PSALMS, HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

Numbers 1 and 2 Combined.

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

By J. Henry Showalter and Geo. B. Holsinger,

ASSISTED BY

S. J. PERRY,
S. E. DUNCAN,
W. K. FRANKLIN,
W. P. DAVIDSON,
J. C. BEAHM,
SARAH C. LEATHERMAN,
T. B. MOSLEY.

PUBLISHED BY

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....PUBLISHERS' NOTE....

AGREEABLE to many requests from agents and patrons, generally, we have made an addition of some 60 pages to the original "*Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs*," consisting of Anthems and other gospel songs, all of which, we think, are of the very best.

As we also publish this addition in separate form, we style this book "*Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Nos. 1 and 2, Combined.*"

The following list of authors, who have contributed to the new addition, will show the excellence of the music it contains:

A. J. SHOWALTER,	*J. HENRY SHOWALTER,*
B. F. SHOWALTER,	*CHAS. H. GABRIEL,*
C. E. LESLIE,	*Mrs. MARTHA MILLS-NEWTON,*
L. M. EVILSIZER,	*Rev. J. H. WEBER,*
J. H. ALLEMAM,	*GEO. D. BUCHANAN,*
EDWARD ROBERTS,	*E. B. FOWLER, and others.*

This addition we have made at considerable cost to ourselves, but will let the retail price remain the same as that of the original book, which book (No. 1), will be no longer published in separate form. Thus, we shall be able to give a much better book without any additional cost to purchasers, except a very slight increase on the wholesale price.

Hoping and believing that our endeavors to furnish one of the very best of books for Church, Sunday School and all other Societies of Religious and Musical Endeavor, will be appreciated by our many friends and patrons, we cheerfully submit to you this our effort in your behalf.

Yours most truly,

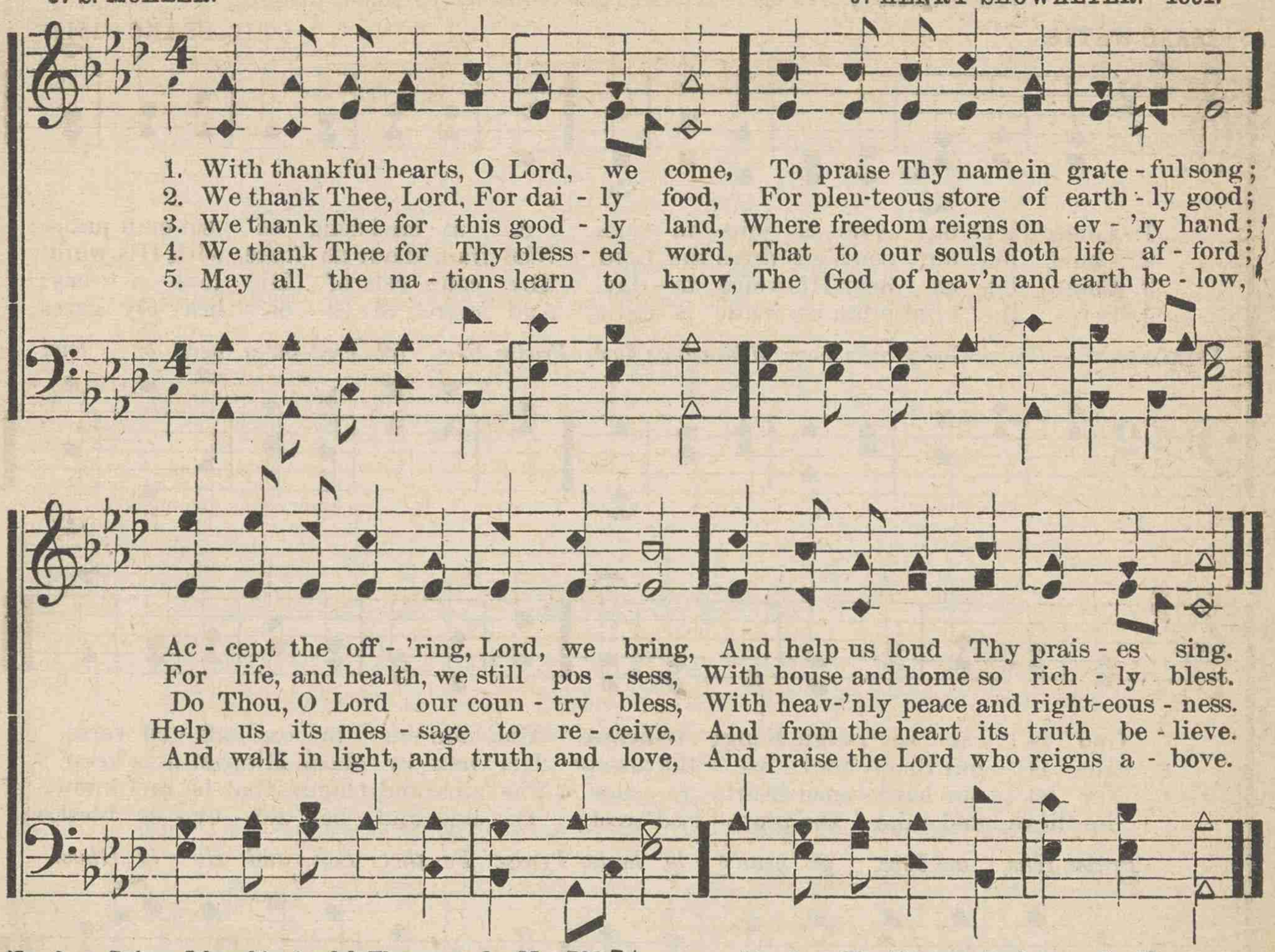
THE J. HENRY SHOWALTER CO.

July 10, 1895.

ARMSTRONG & FILLMORE
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS AND PRESS
CINCINNATI, O.

No. 1. WITH THANKFUL HEARTS, O LORD. L. M.

J. S. MOHLER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1891.



No. 2. Before Jehovah's Awful Throne. L. M. [89.]

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.

No. 3. The Heavens Declare. 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.
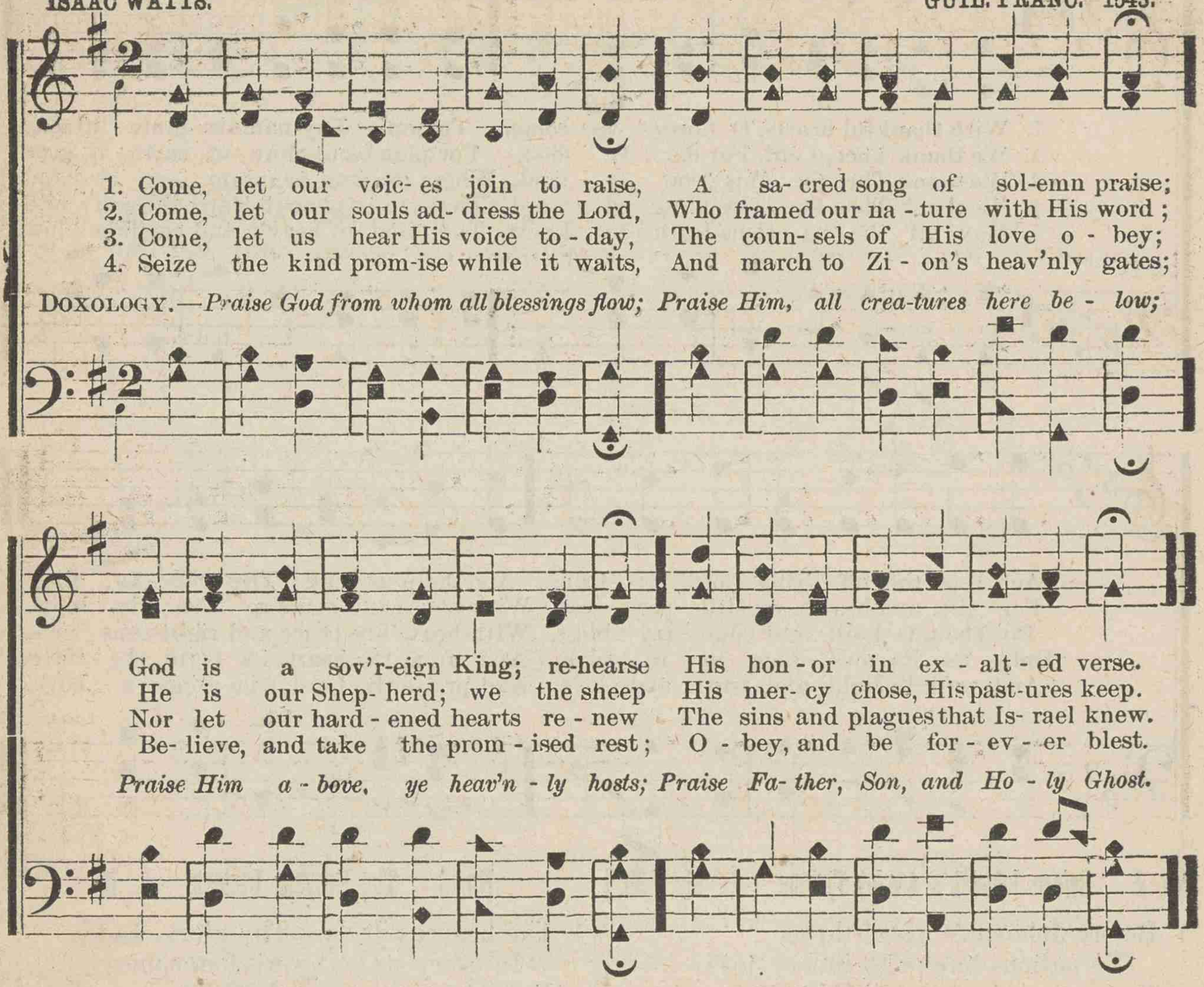
4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

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.

No. 4. OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

(The Doxology is to be used only when requested by the minister.)

ISAAC WATTS. GUIL. FRANC. 1543.



No. 5. Thus Saith the High and Lofty One. L. M. [15.]

1 Thus saith the high and lofty one,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God; I dwell on high;
Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
On earth I have a mansion too;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind."

4 Lord, may Thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Then shall our greatful voice declare,
How free Thy tender mercies are.

Isaac Watts.

No. 6. Eternal God, Almighty cause. L. M. [16.]

1 Eternal God, almighty cause,
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to Thy laws—
All things depend on Thee alone.

2 To Thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay:
All other gods we disavow—
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

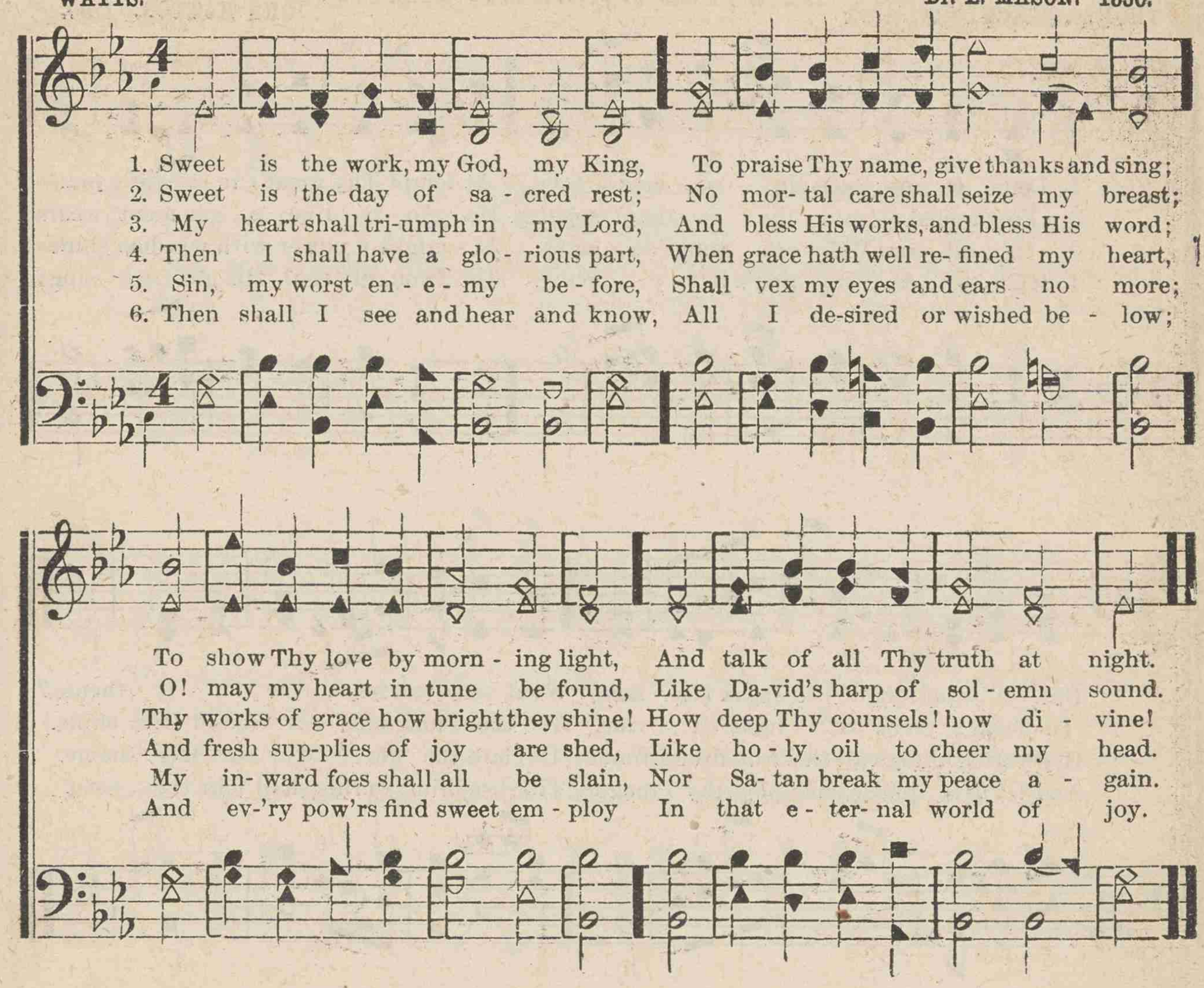
3 Worship to Thee alone belongs;
Worship to Thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and Thine our songs,
And to Thy glory we would live.

4 Spread Thy great name thro' heathen lands,
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to Thy commands,
And reign as Thou art God alone.

Browns.

No. 7. UXBRIDGE. L. M. [130.]

WATTS. Dr. L. MASON. 1830.



No. 8. Ye Humble Saints Proclaim Abroad. L. M. [9.]

1 Ye humble saints proclaim abroad
The honors of a faithful God;
How just and true are all His ways!
How much above our highest praise!

2 The words His sacred lips declare,
Of His own mind the image bear;
What should Him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in His self-sufficiency?

3 Let suns and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies,
Let heav'n and earth both pass away—
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

4 True to His word, God gave His Son,
To die for crimes which man had done;
Blest pledge! He ne'er will revoke
A single promise He has spoke.

No. 9. Up to the Lord, Who Reigns, etc. L. M. [3.]

1 Up to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large His bounties are.

2 He who can shake the worlds He made,
Or with His word, or with His rod—
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

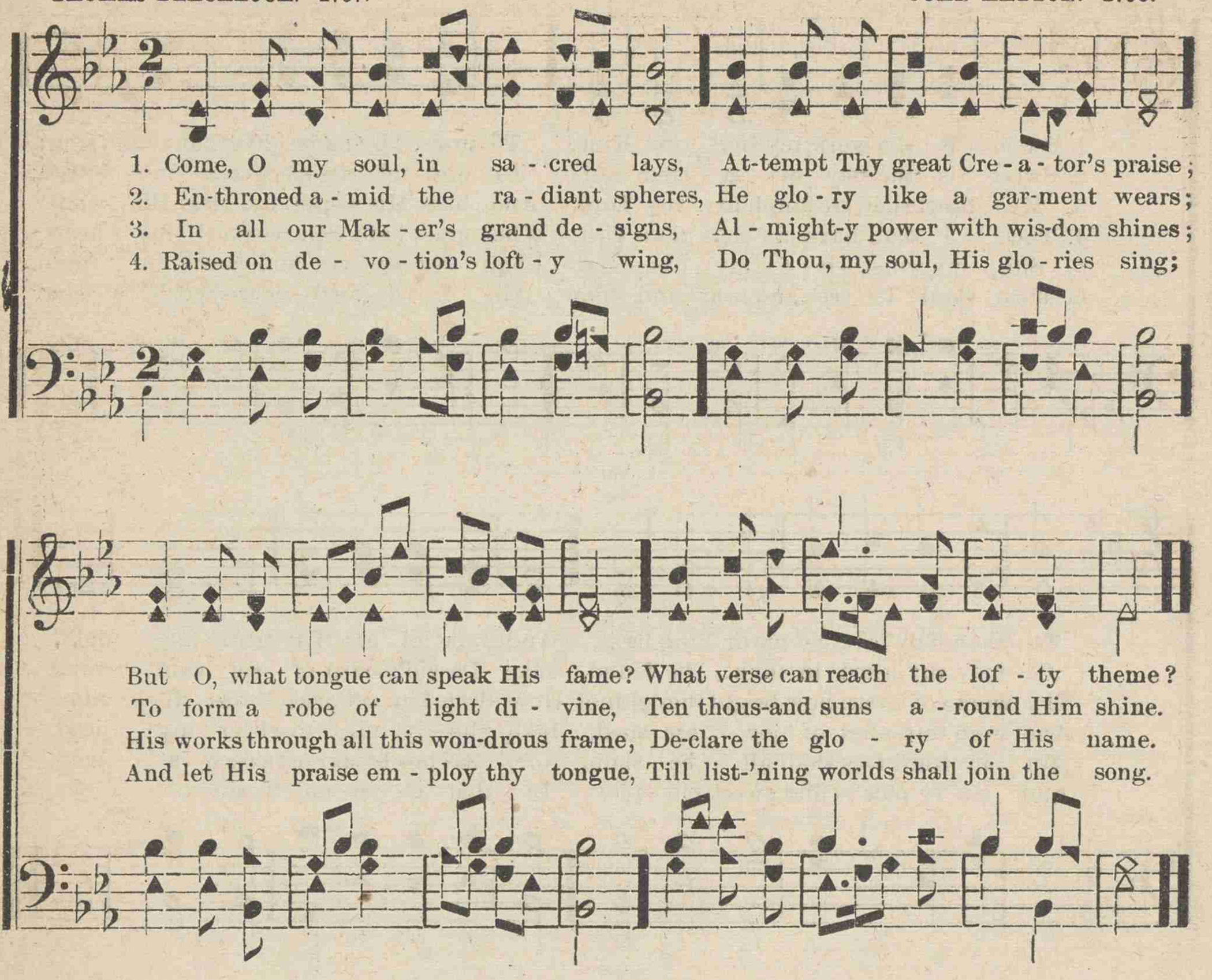
3 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hours,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

4 Oh, could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to Thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps Thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

No. 10. DUKE STREET. L. M.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. 1757. JOHN HATTON. 1790.



1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At-tempt Thy great Cre - a - tor's praise;
2. En-throned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a gar-ment wears;
3. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might-y power with wis-dom shines;
4. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do Thou, my soul, His glo - ries sing;

But O, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can reach the lof - ty theme?
To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thous-and suns a - round Him shine.
His works through all this won-drous frame, De-clare the glo - ry of His name.
And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue, Till list-'ning worlds shall join the song.

No. 11. From All Who Dwell Below, etc. L. M. [48.]

1 From all who 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.

No. 12. Come Worship at Emmanuel's Feet. L. M. [52.]

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

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

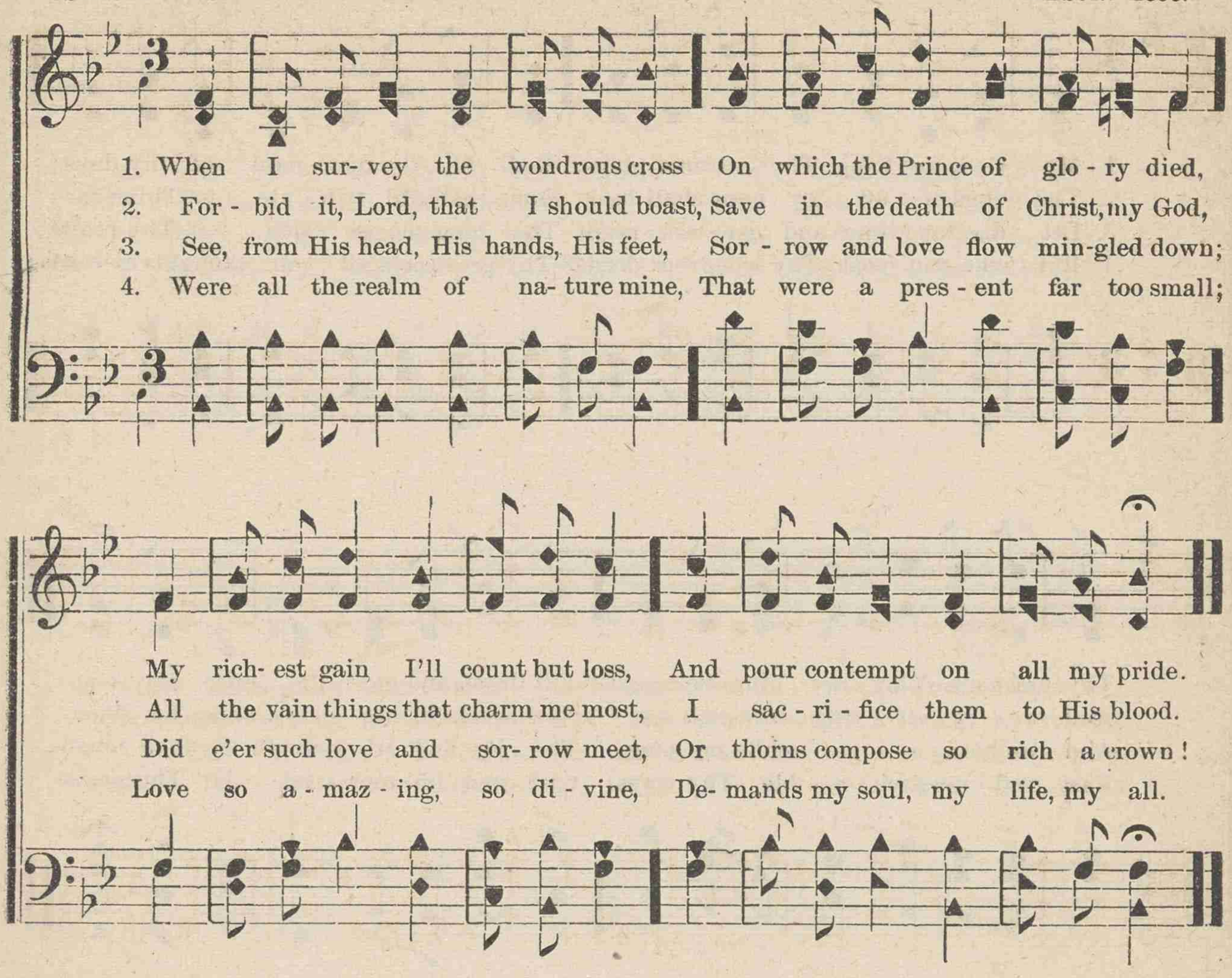
3 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace;
What healing in His beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our tears.

4 Yet faintly to us mortals here
His glory, grace, and worth appears;
His beauties we shall clearly trace
When we behold him face to face.

Isaac Watts.

No. 13. HEBRON. L. M. [315.]

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. L. MASON. 1830.



No. 14. How Pleasant, How Divinely Fair. L. M. [82.]

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.

No. 15. Thus far the Lord Hath Led Me On. L. M. [710.]

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.

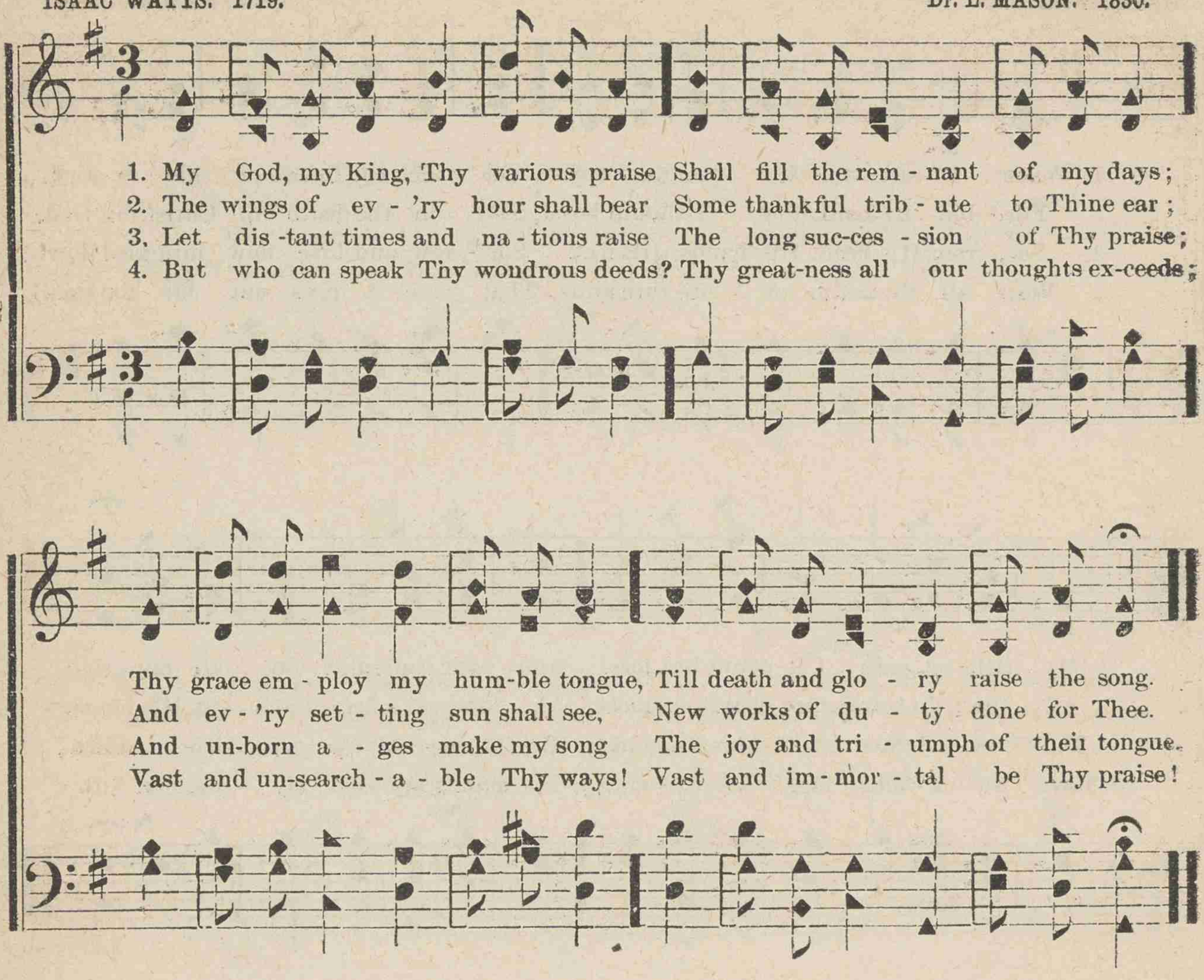
3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

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.

No. 16. ROCKINGHAM. L. M. [56.]

ISAAC WATTS. 1719. Dr. L. MASON. 1830.



No. 17. Saviour of Men, we Bless, etc. L. M. [76.]

1 Saviour of men, we bless Thy name,
For Thou art good forever more;
Thy power and grace we would proclaim,
And Thine eternal love adore.

2 Thy glory shall forever stand,
Thy truth remains both firm and sure;
Our souls we venture in Thine hand
And there we know we are secure.

3 Glory to Christ, our faithful Friend;
He is the Lord whom angels fear;
On Him we always would depend,
And in His righteousness appear.

4 We love the Lord our God most high—
His grace demands our noblest song;
All praise to Christ who came to die,
To Him all glory doth belong.

No. 18. Upon the Gospel's Sacred Page. L. M. [154.]

1 Upon the gospel's sacred page,
The gathered beams of ages shine;
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

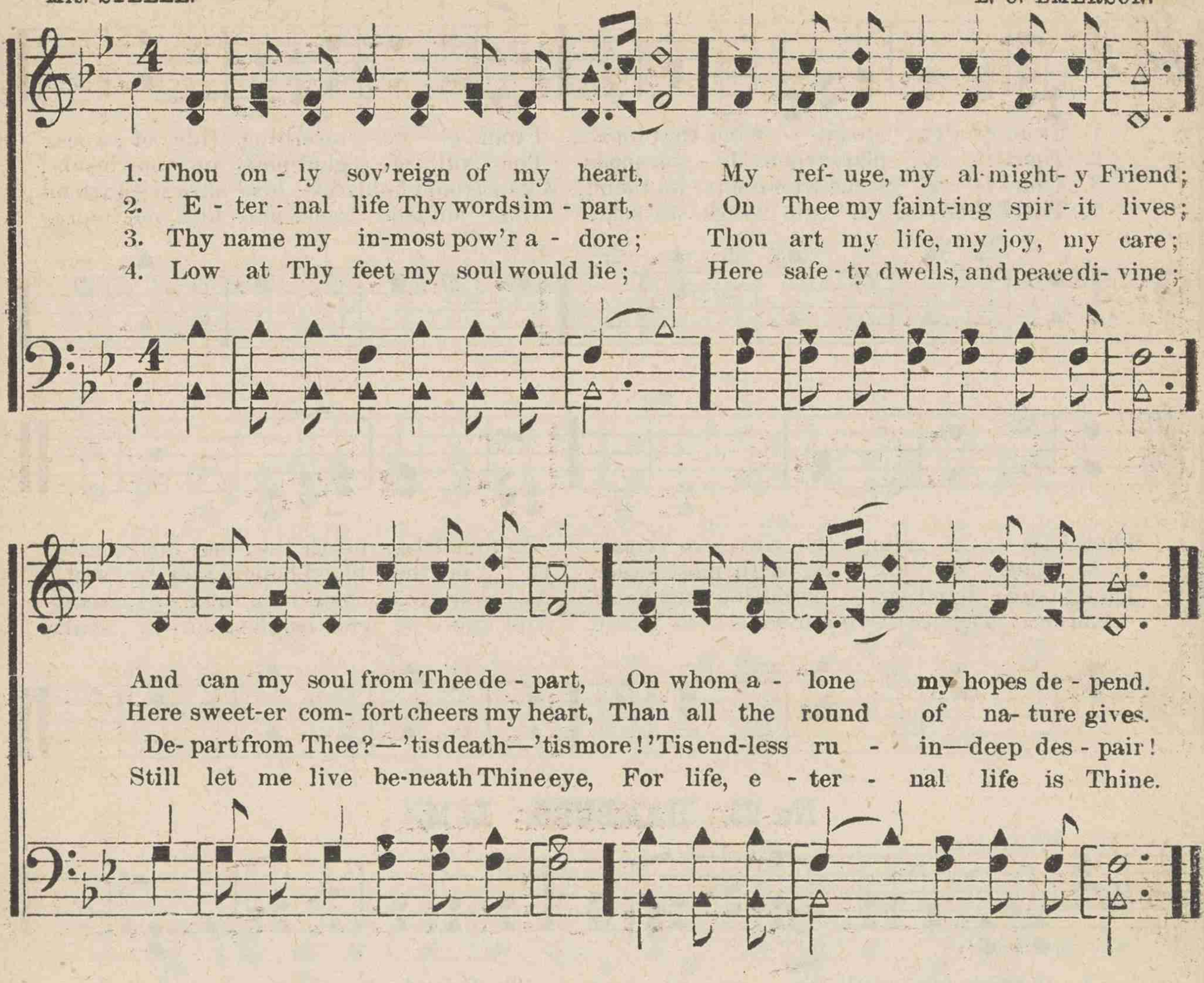
2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge soar;
And, as it soars, the gospel light
Adds to its influence more and more.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions bless'd, new pow'rs unfurled;
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world.

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy,
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each ling'ring mist away

No. 19. SESSIONS. L. M.

Mrs. STEELE. L. O. EMERSON.



No. 20. Thy Presence, Gracious God, etc. L. M. [101.]

1 Thy presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us Thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy,
And may we, in Thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us Thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do Thy will;
Thy saving pow'r and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

No. 21. God, In The Gospel Of HiS Son. L. M. [150.]

1 God, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
'Tis here His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairer lines.

2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.

3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

No. 22. RETREAT. L. M. [530.]

HUGH STOWELL. 1832. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1784-1872.

1. From ev -'ry storm- y wind that blows, From ev -'ry swell-ing tide of woes.
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low- ship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.
Though sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com- mon mer - cy seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns, the mer - cy seat.
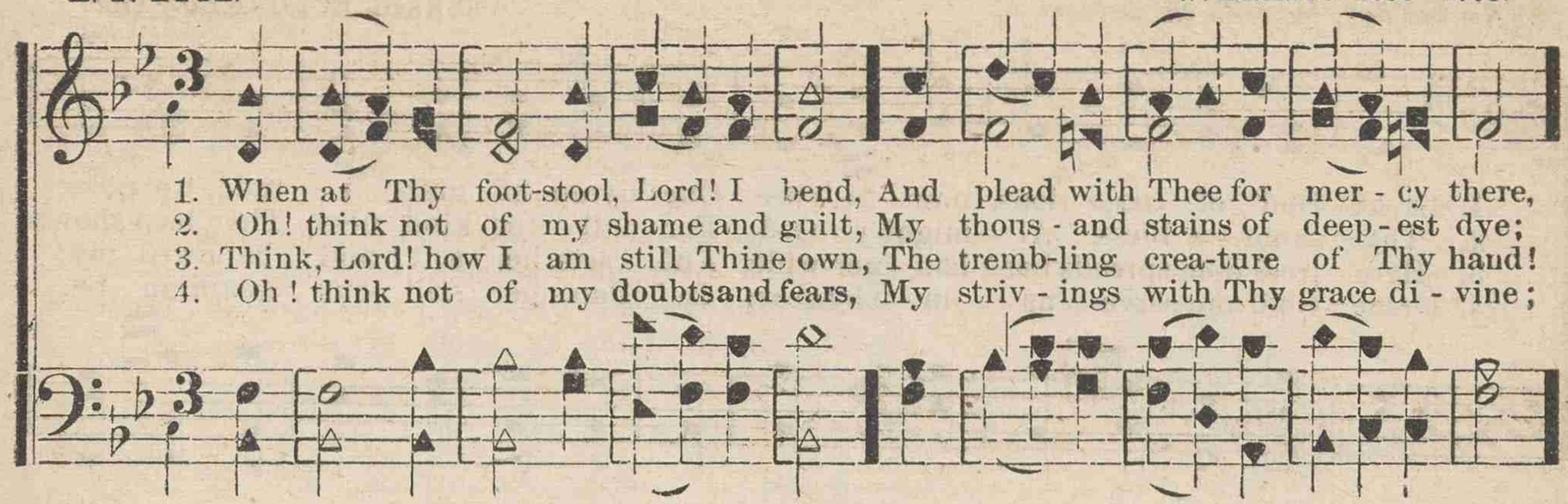
No. 23. HAMBURG. L. M.

1. O thou, my soul, for - get no more, The Friend who all thy sor - row bore;
2. Renounce thy works and ways with grief, And fly to this di - vine re - lief;
3. E - ter - nal truth and mer - cy shine In Him, and He Him-self is thine;
4. Oh, no; till life it - self de - part; His name shall cheer and warm my heart;

Let ev -'ry i - dol be for - got; But, O my soul, for - get Him not.
Nor Him for - get, who left His throne, And for thy life gave up His own.
And canst thou, then, with sin be - set, Such charms, such matchless charms for- get.
And, lisp- ing this, from earth I'll rise, And join the cho- rus of the skies.

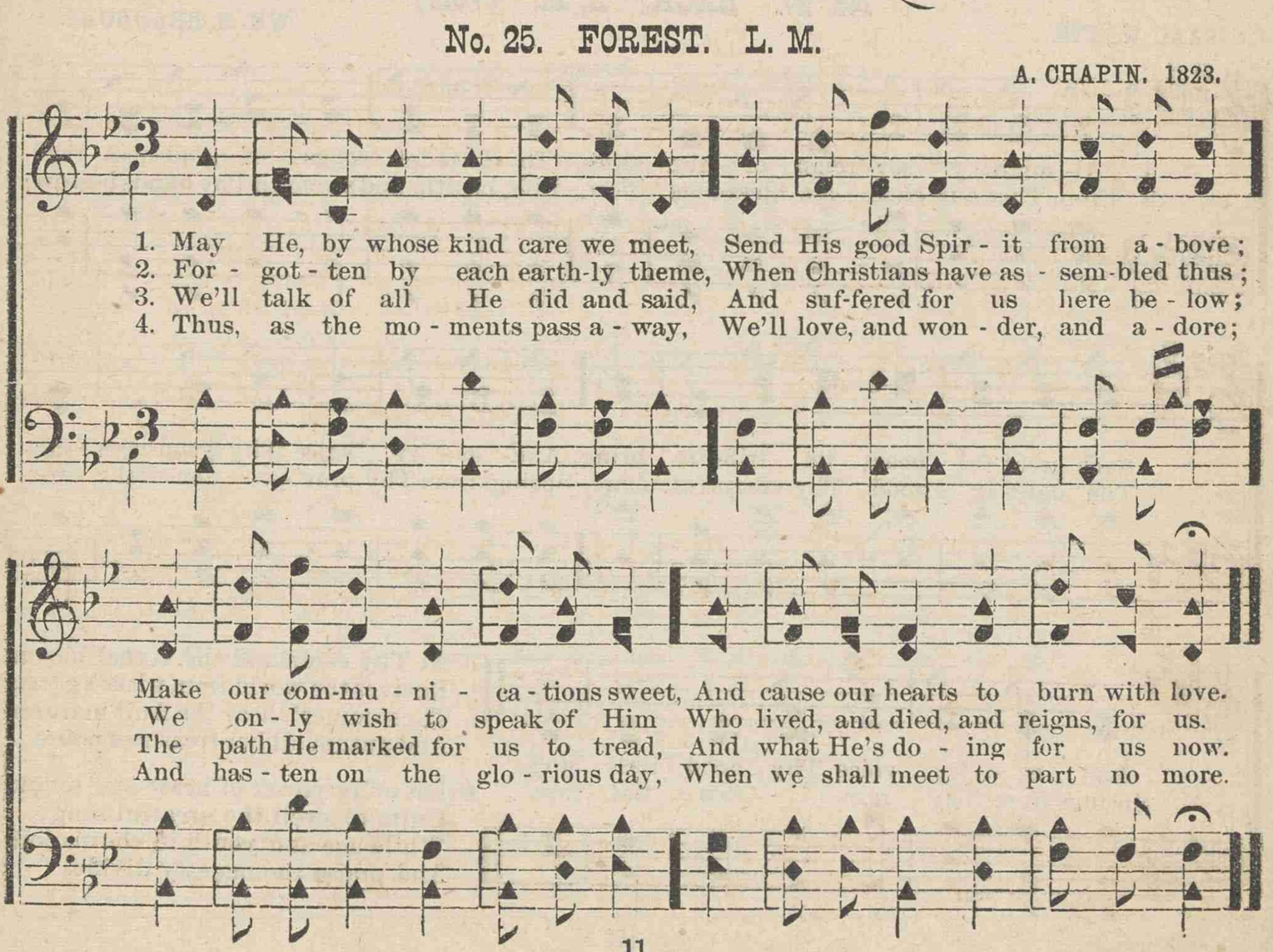
No. 24. ALL SAINTS. L. M.

H. F. LYTE. W. KNAPP. 1698—1768.



No. 25. FOREST. L. M.

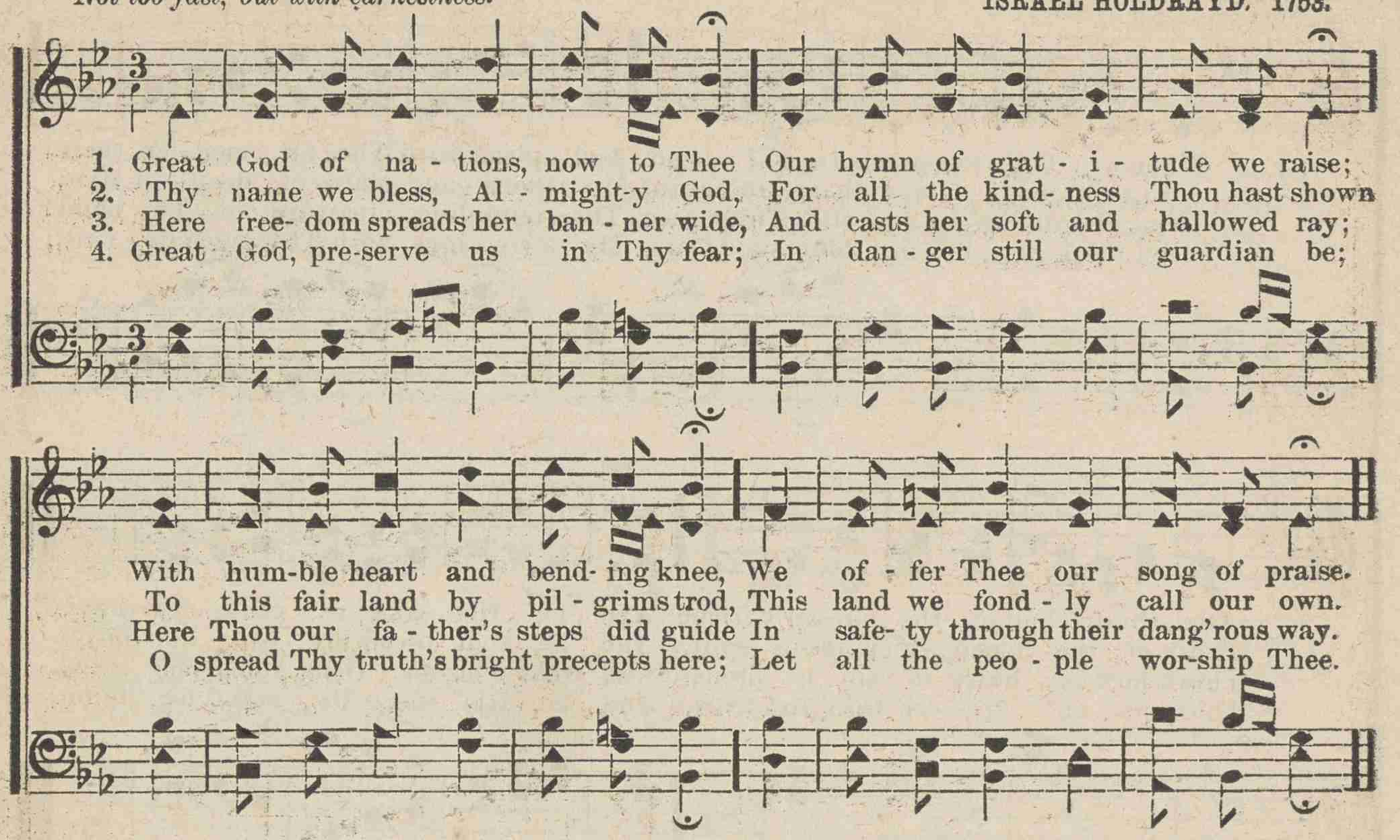
A. CHAPIN. 1823.



No. 26. WELLS. L. M. [760.]

Not too fast, but with earnestness.

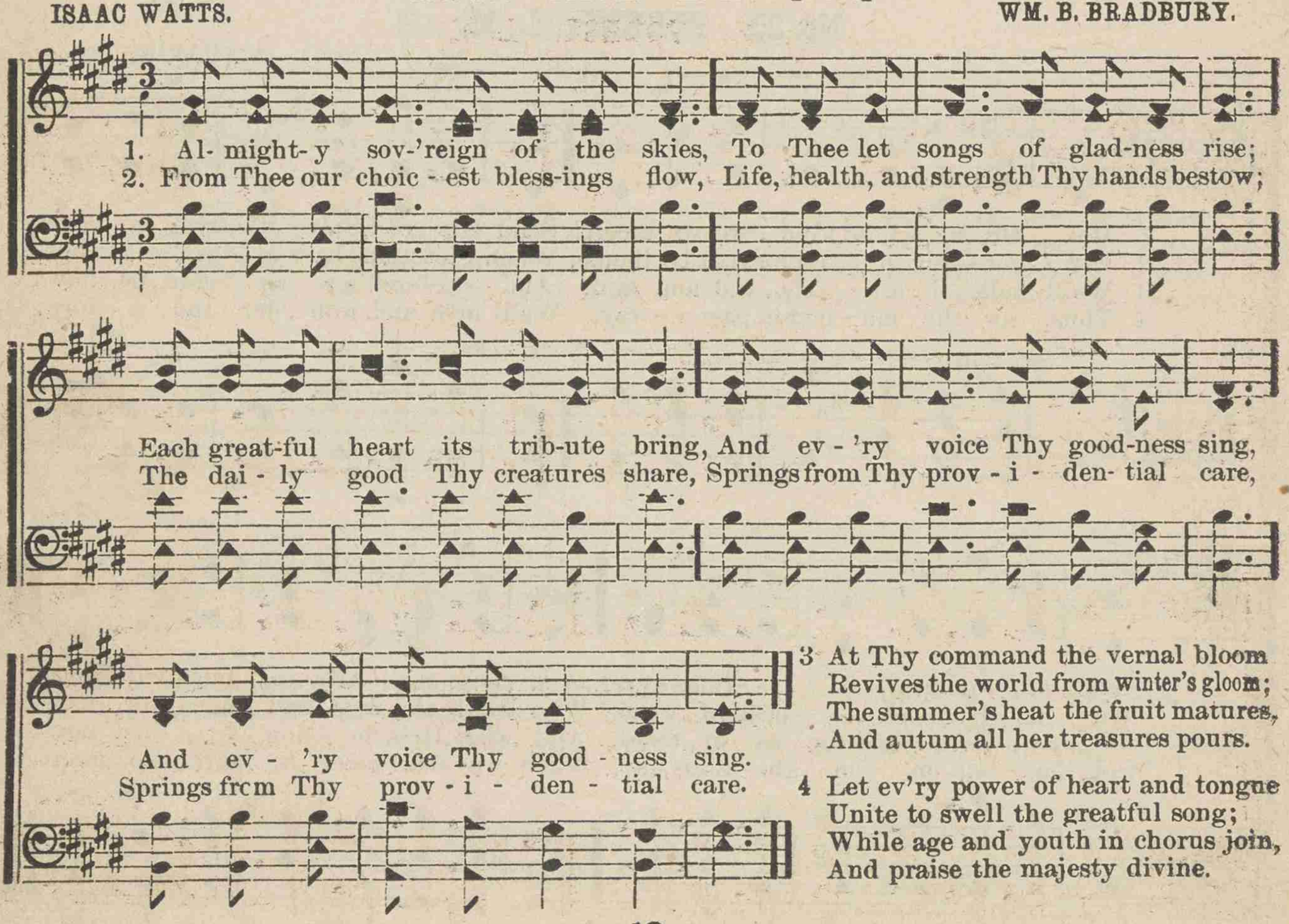
ISRAEL HOLDRAYD. 1753.



No. 27. BACA. L. M. [762.]

ISAAC WATTS.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 At Thy command the vernal bloom
Revives the world from winter's gloom;
The summer's heat the fruit matures,
And autum all her treasures pours.

4 Let ev'ry power of heart and tongue
Unite to swell the greatful song;
While age and youth in chorus join,
And praise the majesty divine.

No. 28. ZEPHYR. L. M. [573.]

Mrs. BARBAULD. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1844.

1. How blest the right-eous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest;
2. So fades a sum-mer cloud a - way, So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
3. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a - round, A calm which life nor death de-stroys;
4. Life's du - ty done, as sinks the clay, Light from its load the spir - it flies;

How mild-ly beam the clos - ing eyes! How gen - tly heaves th'ex-pir - ing breast!
So gen-tly shuts the eye of day, So dies a wave a - long the shore.
Noth - ing dis-turbes that peace pro-found, Which his un - fet - tered soul en - joys.
While heav'n and earth com - bine to say: "How blest the right eous when he dies!"

No. 29. REST. L. M. [593.]
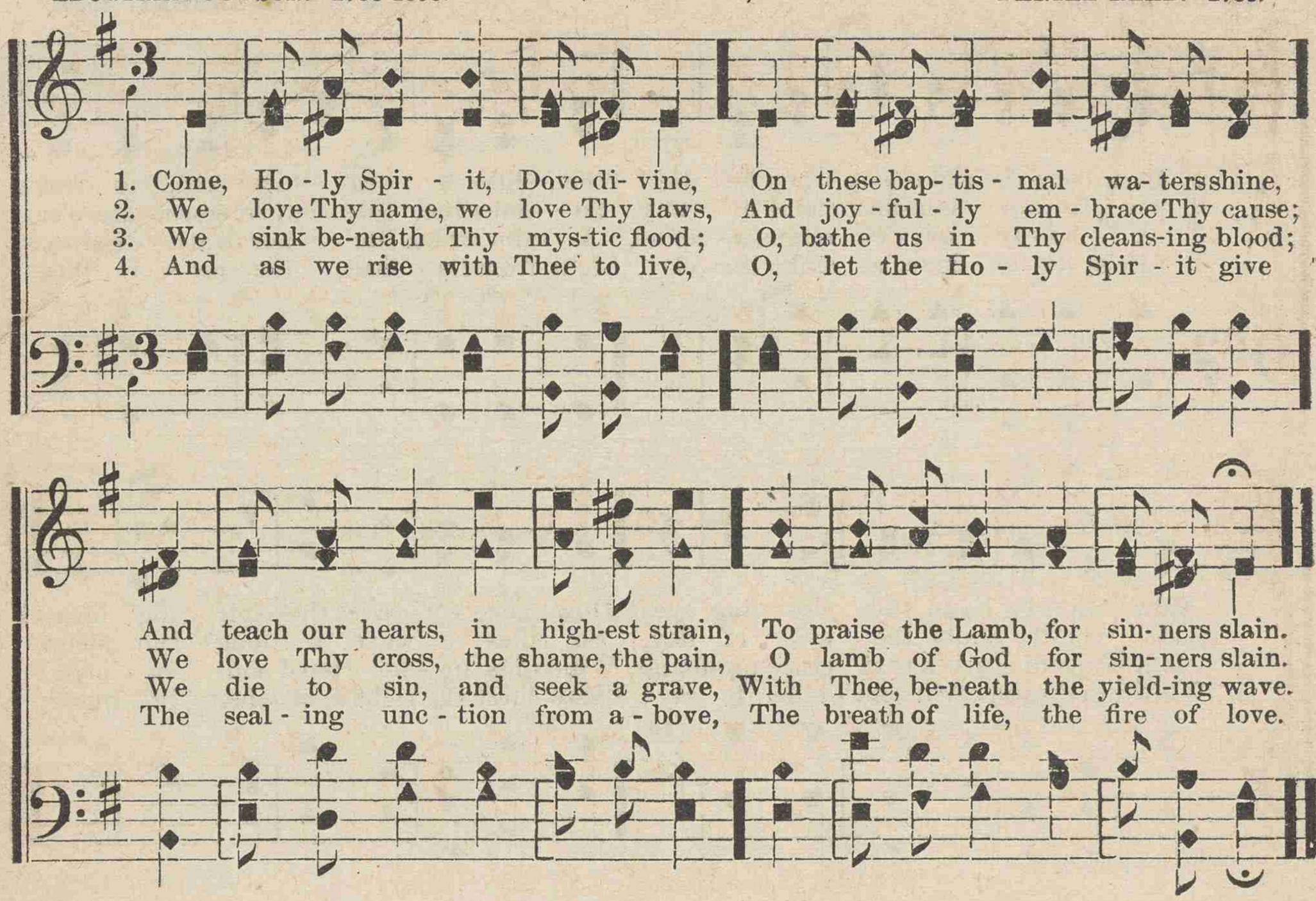
Mrs. MARGARET McKAY. 1832. W. B. BRADBURY. 1844.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep!
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! Oh! how sweet, To be for such a slum-ber meet;
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest! Whose wak-ing is su - preme-ly blest;
4. A - sleep in Je - sus! Oh! for me May such a bliss - ful re - fuge be;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un-bro - ken by the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its ven - omed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour, That man - i - fests the Sa - viour's pow'r.
Se - cure-ly shall my ash - es lie, Wait - ing the sum-mons from on high.

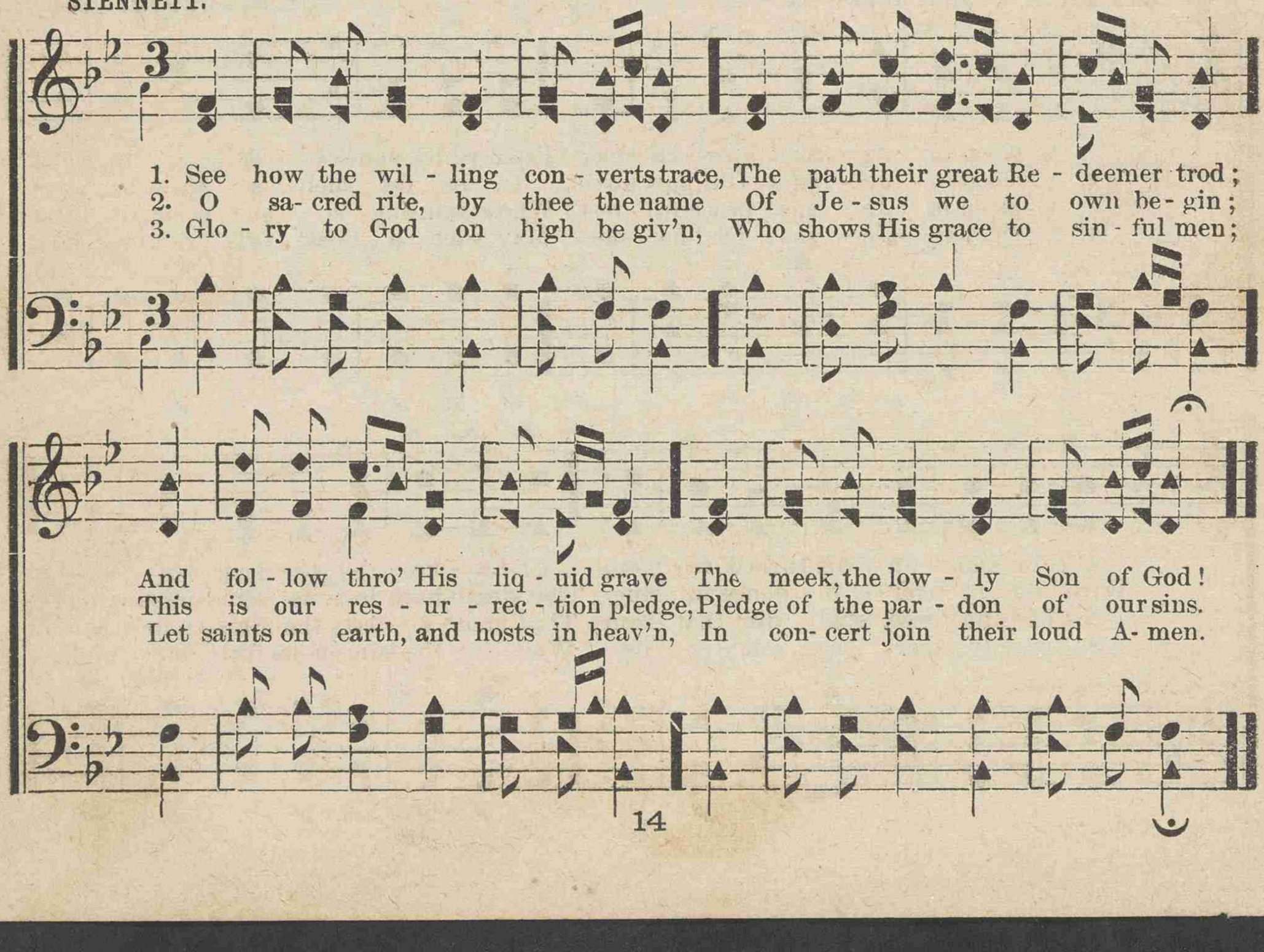
No. 30. COME, HOLY SPIRIT, DOVE DIVINE. L. M. [288.]

ADONIRAM JUDSON. 1788-1850. (WINDHAM.) DANIEL READ. 1785.



No. 31. DEVOTION. L. M. [292.]

STENNETT.



No. 32. BEHOLD A STRANGER AT THE DOOR. L. M. [345.]

JOHN A. SHOWALTER, 1892.

1. Be-hold a Stran - ger at the door He gen-tly knocks–has knocked be-fore;
2. O! love - ly at - ti-tude—He stands With melt-ing heart and load - ed hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in - deed? He will—the ve - ry Friend you need;
4. Ad-mit Him, ere His an - ger burn— His feet de - part - ed ne'er re - turn;

Has wait - ed long— is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O! match-less kind-ness—and He shows This match-less kind-ness to His foes!
The Friend of sin - ners—yes, 'tis He, With gar-ments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
Ad - mit Him—or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

No. 33. MANOAH. C. M. [302.]
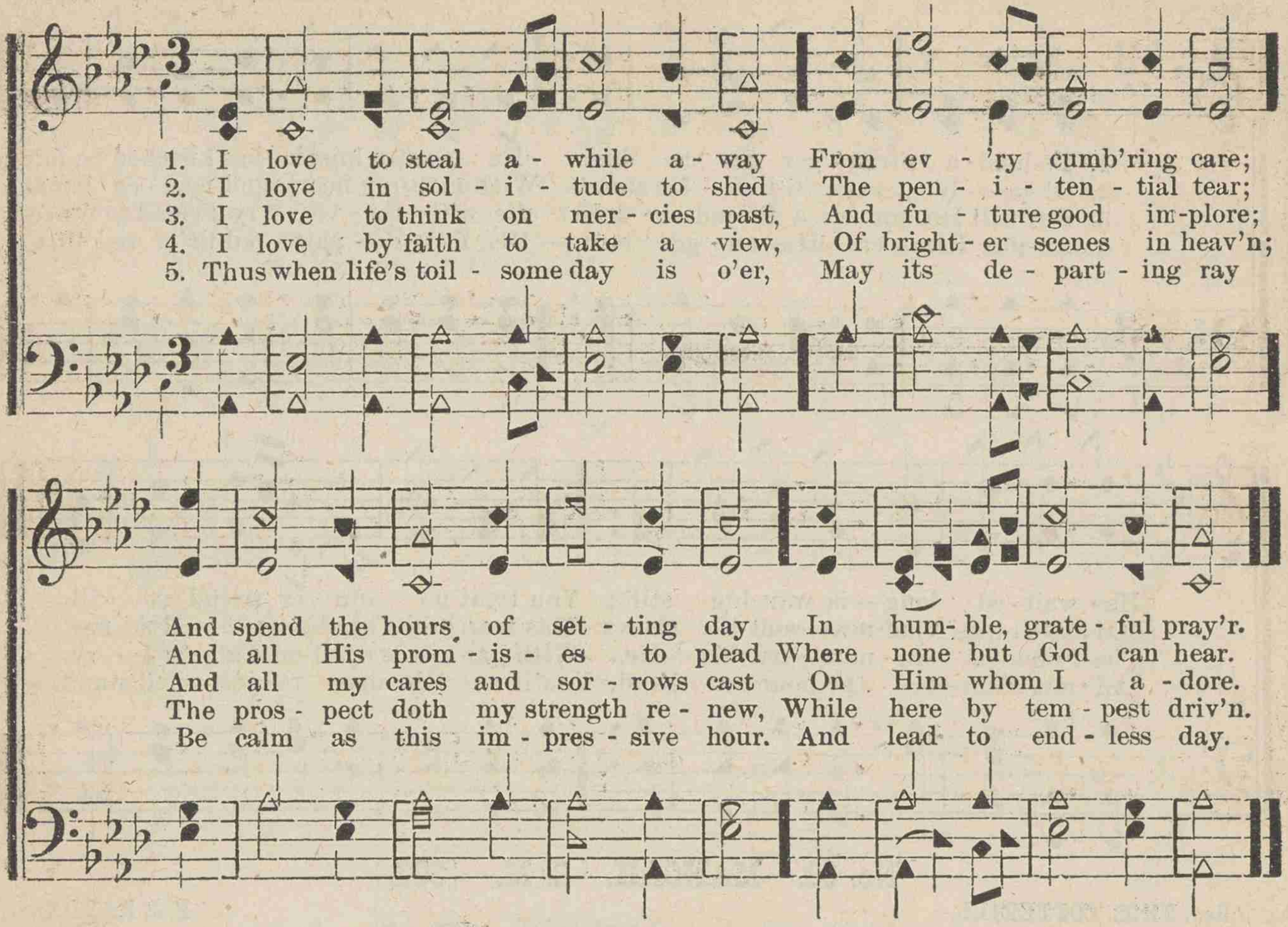
Rev. THOS. COTTERILL. F. J. HAYDN.

1. In mem-'ry of our Sa-viour's love, We keep the sa - cred feast,
2. Here let our ran - som'd pow'rs u - nite His hon - or'd name to raise;
3. One fold, one faith, one hope, one Lord, One God a - lone we know;
4. Un - der His ban-ner thus we sing The won-ders of His love,

Where ev-'ry hum-ble con-trite heart Is made a wel-come guest.
Let great-ful joy fill ev - 'ry mind, And ev - 'ry voice be praise.
Breth-ren we are; let ev - 'ry heart With kind af - fec - tions glow.
And thus an - tic - i - pate, by faith, The heav-'nly feast a - bove.

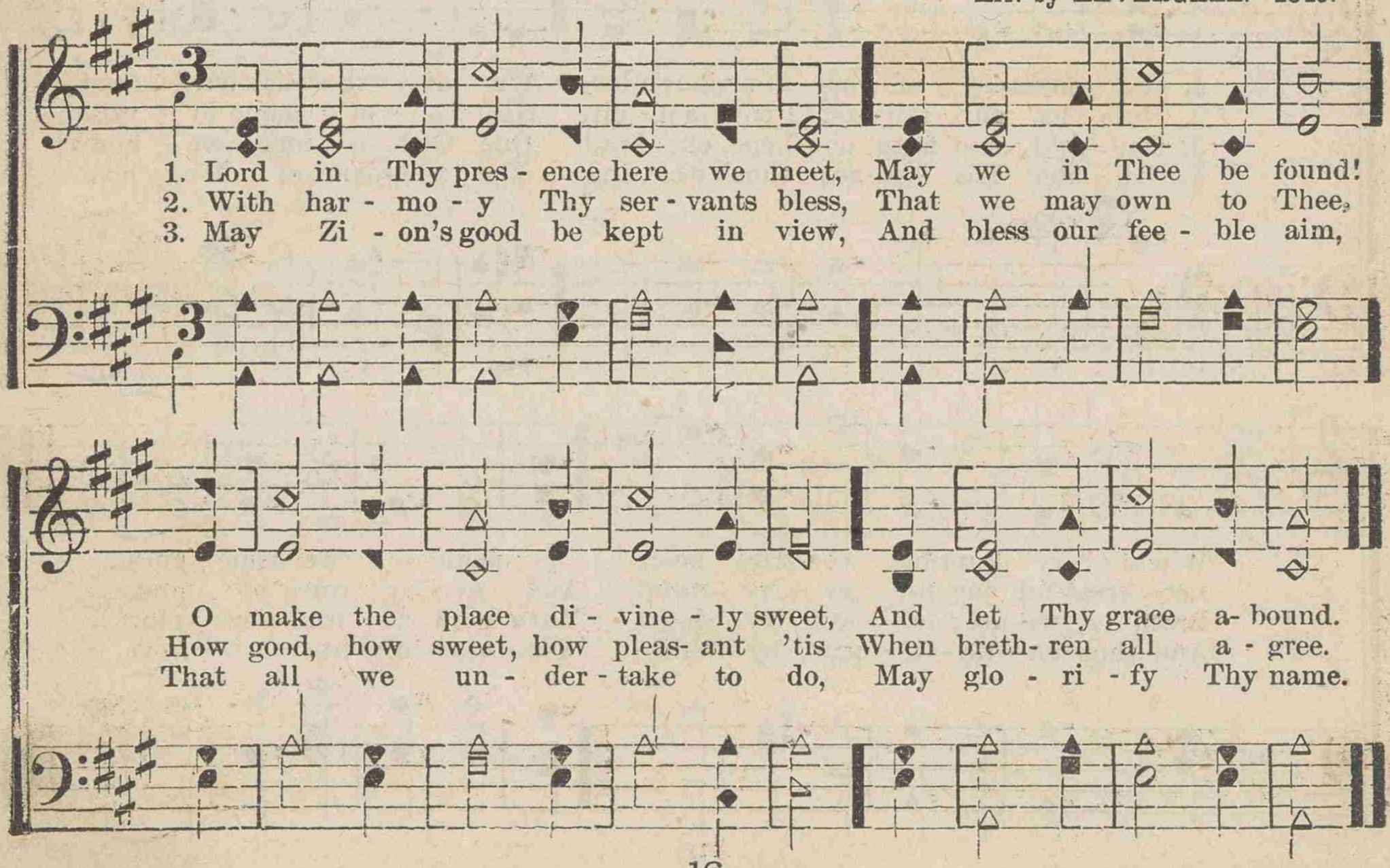
No. 34. AVON. C. M. [124.]

HUGH WILSON.



No. 35. EVAN. C. M. [282.]

Arr. by HAVERGALL. 1849.



No. 36. EDWARDS. C. M.

Not too fast.

1. Come, ye that love the Sa-viour's name, And joy to make it known;
2. Be - hold your King, your Sa-viour, crown'd With glo - ries all di - vine;
3. In - fi - nite pow'r and bound-less grace In Him u - nite their rays;
4. When in His earth - ly courts we view The glo - ries of our King,

The sov - 'reign of your heart pro-claim, And bow be - fore His throne.
And tell the wand - 'ring na - tions 'round, How bright these glo - ries shine.
Ye that have e'er be - held His face, Can ye for - bear His praise.
We long to love as an - gels do, And wish like them to sing.
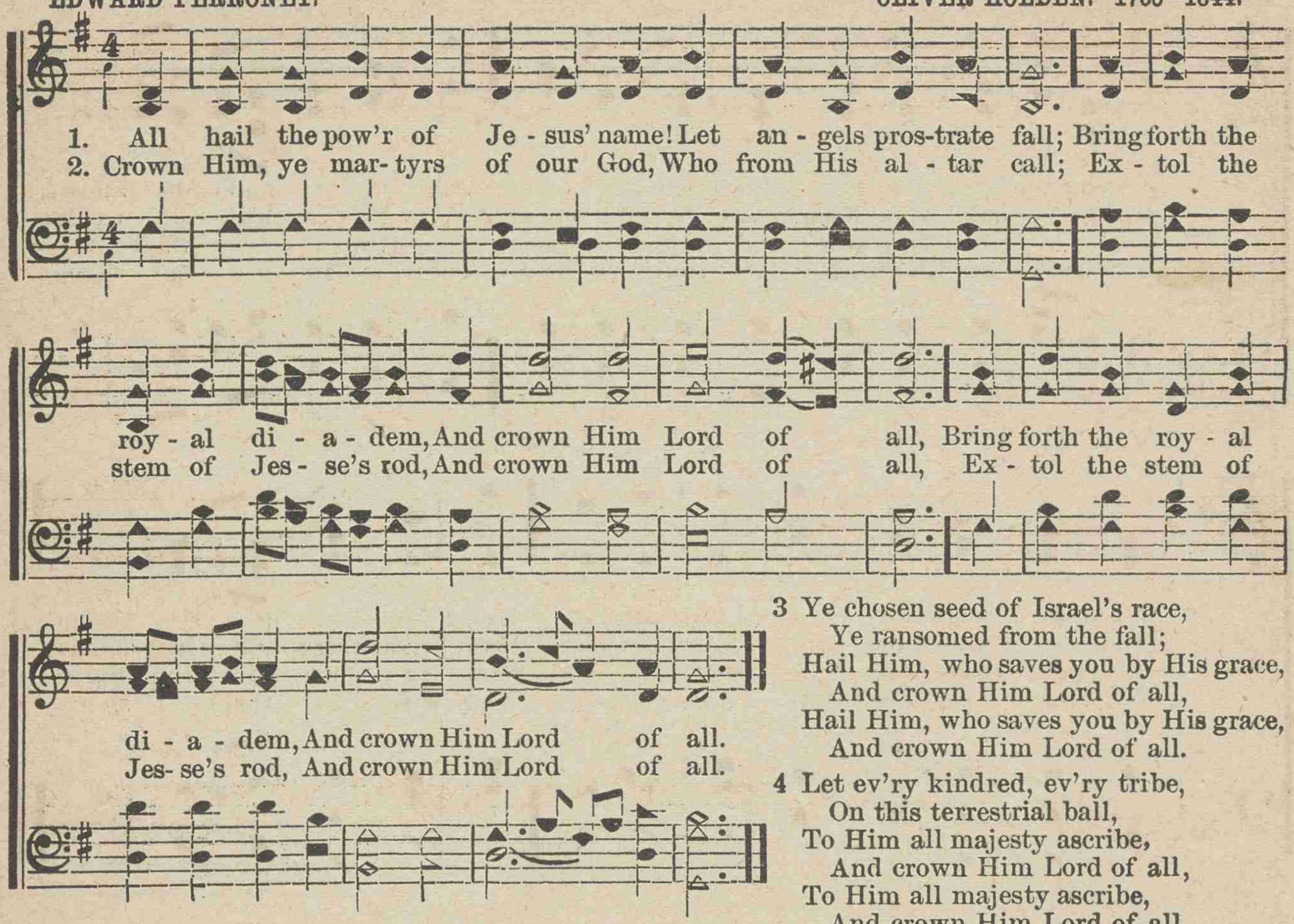
No. 37. DUNDEE. C. M. [296.]

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing side;
2. My dy - ing Sa - viour, and my God, Fount - ain for guilt and sin,
3. Wash me, and make me thus Thine own; Wash me, and mine Thou art;
4. Th'a - tone - ment of Thy blood ap - ply, Till faith and sight im - prove;

This all my hope, and all my plea, For me the Sa - viour died.
Sprink-le 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. 38. CORONATION. C. M. [318.]

EDWARD PERRONET. OLIVER HOLDEN. 1765—1844.

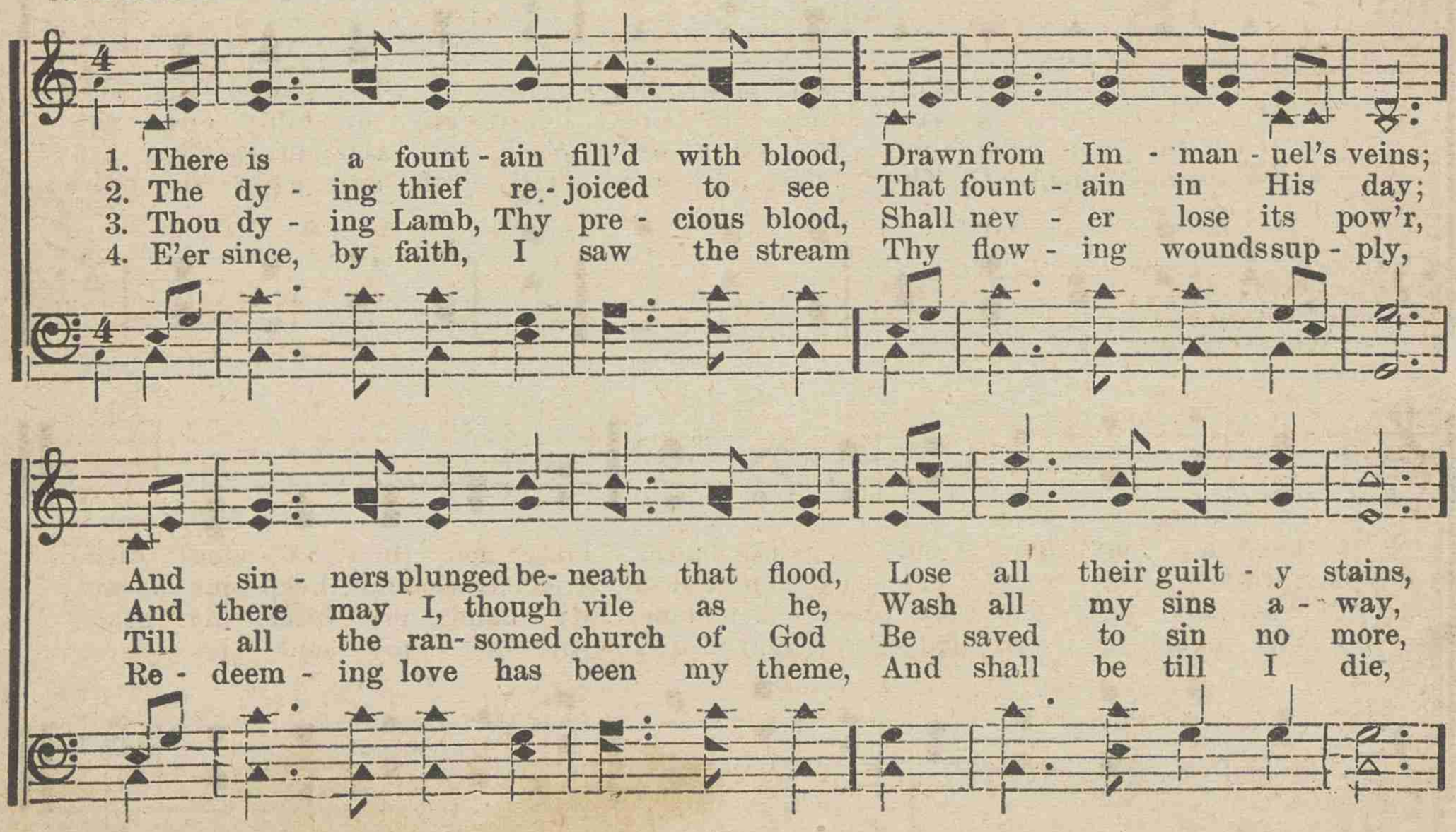


3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 39. FOUNTAIN. C. M. [378.]

WM. COWPER. 1779. Author Unknown.



FOUNTAIN. C. M. Concluded.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . . Lose all their guilt - y stains,
Wash all my sins a - way, ... Wash all my sins a - - way,
Be saved to sin no more, ... Be saved to sin no more,
And shall be till I die . . . . And shall be till I die.

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - som'd church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,

No. 40. VARINA. C. M. D. [668.]

ISAAC WATTS. 1707. Arr. by Dr. G. F. ROOT. 1849.

