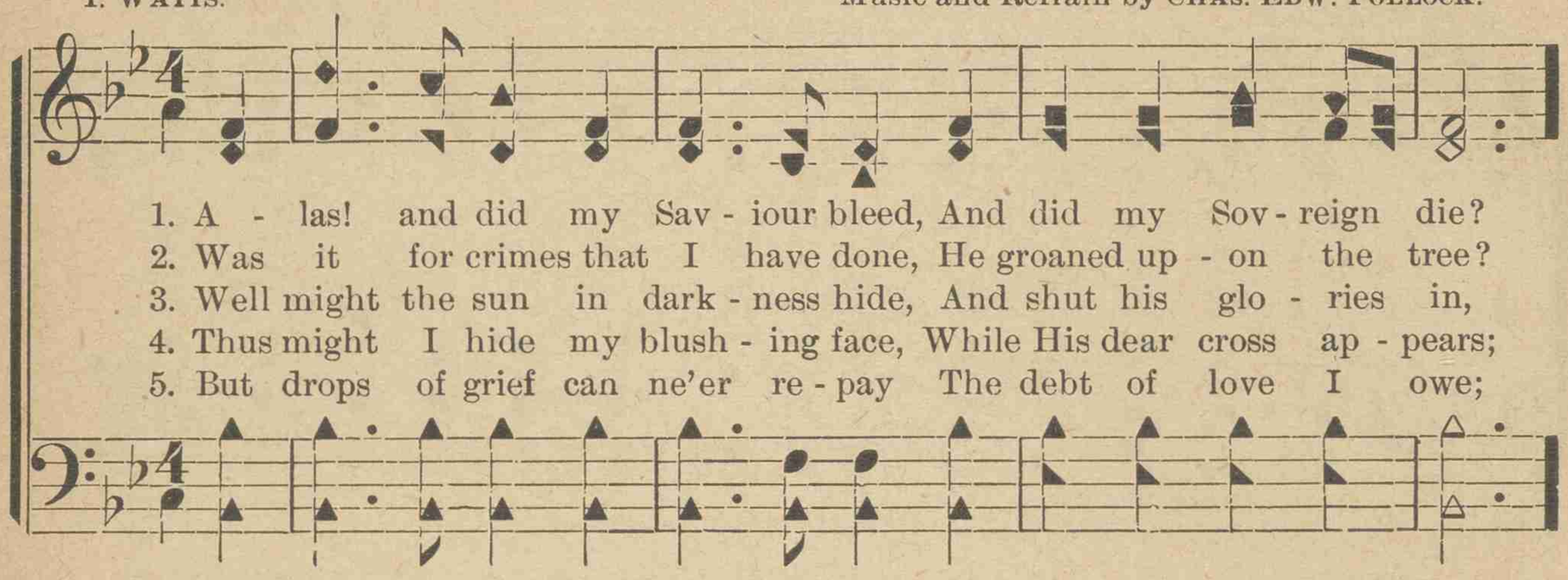
Look - ing to Thee for com - fort, Look - ing to Thee for aid,
Look - ing to Thee, be - liev - ing, Bring-ing my griefs to Thee,

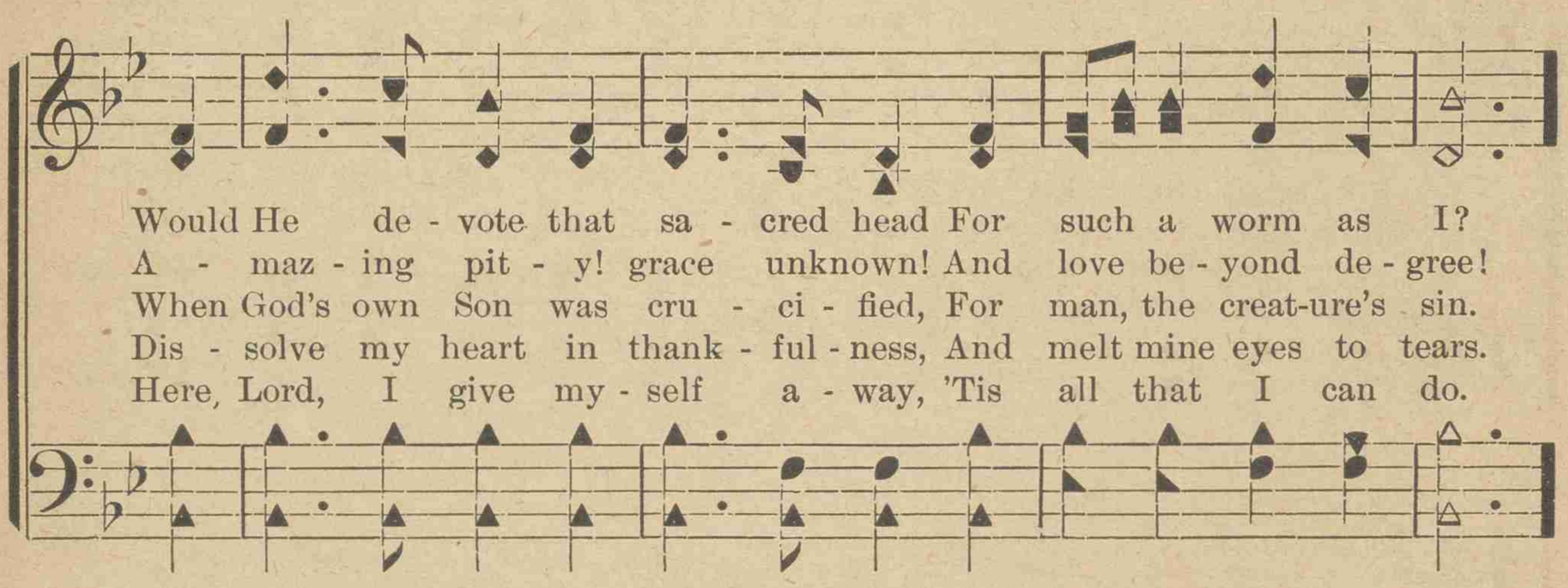
Safe in Thy arms, my Sav - iour, Why should I be a - fraid?
Know-ing Thy grace ex - tend - eth Par - don to such as me.

By per. J. Henry Showalter.

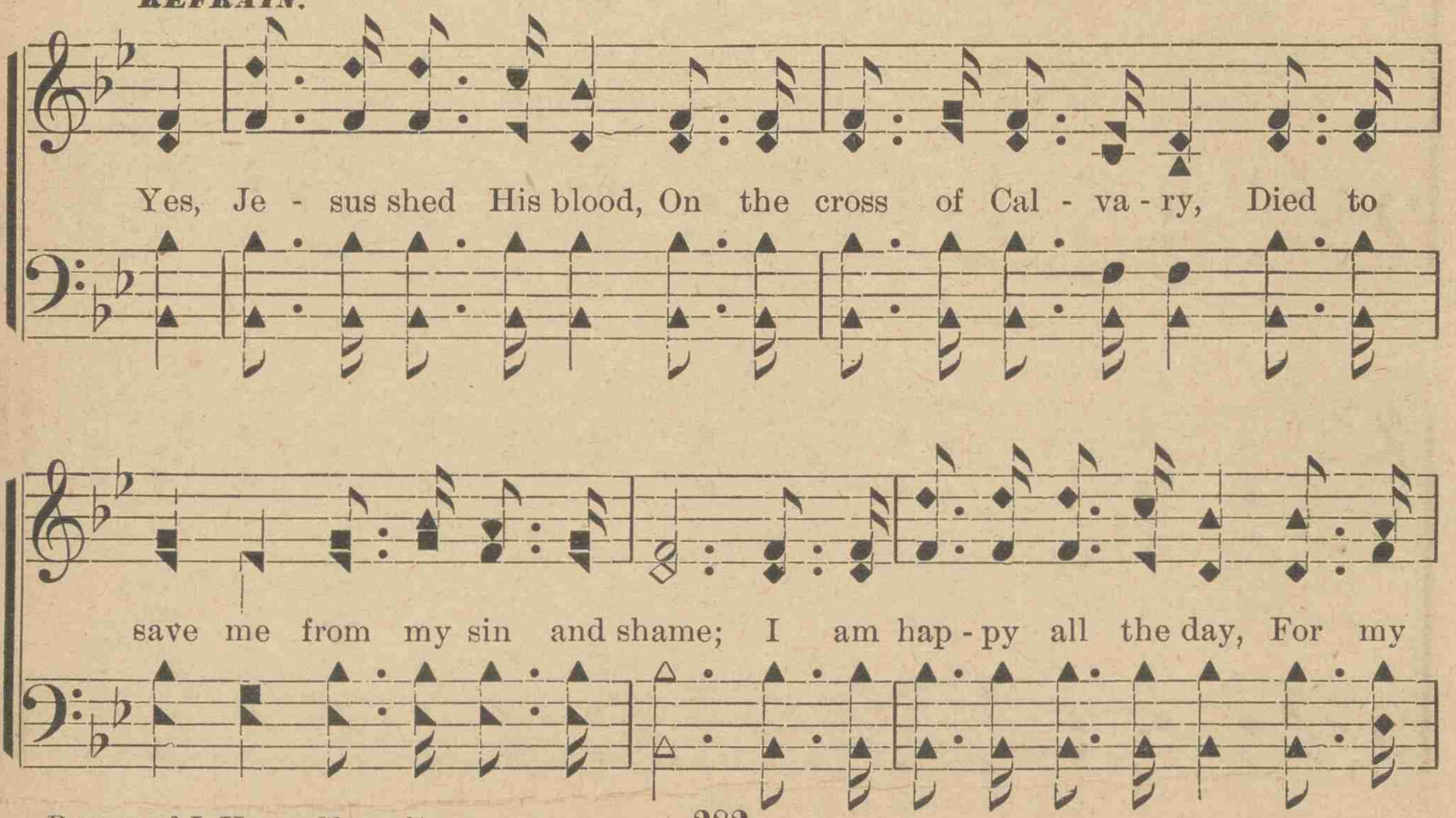
No. 295. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

I. WATTS. Music and Refrain by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





REFRAIN.



By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

JESUS DIED FOR ME. Concluded.



No. 296. HAIL THE BLEST MORN. 11s & 10s.



No. 297. THAT DEAR LOVING SHEPHERD OF MINE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Tenderly.

1. The ten - der - est Shep-herd that ev - er was known, Left all the bright
2. I am glad the "Good Shepherd" so lov - ing could be To one so un-
3. Tho' waves of temp - ta - tion shall o - ver me roll— Or sor - row its
4. Wher - e'er I must go, or what - e'er I must bear, I nev - er will

an - gels a - bove, And went thro' the shad - ow - y val - ley a - lone,
worth-y, in - deed— That in my dis - tress He had pit - y on me,
forc - es com - bine, The Shep-herd has prom-ised to com-fort my soul,
grieve or re - pine— In dark - ness or dan - ger, the Shepherd is there,

REFRAIN.

To find the lost sheep of His love.
And now by "still wa-ters" doth lead. Oh, won - der-ful Shepherd who
That dear lov - ing Shep-herd of mine.
That dear lov - ing Shep-herd of mine.

sought me, And showed me His mer - cy di - vine! To par - don and

By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

THAT DEAR LOVING SHEPHERD OF MINE. Concluded.



No. 298. A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL. S. M. D.

H. BONAR. REV. E. W. DUNBAR.



No. 299. I WILL MEET YOU, BROTHER.*

REV. A. B. BOWSER. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. I will meet you, broth - er, meet you, In that land for - ev - er blest,
2. I will meet you, broth - er, meet you, At the dawn-ing of the day
3. I will meet you, broth - er, meet you, Swift the day is draw - ing nigh;

Far a - way be - yond the shadows, Where the soul shall find its rest.
When the long and wear - y vig - ils Of the night have passed a - way.
Sad - ness yields be - fore the dawning, Light is break - ing o'er the sky.

Here our home is bro - ken, brother, And the twi - light lin - gers long,
This the hope my heart still com-forts, We shall clasp glad hands once more,
Soon my wear - y feet shall en - ter Thro' the pearl - y gates of home,

But the glo - rious day is com-ing, When I'll join your hap - py throng.
We shall meet a - gain, my broth-er, To be sev - ered nev - er - more.
And I'll meet you, safe - ly meet you, Nev - er, nev - er-more to roam.

*"Meet me," the last words of a dying Christian.

I WILL MEET YOU, BROTHER. Concluded.





No. 300. HOW SWEET THE HOUR. L. M.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene.

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek,
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness.

No. 301. WHEN I GET TO THE END OF THE WAY.

* * *

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. By per.

1. The sands have been washed in the footprints Of the stranger on Galilee's shore,
2. There are so ma-ny hills to climb up-ward, I oft-en am longing for rest,
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me one tri-al too much,
4. When the last feeble step has been taken, And the gates of that city ap - pear,

FINE.

And the voice that subdued the rough billows, Will be heard in Ju-de - a no more.
But He who appoints me my pathway, Knows just what is needful and best.
All His people have been dearly purchased, And Sa - tan can never claim such.
And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an-gels, Float out on my list-en-ing ear.

D. S.—And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the end of the way.
D. S.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the end of the way.

But the path of that lone Gal - i - le - an With joy I will fol-low to - day.
I know in His word He hath promised That my strength "it shall be as my day."
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un-ending day.
When all that now seems so mys - terious, Will be bright and as clear as the day.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

And the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the end of the way,
Last.—Then the toils of the road will seem nothing, When I get to the end of the way,

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No. 302. I HAVE REDEEMED THEE.

E. R. LATTA. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Sin - ner, far a - way from God I have redeemed thee!
2. From the bond - age of thy sin I have redeemed thee!
3. From the fate that was thy due, I have redeemed thee!

By the shed - ding of my blood, I have re-deemed thee!
That thou might'st be pure with - in, I have re-deemed thee!
That thou might'st my steps pur - sue, I have re-deemed thee!

Wilt thou not in me be-lieve, O'er thy sins and fol - lies grieve,
Wilt thou now re - pent in-deed, Feel - ing all thy loss and need,
Wilt thou take my cross to - day? Wilt thou bear it all the way?

And e - ter - nal life re-ceive? I have re - deemed thee!
While for thee I in - ter - cede? I have re - deemed thee!
Wilt thou reign in heav'n for aye? I have re - deemed thee!

No. 303. STEER STRAIGHT TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

T. W. D. T. W. DENNINGTON.

1. Say, where are you go - ing, my broth - er? Up - on the broad o - cean of time,
2. Be sure that the Sav - iour is with thee Wher - ev - er thy life - boat may go,
3. Look not on the lamps that burn dim - ly; But look to the light of God's love;

Are you bound for the land of the bless - ed,
Should you take your life jour - ney with - out Him,
Look not on the wrecks by the sea - shore,

D. S.—*Je - sus to keep and to guide you,*

A home in fair Ca - naan's bright clime?
You'll sink 'neath the bil - lows of woe.
But look to the light-house a - bove.

CHORUS.

Steer straight to the light-house, my brother, There's dan - ger up - on the dark wave, Ask

He's a - ble and will - ing to save.

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No. 304. ONLY THE PURE SHALL SEE HEAVEN.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. J. PERRY.

1. Are you walking with Christ in the way, dear broth-er, That leads to the mansions of light?
2. You must come with your sins to the cross, dear brother, And wash in its deep crimson tide,
3. In God's Word He declares that no soul, dear brother, Shall pass thro' the heavenly door,

Are you hop-ing to dwell there for aye, dear brother, In garments of pur-est white?
And your heart must be cleansed from all dross, dear brother, If you would with Christ abide.
Which has not been thro' Je-sus made whole, dear brother, And pardoned for ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

On-ly they, on-ly they, They whose robes are pure and bright,
On-ly they, on-ly they,

On-ly they, on-ly they, Shall with Je-sus walk in white.
On-ly they, on-ly they,

No. 305. CLOSER TO JESUS.

TO MY DEAR MOTHER. Written Sept. 24, 1896, my 43d Birthday Anniversary.

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY.

1. Trust - ing in Je - sus, I'm saved from the fall, Trust - ing in
2. Walk - ing with Je - sus, I'm safe in the fold, Walk - ing with
3. Talk - ing with Je - sus, His work I pur - sue, Talk - ing with
4. Sing - ing for Je - sus, who freed me from sin, Sing - ing for
5. Work - ing for Je - sus— the truth and the right— Work - ing for

Je - sus, I trust Him for all; Trust - ing in Je - sus, my
Je - sus, I nev - er grow cold; Walk - ing with Je - sus, I'll
Je - sus, my strength I re - new; Talk - ing with Je - sus, our
Je - sus, some oth - ers to win; Sing - ing for Je - sus, a-
Je - sus, ere fall - eth the night; Work - ing for Je - sus, while

hope shall en - dure, Trust - ing in Je - sus, sal - va - tion is sure.
fal - ter no more, Walk - ing with Je - sus, my doubt-ings are o'er.
friendship grows strong, Talk - ing with Je - sus, I nev - er go wrong.
long life's high - way, Sing - ing for Je - sus, I'm hap - py each day.
yet 'tis called day, Work - ing for Je - sus, His will to o - bey.

REFRAIN.

Clos - - - er to Je - - - sus, Clos - - -
Clos - er to Je - sus, yes, clos - er each day, Clos - er to Je-

CLOSER TO JESUS. Concluded.



No. 306. SAVIOUR, BLESS THE CHILDREN.

J. H. S. MISS LUCY BRUMBAUGH.



No. 307. I WANT TO LIVE FOR JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. I want to live for Je - sus, The chil-dren's tru - est friend!
2. I want to live for Je - sus, And He will not for - bid;
3. I want to live for Je - sus, And nev - er go a - stray!

I want to seek His king - dom, For it shall nev - er end,
For still He loves the chil - dren, The same as once He did;
I'll take His cross to car - ry, And fol - low in the way!

I want to feel His pres - ence A - bid - ing in my heart,
He cares for me I know it, Wher - ev - er I may tread;
He'll watch my ev - 'ry foot - step, He'll hold me by the hand;

And know that if I love Him, He nev - er will de - part.
And from His hand are fall - ing, His bless - ings on my head.
And He will take me some - time, To join that an - gel band.

I WANT TO LIVE FOR JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I want to live for Je - sus, And al - ways Him o - bey,
I want His hand to crown me, Who reigns in heav'n to - day.

No. 308. HOW PRECIOUS IS THE BOOK. C. M.

J. FAWCETT. D. D. JONES, 1897,

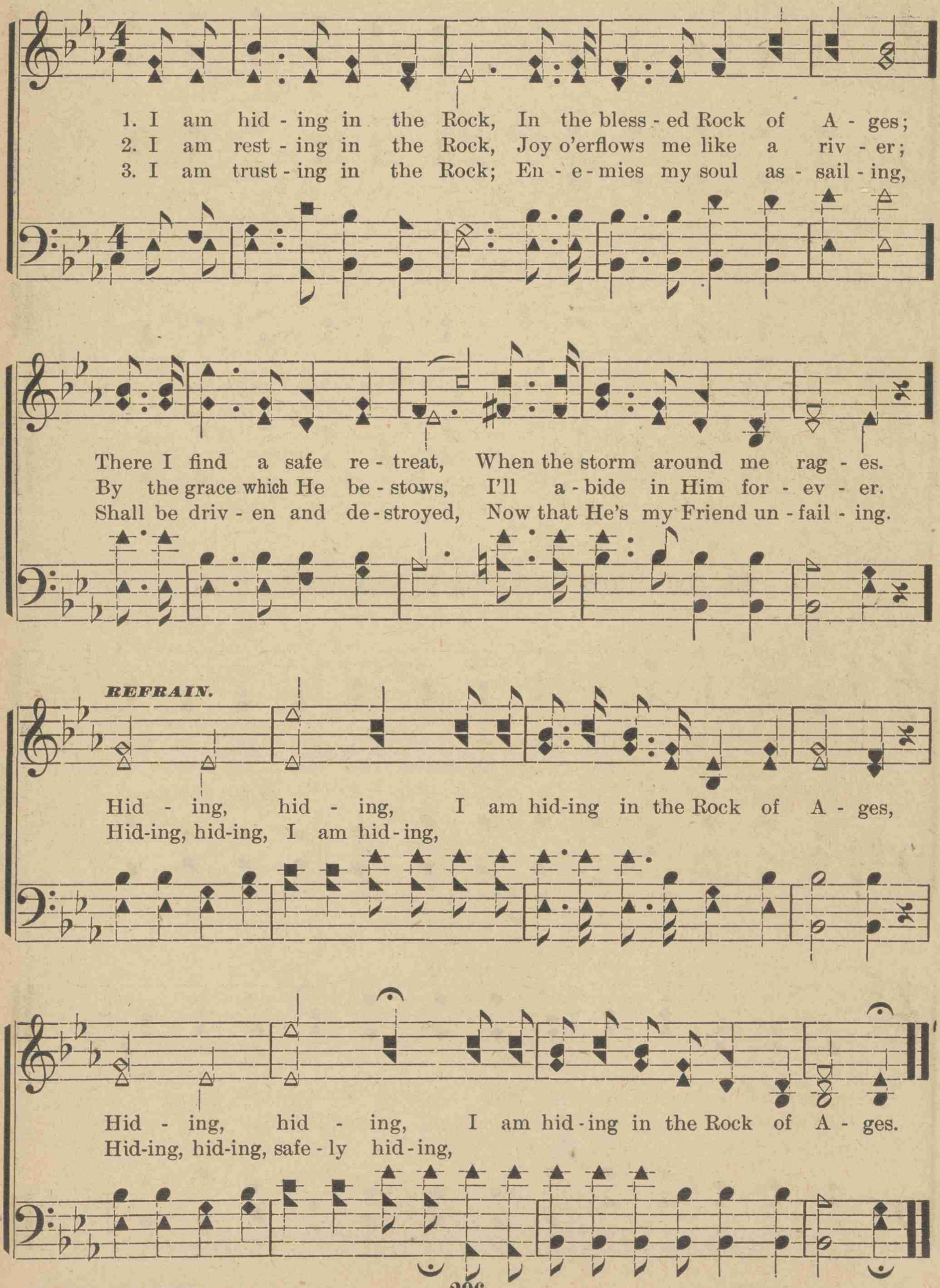
1. How pre - cious is the book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
2. It sweet - ly cheers our droop - ing hearts In this dark vale of tears;
3. This lamp thro' all the te - dious night Of life shall guide our way,

Bright as a lamp its pre - cepts shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
Life, light and joy, it still im - parts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
Till we be - hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 309. HIDING IN THE ROCK OF AGES.

G. W. LYON. J. MOORING YORK.



Used by permission.

No. 310. DOES YOUR ANCHOR HOLD?

REV. W. C. MARTIN, by per. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. When the waves are beat - ing fiercely, And the tides are sweep-ing by;
2. When the waves of strong temptation, And the tides of hab - it sweep,
3. When dis - as - trous gales of an-guish, And the floods of bit - ter tears,
4. When, in want, a sub - tile en - vy, Seeks a place with - in your breast;

When the light'ning and the thunder Shake and rend the midnight sky,
Fierce - ly where your soul is anchored Out on life's tempestuous deep,
Break-ing heart or pain of bod - y, Stir with-in you doubts and fears,
When the strong ebb - tide of fail-ure Fills your soul with deep un - rest,

CHORUS.

Does your anchor hold, my brother? Is it grip-ping fast a rock?
Does your anchor hold, does it hold, my brother, Is it gripping, Is it grip-ping fast a rock?

If your faith lays hold on Je-sus, You can stand the tempest's shock.
If your faith lays hold, lays hold on Jesus, You can stand the tempest's shock, the tempest's shock.

Copyright, 1897, by Geo. B. Holsinger.

No. 311. JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR.

A. B. B. REV. A. B. BOWSER. By per.

1. I have found a glad new song since be - liev - ing, Je - sus is my
2. I am not ashamed to own, grace con - fess - ing, Je - sus is my
3. I've a mes - sage full of joy I'm de - clar - ing, Je - sus is my

Sav - iour; All His prom - is - es are mine, faith re - ceiv - ing,
Sav - iour; All my sins He has re-moved by His bless - ing,
Sav - iour; There is cleans - ing in His blood for the err - ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus is my Sav - iour.
Je - sus is my Sav - iour. Par - don free . . . . is ful - ly
Je - sus is my Sav - iour, Par - don free

mine, Purchased by . . . His grace di - vine; I will
is ful - ly mine, purchased by His grace divine;

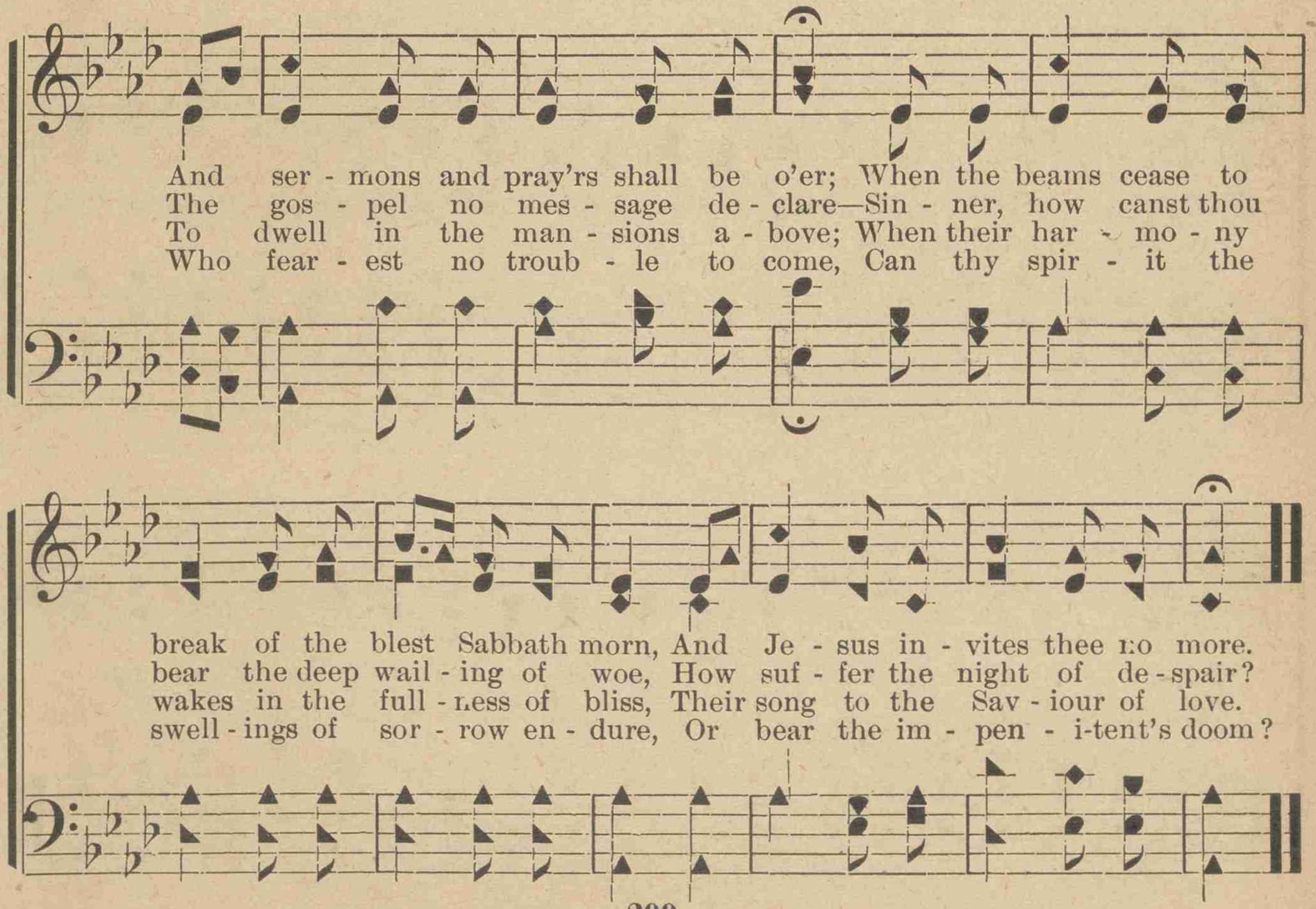
Copyright, 1896, by Rev. A. B. Bowser.

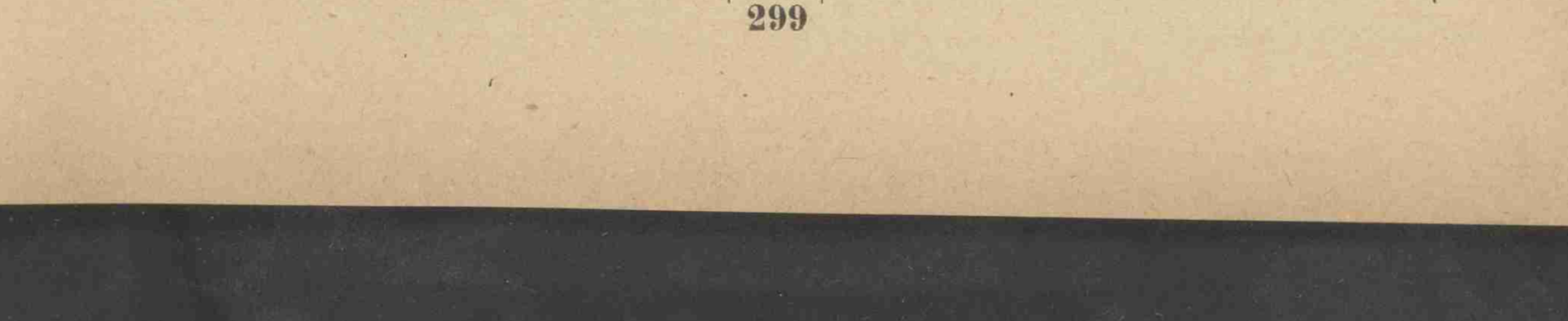
JESUS IS MY SAVIOUR. Concluded.



No. 312. VERNON. 12s & 8s.







No. 313. WILL LOVED ONES WAIT AND WATCH FOR ME?

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY.

DUET. Soprano and Tenor.

1. Be - yond the drear - y shores of time, In man-sions bright and fair,
2. When we shall bid a fond fare - well To this sad world of care,
3. When this frail bark is tossed no more Up - on life's troub - led sea,

In E-den's bright and sun - ny clime, Will loved ones be wait - ing there?
And homeward fly with Christ to dwell, Will loved ones a - wait us there?
Oh, then will loved ones stand on shore, There waiting to wel-come me?

REFRAIN.

Wait - ing and watching for me, Beyond death's riv-er will loved ones a-wait?
Waiting and watching, yes,

Wait - ing and watching for me, At the beau-ti - ful gold - en gate.
Waiting and watching, yes,

Copyright, 1894, by S. J. Perry.

No. 314. FLEE THE DANGER.

