.. THE ..

HIGHWAY

.. TO ..

HEAVEN

A NEW COLLECTION OF GOSPEL SONGS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, PRAYER MEETINGS, YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES, AND ALL OTHER OCCASIONS OF RELIGIOUS AND MUSICAL ENDEAVOR.

... By ...

A. J. Showalter, J. Henry Showalter, J. M. Bowman and T. B. Mosley.

... PUBLISHED BY ..

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THE J. HENRY SHOWALTER CO.
West Milton, Ohio.

THE SHOWALTER-PATTON CO.
Dallas, Texas.

PRICE, post-paid, 35 cents per copy; $4.00 per dozen.

Prof. Geo. B. Holsinger,

With

Compliments of

J. J. Shwalter.

Feb. 1879.

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The Highway to Heaven.

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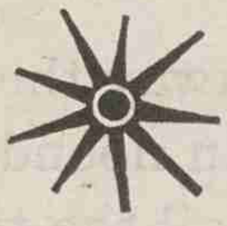

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"The Highway to Heaven."

"And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness."—Is. xxxv:8.

There is a beautiful highway of light,
Built thro' the regions of Time;
Prospects of heaven that burst on the sight
Make it a highway sublime.

Over that highway the pure-hearted go,
Breathing a message of love,
Leading the weak from the valleys below
Up to the mansions above.

Over that highway the saints have all trod,
Waving their branches of palm;
Seeking a home in the City of God,
Fasting with prayer and with psalm.

Over that highway the light of God's face
Brighter than noonday appears,
Shedding o'er all the rich gift of His grace,
Driving away all their fears.

Highway to heaven! Oh, may we all tread
Nearer to Zion each day;
Led by the footsteps of Him who hath said:
"I am the Life and the Way."

—ADALYN.

Dalton, Ga., 1899.

The Highway to Heaven.

No. 1. IN THY NAME.

THOS. KELLEY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sem-bling, We, Thy peo-ple, now draw near;
2. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to Thee!
3. There, in wor-ship, pur - er, sweet-er, All Thy peo-ple shall a - dore;

Teach us to rejoice with trembling; O that we this day may hear—Hear with meekness,
Cheer'd by hope and dai-ly strengthen'd, We would run nor wea - ry be, Till Thy glo-ry,
Tast-ing of enjoyment greater Than they could con-ceive be-fore; Full en-joy-ment,

Hear with meekness, Hear Thy word with godly fear! Hear Thy word with god-ly fear!
Till Thy glo-ry, Without clouds, in heav'n we see, Without clouds, in heav'n we see.
Full en-joy-ment, Ho - ly bliss for-ev-er-more, Ho - ly bliss for-ev-er-more.

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No. 2. OPENING HYMN.

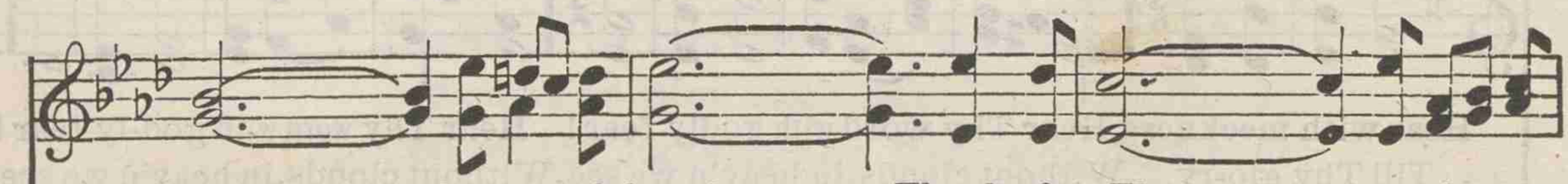
WM. H. GARDNER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. From the field and from the workshop, Come we here to wor-ship Thee;
2. Rich and poor, all one in pur-pose, Come to praise Thy ho - ly name;
3. Young and old, a - like are grate- ful, And with cheerful voi - ces sing;
4. May we prof- it by the mes-sage Read to us from out Thy word,

Ev - 'ry heart sends up thanksgiv- ing, And we hum-bly bow the knee.
And the mean-est, vil - est sin - ner, Knows he here may par-don claim.
May the ech - o of our prais - es, In the courts of heav-en ring.
Help us, Fa- ther, on life's jour-ney, Make us serve Thee bet- ter, Lord.

REFRAIN.

For Thy lov - - - - - ing kindness, Fa - ther, We would
For Thy lov - ing kindness, Fa-ther, For Thy lov - ing kindness, Fa-ther, We would



ren - - - der grateful praise; . . Thanks for Thy . . . un- failing
render grateful praise, We would render grateful praise; Thanks for Thy unfailing mercy, Thanks for

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OPENING HYMN.

No. 3. ONLY FOR THEE, MY LORD.

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

REFRAIN. D.S.

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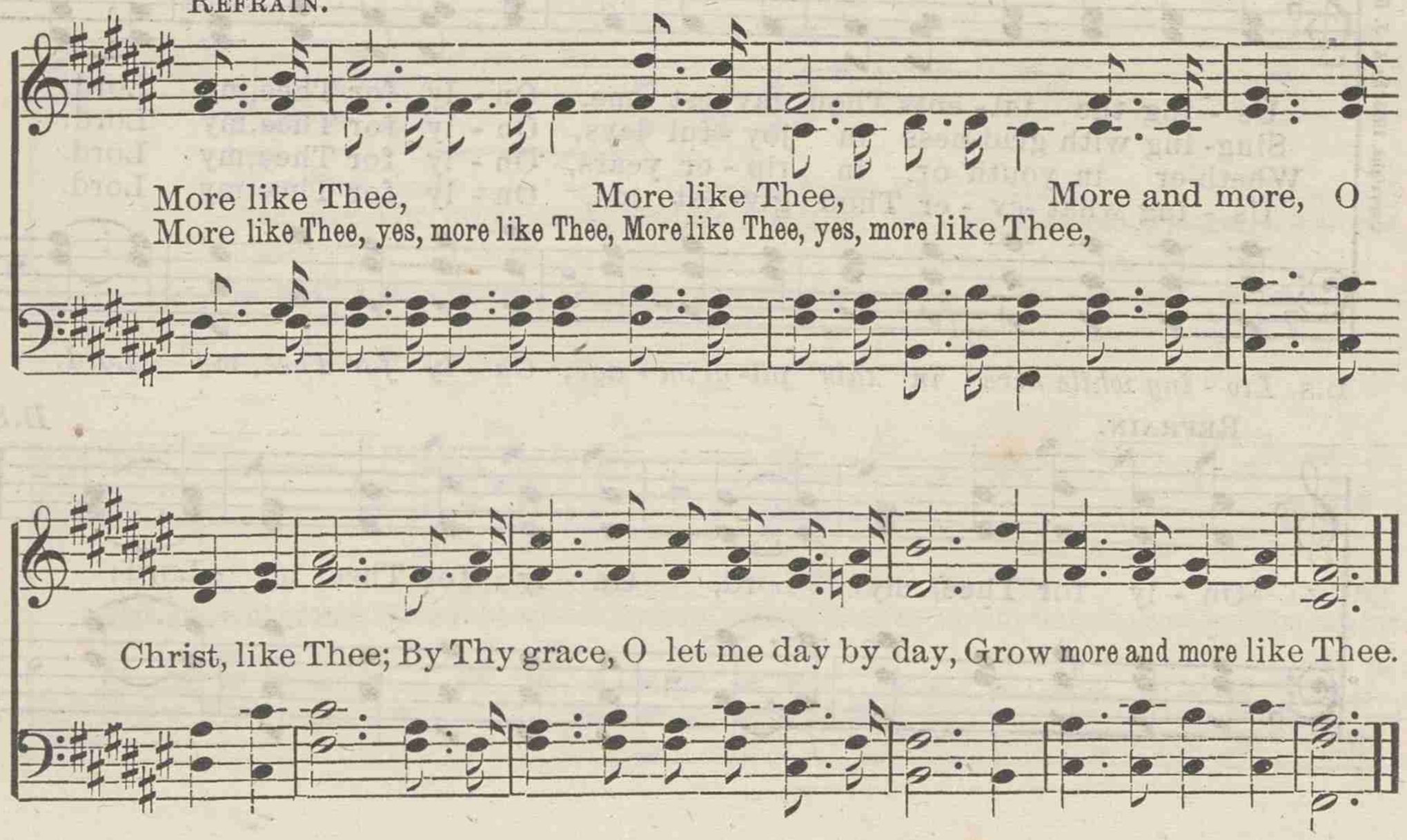
No. 4. MORE LIKE THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.



More like Thee, More like Thee, More and more, O
More like Thee, yes, more like Thee, More like Thee, yes, more like Thee,

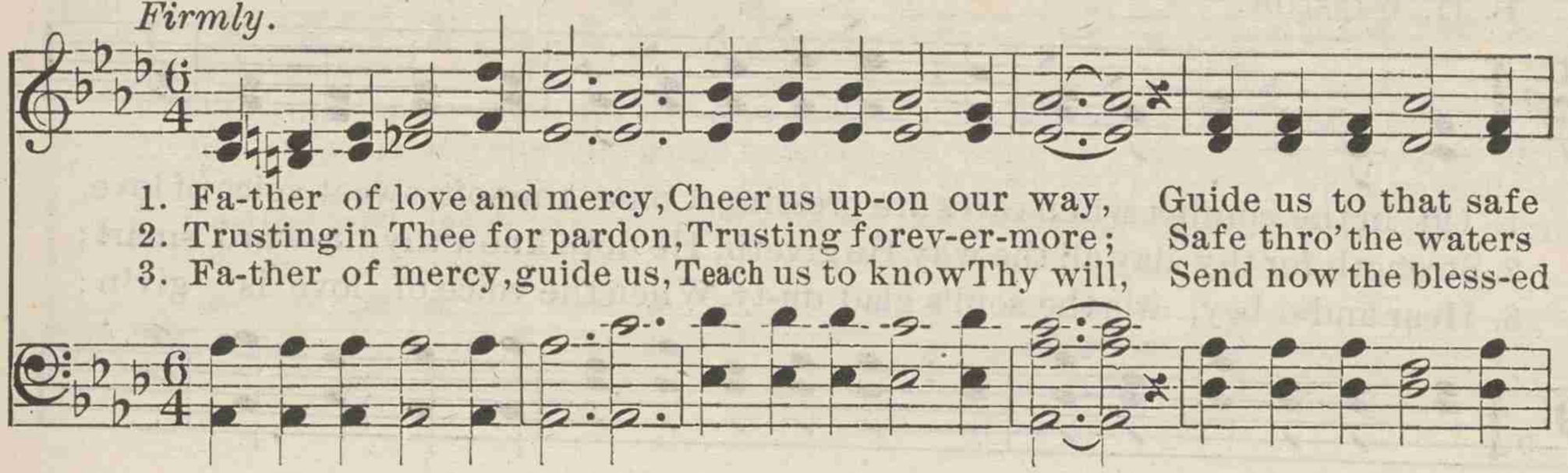
Christ, like Thee; By Thy grace, O let me day by day, Grow more and more like Thee.

No. 5. RIVER OF SALVATION.

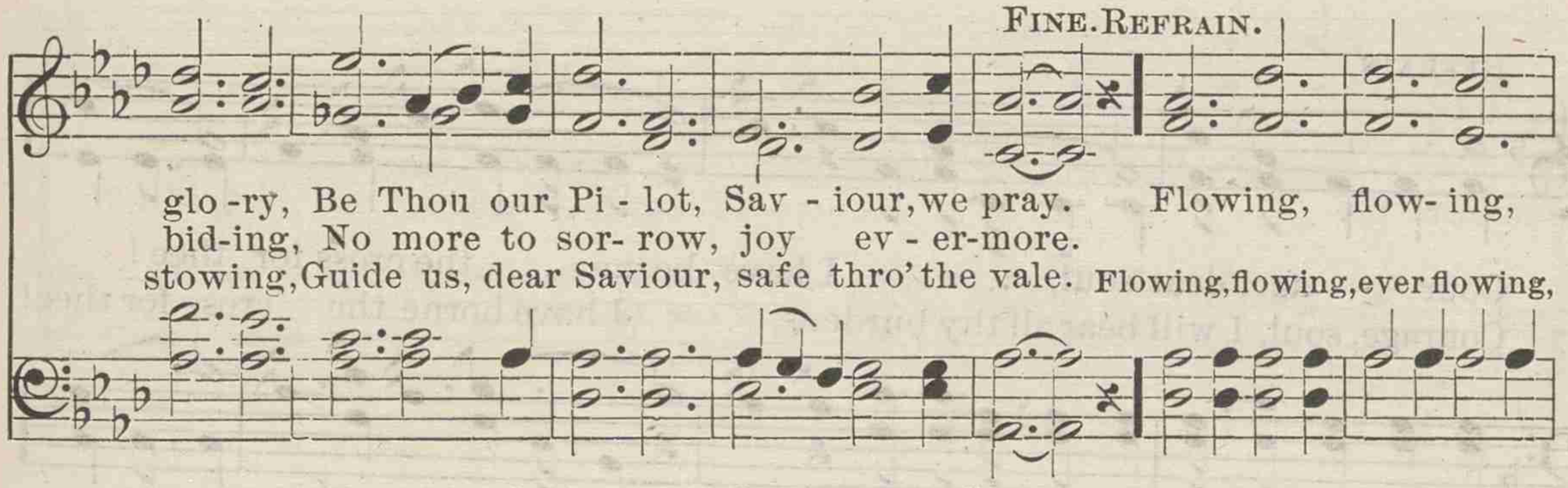
J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Firmly.



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



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

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No. 6. THE VOICE OF LOVE.

B. H. Winslow. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Oft in the conflict when cares are pressing, Comes the soft, sweet voice of love,
2. Strength for thy day all the way He giveth, He doth know thy in-ward smart;
3. Hear and o-bey, 'tis the soul's glad du-ty, When the voice of love is giv'n;

To cheer the heart with a heav'nly blessing From the Father's home a - bove.
He'll bring thee thro', for the dear Lord liveth And will ne'er from thee depart.
Soon we shall welcome the King in His beauty—What are cares compared with heav'n!

Refrain.

Cour - age, dear soul, . . I have borne . . the cross for thee!
Courage, soul, I will bear all thy burdens, I have borne the cross for thee!

Now fol - low on with a joy - ful spir-it Till the crown in heav'n you see.

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No. 7. WORKING TILL THE MASTER COMES.

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

1. Working for Je -sus our Lord and King, Who did sal-va-tion from heaven bring;
2. Toil - ing for Je - sus who came to earth, Serv-ing the Master of King-ly birth;
3. Wait-ing for Je - sus to come a-gain, In His bright kingdom where we shall reign;
4. Resting with Jesus in that bright home, —Hear how the "Lamb and the Bride say come;"

We are His children—His word we hear—He is our Master whom we should fear.
Out in the hedges and bleak highway, Seeking the lost that have gone a-stray.
Gath'ring the grain that was sown in tears, Reaping in joy when our Lord ap-pears.
Home with the ransomed where we shall sing Praises to Je - sus our heav'nly King.

Refrain.

Work - ing, work - ing, Working till the Master comes,
Working for the Master, working till He comes, till He comes,

Work - ing, work - ing, Working till the Master comes.
We are working for the Master, working till He comes,

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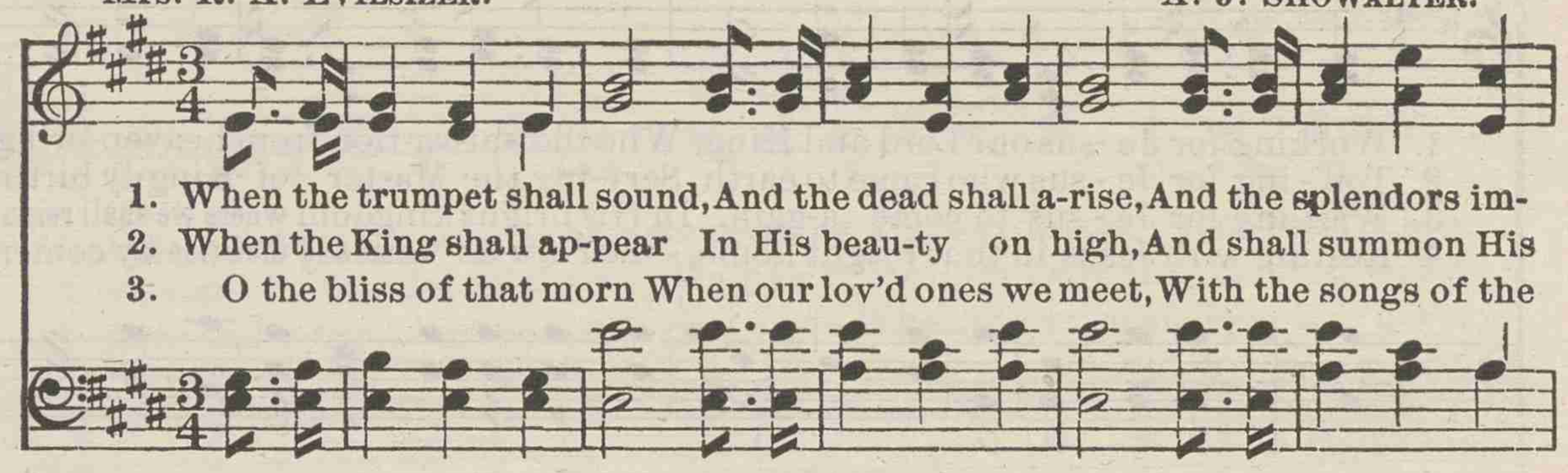
No. 8. IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

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



Refrain.

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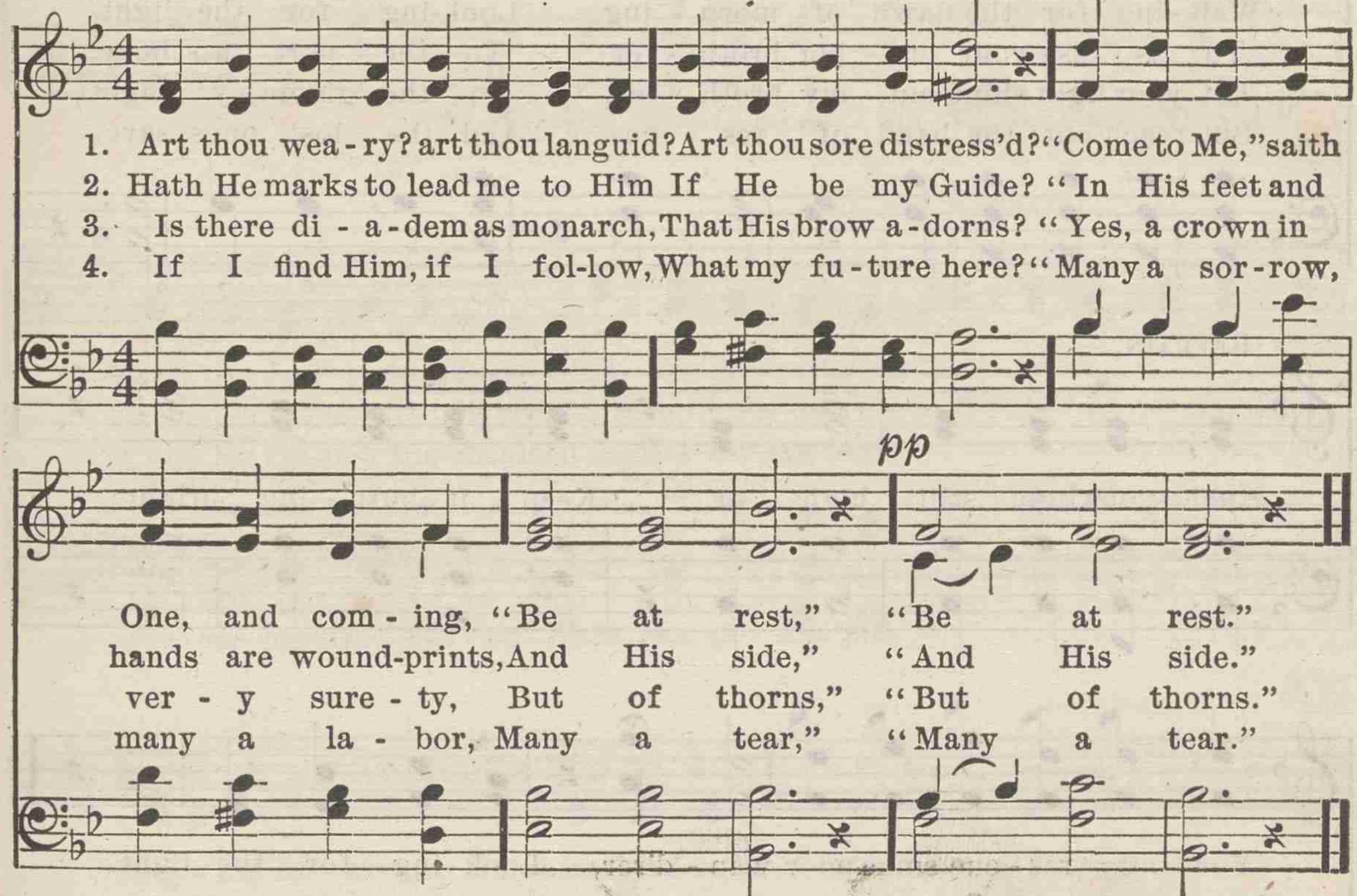
IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

No. 9. ART THOU WEARY?

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



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

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

No. 10. HOLD YOUR LIGHT STILL HIGHER.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. Ma - ny precious souls are grop - ing In the darkness and the night,
2. God has call'd you in - to ser - vice, And constrain'd you by His love,
3. Like a faith-ful lighthouse watch-er, Keep-ing ev - 'ry bea - con bright,
4. O, let not the thousands per - ish Un - derneath the an - gry wave;

Wait - ing for the dawn of morn - ing, Look-ing for the light.
To as - sist your err - ing broth - er To the port a - bove.
Let your light shine out, my broth - er, In the gloom - y night.
But reach out the hand of res - cue, And the lost ones save.

Refrain.

Hold your light still high - er, Keep it burn - ing bright;

You may res - cue some poor wan - d'rer, Look - ing for the light.

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No. 11. HAPPY CHILDREN.

ADALYN. C. W. JAMES.

1. We are hap - py children, Singing on our way, Songs of joy and gladness
2. We are hap - py children, Working as we sing; Do - ing deeds of kindness
3. We are hap - py children, Je-sus is our Friend, To our wants, tho' simple,

All the sun - ny day; Sing-ing of the Mas - ter And His love di-vine,
For our heav'nly King; Heav-y hearts are lightened By our songs of cheer,
He will e'er at-tend; He will safe - ly keep us As in days of old,

D. S. *Sing-ing, work-ing, pray - ing, We will serve Him still,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

From the ear - ly morn-ing Till the day's decline.
Darkened homes are brightened By our presence here. We are hap-py children
When He clasped the children In His lov-ing fold.

For our hearts are hap - py When we do His will.

D. S.

Sing - ing as we go, Hand in hand with Je - sus, Thro' this vale be-low;

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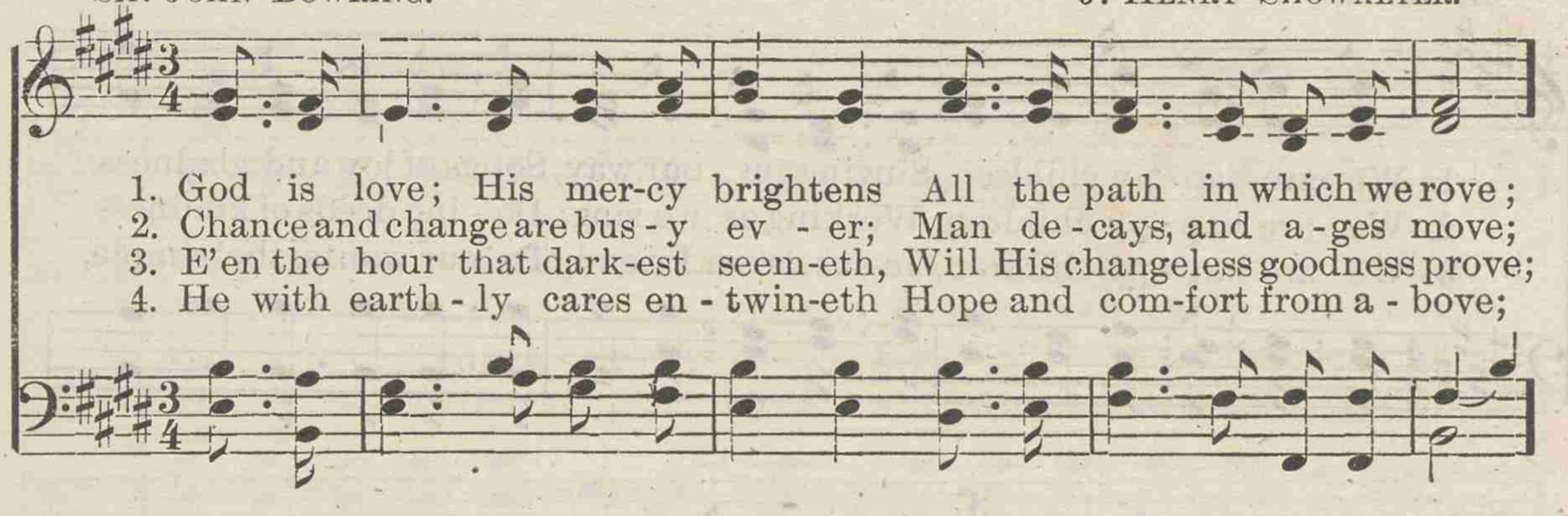
No. 12. GOD IS LOVE.

Sir. JOHN BOWRING. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



REFRAIN.

No. 13. 'T IS HEAVEN AT LAST.

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

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

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

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

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

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No. 14. GIVING UP ALL.

E. REEDER. T. B. MOSLEY.

May be transposed to E.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

By per. J. Henry Showalter.

No. 15. HASTEN TO THE NARROW GATE.

GEO. H. SPRING. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Fel - low trav' - ler, dost thou know Whither now thy footsteps tend?
2. True, thy way may smooth ap-pear; Eas - y is the downward road;
3. Do not with the thoughtless choose, Sin's broad way, tho' op'ning fair,
4. Tho' our feet some toil must know, As we climb the nar-row road,

Care - est not if weal or woe Waits thee at thy journey's end?
Yet the tho't should rouse thy fear, That it leads the soul from God.
Lest thy pre-cious soul thou lose In the gulf of dark de - spair.
Yet each up - ward step we go Brings us near - er heav'n and God.

REFRAIN.

Hast - en, hast - en, Je - sus o - pens there the way;
Hast - en to the nar - row way,

Tho' the up-ward path is straight, Yet it leads to end - less day.

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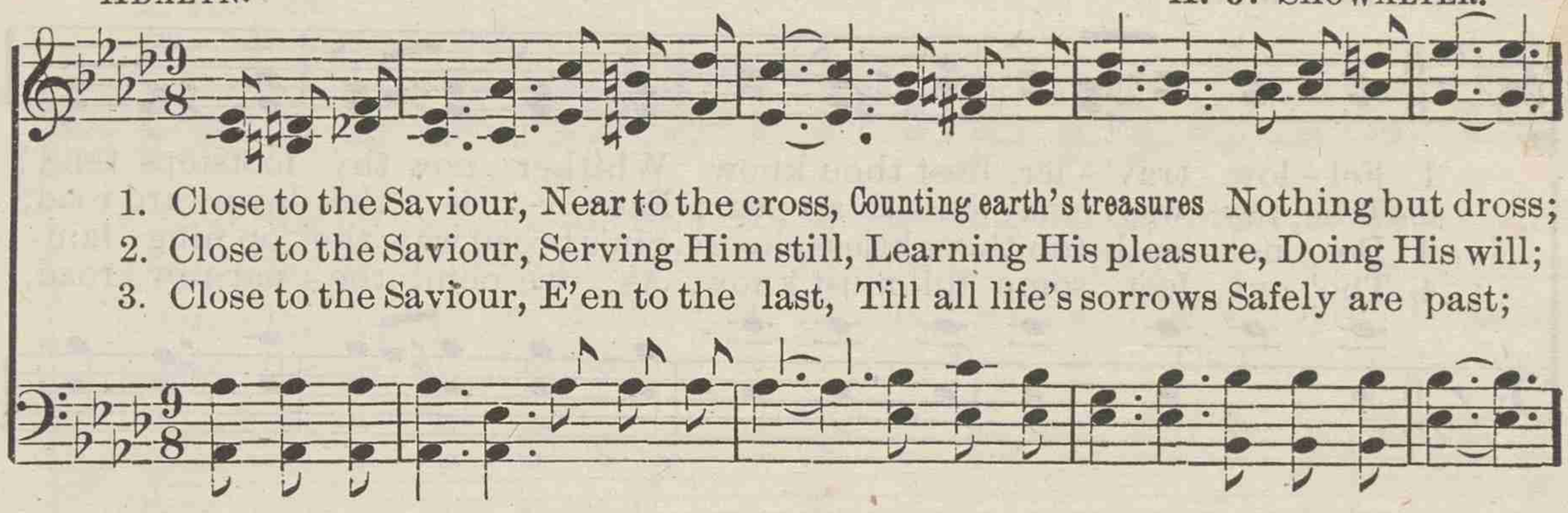
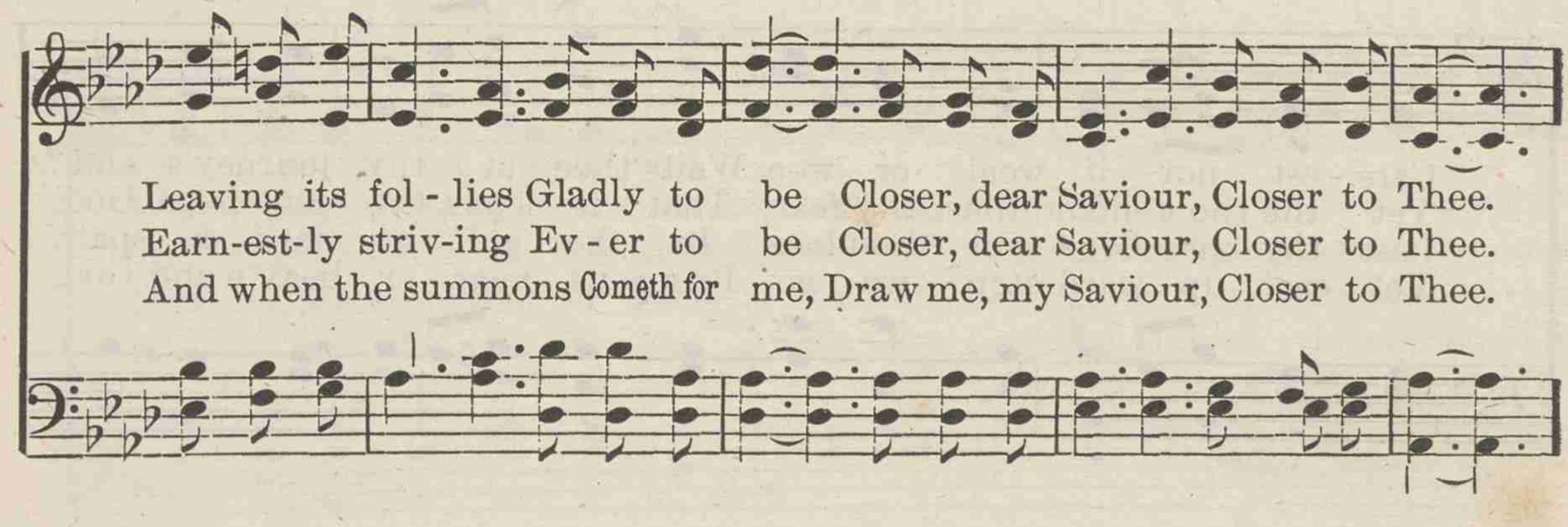
No. 16. CLOSE TO THE SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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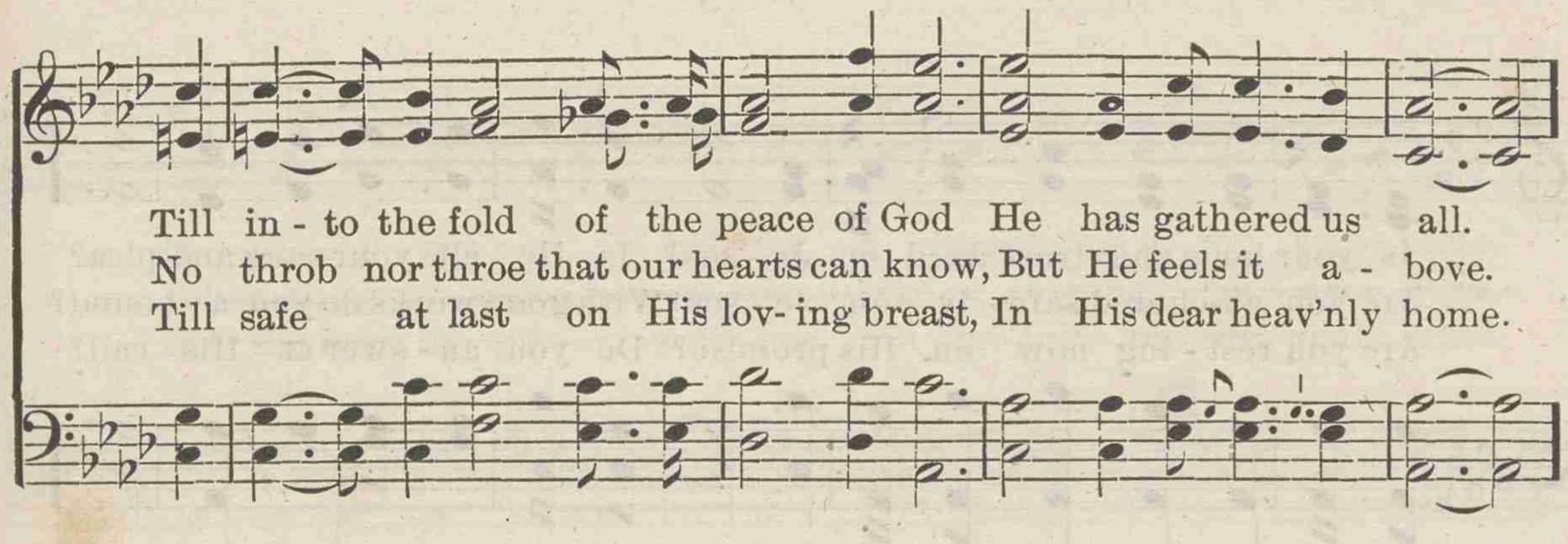
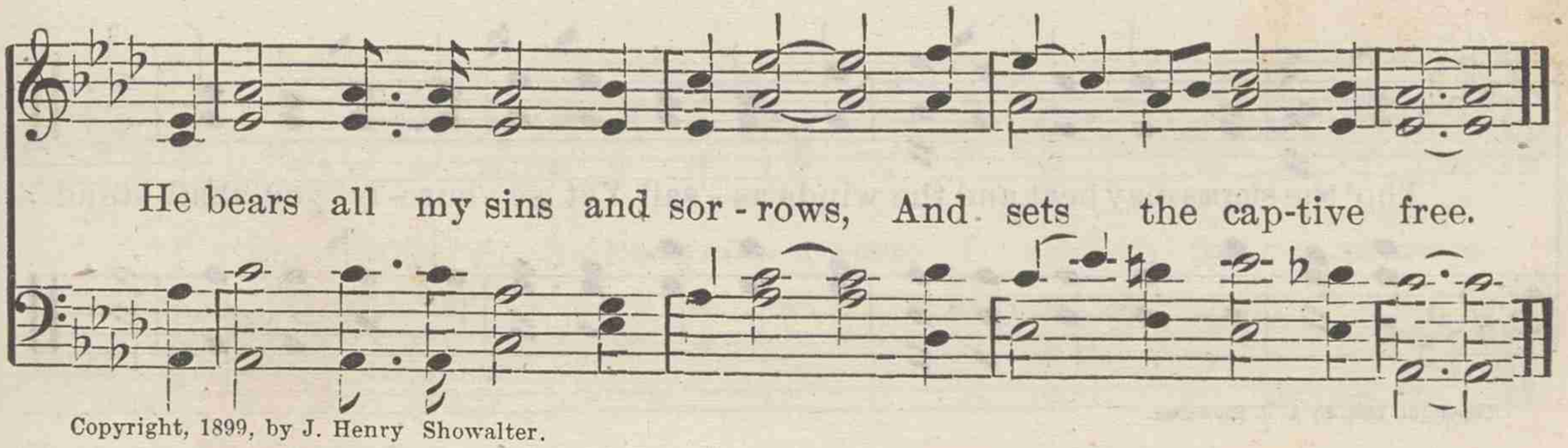
No. 17. NO LOVE LIKE THE LOVE OF JESUS.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.





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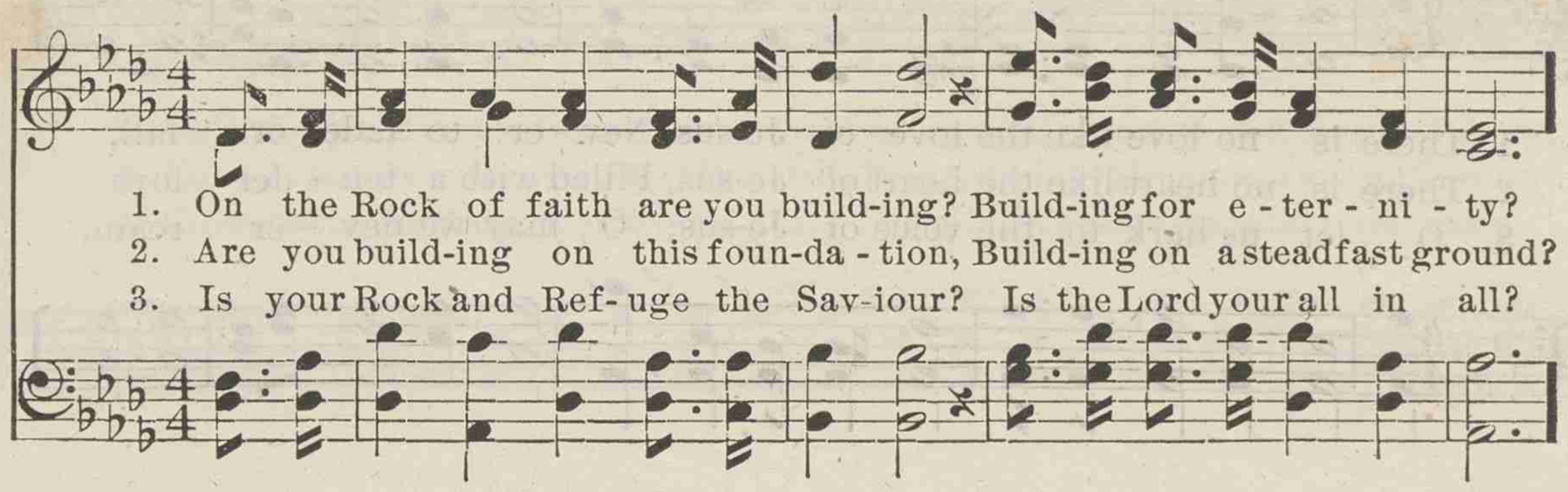
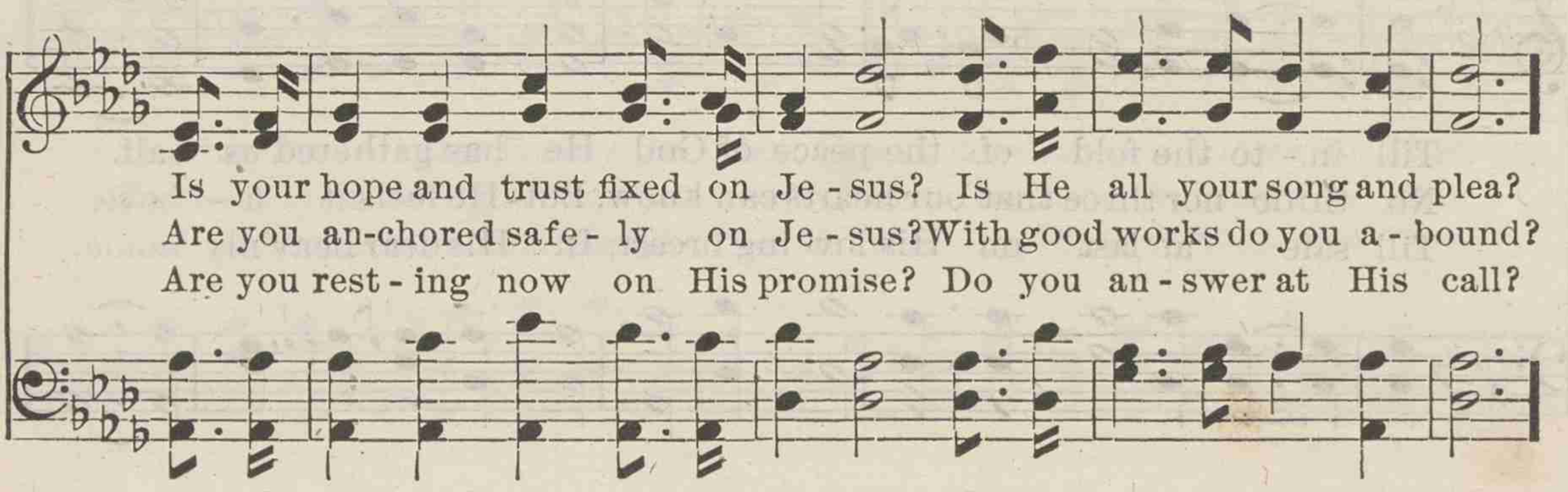
No. 18. ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

F. M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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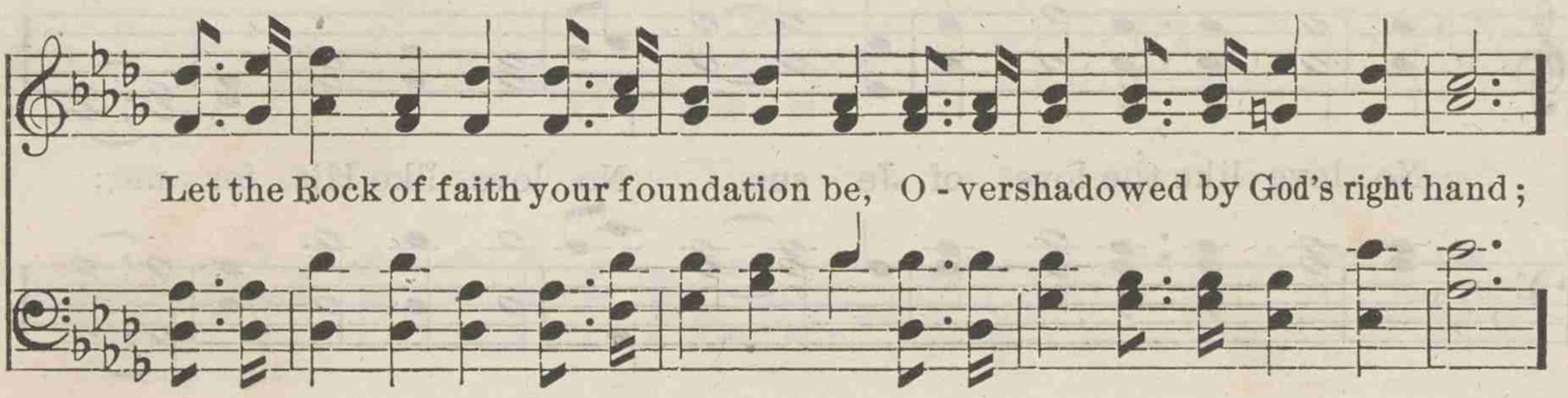

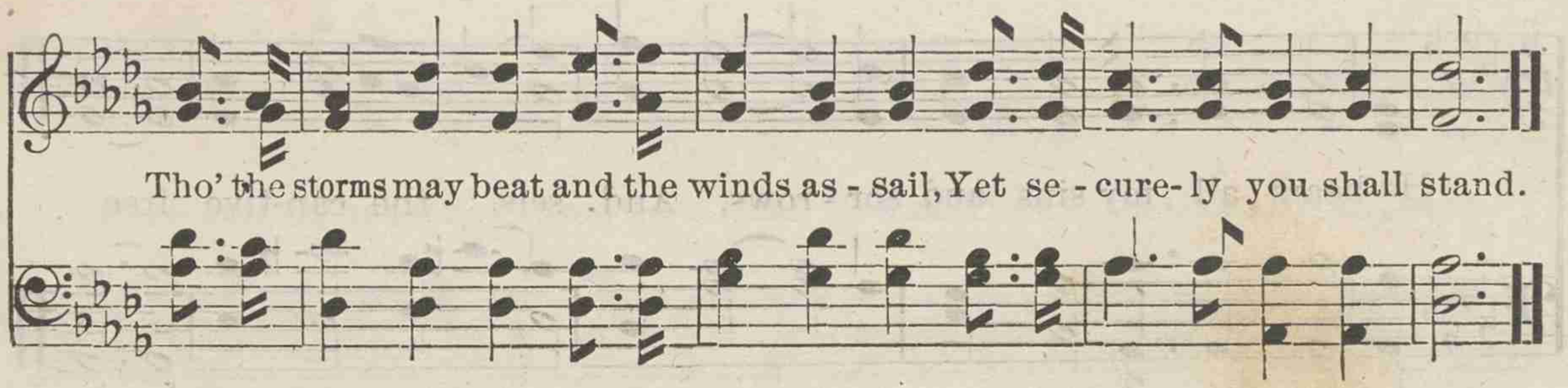

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No. 19. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

H. B. HARTZLER. J. H. SHOWALTER.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hi - ding, I have found a sure re - treat;
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re - pose,
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace;

In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com - plete.
Where the grace of God for - ev - er Like a might-y riv - er flows.
In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing Till the toil of life shall cease.

REFRAIN:

While the storm a-round me ra - ges, And the an - gry bil - lows roar,

I am hi-ding in the Rock of A - ges: I am safe for ev - er-more.

Used by per. of Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

No. 20. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

(To my Choir, Dalton, Ga.)

Rev. R. W. TODD. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O who is this that com-eth From Edom's crimson 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
wine-press red? O why this bloody tide? "I the wine-press trod alone, 'Neath
own arm bro't Sal- va-tion in Thy name! "I the blood-y fight have won, Con-

ran - som gave, a ran -som gave; I that speak in right-eous - ness,
dark-'ning skies, 'neath dark'ning skies; Of the peo- ple there was none
quer'd the grave, con-quer'd the grave; Now the year of joy has come,

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REFRAIN.

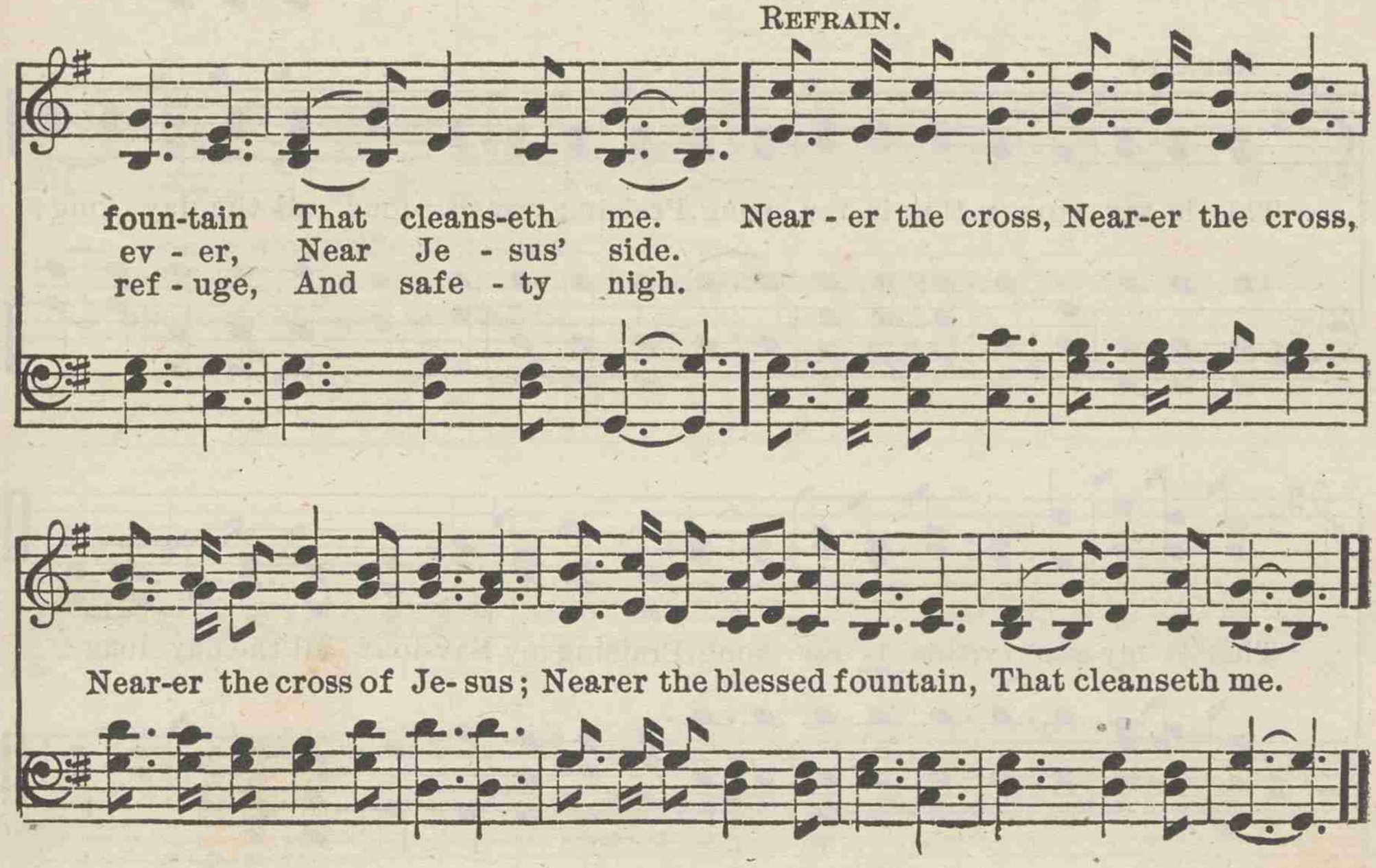
Mighty to save." Mighty to save, Mighty to save;
Might-y, yes, might-y to save, Mighty, yes, mighty to save;

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

No. 21. NEARER THE CROSS.

C. ABBEY. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

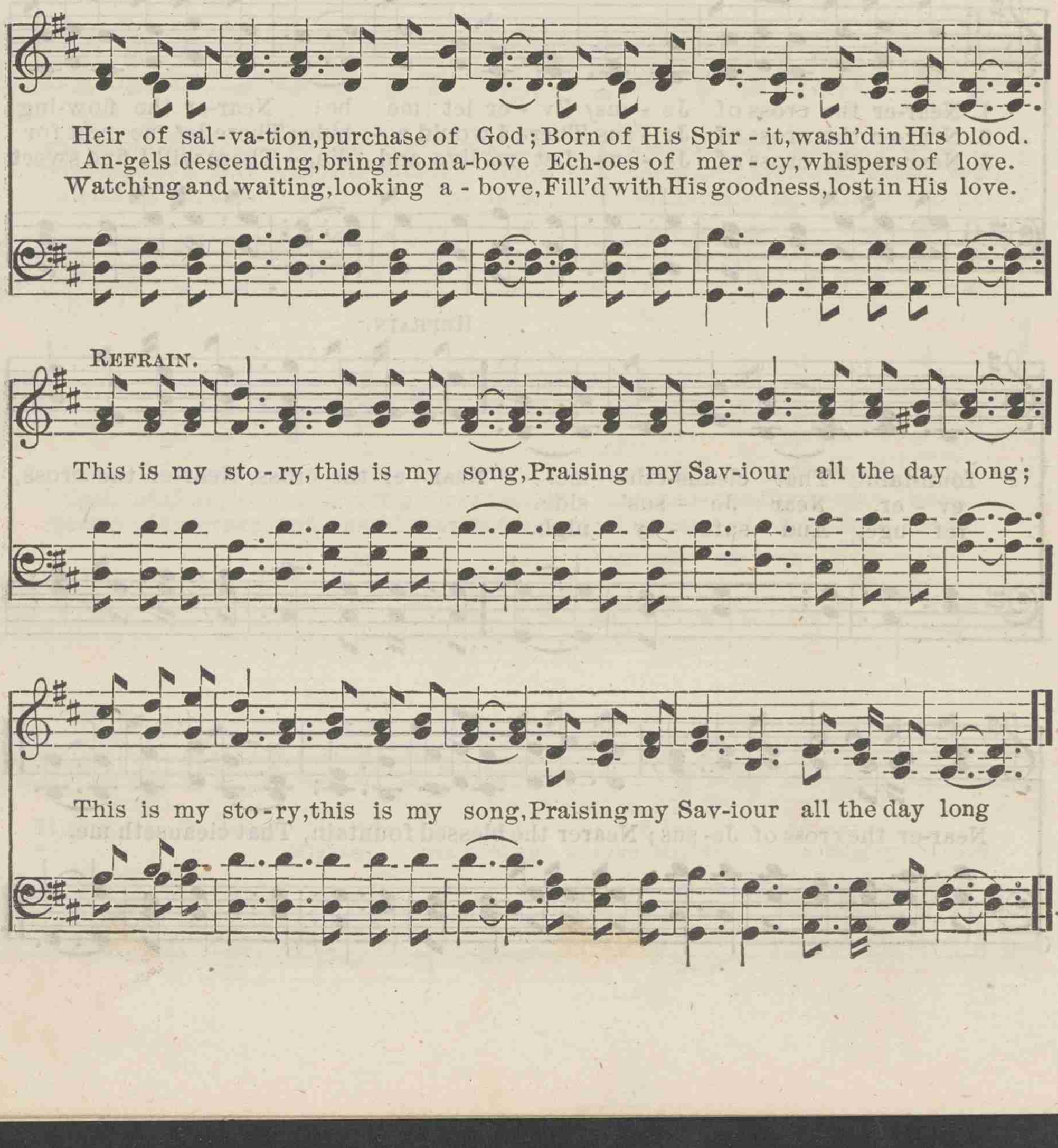
REFRAIN.



No. 22. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

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

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



No. 23. MY SHEPHERD AND GUIDE.

A. J. S. and ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 24. HE LOVES ME.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr. for this work.

1. A - las! and did my Sav- iour bleed, And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark- ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush- ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de -gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er died, For man, the crea -ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank - ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

Refrain.

He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know;
I know;

He gave Him - self to die for me, Be -cause He loves me so.

No. 25. SOME DAY.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

Duet.

1. Some day we shall be freed from sin, And feel no more of strife within;
2. Some day the clouds will lift and rise, And sin no more shall vail our eyes;
3. Some day the Lord of Par - a - dise, With gladness will our hearts surprise,

But, fill'd with heav-en's per -fect peace, Our joy shall more and more in- crease.
But sun-shine shall our hearts illume, And Christ Himself dispel our gloom.
And send us from the heav'n's a -bove, The treasure of His per- fect love.

Chorus.

Then, then our hearts (our hearts) will be at rest, (at rest,) With heaven's sweetest love possessed,

And we shall know (shall know) God's perfect peace, (sweet peace,) And joy shall more and more increase.

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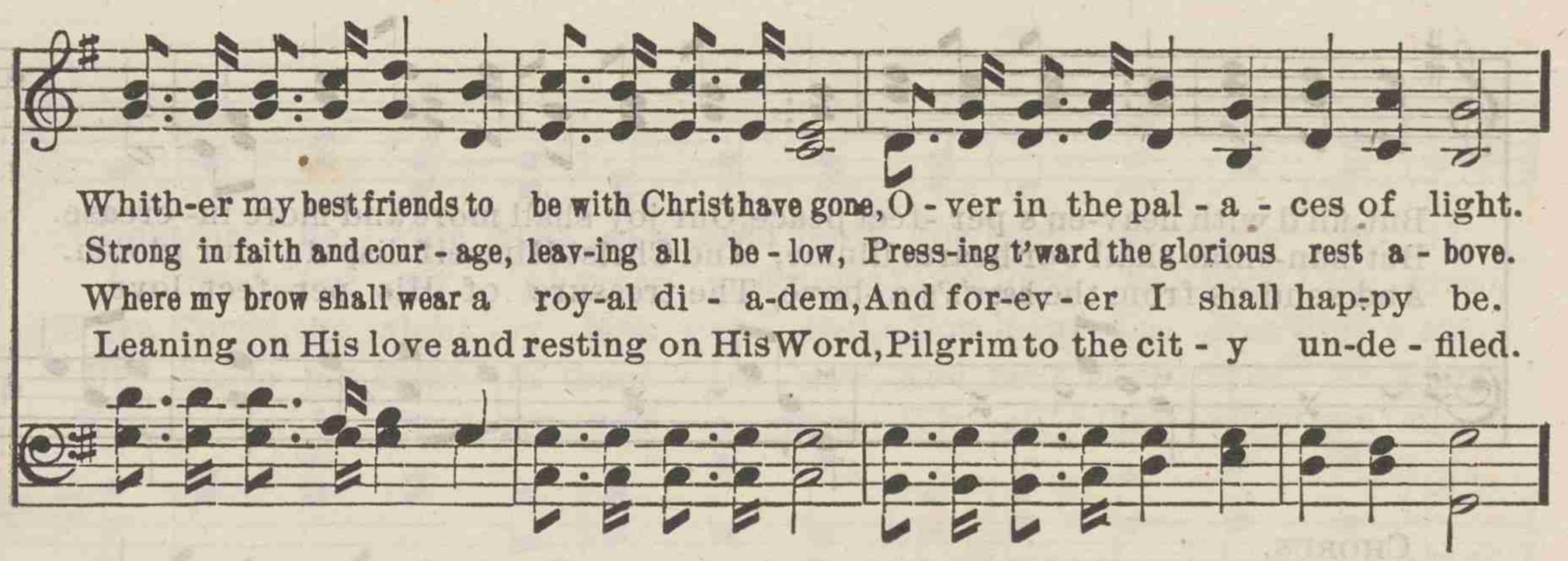
No. 26. GOING HOME TO GLORY.

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.

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No. 27. REST OVER JORDAN.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER, by per.

1. To the promised home in glo - ry, To that land of bliss-ful rest,
2. He is fit - ting up that man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Pain nor sick-ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
4. Death it - self shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn;
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glo - ry, Shout your tri - umph as you go;

My Re-deem - er's gone be - fore me, To pre-pare a man-sion, blest.
For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad - ness, O ye ran-somed, Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

REFRAIN.

