783.7 .H997s
010105 000
Hymns of glory music / by A.
0 1996 0324708 1
Southern Baptist Seminary

HYMNS OF GLORY

ROUND NOTES.

783.7
H991s
29307
MSL

LIBRARY
—OF—
SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,

LIBRARY
SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

DONATED BY

Rev. W.E. Denham

83.7
1991s
29307
MSL

RY,
RY

Date Due

RETURNED
JA 10 75

Library Bureau Cat. No. 1137

A. J.

The

Price,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Company.

Hymns of Glory

BY

A. J. Showalter, J. M. Bowman, S. L. Howard, J. S. Hendricks,
A. J. Robertson, W. C. Hafley, J. W. Dennis, B. F. Roe,
C. W. James and R. D. Burleson.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY LIBRARY

PUBLISHED BY

The A. J. Showalter Co., DALTON, GEORGIA.

The Showalter-Patton Co., DALLAS, TEXAS.

Price, by mail, postpaid, 35 cents per copy; $4.00 per dozen; $8.00 per 25.
express, charges not prepaid, $7.00 per 25; $13.50 per 50; $25.00 per 100.

PREFACE.

Christians of every denomination are recognizing more and more the power and importance of sacred song. They are catching more and more of the spirit of the inspired Psalmist when he exclaims:

> "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.
>
> "The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.
>
> "He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
>
> "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.
>
> "Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.
>
> "With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.
>
> "Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.
>
> "Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together
>
> "Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity."

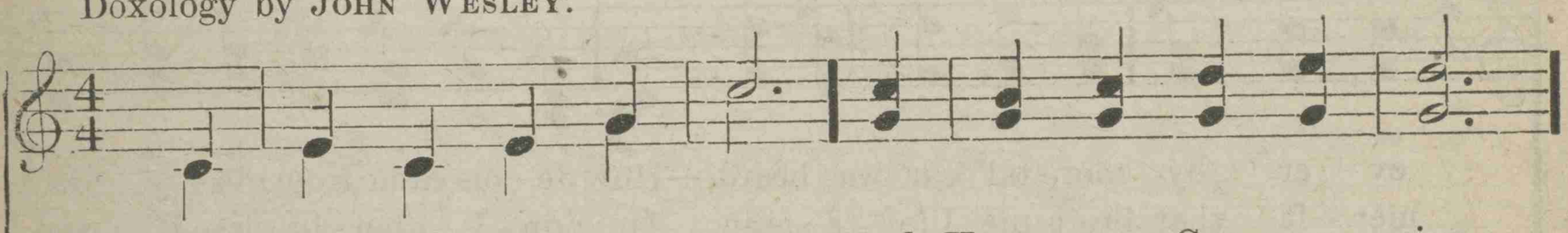
In keeping with this spirit the authors have compiled **HYMNS OF GLORY**, and we now offer it to the christian public, feeling assured that it will meet with a hearty reception and be used in thousands of schools and churches to the glory of God, the edification of His people, and the upbuilding of His kingdom throughout the world.

THE PUBLISHERS.

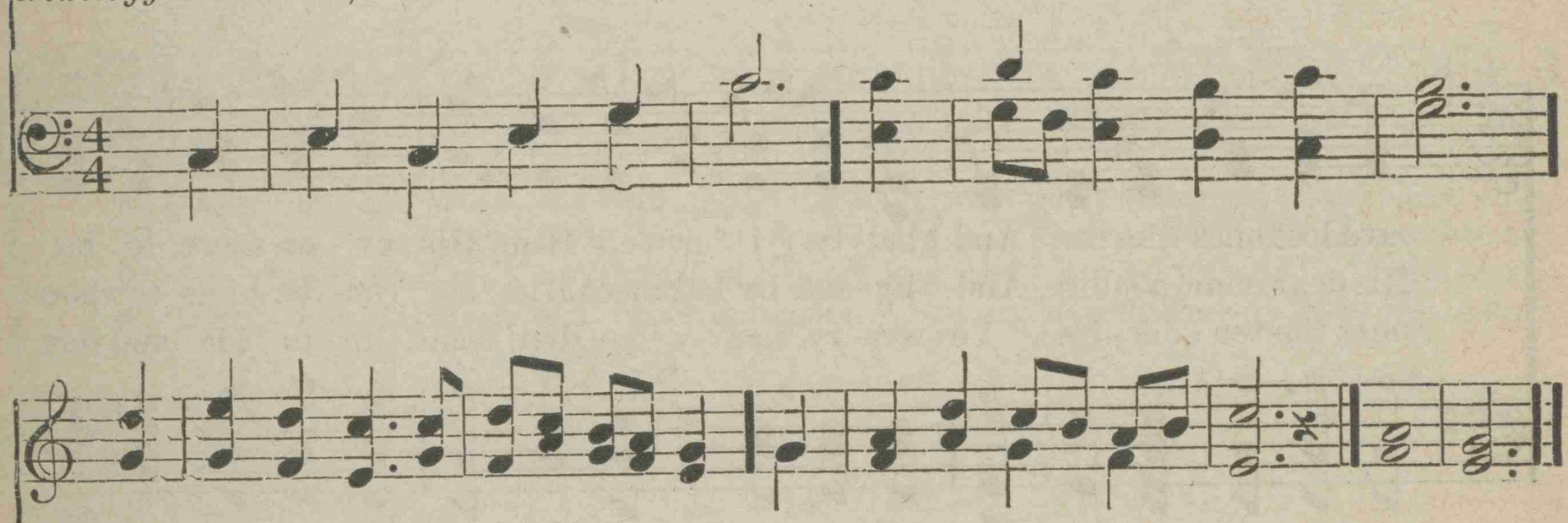
HYMNS OF GLORY.

No. 1. COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD.

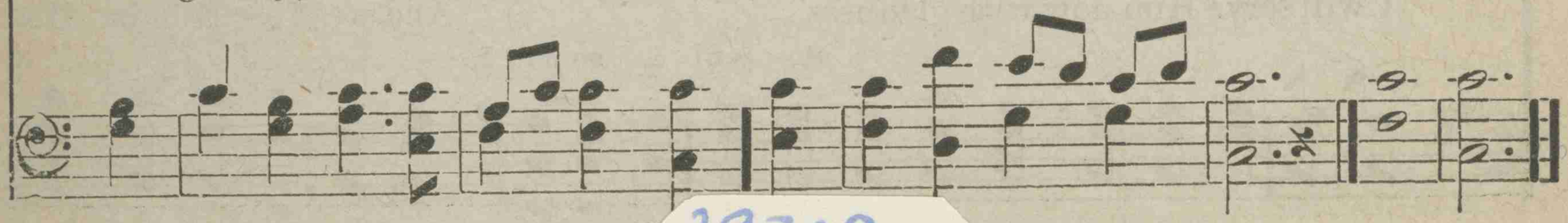
ISAAC WATTS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Doxology by JOHN WESLEY.

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And HYMNS OF GLO - RY sing;
2. He formed the deeps un - known, He gave the seas their bound;
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne; Come, bow be - fore the Lord;
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod;

Doxology. To God, the Fa - ther, Son, And Spir - it, One in Three,



Je - ho - vah is the sov-'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
The wat-'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
We are His work, and not our own, He formed us by His word.
Come, like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra-cious God.
Be glo - ry, as it was, is now, And shall for - ev - er be. A - MEN.



29307
783.7
H997s
MSL

No. 2. O WONDROUS IS THE MESSAGE.

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

1. O wondrous is the mes-sage from God's own ho - ly word, No sweeter mes-sage
2. 'Twas Jesus' death so cru- el, the Lamb for sin-ners slain, 'Twas His a - ton-ing
3. To sin-ners poor and needy, to all in sore dis-tress, He holds out hands so

ev - er by mor - tal ear was heard,—How Je - sus came from glo - ry to
mer - it that bro't me life a - gain, And now I glad - ly serve Him and
lov - ing and longs their souls to bless; O hear Him as He's pleading in

save lost ones like me, And glad- ly I ac-cept Him, His ev - er- more to be.
His dear name a - dore, And by and by I'll meet Him on yon- der bless- ed shore.
tones the ten - der - est, "Ye wea- ry, heav-y - la - den, come un - to Me and rest."

REFRAIN.

I will serve Him now with gladness, And we'll see Him in His
So will I, so will I,

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

VALTER.

er mes-sage
a - ton-ing
out hands so

ry to
Him and
ing in

to be.
- ed shore.
and rest."

n in His

O Wondrous is the Message.

beau-ty in glo - ry by and by; I will praise Him for His goodness,
So will

And we'll dwell with Him for-ever in glo- ry by and by.
I, so will I,

No. 3. Sweet is the Work, My God, My King!

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. from SCHUMANN.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mor - tal cares shall seize my breast;
3. My heart shall tri - umph in my Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word;
4. Lord! I shall share a glo-rious part, When grace hath well-re-fined my heart,

To show Thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-emn sound.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels! how di - vine!
And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed, Like ho - ly oil to cheer my head.

No. 4. THE SUNLIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

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

Slowly.

1. Once I heard a sweet voice say-ing, "Come un - to Me," And the sunlight of my
2. O that bright hap-py day when my soul found sweet rest In the sunlight of my
3. I have found blessed peace, grace suf - fi - cient for me, In the sunlight of my
4. I am long - ing for home where I'll rest ev - er-more, In the sunlight of my

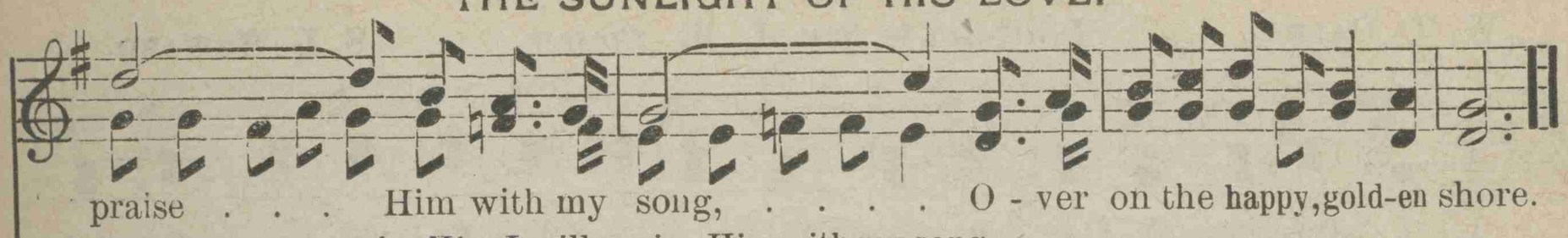
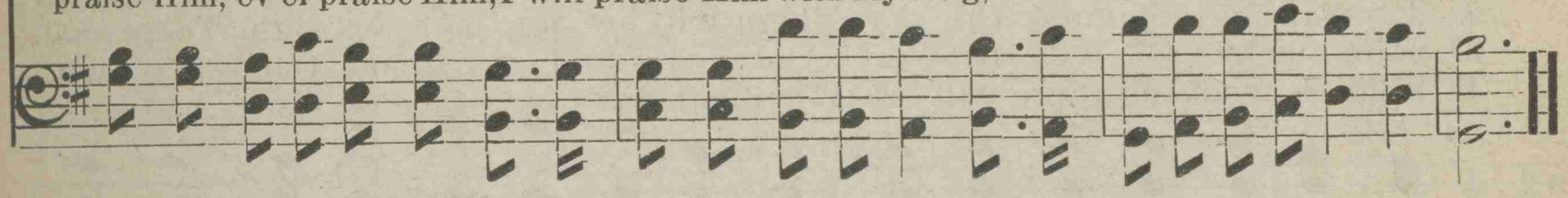
Sav - iour's love En-tered my darkened soul and from sin made me free, 'Twas my
Sav - iour's love; I am saved by His grace, I am hap - py and blest, I will
Sav - iour's love; I shall know my Re-deem - er when His face I see, As He
Sav - iour's love; Where no tears ev - er fall and my sor-rows are o'er, When I

CHORUS. *Faster.*

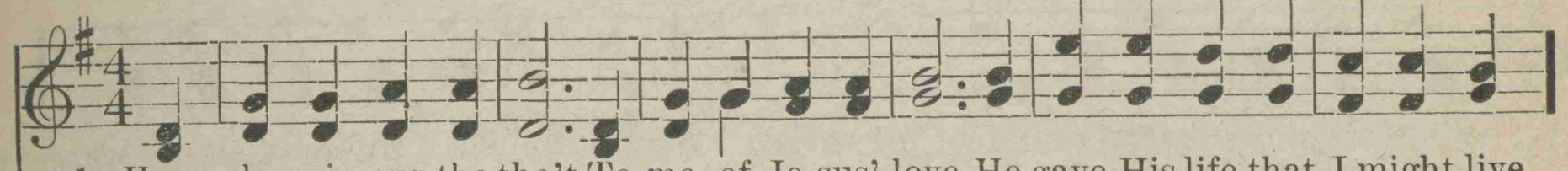
Sav - iour call - ing from a - bove. In the sun - - light of His
praise Him with the hosts a - bove.
comes in glo - ry from a - bove.
reach the glo - ry land of love. In the sunlight, bless - ed sun-light, in the

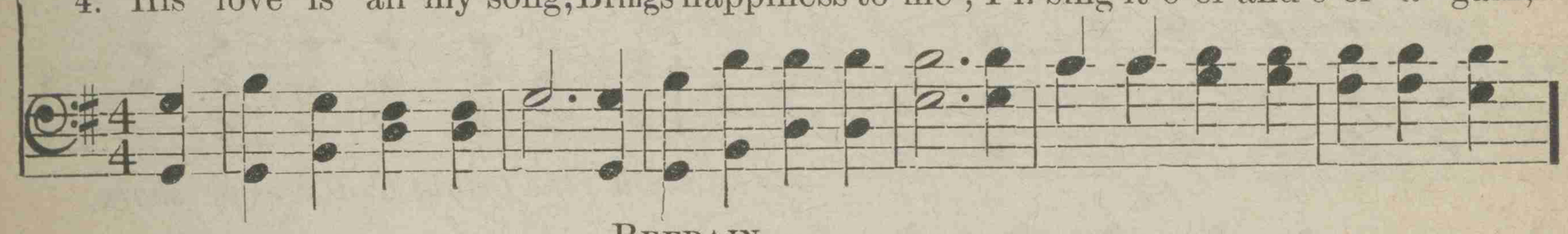
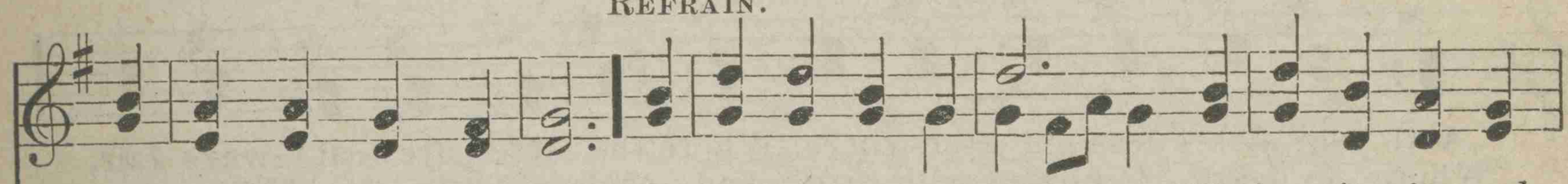
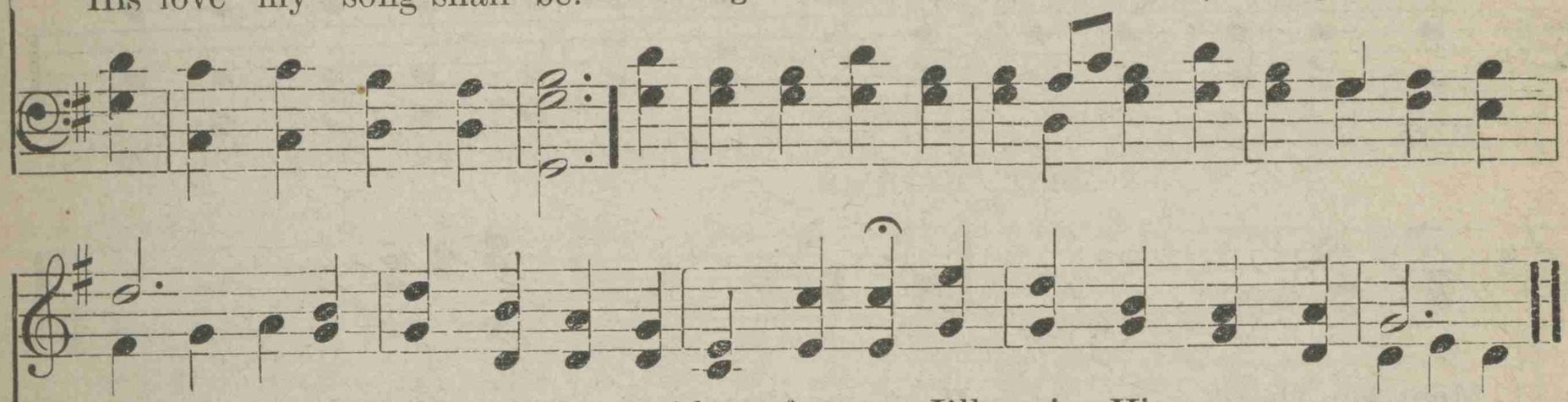
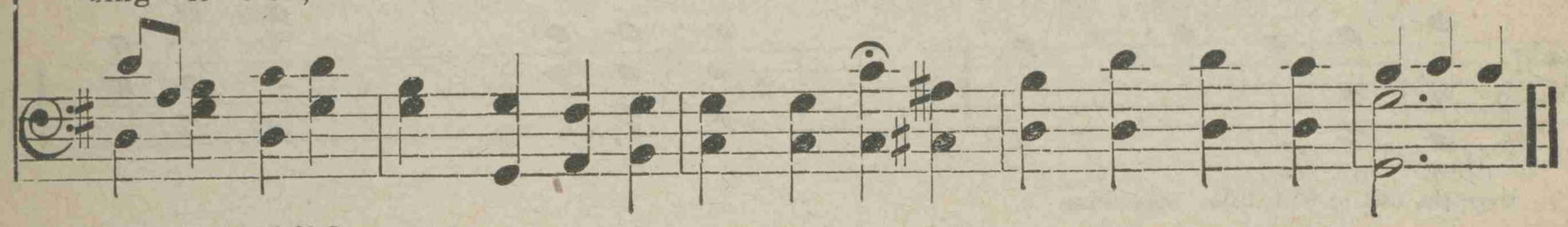
love, I am rest - - ing ev-er-more; I will
sun-light of His love I am rest-ing, sweetly rest - ing, I am rest-ing ev - ermore; I will

Copyright, 1902, by J. M. Bowman, Harrisonburg, Va.

THE SUNLIGHT OF HIS LOVE.

praise . . . Him with my song, ... O - ver on the happy, gold-en shore.
praise Him, ev-er praise Him, I will praise Him with my song,

No. 5. I'LL SING OF JESUS' LOVE.

MAMIE STEWART. J. M. BOWMAN.



1. How glo - ri - ous the tho't To me, of Je-sus' love, He gave His life that I might live,
2. His wondrous love for me, Suf - ficient for my needs, It keeps me ev - er near His side,
3. His blessings tru - ly prove His love to me sin-cere, En-kin-dles faith, and hope for me,
4. His love is all my song, Brings happiness to me ; I'll sing it o'er and o'er a - gain,

REFRAIN.

And dwell with Him a - bove. I'll sing of Je - sus' love, I'll sing it o'er and
To fol - low where He leads.
Sub-dues my doubt and fear.
His love my song shall be. I'll sing of Je - sus' wondrous love, I'll sing it o'er, I'll

o'er ; I'll sing of Je - sus' love for me, I'll praise Him ev - er - more.
sing it o'er ; I'll praise Him, praise Him ev - er-more.

Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Bowman.

No. 6.

MEET ME THERE.

W. T. DALE. *Dedicated to Rev. J. W. Blosser.* S. L. HOWARD.

1. I am on my jour-ney home, Where my Sav-iour beckons "come," And the
2. In that land be-yond the sky, There will be no pain or sigh, Tears shall
3. Soon our tri - als will be o'er, And we'll stand on Ca-naan's shore, Safe with
4. What a meet-ing there will be, When our Sav-iour's face we'll see, And with

saints no more shall roam, Meet me there; Where the ma - ny man-sions are,
nev - er dim the eye; Meet me there. Oh, the joy of meet-ing there,
those who've gone before; Meet me there. There the saints shall nev-er part,
loved ones ev - er be; Meet me there. To that land let's trav- el on,

D.S. *On the bright and sun-ny shore,*

And no sick - ness en - ters there, Where the skies are al - ways fair,
Where no heart is bowed with care, And each mind is freed from fear,
Sor - row ne'er shall rend the heart; Will you now to glo - ry start?
Till we stand be - fore the throne, And re - ceive a shin - ing crown;

With our loved ones gone be - fore, And with those now cross - ing o'er,

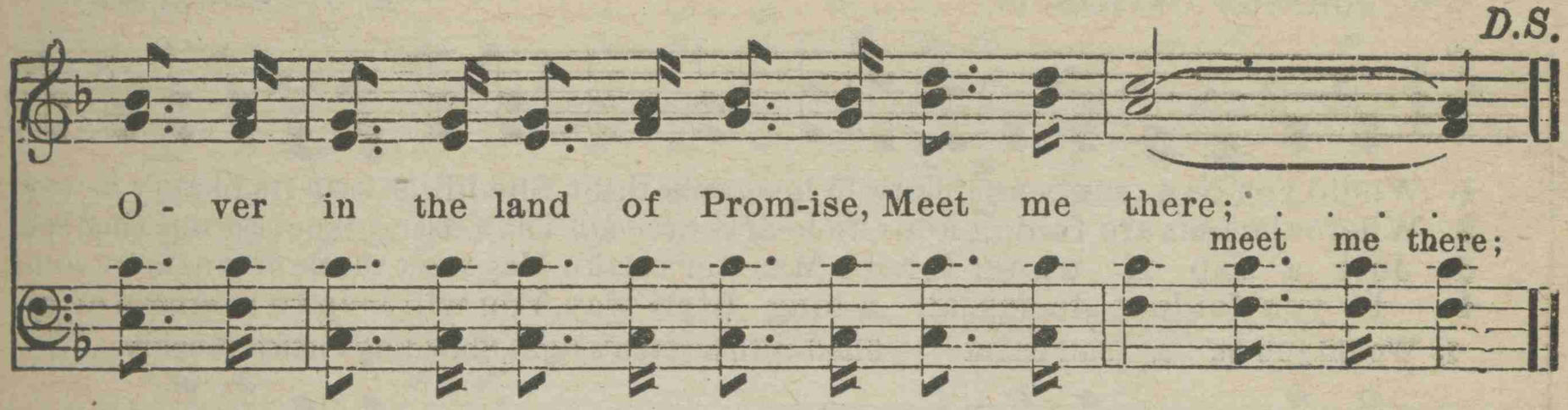
FINE. REFRAIN.

Meet me there. Meet me there, meet me there,

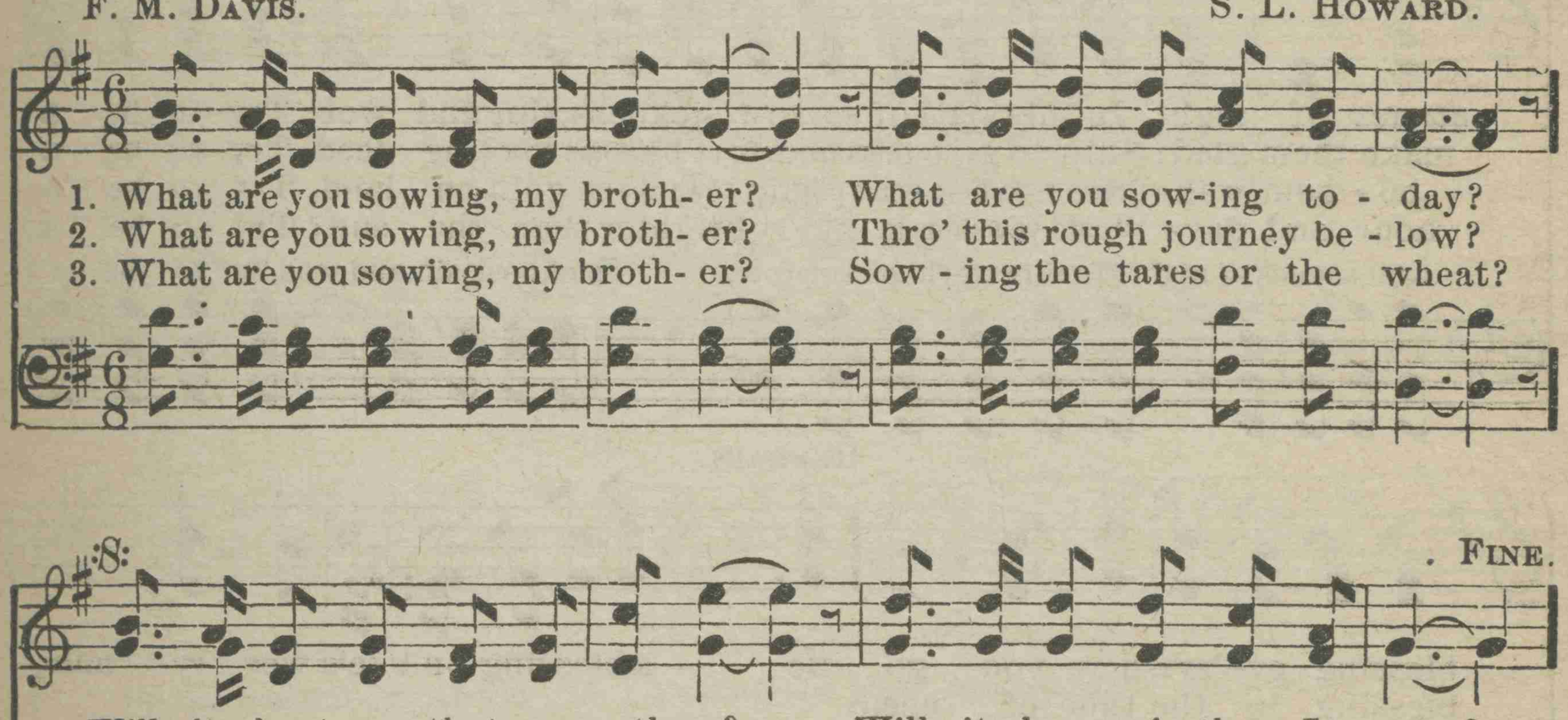
meet me there, Meet me there, meet me there,

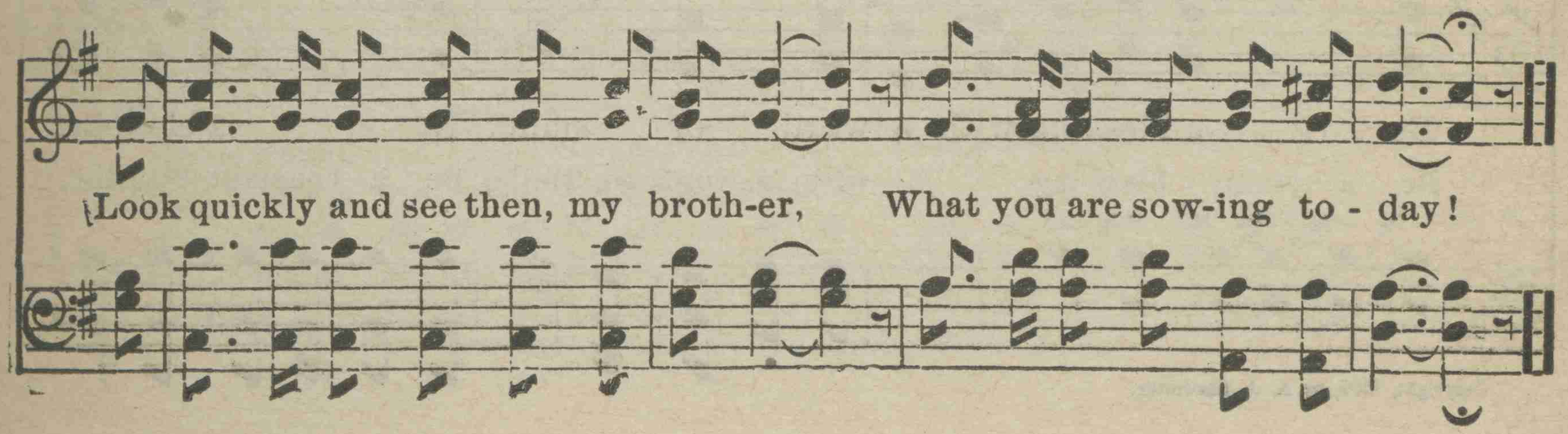
Meet me there.