MRS. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. "Not far from the kingdom of heav-en," Its glories gleam faint on thy sight;
2. The pow'r of the tempter grows stronger, God's pleading you soon may not hear,
3. O broth-er, no long-er stand wait-ing, But come to the blest mer-cy-seat;
4. Thy Sav-iour is earn-est-ly call-ing, In ac-cents so ten-der and strong,

Thou'rt just on the bor-ders of Ca-naan, But oh, there is dan-ger to-night.
The way to the kingdom grows long-er, While thus you stand doubting in fear.
Oh, hast-en, the storm now is rag-ing, The borders may sink neath thy feet.
Oh, can you re-sist all His plead-ings, Or slight offered mer-cy too long?

CHORUS.

Flee the dan-ger, the dan-ger, Oh, en-ter the ha-ven of rest;
Flee the danger, O sinner, God's love do not spurn, Oh, en-ter the ha-ven of rest, sweet rest;

Flee the dan-ger, to Je-sus return, Oh, come, and for-ev-er be blest.
Flee the danger, O sinner, to Je-sus return,

No. 315. FATHER, I'M LONELY.

T. W. DENNINGTON. S. J. PERRY.

1. Fa-ther, I'm lone-ly, sad and oppressed, Where shall I turn, dear Sav-iour, for rest?
2. Oft I have vain-ly sought for repose, Homeless, de-sert - ed, tempted by foes;
3. Je -sus, I'm coming, trusting Thy grace, In Thy com-pas-sion, give me a place;

Sighing for peace, while wand'ring sad and lone, Longing for light that shines from the throne.
Night cometh down while winds of sor-row wail, Shall I be lost in sight of the vale?
I am un-worth-y, sin - ful, and un-done, With Thy support sweet peace shall be won.

CHORUS.

When I shall reach that bliss - ful shore,
When I shall reach . . . . . that blissful shore, ... Where gloomy

Where gloomy shadows shall troub - le no more;
shad - - - ows trouble no more; . . . . . There sweetest

There sweet-est joy my soul shall fill, When
joy . . . . . my soul shall fill, ... When He shall

Rit.

He shall sweet-ly whis - per, "Peace, be still, be still."
whis - - - - per, "Peace, be still." . . . . .

No. 316. I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY. UNKNOWN.

FINE.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
3. O, Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Auth - or of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—*I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;*

D.S.

If Thou withdraw Thy - self from me, Ah, whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se-cure My soul from end - less death?
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve, In this ac-cept - ed hour.
Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 317. TRUSTING IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

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

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. There is cleans-ing in Je-sus' blood, Trusting in the name of Je - sus;
2. There is heal - ing in Je-sus' blood, Trusting in the name of Je - sus;
3. There is par - don in Je-sus' blood, Trusting in the name of Je - sus;

Come and wash in this cleansing flood, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.
Come just now and this heal - ing claim, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.
Come just now and this bless-ing prove, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Name of Je - sus, name of Je - sus, Trusting in the name of Je - sus;
Name of Je - sus, name of Je - sus, Trusting in the name of Je - sus;
Name of Je - sus, name of Je - sus, Trusting in the name of Je - sus;

Come and wash in this cleansing flood, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.
Come just now and this heal - ing claim, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.
Come just now and this bless- ing prove, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.

By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 318. SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

ANON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear Him say!
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor - tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O, my Saviour, bless me, As I sit low at Thy feet!

Hap - py place! so near, so pre-cious! May it find me there each day!
There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when wea-ry, find sweet rest.
Oh, look down in love up - on me, Let me see Thy face so sweet!

Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past;
Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where I love to weep and pray;
Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as He is;

For His love has been so pre - cious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from His full-ness gath - er Grace and com - fort day by day.
May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my right-eous-ness.

No. 319. NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JOSEPH GRIGGS. E. B. FOWLER.

DUET. Sop. and Alto.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee,
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon-er far Let evening blush to own a star;
3. Ashamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days.
He sheds the beams of light di - vine, O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.

Ashamed of Je - sus, that dear friend, On whom my hopes of heav'n depend;
Ashamed of Je - sus, just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then I boast a Sav-iour slain;

No, when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
'Tis midnight with my soul till He, Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
And oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not ashamed of me.

By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

CHORUS.

No, when I blush, (no, when I blush,) be this my shame, (be this my shame,)
'Tis mid-night with ('tis mid-night with) my soul till He, (my soul till He,)
And oh, may this (and oh, may this) my glo - ry be, (my glo - ry be,)

That I no more, (that I no more,) re - vere His name, (revere His name,)
Bright Morning Star, (bright Morning Star,) bid dark - ness flee, (bid darkness flee,)
That Christ is not (that Christ is not) a-shamed of me, (ashamed of me,)

No, when I blush, (No, when I blush,) be this my shame, (be this my shame,)
'Tis mid-night with ('tis mid-night with) my soul till He, (my soul till He,)
And oh, may this (and oh, may this) my glo - ry be, (my glo - ry be,)

That I no more, (that I no more,) re - vere His name.
Bright Morn- ing Star, (bright Morn-ing Star,) bid dark - ness flee.
That Christ is not (that Christ is not) a - shamed of me.

No. 320. SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

H. L. HASTINGS. Music, 3rd stanza and Refrain by E. B. FOWLER.

DUET, Soprano and Tenor.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in yon-der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
3. Shall we meet and bask for - ev - er In the light of Je - sus' love?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine?
Shall we meet and sor - row nev - er, In that bliss - ful home a - bove?

QUARTET.

Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet with Christ our Sav-iour, When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we thro' e - ter - nal a - ges, Dwell with Je - sus in His home?

Shall we meet and cast the an-chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore?
Shall we know His bless-ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?
Where no sin can ev - er en - ter And no sor - row ev - er come?

Used by per. of J. Henry Showalter.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Yes we'll meet those that loved us,
Yes we'll meet . . . . with those that loved us, ... And who

And who bore the cross be - low,
bore . . . . the cross be - low, ... Those who

Those who in the pre - cious blood,
in . . . . . the blood of Je - sus, ...

Washed their robes as white as snow,
Washed their robes . . . . . as white as snow. . . . . .

No. 321. WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

"We shall never say 'good-by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

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

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

Yet ev - er comes the thought 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.

CHORUS.

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

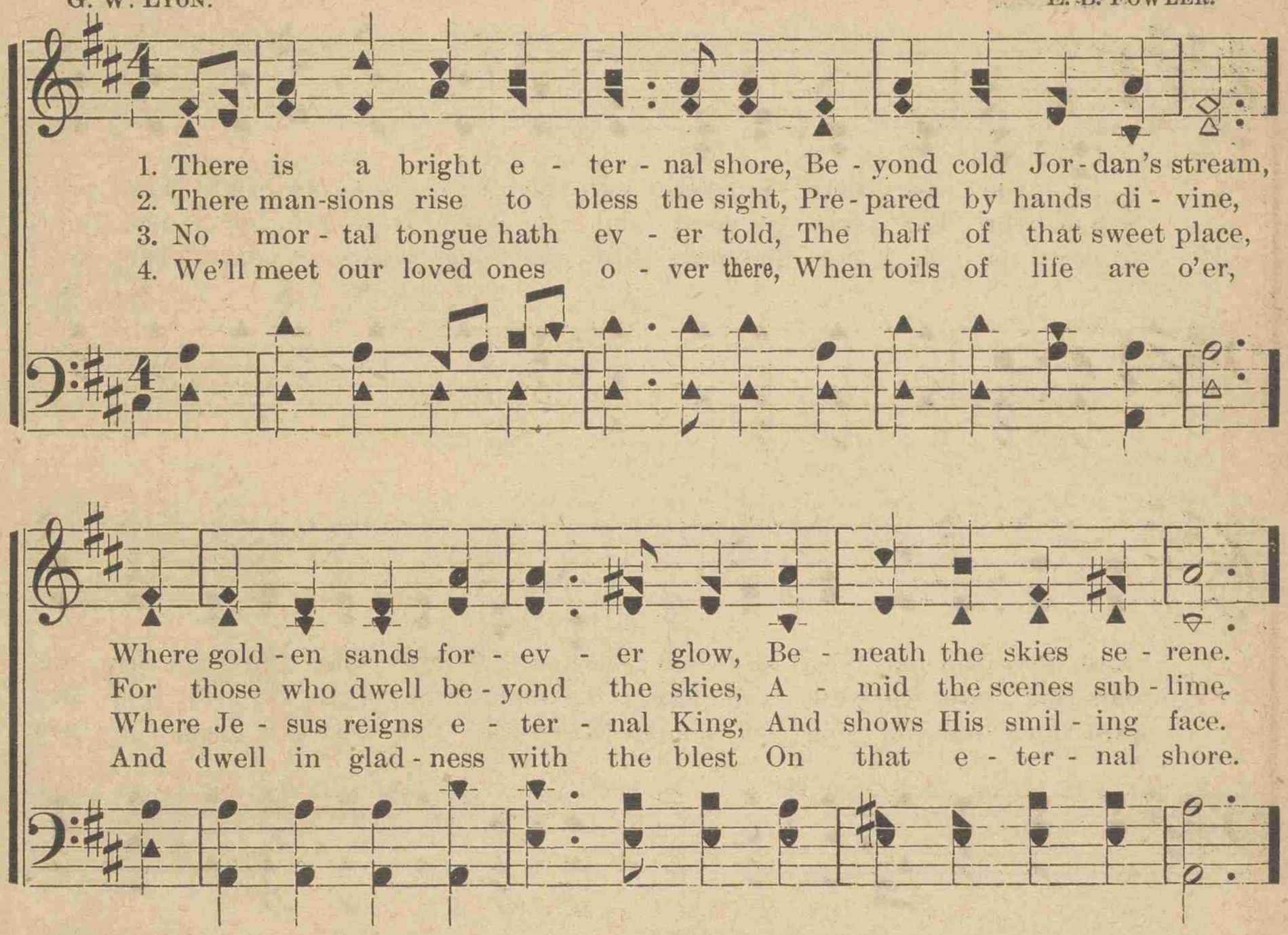
For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev - er say good - by.

Repeat Chorus pp.

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No. 322. THE BRIGHT ETERNAL SHORE.

G. W. LYON. E. B. FOWLER.



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No. 323. THE HARVEST.

T. W. DENNINGTON. J. C. PERRY.

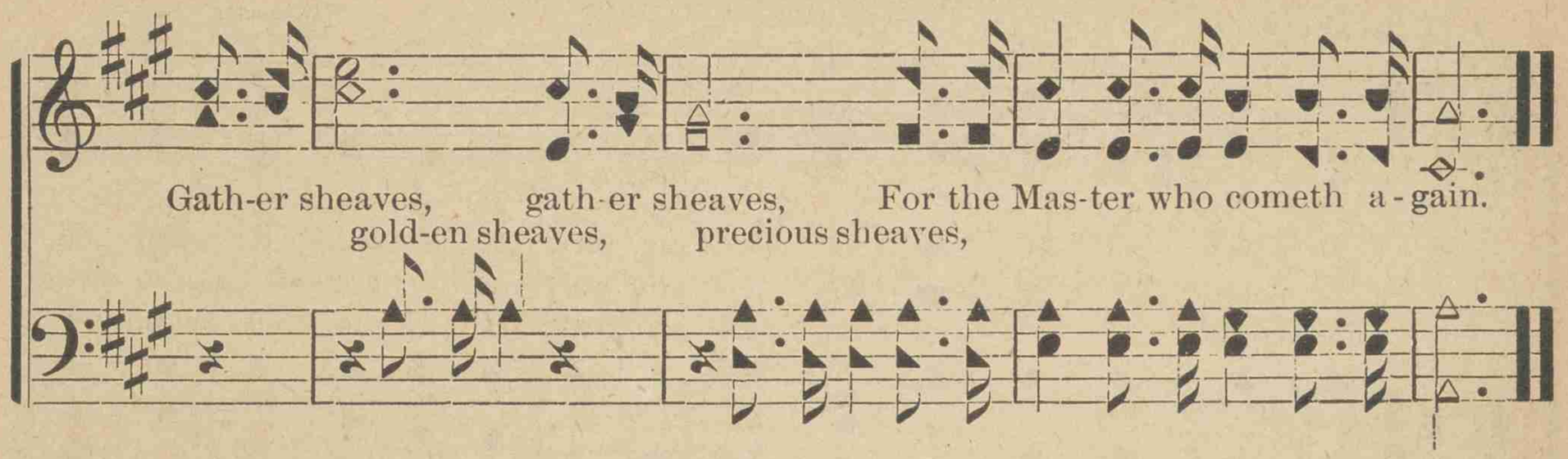
1. In the east there is light, lo, the sun shin - eth bright, Let us haste to the har - vest a - way; When the day has be-gun rise ye
2. See the har - vest is great and the hour grow - eth late, But the reap - ers are fee - ble and few; La - bor on with a will, and thy
3. Let us la - bor and pray thro' the long wear - y day, The re- ward for our toil - ing will come; When the har - vest is past, in that

up with the sun, Lin - ger not thro' the bright sun - ny day.
mis - sion ful - fill, Then the Mas - ter your strength will re - new.
great day at last, We will join in the glad "HAR-VEST HOME."

La-bor on, la - bor on, Bind the bright gold-en grain,
La-bor on, la-bor on, Bind the bright golden grain,

By permission of S. J. Perry.

THE HARVEST. Concluded.



No. 324. ASLEEP IN JESUS.

MRS. MACKAY. E. B. FOWLER.

Slow.



By permission.

No. 325. I COME TO JESUS.

T. W. DENNINGTON. F. CLARK PERRY.

1. I come to Je - sus as I am, (just as I am,) Tho' wretched,
2. I come to Je - sus as I am, (just as I am,) With bro - ken
3. I come to Je - sus as I am, (just as I am,) Who con-quered

poor, weak and blind, (weak and blind,) His pre - cious blood was shed for
heart, tears and sighs, (tears and sighs,) To feel He bled and died for
death and the grave, (and the grave;) I sim - ply trust in His dear

all, (was shed for all,) And I shall par - don find. I count the
me, (He died for me,) That I might reach the skies. I'll praise Him
name, (in His dear name,) For He a - lone can save. While trav - 'ling

world and its van - i - ties as loss, I reck - on sin with its
with ev - 'ry fee - ble, fleet - ing breath, I'll praise Him when these glad
thro' this dark wil - der - ness be - low, My heart is bur - dened with

glit - ter - ings as dross, I cling to Je - sus and He shall be My
eyes shall close in death, I'll praise Him when I shall reach that shore, Where
bit - ter - ness and woe, But when my soul here no more shall wait, I'll

stay e - ter - nal - ly.
sor - rows come no more.
pass with - in the gate.

REFRAIN.

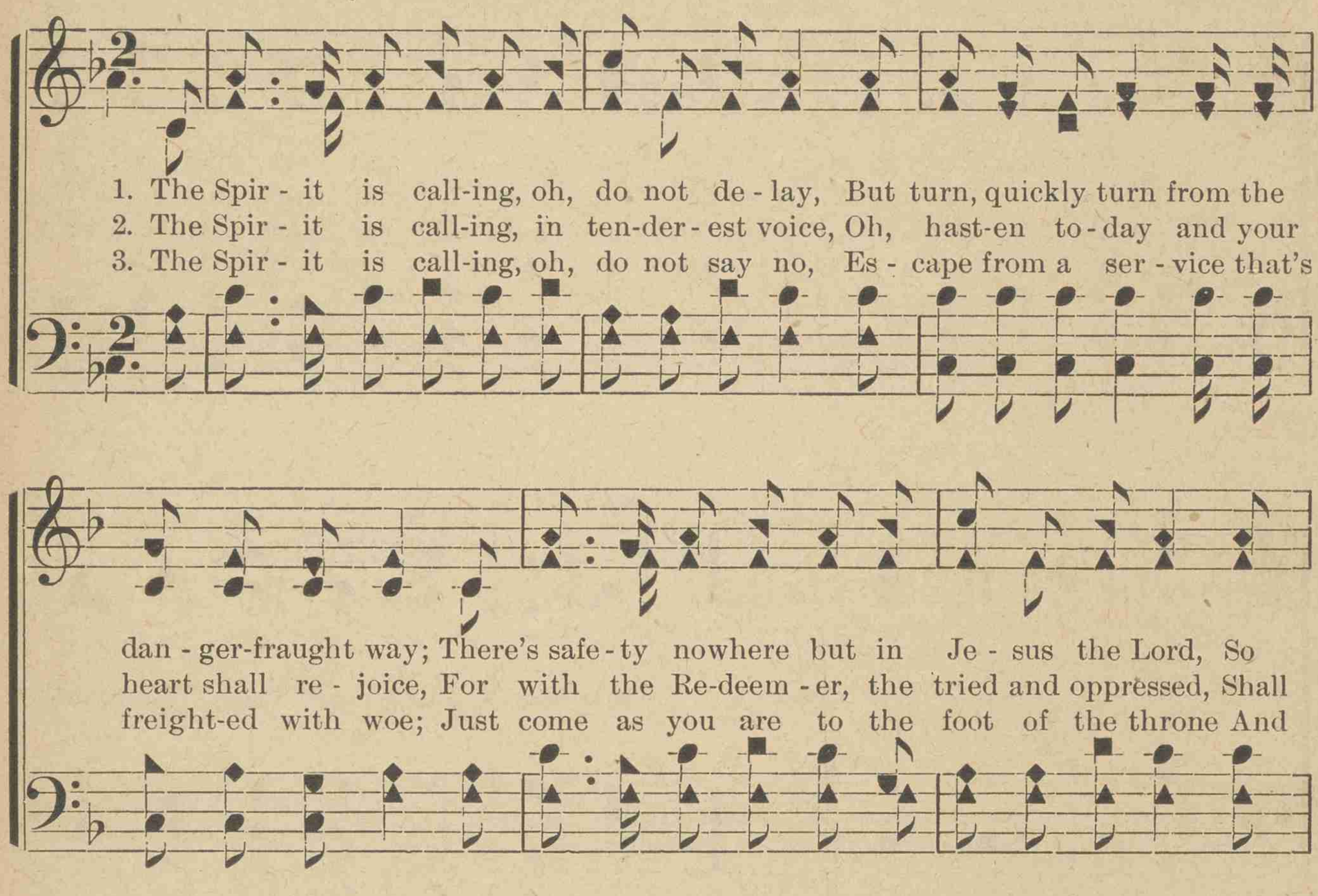
Dear Sav - iour, near Thee I would

keep, (I would keep,) A - long the rough and thorn - y way, (thorn-y way,)

Midst mountains high and shadows deep, (and shadows deep,) Thou'lt guide me night and day.

No. 326. THE SPIRIT IS CALLING.

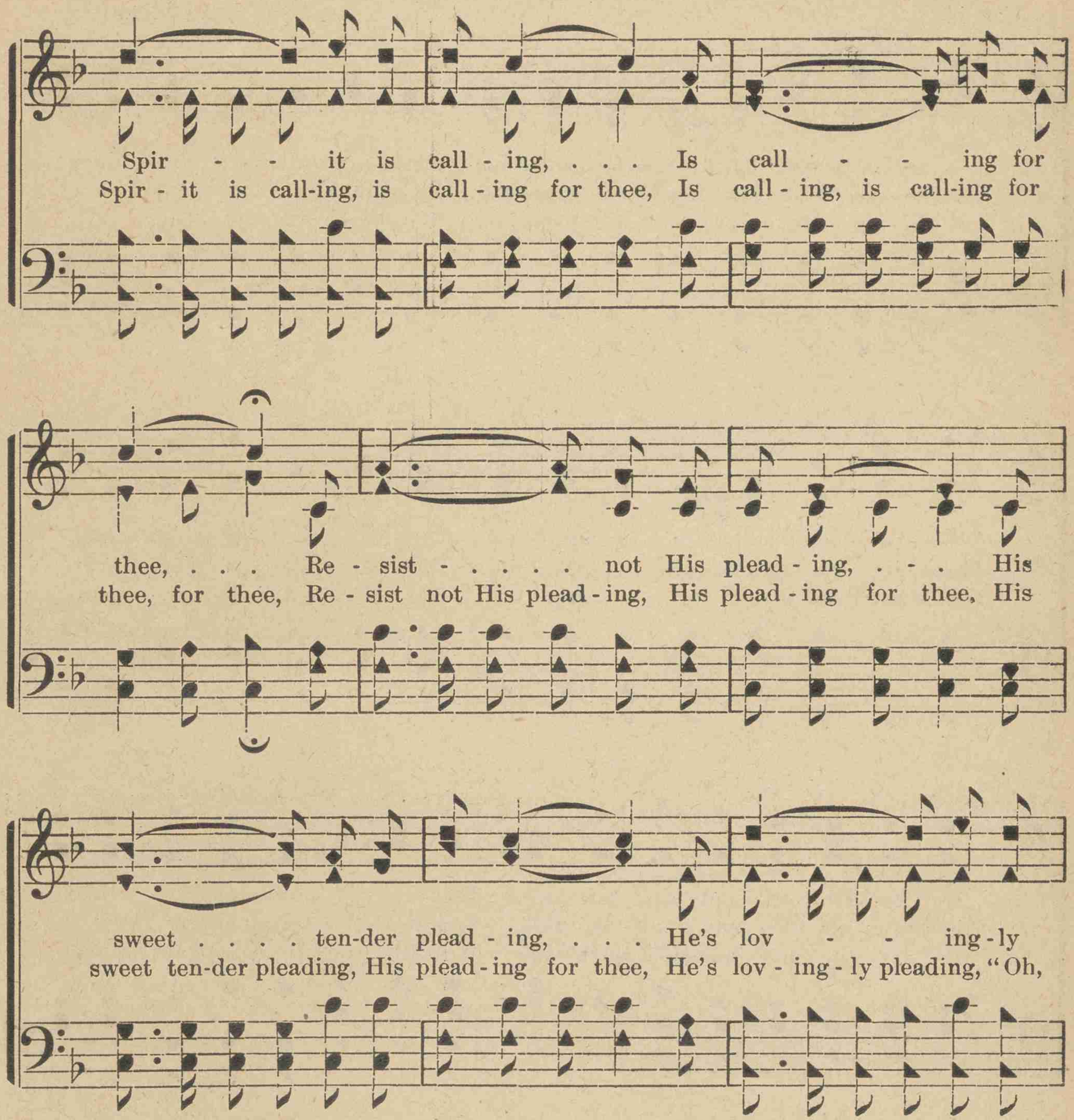
L. E. JONES. Chorus by C. D. T. CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.





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THE SPIRIT IS CALLING. Concluded.



No. 327. JESUS IS TENDERLY PLEADING.

C. E. L. C. E. Leslie.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead-ing, Plead-ing with you to - day,
2. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead-ing, Plead-ing in ac - cents sweet,
3. Je - sus is ten - der - ly plead-ing, Why will you ling-'ring wait?

Whis - per - ing gen - tly, "O sin - ner, Turn from your sins a - way."
Plead - ing for peace and for par - don, There at the mer - cy - seat.
Glo - ries im - mor - tal a - wait you, Glo - ries with - in the gate.

Sweet are His ac - cents so ten - der, Tear - ful - ly call - ing to thee,
Free from all care and temp - ta - tion, Free from the trammels of sin,
See at the por - tals He's wait - ing, Wait-ing to wel-come you home,

Hear the sweet voice of your Sav - iour, Say - ing, "O come un - to me."
Je - sus stands read - y to greet you, Read-y to wel-come you in.
Heed the sweet voice of your Sav - iour, Come to Him, sin - ner, O come.

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JESUS IS TENDERLY PLEADING. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing with thee, . . .
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee, Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

Ten - der - ly plead - ing, "Come un - to me." . .
Ten-der - ly pleads, ten-der - ly pleads, "Come unto me, come unto me."

Sad - ly He's turn - ing, Turn - ing a - way, . . .
Sad - ly He turns, sad-ly He turns, Turning a - way, turning a - way,

Rit.

Why . . . will ye fal - ter? Seek . . . Him to - day. . . .
Why fal-ter now? why fal-ter now? Seek Him to-day, seek Him to-day.

No. 328. DRAW ME CLOSER, LORD.

GERTRUDE A. FLORY. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. With art - less child-like trust, . . . Oh, let me come to Thee, . . .
2. Oh, let my pow'rs u - nite . . . . To praise Thee as I ought! . .
3. Help me to lean on Thee . . . In dark temp-ta - tion's hour; . . .
4. Bless me with friends and life, ... With wis - dom from a - bove; . . .

Who framed me of the dust, . . . And bade me bend the knee. . . .
And in Thy truth and light, . . . Let all my words be wrought. .
Bid sin and Sa - tan flee, ... And loose their ty - rant pow'r. . . .
Pro - tect me in the strife, . . . My spir - it fill with love. . . . .

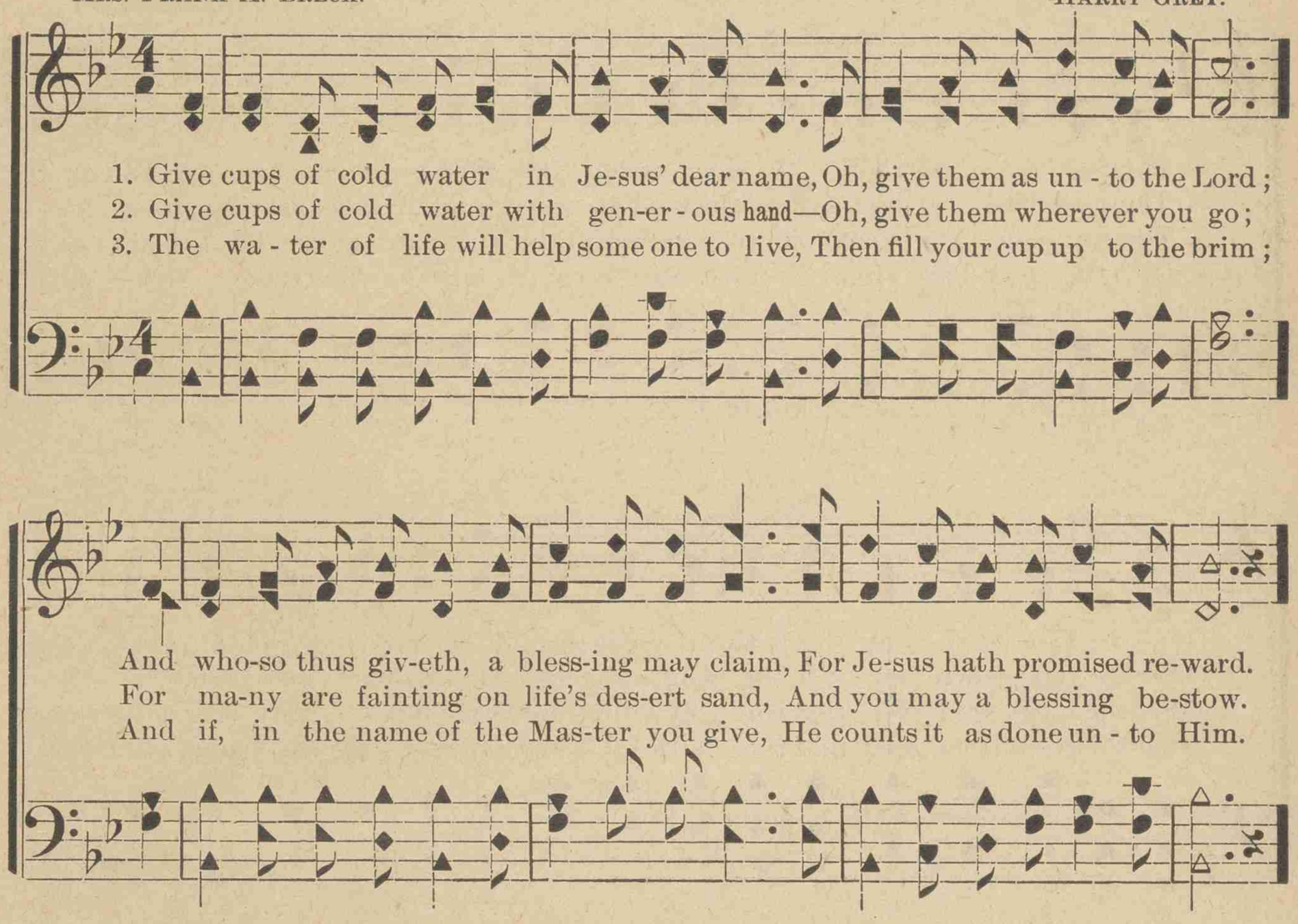
CHORUS.

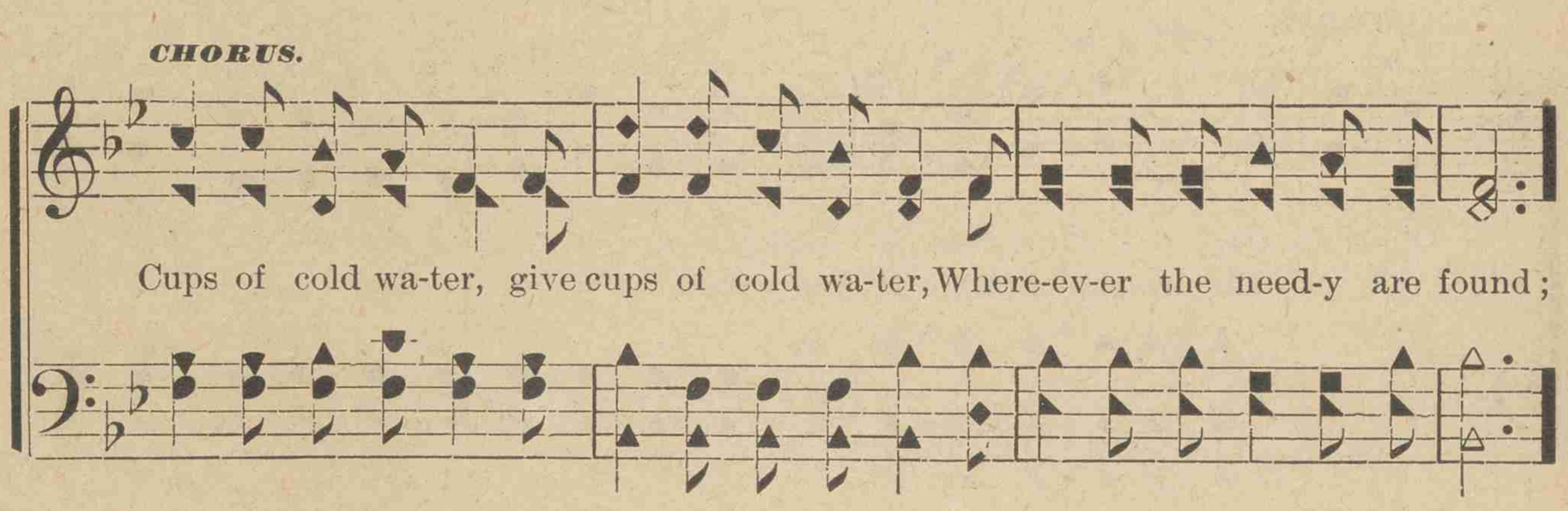
Oh, draw me clos - er, Lord, . . . Close to Thy riv - en side; . .
Oh, draw me clos - er, Lord, Close to Thy riv - en side.

