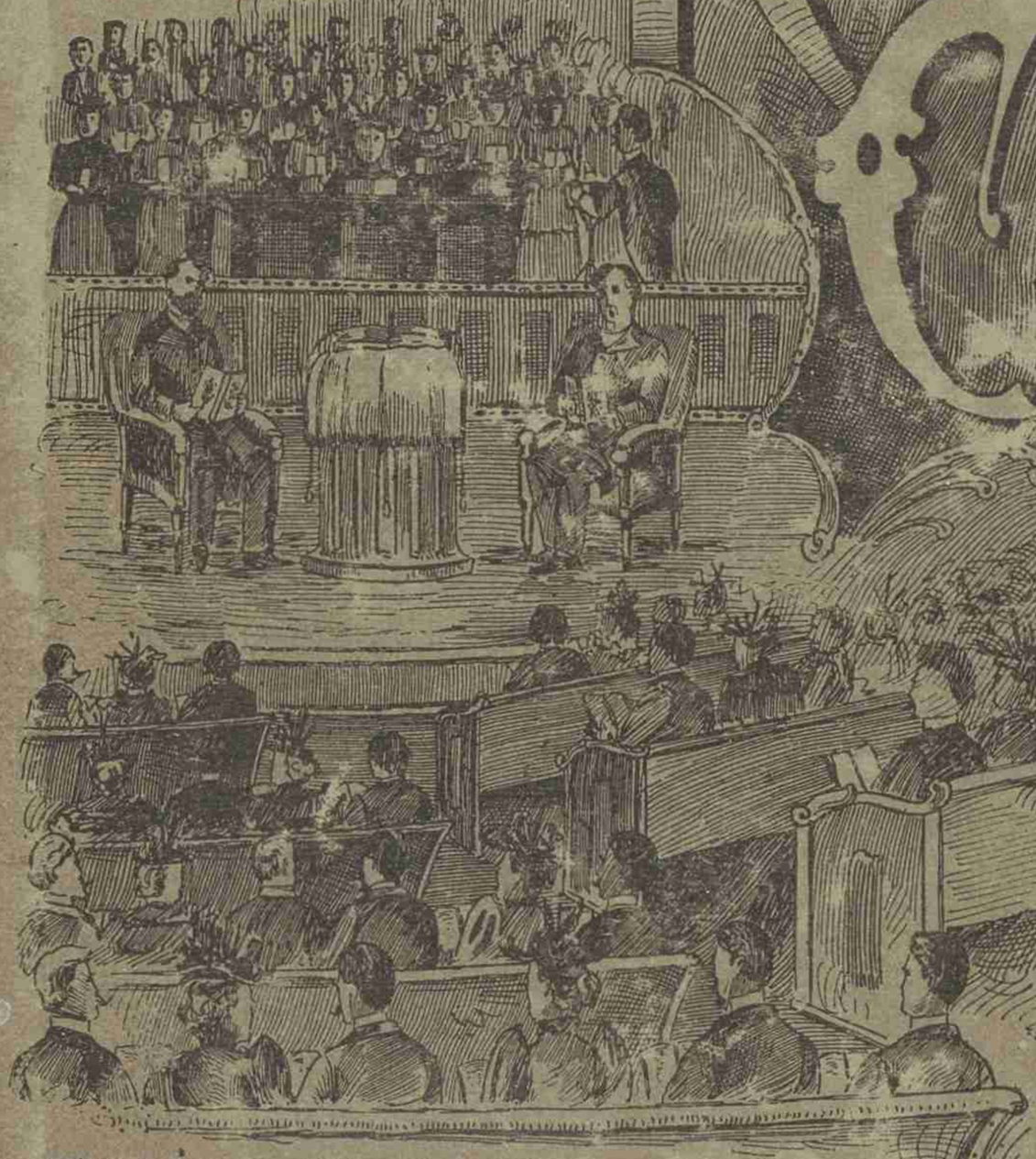
THE REVIVAL CHOIR

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER
J. D. PATTON
&
REV. W. M. McINTOSH.



PUBLISHED BY
THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO.
DALTON, GA.

THE SHOWALTER LINCOLN CO.
DALLAS, TEXAS.

WM. BEERY,
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THE

Revival Choir

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF NEW AND STANDARD GOSPEL SONGS FOR EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS. SUITABLE ALSO FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND GENERAL PUBLIC WORSHIP * * * *

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER, J. D. PATTON,

AND

REV. W. M. McINTOSH

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1894
Revi

THE REVIVAL CHOIR is respectfully and fraternally inscribed to our co-laborers and brother Evangelists everywhere, with the prayer that their earnest preaching of the Word and singing of these Spiritual Songs may be owned and blessed of God to the conversion of many precious souls and the awakening of a genuine revival of religion wherever they go.

THE AUTHORS.

May 1, 1894.

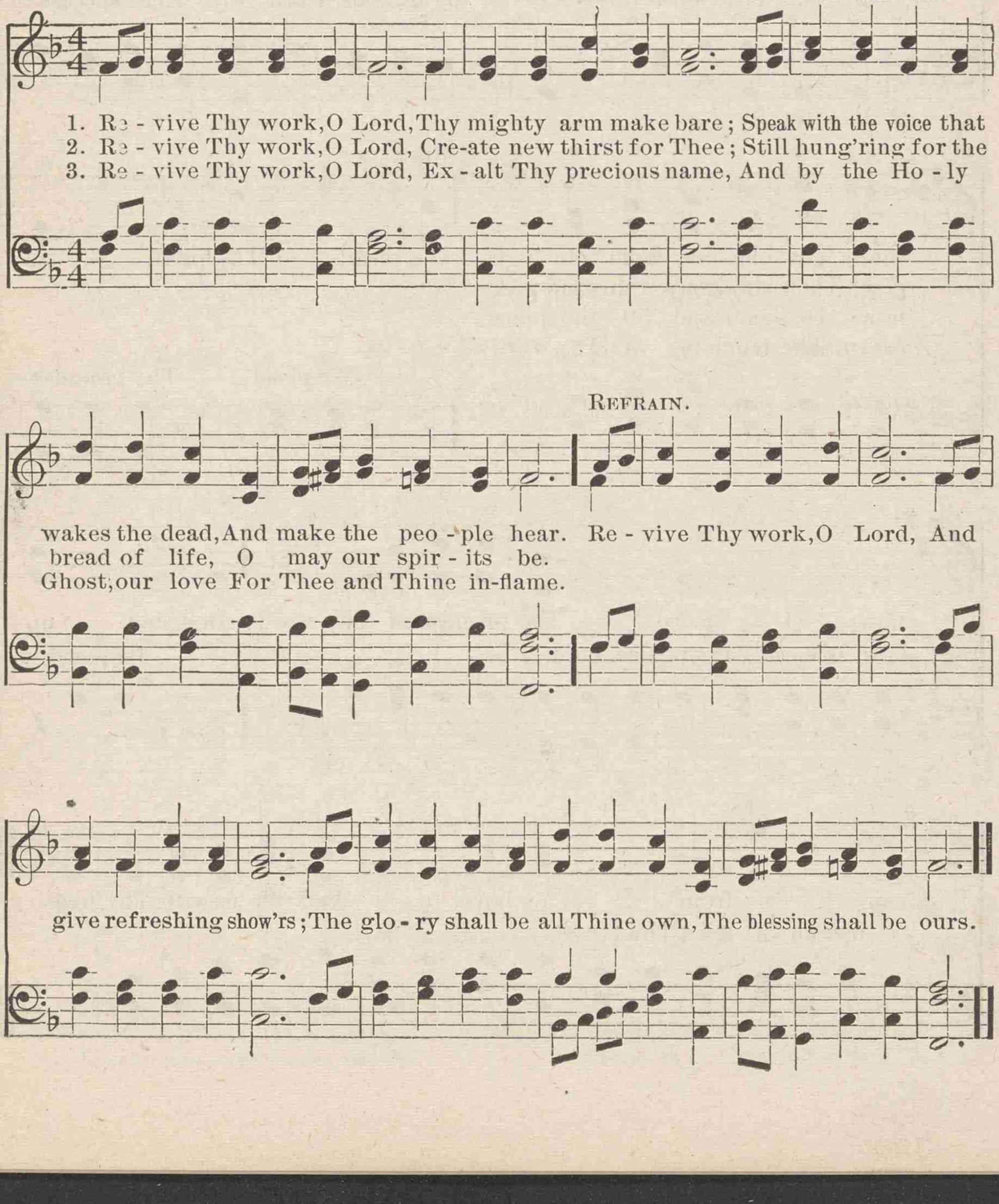
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THE REVIVAL CHOIR.

No. 1. REVIVE THY WORK.

* * *

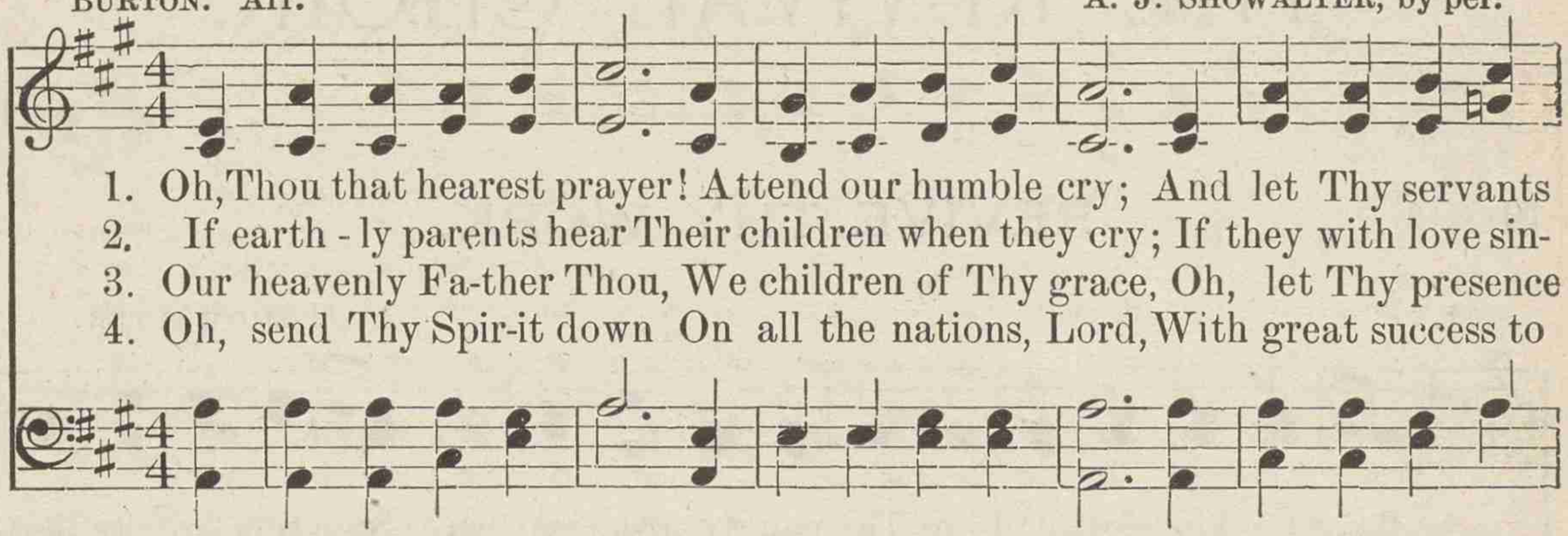
A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 2. OH, THOU THAT HEAREST PRAYER.

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



No. 3. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

"There shall be showers of blessing." EZEK. xxxiv: 26.

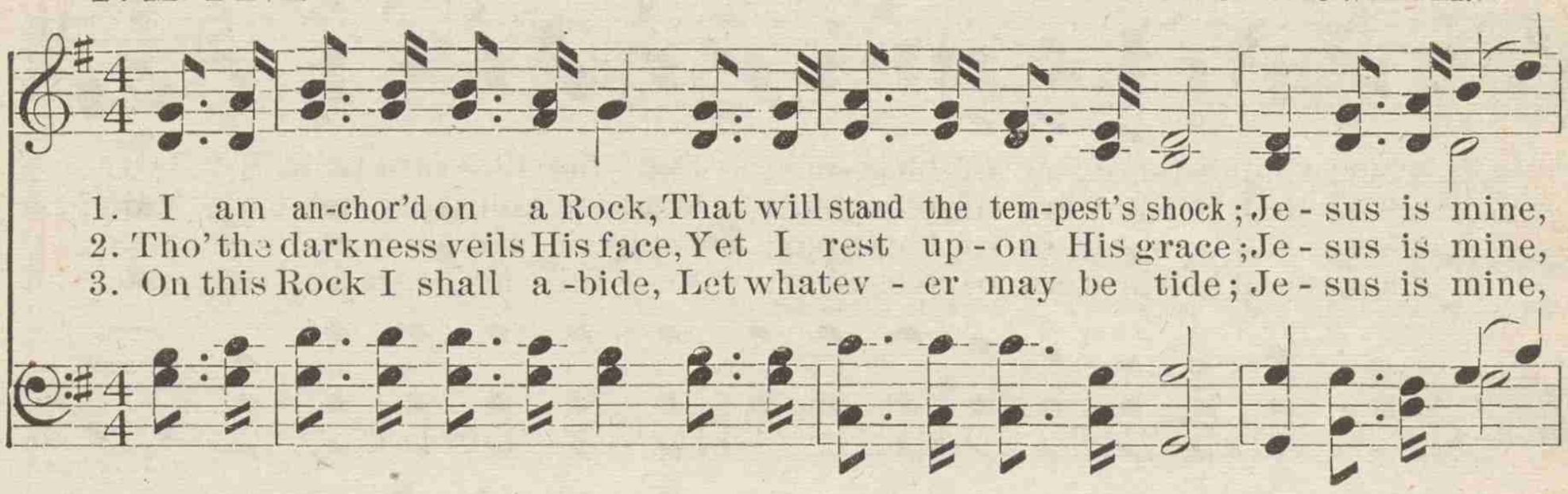
Rev. W. T. DALE. A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

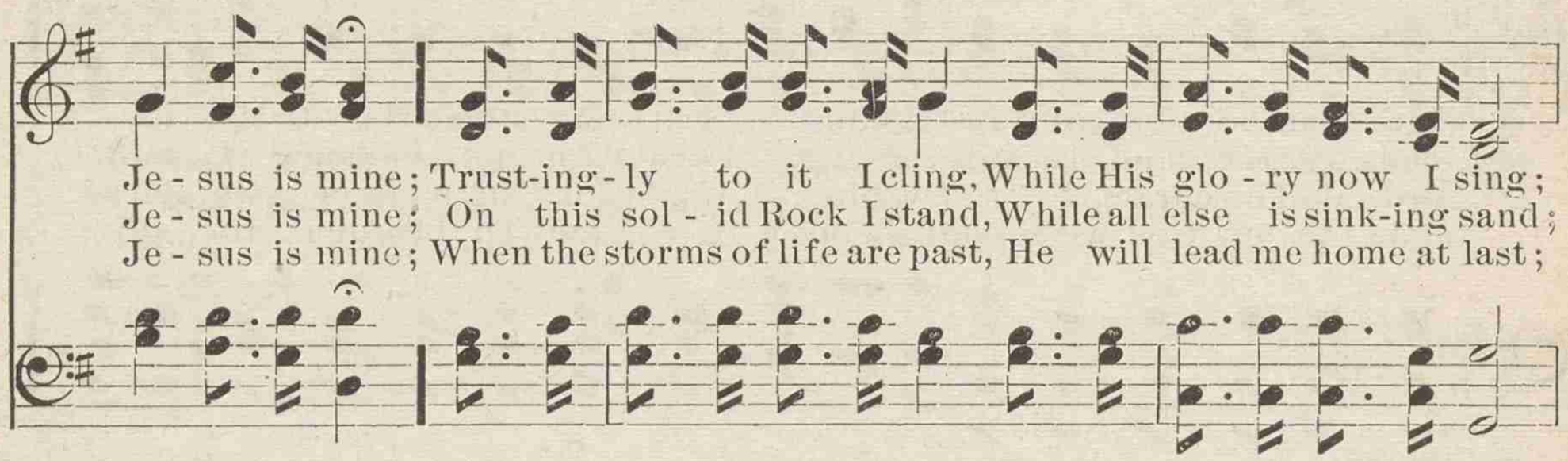
5 There shall be showers of blessing,
Filling our land with delight;
Showers of blessing, reviving,
Giving us songs in the night.

6 There shall be showers of blessing,
Showers of blessing on all;
Glory to God! they are coming,
Showers of blessing now fall.

No. 4. JESUS IS MINE.

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





REFRAIN.



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JESUS IS MINE.



No. 5. JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE.

ANON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

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No. 6. I AM REDEEMED.

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

1. My heart is a foun-tain of joy to - day, For Je-sus has wash'd all my sins a - way, Yes, Je - sus has washed all my sins a - way, And
2. I nev - er had tho't such a peace to know, But Je-sus has wash'd me as white as snow, Yes, Je - sus has washed me as white as snow, And
3. And so I have fore-taste of heav'n with-in, For Je-sus has saved me from all my sin, Yes, Je - sus has saved me from all my sin, And

REFRAIN.

I am re - deemed. And I am re - deemed, Yes, I am re - deemed,
I am re - deemed.
I am re - deemed.

For Je - sus has wash'd all my sins a - way, And I am re - deemed.
For Je - sus has wash'd me as white as snow, And I am re - deemed.
For Je - sus has saved me from all my sin, And I am re - deemed.

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No. 7. WATCH AND PRAY.

"Watch ye, therefore, and pray always." ST. LUKE xxi: 36.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY. J. D. PATTON.

1. Watch, for the moment draws near When the reap - er will gath-er your soul;
2. Watch, for the tempter is strong, And His pow'r you must help to o'er - throw;
3. Watch, lest the Lord should appear When your conscience is sleeping in sin;
4. Watch, lest a soul be o'erthrown You could point to the of - fers of grace;

Pray, for this night you may hear The death-sur - ges that o'er each must roll.
Pray, lest you yield to the wrong, And the world lose the good you could do.
Pray, for earth-hopes per - ish here, Hope im - mor - tal O hast - en to win.
Pray that your work be well - done, And each tho't meet the smile of God's face.

REFRAIN.

Watch and pray . . all the way, . . Watch and pray . . . all the way;
Watch and pray all the way, the way, Watch and pray all the way, watch and pray all the way;
Watch, and the Saviour o - bey, Watch, and be read-y each day.

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No. 8. NOTHING BETWEEN.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Bless-ed Redeem-er! Show us Thy loving face; Draw our cold hearts to Thee,
2. Sun of re-demption! Let us Thy glo-ry see, Shine, with Thy bright'ning ray,
3. "We would see Je-sus;" Nothing of earth-ly din Com-ing, O Lord, be-tween,

ril. Refrain.

Close in Thy fond embrace. Leave noth-ing be-tween us, dear Je-sus, Leave
Bid-ding the darkness flee.
Noth-ing of pride and sin.

noth - - - ing be-tween; O, come in Thy love so
Noth-ing be-tween, noth-ing be-tween,

near us, Leave noth - - - - ing be-tween. . . . .
Noth-ing be-tween, leave noth-ing be-tween.

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No. 9. DRAW ME CLOSE TO THEE.

WM. COOPER.
Ref. added.

H. K. ZELLONGER.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Where is the blessedness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I once en - joyed, How sweet their memory still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn! Sweet mes-sen-ger of rest;

rit.

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

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REFRAIN.

O, my Saviour, draw me close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee,
O, my Saviour, draw me close to Thee, And my burdened soul set free.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
What e're that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close to God
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Land.

No. 10. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK. Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In ma - jes - ty su-preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Sav - iour, Friend of man; Once ruin-ed by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Coun-sel - lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,
5. The ran-somed hosts to Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
6. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove

Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
At God the Fa-ther's own right hand, Where an-gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va-tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdom, Conquer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
With rapturous awe a - dore their King, And worship at His feet.
For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.

REFRAIN.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

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No. 11. WONDERFUL PEACE.

Rev. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it tonight, Rolls a mel - o-dy sweeter than
2. What a treasure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried deep in the heart of my
3. I am resting tonight in this wonderful peace, Resting sweetly in Je-sus' con-
4. And methinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the Author of peace I shall
5. Ah! soul, are you here without comfort or rest, Marching down the rough pathway of

psalm; In ce - les-tial-like strains it unceasing - ly falls O'er my soul like an
soul; So se-cure that no pow-er can mine it a - way, While the years of e-
trol; For I'm kept from all danger by night and by day, And His glo - ry is
see, That one strain of the song which the ransom'd will sing In that heav-en - ly
time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the shadows grow dark; Oh, ac-cept of this

REFRAIN.

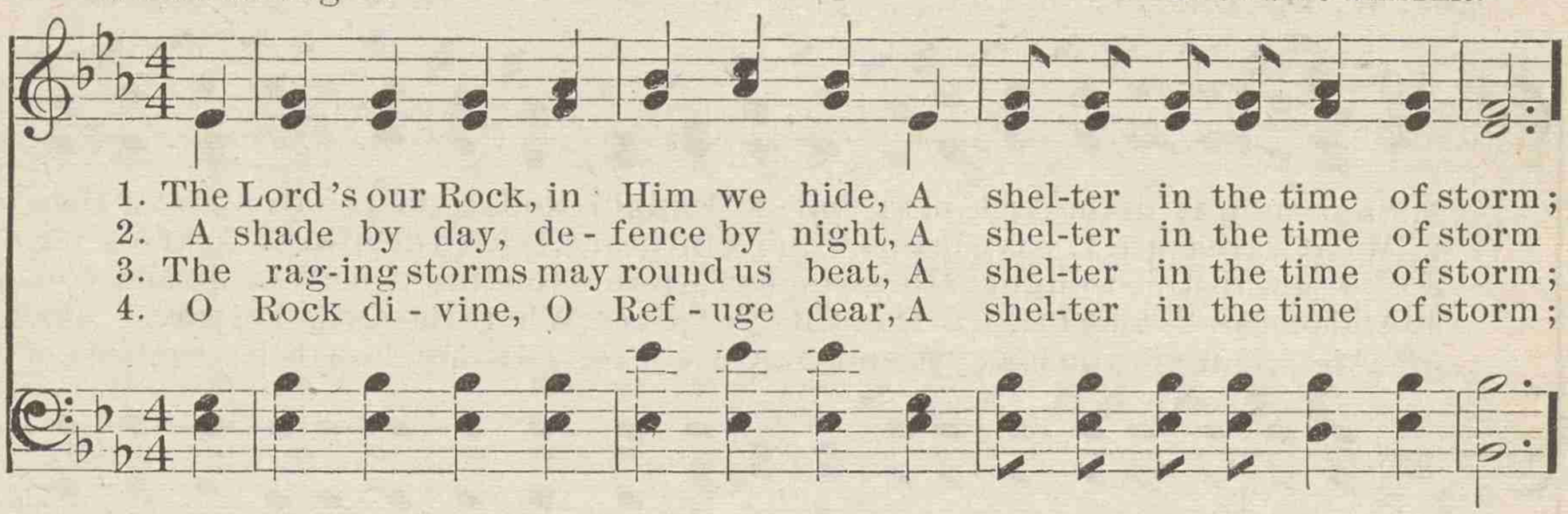
in - fi - nite calm. Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father a - bove;
ter - ni - ty roll.
flooding my soul.
kingdom will be:
peace so sub - lime.

