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SHAPED NOTES.

"My servants shall SING FOR JOY of heart."—Is. 65:14.

SINGING FOR JOY

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER, J. D. PATTON
and R. H. CORNELIUS.

PUBLISHED BY

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The SHOWALTER-PATTON CO., DALLAS, TEXAS.

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$

No. 1. SINGING ON THE WAY TO GLORY.

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

1. I've found the peace my heart has craved, Singing on the way to glo - ry;
2. He ev - er lives for me to plead, Singing on the way to glo - ry;
3. His precious blood has made me whole, Singing on the way to glo - ry;
4. My life is hid with Christ in God, Singing on the way to glo - ry;

My Lord has died and I am saved, Singing on the way to glo - ry.
His truth has made me free in - deed, Singing on the way to glo - ry.
No stain is now up - on my soul, Singing on the way to glo - ry.
I walk the path the saints have trod, Singing on the way to glo - ry.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah, joy di - vine! Round my heart His love doth twine,
For I am His and He is mine, Sing-ing on the way to glo - ry.

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No. 43. WALKING IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

Walking in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway;
Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way, Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way;
And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

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No. 80. 'NEATH THE SHADOW OF THY WING.

CHARLOTTE ARCHER RANEY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Con espressione.

1. When the shad - ows dark - ly gath - er 'Round my path - way here be - low,
2. Let me learn the bless - ed les - son, That be - hind the black-est sky
3. Rest - ing sweet - ly in Thy keep-ing, Fold - ed safe - ly in Thy love,

And the floods of sore af - flic - tion Threaten me to o - ver-flow;
The bright sun of love is shin - ing, And the clouds must soon roll by.
Where no e - vil can come near me, And no tri - als can me move;

Then, O Fa - ther, give me shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing,
May I know the sure, safe shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing,
When I creep in - to safe shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing,

rit.

Then, O Fa - ther, give me shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing.
May I know the sure, safe shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing.
When I creep in - to safe shel - ter 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing.

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SINGING FOR JOY

A NEW BOOK FOR

Sunday Schools, Singing Conventions, Normal Institutes, Young People's Meetings, Choirs and Congregations,

BY

A. J. Showalter, J. D. Patton and R. H. Cornelius.

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DALTON, GA.

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DALLAS, TEXAS.

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1902

Sing for Joy.

"Let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God: yea, let them exceedingly rejoice."—Psalm 68:3.

Be glad ye righteous, sing for joy,
  Ye children of the King;
Find in His praise your right employ.
  Let glad hosannas ring!
Extol His mighty works and ways,
  Show forth His tender love;
'Tis He who crowneth all your days
  With blessings from above.

'Twas He who formed the wondrous earth,
  "He spake and it was done;"
His hand hath led us from our birth,
  And will, till vict'ry's won;
The heavens with His glory shine,
  Each sparkling star he names,
The firmament His work divine
  With radiant smile proclaims

Above all gods, the Lord of lords,
  He dwells in majesty;
His praise the highest joy affords,
  To Him all praise shall be;
He yet shall bring the blessed time,
  (Haste, Lord, the welcome day,)
When ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime,
  Shall own His righteous sway

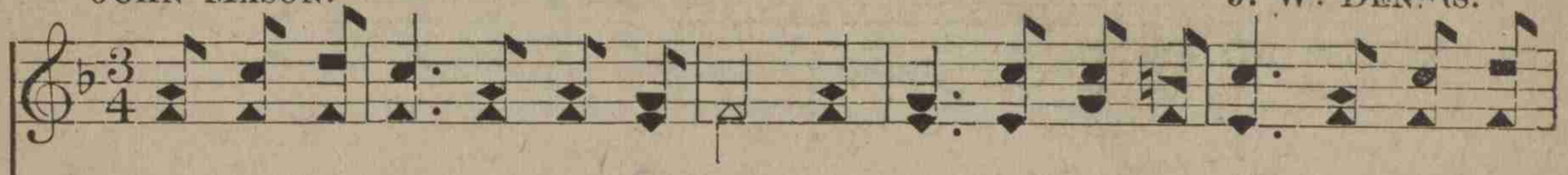
Morristown, Tenn., 1902.

Mrs. M. Hunter

SINGING FOR JOY.

No. 1. SINGING FOR JOY.

JOHN MASON. J. W. DENNIS.



1. I've found the pearl of great-est price, My heart doth sing for joy; And sing I
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King—A Proph-et full of light; My great High
3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings; He is the
4. Christ is my Peace; He died for me, For me He gave His blood; And as my



REFRAIN.



must, for Christ is mine, Christ shall my song employ. Christ Jesus is my All in All,
Priest be-fore the throne, My King of heav'nly might.
Son of righteousness, With heal-ing in His wings.
wondrous sac-ri - fice, Of-fered Himself to God.





My Comfort and my Love, My life be-low, and He shall be My Joy and Crown above



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No. 2. SUNLIGHT ON THE HILLS.

A. J. SHOWALTER. W. H. GILBERT.

1. There is sun-light on the hills to- day, Flooding all the earth with warmth and light,
2. Tho' the clouds of doubt may some-times rise, And the bil-lows on life's sea roll high,
3. So we glad-ly trust our God to- day, And re-joice in life and love and light;

And we all may find a - long life's way Bless-ed peace to make our path -way bright.
Yet a- bove them are the sun- lit skies, And the dark-est clouds will soon roll by.
With the Sav- iour in our hearts to stay, We have that sweet peace that makes all bright.

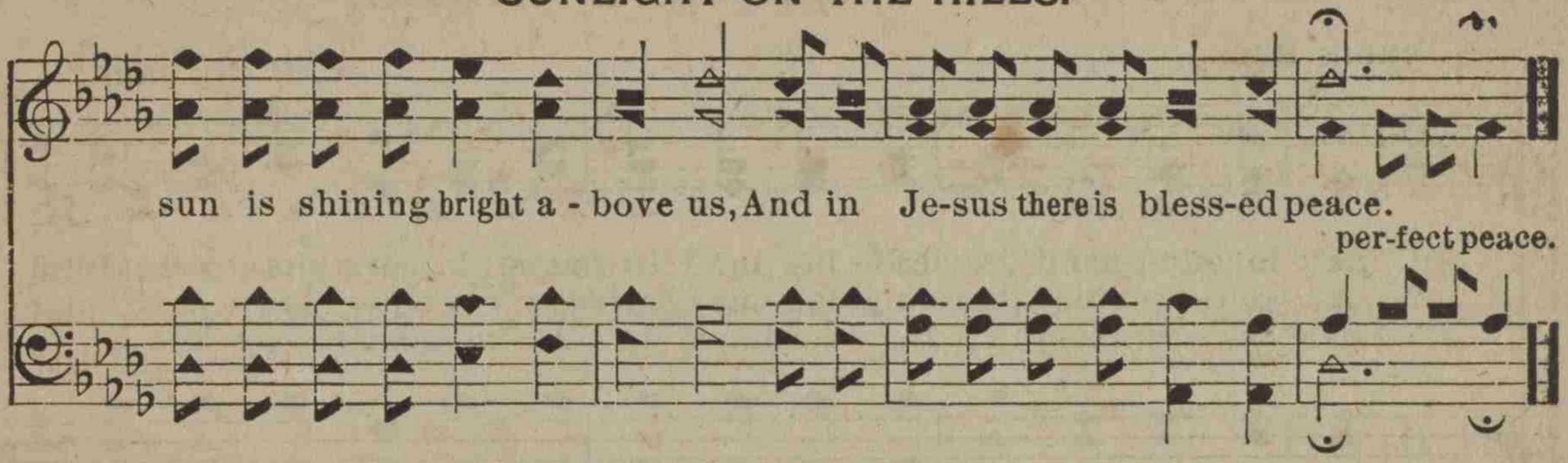
REFRAIN.

Per-fect peace . . . . . the Lord doth give, Mak - ing
Per - fect peace the Lord doth give, yes, per - fect peace He gives, Mak - ing

all . . . . . earth's storms to cease; For the
all earth's storms to cease, yes, mak - ing all its storms to cease;

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SUNLIGHT ON THE HILLS.



No. 3. PRECIOUS BLESSINGS.

"Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights." James 1: 17.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 4.

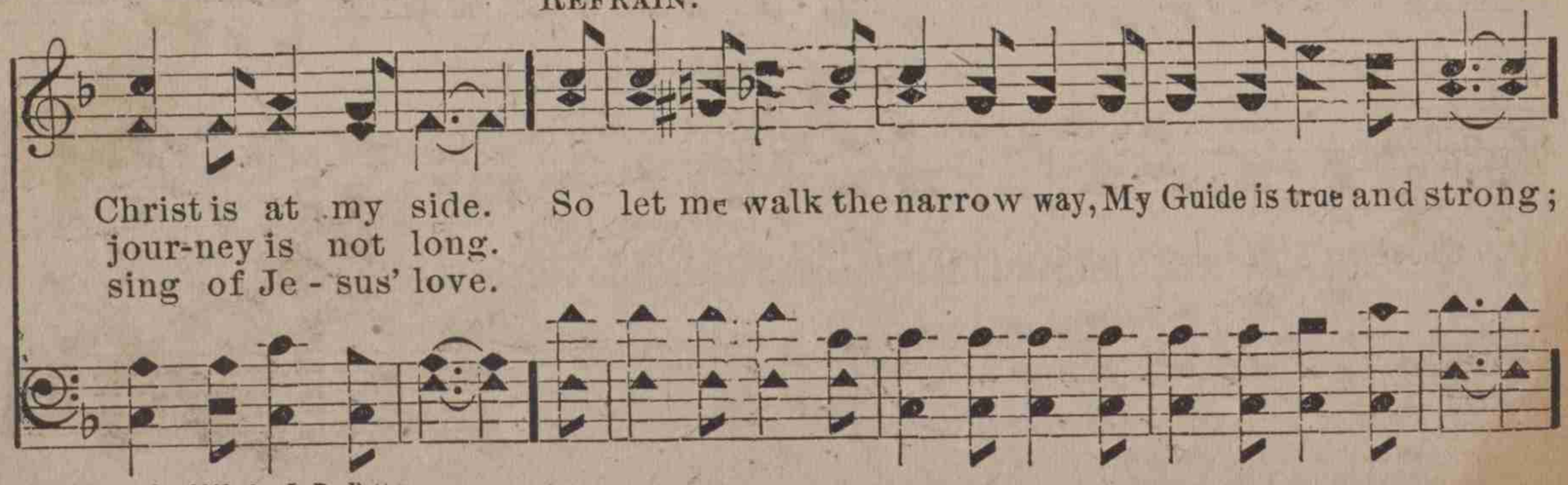
GUIDANCE.

Isa. 42: 16.

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.



REFRAIN.



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GUIDANCE.



No. 5. UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.

Psa. 17: 8.

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



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No. 6. REJOICING IN THE LORD.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. J. D. PATTON.

1. I love to think that Je - sus, My high and ho - ly King, (my King,)
2. I love to think He called me In - to His ser-vice sweet, (so sweet,)
3. I love to feel that al - ways, Wherev - er I may be, (may be,)
4. I love to hold com-mun - ion With Christ, my ho - ly Lord, (my Lord,)
5. I love to know that sometime, Thro' rich - es of His grace, (His grace,)

Deigns to ac - cept the trib - ute Of praise that I can bring.
And bids me un - to oth - ers His gra - cious words re - peat.
I still can claim His pres - ence, And say He lead - eth me. . .
To lean, in faith, up - on Him, And trust His bless - ed word.
I shall, with un - told rap - ture, Be - hold Him face to face. . .

REFRAIN.

My soul de - lights to praise Him, In Him will I re-joice; (rejoice;)
O sing sweet hal - le - lu - jahs, With grate - ful heart and voice!

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No. 7. KEEP CLOSE TO ME.

Dedicated to Rev. J. A. Francis, Pastor Second Ave. Baptist Church, N. Y. City.

BIRDIE BELL. R. H. CORNELIUS.



1. Keep close to Me, for dangers will beset thee, Temptations meet thy soul on ev - 'ry hand;
2. Keep close to Me, along this earthly journey, Lest from the narrow path thy footsteps stray;
3. Keep close to Me, I never will forsake thee, Tho' friends prove false and cherished hopes decay;



But strength sufficient for each day I'll give thee, Keep close to Me, and ev-'ry foe withstand.
The road that's broad will lead thee to de-struction, Keep close to Me, I'll lead thee day by day.
My changeless love sur-pass-es ev - 'ry oth- er, Keep close to Me, my loving voice obey.



REFRAIN.



Keep close to Me, when sunlight bathes the pathway, Keep close to Me, when dis-mal shadows come;



Slow.



Keep close to Me, in glad-ness or in sor-row, Just lean on Me, and I will guide thee home.



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No. 8.

BE A BLESSING.

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

1. Would you be a sunbeam filled with heaven's light, Shedding forth its beauty o- ver
2. Where the tears are falling and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel message that will
3. Just a cup of wa-ter for the Mas-ter's sake May sweet chords of music in some
4. If you fol-low Je-sus all a-long life's way, You will help to brighten ev'ry

1. Would you be a sun-beam filled with heaven's light, Shedding forth its beauty

scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin, and woe, Try to be a
make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some lov- ing deed, Try to be a
bo - som wake; Seek to help some pilgrim toward the gold-en land, Try to be a
hour and day: Would you shine in glo-ry brighter than the sun? Try to be a

over scenes of night? In this world of sor-row, sickness, sin, and woe, Try to be a

REFRAIN.

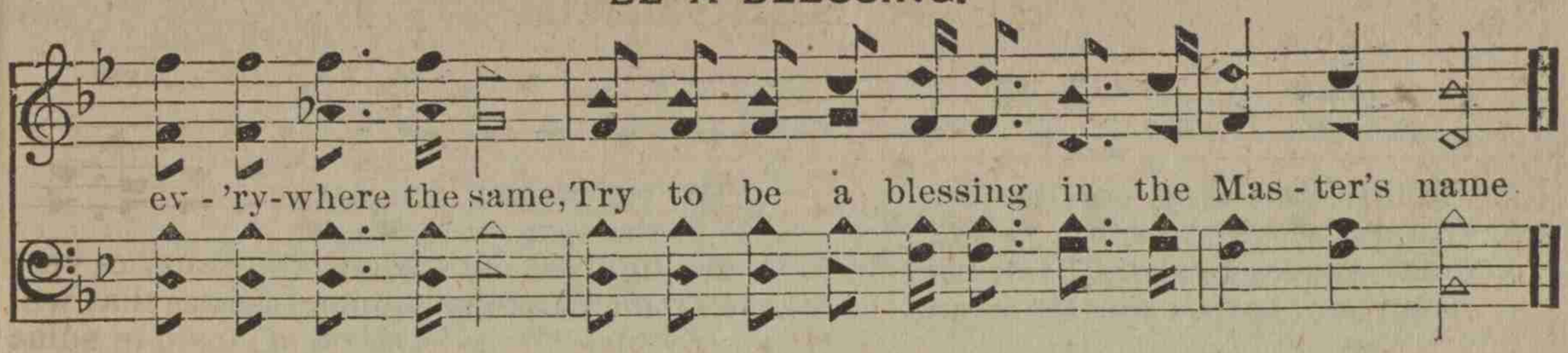
blessing ev- 'rywhere you go. Be a blessing on life's wea - ry mile,
blessing in the time of need.
blessing, both with voice and hand.
blessing till your work is done.

blessing ev'ry-where you go. Be a cheerful blessing on life's weary mile,

Be a blessing with a word or smile, Be a bless-ing,
Be a sunny bless-ing with a word or smile, Be a constant blessing,

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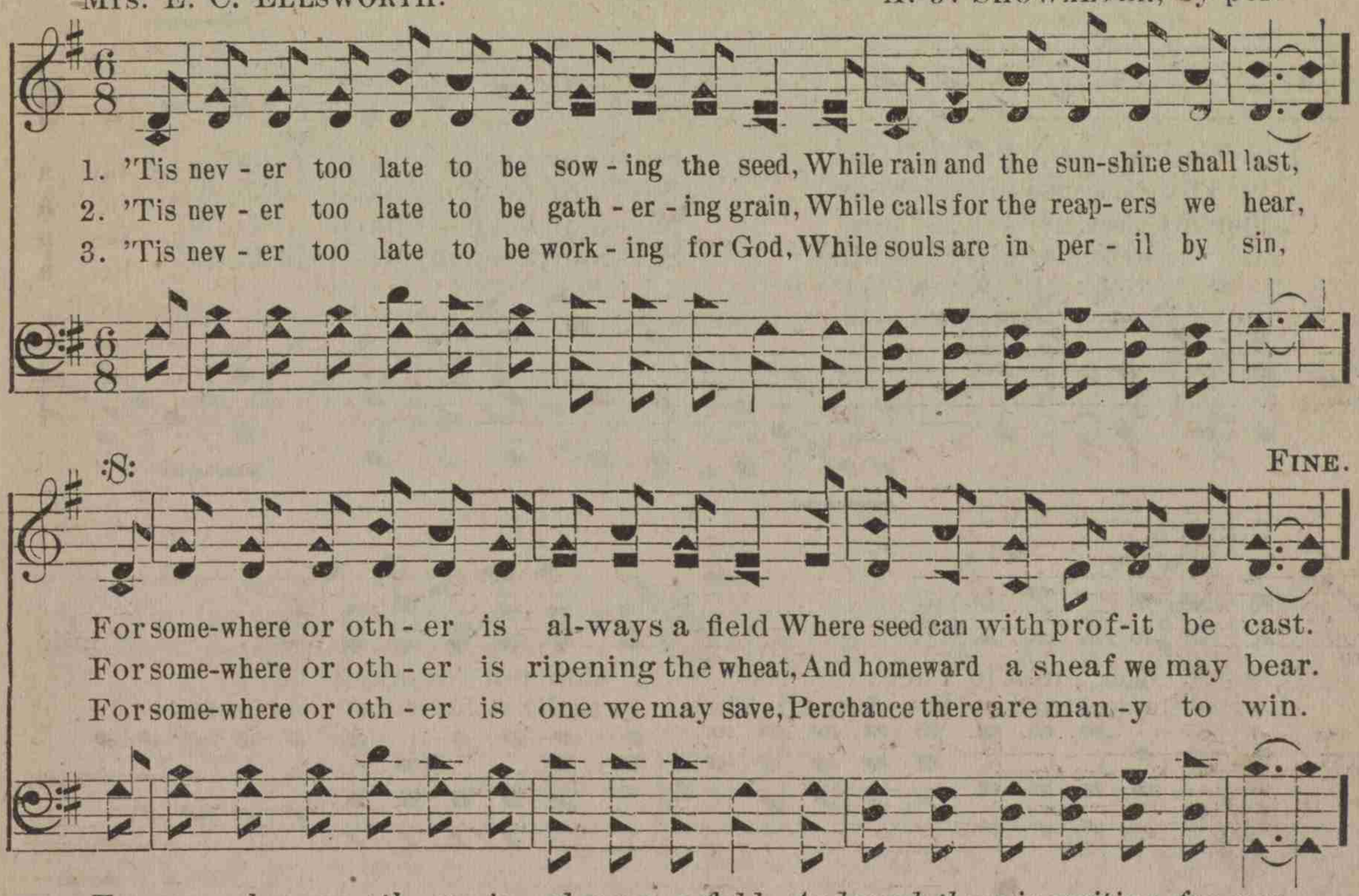
BE A BLESSING.



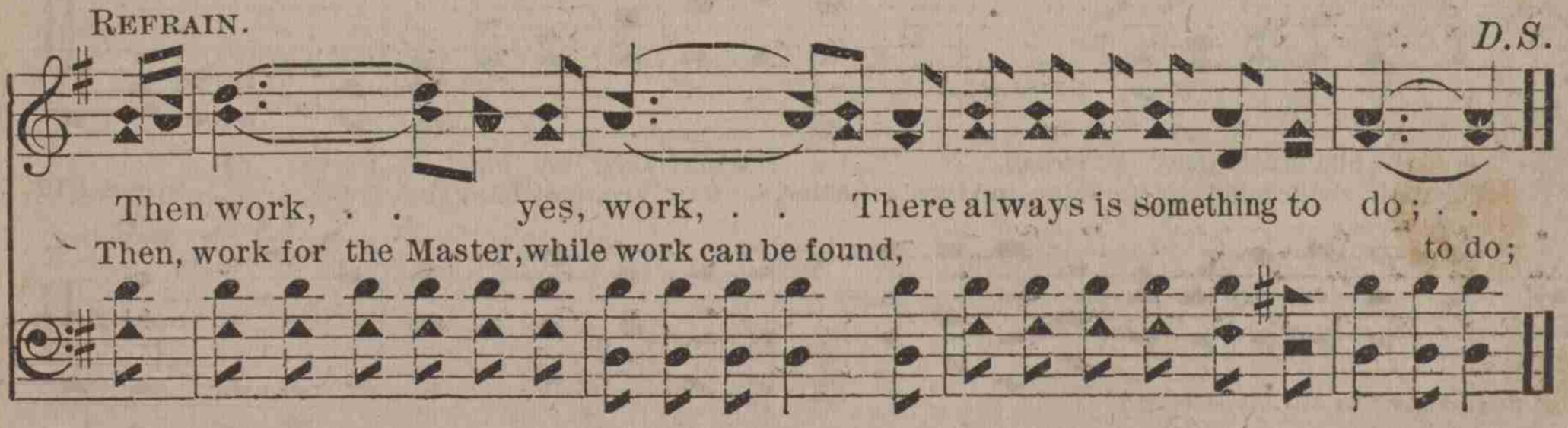
No. 9. WORK FOR THE MASTER.

"Go work to-day in my vine-yard."—MATT. 21: 28.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



REFRAIN. D.S.



No. 10. SAVIOUR, KEEP MY HAND IN THINE.

E. E. HEWITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. 'Mid life's pleasure, 'mid its care, To the throne I lift my pray'r;
2. Clouds may veil the sun- ny sky, Win-t'ry storms come sweeping by,
3. Make me earn-est, faithful, true, As my dai - ly work I do;
4. Help me bat-tle for the right, Be my shield, my saving might,

Lead me onward, Friend divine, Sav-iour, keep my hand in Thine.
Let Thy changeless love be mine, Sav-iour, keep my hand in Thine.
Choose my place, my task as-sign, Sav-iour, keep my hand in Thine.
Till the heav'nly glo-ries shine, Sav-iour, keep my hand in Thine.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed Guide, I trust in Thee; I shall not forsaken be;
Blessed Guide, I trust in Thee, I trust in Thee; I shall not for-sak-en be, for-sak-en be;

Thro' the shade and thro' the shine, Saviour, keep my hand in Thine.
Thro' the shade and thro' the shine, and thro' the shine, Saviour, keep my hand in Thine, my hand in Thine.

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No. 11. UNTO THE HILLS.

Psa. 121: 1, 2.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. Jas. A. Francis, Pastor of the Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.

1. I will lift up mine eyes to the beautiful hills, When sorrows my spirit as-sail,
2. I will lift up mine eyes to the beau-tiful hills, From thence comes the help which I need,
3. I will lift up mine eyes to the beautiful hills, Be-yond is a land yet unseen,

And the tho't of the Lord all anxi - e -ty stills, My helper who never will fail.
And the peace which He promised my sad spirit fills, The pray'r of my soul He will heed.
But the tho't of its rap-ture my whole being thrills, Yet dark are the shadows be-tween.

REFRAIN.

Beau- ti - ful hills! Heav-en- ly hills! Clad in a beau- ty no tongue can declare;
Shadows may rise, yet I lift up mine eyes, For the help of my spir-it is there.

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No. 12. WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE?

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

Jos. W. Ellis. J. D. Patton.

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

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

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

Fine.

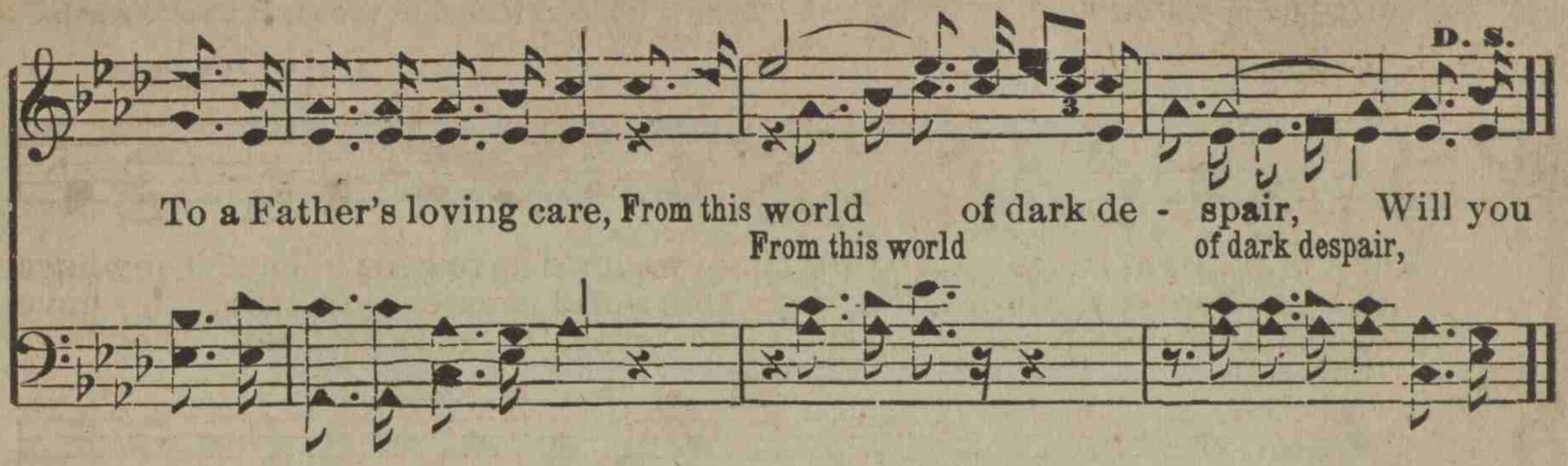
D. S. *meet them, sure-ly meet them, meet them there?*

REFRAIN.

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

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WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE? Concluded.



No. 13. DO YOU TRUST HIM?

BIRDIE BELL. J. S. HENDRICKS.



REFRAIN.



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No. 14. TILL HE COME.

E. H. Bickersteth. R. H. Cornelius.

1. "Till He come!" O let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords; Let the lit-tle while be-
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove, Hush! be ev-'ry mur-mur
3. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread, Sweet memorials, till the

tween In their gold-en light be seen. Let us think . . . how heav'n and
dumb, It is on-ly "Till He come!"
Lord Calls us round His heav'nly board. Let us think how heav'n and home, Let us

home Lie be-yond . . . that "Till He come!" Let us
think how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!" Lie beyond that "Till He come!" Let us

think . . . how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"
think how heav'n and home, Let us think how heav'n and home "Till He come!"

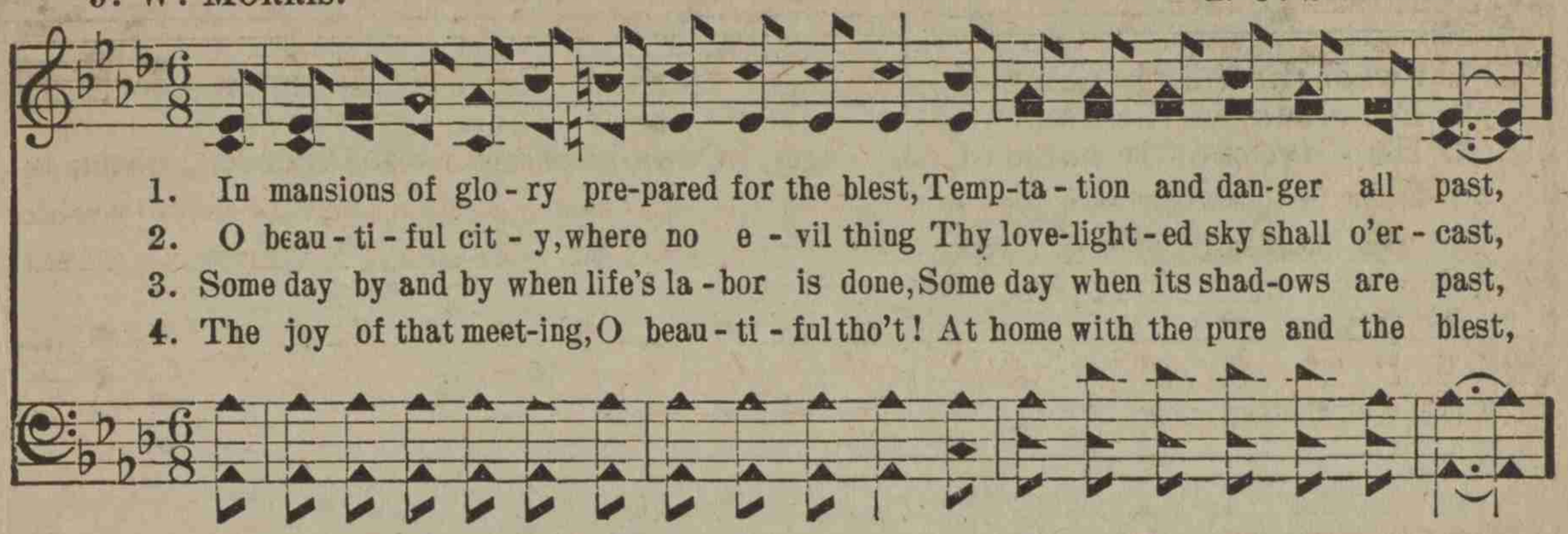
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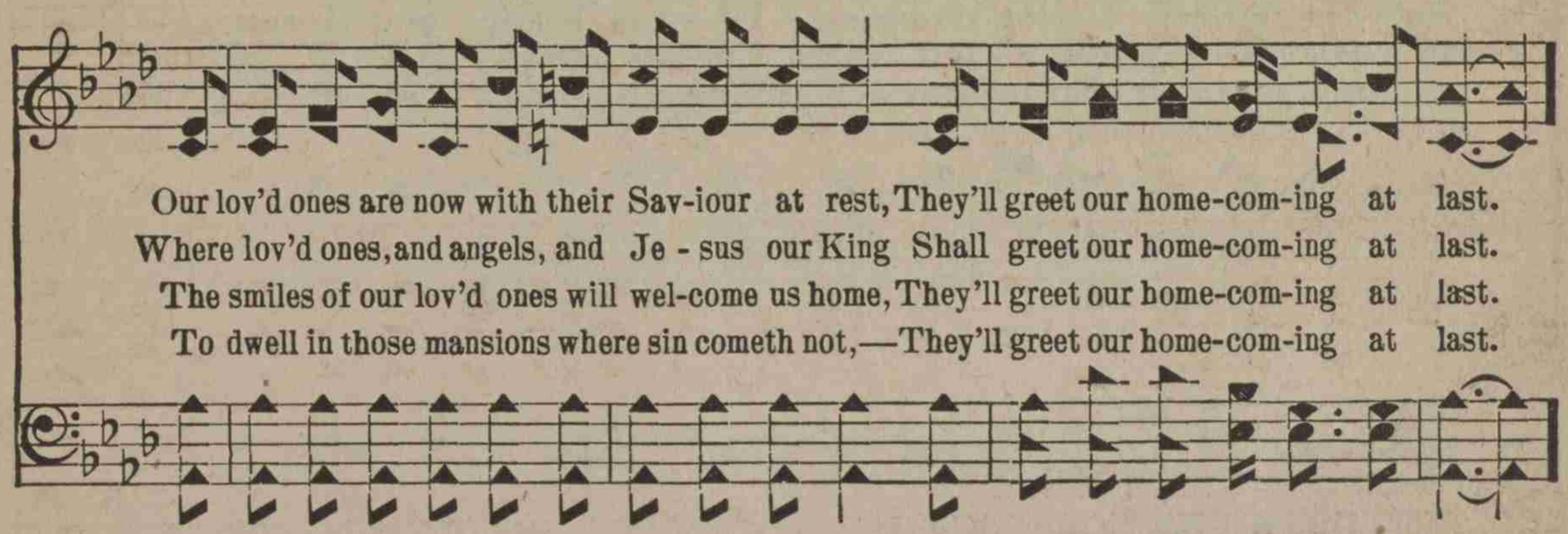
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No. 15. THEY'LL GREET OUR HOME-COMING.

In memory of Harry Olson, who died March 26, 1900.

J. W. MORRIS. I. O. SHERROD.





REFRAIN.

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No. 16. THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

J. M. Bowman. Miss Mary Weldon.

1. Sweet the ho - ly name of Je - sus, Her-ald forth His glo-ries far!
2. Pre-cious is the name of Je - sus, Dear-er than earth's truest friend,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly name of Je - sus, Coun-sel - lor, Re-deem-er, King,

He's the fair-est of ten thousand, He's the bright and Morning Star.
In His love I'm e'er a - bid - ing, To His ways will I at - tend.
He my soul will bear to heav - en, Where His prais - es I will sing.

Sit - ting on His throne of glo - ry, Pleading there for you and me,
He's the "Lil - y of the Val - ley," "Rose of Sha - ron," Christ the Lamb,
Soon He'll come with might and power, Sin's long reign will then be o'er,

O I love to tell the sto - ry How He bought and made me free.
He will free me from all sor - row, He will take me as I am.
With my bless-ed, lov - ing Sav - iour I shall live for ev - er - more.

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THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

When I think..... of how they scorn'd Him,
When I think how they scorn'd Him,

How they nailed..... Him to the tree,.....
How they nailed the cru - el tree,

O it makes..... me fear and trem-ble,....
O it makes fear and trem-ble,

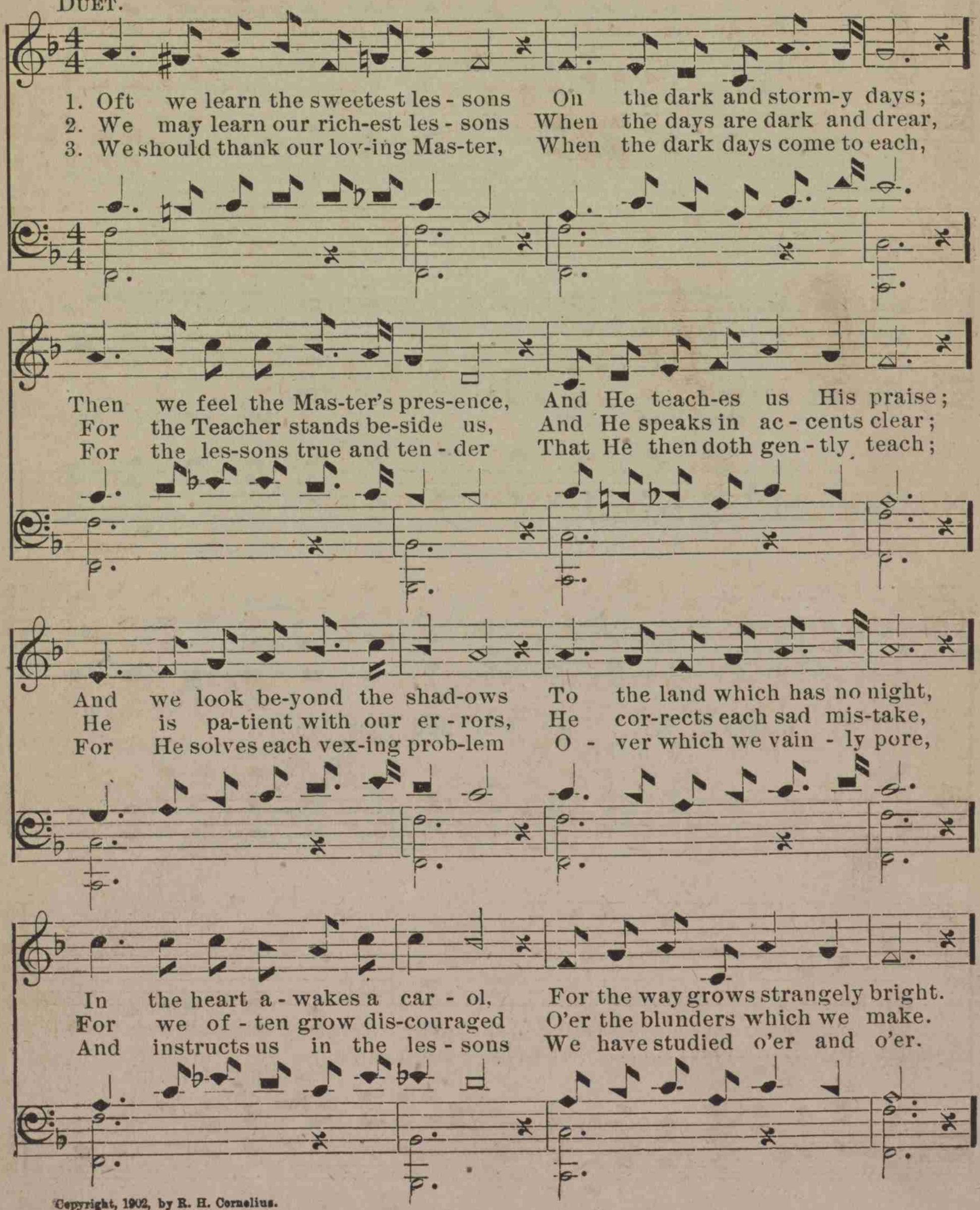
That my Lord..... was slain for me.
That my Lord was slain for me.

No. 17. LESSONS OF THE DARK DAYS.

Suggested by a sentence in a prayer-meeting talk of Rev. J. A. Francis, Pastor Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York City :—" God teaches us more on our dark days than on our bright days. The deepest, sweetest, richest lessons are learned on our dark days."

BIRDIE BELL. R. H. CORNELIUS.

DUET.



Copyright, 1902, by R. H. Cornelius.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is our lov-ing teach-er, Ev - er patient, ev-er kind, (ever kind),
Je - sus is our loving Teacher, Ev - er patient, ever kind,

And the sweetest, richest les - sons On the darkest days we find.
And the sweetest, rich - est lessons, richest lessons

No. 18. WEARY OF EARTH.

REV. SAMUEL J. STONE. JAMES LANGRAN.

1. Wea-ry of earth and laden with my sin, I look to heav'n and long to en-ter in;
2. The while I fain would tread the heav'nly way, E - vil is ev - er with me day by day;
3. Cease, restless will! thy lonely strife resign! I know too well how little strength is mine;

But there no e - vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall, "Repent, return, thou shalt be loose from all."
Grant me, dear Lord, Thy saving love to see; I strive no more, I give myself to Thee.

No. 19. PLEADING FOR THE CRUMBS.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. D. Patton.

1. Like Laz - a - rus, with faint - ing heart, My feet all torn and sore,
2. My faith is weak; from day to day More grace to me re - store;
3. My feet have fal - ter'd in the way Life's de - vious path-way o'er,
4. Thy good-ness and Thy love to me I con - stant - ly a - dore,

I plead for but the crumbs, dear Lord, And ask of Thee no more.
Con - tent with on - ly crumbs, dear Lord, I will not plead for more.
And while I have the crumbs, dear Lord, I will not plead for more.
And ask for but the crumbs, dear Lord, To feed me ev - er - more.

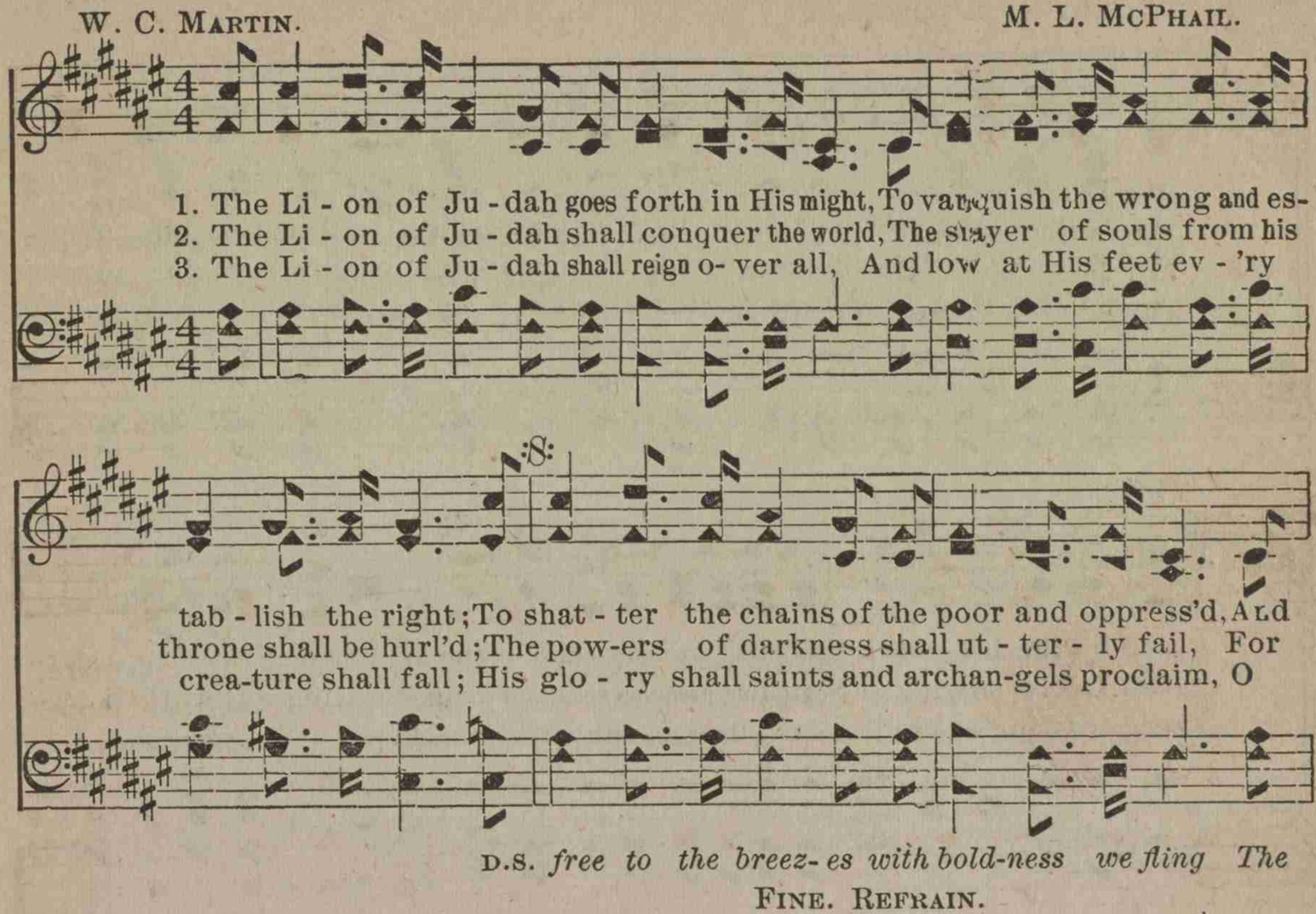
Refrain.

As I am a - ble I will serve, . . Till toils of life are o'er;
I will serve,
I plead for but the crumbs, dear Lord, For I de - serve no more.

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No. 20. THE CONQUERING LION OF JUDAH.

W. C. MARTIN. M. L. MCPHAIL.



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No. 21. SCATTERING PRECIOUS SEED.

W. A. OGDEN. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter - ing precious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter - ing precious
2. Scat-ter - ing precious seed for the grow- ing, Scat-ter - ing precious
3. Scat-ter - ing precious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter - ing precious

seed by the hill-side; Scattering precious seed o'er the field, wide, Scattering precious
seed, freely sowing; Scattering precious seed, trusting, knowing, Surely the Lord will
seed, trusting ev-er; Sowing the word with pray'r and endeavor, Trusting the Lord for

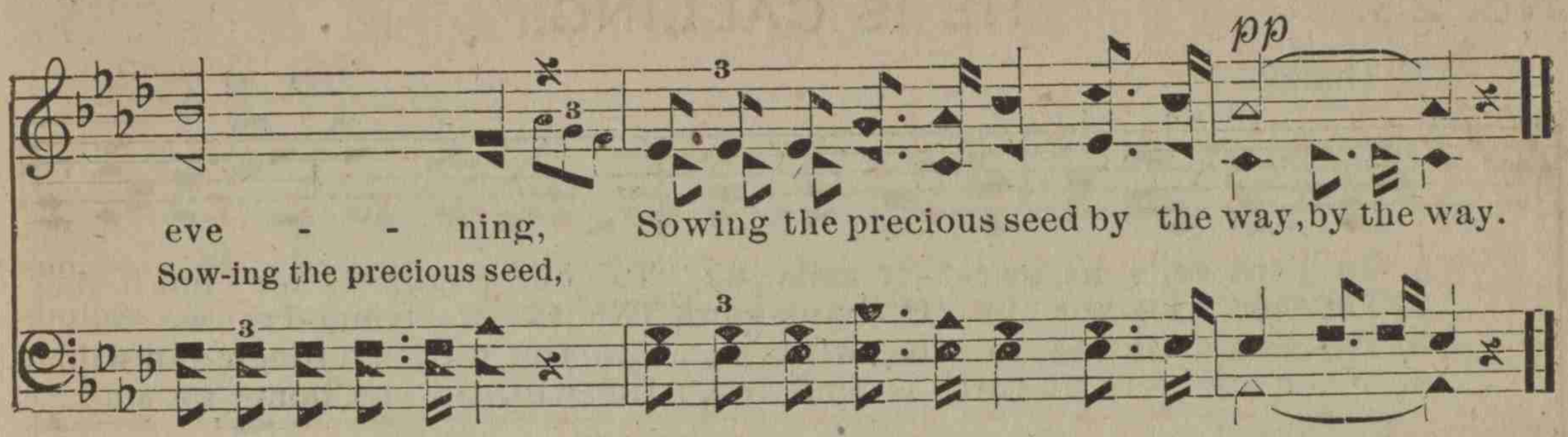
REFRAIN.

seed by the way. Sow - - ing in the morn - - ing,
send it the rain.
growth and for yield.

Sow-ing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed,

Sow - ing at the noon - tide; Sow - ing in the
Sowing the seed at noontide, Sowing the precious seed; Sowing the precious seed,

* * * of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.



No. 22. HEAR THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL. J. D. PATTON.

Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton.

No. 23. HE IS CALLING.

L. E. GREEN. A. H. COOK.

1. Je - sus calls us, sweet - ly calls us To our bright e - ter - nal home;
2. Let us la - bor in His vine-yard, Till the wel-come day we see;
3. He has promised to be with us, Tho' the way be rough and wild,
4. When our work on earth is end - ed, He will call us home to stay;

Soon our toil - ing will be end - ed, And with an - gels we will roam.
One by one His voice will call us, And in heav - en we shall be.
So we'll hold His hand and trust Him Like a faith - ful, lov - ing child.
Rich re-wards for us are wait - ing In the nev - er end - ing day.

REFRAIN,

He is call - ing, sweet - ly call - ing, Hear His lov - ing voice to - day;

He is call - ing us to heav - en, To the nev - er end - ing day.

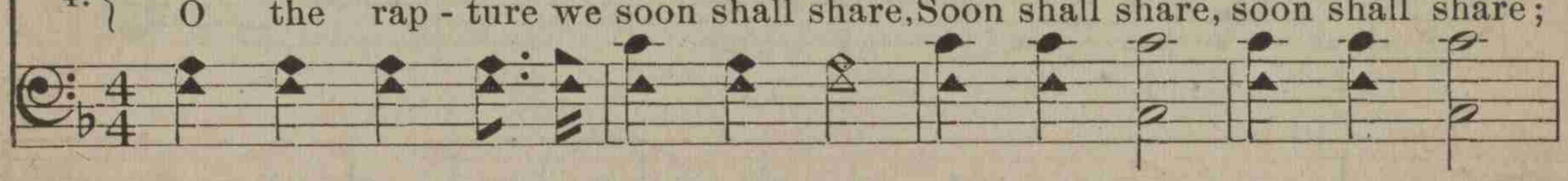
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No. 24. ALL WILL BE GLORY, BY AND BY.

LYDIA N. WILLIAMS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. By and by we'll be gath - ered home, Gath - ered home, gath - ered home;
   Shel - tered there we shall no more roam, No more roam, no more roam;
2. By and by we shall cross the tide, Cross the tide, cross the tide;
   Thro' His grace we'll be glo - ri - fied, Glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied;
3. Meet - ing there at the riv - er's brink, Riv - er's brink, riv - er's brink;
   May there be not a miss - ing link, Miss - ing link, miss - ing link;
4. O the joy when we meet up there, Meet up there, meet up there;
   O the rap - ture we soon shall share, Soon shall share, soon shall share;





By and by we'll be gathered home To the pal-ace of the King.
Shel - ter'd there we shall no more roam, While im-mortal love we sing.
By and by we shall cross the tide To the ha-ven of the blest.
Thro' His grace we'll be glo - ri - fied, In the peaceful land of rest.
Meet - ing there at the riv - er's brink, We shall en - ter joys a - bove.
May there be not a miss - ing link In the jeweled chain of love.
O the joy when me meet up there On the hap-py Gold - en shore.
O the rap - ture we soon shall share With the loved ones gone be-fore!



REFRAIN.



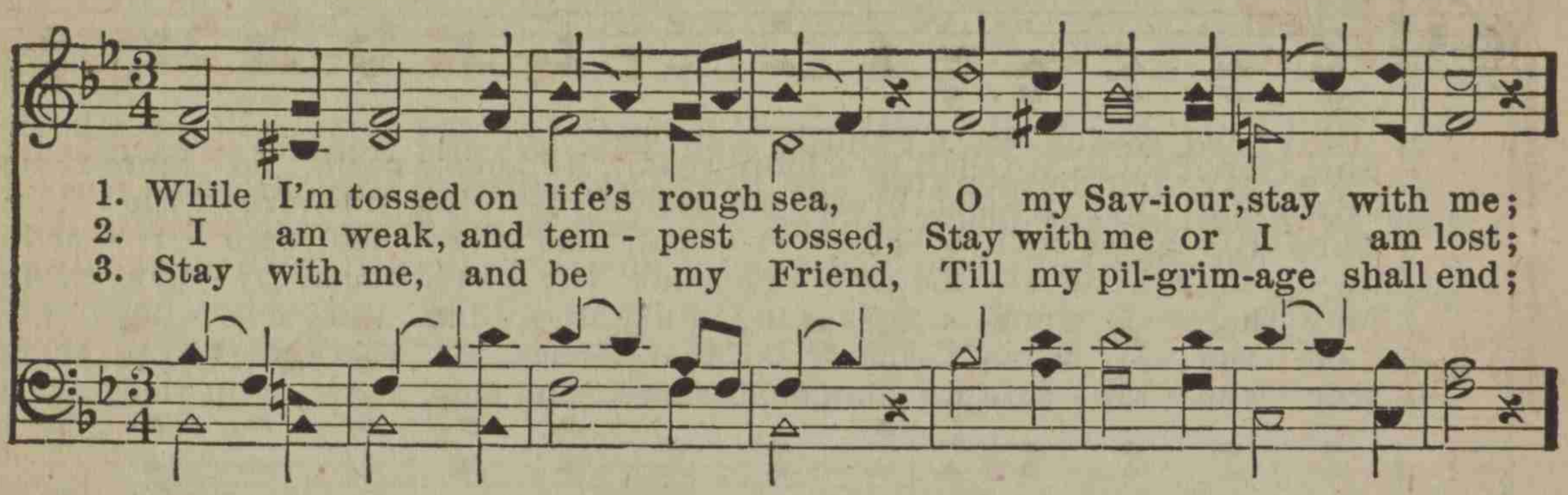
We shall meet in the bright to-mor- row, God shall wipe ev-'ry tear- ful eye;

No more sigh- ing, and no more sor-row, All will be glo-ry, by and by.

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No. 25. SAVIOUR, STAY WITH ME.

DAVIS A. THREADGILL. J. D. PATTON.





REFRAIN.



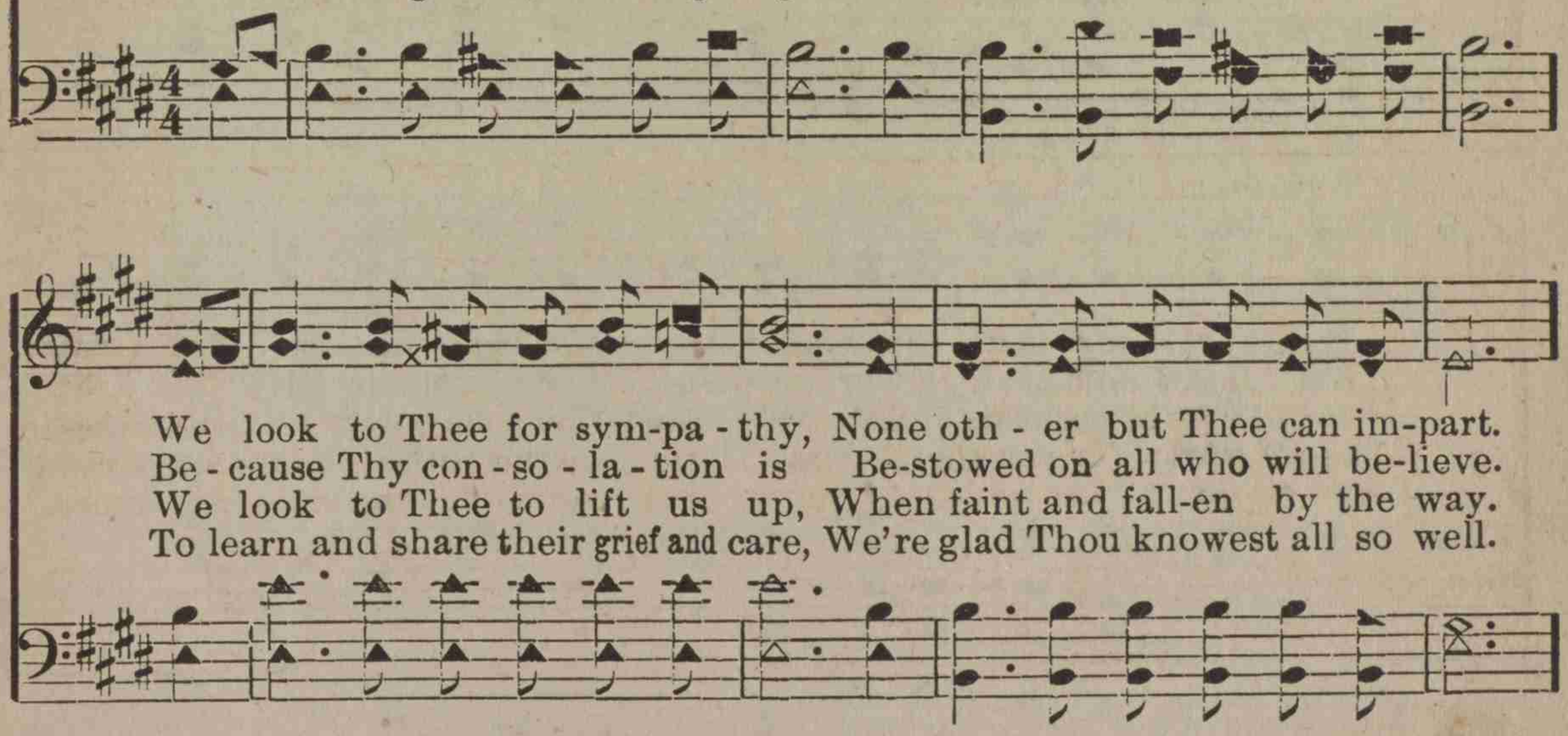
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No. 26. CASTING ALL YOUR CARE ON HIM.

MRS. GEORGE HARRINGTON. T. T. BARRINGER.

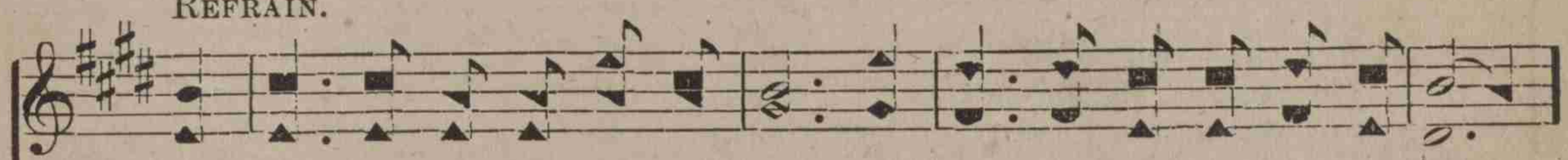


1. Dear Lord, because Thou knowest well The se - cret troubles of each heart,
2. We lay our burdens at Thy feet, Thy will - ing love our griefs receive;
3. Dear Lord, because Thou knowest well Our need of Thee each passsing day,
4. O lov - ing Lord, who long a - go Came down to earth with men to dwell,

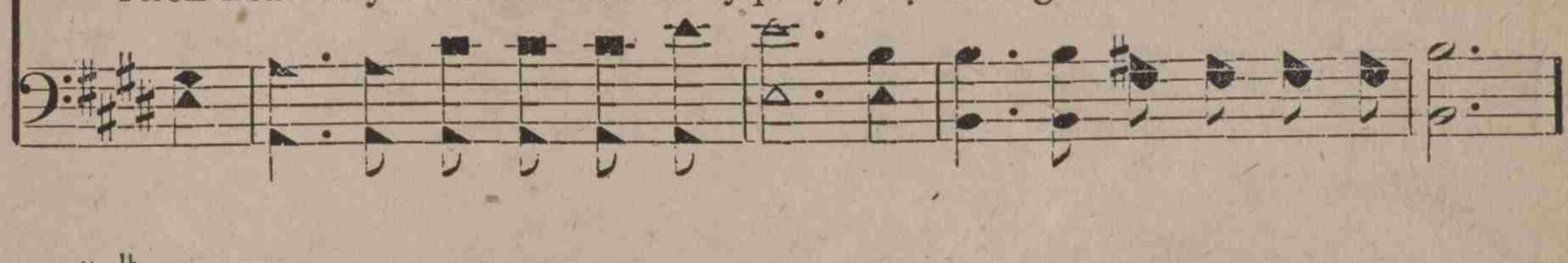


We look to Thee for sym-pa - thy, None oth - er but Thee can im-part.
Be - cause Thy con - so - la - tion is Be-stowed on all who will be-lieve.
We look to Thee to lift us up, When faint and fall-en by the way.
To learn and share their grief and care, We're glad Thou knowest all so well.

REFRAIN.



Then hear Thy children when they pray, Thy loving arms around them throw,





Nor let them hide ought in their pride, Because Thou dost al-read - y know.



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No. 27. LET YOUR COLORS WAVE.

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

1. The blood-stained banner of the cross Has nev - er met de - feat,
2. How of - ten here up-on life's way We talk of world - ly things,
3. Tell sin - ners they need not despair, For Je - sus died for all;
4. Un - til the world from sin is free, There's la - bor to be done,

Its ar - my nev - er suf - fers loss, Nor hears the word re - treat;
But sel - dom have a word to say For Christ, the King of kings,
He al - ways hears and answers pray'r, When sin - ners on Him call;
There's work for you, there's work for me, There's work for ev - 'ry one.

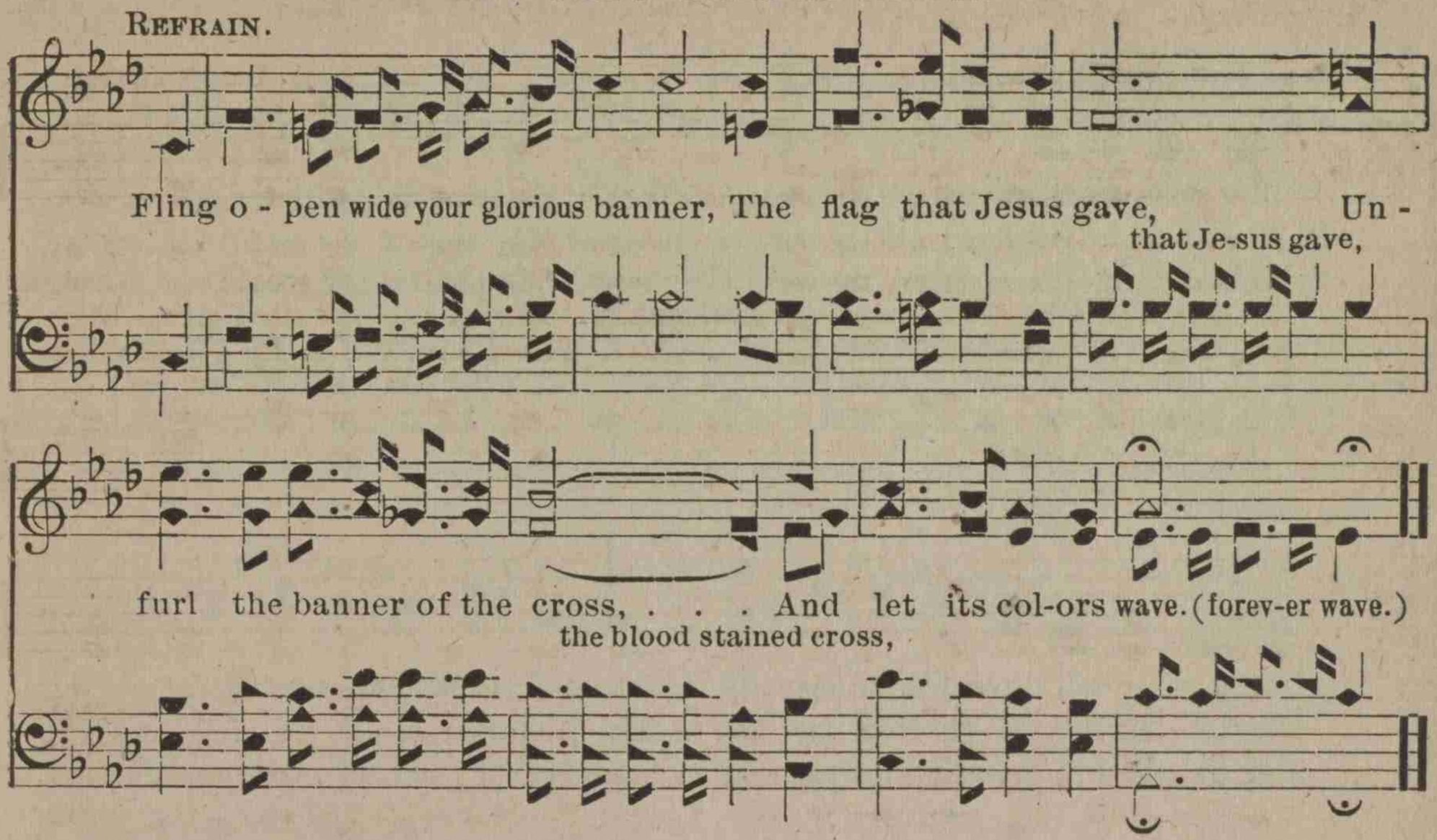
Then al - ways let it be un-furled, Ye sol - diers true and brave,
Go tell the news that on the tree He died the world to save,
For when they asked Him long a - go, He all their sins for - gave,
Then la - bor on till close of day, There's rest be-yond the grave,

A - bove a sin - ful, dy - ing world, O let its col - ors wave.
For Him, wher - ev - er you may be, O let your col - ors wave.
Would you have oth - ers Je - sus know? Then let your col - ors wave.
But ev - 'ry step a - long life's way, O let your col - ors wave.

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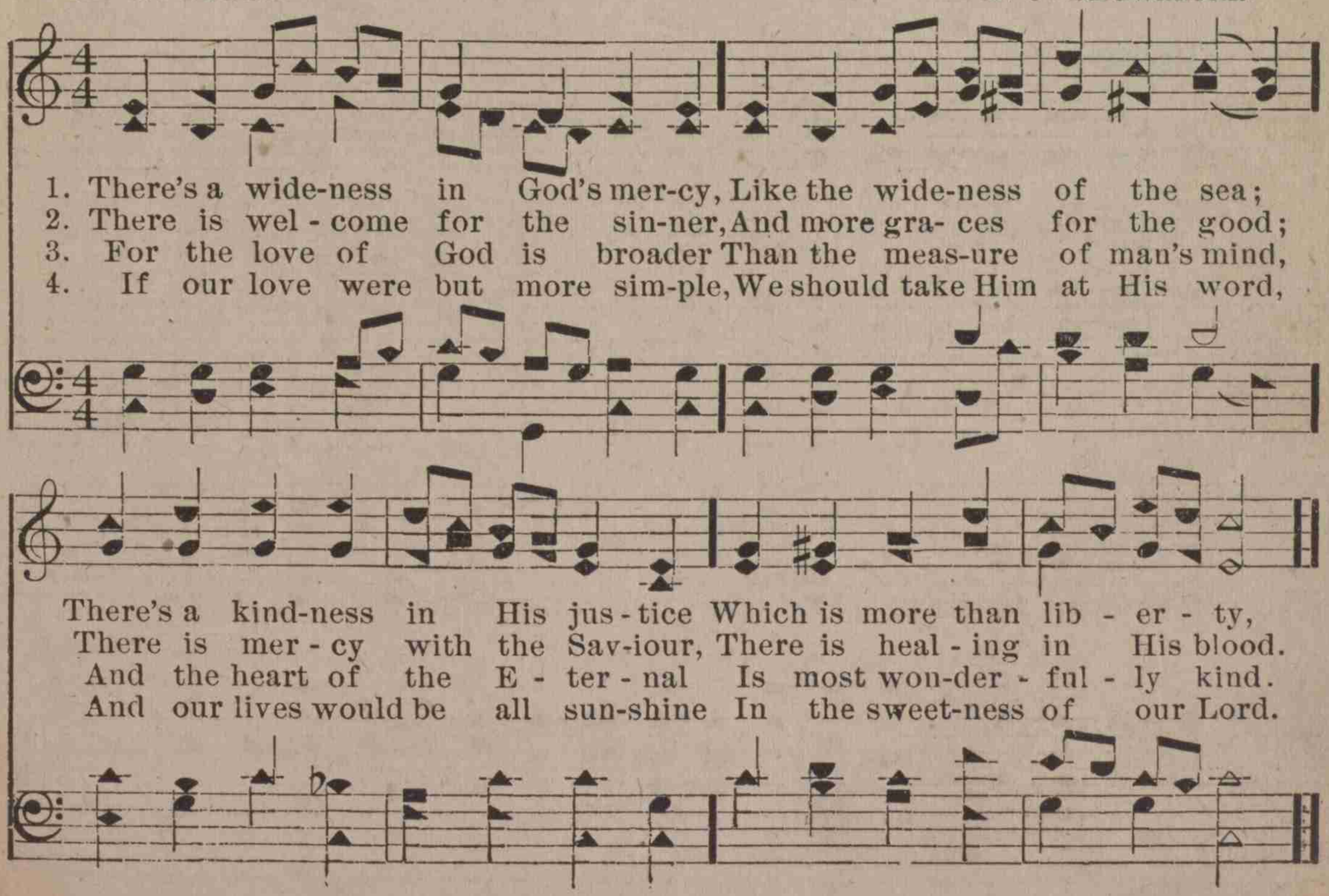
LET YOUR COLORS WAVE.

REFRAIN.



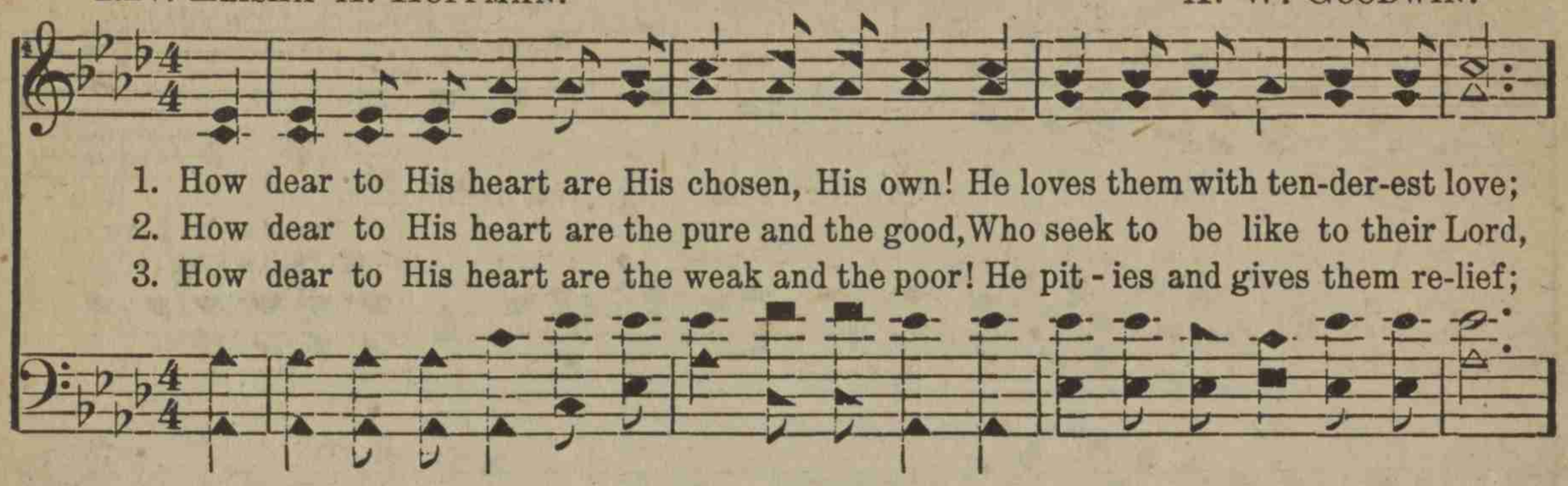
No. 28. THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY.

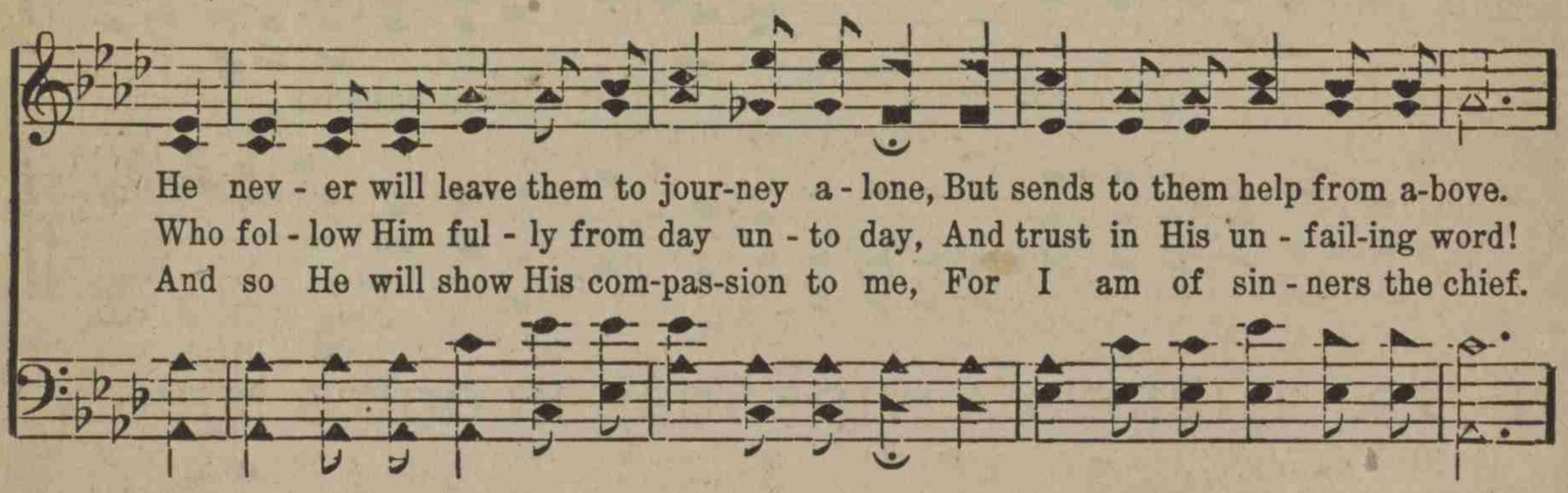
F. W. FABER. A. J. SHOWALTER.



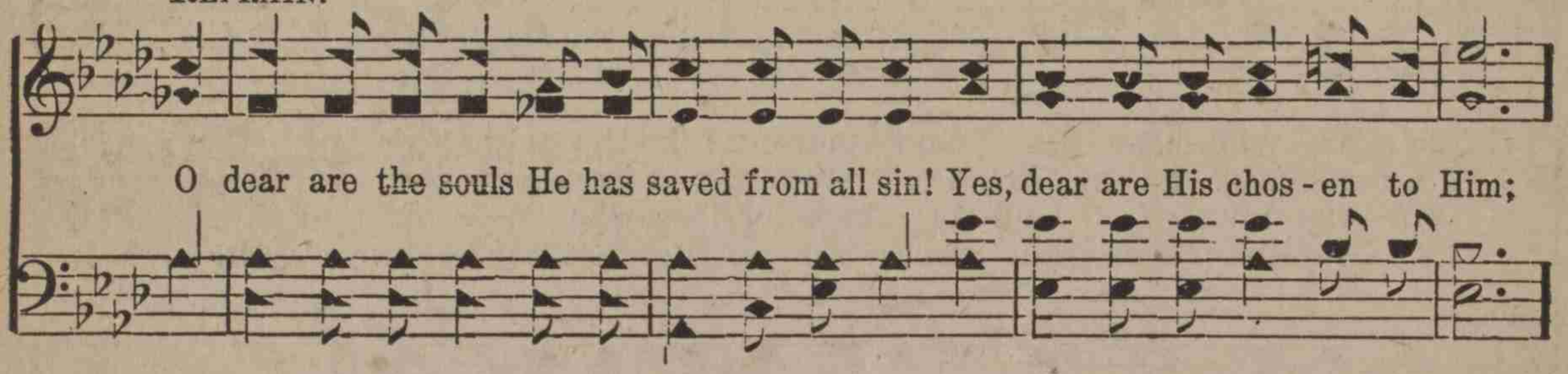
No. 29. HOW DEAR TO HIS HEART.

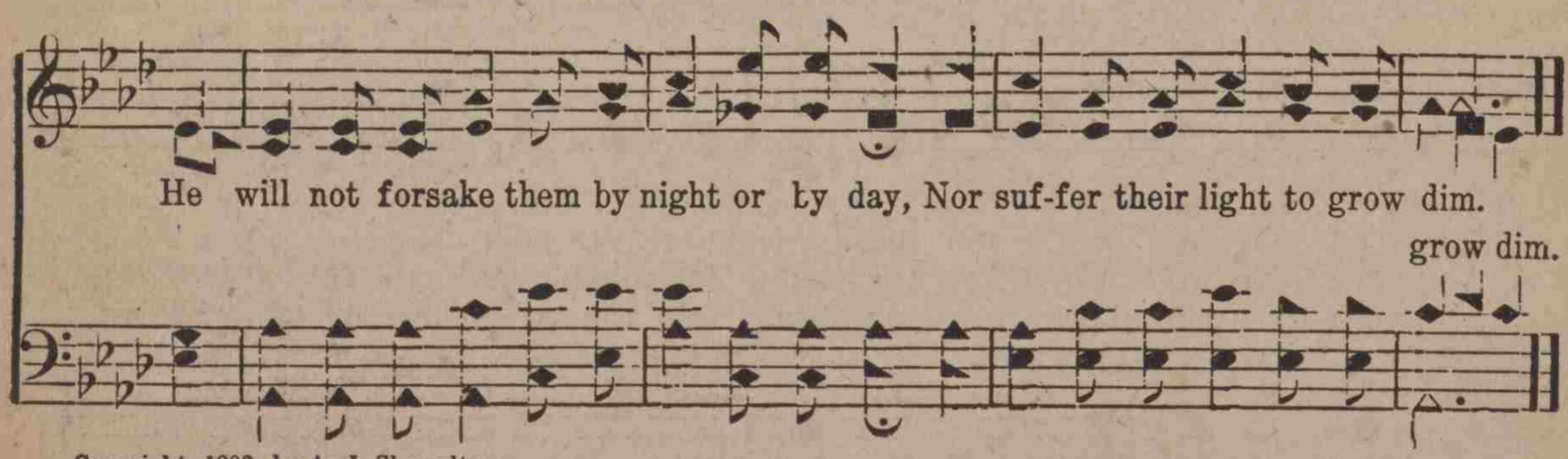
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. W. GOODWIN.





REFRAIN.





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No. 30. I HEAR HIM SAY.

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

1. I saw thy sad and fear-ful state, I hear, I hear Him say; I
2. I knew thy sor-rows and thy fears, I hear, I hear Him say; I
3. I saw thy soul for-ev-er lost, I hear, I hear Him say; I
4. My-self I gave to res-cue thee, I hear, I hear Him say; Wilt

saved thee from thy wretch-ed fate, I hear, I hear Him say.
saw the tor-rent of thy tears, I hear, I hear Him say.
thee re-deemed at won-drous cost, I hear, I hear Him say.
thou be Mine e-ter-nal-ly? I hear, I hear Him say.

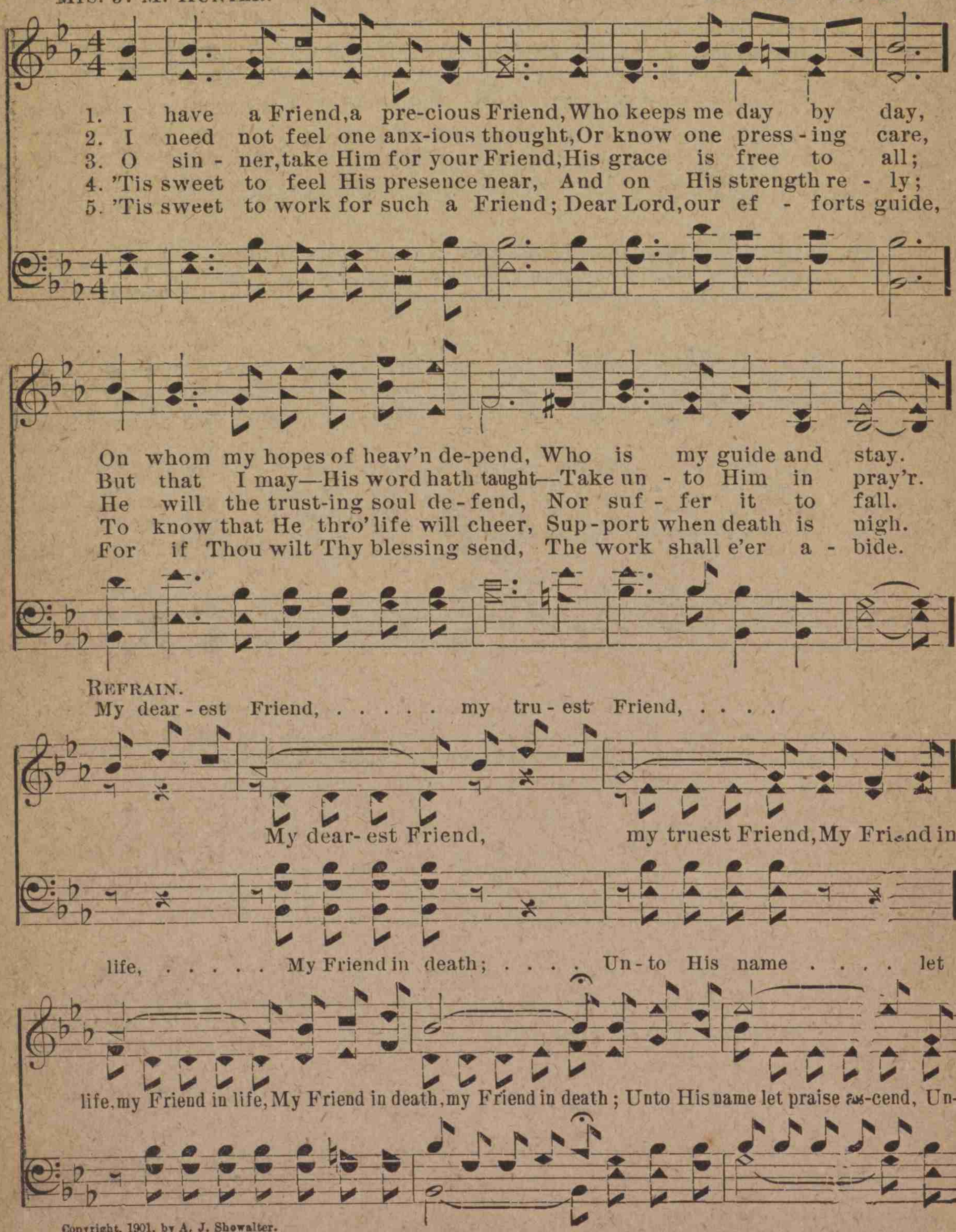
REFRAIN.

I hear my Sav-iour say, How much He loves me ev-'ry day, And how He took my sins a-way, (away), I hear . . my Saviour say.

Copyright, 1902, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 31. MY DEAREST FRIEND.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. A. J. Showalter.



Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter.

praise as - cend, ... breath. . . . . .

to His name let praise ascend, With glad, with glad, ex - ult- ant breath, ex- ultant breath.

No. 32. DRAW ME, MY SAVIOUR.

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

1. Draw, me, my Sav - iour, clos - er to Thee, Near Thy dear side would my
2. Though so un-wor - thy, noth - ing to bring, On - ly to Thee and Thy
3. Near - er, still near - er, let me a - bide; Un - der Thy shel - ter - ing

soul ev - er be; In Thy blest foot-steps make me to go, Give me a heart that is
cross would I cling; Sin and its fol-lies I would resign, Oh, let me now and for-
wing let me hide, Finding a ref-uge from ev-'ry blast, Till safe in glo - ry I'm

whit - er than snow, Give me a heart that is whit - er than snow.
ev - er be Thine, Oh, let me now and for - ev - er be Thine.
with Thee at last, Till safe in glo - ry I'm with Thee at last.

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No. 33. SING UNTO GOD.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. D. Patton.

1. Sing un - to God, "ye saints of His," Oh, mag - ni - fy His name!
2. His ten - der mer-cies fill the earth, Oh! that all men would praise
3. 'Tis He who counts the shin- ing stars, And call - eth them by name;

Sing un - to Him, ye dis - tant tribes, His won-drous pow'r pro- claim.
The God who grant-ed them their birth, And num - bers all their days.
His love should be with - in our hearts An all - con- sum - ing flame.

"The King of kings and Lord of lords," The ho - ly One is He,
A - bove, be - neath, on ev - 'ry side, His might - y works are spread;
His good - ness we can ne'er re - pay, Nor count His mer - cies o'er;

Yet gra - cious-ly He con - de-scends To care for you and me.
'Tis He who gives to us our breath, And from His hand we're fed.
But we will "take sal - va - tion's cup," And praise Him and a - dore.

Copyright, 1901, by J. D. Patton.

No. 34. JESUS SOUGHT AND FOUND ME.

E. R. LATTA. J. D. PATTON.

1. My feet had wandered far a - way, With e - vils thick a - round me;
2. But emp - ty pleas-ures I had known, That ev - er did sur - round me;
3. On ev - 'ry breeze that floats a - long, Oh, let the joy - ful sound be,

But, though I would not Him o - bey, My Sav-iour sought and found me!
But now the Sav - iour is my own: For Je - sus sought and found me!
That I have left the sin - ful throng: For Je - sus sought and found me!

REFRAIN.

Oh, hap-py was that day and bright, When sin no long-er bound me!
that day and bright,

My soul was filled with glo-rious light, When Je - sus sought and found me!

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No. 35. HOMESICK FOR THEE.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. A bird that has roamed far a-way from its nest Will long for a ref-uge where
2. A child that is wil - ful and wayward may roam, But wea - ry, returns to the
3. There's on - ly one ref - uge which nev-er will fail, There's on - ly one home when life's

none can mo-lest. O Fa - ther, my soul to its shel-ter would flee, I'm wea - ry and
safe - ty of home; I long was a wan - der - er, careless and free, Now footsore and
trou-bles as-sail, And vain - ly I've trav - el'd o'er land and o'er sea, No peace can I

REFRAIN.

lone - ly and home-sick for Thee. Homesick for Thee when temptations mo-lest,
sad, I am home-sick for Thee.
find, I am home-sick for Thee.

Homesick for Thee, I am long-ing for rest; Wea-ry of wan'dring, no more would I roam,

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HOMESICK FOR THEE.

Grant me forgiveness and welcome me home, Grant me forgive-ness and welcome me home.

No. 36. ENDUED WITH POWER.

Luke 24: 49.

Mrs. Martha Tyler Gale. Rev. N. Keff Smith, D.D.

1. More pow'r to serve Thee, Lord, And spread Thy word; Per - sua-sive
2. Hum - bly we here con - fess Un - wor - thi - ness; Yet deign to
3. Give pow'r in pray'r that gains, And good ob - tains, For those both
4. A - lone we would not come To heav'n our home; But ma - ny

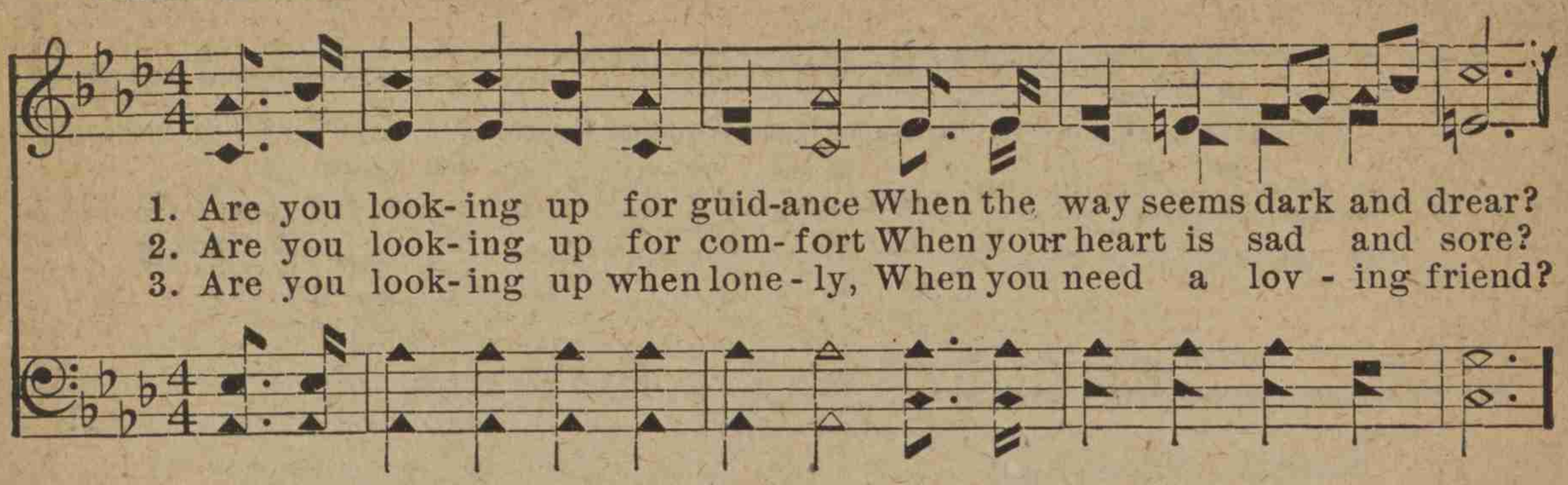
pow'r to win Wan - d'rers from sin. This grace we now im-plore;
use us still— Our souls to fill With zeal that shall re-fine,
far and near, For friends most dear; That hea-then souls be sought,
tro-phies bring Our Sav-iour King. What joy be - fore Thy throne

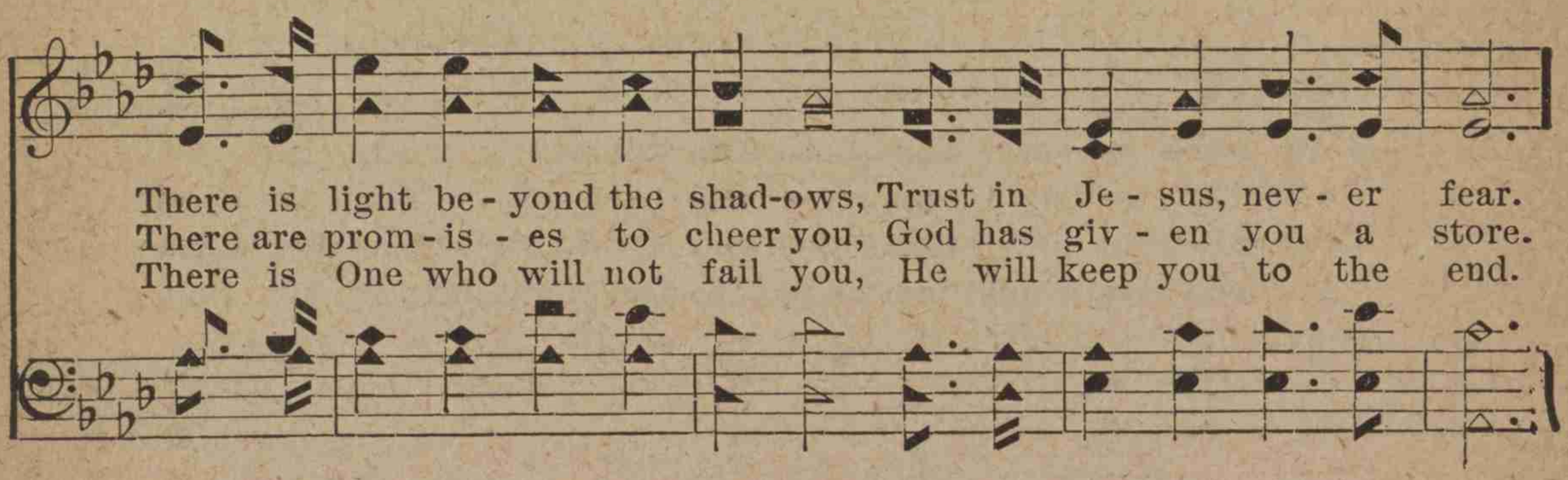
Wis - dom to serve Thee more, Wis-dom to serve Thee more, Whom we a-dore.
A sa - cred zeal like Thine, A sa-cred zeal like Thine, O love di-vine!
By Chris-tian love be taught, By Chris-tian love be taught, And to Thee brought.
If Thou wilt say, "Well done," If Thou wilt say, "Well done, My faithful one!"

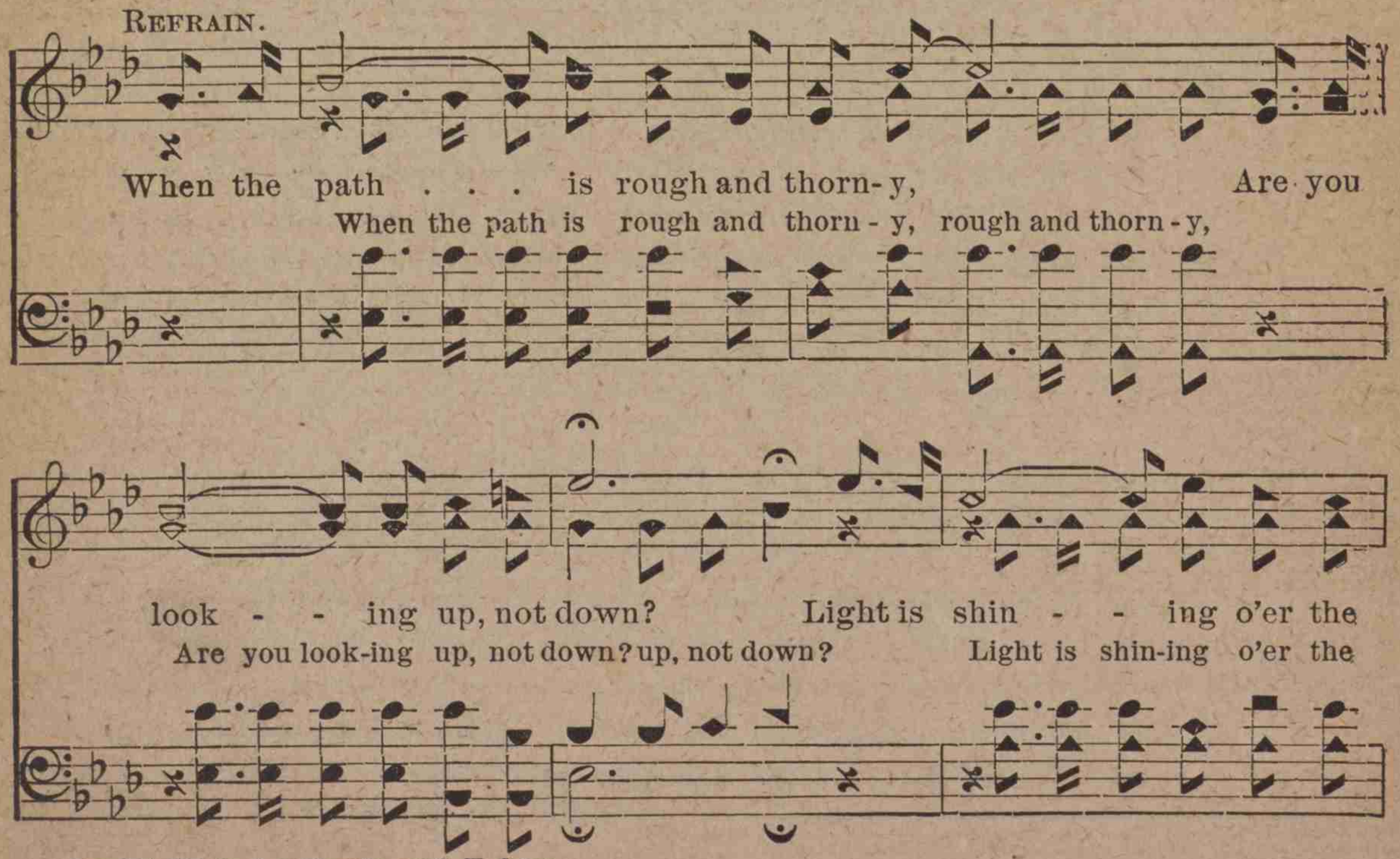
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No. 37. ARE YOU LOOKING UP?

BIRDIE BELL. C. W. JAMES.

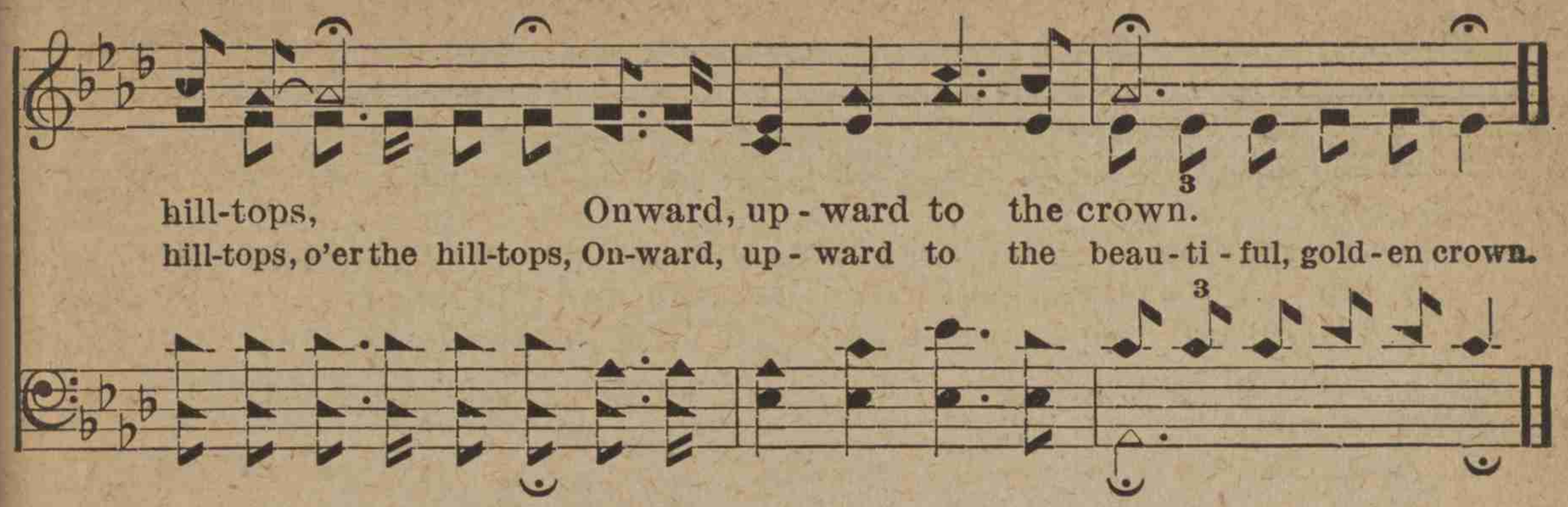






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ARE YOU LOOKING UP?



No. 38. CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

Anon. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 39. MAKE ROOM IN YOUR HEART FOR JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. C. C. ALEXANDER.

1. There's on - ly one friend whose pres-ence Brings un-fail - ing peace and rest;
2. The Sav- iour will free - ly en - ter And a - bide with - in the heart
3. Cast out all the forms of e - vil Which have made your heart their home;
4. With - hold from each earth-ly i - dol Love that Christ should have a - lone;

Make room in your heart for Je - sus, He will glad - ly be your guest.
Whose por - tal to Him is o -pened, That His joy He may im - part.
The place must be cleansed and garnished, Where the Son of God shall come.
Su - preme in your heart's af -fec- tions, Yield to Him its roy - al throne.

REFRAIN.

Hark! a hand di-vine is knocking, knocking, Gen-tly knocking o'er and o'er;

Make room in your heart for Je- sus, Let Him dwell with you ev - er - more. (for ev -ermore.)

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No. 40. FATHER, KEEP ME EVER NEAR THEE.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. D. Patton.

1. Fa - ther, keep me ev - er near Thee, As I jour - ney on life's way,
2. Oft in tones of sweet as - sur - ance, Speak un - to Thy struggling child,
3. When the shad-ows round me length-en, And the night is com- ing on,
4. Ver - i - fy the pre-cious prom-ise, I am with you to the end,
5. Lean - ing sweet - ly on Thy bo - som, E'en the val - ley shall be light,

Let Thy Ho - ly Spi - rit cheer me, Be my guide and strength each day.
Lest too much for my en - durance Prove the tem - pest fierce and wild.
Let my hold up- on Thee strengthen, Leave not, then, my soul a - lone.
Till the notes of Hea-ven's mu - sic, "On my rap- tured ear" shall blend.
As I go to meet my wel-come, From the lov'd ones rob'd in white.

Refrain.

Keep me, keep me, O my Fa - ther, All a - long my pil - grim way;

Nev - er let me from Thee wan- der, Keep me, by Thy grace, I pray.

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No. 41. GLORY LAND.

MARVIN L. PIPER. GEO. MARKS EVANS.

1. A pil - grim in a wea - ry land, I seek the realms of day;
2. I'll fol - low Him thro' sun and rain, And praise Him till I die;
3. O Glo - ry land, bright Glo - ry Land, When I thy King be - hold,
4. And when the ransomed ones I see, I'll join the hap - py band,

My Sav - iour leads me by the hand And keeps me all the way.
For with His help I'll sure - ly gain The Glo - ry Land on high.
Oh, may I grasp His pierc - ed hand, And walk the streets of gold.
And sing thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, The songs of Glo - ry Land.

REFRAIN.

He keeps me all the way, all the way, He keeps me all the way, all the way,
My Sav - iour leads me by the hand, And keeps me all the way, all the way.

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No. 42. TEACH US THY LOVE.

Miss Martha Shepard Lippincott. A. J. Showalter.

1. O Fa - ther, be our nation's guide, De - liv - er us from ways of sin; That
2. How en - vy, a - va - rice, and crime, In ma - ny na-tions seem to reign; O
3. The love of Christ seems weak, in-deed, When we to fighting wars will go, To

u - ni-ver - sal broth-er - hood May bring us peace of mind with - in. O may we cease all
may we by the love of Christ our peace-ful hap - pi - ness re-gain. Teach us to love, that
slay each oth-er in the fight, And cause more sor-row than we know. O where is man's com-

war and strife, And live as peaceful na - tions yet; Dear Father, teach us of Thy
war may cease, And Thy ap-prov-al we may get; O teach us, Fa - ther, of Thy
passion now, Where are life's tru-est vir - tues met? Teach us a-gain the pow'r of

love, Or it may be, we shall for - get, Or it may be, we shall for - get.

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No. 43. LISTEN! JESUS IS CALLING.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. F. E. ANTHONY.



REFRAIN.

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No. 44. JESUS GOES BEFORE.

BIRDIE BELL. FRANK COFFEY.

1. Je - sus goes be-fore you all a-long the way, Fol-low in His foot-prints,
2. Oft you may be wea - ry, as the path you tread, Nev-er feel dis-cour-aged,
3. Trust the lov - ing Sav - iour in the dark-est day, Trav-el in His foot-steps

step by step each day; Paths are oft - en rug - ged, bur-dens heav - y grow,
Je - sus goes a - head; He has known each sor - row, tast - ed ev - 'ry grief,
in the up - ward way; Then when troubles meet you and the heart is sore,

REFRAIN.

But He walks before you, brave-ly on-ward go. Is the path-way drear - y,
Turn to Him for comfort, find in Him re-lief.
Lean up - on His promise, Je - sus goes be-fore.

Je-sus goes before; When the heart is wea-ry Trust Him more and more.

trust Him more.

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No. 45. COME TO JESUS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. F. E. ANTHONY.

1. Sin - ner, out up-on life's highways, Come to Je - sus now, Cease your roaming
2. You have dear ones up in glo - ry, Come to Je - sus now, Help them sing re-
3. Life with you will soon be end - ed, Come to Je - sus now, Tho' you long have
4. Once a - gain the in - vi - ta - tion, Come to Je - sus now, Haste to take His

on sin's by-ways, Come to Je - sus now. Hear your Saviour sweetly call-ing,
demption's story, Come to Je - sus now. You have promised there to meet them,
Him of - fend-ed, Come to Je - sus now. He'll forgive all your transgressions,
great sal - va-tion, Come to Je - sus now. Come to Him and be for - giv - en,

See by faith His life blood fall-ing, 'Twas for you, that death ap - pall-ing,
In that hap - py land to greet them, Keep your word, do not mis-treat them,
When He hears your heart's confession, And the spir - it's in - ter - ces-sion,
Long and gen - tly He has striv - en, Make a start for home and heav-en,

REFRAIN.

Come to Je - sus now. Come to Je-sus now, just now, O come to Him just

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COME TO JESUS. Concluded.



No. 46. THE CRIMSON FOUNTAIN.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. SIDNEY SIMONS.

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No. 47. WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD.

FOOTE BROS. Refrain arr. by J. J. M. JOHN J. MATHEWS.

1. Christ, our Re-deem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner, paid all his due;
2. Chief - est of sin-ners Je - sus can save, As He has promised, so He will do;
3. Judg-ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re - ject - ed, who have re-fused;
4. O what com - pas-sion! O bound-less love! Je - sus hath pow-er, Je - sus is true;

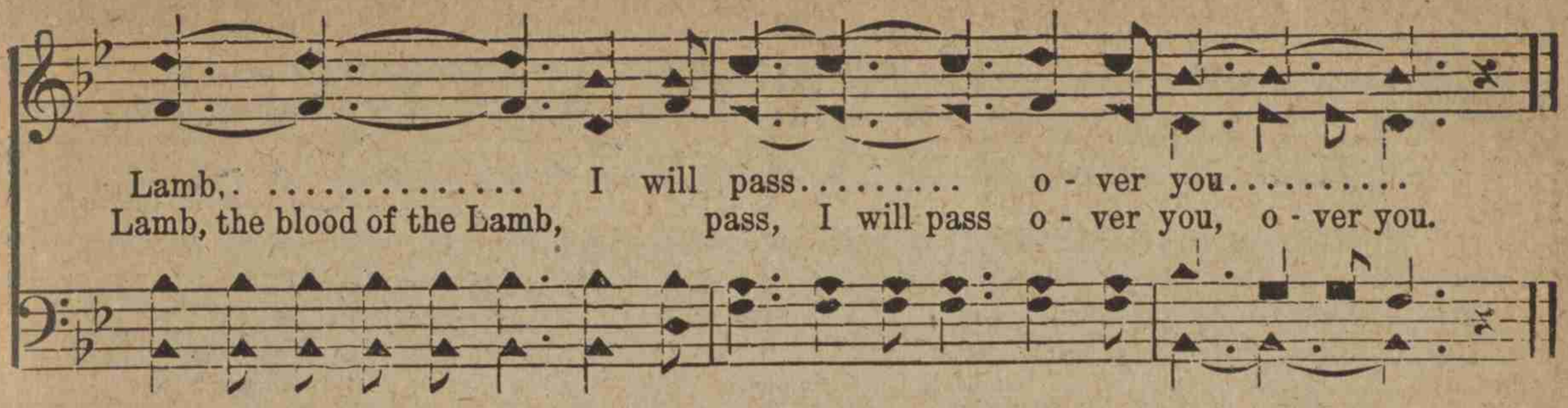
All who re-ceive Him need nev-er fear, For He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
O sin-ner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
O sin-ner, hast - en, let Je - sus in, Then God will pass, will pass o - ver you.
All who be-lieve are safe from the storm, O He will pass, will pass o - ver you.

REFRAIN.

When I see..... the blood of the Lamb,..... I will pass..... o - ver you,..... When I see..... the blood of the
When I see, yes, when I see the blood of the Lamb, the blood of the Lamb, pass, I will pass o - ver you, o - ver you, see, yes, when I see

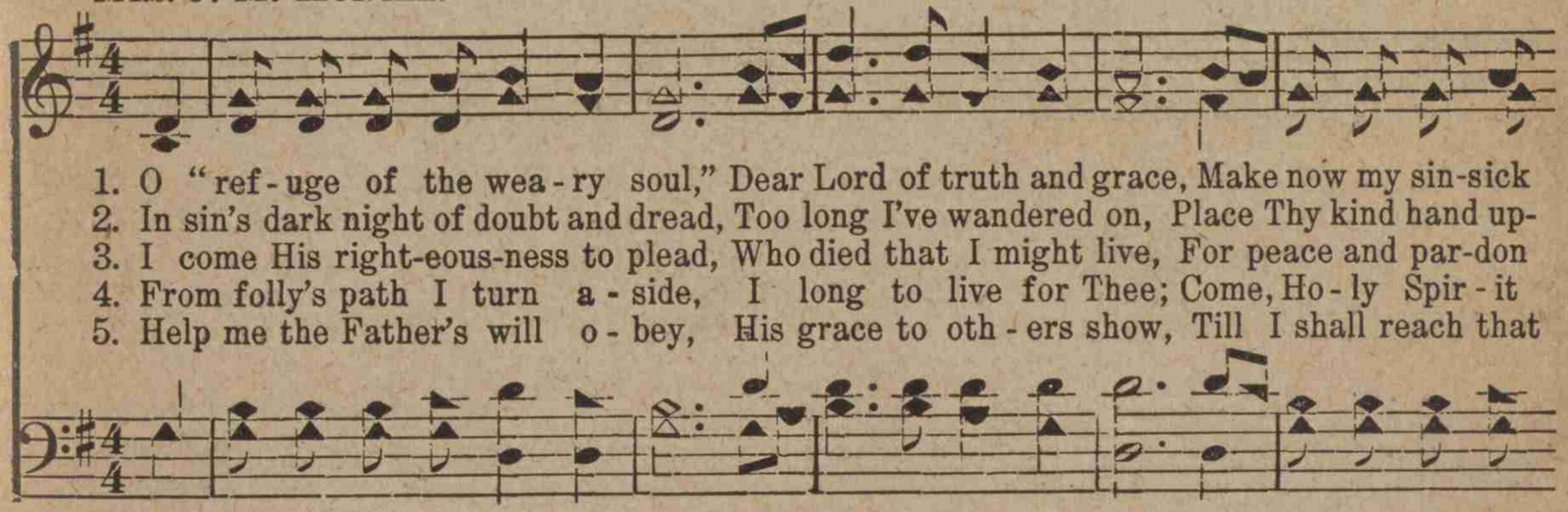
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WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD. Concluded.

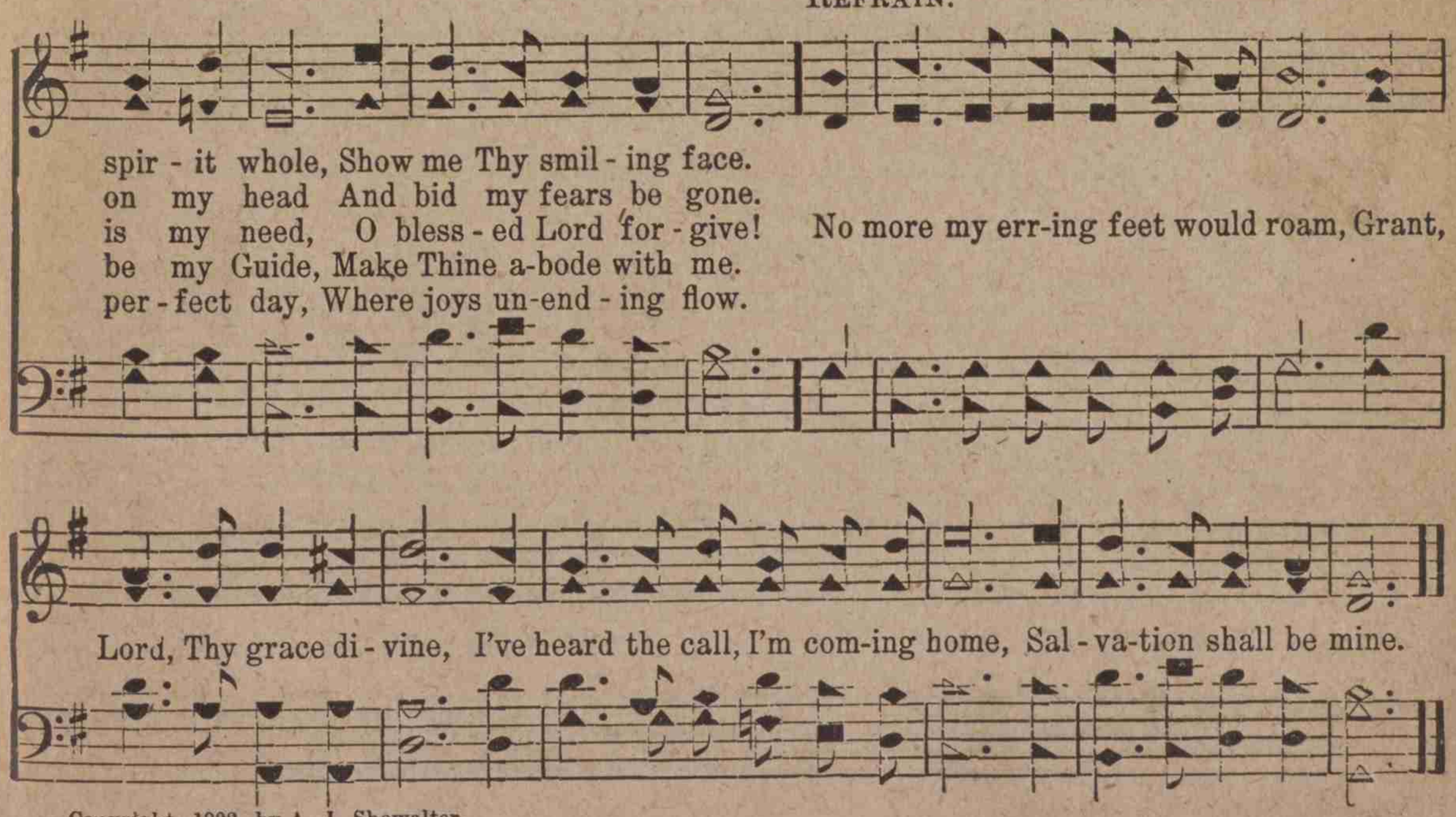


No. 48. I'VE HEARD THY CALL.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. C. R. RAY.



REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 49. I'LL CLING TO THE CROSS OF JESUS.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. I'm safe in the rift of the rock; In the love of my Lord I rest;
2. I know He is might-y to save; I have prov-en His love di - vine;
3. 'Tis joy to a - bide in His love; There is bless-ing and peace un - told,
4. Then come to the shel-ter-ing Christ; On the Rock of sal - va - tion stand.

Ne'er sor - row, nor tem-pest's shock, Shall ren - der my soul op - pressed.
His par - don He free - ly gave, And cleans'd this poor heart of mine.
And light, when life's skies are dim, When safe in the Sav-iour's fold.
His death hath for all suf - ficed; Oh! cling to His pierc-ed hand.

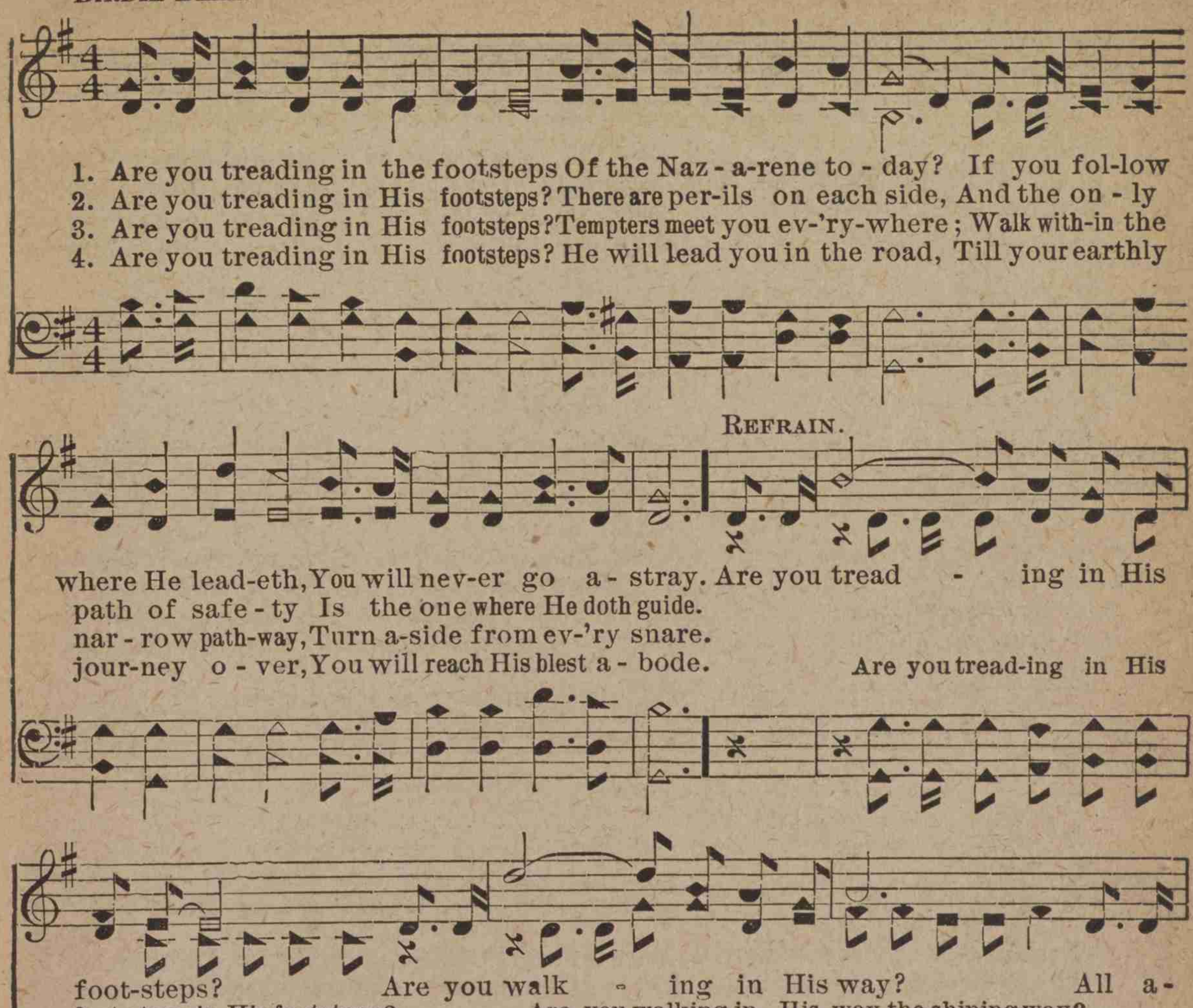
REFRAIN.

I'll cling to the cross of Je - sus; My ref - uge He still shall be;
He guides me where'er I wan - der; His par - don hath set me free.

Copyright, 1899, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 50. IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

BIRDIE BELL. C. W. JAMES.



Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter and C. W. James.

No. 51. DEAR MOTHER, I'LL BE THERE.

WILL. J. D. PATTON.

Andantino, con molto sentimento.

1. How oft in fan - cy I re - call the scenes of youth - ful days, When moth - er sought to guide my feet in life's un - trod-den ways; I grieved her then, but
2. I'll strive to tread the bless - ed path my moth - er's foot-steps trod, And seek like her to find a home in pal - ac - es of God; That I might dwell a-
3. O moth - er - love so fond and true, tho' oth - ers faith-less be! I know that when this life is o'er, glad wel-come waits for me, Where she a - bides for
4. I feel that she is watch - ing me while here in time I roam, And bec - kons me with ho - ly hands to her e - ter - nal home; O how I long with

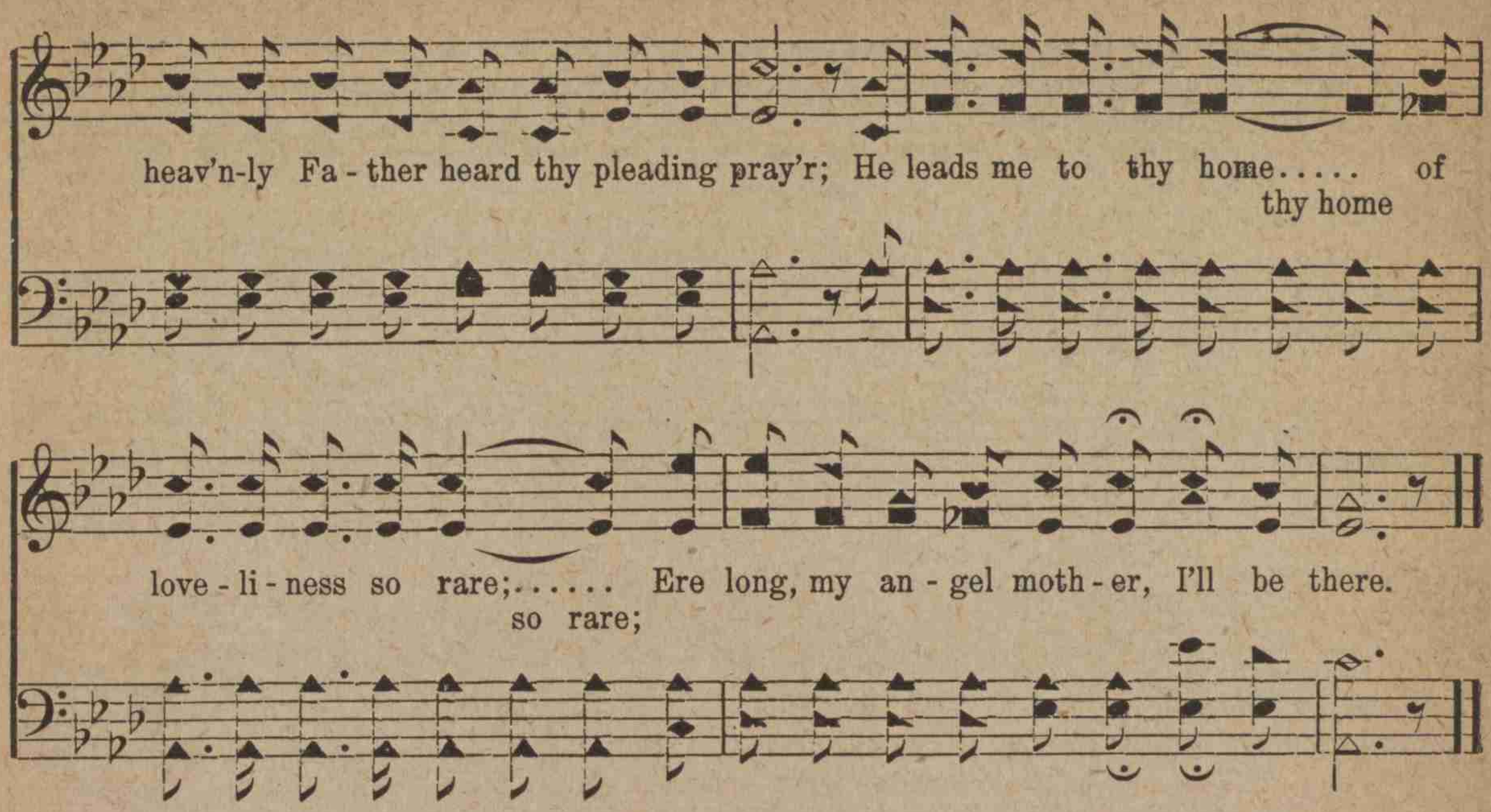
since she dwells in heaven's mansions fair, My heart cries out, dear mother, I'll be there.
mong the saved was many times her pray'r; I an - swer now, dear mother, I'll be there.
ev - er-more released from earthly care; Some hap-py day, dear mother, I'll be there.
her pure soul the bliss of heav'n to share; Yes, by and by, dear mother, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

Dear moth - er, I'll be there, ... the robe of white to wear; .... The
be there, to wear;

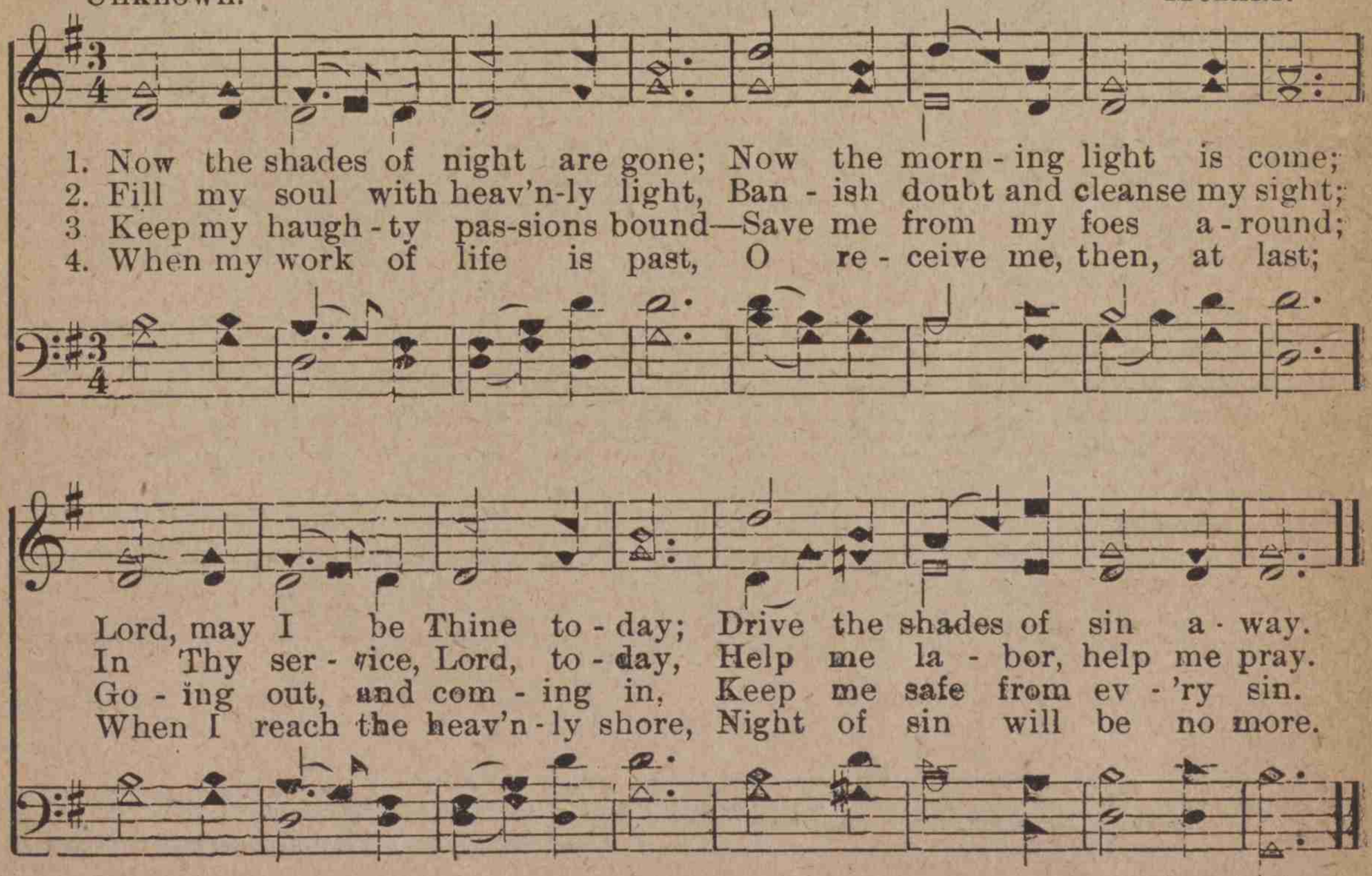
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DEAR MOTHER, I'LL BE THERE. Concluded.



No. 52. NOTTINGHAM. 7s.

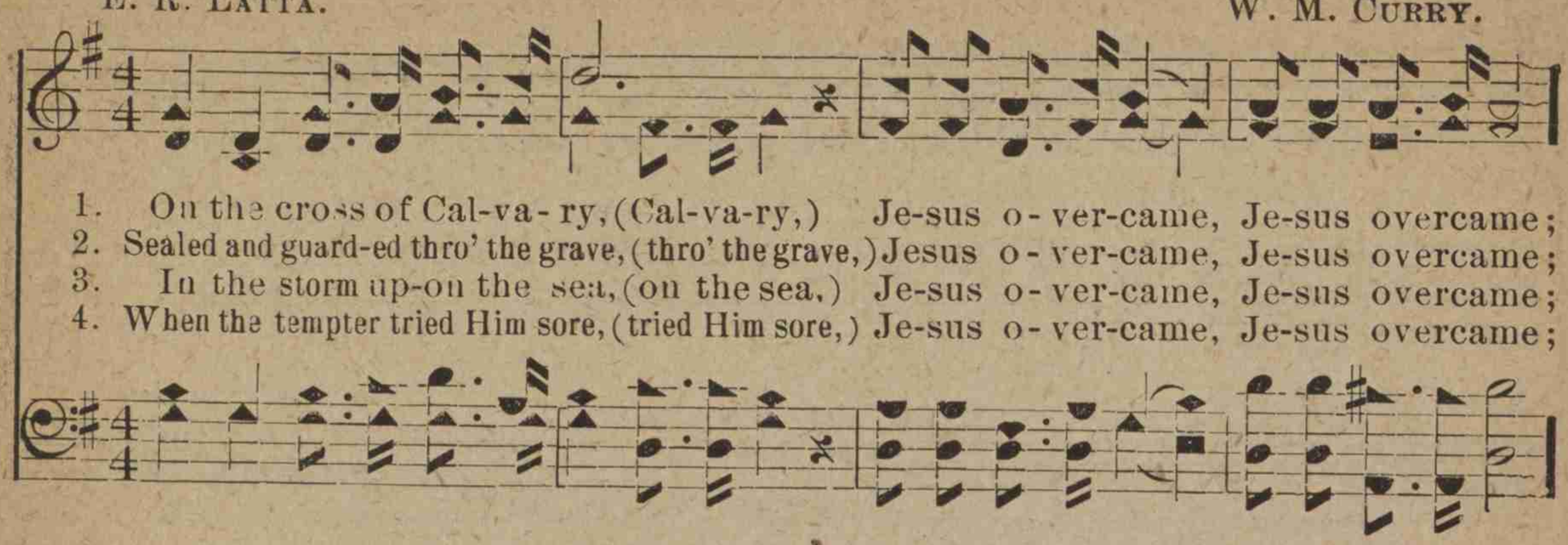
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No. 53. IN HIS BLESSED NAME.

E. R. LATTA. W. M. CURRY.

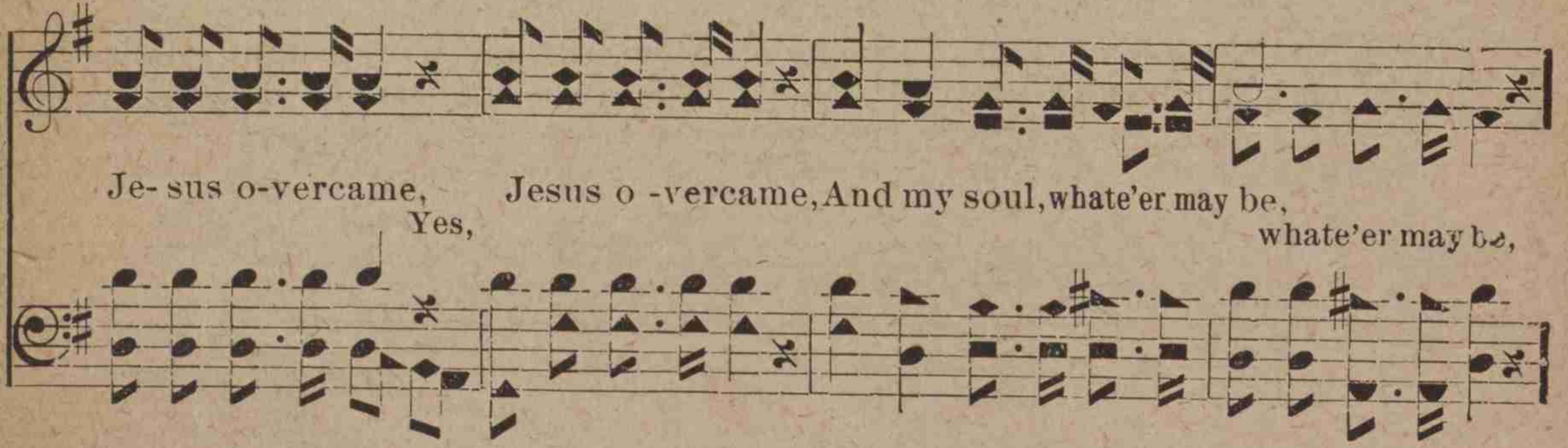
1. On the cross of Cal-va-ry, (Cal-va-ry,) Je-sus o-ver-came, Je-sus overcame;
2. Sealed and guard-ed thro' the grave, (thro' the grave,) Jesus o-ver-came, Je-sus overcame;
3. In the storm up-on the sea, (on the sea,) Je-sus o-ver-came, Je-sus overcame;
4. When the tempter tried Him sore, (tried Him sore,) Je-sus o-ver-came, Je-sus overcame;



And my soul is sav'd today, (sav'd today,) In His blessed name, in His blessed name.
And I too, its pow'r may brave, (pow'r may brave,) In His blessed name, in His blessed name.
And my safe-ty still shall be, (still shall be,) In His blessed name, in His blessed name.
And I'm trusting more and more, (more and more,) In His blessed name, in His blessed name.