Thy pres-ence doth af - ford . . . . A shel - ter blest and tried. . . .
Thy pres - ence doth af - ford A shel - ter blest and tried.

No. 329. CUPS OF COLD WATER.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. HARRY GREY.

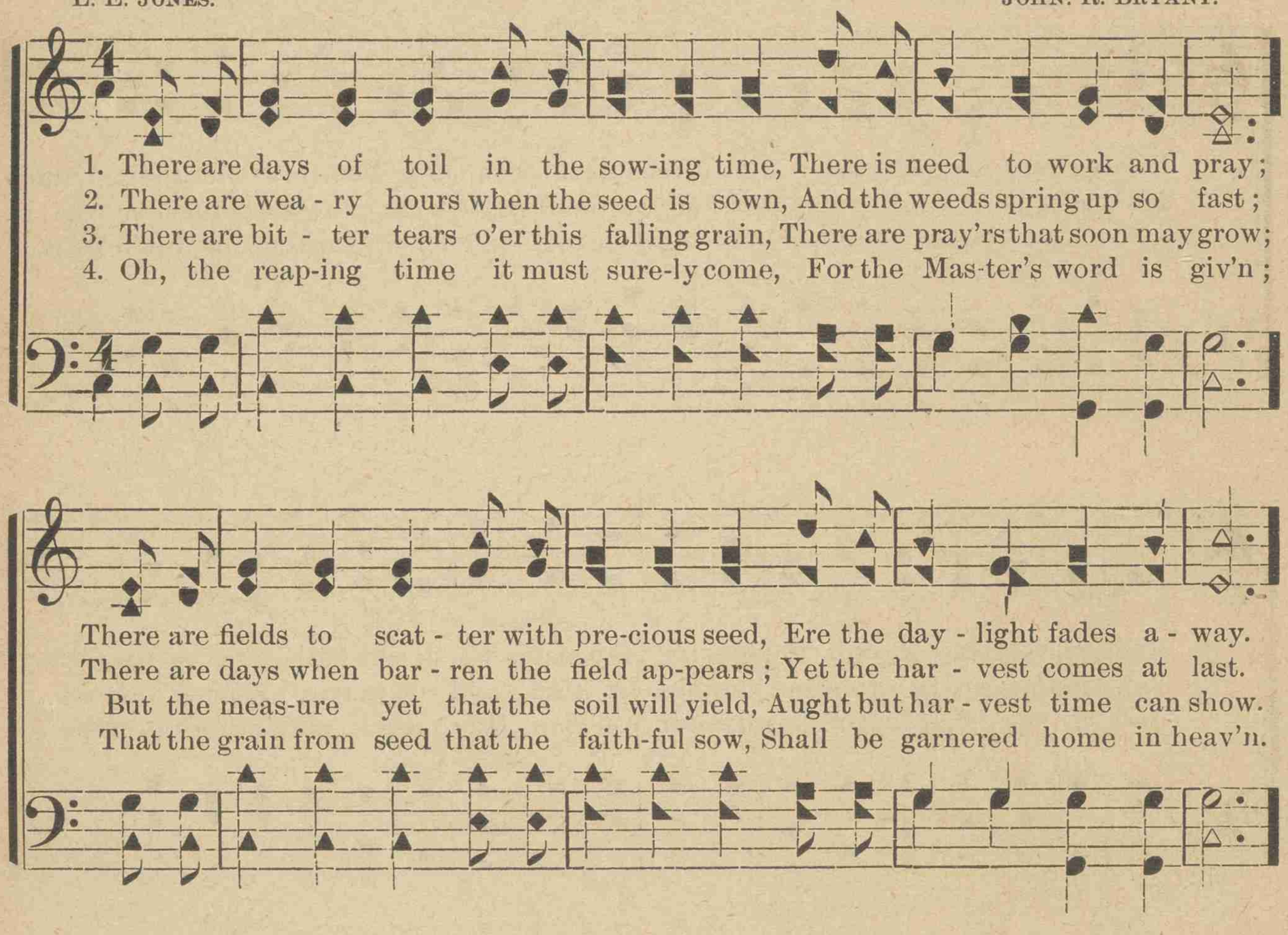


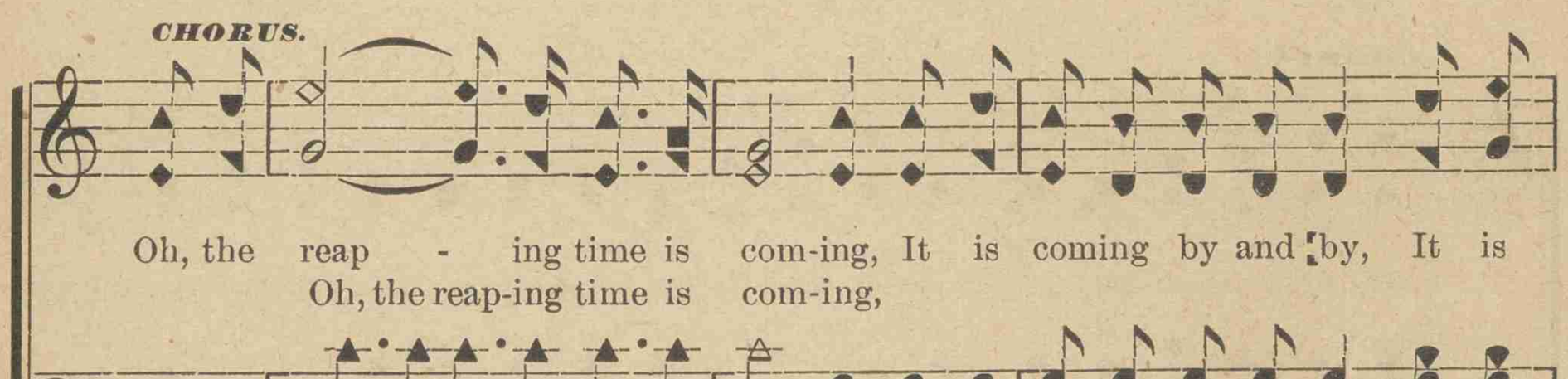


By per. of Geo. B. Holsinger.

No. 330. THE REAPING TIME IS COMING.

L. E. JONES. JOHN. R. BRYANT.





By per. of The R. M. McIntosh Co.

No. 331. A CALL TO THE HARVEST.

GERTUDE A. FLORY. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Har - vest fields all white are wait - ing For the sick - le bright and keen;
2. Soon the morn-ing beams have fad - ed, And the noon-tide sun is high;
3. If we can - not join the reap - ers, We can fol - low in their train;
3. If we on - ly bear the wa - ter To the toil - ing, thirst-y band,

Hear the Mas - ter sweet-ly call-ing You and me to come and glean.
Still He stands and gen - tly calls us, "Come, the mo-ments swift - ly fly."
With the band of ear-nest gleaners, Gath'ring up the scat - tered grain.
It will help to fill the garners, Then no lon - ger i - dle stand.

REFRAIN.

Hear . . His plead - ing, Fields are ripe and reap - ers few;
Hear His voice in ten - der plead-ing, Fields are white and reap - ers few;

Join . . . the reap - ers, There is work for all to do.
Come and join the reap - ers, There is work for all to do.

No. 332. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. J. E. HALL.

1. What should I do if I had not a Saviour? So faithful and loving to be?
2. What should I do if I had not a Saviour? Who free-ly His mer-cy be-stowed?
3. What should I do if I had not a Saviour? Who died in com-pas-sion-ate love?

To walk at my side as my Friend and my Guide, And car-ry my burdens for me?
Who conquers my foes and who gives me re-lease, And gladdens the lone-li-est road.
To give me the joy that no pow'r can destroy, And hope of the mansions a - bove.

CHORUS.

What should I do? What should I do? If Je - sus were not all my stay?

What should I do? What should I do? If He were not with me al - way?

Rit.

No. 333. DANGER IN THE BORDER-LAND.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. You are standing, you are standing in the border-land, The wild waste country of sin;
2. You are standing, you are standing in the border-land, "Not far from the kingdom of God,"
3. You are standing, you are doubting in the border-land, No long-er, no longer de - lay,
4. You are weary, you are weary in the border-land, By sin and sorrow oppressed;

But a blessed, hap-py kingdom is be - fore you, And you may en - ter in.
And a Saviour longs to bless you, will you en - ter Where all the saved have trod?
For the darkness will be coming swift up - on you, A - rise! oh, haste a - way!
Come re-pent-ing and thy Fa-ther will re-ceive you, And give you joy and rest.

CHORUS.

There is dan - ger in the border-land, Oh, leave the weary land of sin,
danger, danger, come to Jesus,
For there's dan - ger in the bor-der-land, Come, a bet - ter life be - gin.
dan-ger, dan-ger,

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No. 334. THE PARADISE-HOME.

Respectfully inscribed to Prof. Geo. B. Holsinger, Bridgwater, Va.

E. R. LATTA. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. I've heard and I've read, In sea - sons long sped, With feel - ings of
2. The scen - er - y grand, On ev - er - y hand, In words can - not
3. In earth - ly do-main, Was ne'er such a strain, As an - gels and
4. How sweet it will be, For you and for me, When bro - ken the

rapt - ure and wond-er, Of realms of de-light, With skies ev - er bright, The
find an ex-pres-sion! More love - ly and blest, That re - gion of rest, Than
saints are re - peat-ing; And, nev - er yet, here, Did greet - ing ap-pear So
life - cord a - sun-der; If we shall be found On that hap-py ground, The

D. S.—The par - a - dise-home, Where death can-not come, The

REFRAIN.

FINE.

par - a - dise-home, o - ver yon - der!
Ca - naan, the He - brew's pos - ses - sion! The par - a - dise-home, Where
sweet as the heav - en - ly greet - ing!
par - a - dise-home o - ver yon - der!

par - a - dise-home o - ver yon - der!

D.S.

none ev - er roam, Nor troub-le can be; Oh, that is the home for me!

No. 335. WHY DO YOU WAIT?

Dedicated to Rev. L. M. Krider, Portland, Ind.

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

1. Oh, why do you wait? The hour is grow-ing late; Sinner, will you
2. The time hast-eth by, The judgment draweth nigh; Sinner, will you
3. Oh, heed now His voice; Ac-cept Him and re-joice; Sinner, will you

come to Je - sus? So meek-ly He stands, Ex - tend - ing pleading hands—
come to Je - sus? He pleads for your heart, Oh, bid Him not de-part,—
come to Je - sus? Down, down at His feet, Your par - don is com-plete,

D. S.—Oh, why do you wait? The hour is grow - ing late;

CHORUS.

FINE.

Sin-ner, give your heart to Je - sus. Sin-ner, will you come,
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je - sus.
Sin-ner, if you come to Je - sus. Come to Je - sus,

Come and give your heart to Je - sus.

Sin-ner, will you come, Sin-ner, will you come to Je - sus?
Come to Je - sus,

D.S.

Copyright, 1895, by L. M. Evilsizer. By permission.

No. 336. ARE YOU WAITING?

MRS. GEO. B. HOLSINGER. H. B. GROENGILS.

1. Are you wait - ing for the com - ing Of the bless - ed Sav - iour true?
2. Do your prayers as - cend for ma - ny, Or the few around your door?
3. To be wait - ing, tru - ly wait - ing, You must have all things complete;

Have you left no work un - fin - ished, Is there noth - ing else to do?
Je - sus here on earth was work - ing For the hum - ble and the poor.
If not thus your Je - sus finds you, You must sad - ly then re - treat.

Can you bring no soul to Je - sus Just as pre - cious as your own?
Are you read - y for His com - ing? Can you wel-come His re - turn?
Quick-ly then be up and do - ing, He may come e'er it be long!

Will you reap a plen-teous har - vest For the good seed you have sown?
Does the tho't give joy or glad-ness? Does your heart with-in you burn?
If you're wait - ing you may meet Him, Glad - ly join the ransomed throng.

Are you wait - - ing, are you wait - ing, ...
Are you wait - ing, are you wait - ing, For the cry to sound a-broad?

For the cry . . . . . to sound a - broad?
Are you list - 'ning for the foot - steps of the bless - ed Son of God?

Are you list - - - - 'ning for the
Are you wait - ing for the com - ing, Wait - ing

foot - steps Of the bless - ed Son of God?
for the Son of God, For the bless - ed Son of God?

No. 337. JESUS LOVES YOU.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

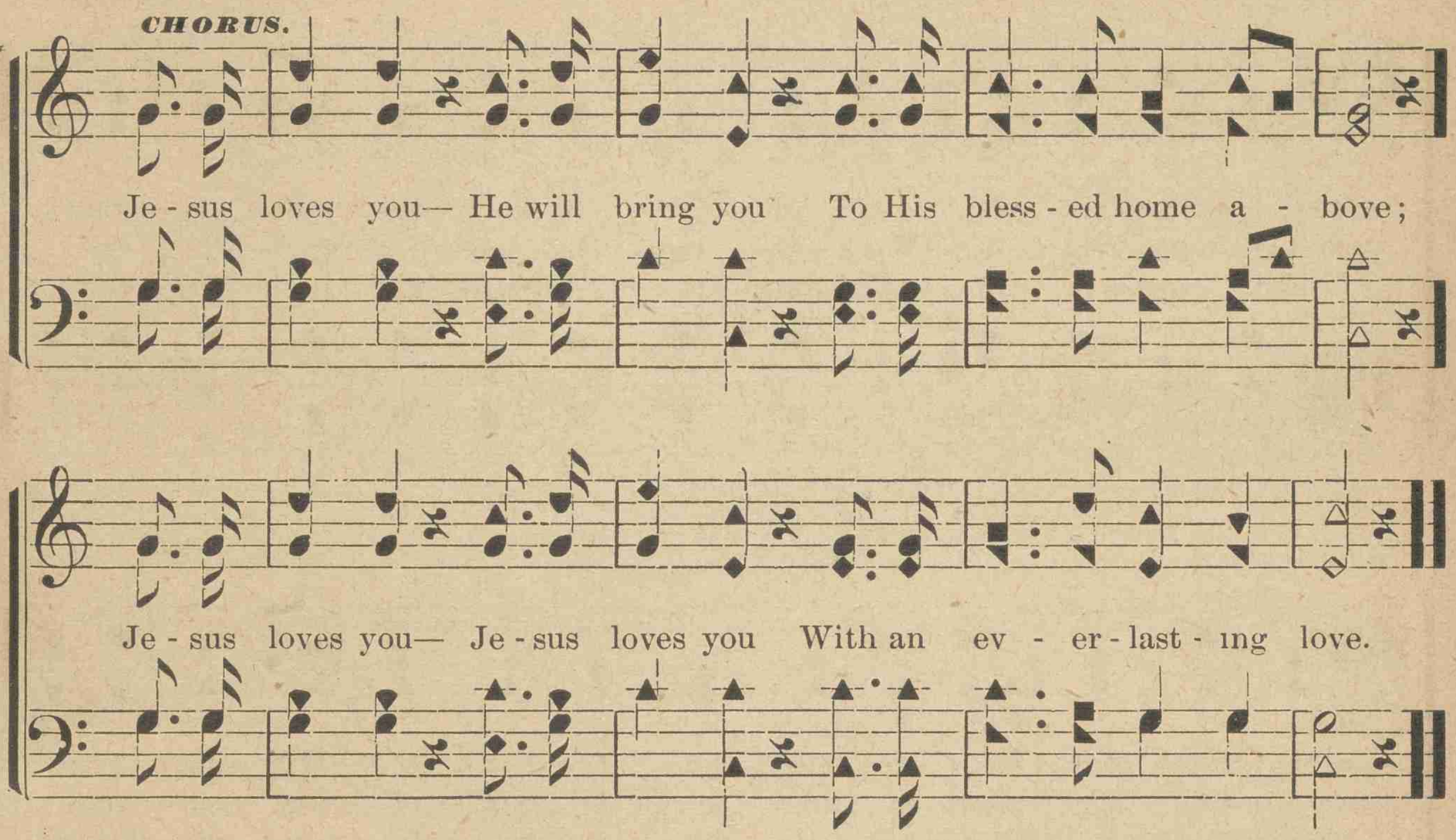
1. Do you know that Je - sus loves you? He your sins and sor - rows bore,
2. Do you know that Je - sus loves you, Tho' a sin - ner you have been?
3. Tho' your soul be steeped in sor - row—Tho' it be by sin en-slaved—

Gave up all in earth and heav - en, Till He could not give you more.
That a lov - ing Sav - iour wants you, As you are with all your sins?
You may have a bless - ed mor - row, If your pre - cious soul be saved.

Do you know He came to save you? Pour'd His soul out un - to death!
Tho' your heart be sad - ly bur-dened, He will make it glad and blest—
Do you know how Je - sus loves you? With a bound - less love and care?

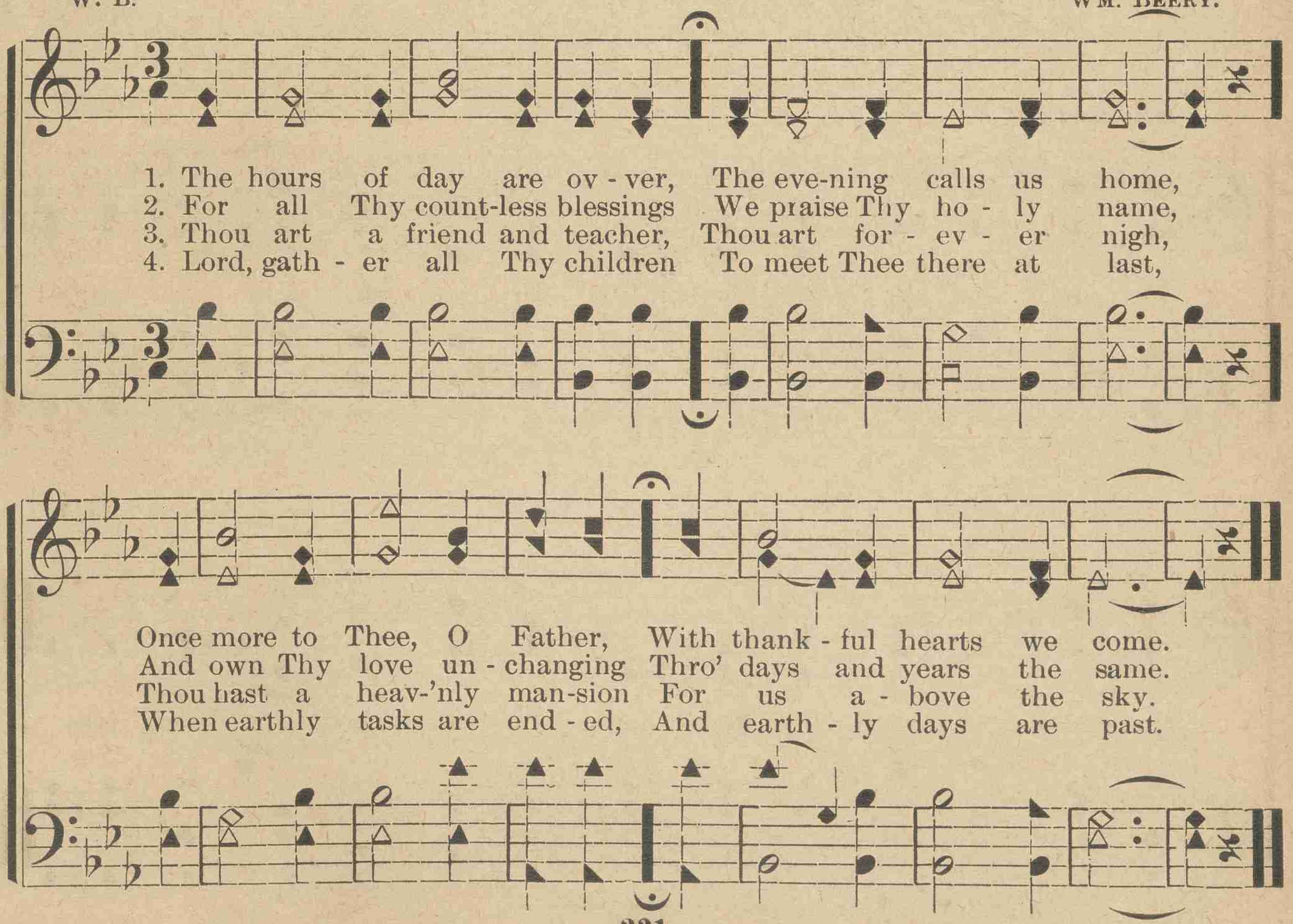
Do you know that He for - gave you With His lat - est dy - ing breath?
And no sin shall be un - par - doned, If it free - ly be con - fessed.
How in heav'n He pray-eth for you, And how much He wants you there?

JESUS LOVES YOU. Concluded.



No. 338. EVENING PRAYER. 7s & 6s.

W. B. WM. BEERY.



No. 339. I TRUST IN JESUS FULLY.

C. E. LESLIE.

1. I trust in Je - sus ful - ly, I know He will for - give;
2. I trust in Je - sus ful - ly, His ten - der love will be
3. I trust in Je - sus ful - ly, I'll trust Him to the end;

I trust Him, for He tells me To look to Him and live.
A ref - uge when in troub - le, A source of joy to me.
I've found in Him a Sav - iour, A tried and trust - ed Friend.

REFRAIN.

O Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, If from the fold I stray,

Oh, guide my wand-'ring foot - steps; I trust Thee all the way.

Copyright, 1894, by Mrs. C. E. Leslie. Used by permission.

No. 340. CLOSER TO THEE, O BLESSED REDEEMER.

REV. W. T. DALE. S. J. PERRY.

1. Closer to Thee, O blessed Re-deem-er, Draw us still clos - er each day and hour;
2. Closer to Thee, when sorrows surround us, Closer to Thee when earth's comforts flee;
3. Closer to Thee, when life is re - ced-ing, Closer and clos-er when death shall come;

Closer and clos - er, Je - sus, our Saviour, Draw us still clos-er by Thy great pow'r.
Closer to Thee when earth-friends are fail-ing, Closer, dear Saviour, closer to Thee.
Closer to Thee while crossing the riv - er, Closer to Thee in heaven our home.

REFRAIN.

Clos-er to Thee, O precious Re-deem-er, Closer to Thee, we earnestly pray;

Closer to Thee in tho't and in purpose, Draw us, dear Saviour, closer each day.

Copyright, 1896, by S. J. Perry.

No. 341. THE SAVIOUR FOR YOU.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Oh, have you been told of that Saviour who came To die for all sinners like me?
2. The soul that is hungry He fills with "good things," The thirsty are ev - er sup-plied;
3. Dear soul, you are fainting with famine, with strife; Oh, come to Him just as you are!

And have you been told of His wonderful name, And all that this Saviour will be?
The sor - row-ing spir-it tri-umph-ant-ly sings, When Jesus is shepherd and guide.
And ask for the bread and the wa - ter of life, And peace that no tri - al can mar.

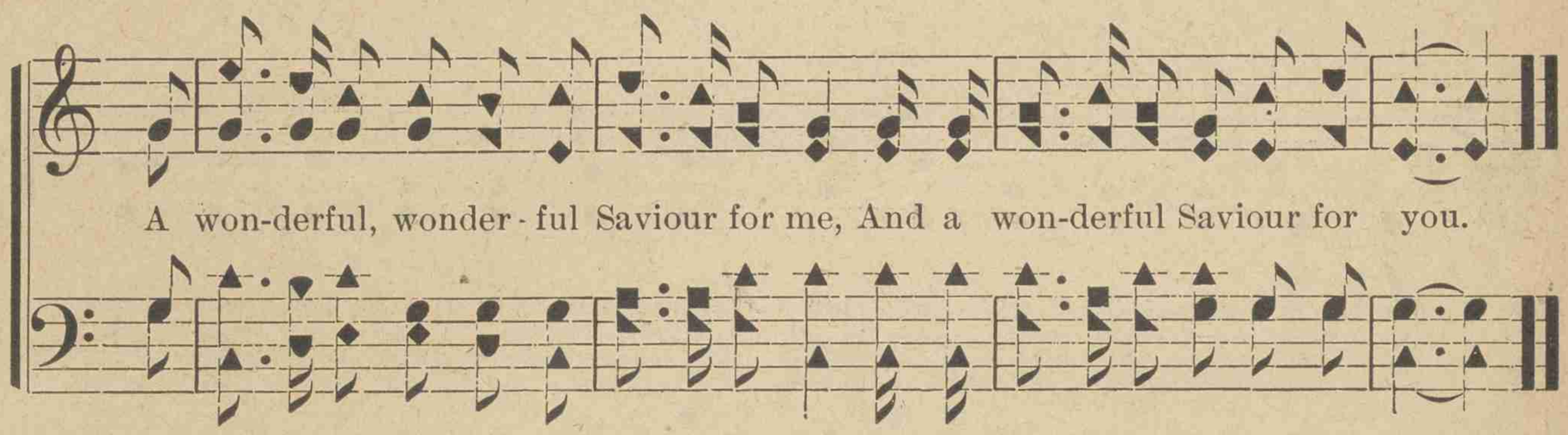
His name is called Je - sus, He saves from all sin, His love is far reaching and true,
O soul, have you tak - en this Saviour so dear, Who longeth your heart to re - new?
In pen - i-tence down at His feet will you fall? Far more than you ask will He do;

He died on the cross my sal - va-tion to win, And He is the Saviour for you!
To - day He is bringing sal - va-tion so near, Oh, He is the Saviour for you!
A wond-er - ful Saviour is Je - sus for all, And He is the Saviour for you!

THE SAVIOUR FOR YOU. Concluded.

CHORUS.

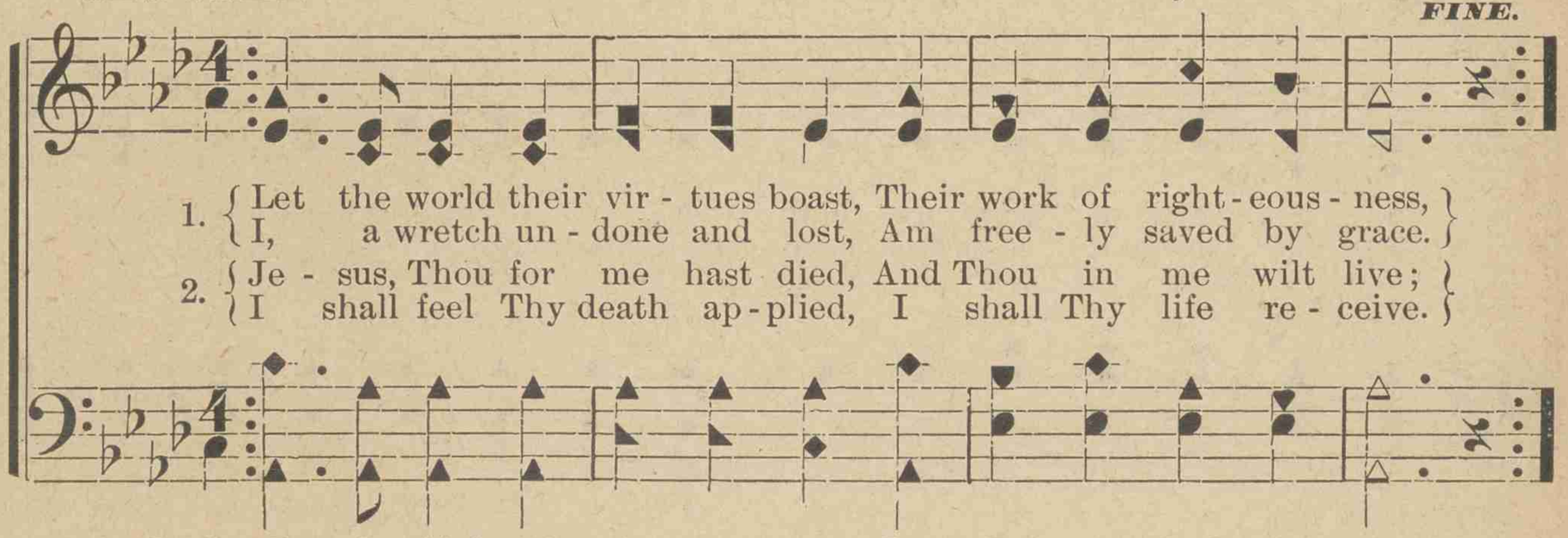




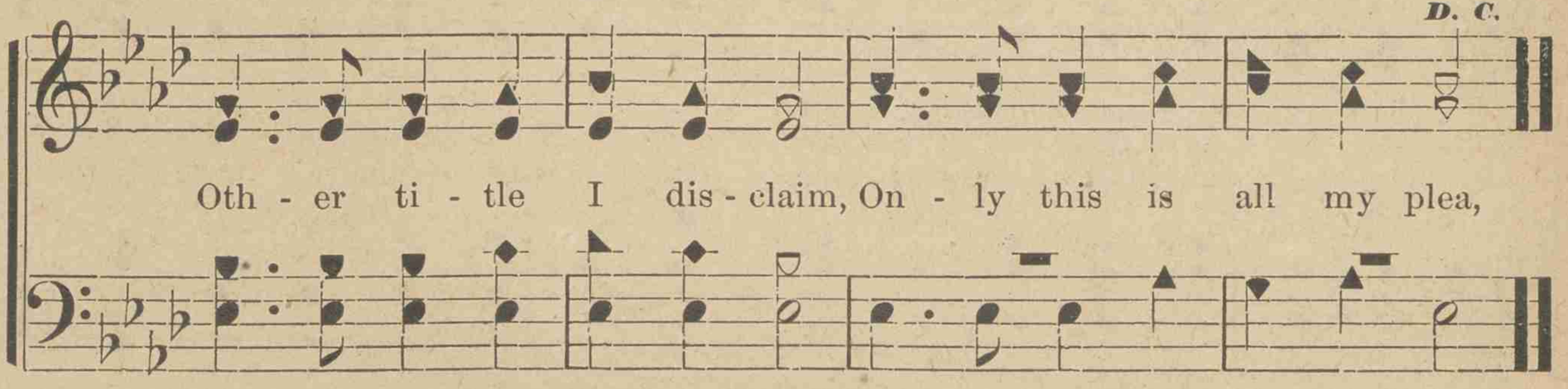
No. 342. ENDOR.

CHAS. WESLEY. From S. B. MARSH. Arr. by E. T. HILDEBRAND.

FINE.



D. C.



No. 343. THE VICTOR'S SONG.

J. W. W. J. W. WAYLAND, JR.

1. From the mountains to the sea, Ov - er val - ley, hill and plain,
2. 'Mid old Ju - de - a's hills Our Mas - ter's work be - gun;
3. To the Sel - vas of the South, To the fro - zen plains of snow,

With a sound of ju - bi - lee Comes the vic - tor's joy - ous train;
Now it ev - 'ry na - tion thrills From east to set - ting sun;
In the words of roy - al truth Let the hap - py tid - ings go;

The re-deemed of earth are there In a host well-tried and strong;
For the wis-dom of His word And the pow - ers of His love
For God is Lord and King, His truth is roll - ing on;

D. S.—For vic - to - ry is come Thro' Christ of God most high;

FINE.