Sweep o - ver my spir-it for - ev-er, I pray, In fath-omless billows of love.

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No. 12. A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

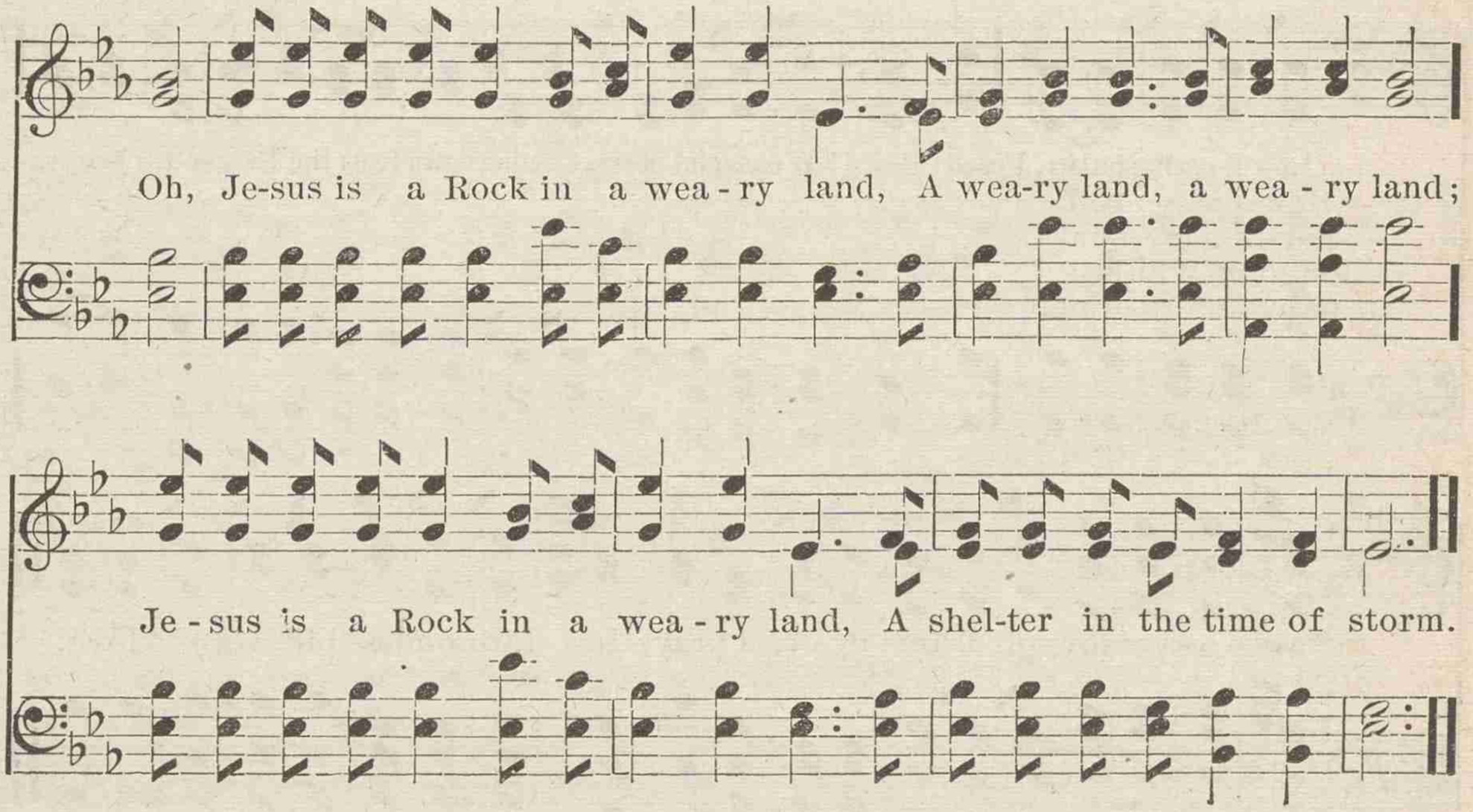
Words arranged. A. J. SHOWALTER.





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REFRAIN.



No. 13. PRAISE WE THE FATHER.

MRS. ADALINE H. BEERY. J. L. HEATH.

1. Boun-ti - ful Giv - er of good - ness, Fa-ther in heav-en a - bove,
2. King of all na-tions and peo - ple, Free-ly we trust in Thy might;
3. Mer - ci - ful Sav-iour of sin - ners, When in - to darkness we stray,

Ev - er en - dur - eth Thy mer - cy, Wide as the world is Thy love.
Thou wilt de - fend us and keep us, Faith-ful - ly serv - ing the right.
Lov - ing - ly Thou dost re - store us, Lead-ing us back to the day.

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REFRAIN.

Praise we the Fa - ther, Laud and a-dore His blest name;
Praise we the Father, yes, praise we the Father,
Sing of His sweet lov - ing-kind-ness, Ev - er re-joice in the same.

No. 14. SEEKING THE LOST.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden. By per.

1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kindly entreating Wanderers on the mountain a - stray;
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Jesus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore;
3. Thus I would go on missions of mercy, Fol-lowing Christ from day un-to day;

"Come un-to me," His message repeating, Words of the Master speaking to-day.
Leading them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the path to life ev-er - more.
Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall-en; Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

Refrain.

Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain,
Go - ing a - far . . . . . up - on the moun - tain, . . . Bringing the

Bring - ing the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain,
wan - - - - - - - - - d'rer back a - gain, ...



No. 15. COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.



2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto Him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Only trust Him.
12 Jesus loves you.
13 Do n't reject Him.
14 I believe Him.
15 Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 16. THE HEAVENLY CALLING.

JENNIE CRANSTON. J. D. PATTON.



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No. 17. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

ANON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In a wea - ry land I wan - der, And with fal-t'ring steps I walk;
2. Here my toils are un - a - bat - ing, And rude cares a - bout me mock;
3. In those pas-tures fair and ver - nal, With my Shepherd's chos-en flock;
4. By those wa - ters gen - tly flow - ing, I will fear no tem - pest shock,
5. So with pa - tient faith I wan - der, And with lov - ing trust I walk,

For my rest is o - ver yon - der, In the shad - ow of the Rock.
But my rest is yon - der wait - ing, In the shad - ow of the Rock.
I will feast on joys e - ter - nal, In the shad - ow of the Rock.
And no want nor grief be know-ing, In the shad - ow of the Rock.
For my rest is o - ver yon - der, In the shad - ow of the Rock.

REFRAIN.

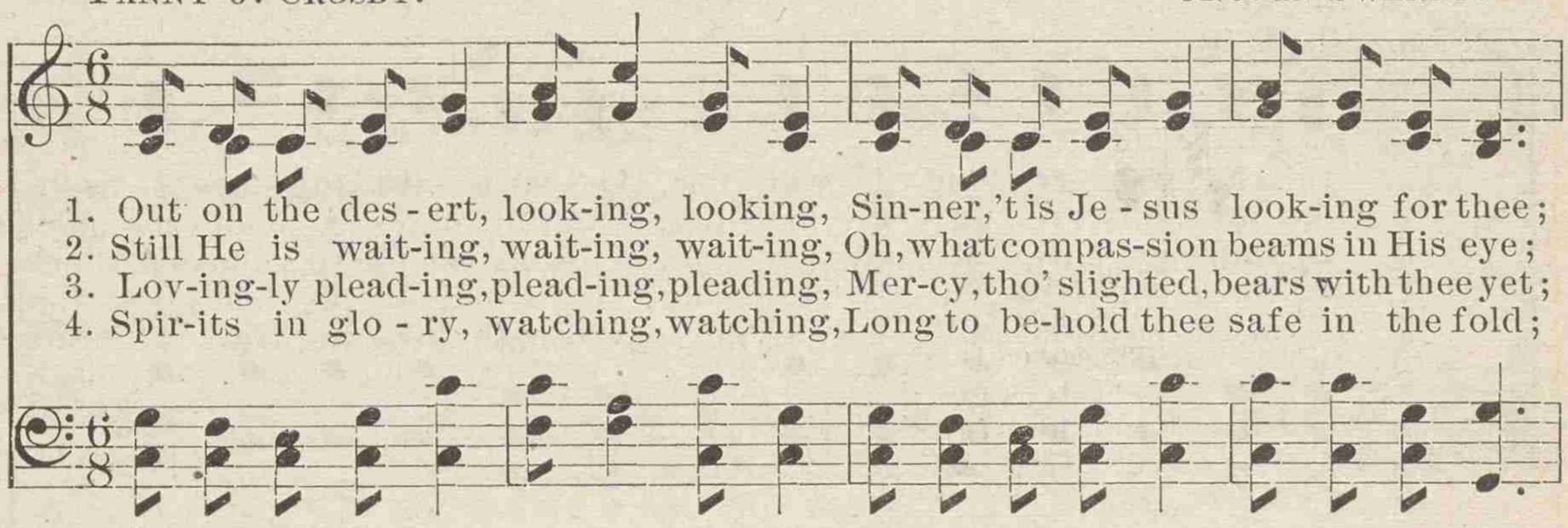
In the shad - ow of the Rock, In the shad-ow of the Rock;

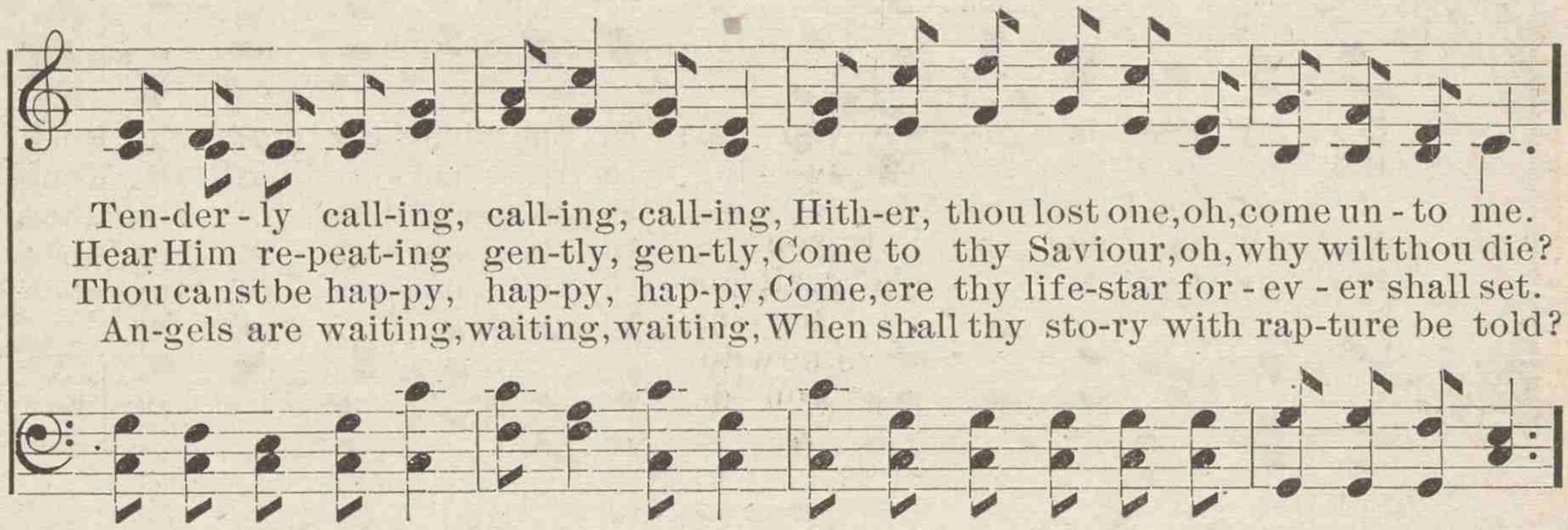
For my rest is o - ver yon - der, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
But my rest is yon - der wait - ing, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
I will feast on joys e - ter - nal, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
And no want nor grief be know-ing, In the shad-ow of the Rock.
For my rest is o - ver yon - der, In the shad-ow of the Rock.

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No. 18. COMING TO-DAY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.





REFRAIN.



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No. 19. HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST.

CHAS. I. BUTLER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be; . .
2. But there, in that lone-ly hour, A voice sweetly whisper'd to me, . .
3. Fully then trusted I in Je-sus, And oh, what a joy came to me! . .

I won-der'd if Christ, the Redeemer, Would save a poor sinner like me.
Saying, "Christ, the Redeemer, hath power To save a poor sinner like me."
My heart was fill'd with prais- es, For He sav'd a poor sinner like me.

I wan - der'd on in the dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see;
I listen'd and lo! 't was the Sav- iour That was speaking so kind to me;
No long -er in darkness I 'm walking, For the light is shin-ing on me;

And the tho't fill'd my heart with sadness, There 's no hope for a sin-ner like me.
I cried, "I 'm the chief of sin-ners, Thou can'st save a poor sinner like me."
And now un - to oth-ers I 'm tell -ing How He sav'd a poor sinner like me.

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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,

Refrain.

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

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MIGHTY TO SAVE.



No. 21. NEARER THE CROSS.

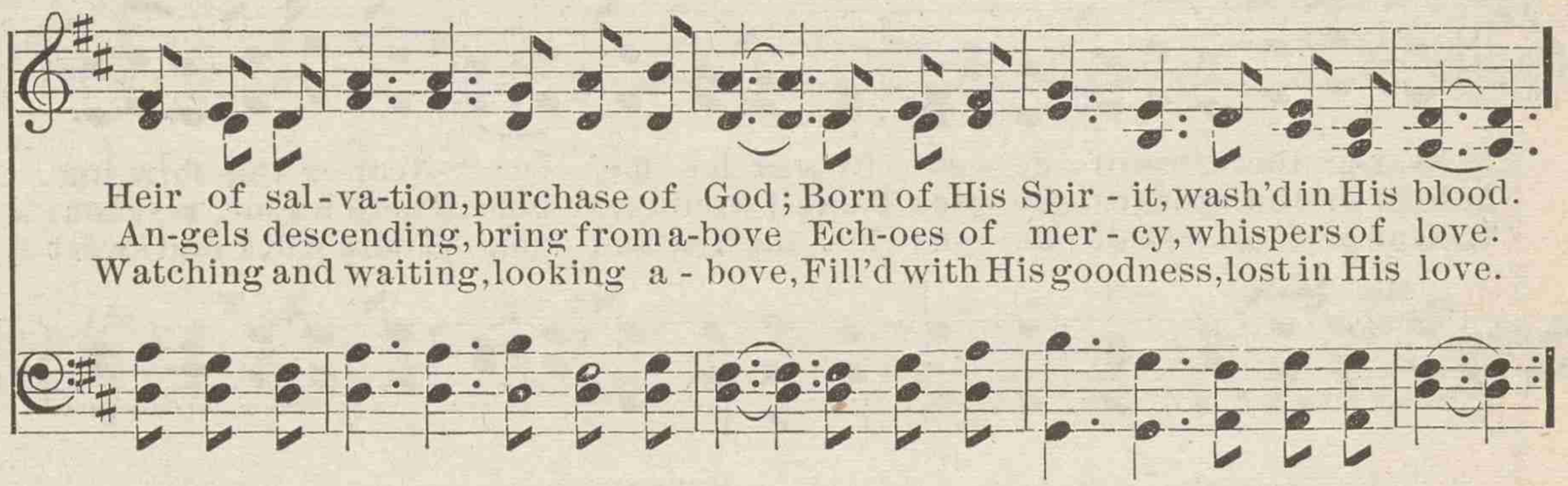
C. ABBEY. J. HENRY SHOWALTER, by per.

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.





REFRAIN.





No. 23. CHRIST IS ALL.

Rev. W. A. Williams.

1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there, Yet peace and joy with - al;
2. I stood be-side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach-ing head, Wait- ing for Je - sus' call;
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake; The flames could not his cour-age shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall;
4. I dream'd that hoar-y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead, A fire dis-solv'd this ball;
5. Then come to Christ, O come to-day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it say, The Bride re - peats the call;

I asked the lone - ly moth-er whence Her help-less widowhood's defense, She told me, "Christ is all."
I mark'd his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as His spir- it pass'd a-way, He whisper'd "Christ is all."
I ask'd him whence his strength was giv'n, He look'd tri- umphant-ly to heav'n, And answer'd "Christ is all."
I saw the church-es ran-som'd throng, I heard the bur-den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."

REFRAIN.

Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, She told me, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He whisper'd "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, He whisper'd "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, And answer'd "Christ is all;" Christ is all, all in all, And answer'd "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all;" Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all;" Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all."

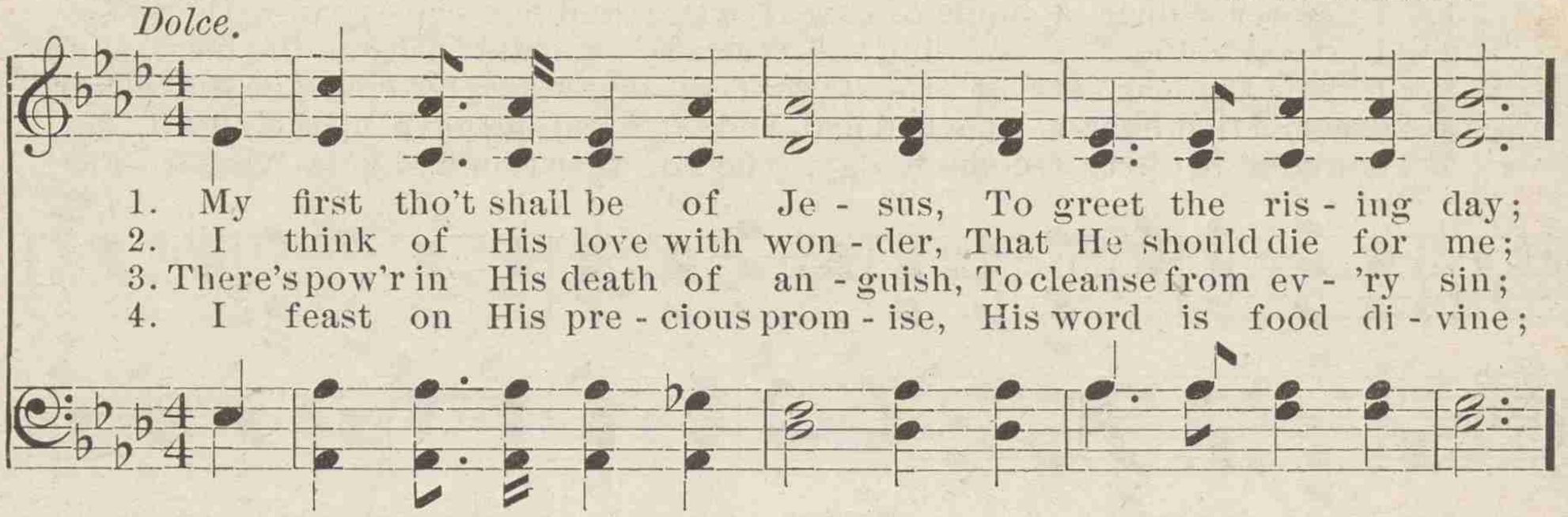
By per. of W. A. Williams, Warnock, O., publisher of "Silver Tones," 35 cts., and "Song Jewels," 20 cts.

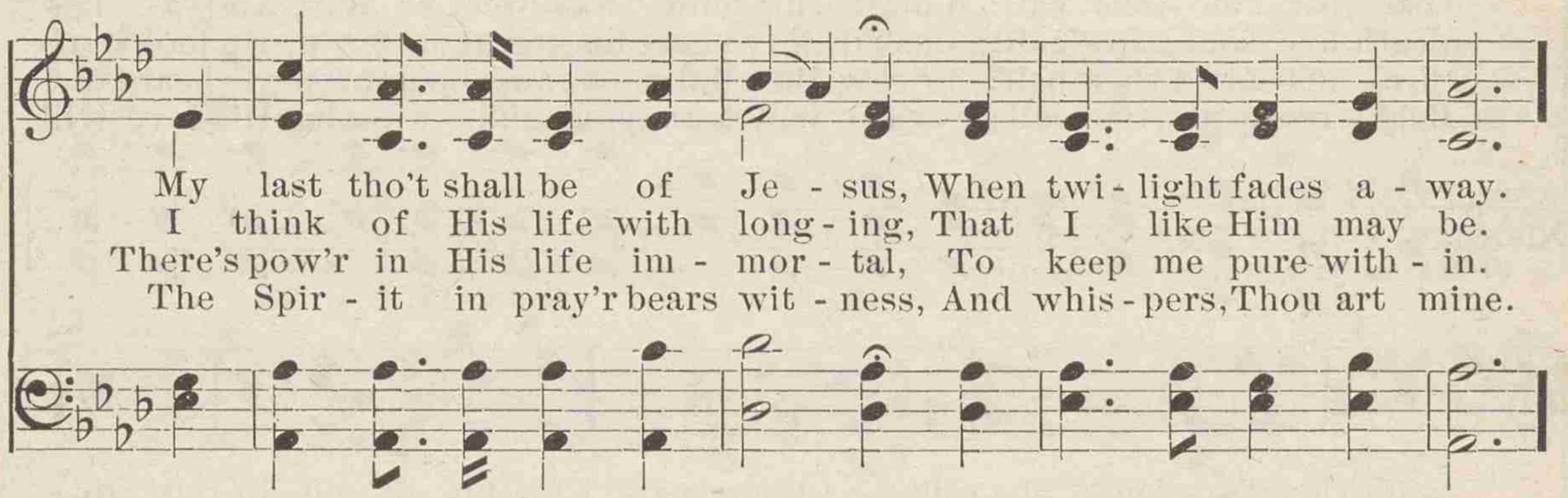
No. 24. THINKING OF HIM.