Copyright, 1893, by W. T. Dale. Used by per

MEET ME THERE.

No. 7. WHAT ARE YOU SOWING?

F. M. DAVIS. S. L. HOWARD.





No. 8. BE A BLESSING.

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

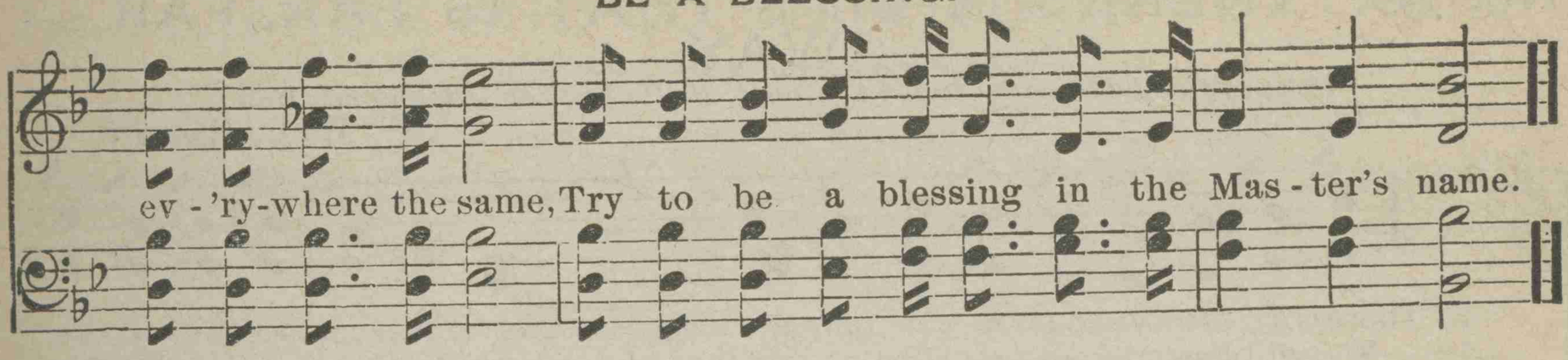
blessing ev'ry-where you go. Be a cheerful blessing on life's weary mile,

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

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

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

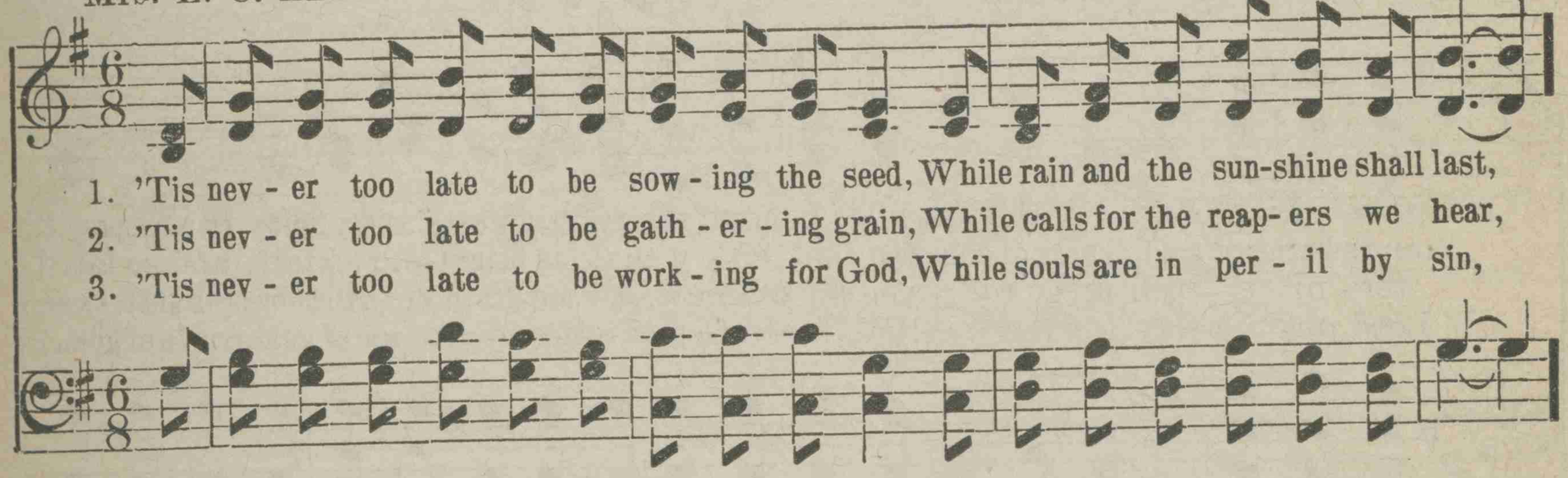
BE A BLESSING.



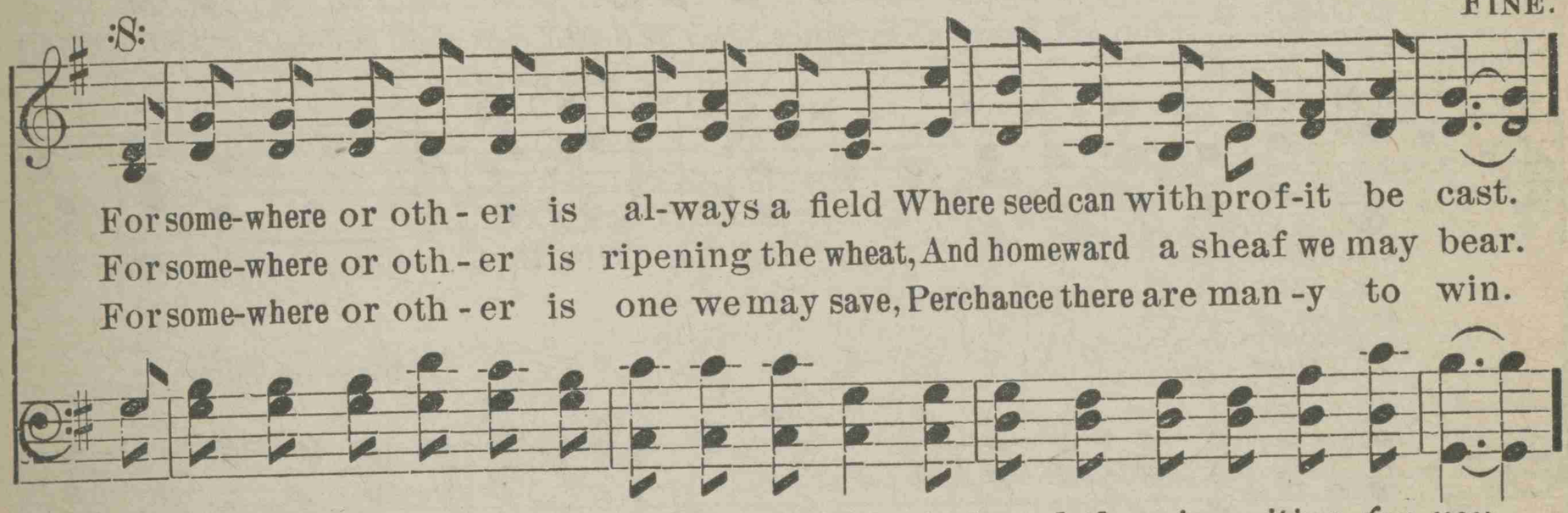
No. 9. WORK FOR THE MASTER.

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

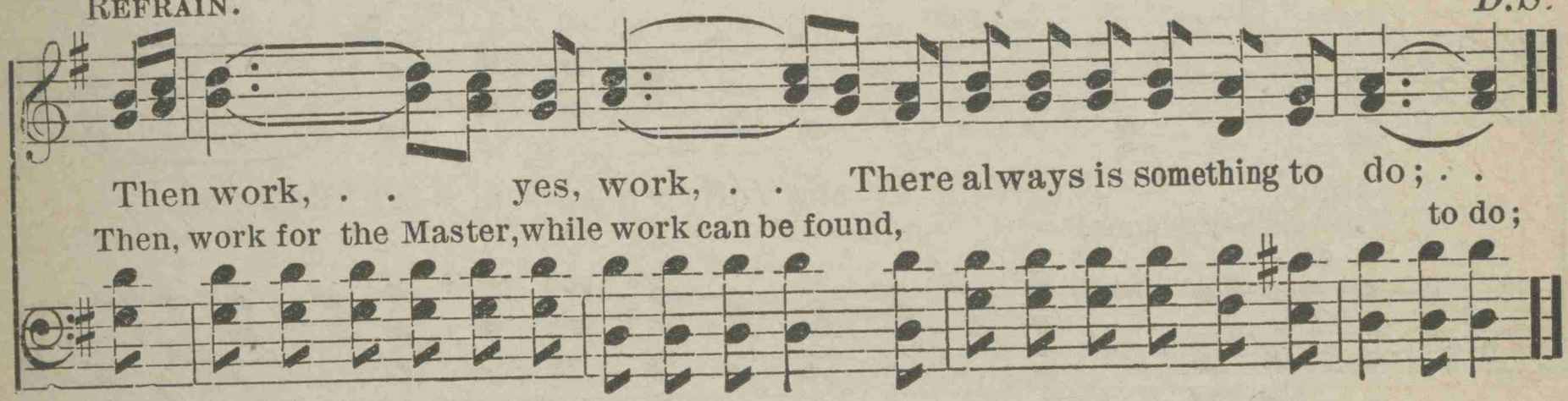
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



FINE.



REFRAIN. D.S.



No. 10. THERE'S A CITY THAT IS FAR, FAR AWAY.

(Respectfully dedicated to my friend, J. H. D. Tomson, Richmond, Mo.)

W. C. H. W. C. Hafley.

1. There's a cit - y that is far, far a - way, (far away,) You can see its sil - ver
2. We will hear the an-gels sing o - ver there, (over there,) As they hold within their
3. There the tree of life will bloom ev-er-more, (evermore,) While the cy-cles of e -
4. All the pilgrims of this earth, I am told, (I am told,) Who have suffered for their

spires o'er the sea, (o'er the sea,) 'Tis beyond the rolling waves' misty spray, (misty spray,)
hands harps of gold, (harps of gold,) In that cit - y that is bright and so fair, (and so fair,)
ter - ni - ty roll, (ever roll,) And no sickness, pain nor death we shall know, (we shall know,)
Lord on the way, (on the way,) Will receive a shining crown, made of gold, (made of gold,)

D.S. *There no sorrows, sin, nor death, e'er shall come, (e'er shall come,)*

Fine. Refrain.

Oh, that cit - y is for you and for me. Oh, that home, . . . hap - py
Oh, that cit - y is the home of the soul.
For that cit - y is the home of the soul.
In that cit - y that is far, far a - way. bless-ed home,

For that cit - y is the home of the soul.

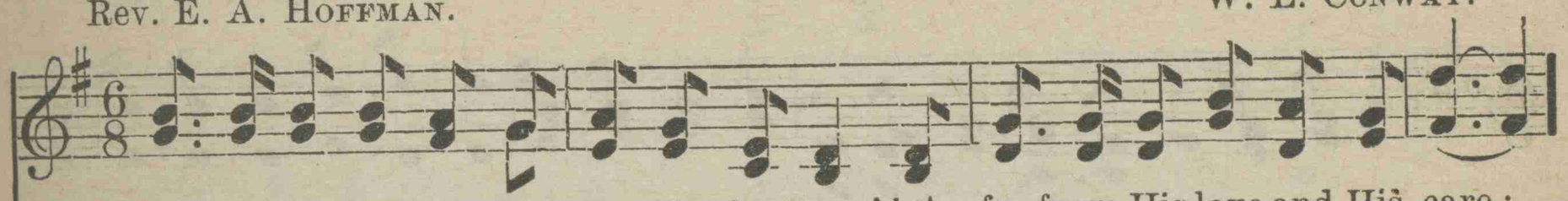
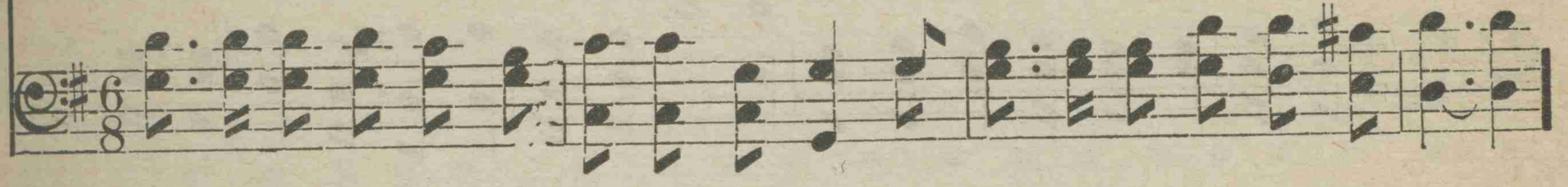
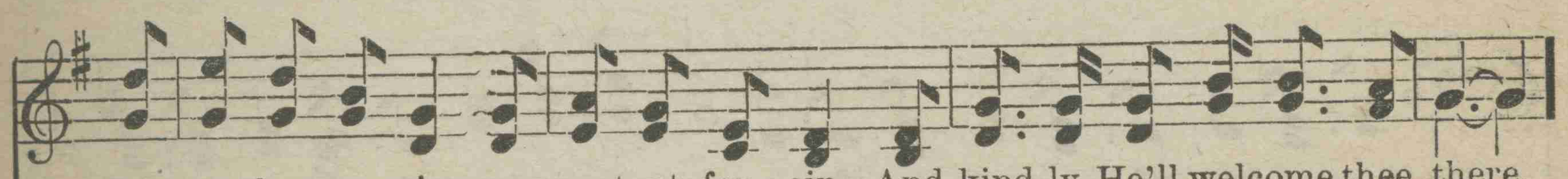
D.S.

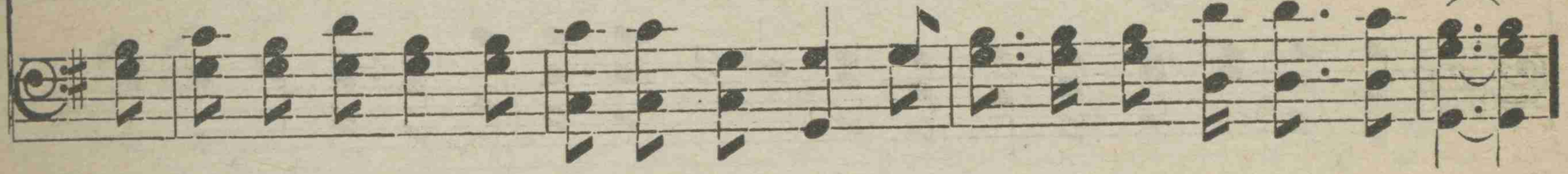
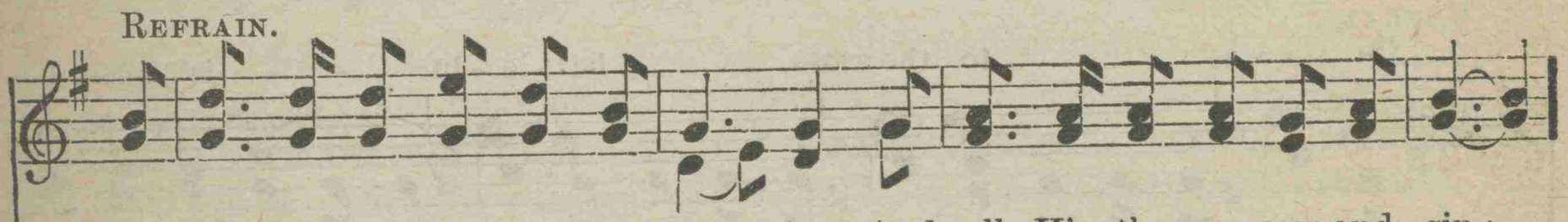
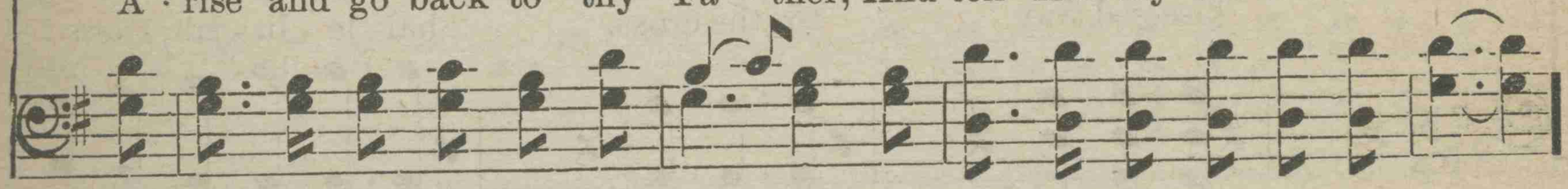
home, . . . Where the cy - cles of e - ter - ni - ty roll, ...
hap - py home, ev - er roll,

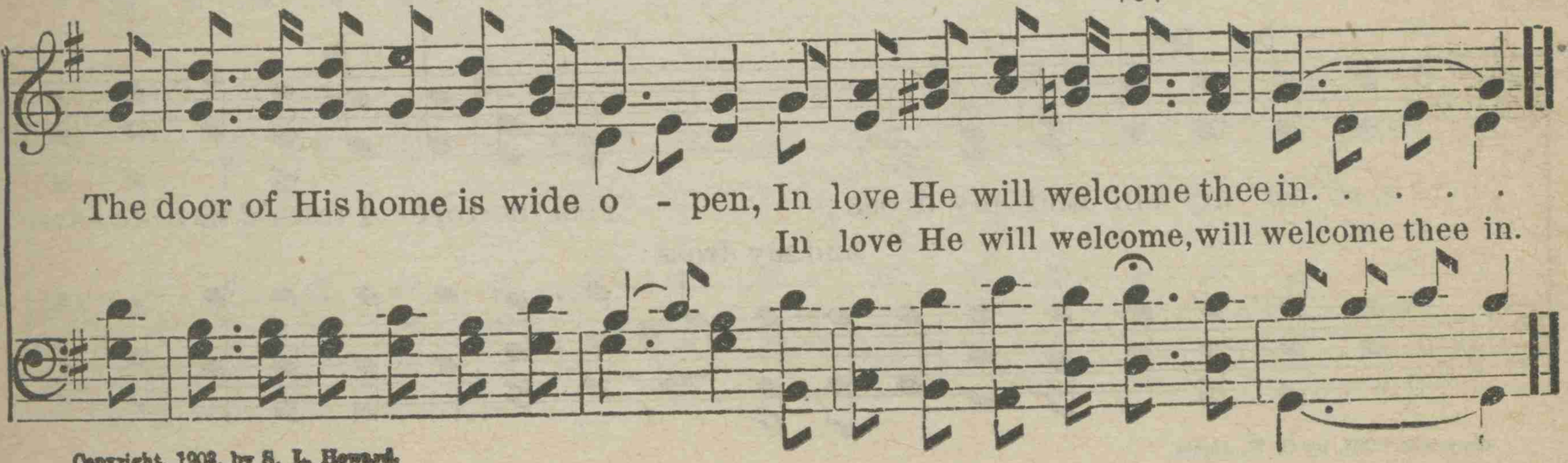
Property of A. J. Showalter.

No. 11. ARISE AND GO BACK TO THY FATHER.

"I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15: 18.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. W. L. CONWAY.

1. Far from the Father's bright home thou hast stray'd, A - far from His love and His care;
2. Wand'rer, thy Fa-ther has bread and to spare, There's room at His ta - ble for thee;
3. Lo! the long years have been sadden'd with sin, No moment has bro't to thee peace,
4. There is no place half so pre-cious or dear As Father's bright palace a - bove,—



Re-turn thou a-gain, re - pentant for sin, And kind-ly He'll welcome thee there.
He longs in His love on thee to be - stow For-give-ness, e - ter-nal and free.
Come back to thy Fa-ther, prod-i - gal child, Who mak-eth all sor-row to cease.
O seek then the home in heav-en prepared, The beau-ti - ful mansions of love.

REFRAIN.

A - rise and go back to thy Fa - ther, And tell Him thy sor-row and sin;

The door of His home is wide o - pen, In love He will welcome thee in. . . . .
In love He will welcome, will welcome thee in.



Copyright, 1903, by S. L. Howard.

No. 12. ON THE WAY TO THE CROSS.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

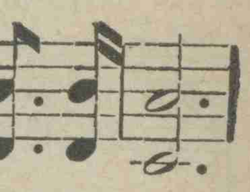
C. W. James.

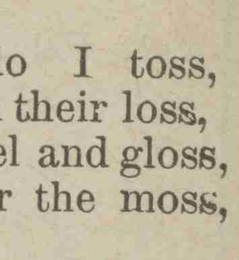
1. Now no more like a ship hea-vy la-den, On the bil-lows of life do I toss,
2. Tho' the pleasures of sin once did charm me, I'm re-joic-ing to-day in their loss,
3. Tho' my heart once did seek worldly honors, Now to me they're but tin-sel and gloss,
4. Tho' this bo-dy of mine may be sleep-ing Ve-ry soon 'neath the sod or the moss,

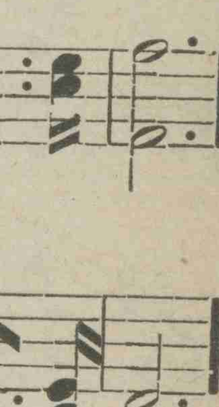
For by faith, praise the Lord, ev-'ry bur-den Disappeared on the way to the cross.
For the joys that are sure and a-bid-ing I received on the way to the cross.
For to me a sweet vis-ion of glo-ry Was revealed on the way to the cross.
Yet I know in the flesh I'll see Je-sus And praise Him for the way to the cross.

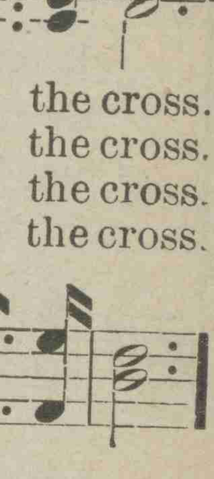
Refrain.

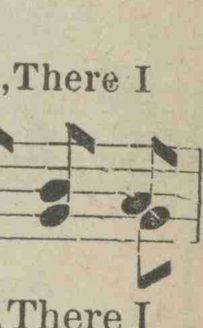
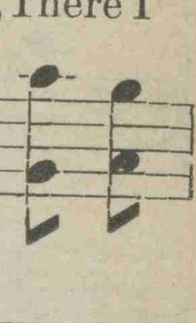
On the way to the cross, hal-le-lu - - jah, There I
bles-sed way to the cross, hal-le-lu-jah, There I
lost all my sin and my dross; Yes, be-fore I reach'd there Je-sus
and my dross.

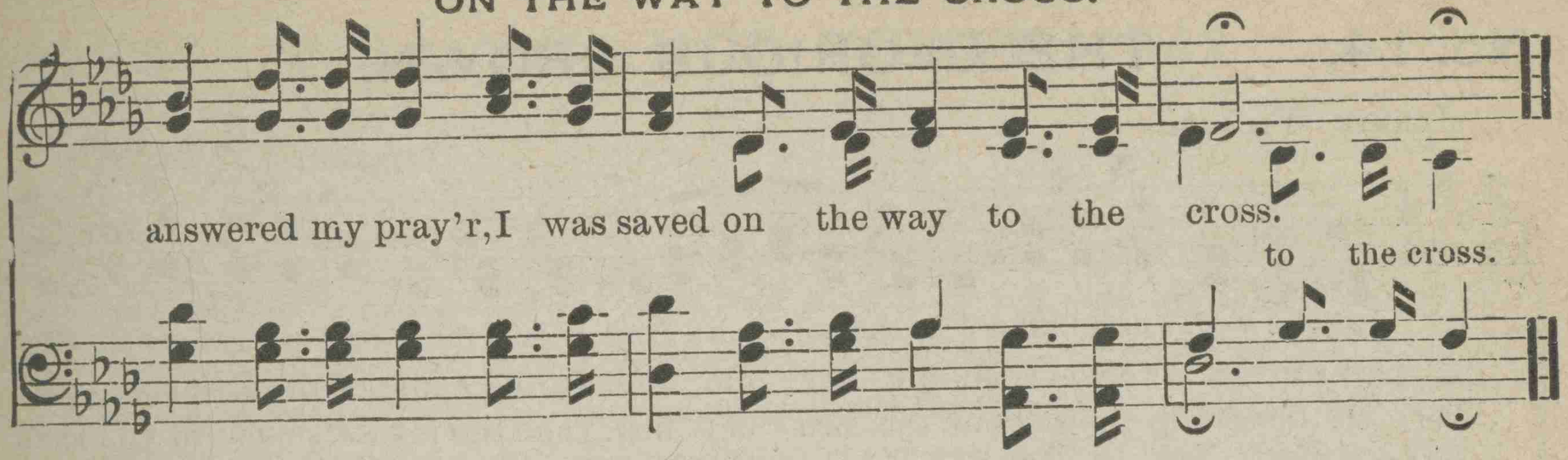
Copyright, 1903, by C. W. James.

lo I toss,
their loss,
el and gloss,
r the moss,



the cross.
the cross.
the cross.
the cross.

,There I

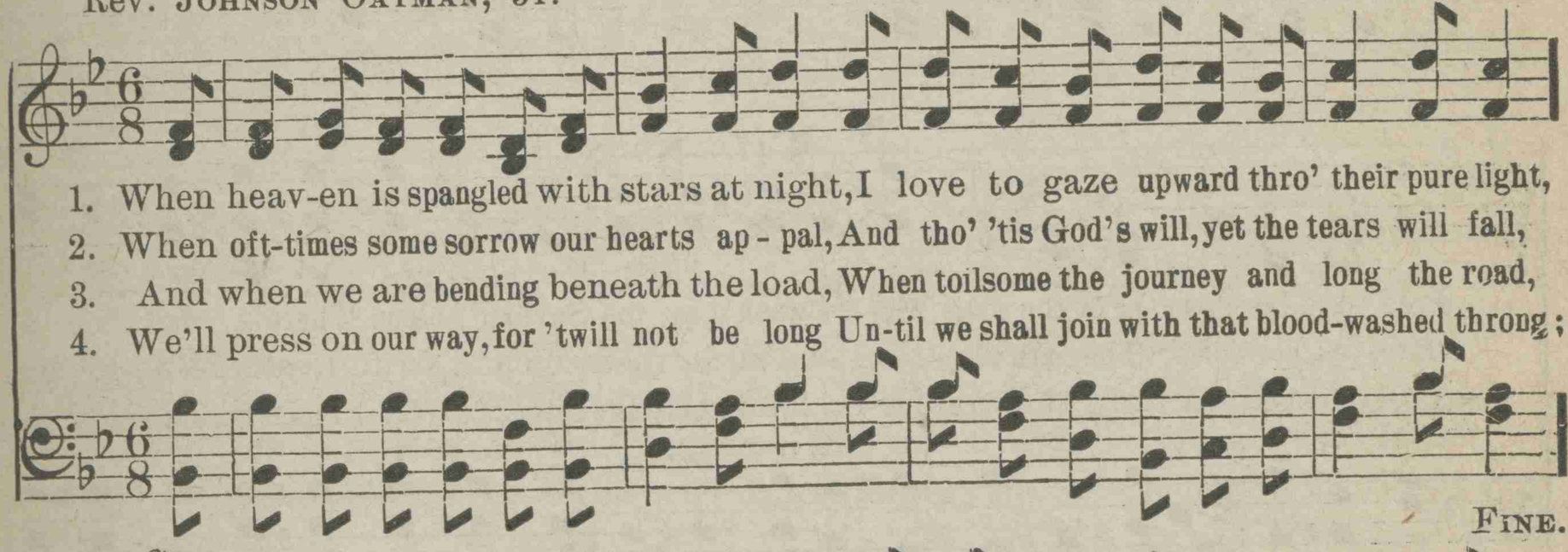


,There I

Je - sus

ON THE WAY TO THE CROSS.