REFRAIN.



Je-sus o-vercame, Jesus o-vercame, And my soul, whate'er may be,
Yes, whate'er may be,



Still will trust for victo-ry, In His blessed name, in His blessed name.
vic-to-ry,



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No. 54. ONCE AGAIN THE GOSPEL STORY.

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Once a - gain the gos - pel sto - ry Is pre - sent-ed clear and plain,
2. Can you yet af - ford to lin - ger, Put - ting off from day to day,
3. Would it not be saf - er, wis - er, Just to give Him now your heart,
4. Earth-ly friends can nev - er save you, Anx - ious tho' their hearts may be,

Once a - gain the Sav - iour calls thee, Sin - ner, shall He call in vain?
Know-ing not what may be - fall you On this life's un - cer - tain way?
Take Him as your lov - ing Sav - iour, Choose to-night that bet - ter part?
But the precious blood of Je - sus Can a - tone and make you free.

REFRAIN.

Hear.... the gos-pel mes-sage, Bidding you to come to-night,
Hear, O hear hear the message,

Make.... a fi - nal, firm de cis-ion, Come.... to Christ for peace and light.
Make, O make Come, O come

Copyright, 1902, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 55. BLESSED REST.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. P. W. ROE.



1. There's a rest that remains for the people of God, Which the Lord has reserved for His own,
2. We shall rest in that land from temptation and sin, In its bondage no more will we plod,
3. We shall there have a rest from our doubts and our fears, We shall rest from all sor-row and pain;
4. Let us all push ahead for that fair, happy land, Where the troubles of life never come;

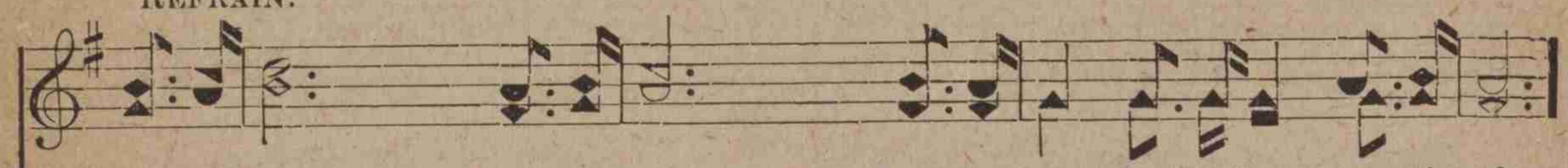




When we pass out from under the law and the rod, When we see the great King on His throne.
For no thing that defil - eth can enter therein, To pol-lute that fair cit-y of God.
We shall rest from the cause of our sighing and tears, O-ver there they will not come a-gain.
But while a- ges shall roll, at the Saviour's right hand, We shall rest in that heavenly home.



REFRAIN.



There's a rest, blessed rest, That remains for God's saints in the sky;
There's a rest, bless-ed rest,



When life's toiling is o'er, on that heaven-ly shore, We shall rest evermore by and by.



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No. 56. SAVED TO SERVE.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. W. DENNIS.

1. I am saved, but saved to serve, For the Lord hath need of me;
2. I am saved, but saved to serve, Lest some precious gem be lost,
3. I am saved, but saved to serve In the Mas-ter's vine-yard wide,

All a-round are urg-ent calls For my help and min-is-try.
Saved to win a soul to Christ, Purchased at a price-less cost.
Read-y e'er His will to do, Who for guil-ty sin-ners died.

REFRAIN.

Saved to serve! saved to serve! Saved, dear Lord, to
Saved to serve the God I love! Saved to serve the God I love!

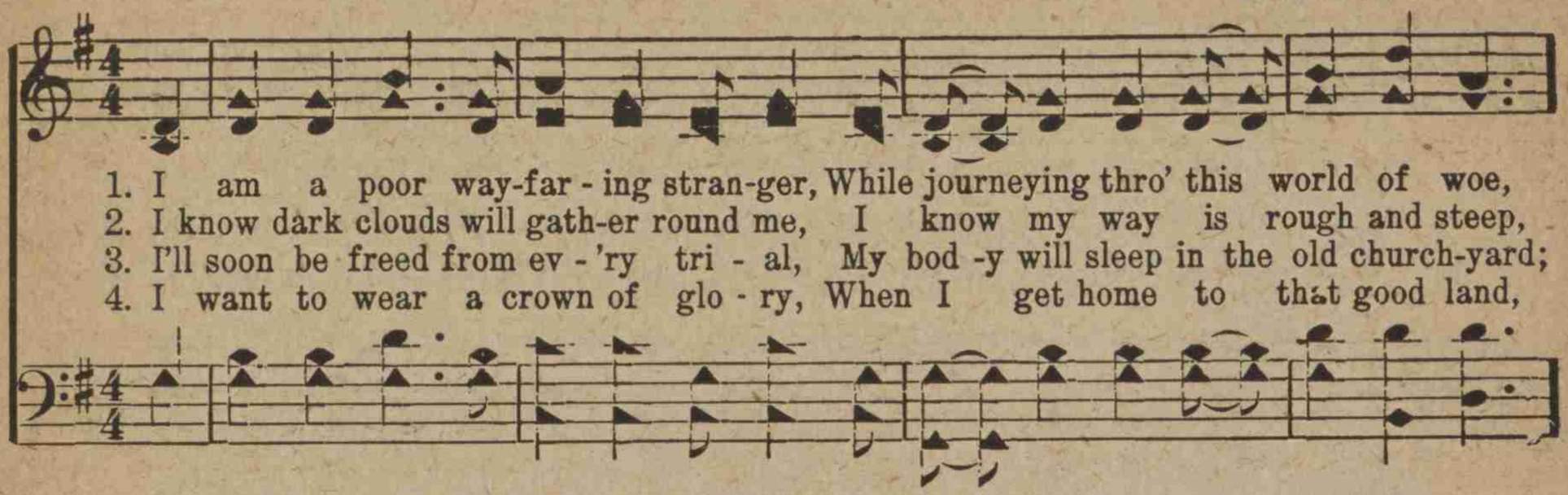
toil for Thee; Saved to use my ev-'ry pow'r, For my Lord in min-is-try.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 57. A POOR WAYFARING STRANGER.

* * *

J. D. PATTON.





REFRAIN.





Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton.

No. 58. IN THE DEWY PASTURES.

E. E. HEWITT. J. D. PATTON.

1. In the dew - y pas-tures, 'Neath a might-y rock, Je - sus, bless-ed Shepherd,
2. They shall find re-fresh-ing, Where "still waters flow," Fountains of sal-va - tion
3. On His ten - der bos - om, Safe from all that harms, Lit-tle lambs He carries,

Leads His ransom'd flock. Ev - 'ry need sup-ply - ing, Giv - ing them re-pose,
Mur-mur sweet and low. Still He on - ward leads them, Up the rug- ged steep;
Fold - ed in His arms. Thro' the vale of shad - ow, Nev - er need they fear,

D.S. *Ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing, Giv - ing them re - pose,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Guarding them se-cure - ly From their man-y foes. In the dew- y pas - tures,
Knowing all their weakness, He will guide and keep.
For their lov - ing Shepherd Bids a light ap - pear.

Guarding them se - cure ly From their man -y foes.

D.S.

'Neath a might - y Rock, Je - sus, bless-ed Shepherd, Leads His ransom'd flock.

Copyright, 1890, by J. D. Patton.

No. 59. COME AND FOLLOW JESUS.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. A. J. Showalter.

1. Come and fol-low Je - sus, Keep thy Guide in view, Walk-ing in His footsteps
2. Sleep not on thy jour-ney! Stop not here to rest! Foes with bit-ter hat-red
3. Hear'st thou sl - ren voi - ces Call-ing thee a - side? Right and left are pathways,

All thy jour-ney through; Not a mo-ment lon - ger Tar - ry by the way,
Have this land pos-sessed; Souls are tak - en cap - tive, Bound with heav - y chains,
All are smooth and wide; These are downward tending, Lead-ing to de-spair;

Refrain.

Life is full of dan - ger, Sin will oft be - tray. Come, come,
And with hate re-lent-less, Borne where sor - row reigns.
Who with sin will tri - fle, And its wa - ges share? Come and fol - low Je - sus,

Come, come, Come and fol - low Je - sus, Keep thy Guide in view;
Come and fol - low Je - sus,

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COME AND FOLLOW JESUS.

Come, come, Come, come, Walk-ing in His footsteps All thy jour-ney thro'.
Come and follow Je-sus, Come and follow Je-sus,

No. 60. JESUS LOVES ME.

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

1. Je - sus sought me when a - stray, Wand'ring on the down-ward way; He the ran-som
2. Yes, for me His blood was spilt, Shed to free my soul from guilt; On His bos - om
3. When the storms of life as - sail, He my soul will nev - er fail; In - to safe - ty
4. So His goodness I'll proclaim, Magni - fy His gracious name; In His arms of

REFRAIN.

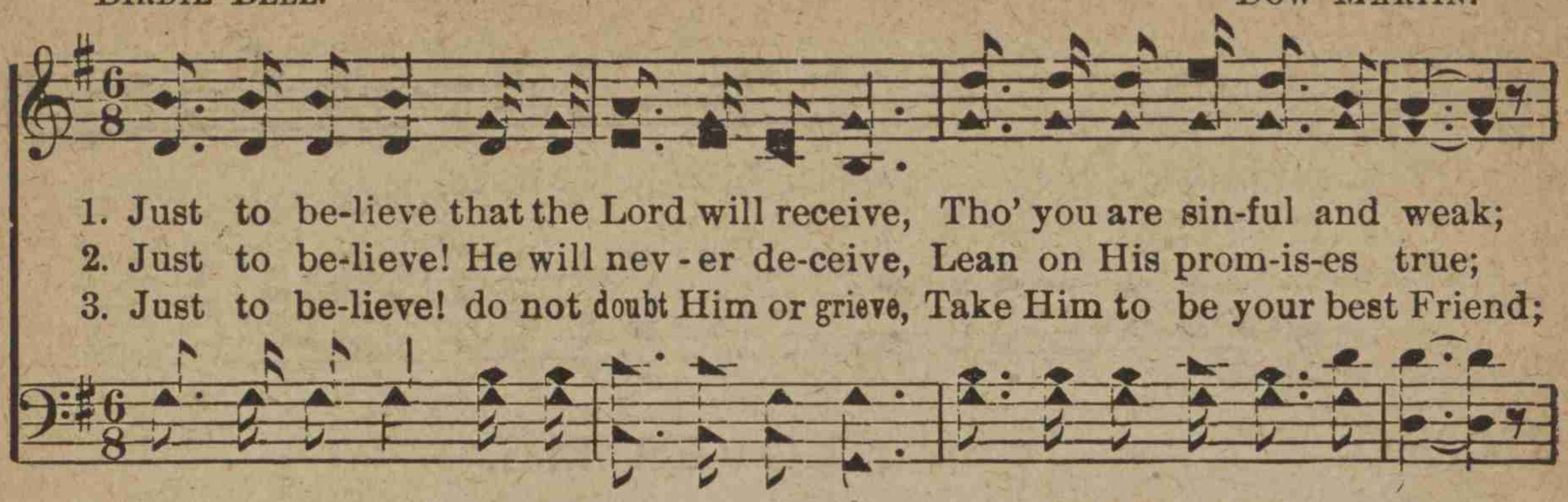
paid with blood,—Rec-on-ciled my soul to God. O Je - sus loves me,
I can lean Since He washed and made me clean.
He will guide, For He's ev - er by my side.
ten - der love He will bear my soul a - bove.

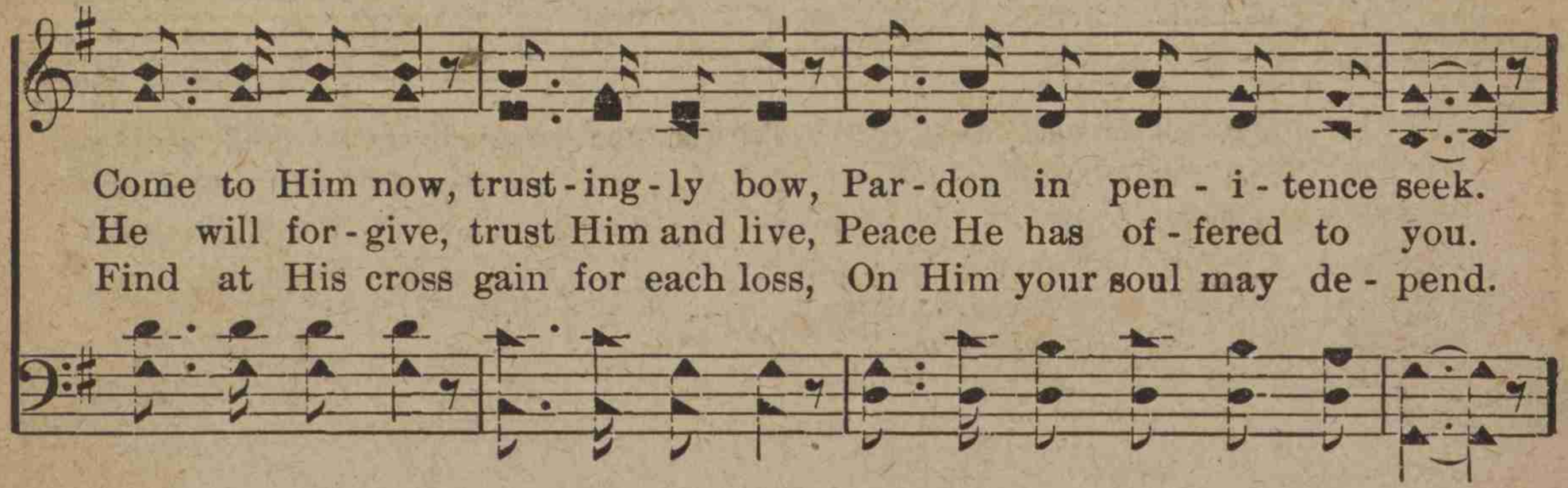
O Je - sus loves me, O Je - sus loves me, And I must love Him too!

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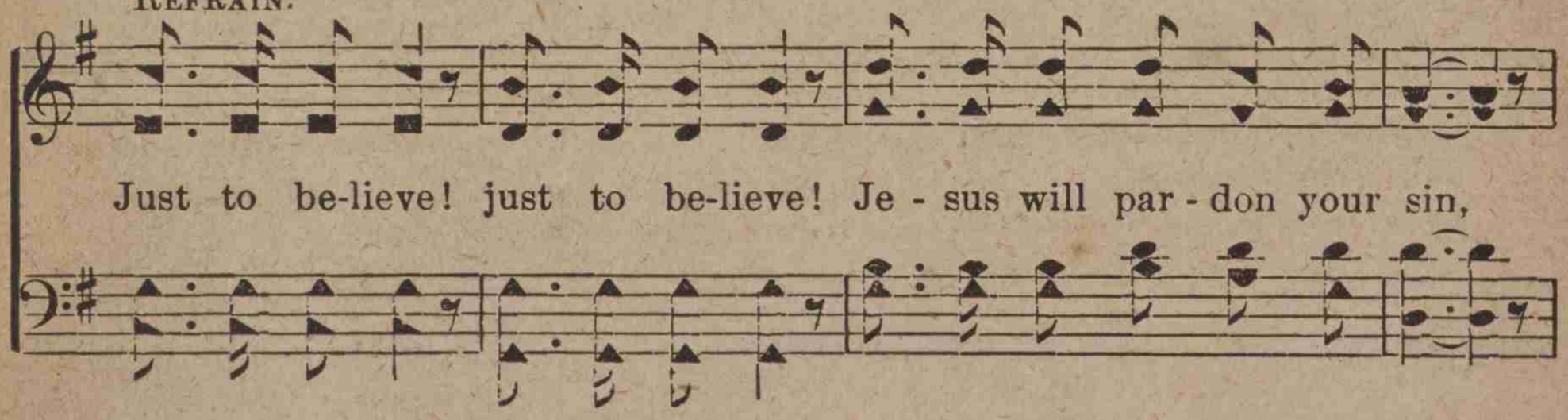
No. 61. JUST TO BELIEVE.

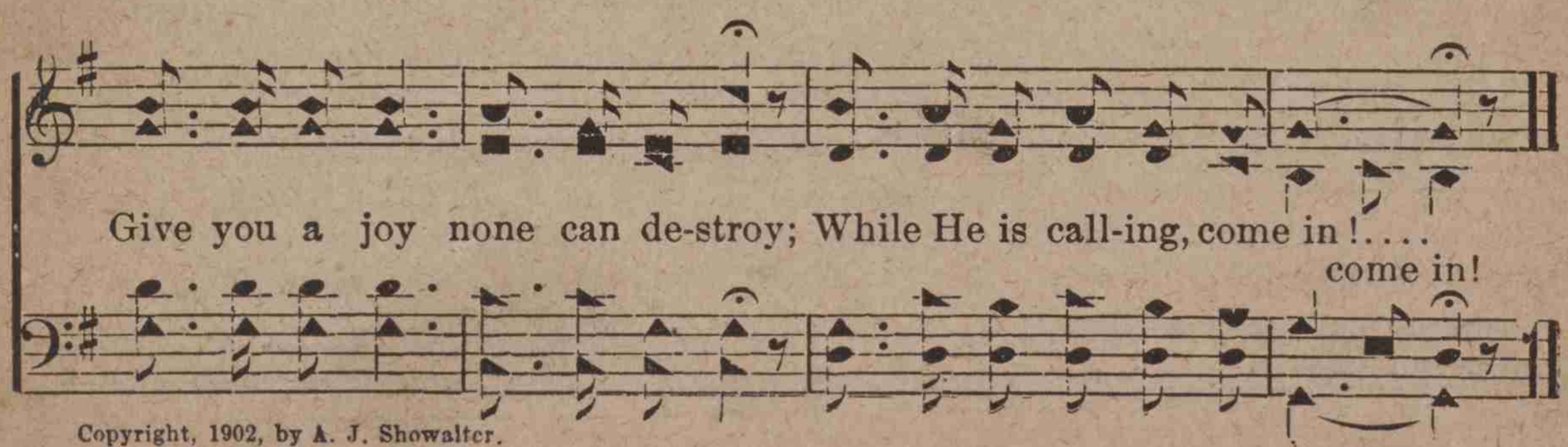
BIRDIE BELL. DOW MARTIN.





REFRAIN.





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No. 62. COME TO-DAY.

Respectfully inscribed to the pupils of my school at Delaware, Ark.

T. W. H. T. W. Hawkins.

1. There's a fount-ain flow-ing full and free, From the Saviour's pierc-ed side;
2. Think of Je - sus hang-ing on the tree, There He suf-fered, bled and died,
3. O then, come to Je - sus, wea-ry one, Heed His ten - der voice to - day,

It was o-pened there for you and me,— O the pre-cious cleansing tide!
To re-deem lost sinners such as we,— O ac - cept the Cru - ci - fied!
In the fount-ain o-pened by the Son, Wash your guil - ty stains a - way!

Refrain.

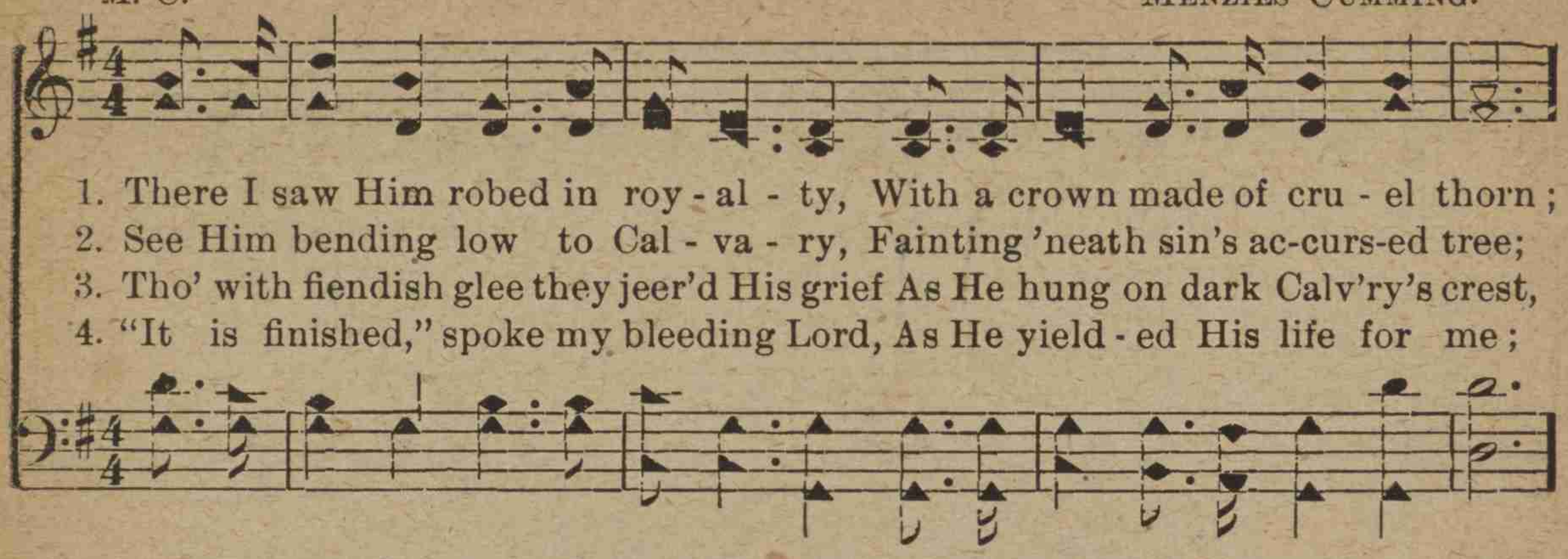
Come to-day, why de-lay? Come and find salvation full and free;
Come, come to-day, why yet delay? full and free;

Come to-day, why de-lay? Christ is pleading now for thee.
Come, come to-day, why yet delay? He pleads for thee.

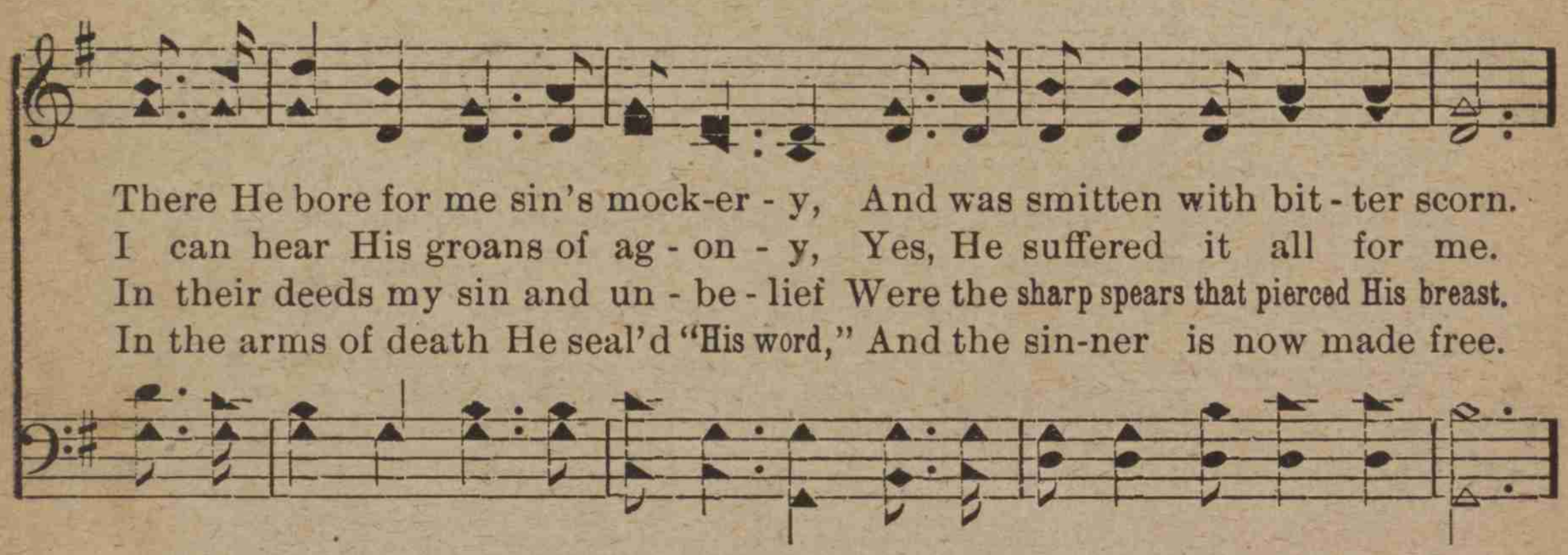
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No. 63. IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

M. C. MENZIES CUMMING.

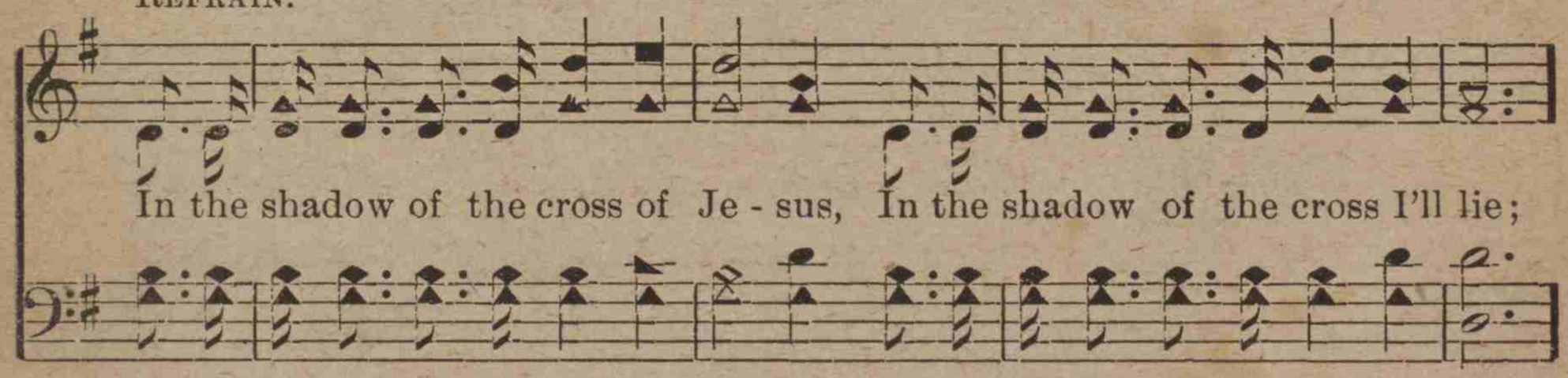


1. There I saw Him robed in roy - al - ty, With a crown made of cru - el thorn;
2. See Him bending low to Cal - va - ry, Fainting 'neath sin's ac-curs-ed tree;
3. Tho' with fiendish glee they jeer'd His grief As He hung on dark Calv'ry's crest,
4. "It is finished," spoke my bleeding Lord, As He yield - ed His life for me;



There He bore for me sin's mock-er - y, And was smitten with bit - ter scorn.
I can hear His groans of ag - on - y, Yes, He suffered it all for me.
In their deeds my sin and un - be - lief Were the sharp spears that pierced His breast.
In the arms of death He seal'd "His word," And the sin-ner is now made free.

REFRAIN.



In the shadow of the cross of Je - sus, In the shadow of the cross I'll lie;



There I saw the light that gave me sight, In the shad-ow of the cross I'll die.

Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton.

No. 64. UNDER THE BANNER OF JESUS.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

Come and en-roll! Come and en-roll!
Come and enroll! Come and enroll! Yes, come and enroll! Come and en-roll! O

Come and en-roll! Un - der the ban-ner of Je - sus!
Come and en-roll! Come and enroll!

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No. 65. WHEN THE SKIES ARE BRIGHT.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. F. CLARK PERRY, by per.

1. When the skies are bright I've a song so light, As my bark glides so free a- long;
2. So let troubles roll O'er my sinking soul, Till the vain help of earth shall cease;
3. With my lat-est breath Will I sing in death, Of the Friend that has never fail'd;

Rit.

Should the tempests pour, And the thunders roar, I've a hope that is sure, I've a help that's strong.
There is One whose voice Bids me still rejoice, 'Tis the Lord of the sea, And He whispers peace.
And when safely o'er On the golden shore, Of the pow'r I will tell That o'er all prevail'd.

REFRAIN.

My Sav-iour walks..... up- on the deep,..... When wild the
My Sav-iour walks up - on the deep,

storms..... the billows sweep,..... He speaks, the winds..... o-bey His
When wild the storms the billows sweep, He speaks, the winds

When the Skies are Bright.—Concluded.

will,..... And an-gry waves..... are hush'd and still.....
o- bey His will, And angry waves are hush'd and still.

My Sav-iour walks up - on the deep,
My Saviour walks..... up - on the deep,..... When wild the

When wild the storms the billows sweep, He speaks, the winds o-bey His
storms..... the billows sweep,..... He speaks, the winds

Ritardando.....

will,..... And an-gry waves..... are hush'd and still.....
o- bey His will, And an-gry waves are hush'd and still.

No. 66. THE MYSTIC GATEWAY.

In memory of Miss Elsie Head.

Composed and sung at her funeral, Dec. 11, 1900, by the Author.

Words and Music by A. B. CONDO.

1. Thro' the years of hope and prom-ise, As life's morn-ing days un - furl,
2. School-mates loved her gen - tle spir - it, None could fail to prize her worth,
3. From the hap - py fam - ily cir - cle, From the light and joy of home,

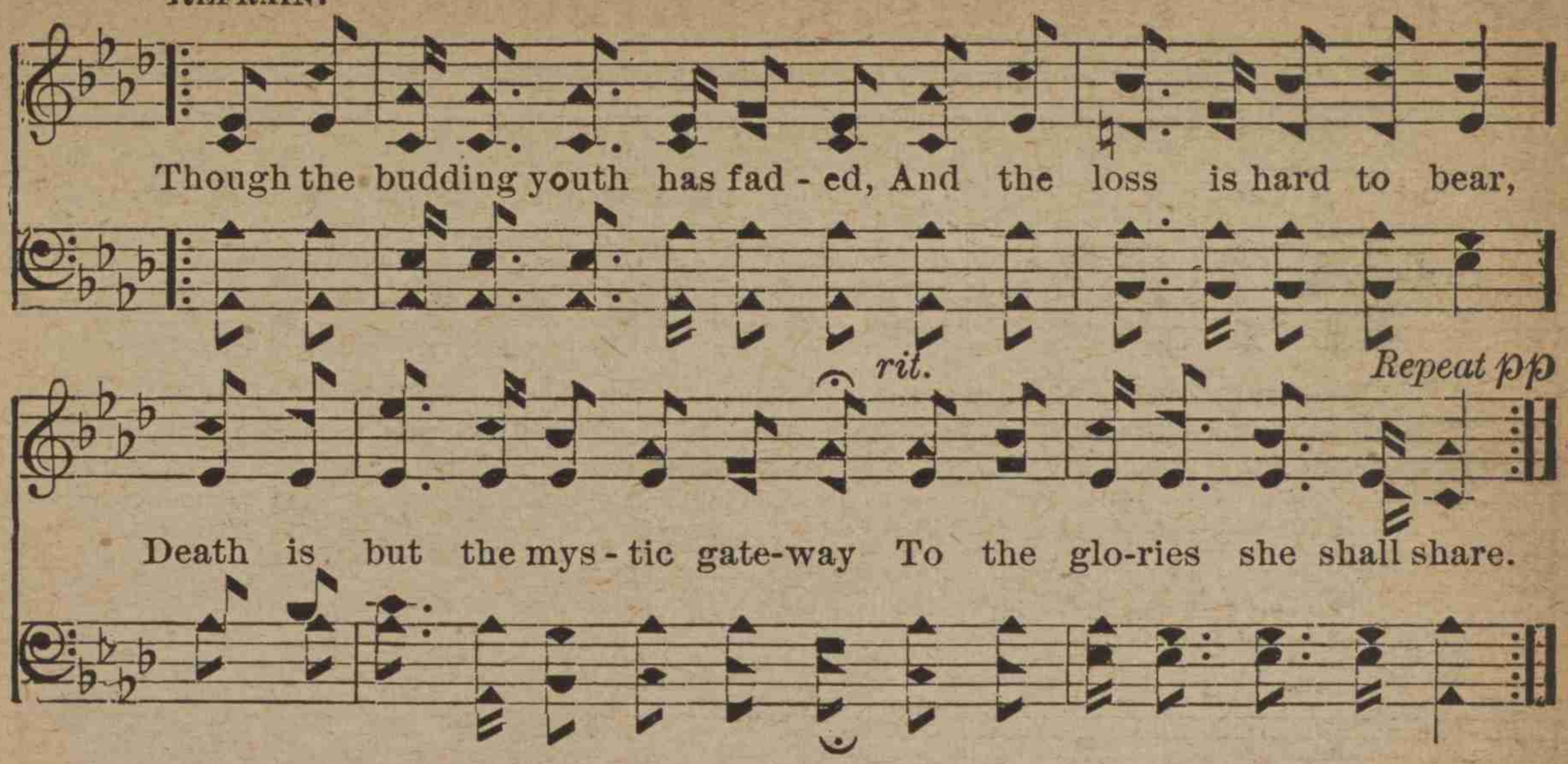
See the fond and lov - ing moth-er Watch-ing o'er that ten - der girl;
Full of prom-ise for the fu - ture, Soon, ah, soon she's passed from earth;
There has gone a treas-ured mem-ber, Leav - ing oth - ers sad and lone;

Oh, how oft in mid - night watches, While in peace-ful sleep she lay,
She has gone from care and la - bor. She has gone from grief and pain,
But this gloom is made to scat - ter, When we think of that glad day,

Moth - er knelt and prayed the Fa - ther, "Keep her safe - ly day by day."
She has gone to rest in glo - ry, And our loss is her great gain.
When we shall be re - u - nit - ed, In that home not far a - way.

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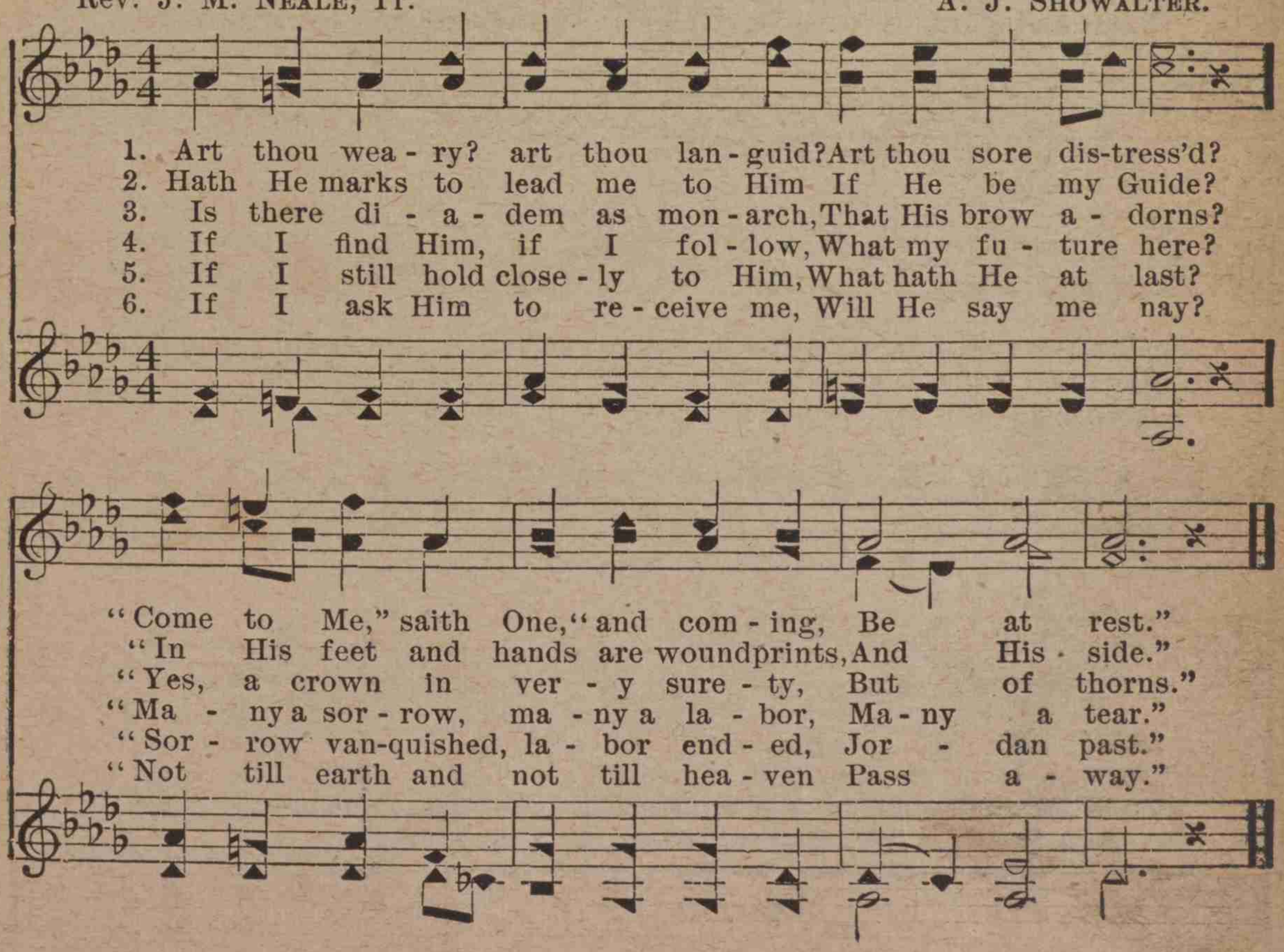
REFRAIN.



No. 67. ART THOU WEARY?

QUARTET FOR LADIES' VOICES.

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



No. 68. JESUS ON THE STORMY SEA.

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.

1. Je - sus on the storm-y sea Heard His sad di - ci - ples plea, And He spoke in
2. Je - sus on the storm-y sea Made all fears and doubts to flee, Ev - 'ry tho't of
3. Je - sus on the storm-y sea Speaks a cheering word to me, Bids life's winds and

Heav'n-ly ac-cents, "Peace, be still;" Rag-ing winds were hush'd to calm While the sigh be-
dan - ger van-ished at His voice; All in safe - ty reach'd the land, Guid-ed by His
waves o-bey His voice di - vine; Pi - lots me un-til at last All the dan-g'rous

REFRAIN.

On . . . . . .

came a psalm, For the angry waves obeyed His mighty will. On the stormy sea, the
lov-ing hand, And He made the saddest heart in Him re-joice.
voyage past, Heav'nly glories of the hav-en will be mine.

3 In 3

storm-y sea of life, In the midst of care, the midst of care and strife, Jesus speaks the

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No. 69. THIS SAME JESUS.

HAVERGAL. JAMES LANGRAN.

No. 70.

SAVED BY GRACE.

(Suggested by Rev. M. A. Thomas.)

JENNIE WILSON. C. W. JAMES.

1. One day I chanced to pass a - long The pavement of a cit - y street,
2. The question float-ed thro' my mind, Ah, who is sing-ing of the pow'r
3. I climbed some steps beside a wall, And, look-ing o'er, my vis-ion fell
4. O pre-cious les - son to me taught There by that humble worker's hymn;

And there I heard a voice in song, That told of hope and comfort sweet;
That helps the tempt-ed soul to find Suf - fi-cient strength for ev -'ry hour?
On one who found in Christ her all, And longed of His rich grace to tell;
Wher-e'er the work of grace is wrought, No hardships can its bright hope dim;

It was a woman's voice I heard In mel - o - dy that filled the place,
Who is it sing-ing of the peace That Je - sus gives un - to His own,
A scrubbing brush was in her hand, Engaged in low - ly toil was she,
How-ev - er low - ly be the place, A child of heav-en's roy - al King

And by the sound my heart was stirred; The hymn she sang was "Saved by Grace
When they from guilt find glad re-lease, And vic - to - ry thro' faith is known!
Yet she was heir to mansions grand, And Christ had bought her lib-er-ty.
Is ev - 'ry soul, whc, saved by grace, Redemptions wondrous song can sing.

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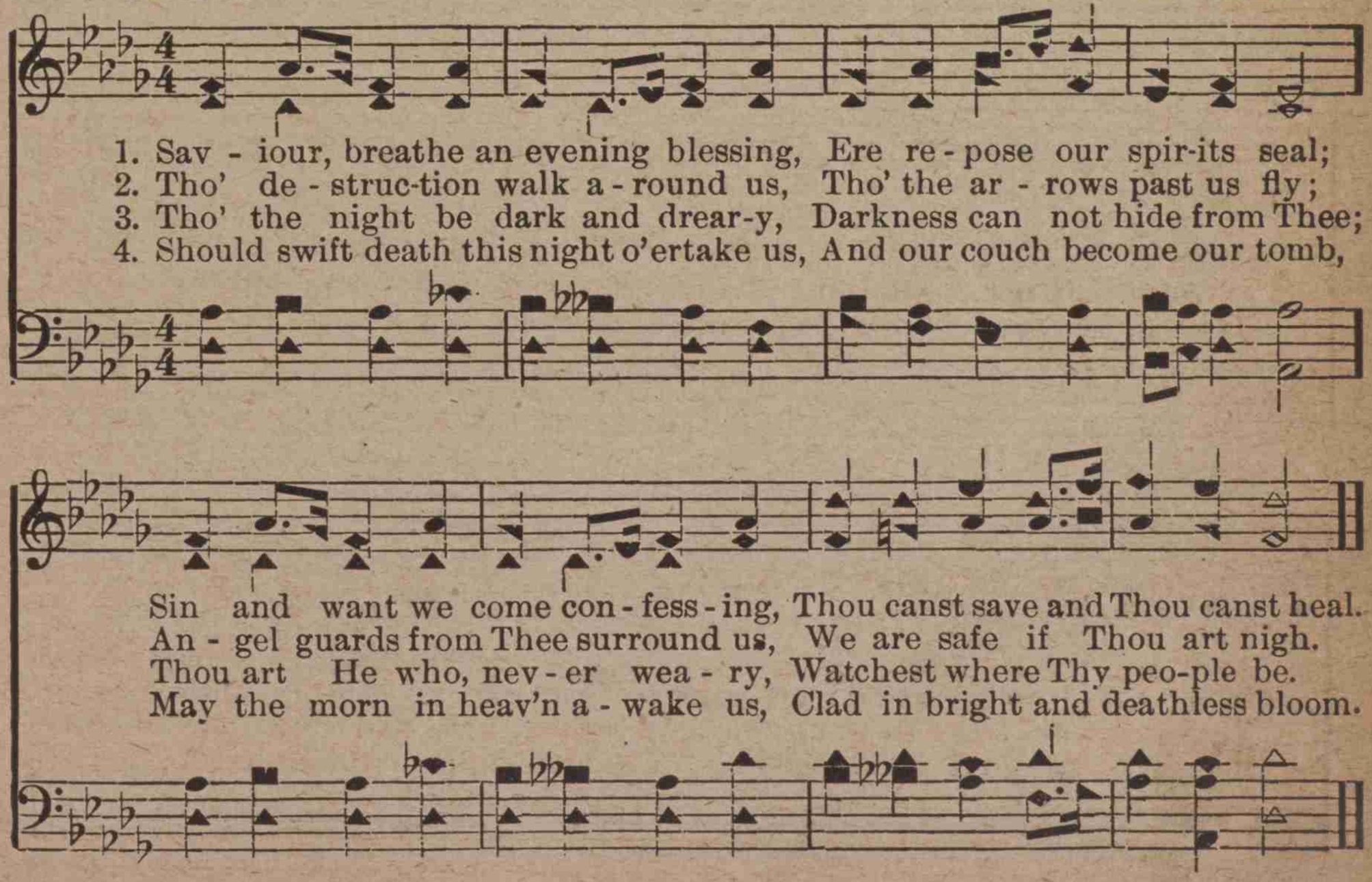
SAVED BY GRACE. Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 71. EVENING PRAYER. 8, 7.

J. EDMESTON. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 72. IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD.

A. J. S. W. H. Lawson.

1. In the vine-yard of the Lord, trust-ing in His ho - ly word, We will
2. There are des - erts lone and drear in the world both far and near, And the
3. To the fields we glad - ly go, toil - ing in this vale be - low, Look-ing

glad - ly la - bor day by day; Do - ing thus His ho - ly will, as we
call of God comes clear and strong; We will an - swer to the call, glad - ly
for the bless-ing from on high; For His prom - is - es are sure, they will

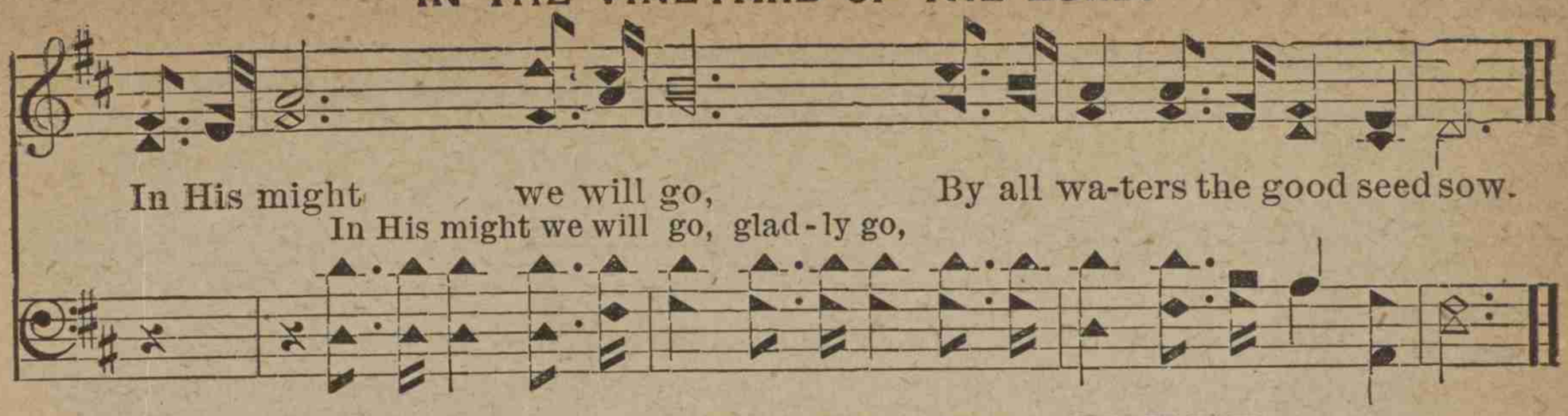
Refrain.

climb fair Zi - on's hill, He will rich - ly all our toil re - pay. We will
say - ing one and all, We will work for Thee with pray'r and song.
ev - er-more en-dure, Rich - ly He'll re-ward us by and by.

watch, we will pray, We will toil . . . . all the day;
We will watch, we will pray, We will toil, glad-ly toil all the day;

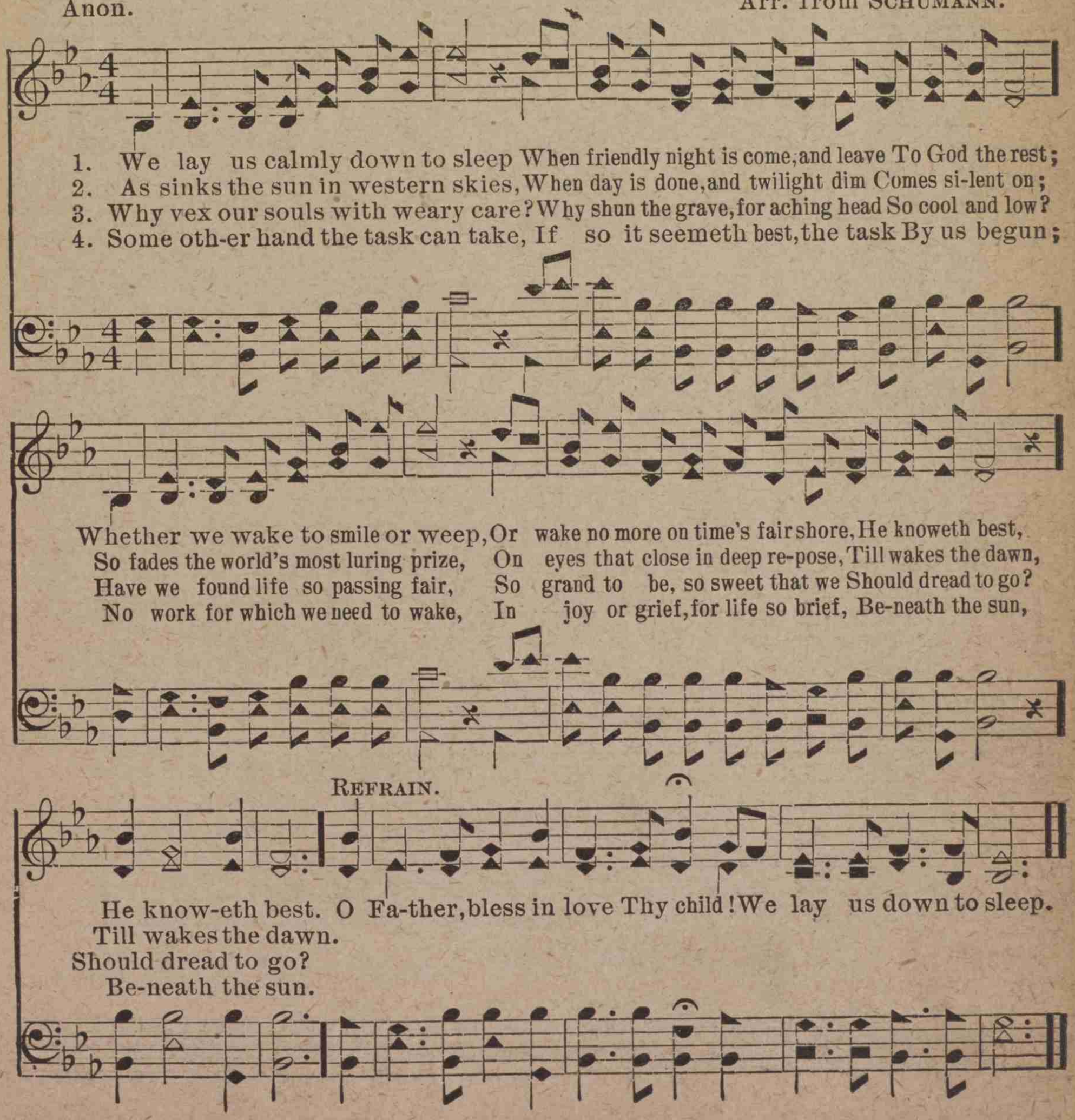
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IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD.



No. 73. WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

Anon. Arr. from SCHUMANN.

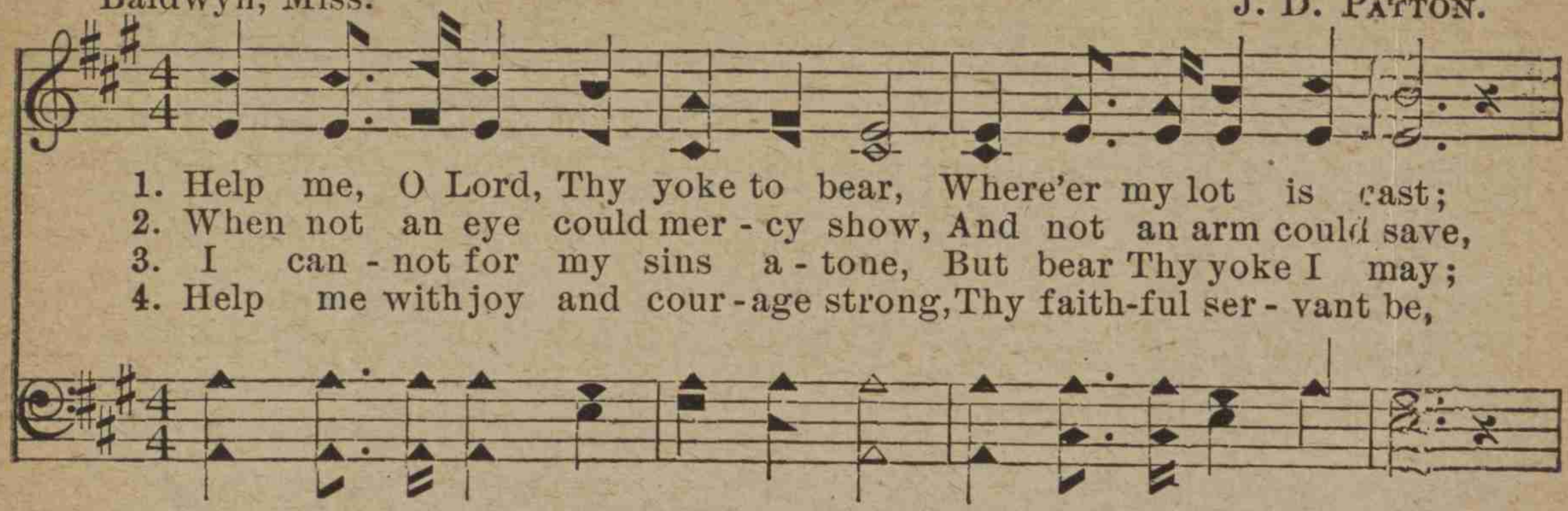


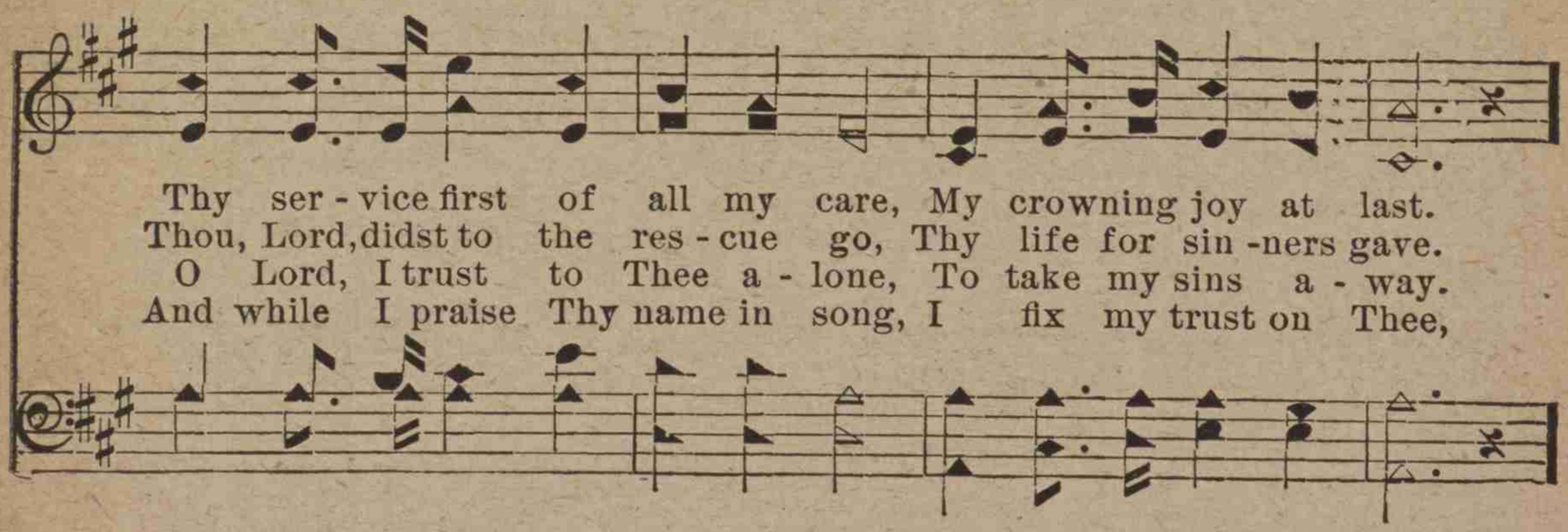
No. 74. THE YOKE OF CHRIST.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." Matt. 11: 29.

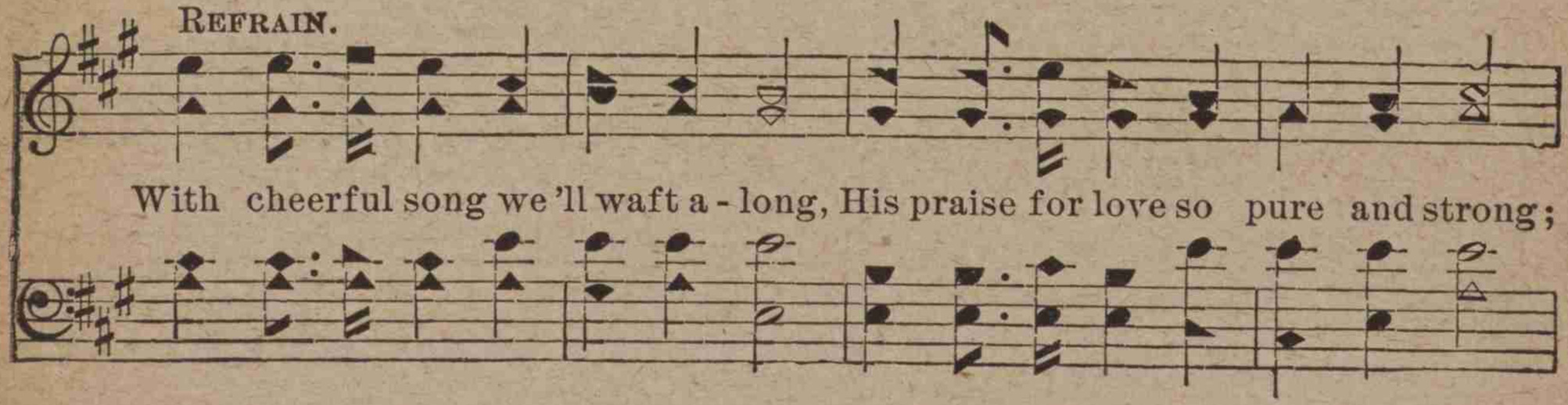
G. W. ARCHER.
Baldwyn, Miss.

J. D. PATTON.





REFRAIN.

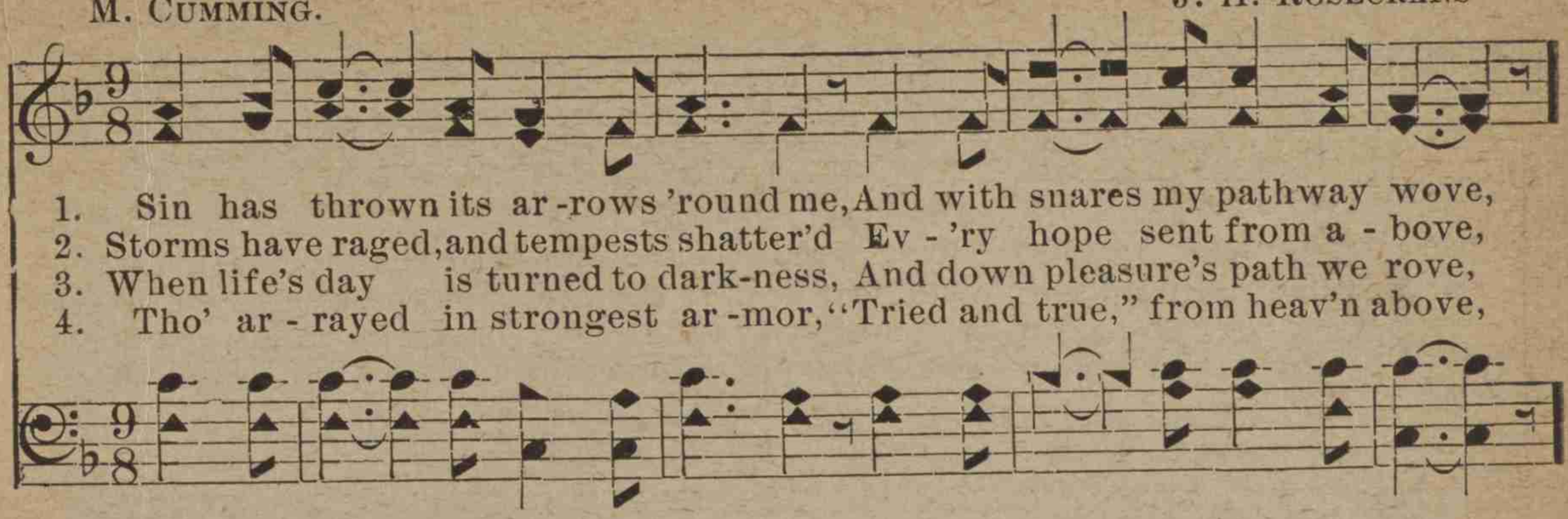




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No. 75. IN THE FORTRESS OF HIS LOVE.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS



REFRAIN.

Words and music copyright, 1899, by J. H. Rosecrans. From "Glad Tidings," by per.

No. 76. THE CITY OF GOD.

R. H. C. R. H. Cornelius.

1. In that beau-ti - ful cit - y that is built above, There's a mansion prepared for me;
2. 'Tis the hand of my Saviour that is leading on To those mansions prepared above,
3. O that beau-ti-ful city with its streets of gold, Soon we'll enter to sin no more;

There my Saviour is reigning, all is peace and love, And by faith all its glories I see.
And I trust Him completely, all my fears are gone, For I know that my Saviour is love.
There we'll dwell with the Saviour, share its joys untold, When we've crossed to the ever bright shore.

Refrain.

Beau - ti - ful cit - y, Cit - y so bright;
Beau-ti-ful cit-y, beau - ti-ful cit - y, Cit-y so fair, so beautiful and bright,

Beau - ti-ful cit - y, Jesus its light.
Beauti-ful cit-y, cit-y so bright, Jesus is its light, yes, Jesus is its light.

Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 77. FOLLOWING JESUS.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Fol - lowing Je - sus, Shepherd di-vine, Led by His hand what safety is mine;
2. Fol - lowing Je - sus, Teacher and Guide, Justice and truth in Him doth a-bide;
3. Fol - lowing Je - sus, Saviour and Friend, He all the way my steps doth defend;

Where the bright waters si-lent-ly flow, In-to green pastures joyful I go.
Right is His coun-sel, sure is His word, Fountain of wis-dom, Je-sus my Lord.
He doth my fainting spir-it re - store, Staff of my soul is He ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Fol - lowing Je - sus day af - ter day, Follow-ing Je - sus, light is the way;
There the bright city soon shall I see, There the blest mansion waiteth for me.

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No. 78. DRIFTING AWAY.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

Face round, my broth-er, and sail for bright Canaan, Take Christ for your pi - lot to - day. .

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No. 79. GIVE JESUS A WELCOME JUST NOW.

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

1. Tired of the world with its sin and its strife, Give Je - sus a welcome just now;
2. Par- don and cleansing He of-fers this hour, Give Je - sus a welcome just now;
3. Blessings unnumbered He keep-eth in store, Give Je - sus a welcome just now;
4. Heav- en thy portion shall be at the last, Give Je - sus a welcome just now;

He will come in and will brighten your life, Give Je - sus a welcome just now.
Peace will come in at the touch of His pow'r, Give Je - sus a welcome just now.
Joy shall be thine thro' His grace ev-ermore, Give Je - sus a welcome just now.
Then shall all sor-row and sigh-ing be past, Give Je - sus a welcome just now.

REFRAIN.

Yes, just now, Give the Lord wel-come just now; While He is

pleading throw o - pen the door, And give Him a wel-come just now.

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No. 80. DEAR FATHER, TAKE ME HOME.

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

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

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

Refrain.

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

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No. 81. ALONE WITH GOD.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend and teacher, Prof. J. D. Patton. (W. R. P.)

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. W. R. PHILLIPS.

1. A - lone with God, O sweet re-treat, Where I can hold communion sweet,
2. A - lone with God, there dis - ap - pears My sin - ful doubt and useless fears;
3. A - lone with God, I tell my care, He gives me help, He hears my pray'r;

Where I can go and trust-ing rest, Up - on a Fa - ther's lov - ing breast.
His calm and soothing pow'r I know, Sweet peace and joy He doth be-stow.
Naught can divide me from His love, Ere long I'll join the songs a - bove.

REFRAIN.

A - lone, a - lone with God, Be - neath the ban - ner stained with blood;

I taste the sweets of love di-vine, I know I'm Christ's and He is mine.

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No. 82. WHEN HE FOUND ME.

E. R. LATTA. W. R. PHILLIPS.

1. It was in my ear - ly life, 'Mid the e - vil and the strife That on
2. Faith-ful pa-rents did their part, To un-fold my stubborn heart, Urg -ing
3. Man - y times my feet have stray'd, And my soul has been dis-may'd; But, re -

ev - 'ry side were rife, That He found me! In the way where many trod,
me for Him to start, Ere He found me! Then at last I yield-ed all,
pen-tant, still I prayed, Till He found me! Let me fol - low to the end,

Leading far a-way from God, Sped my feet, with e-vil shod, When He found me!
At my Saviour's loving call, And my sins became as gall, When He found me!
Nor my bless-ed Lord of-fend, Who was such a loving friend, When He found me!

REFRAIN.

When He found me, when He found me, And He threw His arms a - round me!

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WHEN HE FOUND ME.



No. 83. GOD'S MERCY.

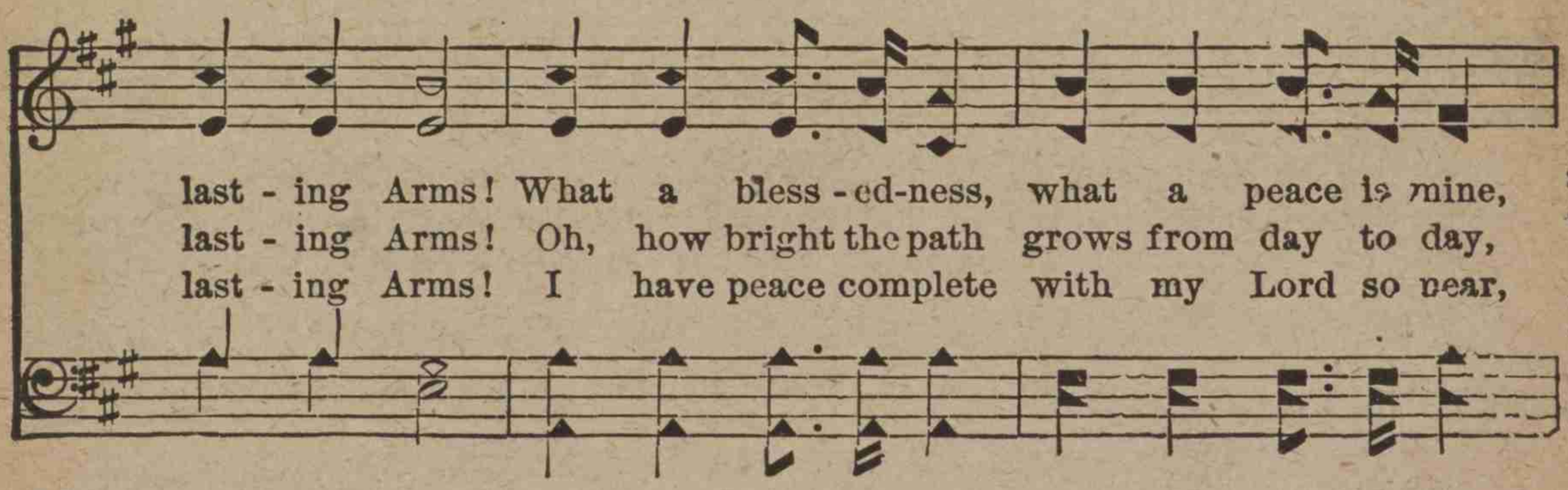
Rev. Sam. B. Cox. J. Allen Glover.

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No. 84. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

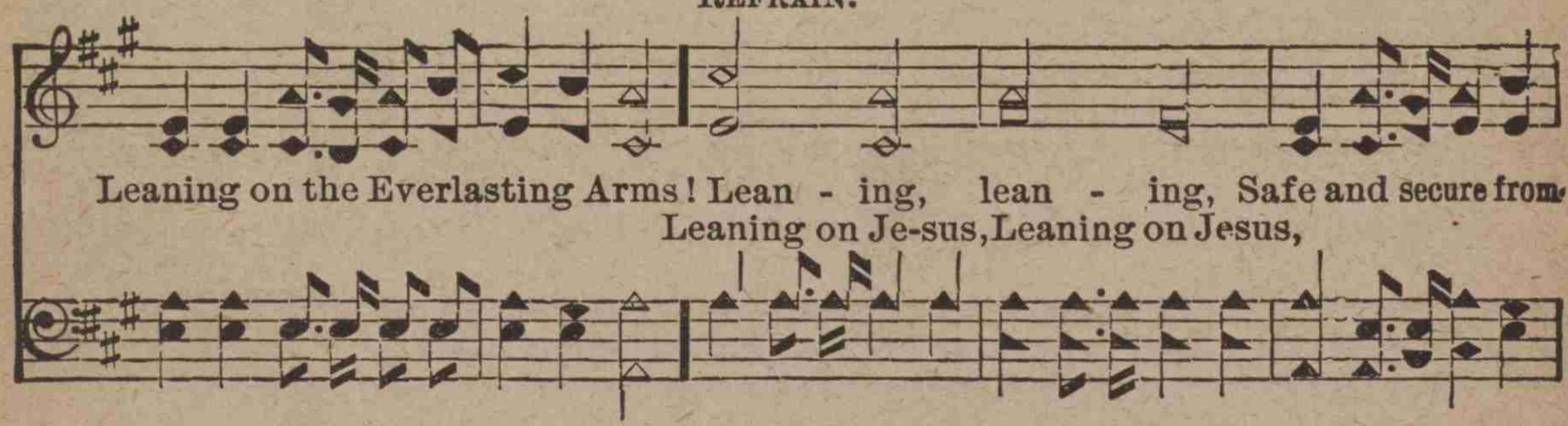
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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REFRAIN.





No. 85. TENDERLY LEAD THEM TO JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. P. B. HUGHES.

1. Bring in the lambs to the good Shepherd's fold, Some are astray in the darkness and cold,
2. Longs the good Shepherd each dear lamb to win, Safe would He keep them from danger and sin,
3. Ere lit-tle feet e-vil pathways have pressed, Guide them to Him who gives shelter and rest,
4. Let them not perish for whom Christ has died, Guide them from peril to peace at His side,

He will re - lieve them with kindness un - told, Ten-der - ly lead them to Je - sus.
Go where they wan-der and gath - er them in, Ten-der - ly lead them to Je - sus.
Safe in His care all are hap - py and blest, Ten-der - ly lead them to Je - sus.
Res-cued from loss with the saved to a - bide, Ten-der - ly lead them to Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Ten - der - ly lead them to Je - sus, Ten - der - ly lead them to Je - sus,

Bring in the lambs to the good Shepherd's fold, Ten-der - ly lead them to Je - sus.

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No. 86. MY SAVIOUR IS THERE.

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

1. I've tho't of the cit - y whose streets are of gold, Whose walls are of jas-per, of beau - ty un - told, Where loved ones are gath-ered in robes white and fair, But
2. O won - der - ful mu - sic! glad voic - es shall ring And harps shall re-ech - o in praise of our King; In songs nev - er ceas-ing the ran-somed shall share, But
3. No cloud dims the rad-iance of love's perfect day, From that hap-py morn-ing the shades flee a - way; Life's cross - es shall van - ish, bright crowns we shall wear, But

REFRAIN.

joy all - sur-pass - ing, my Sav-iour is there. My Sav - iour, my own precious Sav - iour is there; No rap-ture with this can com - pare; I'll wake in His

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MY SAVIOUR IS THERE. Concluded.



No. 87. JESUS IS STANDING ON THE SHORE.

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

REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1902, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 88. THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS

1. Soldiers of the cross! the trumpet calls to arms, Nev-er quake nor quail at
2. Soldiers of the cross! the Captain leads you on, Fight be-neath His ban - ner
3. Soldiers of the cross! the pow'r of God's own word Gives to ev - 'ry arm a

Sa - tan's wild a - larms; From the val - ley, from the hill, O'er the
till the vic - t'ry's won; O - ver o - cean's crested foam, Tor - rid
might - y two - edged sword; Storm the dungeon-keeps of sin, Plant the

mountain, down the rill—There's "a way," when there's "a will"—To arms, to arms!
sand, or snow-y dome, Plant the truth in ev - 'ry home Beneath the sun.
truth of God with-in, Nev- er fal - ter—soon you'll win Thro' Christ, the Lord.

REFRAIN.

March to vic - to - ry, March to vic - to - ry, In the might of Je - sus
Forward, march to vic - to - ry, For-ward, march to vic-to - ry,

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THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

fy, ...

ev - 'ry foe de - fy; foe de-fy; March to vic - to - ry, March to
For - ward, march to vic - to - ry, For - ward,

vic - to - ry, Shout!" THE WORLD FOR JESUS," as our bat-tle cry.
march to vic - to - ry,

No. 89. ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY F. LYTE. M. ADELAIDE GRIGGS.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven tide; The dark-ness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy presence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's powr?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes! Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

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

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. D. Patton.

Duet, Soprano and Alto, or Soprano and Tenor.

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

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

Chorus.

Help me, help me, now, my Sav iour, Wand'ring souls to win for Thee,
Help, now help me, help me, now, my Sav-iour, Wand'ring souls to win, to win for Thee,

rit.

Souls to shine in Heav'nly man-sions, Thro'-out all e-ter-ni-ty!
Souls to shine, to shine in Heav'n-ly man-sions,

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No. 91. ON WINGS OF FAITH.

JENNIE WILSON. C. H. BOTTOMS.

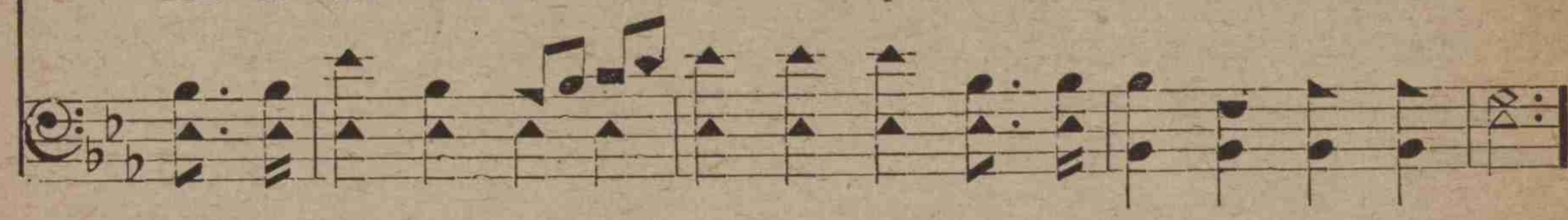


1. On the wings of faith my spir - it mounts Far a - bove earth's strife and care,
2. In the peace of Christ I sweet - ly rest When from carnal things I rise,
3. O how precious are the moments spent With the Lord this world a - bove,
4. May those blessed pin-ions oft - en bear Me a - way from scenes below,





And I glad - ly gain the ho - ly calm Of those heights serene and fair.
For His pres-ence yields a joy un - told, As His glo - ry round me lies.
When the wings of faith my soul lifts up To do-mains of light and love.
Till at last I dwell with Christ for aye When life's fulness I shall know.



REFRAIN.



On the wings of faith I soar a - loft, And I look far, far a - way,





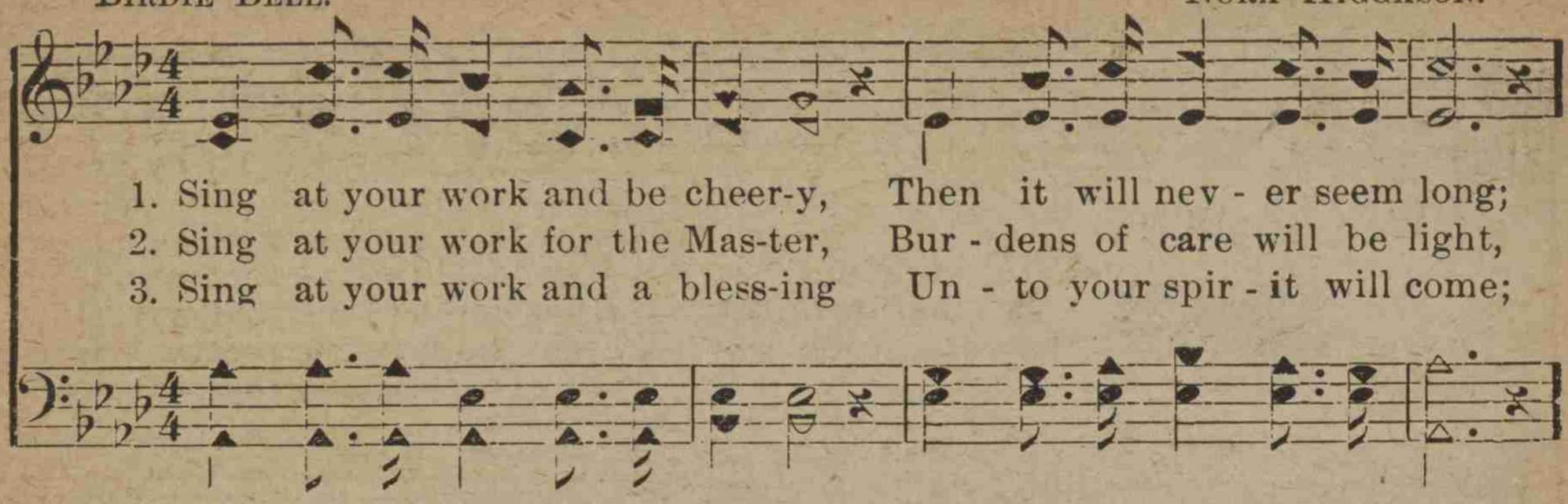
Where my true home gleams in the lus-trous beams Of a nev - er - end - ing day.

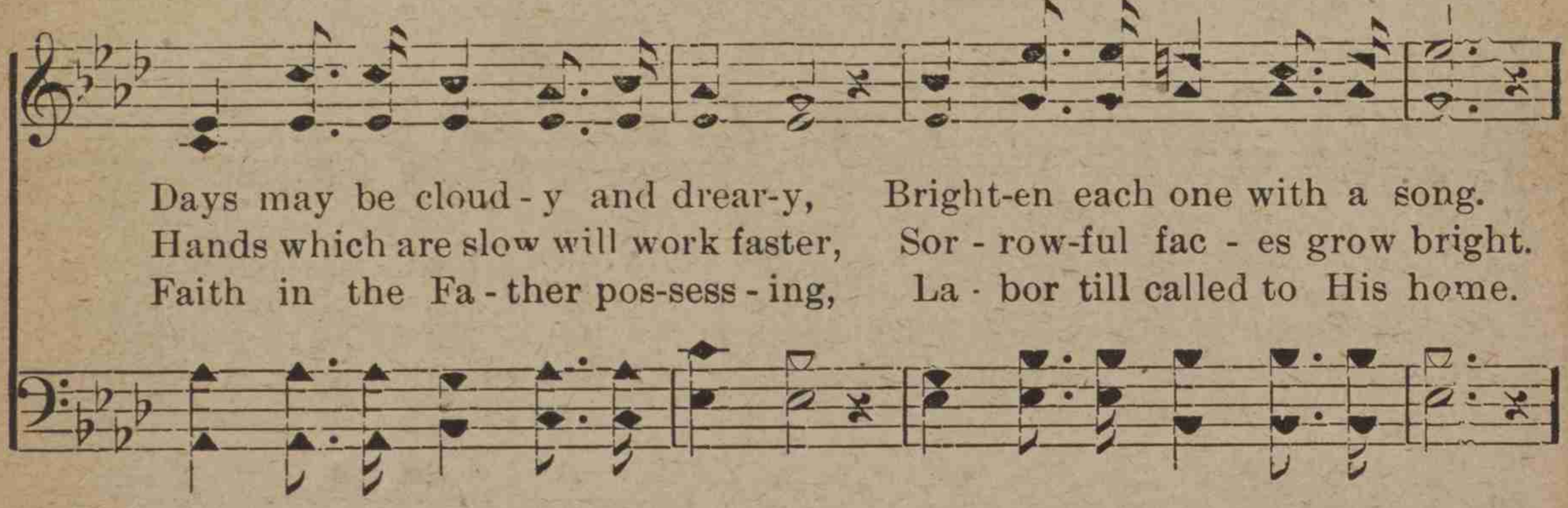


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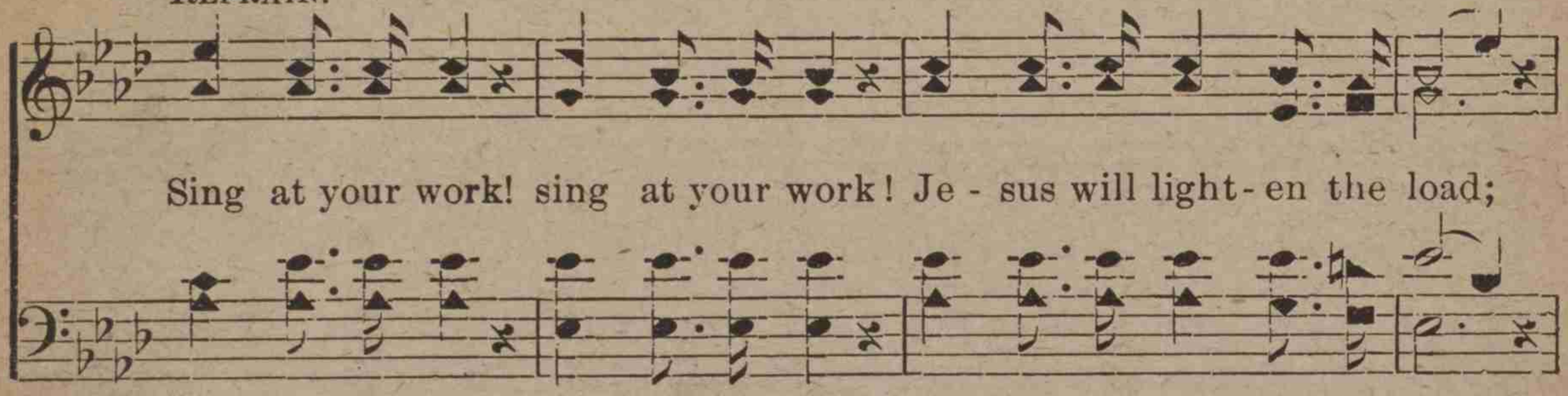
No. 92. SING AT YOUR WORK.

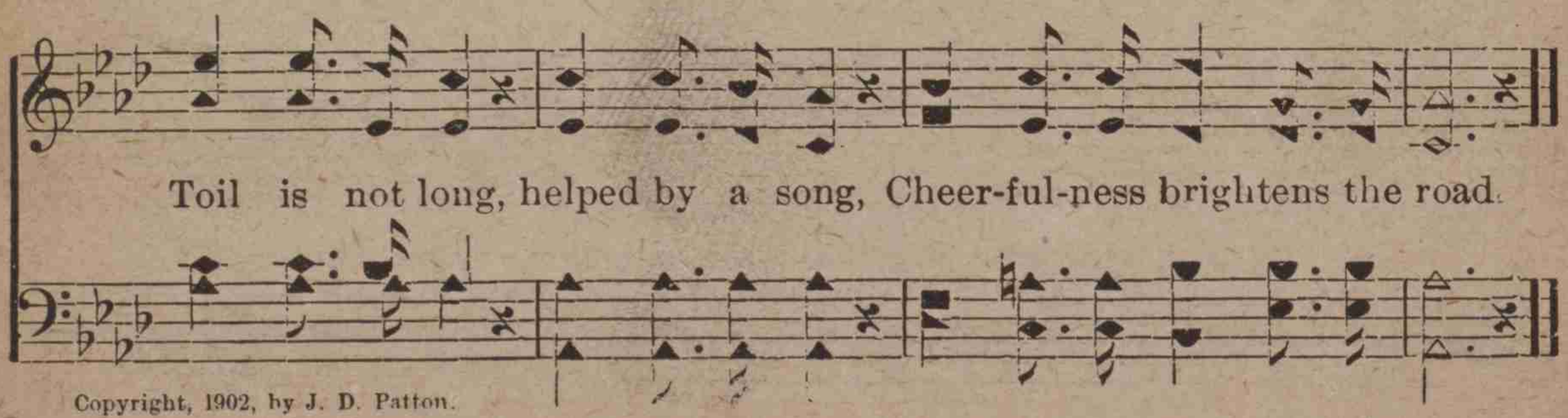
BIRDIE BELL. NORA HIGGASON.





REFRAIN.





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No. 93. WE ARE FOLLOWING THAT WAY, TOO.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. J. S. HARPER.

1. We see our Sav-iour on a-head, We are fol-low-ing that way, too;
2. Al-though the cross He once did bear, We are fol-low-ing that way, too;
3. This is the way the mar-tyrs trod, We are fol low-ing that way, too;
4. Our fa-thers walked this pil-grim way, We are fol-low-ing that way, too;
5. This path was trod by ho-ly men, We are fol-low-ing that way, too;

While by our Mas-ter we are led, We are fol-low-ing that way, too.
Though pain and sor-row oft did share, We are fol-low-ing that way, too.
They through af-flic-tion found their God, We are fol-low-ing that way, too.
They found it led to end-less day, We are fol-low-ing that way, too.
Who found the new Je-ru-sa-lem, We are fol-low-ing that way, too.

REFRAIN.

Then on-ward, up-ward, for-ward, The prize we all can view;

This is the way that Je-sus passed, We are fol-low-ing that way, too.

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No. 94. KEEP THE FIRE BURNING IN YOUR HEART.

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



1. What a great fire kindled all your heart a-glow, When to serve Je-sus you did start!
2. If your mind is centered on earth's gems and gold, From you God's spir-it will de-part,
3. Lean up-on the Bi-ble as your rod and staff, You will find help in ev-'ry part,
4. When at last you're standing on the riv-er's brink, With the pale boatman to de-part,



But you must be care-ful or it will get low, Keep the fire burning in your heart.
For He nev-er lin-gers when the love grows cold, Keep the fire burning in your heart.
And with grace and mercy all a-long your path, Keep the fire burning in your heart.
If you love the Saviour still you need not shrink, Keep the fire burning in your heart.



REFRAIN.



Keep the fire burning in your heart to-day, Keep the fire burning all a-long the way;

With the love of Je-sus as you watch and pray, Keep the fire burning in your heart.



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No. 95. THE SINGING OF THE ANGELS.

E. R. LATTA. J. B. HERRING.

1. The sing-ing of the an-gels To the shepherd's ears found way; The singing of the
2. The sing-ing of the an-gels To the shepherds, O how dear! The singing of the
3. The sing-ing of the an-gels Sounds where fields are ev-er green; The singing of the
4. The sing-ing of the an-gels Glads the New Je-ru - sa - lem; The singing of the

REFRAIN.

an-gels May re-sound to us some day. In the far, far a-
an-gels How our souls shall thrill to hear!
an-gels Wakes a bet - ter Pal - es - tine.
an-gels, Like to that of Beth - le - hem.

In the far, far a-way, In the

way, In the far, far a-way, Where the
far, far a-way, In the far, far a-way, far a - way,

good are go-ing and no tears are flowing In the beau-ti - ful far, far a-way.

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No. 96. DO IT FOR JESUS.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Do it for Je-sus, the task will be light, Darkness will van-ish and paths will grow bright;
2. Do it for Je-sus, the task is not long, Toil is en-no-bled, the fee-ble grow strong;
3. Do it for Je-sus, the task will be blest, When you are wea-ry, He of-fers sweet rest;

La-bor is bless-ed when done in His name, Faithful the ser-vice our Master doth claim.
Burdens are lift-ed and fa-ces are glad, Working for Je-sus no heart should be sad.
Du - ty is pleasure when look-ing a-bove; Toil on with patience and serve Him with love.

REFRAIN.

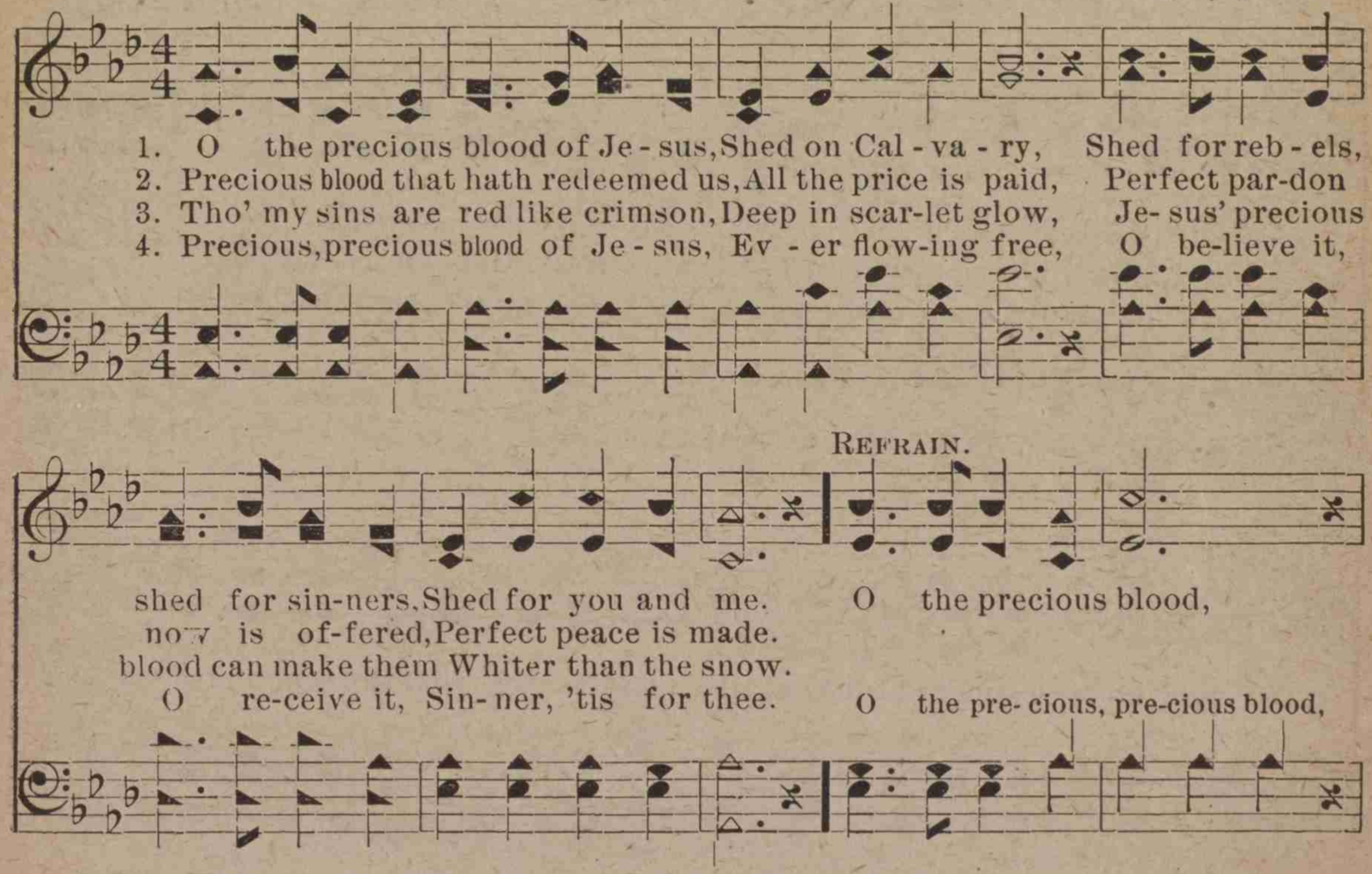
Do . . . . . it for Je - - sus, All la - - - - bor is sweet; . . . .
Do it for Je - sus, do it for Him, La-bor is sweet, all la - bor is sweet;
Souls . . . . . that are wea - ry May rest . . . . at His feet;
Souls that are worn and wea - ry May rest, may rest at His feet;

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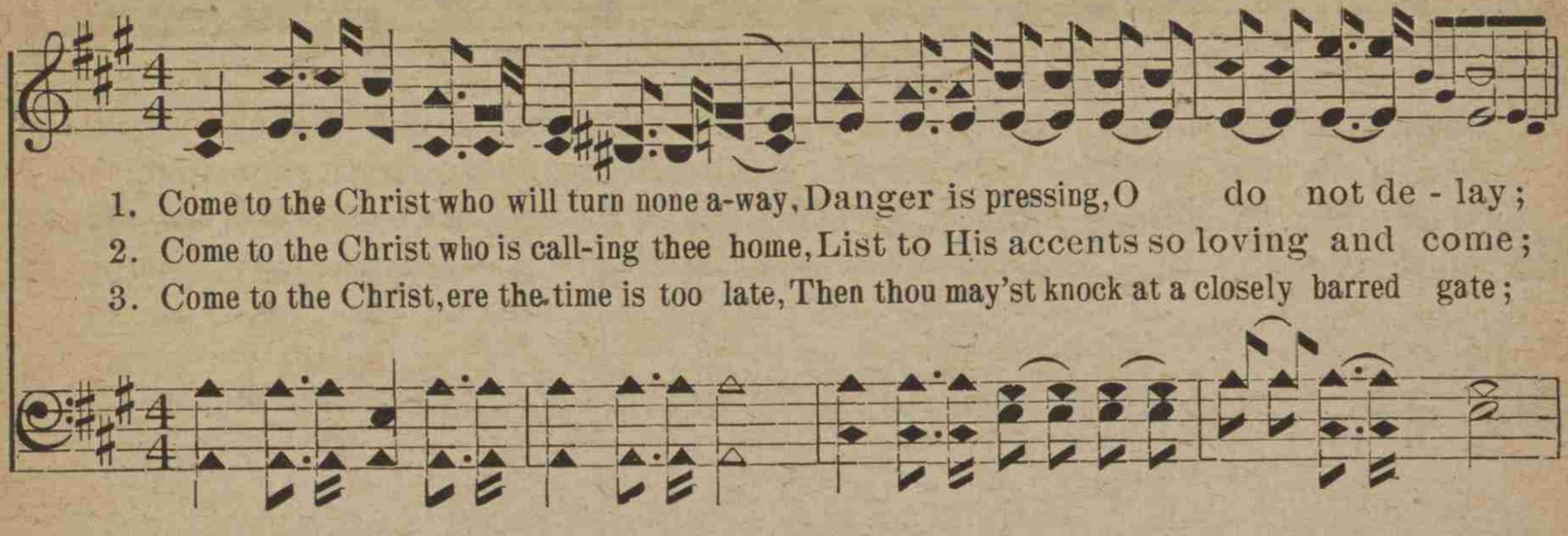
No. 97. LET IT MAKE THEE WHOLE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 98. COME TO THE WAITING CHRIST.

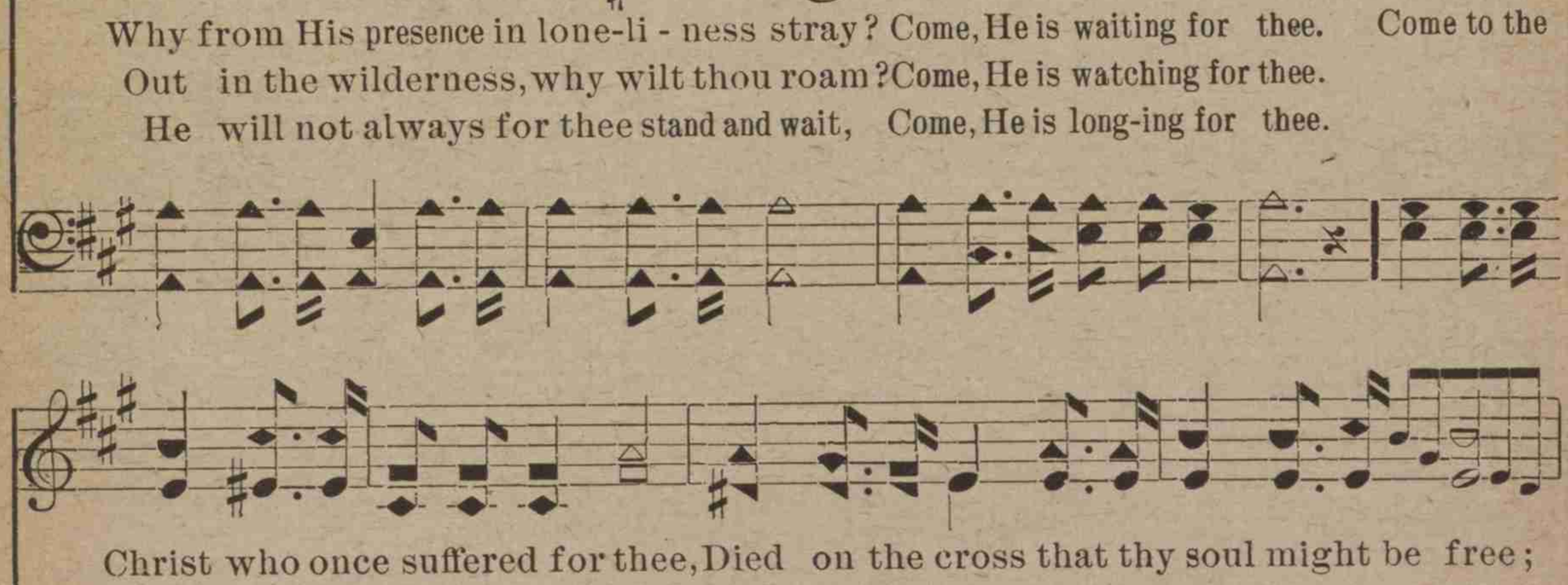
BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.



1. Come to the Christ who will turn none a-way, Danger is pressing, O do not de - lay;
2. Come to the Christ who is call-ing thee home, List to His accents so loving and come;
3. Come to the Christ, ere the time is too late, Then thou may'st knock at a closely barred gate;



REFRAIN.



Why from His presence in lone-li - ness stray? Come, He is waiting for thee. Come to the
Out in the wilderness, why wilt thou roam? Come, He is watching for thee.
He will not always for thee stand and wait, Come, He is long-ing for thee.



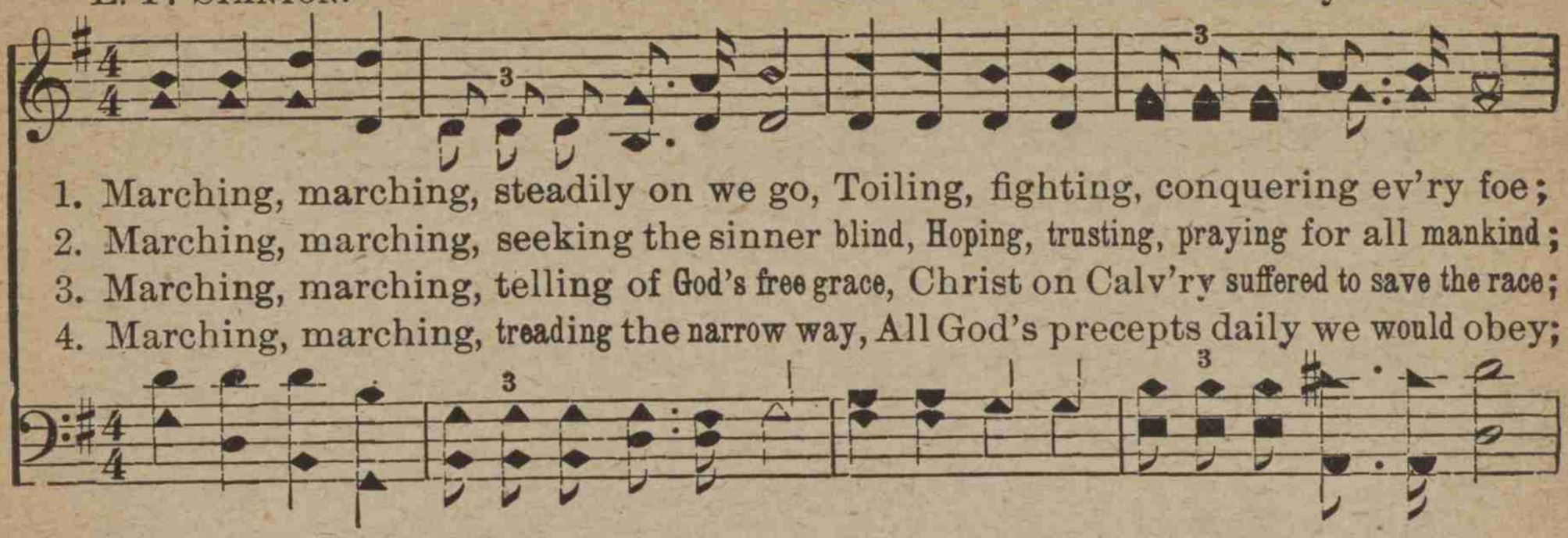
Christ who once suffered for thee, Died on the cross that thy soul might be free;

Now while He calleth in ac-cents of love, Come to Him, prodigal, why wilt thou rove?

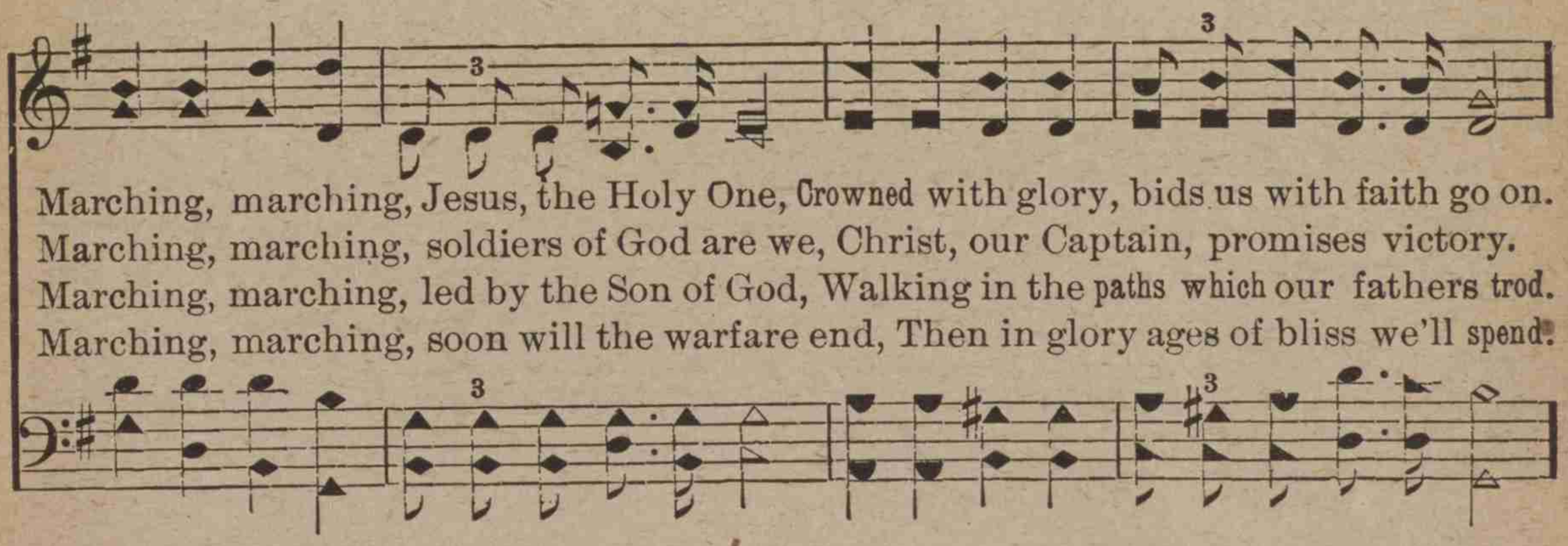
Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton.

No. 99. MARCHING, MARCHING.

E. F. STANTON. Rev. E. F. STANTON. Arr. by A. J. S.



1. Marching, marching, steadily on we go, Toiling, fighting, conquering ev'ry foe;
2. Marching, marching, seeking the sinner blind, Hoping, trusting, praying for all mankind;
3. Marching, marching, telling of God's free grace, Christ on Calv'ry suffered to save the race;
4. Marching, marching, treading the narrow way, All God's precepts daily we would obey;



Marching, marching, Jesus, the Holy One, Crowned with glory, bids us with faith go on.
Marching, marching, soldiers of God are we, Christ, our Captain, promises victory.
Marching, marching, led by the Son of God, Walking in the paths which our fathers trod.
Marching, marching, soon will the warfare end, Then in glory ages of bliss we'll spend.

REFRAIN.

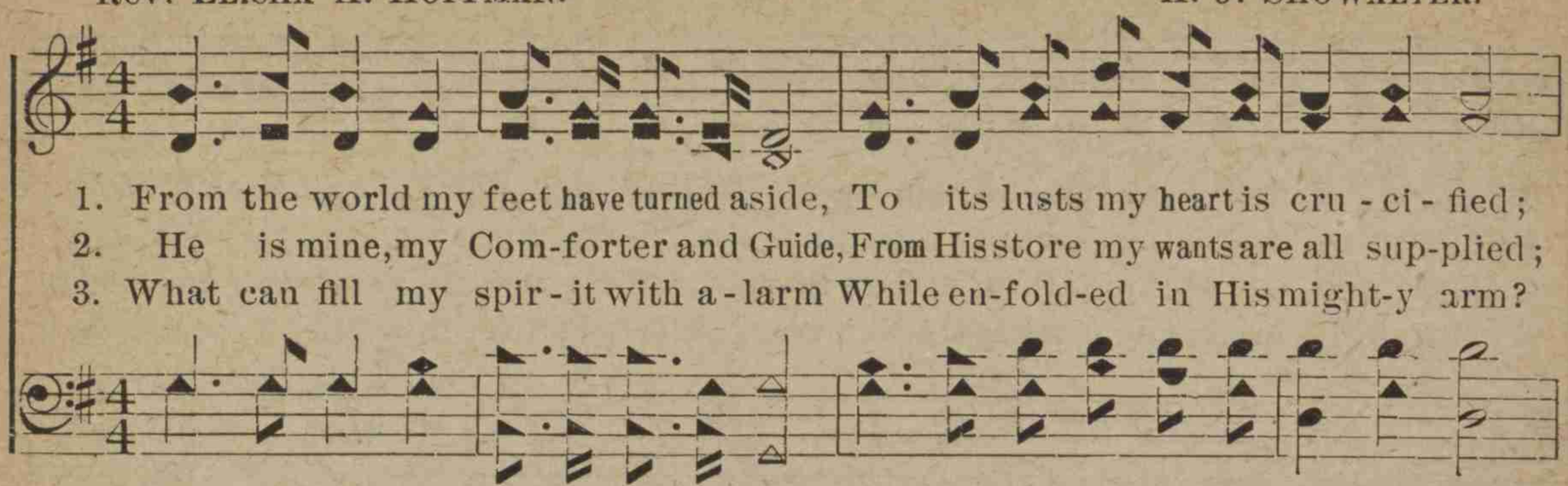
March - ing, march - ing, Onward, upward, joyful-ly on we go;
Marching, we're marching, marching, yes, marching,

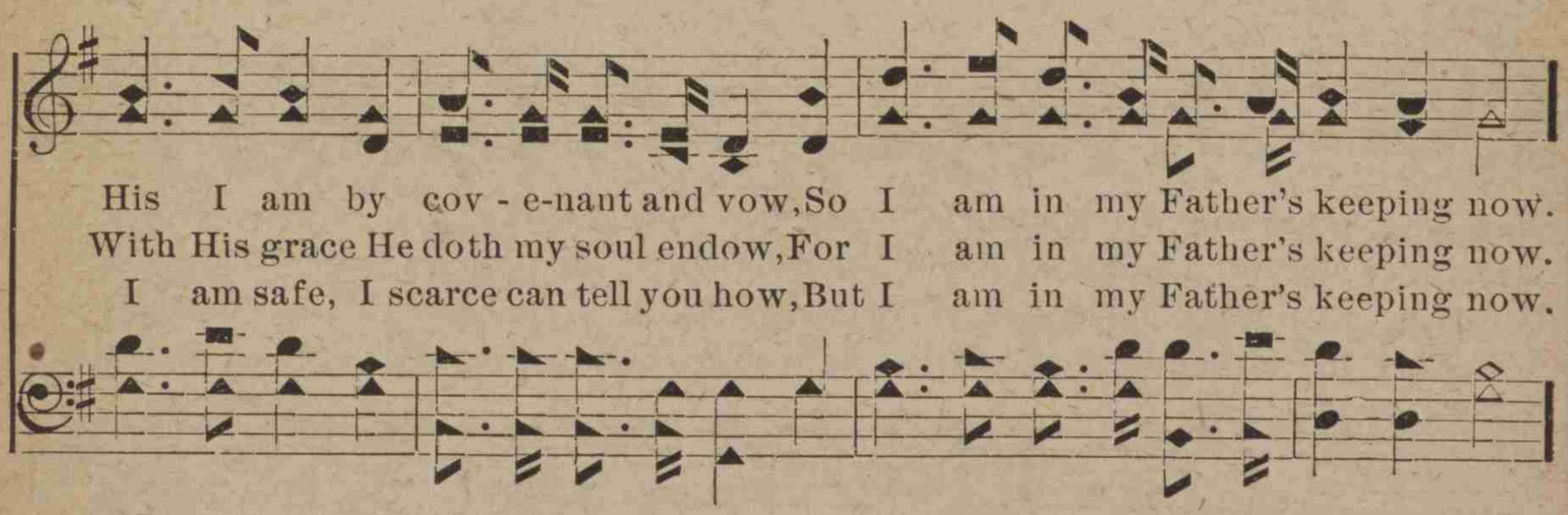
March - ing, march - ing, Trusting Je-sus, conquering ev - 'ry foe.
Marching, we're marching, marching, yes, marching,

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No. 100. IN MY FATHER'S KEEPING.

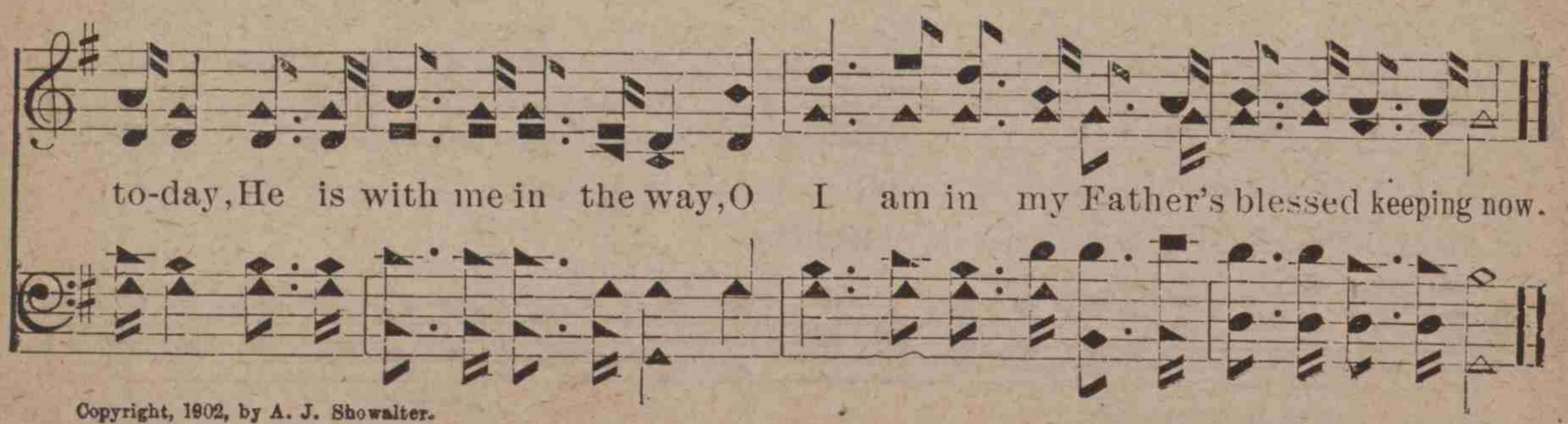
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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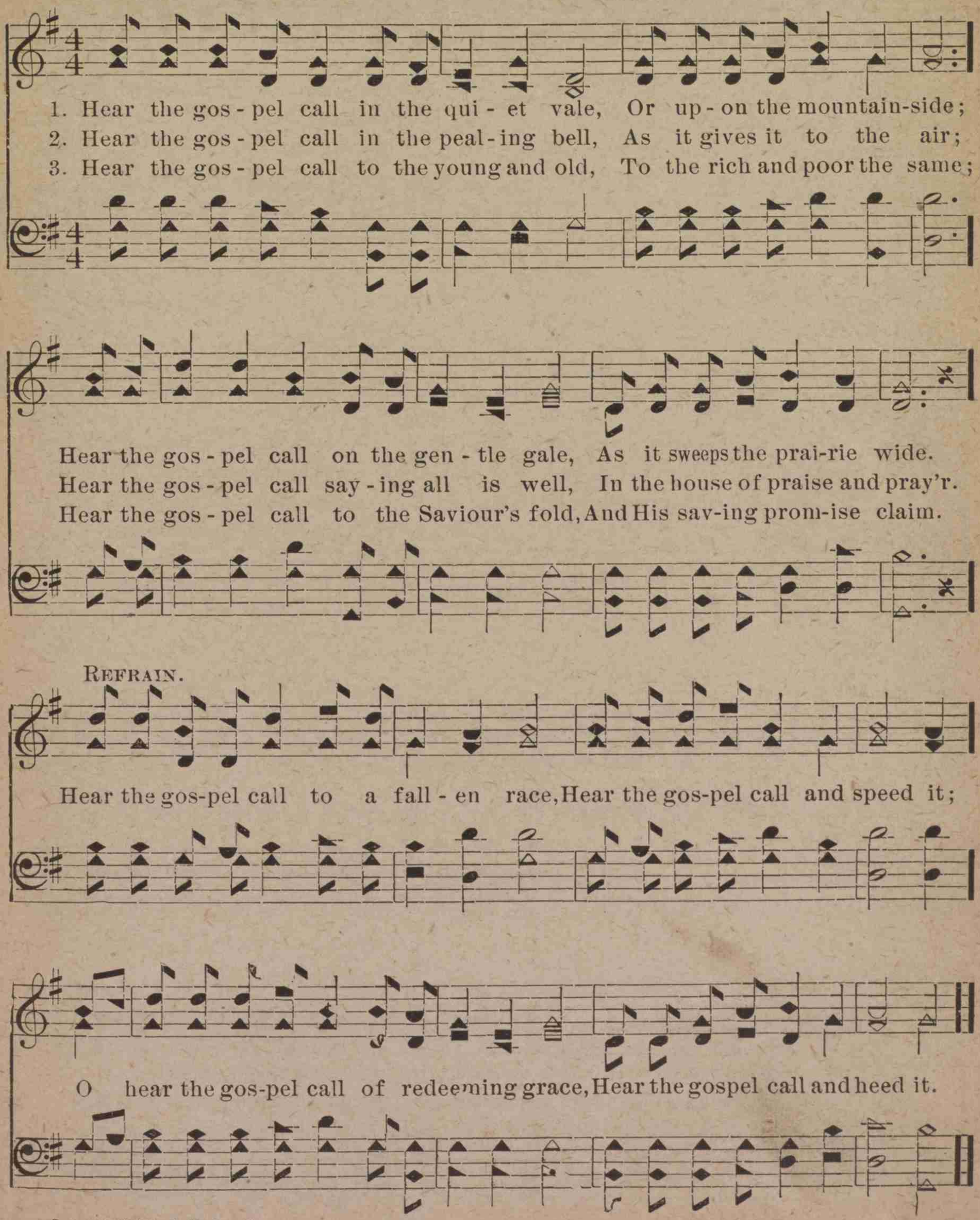




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No. 101. HEAR THE GOSPEL CALL.

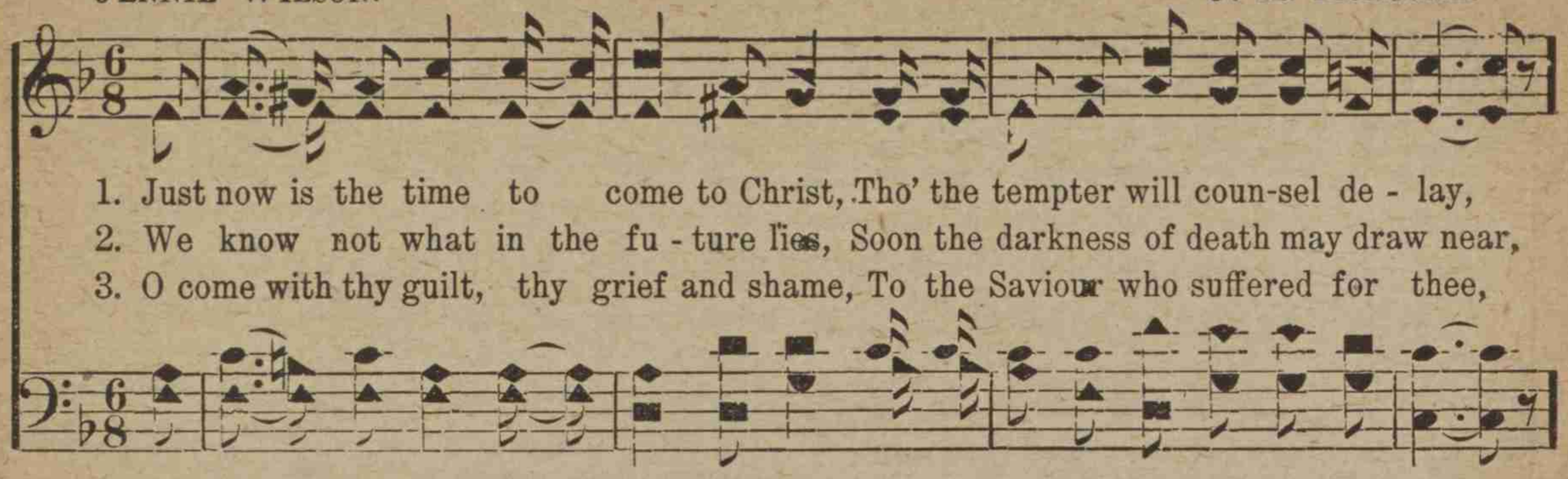
E. R LATTA. R. H. CORNELIUS.



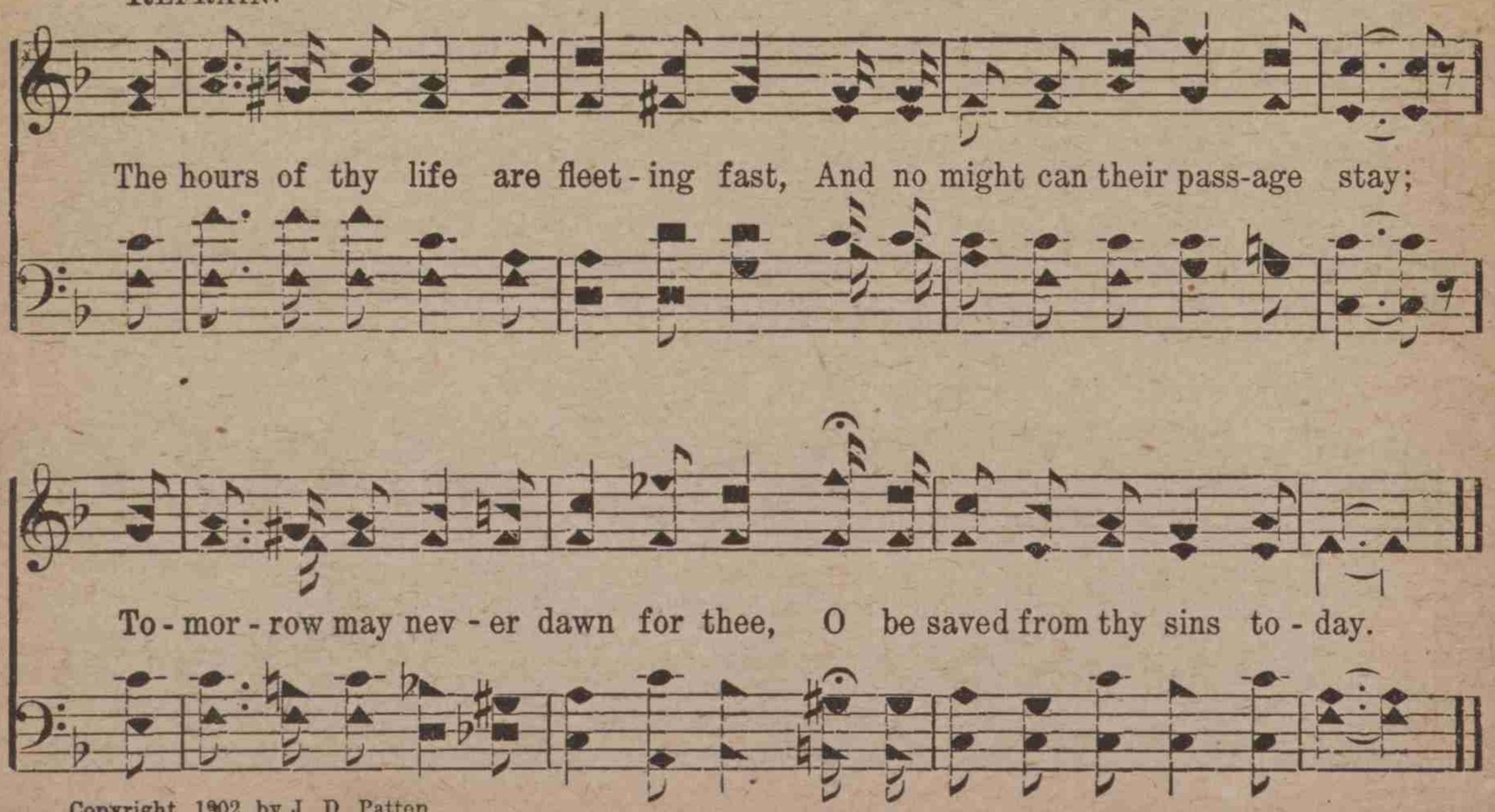
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No. 102. BE SAVED TO-DAY.

JENNIE WILSON. J. H. HOLCOMB.



REFRAIN.



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No. 103. WONDERFUL MESSAGES.

JENNIE WILSON. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

Slow and with expression.

DUET. SOP.

1. Oh, what wonderful messages come to me, As I read the book di - vine,
2. There's a message of pardon for all my sin, Thro' my Saviour's matchless love,
3. There's a message of peace earth can ne'er bestow, And can never take a - way:
4. There's a message of rest in that cit - y fair On the calm ce-les - tial shore,

Then with grateful and reverent eyes I see What a precious hope is mine.
Who on Calvary died that my soul might win Endless life in realms a - bove.
'Tis the comfort of God the forgiven know With their guilt removed for aye.
And the home which my Saviour doth now pre-pare Will be mine for-ev - er - more.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Oh, the wonderful messages in God's word, Showing infinite depths of grace;

rall.

Oh, the wonder-ful promise that by and by I shall see my Saviour's face.

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No. 104. "IT IS GOD'S WAY; HIS WILL BE DONE."

Dying words of President Wm. McKinley.

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

1. Tho' all a-round, on ev - 'ry hand, Are things we do not un - der-stand,
2. The rose may die, the blos-soms fade, Yet we may still be un - dis-mayed,
3. Tho' we may lose our heart's de-sire, And oft be tried as if by fire,
4. If here on earth the cross we bear, 'Twill but en-hance our rich - es there;

This tho't should comfort ev - 'ry one, "It is God's way; His will be done."
And say, tho' tears their cours-es run, "It is God's way; His will be done."
We'll trust in Him, the Ho - ly One, "It is God's way; His will be done."
So we will say till heav'n is won, "It is God's way; His will be done."

CHORUS.

Then trust the Lord tho' shadows dim May sometimes hide thy view of Him;
Then trust, then trust the Lord tho' shadows dim May sometimes hide, may hide thy view of Him;

Tho' sor-rows deep may veil the sun, "It is God's way; His will be done."
Tho' sor-rows deep may veil, may veil the sun, "It is God's way; His will, His will be done."

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No. 105. THE LOVE THAT RANSOMED ME.

E. R. LATTA. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Un - der sin - ful con - dem - na - tion, Lost to all e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Shall I, to my soul's un - do - ing, Slight that love so full and free?
3. From the path-ways of temp - ta - tion I would ev - er, ev - er flee,
4. In the shin - ing courts of glo - ry Ev - er-more I long to be;

Won - der - ful for con - tem - pla - tion Is the love that ran-somed me!
Or, by faith His steps pur - su - ing, Own the love that ran-somed me?
That I may ob - tain sal - va - tion, Thro' the love that ran-somed me.
There to tell the glad-some sto - ry Of the love that ran-somed me!

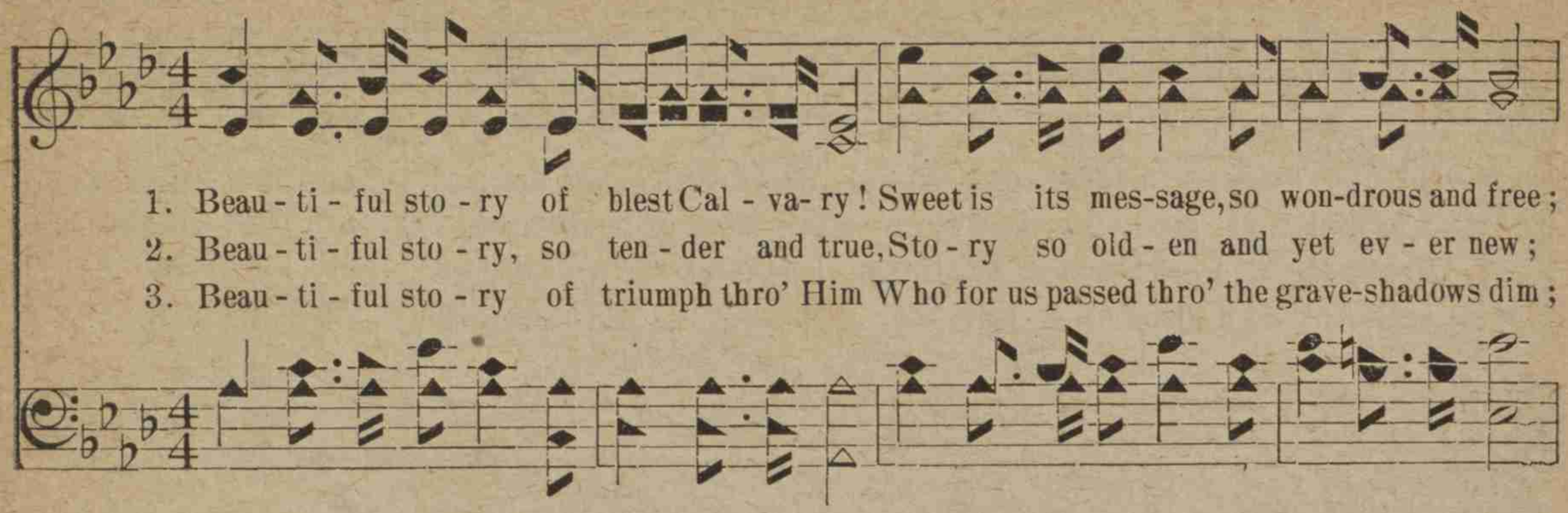
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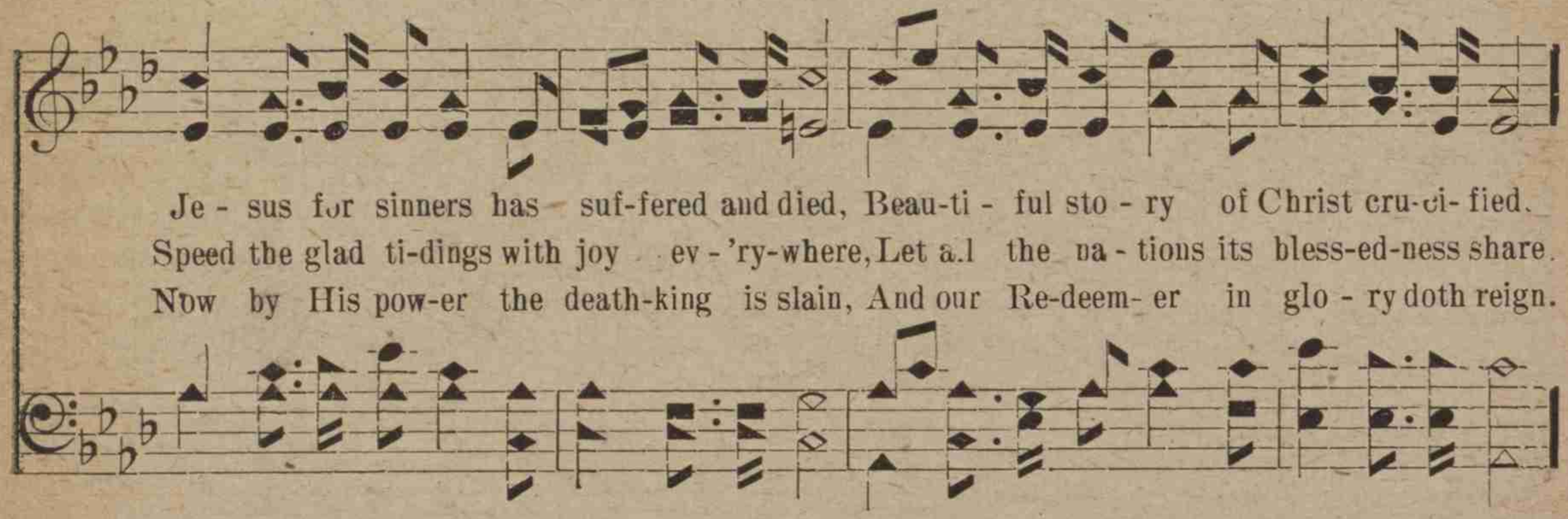
Rich - er than all earth - ly treas - ure, Dear-er than all earth - ly pleas - ure,
Nev - er sound-ing - line can meas-ure Such a love as ran-somed me!

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No. 106. BEAUTIFUL STORY.