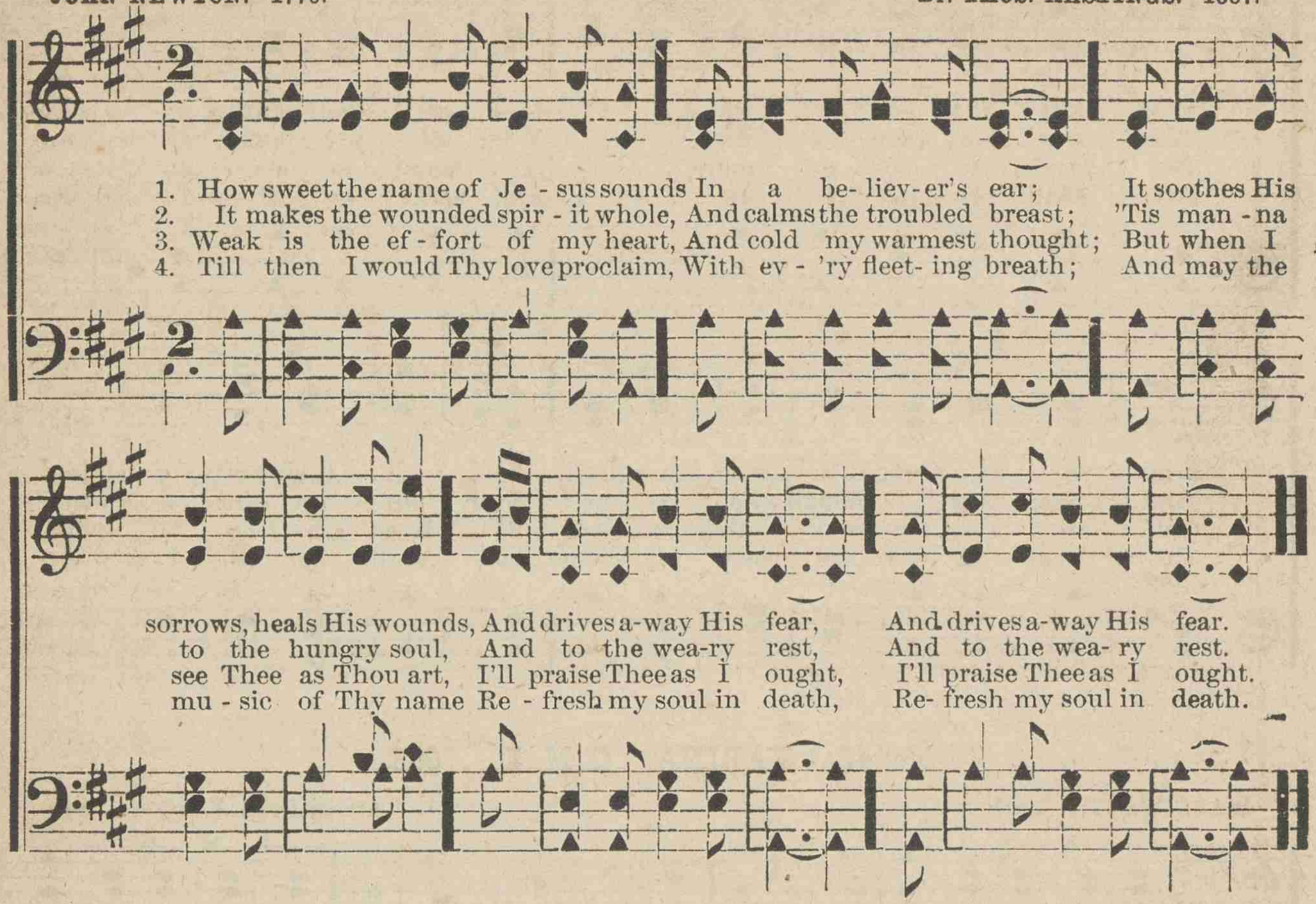
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; In - fi - nite day ex -
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green; So to the Jews old
3. O! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Canaan

cludes the night, And plea-sures ban - ish pain, There ev - er - last- ing spring a - bides,
Canaan stood, While Jor- dan rolls be - tween, But tim'rous mor- tals start and shrink
that we love, With un - be-cloud - ed eyes, Could we but climb where Mos- es stood,

And nev-er-with-'ring flowers; Death like a narrow sea divides This heav'nly lands from ours.
To cross this narrow sea; And linger, shivering on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.
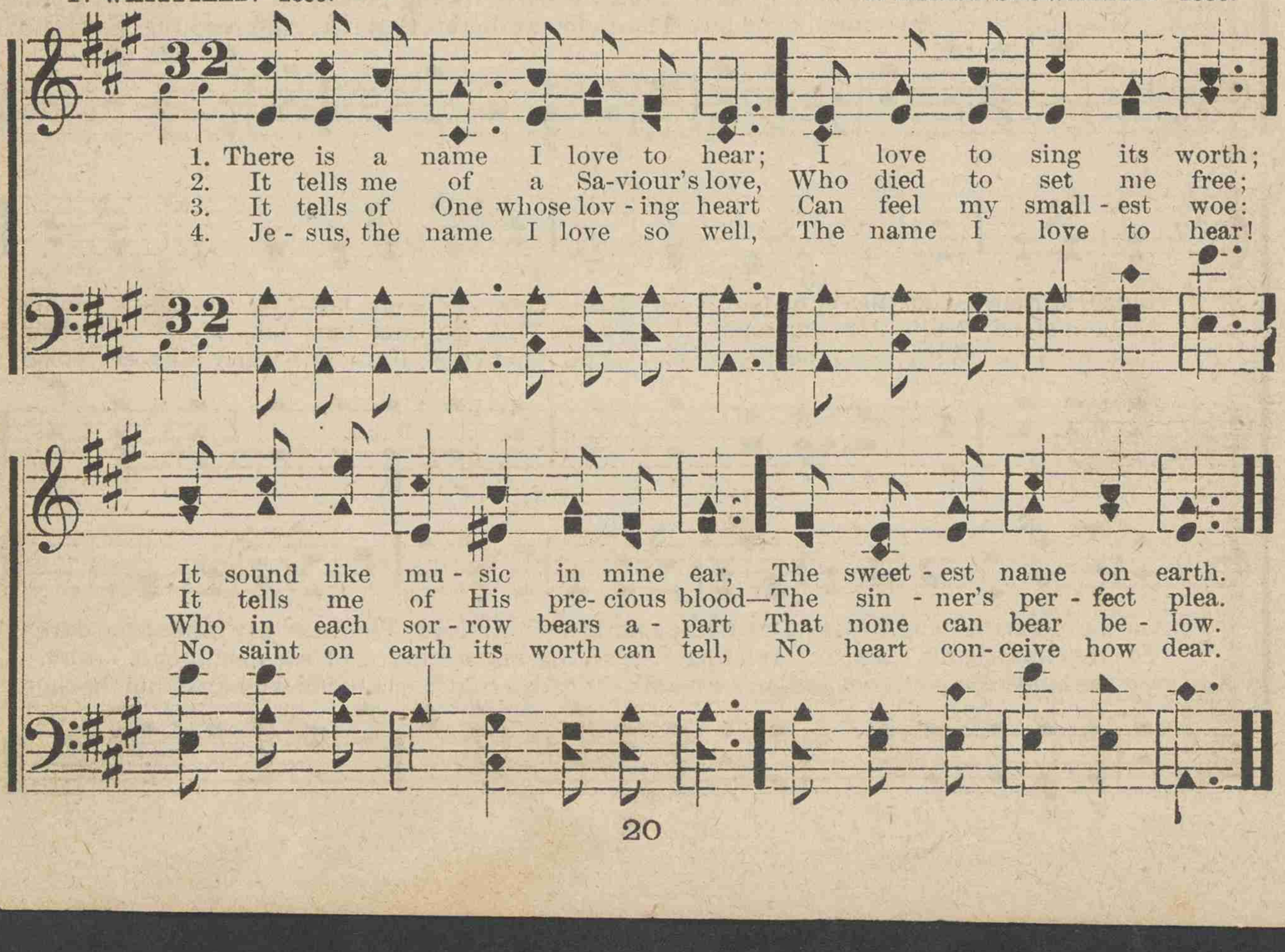
No. 41. ORTONVILLE. C. M. [167.]

JOHN NEWTON. 1779. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1837.
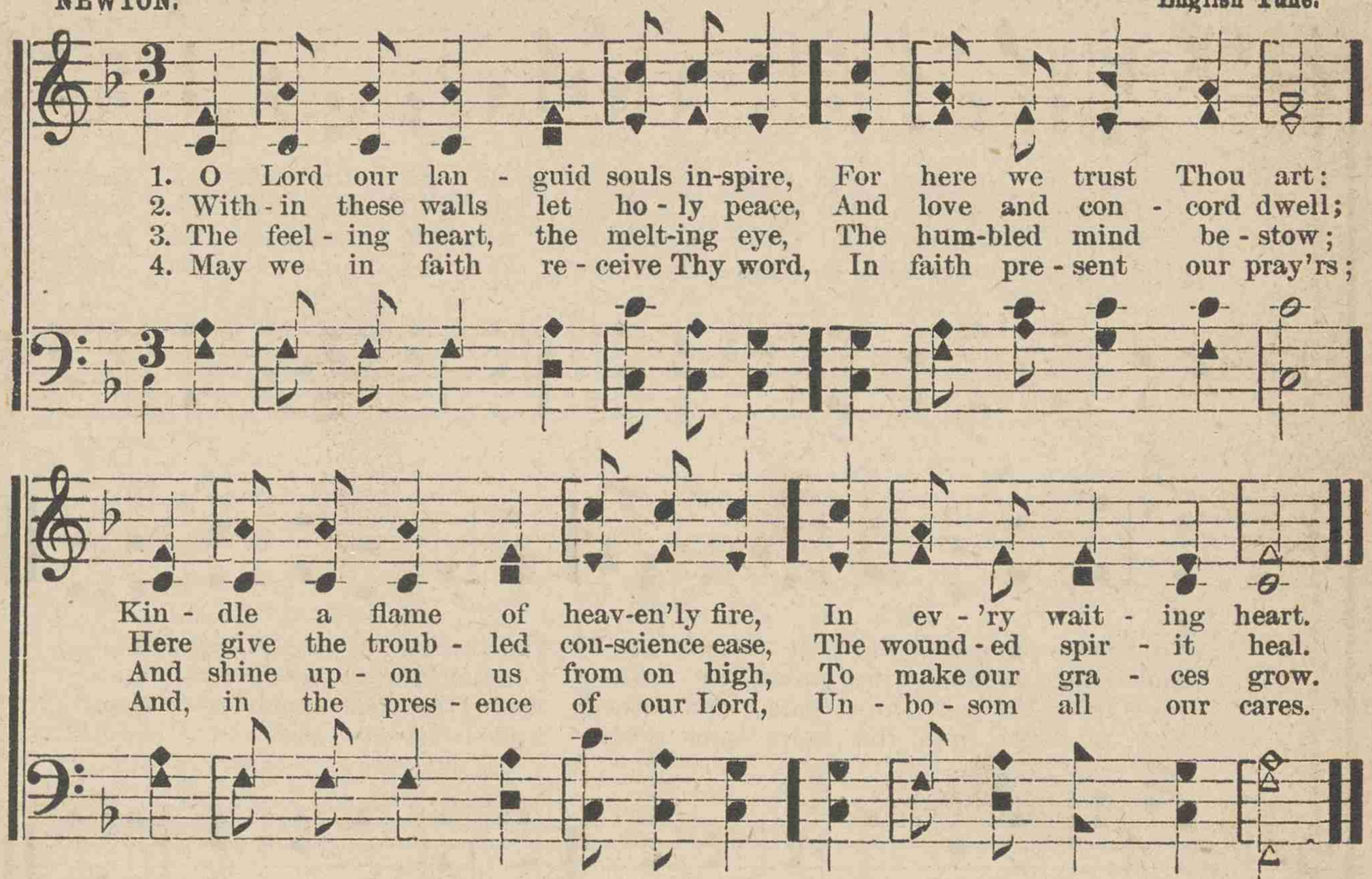


No. 42. IMMANUEL. C. M. [67.]

F. WHITFIELD. 1859. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1889.
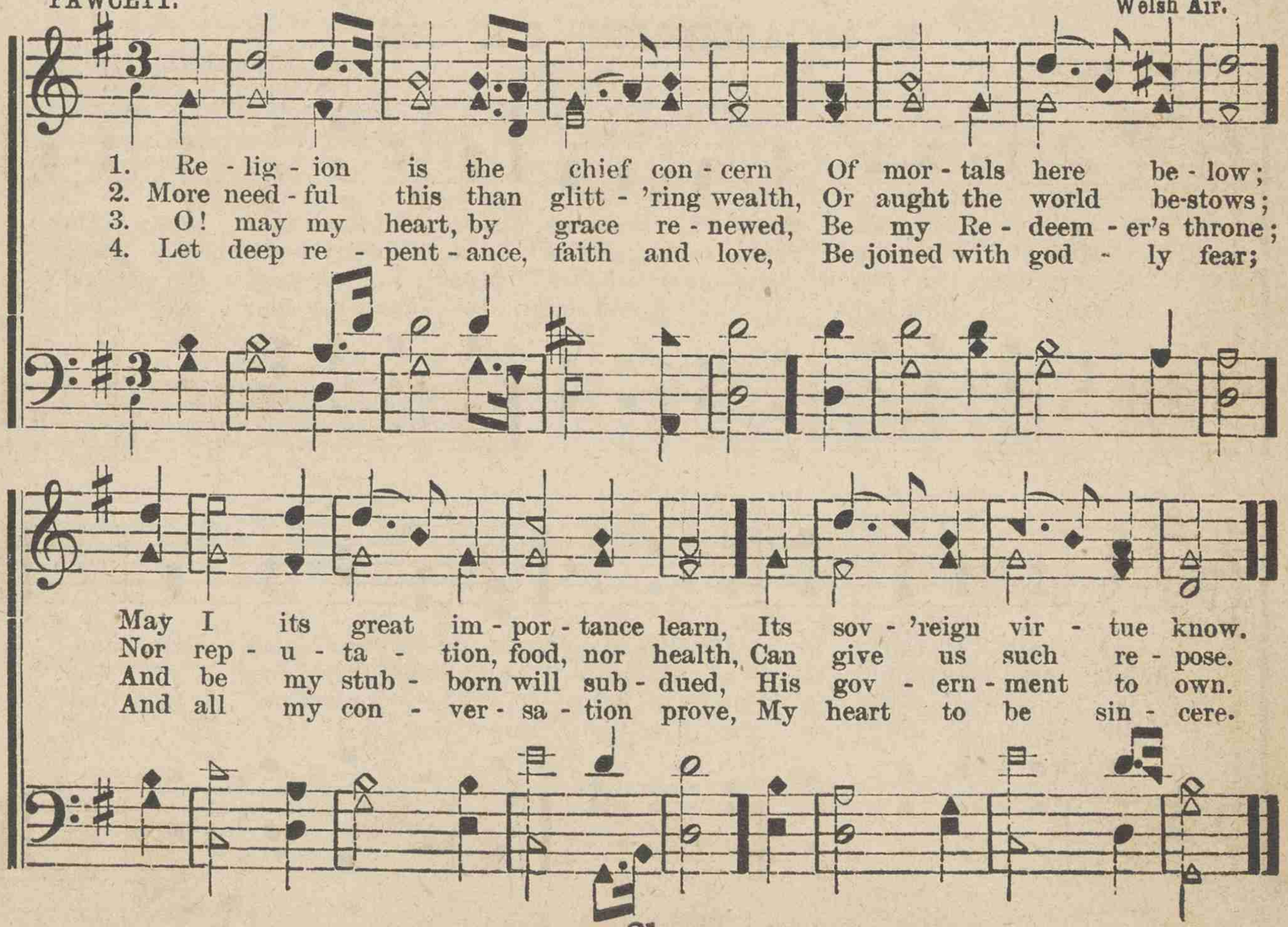


No. 43. MARLOW. C. M. [96.]

NEWTON. English Tune.



No. 44. MEAR. C. M. [424.]

FAWCETT. Welsh Air.



No. 45. MAITLAND. C. M.

T. SHEPHERD. G. W. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave- ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
May an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

No. 46. ARLINGTON. C. M. [561.]

ISAAC WATTS. Dr. T. A. ARNE. 1710-78.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this dark world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

No. 47. BALERMA. C. M. [428.]

CHARLES WESLEY. Arr. by R. SIMPSON.

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

A heart that al - ways feels the blood, So free - ly shed for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which neith - er life nor death can part From Him who dwells with - in.
Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord! of Thine.

No. 48. ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. [432.]

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

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

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

No. 49. ASHVILLE. C. M. [576.]

Mrs. STEELE. Dr. EVERETT.

1. Far from these nar - row scenes of night, Un-bound-ed glo - ries rise,
2. Fair dis - tant land! could mor - tal eyes But half its charms ex - plore,
3. No cloud those bliss - ful re - gions know—Realms ev - er bright and fair;
4. Pre - pare us, Lord! by grace di - vine, For Thy bright courts on high;

And realms of joy and pure de - light, Un - known to mor - tal eyes.
How would our spir - its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more.
For sin, the source of mor - tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.
Then bid our spir - its rise and join, The cho - rus of the sky.

No. 50. LAND OF REST. [423.]

J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1886.

1. O, land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo -ments come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know; No peace-ful shelt - 'ring dome;
3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. Wea - ry of wand-'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
This world's a wil - der - ness of woe; This world is not my home.
And fly for suc - cor to His breast, And He'd con - duct me home.
I long to leave th'un-hal-low'd ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

No. 51. BROWN. C. M. [70.]

CHAS. WESLEY. WM. B. BRADBURY. 1840.

1. Oh! for a thous - and tongues to sing, My dear Re - deem - er's praise;
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter, and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus, the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor - row cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of reign - ing sin, He sets the pris - oner free;

The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace.
To spread through all the earth a - broad, The hon - ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears; 'Tis life and health and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me.

No. 52. WARWICK. C. M.

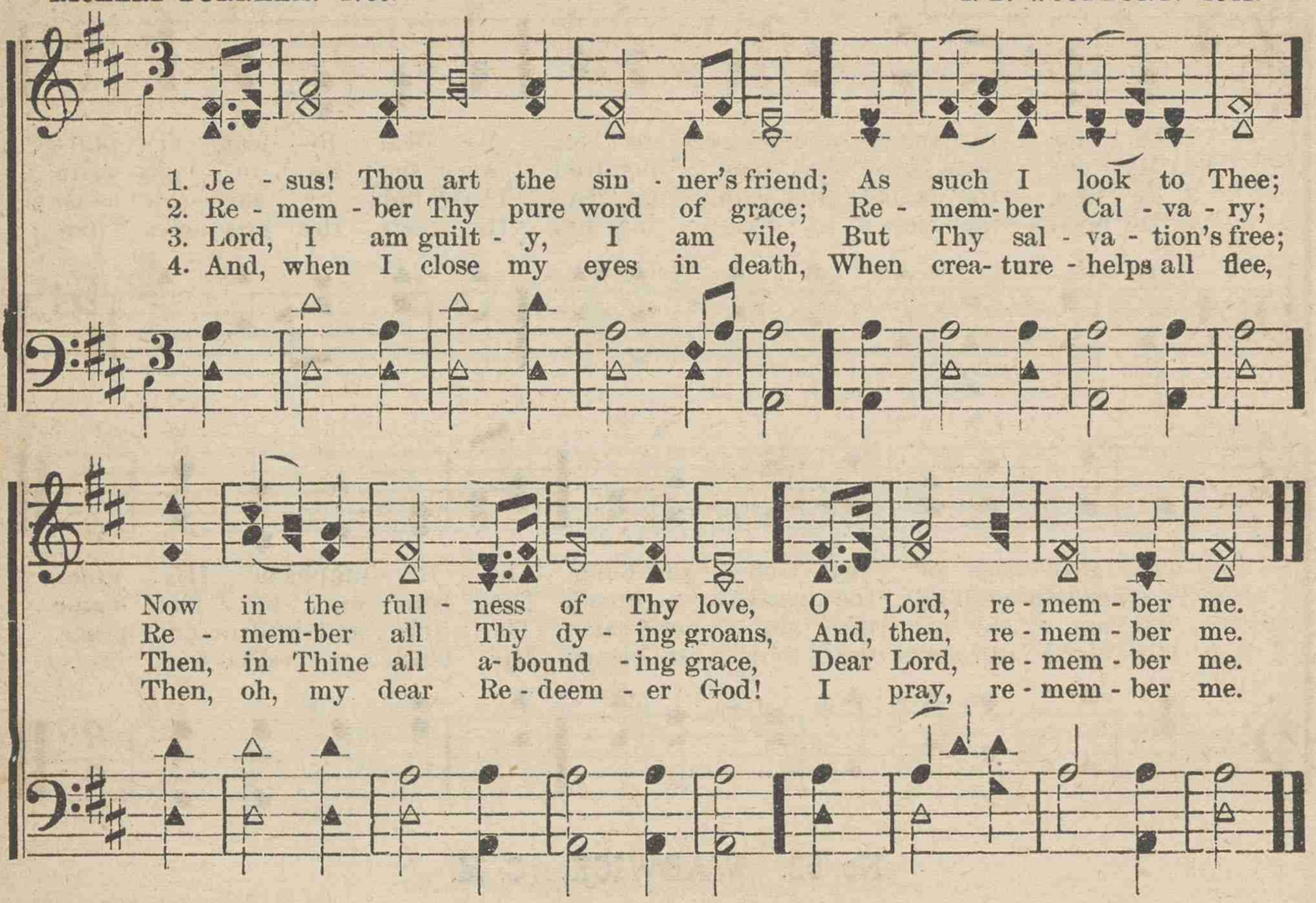
ISAAC WATTS. SAMUEL STANLEY. 1810.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
2. "Wor-thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus:"
3. Je - sus is worth - y to re - ceive Hon - or and pow'r di - vine;
4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one To bless the sa - cred name

Ten thous-and thous-and are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
"Wor - thy the Lamb," our lips re - ply, "For He was slain for us.
And bless - ings more than we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er Thine.
Of Him who sits up - on the throne, And to a - dore the Lamb.

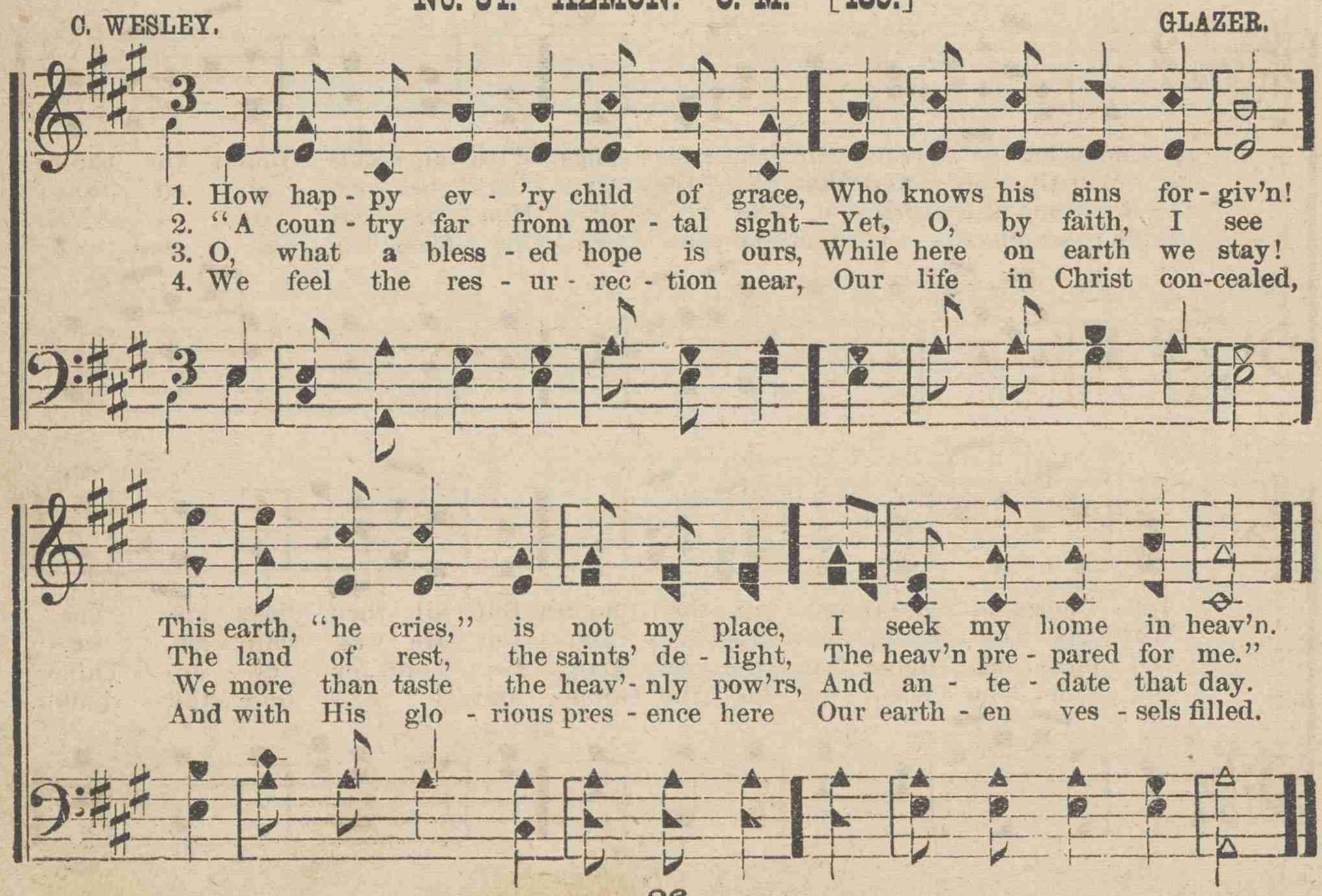
No. 53. SILOAM. C. M. [187.]

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



No. 54. AZMON. C. M. [489.]

C. WESLEY. GLAZER.



No. 55. CHELMSFORD. C. M.

DODDRIDGE. (On the Death of a Minister.) A. CHAPIN. 1823.

1. Now let our mourn - ing hearts re - vive, And all our tears be dry;
2. Though earth - ly shep- herd's dwell in dust, The a - ged and the young,
3. Th' e - ter - nal Shep - herd still sur - vives, Now com-fort to im - part;
4. "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord, "My church shall safe a - bide;

Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief, Which view a Sav - viour nigh?
The watch - ful eye in dark - ness closed, And mute th'in-struc-tive tongue;
His eye still guides us, and His voice Still an - i - mates our heart.
For I will ne'er for - sake My own, Whose souls in me con - fide."

No. 56. SOLON. C. M. [599.]
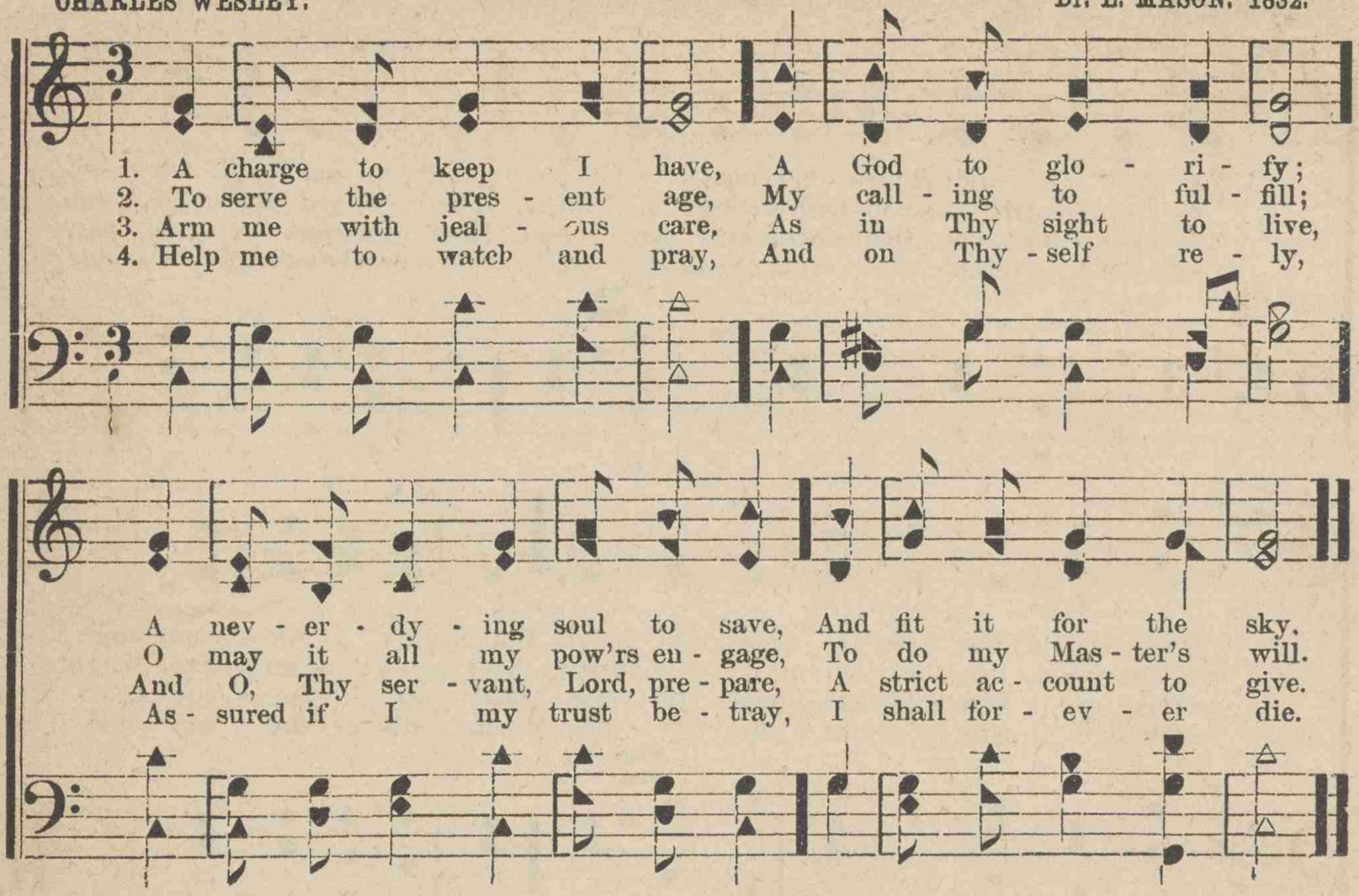
Old American Melody.

1. Why should our tears in sor - row flow, When God re - calls His own;
2. Is not e'en death a gain to those Whose life to God was giv'n?
3. Their toils are past, their work is done, And they are ful - ly blest;
4. Then let our sor - rows cease to flow! God has re - call'd His own;
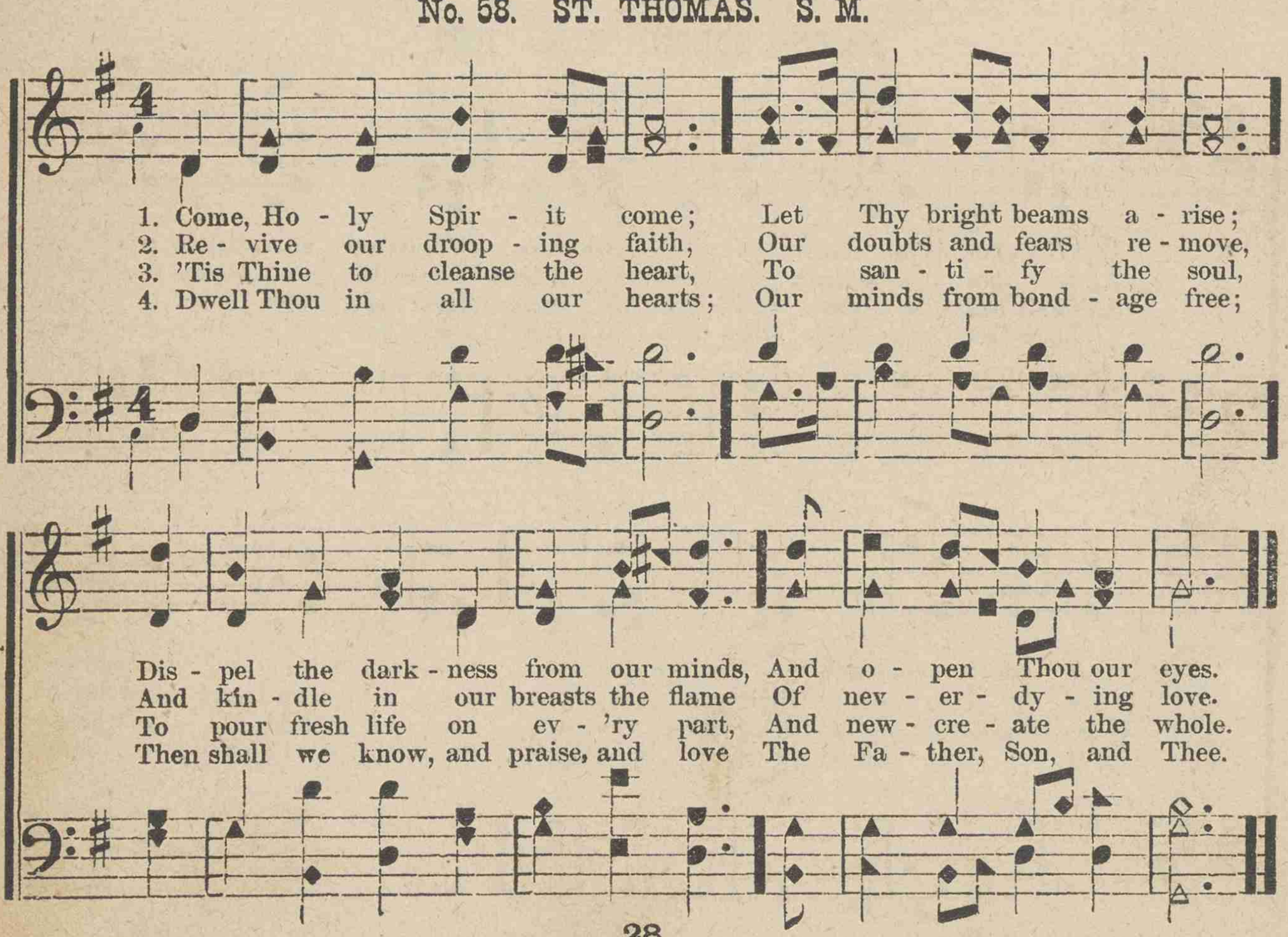
And bids them leave a world of woe For an im - mor - tal crown.
Glad - ly to earth their eyes they close, To o - pen them in heav'n.
They fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won, And en - ter'd in - to rest.
But let our hearts, in ev - 'ry woe, Still say, "Thy will be done."

No. 57. BOYLSTON. S. M. [500.]

CHARLES WESLEY. Dr. L. MASON. 1832.



No. 58. ST. THOMAS. S. M.



No. 59. STATE STREET. S. M. [137.]

ISAAC WATTS. J. C. WOODMAN. 1844.

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 Christ, my Lord, 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 thous-and days, Of pleas-ure and of sin.
Till call'd to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss.

No. 60. CONFIDENCE. S. M. [450.]

DODDRIDGE. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1886.

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 vari - ous stores of good,
4. Here fix, my rov - ing heart! Here wait my warm - est love!

With both our friend - ship shall be sweet, And our com - mun - 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 pur - chased with His blood.
Till the com - mun - ion be com - plete In no - bler scenes a - bove.

No. 61. LABAN. S. M. [563.]

GEORGE HEATH. 1781. Dr. L. MASON. 1831.

Not too fast.

1. My soul be on thy guard, Ten thous - and foes a - rise;
2. O, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vict - 'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
Thy ar - duous work will not be done, Till thou ob - tain the crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

No. 62. THATCHER. S. M. [60.]

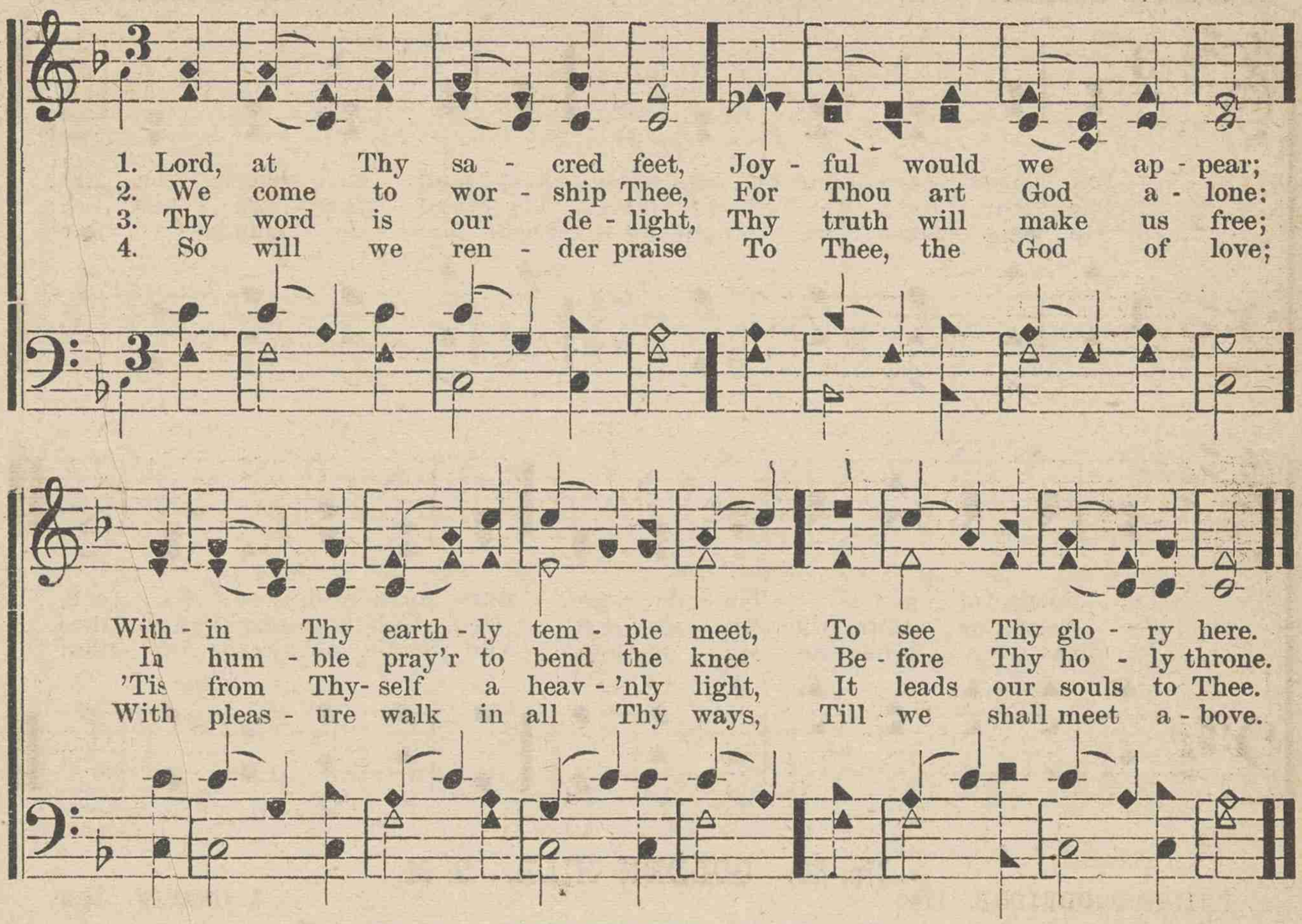
ISAAC WATTS. 1707. G. F. HANDEL. 1732.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets;
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Join in a song of sweet ac - cord And thus sur - round the throne.
But child-ren of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a - broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.
We're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

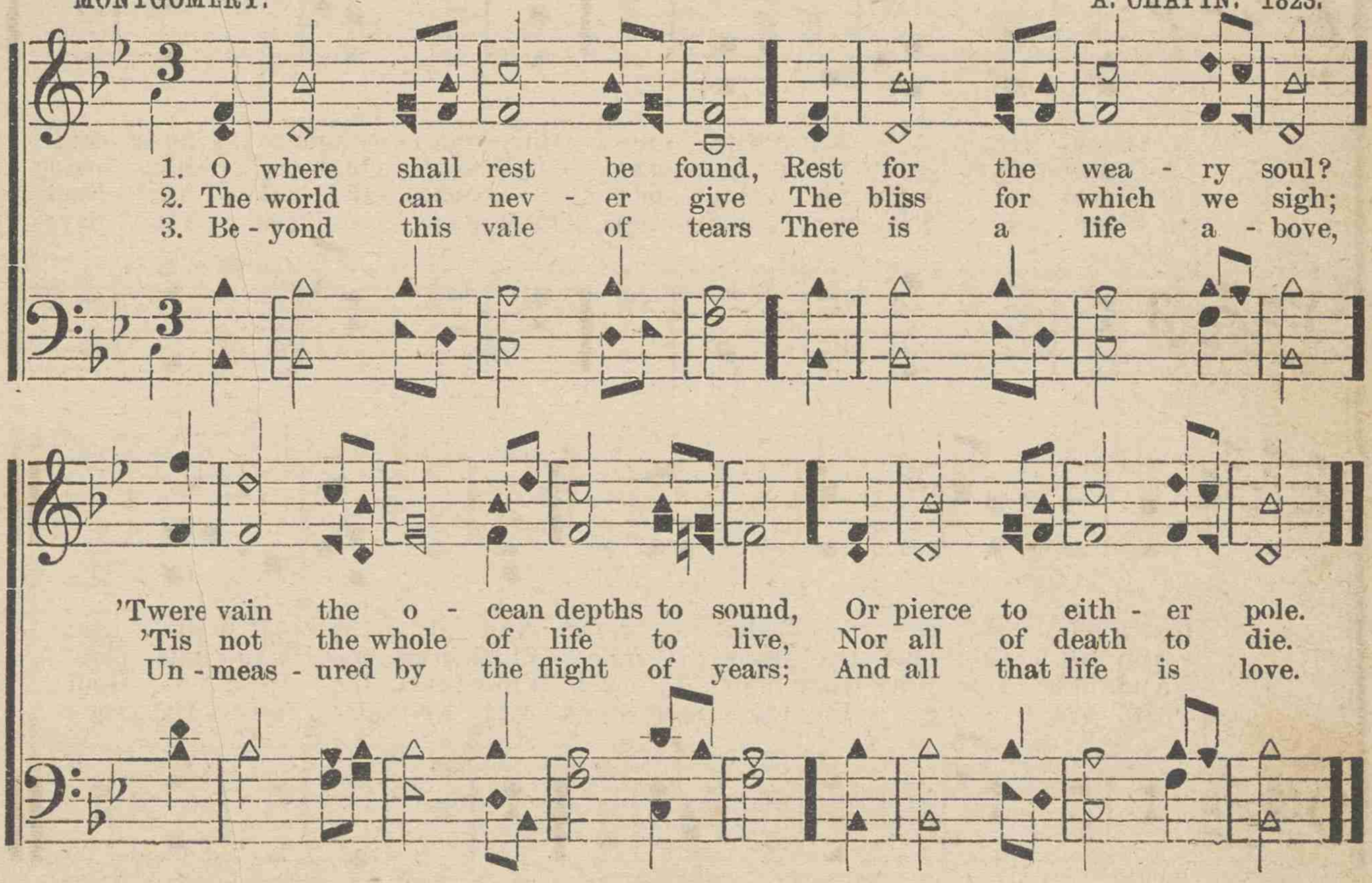
No. 63. DENNIS. S. M. [79.]

H. G. NÄGELI. 1768-1836.
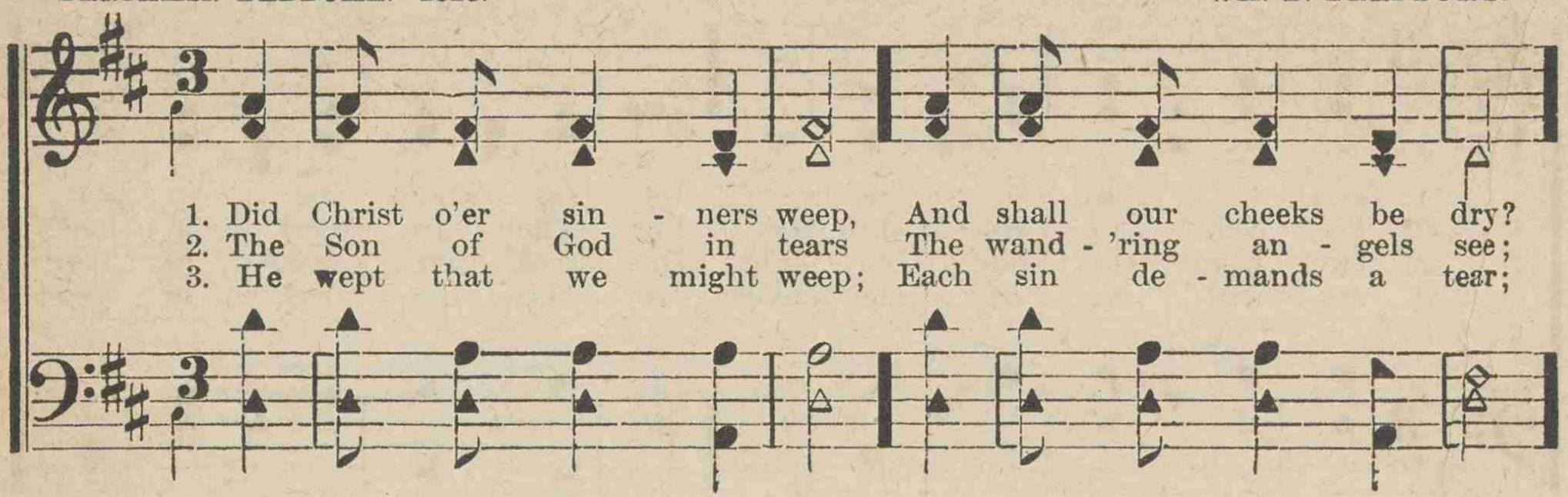


No. 64. KENTUCKY. S. M. [344.]
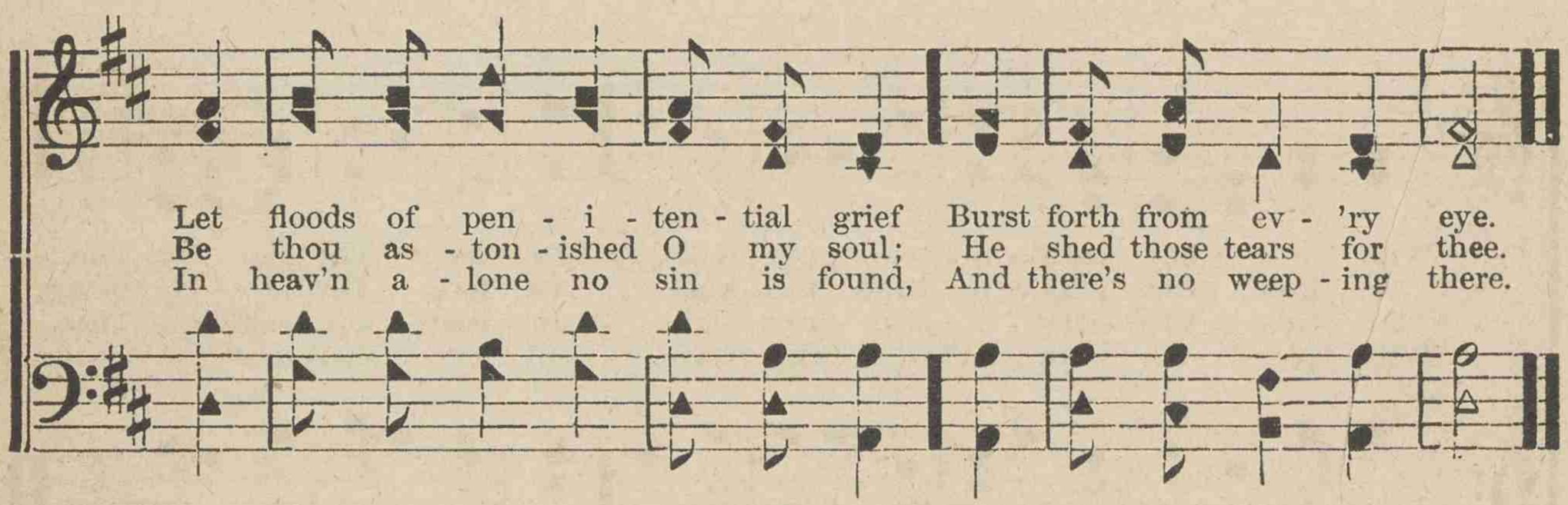
MONTGOMERY. A. CHAPIN. 1823.



No. 65. LOTTIE. S. M. [172.]

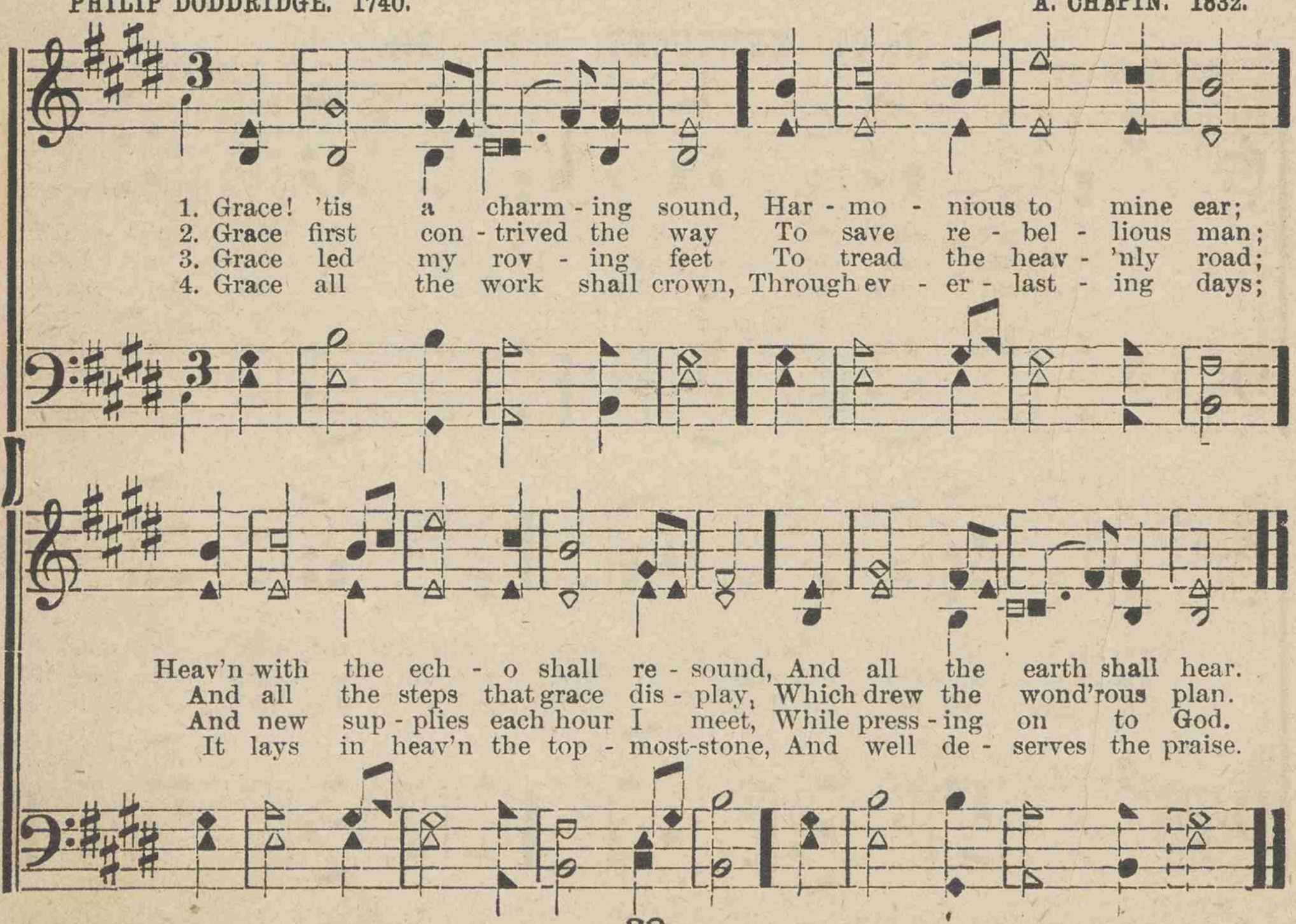
BENJAMIN BEDDOME. 1818. WM. B. BRADBURY.





No. 66. GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740. A. CHAPIN. 1832.



No. 67. BEALOTH. S. M. D. [253.]

TIMOTHY DWIGHT 1800. Author Unknown.

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 Sa - viour and our King,

The church our blest Re - deem - er sav'd 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 com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright - er bliss of heav'n.

No. 68. THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS. S. M. D. [21.]

ISAAC WATTS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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

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

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

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

No. 69. HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.—S. M. D.

J. M. Showalter, 1892.

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - ons hill,
2. How hap - py are our ears, That hear the joy - ful sound,
3. The watchmen join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy;

Who bring sal- va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
Which kings and prophets wait - ed for And sought, but nev - er found!
Je - ru - sa-lem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy.

How charm - ing is their voice, How sweet their tid - ings are!
How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n-ly light!
The Lord makes bare His arm, Through all the earth a - broad;

Zi - on, be-hold Thy Sav - iour King, He reigns and tri-umphs here.
Proph- ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with-out the sight.
Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - iour and their Lord.

No. 70. MARTYN. 7s. [181.]

C. WESLEY. S. B. MARSH. 1836.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sins—

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and come - fort me;
Raise the fal - len, 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 stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring,
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness,
Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:

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

No. 71. GUIDE. 7s. Double.

M. M. W. MARCUS M. WELLS.

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,

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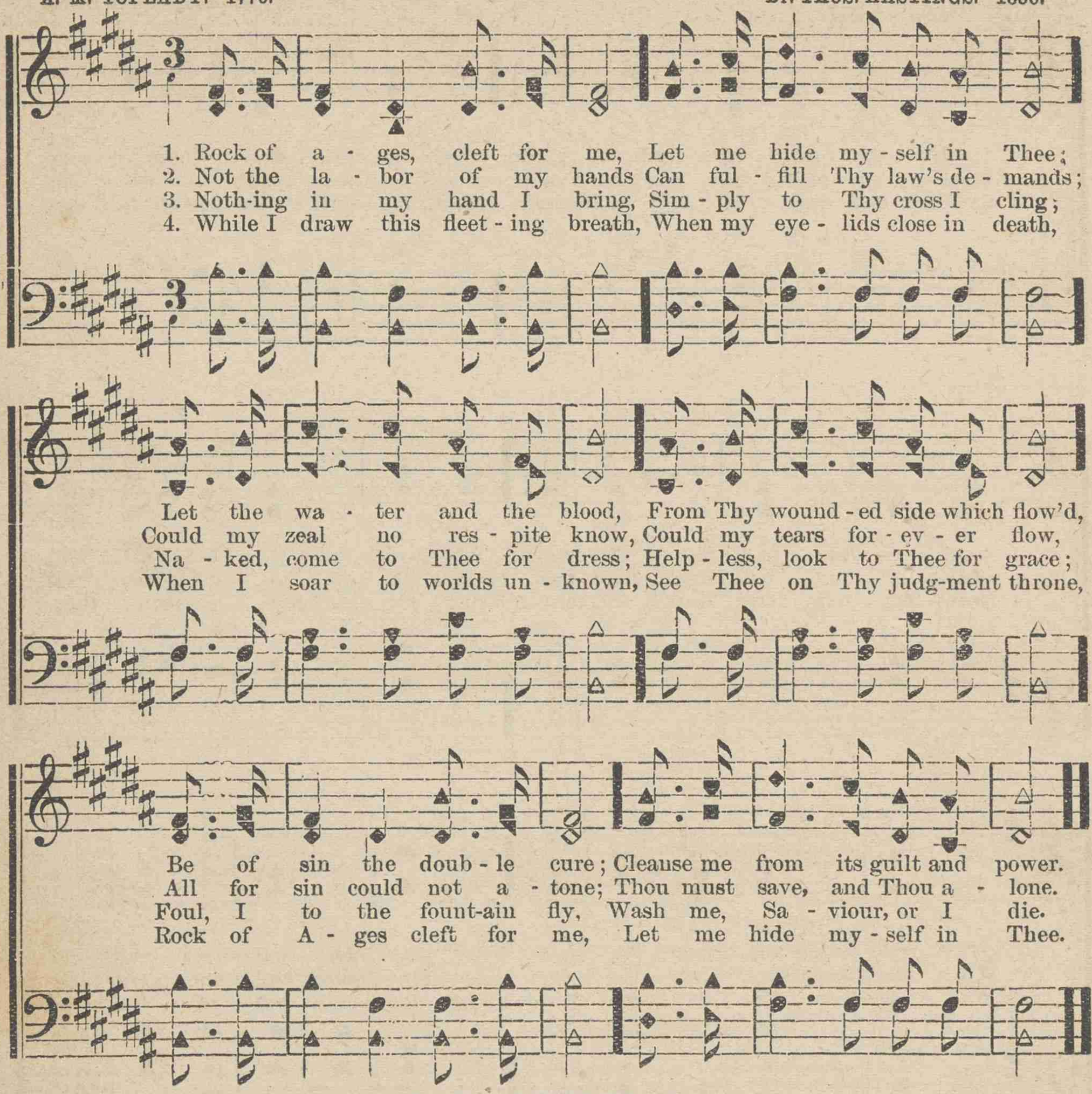
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

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

2d & 3rd. Whisper, etc.
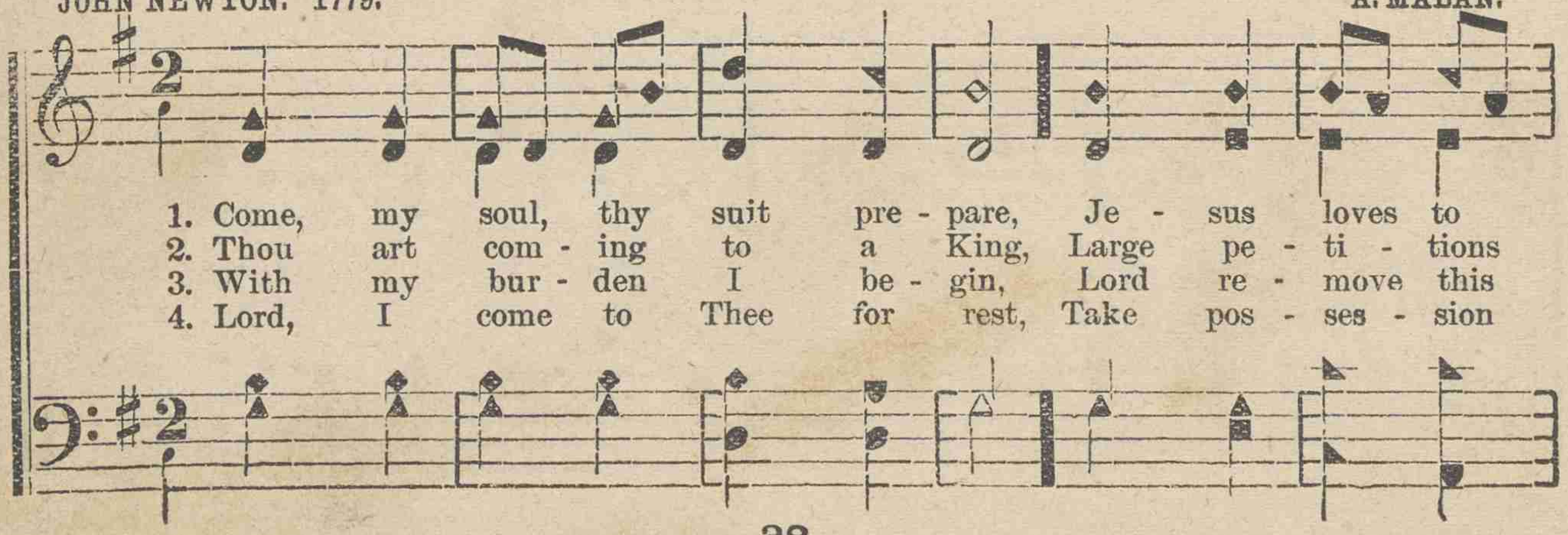
No. 72. TOPLADY. 7s. [185.]

A. M. TOPLADY. 1776. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1830.



No. 73. HENDON. 7s.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779. A. MALAN.



HENDON. 7s. Concluded.

an - swer prayer, He Him - self has bid Thee pray, There - fore
with thee bring, For His grace and pow'r are such, None can
load of sin; Let Thy blood for sin - ners spilt, Set my
of my breast, There Thy blood-bought right main - tain, And with -

will not say thee nay, There - fore will not say thee nay.
ev - er ask too much, None can ev - er ask too much.
con - science free from guilt, Set my con - science free from guilt.
- out a ri - val reign, And with - out a ri - val reign.

No. 74. HORTON. 7s.

VON WARTENSEE. 1786.

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

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

No. 75. BENEVENTO. 7s.

SAMUEL WEBBE. 1770.

1. Now be - gin the heav -'nly theme, Sing a - loud in Je - sus name;
2. Mourn-ing souls dry up your tears; Ban - ish all your guilt - y fears;
3. Wel - come all by sin op-pressed, Wel- come to His sa - cred rest,
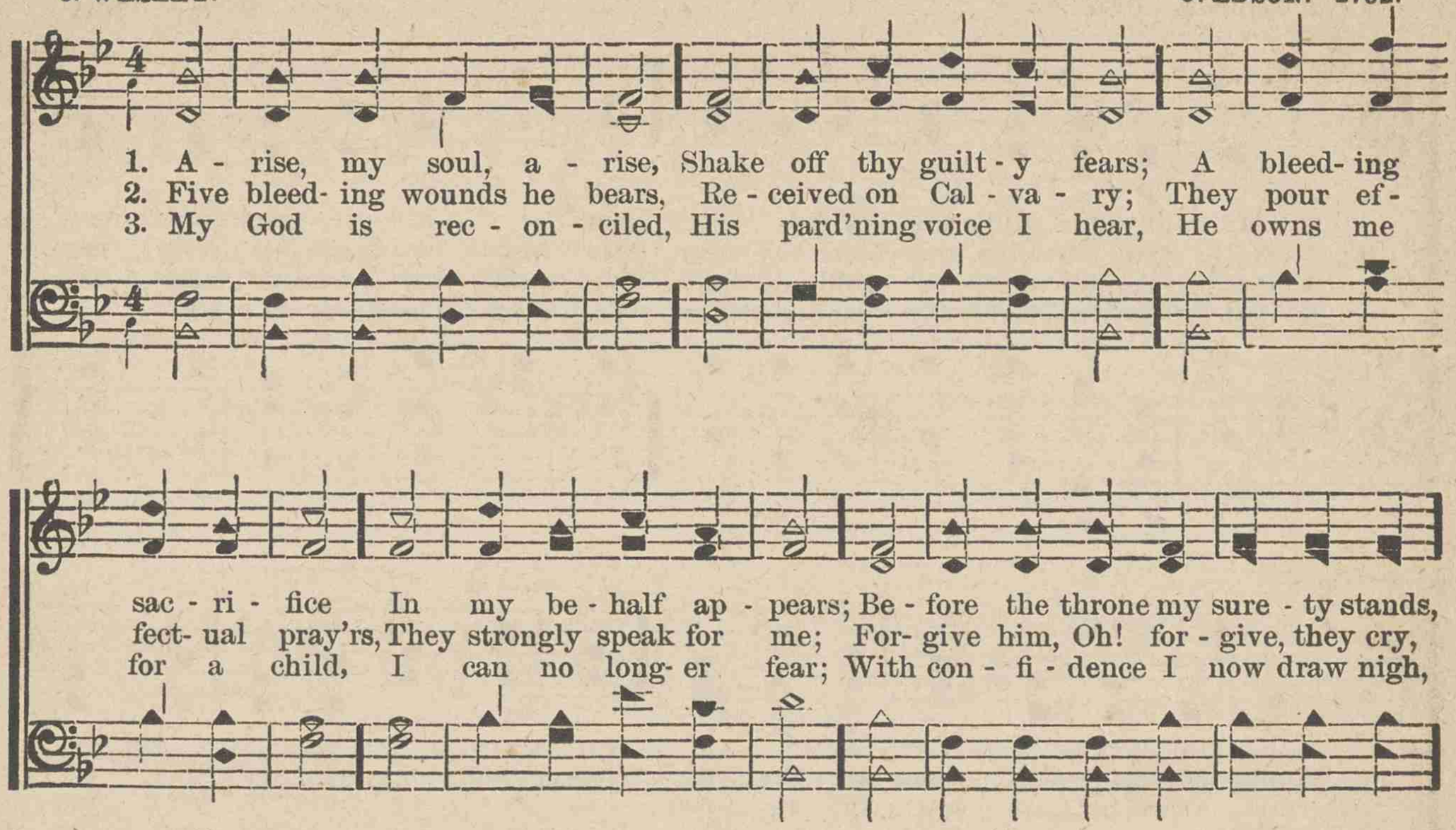
Ye who His sal - va - tion prove, Tri-umph in re - deem - ing love.
See your guilt and curse re - move, Can-celled by re - deem - ing love.
Noth- ing brought Him from a - bove, Noth-ing but re - deem - ing love.

Ye who see the Fa - ther's grace Beam - ing in the Sav - iour's face,
Ye, a - las! who long have been Wil - ling slaves to death and sin,
When His Spir - it leads us home, When we to His glo - ry come,

As to Ca - naan on ye move, Praise and bless re - deem - ing love.
Now from bliss no long- er rove, Stop and taste re - deem - ing love.
We shall all the ful-ness prove Of our Lord's re - deem - ing love.

No. 76. LENOX. H. M. [190.]

C. WESLEY. J. EDSON. 1782.



No. 77. COME, MY REDEEMER, COME. H. M.

1 Come, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come and Thy right assume,
And bid Thy rivals flee:
Come my Redeemer, quickly come,
Come my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

2 Exert Thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all Thy graces in:
Come my Redeemer, quickly come,
Come my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

3 Rule Thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my power are brought
Beneath Thy full control;
Come my Redeemer, quickly come,
Come my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be Thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come my Redeemer, quickly come,
Come my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart Thy lasting home.

No. 78. SHINING SHORE. 8s. & 7s. [675.]

DAVID NELSON. 1835. Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
2. We'll gird our loins, my breth-ren, dear, Our heav - 'nly home dis - cern - ing;
3. Should com-ing days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing - ing;
4. Let sor-row's rud - est tem-pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er,

Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
Our ab - sent Lord has left us word, Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing.
That per - fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gol - den harps are ring - ing.
Our King says come, and there's our home, For - ev - er! O for - ev - er.

REFRAIN.

For now we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver,

And, just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er.

No. 79. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

Rev. H. BONAR. CHARLES C. CONVERSE. By per.

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

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

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

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

No. 80. ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. [230.]

DODDRIDGE. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS. 1830.

1. { Zi - on stands with hills sur-round - ed, Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine,
   { All her foes shall be con-found - ed, Though the world in arms con- bine:

Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine! Hap - py Zi - on,

What a fa - vor'd lot is thine.

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

No. 81. HARWELL. 8s & 7s.
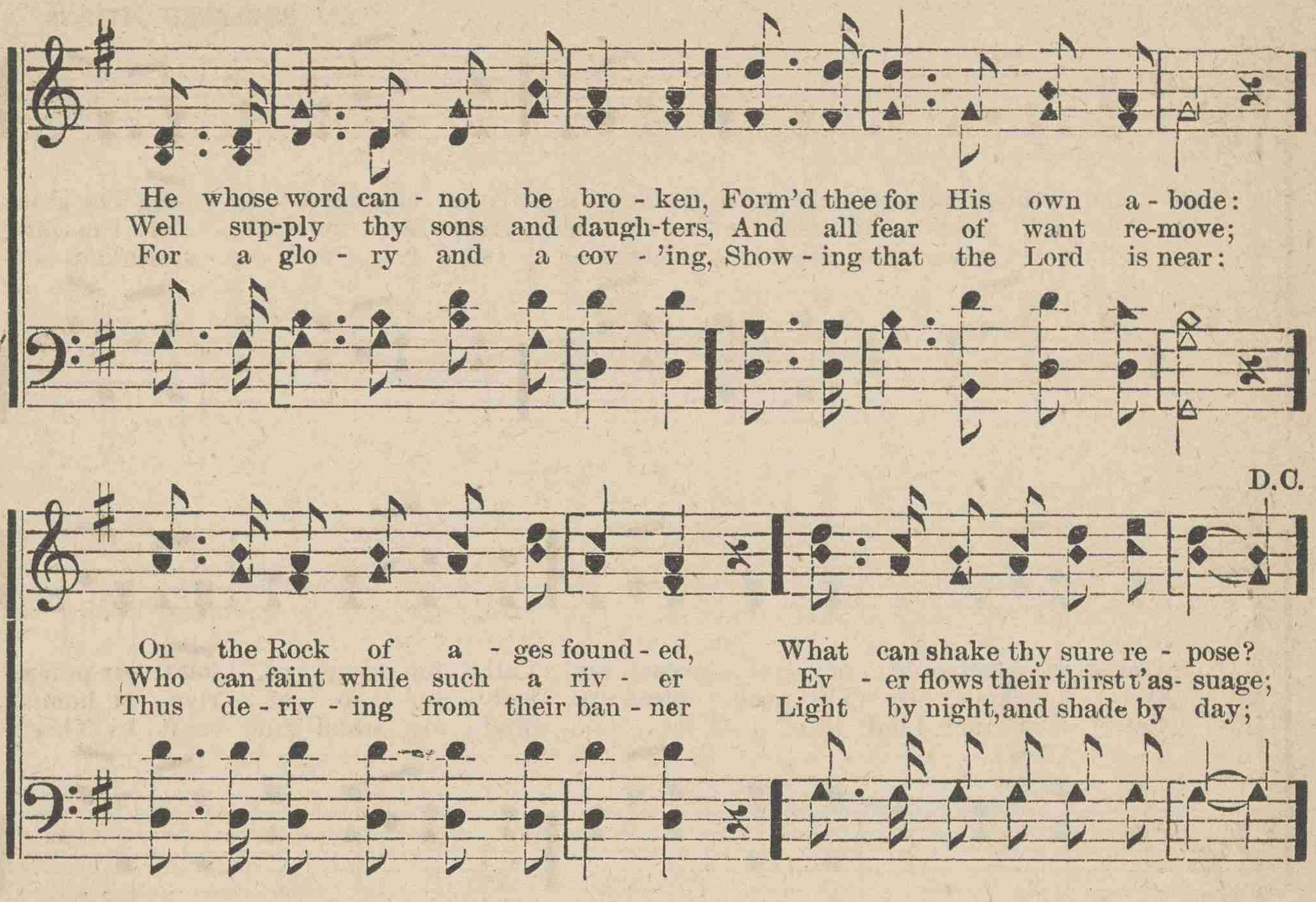
NEWTON. Dr. L. MASON. 1840.

FINE.

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

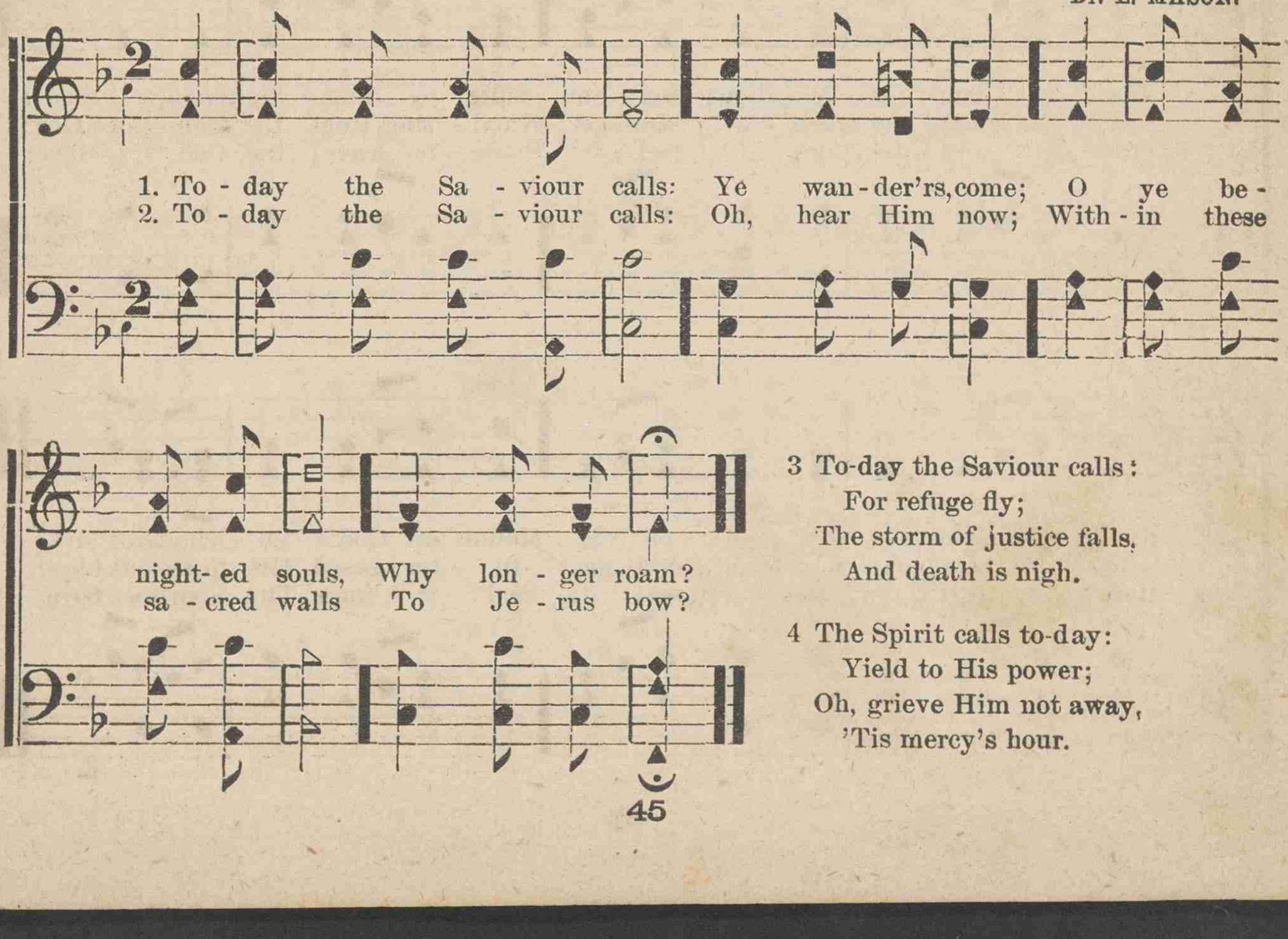
D.C.—With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
D.C.—Grace which, like the Lord, the giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
D.C.—Safe they feed up - on the man - na Which He gives them when they pray.

HARWELL. Concluded.



No. 82. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.



3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
Oh, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 83. GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. [49.]

J. J. ROUSSEAU. 1712-78.

1. Come thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O, to grace how great a debt- or, Dai - ly I'm con - strain'd to be!