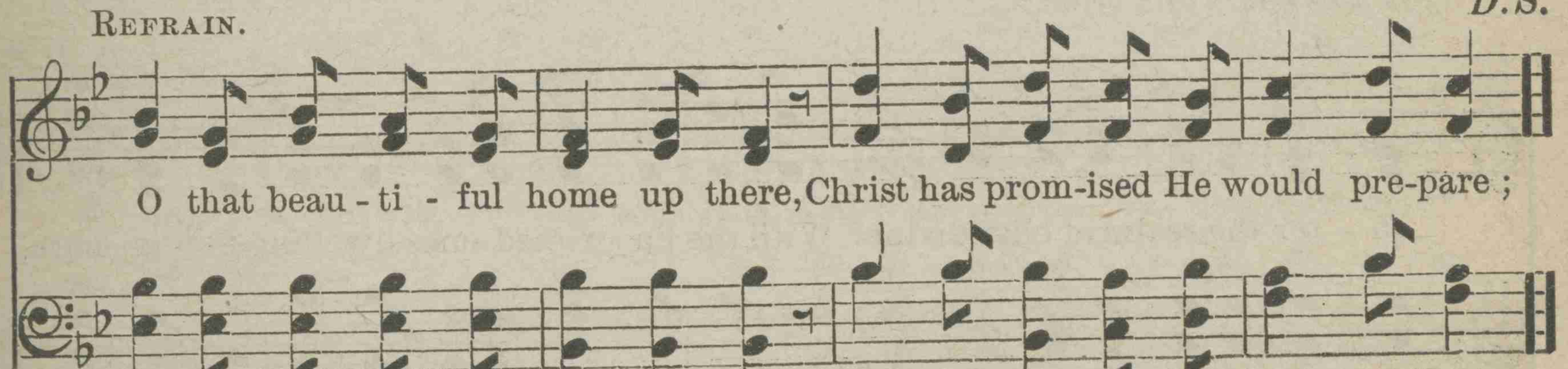


No. 13. THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME UP THERE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. R. D. BURLESON.



REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 14. THE GLORIOUS CROWN.

JENNIE WILSON. B. F. ROE.

1. In the won-derful land o'er the sol - emn flood, Where the crosses of earth are all laid
2. They who wear the bright crown of e - ter - nal life, In the name of the Lord have o-ver -
3. O believe in the pow'r of the cru - ci - fied, Then the joy of salvation you shall

down, (are laid down,) For the souls who are wash'd in the Saviour's blood, There is wait - ing a
come, (o - ver-come,) They are vic - tors who af-ter their toil and strife Rest with Je-sus for-
share, (you shall share,) In the wonder-ful land where the saints a - bide, The bright crown of re-

D.S. *Will the glo - ri - ous*

REFRAIN.

glo-rious star-ry crown. O my broth-er, when earth-life for us is o'er, Shall we
ev - er safe at home.
demption you shall wear.

crown be yours and mine?

D.S.

en - ter the realm of bliss divine? With the pu - ri-fied ones dwelling ev - er-more,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 15. WILL YOU NOT TRUST HIM?

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. J. S. Hendricks.

1. O why un - de - cid - ed, my broth-er, From Je - sus why still keep a - way?
2. You're wretched and need - y, my broth-er, You're sunk in the ru - ins of sin;
3. O why are you wait-ing, my broth-er, A - way from a par - don-ing God?
4. O why are you care-less, my broth-er? O why won't you reck-on the cost?

To you He is of-f'ring sal - va - tion, O will you not trust Him to - day?
Christ's a - ble and will-ing to save you, O why not a new life be - gin?
There's no oth - er way of sal - va - tion, But on - ly to trust in the blood.
Could you gain the world, where's the prof- it, And have your poor soul ev - er lost?

REFRAIN.

O will you not, will you not trust Him, The dear One who died for your sake?

O will you not, will you not trust Him, And glad - ly sal - va - tion now take?

Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 16. AT THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. R. H. Cornelius.

1. What tho' night is dark and gloom - y, Still it does not al - ways last,
2. So the skies a - long life's path-way Are not al - ways fair and bright,
3. Soon these sea - sons will be o - ver, Soon we'll draw our lat - est breath,

Just a few short hours of wait - ing, And the night is o - ver past;
For it is the lot of mor - tals To sometimes pass thro' the night;
Then we'll find that all a - round us Is the deep dark night of death;

Then a - gain hope comes to cheer us, As she sings her joy - ful lay,
But if we will trust in Je - sus, Light will shine up - on our way,
But we'll find that past the shad-ows Is the land of light al - way,

And our hearts are light and hap - py, At the break-ing of the day.
And our faith will rise tri-umph-ant, At the break-ing of the day.
And we'll go to live with Je - sus, At the break-ing of the day.

Copyright, 1903, by R. H. Cornelius.

ELIUS.

ays last,
nd bright,
st breath,

ver past ;
the night ;
of death ;

ul lay,
ur way,
l - way,

ne day.
ne day.
ne day.

AT THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

REFRAIN.

At the break-ing . . of the day,

At the break-ing, glo-rious break-ing of the day, beau - ti - ful day,

At the break - ing . . of the day,

At the break - ing, wel-come break-ing of the day, won-der - ful day,

When we see the morn - ing bright Flood-ing all the earth with light,

Then we thank our heav'n-ly Fa - ther at the break-ing of the day.

No. 17. THERE'S A CROWN IN HEAVEN WAITING ME.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

BIRDIE BELL.
Suggested and Ref. by A. J. R.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

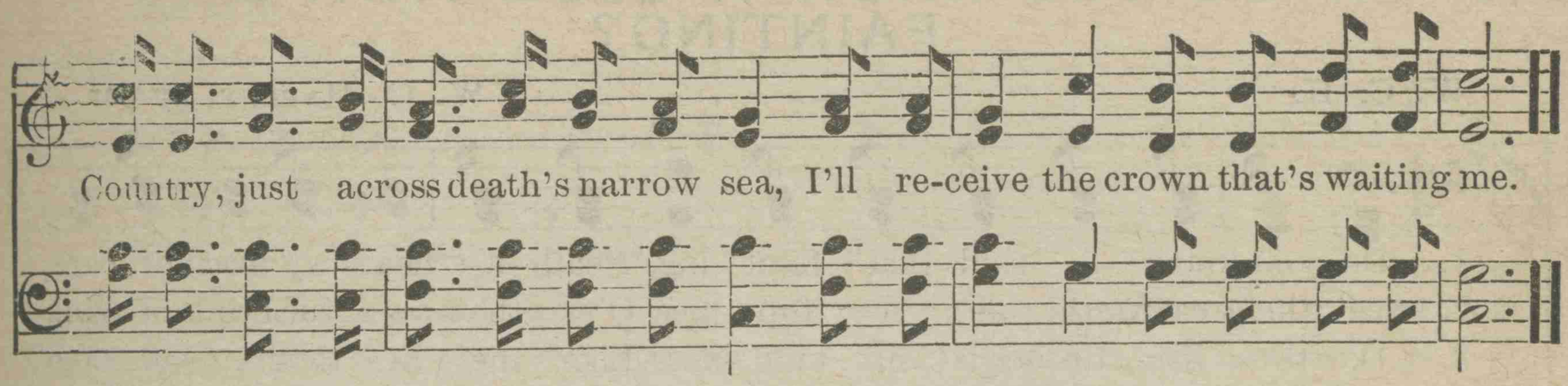
1. O the way is oft - en rug-ged, and my feet are bruised and sore, I am long-ing for the country o'er death's sea; But one tho't is full of comfort, And it cheers me more and more, There's a crown in Heaven wait-ing me. There's a crown in
2. There are joys a - long the path-way which my ach - ing feet must tread, And when sorrows come, a lov - ing eye doth see; There is One who will not leave me, And His gen -tle voice hath said, There's a crown in Heaven wait-ing me.
3. He hath bid - den me be faith-ful till the pil - grim-age is done, And to Him in time of trou-ble I may flee; He will strengthen and sustain me Till the promised crown is won, There's a crown in Heaven wait-ing me.

REFRAIN.

Heaven waiting me, There's a crown in Heaven waiting me; When I reach that blessed

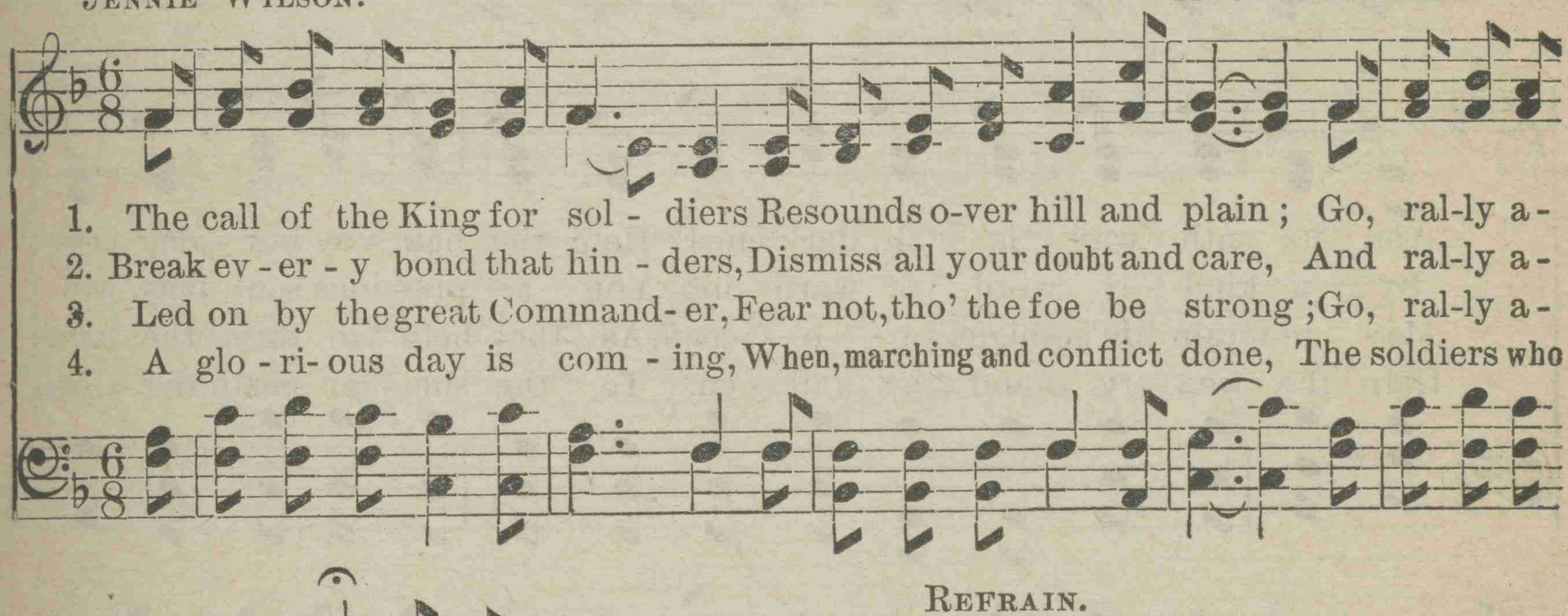
Copyright, 1902, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

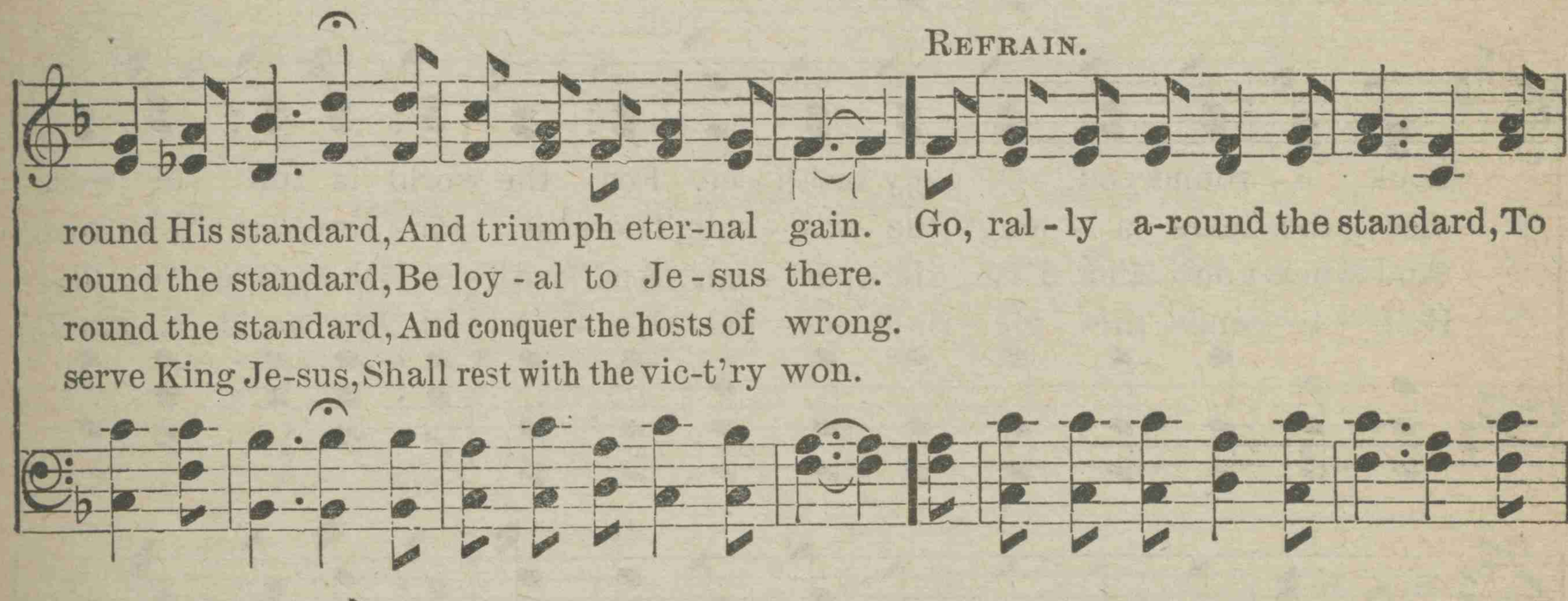
THERE'S A CROWN IN HEAVEN WAITING ME.



No. 18. RALLY AROUND THE STANDARD.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. ROBERTSON.



REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 19. DO YOU KNOW A SOUL THAT'S FAINTING?

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY, by per.

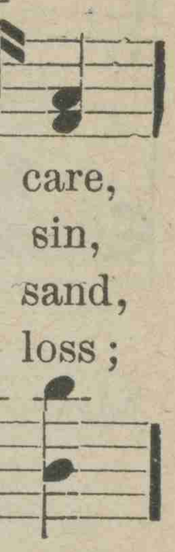
1. Do you know a soul that's faint - ing,'Neath a hea - vy load of care,
2. See the great world as it top - ples O'er the aw - ful brink of sin,
3. O, the lit - tle deeds of kind - ness,Like the lit - tle grains of sand,
4. Look a - round you, O my broth - er, Nor de - spair to view the loss;

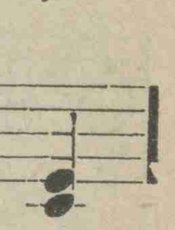
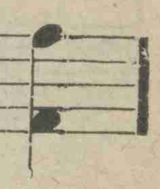
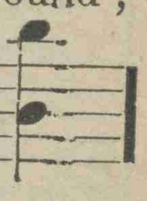
And its path - way is all dark-ened? Help the hea - vy bur - den bear!
By a kind - ly word of warn - ing You a pre-cious soul may win.
May re-strain life's might - y o - cean,As they help to form the land;
Help the wea - ry and the fall - en, To the shel - ter 'neath the cross!

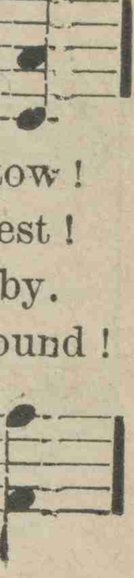
Look a - round you, O, my broth - er, For the world is full of woe,
See the tears a - long the way - side,There is sor - row,sore dis - tress,
And when you and I've de - part - ed, And with - in the grave we lie,
Help to send the glo - rious gos - pel Un - to all the world a - round;

And a sim - ple act of kind - ness You can eas - i - ly be-stow!
There are ma - ny hearts now break - ing! Help to give the wea - ry rest!
Pre - cious souls will rise and bless us, In the com - ing by and by.
Tell the ev - er pre - cious sto - ry, Till the na - tions hear the sound!

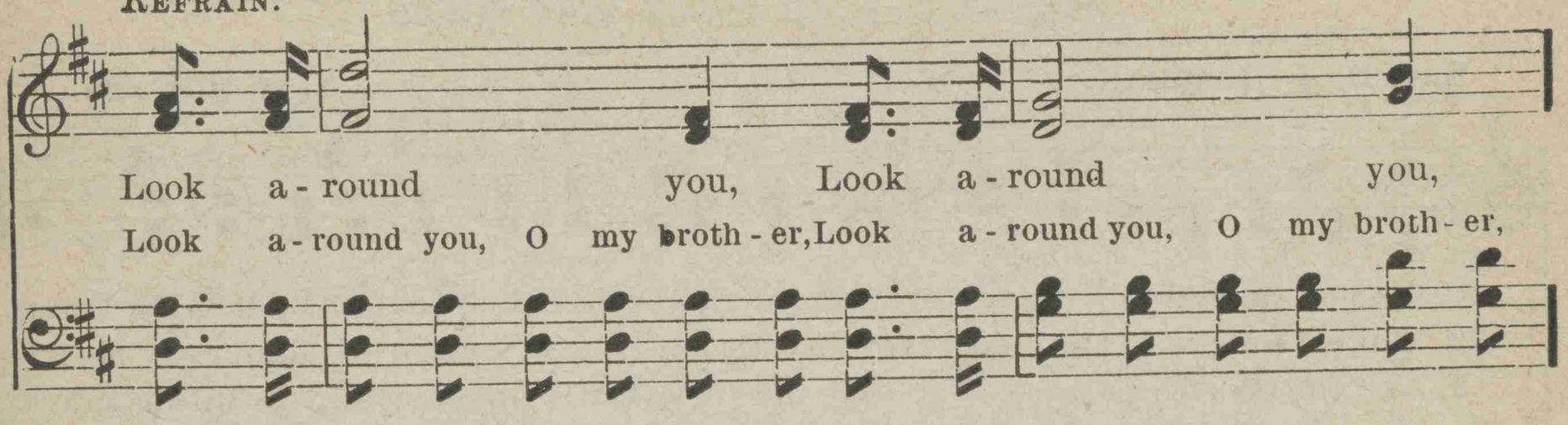
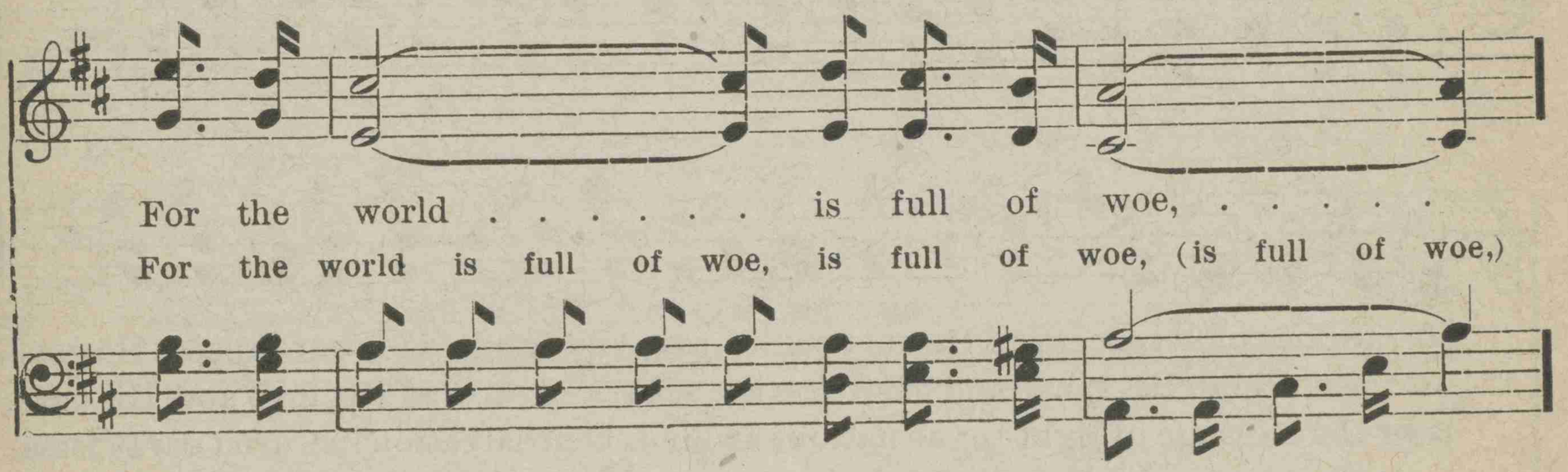
per.

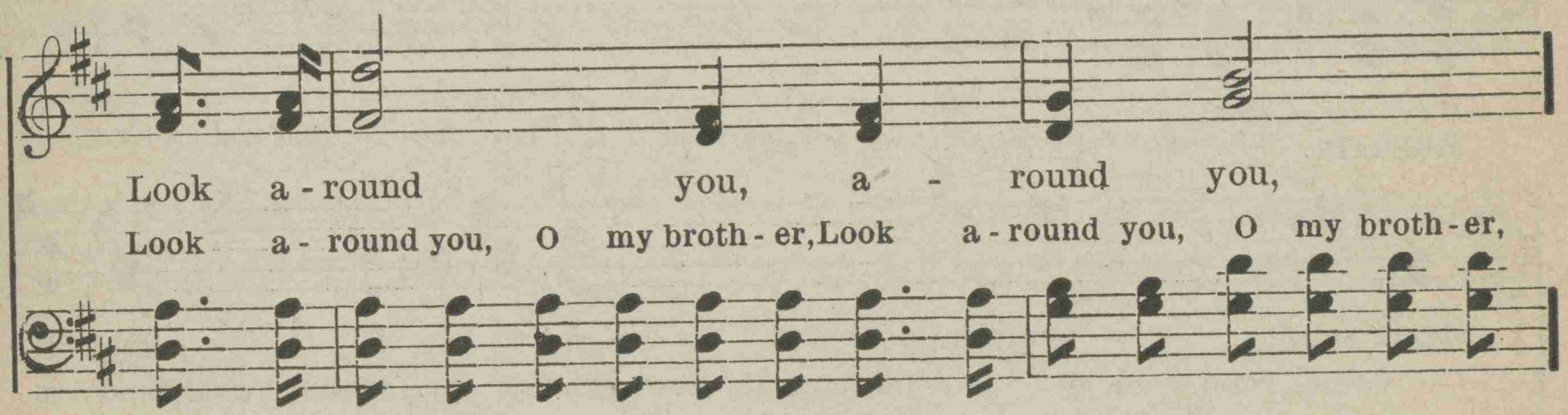


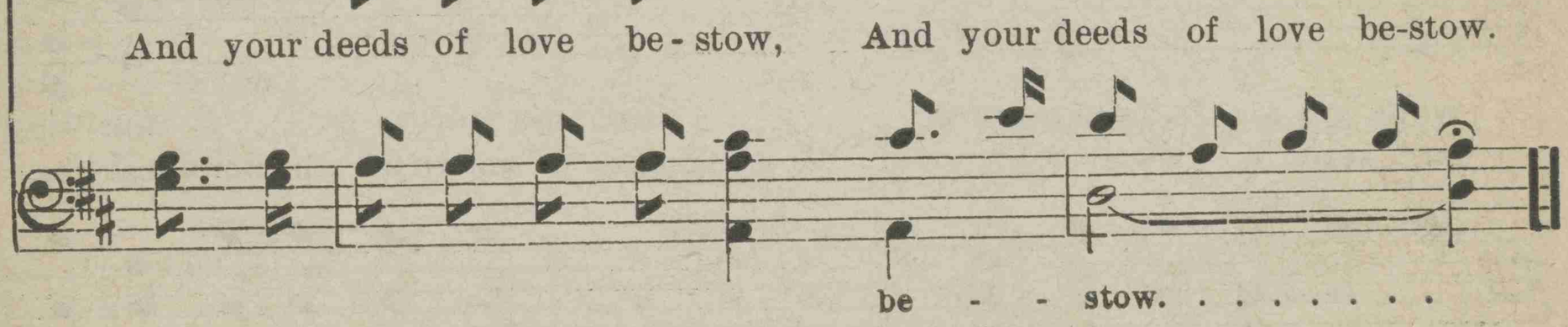
care,
sin,
sand,
loss;

bear!
win.
land;
cross!

woe,
tress,
lie,
round;

ow!
est!
by.
ound!



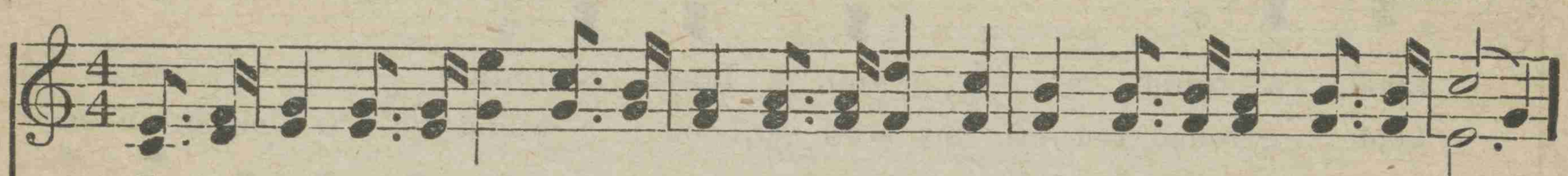
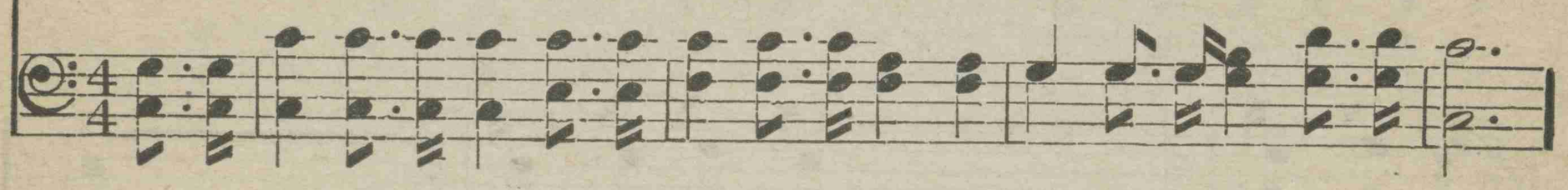
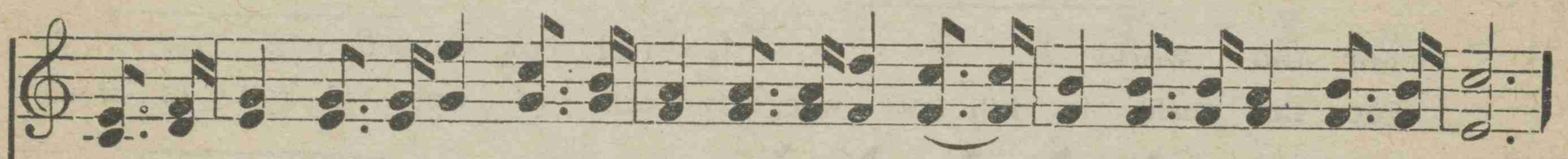
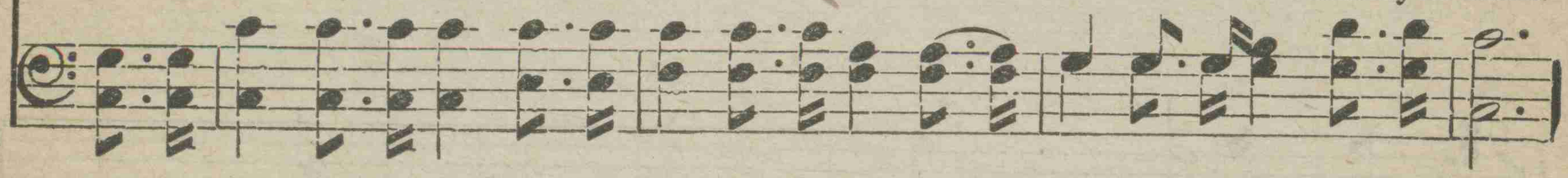
DO YOU KNOW A SOUL THAT'S FAINTING?