Yes, there is rest o - ver Jor-dan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free;
Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.

No. 28. MARCHING HOME.

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

1. We are on our way to the realms of day, Marching home, . . we're marching
2. In those mansions bright dwell the saints in light, Marching home, . . we're marching
3. We will work each day while we watch and pray, Marching home, . . we're marching
4. By and by, in love, we'll be called a-bove, Marching home, . . we're marching

marching home,

home; And the God of love beckons from a - bove, Marching
home; And for us they wait at the pearl - y gate, Marching
home; We will trust the Lord and His own sure word, Marching
home; There to find our rest with the pure and blest, Marching
home, yes, marching home;

REFRAIN.

home, . . . we're marching home. We are march - ing home to
home, marching home,
We are marching home to
God, In the way . . . our fathers trod, And we'll
God, home to God, In the way our fath-ers trod, our fathers trod,

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MARCHING HOME.

No. 29. PEACE IN JESUS.

D. A. THREADGILL. W. T. TAYLOR.

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No. 30. GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

Words arranged. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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

Gath-er the lambs that are go - ing a - stray, In - to the Shepherd's fold.
He will re-ceive them as He did of old, Guiding their wayward feet.
Gath-er the rich and the poor just the same, Show them the narrow way.

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 31. OUR CHIEFTAIN'S OWN.

VAN MCCOLLOUGH. JOHN J. MATHEWS.

1. The clan has heard the bu - gle - call, A long clear blast at dawn;
2 Our breast-plate, friends, is righteousness, And sim - ple faith our shield,
3. Sal - va - tion's hel - met on our head, With peace our feet are shod;
4. Our ban - ner waves a - bove our heads, An en - sign scarred and old;

The braves are at the Chieftain's side, In line for bat - tle drawn.
The Spir - it's sword, the word of God, The weap - on we must wield.
Our Chieftain's name is Je - sus Christ, Our King, His Fa - ther, God.
We love each fold and blood - y stain Far more than fi - nest gold.

REFRAIN.

Our Chieftain's own, His ver - y own, For Him we'll face the foe;

We'll fight like brave men, tried and true, Till death shall lay us low.

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No. 32. I AM TRUSTING IN MY SAVIOUR.

G. W. LYON. T. B. MOSLEY.

1. I am trusting in my Sav-iour; With a calm and stead-y light,
2. I am trusting in my Sav-iour; O, how sad my life would be,
2. I am trusting in my Sav-iour; Faith ex-ult-ant mounts a-bove
4. O, how sweet to trust my Sav-iour, Knowing that He is a Friend

Hope is shin-ing on my path-way, Making all things fair and bright.
But for Thy dear pres-ence, Sav-iour, And to know I'm led by Thee.
This dark world and all its pas-sions To the realms of end-less love.
Who will cheer me through life's journ-ey, And be with me to the end.

REFRAIN.

I am trusting, trusting, trusting, I am trusting day by day;
wholly trusting, day by day;

I am trusting in my Sav-iour, . . To go with me all the way.
blessed Saviour,

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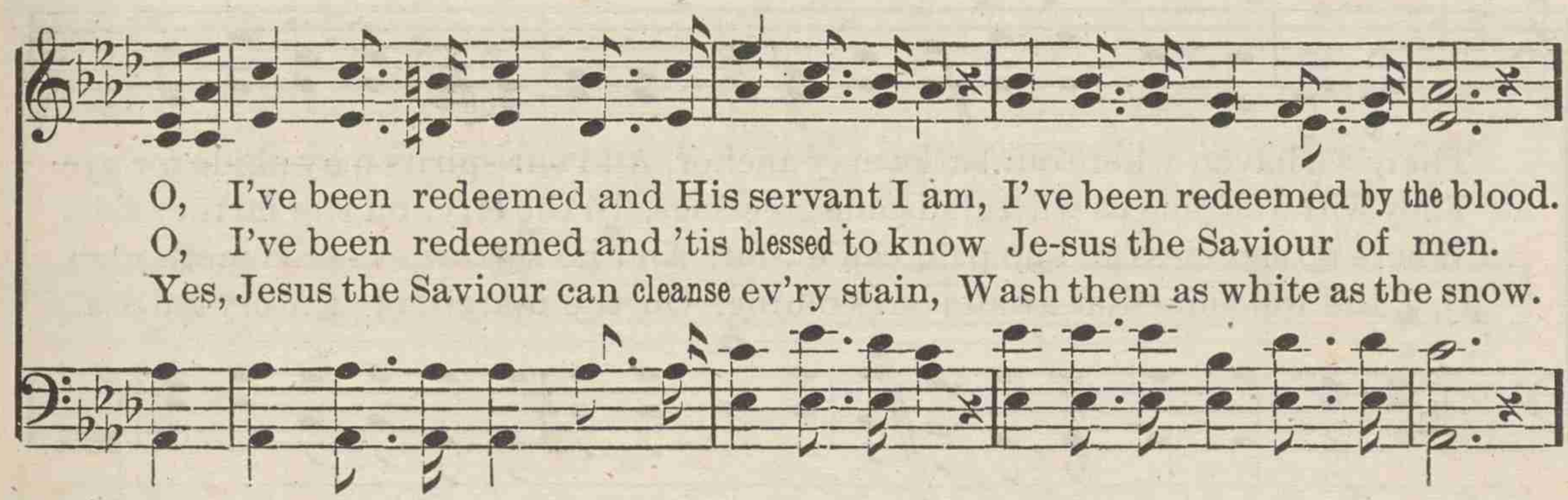
No. 33. BY THE BLOOD.

G. B. F. G. B. FIELDS.

1. O, I've been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, I've been redeemed, I've been redemed;
2. O, I've been redeemed and made whiter than snow, Whiter than snow, whiter than snow;
3. Yes, Jesus the Saviour can ease ev'ry pain, Ease ev'ry pain, ease ev'ry pain;

Yes,



O, I've been redeemed and His servant I am, I've been redeemed by the blood.
O, I've been redeemed and 'tis blessed to know Je-sus the Saviour of men.
Yes, Jesus the Saviour can cleanse ev'ry stain, Wash them as white as the snow.

REFRAIN.

I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed by the blood,
yes, by the blood,

O, I've been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, Washed and made whiter than snow.

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No. 34. THE LIGHT-HOUSE ON THE OCEAN.

T. B. Y. T. B. YATES.

1. There's a light-house flashing on the ocean, To di-rect us as we sail a-way;
2. There are loved ones waiting over yonder, That have gone before us, o'er the tide!
3. O, they say in Beulah's land are flowers That shall never, never fade and die;
4. There the saints are dwelling with the angels, And the light-house beckons you and me;

There's a haven where our barks may anchor, And our spirits may abide for aye.
They will welcome us with gladsome greetings, To the city, on the farther side.
Where no sick-ness and no pain can en-ter, And no sorrow ev-er cometh nigh.
O, the welcome that awaits our coming, On the margin of the crystal sea.

REFRAIN.

O, brother, watch that light-house beam! Neglect its guidance, nev - er!

O, brother watch that light-house beam! Till safe - ly moored for - ev - er.

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No. 35. WILLING TO BE SAVED.

E. R. LATTA. JESSE DUNCAN.

1. Are you will-ing to be saved From the wag-es of your sin? Are you
2. Are you will-ing to be saved From the death that nev-er dies? Are you
3. Are you will-ing to be saved With the saints and angels, blest? Are you

will-ing to be ser-vants of the Lord? Now your spirit is enslaved, And if
will-ing to ac-cept the Son of God? Now your spirit is depraved, And a
will-ing to o-bey the Lord's command? In that cit-y, golden-paved, Would you

D. S. *Are you seeking that blest home, Never,*

REFRAIN.

you would freedom win, You must win it by be-lief in His word.
curse up-on it lies, Till it feels the cleansing power of His blood. Will you
find a peaceful rest, In the temple that was reared not by hands?

nev-er-more to roam, Seek-ing, seeking for the King-dom of Day?

D. S.

go? will you go? Will you fol-low in the Saviour's steps to-day?
come and go? will you come and go?

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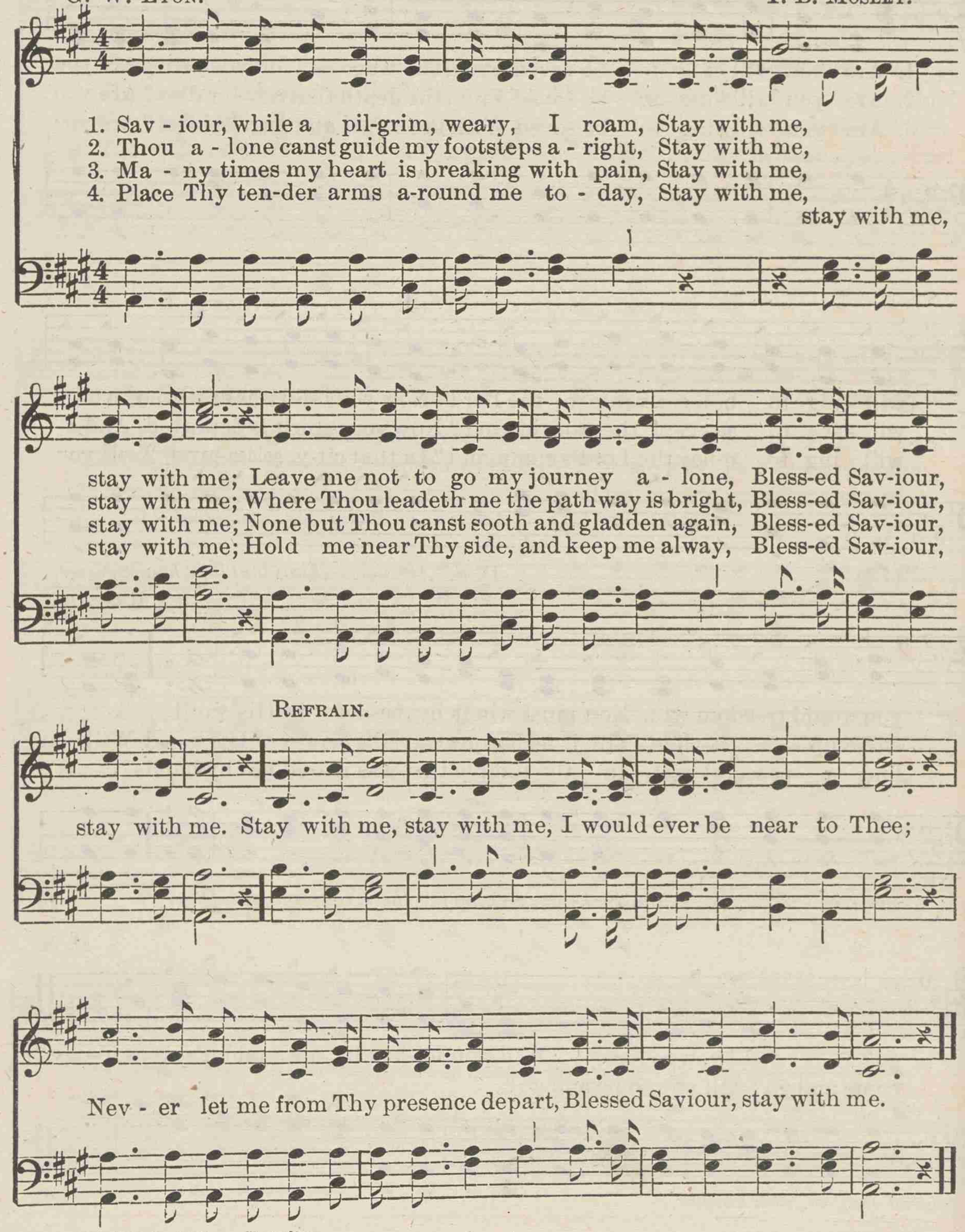
No. 36. STAY WITH ME.

G. W. LYON. T. B. MOSLEY.



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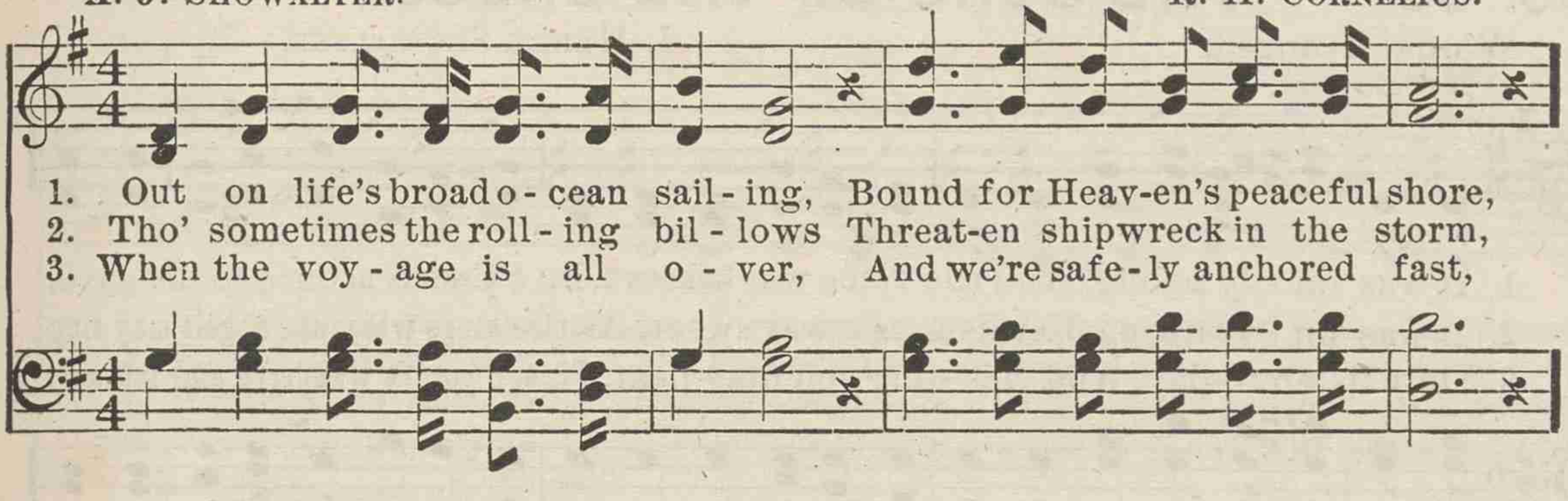
No. 37. HOMEWARD BOUND.

A. J. SHOWALTER. R. H. CORNELIUS.



REFRAIN.

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No. 38. THE SONG OF THE CROSS.

Words Arranged. J. HENRY SHOWALTER. By per.

Not too fast.

1. It was on - ly a song, And the voice was unknown, But a pleasure at once to me gave,
2. It was on - ly a song, But its music was sweet, As the songs which the angels may sing;
3. Only listen to-day, And this song you may hear, Though you've wandered afar into sin;

For it spoke of a rest in the future bright home, And the love of a friend that can save.
To the sinner it whispered of pardon complete, Signed and sealed by the hand of our King.
'Tis the song of the cross, and its accents are clear, Come to Christ, He'll remove ev'ry stain.

REFRAIN.

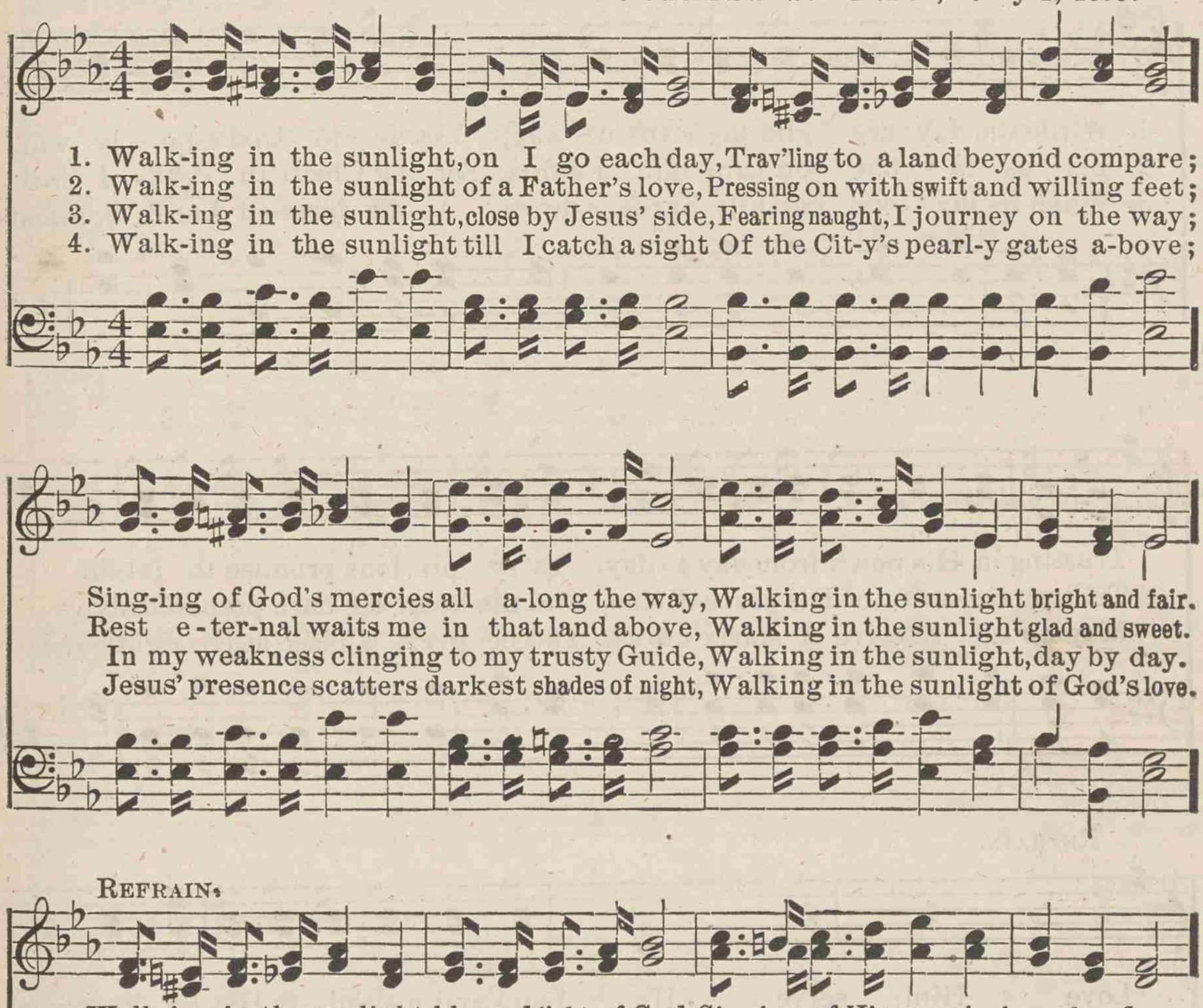
'Tis the song of the cross, and it's pleading for thee, Will you come to the cross and be saved?

O, it speaks of a rest in the future bright home, And the love of a friend that can save.

No. 39. WALKING IN THE SUNLIGHT.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

BIRDIE BELL. On board S. S. "Berlin," July 1, 1895.



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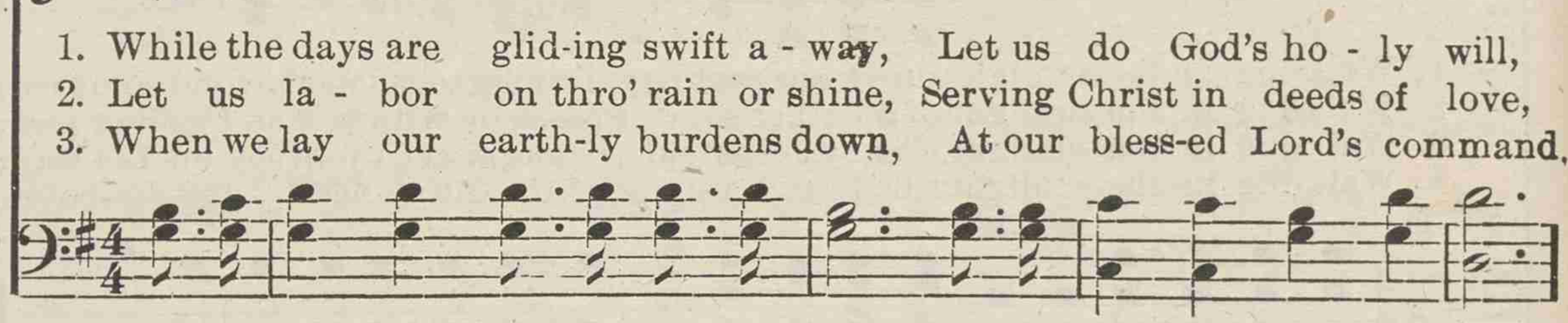
No. 40. LOVE AND SERVE HIM.

ADALYN. W. H. LAWSON.

1. While the days are glid-ing swift a - way, Let us do God's ho - ly will,
2. Let us la - bor on thro' rain or shine, Serving Christ in deeds of love,
3. When we lay our earth-ly burdens down, At our bless-ed Lord's command,



Trusting in His pow'r from day to day, Ev'ry precious promise to ful-fill.
Telling sin-ners of His grace divine, And the home He hath prepared above.
May we all re-ceive a starry crown, And be giv'n a place at His right hand.

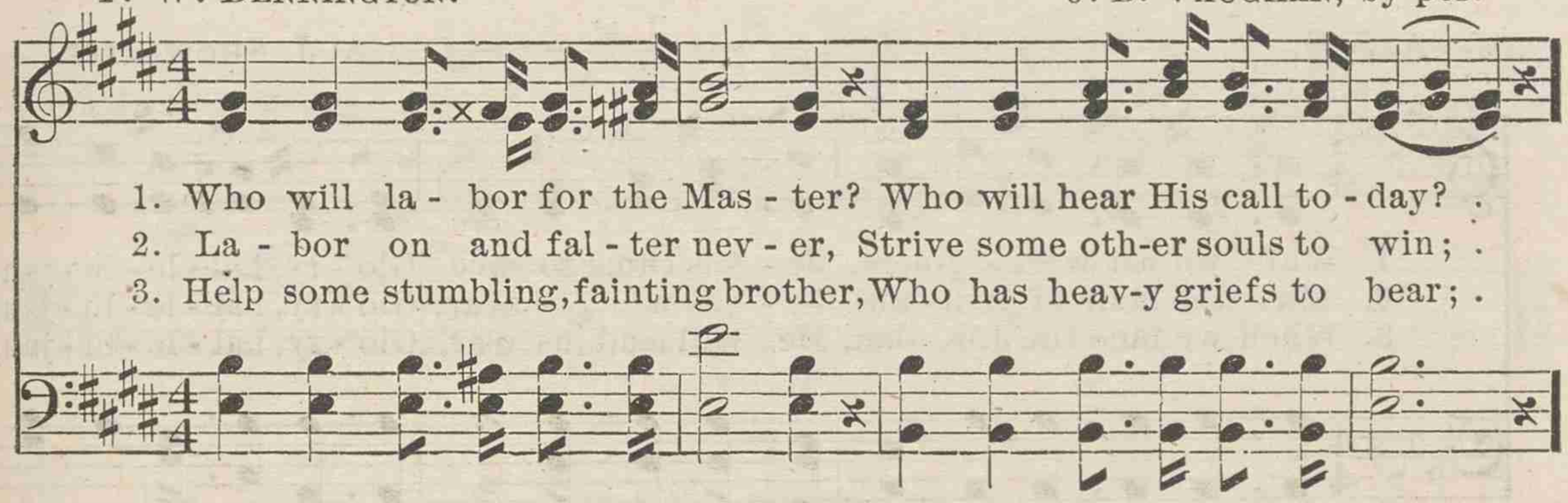
REFRAIN.

Love Him, serve Him, Laud and mag-ni - fy His ho - ly name!
Love Him and serve Him! love Him and serve Him!

Love Him, serve Him, Spread a-broad His wondrous fame.
Love Him and serve Him, love Him and serve Him,

No. 41. WORK TODAY FOR JESUS.

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



No. 42. PRAISE HIS NAME IN SONG.

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

1. While we yet were sin-ners, Je - sus came to save, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,
2. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus will be near, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,
3. When we face the Jor - dan, He will lead us o'er, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,

praise His name in song! And He died that we e - ter - nal life might have,
praise His name in song! He is ev - er with us, so we need not fear,
praise His name in song! For His prom-ise is to - day and ev - er - more,

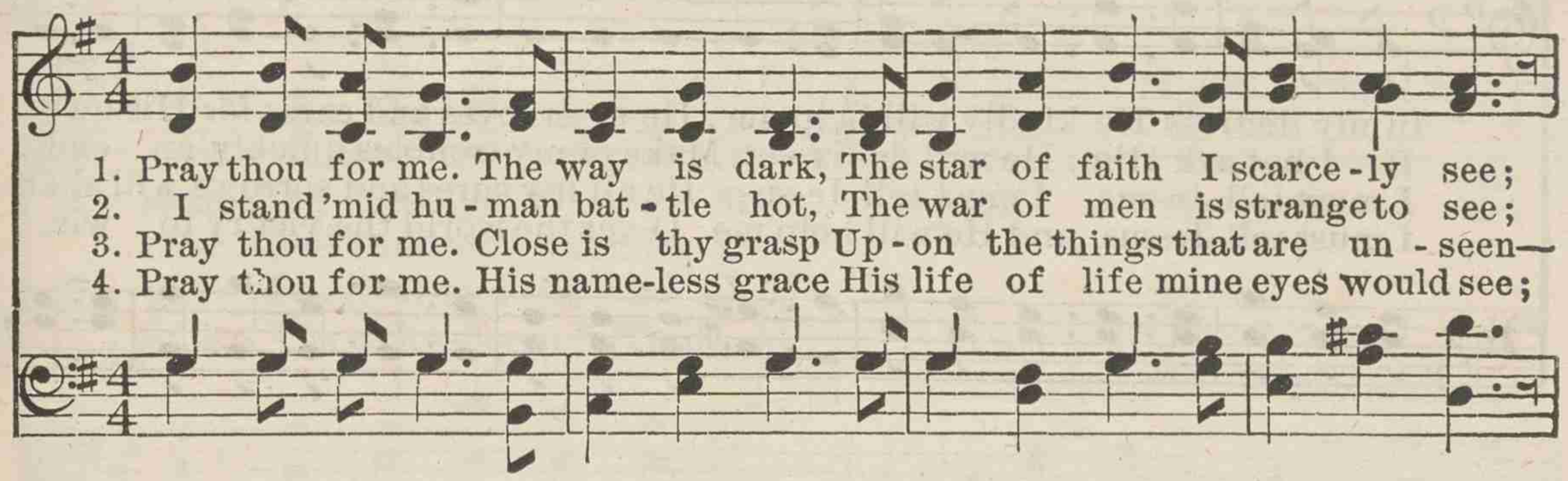
REFRAIN.

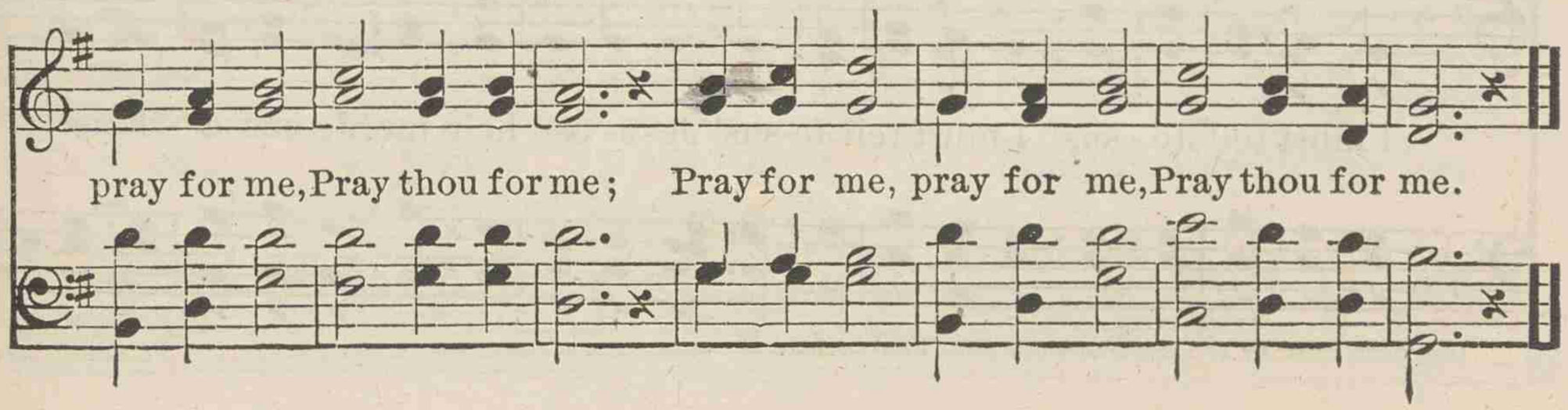
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, loud the notes pro - long! Je - sus came to save,

Je-sus came to save, Came to save poor sinners who had gone astray; Once for all He

No. 43. PRAY FOR ME.

MARY CLEMMER. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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No. 44. I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

Rit.

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

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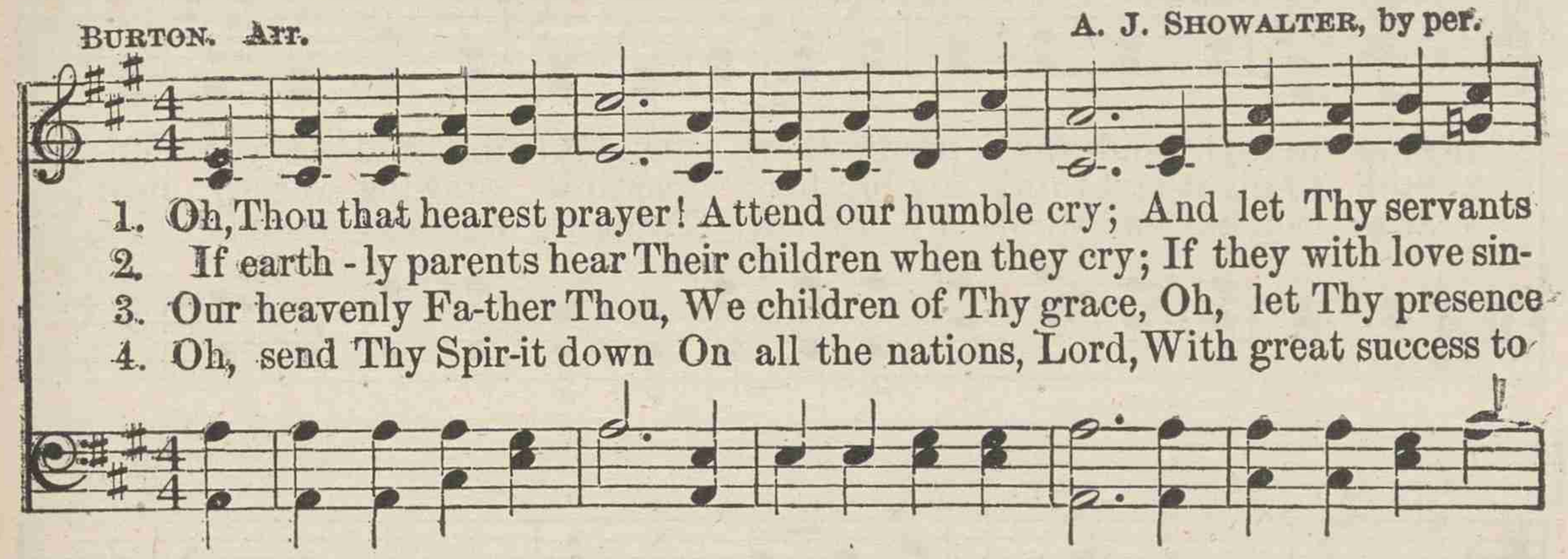
No. 45. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.

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



No. 46. STOP TO-NIGHT AND THINK.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Stop to-night and think, my brother, Of your guilt and of your sin;
2. Stop to-night and think, my brother; Death is drawing ver - y near;
3. Stop to-night and think, my brother, Think it well and calm-ly o'er,

Heav'n is for the pure and ho - ly, Sin-ners may not en - ter in;
At God's judgment bar, my brother, You must ver - y soon ap - pear
You, a sin - ner un - for - giv - en, You are lost for ev - er - more!

You the hope have fond-ly cherished Of a home at God's right hand,
To re-ceive the sol-emn sen-tence Written in the Ho - ly Word,
Can you bear the thought of dy - ing, With no hope to cheer your heart,

But you will, if un - re - pent-ant, At the door re - ject - ed stand.
As your deeds were good or e - vil, Eith-er wag - es or re - ward.
And to hear the words of Je - sus: "Ev - er-more from me de - part."

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STOP TO-NIGHT AND THINK. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

O be wise (O be wise) and fly, my broth-er, From the wrath to come;

Then, redeemed from sin, my brother, Heav'n may be your hap - py home.

No. 47. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney sweet - ly sing;
2. Ye are trav'ling home to God, In the way your fath - ers trod;
3. Shout ye lit - tle flock and blest, You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;
4. Fear not, brethren, joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
5. Lord, o - be - diant - ly we'll go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Sing your Sav-iour's worthy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now—and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
There your seat is now prepared—There your king - dom and re - ward.
Je - sus Christ, your Fa-ther's Son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

No. 48. A DREAM OF HOME.

T. J. S.

Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. I sat a-lone at midnight hour, And watch'd the star - lit sky, And
2. "He's gone tho' now, far, far a - way, Per-haps in des - erts wild; O
3. "I fan - cy now I see his face, As fair as when a child; And
4. A - las! dear friends, 't was but a dream, My mother 's here no more; She

dreamed I heard my mother say: "I wish my boy was nigh. I know not where he
God, to Thee, I pray to-night To keep my dis-tant child, No fath-er there to
he 's a full-grown man to-day, And true, and brave, but mild. A let - ter here says:
left this world of sin and pain For Canaan's hap-py shore. Lord, send some messen-

is tonight, He cross'd the trou-bled main; But this I know, if life holds out, He 'll
guide him now, No brother with his cheer, No mother there to soothe his brow, No
'Mother, dear, No long-er I will roam;' So now I stand and watch the gate, I
ger of love To guide my wayward feet, That I may meet my mother there, Who 's

wander back a-gain." "He 's coming home, O joy-ful tho't! My boy no more will
sis-ter with her tear."
know he 's com-ing home." *4th verse.*
wait-ing at the gate. I 'm going home, 't will not be long Ere I shall cease to

REFRAIN.

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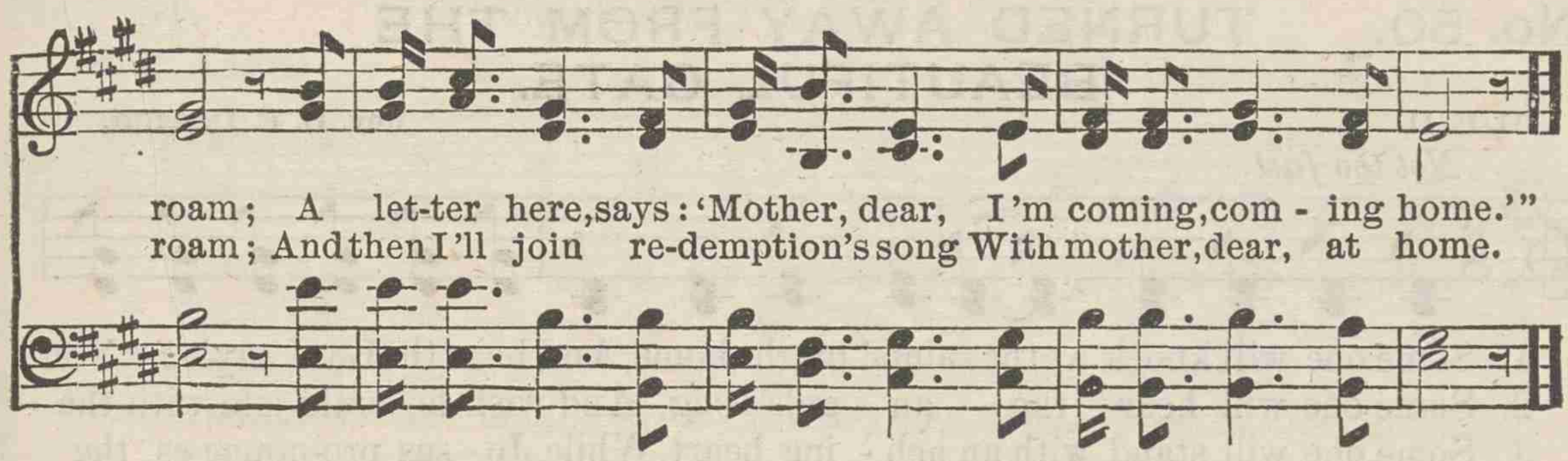
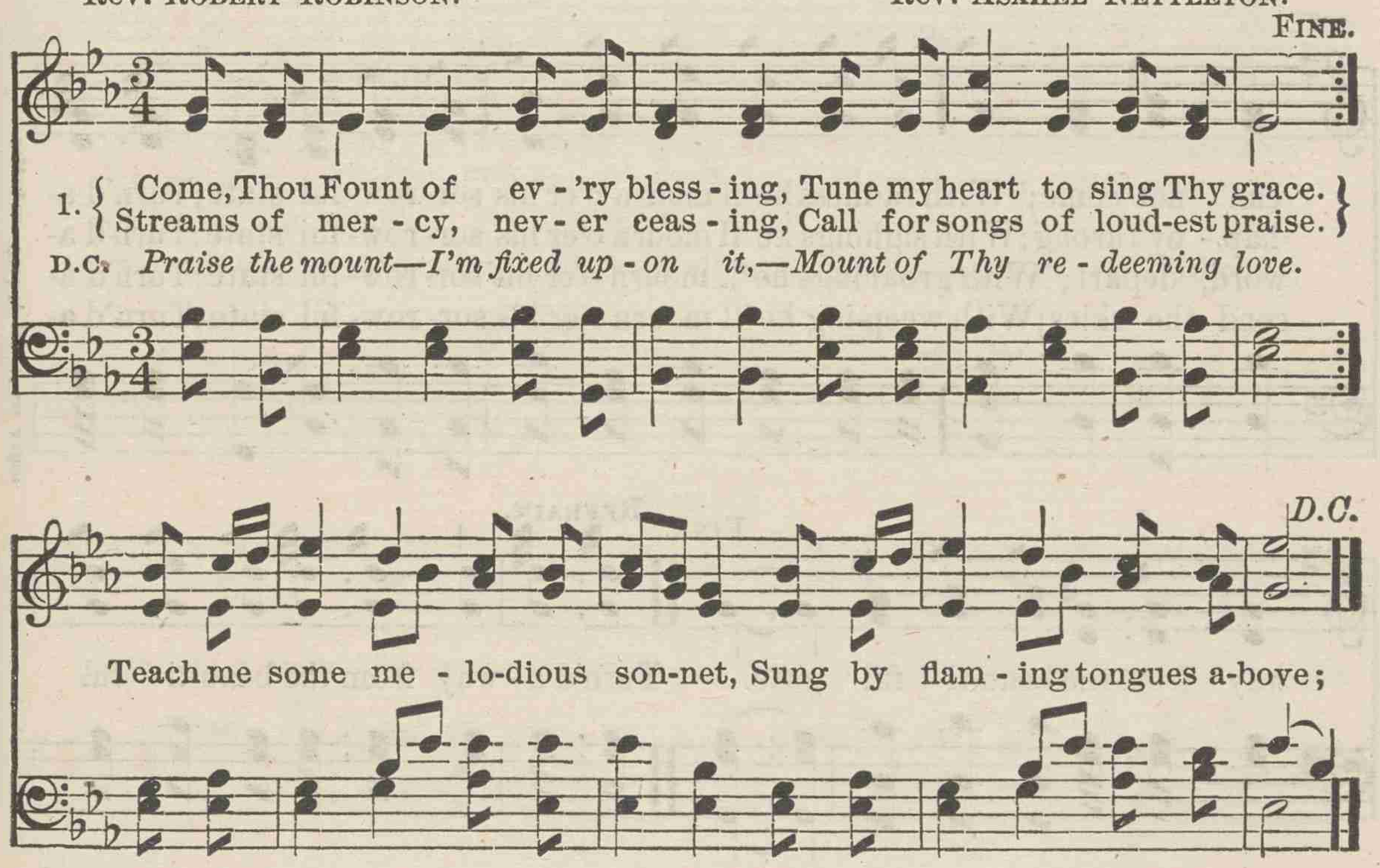


No. 49. NETTLETON.

Rev. Robert Robinson. Rev. Asahel Nettleton.



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

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

No. 50. TURNED AWAY FROM THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

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

Not too fast.

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

:S:

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

FINE. REFRAIN.

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

D.S.

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

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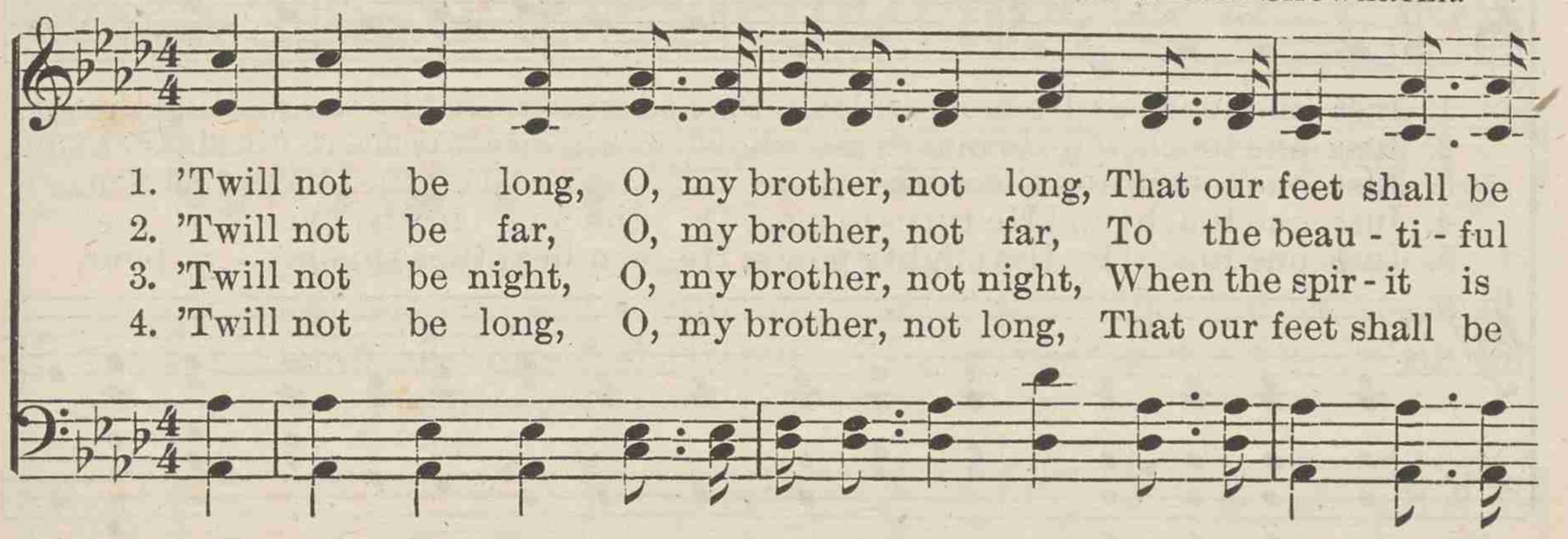
No. 51. TWILL NOT BE LONG.

E. R. LATTA. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



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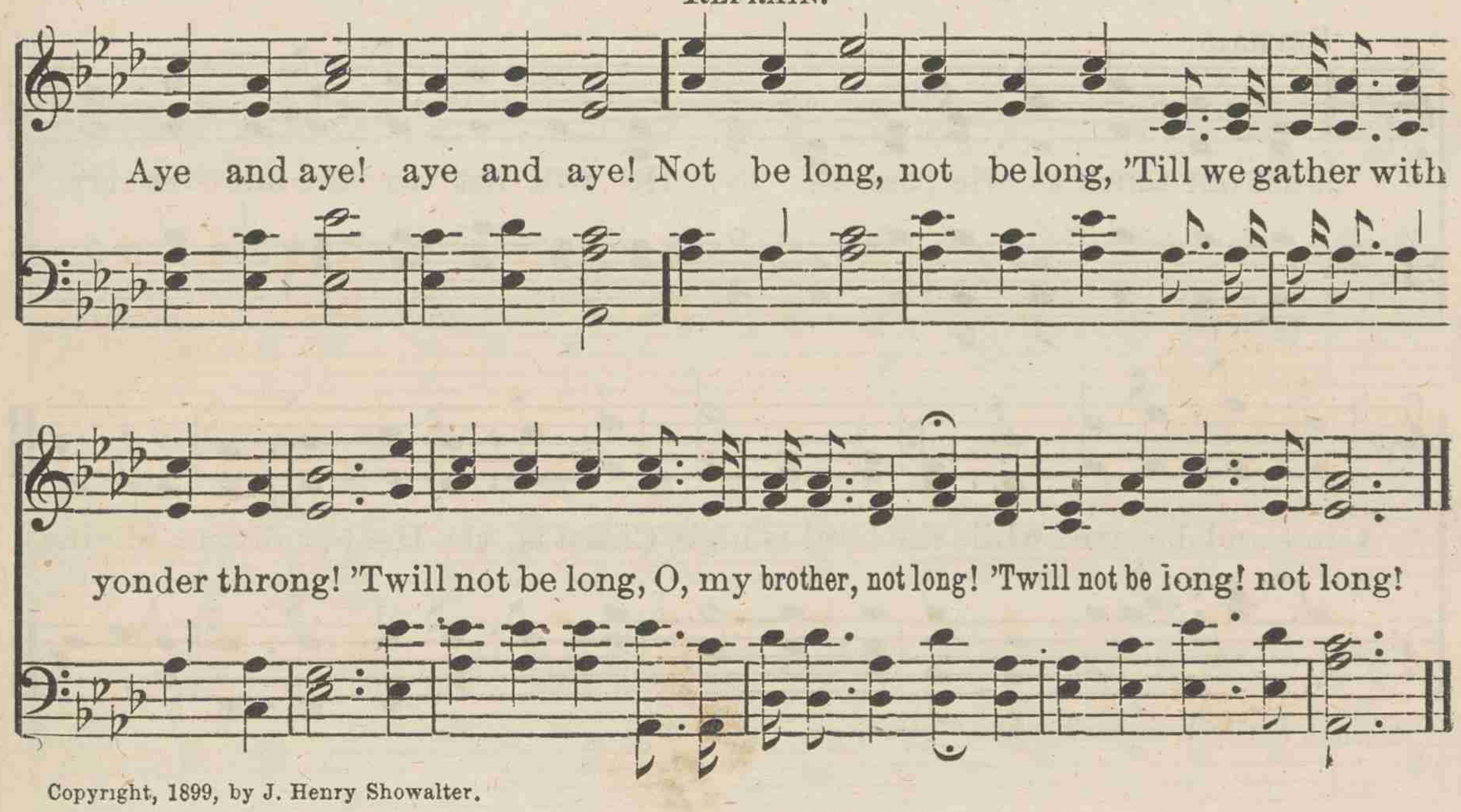

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No. 52. JUST ONE TOUCH.

BIRDIE BELL. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

1. Just one touch as He moves a-long, Pushed and pressed by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless - ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by His mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver - y hour,

Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
At His feet all my burdens roll,— Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.
Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.

REFRAIN.

Just one touch as He pass - es by, He will list to the faint-est cry,

Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er divine. (divine.)

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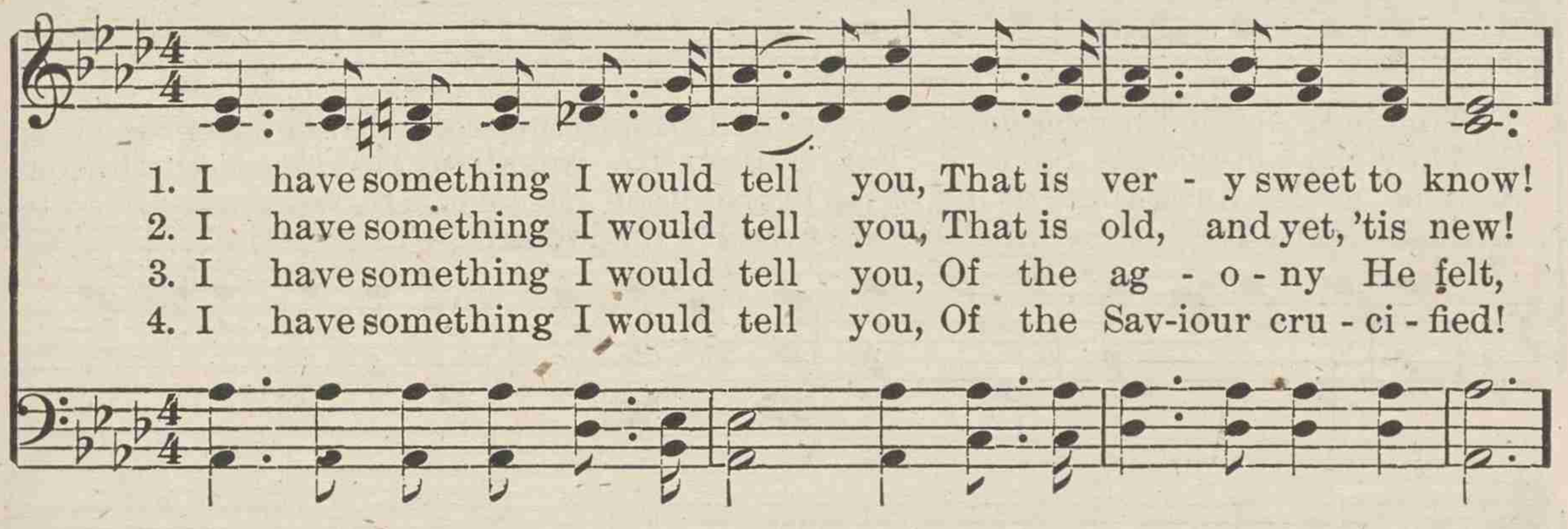
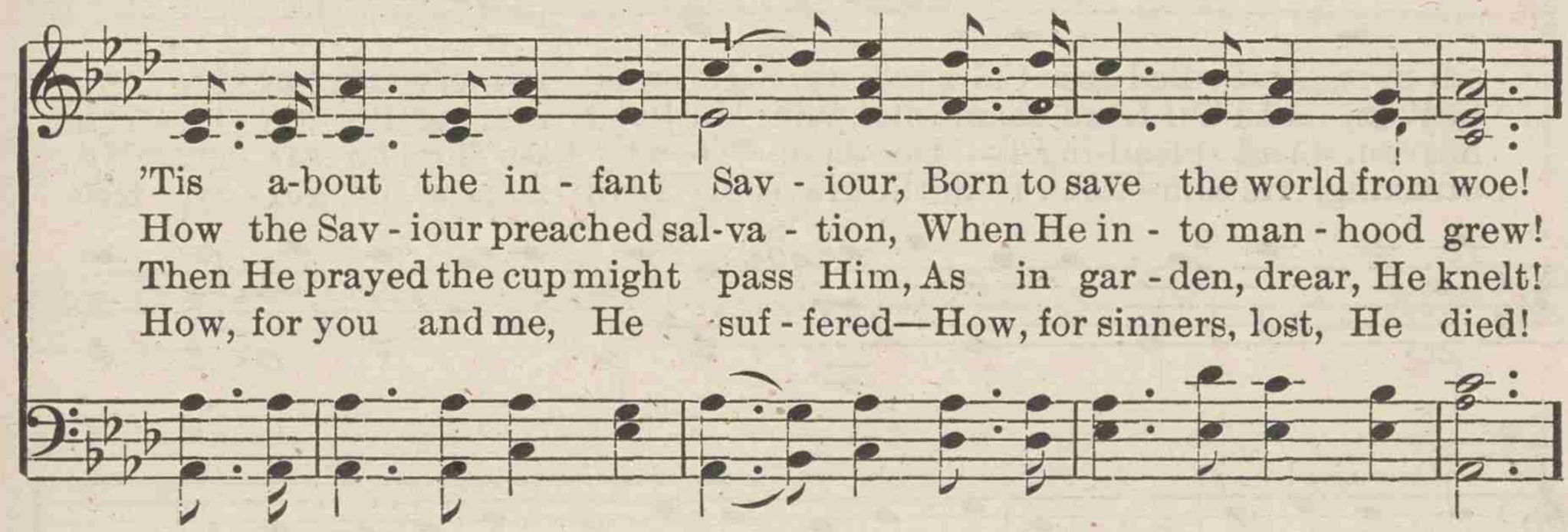
No. 53. I HAVE SOMETHING I WOULD TELL YOU.

E. R. LATTA. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.





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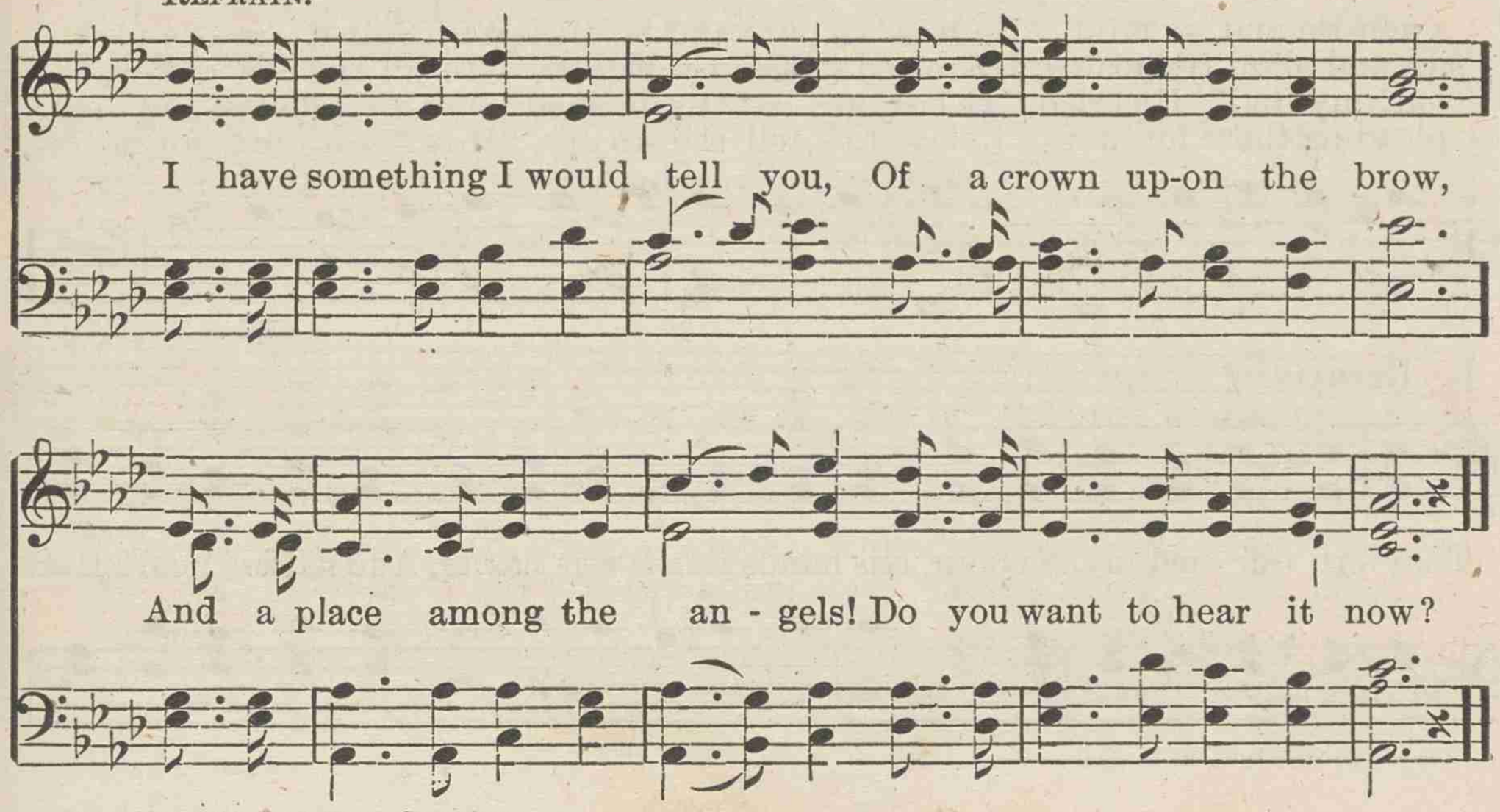

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No. 54. THEY CRUCIFIED MY SAVIOUR.

J. M. B.

J. M. Bowman.

With feeling.

1. They cru - ci-fied my Saviour, They nailed Him to the tree; He shed His blood for sin-ners, And died on Cal - va - ry. He was so meek and low - ly, So
2. They cru - ci-fied my Saviour, For sinners He was slain; He came to earth from heaven, And suf-fered shame and pain; He lived a-mong the low - ly,—The
3. And as He hung there dying, With thorns upon His head, His voice was raised to heaven, And plead-ing-ly He said: "O why hast Thou for -sak - en, My
4. In Joseph's tomb they laid Him—The world He died to save,—But ere the third day's breaking, He came forth from the grave; My Lord is now in glo - ry, He's

gen-tle and so mild, He was so pure and ho - ly—With Spir-it un - de-filed.
sick and blind He healed, He raised the dead from slum-ber, To all His pow'r revealed.
God! my God!" He cried, "At last, at last 'tis finished," Then bowed His head and died.
pleading there for me; I love to tell the sto - ry, "How Jesus died for me."

