



SUNLIGHT SONGS

By
A. J. SHOWALTER EDWARD ROBERTS
AND H. N. LINCOLN

Price 35^{cts} Per Copy
\$4.00 Per Doz.
\$30.00 Per 100 by Ex

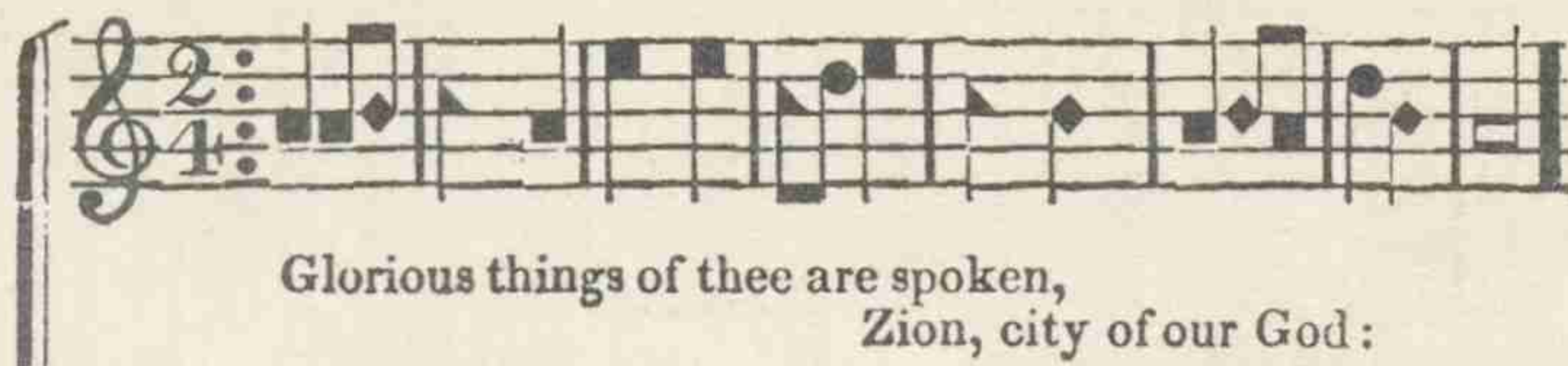
PUBLISHED BY

THE A. J. SHOWALTER Co

„ DALTON, GA. „

THE SHOWALTER-LINCOLN Co. DALLAS, TEXAS

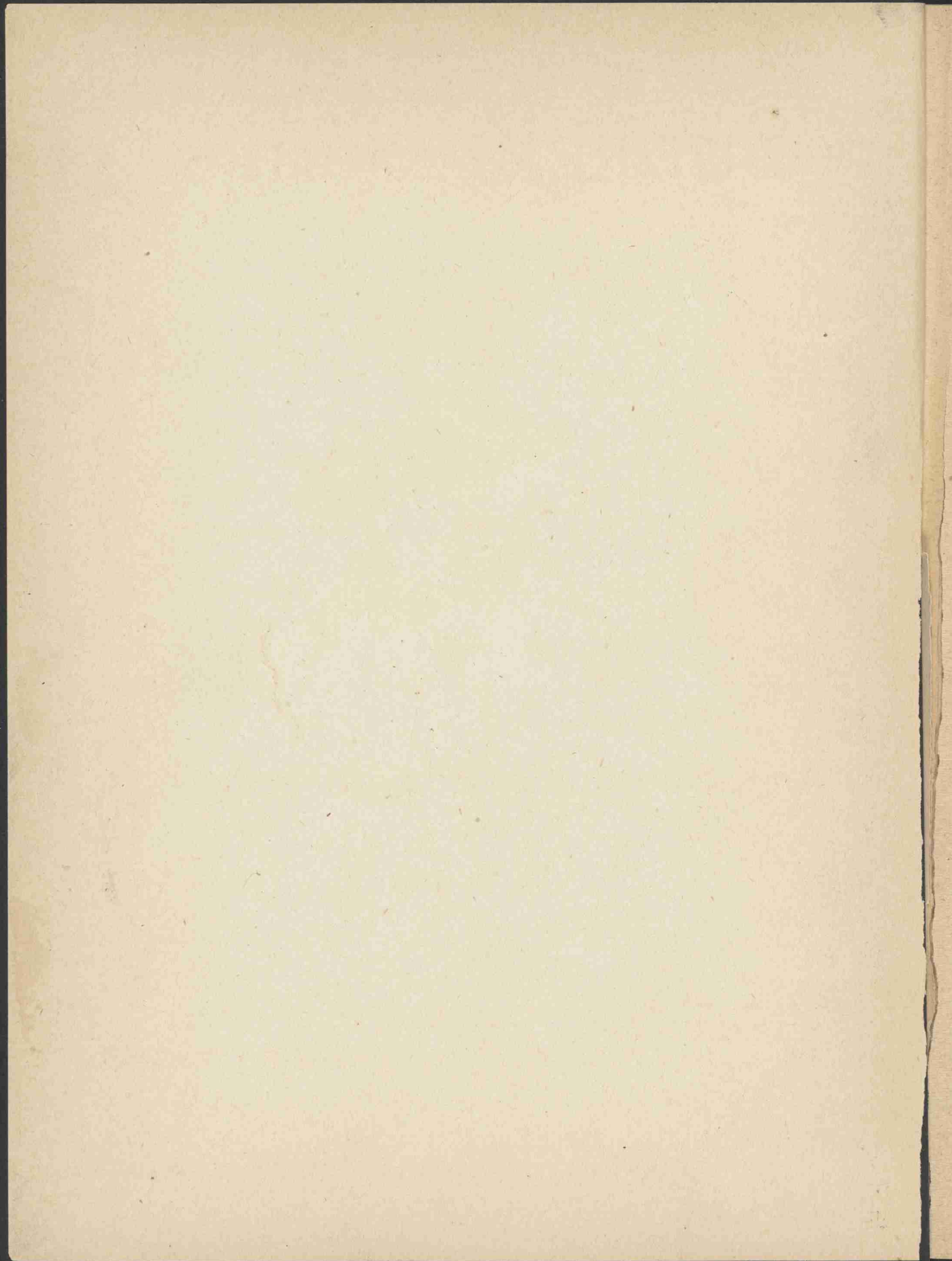
Z8
Sh82.7



Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:

PRESENTED BY
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY
TO
THE WARRINGTON-PRATT-SOULE
COLLECTION OF HYMNOLOGY
CASE MEMORIAL
LIBRARY
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

OLIVER DITSON
COMPANY
EVERYTHING IN MUSIC
BOSTON, MASS.



Sunlight Songs

A CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
NEW AND POPULAR GOSPEL SONGS
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS, CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES,
EPWORTH LEAGUES, YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNIONS,
PRAYER AND GOSPEL MEETINGS, AND
ALL OTHER OCCASIONS
OF
CHRISTIAN WORK AND WORSHIP

BY
A. J. Showalter, Edward Roberts,
AND
H. N. Lincoln



PUBLISHED BY

The A. J. SHOWALTER CO.	The SHOWALTER-LINCOLN CO.
DALTON, GA.	DALLAS, TEXAS

Copyright, 1896, by THE A. J. SHOWALTER Co., and THE SHOWALTER-LINCOLN Co.

TOPICAL INDEX.

- Affliction, 11, 17, 55, 89, 167.
Ascension of Christ, 170.
Assurance, 22, 67, 69, 95, 98, 115, 137.
Awakening, 29, 66, 83, 135, 150, 160.
Christ, Blood of, 53, 114, 165, 179.
Christ, Cross of, 12, 55, 92, 178, 181.
Christ, Fellowship with, 2, 35, 38, 50, 65, 76, 97, 108, 120, 144, 182.
Christ, Second Coming of, 86, 146.
Children's Songs, 80, 113, 150.
Christian Service, 44, 49, 51, 75, 78, 109, 126, 137, 180.
Christmastide, 54, 90, 132.
Closing Service, 142, 152.
Communion, 62, 65, 82, 86, 94, 97, 120, 122, 133, 162.
Conflicts and Trials, 39, 72, 89, 90, 105, 182, 167.
Consecration, 13, 15, 17, 23, 43, 93, 124, 133, 180.
Encouragement, 28, 29, 41, 47, 48, 81, 96, 100, 111, 123.
Faith, 18, 38, 68.
Guidance, 6, 70.
Heaven, 8, 26, 42, 52, 58, 64, 70, 99, 106, 136, 143, 145, 153.
Holy Spirit, 2, 61.
Invitation, 4, 5, 14, 20, 27, 31, 34, 45, 51, 59, 84, 108, 118, 125.
Joy, 22, 46, 49, 52, 60, 71, 91, 111, 112, 127, 128.
Love, 15, 25, 35, 56, 63, 74, 79, 121, 123, 131, 135.
Missions, 3, 16, 19, 24, 75, 140, 159.
Nearness, 37, 46, 97, 101, 107, 117.
National, 1.
New Year, 139, 148.
Peace, 7, 110, 112, 138.
Perils and Warnings, 20, 24, 26, 103, 172.
Pilgrimage, 57, 85, 87, 88, 99, 106, 109, 124, 158.
Praise and Worship, 10, 36, 37, 71, 74, 83, 96, 102, 104, 124, 128, 133, 149, 164.
Prayer, 2, 30, 62, 65, 110, 119, 141.
Repentance, 23, 30, 56, 92, 163.
Resurrection, 73.
Salvation, 21, 69, 102, 114, 127, 129, 134, 154, 155, 156, 165, 171.
Trust, 7, 10, 18, 25, 33, 63, 68, 77, 78, 107, 116, 130, 147, 149, 165, 176, 177.
Vigilance, 28, 32, 40, 103, 105, 166.
Victory, 9, 161.
Work, 3, 16, 32, 40, 43, 47, 66, 75, 81, 100, 140, 151, 157, 159, 162, 166, 168.

1896

Summ

SUNLIGHT SONGS

No. 1. NATIONAL HYMN OF AMERICA.

Respectfully inscribed to the members of the "Evangelist Tours."

Words by Rev. S. F. SMITH.
1832.

Music by A. J. SHOWALTER.
August 6, 1895.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweetland of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God to Thee, An - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's



pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 2. WALKING IN THE SUNLIGHT.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.
On board S. S. "Berlin," July 1, 1895.



1. Walk-ing in the sunlight, on I go each day, Trav'ling to a land beyond compare;
2. Walk-ing in the sunlight of a Father's love, Pressing on with swift and willing feet;
3. Walk-ing in the sunlight, close by Jesus' side, Fearing naught, I journey on the way;
4. Walk-ing in the sunlight till I catch a sight Of the Cit-y's pearl-y gates a-bove;



Sing-ing of God's mercies all a-long the way, Walking in the sunlight bright and fair.
Rest e-ter-nal waits me in that land above, Walking in the sunlight glad and sweet.
In my weakness clinging to my trusty Guide, Walking in the sunlight, day by day.
Jesus' presence scatters darkest shades of night, Walking in the sunlight of God's love.



REFRAIN.



Walk-ing in the sunlight, blessed light of God, Singing of His mercies' ceaseless flow,



Foll'wing in the pathway which my Lord hath trod, Walking in the sunlight, on I go.



No. 3.

WORK FOR ALL.

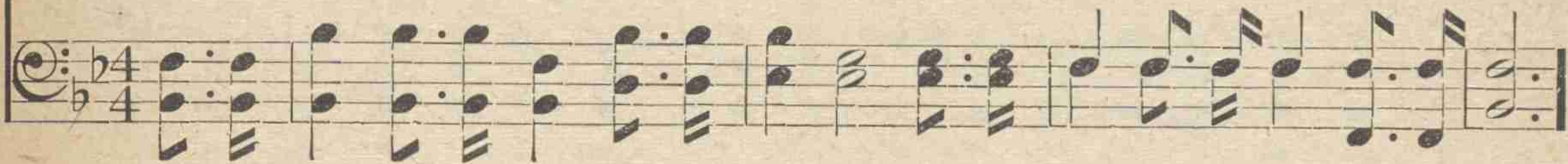
A. R. CAREY.

St. Matthew. 20: 4.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Do you ask, waiting one, where's the vineyard? Where the path that the Master has trod?
2. Where earth's homes blossom out with young fa - ces, Where the feet of the throng tread the mart?
3. When a burden, you've borne for the wea-ry, Taught some wand'rer the quick-sands to shun,



Lo, 't is there! lo, 't is here all a-round you! Ev-'ry-where is the vine-yard of God!
Where the god-less bow down to their i -dols, There's a field for the toil-lov-ing heart.
Breathed a pray'r or a song fraught with blessing, For the Mas-ter a work you have done.



REFRAIN.



Work for all, work for all, Ev-'ry one has a mis-sion be-low;
Work for all, work for all,



Hear the call, O hear the call! To the vineyard ye i -dle ones go.
Hear the call, hear the call!



No. 4.

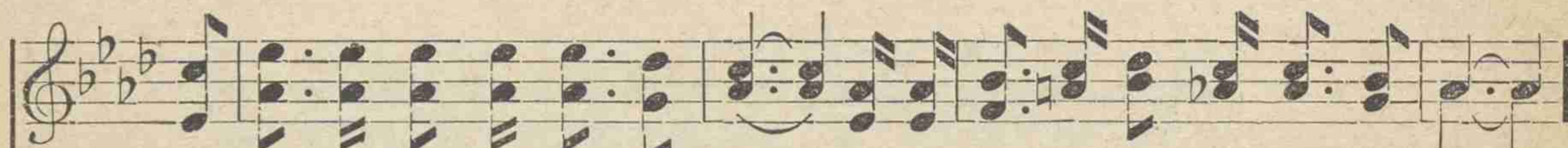
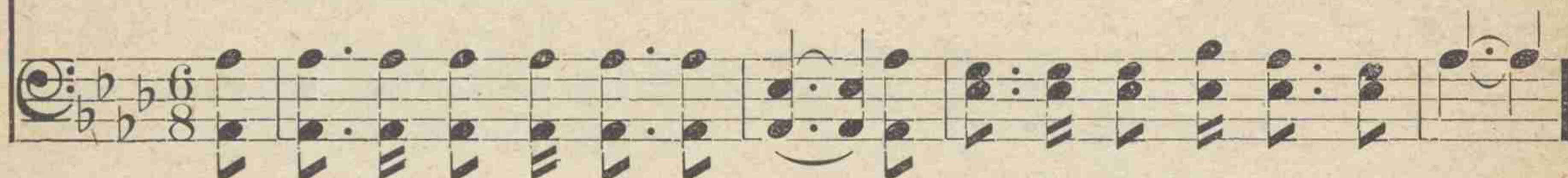
ACCEPT TO-DAY.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. D. PATTON.



1. He of-fers re-demption to - day; He of-fers for-giveness of sin;
2. He pleads with you now to re - pent, And trust in the soul-cleansing blood;
3. He prom - is - es par-don to all, The full-ness of joy and of peace;



O why not ac-cept His free gift, And the life of a Chris-tian be - gin?
 O why not for-sake all your sin, And ac-cept the great mer-cy of God?
 What more could the dear Master do To se-cure your repentance than this?



REFRAIN.



Ac-cept His free gift to - day, . . . The while He is pass-ing this way; . . .
 to-day, is passing this way;



To - day, . . . to - day, . . . Ac-cept His great mer-cy to - day.
 To - day, to - day, to - day, to - day,



No. 5. JESUS IS SEEKING FOR THEE.

L. E. JONES.

H. N. LINCOLN.

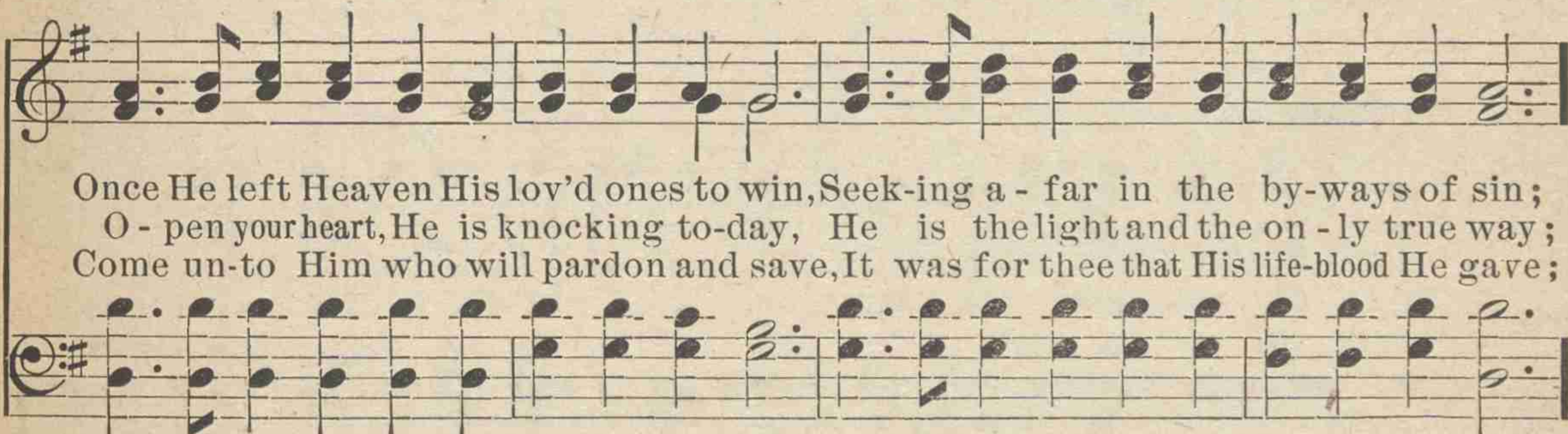
Softly.



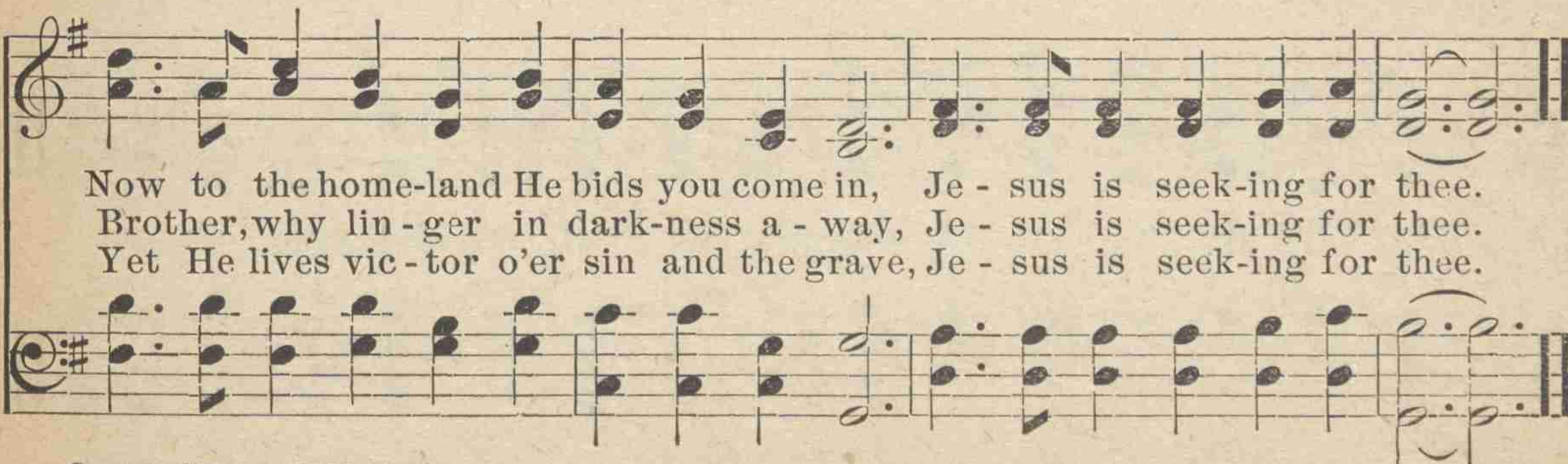
1. Why will you wan-der, O sin-ner, a-lone? Je-sus is seek-ing for thee;
2. Come to the pas-ture all sun-ny and fair, Je-sus is seek-ing for thee;
3. Wait-ing to save from the burden of woe, Je-sus is seek-ing for thee;



Un-to each lost one His mer-cy is shown, Je-sus is seek-ing for thee.
Come to the Shepherd and trust to His care, Je-sus is seek-ing for thee.
Read-y to guard you wherev-er you go, Je-sus is seek-ing for thee.



Once He left Heaven His lov'd ones to win, Seek-ing a-far in the by-ways of sin;
O-pen your heart, He is knocking to-day, He is the light and the on-ly true way;
Come un-to Him who will pardon and save, It was for thee that His life-blood He gave;



Now to the home-land He bids you come in, Je-sus is seek-ing for thee.
Brother, why lin-ger in dark-ness a-way, Je-sus is seek-ing for thee.
Yet He lives vic-tor o'er sin and the grave, Je-sus is seek-ing for thee.

No. 6. JESUS, PILOT, GUIDETH ME.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend J. H. Morse, Yarmouth, N. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

F. M. DAVIS.

On board the S.S. "Berlin," June 27, 1895.



1. Mid the break-ers I am drift-ing, Sail-ing o'er life's storm-y sea,
2. I am toss'd on an - gry bil - lows, Death and darkness o - ver me,
3. Soon I'll an-chor in the har-bor, E'en by faith its heights I see;



Yet I have no fear of dan - ger, Je - sus, Pi - lot, guid - eth me.
Yet my bark is safe - ly guid - ed, Je - sus, Pi - lot, guid - eth me.
There shall be my rest for - ev - er, Je - sus, Pi - lot, guid - eth me.



REFRAIN.



Guid - eth me, guid - eth me, Je - sus, Pi - lot, guid - eth me;



What have I to fear of dan-ge? Je - sus, Pi - lot, guid - eth me.



No. 7.

'T IS BLESSED TO KNOW.

Job 19: 25.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Oh, knowledge so sweet, so sa - cred! "I know my Re - deemer lives;"
2. Sometimes, when the gloom ap-palls me, His face thro' the cloud I see;
3. I know when the heart He chast-ens, He on - ly the gold re - fines,
4. I know from our Fa-ther's mansions, Earth-woes will look few and small;



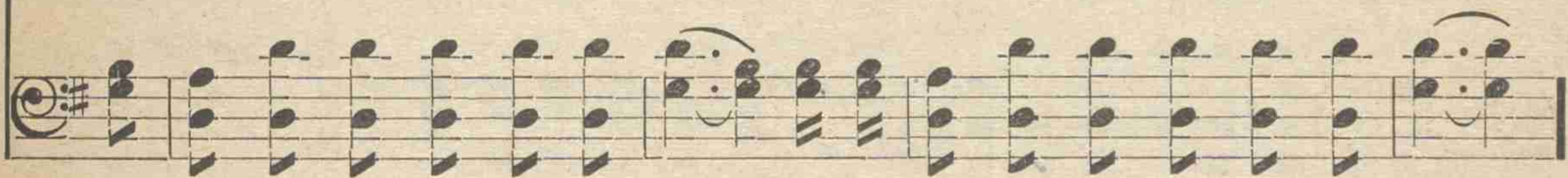
I know that my steps He watch-es, And help ev - 'ry hour He gives.
 And oft, when grief bows my spir - it, He whispers "'tis shar'd by me."
 And when all its dross is ban-ish-ed, His im-age with-in it shines.
 There, there we shall see how Je - sus De - fend-ed and lov'd thro' all.



REFRAIN.



Oh, blessed, thrice blessed to know, That He weighs all our sor-rows be - low;



Oh, blessed, thrice blessed to know, That He weighs all our sor-rows be - low.



No. 8. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG.

JENNIE WILSON.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. When the shadows of night shall have taken flight, When have vanished all grief and wrong,
2. Tho' thy bur-den and care now are hard to bear, Weary soul, it will not be long
3. Af-ter toil-ing and strife cometh bless-ed life With the sin-less ce-les-tial throng,
4. In the glo-ri-ous psalm sung be-fore the Lamb To whom hon-or and praise be-long,



Not a tear nor a sigh shall be known on high In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Till thy cross thou canst lay glad-ly down for aye In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Af-ter sad moans of pain cometh rapture's strain In the beau-ti-ful land of song.
Thou shalt join with a joy free from all al-loy In the beau-ti-ful land of song.



REFRAIN.



O! the beautiful, beau-ti-ful land of song, On e-ter-nity's side of death's solemn tide!



In that beautiful, beau-ti-ful land of song We shall ev-er abide with the pur-i-fied.



No. 9. JESUS GIVETH THE VICTORY.

F. M. DAVIS.

J. M. BOWMAN.



1. Je - sus giv-eth the vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry o - ver sin;
2. Je - sus giv-eth the vic - to - ry; Tell it the world a - round,
3. Je - sus giv-eth the vic - to - ry, Pre-cious the prom-ise giv'n;



Trust your Sav-iour, de-spond-ing ones, Je - sus will help you win.
Till the na-tions in bond-age chain'd, Shall hear the joy - ful sound.
Faith, the beau-ti - ful path-way bright, Leadeth from earth to heav'n.



REFRAIN.



Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry o - ver sin! All may the glo - ri - ous bat - tle win!



Je - sus giv-eth the vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry o - ver sin.



No. 10.

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. D. PATTON.



1. Tossing on life's fit - ful sea, Frail our lit - tle barks may be, Nev - er fear! never fear!
2. Let our trust in God ne'er fail, Tho' 'neath stormy skies we sail, O'er the wave, o'er the wave,
3. Homeward let us ev - er steer, Soon the harbor will appear, Land in sight! land in sight!



Rough the wave and strong the gale, On ward let us bravely sail, Home is near! home is near!
 He will guide us till at last All the voyage shall be past, He will save! He will save!
 Casting anchor near the shore, Safe from storms forevermore, Haven bright! haven bright!



Sail - ors we're on life's o - cean so wide, Steering our
 Sail - ors we're on life's o - cean so wide,



barks on a treach - er - ous tide, Bound for a
 Steer - ing our barks on a treach - er - ous tide, a treach - er - ous tide,



LIFE'S VOYAGE.



har - - bor, the port of the blest, Af - ter the
Bound for a har - bor, the port of the blest, the port of the blest,

voy - - age the ha - ven of rest!
Aft - er the voy - age the ha - ven of rest, the ha - ven of rest.

No. 11. THY WILL BE DONE. C. M.

PERCY CHAPEL COLL.

J. D. PATTON.



1. Fa - ther, I know Thy ways are just, Al-though to me un-known;
2. If Thou should'st hedge with thorns my path, Should wealth and friends be gone,
3. Al-though Thy steps I can-not trace, Thy sov'reign right I'll own;

O grant me grace Thy love to trust, And cry, "Thy will be done!"
Still, with a firm and live - ly faith, I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"
And, as in - struct-ed by Thy grace, I'll cry, "Thy will be done!"

No. 12.

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. When I sur - vey (When I sur - vey) the won - drous cross, (the wondrous cross,)
 2. For - bid it, Lord, (Forbid it, Lord,) that I should boast, (that I should boast,)
 3. Were the whole realm (Were the whole realm) of na - ture mine, (of na - ture mine,)



- On which the Prince (On which the Prince) of glo - ry died, (of glo - ry died,)
 Save in the death (Save in the death) of Christ, my God; (Of Christ, my God;)
 That were a pres - (That were a pres - ent) far too small; (far too small;)



- My rich - est gain (My rich - est gain) I count but loss, (I count but loss,)
 All the vain things, (All the vain things,) that charm me most, (that charm me most,)
 Love so a - maz - (Love so a maz - ing,) so di - vine, (so di - vine,)



- And pour contempt (And pour con - tempt) on all my pride. (on all my pride.)
 I sac - ri - fice (I sac - ri - fice) them to Thy blood. (them to Thy blood.)
 De - mands my soul, (Demands my soul,) my life, my all. (my life, my all.)



THE WONDROUS CROSS.

REFRAIN.

O the sweet won-ders of that cross, Where God, the Saviour, loved and died! Her no - blest

life my spir - it draws From His dear
 life my spir - it draws, Her no - blest life my spir - it draws From His dear

wounds and bleed - ing side.
 wounds and bleed - ing side, From His dear wounds and bleed - ing side.
 and bleed - ing side.

No. 13. I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

1 I am coming to the cross;
 I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 I am counting all but dross,
 I shall full salvation find.

REF. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Here I give my all to Thee,
 Friends, and time, and earthly store;
 Soul and body, Thine to be,—
 Wholly Thine, forever more.

3 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
 Perfected in love I am;
 I am every whit made whole;
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 14.

WILL YOU LET HIM IN?

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. The Sav-iour is long-ing your soul to save, Cleanse you from all sin;
2. So long He has wait-ed and knocked in vain, Tried your soul to win;
3. He ten-der-ly calls at thy still closed door, Faith-ful He has been;



He's wait-ing and knock-ing at your heart's door, Will you let Him in?
 He kind-ly is plead-ing with you to-day, Will you let Him in?
 He's wait-ing to en-ter, and sup with you, Will you let Him in?



REFRAIN.



Will you let Him in? . . . Will you let Him in? . . .
 let Him in? let Him in?



He's wait-ing and knocking at your heart's door, Will you let Him in? . . .
 let Him in?



No. 15.

ROOM FOR JESUS.

E. E. S. ELLIOTT.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me;
2. Heav-en's arch-es rang, when the angels sang Of Thy birth and Thy roy-al de-cree;
3. Fox-es found their rest, ev-'ry bird its nest In the shade of the ce-dar tree;
4. Thou did'st come, O Lord! with Thy living word, That should set all Thy peo-ple free;



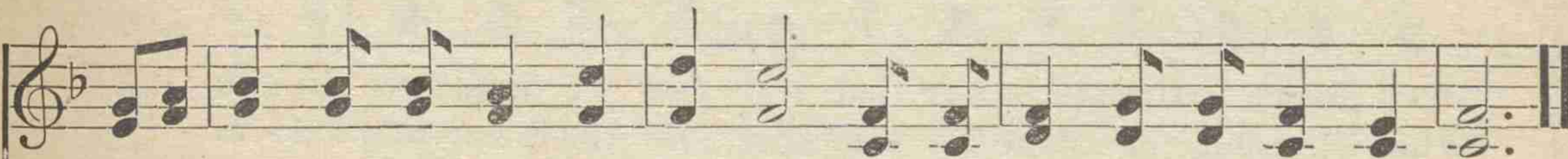
But in Beth-le-hem there was found no room For Thy ho-ly na-tiv-i-ty.
 But in low-ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in great-est hu-mil-i-ty.
 But up-on the sod laid the Son of God In the des-ert of Gal-i-lee.
 But with mocking and scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal-va-ry.



REFRAIN.



O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee;



O come to my heart, Lord Je-sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.



No. 16. O THIS WONDERFUL SALVATION.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



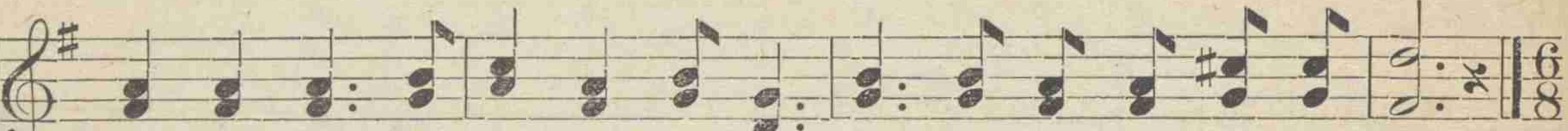
1. If you know the might-y mean-ing Of sal - va - tion full and free,
 2. Tell the world a - bout it, brother,—Let your heart with love o'er-flow
 3. O sal - va - tion! tell its sto - ry, Sing it ev - 'ry-where you go!




Tell it to the world, my brother — Let your neighbors know and see!
 In a yearn-ing af - ter oth - ers Who should this sal - va - tion know.
 Full sal - va - tion for the sin - ner, Peace and par - don here be - low.




Tell them how the eyes sin-blind-ed Have a - gain re-ceived their sight,
 Tell them of thy sins for-giv - en — Of the peace that came to thee
 All can have it for the seek-ing, Tell the good news far and wide,

Tell them how Christ Je - sus led you Out of dark-ness in - to light.
 When He said, "I died to save thee On the cross of Cal - va - ry!"
 Of this won - der - ful sal - va - tion Thro' a Sav - iour cru - ci - fied!



O THIS WONDERFUL SALVATION.

REFRAIN.



O this won - der - ful sal - va - tion That each child of sin may share!

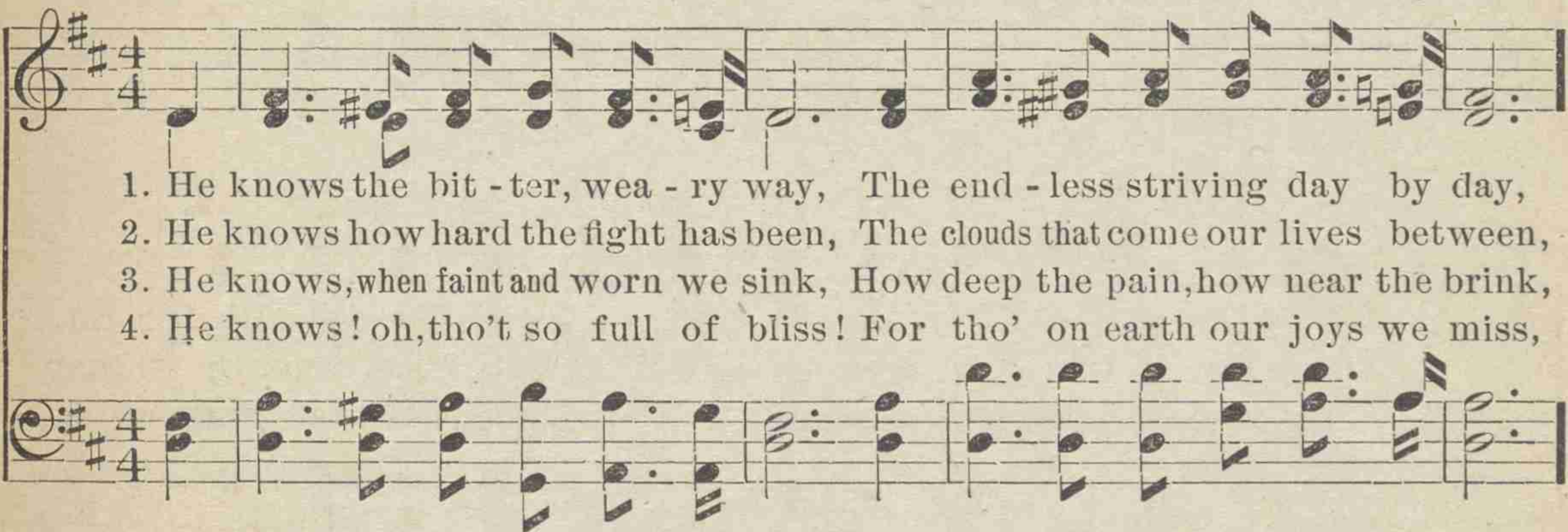


God's sal - va - tion, free sal - va - tion—Tell it, sing it ev - 'ry-where!

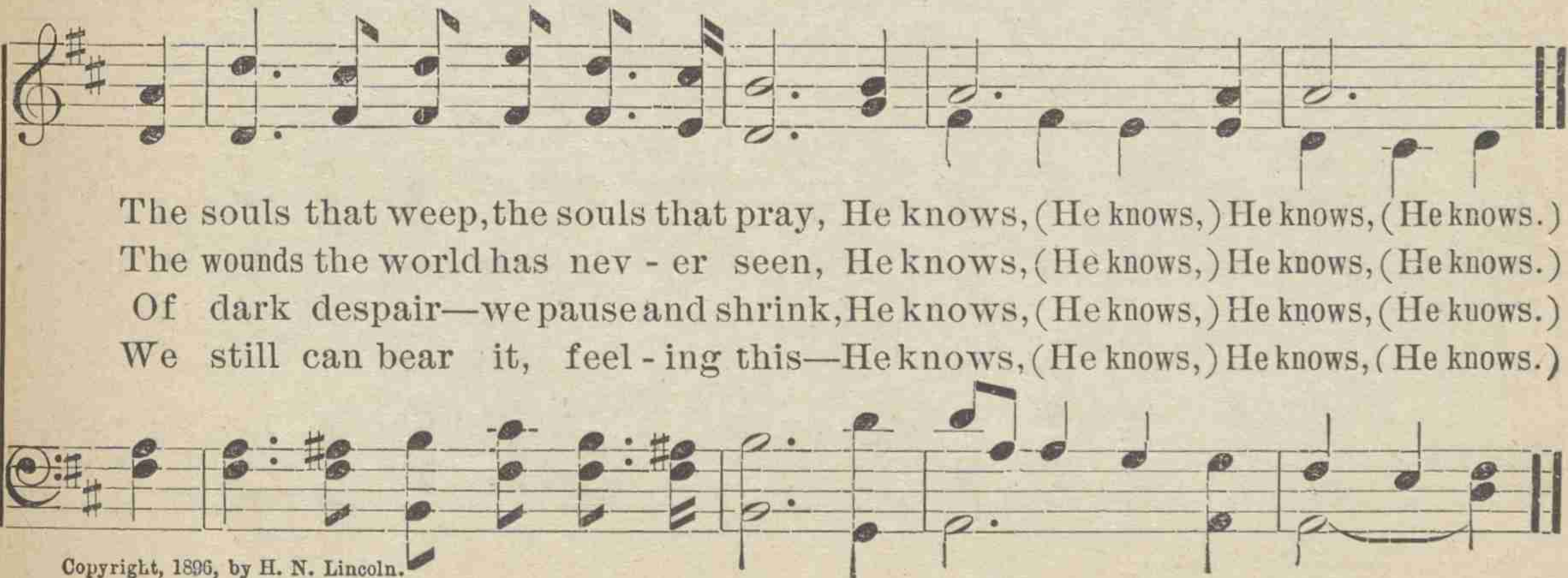
No. 17. HE KNOWS THE BITTER, WEARY WAY.

ANON.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, The end - less striving day by day,
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows, when faint and worn we sink, How deep the pain, how near the brink,
4. He knows! oh, tho't so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss,



The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows, (He knows,) He knows, (He knows.)
The wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows, (He knows,) He knows, (He knows.)
Of dark despair—we pause and shrink, He knows, (He knows,) He knows, (He knows.)
We still can bear it, feel - ing this—He knows, (He knows,) He knows, (He knows.)

No. 18. ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. On the Rock of faith are you build-ing? Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty?
2. Are you build-ing on this foun-da - tion, Build-ing on a steadfast ground?
3. Is your Rock and Ref-uge the Sav-iour? Is the Lord your all in all?



Is your hope and trust fixed on Je - sus? Is He all your song and plea?
Are you an-chored safe - ly on Je - sus? With good works do you a - bound?
Are you rest - ing now on His promise? Do you an - swer at His call?



REFRAIN.



Let the Rock of faith your foundation be, O - vershadowed by God's right hand;



Tho' the storms may beat and the winds as - sail, Yet se - cure - ly you shall stand.



No. 19.

PITY THEM, CHRISTIAN.

JULIA W. SAMPSON.

E. ROBERTS.



1. O - ver the o - cean wave, Far, far a - way, There the poor hea-then live,
2. Here, in this hap - py land, We have the light Shin - ing from God's own word,
3. Then, while the mission ships, Glad tid - ings bring, List! as that hea-then band



Wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - no - rance, Dark as the night,
 Free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them Bi - bles to read,
 Joy - ful - ly sing: "O - ver the o - cean-wave, Oh, see them come,



REFRAIN.



They've not the Word of God To give them light. Pit - y them, Pit - y them,
 Teach - ers and preachers with All that they need?
 Bring - ing the bread of Life, Guid - ing us home."



Chris - tians at home, Haste with the bread of life, Hast - en and come.



No. 20. OUR ROCK OF DEFENSE.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O *haste* to the Rock! 'tis a strong, sure defence, When gath-er around thee dark
2. O *hide* in the Rock, from the foes that surround; Life's per-ils are ma - ny, and
3. O *cling* to the Rock, when life's billows dash high, When fierce is the tempest, and
4. O *rest* in the Rock! 'tis a calm, blest retreat For earth's wea-ry pilgrims when



shad-ows so dense: With nev - er a fear in the Rock's riv-en side, In
temp-ters a-bound; But here from tempta - tion and sin thou canst flee, To
death seemeth nigh, For here thou mayst hide till the storm be o'er-past, All
faint from the heat; The poor, wretch-ed wand'rer, long seek-ing for rest, May



REFRAIN.



peace that is changeless thy soul may a - bide. The Lord is our Rock, that is
this dear-est Ref-uge that's wait-ing for thee.
shel - t' red from dan-ger, and safe from the blast.
here find the end of the wea - ri-some quest.



might - y and strong, And we will most glad-ly to Him raise our song; For



OUR ROCK OF DEFENSE.

safe in the cleft from the tempest we hide, Con-tent-ed and hap-py, our souls sat-is-fied.

No. 21. WHAT A FRIEND IS HE.

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.
S. S. "Berlin," July 4th, 1895.

1. Je - sus saves and makes me whole, What a Friend is He!
2. Je - sus keeps me pure with - in, What a Friend is He!
3. Je - sus is my Ref - uge strong, What a Friend is He!

REFRAIN.

Rolls the bur-den from my soul, What a Friend is He! How can I but
He doth cleanse my soul from sin, What a Friend is He!
All the bur-den of my song! What a Friend is He!

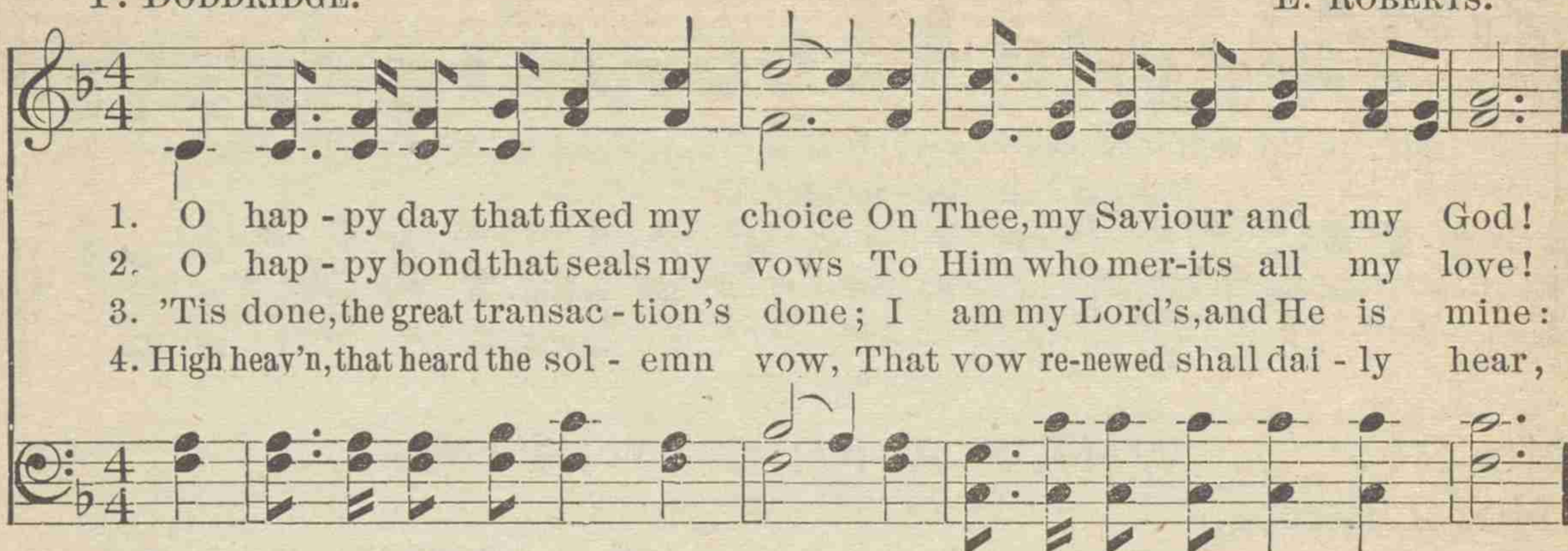
love Him When He so loves me! Je-sus, precious Je-sus, What a Friend is He!

No. 22.

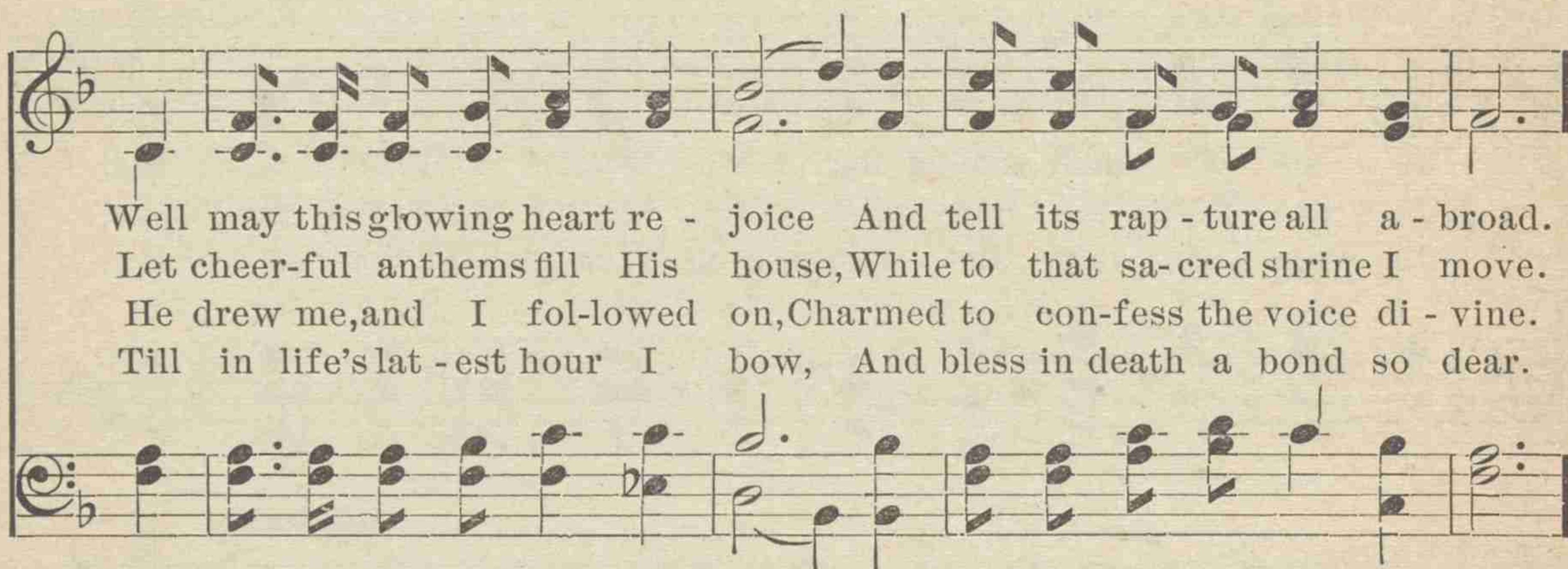
HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. ROBERTS.



1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
 2. O hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
 3. 'Tis done, the great transac - tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
 4. High heav'n, that heard the sol - emn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai - ly hear,



Well may this glowing heart re - joice And tell its rap - ture all a - broad.
 Let cheer-ful anthems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
 Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

REFRAIN.



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way;
 Hap - py day, hap - py day.



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

HAPPY DAY.

slower.

Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,

No. 23.

CONFESSION.

H. BONAR, D.D.

E. ROBERTS.

1. No, not de-spair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis-
2. Lord! I con-fess to Thee Sad-ly my sin; All I am
3. Faith-ful and just art Thou, For-giv-ing all; Lov-ing and

trust-ing-ly Bend I the knee; Sin has gone o-ver me,
tell I Thee, All I have been; Purge Thou my sin a-way,
kind art Thou When poor ones call; Lord! let the cleans-ing blood,

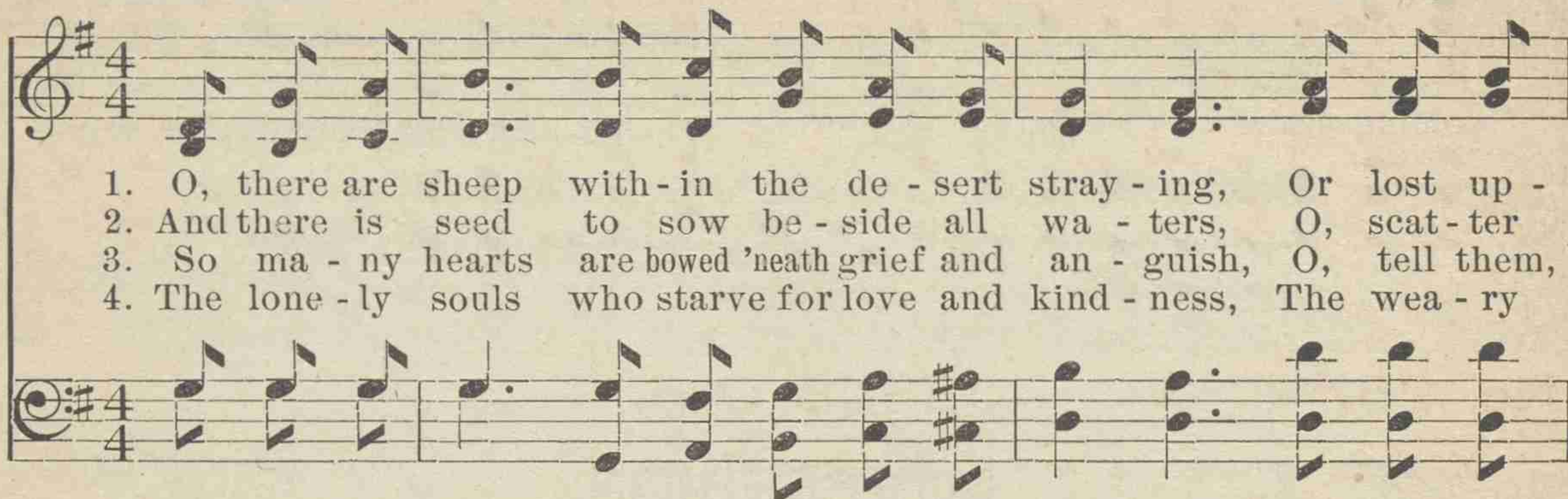
Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died, Je - sus hath died.
Wash Thou my soul this day, Lord! make me clean, Lord! make me clean.
Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul, Pass o'er my soul.

No. 24.

WAITING DUTIES.

BIRDIE BELL.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. O, there are sheep with-in the de - sert stray - ing, Or lost up -
 2. And there is seed to sow be - side all wa - ters, O, scat - ter
 3. So ma - ny hearts are bowed 'neath grief and an - guish, O, tell them,
 4. The lone - ly souls who starve for love and kind - ness, The wea - ry

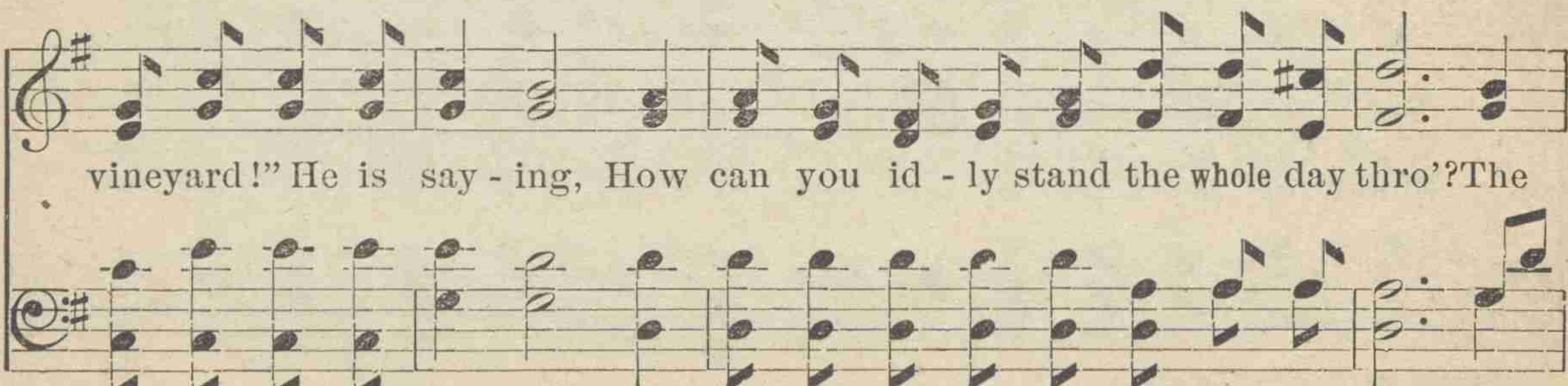


on the rock - y heights a - far; The Shepherd call - eth, "O My chil-dren,
 it with lib-'ral, bounteous hand; So at the har - vest you may be re -
 who in sor-row so re - pine, That God hath prom-ised, af - ter night's sad
 ones who long for qui - et rest, — O like a sun-beam, go and cheer their

REFRAIN.



help Me To seek the wand'ers, per-ish - ing they are." "Go work within My
 joic - ing, And la - den with the gold-en sheaves may stand.
 weep-ing Glad songs shall come and morn's sweet radiance shine.
 dark-ness; Such work if done for Christ is great-ly blest.



vineyard!" He is say - ing, How can you id - ly stand the whole day thro'? The

WAITING DUTIES.

coming night will put an end to la - bor, O, be not slothful there's so much to do!