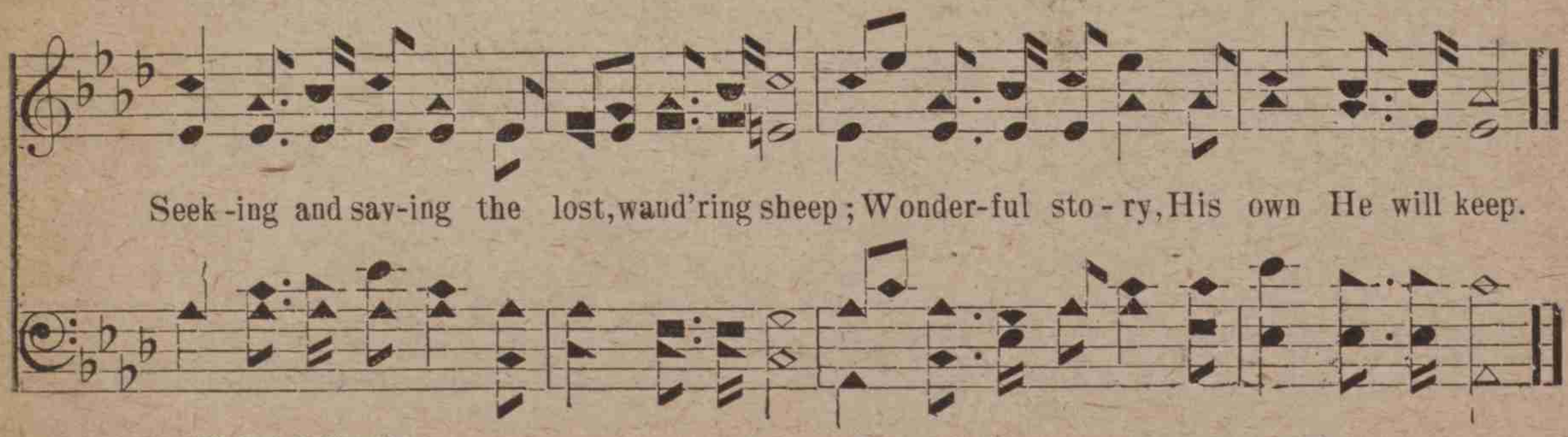
E. F. S. Rev. E. F. STANTON.





REFRAIN.





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No. 107. I AM LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. W. T. TAYLOR.

1. With no mer-it of my own, trusting in His grace a-lone, I am look-ing un - to
2. In Him ful - ly to be-lieve, and His blessing to receive, I am look-ing un - to
3. From the world and all its snares, from its pleasures and its cares, I am look-ing un - to
4. In His mer-cy to confide, till in heav - en I a - bide, I am look-ing un - to

Je - sus, my Sav - iour; He has bid me come to Him, and tho' tears my vis-ion dim, I am
Je - sus, my Sav - iour; Clinging to His promise sweet, lay-ing all at His dear feet, I am
Je - sus, my Sav - iour; Leaving ev-'ry weight behind, all in Him to surely find, I am
Je - sus, my Sav - iour; Thro' the blood of Calvary, life e - ter-nal is for me, I am

D.S. *from my guilt and shame, I am*

FINE. REFRAIN.

looking un - to Je-sus, my Sav - iour. Looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus,

looking un - to Je - sus my Sav-iour.

D.S.

Look-ing un - to Je - sus, my Sav-iour; Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name, rescued

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No. 108. TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY.

To my friend J. S. Hendricks, Dallas, Texas.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. D. PATTON.

1. Touch the harp gen-tly ere mother shall sleep, Ten-der-ly, soft- ly and low;
2. Sing the sweet song that her dear voice has sung, When we were children at play;
3. Cease, cease your mu-sic, for mother's a - sleep; An-gels thy message have borne

Sing of the joys that were dear to her heart, Joys of the sweet long a-go;
Soft - ly she chant-ed the beau - ti - ful words, Oft at the close of the day;
Un - to her soul, and the smile on her lips Tells of the heav-en- ly morn.

Of the glad time, when a beau- ti - ful bride, Hap-py was she as the day,
Tell -ing that wonder-ful sto - ry of old, And of the mansions a - bove.
Fold her dear hands o'er her pure faithful heart, Ere she be laid to her rest.

:S: FINE.

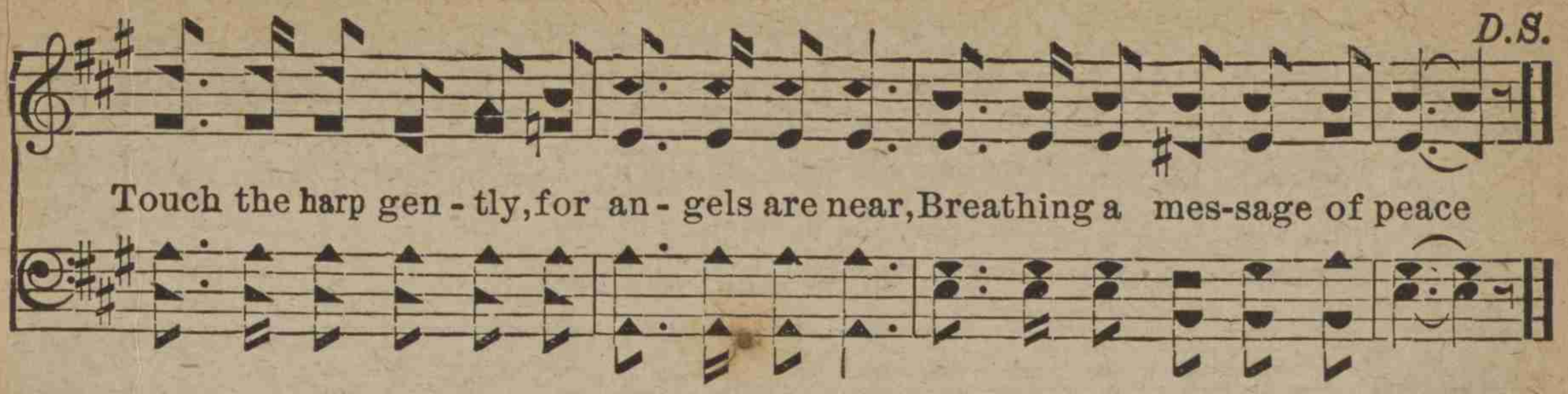
And of the dear ones so close by her side, Then in life's flow-er - y May.
Je - sus is wait-ing to wel-come her there, Still to a - bide in His love.
Tho' we must weep, tears may ne'er dim her eyes, Moth-er, the tru- est and best.

D.S. *Un - to her spir - it, and moth - er, so dear, Soon shall from earth have release.*

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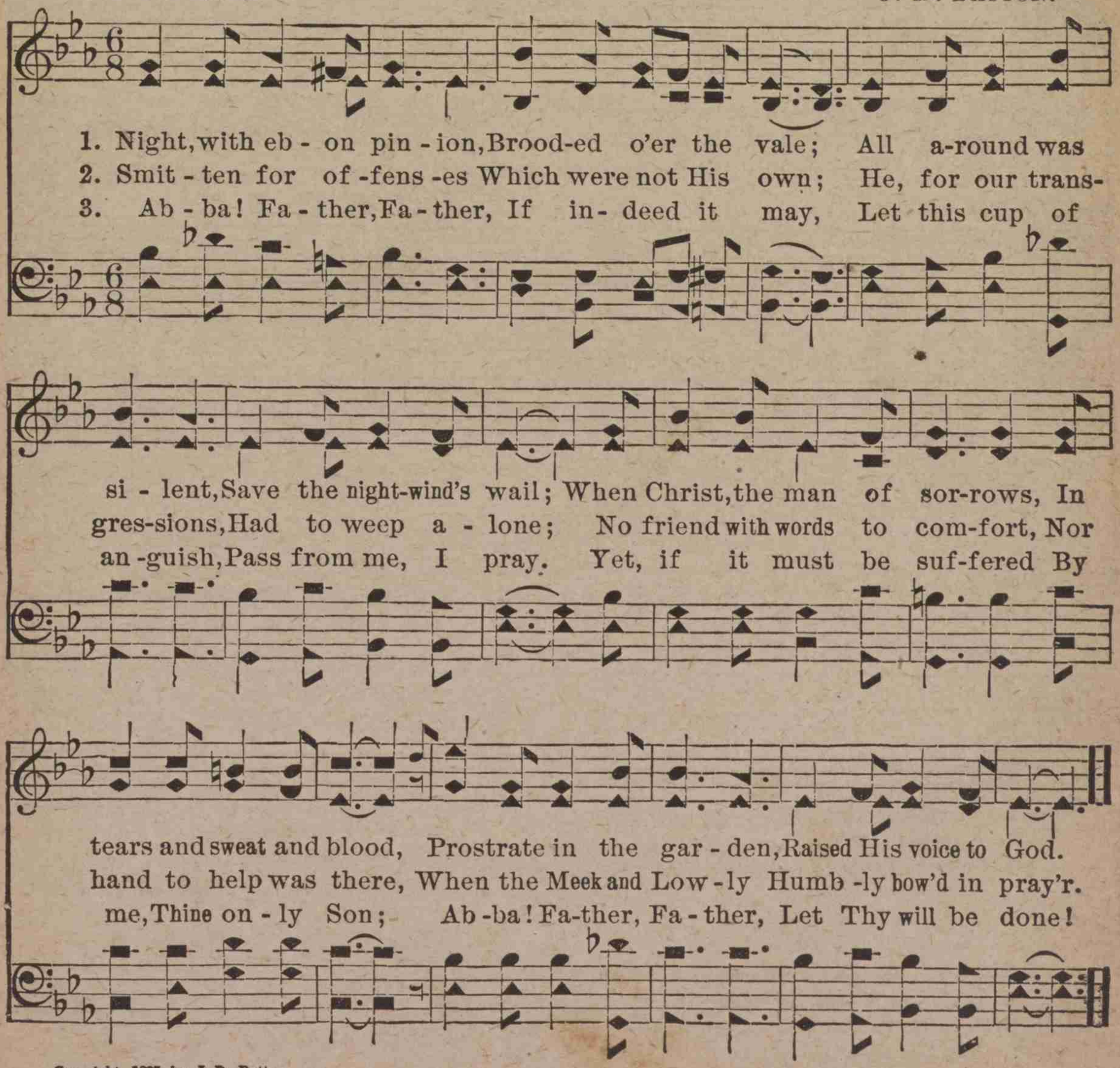
TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY.

REFRAIN,



No. 109. STEVENS.

L. H. JAMESON. J. D. PATTON.



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No. 110. HERE AM I, SEND ME.

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

1. Here am I, send me whither Thou wouldst have me go, For I long to ren-der
2. Here am I, send me where the harvest fields are white, I will glad-ly reap the
3. Here am I, send me to the earth's re-mot-est bound, In Thy serv-ice, blessed

serv-ice to my Lord; I will toil each day in the vineyard here be-low, Ev-er
gold-en grain to-day; In the val-ley deep, or up-on the mountain height, On-ly
Sav-iour I would be; On the land or sea, where-so-ev-er man is found, Let me

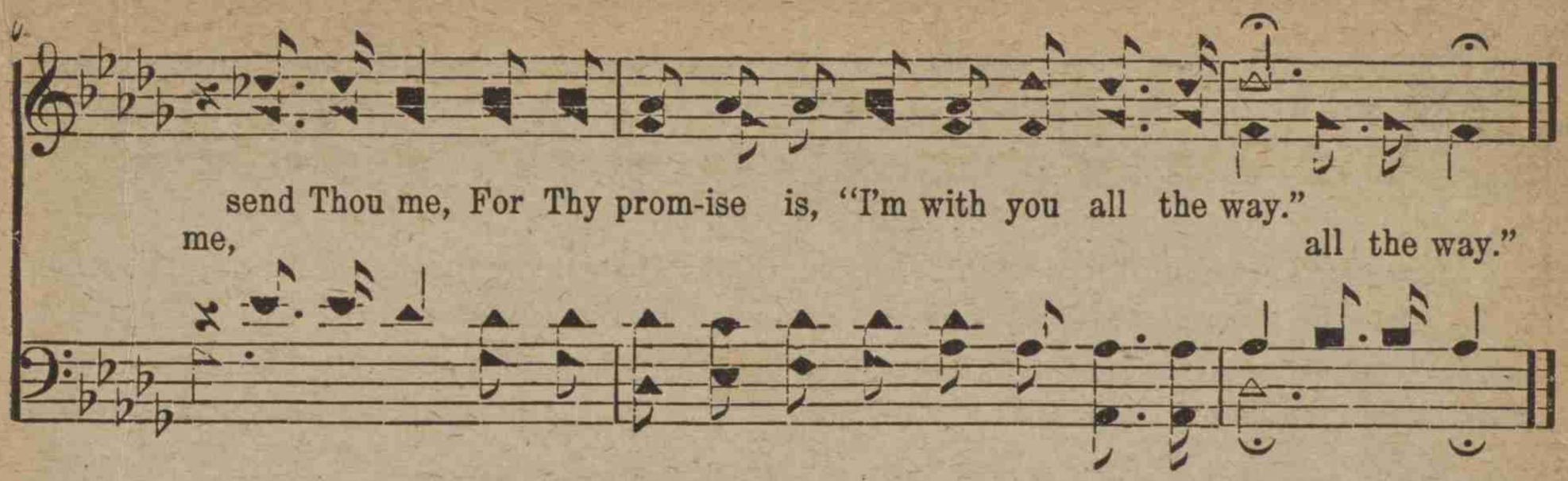
REFRAIN.

trusting in the prom-ise of Thy word. Here am I, send Thou me,
go Thou with me all a-long the way.
la-bor, let me la-bor there for Thee. Here am I, send Thou me,

I will glad-ly do Thy bid-ding ev-'ry day; Here am I,
Here am I, send Thou

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HERE AM I, SEND ME. Concluded.



No. 111. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

REFRAIN.

No. 112. JESUS IS MY VERY BEST FRIEND.

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

1. There's a charm and a blessing in friendship, How it brightens our life till the end;
2. In the hour when I feel pain and an-guish, Lov-ing hands to my comforts at-tend,
3. When my soul has been filled with deep sor-row, When the day seems at noon-time to end,
4. When the light of my sun at its set- ting With the lights of e-ter - ni - ty blend,

But tho' dear are the friends that surround me, Christ, the Lord, is my ver-y best friend.
But al - tho' I re-turn their af- fection, Christ, the Lord, is my ver-y best friend.
Tho' I find in that hour friends are precious, Christ, the Lord, is my ver-y best friend.
I will cry as I step in the riv - er, Christ, the Lord, is my ver-y best friend.

REFRAIN.

Yes, Je- sus is my ver - y best, ver- y best friend, I'll love Him and serve Him to the end;
friend,
Je-sus is my ver - y best friend,

Tho' friends of earth are near, tho' friends of earth are dear, Still Je- sus is my ver - y best friend.

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No. 113. SERVICE FOR THE MASTER.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Mrs. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. There is a beau-ti- ful ser-vice That I for my Master may do, Comforting
2. Some homes are shadowed by sorrow, And some hearts are burdened with care; We may be
3. Eyes that are weary with weeping May have all their tears wiped away; Lives that are

REFRAIN.

sad ones and wea-ry, And bringing them gladness a - new. Bless - ed the
an-gels of mer - cy, And help them life's burdens to bear.
com fort-less, lone-ly, May all be made happier each day.

Blessed, blessed, yes,

toil, . . . Bless - ed the toil, . . . Done in the name of the
bless-ed the toil, Bless-ed, blessed, yes, bless-ed the toil,

Lord, Find - ing in each service of love A present and happy re - ward.

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No. 114. I HAVE NO FATHER NOW.

Words suggested by A. J. R. and affectionately dedicated to the memory of my dear deceased father.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. When mem-o-ry with mag-ic pow'r Dear treasures brings to me, A-mong them cherished
2. His ten-der coun-sel and ad-vice I nev-er can for-get, And to His pre-cious
3. Those sacred words have turned my steps In-to the path of God, And with a stead-fast
4. The words my dy-ing fa-ther spoke Shall nev-er be for-got, And to them I will

most of all, A fa-ther's face I see. He who did all my ear-ly days With lov-ing
part-ing words I seem to lis-ten yet. He bade me be a good true man And nev-er
faith and hope Its blessed course I've trod. To Him whose light shines on my soul With rever-
e'er be true What-ev-er be my lot. I'll seek to meet him o'er the stars, This is my

REFRAIN.

care en-dow Has passed away from scenes of time, I have no fath-er now.
to al-low Aught that is wrong to mar my life— I have no fath-er now. I have no
ence I bow, While with a saddened heart I say, I have no fath-er now.
earn-est vow, And there I ne'er a-gain shall say, I have no fath-er now.

fa-ther now, I have no fa-ther now, He who watched o'er my boyhood years Dwells far be-

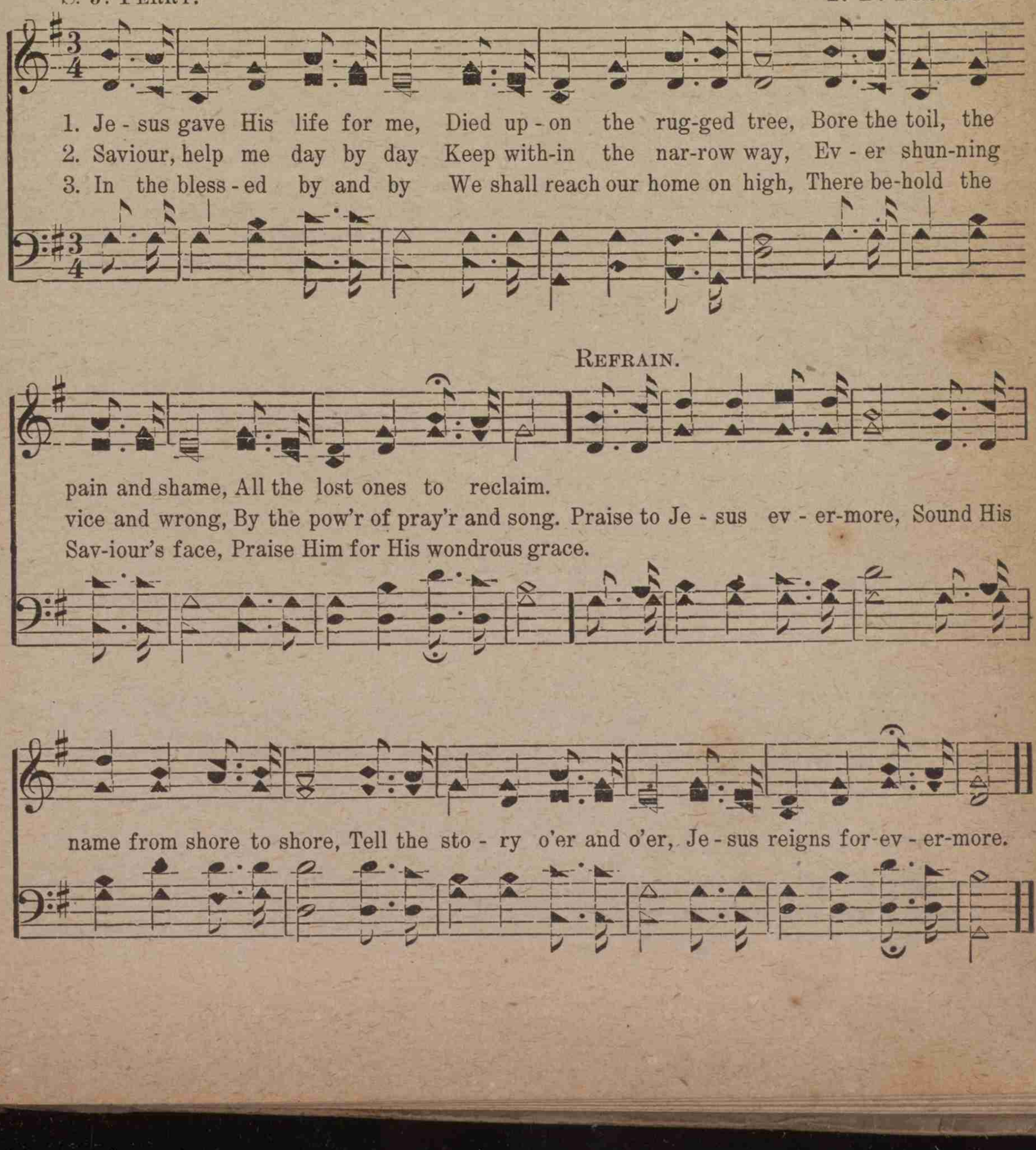
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I HAVE NO FATHER NOW. Concluded.



No. 115. PRAISE TO JESUS EVERMORE.

S. J. Perry. T. D. Brock.



No. 116. I'M COMING HOME.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

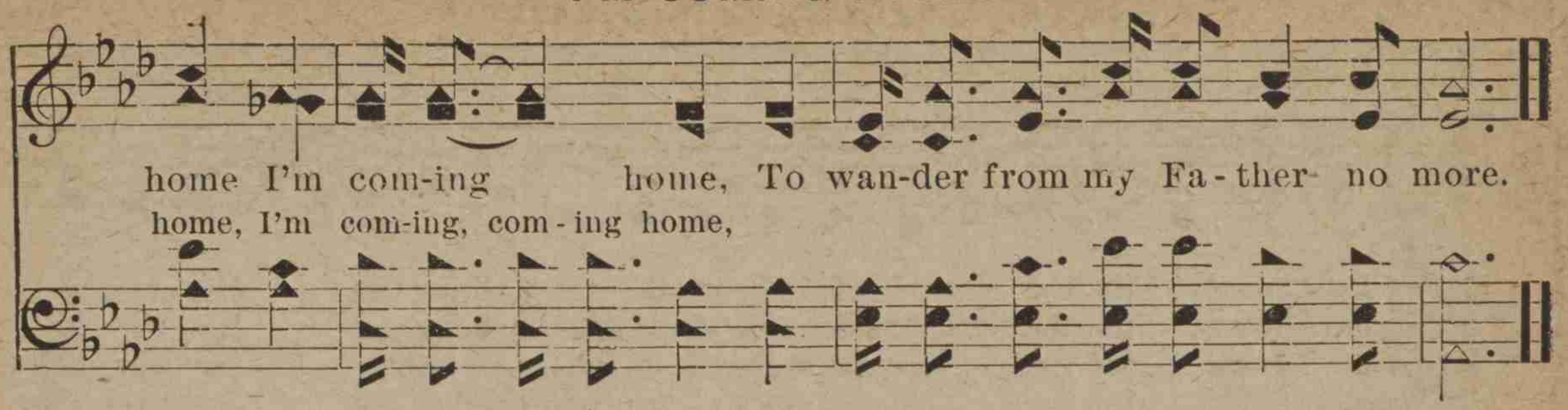
REFRAIN.

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

com - ing home, com - ing home,

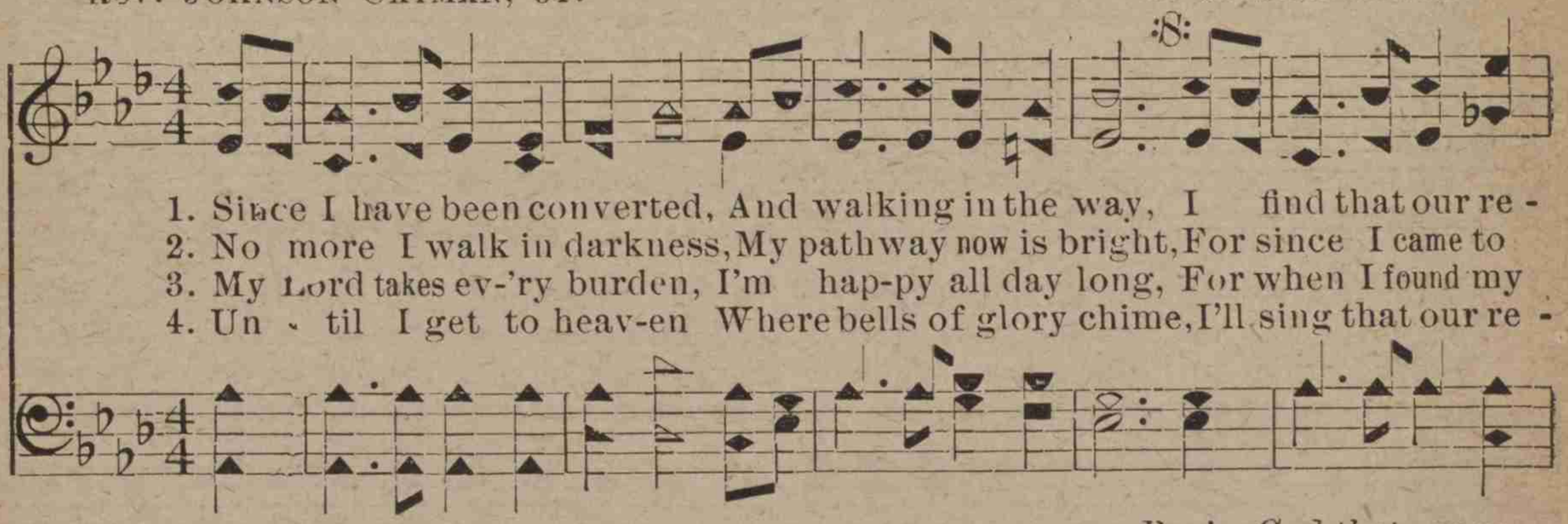
homesick, faint, and wea - ry and sore; I'm com-ing
I'm wea - ry, faint, and sore: com-ing

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No. 117. BETTER ALL THE TIME.

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



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No. 118. THE VOICE OF JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. A. J. COOPER.

1. We have heard the voice of Je-sus, voice of Je - sus, Call-ing us His cross to take; His cross to take; Shall we slight His kind entreating, kind en-treat-ing, Who was
2. We have heard the voice of Je-sus, voice of Je - sus, Bidding us His will to do; His will to do; Shall we slight the Lord's commandments, great commandments, Who a-
3. We have heard the voice of Je-sus, voice of Je - sus, Ask-ing us for Him to live; for Him to live; Such a slight and fee - ble service, fee-ble service, Can our
4. We have heard the voice of Je-sus, voice of Je - sus, Bidding us to watch and pray, to watch and pray, That we may have crowns and mansions, crowns and mansions, In the

REFRAIN.

of - fered for our sake? We have heard the voice of Je - sus, Calling to..... us by the way, And we glad - ly will o-
toned for me and you? Call - ing to us by the way, by the way, And we glad - ly will o-
hearts re-fuse to give?
king - dom of the day. We have heard the voice of Jesus, voice of Jesus,

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THE VOICE OF JESUS. Concluded.

bey Him, As we jour - - ney day by day.
bey Him, will o - bey Him, As we journey, as we jour- ney day by day, day by day.

No. 119. WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

MRS. J. M. HUNTER. NORA HIGGASON.

1. What are *you* do - ing for Je - sus, Dear friend, up-on life's way? It is He who sends your blessings, And keeps you day by day.
2. What are *you* do - ing for Je - sus, The wea - ry, lost and sad, Sore-ly need your help and pit - y— O will you make them glad?
3. What are *you* do - ing for Je - sus? He gave His life for you, Can you sit with hands still fold - ed, And say I've naught to do?
4. What are *you* do - ing for Je - sus? There's blessed work for all, But the years are pass - ing swift - ly, Heed *now* His earnest call.
5. What are *you* do - ing for Je - sus? Let not your love grow cold, Go and seek the sheep that wan-der, Guide gen-tly to the fold.
6. What are *you* do - ing for Je - sus? 'Tis sweet to work for Him, Count it not a task, but pleas-ure, And glad - ly now be - gin.

REFRAIN.

What are you do-ing for Je - sus? The question is for you; Are you working in His vineyard With purpose strong and true?

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No. 120. WHOSOEVER WILL.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

Who - so - ev - er will,

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

Copyright, 1901, by R. H. Cornelius.

Hear the in - vi - ta - tion to ac - cept sal - va - tion,

Who - - - - - - - so - ev - er will.

Who - so - ev - er will, Who - so - ev - er will.

No. 121. ARE YOU HELPING SOMEWHERE?

BIRDIE BELL. HOMER F. MORRIS.

1. Are you helping somwhere? Lift - ing the load From a wea - ry pilgrim, Trav'ling life's road?
2. Are you helping somewhere, Lending a hand To a fall - en brother? 'Tis Christ's command.
3. Are you helping somewhere? Life is not long; Many lips are silent, Teach them a song.
4. Are you helping somewhere? Working for Him? Friendless hearts are aching, Eyes too are dim.

REFRAIN.

Are you helping somewhere? Then at your side Walks the lov-ing Master, Sav - iour and Guide.

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No. 122. NEVER ALONE.

Arr. by R. H. Cornelius.

Solo.

1. I've seen the lightning flash-ing, And heard the thunders roll, I've felt sin's break-ers dashing, . . Try-ing to conquer my soul; I've heard the voice of my Saviour Telling me still to fight on; He
2. The world's fierce winds are blowing, Temp - tation's sharp and keen; I feel a peace in knowing . . My Sav - iour stands be - tween; He stands to shield me from danger When earthly friends are gone; He
3. When in af - fliction's val - ley I'm treading the road of care, My Sav-iour helps me to car - ry . . My cross when heavy to bear; My feet entangled with bri-ers, Ready to cast me down, My
4. He died for me on the mountain, For me they pierced His side, For me He opened that fountain, . The crim - son, cleans-ing tide; For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat-ed up - on His throne; He

Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

NEVER ALONE. Concluded.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 123. I'LL FILL MY FATHER'S PLACE.

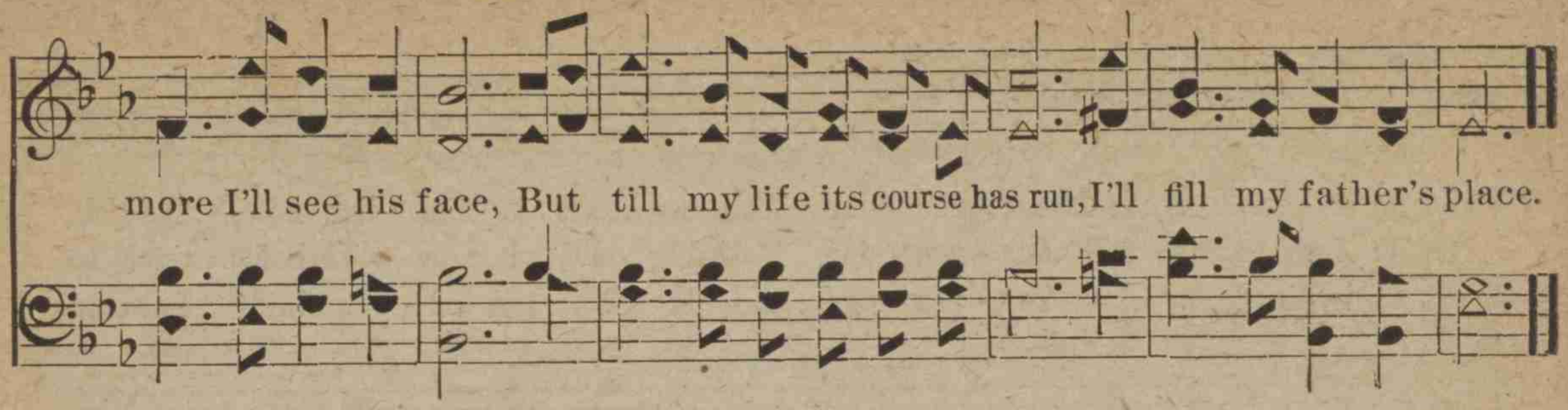
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

At the funeral services of a good, faithful old brother, held in a country church, the preacher spoke as follows: "We have seen our brother's face here for many years in all kinds of weather, but now when we look at the seat where he sat it will be empty, when we look at the hook upon the wall where he hung his hat it will be bare." This was too much for his two unconverted sons. Jumping up, one cried, "My hat shall hang where father's used to hang," while the other took his father's old seat and said, "While life shall last I'll fill my father's place."

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

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I'LL FILL MY FATHER'S PLACE.



No. 124. HOLD THOU MY HAND.

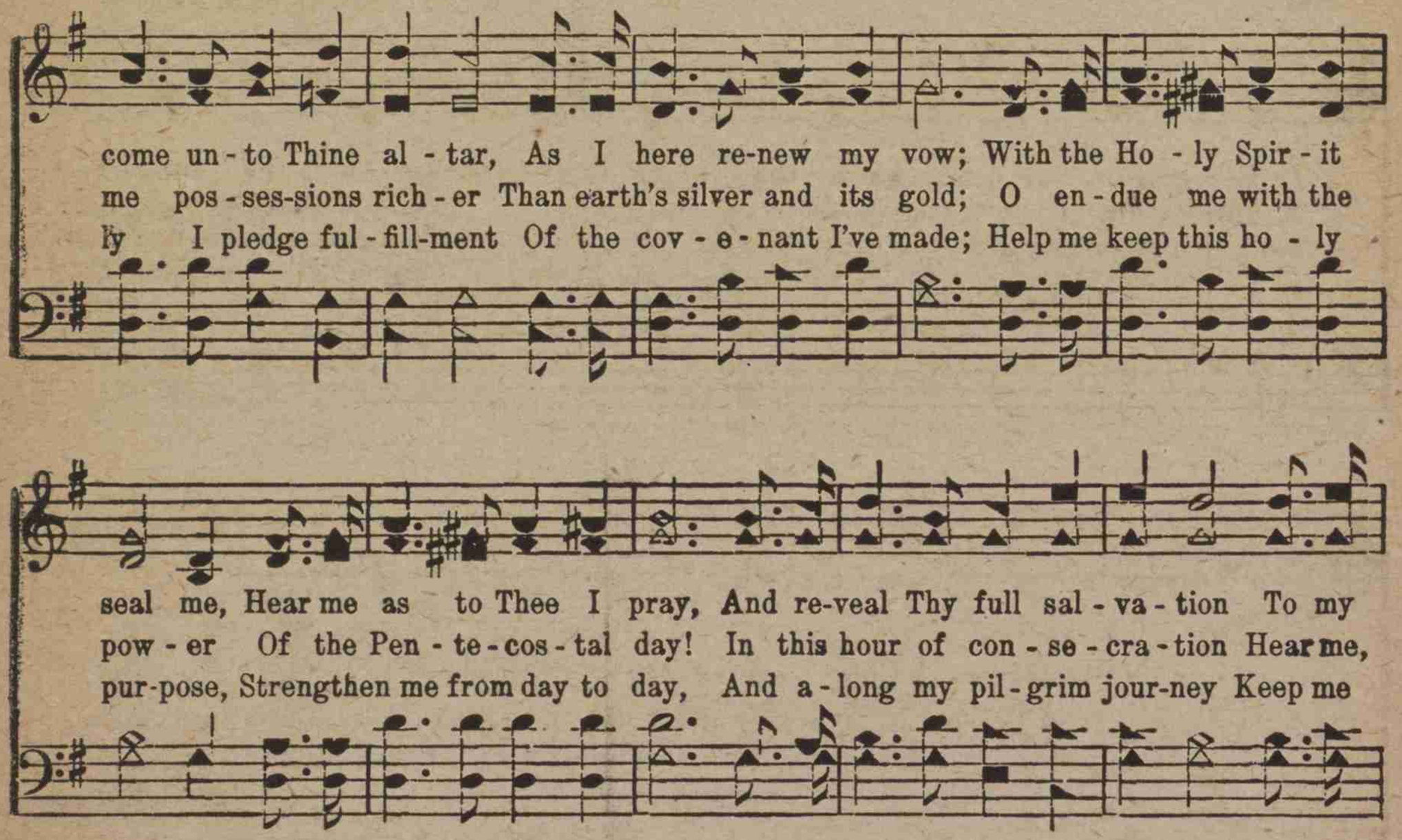
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 125. A FULL SURRENDER.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. F. ROE.





REFRAIN.



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A FULL SURRENDER. Concluded.

vine; To Thy serv - ice con - se - crate me, And let me be whol - ly Thine.

No. 126. OUR MERCY-SEAT.

M. C. MENZIES CUMMING.

1. From ev - 'ry chang-ing scene of life; From ev - 'ry sor - row,
2. There, on His bo - som, we may lay The doubts and shad-ows
3. The temp-ter's shafts may thick - ly fall, Till hope seems fled be-
4. When storms a - rise and tem - pests blow; When earth - ly friendship

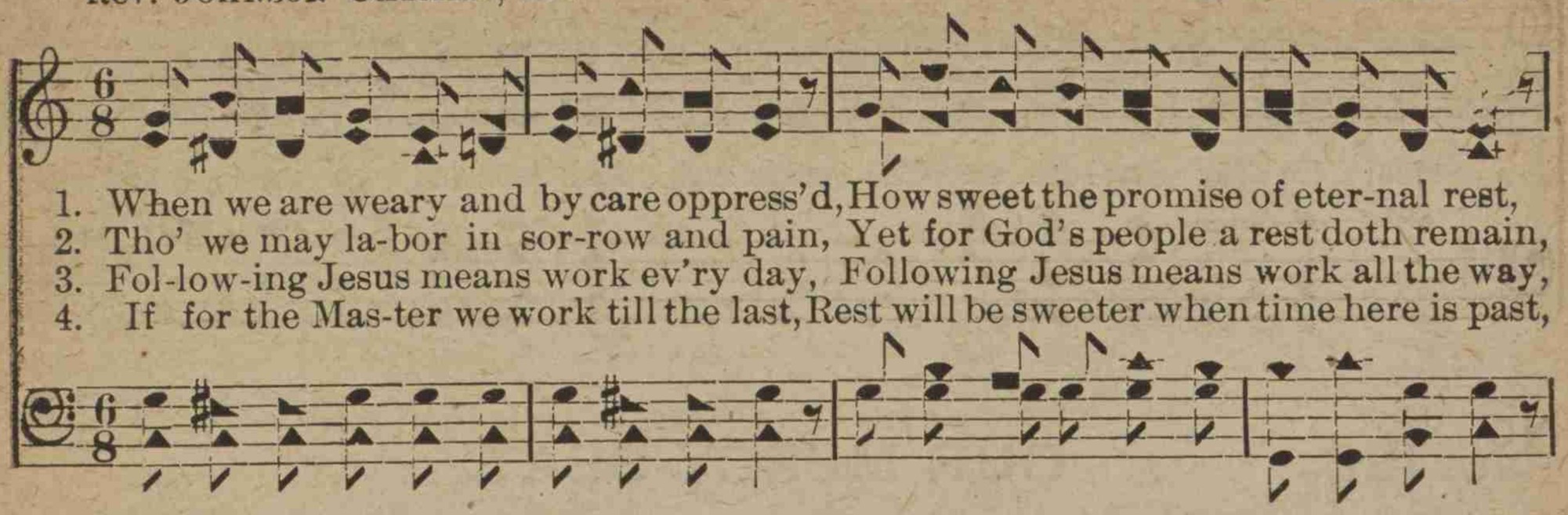
care and strife, There is a ref - uge, O! how sweet, On Je - sus'
of each day, And know that we're be - yond de - feat, On Je - sus'
yond re - call, We have a sure, a safe re - treat, On Je - sus'
proves a foe, The soul will find its joy com-plete, On Je - sus'

breast, our mer - cy - seat, On Je-sus' breast, our mer - cy- seat, mer-cy-seat.

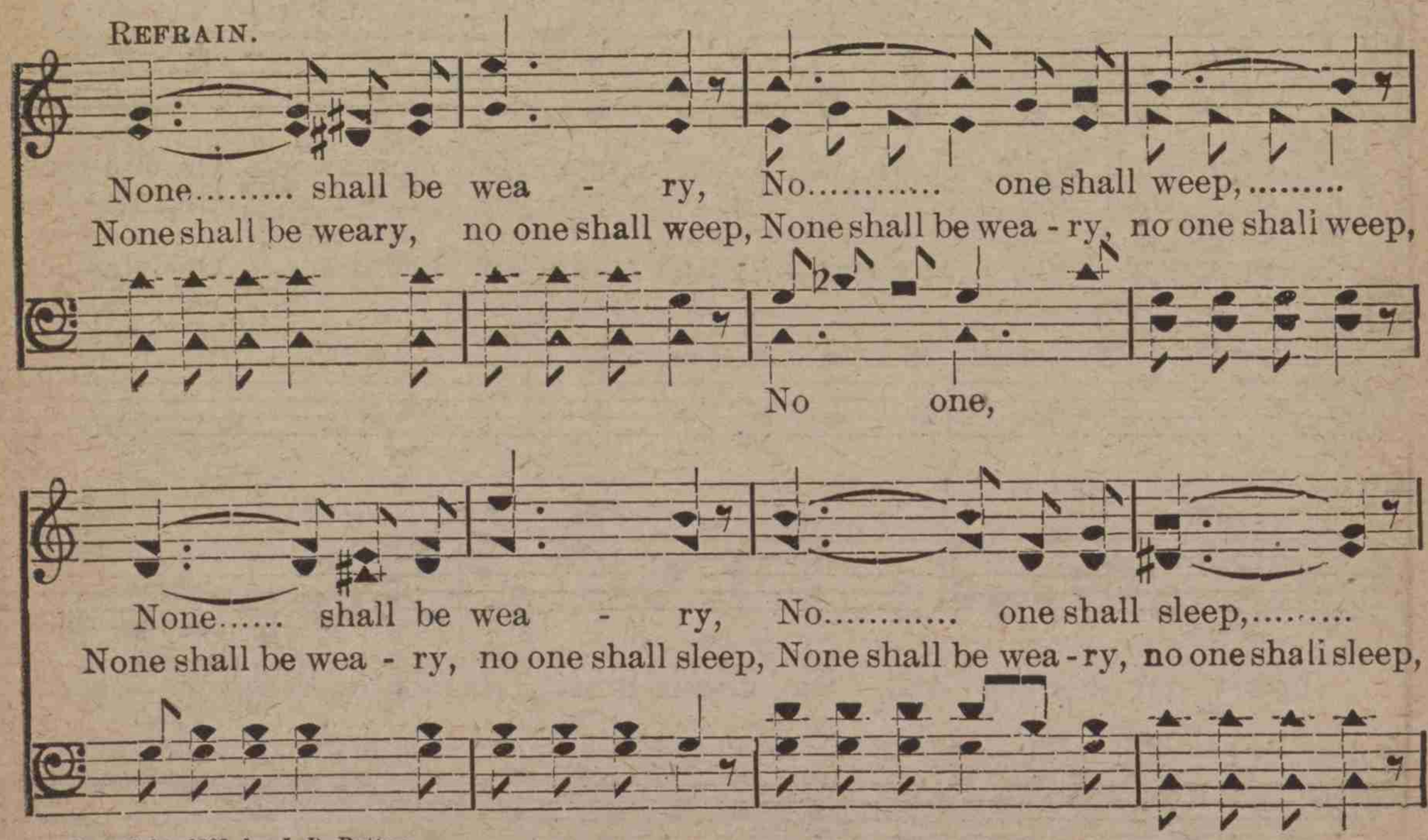
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No. 127. NONE SHALL BE WEARY.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. W. R. PHILLIPS.

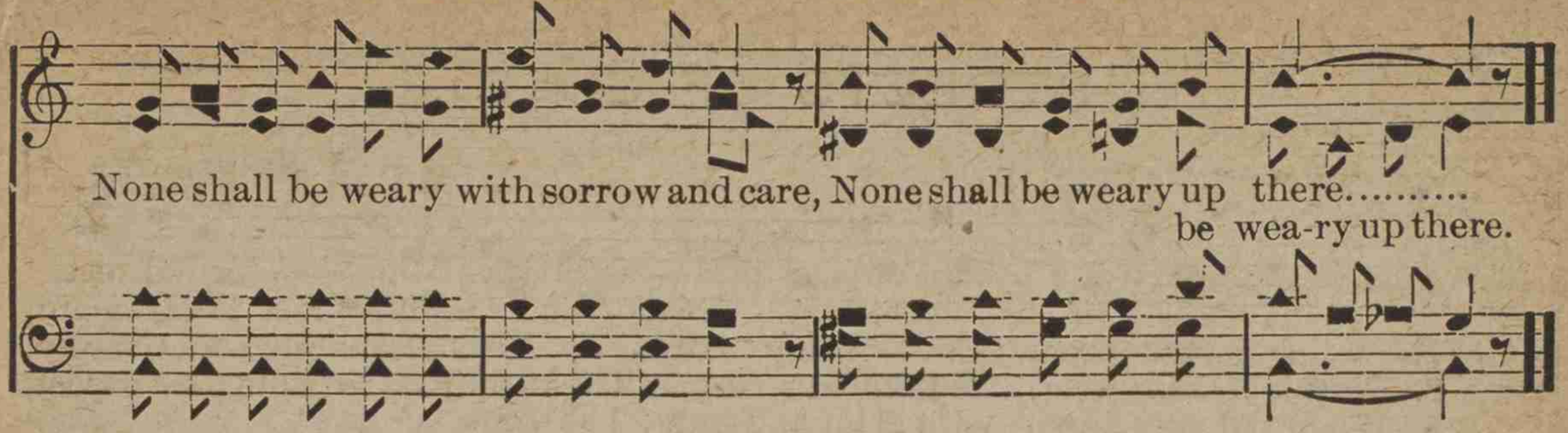






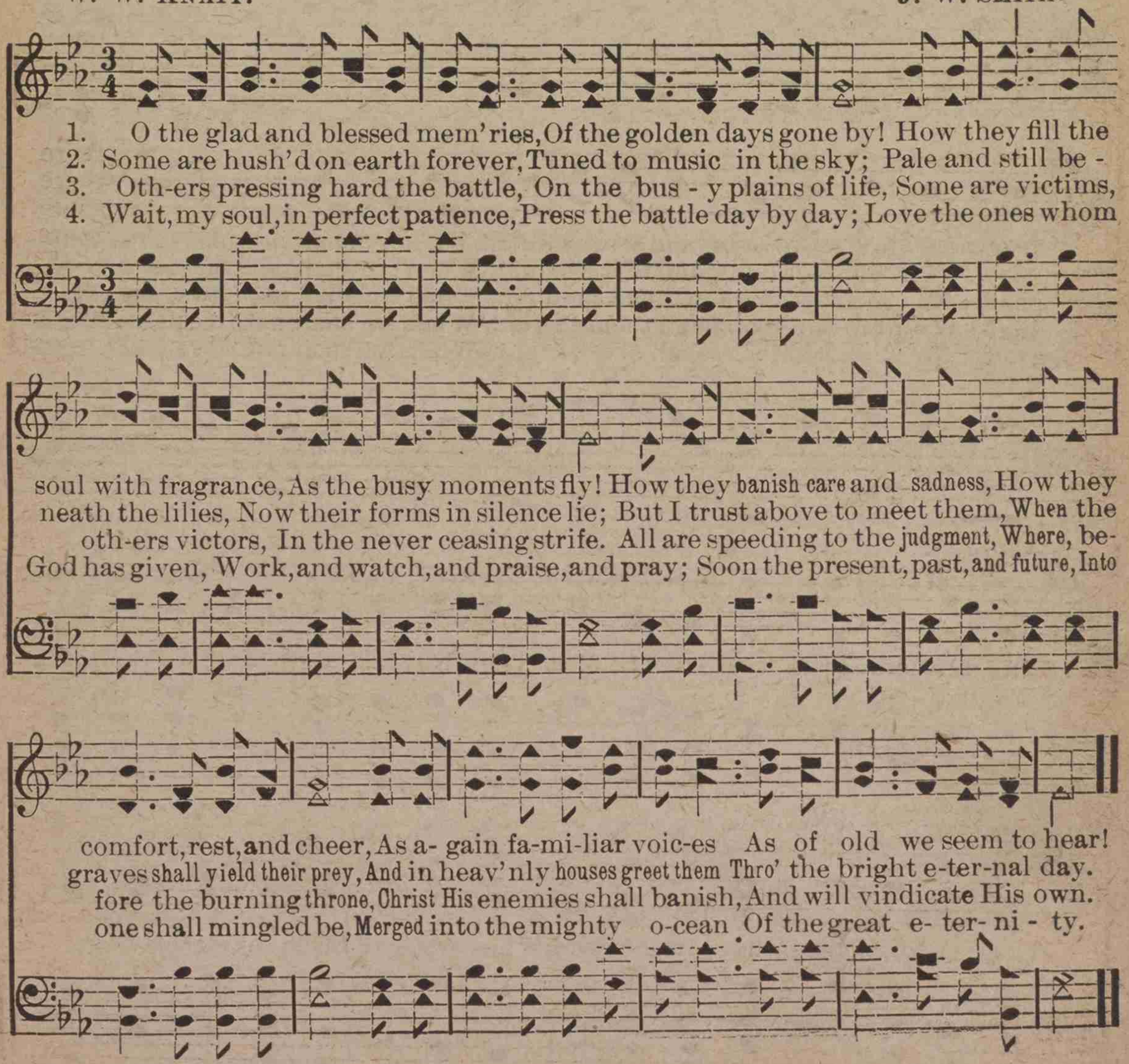
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NONE SHALL BE WEARY. Concluded.



No. 128. MEMORIES.

W. W. KNAPP. J. W. SMITH.



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No. 129. WHEN WE SHALL REACH THE STREETS OF GOLD.

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

1. A few more days, a few more years, A few more doubts, a few more fears, A few more storms and winter's cold, Then we shall reach the streets of gold.
2. Tho' we may lame and halt-ing go, Tho' time may bleach our hair with snow, We'll all be young, and ne'er grow old, When we shall reach the streets of gold.
3. When stricken down with grief and tears, The bow a-bove the cloud ap-pears; No sor-row there will we be-hold, When we shall reach the streets of gold.
4. How man-y friends of years gone by Are wait-ing in that home on high! With rap-ture we shall them en-fold, When we shall reach the streets of gold.
5. We there shall see our Saviour's face; We there shall praise Him for His grace; No farewell then shall e'er be told, When we shall reach the streets of gold.

CHORUS.

A few more tears, 'twill soon be o'er, Then we shall sigh and weep no more; Then O what bliss, what joys un-told, When we shall reach the streets of gold.

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No. 130. THE TEACHER KNOWS BEST.

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

1. The great Teacher of men knows each step of the way, And He says "Come to Me,
2. Tho' the cross we must bear o - ver life's weary mile, Tho' the pathway of life
3. We have learned of our Teacher to run well the race, We have learned of His love,
4. He hath taught us in wis-dom to num-ber our days, He hath taught us to love

learn of Me ev-'ry day; I am low - ly in heart, I will give you My rest," So we'll
is the way of de-nial, Night and day we must watch as by foes we are pressed, Yet we
we have learned of His grace; We have learned that thro' faith is the way to be blest, And we
Him and sing songs of praise; We have learned that in heaven sometime we shall rest, So we'll

take what He gives, for our Teacher knows best. Yes, the Teacher knows best, yes, the
learn thro' His grace that our Teacher knows best.
learn ev- 'ry day that our Teacher knows best.
trust Him till death, for our Teacher knows best.

trust Him and rest, for the Teacher knows best.

D.S. *Tho' life's lessons are hard, yet the Teacher knows best, So we*

FINE. REFRAIN.

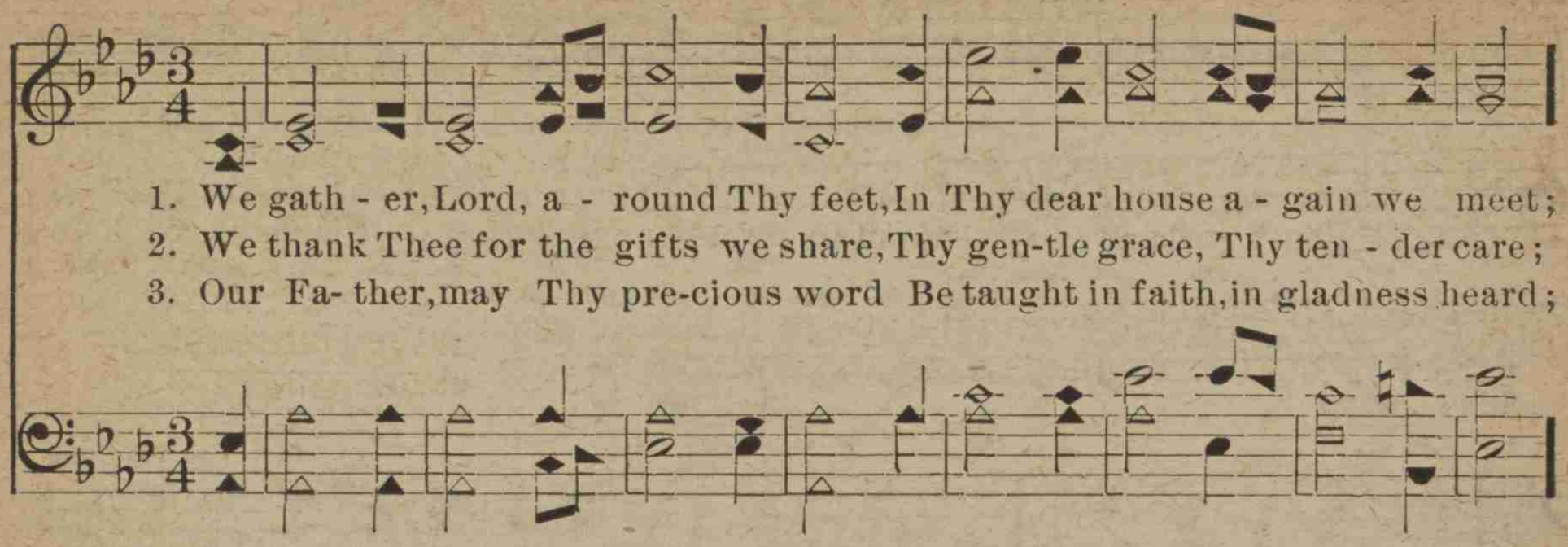
Teach-er knows best, So we'll trust Him and rest, ev - er trust Him and rest;

D.S.

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No. 131. WE COME TO THEE.

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



Copyright, 1902, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 132. OVER THERE BY AND BY.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend and teacher, Prof. J. D. Patton.

L. L. H. L. L. HERRON.

1. There is a land be-yond the sky, Where we shall be gathered by and by;
2. And we have loved ones o-ver there, Where we shall be gathered by and by;
3. O what a meet-ing that will be, Where we shall be gathered by and by;

There'll be no pain nor sickness there, O won't that be glo-ry by and by?
We'll sing God's praise and never tire, O won't that be glo-ry by and by?
And thousands now are on the way, O won't that be glo-ry by and by?

REFRAIN.

O-ver there, o-ver there, O won't that be glo-ry by and by?
by and by, by and by,

Over there, over there, O won't that be glory by and by?
by and by, by and by, over there.

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No. 133. LOOK BEYOND.

E. R. LATTA. J. D. PATTON.

1. Brother, if thy lot be hard, Look beyond! look beyond! Heaven's bliss can
2. Rough may be thy path, to tread, Look beyond! look beyond! There's a smoother
3. Do not be the slave of sin! Look beyond! look beyond! Ev-er - last - ing

not be marred; Look beyond! look beyond! Look beyond each trying scene, And the
one ahead; Look beyond! look beyond! Look beyond the toil and care, That be-
joys to win, Look beyond! look beyond! Think of all that waits us there, That we

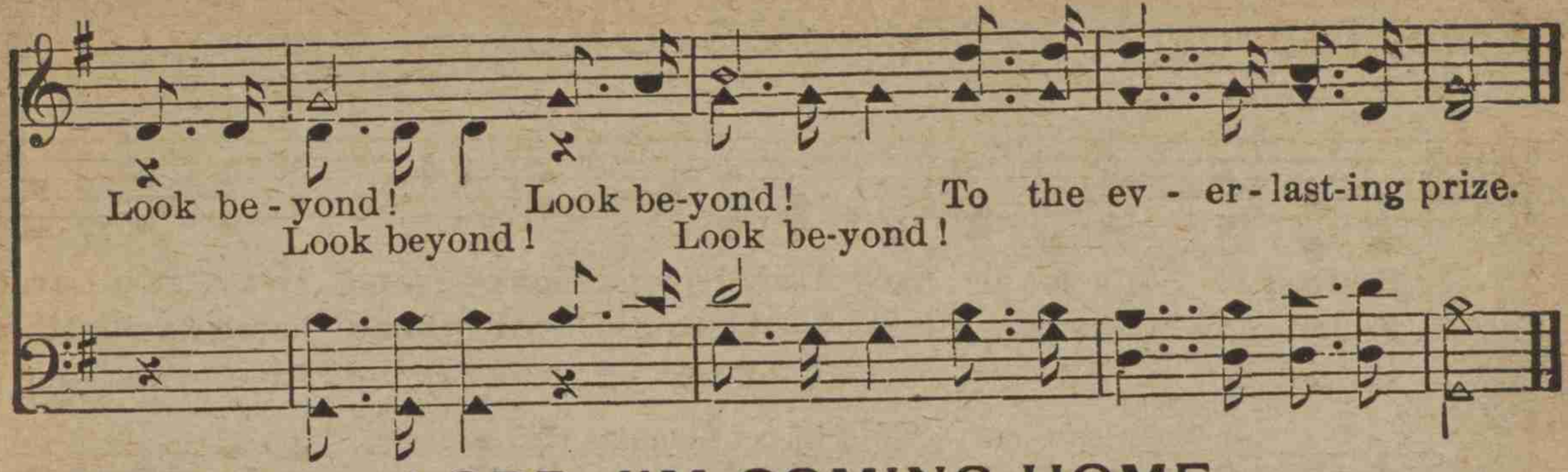
clouds that in - tervene! Whatsoe'er may come between, Look beyond! Look beyond!
set us ev -'ry-where; Do not yield thee to despair! Look beyond! Look beyond!
shall for-ev-er share, Where there are no ills to bear! Look beyond! Look beyond!

REFRAIN.

Look be - yond! look be-yond! Where the heav'nly Canaan lies;
Look be-yond! look be-yond!

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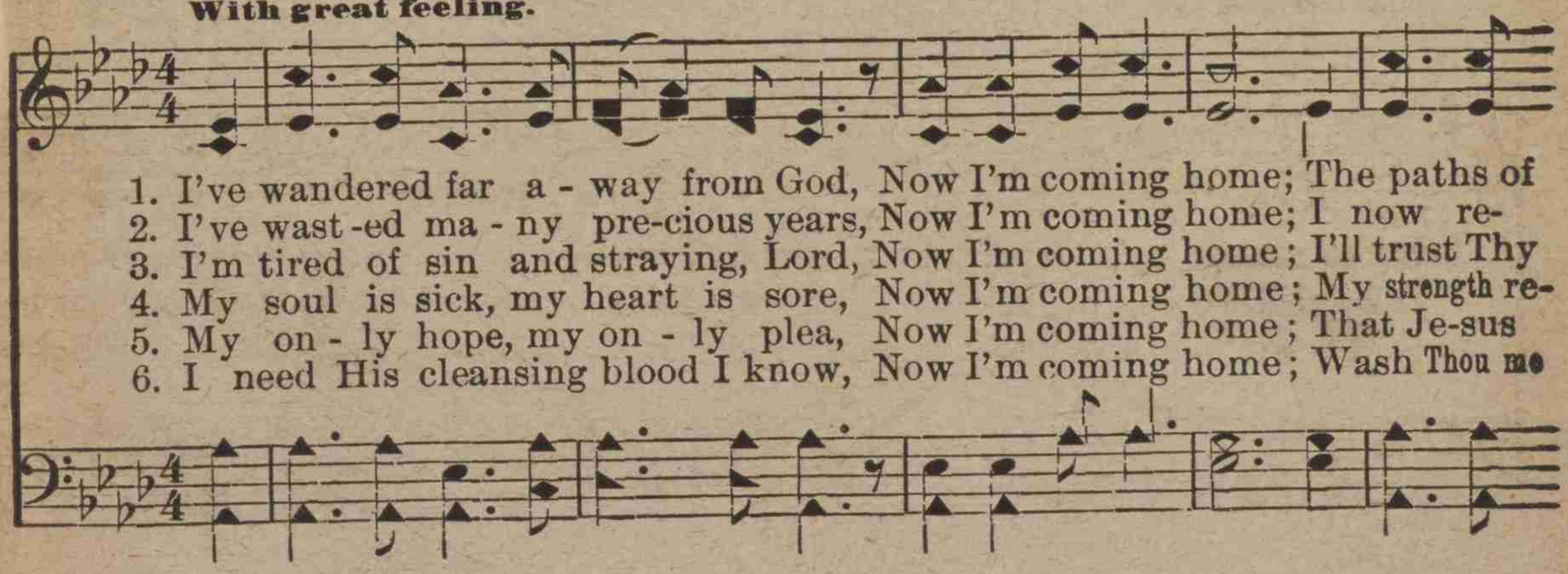
LOOK BEYOND. Concluded.



No. 134. LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

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

With great feeling.



Refrain.





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No. 135. MIGHTY SAVIOUR, MIGHTY KING.

M. CUMMING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Oh! who is He, from Edom's clime, With garments white, in crimson d ved? 'Tis Jesus Christ, the
2. Oh! who is He, whose touch divine Restored the sick, and death de-fied? 'Tis Je - sus Christ, the
3. Oh! who is He, whose words and ways Taught man to brave life's stormy tide? 'Tis Jesus Christ, the
4. Oh! who is He, whose head was crown'd With cruel thorns, and pierced side? 'Tis Jesus Christ, the
5. Oh! who is He, who burst the tomb, And flung death's gloomy gates aside? 'Tis Jesus Christ, the

REFRAIN.

Saviour-King, Who for our sins on Calv'ry died. Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le - lu jah, we will

sing, To our Sav - iour, to our King, . . . Till each
we will sing, To our Saviour, mighty Saviour, might-y Saviour, mighty King,

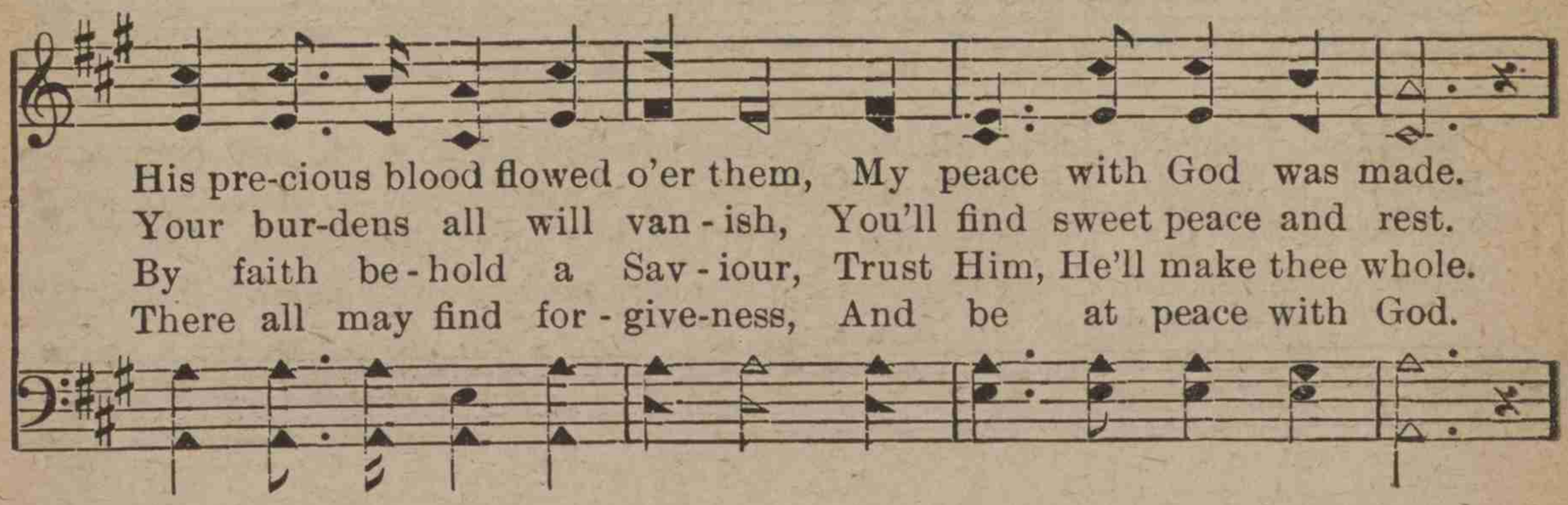
hill and vale of earth His praises ring, Mighty Sav - iour, mighty King.
prais-es ring, Mighty Saviour, mighty Saviour,

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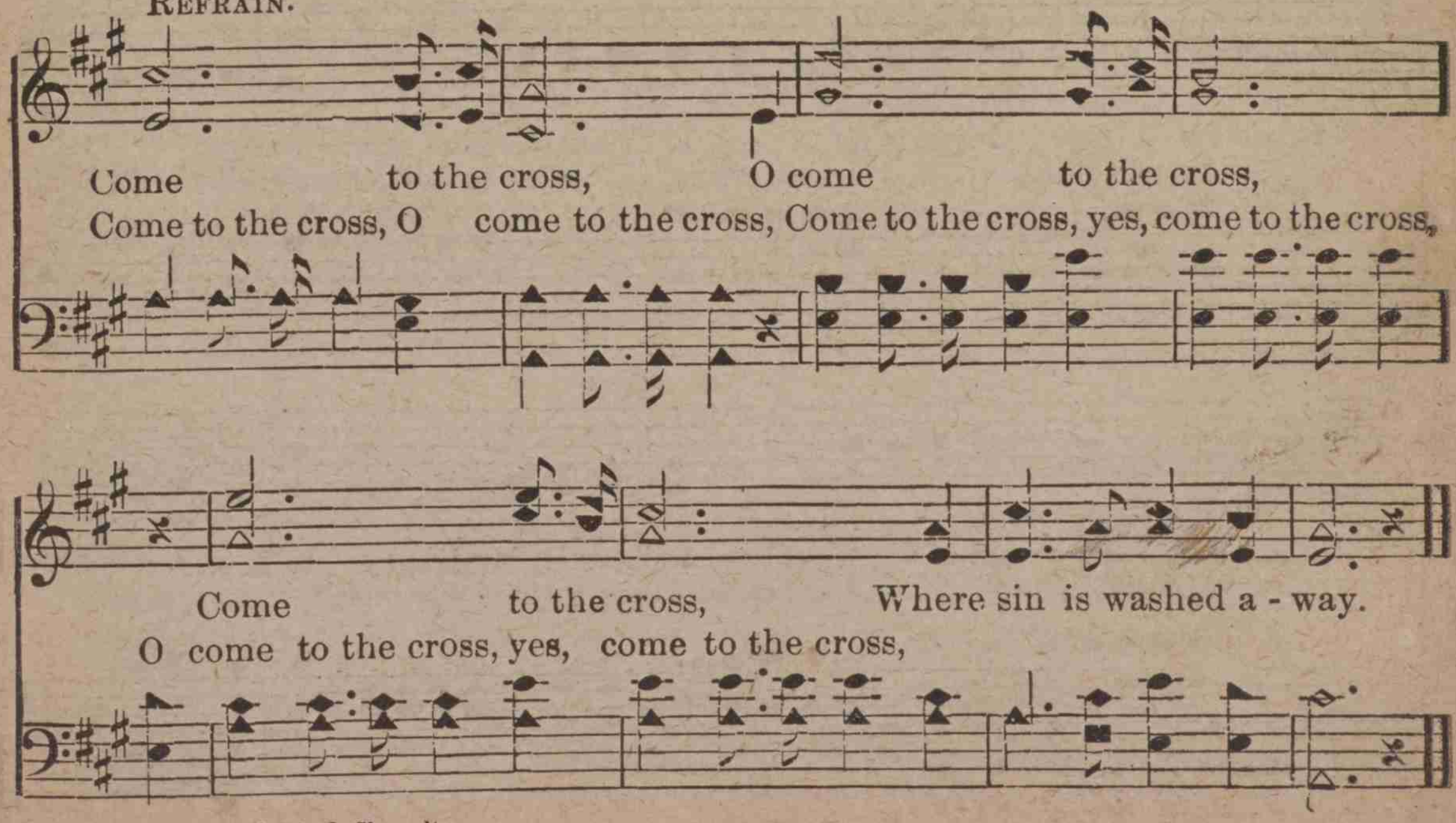
No. 136. COME TO THE CROSS OF JESUS.

MRS. W J. KENNEDY. L. H. WILEMON.





REFRAIN.



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No. 137. JESUS IS RISEN.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. M. G. BARRINGER.

1. Je-sus is ris - en out of death's prison, His life for us free - ly He gave; (He gave;)
2. Je-sus is ris - en out of death's prison, O tell the glad news o'er and o'er; (and o'er;)
3. Je-sus is ris - en out of death's prison, We joy-ful-ly hail Him our King; (our King;)
4. Je-sus is ris - en out of death's prison, His praises for-ev - er we'll sing; (we'll sing;)

Spread forth His glory, tell the glad sto - ry, That now He is might - y to save. (to save.)
Ban-ish all sad - ness, tell in your gladness, That Jesus will die nev - er-more. (no more.)
Sin now con-fess - ing, pardon pos-sess - ing, Of love, free and wondrous we sing. (we sing.)
Out from death's portal ris-ing im-mor - tal, He robb'd our last foe of his sting. (his sting.)

REFRAIN.

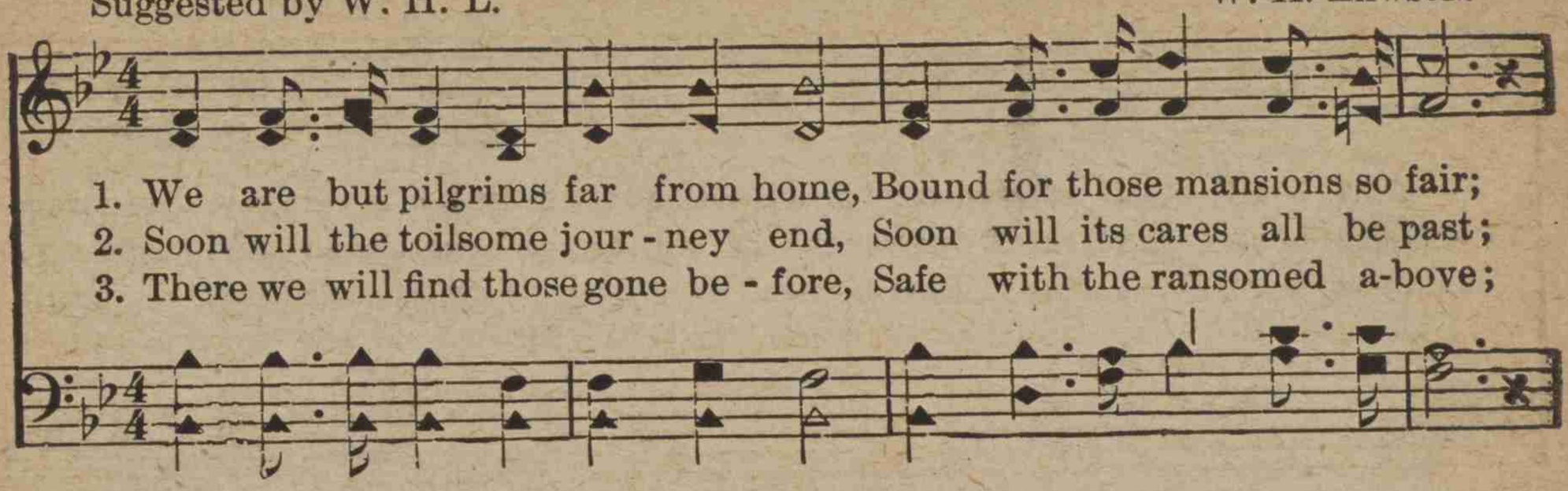
Jesus is ris - en, Jesus is ris - en, Is risen this glad Eas - ter day;
Jesus is risen, Jesus is risen, risen this glad Easter, Easter day;

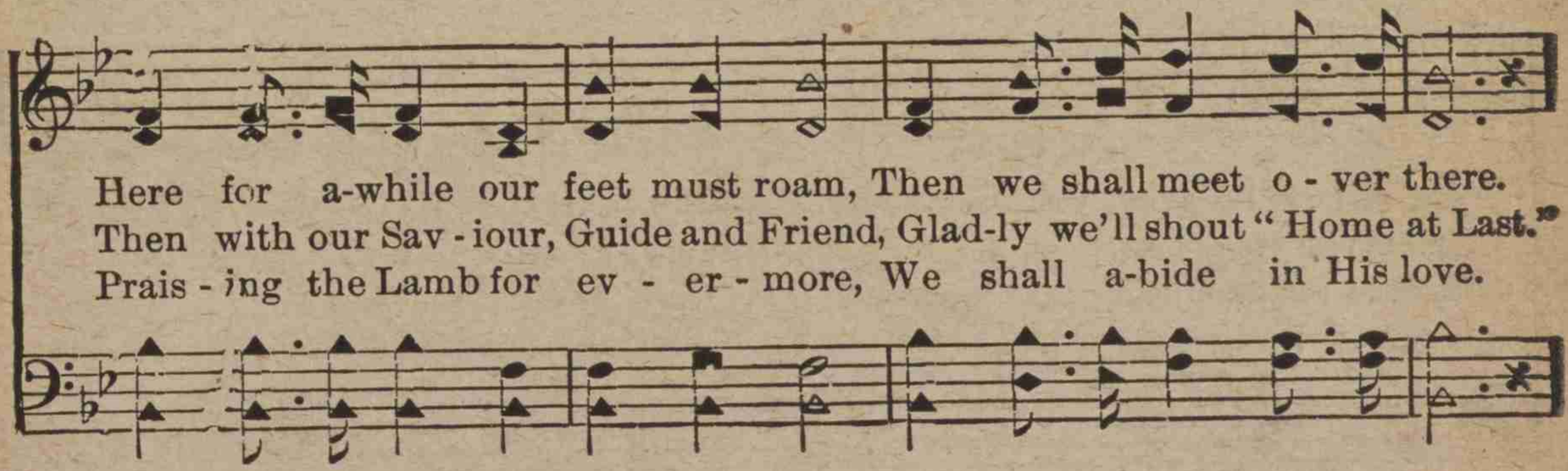
Jesus is ris - en out of death's prison, And now He is might - y to save.
Jesus is risen out of death's prison, And now He is mighty, is mighty to save, to save.

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No. 138. PILGRIMS HOMEWARD BOUND.

Suggested by W. H. L. W. H. LAWSON.



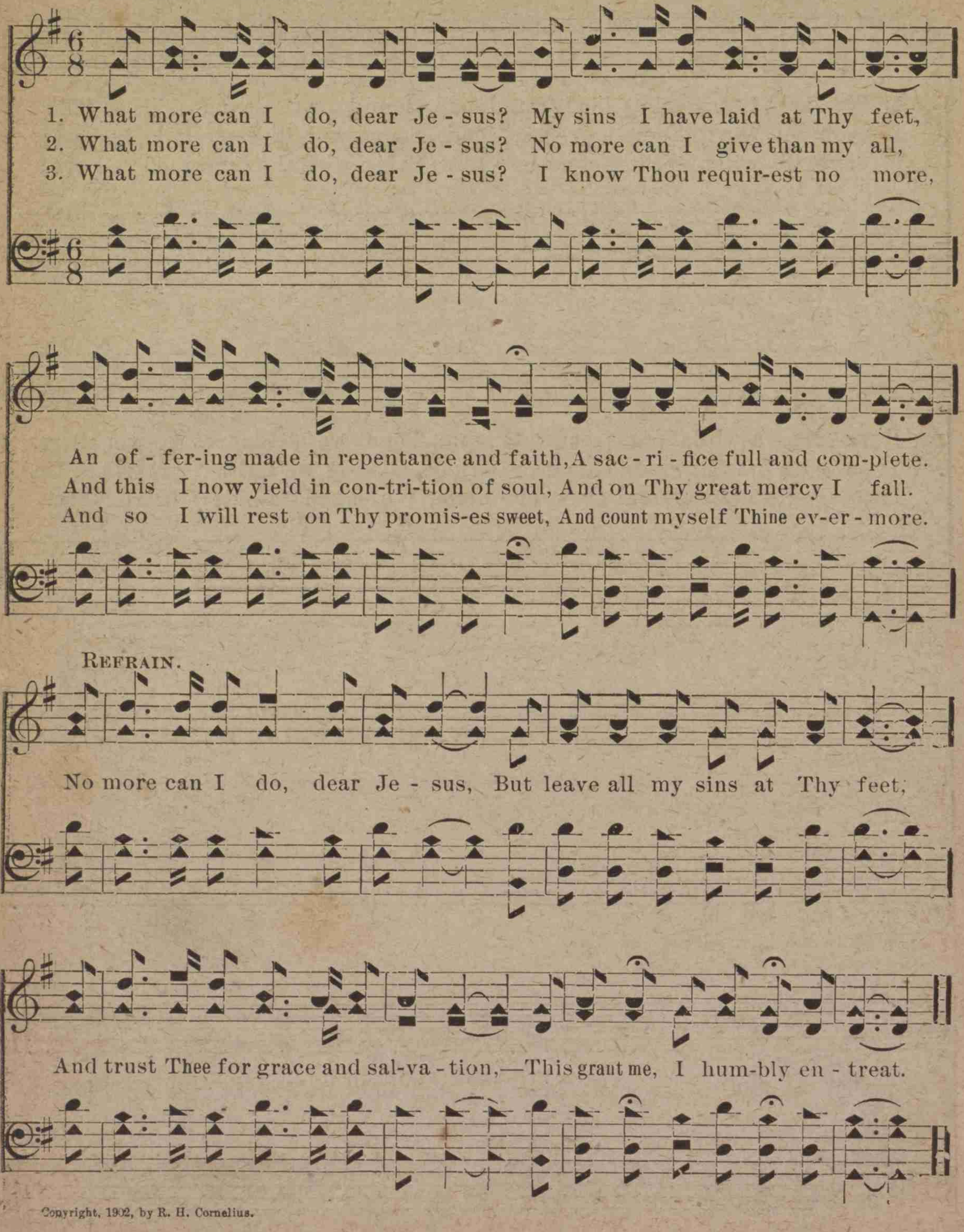


REFRAIN.

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No. 139. WHAT MORE CAN I DO?

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. R. H. Cornelius.



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No. 140. I EXPECT TO HAVE STARS IN MY CROWN.

A reply to "Will there be stars in my crown?"

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

1. When my barque I shall steer for the heav - en - ly land, When my mantle on earth is laid down,
2. If I toil for the Mas-ter while He gives me breath, If I live 'neath His smile, not His frown,
3. If I sow gos-pel seed on the low-lands of sin, Tho' perchance some the waters may drown,
4. What my har-vest will be I may nev - er know here, But when all of life's work is laid down,

When once more with my loved ones of earth I shall stand, I ex-pect to have stars in my crown.
If I'm found at my post by the An - gel of death, I ex-pect to have stars in my crown.
When the har - vest by an - gels is all gath-ered in, I ex-pect to have stars in my crown.
When the rec - ord stands forth on that page white and clear, I expect to have stars in my crown.

FINE.

D.S. *I expect to have stars in my crown.*

REFRAIN.

To have stars in my crown, When my man - tle on earth is laid down,
To have stars, beau-ti-ful stars in my crown, in my crown, down, then laid down,

When my sheaves I shall bring to my Sav-iour and King,

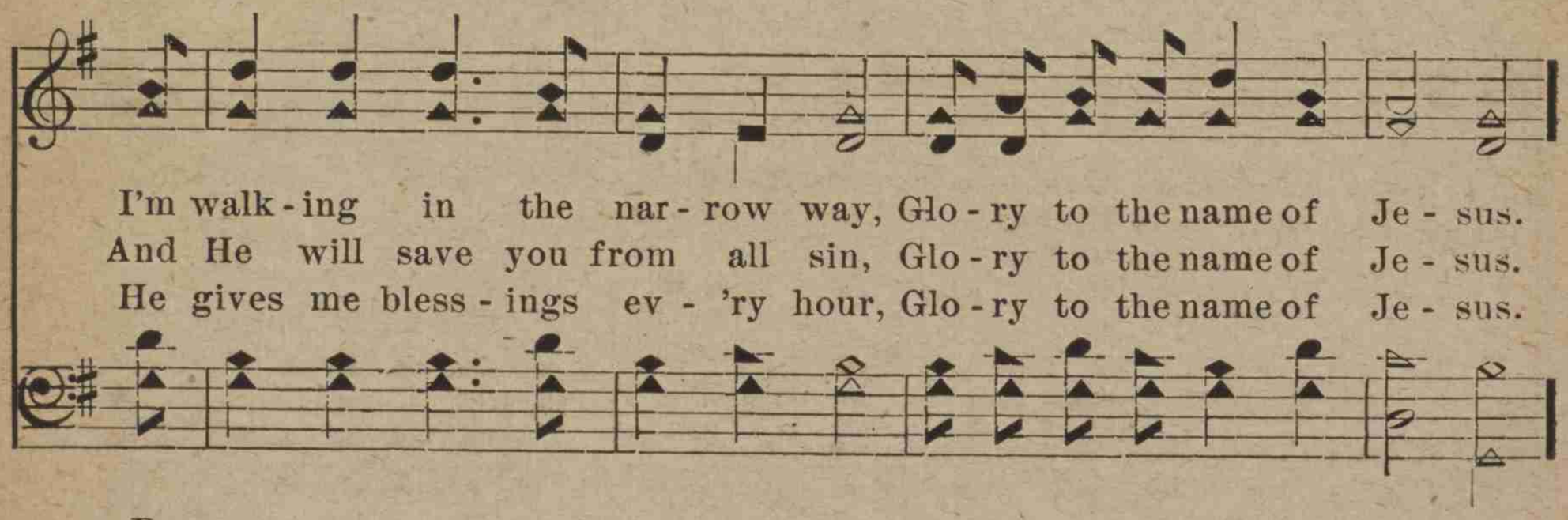
D.S.

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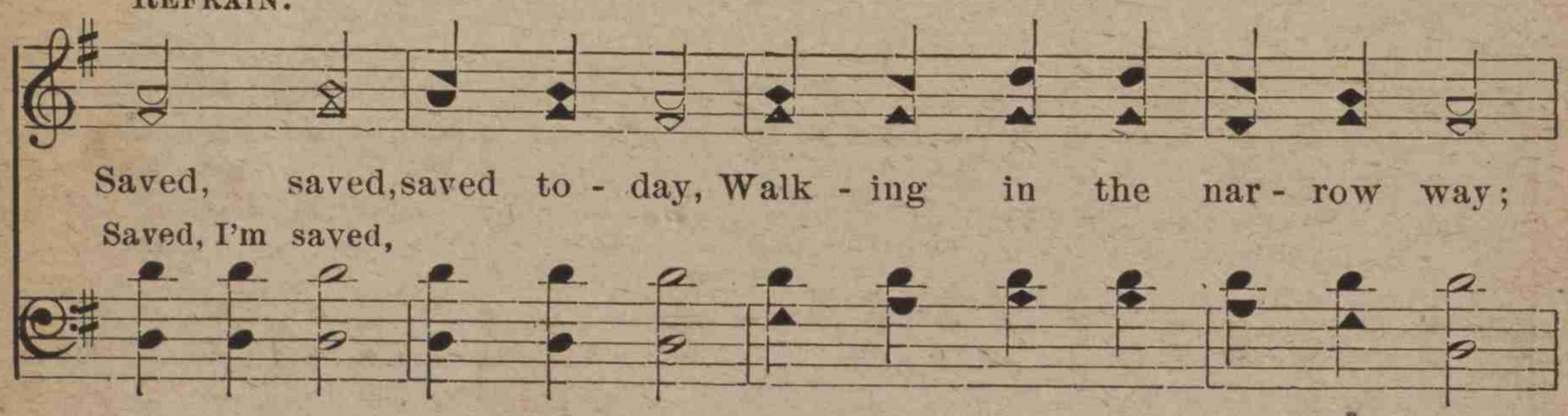
No. 141. GLORY TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.





REFRAIN.





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No. 142. WALKING IN THE PATHS THE SAVIOUR TROD.

L. E. GREEN. H. A. PERRY.

1. I'm go-ing up to glo-ry land, Walking in the path the Saviour trod, To where I'll
2. O come, my brother, go with me, Walking in the path the Saviour trod, To where the
3. The way is love-ly and 'tis sweet, Walking in the path the Sav-iour trod, It leads straight
4. With Je-sus as our Friend and Guide, Walking in the path the Saviour trod, We'll all our

REFRAIN.

join the an-gel band, Walking in the path the Saviour trod. Walk - ing in the
Father's face we'll see, Walking in the path the Saviour trod.
up to heaven's gate, Walking in the path the Saviour trod.
troubles o-ver ride, Walking in the path the Saviour trod.

Walk-ing in the path, the
path, ... Walk - - ing in the path, ... Walk -
path the Saviour trod, Walking in the path, the path the Saviour trod, Walk-ing in the
- ing in the path, ... trod.
path, the path the Saviour trod, Walking in the path the Saviour trod, the Saviour trod.

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No. 143. HE WILL MEET ME AT THE PORTAL.

IRVIN H. MACK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET, SOPRANO AND ALTO, OR TENOR.

1. When the cares of life have ended And I cross the silent stream, As I
2. I shall know my blessed Saviour When He comes to greet me there, When He
3. O the joy of that glad meeting, Pre-cious tho't! it thrills me now, I shall

reach the heav'nly por-tal And its glo-ries on me beam, I shall
takes me to Him gently, Bids me all those blessings share. I shall
hear Him bid me welcome, Feel His kiss up - on my brow. There I'll

hear the song of welcome, As I sweep within the wall, I shall see the
hear His voice so tender And His kindly face shall see, I shall rest up-
sing the songs of Zi-on. There with saints communion hold. There I'll shout glad

CHORUS.

Saviour coming And shall know His loving call. He will meet me at the
on His bo-som, Praise Him thro' e-ter - ni- ty.
hal- le - lu-jahs, Safe with-in the heav'nly fold.

He will meet me, he will meet me,

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HE WILL MEET ME AT THE PORTAL.

por-tal, . . . He will lead me by the hand, . . . Bid me

meet me at the portal, He will lead me by the hand, will lead me by the hand, Bid me welcome

rallentando.

welcome to His mansions, . . . In that bright and happy land. . . .

bright happy land.

to His mansions, welcome to His mansions, In that bright, that bright and happy land.

No. 144. GENTLY LAY HER LOW.

A. J. S.

1. Gen - tly, gen - tly lay her low, Soft - ly, soft - ly press the sod;
2. Plant the ros - es on her tomb, Let them bud and blos-som there;
3. O'er her form the wil-lows weep, Thro' the boughs the breez-es sigh:
4. Hush! sweet mu - sic fills the air, Sum -mer birds are sing-ing clear·
5. Gen - tly, gen - tly come a - way, Soft - ly, soft - ly press the sod;

Si - lent from the churchyard go; She's with God, She's with God.
Fair are they, and in her bloom She was fair, She was fair.
And the pine-groves mur - mur deep, Sounding nigh, Sound-ing nigh.
War-blers, vain - ly chant ye there, She'll not hear, She'll not hear.
Weep not as ye home-ward stray, She's with God, She's with God.

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No. 145. THE FAR AWAY LAND.

GURDON ROBINS, arr. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. There is a land mine eyes hath seen,

1. There is a land . . . . . mine eyes hath seen, ... In vis - ions
2. A land up - on . . . . . whose blissful shore . . . . . There rests no
3. Its skies are not . . . . . like earthly skies, ... With va - rying
4. There sweeps no blast . . . . . of blighting wind, ... A - cross the

In vis - ions of en - rap - tured thought,

of . . . . . en - rap - tured thought, ... So bright that
shade . . . . . nor falls no stain; . . . . . There those who
hues . . . . . of shade and light; . . . . . It hath no
calm . . . . . se - rene a - bode; . . . . . The wan-d'rer

So bright that all which spreads be - tween

all . . . . . which spreads be-tween . . . . . Is with its
meet . . . . . shall part no more, ... And those long -
need . . . . . of suns to rise, ... To dis - si -
there . . . . . a home may find, ... With-in the

REFRAIN.

Is with its ra - diant glo - ry fraught, its glo - ry fraught. That beau-ti - ful
And those long part - ed meet a - gain, they meet a - gain.
To dis - si - pate the gloom of night, the gloom of night.
With-in the par - a - dise, the par - a - dise of God.

ra - diant glo - ry fraught. . . . . .
part - ed meet a - gain. . . . . .
pate the gloom of night. . . . . .
par - a - - dise of God. . . . . .

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THE FAR AWAY LAND.

land, ... That glo - ri - fied land, ...

That beau-ti - ful land, that glo - ri - fied land,

Where shadows ne'er come, ... and pleasures ne'er end; . . . . . .

Where shadows ne'er come, and pleasures ne'er end, and pleasures ne'er end;

That beau-ti - ful land, ... that glo - ri - fied land, ...

That beau-ti-ful land, that glo-ri -fied land,

The home of my Sav - - - - iour, Re-deem-er, and Friend. . . . . .

The home of my Sav-iour, Re-deemer, and Friend, my Saviour and Friend.

No. 146. E. M. D.

ON TO THE FRONT.

E. M. Douthit.

1. On to the front, our Captain is call-ing, On to the front, where brave men are
2. On to the front, our Captain is lead-ing, On to the front, for help they are
3. On to the front, our Captain is cry-ing, On to the front, the foe-men are
4. On to the front, our Captain is cheering, On to the front, the foe's dis - ap -

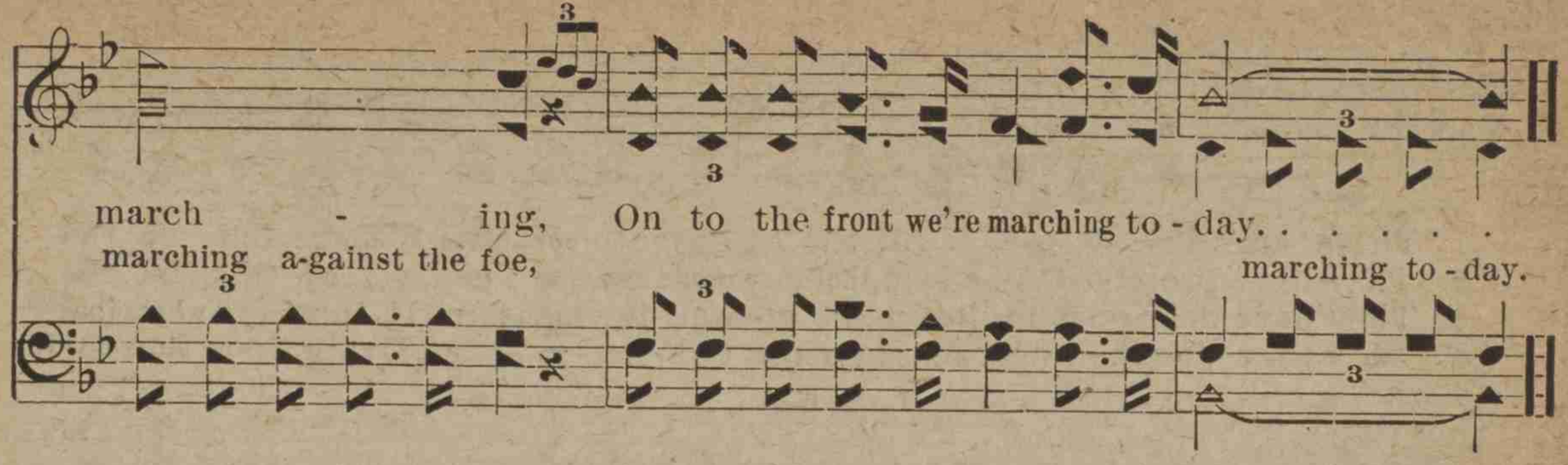
fall-ing; On to the front, the need is ap-pall-ing, On to the front we're
pleading; On to the front, to res-cue we're speeding, On to the front we're
fly-ing; On to the front, to res-cue the dy-ing, On to the front we're
pear-ing; On to the front, the vic-t'ry is near-ing, On to the front we're

Refrain.

marching to-day. March - ing, onward we're march - ing,
Fear-less-ly on we go, Marching a-gainst the foe,

Christ, our Captain, is lead - ing; March - ing, onward we're
Fearless-ly on we go, Marching against the foe; Fearless-ly on we go,

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No. 147. BE OF GOOD CHEER.

BIRDIE BELL. Rev. W. C. HOGAN.

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No. 148. BRING THEM IN.

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

1. There are those, blessed Lord, who are dear to our hearts, Who are out on the
2. They have promised, dear Lord, that they would come to Thee; O may this be the
3. They have dear ones in heav-en a - wait-ing them there, In that land where they
4. May they see their dear Sav-iour on Cal - va - ry's tree, Dying there that their

mountains of sin, And we pray that before we are summoned to part That Thou
time to be - gin! There is on - ly one place where for help they may flee, Bring them
nev - er know sin, For they promis'd to meet them in mansions so fair, Bring them
souls He might win; May His blood e-ven now, from all sin set them free, Bring them

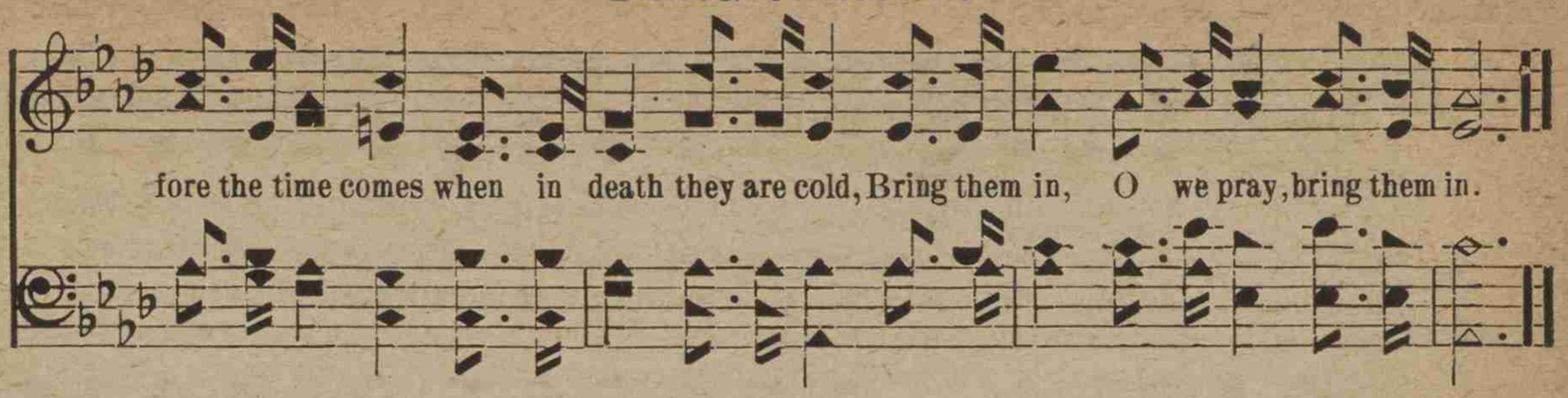
REFRAIN.

wilt, dear - est Lord, bring them in. Bring them in, dear - est Lord, bring them
in, O we pray, bring them in.
in, O we pray, bring them in.
in, O we pray, bring them in.

in - to Thy fold, They are out on the mountains of sin; O be -
the mountains of sin;

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BRING THEM IN.



No. 149. A BLESSING IN ALL I SAY AND DO.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

DUET.



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No. 150. OVER YONDER.

A. J. SHOWALTER. JOHN M. DYE.

1. Here are tri - als and temp-ta-tions which be-set our feet, And the ten-der ties which
2. Here we toil a - mid life's sorrows, weeping bit - ter tears, Sow-ing seed that oft is
3. So we glad - ly trust in Jesus while we work and pray, Know-ing well He will re-

bind us oft are bro - ken; But there is sweet rest in heav-en where we
fall - ing by the way - side; But the har-vest will be gathered in the
ward us for our la - bor; We can sing 'mid all the shadows which be -

all may meet, Where our loved ones now are waiting for our com-ing. O - ver
af - ter years, And we'll meet the loved and ransomed with re-joic - ing.
cloud our way, For the Mas - ter and our loved ones wait us yon - der.

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S. *We shall meet and greet our loved ones o - ver yon - der.* O - ver

yon - - - der we shall meet them, O - ver yon - - - der
yon - der we shall meet them, meet them o - ver there, O - ver yon-der we shall greet them

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No. 151. THE HOMELAND!

HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS. A. S. SULLIVAN.

No. 152. HONEY FROM THE ROCK.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 153. THE BOOK OF OUR LIVES.

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.

1. Writ-ing a book as the days go by, Trac-ing a rec-ord of song and sigh;
2. What do we put in the book each day? Deeds that are kind-ly or words that stay;
3. Care-ful-ly mark on the pages white Words that are fadeless and clear and bright,

An-gels are watching us as we write Words that will glow in e-ter-nity's light.
Pa-ges we hide from the human eye, God is pe-rus-ing as time goes by.
Mes-sage of love to your fel-low-man, Sto-ry that all of the world may scan.

REFRAIN.

Some day the book will be o-pened wide, No one the rec-ord of life may hide;
Shall we be will-ing that all may see What has been written by you and me?

Copyright, 1901, J. D. Patton.

No. 154. FOLLOW AFTER JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Fol-low af-ter Je - sus, faithfully, faithfully, While His guiding voice we hear;
2. Helping one anoth-er, cheerfully, cheerfully, By the Golden Rule of love,
3. Bearing daily tri - als, patiently, patiently, Strengthen'd by the Saviour's might,
4. Tell Salvation's story, gratefully, gratefully, Working as the days go by,

From His throne He sees us, tender- ly, tender- ly, He will keep us, He will cheer.
Lifting up a broth- er, hopefully, hopefully, Pointing to the Friend above.
Making self-de - ni - als, will-ing-ly, will-ing-ly, Walking in the blessed light.
Sing of grace and glo-ry, joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, Till we join the song on high.

REFRAIN.

Press - ing for-ward, day by day, Working while we watch and pray, . .

We will follow Je- sus, trustfully, trustful-ly, Fol- low Je-sus all the way.

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No. 155. O BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM OF PITY!

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful blossom called Pit - y, And it grew in a heaven - ly
2. In His love and His pit - y He sought us, The Re-deem-er and lov - er of
3. See the mul-ti-tude thronging around Him! See His beau-ti - ful pit - y - ing
4. And to - day there are tender hearts car-ing For the sick ones in ev - er - y

clime; But it bloom'd in the lifetime of Je-sus, On the sorrow-ful lowlands of
all; And He found us and bought us for heaven, And He helpeth us now when we
love Flowing forth in His marvels of healing, Shedding perfume from heaven a -
clime; 'Tis the seed from the blossom of Pit-y, Taking root in the lowlands of

REFRAIN.

mf *p*

time. O, beau-ti - ful blossom of Pit - y! A flow'r from a heav-en - ly
call.
bove.
time.

mf *p* *rit.*

clime! Transplant-ed from yonder bright cit-y, It grows in the lowlands of time.

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No. 156. BY GRACE ALONE.

2 Thess. 2: 16.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR,
SOLO OR DUET.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. A message sweet is borne to me On wings of joy di-vine; A wondrous message
2. I hear the message that I love When morn-ing dawns a-new; I read it in the
3. Oh, wondrous grace for all mankind, That spreads from sea to sea! It heals the sick and

glad and free, That thrills this heart of mine; I'm saved by grace, by grace alone, Thro' Christ whose
sun a-bove That shines a-cross the blue; I hear it in the twilight still, And at the
leads the blind, And sets the pris-'ner free; The soul that seeks it can-not fail To see the

love I claim, No oth-er could for sin a-tone, Ho-san-na to His name.
sun-set hour, I'm sav'd by grace! what words can thrill With such a mag-ic pow'r?
Saviour's face, And Satan's pow'r can-not pre-vail If we are sav'd by grace.

CHORUS.

O glorious song, . . . that all day long, With tuneful note is ring-ing,
glorious song, all day long,

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BY GRACE ALONE.



No. 157. WE SHALL REST AT EVENTIDE.

J. A. T. J. A. TAYLOR.

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No. 158. THE CITY OF LIGHT.

DAVIS A. THREADGILL. J. T. ABSTON.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y not built with hands, A home for the ran-som'd in glo - ry it stands; And nev - er a sor-row and nev - er a sigh, Shall
2. The walls of that cit - y are jas - per and gold, Its glo - ries are such that no mor - tal hath told; The riv - er of life is run-ning close by, And
3. That beau - ti - ful cit - y my ref - uge shall be, When I shall be land - ed be - yond the dark sea; There I will bow down at the foot of the throne, Where

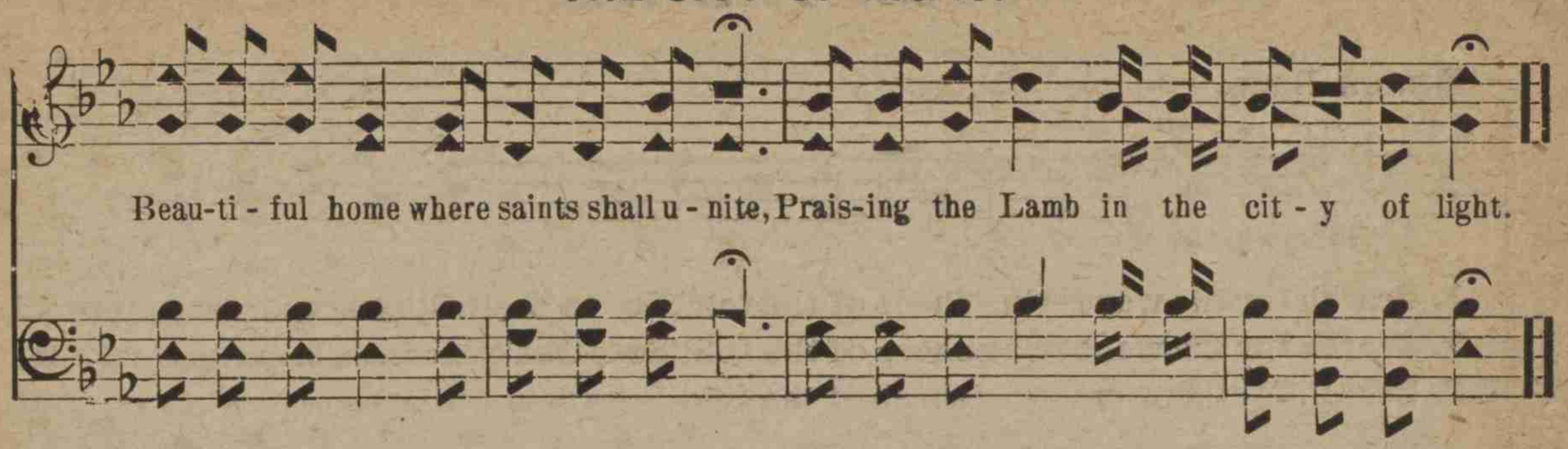
REFRAIN.

en - ter therein while the a - ges roll by. Beau - ti - ful cit - y, . .
nothing can en - ter that maketh a lie.
Je - sus will bless me and call me His own. Beau-ti - ful, beau- ti - ful cit - y of gold,

Cit - - y of light, . . . Beau-ti-ful heaven where cometh no night;
Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful cit - y of light,

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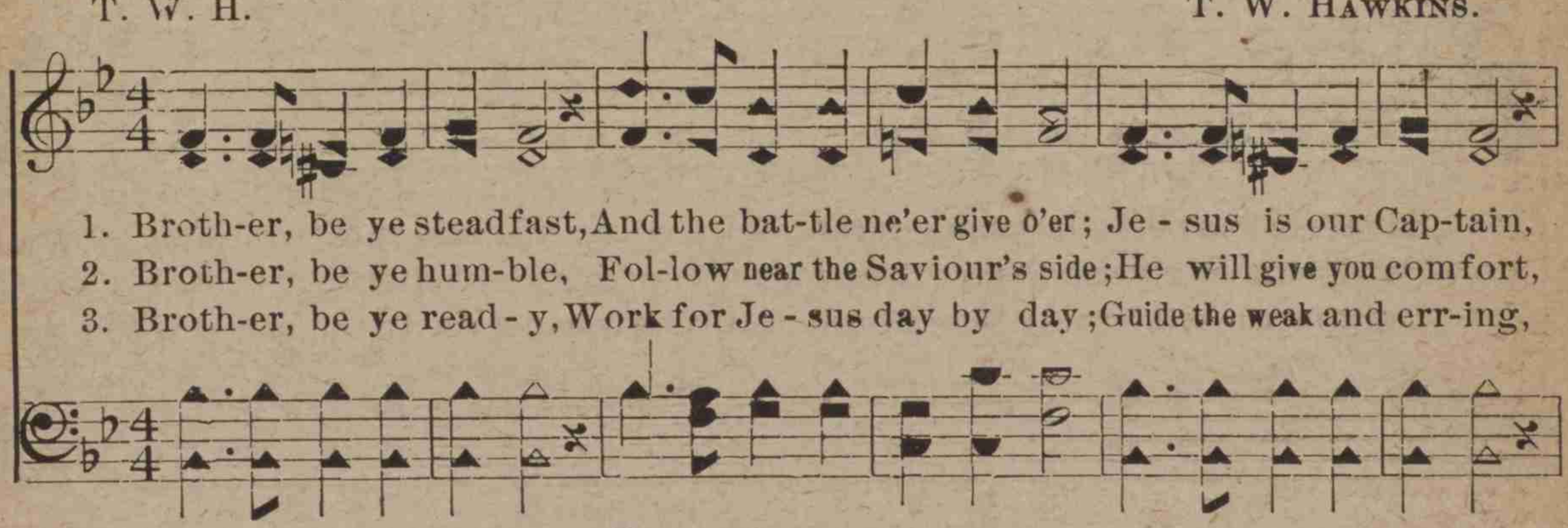
THE CITY OF LICHT.



No. 159. BE YE STEADFAST.

T. W. H.

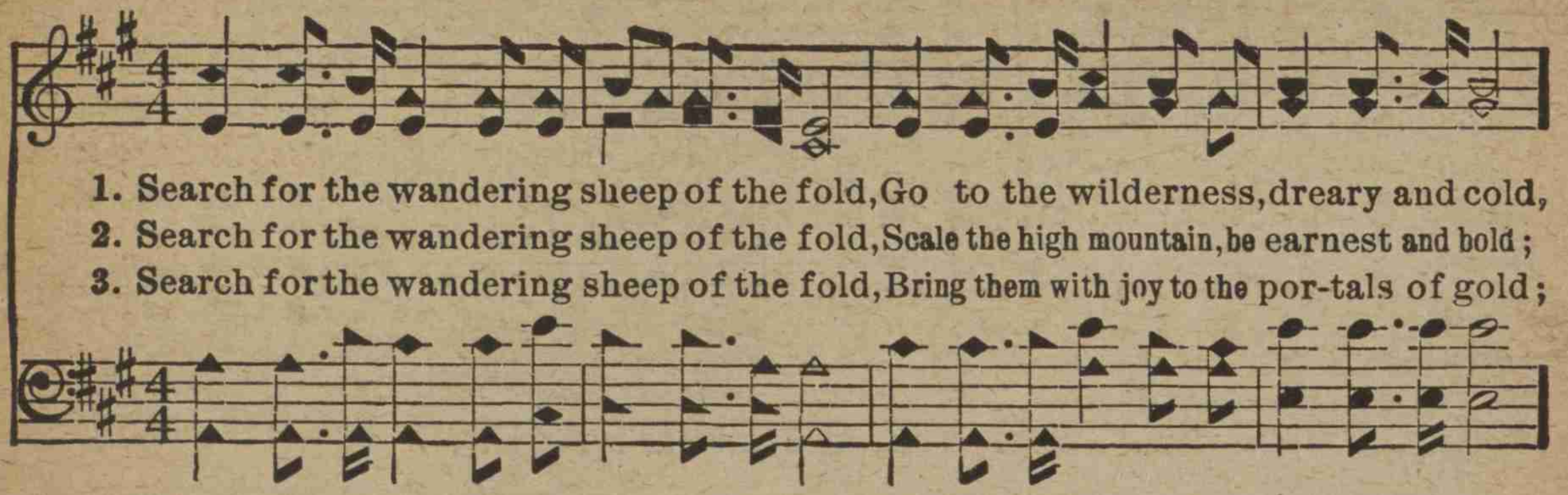
T. W. Hawkins.

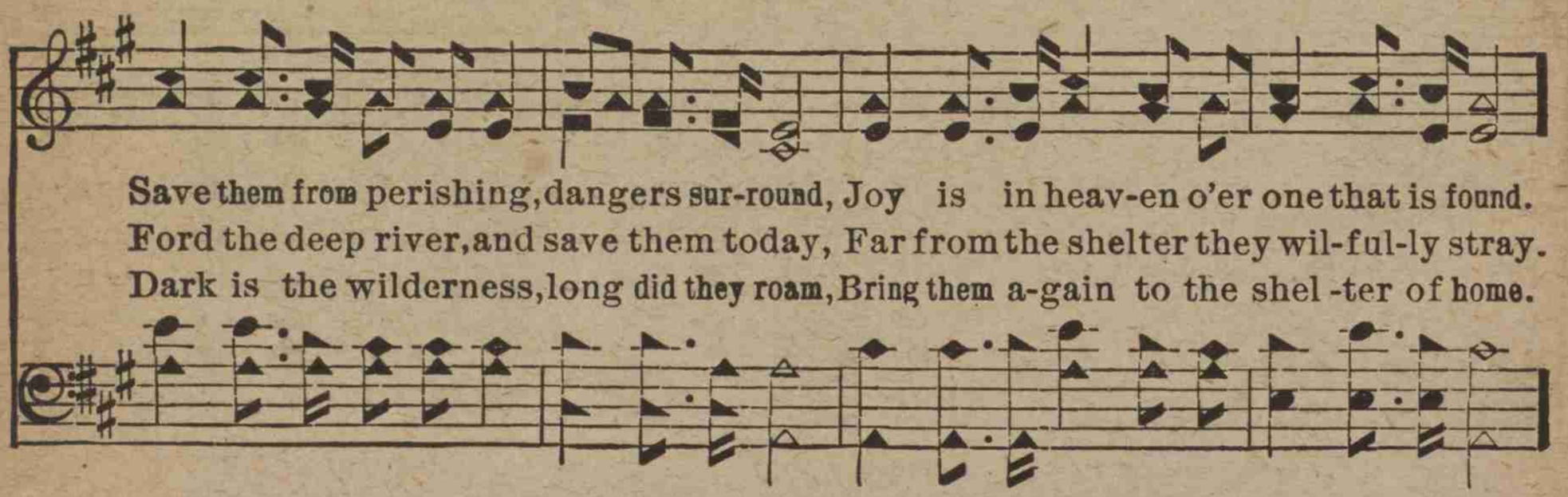


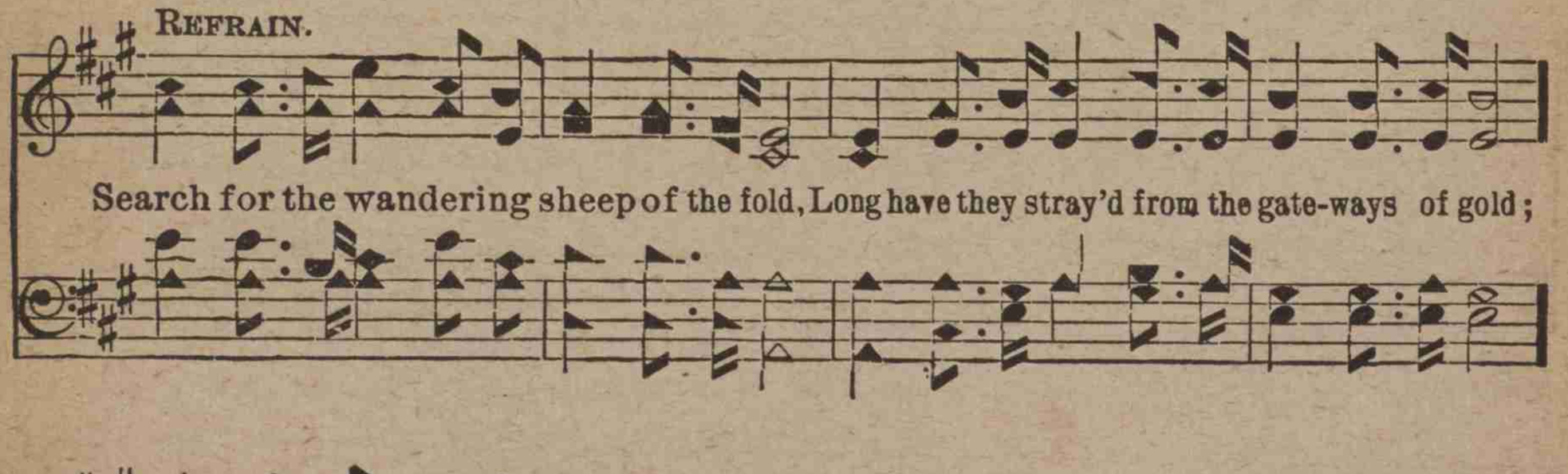
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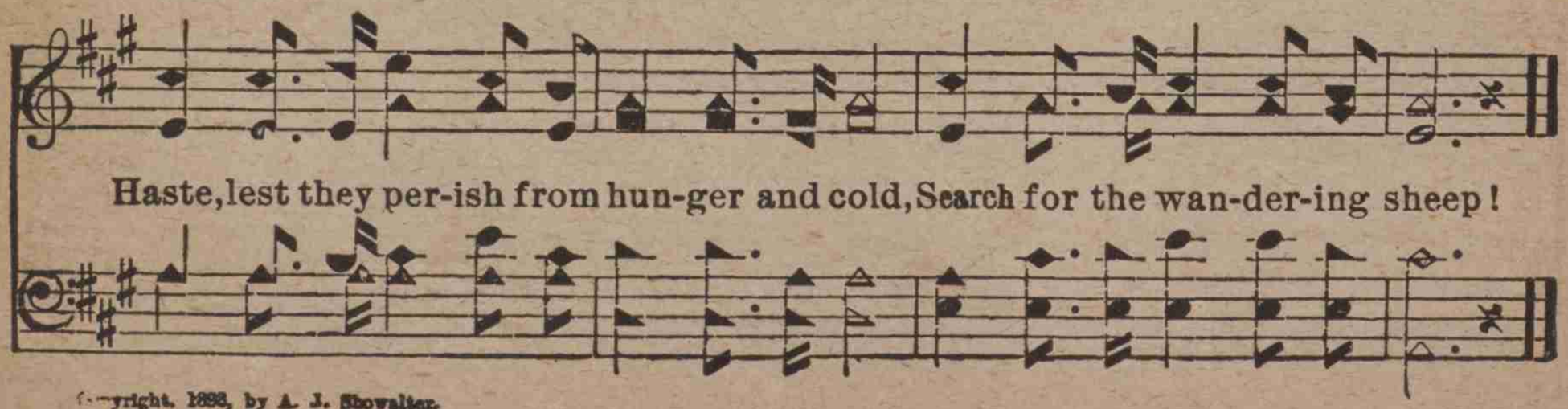
No. 160. SEARCH FOR THE WANDERING SHEEP.

BIRDIE BELL. S. D. THOMASON.









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No. 161. AT THE CROSS OF JESUS.

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

1. There's a par - don to be found, At the cross of Je - sus;
2. There's a joy that none can tell, At the cross of Je - sus;
3. There's a peace be - yond de - gree, At the cross of Je - sus;
4. O my spir - it loves to fall At the cross of Je - sus;

At the cross of Je - sus;

All the might - y world a - round, At the cross of Je - sus.
And I found it when I fell At the cross of Je - sus.
And that peace was giv'n to me At the cross of Je - sus.
And a - new for mer - cy call, At the cross of Je - sus.

At the cross of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

There was par - don there for me, There is par - don there for thee!

Sin - ner, on - ly go and see, At the cross of Je - sus!

At the cross of Je - sus!

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No. 162. DO NOT STEP TOO NEAR THE DANGER-LINE.

J. M. B. J. M. Bowman

1. Brother, are you walking on the King's highway? Trav'ling to the cit - y of e -
2. Tho' the tempter's path be strewn with ros - es bright, Keep the nar-row way il-lum'd with
3. There are man-y dan-gers all a-long the way, Tri-als and temptations meet you
4. Hold out, faithful brother, soon the time will come, With your journey end-ed you will

ter - nal day? Keep-ing in the path il-lum'd by light Divine? Do not step too
heavn'-ly light; Do not let temp-tation's coil your soul entwine, Do not step too
ev - 'ry day; Keep on watching, praying for the light Divine, Do not step too
reach your home; Onward ev - er pressing, till your tri - al's o'er, Sing your Father's

Fine. Refrain. D.S. *Do not step too*

near the dan-ger line. Keep the path to yon-der cit-y bright, Guide your
near the dan-ger line.
near the dan-ger line.
prais - es ev - er-more. Keep the narrow path to yon - der city bright, Guide your weary

near the dan-ger-line. D.S.

foot-steps by the Gospel light; Walk - ing where its ho - ly light doth shine
Ev - er walk-ing

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No. 163. SPEAK A KIND WORD FOR JESUS.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Edgar D. Curry.

1. Speak a kind word for Je - sus wher-ev - er you go, Tell the com-fort and joy of His love; You may save some poor soul from his fol-ly and woe,
2. Speak a good word for Je - sus whenev - er you can; Let the mes-sage be ten - der and sweet; Some may lis - ten and turn from the broad way of sin,
3. Speak a word for the Sav-iour, a word of good cheer, It may wak- en some soft, ten - der chord; It will ech - o with sweetness in ma - ny an ear,

:S: Turn his feet to the mansions a-bove.
As the won-der-ful news you repeat.
And may lead souls to trust in the Lord.

Fine. Refrain. Tell all of His wonderful grace;

Tell, O tell all of His won-der-ful grace;

D.S. *You may lead some poor soul to the Lord.*

Tell, friend, D.S.

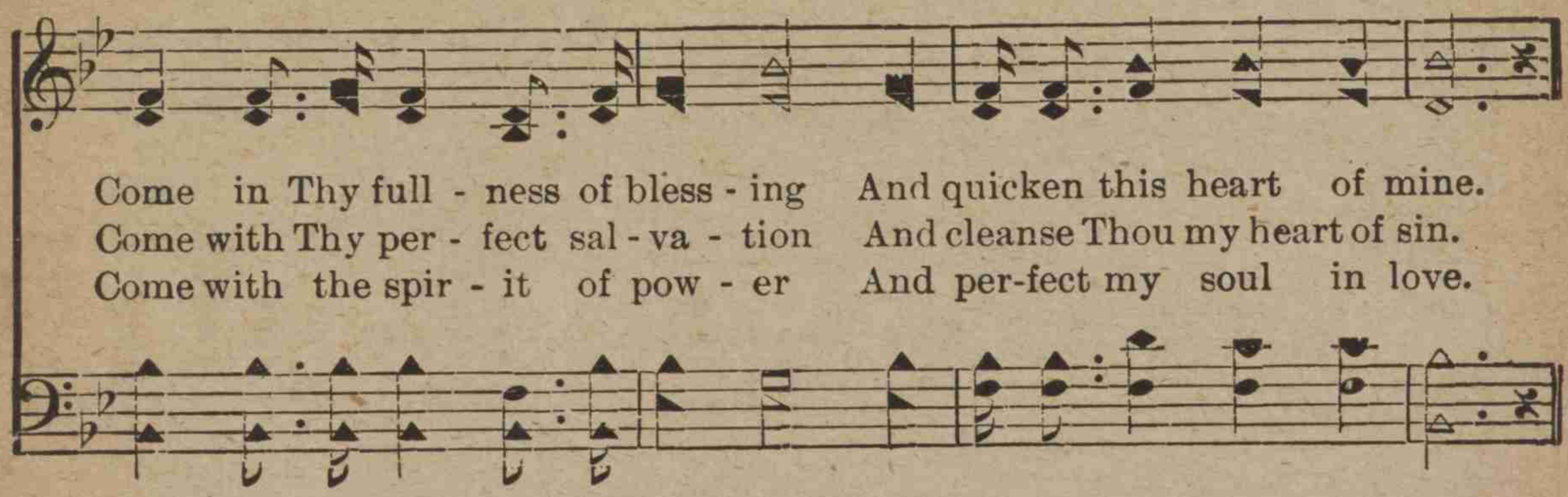
Speak a kind and a comforting word; Tell of His love, O tell of His love;

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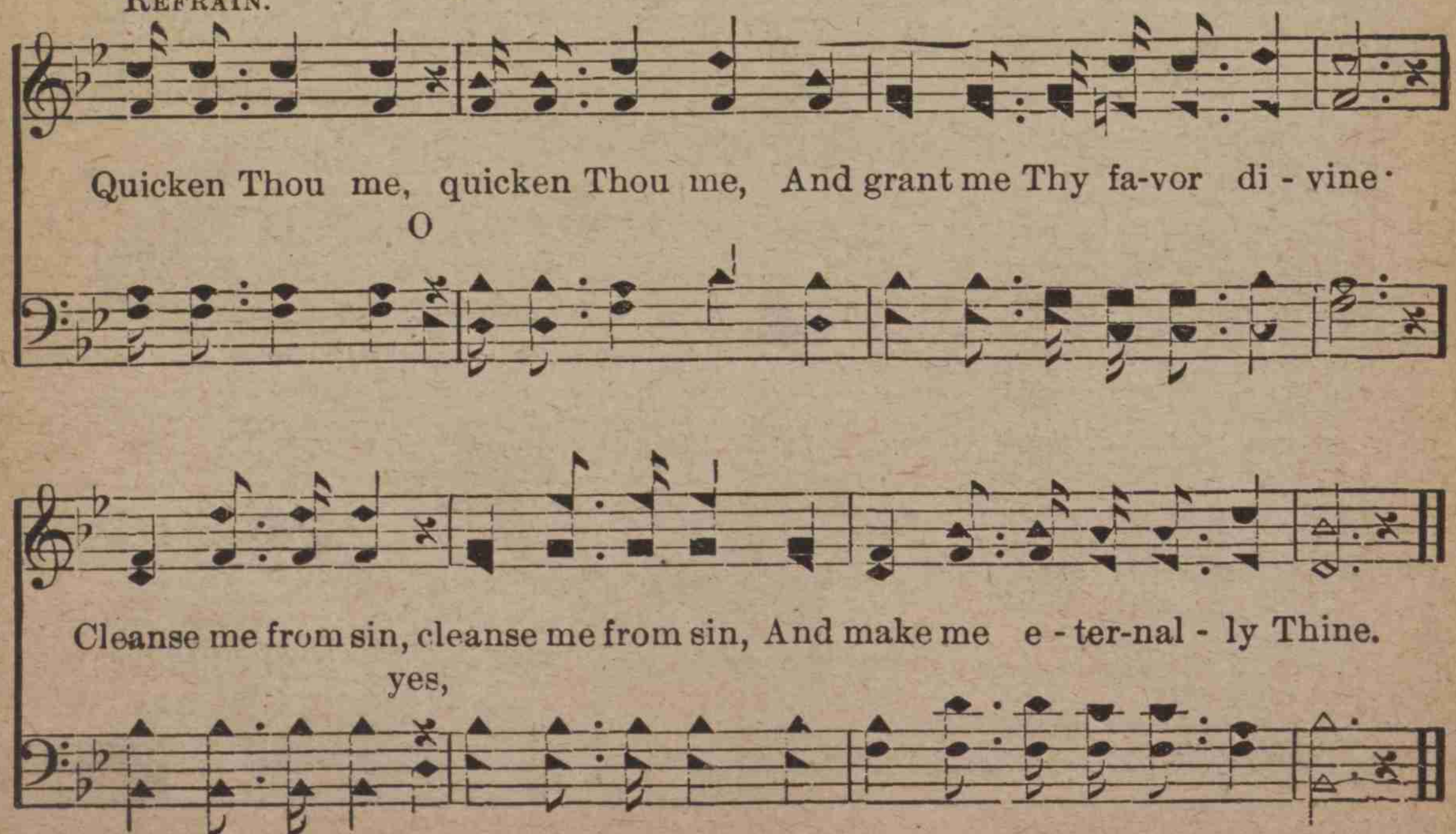
No. 164. QUICKEN THOU ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. Mrs. R. H. CORNELIUS.





REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1900, by R. H. Cornelius.

No. 165, TO THEE, DEAR LORD, I GO.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

Lord, To Thee, I go, Thou canst sustain and comfort me; To
Thee, I go, To Thee, dear Lord, to Thee, I go,

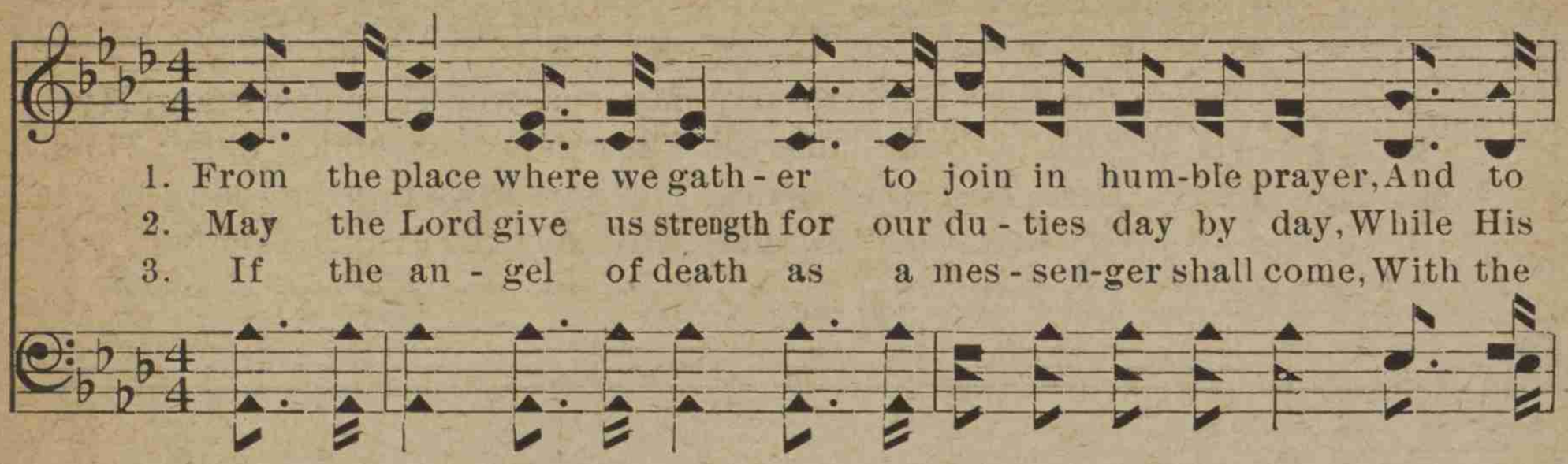
Thee, dear Lord, To Thee, I go, To Thee, dear Lord, I go.
Thee, dear Lord, to Thee I go, To Thee, dear Lord, to Thee I go,

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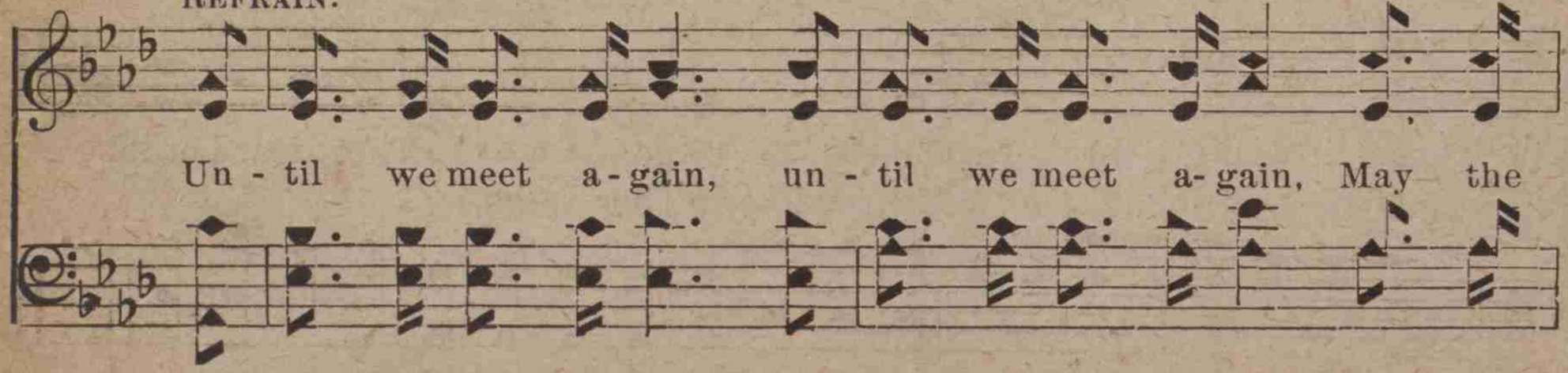
No. 166. MAY THE LORD WATCH BETWEEN US.

Respectfully dedicated to the Y. P. S. C. E.

JENNIE WILSON. J. D. PATTON.