REFRAIN. *f* *p*

They cru - ci - fied my Saviour; His hands and side were bleeding, And still they heard Him

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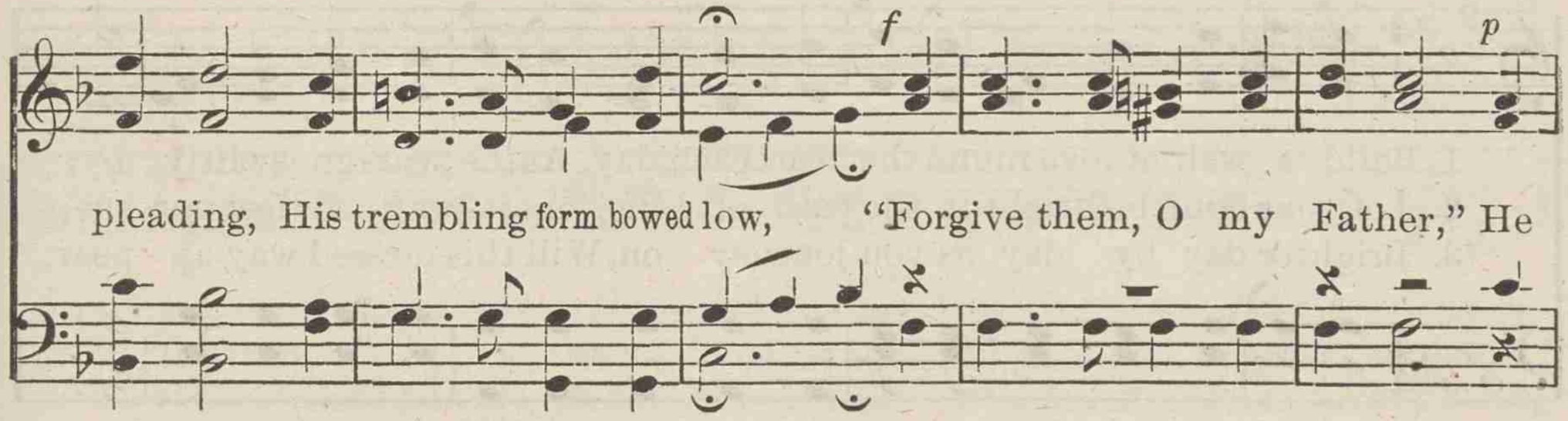
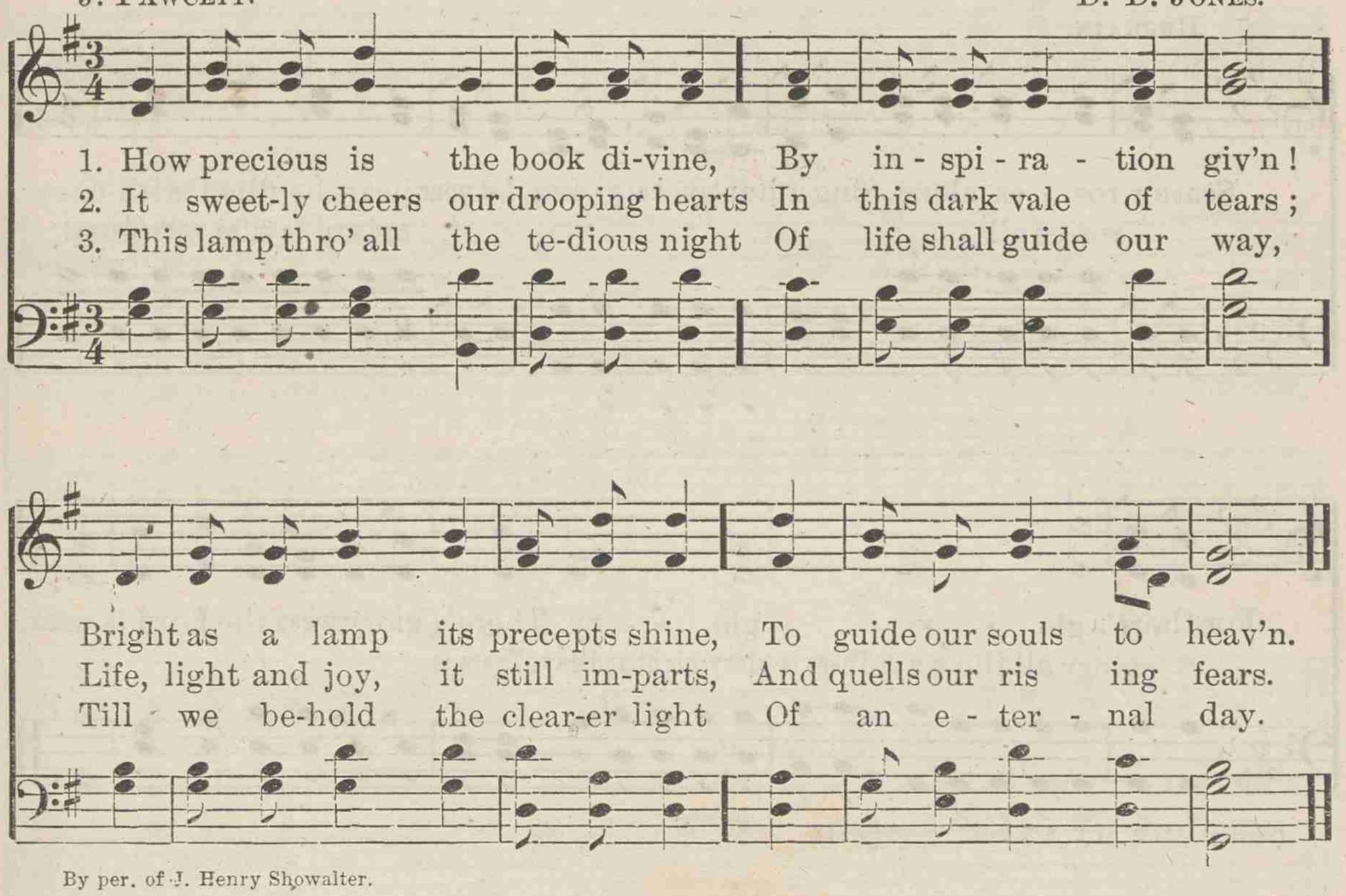
THEY CRUCIFIED MY SAVIOUR. Concluded.



No. 55. HOW PRECIOUS IS THE BOOK. C. M.

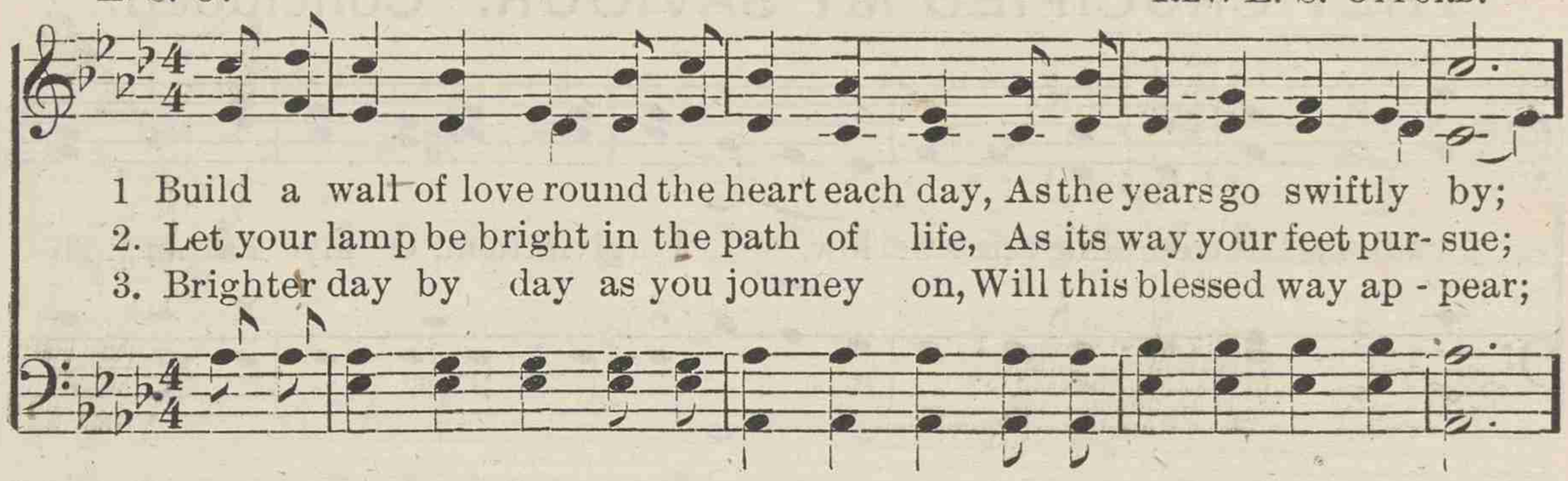
J. Fawcett. D. D. Jones.



By per. of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 56. SCATTER ROSES.

E. S. U. REV. E. S. UFFORD.



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No. 57. HE PUT AWAY SIN ON THE CROSS.

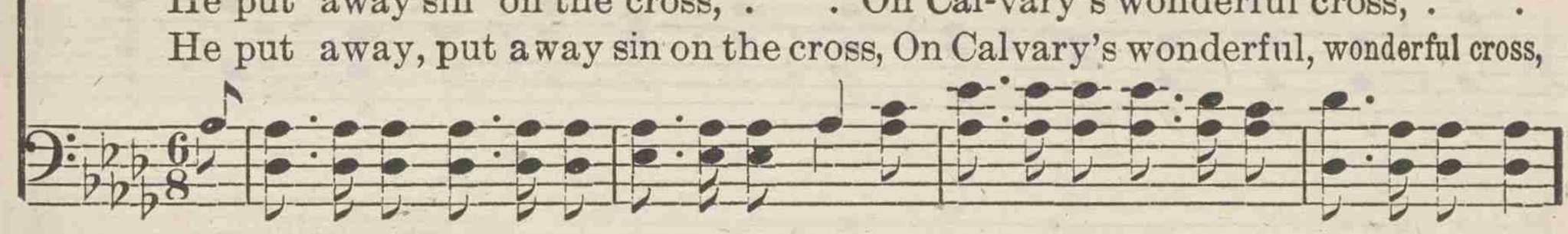
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN T. B. MOSLEY.

1. What a wondrous salvation He purchased for me, When He put away sin on the cross!
2. With our sorrow and tears we could never atone, Never can-cel the debt we had made,
3. Cruel nails pierced His hands, and His feet, and His side, When He suffered on Calvary's tree;

O, how could He so kind and compassionate be To redeem me from infinite loss!
But when He on the cross died for sinners alone, Then our sins were atoned for and paid!
And when then as a ransom for many He died, Je-sus made us e-ter - nal-ly free!

REFRAIN.

He put away sin on the cross, . . On Cal-vary's wonderful cross, . .
He put away, put away sin on the cross, On Calvary's wonderful, wonderful cross,



He paid the full debt with His own precious blood, And canceled our sins on the cross.

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No. 58. ONWARD!

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

ONWARD! Concluded.

brave-ly march a-long, Onward, onward, 'gainst all deeds of wrong, We will battle for the

right, Whether it be day or night, Joining in the happy victor's song.

the victor's song.

No. 59. PLANTED IN CHRIST. C. M.

S. F. Smith. Isham Dyar.

1. Plant-ed in Christ, the liv - ing vine, This day, with one ac-cord,
2. Joined in one bod - y may we be; One in - ward life par-take;
3. In pray'r, in ef - fort, tears and toils, One wis - dom be our guide;
4. Com-plete in us, whom grace hath called, Thy glo - rious work be - gun,
5. Then, when a - mong the saints in light, Our joy - ful spir - its shine,

Ourselves, with hum-ble faith and joy, We yield to Thee, O Lord.
One be our heart; one heav - 'nly hope In ev - 'ry bo - som wake.
Taught by one Spir - it from a - bove, In Thee may we a - bide.
O Thou, in whom the Church on earth And Church in heav'n are one.
Shall an - thems of im - mor - tal praise, O Lamb of God, be Thine.

No. 60. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by per.

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

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

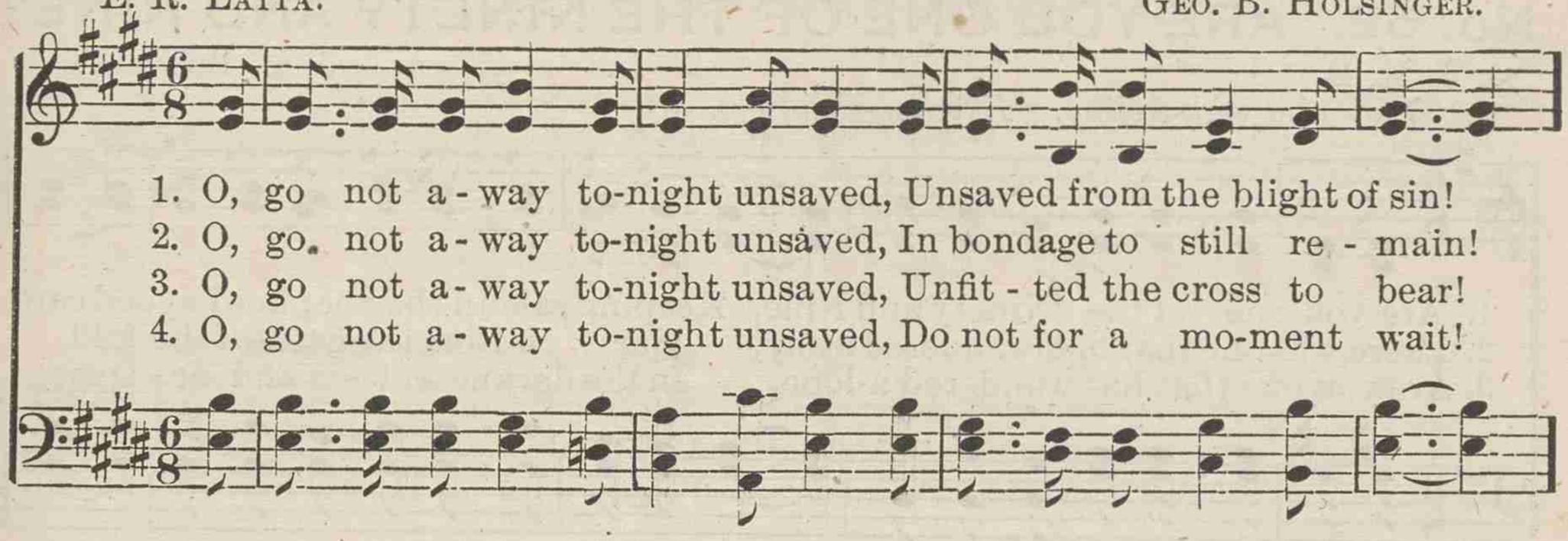
CHORUS.

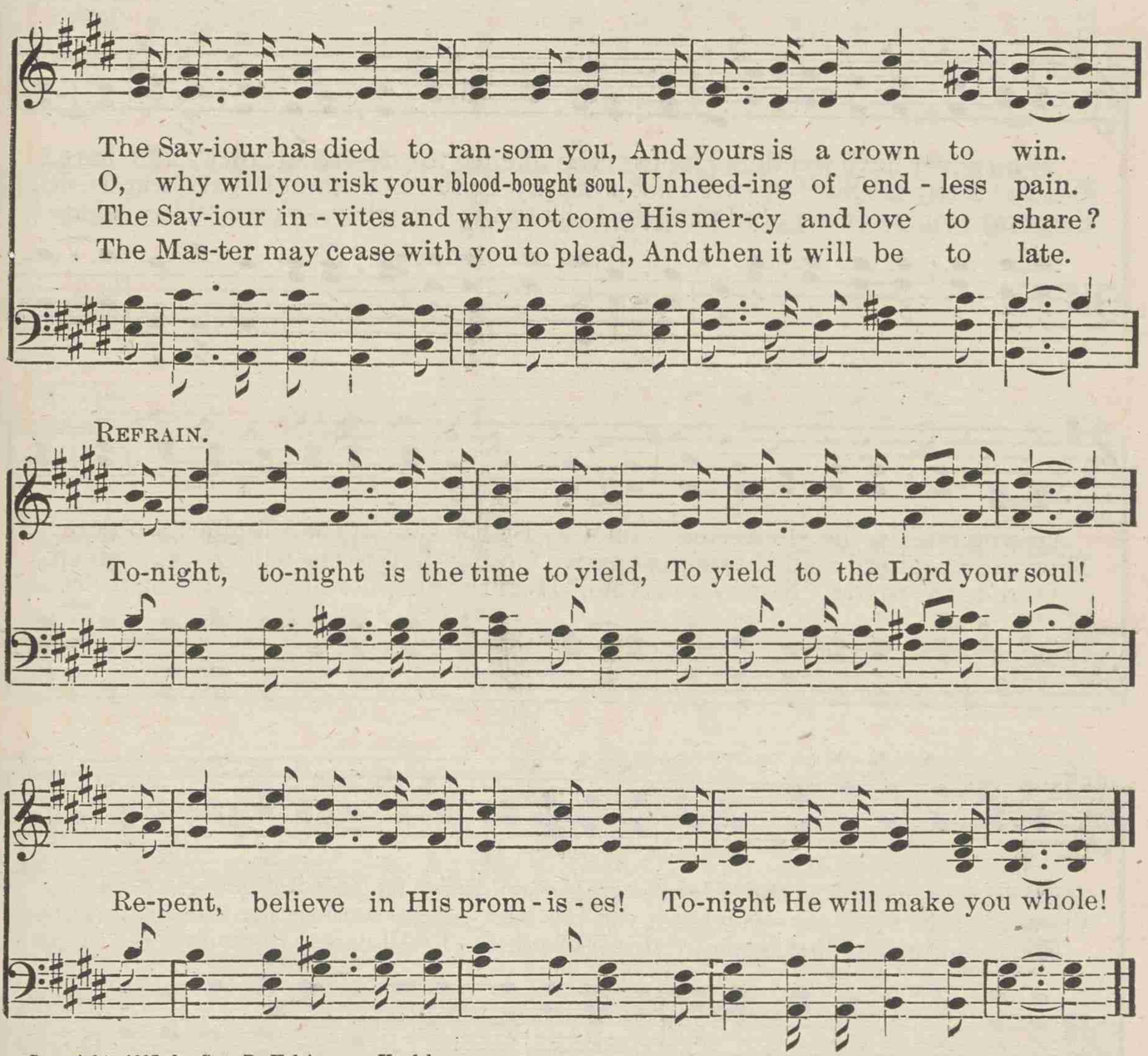
Oh, why not to - night? Oh, why not to - night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

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

No. 61. GO NOT AWAY UNSAVED.

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





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No. 62. ARE YOU ONE OF THE NINETY AND NINE?

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

Slow and with feeling. Effective as a Solo.

1. Are you one of the "Ninety and Nine, Keeping safe in the Shepherd's good care,
2. There was one that had wandered away, Far off from the gates of the fold,
3. Are you one that has wandered a-lone, In the darkness of sin and de - spair,

Who never have wandered far over the line, To the desert so rocky and bare?
From the "Ninety and Nine" who would not go astray To the mountains so barren and cold;
Far away from the Shepherd whose love for His own Is so mighty, so precious to share?

Are you safe in the sheltering fold, By the side of the Shepherd se - cure,
Then the Shepherd made haste to depart, Go-ing out to the wild, rocky steep,
O re-turn to the "Ninety and Nine," Hear the Shepherd's voice calling to "*come,*"

Safely resting within the bright portals of gold, With the lambs that no wolves can allure?
There He hears a faint cry—O what joy to His heart,—He has found the poor wandering sheep.
He is seeking the lost, saying "this is of mine, I will car-ry the wanderer home."

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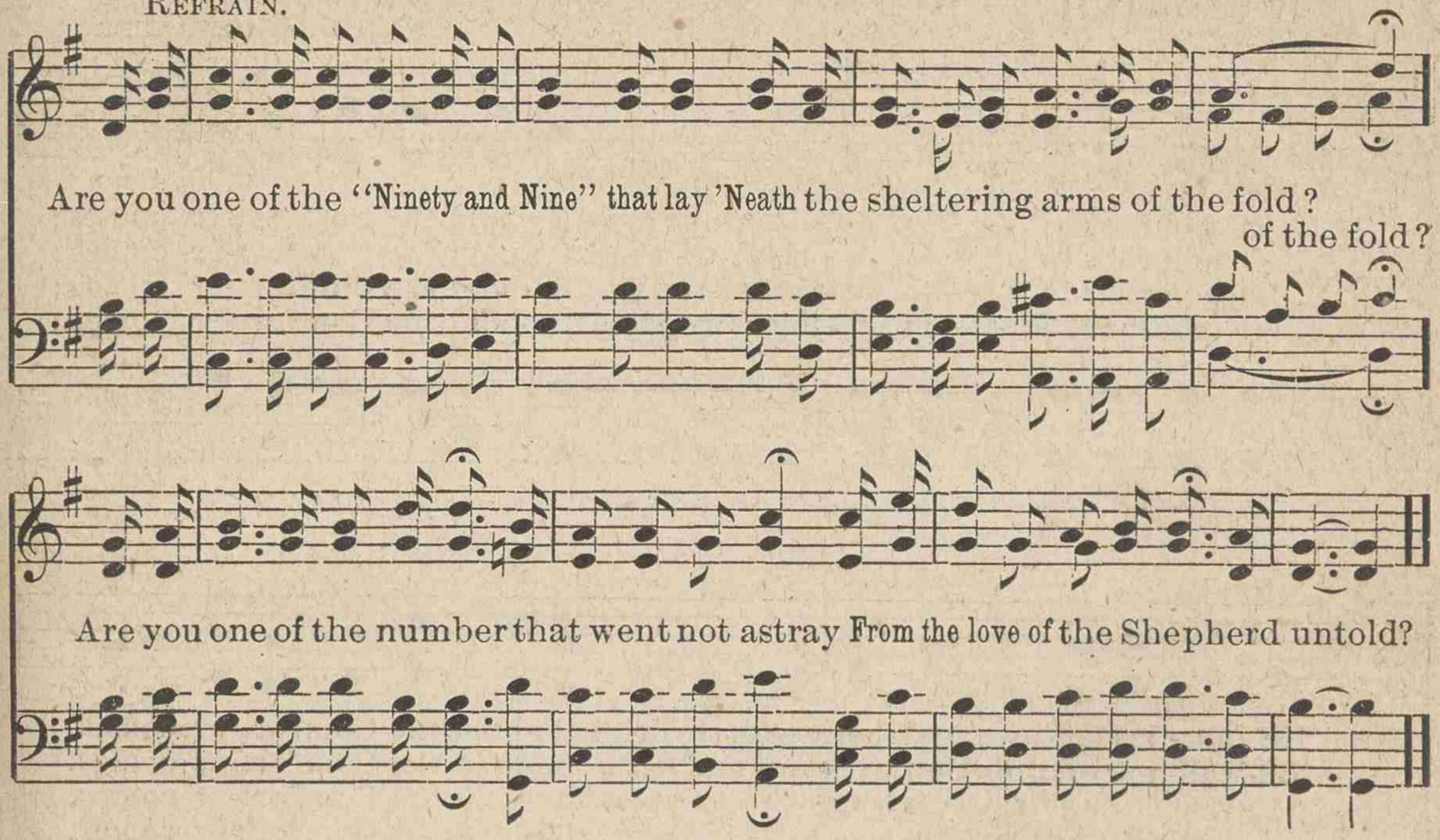
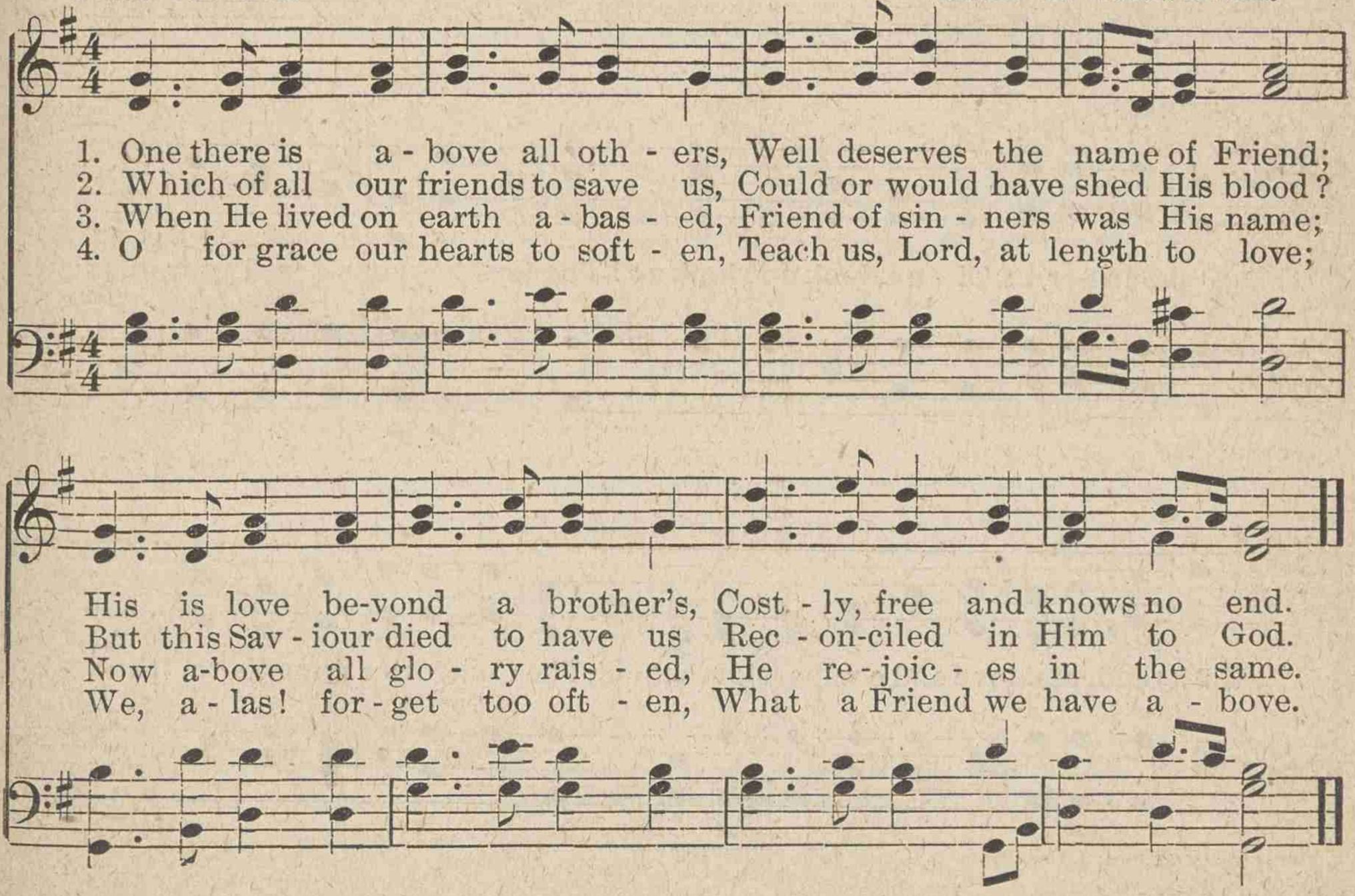
Are You One of the Ninety and Nine? Concluded.

REFRAIN.



No. 63. FRIEND. 8s & 7s.

JOHN NEWTON. JOHN A. SHOWALTER.



No. 64. BEHOLD, THE COMFORTER COMES.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

REFRAIN.

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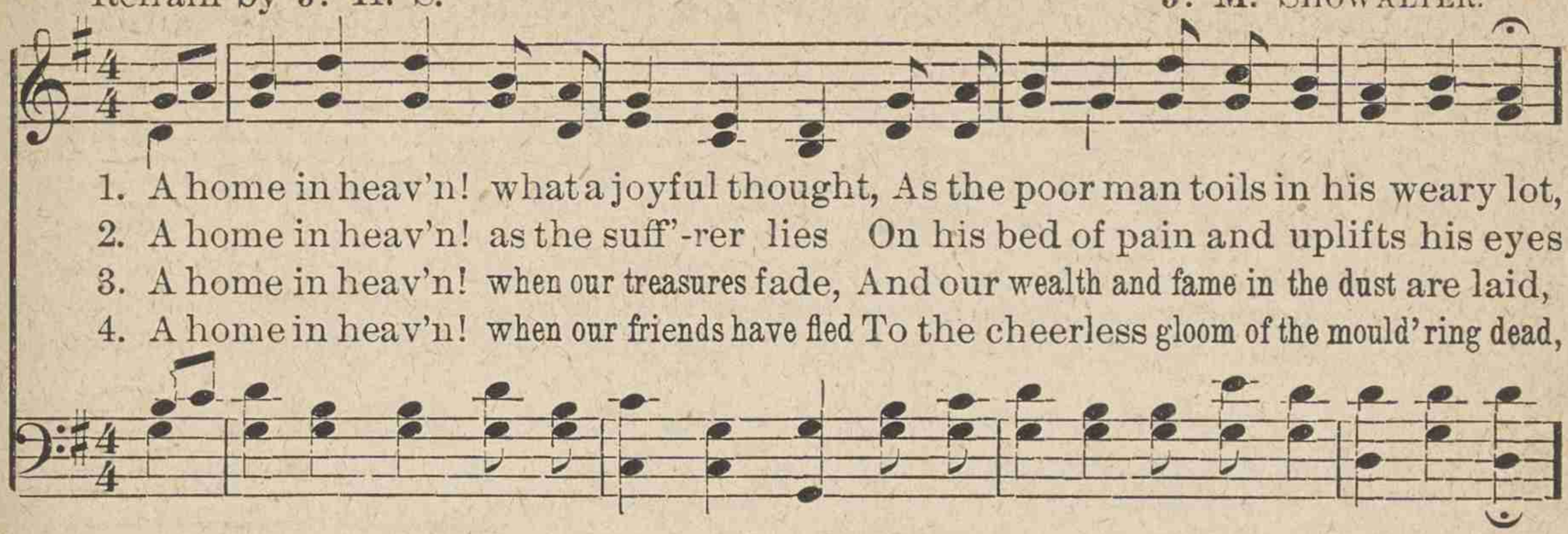
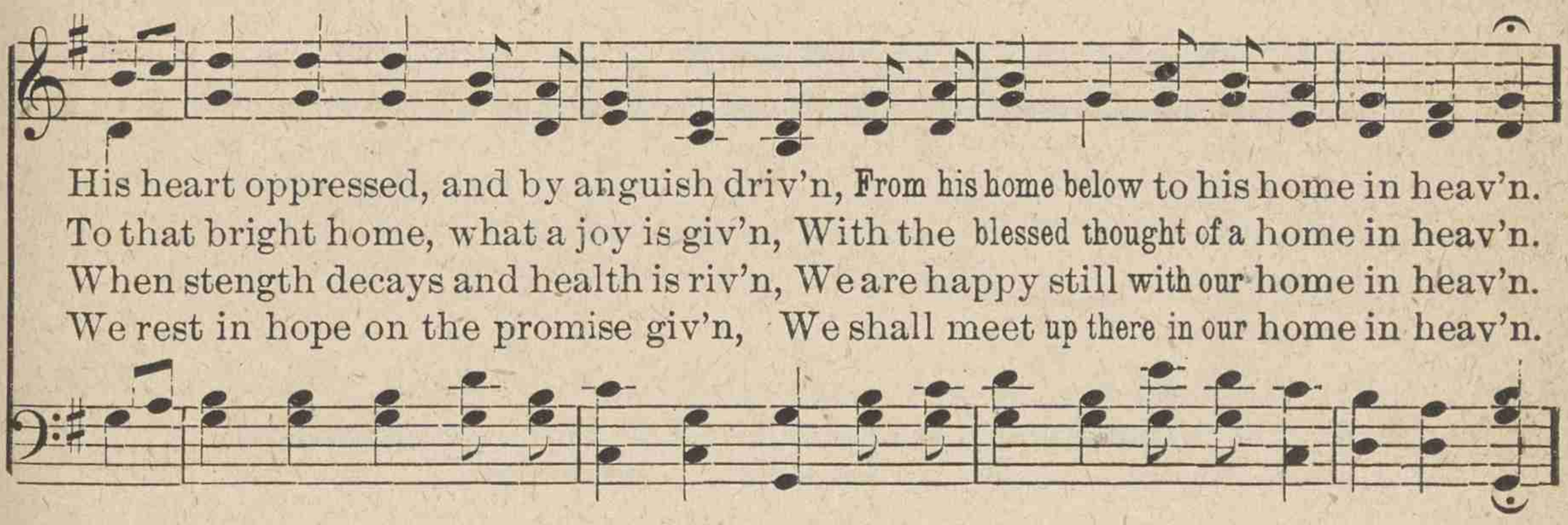
No. 65. A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Refrain by J. H. S. J. M. SHOWALTER.



1. A home in heav'n! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his weary lot,
2. A home in heav'n! as the suff'-rer lies On his bed of pain and uplifts his eyes
3. A home in heav'n! when our treasures fade, And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
4. A home in heav'n! when our friends have fled To the cheerless gloom of the mould'ring dead,



His heart oppressed, and by anguish driv'n, From his home below to his home in heav'n.
To that bright home, what a joy is giv'n, With the blessed thought of a home in heav'n.
When stength decays and health is riv'n, We are happy still with our home in heav'n.
We rest in hope on the promise giv'n, We shall meet up there in our home in heav'n.

REFRAIN.

O, bless - ed home! How I long to reach my happy home,
O, blessed home, happy home, sweet home, happy home,

With my Saviour stand in that happy land, Nevermore with sorrow and care to roam.

No. 66. JUST TRAVEL ON AND NEVER MIND.

Dedicated to the members of the Mt. Oval Normal Musical Institute.

G. B. F. DUET. G. B. FIELDS.

1. Oft times we're sorely troubled and discouraged by the way, And oft our wea - ry
2. Yes, oft-en we're dis-heartened and confused a - mid the strife, While trying to sup -
3. Con -sid -er the fair lil - ies that with-in the field do grow, Con-sid-er how they

spir-its, in de-spair, Seem yielding up the con-flict of the long and drear-y day, 'Till
port each worldly need, Then Je-sus comes and whispers, is your meat more than your life? Or
toil not, nei-ther spin; How Sol-o-mon in all His glo-ry was not so ar-ray'd, Like

CHORUS.

Je - sus comes and speaks these words of cheer. Just trav-el on and never, nev - er
rai-ment more than bodies worth exceed?
these fair flow'rs that our affections win.

mind, . . Those heav-y cares each day you leave be-hind; . . Just cast them all on Me, and
nev - er mind, you leave behind;

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No. 67. WHEN SHALL I BE THERE?

ADALYN. J. T. HINCY.

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No. 68. I'LL BE THERE.

WILL H. GAREY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Oft I've heard my mother tell Of a home she loved so well, And her last words soft-ly fell, I'll be there; Where the angels sweetly sing, And their harps with mu-sic ring, In the
2. Just a-cross the crystal sea, Mother's sweet-ly call-ing me, And my answer soon shall be, I'll be there; What a meet-ing that will be, When my moth-er's face I see, For 'tis
3. Ov-er on the peaceful shore, There my Saviour I'll adore; With His hand to guide me o'er, I'll be there; With the an-gels' hap-py band, We will walk the golden strand, In that
4. An-gels watch the pearly gate, There's a mes-sage to re-late, I've not long on earth to wait, I'll be there; Up the glitt'ring streets I'll wend, There to meet departed friend, In a

REFRAIN.

palace of the King, I'll be there. I'll be there, yes, I'll be there, I'll be
thro' e-ter-ni-ty, I'll be there.
fair and happy land, I'll be there.
world that ne'er shall end, I'll be there. I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,

there, . . yes, I'll be there, Where the angels sweetly sing, And their
I'll be there, yes, I'll be there,

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No. 69. LOOK, LOOK TO JESUS.

WILL H. GAREY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 70. ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

PHOEBE CAREY. E. B. FOWLER.

DUET. *Soprano and Alto.*

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. Concluded.

home, I'm nearer my home to - day Than ev - er I've been be-
beautiful home, I'm nearer my beautiful home to-day Than ev-er, than ev-er I've

Rit.

fore, I'm nearer my beautiful home Than ev-er I've been be-fore.
been before, I'm nearer my beautiful home to-day.

No. 71. BOAZ. S. M.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. All you who have con - fessed That Je - sus is the Lord,
2. In Zi - on you must dwell, Her al - tar ne'er for - sake;
3. She must em-ploy your thoughts, And your un - ceas - ing care;
4. With hum-ble-ness of mind, A-mong her sons re - joice;
5. Nev - er of - fend or grieve Your brethren by the way;
6. In all your Sav - iour's ways With will-ing footsteps move;

And to His peo - ple joined yourselves, Ac-cord - ing to His word.
Must come to all her sol - emn feasts, Of all her joys par - take.
Her wel - fare be your con-stant wish, And her in - crease your pray'r.
A meek and qui - et spir - it is With God of high-est price.
But shun the dark a - bodes of strife, Like children of the day.
Be faith - ful un - to death, and then You'll reign with Him a - bove.

No. 72. PRAISE HIS NAME.

W. O. C. W. O. CARROLL.

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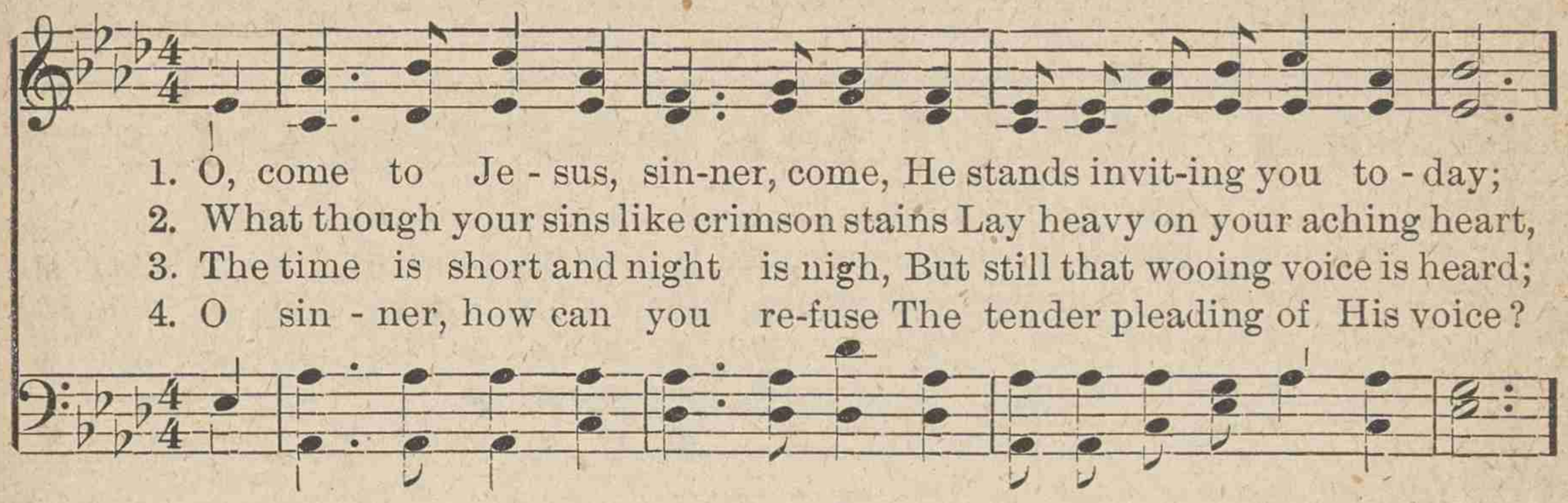
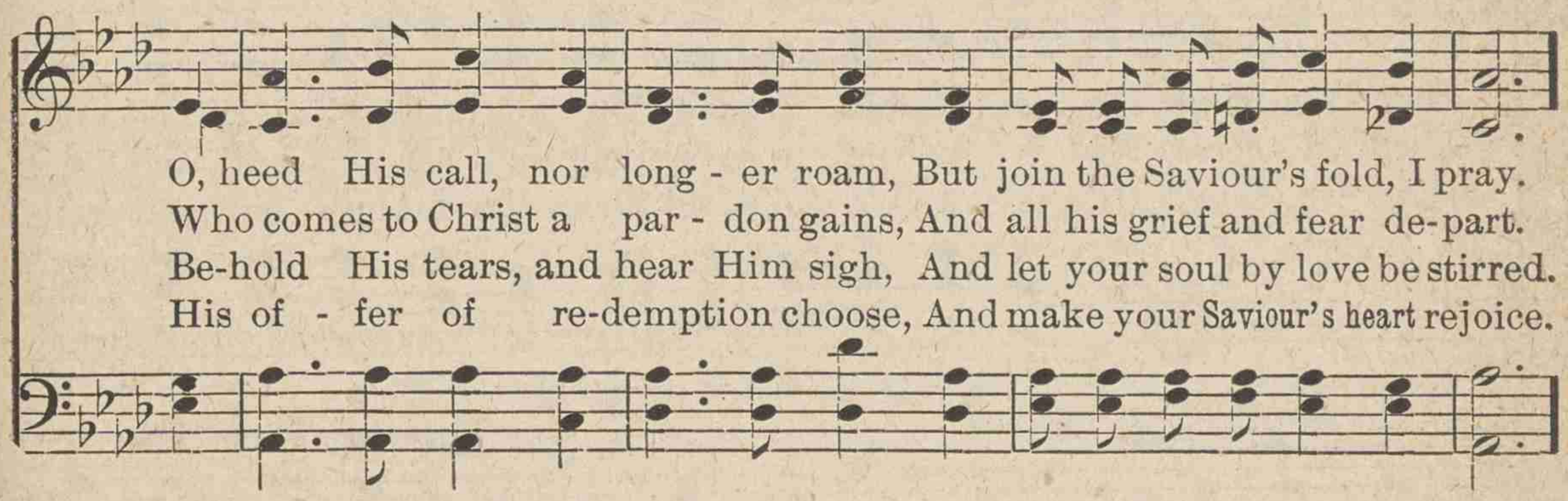
No. 73. SINNER, WILL YOU COME?

ADALYN. P. P. ORR.





REFRAIN.

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No. 74. ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Sing the praise of Christ the Lord, He is a - ble to save! 'T is the glo-rious
2. Sin - ners, now His word be-lieve, He is a - ble to save! In your hearts the
3. In temp - ta - tion fierce and strong, He is a - ble to save! Tell it to the

writ - ten word, He is a - ble to save! Do not doubt His love and grace;
Lord re - ceive, He is a - ble to save! Poor and need - y, weak and blind,
world in song, He is a - ble to save! Shout the tid-ings far and wide,

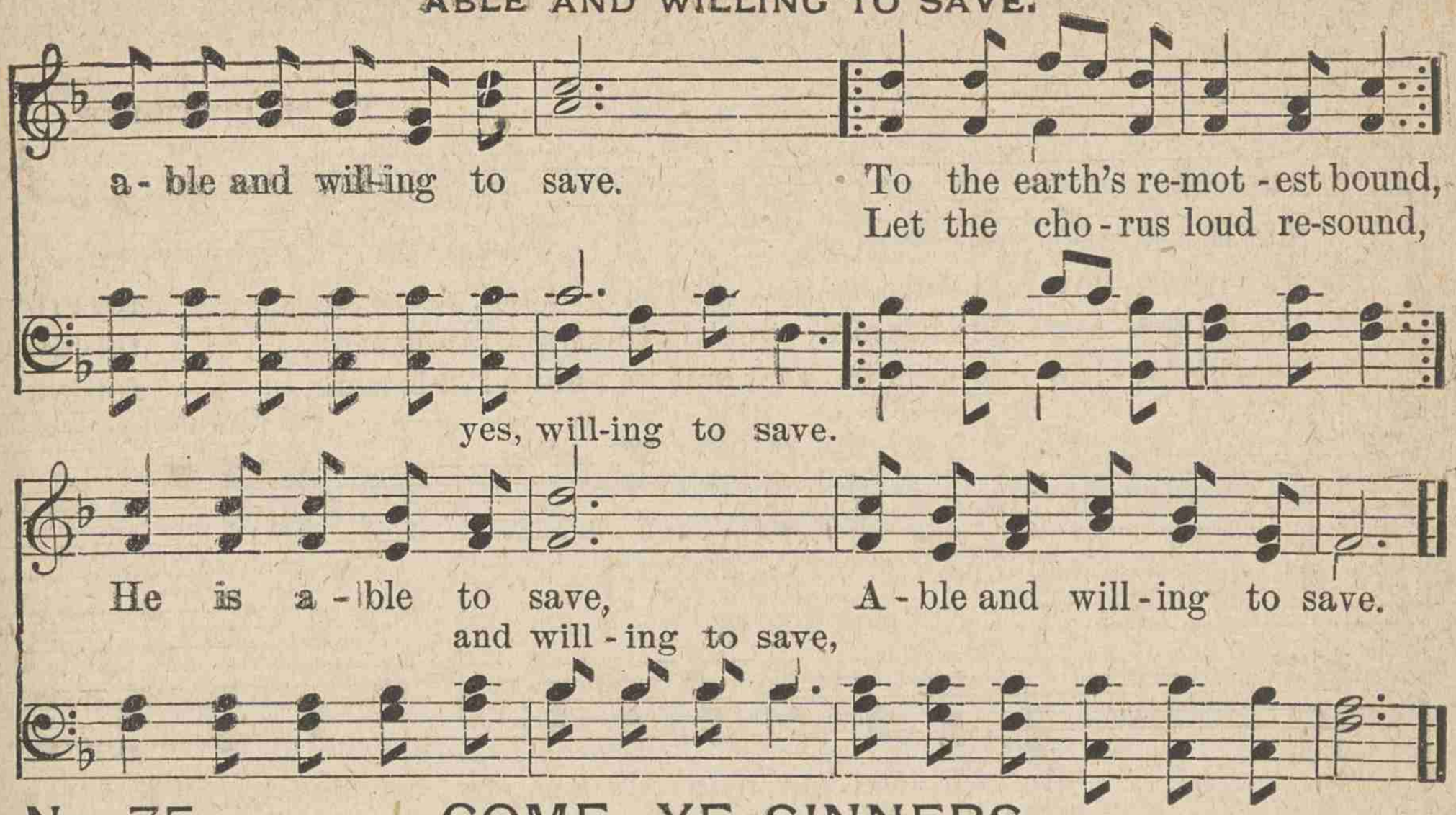
See, oh see His smil - ing face; Come and find a rest - ing place,
You may per - fect heal - ing find, He is pit - i - ful and kind,
Je - sus Christ the cru - ci - fied, On the cross for us hath died,

CHORUS.

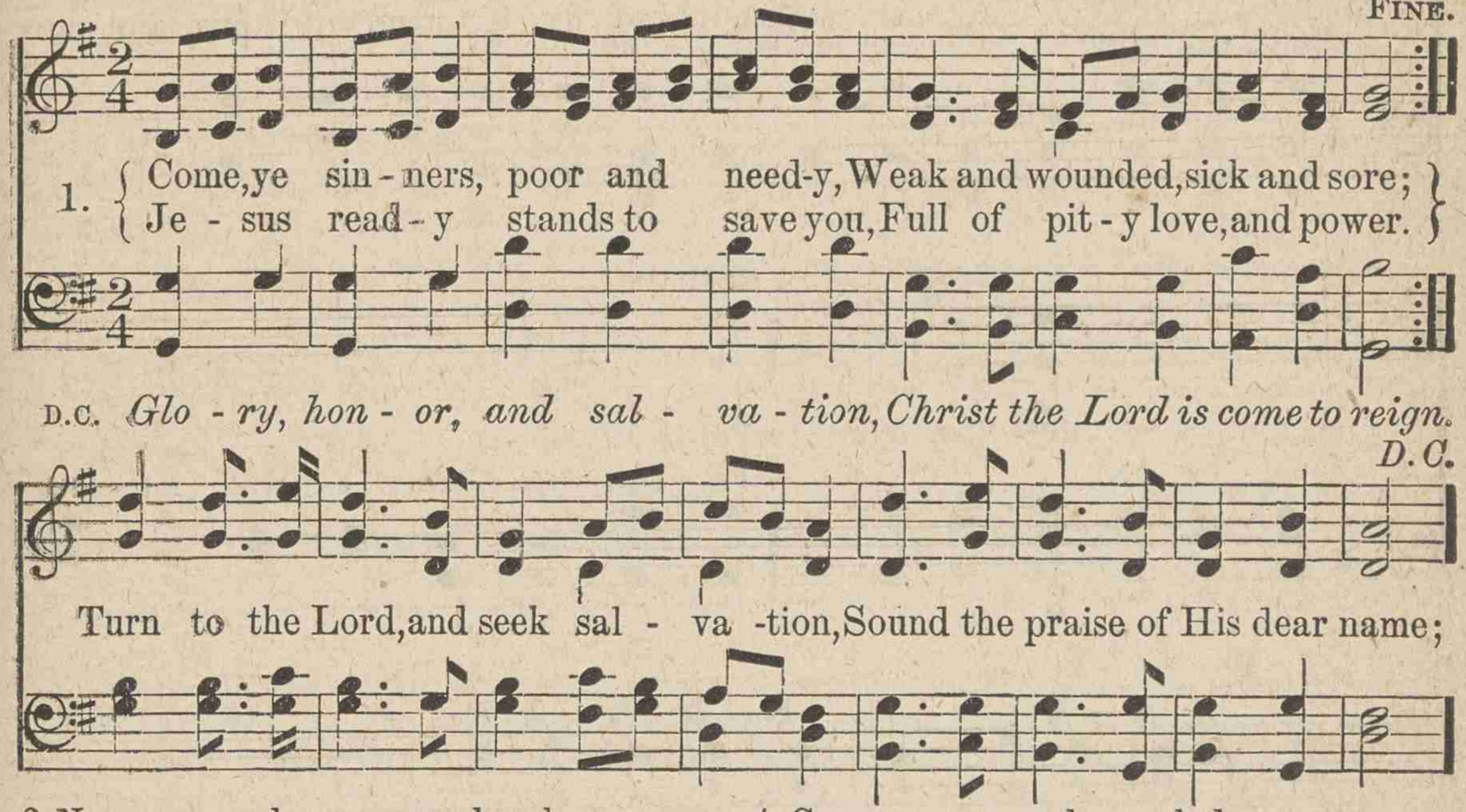
He is a - ble to save. A - ble and will - ing to save,
He is will - ing to save.
He is a - ble to save.

yes, a - ble to save,

ABLE AND WILLING TO SAVE.



No. 75. COME, YE SINNERS.



2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh. REF.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him. REF.

4 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all. REF.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him —
Hear Him cry before He dies. REF.

No. 76. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

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

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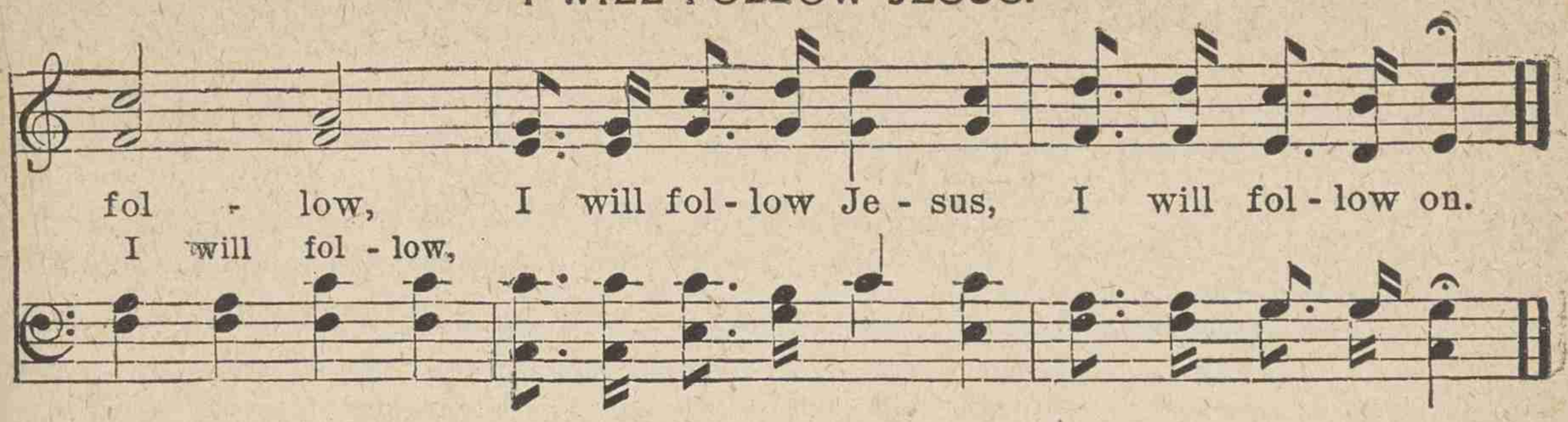
I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.



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

Rev. Henry Burton, in "Evangelical Messenger." A. J. Showalter.

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No. 78. THE HEAVENLY PILOT.

WM. H. GARDNER. EDWIN MOORE.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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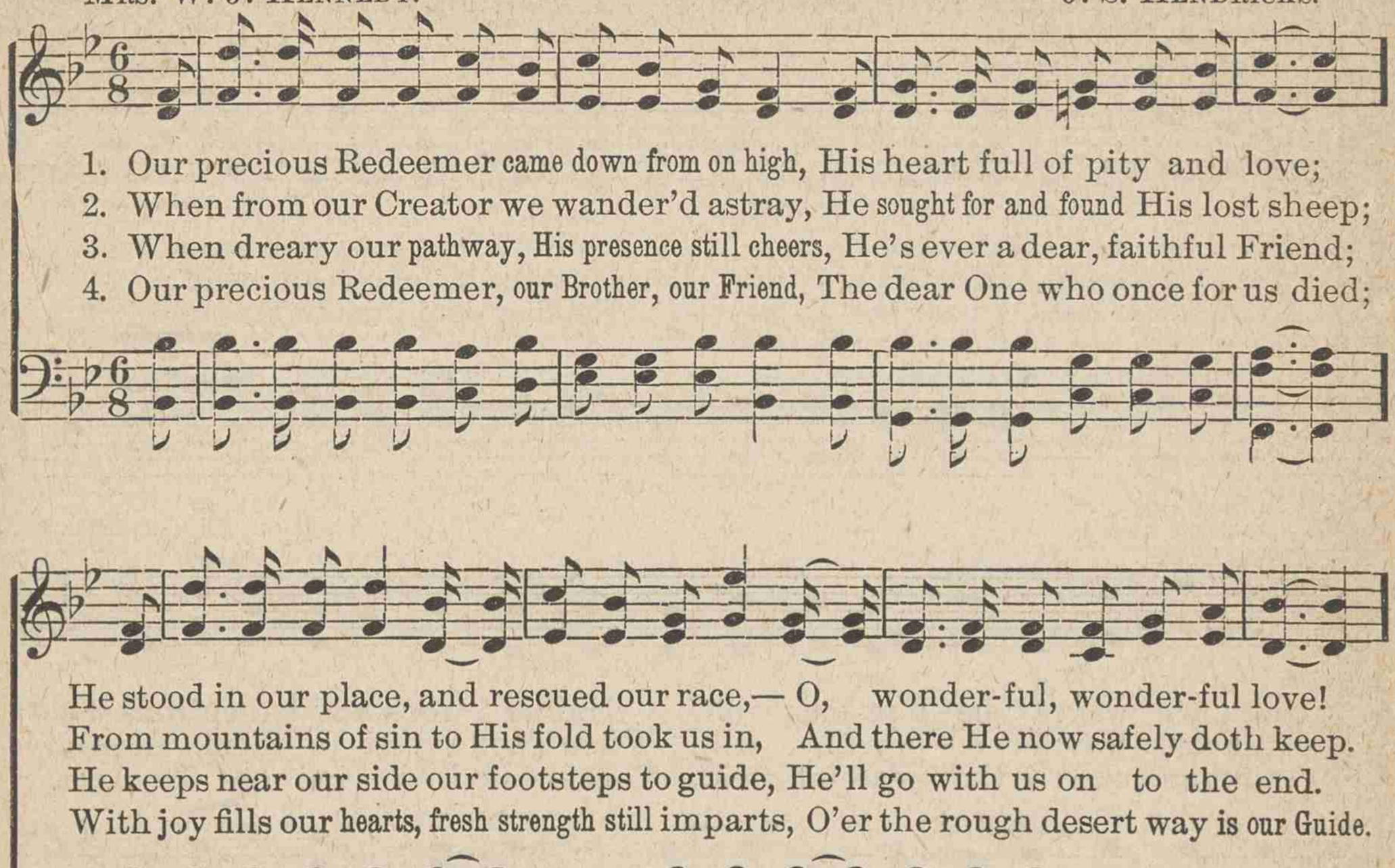
No. 79. OUR PRECIOUS REDEEMER.

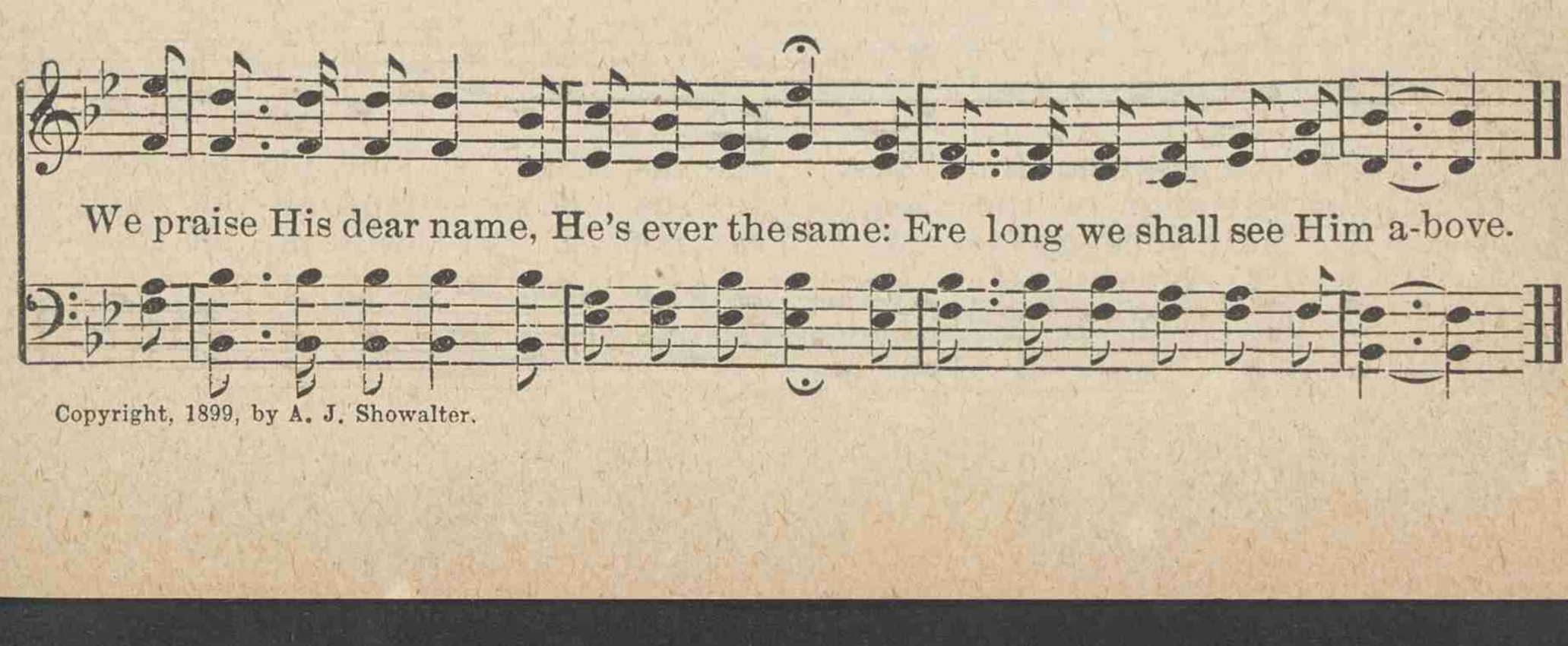
MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. Our precious Redeemer came down from on high, His heart full of pity and love;
2. When from our Creator we wander'd astray, He sought for and found His lost sheep;
3. When dreary our pathway, His presence still cheers, He's ever a dear, faithful Friend;
4. Our precious Redeemer, our Brother, our Friend, The dear One who once for us died;



He stood in our place, and rescued our race,— O, wonder-ful, wonder-ful love!
From mountains of sin to His fold took us in, And there He now safely doth keep.
He keeps near our side our footsteps to guide, He'll go with us on to the end.
With joy fills our hearts, fresh strength still imparts, O'er the rough desert way is our Guide.