No. 25.

JESUS ONLY.

M. E. L.

Matthew 27: 18.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. "Je - sus on - ly," would we see, When our foes de - ride us; Though the world con-
 2. "Je - sus on - ly," would we trust, Oth - ers may de - ceive us; He has promised
 3. "Je - sus on - ly," would we know; All our hearts He know - eth; Ev - er in His
 4. "Je - sus on - ly," would we serve, Faithful - ly en - deav - or In His cause to

demn, we find Je - sus close be - side us. Look - ing un - to Him we're safe,
 in His word, He will nev - er leave us. Safe in - to His home of rest,
 steps we'll go, As the way he show - eth. Knowing Him, with joy our hearts
 la - bor on, Shrink from du - ty nev - er. All to Him we con - se - crate,

He'll for - give and guide us, Looking un - to Him we're safe, He'll for - give and guide us.
 He'll at last re - ceive us, Safe in - to His home of rest, He'll at last receive us.
 Constantly o'er - flow - eth, Knowing Him, with joy our hearts Constantly o'erfloweth.
 Now, henceforth, for - ev - er, All to Him we con - se - crate, Now, henceforth, for - ev - er.

No. 26. GOING HOME TO GLORY.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Homeward lead my footsteps t'ward the golden throne, Where are man-y man-sions fair and bright,
2. Jour-ney-ing to heaven, sing-ing as I go, Cheered a-long the way by Je-sus' love,
3. Homeward I am go-ing to Je-ru-sa-lem, Where a robe of white is wait-ing me,
4. Homeward, homeward go-ing, fol-low-ing the Lord, Where-so-e'er He leads His trust-ing child,



Whith-er my best friends to be with Christ have gone, O-ver in the pal-a-ces of light.
 Strong in faith and cour-age, leav-ing all be-low, Press-ing t'ward the glorious rest a-bove.
 Where my brow shall wear a roy-al di-a-dem, And for-ev-er I shall hap-py be.
 Leaning on His love and resting on His Word, Pilgrim to the cit-y un-de-filed.



REFRAIN.



Go-ing home to glo-ry, go-ing home to God, Walking in the footsteps of my Lord,



Shielded by His love and trusting in His Word, Ready to re-ceive my soul's re-ward.



No. 27.

COME AND SEE.

St. John 1: 46.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Why stand you a- far from the Saviour, As if you 'd no soul you would save? Why
2. You need Him, O hearts oft be-wail-ing Lost hopes earth can never re-store; His
3. O spurn not your Friend, and be strangers To love that will never grow cold, Nor
4. He suf-fer'd to win you sal-va-tion, His name is the passport to bliss; Draw



REFRAIN.



fail to entreat for His fa - vor, As if He had nought that you crave? Come and
word, like a foun-tain un-fail-ing, Yields hope that will live ev - er-more.
choose folly's quicksands and dangers, But come to His safe-shelter'd fold.
near, ev - 'ry kin-dred and na-tion, Nor wait lest God's blessing you miss.



see, come and see, In the Saviour is wonderful grace, come and see;
Come and see, come and see,



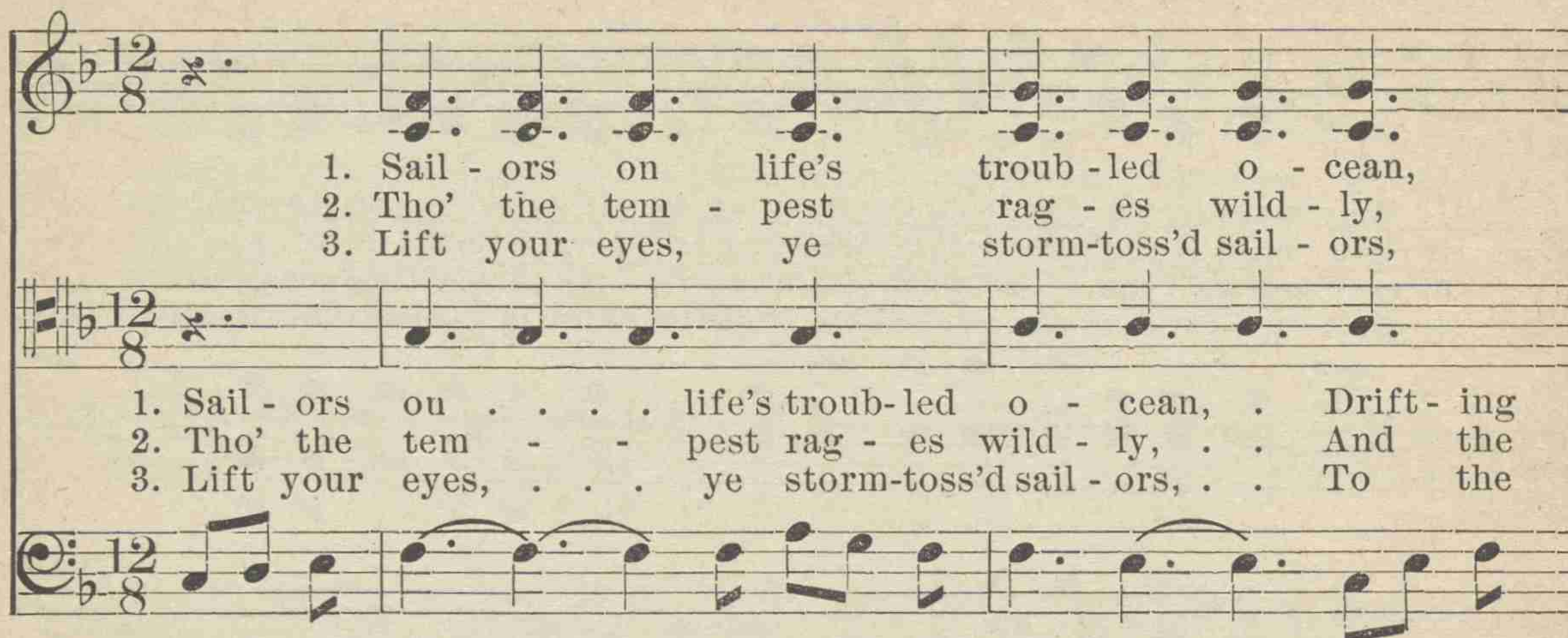
Come and see, come and see, Heaven beams in the smile of His face.
Come and see, come and see,



No. 28.

THE BEACON LIGHT.

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.
On board the S. S. "Berlin," July 3, 1895.


1. Sail - ors on life's trou - led o - cean,
 2. Tho' the tem - pest rag - es wild - ly,
 3. Lift your eyes, ye storm-toss'd sail - ors,

1. Sail - ors ou . . . life's trou - led o - cean, . . . Drift - ing
 2. Tho' the tem - - pest rag - es wild - ly, . . . And the
 3. Lift your eyes, . . . ye storm-toss'd sail - ors, . . . To the



Drift-ing 'neath a low-'ring sky, Look a - bove the
 And the break - ers loud - ly roar, Yet the Bea - con
 To the Bea - con, bright, a - bove, It is shin - ing

'neath . . . a low-'ring sky, . . . Look a - bove . . . the clouds are
 break - ers loud - ly roar, . . . Yet the Bea - con guides you
 Bea - - con, bright, a - bove; . . . It is shin - ing for your



clouds are riv - en, And a light you may de - scribe.
 guides you safe - ly To a calm and peace-ful shore.
 for your safe - ty, And its beams are beams of love.

riv en, . . . And a light . . . you may de - scribe. . .
 safe - ly . . . To a calm . . . and peace-ful shore. . .
 safe - ty, . . . And its beams . . . are beams of love. . .

THE BEACON LIGHT.

REFRAIN.

From the light - - house of His mer - cy . . Je - sus

ALTO.

From the light - house of His mer - cy

sends . . His light of love; . . Fix your eyes . . up - on it,

Je - sus sends His light of love; Fix your eyes up -

sea - men, It will guide you home a - bove. . . .

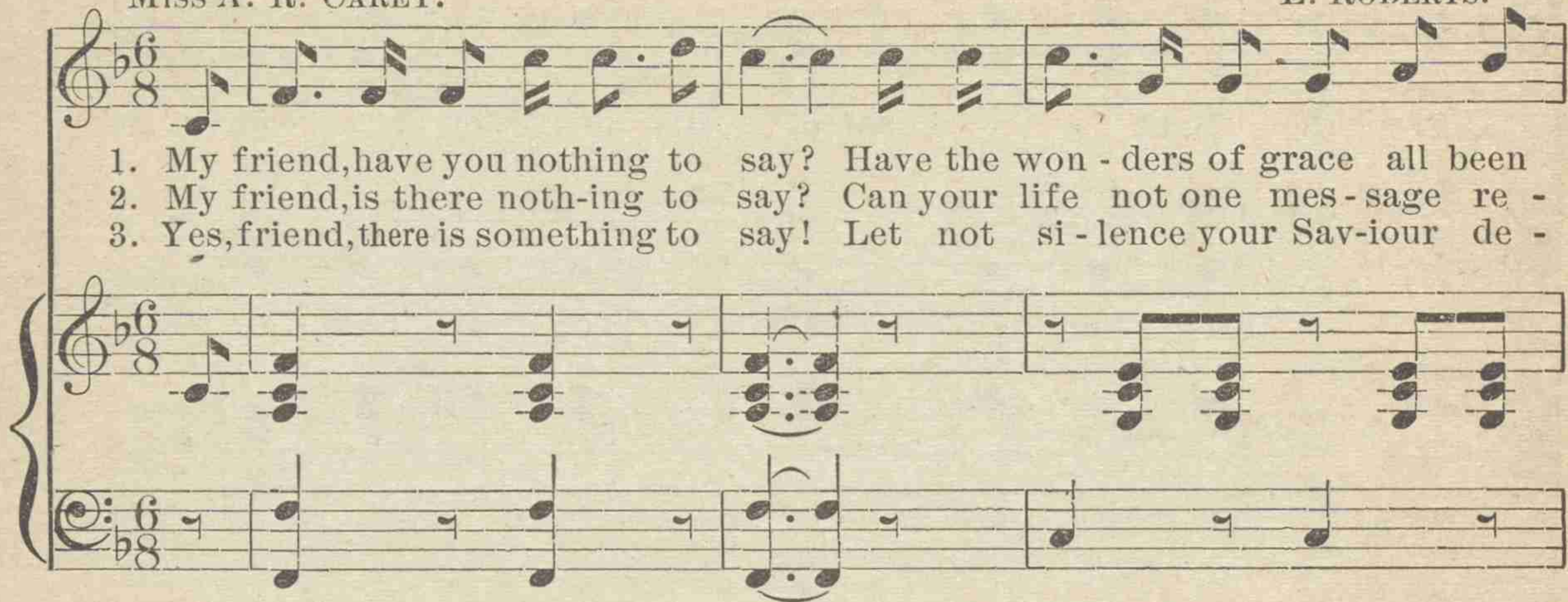
on it, sea - men, It will guide you home a - bove.

No. 29. HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?

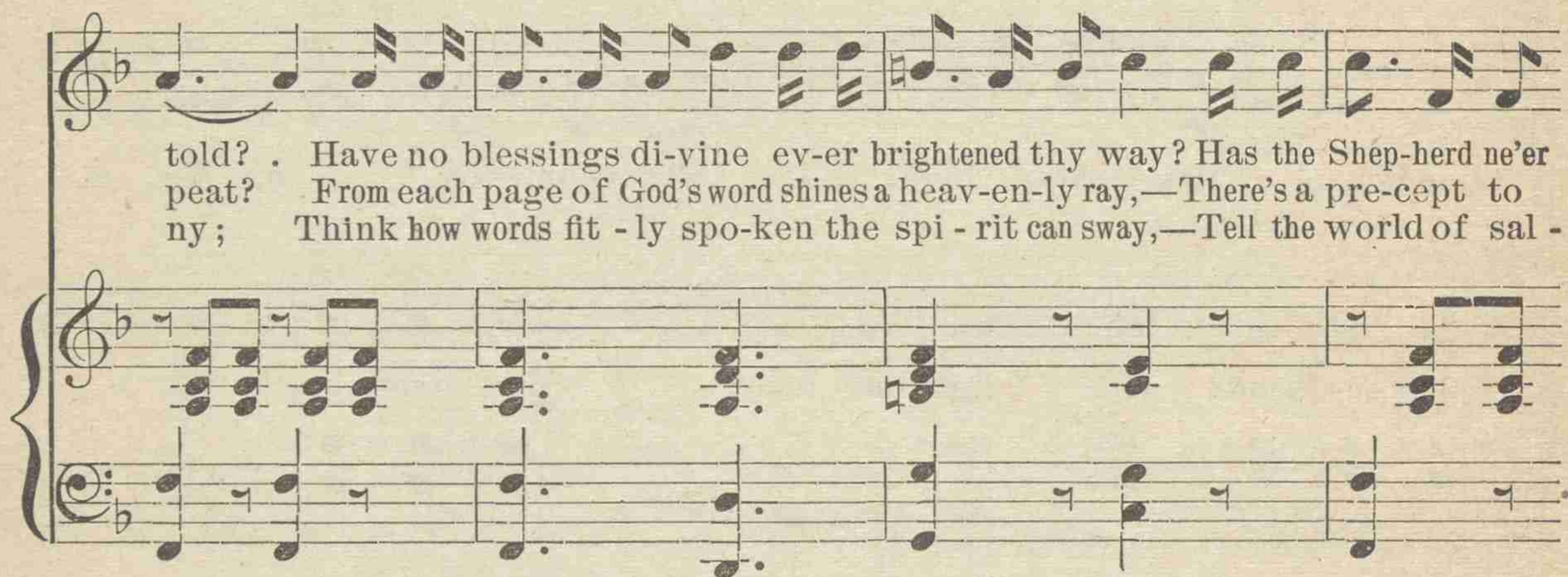
Rom. 10: 10.

Miss A. R. CAREY.

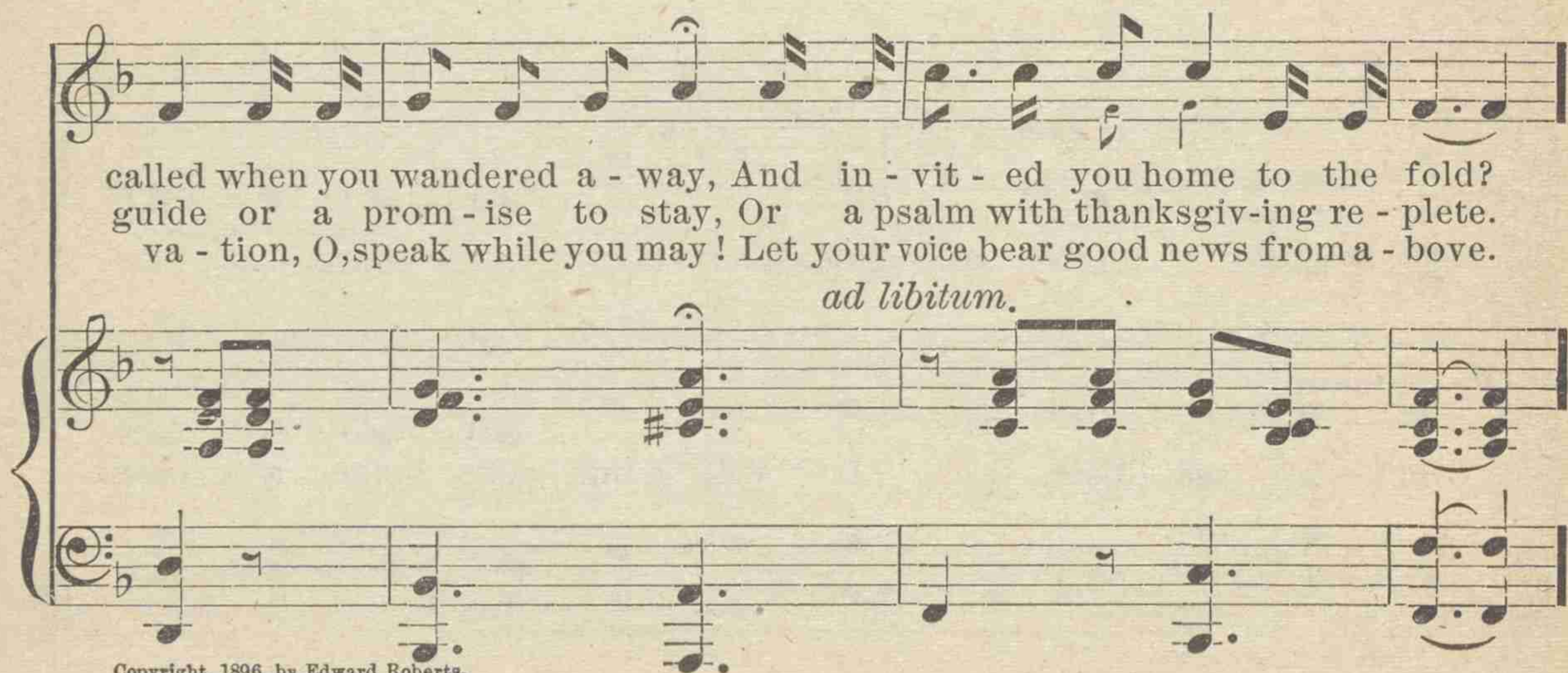
E. ROBERTS.



1. My friend, have you nothing to say? Have the won - ders of grace all been
 2. My friend, is there noth - ing to say? Can your life not one mes - sage re -
 3. Yes, friend, there is something to say! Let not si - lence your Sav - iour de -



told? . Have no blessings di - vine ev - er brightened thy way? Has the Shép - herd ne'er
 peat? From each page of God's word shines a heav - en - ly ray, — There's a pre - cept to
 ny; Think how words fit - ly spo - ken the spi - rit can sway, — Tell the world of sal -



called when you wandered a - way, And in - vit - ed you home to the fold?
 guide or a prom - ise to stay, Or a psalm with thanksgiv - ing re - plete.
 va - tion, O, speak while you may! Let your voice bear good news from a - bove.
ad libitum.

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?

CHORUS.

Just a word for the love that de-fends and con-trols, Just a word, just a

word, For the Light of the world and the Ref-uge of souls is the Lord.

No. 30.

PITY ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. ROBERTS.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, I am too un-wor-thy To be called Thy child; O, my heart is
2. Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Kind-ly look on me; Thy redeem'd and
3. Is Thy heart not gen-tle, ten-der As in oth-er days? Change my sor-row
D.C. Give to me Thy sweet for-give-ness, Bring Thy kingdom in.

REFRAIN.

D.C.

stained with e - vil and de - filed. Pit-y me, pit - y me, Par - don my sin;
lov - ing foll'wer let me be.
and my griev-ing in - to praise.

No. 31.

THE FATHER'S CALL.

BIRDIE BELL.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

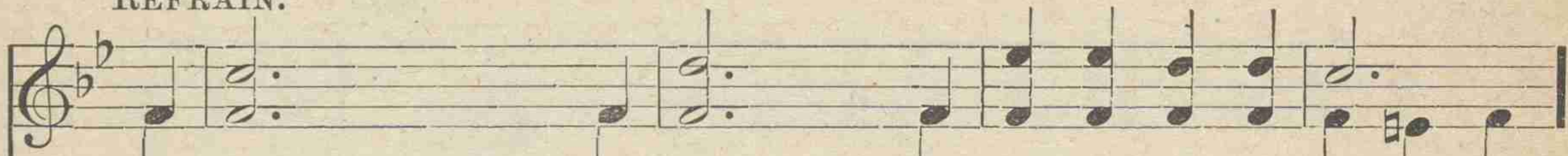
1. Why in thy bond-age wilt thou stay? Far from thy home and Fa - ther stray?
2. Think of the years thou hast misspent, Time which the Fa - ther kind - ly lent;
3. Why wilt thou long - er doubting stand! Haste! for He waits with outstretch'd hand;
4. Turn from the des - ert, drear and wild, God lov - eth still His wayward child,



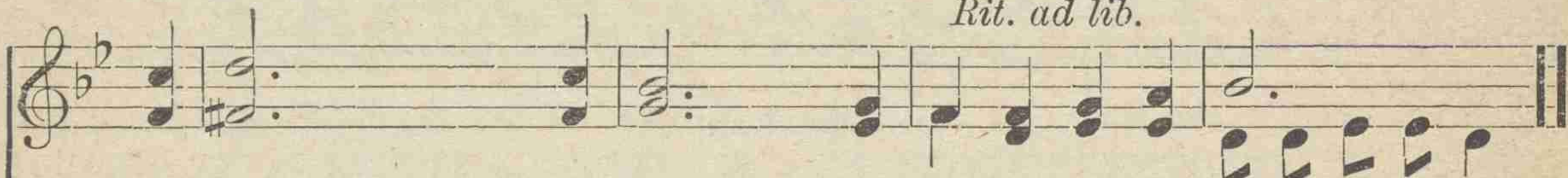
- Wel - come is wait - ing thee to - day, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
 He will for - give if thou re - pent, O prod - i - gal child, come home!
 Wilt thou not heed that sweet command? O prod - i - gal child, come home!
 Come, and to - day be rec - on - ciled, O prod - i - gal child, come home!



REFRAIN.



- Re - turn, re - turn, O heed the ten - der plea, (sweet plea,)
 Re - turn, O prod - i - gal, now re - turn,

*Rit. ad lib.*

- Come home, come home, Thy Father calls for thee, (He calls for thee.)
 Come home, O prod - i - gal, now come home,



Copyright, 1896, by H. N. Lincoln.

- 5 Wondrous salvation God hath wrought,
 Jesus thy sinful soul hath bought,
 Long in the darkness for thee sought.
 O prodigal child, come home!

- 6 Soon will the shades of evening fall,
 Life's day be past beyond recall,
 Death's gloomy night will thee appall,
 O prodigal child, come home!

No. 32.

WHO'LL HELP A BROTHER?

J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE.



1. While the rugged sea of life we're sailing, Let the beacon lights burn bright below,
2. Adverse winds may toss our lit-tle ves-sel, As we sail thro' storms of ev'ry kind;
3. Some may lose their guiding chart and compass, Run against the breakers and be lost;



So the wea-ry sea-men on their voyage, May with safe-ty o'er the billows go.
 On we'll press, with faith to-ward the landing, Leav-ing ev'-ry doubt and fear behind.
 We must keep the life-boats ever read-y For the res-cue of the tempest-toss'd.



REFRAIN.



Who'll help a broth-er? who'll help a broth-er To stem the tide and make the landing sure?



Who'll help a brother? who'll help a brother To stem the tide and make the land-ing sure?



No. 33. BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

SOPRANO AND ALTO VOICES IN UNISON.

S. H. LIGHTNER.



1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward
 2. Je - sus, Lord, and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing,
 3. All our days, di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious,

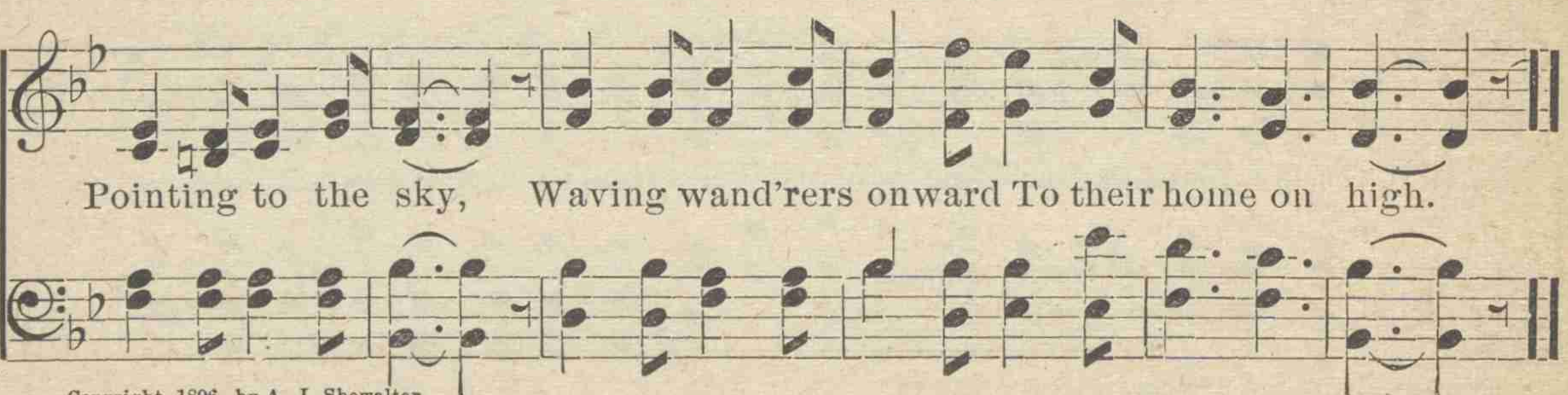


To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
 See Thy children meet; Of - ten have we left Thee, Often gone a - stray,
 O - ver ev - 'ry foe: Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm - clouds lower,

CHORUS.



And with hearts u - ni - ted Take our heav'n - ward way. Brightly gleams our banner,
 Keep us might - y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
 Par - don Thou and save us, In the last dread hour.



Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.

No. 34. HE IS CALLING, GENTLY CALLING.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

JAMES M. GARRETT.



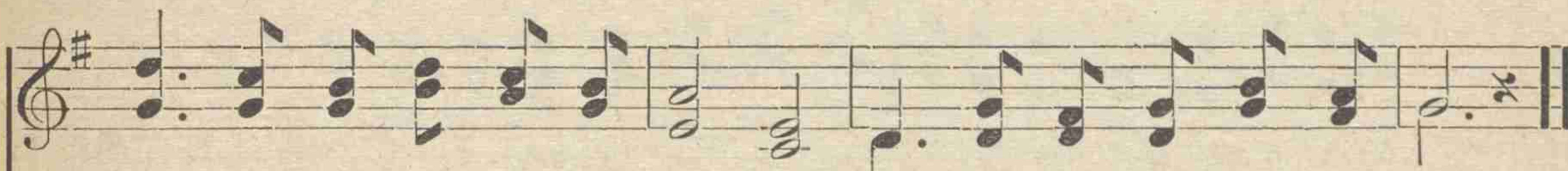
1. He is call - ing, gen - tly call - ing, Heed, O heed His voice di - vine,
 2. Come to - day while He is call - ing, Time on earth is short at best,
 3. Come to Je - sus—none so ten - der, Nev - er friend so kind and true,



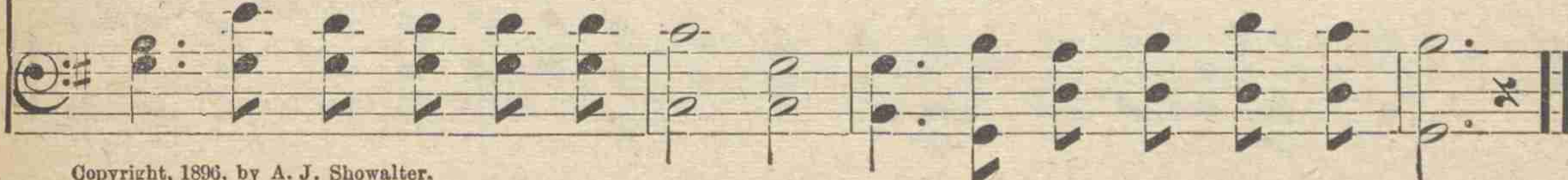

Come to Je - sus, claim His prom - ise, "They who love Me shall be mine."
 Shades of night will soon be fall - ing, Shall the eve - ning bring us rest?
 As our mer - ci - ful De - fend - er, He who gave His life for you.




All the way His word di - rects us, He will keep us to the end;
 Haste, O hast - en to o - bey Him! "Come to Me," saith Christ in love:
 Now, just now, yield all, and serve Him; Je - sus knows each cross you bear,

Christ will coun - sel and pro - tect us, Je - sus is our tru - est Friend.
 Now ac - cept His full sal - va - tion, Faith - ful to the Mas - ter prove.
 He would share your ev - 'ry bur - den, On - ly cast on Him your care.



No. 35.

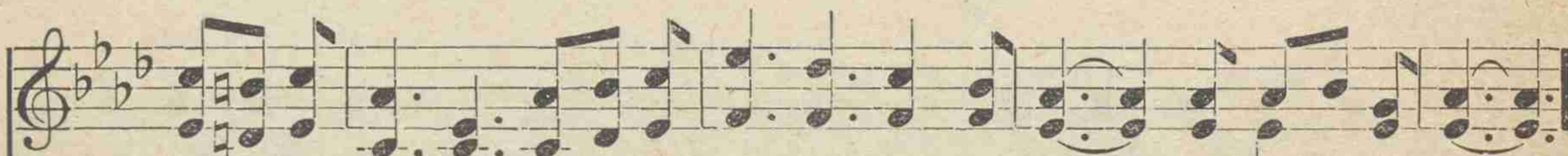
THE LOVE OF JESUS.

ANON.

E. ROBERTS.



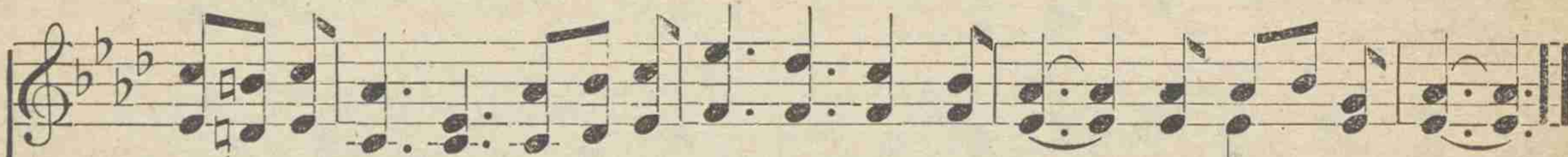
1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je-sus, Love for you, and love for me;
2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je-sus, For our hearts are full of tears,
3. Glad - ly sing the love of Je-sus, Let us lean up - on His arm;



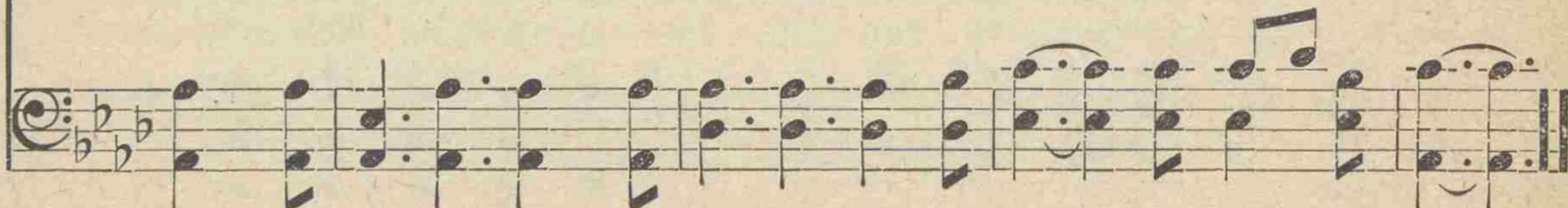
Heav-en's light is not more charming, Heaven's dews are not more free;
 As we think how walk-ing hum-bly This low earth for man - y years,
 While He loves us, what can grieve us? If He keeps us, what can harm?



As a child in pain or ter-ror, Hides Him in His mother's breast,
 Without rich-es, without dwell-ing, Wounded sore by foe and friend,
 Still He lays His hand in bless-ing On each up-turn'd seek-ing face;



As a sail-or seeks a ha-ven, We would go to Him for rest.
 In the gar-den, and in dy-ing, Je-sus lov'd us to the end.
 And in Heav'n His children ev-er Near His throne shall have a place.



No. 36.

JESUS, MY LORD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. I would a - dore Thy won - der - ful grace, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord,
2. Ne'er have I felt such raptures of bliss, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord,
3. Wondrously sweet Thy presence within, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord,
4. O how Thy smiles have brightened each day, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord,



All of Thy love to me would I trace, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord.
 Ne'er have I known such gladness as this, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord.
 Cleans - ing my heart from dross and from sin, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord.
 Driv - ing the clouds and darkness a - way, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord.



REFRAIN.



Pre - cious Thy love has been un - to me, Wondrous Thy grace, forgiving and free,



Glo - ry and hon - or be giv - en to Thee, Je - sus, my Lord, Je - sus, my Lord.



Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

5 All of my cares I lay at Thy feet,
 Jesus, my Lord, Jesus, my Lord,
 And the relief is quick and complete,
 Jesus, my Lord, Jesus, my Lord.

6 I am Thine own, redeemed and forgiv'n,
 Jesus, my Lord, Jesus, my Lord,
 Sealed unto God, anointed for heav'n,
 Jesus, my Lord, Jesus, my Lord.

No. 37.

AT JESUS' FEET.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY.

St. Luke 10: 39.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Be like the flow'r with o-dorsweet, But breathe it all at Je - sus' feet; His
2. Be like a bird with melting lays, But sing your songs in Je - sus' praise; His
3. He claims your gifts, He claims your pow'rs, God's truth to spread where darkness lowers; When
4. To live for Him makes life all blest, To work for Him brings endless rest; To



love re - veal in word and deed, The wand'-ring guide, the faint-ing feed.
 grace pro-claim, His words re - peat, Till hearts are sway'd with strains so sweet.
 griev'd He'll give you com-fort sweet, If you but fol - low close His feet.
 sing His praise is high - est. art, To do His will is an - gel's part.



REFRAIN.



At Je-sus' feet, at Je - sus' feet, O spend your life in ser-vice sweet; At



Je - sus' feet, at Je - sus' feet, O spend your life in ser - vice sweet.



No. 38.

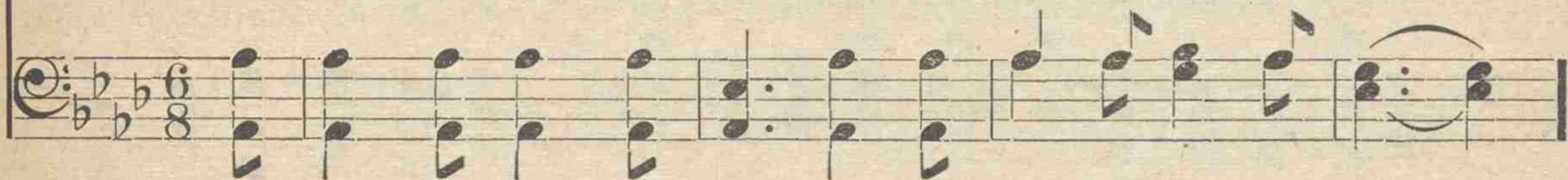
I'LL FOLLOW CHRIST.

Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. I'll fol - low Christ my Sav - iour Wher-e'er He leads the way;
2. I'll fol - low Christ my Cap - tain, And watch, and pray, and fight,
3. I'll fol - low Christ my Shep - herd Who'll guide me by His will



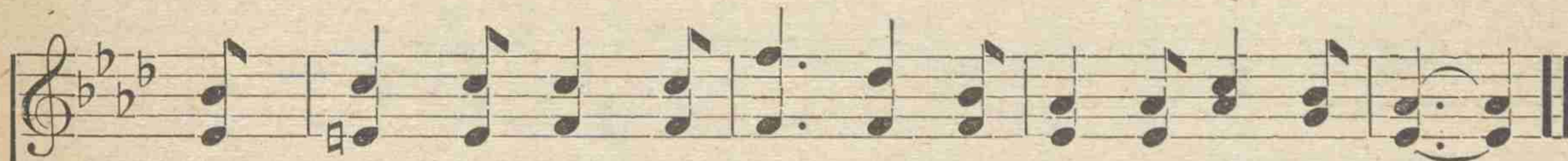
While walk - ing in His foot - steps I can not go a - stray.
 O - bed - ient to His or - ders I'll strive to do the right.
 In - to the rich - est past - ures And by the wa - ters still.



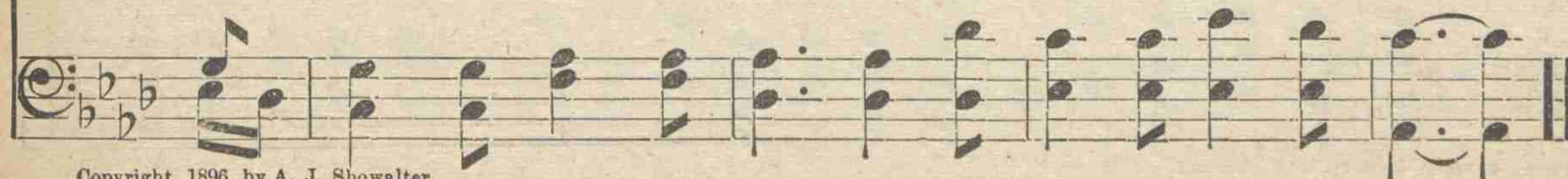
REFRAIN.



Yes, Lord, I'll fol - low, fol - low, A - long th'ap-point-ed way



Which shin - eth bright - er, bright - er, Un - to the per - fect day.



No. 39. WE'RE A BAND OF SOLDIERS.

E. R. LATTA.

Music and Refrain by H. N. LINCOLN.



1. We're a band of sol-diers, Marching to the field; For the truth to bat - tle,
2. We're a band of sol-diers, O-ver-com-ing sin, There are foes a-bout us,
3. We're a band of sol-diers, Fighting for the Lord; And we're marching onward,
4. We're a band of sol-diers, Fighting for our King; And we wave our banners,



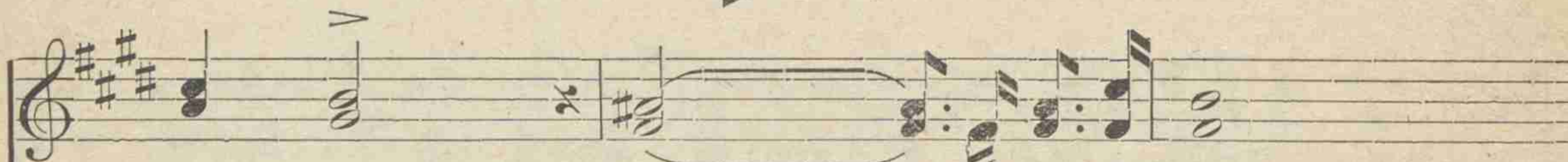
Till the foe shall yield! Looking un - to Je - sus, Who to heav'n hath gone,
There are foes with - in! Ev - 'ry sin - ful hab - it, Ev - 'ry e - vil thought,
Trust-ing in His word! Je - sus was tri - um-phane O - ver ev - 'ry foe;
As we shout and sing! When the war is end - ed, We our crowns shall wear;



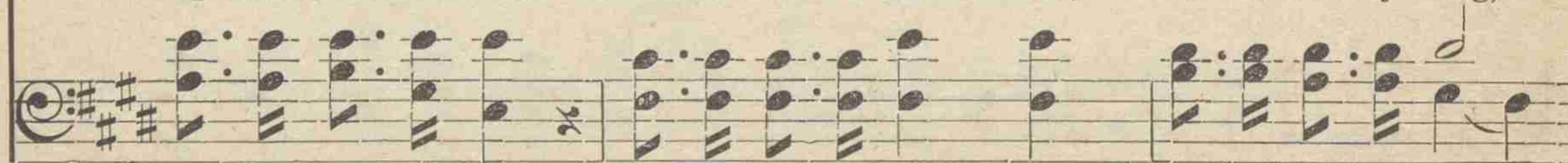
REFRAIN.



We will strive to fol-low, Where He leads us on. Pass . . . a-long our
Must be slain in bat-tles, By our spir-its fought!
And, if we are faith-ful, We shall tri-umph know.
Reign with Christ in heaven, All His glo - ry share. Pass a - long our watch-word,



watch - word, Loud - ly let it ring,
up and down the line, Shout it out with glad - ness, Let it loud - ly ring,



WE'RE A BAND OF SOLDIERS.

f *ff*

"By Thy grace . . . we will con - quer," Conquer all thro' Christ, our King.
 "By Thy grace we'll conquer, By Thy grace we'll conquer,"

No. 40. SHALL MY LAMP BE EMPTY?

E. R. LATTA.

H. N. LINCOLN.

With varied expression.

1. I have heard the sto - ry Of the fool - ish vir - gins, Who, to meet the
 2. At the hour of mid - night Came the bri - dal par - ty, And the fool - ish
 3. Shall my lamp be emp - ty, When in death's dark sea - son I shall hear the
 4. Let my lamp be read - y, At the Bridegroom's coming! Let me go re -

bridegroom, Waited for the cry; But their lamps were empty, And they could not
 vir - gins Heard the ringing shout; But they were not read - y For the roy - al
 warn - ing. That 'tis time to go? Must I be ex - clud - ed From the bliss of
 joic - ing, Thro' the pearl - y door! In the heav'nly Canaan, Numbered with the

slower.

bor - row, And no time was left them, Need - ed oil, to buy.
 ban - quet, And the wise ones en - tered, Leav - ing them with - out.
 heav - en, And a - bide in dark - ness, And in end - less woe?
 ran - som'd, Be my hab - i - ta - tion, Ev - er, ev - er - more.

No. 41. WHO WILL BE A MESSENGER?

F. M. DAVIS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.
On board S.S. "Berlin," June 29, 1895.



1. O who will be a messenger of Christ the King, To tra-vel o-ver land and sea,
2. O who will be a messenger of Christ the King, Put on the armor, sword, and shield,
3. O who will be a messenger of Christ the King, To tell of Jesus' boundless love,



And bear the joyful message to the lost in sin—Sal-vation thro' our Lord is free?
Go forth and to the world the mighty truth declare—The Right to wrong must never yield?
To tell abroad the wonders of His saving grace, Point dy-ing souls to realms a-bove?



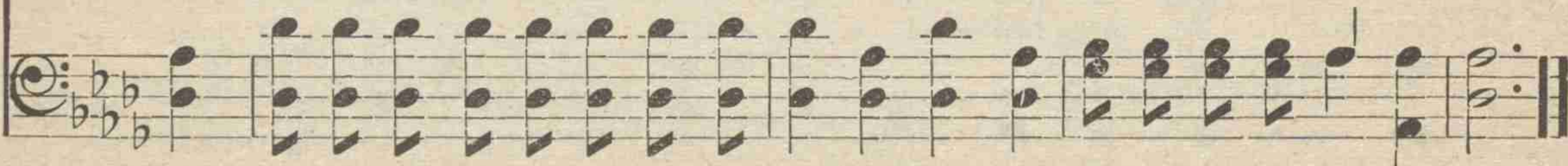
REFRAIN.



O who will bear the message of the King? O who will hasten at His call?



Go tell the world that Jesus died for all mankind, The message bear to one and all.

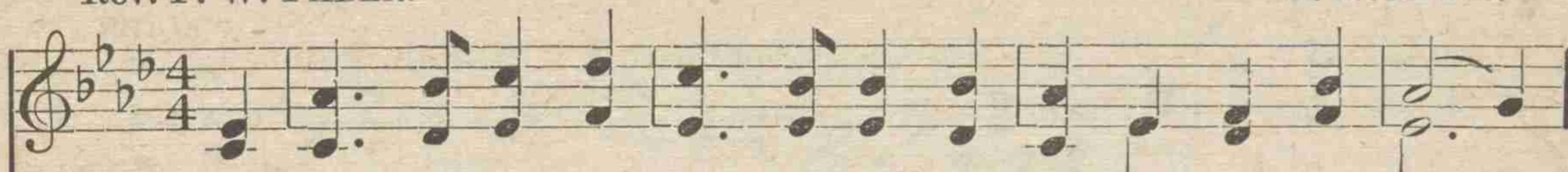


No. 42.

O PARADISE.

Rev. F. W. FABER.

E. ROBERTS.



1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest,
 2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow - ing old,
 3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'Tis wea - ry wait - ing here;
 4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more,



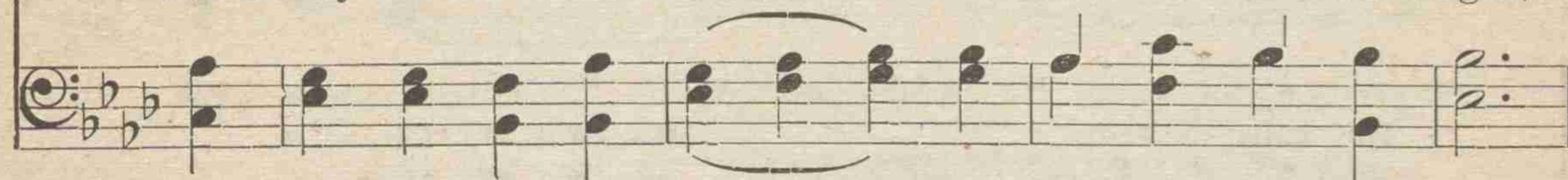
Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that lov'd are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold?
 I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
 I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot - less shore.



REFRAIN.



Where loy - al hearts and true, . . Stand ev - er in the light,



All rap - ture thro' and through, . . In God's most ho - ly sight.



Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I greatly long to see
 The special place my dearest Lord
 In love prepares for me; REFRAIN.

6 Lord, Jesus, King of Paradise,
 O keep me in Thy love,
 And guide me to that happy land
 Of perfect rest above; REFRAIN.

No. 43.

SEND ME WORK TO DO.

ANON.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Lord, send me work to do for Thee; Let not a sin- gle day Be spent in
2. And teach me how to work for Thee; Thy Spir - it, Lord, im-part, That I may
3. And bless the work I do for Thee; Nor let me toil in vain; Mine be the
4. Thrice hap- py he who works for Thee! Thou grant-est him the grace, When he takes



REFRAIN.

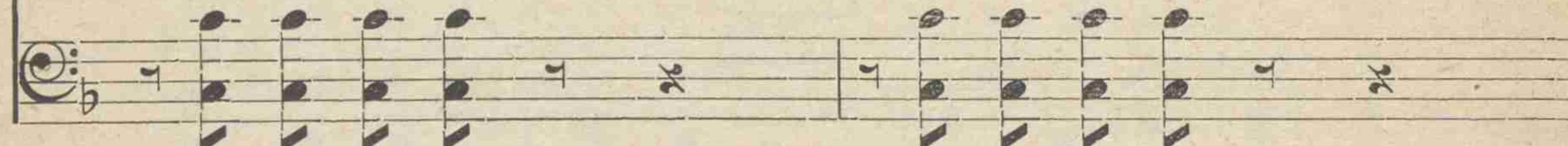


wait- ing on my- self, Or wast- ed pass a - way; The Spi- rit calls, . . . He calls in
serve Thee less from fear, Than from a lov- ing heart;
hand to drop the seed, Thine to send sun and rain.
home his work, to see The Mas- ter, face to face.

The Spirit calls,



love, He calls to toil, to toil to -
He calls in love, He calls to toil,



day, O hear His voice, His tend - er
He calls to - day, O hear His voice,



SEND ME WORK TO DO.

voice, To work with - out de - lay.
 voice, His ten - der voice, To work, to work with - out de - lay.

No. 44. "OBEY, AND QUESTION NOT."

WM. H. GARDNER.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. The sol-dier heeds his captain, Tho' death may be his lot; His ban-ner bears this
 2. O - bey the Father's mandate, For God knows what is best; Go forth in line of
 3. When oft our lips would mur-mur At life's re-lent-less chain, If we will but o -

REFRAIN.

mot to, "O - bey, and ques-tion not." O - bey, o - bey, The
 du - ty, And trust Him for the rest.
 bey Him, The light will come a - gain.
 O - bey, o - bey, o - bey, o - bey,

bat - tle soon is fought; No grief or pain, but has some gain; O-bey and question not.

No. 45

LOOK TO HIM AND LIVE.

Words arranged.

REFRAIN by E. R.

E. ROBERTS.



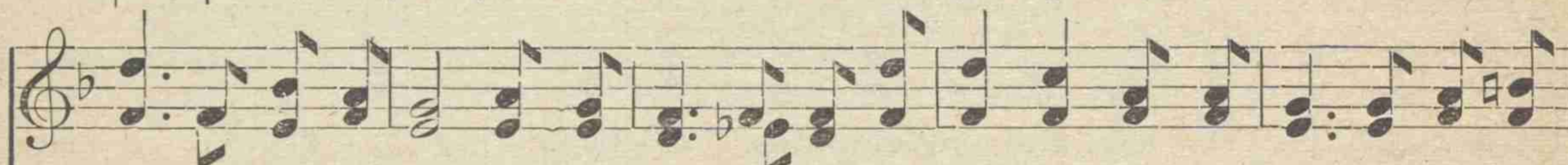
1. Je - sus died on Calv'ry's mountain Long time a - go, And sal - va - tion's cleansing
2. Once His voice in tones of pit - y, Melt - ed in woe, As He wept o'er Ju-dah's
3. Je - sus died, yet lives in glo - ry, No more to die; He our Mas - ter and Re -
4. Now in heav'n He's in - ter - ced - ing For you and me; But when ends the time of
5. Bud-ding fig-trees tell that summer Dawns o'er the land; Signs por-tend that Je-sus'



REFRAIN.



foun - tain Now free - ly flows. Come, poor sin - ner, come to Je - sus. He will
cit - y. Long time a - go.
deem - er, Now reigns on high.
plead - ing, Where shall we flee?
com - ing Is just at hand.



all your sins for-give; Now He's waiting to be gracious, Look to Him, O look and



live, Look to Him, Look to Him, Look to Je - sus, look and live.
Look to Him, Look to Him,



6 Friends, companions, He invites you,
List to His voice;
Now, the door of mercy's open,
Make Him your choice. REF.

7 Should you bar the door against Him,
Where will you fly,
When He comes to take His loved ones
Home in the sky? REF.

No. 46. THE HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy!
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad - ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,



For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown My walk on earth with Thee?



REFRAIN.



The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!
yet been told, full and free!



The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!
yet been told, it cleanseth me!



No. 47.

THE TRUMPET CALL.

L. D. S. A.

Music and Refrain by
H. N. LINCOLN.

1. There is work to be done in the vineyard, There are sheaves to be gathered in,
2. Go and gath - er them in from the hed - ges, Go and gath - er the young and old,
3. Go and work for the dear Blessed Mas - ter, It is strange you should so de - lay
4. There is work to be done in the vineyard, There is work tho' the hour be late,



There are souls to be saved, and the Mas - ter saith Go and gath - er my lambs from the
Go and tell how the Shep - herd in wondrous love Left the light and the glo - ry of
When He prom - is - es strength if you ask a - right When the yoke is so eas - y, the
Ma - ny souls yet may turn from a life of sin, Judg - ment still may es - cape, and a



paths of death, From the pla - ces of woe and sin, From the pla - ces of woe and sin.
heav'n above, For the lambs, straying from the fold, For the lambs, straying from the fold.
burden light, And He pledges the best of pay, Yes, He pled - ges the best of pay.
bright crown win, Brother, why will you lon - ger wait? Brother, why will you longer wait?



REFRAIN.



Go and work, in the vine - yard, Precious sheaves, gath - er



go and work, Precious sheaves,

THE TRUMPET CALL.

in, There are souls . . to be saved, From the broad highways of sin.
gath-er in, there are souls to be saved,

No. 48. BE LOYAL TO THE MASTER.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

H. N. LINCOLN.

1. Be loy - al to the Mas - ter, To Him all love is due; Then love the blessed
2. Be loy - al to the Mas - ter, Your lov - ing Saviour serve; And from the path He
3. Be loy - al to the Mas - ter, He is your faithful Friend, A "pres - ent help in
4. His wondrous love will guard you, Tho' hope and sight are dim; Be loy - al to the

REFRAIN.