Clad in gar - ments pass-ing fair, Sing - ing prais - es loud and long.
Ex - alt Him as the Lord Je - ho - vah from a - bove.
The re-deemed from dark-ness sing The per - fect - ions of His Son.

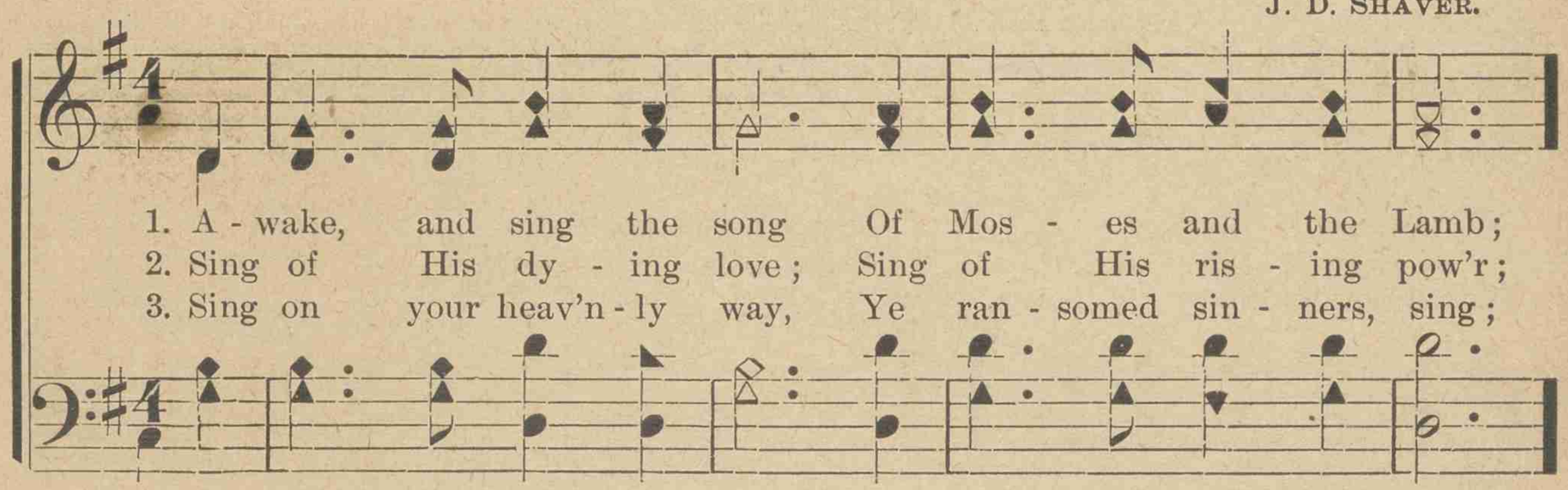
We are march-ing to our home To spend e - ter - ni - ty.

THE VICTOR'S SONG. Concluded.



No. 344. CLYDE. S. M.

J. D. SHAVER.



No. 345. MARCHING ON TO VICTORY.

G. W. LYON. F. CLARK PERRY.

QUARTET. Andantino.

1. We're marching to . . . . . a heav'nly home, ... Where
2. U - nit - ed we . . . . . will press a - long . . . . . With
3. The Lord will guide . . . . . us safe - ly on . . . . . Un-

We're marching to a heav'nly home,

sin and pain . . . . . can nev - er come. . . . . But
ban - ners high . . . . . and cour - age strong, ... Till
til our work . . . . . on earth is done, ... Then

Where sin and pain can nev - er come.

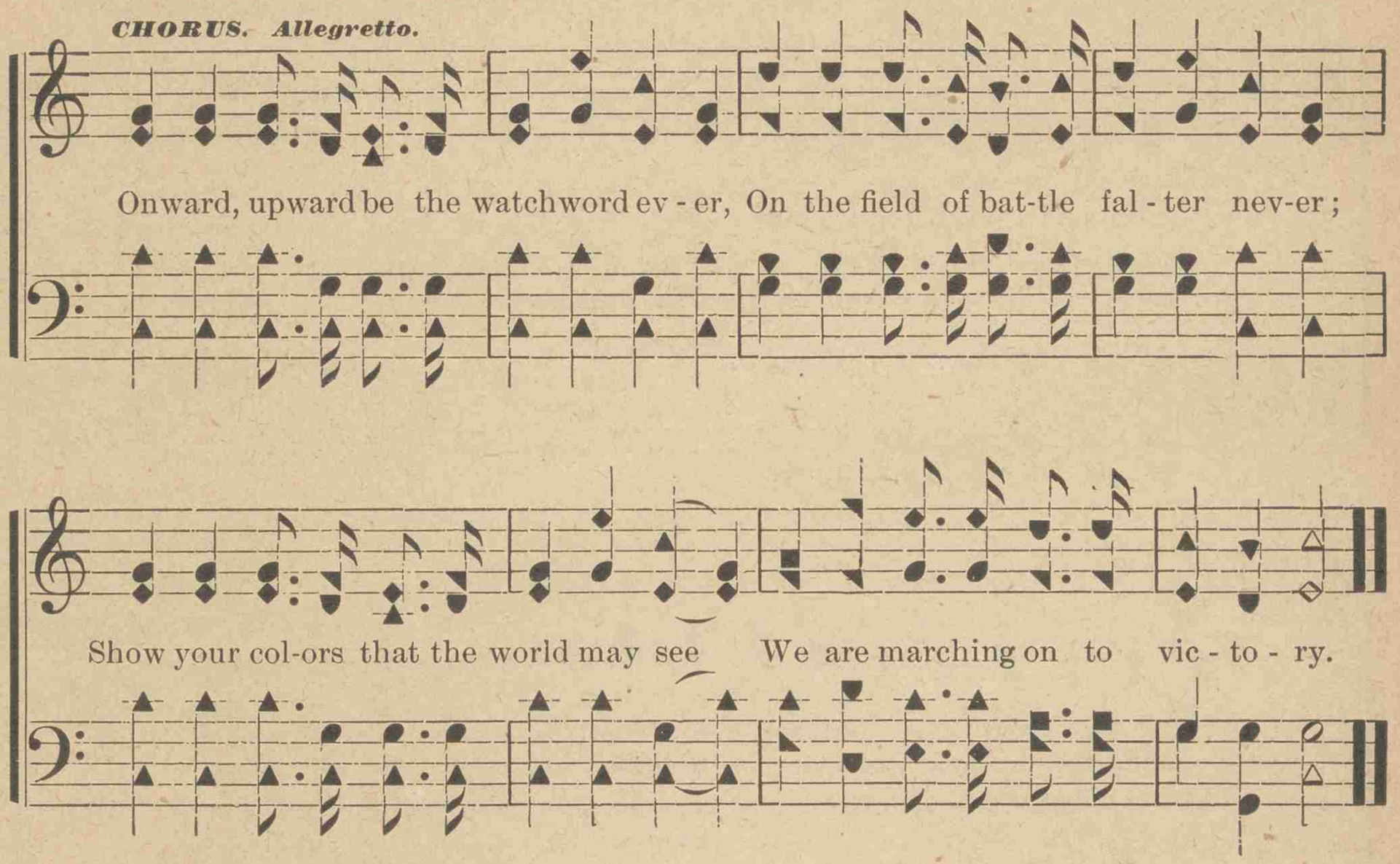
ere we reach . . . . . that gold - en strand; . . . . . We'll
ov - er all . . . . . the hosts of sin . . . . . A
we shall lay . . . . . our ar - mor down . . . . . And

But ere we reach that gold - en strand

meet with foes . . . . . on ev - 'ry hand. (on ev - 'ry hand.)
glo - rious vic - - - - - t'ry we shall win. (yes, we shall win.)
wear His roy - - - - - al robe and crown. (His robe and crown.)

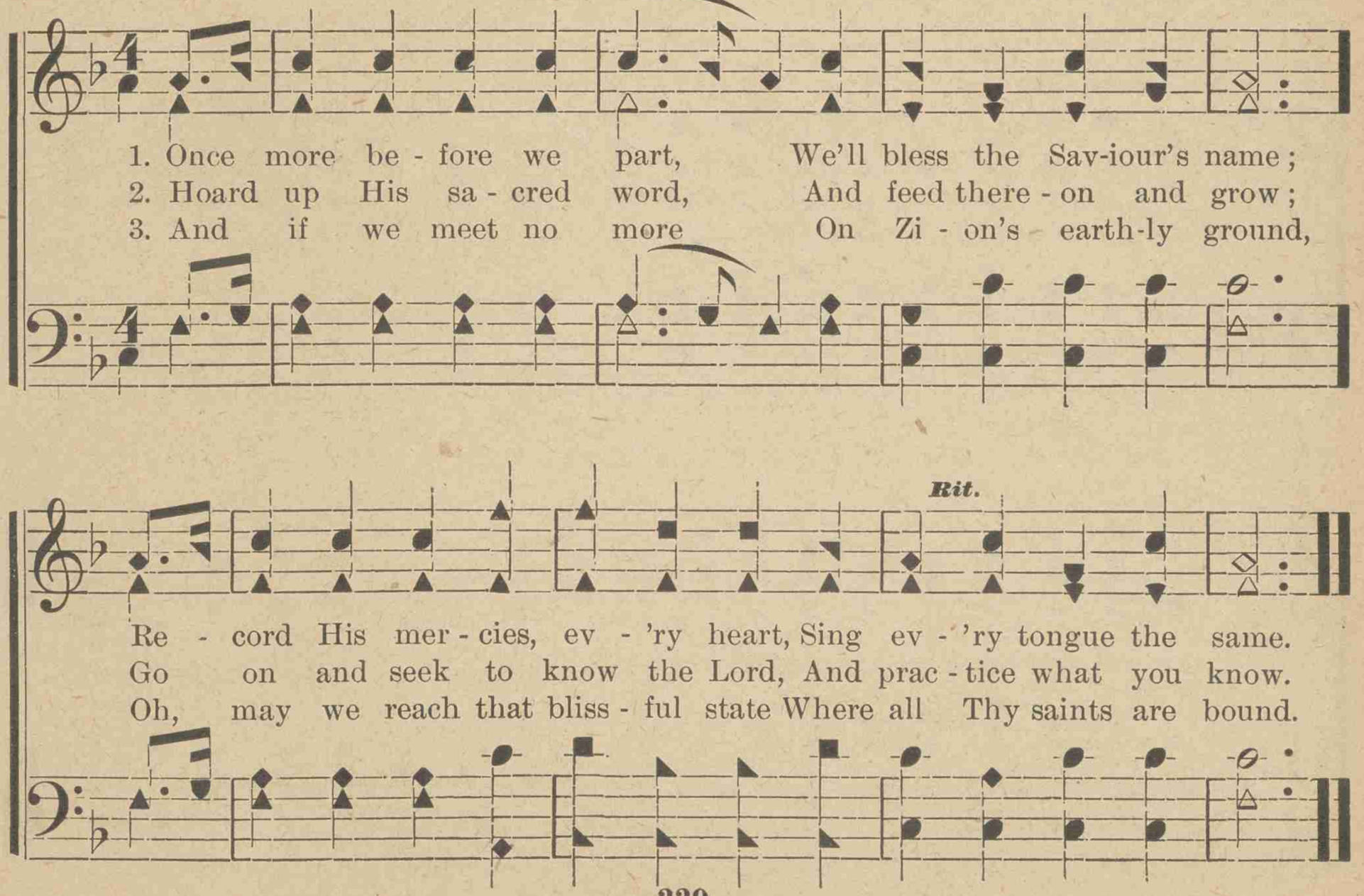
We'll meet with foes,

MARCHING ON TO VICTORY. Concluded.



No. 346. ST. JOSEPH. S. M.

Author Unknown. A favorite tune of my father. G. B. H.



No. 347. OH, WEARY ONE, COME UNTO ME.

A. J. S. J. C. PERRY.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, is call-ing to - day, Come un - to me, come un-to me;
2. Precious the blood that was shed on the cross, Come un - to me, come un-to me;
3. Fathers and mothers are praying to - day, Come un - to me, come un-to me;
4. Why dost thou linger so long in the cold, Come un - to me, come un-to me;

Precious the words that the Master doth say, Oh, weary one, come un-to me.
If thou miss heaven, how fear-ful the loss, Oh, weary one, come un-to me.
Heed their entreaties and turn not a - way, Oh, weary one, come un-to me.
Grieve not the Spirit, but en - ter the fold, Oh, weary one, come un-to me.

REFRAIN.

Come un - to me, all ye wear - y, oppressed, Come un - to me, come un - to me;

All who will hearken and come shall find rest, Oh, weary one, come unto me.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter. From "Class, Choir and Congregation, No. 2," by per.

No. 348. LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, To Thee, O my Saviour, my
2. Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, When storms of ad-ver - si - ty
3. Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, When the dear ones I love are
4. Lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I, Hide me in its cleft, till life's

God, I will fly, When my heart is down-cast with sor - row and woe, For
dark-en my sky, To find 'neath its shadow a shel - ter from ill, And
passing on high, My lone saddened soul, thro' mist and the dark, Would
tri - als are by, O Sav - iour, the Rock on which all my hopes rest I

D. S.—Blest Rock of sal - va-tion, To Thee I would fly, When

help and for comfort to Thee I would go.
prove how my God doth His promise ful - fill. To the Rock, to the Rock where
fly to the Rock as the dove to the ark.
lay my tired head on Thy in - fi - nite breast.

tried by temp-ta-tion, or the tem-pest is high.

life's wa-ters flow, To the life sav-ing Rock, 'Tis there I would go!

No. 349. WELCOME HOME.

T. W. D. T. W. DENNINGTON. By per.



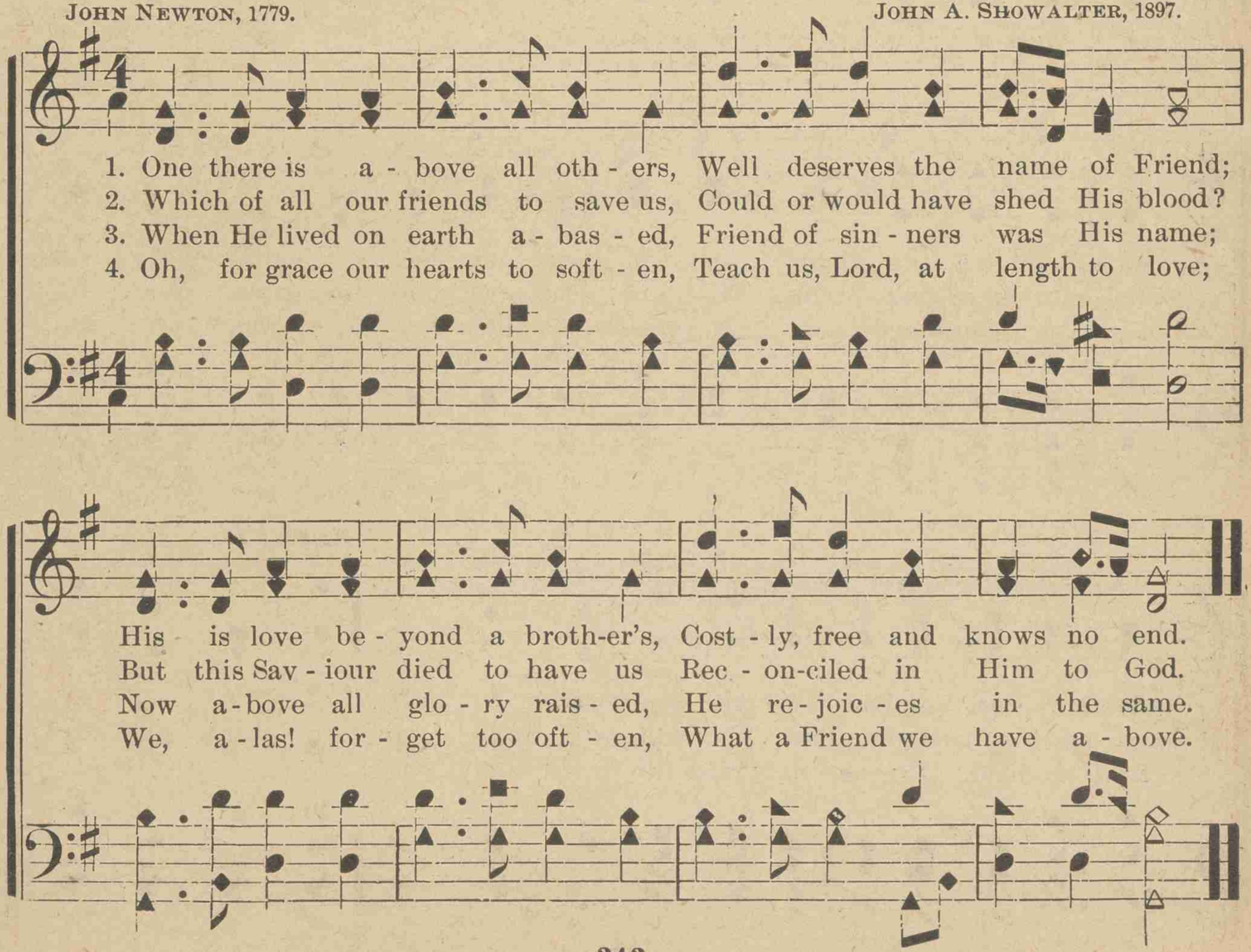
WELCOME HOME. Concluded.





No. 350. FRIEND. 8s & 7s.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779. JOHN A. SHOWALTER, 1897.



No. 351. ONWARD!

T. W. DENNINGTON. J. C. PERRY.

1. We are marching to that stream Where the liv - ing wa - ter flows, We are
2. Tho' the foes may press us hard, May a - rise on ev - 'ry hand, We have
3. When this might-y war-fare's o'er, And we tri-umph by and by, We will

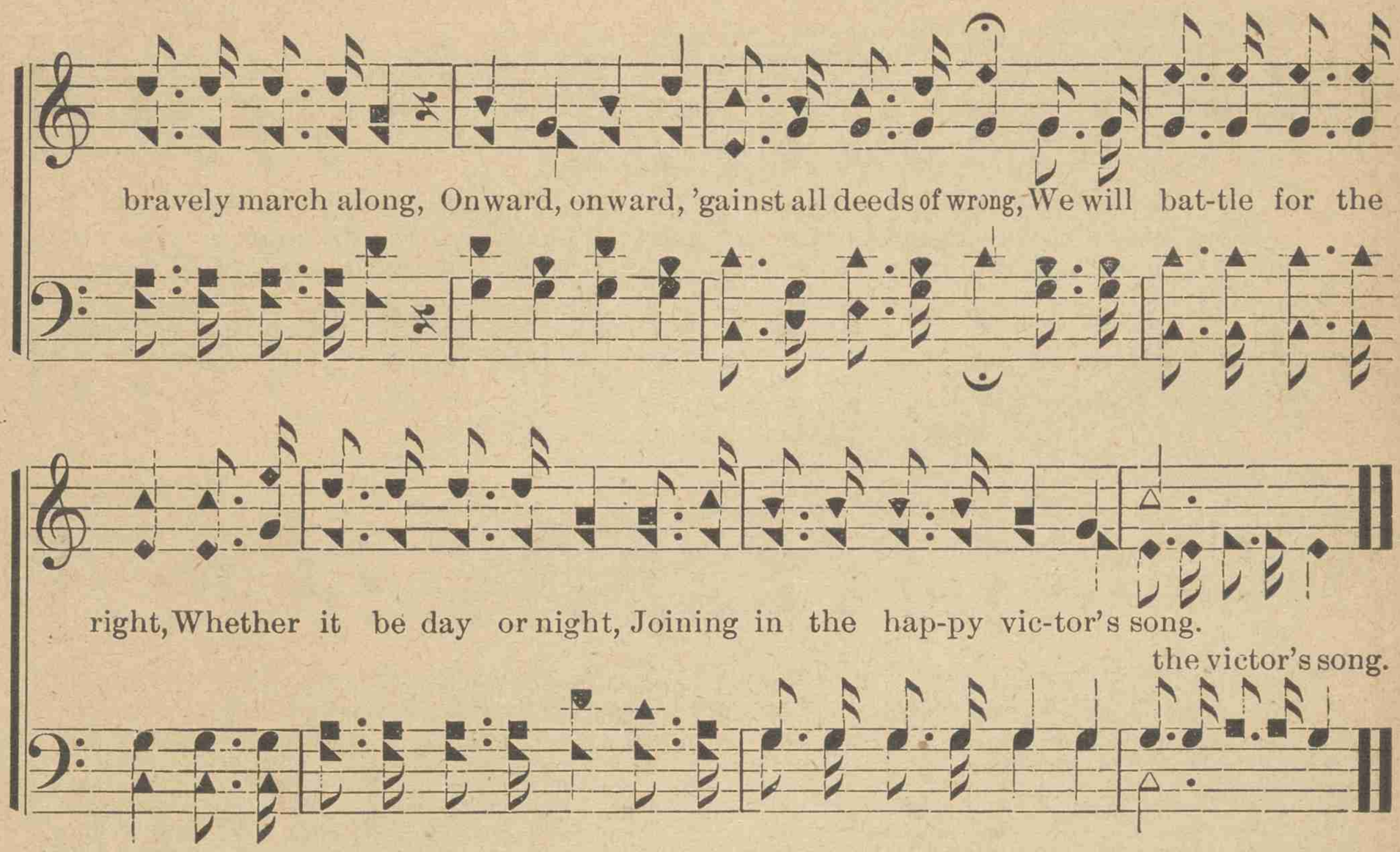
marching to that land Where the tree of heal - ing grows, We are
put our trust in Him, Who en - a - bles us to stand; With our
then re - ceive a crown In that glo - ry - land on high, And with

sol - diers for the right, And a - gainst all deeds of wrong, We will
ar - mor shin - ing bright, We are read - y for the fray, With E-
all the ransomed host, A grand an - them we will sing, We will

REFRAIN.

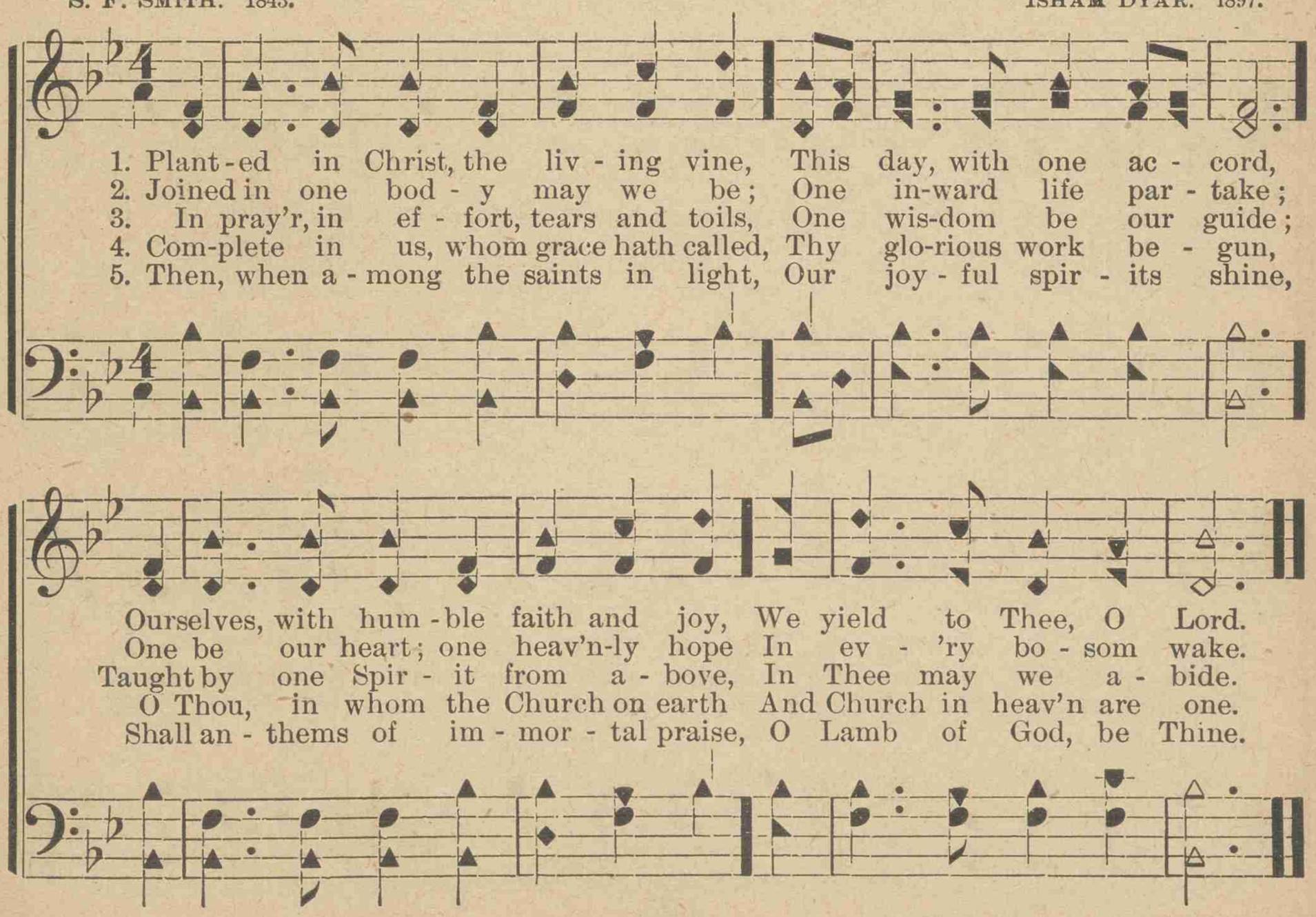
wave a - loft our ban-ners As we march a - long.
man - uel as our Cap-tain We will gain the day. On - ward, on - ward,
shout a - loud, Ho - san - na, Praise to Christ our King.

ONWARD! Concluded.



No. 352. PLANTED IN CHRIST. C. M.

S. F. SMITH. 1843. ISHAM DYAR. 1897.



No. 353. THE SOUL'S FIRST LOVE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. I can - not for - get that wonder - ful day, The day of great joy to my soul,
2. I scarcely had breathed to heaven my pray'r, And asked for forgiveness and peace,
3. And now, as I think it o - ver a - gain, The joy of that heaven-filled hour,

When all of my sins were tak - en a - way, And I was thro' Christ made whole;
When Je - sus, the Lord, appeared to me there, And made all my sor - row cease;
My soul makes a vow to faith-ful re-main, If Je - sus will give me pow'r;

D. S.—*Each day His love doth more a-bound, And I am tru - ly blest.*

FINE.

It was an hour of won-drous peace, And per - fect hap - pi - ness;
"My child," He said, "I do for-give All of thy guilt and sin;
And this my gra - cious Lord will do, He will His grace be - stow;

In an - swer to my soul's deep cry, Came rest and bless - ed - ness.
The bless - ing of my love receive, And go forth pure and clean."
The sweet, sweet love that first I knew, Each day I still shall know.

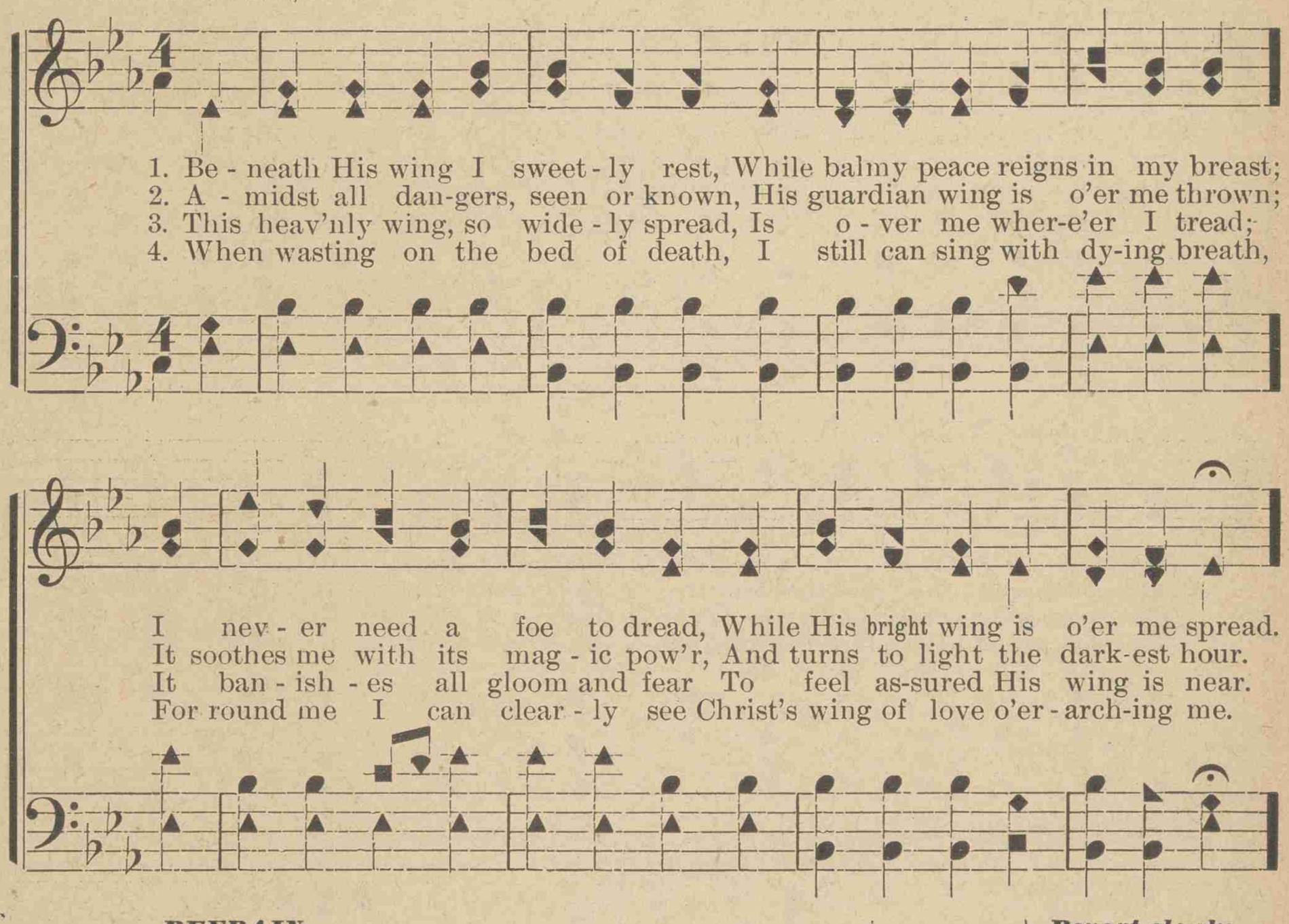
THE SOUL'S FIRST LOVE. Concluded.

REFRAIN. ***D. S.***



No. 354. BENEATH HIS WING.

EDWIN H. NEVINS, D. D. J. H. FILLMORE.



Copyright, 1890, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

No. 355. MEET ME THERE.