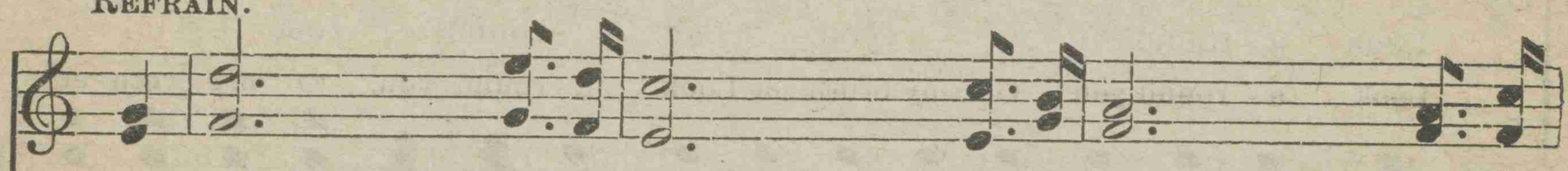
REFRAIN.



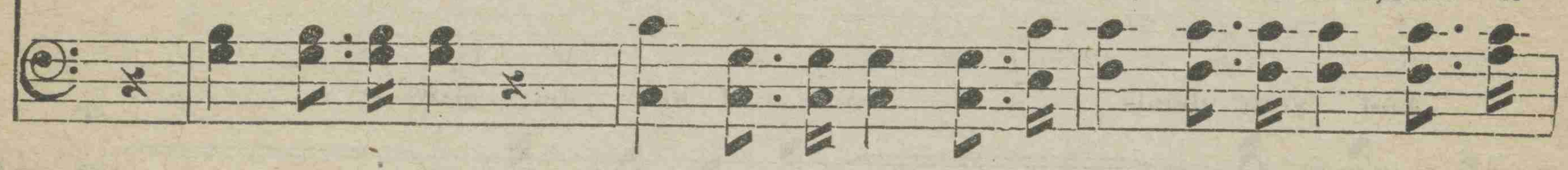


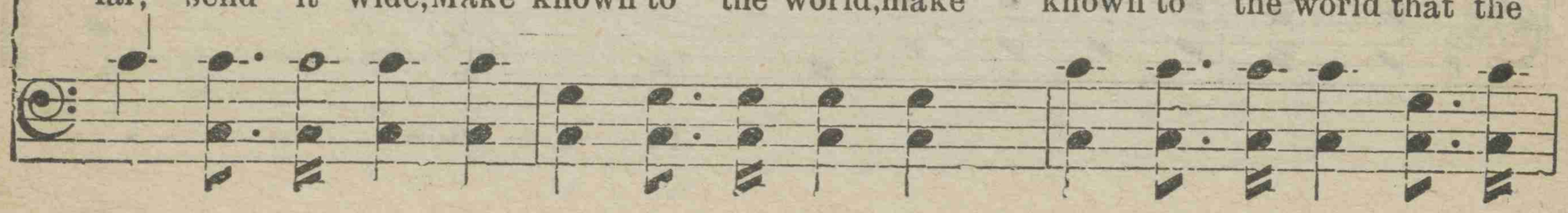


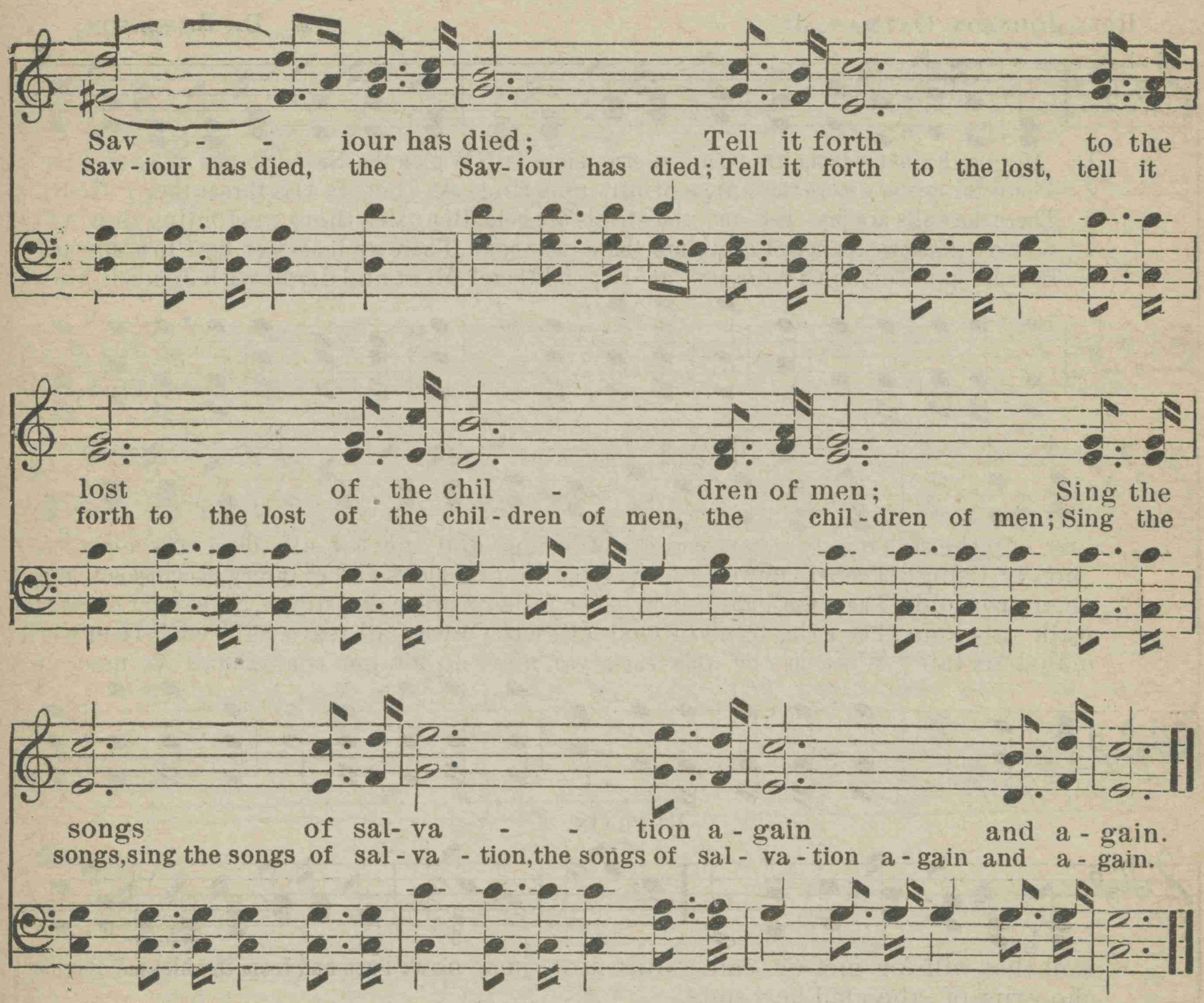
No. 20. SEND THE NEWS OF SALVATION.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. L. HOWARD.

1. Je- sus came to the world our Redeemer to be, And died for our sins on the tree;
2. Make it known to the world that salvation is free, A Saviour of sinners is He;
3. Tell the news, tell the news, tell it far, tell it wide, Of grace there's an unfailing tide;

He a-lone could redeem us, He only could save, And His life for our ransom He gave.
All the world in His grace and forgiveness may share, And live in His love and His care.
Bear the message of light to the nations around, That salvation in Christ may be found.

REFRAIN.

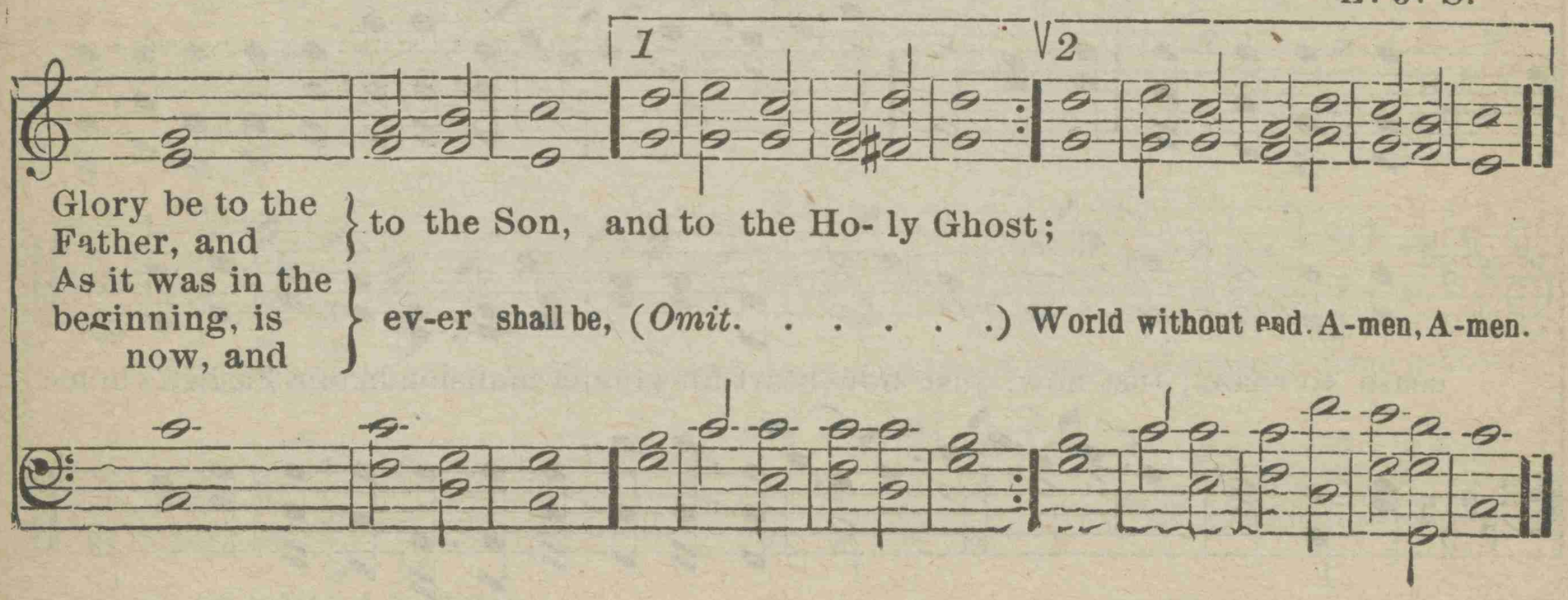


Then send, send the news, Send it far, send it
Send, send the news, Send, send the news, Send it far, send it wide, Send it

wide, Make known to the world that the
far, send it wide, Make known to the world, make known to the world that the



SEND THE NEWS OF SALVATION.

No. 21. GLORIA PATRI.

A. J. S.



No. 22. OUR FATHER'S HOME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. R. D. BURLESON.

1. In our Father's home are man - y man-sions fair, Which the Sav-iour has pre-pared for us up there; One for you, and one for me, and one for all, One for ev - 'ry
2. There for ev - er - more the harps of an - gels ring, As before the throne they "Ho-ly, ho - ly," sing; There in countless numbers stand the blood-washed throng, Ringing out the
3. There the walls are jas - per and the streets are gold, Beauties there un-folding that will ne'er grow old; There the light for-ev - er falls on spire and dome, Night ne'er draws her
4. Sorrow, sickness, pain and death are there un-known, There we'll nev - er have to mourn and walk a - lone; There the hand of God will wipe away all tears, Safe with Him we'll
5. Brother, sis-ter, shall we meet at last up there? Meet and dwell with Jesus in those mansions fair? When up - on this earth we may no lon-ger roam, Shall we meet up

REFRAIN.

soul that will for mer-cy call. Just now, just now, Turn and from thy blessed Saviour
cho - rus of the glad new song.
curtains o'er our Father's home.
rest for - ev - er - last-ing years.
yon - der in our Fa-ther's home?

cease to roam; Just now, just now, Start for yonder mansion in our Father's home.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 23. THERE'S GLORY IN MY SOUL TODAY.

Mrs. W J Kennedy. J W Dennis.

1. My Sav - iour leads me forth to where Re - fresh - ing wa - ters flow,
2. Be - neath the ban - ner of His love My soul is sat - is - fied;
3. O joy of heav'n, O love di - vine. How sweet to me thou art!

His pres - ence gives me peace and rest, No fear or doubt I know.
O pre - cious is the love of Him Who for me bled and died.
'Tis Christ, and He a - lone, to me Thy sweet-ness can im - part.

Refrain.

There's glo - - - ry in my soul to day. I know, a Sav-iour's love;

There's glo - ry, glo-ry in my soul to-day, to - day, I know, I know a Sav-iour's love, His precious love; The joy and peace of heav'n are mine, A foretaste from a-bove.

Copyright, 1908, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 24. Down in the Valley I Meet with my Saviour.

Affectionately inscribed to my father and mother, whose trust in the dear Saviour has ever followed me as a blessed benediction.

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

1. Down in the val - ley I meet with my Sav-iour, Humbly I sit at the feet of my Lord, And in soft ac - cents He speaks to me gent - ly,
2. When the dark waves of temp-ta-tion roll round me, Threat'ning my soul to o'er whelm in the flood, Then to my Sav - iour I go in the val - ley,
3. When He shall call me to cross the dark wa - ters He will go with me thro' Jor - dan I know, For He has met me so oft in the val - ley

D. S.—*In - to the depths of my soul there comes steal - ing*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Thrill-ing my soul with His ev - er - y word.
And He doth shel - ter me un - der the blood.
That I can trust Him where-ev - er I go.

O how it cheers me when *Won - der - ful peace 'neath His shel - ter - ing wing.*

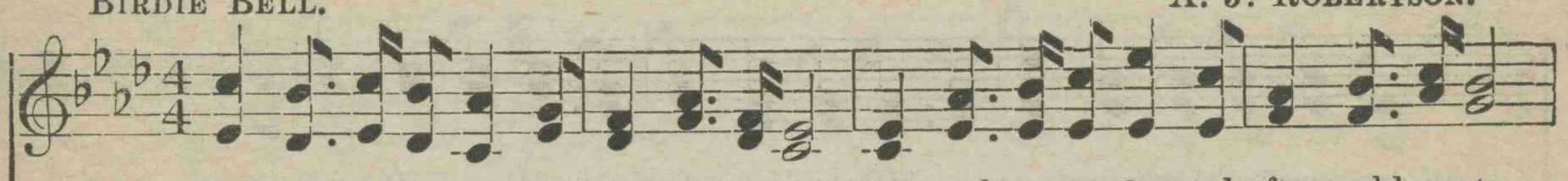
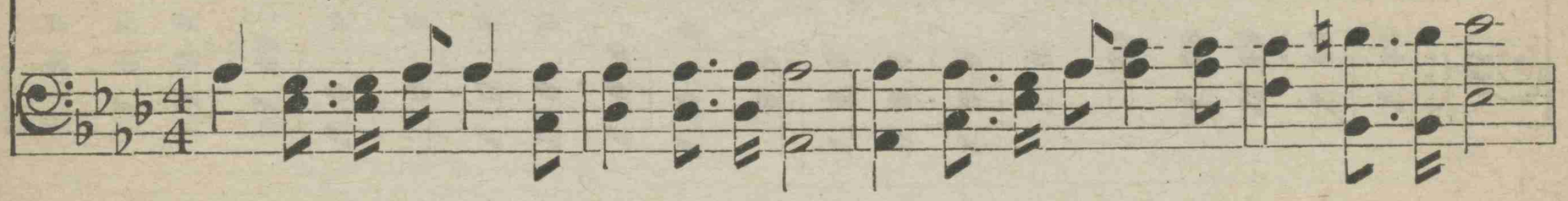
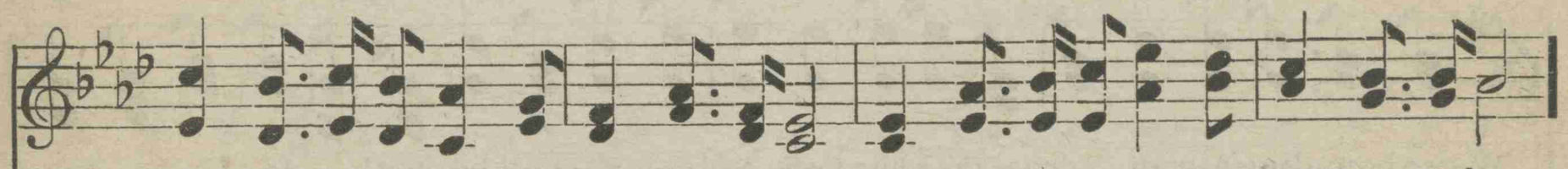
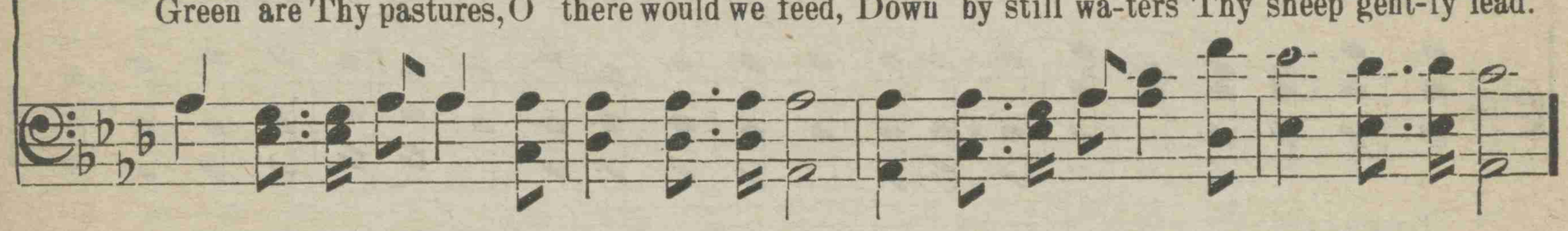
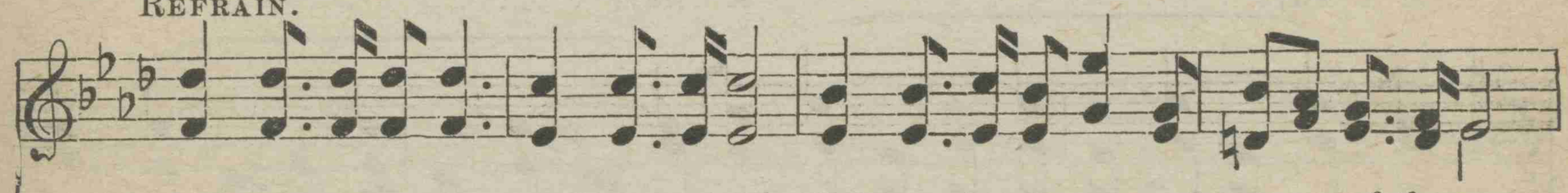
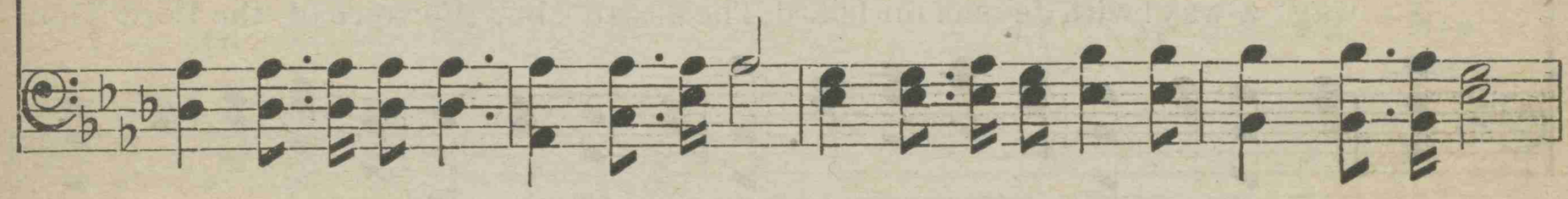
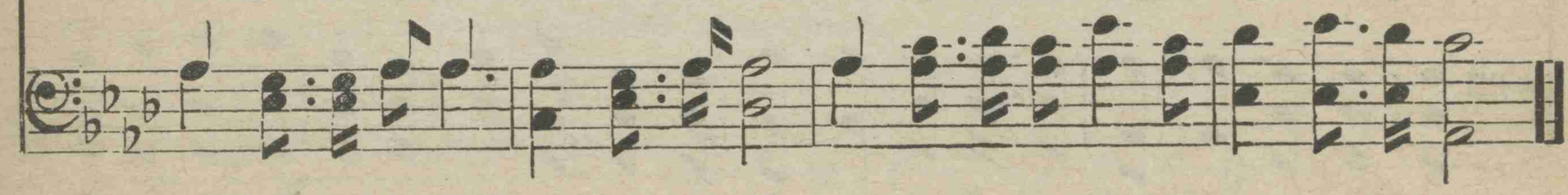
D. S.

way-worn and wea - ry, Thus to com-mune with my Sav - iour and King!

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 25. EACH STEP OF THE WAY.

"Order my steps in thy word."—Psa. 119 : 133.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Fain would we wander and oft would we stray ;
2. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Teach us Thy mandates and help us o-bey ;
3. Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of the way, Guide by Thy counsels lest foes should dismay;

Keep us from danger and save us from harm, Per-ils surround us, tempta-tions a-larm.
Sweet are Thine accents and loving Thy voice, Foll'wing Thy footsteps, Thy flock shall rejoice.
Green are Thy pastures, O there would we feed, Down by still wa-ters Thy sheep gent-ly lead.

REFRAIN.

Heav- en- ly Shepherd, lead us each day, Guide us in mercy each step of the way ;

Dan- gers are many, safe is Thy fold, Gath-er, O gather Thy sheep from the cold.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 26. WITH JESUS ON BOARD.

E. E. HEWITT. E. S. LORENZ.

1. We're rounding the cape, the cape of Good Hope, Unfurl ev-'ry sail, and strengthen each rope;
2. Our trust is in Him who's a-ble to save, He rides on the clouds, He walks on the wave;
3. The banner of love is floating o'erhead, Our chart is the Book that nev-er mis-led;

We're bounding a-way across the white foam, And soon we shall be with Je-sus at home.
The word that spread "peace" on wild Galilee Will pi-lot us still on life's toss-ing sea.
All praise to His grace we'll sing evermore, We'll make a good voy-age to Eden's bright shore.

REFRAIN.

A - way! . . . . . A - way! . . . . . .

A - way! a-way! with Je-sus on board, The winds o - bey the voice of the Lord; Tho'

tempests may blow, tho' break-ers may roar, We'll soon be at home on the beau-ti-ful shore.

Copyright, 1897, by E. S. Lorenz. Used by per.

No. 27.