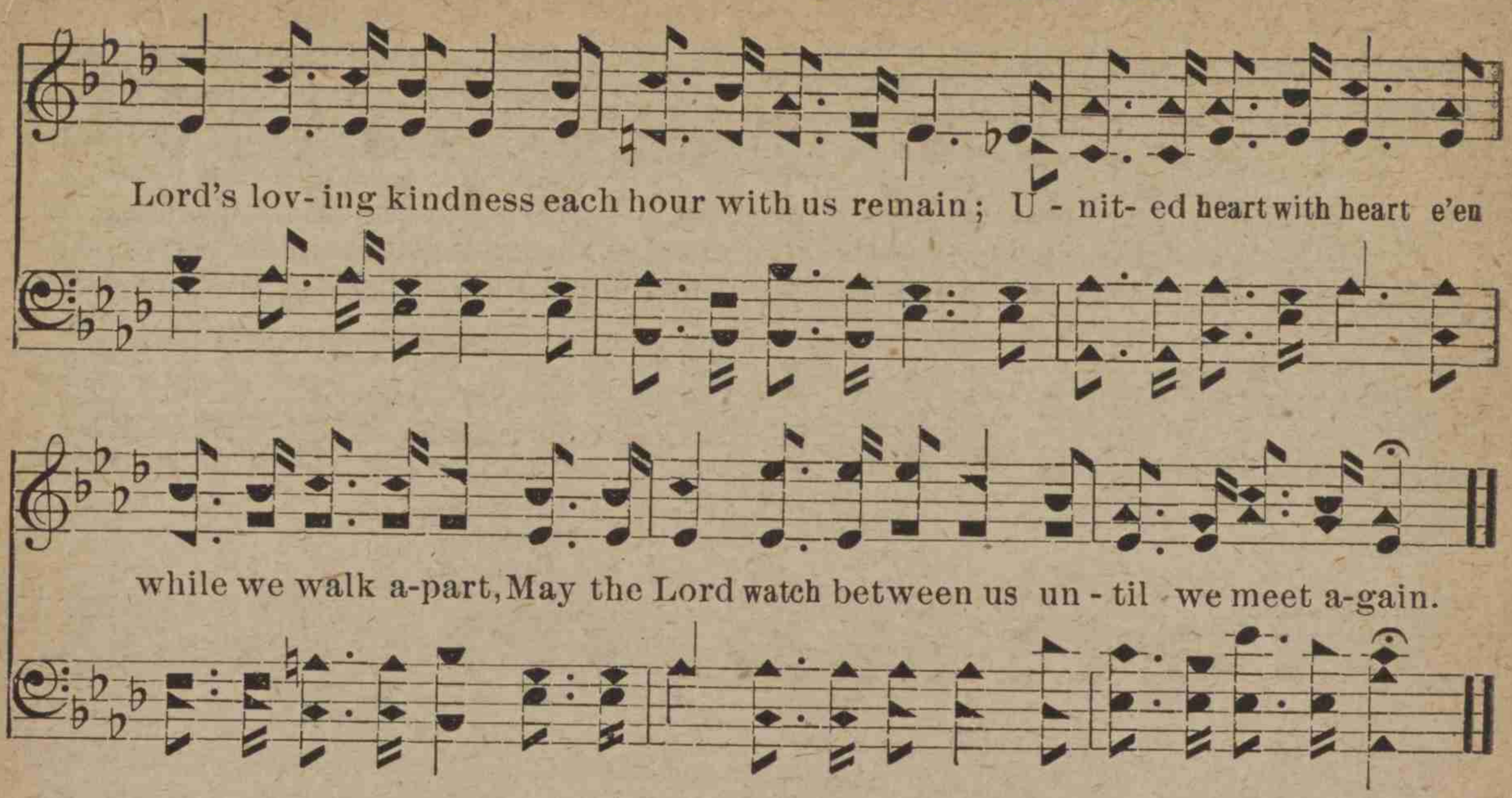


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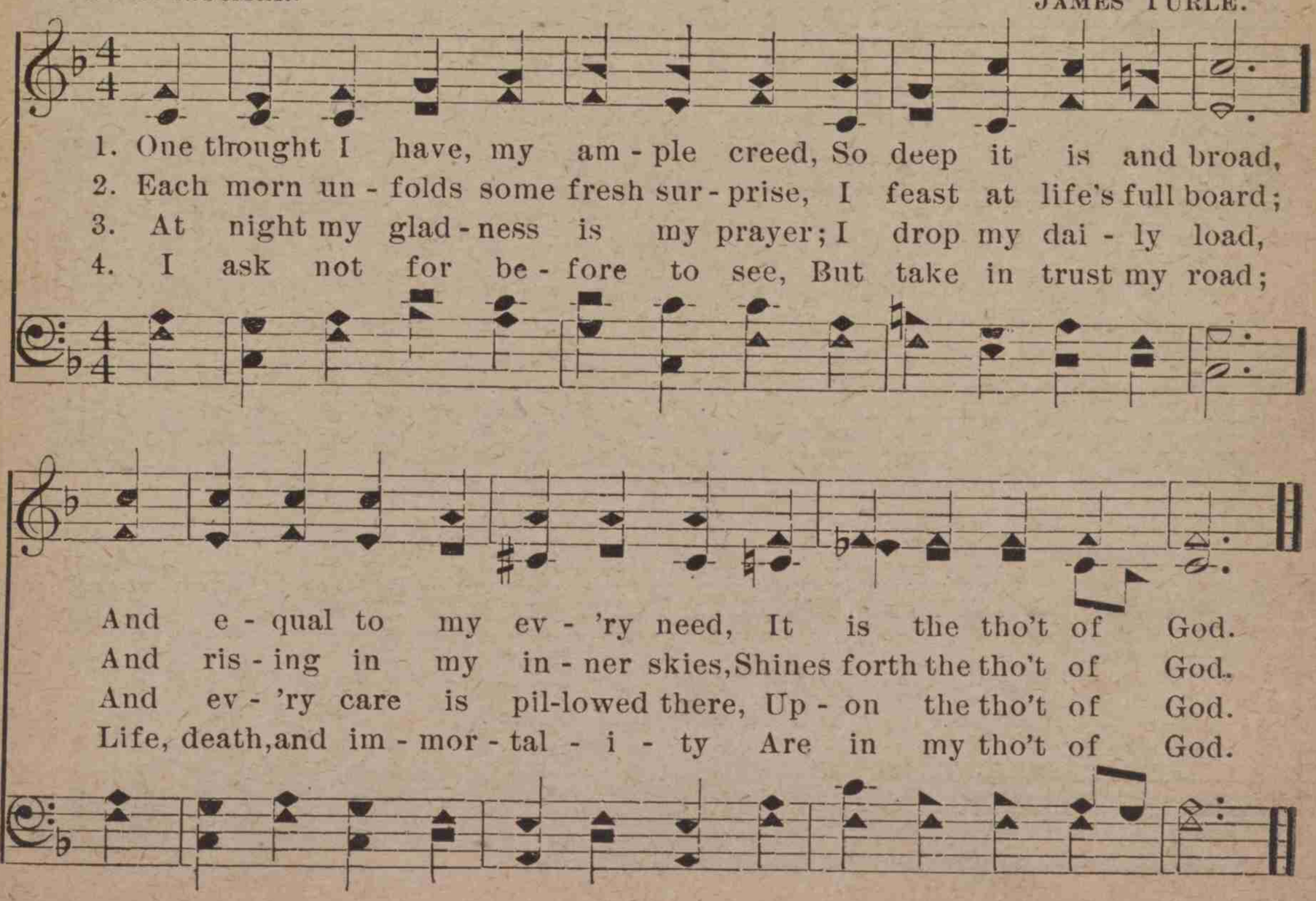
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MAY THE LORD WATCH BETWEEN US.



No. 167. THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

F. L. HOSMER. JAMES TURLE.



No. 168. MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. CAREY BOGGESS.

1. My Father's house has ma - ny rooms, And each is fair; And some are reach'd thro' gl...ner'd
2. Plen- ty and peace are ev'ry-where His house within; The rooms are el - oquent with
3. The Father's house is surely thine, Therefore why wait? His lights of love thro' darkness

it home,
are glad,
thy doubt,

glooms, By si - lent stair; But He is there and makes, and makes it home, Whichever way the
pray'r, The songs be - gin; And dear hearts fill'd with love, with love are glad, Forgetting that they
shine, The hour grows late. Push back the curtains of thy doubt, thy doubt, And en- ter, none will

REFRAIN.

Our Fa-ther's house has mansions fair, For you . . and .

children come.
once were sad.
cast thee out.

Our Father's house has mansions, mansions fair, For you, for you and

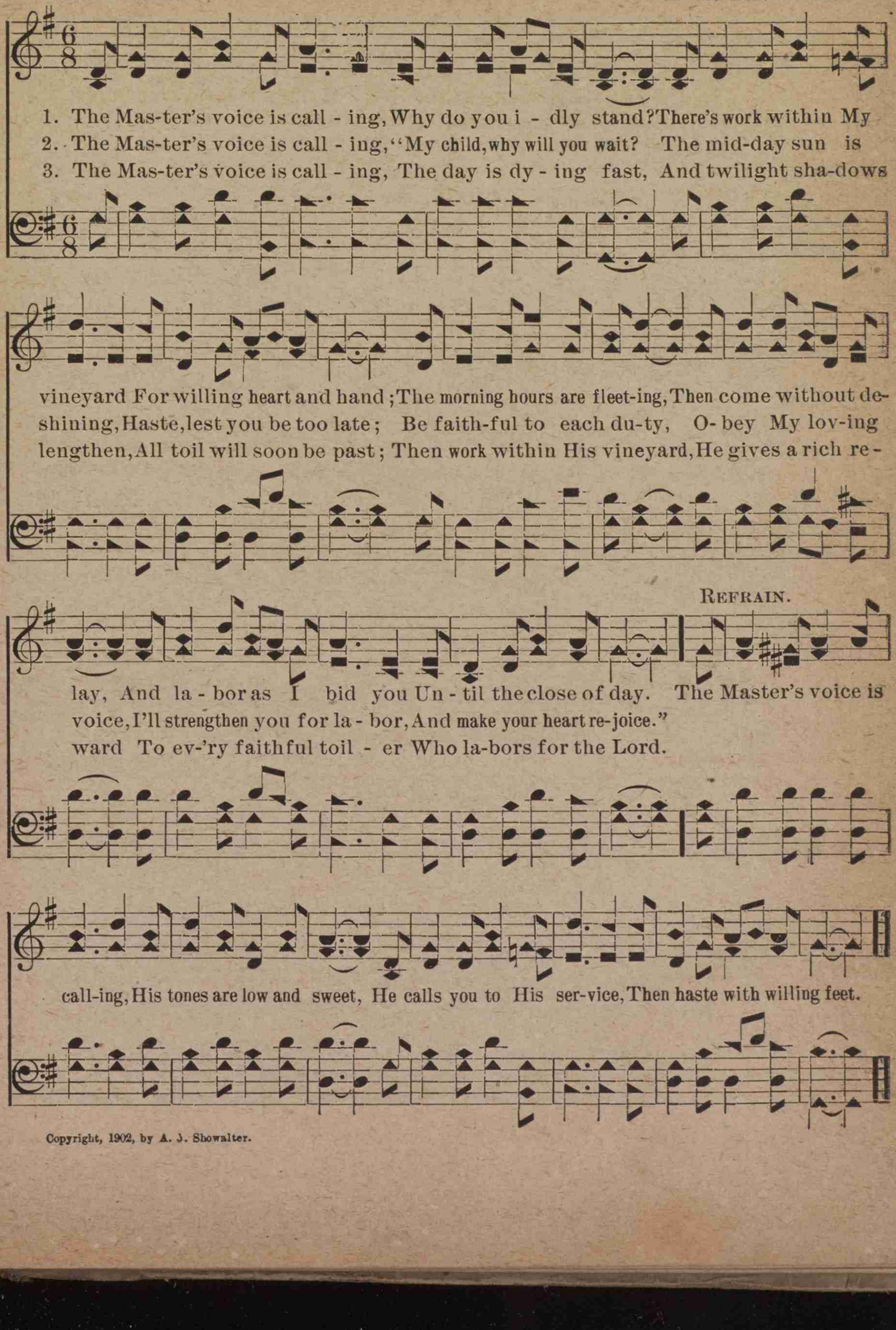
And sweetly He in-vites us there, With Him . . to . be.

me, And sweet-ly He in - vites, in - vites us there, With Him, with Him to be.

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No. 169. THE MASTER'S CALL.

BIRDIE BELL. H. H. THOMASON.

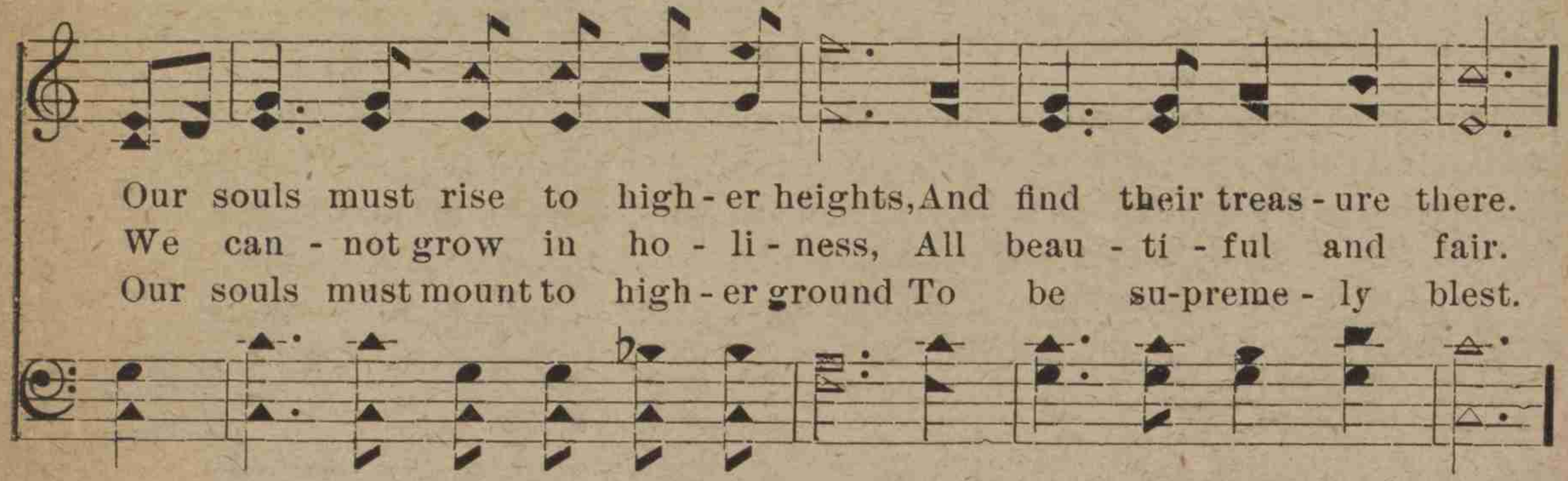


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No. 170. WE LIVE UPON TOO LOW A PLANE.

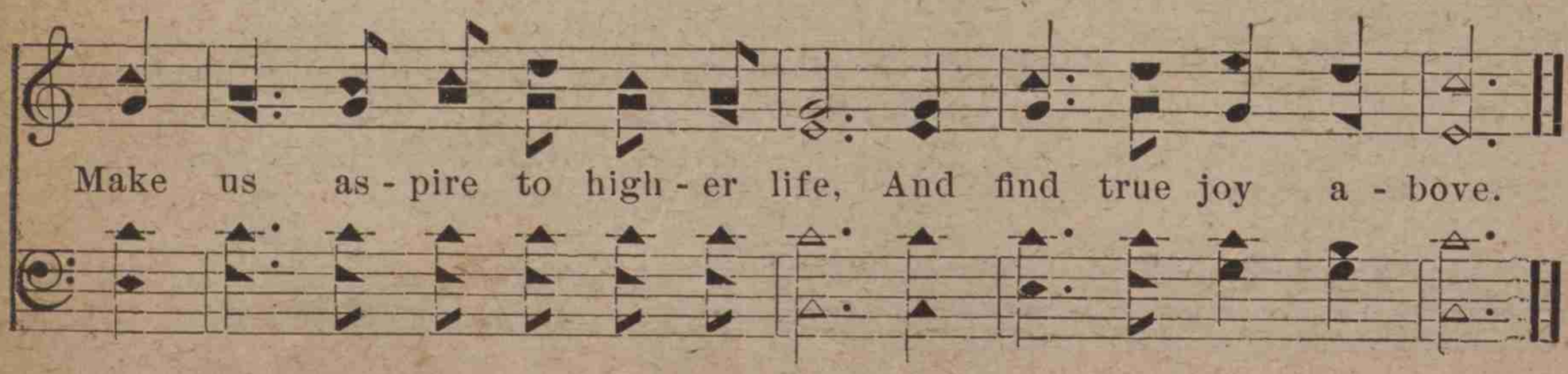
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. J. W. Dennis.





Refrain.





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No. 171. I'M STANDING ON THE ROCK OF AGES.

"He . . . . set my feet upon a rock."—Psa. 40: 2.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. ROBERTSON.

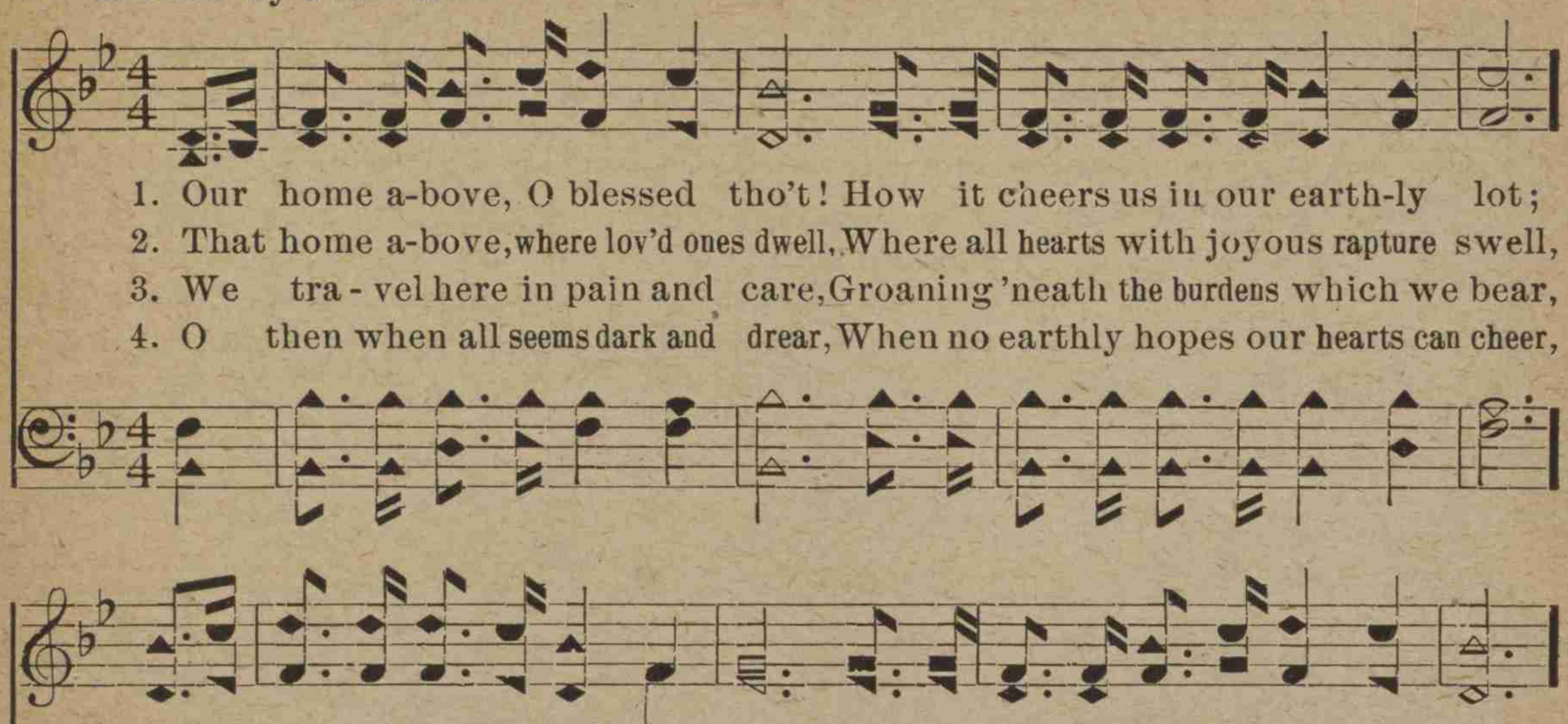
Suggested by A. J. R.

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No. 172. OUR HOME ABOVE.

Mrs. Delilah Kennedy. J. M. Mackey.

Refrain by J. M. M.



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No. 173. COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.

JOSEPH HART. J. MARION LOOPER.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come, God's free boun- ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not con-science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond- ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den, Bruised and man -gled by the fall:

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent- ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

REFRAIN.

Come to Je - sus, He will save you—Save you by His might - y pow'r;

If you'll on - ly come be - liev - ing, He will save this ver - y hour.

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No. 174. IN THE LIGHT.

L. E. GREEN. L. N. WESTMORELAND.

1. In the light of God we are marching home, In the light, the gold - en light;
2. We will walk by faith in the nar - row way, In the light, the gold - en light;
3. We are go - ing home with the Lord to stay, In the light, the gold - en light;

And the hand of God, gent - ly leads us on, In the light, the gold-en light.
From the good old path we can nev - er stray, In the light, the gold-en light.
He will lead us up to the realms of day, In the light, the gold-en light.

REFRAIN.

In the light, . . the golden light, . . We are marching in the light, . .
In the light, the golden light, We are marching in the light, beautiful light,

And the hand of God gently leads us on, In the light, the golden light. . .
the golden light.

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No. 175. I AM RESOLVED.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de - light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - iour, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - iour, Faithful and true each day;
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the king-dom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;
5. I am resolved, and who will go with me? Come, friends, without de - lay;

Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true one, He is the just one, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
Taught by the Bi - ble, led by the Spir - it, We'll walk the heav'nly way.

REFRAIN.

I will hast- en to Him, Hast-en so glad and free,
I will hast - en, hast - en to Him, Hast-en glad and free;

Je - sus, great - est, high - est, I will come to Thee.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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No. 176. DUTIES ALL AROUND YOU.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. Du-ties all a-round you, waiting to be done, Fainting souls to strengthen,
2. Du-ties all around you, take them one by one, Toil-ing for the Mas-ter
3. Du-ties all around you, shall they be undone? Leave no task un-fin-ished

wan-d'rers to be won; Mourners need a com-fort, wea-ry ones a rest,
till the set-ting sun; Err-ing ones are need-ing some one as a guide,
which is once be-gun; La-bor is re-ward-ed by the Lord at last,

FINE. REFRAIN.

Fol-low-er of Je-sus, up and do your best! Du-ties all a-round you,
Gen-tly lead their footsteps from the pathway wide.
Then be true and faith-ful till the day is past.

D. S.

la-bor for the Lord, For each faithful toil-er waits a sure re-ward;

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No. 177. JESUS IS A TENDER SHEPHERD.

R. E.

ROGER EVANS.

1. Je - sus is a ten - der Shepherd, Who will lead His lambs so dear
2. Je - sus is a faith-ful Shepherd, Ev - er watching night and day,
3. Je - sus is a lov - ing Shepherd, Who will ev - 'ry need sup- ply;

To the home-fold up in heav-en, Far be-yond life's des - ert drear.
Lest some wea- ry lamb should wander From the straight and nar-row way.
He will guide a - long life's pathway, Till we reach His fold on high.

REFRAIN.

Ten - der Shep-herd, lov - ing Shepherd, With Thy flock we'll ev - er stay,
Then we'll reach Thy fold in heav-en, In that land of end - less day.

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No. 178. THE KING WILL BE IN THE BOAT.

"And there went over a ferryboat to carry over the King's household."—II Samuel 19: 18.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. R. D. BURLESON.

1. When we cross the fer-ry to the oth-er side, The King will be in the boat;
2. Tho' death's gloom-y riv-er may be dark and chill, The King will be in the boat;
3. At the land-ing we'll be met by an-gels bright, The King will be in the boat;

REFRAIN.

So we need not tremble at the roll-ing tide, The King will be in the boat. It is
If we trust His promise we shall fear no ill, The King will be in the boat.
Songs of joy will greet us from the realms of light, The King will be in the boat.

on-ly a fer-ry that we have to cross, Just a mo-ment of time on the waves to toss,

Let us tune our voices to a joy-ful note, Our Re-deem-er and King will be in the boat.

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No. 179. COME, LET US SING.

C. R. R. C. R. Ray.

1. Come, christians, let us glad - ly sing Of God's re-deem - ing love, And while our voi - ces
2. O pre-cious songs of love and praise, To chris-tian hearts so dear! They brighten all earth's
3. Then glad - ly let our songs as - cend, Sing prais-es to the Lord; On Him for grace our
4. And now to each - a kind "farewell!" Press on to that dear home Where saints and ho-ly

REFRAIN.

sweet-ly ring We'll think of joys a - bove. I hope to meet . . . . you by and
drear - y ways And fill our souls with cheer.
souls depend, Trust ye His ho - ly Word.
an-gels dwell, And death can never come.

I hope to meet you by and

by, ... In heav-en's hap - py land, To sing sweet songs . . . . of
by, by and by, To sing sweet songs of

praise on high, ... And dwell at God's right hand.
praise on high, of praise on high, And dwell at God's right hand, right hand.

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No. 180. I AM WITH THEE, DO NOT FEAR.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. R. H. Cornelius.

1. Thro' my soul, like mu-sic steal-ing, Comes a mes - sage sweet and clear,
2. If the way be dark or drear-y, Still He's walk - ing by my side;
3. When I reach the mys-tic riv - er, He will whis - per words of cheer,

Depths of love from heav'n re-veal - ing, "I am with thee, do not fear."
If I'm faint, or worn, or wea - ry, I will lean up - on my Guide.
"I will nev - er leave thee, nev - er, I am with thee, do not fear."

Refrain.

O the com - - - fort, O the glad - ness,
O the com-fort, O the glad-ness, O the com-fort, O the glad-ness,

Just to know . . . . . that God is near;
Just to know that God is near, Just to know that God is near;

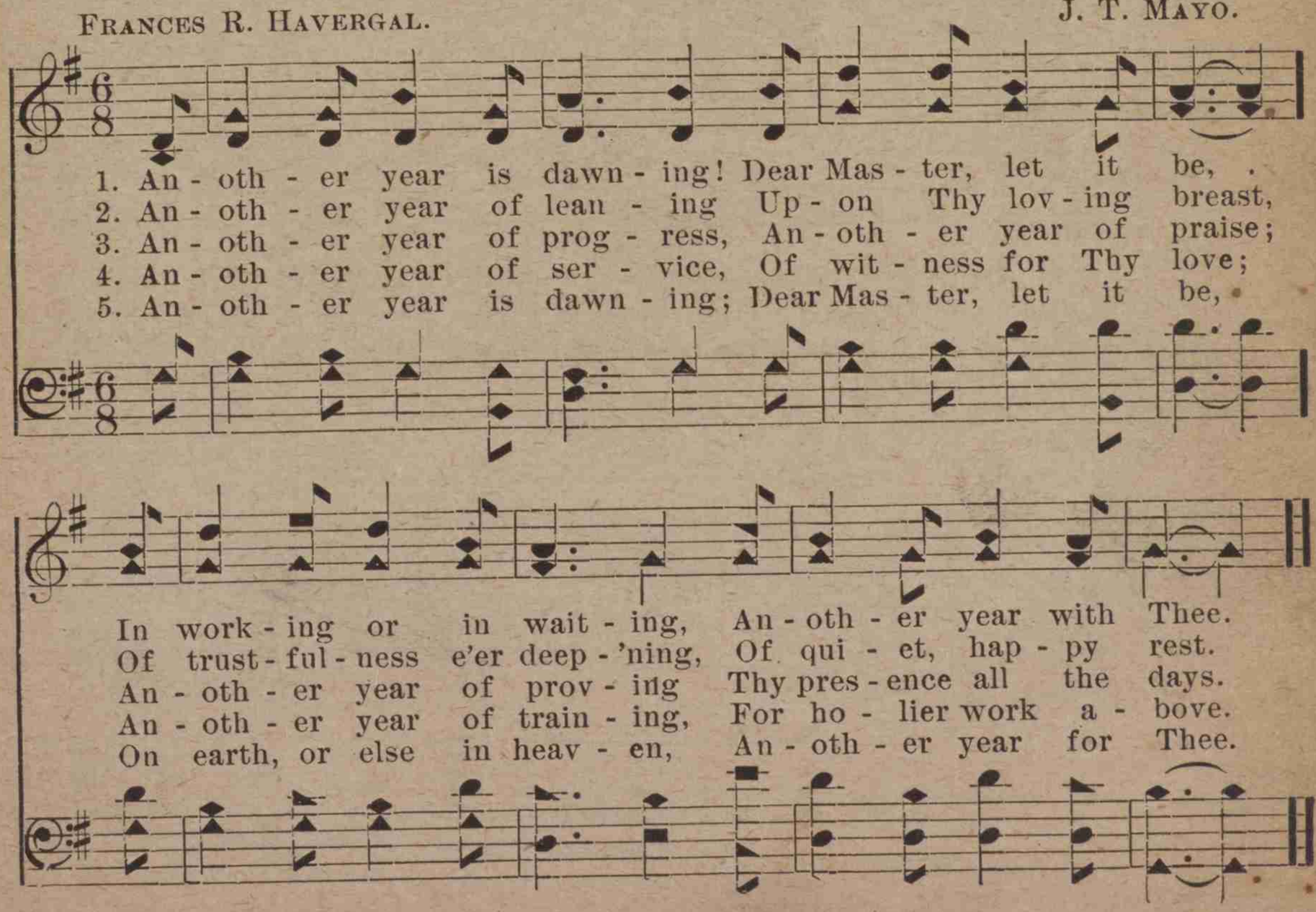
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I AM WITH THEE, DO NOT FEAR.



No. 181. ANOTHER YEAR.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. T. MAYO.



No. 182. BESIDE THE SILVER SEA.

DAVIS THREADGILL. J. D. PATTON.

1. While toil- ing on (while toil-ing on) life's rug - ed road (life's rug-ged road)
2. Tho' storms as-sail (tho' storms assail) me as I go, (me as I go,)
3. With all my toils (with all my toils) and tri - als past, (and tri - als past,)

I'll mur - mur not (I'll mur - mur not) tho' great the load, (tho' great the load,)
And dan - gers fill (and dan- gers fill) my soul with woe, (my soul with woe,)
I'll find a place (I'll find a place) of rest at last, (of rest at last,)

For there is rest (for there is rest) a - wait - ing me (a - wait - ing me)
Ere long from these (ere long from these) I shall be free, (I shall be free,)
With Christ to dwell (with Christ to dwell) e - ter - nal - ly, (e - ter - nal - ly,)

Be - side the sil - - - - - ver, crys - tal sea. . .
Be - side the sil - ver

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BESIDE THE SILVER SEA.

REFRAIN.

Be - side the sea, the crys - tal sea,

Be - side the sea, ... the crys - tal sea, ...

The Sav - iour waits to wel - come me,

The Sav - iour waits . . . . . to wel - come me,

To dwell with Him, . - . . . On that bright shore, ...

To dwell with Him, On that bright shore,

more. . . . . .

Safe from life's storms, ... for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

Safe from life's storms for - ev - er more. . . . . .

No. 183. NEAR TO THEE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. FRANK B. SMITH.

1. Ver - y near, O Je - sus! keep me To Thy wounded, bleed-ing side,
2. Ver - y near, O Je - sus! keep me, Shel - ter me with - in Thine arm,
3. Ver - y near, O Je - sus! keep me, For I would be whol - ly Thine;
4. Ver - y near, O Je - sus! keep me, Nev - er from Thee let me stray;

Here to grow in - to Thy like - ness I would ev - er - more a - bide.
There in safe - ty ev - er shield me, And pro-tect my soul from harm.
Sanc - ti - fy and ful - ly cleanse me, Fill my soul with life di - vine.
Let me know Thy love more ful - ly, And in-crease in faith al - way.

REFRAIN.

Near to Thee, near to Thee, Ev - er would my spir- it be;
Near to Thee, near to Thee, ev - er be:
Near to Thee, near to Thee, Now and in e-ter - ni - ty.
near to Thee, near to Thee, e - ter - ni-ty.

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No. 184. BEAUTIFUL STAR.

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

1. Star of the East, Bethlehem's star, Lighting a new-born stran - ger, Telling the world,
2. Star of the East, beauti-ful star, Guiding the wise men to Him; May we to - day,
3. Star of the East, as we a-gain Ponder to-day thy sto - ry, All of the way,
4. Je - sus our Light, Jesus our star, Brightest to earth e're given, Light of our path,

REFRAIN.

Jesus is born, In yonder low-ly man - ger. Beau-ti - ful star, . . beau-ti-ful
follow thy light, Till we at last shall view Him.
be thou our guide, Le[illegible] us from grace to glo - ry.
lamp to our feet, Bri[illegible]g us at last to heav - en.

Beautiful star,

star, . . . Shin-ing ef - ful - gent, fad - ing, ah, nev - er! Beau-ti - ful
beau - ti - ful star,

star . . . beau-ti-ful star, . . Shining in glo - ry, shining for - ev - er!
Beau-ti-ful star, beau-ti-ful star,

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No. 185. DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

Dedicated to the United Mine Workers of America.

GEORGE DUNN. J. D. PATTON.

1. There is not a ray of sun - light In that dark and dis - mal hole,
2. Trusts and combines, cold and cru - el, Try to force him to the wall,
3. They have left their homes at morn- ing, Buoyed with hope and loved ones' cheer,
4. May our God in mer - cy keep them, Tho' the loosened rocks may fall;

On - ly lamps the place to light - en, Where the min - er mines the coal.
Then the min - er forms a un - ion, And up - on his broth - ers call,
Who are watching for their com - ing, When the twi- light draw-eth near;
May they put their trust in Je - sus, He who loves and gov - erns all;

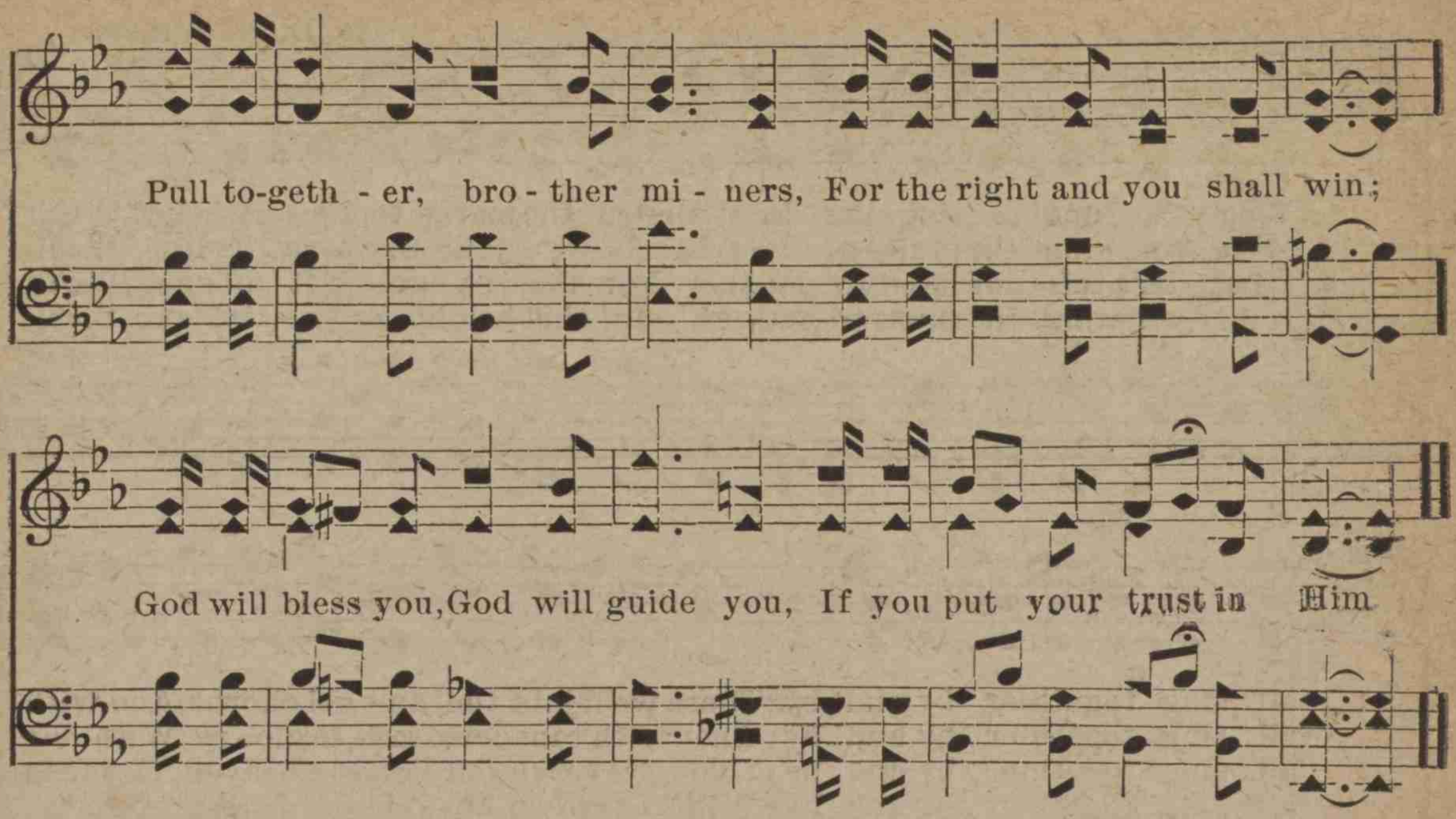
They to art, and trade, and com-merce, Are a great and liv - ing aid;
That they should all work to - geth - er, Ask-ing on - ly what is fair;
And their pray'rs to heav'n as -cend - ing, That the Lord their lives may spare,
And if death should o - ver - take them, Here their lov'd ones see no more,

Mining coal the fires to bright - en In which iron and steel are made.
For a por-tion of the prof - it Of their la - bors they should share.
And re - turn them safe at night - fall, To the loved ones wait-ing there.
May they meet them at the land - ing, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.

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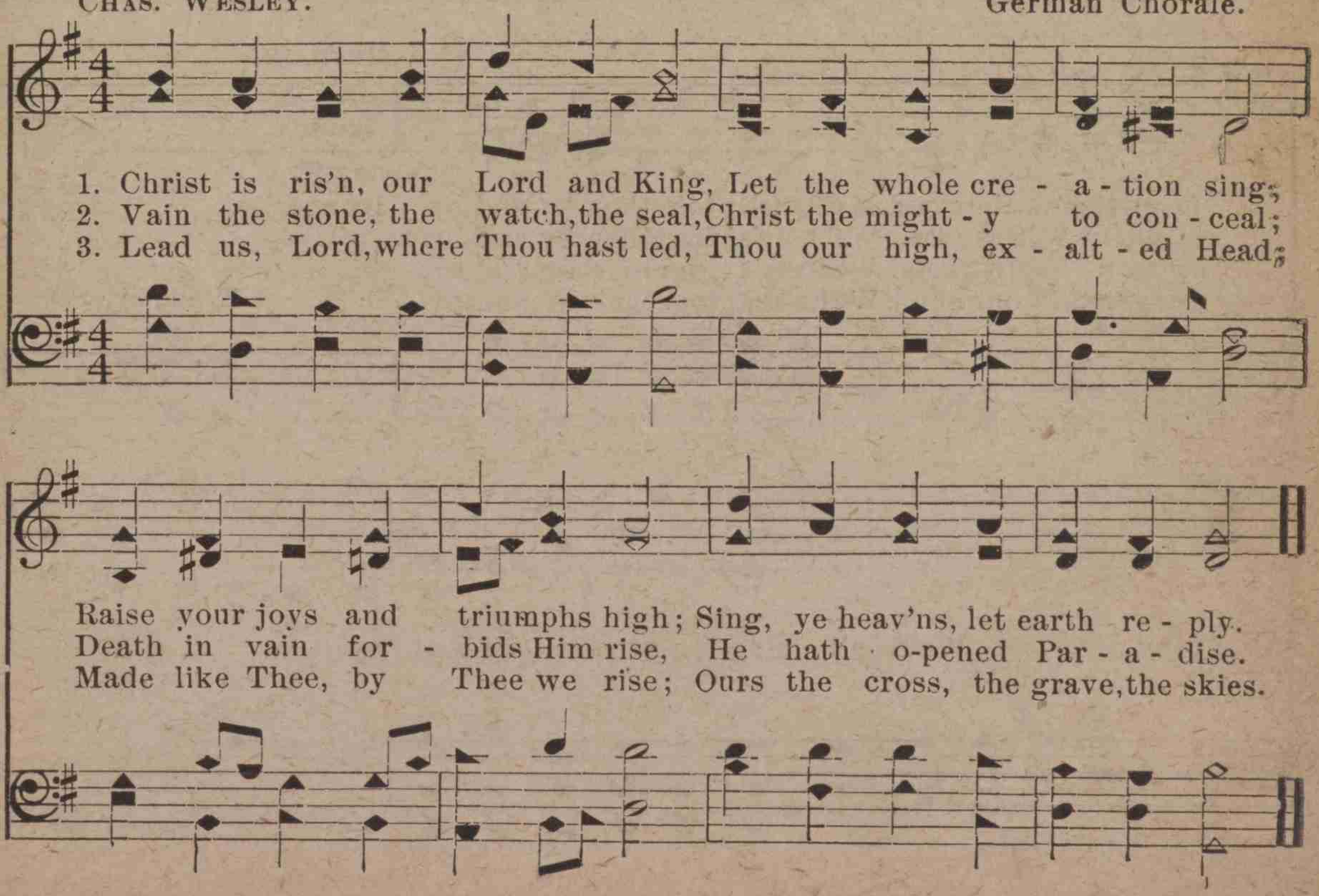
DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

REFRAIN.



No. 186. BY THEE WE RISE.

CHAS. WESLEY. German Chorale.



No. 187. WE'LL ALL SING TOGETHER BY AND BY.

L. E. GREEN. Dr. D. M. WILSON.

1. We're a band of sing-ing Christians On the march to Ca-naan's land, We'll
2 We will sing the praise of Je-sus, As we jour-ney here be-low, We'll
3. Let us praise our heav'nly Fa-ther For the sa-cred gift of song, We'll
4. As we walk the streets to-geth-er, In that bright ce-les-tial land, We'll

all sing togeth-er by and by; There we'll join the an-gel chorus, And with
all sing togeth-er by and by; Then with ransomed souls in glo-ry, With our
all sing togeth-er by and by; Till we reach our home in heaven, Then with
all sing togeth-er by and by; With a crown up-on our forehead, And a

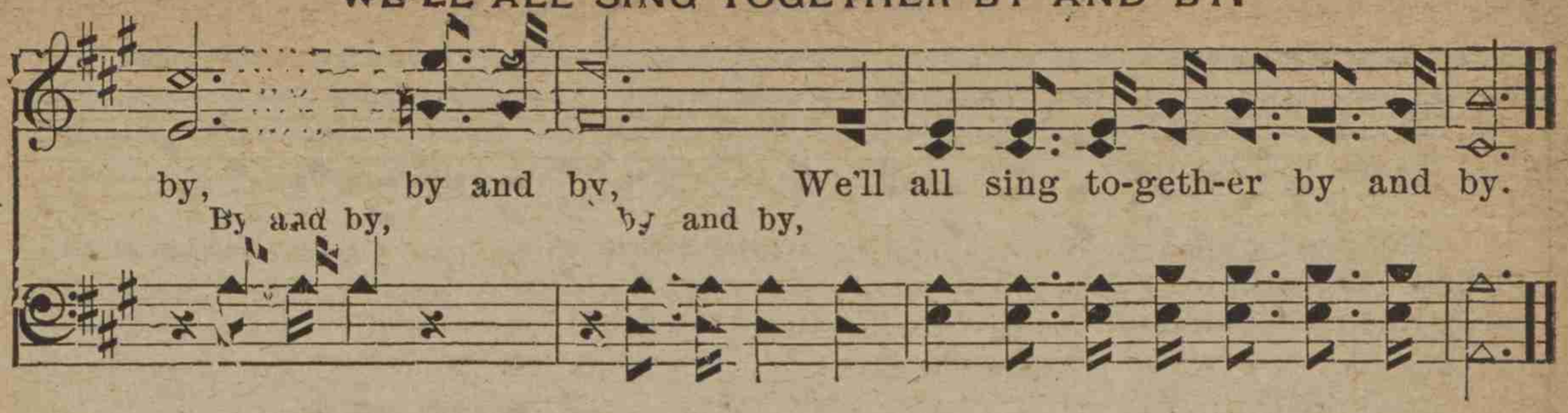
REFRAIN.

loved ones on the strand, We'll all sing together by and by. By and by, by and
robes made white as snow, We'll all sing together by and by.
yon-der happy throng, We'll all sing together by and by.
harp within our hand, We'll all sing together by and by. By and by,

by, We'll all sing to-geth-er by and by; By and
by and by, by and by;

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WE'LL ALL SING TOGETHER BY AND BY.



No. 188. CLOSE BY THE KING.

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

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No. 189. KEEP MARCHING ON.

JENNIE WILSON. JOHN M. DYE.

1. Keep marching on . . . . . to life's true goal, ... Let faith di-
2. Keep marching on . . . . . without a fear . . . . Tho' dan-ger
3. Keep marching on . . . . . in Je-sus' name . . . . Un-til the

1. Keep marching on to life's true goal,
2. Keep marching on without a fear,
3. Keep marching on in Je-sus' name,

vine . . . inspire each soul; . . . Nor ev-er turn . . . from right a-
seems . . . to hov-er near; . . . The faithful One . . . who is your
crown . . . of life you claim; . . . And then with all . . . the blood-washed

Let faith divine inspire each soul; Nor ev-er turn
Tho' danger seems to hov-er near; The faithful One
Un-til the crown of life you claim; And then with all

stray . . . But march with Christ . . . the up-ward way. . . .
Guide . . . Will guard you what - - so-e'er be-tide. . . .
throng . . . For ev-er chant . . . redemption's song. . . .

from right a-stray, But march with Christ the up-ward way, the upward way.
who is your Guide, Will guard you whatso-e'er be-tide, so-e'er be-tide.
the blood-washed throng, Forev-er chant redemption's song, redemption's song.

REFRAIN.

Keep marching on, Keep marching on;

Keep marching on, ... Keep marching on; . . . . . The Sav-iour

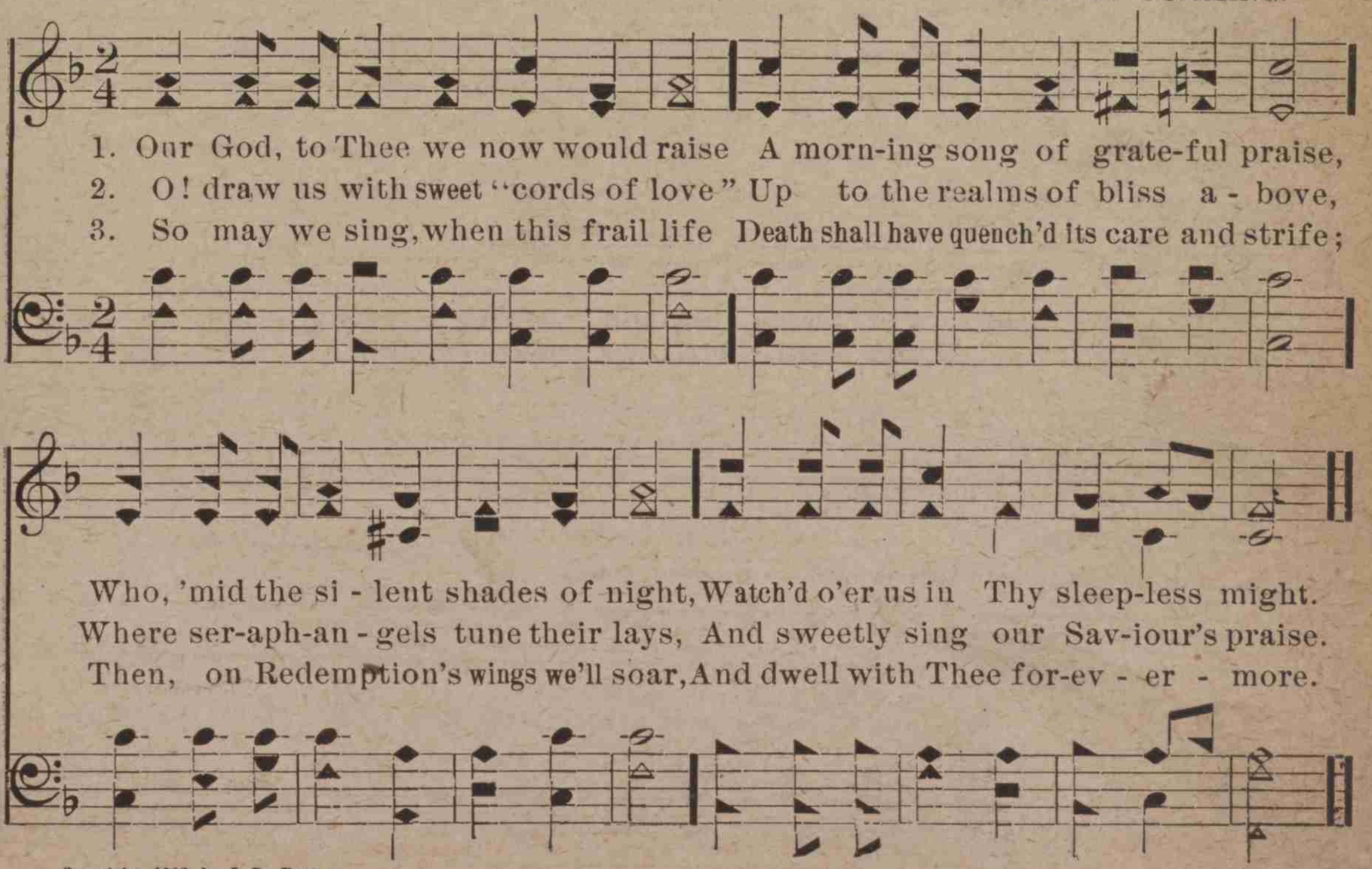
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KEEP MARCHING ON.



No. 190. NICOLA. L. M.

M. C. MENZIES CUMMING.



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No. 191. SAILING ON LIFE'S OCEAN.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. S. D. Thomason.

1. I am sail - ing on life's o - cean, Frail and fee - ble is my bark;
2. Tho' the break- ers oft I'm near-ing, Yet I have no cause to fear;
3. Oft the storms of trou - ble threaten My poor bark to o - ver-whelm;
4. I am sail - ing swift- ly on - ward To fair Ca - naan's peaceful shore;
5. There I'll short- ly cast my an - chor, Je - sus nev - er will for - sake;

It is oft - en sad - ly toss-ing 'Mid the bil - lows fierce and dark.
From the snares of sin and Sa - tan Safe - ly will my Pi - lot steer.
But the wild - est storm I'll weather When my Sav-iour's at the helm.
Where there comes no sin nor sor - row, Where the tempests cease to roar.
He has prom-ised to go with me, And His word He will not break.

Refrain.

I am sail - - - - ing on life's o - cean, ...
I am sail - ing on life's o - cean, I am sail - ing,
But my Sav - - - - - iour sails with me; . . . . . .
But my Sav - iour sails with me, He sails with me;

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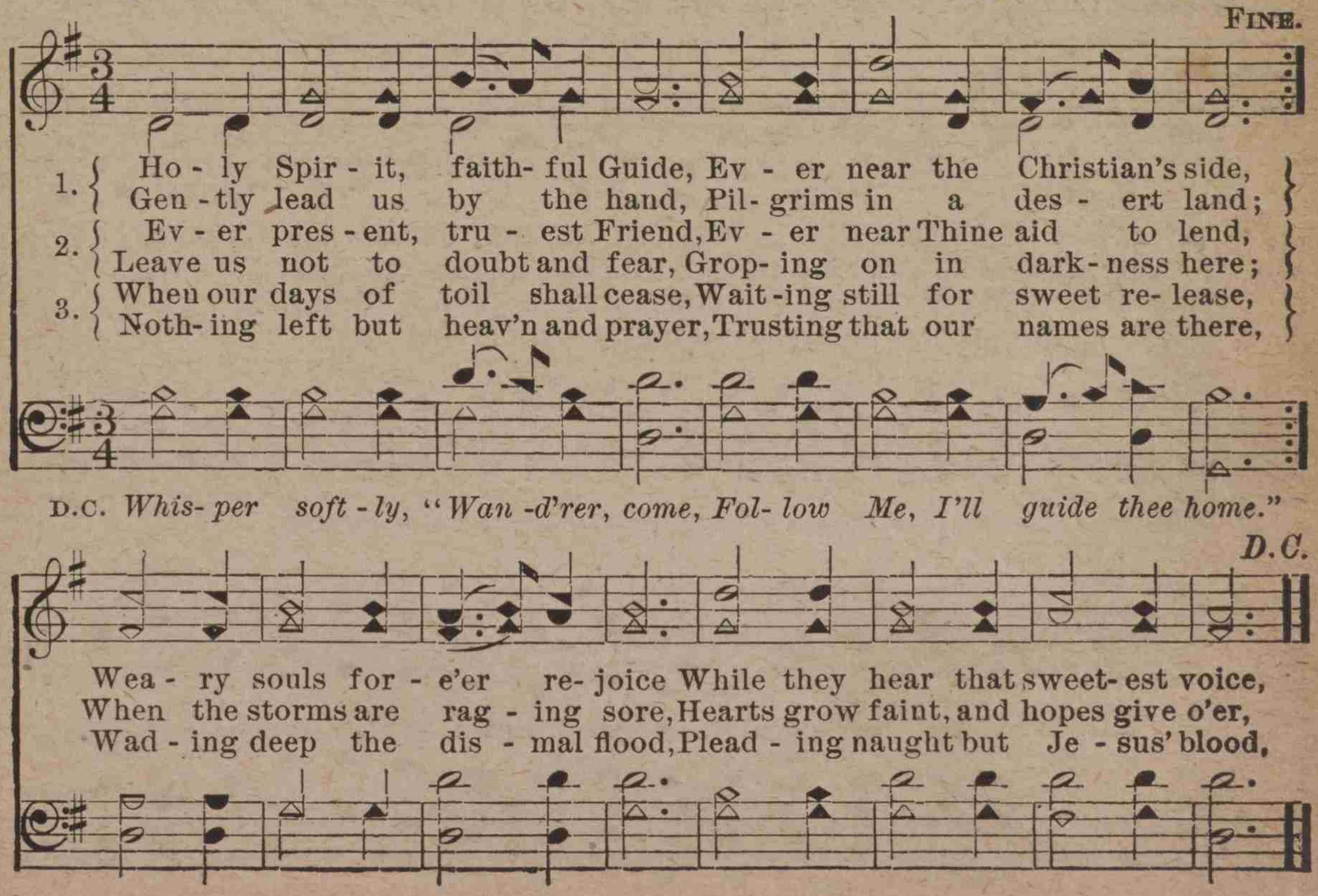
SAILING ON LIFE'S OCEAN.



No. 192. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W. MARCUS M. WELLS.

FINE.



D.C.

No. 193. MARCHING ON TO GLORY DAY BY DAY.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. ROBERTSON

1. 'Neath the sa-cred gos-pel ban-ner with the Sav-iour for our guide, We are
2. Climbing rug-ged steps be-fore us, led in ways we do not know, We are
3. O-ver-com-ing earth's tempta-tions, joys en-dur-ing to ob-tain, We are
4. To be read-y for the ban-quet at the mar-riage of the Lamb, We are

marching on to glo-ry day by day; Trusting in our ho-ly Lea-der thro' what-
marching on to glo-ry day by day; Passing oft thro' pleas-ant valleys where re-
marching on to glo-ry day by day; Seek-ing heaven's shining cit-y, life e-
marching on to glo-ry day by day; With the com-pa-ny of pure ones to u-

D.S. *Gather-ing from ev-'ry na-tion, 'neath the*

ev-er may be-tide, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day. We are marching
freshing wa-ters flow, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.
ter-nal there to gain, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.
nite in vict'ry's psalm, We are marching on to glory day by day.

ban-ner of sal-vation, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day.

D.S.

on to glo-ry day by day, We are marching on to glo-ry day by day;

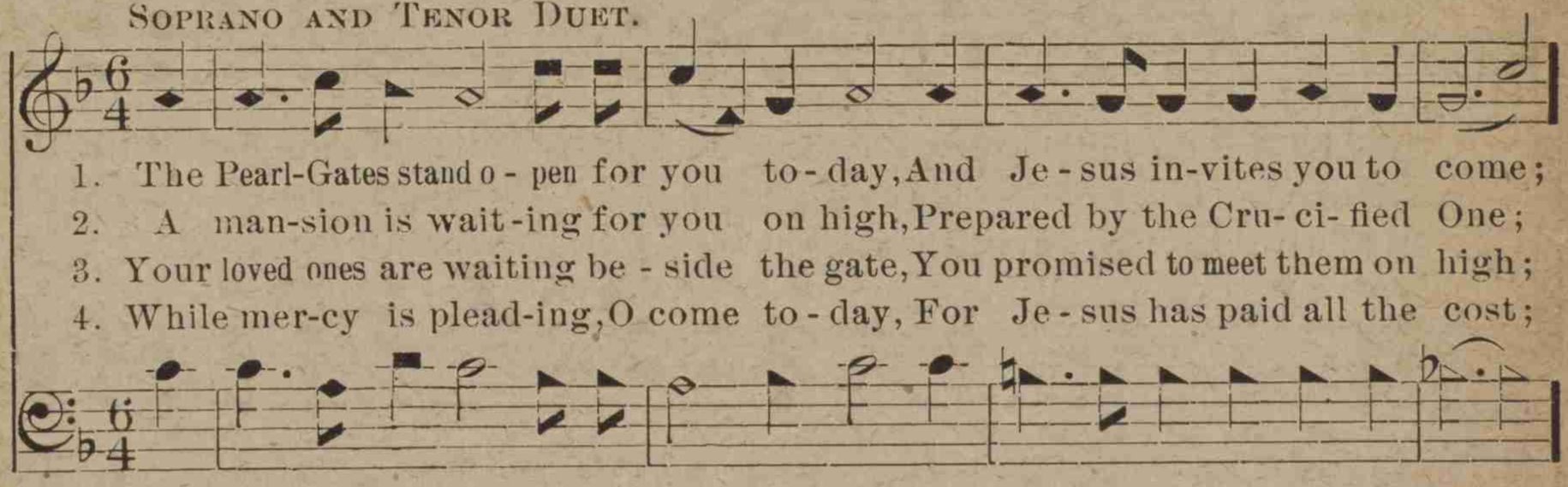
Co yright, 1901, by Gospel Advocate Co. Used by per.

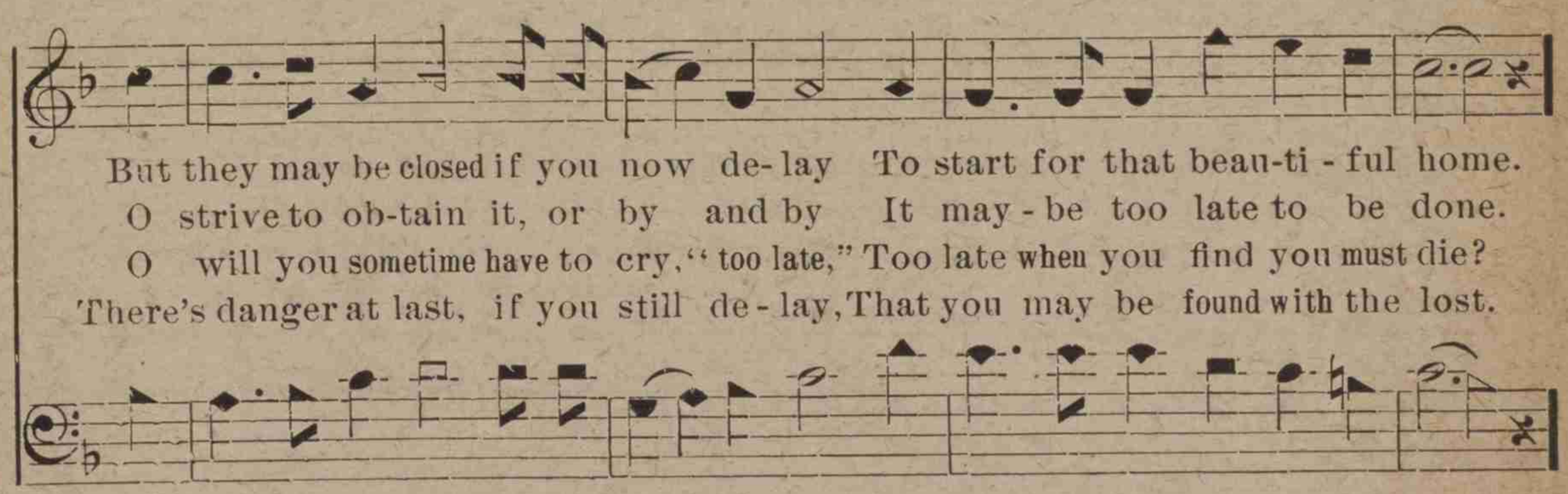
No. 194. THE PEARL-GATES STAND OPEN.

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

CHORUS by A. J. S.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.





CHORUS.



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No. 195. BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME.

E. A. HOFFMAN. R. D. BURLESON.

1. As we go our pil-grim way, foll'wing Je-sus day by day, We are hap-py in His grace and His love; Joy-ful-ly we haste along, sing-ing strains of ho-ly song As we
2. It will not be ver-y long till we join the ho-ly throng In their songs of grateful praise by the throne; Ev-'ry foot-step brings us near our e-ter-nal home so dear, Whither
3. What a meeting that will be when with vis-ion clear we see All the dear ones of our love o-ver there; When we walk with them in white, wear the crowns of glo-ry bright, And with

REFRAIN.

jour-ney to the man-sions a-bove. By and by . . we'll reach our home,
our be-lov-ed friends now are gone.
them the ceaseless glory share.

By and by we'll reach our home, eternal home,
Reach our hap - py home on high; Af-ter life's . . e-
Reach our happy home on high, fair home on high; Af-ter life's, yes,

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BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME.



No. 196. HOLD THOU MY HAND.

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

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No. 197. GLORY OVER YONDER.

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

S. McN. SHARP McNIEL.

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

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

REFRAIN.

glo-ry when we meet each other there. 'Twill be glo - ry o-ver
'Twill be glo-ry
yon-der, When we meet . . . each oth-er there; 'Twill be
meet, when we meet each oth-er there, each oth-er there;

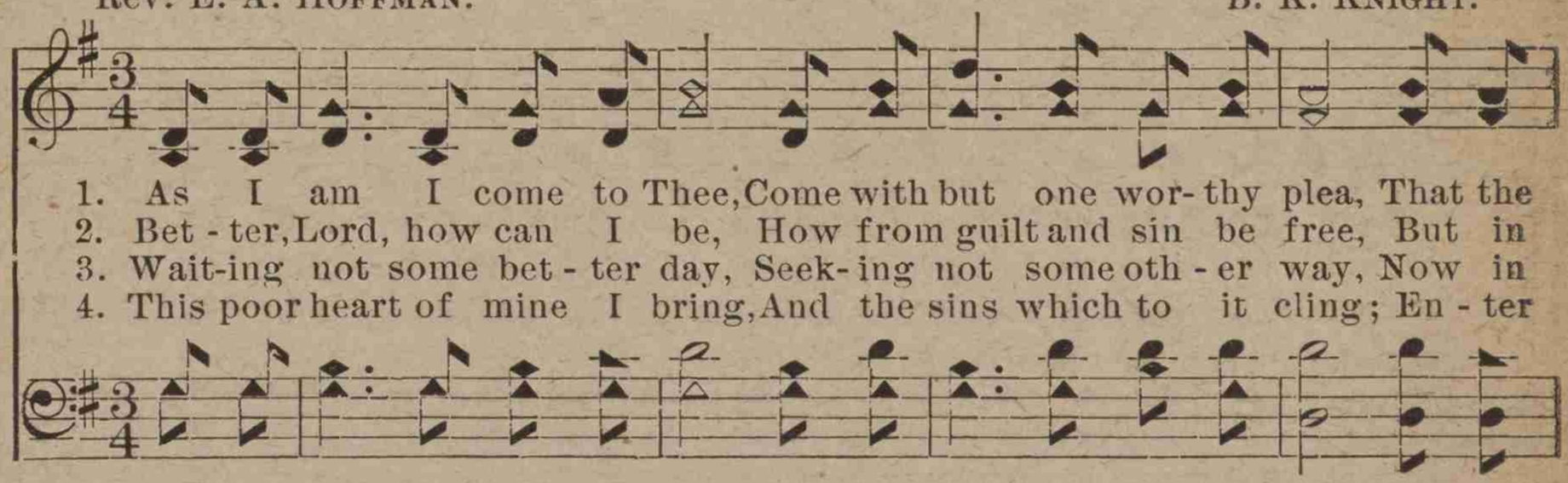
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GLORY OVER YONDER.



No. 198. AS I AM I COME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. K. KNIGHT.



REFRAIN.



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No. 199. HAVE YOU SPENT THE DAY WITH JESUS?

Suggested by a sermon by Rev. Jas. A. Francis, Pastor of the Second Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, to whom this hymn is dedicated.

BIRDIE BELL. W. R. PHILLIPS

1. Have you spent the day with Je - sus? 'Twas a mile-stone on the way;
2. Have you spent the day with Je - sus? Then the moments were not long,
3. Have you spent the day with Je - sus? Did you lift a sad-dened heart?

You are near - er home at nightfall By the jour-ney of a day.
And the wea - ry feet grew lighter, And the sigh be - came a song.
Did you car - ry beams of sun-shine To the souls who sit a - part,

Were you faithful to each du - ty Which He gave you to ful - fill?
Did you hear His words of comfort? Were you lean-ing on His arm?
In the shadows dark and gloomy? Did you speak a word of cheer

Did you feel His help - ful pres - ence, As you did His bless-ed will?
Then your heart has lost its bur - den, And your life has found a charm.
To the ones who needed com - fort? He will bless, for He was near.

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HAVE YOU SPENT THE DAY WITH JESUS?

REFRAIN.



No. 200. HE'S TRUE ALL ALONG.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. A. J. SHOWALTER.



D.S. *I'll trust in Him, My*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*



Friend and Guide, He's true all a-long.

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No. 201. HIS NAME IS JESUS.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. D. PATTON.

1. We meet to-day to magnify The precious name of Je-sus, To hon-or and to glo - ri - fy The ho-ly name of Je-sus; There is no other name so sweet, No name in earth and heaven As the dear name our lips repeat, The name to Jesus given.
2. The name of Jesus we adore, The precious name of Je-sus, And dai-ly love it more and more, The ho-ly name of Je-sus; It fills the heart with boundless joy, And banishes all sadness, And brings a peace without alloy, And thrills the soul with gladness.
3. O laud it to the skies above, The precious name of Je-sus, O whisper it in tender love, The ho-ly name of Je-sus; Thro' this dear name we have to-day The joy of sin for-given, And go rejoicing on our way To yon sweet home in heaven.

REFRAIN.

His name is Je - sus And He is a loving friend and Saviour;
His name, His blessed name is Jesus,

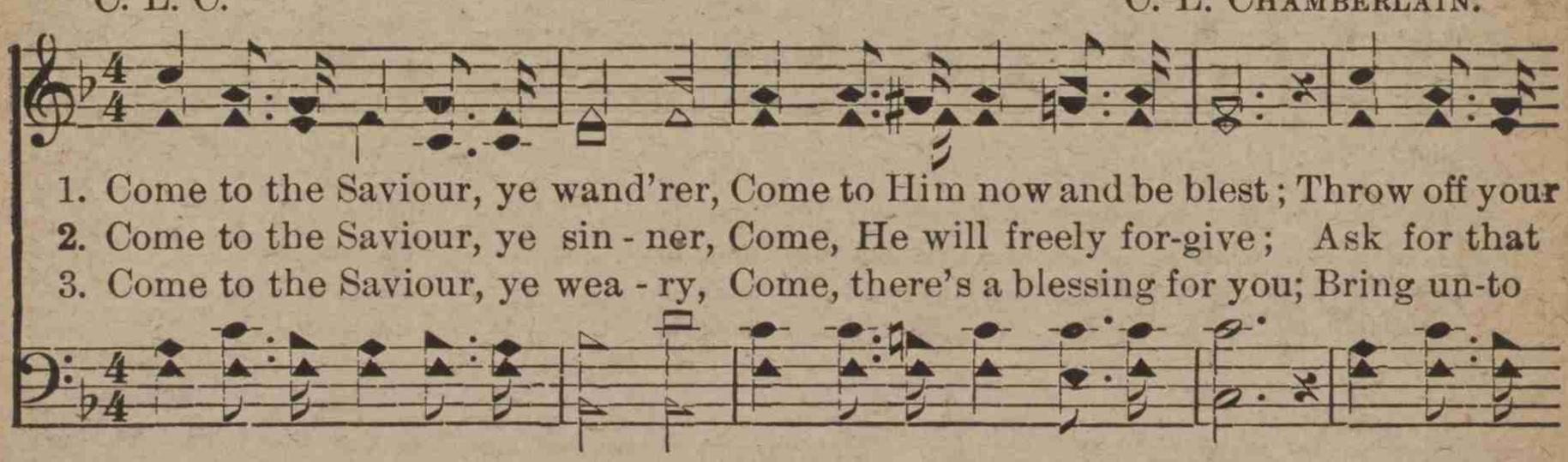
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HIS NAME IS JESUS. Concluded.

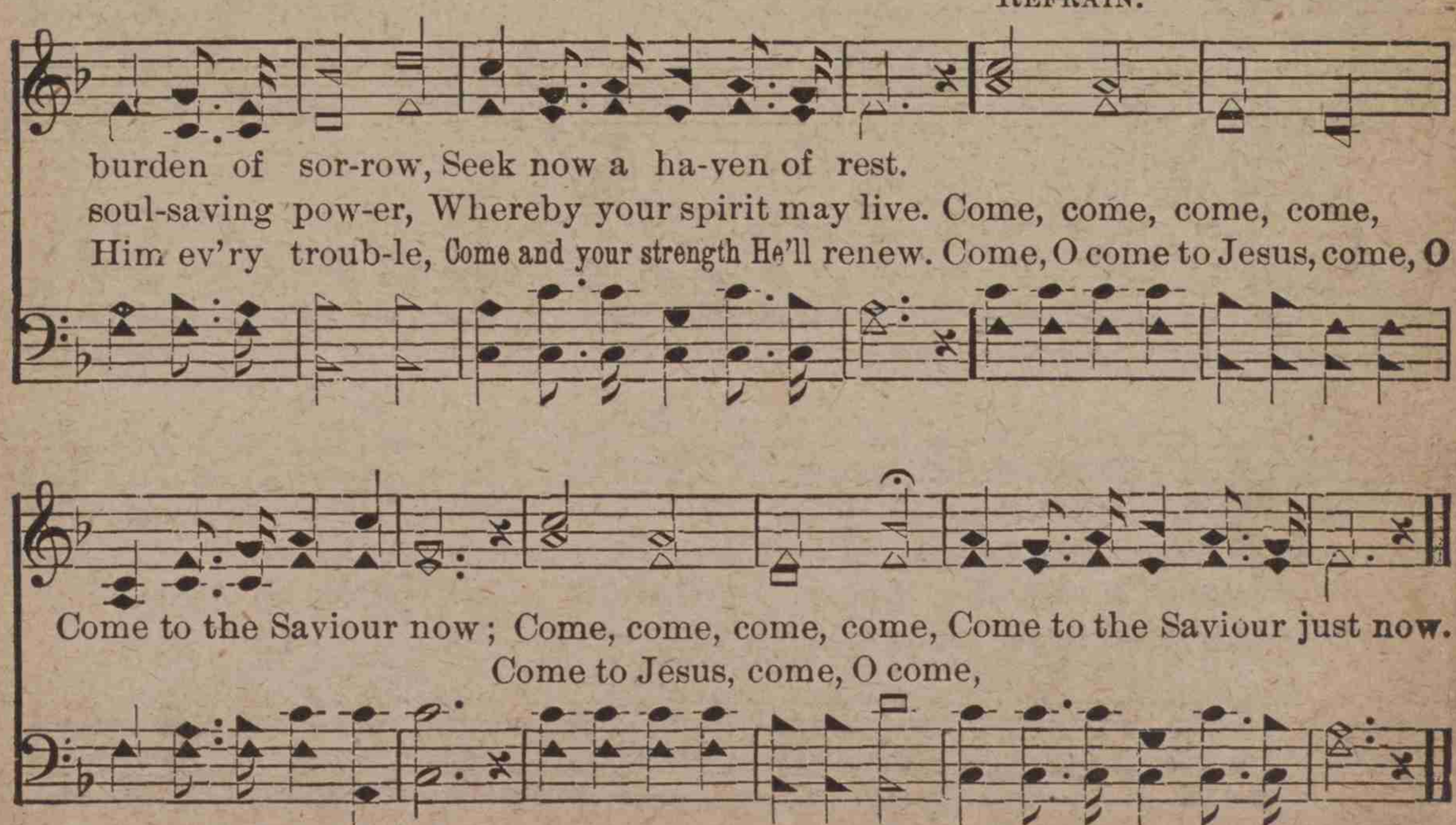


No. 202. COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

C. L. C. C. L. Chamberlain.



Refrain.



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No. 203. YOU AND I.

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

1. Shall we walk the streets to-geth-er? You and I, You and I?
2. Shall we sing that song to-geth-er? You and I, You and I?
3. Shall we play those harps to-geth-er? You and I, You and I?
4. Shall we help to crown our Sav-iour? You and I, You and I?
5. Shall we spend the years to-geth-er? You and I, You and I?

You and I, You and I?

Walk the gold-paved streets to-geth-er? By and by, by and by?
Sing the new, new song to-geth-er? By and by, by and by?
Play those gold-en harps to-geth-er? By and by, by and by?
Crown Him Lord of Earth and Heav-en? By and by, by and by?
Spend e-ter-ni-ty to-geth-er? By and by, by and by?

By and by, by and by?

REFRAIN.

Yes, we will, yes, we will, By and by, by and by;

Yes, we will, yes, we will, By and by, by and by;

Walk the gold-paved streets to-geth-er, You and I, You and I.
Sing the new, new song to-geth-er, You and I, You and I.
Play those gold-en harps to-geth-er, You and I, You and I.
Crown Him Lord of Earth and Heav-en, You and I, You and I.
Spend e-ter-ni-ty to-geth-er, You and I, You and I.

You and I, You and I.

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No. 204. WORKING IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

L. E. GREEN. W. R. PHILLIPS.

1. I will praise the name of my Sav-iour dear, I'll work in His har-vest field;
2. I will strive to lead ma-ny pre-cious souls To Je-sus, their truest friend;
3. I will sing and pray as I trav-el on The way to the soul's bright home;

While His spir-it leads I will nev-er fear, His word is my sword and shield.
I will tell them all that His blood still flows To cleanse them from ev-'ry sin.
I will watch and wait, it will not be long, I'll stand at the great white throne.

REFRAIN.

Work - ing, yes, work - ing, We're working in the har-vest field;
Work-ing, yes, work-ing, work-ing, yes, working,

Work - ing, we're work-ing, Bring-ing in the gold-en yield.
Work-ing, yes, work - ing,

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No. 205. O LAND OF GOD.

E. E. REXFORD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In dreams I see the heav'nly land, With verdant vales on ei-ther hand, Bath'd in the sun-shine of a day, As fair, as sweet as those of May. A day that ends not, and I hear Glad voices ring-ing far and near With sweeter songs than earth can know, The heav'nly songs that haunt us so.

2. Thro' gates a-jar my ea-ger feet Go in to tread the gold-en street; And prophets, priests, and kings I see A grand and goodly compa-ny. And in the midst, a great white throne I see, and Him who sits thereon; And O the awe that comes to me, When God's face in my dreams I see.

3. Then comes a low still voice to me: Wouldst thou be of this com-pa-ny Thou see-st in thy dreams, and sing The songs of heav'n be-fore the King? Then live, and dare, and do for God, And by and by, earth's journey trod, Thou shalt go in be-yond the gate And claim an heir of God's es-tate.

CHORUS.

O land of God, so fair so bright! O land in which there is no

O land of God, so fair, so fair, so bright, O land in which there

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O LAND OF GOD.

rit.

night! I dream of thee, and, dreaming, pray that I may wake in thee some day;
is no night, I dream of thee,

a tempo. *rit. e dim.*

I dream of thee, and, dreaming, pray That I may wake in thee, some happy day.

No. 206. DEEPER YET.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be free from dross Still I would
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more of His pow'r Ever my
3. Near to Christ I would live, Following Him each day; What I ask He will give, So then with
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray I'll not cease Till I am

REFRAIN.

1 2

enter in. . . Deeper yet, deeper yet, Into the crimson flood; Under the precious blood.
pray'r shall be. . .
faith I pray. .
pure with-in. . .

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No. 207. NEVER GIVE THE TRUMPET AN UNCERTAIN SOUND.

Sincerely inscribed to the pupils of the S. N. M. I., Alvord, Texas.

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

1. A trum - pet - er for Je - sus let ev - 'ry Chris-tian be, To
2. In time of ac - tive ser - vice, when you the foe must meet, Be
3. Your liv - ing is the trum - pet that speaks for right or wrong, And
4. Sound it from ev - 'ry watch-tower that sin - ners may be free, And

call the troops to ac - tion, to sound the vic - to - ry; But while the bat - tle
care - ful lest your trumpet may false - ly sound re-treat; A false note may bring
to the world around you 'tis sounding all day long; Then by the help of
that as God is ho - ly, men here should ho - ly be; Un - til at last in

ra - ges thro' all the earth around, May you nev - er give the trum-pet an
some one a fall or a death-wound, So then nev - er give the trum-pet an
Je - sus, whose grace doth e'er abound, May you nev - er give the trum-pet an
heav - en with Je - sus you are crown'd May you nev - er give the trum-pet an

REFRAIN.

un - cer - tain sound. Then ring out the war-cry o - ver land and sea.

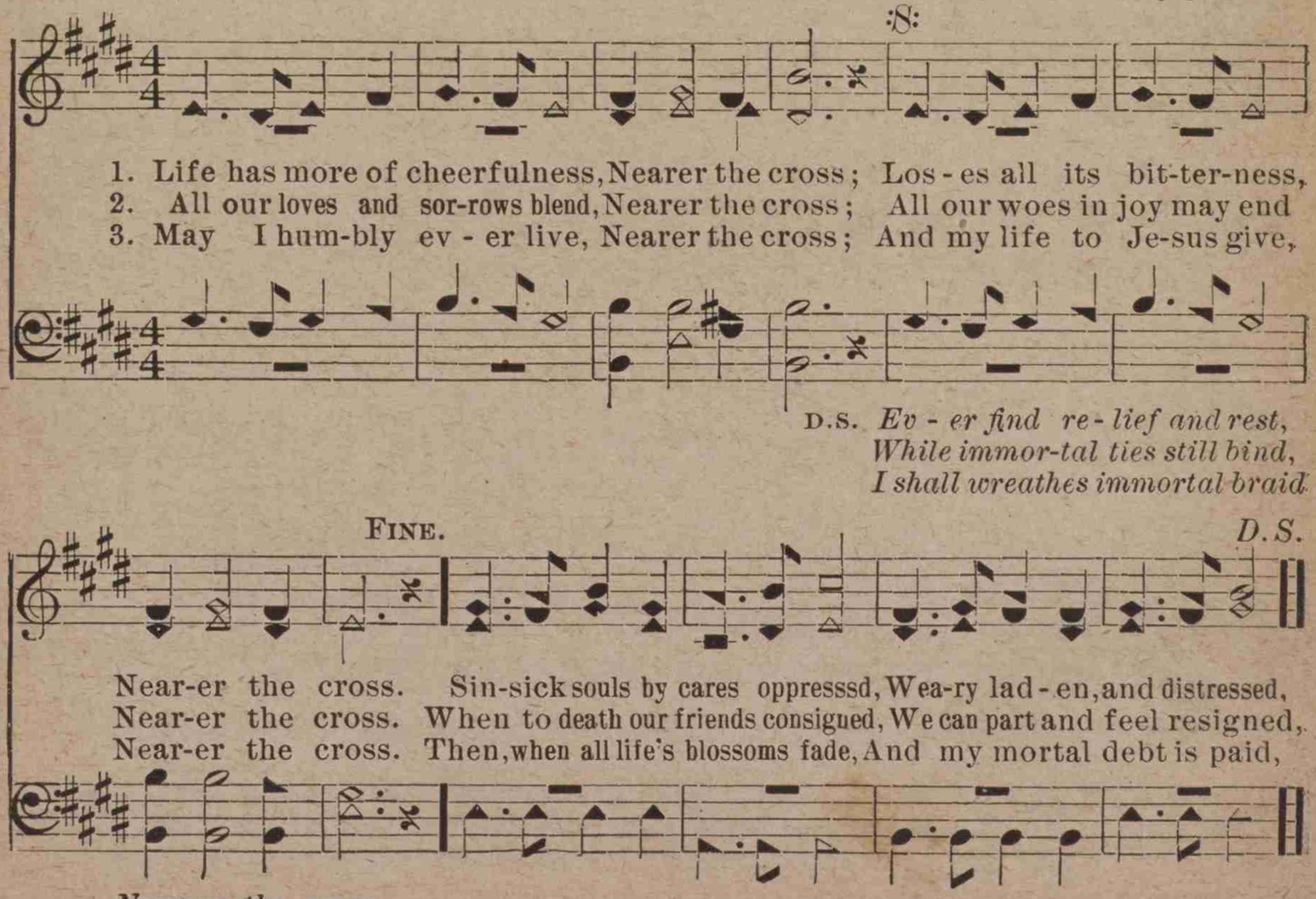
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NEVER GIVE THE TRUMPET AN UNCERTAIN SOUND.



No. 208. NEARER THE CROSS.

E. MANFORD CLARK. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

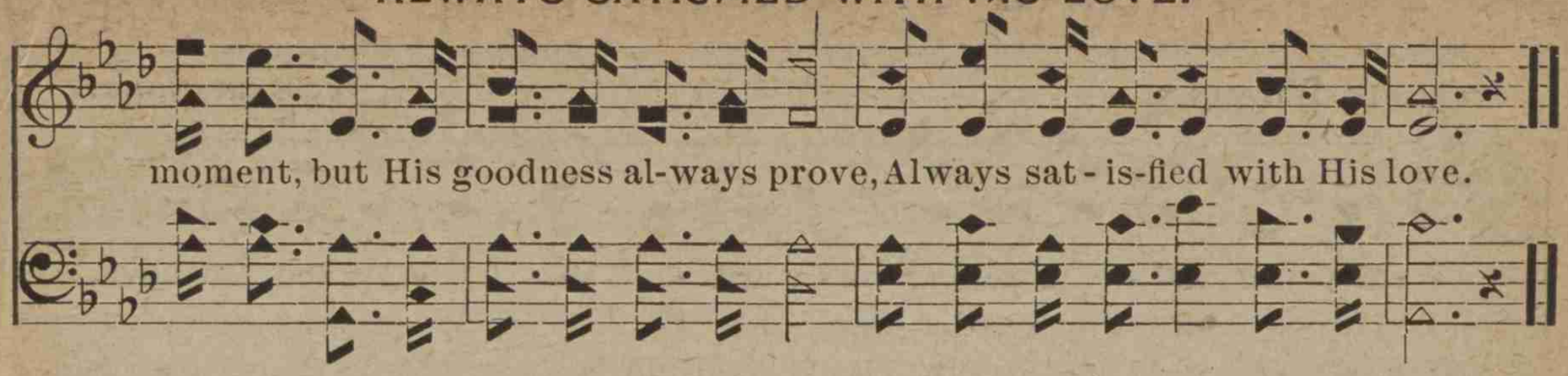


No. 209. ALWAYS SATISFIED WITH HIS LOVE.

MINNIE B. JOHNSON. JNO. R. BRYANT.

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ALWAYS SATISFIED WITH HIS LOVE.



No. 210. GO WITH ME.

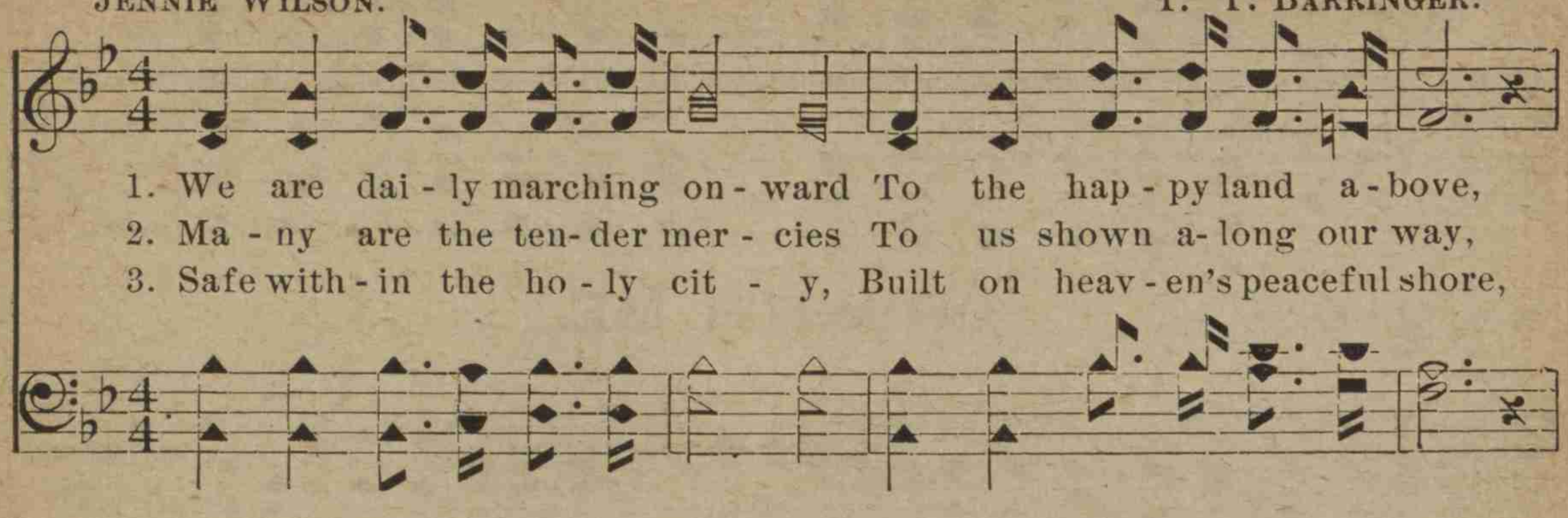
L. E. GREEN. M. G. BARRINGER.



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No. 211. SINGING OF THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

JENNIE WILSON. T. T. BARRINGER.



1. We are dai - ly marching on - ward To the hap - py land a - bove,
2. Ma - ny are the ten - der mer - cies To us shown a - long our way,
3. Safe with - in the ho - ly cit - y, Built on heav - en's peaceful shore,



And our souls are filled with glad - ness, Sing - ing of the Sav - iour's love.
Faith - ful is the Friend that leads us In our jour - ney day by day.
We shall praise the love of Je - sus Thro' a joy - ous ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Sing - - ing

We are dai - ly sing - ing of the Saviour's love, While this life is go - ing by!

Sing - - ing

We are dai - ly sing - ing of the Saviour's love, We shall gain our home on high.

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No. 212. SEND OUT THE BIBLE.

E. E. HEWITT. FINLEY LYON.

1. Send out the blessed Bi - ble thro' the land we love; It bears a glorious message
2. Send out the blessed Bi - ble to the lanes a-far, Un - til they see the ra-diance
3. Send out the blessed Bi - ble till the nations know The blessings of sal-va - tion

from the King a-bove. O, may His word of wisdom be our strength and stay, And guide us
of the Morning Star. Send out across the waters, beams of grace divine, Till ev -'ry-
that from Je-sus flow; Till ev -'ry wea-ry sinner hears the Master's call; Till saints shall

REFRAIN.

to His own right way.
where the light shall shine.
crown Him Lord of all.

Send out the Bi-ble! Send out the Bible! God's reve-la - tion

from a - bove; Send out the Bi - ble! Send out the Bible! Send out the bless-ed book of love.

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No. 213. LOVE LIKE THE SEA.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. J. W. DENNIS.

1. O turn, all ye peo - - - ple, un - to the Lord, (turn un-to the Lord,)
2. Can a - ny re - fuse . . . . . to fol-low His call? (to follow His call?)
3. O come to the Lord . . . . . while still He doth wait, (while still He doth wait,)
4. Come un - to the Lord, ... list to His command, (list to His command,)

O turn, all ye peo-ple,

Hear how He call - - - eth, "Come un - to Me;" ("Come un - to Me;"
Can they thus spurn . . . . His rich - es so free? (rich - es so free?)
While still He call - - - eth, "Come un - to Me;" ("Come unto Me;"
And in this life . . . . . so hap - py you'll be. (hap - py you'll be.)

Hear how He call - eth,

:S:

List to My com-mands, ... and follow My word, (and follow My word,)
When of His rich grace, ... He gives unto all, (He gives un-to all,)
Come now while you may, ... 'twill soon be too late, ('twill soon be too late,)
But hap - pi - er still . . . . . in heaven you'll stand, (in heav-en you'll stand,)

List to my commands,

D.S. *He giv-eth to those (He giveth to those) who follow His word (who follow His word)*

And as a riv- (er, and as a riv-) er shall thy peace be." (shall thy peace be.")
Peace like a riv- (er, peace like a riv-) er, love like the sea. (love like the sea.)
Turn and ac - cept (O turn and accept) His love like the sea. (love like the sea.)
Prais-ing the Lord (yes, praising the Lord) for love like the sea. (love like the sea.)

Peace like a riv- (er, peace like a riv-) er, love like the sea. (love like the sea.)

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LOVE LIKE THE SEA.

REFRAIN. peace, ...

Won- der - ful peace, Wonderful peace, the peace of the Lord, ...
Lord, the peace of the Lord,

be; . . . . . *D.S.*

Like as a riv - - - - er shall this peace be; shall this peace be;
Like as a riv - er

No. 214. ALL THE WAY.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. J. W. GARRETT.

1. Dear Saviour, as I jour-ney On life's un-cer-tain way, I want Thy loving presence,
2. I can- not know the morrow, Nor what its light may bring, And so I want the shel-ter
3. Thou know-est past and future, Naught from Thine eye is hid; I need not fear nor fal- ter
4. If in the pleasant pas-tures My soul Thou wouldest feed, Or thro' the gloomy shad-ows,
5. Still may I trust Thy guidance, Thy way is al-ways best, And at the end is wait-ing

D.S. *Till I shall reach the glory*

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

Thy strength and help each day. O Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, I want Thee all the way,
Of Thy protect-ing wing.
To walk where Thou dost bid.
Thy faithful hand should lead.
E - ter - nal joy and rest.

Of nev - er-fail-ing day.

No. 215. JESUS, THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

W. M. C. W. M. CRAIN.

1. Je-sus is the friend of sin - ners, For He saves them ev - 'ry day;
2. "Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y;" Christ each hea-vy bur - den bears;
3. He drained the cup of its bit - ters When He died up - on the cross;

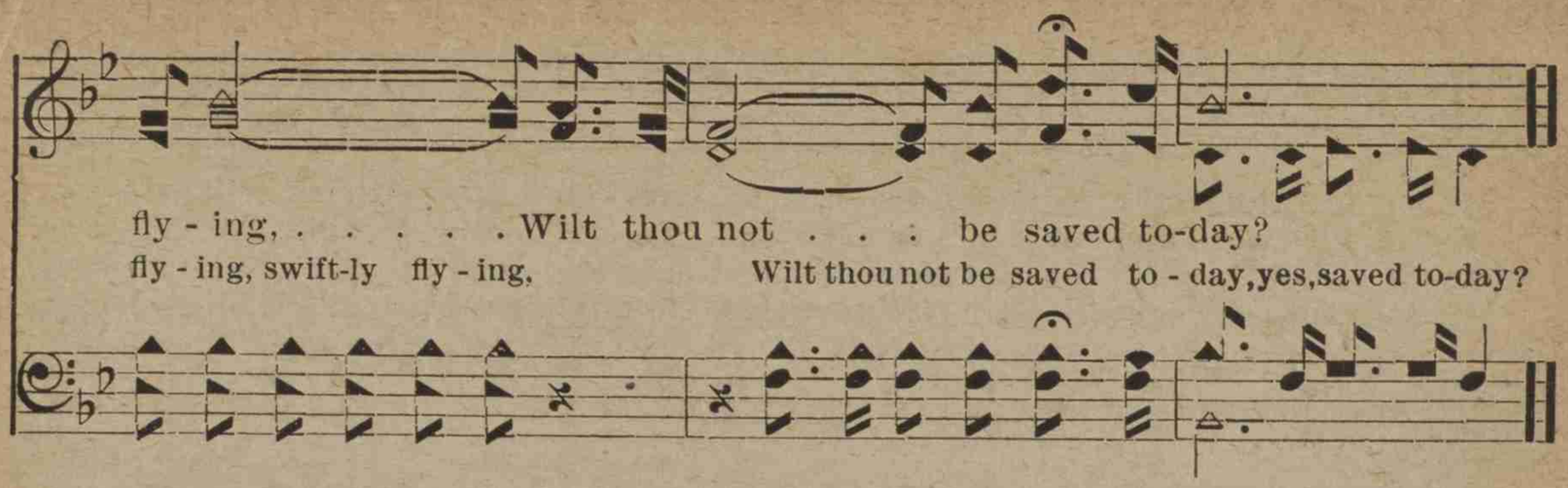
He is faith - ful, kind and lov - ing, Je - sus guides them all the way.
For He shed His blood to save you; Cast up - on Him all your cares
Then, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus, For without Him you are lost.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus loves . . . and saves the sin - ner, ... Come to
Him . . without de - lay, ... For the time . . . is swift-ly

Je - sus loves and saves the sin-ner,
Come to Him without de - lay, without delay, For the time, for the time is swift-ly

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No. 216. HEAR US, FATHER.

JENNIE WILSON. E. E. AKINS.



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No. 217. LIBERTY FOR THE CAPTIVE.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. J. W. SMITH.

1. O hear him rave, a hope-less slave to curs - ed, dead - ly drink! His wife in
2. He tries in vain to pow - er gain the fa - tal foe to fight, To vic - t'ry
3. In su - i - cide he fain would hide his shame and mis - er - y, But shrinks to
4. Yes, Christ can save; His life He gave that He might res-cue all Who give up

woe, and chil-dren, too, be - fore him fear and shrink; Or, turned from home they
win and cease from sin, and live and do the right: King Al - co - hol de -
face that aw - ful place, the dread e - ter - ni - ty. Where can he go? O
sin and yield to Him, con-fess and on Him call; With - in this place His

sad - ly roam, he deep-er sinks in sin; His friends are fled, his hopes are dead, yet
fies it all, and claims and binds him fast, And seeks in hell, O sad to tell! his
pain and woe, which burns his guilt-y breast! What can be found? does grace abound to
wondrous grace awaits to save thy soul; O trust His pow'r this ver - y hour to

CHORUS.

Je - sus seeks to win. 'Twas for the lost, at fear-ful cost, Once paid on Calva -
ru - in'd soul to cast.
save and give him rest?
heal and keep you whole.

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No. 218. DO YOU TRUST HIM?

BIRDIE BELL. N. A. LOGAN.

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No. 219. AT THE CROSS.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

At the cross, At the cross,

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

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AT THE CROSS. Concluded.

At the cross, At the

there for me, At the cross; There's redemption there for thee, There's re-

At the cross;

cross,

demption there for thee, There's redemption there for me, At the cross.

At the cross.

No. 220. WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

ANNA B. WARNER. FELLX MENDELSSOHN.

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

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

No. 221. THE DYING GIRL'S FAREWELL.

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

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

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

:S:

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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

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No. 222. LORD'S DAY WORSHIP.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

Moderato.

1. Oft as re-turns . . . the ho-ly day, . . . The day of sa-cred rest,
2. The Lord is good, . . . His mer-cy shines . . Thro'-out all nature fair,
3. Here, bless the Lord; . . here, praise His name, . . . And here His triumphs sing;
4. Lord, in Thy praise . . shall more and more . . . Be fixed our highest love,

Oft as returns, the ho-ly day,

Thy house, O God, . . . Thy peo-ple throng, . . With hearts di-vine-ly blest.
His churches shall . . . with joy re-sound, . . While we His works de-clare.
Here, ye His saints, . . your homage pay, . . . And glo-ri-fy your King.
Till with the blest . . . our songs shall fill . . . Thy tem-ple bright a-bove.

Thy house, O God, Thy people throng,

REFRAIN.

How beau-ti-ful His courts, How excellent His truth, How merciful and just His ways;

All ye His saints to Zi-on haste

All ye, His saints, . . to Zi-on haste . . . And swell the notes of praise.

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No. 223. MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH YOU.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. Exodus 33: 14. J. D. PATTON.

1. My pres-ence shall go with thee; Thus spake the might-y God,
2. His pres-ence is ev - er near; We need not fear the foe;
3. His pres-ence shall go with us, A - long our pil - grim way;

Un - to the hosts of Is - ra - el, Who Si - nai's des - ert trod.
But in the strength of Je - sus, Still on to vic - t'ry go.
In trou-ble He'll de - liv - er; His arm shall be our stay.

And down the a - ges roll-ing, To us they speak to-day; They give us rest and
He'll gird us for the bat- tle; He'll aid us in the fight; To rout the ranks of
O sweet and blest as-sur-ance, To dwell within each heart, And give the peace and

REFRAIN.

My pres - - - ence shall go

com fort; They light our des-ert way. My presence shall go with thee, My
Sa - tan, Ere com-eth on the night.
gladness, He promised to im - part.

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MY PRESENCE SHALL GO WITH YOU.

with thee, . . O, glad in-spir - ing thought, O

presence shall go with thee, O glad in-spir-ing, glad in-spir-ing tho't, the tho't, O

bless - - ed precious promise, With peace and gladness fraught.

blessed precious prom-ise, O bless-ed precious promise, With peace and gladness fraught.

No. 224. ACCEPT OUR GIFTS!

E. R. LATTA. H. H. JOHNSON.

1. For fragrant gums, Thou bless-ed King, The in-cense of our hearts, we bring!
2. For shining gold, And jew - els rare, Our love and grat - i - tude we bear!
3. A contrite spir - it, Thou dost prize, And that shall be our sac - ri-fice!
4. By faith, the beams for us are shed, That, long a - go, the Ma - gi led!

Be ours the Ma-gi's blest re - ward! Accept our gifts, O gra-cious Lord!
We come re - ly- ing on Thy word! Accept our gifts, O gra-cious Lord!
Our sin -ful deeds, no more re-gard! Accept our gifts, O gra-cious Lord!
Our treasures now are free-ly pour'd! Accept our gifts, O gra-cious Lord!

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No. 225. I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

ANON. J. D. PATTON.

1. I hear the soft wind sigh-ing Thro' ev - 'ry bush and tree, Where
2. I see the pale moon shining On moth-er's white grave-stone, The
3. My heart is ev - er lone-ly, My spir - it ev - er sad, 'Twas

moth - er dear is ly - ing, A - way from love and me. Tears from mine eyes are
rose-bush round it twin-ing, Is here, like me, a-lone. And too, like me, 'tis
her dear pres-ence on - ly That kept my spir - it glad. From morning un - til

start-ing, And sor-row shades my brow, Ah, wea - ry was our part-ing, I
weep-ing, The dew-drops on the bough, Long time has she been sleeping, I
eve-ning, Care rests up - on my brow, She's gone from earth to heav-en, I

REFRAIN.

have no moth-er now. I have no moth-er now, . I have no moth-er moth-er now,

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I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

now;

mother now; Ah, wea - ry was our part - ing, I have no moth-er now.
mother now; Long time has she been sleep-ing, I have no moth-er now.
mother now; She's gone from earth to heav-en, I have no moth-er now.

No. 226. CHRIST'S ENTREATY.

Rev. T. H. SMITH. H. H. JOHNSON.

1. Be-hold the Sav - iour at the door, He gen - tly knocks, has knock'd before,
2. I come to you to do you good, I'll feed your soul on heav'nly food,
3. The time, poor sinner's draw-ing nigh, When you must groan, and sad-ly die;

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S. He says, poor sinner, let me in, I'll free your soul from death and sin. Be - hold the
I'll fill your heart with light and love, And bear you home to heav'n above,
O sin-ner, stop and do not go In - to the world of endless woe. Behold the

D.S.

Sav-iour at the door, . . Be - hold . . the Sav-iour at the door, . .
Sav - iour at the door, the door, Be-hold the Sav - iour at the door, the door,

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No. 227. GATHERING HOME.

A. J. S.

A. J. Showalter.

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

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

Refrain.

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

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

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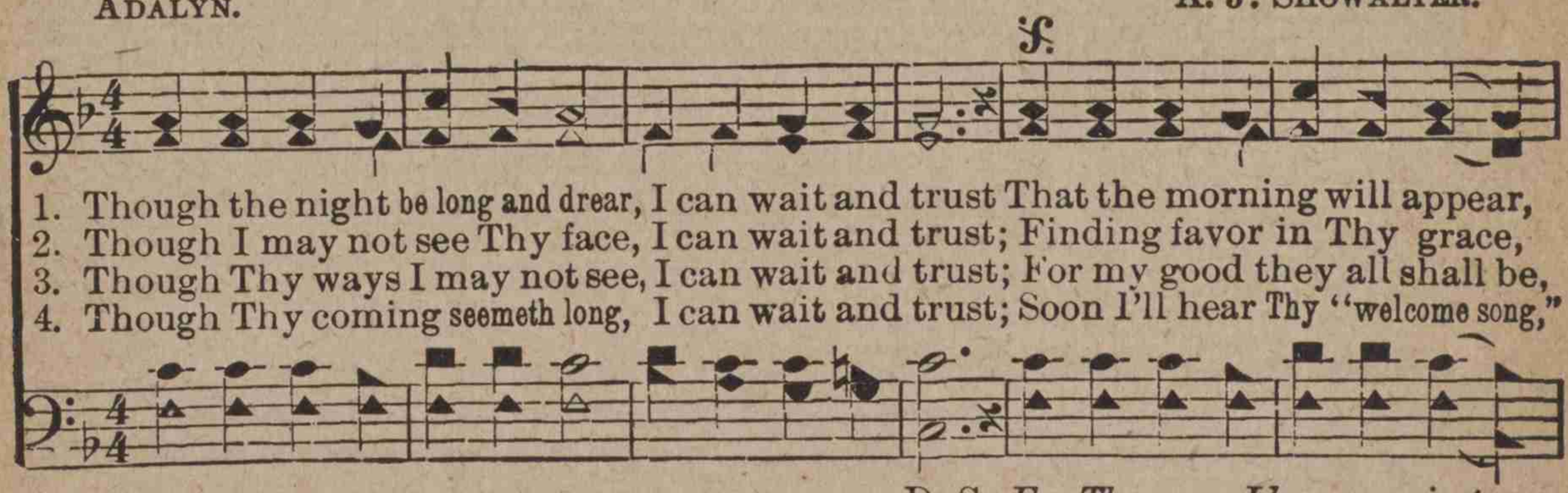
GATHERING HOME. Concluded.





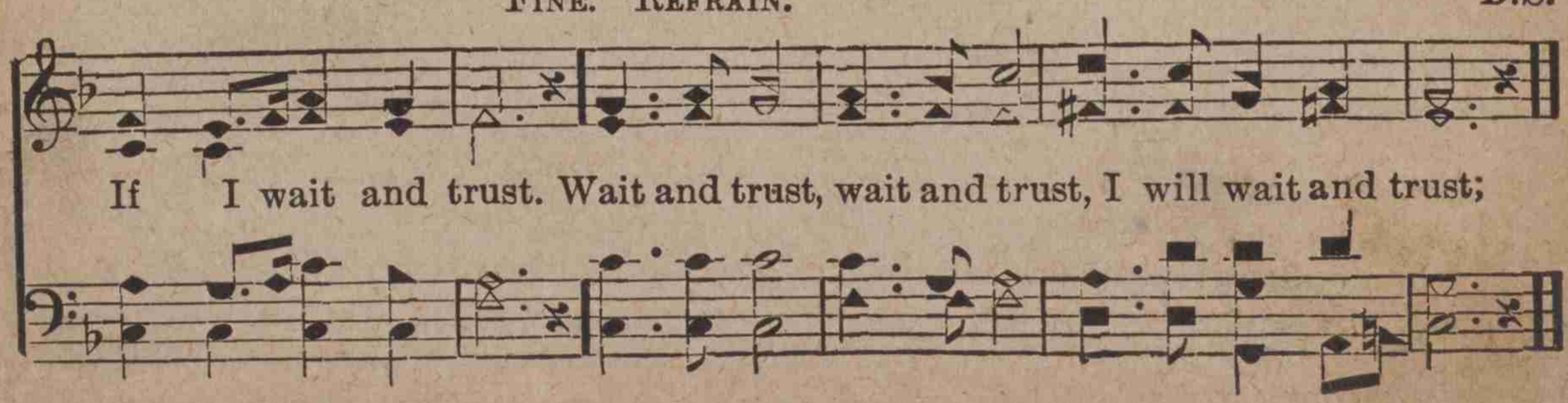
No. 228. WAIT AND TRUST.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.



D. S. *For Thy ways I know are just;*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*



So I wait and trust.

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No. 229. SEEK THE CITY ABOVE.

JENNIE WILSON. J. E. YOUNG.

1. Seek the cit - y a-bove where no sor-row can come While the long hap-py a - ges of
2. Seek the cit - y a-bove where all conflicts shall cease, Where the toiling and tri - als of
3. Seek the cit - y a-bove that is free from sin, Where on beau-ty un-fad - ing shall

God roll on; Be prepared for a place in that glo - ri - ous home, When the
time are o'er; Let the bless-ing di-vine fill your spir-it with peace Ere you
fall no blight; Let the joy of sal - va-tion a-bide now with - in As you

REFRAIN.

light of e - ter - ni - ty's day shall dawn. Seek the cit - - - - y a -
dwell in the land where strife comes no more.
jour - ney to realms of e - ter - nal light. Seek the cit - y a - bove,

bove . . . . With its glad - - - - ness and love, . . . Where re -
cit - y a - bove, with its glad - ness and love, glad - ness and love,

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SEEK THE CITY ABOVE.

deemed ones the praise of their Sav-iour sing; Tread the streets paved with gold and with

rap - ture un - told Cast your crown at the feet of the heav - en - ly King.

No. 230. ELLERS. 10.

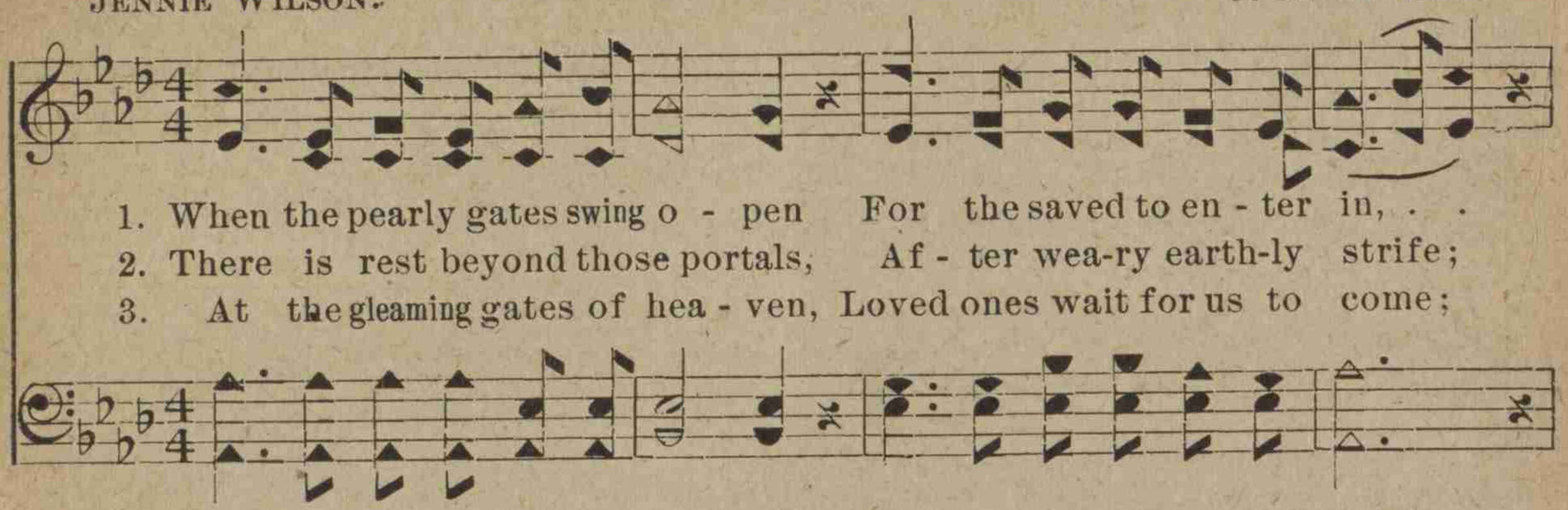
JOHN ELLERTON. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.

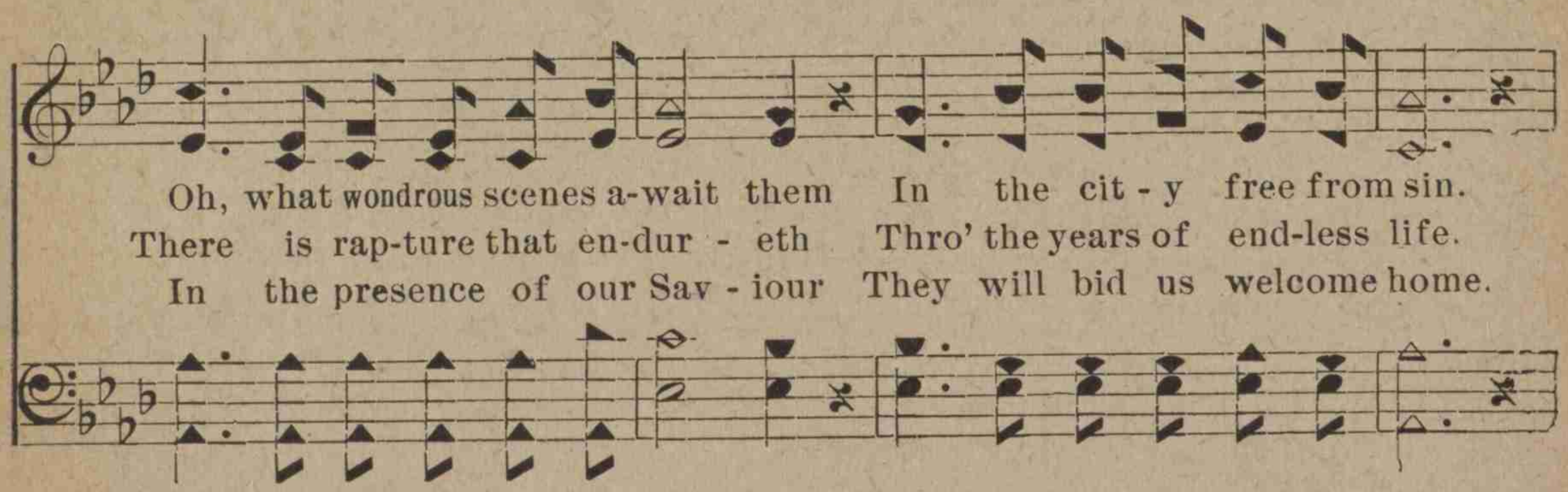
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac-cord, our part-ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee began, with thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming night, Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in - to light;
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'out our earthly life, Our balm in sor - row and our stay in strife;

We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then low-ly kneel-ing, wait Thy word of peace.
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name.
From harm and dan-ger keep Thy children free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thy e - ter - nal peace.

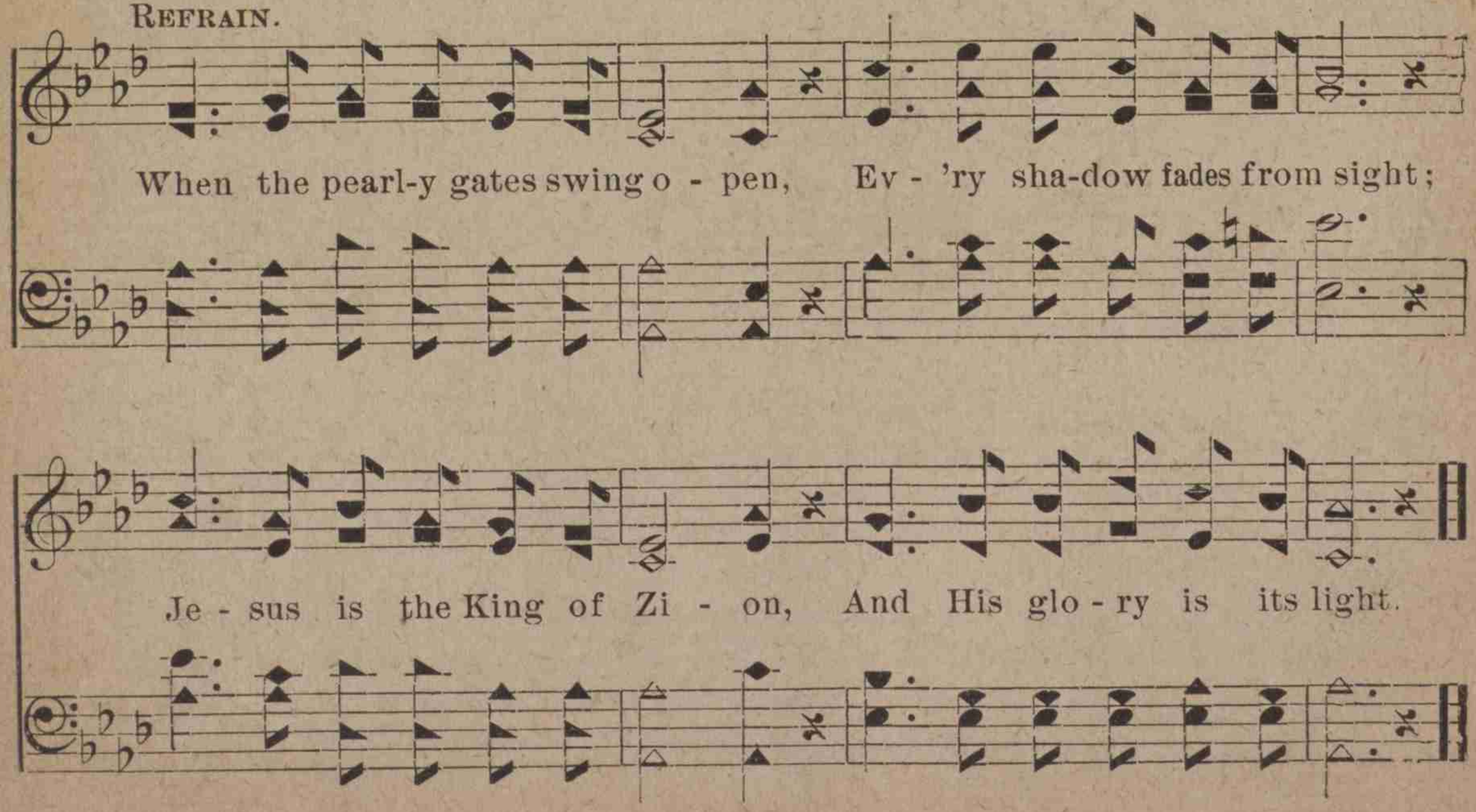
No. 231. WHEN THE PEARLY GATES SWING OPEN.

JENNIE WILSON. J. D. PATTON.





REFRAIN.



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No. 232. SWING OPEN THE BEAUTIFUL GATES.

DAVID R. PIPER. J. D. PATTON.

1. Swing o - pen thy gates, O Je - ru - sa-lem, For our Saviour's blood has been shed!
2. Swing o - pen the gates of the pearly hue, The Sav-iour is wait-ing with-in,
3. Swing o - pen thy gates, cit-y Beauti - ful, With thy wondrous pavements of gold!
4. Swing o - pen thy gates, O Je - ru - sa-lem, For the Saviour's blood has been shed!

The promise lies yet in the fu - ture years, When we all shall rise from the dead!
To welcome the home-com - ing throng of earth, Who have been redeemed from all sin!
The loved ones thou hast with their foreheads crowned, And their forms we long to be - hold.
The promise lies yet in the fu - ture years, When we all shall rise from the dead!

REFRAIN.

Swing o - pen the beau - ti - ful gates of heav'n, The gates by the crys-tal sea!

Swing o - pen the beauti - ful gates of heav'n! Swing open the gates for me!

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No. 233. HOSANNA TO THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. L. H. WILEMON.

1. Ho - san - na to the Prince of Peace, In Beth - le'm's sta - ble born;
2. Ho - san - na let us shout a - loud, Je - sus has come to earth;
3. Ho - san - na let the an - gels sing, Give glo - ry to His name;
4. Ho - san - na we will ev - er sing, While God does life pro - long;

On that glad morn!
Pro- claim His birth!
For us He came!
Will be our song!

Low lay His head in man - ger-bed, On that glad morn, on that glad morn!
Glad trib-ute bring our Sav - iour King, Pro - claim His birth, pro - claim His birth!
The Prince of Heav'n to us was giv'n, For us He came, for us He came!
In heav'n a - bove, re-deem-ing love Will be our song, will be our song!

REFRAIN.

Ho - san-na to the Prince of Peace, De - liv -'rer of our race,
Ho - san - na to the Prince, to the Prince of Peace, our race,

A - maz - - ing grace!

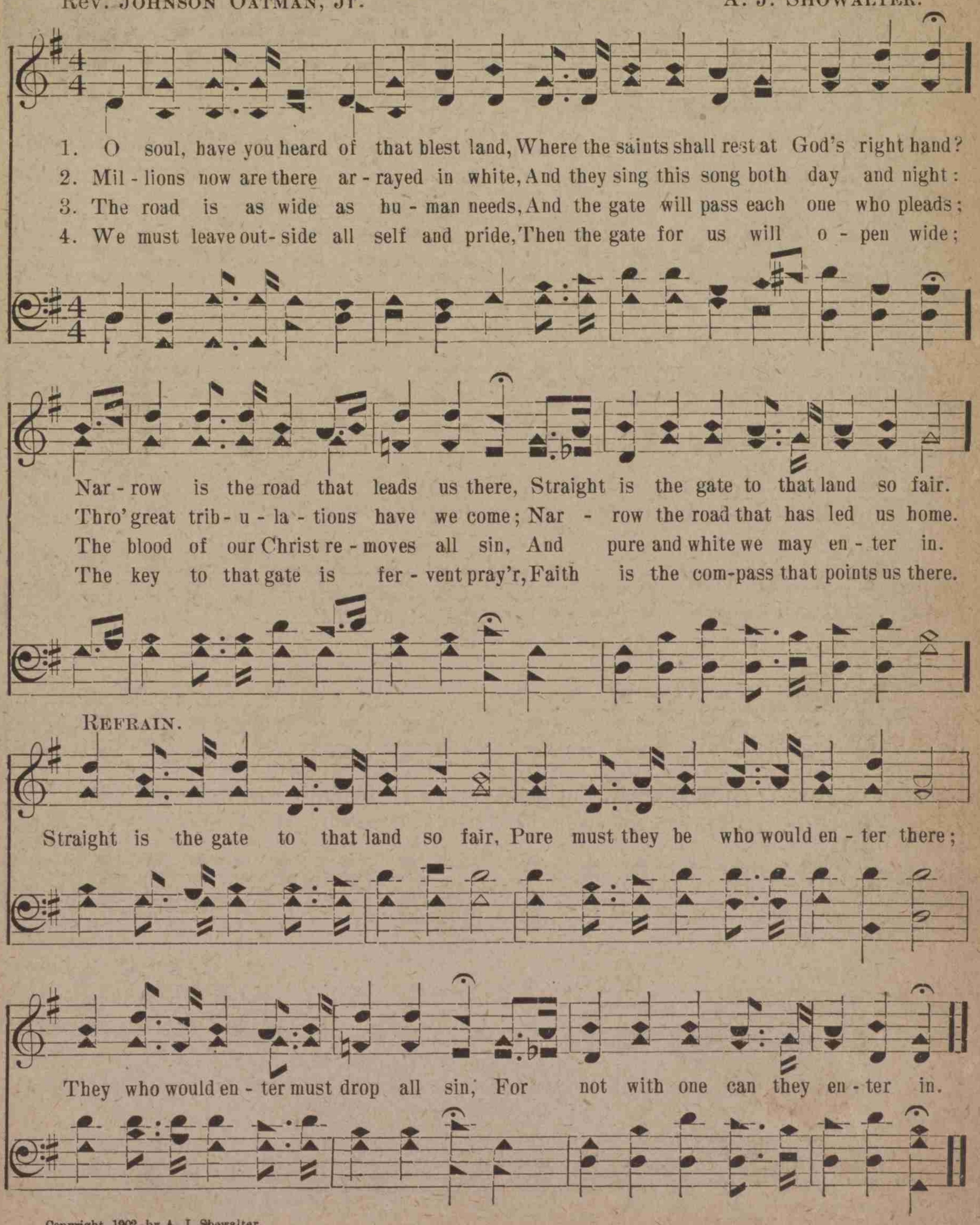
Born to re-deem, O joy - ful theme, A - maz-ing grace, a - maz-ing grace!

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No. 234. STRAIGHT IS THE GATE.

Matt. 7: 14.

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



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No. 235. ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

EMMA WILLARD. J. P. KNIGHT.

1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,

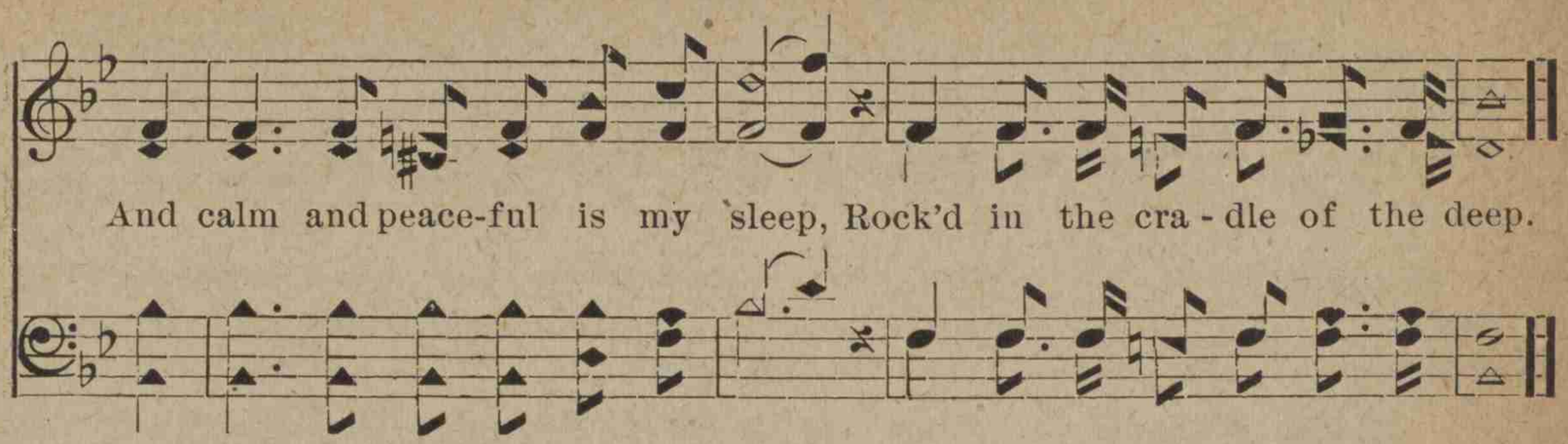
Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save;
Or tho' the tempest's fier - y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death,

I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In o - cean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;

REFRAIN.

And calm and peaceful is my sleep, . . Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep;

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.



No. 236. NO OTHER TRUST IS MINE.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. R. D. Burleson.



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No. 237. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

L. E. GREEN. E. E. AKINS.

1. There's a beauti-ful home where the faith-ful will dwell When their life's work is end-ed here;
2. There's a cit-y on high built for you and for me, Just across on the shining strand;
3. There's a beau-ti-ful home where the sweet flow'rs bloom, O-ver there on the shining shore;

'Tis the place that the Saviour has gone to prepare, In its glo-ry we all may share.
Of that cit-y so bright God the Fa-ther is light, O-ver there dwells the an-gel band.
In that home we shall rest and be free from all care, Blesssed home where we'll part no more.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti-ful home, . . . beau - - ti - ful home, . .
Beau-ti - ful home pre-pared for us all, beau-ti - ful home prepared for us all,

Soon we'll hear the dear Saviour's call, Come, . . all ye blest, . . and
Come, all ye blest, and en - ter there - in,

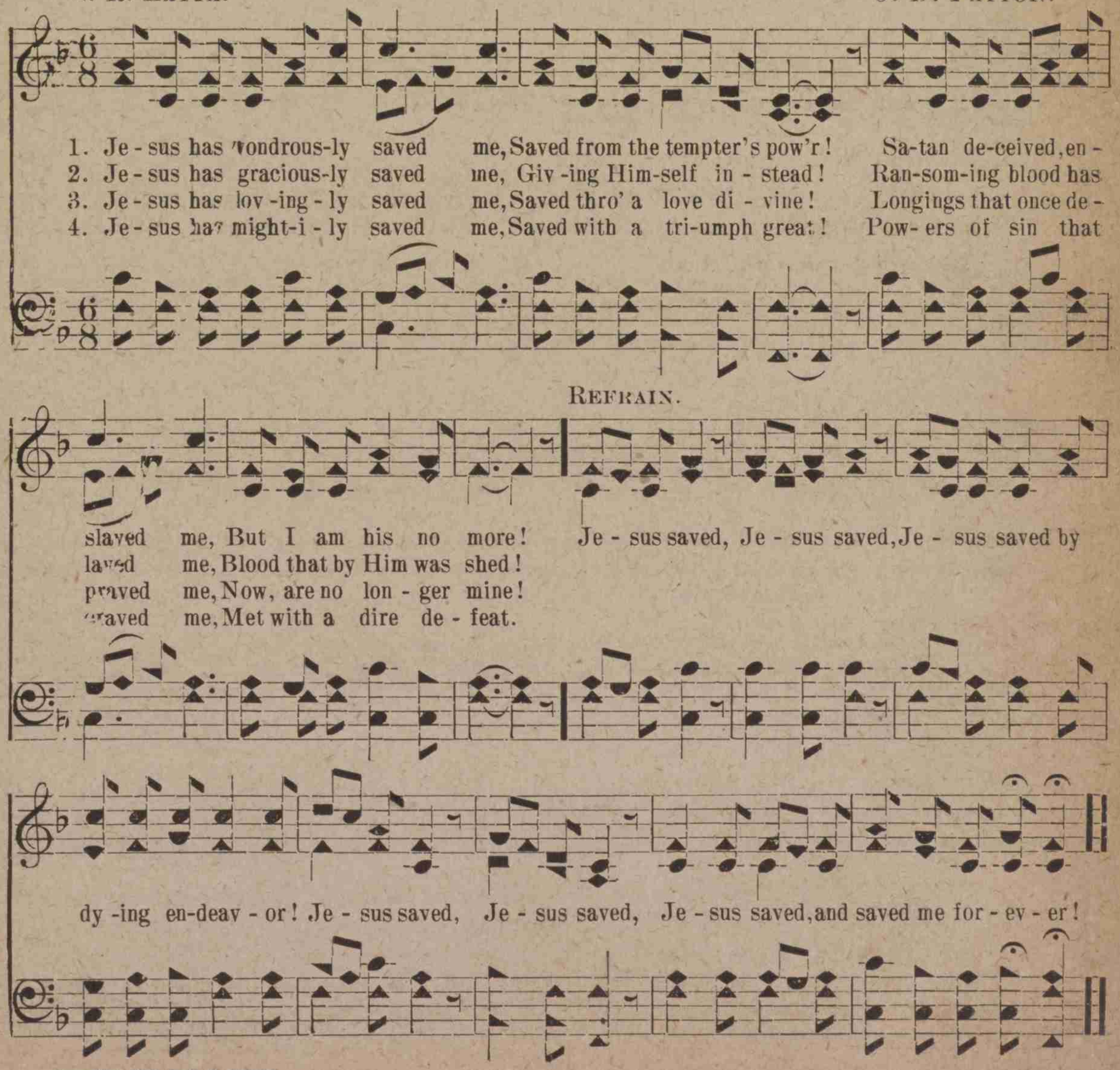
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BEAUTIFUL HOME.



No. 238. JESUS SAVED ME.

E. R. LATTA. J. D. PATTON.



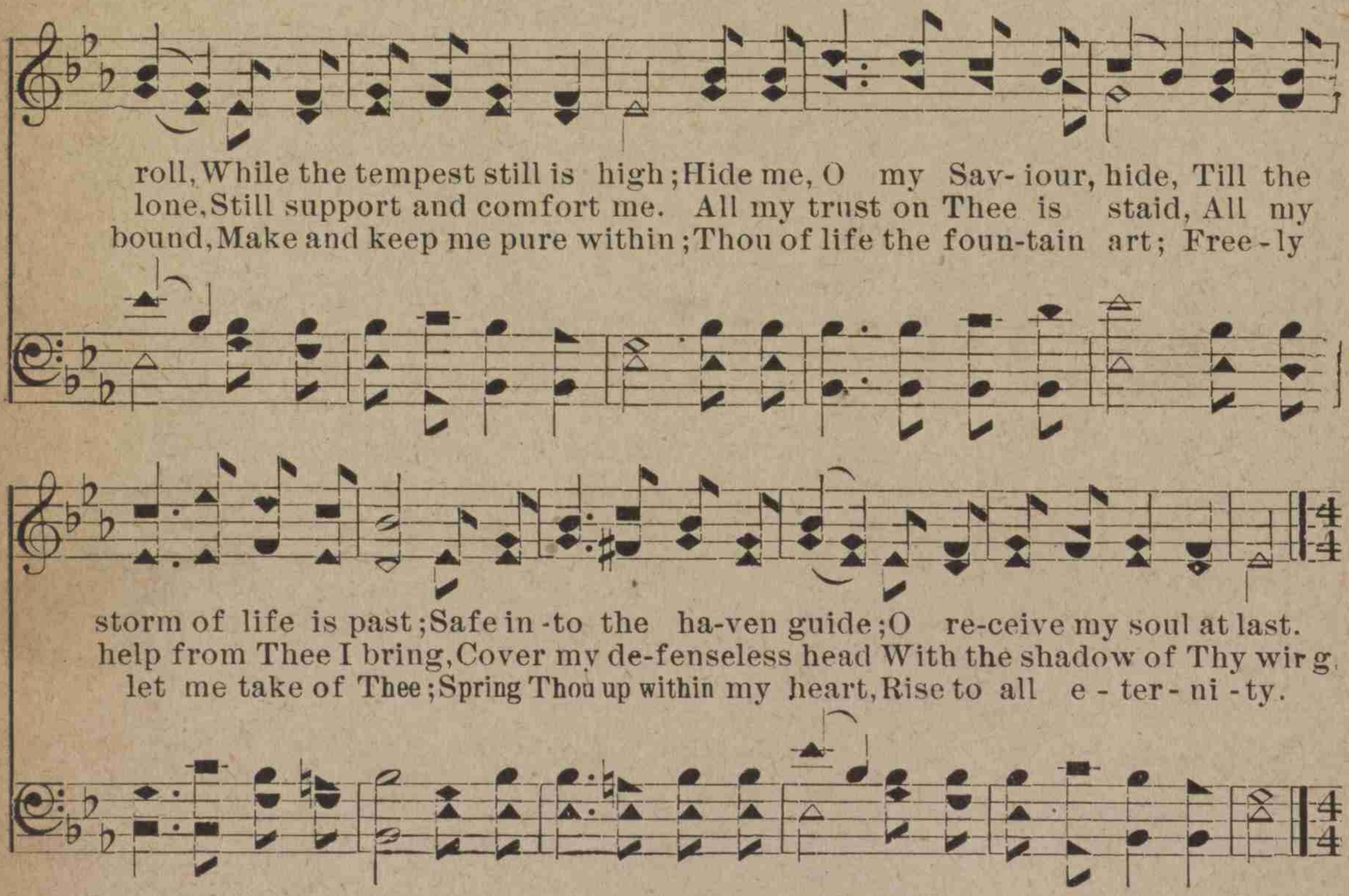
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No. 239. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Melody by U. S. INEICHEN.
Harmonized by A. J. S.