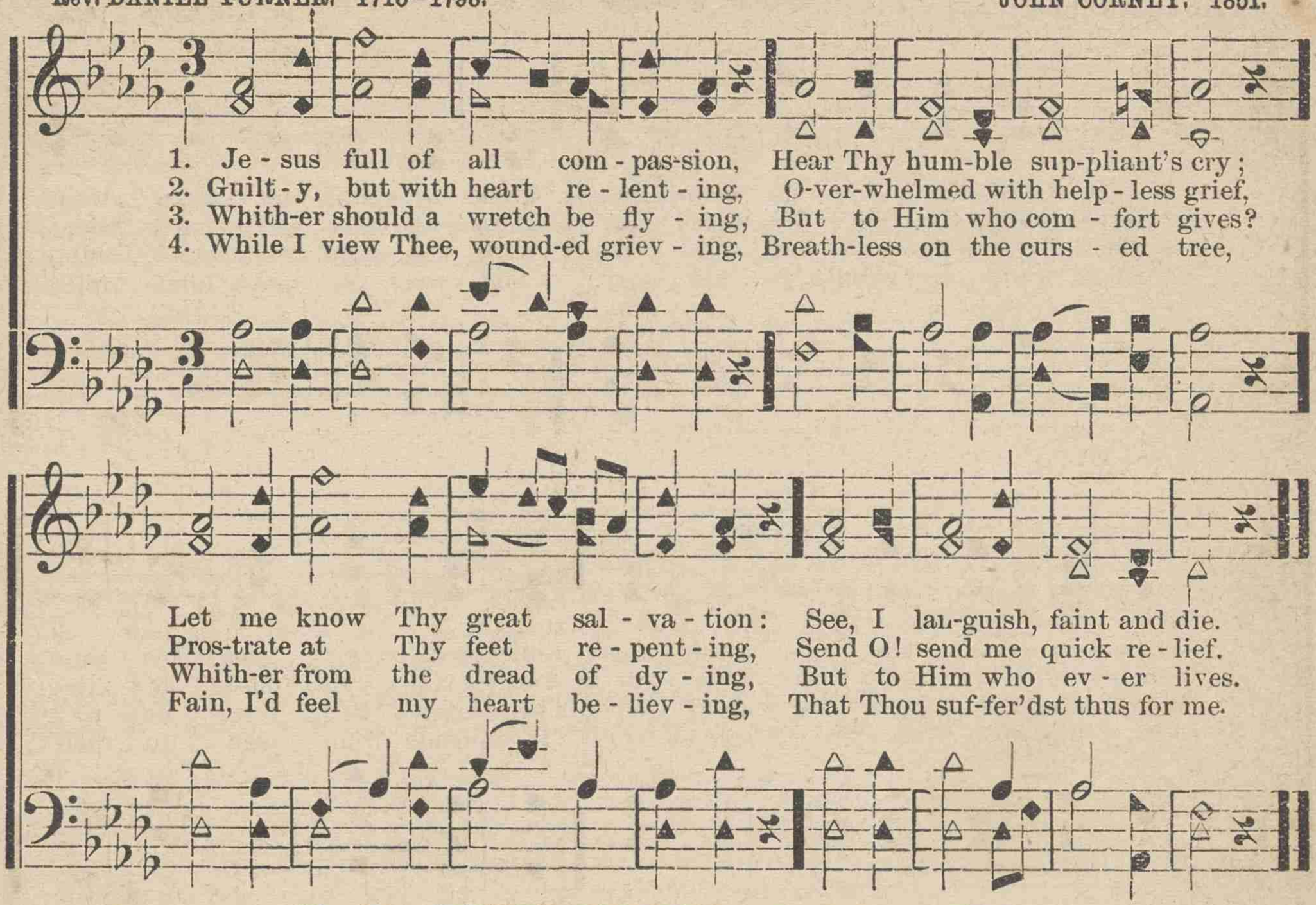
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise:
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand-'ring heart to Thee:

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand - 'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone te leave the God I love;

Praise the mount—O fix me on it, Mount of God's un - changing love.
He, to save my soul from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it; Seal it from Thy courts a - bove.

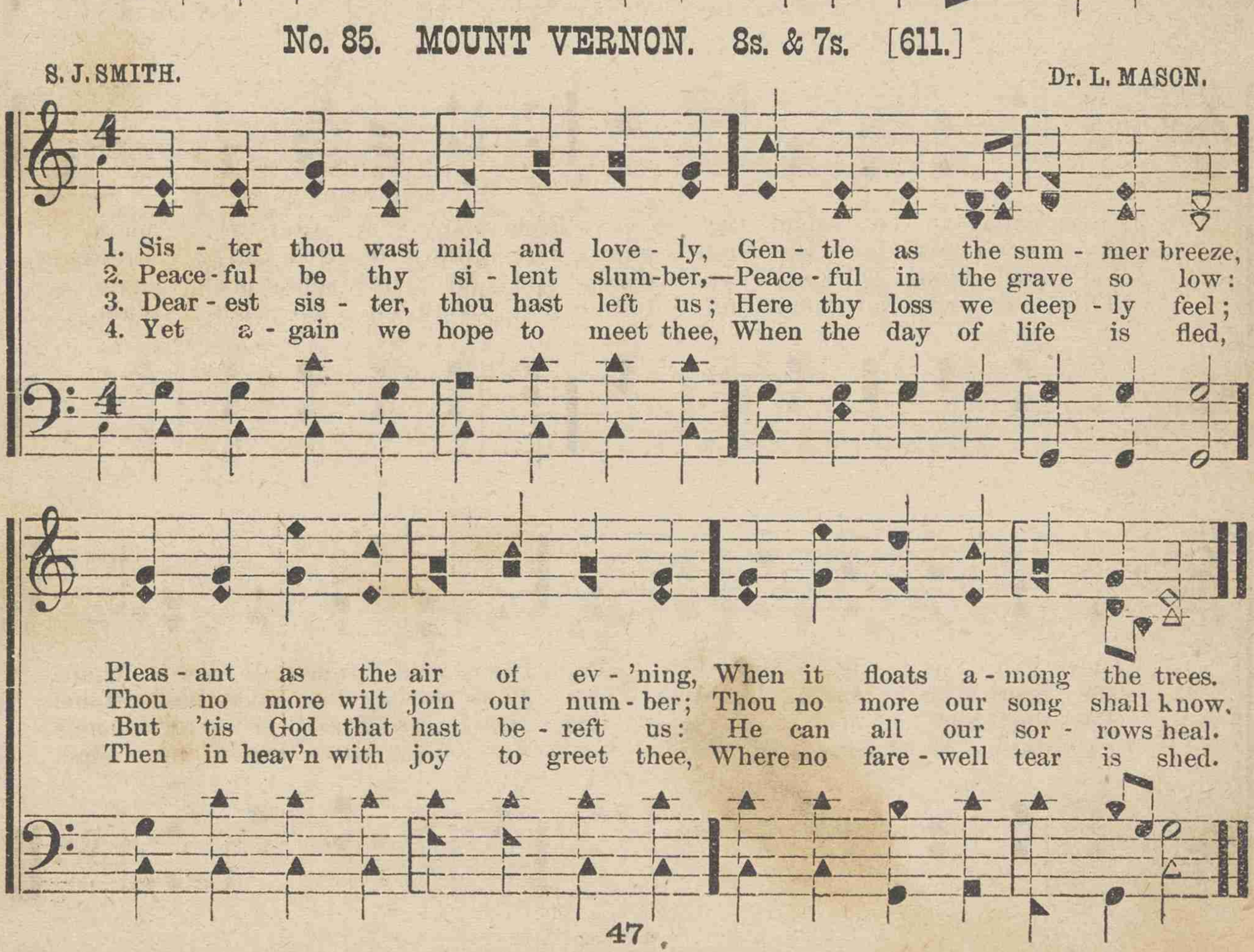
No. 84. RATHBURN. 8s & 7s.

Rev. DANIEL TURNER. 1710—1798. JOHN CORNEY. 1851.



No. 85. MOUNT VERNON. 8s. & 7s. [611.]

S. J. SMITH. Dr. L. MASON.



No. 86. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS. 7s. & 6s.

REGINALD HEBER. Dr. L. MASON. 1824.

1. From Green-land's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,
2. What though 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,
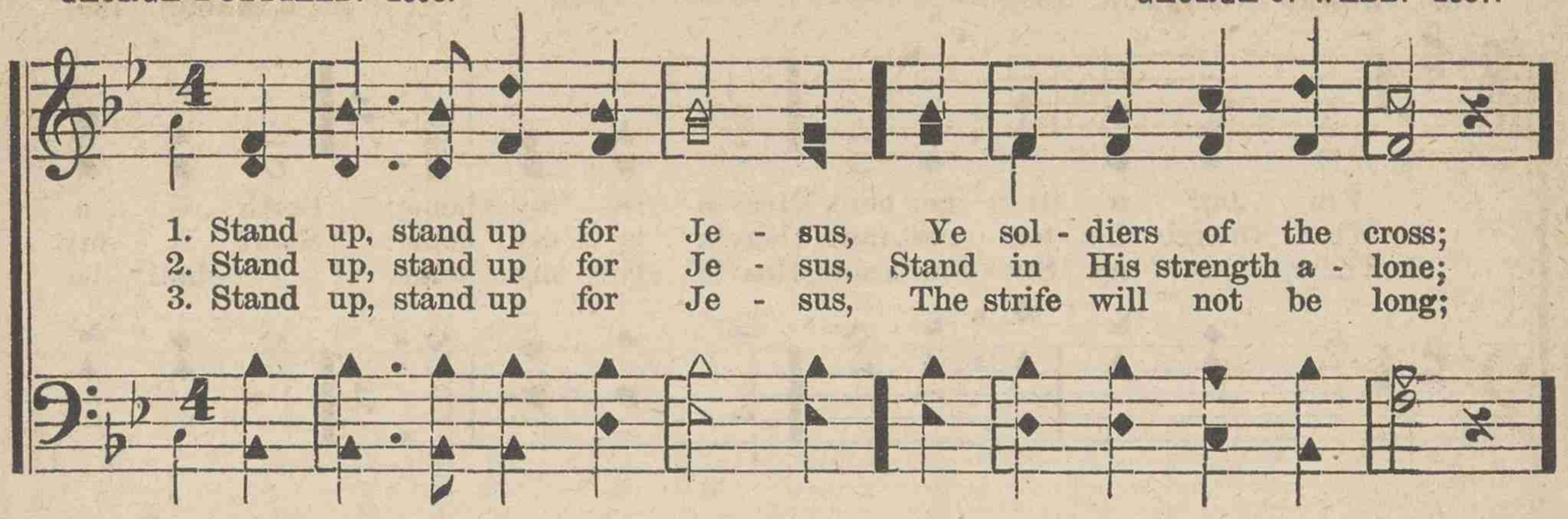
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand,
Though ev - ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
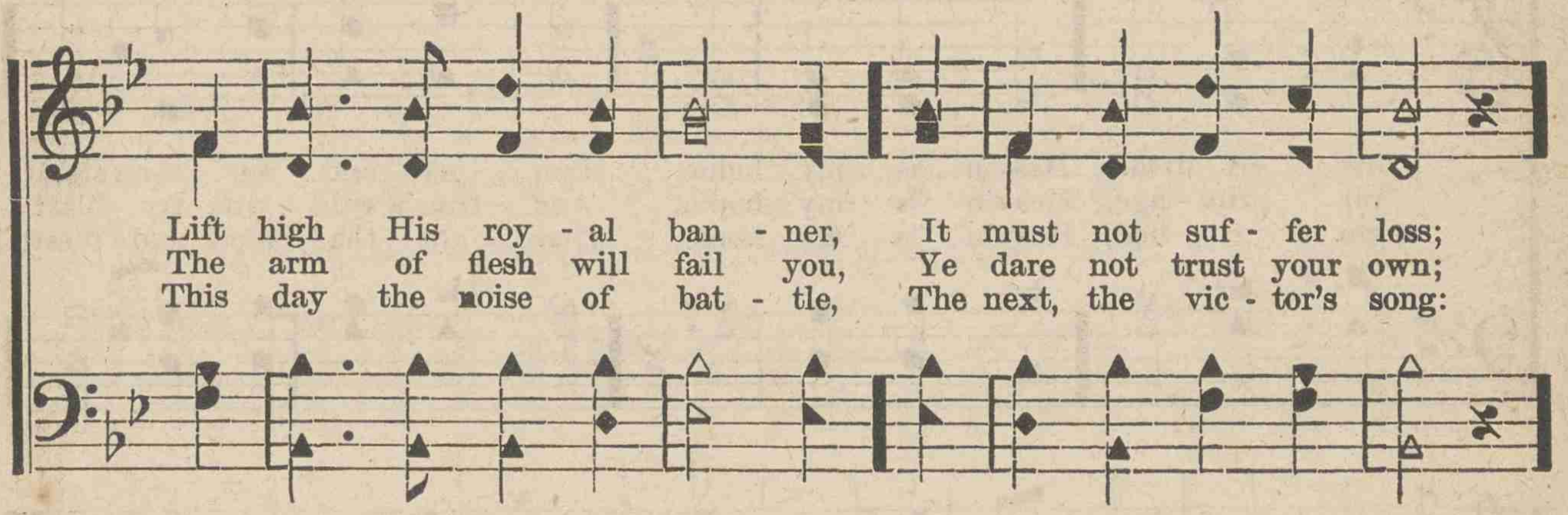
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are - strewn,
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
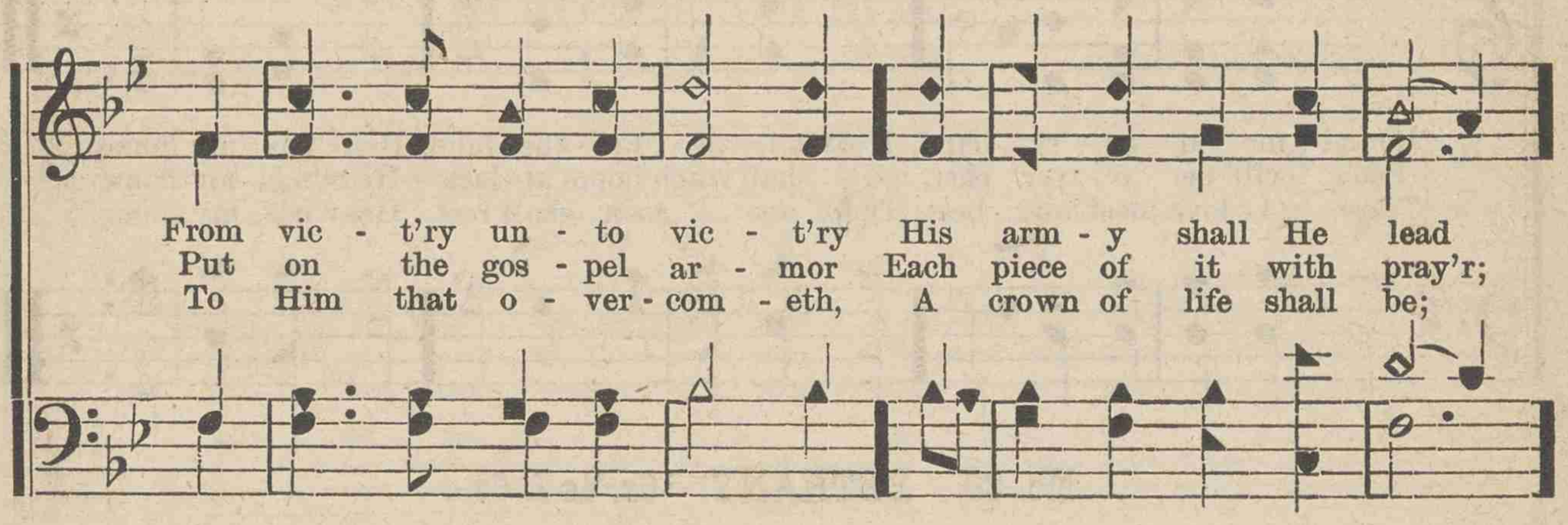
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The heath - en, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion, Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

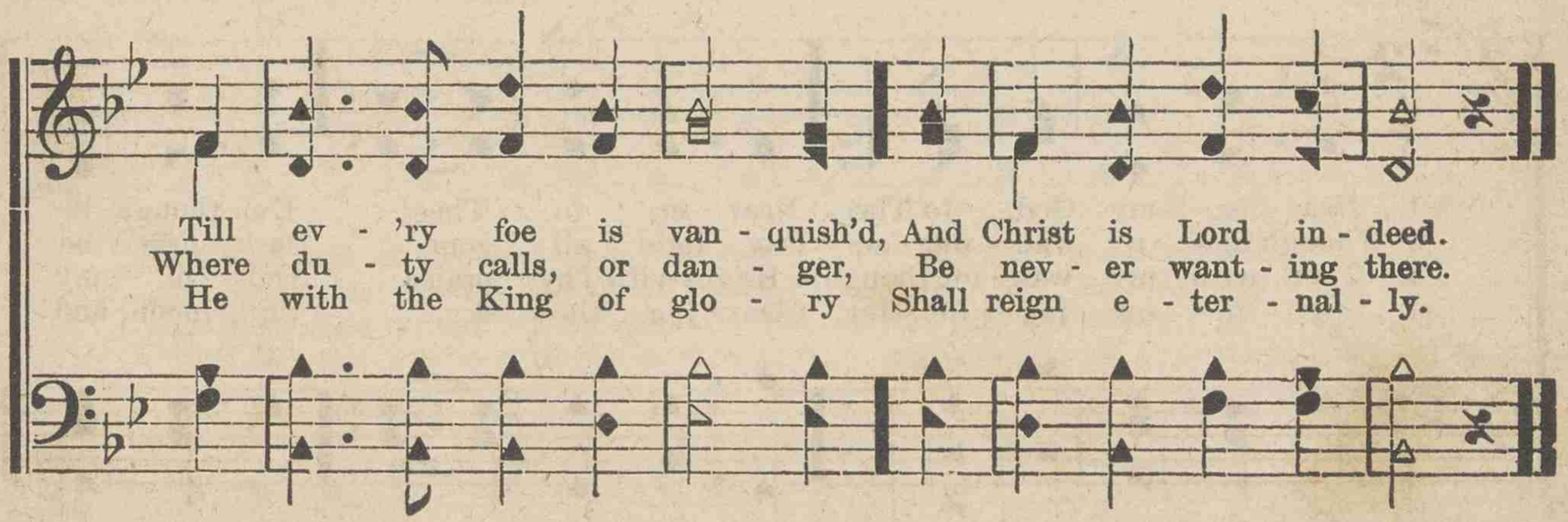
No. 87. WEBB. 7s. & 6s.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. 1858. GEORGE J. WEBB. 1837.









No. 88 HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6s, 4s & 6s.

Rev. THOMAS R. TAYLOR. 1835. Dr. L. MASON. 1834.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What though the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my
3. There, at my Sav - iour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be

des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan - gers and sor - rows stand
pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home; And time's wild win - try blast
glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest;

Round me on ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my Fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - ver past, I shall reach home at last,—Heav'n is my home.
Those I love most and best; There too I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

No. 89. BETHANY. 6s, 4s & 6s.

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS. 1840. Dr. L. MASON. 1859.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee; E'en though it
2. Though like a wan - der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be
3. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
4. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

BETHANY. Concluded.

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my songs shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be,
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
stars for - got Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near- er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

No. 90. MORNING HYMN. L. M.

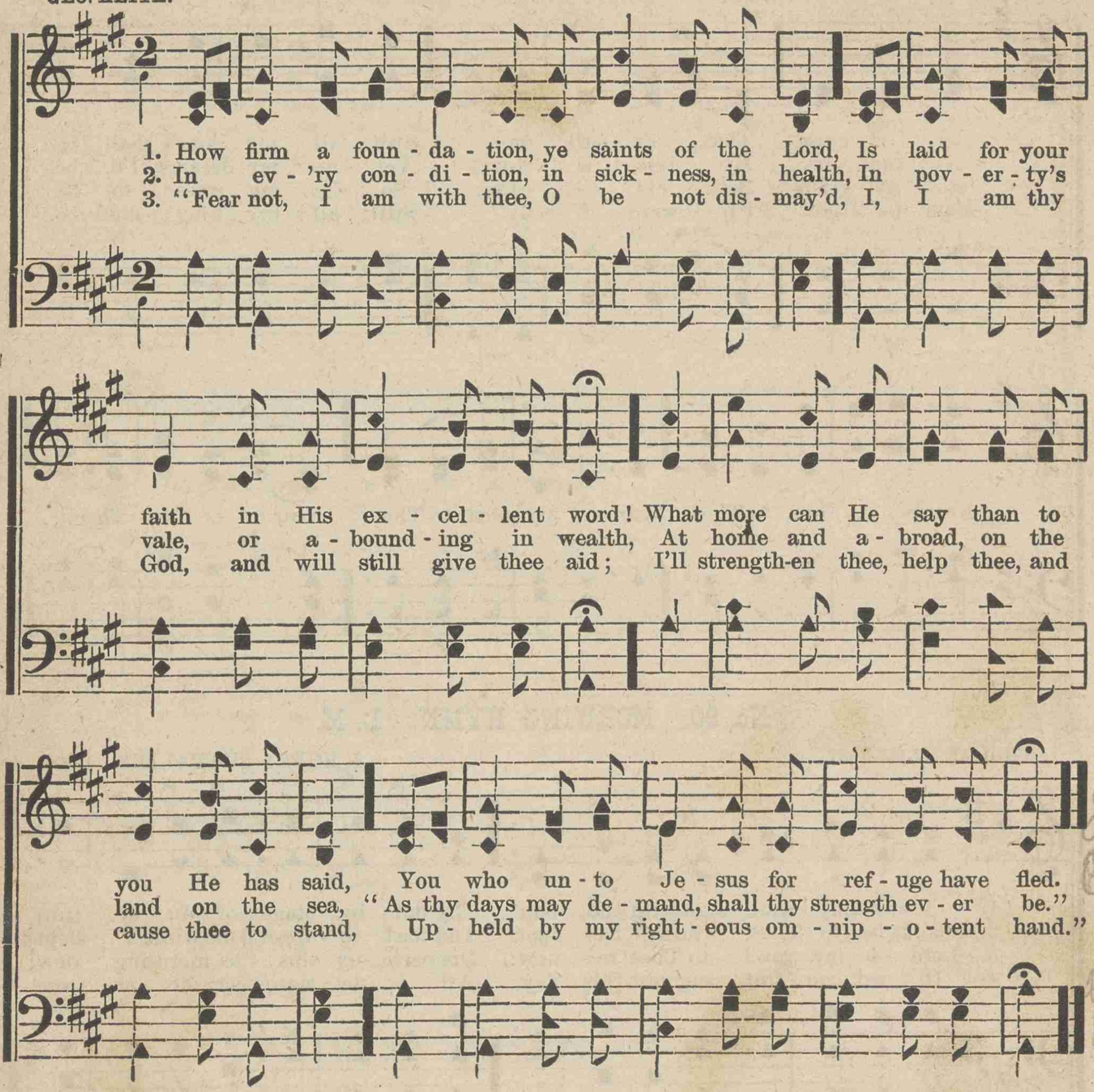
THOMAS KEN. 1637. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1889.

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 re - fresh'd me while I slept;
3. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis-perse my sins as morn-ing 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 morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
Oh, grant that when from death I wake, I may of end-less life par - take.
Guard my first springs of thoughts and will, And with Thy- self my spir - it fill.
That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite.

No. 91. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION. 11s.

GEO. KEITH.



No. 92. Pass Me Not. (Key A flat.)

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

REFRAIN.

Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

Fanny J, Crosby. 1868.

No. 93. PISGAH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by J. H. S.

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

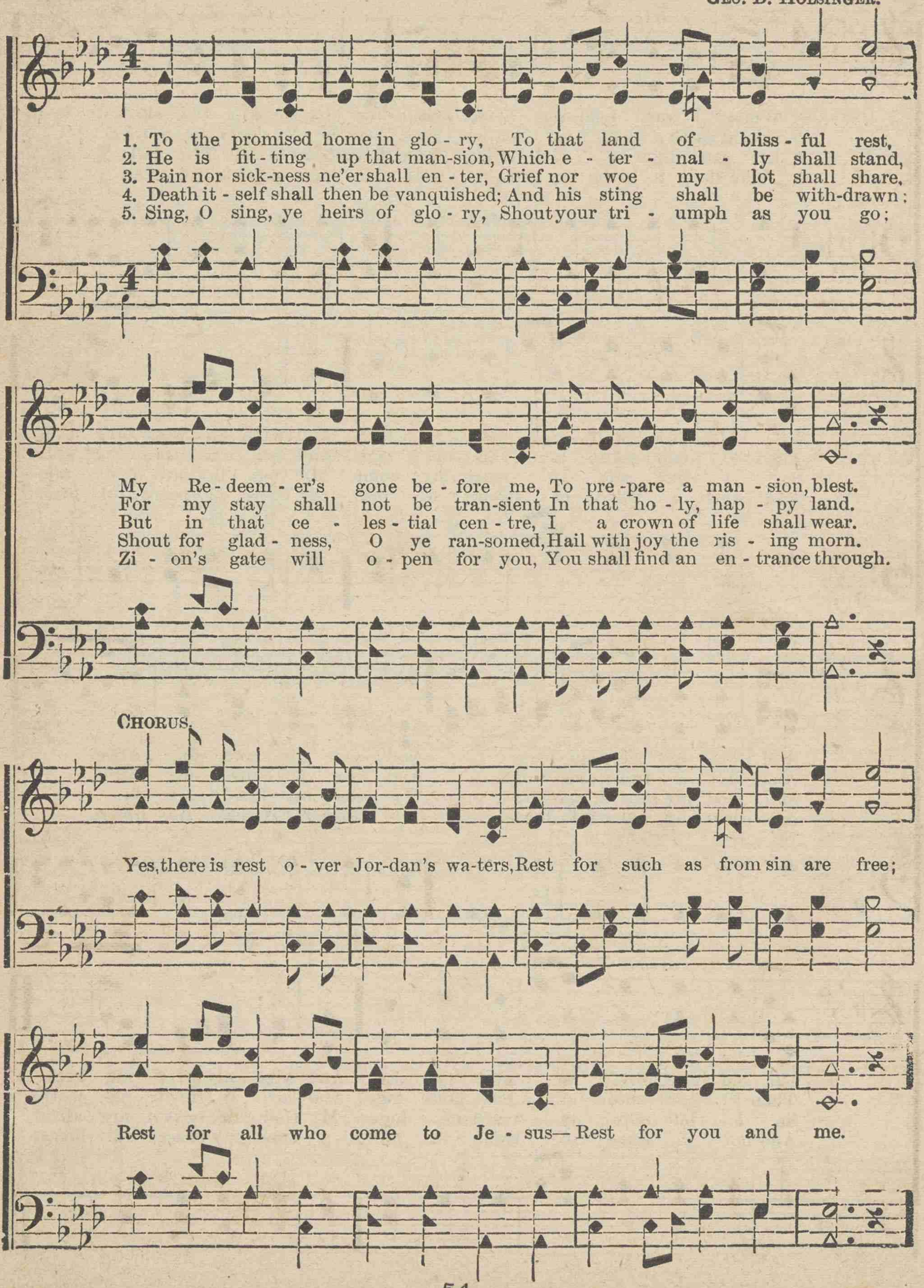
I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.

And wipe my weep-ing eyes, . . . And wipe my weep - ing eyes, . . .
And face a frown-ing world, . . And face a frown - ing world, . . .
My God, my heav'n, my all, . . . My God, my heav'n, my all, ...
A - cross my peace-ful breast, . . A - cross my peace - ful breast, . .

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

No. 94. REST OVER JORDAN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



No. 95. LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS, by per.

1. There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my bark a - mid
2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the
3. Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us, In the midst of our
4. Then for - get not to keep your lamp shin - ing, O Chris- tian! be

per - ils I steer; And they ev - er grow bright - er, and bright - er,
riv - er of time; All the days of our pil - grim - age bright - en,
sor - rows and cares; When the lamp on our ves - sel burns dim - ly,
earn - est and true, For a soul on life's o - cean may per - ish,

CHORUS.

As that glo - rious ha - ven I near.
With a ra - diance tru - ly sub - lime.
We watch for the glim - mer of theirs.
May sink in the waves, but for you.

Oh! the lights a - long the shore,

That nev - er grow dim, Nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the souls that are a-flame

With the love of Je - sus' name, And they guide us, yes they guide us un - to Him.

No. 96. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

Matt. 9: 37.

I. B. Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

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

trust His ho - ly word; I want to sing and pray and be toil - ing ev - 'ry
err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where all is peace and
Je - sus' pow'r to save; All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py
err - ing to Thy word; That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev - er

CHORUS.

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

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

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

No. 97. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

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

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

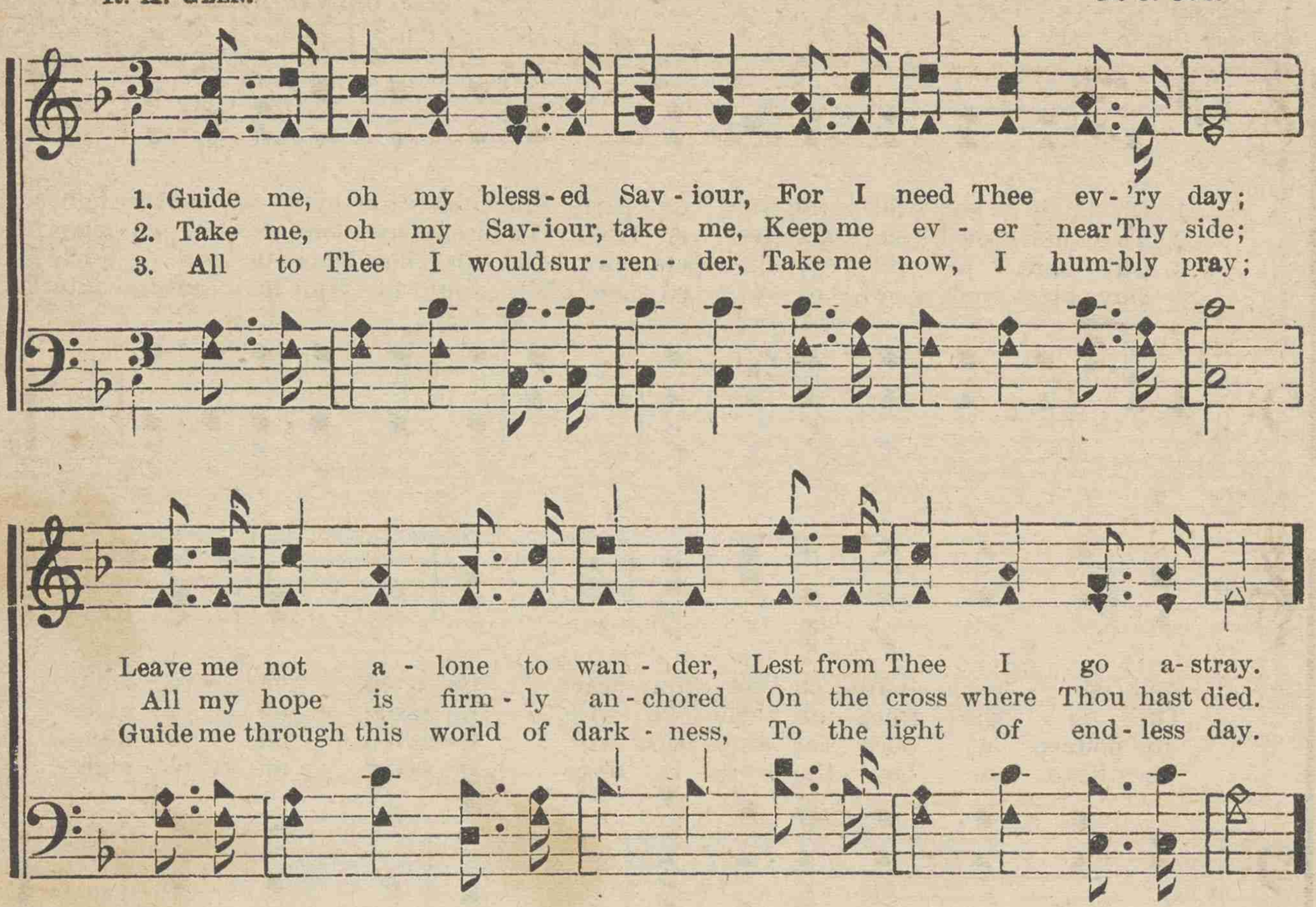
CHORUS.

Oh, why not to- night? Oh why not to - night?
Oh, why not to-night Why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

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

No. 98. GUIDE ME, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

R. A. GLEN. D. C. COY.



No. 99. I COME TO THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS. THOS. H. FANSLER. 1887.

1. O Lamb of God, I come to Thee, Thou art my trust and stay;
I fol - low on where Thou dost lead, Thine is the (*Omit.* . . . . .) per - fect way.

2. O Lamb of God, I come to Thee, Thou ref-uge of my soul;
Thou on - ly can speak peace, sweet peace, The storm of (*Omit.* . . . .) life con- trol.

3. O Lamb of God, I come to Thee, Just as I am I come;
Unworth- y of Thy wondrous love, Yet Thou wilt (*Omit.* . . . . .) lead me home.

I come to Thee, ... I come to Thee, ... O Lamb of
I come to Thee, I come to Thee,

God, ... I come to Thee, ... Just as I
O Lamb of God, I come to Thee, I come to Thee;

am, ... I come to Thee, ... I come to
Just as I am, I come to Thee,

Thee, ... I come to Thee. . . . . .
I come to Thee, I come to Thee, I come to Thee.

* Use small notes in repeat.

No. 100. MORE LIKE THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, More like Thee from day to day; Nev- er
2. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, Pure with-out, and pure with- in; Keep me
3. More like Thee, O Saviour, let me be, All my pil-grim journey through; Meek and

let me from Thy foot- steps stray, Keep me in the nar - row way.
ev - er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win.
low - ly, ev - er kind and true, Like Thy - self in all I do.

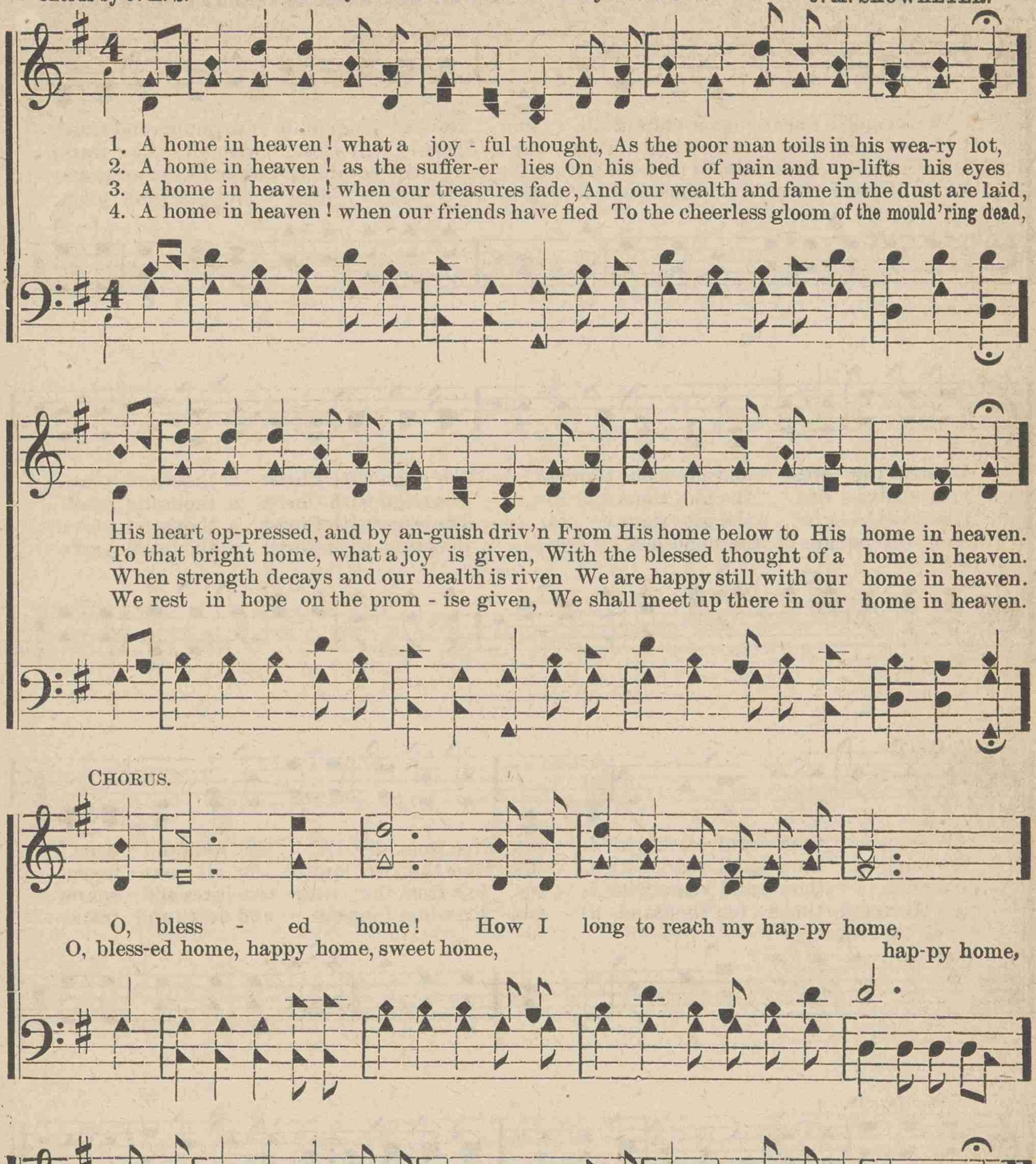
REFRAIN.

More like Thee, More like Thee, More and more, O Christ, like Thee;
More like Thee, yes, more like thee, More like Thee, yes, more like Thee,

By Thy grace, O let me day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.

No. 101. A HOME IN HEAVEN. [645.]

Chorus by J. H. S. "In my Father's House are many mansions." J. M. SHOWALTER.



No. 102. A THOUSAND YEARS WITH JESUS.

L. H. JAMESON. Arr. from WORK, by J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Be of good cheer, ye friends of Je - sus; Nev- er suc- cumb to doubts and fears;
2. Be of good cheer: earth's night of sor - row Short-ly will close, with all its fears;
3. Be of good cheer: time's pain-ful con - flicts All will be done when Christ ap-pears;
4. Be of good cheer: ten thousand a - ges, Per- fect in bliss and free from tears,

Cherish the great and pre-cious promise, "To reign with Christ a thousand years."
Then shall a - rise the glo- rious mor-row, The reign with Christ a thousand years.
Then will be - gin the glo- rious e - ra, The reign with Christ a thousand years.
Soon will be- gin their end-less cy - cle, Reigning with Christ a thousand years.

To reign a thou- sand years with Je - sus, Free from all tri - als, toils and tears,—
To reign a thou- sand years with Je - sus, More than re - quites for all our tears;
To reign a thou- sand years with Je - sus, Far from the temp- ters lures and snares;
Ten thousand times ten thousand a - ges, Freedom from sin and death and tears—

This is the Fa - ther's precious promise, "To reign with Christ a thousand years."
This is the sure and gracious promise, "To reign with Christ a thousand years."
With the re - deem'd of ev- 'ry na- tion, Reigning with Christ a thousand years.
What an "e - ter - nal weight of glo-ry," Comes with that reign of a thousand years.

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No. 103. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea; Unknown waves be-
2. As a moth- er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild; Boist'rous waves o-
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar, 'Twixt me and the

fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal; Chart and compass came from Thee,
bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!" Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
peace- ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast, may I hear Thee say to me

Rit.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. Pi - lot me, (Pilot me,) pi-lot me, (pilot me,) Jesus,
Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. Pi - lot me, (Pilot me,) pi-lot me, (pilot me,) Jesus,
"Fear not, I will pi-lot Thee." Pilot thee, (Pilot thee,) pilot thee, (pilot thee,) "Fear not,

Sav- iour, pi- lot me; Chart and compass came from Thee, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
Sav- iour, pi- lot me; Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
I will pi- lot thee;" May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

No. 104. BLESSED ARE THEY.

E. A. HOFFMAN. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Bless - ed are they that do His commandments, Blessed are they, Bless-ed are they;
2. Bless - ed are they that do His commandments, Blessed are they, Bless-ed are they;
3. Bless - ed are they that do His commandments, Blessed are they, Bless-ed are they;

They shall re-ceive a crown of bright glo- ry That fad-eth not a - way.
Je - sus will take them, when life is o - ver, Up to the realms of day.
Je - sus will gent - ly guide them in safe - ty, A - long the nar- row way.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed are they, Bless - ed are they;
Blessed are they, Blessed are they, Blessed are they, Blessed are they;

Bless- ed are they that do His commandments, Bless - ed are they.
Blessed are they, Blessed are they.

No. 105. WONDROUS GRACE.

Eld. B. C. MOOMAW, Green Forest, Va. B. F. SHOWALTER. Chorus Arr. by J. H. S.

1. When we re - view the won- drous grace Which saves from ev - 'ry sin,
2. When all that won - drous love ap - pears Which Cal - va - ry pro-claims,
3. When our dear Sav - iour's pity - ing love Seeks out the wand-'ring soul,
4. Oh kin - dle in our hearts the fire Which flames be - yond the sky,

Our hearts are mov'd to fer - vent praise, And all our souls with - in.
We pour the trib - ute of our tears, And own His heav'n-ly claims.
Re - joic - ing an - gels from a - bove His glo - rious name ex - tol.
And let our rapt-urous souls as - pire To heav'n-ly mel - o - dy.
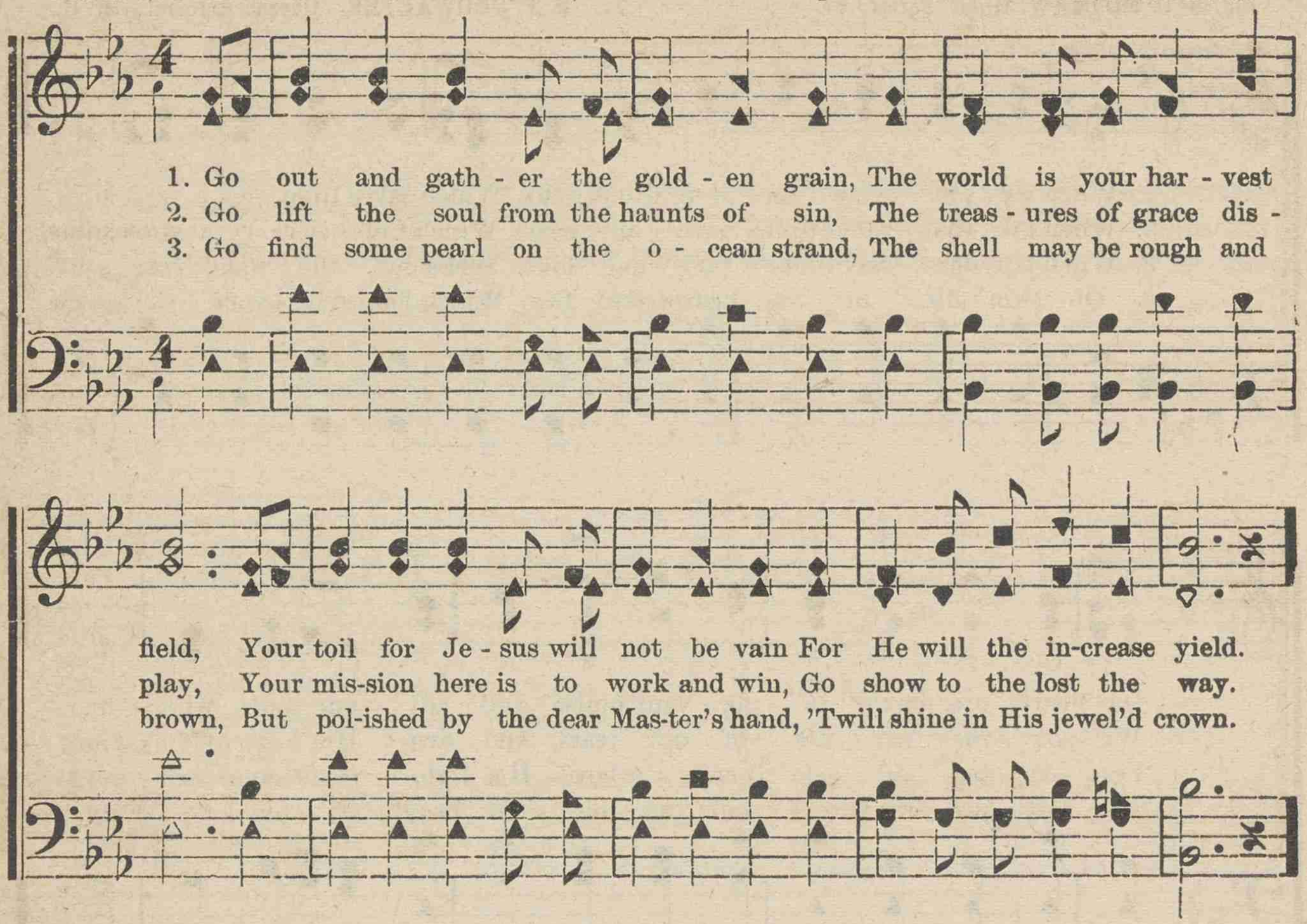
CHORUS.

Come, let us mag - ni - fy the King, And loud ho - san - nas raise;

Let all the ran - somed peo - ple sing, And cel - e - brate His praise.

NO. 106. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."—JOEL 3: 13. FRANK M. DAVIS.



No. 107. I LOVE JESUS.

Words and Music by GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Thoughtfully.

1. Dear Je-sus I would love Thee more, Thy helping grace I now im-plore;
2. My Sav-iour I would learn to be More like the pat-tern laid for me;
3. Dear Sav-iour at Thy feet I bow, And cast my sins be-fore Thee now!
4. The countless bless-ings Thou dost give, Should lead my soul for Thee to live,

I pray Thee heal my sin-ful heart, And let it ne'er from Thee de-part.
In Thine own foot-steps I would walk, And of Thy lov-ing kind-ness talk.
Oh, do Thou hear my hum-ble prayer, My guilt re-move, my heart make fair.
And now to Thee, in faith, I call, My on-ly hope my all in all.

REFRAIN.

I love Je - - sus, Yes, I do, And
Je-sus, I love Thee, yes, I do; Wilt Thou, pre-cious Saviour, love me too? Oh,

He loves me, For the Bi - - ble tells me so.
Yes, He loves me, this I know, For the Ho-ly Bi-ble tells me so.

No. 108. HIS LOVE.

Mrs. L. K. ROGERS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Go spread the joy - ful tid- ings Of His love, (of His love,) Tell the na- tions o'er the
2. Tell those who mourn in darkness Of His love, (of His love,) And re - peat the bless-ed
3. Fill all the world with prais-es Of His love, (of His love,) Oh how sweet to tell the

wa - ters of His love, (of His love,) Oh the pre-cious sto- ry! be mine the glo - ry
prom-ise of His love, (of His love,) Oh the pre-cious sto- ry! re - plete with glo - ry!
sto - ry, of His love, (of His love,) Yes, the pre-cious sto- ry! be mine the glo - ry

CHORUS.

To sound the blessed tid-ings of re - deem - ing love.
Ring out the blessed tid-ings of re - deem - ing love.
To tell the blessed tid-ings of re - deem - ing love.
} The light is breaking, Je-sus

comes, (Jesus comes,) The light is breaking, Je-sus comes, (Jesus comes!) Oh, precious

sto- ry! be mine the glo- ry To tell the blessed tidings of re - deem-ing love.

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No. 109. THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

C. E. POLLOCK, by per.

1. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea,
2. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Where no sor - row e'er can come,
3. We shall see our pre - cious Sav - iour, When He comes His own to claim;

When we cross that gol - den riv - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
'Tis a - cross yon gol - den riv - er, Je - sus has a glo - rious home.
Oh, we'll bask in Je - sus' fa - vor, Sing-ing glo - ry to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Oh, the sweet, ... the bright for - ev - - - - er, Just be-
Oh, the sweet, the bright for-ev - er, Oh, the sweet, the bright for - ev - er, Just be-

yond . . . . . the Jas - per sea, When we cross . . . . . .
yond the Jas - per sea, Just be- yond the Jas - per sea, When we cross that gold-en

. . . . . that gol - den riv - - - er, With the dear ones we shall be.
riv - er, when we cross that gold- en riv- er, With the dear ones we shall be.

No. 110. FORTH TO THE HARVEST.

MRS. ADALINE H. BEERY. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Hear the voice of the Mas - ter pro-claim-ing to all, "Go and work in the
2. From the dark - ness of sin and temp-ta - tion and woe, Comes a cry for the
3. Ev - 'ry day we can find ma - ny er - rands to do, If we watch as the

har - vest to - day; For the fields white - ly gleam, and the hours quick-ly fly,
bless - ing of light; Let us speed with a mes - sage of com - fort and peace,
mo - ments go by; And the Mas - ter will know if we're faith - ful and true,

REFRAIN.

And the wheat may be lost through de - lay. } Let us work,..... watch and
And the lost ones to Je - sus in-vite. }
And re-ward us at last in the sky. } Let us work, work to - day, Let us

pray,..... For the Mas - ter is bid-ding us haste to the field; Let us
work, watch and pray, Let us

work,..... watch and pray, And our ser - vice to Him ev - er yield.
work, work to-day, Let us work, watch and pray,

No. 111. KEEPING STEP WITH JESUS.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Keep-ing step with Je - sus, Though the way be long, We ne'er miss the path-way,
2. Keep-ing step with Je - sus, E - ven in the dark, We can hear His foot-steps,
3. Keep-ing step with Je - sus, Noth - ing can a - larm, Foes will nev - er hurt us,
4. Keep-ing step with Je - sus, Nev - er on be - fore, Brighter grows the path-way,

We can ne'er go wrong. Keep-ing step with Je - sus, Strain-ing ev - 'ry limb;
Though un-seen its mark. Though we walk in sha-dow, Tread-ing path-ways new,
Naught will do us harm. Walk-ing close be - side Him, His long arms our stay,
Shin-ing more and more; Till by liv - ing fountains, Bathed in heav'nly light,

REFRAIN.

On-ward, ev - er on- ward, Keep-ing step with Him. Step - ing, step - ing,
Mark-ing time with Je - sus, Step we ev - er true.
O, how safe our jour-ney, O'er an un- tired way.
We, tho' fields of glo - ry, Walk with Him in light. Keep- ing step with Je- sus' arm- y,

We're His soldiers true, Striv - ing, striv - ing, His great will to do.
We're His soldiers brave and true, Striving, striving for the Mas - ter, His great will to do.

No. 112. I HAVE CALLED THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. "I, the Lord, have called thee."—ISA. 42: 6. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. I have called thee to the fount - ain, Where the crim - son waves o'er-flow;
2. I have called thee to the vine - yard, Where the rip - ened har-vest waves;
3. I have called thee to the ban - quet, Love di - vine hath free - ly giv'n;

Plung'd be - neath its cleans-ing wa - ters, Pure thy soul as spark - ling snow.
Pa - tient toil in ear - ly morn - ing, Thou at eve shall bind the sheaves.
Wrought for thee a wed-ding gar - ment, For the mar-riage feast in heav'n.

REFRAIN.

I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Called thee from thy sin and woe:

I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Come, I'll wash thee white as snow.

No. 113. I WILL GLORY IN THE CROSS.

Words and Music by W. P. DAVIDSON.

1. I will glo - ry in noth-ing but the cross of Christ, In the cross where my
2. In the cross there is heal - ing for the sin - sick soul, There is mer - cy and
3. Come, oh, come to the Sav-iour, He will bless you now, He in - vites you to

Sav - iour has died; I am saved by the wa - ter and the blood which flow'd,
par - don from sin; On the cross Je - sus suf-fered for each guilt - y one,
come, one and all, Mer - cy flows, oh! so free - ly, since He died to save

REFRAIN.

From the Sav - iour's riv - en side.
On - ly look and trust in Him.
All who come and on Him call.

I will glo - - - - ry in the cross,
I will glo-ry in the cross,
I will glo - - - - ry in the cross,
I will glo-ry in the cross,

1. cross, In the cross, where my Sav-iour has died; (*Omit*. . . . .)
Nothing but the cross,
2. cross, I am (*Omit*. . . . .) trust-ing in the Cru-ci - fied.
In the blessed cross,

No. 114. A CHILD'S PETITION.

J. C. Beahm.

1. I am a lit - tle child, in - deed, And I am ver - y weak,
2. My dear - est Sav - iour, Help me now My thank - ful - ness to show
3. But I a lit - tle child, so weak, My - self can noth - ing do;

A Sav - iour's love and help I need, And that is what I seek.
For all Thy love, and teach me how Thy lov - ing heart to know.
The help of One so strong I need, Oh, Lord, my strength re - new.

My Sav - iour, Thou wast, for my good, A lit - tle child like me;
I can but plead, be - cause I hear That Thou my youth - ful heart
Pos - sess my heart, And keep it clean Turn all that may de - file,

And Thou hast, by Thy pre - cious blood, My soul from sin made free.
Wilt take and own, a gift most dear, Lord, from me ne'er de - part.
Thy spir - it - pow'r,—that pow'r un - seen,— Will keep me free from guile.

No. 115. KNEELING AT THE CROSS.

Refrain by J. H. S. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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

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

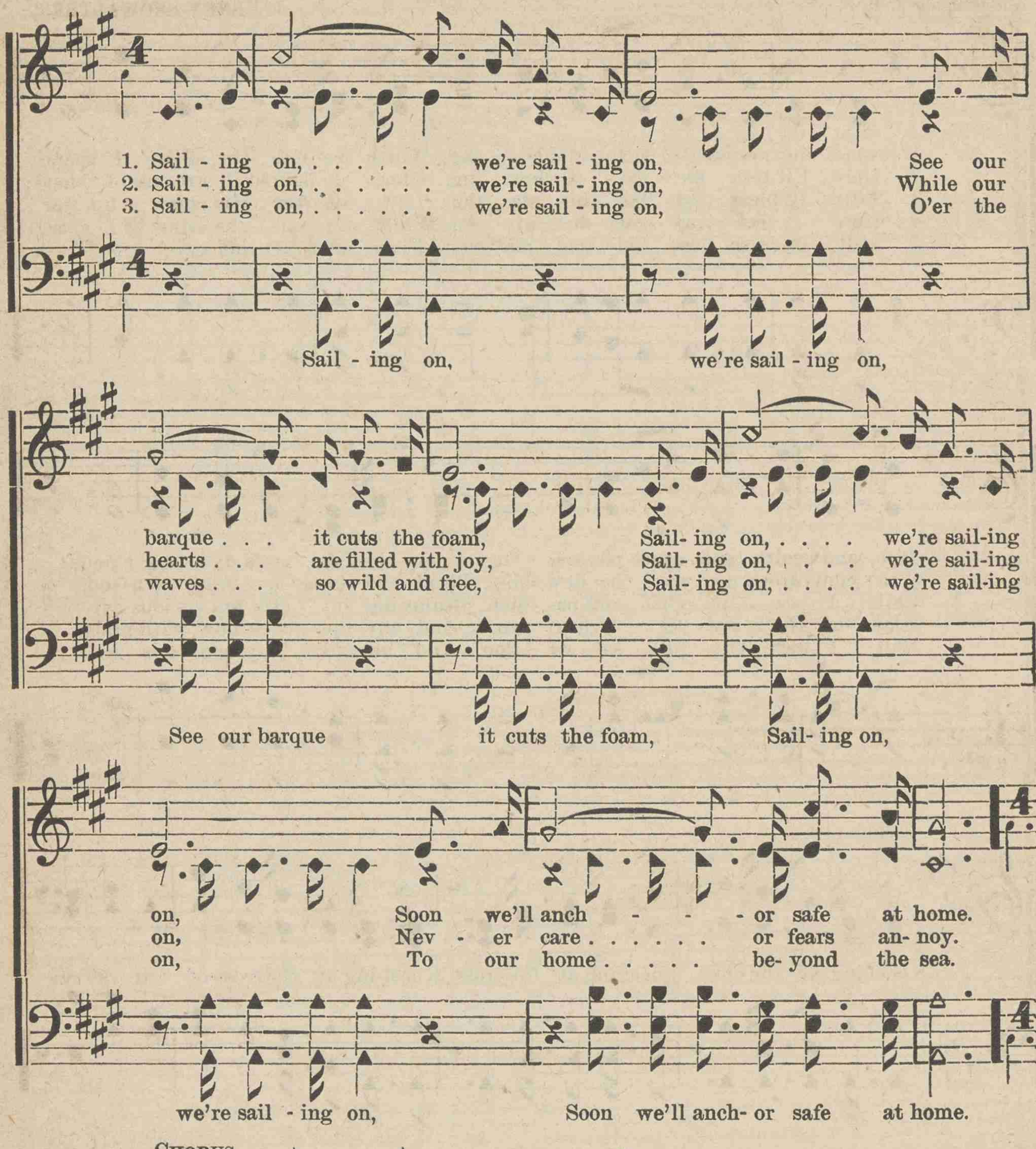
REFRAIN.

Kneel-ing at the cross, kneel-ing at the cross, Kneel-ing at the cross of Cal- va- ry;
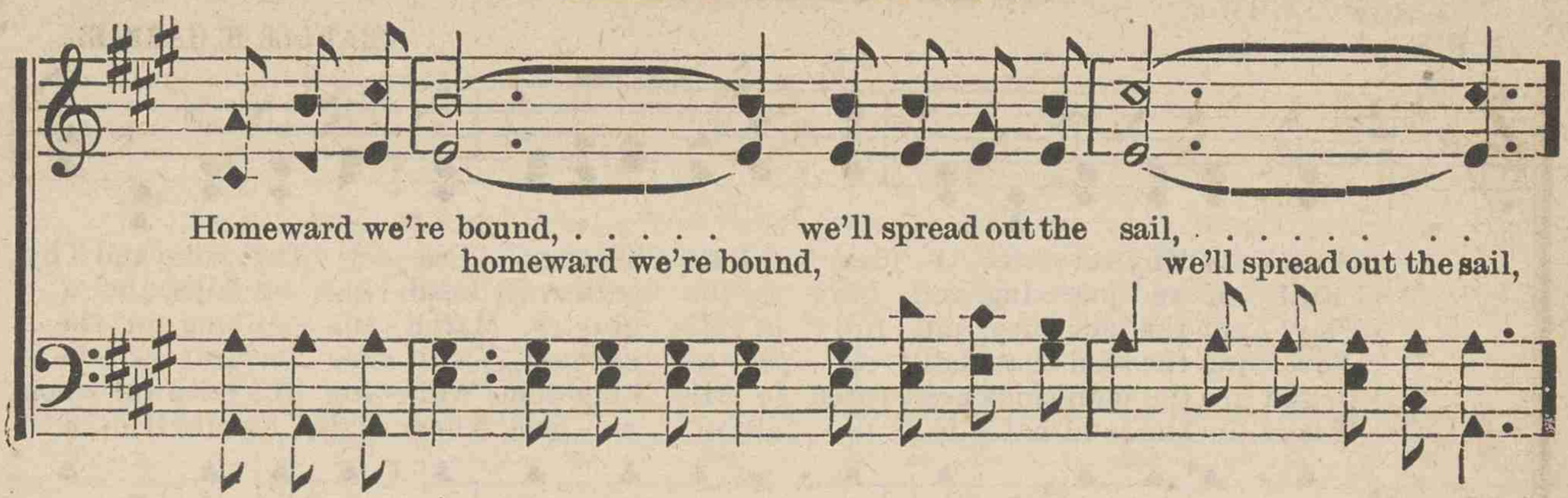
Kneel-ing at the cross, kneel-ing at the cross, Where my blessed Saviour died for me.

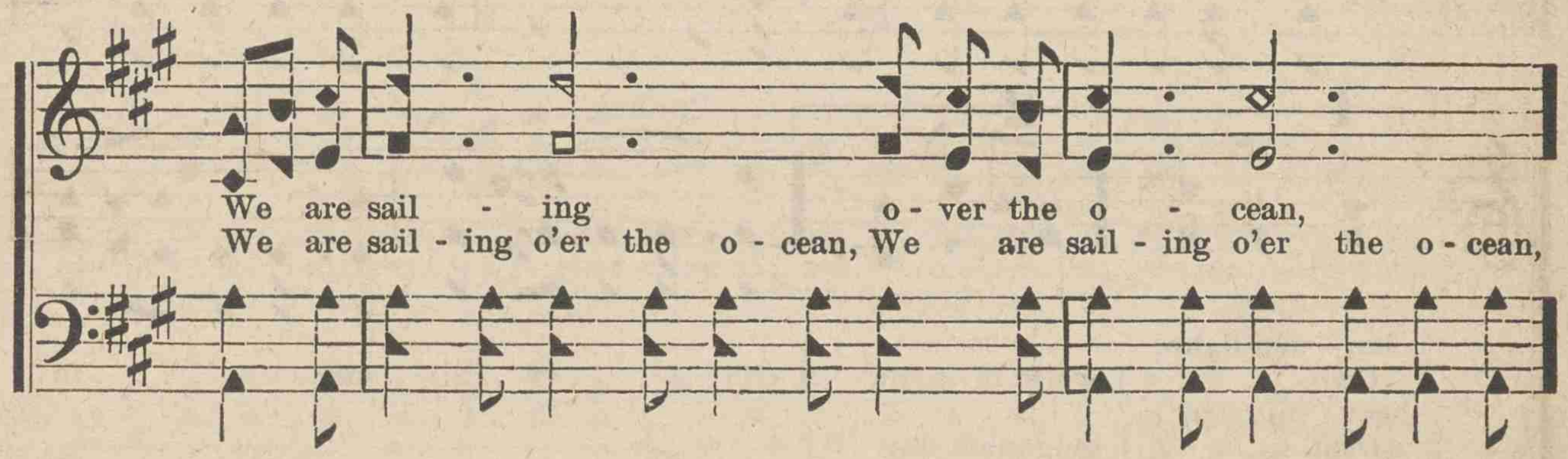
No. 116. SAILING ON.
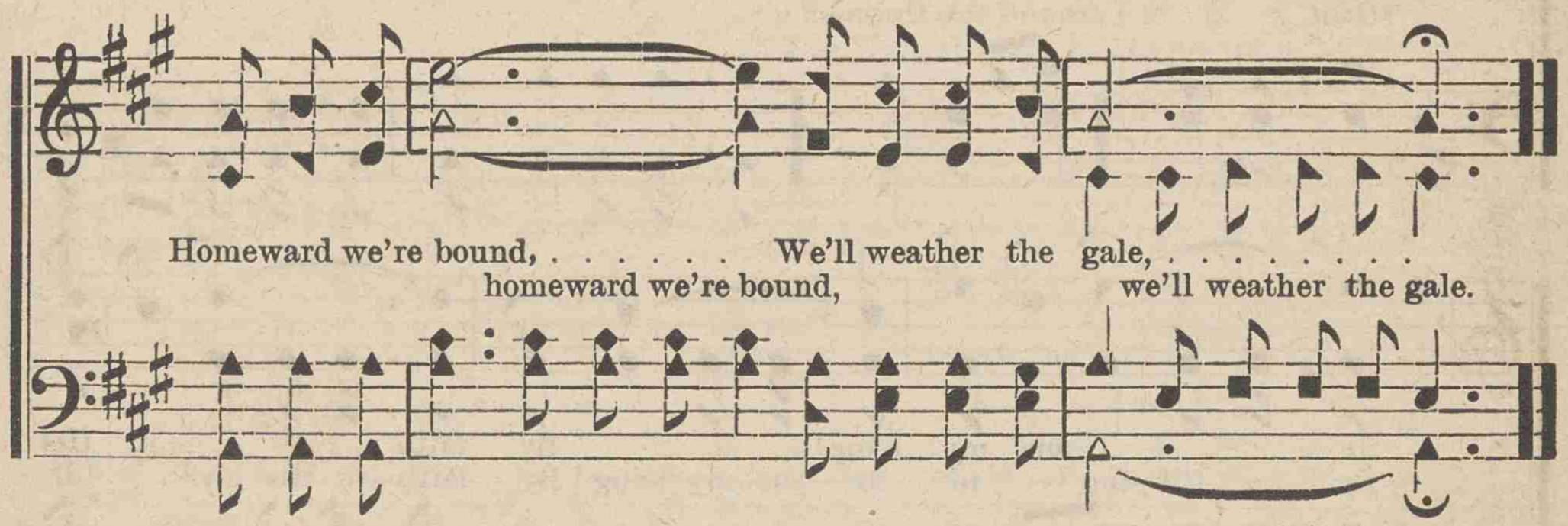
FRANK M. DAVIS. S. J. PERRY.



SAILING ON. Concluded.







No. 117. There is A Happy Land. P. M. [809.]

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away—
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day:
O, how they sweetly sing—
Worthy is the Saviour King!
Loud let His praises ring
For evermore.

2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
O, we shall happy be!
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams ev'ry eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

No. 118. GLORY I'LL SING.

C. H. G. CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. Sweet is Thy ser - vice, O bless - ed Re - deem-er, Eas - y Thy yoke and Thy
   Full of re - joic - ing and glo - ry the path-way, Lead - ing, by faith, tho' a
2. Pleas - ant the jour - ney, and full of His glo - ry, March - ing a - long in the
   Sow - ing the seed that shall ri - pen to har-vest, Yield - ing its fruit at the
3. Bright are the man-sions pre - pared in His king-dom, Wait - ing the faith-ful whom
   Where, in the loud hal - le - lu - jahs of an - gels, They shall ex-alt Him a -

1. bur - den light;
   (*Omit.* . . . . .) world of night.
   heav - 'nly way;
   (*Omit.* . . . . .) judg-ment day.
   God shall own,
   (*Omit.* . . . . .) - round the throne!

2. CHORUS.

Glo . . . . . ry I'll sing . . . . . to
Glo - ry I'll sing to Je - sus my King, All

Je - sus my King! By faith in His
glo - ry I'll sing to Je - sus my King! By faith in His love I'll

love I'll meet Him a - bove.
meet Him a - bove, By faith in His love I'll meet Him a - bove.

NO. 119. WE'LL REST AT THE FOUNTAIN.

J. H. S. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. There's a bless-ed fount, flowing 'neath life's tree, We shall rest at the fountain, by and by;
2. There is life for all in that home a - bove, We shall rest at the fountain, by and by;
3. Oh, that wa-ter's life—Christ doth free - ly give, We shall rest at the fountain, by and by;

Fine.

'Tis the fount of life, ev - er flow - ing free, We shall rest at the fountain, by and by.
For the soul there's joy, comfort, peace and love, We shall rest at the fountain, by and by.
On - ly come and drink, freely drink and live, We shall rest at the fountain, by and by.

D. S. We shall rest at the fountain, by and by.

REFRAIN.

Oh, we'll rest at the fount-ain, by and by, Yes, we'll rest at the
by and by

fount-ain, by and by, There, a hap - py band, with our harps in hand,
by and by

D. S.

No. 120. GRACE IS FREE.

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

1. Praise ye the Lord, oh, praise Him ev-'ry na - tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
2. Praise ye the Lord, ye is-lands of the o - cean, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
3. Praise Him all ye peo- ple, praise Him all cre- a - tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!

Jesus hath wrought a won- der- ful sal- va- tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
Come with your hearts over-flow-ing with de- vo - tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
Christ, on the cross, made a free and full ob- la - tion, Grace is free! yes, grace is free!
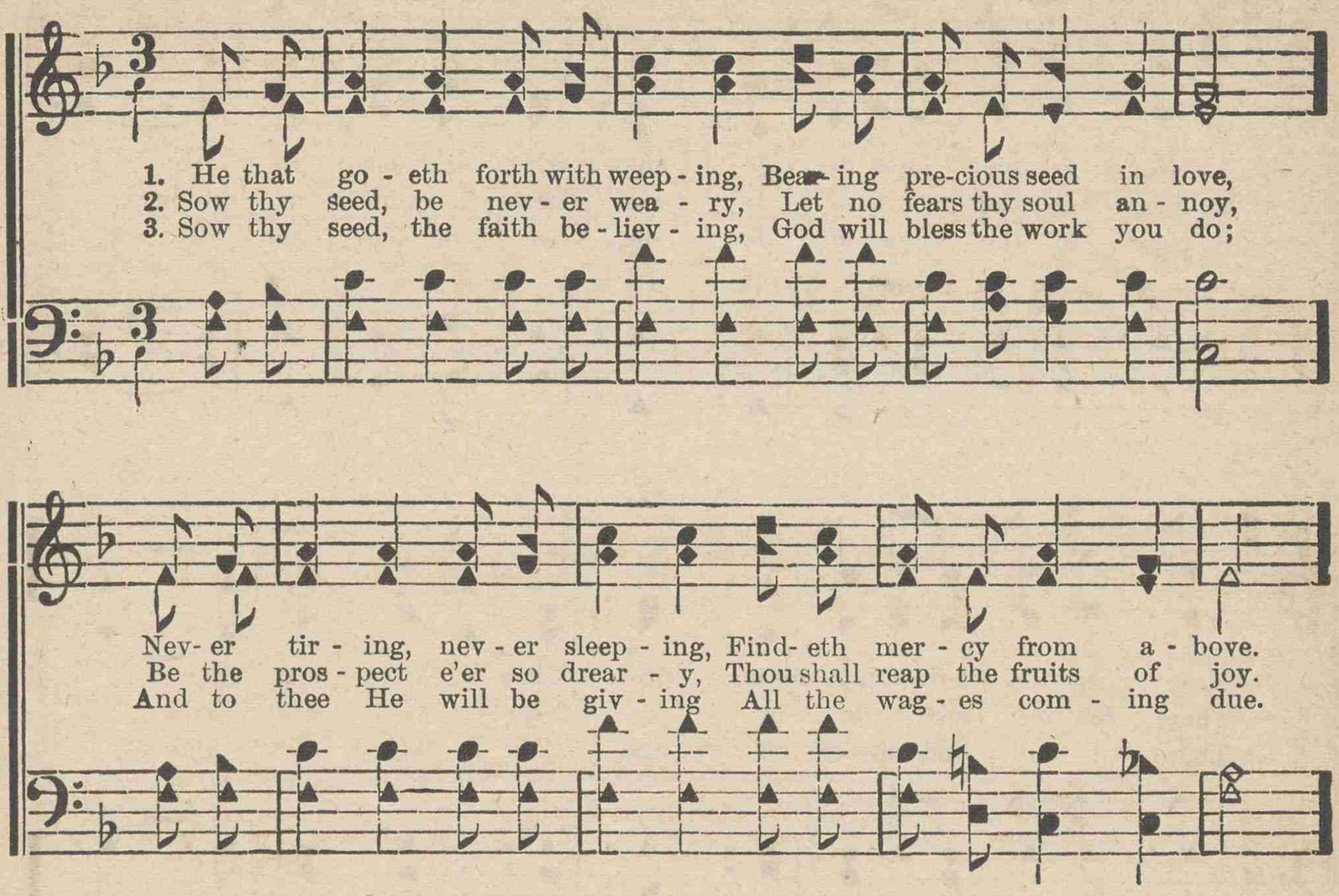
REFRAIN.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has paid the debt for me;

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le- lu - jah! I'm so glad that sal - va-tion's free.

No. 121. HARVEST TIME.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



No. 122. NEARER THE CROSS.

CHARLOTTE ABBEY. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be;
2. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, There I would a - bide;
3. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Let me live and die;

Near - er the flow - ing fount - ain, That cleans - eth me.
There let me rest for - ev - er, Near Je - sus' side.
There I will find sweet ref - uge, And safe - ty nigh.

REFRAIN.

Near - er the cross, near - er the cross, Near - er the cross of

Je - sus, Near - er the flow - ing fount-ain That cleans - eth me.

No. 123. OVER THERE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. In the new Je-ru - sa-lem, O - ver there, With a harp and di - a - dem,
2. We shall rest in E - den bowers, O - ver there, 'Mid the per-fume of the flowers,
3. We shall join the whiterobed band, O - ver there, Gath-ered on the gol-den strand,

O-ver there,

O - ver there, We shall join the an-gel choir, Strike with joy the golden lyre,
O - ver there, And the bloss-oms, fresh and sweet, We shall lay at Je-sus' feet,
O - ver there, (O-ver there,) And in Sa-lem's leaf-y dell, Where the cho-ral anthems swell,

D.S.—We shall join the an-gel choir, Strike with joy the golden lyre,

Fine. REFRAIN.

And shall nev - er, nev - er tire, O - ver there. O - ver there, ...
For His hon - or it is meet, O - ver there.
Shall in peace and un-ion dwell, O - ver there. (O-ver there,) O - ver there, O-ver there,

And shall nev - er, nev - er tire, O - ver there.

D. S.

O - ver there, ... We shall sing and nev-er tire, O - ver there,
O - ver there, O-ver there, We shall sing and nev-er tire, O - ver there, O-ver there,

No. 124. GALILEE.

JAS. A. SELL. W. K. FRANKLIN.

1. My heart goes out to Gal - i - lee, A- long its shores I fain would be,
2. E'en while the waves were run - ing high, To them He spake: "Fear not, 'tis I;"
3. Blest Sa - viour, come, say "peace be still," Row our frail bark to Zi - ons hill,
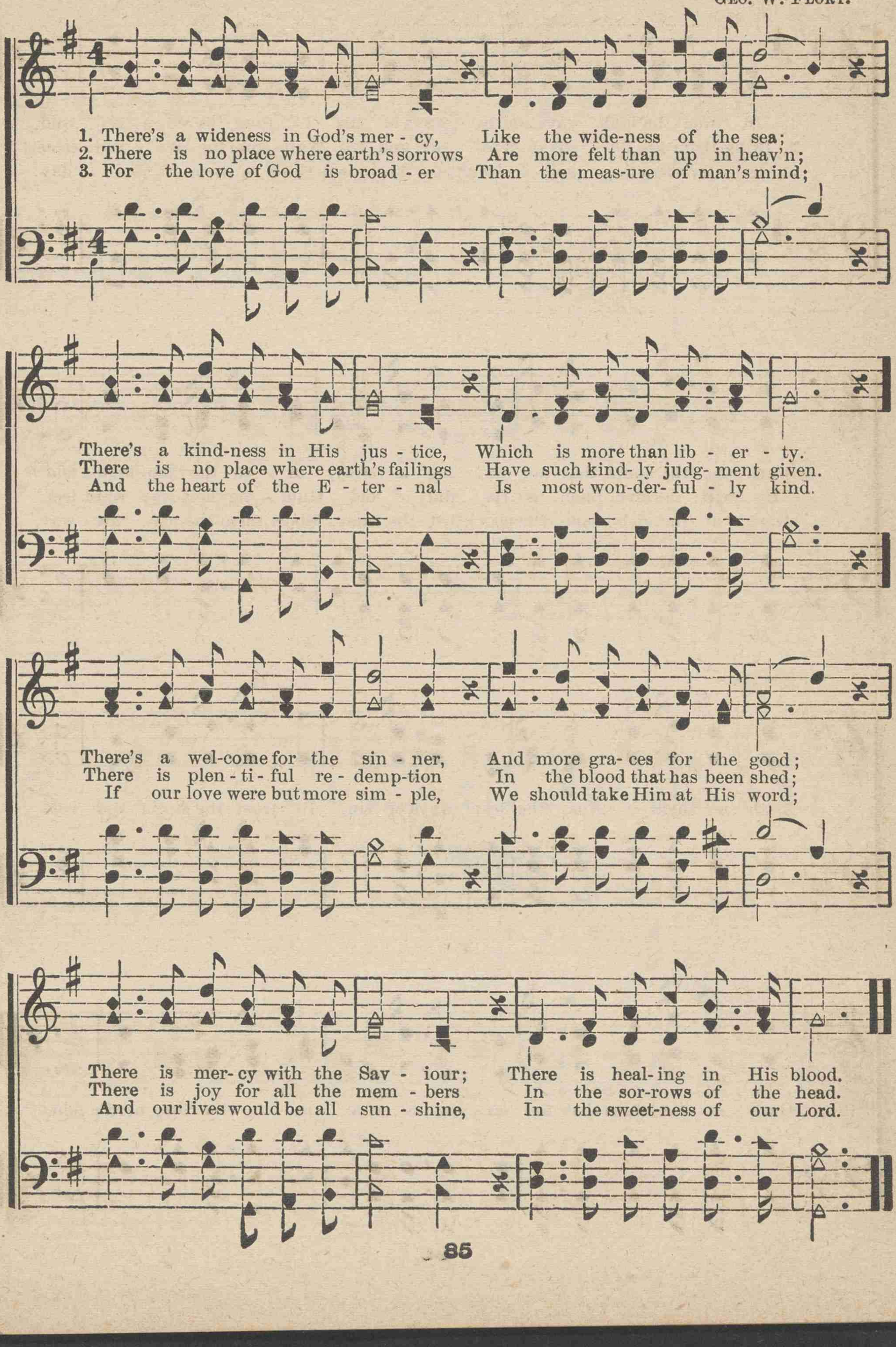
Right on its breast the sore distress'd, In mer - cy met the Sa - viour bless'd,
The night is dark, we're on a sea, And hea - vy waves roll wild and free,
Oh, in that land of peace and rest, We'll praise thy name with all the blest,

CHORUS.

Dear Sa - viour come while on the sea, And still the storm, speak peace to me,
Re - move my fear, and all my dread, And say "Tis I, be not a - fraid."

No. 125. THE WIDENESS OF GOD'S MERCY.

GEO. W. FLORY.