W. C. H

1. Go f
2. Bring f
3. Send
4. Go t

bow to
He is
ris-en
com-ing

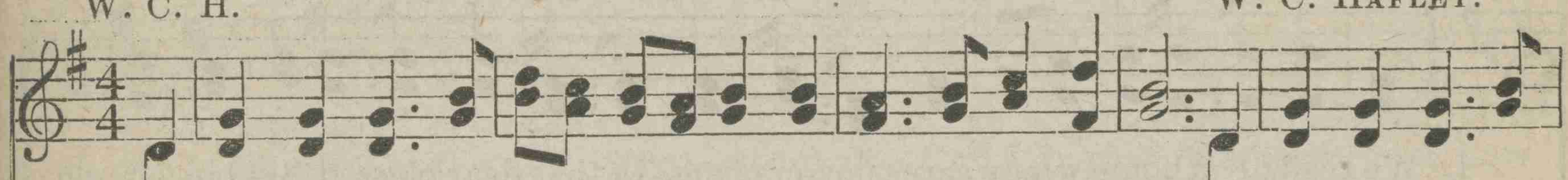
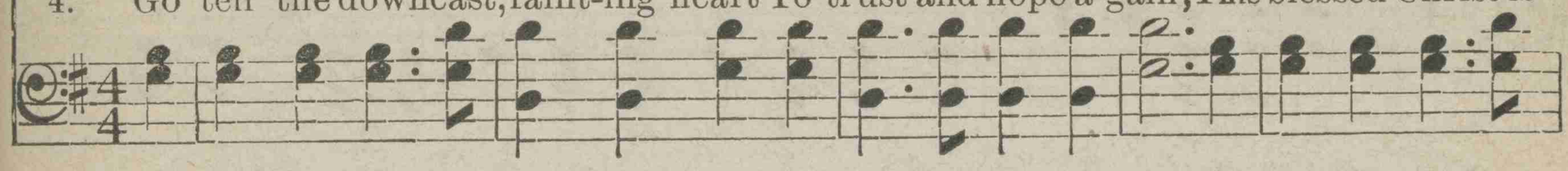
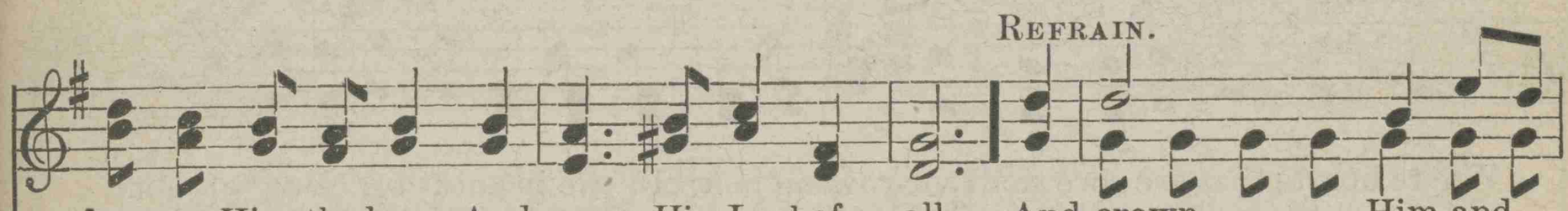
crow
great

crown
crown H

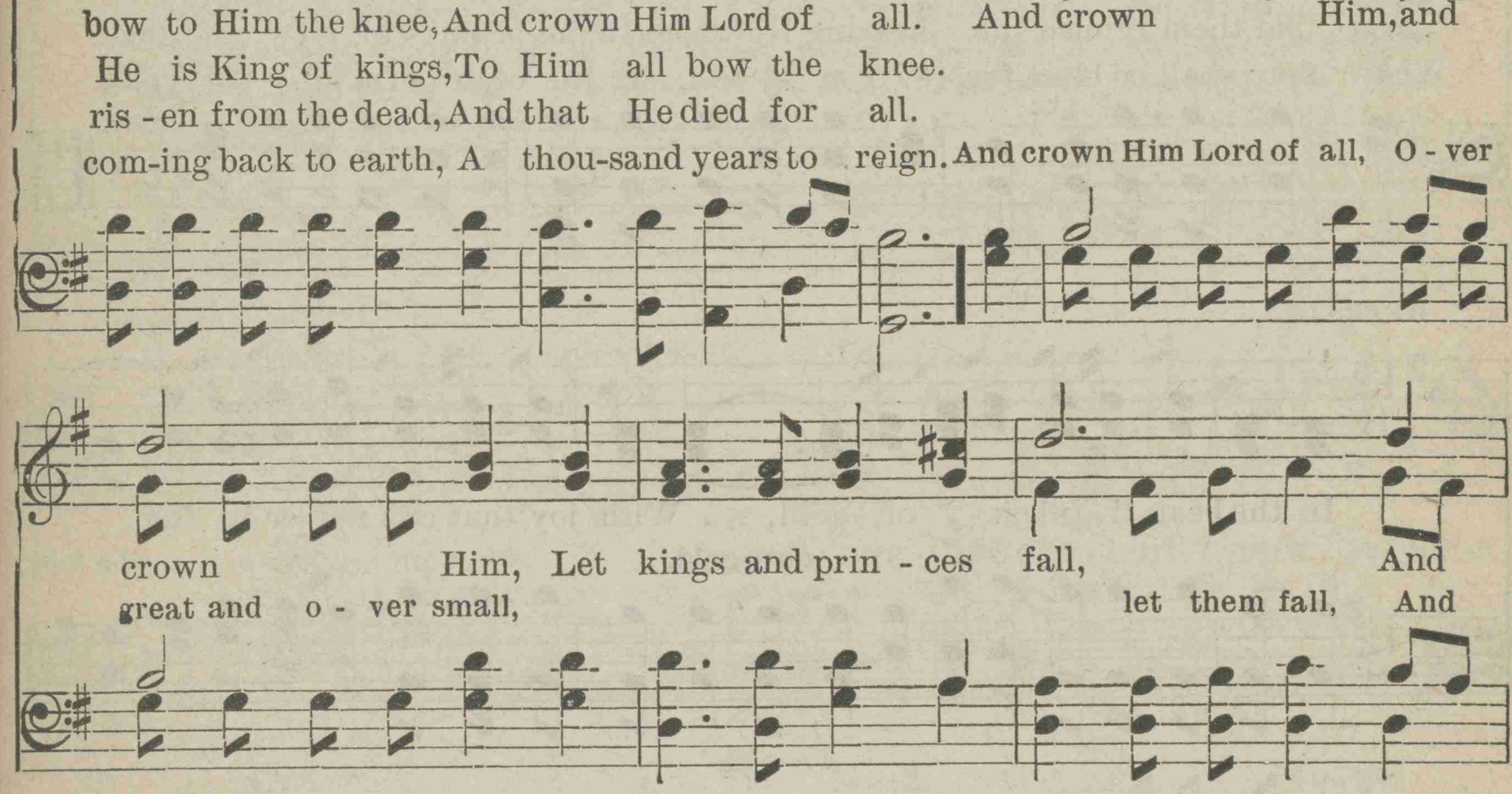
Copyright, 1

No. 27. GO FORTH, YE HERALDS OF THE LORD.

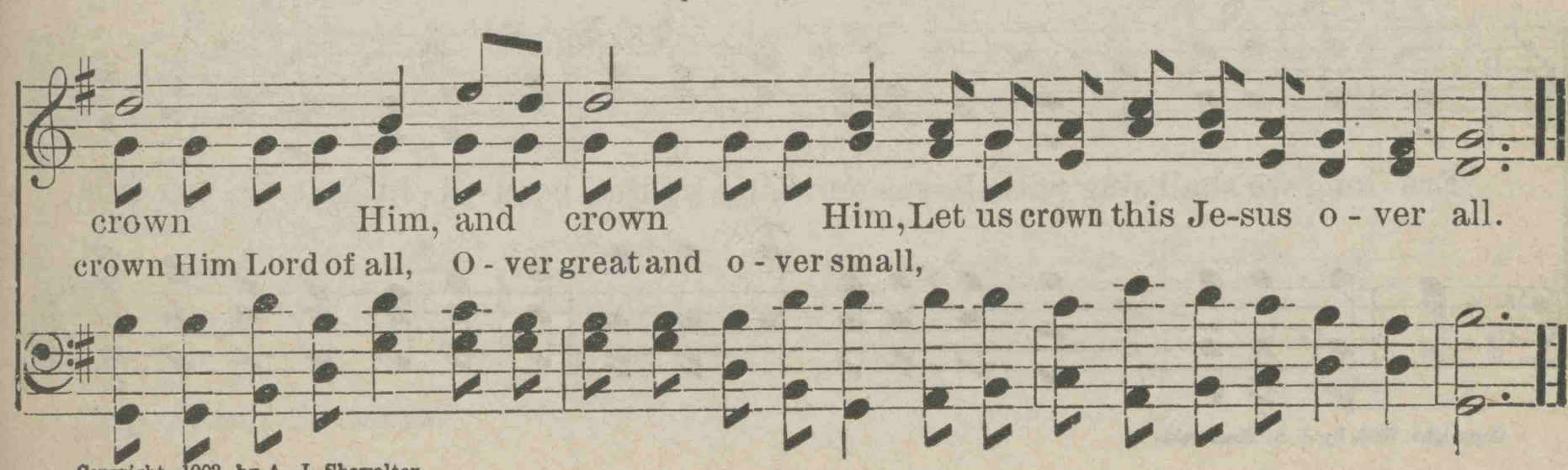
"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."—Matt. 28: 19.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. Go forth, ye her-alds of the Lord, Go speak to great and small; Let kings and princes
2. Bring forth His ban-ner, let it float O'er ev -'ry land and sea, Till all shall own that
3. Send out the light, the gos - pel light, O'er sin's dark fun'ral pall; Go tell them Christ is
4. Go tell the downcast, faint-ing heart To trust and hope a-gain; This blessed Christ is

REFRAIN.

bow to Him the knee, And crown Him Lord of all. And crown Him, and
He is King of kings, To Him all bow the knee.
ris - en from the dead, And that He died for all.
com-ing back to earth, A thou-sand years to reign. And crown Him Lord of all, O - ver

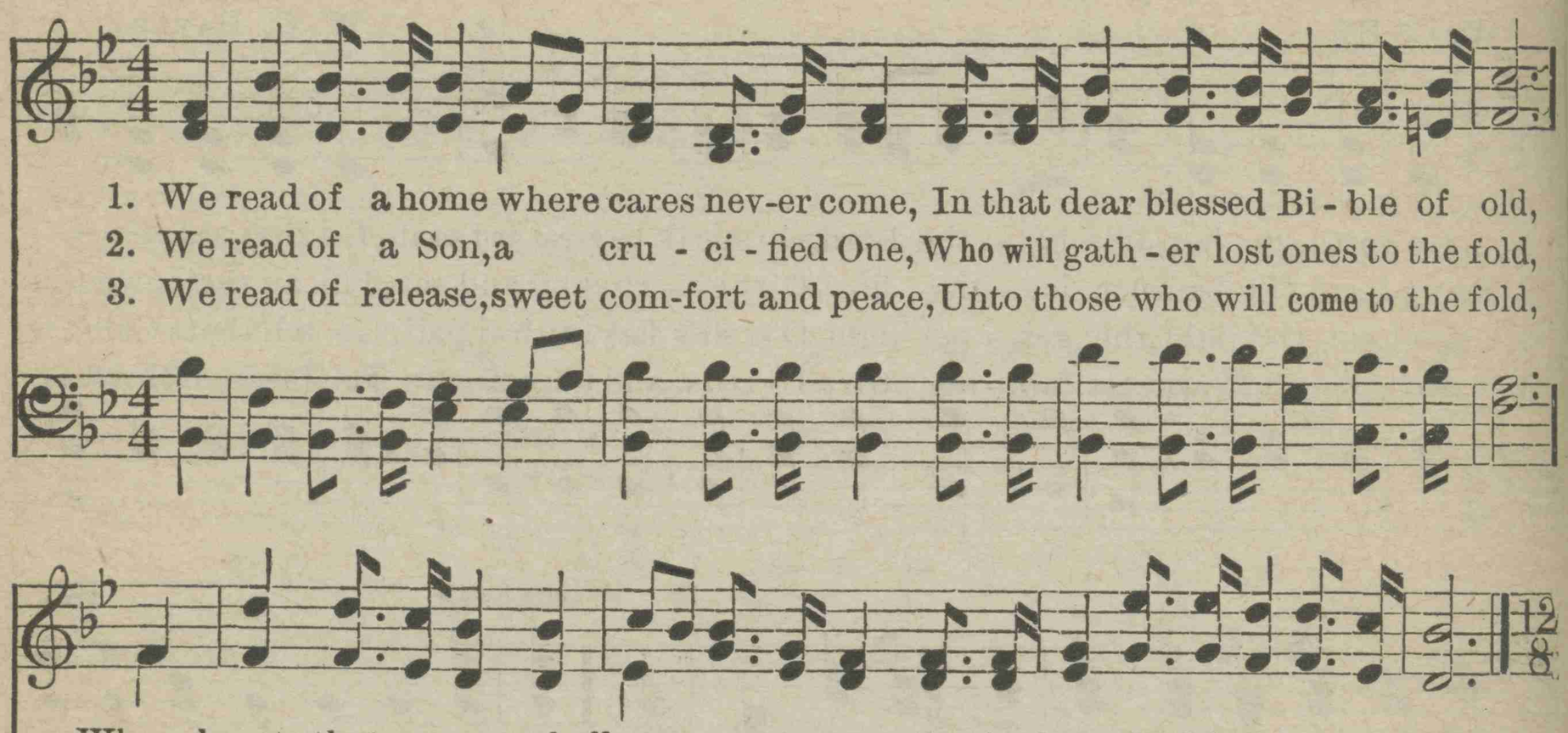


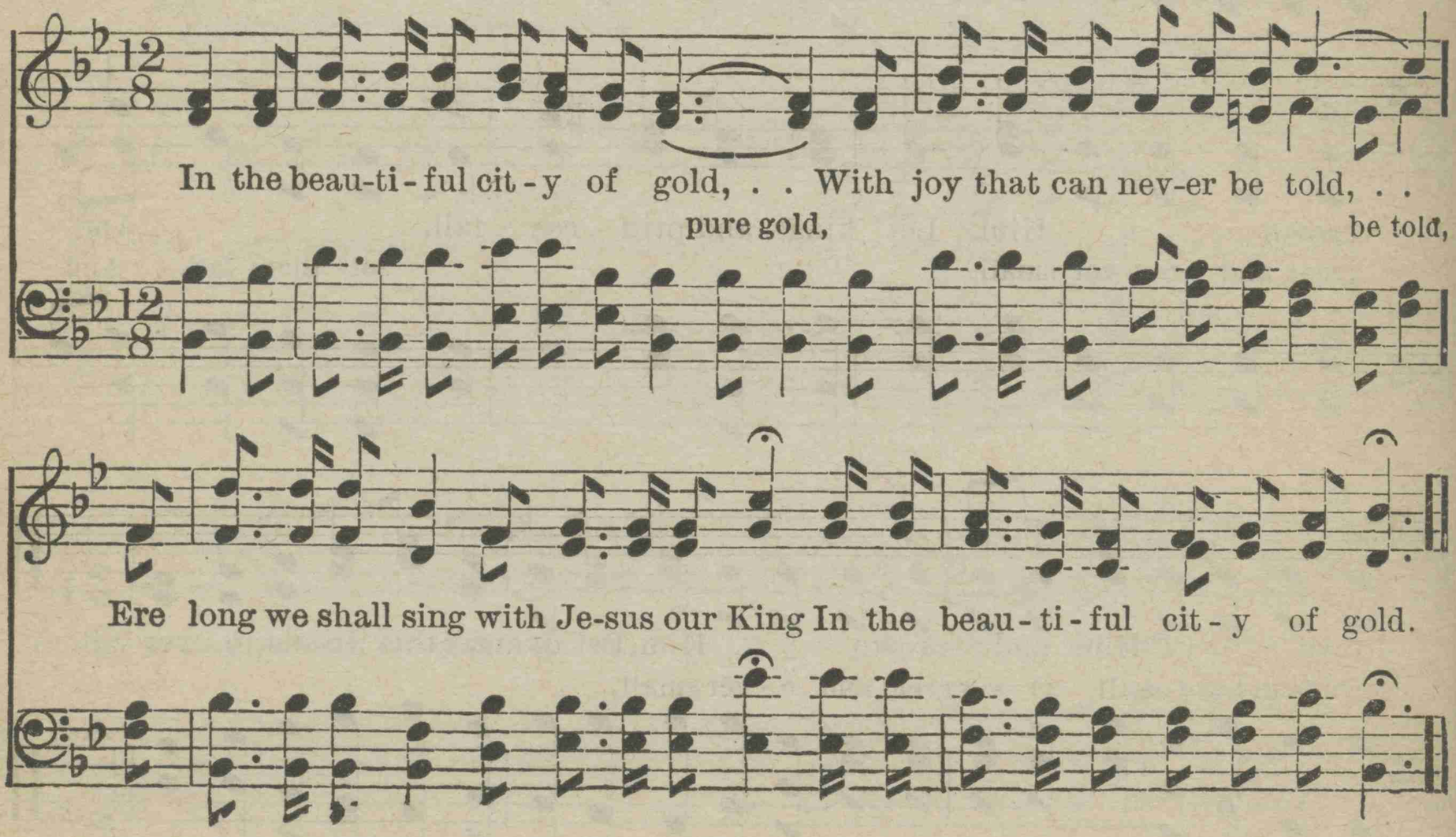
crown Him, Let kings and prin - ces fall, And
great and o - ver small, let them fall, And

crown Him, and crown Him, Let us crown this Je-sus o - ver all.
crown Him Lord of all, O - ver great and o - ver small,

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 28. THE CITY OF GOLD.

D. A. THREADGILL. J. S. HENDRICKS.



REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 29. JESUS SAVES ME NOW.

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

1. O my heart is filled with sing - ing, Not a cloud up - on my brow;
2. I have seen the new cre - a - tion, But I can - not tell you how,
3. Not a sun-beam can be bright-er, Not a bird up - on its bough,
4. Take a - way each care and sor - row, None of these will I al - low;
5. When at last to earth I'm dy - ing, When the dew is on my brow,

In my soul joy-bells are ring-ing, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.
For He brought me His sal - va - tion, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.
And no heart than mine is light - er, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.
Not a thought a - bout to - mor-row, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.
Hap-py then if I am cry - ing, Je - sus saves me, saves me now.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me,
Saves me now, saves me now, Praise the Lord I now ex-claim!
Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me, Saves me now, O bless His ho - ly name.
name.
name.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 30. THE GLORY OF THE WELCOME.

Rev. W. Lomax Childress. E. T. Hildebrand.

1. When the lamp of faith has light-ed bright The trav-'ler to his goal, And it
2. All the loved of life shall meet us, Who have gone the way be-fore, And the
3. Oh, the hour is draw-ing near-er To the day of peace and rest, When the

fails up-on the riv-er, And the waves be-gin to roll, Lo, beyond the Jor-dan
mother's song shall greet us, There up-on the oth-er shore, And the sis-ter and the
ship of God shall an-chor In the har-bor of the blest, And the good of all the

bil-lows Are the bright e-ter-nal strands; What a glo-ry in the welcome, And the
broth-er, There a-mong the an-gel bands, And the lit-tle child that left us, Sweet the
a-ges Meet us on the gold-en sands; Oh, the glo-ry of the Fa-ther, And the

Refrain.

clasping of the hands! What a glo-ry in the welcome, in the welcome,

What a glo - ry in the wel - - come. And the

Copyright, 1898, by E. T. Hildebrand. Used by per.

And it
And the
When the

Jor-dan
and the
all the

, And the
Sweet the
And the

And the

THE GLORY OF THE WELCOME.

And the clasp-ing of the hands, of the hands, And the welcome,

clasp - ing of the hands, And the wel - come of the

of the Fa - ther, in the sin - less sum-mer lands, summer lands,

Fa - ther, in the sin - less sum - mer - lands, sum-mer lands,

Small notes may be used for a Tenor or Soprano voice.

What a glo - ry in the king - dom, When the toil of life is o'er!

What a glo - ry of the right-eous, On the bright e - ter - nal shore!

No. 31. MY DEAREST FRIEND.

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

1. I have a Friend, a pre-cious Friend, Who keeps me day by day,
2. I need not feel one anx-ious thought, Or know one press-ing care,
3. O sin-ner, take Him for your Friend, His grace is free to all;
4. 'Tis sweet to feel His presence near, And on His strength re-ly;
5. 'Tis sweet to work for such a Friend; Dear Lord, our ef-forts guide,

On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend, Who is my guide and stay.
But that I may—His word hath taught—Take un-to Him in pray'r.
He will the trust-ing soul de-fend, Nor suf-fer it to fall.
To know that He thro' life will cheer, Sup-port when death is nigh.
For if Thou wilt Thy blessing send, The work shall e'er a-bide.

Refrain.

My dear-est Friend, ... my tru-est Friend, ...

My dear-est Friend, my truest Friend, My Friend in

life, ... My Friend in death; . . . . Un-to His name . . . . let

life, my Friend in life, My Friend in death, my Friend in death; Unto His name let praise as-cend, Up-

Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter.

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

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

No. 32. DRAW ME, MY SAVIOUR.

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

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

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

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

Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 33. WE ARE NEARING THAT SWEET HOME.

J. D. V. JAS. D. VAUGHAN.

1. We are near-ing that bright mansion Up a - bove the star - ry way, And we'll
2. We are near-ing that fair cit - y Where our dear ones watch and wait ; There we
3. We are near-ing joys im- mor-tal That will nev - er fade a - way, In that
4. We are near-ing bliss and glo - ry In that home be-yond compare, Where the

pass its bless - ed por-tals by and by : When we reach the land ce - les-tial We shall
nev - ermore shall speak the sad good-bye ; O, how gladly they will greet us, When we
coun-try where we'll never, nev- er die ; There we'll live with Christ, the Saviour, In the
saints of God shall gath-er by and by ; We shall dwell in love for-ev- er, And the

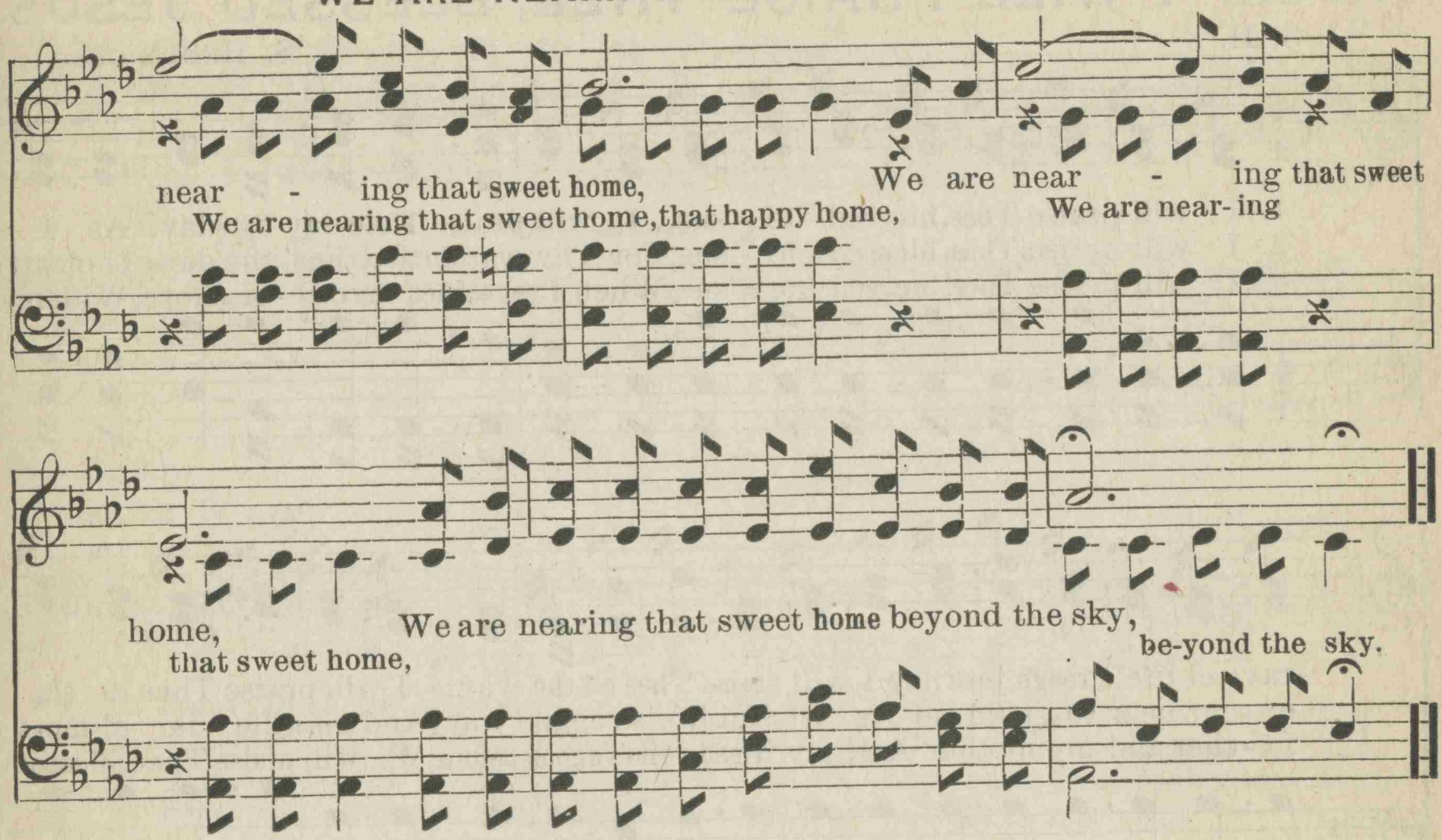
rest in peace for aye ; We are near-ing that sweet home beyond the sky.
reach the pearl - y gate ; We are near-ing that sweet home beyond the sky.
realms of end - less day ; We are near-ing that sweet home beyond the sky.
rich - est bless-ings share ; We are near-ing that sweet home beyond the sky.

REFRAIN.

We are near - - - ing that sweet home, We are
We are near - ing that sweet home,

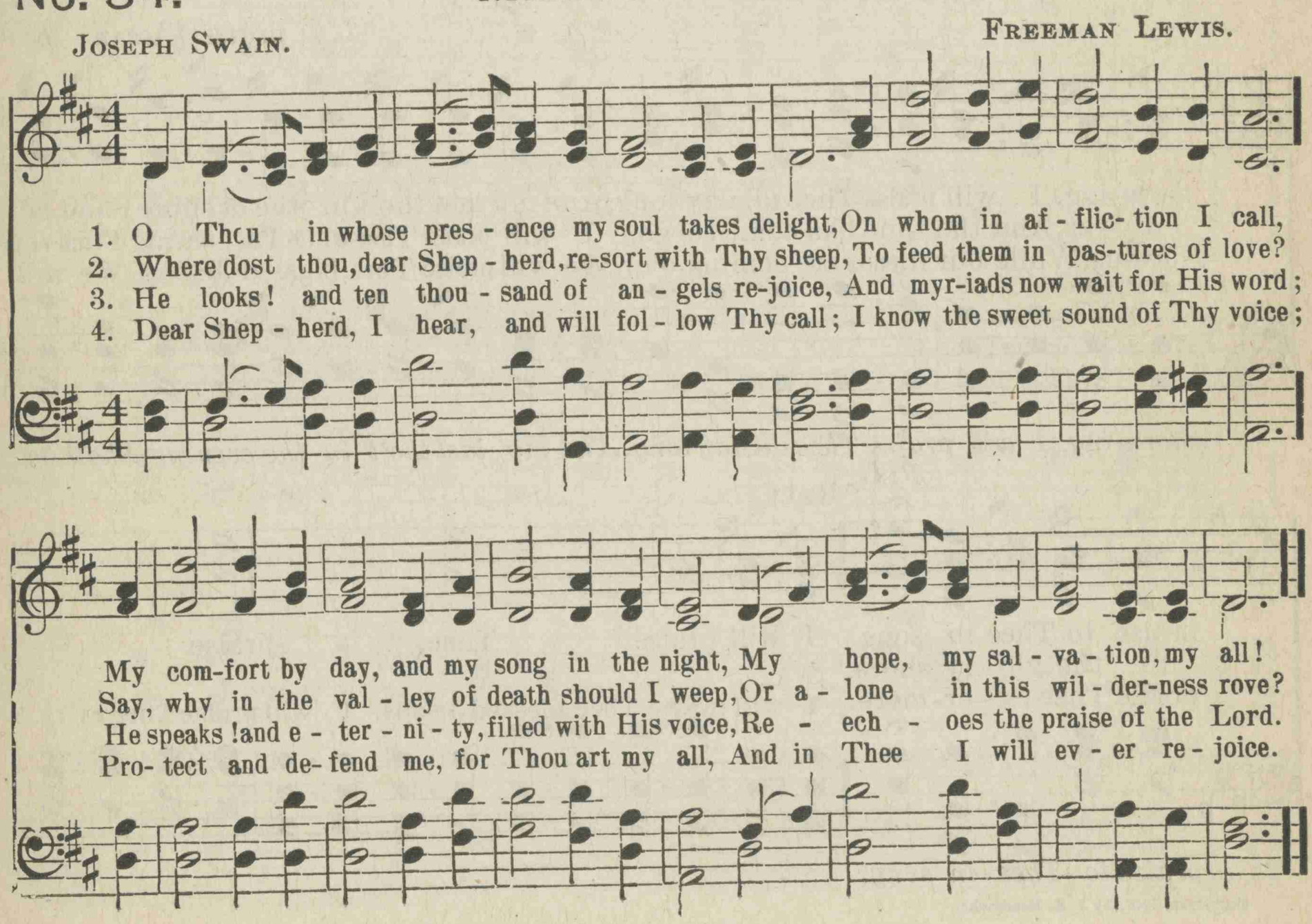
Used by per. of The Home Music Co., Logansport, Ind.

WE ARE NEARING THAT SWEET HOME.



No. 34. MEDITATION.

JOSEPH SWAIN. FREEMAN LEWIS.



No. 35. I WILL PRAISE THEE, BLESSED JESUS.