REFRAIN.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

last;(at last); Safe in - to the ha-ven guide; O re-ceive my soul at last.
wing;(Thy wing); Cov-er my de-fenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.
ty;(rise in me); Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 240. JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

E. R. LATTA. J. E. YOUNG.

1. Je - sus loves the chil - dren Just as well as when He on
2. Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Both in good and ill; . . And He'll
3. Je - sus loves the chil - dren If they love Him too, . And His

earth was dwell-ing With the sons of men.
bless and save them, If they do His will.
steps will fol - low All the jour-ney through.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus loves the children,
And He them will own, In the day of judgment, By His glorious throne.

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No. 241. ARE YOU LEANING ON JESUS' BOSOM?

JNO. 13: 23.

J. W. W. J. W. WEST.

1. Child of God, "Whom Jesus lov-eth," Are you near your Lord to-day? Do you lean up-
2. Are you on that bo-som leaning? Do you feel His throbbing heart? Does the bond of
3. Some are still their Lord betraying, For wealth's pleasures soon to die, O may I be

on His bo-som? Or for wealth your Lord be- tray? There is room on Je-sus' bosom,
love grow stronger As the tempter hurls each dart?
ev - er say - ing: Blessed Je- sus, "Is it I?"

DUET OR SOLO.

Room be-neath a smiling face; Feeble saints for riches eager, Do not leave His fond embrace.

CHORUS.

There is room . . . on Je-sus' bo-som, Ev-'ry soul His love may share;
boundless room

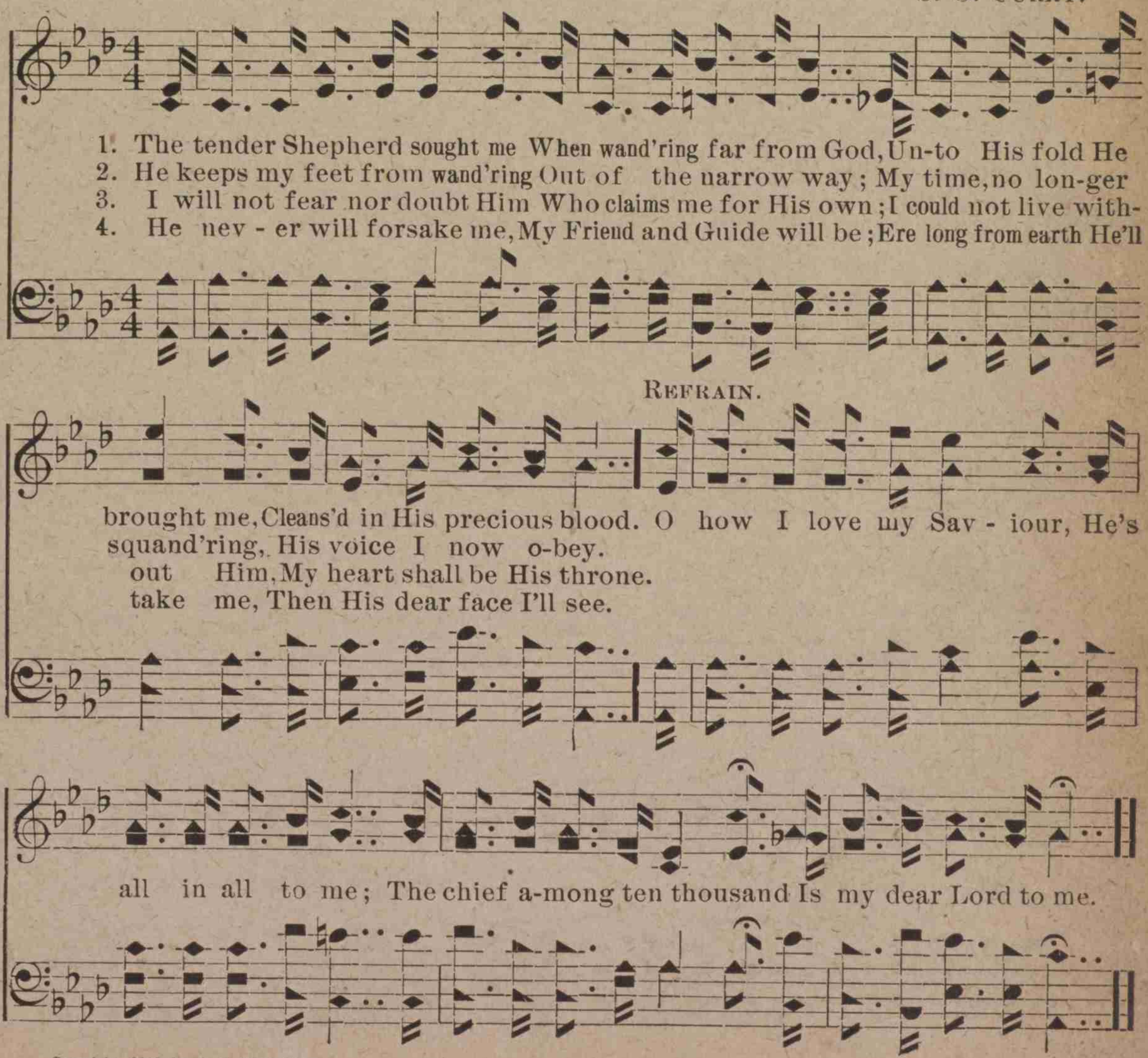
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ARE YOU LEANING ON JESUS' BOSOM?



No. 242. O HOW I LOVE MY SAVIOUR.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. S. O. CURRY.



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No. 243. HOW ARE YOU BUILDING?

JENNIE WILSON. E. T. HILDEBRAND.

1. How are you building, my bro - ther? Is it up - on shift-ing sand,
2. Swift - ly your work-time is pass - ing, How do you build hour by hour?
3. Build on the strong Rock of A - ges, Tow - er - ing high o'er the tide,
4. Build on the one sure foun-da - tion Christ laid in sor - row and tears,

Or on the Rock that for - ev - er Tem-pest and storm shall withstand?
When the storms beat will your struc - ture Be o - verthrown by their pow'r?
Fierce - ly tho' bil - lows are beat - ing There will your la - bor a - bide.
Time's fair-est promise will fail you, Build for e - ter - ni - ty's years.

REFRAIN. How are you build-ing, build-ing?

How are you build-ing? . . . . . How are you build-ing each day? . .

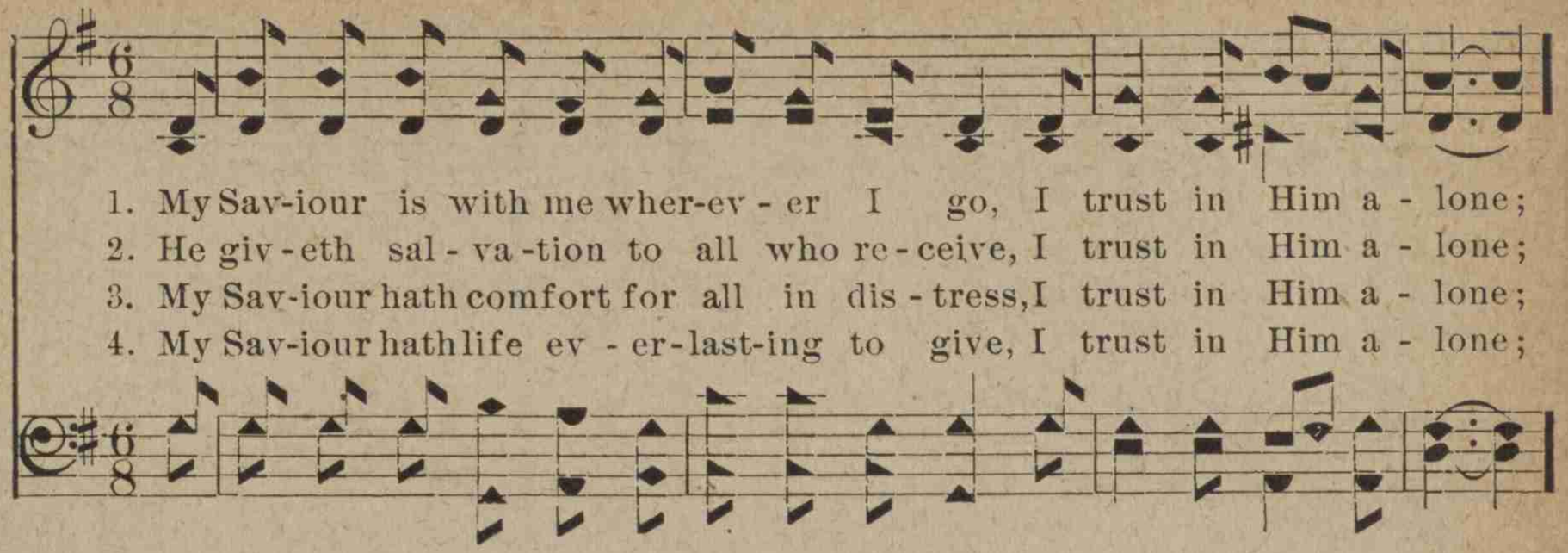
How are you building, build-ing? *poco. rit.* . . . .

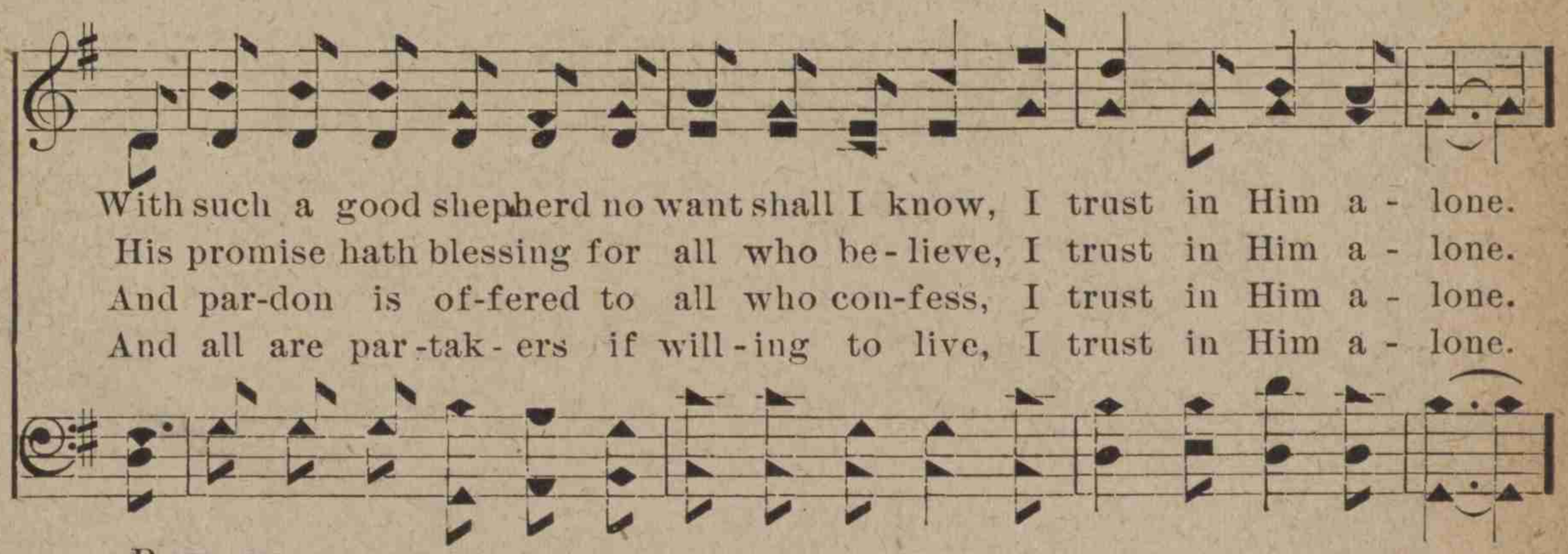
How are you build - ing? . . . . . An-swer, my brother, I pray.

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No. 244. IN HIM ALONE.

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





REFRAIN.





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No. 245. THESE ARE THEY IN BRIGHT ARRAY.

What are these which are arrayed in white robes? Rev. 7: 13, 14.

J. M. BOWMAN. Miss MARY WELDON.

Allegretto.

1. On that bright and golden shore, Where the saints shall ev - er-more Sing sweet
2. They'll be clad in bright ar-ray, Who their Sav-iour here o - bey, Walk-ing
3. These are they who watch and wait, Stand - ing by the pearl- y gate, Watch-ing

prais- es to their King whom they now a-dore; These are they in bright ar-ray, Serv-ing
in His footsteps as on-ward day by day They are march-ing in the light, Singing
for their coming Lord, in His blest es - tate; In His love they e'er abide, He who

Him both night and day, Who have pass'd thro' tribu-lations while up- on their way.
prais - es day and night, Do- ing His commandments, keeping Him by faith in sight.
cross'd the bloody tide — In His house of ma- ny mansions, they shall e'er re-side.

REFRAIN

These are they . . . . . in bright ar-ray, Sing-ing
These are they in bright ar - ray, These are they in bright ar - ray, Sing - ing

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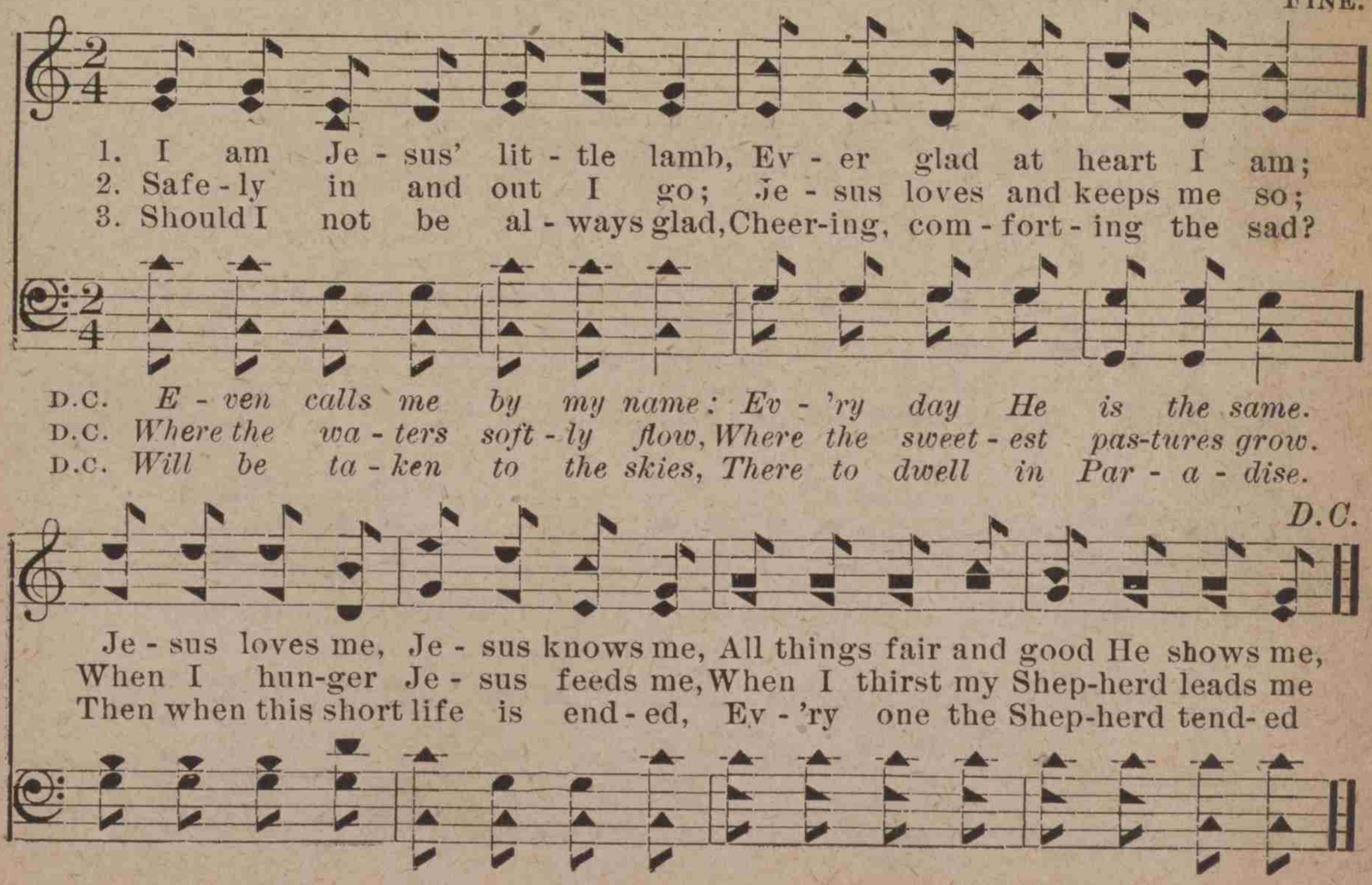
THESE ARE THEY IN BRIGHT ARRAY.



No. 246. I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Dr. J. Stevenson. C. H. Bottoms.

Fine.



No. 247. WE'RE GOING HOME.

L. E. GREEN. W. R. PHILLIPS

1. We're go - ing home to man-sions fair, That Je - sus has gone to pre-pare;
2. We're walking in the good old way, We're go - ing home with Christ to stay;
3. We're marching on at God's command, And soon we'll reach the bet - ter land;
4. We're go - ing home to die no more, And where we'll wear a crown of gold;

We're in the wav our fa-thers trod, We're go-ing home to live with God.
Tho' rough the road, we'll ne'er turn back, We'll fol-low in our lead-er's track.
We'll trust in Him, He'll guide us right, He'll ev - er keep us in the light.
We're go - ing to a home of rest, A place pre- pared for all the blest.

REFRAIN.

We're go - ing home, With Christ to stay,
We're go - ing home, ... With Christ to stay, ... In that bright
In that bright land of endless day; We're going home,
land . . . . of end-less day; . . . . . We're going home, ... to die no

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gold. . . . .

to die no more, To wear a glit - - t'ring crown of gold, crown of gold.

more, ... glitt'ring, wear a glitt'ring crown of gold. . . . .

No. 248. JESUS MUST HAVE ALL.

E. R. LATTA. J. D. PATTON.

1. What must I give up to Je - sus, If I hark - en to His call? Oh,
2. Is there not some trif-ling ob - ject, On this great ter - res - trial ball, That
3. Is there not some sin - ful pleas- ure, Be it how - so - ev - er small, That
4. Would I stand with-in the por - tals Of the shin - ing jas - per wall, There

there must be no withholding, Je- sus must have all! Je - sus must have all, have all,
I need not quite re-linquish? Je- sus must have all!
I still might fondly cling to? Je- sus must have all!
must be no res- er - va - tion, Je- sus must have all!

REFRAIN.

all, . . .

call! . . small, . .

If I hark His call, His call! Be it great or small, or small, Je-sus must have all!

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No. 249. SHALL WE MEET AT HOME IN THE MORNING?

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

1. Shall we meet at home in the morn - ing, When the shadows lift from our eyes?
2. Shall we see that cit - y e - ter - nal, Built by God's own hand in the sky?
3. Shall we stand sometime by the riv - er, When our tears shall fall never-more?
4. Shall we join the song they are sing - ing Un - to Him whose name be adored?

Shall we see the King in His beau - ty, In that blessed home in the skies?
Shall we see those fields ev-er ver - nal? Shall we meet at home by and by?
Shall we walk in white there for-ev - er? Shall we meet at home on that shore?
Shall we be where glad harps are ring - ing? Shall we be at home with the Lord?

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll meet at home in the morn-ing, When the blessed Saviour bids us come;
bids us come;

Gather there to dwell, nevermore to say farewell, When we all shall meet in that home.
hap-py home.

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No. 250. COURAGE, BROTHER! DO NOT STUMBLE.

NORMAN MACLEOD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. Cour-age, brother! do not stumble, Tho' thy path be dark as night; There's a
2. Per-ish "pol-i-cy" and cunning, Per-ish all that fears the light, Whether
3. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from

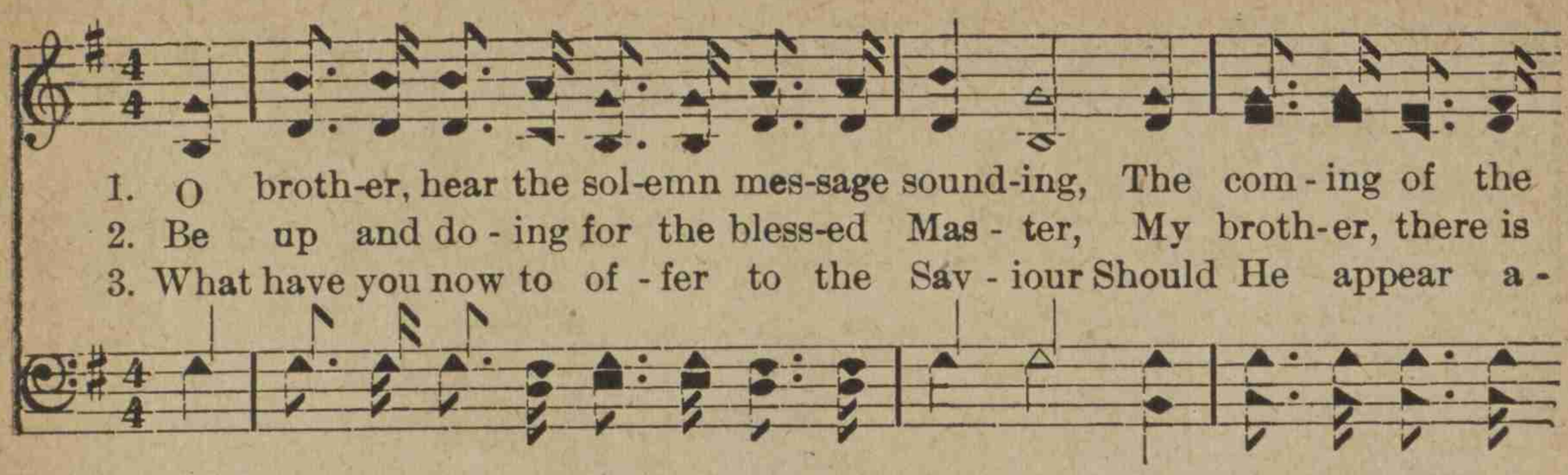
star to guide the hum-ble, Trust in God, and do the right. Tho' the road be
los-ing, whether winning, Trust in God, and do the right. Shun all forms of
man, and look above thee, Trust in God, and do the right. Sim-ple rule and

long and drear-y, And the end be out of sight, Foot it brave-ly, strong or
guilt-y pas-sion, Fiends can look like angels bright; Heed no custom, school, or
saf-est guiding, In-ward peace and shining light, Star up-on our path a-

wea-ry, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.
fash-ion, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.
bid-ing, Trust in God, trust in God, trust in God, and do the right.

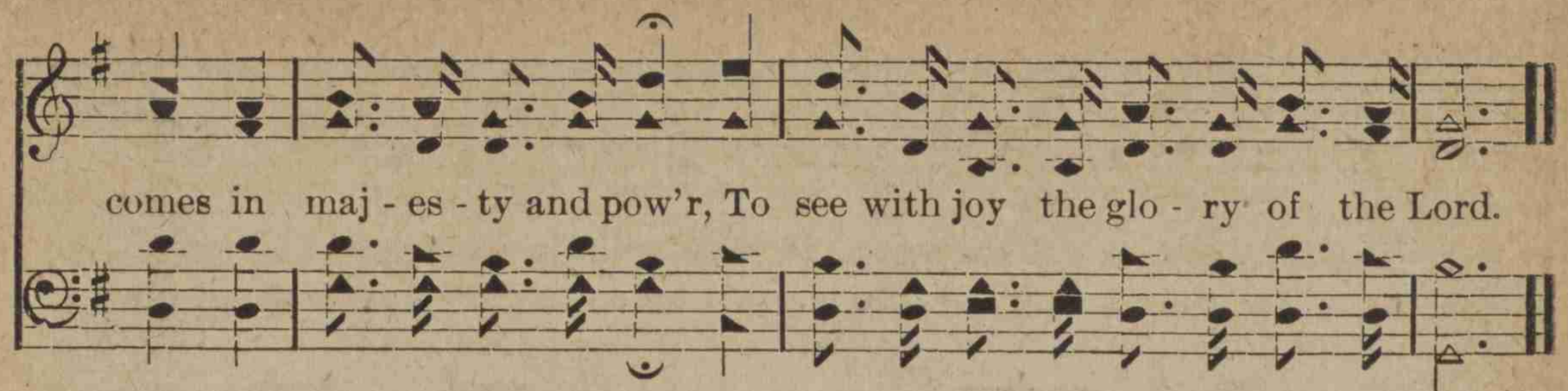
No. 251. BE READY.

SIDNEY D. SIMONS. J. D. PATTON.



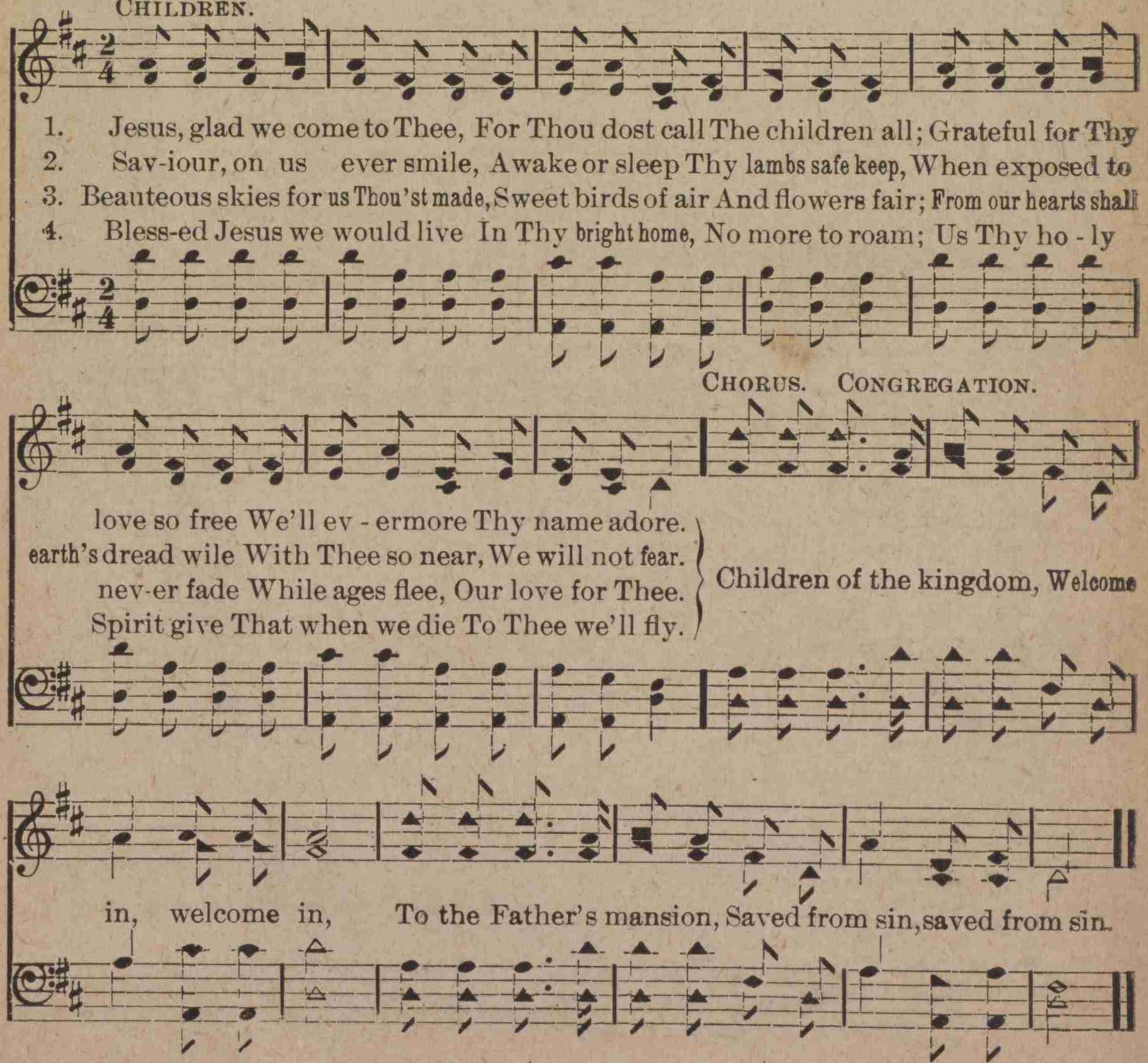
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BE READY. Concluded.



No. 252. CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM.

Rev. T. B. Russell, A. M. Jno. R. Bryant.



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No. 253. SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME.

Mrs. Ida M. Budd. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some-time, I can not tell how soon, My Lord to me will say:
2. Somewhere, to me it is not known, Where that blest place may be;
3. Somewhere, sometime, the cares and woes That rise like phantoms grim,

"It is enough, thy task is done, Come thou from earth a- way." Some-
I shall behold Him on His throne, And all His beau - ty see. Some-
Shall vanish in the light that glows Be - yond earth's sha- dows dim. Then

time, I know not when 'twill be, But this, O Lord, I ask of Thee, May
where, but where I cannot tell; Yet He who doeth all things well, To
let no doubt or fear molest; My Fa-ther knoweth what is best; E -

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SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME.

I, when Thou shalt call for me, Be read - y in . . . that day. . . . .
that fair hav'n where He doth dwell, My faith-ful guide . . will be. . . . .
nough for me that I shall rest, Somewhere, some-time . . with Him. . . . .

CHORUS.

Somewhere, some-time, Tho' where or when I can not

Somewhere, I know not where, Sometime, some happy time, Tho' where or when I can not

tell, ... I shall in peace for - ev - er dwell,

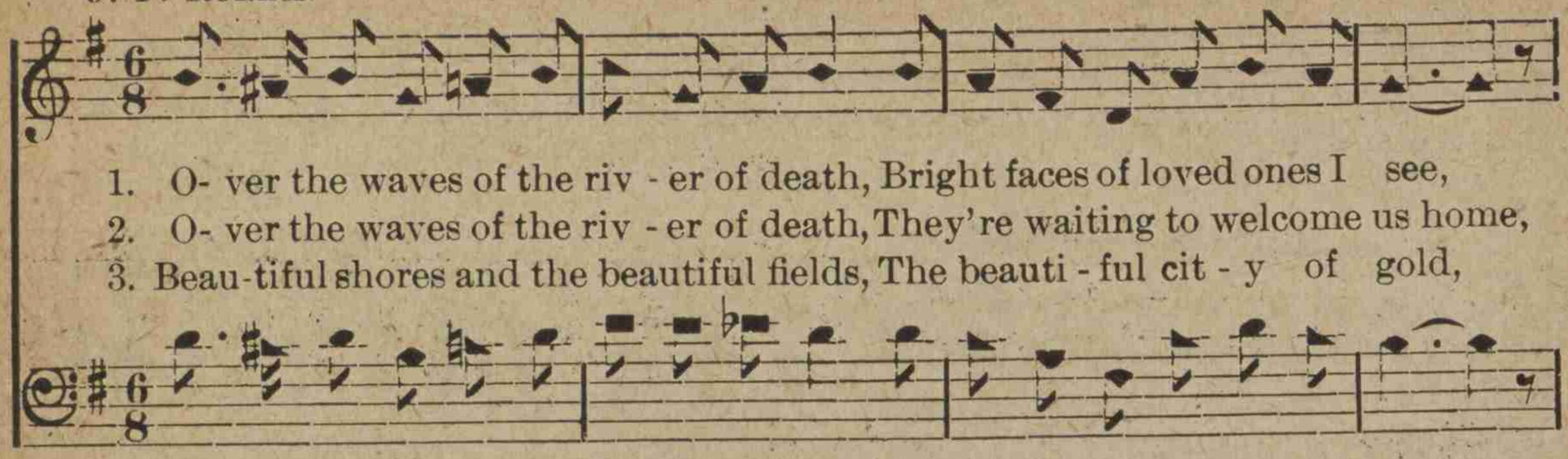
tell, I can not tell, I shall in peace for - ev - er dwell, for ev - er

With Him, some - where, ... some - time. . . . . .

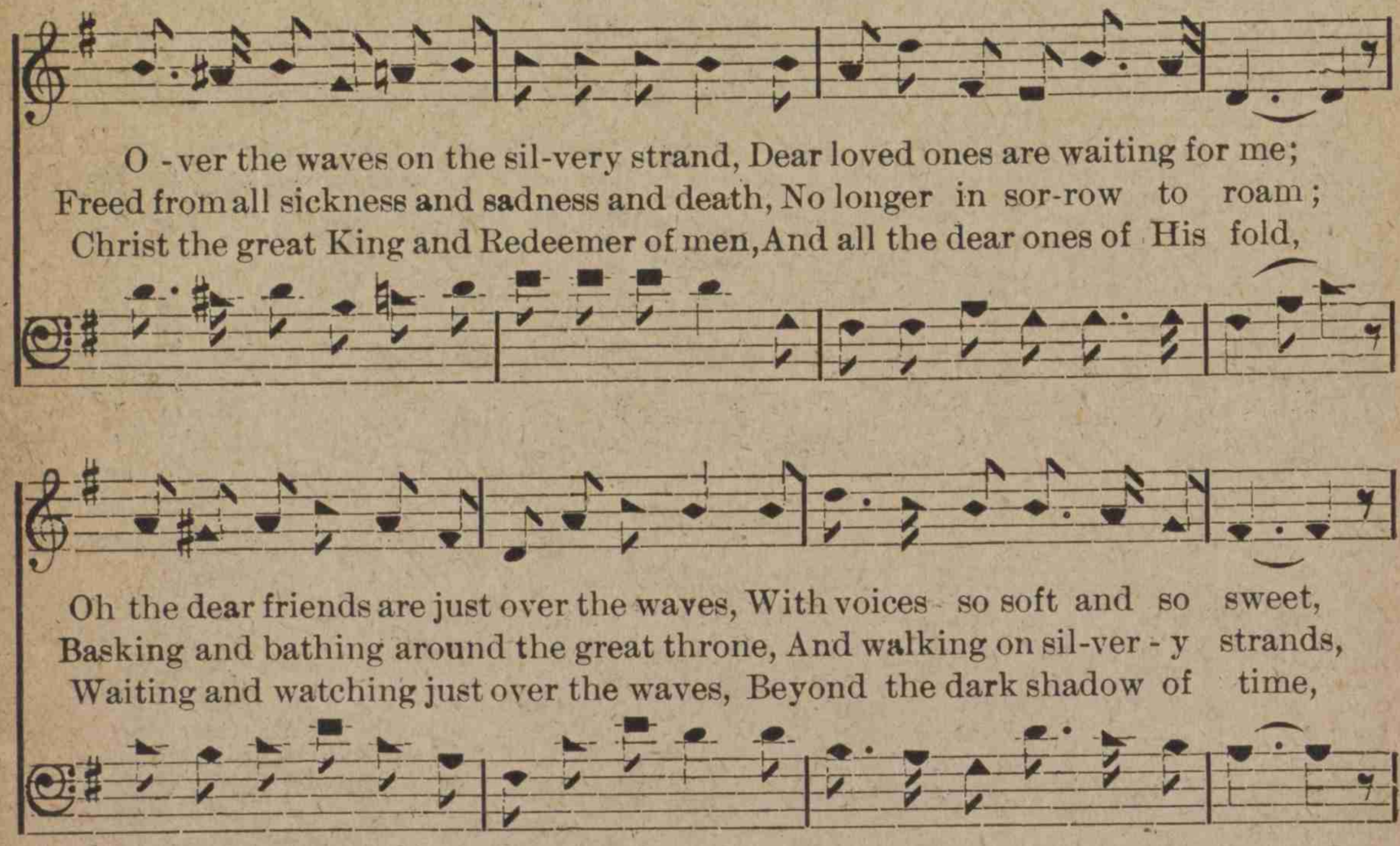
dwell With Him, somewhere, I know not where, some-time, some hap-py time.

No. 254. OVER THE WAVES.

J. F. RORAX. W. R. PHILLIPS.

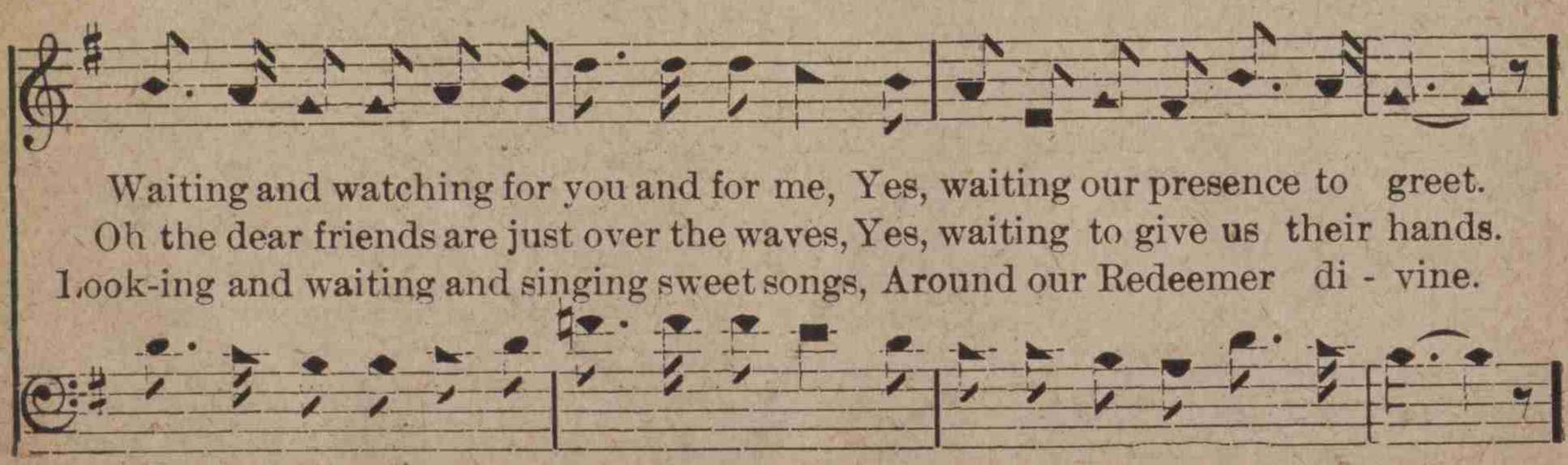


1. O- ver the waves of the riv - er of death, Bright faces of loved ones I see,
2. O- ver the waves of the riv - er of death, They're waiting to welcome us home,
3. Beau-tiful shores and the beautiful fields, The beauti - ful cit - y of gold,



O - ver the waves on the sil-very strand, Dear loved ones are waiting for me;
Freed from all sickness and sadness and death, No longer in sor-row to roam;
Christ the great King and Redeemer of men, And all the dear ones of His fold,

Oh the dear friends are just over the waves, With voices so soft and so sweet,
Basking and bathing around the great throne, And walking on sil-ver - y strands,
Waiting and watching just over the waves, Beyond the dark shadow of time,



Waiting and watching for you and for me, Yes, waiting our presence to greet.
Oh the dear friends are just over the waves, Yes, waiting to give us their hands.
Look-ing and waiting and singing sweet songs, Around our Redeemer di - vine.

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OVER THE WAVES. Concluded.

CHORUS.





No. 255. HELP ME, LORD, TO HELP SOME OTHER.

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

1. Praise the Lord for His sal-va-tion, I am ful-ly saved today; And I want to
2. Where some heart is bowed in sorrow, May I help to dry some tear; Wait-ing not un-
3. Where some souls from Thee are straying, On the mountains wild and cold, Working for and
4. When life's harvest time is ended, May I have some sheaves for Thee; Then I will, when

REFRAIN.

work for Je-sus, Help- ing oth-ers in the way. Help me, Lord, . . to help some
til the mor-row, But to-day give someone cheer.
with them praying, May I win them to Thy fold.
I've as-cended, Praise Thee thro' e-ter-ni - ty.

oth - er, Who may fal - ter by the way; Help me,
help some other, who may fal - ter by the way;

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

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No. 256. A. J. S.

COME TO ME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hear the Sav - iour sweetly say - ing, Come to me, . . come to me;
2. List, the mes - sage ev - er ring - ing, Come to me, . . come to me;
3. Hear the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, Come to me, . . come to me;
4. Je - sus says in hours of tri - al, Come to me, . . come to me;

Come to me, come to me,

Pleading for Thy love and pray- ing, Come to me, . . come to me.
Hope of peace and par- don bringing, Come to me, . . come to me.
Why then still be sad and sigh -ing, Come to me, . . come to me.
Pleads in time of self- de - ni - al, Come to me, . . come to me.

Come to me, come to me.

If life's bur - dens press thee sore - ly, Or the road be rough to thee,
Long - est thou for soul - de - liv-'rance, Thro' for - give - ness full and free?
There is none be - side the Sav- iour Can from sor - row make thee free;
When the waves of Jor - dan near - ing, This thy hope and joy shall be,

Hear the Bur - den Bear - er whis-p'ring, Come to me, come to me.
Then re - spond to Christ's en- treat - y, Come to me, come to me.
Lis - ten then to His dear plead-ing, Come to me, come to me.
Je - sus then will whis-per to thee, Come to me, come to me.

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No. 257. SWEET PEACE BEYOND THE TIDE.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. CHAS. COFIELD.

1. Be - yond the surg-ing, roll - ing tide, Be - yond the tem-pest's roar,
2. Be - yond earth's conflicts, sin and strife, Be - yond the care, the pain,
3. Be - yond the cru - el tempter's hate, Be - yond life's tear - ful way,
4. Be - yond the doubt-ing and the fear, Be - yond all sor - row now,

The ran-somed of the Lord a - bide, In peace for - ev - er - more.
God's chil - dren gain im - mor - tal life, Sweet peace in heav'n ob - tain.
Our loved ones there for us now wait, Sweet peace is their's to - day.
The blood-washed see their Sav - iour dear, His peace is on each brow.

REFRAIN.

Sweet peace, sweet peace, On Ca-naan's shin-ing shore;
Sweet peace beyond the tide, sweet peace beyond the tide,
Sweet peace, thro' Christ the Cru - ci - fied, Sweet peace for - ev - er - more.

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No. 258. HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

E. E. HEWITT. GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. "Have faith in God," the Saviour said: He saw the path that we must tread; The frequent
2. Have faith in God, tho' clouds a-rise And o-ver-spread the glowing skies; Tho' sun and
3. Have faith in God: a father's heart Would to his child all good impart; Much more will
4. Have faith in God: His word di-vine By day and night shall brightly shine, Un-til we

CHORUS.

thorn, the fading flow'r, The joy or pain of ev - 'ry hour. O blessed faith! Its
stars grow dim and pale, His boundless love shall nev-er fail.
He regard the pray'r Of those who cast on Him their care.
pass the gates of life, And faith shall yield to blissful sight.

O faith!

f

song of cheer Re-vives our hope, dis-pels our fear; The Shepherd's
of cheer, our hope, our fear;

ritard.

staff, The Shepherd's rod, Still leads us on—have faith in God, (in God)
the staff, the rod,

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No. 259. KEEP ON CLIMBING.

BIRDIE BELL. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Do you of - ten grow dis - cour - aged As you climb the up-ward way?
2. Is the jour - ney long and toil - some? Do your dear - est hopes de - part?
3. When you reach the dis - tant sum - mit, And the wea - ry feet may rest,

Is the sum - mit far a - bove you, Keep on climbing ev - 'ry day;
Though the tear-drops blind your vis - ion, Keep on climbing, trou - bled heart;
You will see the shin - ing gate - ways Of the Cit - y of the Blest;

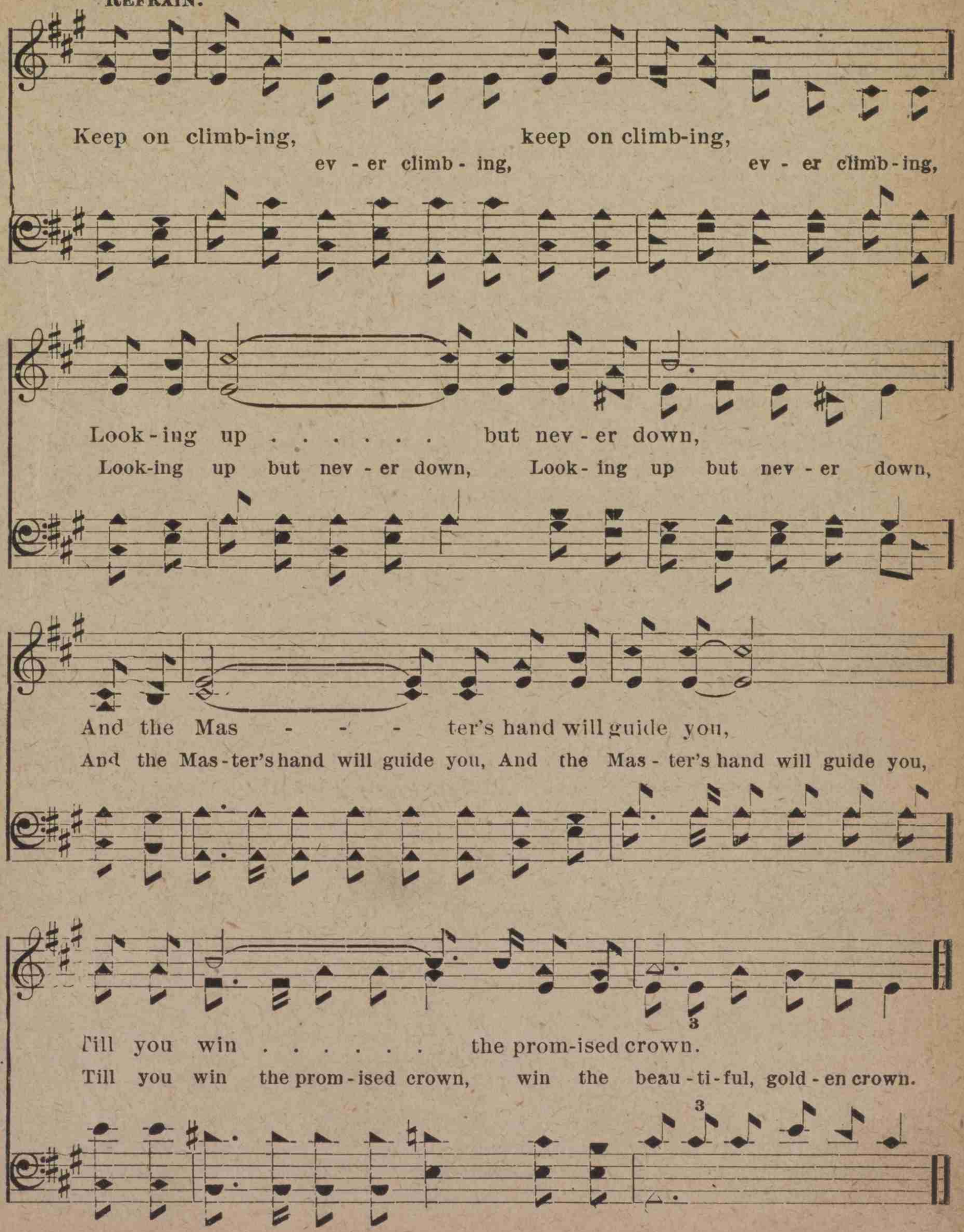
Step by step you'll gain the sum - mit, Je - sus points you to the goal;
For the path grows ev - er bright - er, As your foot-steps up-ward wend,
Ev - 'ry grief will be for - got - ten, All the tri - als of the way,

Though the ach - ing feet may stum-ble, Keep on climbing, wea - ry soul.
And the Mas - ter helps you onward, Keep on climbing to the end.
Then be brave and pa - tient ev - er, Keep on climbing day by day.

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KEEP ON CLIMBING.

REFRAIN.



No. 260. # WHAT IS HEAVEN?

BIRDIE BELL. J. D. PATTON.

1. What is Heav'n? A glo-rious cit - y, Gates of pearl and streets of gold,
2. What is Heav'n? A bless - ed cit - y, Peo - pled with a countless throng.
3. What is Heav'n? A hap - py cit - y, Where life's bur - dens are laid down,
4. What is Heav'n? The promised cit - y, Dear to ev - 'ry pil - grim soul,

All its walls are built of jas - per, Who can paint its joys un - told?
Gath - ered out of ev - 'ry na-tion, Wash'd from stain of guilt and wrong;
They who la - bored for the Mas - ter From His hand re - ceive a crown;
Tho' the trav - 'ler oft may stum-ble, Still he strug-gles to the goal;

There the blood-wash'd host are dwell-ing, Clad in robes of spot - less white,
O the depth of God's great mer - cy! O the won-ders of His grace,
Sin and sor - row can - not en - ter Thro' the shin - ing gates of day,
When the road seems long and rug - ged, He will catch a glimpse a - far

And re-demp-tion's song is swell-ing In the land of end - less light.
Ev - 'ry one grows in His like-ness Who be - holds that bless-ed face.
Ev - 'ry trou - ble is for - got - ten, Ev - 'ry tear is wiped a - way.
Of the won - ders of that cit - y, Thro' its pearl - y gates a - jar.

FINE.

D.S. *Shel - ter from each earth - ly dan - ger, Where the wea - ry find sweet rest.*

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WHAT IS HEAVEN?

REFRAIN.

D.S.

What is Heav'n? A home e - ter - nal, Home-less pil - grims there are blest;

No. 261. SOW THE SEED.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. HOLCOMB.

1. Sow the seed in the morning, Precious seed of truth and love! It will bring thee a
2. Sow the seed at the noonday, Blessed seed of grace divine! Sow it in hearts im -
3. Sow the seed in the eve-ning, Ere the night shall set-tle down! Thus the stars shall be

REFRAIN.

har - vest, In the fields of light above. Sow the seed, oh, my brother, As the
mor - tal, That may with the an-gels shine!
ma - ny, In thy ev - er - last-ing crown.

FINE.

seasons past thee roll! Sow the seed, oh, my brother, Sow it in the youthful soul.

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No. 262. OVER THERE NO TEARS WILL FALL.

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

1. There's a home (There's a home) where no sha - dow Throws its gloom (Throws its gloom) on the wall; (on the wall;) Blessed home, (Blessed home,) clad in beau- ty, O - ver
2. Man - y friends (Many friends) in that homeland Oft to me (Oft to me) seem to call; (seem to call;) There we'll say (There we'll say) "farewell" nev - er! O - ver
3. Here we see (Here we see) pain and sor-row, 'Tis the lot ('Tis the lot) of us all; (of us all;) In that home (In that home) comes no weeping, O - ver
4. To that home (To that home) we are go - ing When we hear (when we hear) Je - sus call, (Je - sus call,) And this tho't (And this tho't) draws us up-ward, O - ver

REFRAIN.

there no tears will fall. In that home o-ver there, o- ver there,

In that home, . . . o - ver there, ... Sor-row

Sor - row ne'er can ap-pall, can ap-pall; In that home o - ver

ne'er . . . . . can ap - pall; . . . . . In that home, in that home, o - ver

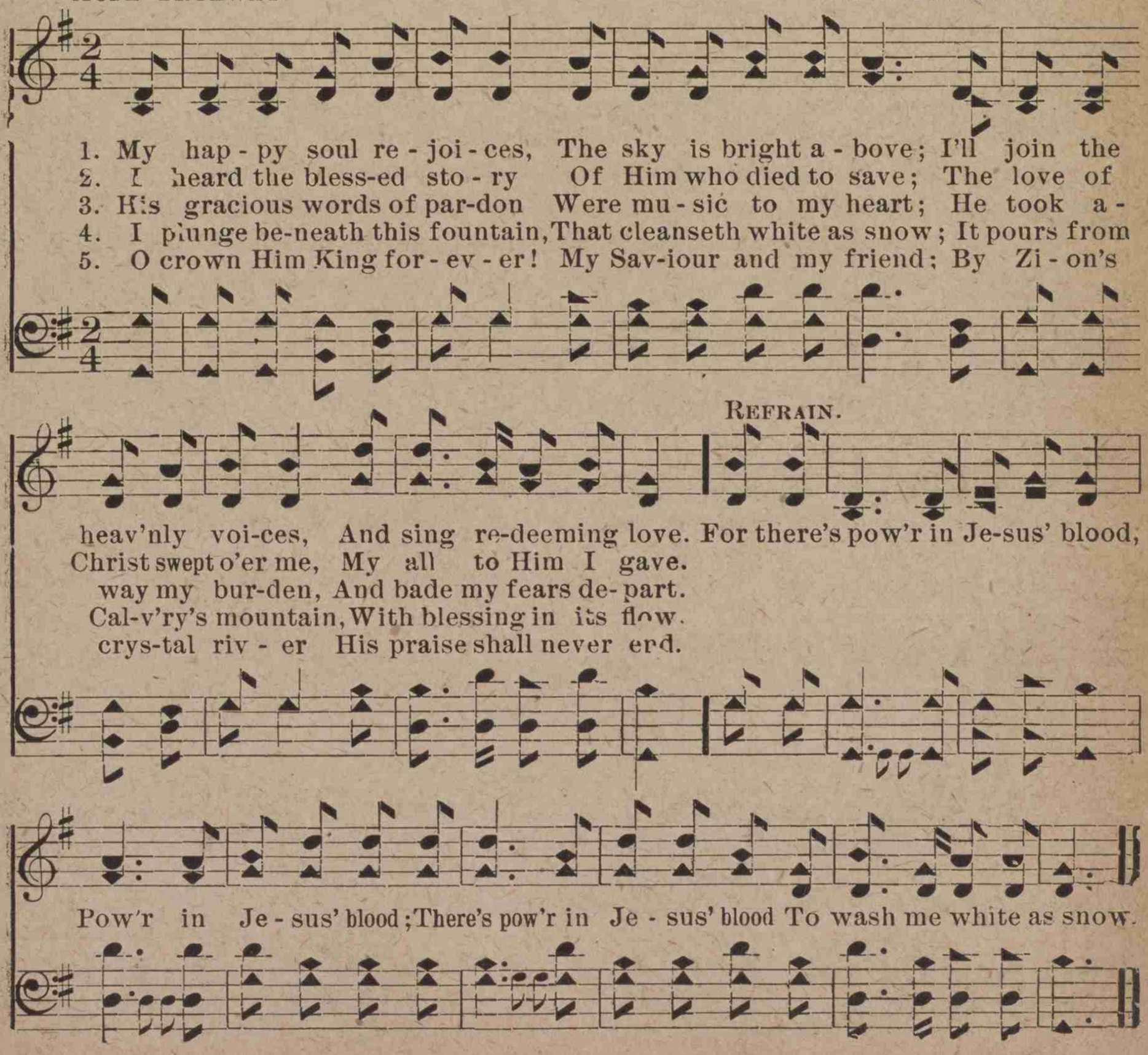
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OVER THERE NO TEARS WILL FALL.



No. 263. THERE'S POWER IN JESUS' BLOOD.

HOPE TRYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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No. 264. LEAD THE LITTLE ONES IN THE WAY OF LIFE.

JENNIE WILSON. J. E. YOUNG.

1. Lead the lit - tle ones in the way of life, Guide them with a gen - tle hand;
2. Lead the lit - tle ones to the Saviour's fold, Guard them from the temp-ter's snare;
3. Strew the flow'rs of love on the path they tread, Shield from harm their lit - tle feet;
4. In the crown of joy the dear Saviour wears, On His throne of pow'r su - preme,

Let them free-ly come to the lov - ing Lord; He has giv - en His com-mand.
On the souls still free from the stain of sin Looks the Lord with fondest care.
Tell of Him who still is the children's friend, And His precious words re - peat.
Ma - ny star-ry gems will the children's souls With un-fad-ing lus - tre gleam.

REFRAIN.

Lead the lit - tle ones to the Sav - iour King, And His faithful ser - vants be;

Let them glad ho-san-nas with an - gels sing Thro' the years of e - ter - ni - ty.

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No. 265. WE'LL CROSS THE RIVER.

L. E. GREEN. R. O. WESTMORELAND.

1. By and by we'll cross the riv - er, To the joys that wait beyond; By and by we'll
2. By and by we'll cross the riv - er, To our ev - er-last-ing home; By and by we'll
3. By and by we'll cross the riv - er, To the blooming fields be-yond; By and by we'll
4. By and by we'll cross the riv - er, To those mansions bright and fair; By and by we'll

REFRAIN.

cross the riv - er, To the hap - py land of song. We will soon . . . . be
cross the riv - er, Where with angels we will roam.
cross the riv - er, Where we'll join the blood-washed throng.
cross the riv - er, Where a gold-en crown we'll wear. We will soon be cross-ing o - ver,

cross-ing o - - - - ver, To that hap - - - - py land on
We will soon be cross-ing o - ver, To that hap - py land on high,

high, To a land that's free from sor - row, And where pleas-ures nev - er die.

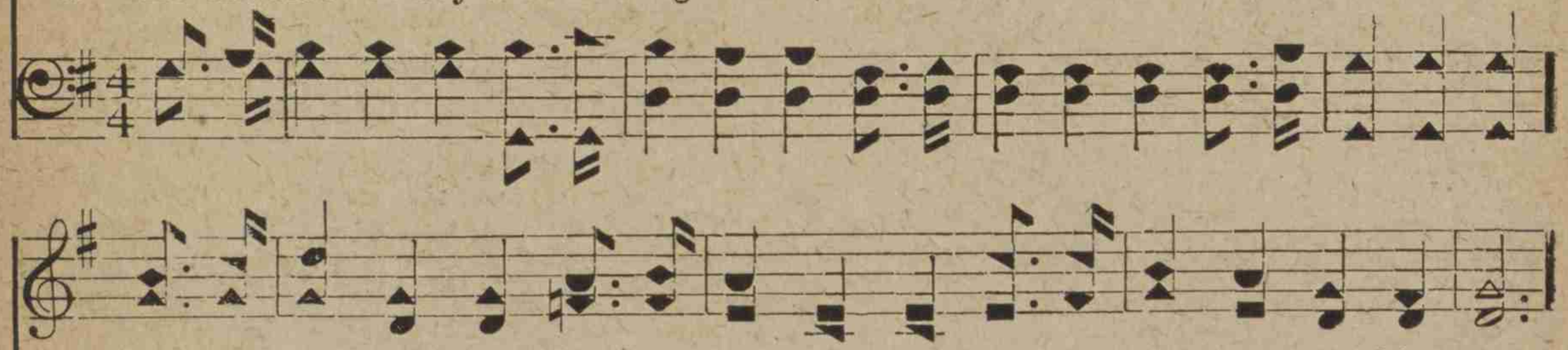
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No. 266. MARCHING ON.

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



1. In the light of God we are marching on, Fearing not the foe for our swords are drawn:
2. See our banner bright to the breeze is spread, Hear the trumpet sound as we're onward led:
3. There are foes to meet all a-long the way, Yet our Lord will help if we watch and pray;
4. While we live on earth we will have to fight, To pro-tect the truth, to defend the right:
5. At the close of day when the sun goes down, When the frost of earth turns the leaves all brown,



To the bat - tle - field in the ear - ly dawn, Praise the Lord, we're marching on.
Hear us shout and sing as we push a - head, Praise the Lord, we're marching on.
In His ho - ly name we will win the day, Praise the Lord, we're marching on.
But to meet the foe with our pow'r and might, Praise the Lord, we're marching on.
To that land so fair to re-ceive a crown, Praise the Lord, we're marching on.



REFRAIN.



Marching on, marching on, To the bat - tle - field a - way;
March - ing on, march - ing on,



In the cause of the Lord marching on we go, In His name we will win the day.



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No. 267. "THE GLORY HOLDS."

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. A. J. JONES.

1. A - long life's wea-ry walks I sigh, (I sigh,) While ceaseless storms above me roll;
2. All thro' the cheerless, wea-ry way, (the way,) With-in my heart His love un - folds;
3. Tho' sor - rows sweep like storm-clouds fly, (clouds fly,) The eye of faith His form beholds;
4. His face some day mine eye shall see, (shall see,) My form made new in glo - ry - molds;

The Mas - ter heeds my heart's faint cry, (faint cry,) His com - fort gives as the days roll by.
'Tis thus my night is turned to day, (to day,) His peace a-bides with - in al - way.
In maj - es - ty He sits on high, (on high,) Our faith - ful One keeps watch-ful eye.
With Him I then for-e'er shall be, (shall be.) Thro' - out a vast e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

For "the prom-ise is true and the glo - ry holds," For "the promise is

true and the glo - ry holds," For "the promise is true and the glo - ry holds."

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No. 268. LIFE'S BURDENS.

BIRDIE BELL. J. W. DENNIS.

1. Life's bur-dens are ma - ny and each has his share, And oft-en we mur-mur at
2. There's ma-ny a sor- row we find on the road, Yet why should we grieve o'er each
3. We ask the dear Mas-ter to teach us the way To car - ry the bur-dens we

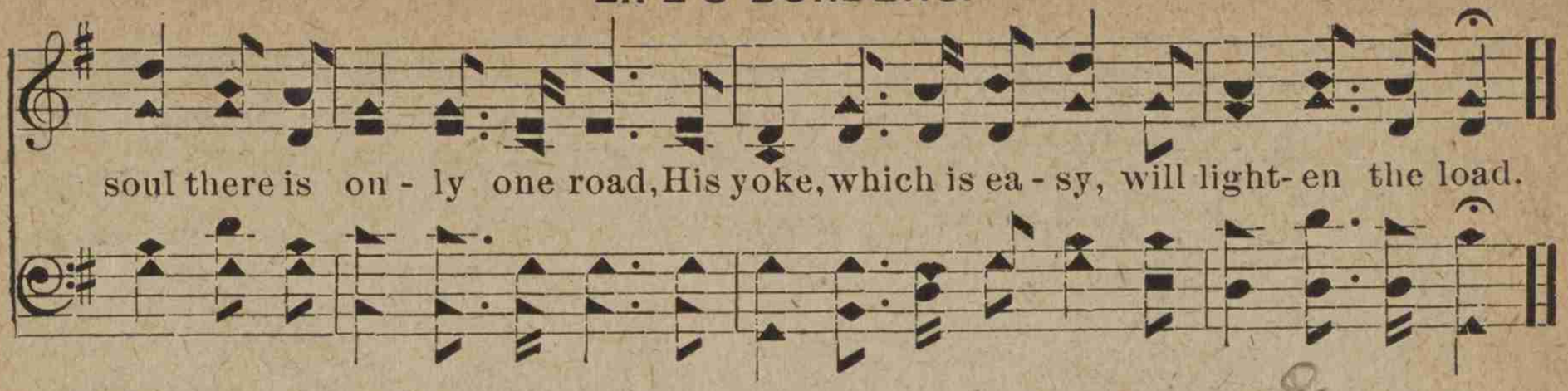
loads which we bear, But hush our com-plaining when Je - sus doth say, "Life's
wea - ri - some load? For wise is our Fa - ther who choos-es in love, Then
find ev - 'ry day; Then gent - ly He whispers these words that are blest, "My

REFRAIN.

bur- dens are light-er when borne in My way." O how shall we car - ry the
take ev - 'ry bur- den as sent from a - bove.
yoke still is ea - sy, take it and find rest."

bur-dens we find? By com-ing to Je- sus, so gracious and kind; He teaches the

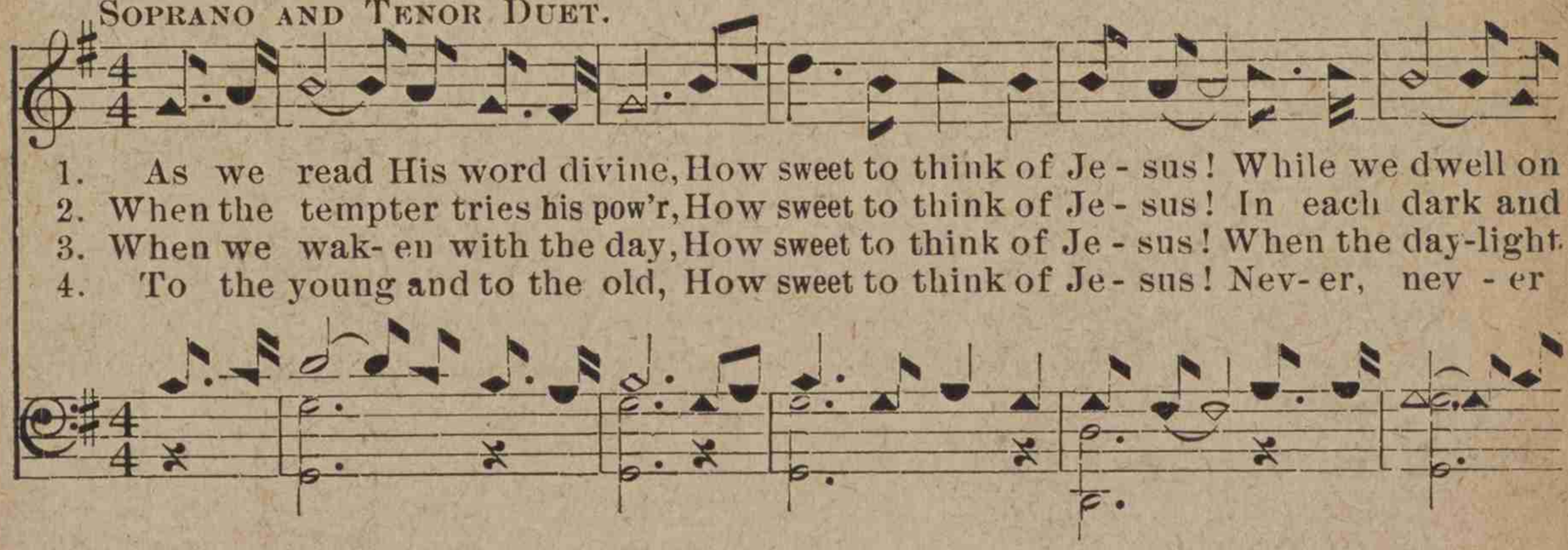
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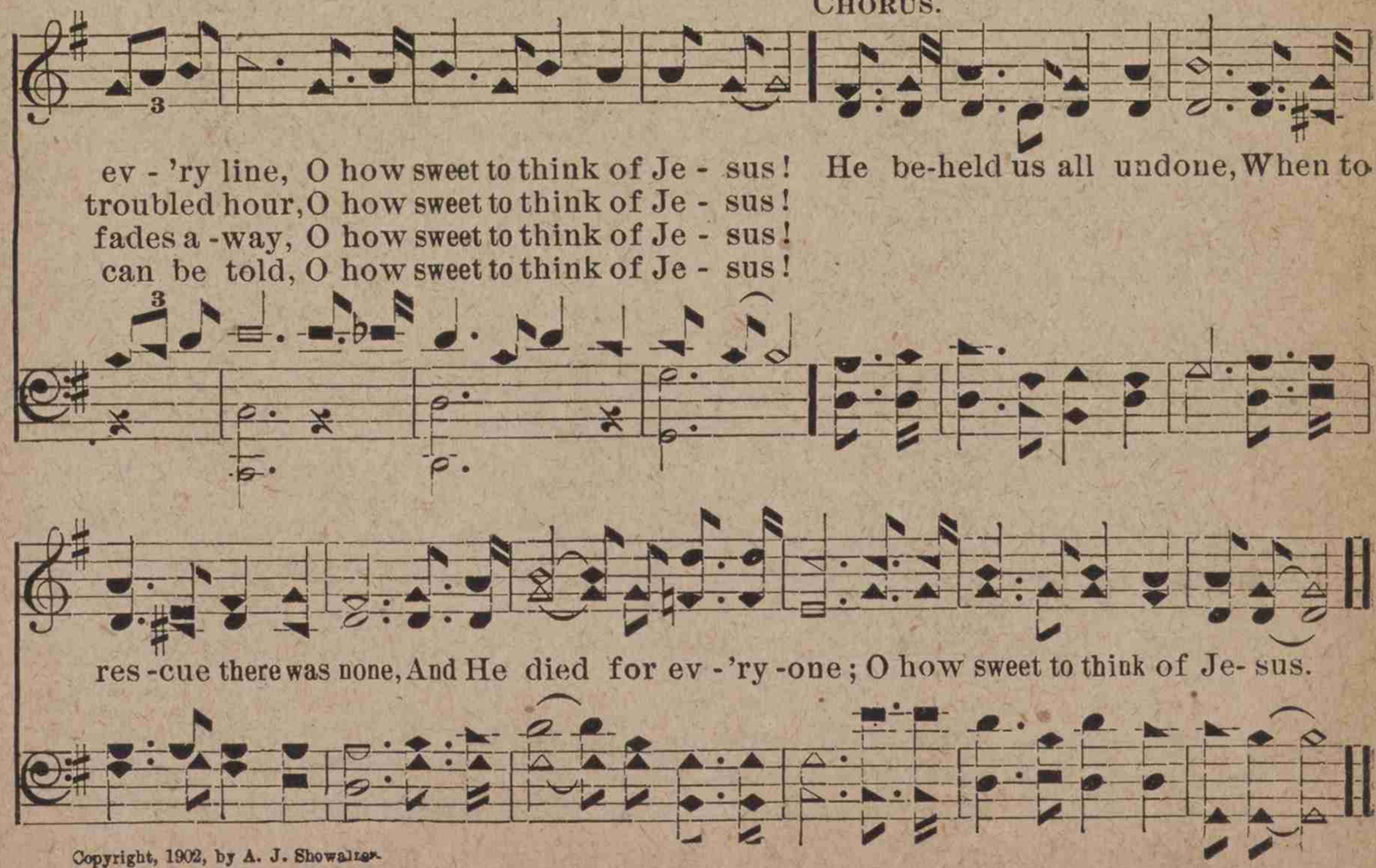
No. 269. HOW SWEET TO THINK OF JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. J. P. McCALESTER.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.



CHORUS.



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No. 270. JUST TO TRUST AND OBEY.

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

1. Just to trust and o - bey, And to walk in the way Which the Sav-iour doth bid us to go;
2. And tho' sha - dows a - rise, To becloud all our skies, Still our trust in the Lord shall not fail;
3. Ev-'ry bur - den we bear He doth ten - der - ly share, And His smile turns the night in - to day;
4. Then we need not re - pine Tho' the sun may not shine Ev - 'ry step of the way here be- low;

This is all that we need, Trusting Je - sus to lead In green pas - tures where still wa - ters flow.
He doth know what is best, And on Him we can rest, Safely shel-tered from doubts that as - sail.
And tho' heav - y the cross, 'Twill but cleanse us from dross, If we trust in His love and o - bey.
But our hearts may be light, And our path - way be bright, If we trust and o - bey as we go.

CHORUS.

Just to trust in the Lord and o - bey, Just to let Je - sus guide all the way, Just to trust and o - bey, all the way,

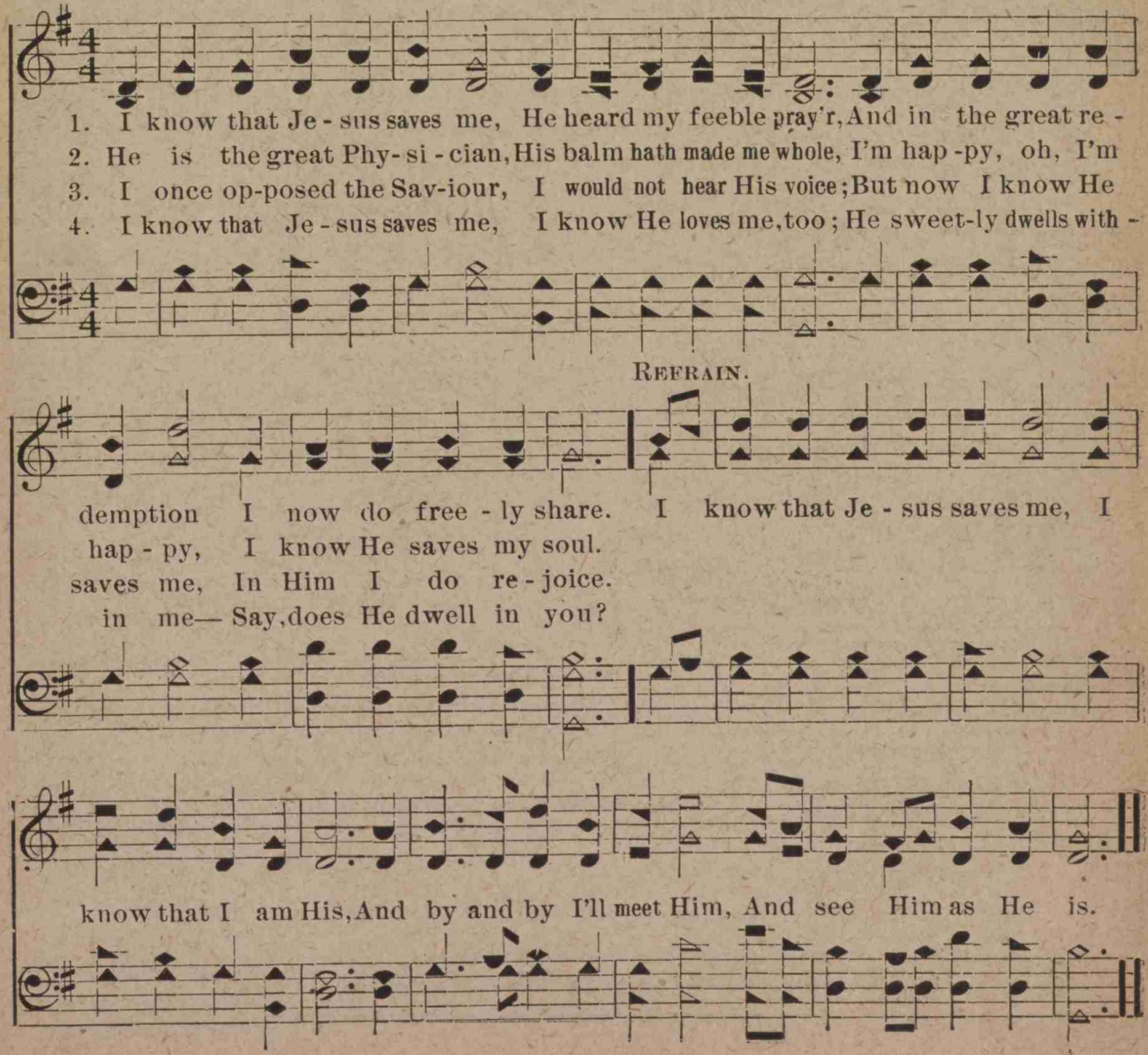
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JUST TO TRUST AND OBEY.



No. 271. I KNOW THAT JESUS LOVES ME.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. A. J. Showalter.



No. 272. WHILE HE IS NEAR.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. W. C. HOWARD.

1. What path can be lone - ly if Je - sus is near? What heart can be dark with love's
2. What days can be cheer-less if Je - sus befriends? What bat-tle is lost if on
3. What sweeter com-pas-sion has ev - er been shown? What deeper communion has

sun-light to cheer? What life can be joy-less if Christ is a friend, And in Him for
Him it depends? What e - vil can harm us while He is so nigh, And sends us pro-
ev - er been known? Whose friendship is stron-ger to keep and to bless Than that of our

REFRAIN.

comfort the soul may de-pend? While He is near
tec-tion from heav- en on high?
Saviour the Prince of our Peace? com-fort is

While He is near, ...
While He is near life is di - vine; . . . . . .

comfort is mine, While He is near . . . . life is di-vine,
mine, ... While He is near

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WHILE HE IS NEAR.

While He is near . . . . . I am at rest, ... For in my Sav - iour . . . . I'm hap- py and blest. . . . . .

While He is near I am at rest,
For in my Sav - iour I'm hap - py and blest, I'm hap - py and blest.

No. 273. WE WORSHIP THEE.

F. R. HAVERGAL. ANTHONY JOHNSON.

1. O Sav-iour, precious Sav- iour, Whom yet un-seen we love; O name of might and fa - vor, All oth-er names a - bove. We wor-ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee alone we sing!
2. O Bringer of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous - ly hast wrought, Thyself the rev - e - la - tion Of love be -yond our thought.
3. In Thee all ful - ness dwelleth, All grace and pow'r di - vine; The glo - ry that ex - el- leth, O Son of God, is Thine.

D.S. *We praise Thee and con- ess Thee, Our Saviour and our King!*

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

No. 274. OH, BE READY.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Si - lent-ly the golden mo- ments Pass for - ev - er-more away;
2. But a moment we are pass- ing From the cra - dle to the grave;
3. Say, O careless one a-wea - ry, On the way . . you long have trod,
4. What a meet-ing, what a greet - ing! O the day . . beyond compare,

Near - er seems the vale of sha - dows, Near-er, too, the judg - ment day.
Then up - on the rocks e - ter - nal, Like the breaking of a wave.
Shall ye go thus emp - ty-hand - ed, To the judgment bar of God?
When with all the saints for-ev - er We are gathered o - ver there.

REFRAIN

Oh, be read - - y for the Bride - groom, Read - y
Oh, be read - y for the Bridegroom when He comes,

for . . the midnight cry! . . . . Sheaves of gold - en grain be
Read-y, Oh, be read - y for the midnight cry! Sheaves of gold-en grain be

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OH, BE READY.



No. 275. HELP IN NEED.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. H. L. Hiett.

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No. 276. BEAUTIFUL BABY HANDS.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Beau-ti-ful lit - tle treas-ures, They were my heart's de-light; . Hands like the springtime
2. Try-ing to grasp the sunbeams Straying about the floor, . Gleefully pull-ing
3. One day the laughing sunbeams, Bringing the morning's gold, Saw their fair playmates

blos - soms, Dain-ti-est pink and white. . . Chubby, and warm, and dim - pled,
dai - sies Growing around the door. . . . Tossing with grace un-stud - ied,
ly - ing, Snow - y, and still and cold. . . . Oh, they have found the sun - shine,

O, could I feel them now; . Soft-ly my cheek ca-ress - ing, Pat-ting my
O, could I on - ly see . . Sweet lit - tle hands extend - ed, Ea - ger to
Dear blessed ba - by hands! I, thro' the dark catch glimpses, Knowing God

CHORUS.

ach - ing brow. Dear lit-tle hands! Precious hands! Beautiful ba - by
come to me! .
un - der - stands.

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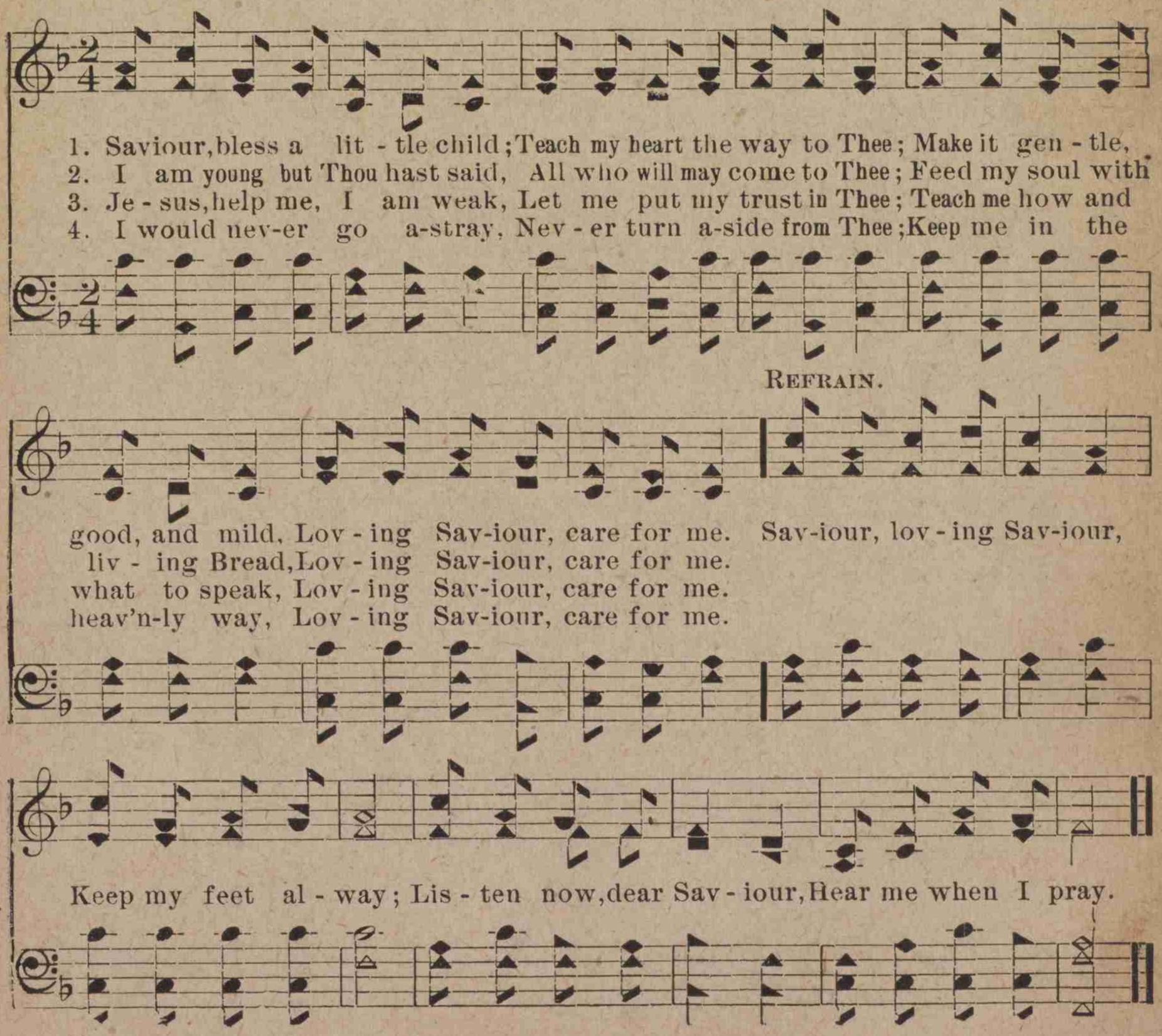
BEAUTIFUL BABY HANDS.



No. 277. JESUS, HEAR THY LITTLE CHILD.*

(INFANT CLASS SONG.)

E. C. GREENLEE.



*First part may be sung as a solo.

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No. 278. IF I AM A CHRISTIAN, WHAT THEN?

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. W. JACKSON.

1. I'm prais-ing my Saviour with rapture to-day For I've been for-given, my sins wash'd a-way; But there is a tho't that keeps com-ing al-way, If
2. A - round me are men who are far from their God, I see them, as bear-ing their bur-dens, they plod; Can they be reclaim'd ere they sleep 'neath the sod? If
3. If I should behold some poor brother in need, Some vic-tim of av'rice, of loss, or of greed, Should I to the wants of this broth-er take heed? If
4. I'm bound for that king-dom be-yond the blue skies, I'm hop-ing at last to re - ceive there a prize; But still ev-'ry mo - ment this tho't will a - rise, If

REFRAIN.

I am a Christian, what then? What then? What then? My ac - tions are witness'd by an - gels and men; O give me an an - swer by

What then, O what then? What then, O what then?

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IF I AM A CHRISTIAN, WHAT THEN?



No. 279. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

ANNIE L. WALKER. Dr. LOWELL MASON.

No. 280. WHEN EARTH'S LABORS ARE O'ER.

A. J. SHOWALTER. B. K. KNIGHT.

1. When earth's labors are o'er and I rest on the shore Of that land where no
2. There no shad-ows can fall and no death e'er ap- pall, For the Lord is the
3. I shall join in the psalm to the glo - ri- fied Lamb, For sal - va - tion so

storms ev- er beat, I shall see, face to face, Him who saved me by grace, And the
light and the life; By His glo- ry so bright shall be banished the night, And the
full and so free; All my fears will be past, I'll be safe home at last, Ev - er -

REFRAIN.

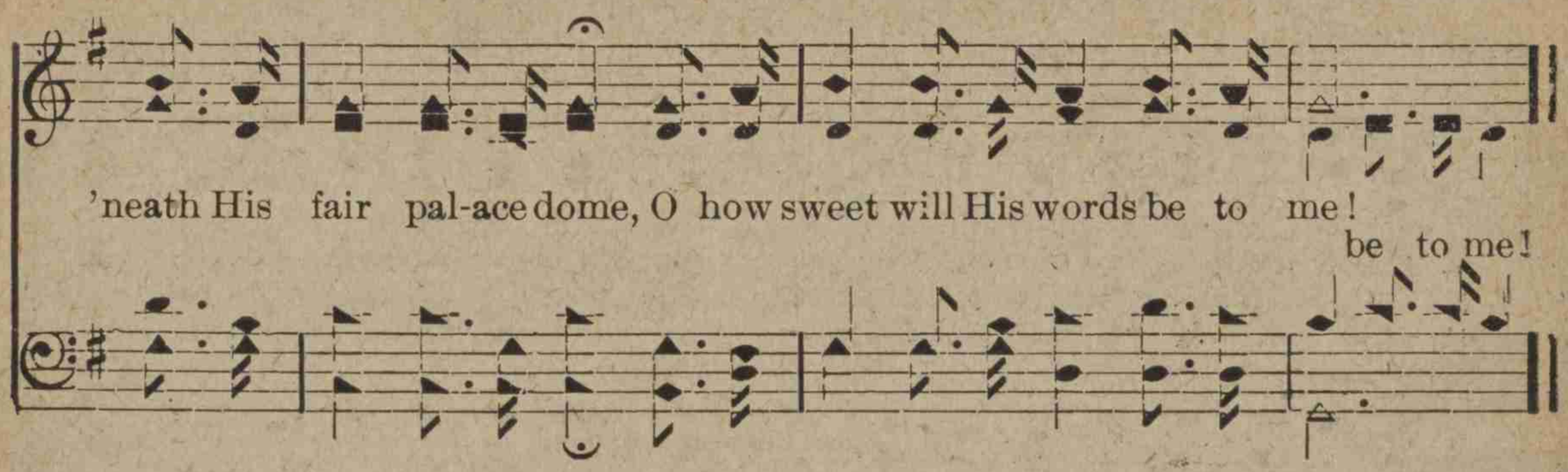
saints of all a - ges shall greet.
peace which He gives ends all strife.
more with the Lord there to be.

O the joy..... I shall
O the joy I shall know, O the

know,..... When the face of my Saviour I see, When He welcomes me home
joy I shall know, glad-ly see,

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WHEN EARTH'S LABORS ARE O'ER.—Concluded.



No. 281. TEACH ME, LORD.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. H. SPRAYBERRY.

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No. 282. WORK TO-DAY.

JENNIE WILSON. JOHN M. DYE.

1. Hark, brother, a voice calls for you, Its summon's to serv- ice o - bey;
2. Go forth where the golden grain stands And toil with the faithful ones there;
3. How swift- ly the moments glide on, Ere long will the e - ven-tide come;

The har-vest is ripe and the reapers are few; Go, work for the Master to- day.
For sheaves that you garn-er with dutiful hands A blessed reward you shall share.
Go, work till the light of your life-day is gone, The Master will then call you come.

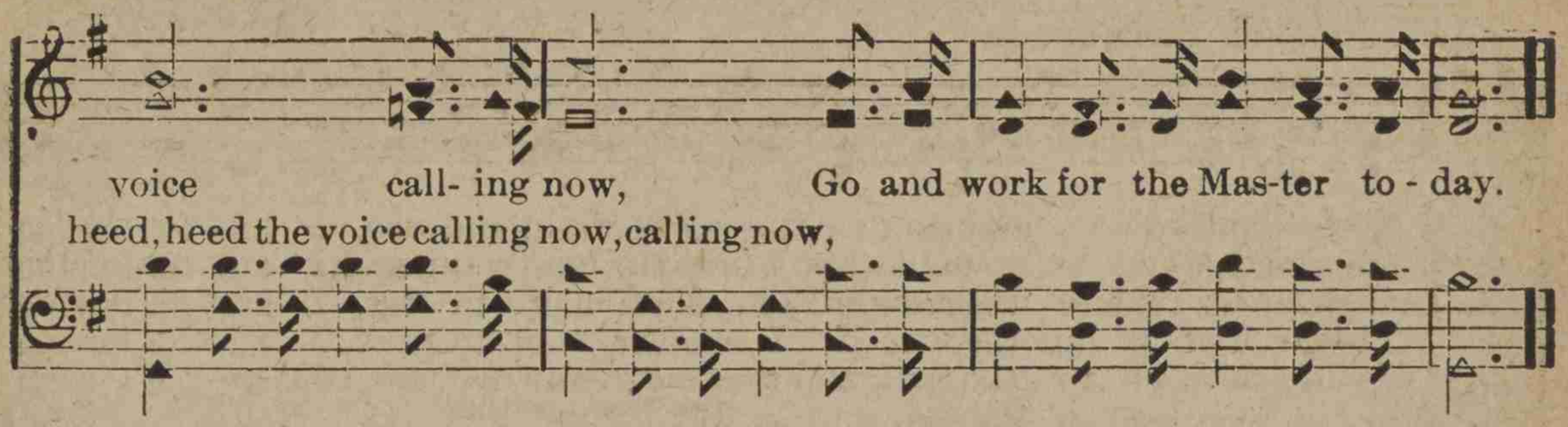
REFRAIN.

Go, work to - day!..... Go, work to -
Go, work to- day! Go, work to- day! Go, work to- day!

day! Hast-en, broth-er, the time speeds a- way; Heed the
Go, work to-day! speeds a - way; O

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WORK TO-DAY.—Concluded.



No. 283. HEAVEN'S HOLY LIGHT.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. R. H. CORNELIUS.

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No. 284. FOLLOWING ON.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. DOW MARTIN.

1. Where-so - ev - er I may go in this world of sin and woe, I am fol-lowing
2. There's no time to i-dly stand when I hear His blest command, I am fol-lowing
3. Though He lead me to the cross, to af - flic-tion or to loss, I am fol-lowing
4. Oft - en wea - ry on the way if I step a- side to pray, I am fol-lowing
5. If I'm faith-ful in the strife and re-ceive a crown of life, I am fol-lowing

Jesus Christ my Saviour; With a heart with love aflame, shouting praises to His name,
Jesus Christ my Saviour; Car- ing not to rea-son why though it be to do or die,
Jesus Christ my Saviour; If to judgment halls it be, or to dark Gethsema-ne,
Jesus Christ my Saviour; Or if I with kindness bless some poor brother in distress,
Jesus Christ my Saviour; When the cares of life are past if I reach that home at last,

D.S.—In the dark or in the light, in the day or in the night,

FINE. REFRAIN.

I am fol- low-ing Je-sus Christ my Sav-iour. I am fol-low-ing Je- sus,

I am fol- low-ing Je - sus Christ my Sav - iour.

D.S.

I am fol-low-ing Je- sus, I am fol-low-ing Je- sus Christ, my Sav-iour;

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No. 285. THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.

E. B. M. E. B. MOORE.

1. There's a beauti - ful home in that land far a-way, Where sor-row nev-er comes;
2. Man-y dear ones up there beckon me now to come, And join the glorious song
3. There my mother is sing-ing the praises of God, A - round the great white throne,
4. And my Saviour is there at the Fa-ther's right hand To plead with those who roam;

There no night ev-er comes, and the blest light of day Shines from th'e - ter - nal throne.
Of re-deem - ing love that gives us a home, With that great white-robed throng.
And if I am re-deem'd by the Lamb's precious blood, I shall join her in that home.
He has gone to prepare me a place in that land, And that shall be my home.

REFRAIN.

Oh, that beau - ti - ful home, . . . Where no cares . . ev - er come; . . .

Oh that beautiful, beautiful, beauti-ful home, Where no cares ev-er come, ever come;
Oh, that beau-ti - ful home,

Will you meet . . . . me in that home, . . . Where we shall never roam?

Will you meet me, will you meet me in that home, beautiful home, Where we shall never roam, no, never roam?

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No. 286. THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Arr. by J. D. PATTON.

Andantino con espressione.

1. How sweet to look back on the years that have vanish'd, And turn to the pictures on
   And while there are some I would gladly have banish'd, Some hallow'd and precious I
2. That book was the joy of my Father and Mother, They scann'd all its pages with
   They found in that book what they found in no other—A Lamp to their feet, to their
3. Dear Father and Moth-er are peace-ful- ly sleeping, My brothers and sis-ters have
   But all thro' time's changes I have in my keeping One treasure that ev - er I'll

mem- o- ry's wall; love to re - call. } A- gain I am home with my sisters and brothers, Again we are
ea - ger de- light; path-way a light. } It told them that Jesus thro' life would go with them, And guide them to
wander'd a - part, hold to my heart. } Its cov-ers are worn by my old Father's fingers, Its leaves bear the

gath-er'd an un- bro-ken band, But one thing ap-pears to me dear-er than
Heav- en with His lov- ing hand; 'Twas dear-er to them than all else you might
im- press of Mother's frail hand; O ask me no more why my mem-o - ry

REFRAIN.

oth-ers, The old family Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
give them, The old family Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
lingers With that dear old Bi - ble that lay on the stand.
} The old family

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THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.—Concluded.

Bi - ble, the worn family Bi-ble, Dear old fami-ly Bi- ble that lay on the stand.

No. 287. JESUS, BLESSED JESUS.

LAURA E. NEWELL. F. W. WESTHOFF.

1. Who is with us ev - 'ry day? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus; With us when we
2. Who good gifts on us bestows? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus; Gives us ev -'ry
3. Who an earth did live and die? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus; Who will call us
4. Who is near what-e'er be-tide? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus; Who heav'n's door hath

REFRAIN

work or play? Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.
flow'r that grows? Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.
by and by? Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.
open'd wide? Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

} Je- sus is the children's Friend, Loves us

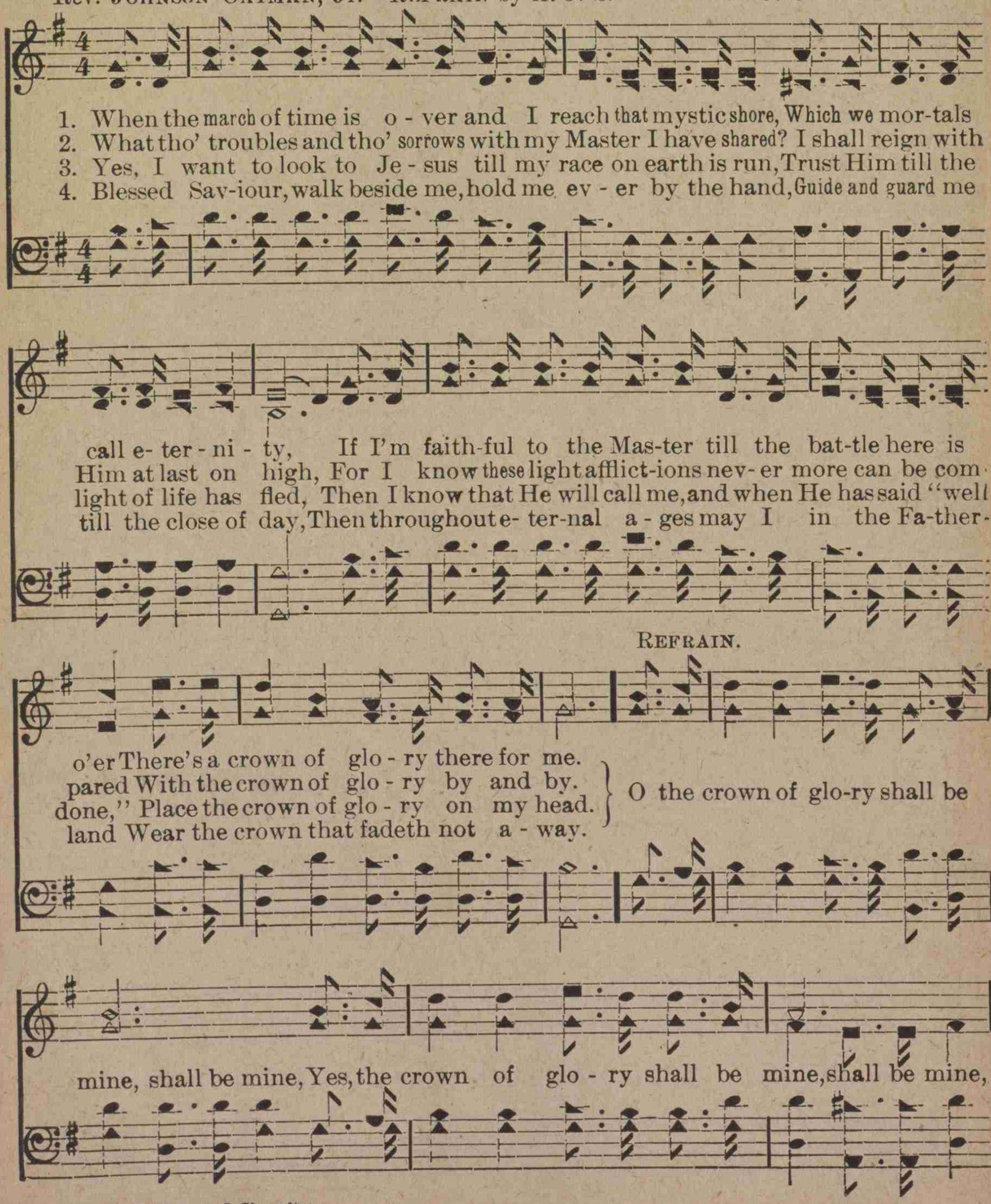
ev -'ry day, We will trust Him to the end, And His laws, His laws obey.
ev'ry day,

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No. 288. The Crown of Glory Shall be Mine.

Suggested by a little tract distributed on an N. C. & St. L. train, between Nashville and Chattanooga, by a crippled man, name unknown to the writer, but whose bright and beaming face made it evident to all that he was not unknown to the Master. May this little song be used of God to add stars to the "crown of glory" which awaits that humble worker when it shall please the Lord to call him up higher. A. J. S.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. REFRAIN by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.



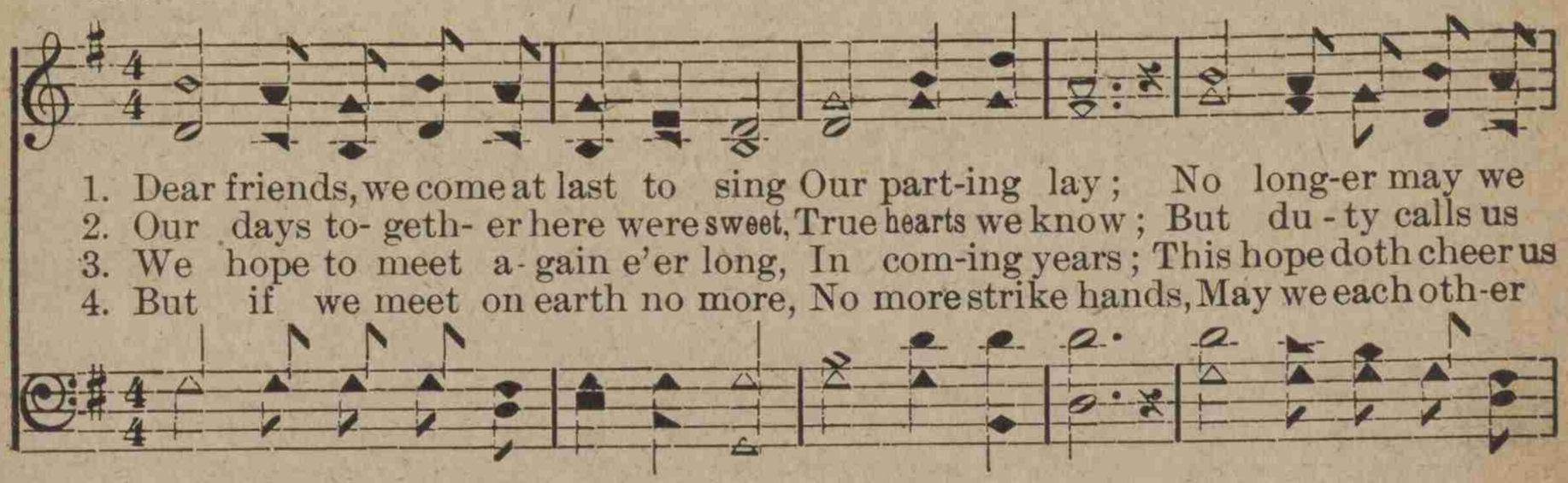
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The Crown of Glory Shall be Mine. Concluded.

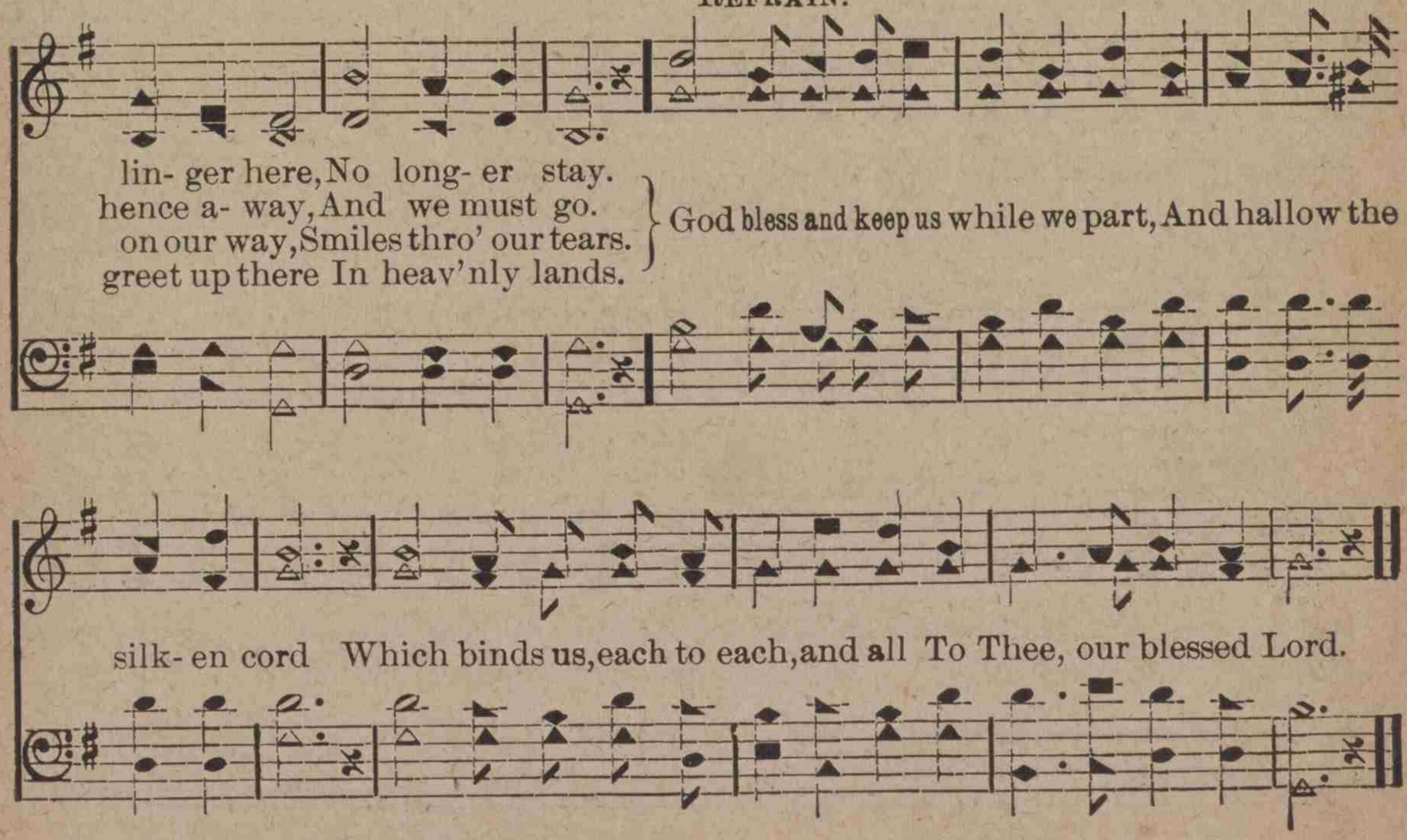


No. 289. OUR PARTING LAY.

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



REFRAIN.



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No. 290. JESUS GOETH ON BEFORE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. J. BENTON.

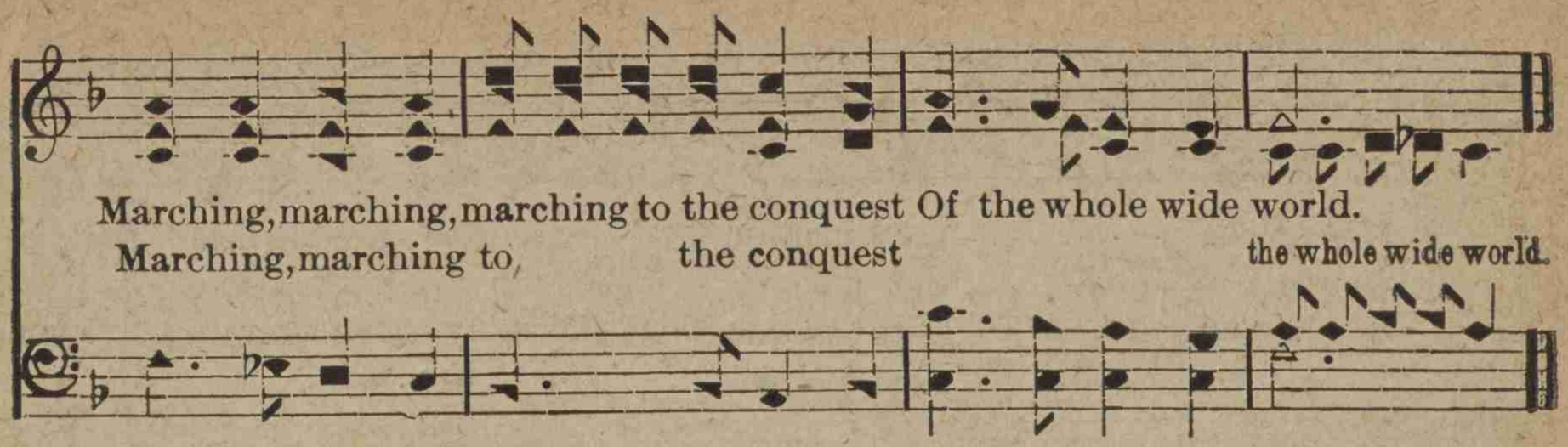
1. Je - sus go - eth on be - fore to lead His hosts a - long, And His peo-ple fol-low on in loy - al - ty and song; Conse-se-cra-ted to His ser - vice are they one and all, And they go where He commands, o - be-dient to His call.
2. Je - sus go - eth on be - fore and lead - eth all the way, And His peo-ple in their faith do follow Him and pray; Trusting to His ho- ly guid-ance they are free from fear, For they know they walk in safe-ty while the Lord is near.
3. Je - sus go - eth on be - fore and leads to vic - to - ry, And His peo-ple foll'wing Him cannot de-feat- ed be; He in His om-nip- o-tence doth gird His arm with strength, And the bat - tle is the Lord's and triumph comes at length.

REFRAIN.

Marching, marching, marching on with Jesus, Ev - 'ry flag, yes, ev'ry flag un-furl'd,
Marching, marching on with Je - sus, Ev - 'ry flag un - furl'd,

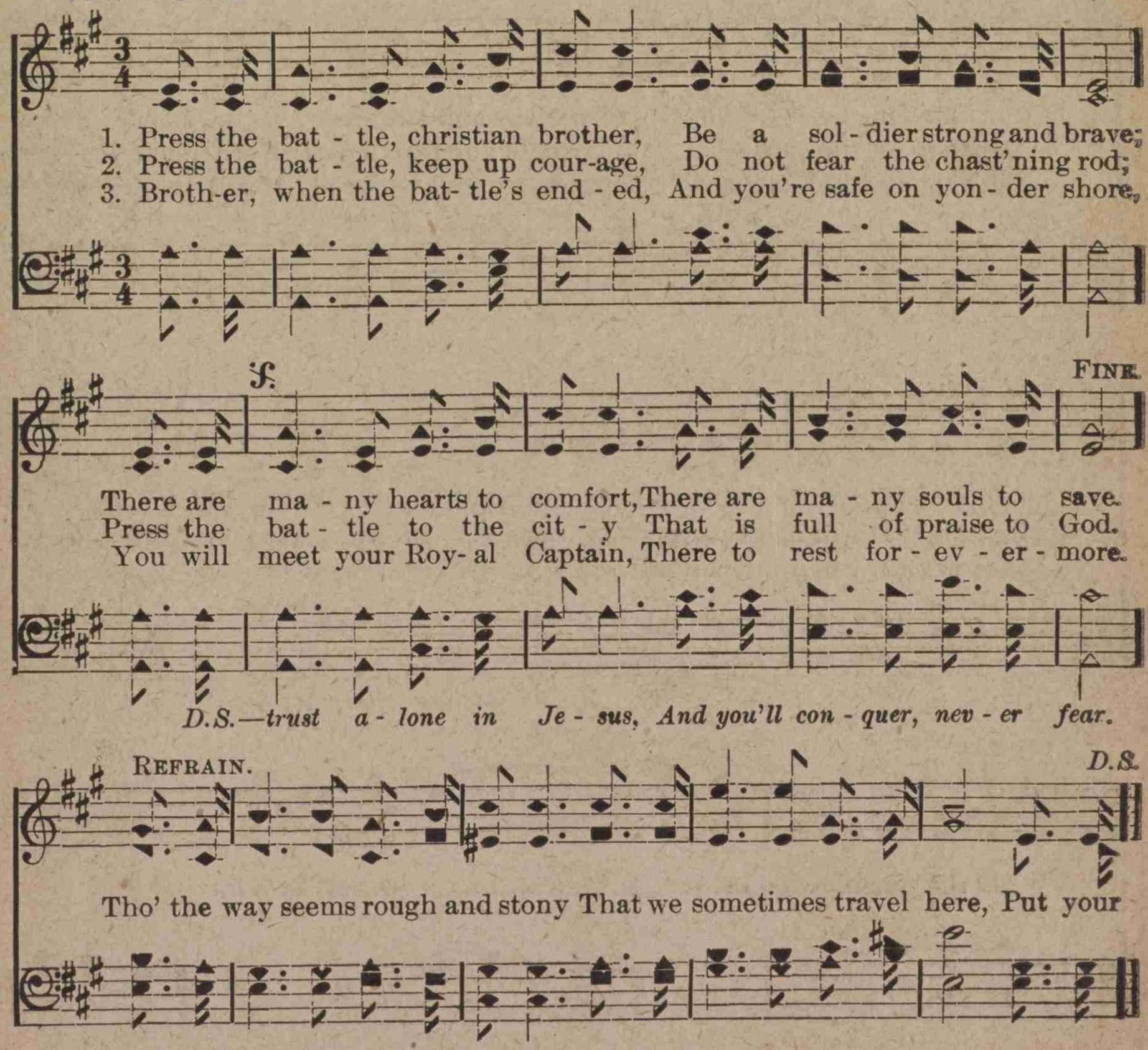
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JESUS GOETH ON BEFORE. Concluded.



No. 291. PRESS THE BATTLE.

JNO. D. POPE. W. N. BROCK.



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No. 292. ARE YOU LETTING IN THE SUNSHINE?

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

1. Are you let-ting in the sunshine Of a Saviour's lov-ing face? Are you
2. Are you let-ting in the sunshine, That would fill with joy your heart? Are you
3. Are you let-ting in the sunshine, That so ma-ny love so well? Are you

let-ting in the sunshine Of His mer-cy and His grace? In the gloom of sin it
let-ting in the sunshine, Making doubt and fear depart? It will make your burdens
let-ting in the sunshine, In your need-y soul to dwell? It will rest you when you're

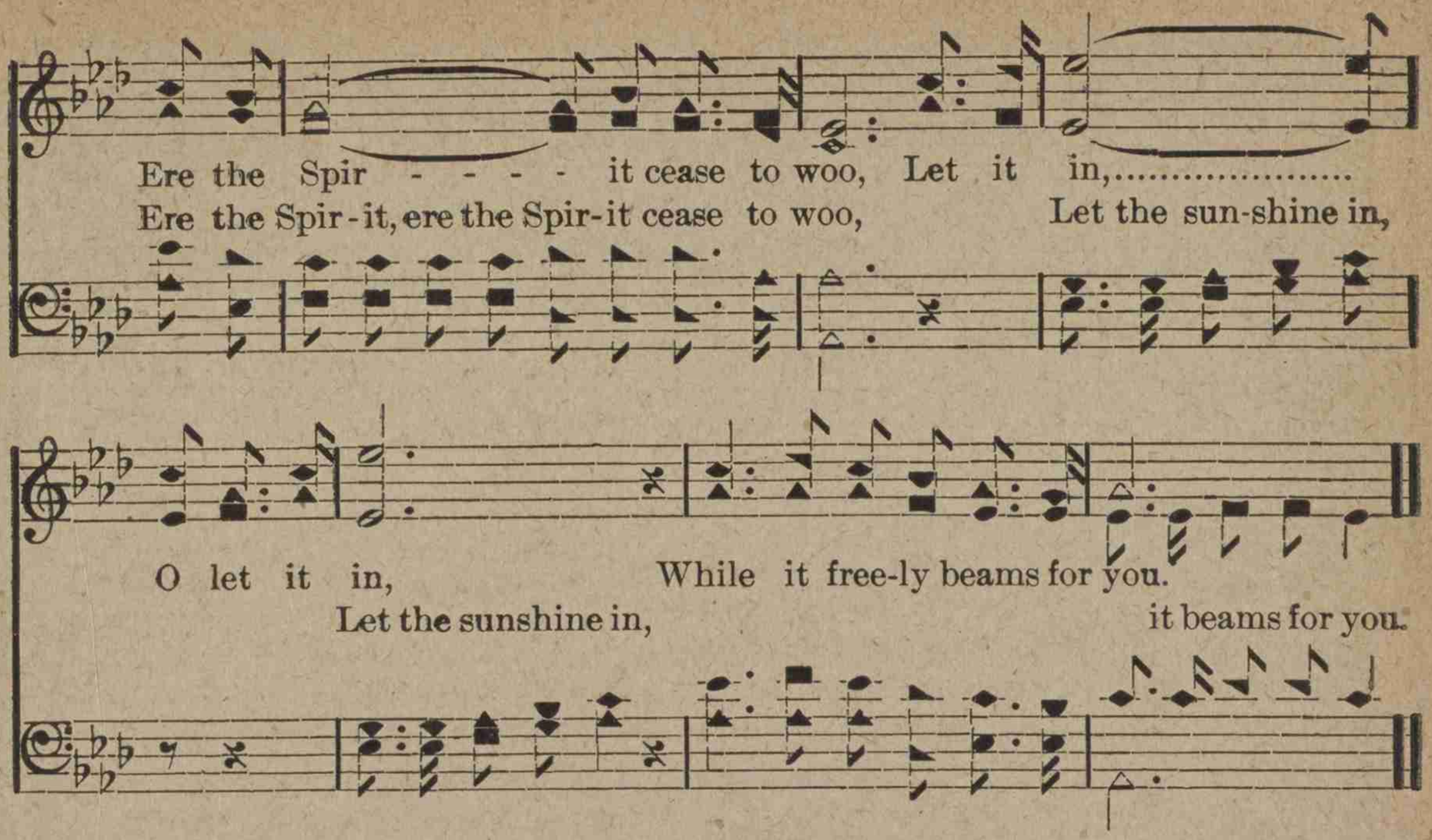
found you, It is beaming all around you! Tho' the darkness long has bound you,
light-er, It will make your pathway bright-er, It will make your spirit whiter!
wea-ry, It will comfort when you're dreary, It will make your life more cheery!

REFRAIN.

Let the sunshine in! Let it in,..... O let it in,
Let the sunshine in, Let the sunshine in,

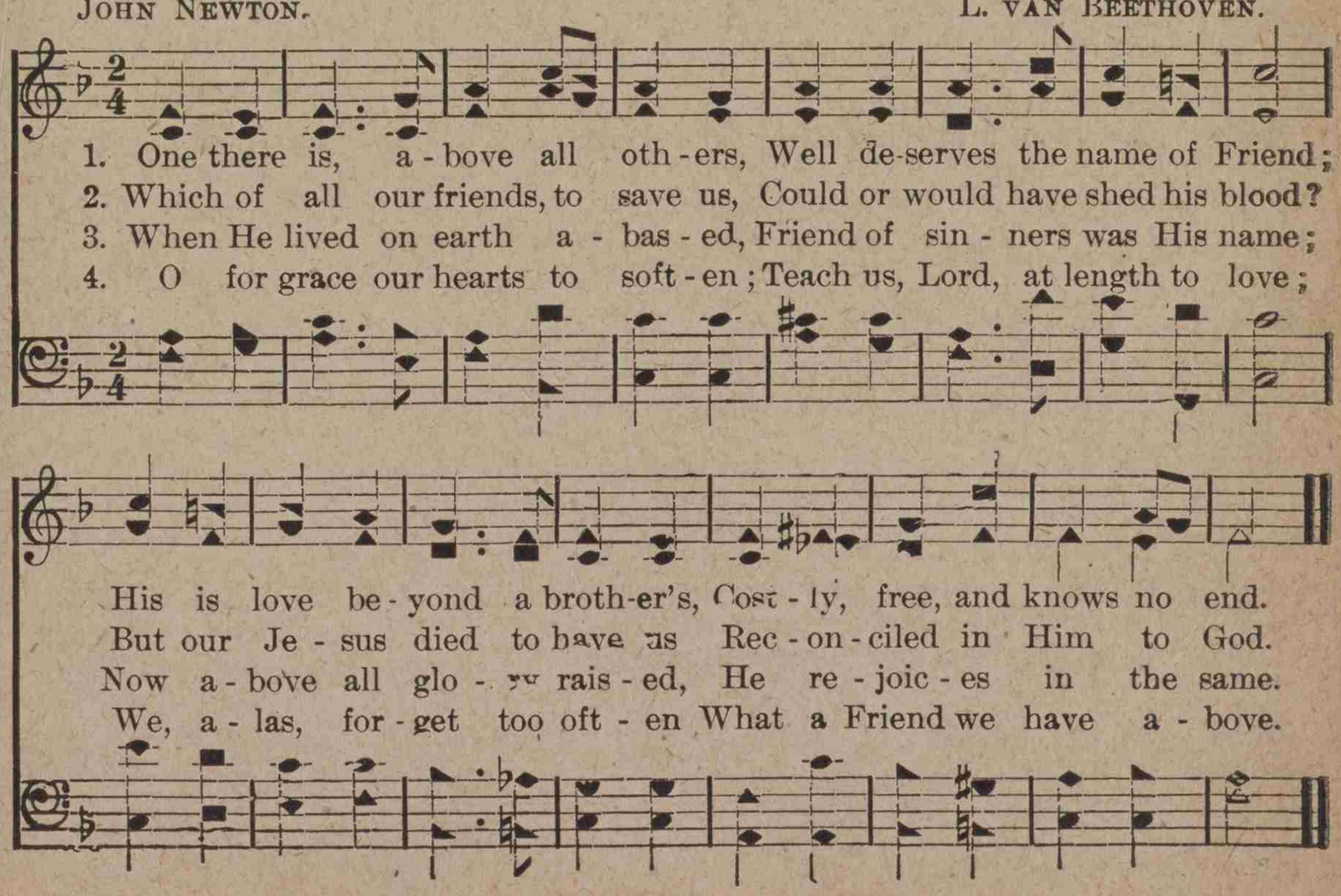
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ARE YOU LETTING IN THE SUNSHINE? Concluded.



No. 293. ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

JOHN NEWTON. L. VAN BEETHOVEN.



No. 294. THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

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

1. The "Prince of Peace"–the most Holy One Came down from heav'n my sins to atone;
2. He came to earth the lost to reclaim, And heal'd the sick, the halt and lame;
3. My Jesus, my Lord, the cru-ci-fied One—I put my trust in Him a - lone,

He gave His life, His blood was the cost; Redeem'd the world–the whole world was lost.
He ransom'd my soul from sin and despair, And took from my heart its burden of care.
My heart is fix'd, my hope is se-cure; My faith in Him, a-bund-ant and sure.

He cleans'd my heart, and gave me sweet rest; He made me free,—so happy and blest;
He'll never forsake, no nev- er betray, Tho' I may be wand'ring far a - way;
He is my Rock, my comfort and shield; Thro' His own blood my pardon was seal'd;

Rit.....

I now re-vere His most ho-ly name,—Rejoice in Has love—His glory proclaim.
His sheltering arm will reach out a- far, The gates of His fold are ev- er a - jar.
I've anchor'd my soul on Him alone,—I'm waiting to hear His message "well done."

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THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The Prince of Peace, the most Holy One, Redeemer of earth, was God's only Son,

Ritard......

He paid the great debt, His blood was the cost; Redeem'd the whole world—a world that was lost.

No. 295. OVERBERG. L. M.

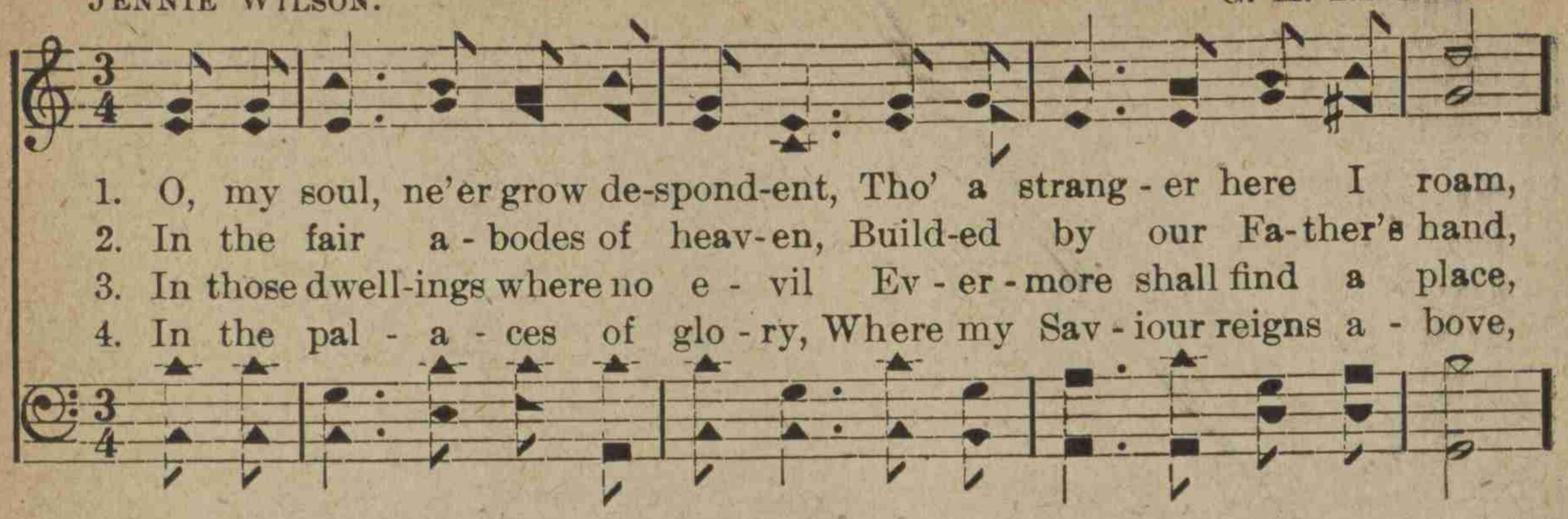
ISAAC WATTS. J. C. H. RINK.

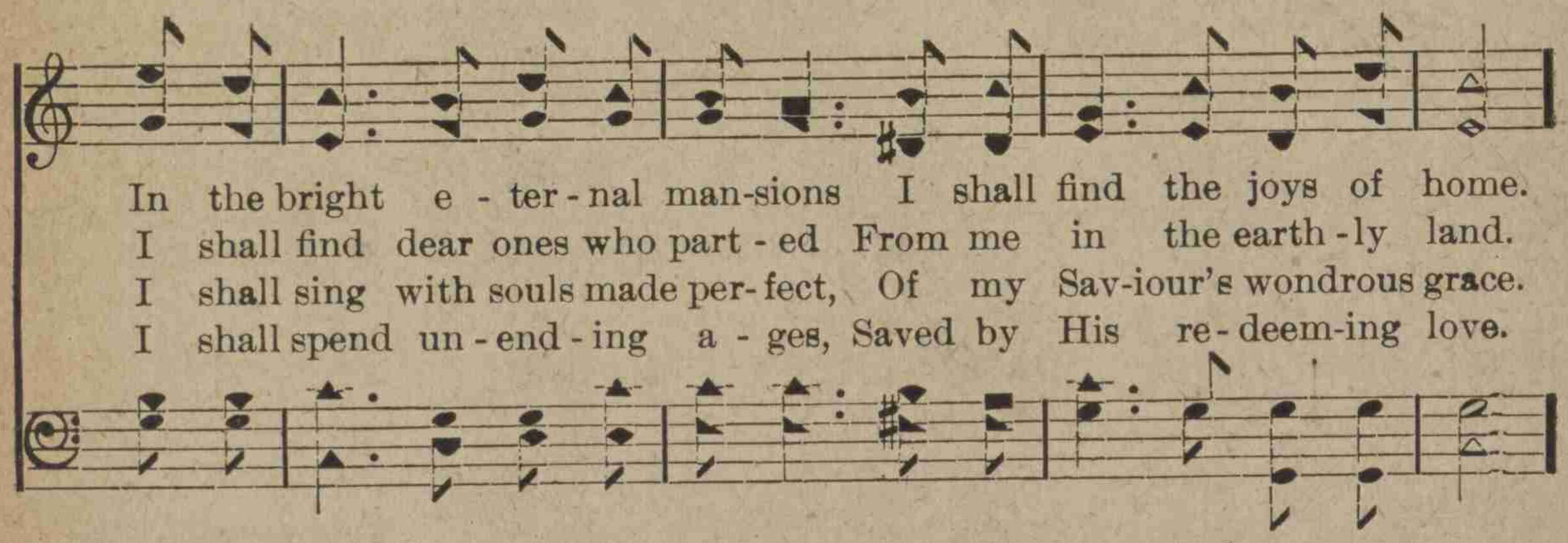
1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voic-es in His praise;
2. Great is tho Lord! and great His might, And all His glo - ries in - fi - nite;
3. He loves the meek, rewards the just Humbles the wick- ed in the dust;
4. His saints are precious in His sight; He views His chil-dren with de - light!

His na - ture and His works in - vite To make this du - ty our de - light.
His wisdom vast, and knows no bound—A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
Melts and sub-dues the stubborn soul, And makes the brok-en spir- it whole.
He sees their hope, He knows their fear, Approves and loves His im- age there.

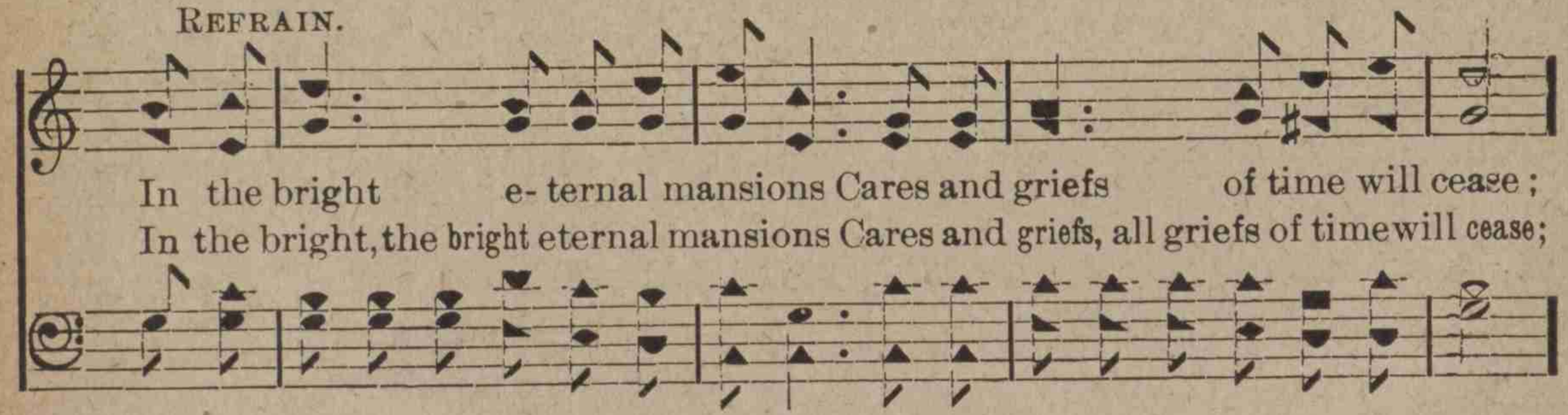
No. 296. THE BRIGHT ETERNAL MANSIONS.

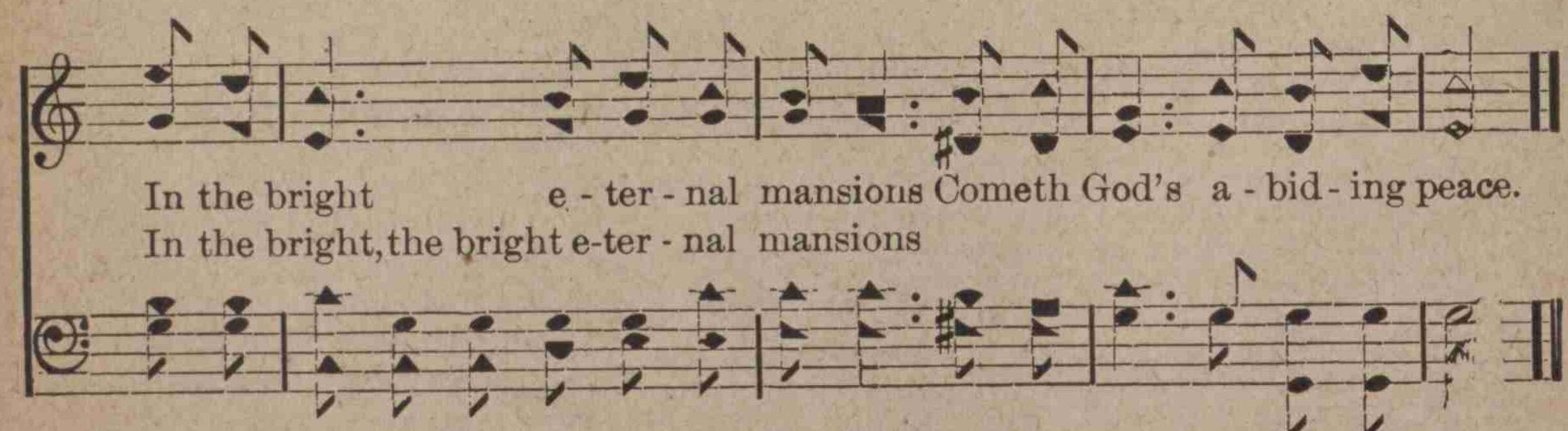
JENNIE WILSON. G. H. RIDDLE.