Dedicated to Rev. Dr. J. W. Blosser.

W. T. DALE. S. L. HOWARD.

1. I am on my jour-ney home; Where my Sav-iour beck-ons "come," And the
2. In that land beyond the sky, There will be no pain or sigh, Tears shall
3. Soon our tri - als will be o'er, And we'll stand on Canaan's shore, Safe with
4. What a meet-ing that will be, When our Sav-iour's face we'll see, And with

saints no more shall roam, Meet me there. Where the ma - ny mansions are,
nev - er dim the eye; Meet me there. Oh, the joy of meet - ing there,
those who've gone be - fore; Meet me there. There the saints shall nev - er part,
loved ones ev - er be; Meet me there. To that land let's trav - el on,

D. S.—*On the bright and sun - ny shore,*

And no sick - ness en - ters there, Where the skies are al - ways fair,
Where no heart is bowed with care, And each mind is freed from fear;
Sor - row ne'er shall rend the heart; Will you now to glo - ry start?
Till we stand be - fore the throne, And re - ceive a shin - ing crown;

With our loved ones gone be - fore, And with those now cross - ing o'er,

FINE. ***REFRAIN.***

Meet me there. Meet me there, meet me there,
meet me there. Meet me there, meet me there,

Meet me there.

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MEET ME THERE. Concluded.



No. 356. LORD, WITH GLOWING HEART I'D PRAISE THEE. 8s & 7s.

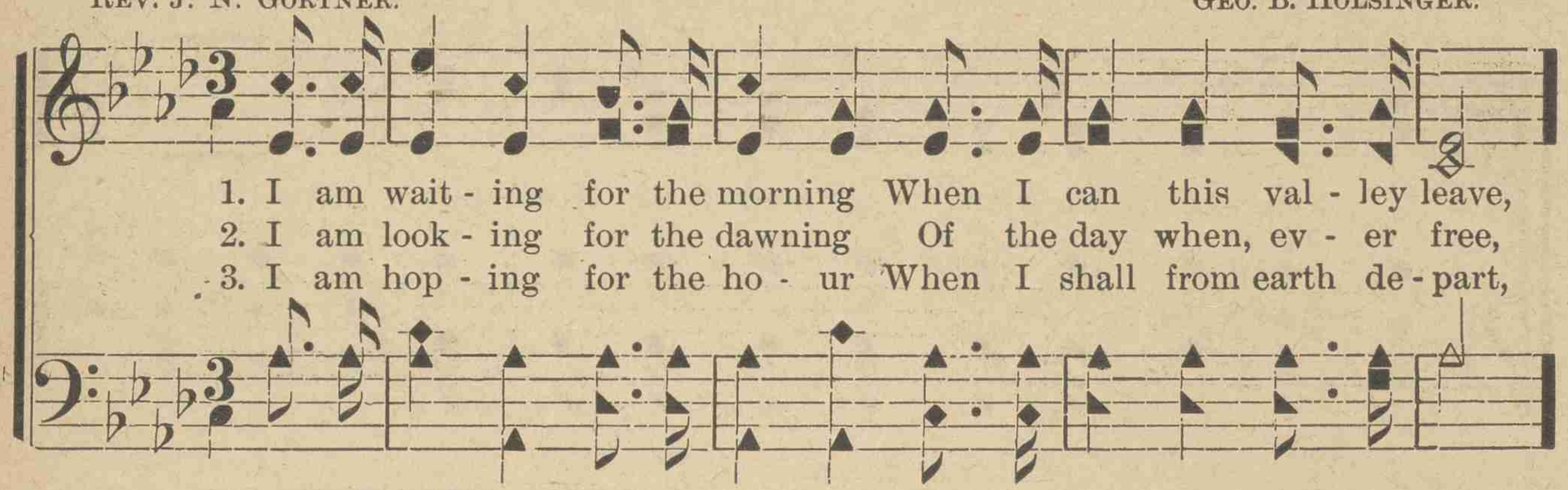
FRANCIS S. KEY. 1779–1843. F. N. BROWN. 1897.



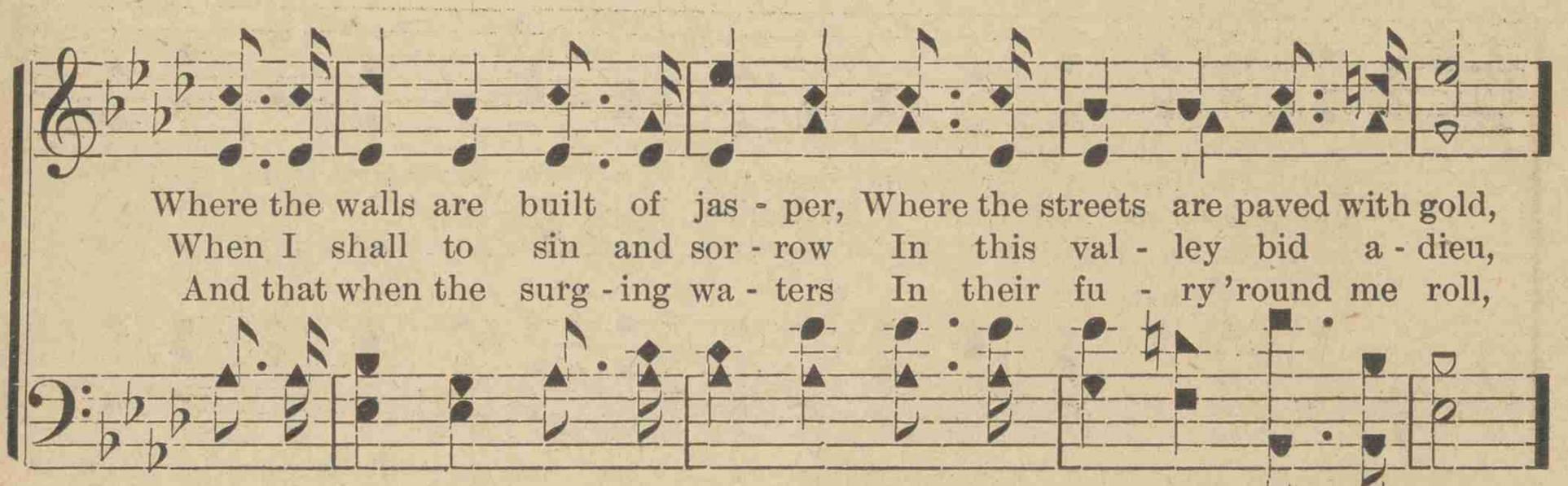
By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

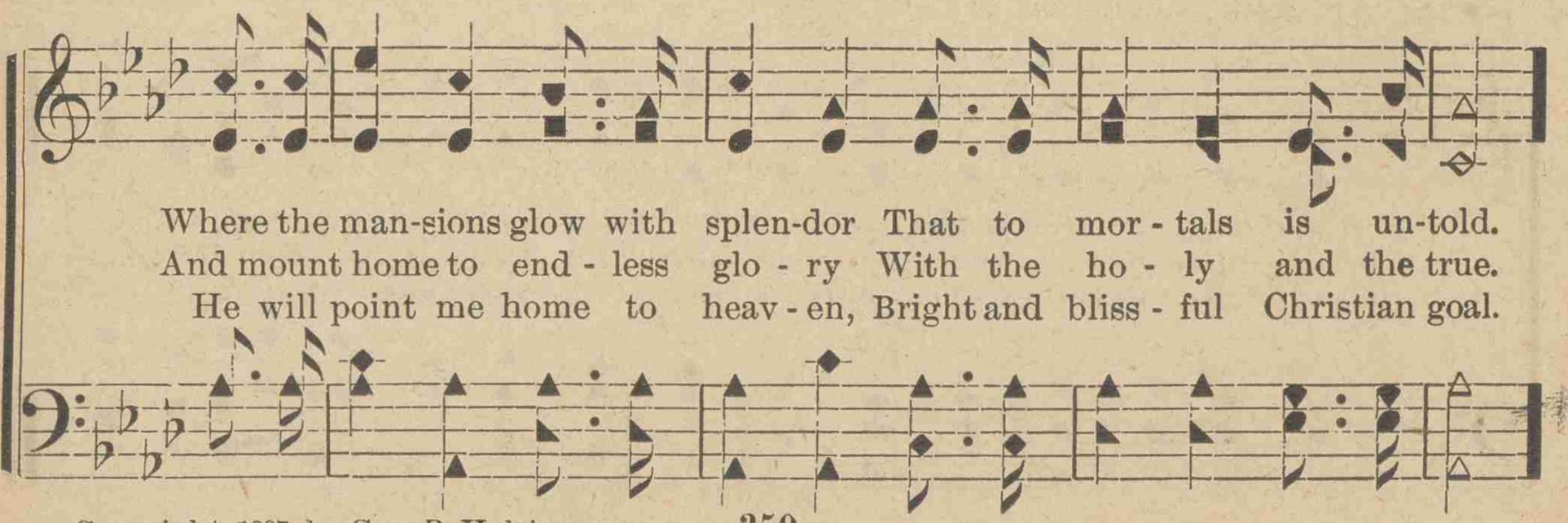
No. 357. WAITING, LOOKING, HOPING.

REV. J. N. GORTNER. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



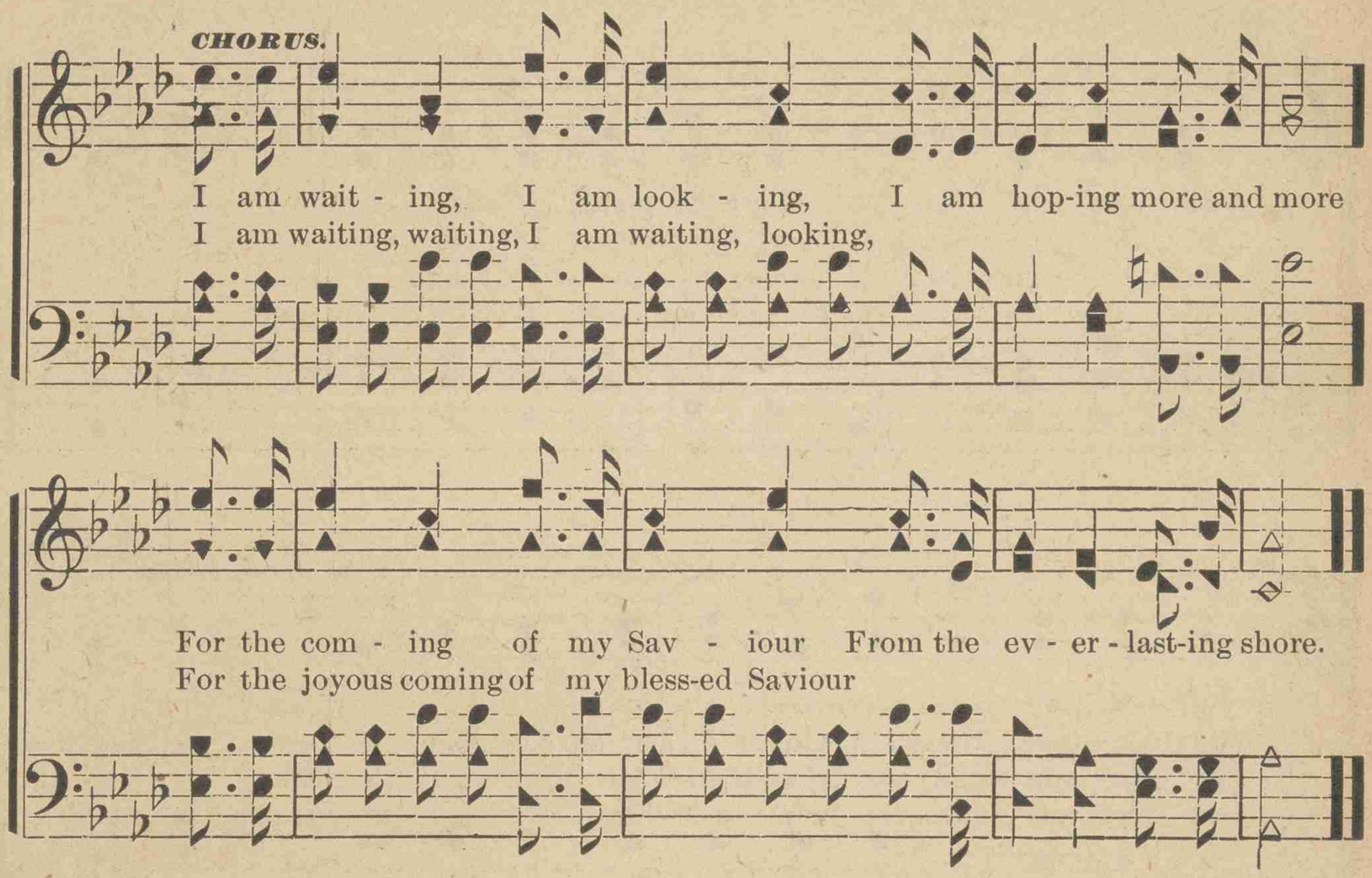






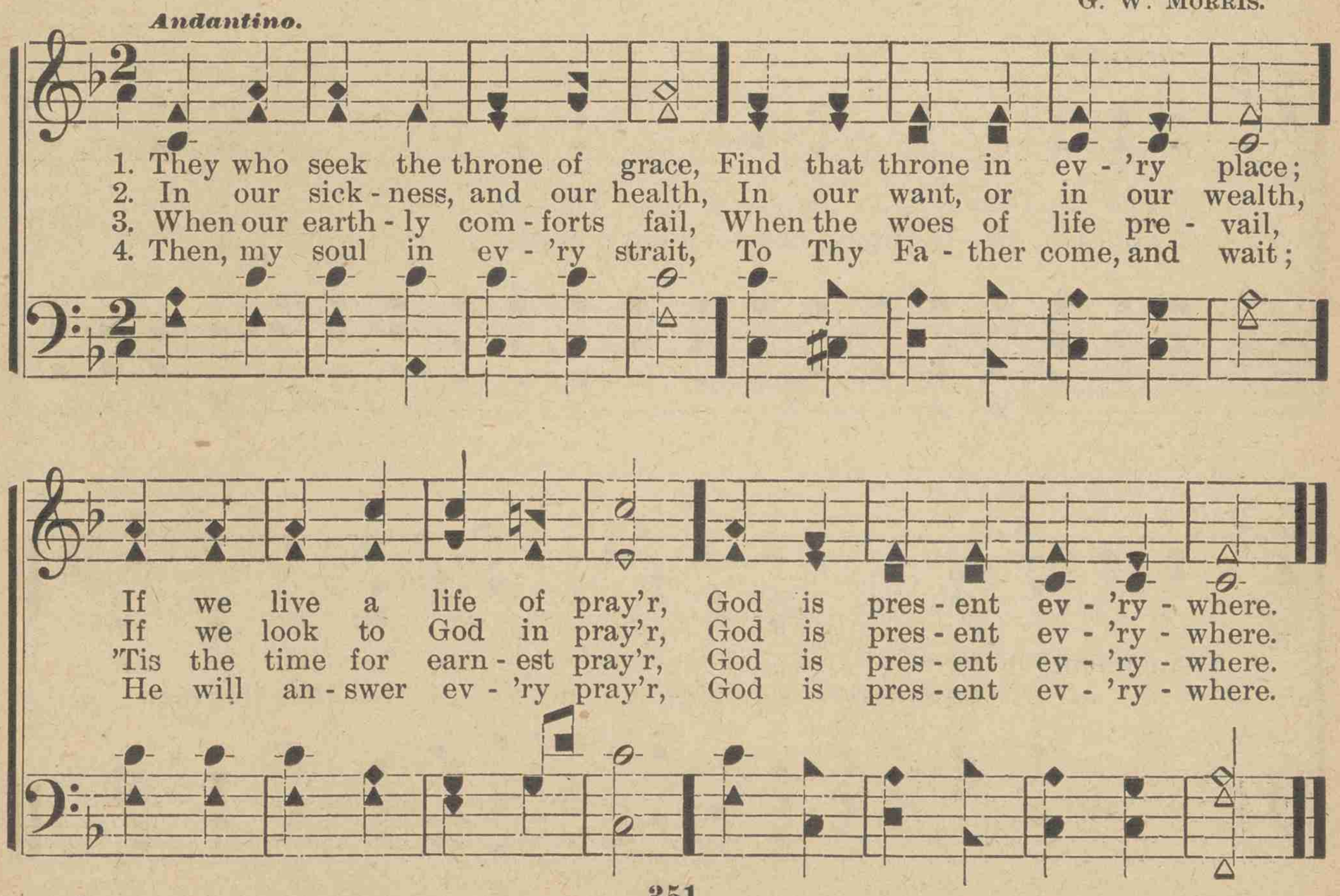
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WAITING, LOOKING, HOPING. Concluded.



No. 358. THE THRONE OF GRACE. 7s.

G. W. MORRIS.



No. 359. I GO TO HIM IN PRAYER.

REV. W. C. MARTIN. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. De - feat - ed in my cherished plans, I sometimes would de - spair;
2. My feet un - wa - ry oft are caught In Sa - tan's read - y snare,
3. Sin some-times so al - lures my soul I scarce - ly could for - bear,
4. My cour - age and my strength are faint, No bur - den could I bear,

But God de - liv - ers when I go To Him in heart - felt pray'r.
But Je - sus res - cues when I go To Him in earn - est pray'r.
If Je - sus did not strengthen when I go to Him in pray'r.
But that my Mas - ter helps me when I go to Him in pray'r.

CHORUS.

I go to Him in pray'r, He takes my ev - 'ry care,
I hum-bly go to Him in heart-felt pray'r, He takes, He free-ly takes my ev-'ry care,

Gives strength and peace and gladness when I go to Him in pray'r.
Gives strength and peace and gladness when I go to Him in pray'r.

No. 360. ON TO VICTORY.

REV. A. B. CABANISS. Music and Refrain by S. J. PERRY.

1. Up! all ye Christian soldiers, get read-y for the fray! Now hast - en on your
2. Tho' toil and strife a-wait you march boldly to the fight, You're in the path of
3. Go bat - tle till you conquer, like soldiers, brave and true, Go take the world for

ar - mor, and come without de - lay, 'Tis time that you were marching, 'tis
safe - ty when bat - tling for the right; Then, do not be dis-cour - aged, but
Je - sus, as Christians ought to do; Then on - ward! be your mot - to, and

D. S.—*We'll press the cause of Je - sus, press*

near the break of day, The Sav - iour is your Cap-tain, He will lead the way.
strive with faith and might, The Sav - iour is your Cap-tain, He will guide you right.
up - ward! be your view, The Sav - iour is your Cap-tain, He will bring you thro'.

on for ev - er-more, We're fight - ing for the Mas - ter who has gone be - fore.

FINE.

D. S.

REFRAIN.

Onward! upward! let the watchword be, Forward! forward! on to vic - to - ry!

Copyright, 1892, by S. J. Perry.

No. 361. JESUS LIVES.

(For young people's societies.)

"For thou art my hope, O Lord God; thou art my trust from my youth."—PSALM 71 : 5.

REV. JOHN R. COLGAN. A. E. MYERS.



1. Mighty ar - my of the young, Lift your voice in cheerful song, Send the welcome
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth and full of glee, Sing to all on
3. Je - sus lives, O blessed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords! Lift the cross and



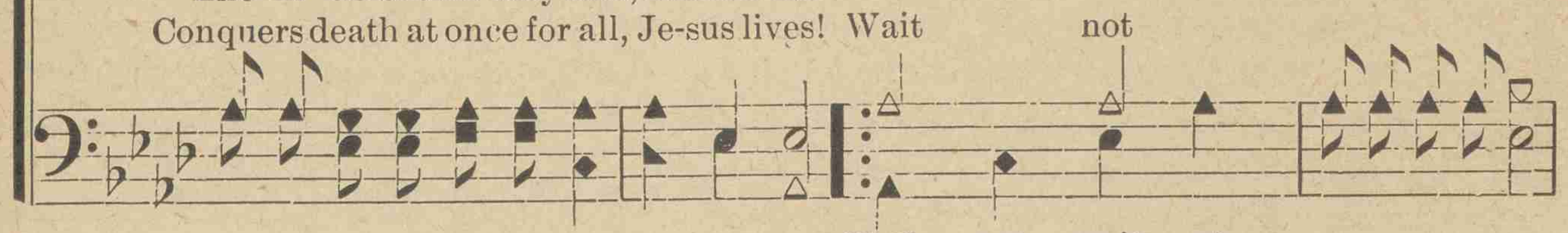
word a-long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me, Bore our sins up-on the tree;
land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind, Sight for all by sin made blind;
sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, He breaks the pris-on wall, Throws aside the dreadful pall,



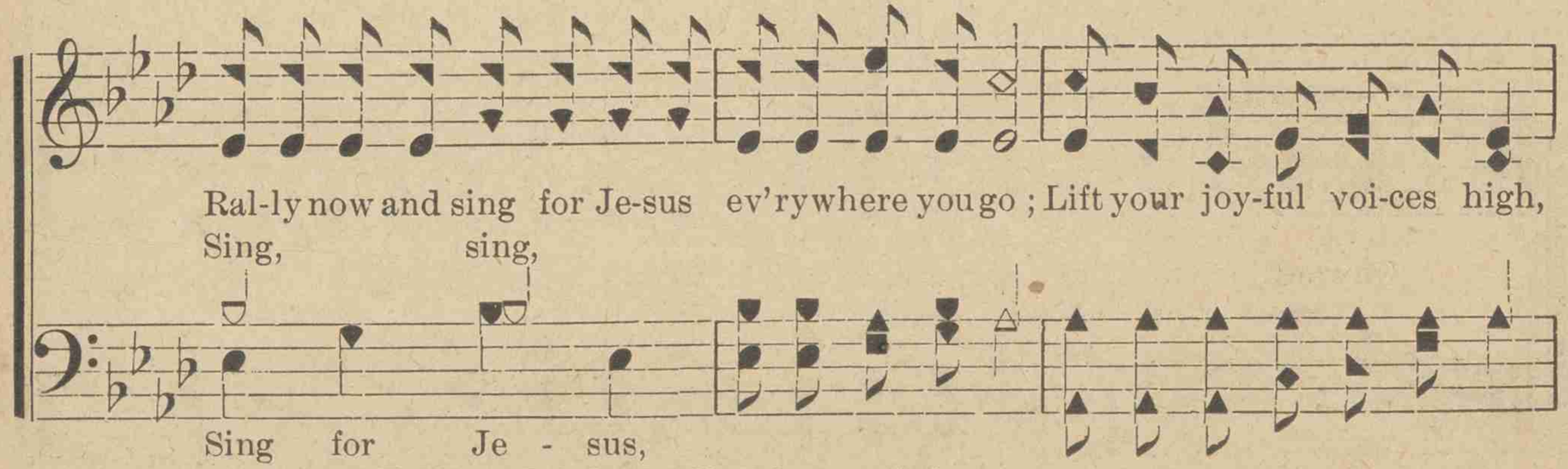
CHORUS.



Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives! Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow,
Life in Je-sus all may find, Jesus lives!
Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives! Wait not



Wait not, wait not,



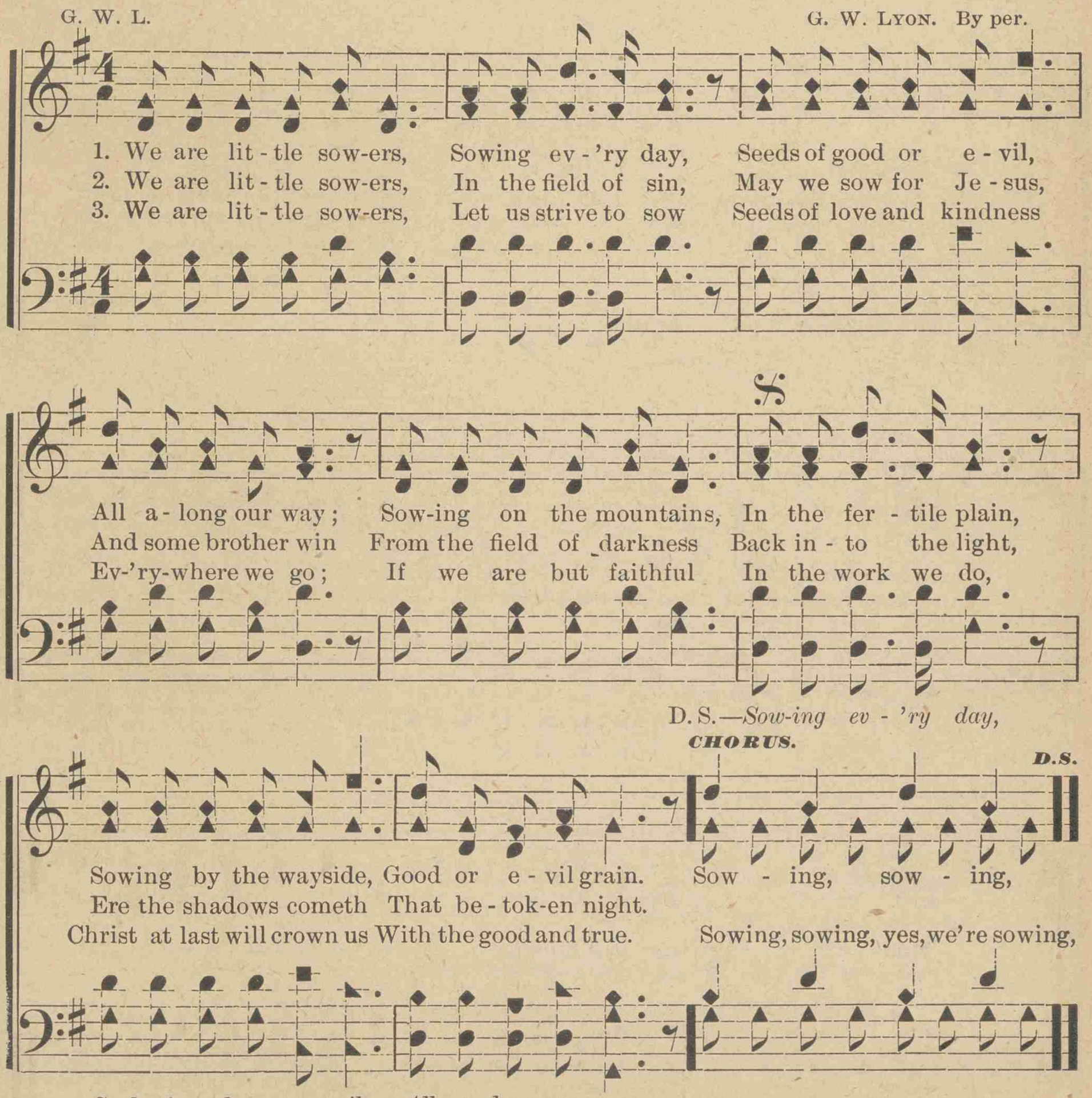
Ral-ly now and sing for Je-sus ev'rywhere you go; Lift your joy-ful voi-ces high,
Sing, sing,
Sing for Je - sus,

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JESUS LIVES! Concluded.



No. 362. WE ARE LITTLE SOWERS.



No. 363. THE ROYAL DIADEM.

EDWARD PERRONET. L. L. HERRON.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall;
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

REFRAIN.

And crown Him, and crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all,
And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all, Lord of all.

And crown Him, and crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 364. JESUS, I COME TO THEE.

S. J. P. S. J. PERRY.

With expression.



REFRAIN.



No. 365. WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

MRS. F. A. BRECK. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Far, far from Thee, Lord, I have wandered, But, oh, I am wea-ry of sin;
2. I know of Thy great lov-ing kindness, I know of Thy patience and might
3. Somewhere Thou will give me some la - bor, Tho' o - cean or plain must be crossed;

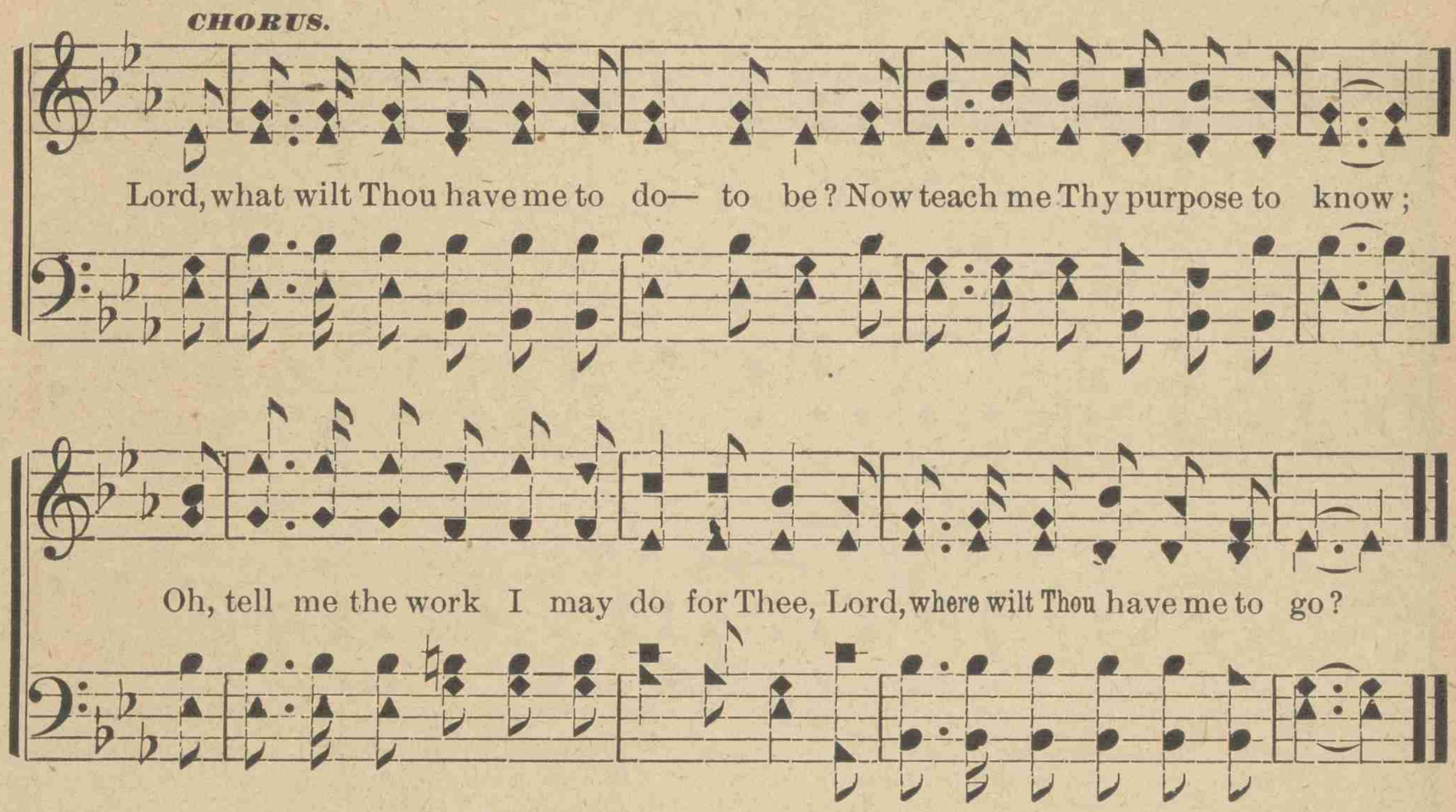
My ways I have bit - ter - ly pondered, And bet-ter things now would be-gin.
That found me in sor-row and blindness, And brought me to gladness and light.
There's sure-ly some far or near neighbor To res - cue be-fore he is lost.