No. 126. GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

Words Arranged. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. In from the high - ways and by - ways of sin, In from the storm and cold,
2. Bring them to Je - sus from pal - ace and cot, Waifs from the lane and street;
3. Gath - er them in, jew - els bright for his crown; Gath- er them in to - day;

Gath - er the lambs that are go - ing a - stray, In - to the Shep-herd's fold.
He will re-ceive them as He did of old, Guid - ing their way- ward feet.
Gath - er the rich and the poor just the same, Show them the nar - row way.
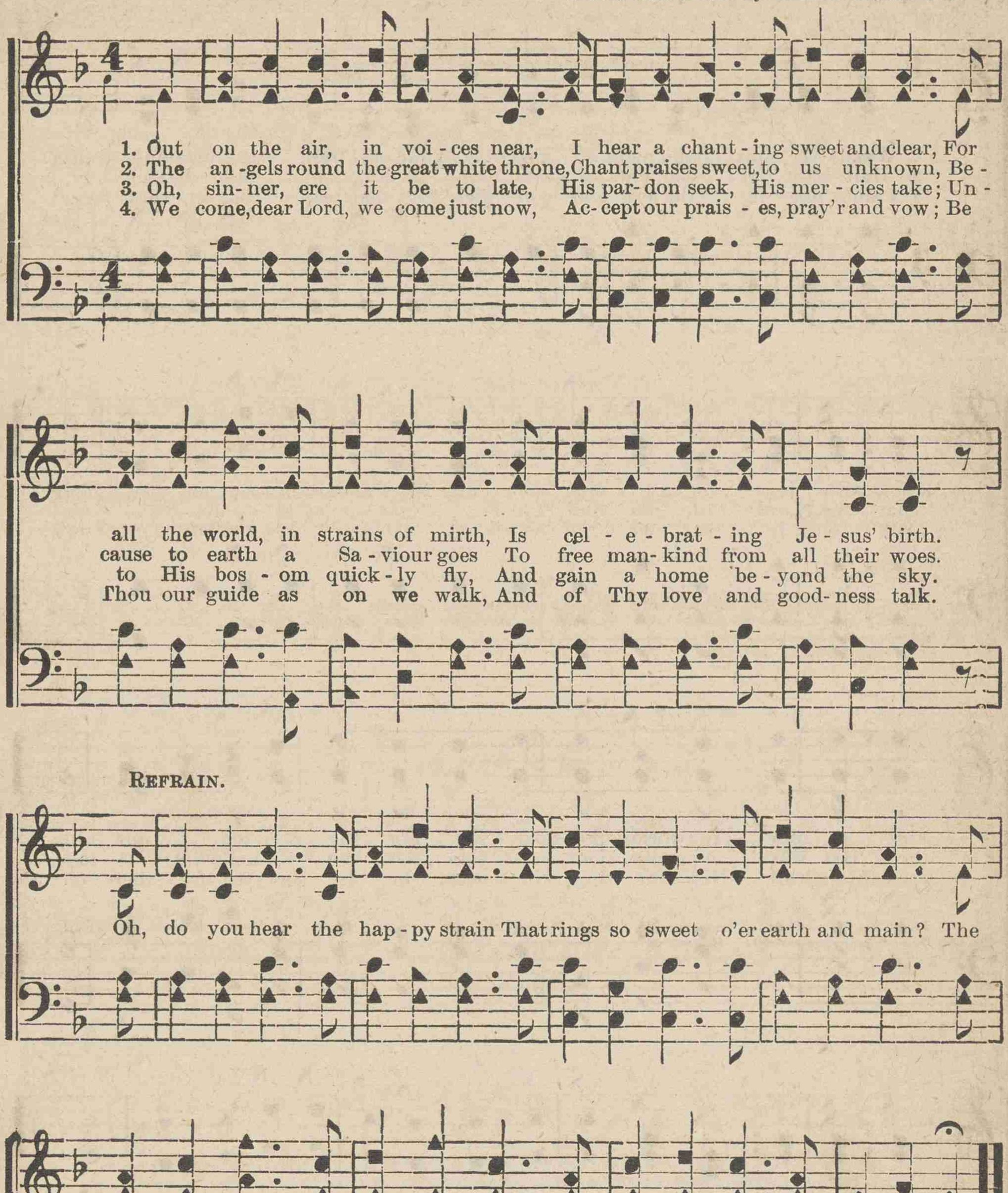
REFRAIN.

Gath - er them in from the by - ways of sin, In from the storm and cold;

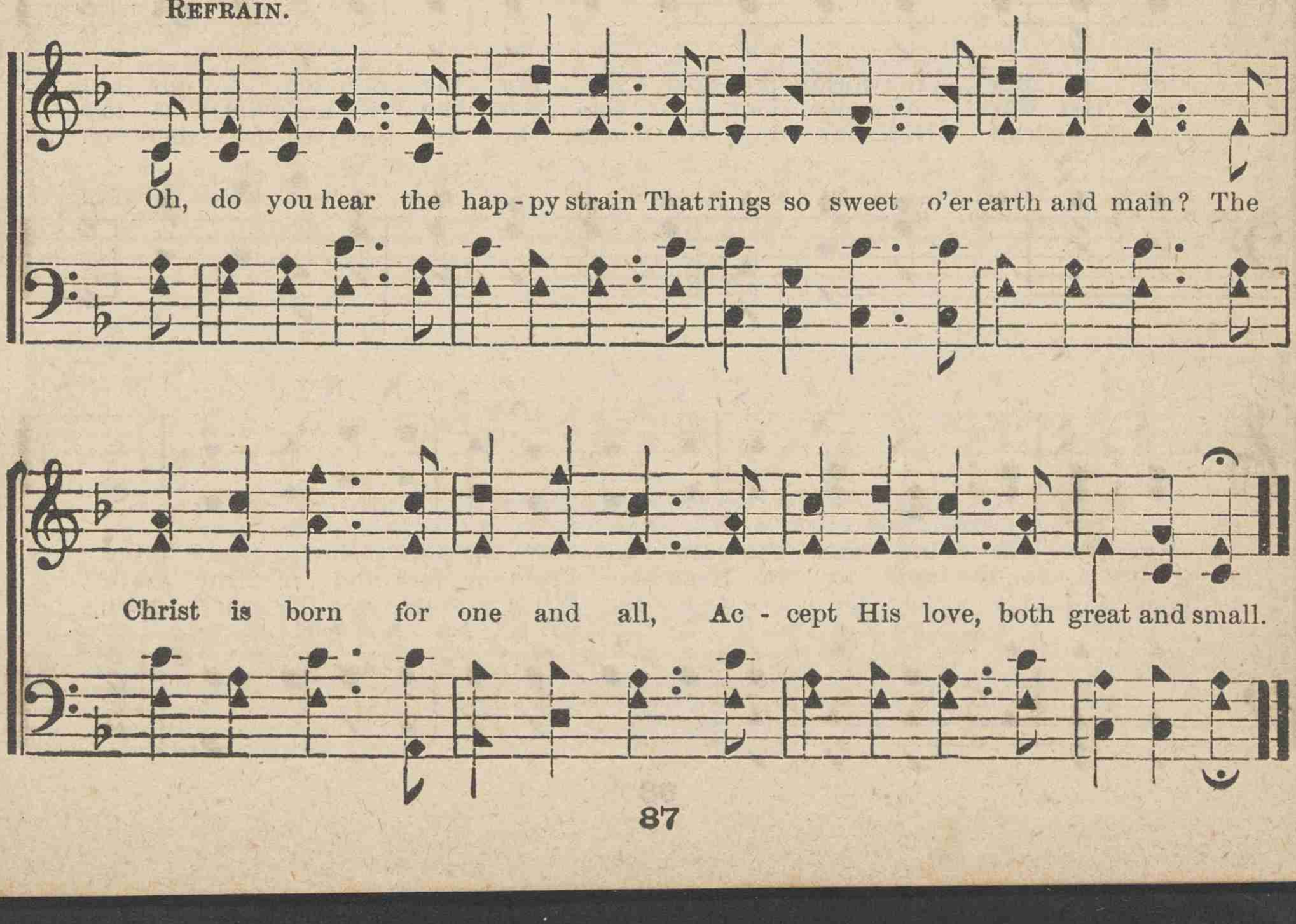
Gath - er the lambs that are go - ing a - stray, In - to the Shep-herd's fold.

No. 127. CHRIST IS BORN.

Words and Music by GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



REFRAIN.



No. 128. CHRIST IS COMING.

Rev. Frank Pollock. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

With vigor.

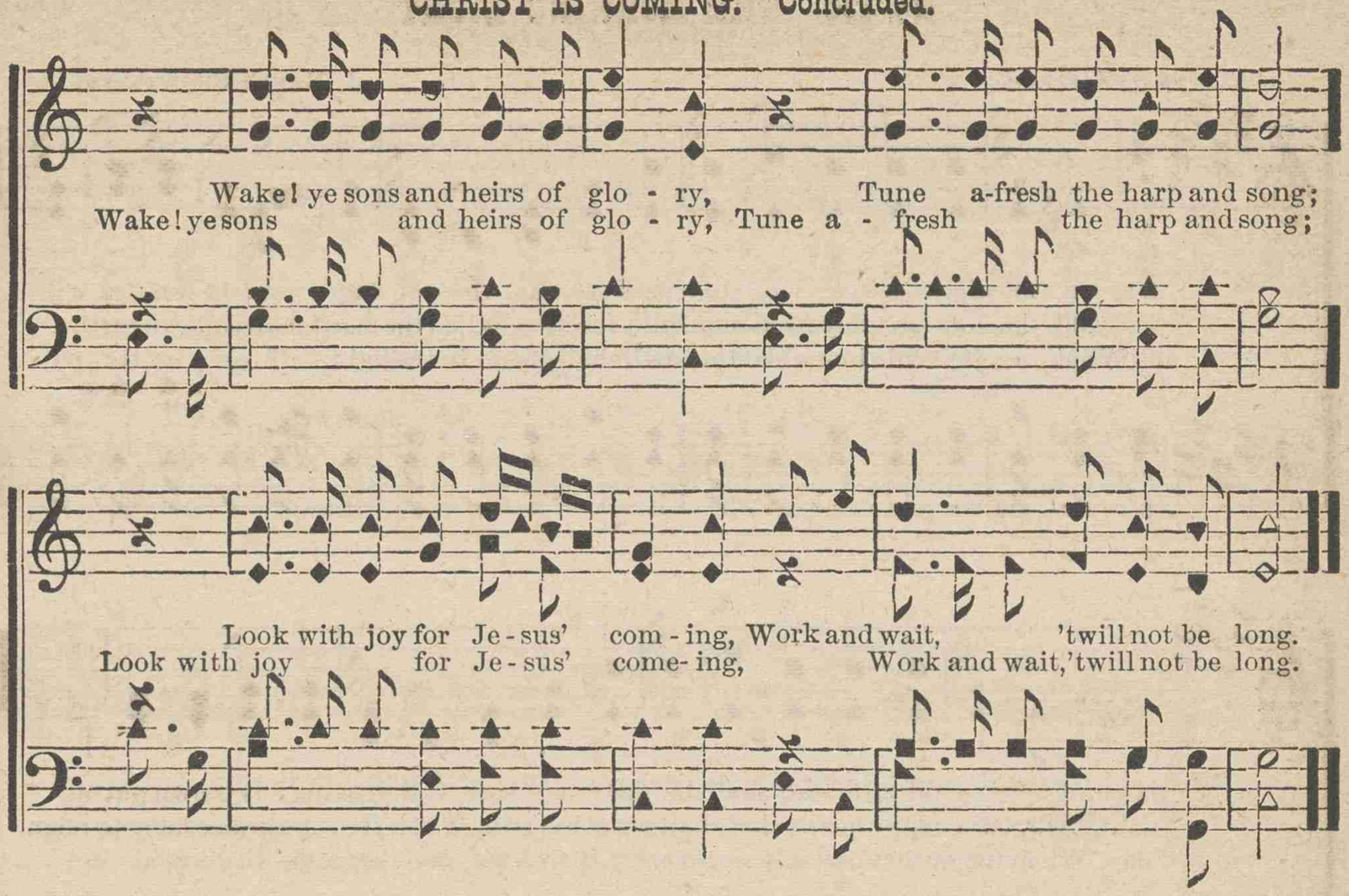
1. Wake! ye sons and heirs of glo - ry, Tune a - fresh the harp and song;
2. Hail! blest day! the news is spread - ing, Ti-dings to the na-tions fly,
3. Faint not in the toil and con - flict, They shall reap that on-ward go,

Look with joy for Je - sus' com - ing, Work and wait, 'twill not be long.
That the Lord of life and glo - ry Came to earth to live and die;
Look to Je - sus as your help - er, All your tri - als He doth know.

Fast - er now the worlds' pre - par - ing, For the com- ing of our king,
Gave His life a pre - cious ran - som For the sin-ner's life to save,
Trust through all His lov - ing kind - ness; It is bet - ter far - ther on;

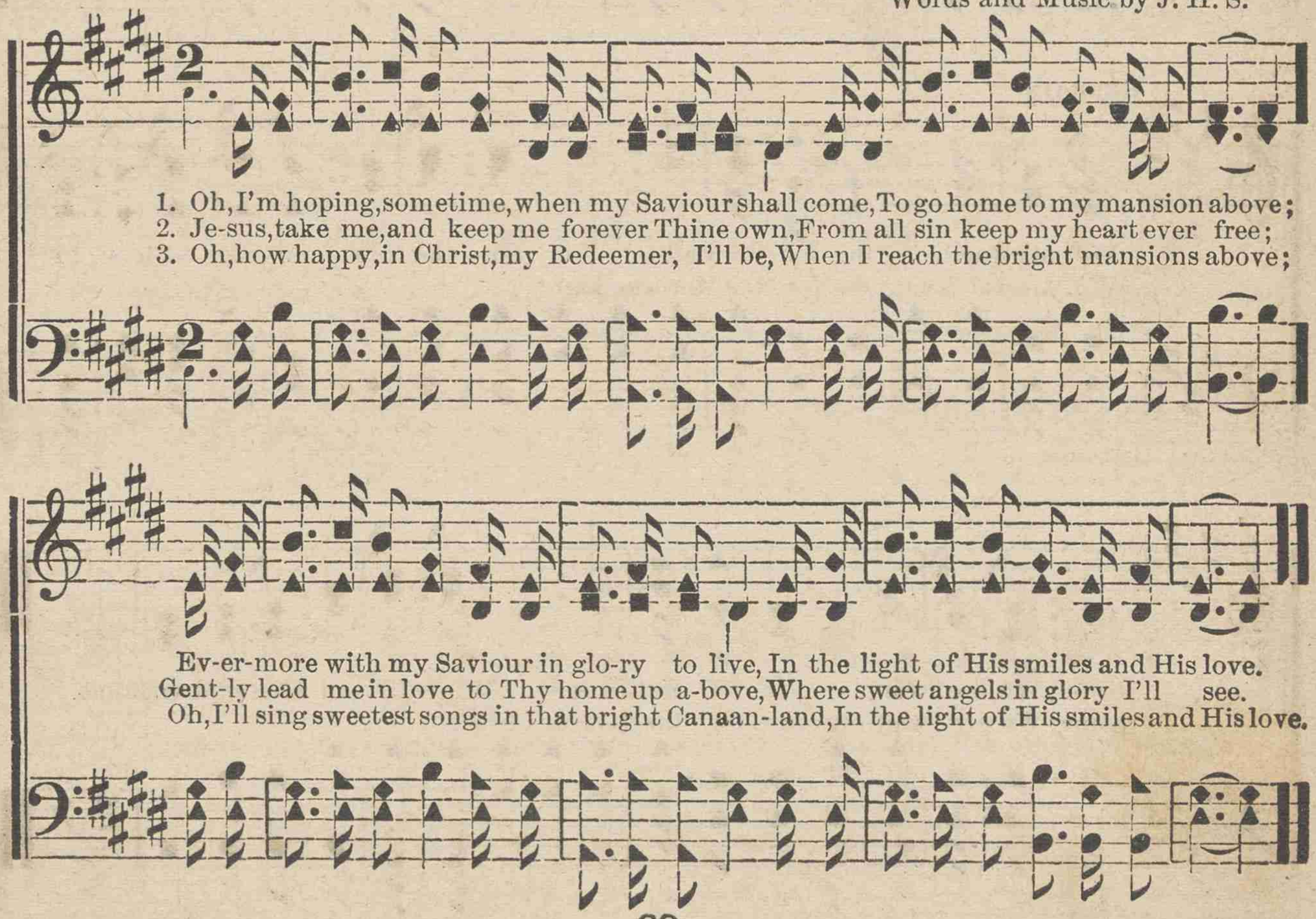
By the sow - ing and the reap - ing, By the sheaves the har - vests bring.
Rose tri- umph - ant to the Heav - ens, From the dark and si - lent grave.
Look with joy for Je - sus' com - ing, When e - ter - nal life shall dawn.

CHRIST IS COMING. Concluded.



No. 129. THE CHILD'S HOPE IN CHRIST.

Words and Music by J. H. S.



No. 130. THE MORNING LIGHT.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Oh, the night of Time soon shall pass a - way, And the hap - py gold - en day will dawn, When the pil-grim staff shall be laid a - side, And the king - ly crown put on.
2. Oh, the hap- py day that shall gild the hills, When the Lord shall come to earth a - gain, Oh, the happy hearts that shall welcome Him, When He comes once more to reign.
3. What a joy- ful time when the earth shall gleam In the light of an e - ter - nal day, When the saints shall sing unto Christ, their King, In the gold - en glad ar - ray.

REFRAIN.

We are watch - ing for the Light, For the New Je - ru - sa-lem to come; We are wait - ing for the Christ, Who will call His children home.
We are watching now for the Morning Light, We are wait-ing still for the Saviour, Christ,

No. 131. MY HOME ABOVE.

LOUSIA E. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. I love to think of my home a- bove, In the glo-rious realms of light, Of the
2. I love to think of my home a- bove, Of that pure and ho - ly clime, Where the
3. I love to think of my home a- bove, Of the an - gel forms so bright, Of the

pearl - y gates and the gol- den streets, In that land where there is no night.
sor-rows of earth can nev - er come, But e - ter - nal joys will be mine.
bless - ed ones there a-round the throne, In the land of pure de - light.

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home! Hap-py home, sweet home! Oh! say, will you
Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! Home, sweet home! Happy home, sweet home!

meet me there, In that home a- bove, where all is love, And joys be- yond compare.

No. 132. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

Words and Music by J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. When our pil - grim-age is o'er, And we reach the oth - er shore, And our
2. When be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We will meet the loved ones gone, In that
3. There we'll see the Sa-viour's face, In that bright and hap - py place, And His

robes and crowns we'll wear, by and by; This the thought that comes to me, Born on
land so bright and fair, o - ver there; They are sing - ing songs of love, In that
glo - ry we shall share, by and by; Far be -yond this mor - tal sight, Shines a

wings from o'er the sea, Shall we know each oth - er there, by and by?
home pre-pared a - bove, Shall we know each oth - er there, by and by?
bright and gol - den light, And we'll know each oth - er there, by and by?

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll know each oth - er there, In that home so bright and fair, Yes, we'll

know each oth - er there, by and by; 'Tis a glo-rious thought to me,

In that home be-yond the sea, We shall know each oth-er there, by and by.

No. 133. BELMONT. C. M.

From MOZART.

1. My God, my Fa - ther,—bliss - ful name,—O may I call Thee mine!
2. This on - ly can my fears con-trol, And bid my sor - rows fly;
3. What e'er Thy prov - i - dence de-nies, I calm-ly would re - sign;
4. What e'er Thy sa - cred will or - dains. O give me strength to bear!

May I with sweet as - sur - ance claim A por - tion so di - vine.
What harm can ev - er reach my soul, Be - neath my Fa - ther's eye.
For Thou art good, and just, and wise; O bend my will to Thine!
And let me know my Fa - ther reigns, And trust His ten - der care.

No. 134. THE ROCK OF SAFETY.

FRANK M. DAVIS. S. J. PERRY.

1. I am cling- ing to the Rock of safe - ty, Bless- ed Rock that saves my soul;
2. I am cling- ing to the Rock of safe - ty, 'Tis a ref- uge sweet and blest;
3. I am cling- ing to the Rock of safe - ty, Let what- ev - er may be - tide;

I am trust- ing in the dear Re-deem - er, Tho' the bil - lows round me roll.
With the ev - er- last- ing arms a - round me, I have joy and per - fect rest.
In that cleft which for the world was riv - en, I will ev - er- more a - bide.

CHORUS.

I am clinging to the Rock, (yes,) clinging to the Rock, Tho' the billows round me roll;

I can stand the tempest's shock, (while) clinging to the Rock, Rock of safe-ty to my soul.

No. 135. SOMETHING I WOULD TELL YOU.

E. R. LATTA. S. E. DUNCAN.

1. I have some-thing I would tell you, That 'tis ve - ry sweet to know!
2. I have some-thing I would tell you, That is old, and yet, 'tis new!
3. I have some-thing I would tell you, Of the ag - o - ny He felt,
4. I have some-thing I would tell you, Of the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied!

'Tis a- bout the in - fant Sav - iour, Born to save the world from woe!
How the Sav - iour preached sal - va - tion, When He in - to man-hood grew!
Then He prayed the cup, might pass Him, As in gar - den, drear, He knelt!
How, for you and me, He suf- fered—How, for sin - ners, lost, He died!

CHORUS.

I have some-thing I would tell you, Of a crown up - on the brow,

And a place a- mong the an - gels! Do you want to hear it now?

No. 136. JUST OVER THE RIVER.

ROBT. SPURGIN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the
2. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, The cit - y that
3. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er, I'm told is the

cit - y of God; Its gates are of pearl and its streets are of gold
know-eth no night; It need - eth no sun, neith - er need - eth the moon,
cit - y of God; Where the feet of His chil - dren its streets of pure gold

And by glo - ri - fied be - ings they're trod; And Je - sus, my Sa-viour, has
For the glo - ry of God is its light. In that cit - y are lov'd ones a -
Shall for - ev - er in ec - sta - cy trod; For Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has

gone to that cit - y, A place for His own to pre - pare;
wait - ing my com - ing, Ex - pect - ant they stand on the shore;
gone to that cit - y, A place for His own to pre - pare;

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In the house of the Fa - ther the man-sions are ma - ny, And one is a -
O when shall I en - ter my man-sion in heav - en, A pil - grim to
In the house of the Fa - ther the man-sions are man - y, And one is a -

REFRAIN.

wait - ing me there. Just o - - - ver the riv - - - er,
roam nev - er more.
wait - ing me there. Just o - ver the riv - er, just o - ver the riv - er,

That beau - ti - ful cit - y I see; Just o - - - ver the
That beau - ti - ful cit - y I see; And Je - sus, my Sav-iour, has

riv - - - er, A place in that cit - y for me.
gone to make read - y, A place in that cit - y for me.

No. 137. WORK TO-DAY FOR JESUS.

T. W. DENNINGTON. J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. Who will la - bor for the Mas - ter? Who will hear His call to - day?
2. La - bor on, and fal - ter nev - er, Strive some oth- er souls to win:
3. Help some stum- bling, fainting broth- er, Who has heav - y griefs to bear;

Who will glad - ly reap the har - vest? Who will now the call o - bey.
Lead them gent - ly to the Sav - iour, From the des - ert paths of sin.
There's a glo - rious har-vest wait - ing For the faith- ful ones to share.

CHORUS.

Come, come, work to- day for Je - sus, White the har- vest, look around, a- bout thee;
Come, come, come, come,

Come, come, work to- day for Je - sus, Pre - cious souls thy hire shall be.
Come, come, come, come,

No. 138. SALVATION IS FREE.

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

1. Ma - ny sweet words in the Bi - ble I find, But sweet- est of all is sal -
2. Sin - ner, O why will you long - er de- lay? Your Sav- iour is call - ing and
3. Come with-out mon- ey, the Bi - ble hath said, And take this sal - va- tion that's
4. When I get home to that beau- ti - ful land; And when in His king-dom my

va - tion is free; Je - sus has suf - fered for all man-kind, And
bid - ing you come; Je - sus is wait - ing to bless you to - day, And
of - fered to thee; Je - sus has suf- fered, His blood He has shed, For
Sav - iour I see; With the bright an - gels in glo - ry I'll stand, And

REFRAIN.

purchased re-demption for you and for me.
give you a place in His heav-en - ly home.
sin and transgression He died on the tree.
still will be sing- ing Sal- va- tion is free.

} I am so glad sal- va - tion is

1. 2.

free, Sal - va- tion is free, sal - va- tion is free; for you and for me.

No. 139. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS. "Thy work shall be rewarded."—Jer. 31: 16. Dr. WM. MILLER.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

No. 140. HE LOVES ME. C. M.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov- 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut His glo - ries in;
4. Thus might I hide my blush- ing 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 un- known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When God's own Son was cru - ci - fied, For man the creat- ure's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank- ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

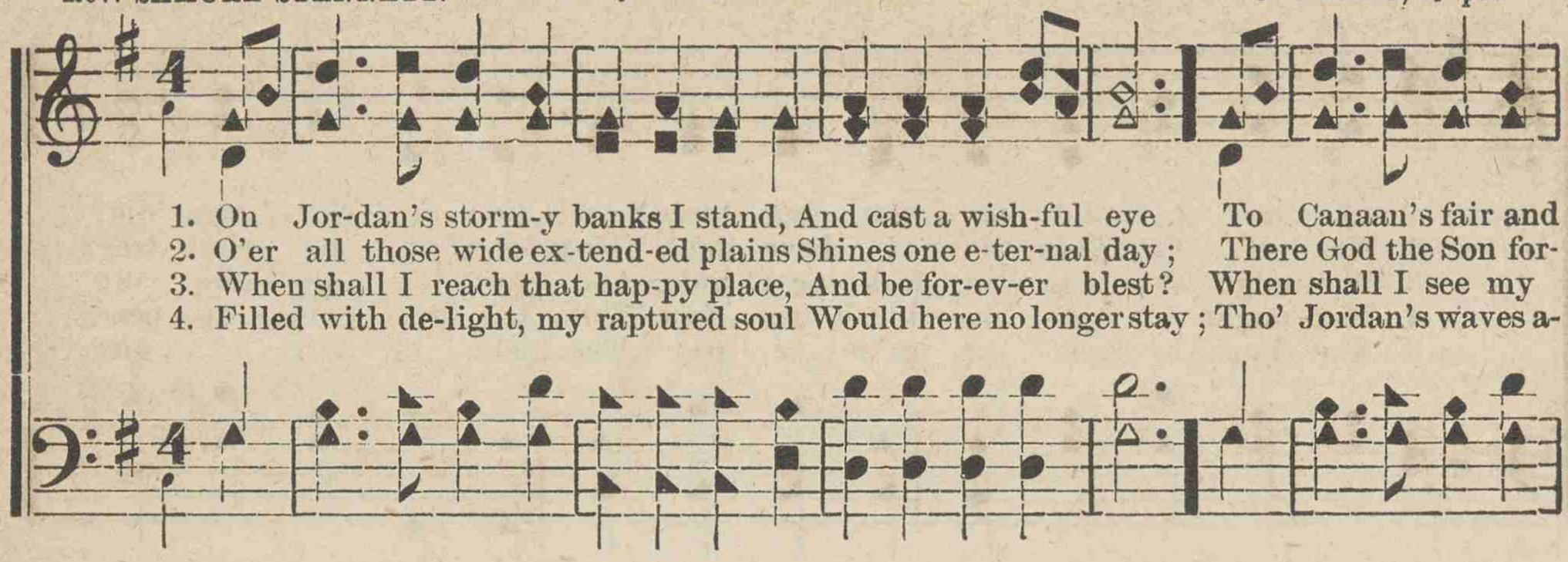
CHORUS.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me this I know, (I know,)

He gave Him - self to die for me, Be- cause He loves me so.
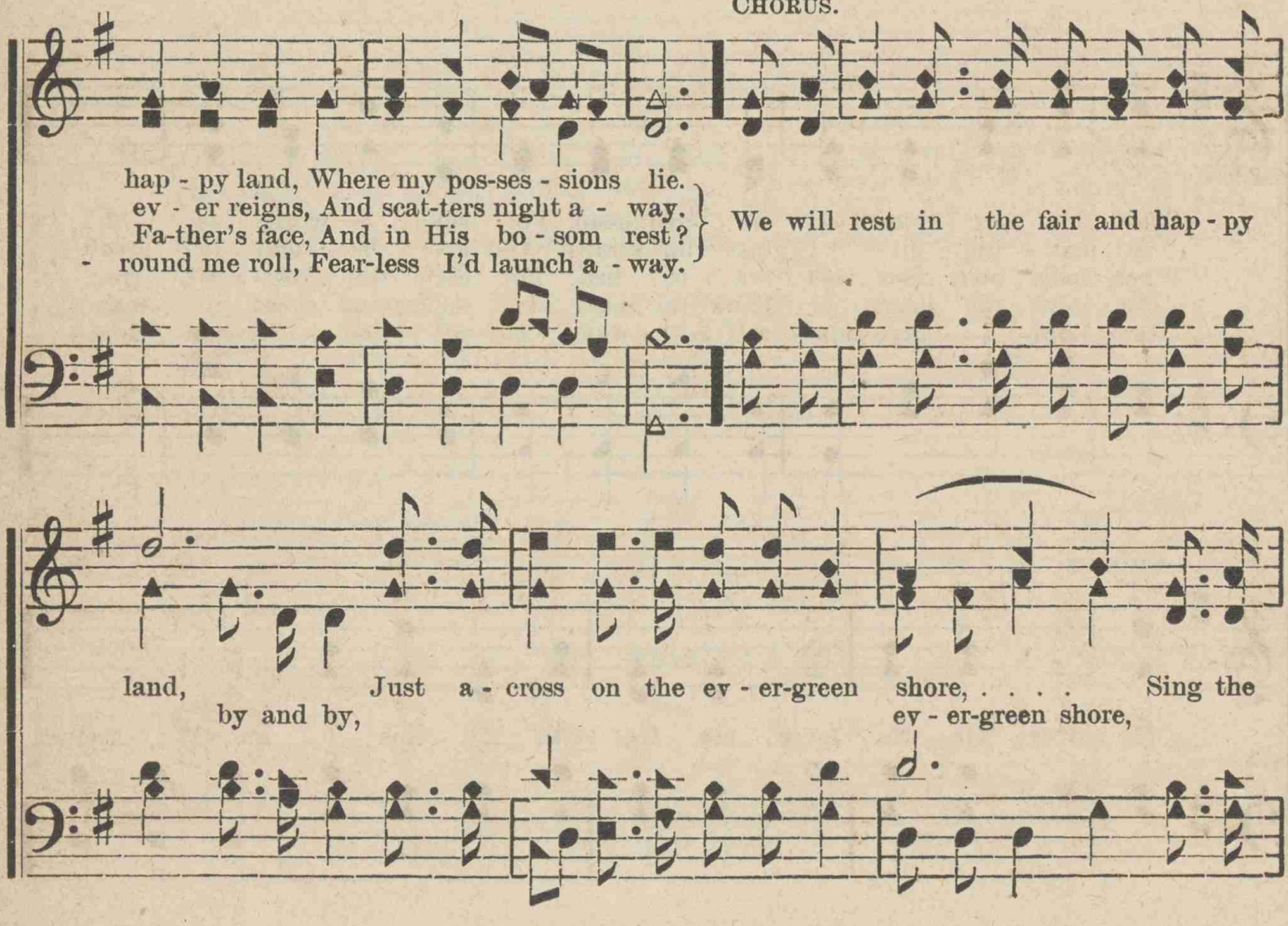
No. 141. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT. "Thine eyes shall behold the land"—ISA. 33: 17. T. C. O'KANE, by per.



1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye To Canaan's fair and
2. O'er all those wide ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day; There God the Son for-
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest? When shall I see my
4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Tho' Jordan's waves a-

CHORUS.



hap - py land, Where my pos-ses - sions lie.
ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.
Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?
- round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a - way.

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, by and by, Just a - cross on the ev - er-green shore, ... Sing the ev - er-green shore, song of Mo-ses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.

No. 142. SAVIOUR, HEAR ME NOW.

Words and Music by Miss SARAH C. LEATHERMAN.

1. Oh Sav - iour from Thy throne a- bove, Hear Thou my hum - ble prayer,
2. Di - rect my foot - steps day by day, Wher - ev - er I may be,
3. Cleanse Thou my soul from se - cret sin, And from cor-rupt de - sires,
4. And when at last the time draws nigh, That I must pass a - way,

Help me to walk with Thee in love, And in Thy grace to share.
That all I do and all I say, May be to hon - or Thee.
That I Thy love and praise may win, Through all the pass - ing hours.
Oh, take me home to Thee on high, To live through end - less day.

CHORUS.

Oh, Sav - iour, hear me, hear me now, And love me more and more,

Low at Thy feet I hum - bly bow Thy pres - ence to im - plore.

No. 143. NEARING THE PORT.

Rev. W. T. DALE. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. I am near - ing the port, I will soon be at home, And the
2. I am near - ing the port, for the land is in sight, And the
3. I am near - ing the port, I will soon be at rest, I will
4. I am near - ing the port, see the bless - ed have come, And are
5. When I've an - chored in port, and have reached the bright strand, And the
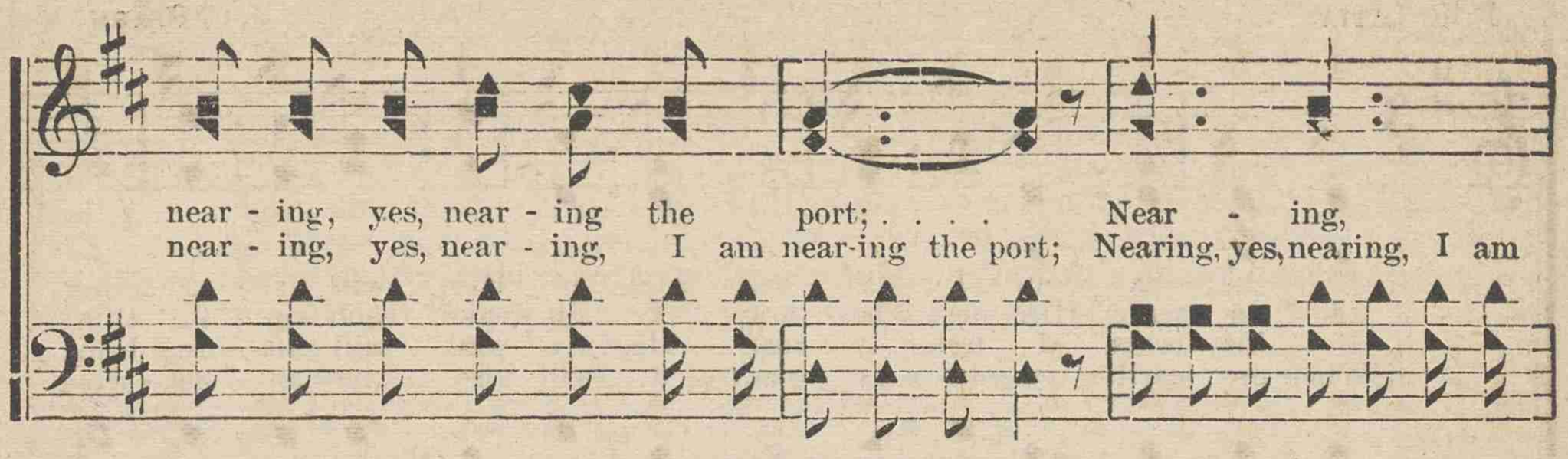
voyage of my life will be o'er; And be- neath the high arch - es of
mount - ains in grand - eur are seen; And the land-scape of E - den I
an - chor at peace on the strand; I will stand on the shore 'mid the
gath - 'ring a - long on the shore; Now they watch to re - ceive me and
tem - pests of life are all past, With my Sav - iour I'll dwell in that
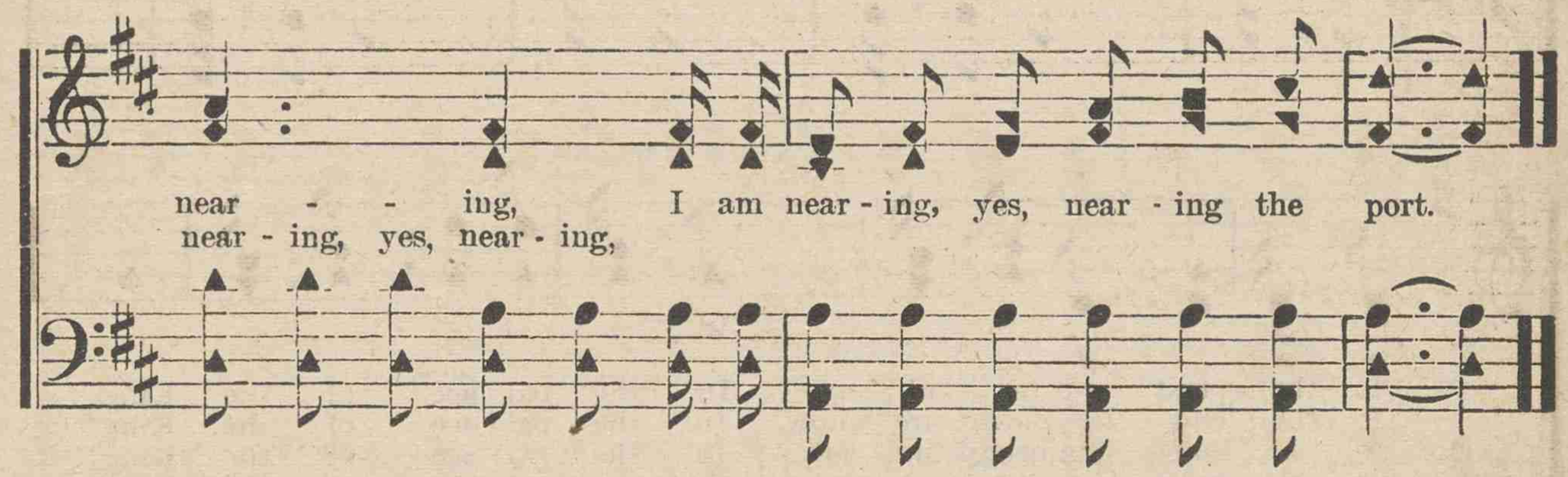
heav - en's bright dome I shall dwell with my friends gone be - fore.
hail with de - light, And the plains that are cov - ered with green.
throng of the blest, I will dwell in that beau - ti - ful land.
wel- come me home, Where we'll part nev - er, no, nev - er - more.
beau - ti - ful land, While with rapt - ure I shout, "home at last!"

REFRAIN.

I am near - - ing, yes, near - - ing, I am
I am near - ing, yes, near - ing, I am near - ing the port; I am

NEARING THE PORT. Concluded.

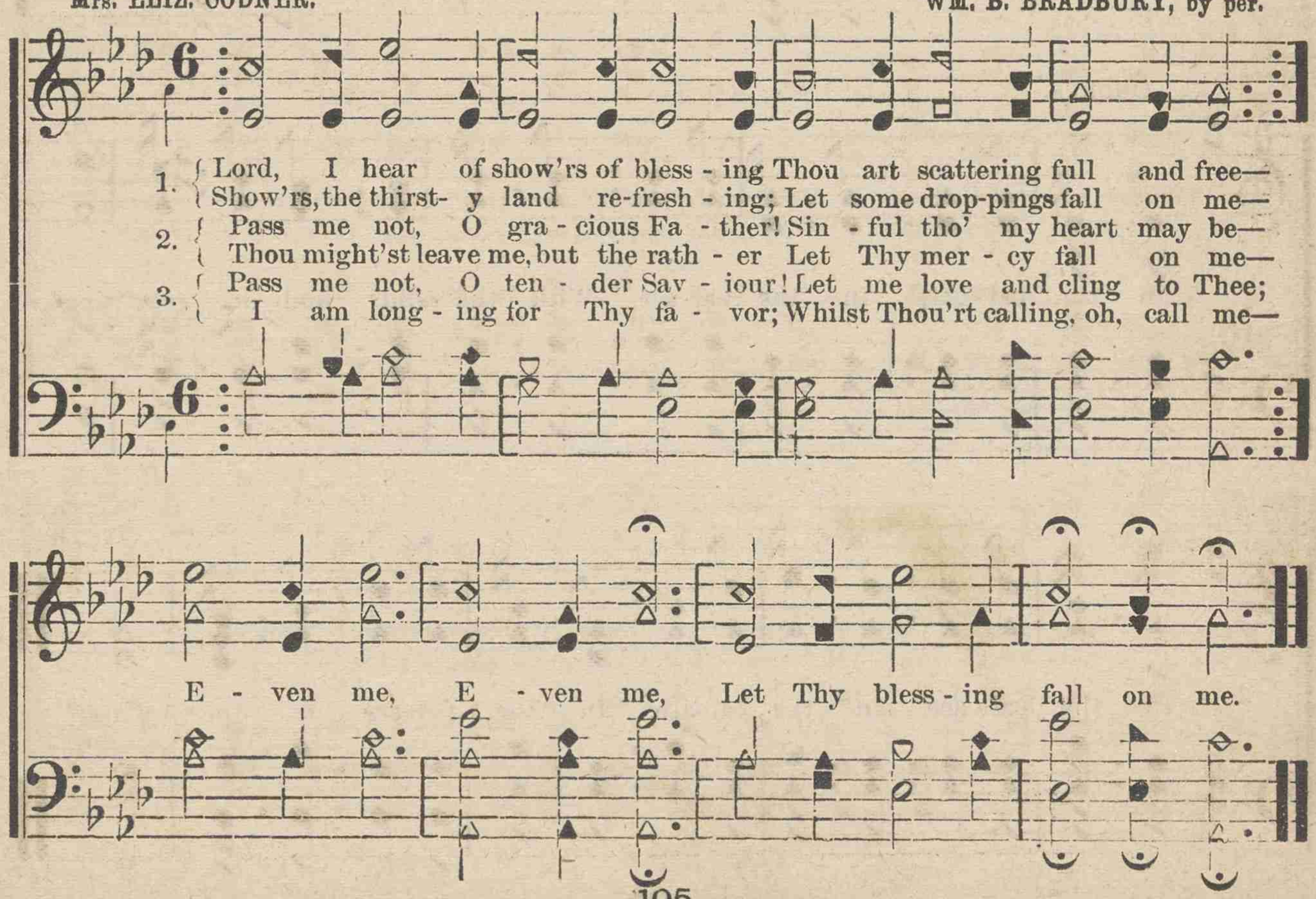




No. 144. EVEN ME.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—Gen. 27: 38.

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



No. 145. IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.

E. R. LATTA. J. C. BEAHM.

1. If the Sa - viour's I will be, And, to Him, will ev - er cling,
2. If to serve Him, here be - low, I for - sake each sin - ful thing,
3. If his cross, I free - ly bear, He, my soul, will safe - ly bring
4. When my earth - ly stay is o'er, I will rise on an - gel - wing,

I shall spend e - ter - ni - ty, In the pal - ace of the King!
I shall end - less pleas - ure know, In the pal - ace of the King!
To a man - sion, bright, and fair, In the pal - ace of the King!
To a - bide, for - ev - er more, In the pal - ace of the King!

CHORUS.

In the pal - ace, in the pal - ace, With the saints and an - gels, sing!

In the pal - ace, in the pal - ace, In the pal - ace of the King!

No. 146. GOD IS LOVE. 8s. & 7s.

Sir. JOHN BOWRING. 1825. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright- ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem - eth, Will His change-less goodness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin- eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens, God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er, God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth, God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.

REFRAIN.

O the love where-with He loved us, That His on - ly Son He gave,
O the love where-with He loved us, That His on - ly Son He gave,

To make known His love un - to us, And to ran-som from the grave.
To make known His love un- to us,

No. 147. WE SHALL MEET EACH OTHER THERE.

(To my Aunt, ESTHER HOLSINGER.)

Words and Music by GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. We shall meet each oth - er there, O - ver there, o - ver there,
2. Sis - ters shall their broth - ers see, O - ver there, o - ver there,
3. Pas - tors there their flocks shall find, O - ver there, o - ver there,
4. We shall be with Je - sus there, O - ver there, o - ver there,
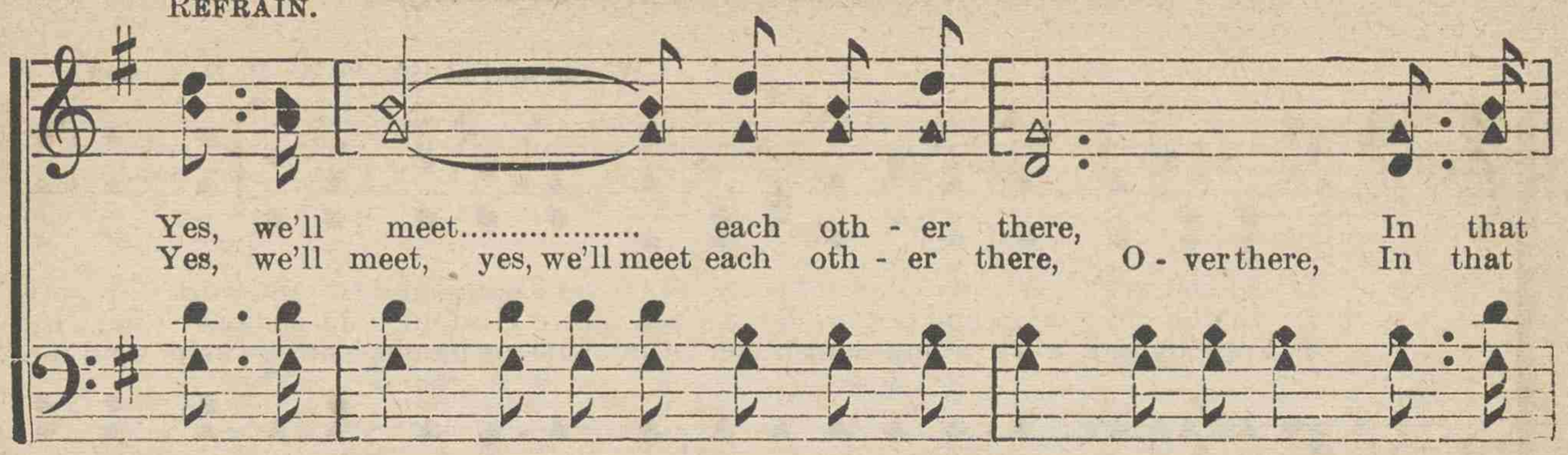
In that glo - ry - world so fair, World so fair, o - ver there.
Broth - ers shall with sis - ters be, In that home, o - ver there.
Joy and love their hearts shall bind, Hearts shall bind, o - ver there.
And His like - ness we shall bear, We shall bear, o - ver there;
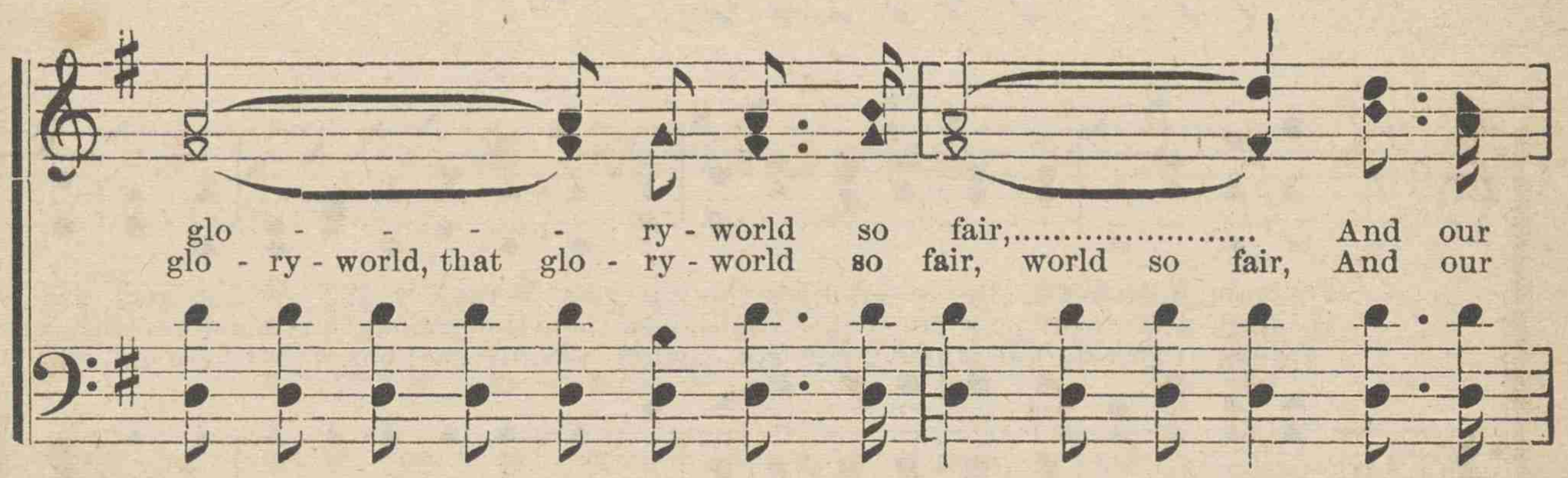
We shall know each oth - er there, O - ver there, o - ver there,
Pa - rents shall each oth - er greet, O - ver there, o - ver there,
Oh, that we may meet them there, O - ver there, o - ver there,
He will wipe all tears a - way, O - ver there, o - ver there,
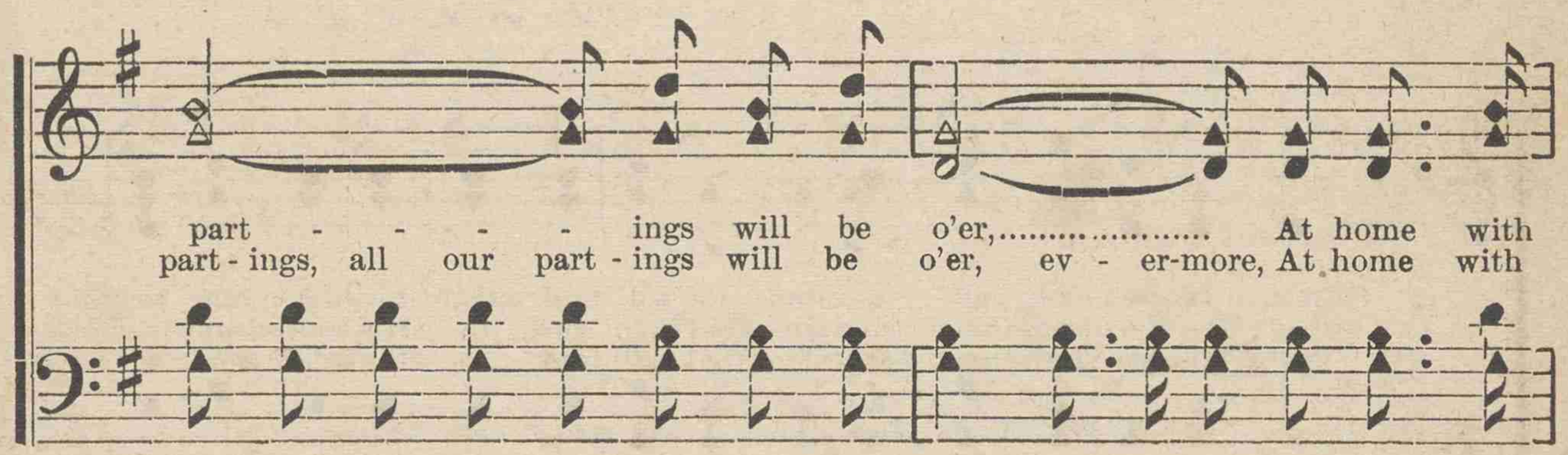
Know our loved ones gone be - fore, Gone be - fore, o - ver there.
Oh, what joy when dear ones meet, Dear ones meet, o - ver there.
And in all their glo - ry share, Glo - ry share, o - ver there.
When we dwell in end - less day, End - less day, o - ver there.
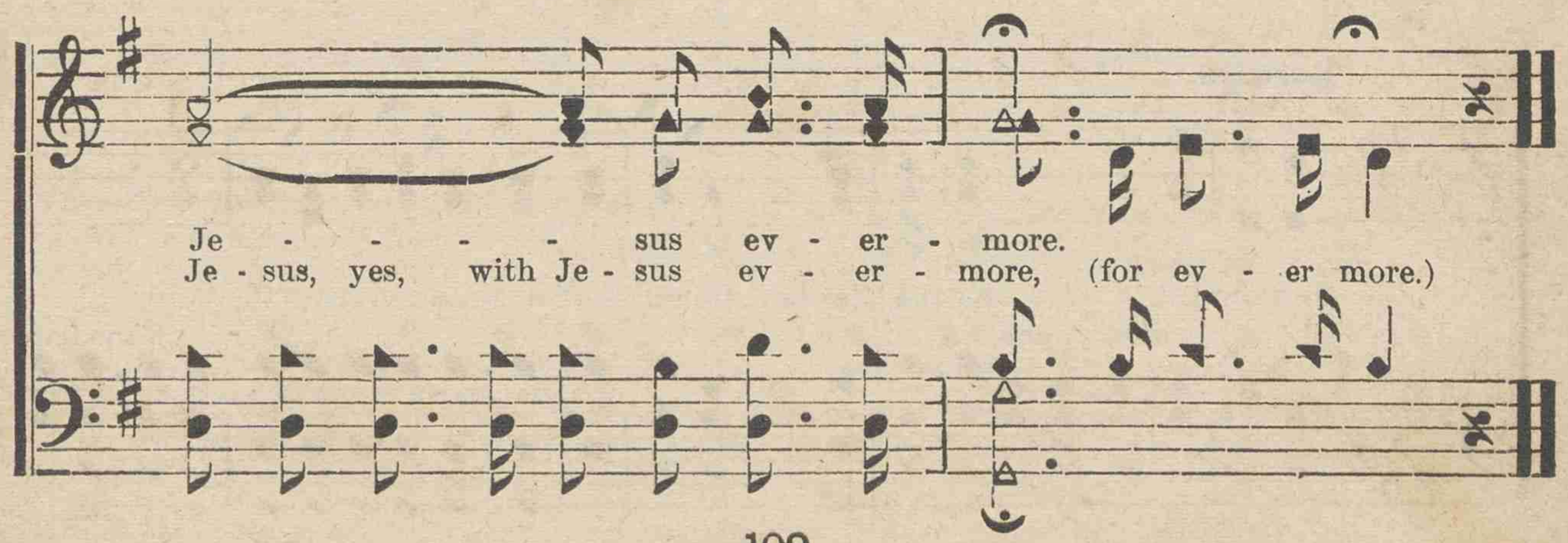
WE SHALL MEET EACH OTHER THERE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.
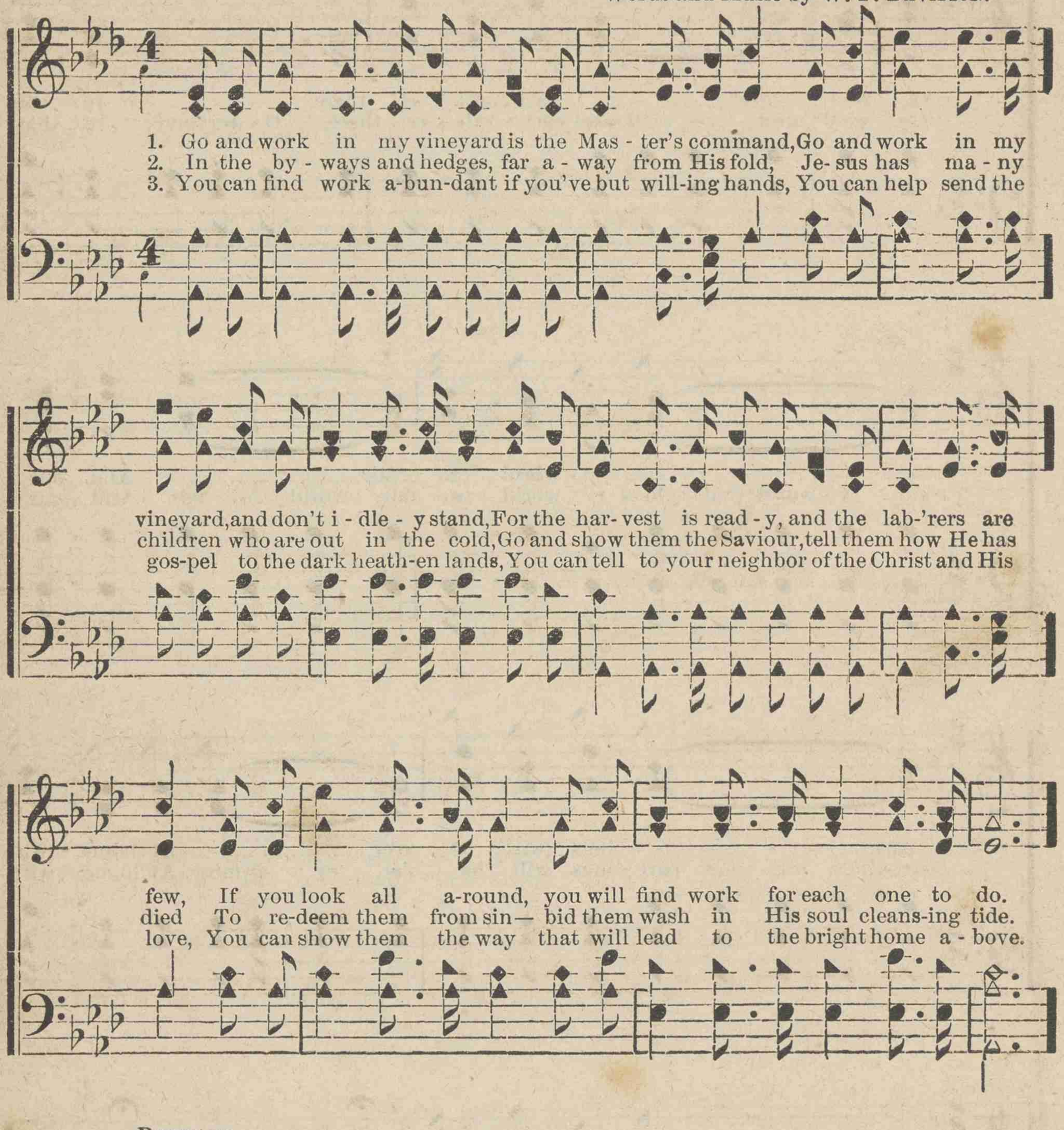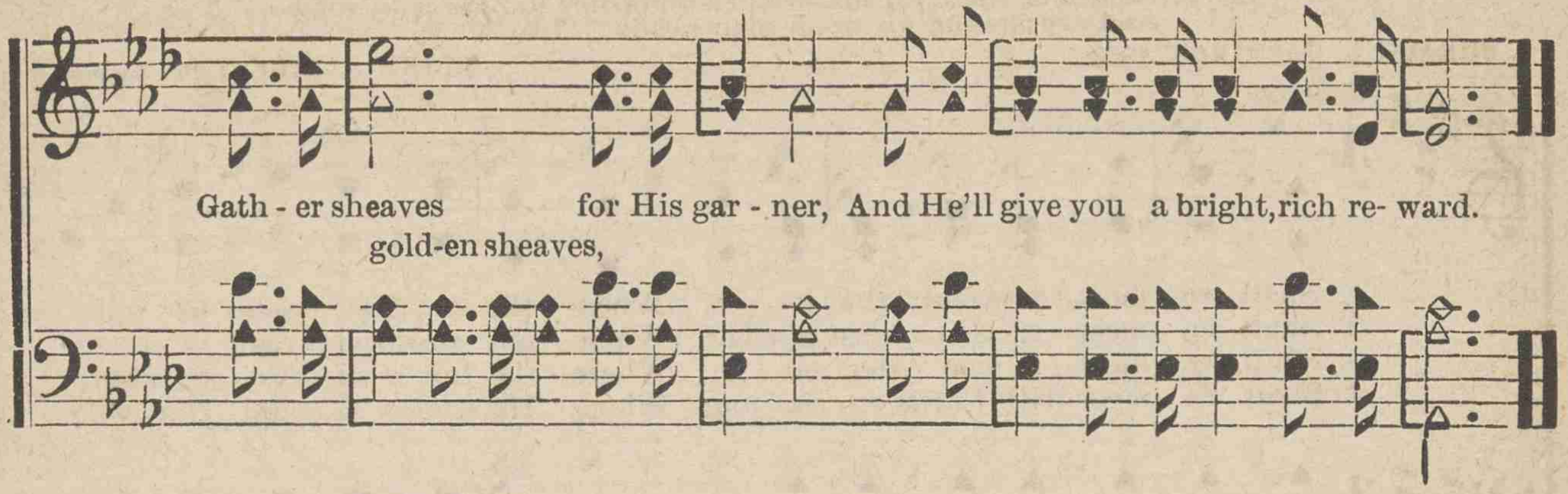








No. 148. GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

Words and Music by W. P. DAVIDSON.

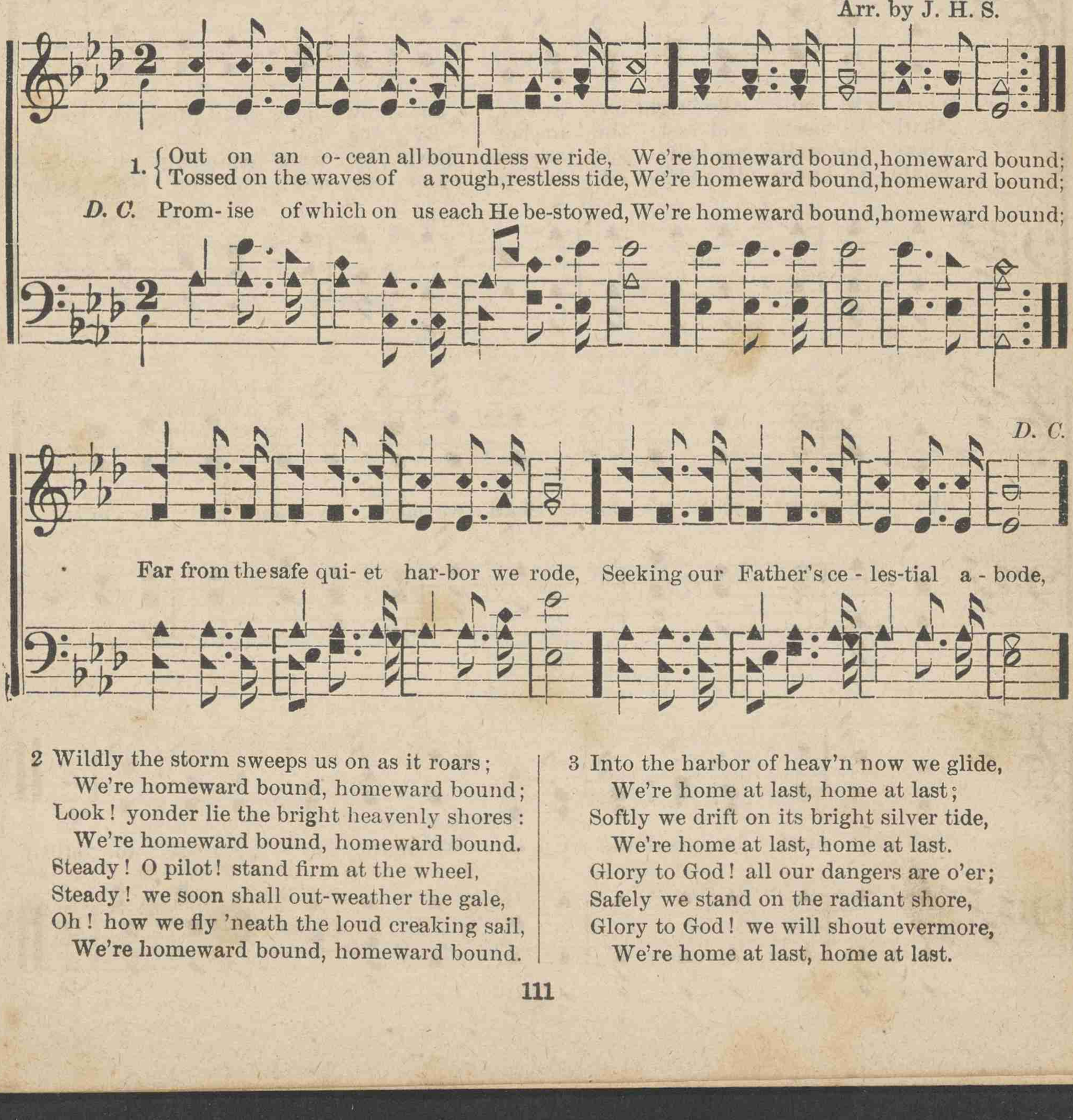


GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD. Concluded.



No. 149. HOMEWARD BOUND.

Arr. by J. H. S.



2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores:
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale,
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heav'n now we glide,
We're home at last, home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last, home at last.
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
Safely we stand on the radiant shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last, home at last.

NO. 150. SHALL WE MEET?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 30: 10.

HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1858. ELIHU S. RICE, 1866, by per.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav-iour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man-ship di - vine?—
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

No. 151. GOD BE WITH YOU!

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

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

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain !— By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain !—'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain !—When life's per-ils thick con-found you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain !—Keep love's ban-ner float-ing o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you ; God be with you till we meet a - gain !
Dai - ly man-na still pro - vide you ; God be with you till we meet a - gain !
Put His lov - ing arms a - round you ; God be with you till we meet a - gain !
Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you ; God be with you till we meet a - gain !

CHORUS.

Till we meet! . . . . Till we meet! Till we meet at
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

Je - sus' feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet!

By per. of J. E. Rankin.

No. 152. ALL TO THEE.

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

1. Sav-iour may we give our hearts to Thee,
2. Thou did'st give Thy-self that we might be
3. When we've cross'd death's dark and stormy sea,

All to Thee, all to Thee;
all to Thee, all to Thee;

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

All to Thee, ... yes, all to Thee.
All to Thee, yes, all to Thee.

CHORUS.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee;
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee, yes, all to Thee,

All to Thee, all to Thee, all to Thee, yes all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 'tis all to Thee.

From "Class, Choir and Congregation," by per. of The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 153. BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

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

1. Beau - ti - ful Riv - er, once, in vis - ion, seen, Shad-ed by rich foli- age ev - er green,
2. Beau - ti - ful Riv - er, stream of life, so pure, We shall gain the shore if we en- dure!
3. Beau - ti - ful Riv - er, from the throne of God, What a countless host, thy banks have trod.

Hard by thy mar-gin, doth temples stand, Where the saints have come from ev- 'ry land.
Dear ones are wait-ing, by the crys- tal wave, And, no death is, where thy wa - ters lave!
Ev - er our footsteps, tow'rd thy margin, tend! Blessed tho't, our wand'rings there shall end!

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful Riv - er, we, by faith can see, What a hap - py Ca- naan ours shall be!

Beau - ti - ful Riv - er, we, by faith, can see What a hap - py Ca- naan ours shall be!

No. 154. THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

REV. J. K. ALWOOD. (MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO.) J. F. KINSEY, by per.

Moderato.
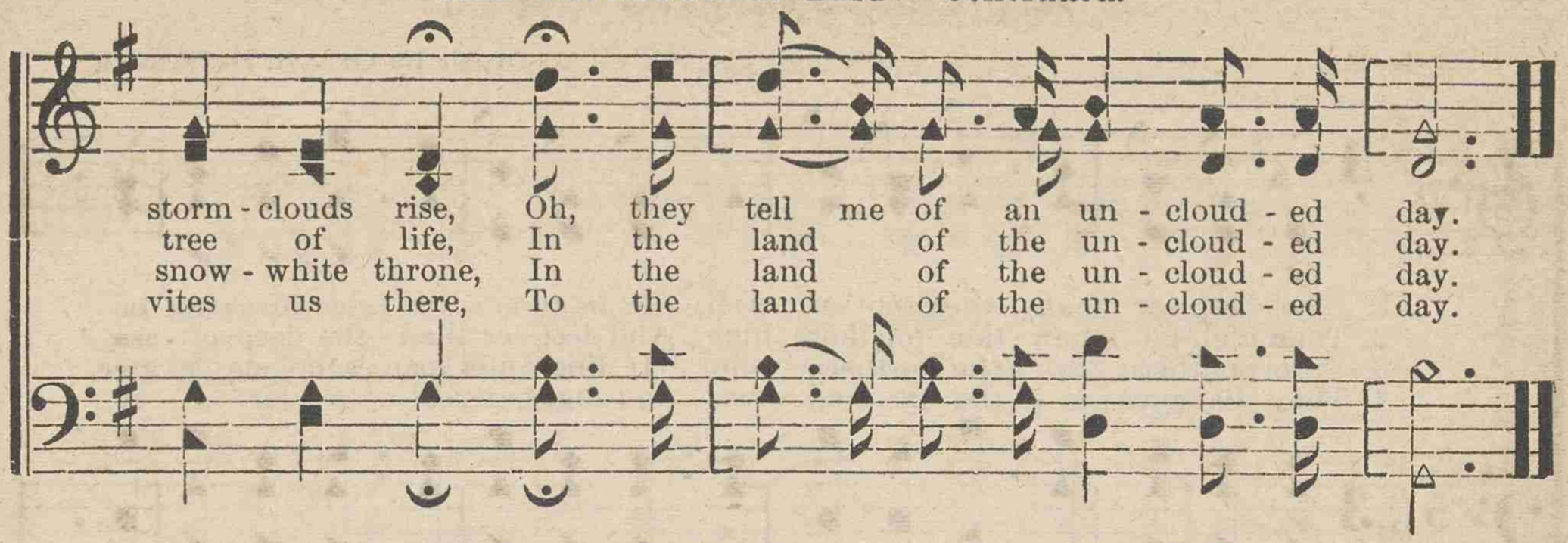
1. Oh, they tell me of a home far be- yond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of a
3. Oh, they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they tell me that mine
4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His smile drives their

home far a - way; Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm - clouds rise,
land far a - way; Where the tree of life in e- ter - nal bloom
eyes shall be- hold Where He sits on the throne that is whit- er than snow,
sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain,

Oh, they tell me of an un- cloud-ed day; Oh, the land of cloud-less day,
Sheds its fra-grance thro' the un-clouded day; Oh, the land of cloud-less day,
In the ci - ty that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see,
In that love- ly land of un- cloud-ed day; Oh, that land of love - ly smiles,
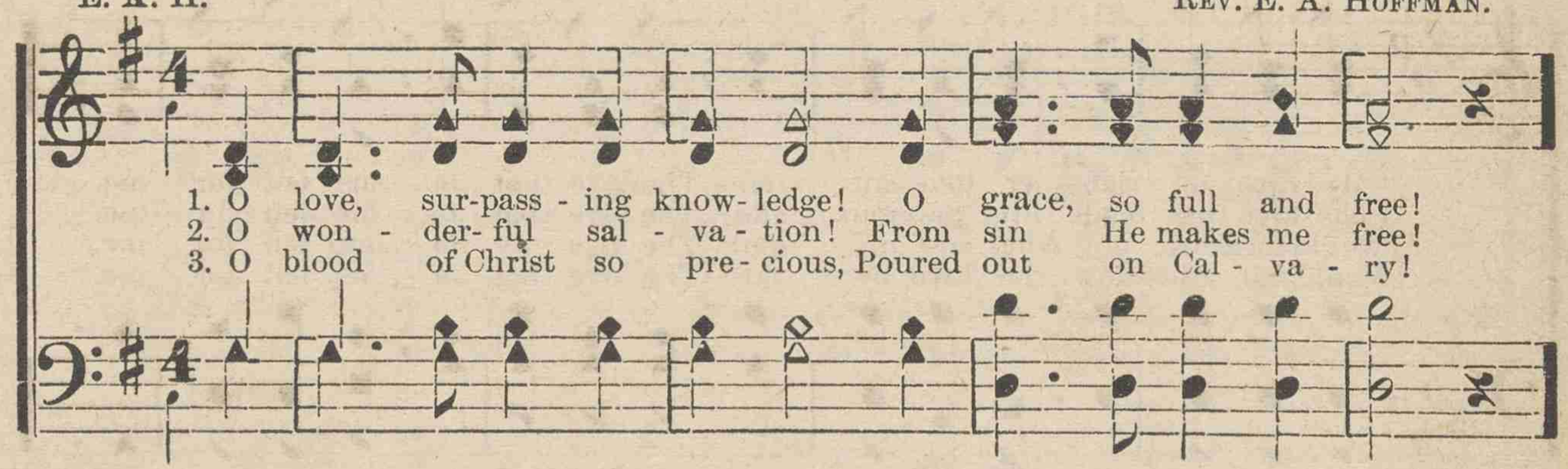
Oh, the land of an un- cloud- ed sky; Oh, they tell me of a home where no
Oh, the land of an un- cloud- ed sky; Oh, they tell me of my friends by the
Oh, the land of an un- cloud- ed sky; Oh, they tell me of the King on His
Oh, the smiles of His love- beam-ing eye; Oh, the King in His beau - ty in -

THE UNCLOUDED DAY. Concluded.
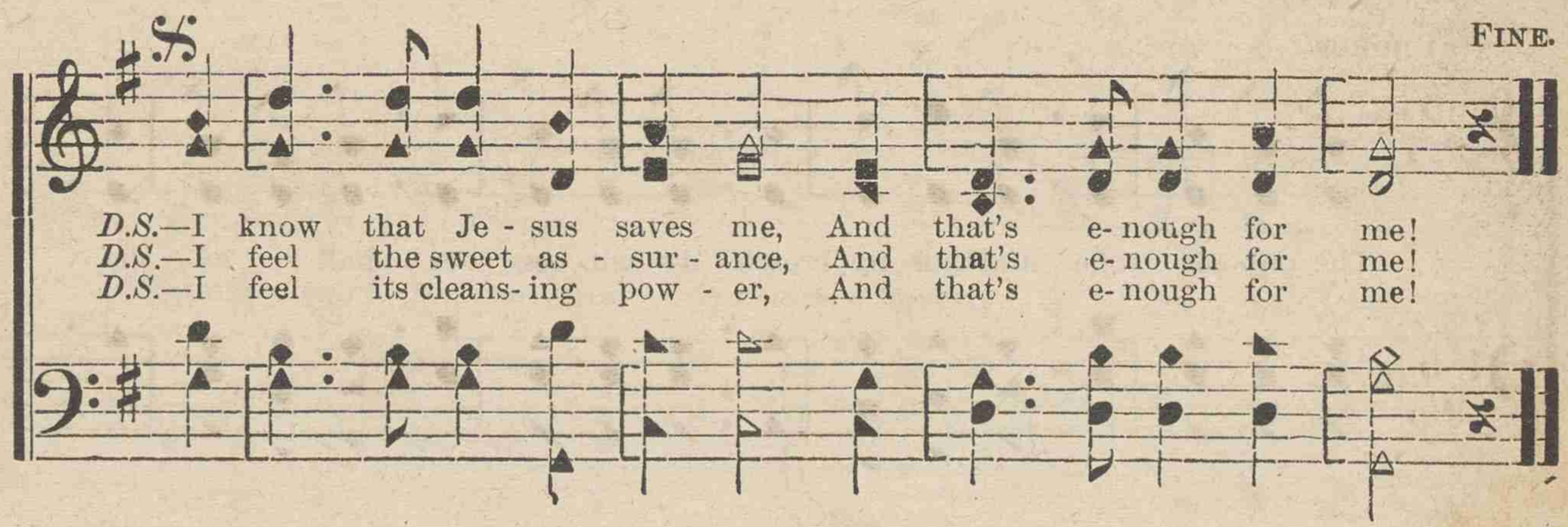


NO. 155. ENOUGH FOR ME.