REFRAIN.



Our precious Redeemer, still faithful and true, Our precious Redeemer we love;

We praise His dear name, He's ever the same: Ere long we shall see Him a-bove.

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No. 80. PILOT. 7s D.

Respectively inscribed to Prof. J. Henry Showalter.

EDWARD HOPPER. T. B. MOSLEY.

Slow and with expression.

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

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayest to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

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

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

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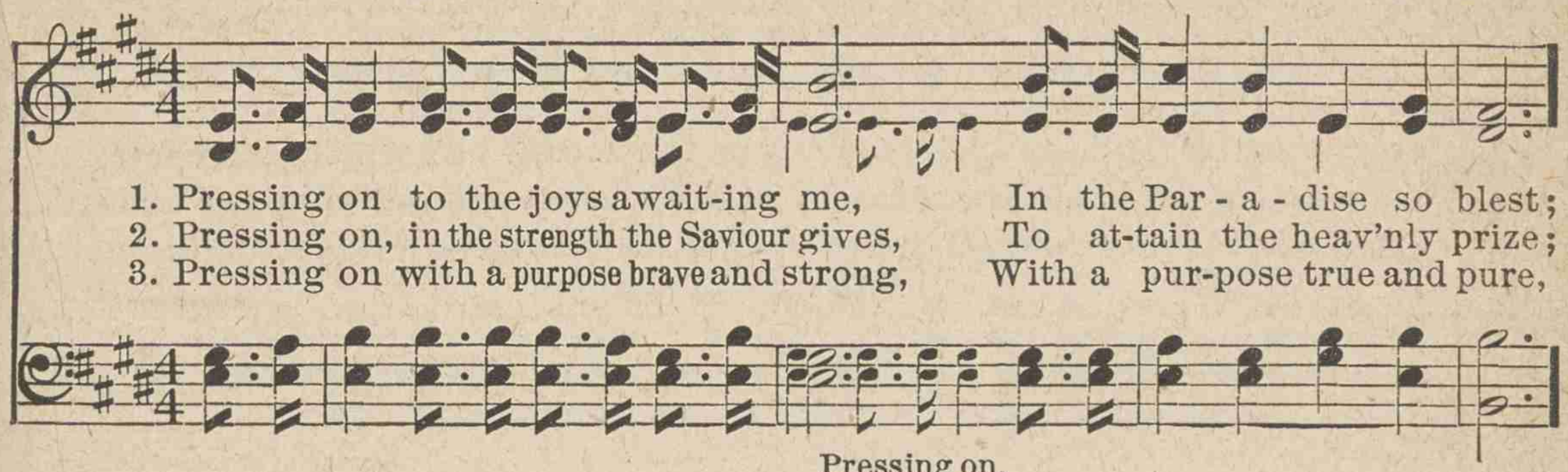
No. 81. PRESSING ON.

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



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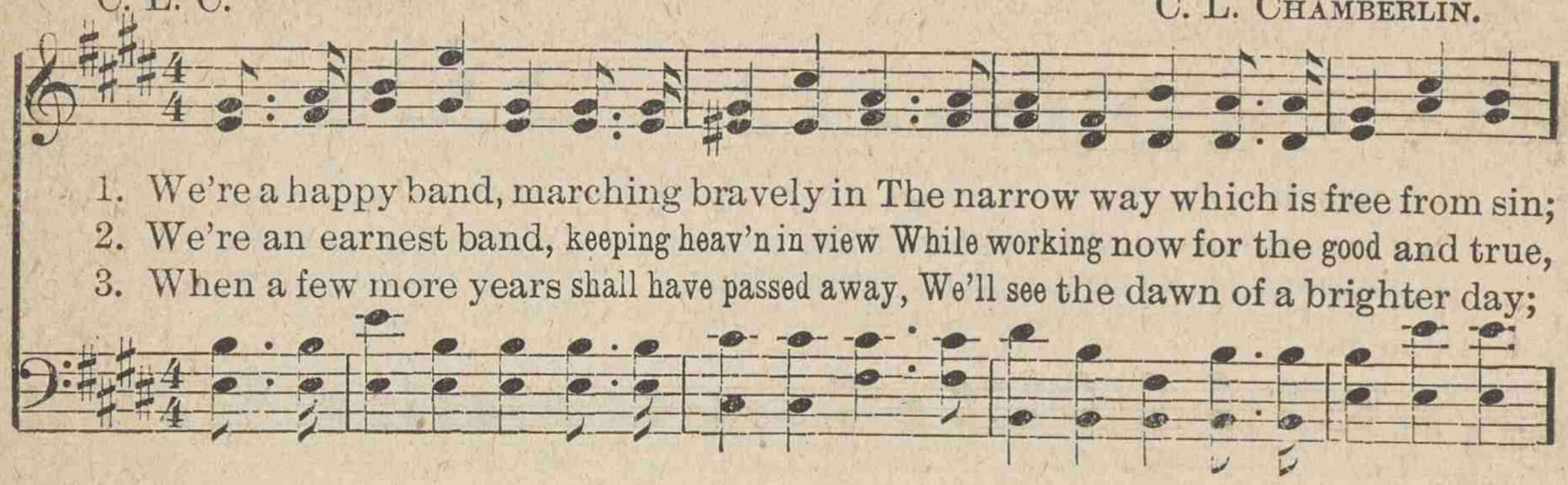
No. 82. MARCHING UP TO GLORY-LAND.

C. L. C.

C. L. CHAMBERLIN.



1. We're a happy band, marching bravely in The narrow way which is free from sin;
2. We're an earnest band, keeping heav'n in view While working now for the good and true,
3. When a few more years shall have passed away, We'll see the dawn of a brighter day;

We are marching on to the shining strand, We're marching up to glo-ry - land.
And the on-ward march of this toil-ing band Is lead-ing up to glo-ry - land.
We will cross the tide at our Lord's command, And all be safe in glo-ry - land.

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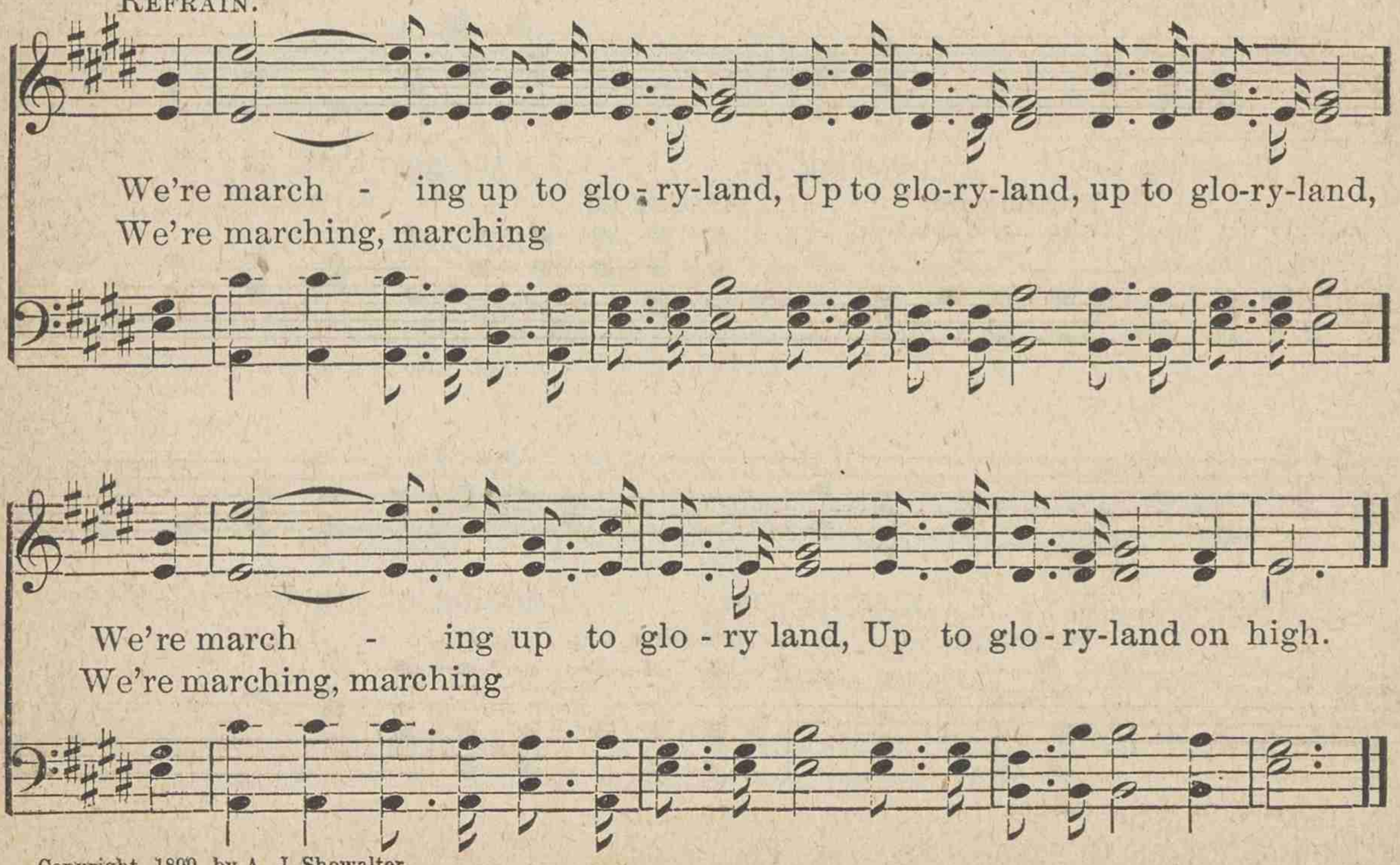

We're march - ing up to glo - ry-land, Up to glo-ry-land, up to glo-ry-land,
We're marching, marching

We're march - ing up to glo - ry land, Up to glo - ry-land on high.
We're marching, marching

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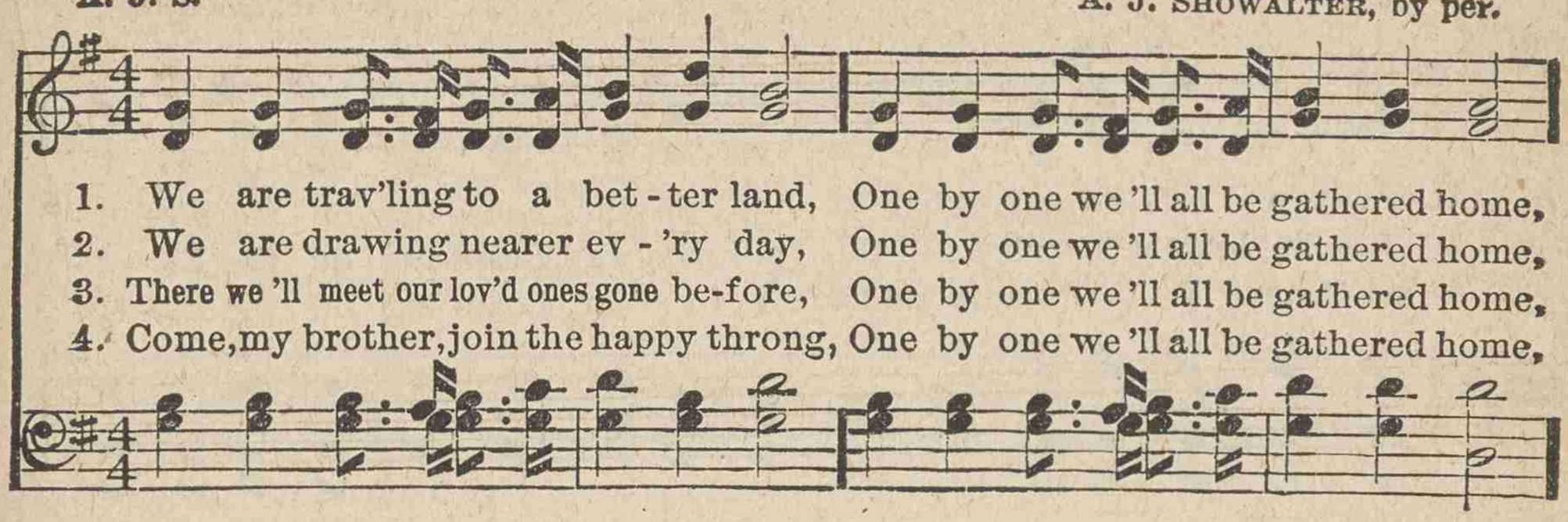
No. 83. GATHERED HOME.

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

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



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

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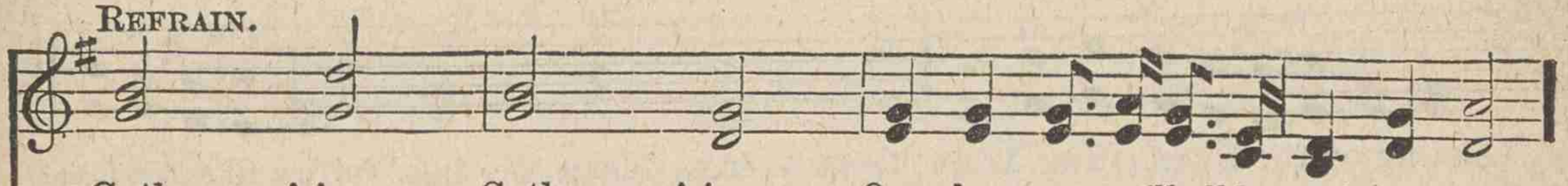
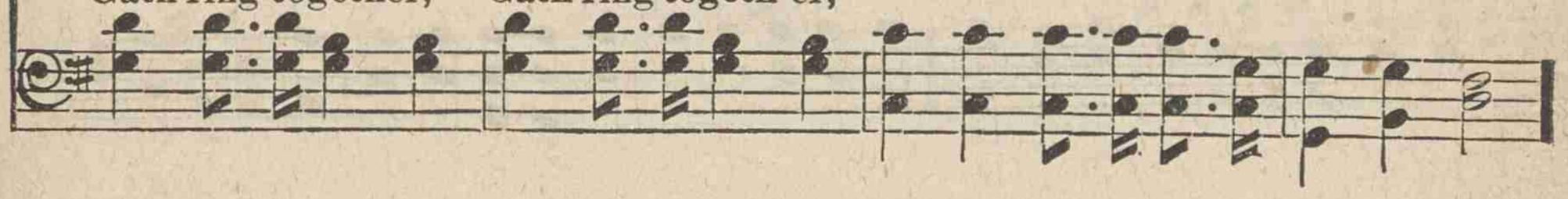


Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring, One by one we 'll all be gather'd home;
"Gath'ring together," "Gath'ring togeth-er,"



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

No. 84. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

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

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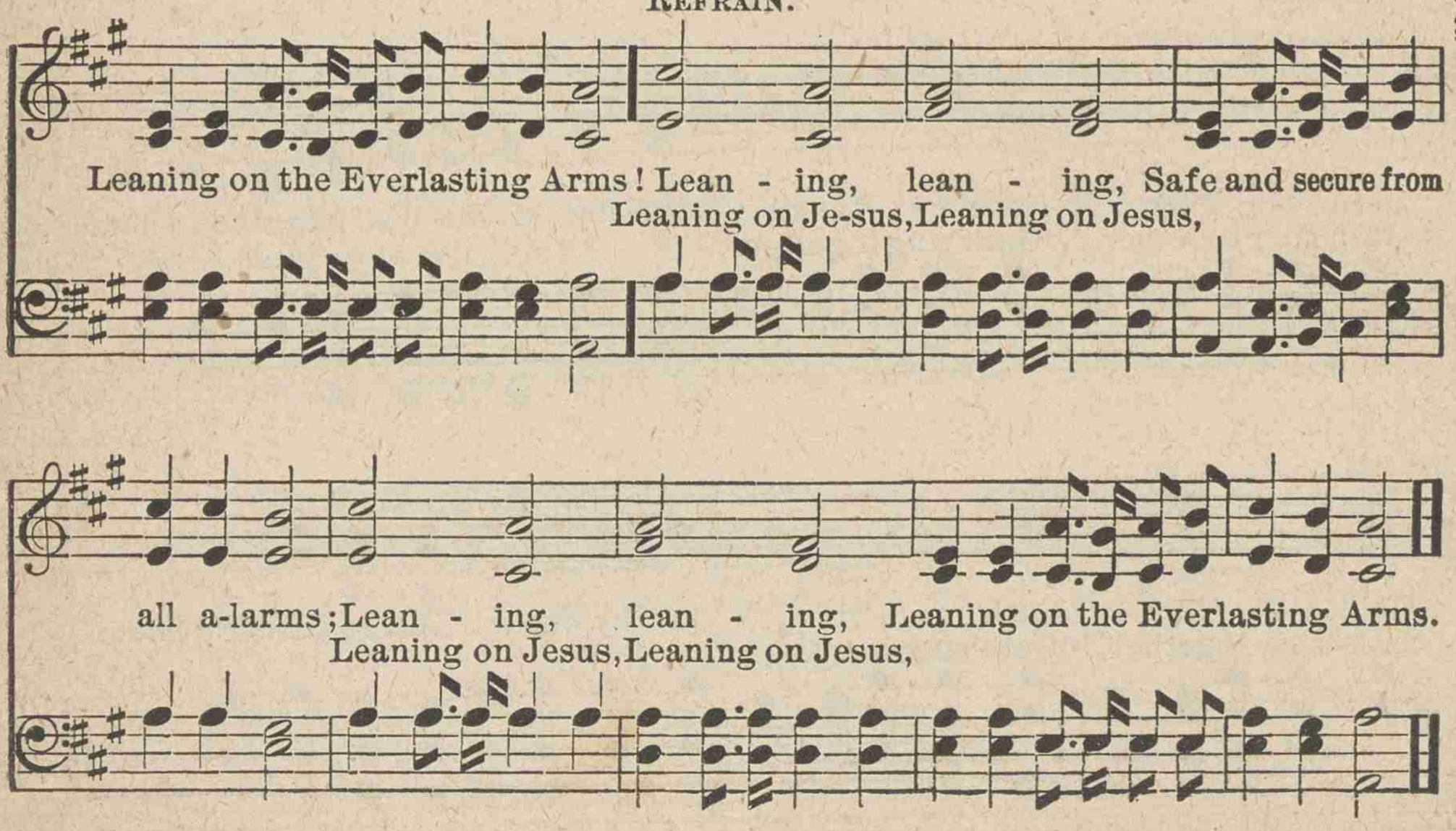
REFRAIN.



No. 85. THE LORD OF THE HARVEST CALLS.

R. A. Evilsizer. J. Henry Showalter.

1. The time of the har-vest is nigh, All ripened the waiting fields lie;
2. The Lord of the har-vest needs *you*— There's work that *you* on - ly can do;
3. O, broth-er, the la - bor is blest, And af - ter the toil cometh rest;

The lab'rers are few, Christ calleth for you, To glean for His garner on high.
Then do not de-lay, But has-ten a-way And glean where the toilers are few.
Your Saviour and Lord Will richly reward If you will but heed His re-quest.

Refrain.

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

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

No. 86. LET THE BLESSED MASTER IN.

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

1. Are you walking in the thorny paths of sin? Is it dark without your soul—no light within?
2. Is your lamp unfilled, untrimed—not burning bright? Are your feet un-shod with gospel peace and light?
3. Do you fear that in the conflict you will fall? Is your soul unclaimed by Him who died for all?
4. Are your sins unpardoned by the God a - bove? Is your heart untouched with dew-drops of His love?

Open wide the long-locked portals of your soul, Let the blessed Master in, let the blessed Master en - ter your darkened soul, Mas - ter en - ter in;

blessed Master in; O-pen wide the portals—let Him in,
Open wide the long-locked portals–let the blessed Master in,

in;

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LET THE BLESSED MASTER IN. Concluded.

He is knock - ing at your heart of sin; Clear the win - dows
He is knocking, gently knocking at your burdened heart of sin; Clear the darkened windows

now and light the soul, Open wide the door and let the Master in.
now and light the chambers of your soul,

No. 87. PURITY. 7s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. ANON.

1. To Thy tem - ple we re - pair, Lord, we love to wor-ship there;
2. While Thy glo-rious name is sung, Tune our lips, in - spire our tongue;
3. While to Thee our pray'rs as - cend, Let Thine ear in love at - tend;
4. While Thy word is heard with awe, While we trem - ble at Thy law,
5. From Thy house when we re - turn, Let our hearts with - in us burn;

There with-in the vail we meet, Christ up - on the mer - cy - seat.
Then our joy - ful souls shall bless Christ the Lord our righteousness.
Hear us when the Spir - it pleads, Hear, for Je - sus in - ter-cedes.
Let Thy gos - pel's won-drous love, Ev - 'ry doubt and fear re-move.
Then at eve - ning we may say, "We have walked with God to - day."

No. 88. THE HOME OF THE RANSOMED.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O'er the borders of Time Lies a wonderful clime, Where the shadows of night never come;
2. There are mansions so fair In that home over there, 'Neath the light of e-ter-ni-ty's dome;
3. When our life-work is o'er, And we labor no more, And our weak, restless feet cease to roam,

And its glories so bright Shall enrapture the sight In heaven, my beautiful home.
And my Saviour awaits The redeemed at the gates Of heaven, my beautiful home.
In yon "haven of rest," Where the weary are blest, O, gather us, Saviour, safe home!

REFRAIN.

In that beautiful home, Where the ransomed shall come, They need no more rays of the sun,

For the Lamb is the light Of its glory so bright, And He gathers us there one by one.

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No. 89. I AM THINE.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lord, I come to Thee, be-liev - ing Thou a - lone canst set me free;
2. Gracious Sav - iour, hear my pleading, Griev-ous sins, a - las, are mine!
3. On - ly dross have I to give Thee, On - ly sins, dear Lord, are mine;

O'er my sins my soul is griev-ing—Hear, O hear and pardon me.
And my heart is bruised and bleeding, Heal it with Thy touch di-vine.
But I kneel and cry: "Forgive me! Tho' un-worth - y, I am Thine."

REFRAIN.

Hear me, bless - ed Mas-ter, hear me! Save me—claim me for Thine own;

As Thy ser - vant keep me near Thee— I am Thine and Thine a - lone.

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No. 90. AT THE GOLDEN GATE OF PRAYER.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 91. THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Dr. H. Bonar. Ref. Arr. A. J. Showalter.

Refrain.

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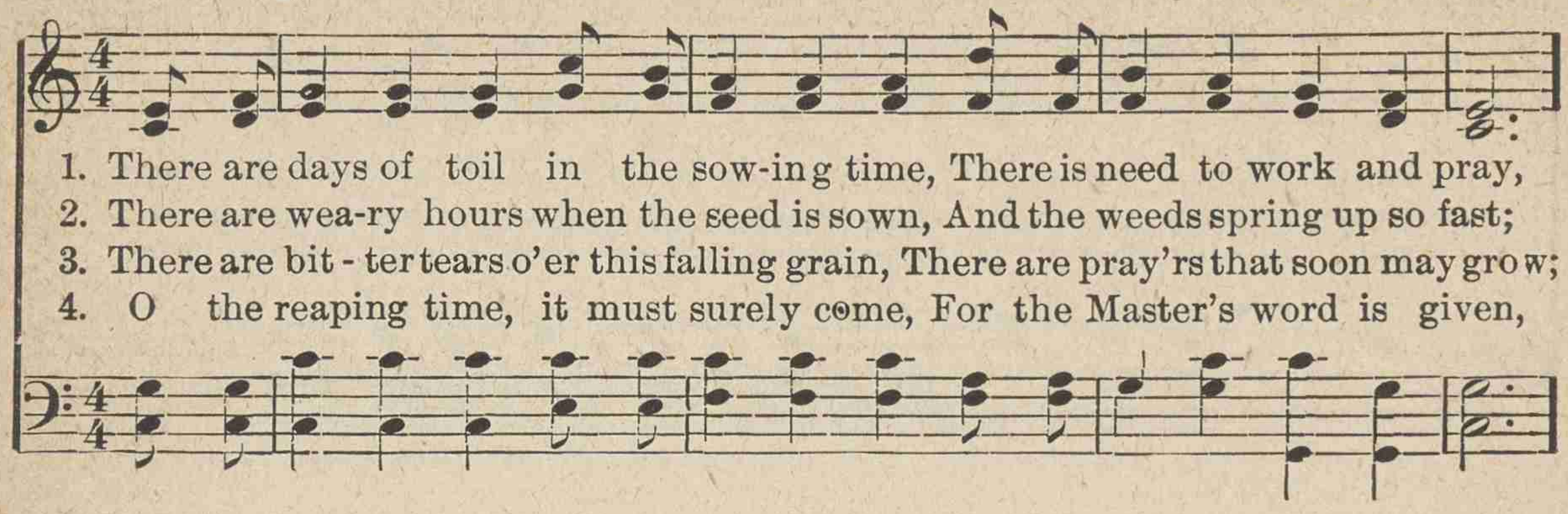
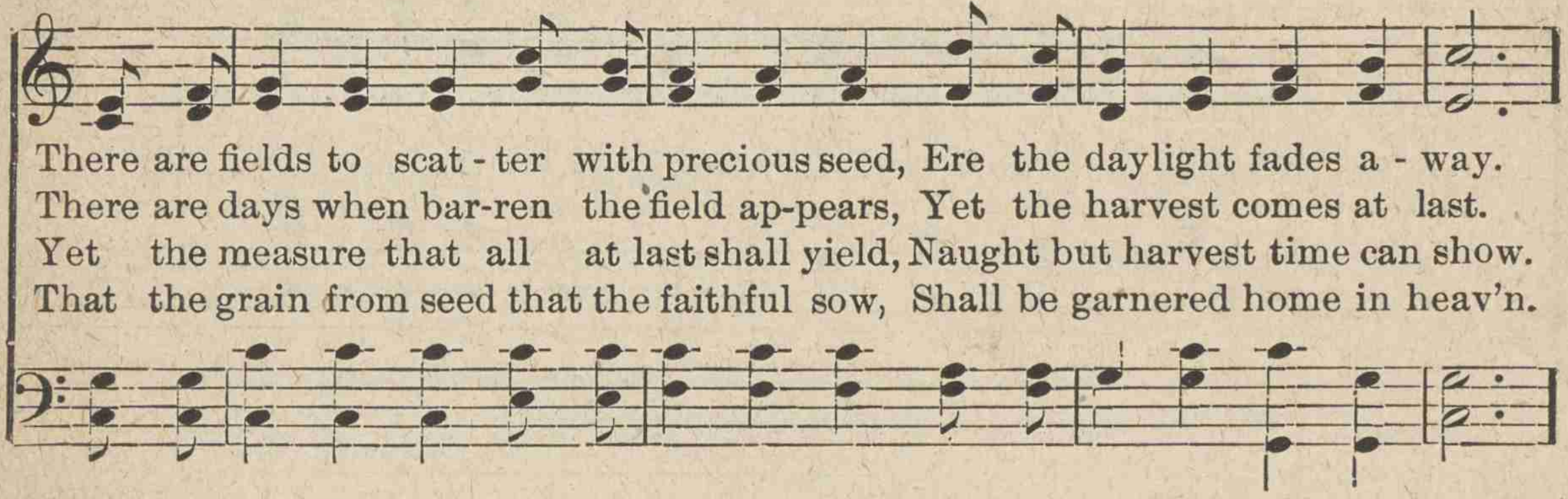
No. 92. THE REAPING TIME IS COMING.

L. E. JONES. JOHN R. BRYANT.





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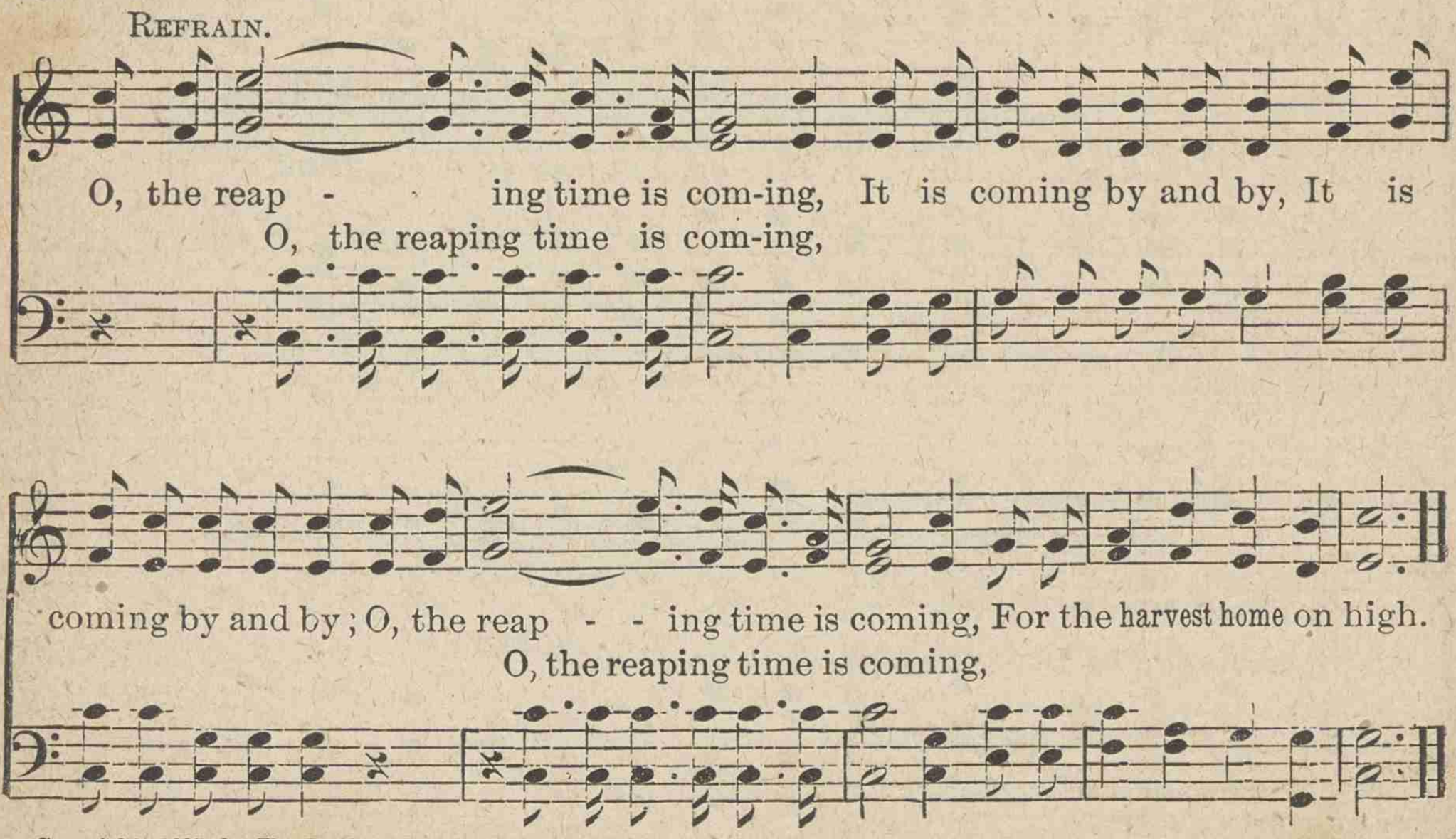

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No. 93. AWAKE, O EARTH!

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Awake, awake, O earth! Thy many voices raise, And let the echoing hills
2. Awake, awake, O earth! Forget the hour of gloom, When in thy shudd'ring breast
3. Bring treasures of the field, Bring leaf and blossom sweet, Thy choicest and thy best,
4. Lift up thy gates with praise, And robes of joy put on, The Lord of Life and Death

Repeat the note of praise. Let all the isles re-joice, Let seas take up the strain,
Thy Maker claimed a tomb. Put off thy wintry robes For garb of joyous spring,
Be-fore His pierc-ed feet. While all thy sons are glad, And tears are put a-way,
Hath ris-en to His throne. He hath gone up on high, And giveth gifts to men;

REFRAIN.

Christ from the dead hath come, He lives, He lives a-gain. He lives a - gain!
Crown thee with lilies fair, To greet the risen King.
Let youth and age a - like, Sing Christ is ris'n to-day.
He lives, no more to die, He lives, He lives a-gain. He lives! Christ lives! He lives again!

Our ris-en Lord to-day! Christ from the dead hath come, He lives, He lives a - gain.

No. 94. WE'LL DROP OUR ANCHOR.

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

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

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

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

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

WE'LL DROP OUR ANCHOR. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

No. 95. ETERNALLY FREE.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

If too high, may be transposed to E or E♭.

1. A ran-som for all is the dear Son of God, To be our Redeemer He
2. I bowed at His feet with my burden of sin; I told all the guilt and the
3. O, how can I praise the dear Lord for His grace, And thank Him for all the sweet

poured out His blood; He died on the tree, made atonement for me, And now my saved
sor - row with-in; I prayed Him to be a Redeemer to me, And I am now
smiles of His face; The Lord who has been such a friend unto me, And saves me and

REFRAIN.

soul is e - ter - nal - ly free!
saved and e-ter - nal - ly free! O, won-der-ful thought, He loves even me, And
keeps me e-ter - nal - ly free!

I am now saved and e - ter - nal - ly free! O, won-der - ful thought, He

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ETERNALLY FREE. Concluded.

No. 96. GEORGETOWN. C. M.

Refrain by J. H. S. JESSE DUNCAN.

FINE.

REFRAIN. D. S.

No. 97. THERE'S A BLESSING FOR ME.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There is per - fect cleans-ing in the pre - cious blood That flows for all so free, There is full sal - va-tion in its crim-son flood; There's a
2. I am saved each mo - ment thro' the cleans-ing blood That now by faith I see; I am sweet-ly rest-ing at the cross I love; There's a
3. O the blood that keeps me from the pow'r of sin My con - stant theme shall be; I have laid my bur-den at the Sav-iour's feet; There's a
4. There is life e - ter - nal in the pre - cious blood That still is flow - ing free, And my soul shall glo - ry in the Saviour's cross; There's a

REFRAIN.

blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a bless-ing for me A bless-ing from the Lord for me; There is for me,

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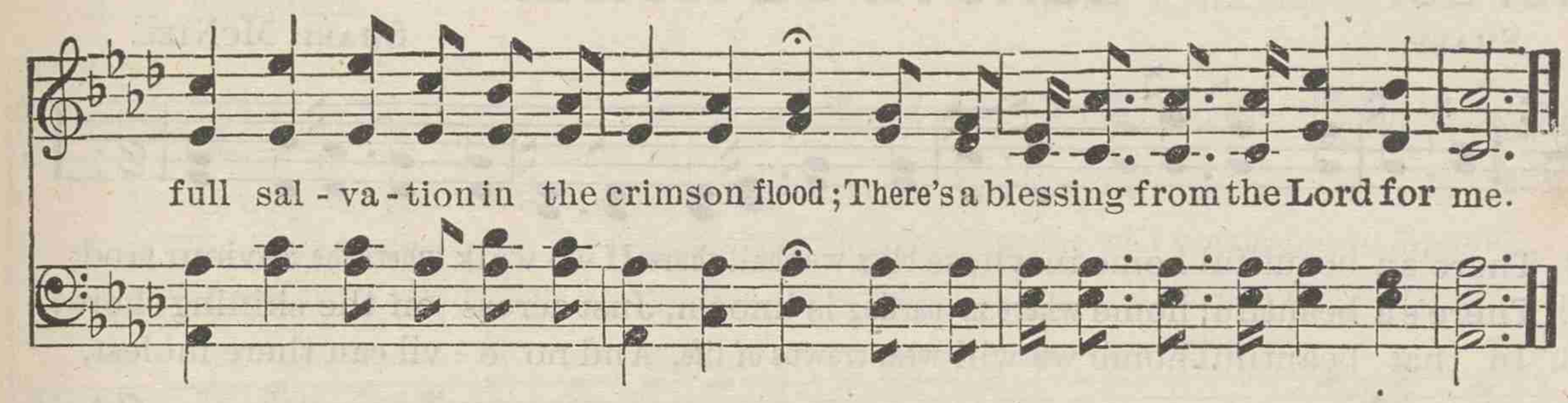
THERE'S A BLESSING FOR ME.



No. 98. NEARER TO THEE.

"This is the confidence we have in Him." 1 John v: 14.

LUELLA CLARK. Rev. R. L. SELLE.

From "Choicest Gems," by permission of R. L. Selle, Ft. Worth, Tex.

No. 99. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

SHARP. SHARP MCNIEL.

1. There's a beautiful home in whose bliss we shall share If we walk where the Saviour trod;
2. There's a beautiful home where no parting is known, Just across on the shining shore;
3. In that beautiful home we will wear crowns of life, And no e - vil can there molest,

And redeemed ones are waiting to welcome us there In that ra - diant home of God.
There we'll meet with the dear ones who from us have gone And abide with them evermore.
For we'll be with the Saviour and free from all strife,–In His presence we'll sweetly rest.

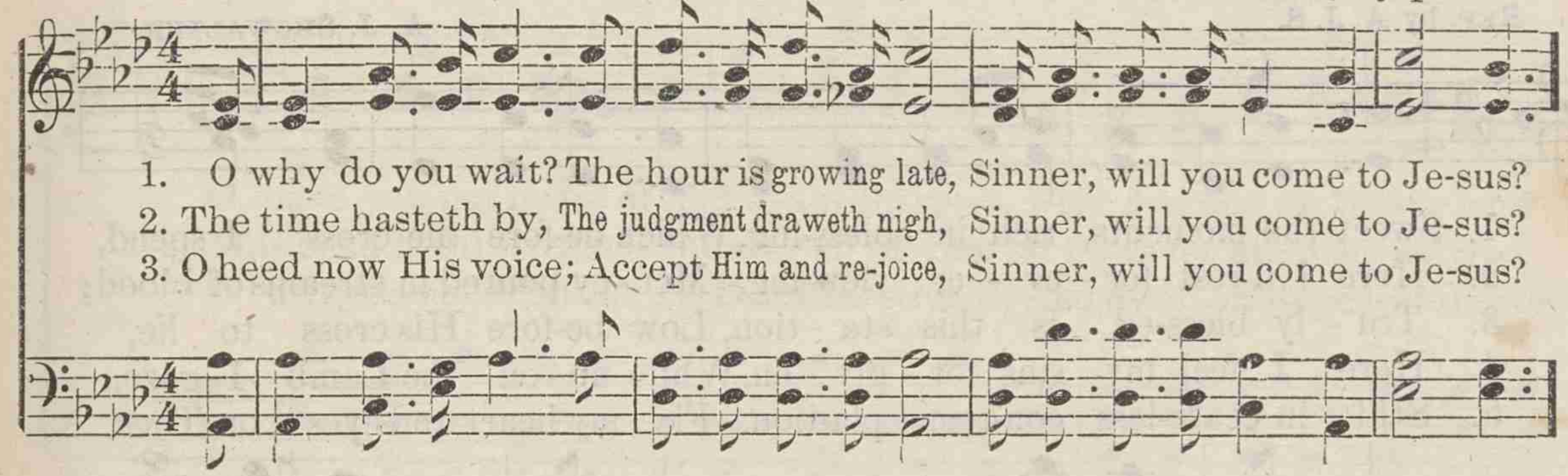
REFRAIN.

Beau-ti-ful home where an - gels of light Wait at the portals gleaming so bright;

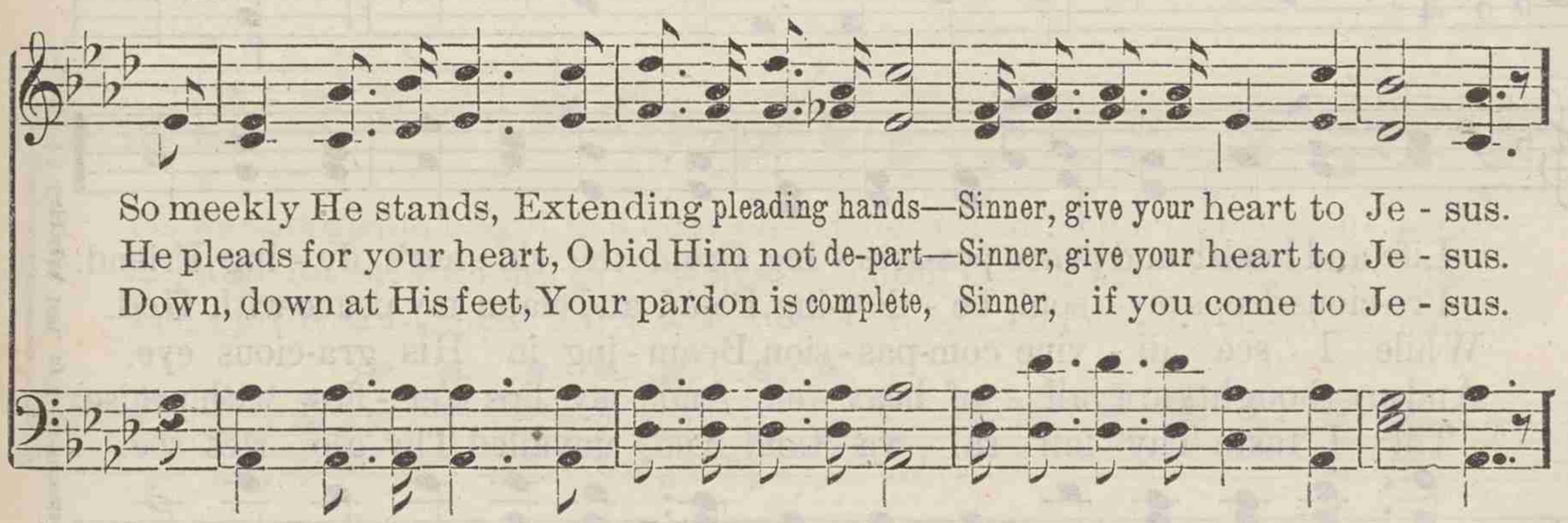
Beautiful home, soon we gladly will come, Nev - er again from thy shelter to roam.

No. 100. WHY DO YOU WAIT?

R. A. EVILSIZER. L. M. EVILSIZER, by per.



1. O why do you wait? The hour is growing late, Sinner, will you come to Je-sus?
2. The time hasteth by, The judgment draweth nigh, Sinner, will you come to Je-sus?
3. O heed now His voice; Accept Him and re-joice, Sinner, will you come to Je-sus?



So meekly He stands, Extending pleading hands—Sinner, give your heart to Je - sus.
He pleads for your heart, O bid Him not de-part—Sinner, give your heart to Je - sus.
Down, down at His feet, Your pardon is complete, Sinner, if you come to Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Sinner, will you come, Sinner, will you come, Sinner, will you come to Jesus?
come to Jesus, come to Jesus,

O why do you wait? The hour is growing late; Come and give your heart to Je - sus?

No. 101. STANDING BY THE CROSS.

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

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

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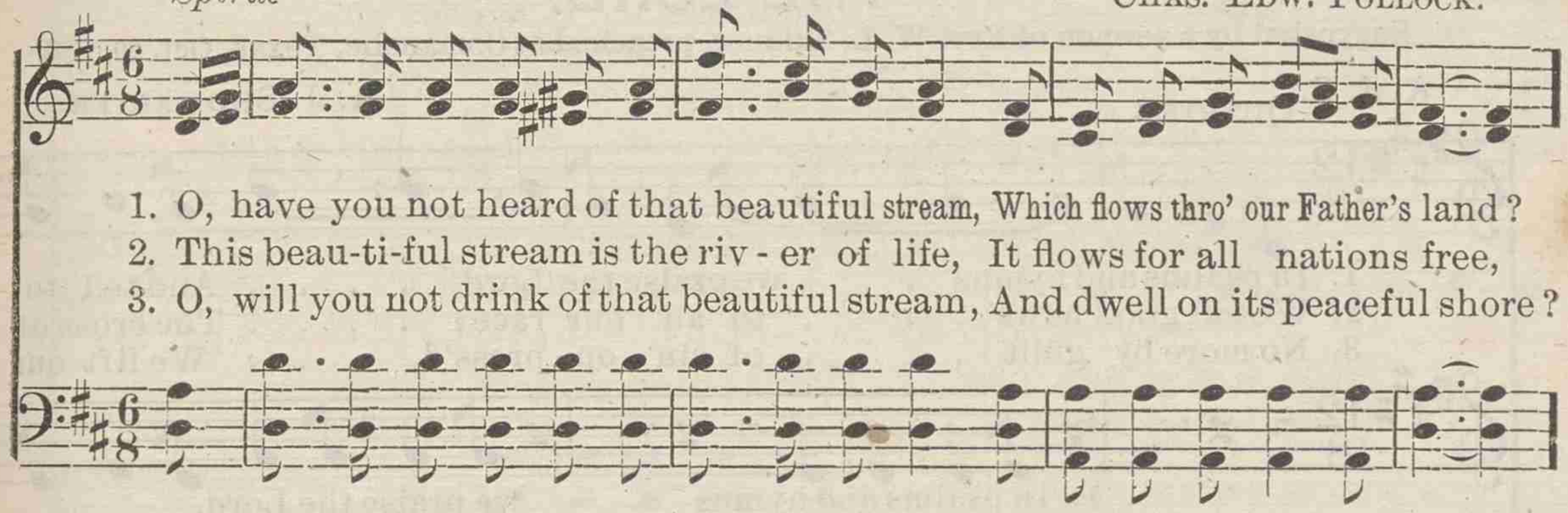
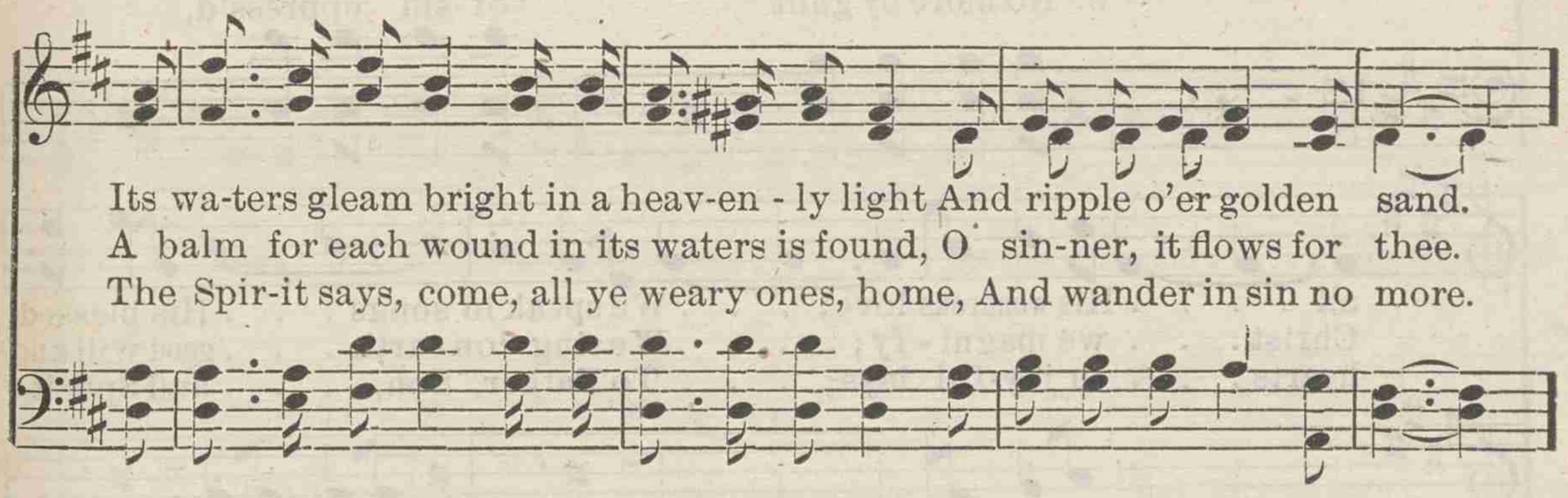
REFRAIN.

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

No. 102. THAT BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Spirite CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.





REFRAIN.

No. 103. IN PSALMS AND HYMNS WE PRAISE THE LORD.

Suggested by a sermon of Rev. W. L. Skinner, preached at Comanche, Texas, Oct. 20, 1895.

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

1. In psalms and hymns . . . we praise the Lord, ... And tell to
2. We tell good news . . . . to all our race; . . . . The cross of
3. No more by guilt . . . . of sin op-press'd, . . . We lift our

1. In psalms and hymns we praise the Lord,
2. We tell good news to all our race;
3. No more by guilt of sin oppress'd,

all . . . . His wondrous love; . . . We speak in songs . . . His blessed
Christ . . . we magni-fy; . . . . We sing "on earth . . . good will and
hearts . . . in joy-ful lays; . . . To Father, Son, . . . and Spir-it

And tell to all His wondrous love; We speak in songs
The cross of Christ we magnify; We sing "on earth
We lift our hearts in joy-ful lays; To Father, Son,

word, ... A lamp to light . . . . us home a-bove. . .
peace," . . . . And "glory to . . . . . our God on high!" . .
bless'd, ... For-ev-er-more . . . . be high-est praise! . .

His bless-ed word, A lamp to light . . us home a-bove.
good will and peace," And "glo-ry to . . . our God on high!"
and Spir-it bless'd, For-ev-er-more . . be high-est praise!

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CHORUS.

Sing it to - day! . . . . . sing it for aye! . . . . . Tell the good

Sing it to-day! sing it for aye!

news . . . o'er land and o'er sea; . . . . Let this glad word . . . dwell richly in

Tell the good news o'er land and o'er sea, Let this glad word

all, ... Sal-vation thro' Christ . . . . . is am-ple and free. . . . . .

dwell richly in all—Salvation thro' Christ, salvation thro' Christ is ample and free, is ample and free.

No. 104. I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

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

1. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed sav-ing Rock, While the angry storms may
2. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Faith,–There I see my Saviour's
3. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Hope, Keeping near the Saviour's
4. I am clinging to the Rock, blessed Rock of Love, Let me, Lord, upon Thy

o'er me roll; I am sheltered 'neath the cleft from the tempest's shock,–Blessed
lov - ing form; I am looking un-to Him while my fleeting breath Wafts His
bleeding side; I am anchored to the Rock that was cleft for me, Near the
bo - som rest; I am waiting for the time to be called a-bove, With the

Refrain.

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

clinging to the Rock; Biessed Refuge, thou art dear to me; I am clinging,
I am clinging, ev-er

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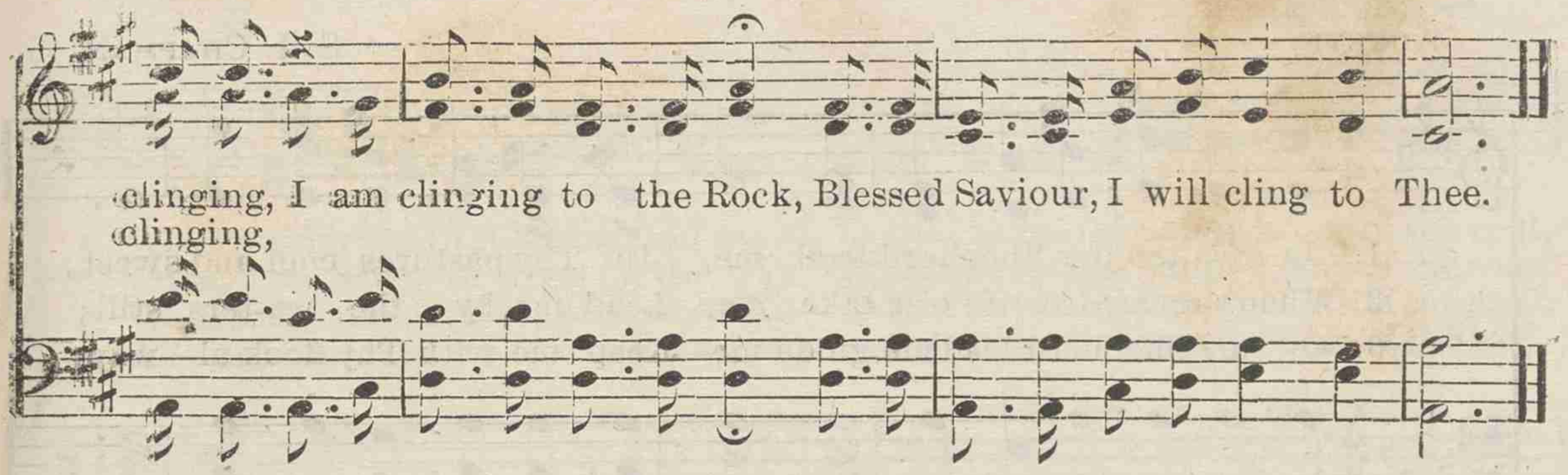
I AM CLINGING TO THE ROCK. Concluded.



No. 105. THE HAPPY CHRISTIAN.

ADALYN. P. P. HUMAN.

No. 106. THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

ADALYN. S. I. CHAPMAN.

1. Je - sus, ten-der Shepherd, lead me, In Thy pastures cool and sweet;
2. When the cares of life o'er take me, Lead me by the wa-ters still;
3. O my Shepherd, lead me, guide me. Keep me with Thy flock al - way;

On Thy heav'nly boun-ty feed me; Guide my weak and wand'ring feet.
Keep me, love me, nor for - sake me, While I do Thy ho - ly will.
For no e - vil can be - tide me, While within Thy fold I stay.

REFRAIN.

O my Sav - iour, walk be - side me, Lead me on from day to day;
With Thy lov - ing hand to guide me, I can nev - er go a - stray

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No. 107. THE BEAUTIFUL HAPPY HOME.

H. F. M. H. F. Morris, by per.

1. We are pilgrims in this lone, sad world, To that beautiful happy home of the soul,
2. Though we have our trials on the way, To that beautiful happy home of the soul,
3. We shall praise our Saviour, Lord, and King, In that beautiful happy home of the soul,
4. All our loved ones we shall meet and know In that beautiful happy home of the soul,

Looking to the glo-ry just be-yond, In that beautiful happy home of the soul.
We shall see our Saviour's face some day In that beautiful happy home of the soul.
There the songs of Zion we shall sing, In that beautiful happy home of the soul.
See their crowns of gold, their robes like snow, In that beautiful happy home of the soul.

Refrain.

O, that home! . . that beauti-ful home! . . . . . Where there cometh no more
O, that home! that beauti - ful home!

night, for the Saviour is the light, We shall dwell . . for ev - er - more. . . .
We shall dwell for ev-er-more.

D. S.

No. 108. A HELPER I WOULD BE.

ADALYN. ROBERT R. SINGLETON.

1. As the sun-light beaming o'er me, I would shine a - long life's way,
2. As the stars that shimmer bright-ly, I would guide some wand'rer's feet,
3. As the flow'rs that blossom gai - ly, In the pathway that we tread,
4. As the Saviour, meek and low - ly, I would live and work and pray,

Shedding warmth and joy be - fore me, Mak-ing bright the dark-est day.
And a-bove some pil - low night - ly Keep my watch o'er slumber sweet.
I would in some heart bloom dai - ly And a lov - ing fragrance shed.
In His footsteps pure and ho - ly I would walk from day to day.

REFRAIN.

Lov-ing deeds . . . . that help to light - - en Heav-y
I would do some lov-ing deeds and help to light-en, help to light-en Heav-y

hearts . . from day to day, Kindly words and smiles that
hearts in need of love day by day, from day to day, Kindly words of hope and cheer, and smiles that

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A HELPER I WOULD BE. Concluded.

bright - - en, I would scat - ter on my way.
brighten like the sunshine, on my way.

No. 109. SHINING SHORE.

DAVID NELSON. Dr. G. F. ROOT.