Mas - ter, Be - cause He first loved you. Be loy - al to the Mas - ter, His
calls you Oh nev - er, nev - er swerve.
troub - le, "Your guide till life shall end.
Mas - ter, For there's no friend like Him.

love is deep and true; Be loy - al, O be loy - al To Him who died for you.

No. 49. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

F. R. HAVERGAL.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,
2. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood,
3. Fierce may be the con-flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own arm-y
4. Chos-en to be sol-diers In an a - lien land; Chos-en, called and faith-ful,



Oth - er souls to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless-ing fill-ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o - ver-throw. Round His stand-ard rang-ing, Vic - to - ry se - cure,
For our Captain's band; In the ser - vice roy - al Let us not grow cold,



RESPONSE.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demption,
For His truth un - chang-ing Makes the tri-umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,
Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true, and bold. Mas - ter, Thou wilt keep us



By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace di-vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grace di-vine, Al - ways on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, al-ways Thine.



No. 50. WALKING IN FELLOWSHIP SWEET.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. I walk with the Sav-iour in fel-lowship sweet, And oh, how He comforts my heart!
2. Be-side me He walks, and His love cheers the way, And then all is sunshine and peace;
3. A Coun-sellor He, a Compan-ion, a Guide, The best of all earth-friends is He;
4. With Je-sus be-side me, my hand in His hand, Temptations lose all of their pow'r;



So deep is my peace, and my joy so complete, From Him I could nev-er-more part.
He keeps my faith strong with His presence each day; A wonderful friend Je-sus is!
I know if I on-ly keep near to His side, I nev-er discouraged shall be.
No harm can be-tide me, unconquered I stand, If Je-sus is with me each hour.



REFRAIN.



I walk with my Sav-iour in fellowship sweet, With Je-sus, my heav-en-ly Guide,



And He, my Redeemer, Companion, and Friend Will ev-er keep close to my side.



No. 51. WHEN JESUS WALKED IN GALILEE.

H. R. T.

H. R. TUYRBYFILL.

ALTO AND TENOR DUET.



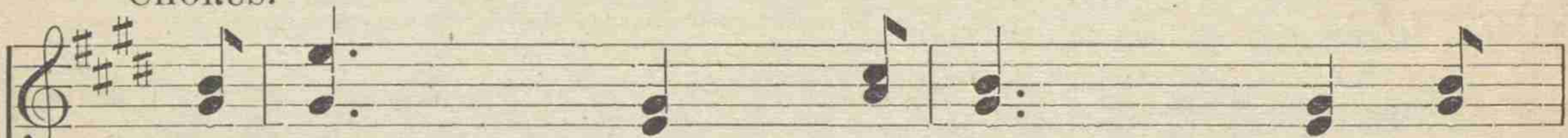
1. When Je - sus walked in Gal - i - lee In days of old, we read,
2. The sick He healed, the hun - gry fed, The blind, to them gave sight;
3. "Come, fol - low Me" is His command, To all on earth to - day;
4. Come, let us fol - low close be - hind, In paths the Mas - ter trod;



A - mong the poor and low went He, In search of those in need.
 The err - ing back to right He led By love—His pow'r and might.
 Why will you long - er i - dle stand, Re - fus - ing to o - bey?
 Re - lieve the sick, sup - port the blind, And point them all to God.



CHORUS.



I'll fol - - - low my Sav - - iour where -
 I'll fol - low my Sav - iour where - ev - er He goes, I'll



ev - er He goes, . . . Re - liev - ing poor
 fol - low my Sav - iour where - ev - er He goes, Re - liev - ing poor mor - tals of



WHEN JESUS WALKED IN GALILEE.

mor - - tals of sor - - rows and woes; . . .
sor - rows and woes, Re - liev - ing poor mor - tals of sor - rows and woes;

And when in the man - - sions of
And when in the man - sions of heav - en a - bove, And

heav - en a - bove, . . . With glad - - ness I'll
when in the mansions of heav - en a - bove, With glad - ness I'll praise Him for

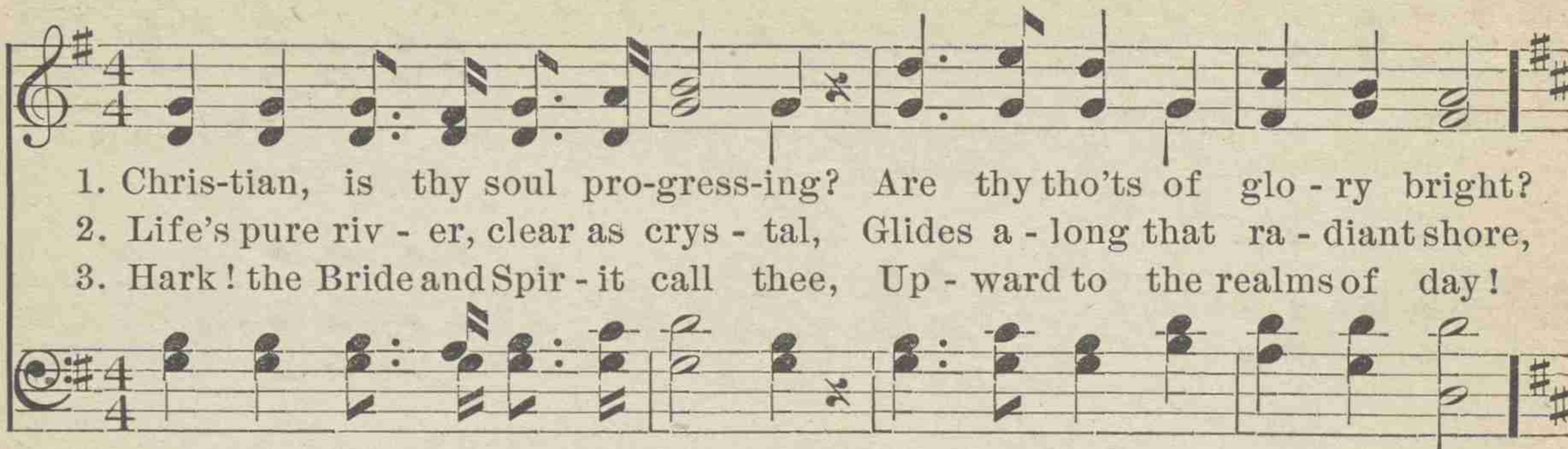
praise Him for mer - - cy and love. . . .
mer - cy and love, With glad - ness I'll praise Him for mer - cy and love.

No. 52.

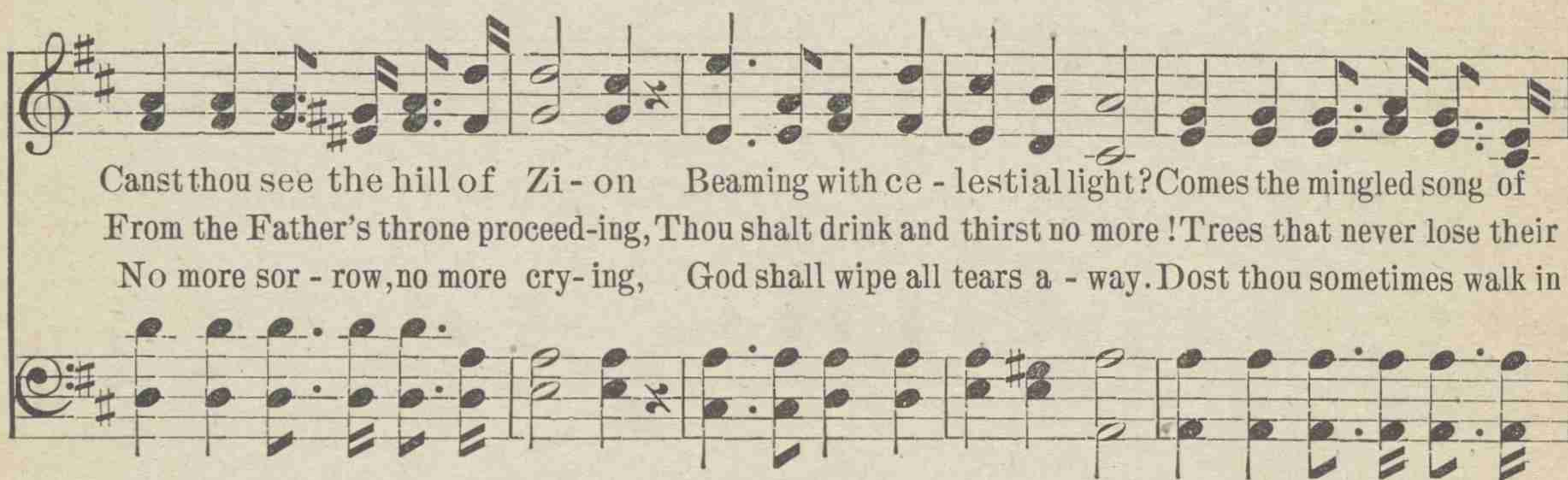
THOUGHTS OF GLORY.

FANNY CROSBY.

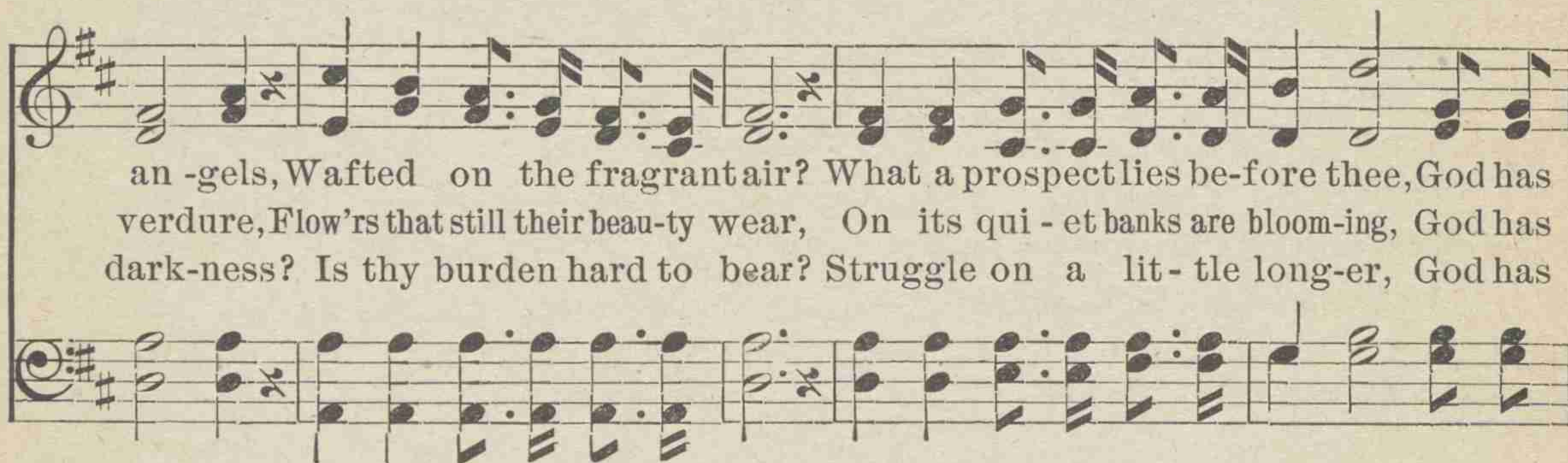
E. ROBERTS.



1. Chris-tian, is thy soul pro-gress-ing? Are thy tho'ts of glo-ry bright?
 2. Life's pure riv-er, clear as crys-tal, Glides a-long that ra-diant shore,
 3. Hark! the Bride and Spir-it call thee, Up-ward to the realms of day!



Canst thou see the hill of Zi-on Beaming with ce-lestial light? Comes the mingled song of
 From the Father's throne proceed-ing, Thou shalt drink and thirst no more! Trees that never lose their
 No more sor-row, no more cry-ing, God shall wipe all tears a-way. Dost thou sometimes walk in



an-gels, Wafted on the fragrant air? What a prospect lies be-fore thee, God has
 verdure, Flow'rs that still their beau-ty wear, On its qui-et banks are bloom-ing, God has
 dark-ness? Is thy burden hard to bear? Struggle on a lit-tle long-er, God has

REFRAIN.



said "No night is there!" No night is there, No night is
 No night is there,

THOUGHTS OF GLORY.

there, . . . The Son il - lumes . . . those regions fair, . . . No night is
no night is there, The Son il-lumes those re-gions fair,

there, . . . No night is there, For God hath said "No night is there!"
No night is there, No night is there,

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in G major (one sharp). It features a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The lyrics are placed below the notes, with some words aligned under specific notes and others under rests.

No. 53.

AT THE CROSS.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their gulty stains.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw
the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away,
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

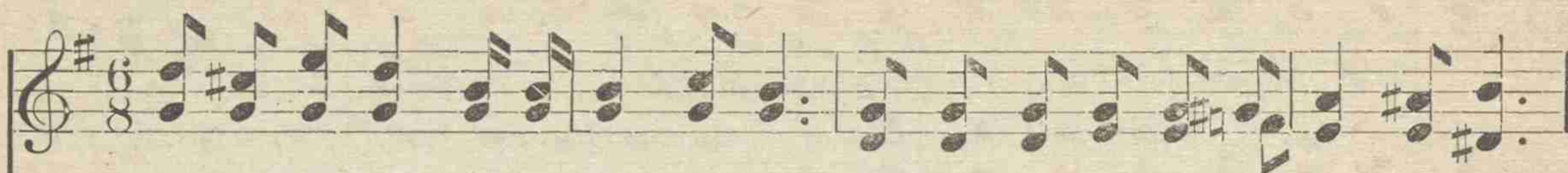
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 54. BEAUTIFUL NIGHT OF THE LONG AGO.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. P. LANE.



1. Beau-ti - ful night of the long a - go, Night when the angels came down to earth,
2. Beau-ti - ful night of the long a - go, Still are the strains of thy bless-ed song
3. Beau-ti - ful night of the long a - go, Still the pure rays of thy wondrous star
4. Beau-ti - ful night of the long a - go, Ev - er will glad voic-es sing of thee,



Tell-ing of com-fort for hu - man woe, Tell-ing with joy of the Saviour's birth!
 Ho - li - est mu - sic that mor-tals know, Lull-ing the discord of strife and wrong!
 Bright on the pathways of earth-life glow, Guid-ing to glo-ri-ous realms a - far.
 Af - ter time ceas-es its soundless flow, Thro' all the years of e - ter - ni - ty.



REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful night, . . . Beau - ti - ful night! . . .
 Beauti - ful night, Beau - ti - ful night, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful night!



Beau-ti - ful night of the long a - go, When the Christ-child came to dwell be-low!



BEAUTIFUL NIGHT OF THE LONG AGO.

rit.

Ech - o the words that were ut-ter'd then, "Glo-ry to God, good-will to men!"

No. 55. O CHRIST, WHAT BURDENS.

"He was wounded for our transgressions." Isa. 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O Christ, what bur-dens bow'd Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;
 2. Death and the curse were in our cup—O Christ, 't was full for Thee;
 3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up His rod—O Christ, it fell on Thee!
 4. The tem-pest's aw - ful voice was heard—O Christ, it broke on Thee!

Thou stood - est in the sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.
 But Thou hast drain'd the last dark drop—'Tis emp - ty now for me.
 Thou wast sore strick-en of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me.
 Thy o - pen bos - om was my ward, It brav'd the storm for me.

A vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
 That bit - ter cup—love drank it up; Now blessing's draught for me.
 Thy tears, Thy blood, be - neath it flowed; Thy bruising heal-eth me.
 Thy form was scarr'd, Thy vis - age marr'd, Now cloudless peace for me.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

5 Jehovah bade His sword awake —
 O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
 Thy blood the flaming sword must slake,
 Thy heart its sheath must be —
 All for my sake, my peace to make;
 Now sleeps that sword for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
 And I have died in Thee;
 Thou 'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
 And now Thou liv'st in me.
 When purified, made white, and tried,
 Thy *Glory* then for me!

No. 56.

THE DEBT I OWE.

(MALE QUARTET.)

"And when he had nothing to pay, he forgave him all." Luke 7: 42.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Ten thou - sand tal - ents thou dost owe! Yes, yes, my Lord, 'tis e - ven so.
2. I nev - er, nev - er can re - pay! The debt grows greater ev - 'ry day.
3. My guilt - y soul would shrink in fear Did I not know Thy love so dear
4. Oh Lord, for - give; and I will prove By my glad life, how rich the love



But I have not a cent to pay The debt that's due this ver - y day.
I'm help - less, Lord, oh, hear my plea, And in Thy mer - cy par - don me.
Had plen - teous par - don to be - stow, For all the might - y debt I owe.
That e'en could par - don one like me, And set my soul for - ev - er free.



REFRAIN.

Softly.



Low at Thy feet in guilt I lie! Oh ten - der Sav - iour, hear my cry —



For - give the debt I can - not pay And set me free, dear Lord, to - day.



No. 57.

STEP BY STEP.

G. W. LYON.

S. J. PERRY.

1. Step by step, from day to day, We are march - ing on the way;
 2. Step by step, we'll drive the foe From the field wher - e'er we go,
 3. Step by step, at du - ty's call, We are go - ing, tho' we fall;
 4. Step by step, we're march - ing on, Gain - ing vic - t'ries one by one;

'Neath our ban - ner gleam - ing bright, We are bat - tling for the right.
 Serv - ing Him whose might - y hand Helps us to re - deem the land.
 Right shall tri - umph o - ver wrong, Then we'll shout the vic - tor's song.
 Soon will come the time of peace, Then our la - bor all shall cease.

REFRAIN.

Step by step, step by step,

Step, step, step, step, Thus the vic - to - ry is won;

We will go till the ware - fare is done, Step by step we're marching on.

No. 58.

SOMETIME.

HARRIET E. JONES.

E. ROBERTS.



1. In the land of end-less sheen, Where the fields are al-ways green, Where the glorious
 2. In that wond'rous realm of light, Where the skies are ev-er bright, We shall stand up-
 3. Far above this world of strife, In the home where joy is rife, We shall see the
 4. Here we'll bear the cross a-while, For the good of oth-ers toil, Then sweet home and

REFRAIN. ECHO ECHO.



King is seen, We shall gather sometime. Sometime, (sometime,) sometime, (sometime,)
 on the right, In that joyful some-time.
 tree of life, In the promised some-time.
 Je-sus' smile In the rapturous some-time.



In that home so bright and fair, so bright and fair, Where the many mansions are,



Join the dear ones wait-ing there, And the joy of heaven share, Sometime, some-time.

* Bass, Alto and Tenor sing large or small notes.

† Organ, or may be sung by few voices.

Persons singing the echo should be in the other end of the church and should sing softly, or the notes may be played an octave lower.

Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

No. 59. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART.

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

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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



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



REFRAIN.



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



Je - - sus is knock - - ing,



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



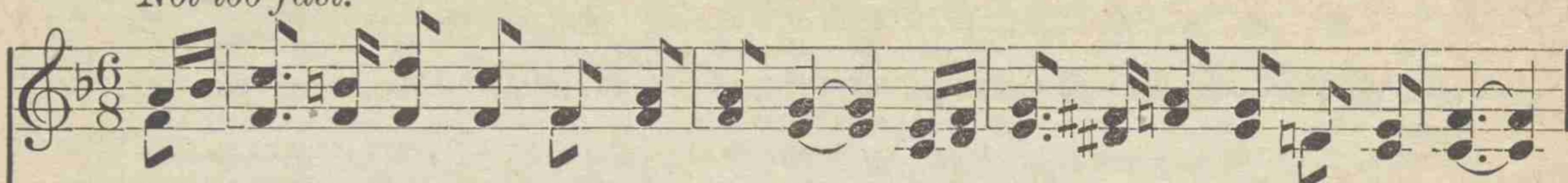
No. 60.

HOW I FOUND HIM.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

QUARTET. May be sung as a Solo.

Not too fast.

1. My heart was af-flict-ed with an-guish, Be-cause of my guilt and my sin,
2. Not long did I ling-er en-treat-ing In pen-itent tears at His feet,
3. And so I have found the Re-deem-er, And so I have tast-ed His grace,



And I could but suf-fer and lan-guish Beneath the great bur-den with-in,
 Not long did I breathe my pe-ti-tion With long-ings and yearnings re-plete;
 And now, tho' the world should op-pose me, My steps I will nev-er re-trace.



Till some one took down the old Bi-ble, And read of the Cru-ci-fied One,
 The an-swer came quickly from heav-en, And sweet was the peace from a-bove,
 His love is too pure and too pre-cious, His heart is too ten-der to break;



And point-ed my soul to the Sav-iour, God's lov-ing and mer-ci-ful Son.
 My sins were all free-ly for-giv-en, And I was a child of His love.
 Let oth-ers who will turn from Je-sus, I nev-er my Lord will for-sake.



HOW I FOUND HIM.

CHORUS.

And when I be-lieved, O the sweet-ness! He free-ly and full - y for - gave;

And now I am saved in com-plete-ness By Je - sus, the Mighty to save.

No. 61.

COME, THOU FOUNT.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
D.C. Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.

D.C.

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

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

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

No. 62. LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

FRIZIAH A. HOYLAND.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Dear Je - sus, now we come to Thee, Our Sav-iour and our King,
2. O, Ab - ba, Fa-ther hear our cry, And come in might - y power
3. Our Fa-ther, un - to Thee we give The glo - ry and the praise,



Tho' noth-ing but our sin-ful hearts Have we, dear Lord, to bring,
To teach us when and how to pray, Re - new our strength each hour;
And in Thy strength, O Lord of hosts, Our grate - ful song we'll raise.



Thou wilt ac - cept our of - fer - ing, And cleanse us from all guile,
Thy - self to ev - 'ry soul un - fold, Like sweet-ly bud-ding flowers;
May sweet-est in-cense from our hearts In prayer and praise a - bound,

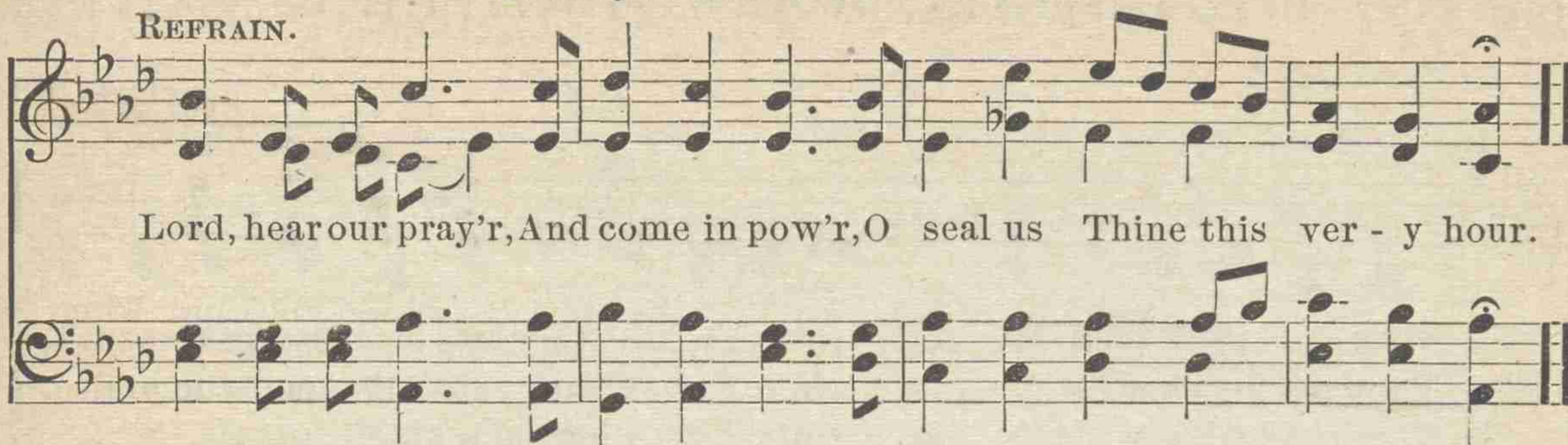


Wilt say to each, go thou in peace, And sin no more, my child.
To per-fect us in Christian grace, Send pen - te - cos - tal showers.
And in Thy book of life, dear Lord, May all our names be found.



LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

REFRAIN.



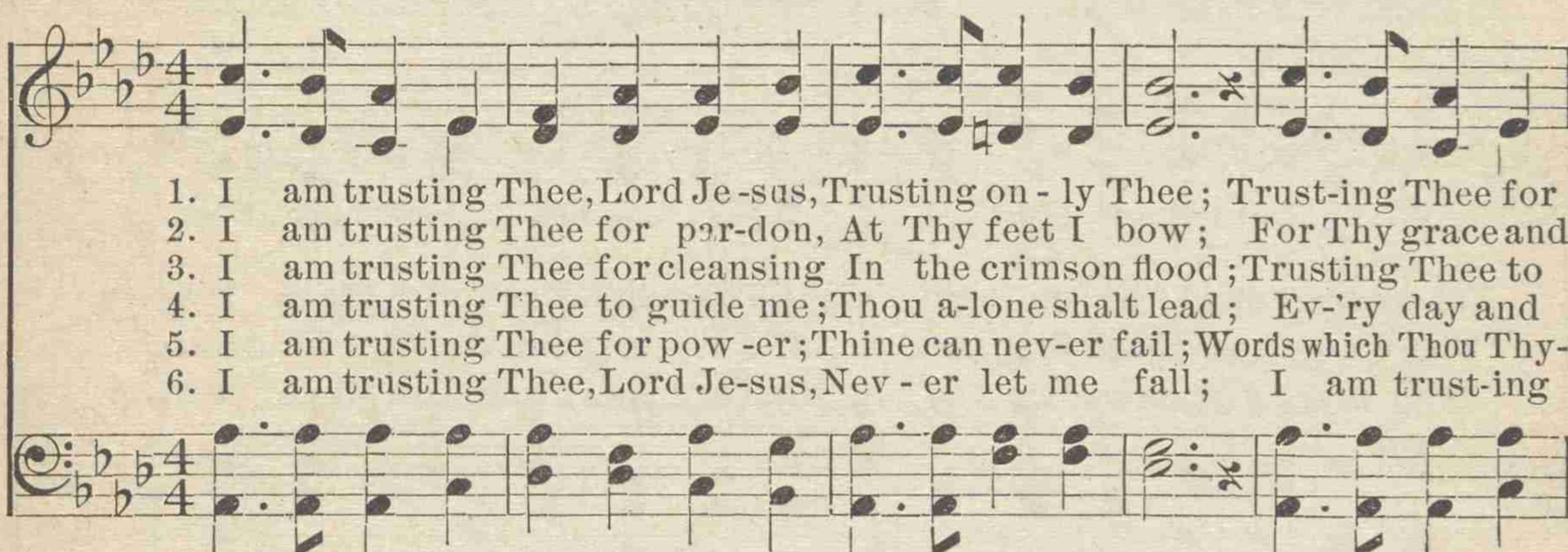
Lord, hear our pray'r, And come in pow'r, O seal us Thine this ver - y hour.

No. 63.

TRUSTING THEE.

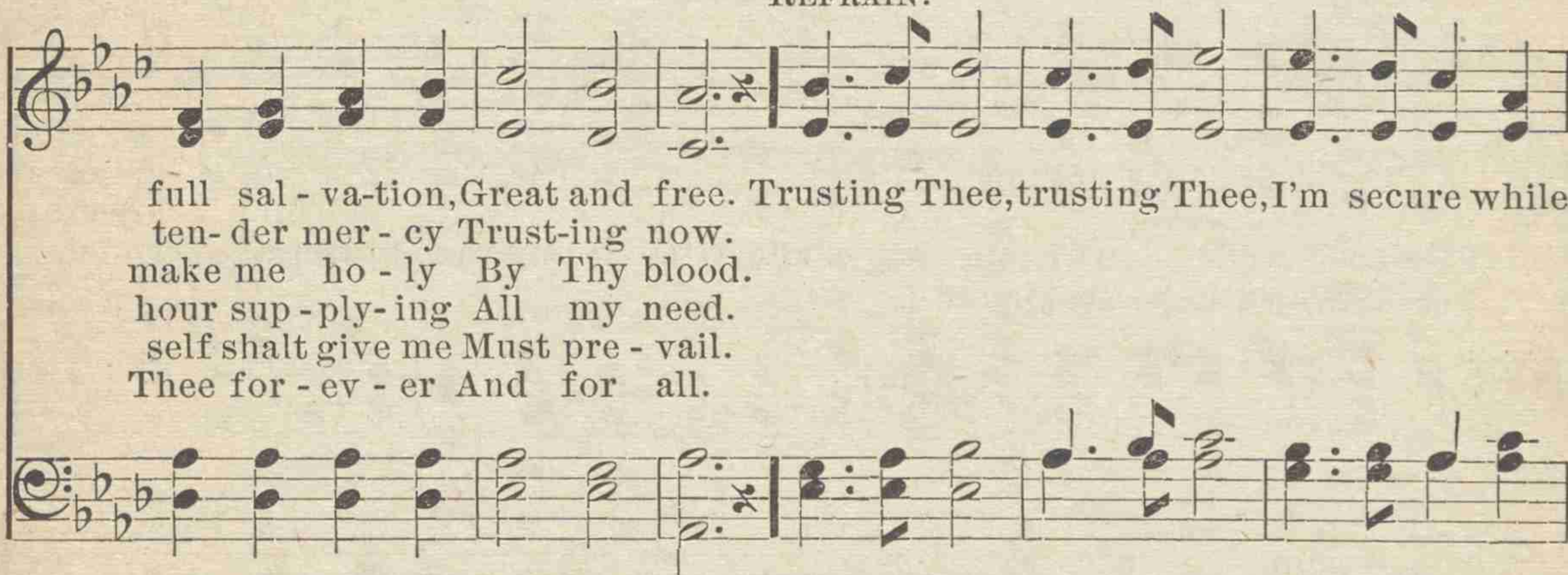
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. ROBERTS.



1. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Trusting on - ly Thee; Trust-ing Thee for
 2. I am trusting Thee for par-don, At Thy feet I bow; For Thy grace and
 3. I am trusting Thee for cleansing In the crimson flood; Trusting Thee to
 4. I am trusting Thee to guide me; Thou a-lone shalt lead; Ev'-ry day and
 5. I am trusting Thee for pow-er; Thine can nev-er fail; Words which Thou Thy-
 6. I am trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, Nev - er let me fall; I am trust-ing

REFRAIN.



full sal - va-tion, Great and free. Trusting Thee, trusting Thee, I'm secure while
 ten-der mer-cy Trust-ing now.
 make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
 hour sup-ply-ing All my need.
 self shalt give me Must pre - vail.
 Thee for - ev - er And for all.



trust-ing Thee, Trusting Thee, trusting Thee, O my Lord, I'm trust-ing Thee.

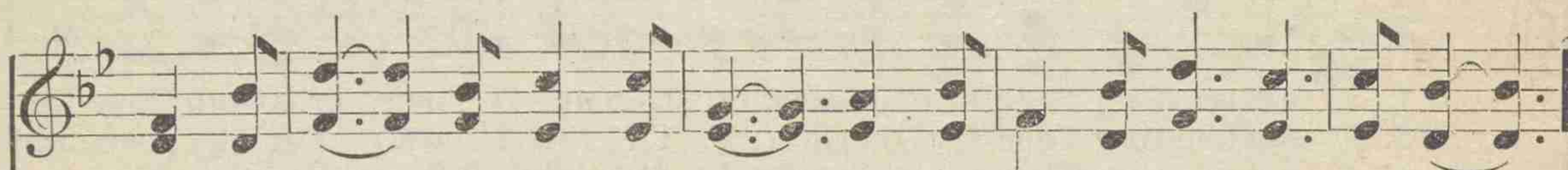
No. 64. THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE.

IDA L. REED.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. They shall walk with Me in white, O the precious prom-ise giv - en;
2. They shall walk with Me in white, Nev - er-more shall they grow weary;
3. They shall walk with Me in white, They whose sins are all for-giv - en;



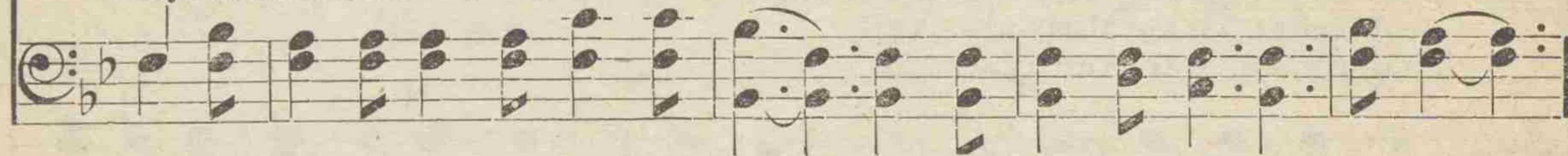
Where there shall be no more night, They shall dwell with Me in heav-en.
There no tears shall dim the sight, Nev - er-more the days be drear-y.
'Mid the man-sions fair and bright, They shall dwell with Me in heav-en.



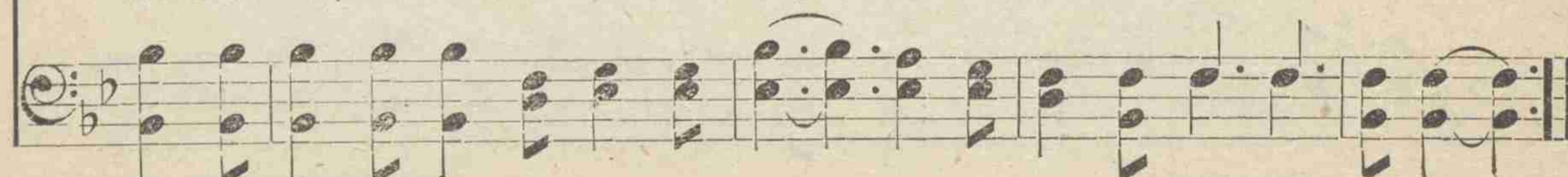
REFRAIN.



They shall walk . . with Me in white, Who to Me their hearts have giv-en;
They shall walk, shall walk with Me in white,



In that land . . for-ev - er bright, Where no more love-ties are riven.
In that land, that land for - ev - er bright,



No. 65. JESUS, OUR GOOD SHEPHERD.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. D. PATTON.



1. Christ, our Shepherd, gen - tly guide us, Lead Thy sheep to past-ures fair,
2. We heed not the call of stran-ger But o - bey Thy voi-ce's sound;
3. In temp-ta-tion's dread-ed hour Be our safe-guard and our shield;



Crook in hand, walk Thou be - side us, Al - ways trust we in Thy care.
O pro - tect us from all dan - ger, Per - ils man - i - fold a - bound.
With - out Thine al - might - y pow - er, Sure - ly we would weak - ly yield.



REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Shep-herd, meek and lov - ing, Guide us as we tread life's maze;



O for-give our will - ful rov - ing, Safe - ly lead us in Thy ways.



Copyright, 1896, by J. D. Patton.

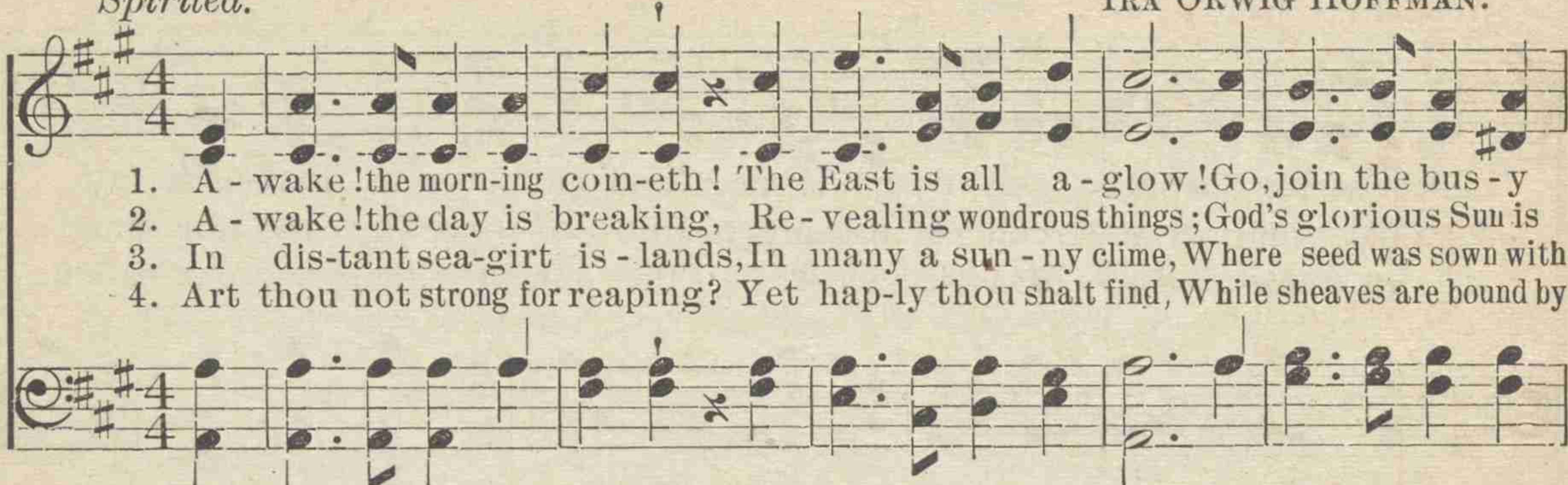
4 Keep Thy flock from idly straying
From the shelter of the fold;
Let us ever with Thee staying
Be secure from harm and cold.

5 Heav'nly Shepherd, when Thou leadest
Where the darkness thickly lies,
May we trust in Thee who feedest
Us with needful, fresh supplies.

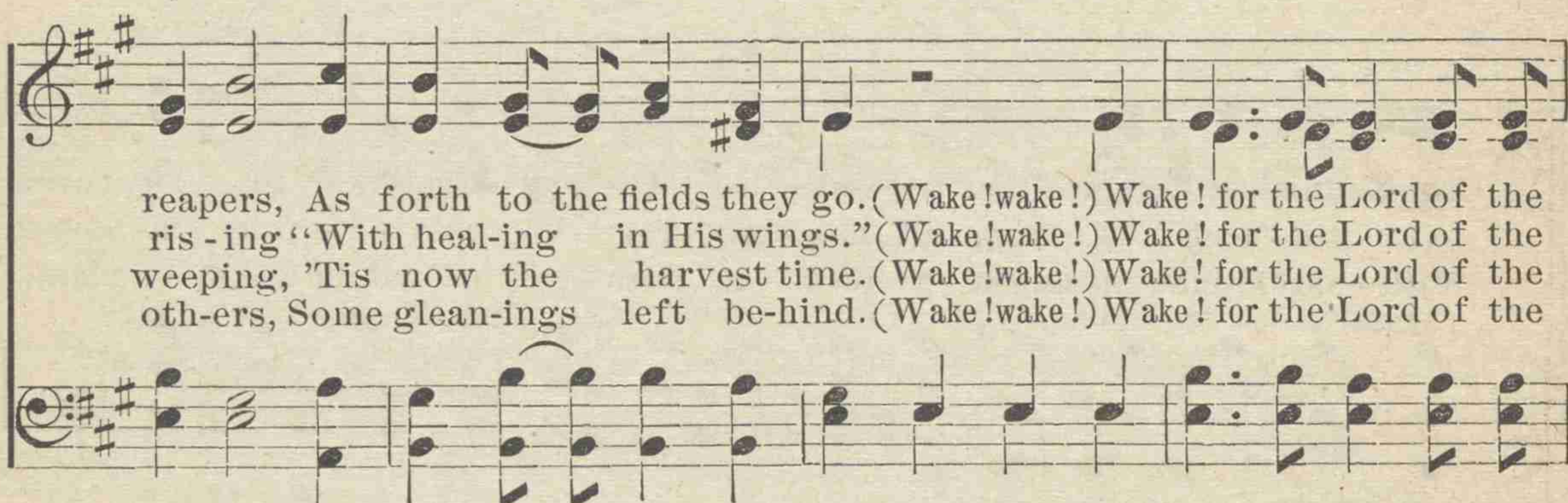
No. 66. AWAKE! THE MORNING COMETH.

Spirited.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.



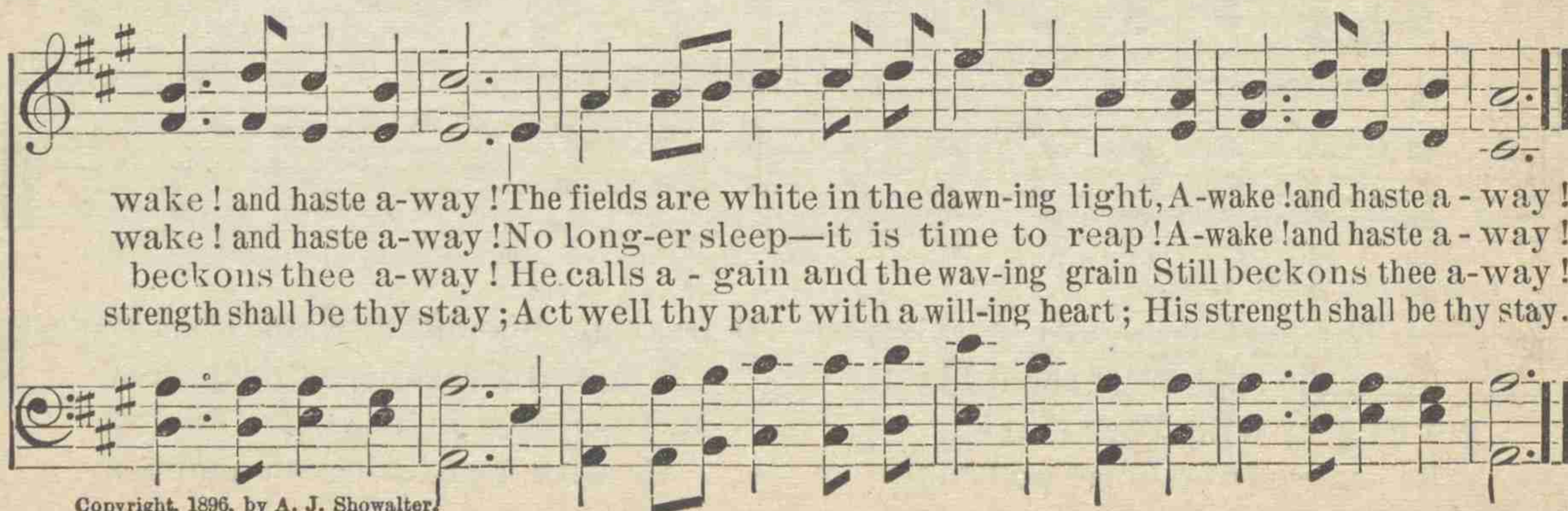
1. A - wake! the morn-ing com-eth! The East is all a - glow! Go, join the bus - y
 2. A - wake! the day is breaking, Re - vealing wondrous things; God's glorious Sun is
 3. In dis-tant sea-girt is - lands, In many a sun - ny clime, Where seed was sown with
 4. Art thou not strong for reaping? Yet hap-ly thou shalt find, While sheaves are bound by



reapers, As forth to the fields they go. (Wake! wake!) Wake! for the Lord of the
 ris - ing "With heal - ing in His wings." (Wake! wake!) Wake! for the Lord of the
 weeping, 'Tis now the harvest time. (Wake! wake!) Wake! for the Lord of the
 oth - ers, Some glean - ings left be - hind. (Wake! wake!) Wake! for the Lord of the



har-vest Hath need of thee to - day; The fields are white in the dawn-ing light, A -
 har-vest Hath need of thee to - day; No long-er sleep—it is time to reap! A -
 har-vest Hath need of thee to - day; He calls a - gain, and the waving grain Still
 har-vest Hath need of thee to - day; Act well thy part with a will-ing heart; His

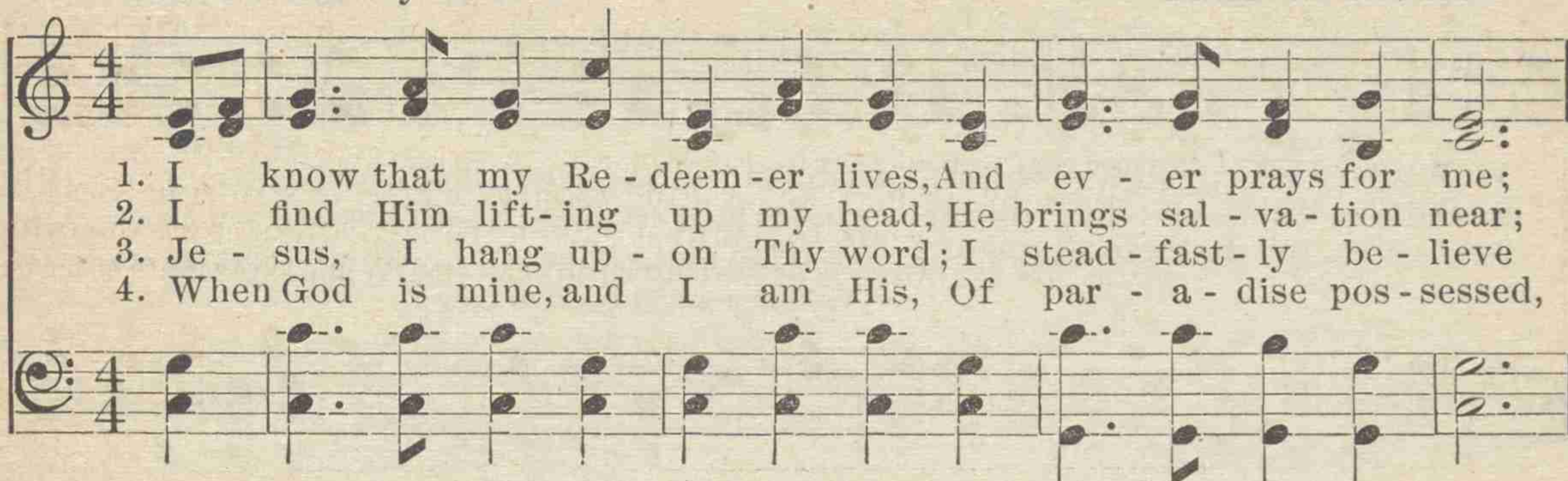


wake! and haste a-way! The fields are white in the dawn-ing light, A-wake! and haste a - way!
 wake! and haste a-way! No long-er sleep—it is time to reap! A-wake! and haste a - way!
 beckons thee a-way! He calls a - gain and the wav-ing grain Still beckons thee a-way!
 strength shall be thy stay; Act well thy part with a will-ing heart; His strength shall be thy stay.

No. 67. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

WESLEY. Ref. by H. P. S.

HAMP. P. SEWELL.



1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
 2. I find Him lift-ing up my head, He brings sal-va-tion near;
 3. Je-sus, I hang up-on Thy word; I stead-fast-ly be-lieve
 4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of par-a-dise pos-sessed,



A to-ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.
 His pres-ence makes me free in-deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
 Thou wilt re-turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re-ceive.
 I taste un-ut-ter-a-ble bliss, And ev-er-last-ing rest.

REFRAIN.



I am re-deem'd, I am re-deem'd, I've been
 I am re-deem'd, I am re-deem'd, I am re-deem'd,



1 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; 2 wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 68.

GOD IS GOOD TO THEE.

"The Lord is good too all." Ps. 145: 9.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Pilgrim, wea-ry, weak and thirsting, God is good to thee; From the Rock the stream is
 2. Sail-or, on the mighty o-cean, God is good to thee; Stilled shall be the wave's com-
 3. Toil-er, in the harvest reaping, God is good to thee; Golden sheaves are in His
 God is good, is good to thee;

REFRAIN.

Wait with pa - - tience, ev - er

burst-ing, And His glo - ry thou shalt see. Wait with patience, ev - er
 mo - tion, And His glo - ry thou shalt see.
 keep-ing, And His glo - ry thou shalt see.

trust - - ing, Tho' the end thou canst not see;

trusting, ev - er trusting, Tho' the end thou canst not see, thou canst not see; But

cheering are the words of promise, God is good to thee, God is good to thee.
 God is good, is good to thee,

No. 69.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Rev. R. W. TODD.

E. ROBERTS.



1. O who is this that cometh From E-dom's crim-son plain? With wounded side, with
2. O why is Thine ap-par-el With reeking gore all dyed? Like them that tread the
3. O bleeding Lamb, My Saviour, How couldst Thou bear this shame? With mercy fraught Thine



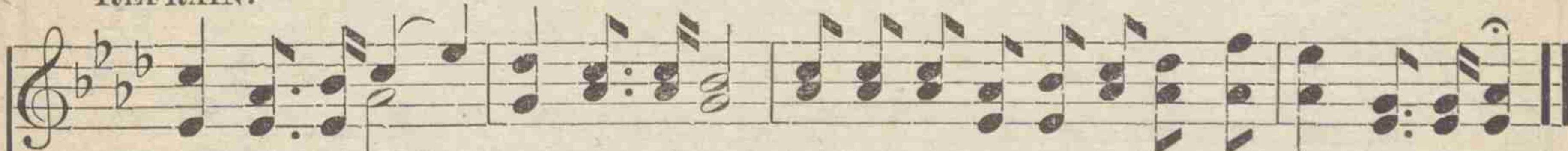
garments dyed, O tell me now Thy name? "I that saw thy soul's distress A
 winepress red, O why this bloody tide? "I the winepress trod a-lone 'Neath
 own arm bro't Sal-va-tion in Thy name! "I the bloody fight have won, Con-



ran-som gave, I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
 dark'ning skies; Of the people there was none Mighty to save."
 quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save."



REFRAIN.



Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Christ, the Lord, Immanu-el, is Might-y to save.



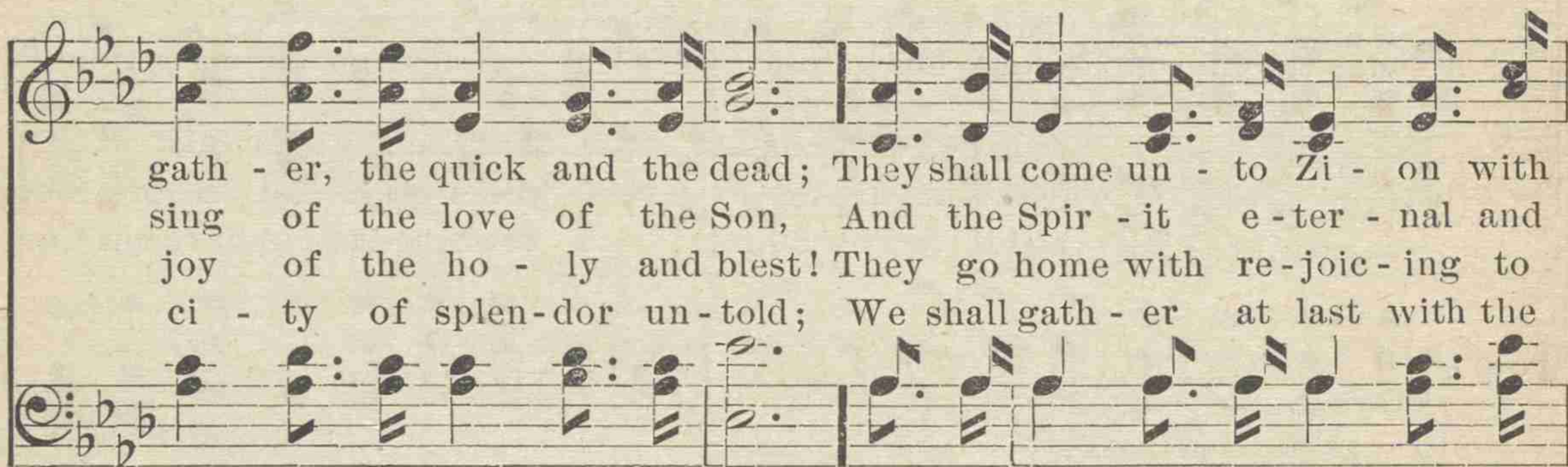
No. 70. GATHERING HOME TO GOD.