REFRAIN.





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No. 297. A MESSAGE OF CHEER.

BIRDIE BELL. R. H. CORNELIUS.

1. Whene'er my heart grows heavy and sorrows press a - round, I seem to hear a
2. At times I grow disheartened for clouds are thick o'erhead, I long to see the
3. O pre-cious is the mes-sage, sweet comfort it doth bring, It drives a- way my

message which has a cheery sound, And then the heart grows lighter and joys once more a-
sunshine upon my pathway spread, Then comes the word which brightens the road which I must
worries and makes my doubts take wing, The sigh becomes an anthem and now I glad-ly

REFRAIN.

bound, "Look up! cheer up! Thy Father loves His child." Look up when sorrows
tread,
sing. "Look up! cheer up!

grieve thee, Cheer up when storms are wild; O precious is the message, "Thy Father loves His child."

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No. 298. WE ARE TRAVELING HOME.

JAMES W. MORRIS. I. O. SHERROD.

1. We are trav-'ling home to heav - en, press-ing on we glad - ly go; Ev-'ry eve- ning finds us near- er to that home; Day by day to us is giv - en strength to
2. Nev - er can the path be drear - y while our Fa-ther's lov-ing hand Richest blessings scatters all a-long the way; Tho' our feet are sometimes wea-ry yet a
3. As we near that land im -mor - tal, where the an - gels watch and wait, Onward to those scenes we has-ten joy- ous- ly; When we pass the shin-ing por -tal, heav-en's

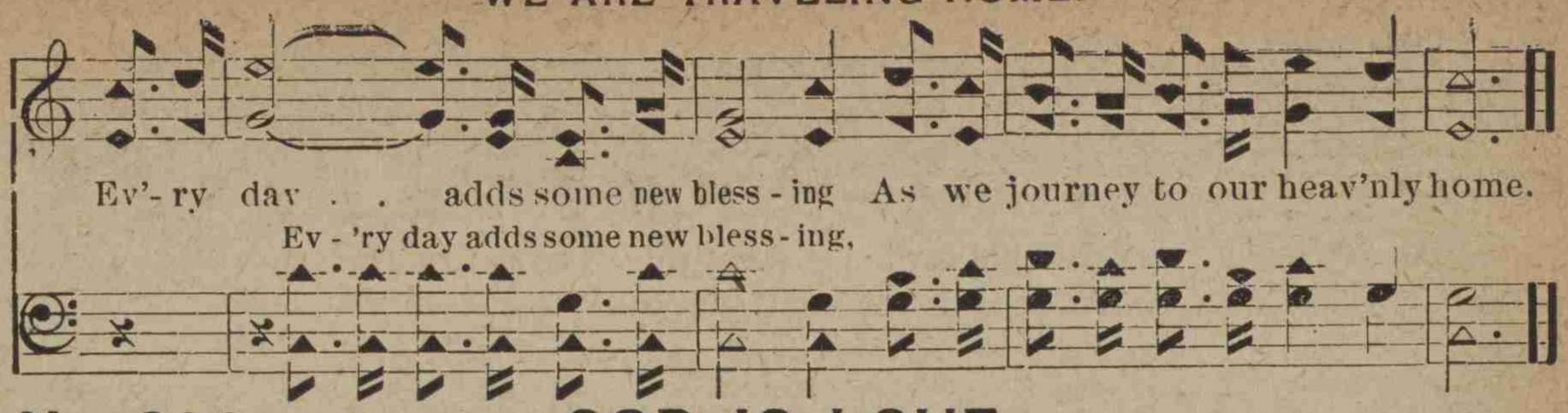
con - quer ev - 'ry foe, And to brave - ly meet all tri - als as they come.
glimpse of heav-en's land Quick - ly drives all trace of wea - ri - ness a - way.
o - pen pearl - y gate, Face to face our bless- ed Sav - iour we shall see.

REFRAIN.

T'ward our heav'n - ly home we're press-ing, All the way . . His love possess-ing,
T'ward our heav'nly home we're pressing, All the way His love pos-sess - ing,

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WE ARE TRAVELING HOME.



No. 299. GOD IS LOVE.

GEO. BURDER. JESSE B. LAIRD.



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No. 300. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

J. M. B. J. M. Bowman, by per

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far beyond the tide, Where my lov'd ones are wait-ing a -
2. In that beau-ti - ful land is a home so bright, Where I hope that some day I may
3. I am near-ing my home in that love-ly land, O I hear sweetest voi-ces a -

long the riv - er-side; O, I long to be there and their pleas-ures share, With their
there be clad in white; O, I long to be there in that land so fair, Where my
long the gold - en strand; O, I soon shall be there with my lov'd ones fair, Where I

Refrain.

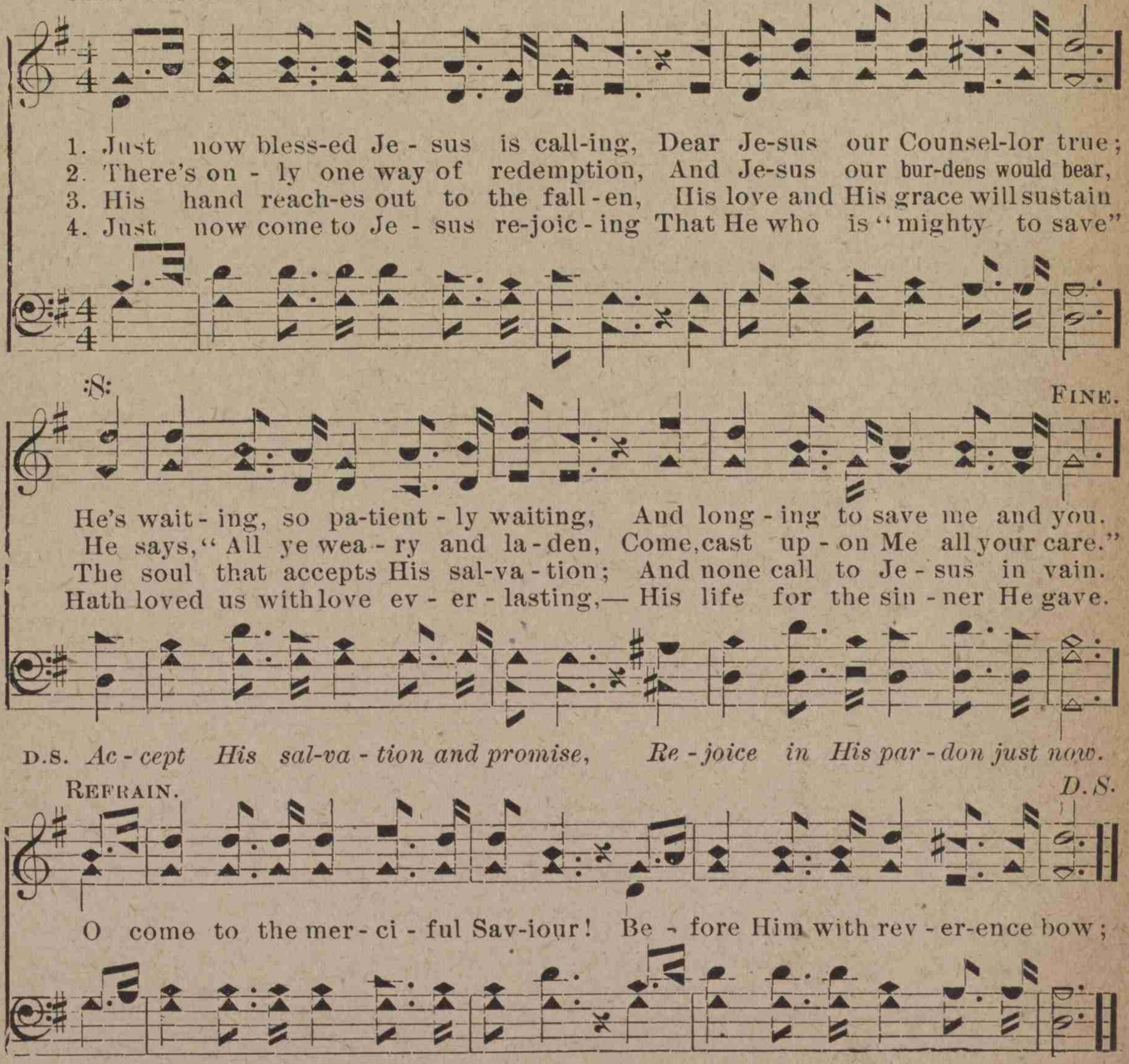
crowns of gold and their gar-ments fair. O, I long to be
Lord will give me a crown to wear.
shall with them their sweet pleas-ures share. O, I long

there, With my dear ones so fair, In that
to be there, With my dear ones so fair,



No. 301. JUST NOW.

MRS. LAURA E. NEWELL. W. J. PARKER.



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No. 302. BATTLING FOR THE RIGHT.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Bat-tling for the right, bravely let us fight, Trusting in our Captain we shall
2. Bat-tling for the right, clad in arm-or bright, Ral - ly 'neath the standard of our
3. Bat-tling for the right, valiant in the fight, Strong and of good courage, never

onward go; Soldiers tried and true, wrong we must subdue, In the strength of Jesus
heav'nly King; Take His sword and shield, never weakly yield, Follow Him to conquest,
fear-ing loss; We are on the side of the Lord our Guide, Marching 'neath His banner,

REFRAIN.

conquer ev -'ry foe.
songs of vict'ry sing.
soldiers of the cross.
} Battling for the right, in our Captain's pow'r and might, Fierce may

be the rag-ing conflict, but in vic-to-ry 'twill end; Onward for the Lord, wield for

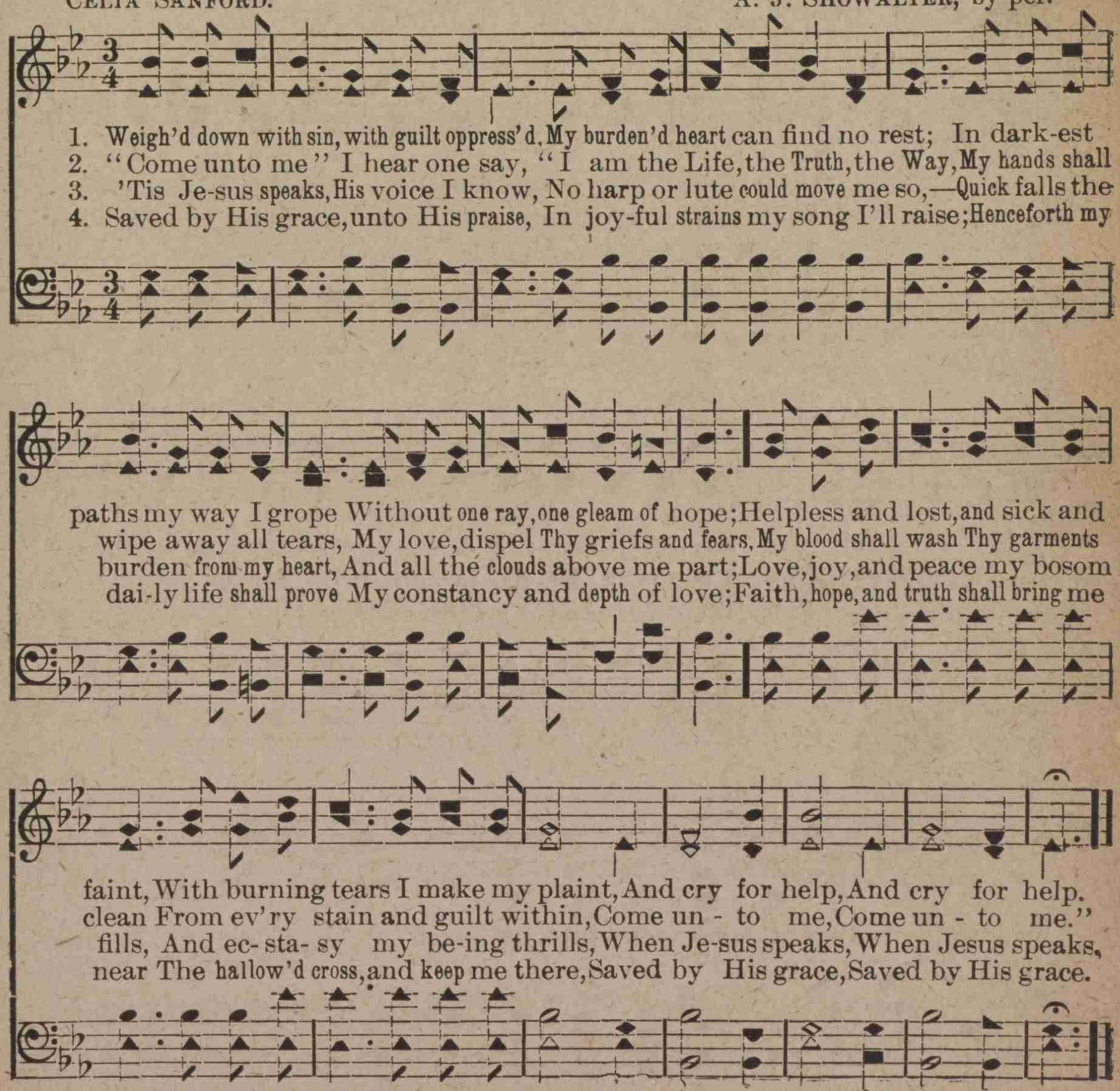
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BATTLING FOR THE RIGHT. Concluded.



No. 303. SAVED BY HIS GRACE.

CELIA SANFORD. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 304. LOYALTY TO THE MASTER.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Loy - al - ty to the Mas - ter, loy - al - ty to the King; Loyal - ty now and
2. Loy - al - ty to the Mas - ter, let - ing him lead the way; Glo - ri-ous is His
3. Loy - al - ty to the Mas - ter, look-ing to Him a-lone, Turning a - way from

ev - er, cheer - i - ly let us sing; Whol - ly at His command-ment.
ban - ner, fol - low it ev - 'ry day; In - to the midst of bat - tle
e - vil, Je - sus will keep His own; On - ward, still on - ward press-ing,

let ev -'ry sol-dier be, Joy-ful -ly serv- ing Je - sus, serv- ing with loy - al - ty.
conquering as we go, Vic- to - ry He has promised o - ver the dead - ly foe.
see-ing the star - ry prize, Waiting for all the faith-ful, meet- ing be-yond the skies.

REFRAIN.

Loy - al sol - diers, let us joy - ful - ly march a - long, For - - ward.
Joy-ful - ly march,

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for - - ward, with a tri - umphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a
stead - i - ly march,
Joy - ful - ly march, steadi - ly march,
and our King. . . . . .
hap-py and loy - al throng, Loyal to our Sav-iour, to our Saviour and our King.
King. . . . . .

No. 305. GOD IS PRESENT EVERYWHERE.

OLIVER HOLDEN. C. H. BOTTOMS.

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
2. In our sick - ness or our health, In our want or in our wealth,
3. When our earth - ly com - forts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail,
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa - ther come and wait;

If we live a life of prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
If we look to God in prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
'Tis the time for earn - est prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.
He will an - swer ev - 'ry prayer, God is pres - ent ev - 'ry-where.

No. 306. HOLY PEACE.

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

1. A peace Je-sus gave me when He par-doned me, A peace which a - bides with-in my spir - it al-way, A sweet peace which the saved of God a -
2. A joy Je-sus wak-ened in this soul of mine, Such joy as had never thrill'd my be - ing be-fore; 'Twas a joy grow-ing deep-er as the
3. A rest Je-sus brought me when He cleansed my heart, A rest calm and ho - ly, free from all anx-ious care, A sweet rest full of qui-et-ness and

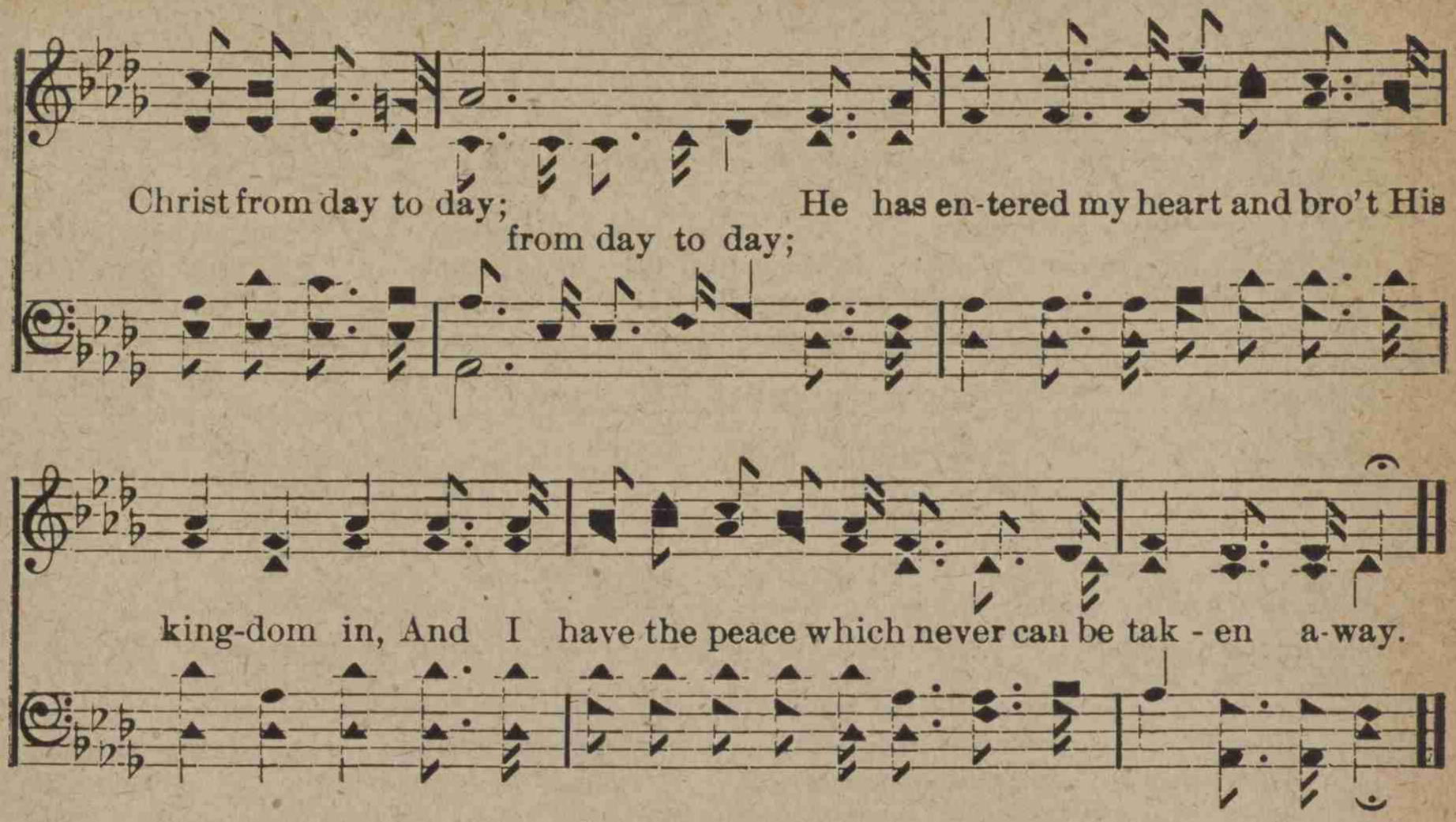
lone can know, Which the world could never give me, and can ne'er take away.
days rolled on, And increased in pow'r and sweetness in my life ev-er-more.
deep re- pose, And with-in my heart a-bid- ing, ev - er-more, ev- er- more.

REFRAIN.

Ho - ly peace! ho - ly joy! Ho - ly rest, per-fect rest! These my portion in

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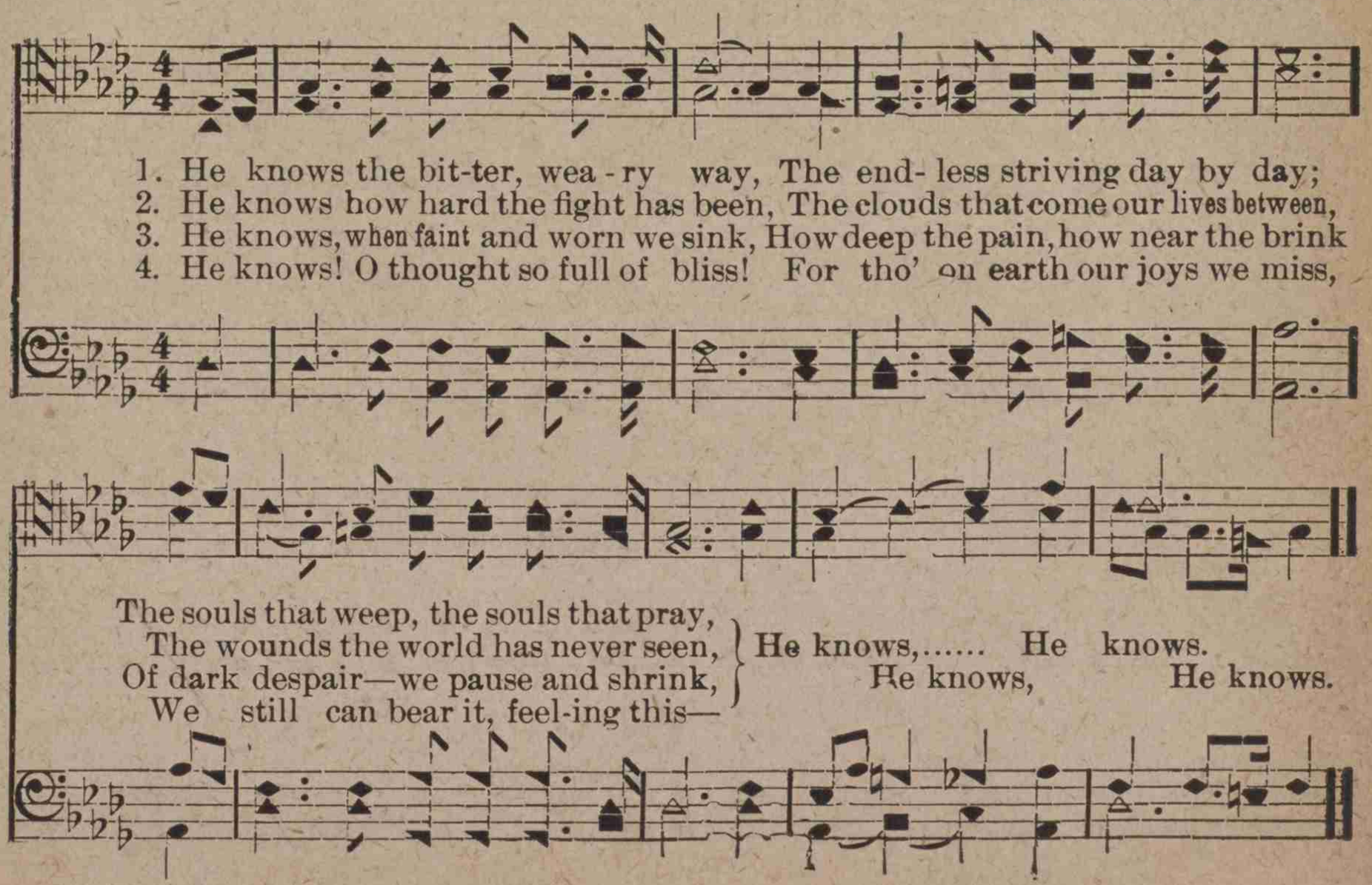
HOLY PEACE. Concluded.



No. 307. HE KNOWS.

* * *

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 308. I NEED THY GRACE.

R. E. W. R. E. WINSETT.

1. O Sav - iour, hear . . . . my hum - ble plea, ... And send love's mes - - sage un - to me; . . . .
2. Come, Saviour dear, ... and fill my heart, ... Thy Spir- it's pow'r . . . to me im- part, ...
3. No oth - er way . . . . to Thee I know . . . . Than thro' the Lord . . . who loved me so; . . . .

1. O Saviour, hear my humble plea,
2. Come, Saviour dear, and fill my heart,
3. No oth - er way to Thee I know,

Out in the dark . . . cold world I roam, . . . A - way from mer - - cy, God and home, (I sadly roam.)
That leadeth in . . . the King's high- way; . . . From darkness in - - to brightest day. (the brightest day.)
All earthly loss . . . I count as gain, . . . Trust-ing the Lamb . . . on Cal-v'ry slain, (on Calv'ry slain.)

And send love's message un-to me; Out in the dark cold world I roam,
Thy Spirit's pow'r to me impart; That leadeth in the King's highway;
Than thro' the Lord who loved me so; All earthly loss I count as gain,

A - way from mercy, God and home. . . . .
From darkness in - to brightest day. . . . .
Trust-ing the Lamb on Cal-v'ry slain. . . . .

REFRAIN.

I need Thy grace, O Lord di-vine,

I need Thy grace, ... O Lord di - vine, ... O, let Thy

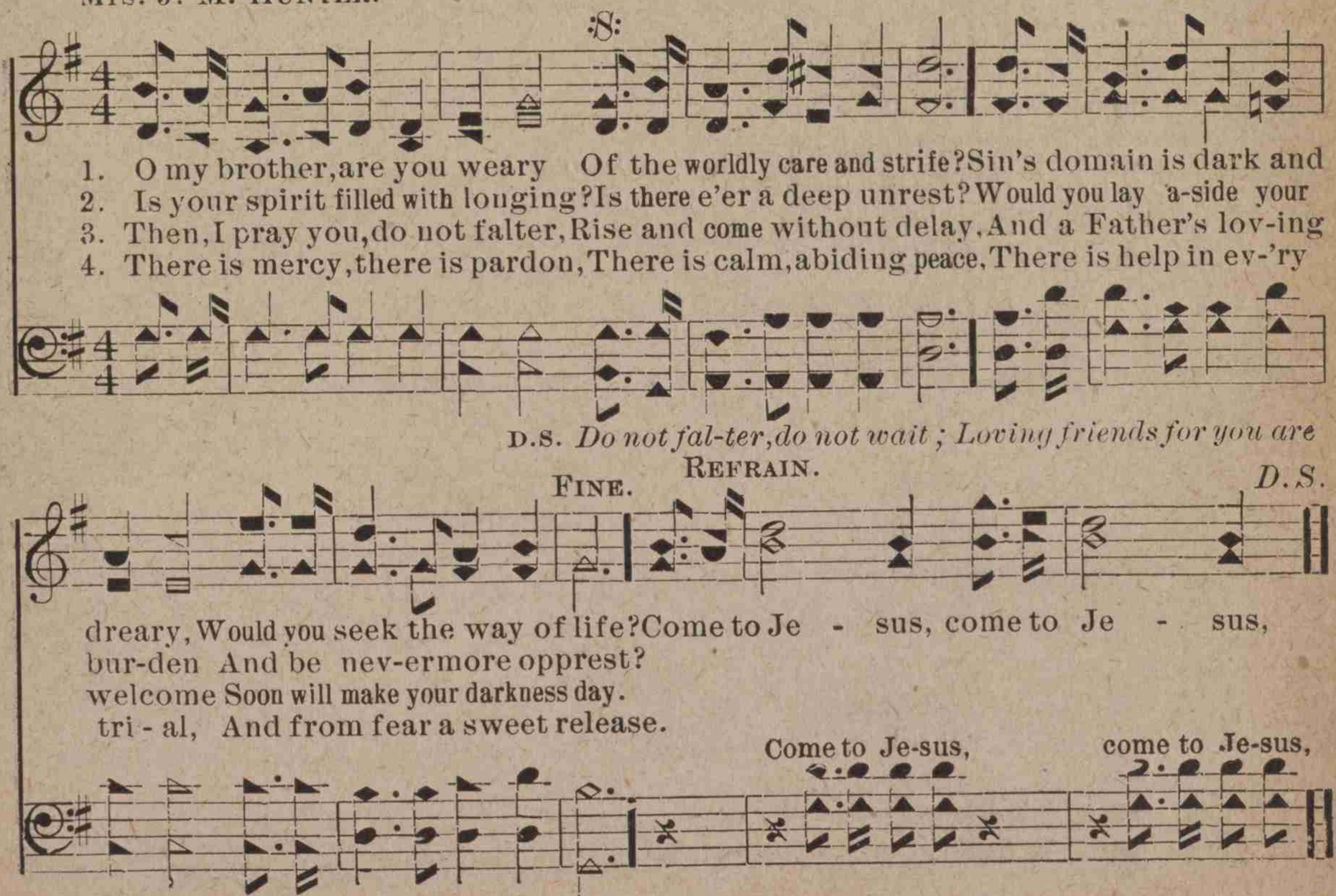
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I NEED THY GRACE.



No. 309. COME TO JESUS.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. J. W. Garrett.



No. 310. "BY-AND-BY."

Duet, Quartet and Chorus.

MENZIES CUMMING.

M. C.

DUET. Soprano and Alto.

1. One by one we're pass-ing o - ver To the land of love and light,
2. O'er each life will fall a shad- ow, Blighting hope with chilling ray,
3. Soon we'll leave this life of sor - row, Soon we'll close our tear-dimm'd eyes.

Where the heart is nev - er wea - ry, Where the day is nev-er night,
When some lov'd one, pale and pulse-less, Tells the close of sorrows day.
To a - wake in realms of glo - ry, In the man - sions of the skies.

QUARTET. 1st and 2nd Soprano or Alto.

Where a tear - drop nev - er glit - ters In the love - light of the eye,
Ten - der hands may close the eye - lids; Breaking hearts may sob and sigh;
O! the joy, the bliss of meet- ing In heav'n's courts where raptures ring.

1st and 2nd Tenor.

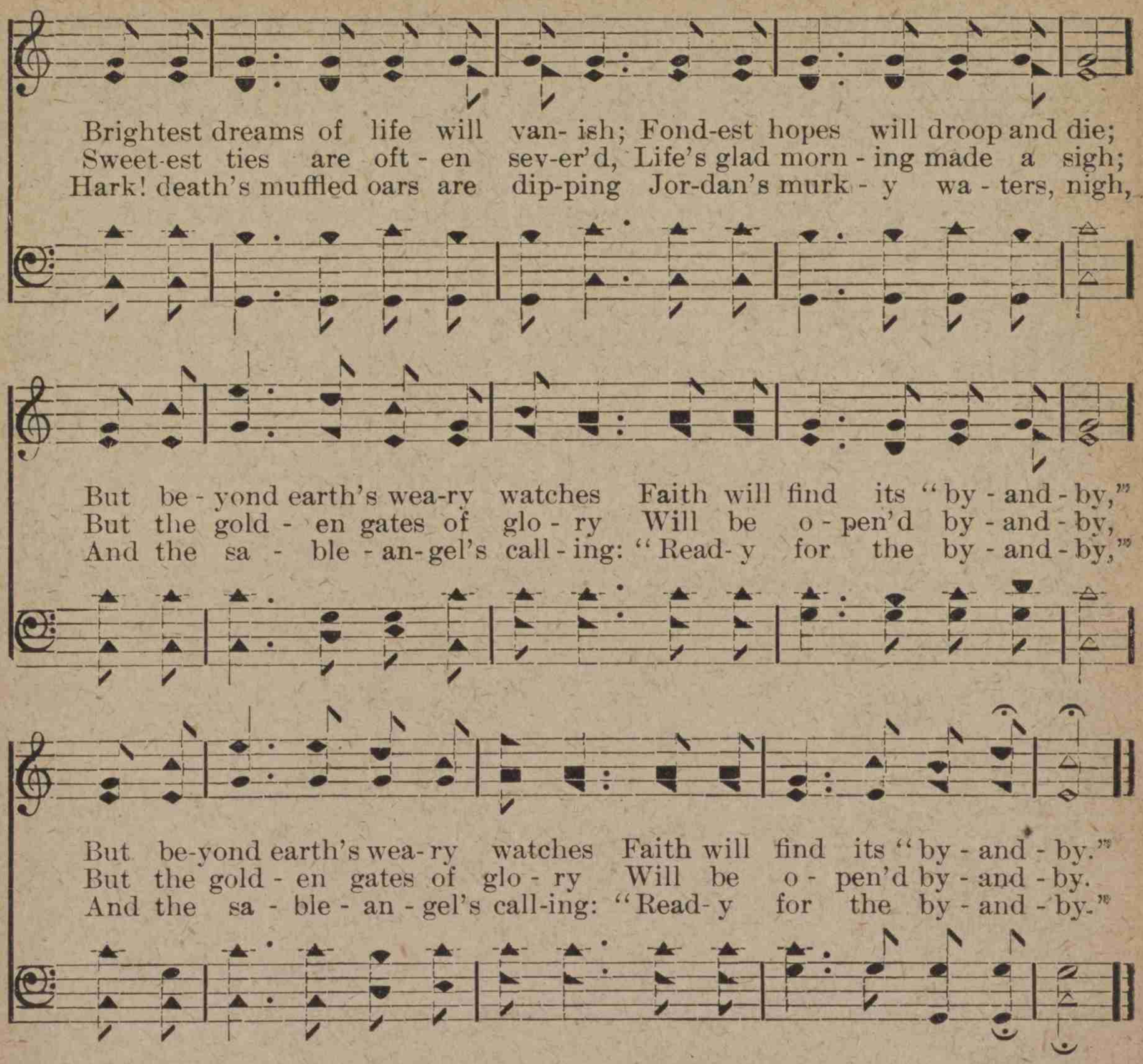
(May be sung by Altos.)

And the sigh and sob are si - lent, On the shores of "by - and - by."
But, the sleep - er knows no wak-ing. He has en - ter'd "by - and - by."
"Lov'd and lost" the cho - ral sing-ing. "Hal le - lu - jah to our King."

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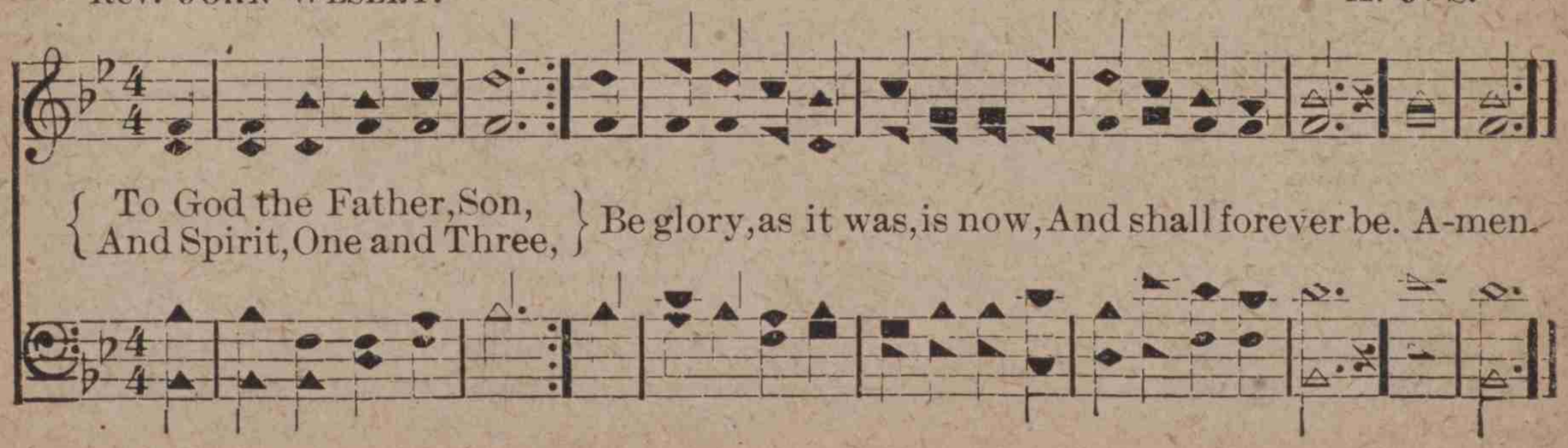
"BY-AND-BY." Concluded.

CHORUS.



No. 311. DOXOLOGY. S. M.

Rev. JOHN WESLEY. A. J. S.



No. 312. SWEET HOME.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. H. HOLCOMB.

1. Be - yond the star-ry sky There is a cit - y fair,
2. With - in the pearl-y gate, Our loved ones gone be - fore,
3. In that blest, hap- py home There's one e - ter - nal day;
4. No sor - row there can come, No tears will ev - er flow;

1. Be-yond the star - ry, star - ry sky, There is a cit - y, cit - y fair,
2. With-in the pearl - y, pearl-y gate. Our loved ones loved ones gone before,
3. In that blest hap - py, hap-py home, There's one, there's one e - ter-nal day;
4. No sorrow, sor - row, there can come, No tears no tears will ev-er flow;

A hap - py, bright a - bode, And Christ our Lord is there. (our Lord is there.)
Ere long, again we'll meet, We'll meet to part no more. (no never more,)
No fad - ing flow'rs, no blight, No sor-row- ful de-cay. (there's no decay.)
There in that home of love Sweet peace and joy we'll know. (yes, joy we'll know.)

A hap-py, hap - py, bright abode,
Ere long, again we'll meet, we'll meet,
No fad-ing, fad - ing flow'rs, no blight,
There in, there in that home of love

REFRAIN.

Sweet home, sweet home a - bove, Sweet home of God on high;
Sweet home, sweet home a- bove, Sweet home, sweet home of God on high;

Sweet home, sweet home of love,..... We'll reach it by and by.
Sweet home, sweet home of love, We'll reach it by and by, by and by.

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No. 313. THEY THAT BE WISE.

Daniel 12: 3.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

They that be wise shall shine as the fir - ma-ment, they that be wise shall

shine as the fir - ma-ment, they that be wise shall shine as the fir-ma-ment; And

they that turn ma - ny to right-eous-ness, ma - ny to right-eous-ness, ma - ny to

right-eous-ness as the stars for - ev - er and ev - er. They that be wise,

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THAT THEY BE WISE.

they that be wise, they that be wise shall shine as the fir - ma-ment,

shine as the fir - ma-ment, shine as the fir - ma-ment, shall shine as the

fir - ma -ment; And they that turn ma - ny to right-eous-ness, ma - ny to

right-eous-ness, ma - ny to right-eous-ness as the stars for - ev - er and

THEY THAT BE WISE.

ev - er. They that be wise shall shine as the fir-ma-ment, they that be wise shall

shine as the fir - ma-ment, they that be wise shall shine as the fir-ma-ment; And

they that turn ma - ny to right-eous-ness, ma-ny to right-eousness, ma-ny to

right-eous-ness as the stars for - ev-er and ev - er. A - MEN.

No. 314. SONGS THAT MOTHER SANG.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. D. PATTON.

1. I love to think of oth - er days, Of years that come no more, When I en - joy'd my childhood plays Be-side my mother's' door; And thro' the chambers of my
2. When winter made the earth seem bare, And ev'nings then were long, I used to stand be-side her chair To hear some sacred song, When from her voice so rich and
3. My mother loved her fam-ily well; But loved her Sav-iour more, And she has gone with Him to dwell On that ce- les-tial shore. Oh, how her dear face used to
4. Tho' friends may gather round me here, Friends who are true and kind; Yet such a friend as moth-er dear On earth I'll nev-er find. But here the best of friends must
5. I've had my troub- les on life's road, I've had my doubts and fears; Thro' sorrow I have borne my load While hope has dried my tears, For tears up there will nev-er

soul Sweet ech- oes seem to ring; Once more that old hymn seems to roll That
clear The sweet- est mu - sic rang; Me-thinks the an - gels hov-er'd near To
shine, Re - mind-ing one of spring, As when in notes al-most di - vine My
part, Tho' close- ly we may cling, I learn'd in childhood this in part When
flow, Sin there will leave no sting, I learn'd of this long years a - go When

CHORUS. After first Stanza.

moth-er used to sing.
hear when mother sang.
moth-er used to sing.
moth-er used to sing.
moth-er used to sing.

Je-sus lov- er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som

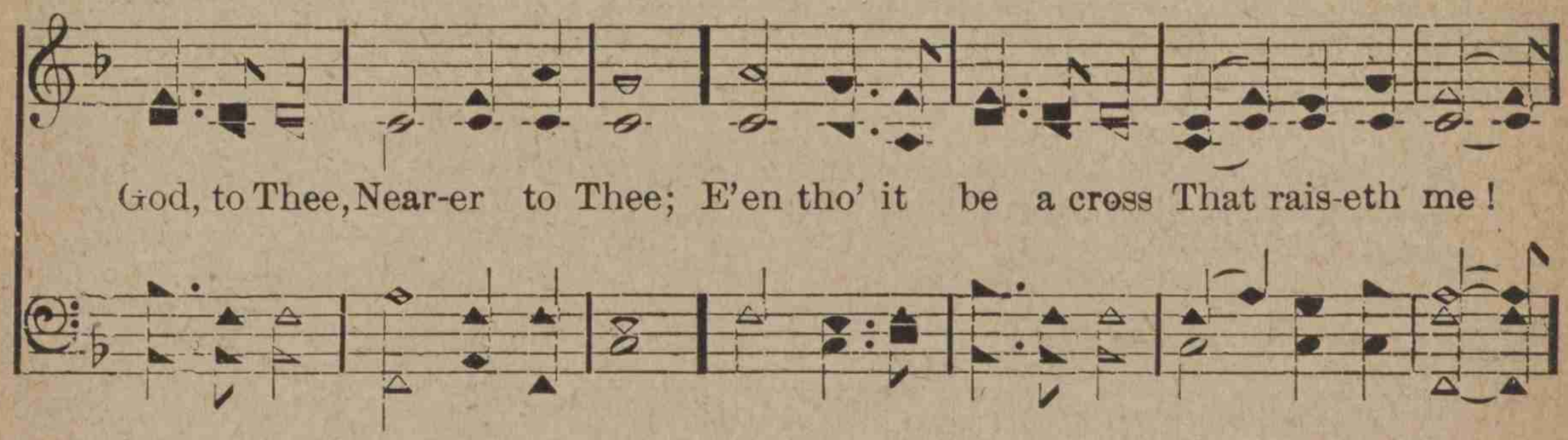
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CHORUS.

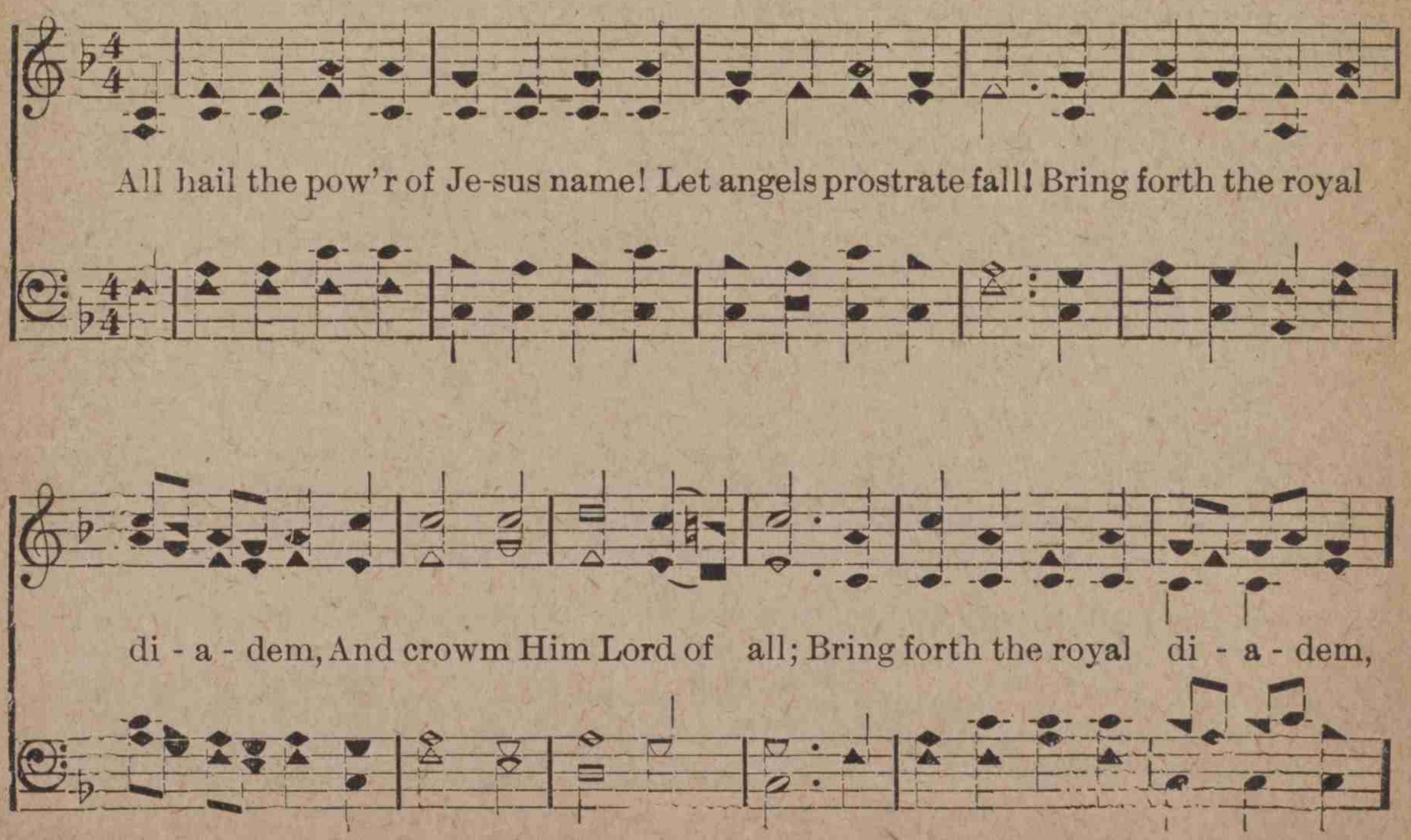
D. C. After 2d stanza.



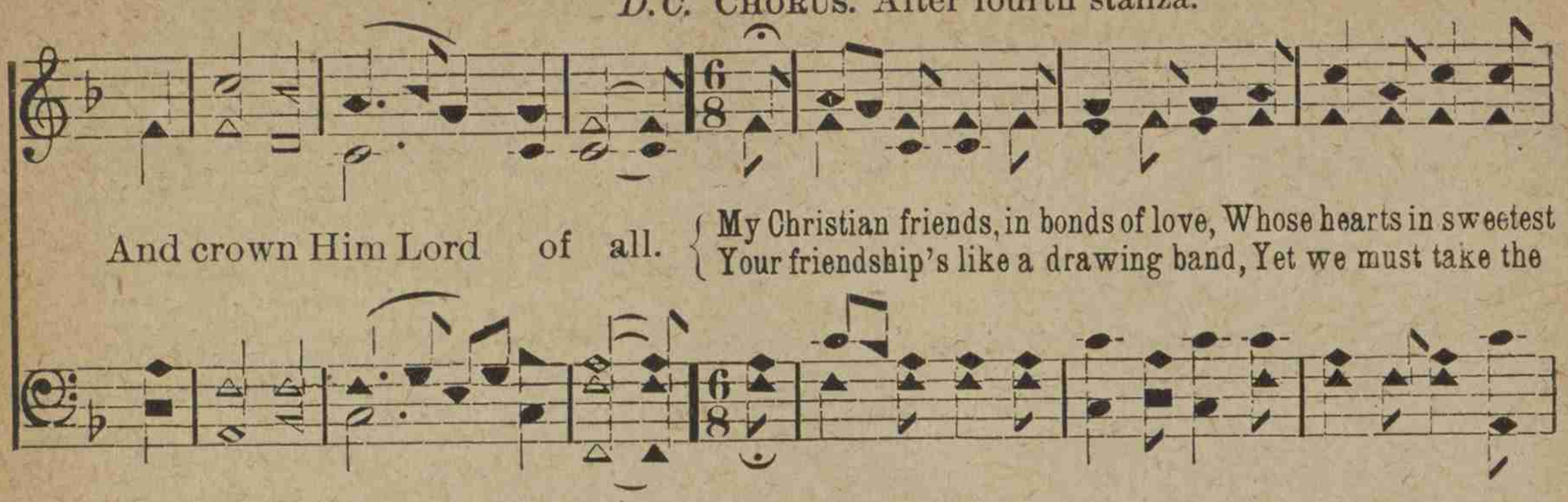
D. C.

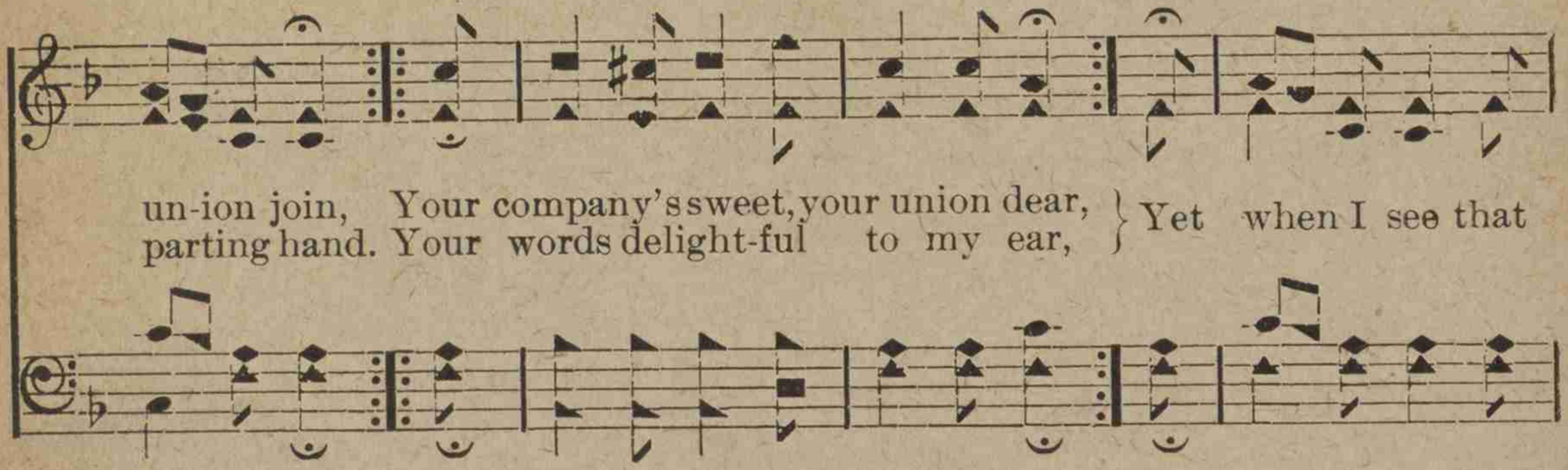


CHORUS. After third stanza.



D.C. CHORUS. After fourth stanza.





D.C. CHORUS. After fifth stanza.





first

No. 315. OH, PRAISE THE LORD.

A. H. Cook.

Allegretto.

Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations, Praise the Lord, all ye nations, Praise the Lord,

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise ye the Lord.

all ye nations, Oh, praise Him, oh, praise Him, Praise, oh, praise the Lord.

3

3

Duet Obligato.

Moderato.

Oh, praise His ho - ly name, . Sing prais - es un - to Him; .

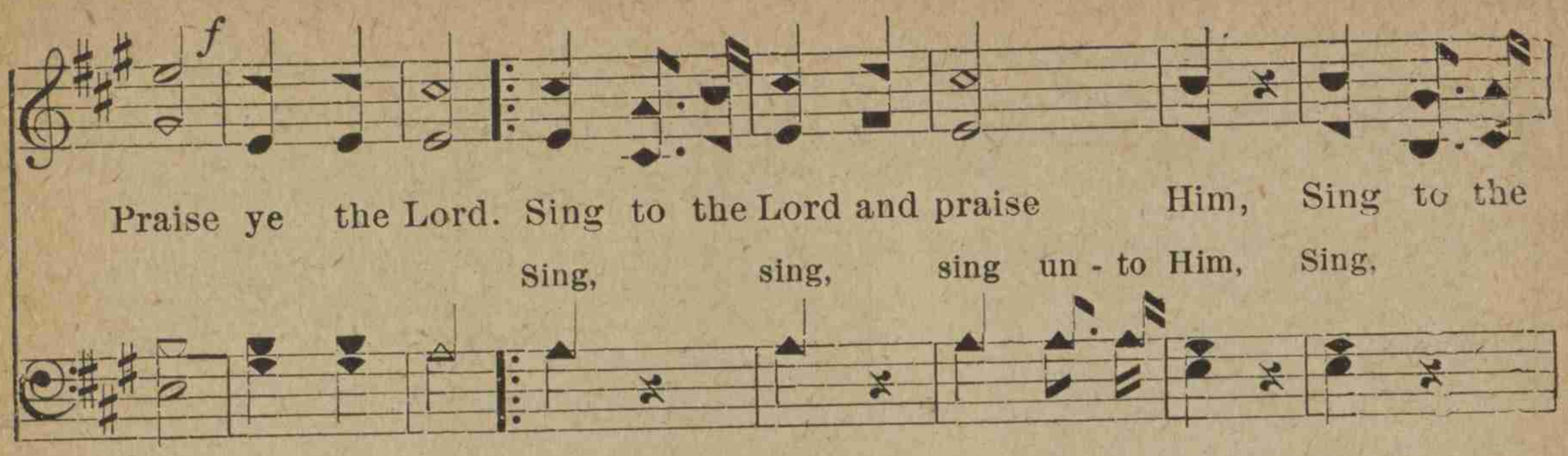
Praise, Oh, praise His ho - ly name, Sing ye . prais-es un - to Him;

Oh, praise the Lord with joy, . . Sing praises, all ye hosts. .

Praise the Lord and sing with joy, Sing and praise Him, all ye hosts.

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OH, PRAISE THE LORD.



OH, PRAISE THE LORD.

Him, Praise ye the Lord.

praise Him, Praise, oh, praise the Lord. Sing and praise Him,

Sing and praise Him, Sing un - to the Lord and praise Him, Sing to the

Lord and praise Him, Sing, sing, sing un-to Him.

Lord sing un-to Him, Sing un - to Him and praise Him. Sing to the

Sing, sing, sing un - to Him,

and praise Him,

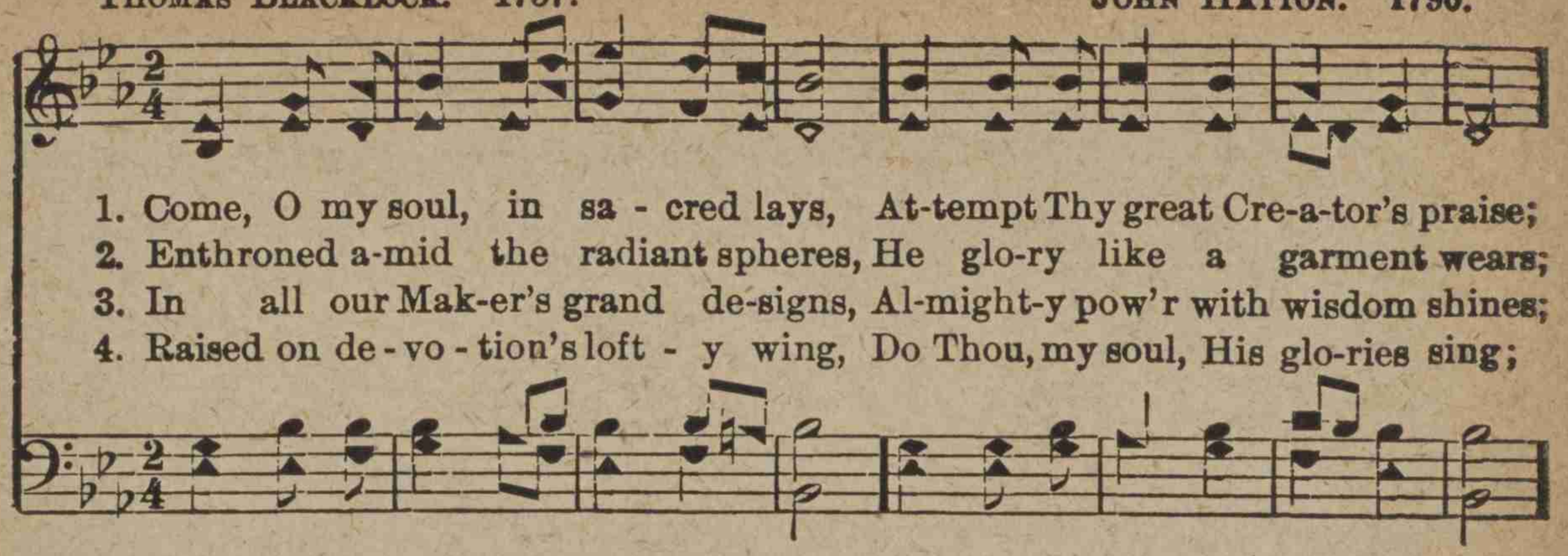
f

Lord, Sing un - to Him, Oh, sing un-to the Lord, ye na - tions. A - MEN.

CHURCH
MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

No. 1. DUKE STREET. L. M.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. 1757. JOHN HATTON. 1790.





No. 2. Universal Praise.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 3. Christ's Dominion.

L. M.

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

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

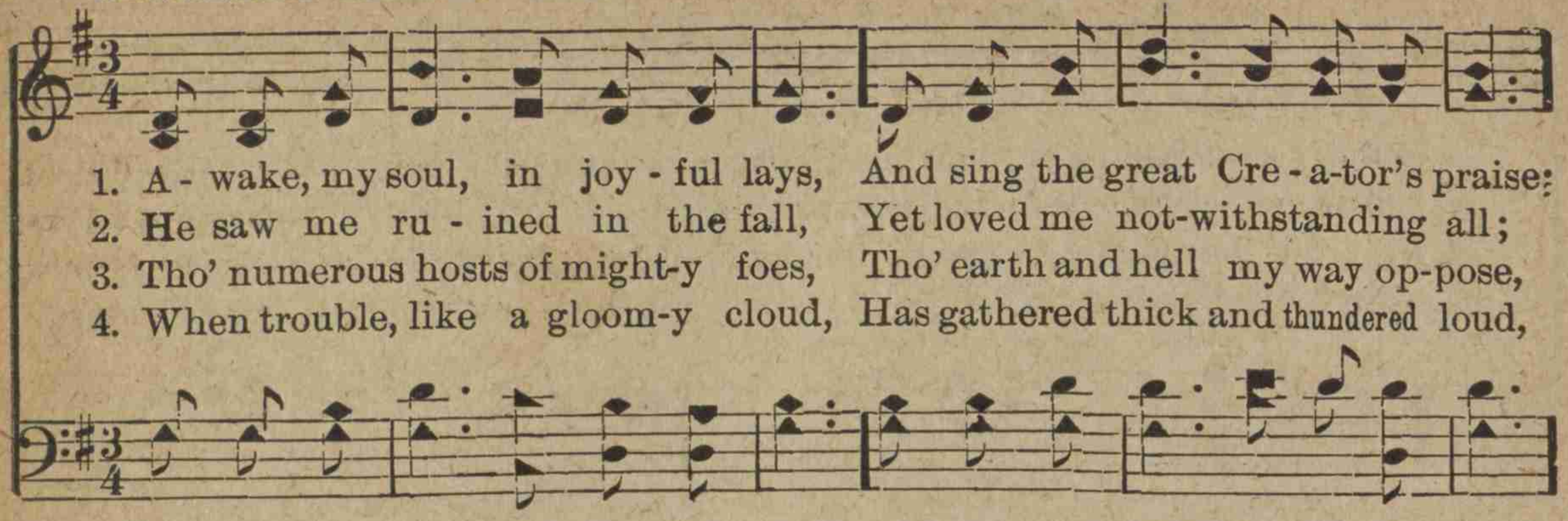
3 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 4. WOODMAN. L. M.

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





No. 5. Guiding and Guarding.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 6. The Eternal Sabbath.

L. M.

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

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

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

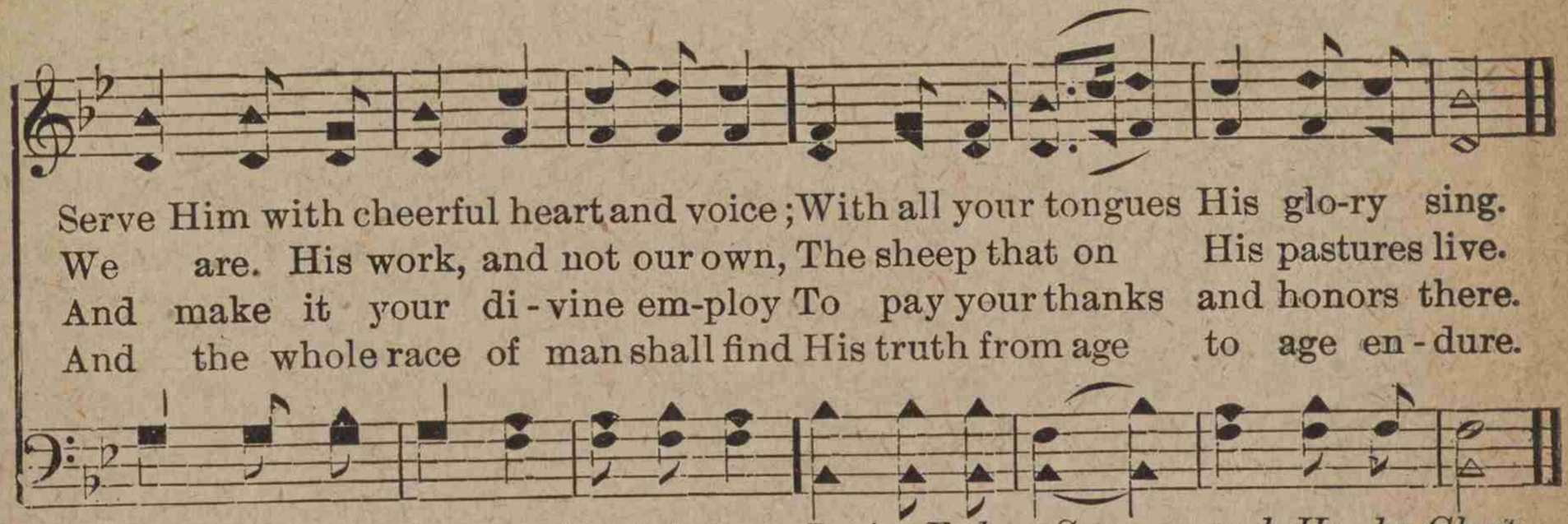
4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin,
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

No. 7. SESSIONS. L. M.

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





No. 8. Praise For Salvation.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

HORATIUS BONAR. 1861.

No. 9. Christ in the Gospel.

L. M.

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

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

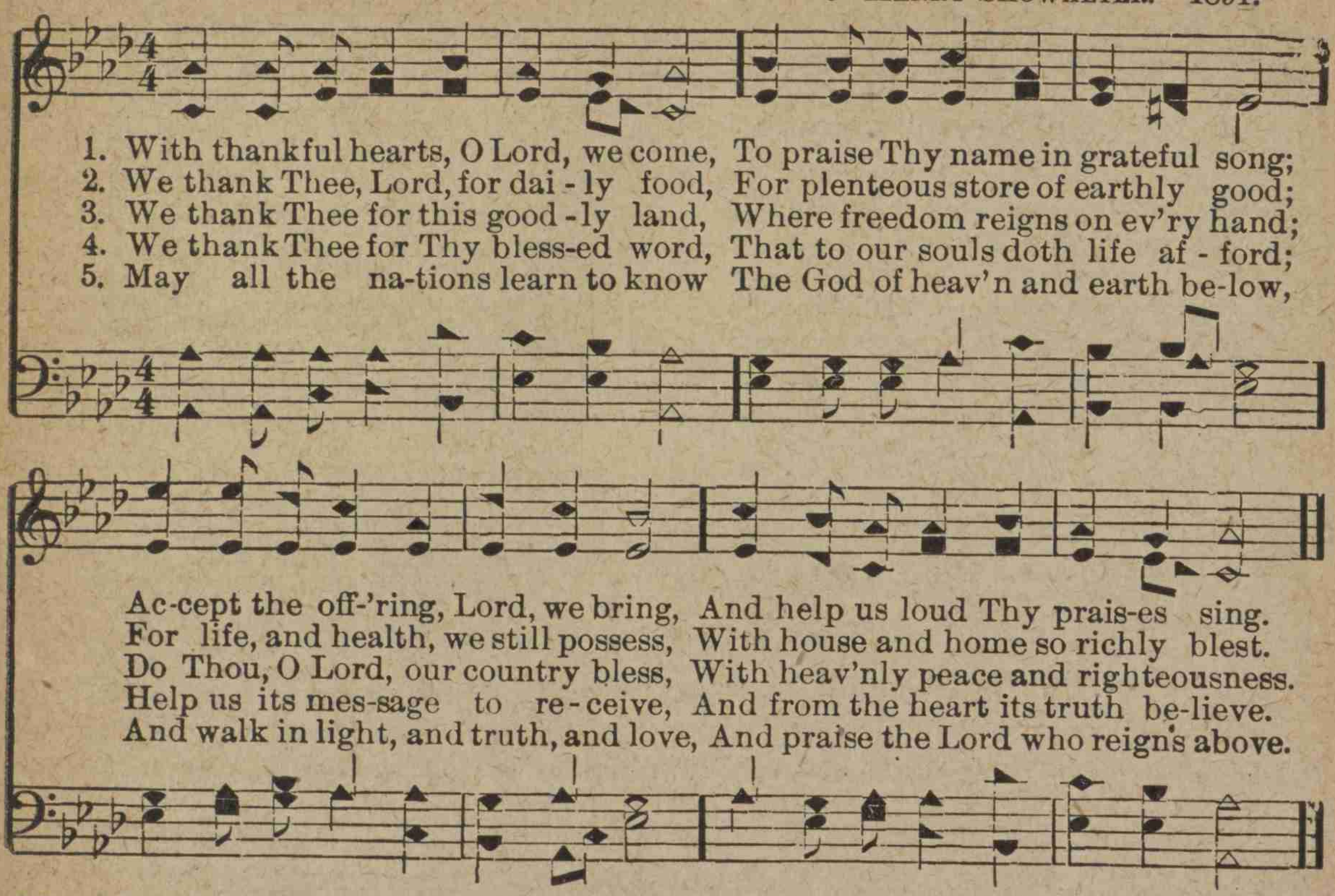
3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies;
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.

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

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787.
THOMAS COTTERILL. 1819.

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

J. S. MOHLER. 1891. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1891.



No. 11. Grateful Adoration.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.
JOHN WESLEY. 1741.

No. 12. Nature and Revelation.

L. M.

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

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

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

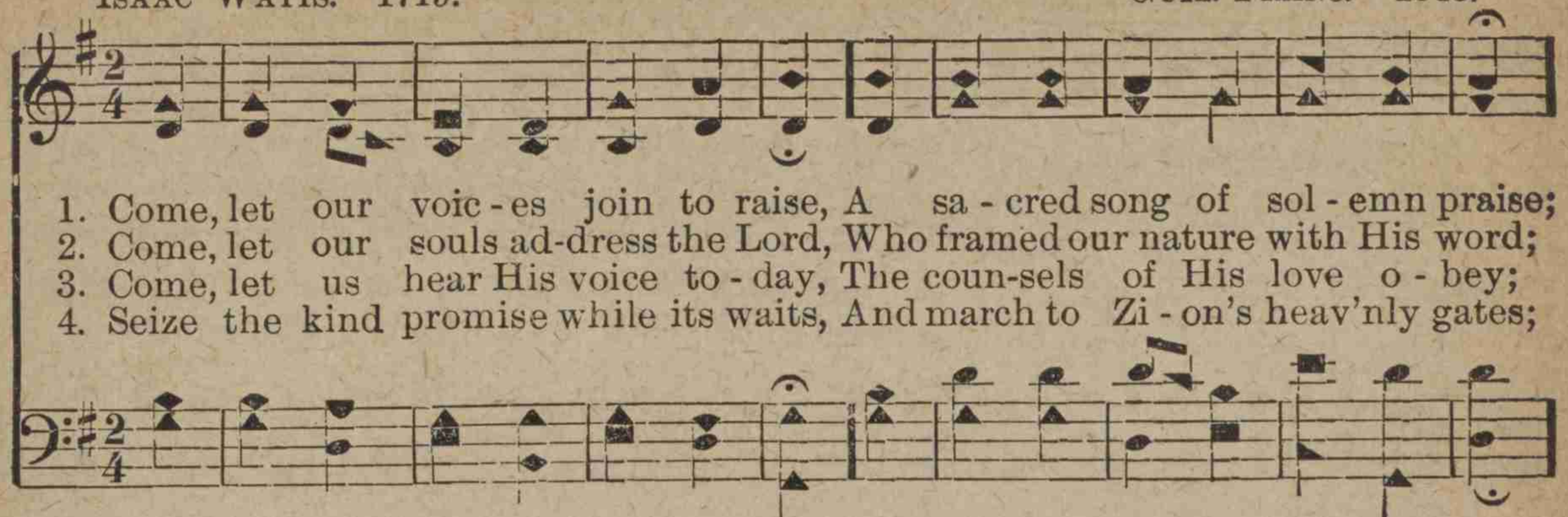
4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

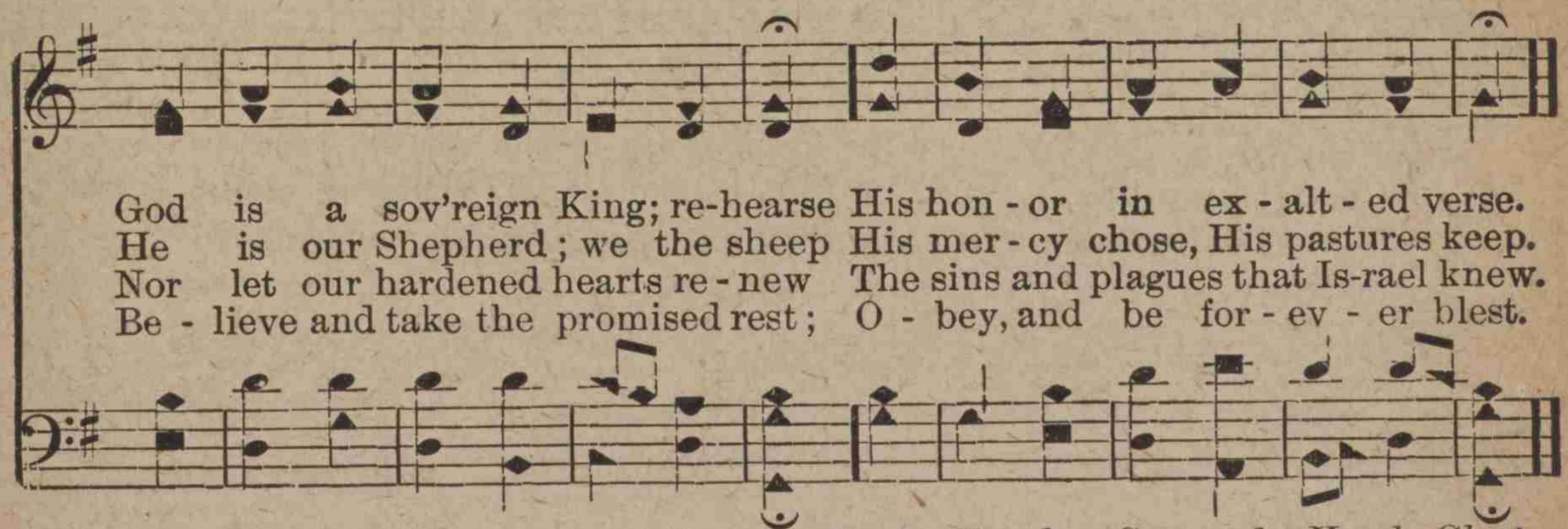
5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right,

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 13. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. GUIL. FRANC. 1545.





No. 14. Thanks for the Gospel.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 15. The Christian Warfare.

L. M.

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

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

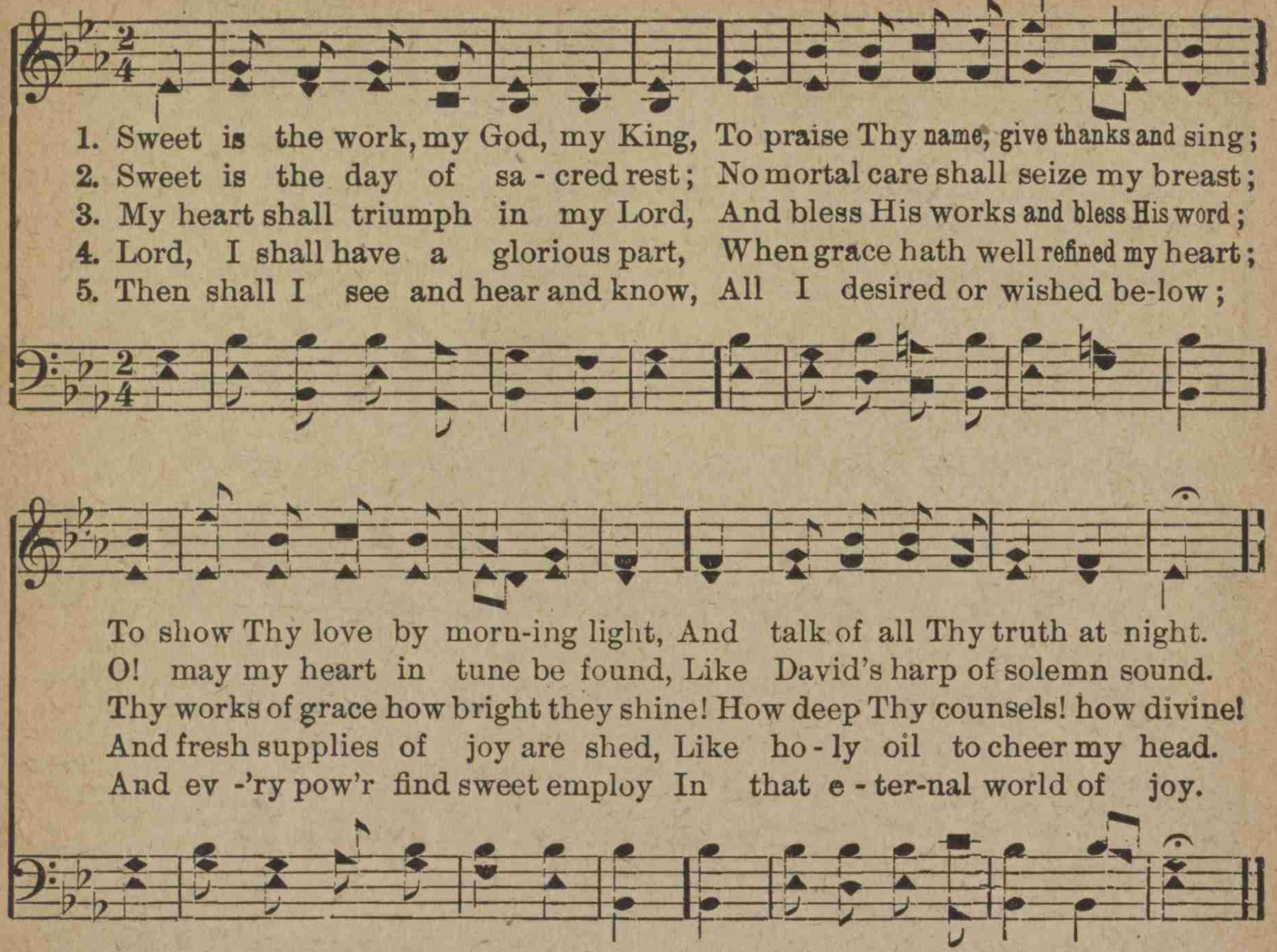
3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 16. UXBRIDGE. L. M.

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



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast;
3. My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless His works and bless His word;
4. Lord, I shall have a glorious part, When grace hath well refined my heart;
5. Then shall I see and hear and know, All I desired or wished be-low;

To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
O! may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.
Thy works of grace how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how divine!
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil to cheer my head.
And ev -'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that e - ter-nal world of joy.

No. 17. Cheerful Worship.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

TATE AND BRADY. 1696.

No. 18. The Christian Farewell.

L. M.

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

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

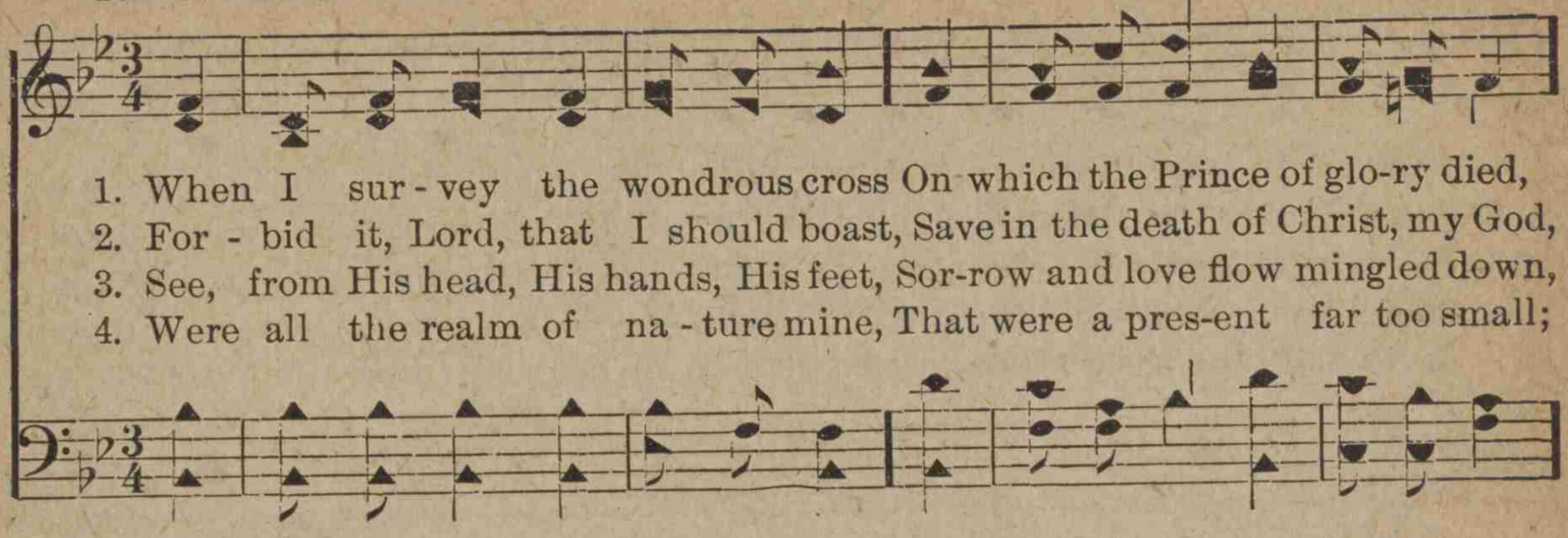
3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts at Thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.

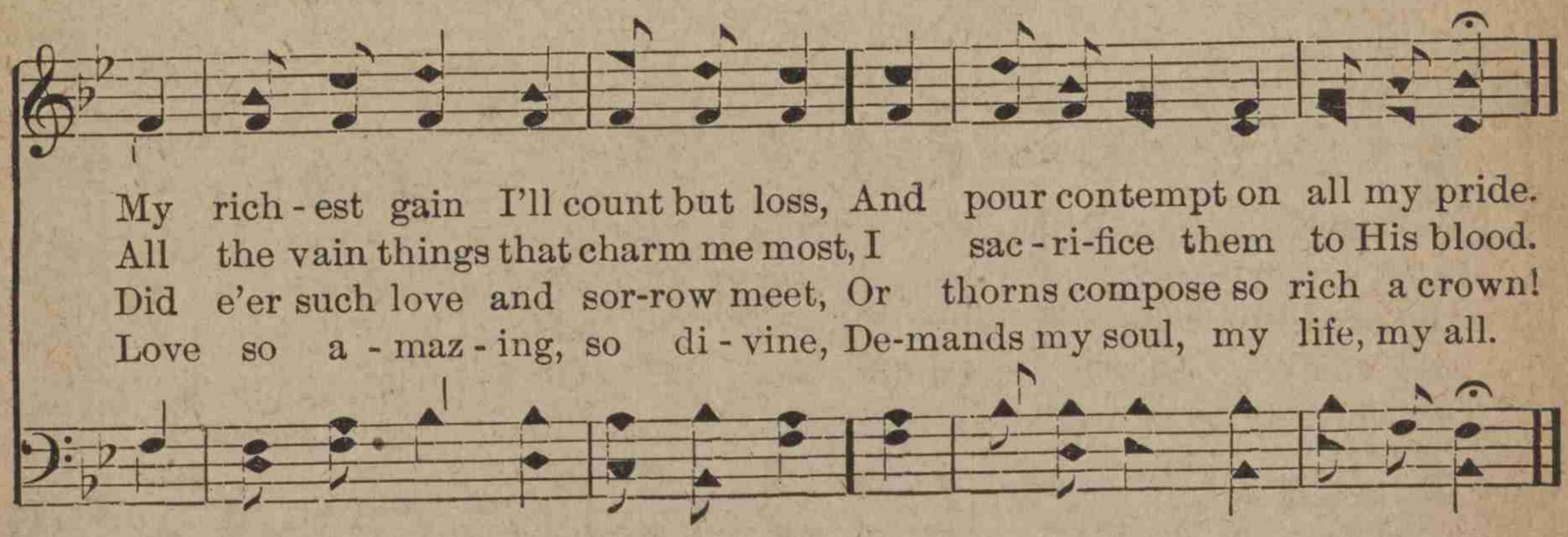
4 Give us, O Lord, within Thy house
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or if that joy no more be known,
O let us meet around Thy throne.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755.

No. 19. HEBRON. L. M.

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





No. 20. The Pleasures of Public Worship.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1719.

No. 21. An Evening Hymn.

L. M.

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

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

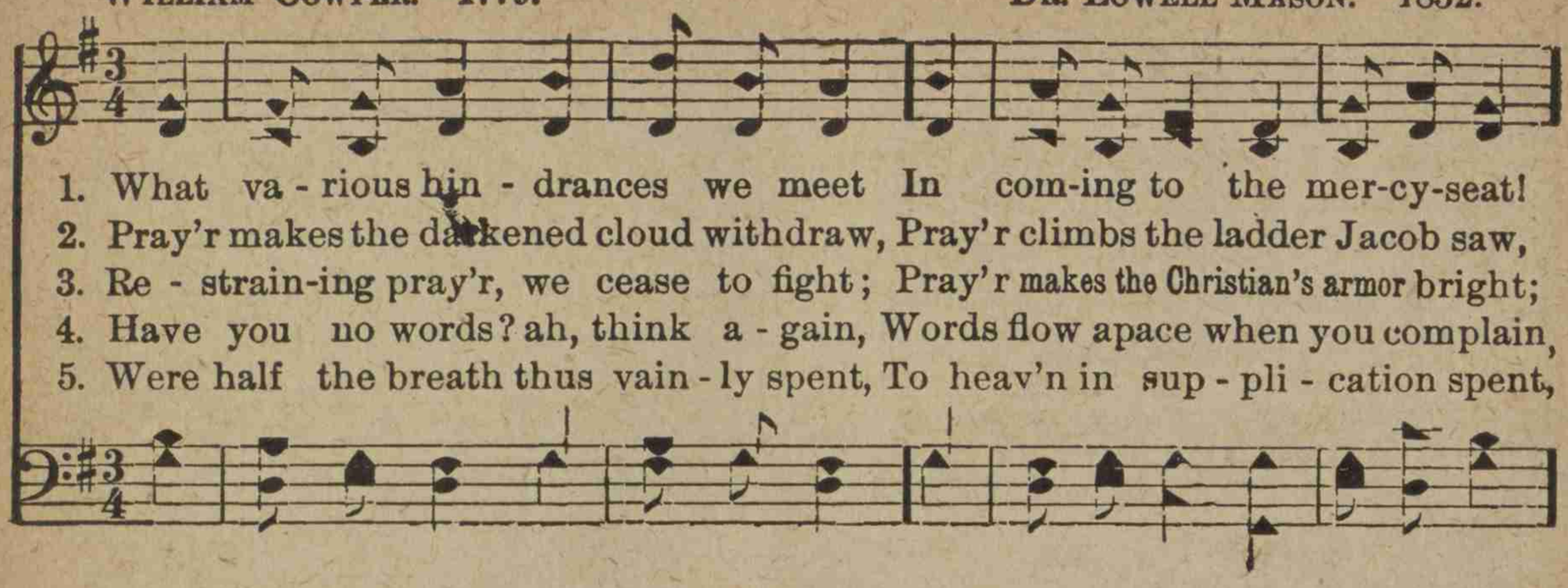
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 22. ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

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



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

L. M.

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

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

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 24. Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.

L. M.

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

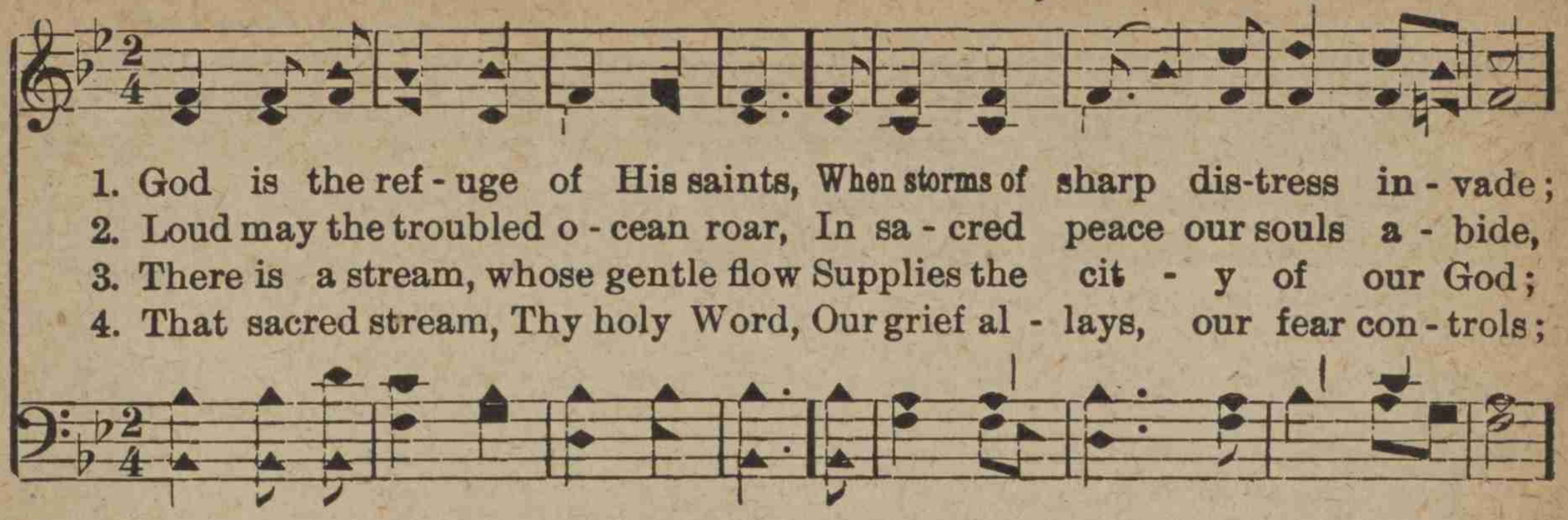
2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His almighty Father's side.

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

ISAAC WATTS. 1709.

No. 25. WARD. L. M.

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





No. 26. Lord, I Am Thine.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

Samuel Davies. 1760.

No. 27. Forget Him Not.

L. M.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 28. WATSON. L. M.

Bp. Thomas Ken. 1709. A. J. Showalter. 1887.

1. A - wake, my soul! and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Thanks be to Thee, who safe has kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept;
3. Lord, I my vows to Thee re-new; Disperse my sins as morning dew;
4. Di - rect, con-trol, sug-gest, this day, All I de-sign, or do, or say;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
O, grant that when from death I wake, I may of end-less life par-take.
Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thyself my spir - it fill.
That all my powers, with all their might, In Thy sole glo-ry my u - nite.

No. 29. BALSBAUGH. L. M.

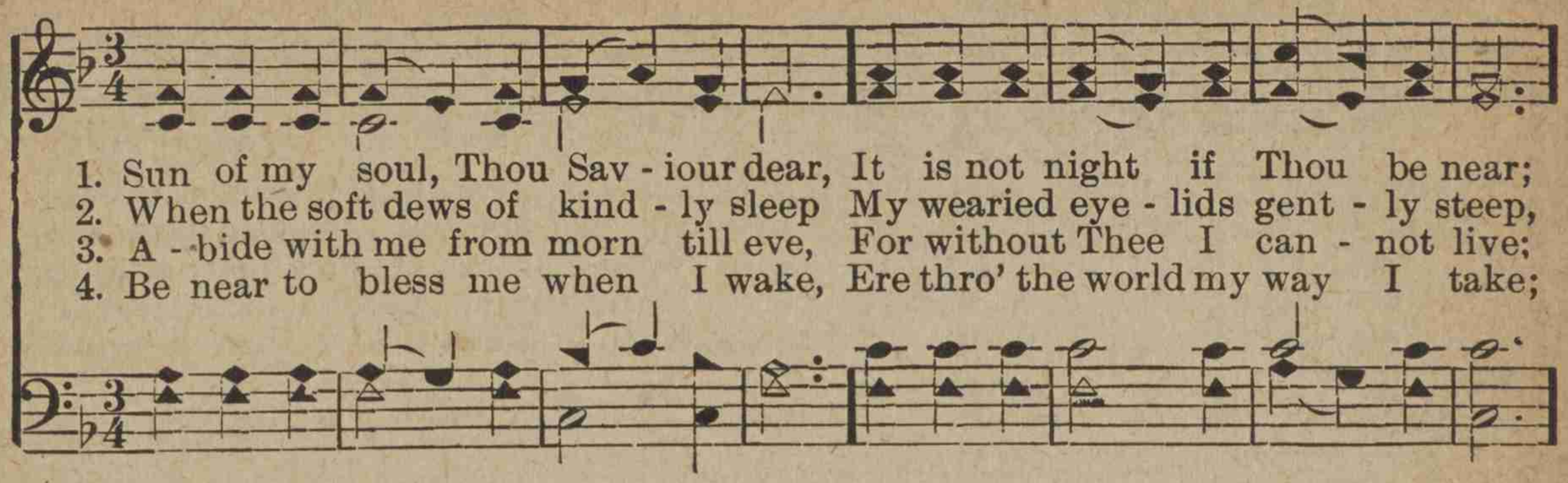
Isaac Watts. 1709. J. Henry Showaltrr. 1889.

1. How oft have sin and Sa - tan strove To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
2. The oath and promise 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 unchanging God

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

No. 30. HURSLEY. L. M.

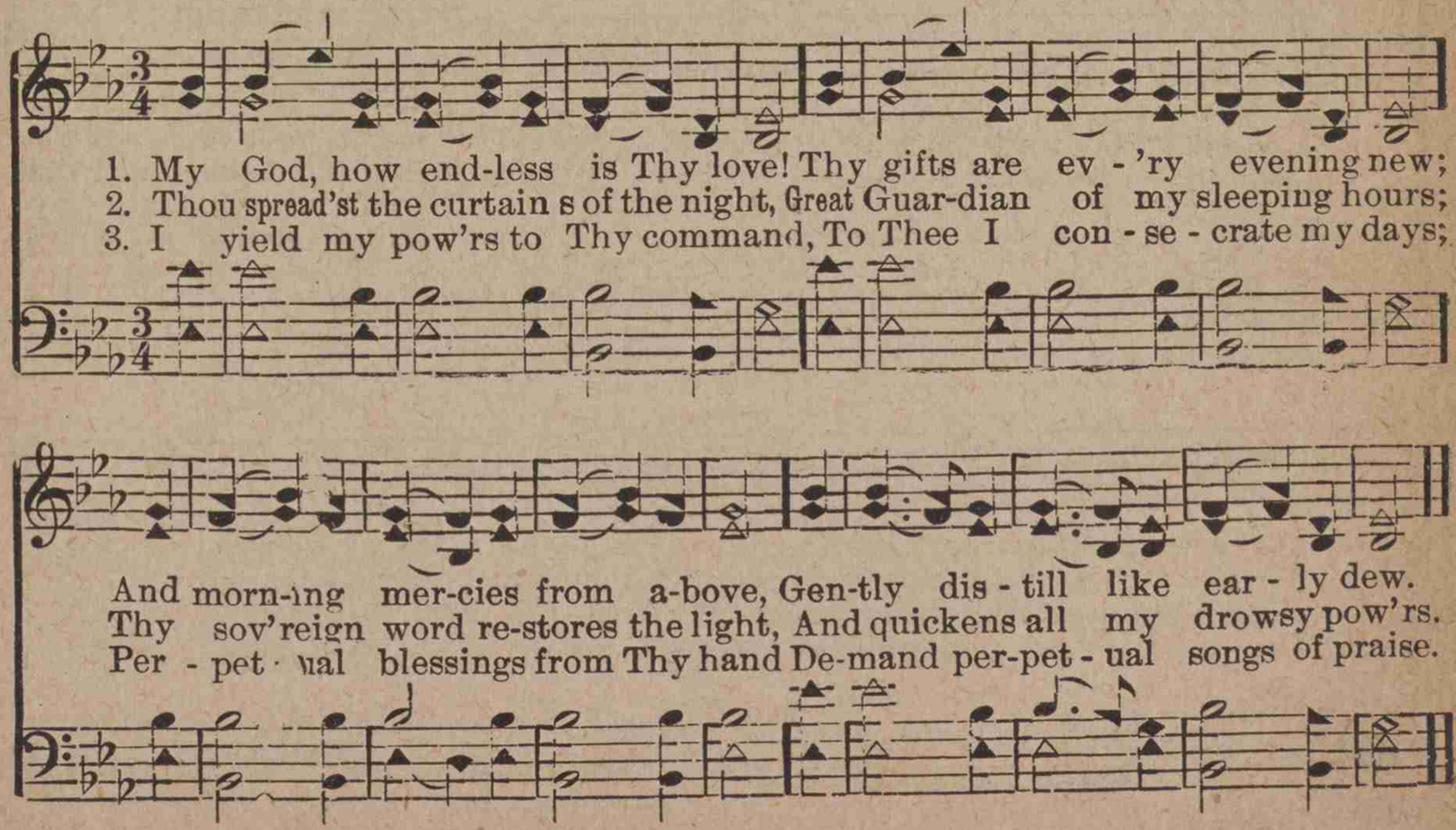
JOHN KEBLE. 1827. Arr. by WM. H. MONK. 1861.





No. 31. GRATITUDE. L. M.

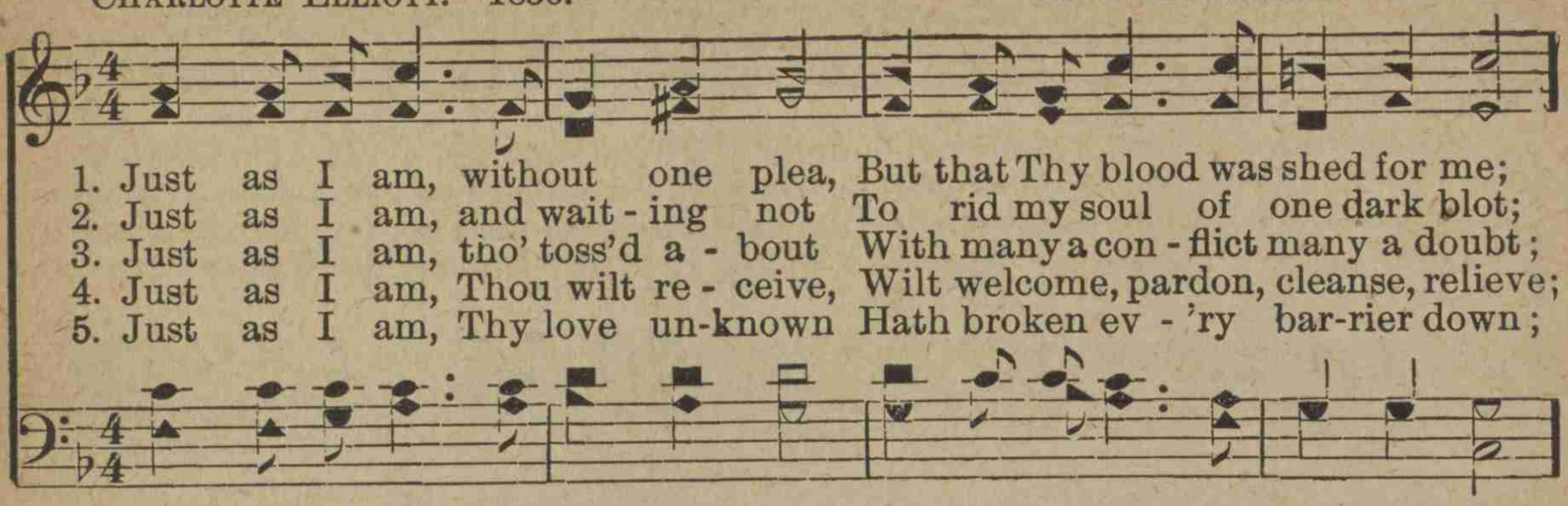
ISAAC WATTS. 1709. AMI BOST. 1837.



No. 32. DAUERTY. L. M.

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

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me;
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot;
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict many a doubt;
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath broken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Be - cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!



No. 33. WOODWORTH. L. M.

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

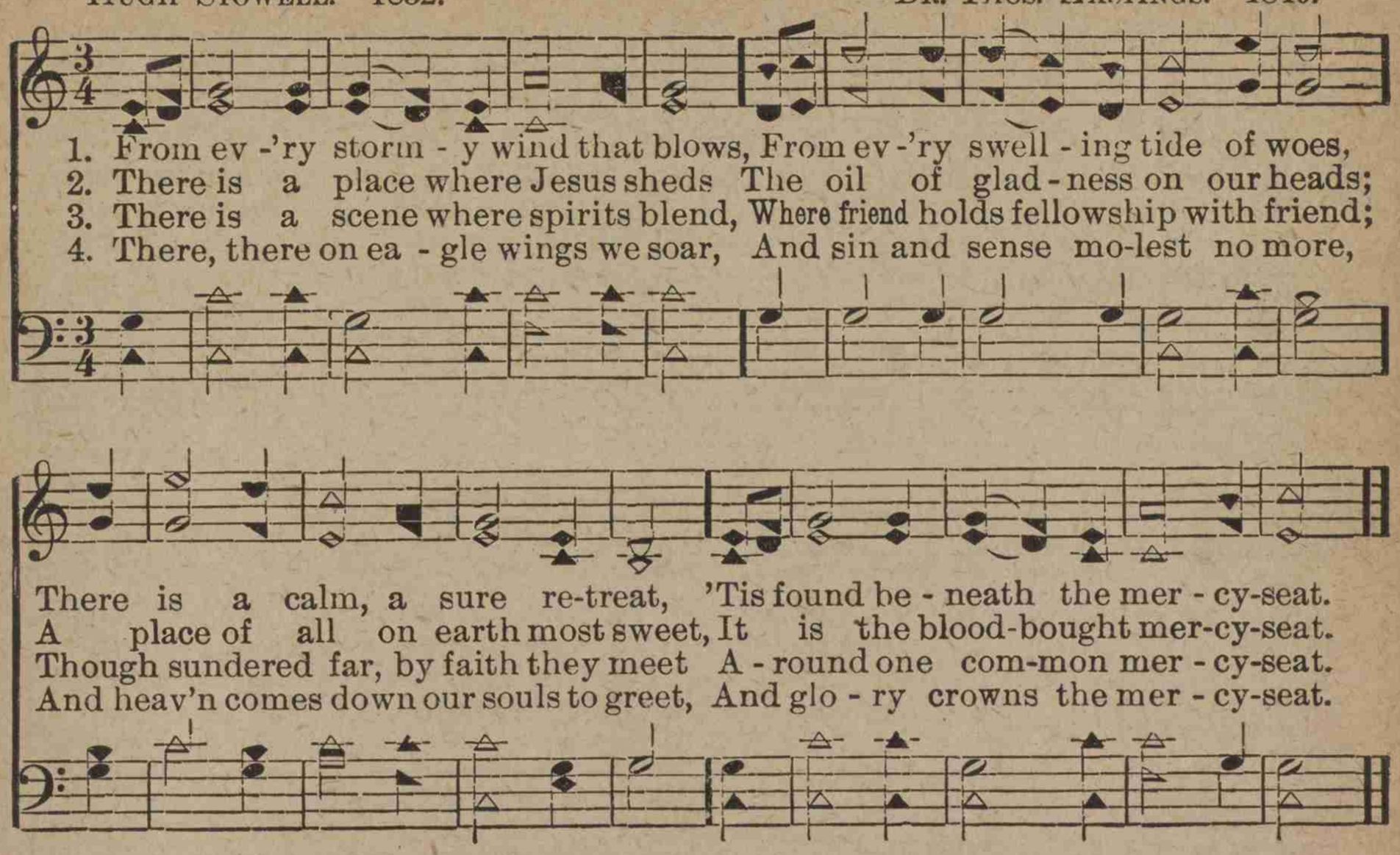
1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,
2. If but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir-it for its guest,
3. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take away
4. Then when on earth I breathe no more, The prayer oft mixed with tears before,



O, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."
My God, to Thee, I leave the rest; "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."
Whate'er now makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."
I'll sing up - on a happier shore: "Thy will be done, Thy will be done."

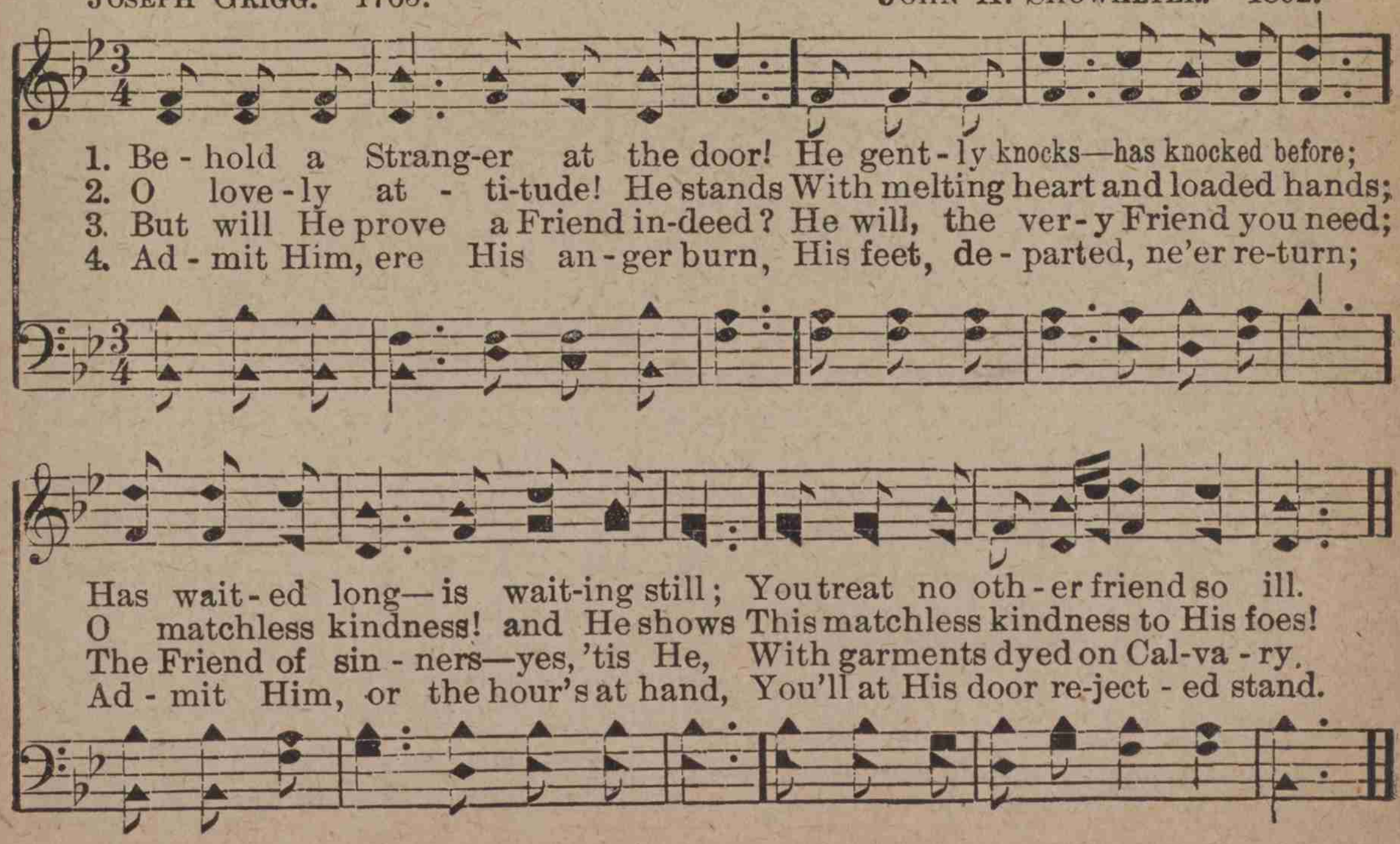
No. 34. RETREAT. L. M.

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



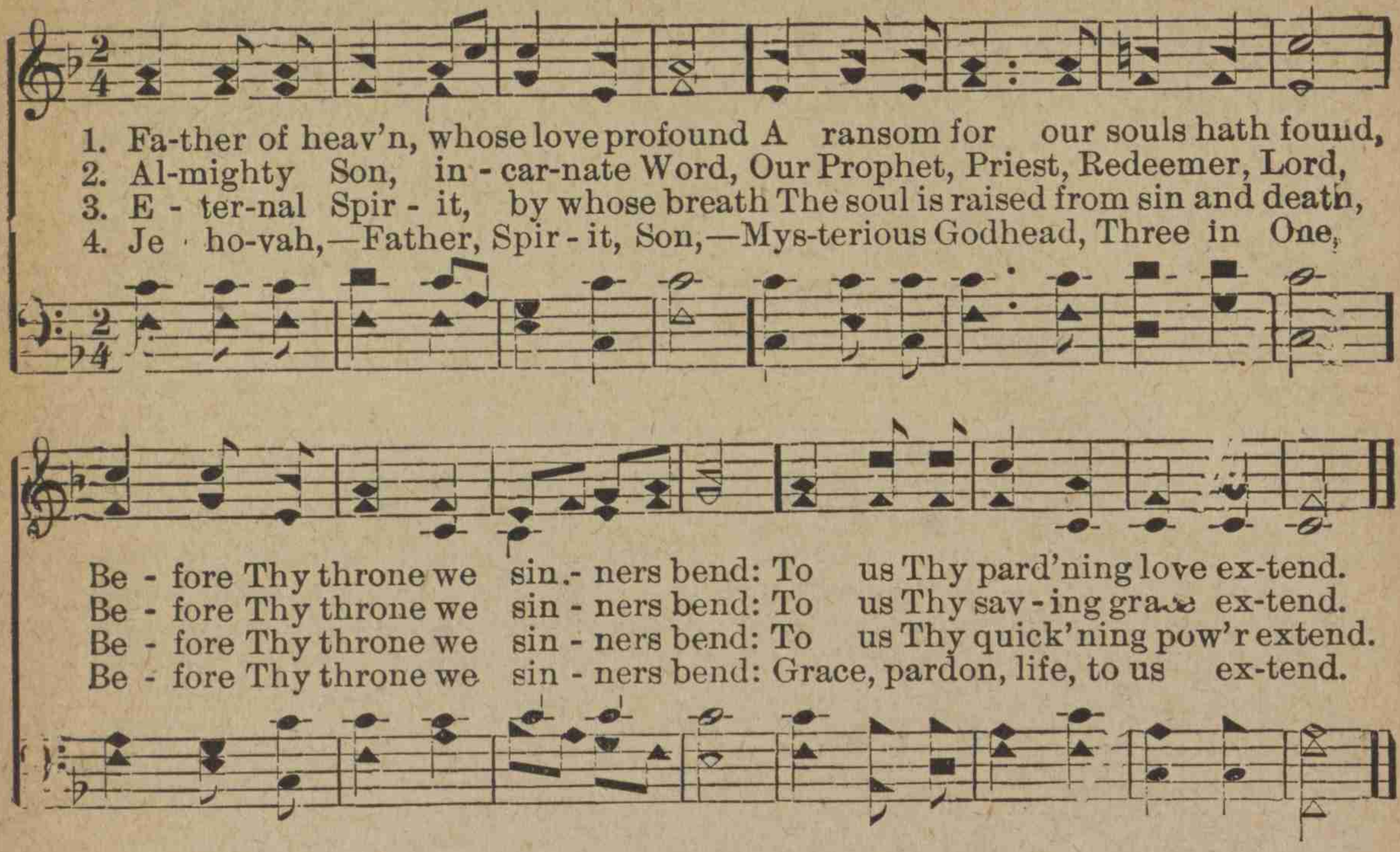
No. 35. BEHOLD A STRANGER. L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG. 1765. JOHN A. SHOWALTER. 1892.



No. 36. FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

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



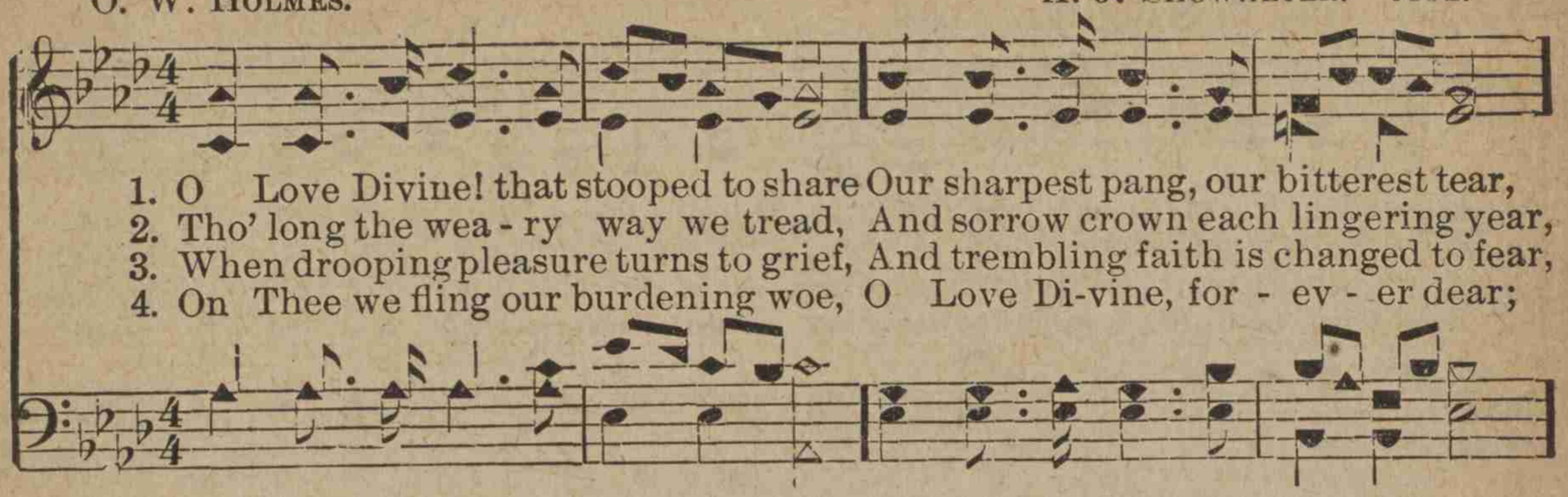
No. 37. FOREST. L. M.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN. 1739.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. 1854.

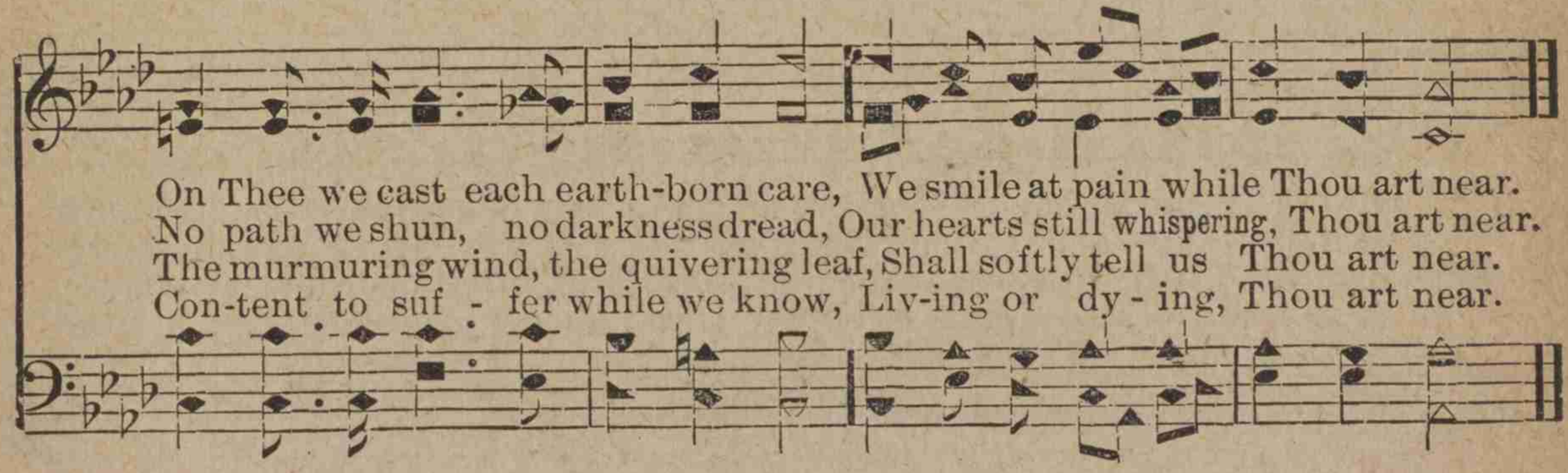
AARON CHAPIN. 1813.

No. 38. LOVE DIVINE. L. M.

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



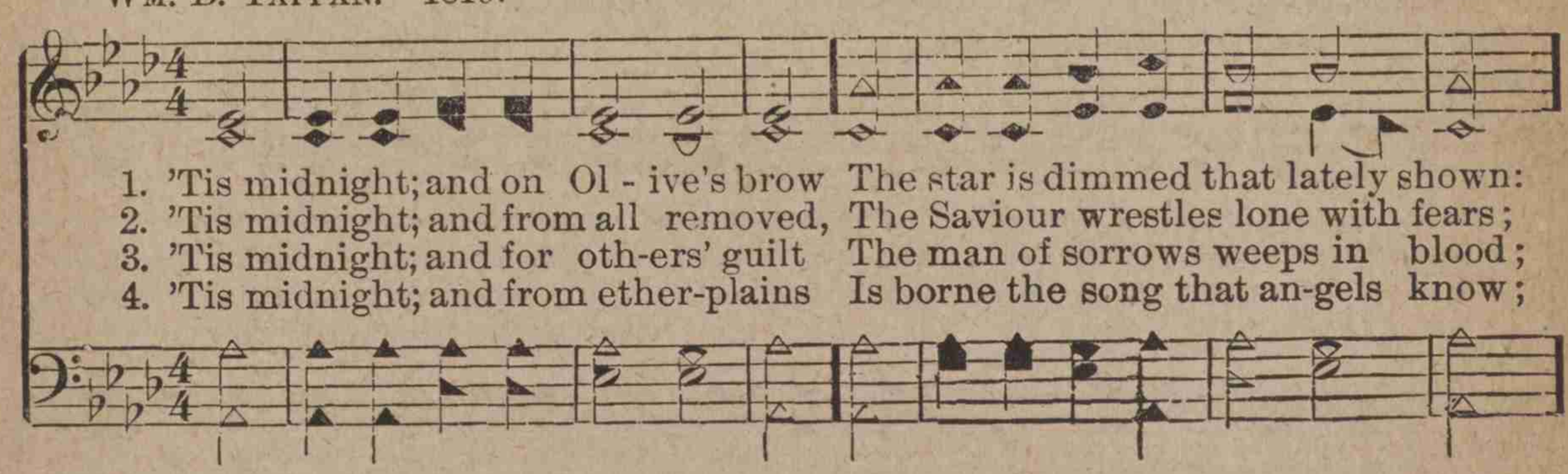
1. O Love Divine! that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
2. Tho' long the wea - ry way we tread, And sorrow crown each lingering year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our burdening woe, O Love Di-vine, for - ev - er dear;



On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
Con-tent to suf - fer while we know, Liv-ing or dy - ing, Thou art near.

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

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



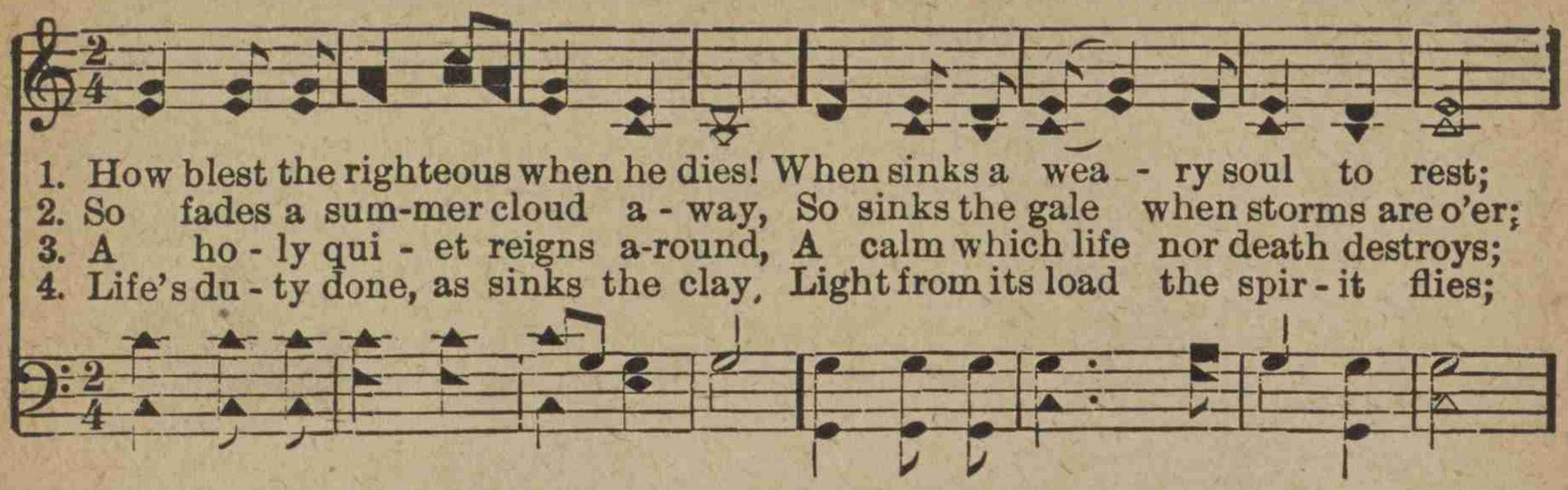
1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shown:
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that an-gels know;

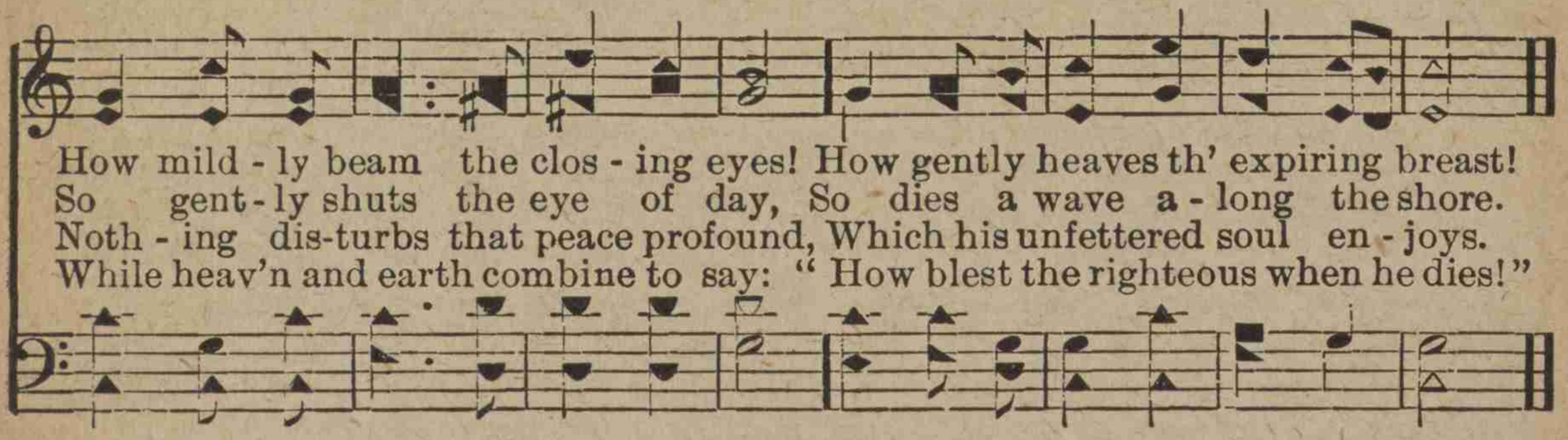


'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now, The suf-f'ring Saviour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 40. ZEPHYR. L. M.

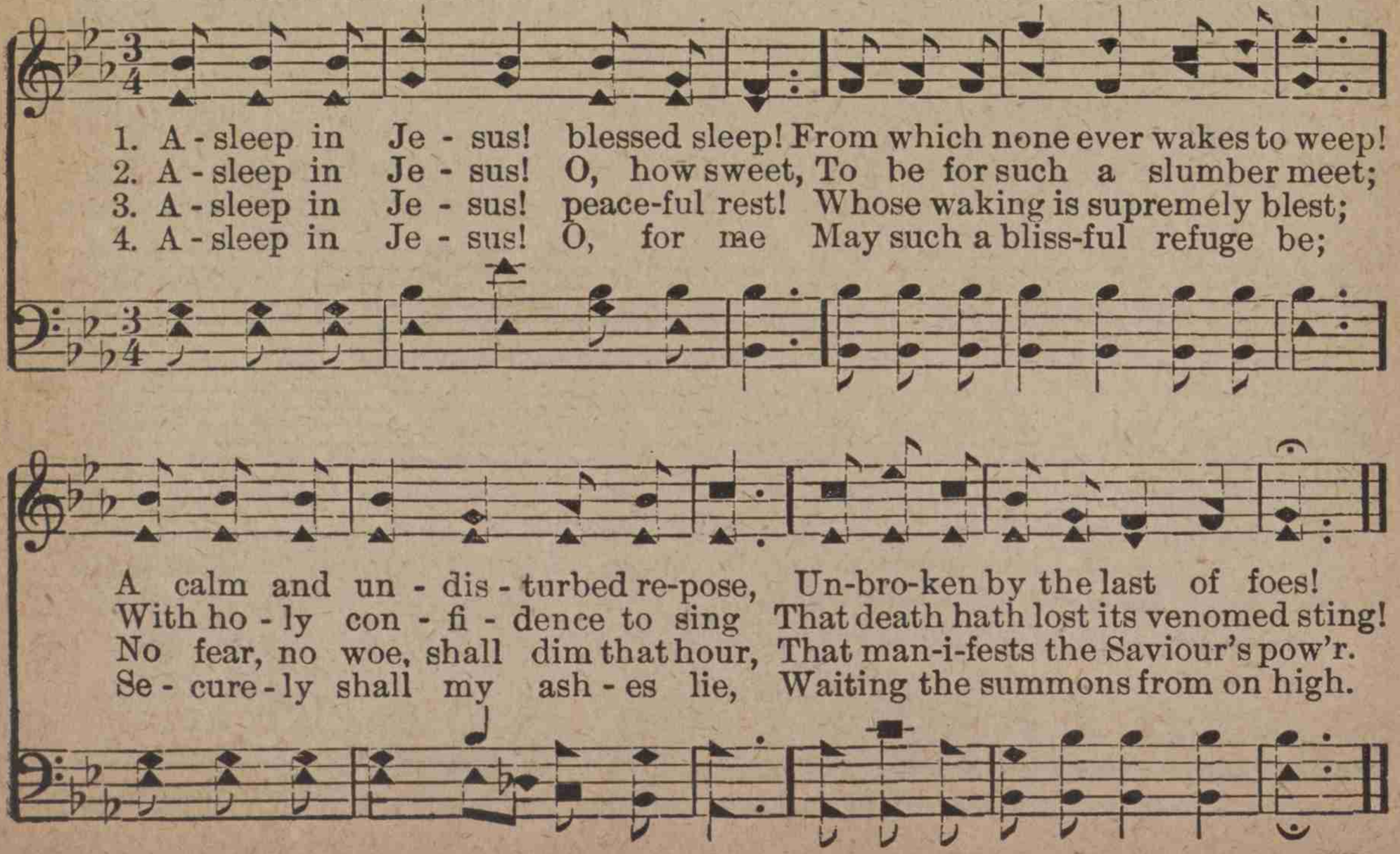
MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD. 1809. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1844.





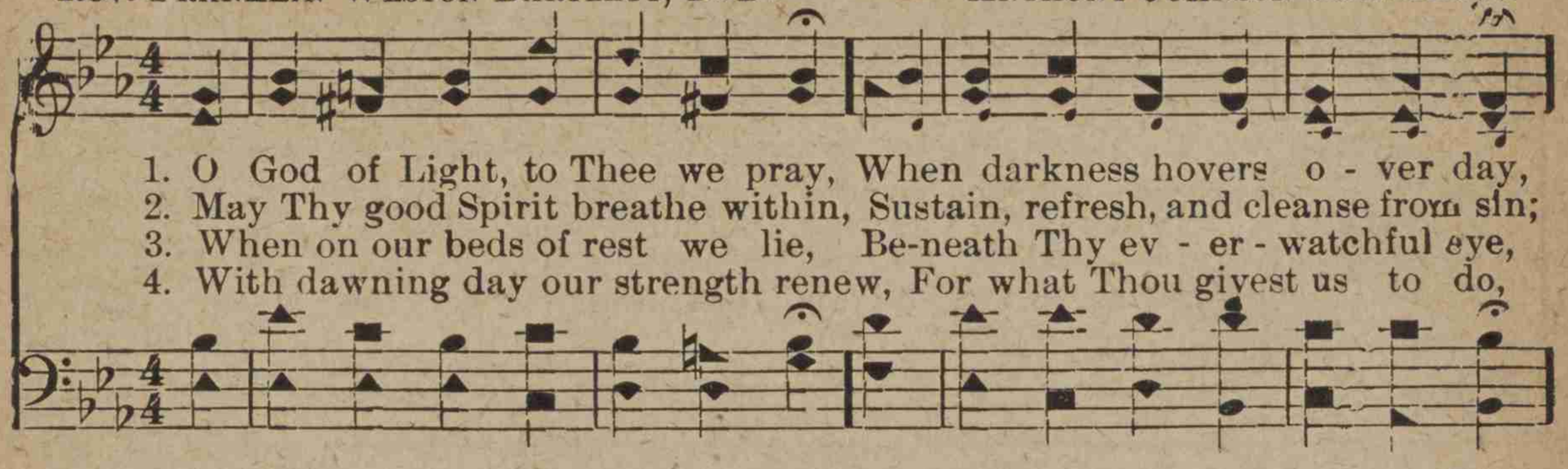
No. 41. REST. L. M.

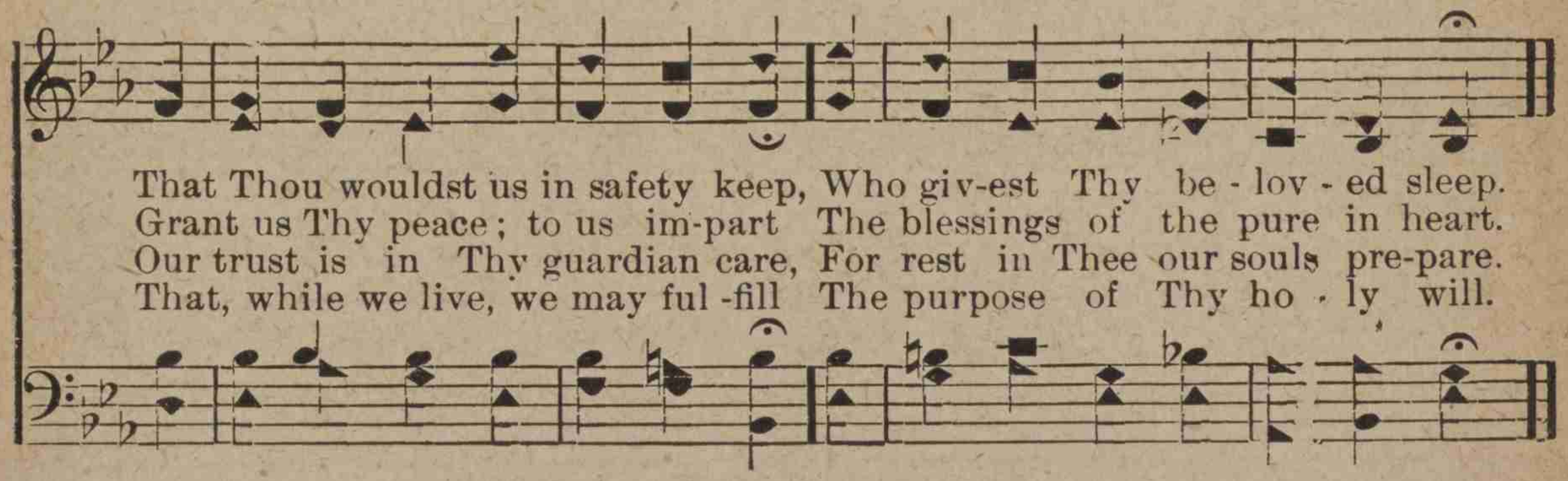
MRS. MARGARET MCKAY. 1832. W. B. BRADBURY. 1844.



No. 42. BARTLETT. L. M.