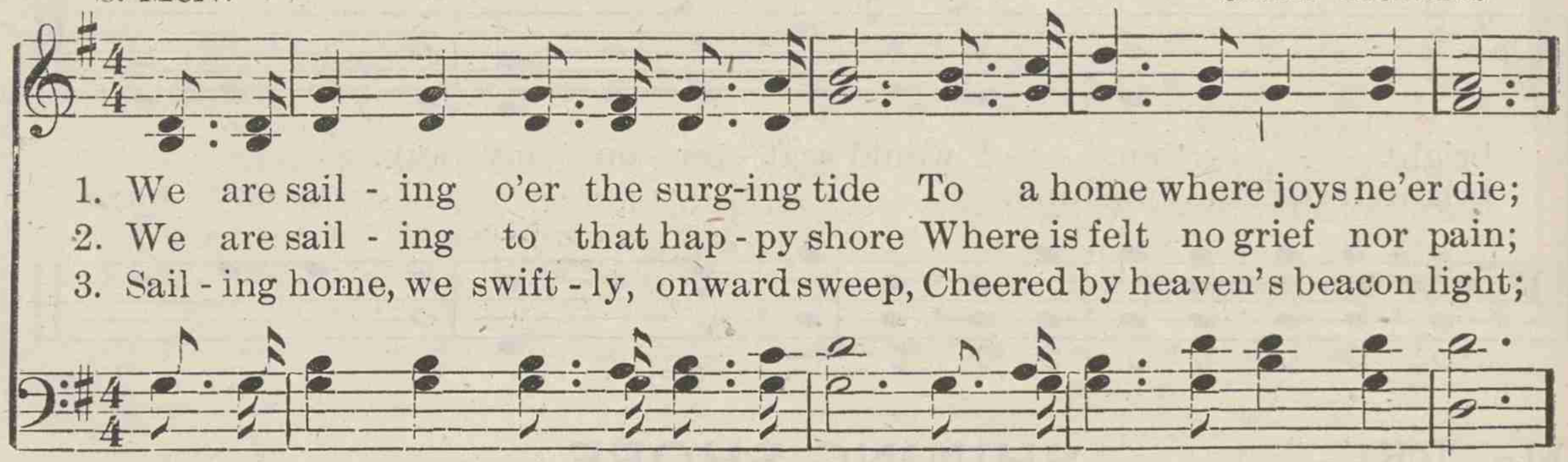
1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and danger.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren, dear, Our heav'nly home dis-cern-ing; Our absent Lord has left us word, Let ev-'ry lamp be burning. For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our can molest, Where golden harps are ringing.
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing; That perfect rest naught there's our home, Forever! O for-ev - er.
4. Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow, Each cord on earth to sever, Our King says come, and

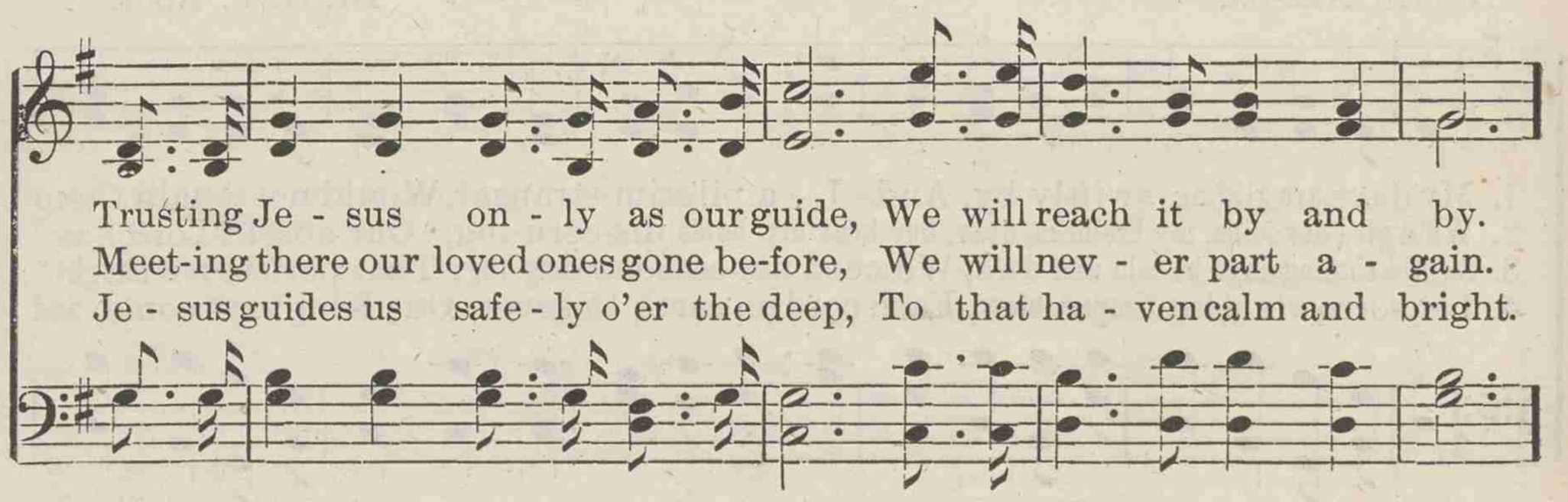
REFRAIN.

friends are passing over, And, just before, the shining shore We may almost dis-cov - er.

No. 110. SAILING HOME.

S. McN. SHARP MCNIEL.





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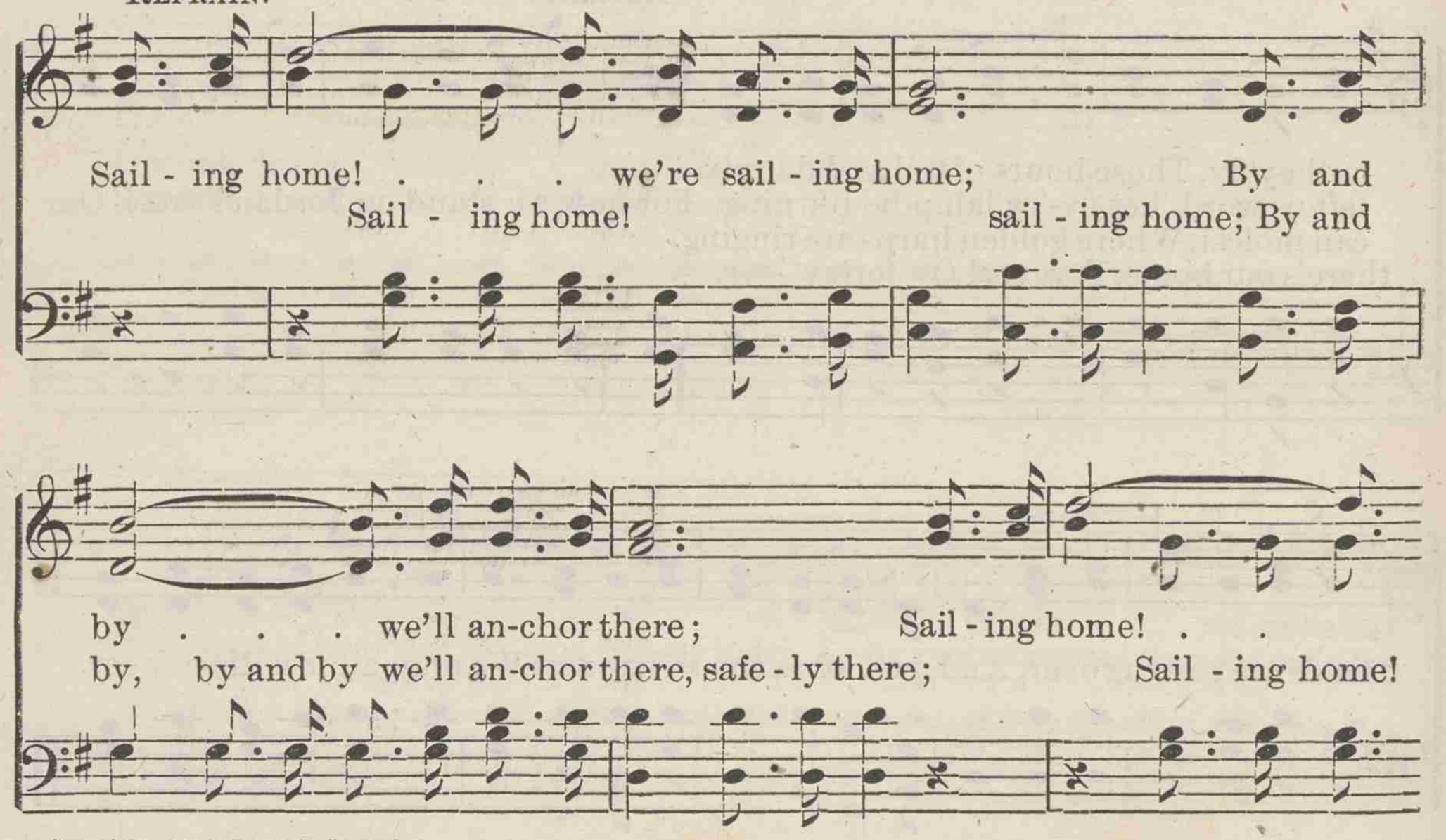

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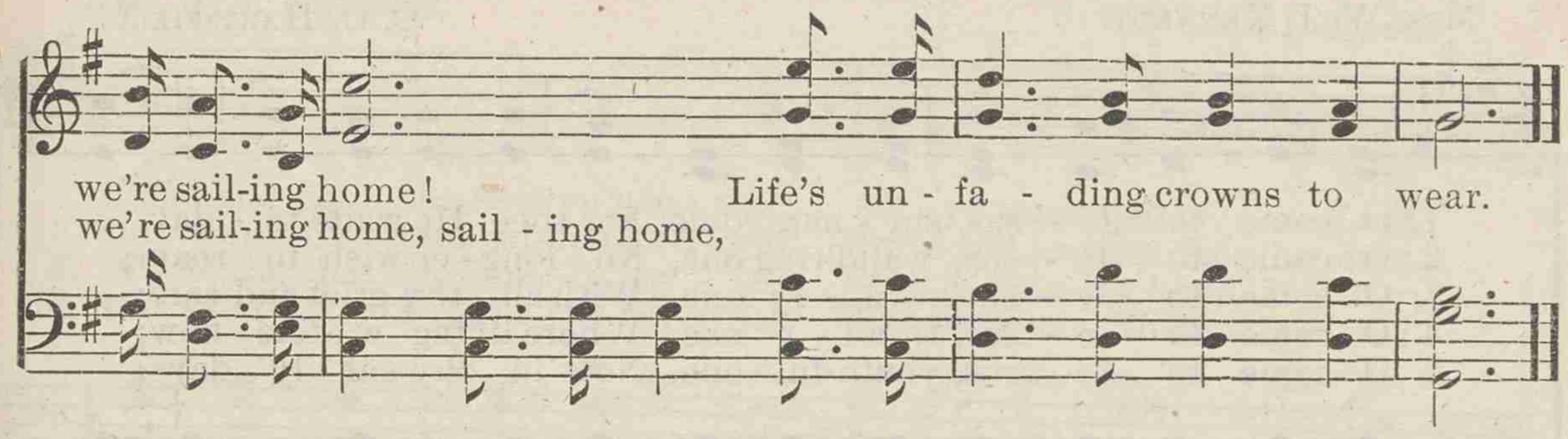
SAILING HOME. Concluded.



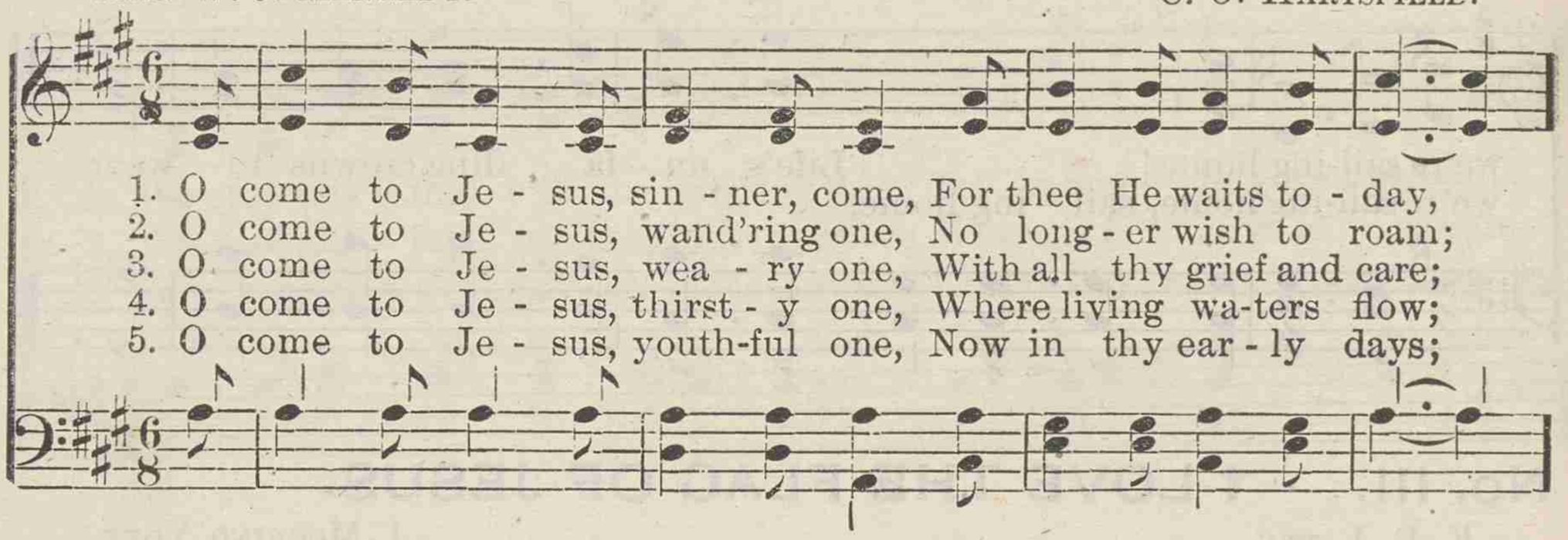
No. 111. I LOVE THE FLAG OF JESUS.

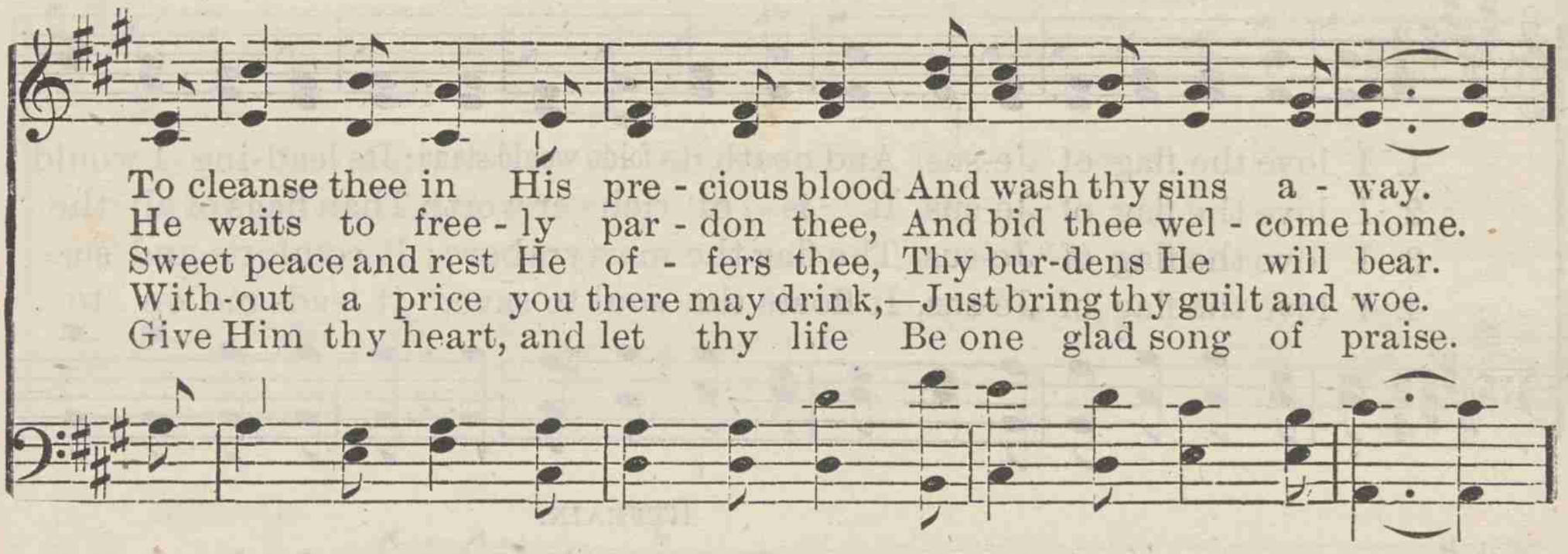
E. R. Latta. J. Mooring York.

By permission.

No. 112. COME TO JESUS.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. C. O. HARTSFIELD.





REFRAIN.

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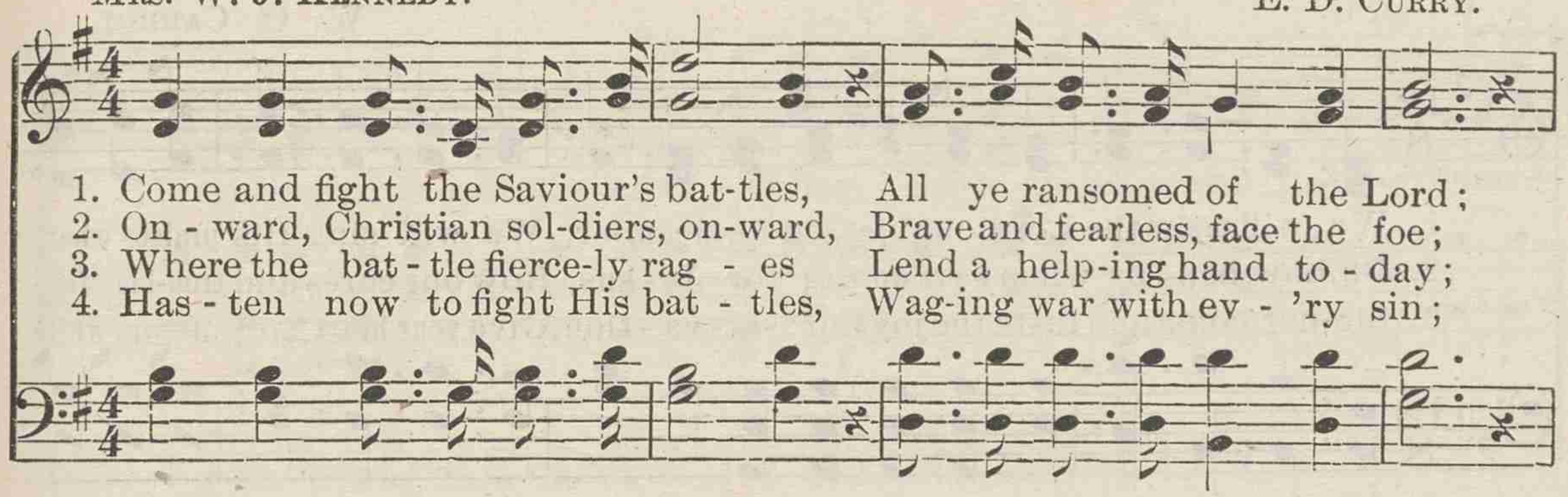
No. 113. THE BLOOD-STAINED BANNER.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. E. D. CURRY.



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No. 114. WE WILL PRAISE THE LORD.

W. O. C. W. O. CARROL

1. We will praise the Lord, our blessed Re-deem-er, We will sing His praises wher-
2. Oh, how hap - py when we're working for Je - sus, How our cares and trou-bles fly
3. Sin-ner, come and taste the joys of sal - va - tion, Give your heart to Jesus while

ev - er we go; We will come be-fore His presence with sing-ing, Joy-ful-ly marching
swiftly a-way; On our heads bright sunbeams ev-er are fall-ing, Strewn is our path with
yet it is day; He'll forgive your sins if you will but ask Him, Come and accept His

REFRAIN.

on-ward, fighting a-gainst the foe. Joy-ful-ly marching a - long,
ros - es sweet as the flow'rs of May.
par-don, He is the on - ly way.

Joy - - - - ful - ly marching a -

sing-ing on the way, Shouting o'er and o'er in glad re-frain, . . .

long, ... The glo-rious anthem ringing,

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No. 115. SOME DAY IN YONDER CITY.

W. C. MARTIN in "The Christian Herald." G. B. FIELDS.

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No. 116. SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

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

REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1887, by Jno, R. Sweney. From "Glad Hallelujahs." Used by per.

No. 117. GOING HOME, BY AND BY!

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

J. H. S. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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

REFRAIN.

all the sainted throng, We're going, by and by! Going home, Go-ing
Je - sus ev - er-more, We're going, by and by!
bliss of heav-en share, We're going, by and by!
love for-e'er re - peat, We're going, by and by! Going home, by and by! Going

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

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

No. 118. HOW SWEET IS THE MESSAGE.

R. A. E. R. A. Evilsizer.

1. There's a mes-sage full of promise That is whispered low to me;
2 Shall I tell you of this message That is such a joy to me,
3. O this mes-sage tells of healing For the bleeding, brok-en heart,

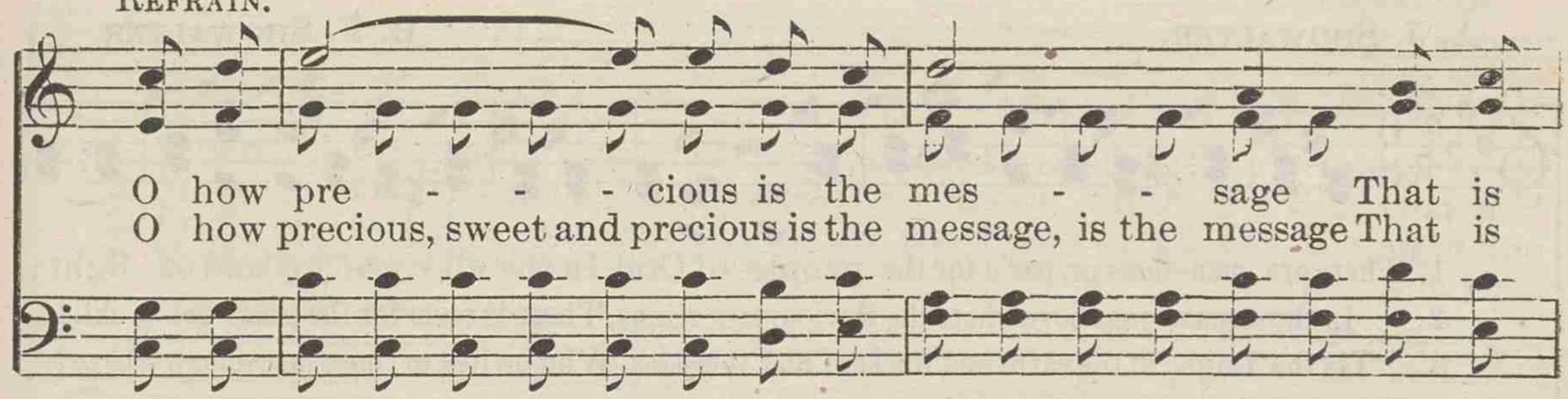
It is borne by white-winged angels From the land I long to see;
That I seem to see my Sav-iour By the shores of Gal - i - lee?
And it tells of bliss in heav-en When the joys of life de - part;

'Tis a message sent to cheer me And sus - tain my drooping soul,
'Tis the sto - ry sweet and old - en, His dis - ci - ples loved so well,
To the mourner it brings comfort, To the wea - ry, peaceful rest;

When the shades of night en - fold me And the stormy bil-lows roll.
And I long to haste to oth-ers, And this gladsome message tell.
And to all who will ac-cept Him, Sweet re - pose on Je - sus' breast.

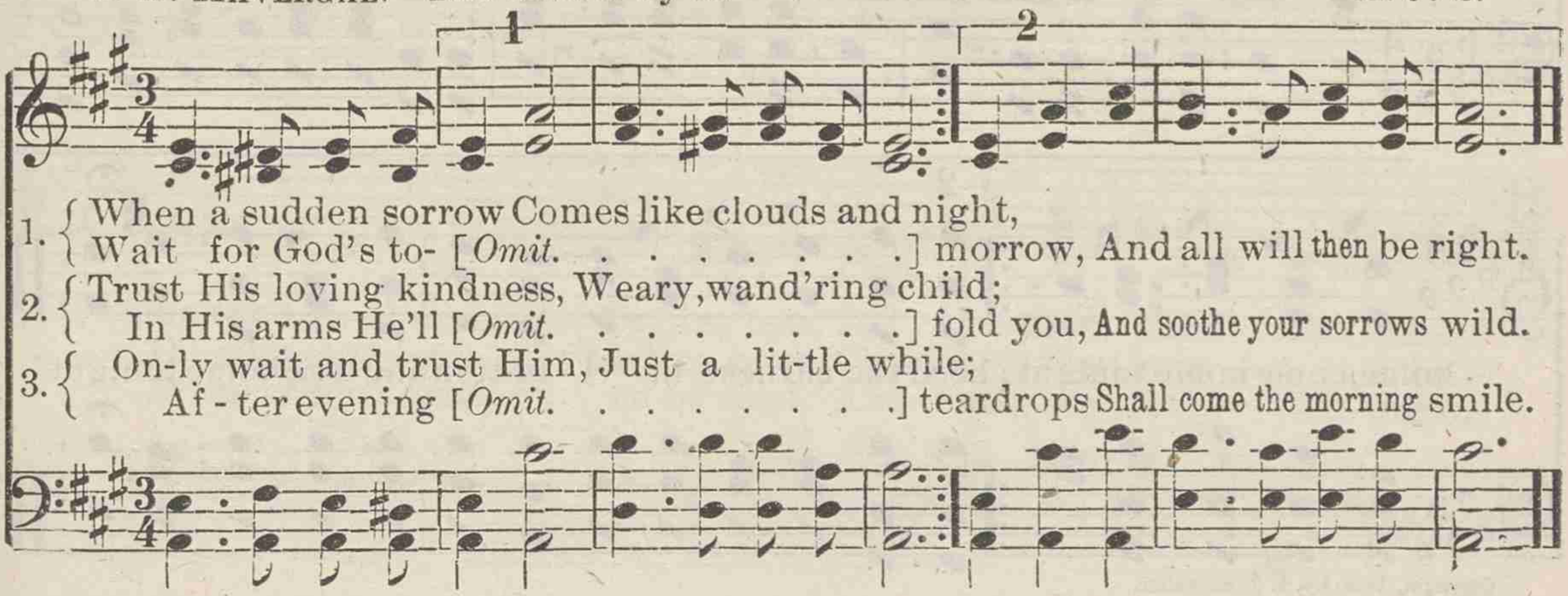
HOW SWEET IS THE MESSAGE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



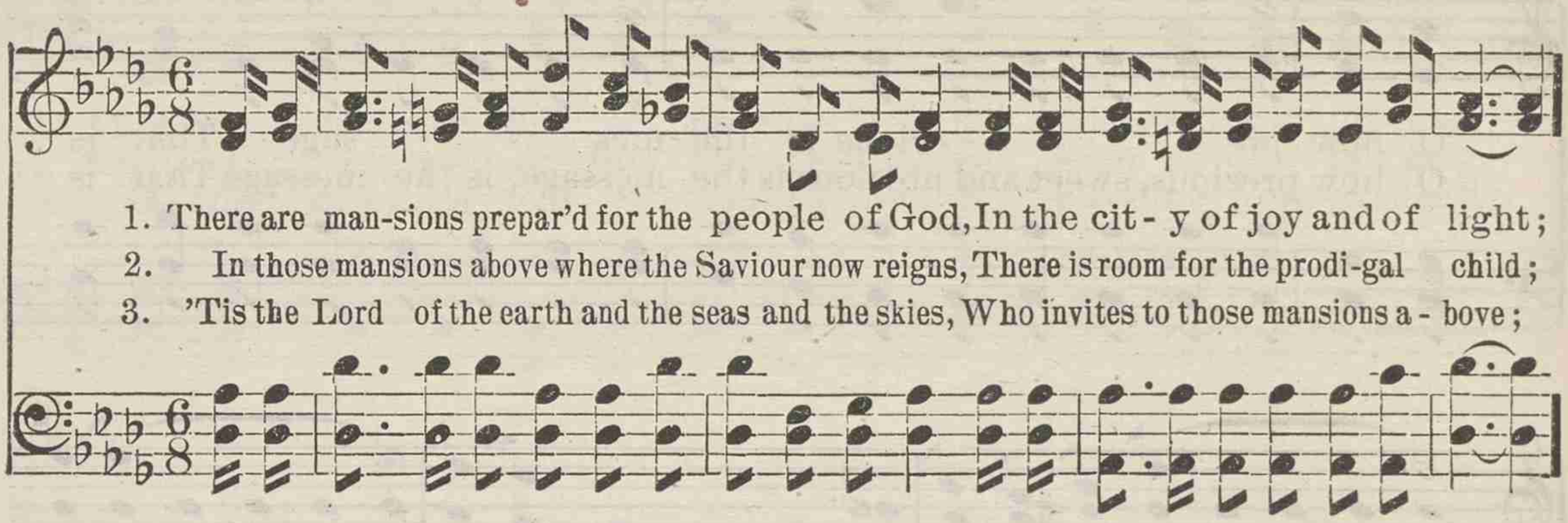
No. 119. WAIT AND TRUST HIM.

F. A. HAVERGAL. 2nd stanza by R. A. J. S.



No. 120. COME HOME TONIGHT.

A. J. SHOWALTER. B. F. SHOWALTER.



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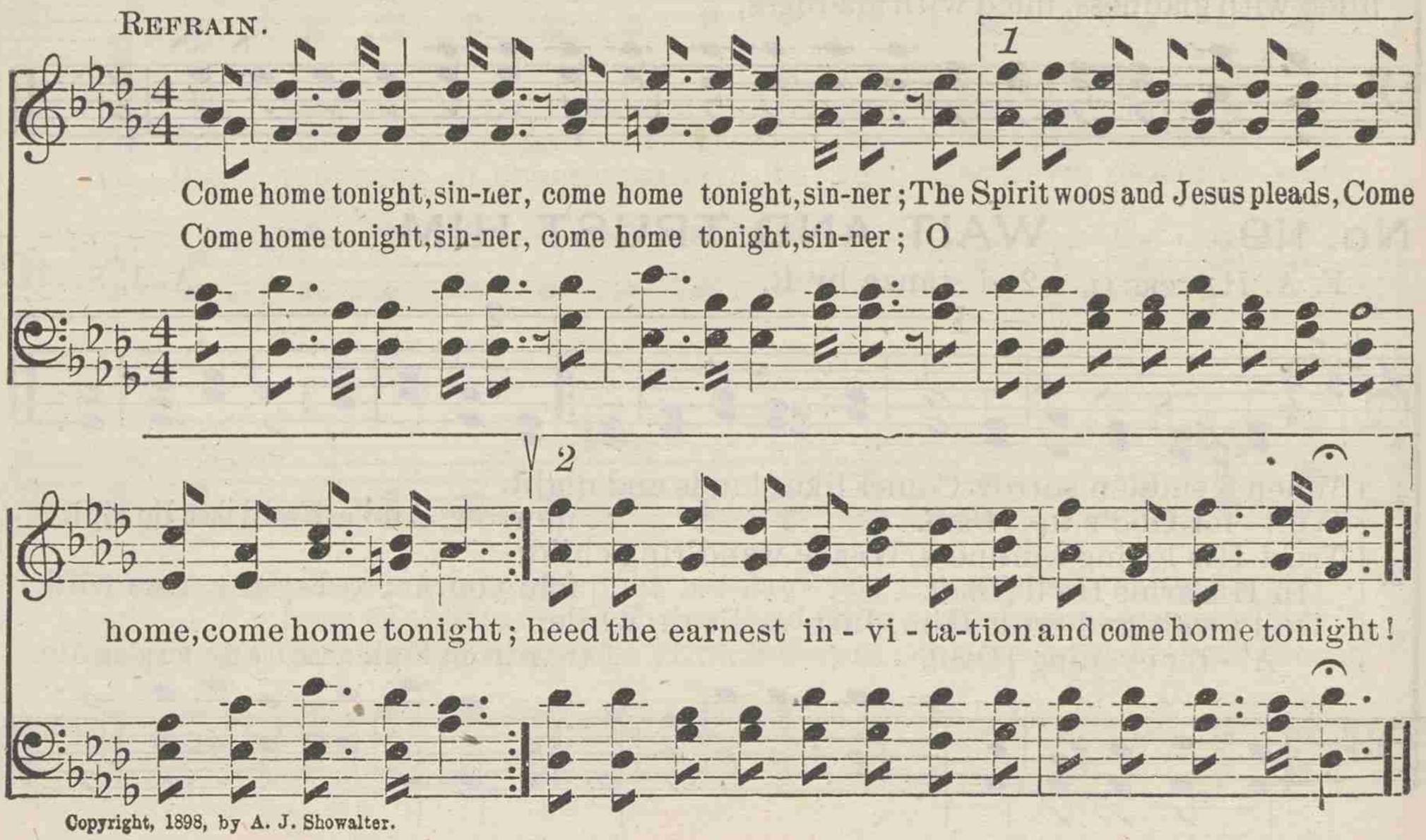

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No. 121. CHILDREN'S FUNERAL HYMN.

MRS. HEMANS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Where the long weeds quiver, Where the pine trees moan, By the for - est
2. Woods, unknown receive him, 'Midst the mighty wild, Yet with God we
3. From the ex - ile's sor-row, From the wand'rer's dread Of the night and
4. From thee, now fond mother, From the dead, O turn, Lin - ger not, young

riv - er, Sleeps our babe a - lone, Sleeps our babe a - lone.
leave him, Bless - ed, bless - ed child, Bless - ed, bless - ed child.
mor - row, Ear - ly, bright-ly fled, Ear - ly, bright-ly fled.
broth-er, Here to dream and mourn, Here to dream and mourn.

Rit.

No. 122. WE WOULD NOT WEEP FOR THEE.

Inscribed to the memory of Jesse O. Strange.

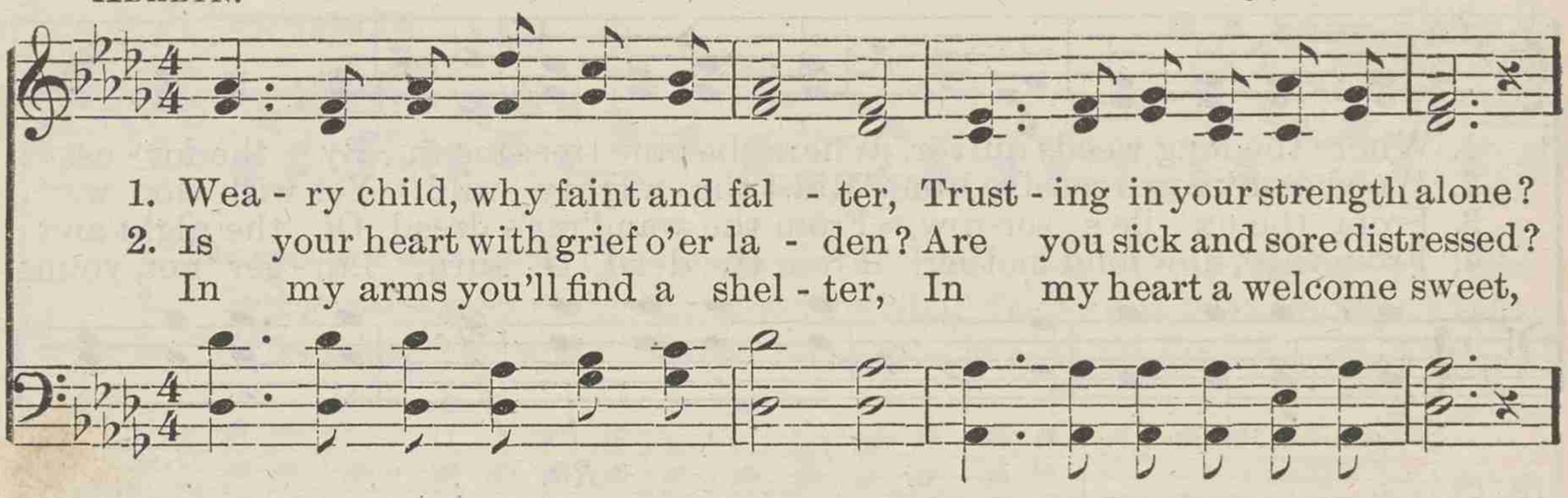
Words arranged. A. H. COOK.

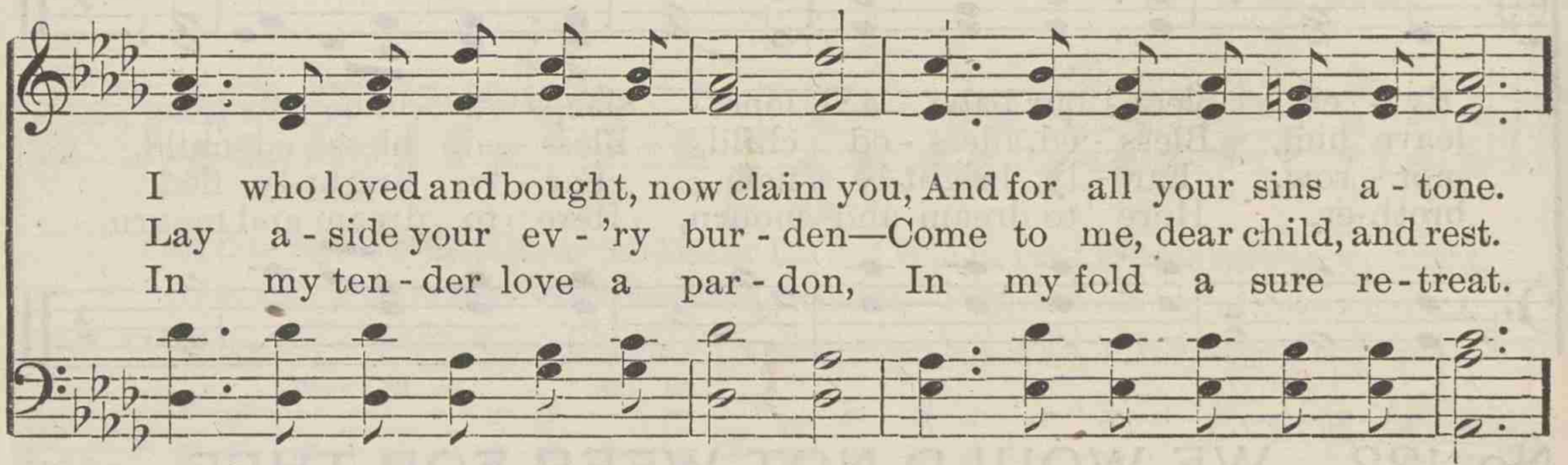
1. Dear as thou wast and just - ly dear, We would not weep for thee;
2. And thus shall faith's con - sol-ing pow'r The tears of love con-strain;
3. Gen - tly the pass - ing spir - it fled, Sustained by grace di - vine;

One tho't shall check the starting tear, It is that thou art free.
O who that saw thy parting hour, Could wish thee here a - gain.
O may such grace on us be shed, And make our end like thine.

No. 123. COME, MY CHILD.

ADALYN. JOHN M. DYE.





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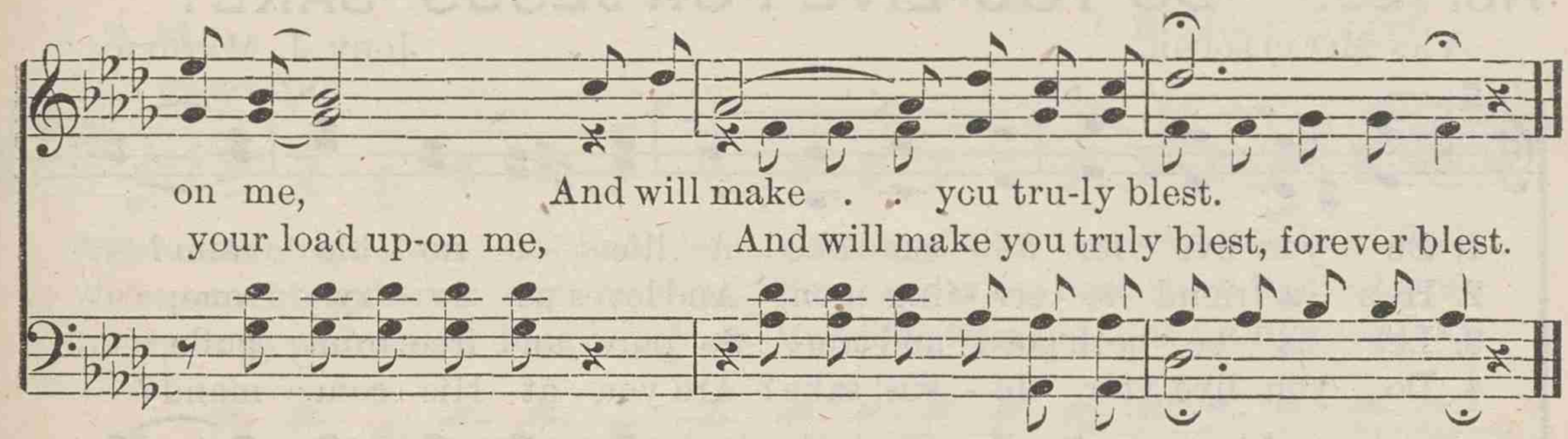
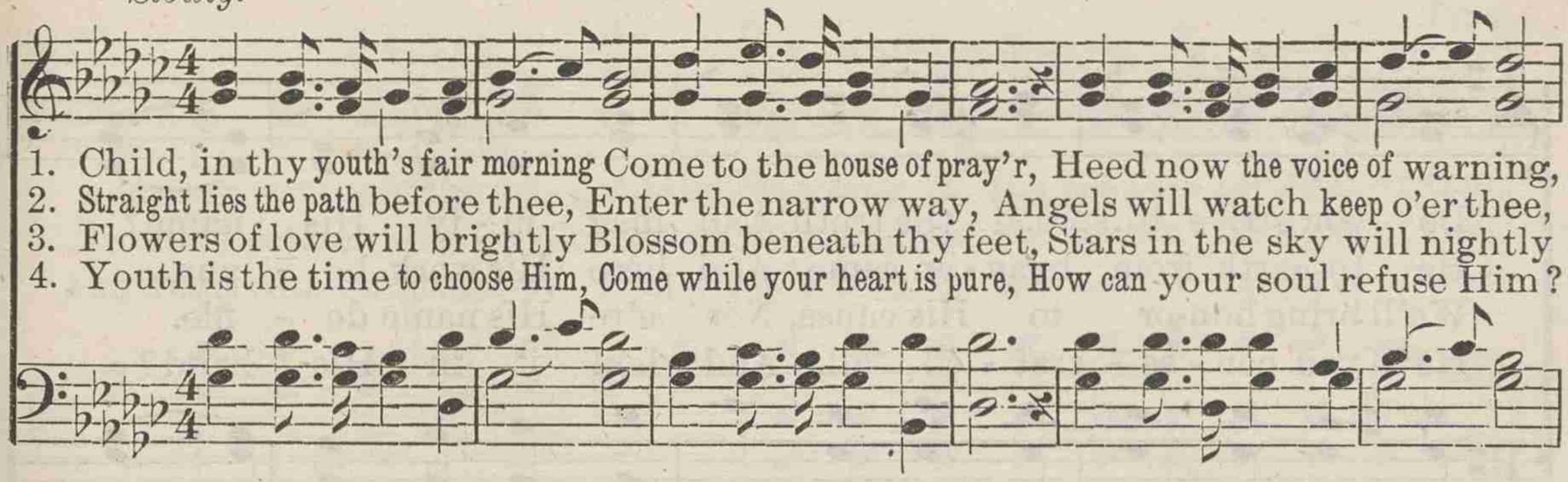
COME, MY CHILD. Concluded.



No. 124. COME IN THY YOUTH.

ADALYN. J. M. BOWMAN.

Slowly.



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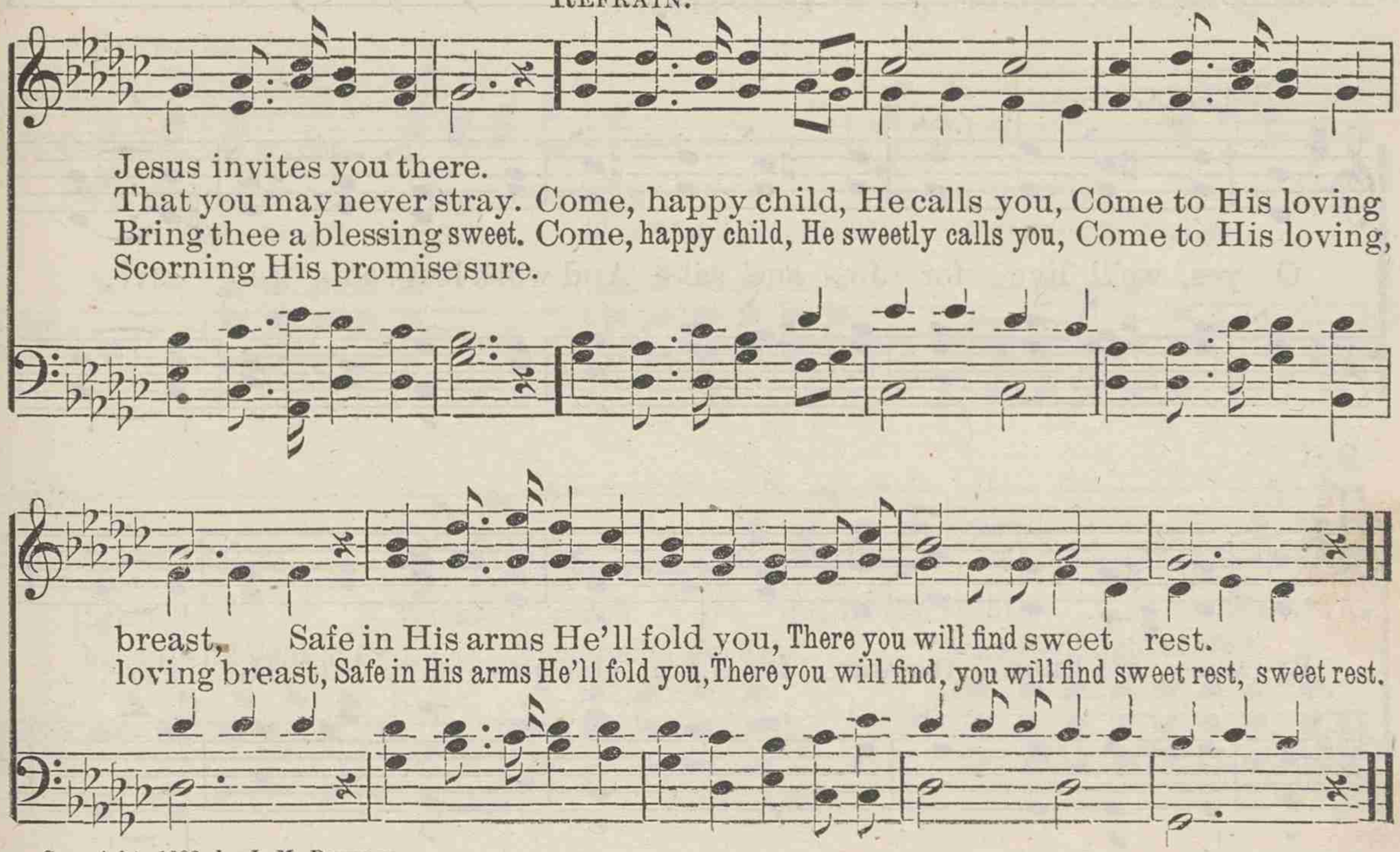

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No. 125. DO YOU LIVE FOR JESUS' SAKE?

VAN MCCOLLOUGH. JOHN J. MATHEWS.

1. Do you live for Je - sus' sake A life of no - ble aim?
2. He's a friend to err - ing men, And loves us ev - 'ry one;
3. Let us be both good and true, So pure and free from guile,
4. Do you live for Je - sus' sake? Are you at His com - mand?

Do you strive to spread the truth And mag - ni - fy His name?
He to earth from heav - en came And here His work be - gun.
We'll bring hon-or to His cause, Nor e're His name de - file.
Have you con - se - crat - ed all, And laid it in His hand?

REFRAIN.

O yes, we'll live for Je - sus' sake And work lost souls to save,
Be-cause we know it was for them His pre - cious life He gave.

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No. 126. MARCHING IN THE LIGHT.

J. B. M. J. B. Moon, by per.

In march time.

1. We're marching home to Ca-naan's land, Marching in the beau-ti-ful light of God,
2. We're marching near-er day by day, Marching in the beau-ti-ful light of God,
3. Come march with us to Canaan's shore, Marching in the beau-ti-ful light of God,

:S: FINE.

And soon we'll join the an - gel band, Marching in the beau-ti - ful light of God.
To that sweet home where lov'd ones stay, Marching in the beau-ti - ful light of God.
And dwell with Christ for-ev - er-more, Marching in the beau-ti - ful light of God.

D.S. *Marching in the beau-ti - ful light of God.*

REFRAIN.

We are march - ing in the light, We are march - ing in the light,
Marching in the light, beautiful light of God, Marching in the light,
light, We are march - ing in the light, We are
beau-ti - ful light of God, Marching in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God.

D.S.

No. 127 LISTEN TO THE SAVIOUR'S WORDS SO TENDER.

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

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

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

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

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

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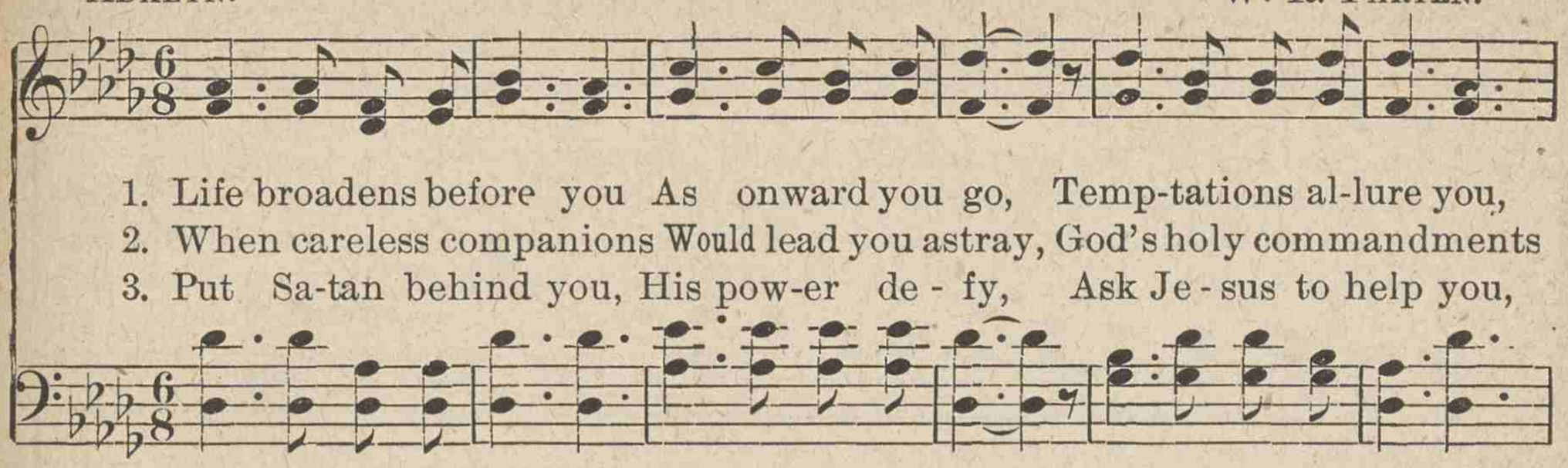
No. 128. OVERCOME TEMPTATION.

ADALYN. W. R. PARTEN.



No. 129. THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

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

1. When the Lord of heav-en and earth shall appear, Glo-ri-fied, . . with pow'r and
2. There's a great day coming when the dead shall arise, When the trump of God shall
3. Soon the time shall come when the ransomed of earth, Shall be called to meet their
4. In that great mil - len - ni-al day He shall come, In the year of Ju - bi-

might, Men shall look on Him with great trembling and fear, Fleeing
sound, They will all come forth, both the wick-ed and wise, Some to
Lord, They will all a - rise at the call to come forth, Praising
lee, And the saints of God will be all gathered home, And the

from His glorious light. They shall cry for the rocks and the
death and oth-ers crowned. To the judg-ment then shall the
Him with one ac - cord. When the an - gel com - eth to
bond shall be made free. He shall reign with pow - er from

mountains to hide, From the face . . . in bright ar-ray.
might-y and small, Come to hear . . . the last de-cree,
stand on the sea, With His hand . . . up-lift - ed high,
pole to pole, With su - preme . . unbounded sway;

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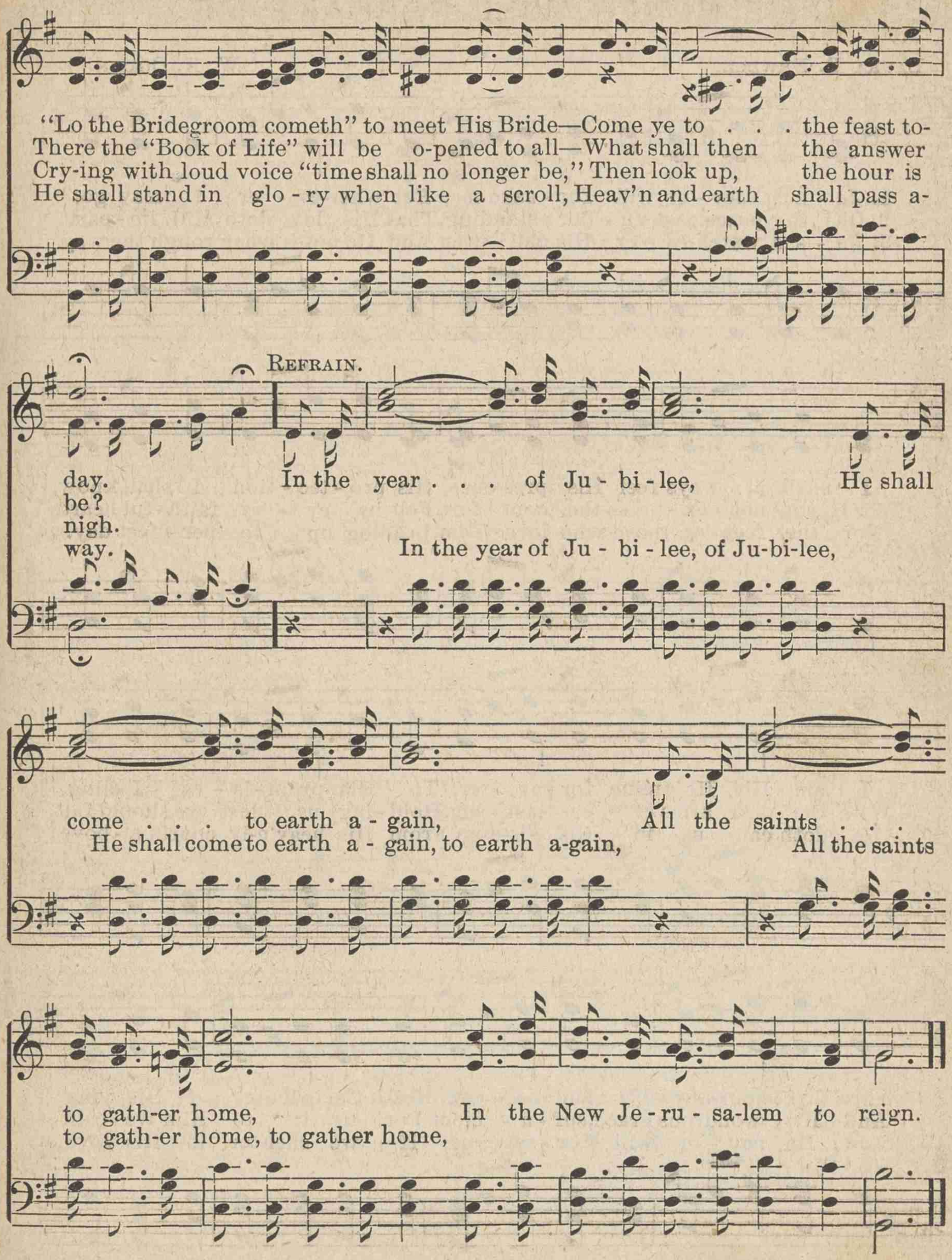
THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. Concluded.



No. 130. HE NEVER WILL FORSAKE ME.

LAURA E. NEWELL. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus nev - er will for - sake me, For wher-ev - er I may go,
2. Oh! the peace past un - der - standing, That His love doth still im - part!
3. Je - sus watch-es o'er His chil - dren, And He notes when rough the way

I shall al - ways feel His pres-ence, His pro - tec - tion I shall know,
Words can - not ex - press the com - fort, Felt by ev - 'ry faith - ful heart,
For the feet of those who love Him, Leading up to per - fect day.

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I am His, He's mine for - ev - er, To His prom - is - es I cling,
With the dear arms ev - er - last - ing, Hold - ing us, lest we should fall,
He doth call us in His wis-dom, From His heav'n-ly courts a - bove;

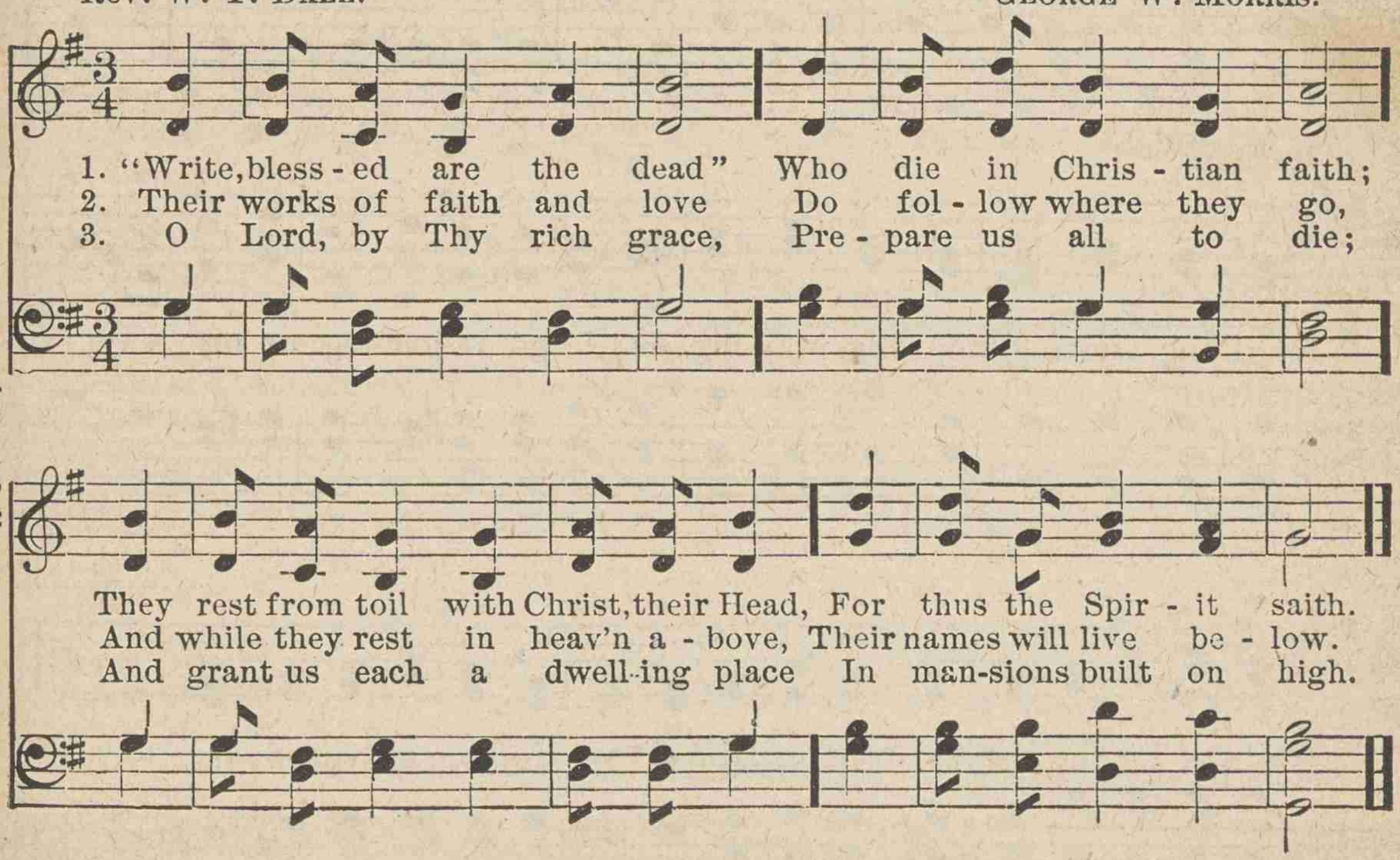
Thro' life's jour-ney I'll find ref - uge, 'Neath the shel-ter of His wing.
And His wondrous grace, suf - fi - cient For us, if to Him we call.
And He nev - er will for - sake us, If we shel-ter in His love.