My sins Thou hast lov-ing - ly pardoned, Thy grace will my spir - it re - new;
Thy mer - cy, O God, is far-reach-ing, That reach-es to sin-ners like me;
Lord, may I help some oth-er sin - ner, And make Thy dear kingdom to grow?

No long - er my heart shall be hardened—"Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?"
But Fath - er, I need further teaching—Oh, what wilt Thou have me to be?
Somewhere I would be a soul-win-ner—Lord, where wilt Thou have me to go?

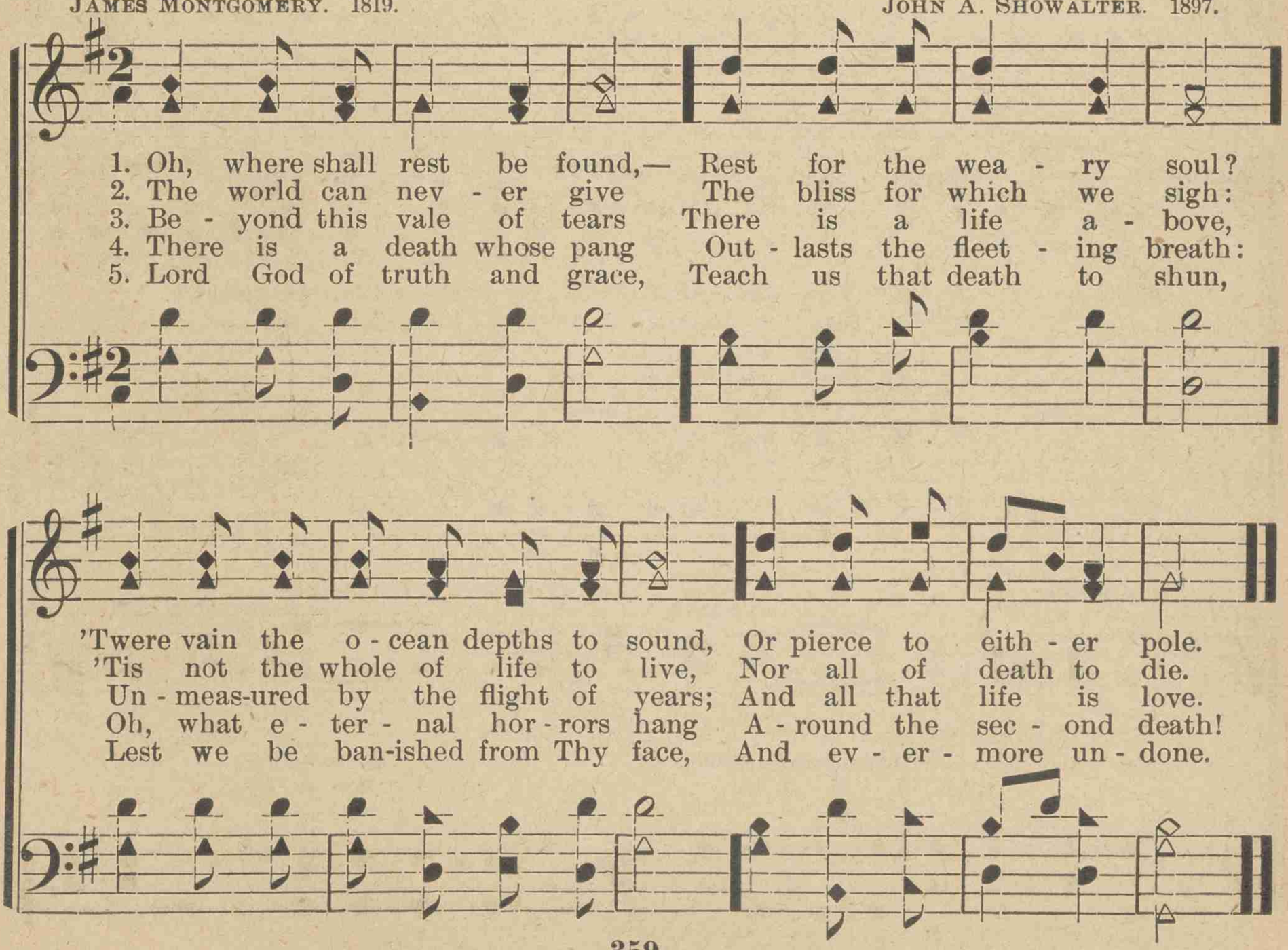
WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

CHORUS.



No. 366. EULA. S. M.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819. JOHN A. SHOWALTER. 1897.



No. 367. O WONDROUS CROSS.

C. L. EBY. A. F. MYERS.

1. Up - on the cross . . . . my Sav - iour died, ... And for my
2. I sought at length . . . His par - don free, ... I gained at
3. Up - on the cross . . . . of Cal - va - ry, ... His blood was
4. I'll sing His pow'r . . . . while I have breath, . . . I'll sing in

sins . . . . was cru-ci - fied; . . . His love so great, . . . how can it
once . . . . sweet lib-er - ty; . . . . E'en now by faith . . . I claim Him
shed, ... was shed for me; . . . . Oh, precious fount, . . . Thy cleansing
glo - - - ry af - ter death; . . Redeemed, redeemed, . . I know I'm

be, ... My Sav-iour died, ... yes, died for me. . . . .
mine, ... I am re deemed . . . . by grace di - vine. . . . .
pow'r . . . . I need Thy heal - - ing ev - 'ry hour. . . .
free, ... I've peace with God . . . . and lib - er - ty. . . . .

CHORUS.

O wondrous cross, ... O Cal - va - ry, ... My long - ing
O wondrous cross, O Cal - va-ry,

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O WONDROUS CROSS. Concluded.

eyes . . . look up to Thee, . . . O wondrous cross, . . . where Je-sus
My longing eyes look up to Thee, O wondrous cross,

died, ... And for my sins . . . . . was cru - ci - fied.
where Je-sus died, And for my sins

No. 368. BALSBAUGH. L. M.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1889.

1. How oft have sin and Sa - tan strove To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
2. The oath and prom-ise of the Lord Join to con-firm the wondrous grace,
3. A-midst temp-ta-tions, sharp and long, My soul to this dear ref - uge flies;
4. The gos - pel bears my spir - it up; A faith-ful and un-chang-ing God

But ev - er - last - ing is Thy love, And Je - sus seals it with His blood.
E - ter - nal pow'r per-forms the word, And fills all heav'n with end-less praise.
Hope is my an - chor, pure and strong, While tempests blow and bil-lows rise.
Lays the foun - da - tion for my hope In oaths and prom-is - es and blood.

No. 369. TO THE RESCUE.

N. PEARSON. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. On-ward, Christians, to the res - cue! Wherefore stand ye i - dly by?
2. Not to take a mighty cit - y In the bat - tles deadly glare,
3. Think of those by mis-'ry driv - en, Where the Turkish banners wave!

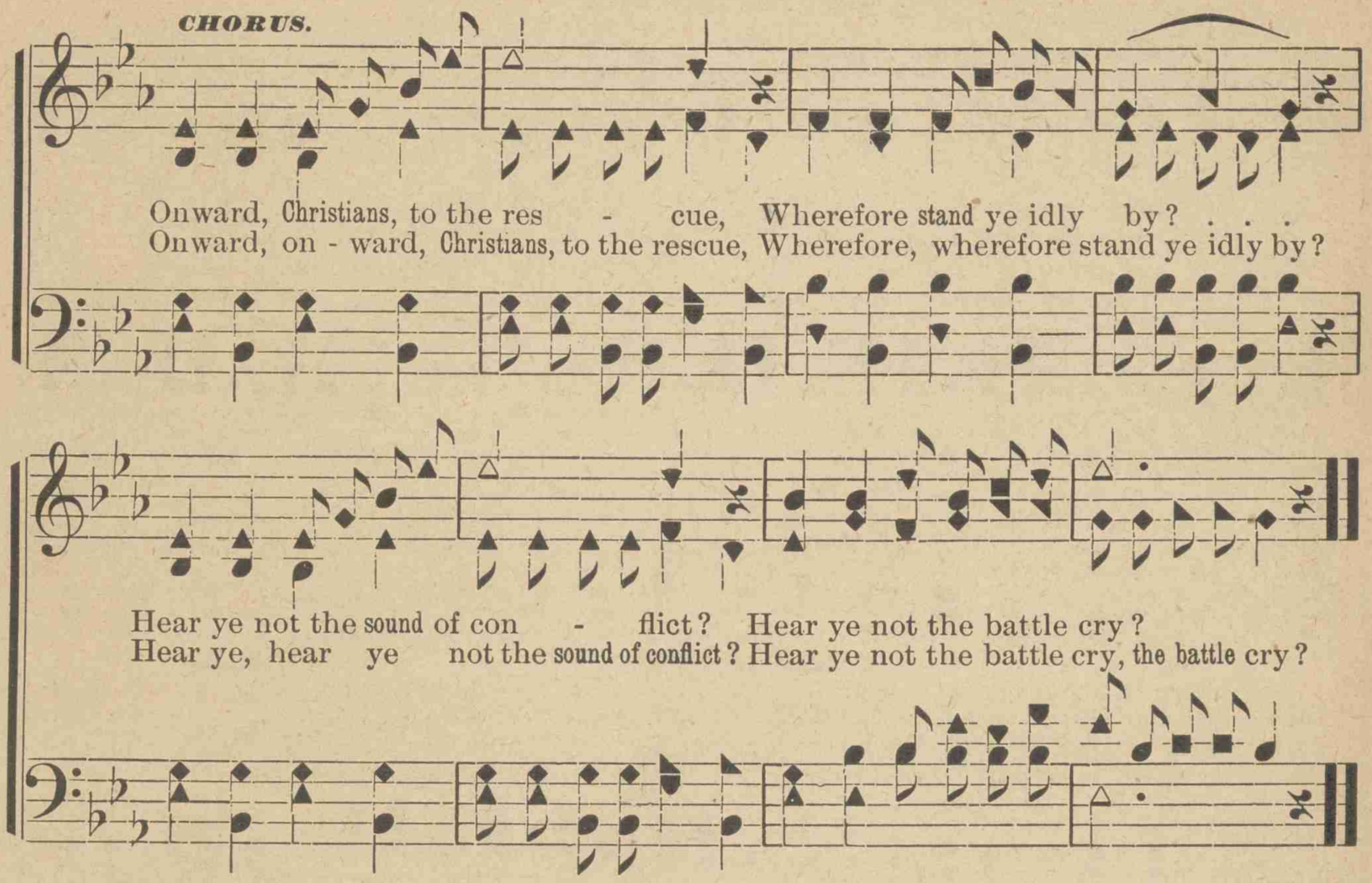
Hear ye not the sound of con - flict? Hear ye not the bat - tle cry?
But with hope and love and pit - y, To your brothers in de - spair.
Hear the cry that goes to heav - en, Where no help is near to save.

'Tis your Mas-ter who is call - ing, Hast-en for the help is late,
Oh, ye parents, tender - heart - ed, With the loved ones round your hearth,
'Tis a cry that must be heed - ed By the Christians ev - 'ry - where,

'Tis your brothers who are fall - ing, Dy - ing for the Christian faith.
Think of those who now are part - ed From the ones they love on earth.
Oh, your help is sore - ly need - ed, Give it with your love and care.

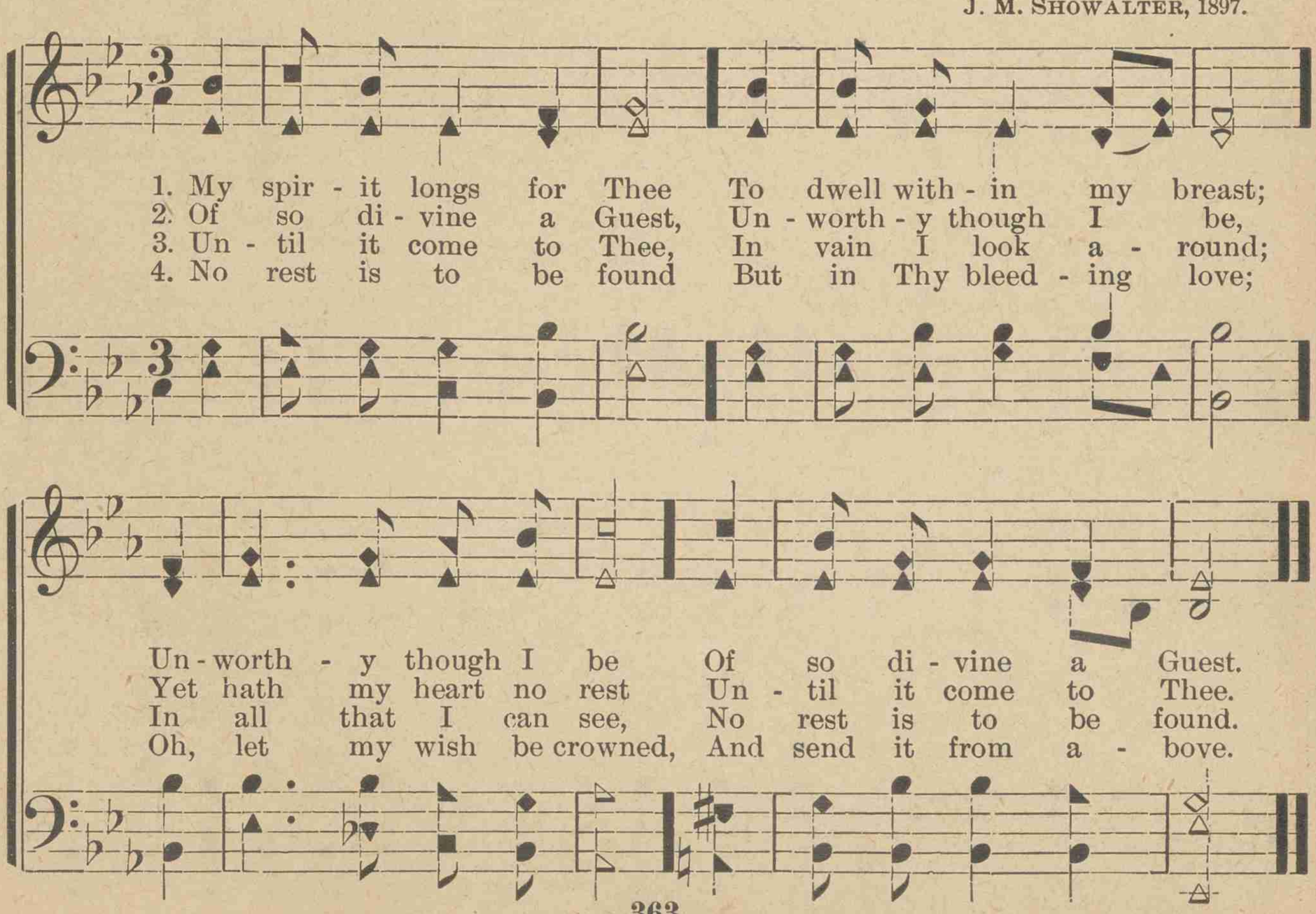
By per. The A. J. Showalter Co.

TO THE RESCUE. Concluded.



No. 370. LONGING FOR REST. 6s.

J. M. SHOWALTER, 1897.



No. 371. ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHOEBE CAREY. E. B. FOWLER.

DUET. ***Soprano and Alto.***

1. One sweet-ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm
2. I'm nearer my Father's house Where the ma - ny man-sions be, I'm
3. I'm nearer the bound of life Where we lay our bur-dens down, And
4. O Father, perfect my trust, Sup - port my fee - ble frame, Oh,

near-er my home to - day . . . Than ev - er I've been be - fore, . . . I'm
near-er the great white throne, . I'm nearer the jas - per sea, . . . I'm
near-er the time to leave . . . The cross and wear the crown, . . And
keep me be-neath Thy care, . . My trem-bling hopes sus - tain . . . Oh,

near-er my home to - day . . . Than ev - er I've been be - fore. . .
near-er the great white throne, . I'm near - er the jas - per sea. . .
near-er the time to leave . . The cross and wear the crown. .
keep me be-neath Thy care, . . My trem - bling hopes sus - tain. . .

CHORUS.

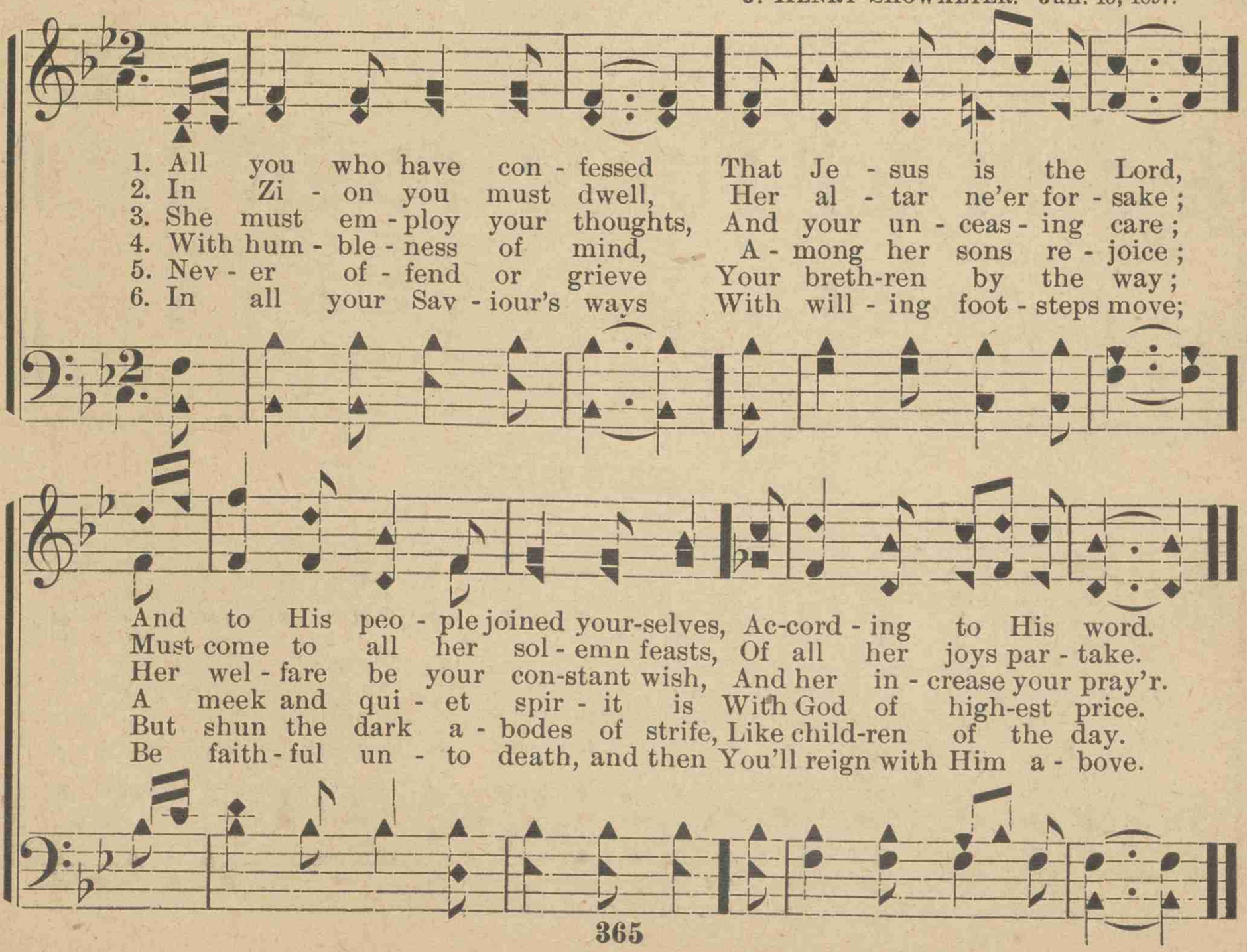
I'm near - - - er my home, . . . my beau - ti - ful
I'm near-er, yes, near - er my beau-ti - ful home, my beau-ti - ful home, my

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. Concluded.



No. 372. BOAZ. S. M.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER. Jan. 15, 1897.



No. 373. BLESSED HOME OF LIFE ETERNAL.

W. M. P. W. M. PETTIGREW.



By per. S. J. Perry.

No. 374. JESUS IS MINE.

C. E. LESLIE.



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JESUS IS MINE. Concluded.

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der-ness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried,
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine. Wel-come, oh, loved and blest,

Earth has no rest-ing-place, Je - sus a - lone can save, Je - sus is mine.
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine.
Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus hath sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine.
Welcome sweet scenes of rest, Welcome among the blest, Je - sus is mine.

No. 375. ELLIJAY. S. M.

T. B. Mosley.

1. Lord, at this clos - ing hour, Es - tab - lish ev - 'ry heart,
2. Peace to our breth - ren give; Fill all our hearts with love;
3. Thro' chang - es bright or drear, We would Thy will pur - sue,
4. To God, the On - ly Wise, In ev - 'ry age a - dored,

Up - on Thy word of truth and pow'r, To keep us when we part.
In faith and pa - tience may we live, And seek our rest a - bove.
And toil to spread Thy king - dom here, Till we its glo - ry view.
Let glo - ry from the Church a - rise, Thro' Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

No. 376. GUIDING STAR.

F. L. EILAND. J. M. GREER. By per.

1. He, the bless - ed Son of heav - en, Came to earth in dark-some night;
2. He hath prom - ised us a man - sion, Just be - yond the swelling tide;
3. 'Neath the tree of life e - ter - nal We shall rest from toil and care;

Came to woo and save the sin - ner, Came the world's re-deem-ing light;
Step by step this home we're near-ing, Where we shall with Him a - bide:
And the loved ones gone be - fore us, Can but make us welcome there—

He, the bless - ed Son and Sav-iour, Brought us gifts be-yond com - pare,
We are trav - 'ling home to glo - ry, Toil - ing on till life is o'er,
He's the light, the star that guides us, Though the way sometimes be drear,

Par - don, peace, and life e - ter - nal, Pure and right - eous robes to wear.
Cour-age, broth - er, nev - er fal - ter, Till we reach the gold-en shore.
Shin-ing from the realms of glo - ry, See, He comes our path to cheer.

No. 377. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."—Ps. 17: 15.

DR. H. BONAR. J. L. MOORE.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawn-ing
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thy arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my ea - ger
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with

nev - er night re-turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,
wilt Thy child embrace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace,
arms the long removed, And tell how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved,
eye no long - er dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,

REFRAIN.

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

Rit.

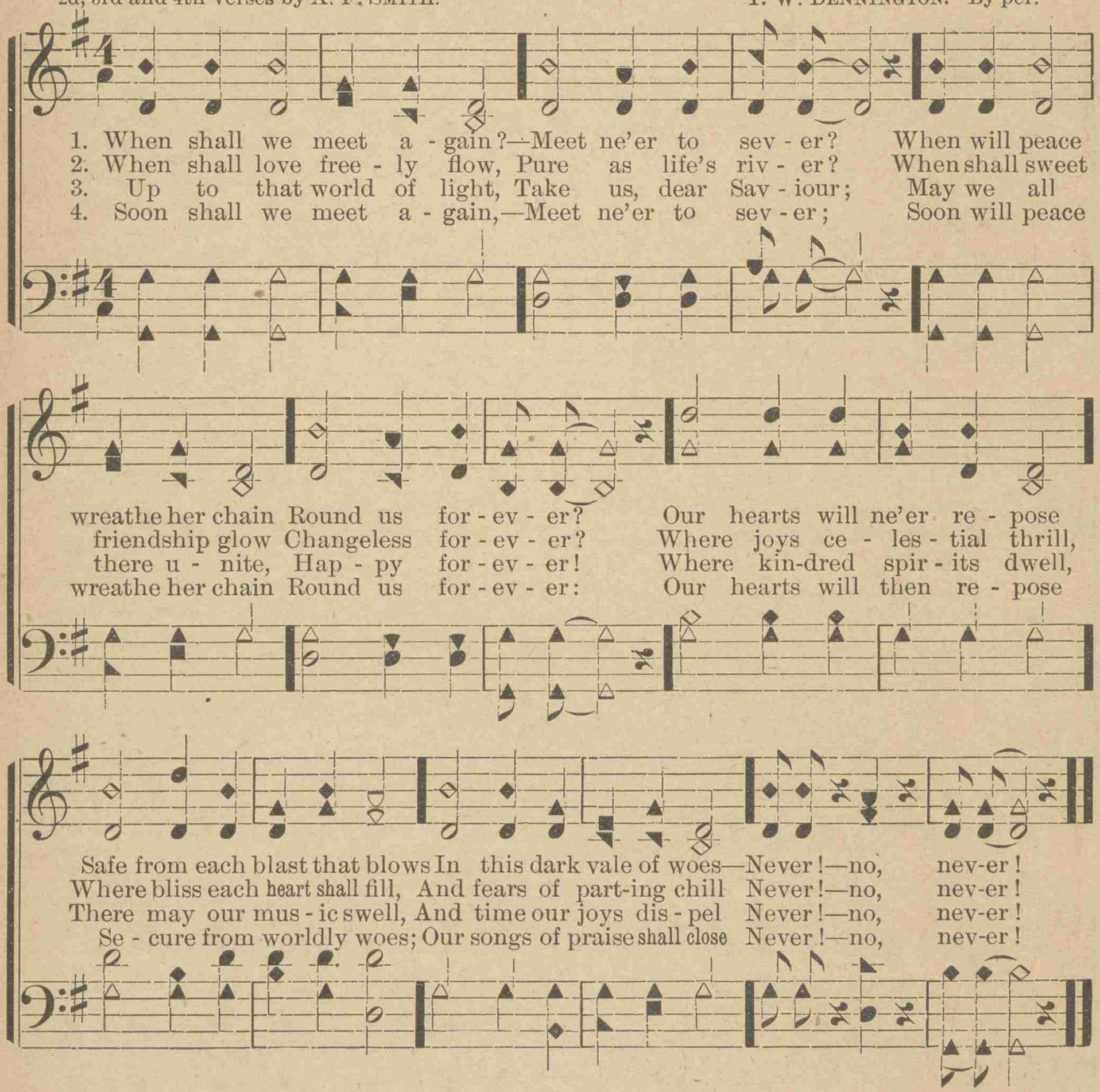
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, By and by.

From "Notes of Praise," by per. of Frank M. Davis.

No. 378. WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN? 6s & 5s.

1st verse by A. A. WATTS. 1821.
2d, 3rd and 4th verses by A. F. SMITH.

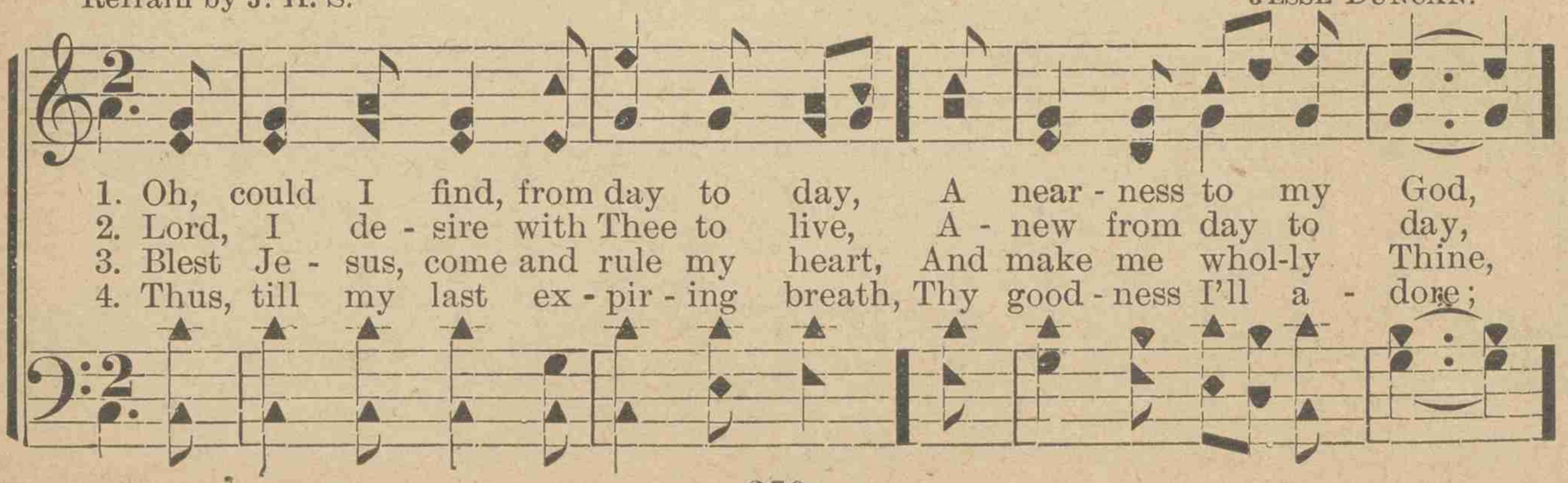
T. W. DENNINGTON. By per.



No. 379. GEORGETOWN. C. M.

Refrain by J. H. S.

JESSE DUNCAN.



GEORGETOWN. Concluded.

FINE.

Then would my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean - ing on His Word.
In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor ev - er take a - way.
That I may nev - er more de - part, Nor grieve Thy love di - vine.
And when my frame dis - solves in death, My soul shall love Thee more.

D. S.—*There, in Thy grace, and in Thy love, Let me for - e'er a - bide.*

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Oh, draw . . . me, Lord! . . Close to Thy bleed-ing side;
Oh, draw me near - er, near - er, Lord! bleeding side;

No. 380. JESUS WILL SAVE.

S. J. P. To Rev. W. E. Penn, the Western Evangelist. S. J. PERRY.

1. I'm a way-worn pilgrim here, but Je - sus will save; Filled with many a
2. Let us walk by faith each day, for Je - sus will save; And be hap-py
3. There's a message from the Lord, that Je - sus will save; We may find it
4. There are souls for us to win, that Je - sus will save; There are sheaves to
5. When this toilsome life is o'er, dear Je - sus will save; All His loved ones

D. S.—*Come to Him by*

FINE. *REFRAIN.* *D.S.*

doubt and fear, but Je - sus will save.
on the way, for Je - sus will save.
in His Word, that Je - sus will save. Je - sus will save, yes Je - sus will save;
gar - ner in, that Je - sus will save.
ev - er-more, yes, Je - sus will save.

faith and live, for Je - sus will save.

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No. 381. WILL YOU START FOR THE KINGDOM?