A. J. S.

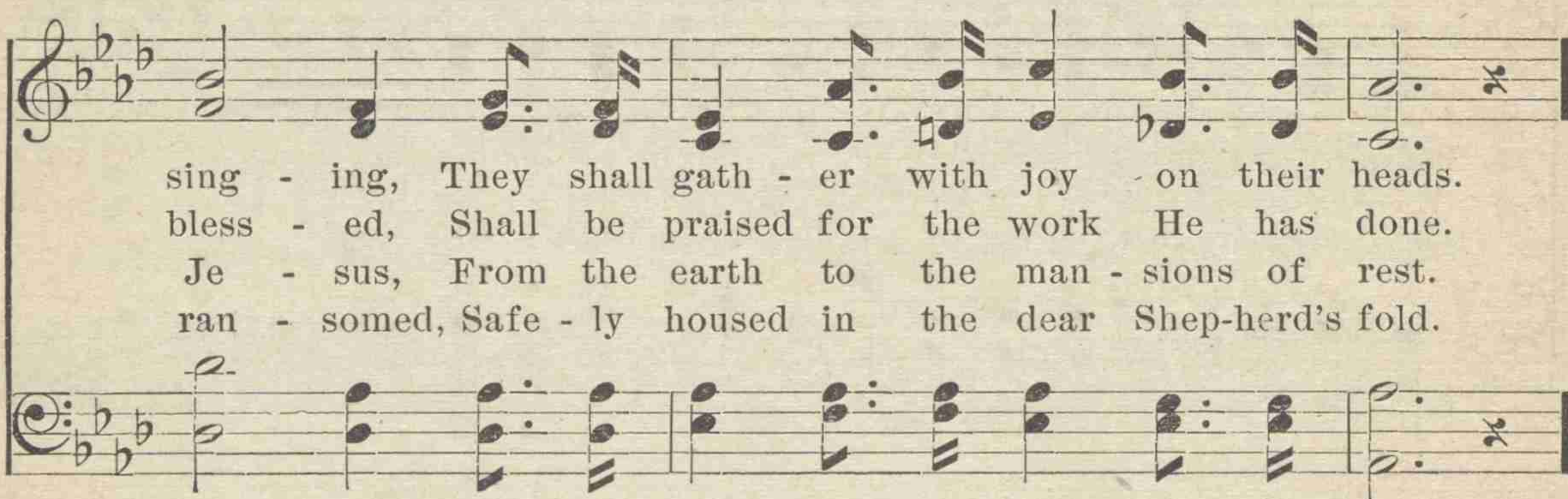
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. They shall gath - er at last from all na - tions, They shall
 2. They shall sing of the love of the Fa - ther, They shall
 3. O the joy of the ran - somed in glo - ry! O the
 4. We shall come by and by to that ha - ven, To the



gath - er, the quick and the dead; They shall come un - to Zi - on with
 sing of the love of the Son, And the Spir - it e - ter - nal and
 joy of the ho - ly and blest! They go home with re-joic - ing to
 ci - ty of splen - dor un - told; We shall gath - er at last with the



sing - ing, They shall gath - er with joy - on their heads.
 bless - ed, Shall be praised for the work He has done.
 Je - sus, From the earth to the man - sions of rest.
 ran - somed, Safe - ly housed in the dear Shep - herd's fold.

REFRAIN.



Gath - er - ing, gath'ring home from all na - tions, Gath - er - ing, gath'ring home from all

GATHERING HOME TO GOD.

climes, O how the heav'ns will ring with the
gath - er - ing home,

songs the ransom'd sing When gath-er - ing home to God from all na - tions!

No. 71. LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Light af - ter darkness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter weakness, Crown after cross;
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter mystery, Peace af - ter pain;
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter loneliness, Life af - ter tomb;

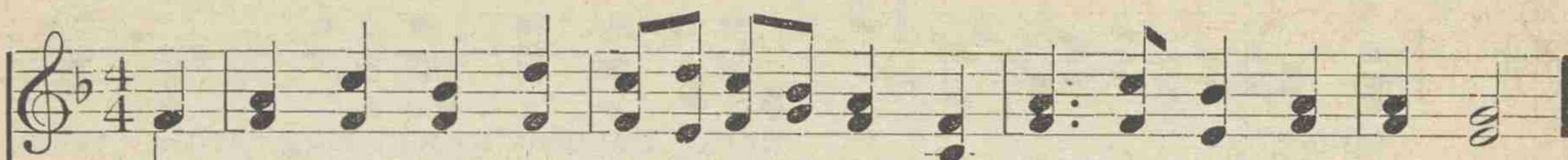
Sweet af - ter bit - ter, Hope af - ter fears, Home af - ter wandering, Praise after tears.
Joy af - ter sorrow, Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Af - ter long a - gony Rapture of bliss, Right was the path - way Leading to this.

No. 72

I'LL CARRY IT TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. If I've a heav - y load of care, I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.
 2. If there's a doubt that clouds my sky, I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.
 3. If I've a gift of grat - i - tude, I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.



I know that I may lose it there; I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.
 If there's a tear that dims mine eye, I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.
 What-e'er may come, of ill, or good, I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.



His wondrous love and ten - der - ness Are more than words can e'er ex - press,
 He'll drive my ev - 'ry doubt a - way, The start - ing tear - drop He will stay;
 He'll not de - ny me, that, I know. The bless - ed Bi - ble tells me so;



And He will ease my soul's dis - tress. I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.
 If I will trust Him, day by day. I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.
 Then, with my heart, to Him, I'll go. I'll car - ry it to Je - sus.



No. 73. FROM THE DARKSOME TOMB, HE ROSE.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Did the Sav-iour of man-kind, Who was once for sin-ners slain, Pass the
2. Did the faith-ful wo-men go To a-noint Him at the dawn? Did they
3. Did an an-gel of the Lord Roll the hea-vy stone a-way? Did the
4. Did the Ro-man sen-ti-nels Fall as dead men at the sight? Yes, the
5. Let our hearts be glad to-day, And our lips His tri-umph sing! Je-sus



REFRAIN.

doorway of the grave, While the guardsmen watched in vain? Yes, He took the sting from
emp-ty find the tomb, Find their Lord and Saviour gone?
cru-ci-fied come forth, Ere the wak-ing of the day?
tomb-for-sak-ing Lord Filled their souls with dread af-fright.
lives in Glo-ry now, As our ev-er-last-ing King.

Yes, He took, yes, He



death, And He vanquished all His foes! For His
took the sting from death, And He vanquished, vanquished all His foes!



own to in-ter-cede, From the darksome tomb He rose!
For His own, for His own to in-ter-cede, He rose



No. 74.

LORD, I COME TO THEE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

E. ROBERTS.



1. 'Tis Thy love that brings me near - er, Lamb of God, to Thee,
 2. When I'm weak and when I'm lone - ly, Trou-bled or in pain,
 3. Christ a - lone is my sal - va - tion, He is all I need;



'Tis my guilt a - lone can sev - er Thee, my Lord, from me;
 Thou canst com-fort give, Thou on - ly Mak'st me strong a - gain.
 Safe from dan - ger and temp - ta - tion He, His flock, will lead;



Love u - nites what sin has brok-en, Gives to faith a gra-cious tok-en,
 Thou wilt not re - fuse to hear me, Thou wilt not re - fuse to cheer me,
 Earth-ly bliss may be de-nied me, Friends may fail, and foes de-ride me,



In my heart a voice has spok - en, Lord! I come to Thee.
 Lamb of God! O be Thou near me, Oth - er help is vain.
 But with Je - sus still be - side me, I am blest in - deed.



No. 75. GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

WM. H. GARDNER.

EDWIN MOORE.



1. Oh give your alms with cheer-ful heart, Ye sons of mor - tal men,
2. The wid-ow's mite hath great-er power, Than mill-ions grudg - ing given;
3. What-e'er you give, O let your heart Be giv - en with it too,



For else no good will they im - part, Your char - i - ty is vain.
Her deed will blos-som like a flower, Raised in the bowers of Heaven.
And then no wiles of Sa - tan's art, Can e'er its good un - do.



REFRAIN.



The Lord a cheer-ful giv - er loves, And him will He for - ev - er bless;



What-e'er you do, be sure you have The seal of Chris-tian righteousness.

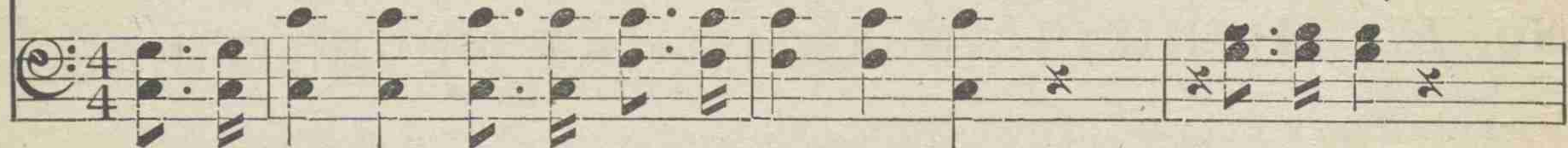


W. M. P.

W. M. PETTIGREW.



1. I will fol - low Je - sus by His shin - ing light, Fol - low on, fol - low
 2. I will fol - low Je - sus all a - long the way, Fol - low on, fol - low
 3. I will fol - low Je - sus to that land a - bove, Fol - low on, fol - low
 Fol - low on,




on, He will lead me gen - tly on by day and night, Fol - low
 on, Guid - ed by His lov - ing voice I can - not stray, Fol - low
 on, I am safe while guid - ed by His hand of love, Fol - low
 fol - low on,



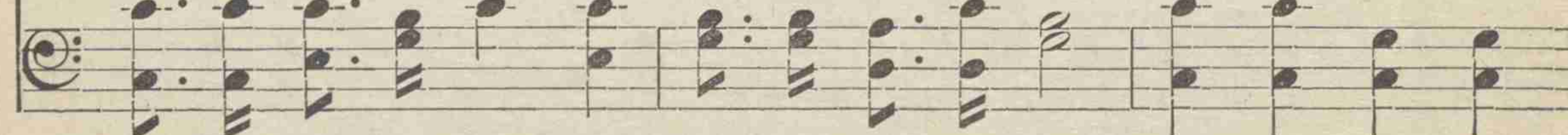
REFRAIN.



on, fol - low on. Fol - low, fol - low,
 fol - low on, Fol - low, fol - low, I will fol - low,




I will fol - low Je - sus, I will fol - low on; Fol - low,
 Fol - low, fol - low



I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

fol - low, I will fol - low Je - sus, I will fol - low on.
I will fol - low,

No. 77. THERE IS AN ARM THAT NEVER TIRES.

Rev. HENRY BURTON, in "Evangelical Messenger."

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is an arm that nev-er tires, So gen-tle, yet so strong; The arm on which our
2. There is a light that nev-er fails, Clear shining thro' the years; For changeless love lights
3. There is a joy does not depart, What-ev - er seem-ing ill May throw its shadow

grief expires, And sigh-ing turns to song. There is a well that nev - er fails, When
up our skies, The rainbow gilds our tears. There is a song our souls may sing, When
on the heart, The joy of His sweet will. There is a rest, a Sabbath rest, Be-

earth-ly springs are low, The wea-ry heart in Bacca's vales Hears the soft o - ver-flow.
ly - ing in the dust, A stricken bird with broken wing, It is the song of trust.
yond all sin and care; But He who leans on Je-sus' breast Finds heav'n is ev'ry-where.

No. 78.

THE BETTER WAY.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Moderato.

1. Just to let thy Fa-ther do what He will (what He will) ; Just to know that He is
2. Just to rec - ol - lect His love, always true (always true) ; Always shining from a-
3. Just to trust and yet to ask guidance still (guidance still) ; Take the training or the
4. Just to leave in His dear hand, lit-tle things (little things) ; All you can-not un-der-



true, and be still (and be still). Just to fol-low hour by hour, as He lead-eth ; Just to
 bove, always new (always new). Just to rec - og - nize its light all en-fold - ing, Just to
 task, as He will, (as He will). Just to take the loss or gain as He sends it ; Just to
 stand, all that stings (all that stings). Just to let Him take the care sorely pressing ; Finding

*Faster.*

draw the moment's pow'r as it need-eth.
 claim its present might all up-hold-ing.
 take the joy or pain as He lends it.
 all you let Him bear, chang'd to blessing.

Just to trust Him that is all, Then the
 Just to know it is thine own, That no
 He who formed thee for His praise, Will not
 This is all, and yet the way, Mark'd by



sky will sure-ly be Peaceful, what-so-e'er be-fall, Bright and blessed, calm and free.
 pow'r can take a-way, Is not this e-nough a-lone For the gladness of the day?
 miss His gracious aim, So to-day and all thy days, Shall be mould-ed for the same.
 Him who loves thee best, Se-cret of a hap-py day, Se-cret of His promised rest.



No. 79. I'LL NEVER FORGET THEE.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. M. BOWMAN.



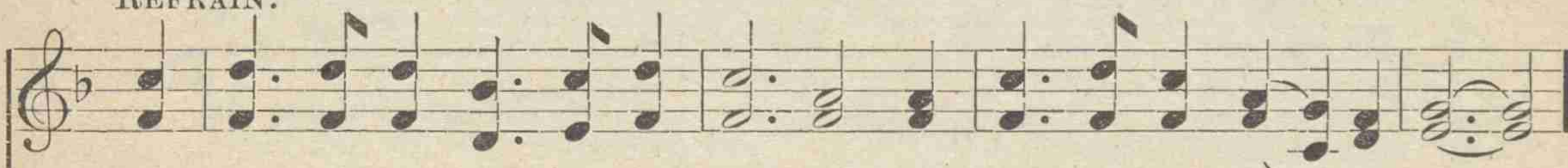
1. How can I for-get Thy com - pas-sion, Thy ful-ness of love un-to me,
2. Too gracious has been Thy great mer-cy, Too deep Thy af - fec-tion to me,
3. I can-not, I will not for - sake Thee, My pur-pose is formed to be true;



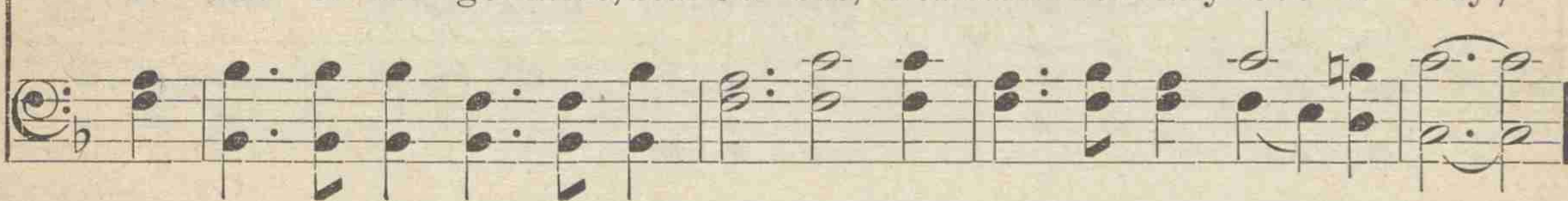
And faith-less to all my pro - fes-sions Of love to my Sav-iour be!
That I should turn back from Thy ser - vice, And stray, blessed Lord, from Thee!
O keep me, dear Sav-iour, from fall - ing, And car - ry me safe - ly through.



REFRAIN.



I'll nev - er for-get Thee, dear Je - sus, Nor turn from Thy love a - way;



My pur-pose is formed, and I'll nev - er From such a dear Sav - iour stray.



No. 80.

BRING THE LITTLE ONES.

A. R. CAREY.

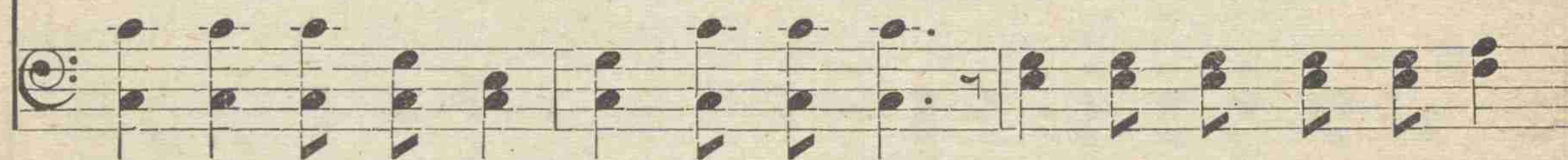
E. ROBERTS.



1. Bring the lit-tle ones in-to the fold, Lest they stray 'mid the shadows so dim;
2. Tell them oft as you gath-er them in, How the Shepherd came down from the sky;
3. Tell them how the great Father has planned That His blood should make souls white as snow;



Let the news to their young hearts be told Of the good Shep-herd who
And to keep us from sor-row and sin, Taught us all how to live
That if here we o-bey His com-mand, Up to His beau-ti-ful



REFRAIN.



calls them to Him. Bring . . them in, Bring . . them in,
and how to die.
home we shall go.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in, bring them in,



Lit-tle lambs, let them nev-er roam, For the good Shepherd says "let them come."



No. 81.

PRESSING ON.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Pressing on to the joys await-ing me, In the Par - a - dise so blest;
 2. Pressing on, in the strength the Saviour gives, To at-tain the heav'nly prize;
 3. Pressing on with a purpose brave and strong, With a pur-pose true and pure,



Pressing on,



- Pressing on to the mansions fair to see, Where the wea-ry are at rest.
 Pressing on to the homewhere Je-sus is, In the land be - yond the skies.
 To that fair land of gladness and of song, Which for-ev - er shall en - dure.

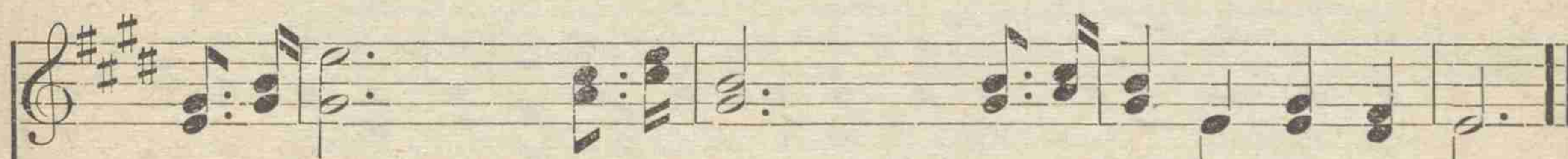


Pressing on,

REFRAIN.



Pressing on, pressing on, To the goal that is be - fore;



Pressing on, pressing on, Pressing on to Heaven's door.



No. 82.

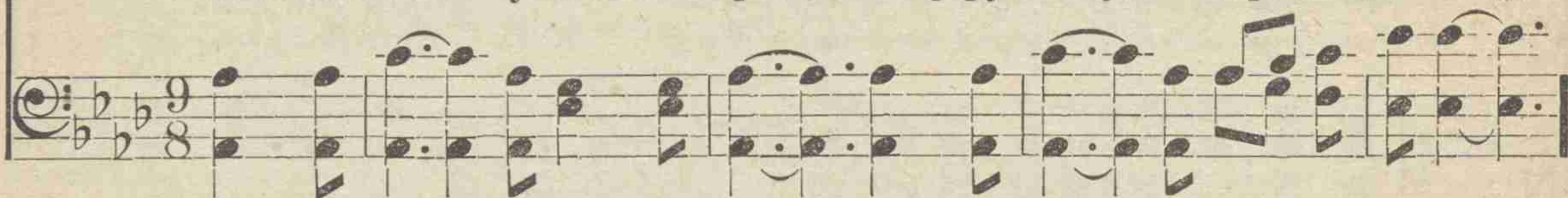
ANON.

WE MEET AGAIN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Joy - ful words—we meet a - gain! Love's own lan-guage comfort bringing;
2. While we walk this vale of tears, Compassed round with care and sor-row,
3. Far in ex - ile, when we roam, O'er our lost endearments weeping,
4. When this wea - ry world is past, Hap-py they, whose spir-its, soar-ing,



Though we part, our hearts keep sing-ing, We but part to meet a - gain.
Gloom to - day and storm to-mor-row, "Meet a - gain!" our bos - om cheers.
Lone-ly, si - lent vig - ils keep-ing, "Meet a - gain!" transports us home.
Vast e - ter - ni - ty ex-plor-ing, "Meet a - gain!" in heav'n at last.



REFRAIN.

We meet a - gain, . . . we meet a - gain, . . . When all earth's



We meet a - gain,

We meet a - gain, When all earth's



cares . . . and toils are past, . . . We meet a - gain, . . . we meet a -



all earth's cares . . . and toils are past,
cares . . . and toils are past, . . .

We meet a - gain, we



all earth's cares . . . and toils are past,

WE MEET AGAIN.

gain,



meet a - gain, In heav'n we meet . a - gain at last. .
In heav'n we meet a - gain at last. . .

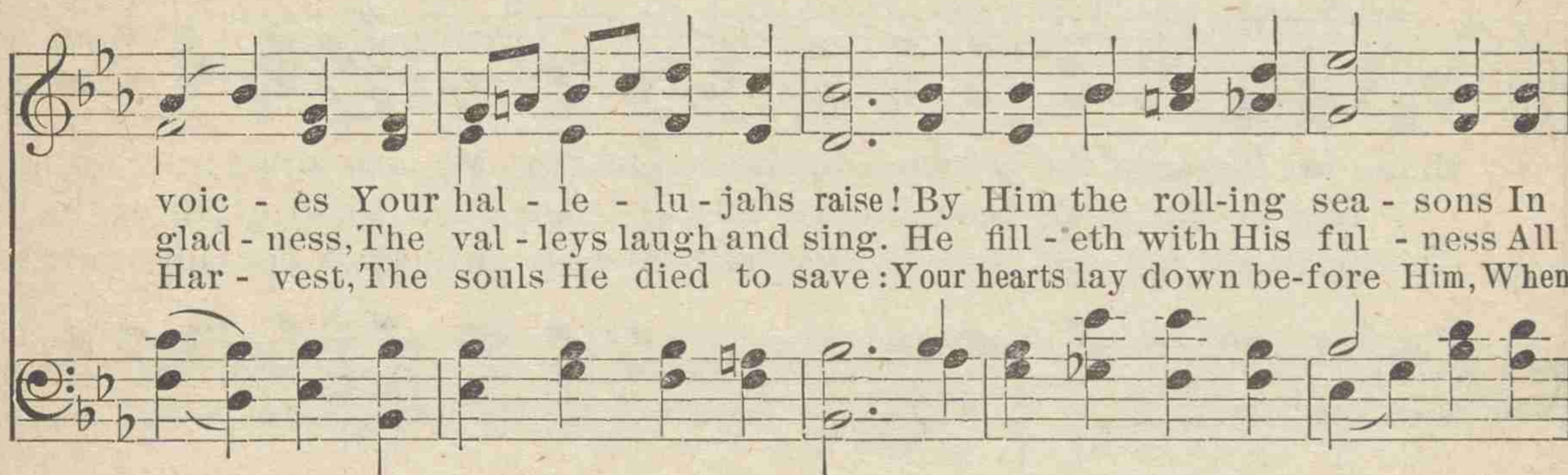
No. 83.

HARVEST HOME.

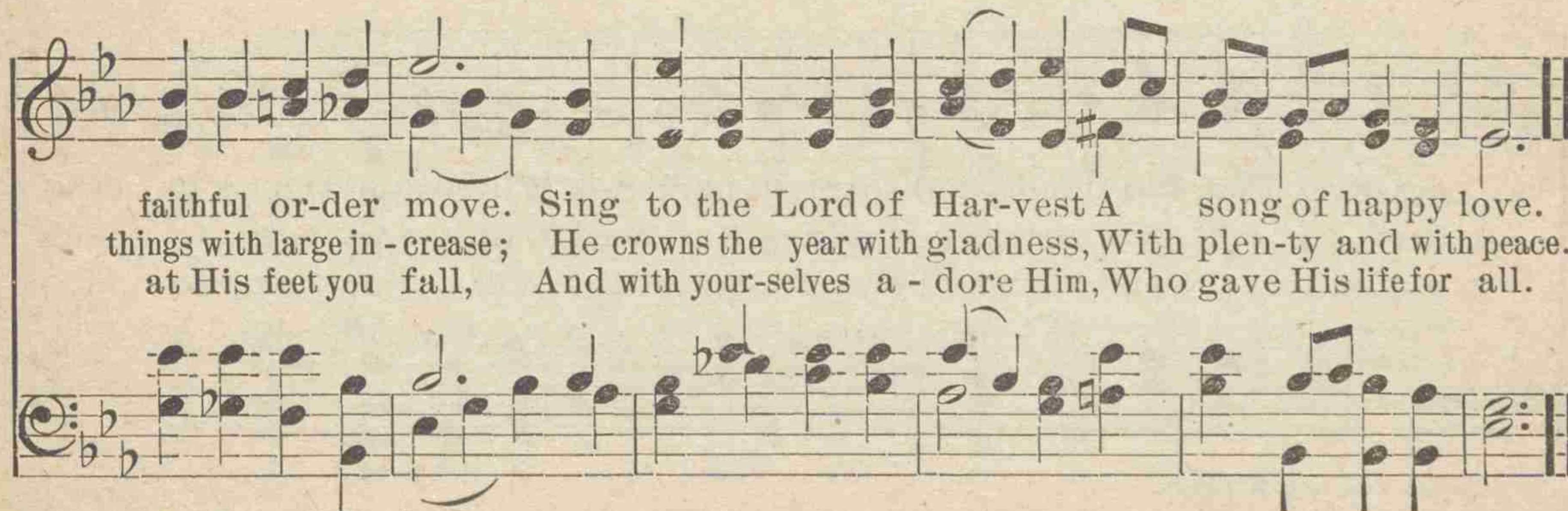
F. L. ROBERTSHAW.



1. Sing to the Lord of Har - vest With songs of love and praise; With joy-ful heart and
2. By Him the clouds drop fat - ness, The des-erts bloom and spring, The hills leap up in
3. Here on His sa-cred al - tar The gifts His good-ness gave, The golden sheaves of



voic - es Your hal - le - lu - jahs raise! By Him the roll-ing sea - sons In
glad - ness, The val - leys laugh and sing. He fill - eth with His ful - ness All
Har - vest, The souls He died to save: Your hearts lay down be-fore Him, When

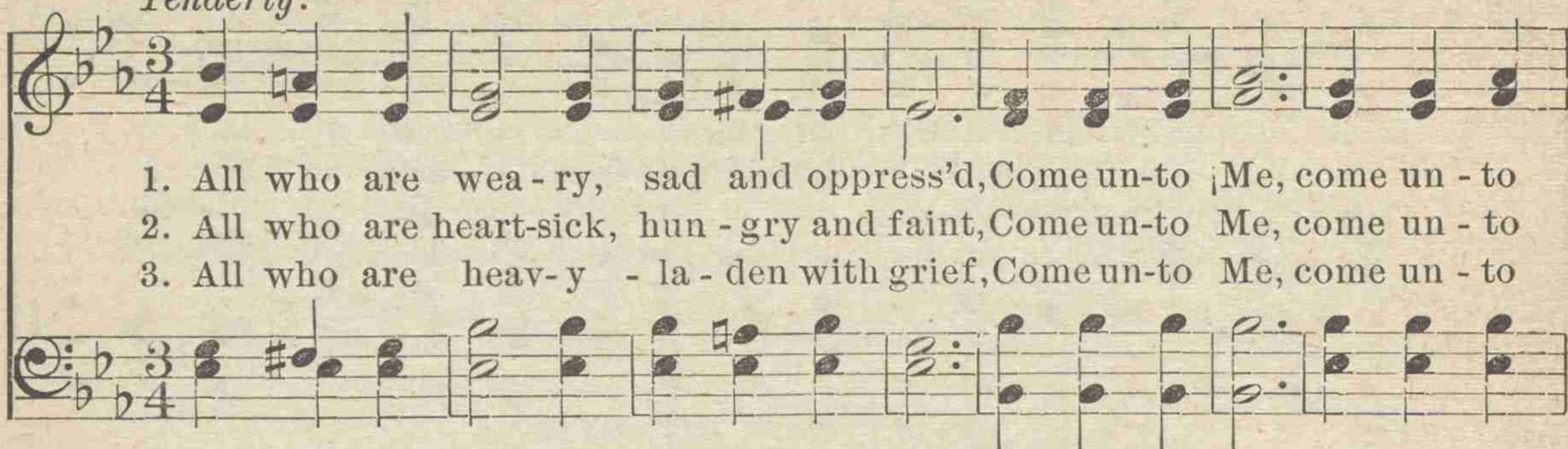


faithful or-der move. Sing to the Lord of Har-vest A song of happy love.
things with large in - crease; He crowns the year with gladness, With plen-ty and with peace.
at His feet you fall, And with your-selves a - dore Him, Who gave His life for all.

No. 84. WILL YOU NOT COME TO ME?

BIRDIE BELL.
Tenderly.

H. N. LINCOLN.



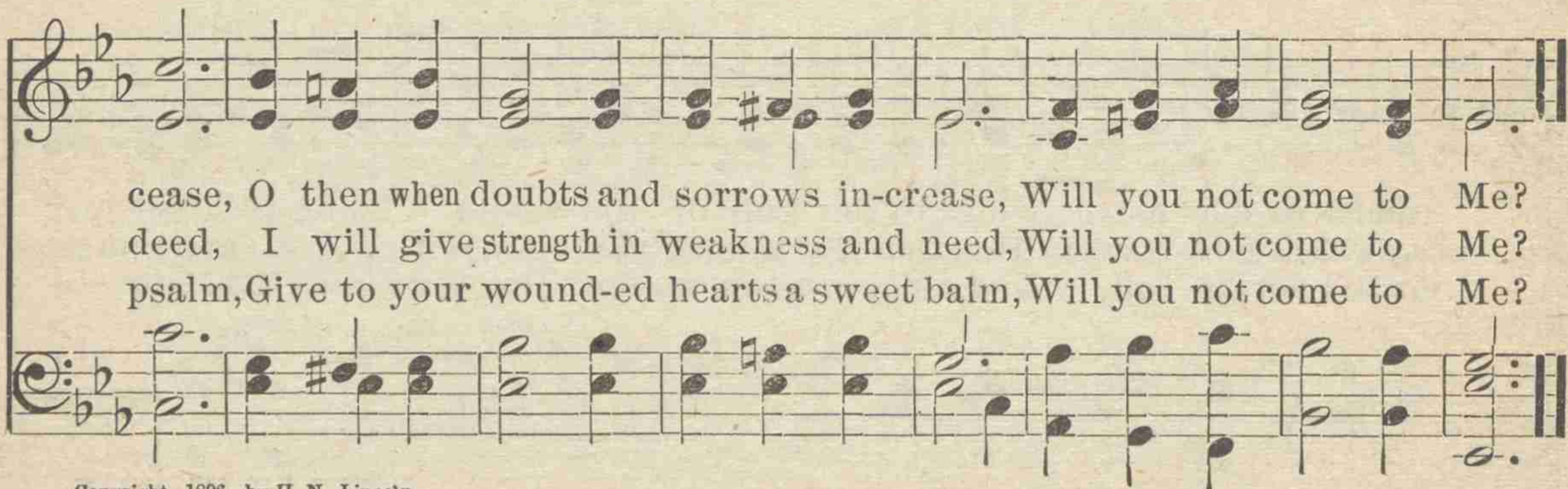
1. All who are wea-ry, sad and oppress'd, Come un-to Me, come un-to
2. All who are heart-sick, hun-gry and faint, Come un-to Me, come un-to
3. All who are heav-y - la - den with grief, Come un-to Me, come un-to



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



Here in My arms the troubled find peace, Close by My side earth's worriments
I am the Bread whereon you may feed, I am the Water of Life in-
Tempest-toss'd spi-rits, come to My calm, And I will teach your lips a glad



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

No. 85. WAITING FOR YOU AND ME.

J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE.



1. We're marching to Canaan, that sweet happy home, To see our dear friends who be-
2. There's room in that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold, For all of God's children, we've
3. And when we've cross'd o-ver to that peaceful shore, We'll praise the dear Saviour, and



fore us have gone; We'll meet them a - gain, and their bright fa-ces see, They're
of - ten been told; He'll guide us all safe - ly be - yond the dark sea, Where
wan - der no more; With loved ones in glo - ry how hap - py 'twill be! They



wait-ing for you and for me. They're wait - ing for us o - ver there,
friends wait for you and for me.
now wait for you and for me. They're waiting, yes, waiting for us o - ver there,



Wait - ing for you, wait - ing for me; Wait - ing for you and me.



No. 86.

THE PROMISED ONE.

Isa. 35.

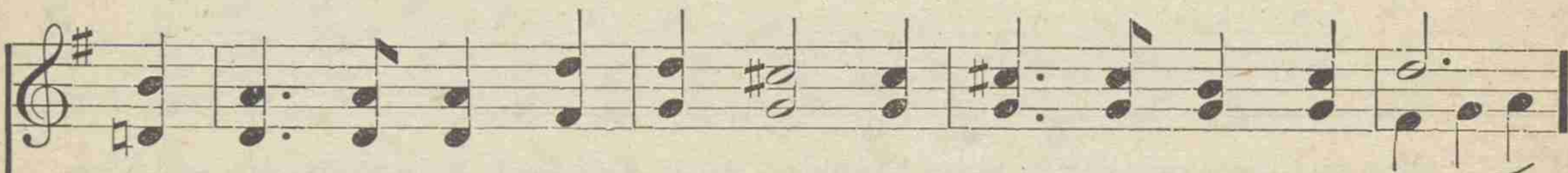
Respectfully inscribed to my friend, Chas. K. Hinkley, Gorham, Maine.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



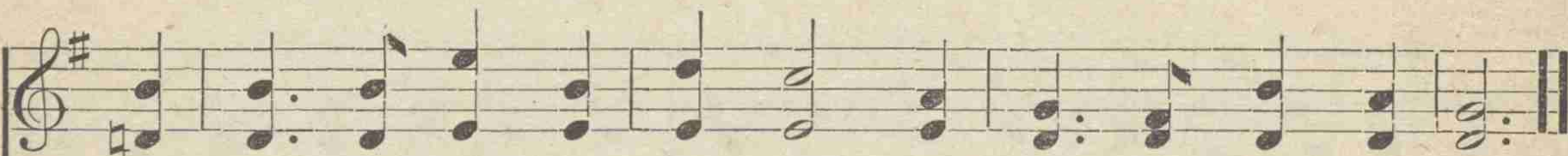
1. The des - ert, drear and lone - ly, Shall blos - som as the rose,
 2. The wil - der - ness re - joic - es! The gush - ing springs a - bound,
 3. O help us on our jour - ney To tread Thy ho - ly way,



The Prom - ised One is com - ing, The deaf - est ears un - close;
 The crys - tal streams of mer - cy Make glad the thirst - y ground;
 To fol - low in Thy foot-steps, Up to the land of day;



Un - see - ing eyes He o - pens, The fear - ful heart grows strong,
 The ran - somed come with sing - ing, With joy that nev - er ends,
 Re - fresh our droop - ing spir - its, Each trav - 'ler's heart re - joice,



The lame shall leap in glad - ness, The dumb shall lift a song!
 They tread the King's own high - way; To heav'n the strait path wends.
 And teach us how to praise Thee, In hap - py tune - ful voice.



No. 87. JESUS, WALK BESIDE ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. ROBERTS.

Not too fast.



1. Je - sus, walk be - side me all the wea - ry way, With Thy words of com - fort
2. With my hand in Thine, Lord, what have I to fear? What is there can harm me
3. Bless - ed is the pathway, Beauti - ful and bright, While I am with Je - sus,
4. Je - sus, be Thou near me, Nev - er leave my side; Lead me on in safe - ty,



Cheer me day by day; Strengthen me for service, Give me faith and love,
With Thy help so near? No, I will not fal - ter, Here I can - not stay,
Walk - ing in the light; And the goal be - fore me Seems not far a - way;
Pi - lot Thou and guide; Then what may be - tide me, Lit - tle do I care;



REFRAIN.

Guide my soul in safe - ty To Thy home a - bove. Near me, near me,
But go on - ward, up - ward To the realms of day.
Soon will dawn the mor - row Of the end - less day.
Soon my Lord will bring me To His man - sions fair.



Je - sus, be Thou near me, Ev - er, ev - er, With Thy love to cheer.

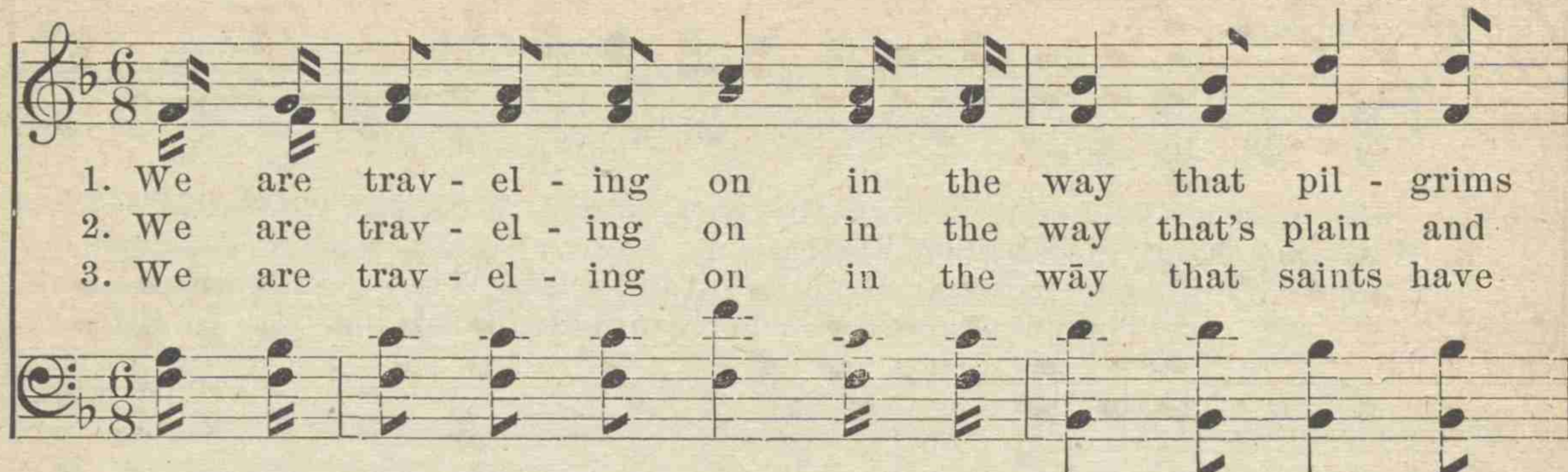


No. 88.

TRAVELING ON.

J. H. K.

J. H. KISSINGER.



1. We are trav - el - ing on in the way that pil - grims
 2. We are trav - el - ing on in the way that's plain and
 3. We are trav - el - ing on in the way that saints have



go, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on;
 strait, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on;
 trod, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on;



We are trav - el - ing on in the way that Chris - tians
 We are trav - el - ing on in the way to heav - en's
 We are trav - el - ing on in the way that leads to



know, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on. . .
 gate, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on. . .
 God, We are trav - el - ing, trav - el - ing on, . . .

TRAVELING ON.

REFRAIN.

Trav-el-ing on, trav-el-ing on,
Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on,

We are trav-el-ing on to that land on high; . .

Trav-el-ing on, trav-el-ing on,
Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on, Trav-el-ing, trav-el-ing on,

We are trav-el-ing on to that land on high.
on high.

No. 89.

TEMPTED AND TRIED.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Ref. arr.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Tempt-ed and tried! Oh! the ter - ri - ble tide May be rag - ing and deep, may be
2. Tempt-ed and tried! There is One at thy side, And nev - er in vain shall His
3. Tempt-ed and tried! What - e'er may be-tide, In His se - cret pa - vil - ion His



wrath-ful and wild! Yet its fu - ry is vain, For the Lord shall restrain; And for
chil-dren confide! He shall save and defend, For He loves to the end, A -
children shall hide! 'Neath the shadowing wing Of E - ter - ni - ty's King, His



REFRAIN.



ev - er and ev - er Je - ho - vah shall reign. Tempt-ed and tried, Thy
dor - a - ble Master and glo - ri - ous Friend!
chil - dren shall trust, and His ser - vants shall sing.



God doth pro - vide Thy Ref - uge, thy Safe - ty, When tempt-ed and tried.



Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 4 Tempt-ed and tried! | 5 Tempt-ed and tried! |
| Yet the Lord shall abide [Guide, | The Saviour who died [side; |
| Thy faithful Redeemer, thy Keeper and | Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His |
| Thy Shield and thy Sword, | His cross thou shalt bear, |
| Thine exceeding Reward! [Lord! | And His crown thou shalt wear, [share. |
| Then enough for the servant to be as his. | And forever and ever His glory shalt |

WM. H. GARDNER.

J. D. PATTON.



1. From the wil - der - ness he came, John the Bap - tist, pro - phet bold;
2. Some as now did pay no heed, And in - diff - 'rent went their way;
3. Oth - ers heard the sto - ry sweet, And were read - y when He came;
4. Ah, we all may Her - alds be, Spread - ing tid - ings good a - broad,



Speak - ing with a tongue of flame, To the world his mes - sage told.
 Of His love they saw no need, And a - las! such are to - day.
 On they went with will - ing feet, Prais - ing oft the Sav - iour's name.
 Set - ting hearts from sin's chain free, Serv - ing this our Ris - en Lord.



REFRAIN.



Her - ald of the Prince of Peace, Bro't he ti - dings from a - bove,
 the Prince of Peace



Tell - ing how all strife should cease, Thro' the pow - er of His love.



No. 91. THE WONDROUS GIFTS OF JESUS.

F. S. SHEPARD.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Not too fast.



1. O! the wondrous *love* of Je - sus Which to me is dai - ly shown,
2. O! the wondrous *peace* of Je - sus Which to me is free - ly given,—
3. O! the wondrous *pow'r* of Je - sus Which in me is man - i - fest,



As He comes and walks be - side me, Nev - er leav - ing me a - lone.
Peace which pass-eth un - der-stand-ing, Fills my soul with joys of heav'n.
Giv - ing vic - t'ry o'er temp - ta - tions, And a sweet a - bid - ing rest.



REFRAIN.



O! the wond-rous, wondrous blessings, Which on me He doth be - stow;



Love and peace and pow - er giv - ing For my dai - ly life be - low.



No. 92. CHRIST, THE CRUCIFIED.

H. N. LINCOLN. Theme from E. R. LATTA.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Lord, I look to Thee for par-don, Seek-ing now the Cru-ci-fied;
2. I am long-ing for ac-cept-ance, Trust-ing in the Cru-ci-fied;
3. O the pre-cious peace He gives me, Rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied;
4. O the bless-ed, heav'n-ly rap-ture, Hop-ing in the Cru-ci-fied;



All be-sides with it is prom-ised, Seek-ing for the Cru-ci-fied.
 Tho' I'm sin-ful and un-worth-y, Trust-ing in the Cru-ci-fied.
 I am saved and saved for ev-er, Rest-ing in the Cru-ci-fied.
 Of the bless-ed res-ur-rec-tion, Hop-ing in the Cru-ci-fied.



I am seek-ing ear-nest-ly, He shall be re-vealed to me;
 I am trust-ing ear-nest-ly, He shall be re-vealed to me;
 Praise His name my soul is free, He has been re-vealed to me;
 Yes, I know I soon shall be In a home pre-pared for me;



So He tells me in the Gos-pel, Christ, the bless-ed, Cru-ci-fied.
 All to Him I now sur-ren-der, Christ, the bless-ed, Cru-ci-fied.
 What a-maz-ing grace and mer-cy, Saved by Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
 In the boundless realms of glo-ry. With my Lord, be glo-ri-fied.



No. 93. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.
Ref. by E. R.

E. ROBERTS.



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




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



REFRAIN.



O the glo - ry of the cross, The cross of Cal - va - ry, Where -




on the Prince of Glo - ry suf-fered death for me; For me, for
For me,



IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

me, for me, On Cal-v'ry's mount my Sav-iour suf-fered death for me!

No. 94.

I AM WITH THEE.

HARRIETT B. STOWE.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. A-lone with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
3. As in the dawn-ing, o'er the wave-less o-cean, The im-age
4. Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morn-ing A fresh and

wak-eth and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-li-
hush of na-ture new-ly born; A-lone with Thee in breathless
of the morn-ing-star doth rest; So in the still-ness Thou be-
sol-emn splen-dor still is given, So does this bless-ed con-sci-ous-

er than day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
ad-or-a-tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
hold-est on-ly Thine im-age in the wa-ters of my breast.
ness a-wak-ing, Breathe each day near-ness un-to Thee and heav'n.

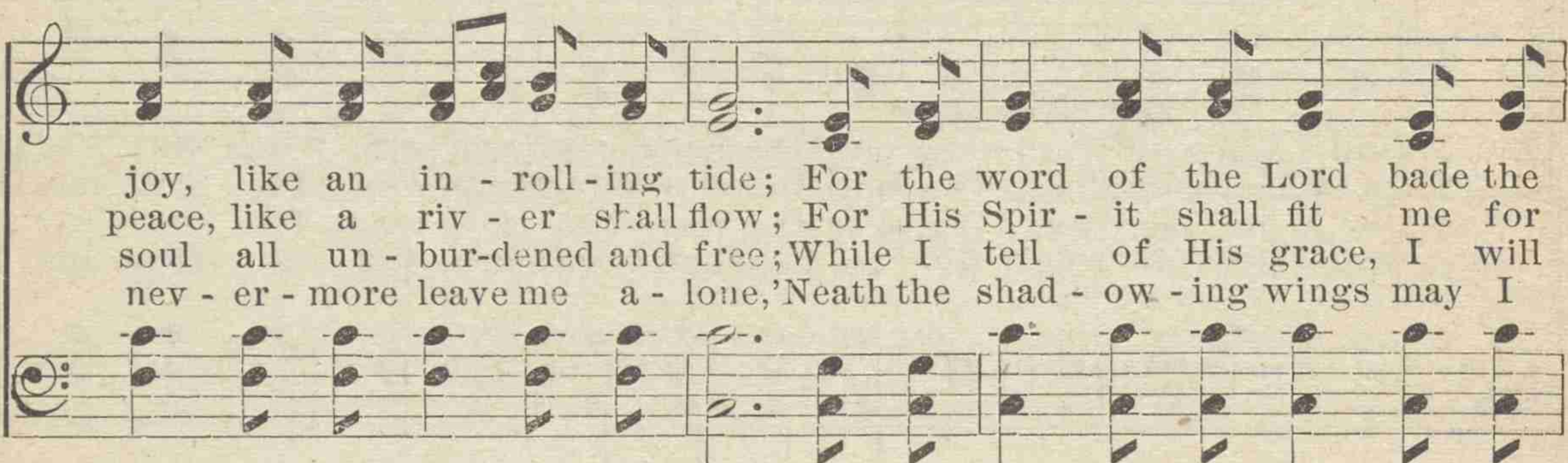
No. 95. 'TIS ALL RIGHT WITH ME NOW.*

E. E. HEWITT.

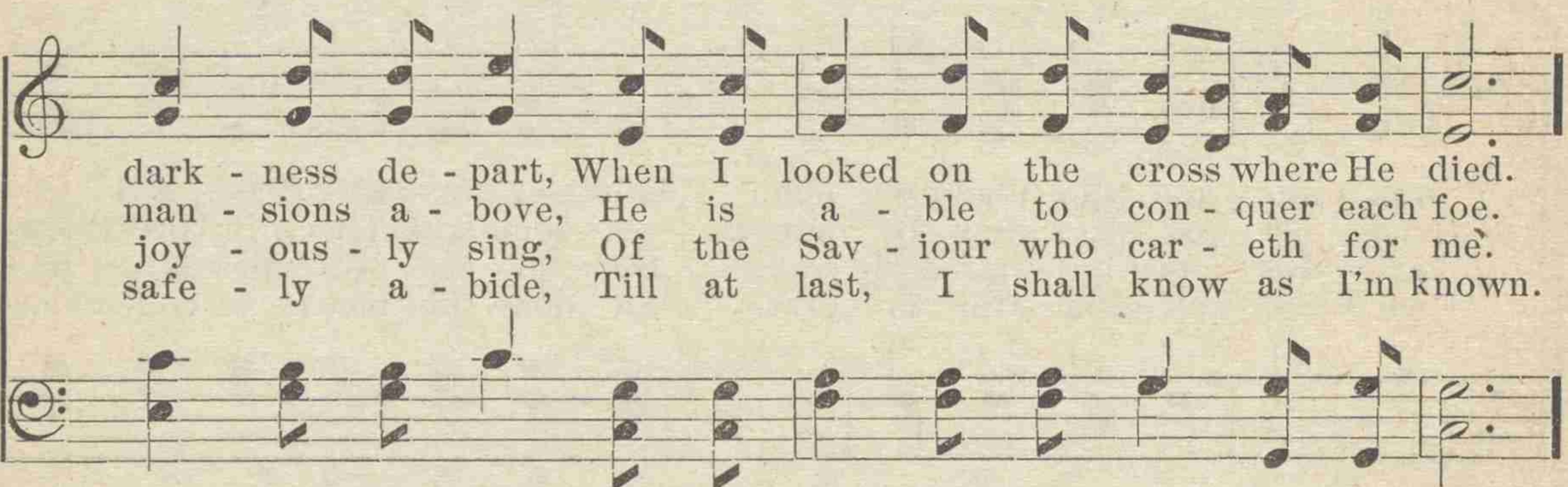
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. 'Tis all right with me now, there's a song in my heart; There's a
 2. 'Tis all right with me now, I will rest in His love, And my
 3. 'Tis all right with me now, let me work for my King, With a
 4. 'Tis all right with me now, for, what - ev - er be - tide, He will



joy, like an in - roll - ing tide; For the word of the Lord bade the
 peace, like a riv - er shall flow; For His Spir - it shall fit me for
 soul all un - bur - dened and free; While I tell of His grace, I will
 nev - er - more leave me a - lone, 'Neath the shad - ow - ing wings may I



dark - ness de - part, When I looked on the cross where He died.
 man - sions a - bove, He is a - ble to con - quer each foe.
 joy - ous - ly sing, Of the Sav - iour who car - eth for me.
 safe - ly a - bide, Till at last, I shall know as I'm known.

REFRAIN.



All right! all right! O the sky is so bright With the

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

* The last words spoken to her father by Miss May D. Kirkpatrick, daughter of Prof. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, who fell asleep April 16, 1895, upon being asked, "How is it now?" were, "All right."

'TIS ALL RIGHT WITH ME NOW.



glo - ry that shall nev - er fade a - way; For the Lord is my light

and my sav - ing might, He will lead me to the "per - fect day."

No. 96. BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD. S. M.

ANON.

A. J. S.



1. Be - gin the day with God! He is the sun and day; He
 2. Take Thy first walk with God! Let Him go forth with thee; By
 3. Thy first trans-ac - tion be With God Him-self a - bove; So

is the ra - diance of the dawn; To Him ad - dress thy lay.
 stream, or sea, or moun - tain - path, Seek still His com - pa - ny.
 shall thy busi - ness pros - per well, And all thy day be love.

No. 97.

CLOSER TO THEE.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

S. J. PERRY.



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



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



Clos-er to Thee, O pre-cious Redeemer, Clos-er to Thee, we earnest-ly pray;



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



No. 98. HIS GRACE HE FULLY GIVES.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. M. BOWMAN.



1. His grace He ful-ly gives, Who bids thee seek Him now; O hear Him gen-tly call, Be-
2. More than we know He loves, And guides when far a-stray, He sees us yield to sin, Nor
3. To-day His voice we hear, He knocks at our heart's door, And yearns to en-ter in To



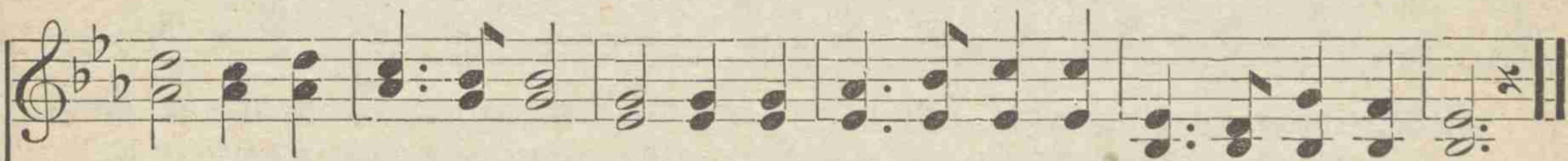
fore Him let us bow. His love is vast and free, And He would safe-ly guide
tread the nar-row way. He calls in pleading tones, Who died on Cal-va-ry,
bless us ev-er-more. For He will not for-sake The ones who trust His might,



REFRAIN.