HE NEVER WILL FORSAKE ME.

REFRAIN.

No. 131. BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

Rev. W. T. DALE. GEORGE W. MORRIS.



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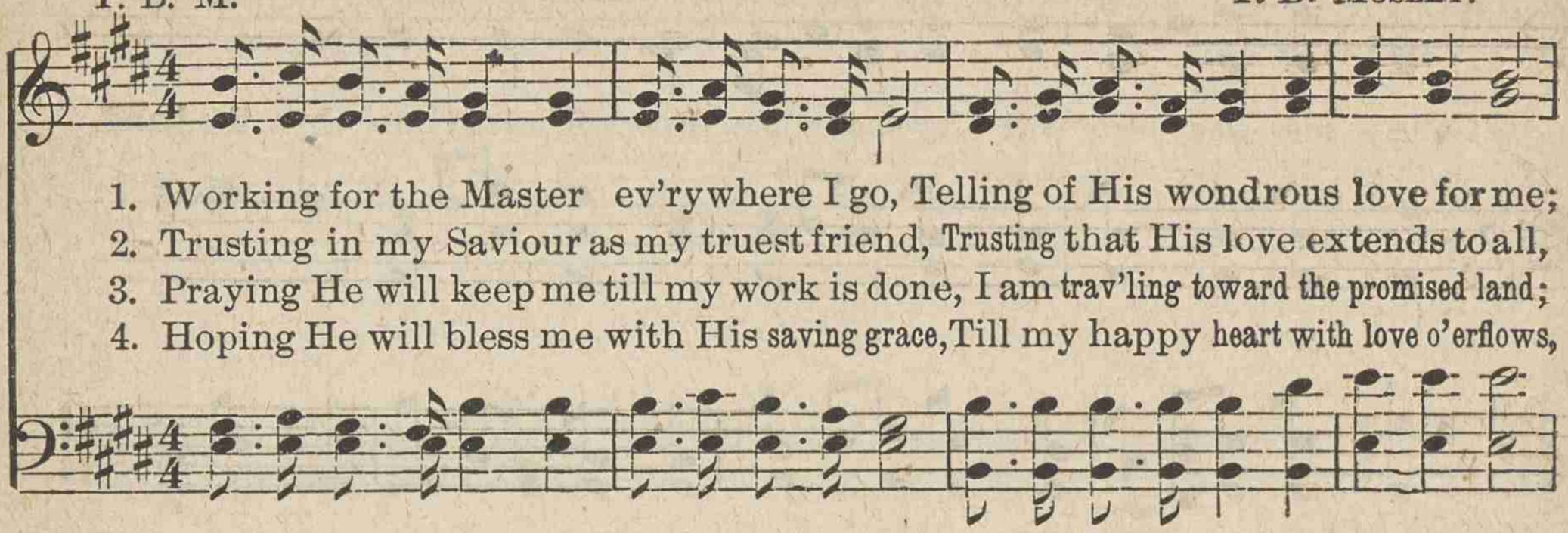
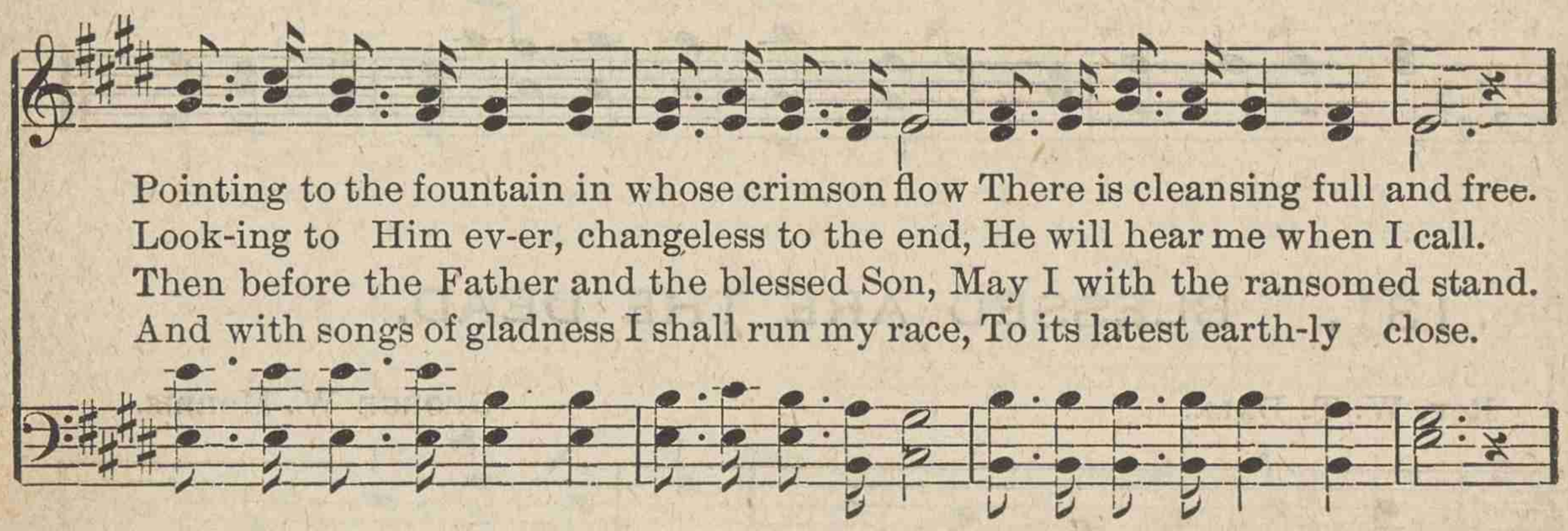
No. 132. WORKING, TRUSTING, HOPING, PRAYING.

T. B. M. T. B. MOSLEY.





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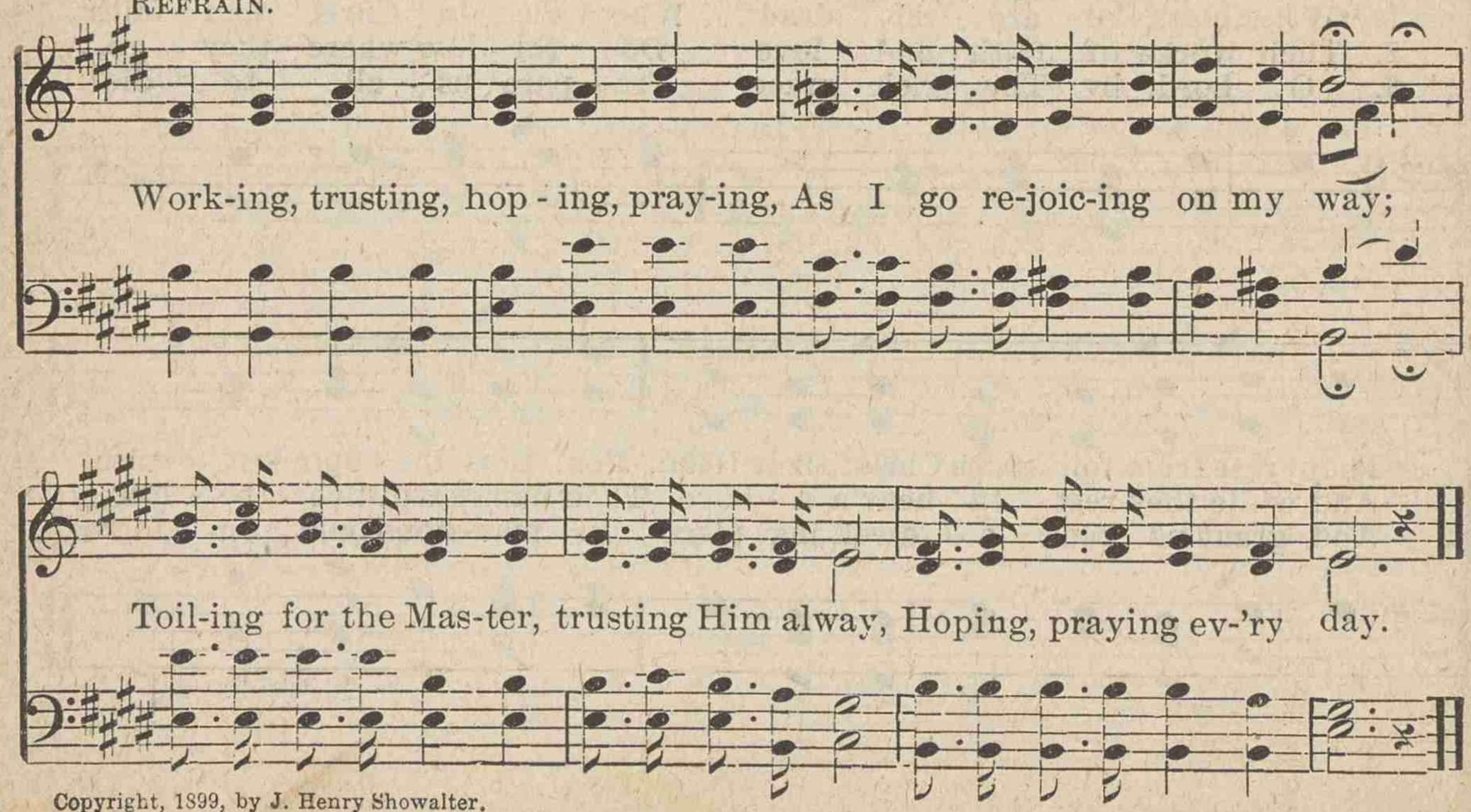

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No. 133. O! WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 134. TOILING IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Col. 3: 17.

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

1. In the bat- tle of life we'll go forth to-day, Toiling on, toiling on,
2. We will wage ho-ly war 'gainst the hosts of sin,
3. When the bat-tle is o - ver we'll all go home, Toiling on, toiling on,

In the name of the Lord we will work and pray, Toiling on, toil-ing on,
In the name of our Captain we'll surely win,
When the Lord of the skies bids us hith-er come, Toil-ing on toil-ing on,

Je - sus is our Leader and we can-not fail, Toiling on, toil-ing on,
We will la-bor in the vineyard of the Lord,
Then a crown of vict'ry on our heads He'll place, Toiling on, toiling on,

He'll com-mand us safely and we shall prevail, Toiling on, toil-ing on.
And our bat-tling armor is His own sure word,
And we'll rest for-ever thro' His saving grace, Toiling on, toiling on.

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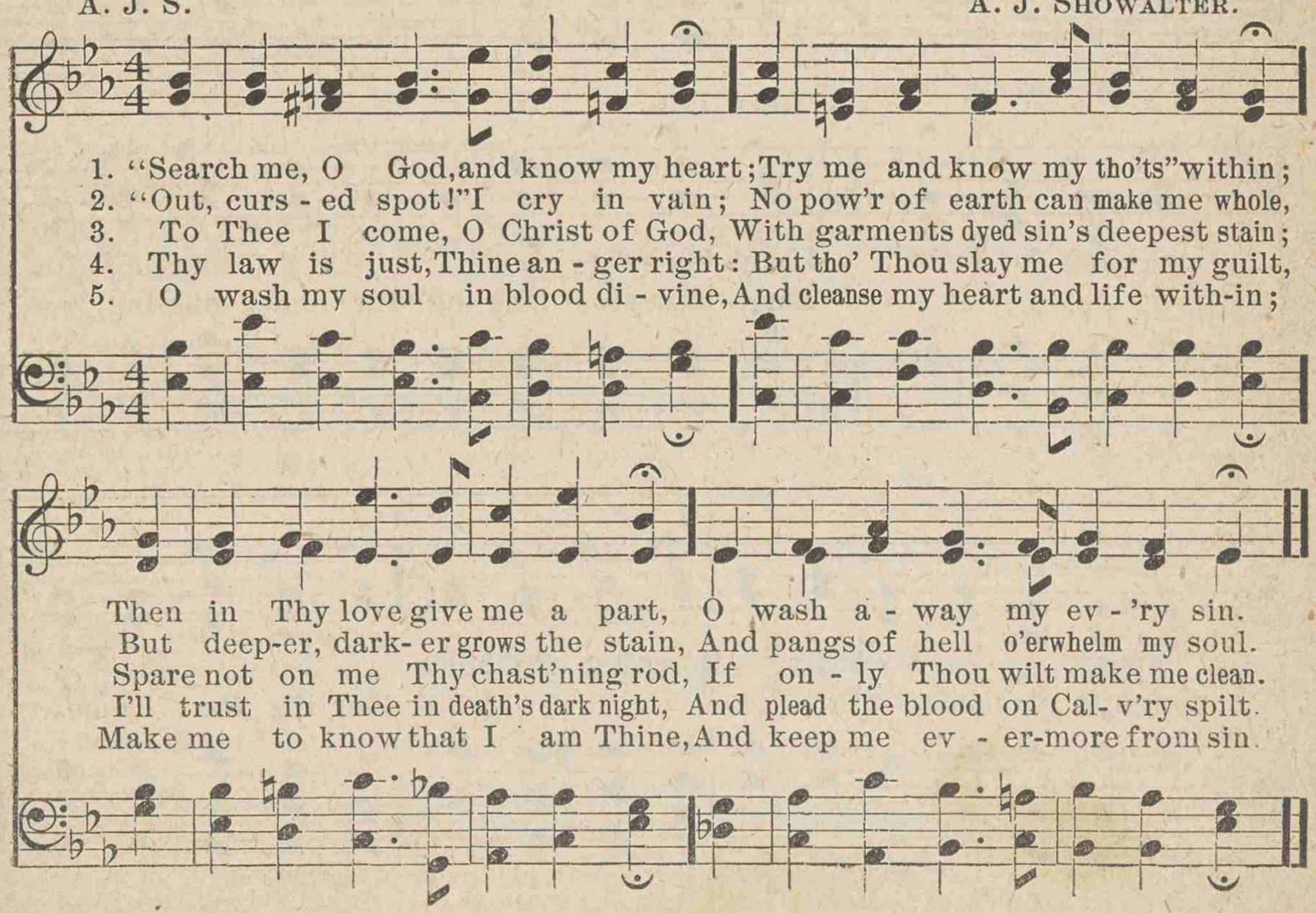
TOILING IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

REFRAIN.

No. 135. THE CRY OF A SIN-CURSED SOUL.

"With no language but a cry."

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



No. 136. LONGING FOR HOME.

C. H. H. C. H. HUMPHREYS.

1. As o'er the dark wa - ters we glide, My heart has grown wea-ry and
2. How ma - ny more tri - als a - wait? How ma - ny more tears to be
3. How sweet it will be to be there, With loved ones for - ev - er to

lone; I'm long - ing with Thee to a - bide, Dear Sav - iour, I'm
sown Be - fore I shall en - ter the gate? Dear Sav - iour, I'm
roam; Some-times to my heart they seem near, And then I am

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REFRAIN.

long - ing for home. Long - ing for home, . . . long-ing for
Long - ing, yes, long-ing for home, long-ing, yes,

home, . . . My heart is long-ing for home.
long-ing for home, long-ing for home.

No. 137. THE LORD KEEP WATCH BETWEEN US.

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

1. The Lord keep watch be-tween us while we part, His love be o'er us still;
2. The Lord keep watch be-tween us while we part, That we may loy - al be,
3. The Lord keep watch be-tween us while we part, Shield us from ev - 'ry harm,

His grace support us while in faith we strive To do His ho - ly will.
To ev - 'ry vow our lov- ing hearts have pledged, And serve Him faithful - ly.
Pro -tect us from the fierce as-saults of sin, Un- til we meet a - gain.

REFRAIN.

The Lord keep watch between us while we part, That faith-ful we may re - main,
And keep our hearts in per-fect peace and love, Un - til we meet a - gain.

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

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. After 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

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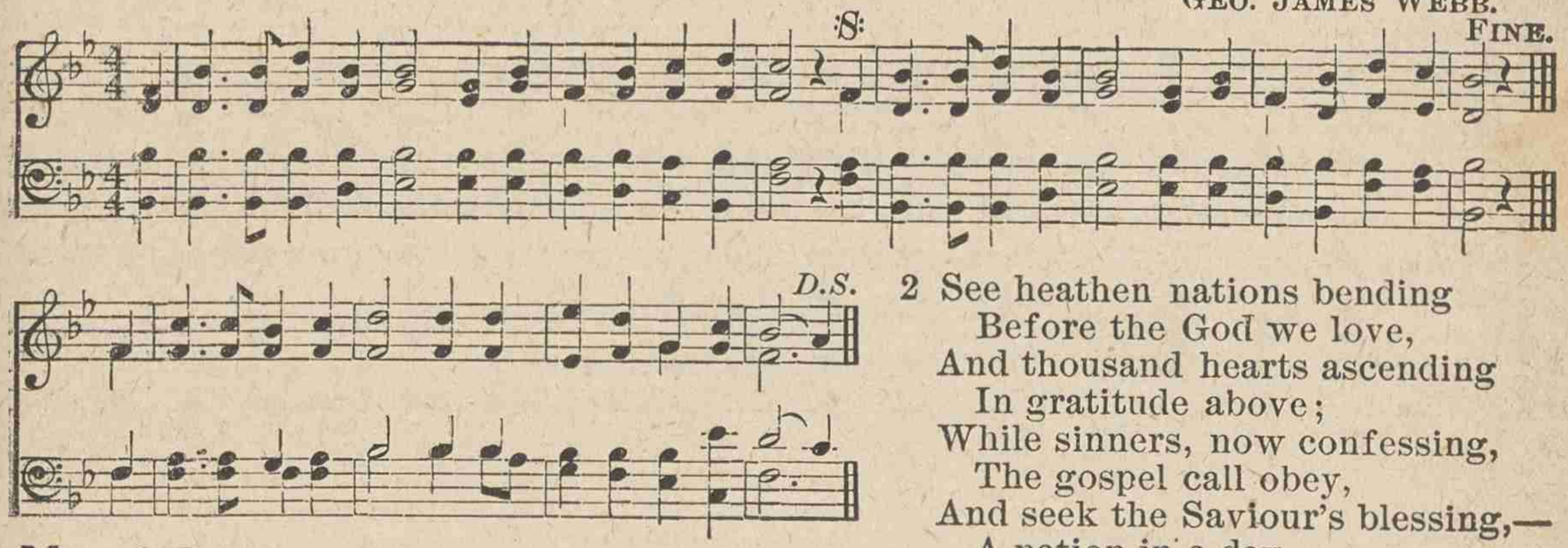
THERE WILL BE LIGHT AT THE RIVER.

WEBB.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.



No. 139.

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

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

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

No. 140.

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

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

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

No. 141. GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

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

1. Go and work in my vineyard is the Master's command, Go and work in my vineyard, and no more i-dly stand, For the har-vest is read-y, and the lab'rers are few, If you look all around you will find work for each one to do.
2. In the by-ways and hedges, far a-way from His fold, Je-sus has ma-ny chil-dren who are out in the cold, Go and show them the Saviour, tell them how He has died To redeem them from sin—bid them wash in His soul cleansing tide.
3. You can find work a-bundant if you've but willing hands, You can help send the gos-pel to the dark heathen lands, You can tell to your neighbor of the Christ and His love, You can show them the way that will lead to the bright home a-bove.

REFRAIN.

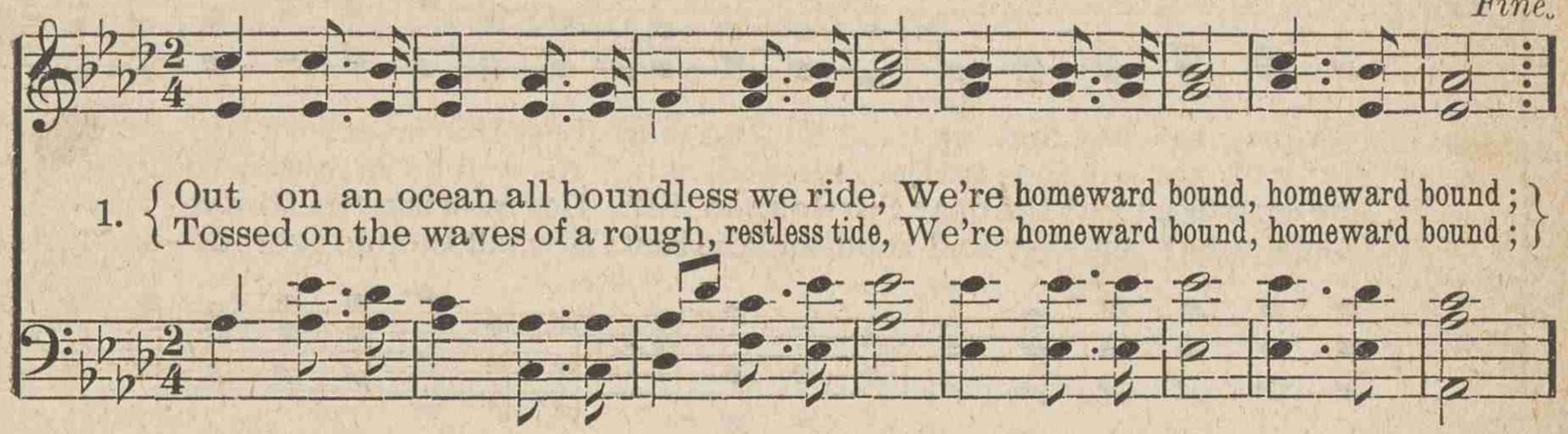
Go and work for the Master, Go and work in the vineyard of the Lord, ev-'ry day, of the Lord,

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD. Concluded.

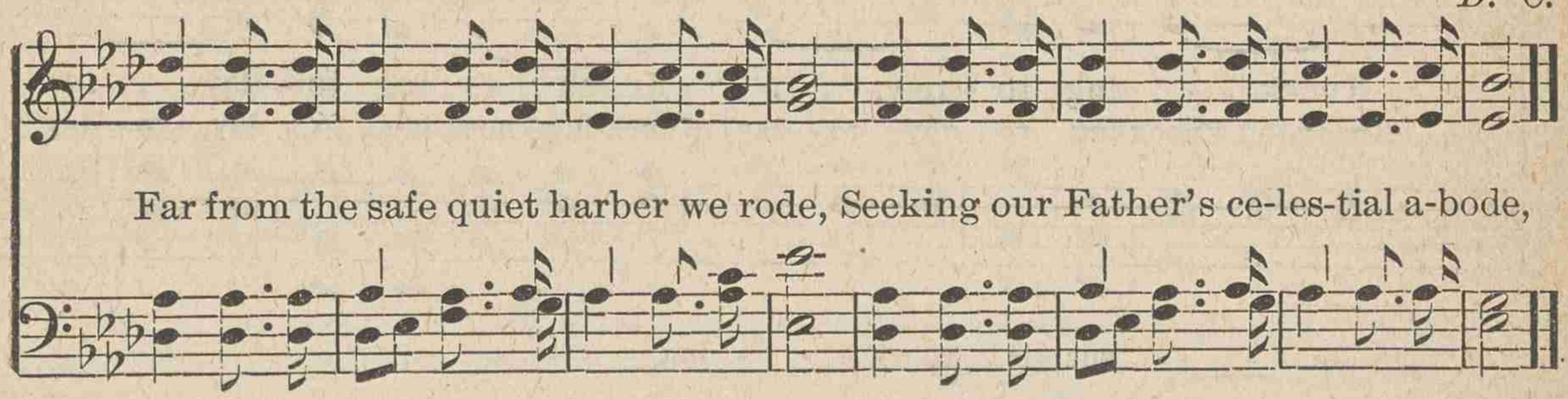
No. 142. WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND.

Arr. by J. H. S.

Fine.



D. C.



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

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

No. 143. JESUS KNOCKS AT THY HEART.

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

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No. 144. GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

A. TREADWELL. ROBERT R. SINGLETON.

1. Oft the way is dark and rug-ged; Oft the shad-ow hides the sun;
2. Thro' the a - ges saints have fol-low'd Where Thy guiding footsteps lead;
3. I would fol-low where Thou lead-est, Val-ley deep or mountain side,
4. Death shall lose its sting and ter-ror If my faith on Thee is stay'd;

Trembling, fear-ing, doubt-ing, faint-ing, Much I need Thee, Ho - ly One.
Of Thy Cross and wondrous Pas-sion, In Thy Ho - ly Word I read.
O - ver o - ceans ridg'd with bil-lows, Or on calm and fa-v'ring tide.
Guilt-y tho' I am, yet ran-som By Thy suf-f'ring Thou hast paid.

When the world's al-lure-ments tempt me, Hol-low tho' I know they be,
None but Thee can lead me safe-ly Thro' life's troub-led, thorn-y way;
Be my fate a mar-tyr's tri-umph, Or 'neath sun-ny skies to roam,
I shall pass the gloom-y por-tal Safe-ly if Thou art my friend;

"Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah;" I will fol-low none but Thee.
"Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah," Thro' the gloom-y night to day.
"Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah," Till I gain my Glo - ry Home.
"Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah," Till my pil-grim-age shall end.

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No. 145. THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

FOOTE BROS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. Christ, our Redeem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sinner, paid all his due;
2. Chief - est of sin-ners Je - sus can save, As He has promised, so will He do;
3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Who have rejected, who have refused;
4. Oh, what compassion! O, boundless love! Je - sus hath power, Je - sus is true:

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

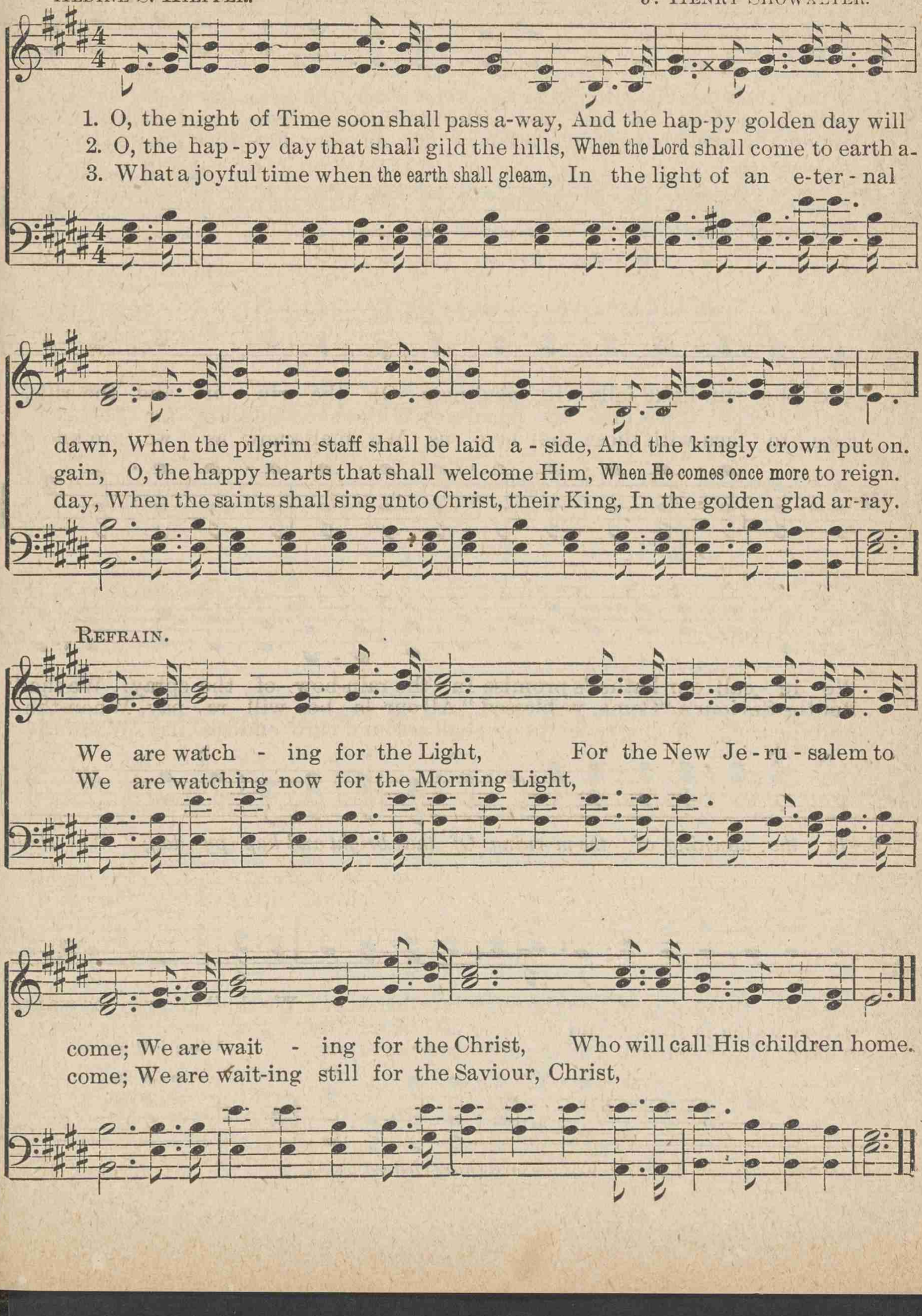
REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 146. THE MORNING LIGHT.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



No. 147. WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

Words arranged. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2. Oft we tread the nar - row pathway With a wea - ry, burdened heart,
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Fa - ther knows His own,

And the sun-light falls in glad-ness, On the riv - er and the rills,
And we toil a - mid the shad-ows While our fields are far a - part,
Face to face with those that love us We shall know as we are known;

f.

We re - call our Father's promise In the rain-bow of the spray: We shall
But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed," All our la - bor will re - pay, When the
And the songs of our redemption Shall resound thro' endless day, When the

D.S.–*In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and hap - py day; We shall*

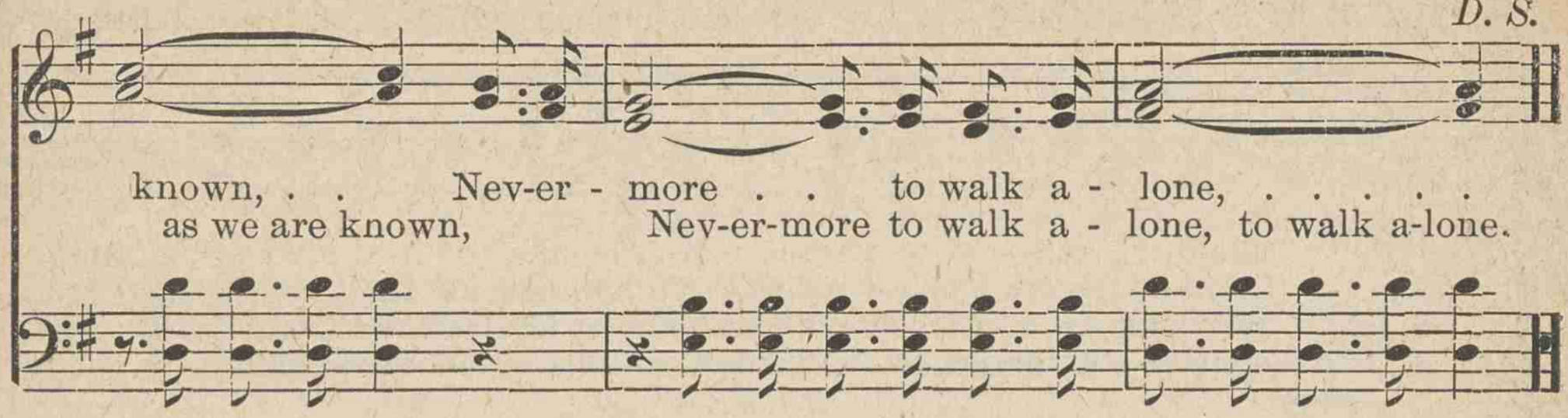
FINE. REFRAIN.

know each other better When the mists have cleared away. We shall know as we are
wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared away.
shadows have departed, And the mists have cleared away. We shall know

know each oth - er bet-ter When the mists have cleared away.

When the Mists Have Cleared Away. Concluded.

D. S.



No. 148. JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. H. COOK.

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No. 149. BLESSED HOME.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

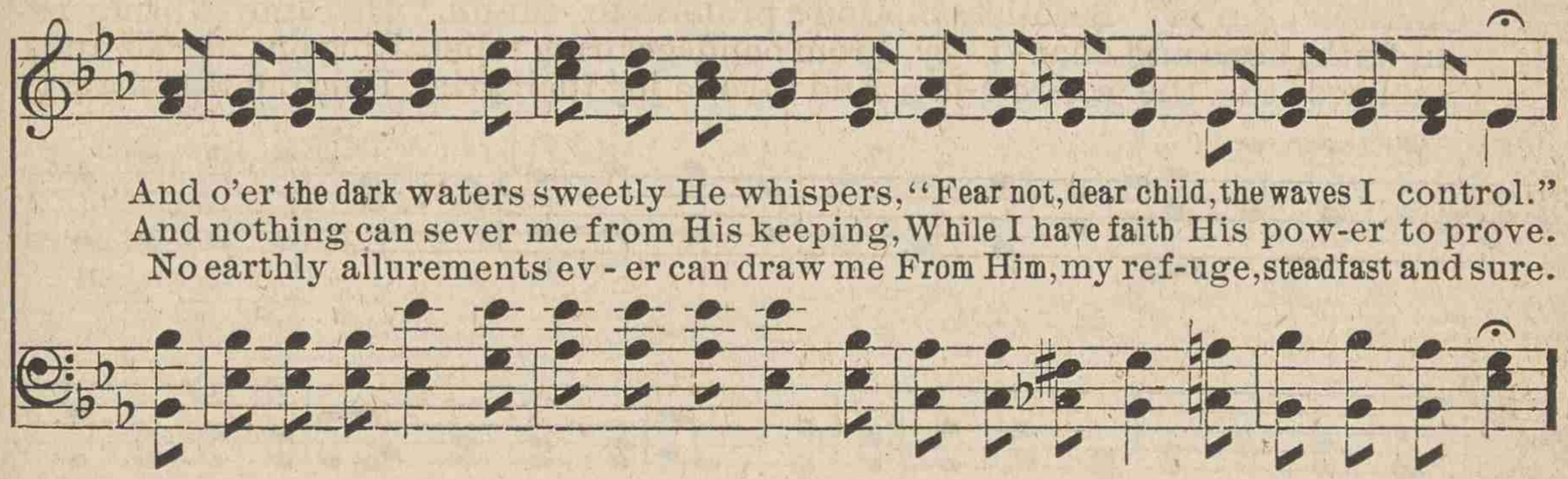
New arrangement. Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 150. MY ANCHOR IS CHRIST.

G. W. LYON.
Suggestion of hymn and refrain by E. B. F.

ELBERT B. FOWLER.

1. My anchor is Christ, to Him I am clinging, Here I find peace and rest for my soul;
2. My anchor is Christ, securely He hides me In the strong arms of in - fi-nite love;
3. My anchor is Christ, in ev-'ry con-di-tion, Trusting in Him, my soul is se-cure;



And o'er the dark waters sweetly He whispers, "Fear not, dear child, the waves I control."
And nothing can sever me from His keeping, While I have faith His pow-er to prove.
No earthly allurements ev - er can draw me From Him, my ref-uge, steadfast and sure.

REFRAIN.

My anchor is Christ, O blest contemplation! All the wild storms may rage and may roar;

Yet with Him I'm safe from ev-'ry temp-ta-tion, Till I shall rest on Canaan's bright shore.

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No. 151. RING ON, SWEET BELLS.

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

1. Ring on, sweet bells of Christmas time, Proclaim "Peace and good-will," For
2. Ring out, con-tention, strife and hate, Let human discords cease; Ring
3. Al - le - vi - ate all suf - fer-ing, And give from pain re - lief; Give

Christ is born in Beth-lehem, God's promise to ful-fill. He came to bring us
in faith, hope and char - i - ty, From bondage bring relief. Ring out deceit and
sol-ace to the sor-row-ing, And turn to joy their grief. Ring out complaint and

peace and joy, To set the captive free; To break the bonds of death and sin, And
en - vy here, All selfishness and spite; O ring in truth and pu - ri - ty, Ring
murmuring, Bring gratitude and praise; Ring in true Christian fellowship, Ring

REFRAIN.

give the vic-to - ry. Ring on, sweet bells, Ring on, sweet bells, ring
in the reign of right.
in the bet-ter days. Ring on, sweet bells, ring on, sweet bells,

RING ON, SWEET BELLS. Concluded.

No. 152. KEEP US CLOSE TO THEE.

G. W. LYON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

No. 153. THE HARVEST.

T. W. Dennington. J. C. Perry.

1. In the east there is light, lo, the sun shin - eth bright, Let us
2. See the har - vest is great and the hour grow - eth late, But the
3. Let us la - bor and pray thro' the long wear - y day, The re-

haste to the har - vest a - way; When the day has be-gun rise ye
reap - ers are fee - ble and few; La - bor on with a will, and thy
ward for our toil - ing will come; When the har-vest is past, in that

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

Refrain.

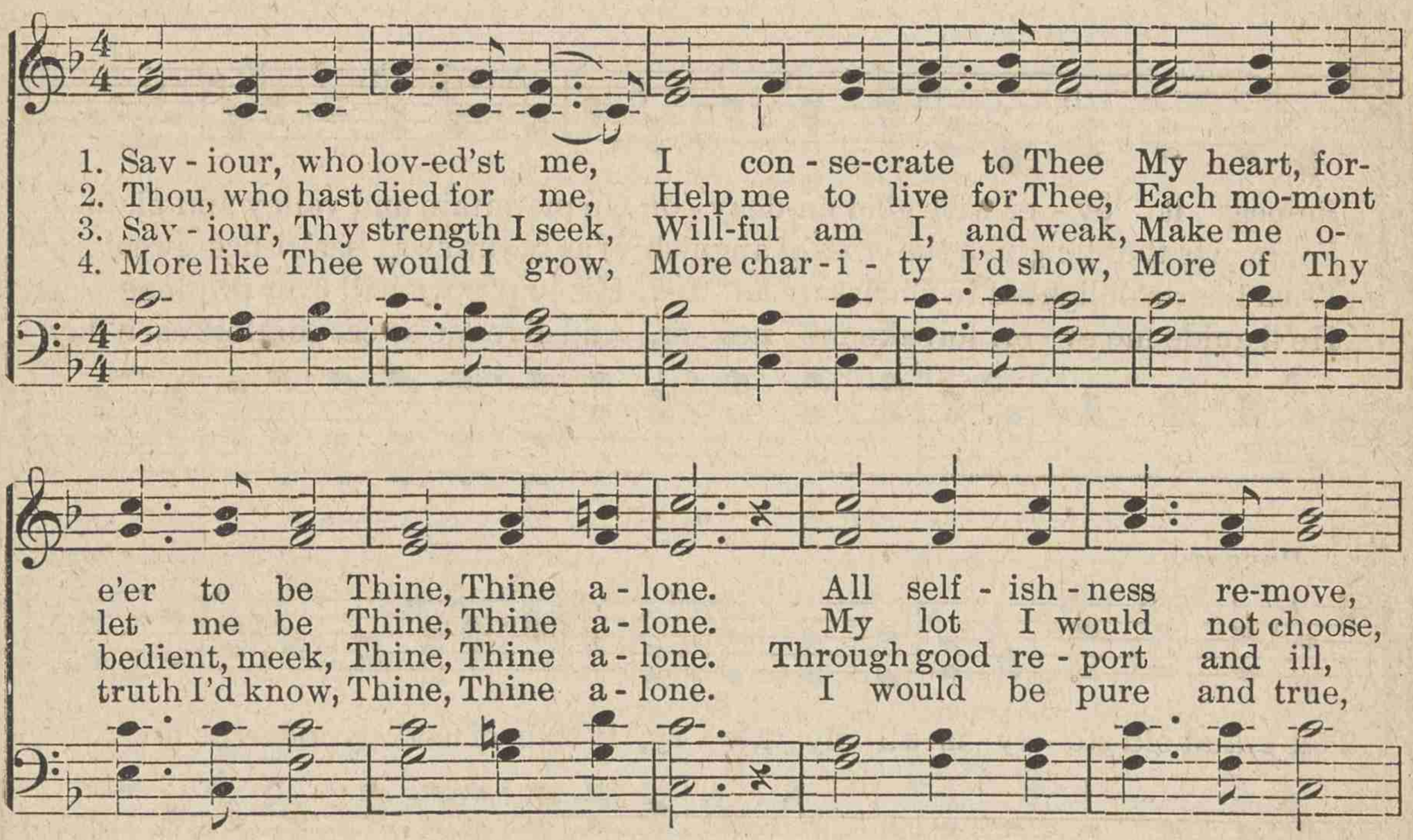
La-bor on, la-bor on, Bind the bright gold-en grain,
La-bor on, la-bor on, Bind the bright golden grain,

By permission of S. J. Perry.

THE HARVEST. Concluded.

No. 154. THINE ALONE.

MRS. MARTHA MILLS NEWTON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



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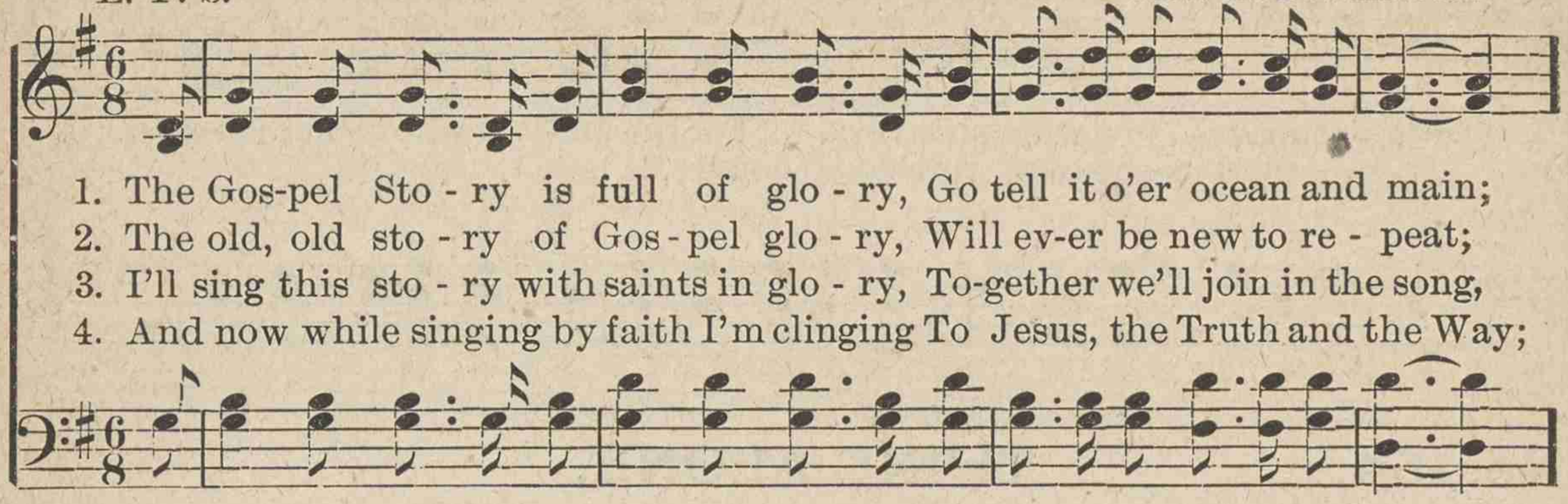
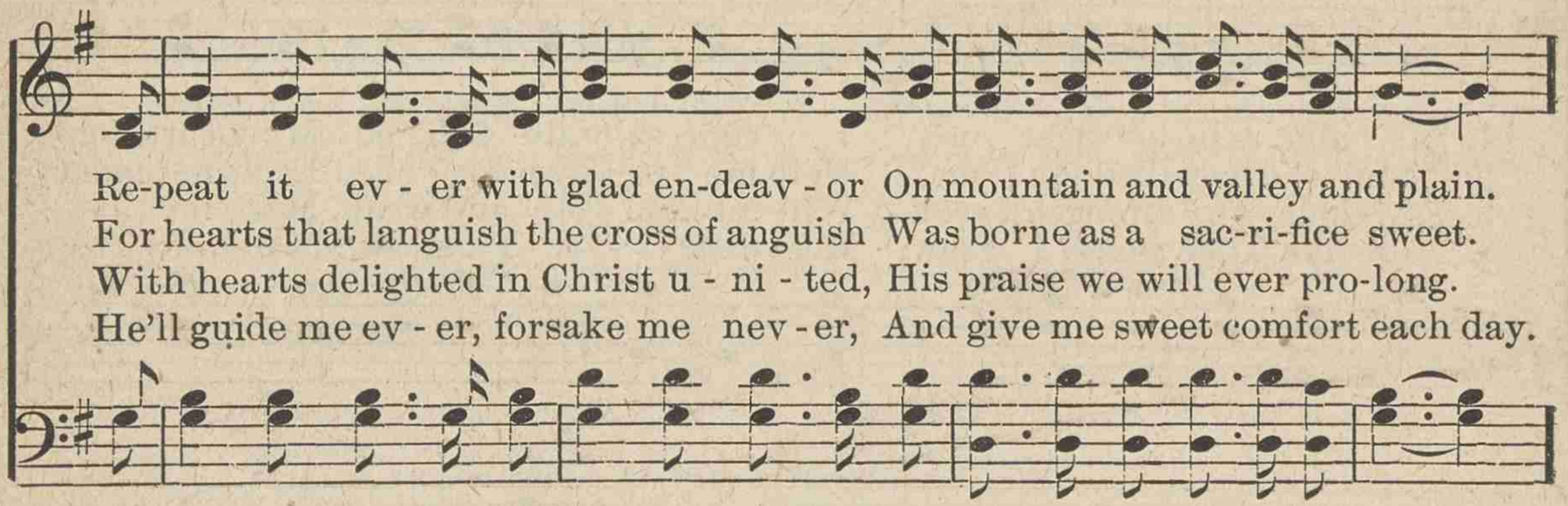
No. 155. THE GOSPEL STORY.

E. F. S. REV. E. F. STANTON.





REFRAIN.

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No. 156. I AM WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

F. S. SHEPARD. H. P. CLACK.

1. I can sing "hal - le - lu - jah" to my Sav-iour ev - 'ry day, I'm washed in the
2. When I turned to the Saviour with con-tri - tion for my sin, I'm washed in the
3. In the path of transgression I had wandered far a - way, I'm washed in the
4. Come, O, come to the Sav-iour for He wait-eth to re-ceive! I'm washed in the

blood of the Lamb! For my sins that were ma-ny He hath tak-en all a-way, I'm
blood of the Lamb! There I found pow'r to cleanse me from pollution dark within, I'm
blood of the Lamb! But the love of the Saviour sought me patiently each day, I'm
blood of the Lamb! Ev'ry soul that for par - don in His mer-cy doth believe, I'm

REFRAIN.

washed in the blood of the Lamb! There is cleans - ing, precious cleans-ing,
There is cleansing, yes, precious cleansing, yes, Cleansing in the

There is cleansing, precious cleansing,
blood of the Lamb, There is cleansing, yes, precious cleansing, yes, Cleansing in the blood of the Lamb.

Copyright, 1899, by H. P. Clack.

No. 157. GLORY TO JESUS, HE SAVES ME TO-DAY.

J. C. L. J. C. LENDERMAN.

1. O, I am so glad that sal - va - tion is free, That Je - sus can save a poor
2. Se-cure in His love I shall ev - er a-bide, I'll trust in His mer - cy what-
3. So sweet is the peace that His pardon doth bring, I want to shout "Glory!" for-
4. O, soon I shall go to those mansions so fair, And dwell with my Saviour and

sin - ner like me! One drop of His blood washed my sins all a-way, O,
e'er may be-tide; Wherev - er He leads I shall fol - low al-way, O,
ev - er, and sing; O I am so hap - py because I can say, "O,
friends o - ver there; With glad hal - le - lu - jahs I'll praise Him for aye, O,

REFRAIN.

glo - ry to Je - sus, He saves me to-day. He saves me to - day! He
saves me to-day! O glo - ry to Je-sus, I'm glad I can say He saves me to-day!

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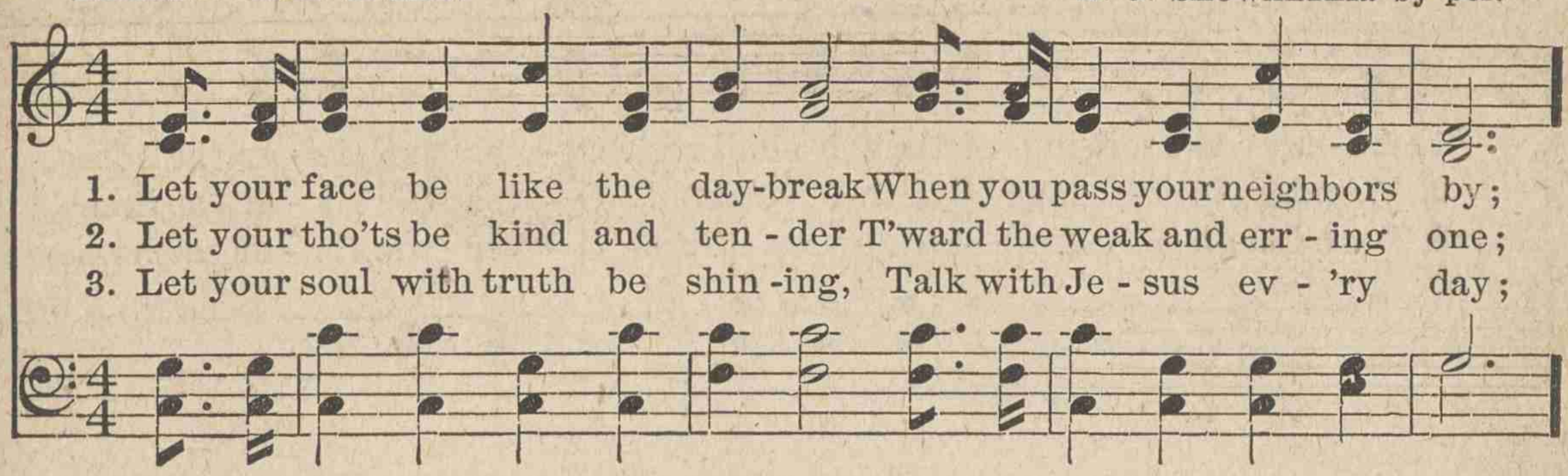
No. 158. SUNSHINE.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY. A. J. SHOWALTER. by per.



REFRAIN.

No. 159. OVER THE RIVER AT HOME.

JENNIE WILSON. H. H. and S. D. THOMASON.

1. Af - ter the toil-ing of time I shall rest. O - ver the riv - er at home,
2. Wonder - ful vis - ions by faith I behold, O - ver the riv - er at home,
3. Soon I shall cease from earth's labors and strife, O - ver the riv - er at home,

Find - ing a ref - uge where none can molest, O - ver the riv - er at home.
Streets all a-gleam with their pavements of gold, O - ver the riv - er at home.
En - ter the beau - ti - ful gateway of life, O - ver the riv - er at home.

Pleasures immortal are waiting me there, Joys no more blighted by sorrow and care;
There I see walls that in radiance shine, Evergreen walls bearing fruitage di-vine;
Safe with the blest by the bright crystal sea, With my Redeemer for-ev - er to be;

f. FINE.

Sweet it will be in the rap-ture to share, O - ver the riv - er at home.
Mansions whose shelter and peace shall be mine, O - ver the riv - er at home.
Soon I shall join in the glad ju - bi - lee, O - ver the riv - er at home.

D. S. *I shall re-joice in God's mer - cy for aye, O - ver the riv - er at home.*

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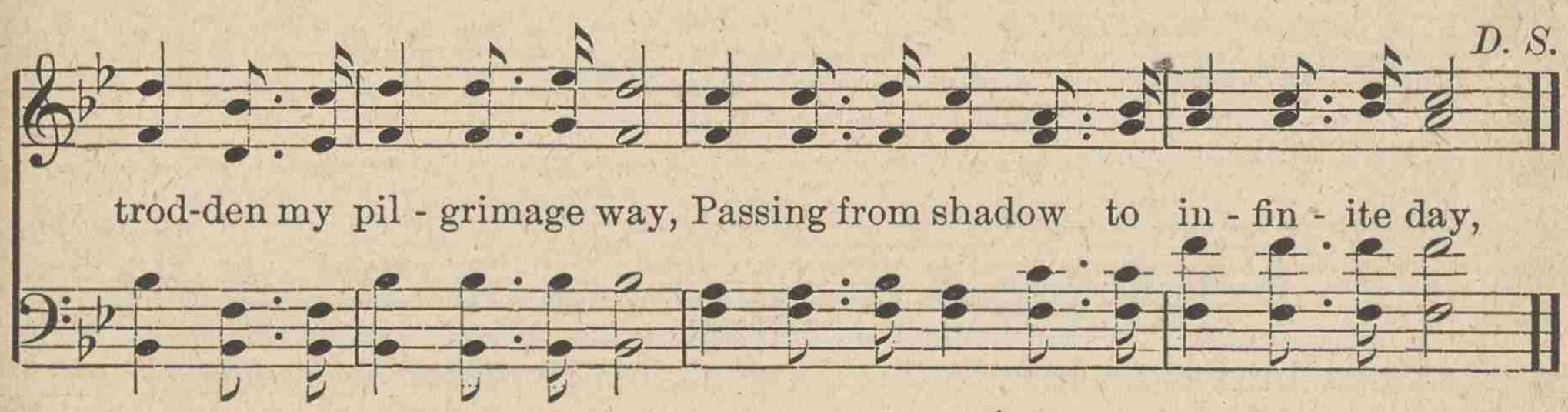
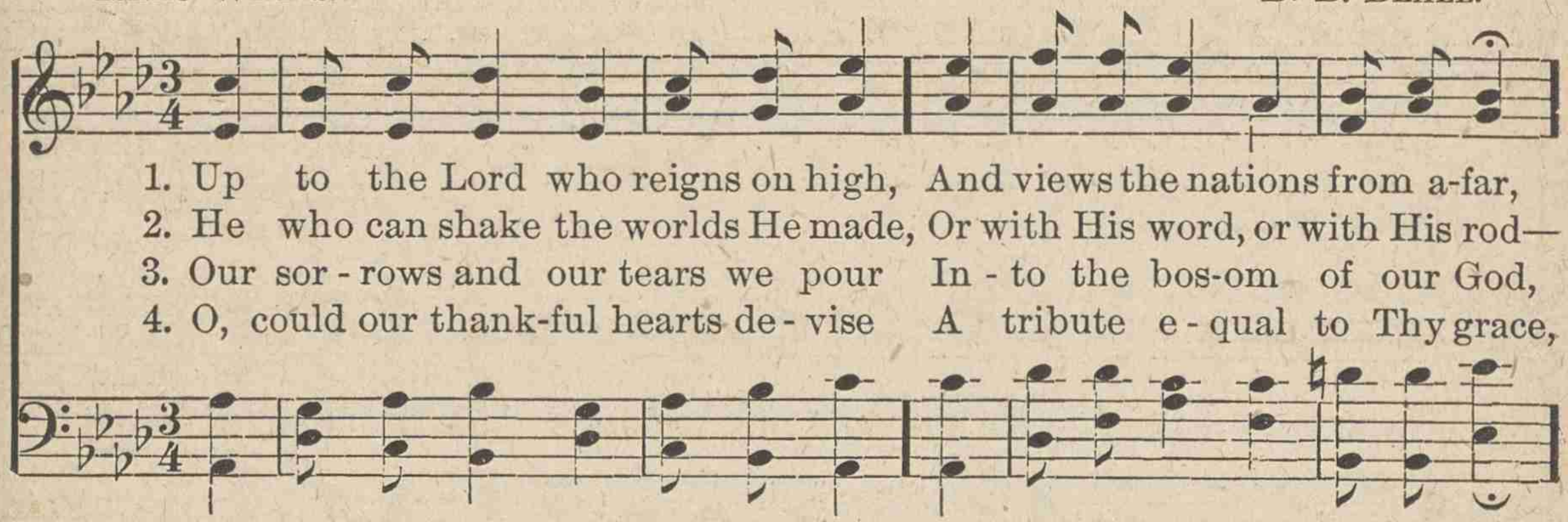
OVER THE RIVER AT HOME. Concluded.

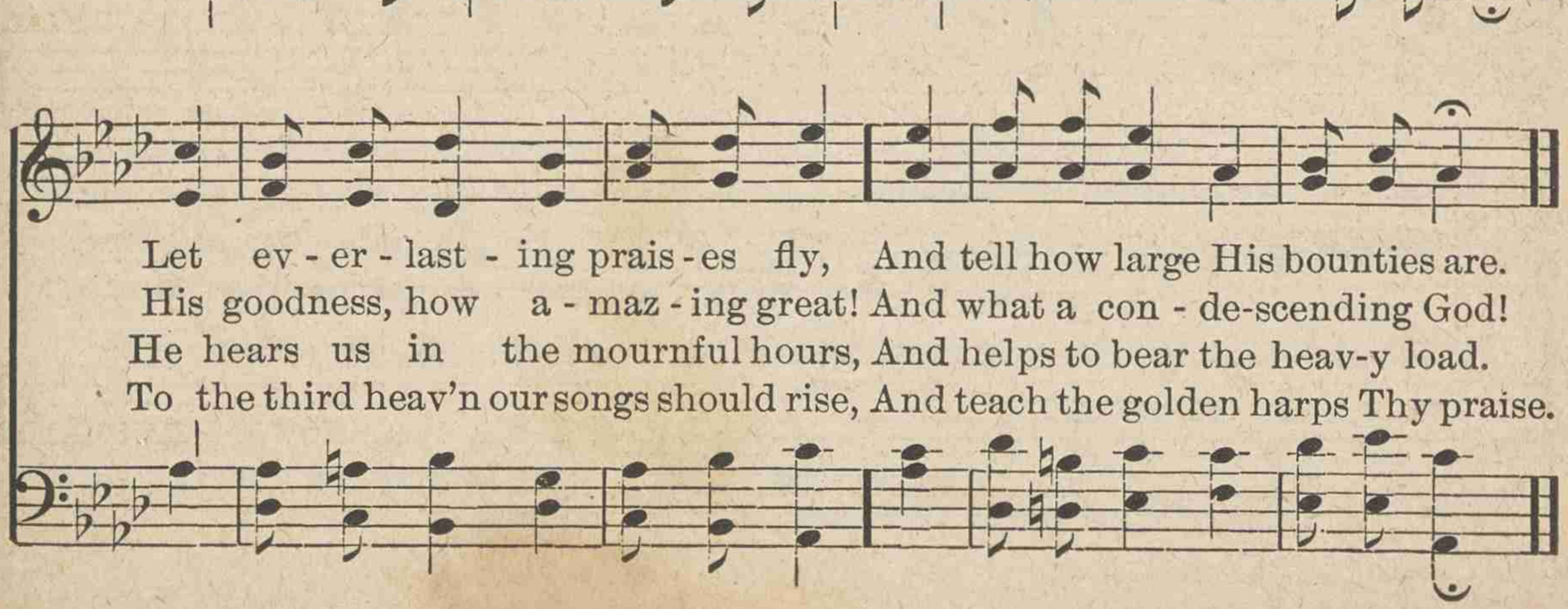
REFRAIN.