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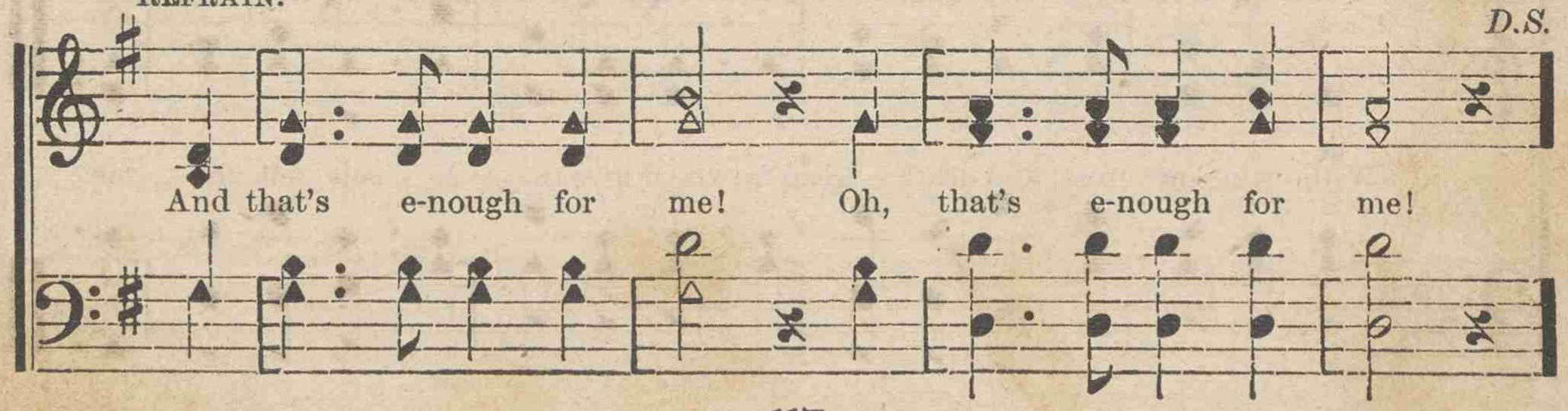


FINE.



REFRAIN.

D.S.



No. 156. THE LOVE THAT JESUS FELT FOR ME.

E. R. LATTA. Music by GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Tho' deep-er than the deep-est well, A moth-er's Ten-der love may be
2. Than high-est moun-tain-top, more high, And deep-er than the deep-est sea,
3. From Southern, to the Northern, pole, If line could span each wide de-gree,
4. The dis-tance to the far-thest star, And aught, ex-cept e-ter-ni-ty,

My lips, a rich-er love, can-tell— The love that Je-sus felt for me.
The love that made my Sa-viour die— The love that Je-sus felt for me.
'Twould measure not, what cost my soul—The love my Sa-viour felt for me.
Would fail to show the love by far— The love that Je-sus felt for me.
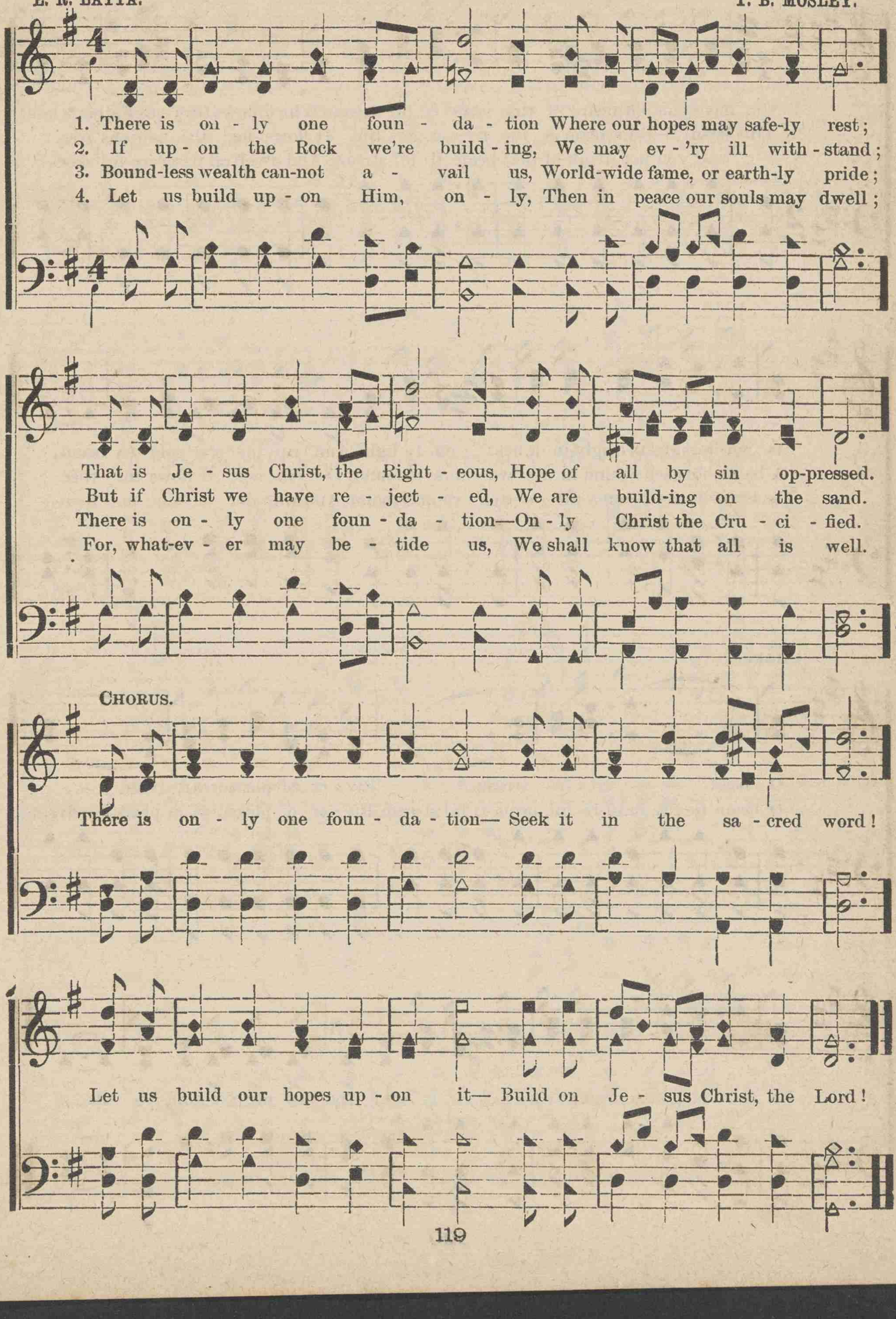
CHORUS.

The pur-ple robe and thor-ny crown, My wit-ness-es, shall ev-er be,
With crim-son cross, and death's dread frown, Of love that Je-sus felt for me.

No. 157. ONLY ONE FOUNDATION.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ"—1 Cor. 3: 11.
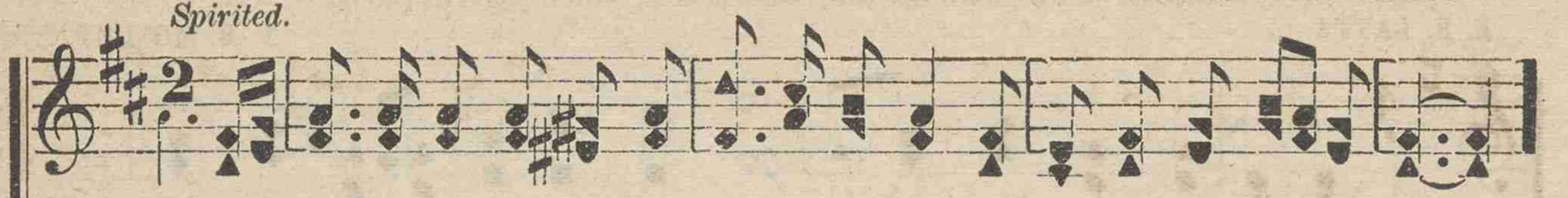
E. R. LATTA. T. B. MOSLEY.
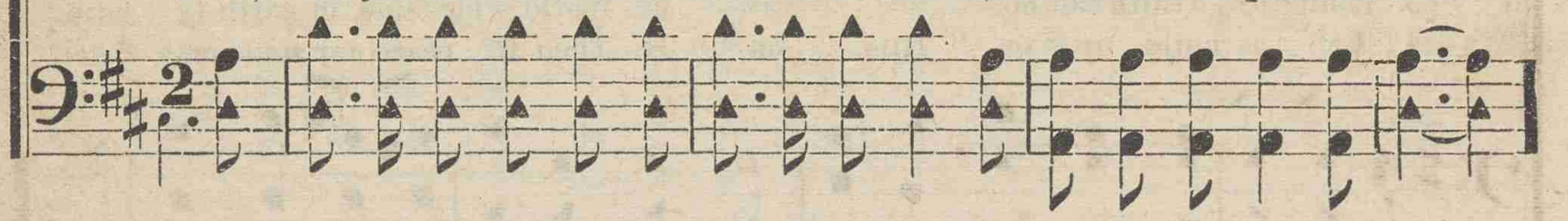


No. 158. THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM.
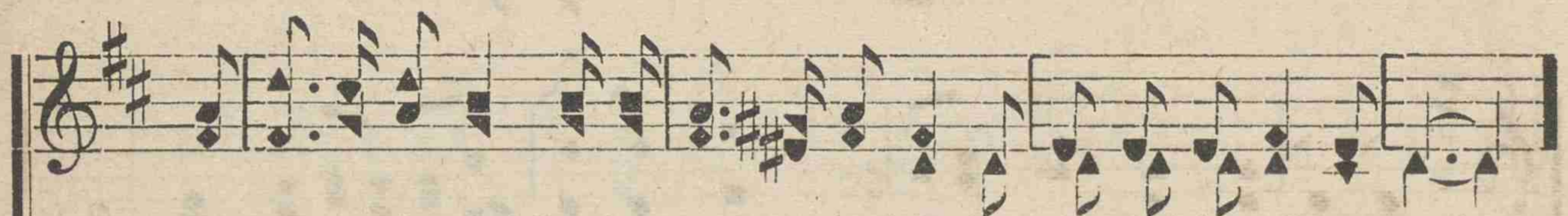
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.
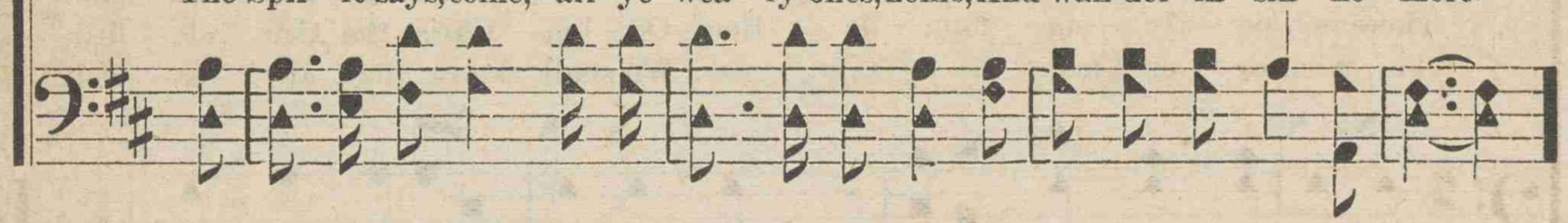


1. Oh, have you not heard of that beau- ti- ful stream, Which flows thro' our Father's land?
2. This beau- ti- ful stream is the riv - er of life, It flows for all na-tions free,
3. (, will you not drink of that beau- ti- ful stream, And dwell on its peace-ful shore?

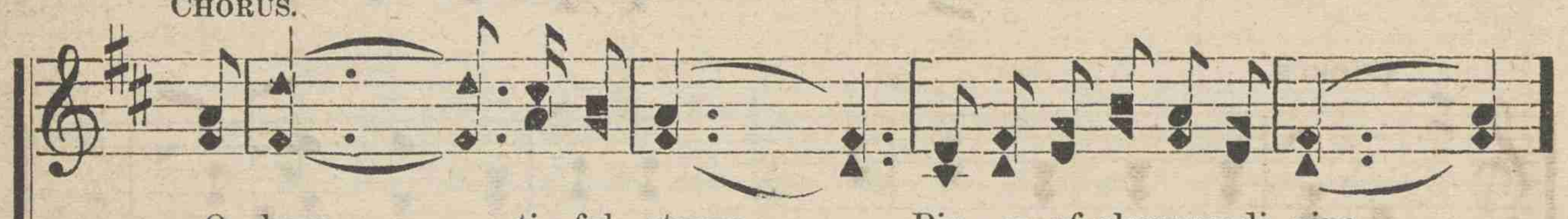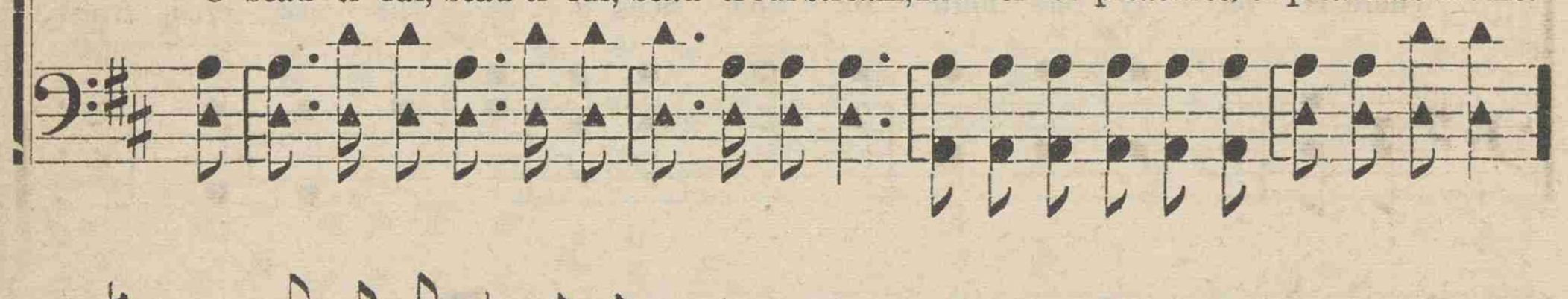




Its wa- ters gleam bright in a heav - en- ly light And rip- ple o'er gold- en sand.
A balm for each wound in its wa - ters is found, O sin- ner, it flows for thee.
The Spir - it says, come, all ye wea - ry ones, home, And wan-der in sin no more.



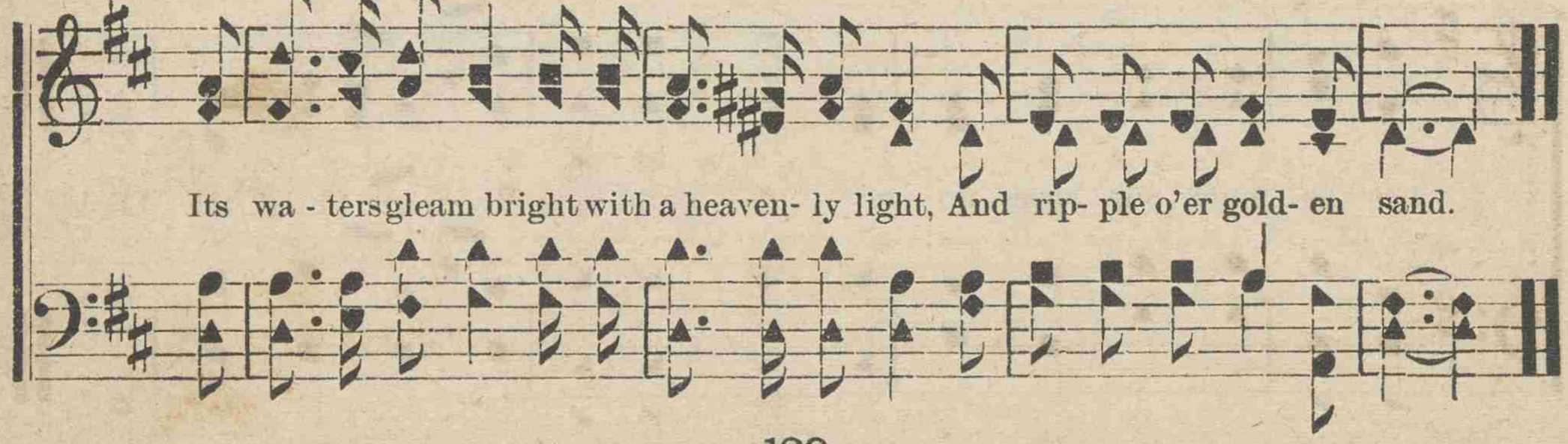
CHORUS.



O beau - - ti - ful stream, . . . Riv - er of pleasures di- vine, ...
O beau- ti- ful, beau-ti- ful, beau- ti-ful stream, Riv - er of pleasures, of pleasures divine.



Its wa - ters gleam bright with a heaven- ly light, And rip- ple o'er gold- en sand.



No. 159. THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

FOOTE BROS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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 prom - ised, so will He do;
3. Judg - ment is com - ing, all will be there, Who have re-ject - ed, who have re-fused;
4. Oh, what compass - ion! oh, boundless 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.
Oh, sin - ner, hear Him, trust in His word, Then He will pass, will pass o - ver you.
Oh, 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, Oh, He will pass, will pass o - ver you.

CHORUS.

When I see the blood, I will pass o - ver you,
Yes, when I see the blood, I will pass o - ver you,

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

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NO. 160. WALKING THE GOLDEN STREET.

A. S. DOUGHTY. JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. Who, who are those, clothed in garments pure and white, Walking the streets of that
2. These, these are they, who through trib-u - la - tion came, Bear-ing the cross—who en -
3. There-fore they dwell with the Sav-iour they be-hold, Walk through the streets that are

city fair and bright, Dwelling with Christ, where no burning rays are known, Standing near the
dured reproach and shame, Having their robes washed in blood of Calvary's Lamb, Therefore do they
paved with purest gold, Freed from all sorrow, they shout o'er conflicts passed, Praise to Je - sus—

REFRAIN.

great e - ter - nal throne? } Walk - ing through the streets.....
bear the conqueror's palm.
vic - to - ry at last. } Walking through the streets, through the beautiful golden streets,

Walk - ing through the streets,..... Walk - ing through the
Walking thro' the streets, thro' the beautiful golden streets, Walking thro' the streets, through the

streets..... Of the New Je - ru - sa - lem (Je - ru - sa - lem.)
beau-ti-ful gold-en streets,

No. 161. AT THE GOLDEN GATE OF PRAYER.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. J. Henry Showalter.

1. Would you know the love of Je - sus? Would you cast on Him your care?
2. Oh! what peace the Sav - iour giv - eth To the souls that seek Him there;
3. He will bless you, He will shield you, He will all your bur-dens bear;
4. Oh! the sweet fore-taste of heav - en, That with an- gels we may share,

Seek His help and bless - ed guid - ance, At the gold - en gate of prayer.
How they gain the full as - sur - ance, At the gold - en gate of prayer.
When in trust and hope you gath - er, At the gold - en gate of prayer.
When with God we hold com - mun - ion, At the gold - en gate of prayer.

Refrain.

At the gold - - en gate, We will come with all our need;
At the golden, golden gate of pray'r, We will come with all our need, yes, all our need;

At the gold - - - en gate. We will come and hum-bly plead.
At the gold-en, gold- en gate of pray'r, We will come and hum-bly plead.

No. 162. WONDERFUL WORDS.

E. R. LATTA. E. ROBERTS.

1. Won-der-ful words of Je-sus, Such as man nev - er spake! Sor-row-ing hearts to
2. Won-der-ful words of Je-sus, Caus-ing the deaf to hear! Eas-ing the bur-den'd
3. Won-der-ful words of Je-sus, Con-quer-ing all dis - ease! Or on the torn Ti -

com-fort, Fet-ters of sin to break! Won-der - ful words of Je - sus,
spir - it, Dry-ing the mourn-er's tear! Won-der - ful words of Je - sus,
ber - ias, Caus-ing the storm to cease! Won-der - ful words of Je - sus,

Caus - ing the dumb to talk, Won-der - ful words of Je - sus, Caus-ing the
Open - ing the sight-less eyes, Won-der - ful words of Je - sus, Caus-ing the
Mak - ing the lep - ers whole, Won-der - ful words of Je - sus, Sav - ing the

REFRAIN.

lame to walk!
dead to rise!
sin - ful soul!

Won - der-ful words, Won - der - ful

Won-der-ful words,

words, That could the lost re - store! Won - der - ful words,
Won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words,

Won-der-ful words. Wonderful words of Je sus! Nev-er such words be-fore.
Wonderful words,

NO. 163. BY AND BY.

W. T. D. Rev. W. T. DALE.

1. O-ver Jor - dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; In that hap-py land so sweet,
2. All our sor-rows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our home at last,
3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by; We shall strike the gold-en lyre,
4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by; Chanting love's redeeming song,

D.S.—And the Sav-iour's name a-dore,
D.S.—Crown'd with glo-ry in that land,
D.S.—We shall praise for-ev-er there,
D.S.—And re-ceive a shin-ing crown,

FINE. D.S.

By and by, by and by; We shall gath-er on the shore, With our kin-dred gone be-fore,
By and by, by and by; With the ran-somed we shall stand, There a ho-ly, hap-py band,
By and by, by and by; In our home so bright and fair, Where the happy an-gels are,
By and by, by and by; There we'll meet before the throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down,

By and by, by and by.

No. 164. SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest- less wave, "Send the light!"
2. We have heard the Mac - e- don- ian call to - day, "Send the light!"
3. Let us pray that grace may ev - ery where a-bound, Send the light!
4. Let us not grow wea - ry in the work of love, Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save, Send the light!
Send the light!" And a gold- en off'ring at the cross we lay. Send the light!
Send the light!" And a Christ like spirit ev'ry where be found, Send the light!
Send the light!" Let us gath- er jew- els for a crown a-bove, Send the light!

(The first eight measures, or Bass Solo, may be omitted.)

CHORUS.

Send the light! We will spread the ev - erlast-ing light.

Send the light We will spread the ev - er-last - ing light With a

BASS SOLO.

With a will - ing, willing heart and hand Giv-ing God the

will - - ing heart and hand,..... Giv - ing God..... the glo - ry

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Geo. F. Rosche, owner of copyright. By per.

glo - ry ev - er-more, We will fol - low, fol - low His command.
ev - er - more We will fol- low His com - mand.....
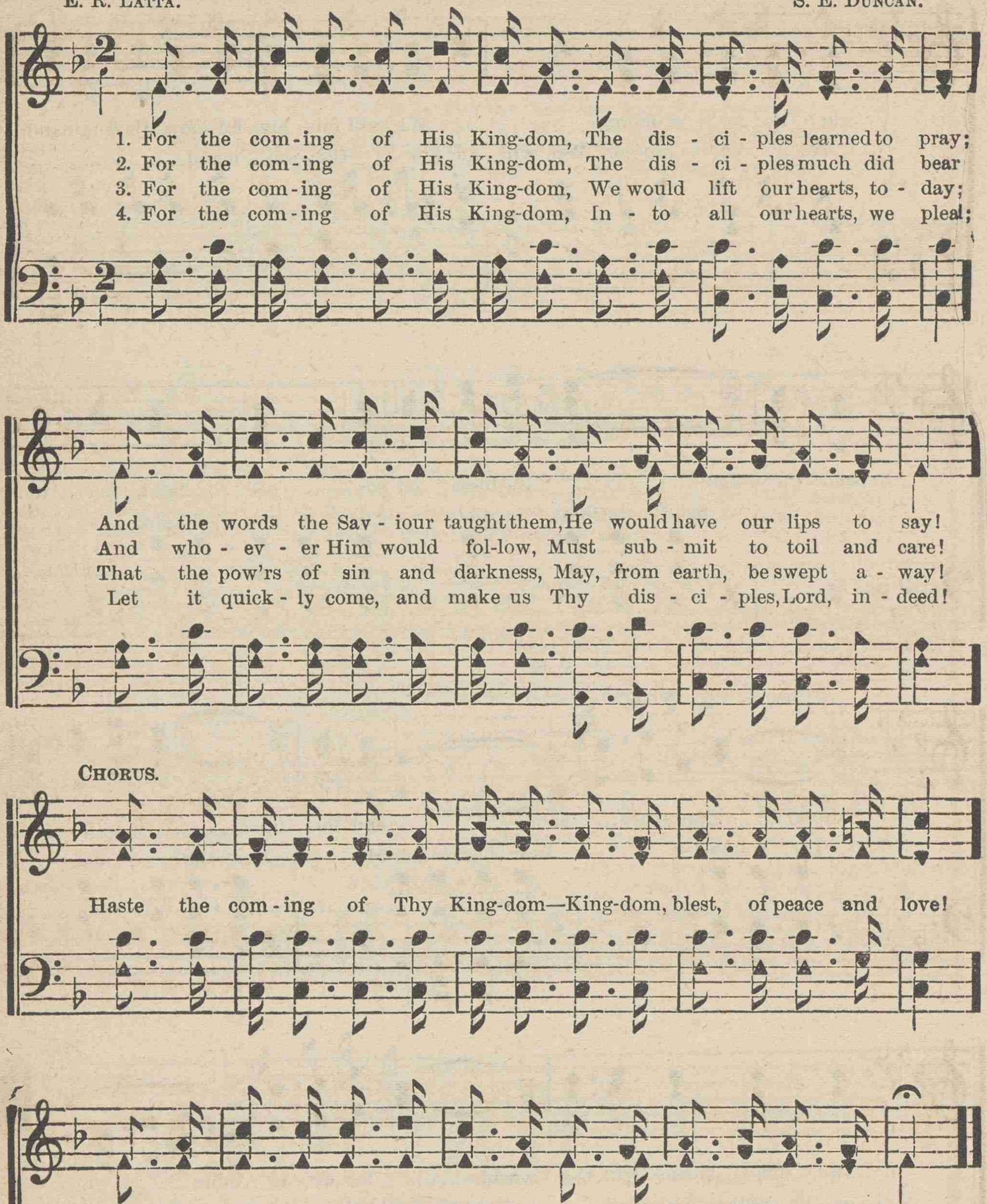
Send the light,..... the bless - ed gos - pel light, Let it
Send the light, the bless - ed gos - pel light,

shine,.....from shore to shore ..... send the light!..... and let its
Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light, and

ra - diant beams light the world..... for ev - er - more.....
let its radiant beams, Light the world for - ev - er-more.

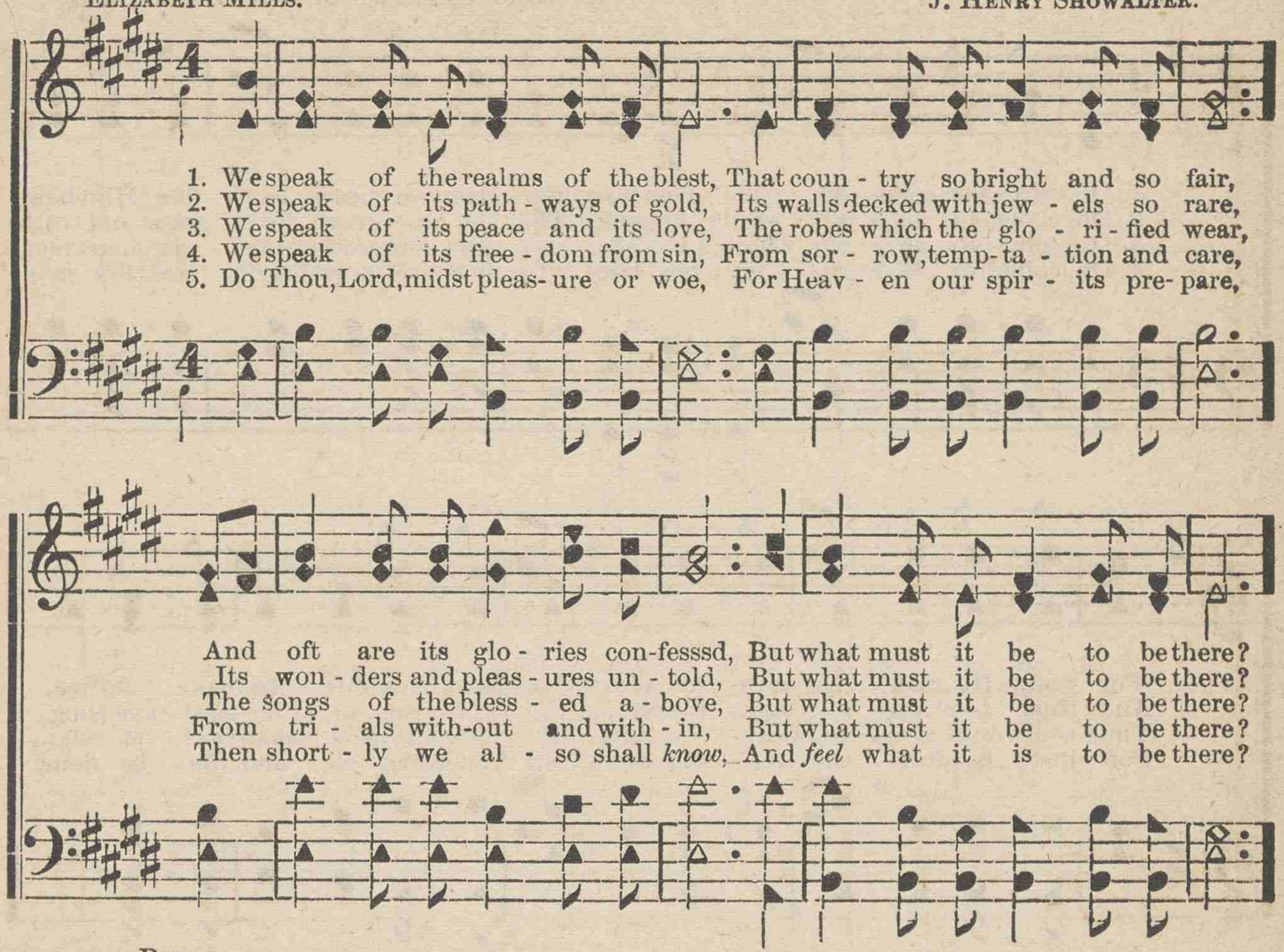
No. 165. THE COMING OF HIS KINGDOM.

E. R. LATTA. S. E. DUNCAN.



No. 166. REALMS OF THE BLEST.

ELIZABETH MILLS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



No. 167. COME TO JESUS NOW.

Words and Music by GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Oh, sin - ner, come to Je - sus now; Give Him your heart be - fore Him bow,
2. Oh, come to Je - sus, while in youth, That you may grow in grace and truth,
3. Oh, come to Je - sus, Though in age, Let sin - ners scoff and de- mons rage,
4. Oh, come to Je - sus, ere too late! To- mor- row morn may seal thy fate,

For you, He mak - eth now his plea; He gave his life to make you free.
And thus be strong to fight the wrong, His will to do in deed and song.
Your soul you'll save and heav - en gain, In glo - ry you shall ev - er reign.
For just be - fore the ris - ing sun Your knell may toll and life be done.

Oh, come to Je - sus, come just now, Be - fore Him hum - bly bow;

Oh, come to Je - sus while He waits, He saves, He saves just now.

No. 168. SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. When we hear the mu - sic ring- ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome—
2. When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band,
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul re - joic - es, And my wea - ry heart grows light,
4. Oh, ye wea - ry, sad, and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not by the way!

When sweet an - gels' voi - ces sing- ing, Glad - ly bid us wel- come home.
Shall we know the friends that greet us In that glo - rious spir - it land?
For the thrill - ing an - gels' voi- ces And the an - gel fa - ces bright.
Ye shall join the loved and just ones In that land of per - fect day.

To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,
Shall we see the same eyes shin-ing On us as in days of yore?
That shall wel - come us in heav- en, Are the loved ones long a - go;
Harp-strings, touched by an - gel fin-gers, Mur-mured in my rapt- urous ear;

In that land of life and glo - ry— Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we feel the dear arms twin-ing Fond - ly round us as be - fore?
And to them 'tis kind - ly giv- en Thus their mor - tal friends to know.
Ev - er - more their sweet song lin-gers— "We *Shall* know each oth - er there."

No. 169. THE DEATH ON THE CROSS.

Mrs. Geo. B. Holsinger. Geo. B. Holsinger.

1. Our Sav - iour died (Our Sav - iour died) to make us free! (to make us free!)
2. Oh, let us gaze (Oh, let us gaze) up - on that face, (up - on that face,)
3. They take Him from (They take Him from) the blood-stained tree, (the blood-stained tree,)
4. Men's hearts are fill'd (Men's hearts are fill'd) with awe and fear, (with awe and fear,)
5. Oh, let us at (Oh, let us at) His foot - stool bow, (His foot-stool bow,)

He shed His blood (He shed His blood) on Cal - va - ry! (on Cal - va - ry!)
So full of love (So full of love) and peace, and grace! (and peace and grace!)
He, who was born (He who was born) their King to be! (their King to be!)
But ho - ly an - (But an - gels near) gels hov - er near! (they hov - er near!)
And crave His grace (And crave His grace) and mer - cy, now! (and mer - cy, now!)

The cross He bore (The cross He bore) the shame, the pain, (the shame, the pain,)
Be - hold the pre - (Be-hold the wave) cious crim-son wave (the crim-son wave)
Then, slow - ly thro' (Then slow-ly thro') the gath-'ring gloom, (the gath-'ring gloom,)
Oh joy! He bursts (Oh joy! He bursts) each pris - on bond! (each pris - on bond!)
The debt of love, (The debt of love,) we ne'er can pay, (we ne'er can pay,)

To save our souls (To save our souls) from Sa - tan's chain! (from Sa-tan's chain!)
That Je - sus shed (That Je - sus shed) the lost to save! (the lost to save!)
His form is borne (His form is borne) to Jos-eph's tomb! (to Jos - eph's tomb!)
And soars, at last, (And soars, at last,) the earth, be - yond! (the earth be - yond!)
But we can be (But we can be) His own to day! (His own to - day!)

Refrain.

For all, He died (For all, He died) up-on the tree, (up-on the tree,) He shed His

THE DEATH ON THE CROSS. Concluded.

blood..... for you and me!..... On Calv'ry's brow,..... .... at
He shed his blood for you and me! On Calv'ry's brow,

ev- en - tide,..... For you,for me,..... For all,He died!
At ev-en-tide, For you,for me, for all He died (for all He died.)

No. 170. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

RAY PALMER. Dr. L. MASON.

Not too fast.

1. My faith looks up to Thee,Thou lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav- iour di- vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,My zeal inspire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread,And griefs around me spread,Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold,sullen stream Shall o'er me roll,Blest Saviour!

while I pray,Take all my guilt a- way, Oh let me from this day Be whol- ly Thine!
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure,warm,and changeless be A liv- ing fire!
turn to-day,Wipe sor-row's tears a- way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a- side.
then, in love,Fear and dis - trust re-move; Oh,bear me safe a- bove, A ransomed soul!

No. 171. MY BEAUTIFUL HOME IN GLORY.

Words and Music by W. P. DAVIDSON

1. I'm told that there's a beau - ti - ful home, A beau - ti - ful home in glo - ry;
2. Its walls are built of jas - per, I'm told, That beau - ti - ful home in glo - ry;
3. To that sweet home of man-sions so fair, That beau - ti - ful home in glo - ry;

No pain or sor - row ev - er will come, A beau - ti - ful home in glo - ry.
Its gates are pearl, its streets are of gold, That beau - ti - ful home in glo - ry.
I long to go, for Je - sus is there, My beau - ti - ful home in glo - ry.

REFRAIN.

I'll sing of that home, that beau-ti - ful home, My beau-ti - ful home in glo - ry; No
I'll sing of that beautiful home, that beau - ti- ful home, My beau-ti - ful home in glo - ry; No

sor - row or pain are ev - er to come, My beau-ti - ful home in glo - ry.
sorrow or pain, in that land, are ev - er to come, My beau-ti - ful home in glo - ry.

No. 172. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

J. Henry Showalter.

1. Walk in the light, so shalt thou know The fel - low - ship of love,
2. Walk in the light, and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru - ly His,
3. Walk in the light, thy path shall be Peace - ful, se - rene and bright,

His spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
Who dwells in cloud - less light en-shrin'd, In whom no dark - ness is.
For God by grace shall dwell in thee, And God him - self is light.

Chorus.

Walk..... in the light,..... ..... Walk..... in the light,.....
Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light, Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light,

Walk..... in the light,..... The beau-ti - ful light of God.....
Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light, The beau-ti - ful light of God.....

No. 173. I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

Words arr. and partly composed
by J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Thou art call - ing e - ven me, With Thy help, I'll come to Thee;
2. Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou wilt call, and bid me live;
3. Thee, like Pe - ter, I've de - nied, Yea, my sins Thee cru - ci - fied!
4. Wond'rous love, in - deed, is Thine, How it melts this heart of mine!

Oft from thee I've turn'd my face; Now I seek Thy pard-'ning grace.
To Thy o - pen arms I fly; Thou wilt nev - er let me die.
Yet, my name I hear Thee call; At Thy foot - stool, Lord, I fall.
All my sins are washed a - way; Dark - est night is turn'd to day!
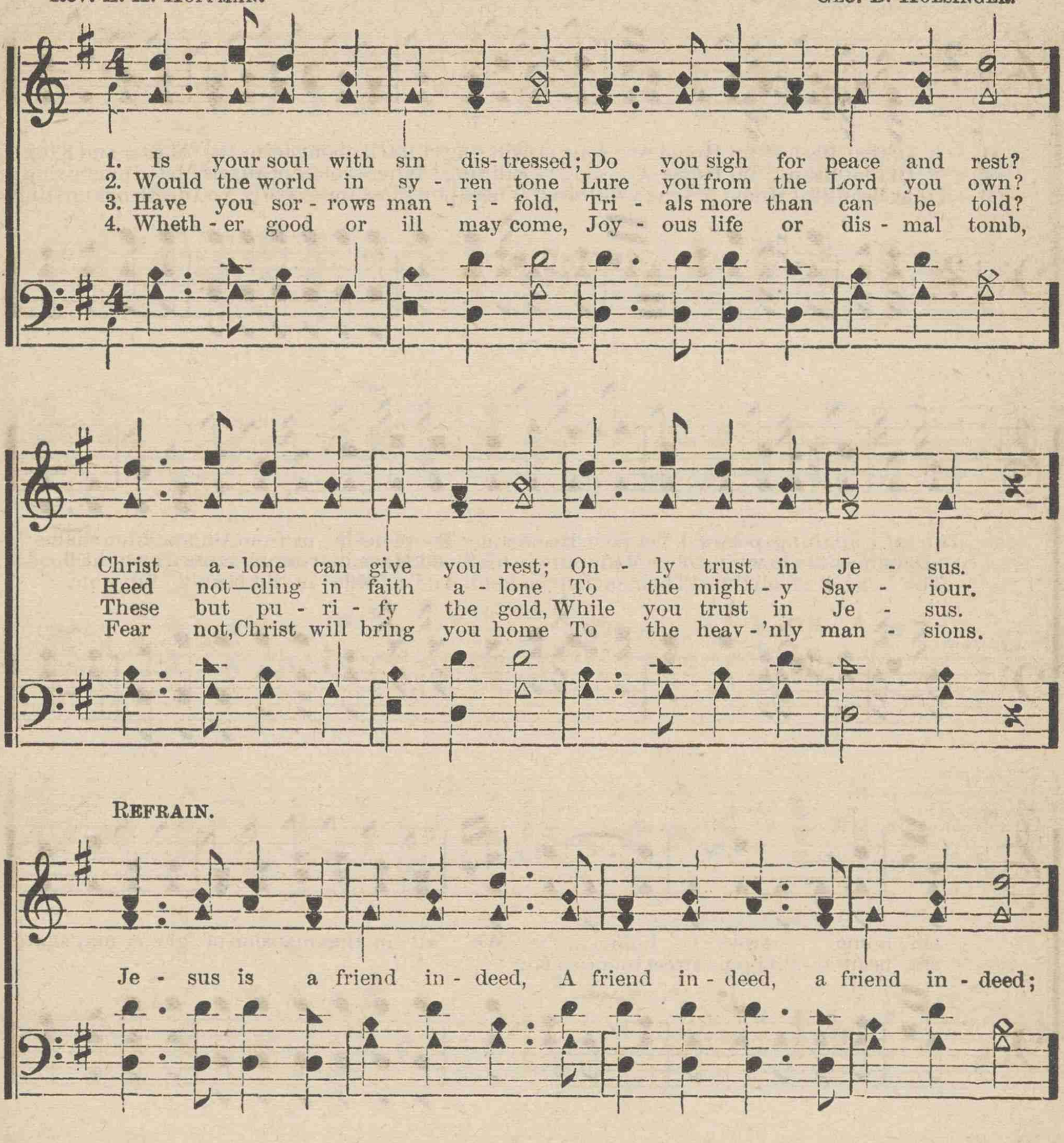
REFRAIN.

I am com - ing, Lord to Thee, Make me hum - ble, pure and free;
I am com - ing, Lord to Thee, Make me gen - tle, pure and free;
I am com - ing, Lord to Thee, Make me faith - ful, pure and free;
I am com - ing, Lord to Thee, Make me lov - ing, pure and free;
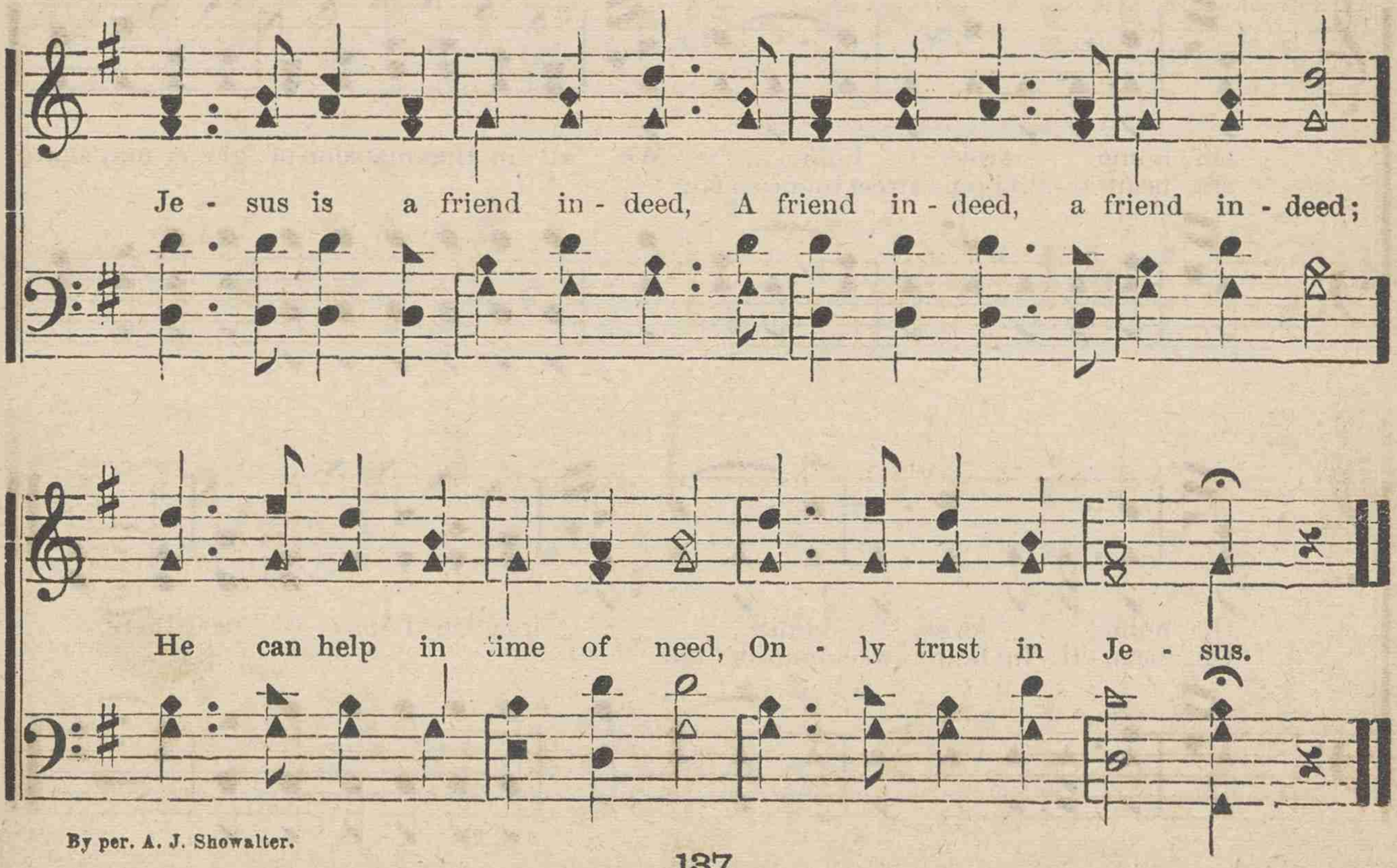
Trust - ing Thee, may I ob - tain Life and peace in Je - sus' name.
Trust - ing Thee, I can - not fall, Thou, O Christ, art all in all.
Trust - ing Thee, my faith I'd prove, Trust - ing Thee, the God of love!
Trust - ing Thee, 'till life shall close, On Thy bo - som to re - pose.

No. 174. JESUS IS A FRIEND.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Geo. B. Holsinger.



Refrain.



By per. A. J. Showalter.

No. 175. THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.

E. R. Latta. Geo. B. Holsinger.

1. Of that Beau-ti-ful Home, A song I will sing! I'll tell about Jesus the Master and King!
2. Of that Beau-ti-ful Home, A song I will sing, Where voices of angels, Melodiously ring;
3. Of that Beautiful Home, A song I will sing; Where pow'rless, the grave is, And death has no sting!

Tho' of all things posses'd, Yet, poor, He became, To re-deem us from, sin, and from shame!
And where saints, in white robes, Made pure, in his blood, Have, in triumph, cross'd over the flood!
The good of all times, Their Saviour be-hold, And a-bide in his beau-ti-ful fold;

Oh, home, sweet home,..... We all in that mansion of glo-ry may share;
Oh, beau-ti-ful home, sweet home, so fair,

Oh, home, sweet home, ... I long, Oh! I long to be there.
Oh, beau-ti-ful home, sweet home, so fair,

No. 176. LET HIM IN.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Wide, ye heav'nly gates, un - fold, Closed no more by death and sin;
2. Who shall up to that a - bode, Fol - low in the Saviour's train?
3. They whose dai - ly ac - tions prove Stead - fast faith and ho - ly fear,

Lo! the conqu'ring Lord be - hold! Let the King of glo - ry in.
They who in His cleans - ing blood, Wash a - way each guilt - y stain.
Fer - vent zeal and grate - ful love; They shall dwell for - ev - er here.

REFRAIN.

Let Him in, let Him in, Let the King of glo - ry in, Let Him
Let Him in, let Him in,

in, let Him in, Let the King of glo - ry in.
Let Him in, Let Him in, let Him in.

No. 177. BLESSED ARE THE UNDEFILED.

IDA L. REED. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Bless - ed are they, the un - de-filed, Who walk in the law of the Lord,
2. Bless - ed are they who keep the way Laid down for their wan-der - ing feet,
3. Bless - ed are they whose robes are white, And free from the world's weary stain,

Who from His pre-cepts are not beguiled, Who- ev - er o - bey His word.
Lead-ing to God's bright and per - fect day, And joys that are pure and sweet.
Who with the an- gels that walk in light, Be-yond the dark realms of pain.
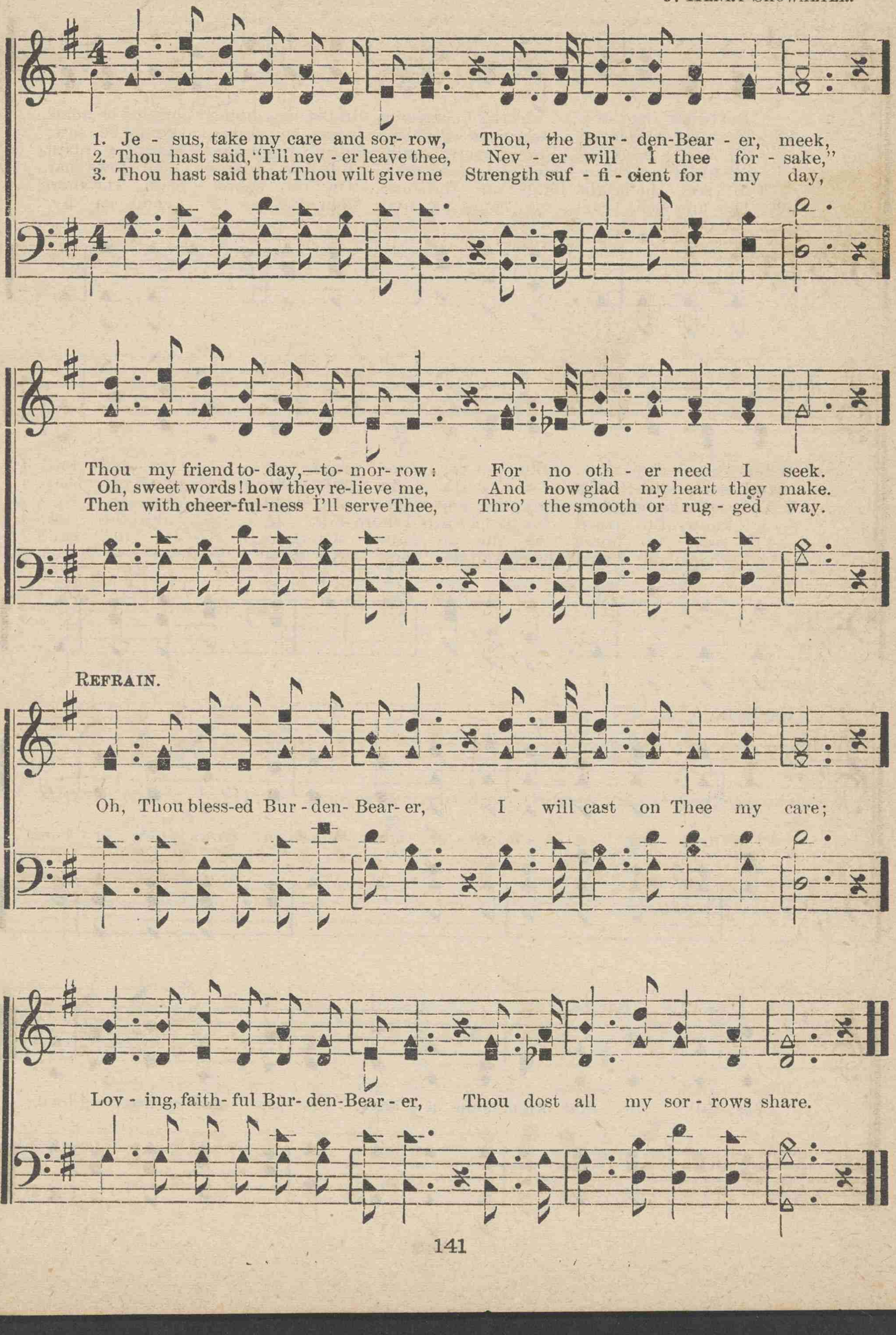
REFRAIN.

Bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they, Who walk in the law of the Lord;

Bless - ed are they, bless - ed are they, Who - ev - er o - bey His word.
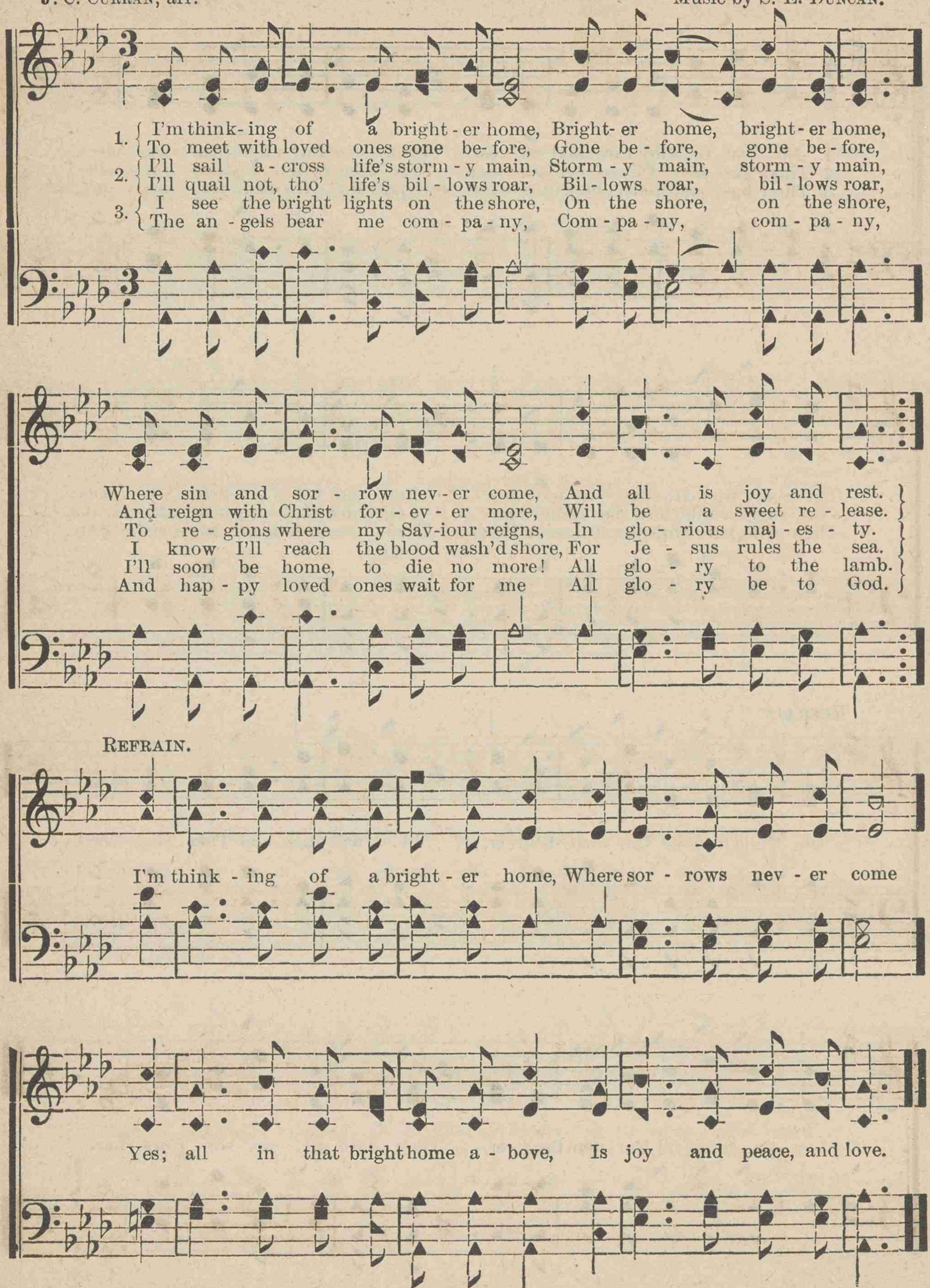
No. 178. JESUS, THE BURDEN-BEARER.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



No. 179. I'M THINKING OF HOME.

J. C. CURRAN, arr. Music by S. E. DUNCAN.



No. 180. THE SAINTS' ETERNAL HOME.

J. HENRY SOWALTER. J. D. HUGHES

1. What bless - ed prom - i - ses I see, Up - on the sa - cred page
2. His love ex - ceeds our high - est praise, His mer - cy, oh, how free!
3. When we have done our earth - ly race, And land on Ca- naan's shore,
4. **Oh,** come and join the blood-washed band, To sing re - demp-tion's song,

To ev - er with my Sav - iour be, And reign from age to age.
Let songs of prais - es ev - er raise, To Him who died for thee.
Oh, may we, in that hap - py place, Sing prais - es ev - er - more.
And live for - ev - er in that land, The saints' e - ter - nal home.
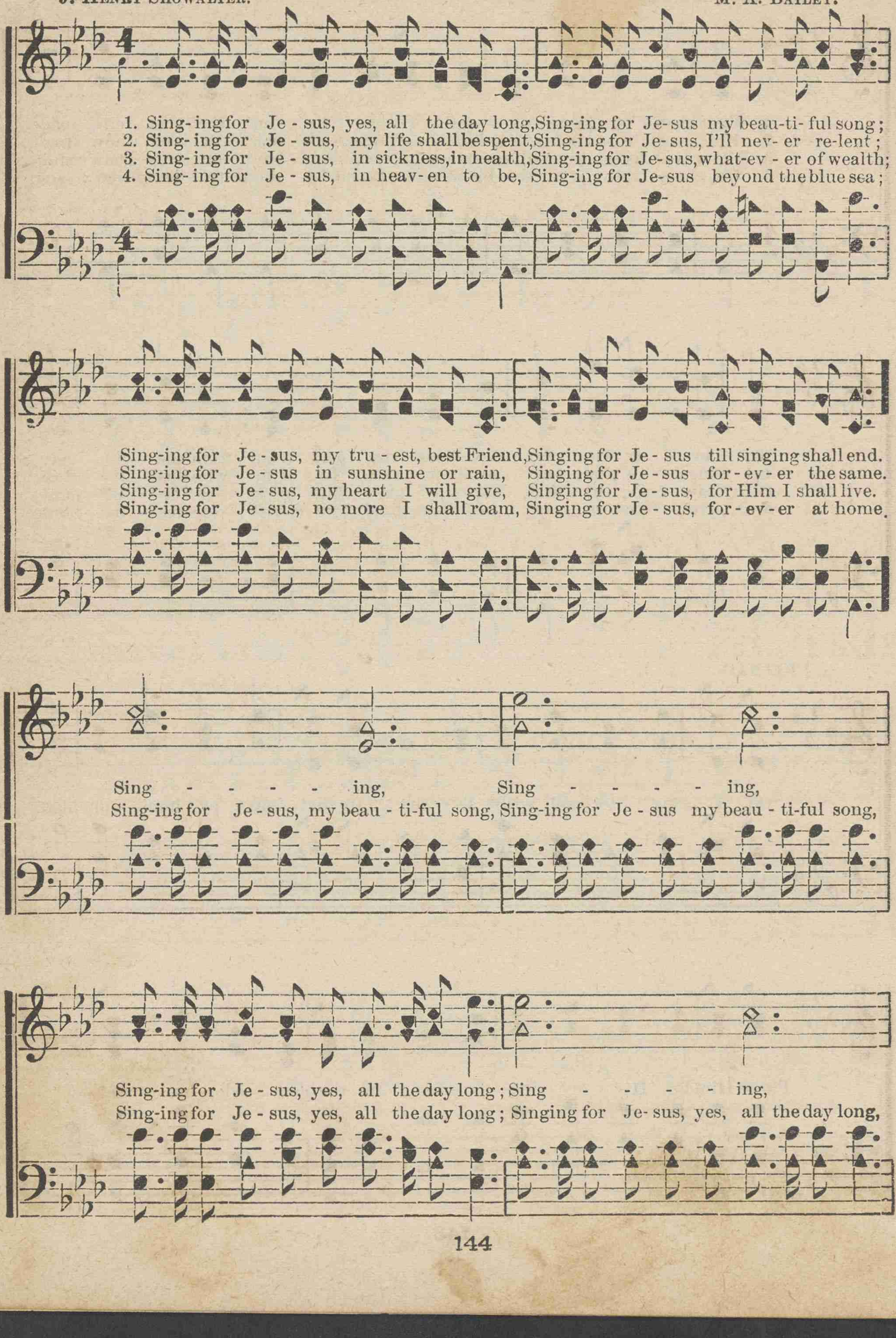
REFRAIN.

Oh, I long to dwell with Je - sus, In that hap - py home on high,
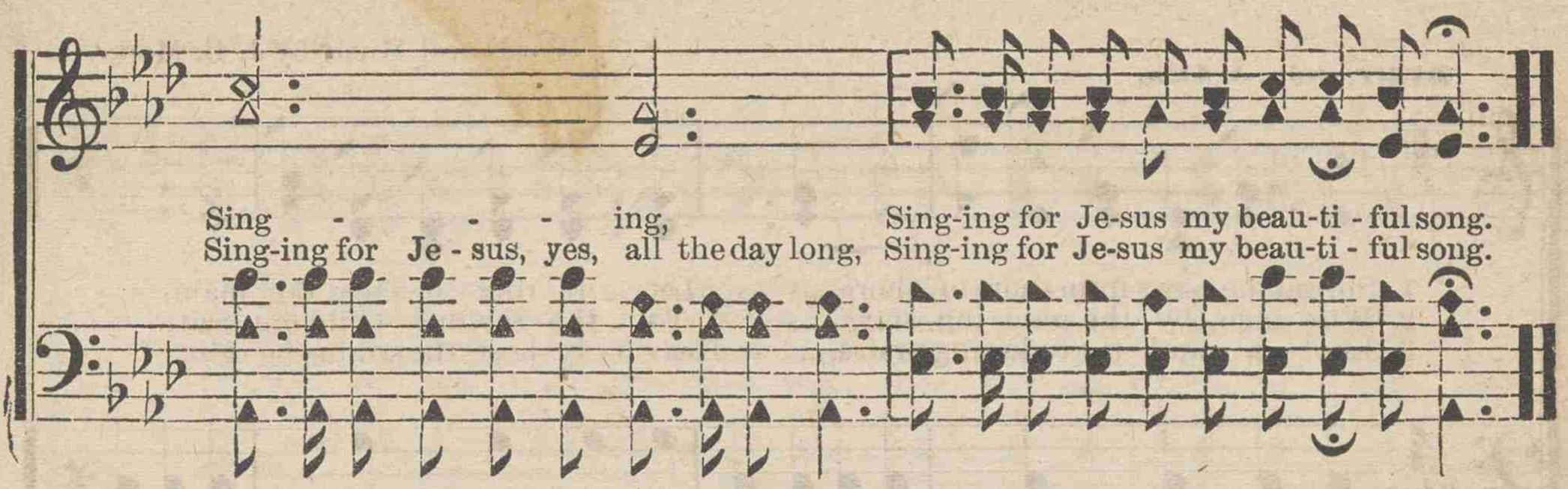
Praise Him for His lov - ing fa - vor, In the bless - ed by and by.

No. 181. SINGING FOR JESUS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER. M. A. BAILEY.
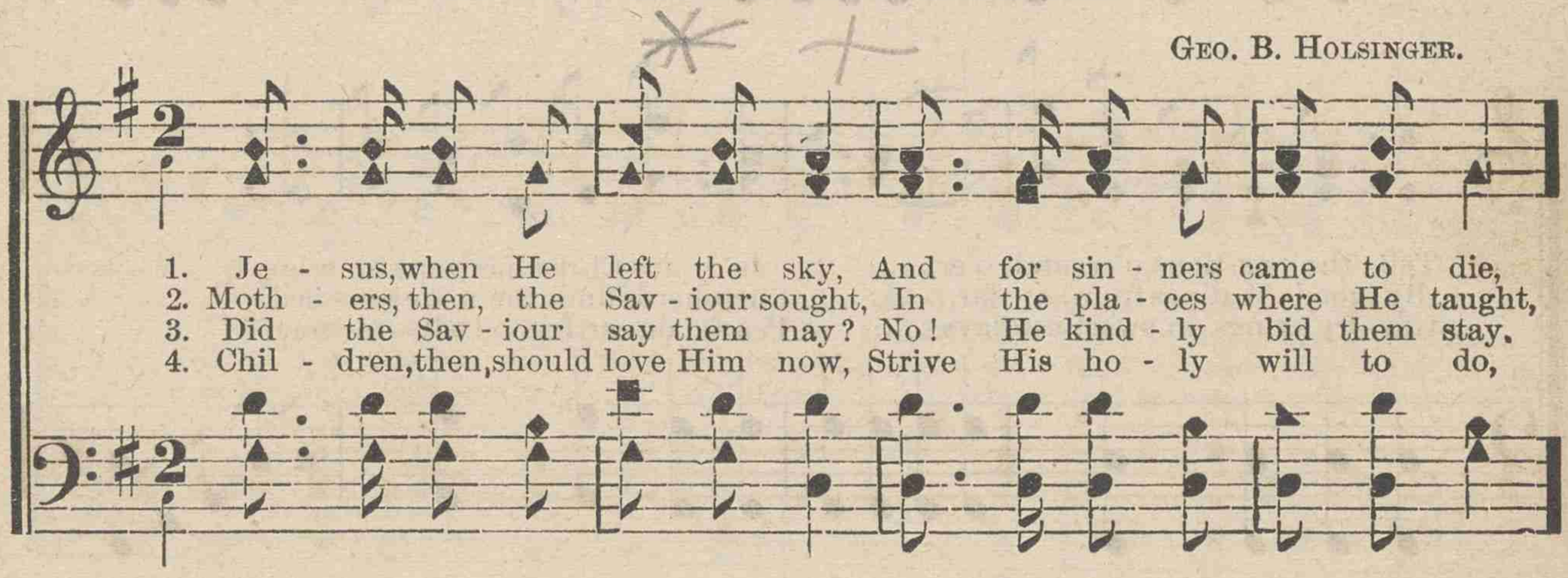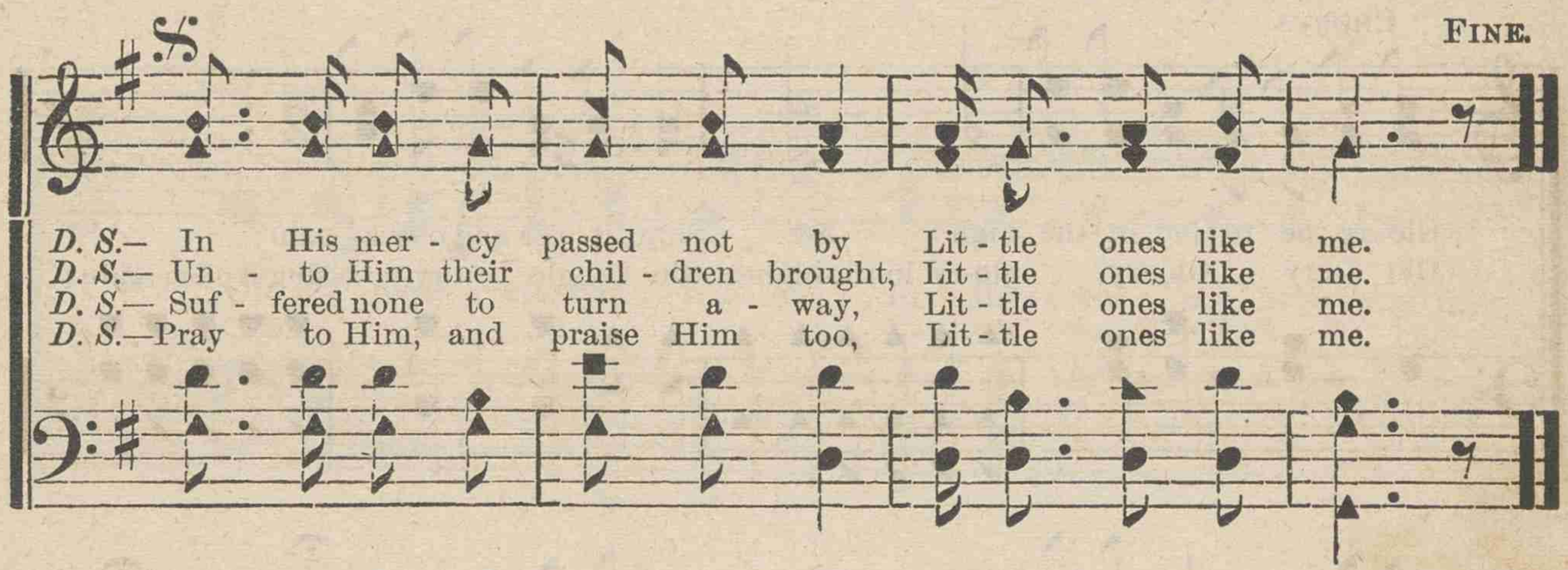


SINGING FOR JESUS.—Concluded.
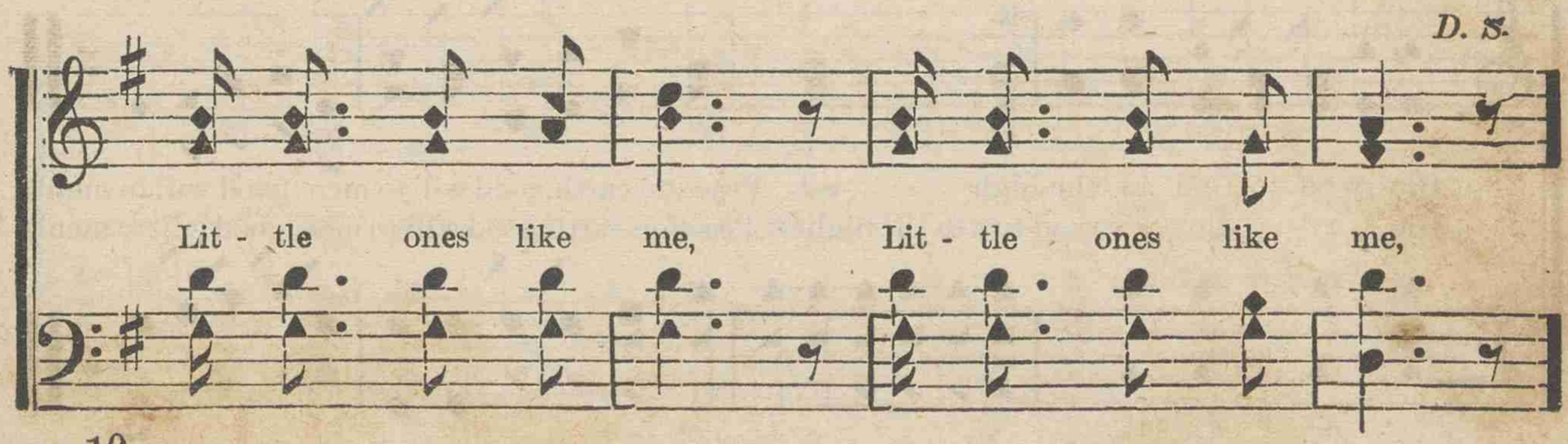


No. 182. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.
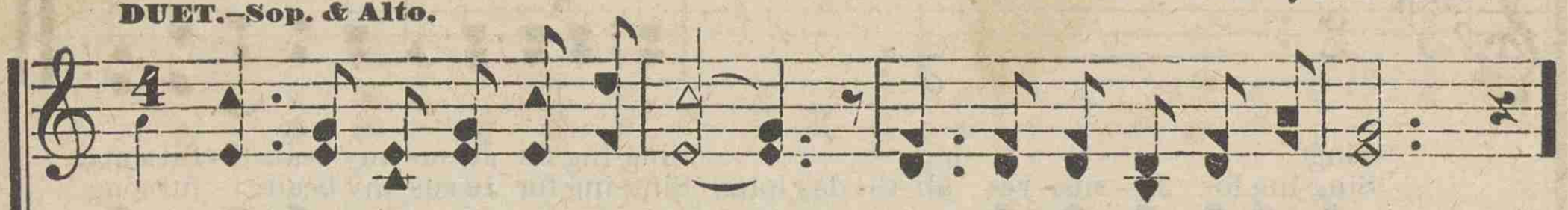






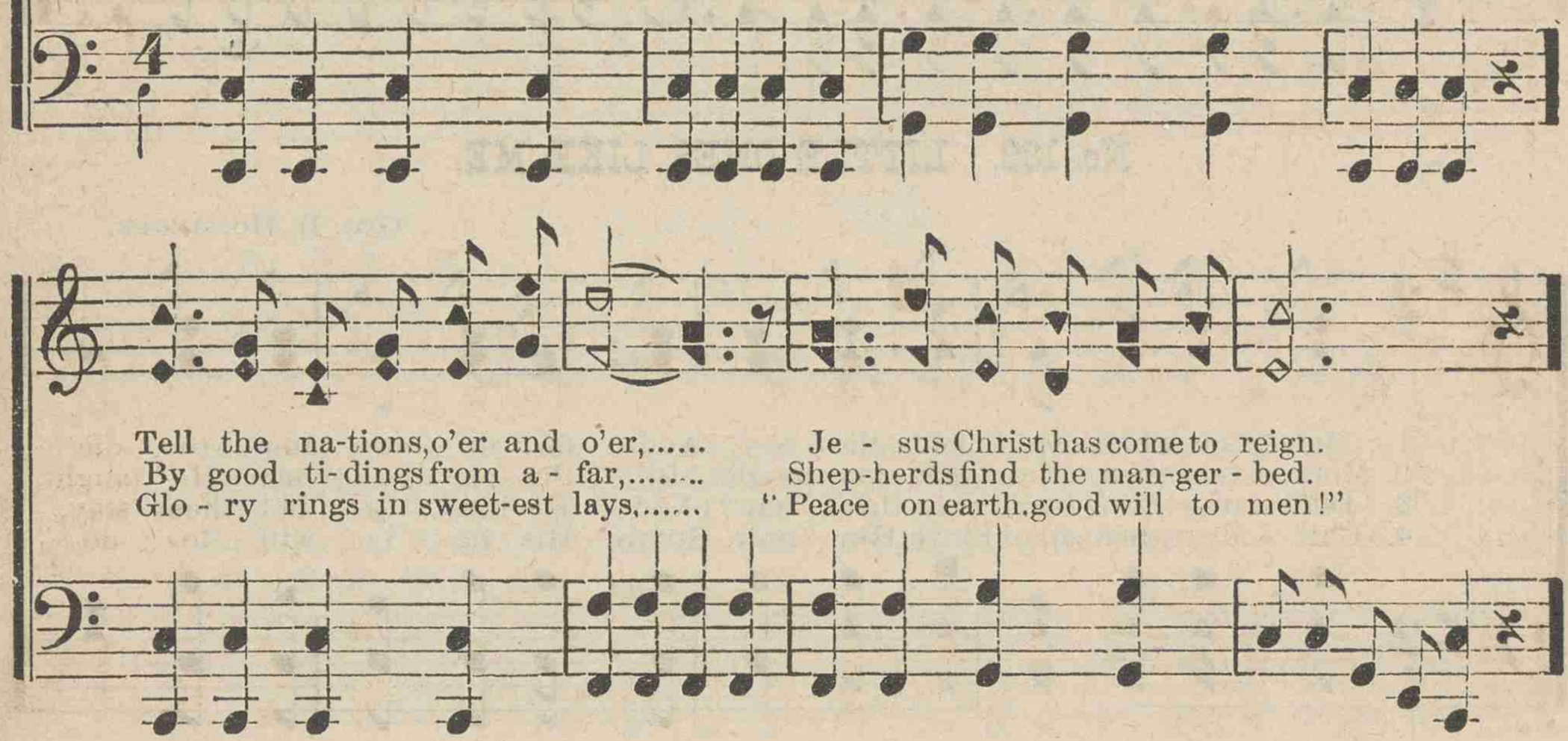
No. 183. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words and Music by J. B. Moon.

DUET.—Sop. & Alto.