Us o'er life's stormy sea To where no woes be-tide. His grace He freely gives,
And bids us to re-turn, To Him for safe-ty flee.
But guides them, home in love, To shores of peace and light.



He call-eth you and me; If we will hear His voice, We may His glo-ry see.



J. WILLIAM GOINS.



1. O'er the hill the sun is set - ing, And the eve is draw - ing on;
2. One day near - er sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er,
3. Worn and wea - ry, oft the pil - grim Hails the set - ing of the sun,



Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
 While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On his dis - tant na - tive shore.
 For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.



Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the dark - er shades will come;
 Thus the Chris - tian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
 Thus we feel, when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal-worn we roam,



Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home;
 In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture: "I am one day near - er home;"
 As the twi - light ga - thers o'er us, We are one day near - er home;



NEARER HOME.



Near - er home, near - er home, Near - er to our heav'n - ly home;
 Near - er home, near - er home, Near - er to my heav'n - ly home;
 Near - er home, near - er home, Near - er to our heav'n - ly home;
 Near - er home, near - er home,

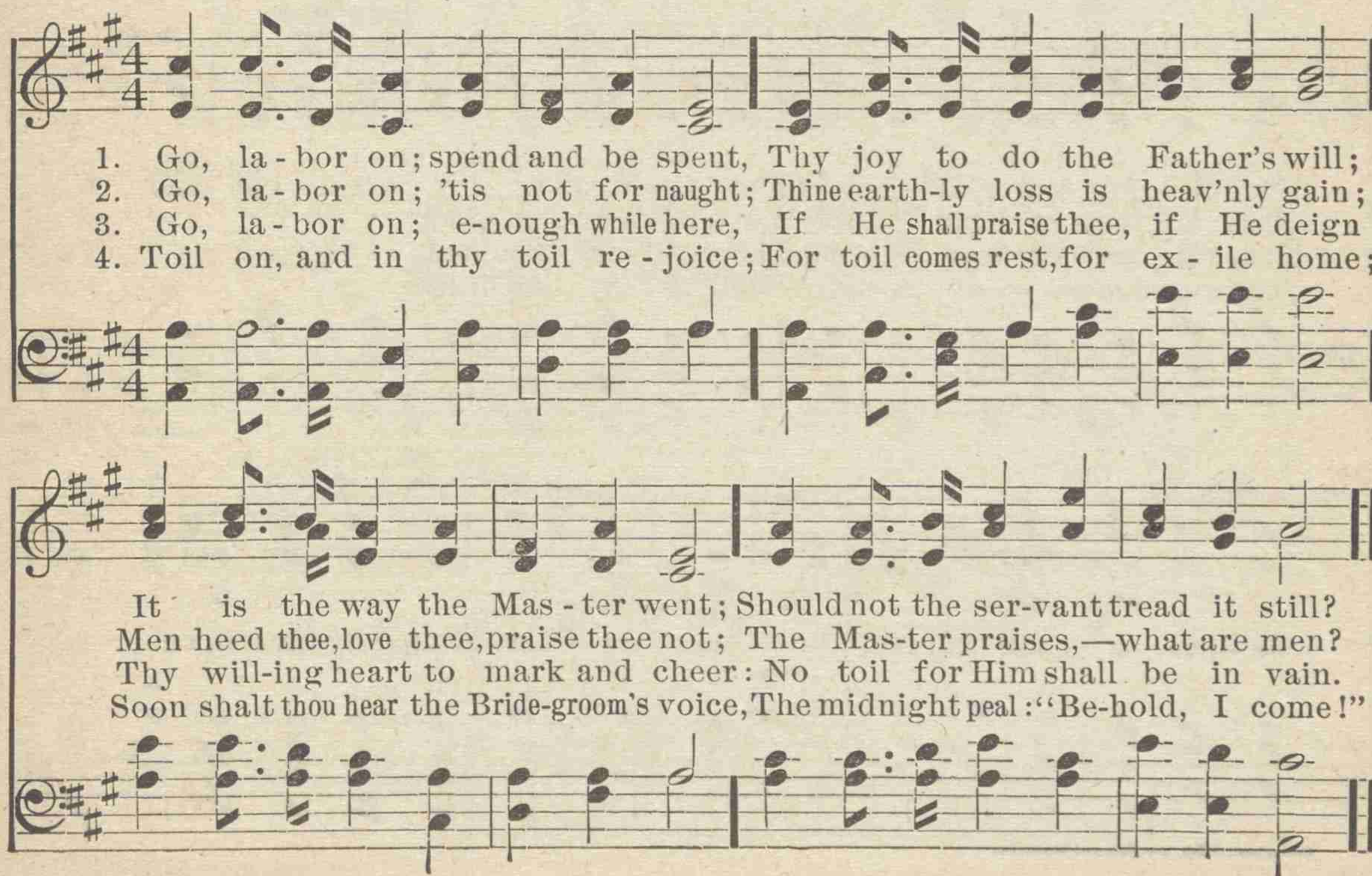
Still 'tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home.
 In the eve - ning cries with rap - ture; "I am one day near - er home."
 As the twi - light ga - thers o'er us, We are one day near - er home.

No. 100.

THE USEFUL LIFE.

Rev. H. BONAR.

J. W. MEDLING.



1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will;
 2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earth - ly loss is heav'nly gain;
 3. Go, la - bor on; e - nough while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
 4. Toil on, and in thy toil re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;

It is the way the Mas - ter went; Should not the ser - vant tread it still?
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas - ter praises, — what are men?
 Thy will - ing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bride - groom's voice, The midnight peal: "Be - hold, I come!"

No. 101.

EVER NEAR ME.

M. C. B.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Near me, ev - er near me, In the lone-some night, Near me, ev - er near me,
2. Near me, ev - er near me, In my loss and pain, Near me, ev - er near me,
3. Near me, ev - er near me, When op-press'd with care, Near me, ev - er near me,
4. Near me, ev - er near me, Thou wilt ev - er be, When o'er the darksome riv - er The



In the noon-day light, Chasing all the shad - ows From my sight a - way,
In my joy and gain; Near me, ev - er near me, When the world grows cold,
Griefs and ills to share; Near me, ev - er near me, When I'm sick and sad,
boat-man comes for me; When I tread the gold-en shore, Walk the path of light,



REFRAIN.



Shed-ding joy and glad - ness Thro' the wea - ry day. Near me, near me,
Near me, ev - er near me, When life's joys are told.
Near me, ev - er near me, Thou wilt make me glad.
Thy sweet presence ev - er-more Shall be my de-light.



Je - sus, be Thou near me, Ev - er, ev - er, With Thy love to cheer me.

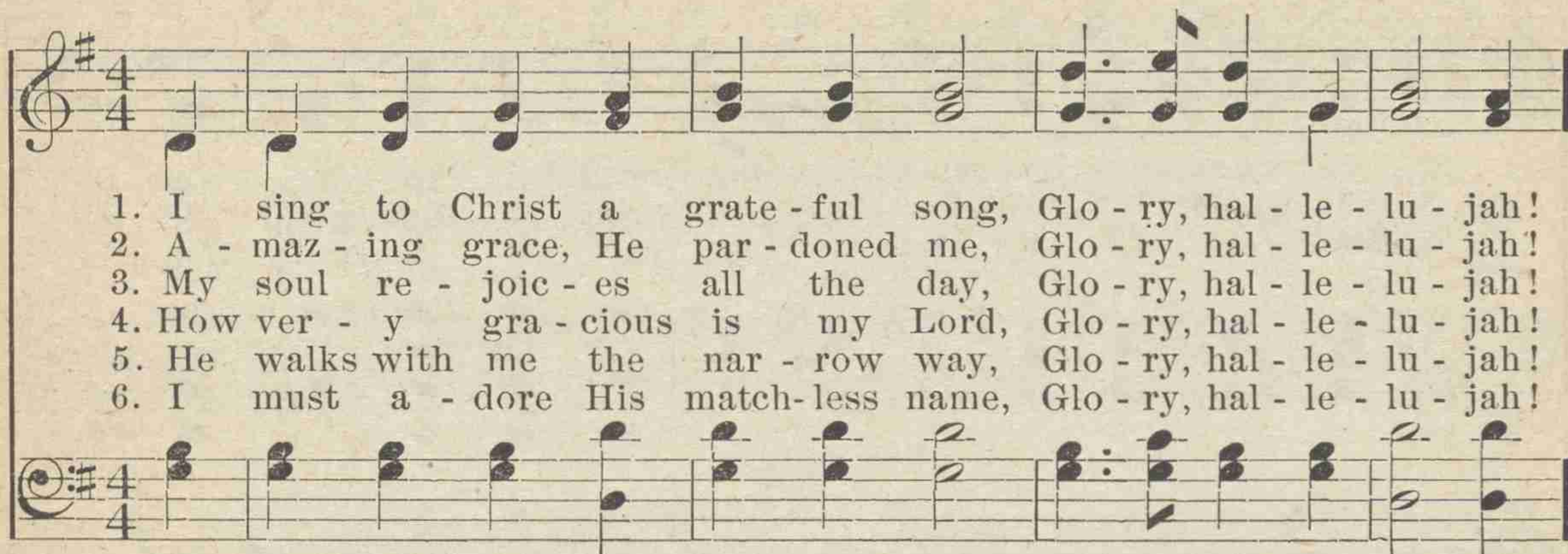


No. 102.

I SING TO CHRIST.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. I sing to Christ a grate-ful song, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 2. A-maz-ing grace, He par-doned me, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 3. My soul re-joic-es all the day, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 4. How ver-y gra-cious is my Lord, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 5. He walks with me the nar-row way, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 6. I must a-dore His match-less name, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!



Di-vin-est strains to Him be-long, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 And brought me peace and lib-er-ty, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 As I pur-sue my heav'nward way, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 How com-fort-ing His pre-cious word, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 And keeps me lest I go a-stray, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 I must His won-drous love pro-claim, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

REFRAIN.



Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!



Di-vin-est songs to Christ be-long, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 103. O WHERE ARE YOU STANDING?*

Rev. J. B. K. SMITH.

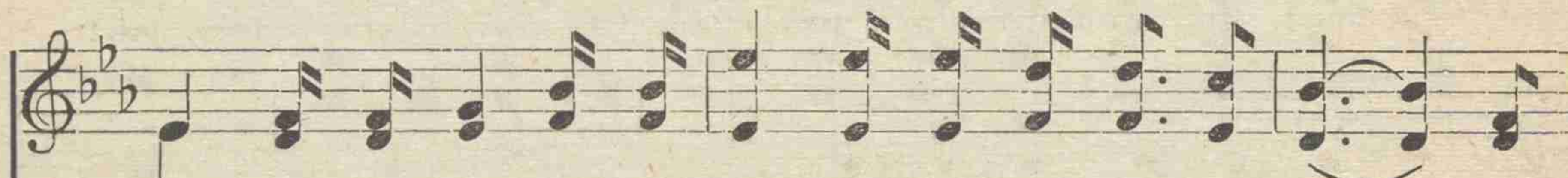
E. ROBERTS.



1. O, where are you stand-ing, my broth-er, to-day, And to
2. The world's of-fered hon-ors, so strong in their grasp On the
3. Men rush in wild haste to take part in a strife Which in-



whom is your feal-ty paid? When the arm-ies of sin to the
mul-ti-tude tho'tless and blind, En-tice count-less hosts with-in
volves on-ly sel-fish be-hest, While neg-lect-ing the in-t'rests of



good stand op-posed, On which side are your forc-es ar-rayed? The
sin's dead-ly clasp, In the hope speed-y prof-it to find; To
spir-it and life, They ig-nore God's commands and re-quests; The



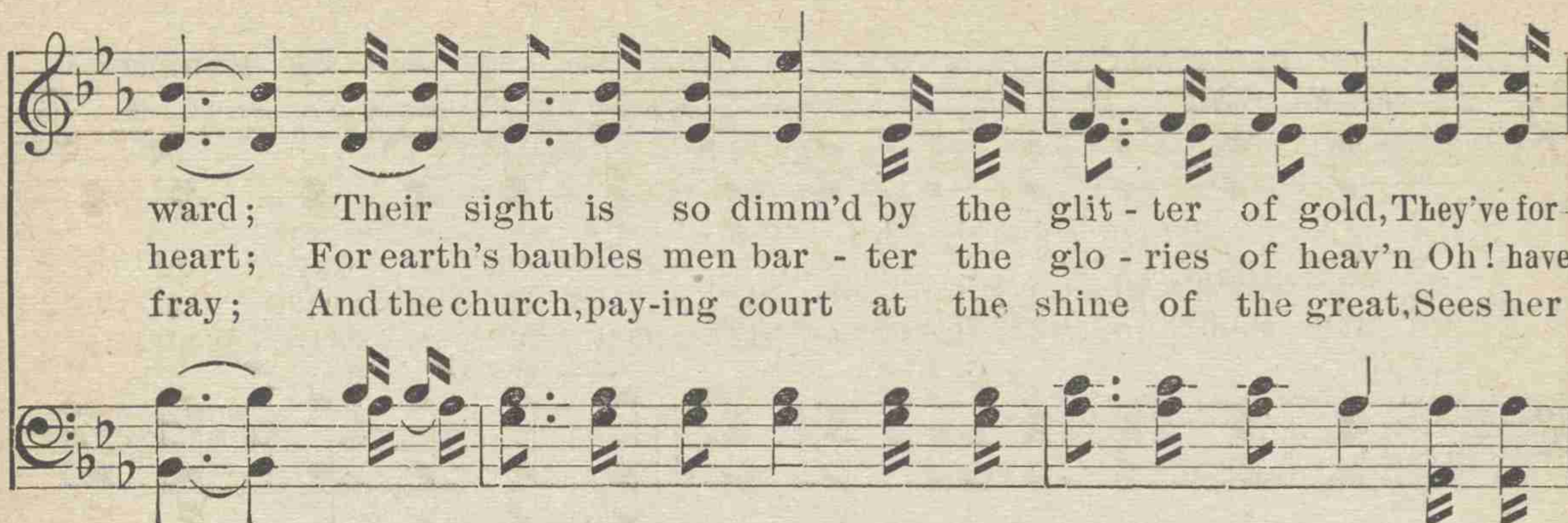
love of so ma-ny grows luke-warm and cold, Lured a-way by the hope of re-
par-ty and platform al-le-giance is given, And God has no tho't in the
claims of re-lig-ion must give place to state, Though souls be destroyed in the



* Is effective as a solo.

Copyright, 1896, by Edward Roberts.

O WHERE ARE YOU STANDING?



ward; Their sight is so dimm'd by the glit - ter of gold, They've for-
heart; For earth's baubles men bar - ter the glo - ries of heav'n Oh! have
fray; And the church, pay-ing court at the shine of the great, Sees her

CHORUS.



sak - en the way of the Lord. Then, where are you stand-ing, my
you in this mad - ness a part?
chil-dren dragg'd down the broad way.



broth - er, to - day, And to whom is your feal - ty paid? When the



arm - ies of sin to the good stand opposed, On which side are your forces ar-rayed?

No. 104.

GLADSOME PRAISE.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. In the morn-ing of life we will seek our Fa-ther's face, We'll be -
 2. Lit - tle chil-dren may come to the Lord and claim His love, For He
 3. We will work for the Lord while we sing His praise in song; We will



lieve in the bless - ed Lord, And we'll trust in the pow'r of His
 died to re - deem us all; And He said, "for of such is the
 tell of His sav - ing pow'r, We will try to be faith - ful and



free and sav - ing grace; We will walk by the light of His word.
 king - dom a - bove," So to - day on His name we will call.
 seek to do no wrong; We will trust in His grace ev - 'ry hour.



REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, . . . Hal - le -
 Praise the Lord, O praise His ho - ly name,



GLADSOME PRAISE.

lu - - - jah, bless His name; Glo - ry
Praise the Lord, O bless His ho - ly name;

be to the Fa-ther, the Son and Ho-ly Ghost, We will sing with our hearts all a - flame.

No. 105. JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

ANNA B. WARNER, arr.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je-sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit-tle candle burning in the night;
2. Je-sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and knows it, if our light is dim;
3. Je-sus bids us shine then for all a-round, Ma-ny kinds of dark-ness in the world abound;

In this world of dark-ness, so we must shine, You in your small corner and I in mine.
He looks down from heaven and sees us shine, You in your small corner and I in mine.
Sin and want and sor-row; so we must shine, You in your small corner and I in mine.

No. 106. MARCHING HOME TO ZION.

Rev. L. A. MORRIS.

E. B. FOWLER.



1. We are marching home to Zi - on, Pil-grim sol - diers hand in hand;
2. As good sol-diers we're en - dur - ing All the toils of life we meet,
3. When we cross the tur - bid wa - ters, When we land on Ca - naan's shore,



Christ, our Cap - tain, ev - er leads us, And for Him we firm - ly stand.
God's own words our hearts as - sur - ing, Soon our jour - ney we'll com - plete.
Then with Zi - on's sons and daughters We'll re - joice for - ev - er - more.



REFRAIN.

Boldly.



Yes, we're marching on to Zi - on And re - joic - ing as we go;



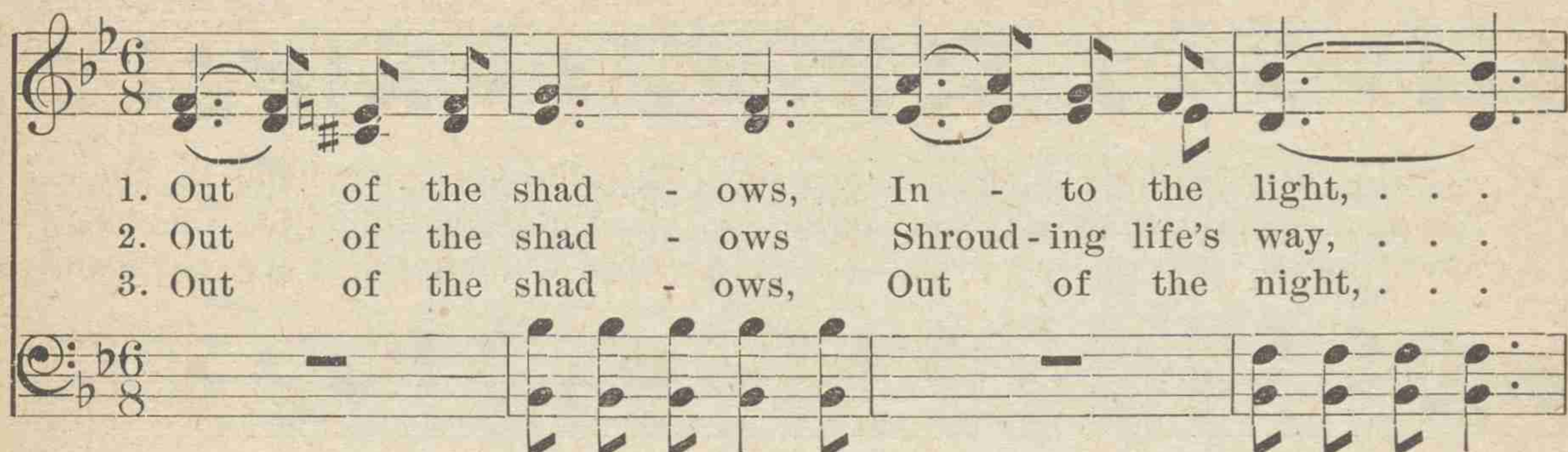
In His strength and for His glo - ry We shall con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



No. 107. OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

IDA L. REED.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Out of the shad - ows, In - to the light, . . .
 2. Out of the shad - ows Shroud - ing life's way, . . .
 3. Out of the shad - ows, Out of the night, . . .



Lead me, my Sav - iour, By Thy love's might, . . .
 Lead me, Lord Je - sus, In - to Thy day; . . .
 Lead me, my Sav - iour, In - to Thy light; . . .



Hum - bly I've sought Thee, Hear Thou my plea, . . .
 In - to the splen - dor Of Thy dear home. . . .
 Lord, be Thou near me, All of the way, . . .



Rit.
 Out of sin's dark - ness, Guide me to Thee.
 Through Thy love ten - der, Fain would I come.
 Let me no long - er Far from Thee stray.

No. 108.

FOLLOW JESUS.

"Follow then Me." John xxi. 22.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Come and fol-low Je-sus, Keep thy Guide in view, Walk-ing in His foot-steps
2. Sleep not on thy jour-ney! Stop not here to rest! Foes with bit-ter ha-tred
3. Hears't thou si-ren voi-ces Call-ing thee a-side? Right and left are path-ways



All thy journey thro'; Not a moment long-er Tar-ry by the way,
Have this land possessed; Souls are tak-en cap-tive, Bound with hea-vy chains,
All are smooth and wide; These are downward tend-ing, Lead-ing to de-spair;



REFRAIN.



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



Keep thy Guide in view; Walk-ing in His footsteps All Thy jour-ney through.



No. 109.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. P. LANE.

1. The jour-ney of life is be-fore thee, Which road wilt thou choose for thy feet?
2. The jour-ney of life is be-fore thee, O choose the right pathway to-day ;
3. The jour-ney of life is be-fore thee, Be faithful and earnest and strong,

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. The handwriting is in ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp, F#) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are two measures of rests, each marked with a 'T' for tenuto. The system ends with a double bar line.

The Lord watches tender - ly o'er thee, O list to His bid-ding so sweet!
God's mes-sengers ev - er im-plore thee, "Walk thou in the true, narrow way."
And think of the love which Christ bore thee, Press on with a glad, trustful song;

The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several measures of rests, indicated by a horizontal line with a vertical tick mark. The system ends with a double bar line.

“Walk thou in the way of my choosing, And ev - er keep close to my side,
It leads to a country e - ter - nal, A cit - y so wondrous - ly fair;
Just cling to the arm that is round thee, The arm of thy heav - en - ly Guide;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, many of which are beamed together in groups. There are several slurs over the notes, indicating phrasing. The system ends with a double bar line.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests and a final double bar line at the end of the system.

The tempter's allurements refus - ing, Turn not to the path that is wide."
Re-mem-ber its glo-ries su-per - nal, Its beau-ties beyond all com - pare.
Tho' numberless per-ils surround thee, They harm not the soul at His side.

A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various note values, including quarter and eighth notes, as well as rests. There are several accidentals, including a sharp sign (#) and a flat sign (b). The handwriting is in dark ink on aged, slightly yellowed paper. The notation is somewhat dense, with many notes and accidentals. The staff ends with a double bar line.

No. 110.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

Rev. HEW STOWELL. REF. by E. R.

E. ROBERTS.



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, When friend holds fellow-ship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy-seat.
A place than all be - sides more sweet, It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.
Tho' sun-der'd 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.



REFRAIN.



The mer - cy - seat, sweet mer - cy - seat, Like Ma - ry, at the Saviour's feet,



I find re-pose 'mid storms of life, While kneel-ing at the mer - cy-seat.



No. 111. THERE'S GLORY AT THE END.

ANON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Though 'tis a thorn-y road I tread, And dan-gers do my way at-tend,
2. At times when clouds my pros-pect hide, And all the sky is o-ver-cast,



Yet He, by whose dear love I'm led, Doth thro' it all His pres-ence lend;
I still up-on His love con-fide, And sing un-til the clouds have passed;



And so I sing, thus com-fort-ed, And so I sing, thus com-fort-ed,
For well I know, what-e'er be-tide, For well I know, what-e'er be-tide,



There's glo-ry, glo-ry at the end, There's glo-ry, glo-ry at the end.
There's glo-ry, glo-ry at the last, There's glo-ry, glo-ry at the last.



No. 112.

PERFECT PEACE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Like a riv-er glo-rious Is God's perfect peace, O-ver all vic - to - rious
 2. Hid-den in the hol-low Of His blessed hand, Nev-er foe can fol - low,
 3. Ev -'ry joy or tri - al, Fall-eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our di - al




In its bright increase. Perfect yet it flow-eth Full-er ev-'ry day; Perfect yet it
 Nev-er trai-tor stand. Not a surge of wor-ry, Not a shade of care, Not a blast of
 By the Sun of Love, We must trust Him solely, All for us to do; They who trust Him



REFRAIN.



groweth Deep-er all the way. Stay'd up-on Je - ho-vah, Hearts are ful-ly blest,
 hur-ry Touch the spir-it there.
 whol - ly, Find Him wholly true.




Find-ing, as He promised, Per-fect peace and rest: Peace and rest,
 Peace and rest,



PERFECT PEACE.

Peace and rest, Find-ing as He prom-ised, Per-fect peace and rest.

Peace and rest,

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

No. 113. I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Dr. J. STEVENSON.

E. ROBERTS.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, Ev - er glad at heart I am;
2. Safe - ly in and out I go; Je - sus loves and keeps me so;
3. Should I not be al - ways glad, Cheer-ing, com - fort - ing the sad?

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me, All things fair and good He shows me,
When I hun - ger, Je - sus feeds me, When I thirst my Shep-herd leads me
Then when this short life is end - ed, Ev - 'ry one the Shep-herd tend - ed

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

E - ven calls me by my name; Ev - 'ry day He is the same.
Where the wa - ters soft - ly flow, Where the sweet-est past-ures grow.
Will be tak - en to the skies, There to dwell in Par - a - dise.

The image shows two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. It contains a bass line with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves.

No. 114. THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALING.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Here's a foun-tain pure and ho - ly, Free its flow to ev - 'ry soul,
2. Trav - 'ler, on life's des - ert stray-ing, Faint thy heart and parched thy lip,
3. Long-ing soul, de - lay no long - er, This will sure - ly quench thy thirst.
4. O, this fount of God's sal - va - tion! Free - ly of - fered to each one,



Come, and taste these spark-ling wa - ters, Sin-sick one, and be made whole.
Here's the cup of prof-fered mer - cy, All of it may glad-ly sip.
Here from out the Rock of A - ges, These re-fresh - ing wa - ters burst.
Giv - ing strength to faint-ing pil - grims, Sav - ing souls that are un - done.



REFRAIN.



Foun-tain bright and full of beau - ty, Gleam-ing in God's sun-light fair,



Full of heal - ing, full of com - fort, May we all thy bless-ings share!



THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALING.

Full of heal - ing, full of com - fort, May we all thy bless - ings share.

No. 115. THE SHEPHERD PSALM.

R. A. L., in "Central Presbyterian."

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, My wants are His care, He ten - der - ly
2. Yea, tho' thro' death's shad-ow My path-way shall lie, Why should I fear
3. Be - fore all that hate me My ta - ble is spread, His gra-cious an-

rests me In fields green and fair; My soul He re - stor - eth, And
e - vil When Je - sus is nigh? His rod to pro-ect me, His
noint-ing Be - dew - eth my head; With good-ness and mer - cy My

makes me to go, In paths of His choos-ing, Where still wa - ters flow.
staff me to guide, From grace un - to glo - ry I'll walk at His side.
cup run-neth o'er, And in the Lord's house I will dwell ev - er - more.

No. 116. I WILL TRUST MY SAVIOUR.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory." Psalms 73: 24.

H. N. L.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. I will trust my Saviour While on earth I live, He will keep me ev - er,
2. Tri-als will be-set me, Troubles will be-fall, He will not for-get me,
3. Flesh and heart shall fail me, For I am but dust; Sa-tan will as-sail me,
4. Then with Him up yon-der, I my crown shall wear, Nev-er-more to wan-der,



All my sins for-give; He will help and guide me, By His bless-ed word,
He will hear my call; Je-sus will pro-tect me, If I to Him flee,
But in God I'll trust; He will nev-er leave me, Nor my soul for-sake,
No more cross to bear; In that home e-ter-nal, I shall e'er en-joy



REFRAIN.

Harm can-not be-tide me, While I trust my Lord. Yes, I'll trust in my Sav-iour,
Ev-er He'll di-rect me, He my strength shall be.
But He will re-ceive me, When from death I wake.
Peace and love su-per-nal, Bliss with-out al-loy.



While I journey be-low, Thro' this valley of sor-row He will lead me, I know.



No. 117. DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

THE "LANAN."

T. P. ORR.



1. O Je - sus, my Lord, and my Sav - iour, A Rock and a Ref - uge to me;
2. Let peace from Thy presence pos - sess me, A peace that a - bid - ings shall be;
3. When close by Thy side I am keep - ing, My path - way is marked out by Thee;
4. And when my life's journey is end - ing, The waves of the riv - er I see,



I long to be drawn by Thy fa - vor Still clos - er and clos - er to Thee.
 And when my temp - ta - tions dis - tress me, O draw me still clos - er to Thee.
 And rich are the fields for my reap - ing While clos - er and clos - er to Thee.
 Let an - gels, from glo - ry de - scend - ing, My spir - it bear clos - er to Thee.



REFRAIN.



Clos - er to Thee, clos - er to Thee, Clos - er my Lord and my Sav - iour;



Clos - er to Thee, clos - er to Thee, Draw me still clos - er to Thee.



No. 118.

LET HIS REIGN BEGIN.

2 Cor. 13: 5.

Miss A. R. CAREY.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Let Him in - to your heart, my friend, Welcome give to God's Ho-ly Son;
2. He's a won-der-ful friend and guide, Mighty coun-sel-lor, shield, and tower;
3. He will give what you fain would own, Robes of righteousness pass-ing fair,
4. Let the Lord with His glo - ry in, You will need Him when joys grow dim;



Ev - 'ry hour that with Him you spend Will be heav en on earth be - gun.
 He will all your transgressions hide, If you trust in His grace and pow'r.
 Wisdom's gems, to earth's mines un - known, If you ask them in hum - ble prayer.
 You have naught, tho' all earth you win, Till sal - va - tion you find in Him.



Let Him in, Let Him in, Let His reign of peace in your heart begin;
 Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in,



Let Him in, Let Him in, Let His reign of peace in your heart begin.
 Let Him in, Let Him in, Let Him in,



No. 119.

UPHOLD ME, LORD.

Mrs. M. S. PETERS. Refrain added.

E. ROBERTS.



1. I ask of Thee, my Lord and God, Such knowledge of Thy grace,
2. I would not trem - ble un - der-neath The rod Thou lift - est up;
3. Faith sees Thou do - est all things well, Tho' griev-ous some ap - pear,
4. Up-hold me, Lord; in pa-tience bear With flesh - ly stumb-lings all;



That per - fect love may crush the fear With which I seek Thy face.
Nor shrink re - pin - ing from the draught Of sor - row in my cup.
Un - to my dark - en'd mor - tal sight, Veil'd by the fall - ing tear.
Up - hold me, for I trust Thy hand To stay me from a fall.



REFRAIN.



Up - hold me, Lord, up - hold me still, And work in me Thine own sweet will,



Up-hold me, Lord, up-hold me still, And work in me Thine own sweet will.
own sweet perfect will.



No. 120. CHRIST'S LEGACY OF PEACE.

John 14: 27.

BIRDIE BELL.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. O pre-cious leg - a - cy that Je - sus left, Giv - ing from doubts and fears a
2. When tempests loud - ly rage up - on life's sea, He speaks, di-vine commandment,
3. Tho' trib - u - la - tion come to ev - 'ry heart, We hear His voice, "My child, be
4. It pass-eth un-der-stand-ing, this sweet peace, O may it keep our hearts in



sweet re - lease, Tho' of our treas-ures be our heart be - reft, He
"Peace, be still!" So spake He a - ges past on Gal - i - lee, As
of good cheer, The dark - est trou-bles will ere long de - part; In
Christ our Lord; Tho' tri - als and tho' sor-rows may in-crease, A -



REFRAIN.



soft - ly whis-pers, "I will give you peace." Peace, end - less peace! My
then, the storms yield hum-bly to His will.
Me you may have peace, so nev - er fear."
bid - ing sure is God's own bless - ed word.



peace I leave with you; Peace, bless - ed peace! My peace I give to you;



CHRIST'S LEGACY OF PEACE.

Then let not your heart be troub-led, Nei-ther let it be a - fraid;

Then let not your heart be troub-led, Nei-ther let it be a - fraid.

HOFFMAN. S. M.

A. J. S.

No. 121. *Tune above.*

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy church, O God:
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till cares and toils shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 122. *Tune above.*

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 123.

IN GLORY, SOME DAY.

E. R. LATTA.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. Shall we stand a - mong the an - gels, In glo - ry, some day?
2. Shall we bear the palms of vic - t'ry, In glo - ry, some day?
3. Shall we hear the an - gel cho - rus, In glo - ry, some day?



Shall we join the saints tri - um-phunt, In glo - ry, some day?
Shall we wear the crowns un - fad - ing, In glo - ry, some day?
And the song of man's re - demp-tion, In glo - ry, some day?



REFRAIN.



If we give up all for Je - sus, His free grace shall fail us not; When our



earthly journey ceas-es That shall be our hap-py lot, That shall be our hap - py lot!



No. 124. HE IS MY ROCK AND SHIELD.

F. M. DAVIS.

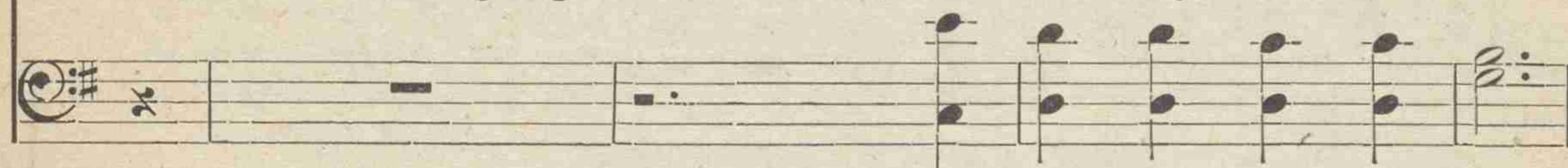
J. M. BOWMAN.



1. I go re - joic - ing in the love That Christ to me re-vealed;
2. I con - se - crate my life and powers, My all to Him I yield;
3. O bless - ed Lord, I'm whol - ly Thine, To Thee my heart is sealed;



In all my tri - als this I know, He is my Rock and Shield.
His prom - is - es through all I claim, He is my Rock and Shield.
Through all the chang - ing scenes of life, Thou art my Rock and Shield.



REFRAIN.



He is my Rock and Shield, My all to Him I yield; . .



In ev - 'ry try - ing hour I know, He is my Rock and Shield.



No. 125.

COME HOME.

A. R. CAREY.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Come home, from the midnight of er - ror, Come home, from the dan-ger-ous way,
2. Re - turn from the false and the fleet - ing, Re - turn from the wiles that de-stroy,
3. Come home, where the bounty of bless - ing Thy fam - ine and want will re - move;
4. All heav - en will hail thy re - turn - ing, With gifts and with wel - come of love;



Come home, from the doubt and the ter - ror, Thy Fa - ther is grieved at thy stay.
O, list to thy Fa - ther's en - treat - ing, Re - turn from each heart - blighting joy.
Out - reached are the arms of ca - res - sing, God's patience and prom - ise to prove.
Come home, for thy Fa - ther is yearn - ing, Is watch - ing and wait - ing a - bove.



REFRAIN.



Come home, come home, In the name of the cru - ci - fied One;
Come home, come home,



Come home, come home, There is room for each pen - i - tent one.
Come home, come home,



CHRISTIAN WORLD.

E. ROBERTS.



1. If we knew, when walking tho't-less In the nois - y, crowd-ed way,
 2. If we knew what forms were faint-ing For the shade that we should fling,
 3. If we knew when friends a-round us Close-ly press to say good-by,
 4. If we knew what lives are dark-ened By some tho't-less words of ours,




That some pearl of wondrous whiteness, Close be - side our path-way lay,
 If we knew what lips are parch-ing For the wa - ter we could bring,
 Which a-mong the lips that kissed us, First would neath the dais - ies lie,
 Which had ev - er lain a-mong them Like the frost a-mong the flow'rs,




We would pause where now we hast - en, We would oft - en look a - round,
 We would haste with ea - ger foot-steps, We would work with will - ing hands,
 We would clasp our arms a-round them, Look-ing on them thro' our tears;
 Oh! with what sin - cere re - pent-ing, With what an-guish of re - gret,




Lest our care-less feet shall tram-ple Some rare jew - el to the ground.
 Bear-ing cups of cool-ing wa - ter, Plant-ing rows of shad-ing palms.
 Ten-der words of love e - ter - nal We would whis-per in their ears.
 While with tears our eyes o'er-flow-ing, We would say "For-get! For-get!"



No. 127. BEAUTIFUL ROBE OF LIGHT.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. P. LANE.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful robe that waits on high, In that heav-en-ly land be-
2. And that mar-vel-ous robe is the pur-est white, There is noth-ing can dim its
3. It is worn in the coun-try o-ver there, 'Tis the gar-ment the ransomed
4. At the last may we tread the gold-en street, May we join in the heavenly



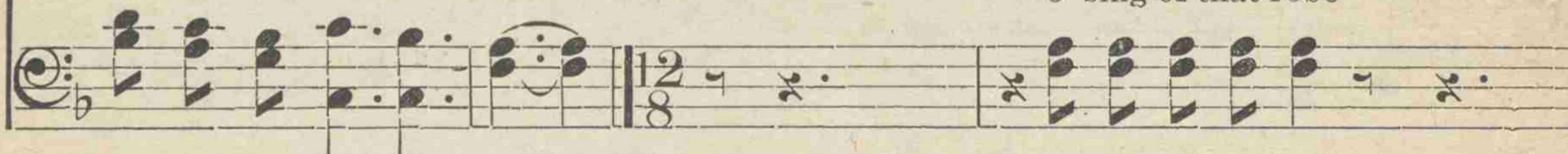
yond the sky, O its lus-tre would blind the earth-ly eye, That
ra-diance bright, There is none who can paint the wond-rous sight, That
spir-its wear, Ah! its pat-tern is strange, be-yond com-pare, That
song so sweet, And re-ceive, as the Mas-ter we shall meet, That



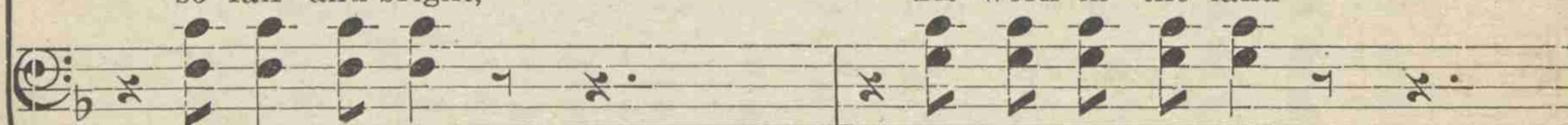
REFRAIN.



beau-ti-ful robe of light. O sing of that robe so fair and
O sing of that robe



bright, 'Tis worn in the land of pure de-
so fair and bright, 'Tis worn in the land



BEAUTIFUL ROBE OF LIGHT.

light, Won - der - ful robe! heav - en - ly
of pure de - light, Won - der - ful robe!

robe! Beau - ti - ful, beau - - - ti - ful robe of light. . . .
heav - en - ly robe! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful robe of light, robe of light.

No. 128.

SHOWALTER. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. F. FRANCIS.

1. Let ev - 'ry tongue Thy good-ness speak, Thou sovereign Lord of all;
2. When sor-rows bow the spir - it down, When vir - tue lies dis - tressed,
3. Thou know'st the pains Thy ser-vants feel, Thou hear'st thy chil - dren's cry:

Thy strength'ning hands up-hold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.
Be - neath the proud op - pressor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourn-er rest.
And their best wish - es to ful - fil, Thy grace is ev - er nigh.

No. 129.

WE ARE REDEEMED.

S. J. P.

S. J. PERRY.



1. We'll praise the name (we'll praise the name) of God a - bove (of God a - bove)
2. We'll praise the name (we'll praise the name) of Christ, the Son, (of Christ, the Son,)
3. The Spirit's praise (the Spir-it's praise) we'll sing each day, (we'll sing each day,)



Who saved us by (who saved us by) His pre-cious love; (His pre-cious love;)
 Who o'er the grave (who o'er the grave) hath vic - t'ry won, (hath vic - t'ry won,)
 For He doth lead (for He doth lead) us in the way; (us in the way;)



He gave His Son (He gave His Son) to bleed and die (to bleed and die)
 And sit - teth by (and sit - teth by) the Father's throne (the Fa - ther's throne)
 He'll help the weak (He'll help the weak) to o - ver - come, (to o - ver - come,)



For reb - els such (for reb - els such) as you and I. . . .
 To in - ter - cede (to in - ter - cede) for all His own. . . .
 And guide us safe - (and guide us safe -) ly to our home. . . .



WE ARE REDEEMED.

REFRAIN.



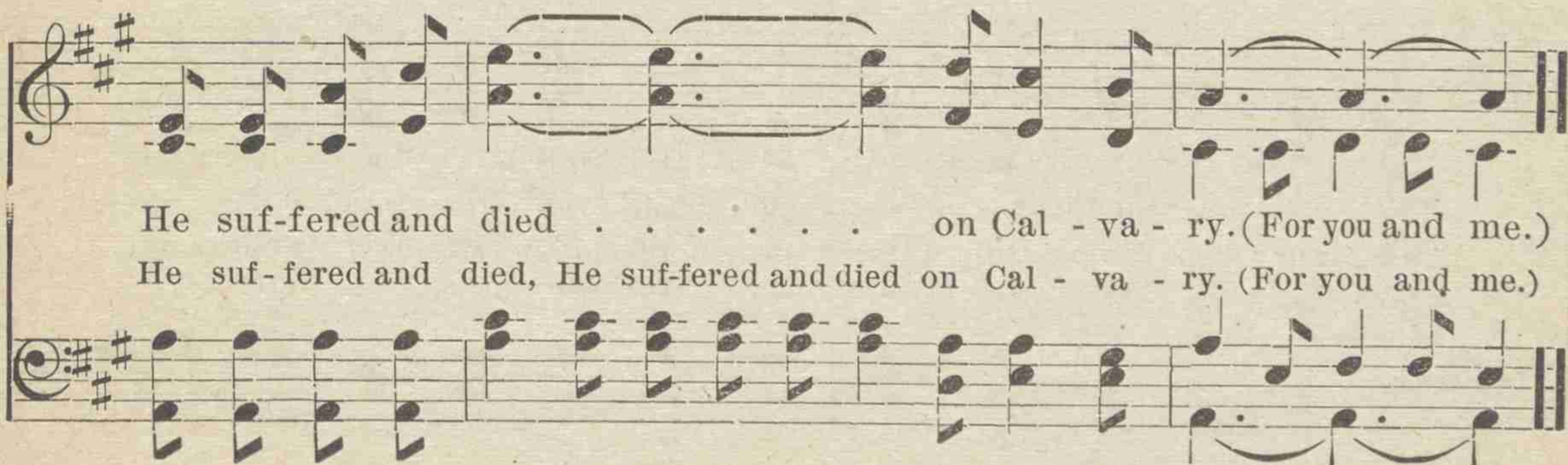
We are re - deemed, we are re - deemed,
We are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, We are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,



Christ paid the debt up - on the tree;
Christ paid the debt up - on the tree, He paid the debt for you and me;



We are re - deemed, we are re - deemed,
We are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, We are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,



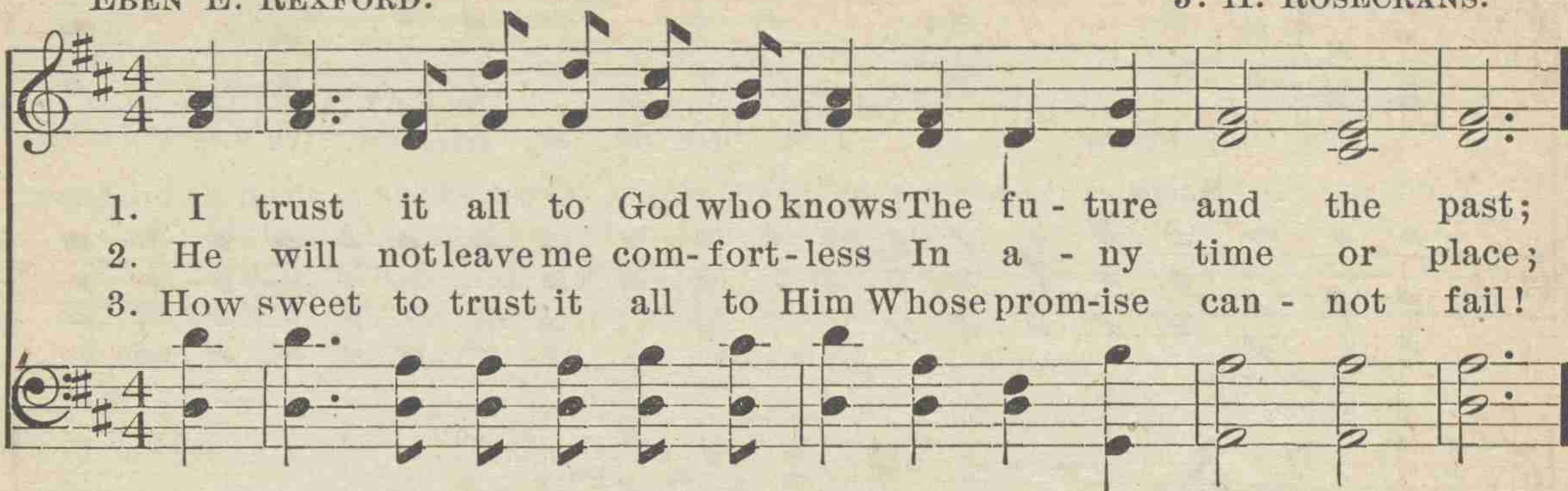
He suf-fered and died on Cal - va - ry. (For you and me.)
He suf-fered and died, He suf-fered and died on Cal - va - ry. (For you and me.)

No. 130.

ALL IN ALL.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

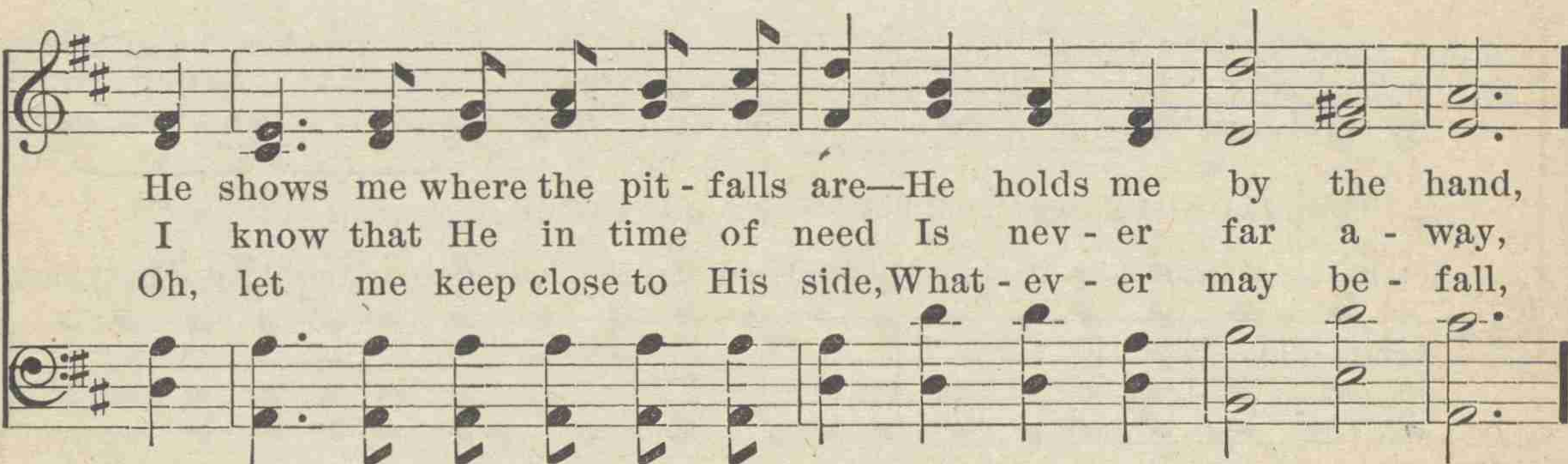
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. I trust it all to God who knows The fu - ture and the past;
 2. He will not leave me com-fort-less In a - ny time or place;
 3. How sweet to trust it all to Him Whose prom-ise can - not fail!



He shows me where the path-way is That lead - eth home at last.
 Though deep and dark the shad-ows are, I still shall see His face.
 To feel that he who fights with God Is might-y to pre - vail!



He shows me where the pit - falls are—He holds me by the hand,
 I know that He in time of need Is nev - er far a - way,
 Oh, let me keep close to His side, What - ev - er may be - fall,



And trust - ing ev - 'ry-thing to Him I jour - ney through the land.
 And so I lean up - on His love And trust Him more each day.
 And learn in sun-shine or in storm To trust Him all in all.

ALL IN ALL.

REFRAIN.

All in all, all in all! Though dark the way and dim,
All in all, all in all, the way and dim,

All in all, all in all! Though dark the way and dim,
"God knoweth best," my heart shall say, And trust it all to Him!
and trust it all to Him!

No. 131.

DODDRIDGE. C. M.

PHILLIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Do not I love Thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see;
2. Do not I love Thee from my soul? Then let me noth-ing love;
3. Is not Thy name me - lo - dious still To mine at - ten - tive ear?
4. Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock I would dis - dain to feed?
5. Thou know'st I love Thee, dear - est Lord, But O, I long to soar

And turn each curs - ed i - dol out, That dares to ri - val Thee.
Dead is my heart to ev - 'ry joy, When Je - sus can - not move.
Doth not each pulse with pleas - ure bound My Sav - iour's voice to hear?
Hast Thou a foe be - fore whose face I fear Thy cause to plead?
Far from the sphere of mor - tal joys And learn to love Thee more.

No. 132. THE REDEEMER IS HERE.

NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. There's a glit - ter - ing star o - ver - head, There is mu - sic di - vine in the air;
2. By the gleam of the won - der - ful star, While the an - gels the glad ti - dings sing,
3. He has come as the prophets fore - told, Yes, the bless - ed Re - deem - er has come;



In a man - ger where cat - tle are fed, Is an in - fant ex - ceed - ing - ly fair.
With their gifts from the regions a - far, Come the wise men to wor - ship the King.
He shall gath - er the lambs to His fold, And shall call the poor wan - der - ers home,



REFRAIN.



Spread the news all a - broad, Ring the
Spread the news all a - broad, spread the news all a - broad, Ring the



bells loud and clear, Sing ho - san - na to
bells loud and clear, ring the bells loud and clear, Sing ho - san - na to God, sing ho -



THE REDEEMER IS HERE.

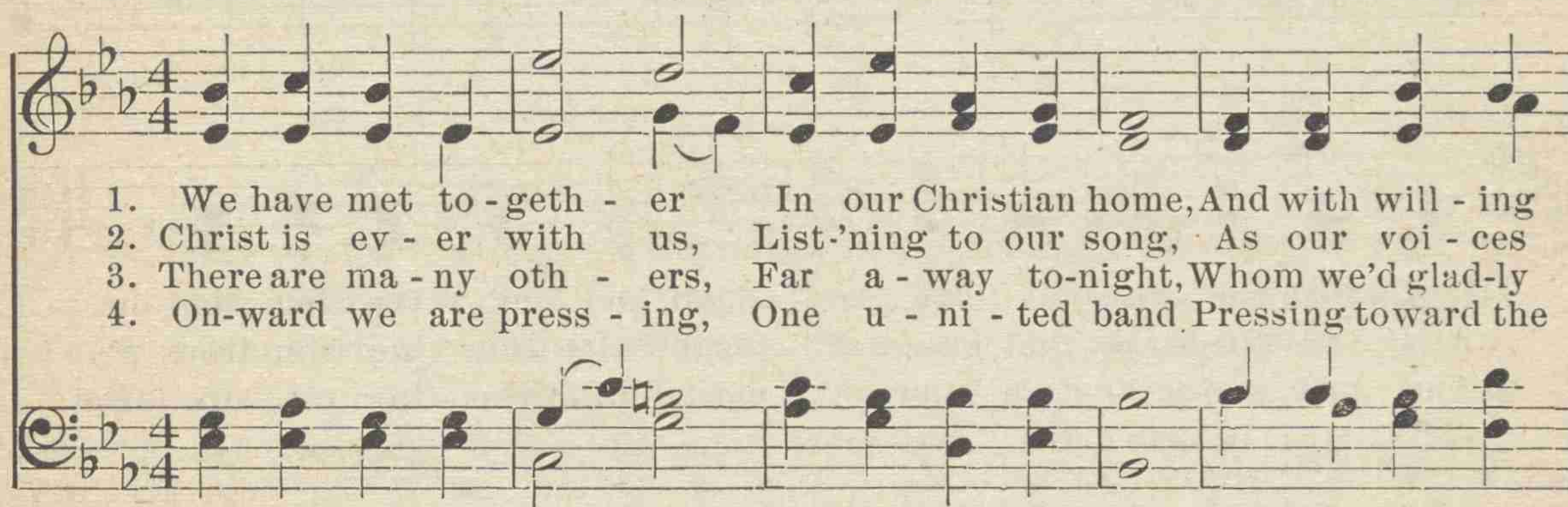


God, The Re-deem - er is here.
 san - na to God, The Re-deem - er, the Re-deem - er is here.