No. 160. EVERLASTING PRAISE. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. B. B. BEALL.

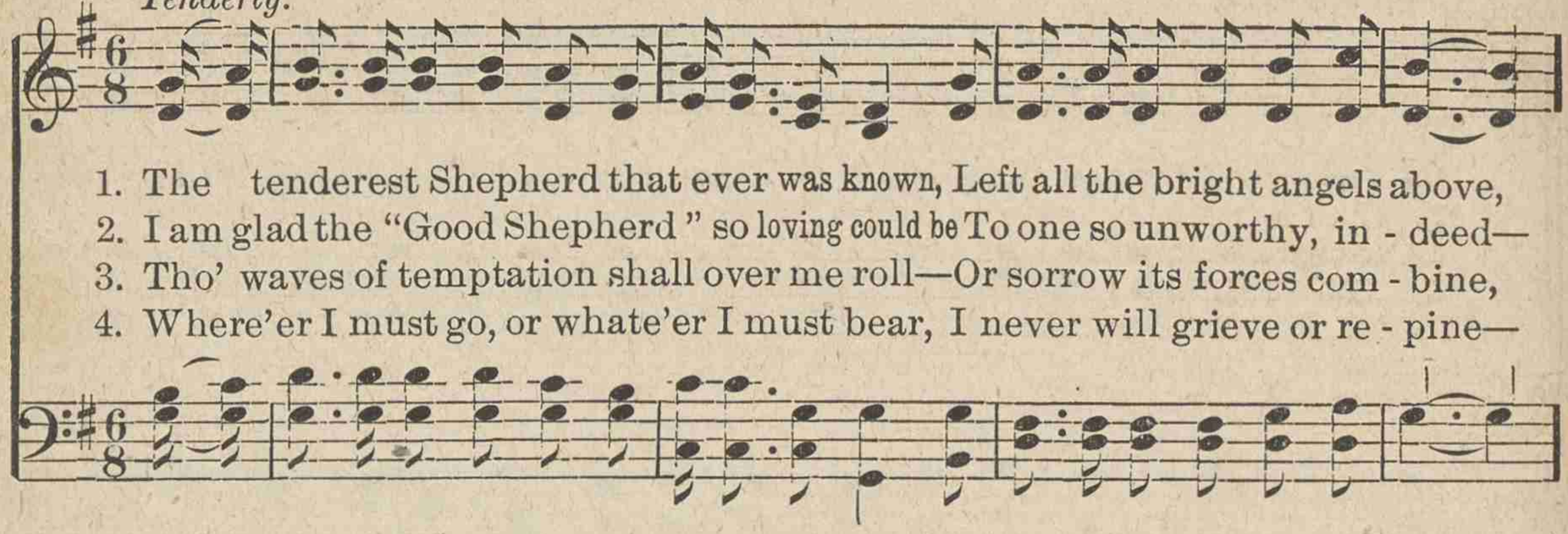


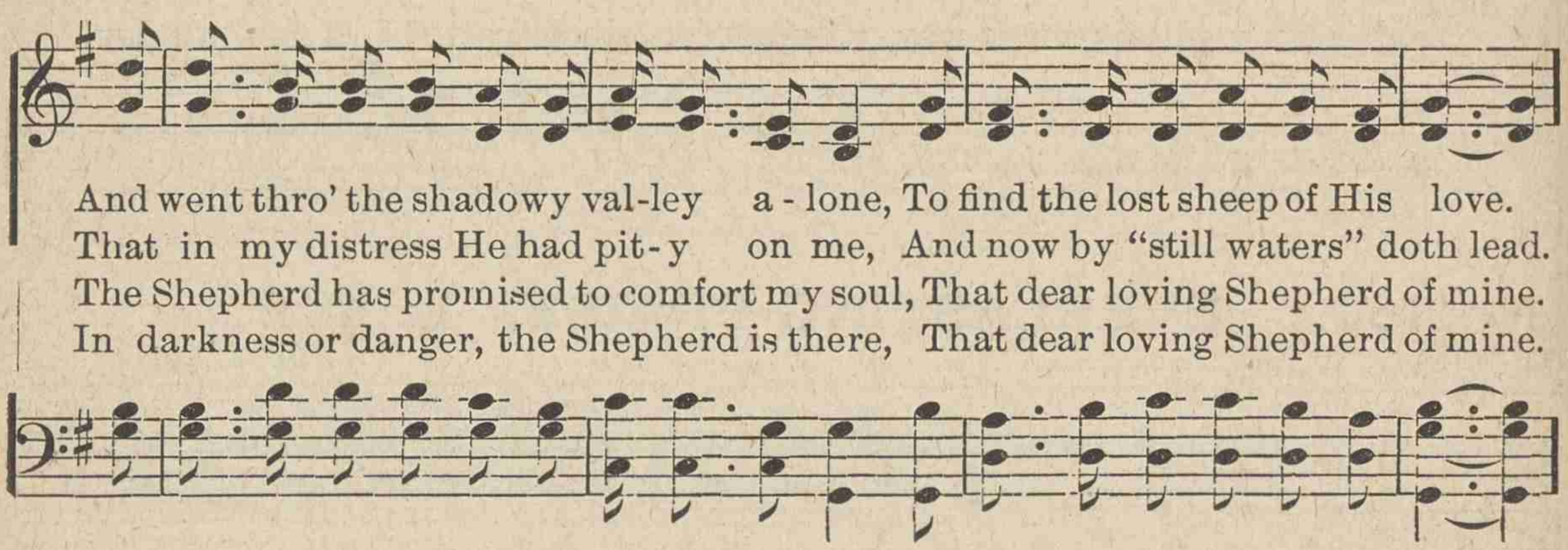


No. 161. THAT DEAR LOVING SHEPHERD OF MINE.

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

Tenderly.





REFRAIN.

By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 162. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. B. GOULD. A. S. SULLIVAN.

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

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

REFRAIN.

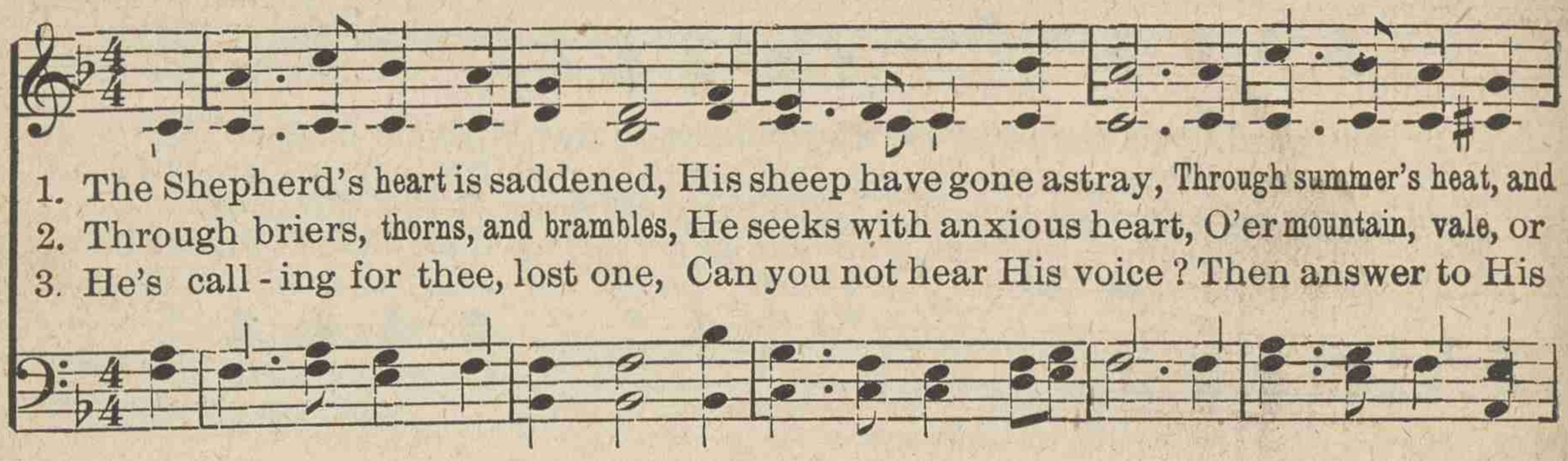
Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go! Onward, Christian sol-diers!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char- i - ty!
We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that cannot fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.

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

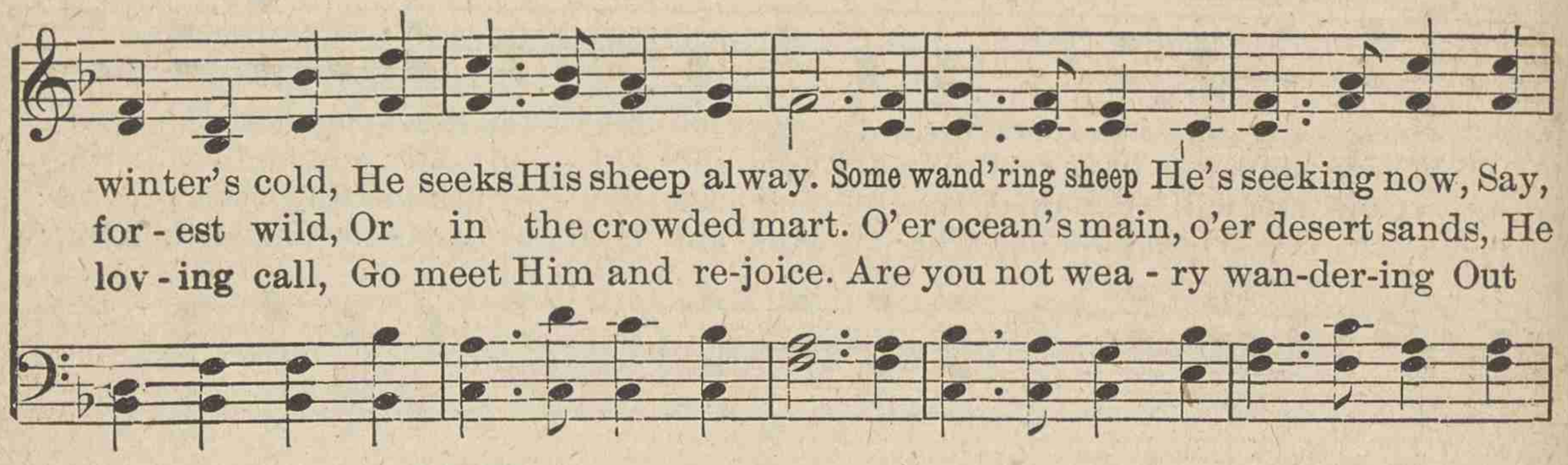
No. 163. HE SEEKS HIS WANDERING SHEEP.

(May be used as a Solo and Chorus.)

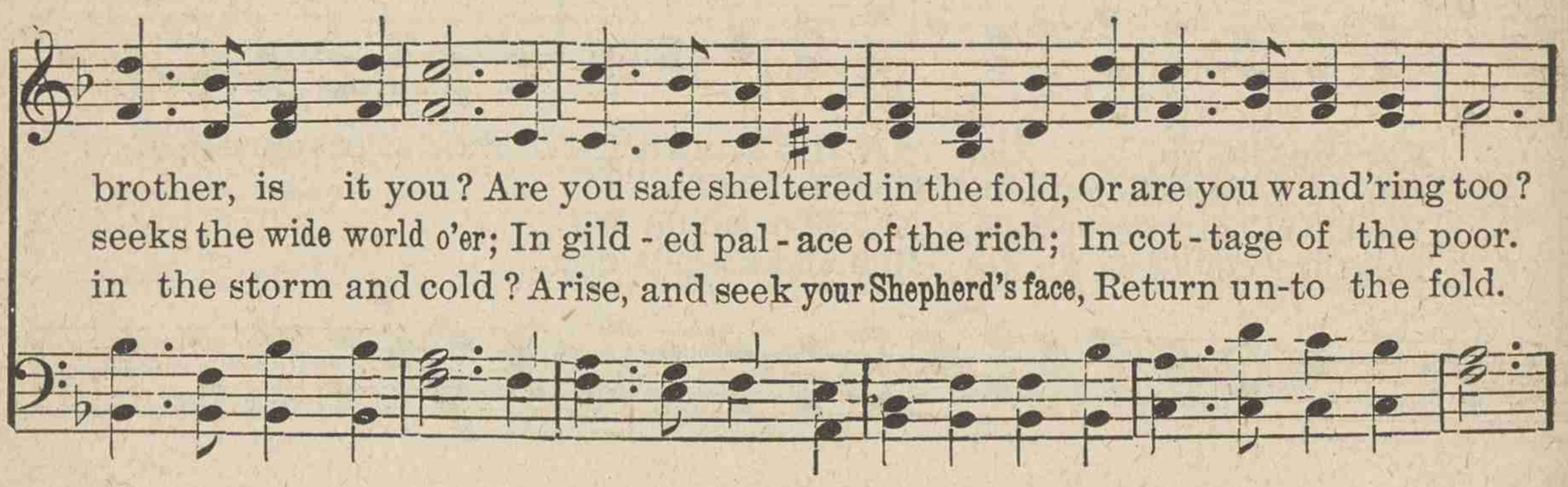
MRS. MARTHA MILLS NEWTON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



1. The Shepherd's heart is saddened, His sheep have gone astray, Through summer's heat, and
2. Through briers, thorns, and brambles, He seeks with anxious heart, O'er mountain, vale, or
3. He's call - ing for thee, lost one, Can you not hear His voice? Then answer to His



winter's cold, He seeks His sheep alway. Some wand'ring sheep He's seeking now, Say,
for - est wild, Or in the crowded mart. O'er ocean's main, o'er desert sands, He
lov - ing call, Go meet Him and re-joice. Are you not wea - ry wan-der-ing Out



brother, is it you? Are you safe sheltered in the fold, Or are you wand'ring too?
seeks the wide world o'er; In gild - ed pal - ace of the rich; In cot - tage of the poor.
in the storm and cold? Arise, and seek your Shepherd's face, Return un-to the fold.

REFRAIN.

He seeks His wand-'ring sheep, Out in the storm and cold;
He seeks His wand-'ring, wand'ring sheep to-day, Out in the storm and cold;

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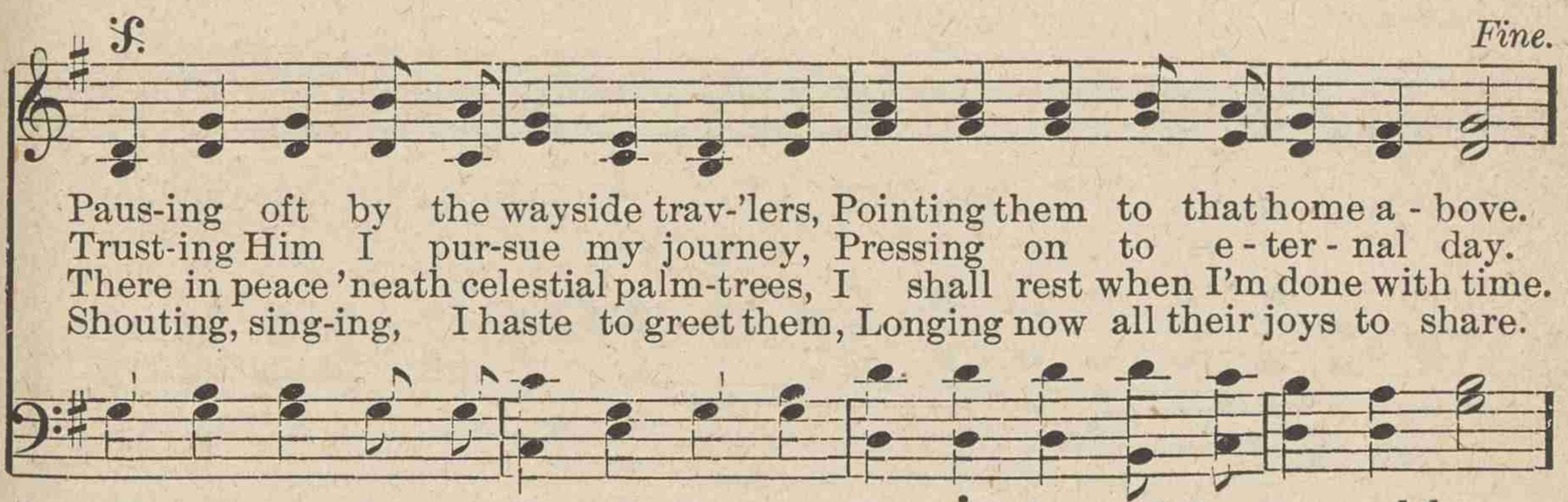
HE SEEKS HIS WANDERING SHEEP. Concluded.

No. 164. I AM BOUND FOR THE LAND.

R. A. E. R. A. Evilsizer.



No. 165. O CITY, BRIGHT CITY.

M. A. G. M. A. GREEN.

1. We oft - en sing of a cit - y fair, With its streets of shin-ing gold,
2. I love to hear of that cit - y bright, Tho' the half can ne'er be told;
3. How sweet 'twill be when we all get home To that cit - y fair on high!

And O, to-night I would fain be there, All its won - ders to be - hold.
But I shall share in each new de-light, When I walk its streets of gold.
To meet with friends, never-more to roam, In the glo - rious by and by.

REFRAIN.

O cit - y, bright cit - y, Where all is peace and love;
fair cit - y, bright cit-y,

O cit - y, blessed cit - y, In yon Par - a-dise a - bove.
bright city, golden ci-ty,

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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 stead-y like yon heav'nly star, Lighting the souls in the wilderness straying,—
2. Or is it fee-ble and cast-ing no ra-diance For wea-ry trav'lers who strain their poor eyes? O, let it burn as a bea-con to guide them!
3. This is our du-ty, my broth-er, my sis-ter, Christ has com- manded that our light should shine; Ma-ny who seek for the on-ly true path-way,
4. Hark! you can hear them, for aid they are call-ing, Sink-ing in weakness up-on the cold ground, Per-ish-ing there while our lamps feeb-ly flick-er,
5. "Ye are the light of the world," said our Mas-ter. How then can 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 firm! hold it stead-y! Flash out its rays, let them shine far and near!
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.

Copyright, 1896, by J. D. Patton.

No. 167. 'NEATH THE BANNER GLORIOUS.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Earnestly.

1. 'Neath the banner glorious, Ral-ly for the Right! We shall be vic-to - rious
2. 'Neath the banner glorious, None may fear defeat; When we charge the foeman,
3. 'Neath the banner glorious, Who-so standeth fast, He shall be re-ward -ed

In this ho - ly fight; Christ our great Commander, Leads us to the fray;
Sa - tan must re-treat. Lift on high the standard, Shout the bat-tle cry!
With a crown at last; Roy - al proc-la - ma - tion Shall to all be giv'n,—

REFRAIN.

We as loy - al sol-diers Serve Him and o - bey.
In the conflict might-y Conquer now or die! 'Neath the ban-ner glo-rious,
"He that o - ver-com-eth Is an heir to heav'n."

Forward to the fight! We shall be vic-to - rious, God is for the Right.

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No. 168. SEED-TIME.

CHARLOTTE MURRY, in "Christian Witness." J. W. SCRUGGS.

1. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow-ing Something good or something ill;
2. When per-haps the hand that sowed them Shall it-self have ceased to be,
3. May each thought and word and action Be the growth of Christian love,

In the lives of those a-round us— We are plant - ing what we will.
Still the re - cord of their be - ing Will live on e - ter - nal - ly.
To be found in com - ing a - ges In the gar - ner house a-bove.

Not a word we say falls fruitless, Not a deed we do decays;
Grant, then, Lord of all the har-vest That the seeds we dai - ly sow
Treasured there, in Thine own keep-ing, Just to prove our love was true;

Ev - 'ry thought and word and ac - tion Will be found in fut - ure days.
May re - fresh the hearts of oth - ers, Spreading blessings as they grow.
For the mo - tive gives the val - ue To the small-est things we do.

Rit.

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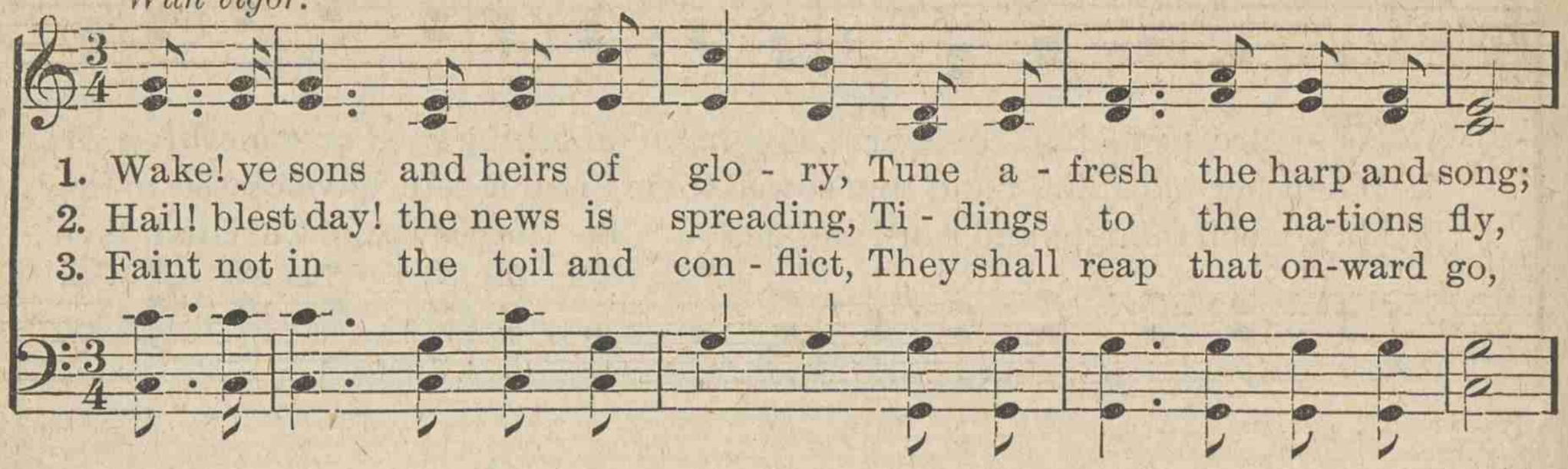
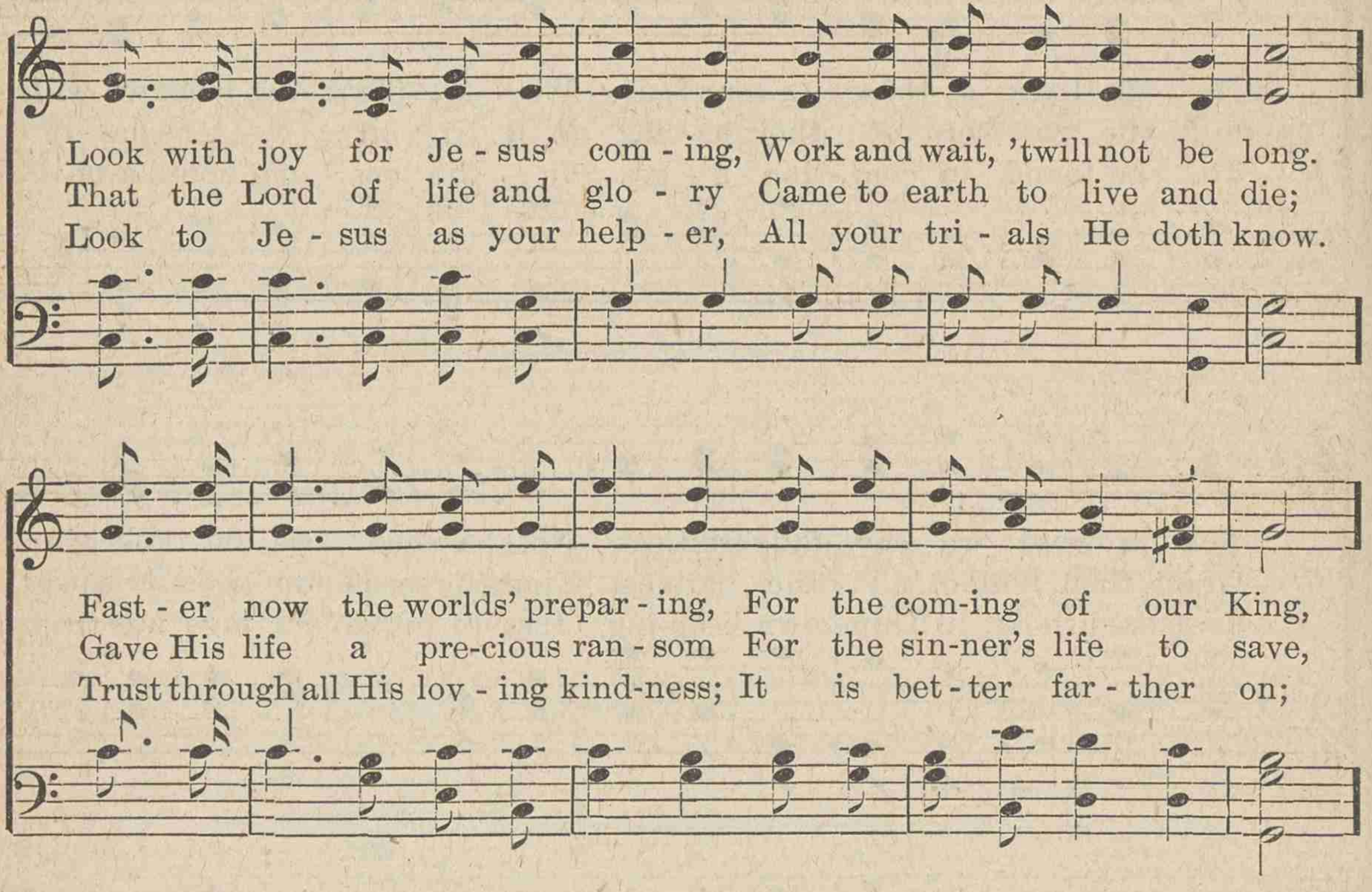
No. 169. CHRIST IS COMING.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

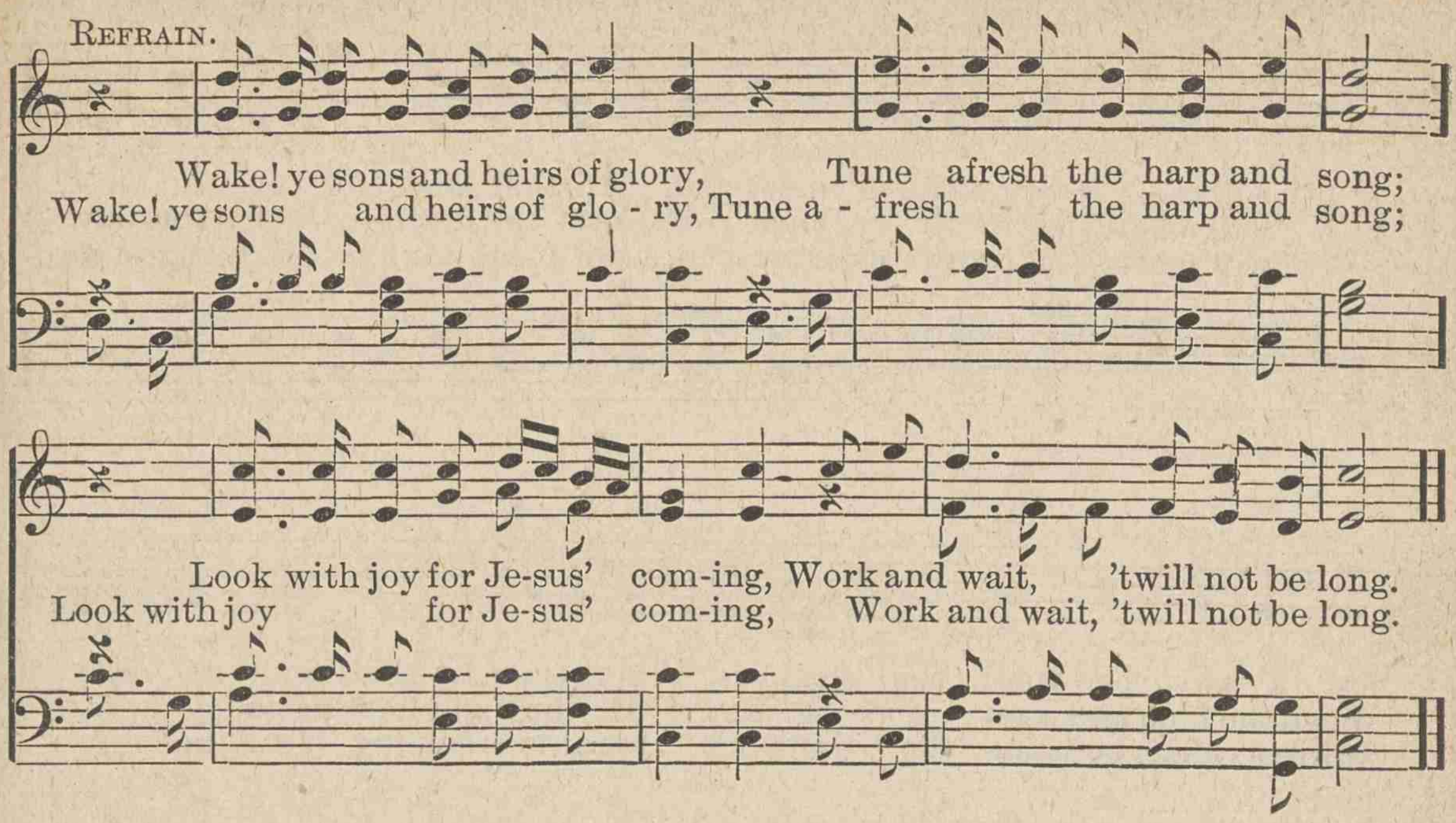
With vigor.





CHRIST IS COMING. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

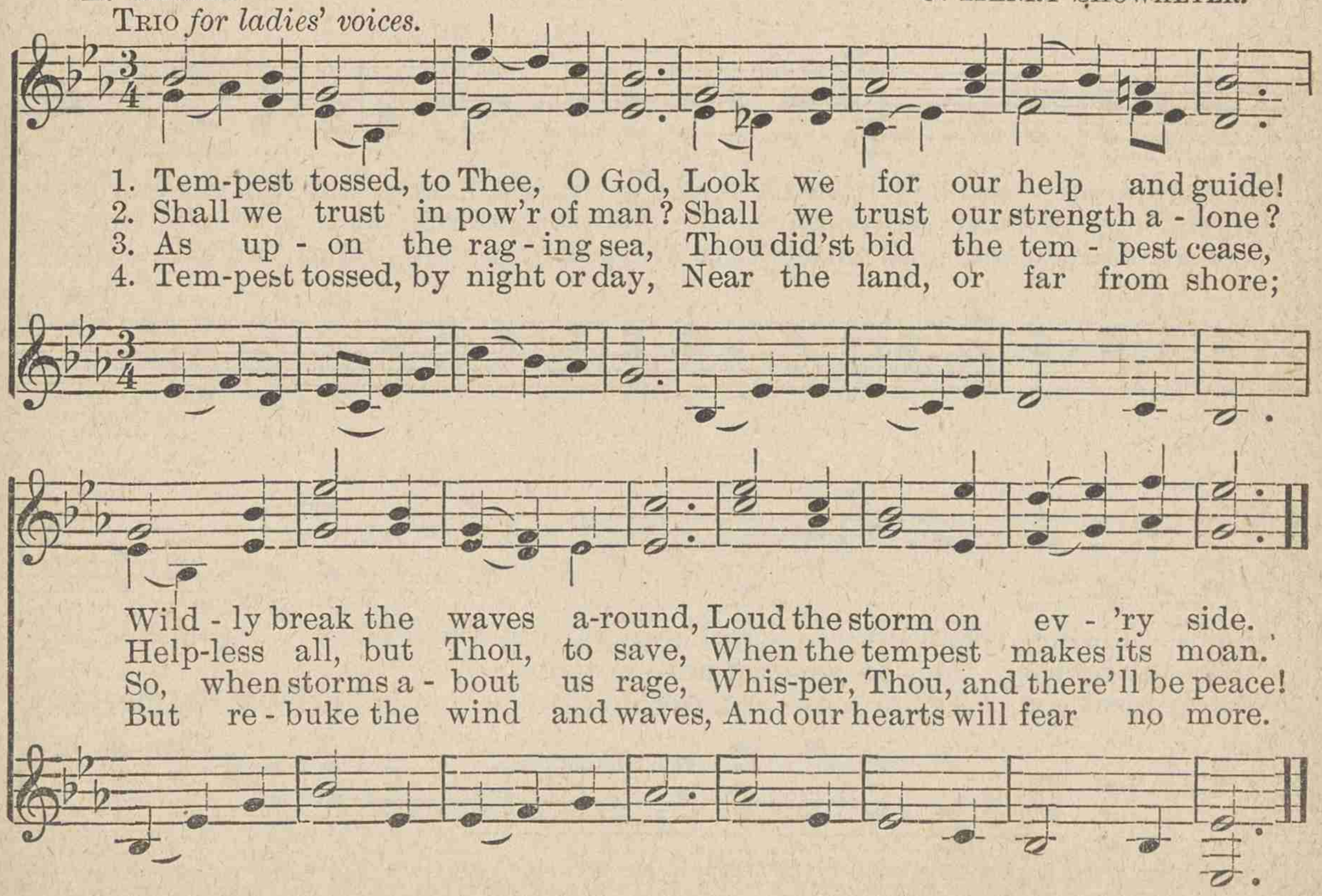


No. 170. TEMPEST TOSSED.

To the ladies of my voice class at Horse Cave, Ky.

E. REEDER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

TRIO *for ladies' voices.*



No. 171. I WILL MEET YOU, BROTHER.*

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

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

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

Here our home is bro-ken, brother, And the twilight lingers long, But the glorious
This the hope my heart still comforts, We shall clasp glad hands once more, We shall meet a-
Soon my wear-y feet shall ent-er Thro' the pearly gates of home, And I'll meet you,

REFRAIN.

day is com-ing, When I'll join your happy throng. I will meet you, meet you,
gain, my brother, To be severed nev - er-more.
safely meet you, Nev-er, nev - er-more to roam. I will meet you, meet you,

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

I WILL MEET YOU, BROTHER. Concluded.

broth-er, In the land . . for-ev-er blest, I will
broth-er, o - ver there, In the land for-ev - er blest, ev-er blest,

meet . . you, meet you, brother, There we'll find e - ter - nal rest.
I will meet you, meet you, brother, o - ver there,

No. 172. PARTING HYMN. L. M.

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

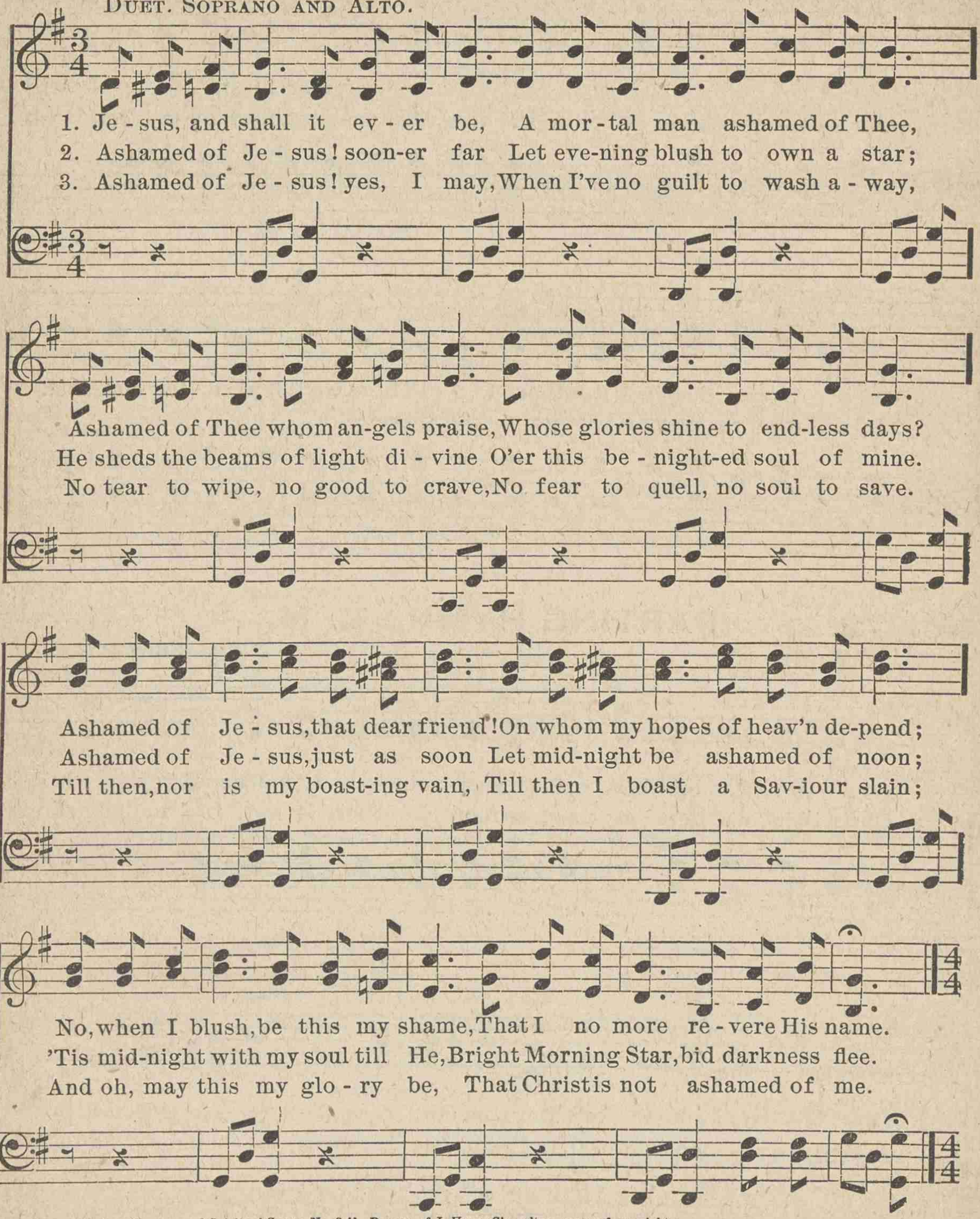
1. Come, Christian brethren, ere we part, Join ev - 'ry voice and ev - 'ry heart;
2. Chris-tians, we here may meet no more, But there is yet a happier shore;

One sol - emn hymn to God we raise, One fi - nal song of grate-ful praise.
And there, released from toil and pain, Dear brethren, we shall meet a - gain.

No. 173. NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

JOSEPH GRIGGS, arr. ELBERT B. FOWLER.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO.



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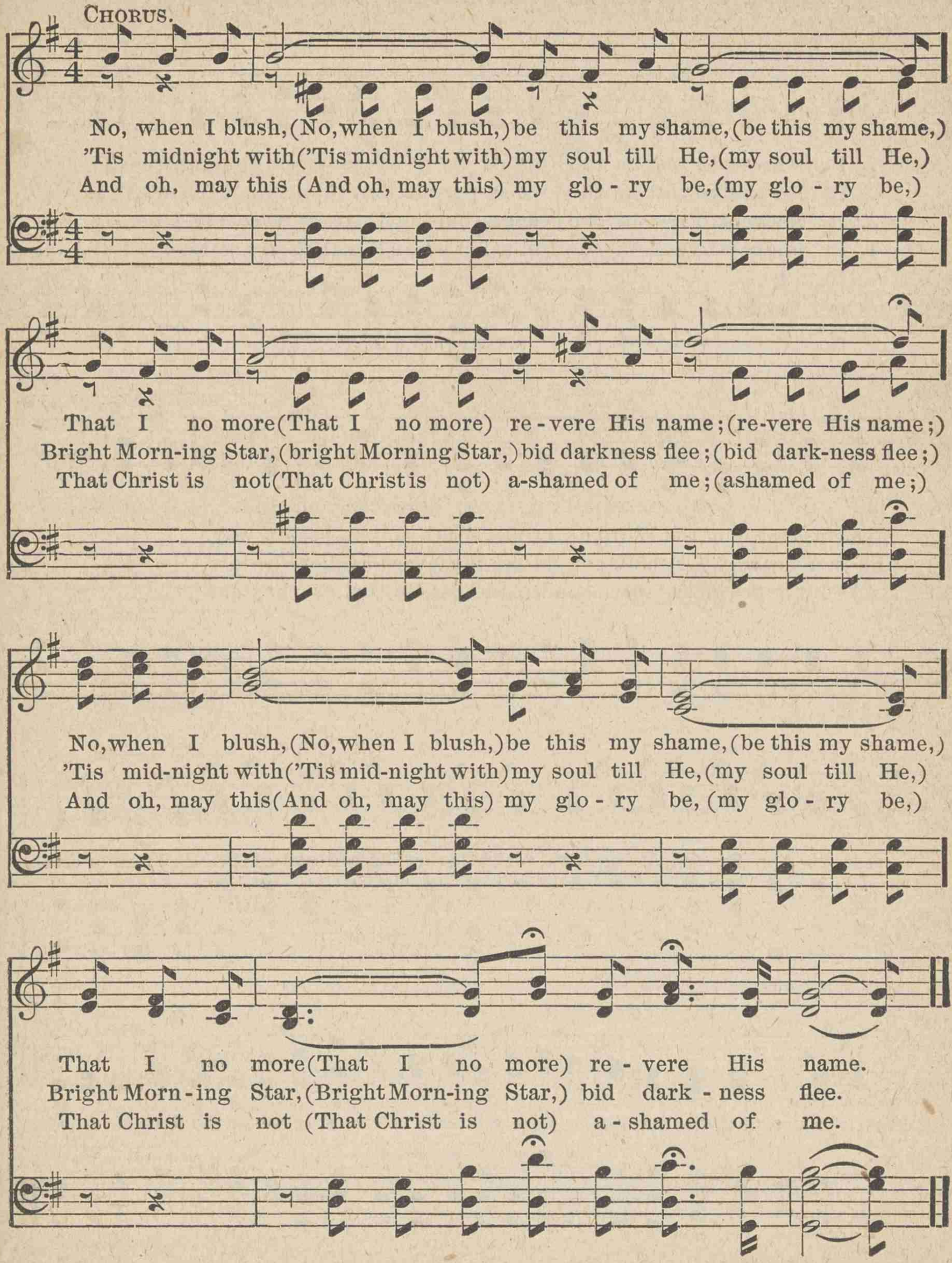
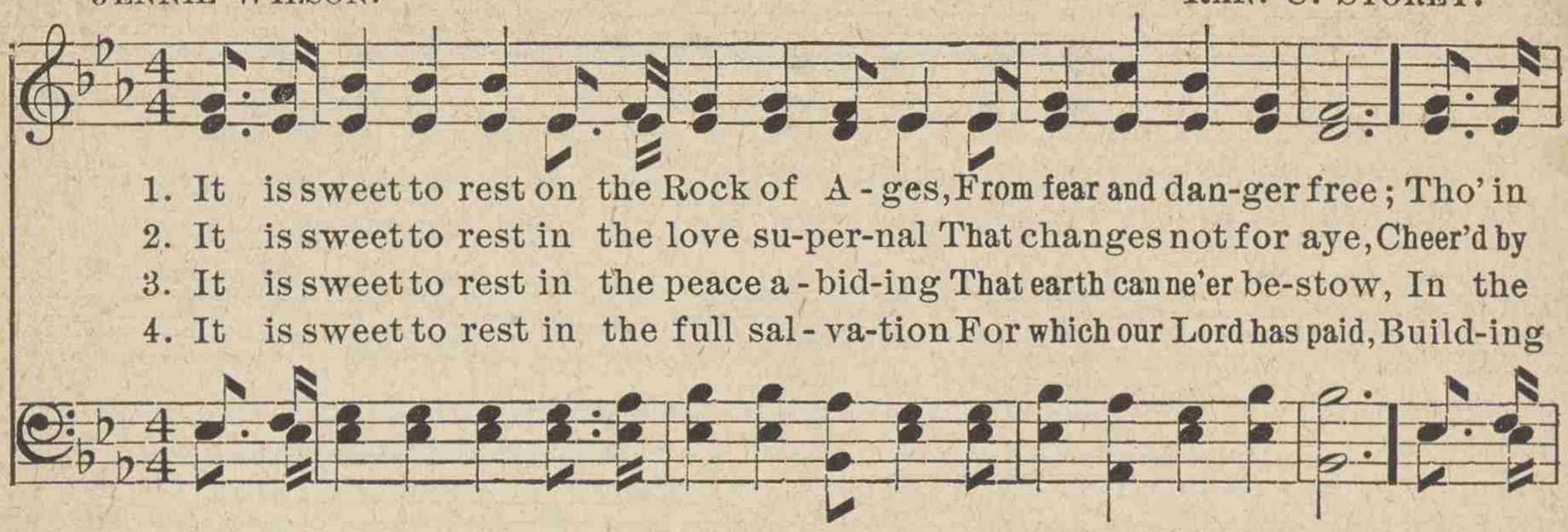
NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

CHORUS.



No. 174. ON THE EVERLASTING ROCK.

JENNIE WILSON. RAN. C. STOREY.



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No. 175. SLEEP TILL THAT MORNING.

B. F. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

By permission of J. Henry Showalter.

No. 176 IN CHRIST MY REDEEMER.

"I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.
J. M. B. Phil. 3: 8. J. M. BOWMAN.

Effective as a Solo.
Slow, and with feeling.

1. The knowledge of Christ is the one thing I need, He is now with the Fa-ther in heav-en to plead;
2. I know that my Je-sus, the most Ho-ly One, Came down from high heaven—'twas God's on-ly Son;
3. I want to know more of my Je-sus, my Lord, To learn the great truth in His ho-li-est word,
4. Oh, this is the Je-sus in whom I now rest, The sweet Rock of A-ges, e-ter-nal and blest;

I want to know more of His pow-er to save; For No oth-er was found the great debt to make free, 'Twas That God saw it need-ful to speak un-to me, Thro' none I o-pened my heart, and He en-tered the door, In the

sin-ners once lost, His own life-blood He gave. In Christ, . . . my Re-
Je-sus my Sav-iour who paid it for me.
oth-er than Je-sus, in faith I now see.
knowledge of Christ, I now rest ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

In Christ, my Re-deem-er, the
deem-er, I dwell . . . ev-er-more; . . .
Al-might-y One, Whose rest I have en-ter'd—I dwell ev-er-more;

slower.

He en-ter'd the

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door,—now dwells in my soul,—On the page of His life-book, my name to en-roll.

No. 177. I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

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

WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.

1. No more my own, Lord Je-sus, Bought with Thy precious blood; I give Thee but Thine
2. I give the life Thou gavest, My present, fu-ture, past, My joys, my fears, my
3. I give the love, the sweetest Thy goodness grants to me; Oh, take and make it
4. Outside the camp to suf-fer, With-in the vale to meet, And hear the softest

REFRAIN.

own, Lord, That long Thy love withstood. Now fash-ion, form, and fill me With
sor-rows, My first hope and my last.
meet, Lord, For of-fer-ing to Thee.
whis-per, From out the mer-cy-seat.

light and love di-vine; So, one with Thee, Lord Je-sus, I'm Thine, forev-er Thine.

No. 178. REFUGE AND STRENGTH.

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

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

While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, ah, leave me not a-lone, Still support and com - fort me;
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind;
Let the heal - ing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with - in;

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

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

REFUGE AND STRENGTH. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Use repeat pp after last verse only.

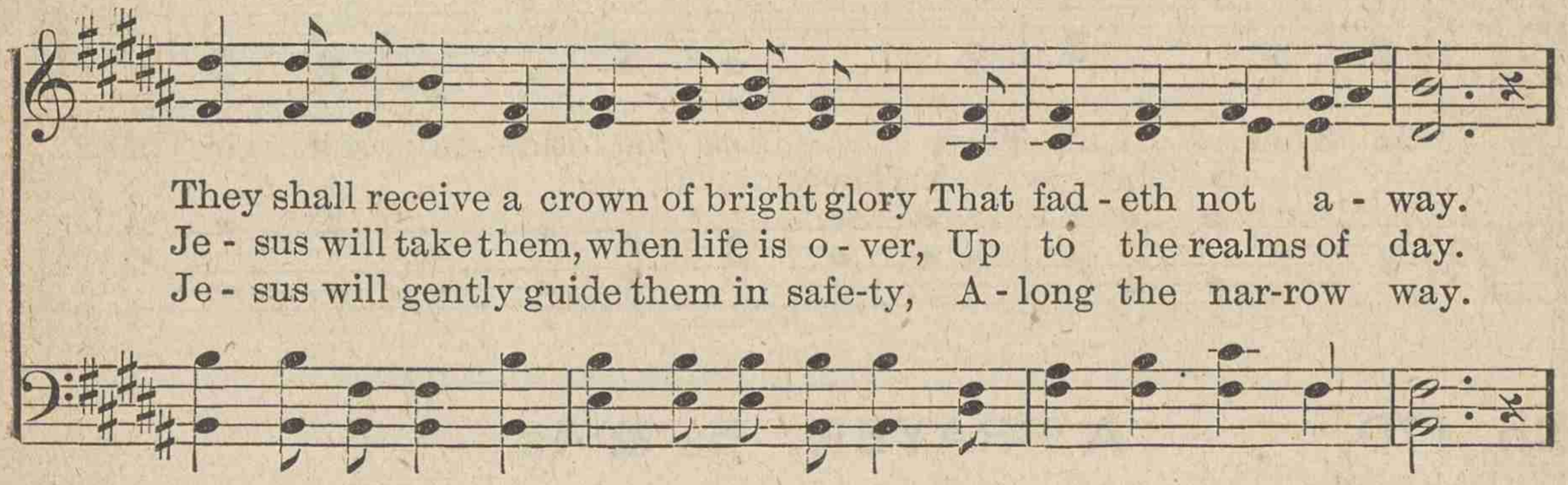
No. 179. A PRAYER. 5s & 4s.

E. REEDER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

No. 180. BLESSED ARE THEY.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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



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

REFRAIN.

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

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

No. 181. EVER IN THE LIGHT.

EMMA PITT. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

1 2

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

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No. 182. GOD'S INFINITE LOVE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. H. P. CLACK.

1. God's wondrous love, (God's wondrous love,) His love for me, (His love for me,)
2. The air is sweet (the air is sweet) with spice and balm, (with spice and balm,)
3. My soul is full (my soul is full) of joy and peace, (of joy and peace,)
4. O shore-less sea (O shoreless sea) of God's sweet love! (of God's sweet love!)

Be-fore me lies (be-fore me lies) a shoreless sea, (a shoreless sea,)
The winds and waves (the winds and waves) are still and calm, (are still and calm,)
And faith and hope (and faith and hope) each hour in-crease, (each hour increase,)
Each hour thy peace (each hour thy peace) and joy I prove, (and joy I prove,)

And on its waves, (and on its waves,) so vast and wide, (so vast and wide,)
The sunshine warms (the sunshine warms) the at-mos-phere, (the at-mos-phere,)
And heaven's light (and heaven's light) shines all a-round, (shines all a-round,)
And life, in sweet (and life, in sweet) con-tent, moves on, (content, moves on,)

To my sweet home (to my sweet home) in heav'n I glide. (in heav'n I glide.)
As on we glide (as on we glide) in hope and fear. (in hope and fear.)
As on this sea (as on this sea) we onward bound. (we onward bouud.)
And heav'n is in (and heav'n is in) my soul be - gun. (my soul be-gun.)

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GOD'S INFINITE LOVE. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

No. 183. WE'RE SAILING O'ER THE OCEAN WIDE.

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

1. We're sail - ing o'er(We're sail-ing o'er) the o - cean wide;(the o - cean wide;)
2. Tho' wild may rage(Tho' wild may rage)the storm around,(the storm a-round,)
3. We catch a glimpse(We catch aglimpse) of yon-der shore,(of yon-der shore,)

Our barque is toss'd(Our barque is toss'd) with wind and tide;(with wind and tide;)
The calm with - in (The calm with-in) doth still abound;(doth still abound;)
Where sails are furl'd(Where sails are furl'd)and storms are o'er;(and storms are o'er;)

But we've on board,(But we've on board) a pi - lot true,(a pi - lot true,)
For at the helm(For at the helm) is Christ we know,(is Christ we know,)
We'll an - chor safe(We'll an-chor safe) in port at last,(in port at last,)

Who fears not storms(Who fears not storms)nor depths of blue.(nor depths of blue.)
And steers straight home(And steers straight home)where all would go.(where all would go.)
Be-yond the reach(Beyond the reach) of ev - 'ry blast.(of ev - 'ry blast.)

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WE'RE SAILING O'ER THE OCEAN WIDE.

Then spread the sails (Then spread the sails) and catch the breeze, (and catch the breeze,)

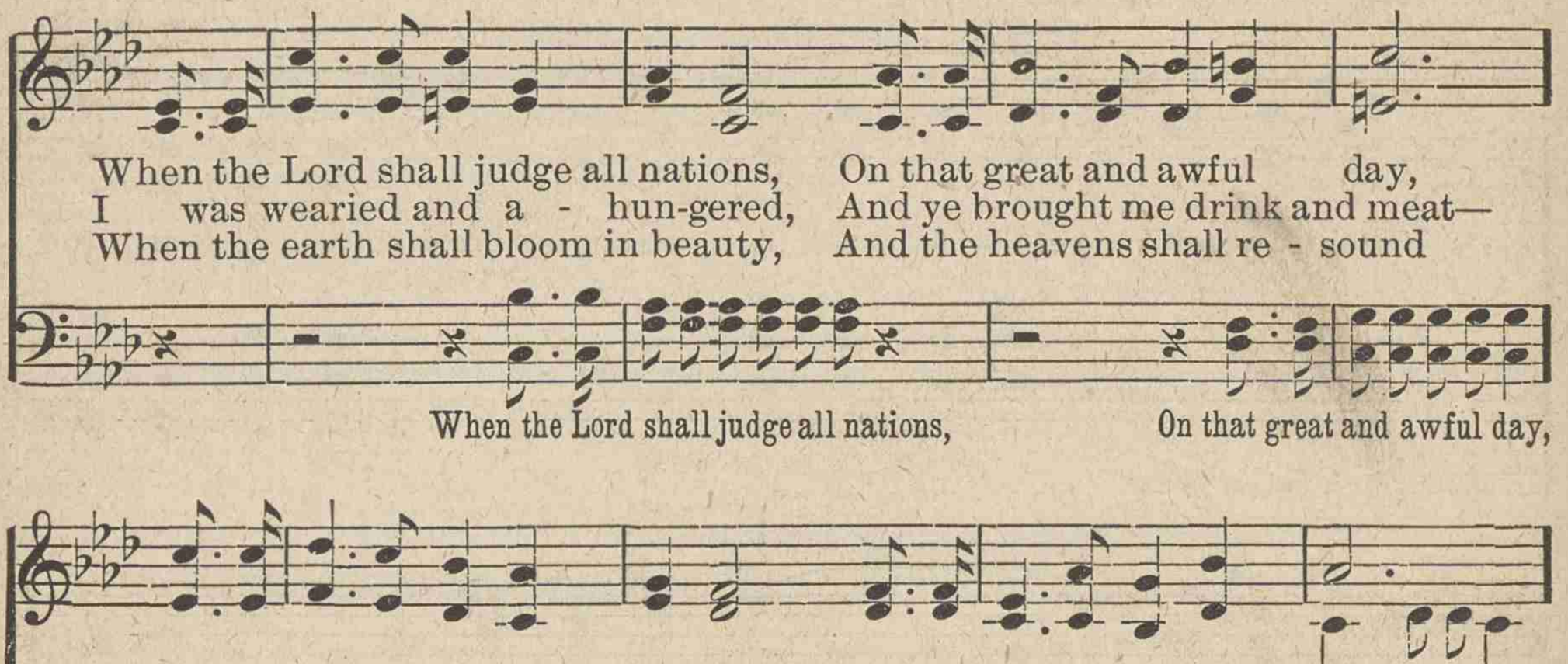
Our Pi - lot King (Our Pi - lot King) controls the seas; (controls the seas;)

Tho' waves roll high (Tho' waves roll high) and lights are dim, (and lights are dim,)

We still can trust (We still can trust) our barque to Him. (our barque to Him.)

No. 184. IN THE DAY OF FINAL TRIUMPH.

ADALYN. J. M. BOWMAN.



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IN THE DAY OF FINAL TRIUMPH. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Come, ye bless - - ed of my fath - er, En-ter in,
Come, ye blessed, come, ye blessed of my father, En-ter in, yes,

en-ter in, And my reign . . of fi - nal tri-umph
en-ter in, en - ter in, And my reign of fi-nal triumph, final triumph

Shall be - gin, . . shall be-gin, Shout for joy . . and sing for
Shall begin, yes, shall begin, shall begin, Shout for joy and sing for

gladness, . . All your tri - - als now are o'er, And the king - -
gladness, sing for gladness, All your trials now are o'er, now are o'er, And the king-

dom ye in - her - it, Shall be yours . . for evermore.
dom, blessed kingdom ye inherit, Shall be yours for evermore, for evermore.

No. 185. 'TIS ENOUGH FOR ME.

Respectfully inscribed to Prof. T. B. Mosley.

G. W. LYON. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. 'Tis e-nough for me to know, While a pil-grim here I roam,
2. 'Tis e-nough for me to know, When my heart is full of care,
3. 'Tis e-nough for me to know That He died up-on the tree

That my Sav-iour holds my hand, And will guide me safe-ly home;
That my Sav-iour pit-ies me, And will help my load to bear;
To re-deem and save the lost— That His grace is full and free;

'Tis e-nough, yes, 'tis e-nough, 'Tis e-nough for me to know
'Tis e-nough, yes, 'tis e-nough, 'Tis e-nough for me to be
'Tis e-nough, yes, 'tis e-nough, 'Tis e-nough, that I may claim,

That He lead-eth me a-long, While I jour-ney here be-low.
With a Friend in whom I find Per-fect love and sym-pa-thy.
Tho' the poor-est of the poor, Peace and par-don in His name.