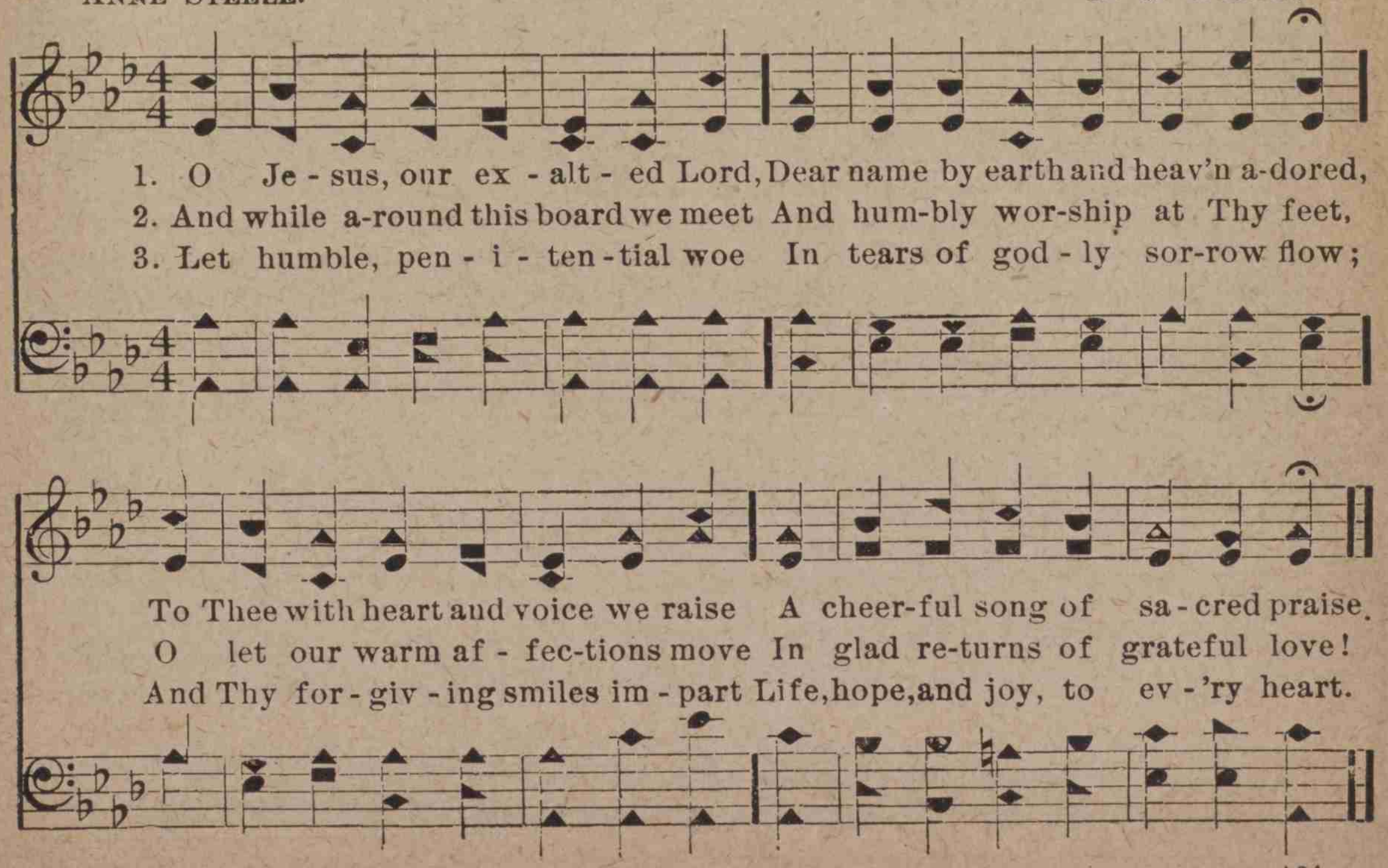
Rev. Franklin Weston Bartlett, D. D. Anthony Johnson Showalter.





No. 43. COMMUNION. L. M.

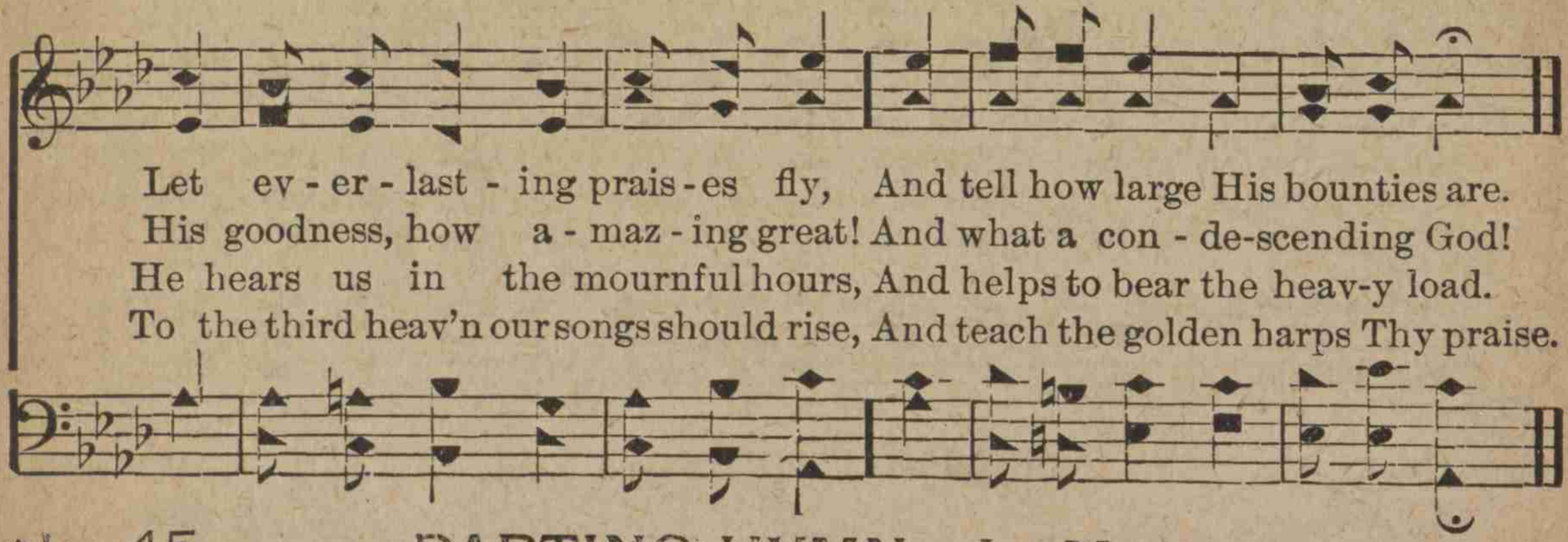
Anne Steele. D. G. White.



No. 44. EVERLASTING PRAISE. L. M.

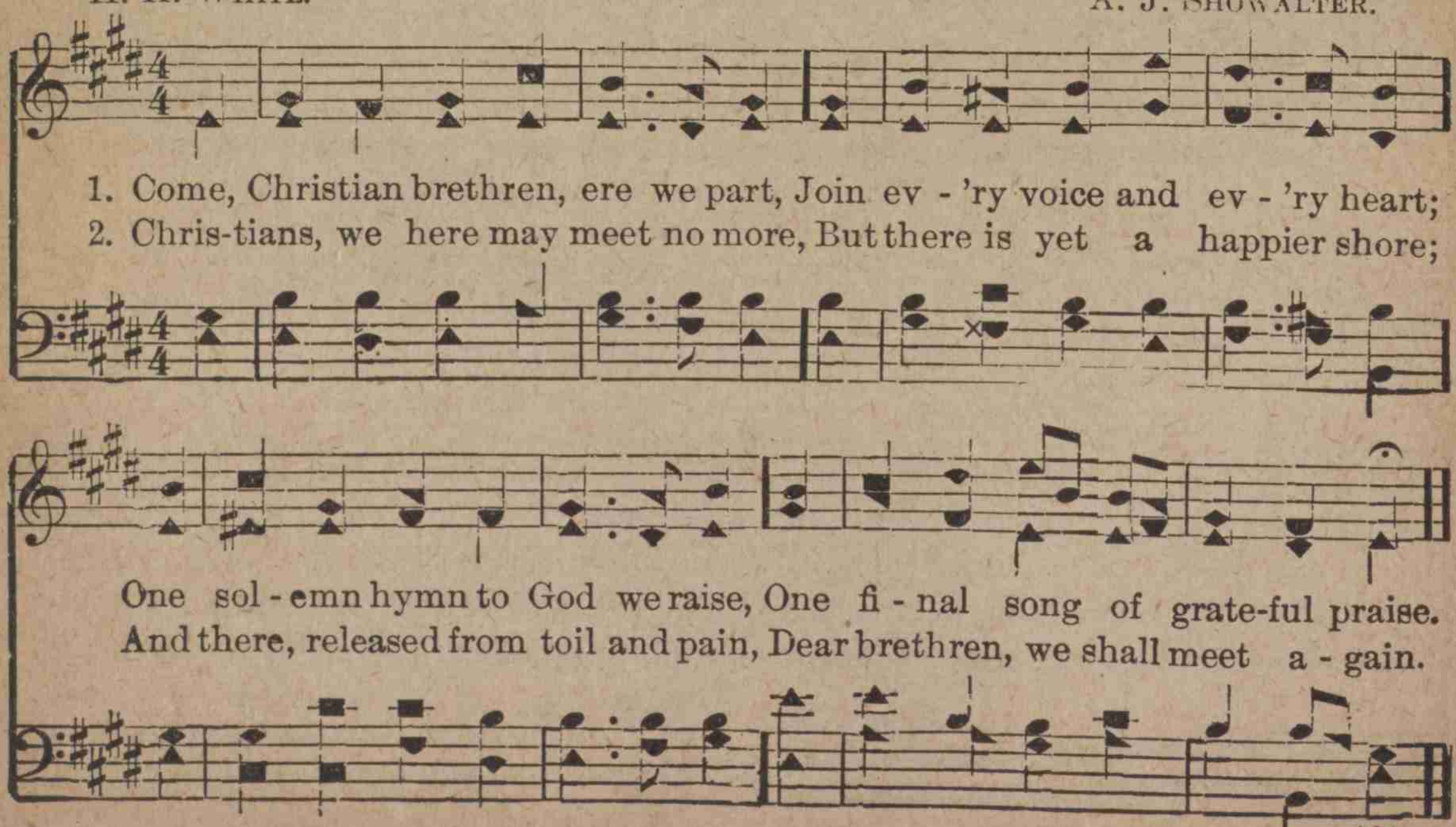
ISAAC WATTS. B. B. BEALL.





No. 45. PARTING HYMN. L. M.

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



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

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

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

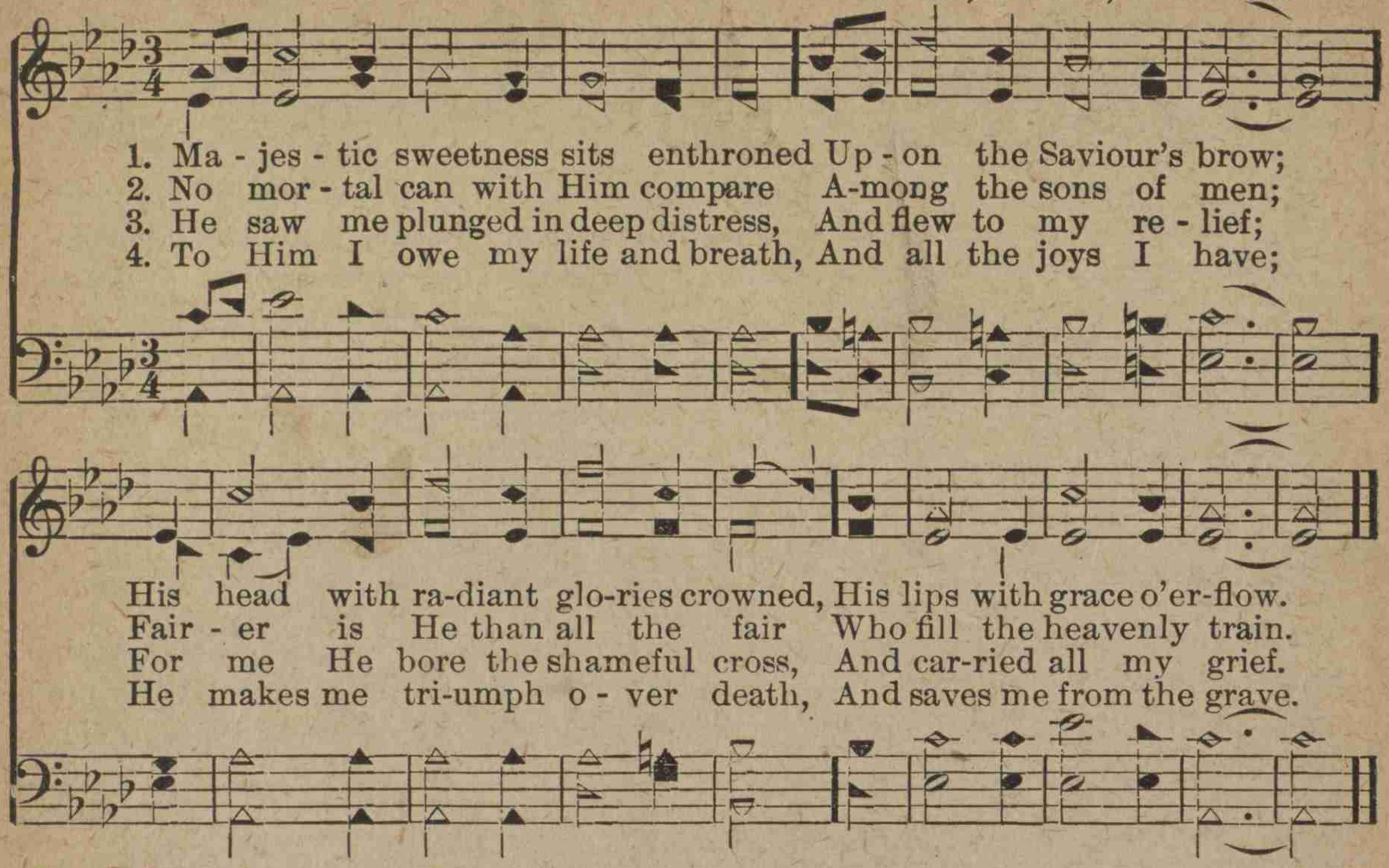
While in Thy tem - ple we ap-pear, To hail Thee, Sov'reign of the year!
The summer rays with vig - or shine, To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
And be the grate - ful hom-age paid, With morning light, and evening shade.

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

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

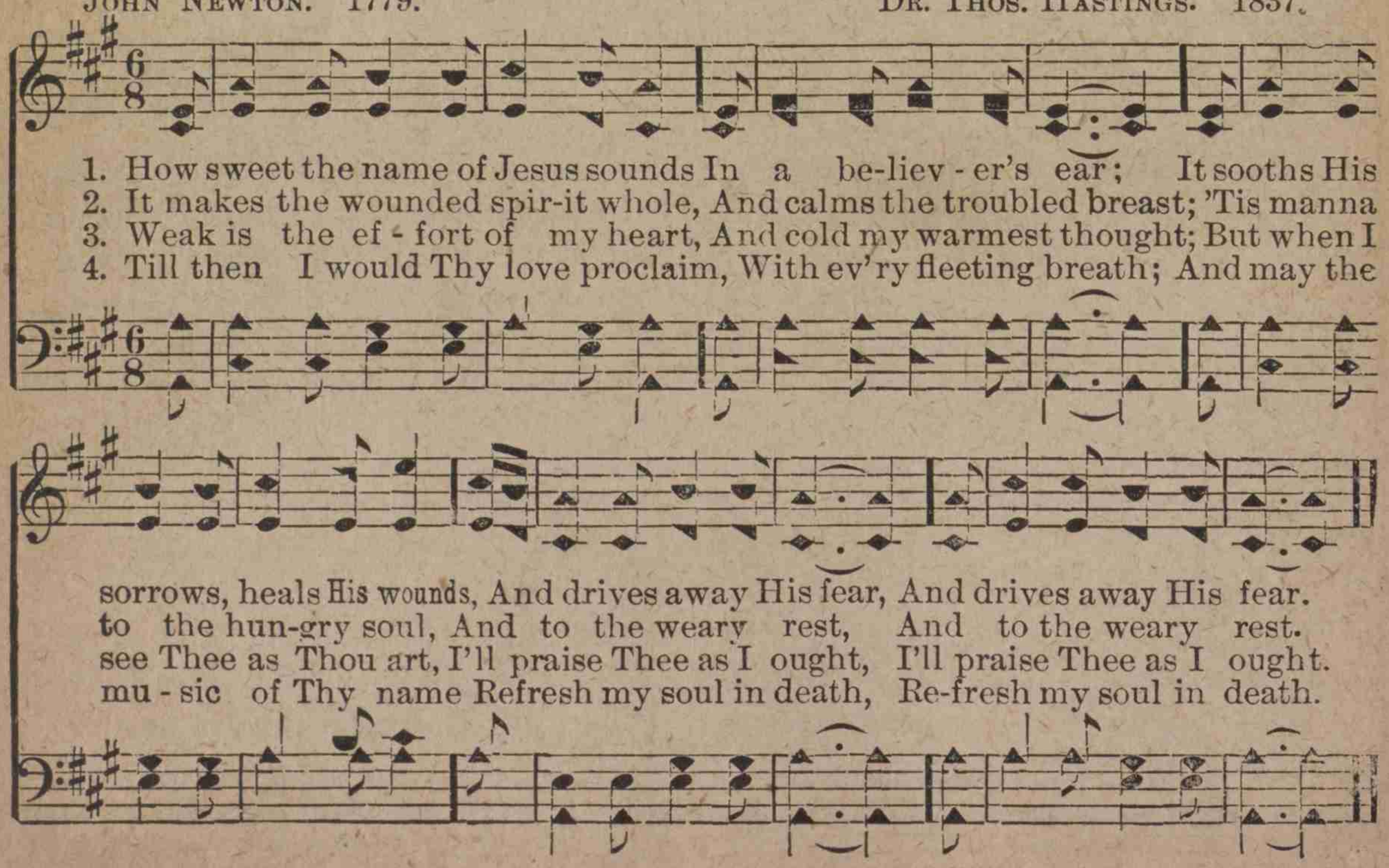
No. 47. MANOAH. C. M.

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



No. 48. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

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



No. 49. Chester ARLINGTON. C. M,

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

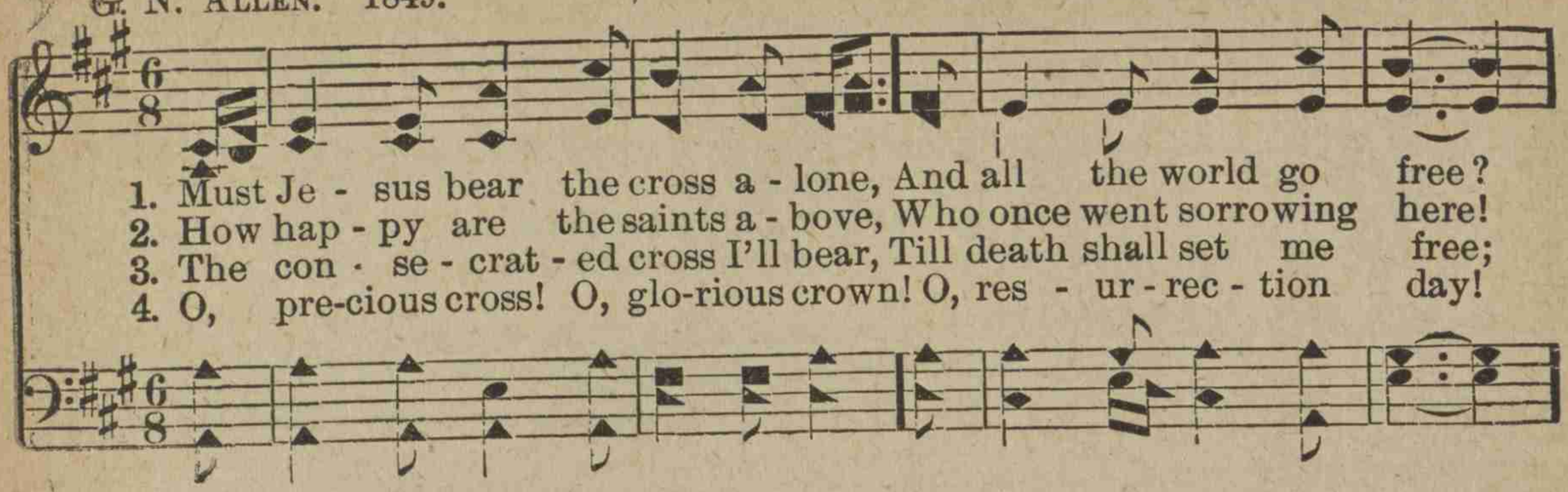


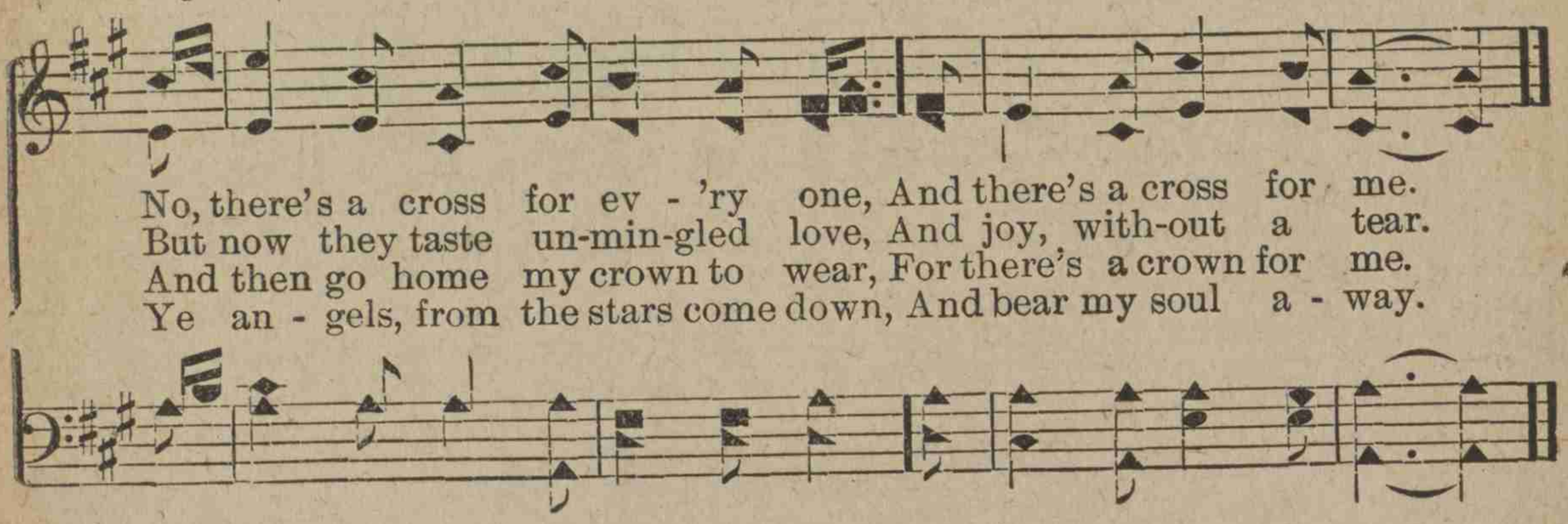
No. 50. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1720. G. F. HANDEL.

No. 51. MAITLAND. C. M.

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





No. 52. TRIUMPH. C. M.

Frederick Whitfield. A. J. Showalter. 1887.



No. 53. AZMON. C. M.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1737. C. G. GLAZER. 1828.
MICHAEL BRUCE. 1781. Arr. by DR. L. MASON. 1839.

1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre-sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace;
3. Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide;
4. Such blessings from Thy gra-cious hand Our humble pray'rs im - plore;

Who through this weary pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led!
God of our fa - thers! be the God Of their suc - ceed-ing race.
Give us, each day, our dai - ly bread, And raiment fit pro - vide.
And Thou shalt be our chos - en God, Our por-tion ev - er - more.

No. 54. DUNDEE. C. M.

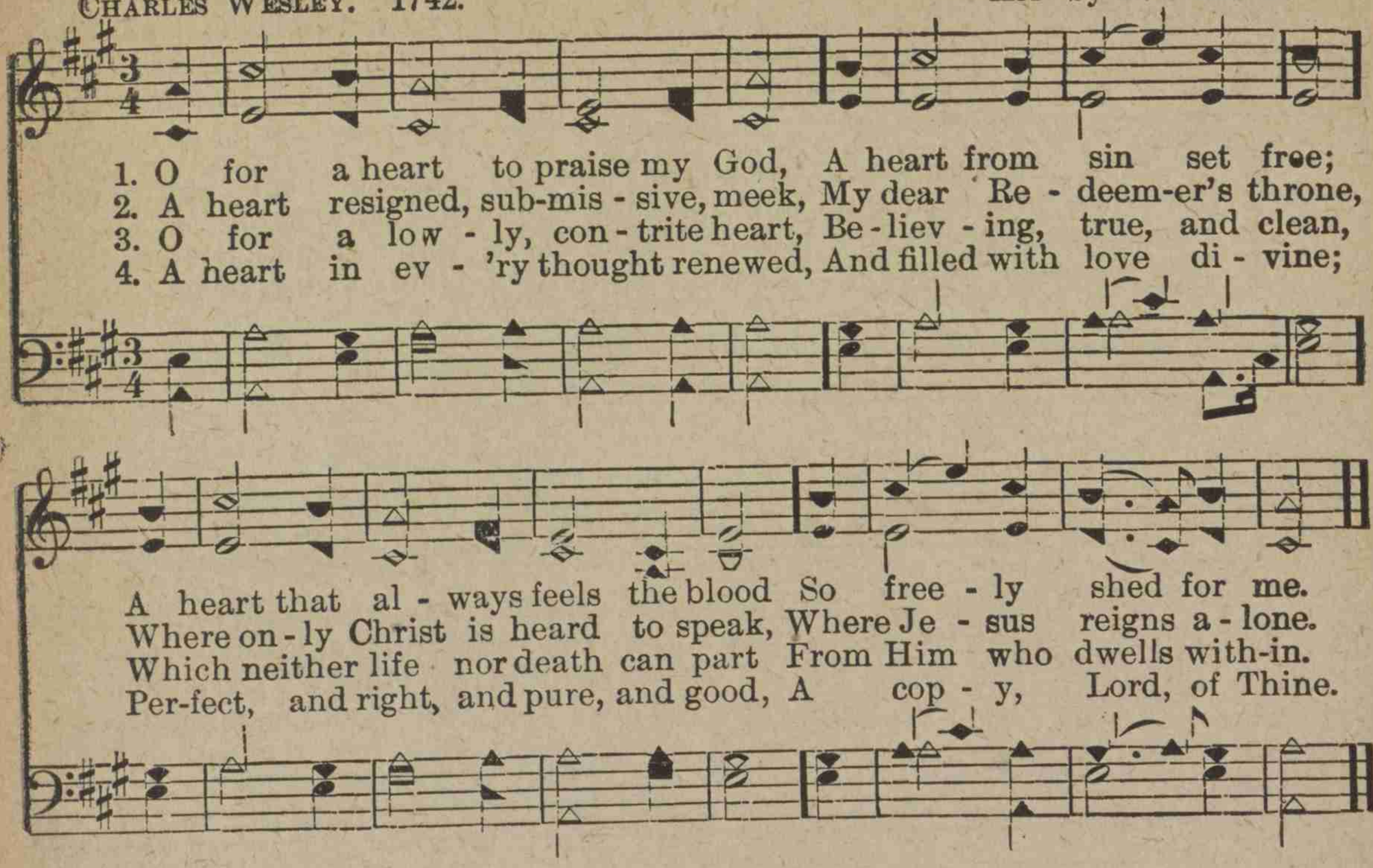
CHAS. WESLEY. 1740. GUILLAME FRANCK. 1545.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sav - iour, and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th' atonement of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith and sight im - prove,

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sav - iour died.
Sprinkle me ev - er with Thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
Wash me, but not my feet a - lone, My hands, my head, my heart.
Till hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul is love.

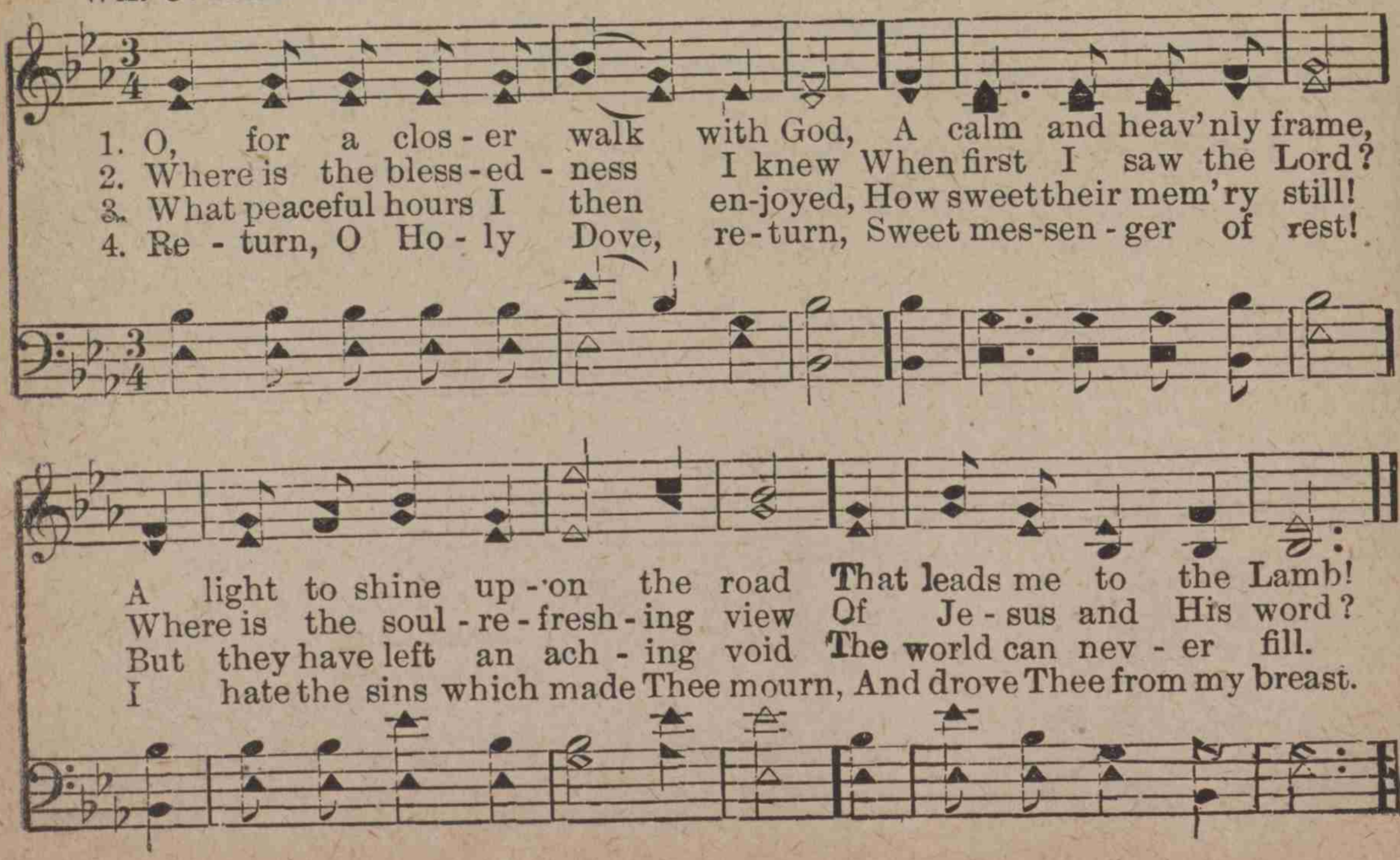
No. 55. BALERMA. C. M.

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



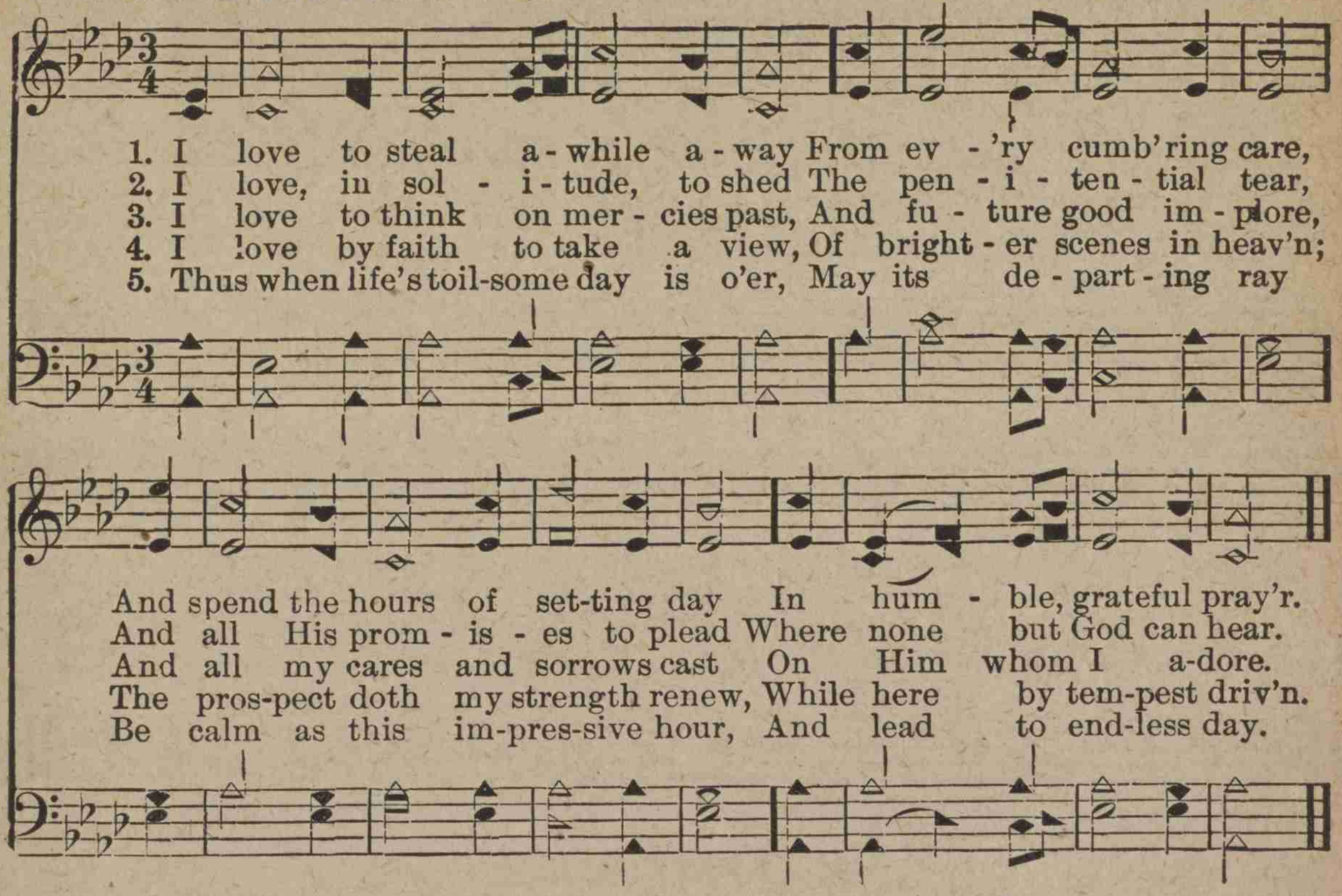
No. 56. ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

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



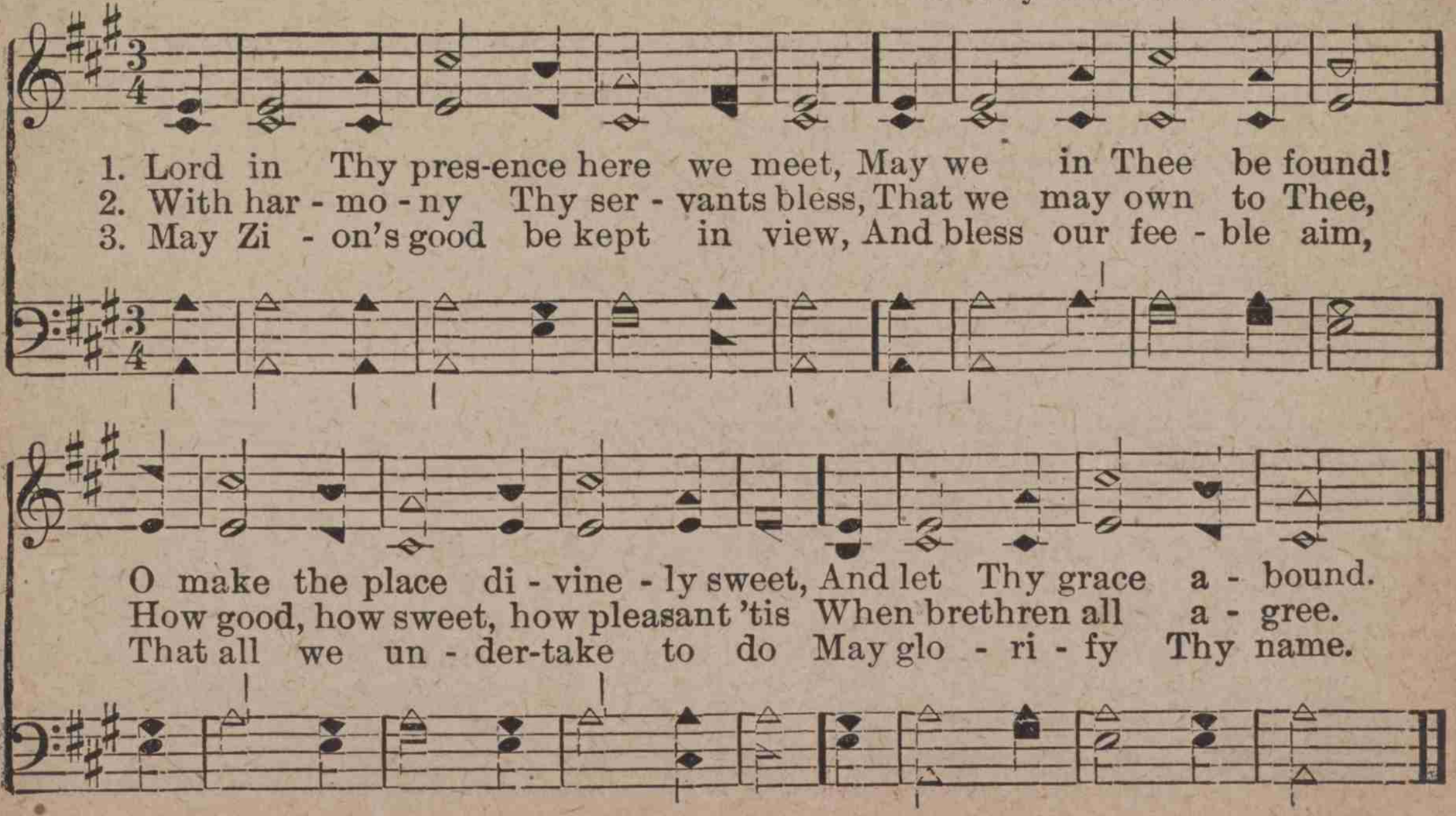
No. 57. AVON. C. M.

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



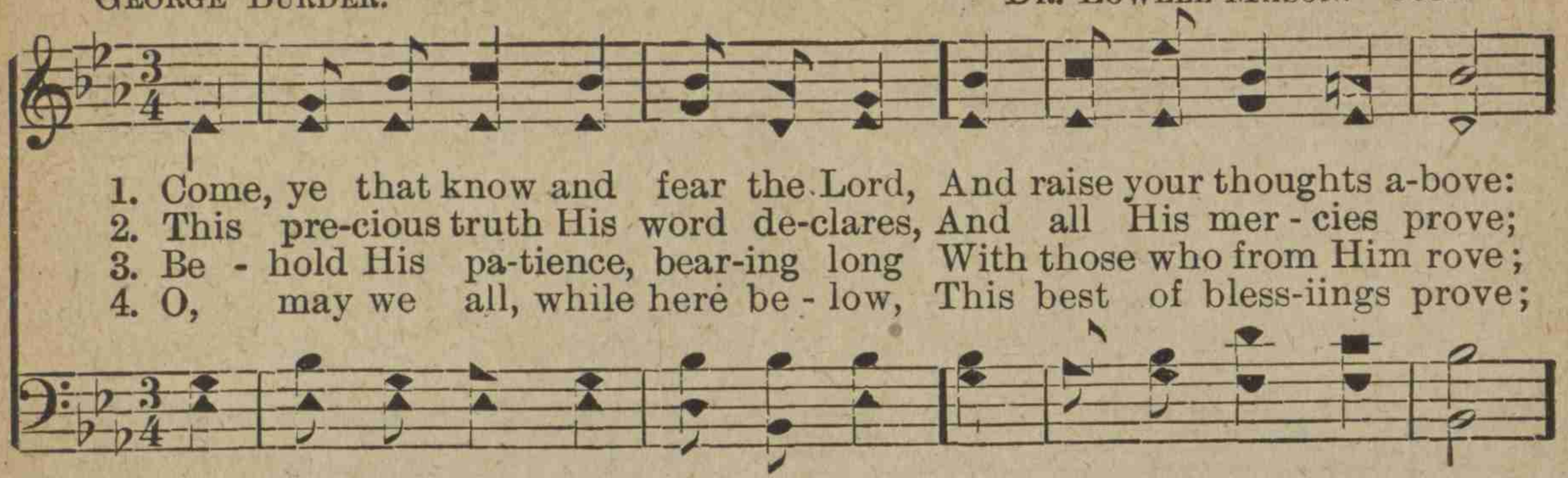
No. 58. EVAN. C. M.

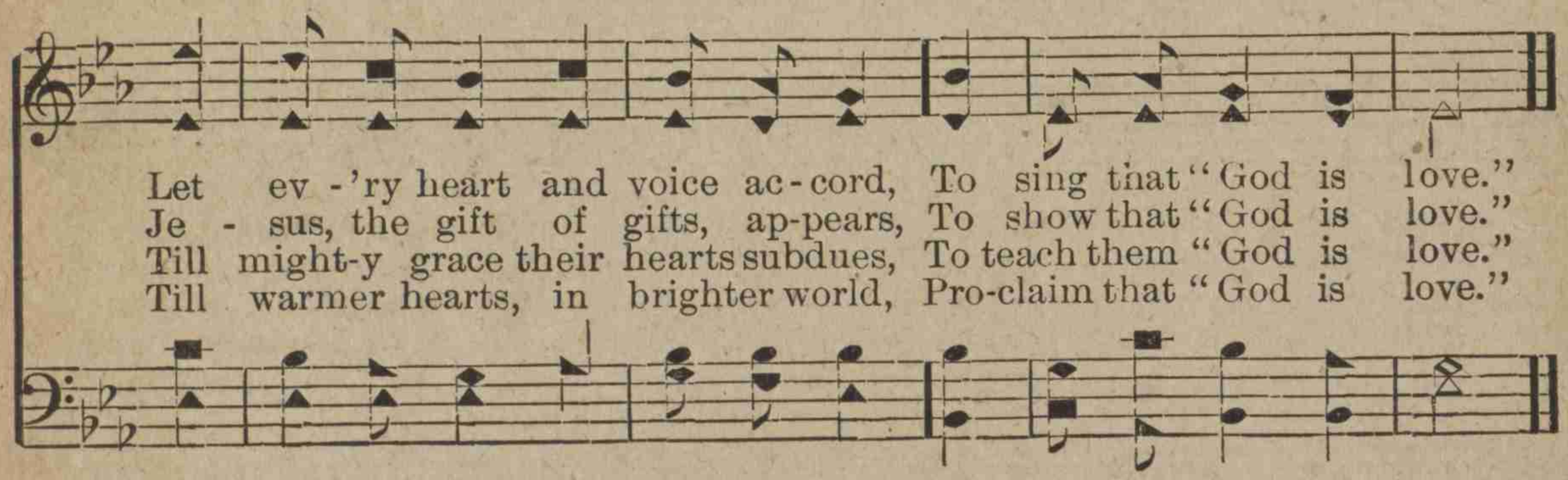
Arr. by HAVERGALL. 1849.



No. 59. DOWNS. C. M.

GEORGE BURDER. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.





No. 60. SILOAM. C. M.

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



No. 61. WATTS. C. M.

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

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

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

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

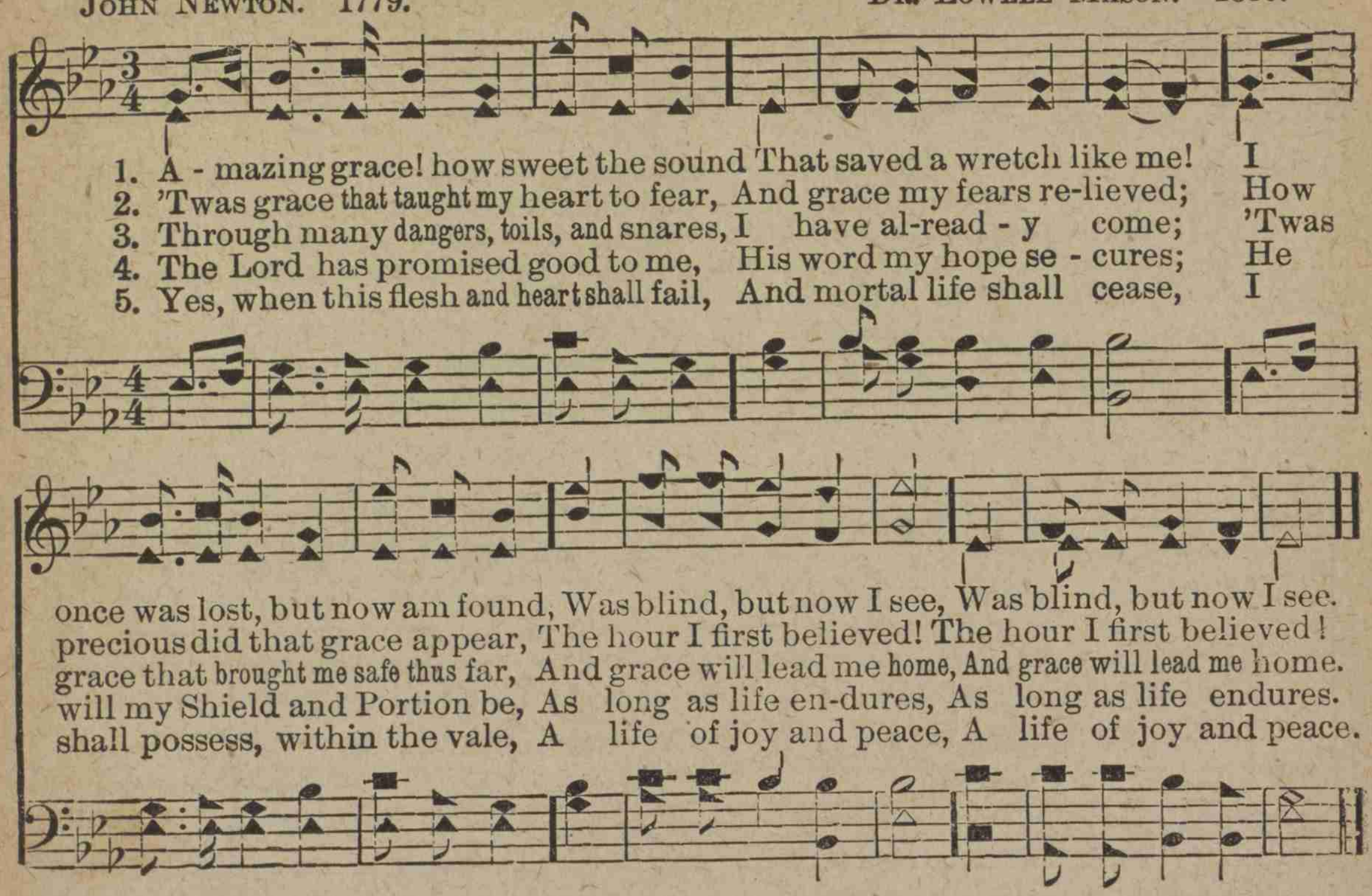
Published by request of Elder A. Brumbaugh. Arr. by J. H. S.

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

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

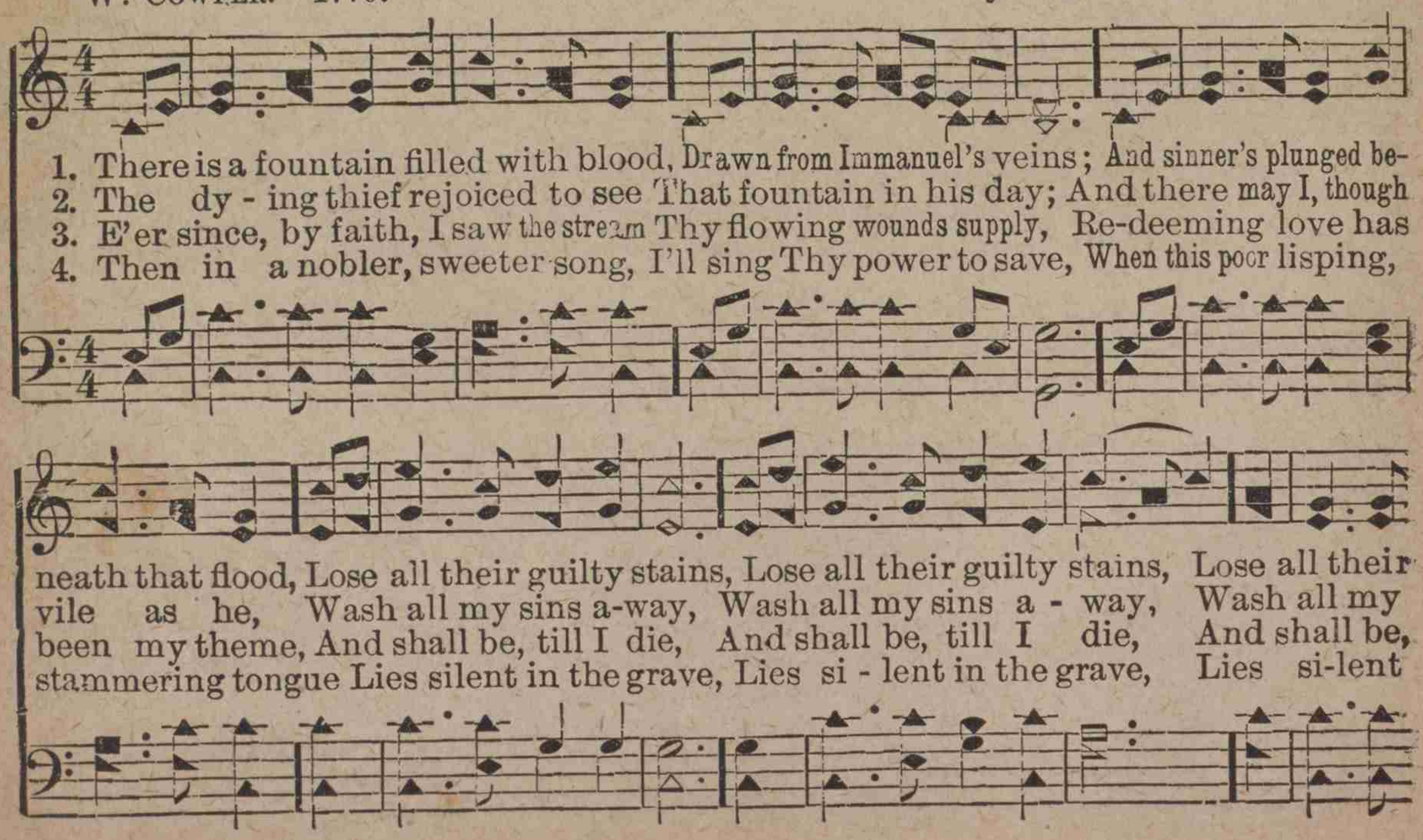
No. 63. COWPER. C. M.

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

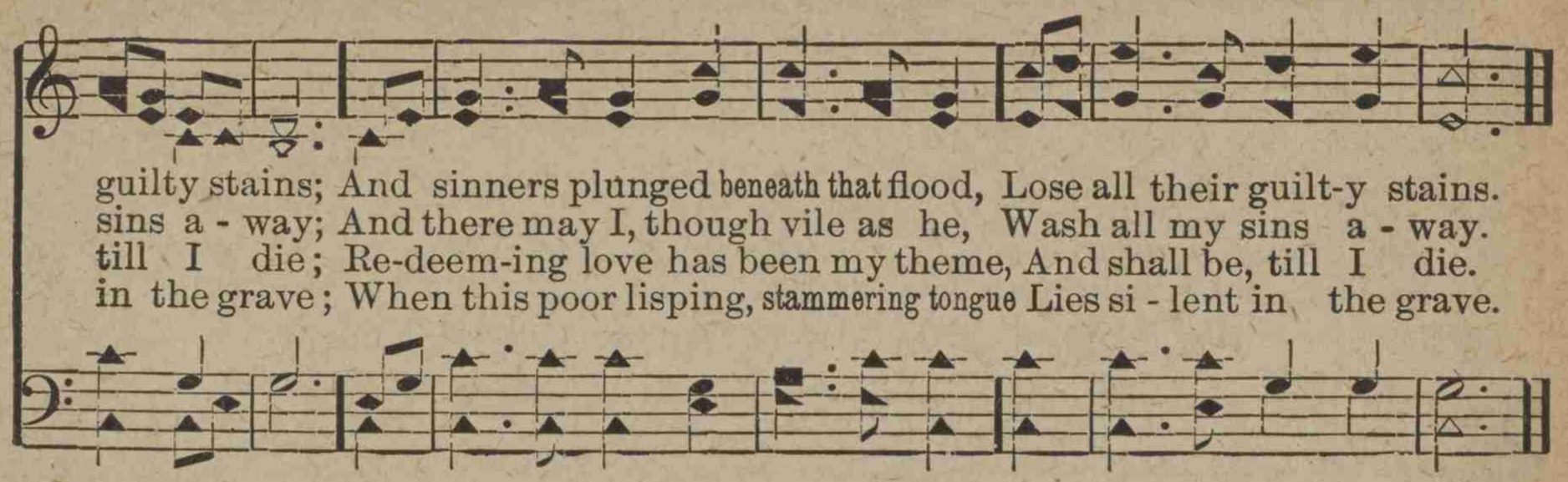


No. 64. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. C. M.

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

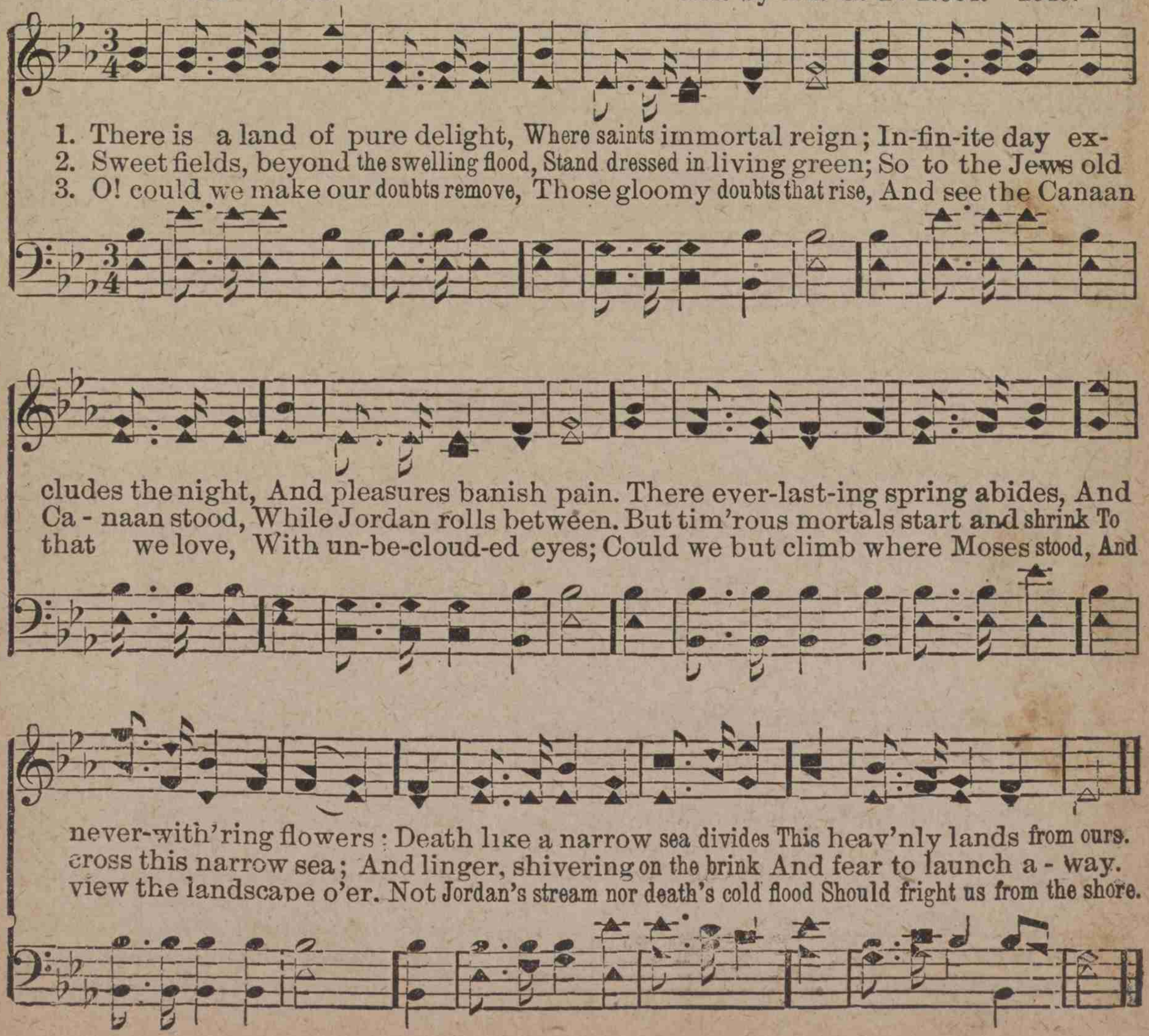


THERE IS A FOUNTAIN. Concluded.



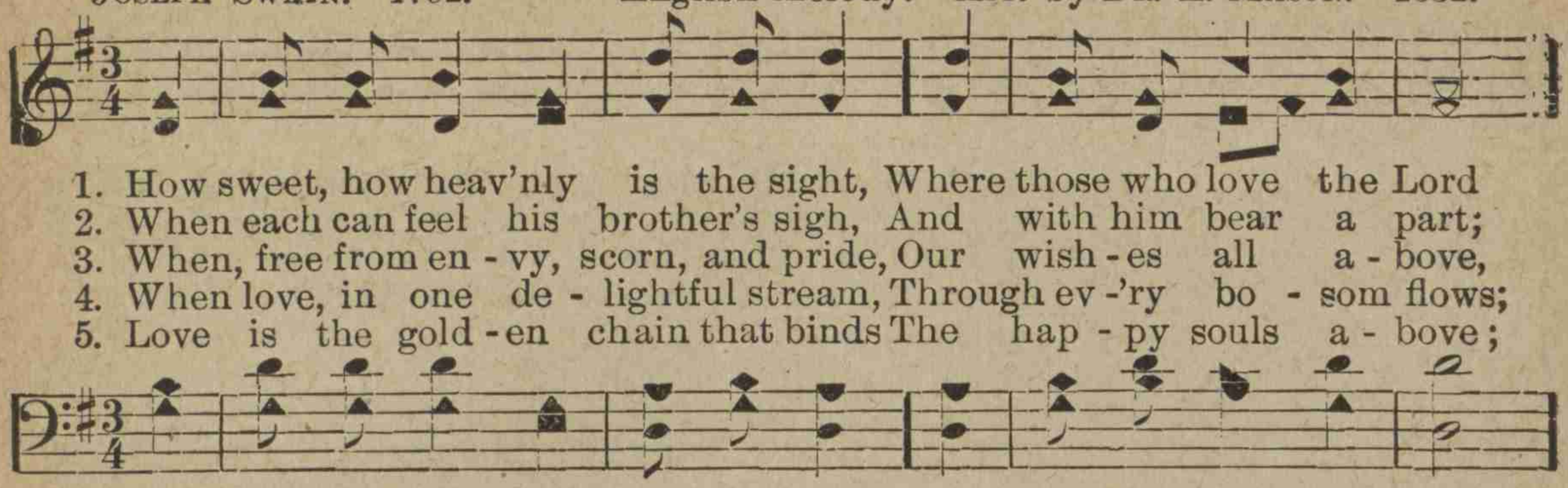
No. 65. VARINA. C. M. D.

ISAAC WATTS 1709. Arr. by DR. G. F. ROOT. 1849.



No. 66. MARLOW. C. M.

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



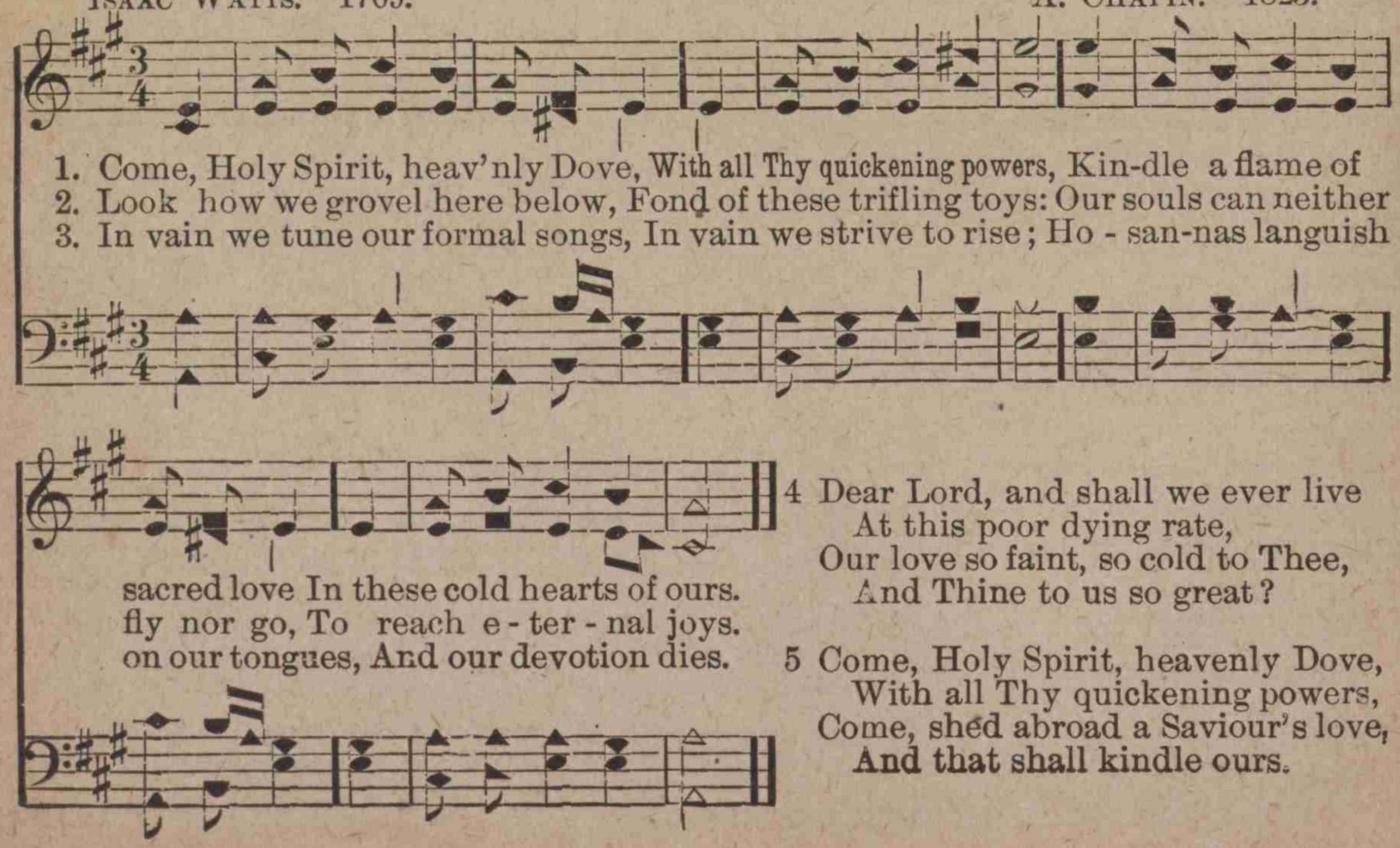
1. How sweet, how heav'nly is the sight, Where those who love the Lord
2. When each can feel his brother's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
4. When love, in one de - lightful stream, Through ev -'ry bo - som flows;
5. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;



In one an - oth - er's peace de-light, And so ful - fil His word.
When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;
Each can his broth - er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love;
When u - nion sweet, and dear es - teem, In ev - 'ry ac - tion glows.
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bo - som glow with love.

No. 67. CHELMSFORD. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. 1709. A. CHAPIN. 1823.



1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quickening powers, Kin-dle a flame of
2. Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling toys: Our souls can neither
3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho - san-nas languish

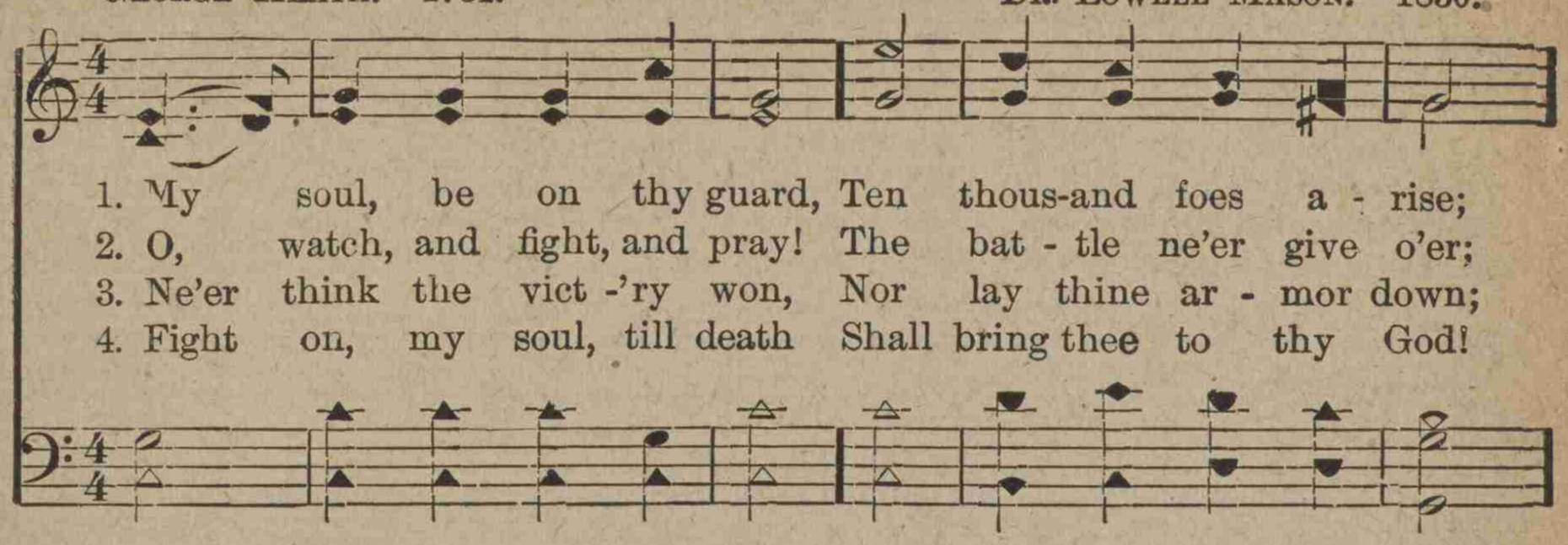
sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
fly nor go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
on our tongues, And our devotion dies.

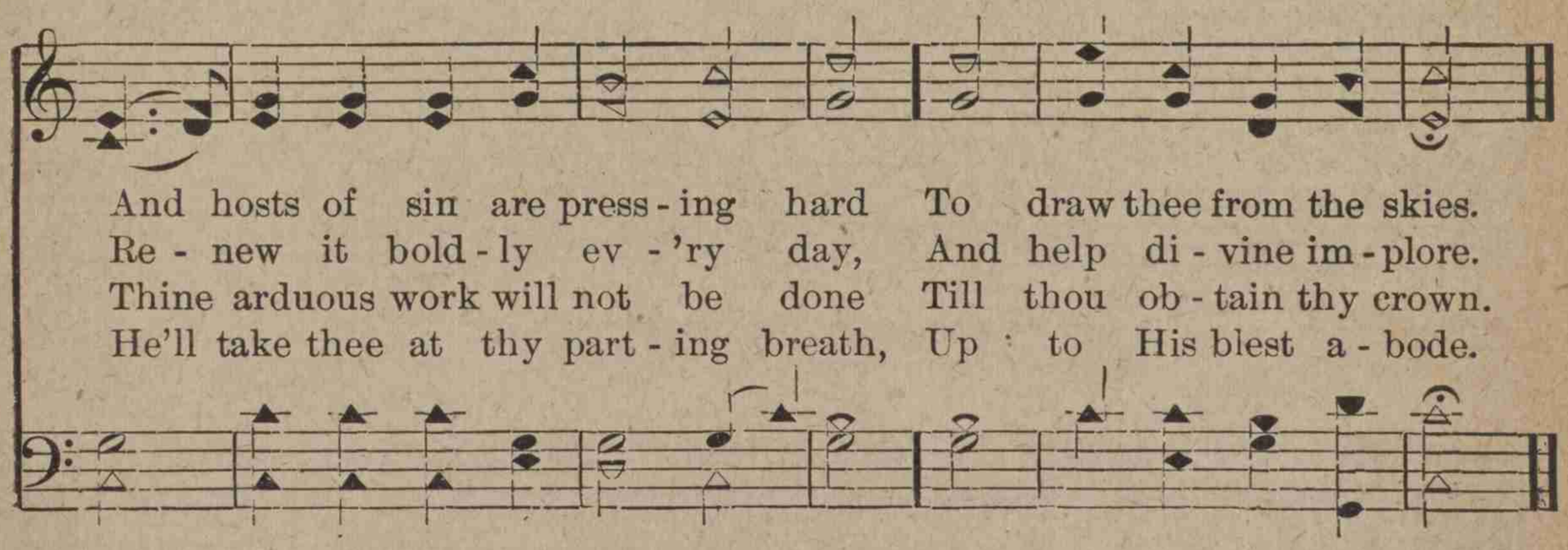
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

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

No. 68. LABAN. S. M.

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





No. 69. The Whole Armor.

S. M.

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

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

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

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

CHARLES WESLEY. 1749.

No. 70. Keep the Charge of the Lord.

S. M.

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

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

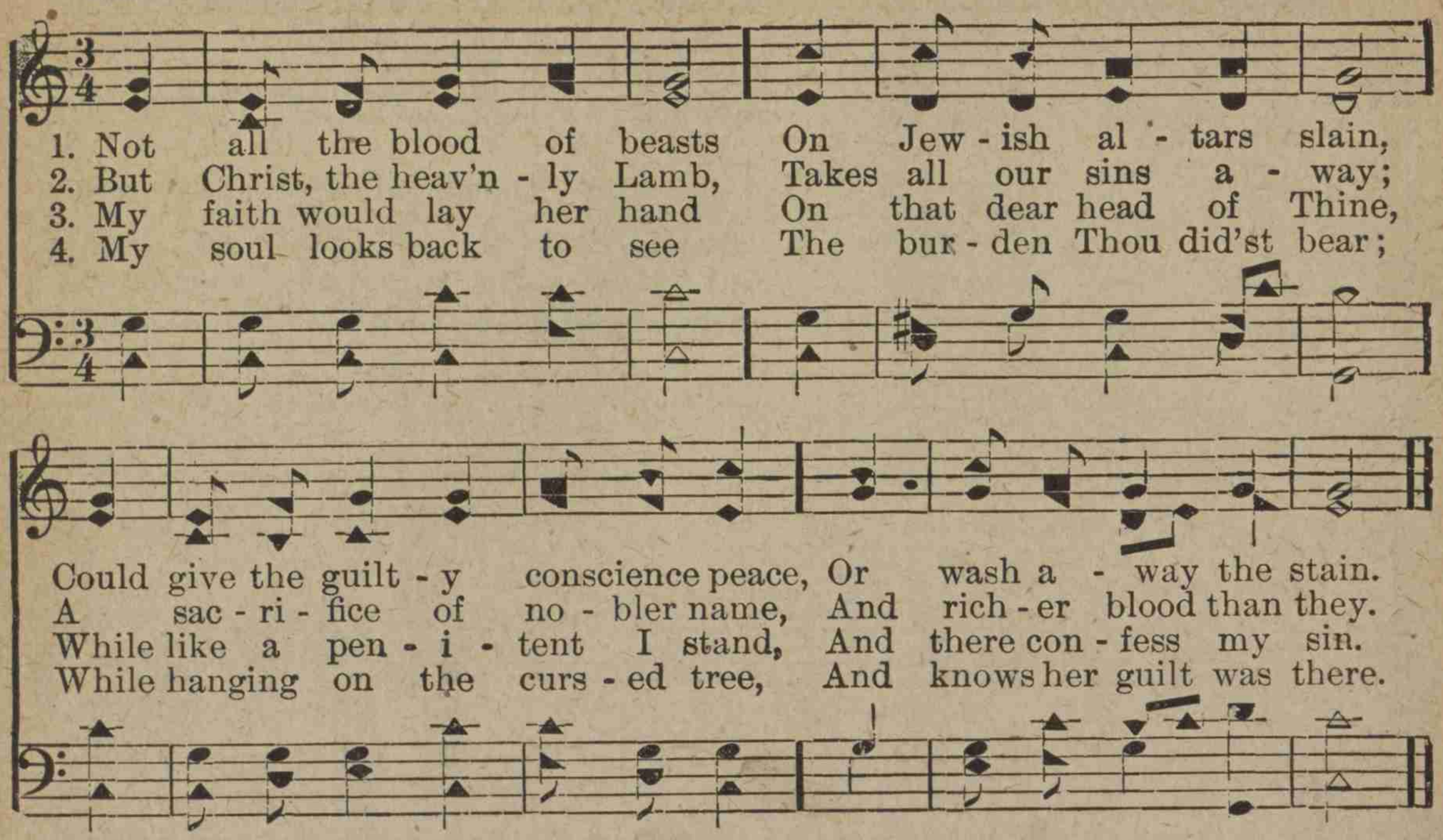
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

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

CHARLES WESLEY. 1762.

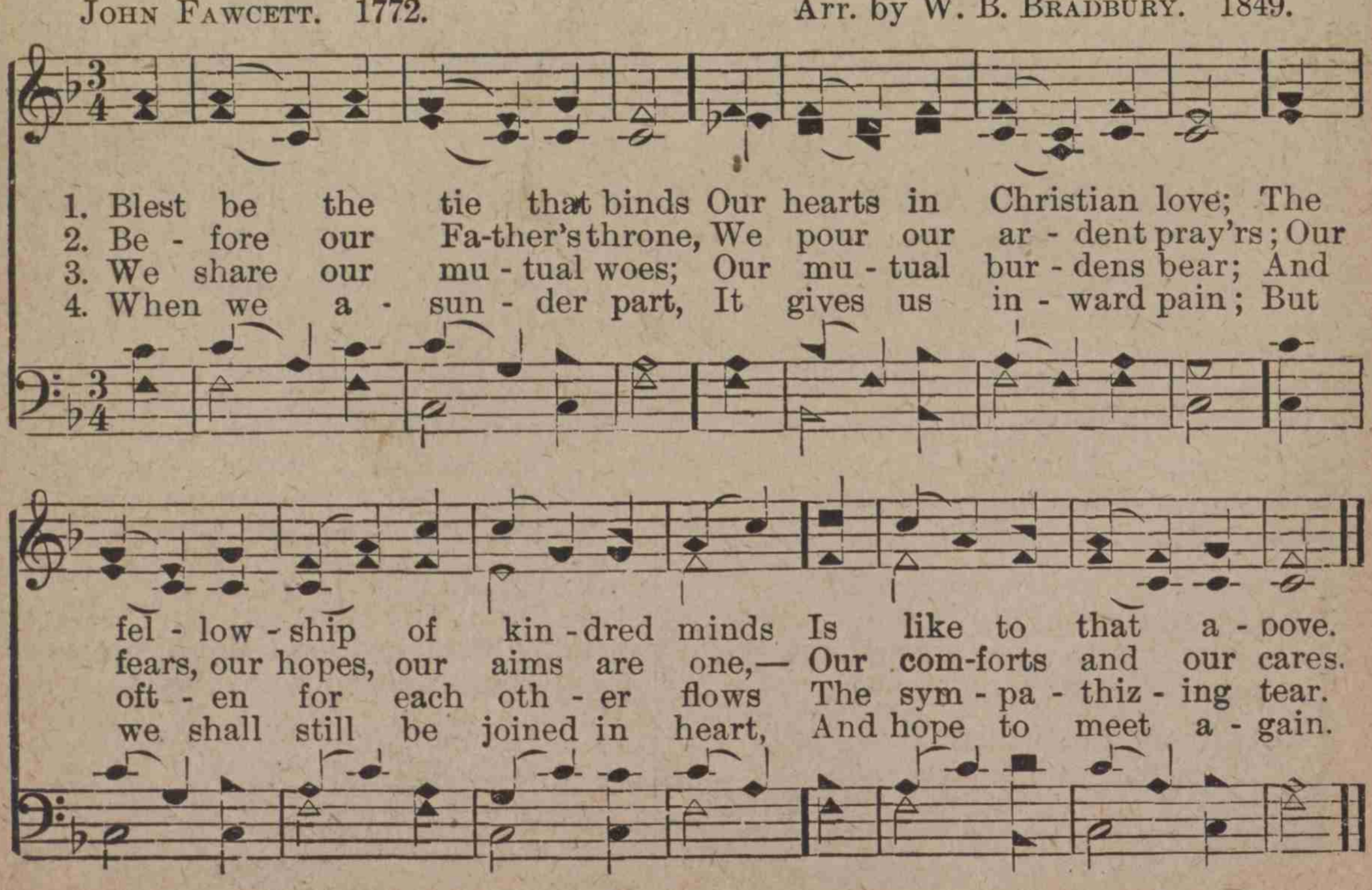
No. 71. BOYLSTON. S. M.

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



No. 72. DENNIS. S. M.

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



No. 73. LOTTIE. S. M.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1787. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de-mands a tear;
4. Then ten - der be our hearts, Our eyes in sor - row dim,

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
Be Thou as - ton - ished O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.
Till ev - 'ry tear from ev - 'ry eye Is wiped a - way by Him.

No. 74. GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740. A. CHAPIN. 1832.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear;
2. Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bel - lious man;
3. Grace led my rov - ing feet To tread the heav-'nly road;
4. Grace all the work shall crown, Through ev - er - last - ing days;

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
And new sup-plies each hour meet, While press-ing on to God.
It lays in heav'n the top - most-stone, And well de - serves the praise.

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

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

1. How charm-ing is the place, Where my Re - deemer, God,
2. Here on the mer - cy seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crowned,
3. To Him their pray'rs and cries Each hum - ble soul pre-sents:
4. To them His sov - 'reign will He gra - cious - ly im - parts;
5. Give me, O Lord, a place With - in Thy blest a - bode,

Un - veils the beau-ties of His face, And sheds His love a - broad.
Our joy - ful eyes be - hold Him sit, And smiles on all a - round.
He list-ens to their bro - ken sighs, And grants them all their wants.
And in re - turn ac - cepts with smiles, The trib - ute of their hearts.
A - mong the chil - dren of Thy grace, The ser - vants of my God.

No. 76. ELM STREET. S. M.

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

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
2. The King Him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day;
3. One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been,
4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic ing eyes.
Here we may sit and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.
Is sweet-er than ten thou-sand days Of pleas-ur - a - ble sin.
And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

No. 77. ELLINGTON. S. M.

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



No. 78. PRAISE. S. M.

Melody by C. M. HATCH.

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



No. 79. KENTUCKY. S. M.

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

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

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

No. 80. GREENWOOD. S. M.

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

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

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

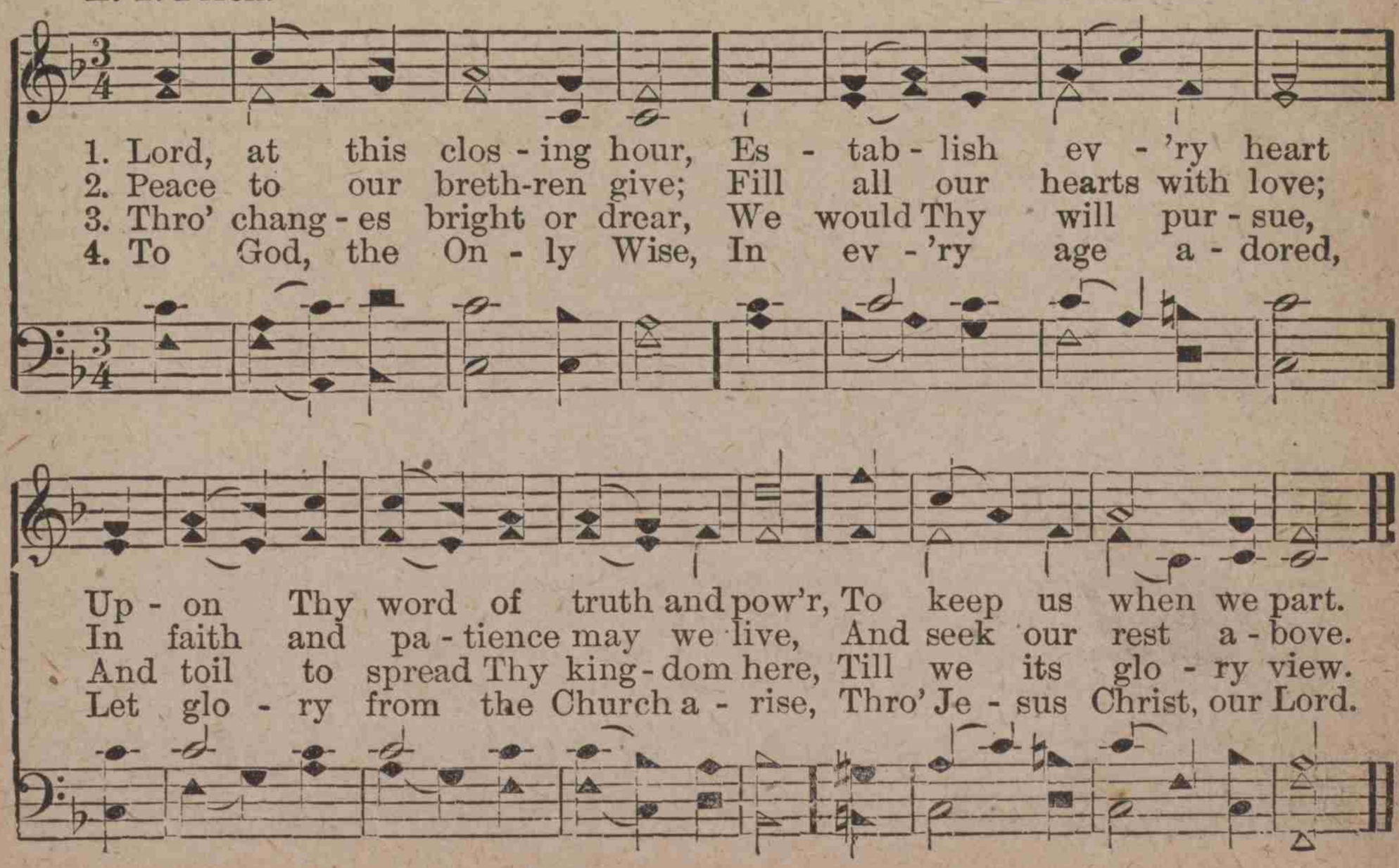
No. 81. MONSELL. S. M.

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



No. 82. ELLIJAY. S. M.

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



No. 83. THATCHER. S. M.

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

1. Be - hold what won-drous grace The Fa - ther hath be-stowed
2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear How great we must be made;
3. A hope so much di - vine May tri - als well en - dure,
4. If in my Fa - ther's love I share a fil - ial part,
5. We would no long - er lie Like slaves be-neath the throne;

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!
But when we see our Sav - iour there We shall be like our Head.
May purge our souls from sense and sin, As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
Send down Thy Spir - it, like a dove, To rest up - on my heart.
Our faith shall Ab - ba, Fa - ther! cry, And Thou the kin - dred own.

No. 84. HOFFMAN. S. M.

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

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound;
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord;
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro-voke His rod;

Je - ho - vah is the sovereign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
The wa - tery worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
We are His work, and not our own, He formed us by His word.
Come, like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God.

No. 85 STATE STREET. S. M.

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

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

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

No. 86. CONFIDENCE. S. M.

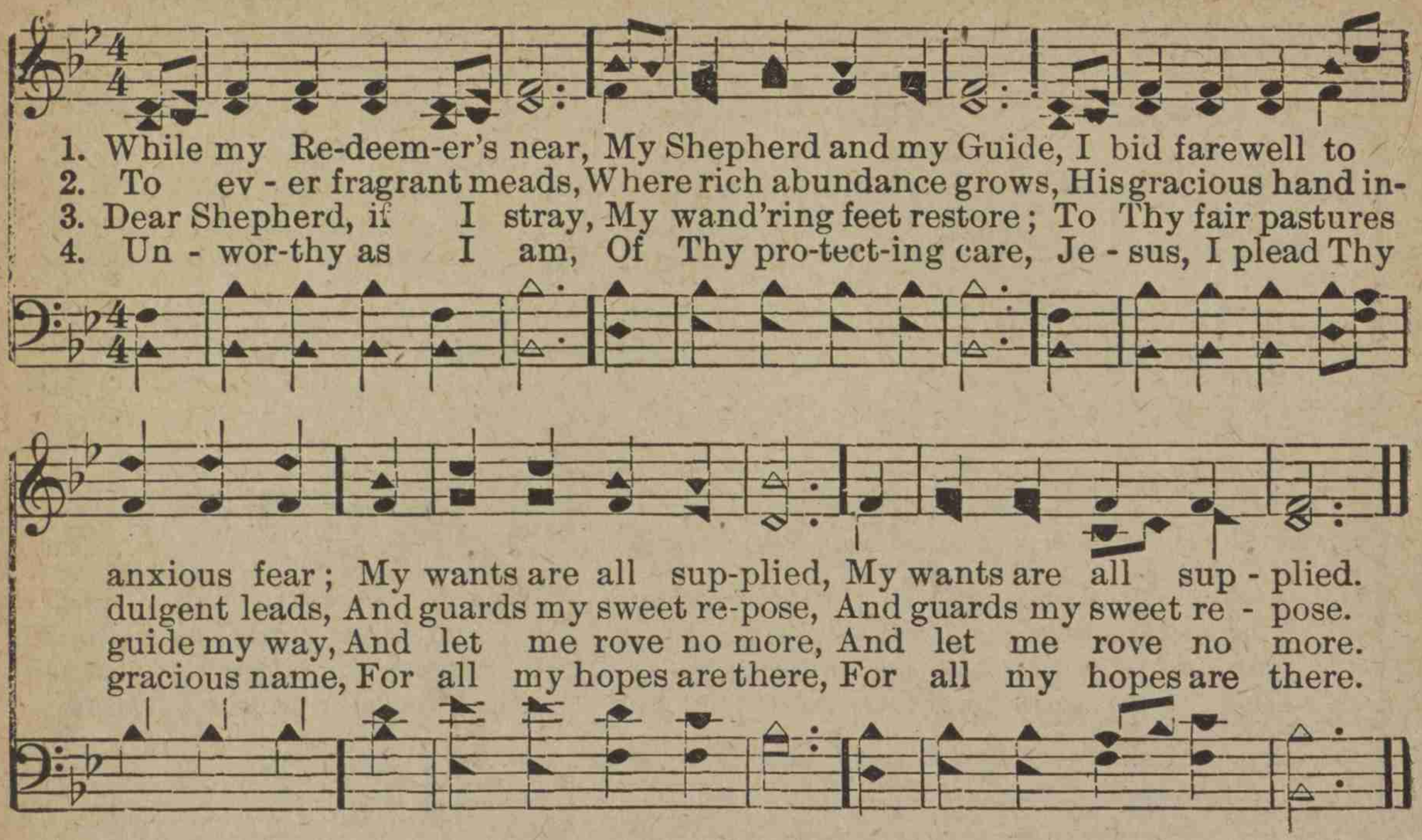
PHILLIP DODDRIDGE. 1755. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1888.

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

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

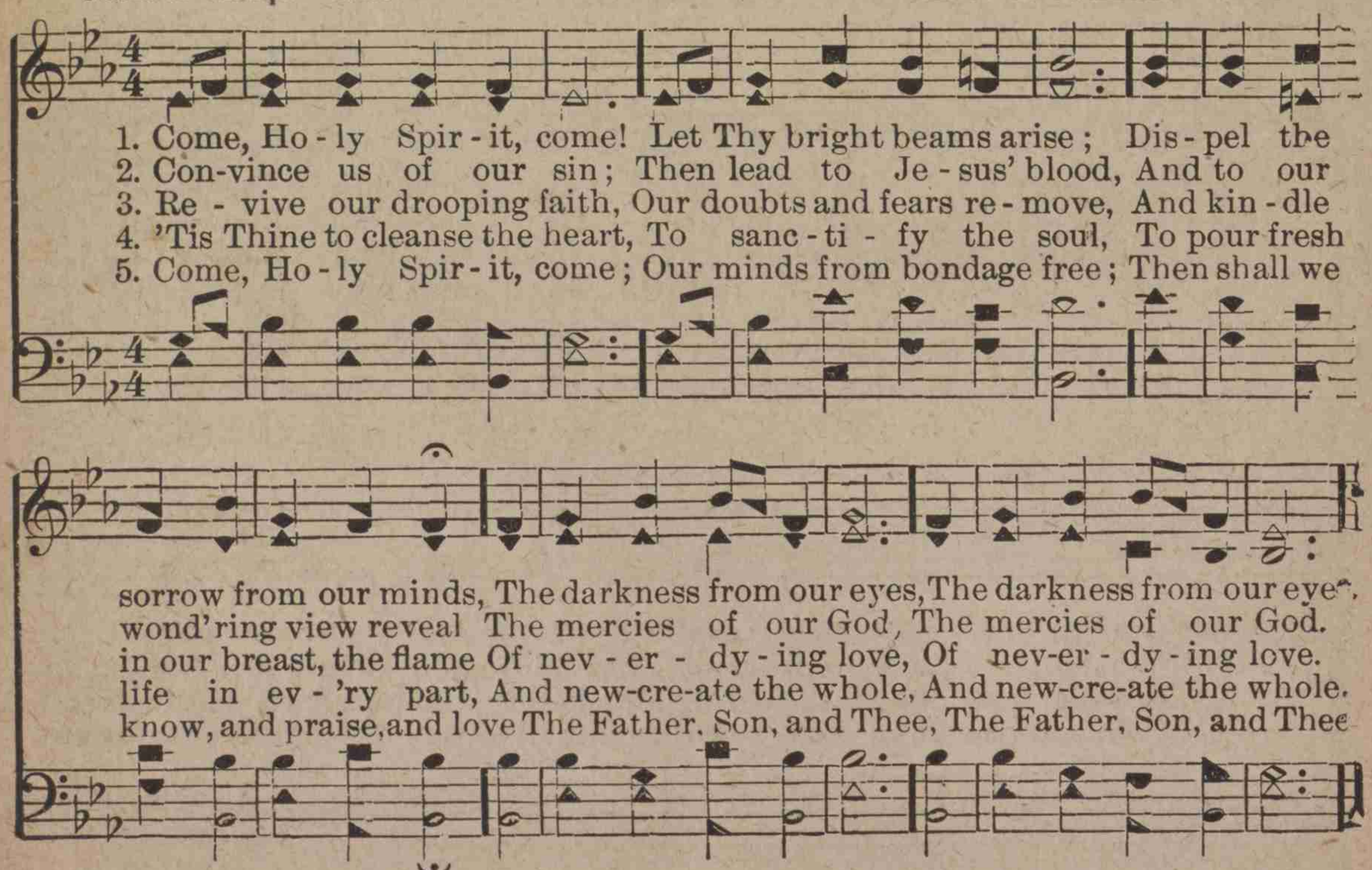
No. 87. ROWAN. S. M.

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



No. 88. DINSMORE. S. M.

JOSRPH HART. 1759. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.



No. 89. VESPER. S. M.

RAY PALMER. 1843. Western Melody.

1. And is there, Lord, a rest, For wea - ry souls de - signed,
2. Is there a bliss - ful home, Where kin-dred minds shall meet,
3. Are there bright, hap - py fields, Where naught that blooms shall die;
4. Are there ce - les - tial streams, Where liv - ing wa - ters glide,
5. For - ev - er bless - ed they, Whose joy - ful feet shall stand,
6. My soul would thith - er tend, While toilsome years are giv'n;

Where not a care shall stir the breast, Or sor - row en-trance find?
And live and love, nor ev - er roam From that se - rene re - treat?
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields, And healthful breez-es sigh?
With murmurs sweet as an - gel-dreams, And flow-'ry banks be - side?
While end-less a - ges waste a - way, A - mid that joy - ous land!
Then let me, gra-cious God, as - cend To sweet re - pose in heav'n.

No. 90. HOME. S. M.

W. L. MONTAGUE.

1. My Fa-ther's house on high Is my e - ter - nal home;
2. My Fa - ther and my God, O, lead me safe - ly on,
3. Then join the heav'nly throng, To sing re - deem-ing love;

O God, for - bid that I should sigh, While trav'ling here a - lone.
Till in that heav'nly world a - bove I feel my work is done.
While end-less a - ges roll a - long, We'll praise our God a - bove.

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

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. 1800. A. B. EVERETT.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;
3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour, and our King,

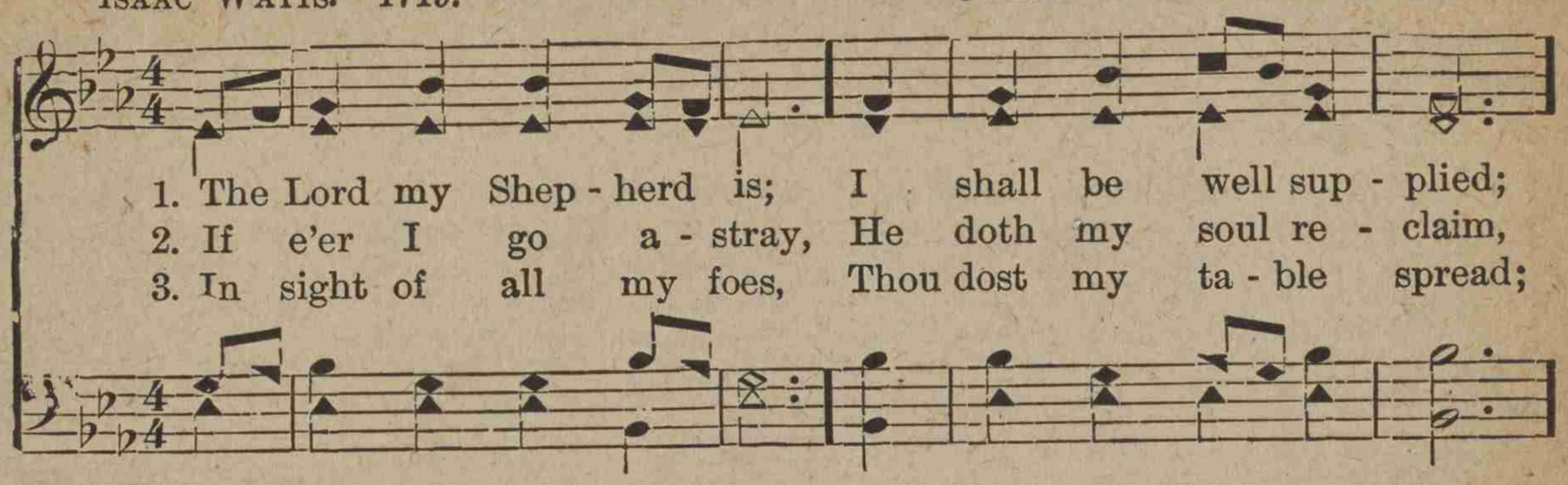
The church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev - 'ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv - 'rance bring.

I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye And grav-en on Thy hand.
Her sweet commun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The brightest glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

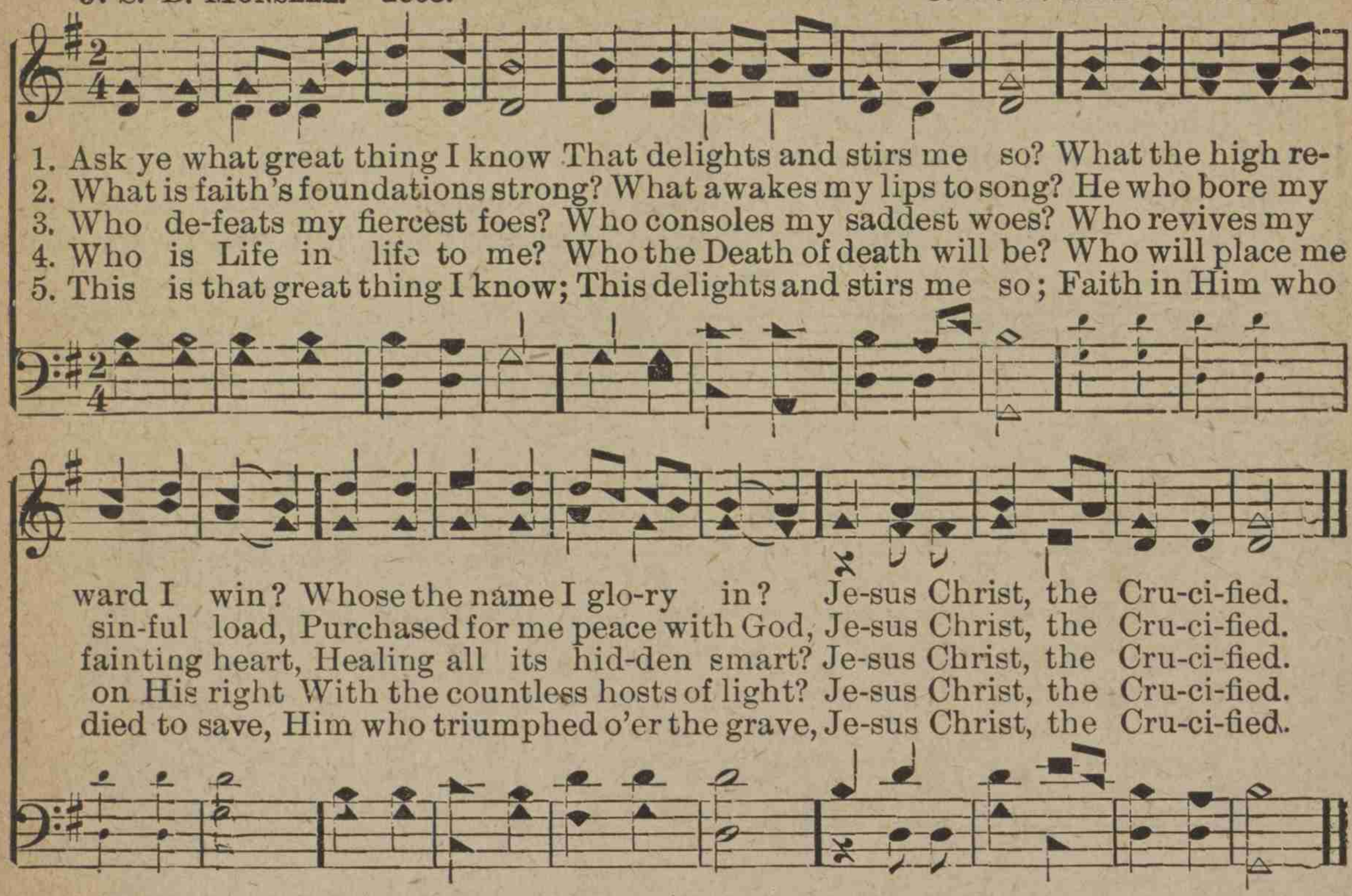
No. 92. THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS. S. M. D.

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



No. 93. HENDON. 7.

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



No. 94. SEYMOUR. 7. C. M. von Weber. 1826.

Chas. Wesley. 1740. Arr. by G. H. W. Greatorex. 1849.

No. 95. HORTON. 7.

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



No. 96. SOLITUDE. 7.

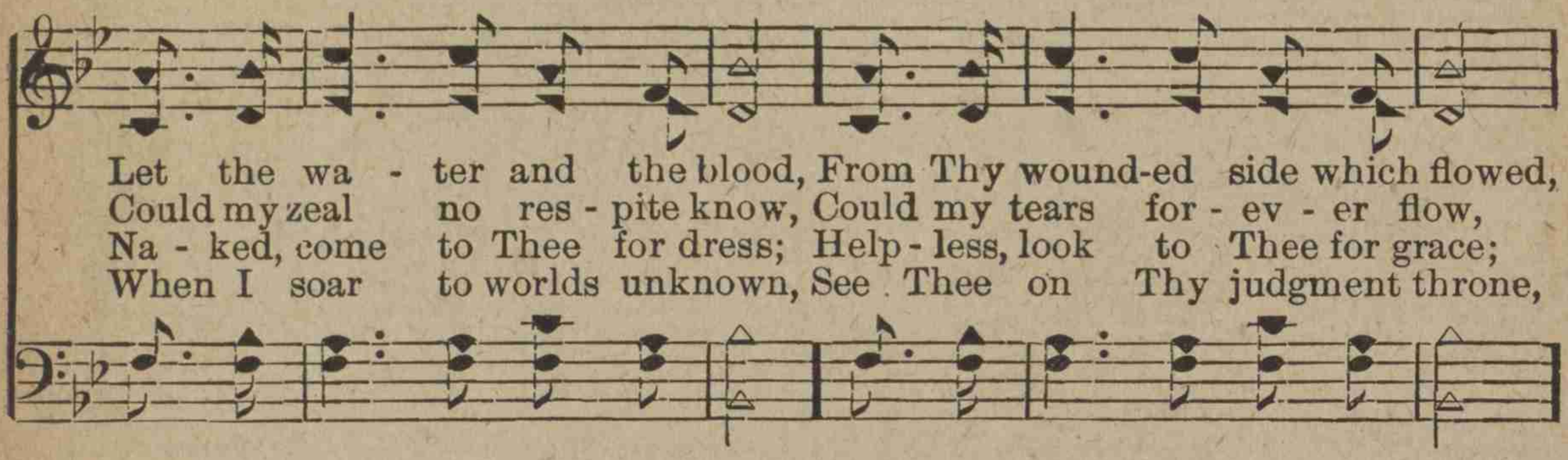
GEOBGE BURDER. 1779. LEWIS T. DOWNS. 1851.



No. 97. TOPLADY. 7. 61.

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







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

George Duffield. 1859. Spanish Melody.



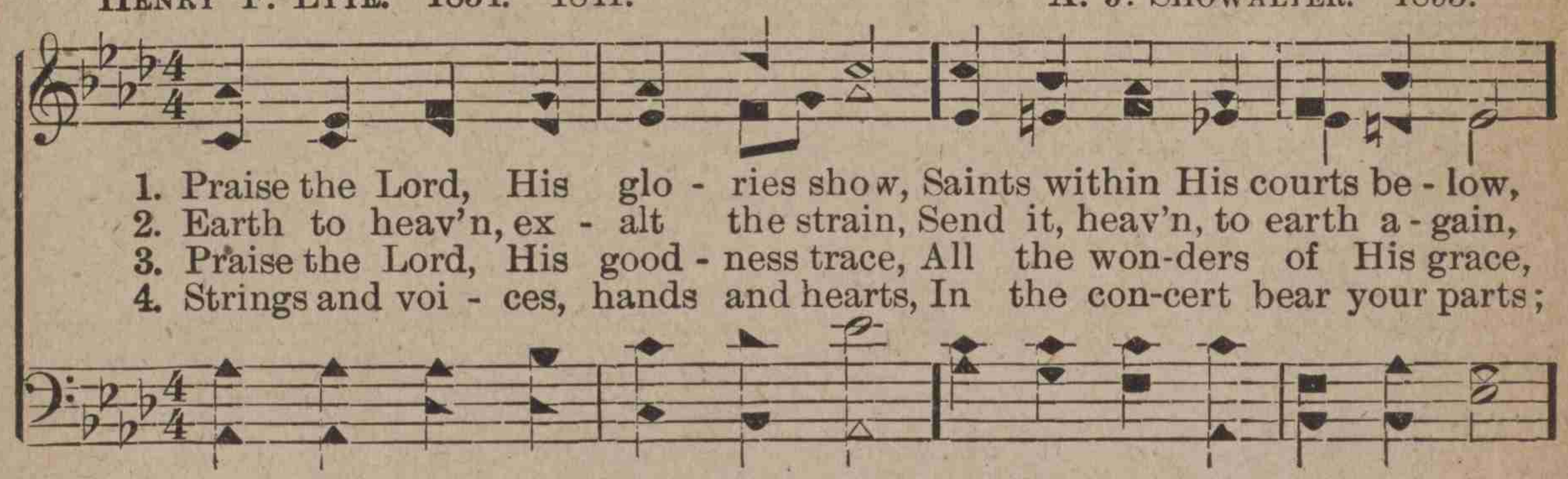
SPANISH HYMN. Concluded.

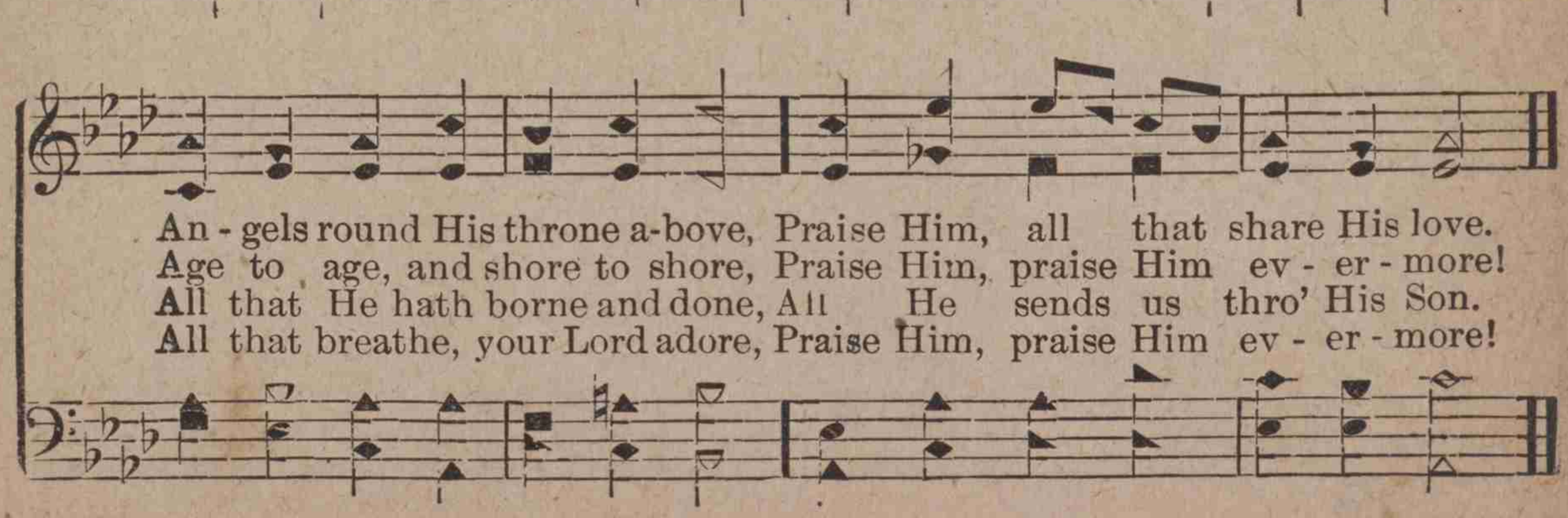




No. 99. NAHUM. 7.

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





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

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

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Purchased Thine a-lone to be,
2. Oth - er Lords have long held sway, Now Thy name a-lone to bear,
3. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am Thine; Keep me faith-ful, keep me near;

By Thy blood, O, spotless Lamb, Shed so wil - ling - ly for me;
Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey, Is my dai - ly, hour-ly pray'r.
Let Thy pres-ence in me shine All my homeward way to cheer.

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone;
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be;
Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, O, be Thou my All in all;

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.
Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Nothing else my joy can be.
Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, O, be Thou my All in all.

No. 101. MARTYN. 7. D.

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

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par-don all my sin:

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still support and com-fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.

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

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

No. 102. SABBATH. 7. D.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1824

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

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

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

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

No. 103. GUIDE. 7. D.

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

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

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

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

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

No. 104.

ELTHAM. 7. D.

HARRIET AUBER. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1840.

1. Hast - en, Lord, the glo-rious time, When beneath Mes - si - ah's sway,
2. Then shall wars and tumults cease; Then be banished grief and pain;
3. Time shall sun and moon ob-scure, Seas be dried and rocks be riv'n,

Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.
Righteousness, and joy, and peace, Un - disturbed shall ev - er reign.
But His reign shall still en - dure, End - less as the days of heav'n.

Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own; Heathen tribes His name a - dore;
Then Thy Spir - it shall de-scend, Soft'ning ev - 'ry ston-y heart,
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord; Ev - er praise His glorious name;

Sa - tan and his host o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
And its sweet - est influence lend, All that's love - ly to im - part.
All His might - y acts re - cord, All His wondrous love pro - claim.

No. 105. MESSIAH. 7. D.

L. J. F. Herold. 1830.

Ralph Wardlaw. 1817. Arr. by George Kingsley. 1838.

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

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

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

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

No. 106. TALMAR. 8, 7.

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

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

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

No. 107. ELLIOTT. 8. 7.

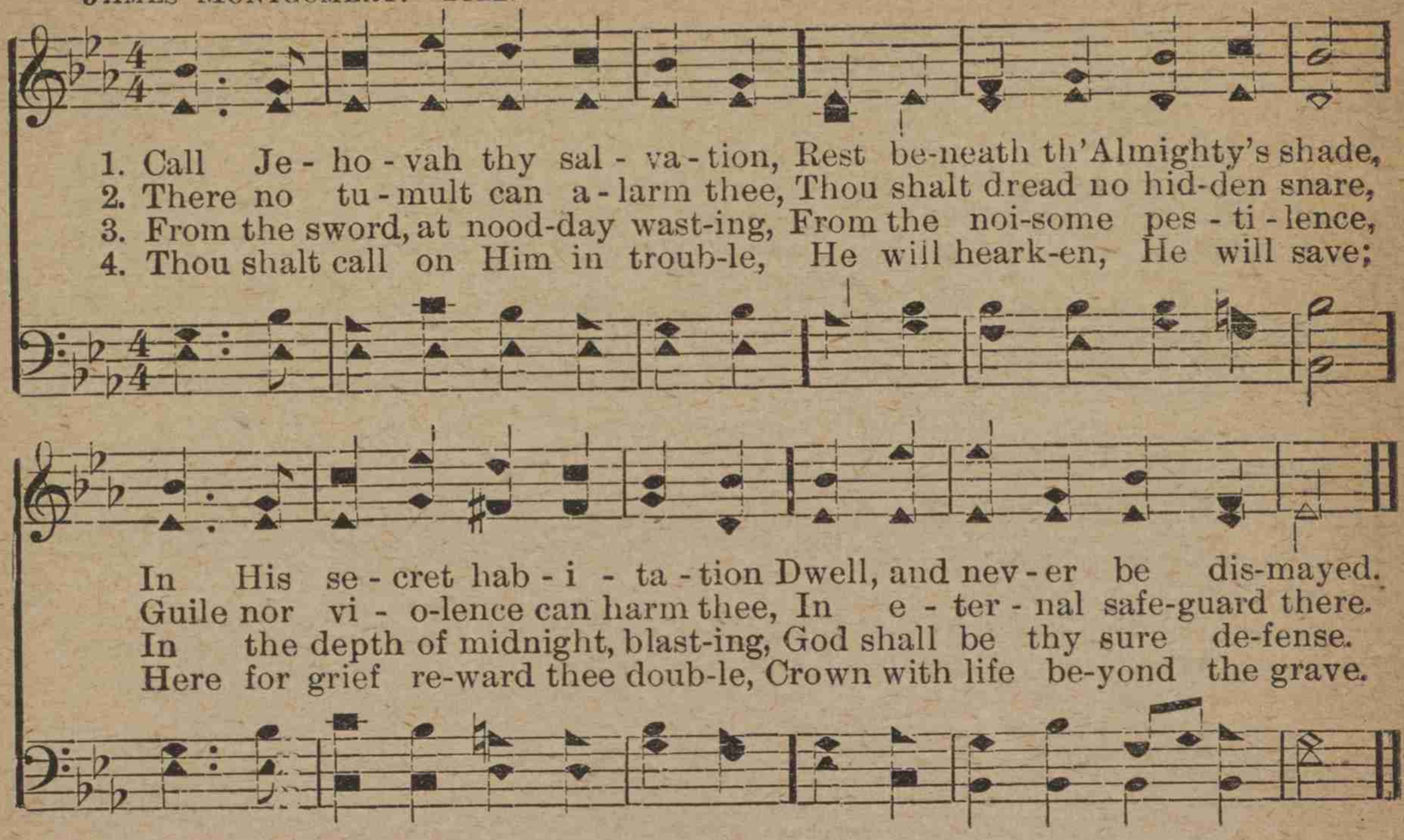
SIR JOHN BOWRING. 1828. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.

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

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

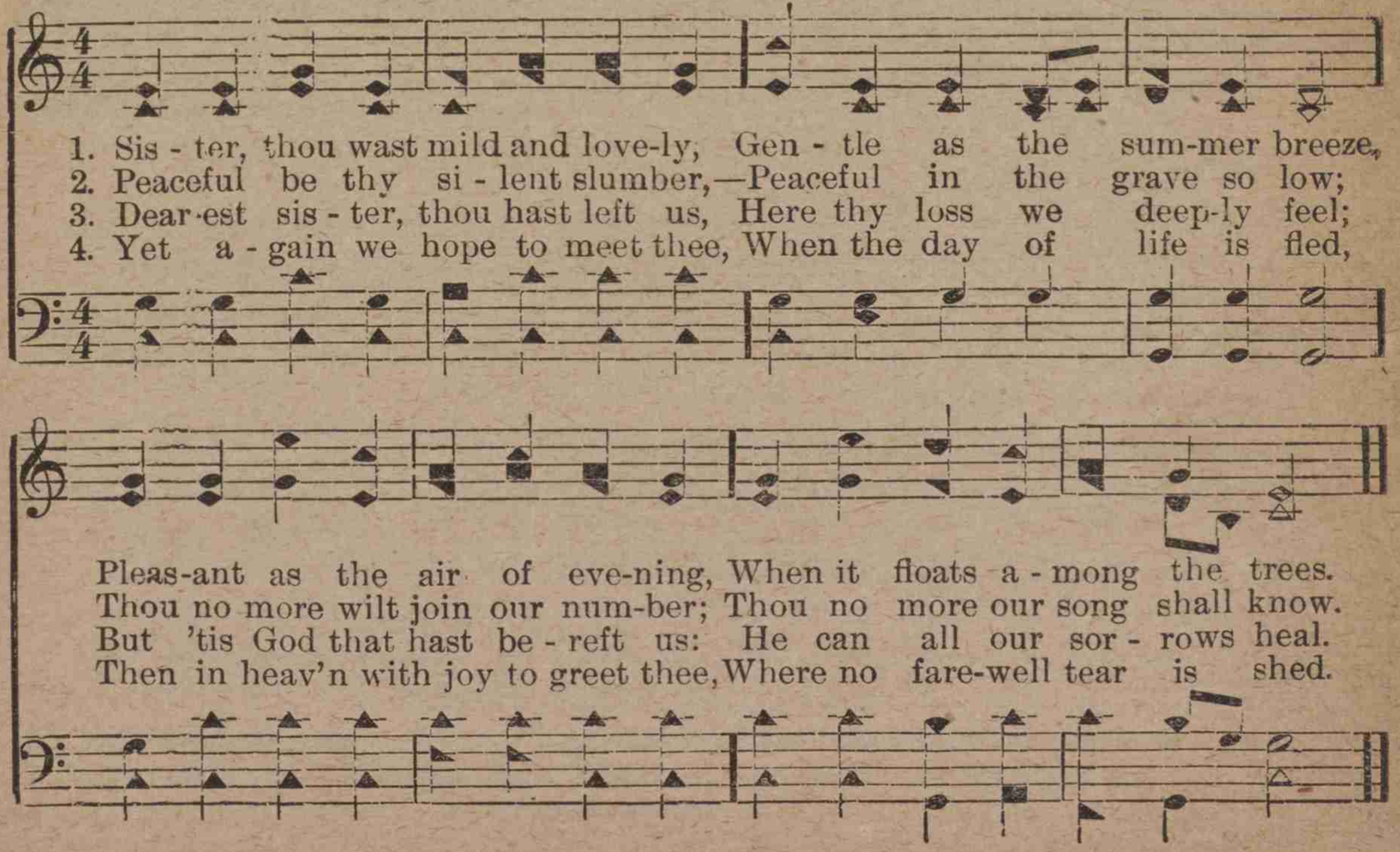
No. 108. OSWALD. 8, 7.

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



No. 109. MOUNT VERNON. 8, 7.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be-stows,
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wand'rer, far a - stray;
3. Lord, this bo-som's ar - dent feel-ing Vain-ly would my lips ex-press.

For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee From the paths of death a - way.
Low be - fore Thy foot-stool kneeling, Deign Thy suppliant's pray'r to bless.

Help, O God, my weak en-deav - or, This dull soul to rapt - ure raise;
Praise, with love's devout - est feel - ing, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure, Love's pure flame with-in me raise;

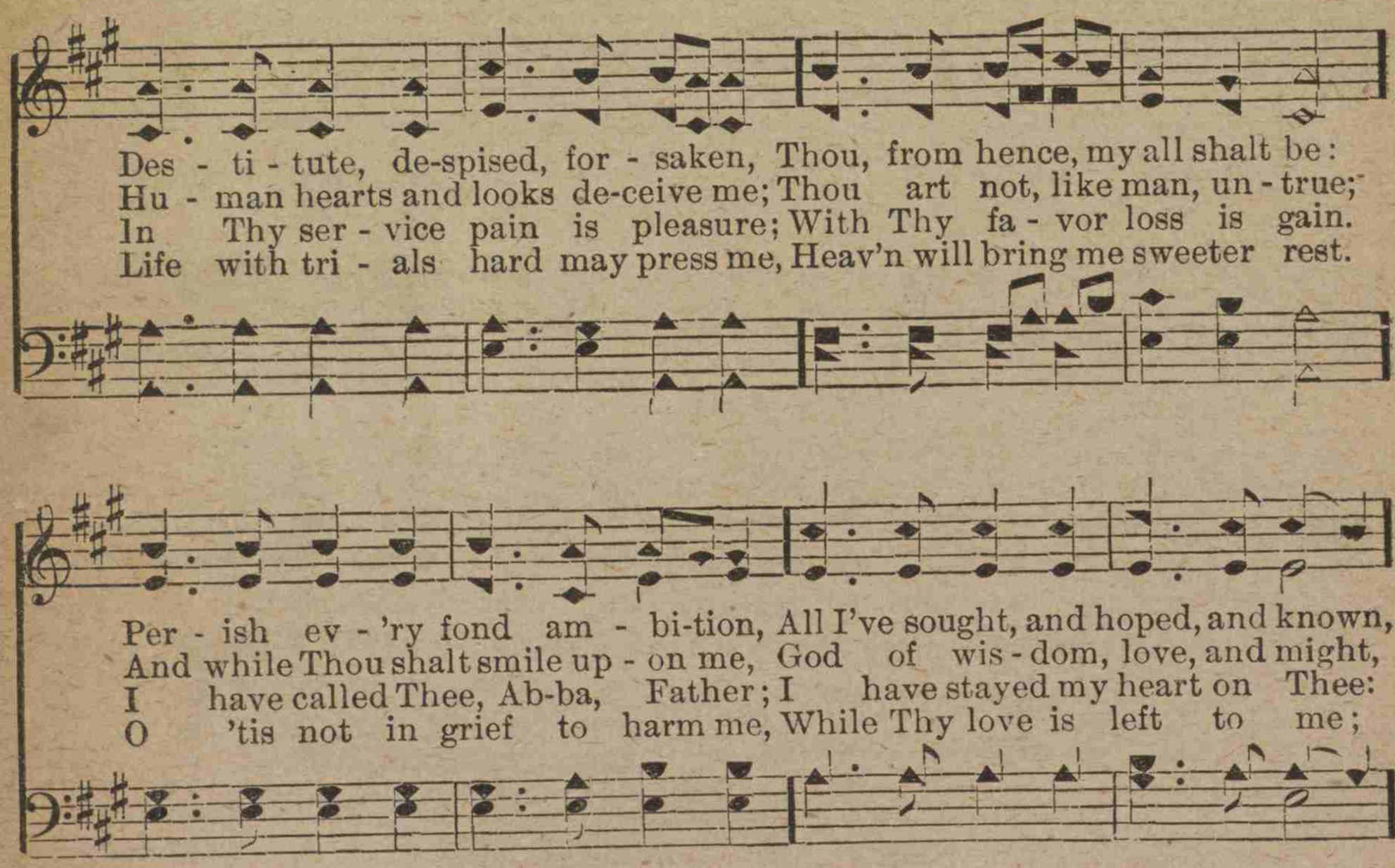
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And, the light of hope re - veal-ing, Bade the blood-stained cross ap-pear.
And since words can nev - er meas-ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise.

By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

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

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



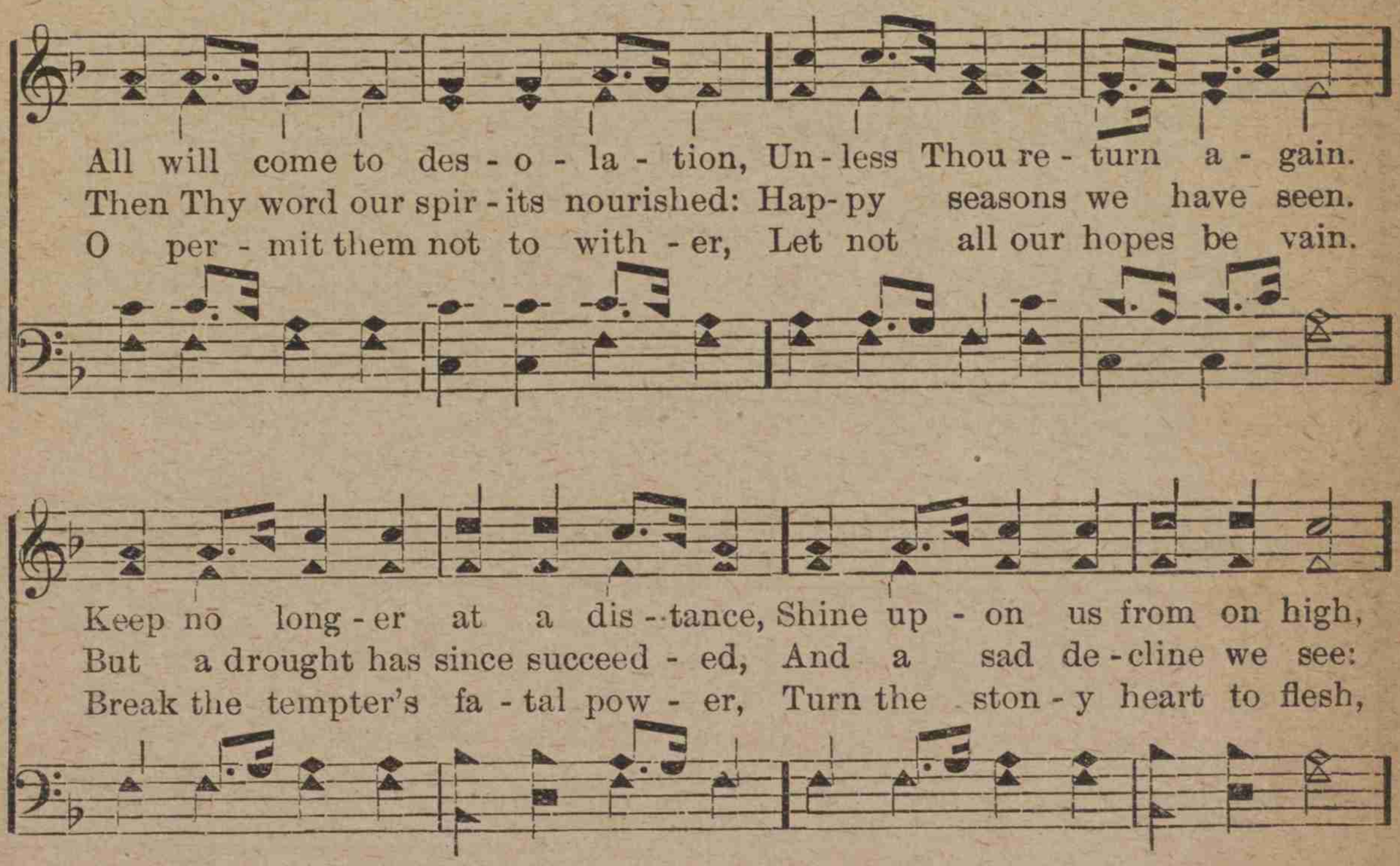


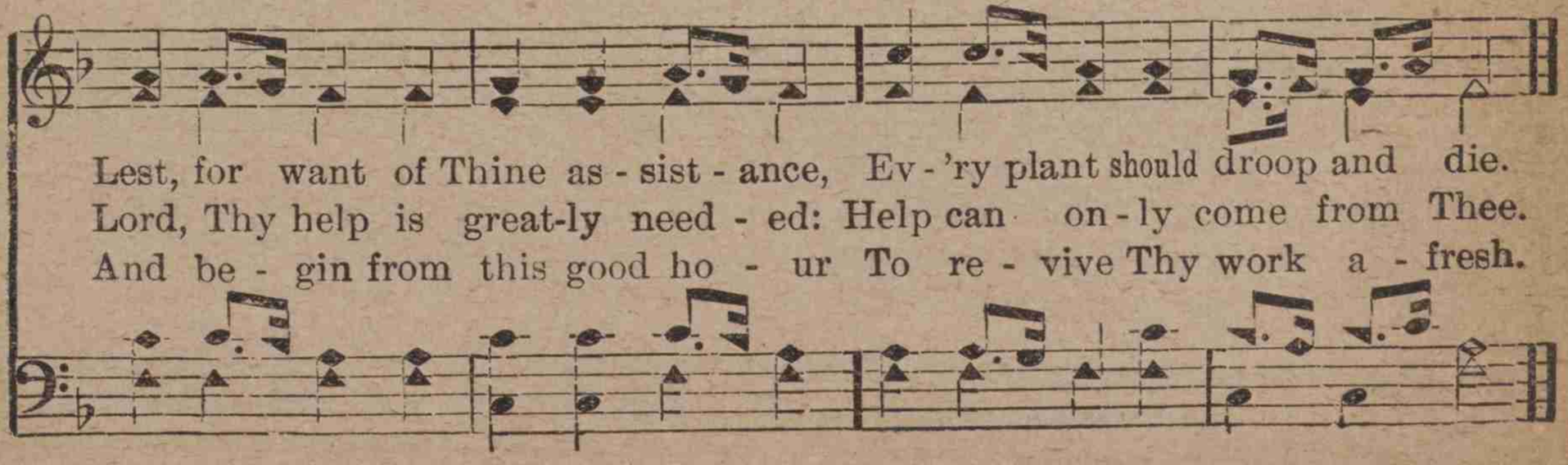


No. 113. GREENVILLE. 8, 7. D.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. 1750.







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

CHAS. WESLEY. 1747. Spanish Melody.