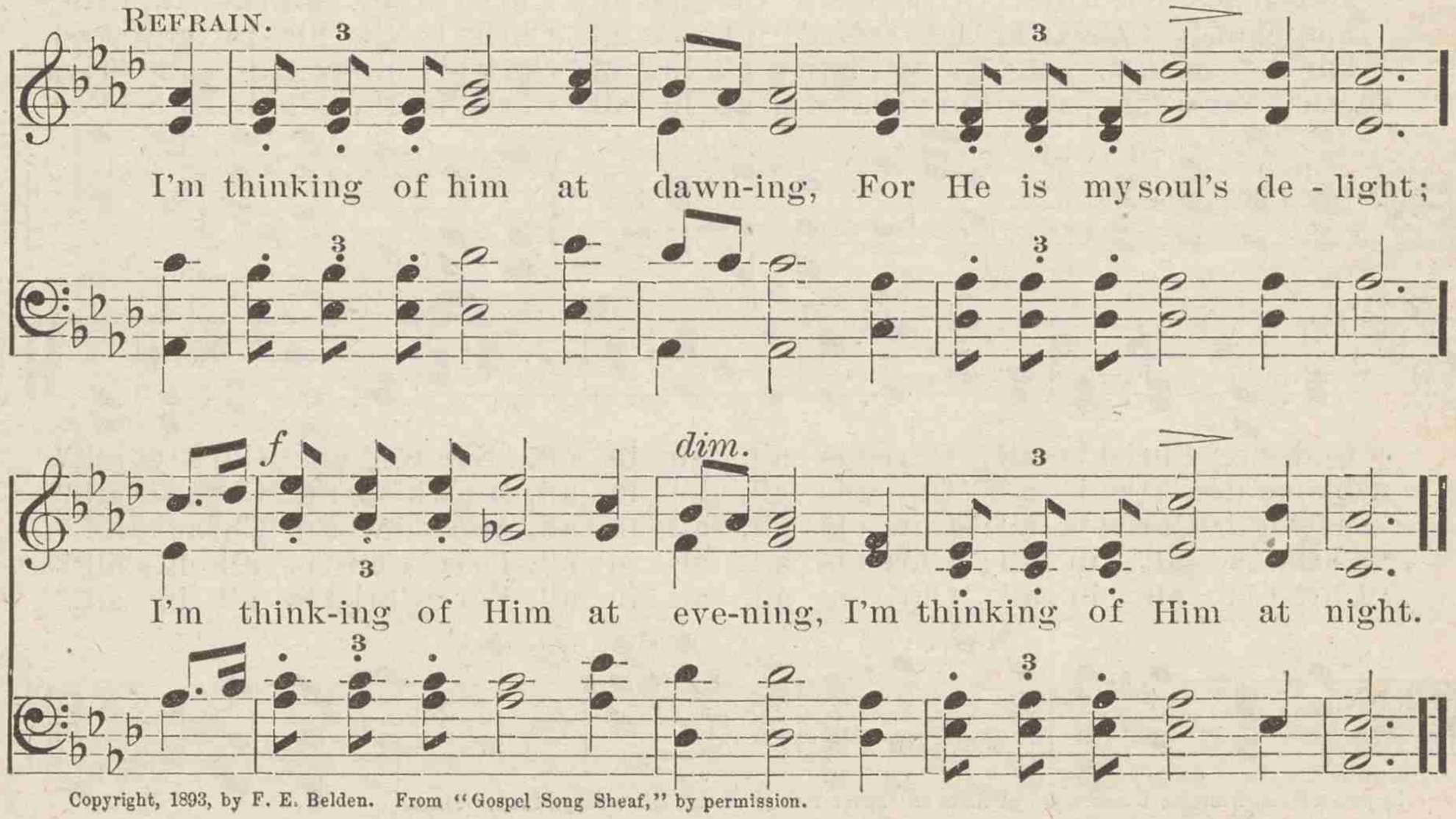
"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them . . .
When I awake, I am still with thee." Ps. 119: 17, 18.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

Dolce.







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No. 25. WHAT WANT I MORE?

E. C. Avis, arr. (SOLO AND CHORUS.) A. J. Showalter.

With expression.

1. In the heart of a great cit - y, 'Mid the dwell- ings of the poor,
2. There a lone - ly wom-an dy - ing, Stretched up - on the gar - ret floor,
3. He who heard her ran to bring her Something from the world's great store;
4. Can you say like this poor wom-an, Dy - ing on the gar - ret floor,
5. May her words live on for - ev - er; I re - peat them o'er and o'er:

Fell the words so sweet and ten - der, "I have Christ, what want I more?"
And with- out an earth - ly bless- ing, Said "I've Christ, what want I more?"
But 'twas need - less, died she, say - ing, "I have Christ, what want I more?"
Though I have not earth - ly com-forts, I have Christ, what want I more?
God de-lights to hear me say - ing, I have Christ, what want I more?

REFRAIN.

I have Christ, I have Christ, I have Christ, what want I more?
I have Christ, I have Christ,

I have Christ, I have Christ, I have Christ, what want I more?
I have Christ, I have Christ,

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No. 26. HELP ME TO OVERCOME.

REV. II: 7, 17, 26; III: 12, 21.

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

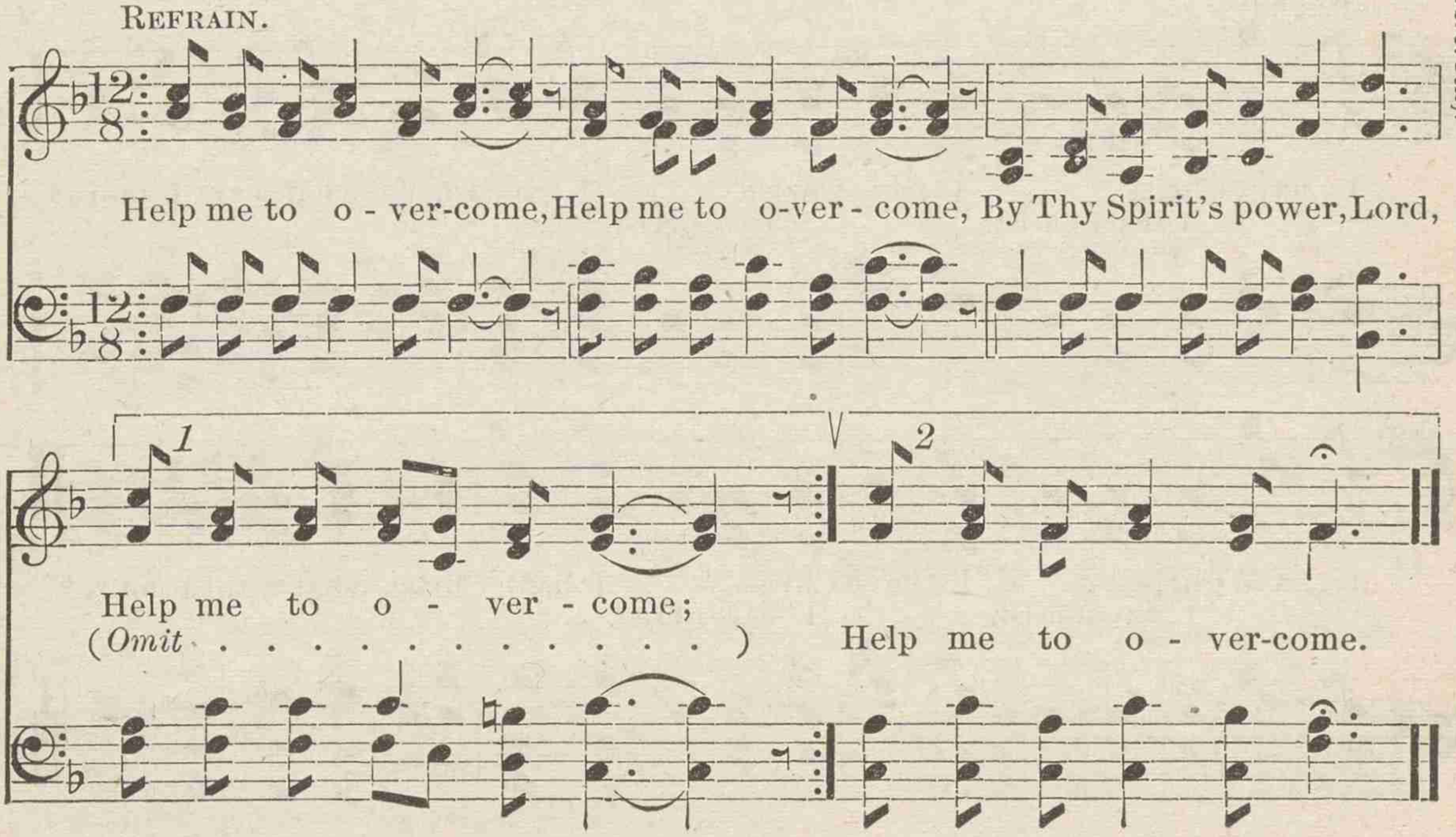
ALTO AND TENOR. CHORUS.





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REFRAIN.



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.

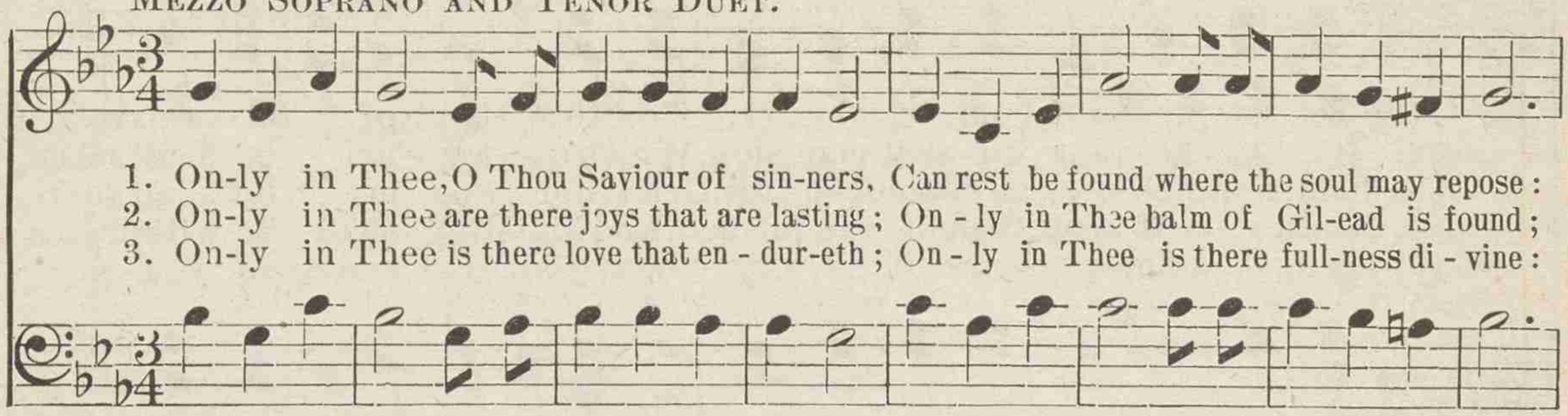
Yes, there is rest o - ver Jor-dan's waters, Rest for such as from sin are free;

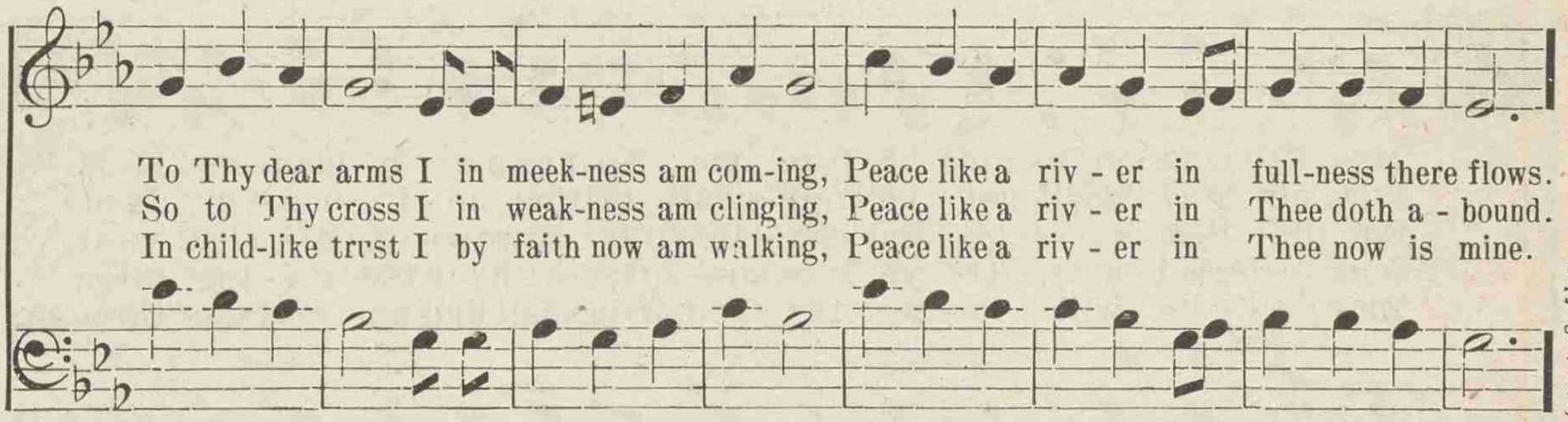
Rest for all who come to Je - sus, Rest for you and me.

No. 28. MY HOPE IS IN THEE.

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

MEZZO SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.





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CHORUS.



No. 29. AFFECTION DIVINE.

E. R. LATTA. O. L. FLECK, Los Angeles, Cal. By per.

1. O, the wonderful depths of the blue sea waves; Yet they sounded have been by a line!
2. O, the wonderful height of the mountain peak, Where the rays of the sun longest shine!
3. O, the wonderful depths that are sought by men, For the treasures conceal'd in the mine!
4. O, the wonderful love of a mother's heart, That a-bout her child doth entwine!

But can measure be found that can tell how great Is the love of a Saviour di-vine?
But more won-drous, by far, in its might-y reach, Is the love of a Saviour di-vine!
But the depths most pro-found that were ev - er known, Are the depths of af-fec-tion di-vine!
But its deep-est of depths may not be compared With the depths of af-fec-tion di-vine!

REFRAIN.

O, the won - der - ful love that none can sound, O, the won-der-ful love with no bound.
It is deep - er than mine, or the o - cean brine, Is the love of a Sav-iour di-vine.

No. 30. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fer'd much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,

That thou might'st ran-som'd be, And quick-en'd from the dead;
I left, for earth - ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - terest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;

I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, What hast thou left for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

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No. 31. I COME TO THEE.

Miss Anna Steele. A. J. Showalter.

1. O Thou, whose ten -der mer - cy hears Con - tri -tion's hum-ble sigh,
2. See, low be -fore Thy throne of grace, A wretch-ed wand-'rer mourn;
3. And shall my guilt - y fears pre-vail To drive me from Thy feet?

Whose hand in - dul -gent wipes the tears, From sor - row's weeping eye.
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? Hast Thou not said, re - turn?
O let not this dear ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat!

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

Refrain.

I come to Thee, I come to Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I come to Thee, I come to Thee, For Thou hast died for me!

4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

5 Thy presence only can bestow
Delights which never cloy:
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy!

No. 32. THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

Respectfully inscribed to the railroad men of America.

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

1. We are on life's rug - ged rail-road, Go - ing six - ty miles an hour,
2. If we sometimes find ob-structions And the way seems dark and drear,
3. On this won-drous life - long rail-road, From the cra - dle to the grave,

And to make the run suc-cess - ful God will grant His might- y pow'r.
Christ will shine up - on the road-way — Be the Head-light bright and clear.
We are rap - id - ly ad - vanc-ing, And must needs be true and brave.

This the bless - ed Christ has prom-ised In the Com - fort - er di - vine;
He'll pro-tect us from all dan - ger, And sup - port us when we faint,
Ev - 'ry man must do His du - ty, For the train is run-ning fast;

And He fills our hearts with glad-ness As we whirl a - long the line.
For His ear is ev - er o - pen To the weak - est child's complaint.
But the Mas - ter holds the throt-tle, And we'll reach our home at last.

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THE RAILROAD OF LIFE.

REFRAIN.

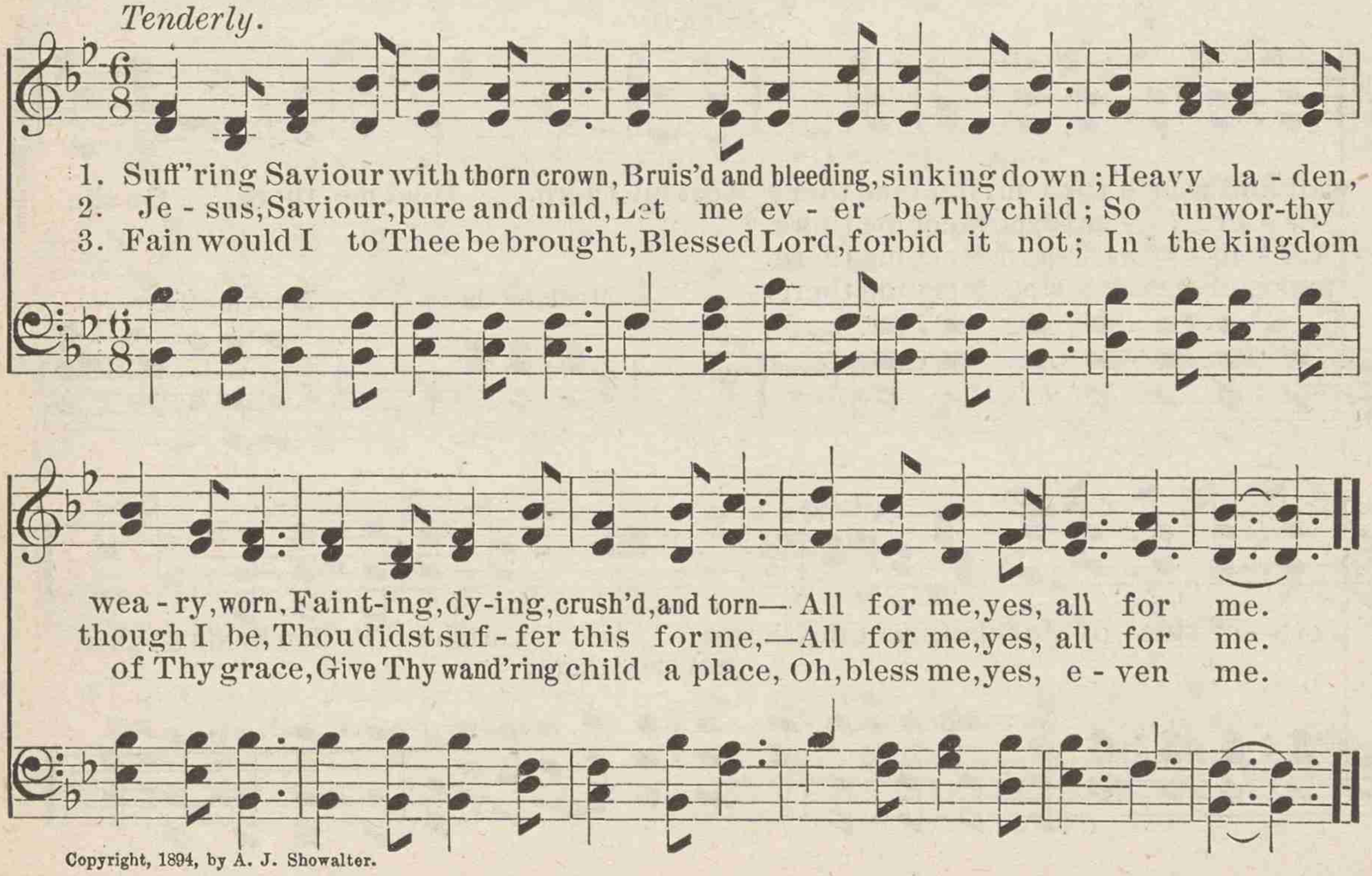


No. 33. ALL FOR ME.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on his head, and a reed in his hand." Matt. xxvii: 29.

ANON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Tenderly.



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No. 34. MEET ME THERE.

E. C. Avis. A. J. Showaltfr.

1. On the bright and golden shore, With the lov'd ones gone be-fore, I shall soon be pass-ing o'er, Meet me there; And among the faithful, true, I will wait and watch for you, Yes, I 'll
2. There will be no sorrow there, In that cit-y bright and fair; I shall nev-er know a care, Meet me there; In the place of pure delight, There will never be a night, It is
3. What a meeting that will be When our lov'd ones we shall see, O the joy to you and me, Meet me there; And with Christ, our Saviour friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, An e -
4. Soon will come the happy day, When all tears shall dry away, And with Christ we'll ever stay, Meet me there; With the song of praise we sing, To our Saviour, Lord, and King, We will

Refrain.

wait and watch for you, Meet me there. Meet me there, Meet me there, On the
ev - er, ev - er bright, Meet me there.
ter - ni - ty we 'll spend, Meet me there.
make all heav-en ring, Meet me there.

Meet me there, Meet me there,

oth - er side of Jor-dan, meet me there; On the E - den fields so fair,
meet me there;

Copyright, 1892, by E. C. Avis and A. J. Showalter.

MEET ME THERE.



No. 35. AT THE FOUNTAIN.

ANON. Arranged for this work.

5 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

6 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking;
I drink, and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

No. 36. BEYOND.

W. H. GARDNER. J. D. PATTON.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.

1. There is a world where sor - row nev-er comes, Where weeping ne'er is heard,
2. There is a world where hearts can never break, Where bit-terness ne'er comes,
3. There is a gold - en shore whereon some day Our shatter'd barks shall land,
4. The way is rough, life's hill is hard to climb, But, dear ones, list to me!

And O, I long to has - ten there Like some home - fly - ing bird.
And O, there in that realm of light, Are our de - part - ed ones.
And dear ones then will meet us there, And clasp us by the hand.
There's peace and rest for you be - yond, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Be - yond the shad-ows and the dark - ness, There is a home of light,

And, O, my wea - ry heart is long-ing To hast - en there to - night.

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No. 37. I'M NEARER MY HOME.

Miss PHOEBE CAREY. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm near - er my home to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.
2. I'm nearer my Fa - ther's house, Where the ma - ny mansions be, I'm near - er the great white throne, I'm near-er the Jas - per sea.
3. I'm nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down, And near - er the time to leave The cross and wear the crown.
4. O Fa - ther, per-fect my trust, Sup - port my fee - ble frame, O keep me be - neath thy care, My trem - bling hopes sus - tain.

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REFRAIN.

I'm near - er my home, . . My beau - ti - ful home, . . I'm near - er my home in Heav'n to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.