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No. 186. HEAVEN HAS CROWNS.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. T. B. MOSLEY.

REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1899, by J. Henry Showalter.

No. 187. PRAISE TO THE TRIUNE GOD.

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

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

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

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

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

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No. 188. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

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

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No. 189. TRUSTING IN HIS NAME.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. I am trusting in Je - sus to save me—No oth - er my Saviour can be;
2. I am trusting in Je - sus to hold me, In dan-ger and sorrow and night;
3. I am trusting in Je - sus to take me, With Him to the mansions above;

The love He so will - ing-ly gave me, Is all that can sat - is - fy me.
I know that His arms will enfold me, I know He will guide me a - right.
I know He will nev-er forsake me, I know I am safe in His love.

REFRAIN.

I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing, Trusting in the
I am trust-ing in His name, I am trusting in His name, I am trusting in the

name of the Lord; I am trust - ing,
name of the Lord; I am trusting, I am trust-ing in His name, I am

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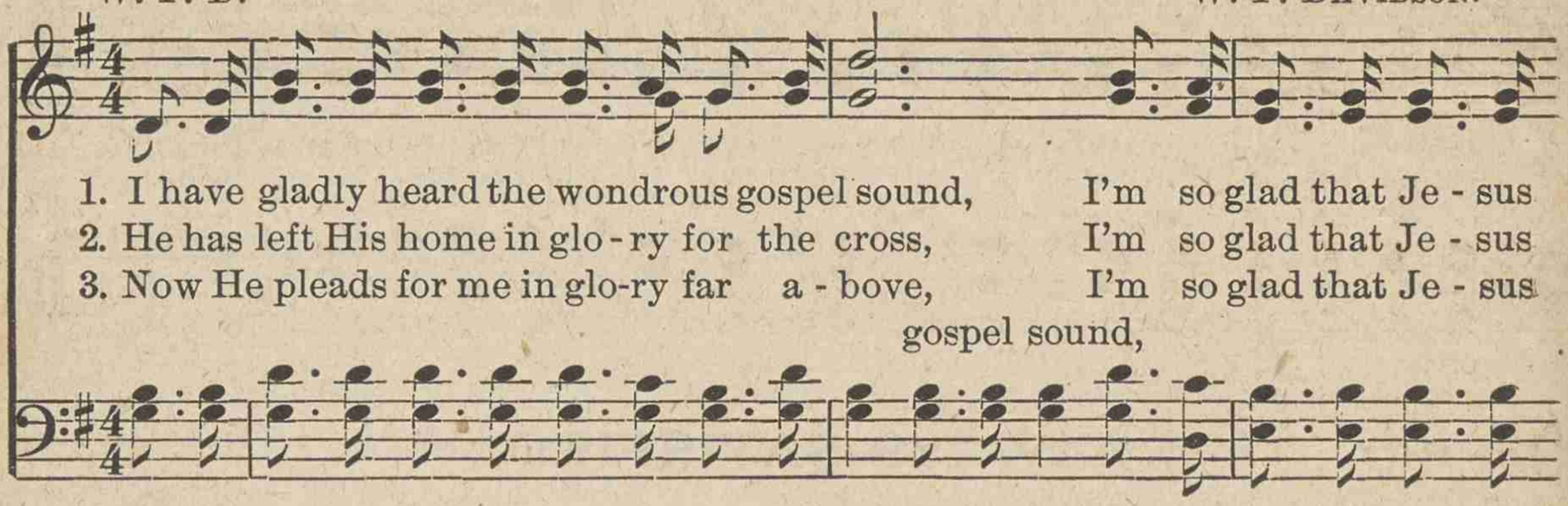
TRUSTING IN HIS NAME. Concluded.

No. 190. ALWAYS SATISFIED.

ADALYN. H. A. DAVIS.

No. 191. JESUS SAVES SINFUL MEN.

W. P. D. W. P. Davidson.



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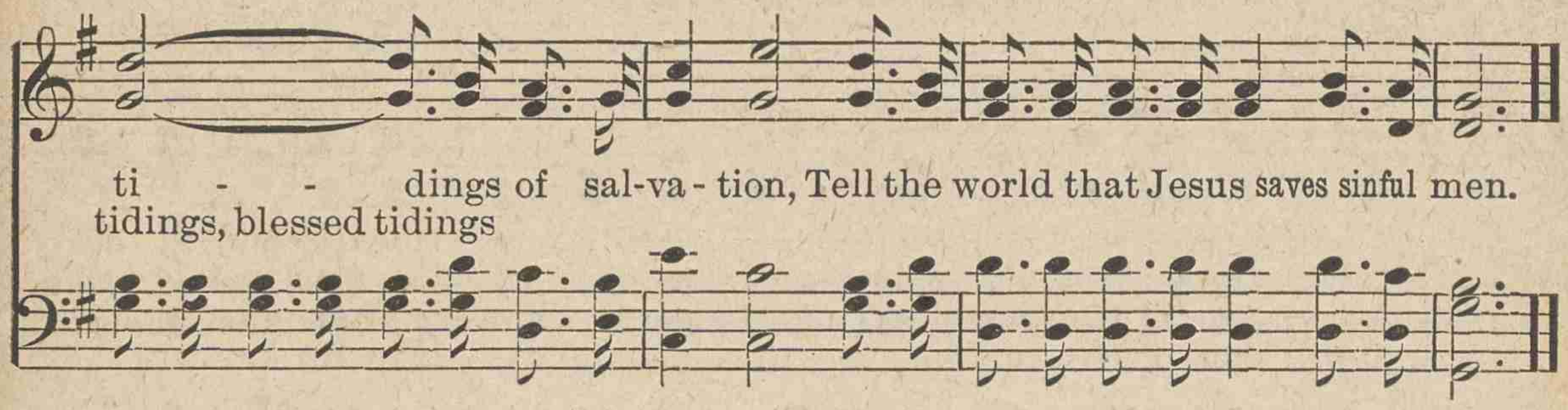
JESUS SAVES SINFUL MEN. Concluded.



No. 192. WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN? 6s & 5s.

1st verse by A. A. WATTS.
2d, 3rd and 4th verses by A. F. SMITH. T. W. DENNINGTON, by per.

No. 193. I WILL SING.

A. F. MYERS. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

Not too fast.

1. I will sing of His mer - cy so wondrous-ly free, How He said to the
2. I will sing of His pa-tience, for patient is He, For He's waited and
3. I will sing of His goodness and full-ness di - vine, How He died on the
4. I will sing of His precepts so pre-cious and wise, How He shows us the

blind man "go wash and be free," How He said to the leper, "I will, be thou clean,"
plead - ed to save ev-en me; How His arms are extended from day un-to day;
tree, bearing sins that were mine; How, in kindness confiding, though often reviled,
pathway that heavenward lies; How He bids us who love in His word to a - bide,

D. S. *Of His goodness and love, of the heav - en a - bove;*

FINE. REFRAIN.

And healed the poor ser-vant He nev - er had seen.
He calls me a - gain, I'll no long - er de - lay. I will sing of my
He tells of His mer - cy to ev - 'ry lost child.
And sends us His Spir - it to com - fort and guide.

I will sing of His ran - som for sin - ners like me.

D. S.

Lord, I will sing of His Word, I will sing of His mer-cy so wondrously free;

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No. 194. THE PRECIOUS FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day:
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power,
4. E're since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds supply,
5. And when this fee - ble, faltering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then in a no - bler, sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save.

REFRAIN.

O precious is the blood which flowed . . On Cal-v'ry's rug - ged brow;
free - ly flowed,

O, wash me, Saviour, in the blood, ... That clean - es ev - en now!
precious blood,

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No. 195. WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

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

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

:8:

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

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

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

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

FINE. REFRAIN. *D.S.*

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

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

No. 196. MY SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lone-ly and sad of heart now I seem to be, Weeping with Christ, my Lord
2. Fol-low-ing on the way I can see them now Pressing the crown of thorns
3. Now I survey the cross where my Saviour died, Now I behold the wounds

in Geth-sem-a-ne ; Sor-row-ing Son of God, when Thy grief I see,
on His bleeding brow; Suf-fer-ing Son of God, whom they dis-a-vow,
in His pierc-ed side ; Je-sus, Thou Son of God, whom they cru-ci-fied,

O how my heart goes out in its love to Thee! Je-sus wept, can it be?
King of my ransomed soul, at Thy feet I bow! Christ was scorned, can it be?
Reign in my grateful heart, crowned and glorified! Je-sus died, can it be?

Je-sus wept, wept for me, O wonderful love of God, Je-sus wept for me!
Christ was scorned, scorned for me, O wonderful love of God, Christ was scorned for me!
Je-sus died, died for me, O wonderful love of God, Je-sus died for me!

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No. 197. AT HIS FEET.

ADALYN. REV. E. F. STANTON.

1. At the feet of my Lord I have found sweet release From the sor-rows that bur - den me sore; When I told Him my griefs the dear Lord whispered "peace,"
2. At the feet of my Lord I would ev - er a-bide, Gaz-ing up in His glo - ri - fied face; For with Him I am safe, since His blood is applied
3. At the feet of my Lord there is par-don for all Who will seek Him in pen - i - tent pray'r; If they on - ly on Je - sus will ear - nest - ly call
4. At the feet of my Lord! what a ref - uge from sin, What a gath - er - ing- place for His own! When they seek Him in love He will glad - ly come in

REFRAIN.

m *p* *p* *pp*

And they bur-den my spir - it no more. (no more.) Peace, peace,
To my heart thro' His won -der-ful grace. (free grace.)
He will bless them and be with them there. (yes, there.)
To their hearts as a king to his throne. (his throne.) Sweet peace, sweet peace,

f

What a blessed sur - cease From sor-row His word doth af - ford! (af-ford!)

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AT HIS FEET. Concluded.

No. 198. SINCE MY LORD IS MINE.

ADALYN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 199. SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME.

Dr. J. H. GRANT.
Suggested by T. J. K.

T. J. KELLAM.

1. Sometime, if faithful to my God, He un - to me will say, "Come, wea-ry one, thy work is done, De-part from earth a - way." Somewhere beyond this world of
2. Sometime, I know 'twill not be long, My Lord will bid me come And taste the joys prepared for me In my e - ter - nal home. Somewhere beyond the star-lit
3. Somewhere, O Lord, I know not where, Whene'er Thy will is done, I'll hear the plaudit from thy Throne, "Enough; the race is run." Sometime, somewhere thro' Jesus'

sin My Lord will bid me en-ter in; I'll know no fear nor sorrow then, For
sky, Where lands of fadeless beauty lie, Where joys nor pleasures never die, I'll
love, The Lord all burdens will remove, And waft my spir-it up above Where

REFRAIN.

Somewhere, sometime,
Je - sus will be there.
live for ev - er-more. Somewhere, I know not where, Sometime, some happy time, Yet
joy for - ev - er dwells.

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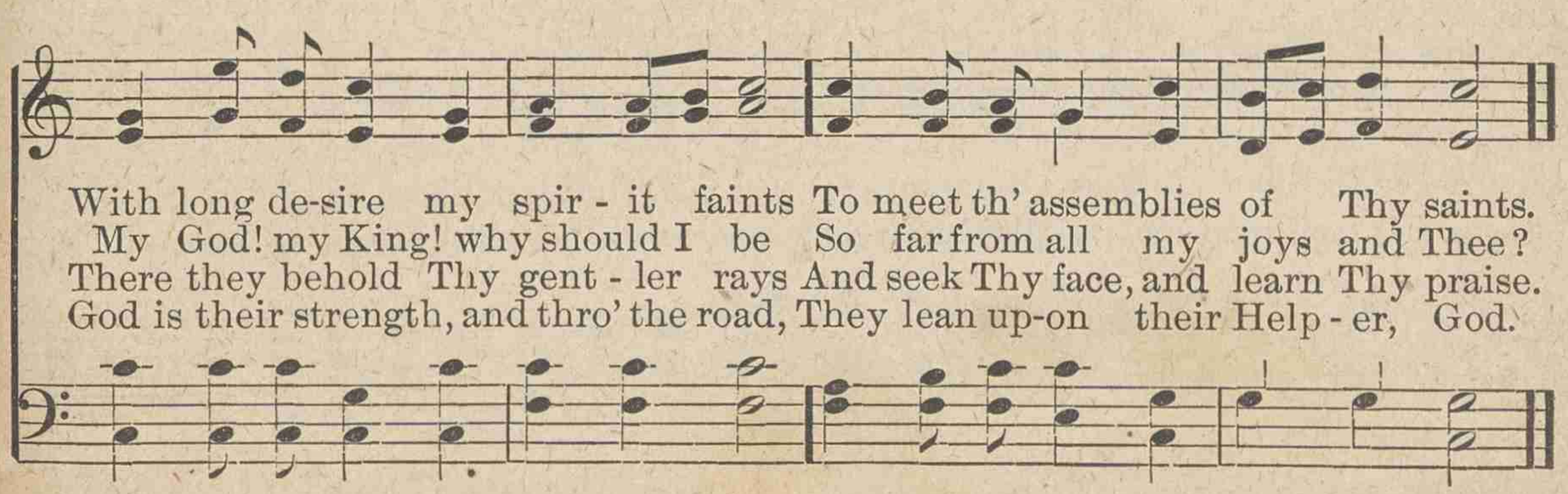
SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE. Concluded.

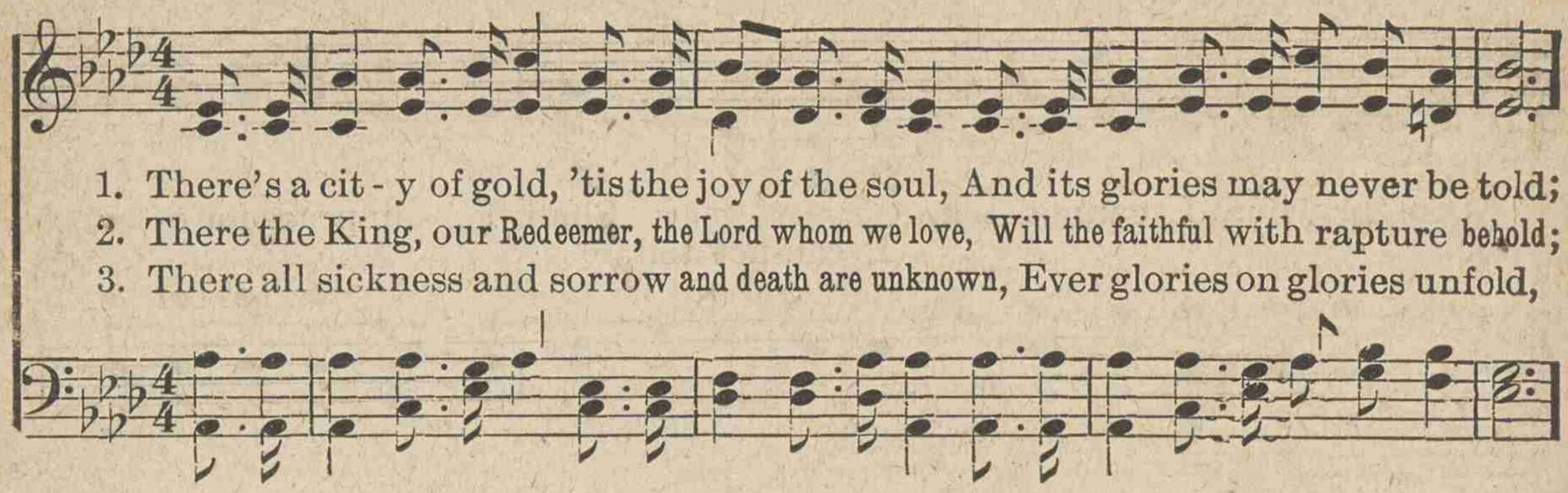
No. 200. PINE MILLS. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. C. O. HARTSFIELD.



No. 201 THE CITY OF GOLD.

ANON. T. B. YATES.



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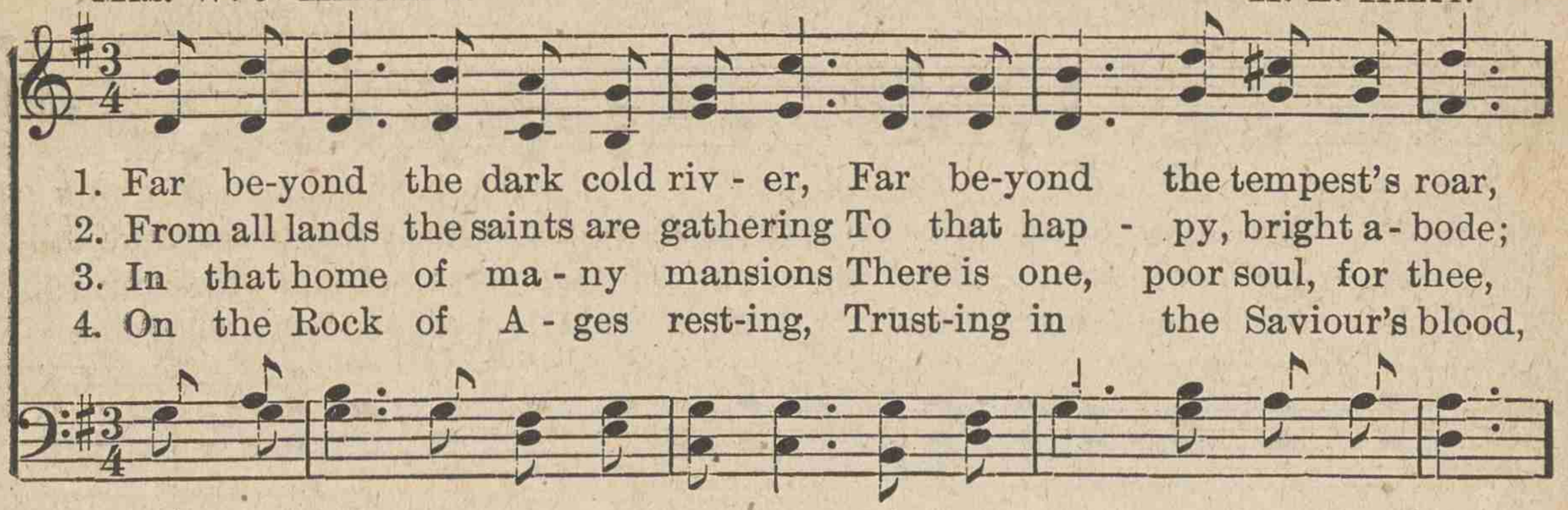
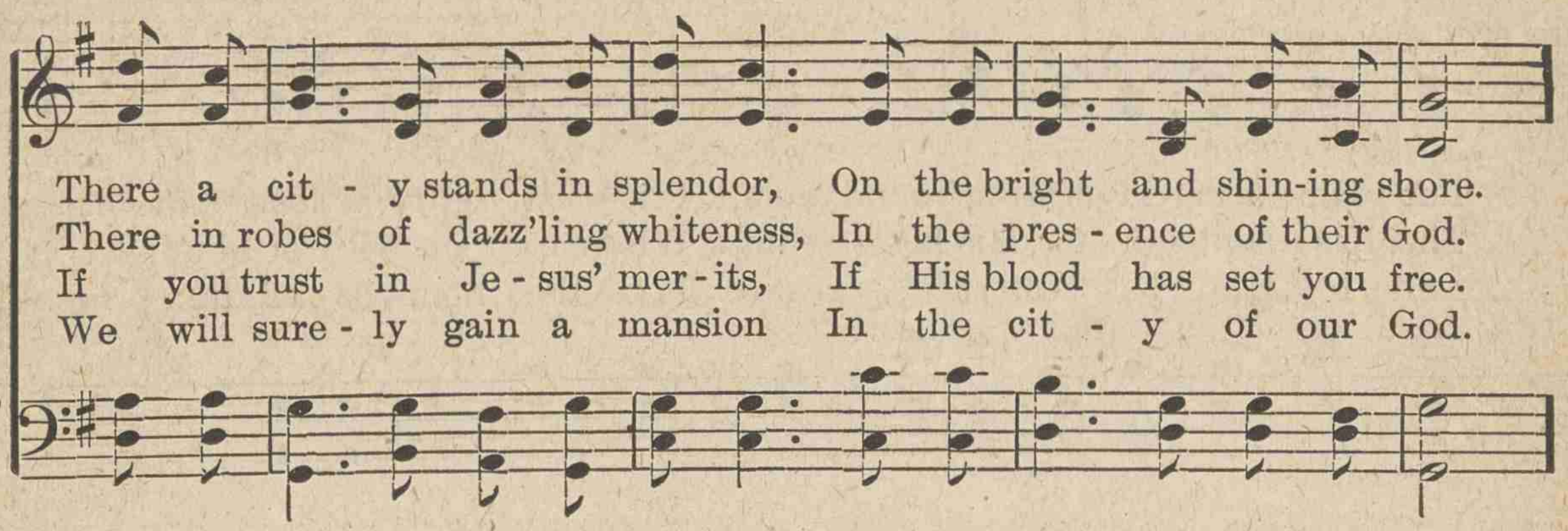
No. 202. COME AND GAIN A HEAVENLY MANSION.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. H. L. HIETT.





REFRAIN.

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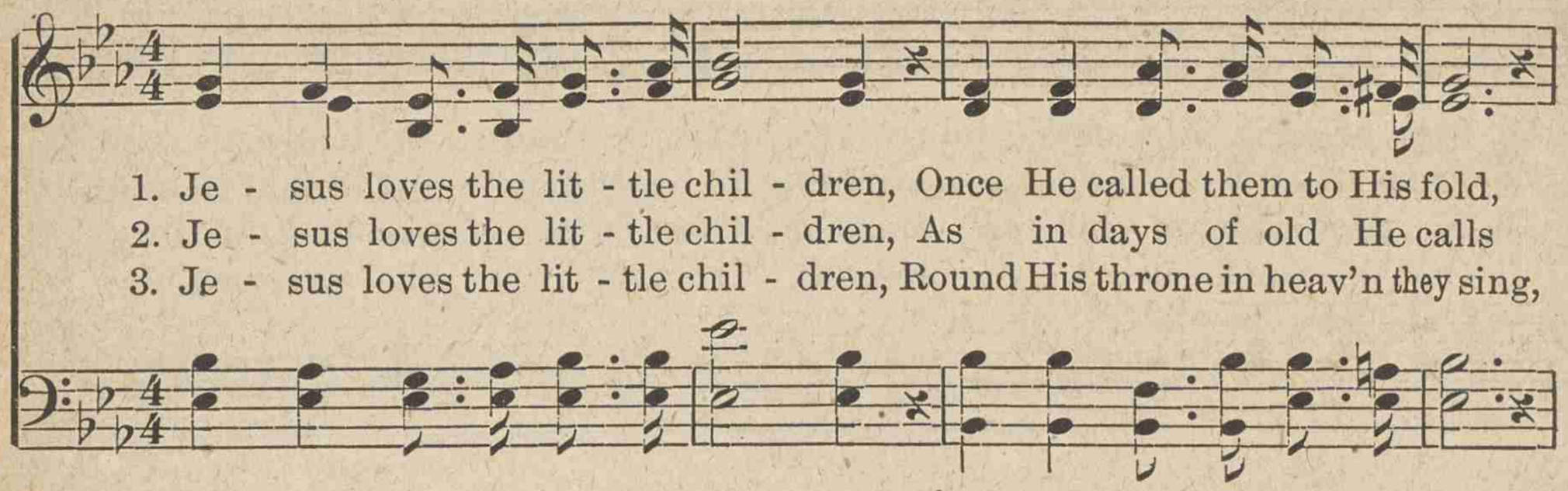
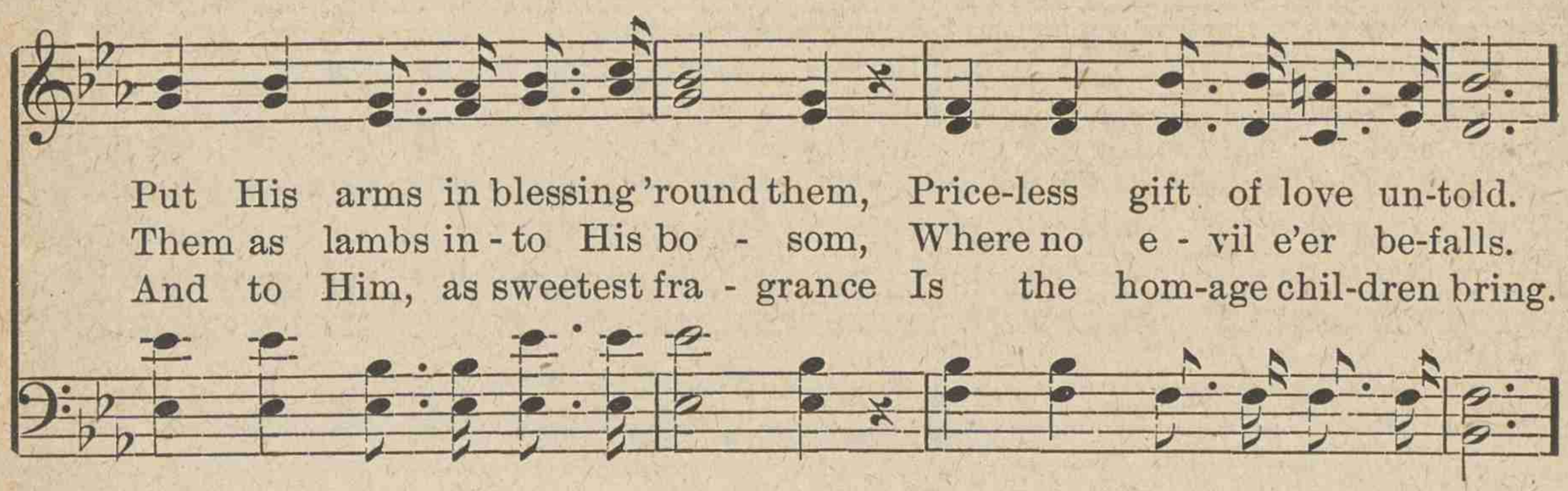
No. 203. JESUS LOVES THE CHILDREN.

ADALYN. R. D. BURLESON.





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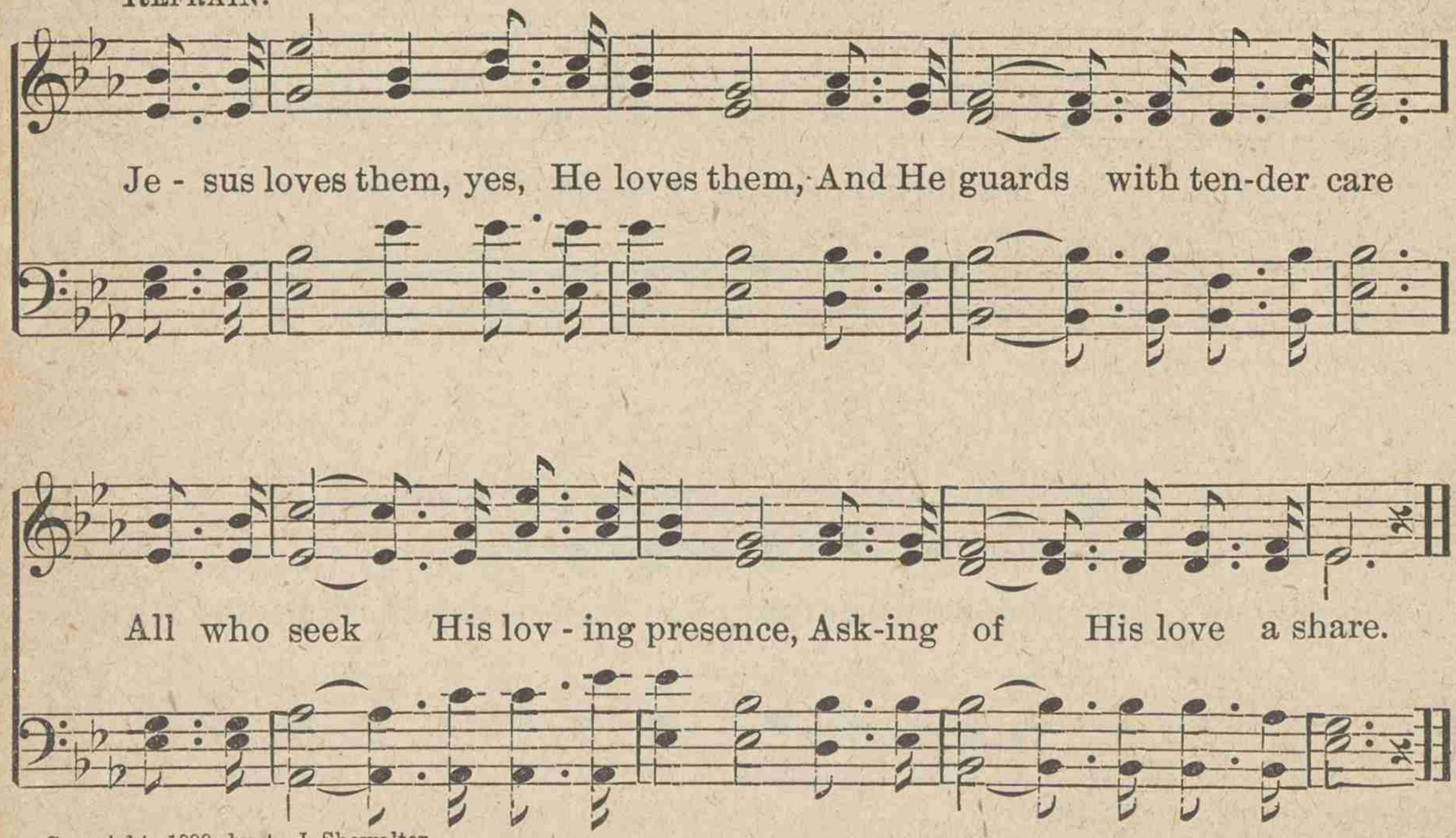

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No. 204. KEEP LOOKING UP.

BIRDIE BELL. H. H. THOMASON.

1. Keep looking up, and tread the path before thee, No time to gath-er thorns a-long the way; A sleep-less eye is ever watching o'er thee, Keep looking up! go
2. Keep looking up, the dark gray skies will brighten, The clouds fast melting as the sun appears; A dawning day the waiting world doth lighten, Keep looking up, God's
3. Keep looking up, when fears and doubts beset thee, A home is waiting when thy toil is o'er; The loving Christ on high will ne'er forget thee, Keep looking up, and

D. S. *Keep look-ing up and cease thy sad repin - ing, The glowing east pro-*

FINE. REFRAIN.

on in faith each day. Keep looking up, A star a-bove is
hands will wipe thy tears.
God enthroned adore. Keep looking up, keep looking up,

claims the promised day.

D. S.

shin-ing, Keep look-ing up, A hand doth point the way;
Keep looking up, keep looking up,

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No. 205. IN THE GLAD NEW TIME.

REV. GEO. MATHESON, D. D. E. S. LORENZ.

1. There are com-ing chang-es great In the glad new time; It is worth our while to wait For the glad new time; Mountain fears shall prostrate lie, Vales of
2. We shall lift op-presssion's load In the glad new time; We shall bear the cross of God In the glad new time; We shall seek the val-leys deep, Where the
3. There shall be a might-y love In the glad new time; It shall come from heights a-bove In the glad new time; It shall stoop with Christ below, To the
4. There shall be a joy in heav'n In the glad new time; For God's resting shall be giv'n In the glad new time; For His Sabbath shall be found When the

hope be lift-ed high, Trembling earth embrace the sky, In the glad new time.
wea-ry strive or sleep, And convey them up the steep, In the glad new time.
path where sinners go, And shall gird them with the glow Of the glad new time.
skies have touched the ground, And the val-leys shall resound With the glad new time.

REFRAIN.

In the glad new time, In the
In the glad, the happy new time, In the glad, the happy new time.

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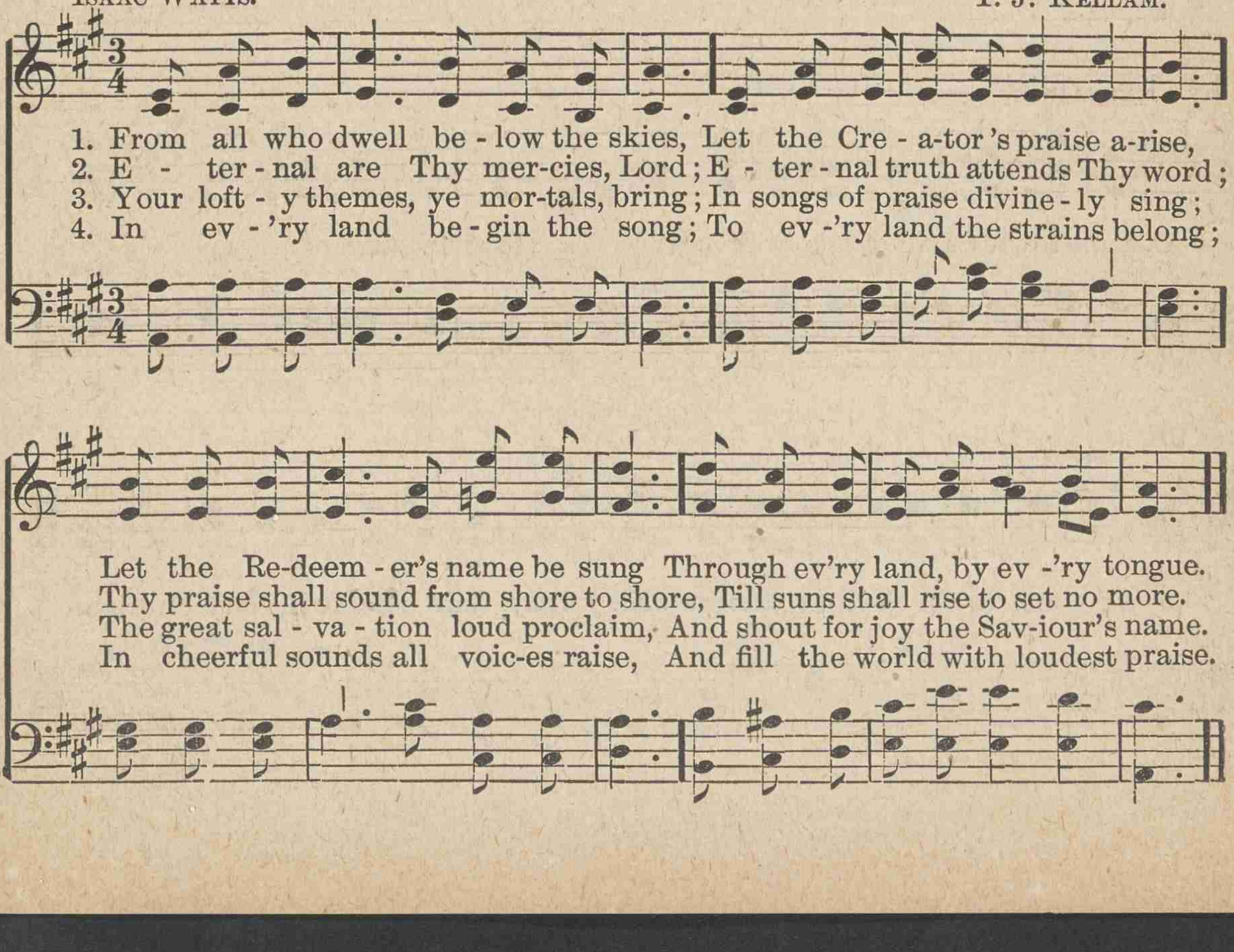
IN THE GLAD NEW TIME. Concluded.

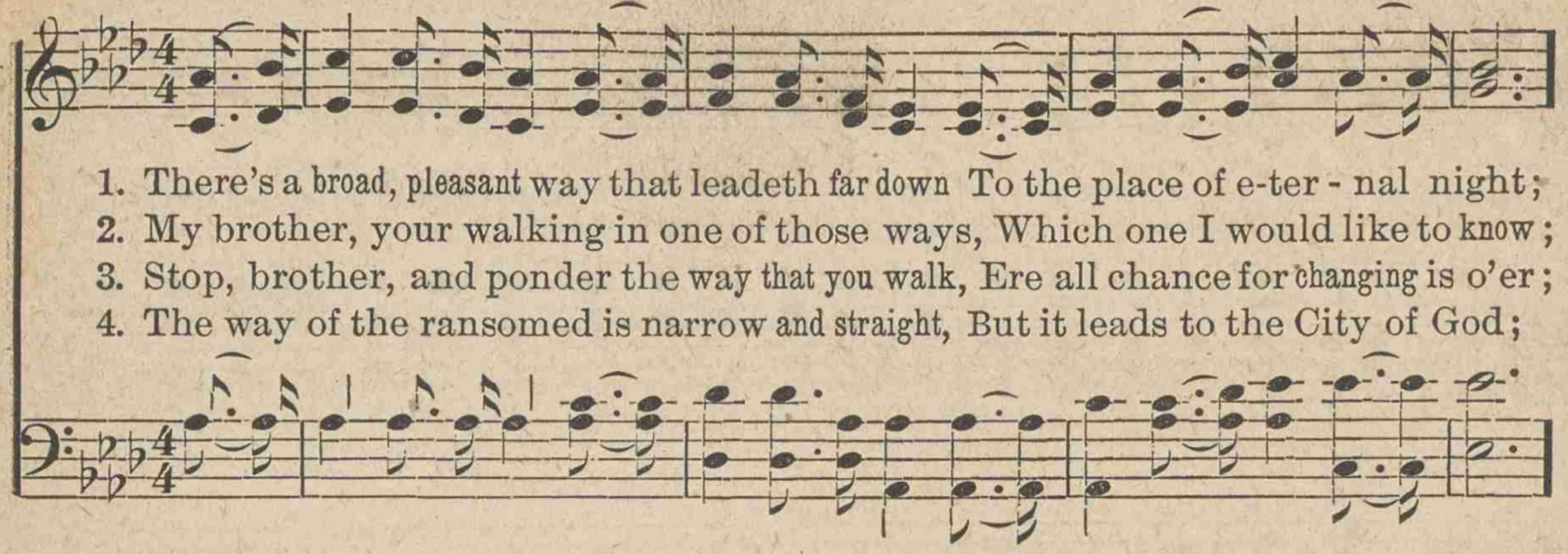
No. 206. MANSFIELD. L. M.

ISAAC WATTS. T. J. KELLAM.

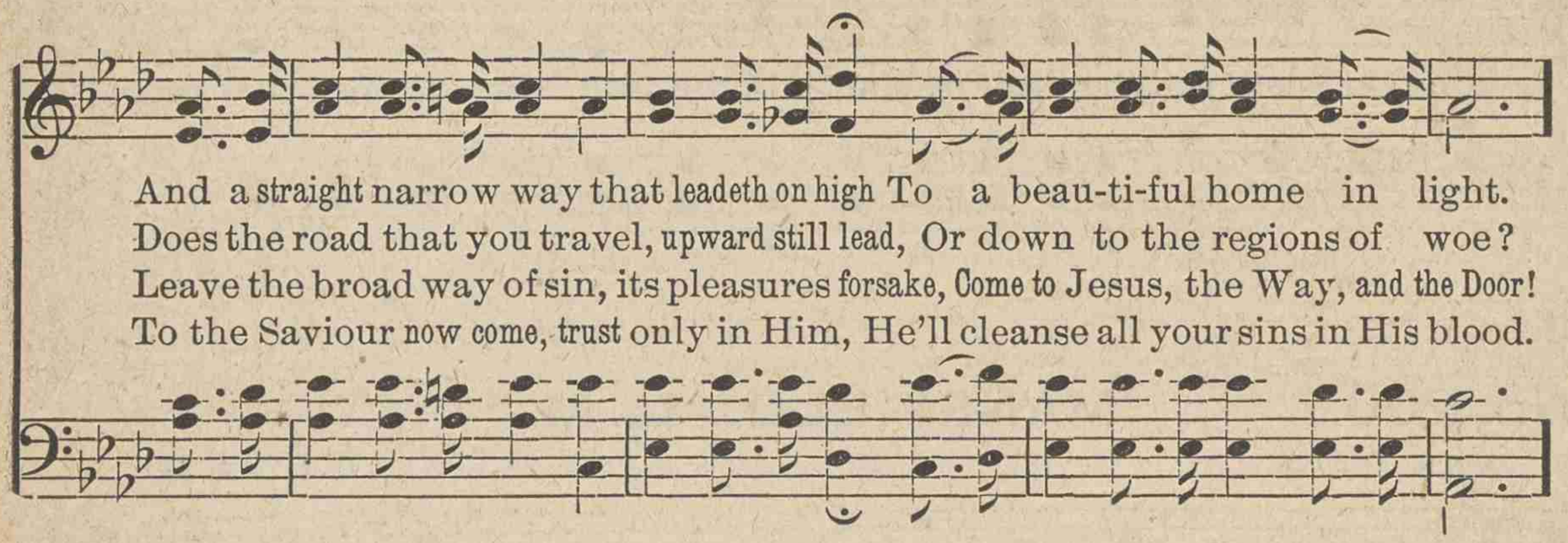


No. 207. CHRIST, THE DOOR, THE WAY.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. W. G. WOLFE.

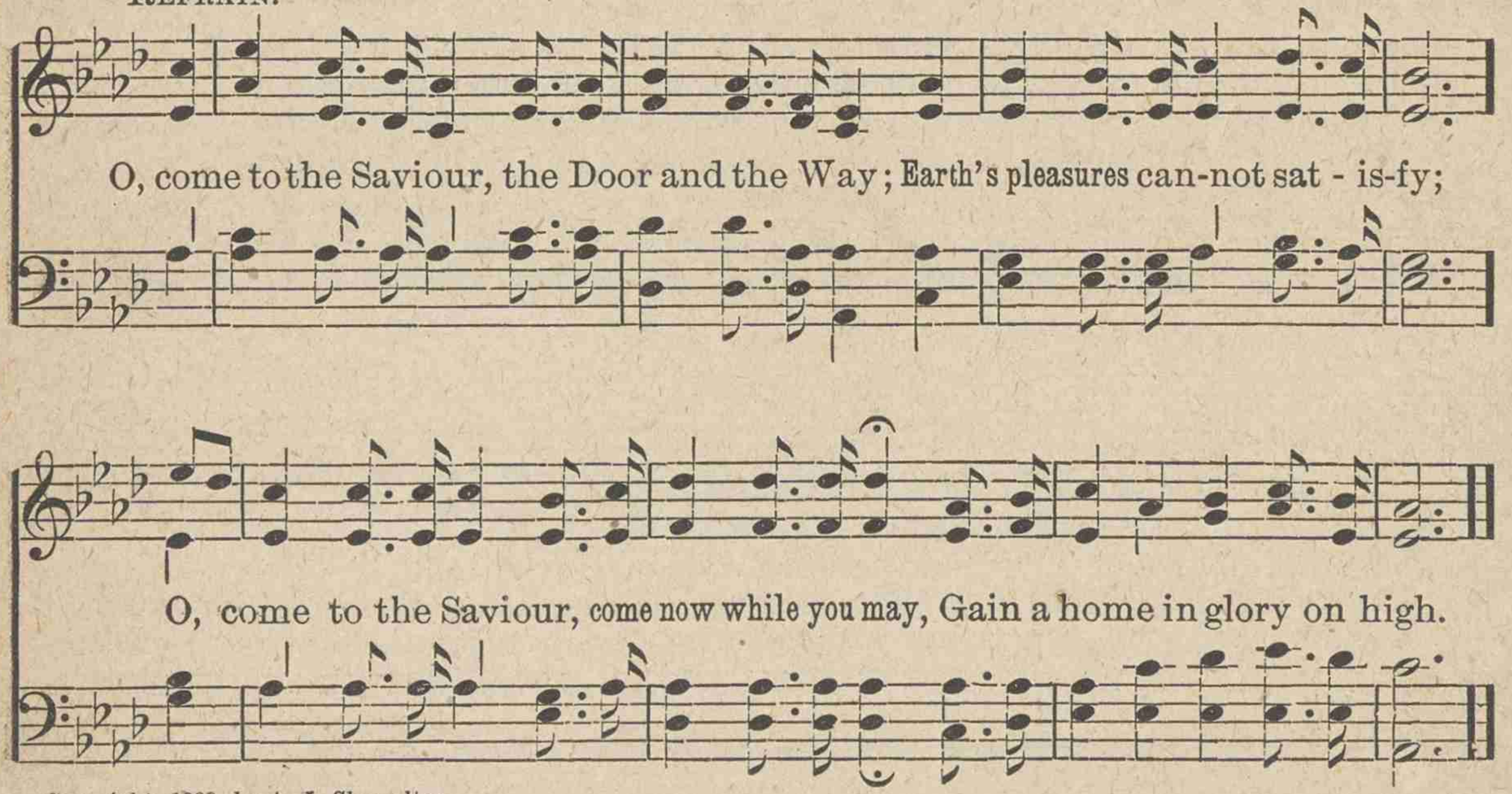


1. There's a broad, pleasant way that leadeth far down To the place of e-ter - nal night;
2. My brother, your walking in one of those ways, Which one I would like to know;
3. Stop, brother, and ponder the way that you walk, Ere all chance for changing is o'er;
4. The way of the ransomed is narrow and straight, But it leads to the City of God;



And a straight narrow way that leadeth on high To a beau-ti-ful home in light.
Does the road that you travel, upward still lead, Or down to the regions of woe?
Leave the broad way of sin, its pleasures forsake, Come to Jesus, the Way, and the Door!
To the Saviour now come, trust only in Him, He'll cleanse all your sins in His blood.

REFRAIN.



O, come to the Saviour, the Door and the Way; Earth's pleasures can-not sat - is-fy;

O, come to the Saviour, come now while you may, Gain a home in glory on high.

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No. 208. THERE IS LIFE AT THE CROSS.

E. G. BLACKMAN. A. D. SARTWELL.

1. Life is offered at the cross Where my loving Saviour died; There is cleansing from all
2. Sinner, come to Christ and live, He will cleanse your heart from sin, Life eternal He will
3. Sinner, heed His tender call, O, accept Him while you may; In His heart there's room for

REFRAIN.

dross In that crimson flowing tide. There is life, at the cross,
give, On-ly rise and let Him in.
all,—Rise, and come without delay. Eternal life, the blessed cross,

There is life, at the cross; Sinner, come, . . there's life for
E-ter-nal life, the blessed cross; O sinner, come,

thee, . . . Come to Christ . . and be made free.
there's life for thee, O, come to Christ and be made free, and be made free.

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

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

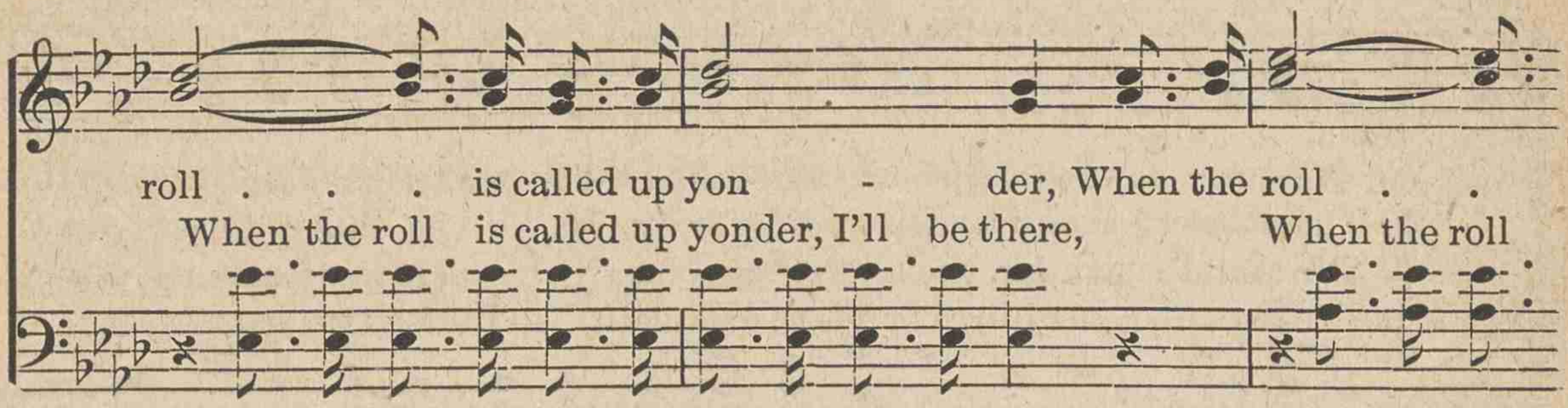
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather over on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His chosen ones shall gather to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set-ting sun, Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then when all of life is o-ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Refrain.

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

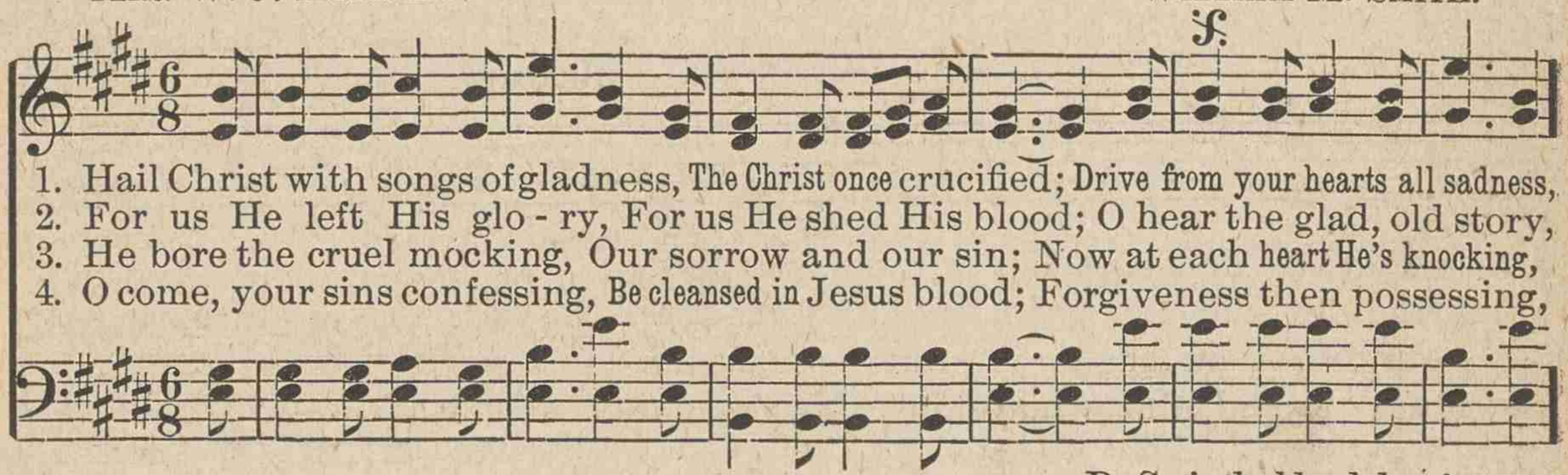
By permission of J. M. Black.

WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED. Concluded.



No. 210. TRUST IN THE PRECIOUS JESUS.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. WILLIAM M. SMITH.



FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

No. 211 RETURN TO THE FOLD.

S. L. B. SAMUEL L. BRUMBAUGH.

1. Re - turn to the fold, the Shepherd doth call, Far a-way thou hast gone, Then
2. Thy answer I heard when first thou didst stray, In accents of love Not
3. Still wand'ring a-far, no call to thee come, No answer from thee, No
4. I've searched over hill, o'er desert and plain, Till I've found thee once more, O, re-

why not come all ? Thou hast wandered o'er plain, o'er desert and hill, And
yet far a - way; Re - turn thou didst not, and yet ne'er the path Hast thou
ac - cents of love; Thy love for the fold was growing so cold, That
turn home a-gain; I'll car - ry thee back, re-joic-ing more o'er, Than the

REFRAIN.

naught hast thou found for thy weakness or ill.
found to the fold, where there's safety from wrath. Re-turn, O, re - turn, O, re-
ne'er didst thou long to re - turn to the fold.
nine - ty and nine, who yet love thee the more.

turn to the fold, There is shelter from harm, from dan-ger and cold, The

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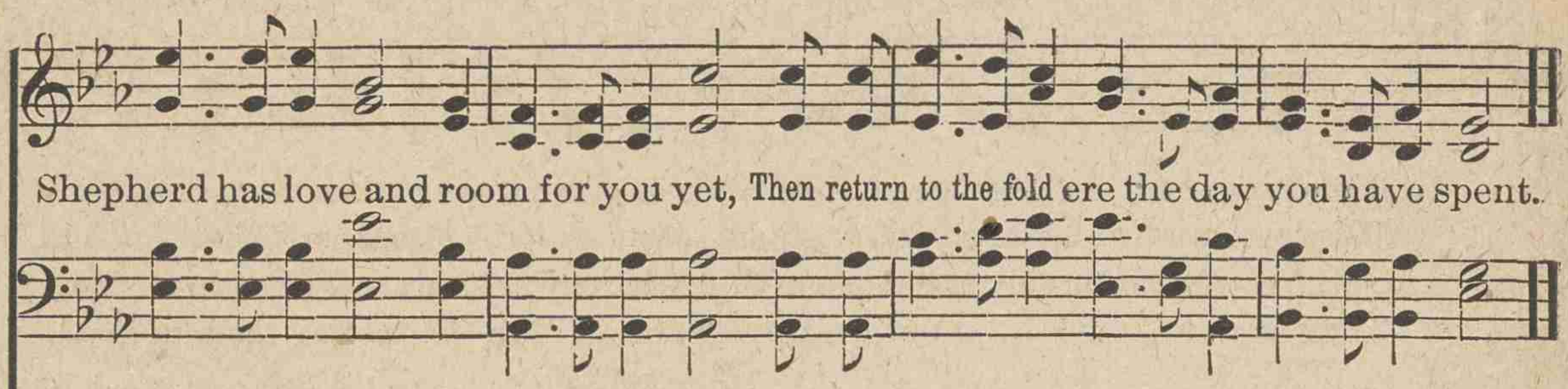
RETURN TO THE FOLD. Concluded.



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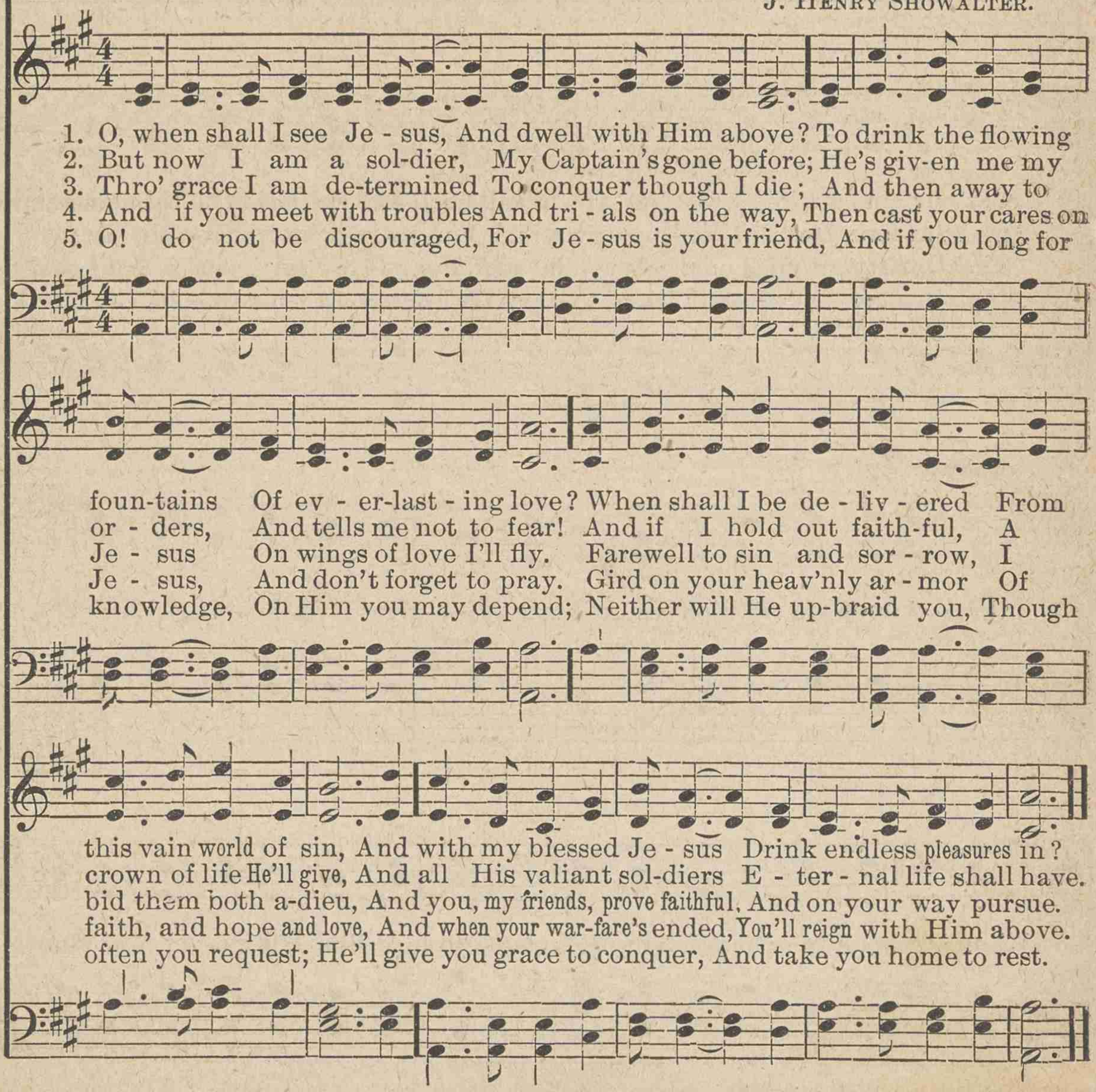

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No. 213. THE RICHES OF GRACE.

MRS. W. J. KENNEDY. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

1. We are saved by the grace of our God, And are kept by His power and love;
2. We were sunk in the ru - ins of sin, But swift - ly He came to our aid,
3. O how wondrous the grace of our God, How sweet and how joyous the thought,
4. Ye poor souls, who are wand'ring astray, So far, far a-way from your God,

All our sins washed away in the blood, Each day we His faith-ful-ness prove.
O'er our foes He did vic - to - ry win, For us, peace with God He has made.
That Christ ransomed our souls with His blood, For us He sal - va-tion has bought.
If ye come to the Sav-iour to-day, He'll cleanse all your sins in His blood.

REFRAIN.

O, how deep are the rich - es of grace, How great is the love Christ has shown,
When He stood in the poor sin-ner's place, No love like His ev - er was known.

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