J. S. H.

J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, I will praise Thee day by day, As I
2. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, For Thy watchcare thro' the day; Thou art
3. I will praise Thee, blessed Je - sus, When I've reached the oth - er shore, With my

trav - el life's rough journey I will praise Thee all the way; I will praise Thee in the
ev - er near to guide me As I tread life's rugged way; And when life is al-most
fa - ther and my mother And my friends who've gone before; We will praise Thee, blessed

D.S. *praise Thee in the*

morn-ing, I will praise Thee all day long, And my last tho't in the evening Shall be
o - ver, And the time has come to go, I will praise Thee while I'm passing From this
Je-sus, While our friends are coming o'er, We will praise Thee, blessed Je-sus, We will

morn-ing, I will praise Thee all day long, And my last tho't in the evening Shall be

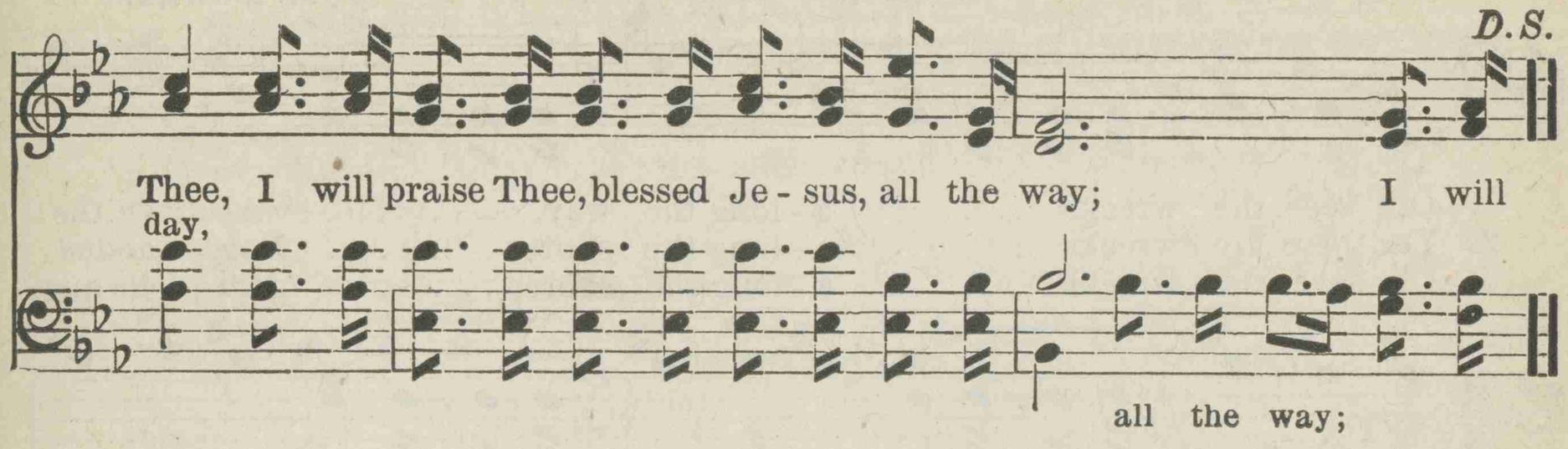
FINE. REFRAIN.

praise to Thee in song. I will praise Thee, praise
to the glo - ry shore.
praise Thee ev - er-more. I will praise Thee, blessed Je-sus, I will praise Thee ev'ry

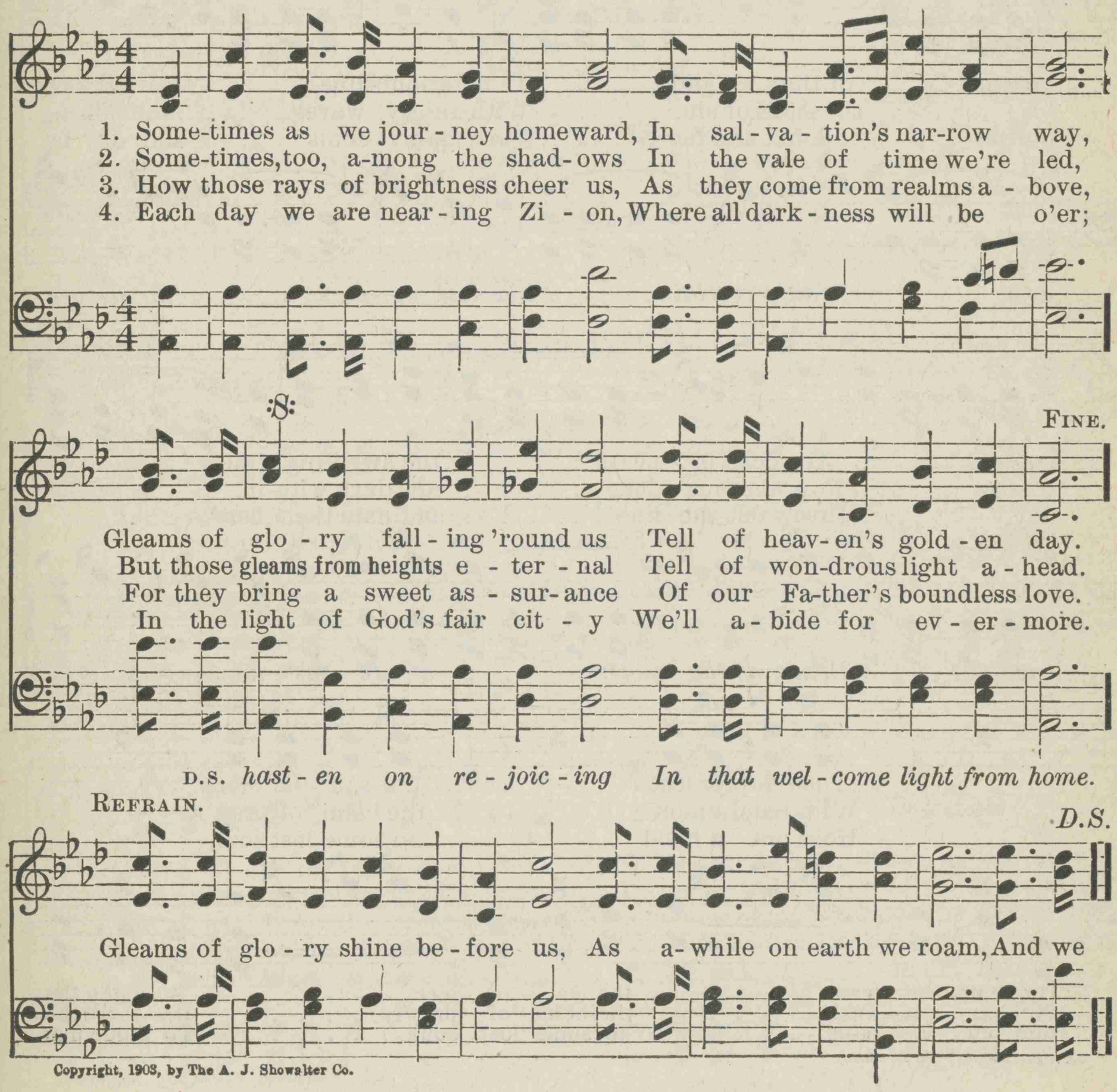
praise to Thee in song.

Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

I WILL PRAISE THEE, BLESSED JESUS.



No. 36. GLEAMS OF GLORY.

JENNIE WILSON. B. F. ROE.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 37. WRECKS ALONG THE WAY.

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. Oh, see the wrecks . . . a-long the way, ... As down the
2. Yes, there are wrecks . . . a-long the shore . . . . Now stranded
3. Oh, save the wrecks . . . a-long the shore, ... 'Mid rocks and

D.C. *The spir-it line . . . . throw out to save, ... With might-y*

stream . . of time we glide, . . . Temptation's line . . . their barks be
on . . . the shoals of sin, ... With an-gry waves . . . now roll-ing
storms . . of doubt and fear, . . . Where ma-ny souls . . . sink day by

arm . . . of faith re-claim, . . . The lost up-on . . . . the an-gry

FINE.

tray . . . . To rocks be-neath . . . . the swell-ing tide. . . . . .
o'er,— . . . . Now sink-ing deep . . . . all dark with-in. . . . . .
day,— . . . . Throw out the line . . . . and haul them near. . . . . .

wave . . . . Bring in the pow'r . . . . of Je-sus' name. . . . . .

The tempter leads the sail-or o'er,
With hand up-on the helm of pray'r,
Hold out a hand to some lost soul,

The tempt-er leads . . . . . the sail-or o'er, ... A-mong the
With hand up-on . . . . . the helm of pray'r, ... Un-furl the
Hold out a hand . . . . . to some lost soul, ... To guide him

Copyright, 1898, by J. M. Bowman.

WRECKS ALONG THE WAY.

Among the reefs beneath the wave, And precious souls,
Un-furl the sail, the anchor haul, The buoy of hope
To guide him to a port of rest, And while the waves

reefs . . . . . beneath the wave, ... And precious souls, ... to rise no
sail, ... the an-chor haul, ... The buoy of hope . . . . points o - ver
to . . . . . a port of rest, ... And while the waves . . . . shall near thee

D. C.

to rise no more, Find rest with-in a ti - dal grave.
points o - ver there, To shores of rest, a rest for all.
shall near thee roll; Steer safe - ly to the har-bor blest.

more, ... Find rest with-in . . . . . a ti - dal grave. . . . . .
there, ... To shores of rest, ... a rest for all. . . . . .
roll; . . . . . Steer safe-ly to . . . . . the har - bor blest. . . . . .

No. 38. JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD.

J. M. Bowman. D. N. Beard.

1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, keep me near Thy side, Guide my weary footsteps o'er the thorny way;
2. Jesus, tender Shepherd, lead me thro' the day, Watch me as I wander thro' the wea-ry night;
3. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear my humble plea, For I come confessing, kneeling at Thy feet;
4. Jesus, tender Shepherd, come and dwell within; Touch my soul with mercy, Fill my heart with grace;

May I ev - er by Thy sacred word abide; Take me by the hand, and lead me day by day.
Keep my feet from straying while upon the way, To the ho - ly Cit - y of e - ter-nal light.
Tho' I am unworthy, guide and comfort me, I come seeking favor, at Thy mer-cy-seat.
Let one drop of blood diffuse my load of sin,—'Tis enough my darkened rec-ord to e - rase.

Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Bowman.

No. 39. O GIVE THANKS.

Psa. CV.

ELIZABETH WAKEMAN, Arr. IRA B. WILSON.

1. O give thanks un - to the Lord, Call up - on His ho - ly name, Make ye known His wondrous works un - to all; Sing un - to our mighty God, Who for -
2. O give thanks un - to the Lord, Who in mer - cy doth a-bound, Who re - deem-eth all thy life from de-spair; Ye who keep His ho - ly word, He thy
3. O give thanks un - to the Lord, He who know-eth thy weak frame, Thy in - iq - ui-ties, thy sins will for - give; He has promised great re-ward un - to

ev - er is the same, Who doth lend a list-'ning ear when we call.
life will ev - er crown, With His kind-ness and His mer - ci - ful care.
all who fear His name, Then O heed His blest com-mand-ments and live.

REFRAIN.

O give thanks un - to the Lord, And for - get not all His good-ness, Tell His

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

O GIVE THANKS.

wondrous deeds of love far and wide; Shout a-loud His full sal - va -tion, Let your

prais-es rend the skies, Let His won-der-ful, won-der-ful works be mag - ni- fied.

No. 40. ROCK OF AGES.

Rev. A. M. Toplady. Dr. Thos. Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy laws de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,

D.C. *Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.*
All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—

No. 41. DO YOU THINK I NEEDED TELLING?

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

1. Do you think I need-ed tell-ing when the Sav-iour pardon'd me, When I felt the bur-den lift - ed from my soul? Do you think I need-ed tell-ing when He spoke and
2. Do you think I need-ed tell-ing when my name was written down By the an - gel on those pa-ges white and fair? Do you think I need-ed tell-ing when the Lord a - work for Je-sus ev -'ry day? Do you think I need-ed tell-ing that His name should
3. Do you think I need-ed tell-ing that I ought to serve the Lord, That I ought to come un-grate-ful for His love? Do you think I'll cease to praise Him throughout all e -
4. Do you think I can for - get it what the Lord has done for me, And thereby be -

REFRAIN.

I was free, When He made my wounded spir-it whole? No in-deed, no indeed, No in. - dopted me, When He made of me a son and heir?
be adored, When His blood had wash'd my sins a - way?
ter-ni - ty, When I meet Him in His courts a - bove?
deed, no indeed, Well I knew when that great blessing came to me; And I

Hal-le -lu-jah!

Copyright, 1903, by R. H. Cornelius.

DO YOU THINK I NEEDED TELLING?

nev-er can for-get it, but will always hold it dear, Thro' the cy-cles of e - ter-ni - ty.

No. 42. ARE YOU WORKING FOR THE MASTER?

Inscribed to Rev. E. H. H. Tubbs, Washington, Ind.

JONAS E. WARE.

J. E. W.

1. Are you work-ing for the Mas - ter, In the vine-yard here be - low?
2. Then some one will say with glad-ness, You have point - ed out the way;
3. O for this I'd glad - ly la - bor Thro' the heat and toil of day,
4. Then we'll cross the mys - tic riv - er, When our la - bors here are o'er,

Are you bring - ing souls to Je - sus, Out of sin and help-less woe?
Brought me to a lov - ing Sav - iour, Found me when I was a - stray.
Just to bring one soul to Je - sus, Out of sin and death a - way.
And with Je - sus dwell for - ev - er, On the hap - py, bliss - ful shore.

D.S. *them un - to the Sav-iour, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry!*

FINE.

D.S.

REFRAIN.

Yes, we're toil-ing, glad - ly toil - ing, Help-ing sin - ners in the way, Point-ing

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

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

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

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

Walking in the King's highway, Walking in the King's highway;
Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way, Walking, Yes, walk-ing in His way;

And life is grand and glo - ri - ous, Walk-ing in the King's high-way.

Copyright, 1901, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 44. IN THE VINEYARD OF THE MASTER.

B. F. R. B. F. Roe.

1. In the vine-yard of the Mas-ter There is work for all to do,
2. There are sin-ners out in dark-ness, Far a-way from Christ the Lord;
3. When the work of life is end-ed We shall rest in man-sions fair;

Je-sus calls us all to du-ty, Calls for lab-'rers brave and true.
Tell them of His pre-cious prom-ise, Made to them in His dear word.
With the Lord, our bless-ed Sav-iour, We shall dwell for-ev-er there.

Refrain.

Work - ing, work - ing, Tell-ing of His wondrous love;
Work-ing for Je-sus, work-ing for Je-sus,

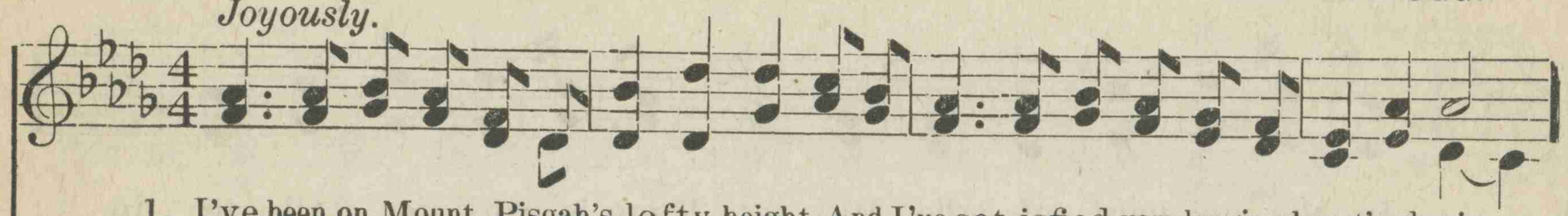
Work - ing, work - ing, Point-ing souls to heav'n a-bove.
Work-ing for Je-sus, work-ing for Je-sus,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

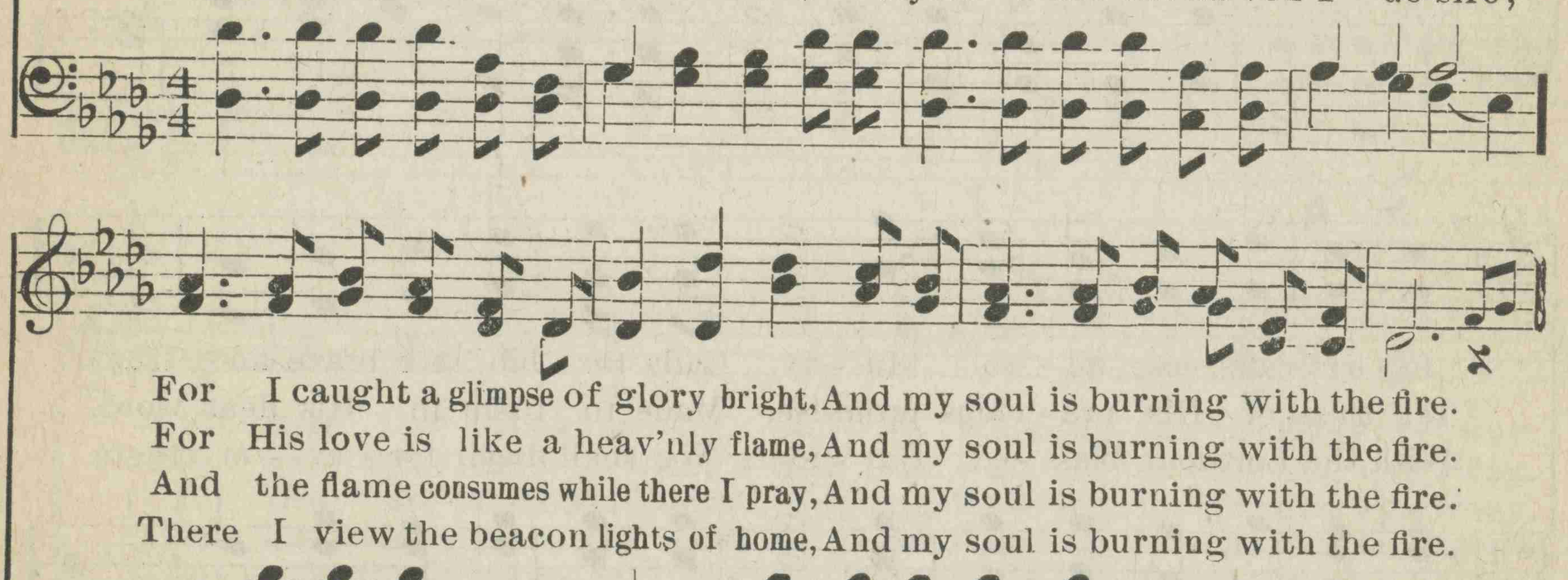
No. 45. THE FIRE IS BURNING.

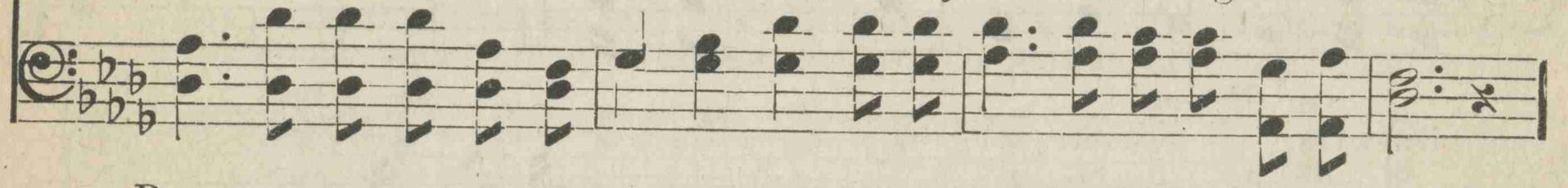
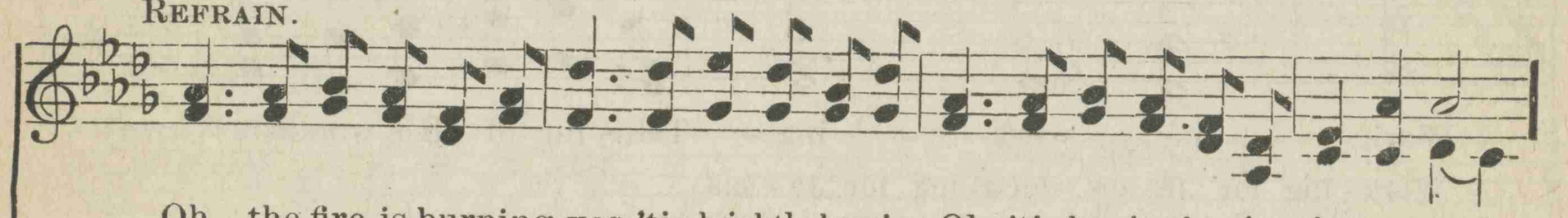
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. GEO. C. HUGG.

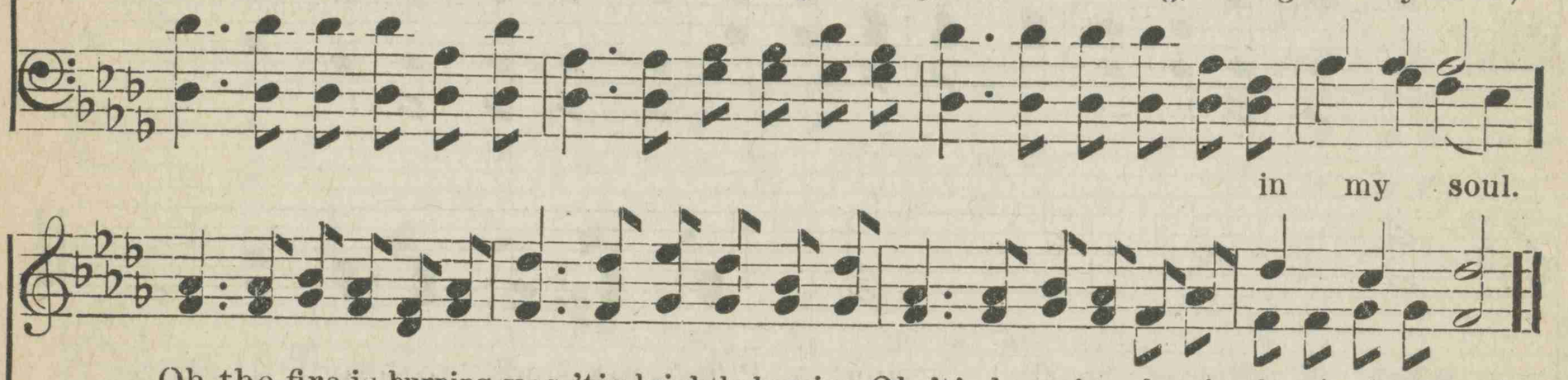
Joyously.



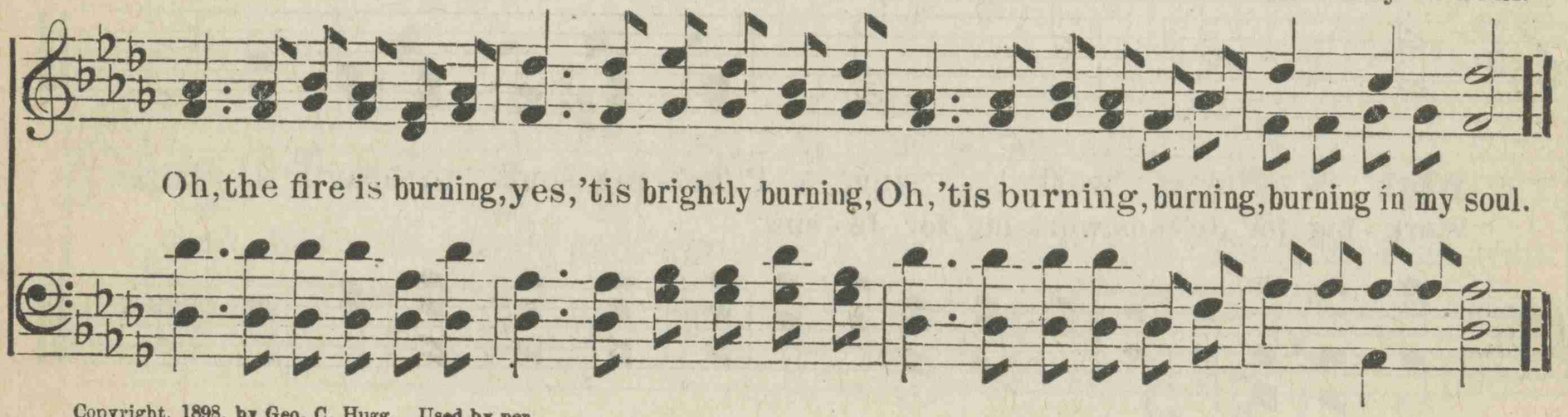
1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat-isfied my longing heart's desire;
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name, And to be like Him I ev'ry day as-pire;
3. I my all up- on the al - tar lay, As I to my closet lov-ing-ly re-tire;
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And beyond I see the ha-ven I de-sire;



For I caught a glimpse of glory bright, And my soul is burning with the fire.
For His love is like a heav'nly flame, And my soul is burning with the fire.
And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is burning with the fire.
There I view the beacon lights of home, And my soul is burning with the fire.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning, Oh, 'tis burning, burning in my soul;



in my soul.



Oh, the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning, Oh, 'tis burning, burning, burning in my soul.

Copyright, 1898, by Geo. C. Hugg. Used by per.

No. 46. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"I am the good shepherd."—John 10: 11.

Rev. M. W. KNAPP. SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

1. Dy - ing in darkness out in the cold, Far from the Shepherd, far from the fold;
2. Clear are the waters where He doth lead, Green are the pastures where He doth feed;
3. Sweetest of voi-ces, list to His call, Follow Him ful - ly, yield to Him all;
4. Each one He knoweth, calleth by name, E-ven the weakest, Jesus doth claim;
5. Gone is our Shepherd now to pre-pare Fold bright in glo - ry for us to share;
6. Filled with His Spirit, kept thro' His blood, Publish His gospel, ech - o His word;

Lost in the des-ert, trembling with fear, Suffer-ing, help-less, no one seemed near.
Saved and de-fend-ed ev - er by Thee, Saviour and Shepherd, happy are we.
Go- ing be-fore us safe-ly He'll lead, Grace He will give us just as we need.
Per-ish we nev - er while we o - bey, Safe in His hand there low let us lay.
Quickly re-turn-ing soon He will come, Gath-er His jewels, welcome them home.
White-robed and read-y help us to be, Looking, dear Shepherd, ev-er for Thee.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus my Shepherd, out in the cold, Sought me and brought me safe to His fold;
Now I am hid - ing safe in His hand, Glo-ry to Je - sus! is-n't it grand!

Copyright, 1897, by L. L. Pickett. Used by per. of Rev. M. W. Knapp.

No. 47. AFTER THE CROSS, THE CROWN.

JENNIE WILSON. C. W. JAMES.

1. Af - ter the cross is borne the crown is worn, . . Af-ter the patient striving,
2. Af - ter the cross is borne the crown is worn; . . Sad one, look up in hope and
3. Fol-low-ing day by day the bless-ed way, . . Bearing the ho - ly tra-ces
4. Fel-lowship with the Lord brings rich re - ward, . . E-ven in hard-est tri - als
5. Free from the cross at last, all bur-dens past, . . Entered in-to the presence

precious is the goal; . . Af-ter the anxious fears and blind-ing tears, . . Over the
pray and labor on; . . . Soon will the gloom be past, glad morn at last . . . After the
of our Saviour's feet, . . Fear not to bear the cross nor count it loss, . . . After its
He will cheer thy soul; . . Seeking to keep near Him in pathways dim, . . Let all thy
of thy Lord a-bove, . . Thou in e - ter - ni - ty shall clear-ly see . . Crosses in

light that dawneth shadows nev-er roll. . .
deep-est night in ra-di-ance will dawn. . .
weight and sadness joy will be more sweet. .
life be giv - en in - to His con - trol. . .
time were giv-en thee in ten-der love. . .

REFRAIN.