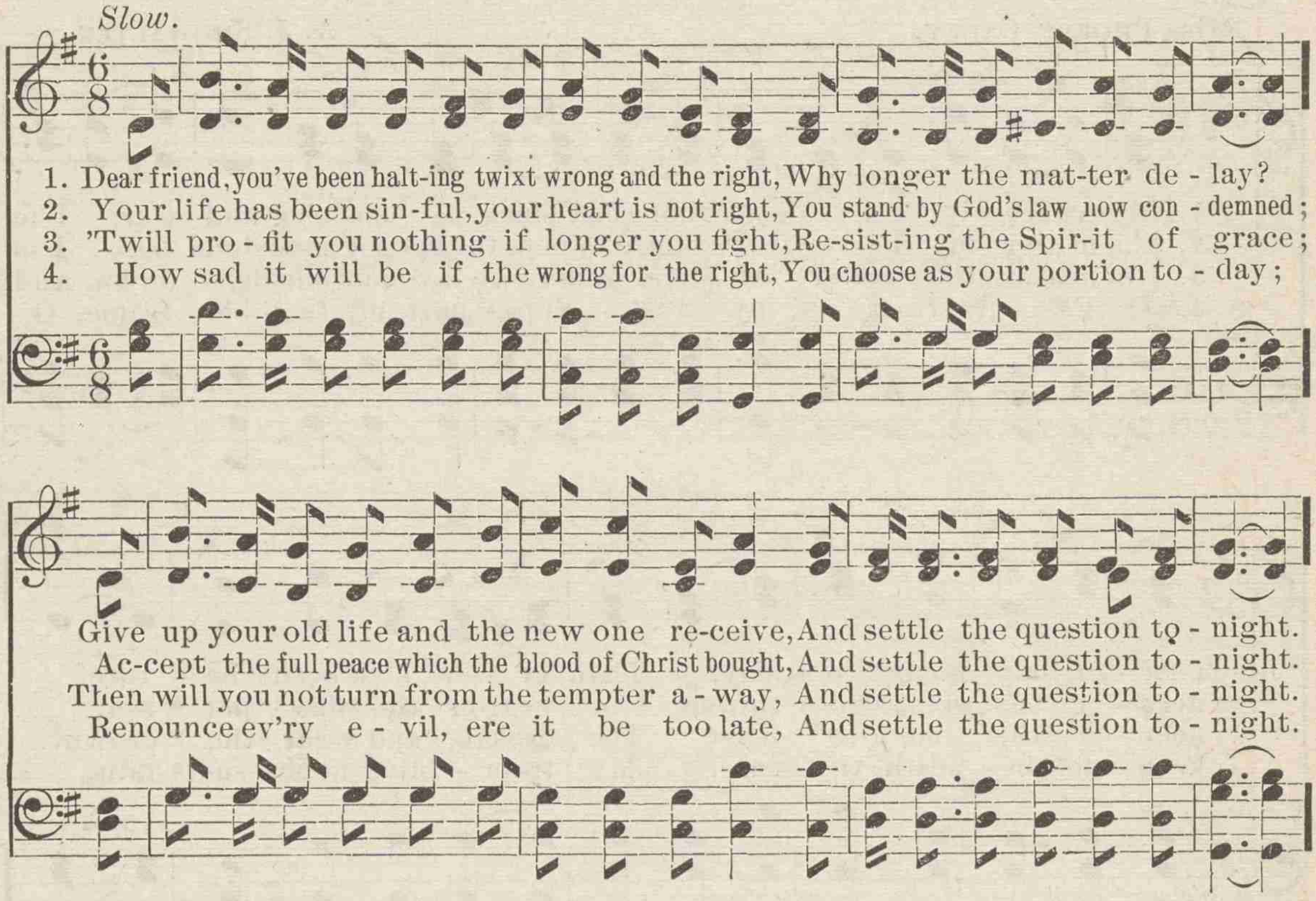
I'm near-er my home, near-er my home, My beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home,

No. 38. SETTLE THE QUESTION TO-NIGHT.

(GOOD AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

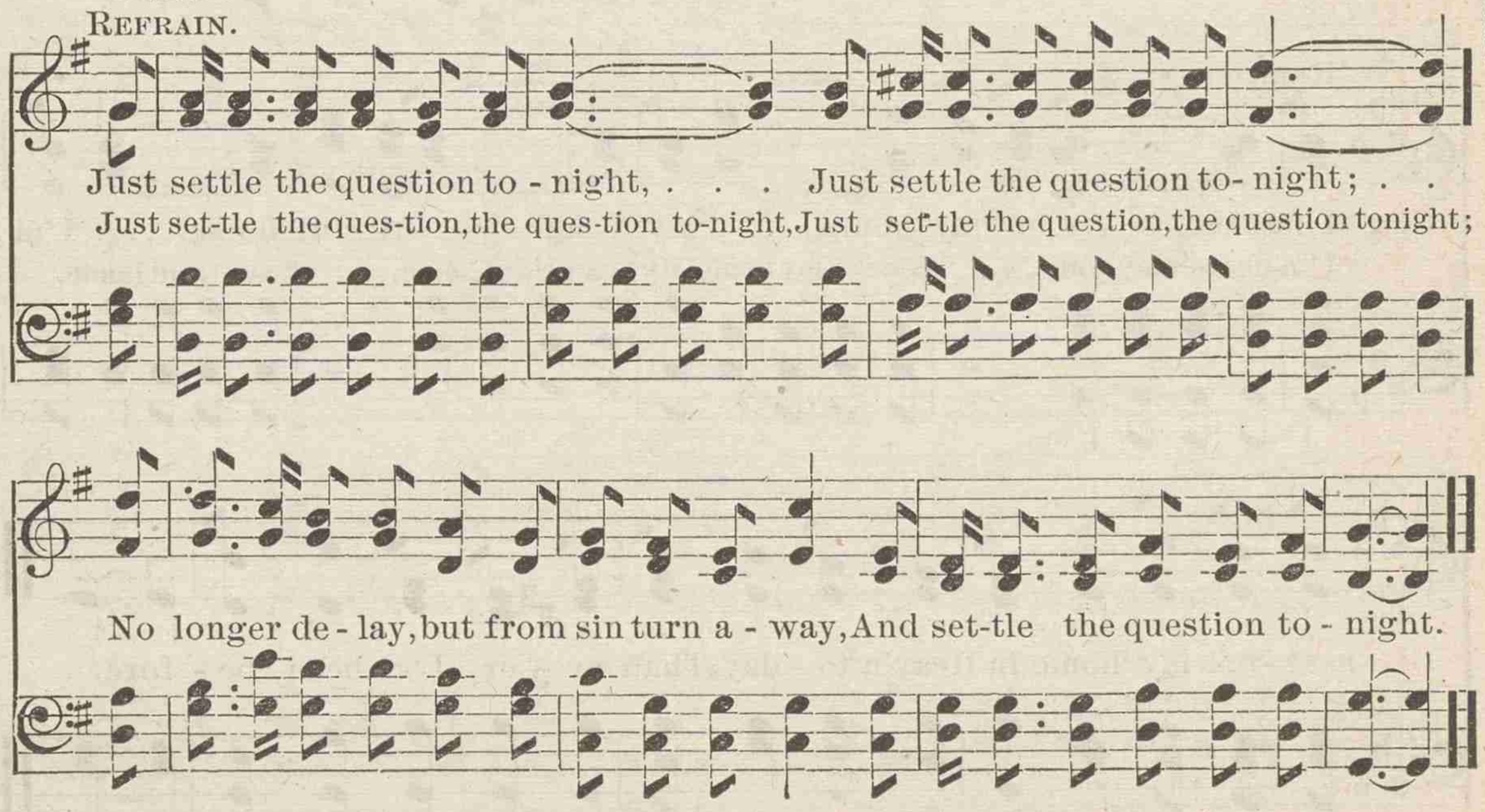
E. C. AVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Slow.



Faster.

REFRAIN.



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No. 39. HEAVENLY REST.

J. D. PATTON.

1. Come, brethren, don't grow weary, But let us journey on; The moments will not
2. Loved ones have gone before us; They beckon us a-way, O'er aerial plains they're
3. Our Captain's gone be-fore us, He kind-ly calls us home To yon-der world of

REFRAIN.

tar - ry, This life will soon be gone. There is rest, ... a rest in
soar - ing, In blest e - ter - nal day.
glo - ry, And sweet-ly bids us come. There is rest, a rest in heav'n, There is

heav'n, In those realms . . . . of end-less light, Where the
rest, a rest in heav'n, In those realms of end - less light, end - less light, Where the

right - - - eous dwell for - ev - er, Ar - rayed in robes of white.
righteous dwell for - ev - er, dwell for - ev - - er,

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No. 40. CALLING TO-DAY.

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

1. Sin - ner, hear the voice of Je - sus, He is call - ing you to - day;
2. 'T is for you He 's in - ter - ced - ing, At the Father's throne a - bove;
3. From His love though you have wandered, Ne'er have sought His peace to know,
4. Come, for all things now are read - y, And His mer-cies cease to spurn;

Lov-ing words of ten - der mer - cy Bid you come with-out de - lay.
Heed, oh, heed His ear - nest plead - ing, Plead-ing for your heart and love.
'Though your sins be red as scar - let, He will wash you white as snow.
An-gels wait to bear the tid - ings Of the wan - der - er's re - turn.

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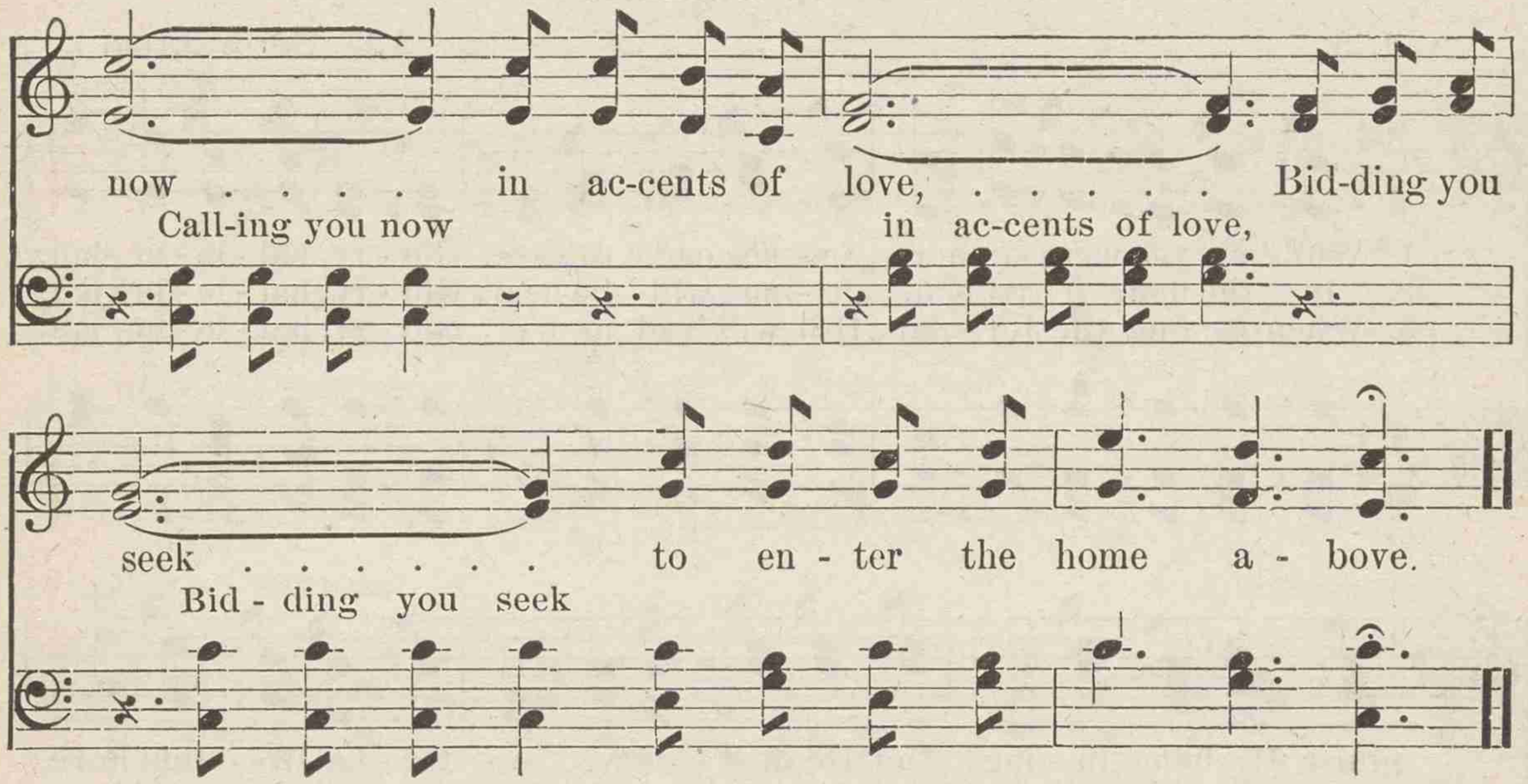
REFRAIN.

Hear His sweet voice, . . no long-er de - lay; . . . . Ten-der and kind, ... He 's call-ing to - day; . . . . Call-ing you

Hear His sweet voice, no long-er de- lay;

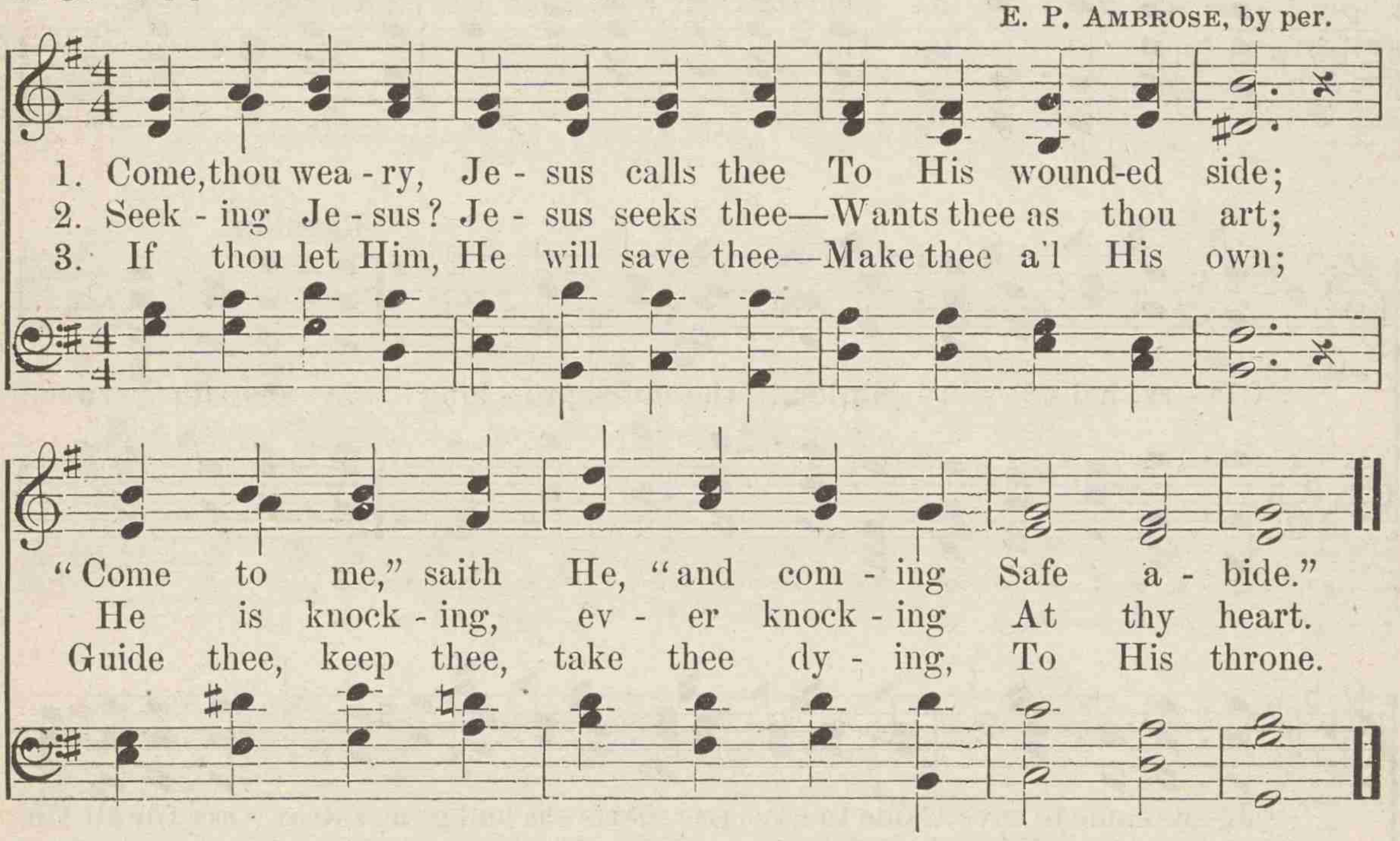
Ten-der and kind, He 's call-ing to - day, yes, call-ing to-day;

CALLING TO-DAY.



No. 41. SAFETY.

E. P. AMBROSE, by per.



4 Wilt thou still refuse His offer?
Wilt thou say Him nay?
Wilt thou let Him, grieved, rejected,
Go away?

5 Dost thou feel thy life is weary?
Is thy soul distressed?
Take His offer, wait no longer,
Be at rest!

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

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No. 43. PRAY FOR ME.

MARY CLEMMER. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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No. 44. KEEP ME AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

H. R. T. H. R. TURBYFILL.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, day by day, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
2. I am prone to leave Thy side, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
3. When I'm tempt-ed, be Thou near, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
4. When my work on earth is done, Keep me at the foot of the cross;

Let me from it nev-er stray, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
Let me, Lord, in Thee a-bide, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
I can dwell in safe-ty here, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
May I praise Thee on Thy throne, Keep me at the foot of the cross.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Keep me at the foot of the cross;
O bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus,

Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Keep me at the foot of the cross.
O bless-ed Je - sus,

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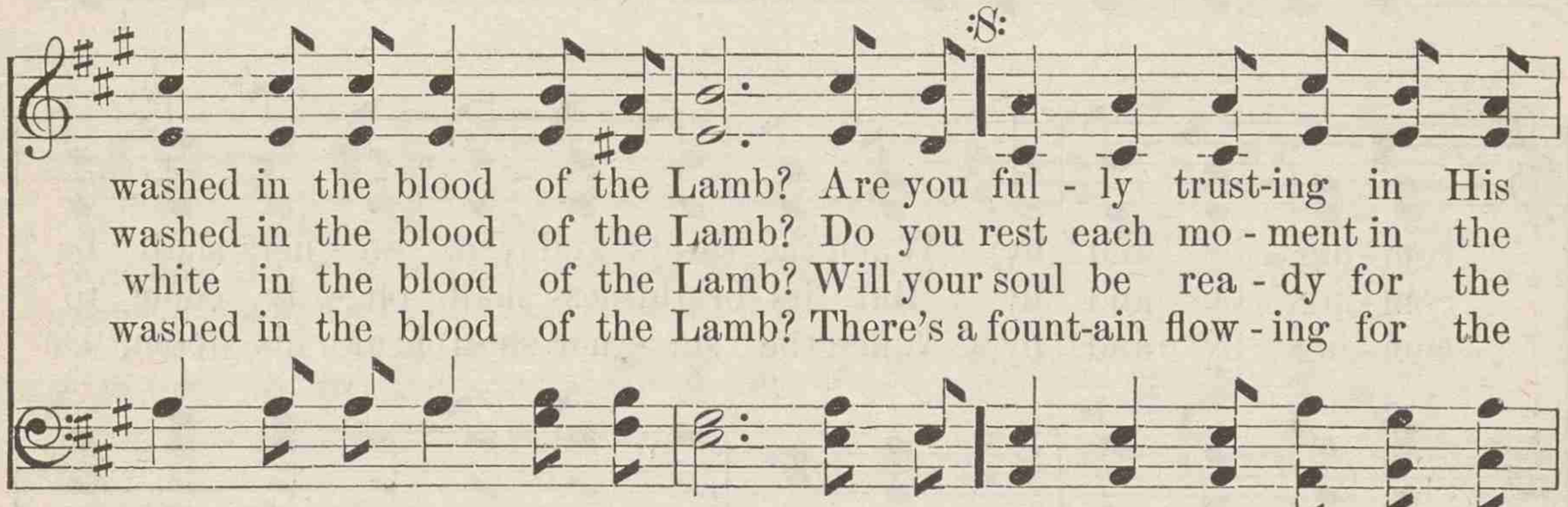
No. 45. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the clean - sing pow'r? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you
3. When the Bride-groom com - eth will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the gar-ments that are stained with sin; Are you

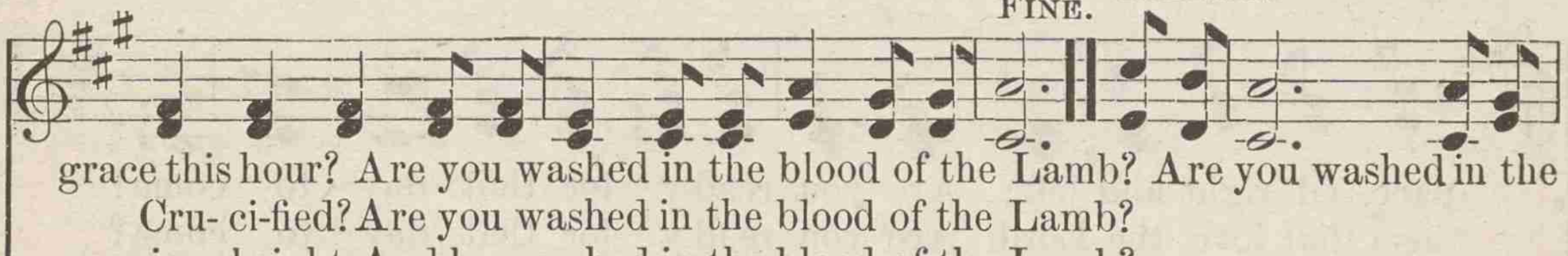


washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in His
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo - ment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the
washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fount-ain flow - ing for the



D.S. *gar-ments spotless? Are they*

FINE. REFRAIN.