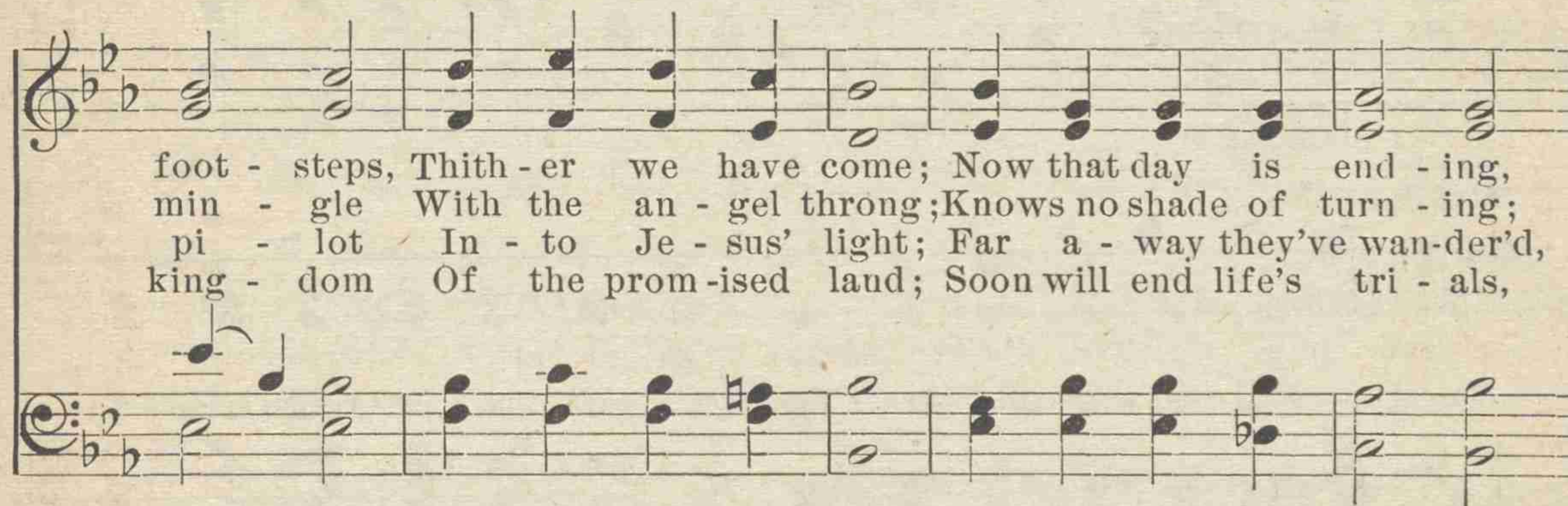
No. 133. EPWORTH GREETING SONG.

MARY M. LEIGHTON. Altered by E. R.

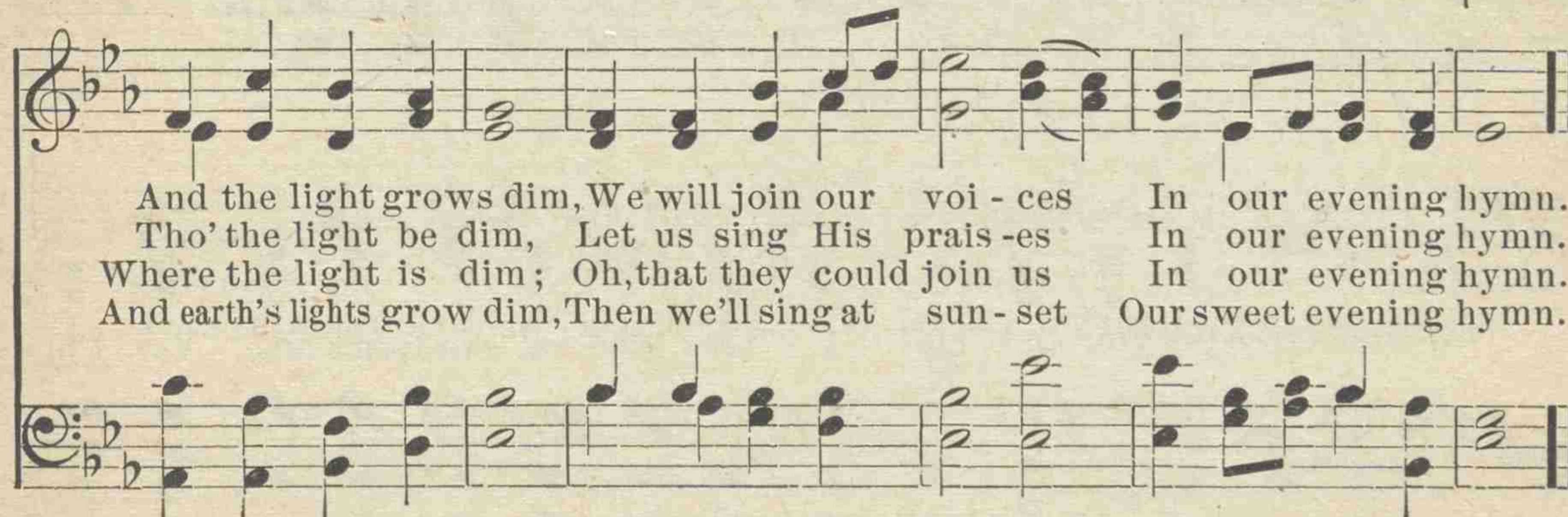
E. ROBERTS.



1. We have met to - geth - er In our Christian home, And with will - ing
 2. Christ is ev - er with us, List'ning to our song, As our voi - ces
 3. There are ma - ny oth - ers, Far a - way to - night, Whom we'd glad - ly
 4. On - ward we are press - ing, One u - ni - ted band Pressing toward the



foot - steps, Thith - er we have come; Now that day is end - ing,
 min - gle With the an - gel throng; Knows no shade of turn - ing;
 pi - lot In - to Je - sus' light; Far a - way they've wan - der'd,
 king - dom Of the prom - ised land; Soon will end life's tri - als,



And the light grows dim, We will join our voi - ces In our evening hymn.
 Tho' the light be dim, Let us sing His prais - es In our evening hymn.
 Where the light is dim; Oh, that they could join us In our evening hymn.
 And earth's lights grow dim, Then we'll sing at sun - set Our sweet evening hymn.

No. 134.

SALVATION'S FREE.

DODDRIDGE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear;
 2. Grace first con-trived a way To save re - bel - lious man;
 3. Grace taught my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'n - ly road;
 4. Grace all the work shall crown Throughev - er - last - ing days;




Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
 And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
 And new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.
 It lays in heav'n the top-most stone, And well de - serves the praise.



REFRAIN.



O I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, Yes, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, —Sal -




va - tion's free for you and me! I am glad sal - va - tion's free, Yes, I'm



SALVATION'S FREE.

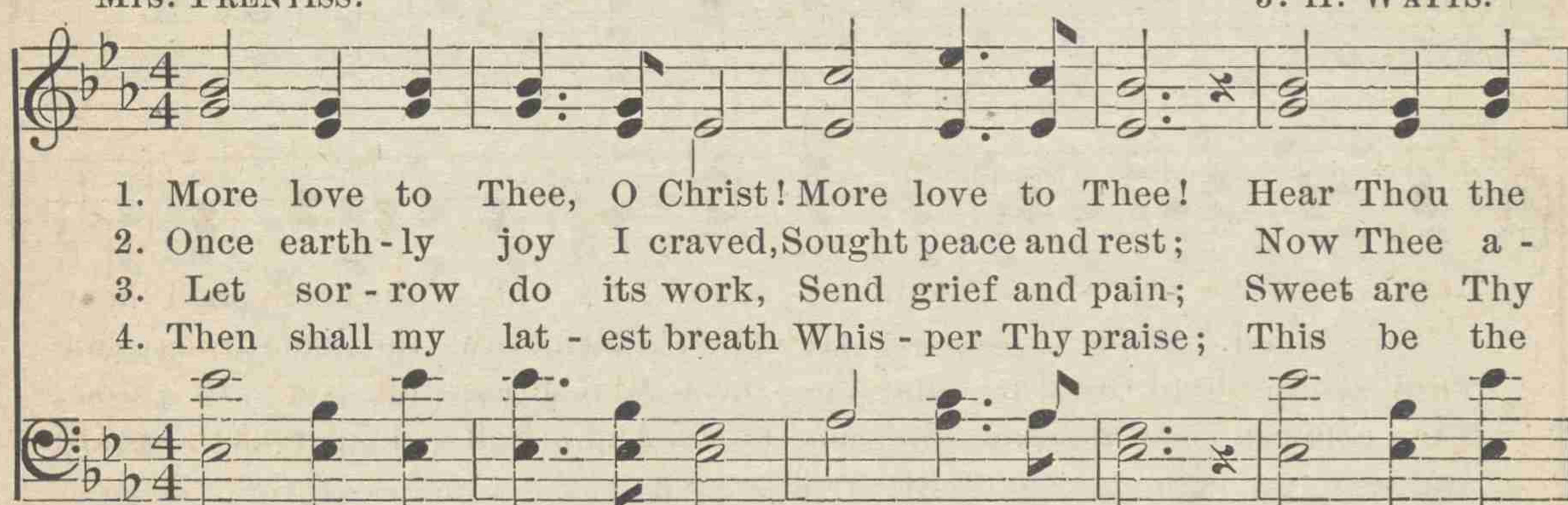


glad sal - va - tion's free, Sal - va - tion full for you and me!

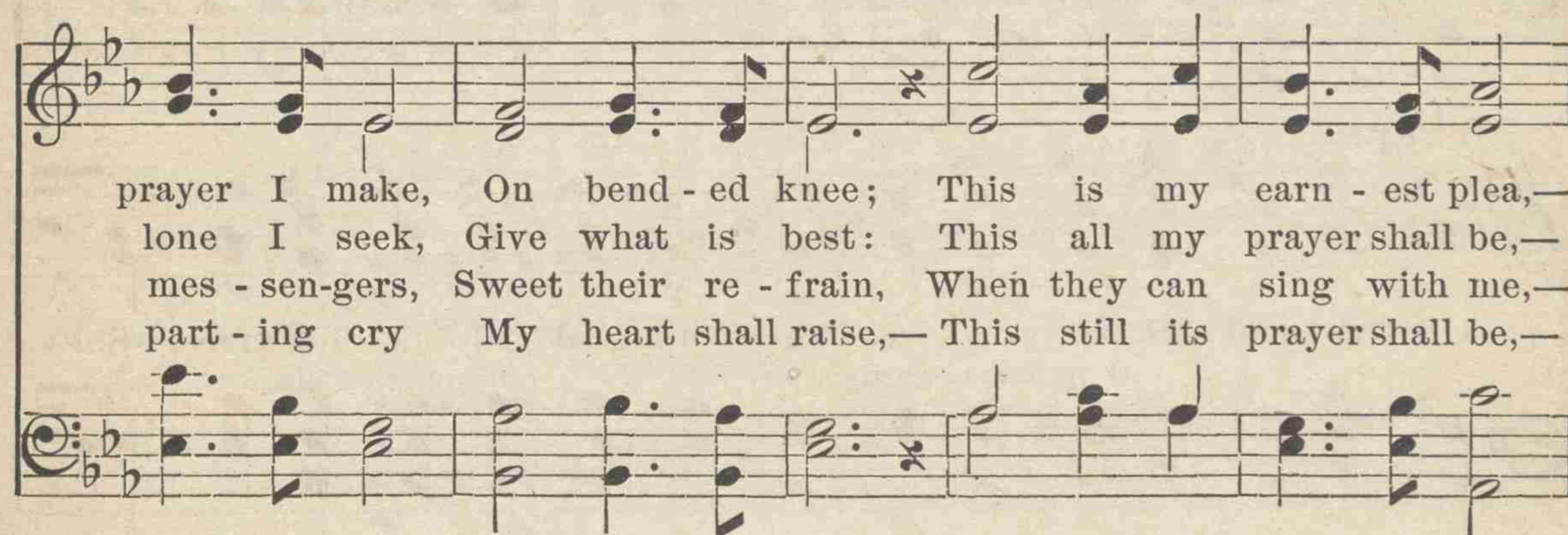
No. 135. MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. PRENTISS.

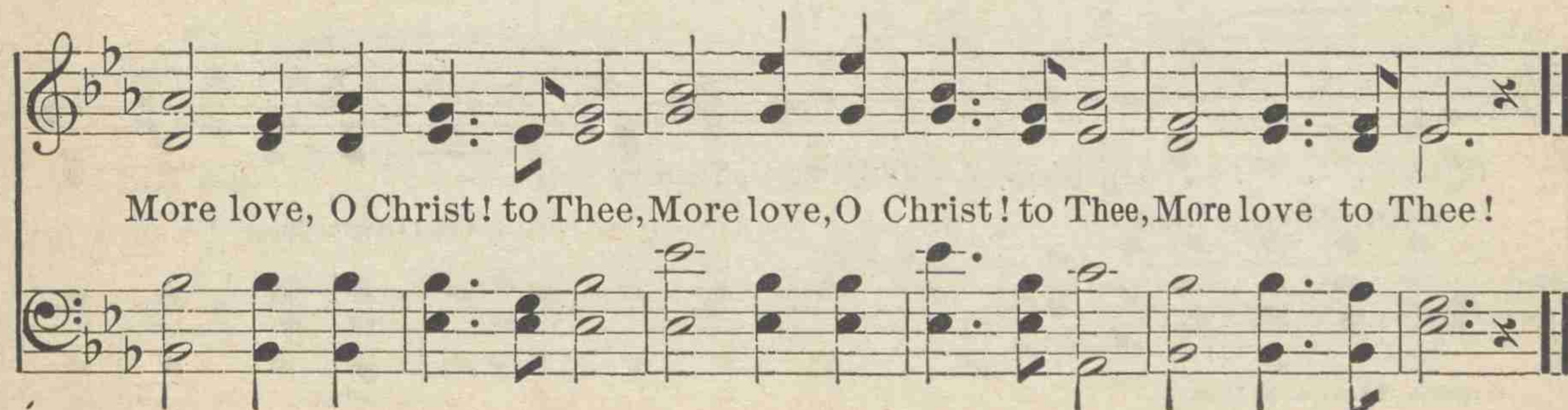
J. H. WATTS.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,—
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,—
 mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise,— This still its prayer shall be,—



More love, O Christ! to Thee, More love, O Christ! to Thee, More love to Thee!

No. 136. NO PAIN NOR SORROW SHALL BE THERE.

JENNIE WILSON.

Rev. 21: 9.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Good for Quartet and Chorus.



1. When "former things" have pass'd a - way, And we have reached the cit - y fair,
2. God's ten - der hand will dry our tears, And ban - ish wear - i - ness and care;
3. Be - yond the pearl - y gates of peace The cross of grief no soul shall bear,
4. O blest as - sur - ance! by and by, The home of an - gels we shall share,



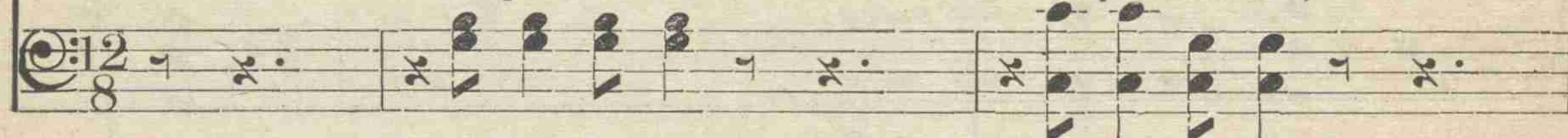
Il - lum - ined by e - ter - nal day, "No pain nor sor - row shall be there."
 Thro' all the glad ce - les - tial years, "No pain nor sor - row shall be there."
 Then com - eth per - fect, sweet release, "No pain nor sor - row shall be there."
 And, safe in man - sions built on high, We'll find no pain nor sor - row there.



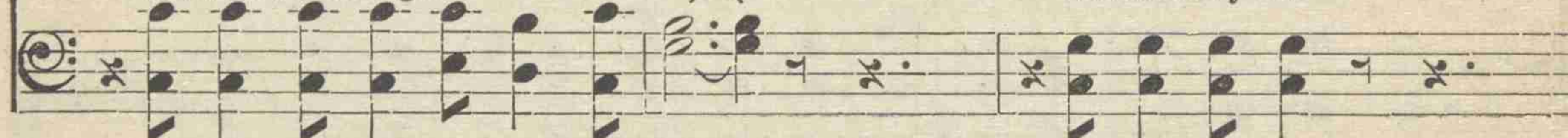
CHORUS.



O prec - ious words be - yond the tide, Where dwell in
 O precious words be - yond the tide,



light . . . the glo - ri - fied, All earth - ly ills . . . are laid a -
 Where dwell in light All earth - ly ills



NO PAIN NOR SORROW SHALL BE THERE.

side, "No pain nor sor - row shall be there."
are laid a - side,

No. 137. PROVE THAT YOU'VE BEEN WITH JESUS.

Mrs. G. M. HARRINGTON.

E. ROBERTS.

1. If saved by Je-sus' mer-it, Then bear His likeness true, And as you journey
2. Be gen-tle when man wrongs you, Re-venge and pride subdue, Check each re-bel-lious
3. Be brave in paths of du-ty, And scorn to be un-true; When fear would think of
4. Then, feeding on His man-na, Your dai-ly task pur-sue; Be it your life's en-
on-ward, Ask, "what would Je - sus do?" Prove that you've been with Je - sus, That
mur-mur With "what would Je - sus do?"
yield-ing, Ask, "what would Je - sus do?"
deav-or To do as He would do.
He has been with you; Prove that you've been with Je - sus, In ev - 'ry - thing you do.

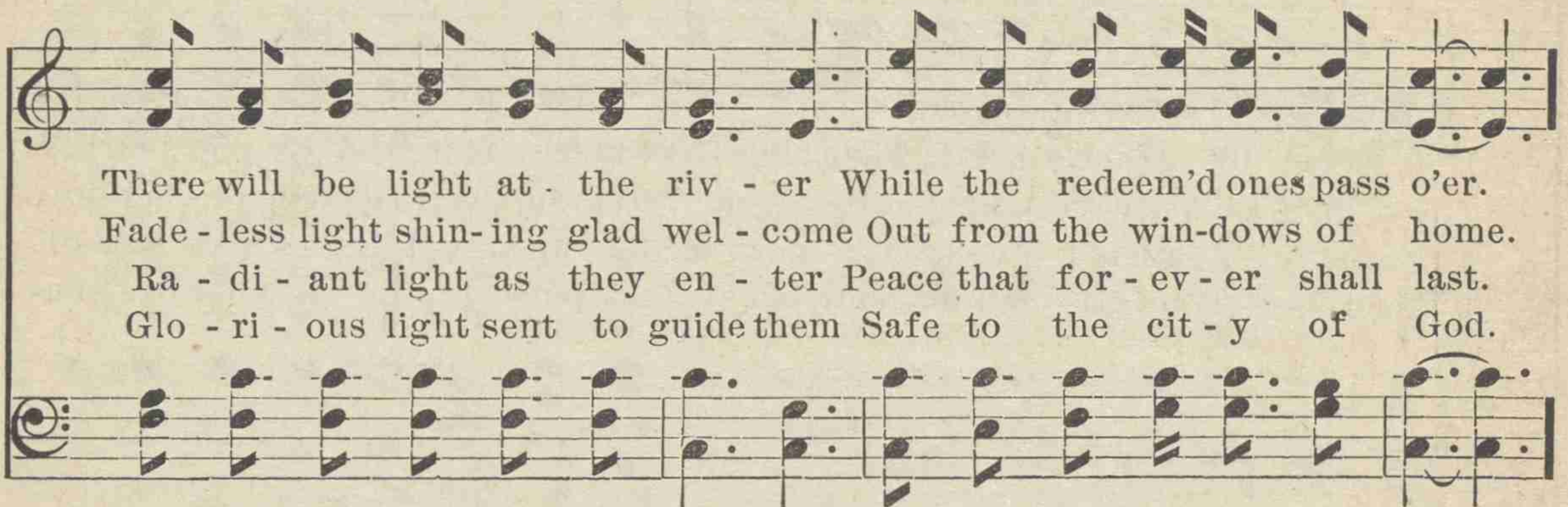
No. 138. THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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



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

REFRAIN.



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



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

THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

light at the riv - er, While the re-deem'd ones pass o'er. . . .
 light at the riv - er, While the re-deem'd ones pass o'er, pass o'er.

No. 139. NEW YEAR'S WISHES.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. ROBERTS.

1. What shall I wish thee? Treasures of earth? Song in the spring-time, Pleasures and mirth?
2. What shall I wish thee? What can be found Bringing the sun-shine All the year round?
3. Faith that increaseth, Walking in light; Hope that aboundeth, Hap- py and bright;
4. Peace in the Saviour, Rest at His feet, Smile of His countenance Radiant and sweet,

Flow'rs on the pathway, Skies ev-er clear? Would this en-sure thee A Happy New Year?
 Where is the treasure Last-ing and dear That shall ensure thee A Happy New Year?
 Love that is per-fect, Cast-ing out fear; These shall ensure thee A Happy New Year.
 Joy in His presence, Christ ev-er near! This will en-sure thee A Happy New Year.

REFRAIN.

A Happy New Year, A Happy New Year, Would this en-sure thee A Hap-py New Year?
 A Happy New Year, A Happy New Year, That shall en-sure thee A Hap-py New Year.
 A Happy New Year, A Happy New Year, These shall en-sure thee A Hap-py New Year.
 A Happy New Year, A Happy New Year, This will en-sure thee A Hap-py New Year.

F. M. DAVIS.

B. F. SHOWALTER.



1. Je - sus wants workers, O who will go And reap in the fields read - y white?
2. Je - sus wants workers, He calls to - day, Go forth, the command is to all;
3. Je - sus wants workers, O why de - lay? Go out in the by-ways of sin;



Thrust in the sick - le and reap the grain, Ere fall-eth the shadows of night.
Gath-ersome sheaves for the Har-vest Home, O - bey-ing your Lord's earnest call.
Lift up the fall - en and save the lost, Go gath-er the wan-der-ers in.



REFRAIN.



Je - sus wants workers, O heed the call! Go work for your Master and Lord;



Gath-er some sheaves for the Har-vest Home, And gain an e - ter - nal re - ward.



No. 141. A DOWN THE STREAM OF TIME.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

H. N. LINCOLN.

Smooth and gliding.

1. A - down the stream of time we glide; Dear Lord, be Thou our stay,
 2. We're drifting, float-ing, glid-ing on, To vast e - ter - ni - ty,

Till, o'er the riv - er deep and wide, We cross to end - less day.
 Where, in a nev - er end - ing song, We'll praise e - ter - nal - ly.

Then Je - sus keep us near Thy side, Take all our fears a - way;
 Our days of sor - row soon are gone; We're near - er, Lord, to Thee;

We'll praise Thy name be - yond the tide, Thro' heav'n's e - ter - nal day.
 Not long till we shall join the throng, Be - yond the Jas - per sea.

Copyright, 1896, by H. N. Lincoln.

No. 142.

GOOD-NIGHT.

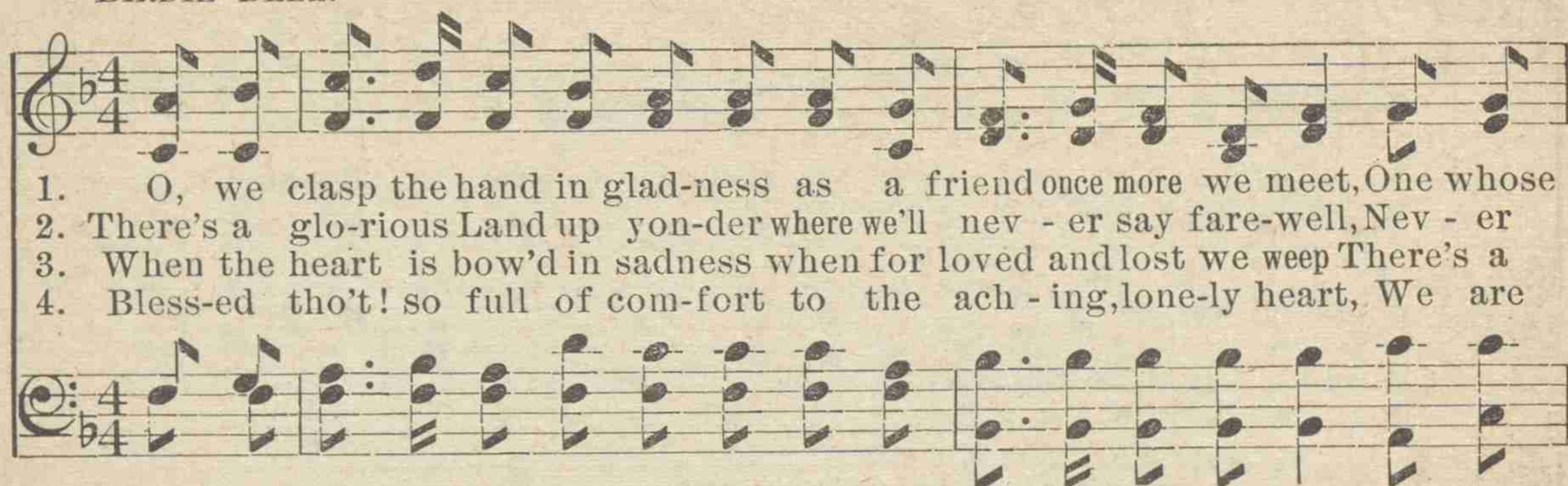
Music of No. 141.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 The time for parting now has come;
 We leave these scenes so bright;
 May peace go with us to each home,
 For now we sing good-night.</p> | <p>2 Good-night, we sing this parting song,
 For faded is the light;
 O may we not be parted long,
 Good-night to all, good-night.</p> |
|--|--|

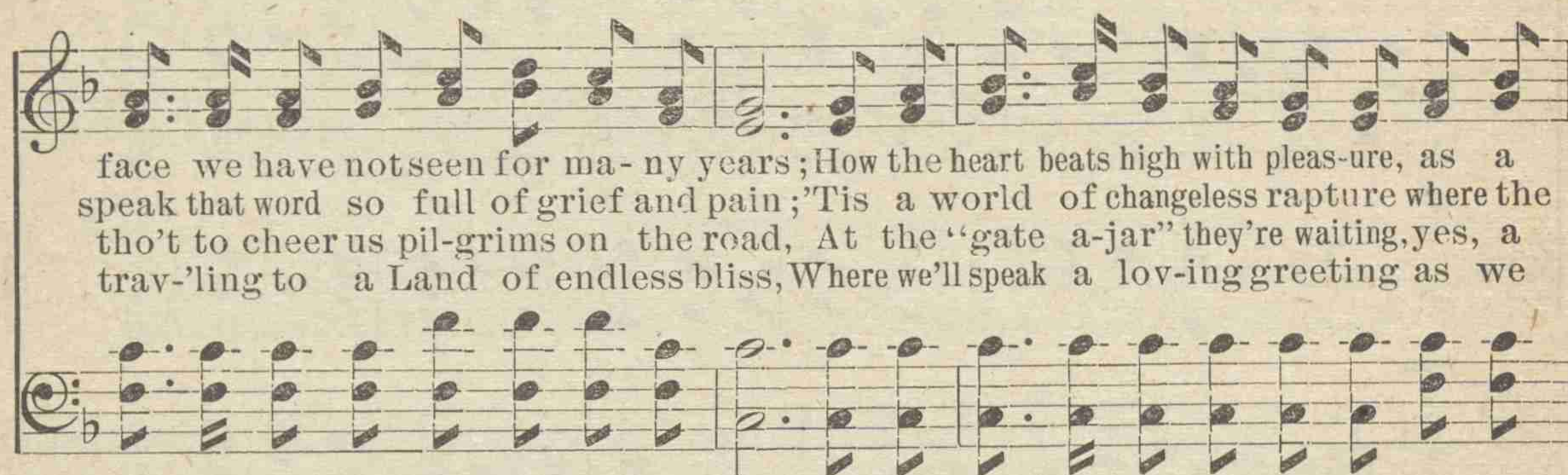
No. 143. WE SHALL NEVER SAY FAREWELL.

BIRDIE BELL.

H. N. LINCOLN.



1. O, we clasp the hand in glad-ness as a friend once more we meet, One whose
 2. There's a glo-rious Land up yon-der where we'll nev - er say fare-well, Nev - er
 3. When the heart is bow'd in sadness when for loved and lost we weep There's a
 4. Bless-ed tho't! so full of com-fort to the ach-ing, lone-ly heart, We are



face we have not seen for ma - ny years; How the heart beats high with pleas-ure, as a
 speak that word so full of grief and pain; 'Tis a world of changeless rapture where the
 tho't to cheer us pil-grims on the road, At the "gate a-jar" they're waiting, yes, a
 trav-'ling to a Land of endless bliss, Where we'll speak a lov-ing greeting as we



wel-come we re-peat, Long a - go we sad - ly part-ed, —'twas in tears.
 white-rob'd spir - its dwell, And the ransomed ones for - ev - er shall re-main.
 watch for us they keep, Till we join them in their hap - py, blest a - bode.
 meet no more to part, Find-ing in *that* world the treas-ures lost in *this*.

CHORUS.



We shall meet . . . no more to part Bless - ed
 We shall meet no more to part,

WE SHALL NEVER SAY FAREWELL.

thought . . . it soothes my heart; In that
 Bless - ed thought it soothes my heart; In that land, that
 land where an - gels dwell We shall nev - er say fare-well, fare-well.
 land where an - gels dwell We shall nev - er, nev - er say fare - well, fare-well.

No. 144.

ASPIRATION.

JOSEPHINE RAND.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Light of my life! In lov-ing ad - o - ration, The flow'r-cup of my soul doth ope to Thee;
 2. Sun of my soul! Thou sun of suns e - ter-nal, Reach with Thy smile the germ with-in my heart,
 3. Light of my life! So shall that germ, a-wak-ing, Answer Thy smile, and Thy be-hest o - bey,
 Bask-ing in warmth And in the glowing sunbeams Which straight from Thy great heart do fall on me.
 Which by Thy grace, Im-plant-ed by Thy mer-cy, Waits but the im-pulse light and love impart.
 Burst in-to leaf, And blos-som-ing and fruitage, Bringing my soul to Thy e-ter-nal day.

No. 145.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

To my friend and classmate, J. S. Hendricks.

J. P. L.

J. P. LANE.



1. O, how oft we sing of that fair cit - y, Of its gates of pearl and streets of gold;
2. O, I would my ears could catch the mu-sic, As it floats up-on the heav'nly plain;
3. Soon the wea-ry toil will all be o - ver; Soon we'll reach our heav'nly home on high;



But the grandeur of its heav'nly mu - sic Yet remains a won-der still un-told.
O, I would my voice could join the chorus, With the ransom'd throng in glad refrain.
In the bright and golden cit - y, broth-er, We shall join the chorus by and by.



REFRAIN.



In the bright and gold - en cit - y, In the
In the bright, yes, in the bright and gold - en cit - y, gold - en cit - y, In the



Par - - - a - dise on high, We shall
Par - a - dise on high, In the Par - a - dise on high, We shall



THE GOLDEN CITY.

meet . . . a - gain, my broth - er, . . . In the
 meet a - gain, my broth - er, We shall meet a - gain, my broth - er, In the

glo - rious by and by. *rit.*
 glo - rious by and by, In the glo - rious by and by.

No. 146. A LITTLE WHILE. C. M.

"A little while and ye shall not see me; and again a little while and ye shall see me." John 16: 17.

Rev. H. PERRY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. "A lit - tle while," the Mas - ter says, "I needs must go a - way, A
 2. Have faith in God, be - lieve in Me, 'A lit - tle while' at most, Then
 3. Re - mem - ber well My prom - ised word, Lest sin your hearts be - guile, While
 4. "A lit - tle while" and sin no more Shall o'er the earth pre - vail, But

lit - tle while; yes, ma - ny days, Then comes the crown - ing day, Then comes the crowning day.
 where I am, there you shall be, With the re - deem - ed host, With the re - deem - ed host.
 I your Brother, Friend and Lord, Be gone 'a lit - tle while', Be gone 'a lit - tle while'.
 ev'rywhere, from shore to shore, Brother will brother hail, Brother will brother hail.

5 "A little while," o'er land and sea
 Will go the glad refrain;
 Blessing, and honor, power be
 To Him who once was slain.

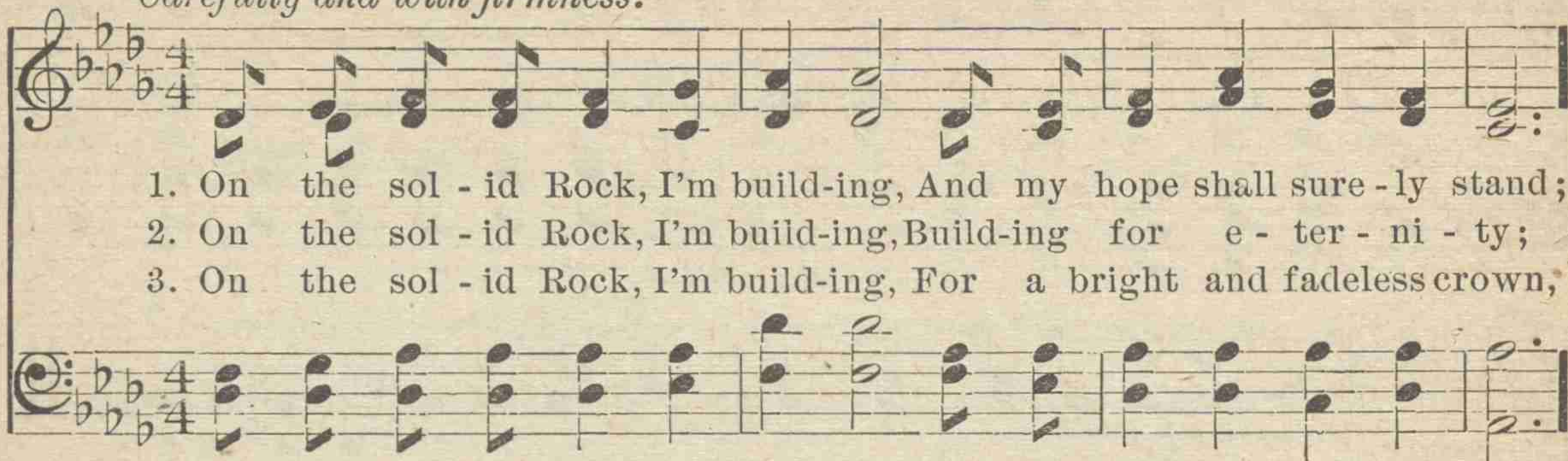
6 "A little while," and O! the joy
 Of those whom Christ will own,
 Of those who'll have the sweet employ
 To stand before His throne.

No. 147.

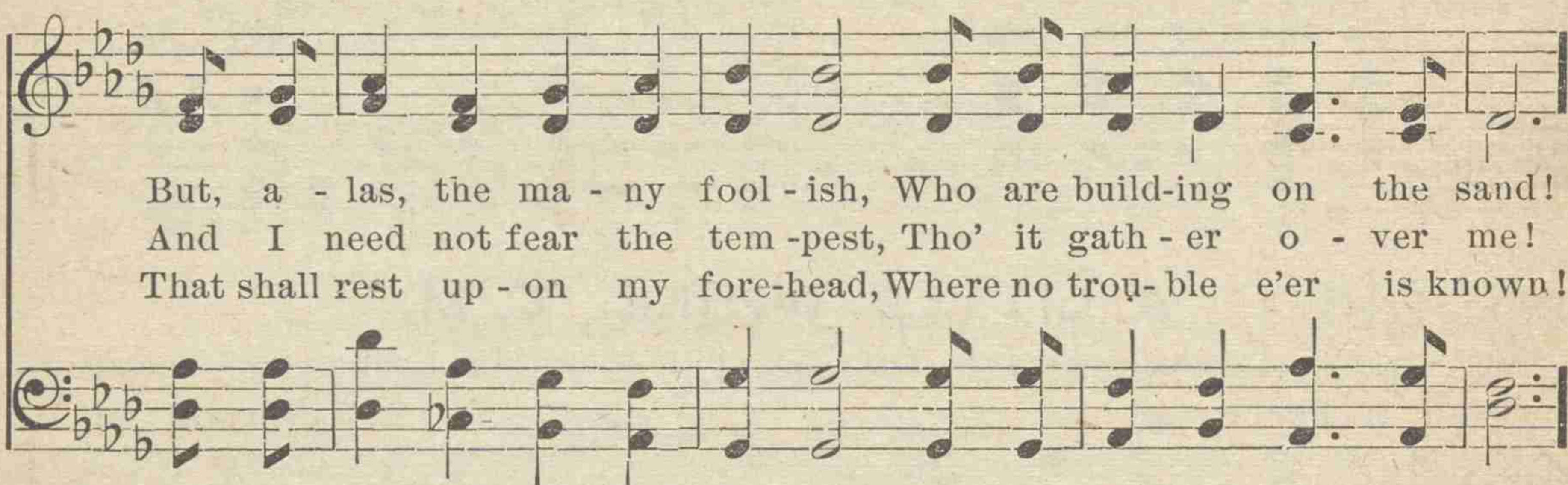
ON THE SOLID ROCK.

E. R. LATTA.

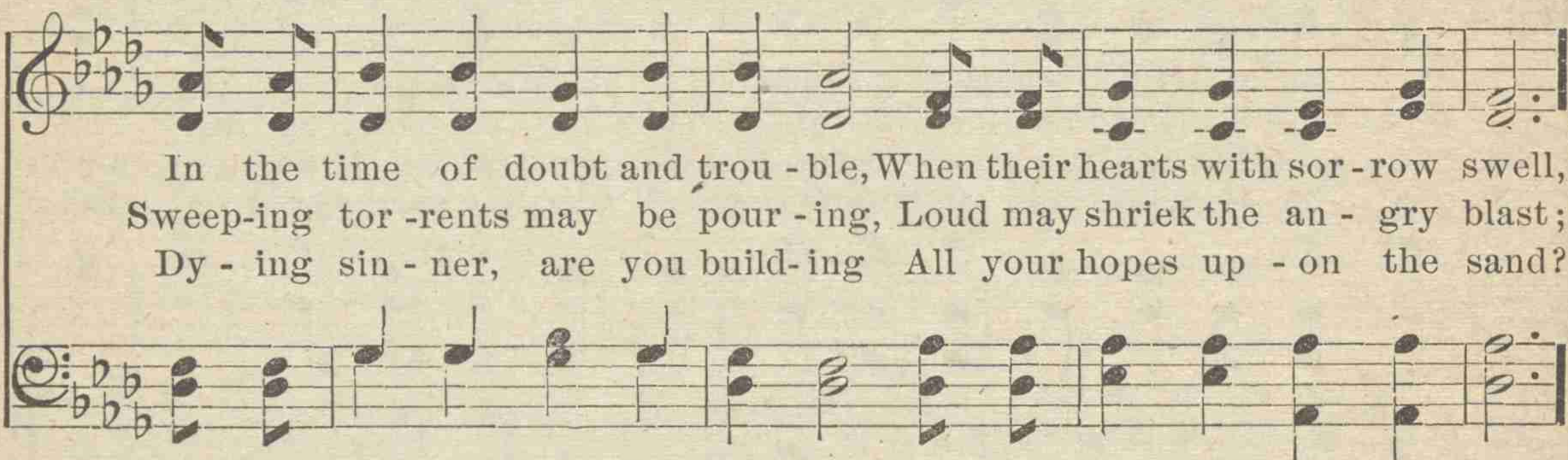
H. N. LINCOLN.

Carefully and with firmness.


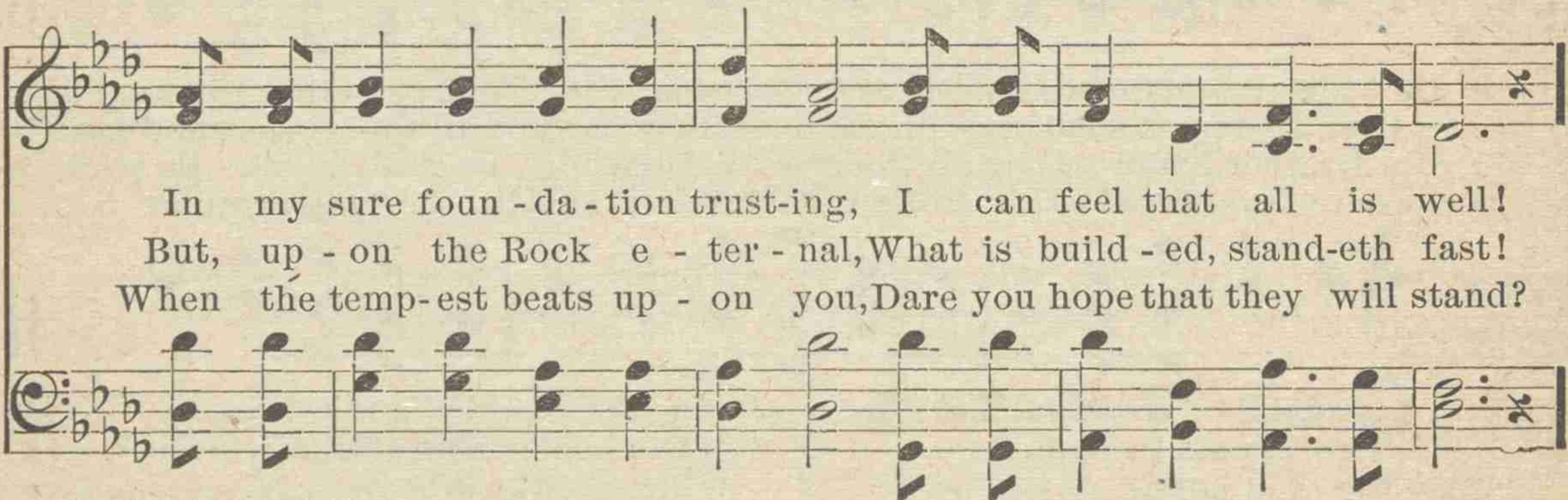
1. On the sol - id Rock, I'm build-ing, And my hope shall sure - ly stand;
 2. On the sol - id Rock, I'm build-ing, Build-ing for e - ter - ni - ty;
 3. On the sol - id Rock, I'm build-ing, For a bright and fadeless crown,



But, a - las, the ma - ny fool - ish, Who are build-ing on the sand!
 And I need not fear the tem - pest, Tho' it gath - er o - ver me!
 That shall rest up - on my fore-head, Where no trou - ble e'er is known!



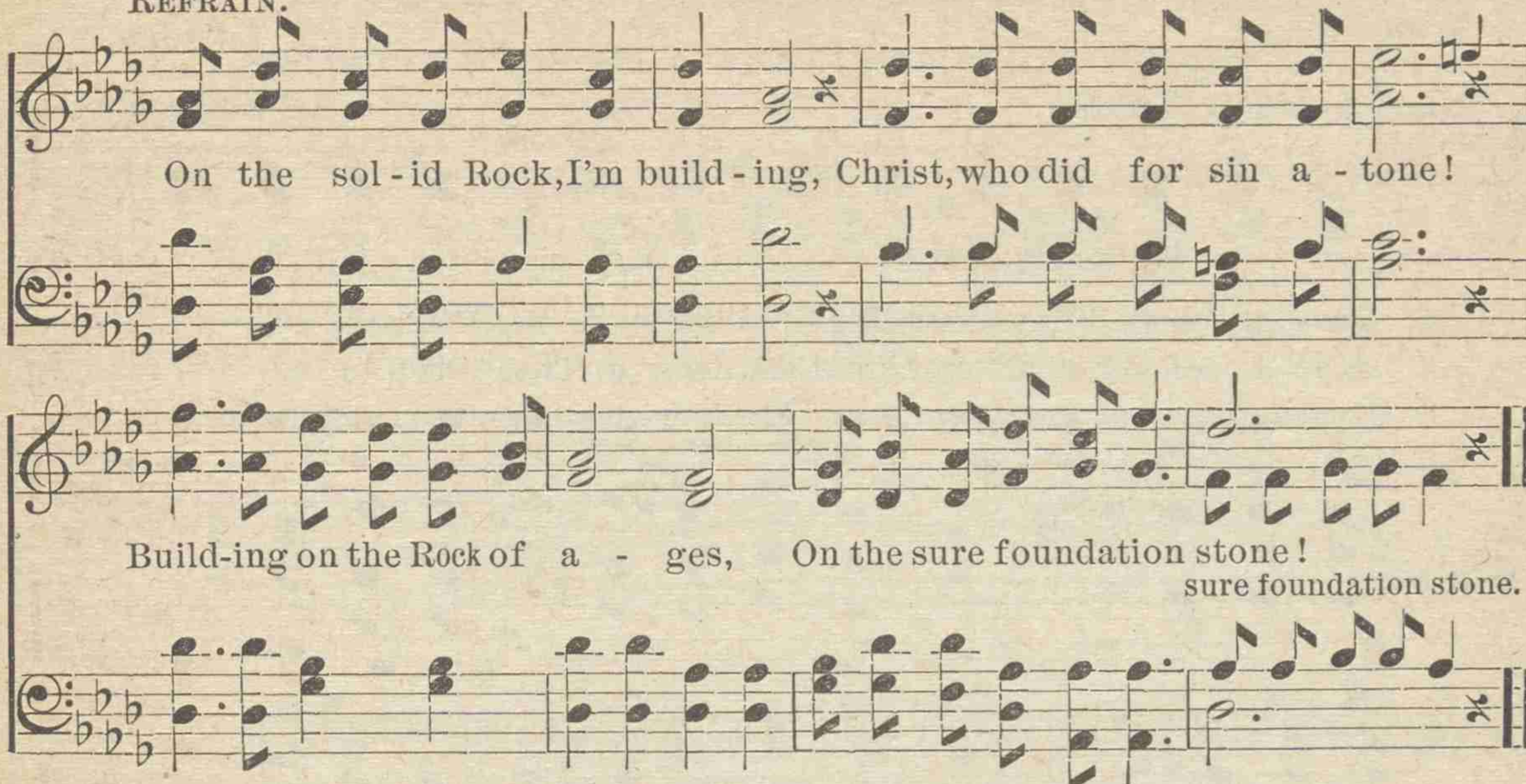
In the time of doubt and trou - ble, When their hearts with sor - row swell,
 Sweep-ing tor - rents may be pour - ing, Loud may shriek the an - gry blast;
 Dy - ing sin - ner, are you build-ing All your hopes up - on the sand?



In my sure foun - da - tion trust-ing, I can feel that all is well!
 But, up - on the Rock e - ter - nal, What is build - ed, stand-eth fast!
 When the temp-est beats up - on you, Dare you hope that they will stand?

ON THE SOLID ROCK.

REFRAIN.



On the sol-id Rock, I'm build-ing, Christ, who did for sin a - tone!

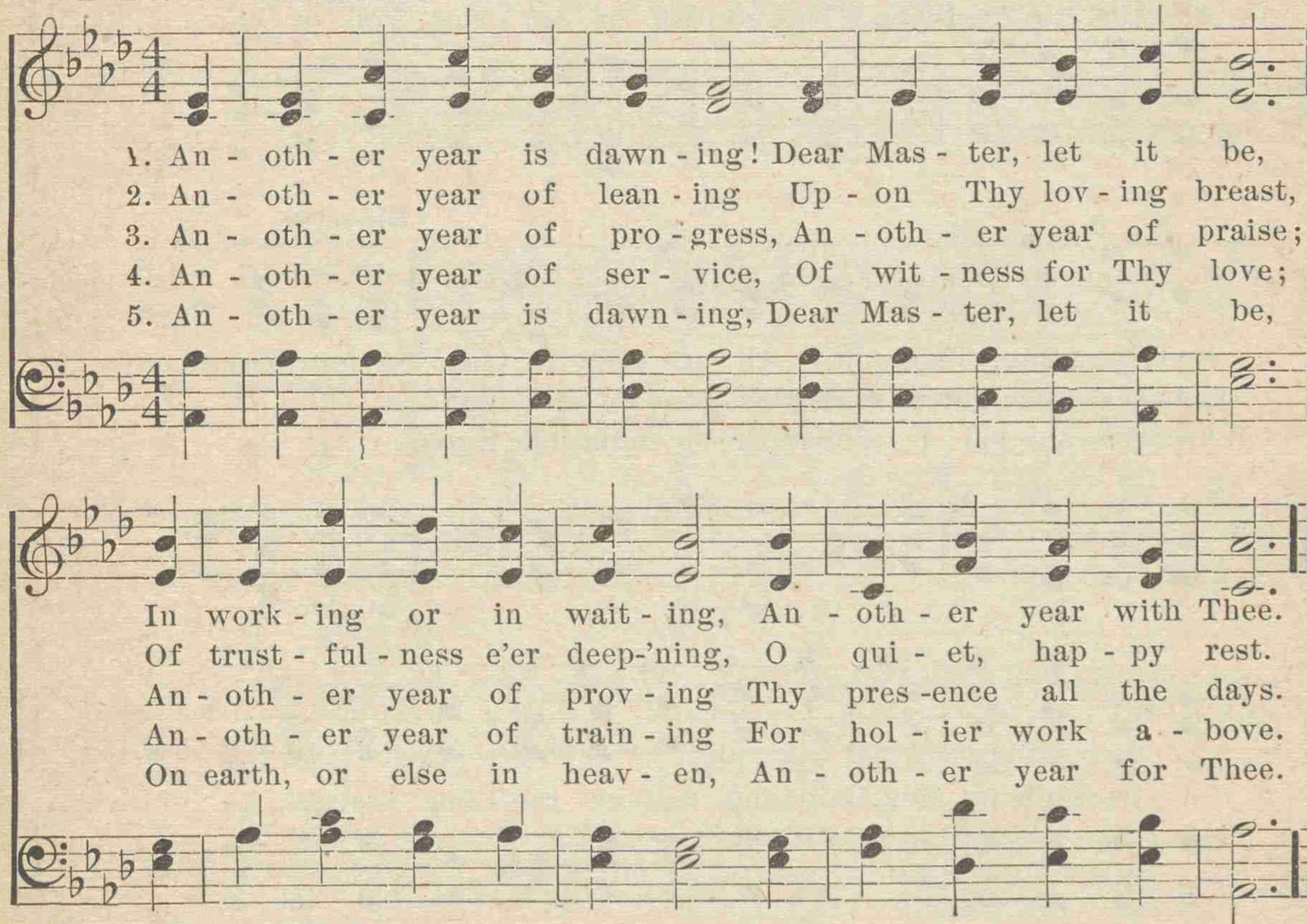
Build-ing on the Rock of a - ges, On the sure foundation stone!
sure foundation stone.

No. 148.

ANOTHER YEAR. 7, 6.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. ROBERTS.



1. An - oth - er year is dawn-ing! Dear Mas - ter, let it be,
2. An - oth - er year of lean-ing Up - on Thy lov-ing breast,
3. An - oth - er year of pro-gress, An - oth - er year of praise;
4. An - oth - er year of ser-vice, Of wit-ness for Thy love;
5. An - oth - er year is dawn-ing, Dear Mas - ter, let it be,
In work-ing or in wait-ing, An - oth - er year with Thee.
Of trust-ful-ness e'er deep-'ning, O qui-et, hap-py rest.
An - oth - er year of prov-ing Thy pres-ence all the days.
An - oth - er year of train-ing For hol-ier work a - bove.
On earth, or else in heav-en, An - oth - er year for Thee.

No. 149. SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend, F. A. Fowler, New Haven, Conn.