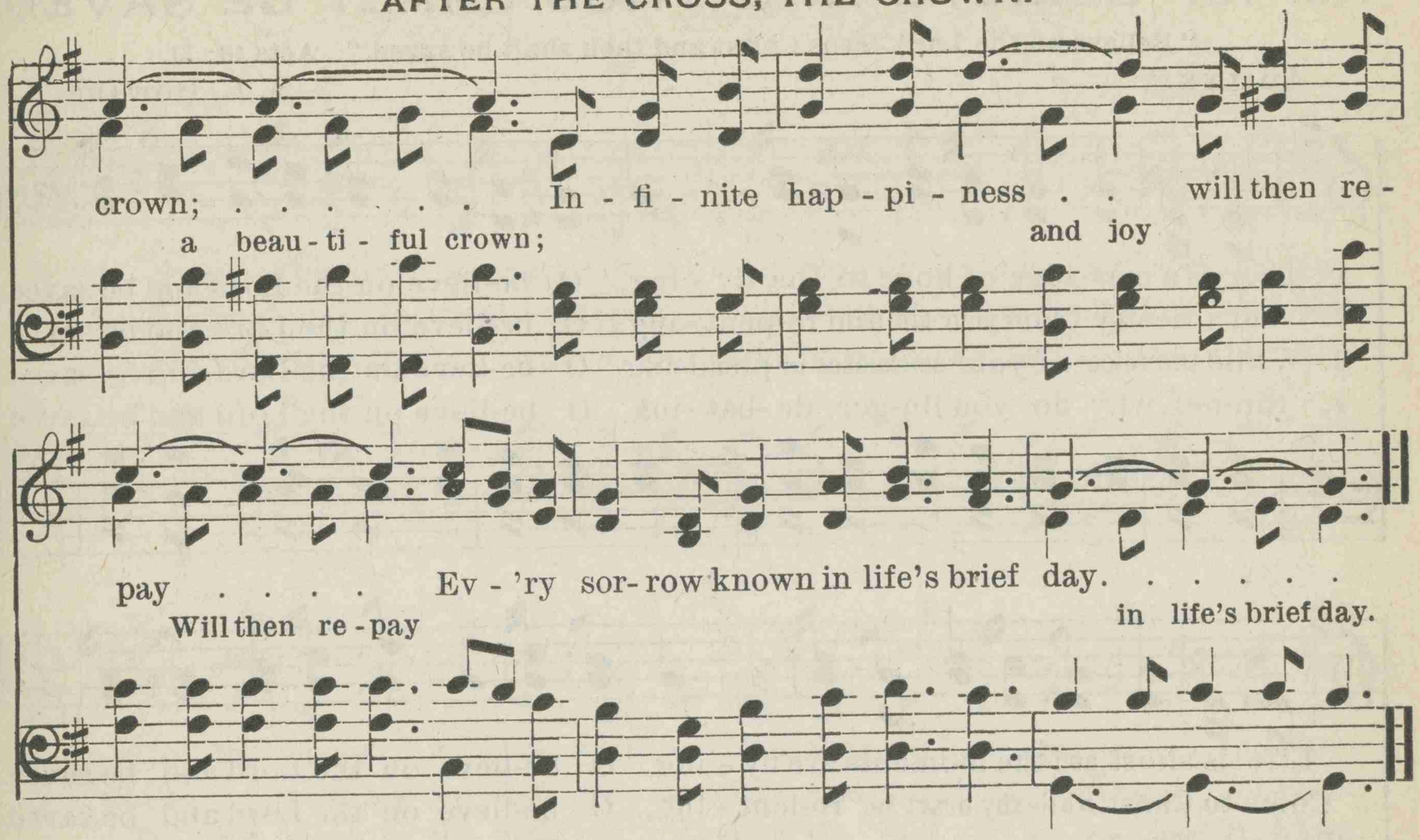
cross, After the earthly cross of life shall be laid

down, ... Je - sus will give . . . .

down, shall be laid down, Je-sus will give His own a shin - ing

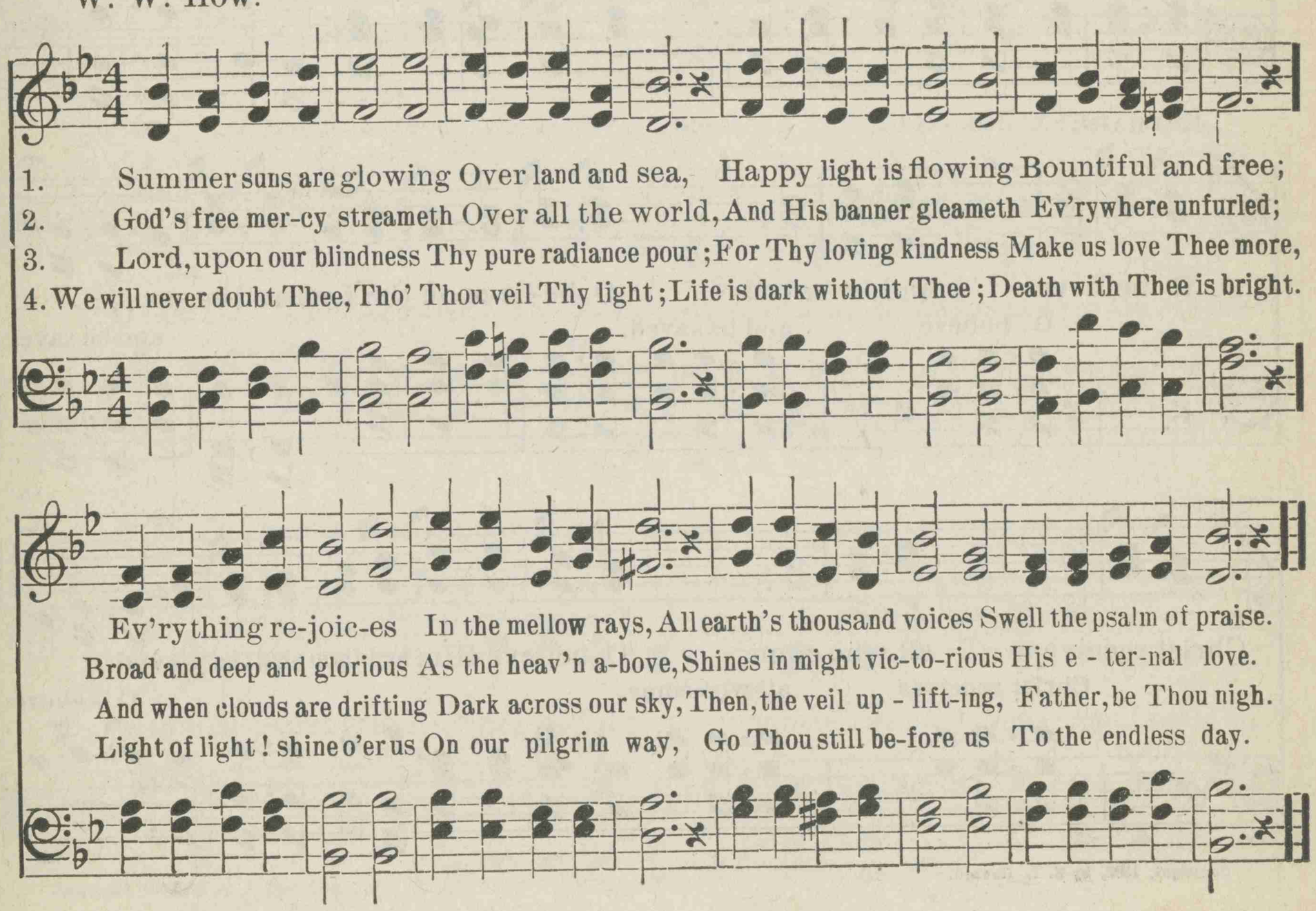
Copyright, 1903, by C. W. James.

AFTER THE CROSS, THE CROWN.



No. 48. BREMEN.

W. W. How. J. S. Hendricks.



1. Summer suns are glowing Over land and sea, Happy light is flowing Bountiful and free;
2. God's free mer-cy streameth Over all the world, And His banner gleameth Ev'rywhere unfurled;
3. Lord, upon our blindness Thy pure radiance pour; For Thy loving kindness Make us love Thee more,
4. We will never doubt Thee, Tho' Thou veil Thy light; Life is dark without Thee; Death with Thee is bright.

Ev'rything re-joic-es In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise.
Broad and deep and glorious As the heav'n a-bove, Shines in might vic-to-rious His e - ter-nal love.
And when clouds are drifting Dark across our sky, Then, the veil up - lift-ing, Father, be Thou nigh.
Light of light! shine o'er us On our pilgrim way, Go Thou still be-fore us To the endless day.

No. 49. BELIEVE AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16: 31.

ADALYN. S. L. HOWARD.

1. There's a mes-sage of hope to the dy - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
2. Turn a-way from your sin, and re-pent - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
3. While the voice of your conscience is plead-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
4. Sin-ner, why do you lin-ger, de-bat-ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;

Life is short, and the moments are fly - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
Come to Christ while thy heart is re-lent - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
While the Sav-iour is now in - ter-ced - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.
Gracious pardon for you is a-wait - ing, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved.

REFRAIN.

O be-lieve and be saved, O be-lieve on the Lord and be saved;
O believe and be saved, and be saved;
Christ receives all who come, O believe Him and thou shalt be saved.
Christ receives all who come, O be-lieve.

Copyright, 1899, by S. L. Howard.

No. 50. THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER. R. D. BURLESON.

1. Soon our bark will have crossed the o - cean, Soon the boatman will land us o'er,
2. Though so oft - en the storms are rag - ing, Though so oft-en we're tem-pest-tossed,
3. We can trust in our bless - ed Cap-tain, Trust in calm and in rag - ing storm;

In the ha - ven of rest we'll an - chor, Safe at home on the oth - er shore.
Christ is walk-ing up - on the wa - ters And no child of His can be lost.
To His home in the heav'nly mansions He will pi - lot us, safe from harm.

REFRAIN.

O . . that beau - ti - ful, heav-en - ly home, . . Beau-ti - ful home so bright,
O that home, that beauti-ful, beau - ti- ful, heavenly home, Beautiful home so fair and bright,
O . . . that beau-ti - ful, heav-en-ly home, . . Beau-ti - ful home of light. . .
O that home, that beautiful, beauti-ful, heavenly home, Beautiful home, sweet home of light!

Copyright, 1908, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 51. I'LL MEET THEE UP THERE.

(In memory of my only sister.)

JENNIE WILSON. J. W. DENNIS.

1. From earth thou hast gone to the glo - ri-ous cit-y, Where cometh no sha-dow of sor - row or care, And some bless-ed day when my jour-ney is o - ver, With
2. Where walls are of jew-els and streets are all golden, Where life's river flow-eth so peace-ful and fair, When tri - als and con-flicts of time shall be end-ed, To
3. Where an - gels are sing-ing their glad hal - le-lu-jahs Of praise in which saints of the pu - ri - fied share, When fare-wells and tears are for me past for-ev - er, With
4. Through grace made an heir of the life ev - erlasting, And giv-en the crown of a vic - tor to wear, To glo - ri - fy Je - sus thro' a - ges e - ter-nal, Ere

REFRAIN.

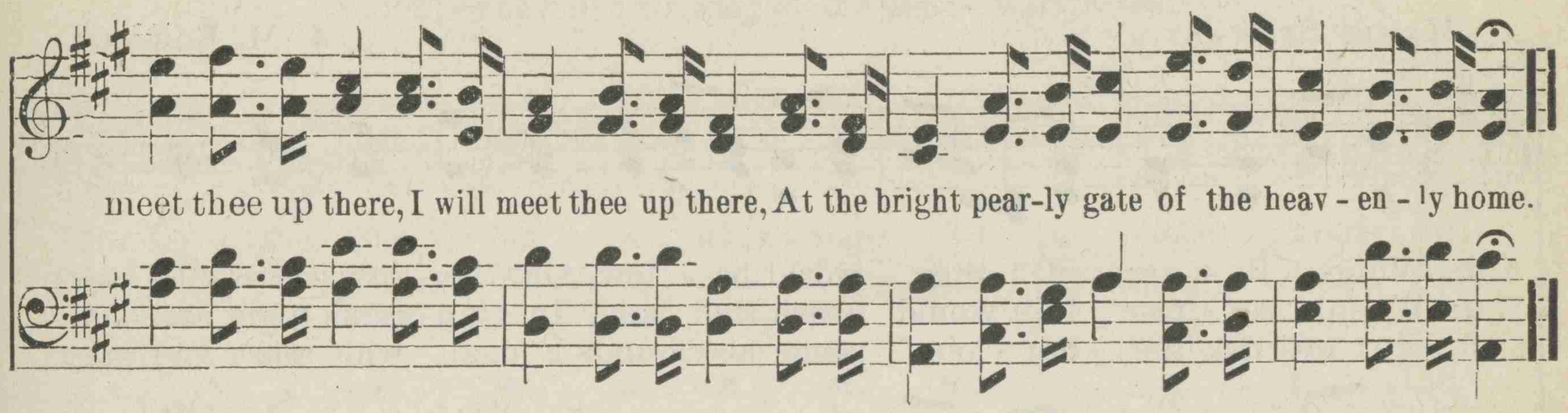
glad - ness un-told I will meet thee up there. I will meet thee up there, I will
rest with redeemed ones I'll meet thee up there.
songs of re - joic - ing I'll meet thee up there.
long, my be - lov - ed, I'll meet thee up there.

meet thee up there, Where the voice of our Mas - ter shall bid me to come; I will

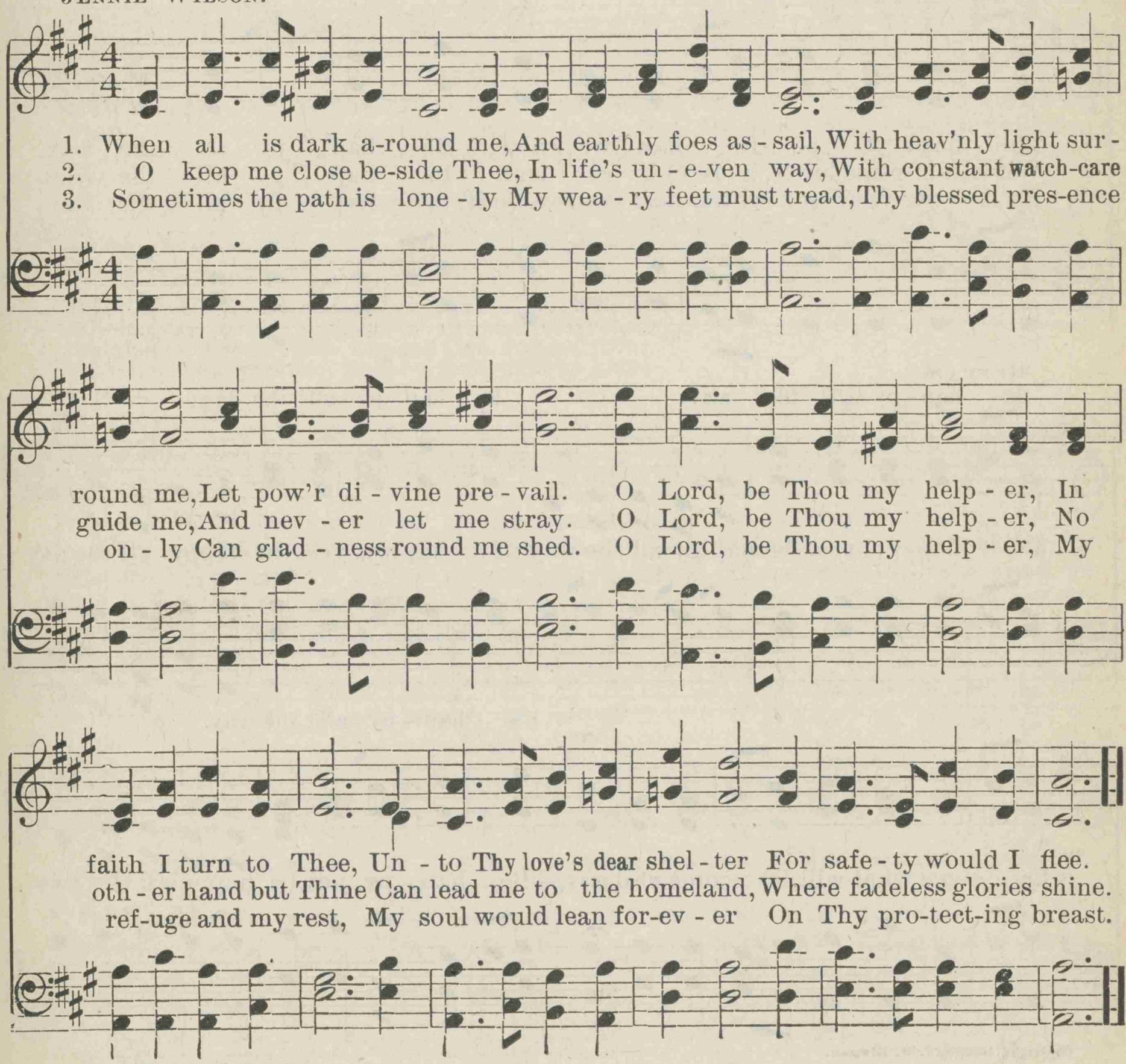
Copyright, 1908, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

Library, Southern Baptist
Theological Seminary

I WILL MEET THEE UP THERE.

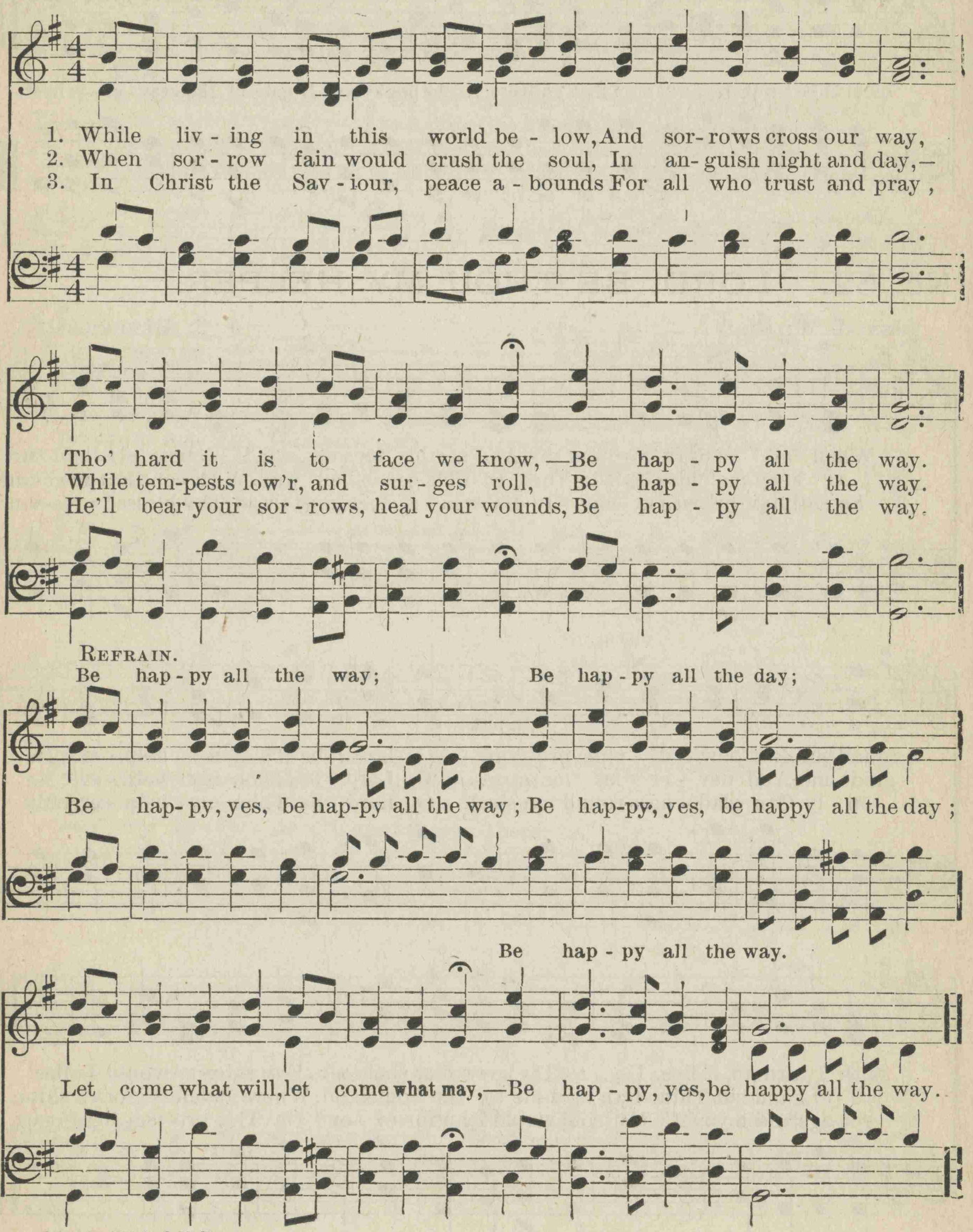


No. 52. LORD, BE THOU MY HELPER.

JENNIE WILSON. J. S. HENDRICKS.

Copyright, 1896, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 53. BE HAPPY ALL THE WAY.

MAMIE STEWART. J. M. BOWMAN.



Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Bowman.

No. 54. JESUS IS WALKING ON THE SEA.

"They saw him walking on the sea."—Mark 6: 49.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY, by per.

1. Lo, the Sav - iour is walk - ing on the bois - t'rous sea,
2. Look, the Sav - iour is still - ing now the rush - ing wave,
3. See the Sav - iour is hang - ing on the cru - el tree,
4. Look! the an - gel of mer - cy o - pens wide the gate,

Walk - - - ing on the sea; (D.S.) And He's call - ing to sailors, "Look ye
Still - - - ing now the wave; (D.S.) And He's call - ing to sail-ors sink-ing
Hang - - - ing on the tree; (D.S.) Oh, He gave His precious blood and
O - - - - pens wide the gate; (D.S.) Then haste, haste thee, sinner, or you'll

Walking on the stormy, boist'rous sea, boist'rous sea;
Still-ing now the rushing, might-y wave, mighty wave;
Hanging on the tree, the rug-ged tree, rug-ged tree;
O-pens wide the pearly, gold-en gate, gold-en gate;

REFRAIN.

FINE.

un - to Me, Look ye un - to Je - sus from the sea." Je - sus is walking on the
neath the wave, "Look ye un - to Je - sus, He can save." Look un - to Je - sus, He can
life for thee, Come ye un - to Je - sus, and be free. Come, come to Je - sus and be
be too late; Late, too late to en - ter mer-cy's gate. Has - ten, O has-ten, do not

D.S.

sea, (boist'rous sea,) Je - sus is walk-ing on the sea, (boist'rous sea,)
save, (He can save,) Look un - to Je - sus, He can save, (He can save,)
free, (and be free,) Come, come to Je - sus and be free; (and be free;)
wait, (do not wait,) Has - ten to en - ter mer - cy's gate, (mer-cy's gate,)

No. 55. NO ONE BUT JESUS CAN SAVE.

JENNIE WILSON. B. F. ROE.

1. Have you grown wea - ry of e - vil? Par - don for sin do you crave?
2. Turn from the paths of trans-gres - sion, Come with your bur-den op - pressed;
3. Fear not to trust in the Sav - iour, He is a mer - ci - ful Friend;

Turn to the ho - ly Re - deem - er, No one but Je - sus can save.
Tell all your trou - bles to Je - sus, He will give com - fort and rest.
He will re - ceive the re - pent - ant, Keep - ing them safe to the end.

REFRAIN.

No one but Je - sus can save, . . No one but Je - sus can save; . .
can save, can save;

Turn to the ho - ly Re-deem - er, No one but Je - sus can save. . . .
can save.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 56. SAVED TO SERVE.

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

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 57. BEAUTIFUL.

B. E. W. B. E. Warren.

1. Beau - ti - ful robes so white, Beauti - ful land of light, Beauti - ful home so bright,
2. Beau - ti - ful tho't to me, We shall for - ev - er be Thine in e - ter - ni - ty,
3. Beau - ti - ful things on high, O - ver in yon-der sky, Thus I shall leave this shore,

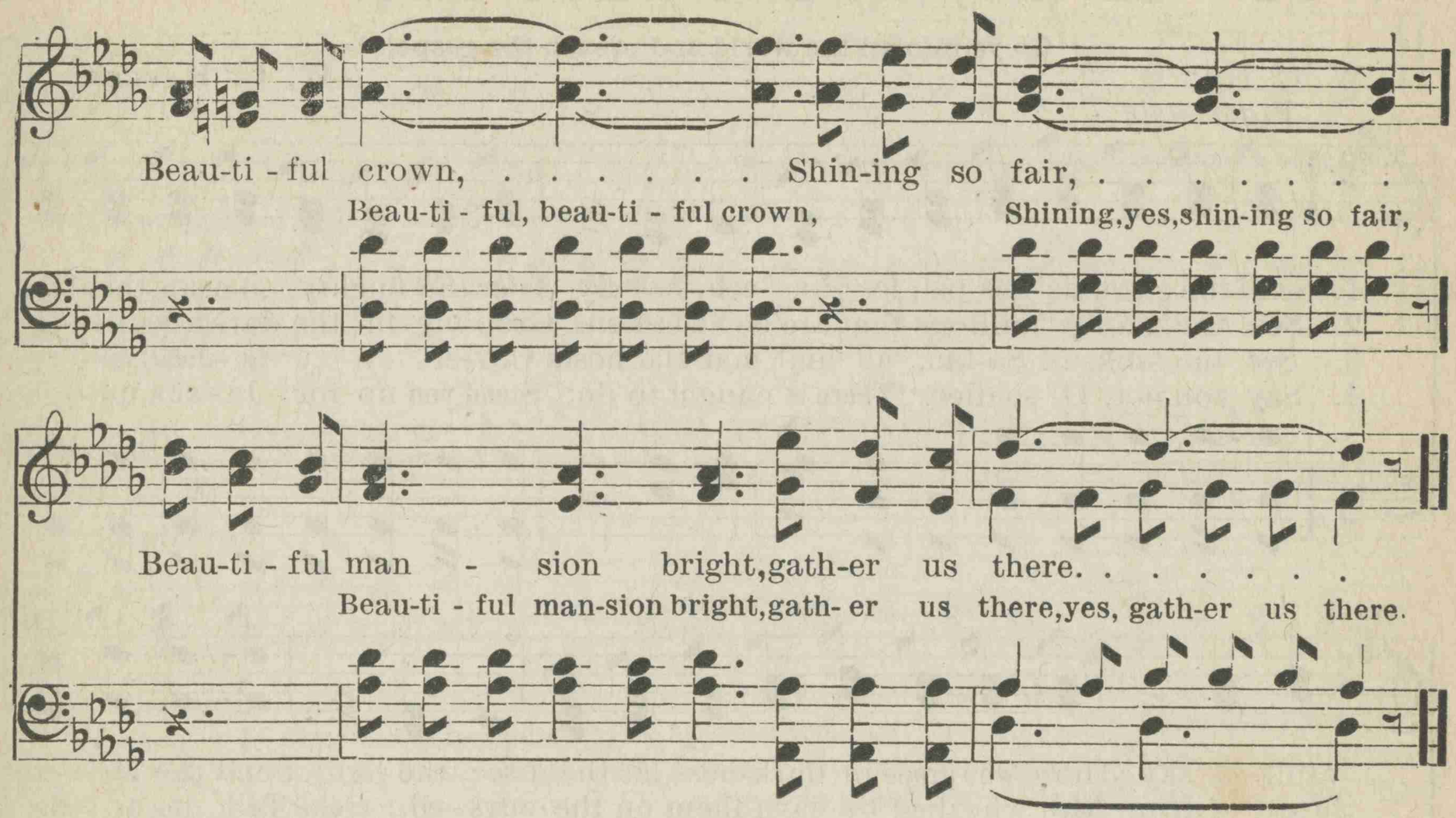
Where there shall come no night; Beauti-ful crown I'll wear, Shining with stars o'er there, Yonder in
When from this world we're free; Free from its toil and care, Heaven - ly joys to share, Let me cross
Counting my treas-ures o'er, Where we shall nev-er die, Car - ry me by and by, Nev-er to

Refrain.