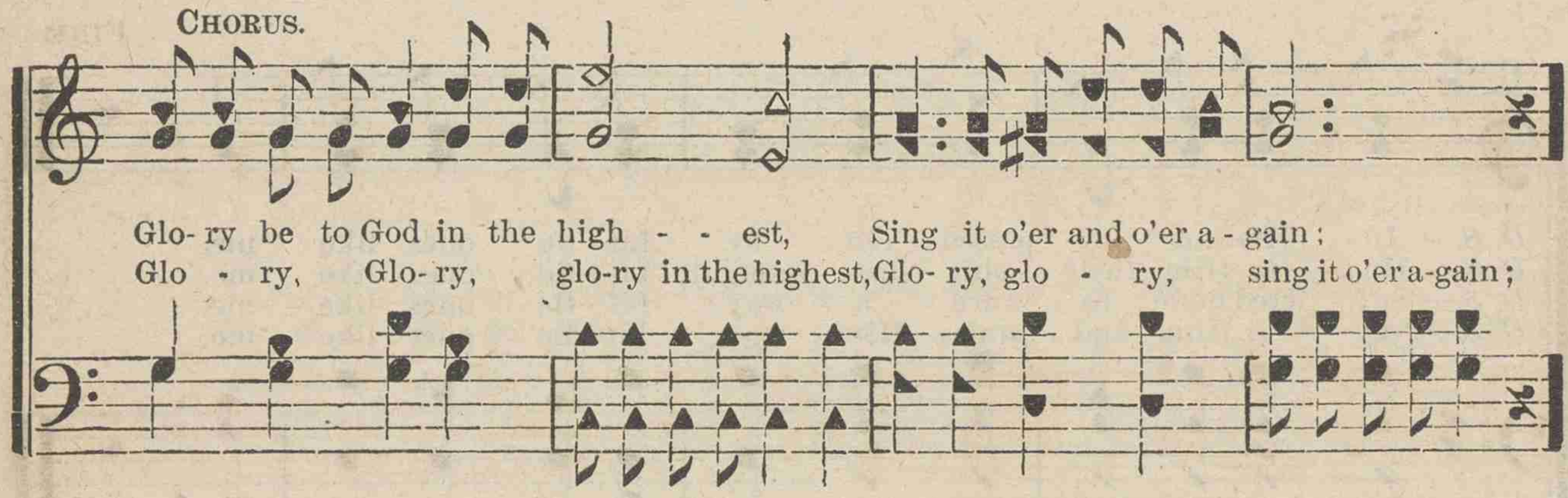


1. Spread the news from shore to shore,... Let it ring a - cross the main,
2. Wise men, by the guid- ing star,..... To the Saviour—child are lead;
3. List! a mul - ti - tude sing praise,... Heav'n - ly host the strains be - gin,

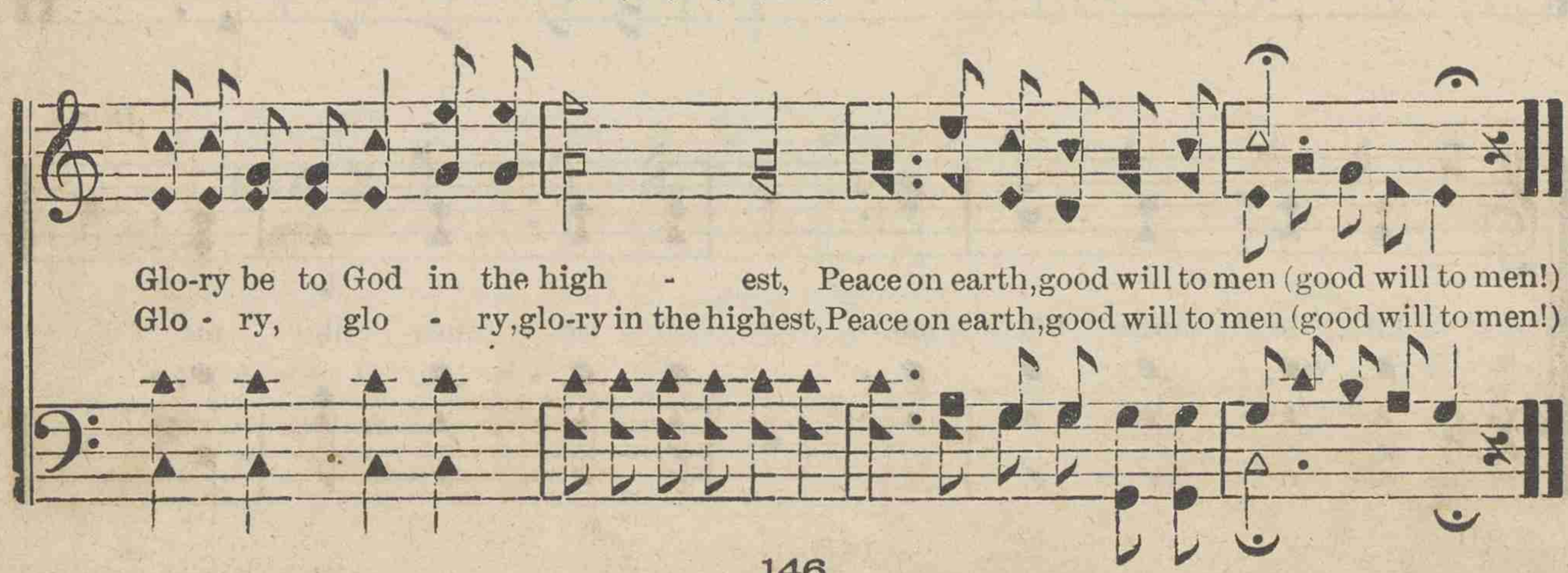


Tell the na-tions,o'er and o'er,..... Je - sus Christ has come to reign.
By good ti-dings from a - far,..... Shep-herds find the man-ger - bed.
Glo - ry rings in sweet-est lays,..... "Peace on earth,good will to men!"

CHORUS.
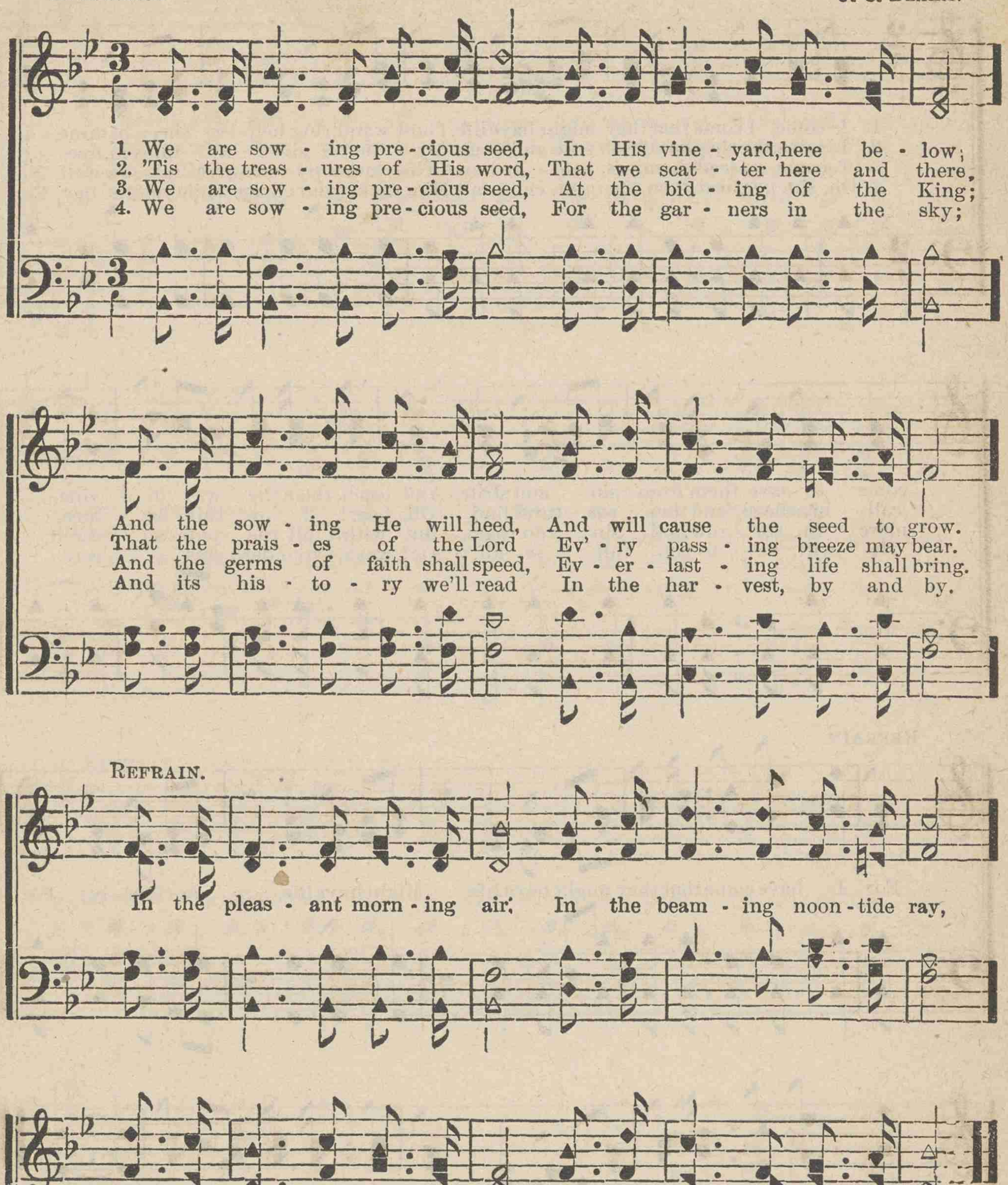


Glo- ry be to God in the high - - est, Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain;
Glo - ry, Glo- ry, glo-ry in the highest, Glo- ry, glo - ry, sing it o'er a-gain;



Glo-ry be to God in the high - est, Peace on earth,good will to men (good will to men!)
Glo - ry, glo - ry,glo-ry in the highest,Peace on earth,good will to men (good will to men!)

No. 184. SOWING PRECIOUS SEED.

E. R. LATTA. J. C. BEAHM.



REFRAIN.

No. 185. I HAVE COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE.

Words and Music by J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. I come, I come that they might have life, Those wand'ring, help-less sheep of mine, I come to save them from sin and strife, And teach them the way di - vine.
2. I come, the shepherd, both true and kind, My life I give a ransom, free, I call my sheep, and they pas - tures find, Oh, hear! I now call for thee.
3. I come, to lead them, yes, safe - ly home, They know my voice, and fol - low well, No more in sor - row and sin to roam, But with all the pure to dwell.
4. Oh, sin - ner, hear, then, the gra - cious call, Him, make your choice while yet 'tis day, For He will be to you "all in all," And wash your dark sins a - way.

REFRAIN.

For I have come that they might have life, Might have life, gra-cious - ly; For I have come that they might have life, And that more a - bund-ant - ly.

No. 186. WHEN WE MEET TO PART NO MORE.

MAGGIE J. LEATHERMAN. SARAH C. LEATHERMAN.

1. Here sad part - ings oft - en come, And we're wea - ry and dis - trest;
2. When we meet the loved ones there, Who have cross'd the riv - er o'er,
3. Is the sa - cred prom - ise true, That the saved shall gath - er there?
4. We shall saint - ed loved ones see, Who have jour - neyed on be - fore,

But, how hap - py we shall be, When we reach that land, so blest.
Where there is no load of care, We shall meet to part no more.
Shall we meet with friends we knew, In that land so bright and fair?
And through-out e - ter - ni - ty, We shall part, no! nev - er more.

REFRAIN.

When we've crossed the chil - ly tide, Where our Lord has crossed be - fore,

When we reach the oth - er side, We shall meet to part no more.

No. 187. AT THE SAVIOURS' RIGHT HAND.

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

1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged, And the
2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve, And will
3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty, now, On the
4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call, He will

chaff from the wheat shall be thor-ough - ly fanned, Then the right- eous shall shine as the
nev - er live up to the Mas-ter's command, Shall be placed on the left, as un -
bank of death's Jor-dan we some-time shall stand! Shall we fear to pass o - ver the
lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land; And, with crowns on our brows, and with

stars in the sky, And their plac - es shall be at the Sav - iour's right hand.
wor - thy to be With the chil - dren of God at the Sav - iour's right hand.
dark roll- ing flood, Lest our por - tion be not at the Sav - iour's right hand?
branch - es of palm, We shall ev - er a - bide at the Sav - iour's right hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me..... find a place ..... with that..... hap- py band,.....
Let me find a place with that hap - py band, Let me find a place with that hap- py band,

Who shall ev - - - er a - bide,..... A- bide at the Saviour's right hand.
Who shall ev- er a- bide at the Sav-iour's right hand, right hand.

No. 188. SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

SARAH C. LEATHERMAN. M. JANIE LEATHERMAN.

1. Some days are dark and drea - ry, And some are warm and bright,
2. Some- times our hearts are lone - ly, Oft - times the way seems hard,
3. Yes, when this life is ov - er, When comes the time of rest,
4. We'll nev - er then grow wea - ry, Our toil will all be o'er.
5. Yes, there we'll meet to - geth - er, With loved ones gone be - fore;

And oft we feel so wea - ry, We're glad when comes the night.
But rest comes to us on - ly, When we de- serve re - ward.
Our souls will rest for - ev - er, In man - sions of the blest.
These days that are so drea - ry, Will troub - le us no more.
We'll rest and sing for - ev - er, On that ce - les - tial shore.

CHORUS.

Our rest will soon be giv - en By Him who has con - trol;
There's rest, sweet rest, in Heav - en, Rest for the wea - ry soul.

No. 189. WE ARE COMING, LORD, TO-DAY.

E. R. LATTA. W. K. FRANKLIN.

1. We are com- ing, Lord, to- day, From each vain and sin - ful way, Where our wayward feet have oft been want to tread;
2. We are com- ing, Lord, to- day, And we would no long - er stray In the paths that lead to ev - er - last - ing woe;
3. We are com- ing, Lord, to- day, Thirst, and hun - ger to al - lay, For we know that Thou canst give us all we need;
4. We are com- ing, Lord, to- day, Near Thy bless - ed side to stay, Thy pro - tec - tion, and Thy guidance still to share;

Thou hast call'd us long, in vain, But we will no more re- main From the ta - ble that has been so rich - ly spread.
But with - in the nar- row road, That con- ducts to heav'n and God, Till our pil - grim-age is end - ed, we will go.
With the bread of life sup-ply, And to run- ning streams, hard by, In Thy wondrous lov - ing kind - ness ev - er lead.
Let Thy grace suf - fi - cient be, In the earth - ly ills we see, And our brows, un - fad - ing crowns in glo - ry wear.

We are com-ing,..... We have strayed,..... ..... We are
We are com-ing, Lord, to-day, We have strayed too long a - way, We are

WE ARE COMING, LORD, TO-DAY.—Concluded.

coming to the banquet Thou hast spread,..... All our hun-ger,..... And our
coming to the banquet Thou hast spread, for the needy, All our hunger Thou wilt quell, And our

thirst-ing,..... If, by faith, we see the feast that Thou hast spread.....
thirst-ing wilt dis - pel, If, by faith, we see the feast that Thou hast spread so richly spread.

No. 190. PURER IN HEART.

Mrs. A. L. Davidson. Geo. B. Holsinger.

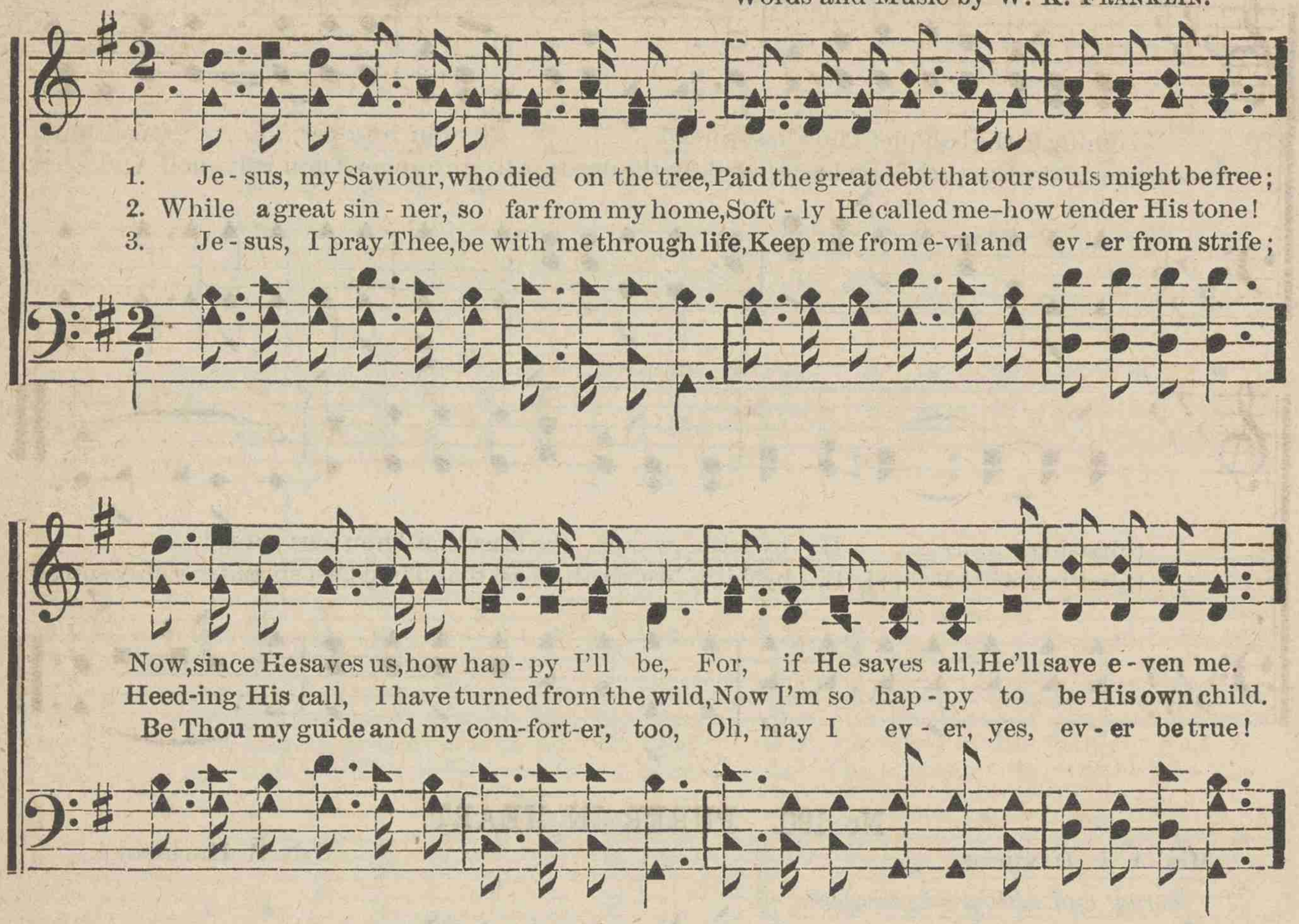
Softly, and with great reverence.

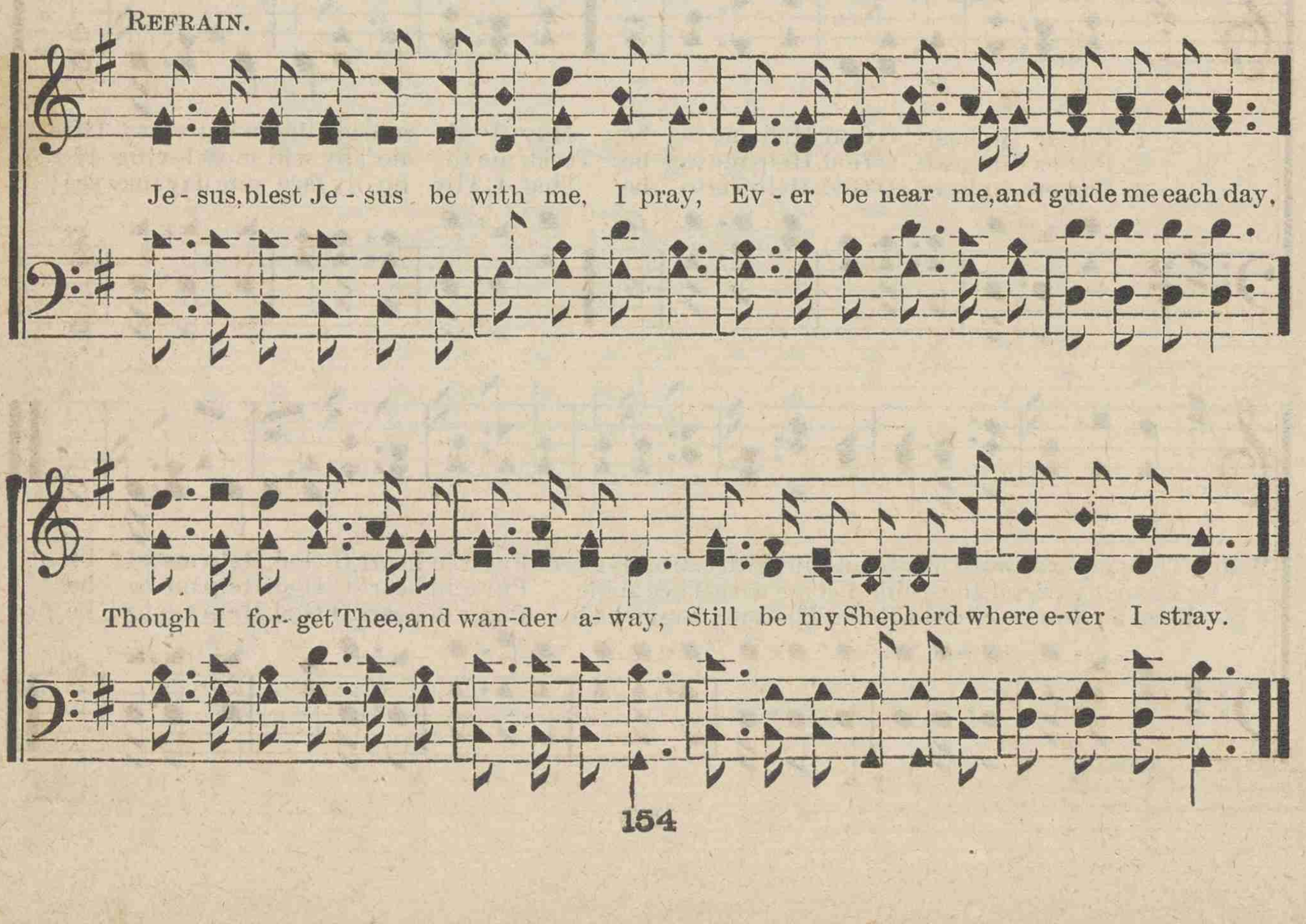
1. Pur-er in heart, O God, Help me to be, May I de- vote my life wholly to Thee;
2. Pur-er in heart, O God, Help me to be, Teach me to do Thy will, most loving- ly;
3. Pur-er in heart, O God, Help me to be, That I Thy ho - ly face one day may see;

Watch Thou my wayward feet, Guide me with counsels sweet; Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be.
Be Thou my friend and guide, Let me with Thee abide; Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be.
Keep me from secret sin, Reign Thou my soul within; Purer in heart, O God, Help me to be.

No. 191. JESUS WILL BE WITH ME.

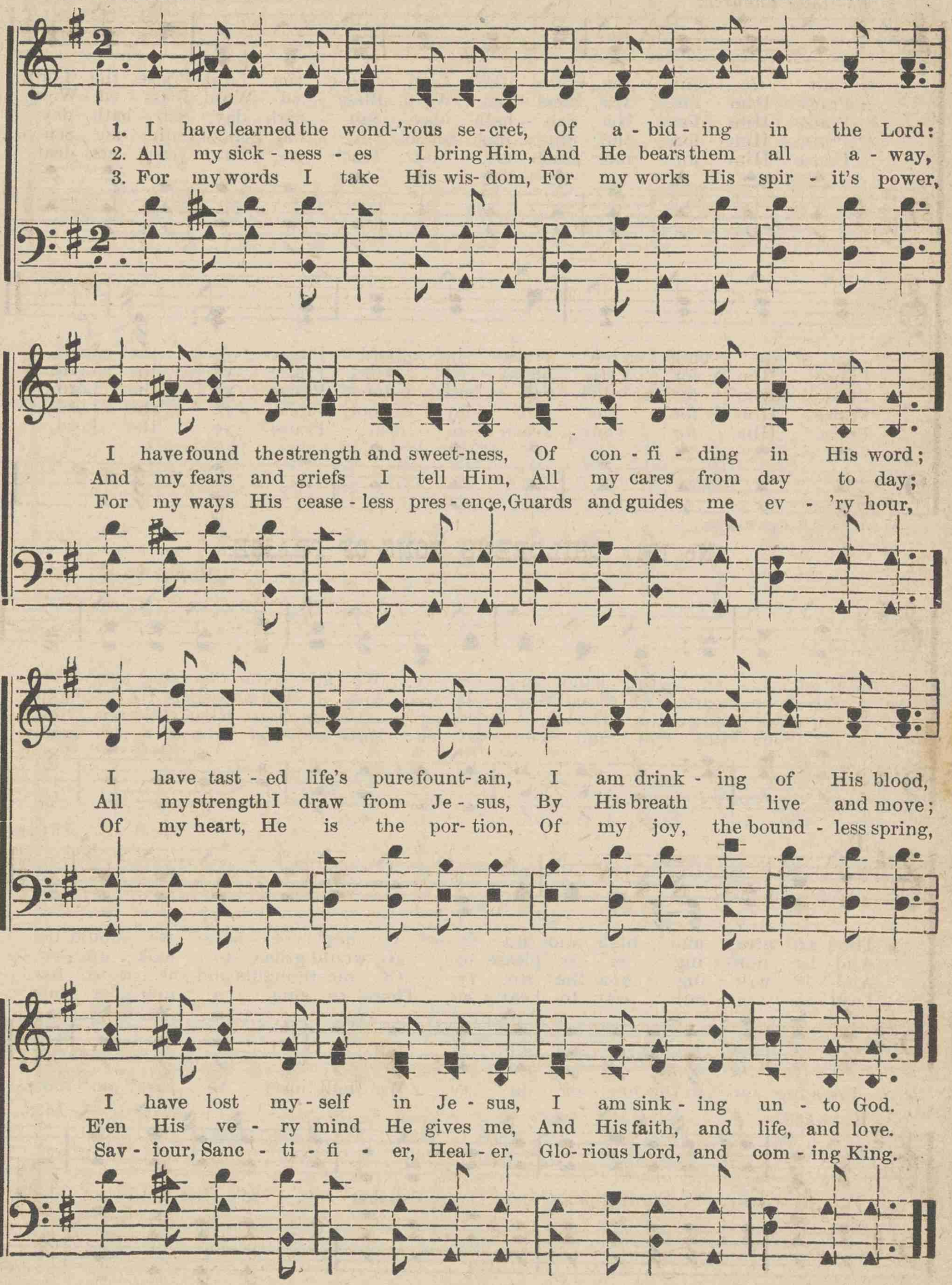
Words and Music by W. K. FRANKLIN.





No. 192. THE WONDROUS SECRET.
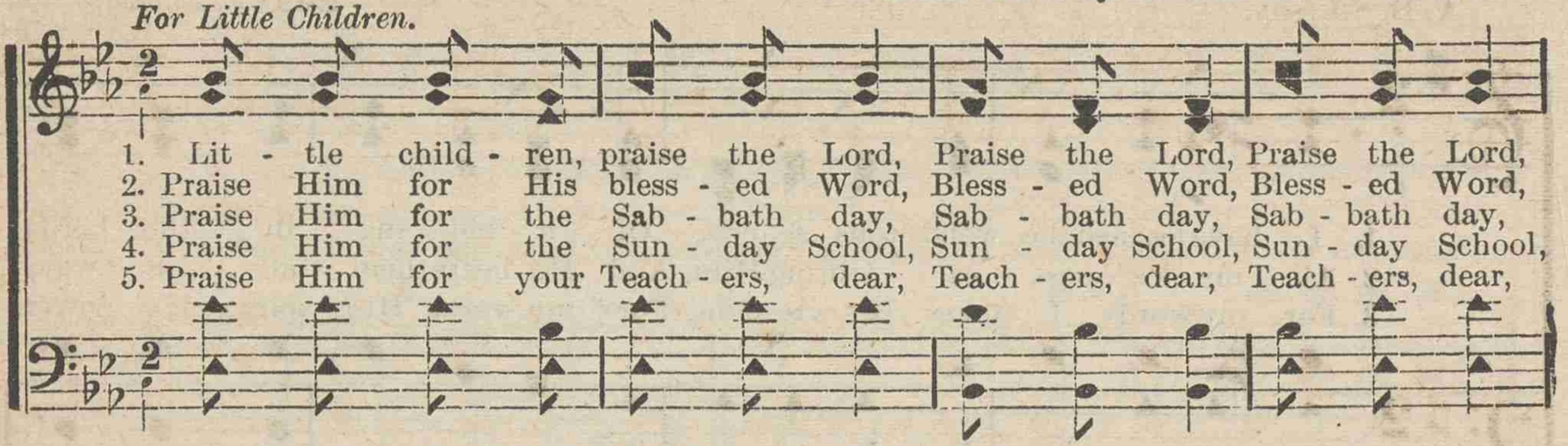
A. B. Simpson. Emma J. Eller.



No. 193. PRAISE THE LORD.

Words and Music by CHARLES EDW. POLLOCK.

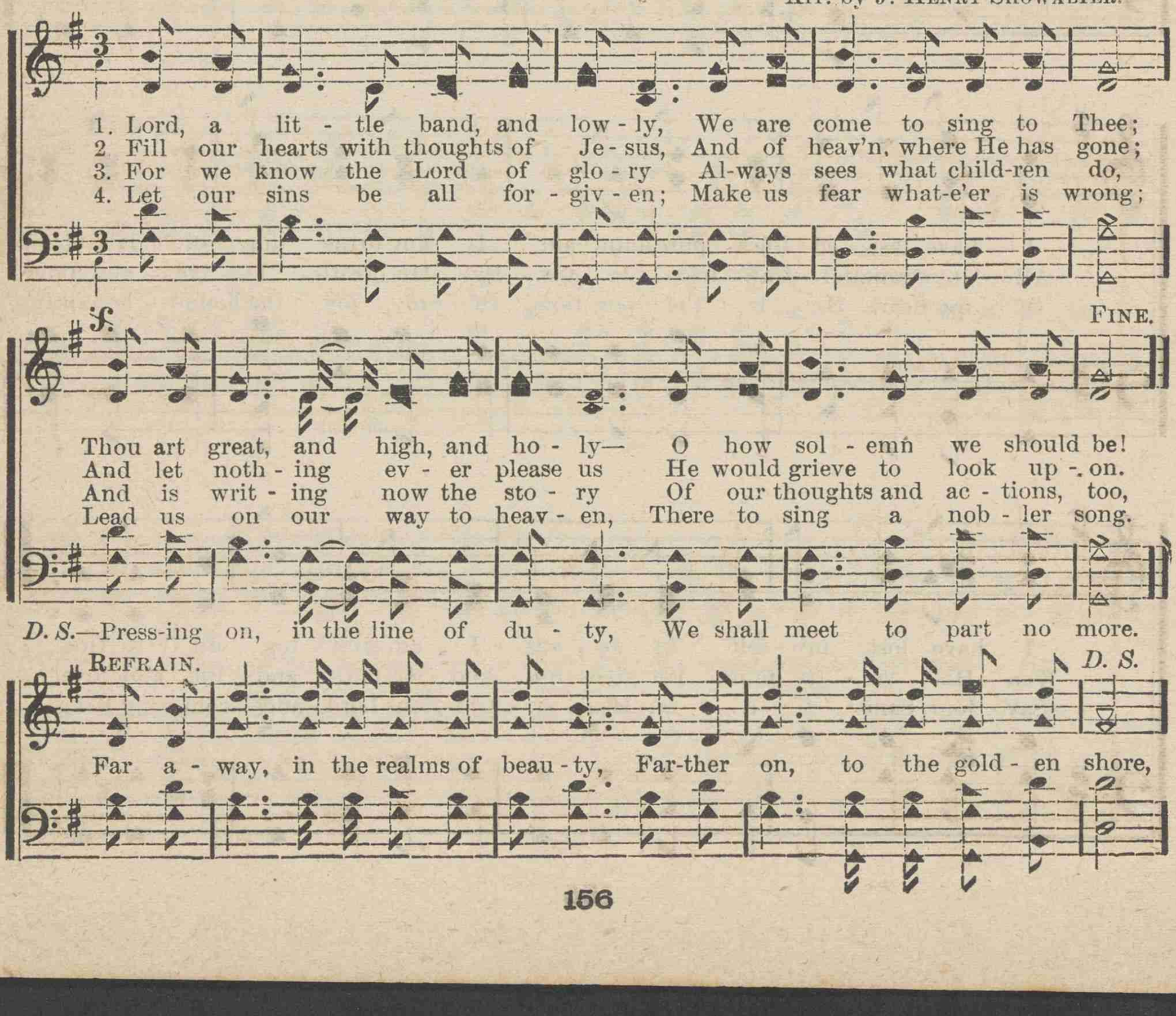
For Little Children.



By per. David C. Cook Pub. Co.
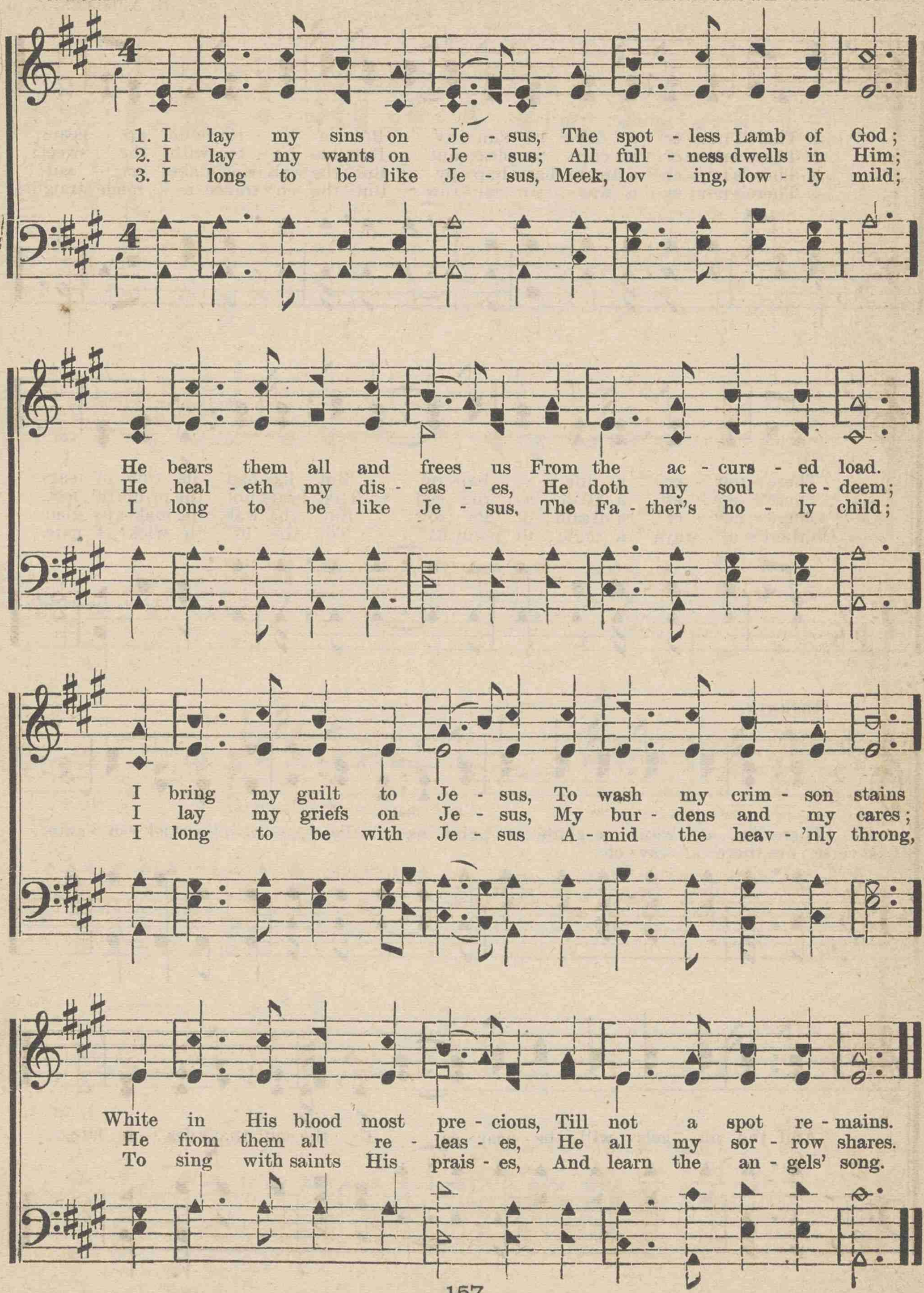
No. 194. CHILDRENS' SONG OF PRAISE.

Arr. by J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



No. 195. I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS. 7s. & 6s.

Dr. BONAR. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. 1892.



No. 196. THE WICKET GATE.

R. A. GLENN.

1. There's nev - er a day so sun - ny But a lit - tle cloud ap - pears;
2. There's nev - er a cup so pleas- ant But has bit - ter with the sweet;
3. There's nev - er a dream that's hap - py But the wak - ing makes us sad;
4. There's nev - er a way so nar - row But the en - trance is made straight;

There's nev - er a life so hap- py But has had its time of tears.
There's nev - er a path so rug - ged That bears not the prints of feet.
There's nev - er a dream of sor - row But the wak - ing makes us glad.
Oh, there's al - ways a guide to point us To the lit - tle wick - et gate.

REFRAIN.

There is al - ways a guide to point us To the lit - tle wick - et gate,
(Last verse.) Yes, there's al- ways etc.

And the an - gels will be near - er To the soul that's des - o - late,

No. 197. WALKING CLOSE TO JESUS.

(To my Mother.)

Words and Music by J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. I am so hap - py now in Je - sus, Walk- ing with Him I ne'er can fall;
2. Oh, what a joy I feel in Je - sus, Since He my ev - 'ry bur- den bears;
3. Oh, what a peace I find in Je - sus! Peace for my wea - ry ach- ing heart!

I am so hap - py trust - ing Je - sus: Je - sus my ref - uge and my all.
Oh, what compas - sion! love un - end - ing! He all my joy and sor - row shares.
I am so glad that Je - sus saves me, And bids my ev - 'ry fear de - part.

REFRAIN.

Walk - - - - ing close to Je-sus ev-er, Walk - - - - ing near my Sav - iour's side;
Walking, yes, I'm walking close to Jesus ever, Walking, ev-er walking near my blessed Saviour's side;

Walk - - - ing where my Saviour leads me, I shall e'er - - - with Him a - bide.
Walking, humbly walking where my Saviour leads me, I shall e'er, yes, I shall e'er with Him abide.

No. 198. SWEET HOME OF THE SOUL.

GERTRUDE A. FLORY. WM. BEERY.

1. There's a beau- ti-ful land im-mor - tal, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;
2. There's a sin - less land of glo - ry, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;—
3. There's a bliss - ful land and ver - nal, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;

Just be - yond the pearl - y por - tal, In the sweet home of the soul.
O it is a won - drous sto - ry, Of the sweet home of the soul.
The re-deemed will live e - ter - nal, In the sweet home of the soul.

There are gild - ed gem - lit tow - ers, Sweet ce - les - tial glo - ry bow - ers,
'Neath the dome of the dear Giv - er, Heal- ing fruits in beau - ty quiv - er,
Triumph on their fa - ces beam- ing, For the glo - ry o'er them streaming,

Fra-grant with un - fad - ing flow - ers, In the sweet home of the soul.
On a gol - den-strand-ed riv - er, In the sweet home of the soul.
Far out-shines earth's fan-cied dreaming, Of the sweet home of the soul.

SWEET HOME OF THE SOUL. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

In the sweet, . . sweet home of the soul, We shall meet those gone before;
In the sweet home, in the sweet

In the sweet, sweet home of the soul, We shall reign for-ev - er - more.
In the sweet home, in the sweet

No. 199. JUST AS I AM. L. M.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. 1834. W. B. BRADBURY.

Not too slow.

1. Just as I am, with- out 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, though tossed a - bout; With many a con- flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re- ceive; Wilt wel-come par-don, cleanse re- lieve;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
Fightings and fears with- in, with- out,
Be- cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve,

O Lamb of God! I come, I come.

No. 200. COME, GIVE YOUR ALL TO JESUS.

J. H. S. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Come, give your heart to Je - sus, He pleads with you to - day,
2. Come, give your life to Je - sus, And sweet - est ser - vice prove;
3. Come, give your all to Je - sus, Your bur - dens and your cares;

O come to Him be - liev - ing, He'll wash your sins a - way.
His life for you He's giv - en, In ten - der - ness and love.
Come, trust - ing Him for par - don, He all your sor - row shares.

REFRAIN.

Oh, give your heart to Je - sus, Your life, your all to Him,
Come wash in His dear fount - ain, Be cleansed from ev - 'ry sin.

No. 201. JUST ENTER THE OPEN GATE.

J. B. VAUGHAN. (From "Vaughan's Select Songs," by permission.) M. S. KERBY.

1. A gen - tle voice is call - ing, Why long - er will you wait,
2. If you will come be - liev - ing, You need not long - er wait,
3. Sweet peace and joy e ter - nal, For all the good a - wait,

The Sav - iour is wait-ing to bless you, Just en- ter the o - pen gate.
For oth - ers are bless-ings re - ceiv - ing; Are ent'ring the o - pen gate.
Oh, will you ac- cept His dear par- don, And en- ter the o - pen gate.

REFRAIN.

Just en - ter the o - pen gate, Just en - ter the o - pen gate, . . All things are now read- y, O why do you wait? Just en - ter the o - pen gate.

No. 202. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Arr. from Dr. BONAR, by WM. B. BLAKE. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. When I a- wake in that sweet morn of morns, Af-ter whose dawning night ne'er returns,
2. When I shall meet there with those I have loved, Clasp in my arms the long, long re-moved,
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with eyes no more dim,

And with whose glo - ry day ev - er burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
And find how faith - ful Thou then hast proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
And praise Him with heav'ns deep swell-ing hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied.

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 203. SING HIS PRAISE.

S. J. PERRY. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Help us, O Lord, to love Thee more, And praise Thy ho - ly name
2. Oh, may we live to hon - or Thee, While years shall come and go;
3. Then, when our days on earth shall end, And all our la - bors o'er,

For all Thy won- drous works be- low, Thy glo - ry and Thy fame.
And bear with strength the cross of Christ, And do His will be - low.
Oh, may we in Thy courts a- bove, Sing praise for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Sing His praise from shore to shore;
He hath brought the world sal - va - tion, Praise His name for - ev - er - more.

No. 204. CARRY THE NEWS.

J. T. CAMP. J. B. VAUGHAN, by per.

1. Car - ry the news, tell it o'er land and sea, Car- ry the news, car- ry the
2. Car - ry the news, ti-dings of joy proclaim, Car- ry the news, car- ry the
3. Car - ry the news, "Streams of salvation flow," Car-ry the news, car- ry the

Carry the news,

news, Tell it a-broad, that Christ hath ran - somed thee, Car - ry the
news, Shout and re-joice, sing prais - es to the Lamb, Car - ry the
news, Car - ry the news, 'till all the earth shall know, Car - ry the

car- ry the news;

news, car - ry the news. In the bonds of sin He found thee, Thorns and
news, car - ry the news. Tell how He from heav'n descended; How poor
news, car - ry the news. Nev- er cease to tell the sto- ry Of our

Car-ry the news, car-ry the news,

snares, and death around thee, And He cried so loving- ly, "I'm thy Ref-uge, come to me."
sin- ners He be-friend-ed; How He cried on Cal- va - ry; How He lan-guished on the tree.
Lord, the King of glo-ry; Sing the songs of ju - bi- lee; Ev - er in His ser- vice be.

CARRY THE NEWS. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Car - ry the news, car - ry the news,
Car - ry the news, car - ry the news,

Tell it a- broad, tell of the gra - cious call; (*Omit.* . . . . .)
Tell to the (*Omit.* . . . . .) na- tions, Je - sus died for all.

No. 205. NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Ac - cord- ing to Thy gra- cious word In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
3. Geth - sem- a - ne can I for - get? Or there Thy con - flict see,
4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem-ber Thee.
Thy tes - ta-ment - al cup I take, And thus re - mem-ber Thee.
Thine ag - o - ny and blood- y sweat, And not re - mem-ber Thee.
O Lamb of God, my sac - ri - fice, I must re - mem-ber Thee.

No. 206. WONDERFUL GRACE.

Rev. W. H. BURRELL. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der- ful grace! This great sal - va - tion brings;
2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der- ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin;
3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis won-der- ful grace! Its streams are full and free;

The soul, de - liv - ered of its load, In sweet-est rap - ture sings
The pow'r of ris - ing e - vil slays, And reigns su-preme with - in.
Are flow - ing now for all the race; They e - ven flow to me.

REFRAIN.

'Tis grace! . . . 'tis grace! . . . 'Tis won-der-ful, won-der-ful grace! . . .
'Tis won-der-ful grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! 'Tis wonderful, wonder-ful wonder-ful grace!

'Tis grace! . . . 'tis grace! . . . 'Tis flowing still free- ly for me.
'Tis won-der-ful grace! 'tis won-der-ful grace! 'Tis flowing still free- ly for you and me.

No. 207. LEAD ME FORTH, O BLESSED JESUS.

Words arr. by J. H. S. J. M. SHOWALTER.

1. Lead me forth, O bless-ed Je-sus! Out of dark-ness, out of gloom-y night,
2. Lead me forth, O bless-ed Je-sus! Leav-ing all my gloom-y doubts and fears,
3. Lead me forth, O bless-ed Je-sus! With a clear eye firm-ly fix'd a - bove,

In - to life and love e - ter - nal, In - to joy and in - to per - fect light.
Leav-ing all my sins and sor-rows, Leaving all my griefs and all my tears.
On the crown that now is wait - ing, In the bless - ed par - a - dise of love.

REFRAIN.

Lead me forth, O bless-ed Je - sus! Out of dark-ness in - to light;
Make me pur-er still and pur - er; Guide me ev - er in the paths of right.

No. 208. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn - est tones, and grave; Re-
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the sto - ry
won- der - ful re - demp- tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry
mem-ber! I'm the sin - ner Whom Je- sus died to save. Tell me the sto - ry
this world's empty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. Yes, and when that world's

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing, Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry, Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old sto - ry: "Christ

REFRAIN.

help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon.
com- fort - er to me.
died to make thee whole."

Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old

sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 209. LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

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

1. When the storm ra- ges high on the o - cean so wide, And my frail bark is toss'd by the
2. When af- flic - tion and sor- row and grief here I find, And the world, and the flesh and
3. And when to the riv- er of Jor - dan I come, To the deep chil-ly wa- ters be -

rough, rolling tide, When the billows near me roll, Unto Thee will I cry, O lead me to the
Sa - tan combine To draw me from the sky, Then to Thee will I cry, O lead me to the
tween me and home; When to death I'm drawing nigh, Then to Thee will I cry, O lead me to the

D.S.—O lead me to the

FINE. REFRAIN.

Rock that is high - er than I.
Rock that is high - er than I.
Rock that is high - er than I.

O lead me to the Rock that is high- er than I,

Rock that is high - er than I.

D.S.

high- er than I, high - er than I; O lead me to the Rock that is high- er than I;

NO. 210. WALKING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS.

Dr. M. L. HOFFORD. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Are you walk - ing in His foot - steps, Are you al - ways do - ing good,
2. Are you walk - ing in His foot - steps, Do you ev - er seek the lost
3. Are you walk - ing in His foot - steps, As He bids you dai - ly do,

Do you fol - low af - ter Je - sus, As sin - cere - ly as you should?
In the mount - ain and the des - ert, What - so - e'er may be the cost?
Do you fol - low near the Sav - iour, Keep him con - stant - ly in view?

Do you trav - el in the path - way That will shine with bright - er light,
In the high - ways and the by - ways, Are your foot - steps ev - er found,
In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, In the dark - ness and the light,

Till you reach the man - sions yon - der, In the land of pure de-light?
Where His wound - ed feet and bleed - ing, Left their marks up - on the ground?
Are you press - ing in your jour - ney To the land of pure de-light?

CHORUS.

Are you walk - - ing in His foot - - steps?
Are you walk - ing in His foot - steps? Are you walk-ing in His foot-steps?

Are you al - ways do - ing good?
Are you al - ways do - ing good? Are you al - ways do - ing good?

Do you fol - - - low af - ter Je - - - sus,
Do you fol - low af - ter Je - sus? Do you fol - low af - ter Je - sus

As sin - cere - ly as you should?
As sin - cere - ly as you should, as sin - cere - ly as you should?

No. 211. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS. C. M. D.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, 1890.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest:
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
4. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "My Fa - ther's house a - bove

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up- on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
Has ma - ny man-sions; I've a place Pre- pared for you in love."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad,
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life- giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
I trust in Je - sus: in that house, Ac - cord - ing to His word,

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav- 'ling days are done.
Re-deemed by grace, my soul shall live For - ev - er with the Lord.

No. 212. MAKE ROOM FOR THE SAVIOUR.

J. L. M. J. L. MOORE.

1. Oh sin - ner, make room for the Sav - iour, Your heart is all crowded with sin;
2. Oh sin - ner, make room for the Sav - iour, Why turn a deaf ear to His call?
3. Oh sin - ner, make room for the Sav - iour, There's danger in lon-ger de - lay—

He stands at the door and is plead - ing, Make room and let Him come in.
On Gol - go - tha's hill He re-deem'd you He died as a ran-som from all.
Thy heart that is crowd-ed with dark- ness, May shine as the brightness of day.

CHORUS.

Make room for the Sav - iour, Make room for the Sav - iour, He stands at the door and is plead - ing, Make room and let Him come in.

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No. 213. THE HAPPY DAY IS COMING.

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

1. There's a sweet new song in the heav - 'nly throng, I shall sing, ... yes,
2. With the ran- somed choir, and a gold - en lyre, I shall sing, ... yes,
3. With the loved ones stand and a harp in hand, I shall sing. . . . . yes,

I shall sing,

I shall sing; In that home a - bove, where there's perfect love, I shall
I shall sing; With a per - fect peace, joy shall nev - er cease, I shall
I shall sing; Oh, the joys un - told, While the a - ges roll, I shall

I shall sing,

CHORUS.

sing, . . . yes, I shall sing.
sing, . . . yes, I shall sing.
sing, . . . yes, I shall sing.
} Oh, the hap-py day is com-ing! Yes, 'tis coming!

I shall come,

yes, 'tis coming! Oh, how sweet it then will be; I shall sing through-out e-ter- ni - ty!

From "Pearls of Praise", by per. of J. L. Moore.

No. 214. DON'T YOU WANT TO GO?

OENNICK. Arr. by W. P. D. W. P. DAVIDSON.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Oh, don't you want to go there too? He whom I
2. His track I see, and I'll pur- sue, Oh, don't you want to go there too? The nar-row
3. The way the ho - ly proph-ets went, Oh, don't you want to go there too? The way that
4. The king's highway of ho - li - ness, Oh, don't you want to go there too? I'll go, for

CHORUS.

fix my hopes upon, Oh, don't you want to go?
way till Him I view, Oh, don't you want to go?
leads from banishment, Oh, don't you want to go?
all His path are peace, Oh, don't you want to go?

Brother, don't . . . . . you want to

Don't you want to go,

go, (there too,) To that land of sweetest pleasure, brother, don't you want to go? To the
don't you want to go,

home of the righteous, With the blest reign forev-er, Broth-er, don't you want to go?

No. 215. PRAISE HIS NAME FOR EVERMORE.

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

1. Let us sing our joy - ful lays To the Lord in grate-ful praise, For His love so
2. May our prais-es nev - er end, But each pray'r and song as - cend To the throne of
3. May the courts of heav-en ring With the mu - sic an-gels bring; Hosts of earth and

CHORUS.

full and free, Shed on reb-els such as we.
God a - bove For His wond-'rous works of love.
sky u - nite, Prais-ing God both day and night.

Sound His praise . . . . . o'er
Sing His praise . . . . . from
Sound His praise o'er land and sea,
Sing His praise from shore to shore,

land and sea, ... Let it float . . . . . a - cross the
shore to shore, ... (*Omit* . . . . . .
sound His praise o'er land and sea, Let it float a - cross the lea, let it
sing His praise from shore to shore, (*Omit* . . . . . .

lea . . . . . .
. . . . . Praise His name . . . . . for-ev - er more . . . . . .
float a-cross the lea;
. . . . . Praise His name for-ev - er-more, praise His name for - ev - er-more.

No. 216. SONG OF GLADNESS.

J. S. MOHLER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. In glad - ness, Lord, we come, With joy - ful lips to sing,
2. Our feet with - in Thy gate In joy - ful - ness shall stand,
3. Thy peo - ple, Lord, have come Up to Thy house of pray'r,
4. Thy peace in plen - ty give To all Thy chil - dren here;

Our feet no more from Thee to roam, Our hearts to Thee we bring.
Up - on the Lord with pleas - ure wait, While on this bor - der - land.
To praise Thy name in grate - ful song; Lord! bless Thy ser- vant's there.
And pros - per those Thy words re - ceive, Thy ho - ly name re - vere.

REFRAIN.

We come, . . . we come, . . . With joy - ful lips to sing,
We come to Thee, we come to Thee,

Our feet no more from Thee to roam, Our hearts to Thee we bring.

No. 217. GOING HOME, BY AND BY!

To my brother and fellow laborer, in Christ, J. M. Showalter.

Words and Music by J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Come, sing a - loud the hap-py song, We're go - ing, by and by! To dwell with
2. We'll meet our loved ones gone be-fore, We're go - ing, by and by! And dwell with
3. We'll walk the gold - en streets so fair, We're go - ing, by and by! And all the
4. We'll lay our crowns at Je - sus' feet, We're go - ing, by and by! His pre-cious

REFRAIN.

all the saint-ed throng, We're go - ing, by and by!
Je - sus ev - er-more, We're go - ing, by and by!
bliss of heav-en share, We're go - ing, by and by!
love for - e'er re-peat, We're go - ing, by and by!

Go - ing home, Go - ing home, by and by! Go-ing home, by and by! We're go - ing, by and by! Go - ing home, by and by! Go - ing home, by and by! We're go - ing, by and by! by and by! Go - ing home, by and by! Go - ing home, by and by! We're go - ing, by and by! by and by!

No. 218. VICTORY IS NIGH.

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

1. Sol- diers of the cross a - rise, Shout and sing for vic - to - ry is nigh;
2. See our ban - ners wav - ing high, Shout and sing for vic - to - ry is nigh;
3. Pil - grims in these des - ert lands, Shout and sing for vic - to - ry is nigh;
4. Praise the Lord, we're go - ing home, Shout and sing for vic - to - ry is nigh;

On- ward press, we'll win the prize, Shout and sing for vic - to - ry is nigh.
On- ward, up - ward be the cry, Shout and sing for vic - to - ry is nigh.
Soon we'll press the gold - en sands, Shout and sing for vic - to - ry is nigh.
There our feet shall cease to roam, Shout and sing for vic - to - ry is nigh.

REFRAIN.

Glo - ry be to God, Glo - ry be to God, vic - to - ry is nigh;

We will shout and sing ho-san-nah to our King, Shout and sing for vic - to- ry is nigh.

No. 219. WE'RE COMING TO THEE.

S. J. PERRY. F. M. HODGES.

1. { Dear Sav - iour, we come in our weak- ness to Thee, Our sor- rows and
   { Thy good- ness and mer - cy is ev - er our plea, (*Omit.* . . . . . .

2. { We trust that our com - ing will nev - er be vain; Our faith and our
   { For Christ, the Re - deem - er on Cal - v'ry was slain, (*Omit.* . . . . . .

3. { Then lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly bless us just now, And help us to
   { While now at Thy foot-stool, O Je - sus, we bow (*Omit.* . . . . . .

bur - dens we lay at Thy feet; For life and sal - va- tion com- plete.
con - fi - dence nev - er grow weak, And bids us His fav - or to seek.
drink from the Fount-ain of life, For- get - ting the world and its strife.
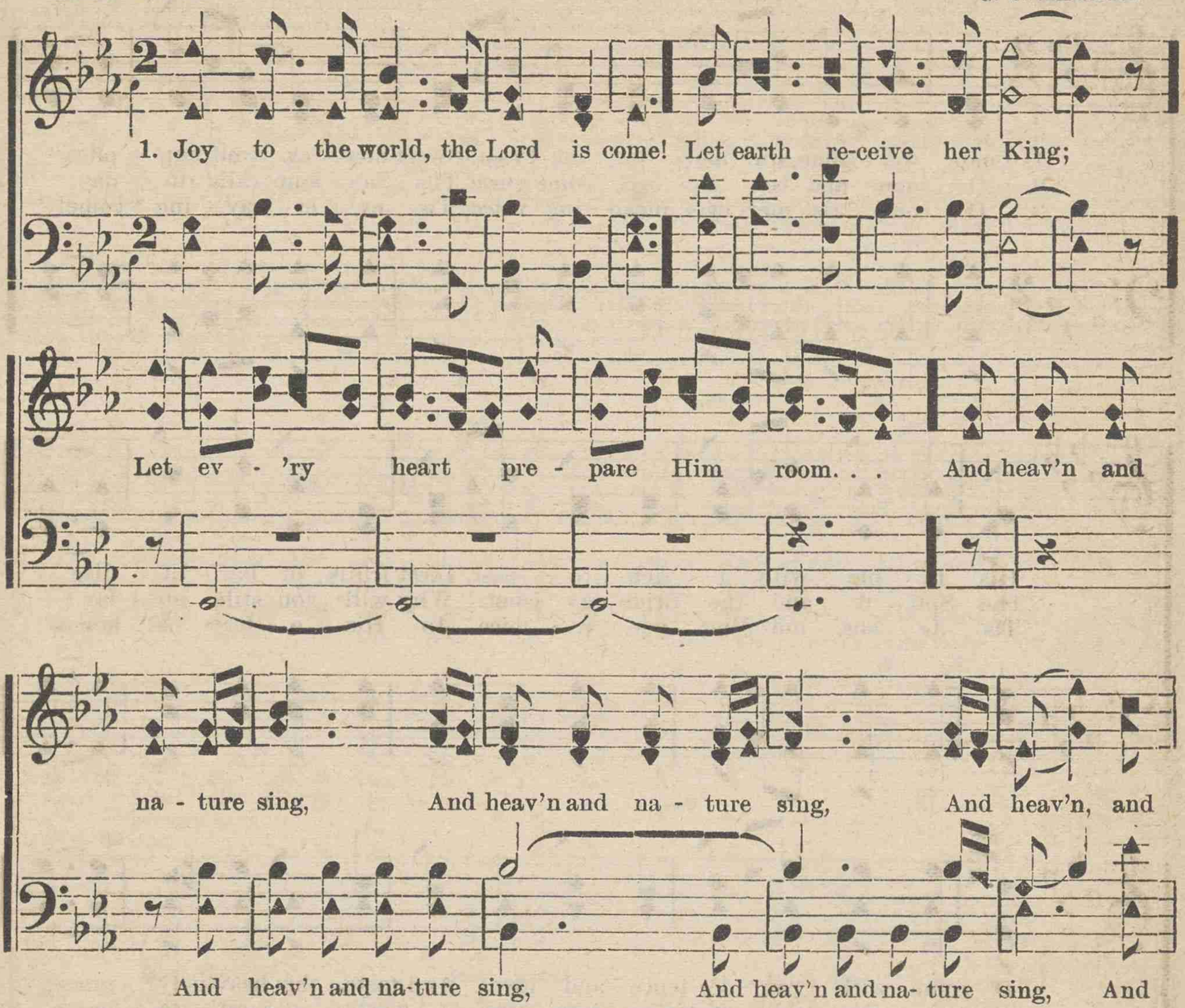
REFRAIN.

We're com - - ing to Thee, . . . Thy blood . . . is our plea, . . .
We're coming, yes, com-ing, we're coming to Thee, Thy blood and Thy mercy is ever our plea,

O, turn . . . . not a - way, . . . But grant us Thy blessing to - day.
O, turn not, dear Saviour, O turn not a-way,

No. 220. ANTIOCH. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. G. F. HANDEL.



2 Joy to earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

No. 221. Resurrection Hymn. C. M.

Tune—Maitland. Key, B-flat.

1 He who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains,
Now, seated on th'eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 While harps unnumbered sound His praise,
In yonder world above,
His saints on earth admire His ways,
And glory in His love.

3 How glorious He! how happy they,
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

No. 222. COME TO THE FEAST.

J. H. S. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Come, wel - come, sin - ner to the Feast, Sweet mer - cy well sup - plies,
2. O come and be a wel - come guest, The Sav - iour calls to - day;
3. O come, 'tis mer- cy's plead - ing voice, 'Tis ev - er say - ing "come!"

His ta - ble with a rich re - past, Blest fruits of Par - a - dise!
"The Spir - it and the Bride say come," Why will you still de - lay?
'Tis Je - sus bid- ding you re - joice, In His e - ter - nal home.

O come with pen - i - tence and love, And taste this heav'n- ly grace;
Put on the robe of right - eous - ness, A worth - y guest to prove,
A feast so rich, so well sup - plied, No heart con-ceives how sweet

Let His good Spir - it from a - bove Re - veal the Fa - ther's face.
That you may be for - ev - er blest, In His bright halls of love.
To sit with Christ, the Cru - ci - fied, And be in Him com - plete.

No. 223. CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

EDWARD PERRONET. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

all,
crown Him Lord of all,

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

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No. 224. SLEEP TILL THAT MORNING.

B. F. SHOWALTER.

1. Peace- ful - ly lay her down to rest; Place the turf kind- ly o'er her breast;
2. Close to her lone and nar - row house, Grace-ful - ly wave, ye wil - low boughs;
3. Qui - et - ly sleep be - lov - ed one, Rest from thy toil, thy la - bor's done;

Sweet be the slum - ber 'neath the sod, While the pure soul is rest - ing with God.
Flow'rs of the wild- wood o - dors shed, O - ver the ho - ly, beau - ti - ful dead.
Rest till the trump from the op'ning skies, Bids thee from dust to glo - ry a - rise,

REFRAIN.

Peace - - - ful - ly sleep, . . . Sleep . . . . . till that
Peace- ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, sweet - ly sleep, Peace - ful - ly sleep till that

morn - ing, Yes, peace - - - ful - ly sleep . . . . . .
morn - ing, Yes, peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly sleep.

By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 225. NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

VIOLET E. KING. J. H. ALLEMAN.

1. There will be . . . . . no night in heav - en, And no
2. There will be . . . . . no night in heav - en, And no
3. There will be . . . . . no night in heav - en, Glo - rious

gloom . . . shall gath - er there, Mak- ing dim . . . the won-drous
griev - - ing shall we know, In that land . . . of love im -
home . . . of joy and song; We shall know . . no thought of

beau - ty Of that E - - den - land so fair. . . . . .
mor - tal, Just be - yond . . . . . life's pur - ple glow . . . . .
sad - ness When we join . . . . . the ran- somed throng . . . .

CHORUS.

There will be . . . no night in heav-en, In that bliss - ful ev - er-more;
There will be no night in heav'n, In that bliss - ful ev - er-more;

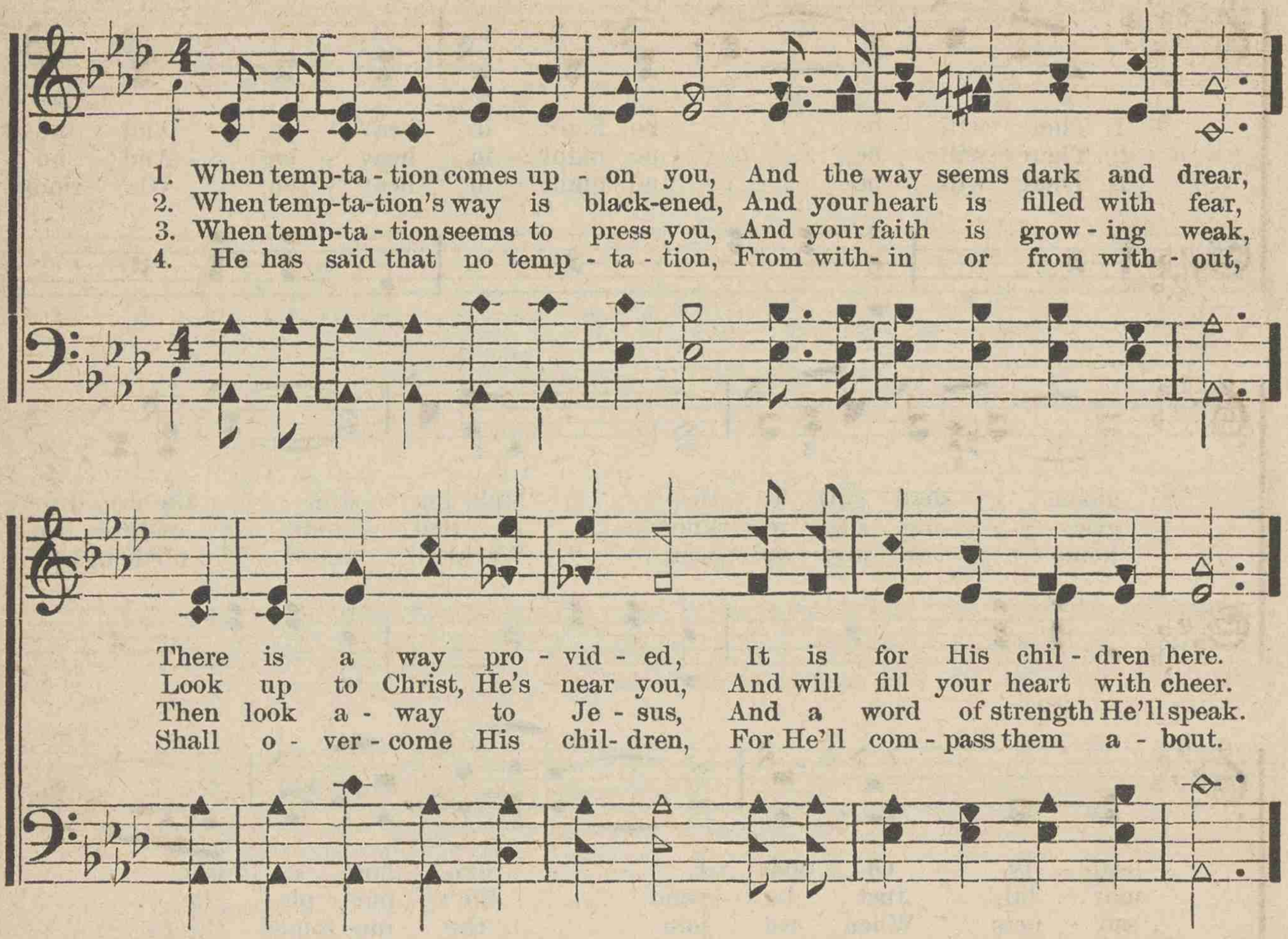
Bass and Tenor staccato.

For no shad - ows ev - er lin-ger, O- ver on . . . that gold-en shore.
For no shad - ows ev - er lin-ger, O- ver on that gold-en shore.
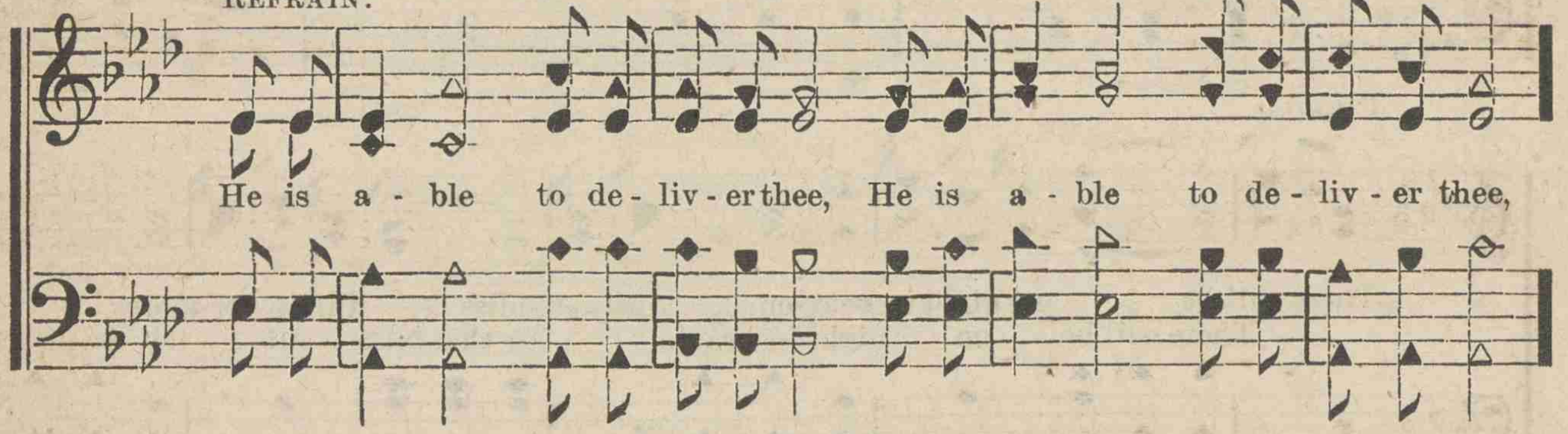
From "Songs of the Saviour's Love," by per. of J. H. Alleman, Author and Pub., Chicago, Ill.

No. 226. ABLE TO DELIVER THEE.

Words and Music by Rev. J. H. WEBER.



REFRAIN.



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No. 227. OUR BETTER HOME.

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

1. It lies be - yond earth's vis - ion, Be - yond the star - ry sky—
2. 'Tis in a gold - en cit - y,— Fair cit - y of the blest;
3. The tree of life is grow - ing In rich lux - u - riance there;
4. Bright crowns of life are wait - ing, In man - sions fair a - bove,
5. There I shall meet my loved ones, When He shall bid me come,

Be - yond the ra - diant sun - set: We'll reach it by and by.
With - in the walls of Jas - per, Earth's wea - ry toil - ers rest.
The stream of life is flow - ing, So crys - tal - line and fair.
And gold - en harps are tun - ing, To sweet - est songs of love.
And share with them, in glo - ry, That bright - er, bet - ter home.

REFRAIN.

There . . . with the glo - ri - fied, Safe . . . at the Sav - iour's side,
There, there with the glo - ri - fied, Safe, safe at the Sav - iour's side,

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

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

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No. 228. BEAUTIFUL ZION.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God,
2. On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov - 'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,

He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode.
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring Show - ing that the Lord is near.

FULL CHORUS.

Zi - - - - on, Zi - on, Beau - - - - ti - ful Zi - on,
Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on,

Zi - on, cit - y of our God, Fair cit - y, built a - bove;

When shall I thy glo - ry share, Thou cit - y of light and love.

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No. 229. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

Mrs. MARTHA MILLS NEWTON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. When the sky is black with storm-clouds, Lightnings flash and thunders roll,
2. E'en tho' tri - als, doubts and sor - rows, Grief and pain my sky o'er cast,
3. Scenes of earth may lure and daz - zle, And its path-way seem so fair,
4. When the shades of death shall gath - er, And its man - tle o'er me spread,

Hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges, Peace and calm pos - sess my soul.
Shel - tered by the Rock of A - ges, I am safe from ev - 'ry blast.
Safe be-neath the Rock of A - ges, I am free from ev - 'ry snare.
On the bless - ed Rock of A - ges, Pil - lowed be my dy - ing head.

REFRAIN.

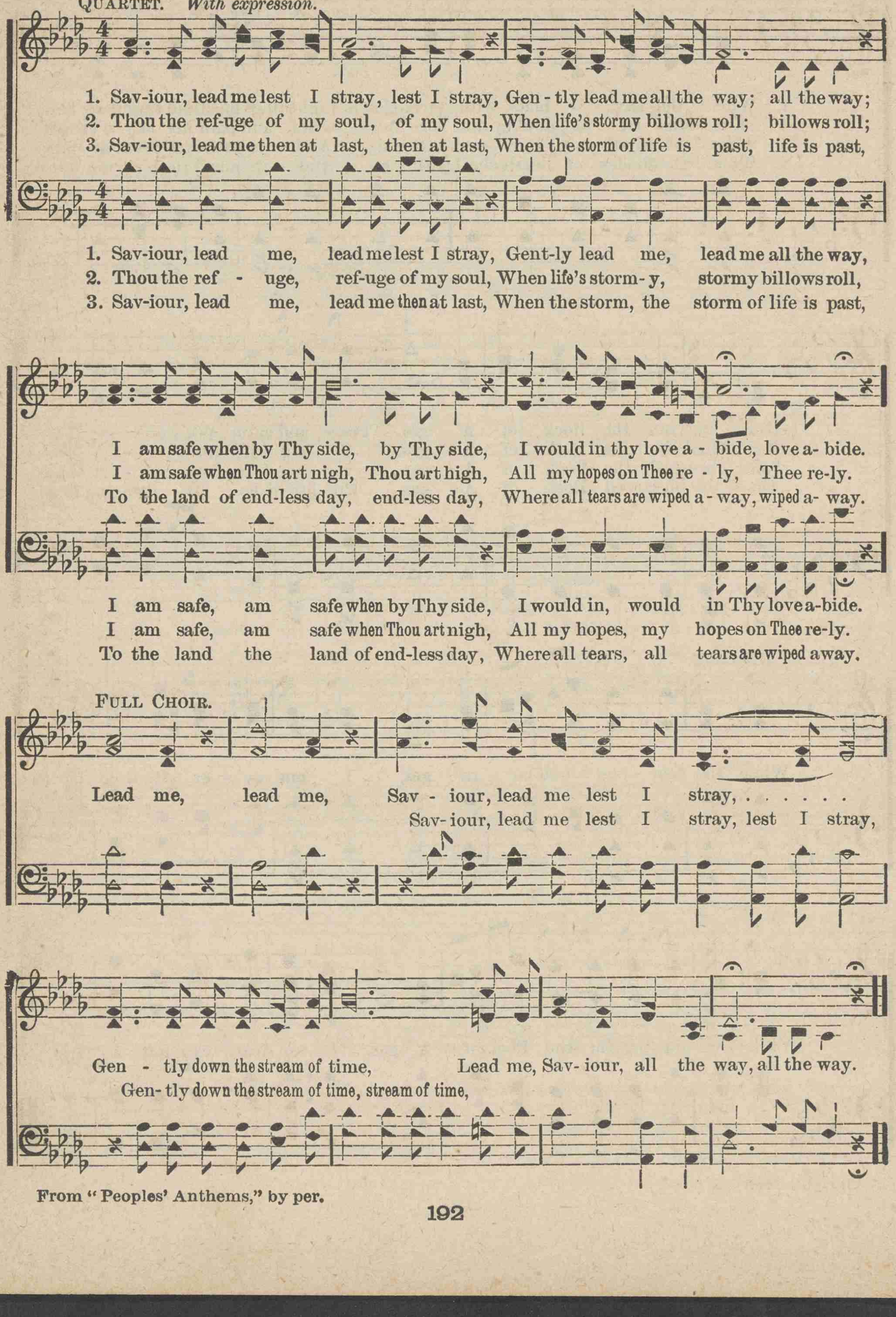
When the tem - pest round me ra - ges, I am ev - er safe from harm,
While I'm hid - ing in the Rock of A - ges, E - ven death can - not a - larm.

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No. 230. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. DAVIS. Arranged from F. M. DAVIS, by A. J. S.

QUARTET. *With expression.*



From "Peoples' Anthems," by per.

No. 231. JOYFUL LAYS.

E. ROBERTS.

1. A - wake my soul, in joy- ful lays, And sing the great Re-deem- er's praise;
2. He saw me ruin-ed in the fall, Yet lov'd me not-with-stand-ing all;
3. Tho' migh- ty hosts of cru -el foes Where earth and hell my way op - pose,
4. When troub-le, like a gloom- y cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud,

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

CHORUS.

Slow.

Proclaim His kindness, His loving kindness, In gladsome streams it flows to thee, it flows to thee.

a tempo.

slow.

Proclaim His kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, His lov-ing kindness, O how free, how free.

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No. 232. THE VOICE OF JESUS.

HORATIUS BONAR. 1857. J. HENRY SHOWALTER

SOP. and ALTO DUET. (May be transposed to C.)

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest:
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;
4. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "My Fa-ther's house a- bove,

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
Has ma - ny mansions; I've a place Pre-pared for you in love."

FULL CHORUS.

I came to Je - sus, as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad,
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
I trust in Je - sus, in that house, Ac - cord - ing to His word,

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, My soul re- vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav'l - ing days are done.
Re- deemed by grace, my soul shall live For - ev - er with the Lord.