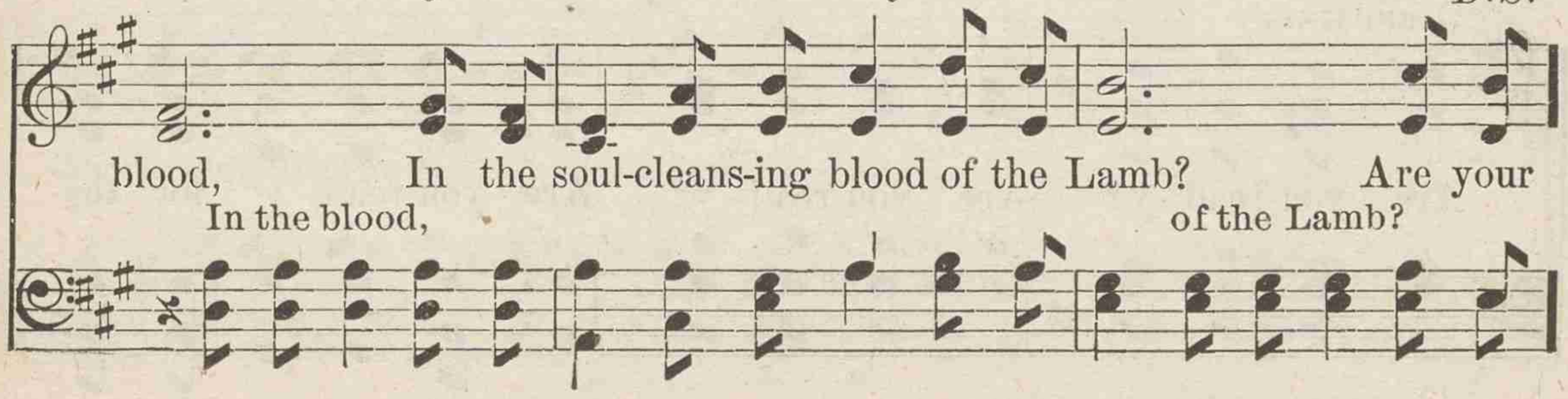


grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you washed in the
Cru- ci-fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un-clean; Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb! Are you washed



white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

D.S.



blood, In the soul-cleans-ing blood of the Lamb? Are your
In the blood, of the Lamb?

No. 46. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
part I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

REFRAIN.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

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THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.



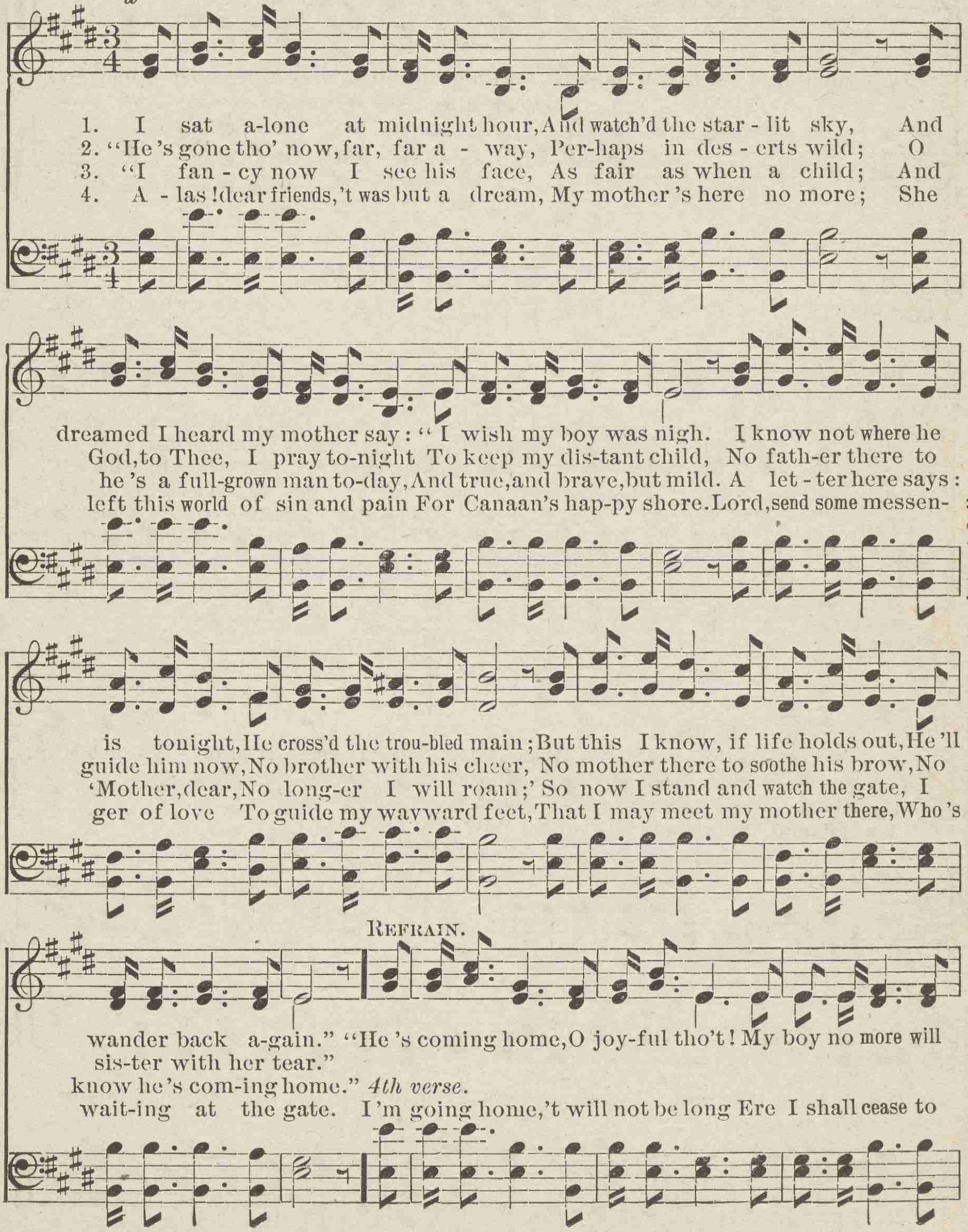
No. 47. ONLY TRUST HIM.

J. H. S. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

No. 48. A DREAM OF HOME.

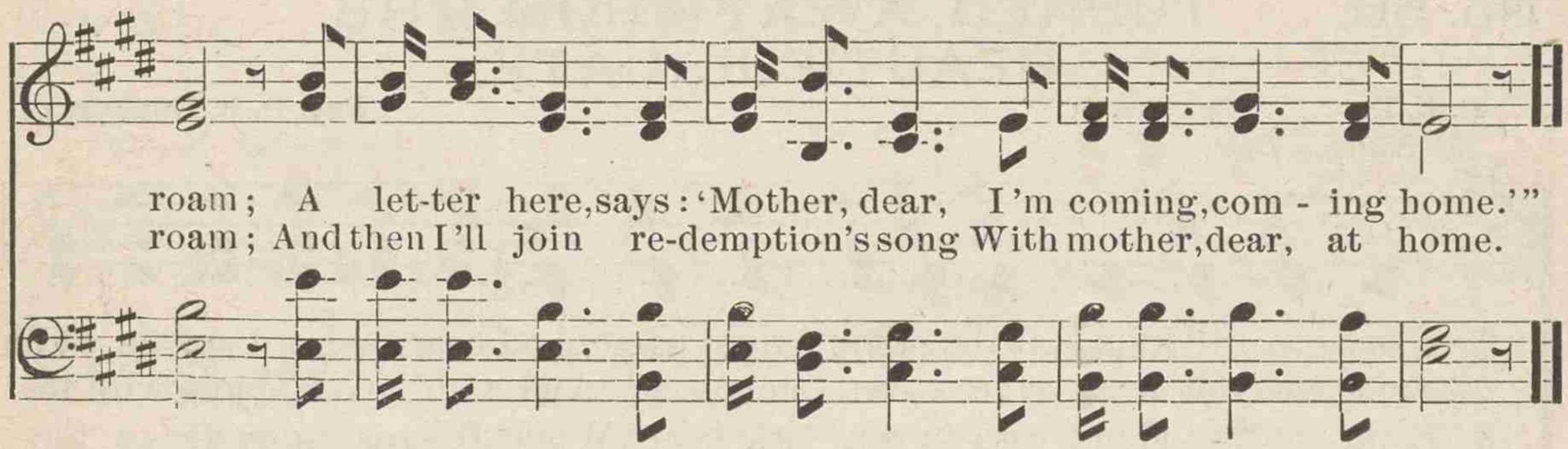
T. J. S. Rev. T. J. SWANZEY.

Effective as a Solo.



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 -

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

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

D.S.

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No. 51. MAN THE LIFE-BOAT!

WM. H. GARDNER. W. A. OGDEN.

1. On the rocks a ship is driv - ing, Hear the break-ers round it roar!
2. Lo! the dark-ness clos - es round them, Will no light pierce thro' the clouds?
3. Ma - ny souls are mongst the breakers, They are shipwreck'd in their sin;
4. Go ye forth, O Chris-tian workers! Swing the rope, and bend the oar!

Goes there no one to the res - cue, Will no help come from the shore?
If no boat goes out to meet them, An - gry waves will be their shrouds.
But the Lord doth ev - er seek them, To His fold, to bring them in.
By the might - y help of Je - sus, You may bring them safe to shore.

REFRAIN. *f*

Man the life - boat! man the life - boat! Haste, oh! haste with stead-y oar;

Man the life - boat! man the life-boat! Bring them safe - ly to the shore.

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No. 52. SHOW YOUR COLORS!

WM. H. GARDNER. CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

March time.

1. When you en - ter life's great bat - tle, Never from your purpose swerve!
2. When they ask you of your Mas - ter, Boldly speak to them His name,
3. Aid the weak, and spur the sloth - ful, Be the first in val-iant deeds,
4. When you hear the Mas-ter call - ing, Hasten quickly to His side,

March on bravely, *show your col - ors,* Tell the world 't is Christ you serve.
Like a sol-dier, *show your col - ors,* Do not hang your head in shame.
If you work and *show your col - ors,* There'll be har-vest from life's seeds.
Raise your sword and *show your col - ors,* Fight for Christ, the Cru-ci - fied!

REFRAIN.

Show your colors, tho' they taunt you; Stand for honor, truth and right!
Show your col - ors, tho' they taunt you; yes, stand!

Christ will fill your heart with cour - age, And you'll conquer thro' His might!

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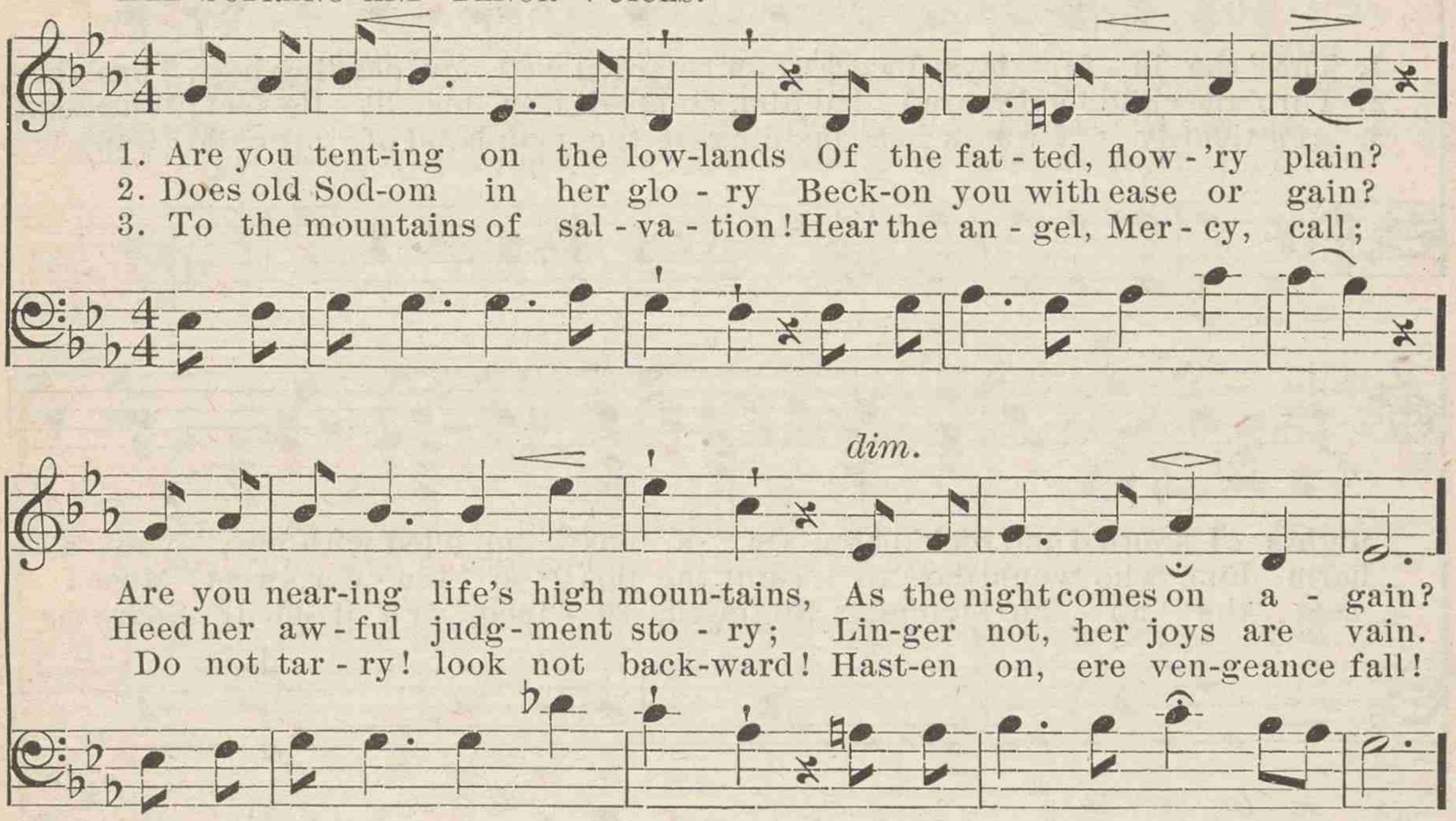
No. 53. KEEP TENTING TO'ARD THE HIGHLANDS.

(Dedicated to Ira D. Sankey.)

"Abraham dwelled in the land of Canaan, but Lot pitched his tent toward Sodom."
Gen. xiii: 12. See also, Gen. xix: 17.

F. E. B. F. E. BELDEN.

ALL SOPRANO AND TENOR VOICES.



CHORUS.



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No. 54. SPARE MY BOY.

E. ROBERTS.

1. Thro' the in - fant days I watch'd him, Guarded well my dar-ling boy; Thro' the
2. Thro' the childhood years I led him, Guid-ed e'er his lit - tle feet; Who could
3. Pa-tient-ly I watch d the budding Of the man-hood of my child; Can I

nights I sooth'd and rock'd him, On a bos - om filled with joy; Now, a -
harm him, who would dare to Taint the lips so ten - der, sweet? Must I
see the no - ble blooming, Blight-ed, ru - ined, or de-filed? Spare my

las! I may not shield him, Tho' by sin and death beguil'd, I can on - ly pray the
yield my heart's fond treas-ure To the blighting curse of rum? Rob me of my food and
lov'd one, spare his manhood, Of my life the pride and joy; Must you take the shining

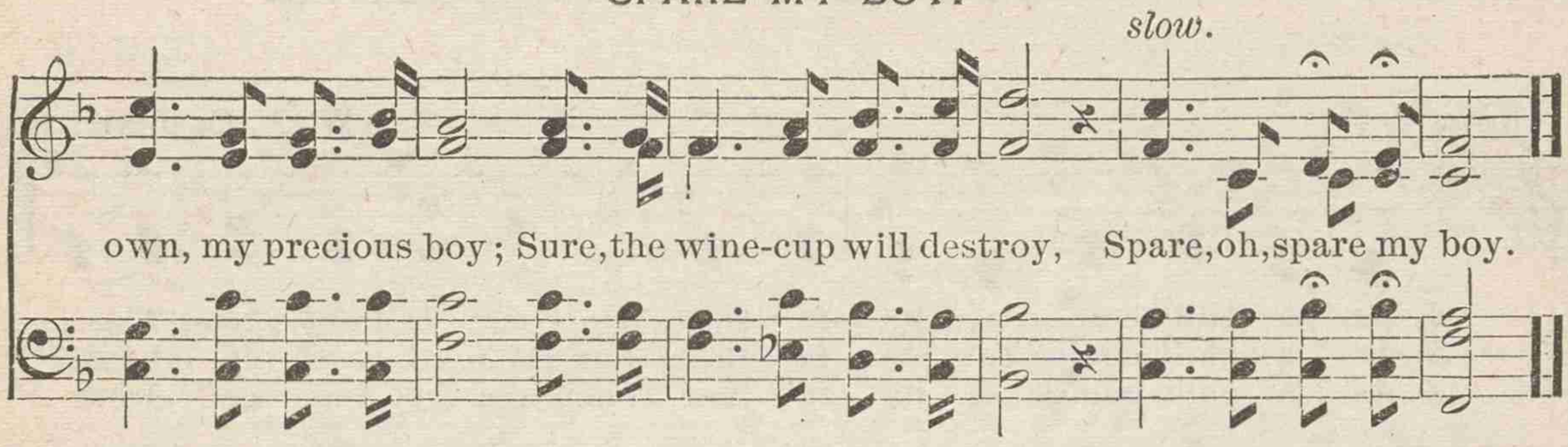
slow.

spoiler, Spare my child, oh, spare my child. Spare my darling, spare my boy, Spare my
shelter, On - ly spare my dar-ling son.
gold? yet Spare my lov'd one, spare my boy.

REFRAIN. *tempo.*

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SPARE MY BOY.



No. 55. REVIVE US AGAIN.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY. English Melody.



4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

No. 56. A PRECIOUS GIFT OF BLESSING.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.

1. As a child comes to its fa - ther, So come I, Lord, to Thee,
2. As a child comes to its fa - ther, For gifts of earth - ly love,
3. As a child comes to its fa - ther, When wea - ry and op - prest,

Ful - ly trust - ing and be - liev - ing, Thou hast a gift for me.
So I come to seek the bless - ing, That com - eth from a - bove.
I would come to Thee, dear Sav - iour, For bless-ing, peace, and rest.

REFRAIN.

A pre - cious gift of bless - ing, Thou hast for me, I know;

I am wait - ing and be - liev - ing, Just now that gift be - stow.

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No. 57. SOFTLY AND TENDERLY.

W. L. T. WILL. L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je - sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the mo-ments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonder-ful love He has promis'd, Promised for you and for me,

See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death-beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home.
come home, come home,
Earn-est-ly, ten-der - ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home.

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No. 58. THERE IS CLEANSING.

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

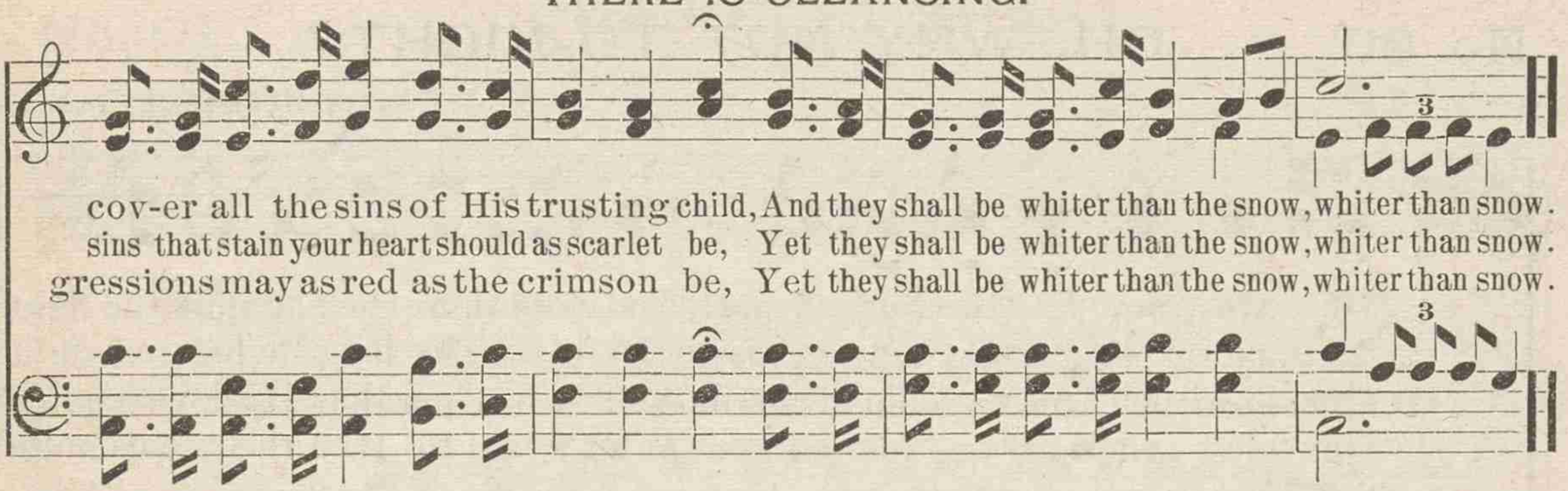
1. There is cleans-ing, per-fect cleans-ing, O soul de-filed! Per-fect peace this mo-ment you may know; Christ will cov-er all the sins of His
2. Are you griev-ing o'er your guilt and in-firm-i-ty? Tell the Sav-iour your distress and woe! Though the sins that stain your heart should as
3. Bur-dened and dis-cour-aged soul, your re-demp-tion see! To your Sav-iour in re-pent-ance go! Your transgressions may as red as the

REFRAIN.

trusting child, And they shall be whiter than the snow. Whit - - er than the snow,
scar-let be, Yet they shall be whiter than the snow.
crim-son be, Yet they shall be whiter than the snow. Whit-er than the snow,

snow, Whit - - er than the snow; Christ will
Though the
Whit-er than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whit-er than the snow; Your trans-

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No. 59. THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Dr. H. BONAR. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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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. KNOCKING TO-DAY.

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



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No. 62. PRESS ONWARD.

S. J. Oslin. A. J. Showalter.

1. Press on - ward to bat - tle, our foes are up - ris - ing, There's work for all Christians to do; Un - furl all your ban-ners and
2. Press on - ward in Je - sus, for sol - diers He's call - ing; He's call - ing thee, broth-er, to - day; In Him we will tri-umph, our
3. Press on - ward, my brother, we're trav - 'ling to glo - ry,— The land of the pure and the blest, Where Je - sus, our Sav - iour, and

let them be fly - ing, Keep step with your Lead - er so true.
foes are now fall - ing; We haste His com-mand to o - bey.
loved ones are wait - ing To wel - come us home to our rest.

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Refrain.

Press on - ward, my broth-er, in Je - sus we'll con - quer The

PRESS ONWARD.

ar - mies of Sa - tan and sin; Tri - um - phant we'll en - ter the

por - tals of glo - ry, In peace that shall nev-er - more end.

nev - er - more end.

No. 63. ISABELLA. C. M.

BROWN. Miss BELLE ERSKINE.