E. R. LATTA. J. C. PERRY.

1. Will you start for the king-dom to-day, For the kingdom of God and His Son?
2. Will you start for the king-dom to-day, For the kingdom of God in the heart?
3. Will you start for the king-dom to-day? Will you risk for the mor-row to wait?
4. Will you start for the king-dom to-day, With the Lord for your Saviour and Friend?

Will you still un-de-cid-ed de-lay, With a man-sion and crown to be won?
Will you now the commandment o-bey, And from sin and from fol-ly de-part?
'Tis not said that to-mor-row you may! It may then be for-ev-er too late!
Come with us—we are go-ing that way—To the king-dom that nev-er shall end!

D. S.—*For the king-dom of God will you start? Will you trust in the Sav-iour to-day?*

REFRAIN.

Will you start? will you start? Will you walk in the heaven-ly way?
Will you start? will you start?

From "Awakening Melodies," by permission.

No. 382. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

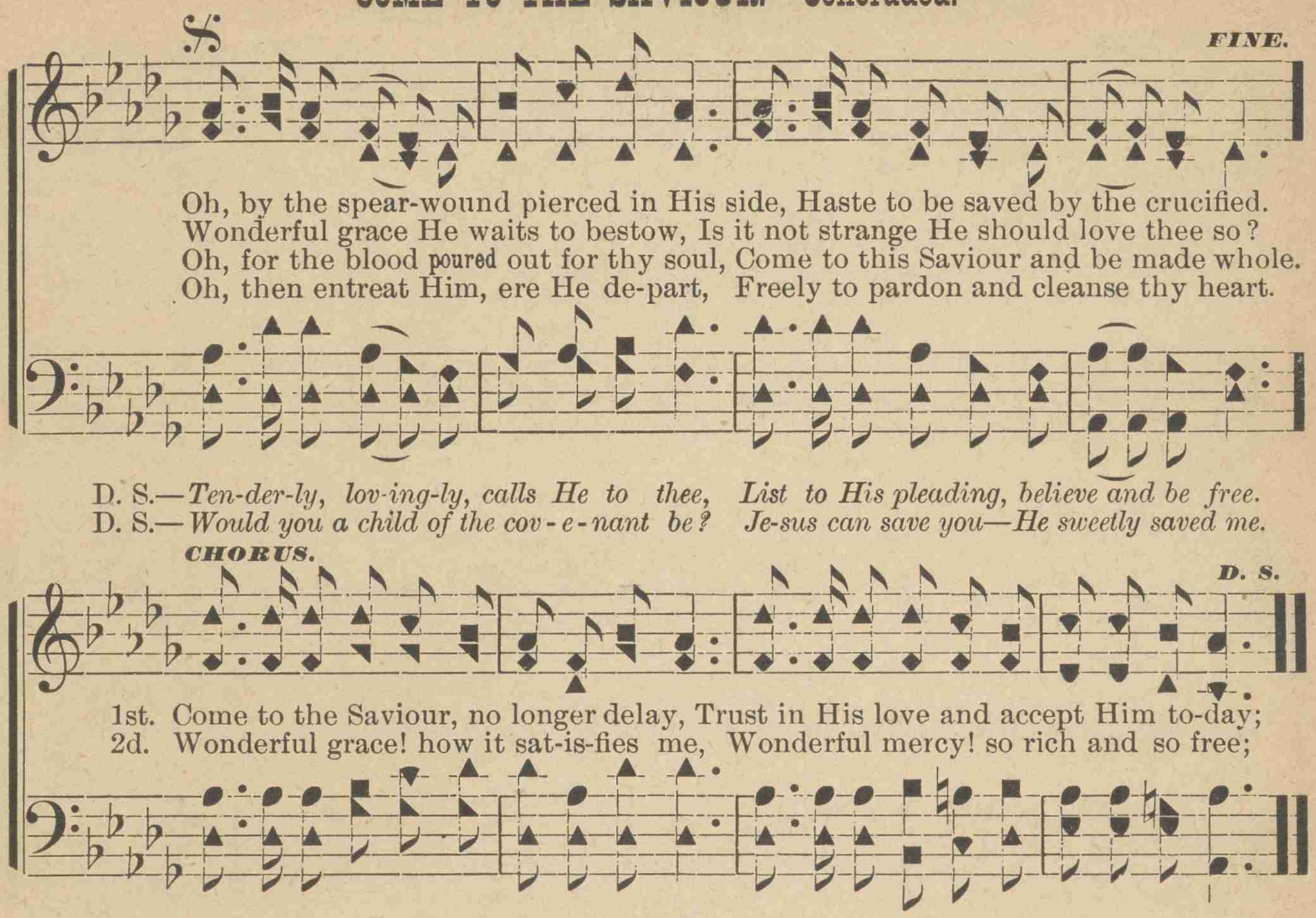
"And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. F. MYERS. By per.

Moderato.

1. Je-sus is calling, calling for thee, Hearest thou not His importunate plea?
2. Je-sus is pleading, pleading with thee, Was ever mercy so rich and so free?
3. Je-sus is waiting, waiting for thee, Love could not purer and holi-er be.
4. Je-sus is here but soon He may go, Shall He bear with Him thy sins and thy woe?

COME TO THE SAVIOUR. Concluded.



JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

No. 383. PURITY. 7s.

Author Unknown.

No. 384. KEEP US CLOSE TO THEE.

G. W. LYON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



No. 385. THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING. 7s & 6s.

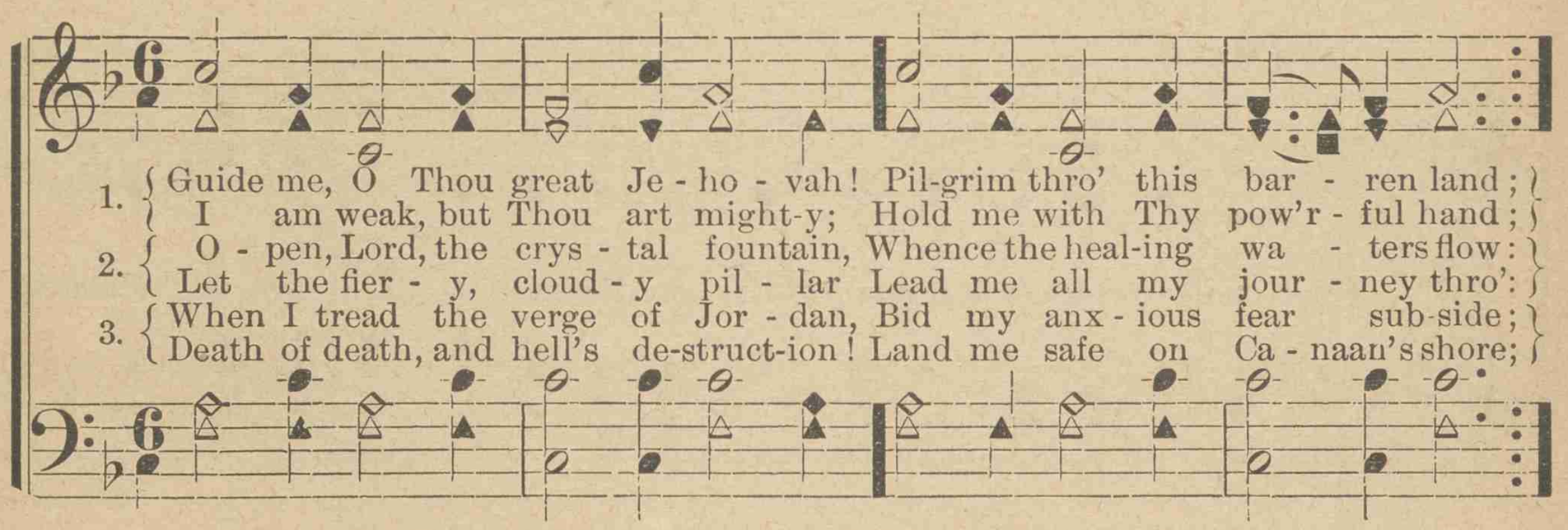
S. F. SMITH. B. B. BEALL.



THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING. Concluded.



No. 386. WAYNESVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.





No. 387. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. B. V. J. B. VAUGHN.



1. Je - sus is call-ing, list to His voice, Why not be read-y, and make Him your choice?
2. Think of His goodness, pa-tience and love! Think of the bless-ings He's sent from a-bove!
3. Wait, then, no longer, come and be-lieve! Je - sus is read-y your soul to receive!



Glo - ry is breaking, look for the light, Je - sus is calling, then, why not to-night?
Why are you waiting, why will you slight? Je - sus is read-y, then, why not to-night?
Do not re - fuse Him, come, come to-night! Je - sus is wait-ing, then, why not to-night?



REFRAIN.



Why not, why not to-night? List to His call-ing, He'll save you to-night;

Why not, why not to-night? All things are read-y, Then, why not to-night?

From "GOOD SONGS." By permission.

No. 388. I WAS GLAD.

(CHILDREN'S ANTHEM.)

G. W. LYON. By per.

I was glad when they said un - to me, (un-to me,) I was glad when they said un-to

me, (un - to me,) We will go, we will go, will go in - to the

house of the Lord. My feet shall stand with-in thy gates, my feet shall stand with-

in thy gates, with-in thy gates, Je - ru - sa - lem, O Je - ru - sa - lem.

No. 389. HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

E. B. FOWLER.

Andante. *Cres*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almight-y! Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Thee;

Allegretto.

Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry,

Cres.

Heav'n and earth are full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.

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

By per. J. Henry Showalter.

HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY. Concluded.

Rit. - - -

God most high, to God most high, to God most high, to God most high. A-men. A-men.

No. 390. WILLOUGHBY. C. P. M.

CHAS. WESLEY. (Used by request of my father.—J. H. S.) CRANE, 1782.

1. Come on, my part - ners in dis-tress, My comrades thro' the wil-der-ness,
2. Be - yond the bounds of time and space, Look for-ward to that heav'nly place,
3. Who suf - fer with our Mas - ter here, We shall be - fore His face ap - pear,
4. Thrice blessed, bliss in - spir - ing hope! It lifts the faint-ing spir - it up,

Who still your bod - ies feel; A - while for - get your griefs and fears,
The saint's se - cure a - bode; On faith's strong ea - gle - pin - ions rise,
And by His side sit down; To pa - tient faith the prize is sure;
It brings to life the dead; Our con - flicts here shall soon be past,

And look be - yond this vale of tears To that ce - les - tial hill.
And force your pas - sage to the skies, And scale the mount of God.
And all that to the end en - dure The cross, shall wear the crown.
And you and I as - cend at last, Tri - umph - ant with our Head.

No. 391. MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD.

PSALM C.

S. J. PERRY.

Allegretto.

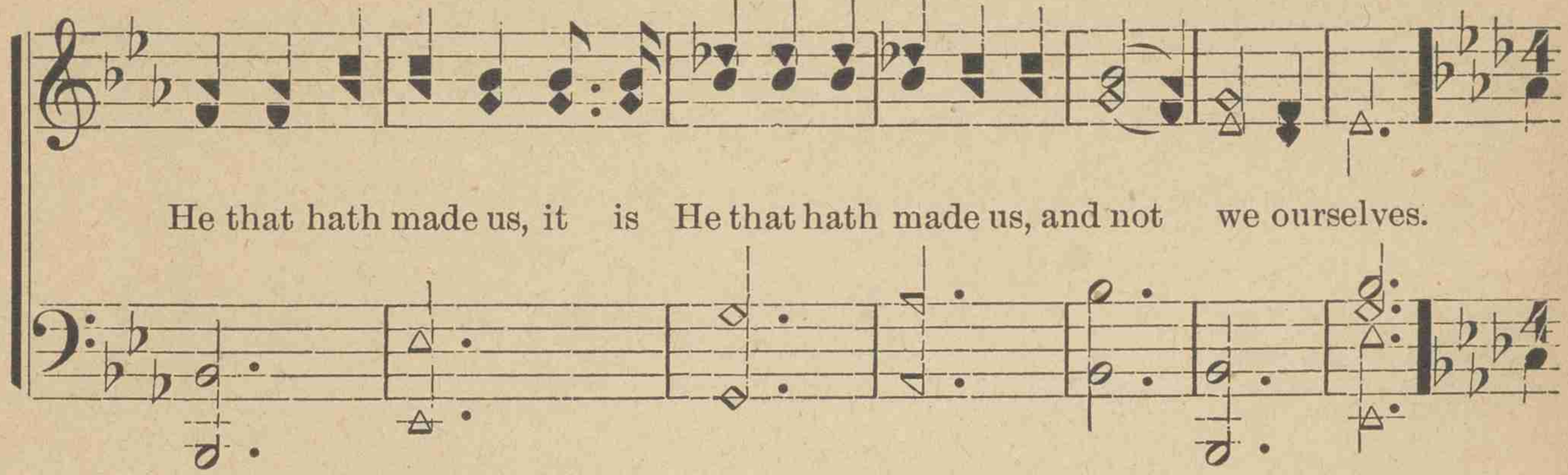
Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, make a joy - ful noise un - to the

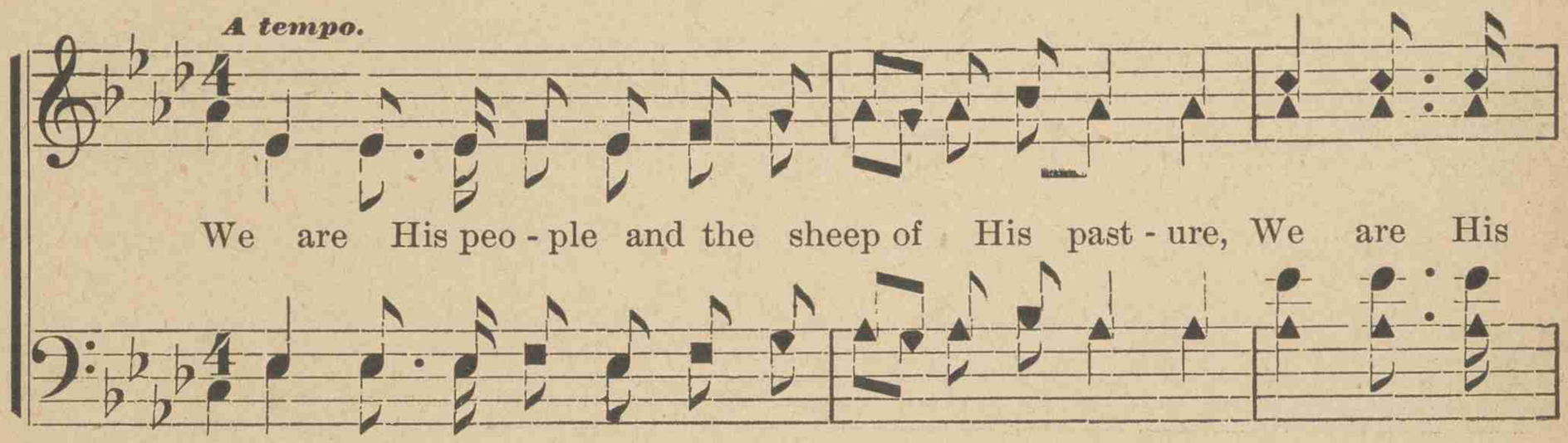
Lord, Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, un - to the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with glad-ness, serve the Lord with gladness, Come be-fore His

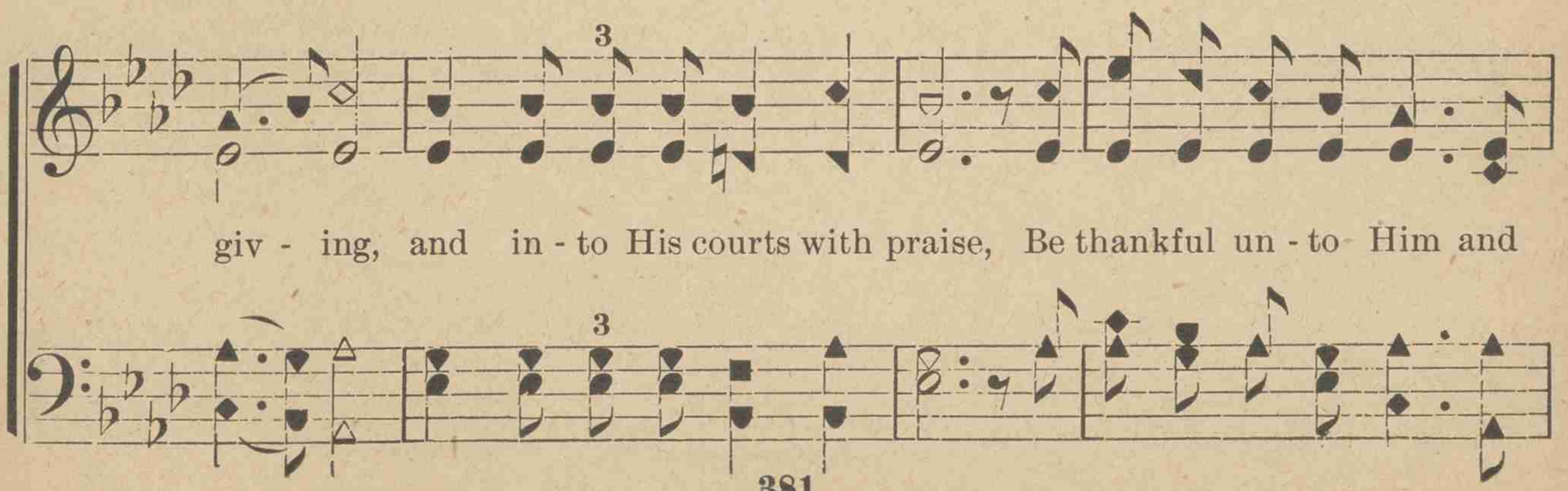
Andantino.

presence with sing - ing. Know ye that the Lord He is God: it is


He that hath made us, it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.


A tempo.
We are His peo - ple and the sheep of His past - ure, We are His


peo-ple and the sheep of His past - ure. En-ter in - to His gates with thanks-

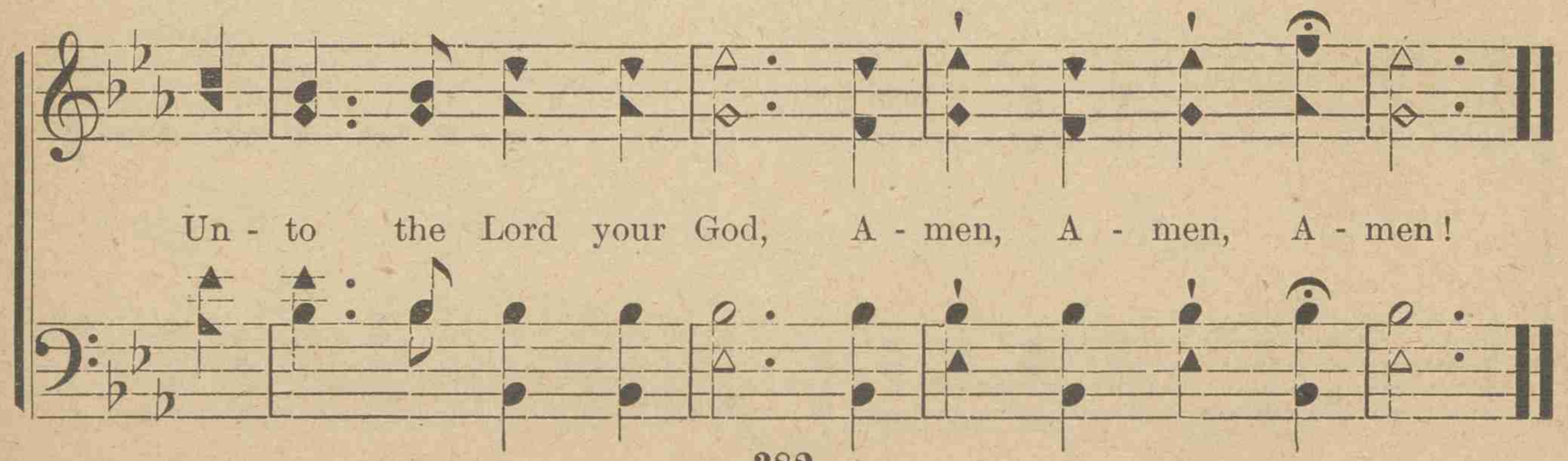

giv - ing, and in - to His courts with praise, Be thankful un - to Him and

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO THE LORD. Concluded.









No. 392. REJOICE IN THE LORD.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice, Re - joice in the Lord, re-
re - joice,

joice, Re - joice, re - joice, For it be-com-eth
re-joice, Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice, re-joice,

saints to re - joice. Come in - to His courts, blessed courts,
Come in - to His courts, with

Come with glad-ness, with glad-ness of heart, Re - joice, O re-
glad - - ness of heart, Re-joice, in the

joice in the Lord, Give praise, O give praise ev - er-more. O
Lord, Give praise ev - er - more.

speak of His love, O tell of His
O speak of His love, boundless love, O tell of His

grace, For He hath re - deem - - ed
grace, wond'rous grace, For He hath re-deem-ed thee, hath re-deem-ed

thee, hath redeemed thy soul from death. Re - joice in the Lord, re-
thee, hath redeemed thy soul from death. Re - joice in the Lord, re-

joice, Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice, Re-
joice, re - joice, Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice, Re-

joice, re - joice, For it be - com - eth
joice in the Lord, re - joice, re - joice, For it be - com - eth

saints to re - joice, Re - joice in the Lord for

ev - er - more, A-men! A - men! A - men! and A - - men!

No. 393. ECHOES FROM THE THRONE.

J. W. WAYLAND, JR. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Thro' the gates of light a - jar, From great Jehovah's throne, Ringing o'er the earth a-

Organ.

far, A sweet, se-raph - ic tone: Ten thousand thousand voices clear Thro' heaven's

pearly portals roll, Oh, swell the anthem far and near, The triumphs of a sinless soul:

Sal - va - - tion to our God, And glo - - ry to the Lamb;

Sal - va-tion to the Lord our God, And glo-ry to the spot-less Lamb;

For worth - y is His name Of hon - - er and of praise.

For worthy is His ho - ly name Of hon - or and of endless praise

Then join, ... ye ran-somed throng, The

Then join the ran-somed throng With voi - ces clear and strong, The

heav'n - born happy song; Let earth . . . . a tribute

heav'n-born, happy song, The anthems loud and long; Let earth a tribute bring To

bring God's end - - less prais-es sing.

heav'n's e - ter-nal King God's endless praises sing, His end-less prais-es sing.

He walks up - on the storm-y wa - ters, At His re-buke they flee, A

robe of light He wears, That dims the shining stars, Whose chariot is a fly-ing cloud,

His angels spirits are, His min - is-ters a fire, His min - is - ters a fire.

f ***Allegro.***

Blessing, hon-or, glo ry, praise, Saints up - on the earth join saints around the throne,

Blessing, hon-or, glo-ry, praise, Saints up - on the earth join saints a-round the throne.

Organ.

ff

Hal - le - lu - jah, for ev - er, ev - er - more,

Hal - le - lu - jah, for ev - er - more.

No. 394. GALILEE. L. M.

1. Now I re-solve, with all my heart, With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord;
2. Oh, be His ser - vice all my joy! A-round let my ex - am - ple shine,
3. Be this the pur - pose of my soul, My sol-emn, my de - ter-mined choice,
4. Oh, may I nev - er faint nor tire, Nor wand'ring, leave His sa-cred ways;

Nor from His pre-cepts e'er de-part, Whose ser-vice is a rich re-ward.
Till oth - ers love the blest em-ploy, And join in la - bors so di-vine.
To yield to His su-preme con-trol, And in His kind commands re-joice.
Great God, ac-cept my soul's de - sire, And give me strength to live Thy praise.

No. 395. MELMORE. L. M.

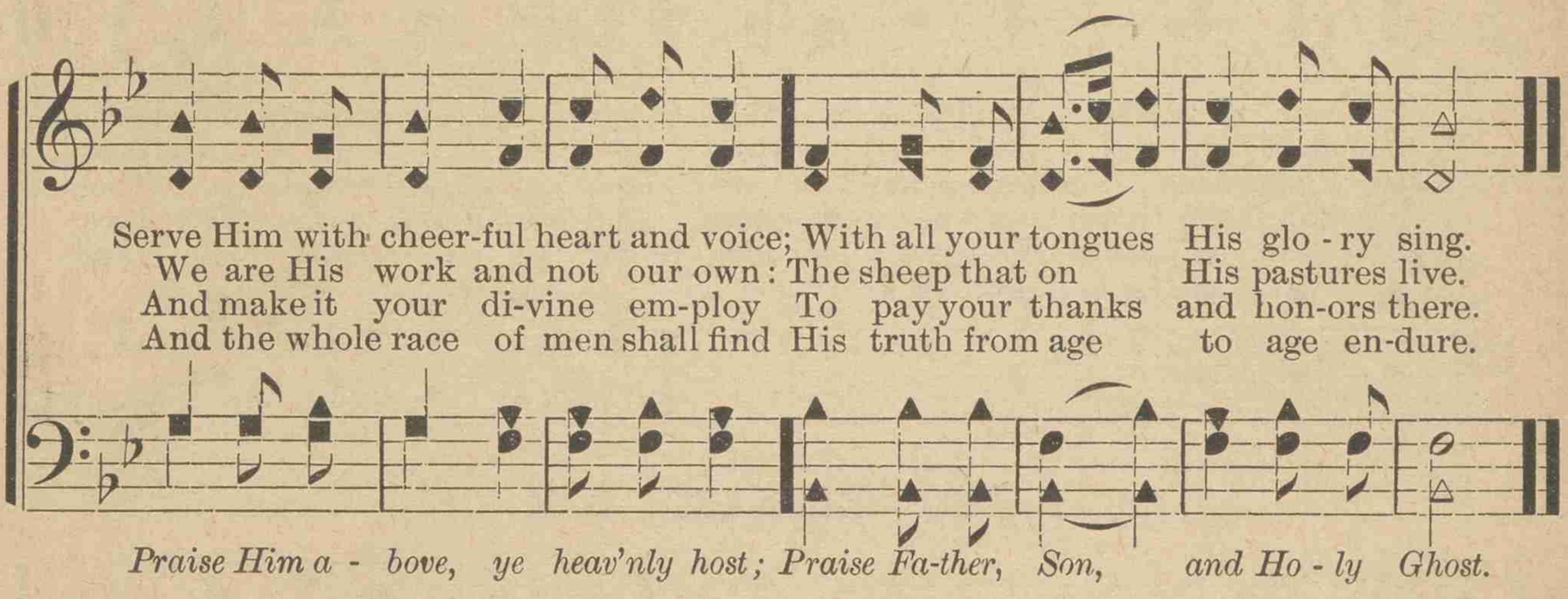
1. Stay! Thou in-sult - ed Spir-it, stay! Tho' I have done Thee such de-spite;
2. Tho' I have most un-faith-ful been Of all who-e'er Thy grace received—
3. Yet, oh, the chief of sin-ners spare! In hon - or of my great High Priest;
4. Yet, if Thou canst my sins for - give, E'en now, O Lord! relieve my woes,
5. E'en now my wea-ry soul re - lease, And raise me by Thy gracious hand:

Cast not the sin-ner quite a - way, Nor take Thine ev - er - last-ing flight.
Ten thou-sand times Thy goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved.
Nor in Thy righteous an-ger swear, I shall not see Thy people's rest.
In - to Thy rest of love re - ceive, And bless me with a calm re - pose.
Guide me in - to Thy per-fect peace, And bring me to the promised land.

No. 396. SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. Emerson.





No. 397. L. M. D.

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

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace;
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share:
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh, I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 398. L. M.

1 My op'ning eyes with rapture see
The dawn of Thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to Thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to Thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect Thy throne,
And reign sole Monarch in my breast.

3 Oh, bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to Thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of Thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

No. 399. MENDOTA. C. M.

1. What shall I ren - der to my God, For all His kind - ness shown?
2. A - mong the saints that fill Thine house, My off - 'ring shall be paid;
3. How hap - py all Thy ser-vants are! How great Thy grace to me!
4. Now I am Thine—for - ev - er Thine, Nor shall my pur - pose move;
5. Here in Thy courts I leave my vow, And Thy rich grace re - cord;

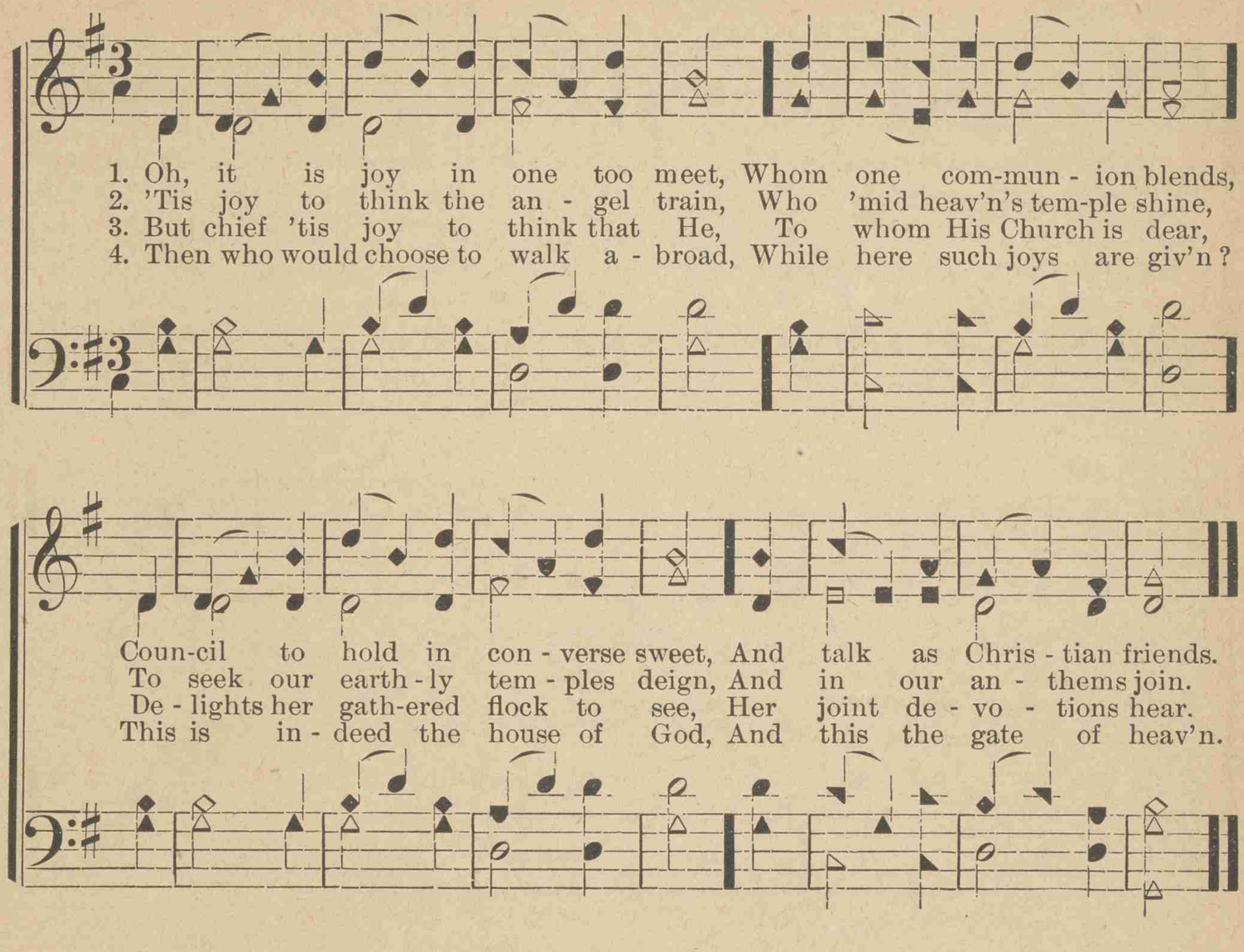
My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad - dress Thy throne.
There shall my zeal per - form the vows My soul in an - guish made.
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I de - vote to Thee.
Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain, And bound me with Thy love.
Wit - ness, ye saints, who hear me now, If I for - sake the Lord.