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No. 233. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS.

(For Male Voices.)

Dr. BONAR. (Slightly Altered.) E. B. FOWLER.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Be - hold I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I am this dark world's light;
4. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, My Fa - ther's house a - bove

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down, Thy head up - on my breast.
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one Stoop down and drink and live.
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright.
Has ma - ny man - sions; I've a place Pre - pared for you in love.

I came to Je - sus as I was, So wea - ry, worn and sad,
I came to Je - sus and I drank, Of that life - giv - ing stream,
I look'd to Je - sus and I found, In Him my Star, my Sun;
I trust in Je - sus: in that house, Ac - cord - ing to His word,

rit.....

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done.
Re - deem'd by grace, my soul shall live For - ev - er with the Lord.

By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 234. HE SEEKS HIS WANDERING SHEEP TO-DAY.

(May be used as a Solo and Chorus.)

Mrs. MARTHA MILLS NEWTON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. The Shep-herd's heart is sad- dened, His sheep have gone a - stray,
2. Through bri - ers, thorns, and bram- bles, He seeks with anx - ious heart,
3. He's call - ing for thee, lost one, Can you not hear His voice?

Through sum - mer's heat, and win - ter's cold, He seeks His sheep al - way.
O'er mount - ain, vale, or for - est wild, Or in the crowd - ed mart.
Then an - swer to His lov - ing call, Go meet Him and re - joice.

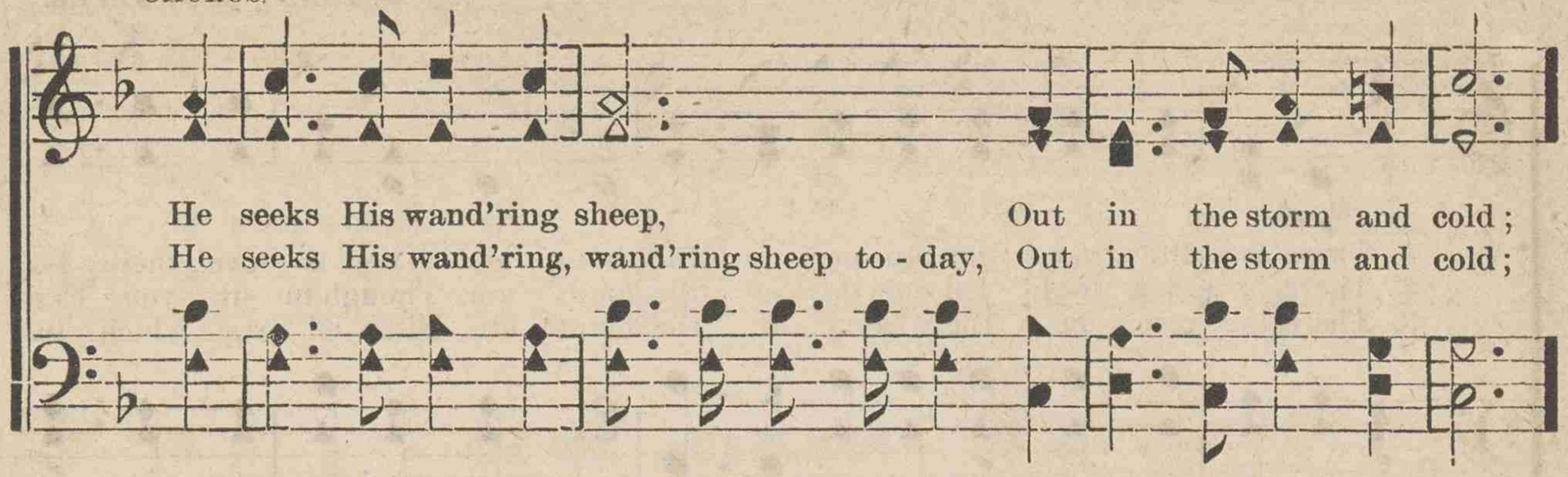
Some wand -'ring sheep He's seek - ing now, Say, broth - er, is it you?
O'er o - ceans main, o'er des - ert sands, He seeks the wide world o'er;
Are you not wea - ry wan - der - ing Out in the storm and cold?
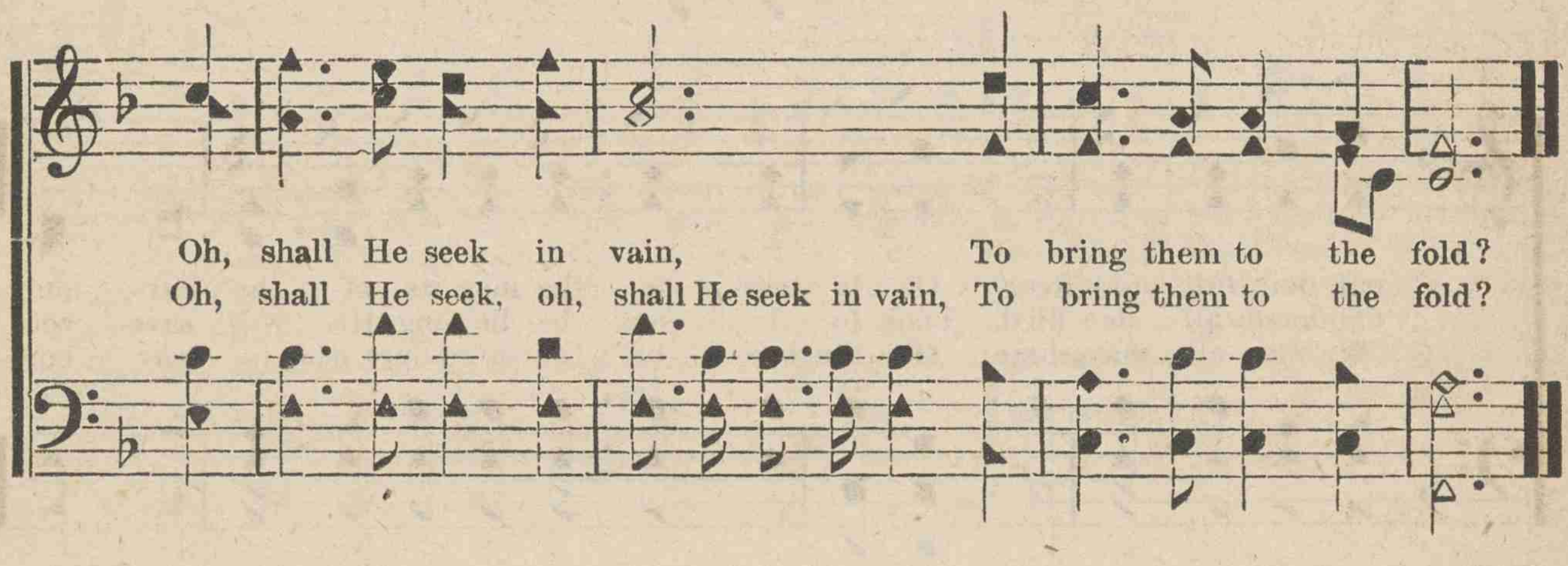
Are you safe shel - tered in the fold, Or are you wand-'ring too?
In gild - ed pal - ace of the rich; In cot - tage of the poor.
A - rise, and seek your Shep - herd's face, Re - turn un - to the fold.

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HE SEEKS HIS WANDERING SHEEP TO-DAY.—Concluded.
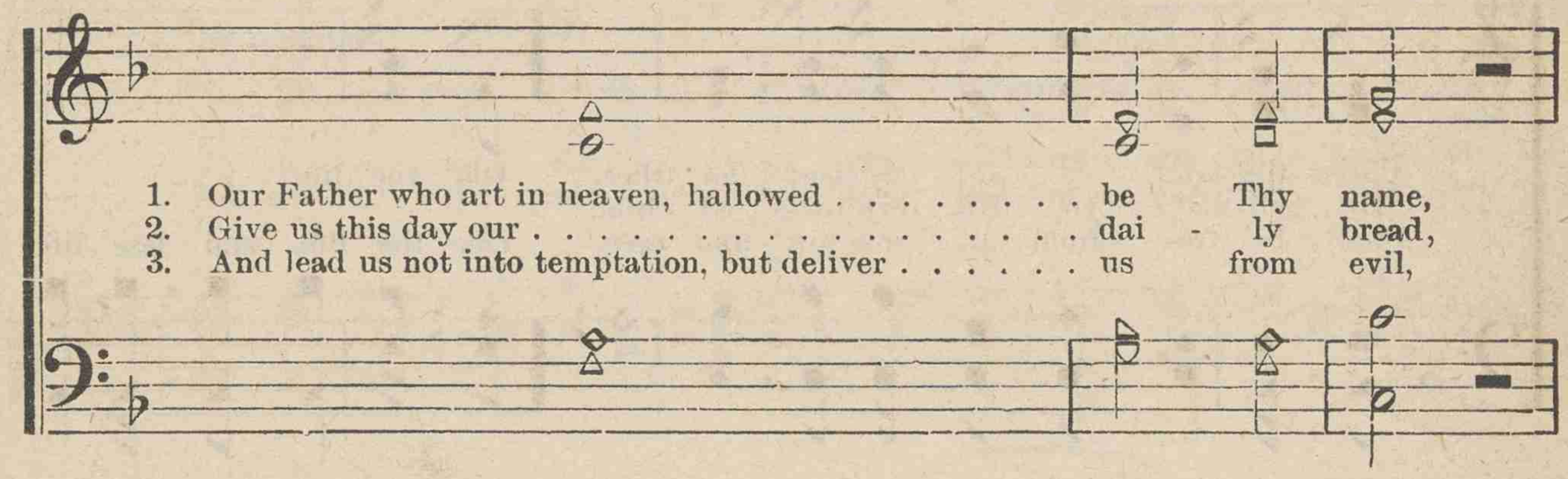
CHORUS.

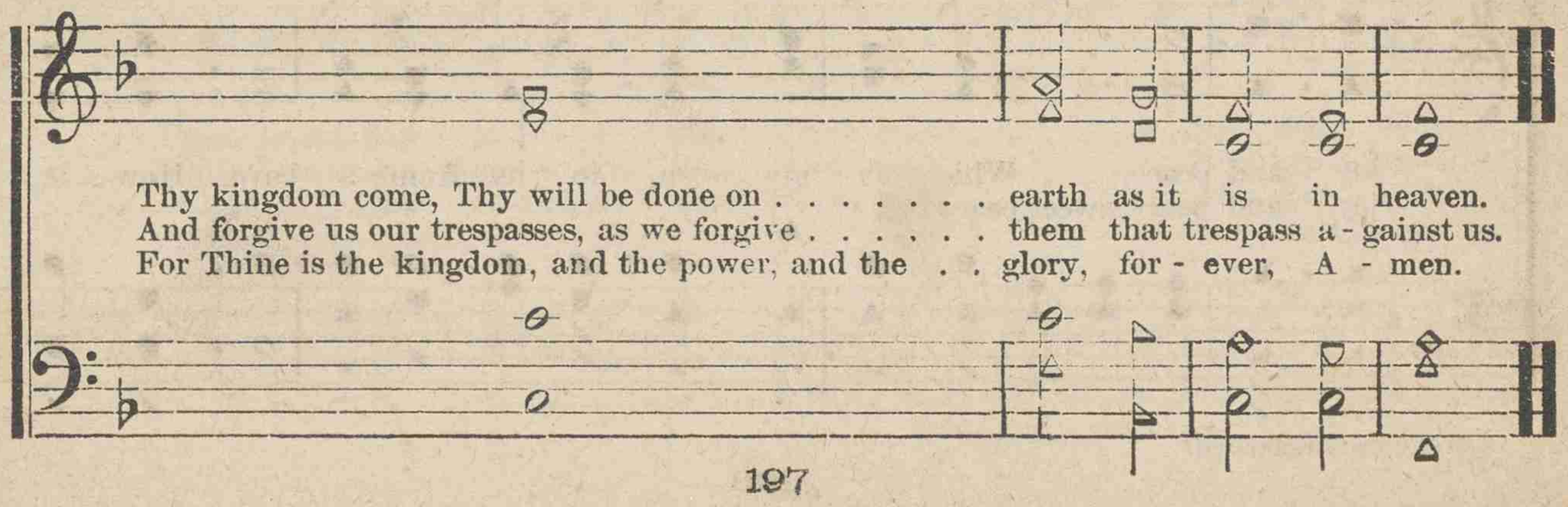




No. 235. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

H. R. PALMER.





No. 236. THE BLESSED FOUNTAIN.

J. H. S. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. There is life for the sin- ner at the fount - ain, There is love, there is
2. There is peace, troub - led one, down at the fount - ain, Though in sin you have
3. There is rest for the wea- ry at the fount - ain, Bless- ed rest which, in

par- don full and free; On - ly trust in the mer- its of the Sav - iour,
wandered, all de - filed, Look to Je - sus, be- liev-ing, He will save you;
Je - sus, all may share; Oh, the bliss of the saved ones, who, in heav - en,

REFRAIN.

Christ the Lord is suf - fi- cient for thee. Oh, the life!
He will make you His own bless - ed child.
Shall be free from all sor- row and care. Oh, the life, end - less life!

joy and peace, Which is giv - en to us from a - bove, How it
joy and peace, sweet peace,

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THE BLESSED FOUNTAIN. Concluded.

cheers! How it woos us on to heav - en! Oh what wondrous compass-ion and love!

No. 237. AURELIOUS C. P. M.

From "The Psaltery."

1. The Lord in - to His gar - den comes, The spi-ces yield their rich perfumes,
2. O, that this dry and bar - ren ground, In springs of wa - ter may a-bound,
3. Come, breth- ren, you that love the Lord, Who taste the sweetness of His word,
4. The glo - rious time is roll - ing on, The gracious work is now be- gun,

The lil - ies grow and thrive; Re - fresh - ing show'rs of grace di - vine
A fruit-ful soil be - come: The des - ert blos - soms as the rose,
In Je - sus way go on; Our trou - bles and our tri - als here,
My soul a wit - ness is: I taste and see the par - don free,

From Je-sus flow to ev-'ry vine, Which make . . . . . the dead re- vive.
While Je-sus con - quers all His foes, And makes . . . . . His peo - ple one.
Will on - ly make us rich-er there, When we . . . . . ar - rive at home.
For all mankind as well as me, Who come . . . . . to Christ may live.

No. 238. THE BELLS OF TIME.

Words used by permission of W. T. Giffe.*

R. A. EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER, by per.

Ben marcato.

1. Oh, the bells of time are chim - ing, chim - ing, Like a
2. While the bells of time are chim - ing, chim - ing, We are
3. While the bells of time are chim - ing, chim - ing, Let us

song that's sweet and low; And we hush our breath to stop and lis - ten
march - ing, march - ing on; And their mys - tic tones will still be peal - ing
work with lov - ing hands; Let us strive to help some wea - ry trav - 'ler,

To the sounds we yearn to know. We can hear the mys - tic
Af - ter we are dead and gone. We may strive to lose their
Faint - ing on life's burn - ing sands. Let us speak kind words where

mus - ic steal - ing Like some mag - ic fair - y spell; And a
con - stant clam - or While we jour - ney to and fro, But the
hearts are sad - dened, Hap - py words where laugh - ter swells, While we

* From "The Silver Star."

feel - ing, vague and strange - ly mingled, Round our spir- its seems to dwell.
mu - sic still will float a-round us, And be heard where - e'er we go.
raise a song of joy and gladness, To the mu - sic of the bells.

CHORUS.

Oh, the chim - - - - - ing bells of time, Ring - ing
Oh, the chim - ing, chim - ing, chim- ing bells of time,

soft..... and ring - ing clear, While in un - - - - - der - tones they
Ring- ing soft and ring - ing clear, While in un - der - tones they

tell That e - ter - - - - - ni - ty is near.
tell us, ev - er tell That e - ter - ni - ty is near.

No. 239. PRAISE FOR THE SAVIOUR.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. In the days long - a - go, came a Sav-iour from the sky, To re - deem the
2. When the glad news was heard of the birth of Christ, the Lord, Down from heav'n the
3. O, be glad, wea - ry pil - grim, a - long the rug - ged way, For our Sa - viour

sons of men From the chains of sin and woe, and the light of peace be-stow,
an - gels came, And they sang a thrill - ing song, tones that but to heav'n be-long,
trod it too; All His life was pure and sweet, do - ing good with will-ing feet,

D. S.—And we hear Thy ten - der call,

Fine. CHORUS.

And to bring them to God a - gain. Bless - ed Lord and Friend!
Prais - ing Je - sus the Sav - iour's name.
Yet He died on the cross for you. Bless-ed Lord and Friend, oh, bless-ed Friend,

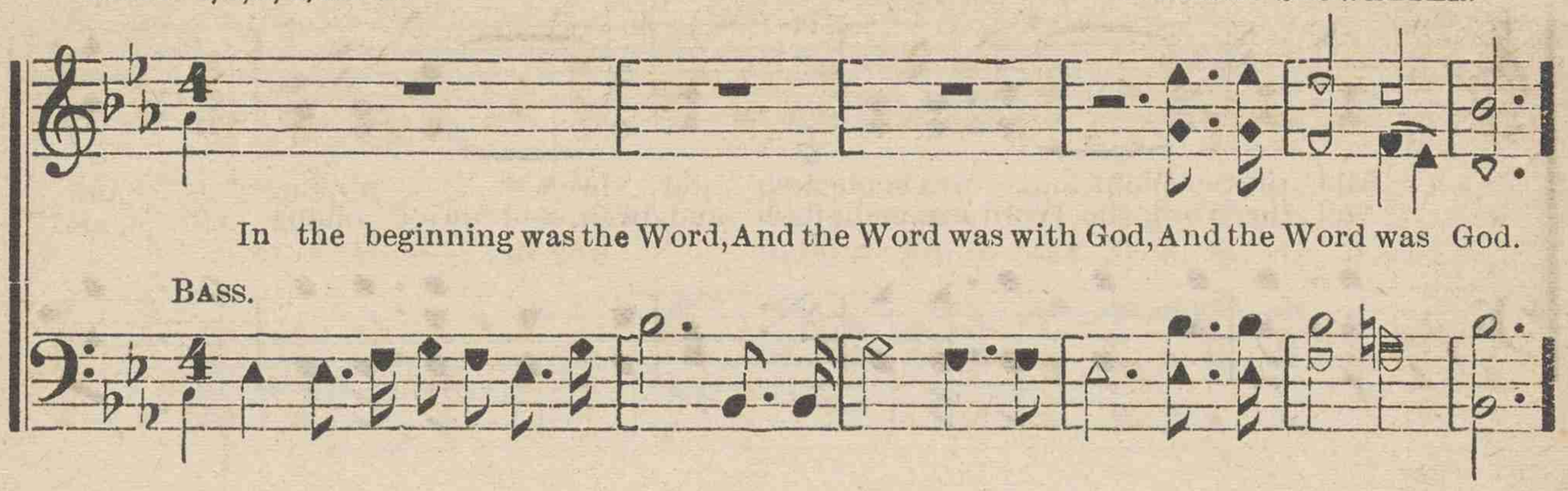
We'll a - dore Thee through all our days.
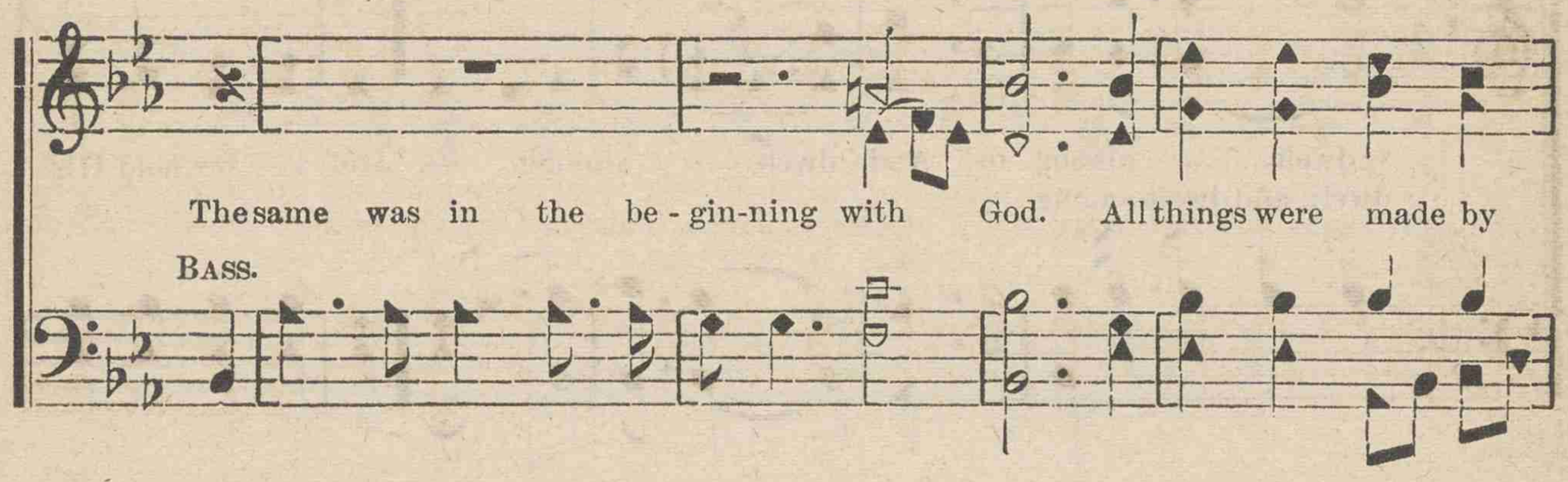
D. S.
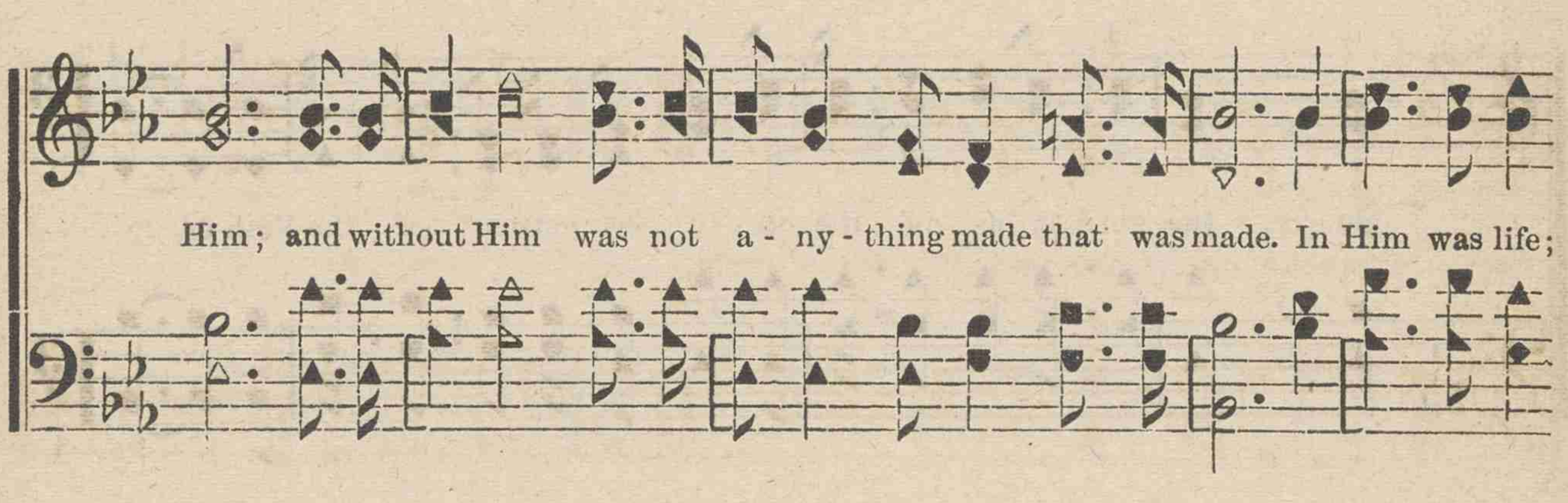
To Thee we of - fer praise, For Thou hast died for all.
of - fer praise,
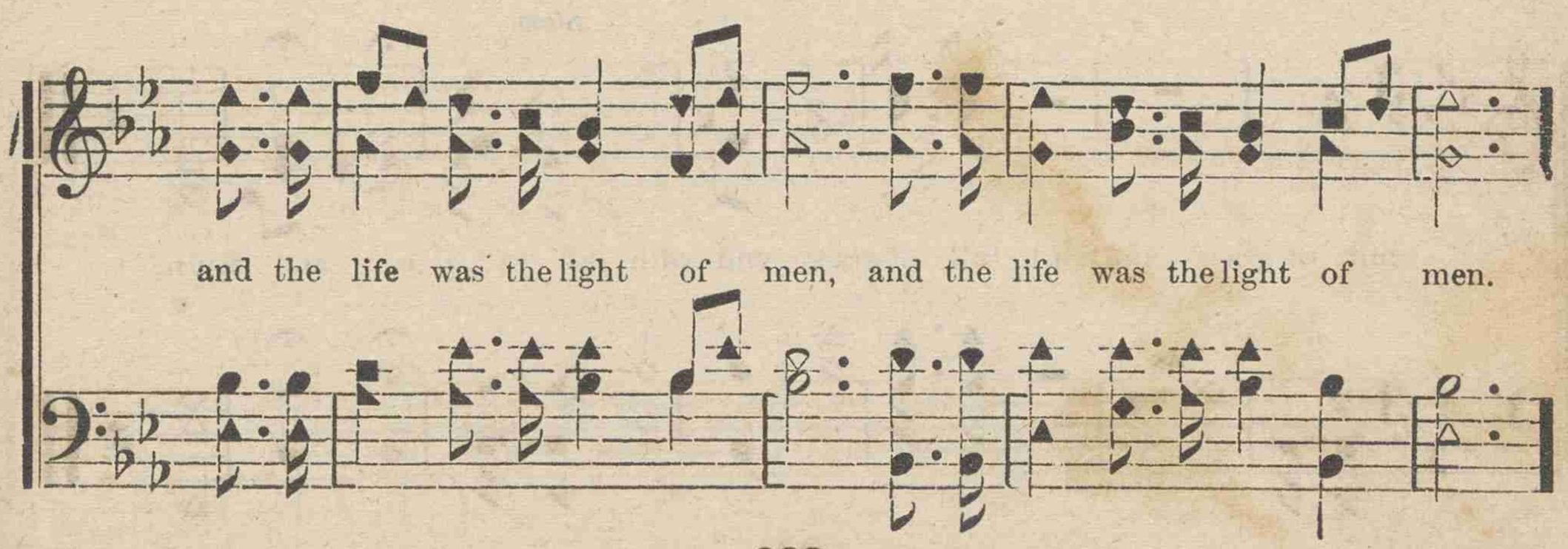
No. 240. IN THE BEGINNING.

John 1: 1, 2, 3, 4, and 14. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.









Legato. Slower and softer. *cres.*

And the Word..... was made flesh and dwelt..... a-mong us, and
And the Word, the Word was made flesh and dwelt, and dwelt among us, and

rit. *Faster.*

dwelt..... among us, And dwelt..... a-mong us. And we be- held His
dwelt, and dwelt among

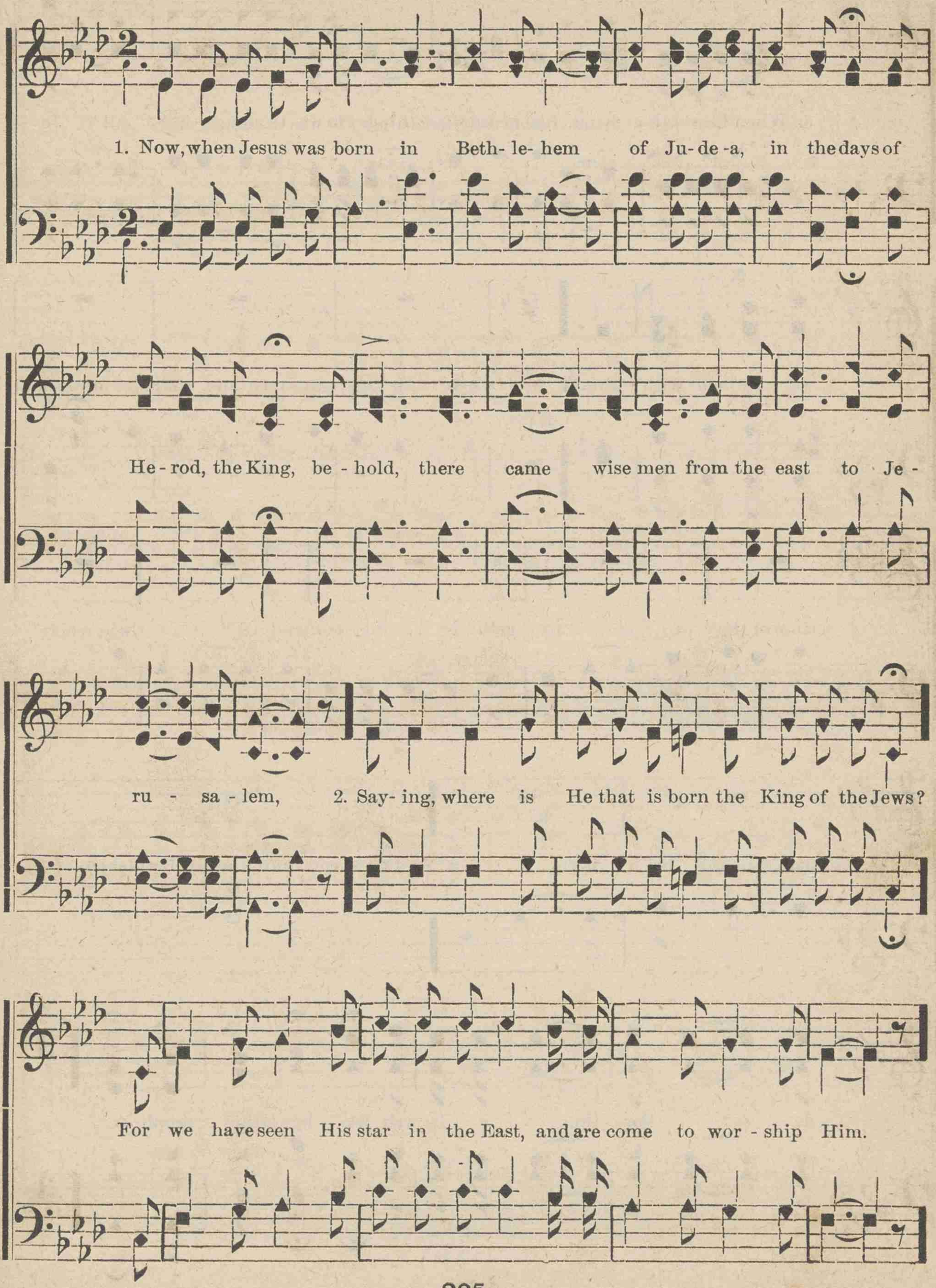
glo - ry, the glo - ry as of the on - ly be - got-ten of the Fath-er,

Slow.

full of grace and truth, full of grace and truth, full of grace and truth.

No. 241. NOW, WHEN JESUS WAS BORN.

Matthew 2: 1-6. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



3. When Herod, the King, had heard these things, He was troubled, and all Je -
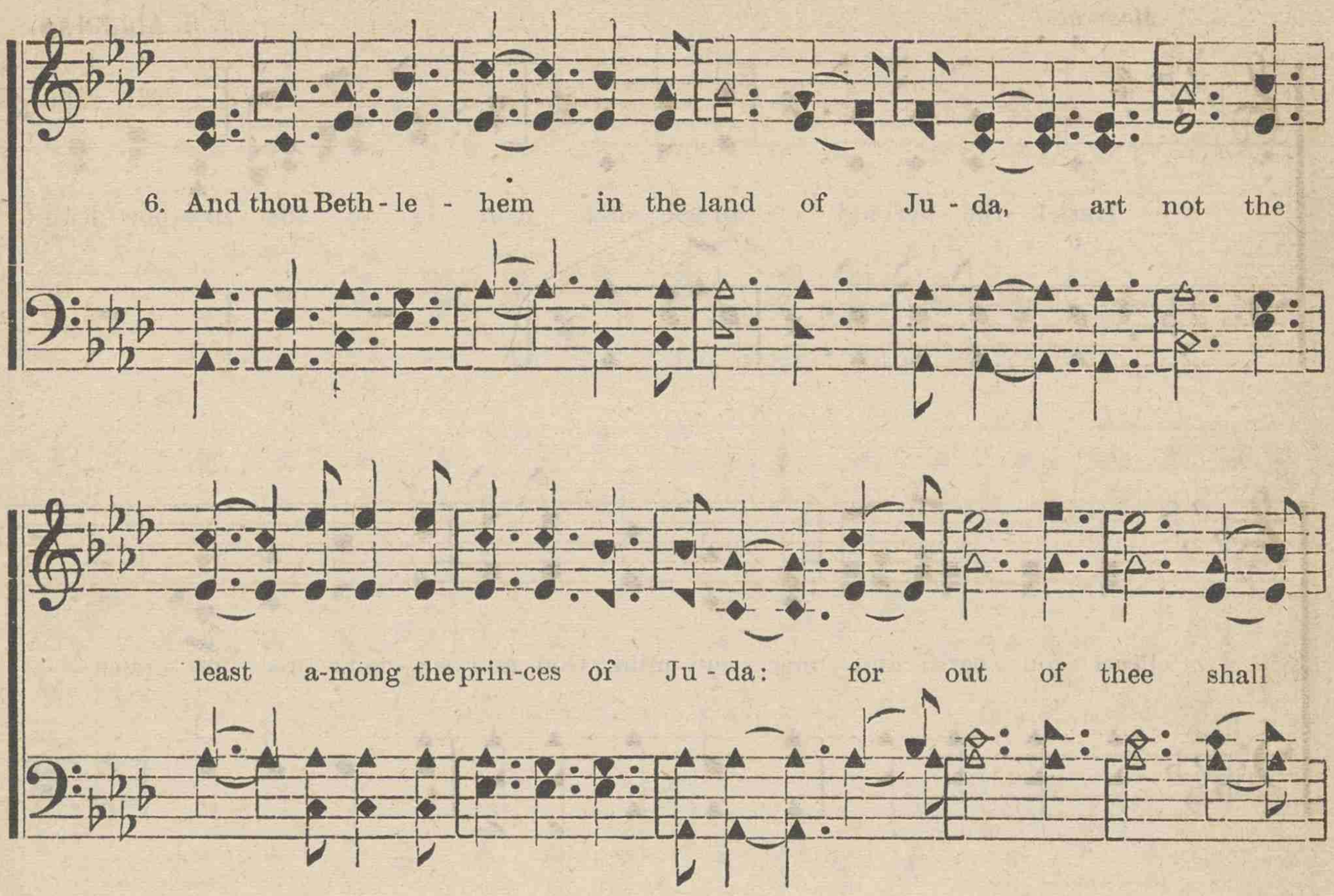
ru - sa- lem with him. 4. And when he had gath-ered all the chief priests and

BASS.

scribes of the peo - ple to - geth - er, he de-mand- ed of them where

Christ should be born. 5. And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Ju-

de - a: For thus it is writ- ten by the proph- et,


6. And thou Beth - le - hem in the land of Ju - da, art not the
least a-mong the prin-ces of Ju - da: for out of thee shall
come a Gov - er - nor, that shall rule my peo - ple Is - ra - el, that shall
rule my peo-ple Is - ra - el. A - men, A - men.

No. 242. THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Moderato. J. H. ALLEMAN.

Hark! the her- ald an-gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King!

Peace on earth and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled.

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hear them chant in strains of joy, (and gladness,)

Use holds only in repeat.

FINE.

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

By per. of J. H. Alleman, Author and Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

Obligato. SOPRANO OR TENOR. *Lively.*

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hear them sing, Prais - es to the new-born King!

Joy on earth, the an - gels sing, Peace on earth, good - will to men;

pp *Semi-Staccato.*

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! hear them sing, Prais - es to the new - born King!

All the heav'n-ly hosts pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

Hark! the her-ald an - - - gels sing, For un - to us is

born, This day, in the ci - ty of Da - vid, A might-y Prince and

f

King, who shall rule my peo - ple, Is - ra - el. Sing a - loud, ye

Sing a - loud ye

hosts, Pro-claim the won-drous sto - ry, Christ is born in

hosts, ye hosts,

Beth - le - hem, He reigns the King of Glo - ry. INSTRUMENT. *pp*

Obligato. DUET.

Glo - - ry be to God!..... to God on

Glo - ry be to God! Glo - ry be to God!

high..... to God on high! ..... Glo - - ry be to

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

God,..... to God on high,..... to God on high!.. .....

Glo - ry be to God! Glo - ry be to God, be to God on high!
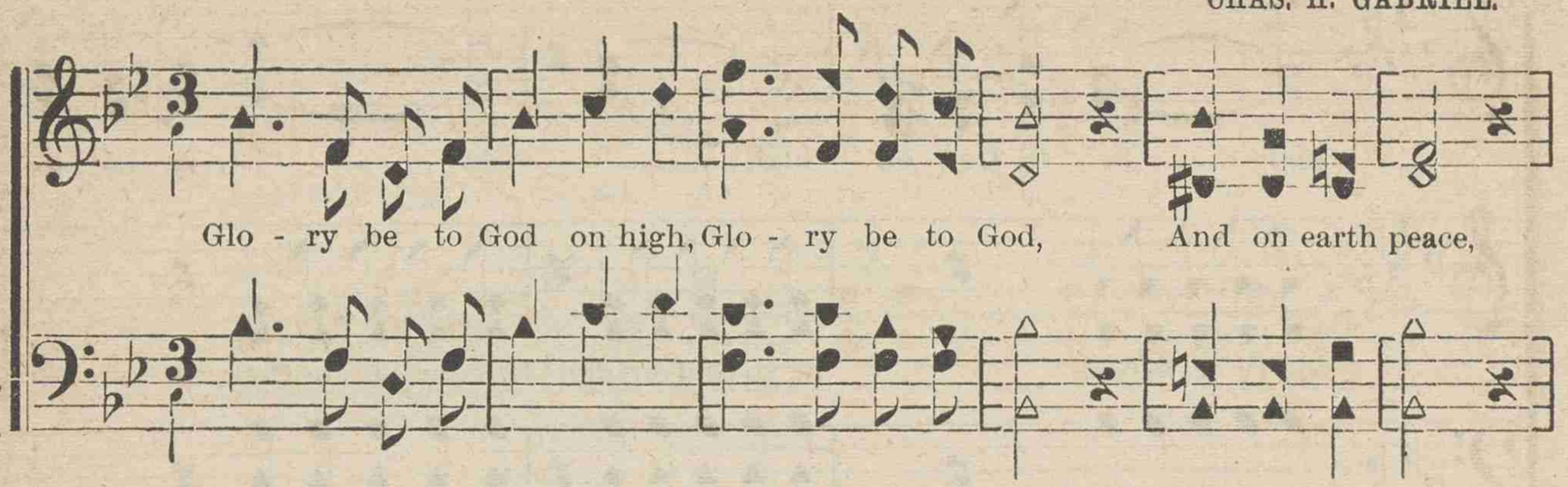
Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est,
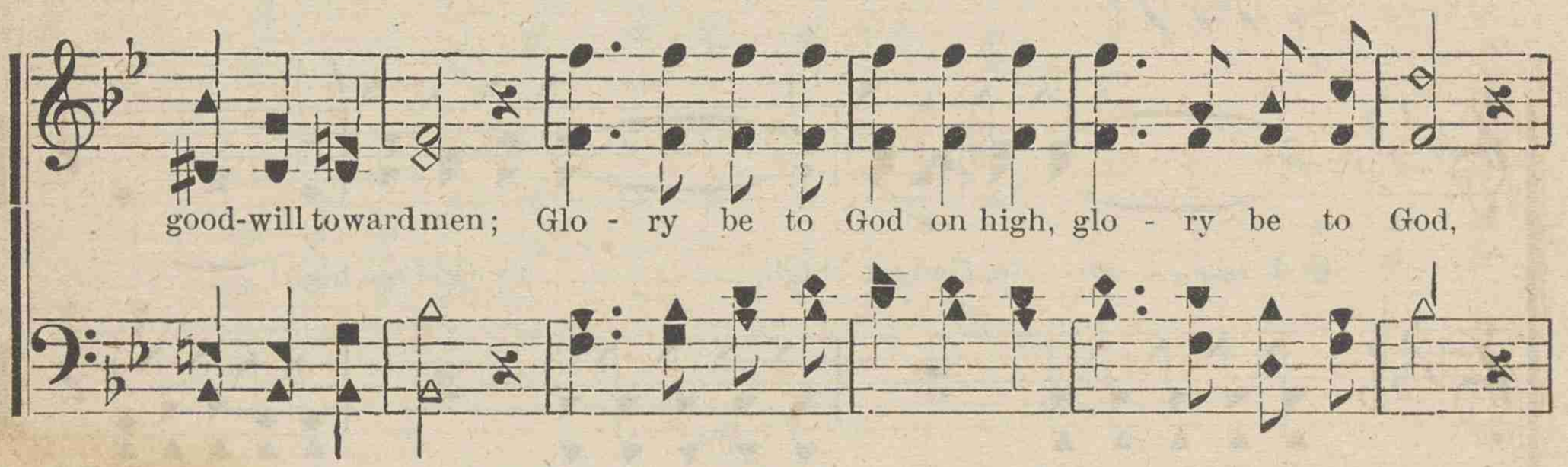
Glo - ry to God in the high - est, And on earth peace, good-will to men.

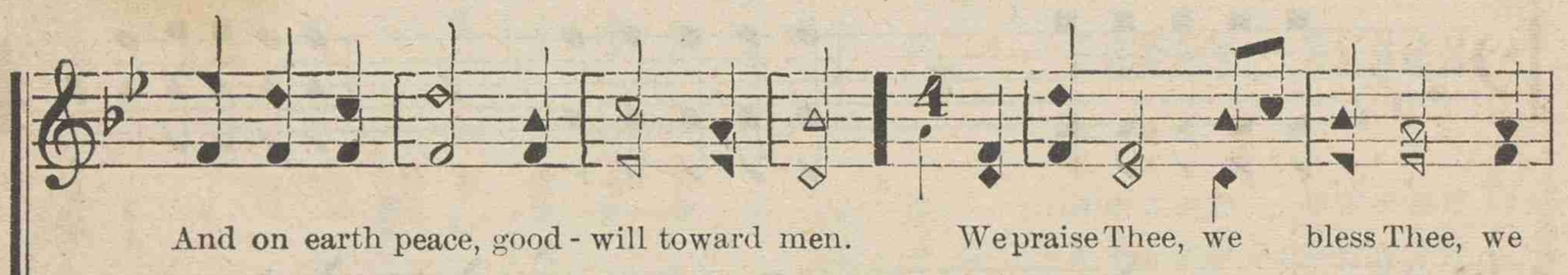
D.C.

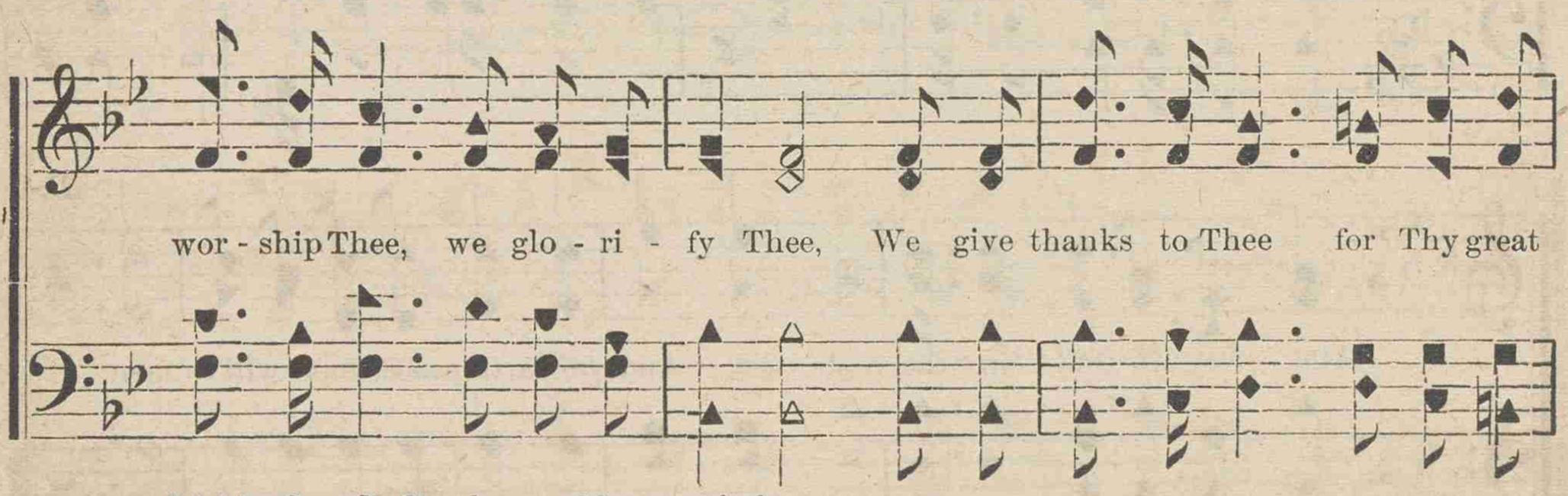
No. 243. GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.









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glo - ry, O Lord God, heav'nly King. God, the Fath-er al - might-y, O

Lord, the on - ly be - got-ten Son, Je - sus Christ, O Lord, God, Lamb of

God, Son of the Fath - er, Thou that tak - est a - way the sins of the

world, have mer-cy, have mer-cy, have mer - cy, up - on..... us,

Thou that tak - est a - way the sins of the world, have mer - cy

have mer - cy up - on us; Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou

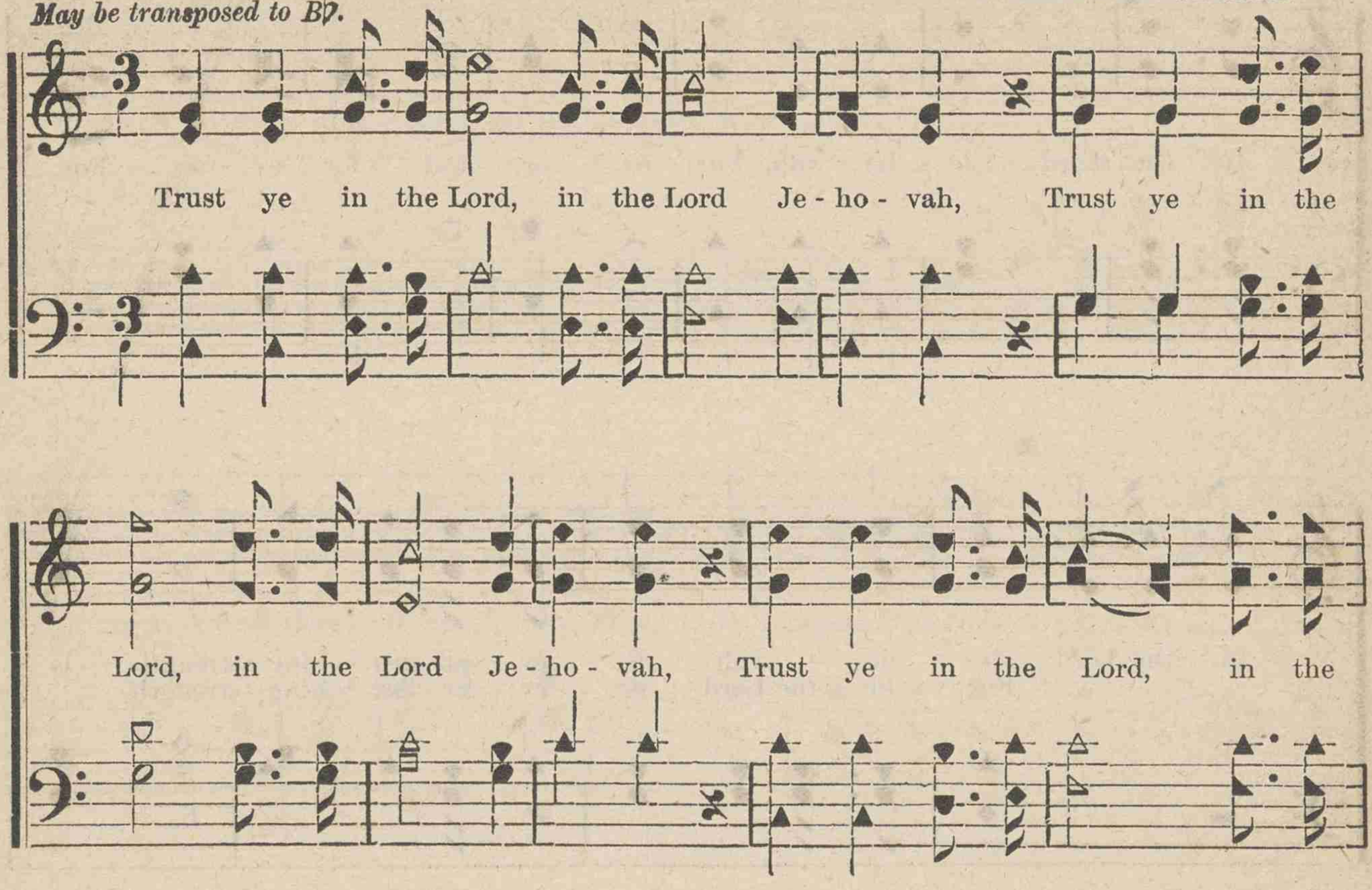
on - ly, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, art most high, in the

glo - ry of God, the Fa - ther. A - men, A - men.

No. 244. TRUST YE IN THE LORD.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

May be transposed to B♭.



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In the Lord Je - ho - vah, For - ev - er, and for - ev - er, For

in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength, Is
For in the Lord is ev - er - last - ing strength,

ev - er - last - ing strength, Is ev - er - last - ing strength, For

in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength.

Thou will keep him in peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee!

Thou wilt keep him in

peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, Be - cause he trust - eth Thee, Be -

cause he trust - eth Thee, Thou will keep him in peace, whose mind is stayed on

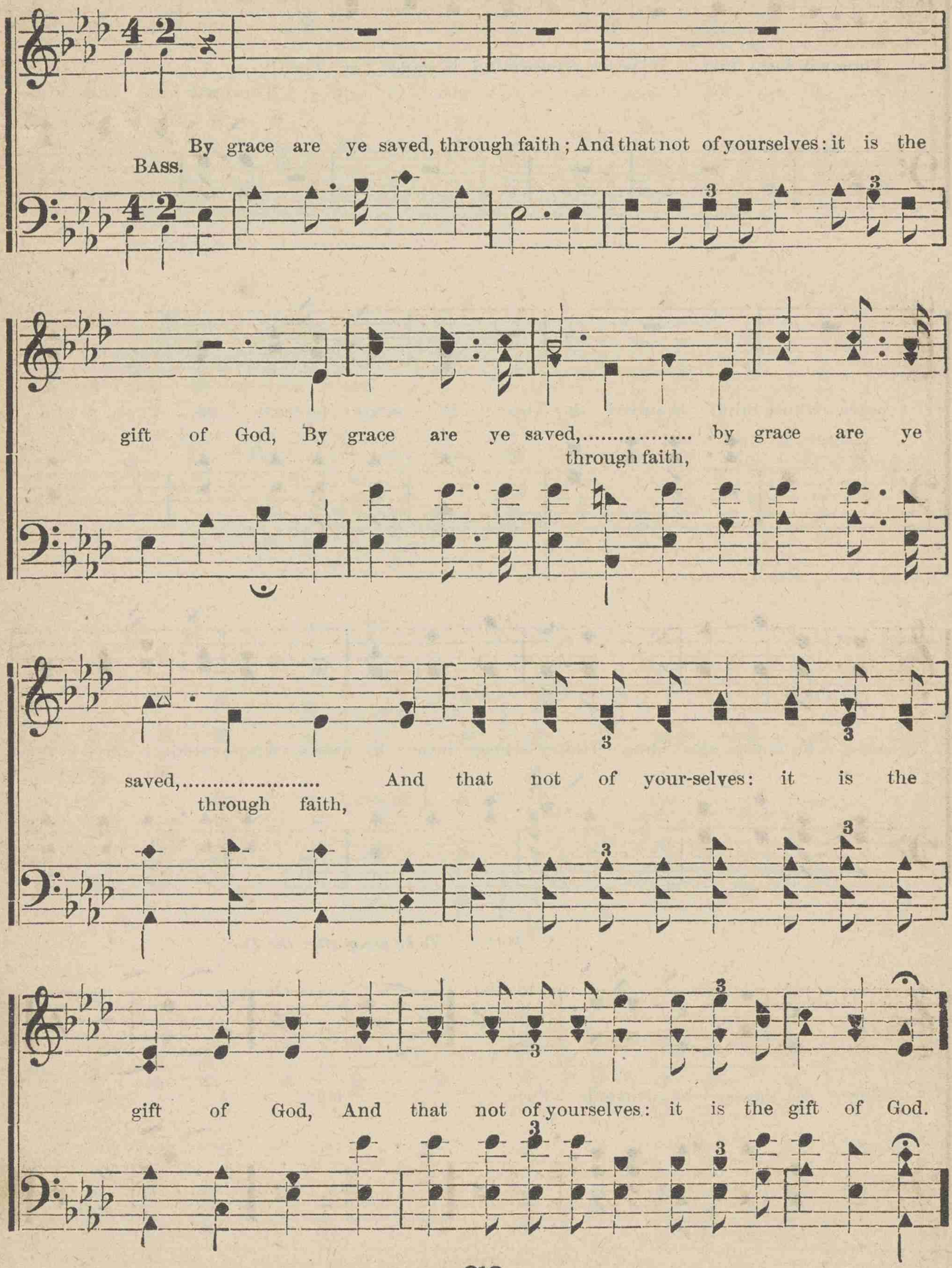
D.C. *To be sung after the D.C.*

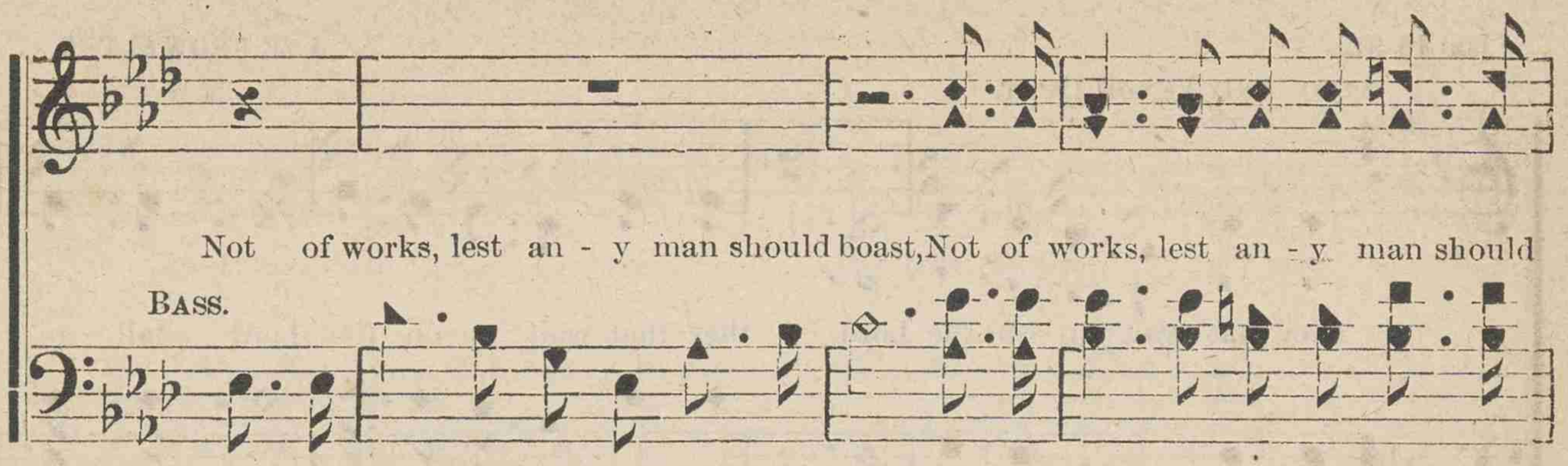
Thee, Be- cause he trusteth Thee. A - men! A - men!
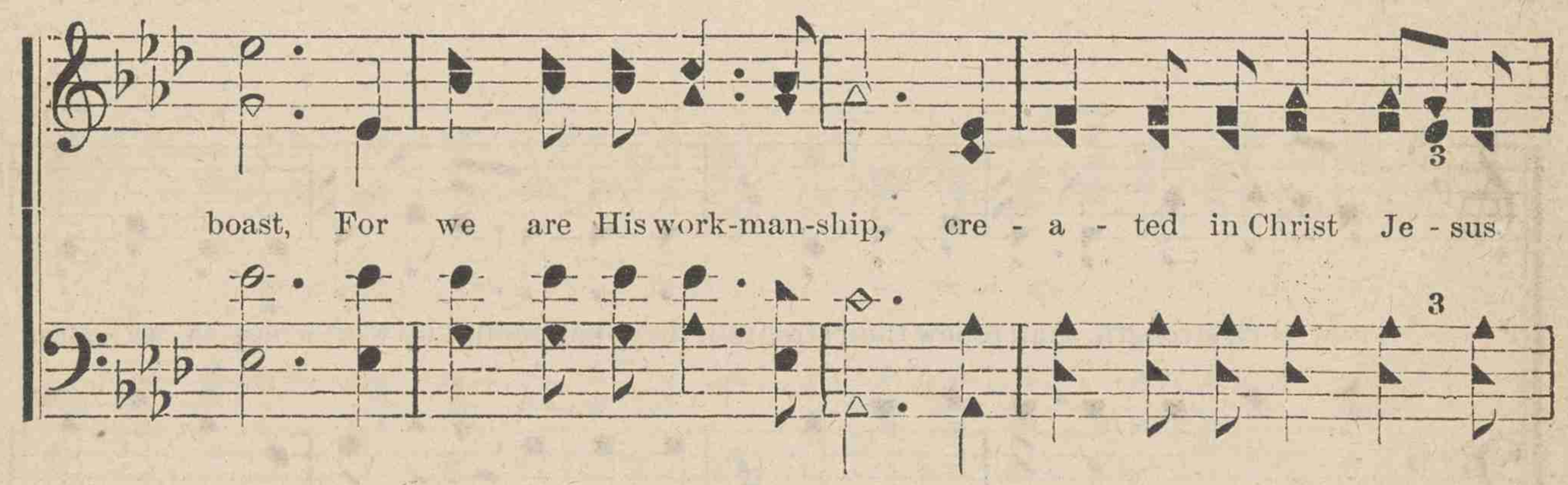
No. 245. BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED THROUGH FAITH.
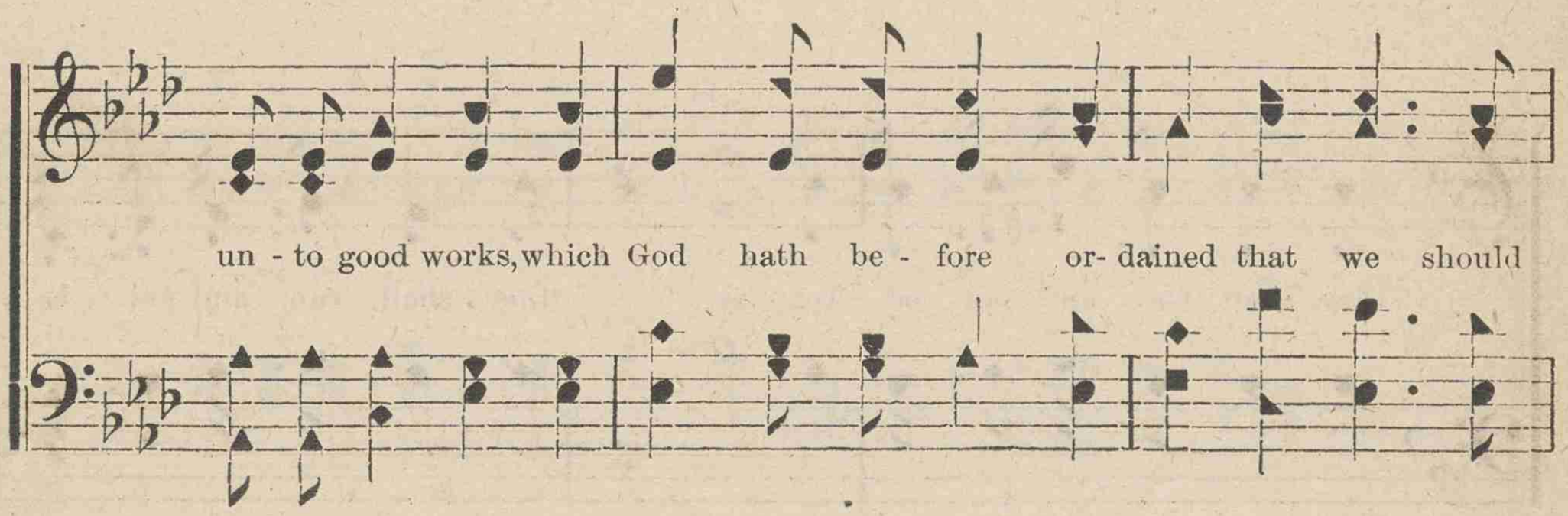
(Dedicated to the Bible Class of 1894, conducted at West Alexandria, Ohio, by Prof. E. S. YOUNG.)

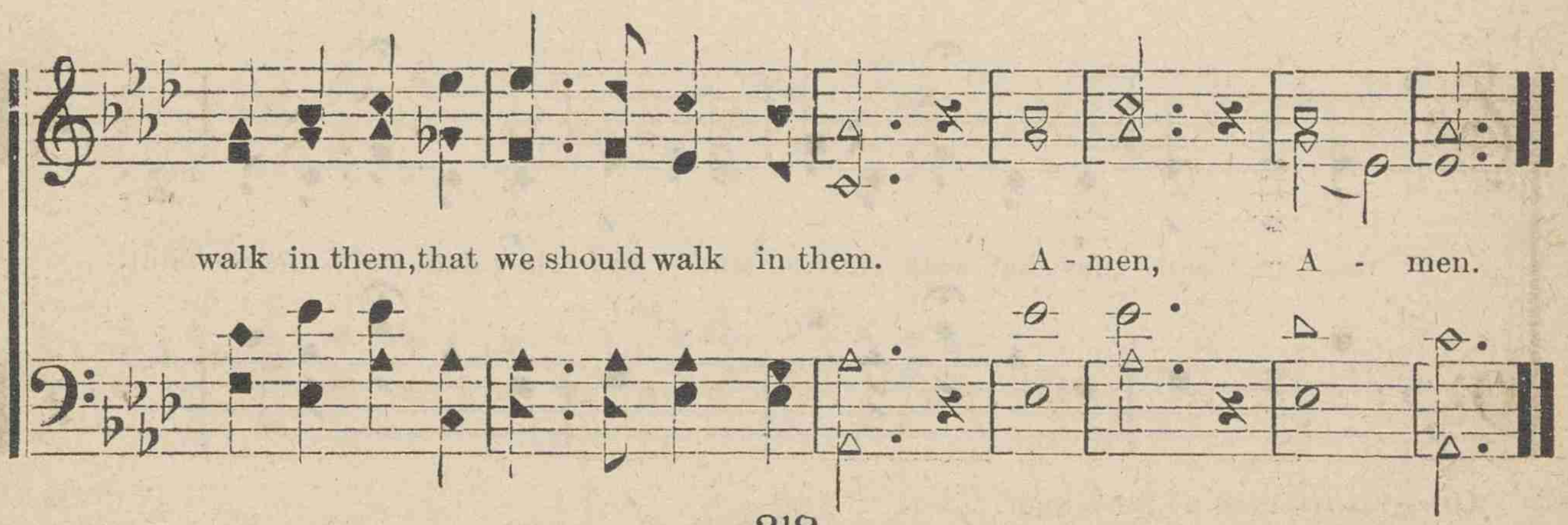
Paul—Eph. 2: 8—10. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.




Not of works, lest an - y man should boast, Not of works, lest an - y man should
Bass.


boast, For we are His work-man-ship, cre - a - ted in Christ Je - sus


un - to good works, which God hath be - fore or- dained that we should


walk in them, that we should walk in them. A - men, A - men.

No. 246. THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD.

Isa: 40, 31.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

ALTO, AND TENOR DUET.

They that wait up-on the Lord, they that wait up-on the Lord shall re-

new their strength, shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as ea-gles;

they shall run, and not be wea-ry, they shall run, and not be

wea-ry; and they shall walk, and not faint, and they shall walk, and not faint.

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THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD. Concluded.

FULL CHORUS.

They that wait up- on the Lord, they that wait up- on the Lord shall re -
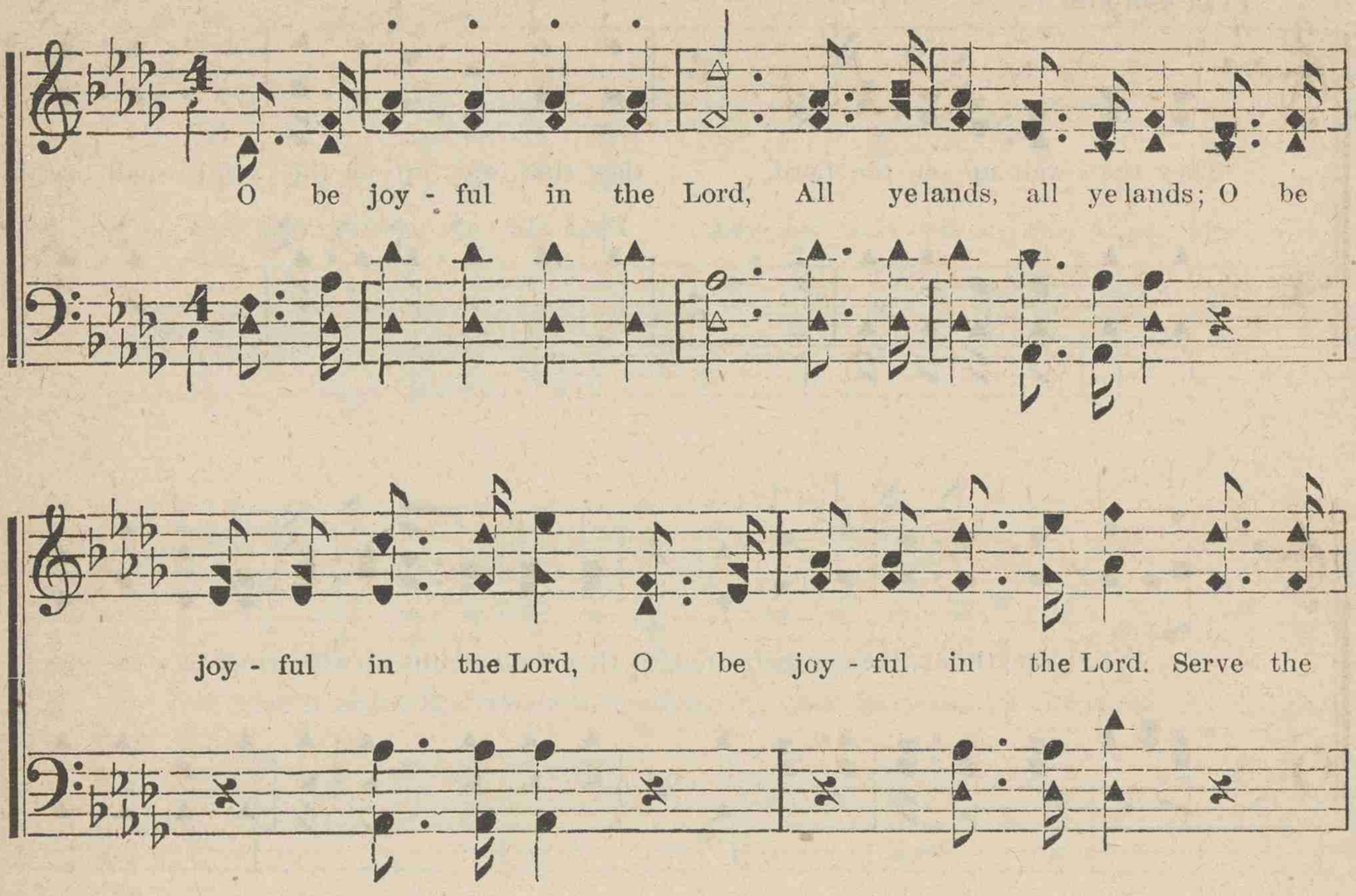
new their strength, shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as - ea - gles;

they shall run, and not be wea - ry, they shall run, and not be wea - ry; and

they shall walk, and not faint, and they shall walk and not faint. A - men. A - men.

No. 247. O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



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ev - er - last - ing gates, En - ter His gates, His ev - er - last - ing gates,
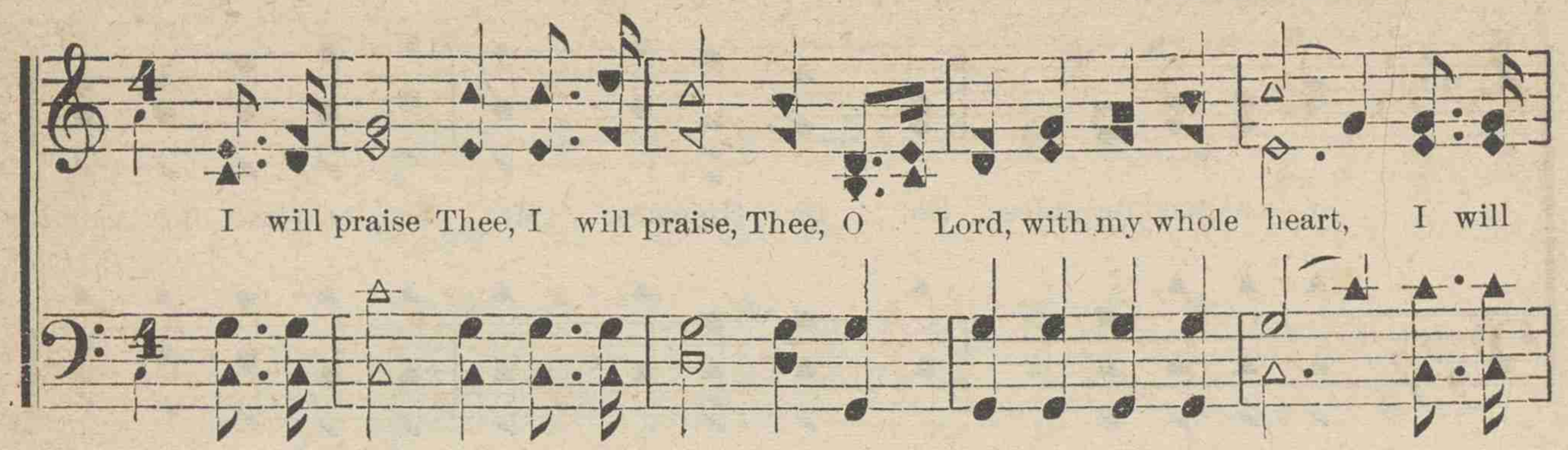
And come in - to His courts with praise. O be thankful un - to Him,
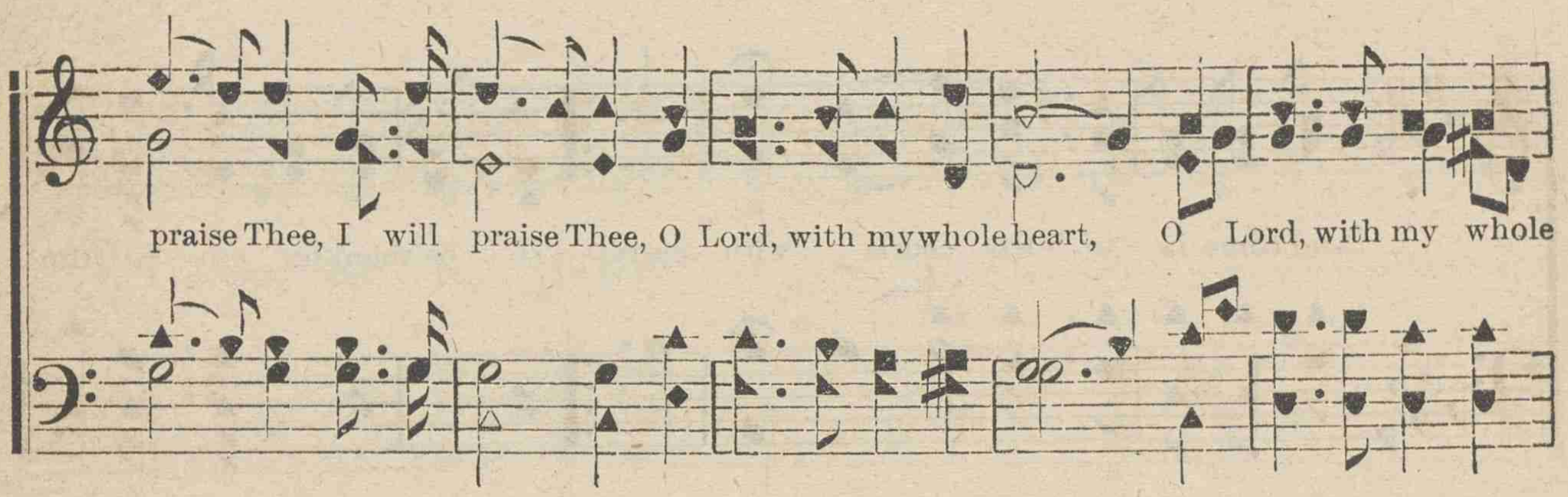
O be thank-ful un - to Him, and praise His ho - ly name, And
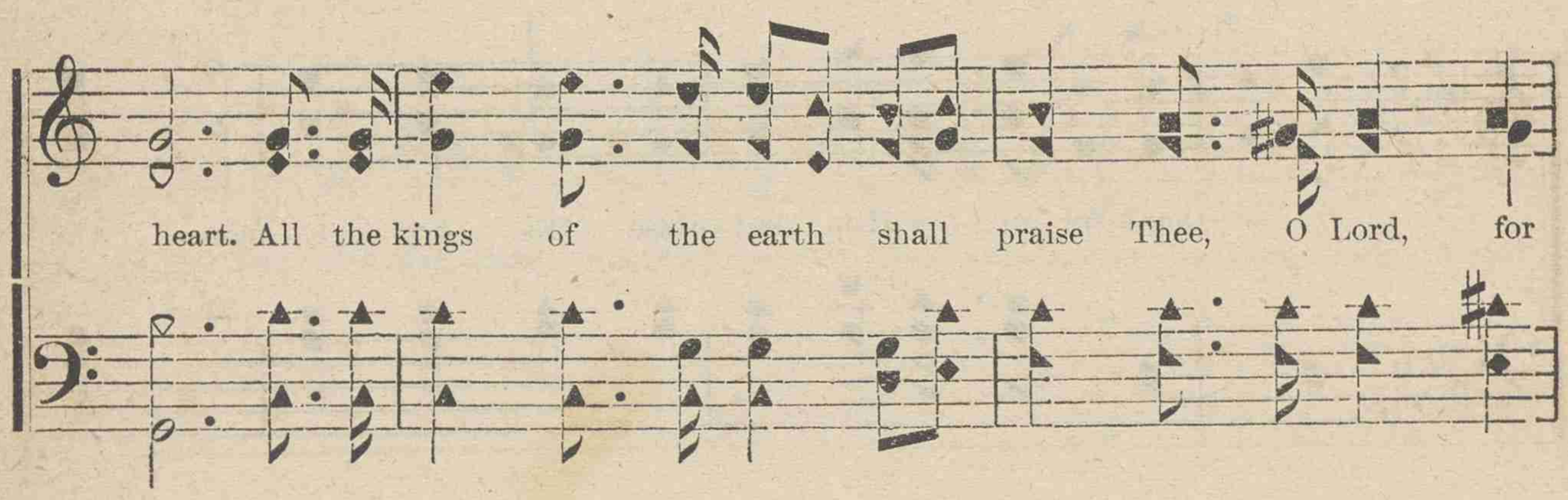
praise His ho - ly name. A - men, A - - - - - men.