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum-b'ring care,
2. I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear,
3. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - plore,
4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n;
5. Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray

And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum-ble, grate - ful prayer.
And all His prom - is - es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
The pros - pect doth my strength re - new, While here by tem - pests driv'n.
Be calm as this im - press-ive hour, And lead to end - less day.

No. 64. GO, WASH IN THAT FOUNTAIN TO-DAY.

COWPER. Ref. added. Rev. WILL M. WALLER.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And
2. The dy - ing thief re - joic'd to see That foun-tain in his day; And
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, Shall never lose its pow'r, Till
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds sup-ply, Re-

sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Go, wash in that
there may I tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
all the ransom'd Church of God, Are sav'd to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die. Go, wash in that

REFRAIN.

fountain of life, . . Go, wash in that fountain to-day; . . 'T is
fountain, that fountain of life, Go, wash in that fountain, that fountain to-day; 'T is
flow-ing so free-ly for all . . . Go, wash and be clean while you may.
flowing so free-ly, so free - ly for all;

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No. 65. BABY LOVES JESUS, TOO.

J. L. JOHN LANE.

1. In the home where Jesus is an honor'd guest, His presence gives life and light;
2. Fond mother tells baby the story of old, Of the Babe in Bethle - hem;
3. Dear ba-by be-lieves, and the prayer repeats, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"

Where baby's voice joins in song with the rest Mother's heart sings with de - light.
The Sav-iour re-ceives lit-tle ones to His fold, And tenderly cares for them.
And Je - sus a watch o'er the lit-tle one keeps, While baby is fast a - sleep.

REFRAIN.

Dear lit - tle ba - by, Je - sus loves ba - by, Ba - by loves Je - sus, too;

Dear lit - tle ba - by, Sweet lit - tle ba - by, Ba - by loves Je - sus, too.

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No. 66. MAN SHALL LIVE AGAIN.

MARGARET MOODY. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hear ye the sto - ry, hear it again,—Je - sus for sin-ners once was slain;
2. Glo-rious the ti-dings, Cheering the word; Reigns He vic-to - rious, Christ the Lord!
3. Life ev - er-last - ing free - ly He 'll give; Look un - to Je - sus, look and live;

Now He is ris - en, man shall not die; Lo! He is call-ing you from on high.
Born to redeem us, might-y to save! Je - sus is conquer-or o'er the grave.
Now He invites you, trust in His word, Je - sus is call-ing you, seek the Lord.

REFRAIN.

Hear . . . . the blessed sto - - - ry, Of . . . .
Hear the bless-ed sto - ry hear it once a-gain, Of the Lord of
. . the Sav-iour slain, ... O - - - - ver death He
glo - ry,— Lamb for sin-ners slain:— O - ver death He tri - umphed,

By per. of W. A. OGDEN, Toledo, Ohio

MAN SHALL LIVE AGAIN.



No. 67. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

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

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No. 68. DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

P. H. ROBLIN. P. BILHORN.

1. I have found a balm for all my woe, Je - sus is the liv - ing foun - tain;
2. When I came to Je - sus in my sin, Bend-ing at the liv - ing foun - tain;
3. As I heard His voice so kind and sweet, Sounding at the liv-ing foun - tain;
4. To the fountain come, O come to - day; Flowing is the liv - ing foun - tain;

I am full of joy as Christ I know, Drink-ing at the fount of life.
Then He heard my pray'r and made me clean, Wash'd me at the fount of life.
Then I wept and sank low at His feet, Drink-ing at the fount of life.
Come and He will wash your sins a - way, Je - sus is the fount of life.

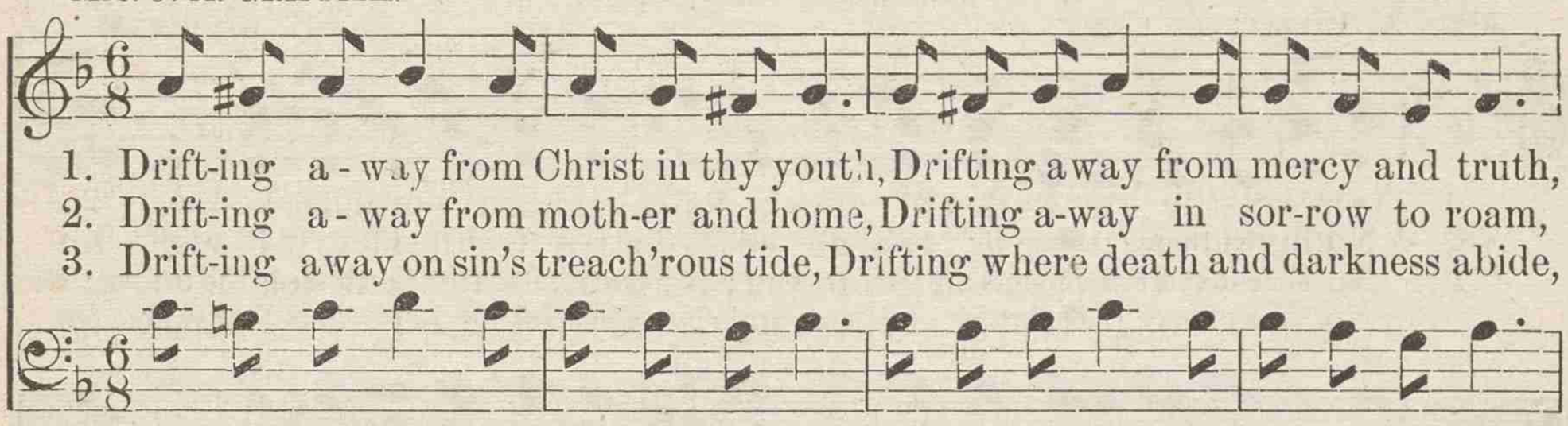
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REFRAIN.

O the fount is Christ, in Him be - lieve, Drinking at the liv - ing foun - tain;
All who come to Him the life re - ceive, Je - sus is the fount of life.

No. 69. DRIFTING AWAY FROM GOD.

MRS. J. A. GRIFFITH. P. BILHORN.





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CHORUS.



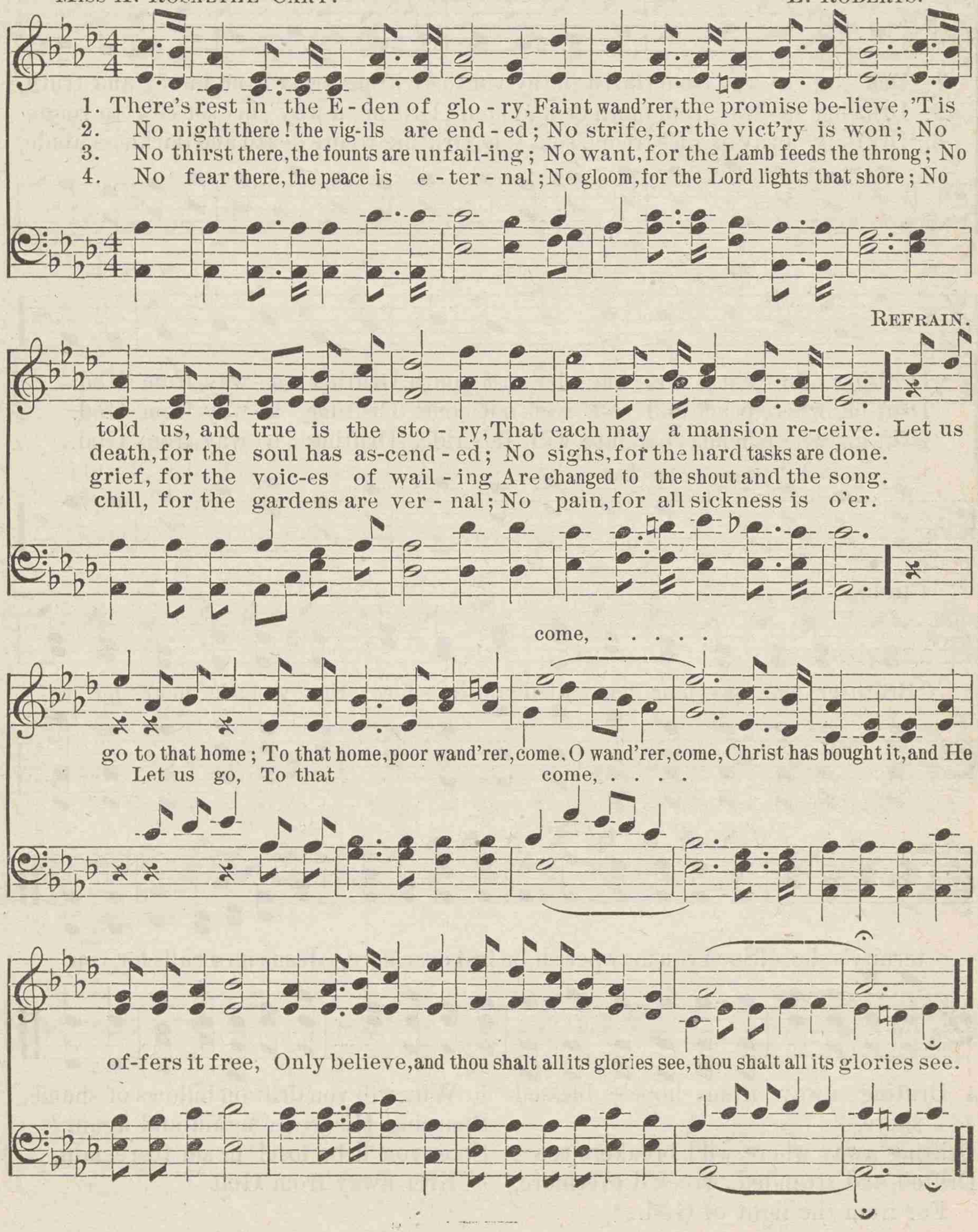
4 Drifting away from hope's blessed shore,
Drifting away where wild breakers roar;
Drifted and stranded, wreck'd evermore,
Far from the light of God.

5 Why will you drift on billows of shame,
Spurning His grace again and again?
Soon you 'll be lost! in sin to remain,
Ever away from God.

No. 70. LET US GO TO THAT HOME.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain." Rev. xxi: 4.

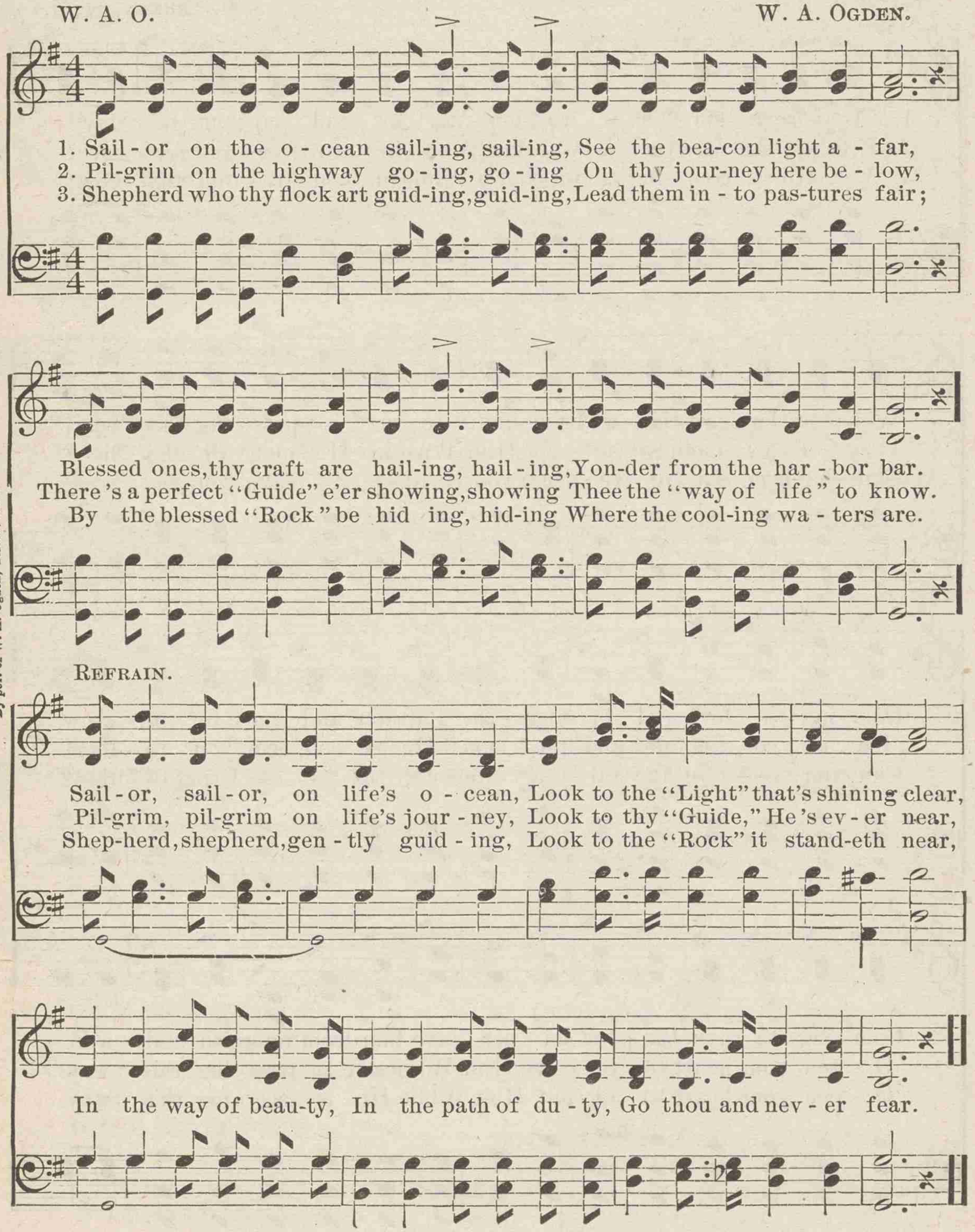
Miss A. Rosalthe Cary. E. Roberts.



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No. 71. SAILOR ON THE OCEAN.

W. A. O. W. A. OGDEN.



By per. of W. A. Ogden, Toledo, Ohio.

No. 72. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait-ing Mer - cy and par-don to - day?
2. Brother, the Mas-ter is wait-ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;
3. Yes, He is com - ing to bless you While in con - tri - tion you bow;

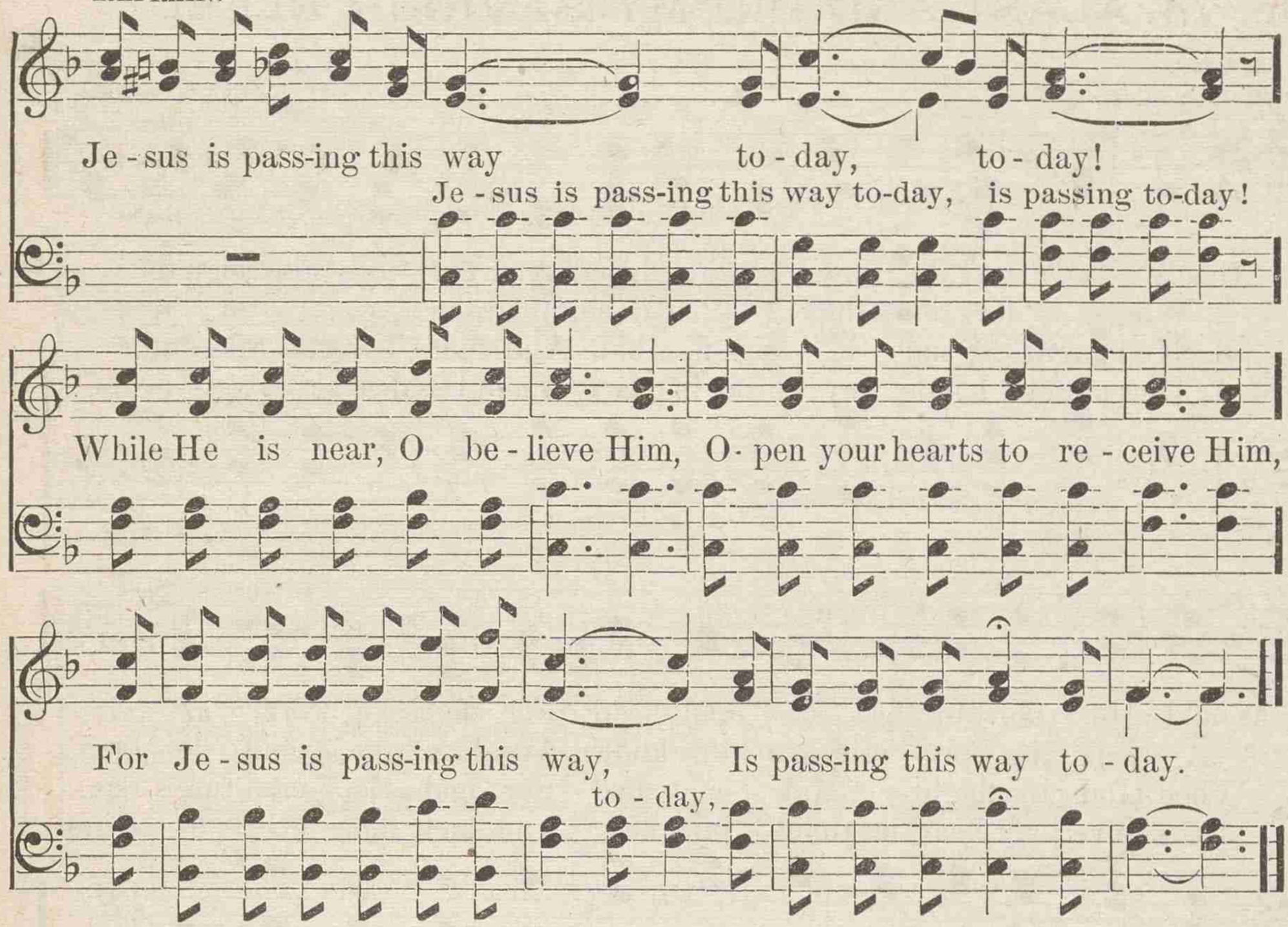
Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is pass - ing this way!"
Why not this mo-ment ac - cept Him, Trust in His mer - cy and live?
Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Read - y to save you just now;

Com - ing in love and in mer - cy, Par-don and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten - der and pre - cious! He is so near you to - day!
Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - f'ring to - day?

Com - ing to save the poor sin - ner, Save him from an-guish and woe.
O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.
O - pen your heart to ad - mit Him, While He is pass - ing this way.

JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

REFRAIN.



No. 73. **AVA.**

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.



D.C.—*Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and o - bey.*

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow,
Or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heav'n's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

No. 74. ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

WATTS.
Ref. by E. R.

H. K. ZELLONZER.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd 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,

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un - known, And love be - yond de - gree!
When God, 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.

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REFRAIN.

O yes, those man - sions fair He left to res - cue thee; He

suffered grief and pain, He died up - on the tree; This, this, re-bellious soul, He

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

rit.

did to set thee free, And now, in ten-der mer-cy, He cries, "come un - to Me."

No. 75. OH, HOW HE LOVES!

MRS MARRIAUNE NUNN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 One there is a-bove all oth-ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love beyond a brother's,
2. 'T is eternal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,
3. In His name we are for-given, Oh, how He loves! Backward shall our foes be driven,

Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us, But this Friend will ne'er de-ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
Oh, how He loves! With His pre-cious blood He bought us, In the wil - der- ness He sought us, To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!
Oh, how He loves! Best of bless-ings He'll pro-vide us, Naught but good shall e'er be - tide us, Safe to glo - ry He will guide us, Oh, how He loves!

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No. 76. TAKE ME HOME.

Dr. I. L. MITCHELL. W. A. OGDEN.

1. I have wandered from the fold, Take me home, back home, Oh, the world is dark and cold! Take me home. Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou dost know All the an-guish and the woe, Of the heart that grieves Thee so, Take me home.
2. Here up - on my bend - ed knee, Take me home, back home, I con - fess my sin to Thee, Take me home. Oh, forgive Thy wayward one, All the sin that I have done, For the sake of Thy dear Son, Take me home.
3. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, hear me plead, Take me home, back home, For Thy sav -ing grace I need, Take me home, For my heart has wea - ry grown, Do not leave me here a - lone, Call me once a - gain Thine own, Take me home.

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CHORUS.

Take me home, dear Lord, take me home, ... To the take me home,

TAKE ME HOME.

cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, ... When my take me home,

work on earth for Thee is done, Blessed Lord, . . take me home. . .
Blessed Lord, take me home.

No. 77. WAITING.

ANON. Alt. E. ROBERTS.

1. The day is done; Soft as a dream the sun - set fades and dies,
2. The shad-ows wait! And climb-ing up-ward o - ver spires and towers,
3. We wait the night With no vain thought of darkness or of dread,
4. We wait, nor fear The few short hours of si - lence and of gloom,
5. My God, my all! When the dim hour draws near me, by Thy grace,
6. Be Thou my rest —Then calm - ly fold-ing life's dull garb a - way,

And si - lent stars, a - mid the dusk - y skies, Shine one by one.
Seem draw-ing soft - ly this dull world of ours, To heav - en's gate.
But dreams of peace for wea - ry heart and head, And slum-bers light;
Be - fore the east - ern hills shall blush with bloom, And morn be near.
To meet Thy white-faced an - gel face to face, And hear Thy call,
I'll lie, in peace, to wait the com - ing day, And rise in Christ.

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No. 78. FAREWELL SONG.

Miss A. Rosalthe Carey. A. J. Showalter.

1. Fare - well! fare - well! Shall we meet on earth a - gain? In this fleet-ing life, 'Mid its dust and strife, Will our hands re - clasp? and O where and when? The fu - ture is veiled from each longing heart. Fare - well! fare - well! How the vanishing hours depart! Fare - well! farewell! How the glistening tear-drops start.
2. Fare - well! fare - well! Shall we meet in smiles or tears? Meet in win-try hours, Or 'mid summer bow'rs? In the changeful path of the coming years? Ah, vain - ly we ask! it is mys - t'ry all. Fare - well! fare - well! Heav-en watches tho' clouds en-thrall! Fare - well! farewell! Let us trust tho' the tear-drops fall.
3. Fare - well! fare - well! May we meet in joy at last, 'Mid the mu - sic sweet In the gold-en street When the griefs and toils of this life are past. Ah, voic - es of du - ty, we heed your call! Fare - well! fare - well! And a blessing be with us all. Fare - well! farewell! May we meet where no tear-drops fall.

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No. 79. WORLD OF WONDROUS BEAUTY.