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

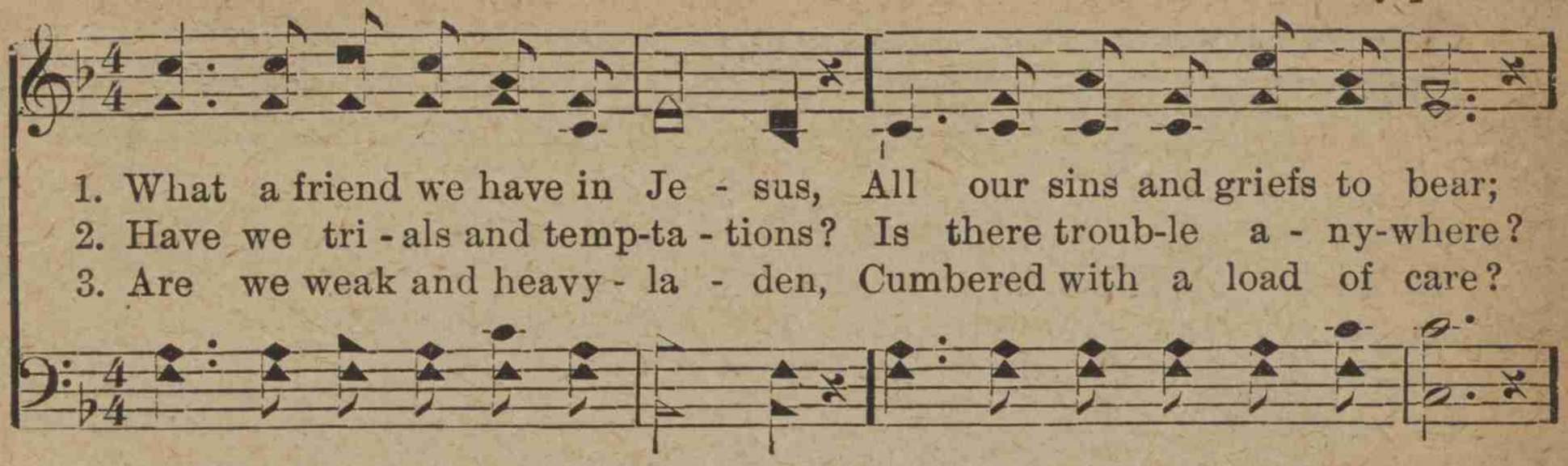
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer-cies crown;
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy promised rest;
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per-fect - ly re-stored in Thee;

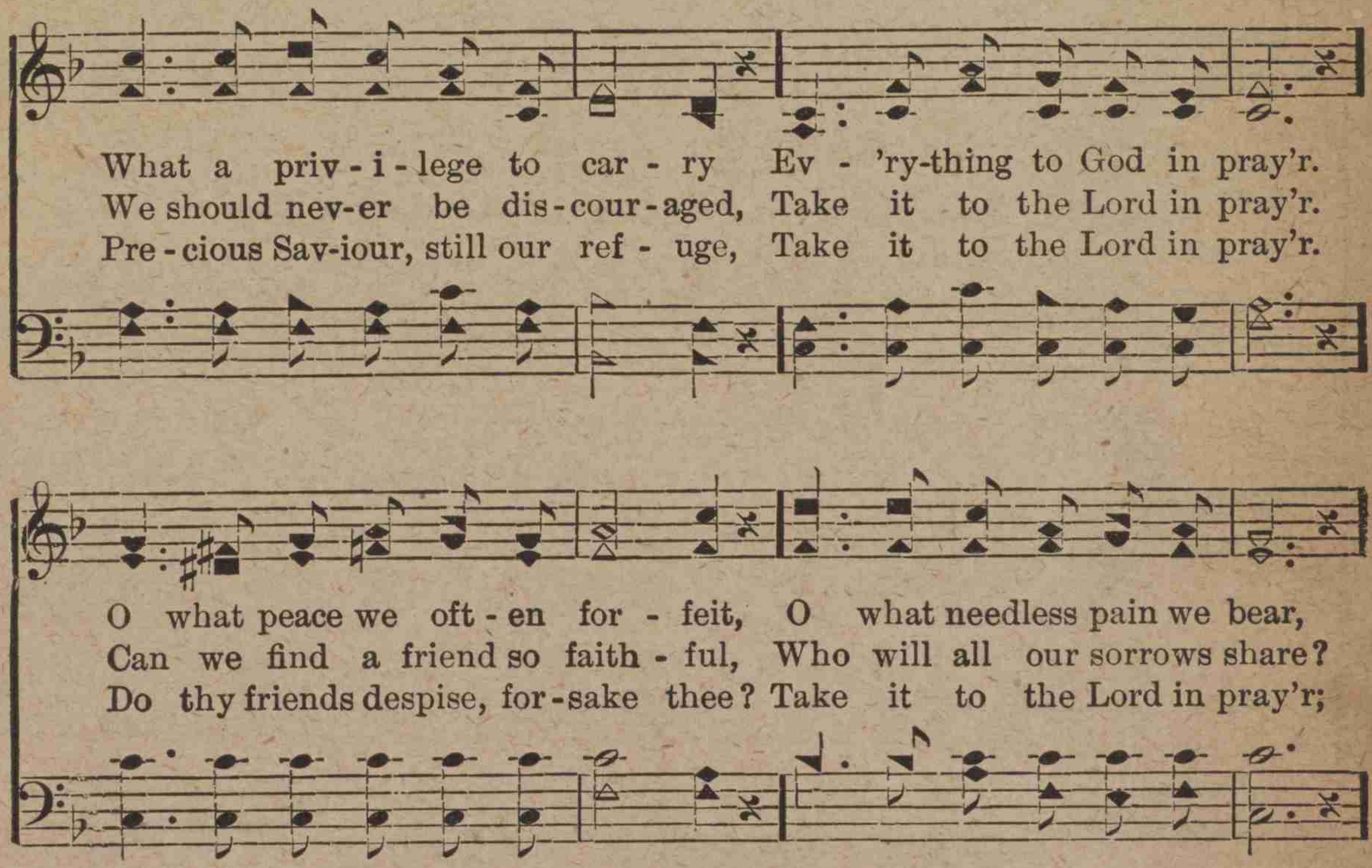
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un - bounded love Thou art;
Come, al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

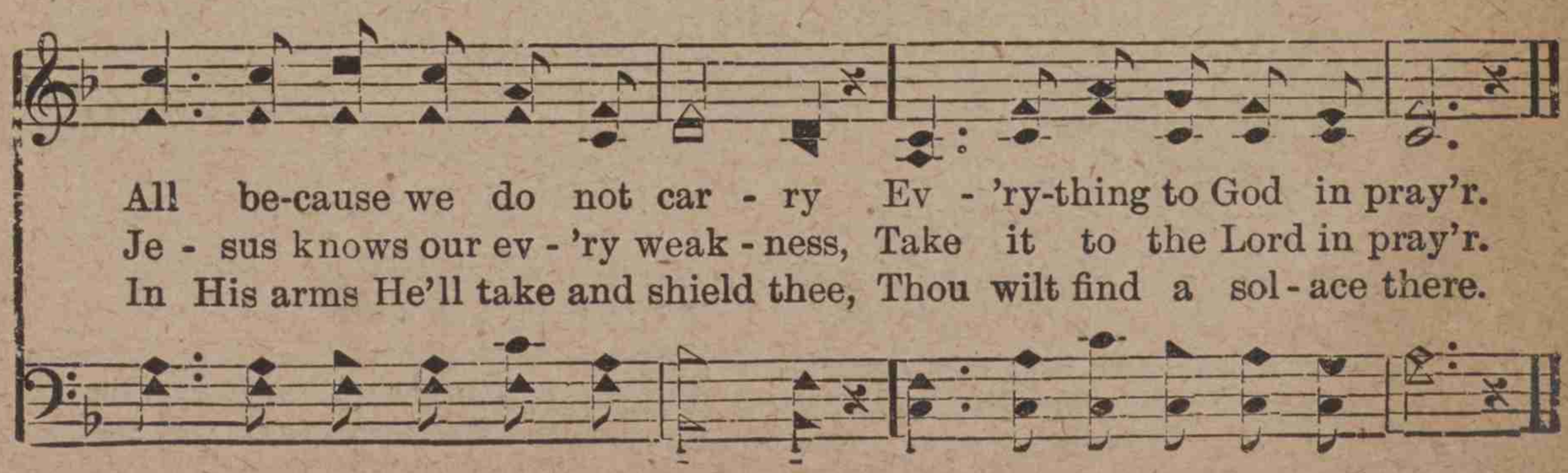
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
Sud- den - ly return, and nev - er, Nev - er-more Thy temples leave.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

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

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE. By per.

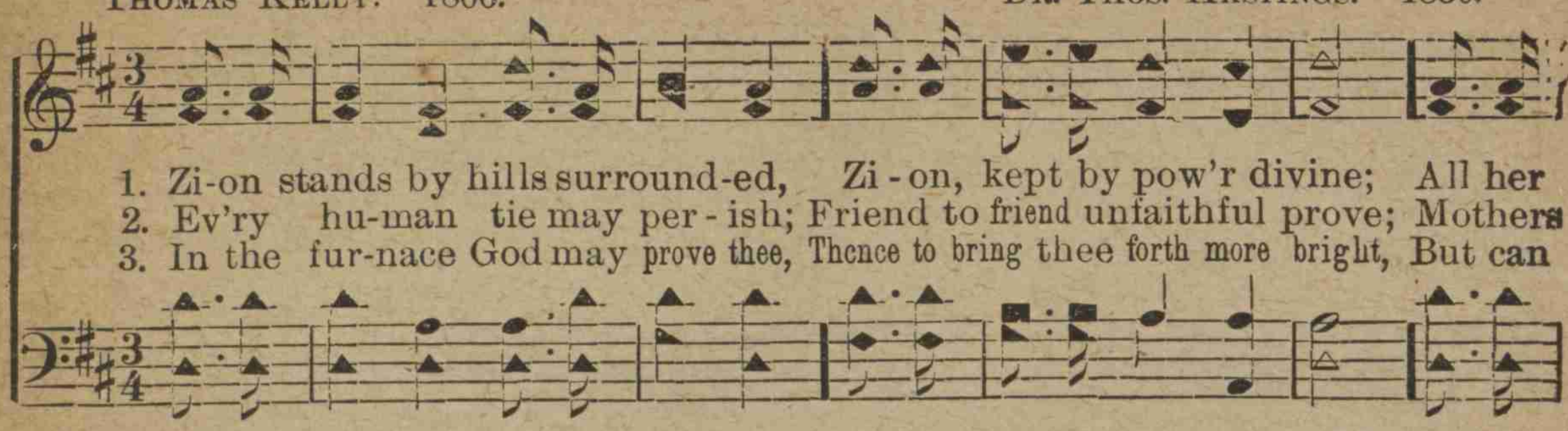


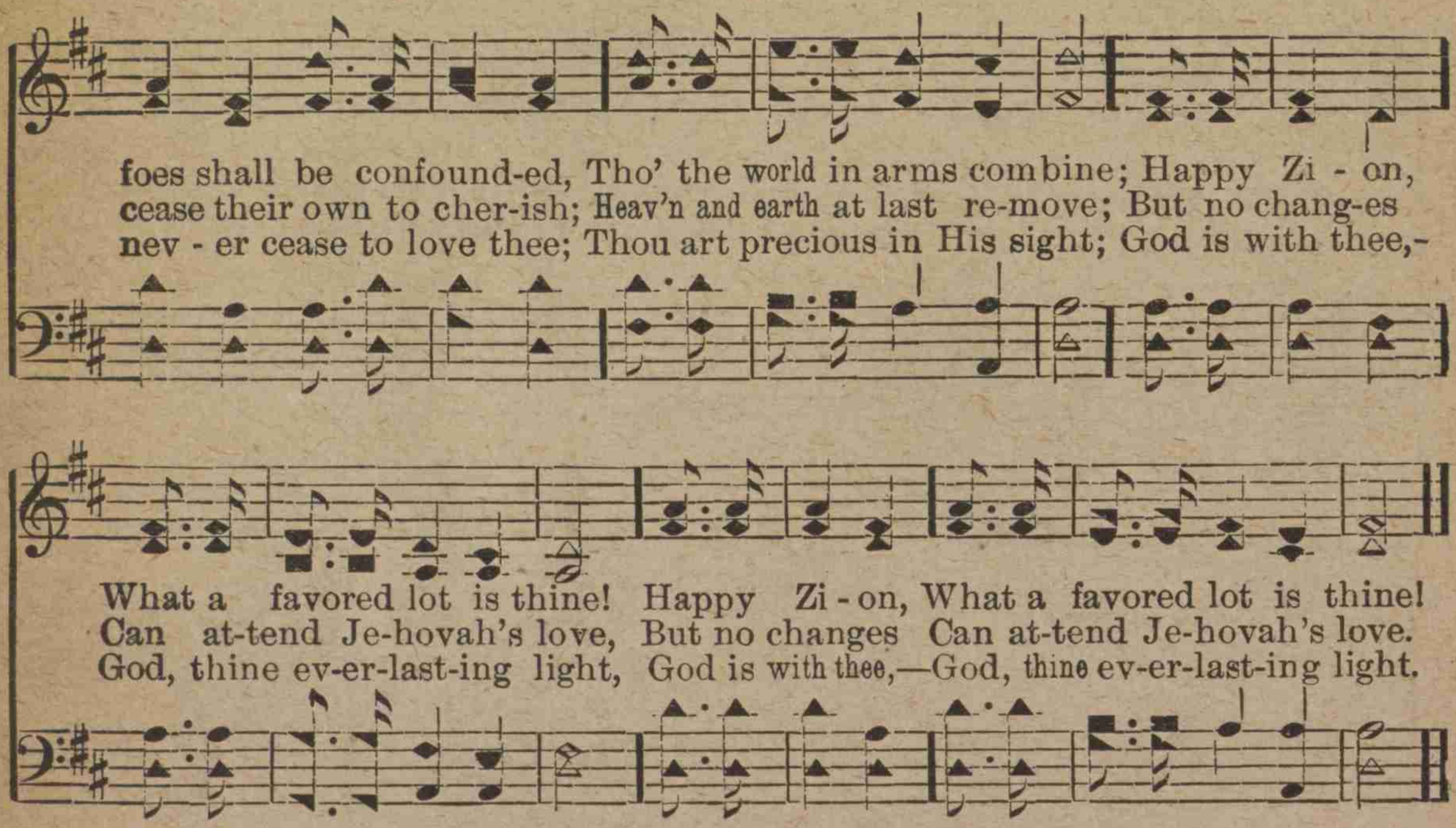




No. 116. ZION. 8, 7, 4.

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





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

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

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

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

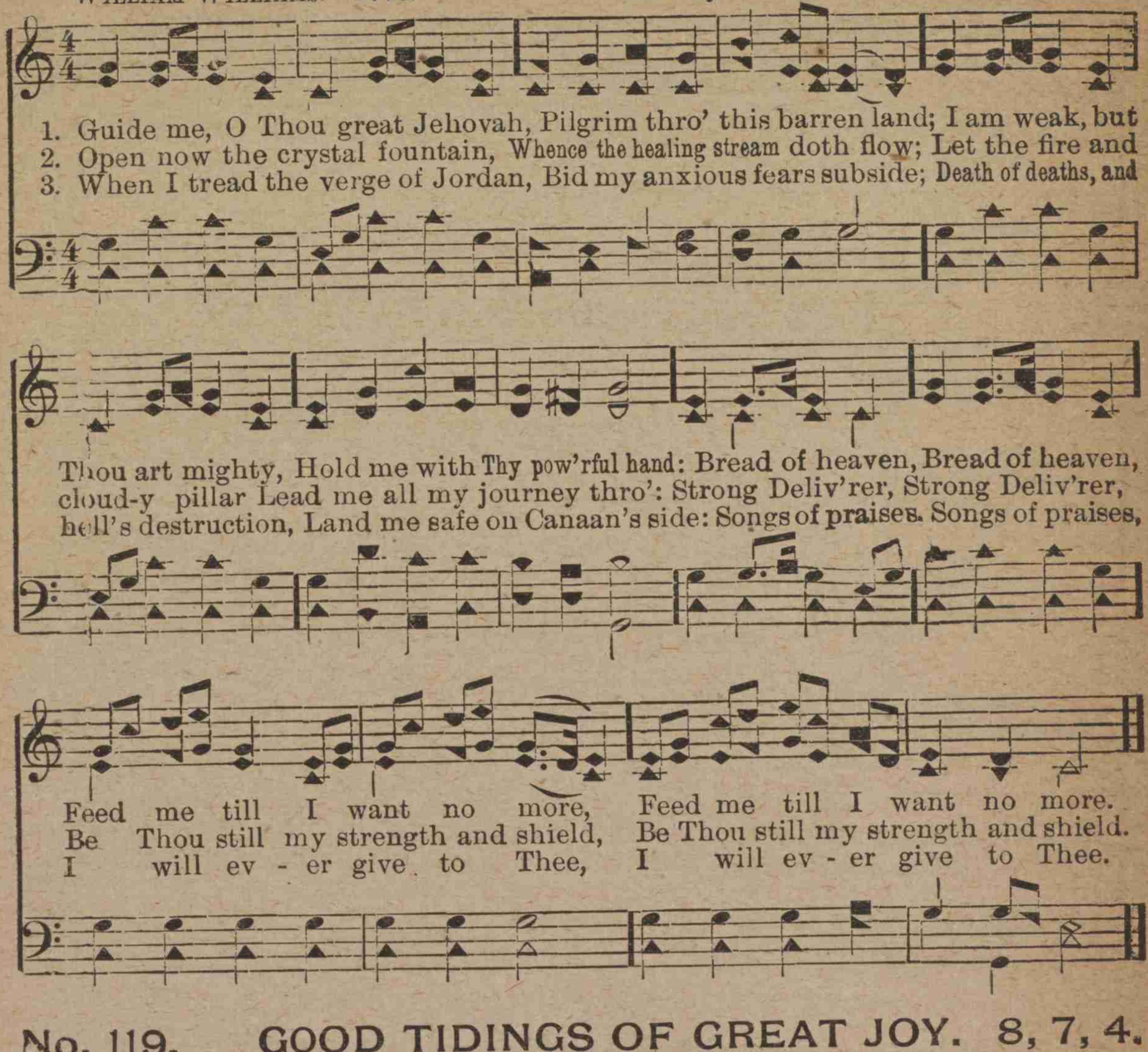
4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

THOMAS KELLY. 1806.

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

PETER WILLIAMS. 1771.
WILLIAM WILLIAMS. 1773.

Arr. by DR. LOWELL MASON. 1832.



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

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

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

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

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

JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1819, 1825.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

C. Wordsworth. 1862. A. J. Showalter. 1895.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Is. 60: 21. A. J. SHOWALTER.

W. T. SLEEPER. 1895. Lucerne, Switzerland, Aug. 2, 1895.

1. The Ho - ly Ghost re-veal - eth A se - cret all should know, Be-
2. The flow'rs without of crim - son, Within of pur - est white, A-
3. The plant of love! no oth - er So won - der - ful can be, Whose

neath the cross of Je - sus A won - drous plant doth grow;
dorn the grace - ful branch - es That bend in ra - diant light;
leaves and flow'rs and fruit - age To all the world are free.

Its heal - ing leaves are ev - er Ex - hal - ing per-fume rare, And
Its fruit is al - ways rip-ening, The hun - gry souls sup - ply, And
O Ho - ly Spir - it, keep me, Whatev - er be the loss, Close

all the fa - vored re - gions The fra - grant in - cense share.
those who take it free - ly Will nev - er, nev - er die.
by the plant that grow - eth Be-neath the Sav - iour's cross.

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

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

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

I'm safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been.

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

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

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

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

A. J. SHOWALTER. 1890.

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

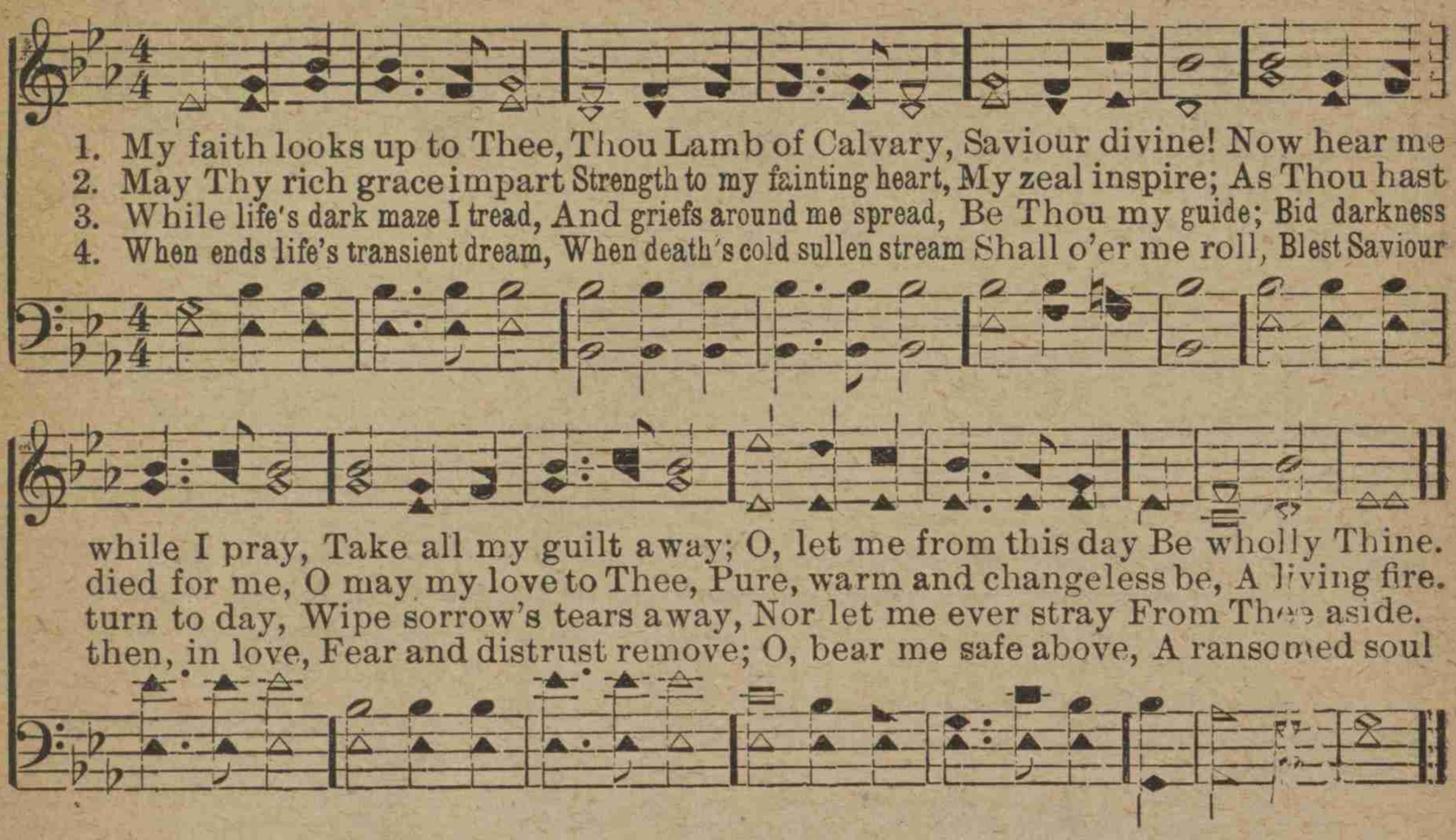
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed:
And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng;
The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast;
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

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

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

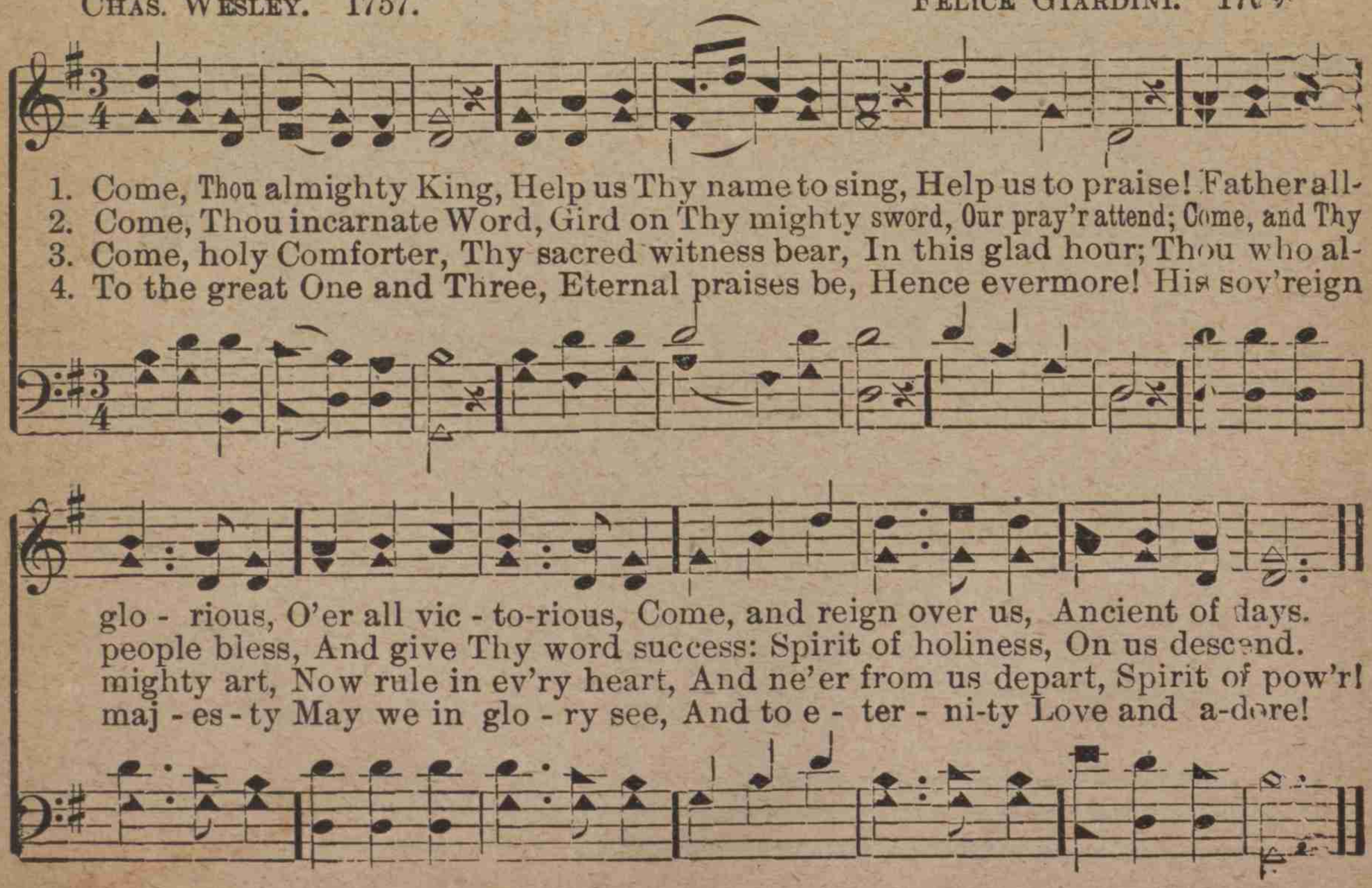
No. 126. OLIVET. 6, 4.

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



No. 127. ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 4.

CHAS. WESLEY. 1757. FELICE GIARDINI. 1769



No. 128. NEW HAVEN. 6, 4.

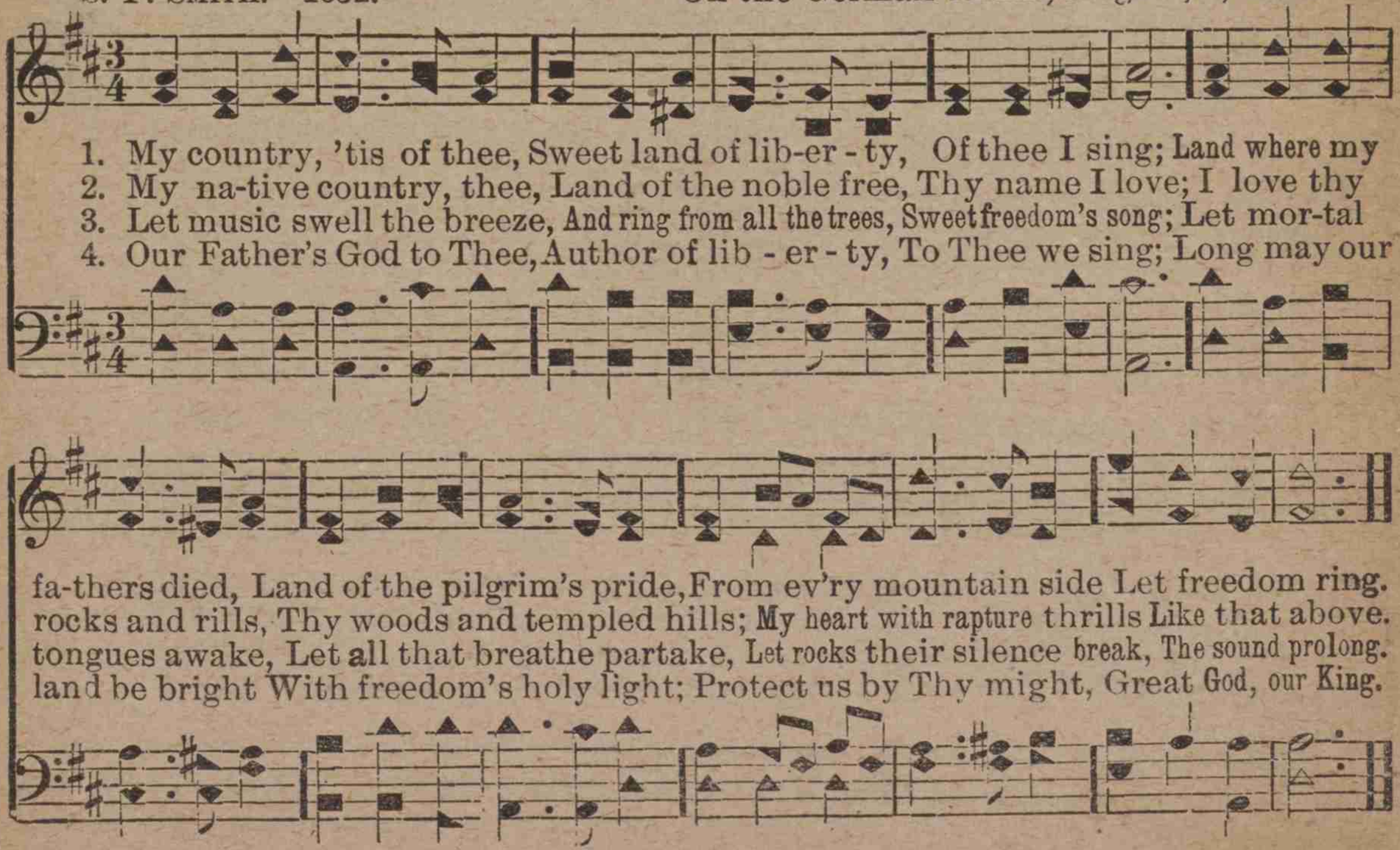
Tr. by RAY PALMER. 1858. DR. THOS. HASTINGS. 1833.



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

A. J. SHOWALTER.

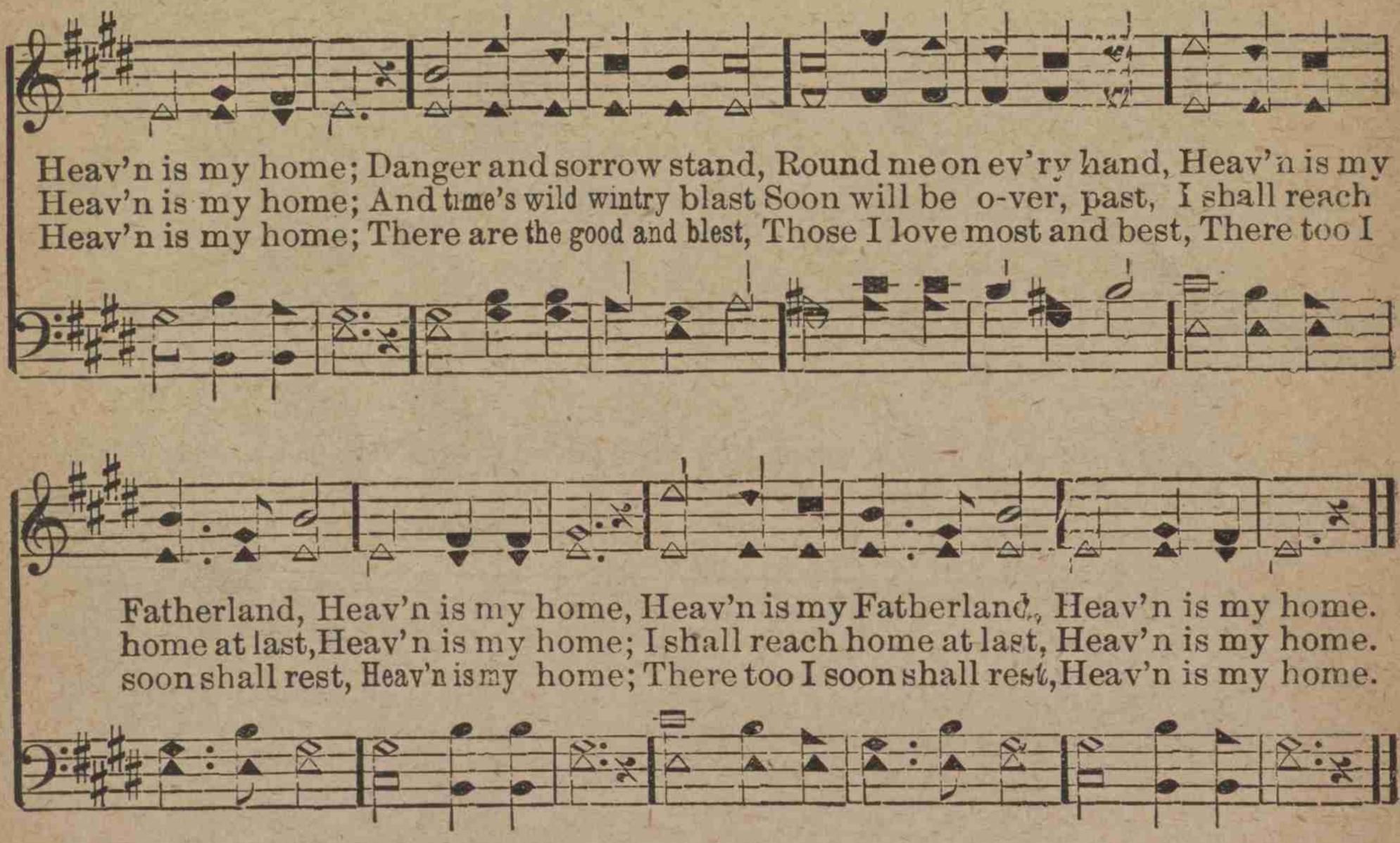
S. F. SMITH. 1832. On the German Rhine, August, 6, 1895.



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

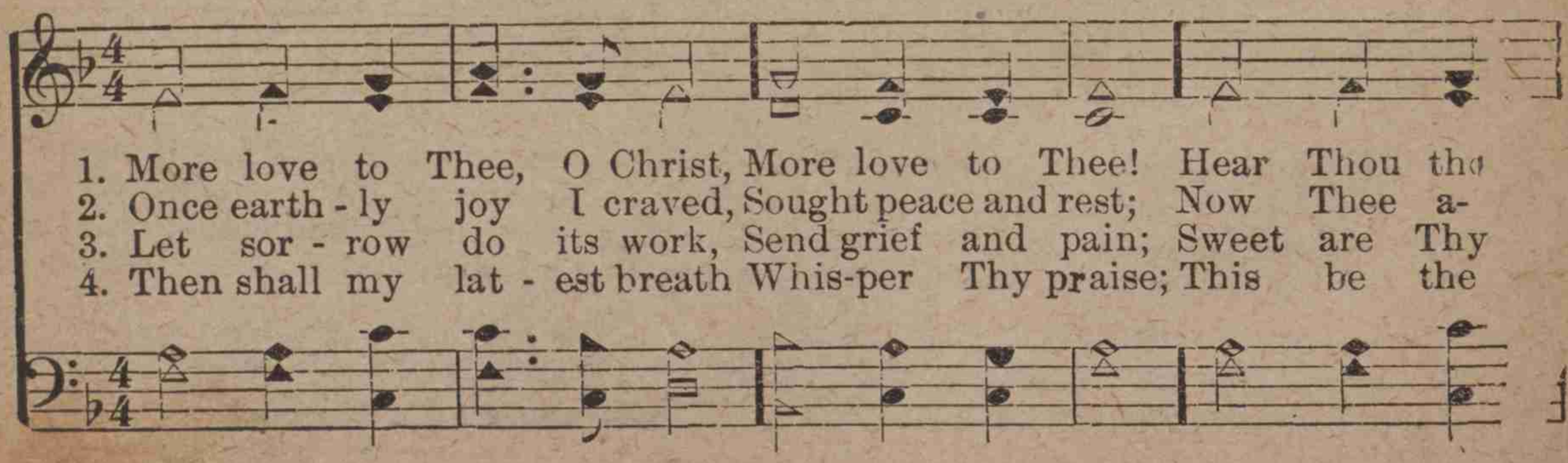
T. R. TAYLOR. A. J. SHOWALTER. 1895.



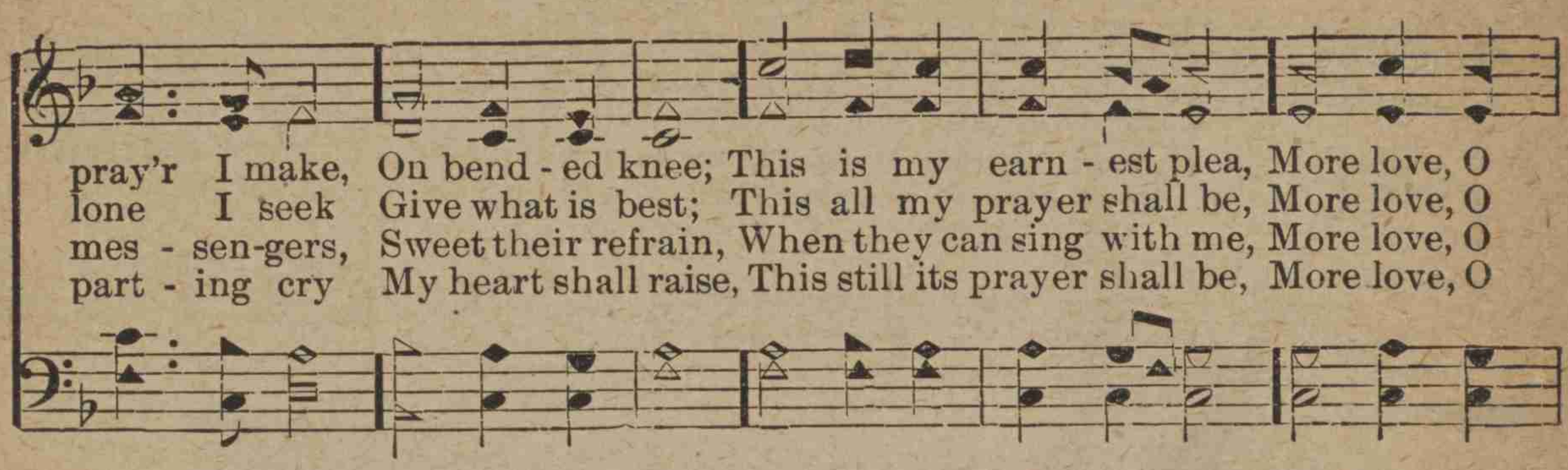


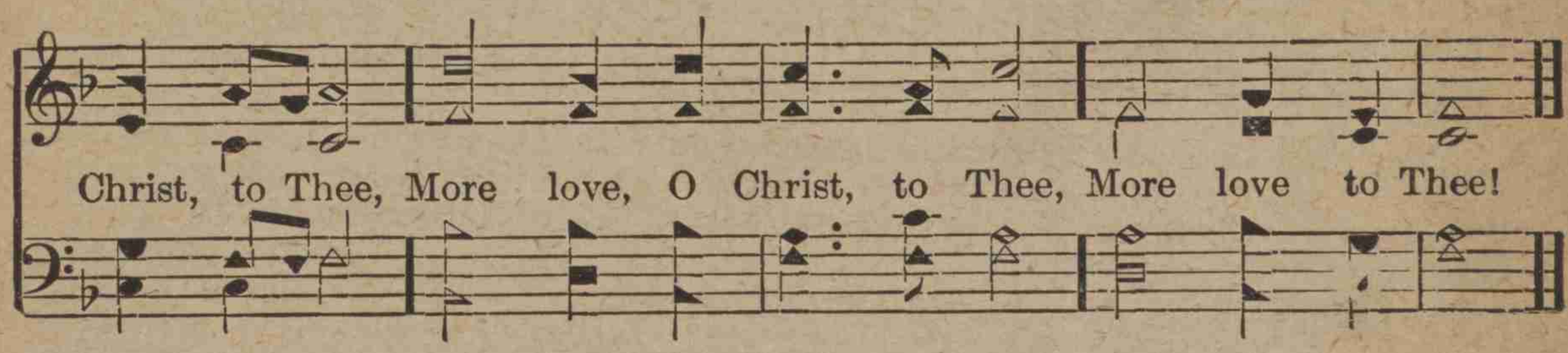
No. 131. OAK. 6, 4.

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS. 1869. DR. LOWELL MASON. 1854.



OAK. 6, 4. Concluded.

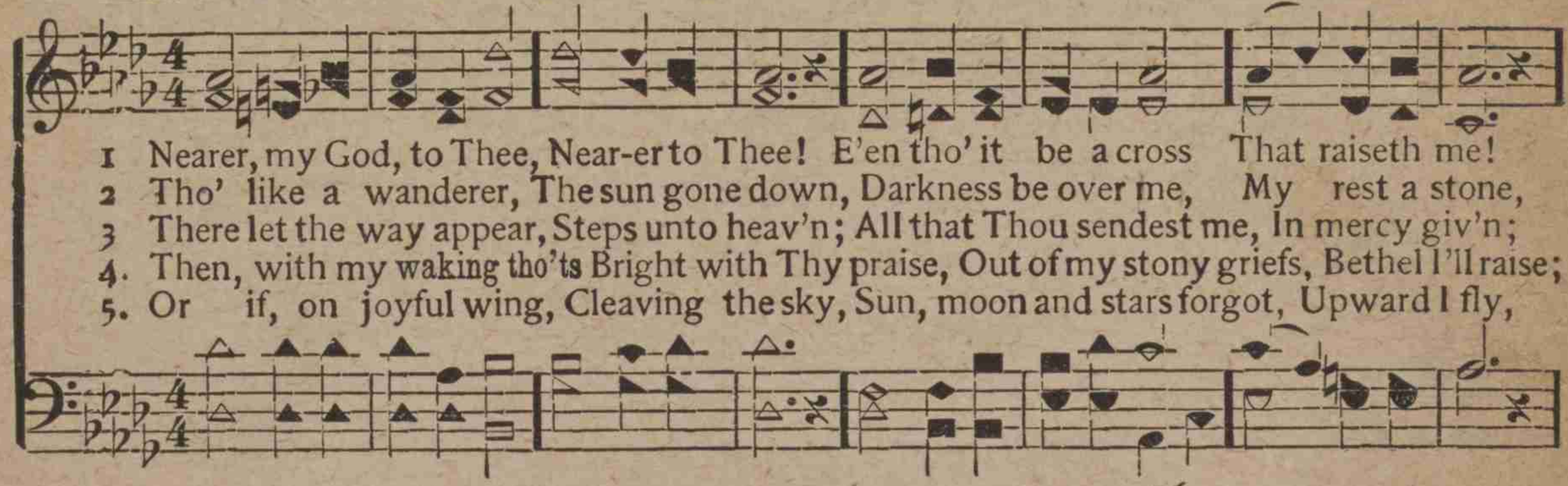




No. 132. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. 6, 4.

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

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

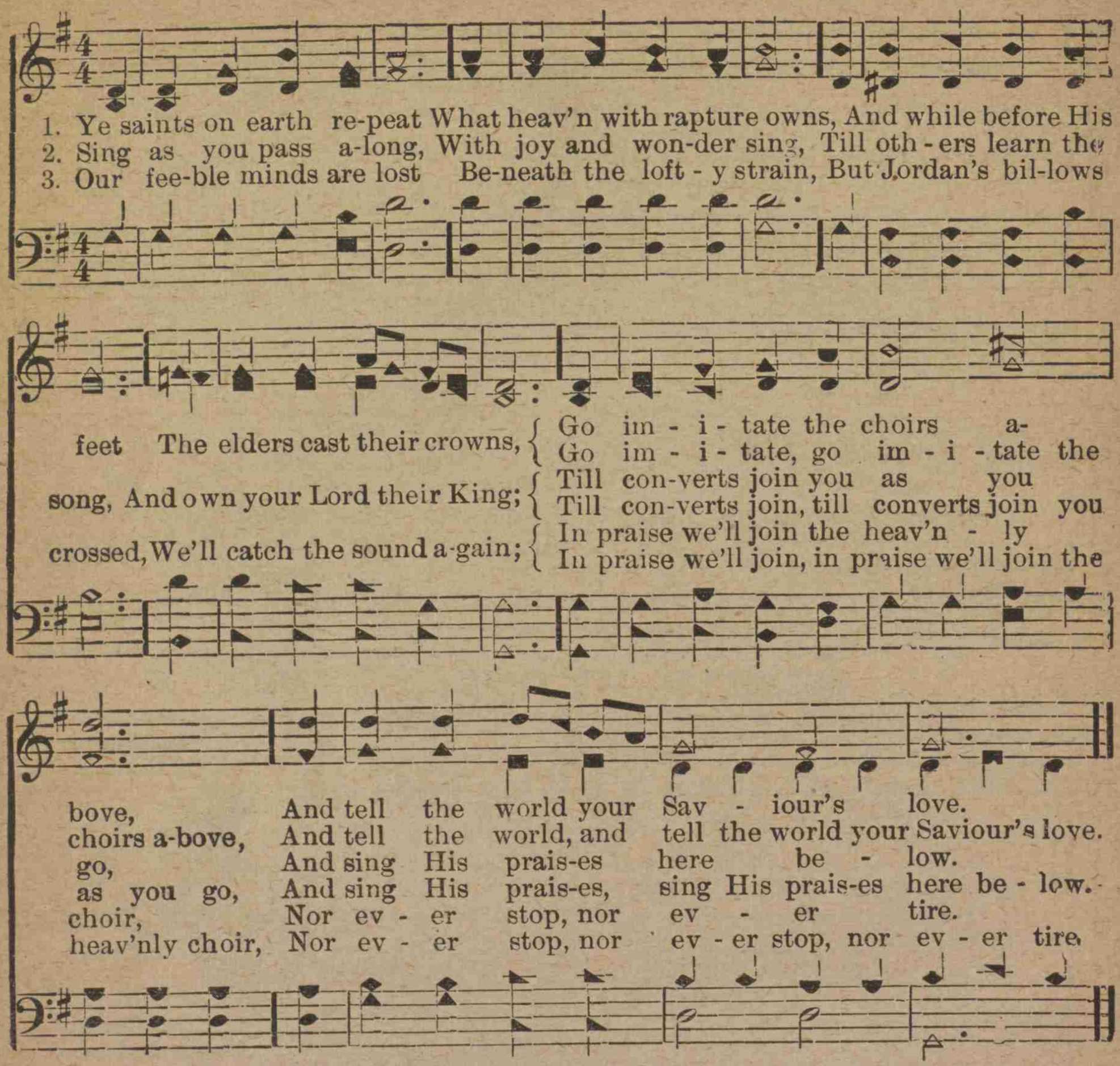




No. 133. SING ON. H. M.

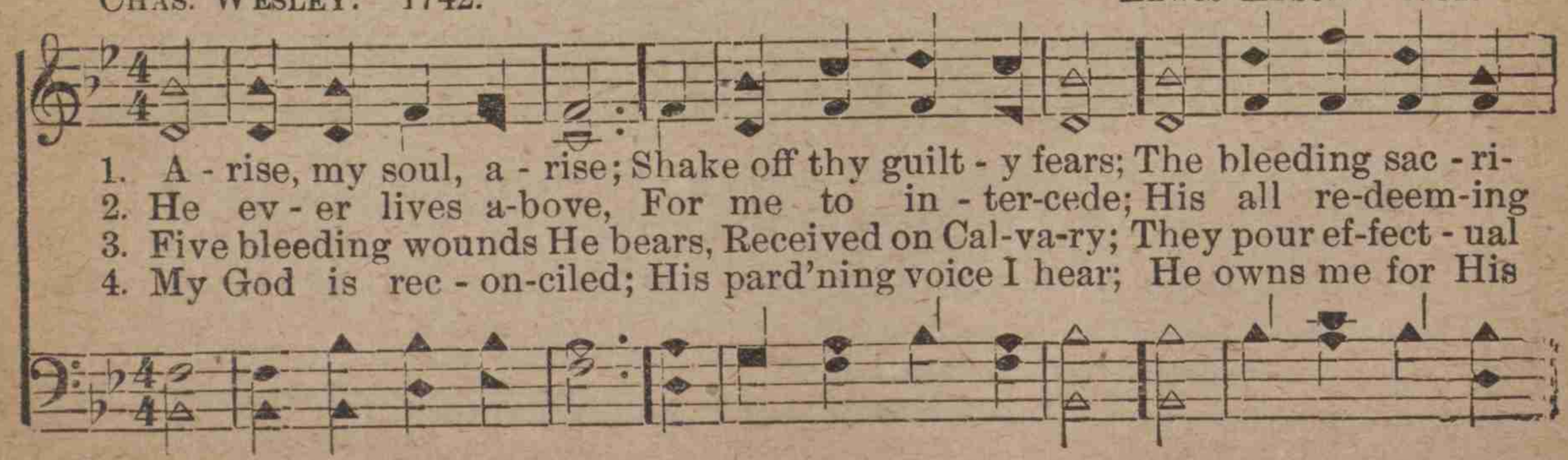
A. J. Showalter. 1895.

1. Ye saints on earth re-peat What heav'n with rapture owns, And while before His feet The elders cast their crowns, { Go im - i - tate the choirs a- bove, And tell the world your Sav - iour's love.
2. Sing as you pass a-long, With joy and won-der sing, Till oth - ers learn the song, And own your Lord their King; { Go im - i - tate, go im - i - tate the choirs a-bove, And tell the world, and tell the world your Saviour's love.
3. Our fee-ble minds are lost Be-neath the loft - y strain, But Jordan's bil-lows crossed, We'll catch the sound a-gain; { Till con-verts join you as you go, And sing His prais-es here be - low. Till con-verts join, till converts join you as you go, And sing His prais-es, sing His prais-es here be - low. In praise we'll join the heav'n - ly choir, Nor ev - er stop, nor ev - er tire. In praise we'll join, in praise we'll join the heav'nly choir, Nor ev - er stop, nor ev - er tire.



No. 134. LENOX. H. M.

Chas. Wesley. 1742. Lewis Edson. 1781.



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

LENOX. Concluded.

fice In my be-half ap-pears. Be-fore the throne my Sure-ty stands,
love, His pre-cious blood to plead. His blood a-toned for all our race,
pray'rs; They strongly plead for me. For-give him, O, for-give, they cry,
child; I can no long-er fear. With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh,

Be-fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ-ten on His hands.
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For-give him, O, for-give, they cry, Nor let the ransomed sin-ner die.
With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And Fa-ther, Ab-ba, Fa-ther, cry.

No. 135. LISCHER. H. M.

HAYWARD. 1806. FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER. 1840.

1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest: / I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest: } From the low train of mor-tal toys,
2. { Now may the King descend And fill His throne of grace; / Thy scepter, Lord, extend While saints address thy face: } Let sinners feel Thy quick'ning word,
3. { Descend, celestial Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs, / Disclose a Saviour's love, And bless these sacred hours: } Then shall my soul new life obtain,

I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im-mor-tal joys.
And learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain, Nor Sab-baths e'er be spent in vain.

I soar to reach

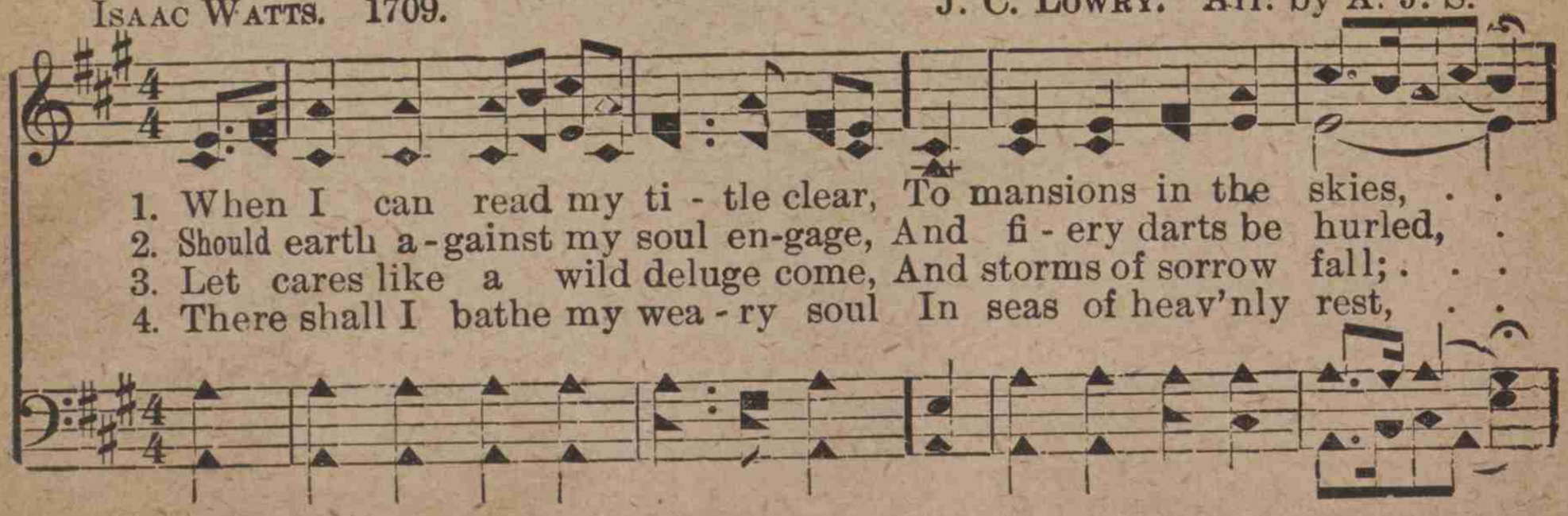
No. 136. CORONATION. C. M.

EDWARD PERRONET. 1780. OLIVER HOLDEN. 1793.

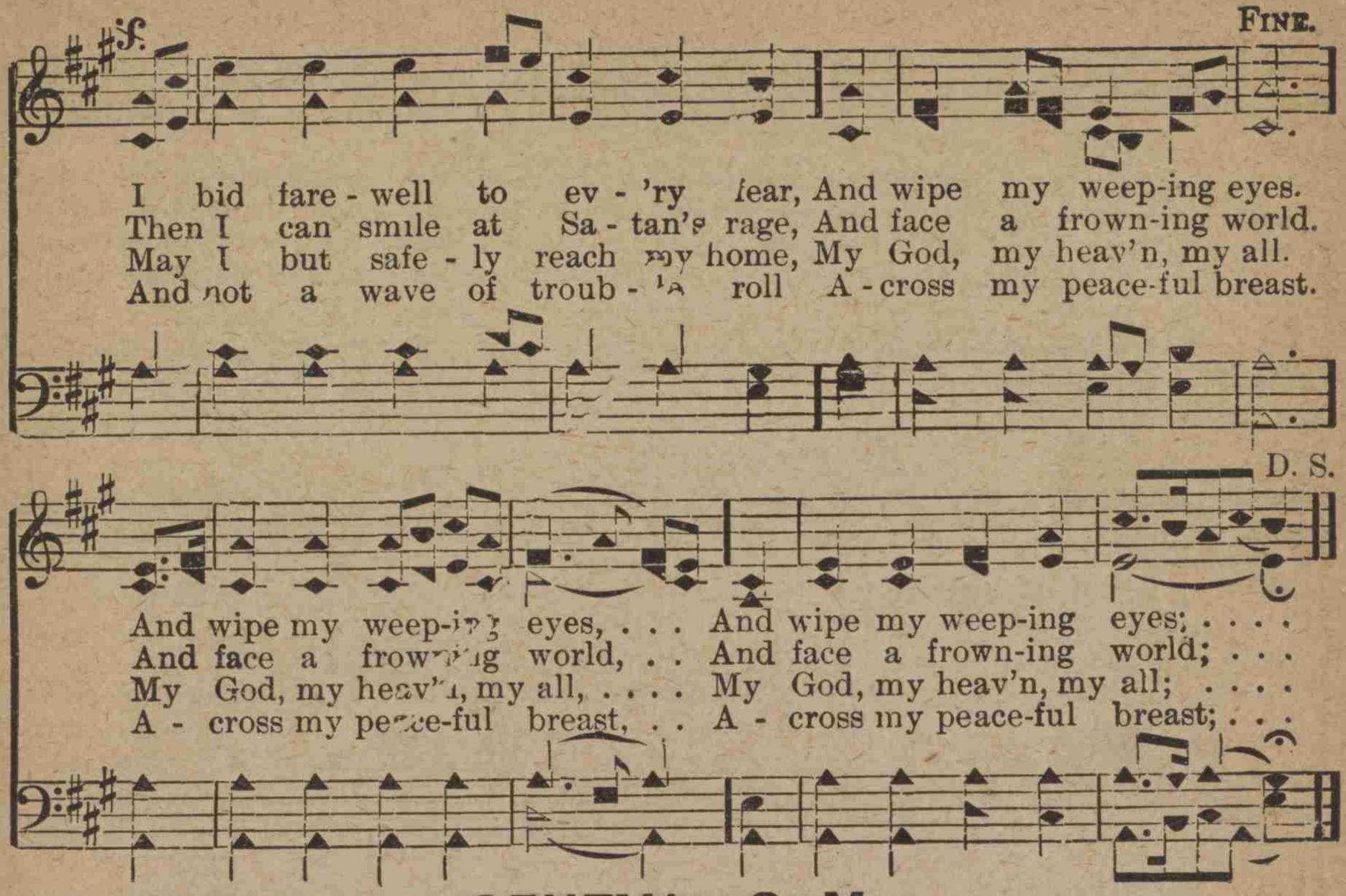


No. 137. PISGAH. C. M.

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



PISGAH. Concluded.



No. 138. GENEVA. C. M.

Joseph Addison. 1712. John Cole. 1800

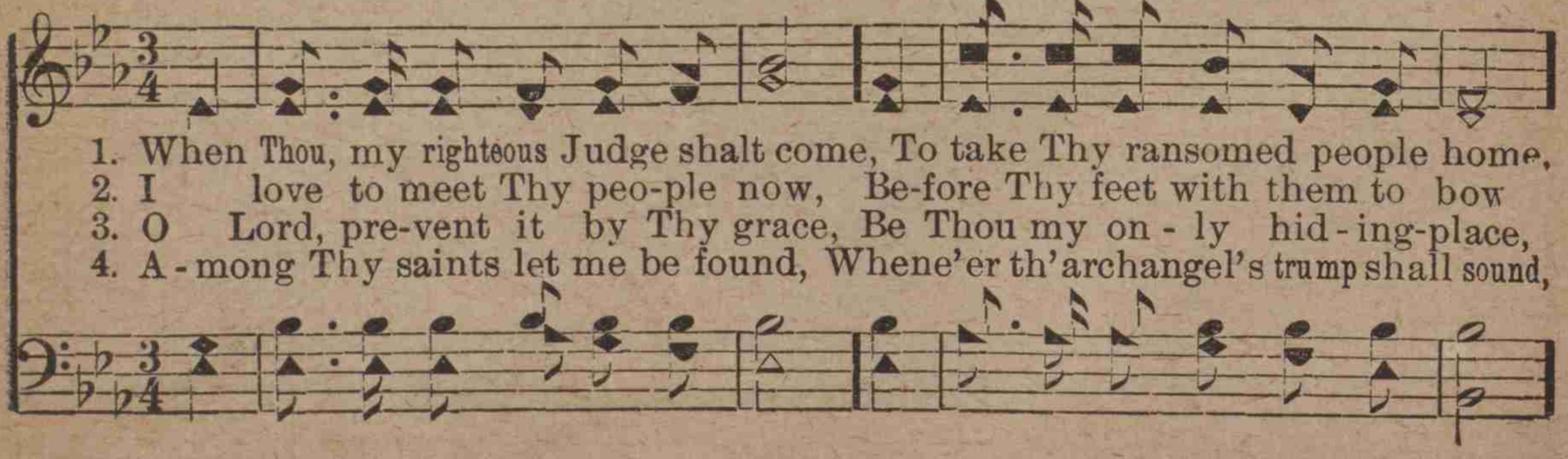
No. 139. ARIEL. C. P. M.

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



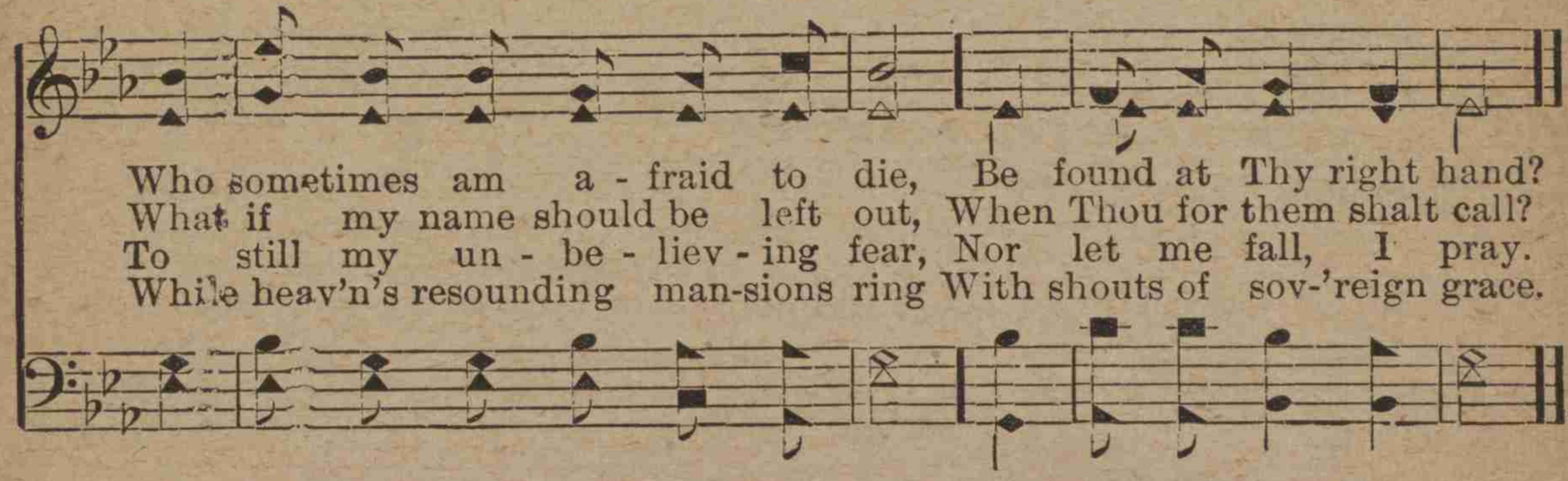
No. 140. MERIBAH. C. P. M.

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



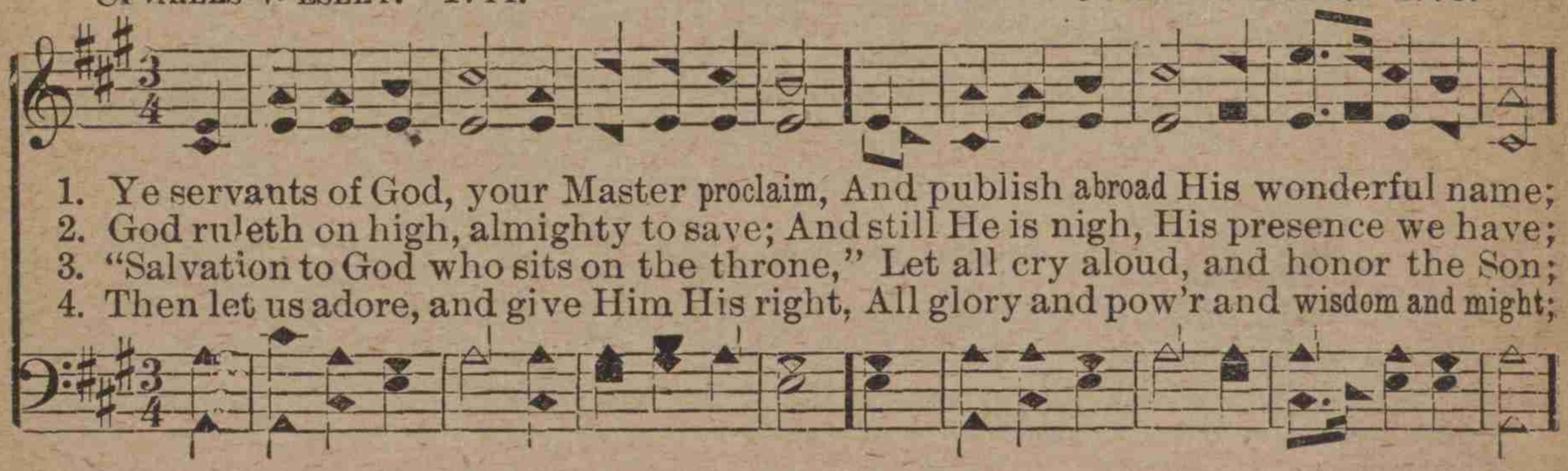
MERIBAH. Concluded.



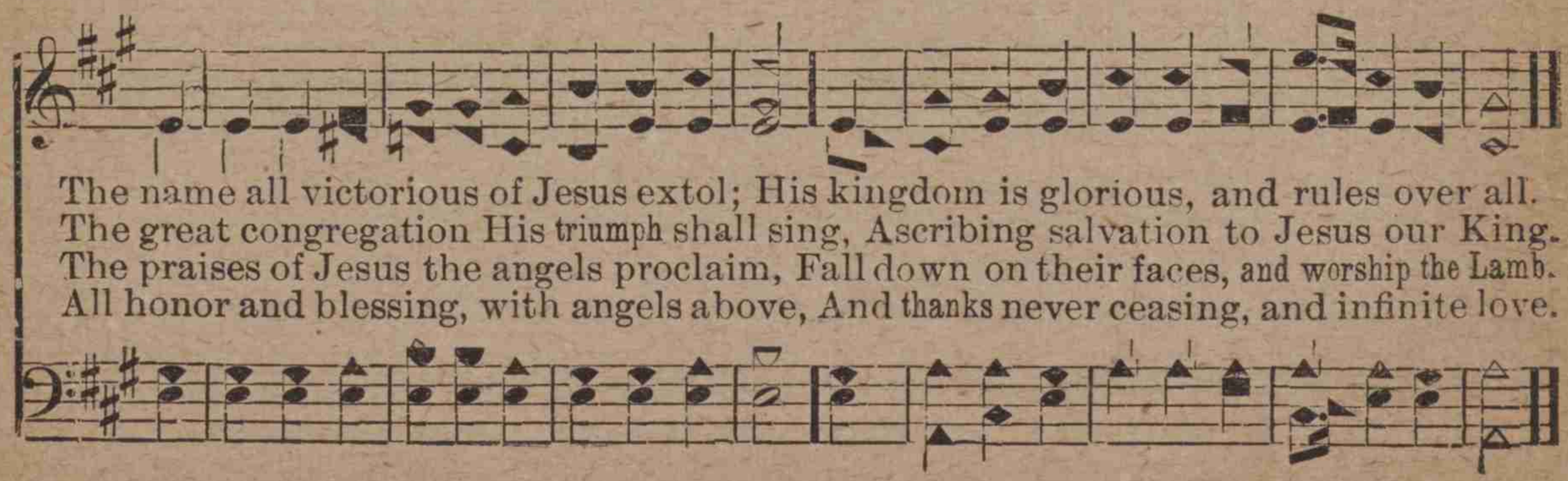


No. 141. LYONS. 10, 11.

CHARLES WESLEY. 1744. FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1770.



1. Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful name;
2. God ruleth on high, almighty to save; And still He is nigh, His presence we have;
3. "Salvation to God who sits on the throne," Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
4. Then let us adore, and give Him His right, All glory and pow'r and wisdom and might;



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

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

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

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

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

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

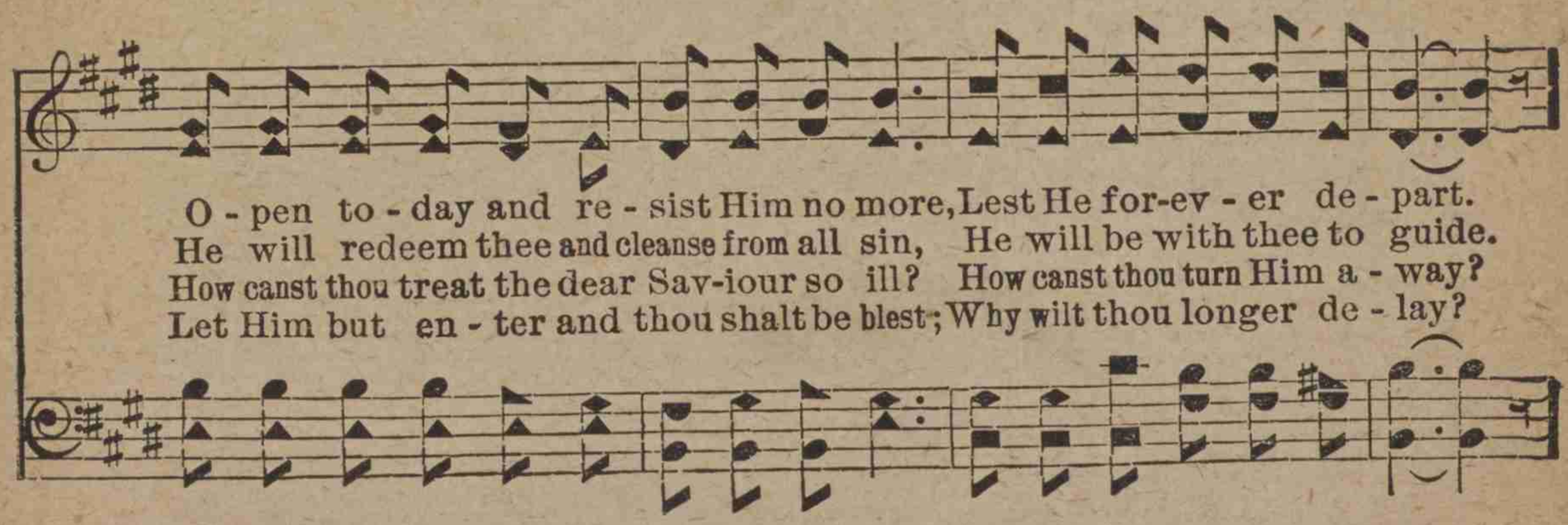
The dis - tant scene; . . one step e - nough . . for me.
Pride ruled my will; . . . re - mem - ber not . . . . past years.
Which I have loved . . . long since, and lost . . . . a - while.

No. 143. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART.

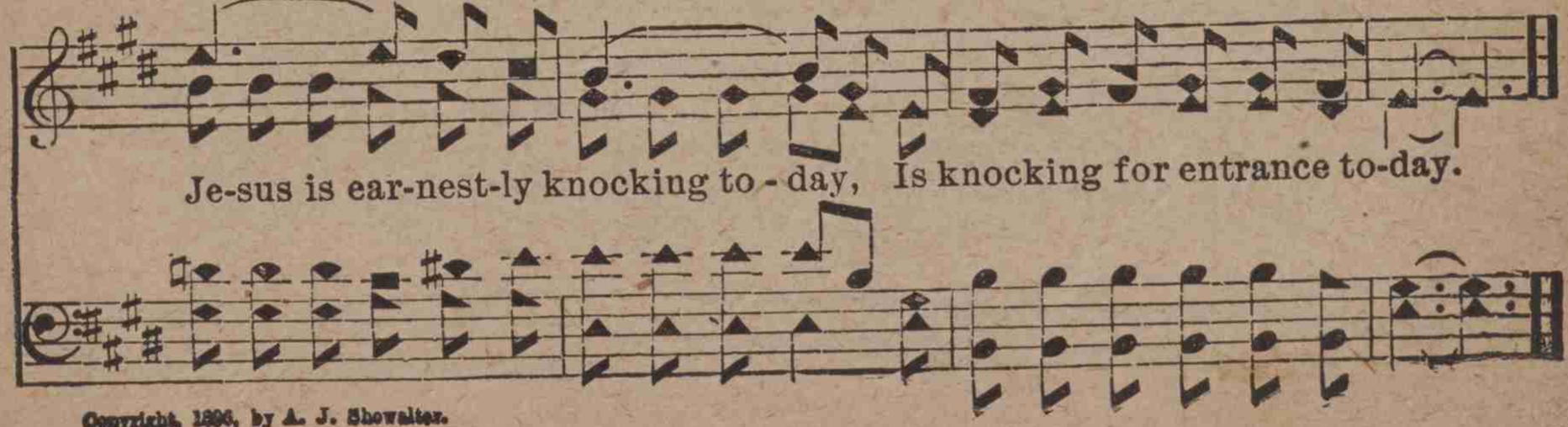
"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Rev. 3: 20.

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









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No. 144. NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10.

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

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u - bim and Ser - a-phim
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly,
4 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

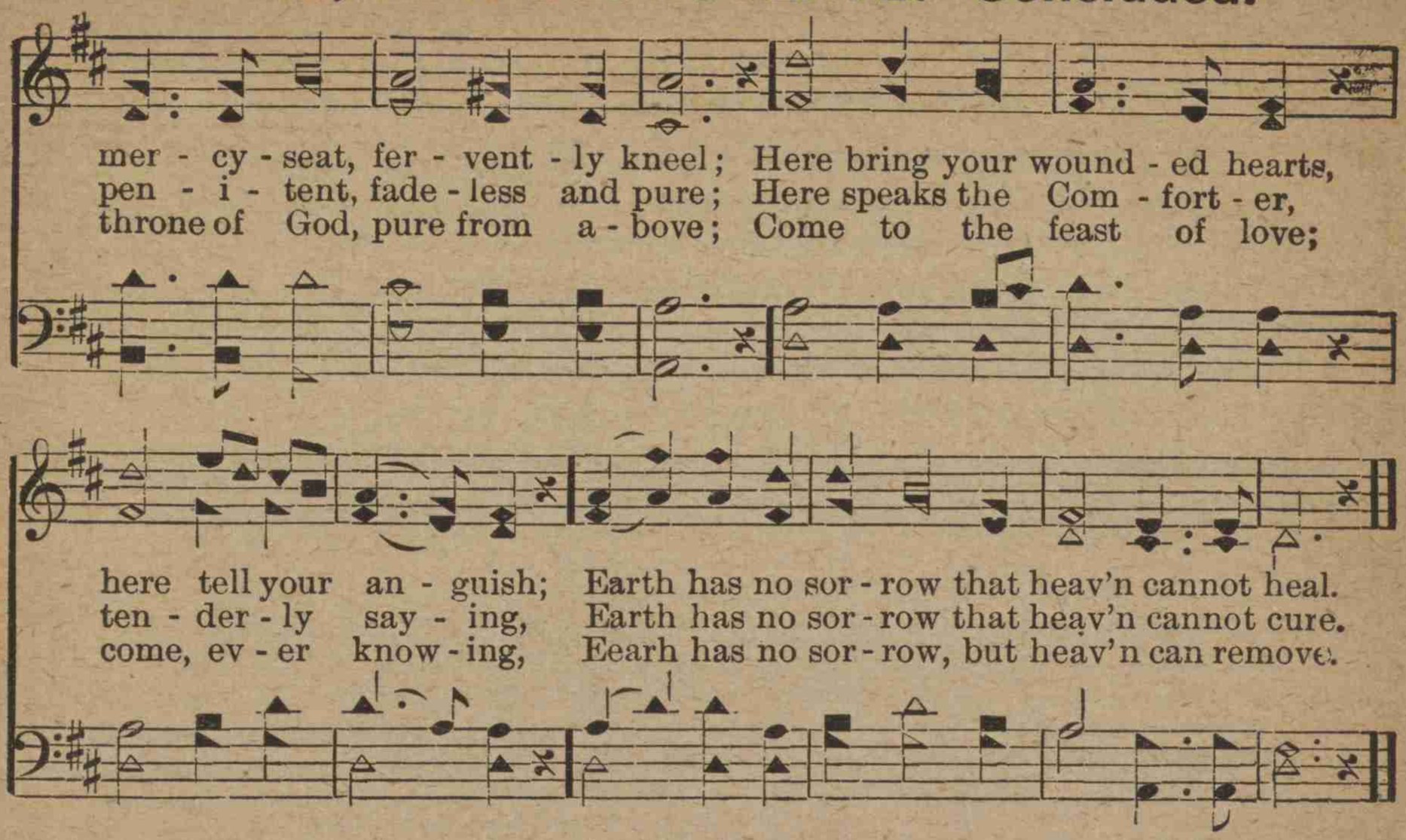
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Persons, Blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur-i - ty.
Lord God Al-might - y! God in Three Persons, Blessed Trin-i - ty!

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

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

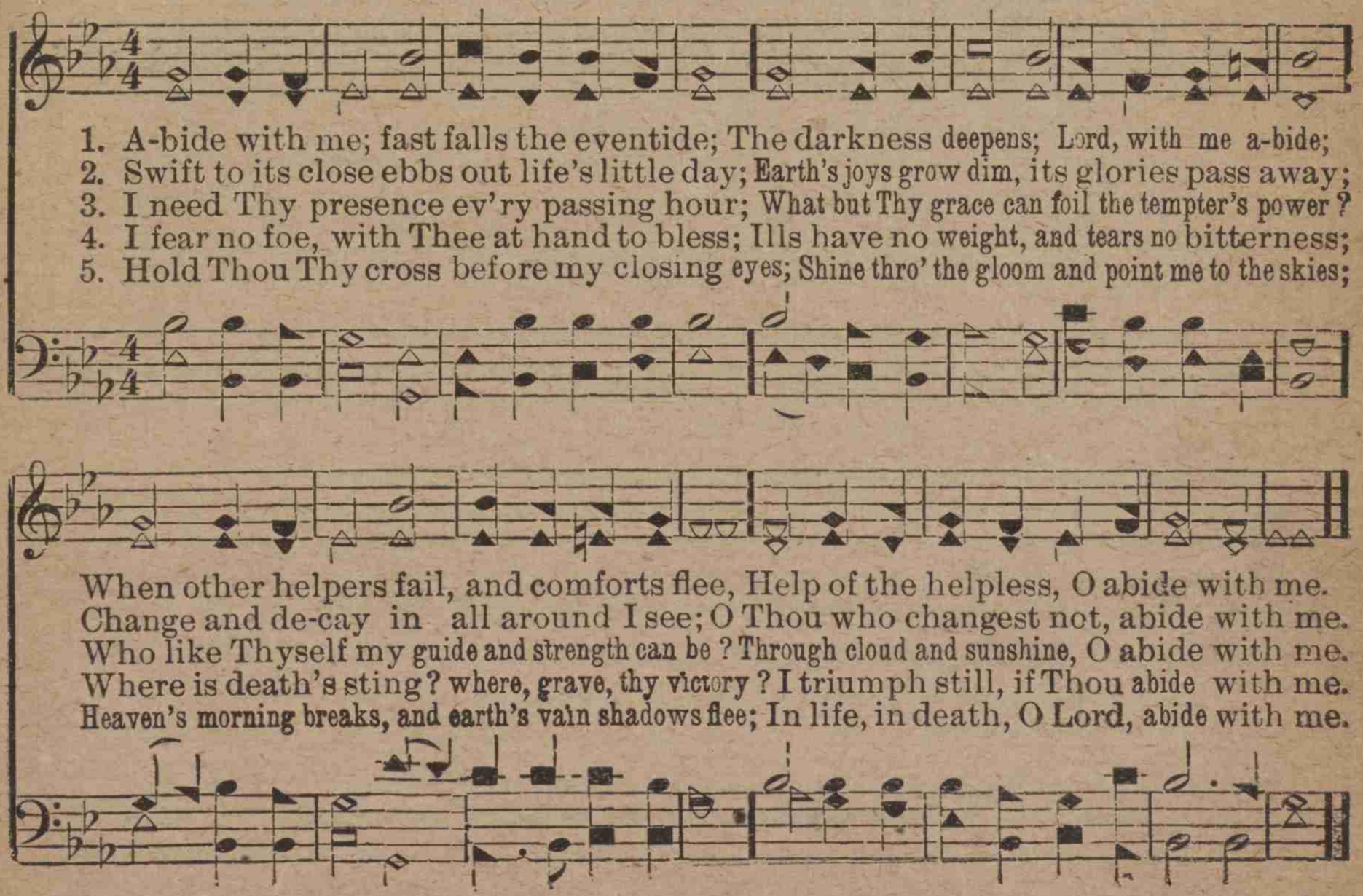
1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. Concluded.



No. 146. EVENTIDE. 10.

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



No. 147. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 148. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

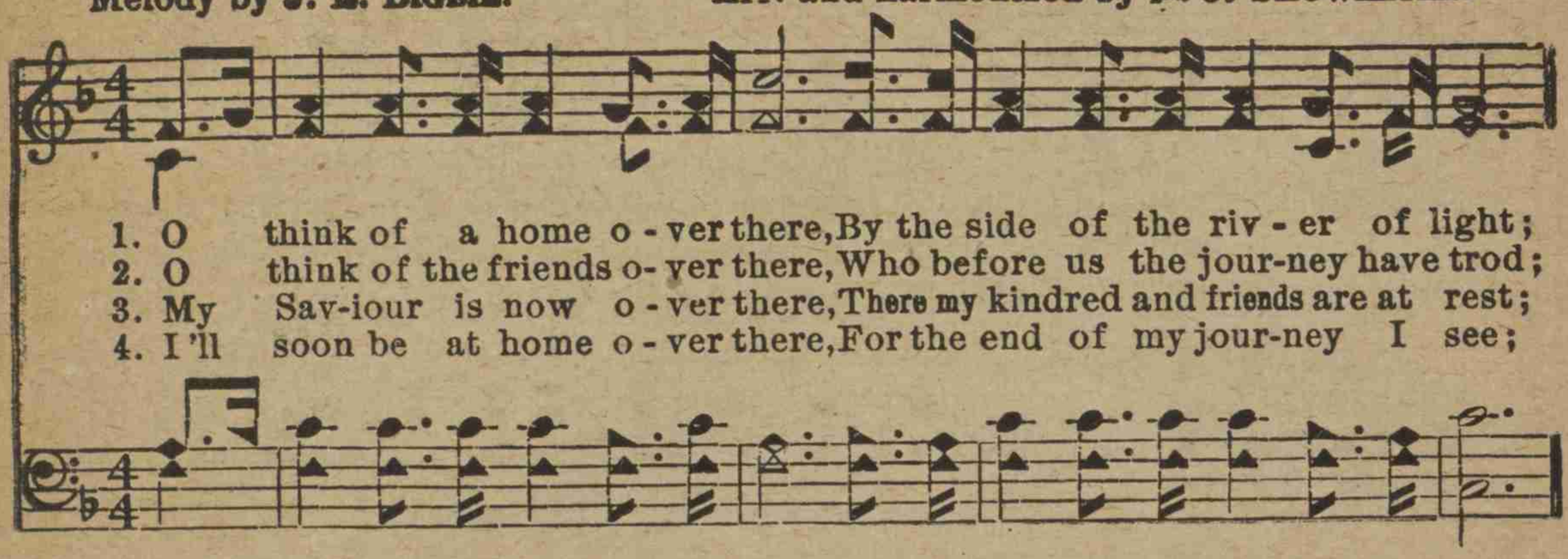
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;

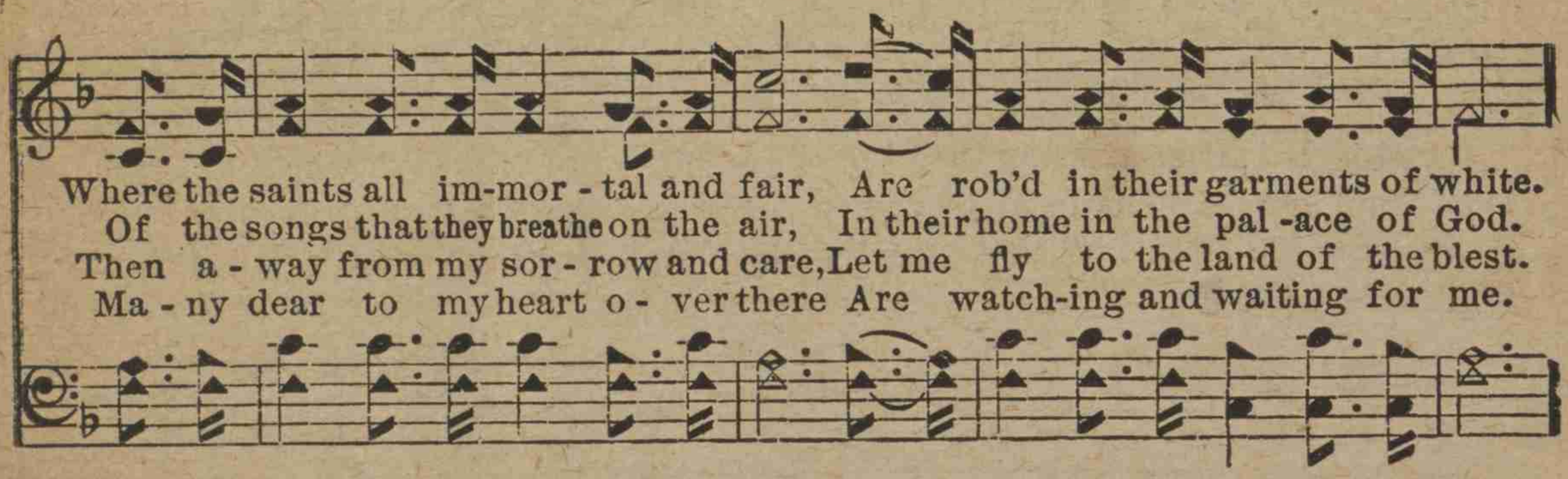
More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

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No. 149. BLESSED HOME.

Melody by J. E. Bigbie. Arr. and harmonized by A. J. Showalter.





REFRAIN.





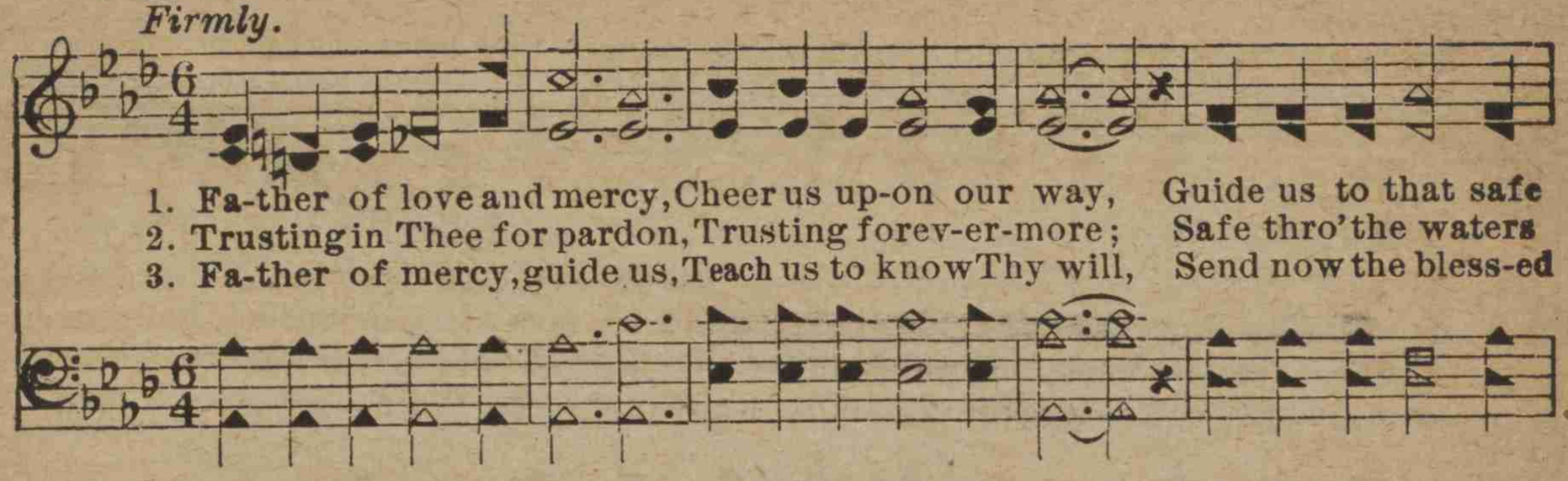
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No. 150. RIVER OF SALVATION.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Firmly.

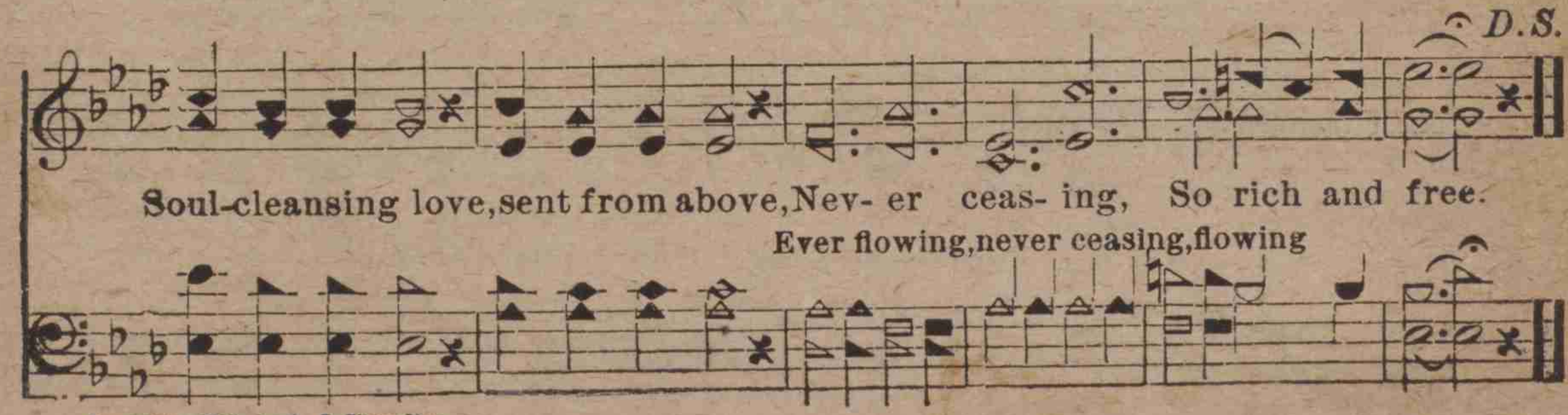




D.S. *Riv-er of great salvation, Saving from condem-*



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



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No. 151. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

"Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,
Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

rit.

No. 152. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 153. DARE AND DO.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 154. HE LEADETH ME.

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

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

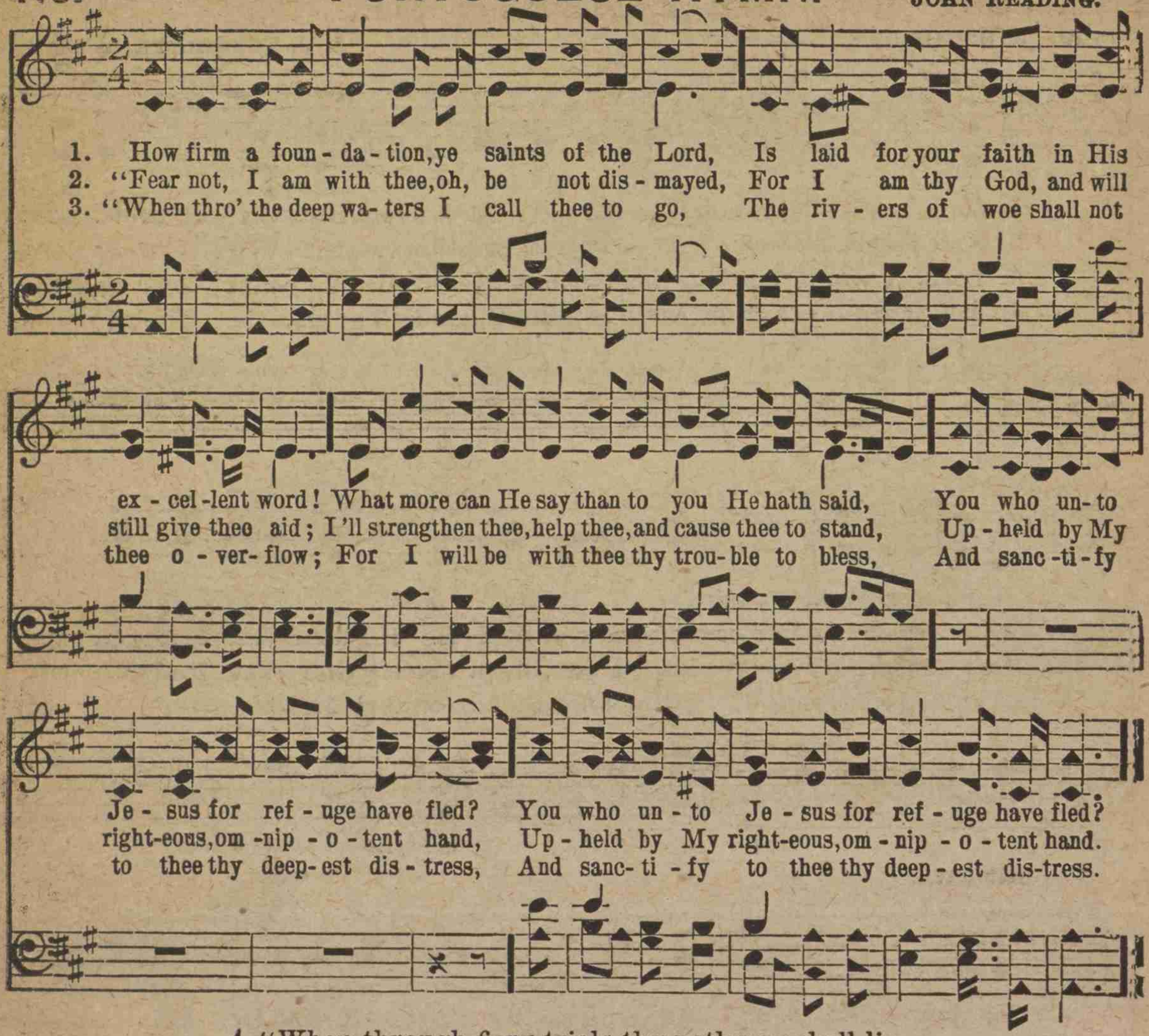
What-e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 't is God's hand that lead -eth me.
By wa- ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 't is His hand that lead -eth me.
Con- tent what ev - er lot I see, Since 't is my God that lead -eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead -eth me.

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 155. PORTUGUESE HYMN. JOHN READING.



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

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

Old Tune. PROTECTION.

R. KEENE.



INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPS. First lines in Roman.

ABIDE WITH ME..... 89
A bird that has roamed far away... 35
A BLESSING IN ALL I SAY AND DO.. 149
ACCEPT OUR GIFTS..... 224
A few more days, a few more years 129
A FULL SURRENDER..... 125
ALONE WITH GOD..... 81
ALL THE WAY..... 214
ALL WILL BE GLORY BY AND BY.... 24
Along life's weary walks I sigh.... 267
A loving hand is leading me..... 4
ALWAYS SATISFIED WITH HIS LOVE.. 209
A MESSAGE OF CHEER..... 297
A message sweet is borne to me.... 156
ANOTHER YEAR..... 181
A peace Jesus gave me..... 306
A pilgrim in a weary land..... 41
A POOR WAYFARING STRANGER..... 57
ARE YOU HELPING SOMEWHERE?.... 121
ARE YOU LOOKING UP?..... 37
ARE YOU LEANING ON JESUS BOSOM? 241
ARE YOU LETTING IN THE SUNSHINE? 292
Are you treading in the footsteps?. 50
ART THOU WEARY?..... 67
AS I AM I COME..... 198
As we go our pilgrim way..... 195
As we read his word divine..... 269
A trumpeter for Jesus..... 207
AT THE CROSS 219
AT THE CROSS OF JESUS 161

BATTLING FOR THE RIGHT..... 302
BE A BLESSING..... 8
BEAUTIFUL BABY HANDS..... 276
BEAUTIFUL HOME..... 237
BEAUTIFUL STAR..... 184
BEAUTIFUL STORY..... 106
Behold the Savior at the door..... 226
BE OF GOOD CHEER..... 147
BE READY..... 251
BE SAVED TODAY 102
BESIDE THE SILVER SEA..... 182
BETTER ALL THE TIME..... 117
BE YE STEADFAST..... 159
Beyond the starry sky..... 312
Beyond the surging rolling tide... 257
BLESSED REST..... 55
Bring in the lambs..... 85
BRING THEM IN..... 148
Brother, are you walking..... 162
Brother, if thy lot be hard..... 133
BY AND BY..... 310
By and by we'll be gathered home. 24
By and by we'll cross the river.... 265
BY AND BY WE'LL REACH OUR HOME. 195
BY GRACE ALONE..... 156
BY THEE WE RISE..... 186

CASTING ALL YOUR CARE ON HIM... 26
CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING..... 38
Child of God whom Jesus loveth... 241
CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM..... 252
Christ is risen our Lord and King.. 186
Christ our Redeemer died..... 47
CHRIST'S ENTREATY..... 226
CLOSE BY THE KING..... 188
Come and enroll in your childhood. 64
COME AND FOLLOW JESUS..... 59
Come, Christians, let us gladly sing 179
Come, sinner, go with me..... 210
COME TODAY..... 62
COME TO Jesus (F. E. Anthony).... 45
COME TO JESUS (J. W. Garrett)..... 309
COME TO ME..... 256
COME TO THE CROSS OF JESUS..... 136
COME TO THE SAVIOR 202
COME TO THE WAITING CHRIST..... 98
COME YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY. 173
Come ye that know and fear the Lord 299
COURAGE, BROTHER, DO NOT STUMBLE 250

DEAR FATHER TAKE ME HOME..... 80
Dear friends we've come at last... 289
DEAR MOTHER, I'LL BE THERE..... 51
Dear Savior, as I journey..... 214
DEEPER YET..... 206
DO IT FOR JESUS..... 96
DO NOT STEP TOO NEAR THE DANGER 162
Down at the cross of Jesus..... 136
DOWN IN A COAL MINE..... 185
DOXOLOGY. S. M..... 311
Do you often grow discouraged.... 259
DO YOU TRUST HIM?..... 13
DO YOU TRUST HIM AS YOUR SAVIOR? 218
DRAW ME, MY SAVIOR..... 32
DRIFTING AWAY..... 78
DUTY IS ALL AROUND YOU..... 176

ELLERS. 10 s..... 230
ENDUED WITH POWER..... 36
EVENING PRAYER..... 71

FATHER KEEP ME EVER NEAR THEE. 40
FOLLOW AFTER JESUS..... 154
FOLLOWING JESUS..... 77
FOLLOWING ON..... 284
For fragrant gums, thou blessed 224
From every changing scene of life. 126
From the place where we gather... 166
From the world my feet have 100

GATHERING HOME..... 227
GENTLY LAY HER LOW..... 144
GIVE JESUS A WELCOME JUST NOW.. 79
GLORY LAND..... 41
GLORY OVER YONDER..... 197
GLORY TO THE NAME OF JESUS..... 141
GOD IS LOVE..... 299
GOD IS PRESENT EVERYWHERE..... 305
GOD'S MERCY..... 83
GO WITH ME..... 210
GUIDANCE..... 4

Hark, brother, a voice calls for you 282
HAVE FAITH IN GOD..... 258
HAVE YOU SPENT THE DAY..... 199
HEAR THE GOSPEL CALL..... 101
HEAR THE SAVIOR'S INVITATION..... 22
Hear the Savior sweetly saying.... 256
HEAR US, FATHER..... 216
HEAVEN'S HOLY LIGHT..... 283
HEAVEN'S MY HOME..... 111
HE IS CALLING..... 23
HE KNOWS..... 307
HELP IN NEED..... 275
HELP ME, LORD, TO HELP SOME 255
Help me, O Lord, thy yoke to bear. 74
HERE AM I, SEND ME..... 110
Hear our trials and temptations... 150
HE'S TRUE ALL ALONG..... 200
HE WILL MEET ME AT THE PORTAL.. 143
HIS NAME IS JESUS..... 201
HOLD THOU MY HAND (Showalter). 124
HOLD THOU MY HAND (Cornelius).. 196
HOLY PEACE..... 306
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE..... 192
HOME SICK EOR THEE..... 35
HONEY FROM THE ROCK..... 152
HOSANNA TO THE PRINCE OF PEACE.. 233
HOW ARE YOU BUILDING?..... 243
HOW DEAR TO HIS HEART..... 29
How oft' in fancy I recall..... 51
HOW SWEET TO THINK OF JESUS..... 239

I am a poor way faring stranger... 57
I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB..... 246
I AM LOOKING UNTO JESUS..... 107
I AM RESOLVED..... 175
I am sailing on life's ocean..... 191
I am saved, but saved to serve..... 56
I AM WITH THEE, DO NOT FEAR..... 180
I EXPECT TO HAVE STARS..... 140
IF I AM A CHRISTIAN, WHAT THEN?. 278
I have a friend, a precious friend.. 31
I HAVE NO FATHER NOW..... 114
I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW..... 225
I have wandered far..... 116
I HEAR HIM SAY..... 30
I hear the soft wind sighing..... 225
I KNOW THAT JESUS LOVES ME..... 271
I'LL CLING TO THE CROSS OF JESUS.. 49
I'LL FILL MY FATHER'S PLACE..... 123
I love to think of Jesus..... 6
I love to think of other days.....314
I may not know where thou art 124
I'M COMING HOME..... 116
I'm going up to glory land..... 142
I'm praising my Savior..... 278
I'm safe in the rift of the Rock.... 49
I'M STANDING ON THE ROCK OF AGES.. 171
In dreams I see the Heavenly land. 205
I NEED THY GRACE..... 308
IN HIM ALONE..... 244
IN HIS BLESSED NAME..... 53
In Jesus I may safely trust..... 236
IN MY FATHER'S KEEPING..... 100
In mansions of glory..... 15
In that beautiful city..... 76
In the blood from the cross..... 206
IN THE DEWY PASTURES..... 58
IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS..... 50
IN THE FORTRESS OF HIS LOVE..... 75
In the Heavenly habitation..... 188
IN THE LIGHT..... 174
In the light of God we are marching 266
IN THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS..... 63
IN THE VINEYARD OF THE LORD..... 72
I saw thy sad and fearful state..... 80
I see no person sitting there..... 123
IT IS GOD'S WAY..... 104
I've found a pearl of greatest price 1
I'VE HEARD THY CALL..... 48
I've seen the lightning flashing.... 122
I've thought of the city whose streets 86
I've wandered far away from God.. 134
I will lift mine eyes to the hills.... 11
I will praise the name of my Savior 204

Jesus, bless a little child..... 277
JESUS, BLESSED JESUS..... 287
Jesus calls us, sweetly calls us..... 23
Jesus gave His life for me..... 115

Jesus, glad we come to Thee..... 252
Jesus Goes Before..... 44
Jesus Goeth on Before..... 290
Jesus has wondrously saved me.... 238
Jesus, Hear Thy Little Child.... 277
Jesus is a Tender Shepherd..... 177
Jesus is calling, tenderly calling... 43
Jesus is My Very Best Friend.... 112
Jesus is Risen..... 137
Jesus is Standing on the Shore... 87
Jesus, Lover of My Soul..... 239
Jesus Loves Me..... 60
Jesus Loves the Children..... 240
Jesus Must Have All..... 248
Jesus on the Stormy Sea..... 68
Jesus Saved Me..... 238
Jesus, Savior, Now I Bring..... 275
Jesus Sought and Found Me..... 34
Jesus sought me when astray..... 60
Jesus the Friend of Sinners..... 215
Just Now..... 301
Just now is the time to come to Christ..... 102
Just to Believe..... 61
Just to Trust and Obey..... 270

Keei Close to Me..... 7
Keep Marching on..... 189
Keep on Climbing..... 259
Keep the Fire Burning in Your Heart..... 94

Lead the Little Ones..... 264
Leaning on the Everlasting..... 84
Lessons of the Dark Days..... 17
Let It Make Thee Whole..... 97
Let Your Colors Wave..... 27
Life has more of cheerfulness..... 208
Life's Burdens..... 268
Like Lazarus, with fainting heart.. 19
Listen! Jesus Is Calling..... 43
Liberty for the Captive..... 217
Lo at Thy feet I am bending..... 164
Look Beyond..... 133
Lord I'm Coming Home..... 134
Lord, it is a full surrender..... 125
Lord's Day Worship..... 222
Love Like the Sea..... 213
Loyalty to the Master..... 304

Make Room in Your Heart for 33
Marching, Marching..... 99
Marching On..... 266
Marching On to Glory Day by Day 193
May the Lord Watch Between Us 166

Memories..... 128
'Mid life's pleasures, 'mid its care. 10
Mighty Savior, Mighty King..... 135
More power to serve Thee, Lord... 36
My Dearest Friend..... 31
My Father's House..... 168
My feet had wandered away..... 34
My happy soul rejoices..... 263
My Presence Shall Go With Thee 223
My Savior is There..... 86
My Savior is with me wherever I go 244

Nearer the Cross..... 208
Near to Thee..... 183
'Neath the sacred gospel banner... 193
Never Alone..... 122
Never Give the Trumpet an Uncertain Sound..... 207
Nicol. L. M..... 190
Night, with ebon pinion..... 109
None Shall be Weary..... 127
No Other Trust is Mine..... 236
Nottingham. 7s..... 52
Now the shades of night are gone.. 52

O Beautiful Blossom of Pity..... 155
O Be Ready..... 274
O brother hear the solemn message. 251
Of all the friends I find Him best.. 200
O Father, be our nation's guide.... 42
Oft as returns the holy day..... 222
Oft we learn the sweetest lessons... 17
O hear him rave, a hopeless slave.. 217
O How I Love My Savior..... 242
O Land of God..... 205
O Lord of love! my feet have 80
O my brother, are you weary?..... 309
O my soul, ne'er grow despondent.. 296
Once Again the Gospel Story.... 54
Once my poor heart found..... 152
One by one our friends are going... 227
One by one we are passing over.... 310
One day I chanced to pass along... 70
One There Is Above all Others.. 293
One thought I have..... 167
On that bright and golden shore... 245
On the cross of Calvary..... 53
On to the Front..... 146
On Wings of Faith..... 91
O Praise the Lord..... 315
O praise the Lord, I'm saved today.. 141
O "refuge of the weary soul"..... 48
O Savior, hear my humble plea.... 308
O Savior, precious Savior..... 273
O Soul, have you heard of that blest 234

O the glad and blessed memories... 128
O the many precious blessings..... 3
O the precious blood of Jesus..... 97
O turn, all ye people, unto the Lord 213
Our God, to Thee, we now..... 190
Our Home Above..... 172
Our Mercy Seat..... 126
Our Parting Lay..... 289
Overburg. L. M..... 295
Over There By and By..... 132
Over There No Tears Will Fall. 262
Over the Waves..... 254
Over Yonder..... 150
O what wonderful messages..... 103
O who is He from Edom's Clime... 135

Pilgrims Homeward Bound..... 138
Pleading for the Crumbs..... 19
Praise to Jesus Evermore..... 115
Praise the Lord for His salvation.. 255
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise 295
Precious Blessings..... 3
Press the Battle..... 291

Quicken Thou Me..... 164

Remember me, dear Lord..... 165
Rejoicing in the Lord..... 6
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep 235

Sailing on Life's Ocean..... 191
Saved by Grace..... 70
Saved by His Grace..... 303
Saved to Serve..... 56
Savior, again Thy dear name we raise 230
Savior, bless a little child..... 277
Savior, Keep My Hand in Thine.. 10
Savior, Stay With Me..... 25
Scattering Precious Seed..... 21
Search for the Wandering Sheep 160
Seek the City Above..... 229
Send Out the Bible..... 212
Service for the Master..... 113
Shall We Meet at Home?..... 249
Shall we walk the streets together?. 203
Silently the golden moments..... 274
Since I have been converted..... 117
Sing at Your Work..... 92
Singing for Joy..... 1
Singing of the Savior's Love..... 211
Sing Unto God..... 33
Sin has thrown its arrows 'round me 75
Sinner out upon life's highway.... 45
Soldiers of the cross! the trumpet 88
Sometime, I cannot tell how soon. 252
Sometimes the sun hides itself..... 147
Somewhere, Sometime..... 258
Songs That Mother Sang..... 314
Soon I'll cross the "mystic river". 90
Sow the Seed..... 261
Speak a kind Word for Jesus..... 163
Star of the east, Bethlehem's star. 184
Stevens..... 109
Straight Is the Gate..... 234
Sunlight on the Hills..... 2
Sweet Home..... 312
Sweet Peace Beyond the Tide.... 257
Sweet the holy name of Jesus..... 16
Swing Open the Beautiful Gates. 232

Teach Me Lord..... 281
Teach Us Thy Love..... 42
Tenderly Lead Them to Jesus.... 85
That Beautiful Home..... 285
The Beautiful Land..... 300
The blood stained banner..... 27
The Book of Our Lives..... 153
The Bright Eternal Mansion..... 296
The City of God..... 76
The City of Light..... 158
The Conquering Lion of Judah... 20
The Crimson Fountain..... 46
The Crown of Glory Shall..... 288
The Dying Girl's Farewell..... 221
The Far Away Land..... 145
The Glory Holds..... 267
The great Teacher of Men..... 130
The Holy Name of Jesus..... 16
The Homeland..... 151
The King Will Be in the Boat.... 178
The light that shines within my soul 283
The Love that Ransomed me..... 105
The Master's Call..... 169
The Mystic Gateway..... 66
The old Family Bible..... 286
The Pearl Gates Stand Open..... 194
The Prince of peace..... 294
There are those, blessed Lord..... 148
There is a beautiful service..... 113
There is a land beyond the skies... 132
There is a land mine eyes hath seen 145
There is a precious fountain..... 46
There is not a ray of sunlight..... 185
There is pardon full and free..... 219
There is sunlight on the hills today 2
There I saw Him robed in royalty. 63
There's a beautiful blossom..... 155
There's a beautiful city not built 158
There's a beautiful land far beyond 300
There's a beautiful home in that 285
There's a beautiful home where.... 237

There's a blessed saying..... 120
There's a charm and a blessing.... 112
There's a fountain flowing full.... 6
There's a home where shadows 262
There's a pardon to be found..... 161
There's a rest that remains..... 55
THERE'S A WIDENESS IN GOD'S MERCY 28
There's only one friend whose..... 39
THERE'S POWER IN JESUS BLOOD.... 263
THESE ARE THEY IN BRIGHT ARRAY. 245
THE SINGING OF THE ANGELS..... 95
The sky and sunshine over us..... 83
THE TEACHER KNOWS BEST..... 130
The tender Shepherd sought me... 242
THE THOUGHT OF GOD..... 167
The time has come, dear papa..... 221
The words that I have spoken..... 149
THE WORLD FOR JESUS..... 88
THE VOICE OF JESUS..... 118
THEY'LL GREET OUR HOME COMING. 15
THE YOKE OF CHRIST..... 74
THEY THAT BE WISE..... 313
They who seek the throne of grace. 305
THIS SAME JESUS..... 69
This world is not my resting place. 111
Though all around on every hand.. 104
Though the night be long and drear. 228
Through my soul like music..... 180
Through the years of hope..... 66
TILL HE COMES..... 14
Tired of the world with its sin..... 79
Tis never too late to be sowing 9
To GOD, THE FATHER, SON..... 311
To that bright celestial shore 12
To THEE, DEAR LORD, I GO..... 165
TOUCH THE HARP GENTLY..... 108

Under sinful condemnation..... 105
UNDER THE BANNER OF JESUS..... 64
UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS. 5
UNTO THE HILLS..... 11

Very near, O Jesus! keep me..... 183

WAIT AND TRUST..... 228
WALKING IN THE PATHS THE SAVIOR TROD..... 142
We are but pilgrims far from home 138
We are daily marching onward.... 211
WE ARE FOLLOWING THAT WAY.... 93
WE ARE TRAVELING HOME..... 298
WEARY OF EARTH..... 18
WE COME TO THEE..... 131
We gather, Lord, around Thy feet 131
We have heard the voice of Jesus 18
Weighed down with sin 303
WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP..... 73
WE LIVE UPON TOO LOW A PLANE... 170
WE'LL ALL SING TOGETHER BY..... 187
WE'LL CROSS THE RIVER..... 265
We meet today to magnify..... 201
We're a band of singing Christians 187
WE'RE GOING HOME..... 247
We see our Savior on ahead..... 93
WE SHALL REST AT EVENTIDE..... 157
WE WORSHIP THEE..... 273
WE WOULD SEE JESUS 220
What a fellowship..... 84
What a great fire kindled all your 94
WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?.. 119
What bright visions come to me... 197
WHAT IS HEAVEN?..... 260
WHAT MORE CAN I DO?..... 139
What must I give up to Jesus? 248
What path can be lonely if Jesus... 272
WHEN EARTH'S LABORS ARE O'ER... 280
Whene'er my heart grows heavy... 297
WHEN HE FOUND ME..... 82
WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD..... 47
When memory with magic power 114
When my bark I shall steer..... 140
When the cares of life have ended. 143
When the march of time is over... 288
WHEN THE PEARLY GATES SWING 231
WHEN THE SKIES ARE BRIGHT..... 65
When we are weary and by care 127
When we cross the ferry..... 178
WHEN WE SHALL REACH THE STREETS OF GOLD 129
Wheresoever I may go..... 284
WHILE HE IS NEAR..... 272
While I'm toiling now..... 87
While I'm tossed on life's rough 25
While toiling on life's rugged road. 182
Who is with us every day?..... 287
WHOSOEVER WILL 120
WILL THERE BE ONE SOUL TO GREET 90
WILL YOU MEET THEM THERE?.... 12
With no merit of my own..... 107
WONDERFUL MESSAGES..... 103
WORK FOR THE MASTER..... 9
WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING... 279
WORKING IN THE HARVEST FIELD... 204
WORK TODAY..... 282
Would you be a sunbeam? 8
Writing a book as the days go by.. 153

YOU AND I..... 203
You are drifting away, my poor 78

INDEX

TO CHURCH MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Titles in SMALL CAPS. First Lines in Roman.

	No.
Abide with me, fast fast falls the eventide	146
A charge to keep I have	70
Alas! and did my Savior bleed	61
All hail the power of Jesus' name	136
All praise to Him who reigns above	147
Am I a soldier of the cross?	50
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound	63
And is there, Lord, a rest?	89
Angels from the realms of glory	119
ARIEL. C. P. M.	139
Arise, my soul, arise	134
ARLINGTON. C. M.	49
Ask ye what great thing I know	93
Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep	41
AUTUMN. 8, 7. D.	114
AVON. C. M.	57
Awake, my soul! and with the sun	28
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	4
A WONDROUS PLANT, 7, 6, D.	123
AZMON. C. M.	53
BALERMA. C. M.	55
BALSBAUGH. L. M.	29
BARTLETT. L. M.	42
BEALOTH. S. M. D.	91
Before Jehovah's awful throne	11
BEHOLD A STRANGER. L. M.	35
Behold what wondrous grace	83
BLESSED BE THE NAME	147
BLESSED HOME	149
Blessed Savior, Thee I love	98
Blest be the tie that binds	72
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	77
BOYLSTON. S. M.	71
Call Jehovah thy salvation	108
CHELMSFORD. C. M.	67
CHRISTMAS. C. M.	50
Christ, of all my hopes the ground	105
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part	45
Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell	23
Come, Holy Ghost, in love	128
Come, Holy Spirit, come	88
Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove	67
Come, let our voices join to raise	13
Come, O my Soul, in sacred lays	1
Come, sound His praise abroad	84
Come, Thou almighty King	127
Come, we who love the Lord	78
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11, 10.	145
Come, ye that know and fear the Lord	59
COMMUNION L. M.	43
CONFIDENCE. S. M.	86
CORONATION. C. M.	136
COWPER. C. M.	63
DARE AND DO	153
DAUERTY. L. M.	32
DENNIS. S. M.	72
Depth of mercy, can there be	94
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	73
DINSMORE. S. M.	88
DOWNS. C. M.	59
DUKE SRTEET. L. M.	1
DUNDEE. C. M.	54
ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.	56
ELLESDIE. 8, 7, D.	112
ELLIJAY. S. M.	82
ELLINGTON. S. M.	77
ELLIOTT. 8, 7.	107
ELM STREET. C. M.	76
ELTHAM. 7, D.	104
Eternal source of every joy	46
EVAN. C. M.	58
EVENTIDE. 10	146
EVERLASTING PRAISE	43
Father of heaven, whose love profound	36
Father of love and mercy	150
Fear not, poor weary one	81
FEDERAL STREET. L. M.	36
FOREST. L. M.	37
Forever here my rest shall be	54
From all that dwell below the skies	2
From every stormy wind that blows	34
From Greenland's icy mountains	120
GENEVA. C. M.	138
Give thanks to God; He reigns alone	5
Glorious things of thee are spoken	110

	No.
God calling yet! Shall I not hear	37
God, in the gospel of His Son	9
God is the refuge of His saints	25
Golden Hill S. M.	74
Grace, 'tis a charming sound	74
Gracious Spirit, Love Divine	95
Gratitude. L. M.	31
Greennille. 8, 7, D.	113
Greenwood. S. M.	80
Guide me, O thou great Jehovan	118
Harwell. 8, 7. D.	110
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time	104
Heaven Is My Home. 6, 4	130
Heavenly Love. 7, 6. D	124
Hebron. L. M	19
He Leadeth Me	154
Hendon. 7	93
Hoffman. S. M	84
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	144
Holy Sabbath. 7, 6. D	121
Home. S. M.	90
Horton. 7	95
How blest the righteous when he dies	40
How charming is the place	75
How firm a foundation ye saints	155
How gentle God's commands	80
How oft have sin and satan strove	29
How pleasant, how divinely fair	20
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight	66
How sweet the name of Jesus souuds	48
Hursley. L. M.	30
I love to steal awhile away	57
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	91
I'm but a stranger here	130
I Need Thee, Prrcious Jesus	122
In heavenly love abiding	124
In the cross of Christ I glory	107
In Thy Great Name	62
Italian Hymn. 6, 4	127
Jerusalem, the Golden. 7, 6, D	125
Jesus, I my cross have taken	112
Jesus Knocks at Thy Heart	143
Jesus, lover of my soul	101
Jesus, Master, whose I am	100
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	3
Jesus, Thou art the sinner's friend	60
Just as I am, without one plea	32
Kentucky. S. M	79
Laban. S. M	68
Lead, Kindly Light	142
Lenox. H. M.	134
Let everlasting glories crown	14
Let's dare and do for the pure and true	153
Lischer. H. M	135
Lo, Jesus patiently knocks at thy heart	143
Lord, at this closing hour	82
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine	26
Lord, in Thy presence here we meet	58
Lord, With Glowing Heart, 8, 7, D	111
Lottie. S. M.	73
Love Divine. L. M.	38
Love divine, all love excelling	114
Lyons. 10, 11	141
Maitland. C. M.	51
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	47
Manoah. C. M	47
Marlow. C. M	66
Martyn. 7, D	101
Meribah. C. P. M	140
Messiah. 7, D	105
Missionary Hymn. 7, 6, D	120
Monsell. S. M.	81
More About Jesus	148
More love to Thee, O Christ	131
Mount Vernon. 8, 7	109
Must Je us bear the cross alone	51
My country 'tis of thee	129
My faith looks up to Thee	126
My Father's house on high	90
My God, how endless is Thy love	31
My God, my Father, while I stray	33
My Jesus, I Love Thee	152
My soul, be on thy guard	68
Nahum. 7	99
National Hymn of America, 6, 4	129
Nearer, My God to Thee	132
New Haven, 6, 4	128
New Year's Hymn. L. M. D.	46
Nicæa. 11, 12, 12, 10	144
Not all the blood of beasts	71
Oak. 6, 4	131
O bless the Lord, my soul	85
O could I speak the matchless worth	139
O day of rest and gladness	121
O for a closer walk with God	56
O for a heart to praise my God	55
O for a thousand tongues to sing	49
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	53

	No.
O God of Light to Thee we pray	42
O Jesus, our exalted Lord	43
Old Hundred. L. M	13
Oliphant. 8, 7, 4	118
Olive's Brow. L. M	39
Olivet, 6, 4	126
O Love Divine! that stooped to share	38
On the mountain's top appearing	117
Ortonville, C. M	48
Oswald. 8, 7	108
O think of a home over there	149
O thou, my soul, forget no more	27
Our heavenly Father calls	86
O where shall rest be found	79
Parting Hymn. L. M	45
Pisgah. C. M	137
Portugese Hymn, 11	155
Praise. S. M	78
Praises to Him whose love has given	8
Praise the Lord, His glories show	99
Praise to Him who reigns above	3
Protection. 11	155
Rest. L. M	41
Retreat. L. M	34
River of Salvation	150
Rockingham. L. M	22
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	97
Rowan. S. M	87
Sabbath. 7 D	102
Safely through another week	102
Saint Thomas. S. M	75
Saved Thro' Jesus' Blood	103
Savior, visit Thy plantation	113
Sessions. L. M	7
Seymour. 7	94
Siloam. C. M	60
Sing On. H. M	133
Sister, thou wast mild and lovely	109
Solitude. 7	96
Soldiers of Christ, arise	69
Spanish Hymn. 7, 61	98
Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears	15
State Street. S. M	85
Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear	30
Sweet is Thy work, my God, my King	16
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet	96
Talmar, 8, 7	106
Thatcher. S. M	83
The Great Physician	151
The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord	12
The Holy Ghost revealeth	123
The Lord My Shepherd Is. S. M. D.	92
There Is a Fountain. C. M	64
There is a land of pure delight	65
There is a name I love to hear	52
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love	6
Thus far the Lord hath led me on	21
Thy presence, everlasting God	18
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow	39
Toplady. 7, 61	97
Triumph. C. M	52
Up to the Lord who reigns on high	44
Uxbridge. L. M	16
Varina. C. M. D	65
Vesper. S. M	89
Ward. L. M	25
Watson. L. M	28
Watts. C. M	61
Welcome, delightful morn	135
Welcome, sweet day of rest	76
What a Friend. 8. 7. D	115
What equal honors shall we bring	24
What various hindrances we meet	22
When all thy mercies, O my God	138
When I can Read My Title Clear	137
When I survey the wondrous cross	19
When Thou, my Righteous Judge shall come	140
While my Redeemer's near	87
Whose I Am. 7, D	100
With one consent let all the earth	17
With Thankful Hearts. L. M	10
Woodman. L. M	4
Woodworth L. M	33
Ye nations round the earth	7
Ye saints on earth repeat	133
Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim	141
Yes, for me, for me He careth	106
Zephyr. L. M	40
Zion. 8, 7, 4	116

No. 174. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Anon. R. L. FERGUSON.

1. In a wea-ry land I wan-der, And with falt'ring steps I walk, For my
2. Here my toils are un-a-bat-ing, And rude cares a-bout me mock, But my
3. In those pas-tures fair and ver-nal, With my Shepherd's chosen flock, I will
4. By those wa-ters gen-tly flow-ing I will fear no tem-pest's shock, And no
5. So with pa-tient faith I wan-der, And with lov-ing trust I walk, For my

REFRAIN.

rest is o-ver yon-der, In the shadow of the Rock. In the shad - ow
rest is o-ver yon-der, In the shadow of the Rock.
feast on joys e-ter-nal, In the shadow of the Rock.
want nor grief be knowing, In the shadow of the Rock.
rest is o-ver yon-der, In the shadow of the Rock.

In the shad-ow

of the Rock, In the shad - - ow of the Rock,
of the Ev-er-last-ing Rock, In the shad-ow of the Ev-er-last-ing Rock,

For my rest is o-ver yonder, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
In the shad-ow, in the shad-ow of the Rock.

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No. 2.

...ORED AT

Respectfully inscribed to the gospel singer, Mr. H. A. ...olfsohn

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I'm drift-ing no more on the treach-er - ous sea, I've anchored my
2. The tur - bu - lent waves nev - er - more shall pre - vail; Suf - fi - cient His
3. Tho' rug - ged the reefs ly - ing close by my side, In Je - sus I

barque, safe-ly moored to my Lord; His prom-is - es sweet are so pre-cious to
grace now to quell ev - 'ry storm; Tho' sin's billows roll and tempta-tions as -
trust, tho' the sky be o'er - cast; No storms can prevail and no e - vil be -

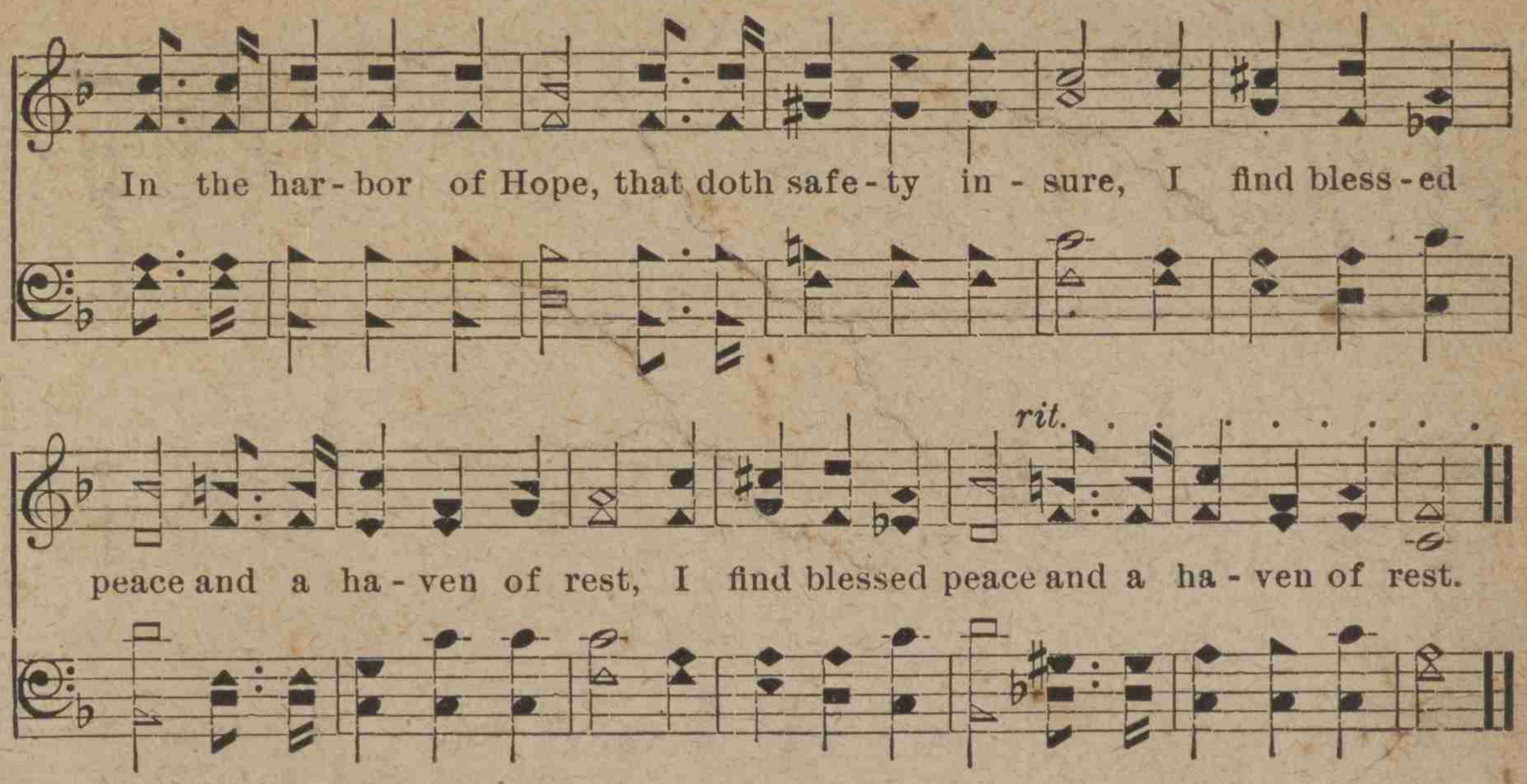
REFRAIN.

me, For I am now trust-ing in His sure word. I am anchored at
sail, With Je - sus be - side me I fear no harm.
tide, My an - chor is sure and I'm safe at last.

last and my soul is se - cure, The breakers of sin nev - er - more can mo-lest;

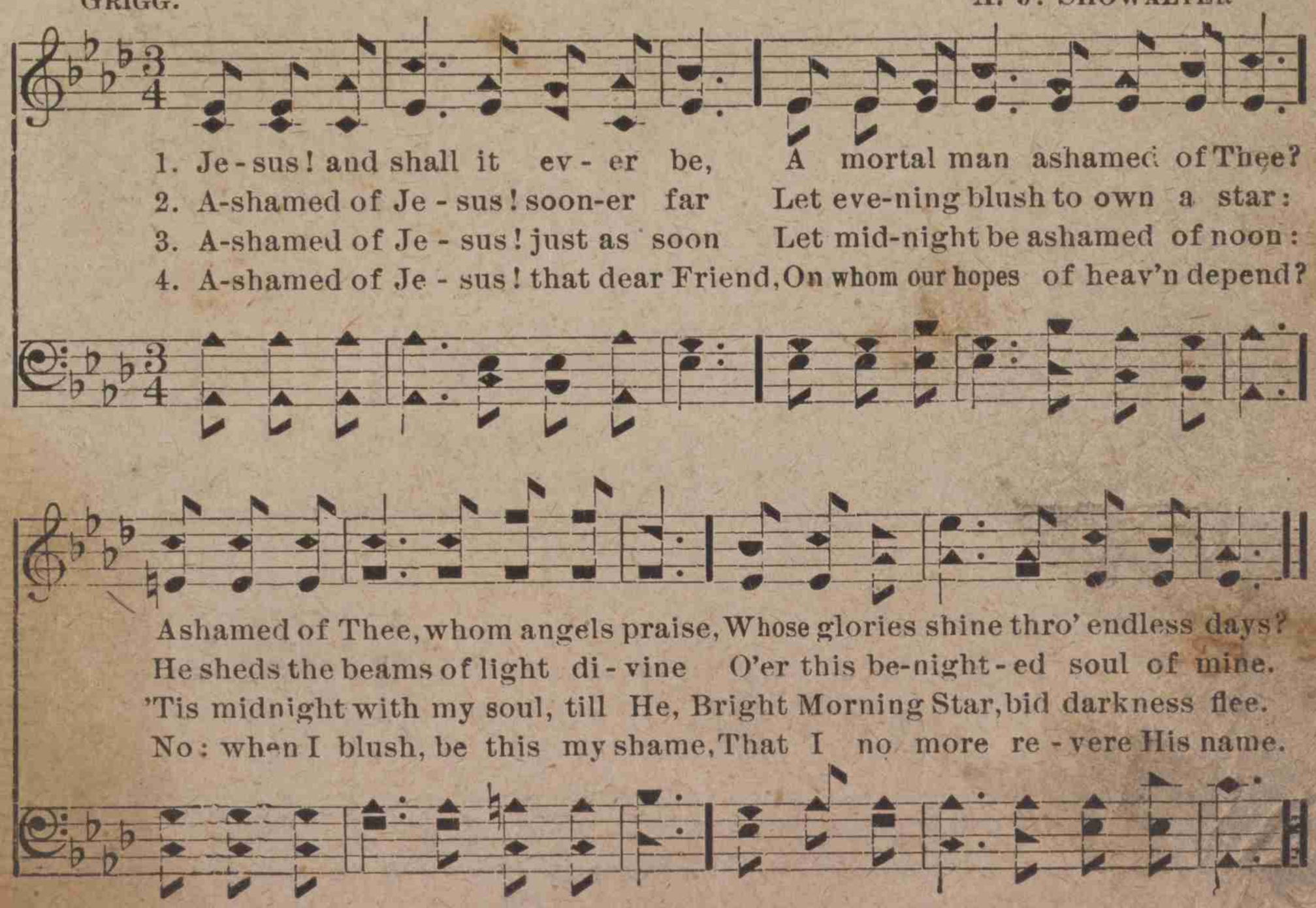
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