REV. GODFREY THRING.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Sav-iour, blessed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voi - ces raising
2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee! Deep in ad - o - ra - tion,
3. Great and ev - er great - er Are Thy mer - cies here, True and ev - er - last - ing



Prais - es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,
Bending low the knee: Thou for our re - demp - tion Cam'st on earth to die;
Are the glo - ries there, Where no pain or sor - row, Toil or care is known,



REFRAIN.

Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. Saviour, blessed Sav - iour,
Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.
Where the an - gel le - gions Cir - cle round Thy throne.



Lis - ten while we sing, Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing Prais - es to our King.



No. 150.

CARE FOR ME.

ANON.

JAS. T. ALLEN.



1. Sav - iour, bless a lit - tle child; Teach my heart the way to Thee;
2. I am young, but Thou hast said All who will may come to Thee;
3. Je - sus, help me, I am weak; Let me put my trust in Thee;
4. All my days be Thou my guide, Light and strength and joy to me;



Make me gen - tle, meek and mild; Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
 Feed my soul with liv - ing bread; Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
 Teach me how and what to speak; Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.
 And when life is end - ed here, Let me find my heav'n with Thee.



REFRAIN.



Care for me, care for me, Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me;



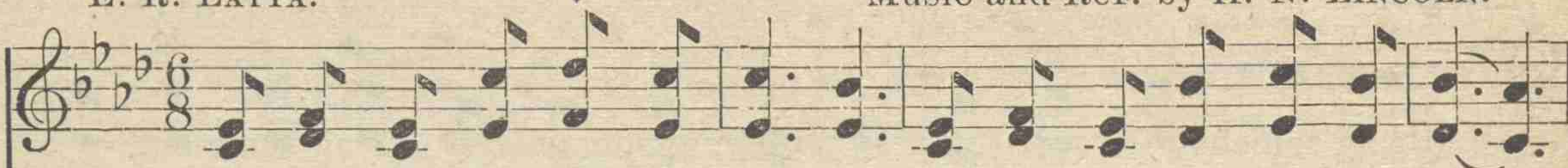
Care for me, care for me, Lov - ing Sav - iour, care for me.



No. 151. BRING SOMEBODY TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA.

Music and Ref. by H. N. LINCOLN.



1. If you have on - ly one tal - ent, It to the Sav - iour be - longs!
2. If you have on - ly one tal - ent, Let it not i - dle re - main;
3. If you have on - ly one tal - ent, En - vy not those who have more!



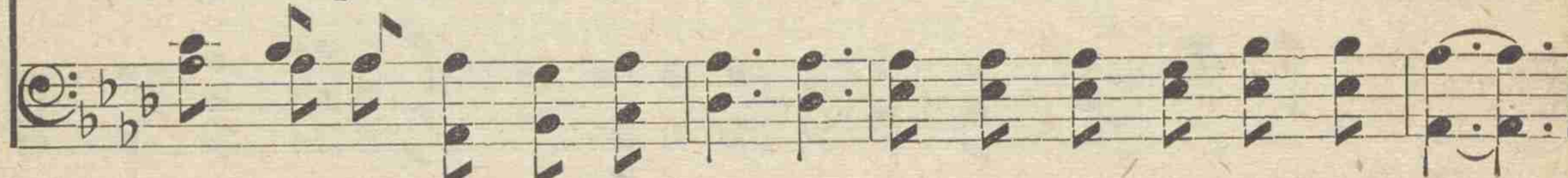
Out in the path - ways of e - vil, Wit - ness the per - ish - ing throngs!
Put it to use, for the Mas - ter, That it a lit - tle may gain!
Where but a lit - tle is giv - en, There is the less to re - store!



Fast as the mo - ments are speed - ing, Sin - ners are near - ing their end;
You may, tho' ev - er so hum - ble, Tell of His good - ness to you;
On - ly be earn - est and faith - ful, Pray'r - ful - ly do - ing your best!



Yet, they will slight their Re - deem - er, — Je - sus, the sin - ner's best friend!
Pos - si - bly lead - ing some oth - er, Je - sus, his Lord, to pur - sue!
Tell the glad news of sal - va - tion, Leav - ing with Je - sus the rest.



BRING SOMEBODY TO JESUS.!

REFRAIN.



Bring somebod - y to Je - sus, Bring some-bod - y, bring some-bod - y,



Bring some-bod - y to Je - sus, The sin - ner's dear - est Friend.



No. 152.

EVENING SHADOWS.

REV. RAY PALMER.

E. ROBERTS.



1. 'Mid evening shadows let us all be watching, Ev - er in psalms our deep devotion
2. That to the Ho - ly King our songs ascending, We worthily with all His saints may
3. This grace O grant us, God-head ever bless-ed, Of Fa - ther, Son and Holy Ghost in



wak-ing, And with one voice hymns to the Lord, the Saviour, Sweetly be sing - ing.
en - ter The heav'nly temple, joy-ful - ly par-tak-ing Life ev - er-last - ing.
un-ion, Whose praises be thro' earth's most distant regions, Ever re-sound - ing.



No. 153.

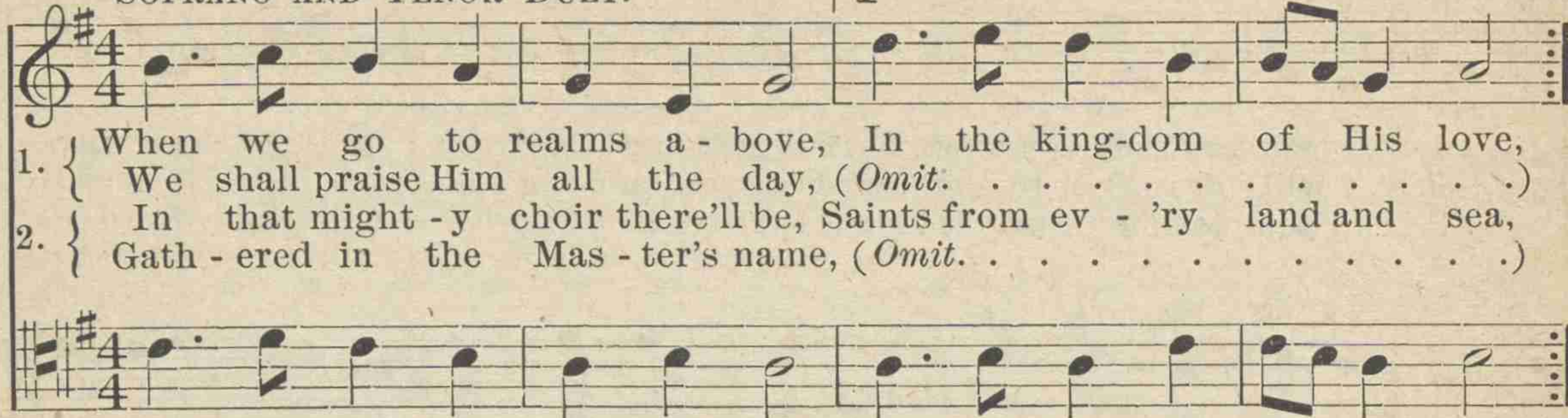
THE HARPS OF HEAVEN.

W. H. GARDNER.

S. J. PERRY.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.

1



1. { When we go to realms a - bove, In the king-dom of His love,
We shall praise Him all the day, (*Omit.*)

2. { In that might - y choir there'll be, Saints from ev - 'ry land and sea,
Gath - ered in the Mas - ter's name, (*Omit.*)

REFRAIN.

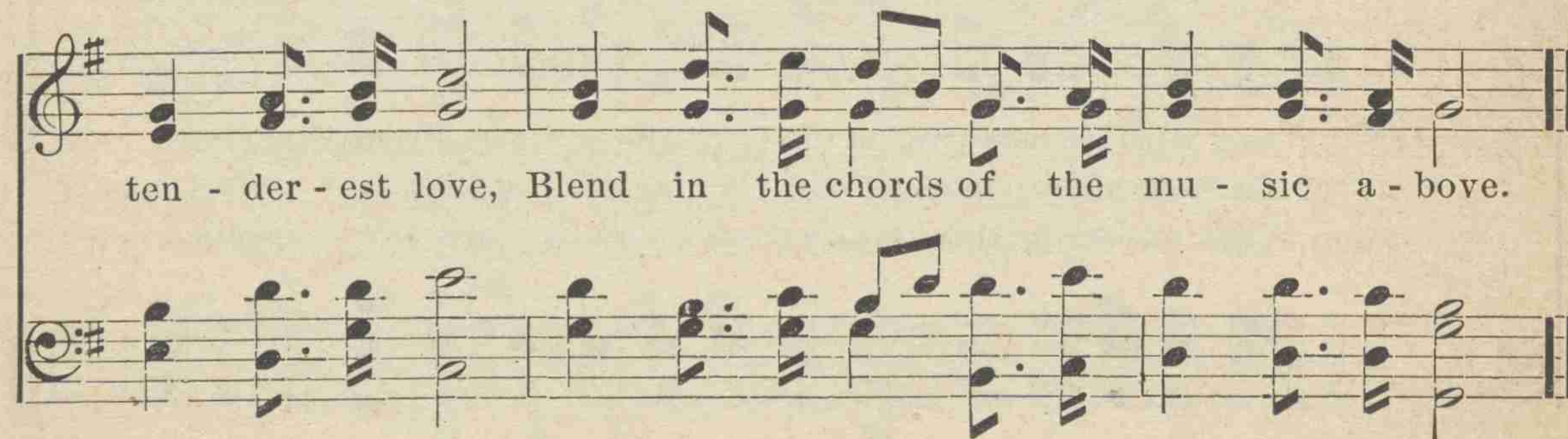


2

And on harps of gold we'll play, Prais-ing the name of the Sav - iour of men,
And His glo - ry they'll proclaim,



O - ver and o - ver and o - ver a - gain; Won - der - ful sweetness, and



ten - der - est love, Blend in the chords of the mu - sic a - bove.

No. 154.

SAVED BY GRACE.

E. R. LATTA.

H. N. LINCOLN.

ALTO AND TENOR.

QUARTET.

SOPRANO AND BASS.

1. I have learn'd a sweet new song, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! I to Christ the Lord be-
 2. I will strive to keep from sin, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! And a fadeless crown to
 3. Tho' temptation me may try, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! I will on my Lord re-
 4. If my all to Him I give, Sav'd by grace! sav'd by grace! He will keep me while I

SEMI-CHORUS.

REFRAIN. FULL CHORUS.

long, Saved by grace! saved by grace! Where the saints and an - gels
 win, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
 ly, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
 live, Saved by grace! saved by grace!

are, And no blight of sin can mar; I shall
 saints and an - gels are, And no blight, and no blight of sin can mar; I shall

see Him face to face, Saved by grace! saved by grace!
 see Him, I shall see Him face to face, saved by grace!

No. 155.

I'M REDEEMED.

Rev. L. A. MORRIS.

E. B. FOWLER.

Joyously.

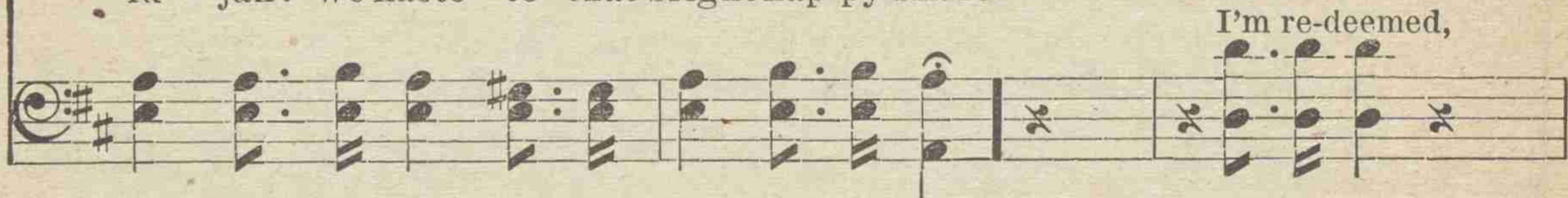
1. I'm re-deemed from the thrall-dom of guilt and of sin And I'm walking with Je-sus the
2. I am clos-er to Je-sus than ev-er before, And tho' storms may be high, and the
3. Yes, the way still grows brighter as heav-en I near, And the lov'd ones are waiting, their
4. O, the Lord will preserve from each sorrow and woe, His belov'd while they travel the



nar-row way in, I'm re-joic-ing in Him, for He guides me each day, Hal-le-
 tempests may roar, Yet there's nothing can harm me, se-cure-ly I stand; By the
 voic-es I hear; Hal-le-lu-jah to Je-sus, I'm near-ing the shore; Praise the
 des-ert be-low And to His bless-ed praise they shall sing ev-er-more, Hal-le-



lu-jah! He tak-eth my sins all a-way. I'm re-deemed, . I'm re-
 storms I'm borne on-ward to Canaan's fair land.
 Sav-iour's dear name I am safe ev-er-more.
 lu-jah! we haste to that bright hap-py shore.



deemed, . . I'm re-deemed . . by Je-sus blood, . . I'm re-
 I'm re-deemed, I'm re-deemed by Je-sus' blood, I'm re-deemed,



I'M REDEEMED.

deemed, I'm re - deemed, . By the dear Saviour's blood I'm re - deem'd.
yes, redeem'd, yes, redeem'd, yes, re-deem'd.

No. 156. NOT WHAT THESE HANDS HAVE DONE.

"Having made peace through the blood of the cross." Col. 1: 20.

H. BONAR, D.D.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Not what these hands have done Can save this guilty soul; Not what this toil-ing
2. Not what I feel or do Can give me peace with God; Not all my pray'rs, or
3. Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to Thee, Can rid me of this
4. No oth-er work save Thine, No mean-er blood will do; No strength save that which
5. I praise the God of grace, I trust His love and might; He calls me His, I

REFRAIN.

flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole. Thy work a-lone, my Sav-iour, Can
sighs, or tears, Can ease my aw - ful load.
dark un - rest, And set my spir - it free.
is di - vine, Can bear me safe - ly through.
call Him mine, — My God, my joy, my light!

ease this weight of sin; Thy blood a - lone, O Lamb of God, Can give me peace with-in.

No. 157. THE MASTER HATH NEED OF ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. T. SWANZEY.



1. The Mas-ter hath need of reap - ers To gath - er the gold - en grain;
2. The Mas-ter hath need of reap - ers To gath - er the gold - en sheaves;
3. The Mas-ter hath need of reap - ers To glean in the har-vest field;



While i - dly you stand in the mar - ket, Tho' called a - gain and a - gain.
The call you have oft - en neg - lect - ed, And o'er you He sorrows and grieves.
Who, who will re-pond to the sum-mons, And gath - er the gold - en yield?



REFRAIN.



The Mas - ter hath need of me, . . . In His vine-yard a toil - er to
hath need of me, a toil - er, a



be; . . . My sick-le in hand, With the reapers I'll stand, And toil for Him faithful-
toil-er to be;



THE MASTER HATH NEED OF ME.

ly, My sick-le in hand, With the reapers I'll stand, And toil for Him faithfully.

No. 158.

GOING HOME.

T. J. S.

Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

1. We are all trav-'ling on, Go-ing home, . . go-ing home; . . Where our
 2. From all o-ceans and plains, Go-ing home, . . go-ing home; . . O how
 3. While we're marching each day, Go-ing home, . . go-ing home; . . Let us
 4. Brethren, come let us sing, Go-ing home, . . go-ing home; . . Christ re -
 go - ing home, go - ing home;

REFRAIN.

lov'd ones are gone, Going home, . go-ing home. For we hold in our hand The
 sweet their refrain, Going home, . go-ing home. For our friends, one by one, Leave us
 sing, watch, and pray, Going home, . go-ing home.
 demption doth bring, Going home, . go-ing home.
 go-ing home, go-ing home.

ti - tle to that land, And we wait for the time that's to come.
 here and are gone, And we'll follow their steps (*Omit*) when the King calls us home.

No. 159. SCATTER BRIGHT BEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

E. B. F.

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO, OR SOP. AND TENOR.

E. B. FOWLER.



1. Scatter bright beams of sun-shine, Scatter them day by day; Strength'ning the weak and
2. Scatter bright beams of sun-shine, Beau-ti - ful rays of light; Helping to bear life's
3. Scatter bright beams of sun-shine, Sweetly from day to day; Blessing the poor and



QUARTET.



wea - ry, Cheering them on their way. Comfort the way-worn trav'ler, Those who are
bur - dens, Making each pathway bright. Lending a hand in trouble, Seeking to
need - y, Bright'ning each cheerless way. Tell-ing of Christ, the Saviour, Pointing them



sick and faint, Help-ing the heav-y - la - den, Cheering each fee - ble saint.
cheer and bless, Those who are sad and wea - ry, Making their sor-rows less.
to the Lamb, Bidding them seek His fa - vor, Trusting in His dear name.



CHORUS.



Then scat-ter, scat-ter bright beams . . . of sunshine a - long your
yes, beau - ti - ful beams,



SCATTER BRIGHT BEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

way, Strength'ning the weak and wea - ry, Cheering them day by day.

No. 160. CHRIST WILL GIVE THEE LIGHT.

JENNIE WILSON.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Earnestly.

1. A - wak-en from thy slum-ber ! From dan-ger take thy flight ; A - wake ! tho' deep the
2. A-wake, no longer lin-ger On sin's enchanted ground ; "A - wak-en, soul, a -
3. A - wak-en, clear and steadfast, Be-hold God's beacon shine, To guide thee un-to
4. From heaven's sacred summits Love's rays are beaming bright, O seek those holy

REFRAIN.

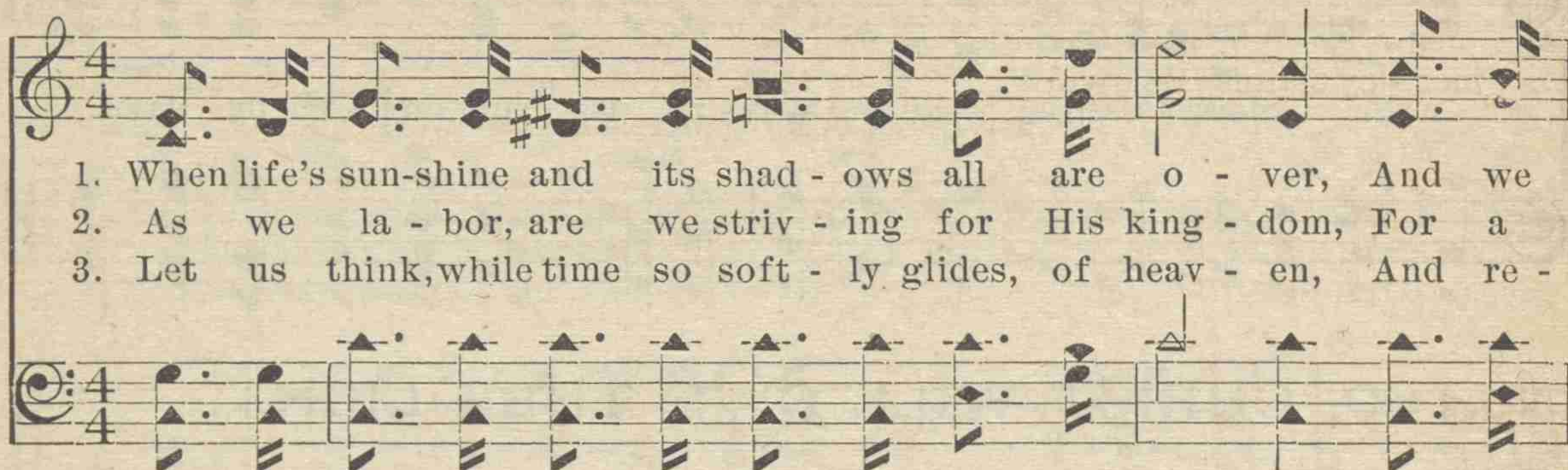
darkness, The Lord will give thee light. "A - wake, a-wake, O sleep-er," The
wak-en ! " The Spir - it's calls re-sound.
ref-uge, E - ter - nal and di-vine.
highlands, And Christ will give thee light.

cry rings thro' the night ! A-wake and flee for safe-ty, And Christ will give thee light.

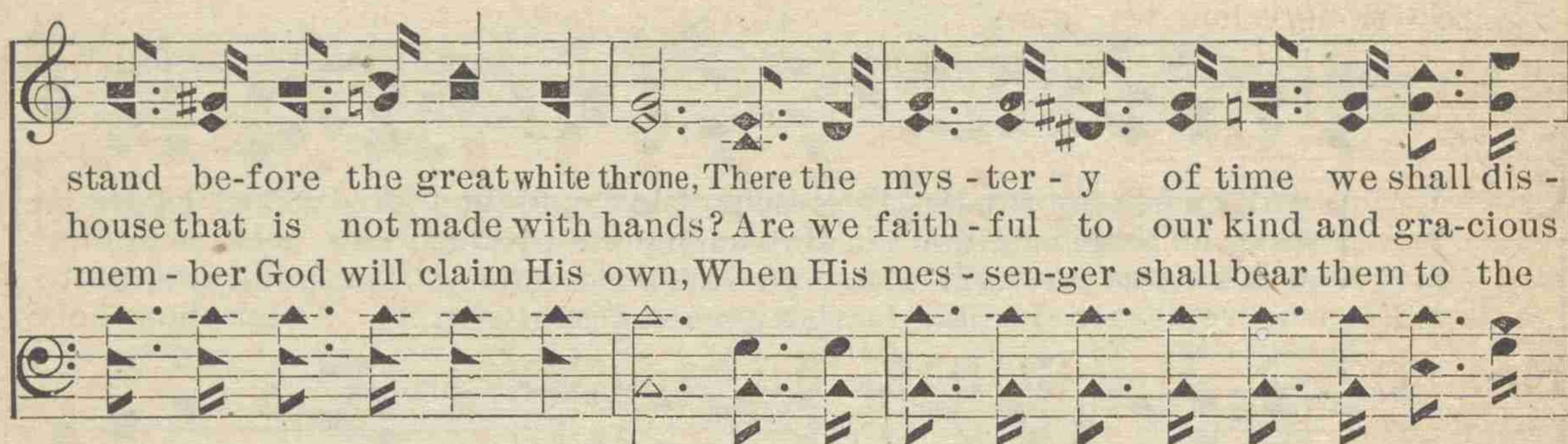
No. 161. WHEN WE STAND BEFORE THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

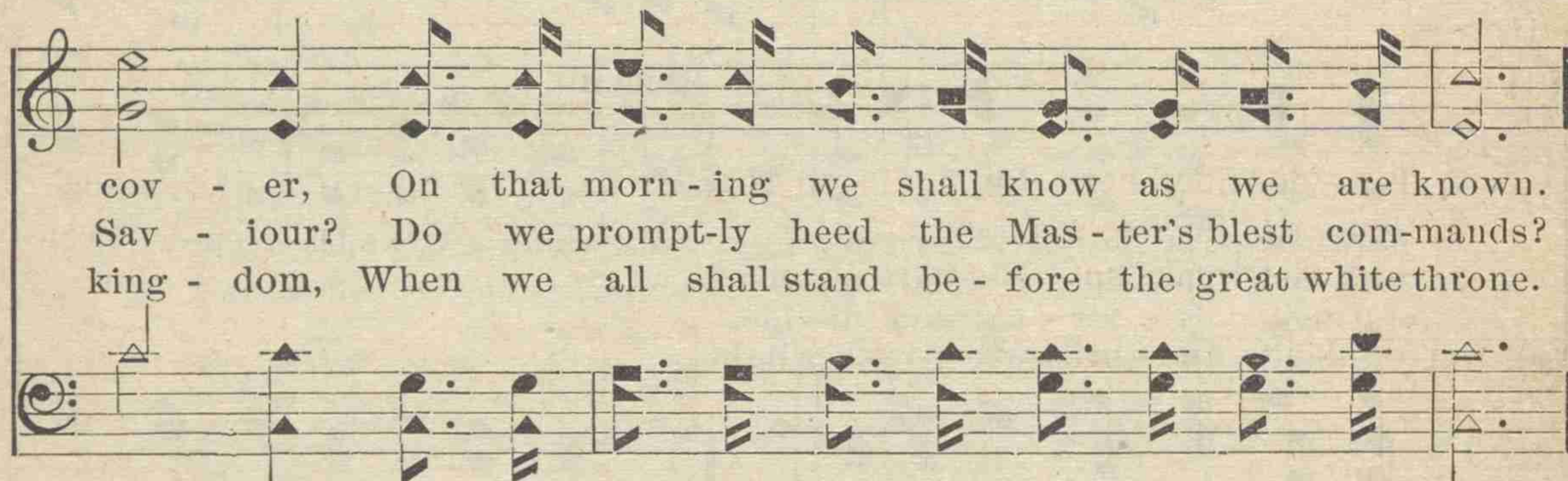
B. F. SHOWALTER.



1. When life's sun-shine and its shad - ows all are o - ver, And we
2. As we la - bor, are we striv - ing for His king - dom, For a
3. Let us think, while time so soft - ly glides, of heav - en, And re -



stand be-fore the great white throne, There the mys - ter - y of time we shall dis -
house that is not made with hands? Are we faith - ful to our kind and gra-cious
mem - ber God will claim His own, When His mes - sen-ger shall bear them to the



cov - er, On that morn - ing we shall know as we are known.
Sav - iour? Do we prompt-ly heed the Mas - ter's blest com-mands?
king - dom, When we all shall stand be - fore the great white throne.

REFRAIN.



In the morn - ing bright and glo - rious, When the Sav-iour claims, in
In the morn - ing bright, in the glo - rious light,

WHEN WE STAND BEFORE THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

mer - cy claims His own, May we reign . . . with Him vic -
claims His own, May we reign, may we reign

to - rious, When we stand . . be - fore the great white throne.
we stand the great white throne.

No. 162.

GUIDE ME, LORD.

LIZZIE SCOTT MARQUIS.

R. M. MARQUIS.

1. Ten - der Shep-herd, Light di - vine! Guide these err - ing feet of mine,
2. Gen - tle Sav-iour draw me in From the wretch-ed paths of sin;
3. I am weak, but Thou art strong; Lead me all the way a - long;

Safe - ly o'er life's troub-led road, Lead-ing to Thy blest a - bode.
Nev - er - more from Thee to stray, Keep me in the nar - row way.
Faith-ful I would ev - er be, Help me, Lord, re - ly on Thee.

No 163.

I'M COMING HOME.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. M. BOWMAN.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.



1. Fa-ther, I'm com-ing home to Thee, Wea-ry and guilt-de - filed,
 2. E - vil's dark way with woe is rife, Famished are souls that roam,
 3. Fa-ther, Thy love my heart has won, Now it is all Thine own;
 4. Fa-ther, I hear Thy ten - der voice, Now with glad wel - come fraught;



Prod - i - gal wan-d'r'er though I be, Pit - y Thy need - y child.
 Long-ing to feed on bread of life, Fa-ther, to Thee I come.
 Hum-bly I come, by sin un-done, Trusting Thy grace a - lone.
 Free - ly for - giv - en I re-joice, Blest with the peace I sought.



CHORUS.

I'm com - ing home, I'm com - ing home, To stray in



I'm com - ing home,

I'm coming home,



des - - - ert wilds no more; I'm com-ing home, I'm coming



To stray in desert wilds no more, on time's rude shore;

I'm coming home,



I'M COMING HOME.

home, . . . Receive me, Fa - - - ther, I im - plore.



I'm coming home,

Receive me, Fa-ther, I implore, yes, I im-plore.



No. 164.

PONTIUS. C. M.

Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

J. M. BOWMAN.



1. Ho - san - na, raise the peal - ing hymn, To Da - vid's Son and Lord; .
2. Ho - san - na, Sov'-reign, Prophet, Priest, How vast Thy gifts, how free, . .
3. Ho - san - na, Mas - ter, lo, we bring Our of-f'rings to Thy throne;
4. Ho - san - na, once Thy gra - cious ear Ap-prov'd a lisp - ing throng; .
5. O Sav - iour, if, re-deemed by Thee, Thy tem - ple we be - hold, . .



With Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim Ex - alt th' In - car - nate Word;
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast; Thy name our on - ly plea;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mor - tal thing, But hearts to be Thine own;
Be gra - cious still, and deign to hear Our poor but grate - ful song;
Ho - san - nas thro' e - ter - ni - ty We'll sing to harps of gold;



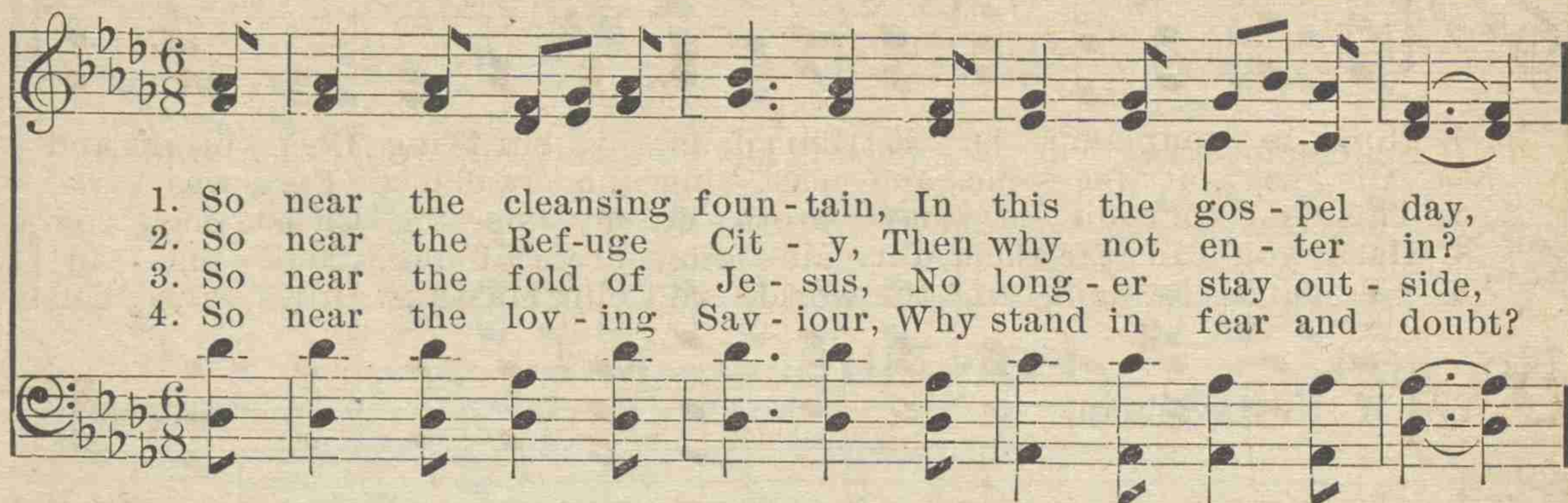
With Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim Ex - alt th' In - car - nate Word.
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast; Thy name our on - ly plea.
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mor - tal thing, But hearts to be Thine own.
Be gra - cious still, and deign to hear Our poor but grate - ful song.
Ho - san - nas thro' e - ter - ni - ty We'll sing to harps of gold.



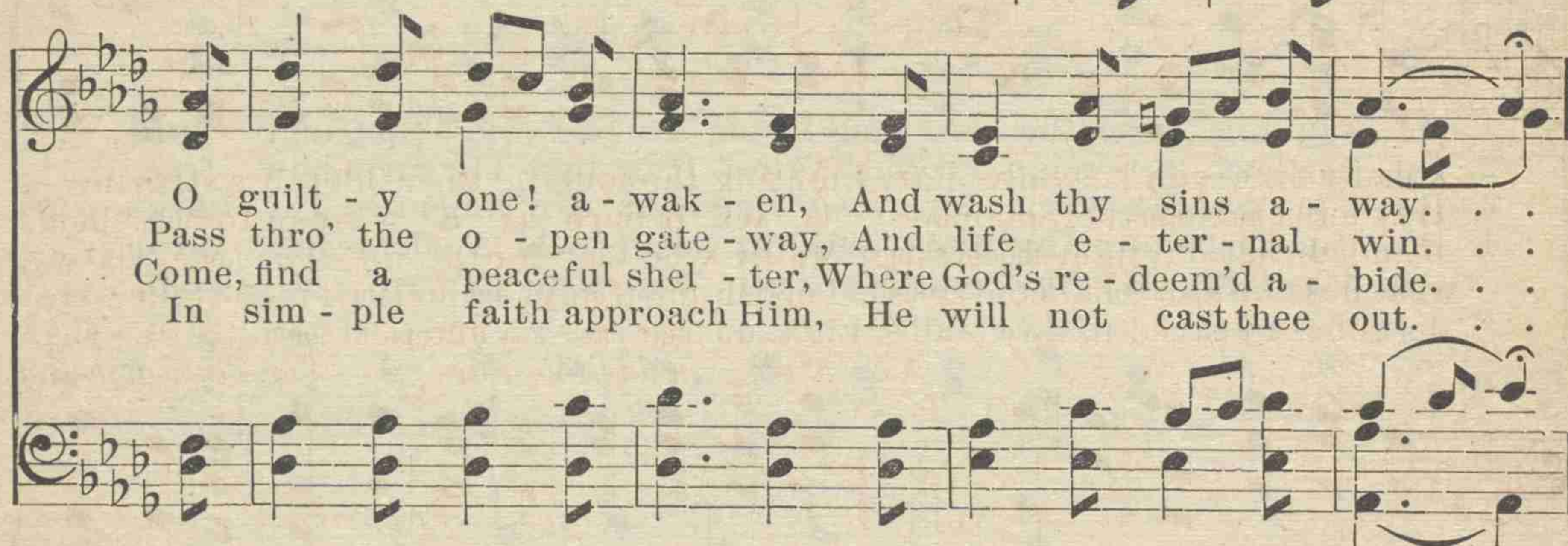
No. 165. SO NEAR THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

Rev. J. CLARK.

J. H. MORSE.



1. So near the cleansing foun-tain, In this the gos - pel day,
 2. So near the Ref-uge Cit - y, Then why not en - ter in?
 3. So near the fold of Je - sus, No long - er stay out - side,
 4. So near the lov - ing Sav - iour, Why stand in fear and doubt?



O guilt - y one! a - wak - en, And wash thy sins a - way. . .
 Pass thro' the o - pen gate - way, And life e - ter - nal win. . .
 Come, find a peaceful shel - ter, Where God's re - deem'd a - bide. . .
 In sim - ple faith approach Him, He will not cast thee out. . .

REFRAIN



Sal - va - tion, peace, and par - don, The Lord will free - ly give;




The way of life is eas - y, - 'Tis on - ly, "Look and live!"



Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

5 So near the great Physician,
 Go, touch His garment's hem,
 See, while His saints adore Him,
 What grace has done for them.

6. So near the Ark of safety,
 Arise, and enter thou;
 The storm of wrath is bursting!
 O soul! escape it now.

No. 166.

LAMP-BEARERS.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. D. PATTON.



1. How is your lamp, is it trimm'd, is it burn-ing Clear, bright and
2. Or is it fee - ble and cast - ing no ra-diance For wea - ry
3. This is our du - ty, my broth - er, my sis - ter, Christ has com -
4. Hark! you can hear them, for aid they are call - ing, Sink - ing in
5. "Ye are the light of the world," said our Mas - ter. How then can



stead-y like yon heav'nly star, Lighting the souls in the wilderness straying,—
trav'lers who strain their poor eyes? O, let it burn as a bea-con to guide them!
manded that our light should shine; Ma-ny who seek for the on - ly true path-way,
weakness up - on the cold ground, Per-ish-ing there while our lamps feeb-ly flick-er,
lost ones be saved if we fail? Light up their path-way and point them to Je - sus,

D.S. Ma-ny in dark-ness are ea - ger - ly watch-ing



FINE. REFRAIN.



Lost ones who grope in the dark - ness a - far? Lift up your lamp! hold it
Long have they watch'd for that light to a-rise.
Stum - ble for lack of your lamp, or of mine!
Dy - ing be-cause they cast no light a-round.
Do not be faith-less, for list their sad wail!
Mid shad-ows dense for your light to ap-pear.



D.S.



firm! hold it stead-y! Flash out its rays, let them shine far and near!



No. 167. TALK IT OVER WITH JESUS.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

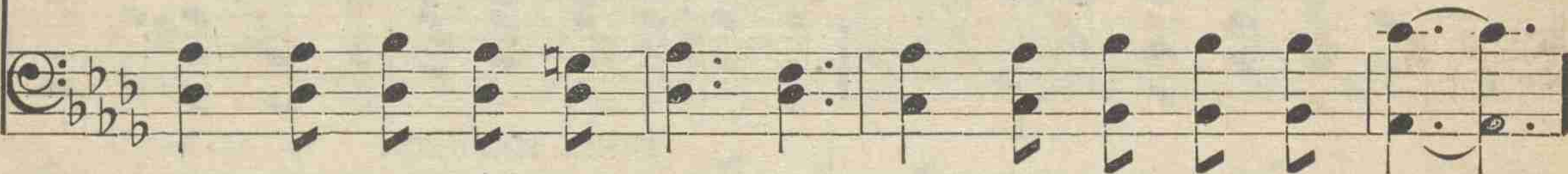
H. N. LINCOLN.



1. When the shad-ows are o'er thee, All thy light to ob - scure,
2. Art thou heav - i - ly la - den, Sad and wea - ry and lone?
3. Tell thy pit - y - ing Sav - iour, All that trou - bles thy heart;



Talk it o - ver with Je - sus, Trust His prom - is - es sure.
Talk it o - ver with Je - sus, He all sor - row has known.
He who "car-ried our sor-rows," Peace and joy will im - part.



REFRAIN.



Talk it all o - ver with Je - sus, Tell Him thy sor-row and care;



Talk it o - ver with Je - sus, Talk it all o - ver in pray'r.



No. 168.

LEND A HAND!

BIRDIE BELL.

J. MOORING YORK, by per.



1. Trav'ling the path to Canaan's land, Pil-grims are fall-ing on each hand;
2. Ma-ny are faint-ing by the road, Oth-ers are bowed beneath their load,
3. Far from the path of right they've stray'd, Surely they need a comrade's aid;
4. Trav'ling to-geth-er, hand in hand, On-ward we tread, a pil-grim band,



Shall we not help the lost to-day Once more to tread the nar-row way?
Lend to them all a friend-ly hand, Help them a-gain e-rect to stand.
Who can re-fuse a hand to lend, Poor, stumbling pilgrims to be-friend?
Help-ing each oth-er on the way, Up to the Land of end-less day!



Lend a hand!

Lend a hand!



Lend a hand!

Lend a hand! Comrades are falling all a-round;



Lend a hand!

Lend a hand!



Lend a hand!

Lend a hand! Lead the er-ring ones to Je-sus.



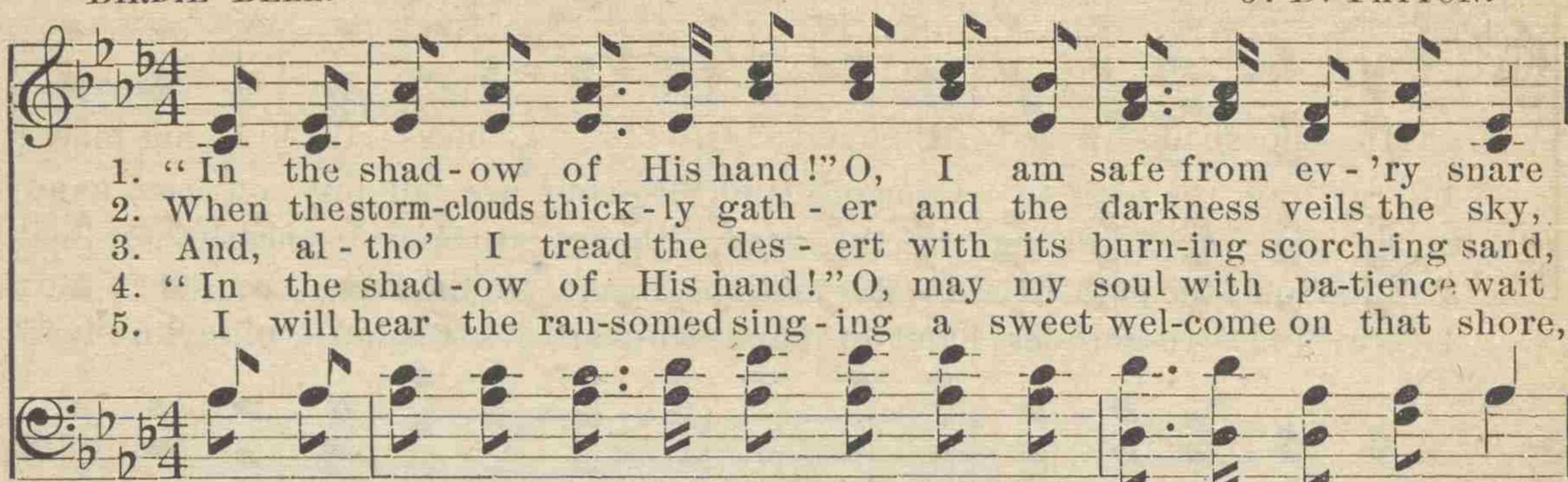
No. 169.

HIDDEN!

Isa. 49: 2.

BIRDIE BELL.

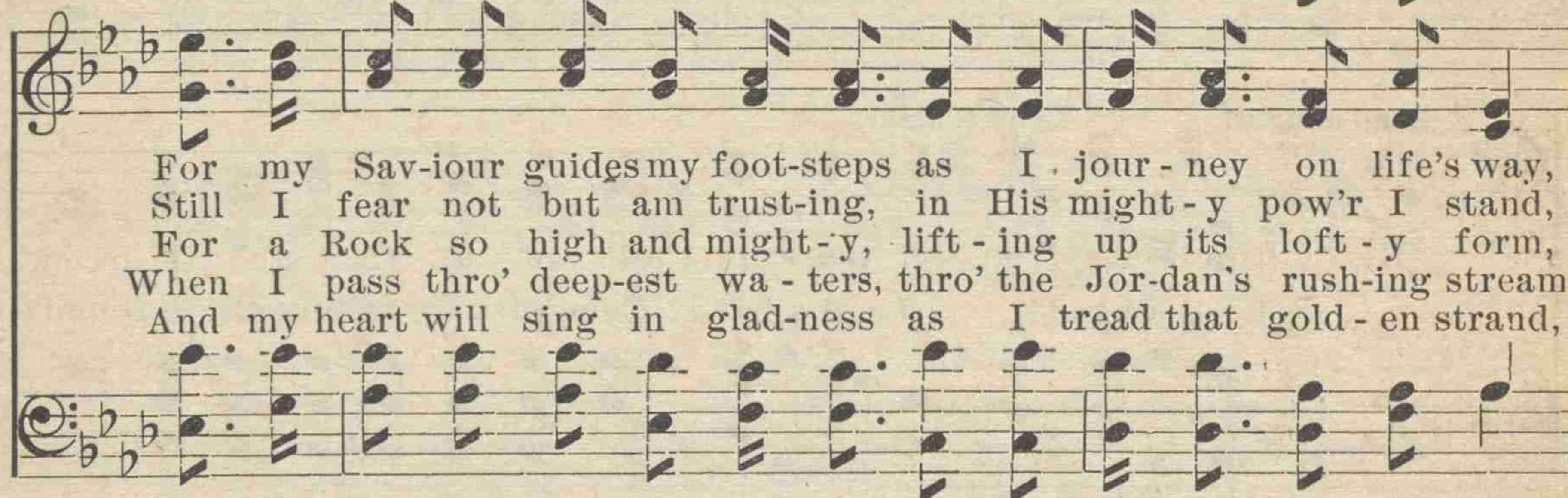
J. D. PATTON.



1. "In the shad-ow of His hand!" O, I am safe from ev-'ry snare
 2. When the storm-clouds thick-ly gath-er and the darkness veils the sky,
 3. And, al-tho' I tread the des-ert with its burn-ing scorch-ing sand,
 4. "In the shad-ow of His hand!" O, may my soul with pa-tience wait
 5. I will hear the ran-somed sing-ing a sweet wel-come on that shore,



That the tempt-er for my feet has laid with cun-ning, art-ful care;
 When the winds a-wake in fu-ry and the an-gry waves dash high,
 Still I find a place of shel-ter "in the shad-ow of His hand;"
 Till the Sav-iour calls me homeward, be it soon, or be it late;
 There I will be free from sor-row and from sin for-ev-er more;



For my Sav-iour guides my foot-steps as I jour-ney on life's way,
 Still I fear not but am trust-ing, in His might-y pow'r I stand,
 For a Rock so high and might-y, lift-ing up its loft-y form,
 When I pass thro' deep-est wa-ters, thro' the Jor-dan's rush-ing stream,
 And my heart will sing in glad-ness as I tread that gold-en strand,



And He leads me from the dark-ness to the blest and changeless day.
 For my soul is ev-er hid-ing "in the shad-ow of His hand!"
 Is the Lord who is our Ref-uge from the heat and from the storm.
 Still He will be close be-side me, and from death He will re-deem.
 "Praise the Lord who al-ways held me in the shad-ow of His hand."

HIDDEN.

REFRAIN.



"In the shad - ow of His hand!" O, 'tis a bless - ed hid - ing place;



Here I find sweet rest and com-fort when I'm wea - ry with the race;



He doth hide me from all dan - ger, both the un - seen and the seen,



And up - on His strength suf - fi - cient doth my soul for - ev - er lean.

No. 170.

ASCENSION SONG.

Eph. 4: 8.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An-gel voi - ces ring, Pearl-y gates are o-pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with glory,
3. Pray-ing for His chil-dren, In that bless-ed place, Cali-ing them to glo - ry,



Opened for the King; Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
At His Father's side, Nev - er-more to suf - fer, Nev - er-more to die,
Send-ing them His grace; His bright home pre-par - ing, Faith-ful ones, for you;



REFRAIN.

Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end - ed,
Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.



Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King, Je - sus hath as -



ASCENSION SONG.



cend-ed, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Glo - ry to our King.

No. 171. THE LORD IS MY SALVATION.

L. A. M.

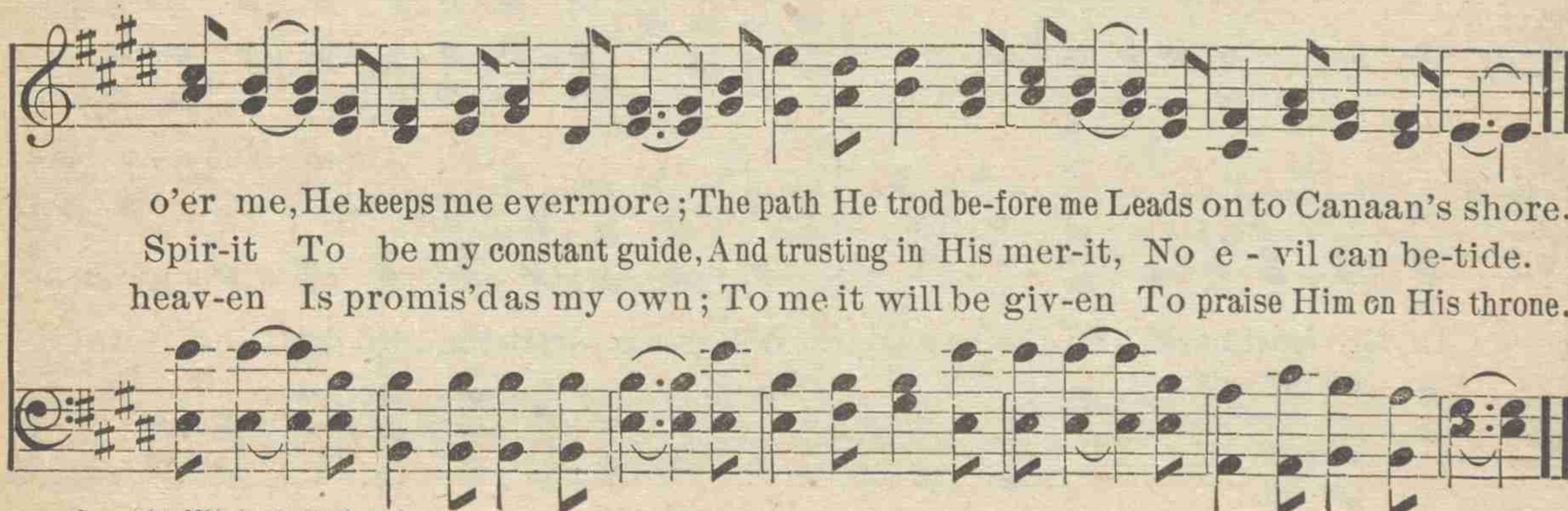
Rev. L. A. MORRIS.



1. The Lord is my sal - va - tion, And He my soul will lead; Be
2. The Lord is ev - er near me, And He will not for - sake, But
3. The Lord will nev - er leave me, If I but look to Him; Tho'



low or high my sta - tion, I'll nev - er suf - fer need, For He is watching
in each sorrow cheer me, And all my bur - den take. He sent the Ho - ly
earth - ly sorrows - grieve me, My path shall not be dim. The light of earth and



o'er me, He keeps me evermore; The path He trod be - fore me Leads on to Canaan's shore.
Spir - it To be my constant guide, And trusting in His mer - it, No e - vil can be - tide.
heav - en Is promis'd as my own; To me it will be giv - en To praise Him on His throne.

No. 172.

DRIFTING AWAY.

Ezekiel 33: 11.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY.

E. ROBERTS.



1. Out on life's ocean, far from the haven, Nearer the vor-tex of ru-in each day,
2. Out on life's ocean, heedless of du-ty, Charm'd and de-lud-ed by folly's bright foam,
3. Fondly around thee, dovelike and tender, Circle our pray'rs, as they rise to the throne;
4. Wand'rer, thy Saviour seeks to reclaim thee, Turn while He calls thee, nor mercy disdain;



Why dost thou leave us? why dost thou grieve us? Why from our hearts art thou drifting a-way?
 Bet-ter tho'ts quelling, warning re-pelling, Scorning God's word that's inviting thee home.
 O, wilt thou slight them? never requite them? Why like a blight on love's wreath hast thou grown?
 Sal-va-tion's treasures dwarf all earth's pleasures; Wreck not thy soul emp-ty baubles to gain.



Drift-ing a - way,
 REFRAIN.

Drift-ing a - way,



Drifting away,

Drifting away, Spurning His voice sin's call to o-bey;



In thy frail bark, on thro' the dark, Wilt thou be drift-ing, still drift-ing a-way?



No. 173. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.

BURTON. Arr.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



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



share Thy bless-ing from on high. We plead Thy prom - ise
 cere, Their children's wants sup-ply;
 now De-scend and fill the place.
 crown The teach-ing of Thy word.



now, O Lord, The promise of Thy word; De-scend up -
 now, O Lord, Thy promise, Lord, De-scend



on us from a - bove, And fill us with Thy love.
 up - on us from Thy heav'nly courts a - bove,



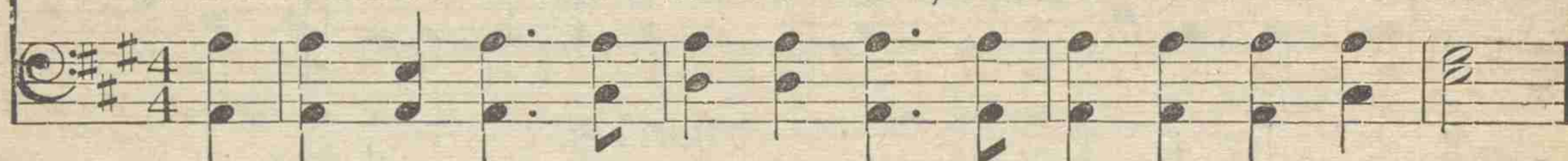
No. 174. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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



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



REFRAIN.



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



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



Copyright. Used by per. of the Author.

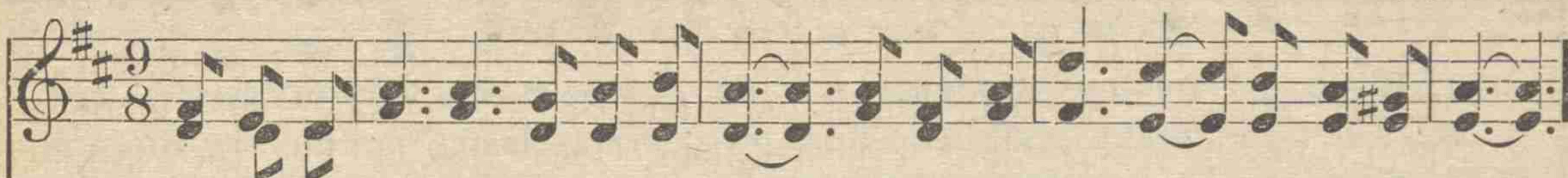
No. 175.