No. 400. ELKHART. C. M.

1. Thou dear Re-deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, We love to hear of Thee;
2. Oh, may we ev - er hear Thy voice, In mer - cy to us speak:
3. Our Sav - iour shall be still our theme, While in this world we stay,
4. When we ap-pear in yon - der cloud, With all the fav - ored throng,

No mu - sic's like Thy charm-ing name, Nor half so sweet can be.
And in our Priest we will re-joice, Thou great Mel-chis - a - dek.
We'll sing our Je - sus' love - ly name, When all things else de - cay.
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our song.

No. 401. PEORIA. C. M.



No. 402. C. M.

1 Whom have we, Lord, in heaven but Thee,
And whom on earth beside;
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as Thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

4 Yes, Thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

2 He is the head—each member lives,
And owns the vital power He gives,
The saints below and saints above,
Joined by His Spirit and His love.

3 He is the Vine—His heavenly root
Supplies each branch with life and fruit;
Oh! may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine.

4 He is the Rock—how firm He proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
But the sweet streams that from Him flow,
Attend us all the journey through.

5 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace;
What healing in His beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears!

6 Yet, faintly to us mortals here,
His glory, grace, and worth appear;
His beauties we shall clearly trace,
When we behold Him face to face.

No. 403. L. M.

1 Come worship at Emanuel's feet;
Behold in Him what wonders meet!
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, His glory, or His grace.

No. 404. GLORY TO HIS NAME! C. M.

WM. COWPER. Music and Refrain by S. J. PERRY.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sin - ners
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till all the
4. E'en since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Re - deem-ing

plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
ransomed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to His name! my soul is all a-flame! I've been cleansed by the blood of the Lamb! He freely took me in, and washed away each sin! I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 405. IT IS THE HOUR OF PRAYER. S. M.

J. L. HALE.



No. 406. A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE. S. M.

CHARLES WESLEY. J. MOORING YORK.



No. 407. 8s & 7s.

1 Come Thou Fount of every blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

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

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

No. 408. 7s.

1 Children of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared—
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

No. 409. 11s.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, Omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distresss.

5 "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.

6 "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER, forsake."

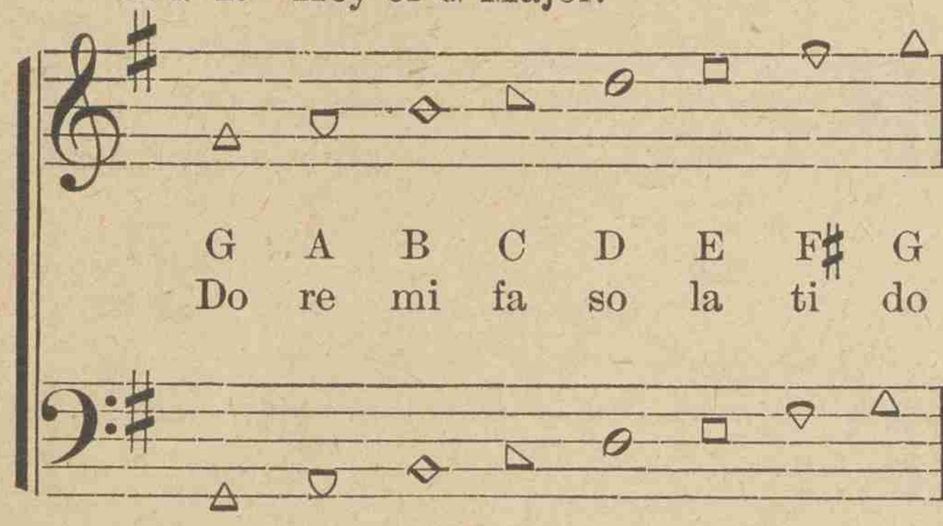
EXERCISES IN NOTATION.

Ex. 1. Key of C Major.

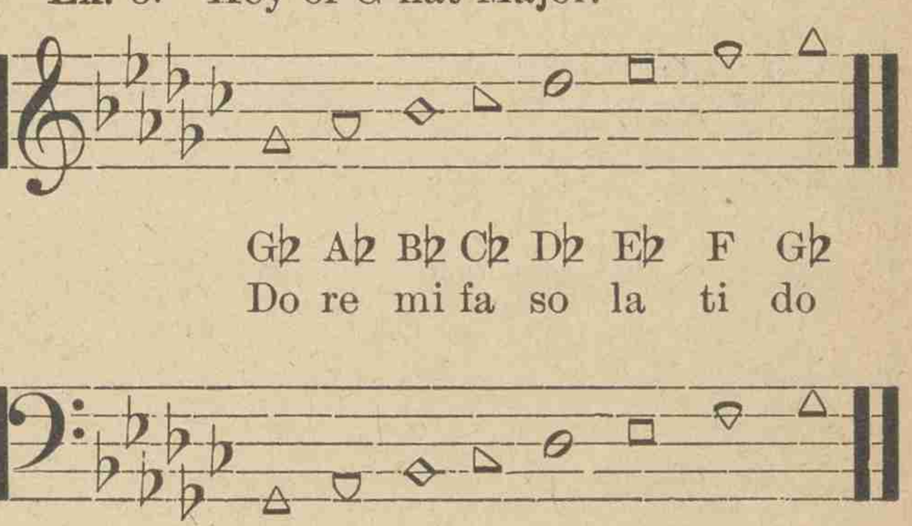
Diatonic Scale, ascending. Diatonic Scale, descending.



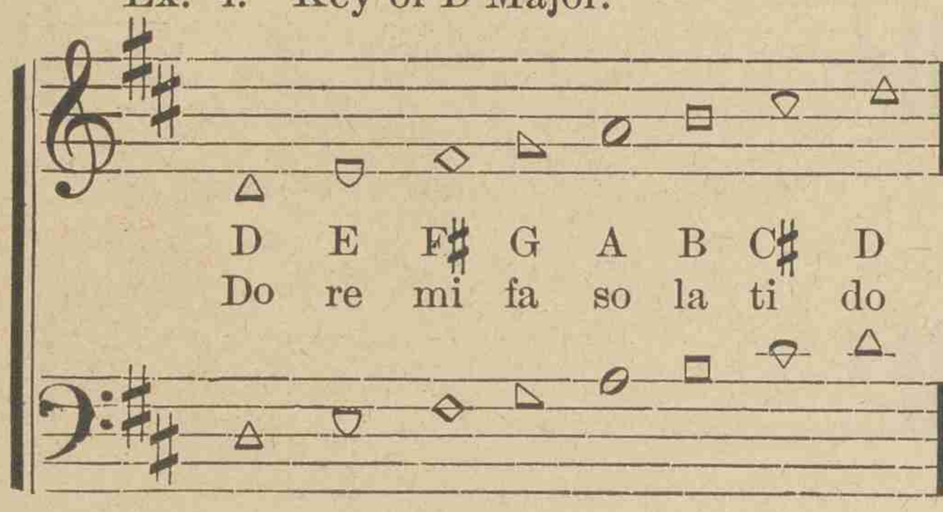
Ex. 2. Key of G Major.



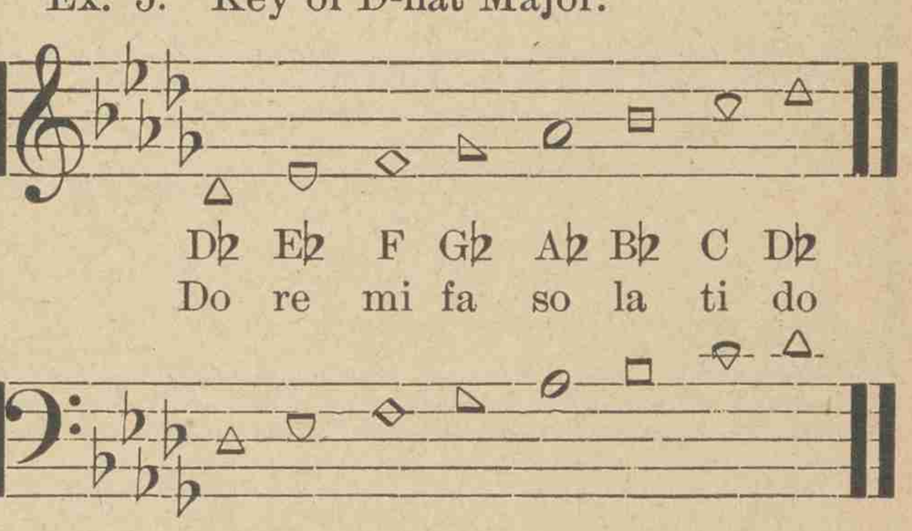
Ex. 3. Key of G-flat Major.



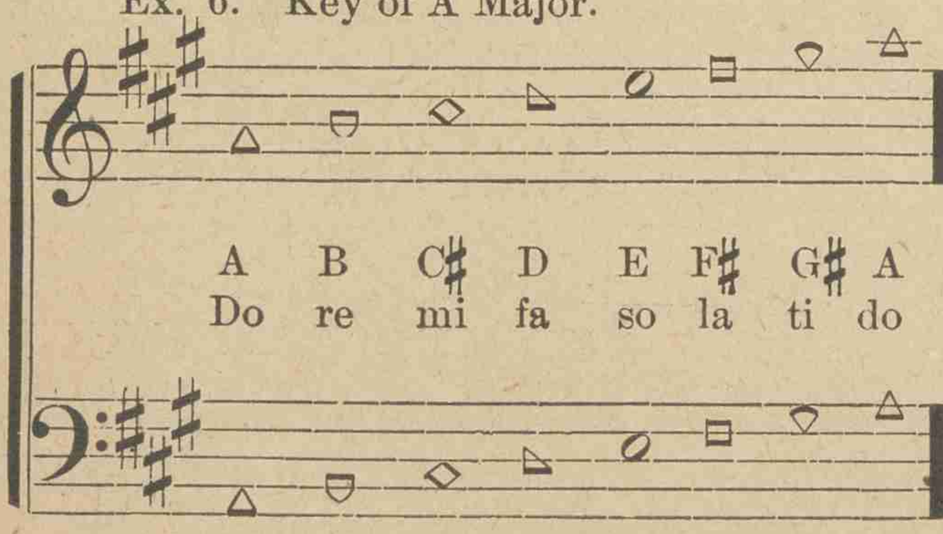
Ex. 4. Key of D Major.



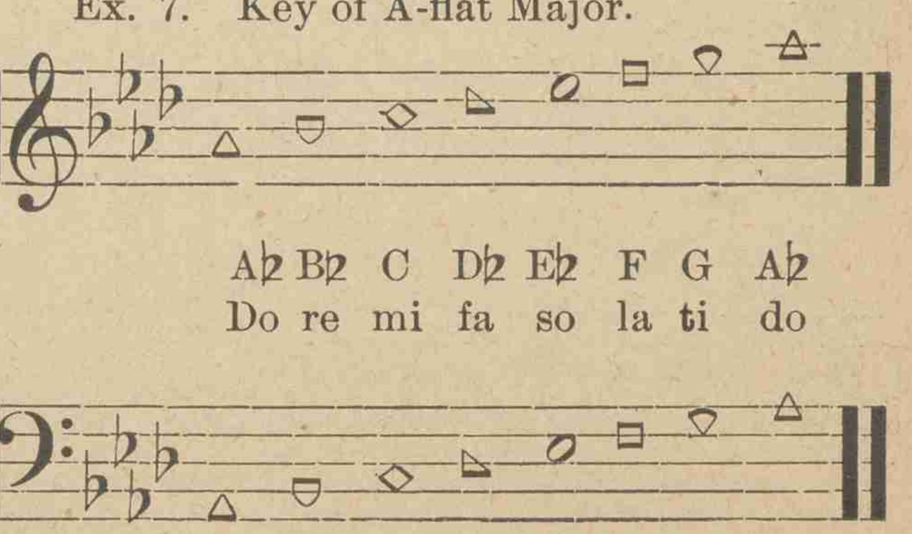
Ex. 5. Key of D-flat Major.



Ex. 6. Key of A Major.

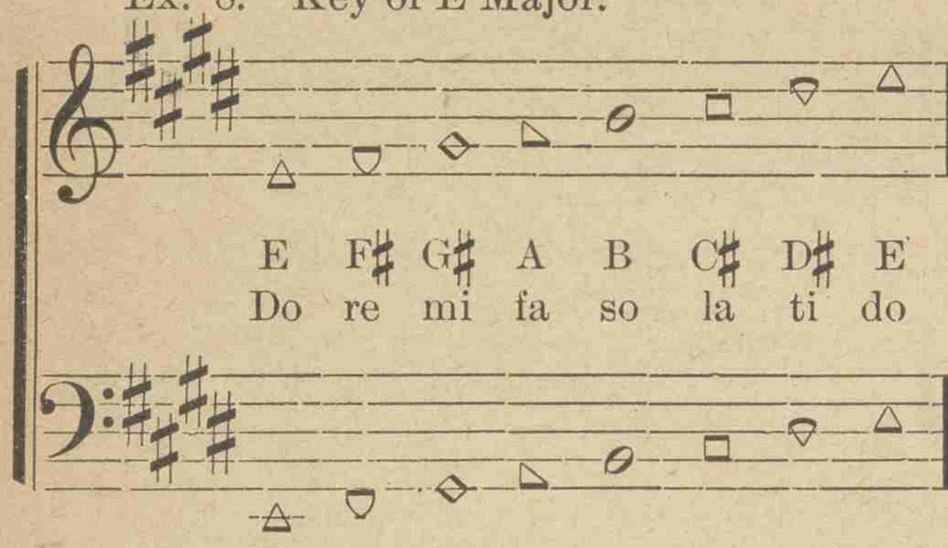


Ex. 7. Key of A-flat Major.

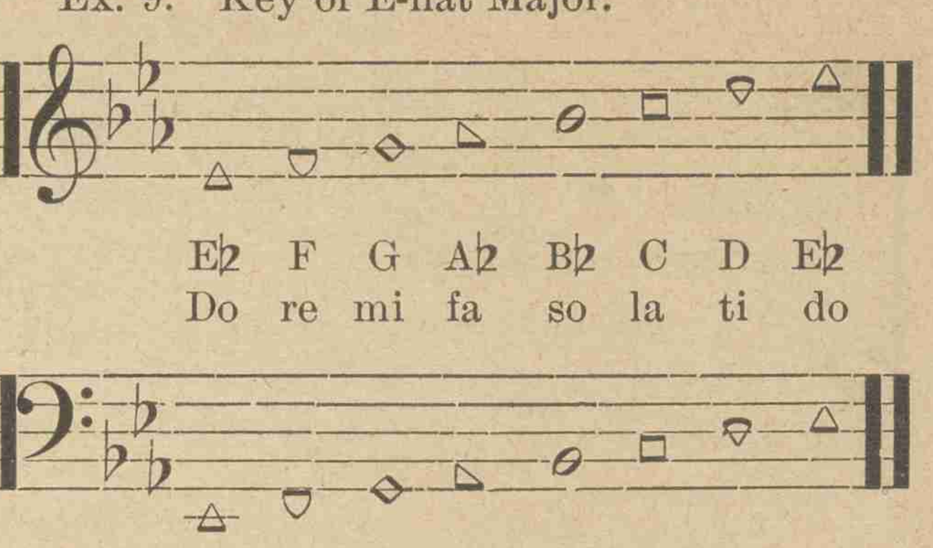


EXERCISES IN NOTATION.

Ex. 8. Key of E Major.



Ex. 9. Key of E-flat Major.



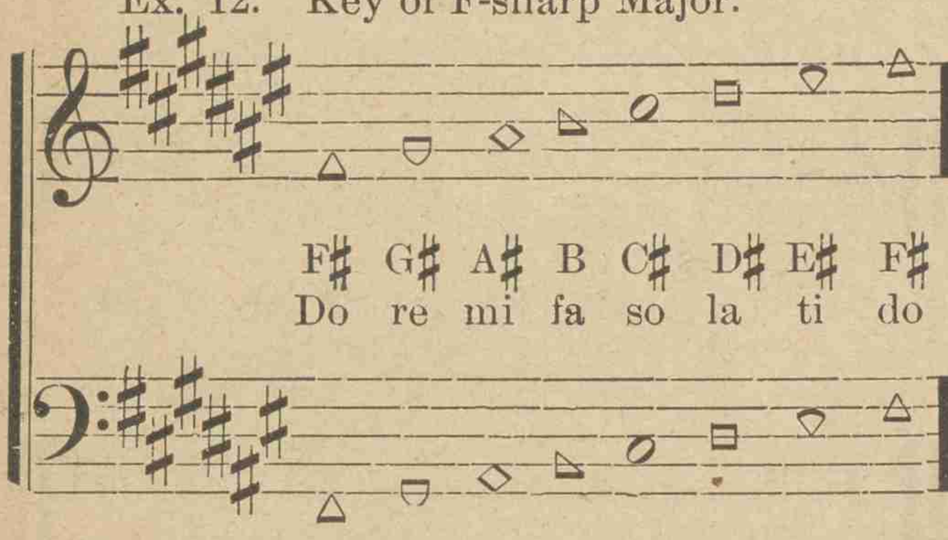
Ex. 10. Key of B Major.



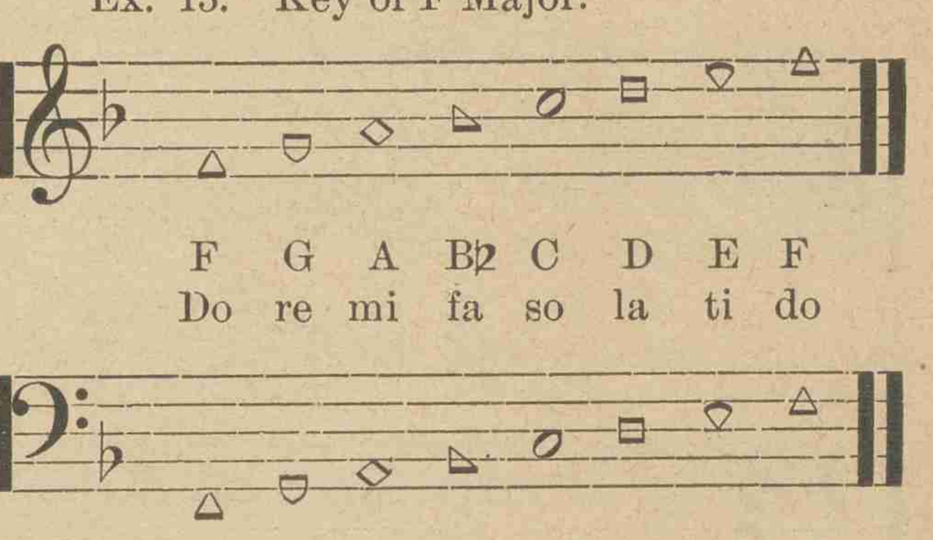
Ex. 11. Key of B-flat Major.



Ex. 12. Key of F-sharp Major.



Ex. 13. Key of F Major.

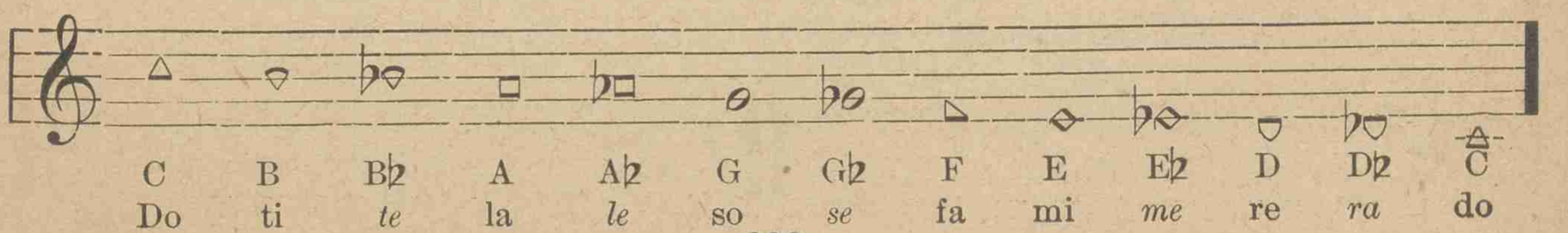


Ex. 14. Chromatic Scale. Key of C.

Ascending.

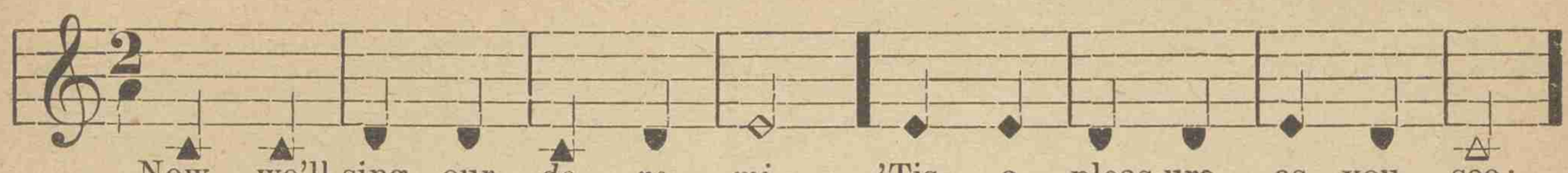


Descending.



EXERCISES IN NOTATION.

Ex. 15. Double measure. Quarter and Half notes. Measure, phrase, or broad, and close, bars.



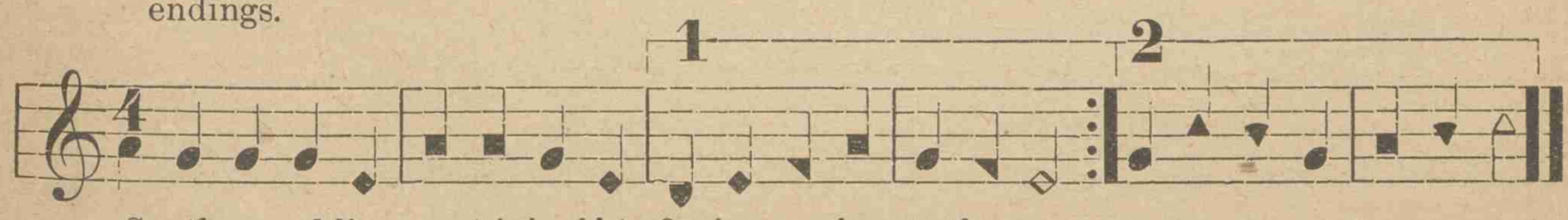
Ex. 16. Exercise for beating double measure. Motions of hand, *Down*, *Up*.



Ex. 17. Triple Measure. Chromatic tones. Dotted Half notes.



Ex. 18. Quadruple Measure. Motions of hand, *Down*, *left*, *right*, *up*. Repeat. 1st and 2d endings.



EXERCISES IN NOTATION.

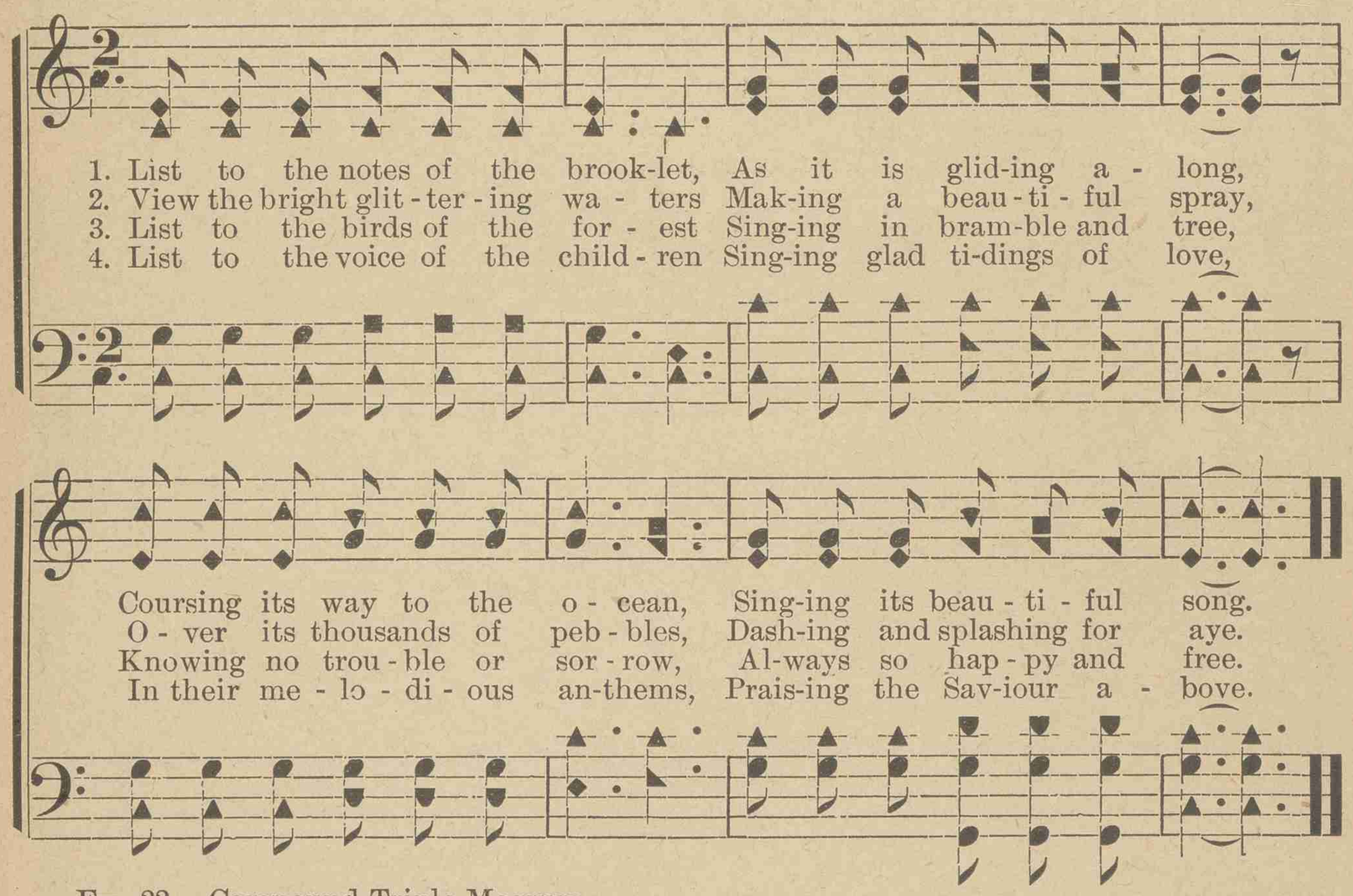
Ex. 19. Key of G. Dotted Quarter and Eighth notes.
May be used as a Duet.



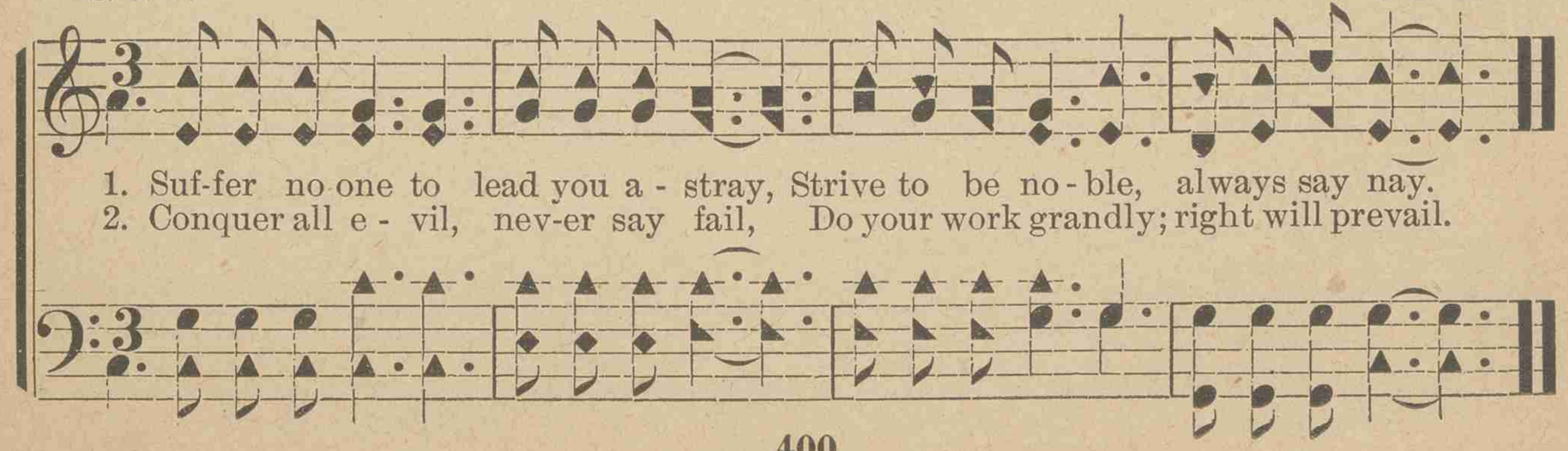
Ex. 20. Key of D. Dotted Eighth and Sixteenth notes. Slur, Tie, Quarter and Eighth rests.



Ex. 21. Compound Double Measure. S. J. P.



Ex. 22. Compound Triple Measure.
S. J. P. S. J. P.



Ex. 23. Compound Quadruple Measure.

S. J. P. S. J. P.

1. Val - leys, hills, and moun-tains, Man - tled in del - i - cate green,
2. Na - ture's book is o - pen; Stud - y its pag - es so fair,—

With their spark - ling foun - tains, Fur - nish a beau - ti - ful scene.
Treas - ures there a - bound - ing, Al - ways so rich and so rare.

Ex. 24. Moderato, or Andantino. Legato. Sing only the air, or Soprano, when using Organ. May be in D-flat.

m

Mi re do fa mi or *re me fi so*
so la ti do
La be do me ni po tu la be

mf *p*

ri do ti do ti la so so fa re do.
da me ni po tu la be da me ni po.

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