E. R. Latta. L. L. Herron.

1. There's a world of wondrous beauty, That no earth - ly eye hath seen; Where the
2. There's a world of wondrous beauty, In the word of God, fore-told; And, there-
3. There's a world of wondrous beauty, All un-marred by earth-ly ills; Where a
4. There's a world of wondrous beauty, Just be - yond the Jordan's tide; And, by
5. There's a world of wondrous beanty, Where the saved shall ev - er be; And we're

sky is nev - er cloud - ed, And the fields are ev - er green!
in, a tem - pled cit - y, With its pavements made of gold!
splen - dor clothes the val - leys, And a glo - ry decks the hills!
faith, we all may reach it — Faith in Je - sus, cru - ci - fied!
start - ing out to seek it — Come and join our com - pa - ny!

Refrain.

Are you go - ing to that region, Where the ran-som'd spir- its dwell? Where there

is no death nor sick-ness, And they nev - er bid fare - well?

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No. 80. COME, HE IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus is wait-ing so near, Come, He is call - ing to - day;
2. Hear the sweet message of love, Glad - ly the summons o - bey;
3. Cast on the Sav-iour thy care, Hear His glad word and o - bey;

REFRAIN.

Banish your doubting and fear, Linger no long-er a - way. Come, . .
Seek ye the kingdom a - bove, Lin-ger no long-er a - way.
Trust Him your burdens to bear, He is the life and the way. Come, He is calling,

come, . . Je-sus is call-ing to - day; . . Come, . .
Come, He is call - ing, Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing to-day; Come, He is call-ing,

come, . . . Lin - ger no long - er a - way. . . .
Come, He is call - ing, Lin - ger no long - er, no long - er a - way.

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No. 81. DOWN AT THE CROSS.

Refrain by A. J. S. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
3. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
4. All my trust on Thee is staid, All my help from Thee I bring;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

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REFRAIN.

Down at Thy feet, O Lord, I fall, Down at the cross I lay my all;
O Je - sus, hear and bless me now, While at Thy throne I hum - bly bow.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 82. WHEN JESUS CALLS US HOME.

E. R. LATTA. R. W. J. STEWART.

1. We are pil - grims here, and strangers, But we no more shall roam,
2. We have sea - sons here of trou - ble, And doubt, and fear, and gloom;
3. Death and sick-ness here be - set us, But they shall find no room
4. Oh, that we may all be read - y, When He shall bid us come!

When our jour-ney here is end - ed— When Je - sus calls us home!
But they nev - er - more can reach us, When Je - sus calls us home!
In the house of ma - ny man - sions, When Je - sus calls us home!
Oh, that we may all be wait - ing, When Je - sus calls us home!

REFRAIN.

Calls us home! calls us home! When Je - sus calls us home!
Calls us home! calls us home!

Calls us home! calls us home! When Je - sus calls us home!
Calls us home! calls us home!

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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.



REFRAIN.

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

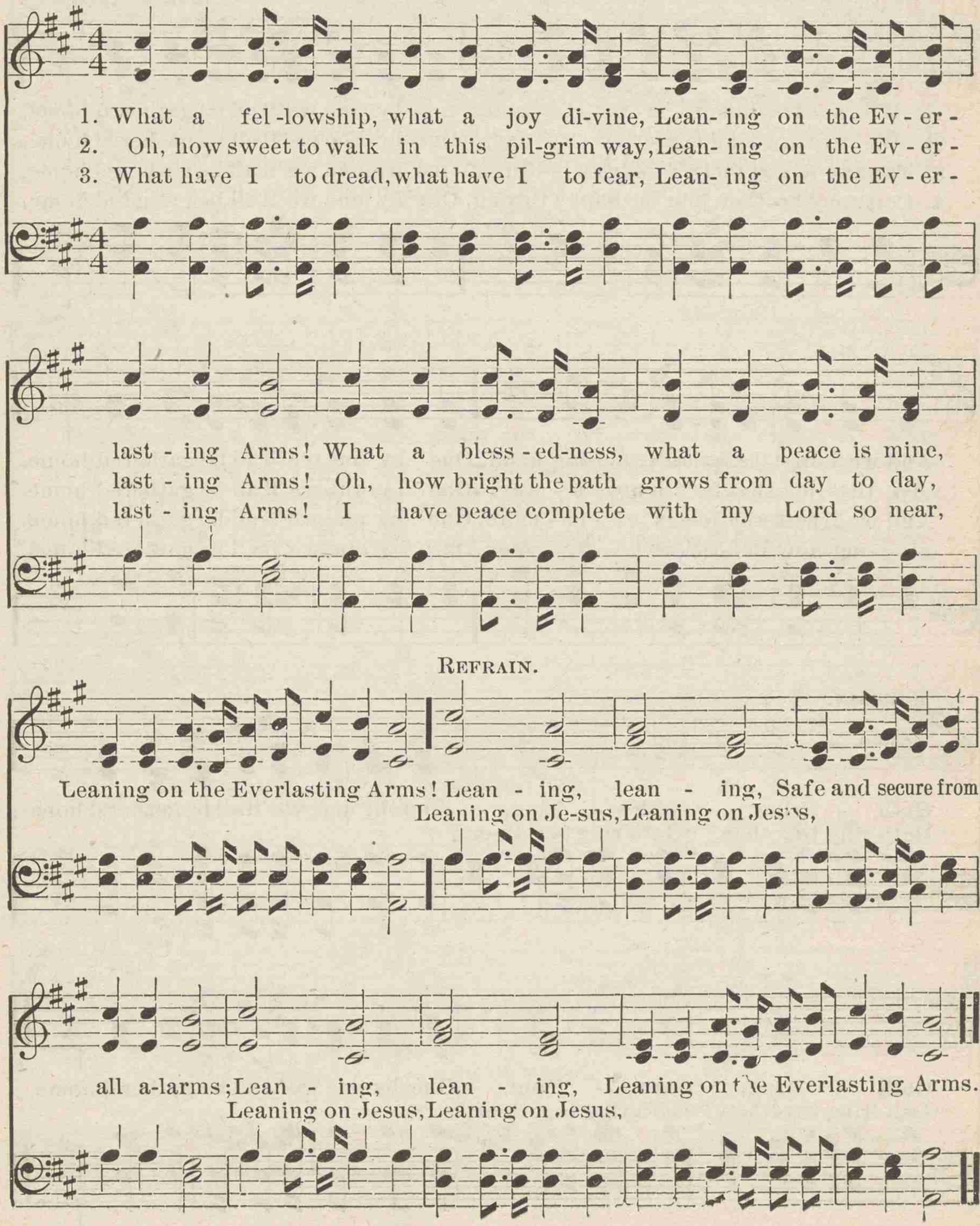


Gath - 'ring, Gath - 'ring, One by one we 'll all be gather'd home.
"Gath-'ring together," "Gath'ring togeth-er,"



No. 84. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

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



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No. 85. WAITING AT THE CROSS.

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

1. Sav-iour, I am wait-ing at the cross, Waiting for the cleansing pow'r;
2. Long I 've wander'd from Thy ten-der love, Long has e - vil reign'd within;
3. All my life I give in - to Thy hand, Full of sin tho' it may be,

I am long - ing, by Thy precious blood, To be saved this ver - y hour.
Hum-bly I con-fess my guilt and shame, Je - sus, save me from my sin.
For I know that Thou wilt surely save, If I on - ly trust in Thee.

Copyright, 1891, by C. H. Humphreys.

REFRAIN.

Sav-iour, I am waiting at the cross, Humbly at the mer-cy-seat I bow,
Wait-ing for the cleansing by Thy blood, Waiting for relief to come just now.

No. 86. FLOWING FREE.

W. A. J. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bless-ed be the foun-tain of life to - day! Flowing free, flow-ing
2. Ma-ny have been cleansed in that fount for sin, Flowing free, flow-ing
3. In the blood of Christ there is hope for all, Flowing free, flow-ing

Flow-ing free,

free; . . There I'll go and wash all my sins a - way, In that
free; . . Ma - ny yet will come and will wash there - in, For that
free; - . Hear His warn-ing voice, hear His lov - ing call, To His
free, so free;

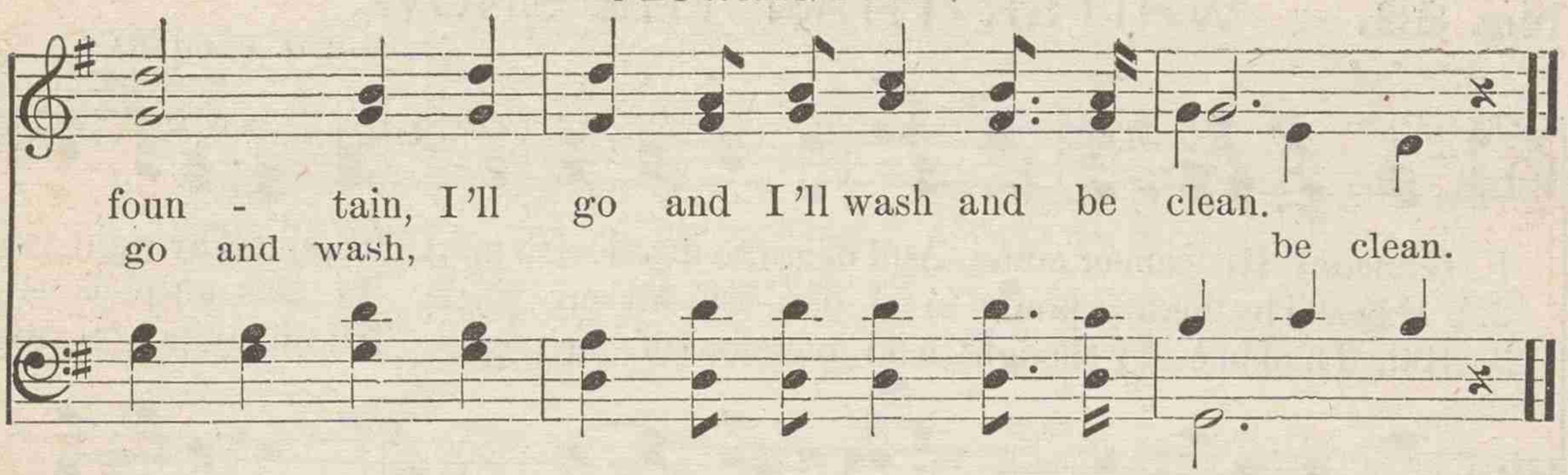
REFRAIN.

fount that was o - pened for me. Oh! . . . . . the bless - ed
foun - tain was o - pened for thee.
arms now for life quick - ly flee. Oh! the bless -ed fount, the

foun - tain Of life, free - ly flow - ing, To . . . . that bless-ed
bless-ed fount To that blessed fount, I'll

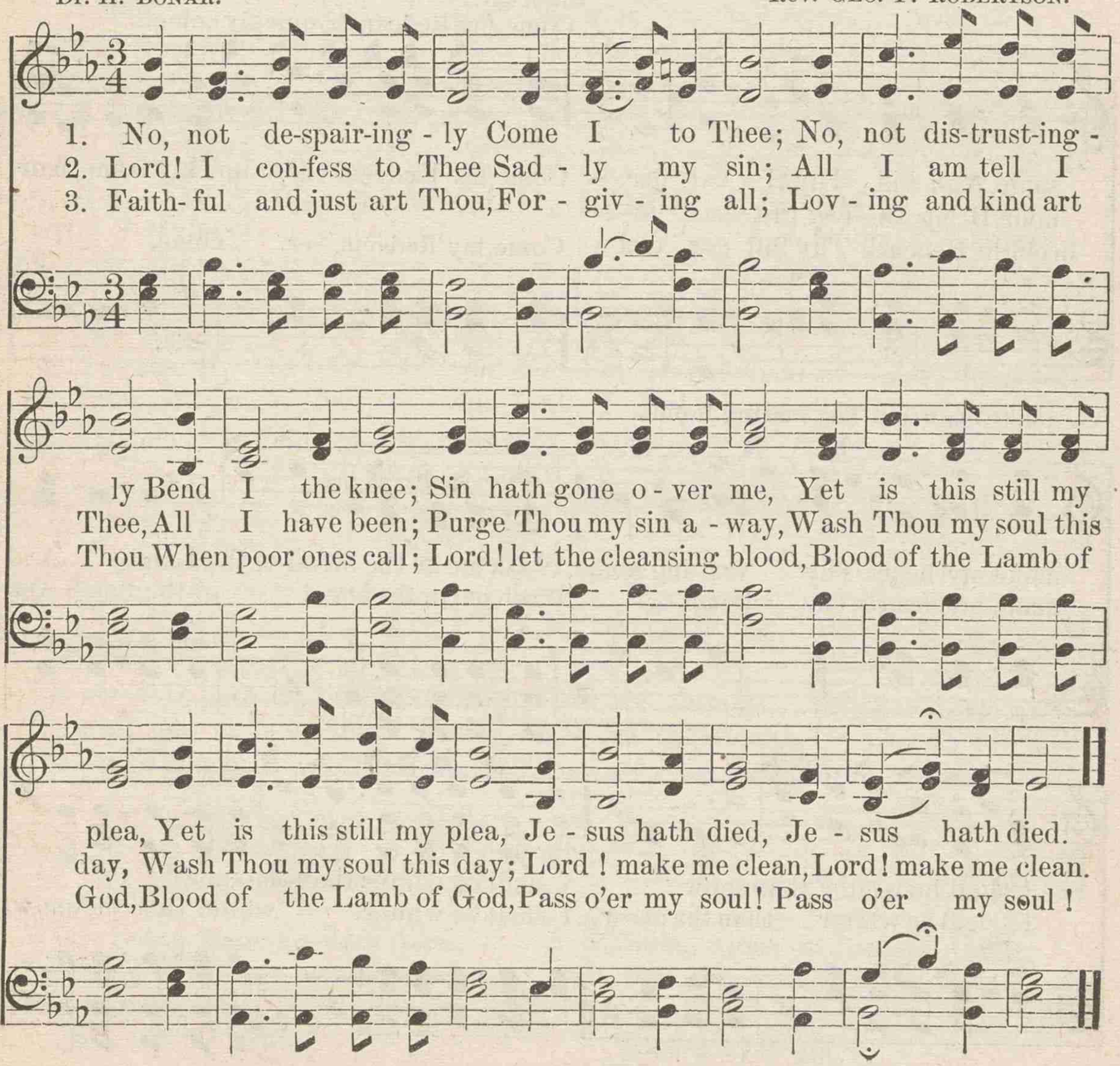
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FLOWING FREE.



No. 87. JESUS HATH DIED.

Dr. H. BONAR. Rev. GEO. F. ROBERTSON.



Copyright, 1891, by Geo. F. Robertson.

No. 88. WHITER THAN THE SNOW.

* * *

GEORGE D. BUCHANAN.

1. Come, my Redeem-er, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come, and Thy right as-
2. Ex-ert Thy mighty pow'r And ban-ish all my sin; In this auspi-cious
3. Rule Thou in ev-'ry thought And pas-sion of my soul, 'Till all my pow'rs are

REFRAIN.

Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,

sume, And bid Thy ri - vals flee — Come, my Redeem - er, quickly come, And
hour, Bring all Thy gra - ces in —
brought Beneath Thy full con - trol — Come, my Redeem - er, come,

make my heart Thy lasting home,

make my heart Thy last-ing home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And
make my heart Thy home, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And

I shall be whiter than snow, I shall be whiter than the snow,
I shall be whiter than the snow, I shall be whiter, whiter than the snow,

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WHITER THAN THE SNOW.

I shall be whit-er than the snow, Wash me in the blood of the
I shall be whit-er, than the snow, yes Wash me in the blood, in the
Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er, whit - er than the snow.

No. 89. JESUS, SAVIOUR, LOOK ON ME.

Rev. J. R. MACDUFF. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op-prest;
2. Look down on me, for I am weak, I feel the toil-some journey's length;
3. I am be - wildered on my way, Dark and tempes-tuous is the night;
I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my rest, Thou art my rest.
Thine aid om - nip - o - tent I seek: Thou art my strength, Thou art my strength.
O send Thou forth some cheer-ing ray: Thou art my light, Thou art my light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look on Thee: my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding place imparts:
Thou art my peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my life.

No. 90. ALL TO THEE.

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

1. Saviour, may we give our hearts to Thee, All to Thee, all to Thee;
2. Thou did'st give Thyself that we might be, All to Thee, all to Thee;
3. When we 've cross'd death's dark and stormy sea, All to Thee, all to Thee;

all to Thee, all to Thee;

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

All to Thee, yes, all to Thee.

REFRAIN.

All to Thee, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 't is all to Thee;
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee, Blessed Lord, 't is all to Thee, yes all to Thee,

All to Thee, all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 't is all to Thee.
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee,

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No. 91. SALVATION FULL AND FREE.

G. F. R. Rev. Geo. F. Robertson.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost, Sal - va - tion is full and free,
2. Ho! ev - 'ry need - y, sin - sick soul, Sal - va - tion is full and free,
3. The Spir - it and the Bride say, "come," Sal - va - tion is full and free,

Re - deem-ing them at fear - ful cost, Sal - va - tion is full and free.
The bless - ed Christ can make you whole, Sal - va - tion is full and free.
Let all that hear the word say "come," Sal - va - tion is full and free.

His on - ly Son He free - ly gave Who shed His blood your souls to save,
His blood will cleanse you from all sin, His Spir - it makes you pure with-in,
Let ev - 'ry thirst - y one draw near, And drink of heav - en's fountain clear;

And con-quer'd sin, death, and the grave, Sal - va - tion is full and free.
And heav - en bids you en - ter in, Sal - va - tion is full and free.
And who - so - ev - er, will may hear, Sal - va - tion is full and free.

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No. 92. W. C. T. U. SONG.

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

1. Ma - ny are the homes that are dark to-night, Blight-ed by the curse of rum;
2. Ma - ny are the moth-ers a-wake to-night, Pray-ing for the ab - sent one;
3. Ma - ny are the sis- ters a-lone to-night, Dreading lest the news may come,
4. Ma - ny are the hus-bands a-way to-night, Drink-ing of the cup of death;
5. Ma - ny are the pray'rs that as-cend to-night, Call - ing for the help di - vine;

Ma - ny are the hearts that sad - den at the sight,
Fear - ing that the de - mon with his power to blight,
Tell - ing of the drunk - ard's sad and aw - ful plight,
Ma - ny are the wives that wa - ken with af - fright,
Ma - ny are the hands that bat - tle for the right,

REFRAIN.

Long-ing for the end to come. O God of heav'n, make bare Thine arm, And
Has the aw - ful work be - gun.
Dy - ing far a - way from home.
Shrink-ing from the ha - ted breath.
Plead - ing for your boy and mine.

stop the aw-ful fiend from peopling hell; Give us strength to stay his hand, Drive the

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W. C. T. U. SONG.

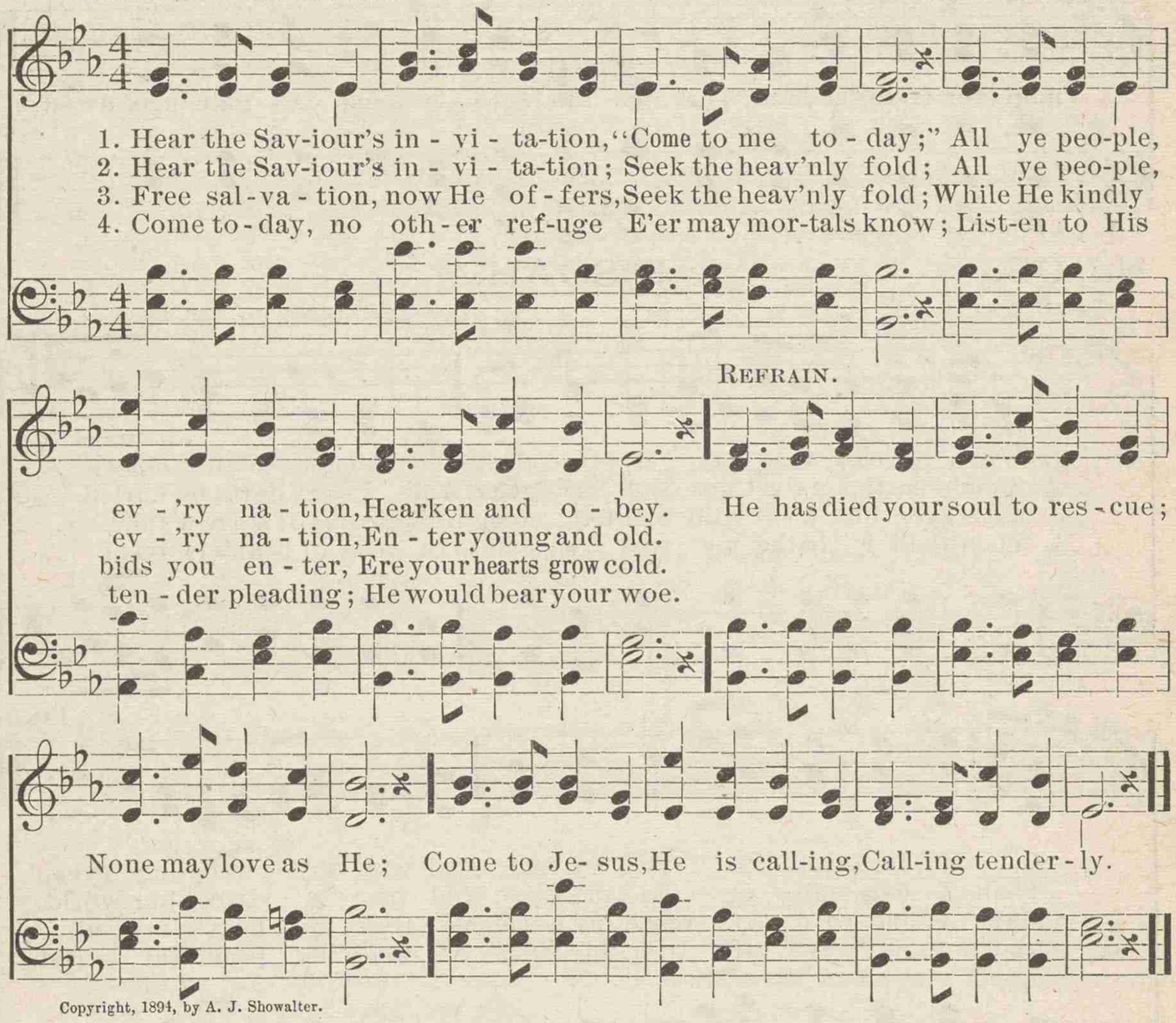


No. 93. PISGAH.

ISAAC WATTS. J. C. LOWRY. Arr. by A. J. S.

No. 94. HEAR THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

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



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No. 95. HOLY GHOST, THE INFINITE.

ANON. J. D. PATTON.



HOLY GHOST, THE INFINITE.



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No. 96. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.