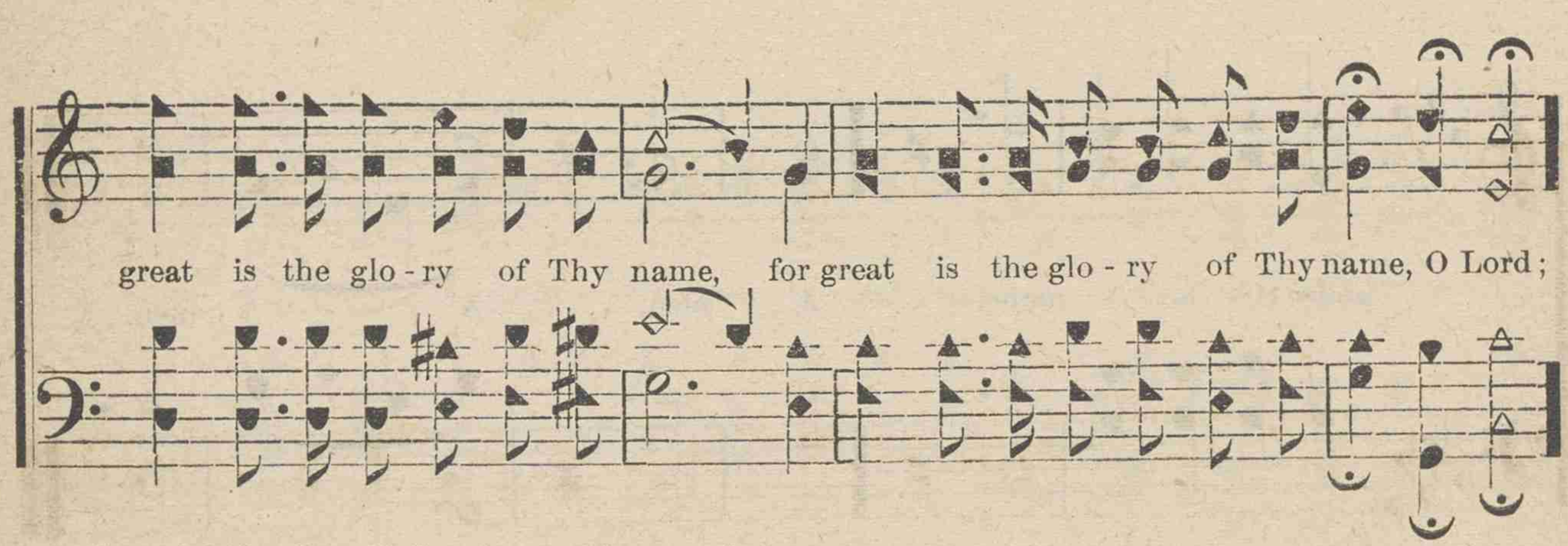
No. 248. WITH MY WHOLE HEART.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.









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Thy lov - ing - kind - ness, Thy ten - der mer - cy, O

Lord, en-dur-eth for - ev - er, O Lord, en - dur - eth for - ev - er, Hence -

forth will I sing prais - es, sing prais - es un - to Thee, for -

ev - er - more, for. - ev - er - more. A - men.

No. 249. COME UNTO ME.

Matt. 11; 28—30.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

Ad Libitum. Espressivo.

Come un - to me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y

p

la - den, and I will give you rest, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke up - on you, and learn of me, and

learn of me; For I am meek and low - ly in heart; and

ye shall find rest un - to your souls, and ye shall find

rest un - to your souls. For my yoke is

eas - y, and my bur - den is light, and my bur - den is light.
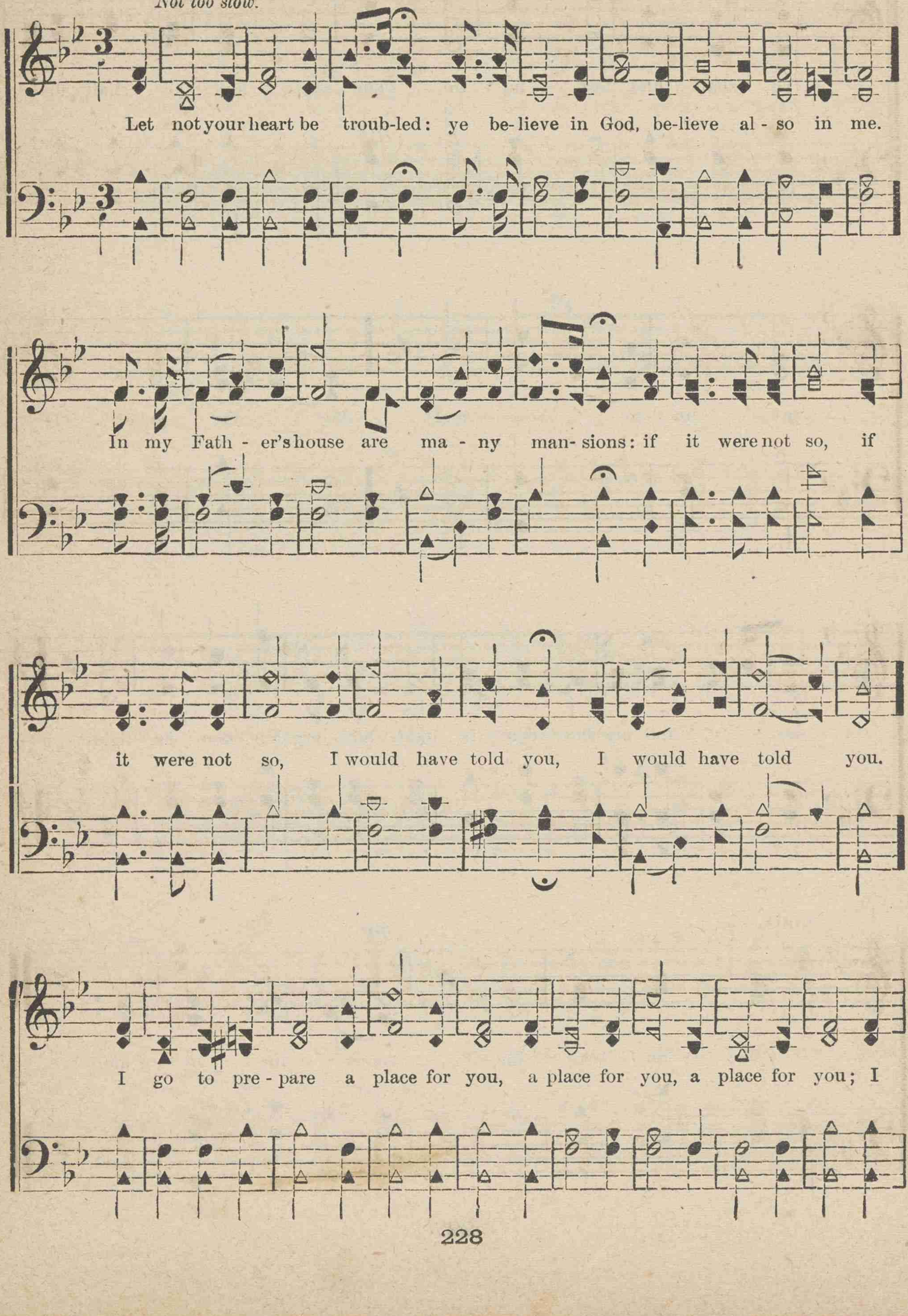
CODA. *p* *pp*

Come un - to me, come un - to me.

No. 250. LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

John 14: 1-3. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

Not too slow.



go to pre- pare a place for you, a place for you, a place for you.

And if I go and pre- pare a place for you, I will come a - gain, I will

come a - gain. And re - ceive you un - to my- self: That where I am, there ye may
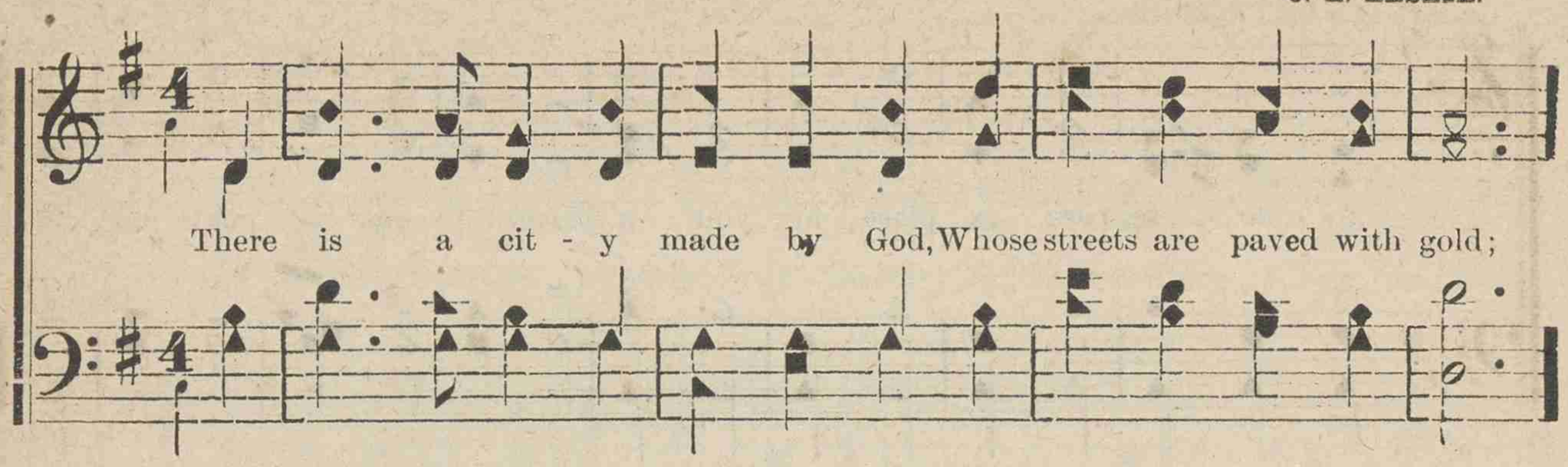
BASS.
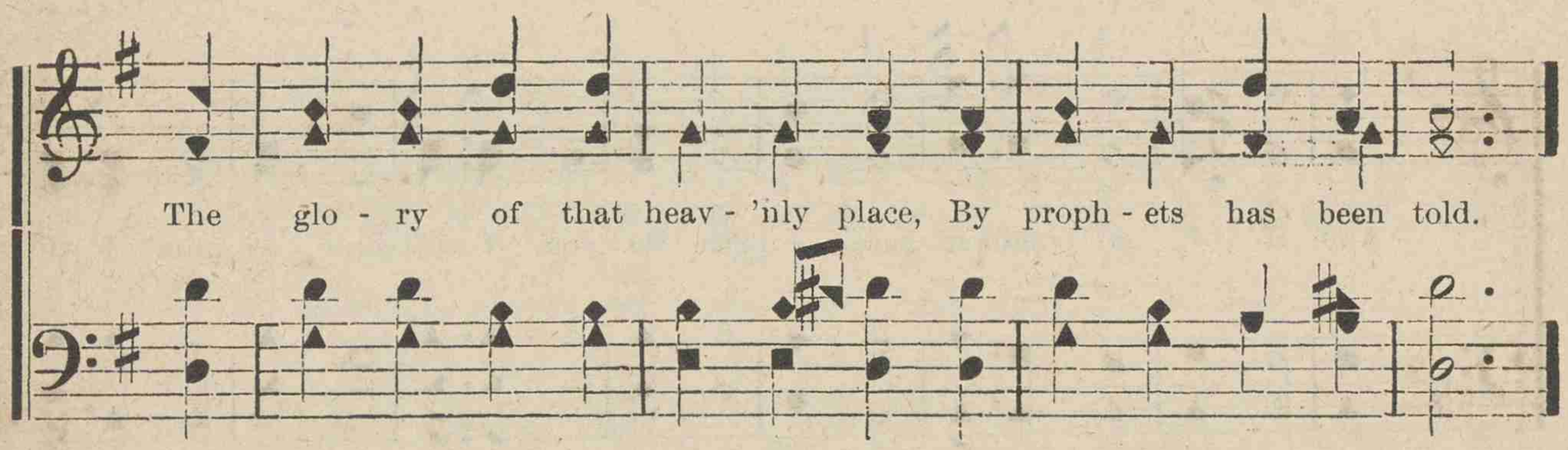
Slower . . . . . *Rit.*
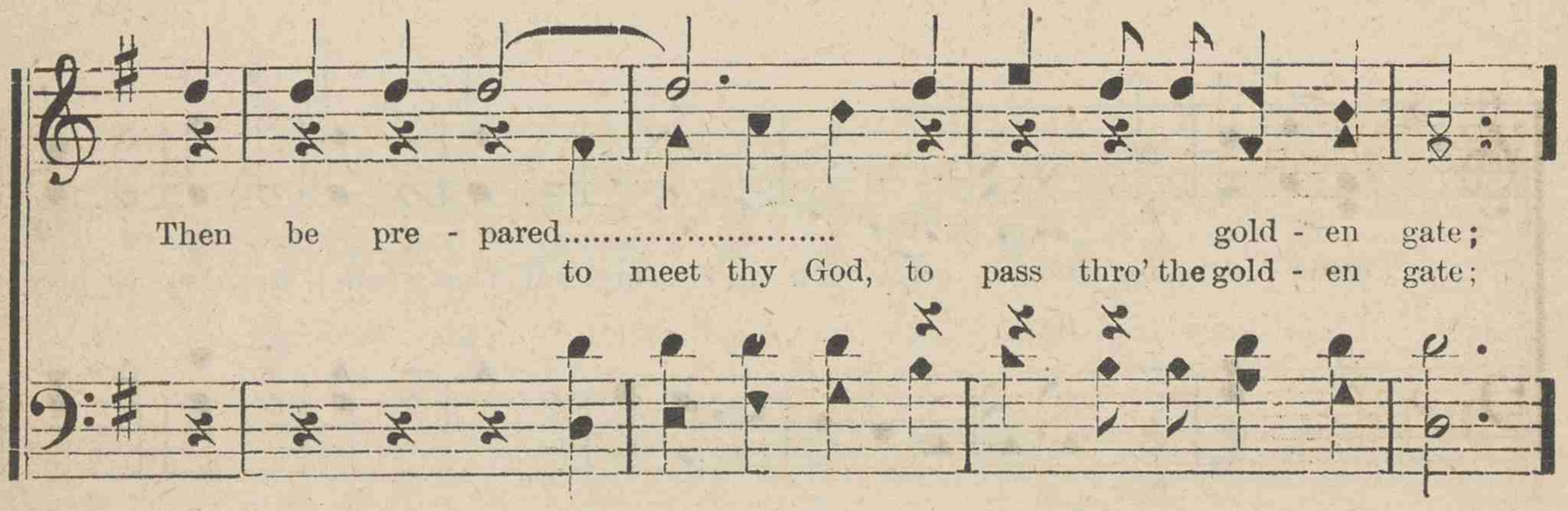
be al - so, there ye may be al - so. A - men, A - men.

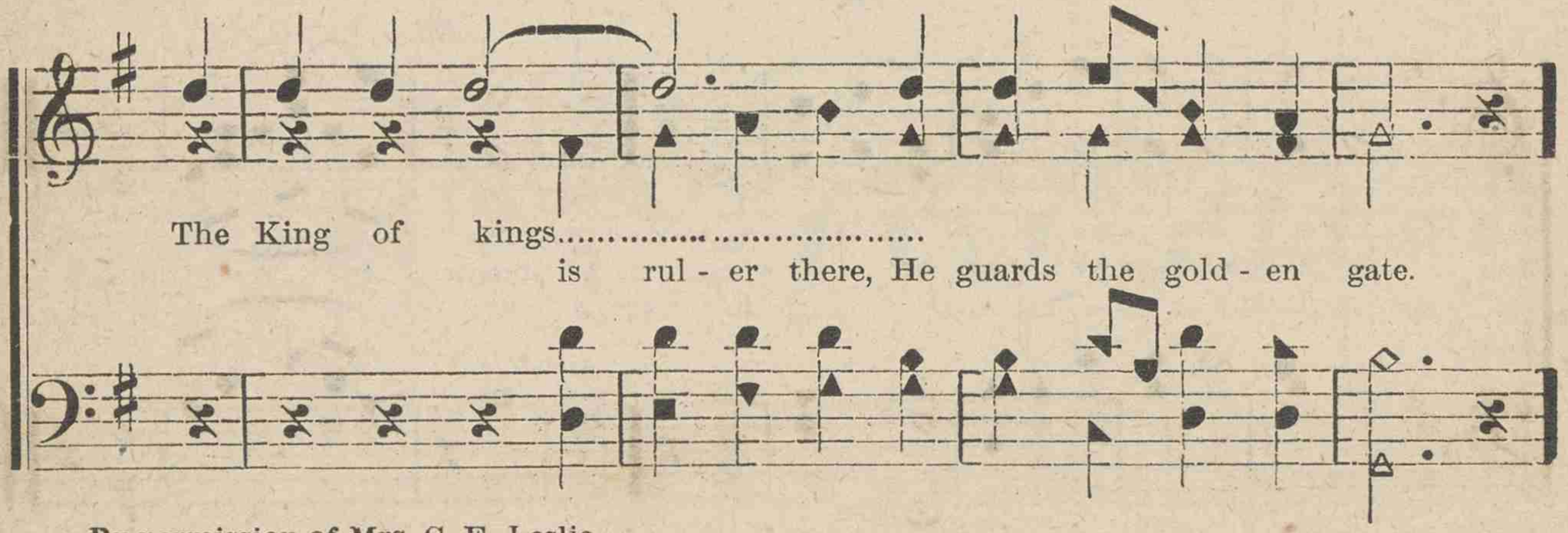
No. 251. THAT BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE.

C. E. LESLIE.
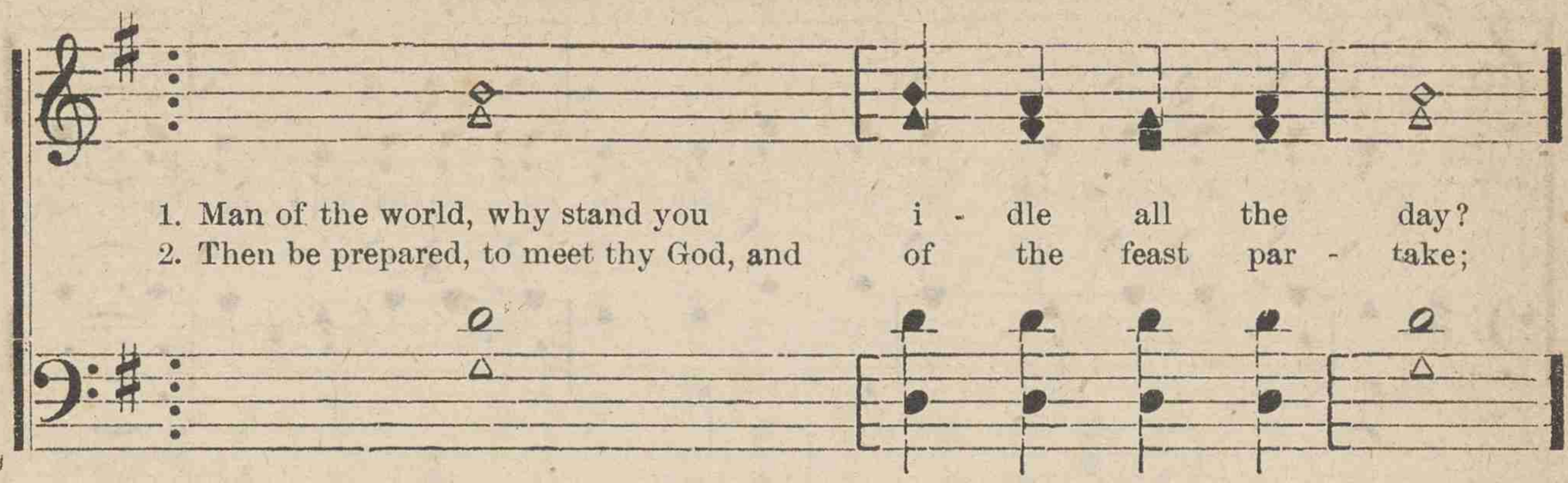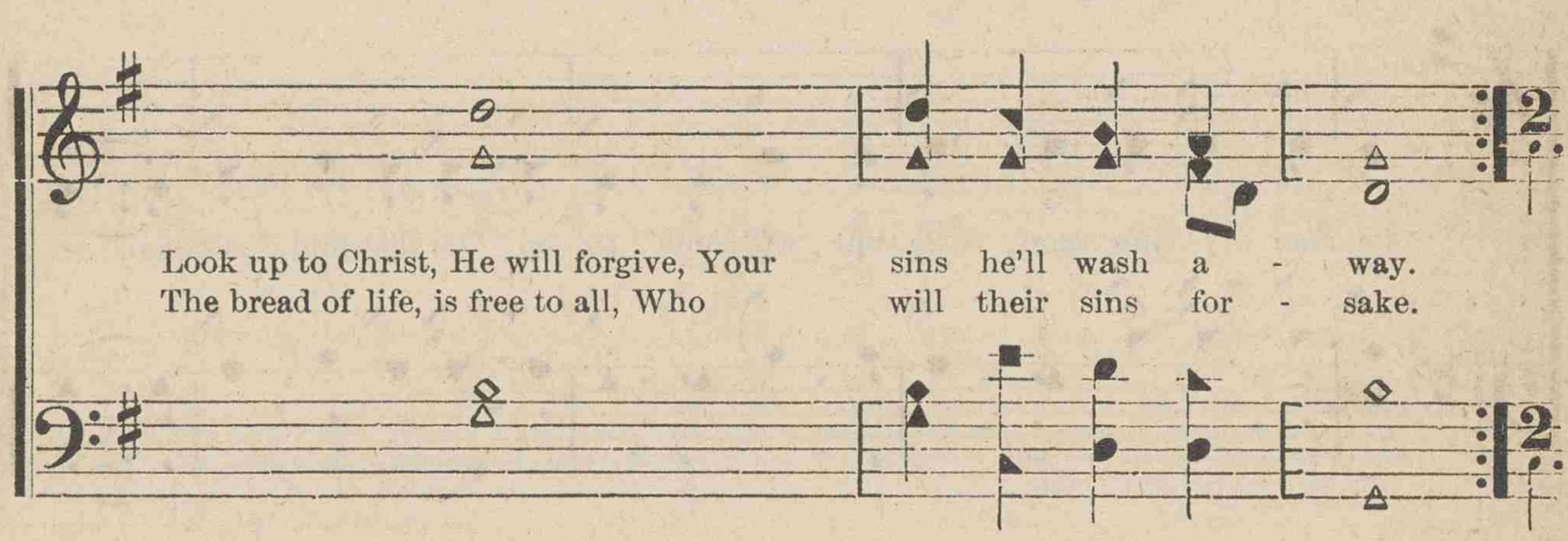




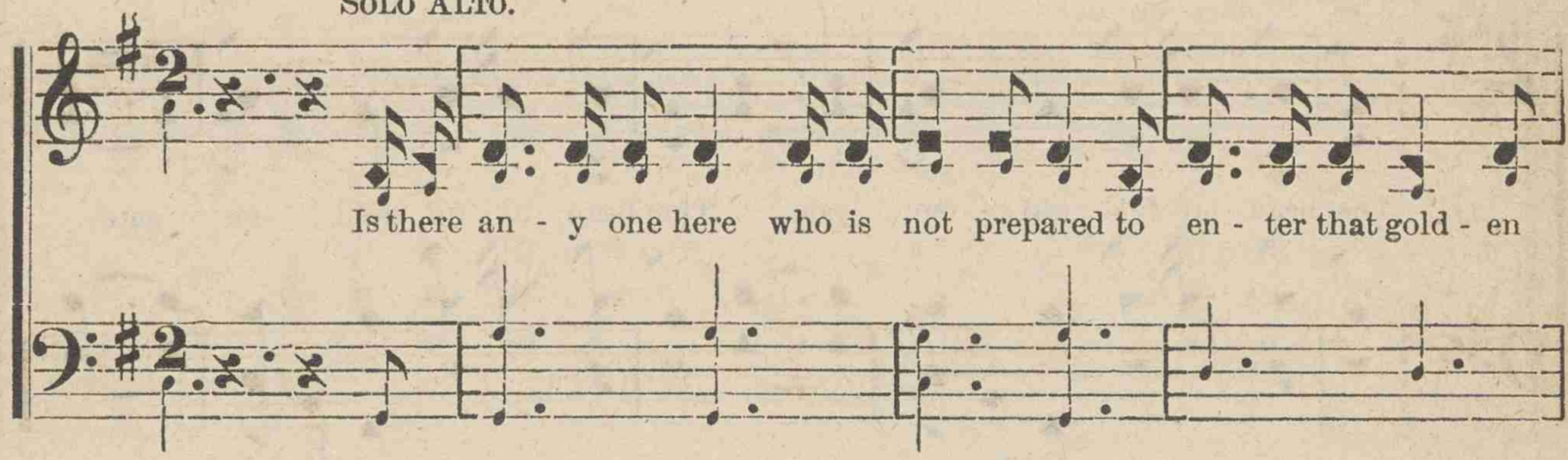




By permission of Mrs. C. E. Leslie.
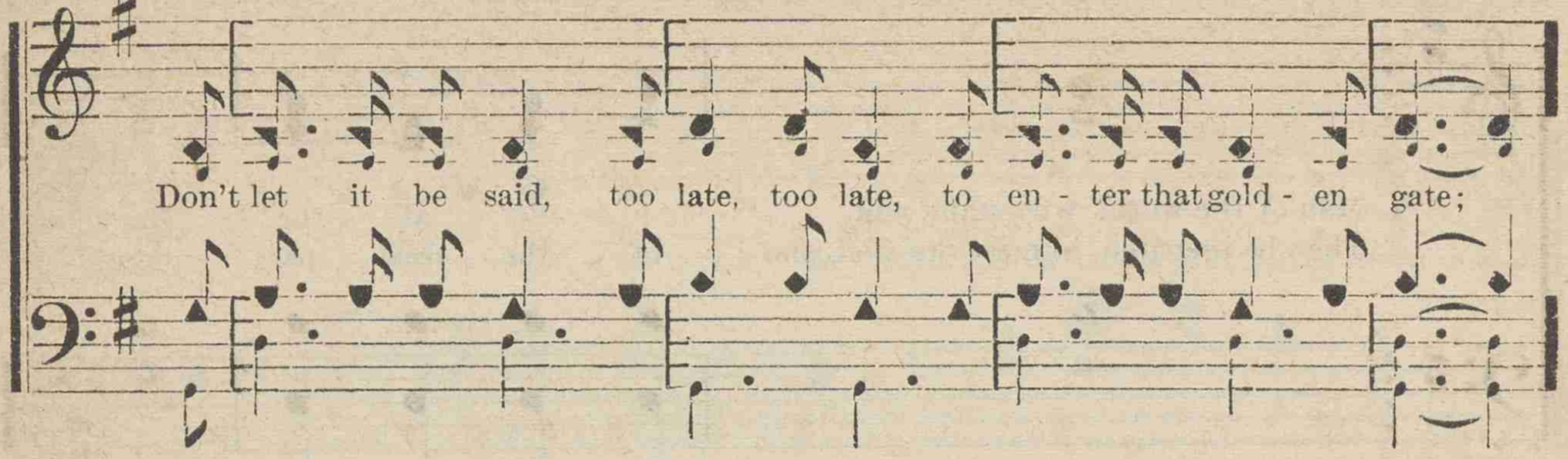

1. Man of the world, why stand you i - dle all the day?
2. Then be prepared, to meet thy God, and of the feast par - take;
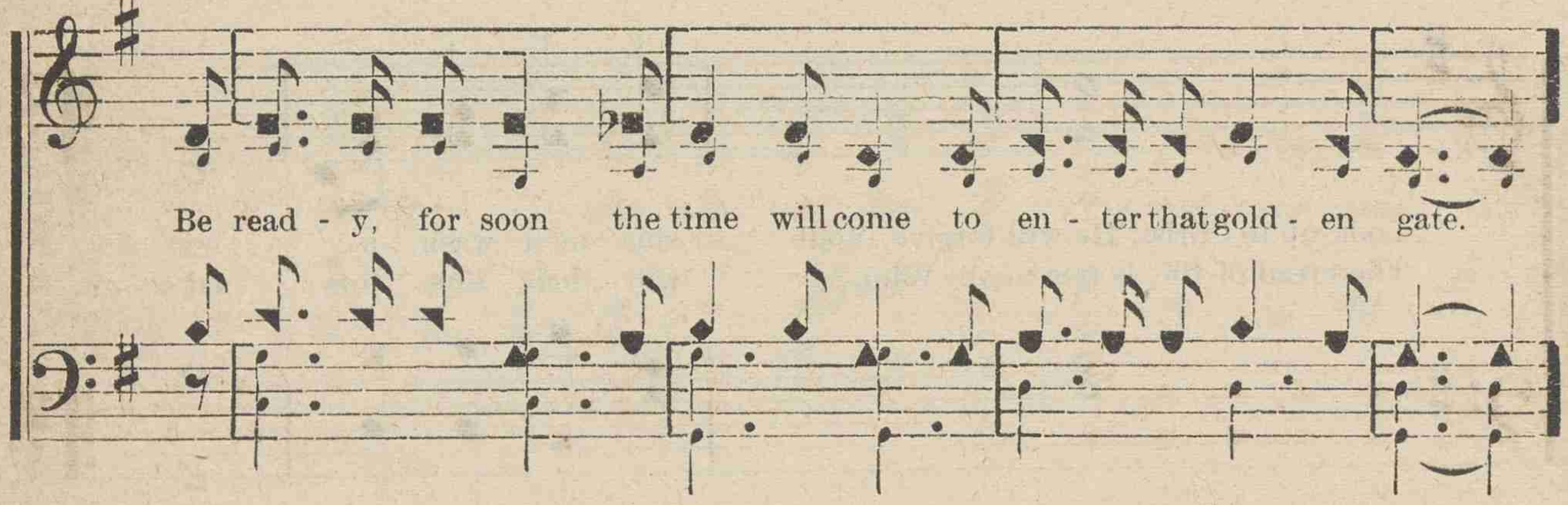

Look up to Christ, He will forgive, Your sins he'll wash a - way.
The bread of life, is free to all, Who will their sins for - sake.


Solo Alto.
Is there an - y one here who is not prepared to en - ter that gold - en
gate? Be read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that gold - en gate.

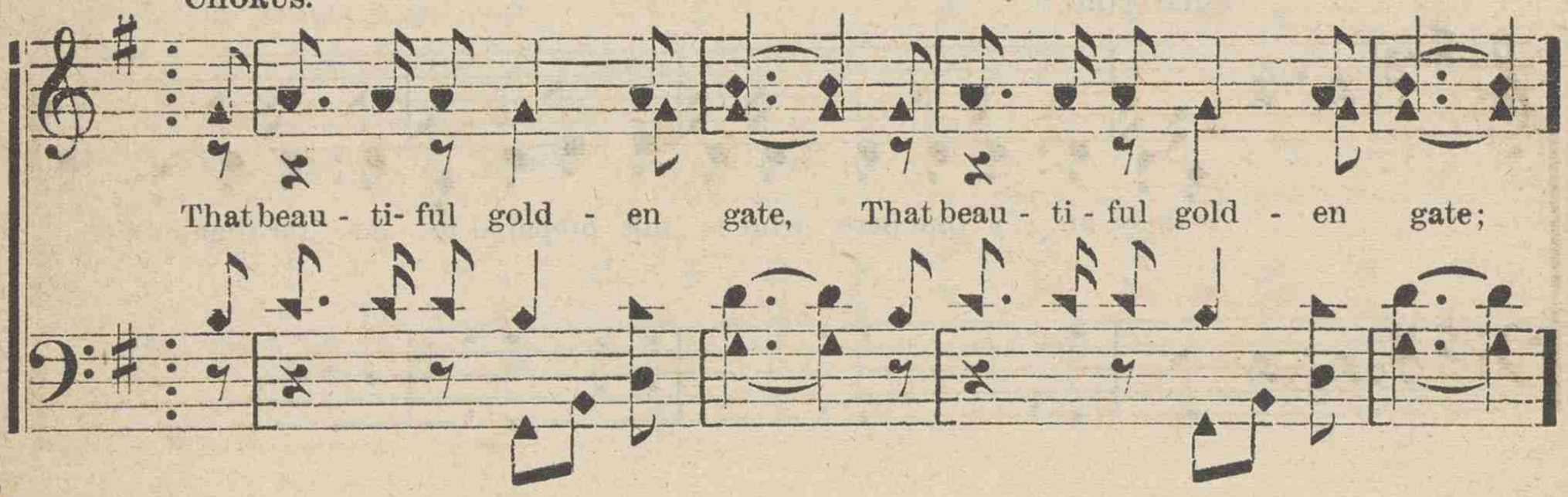
THAT BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE. Concluded.

DUET, ALTO AND TENOR.

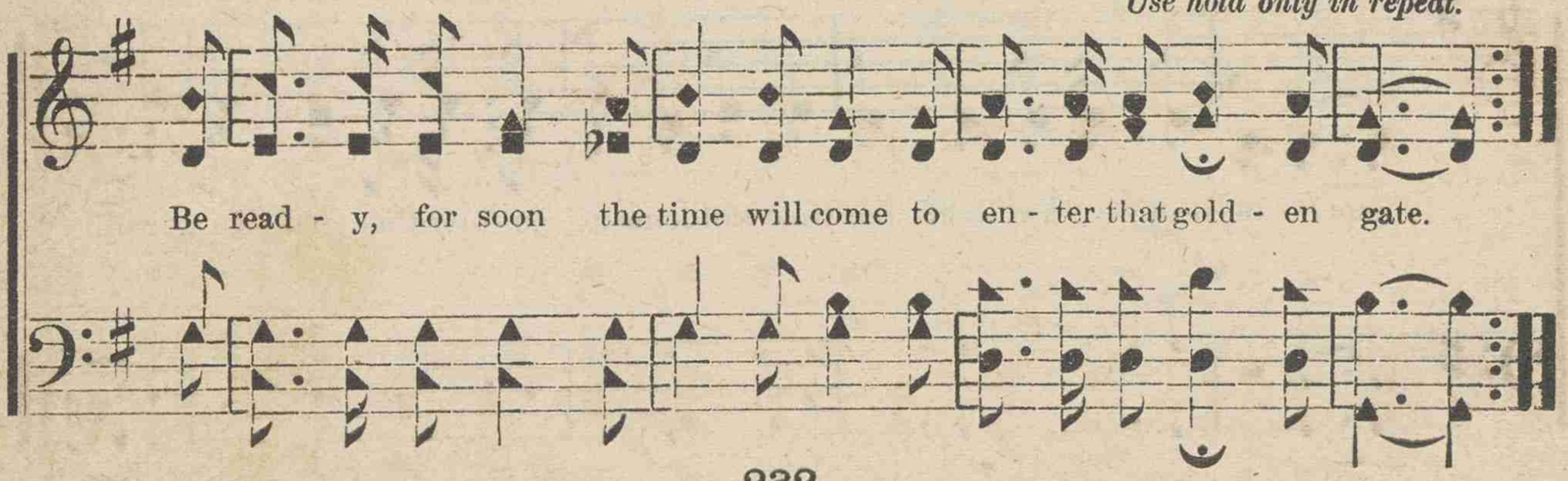




CHORUS.

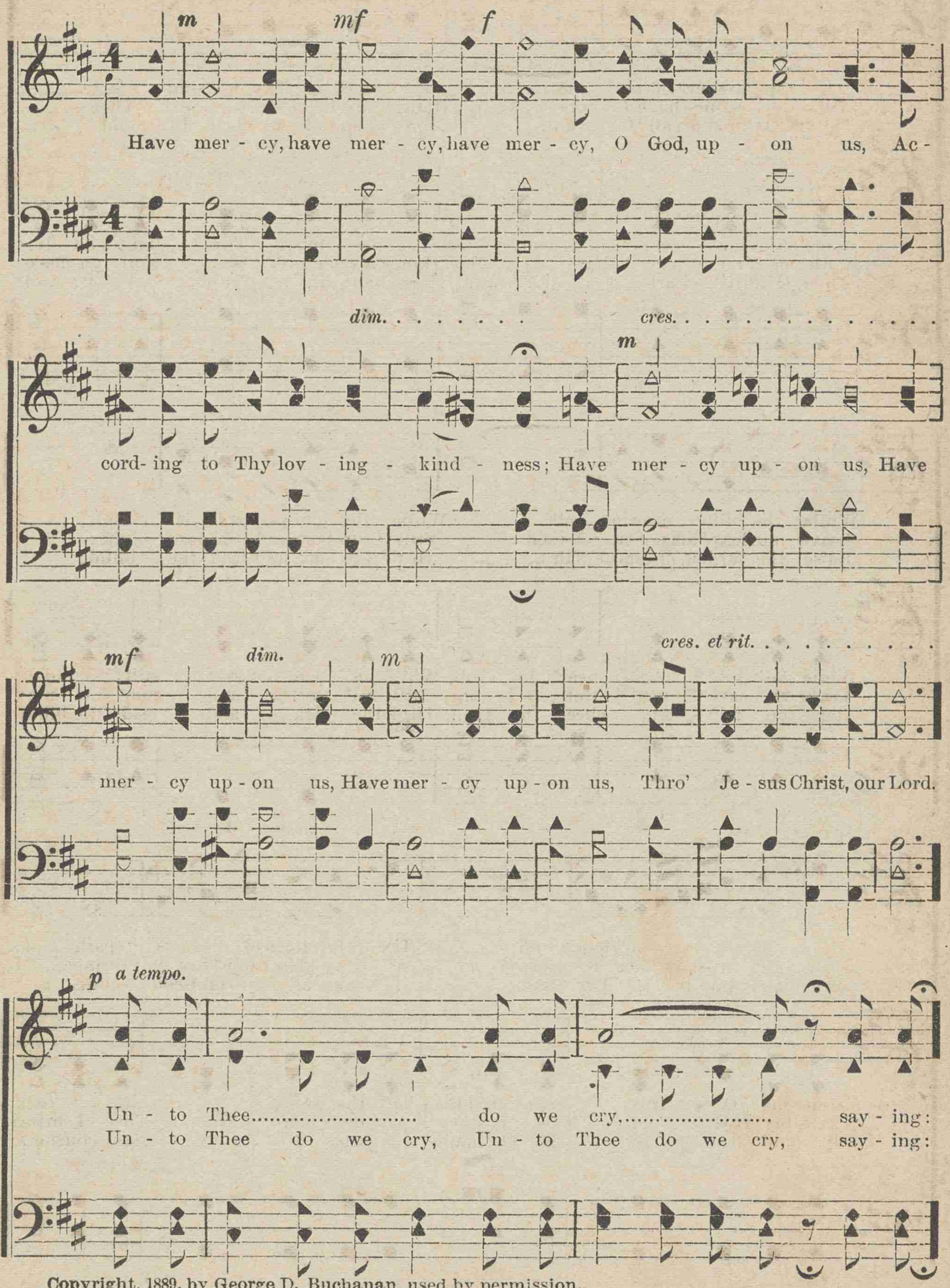


Use hold only in repeat.



No. 252. O GOD, HAVE MERCY.

C. WESLEY. Arr. from J. WM. SUFFERN, by G. D. B.

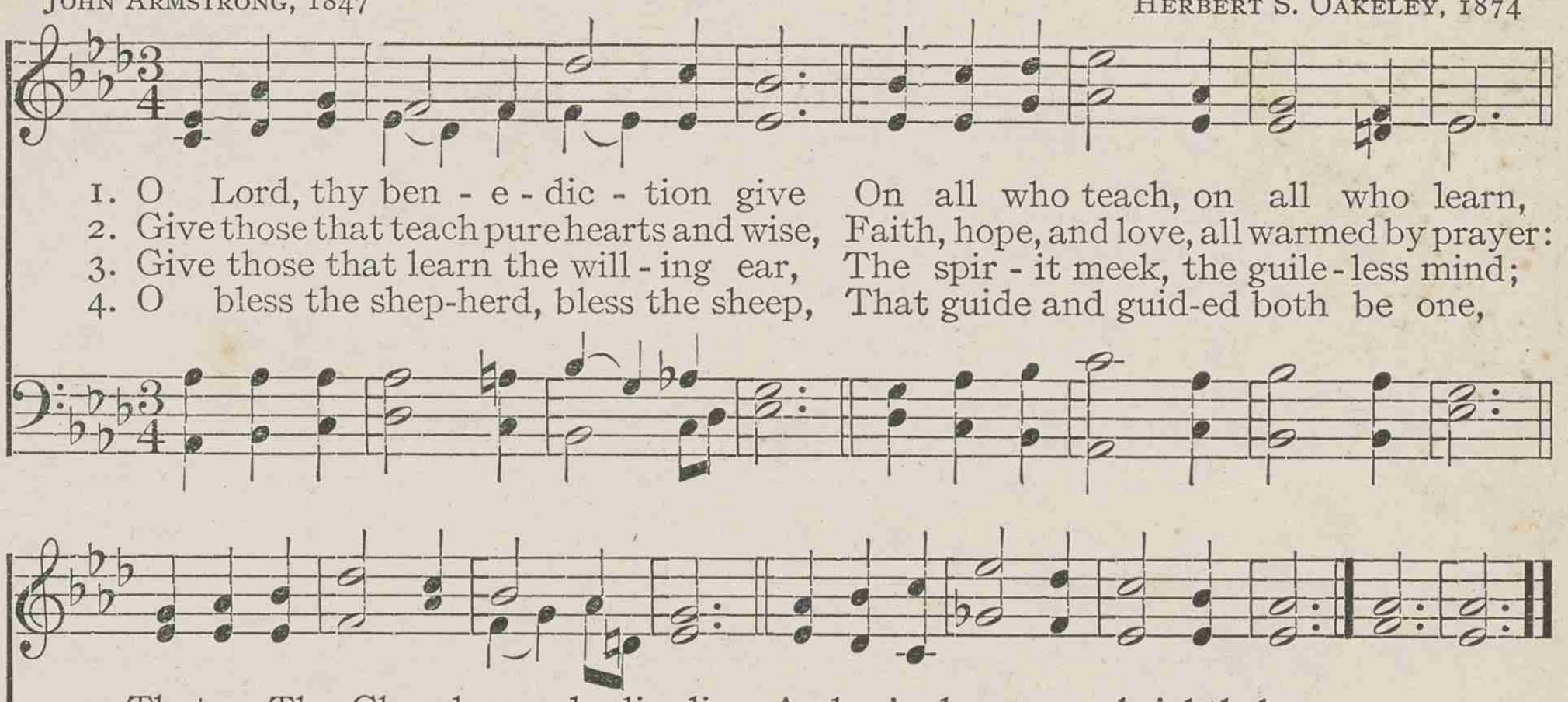


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O Lord, Thy Benediction Give 144

ABENDS. L. M.

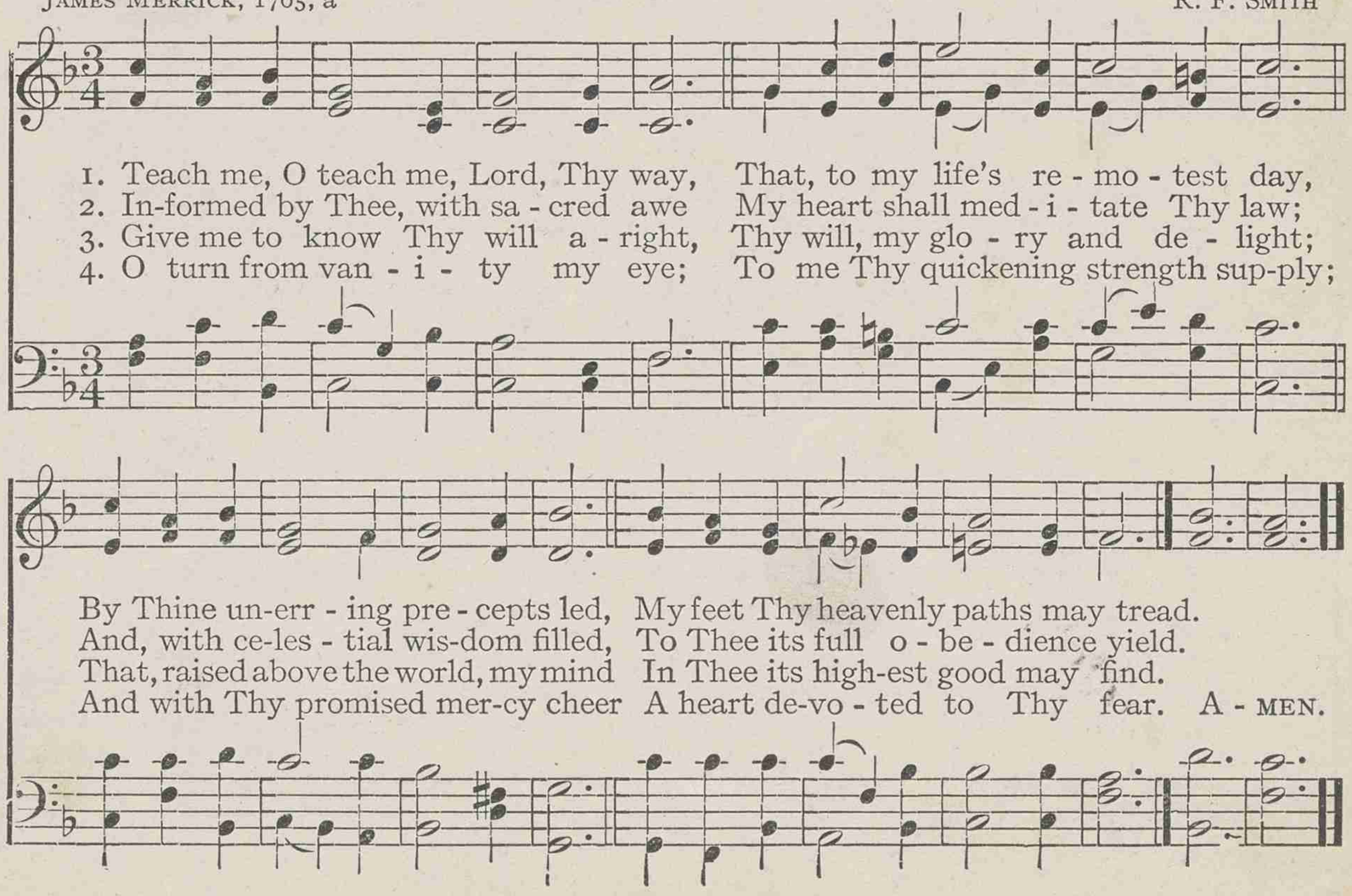
JOHN ARMSTRONG, 1847 — HERBERT S. OAKELEY, 1874



Teach Me, O Teach Me, Lord, Thy Way 145

ST. CATHERINE. L. M.
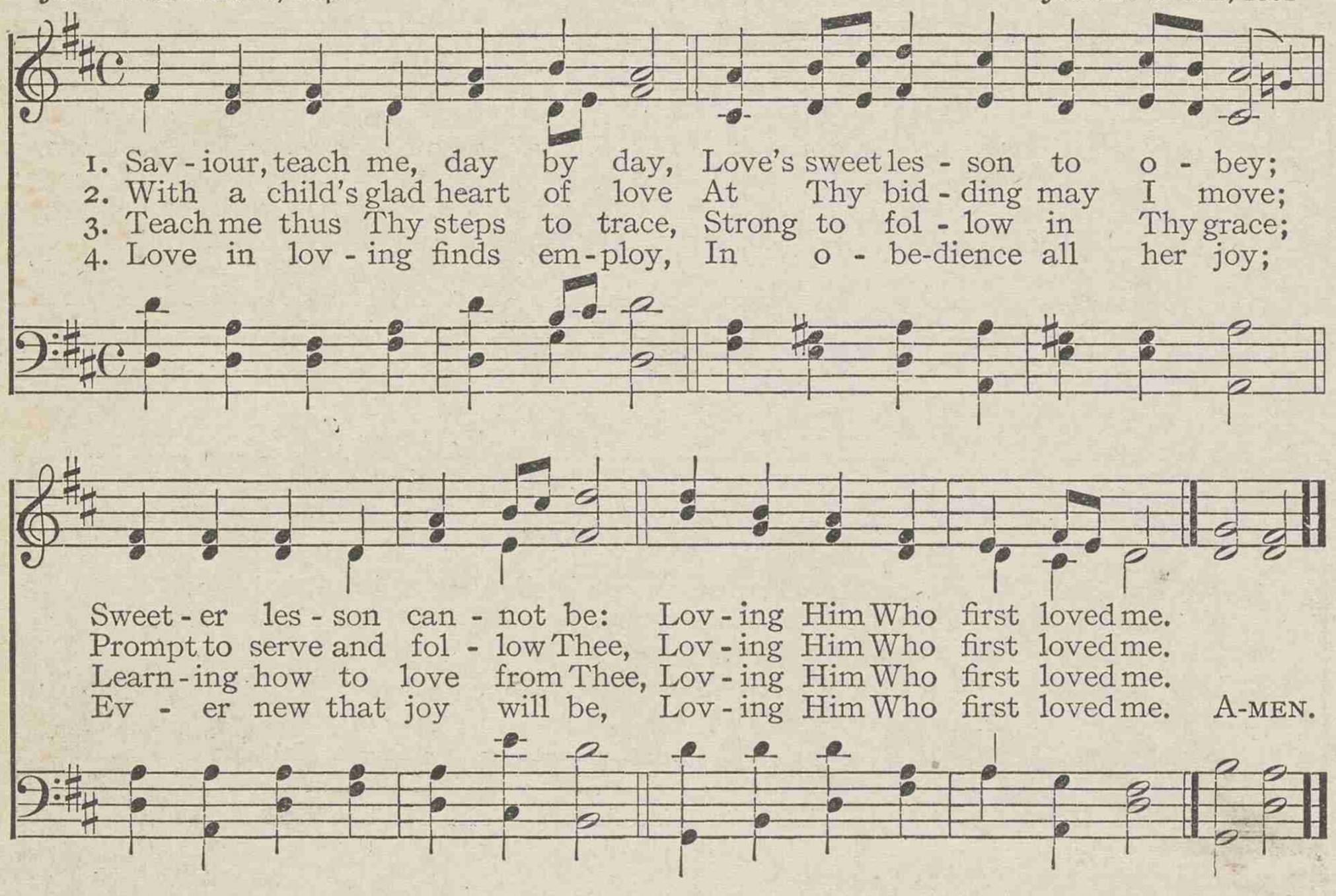
JAMES MERRICK, 1765, a — R. F. SMITH



146 Saviour, Teach Me, Day By Day

FERRIER. 77, 77.

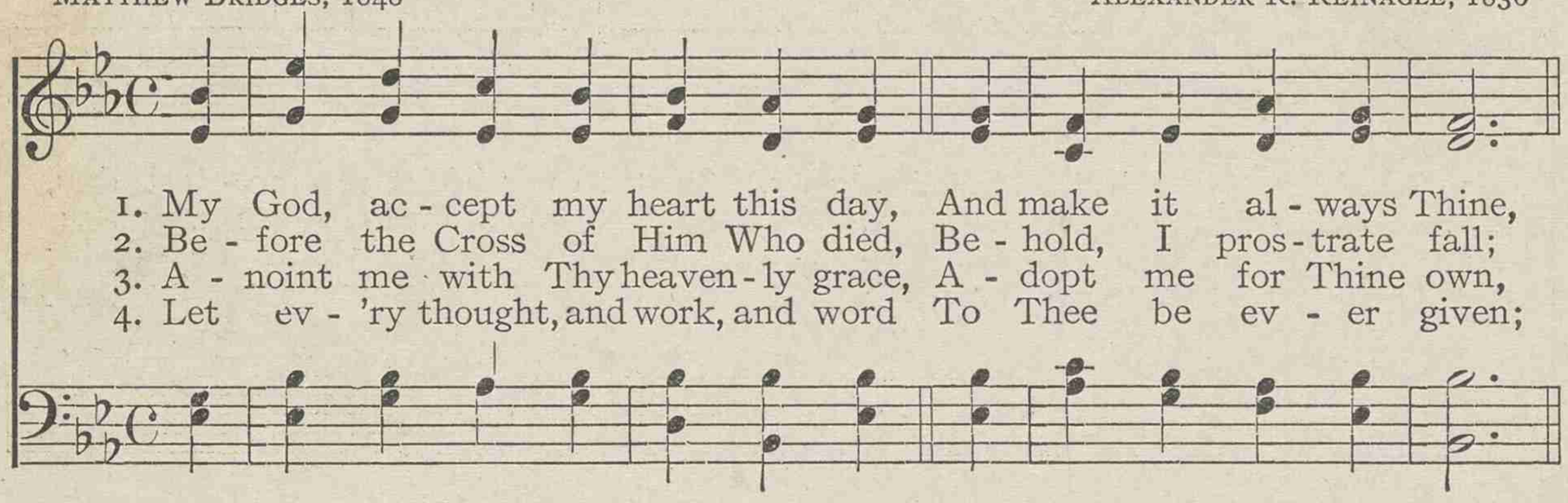
JANE ELIZA LEESON, 1842 — JOHN B. DYKES, 1862
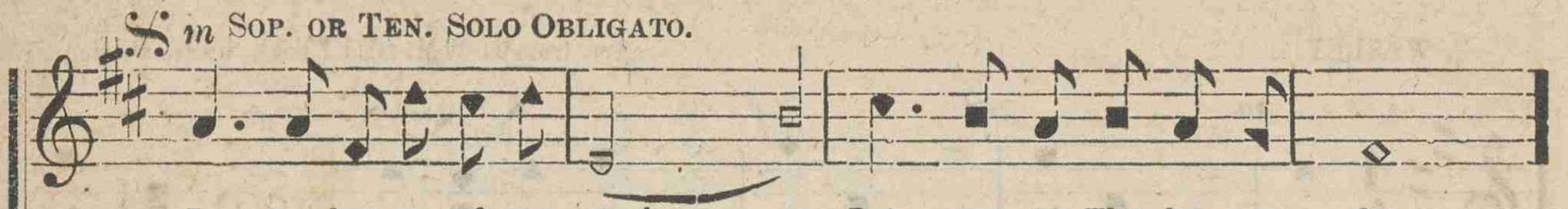


147 My God, Accept My Heart This Day

ST. PETER. C. M.
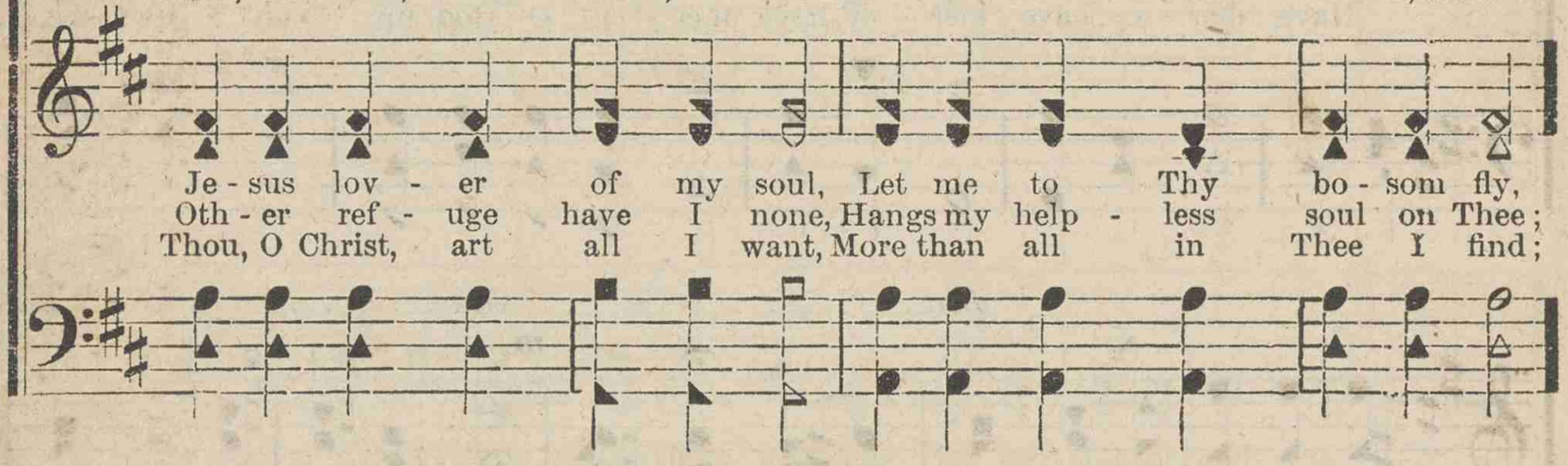
MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848 — ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1830



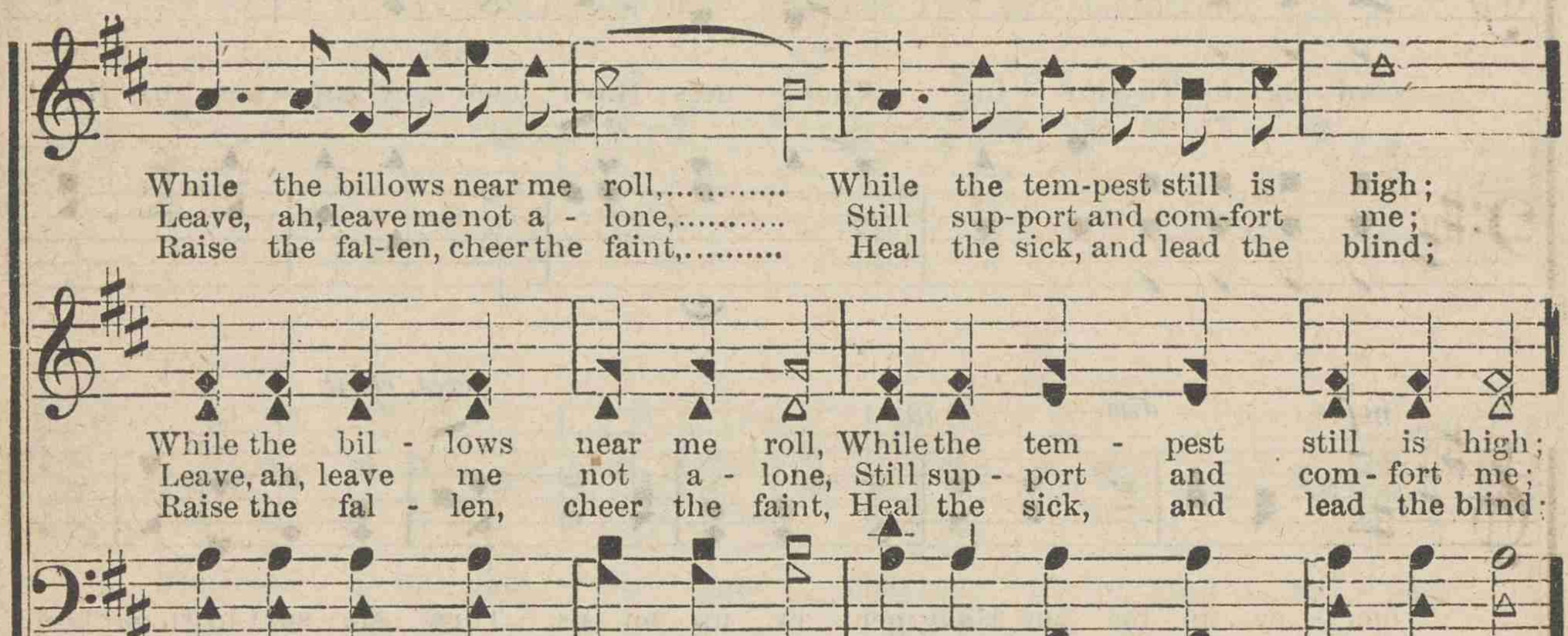
m SOP. OR TEN. SOLO OBLIGATO.
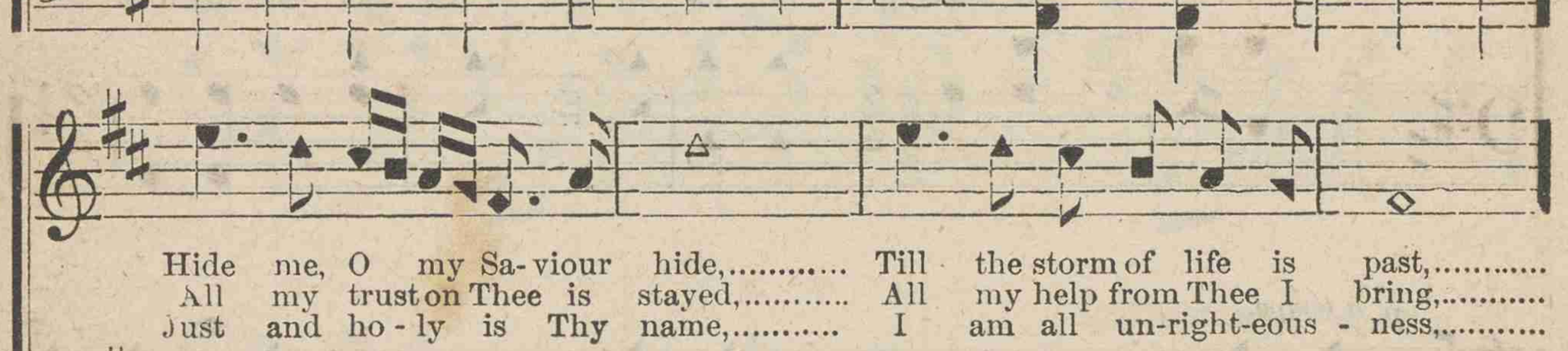


Je - sus lov - er of my soul,..... Let me to Thy bo - som fly,.....
Oth - er ref-uge have I none,..... Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;.....
Thou, O Christ, art all I want,..... More than all in Thee I find;.....



Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
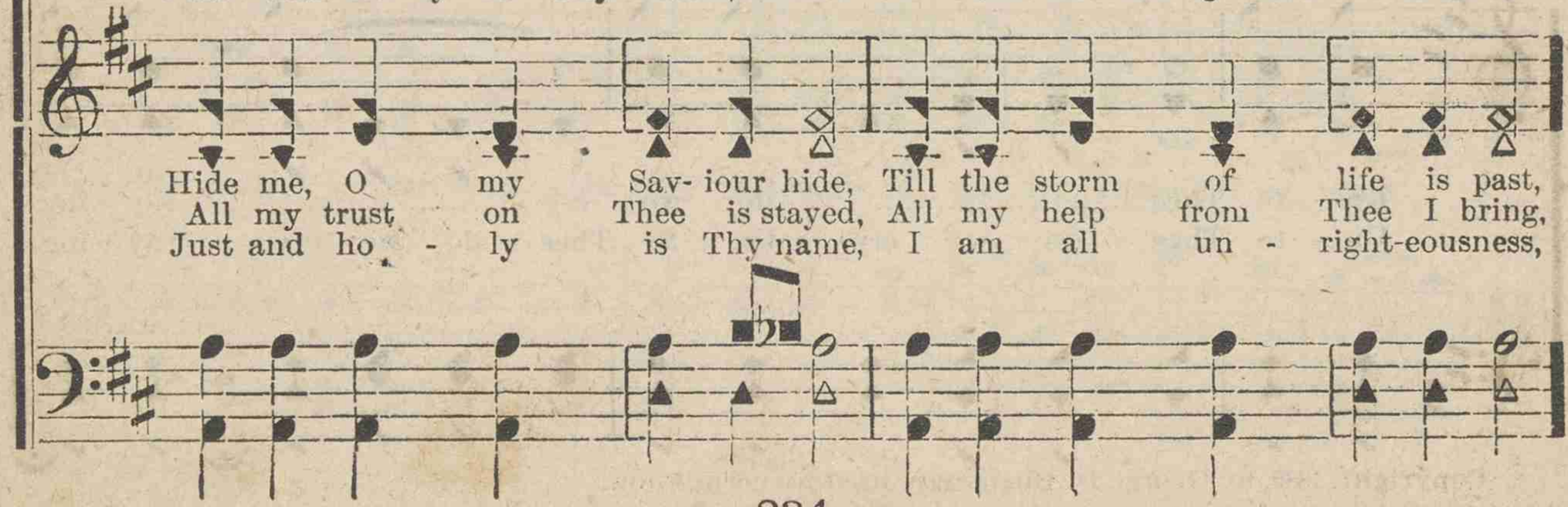


While the billows near me roll,..... While the tem-pest still is high;
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone,..... Still sup-port and com-fort me;
Raise the fal-len, cheer the faint,..... Heal the sick, and lead the blind;



While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;
Raise the fal - len, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
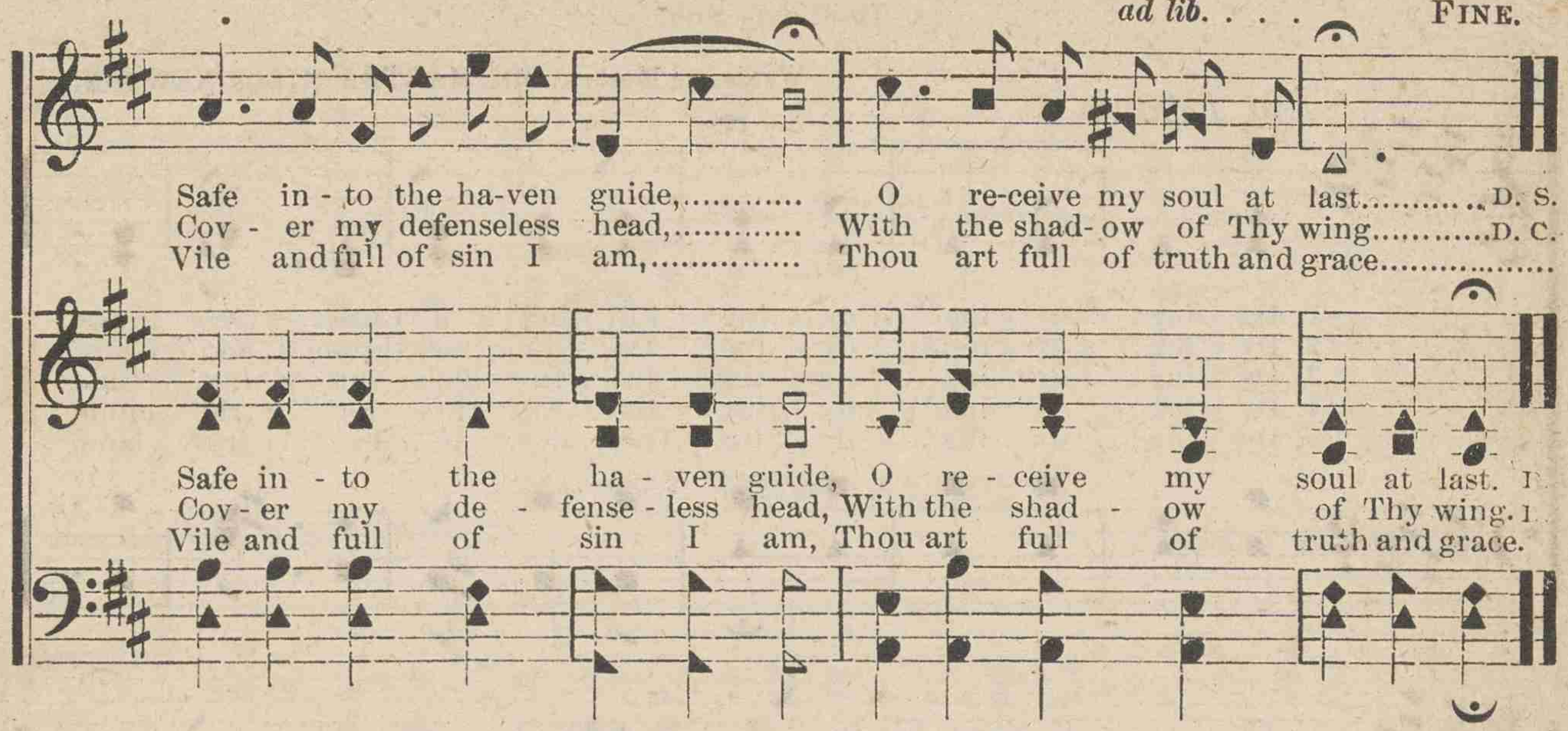
Hide me, O my Sa-viour hide,..... Till the storm of life is past,.....
All my trust on Thee is stayed,..... All my help from Thee I bring,.....
Just and ho-ly is Thy name,..... I am all un-right-eous - ness,.....



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-eousness,

O GOD, HAVE MERCY. Concluded.

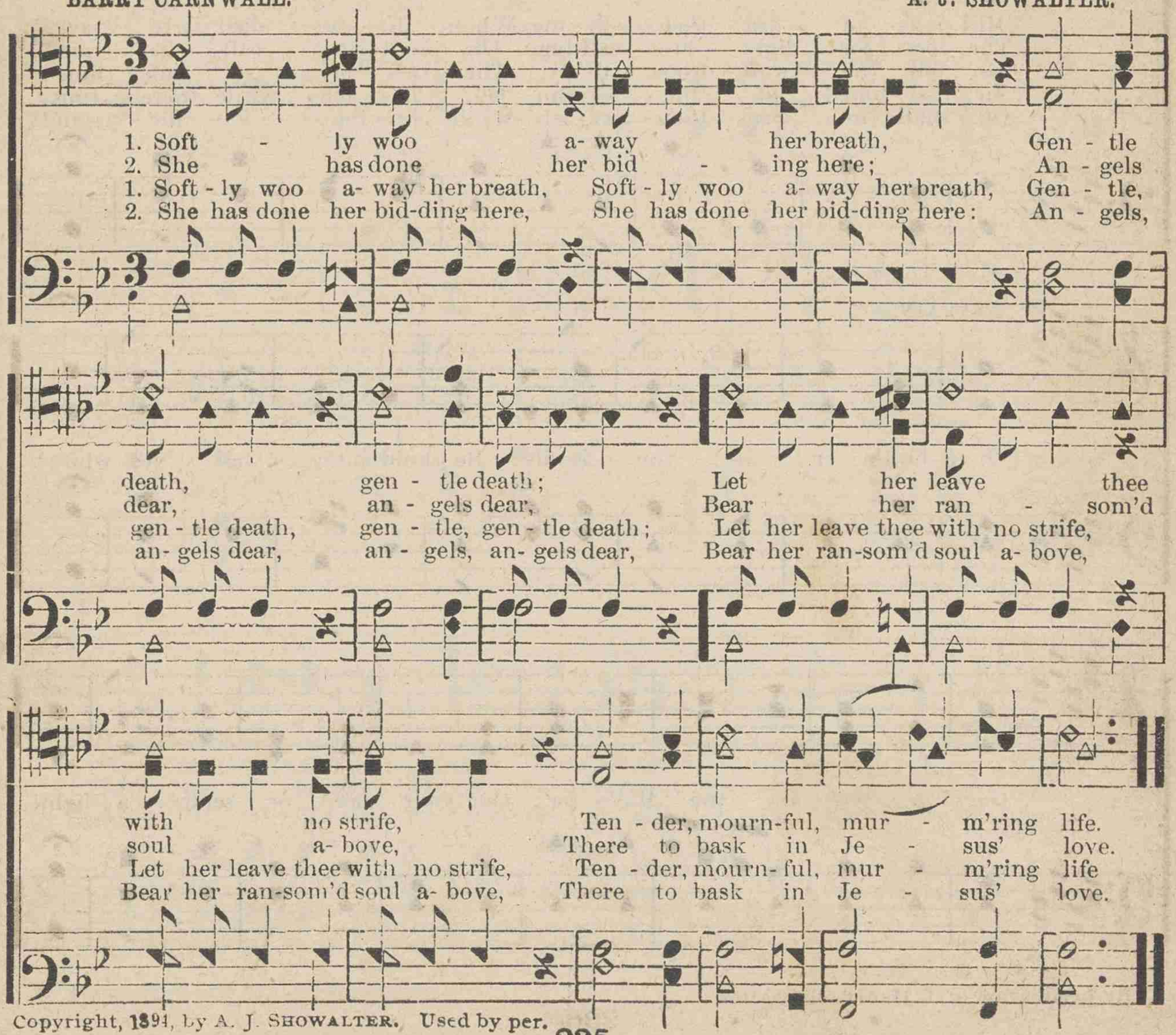
ad lib. . . . FINE.



No. 253. SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

(Composed for the gentlemen of my Forest City, N. C., Normal, of 1894, to whom it is respectfully inscribed.)

BARRY CARNWALL. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 254. DYING, DYING, DYING.

(A Missionary Song.)

Words and Music by Mrs. MARTHA MILLS NEWTON.

Ad Libitum.

1. Dy - ing! dy - ing! dy - ing! Fill - ing a Christ - less grave!
2. Dy - ing! dy - ing! dy - ing! In Chi - na's throng'd do - main,
3. Dy - ing! dy - ing! dy - ing! In In - dia's sun - ny clime,
4. Dy - ing! dy - ing! dy - ing! In Af - ric's tor - rid clime,
5. Dy - ing! dy - ing! dy - ing! They die in ev - 'ry land;

Mill - ions of hea - thens dy - ing, Whom Je - sus died to save.
The lost for light are call-ing, Oh, shall they call in vain?
Go tell the won - drous sto - ry, The Gos - pel so sub - lime!
In isl - ands of the o - cean, Oh, has - ten while there's time.
Oh, shall the hea - then per - ish, While chris-tians i - dle stand?

REFRAIN.

O broth - er, are you i - dle? Be - hold the har - vest white!

Go, la - bor for the Mas - ter, Go, your - self, or send a light!

By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

Go la - bor for the Mas - ter, Go, your-self, or send a light!

No. 255. THINE ALONE.

Mrs. MARTHA MILLS NEWTON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Sav - iour, who lov - ed'st me, I con - se - crate to Thee My heart, for-
2. Thou, who hast died for me, Help me to live for Thee, Each mo- ment
3. Sav - iour, Thy strength I seek, Will - ful am I, and weak, Make me o -
4. More like Thee would I grow, More char - i - ty I'd show, More of Thy

e'er to be Thine, Thine a - lone. All self - ish - ness re-move,
let me be Thine, Thine a - lone. My lot I would not choose,
be - dient, meek, Thine, Thine a - lone. Through good re - port and ill,
truth I'd know, Thine, Thine a - lone. I would be pure and true,

By deeds and words I'd prove My grat - i - tude and love, Thine, Thine a - lone.
My tal - ents not a- buse, But in thy serv - ice use, Thine, Thine a - lone.
Help me to do Thy will, All Thy commands ful - fill, Thine, Thine a - lone.
Ac - tive and ear - nest, too, Faith - ful in all I do, Thine, Thine a - lone.

By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 256. GIVE THANKS TO GOD MOST HIGH.

GEORGE D. BUCHANAN. by per.

mf *m* *mf*

Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord, The sov - ereign King of

cres. *m cres.*

kings, and be His name a - dored. Give thanks..... .....to God most

Thanks to God, to God give thanks, Thanks to God, to

f

high,..... Give thanks to God, to God most high, The sov'reign King of kings.

God most high, Give thanks to God, to God most high, The sov'reign King of kings.

FINE.

p

How might - y is His hand, What won - ders He hath done,

How might - y is His hand,..... What wonders He hath done,..... He

He formed the earth and sea, And spread, spread the heav'ns a- lone.
form'd the earth and sea,... ..... And spread the heav'n a - lone.....

mf

His pow'r and grace are just the same, His name have endless prais-es His pow'r and grace are
end-less praise,

TENOR SOLO. *mp*

just the same, His name have endless praise. He gave His on - ly Son to
end- less praise.

save our souls from woe, From Satan, sin and death, and ev - 'ry hurtful foe.

D.C.

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