BLESSED ASSURANCE.

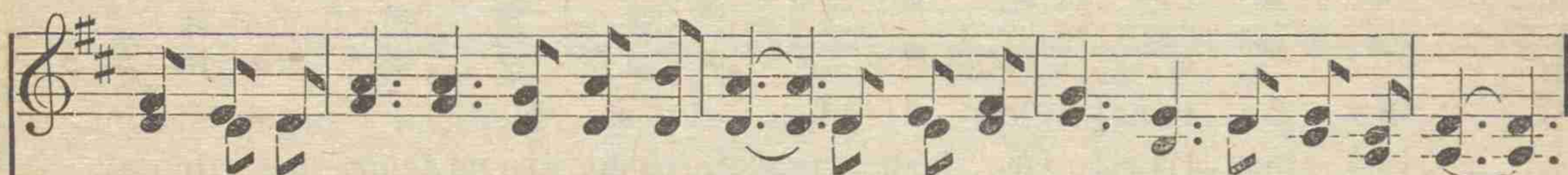
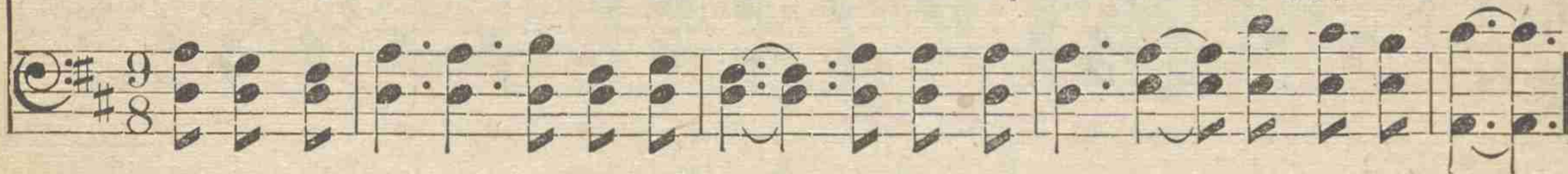
"Beloved, now are we the sons of God." I John iii: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

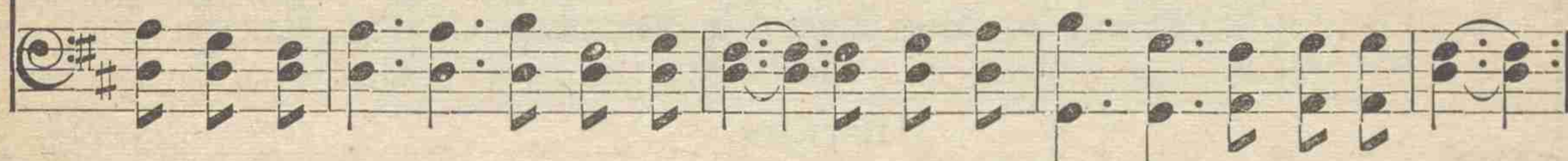
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



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



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



REFRAIN.



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



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



No. 176. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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



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



REFRAIN.



Leaning on the Everlasting Arms! Lean-ing, lean-ing, Safe and secure from
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,



all a-larms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus,



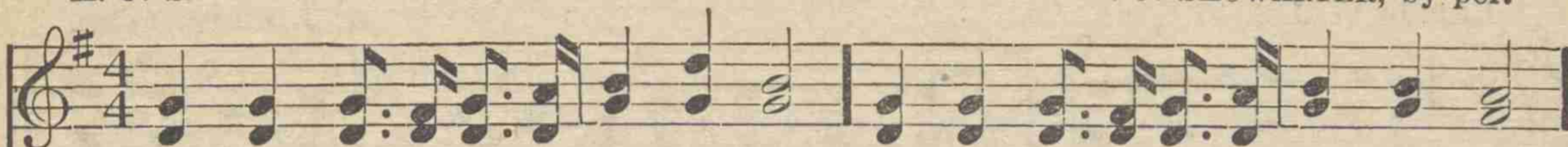
Copyright, 1887, by A. J. Showalter & Co.

No. 177.

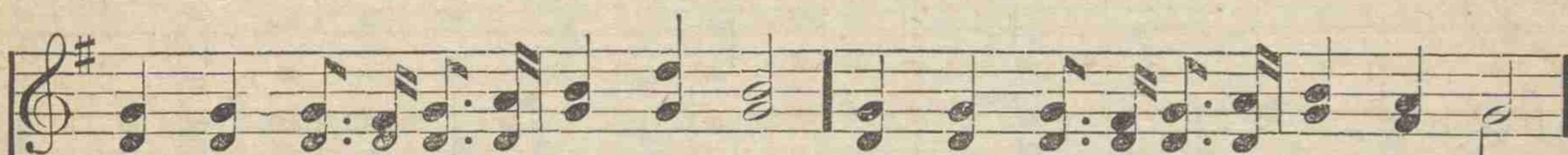
GATHERED HOME.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



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

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



REFRAIN.



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




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

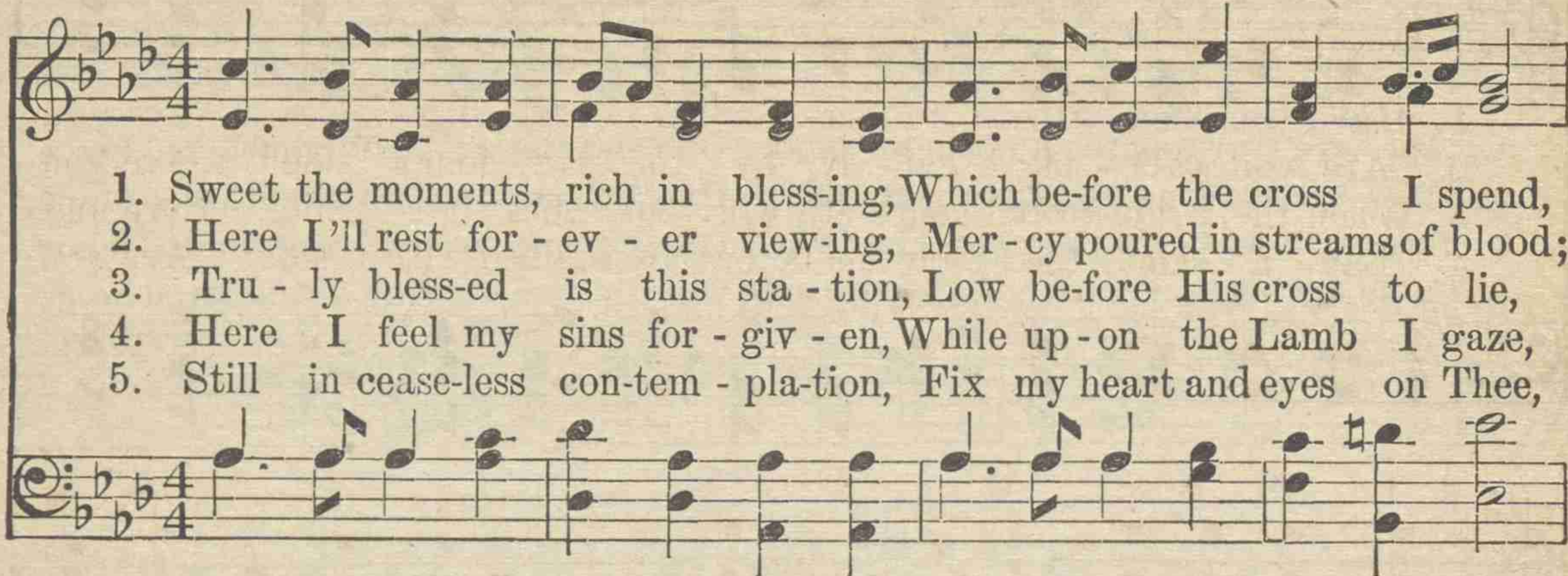


No. 178. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

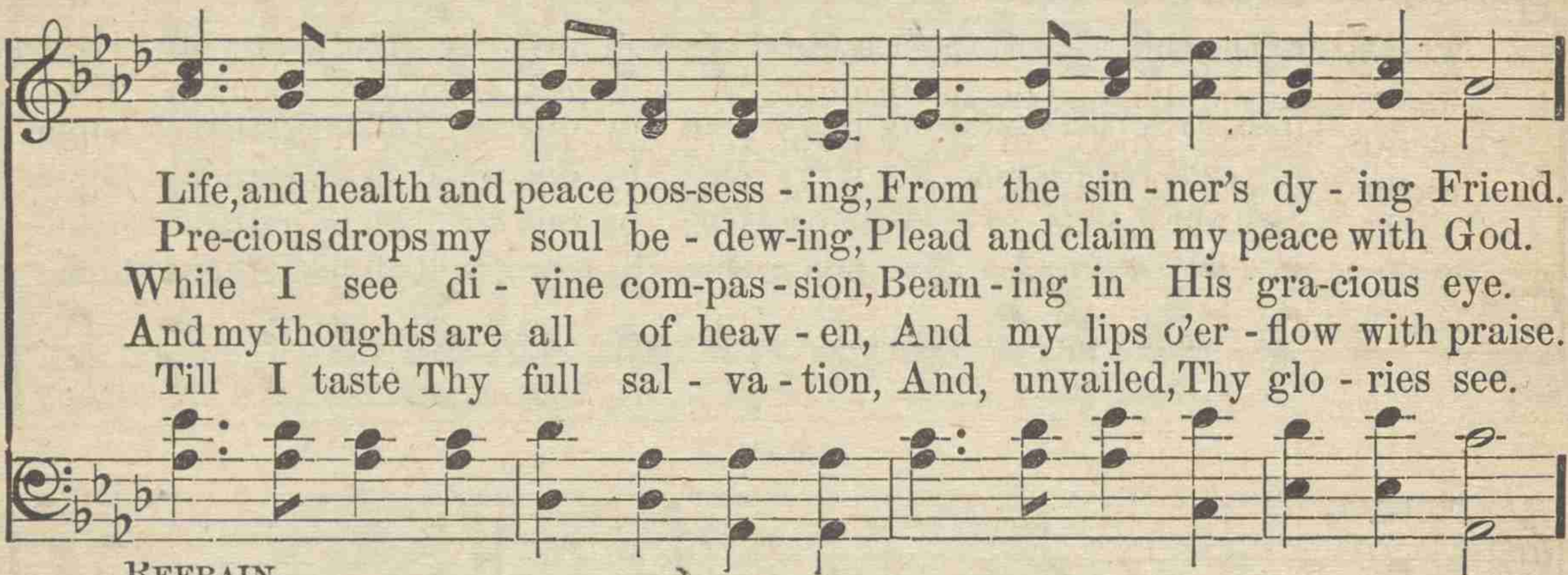
ALLEN-SHIRLEY.

REF. by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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



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

REFRAIN.



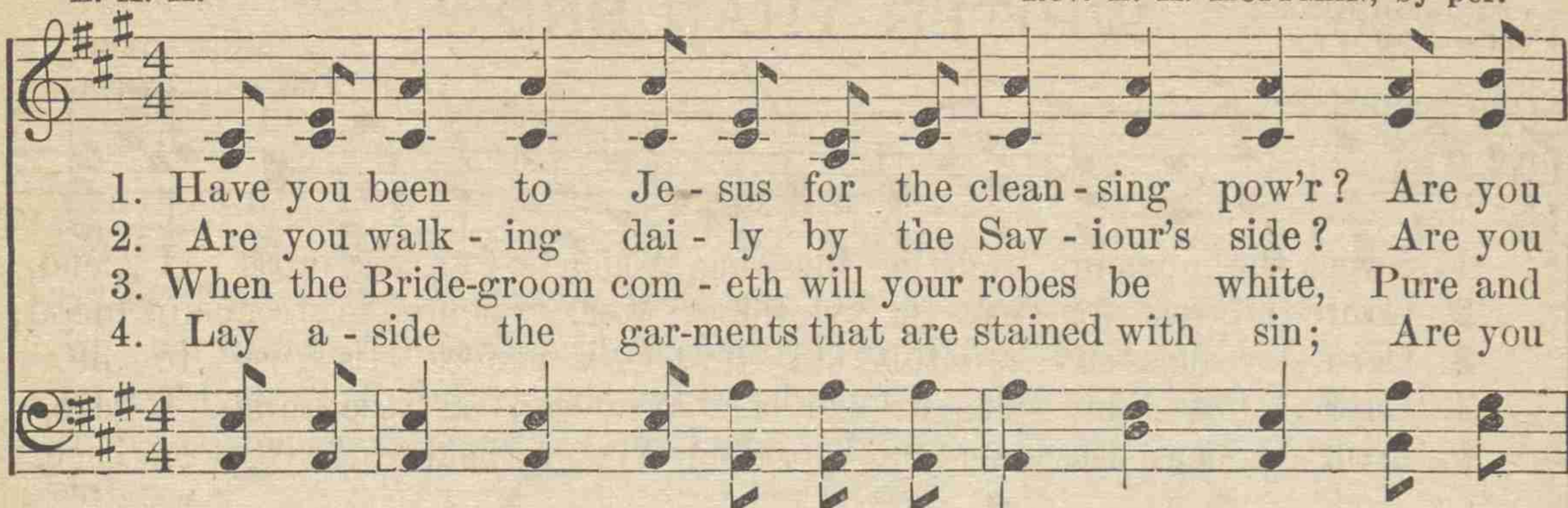
Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal - va - ry;
 Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.

Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

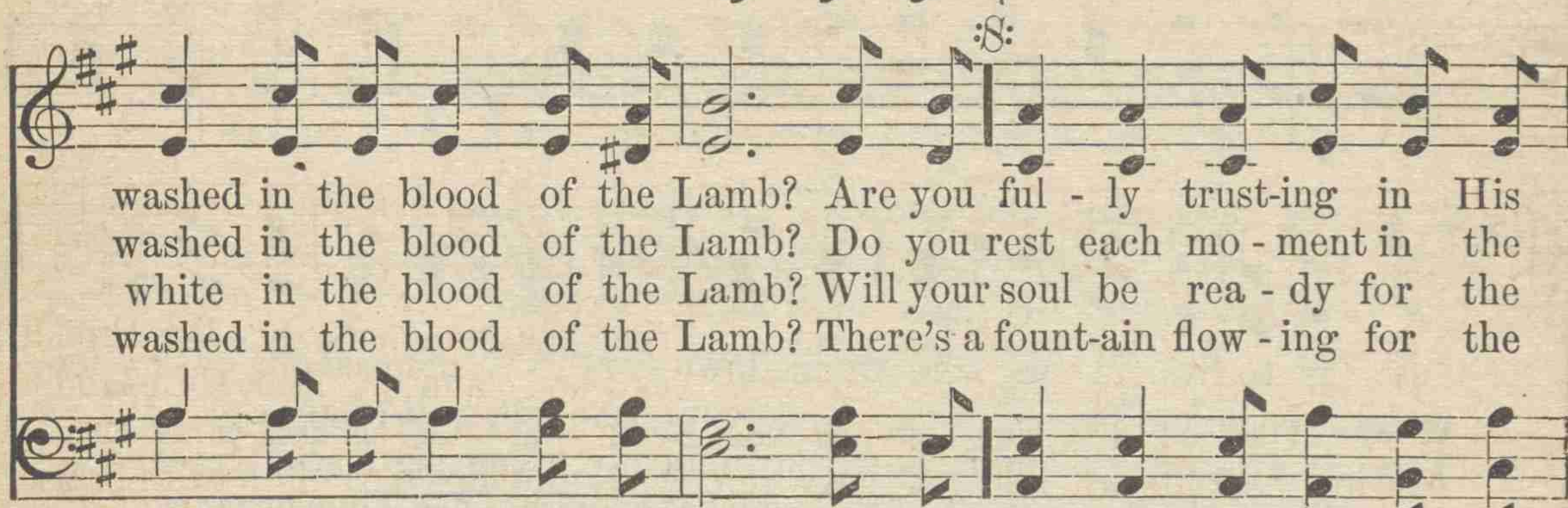
No. 179. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.



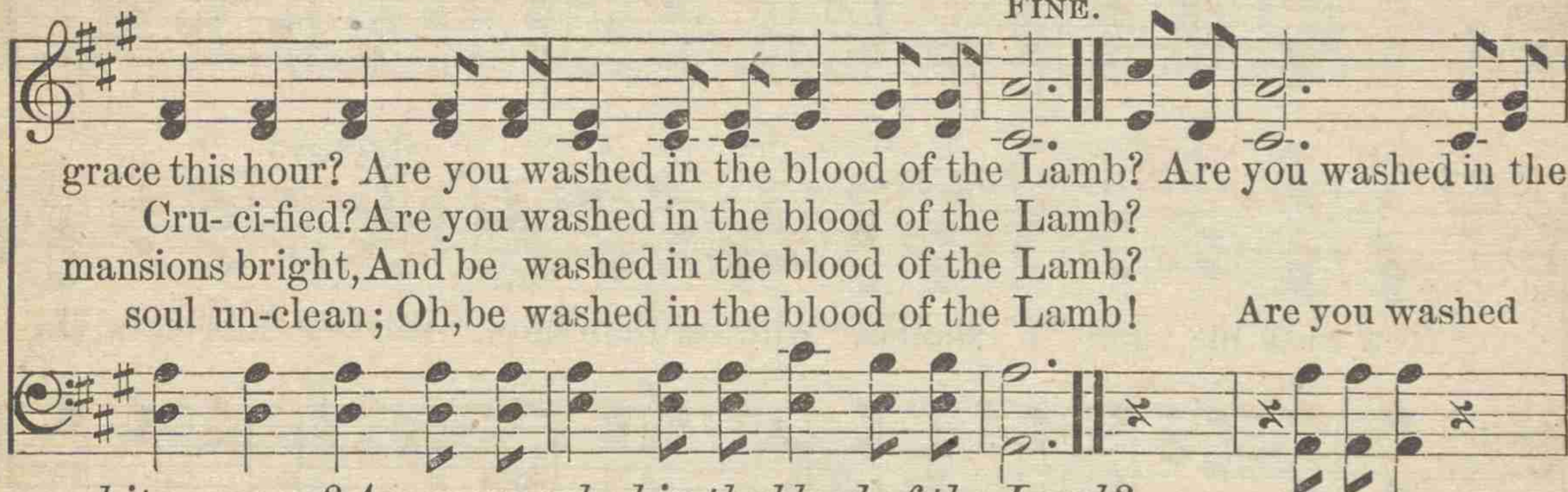
1. Have you been to Je - sus for the clean - sing pow'r? Are you
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you
 3. When the Bride-groom com - eth will your robes be white, Pure and
 4. Lay a - side the gar-ments that are stained with sin; Are you



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

D.S. gar-ments spotless? Are they

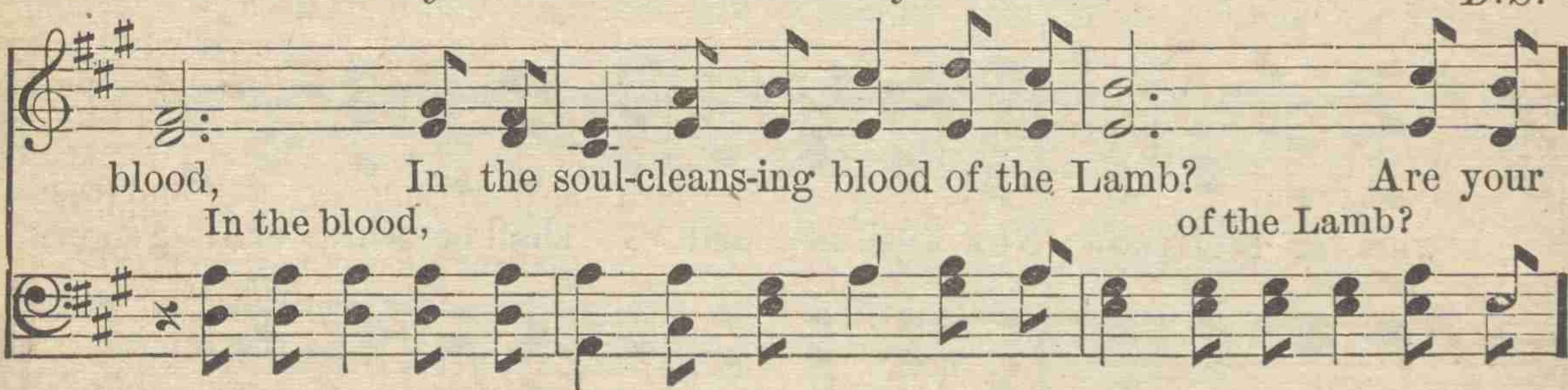
FINE. REFRAIN.



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

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

D.S.



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

No. 180.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

J. NICHOLSON.

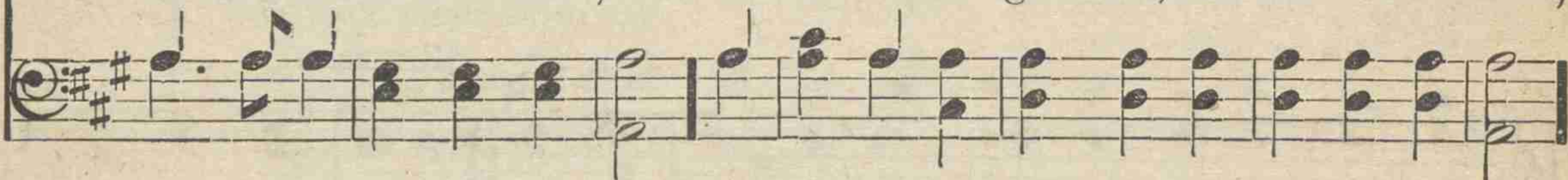
W. G. FISCHER, by per.



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



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



REFRAIN.



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



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



No. 181.

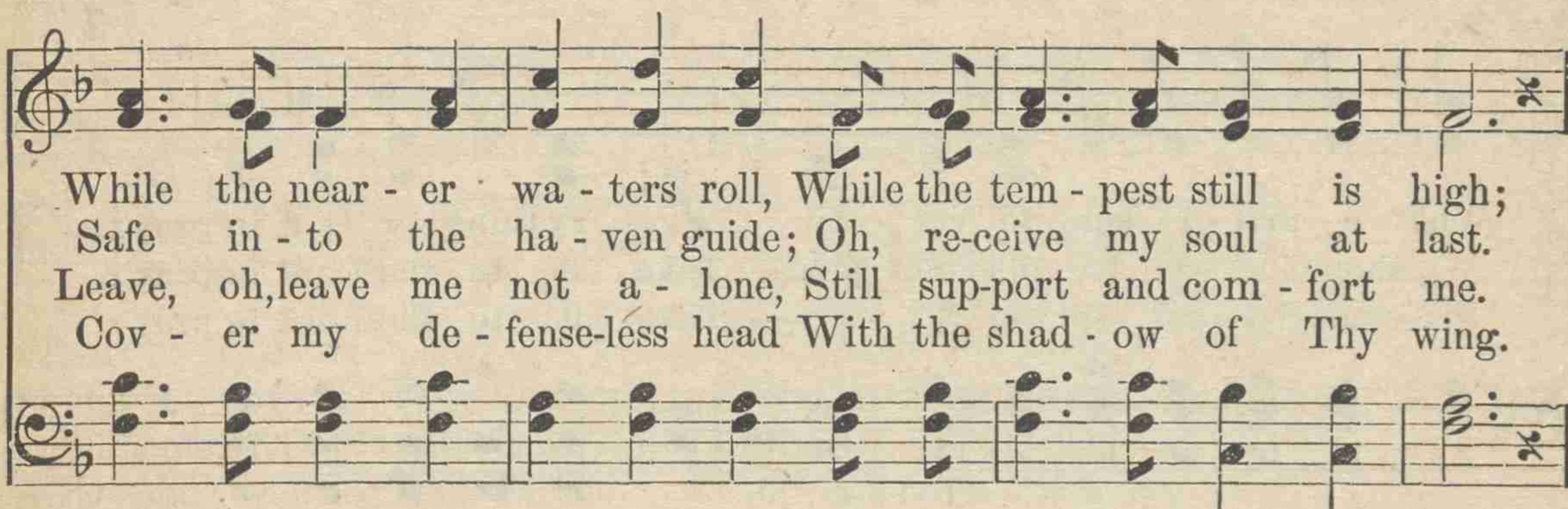
DOWN AT THE CROSS.

Refrain by A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 3. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 4. All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;

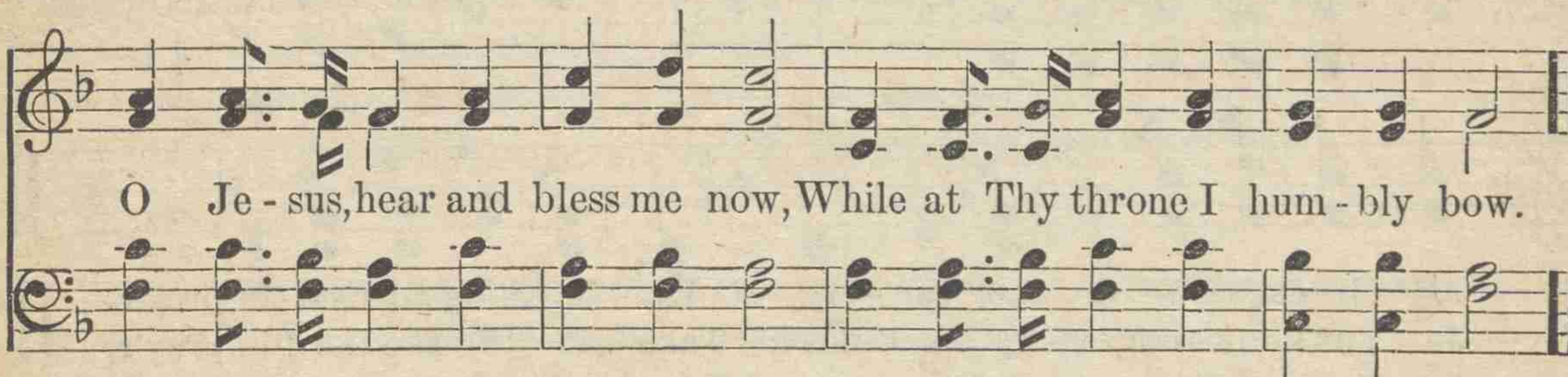


While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

REFRAIN.



Down at Thy feet, O Lord, I fall, Down at the cross I lay my all;



O Je - sus, hear and bless me now, While at Thy throne I hum - bly bow.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of Thee;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

No. 182. 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, Cumbered with a load of care?



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



Oh, what peace we oft - en fòr - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake 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.



INDEX.

TITLES IN SMALL CAPS. FIRST LINES IN ROMAN.

	No.		No.
ACCEPT TO-DAY	4	COME AND SEE	27
Adown the stream of time	141	Come home from the midnight	125
After the life paths we're	138	Come, Thou Fount of every blessing	61
"A little while," the Master says	146	CONFESSION	23
ALL IN ALL	130		
All praise to Him who reigns	174	Dear Jesus, now we come	62
All who are weary, sad, and	84	Did the Saviour of mankind	73
Another year is dawning	148	DODDRIDGE	131
ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?	179	Do not I love Thee, O my	131
ASCENSION SONG	170	Do you ask, waiting one	3
ASPIRATION	144	DOWN AT THE CROSS	181
AT JESUS' FEET	37	DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE	117
AT THE CROSS	53	DRIFTING AWAY	172
Awaken from thy slumber	160		
Awake! the morning cometh	66	EPWORTH GREETING SONG	133
		EVENING SHADOWS	152
Beautiful night of the long ago	54	EVER NEAR ME	101
BEAUTIFUL ROBE OF LIGHT	127		
Begin the day with God	96	Father, I know Thy ways are just	11
Be like the flower with odor	37	Father, I'm coming home to Thee	163
Be loyal to the Master	48	FOLLOW JESUS	108
BLESSED BE THE NAME	174	From every stormy wind that	110
BLESSED ASSURANCE, JESUS IS MINE	175	FROM THE DARKSOME TOMB HE	73
Blest be the tie that binds	122	From the wilderness He came	90
Brightly gleams our banner	33		
BRING SOMEBODY TO JESUS	151	GATHERING HOME	177
BRING THE LITTLE ONES	80	GATHERING HOME TO GOD	70
		GLADSOME PRAISE	104
CARE FOR ME	150	GOD IS GOOD TO THEE	68
Christian, is thy soul progressing?	52	GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER	75
Christ, our Shepherd, gently guide	65	GOING HOME	158
CHRIST'S LEGACY OF PEACE	120	GOING HOME TO GLORY	26
CHRIST THE CRUCIFIED	92	Go, laborer, spend and be	100
CHRIST WILL GIVE THEE LIGHT	160	Golden harps are sounding	170
Closer to Thee, O blessed Redeemer	97	Grace! 'tis a charming sound	134
Come and follow Jesus	108	GUIDE ME, LORD	162

INDEX.

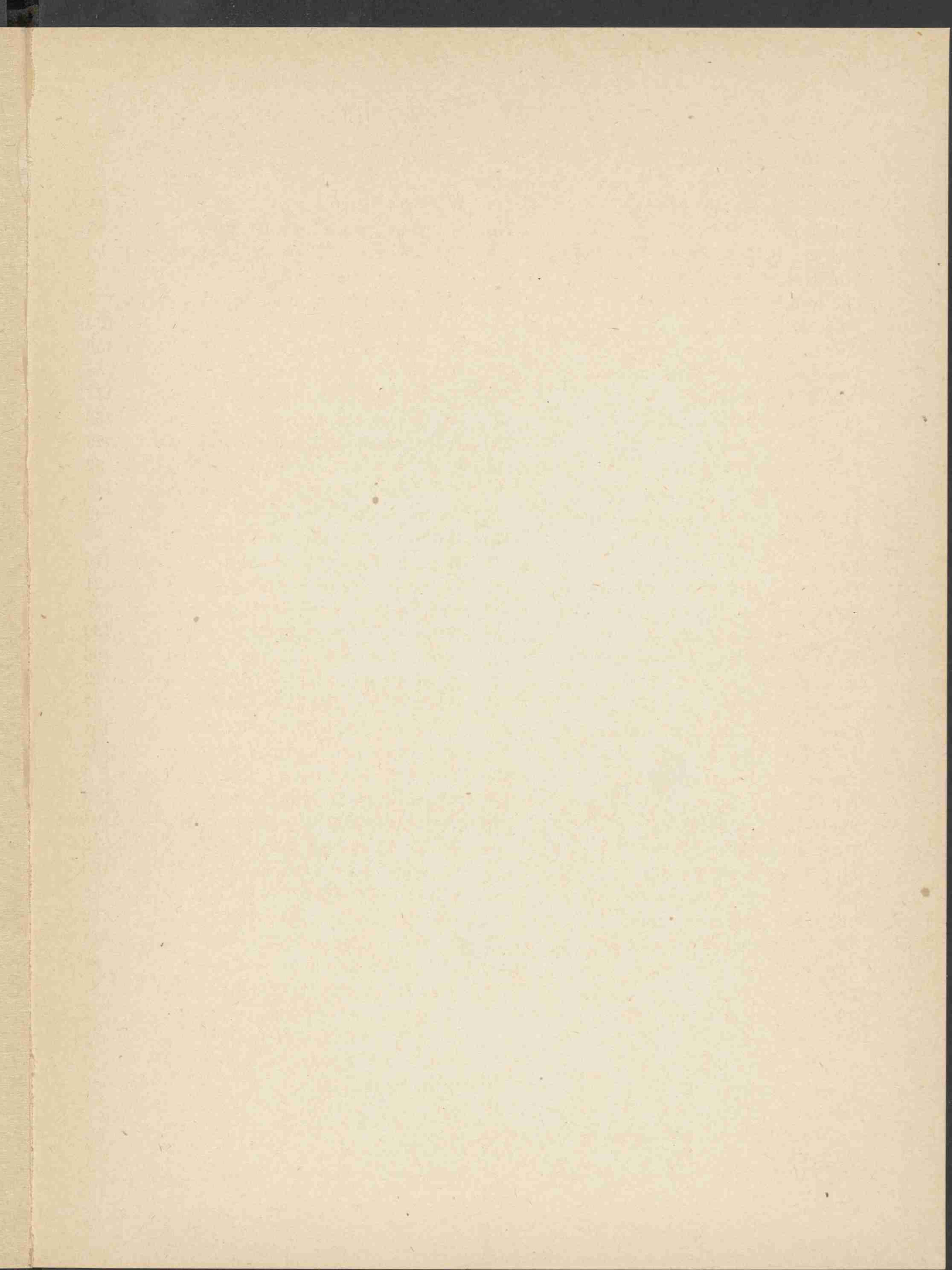
	No.		No.
HAPPY DAY	22	In the morning of life	104
HARVEST HOME	83	In the shadow of His hand	169
Have you been to Jesus for the	179	I sing to Christ a grateful song	102
HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?	29	I trust it all to God	130
He is calling, gently calling	34	I've been washed in the blood	67
HE IS MY ROCK AND SHIELD	124	I walk with the Saviour in	50
He knows the bitter, weary way	17	I will follow Jesus by His	76
Here's a fountain, pure and holy	114	I will trust my Saviour	116
He offers redemption to-day	4	I would adore Thy wonderful grace	36
HIDDEN	169		
His grace He fully gives	98	Jesus bids us shine with a	105
HOFFMAN. S. M.	121	Jesus died on Cal'vry's mountain	45
Homeward lead my footsteps	26	Jesus giveth the victory	9
Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn	164	Jesus, I am too unworthy	30
How can I forget Thy compassion?	79	JESUS IS SEEKING FOR THEE	5
How I FOUND HIM	60	JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART	59
How is your lamp, is it	166	Jesus, lover of my soul	181
		JESUS, MY LORD	36
I am coming to the cross	13	Jesus only would we see	25
I am Jesus' little lamb	113	JESUS, OUR GOOD SHEPHERD	65
I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus	63	JESUS, PILOT, GUIDE ME	6
I AM WITH THEE	94	Jesus saves and makes me whole	21
I ask of Thee, my Lord and	119	JESUS WALKS BESIDE ME ALL	87
If I've a heavy load of care	72	JESUS WANTS WORKERS	140
If saved by Jesus' merit	137	Joyful words we meet again	82
If we knew when walking	126	Just let the Father do	78
If you have only one talent	151		
If you knew the mighty meaning	16	LAMP BEARERS	166
I go rejoicing in the love	124	LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS	176
I have heard the story	40	Let every tongue Thy goodness	128
I have learned a sweet new song	154	LEND A HAND	168
I know I love thee better	46	Let Him into your heart	118
I know that my Redeemer lives	67	LET HIS REIGN BEGIN	118
I'LL CARRY IT TO JESUS	72	LIFE'S VOYAGE	10
I'll follow Christ my Saviour	38	LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS	71
I love Thy kingdom, Lord	121	Light of my life	144
I'LL NEVER FORGET THEE	79	Like a river, glorious	112
I'M COMING HOME	163	Lo! Jesus patiently knocks at	59
I'm redeemed from the thralldom	155	LOOK TO HIM AND LIVE	45
IN GLORY SOME DAY	123	LORD, HEAR OUR PRAYER	62
In the cross of Christ I glory	93	LORD, I COME TO THEE	74
In the land of endless sheen	58	Lord, I look to Thee for pardon	92

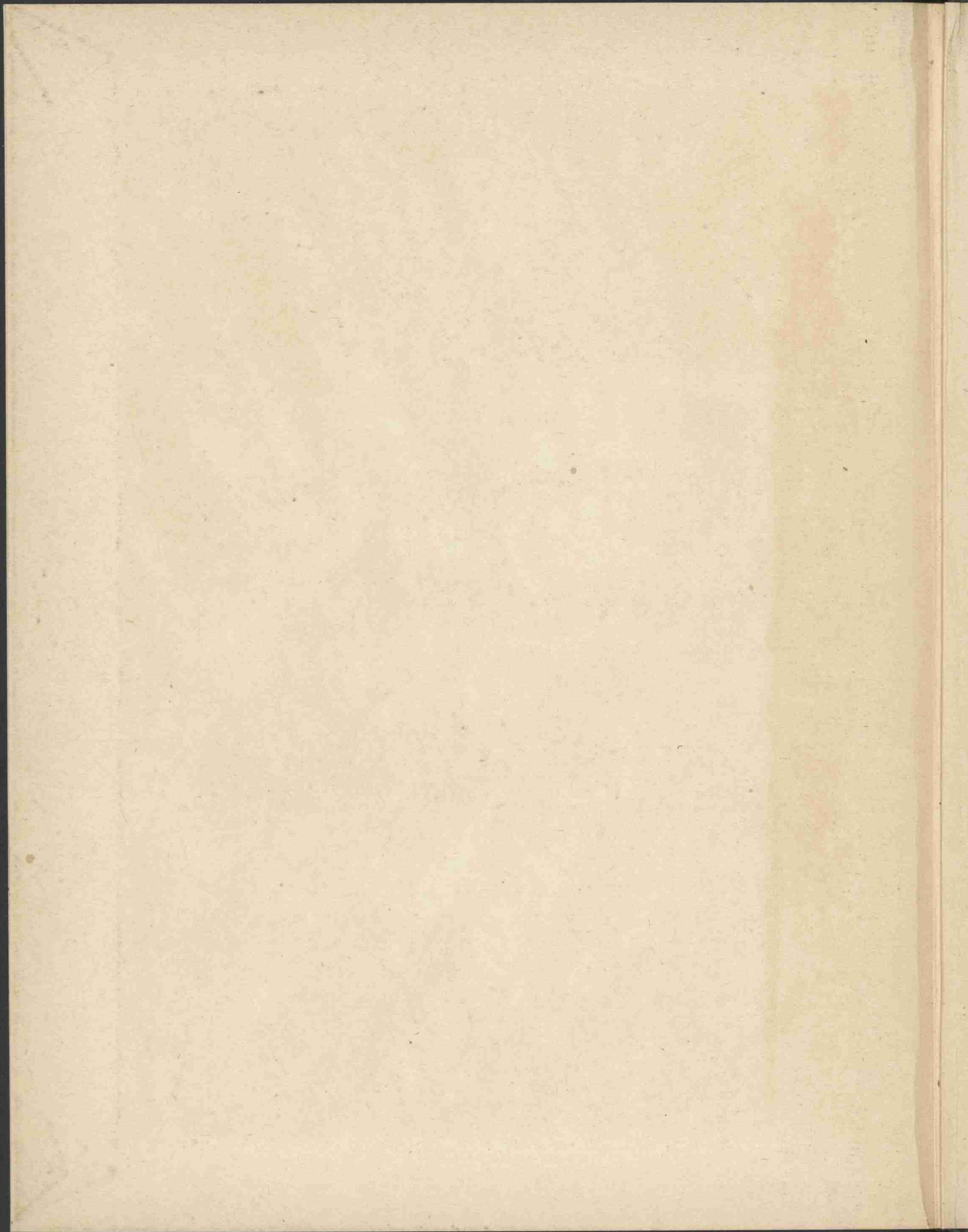
INDEX.

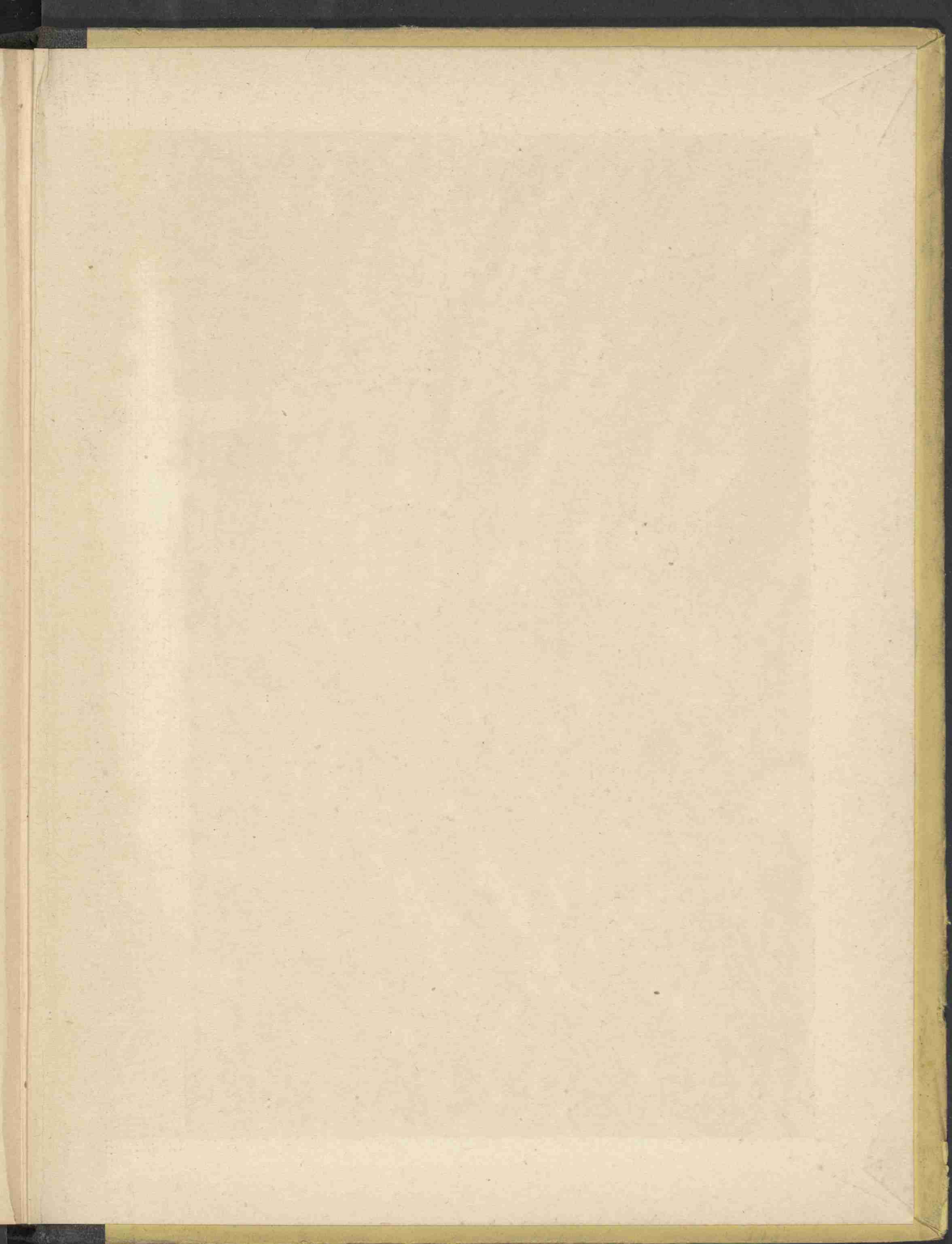
	No.		No.
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly	180	O, we clasp the hand in gladness	143
Lord, send me work	43	O, where are you standing?	103
		O, who is this that cometh?	69
MARCHING HOME TO ZION	106	O, who will be a messenger?	41
Mid evening shadows let us all	152		
Mid the breakers I am drifting	6	PERFECT PEACE	112
MIGHTY TO SAVE	69	Pilgrim, weary, weak and	68
More love to Thee, O Christ!	135	PITY ME	30
My country 't is of thee	1	Pity them, Christian	19
My friend, have you nothing to say?	29	PONTIUS. C. M.	164
My heart was afflicted	60	Pressing on to the joys	81
		PROVE THAT YOU HAVE BEEN WITH	137
NATIONAL HYMN OF AMERICA	1		
NEARER HOME	99	ROOM FOR JESUS	15
Near me, ever near me	101		
NEW YEAR'S WISHES	139	Sailor on life's troubled ocean	28
No, not despairingly	23	SALVATION'S FREE	134
NO PAIN NOR SORROW SHALL BE	136	SAVED BY GRACE	154
Not what these hands have	156	Saviour, bless a little child	150
		SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR	149
OBEY AND QUESTION Not	44	Scatter bright beams of sunshine	159
O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy	55	SEND ME WORK TO DO	43
O'er the hill the sun is	99	SHALL MY LAMP BE EMPTY?	40
O happy day that fixed my	22	Shall we stand among the angels?	123
O haste to the Rock! 't is a	20	SHOWALTER. C. M.	128
Oh give your alms with cheerful	75	Sing to the Lord of harvest	83
Oh, knowledge so sweet, so sacred	7	SOMETIME	58
Oh, Thou that hearest prayer	173	So near the cleansing fountain	165
O, how oft we sing of that	145	STANDING BY THE CROSS	178
O Jesus, my Lord and my Saviour	117	Step by step, from day to	57
On the Rock of faith are you	18	Still, still with Thee	94
On the solid Rock I 'm	147	Sweetly sing the love of	35
ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?	18	Sweet the moments, rich in	178
O PARADISE	42		
O precious legacy that Jesus	120	TALK IT OVER WITH JESUS	167
O, there are sheep within the	24	TEMPTED AND TRIED	89
O! the wondrous love of Jesus	91	Tender Shepherd, Light divine	162
O, THIS WONDERFUL SALVATION	16	Ten thousand talents thou dost	56
OUR ROCK OF DEFENSE	20	THE BEACON LIGHT	28
OUT OF THE SHADOWS	107	THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF SONG	8
Out on life's ocean, far from	172	THE BETTER WAY	78
Over the ocean wave	19	THE DEBT I OWE	56

INDEX.

	No.		No.
The desert drear and lonely . . .	86	UPHOLD ME, LORD . . .	119
THE FATHER'S CALL . . .	31		
THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALING . . .	114	WAITING DUTIES . . .	24
THE GOLDEN CITY . . .	145	WAITING FOR YOU AND ME . . .	85
THE HALF HAS NEVER YET BEEN . . .	46	WALKING IN FELLOWSHIP SWEET . . .	50
THE HARPS OF HEAVEN . . .	153	Walking in the sunlight . . .	2
The journey of life is . . .	109	We are marching home to . . .	106
THE KING'S HERALD . . .	90	WE ARE REDEEMED . . .	129
The Lord is my salvation . . .	171	We are trav'ling on . . .	158
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD . . .	115	We are trav'ling on in . . .	88
THE LOVE OF JESUS . . .	35	We are trav'ling to a better . . .	177
The Master hath need of . . .	157	We have met together . . .	133
THE MERCY SEAT . . .	110	We'll praise the name of God . . .	129
THE PROMISED ONE . . .	86	WE MEET AGAIN . . .	82
THE REDEEMER IS HERE . . .	132	WE SHALL NEVER SAY FAREWELL . . .	143
The Saviour is longing your soul . . .	14	We're a band of soldiers . . .	39
THE SHEPHERD'S PSALM . . .	115	We're marching on to Canaan . . .	85
The soldier heeds his captain . . .	44	What a fellowship, what a . . .	176
The time of parting now has . . .	142	WHAT A FRIEND IS HE! . . .	21
THE TRUMPET CALL . . .	47	What a Friend we have in . . .	182
There is a fountain . . .	53	What shall I wish thee? . . .	139
There is a glittering star . . .	132	When former things have passed . . .	136
There is an arm that never . . .	77	When I survey the wondrous . . .	12
There is work to be done . . .	47	When Jesus walked in Galilee . . .	51
There's a beautiful robe that . . .	127	When life's sunshine and its . . .	161
THERE'S A GLORY AT THE END . . .	111	When the shadows are o'er thee . . .	167
THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE . . .	138	When the shadows of night shall . . .	8
THE USEFUL LIFE . . .	100	When we go to realms above . . .	153
They shall gather at last . . .	70	WHEN WE STAND BEFORE THE . . .	161
They shall walk with me . . .	64	While the rugged sea of life . . .	32
THE WONDROUS CROSS . . .	12	WHITER THAN SNOW . . .	180
THE WONDROUS LOVE OF JESUS . . .	91	Who is on the Lord's side? . . .	49
Though 't is a thorny road . . .	111	WHO'LL HELP A BROTHER . . .	32
Thou didst leave Thy throne . . .	15	WHO WILL BE A MESSENGER? . . .	41
THOUGHTS OF GLORY . . .	52	Why in thy bondage wilt thou . . .	31
Thy will be done . . .	11	Why stand you afar from . . .	27
'T is all right with me . . .	95	Why will you wander, O sinner . . .	5
'T IS BLESSED TO KNOW . . .	7	WILL YOU LET HIM IN? . . .	14
'T is Thy love that brings me . . .	74	Will you not come to Me? . . .	84
Tossing on life's fitful sea . . .	10	WORK FOR ALL . . .	3
TRAVELING ON . . .	88		
Trav'ling the path to Canaan's . . .	168		
TRUSTING THEE . . .	63		







THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., DALTON, GA.

Music Publishers and Dealers in General Musical Merchandise.

Singing School, Sunday School and Church Music Books a Specialty.

THE BEST BOOKS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, GOSPEL MEETINGS, ETC.,

		COPY.	DOZ.
PERENNIAL SONGS, (round & shaped notes,)	Showalter & Roberts	35c.	\$4.00
NEW VOICE OF PRAISE, (round & shaped notes,) Showalter, Hoffman & Lewis		35	4.00
WORK AND WORSHIP, (round & shaped notes,) Showalter & Tenney	{ Note Edition	35	4.00
	{ Word Edition	12	1.25
GLAD EVANGEL, (round & shaped notes,) Showalter, Evilsizer	{ Tag Covers	20	2.25
	{ & Perry { Board Covers	25	2.75
GLAD EVANGEL, NO. 2, (round & shaped notes,) Showalter,	{ Tag Covers	20	2.25
	{ Evilsizer & Moon { Board Covers	25	2.75
GOOD TIDINGS, (shaped notes only,)	Showalter	15	1.50
GOOD TIDINGS, NO. 2, (shaped notes only,)	Showalter	15	1.50
GOOD TIDINGS COMBINED, (shaped notes only,)	Showalter	25	2.50
HYMNS, TUNES AND GOSPEL SONGS, (round & shaped notes,) {	Note Edition	50	5.40
	Showalter { Word Edition	15	1.50
SHOWALTER'S SELECT SONGS, (round & shaped notes,)	Showalter	15	1.50

THE BEST BOOKS FOR SINGING SCHOOLS, DAY SCHOOLS, MUSICAL SOCIETIES, ETC.,

SINGER'S IDEAL, (round & shaped notes,) Showalter & Roberts, assisted by			
	Tenney & Moore	75c.	\$7.50
REGAL SINGER, (shaped notes only,) J. Henry Showalter & S. J. Perry,			
	assisted by Dennington & Crawford	50	5.00
NEW RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC, (round & shaped notes,)	Showalter	15	1.50
CLASS, CHOIR AND CONGREGATION, (round & shaped notes,) Showalter		75	7.50
SHOWALTER'S NEW METHOD, (round & shaped notes,)	Showalter	35	3.60
NATIONAL SINGER, (shaped notes only,)	Showalter & Tenney	75	7.50
RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC, (round & shaped notes,)	Showalter	10	1.00
CHOICE CHORUS COLLECTION, (shaped notes only,) J. H. Showalter & S. J. Perry		20	2.25
PRACTICAL VOICE CULTURE, (round notes only,)	Unsel & Showalter	35	4.00

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHOWALTER'S THEORY OF MUSIC, (round notes only,)	Showalter	\$1.00	\$10.00
TRUE METHOD FOR THE REED ORGAN, (round notes only,) Showalter		1.00	10.00
PEOPLE'S ANTHEMS, (round & shaped notes,)	Showalter & Roberts	.60	6.00
TEN POPULAR SONGS, (shaped notes only,) Showalter, Towne, and others		.25	2.50

SHEET MUSIC. (Round Notes Only.)

		PER COPY.
DAISY DARE, Song and Chorus,	Schoeller	35c.
THREAT'NING GALE, Sacred Song and Chorus,	Roberts	35c.
THE LILIES IN THE LANE, Song and Chorus,	Langley	35c.

ANY PIECE OF MUSIC OR MUSIC BOOK,

No matter where published, will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of retail price. Descriptive Catalogue will be sent on request.

☞ When ordering books that are published in both round and shaped notes, be sure to state with each order which notation is wanted.

THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO.,

No. 2 Opera House Block, Dalton, Ga.