2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

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

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

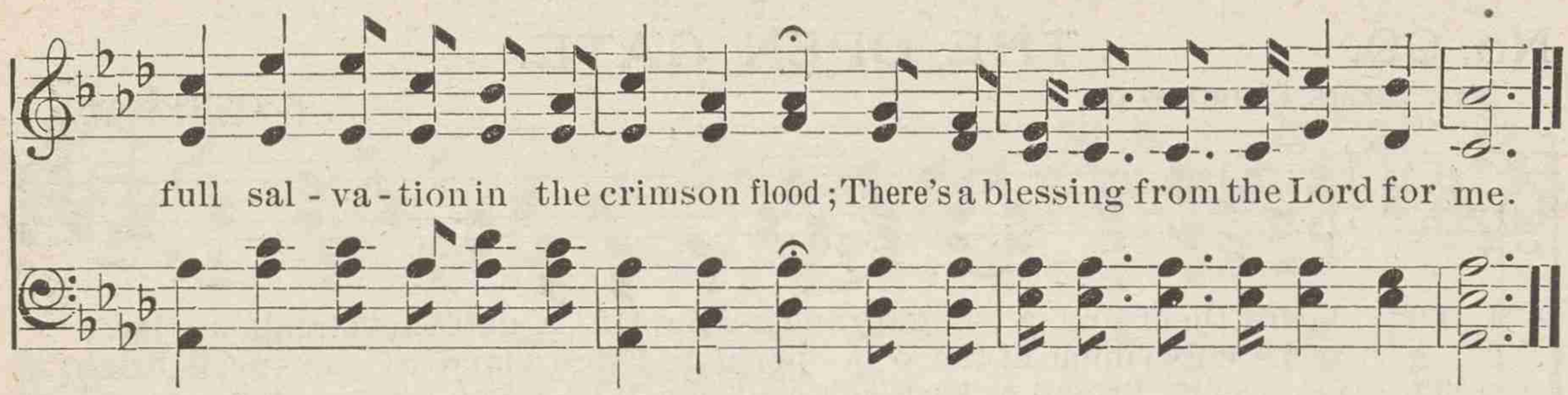
1. There is per - fect cleans-ing in the pre - cious blood That flows for all so free, There is full sal - va-tion in its crim-son flood; There's a
2. I am saved each mo - ment thro' the cleans-ing blood That now by faith I see; I am sweet-ly rest-ing at the cross I love; There's a
3. O the blood that 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. THE OPEN GATE.

MRS. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. S. C. HANSON.

1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a-gain, Of a gate that stands a - jar,
2. A wel - come home at the o - pen gate, From a land of an - gels bright,
3. The sin - ner's Friend, as He reach-es down, With a Sav-iour's wondrous love,

Of a sun - ny clime, and gold - en plain, And a sin - less land a - far.
Do these for the ran-som'd spir - it wait, As it gains the land of light?
Who pre-pares a man-sion, robe, and crown, In His shin -ing courts a - bove,

But when I have past the chil - ly tide, To en-ter my home a - bove,
We may not know of the joy un-told, The bliss of the oth - er side,
Will gath - er His flock in - to the fold,—The fold be-yond the tide,

I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold - en hinge of love.
But when I come to the gate of gold, I be-lieve 't will o - pen wide.
As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be-lieve 't will o - pen wide.

From "Living Gems," by permission of S. C. Hanson.

THE OPEN GATE.



No. 100. WILMOT.

WEBER.



4 I would love Thee; may Thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love Thee; may Thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5 I would love Thee, I have vowed it;
On Thy love my heart is set:
While I love Thee, I can never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

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 ce.se-less con-tem - pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,

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

REFRAIN.

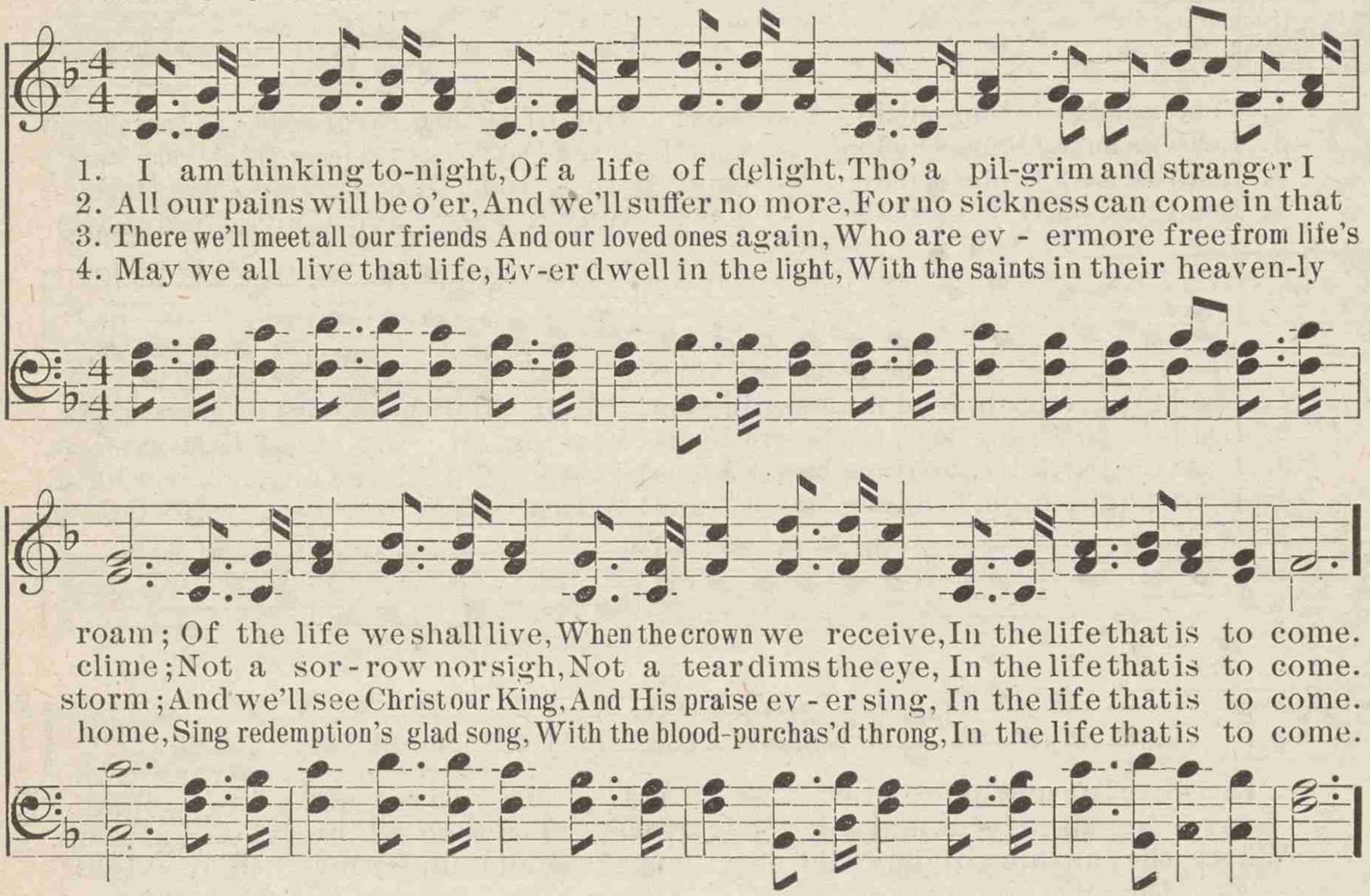
Standing by the cross, standing by the cross, Standing by the cross of Cal-va - ry;

Looking up to Christ, trusting in His love, Hoping in His mercy full and free.

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No. 102. THE LIFE THAT IS TO COME.

Mrs. S. J. Oslin. J. D. Patton.



Refrain.

From "Zion's March," by permission.

No. 103. LEAD ME ON.

Arranged. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! Out of darkness, out of night, (gloomy night,)
2. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! Leaving all my doubts and fears, (doubts and fears,)
3. Lead me forth; O blessed Je - sus! In - to ful-ler, clearer light, (clearer light,)
4. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! With a clear eye fix'd a-bove, (fix'd above,)

1. Lead me forth, oh, lead me, blessed Jesus! Out of darkness, out of gloomy night,
2. Lead me forth, oh, lead me, blessed Jesus! Leaving all my gloomy doubts and fears,
3. Lead me forth, oh, lead me, blessed Jesus! In- to ful - ler, fuller, clearer light,
4. Lead me forth, oh, lead me, blesssd Jesus! With a clear eye, clear eye, fix'd above,

In - to life and love e - ter - nal, In - to joy and in - to light.
Leav - ing all my sins and sor - rows, Leav-ing all my griefs and tears.
Where the sunshine of Thy pres - ence Falls up-on my in -ner sight.
On the crown that now is wait - ing, In the par- a - dise of love.

In - to life and in-to love e- ter- nal, In - to joy and in - to light.
Leav-ing all my sins, my sins and sorrows, Leaving all my griefs and tears.
Where the sun- shine, sunshine of Thy presence Falls up- on my in-ner sight.
On the crown, the crown that now is waiting In the par-a - dise of love.

REFRAIN.

Lead me on, Lead me on, Draw me nearer, Lord, to Thee; Lead me
Lead me on, Lead me on, Draw me nearer, Lord, to Thee; (nearer Thee) : Lead me

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LEAD ME ON.

high - - - - er still and high - - er, Let me
high - er still and high- er, Lead me high-er still and high-er, Let me

now Thy glo-ry see, ... Let me nowThy glory see.
now Thy glo-ry see, Thy glory see, Let me nowThy glory see, Thy glory see.

No. 104. AZMON.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re-signed, sub - mis- sive, meek, My dear Re-deem -er's throne,
3. A hum-ble, low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly spilt for me.
Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Which nei - ther life nor death can part From Him that dwells with- in.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

No. 105. LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

ANON. Arr. E. ROBERTS.

1. O Sav-iour of sinners, when faint and depressed, With man - i-fold tri - als and sorrows oppress'd, I 'll bow at Thy feet and with con-fi-dence cry, "Lead me to the
2. When tempted by Satan the Spir - it to grieve, The service of Christ, my Re - deem-er to leave, I 'll claim my re - la-tion, to Je-sus I 'll fly, The Rock of sal -
3. When judgments, O Lord, are a-bout in the land, And mer - i - ted vengence de - scends from Thy hand, O'erwhelmed with the sight, for pro-tec-tion I 'll fly, And hide in the
4. When summon'd at last before God to ap- pear, By free grace sup-port-ed I 'll stand without fear, The mandate o - bey-ing, th' or-de-al I 'll try, Up-held by the
5. At home with the ransom'd and Je-sus I long To dwell and e - ter - nal - ly join in the song Of praising and blessing while a -ges roll by, My Saviour the

REFRAIN.

Rock that is high-er than I." Lead me, Oh, lead me,
va-tion that 's high-er than I.
Rock that is high-er than I.
Rock that is high-er than I.
Rock that is high-er than I. Lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock,

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I, Lead me, Oh,
Lead me to the Rock, Oh,

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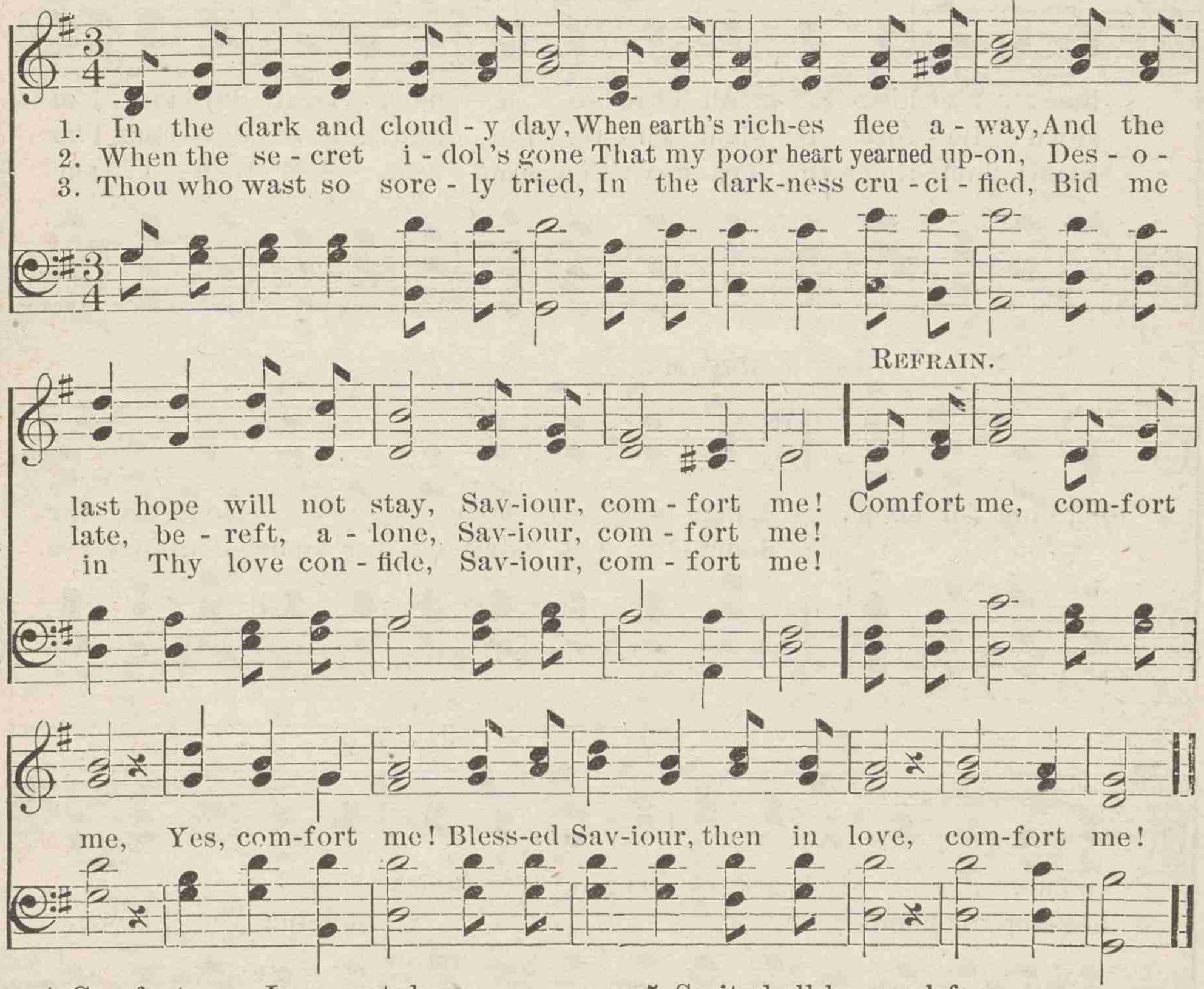
LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

Repeat pp.



No. 106. SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME!

G. RAWSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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4 Comfort me; I am cast down,
'T is my heavenly Father's frown;
I deserve it all, I own;
Saviour, comfort me!

5 So it shall be good for me,
Much afflicted now to be,
If Thou wilt but tenderly,
Saviour, comfort me!

No. 107. 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,

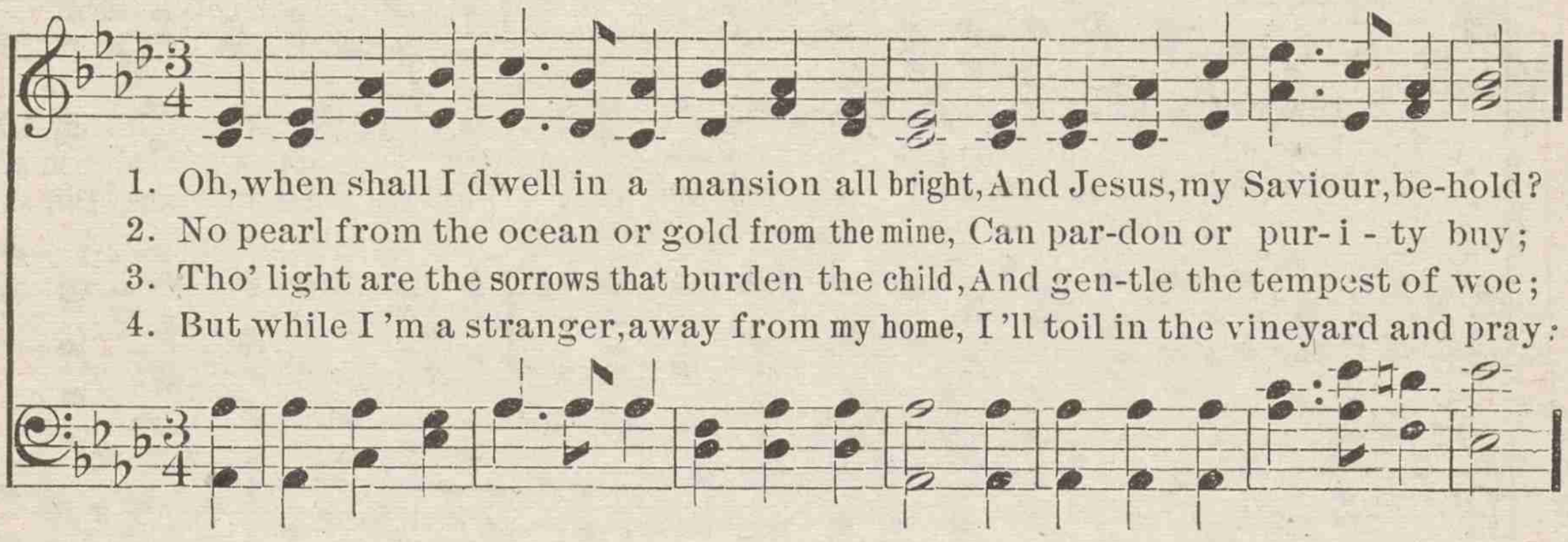
1 2

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

No. 108. HOME OF THE BLEST.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

Best as a Solo and Chorus.



1. Oh, when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Jesus, my Saviour, be-hold?
2. No pearl from the ocean or gold from the mine, Can par-don or pur-i-ty buy;
3. Tho' light are the sorrows that burden the child, And gen-tle the tempest of woe;
4. But while I 'm a stranger, away from my home, I 'll toil in the vineyard and pray:



Or walk by His side, like an an-gel of light, In a cit-y all garnished with gold?
I 'll trust in the blood of a Saviour di-vine, And cling to the cross till I die.
I long for the land which was never de-filed, To the home of the blest would I go.
I 'll car-ry the cross, while I think of the crown, And watch for the break of the day.



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REFRAIN.



Home of the blest! Land of sweet rest! When wilt thou ev-er be mine? Home of the blest!



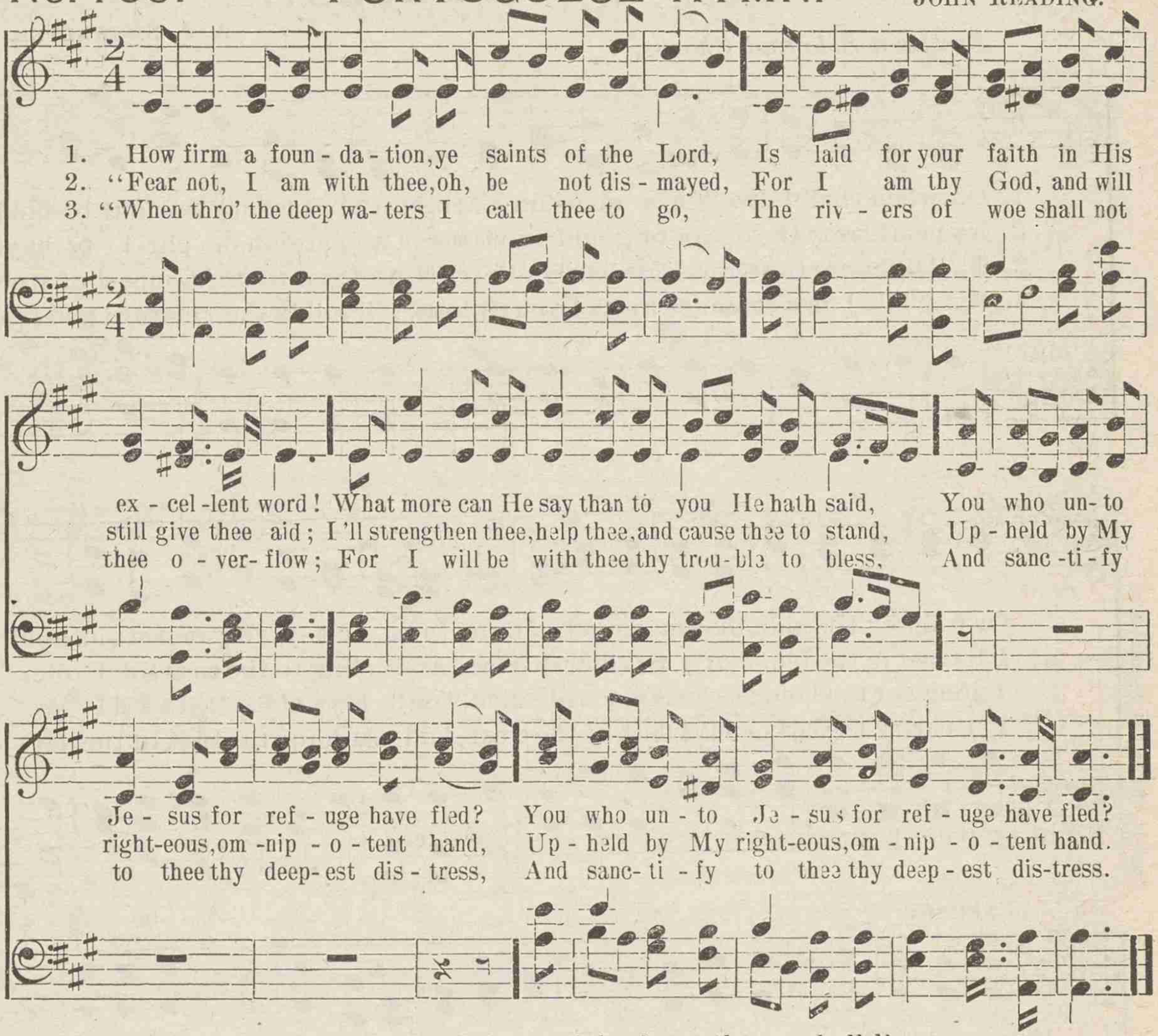


Land of sweet rest! Soon shalt thou ev-er be mine, Soon shalt thou ev-er be mine.



No. 109. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

JOHN READING.



4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not — I will not desert to his foes;
That soul — tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake!"

Old Tune. PROTECTION.

R. KEENE.

Popular Melody.



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