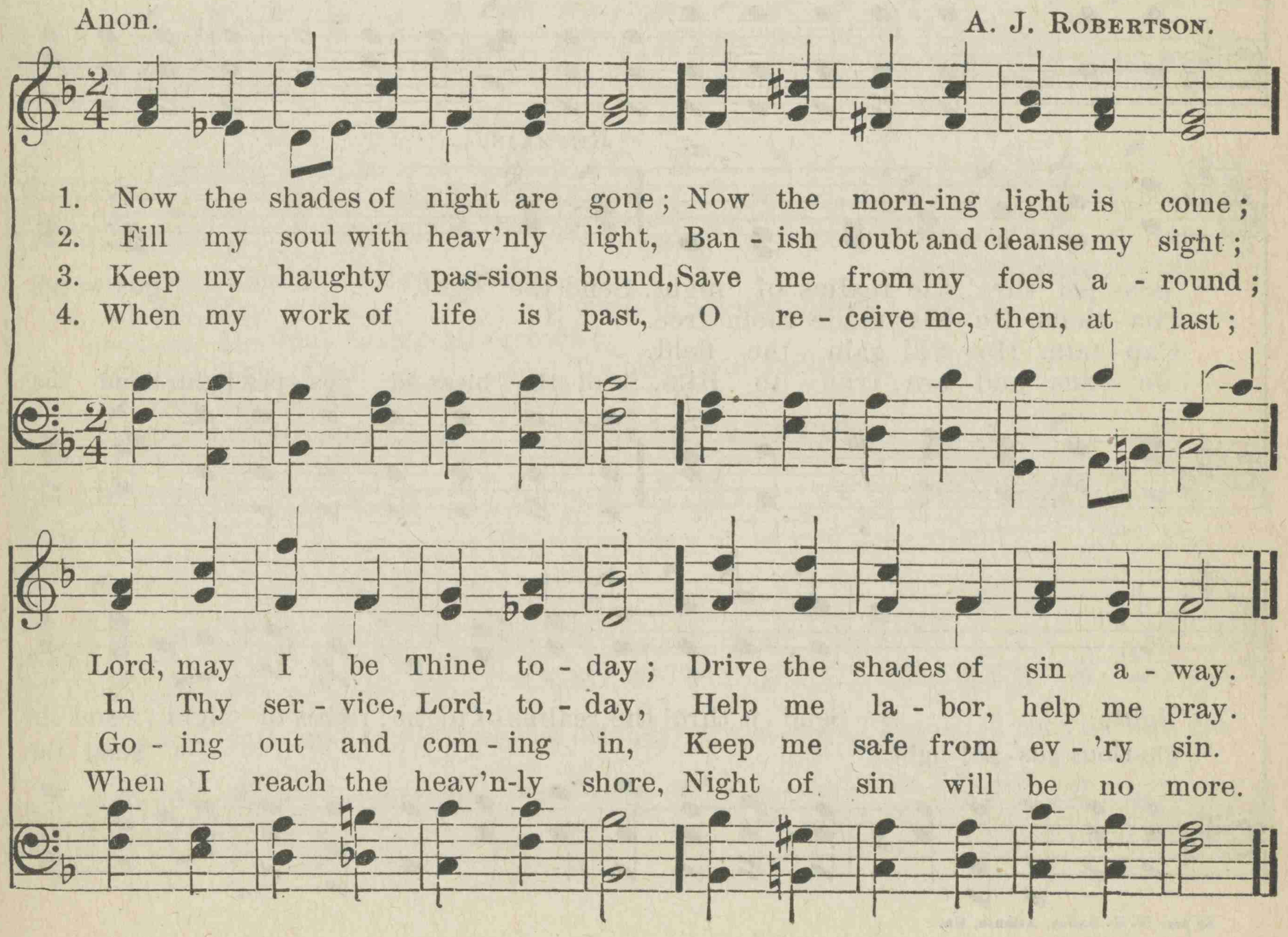
mansions fair, Gather us there. . Beau- ti- ful robes, ... Beauti - ful
o - ver there, This is my pray'r.
sor-row more, Heaven-ly store. Beau-ti - ful robes of white,

land, ... Beau-ti-ful home, . . . Beautiful band, ...
Beau-ti-ful land of light, Beau-ti-ful home so bright, Beau-ti-ful band of might

By per. B. E. Warren, Springfield, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL.

No. 58. TEXAS. 7s.

Anon. A. J. Robertson.



No. 59. SEND THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

Vigorously.

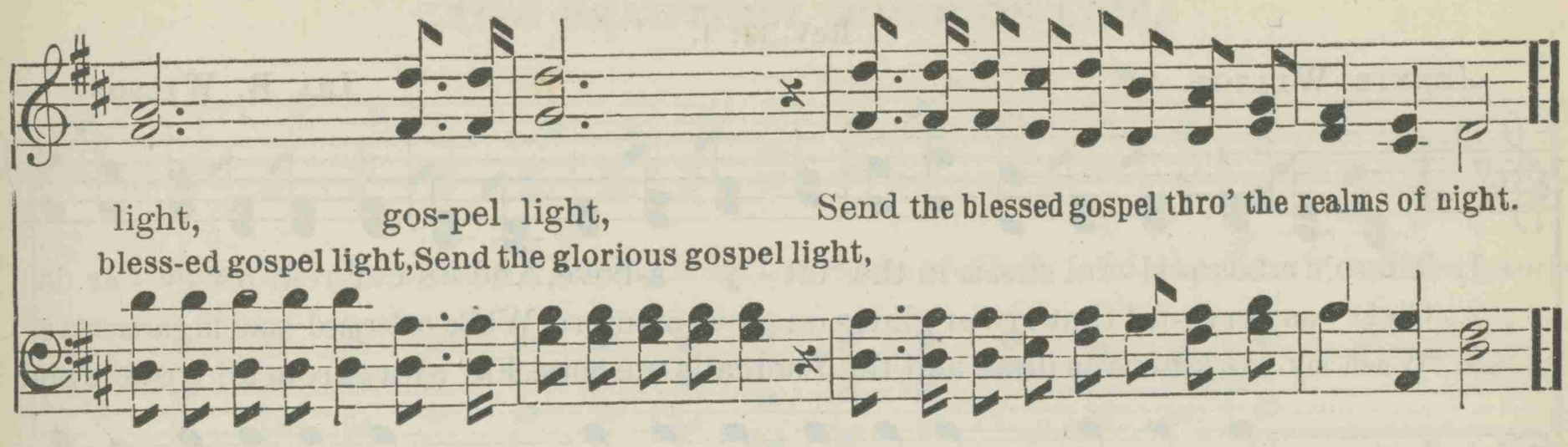
1. Send the glorious gos-pel, let its ech-oes fly O'er the mighty o-cean, thro' the vault-ed sky ;Those who grope in dark-ness, let them see the light, Send the bless-ed
2. See the man-y millions that are bowed in sin, Grop-ing in the darkness, nev-er heard of Him; He who died to save them on the curs-ed tree, Tell it to the
3. See the ranks of Sa-tan, all his mar-tial hosts Cov-er ev-'ry is-land, ev-'ry sea and coast; Buc-kle on the ar-mor, take the sword and shield, Je-sus is our
4. Say you not, O soldier, "There is naught to do;" Stand you up for Je-sus, un-to God be true; Battling for the Mas-ter, you are sure to win, If you fol-low

REFRAIN.

gos-pel thro' the realms of night. Send the light, gos-pel light, Send it thro' the realms of night ; realms of night ; Send the glo-rious gos-pel light,
na-tions, He has made them free.
Cap-tain, He will gain the field.
Je-sus and are true to Him. Send the bless-ed gos-pel light, Send the
Send the

By per. W. C. Hafley, Atlanta, Ga.

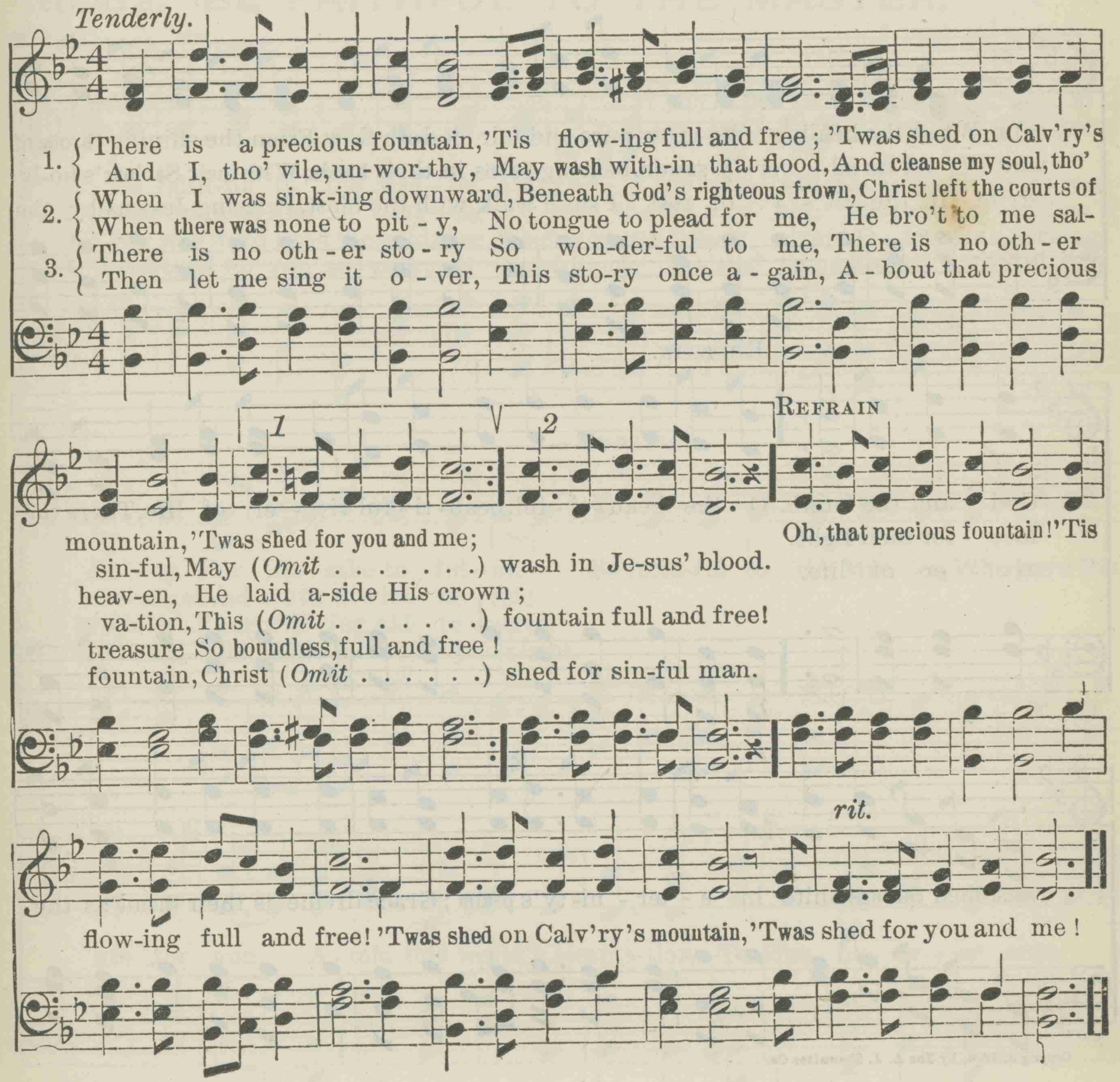
SEND THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.



No. 60. THERE IS A PRECIOUS FOUNTAIN.

W. C. H. W. C. Hafley, by per.

Tenderly.



No. 61. THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER OF LIFE.

Rev. 22: 1.

JENNIE WILLSON. IRA B. WILSON.

1. There's a beau- ti - ful stream in the cit - y a-bove, And its cur-rent for-ev - er is
2. Clear as crys-tal that riv-er glides on ev - er-more, While redeemed ones in garments of
3. When my work here is done and the Lord calls me home, Far away from all trouble and

calm, Where the healing trees grow pure and fair it doth flow From the shining throne of
white Tread its sil - ver - y sands, bearing palms in their hands, With their Saviour's ho-ly
strife, In the cit - y of rest I shall walk with the blest, Praising Je- sus by the

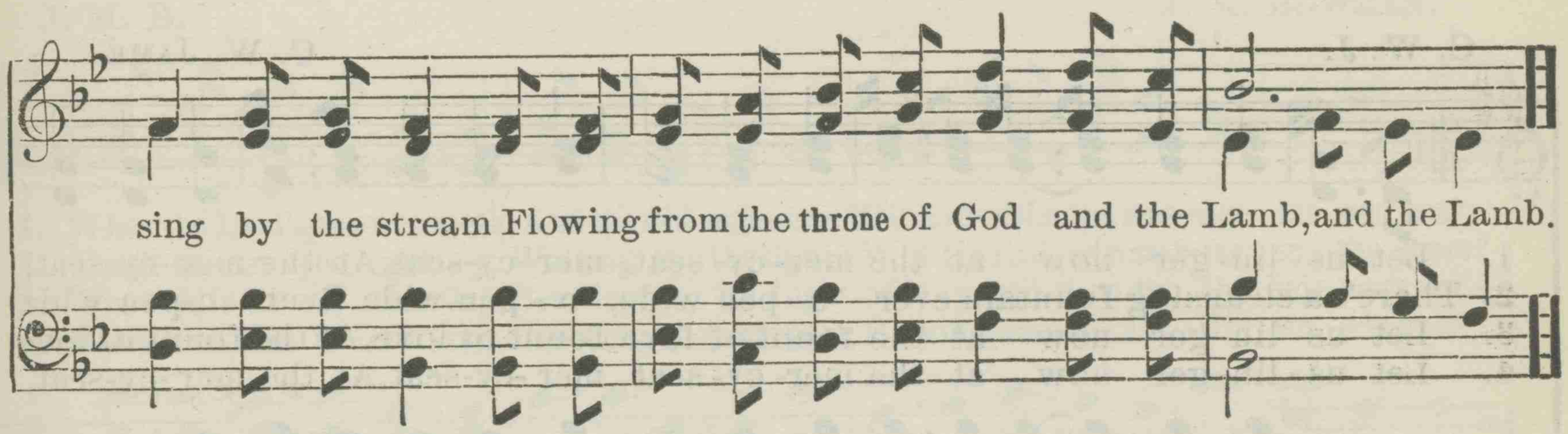
REFRAIN.

God and the Lamb. O the beau - ti - ful, beau- ti - ful riv - er of life, There the
face for their light.
riv - er of life.

ransomed throngs unite in e - ter - ni- ty's psalm; Grace divine is their theme as the

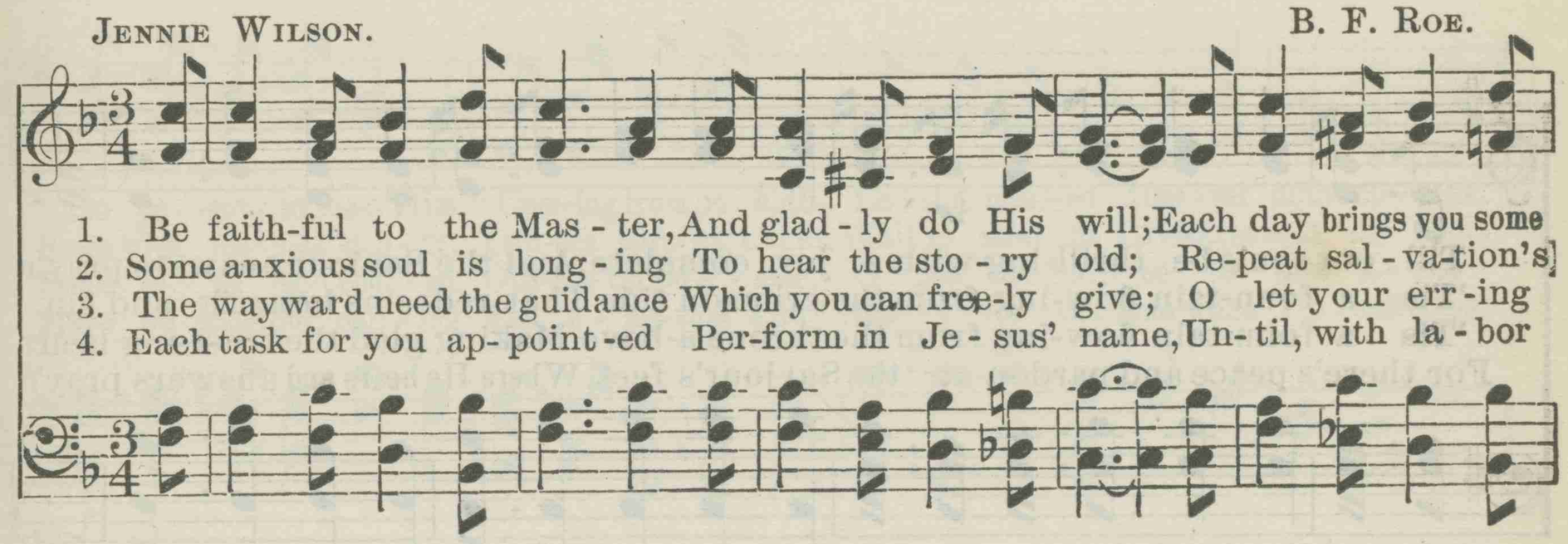
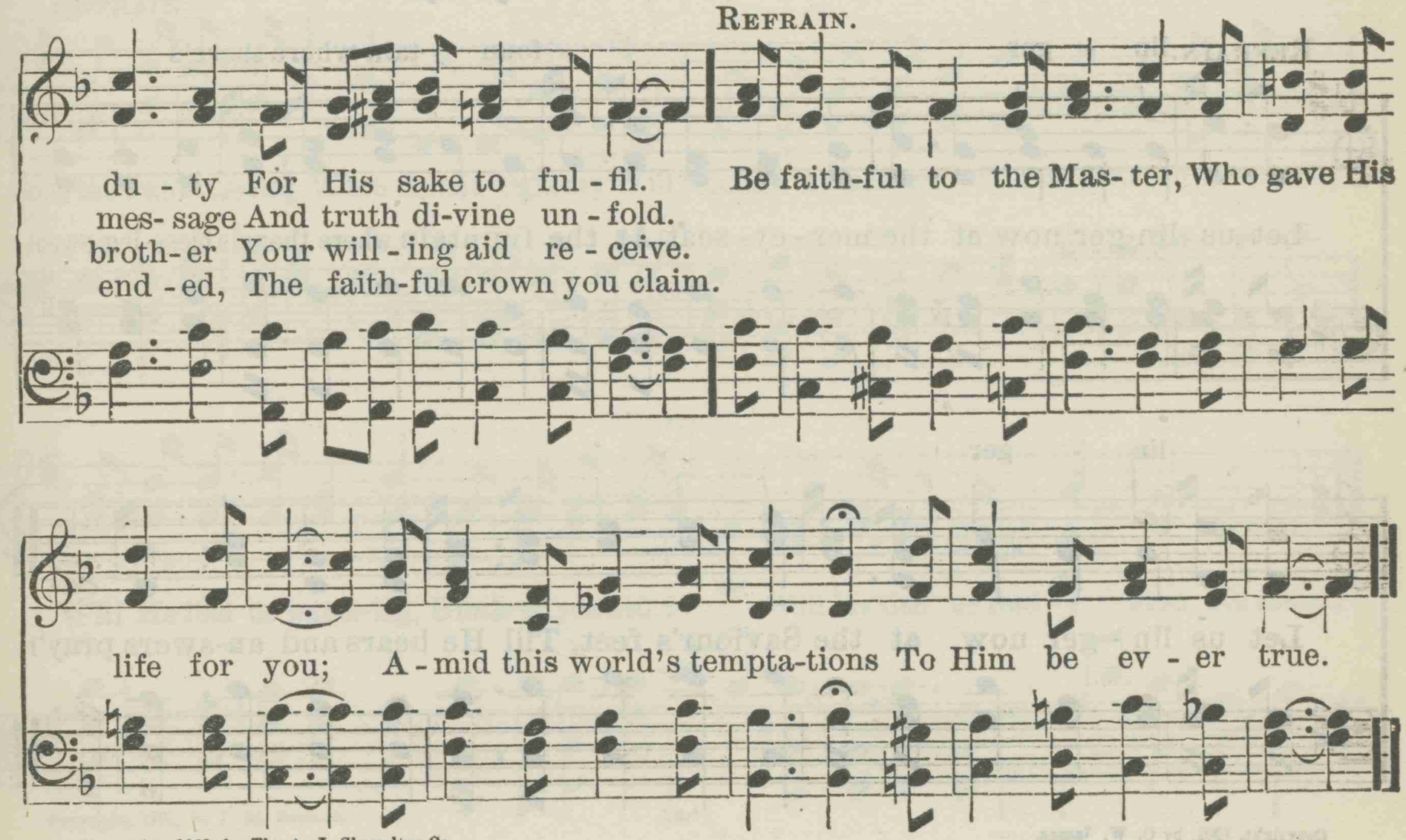
Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER OF LIFE.



No. 62. BE FAITHFUL TO THE MASTER.

JENNIE WILSON. B. F. ROE.



Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 63. LET US LINGER AT THE MERCY-SEAT.

C. W. J. C. W. JAMES.

1. Let us lin-ger now at the mer-cy-seat, mer-cy-seat, At the mer-cy-seat,
2. There's a cleansing fountain ever o-pen wide, o-pen wide, Ever o-pen wide;
3. Let us lin-ger now at the fount of love, fount of love, At the fount of love
4. Let us lin-ger now at the mer-cy-seat, mer-cy-seat, At the mer-cy-seat,

Till our souls be thrill-ing with a joy complete, And the Saviour answers pray'r
'Tis a foun-tain flow-ing from the crimson tide That redeems from guilt and sin.
'Tis a foun-tain flow-ing from the throne a-bove, Making glad the trust-ing heart
For there's peace and pardon at the Saviour's feet, Where He hears and answers pray'r

REFRAIN. lin - ger foun - tain where there's

Let us lin-ger now at the mer-cy-seat, At the fountain where there is bless-ing sweet

lin - ger

Let us lin-ger now at the Saviour's feet, Till He hears and an-swers pray'r.

Copyright, 1901, by C. W. James.

No. 64. LO! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. When the Bridegroom com-eth, And the mid-night cry Will pro-claim the mes-sage far and near,
2. Broth-er, are you read - y, Walking in the light? Will He find us watch-ing on the shore?
3. Time is swift - ly fleet-ing, Bear-ing on its flight Man - y mil-lions to the judg-ment day,—
4. Broth-er, He is com - ing, Rob'd in gar-ments pure, He will gath - er all His jew - els home;

"Go ye out to meet Him," Com-ing from on high, Lo! the bless-ed Mas - ter doth ap - pear.
Some with ves - sels emp - ty, Oth-ers burn-ing bright, Wait to meet the Bridegroom at the door.
Some to be ac - cept - ed, Oth-ers turn'd a - side, O! how sad t'will be to turn a - way.
Have we made our call - ing And e - lec-tion sure? Read - y for the time when He shall come.

REFRAIN.

Soon the time is coming, When the mid-night cry Will proclaim the message, "Lo! the Bride-groom comes;"

Will He find us watch-ing, Broth-er, you and I? Will He find us read - y when He comes?

Copyright, 1901, by J. M. Bowman.

No. 65. ALL GLORY TO HIS NAME.

"Praise is comely for the upright."

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. The right of song doth e'er be - long To those who seek God's pleasure;
2. O won-drous plan, for sin - ful man A - tone-ment full pro-vid - ing;
3. O bless - ed home, no death can come With-in thy pearl - y por - tal;

Un - to our King then let us sing In glad and grate - ful meas - ure.
Let all who hear dis-miss each fear, And come, in Him con - fid - ing.
O bliss su-preme! O joys that gleam, O glo - ry-crowned im-mor - tals.

His name we praise, ex - tol His ways, And tell the won-drous sto - ry,
De-light - ful thought, with comfort fraught, That you and I are giv - en,
There we shall raise, thro' end - less days, Sweet songs of ad - o - ra - tion,

How those of earth, thro' heav'n-ly birth, May reign with Him in glo - ry.
A wel-come sweet, our Lord to meet, In that bright land called Heaven.
To God a-bove, whose matchless love Hath purchased our sal - va - tion.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

ALL GLORY TO HIS NAME.

REFRAIN.

All glo - - - - - ry to His ho - ly name, . .
All glo - ry to His ho - ly name, His bless - ed name,

Naught from His love . . . . . shall sev - er . .
Naught from His love, naught from His love shall sev - er . .

Those He re - deems . . . . . from Sa - tan's schemes, . . .
Those He re - deems, those He re-deems from Sa - tan's schemes, from Satan's schemes,

O praise His name . . . . . for - ev - - - er. . .
O praise His name, O praise His name for - ev - - - - er. . . .

No. 66. ROW UP THE STREAM, BROTHER.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. R. D. BURLESON.

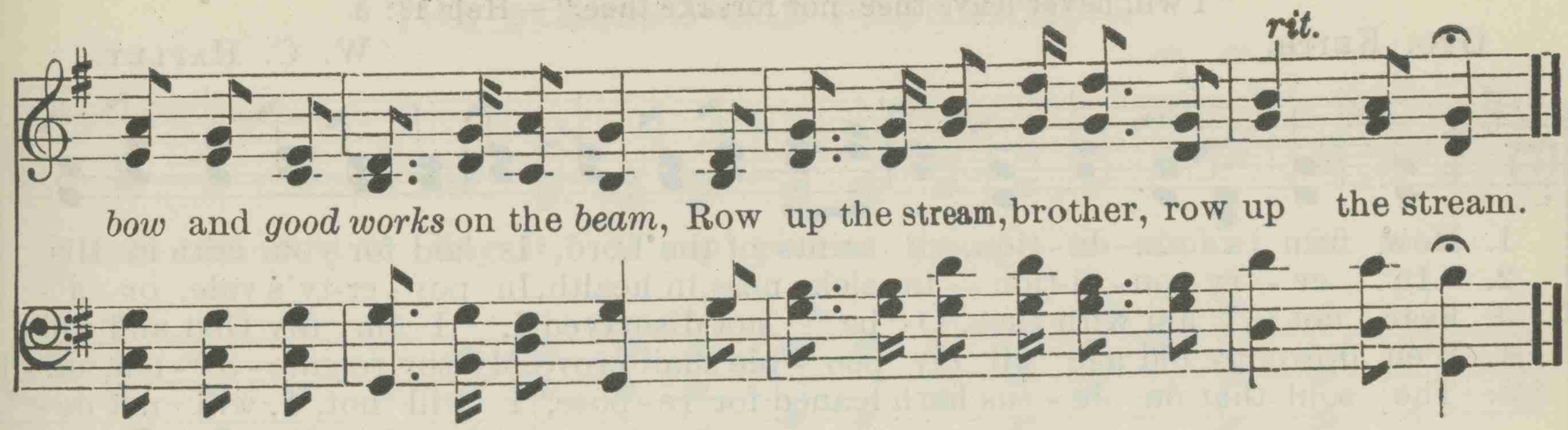
1. Haste, heav-en - ly mar - i - ner, bound for yon shore, O do not sit i - dly, but bend to the oar; See, far up the riv - er the bea - con lights gleam, Row
2. Be - low you is dan-ger and death and de-spair, And if you cease rowing you'll float sure-ly there; Then do not stop work-ing, though hard it may seem, Row
3. Up stream there is safe-ty, down stream you are lost, Then keep mov-ing up-ward al - though tempest-tossed; Tho' waves beat a - round you, and fierce the winds scream, Row
4. Then keep pull-ing, brother, for yon golden shore, You'll soon reach that country, your work will be o'er; But al - ways re - mem-ber this life is no dream, Row

REFRAIN.

up the stream, brother, row up the stream. Row up the stream, brother, row up the stream, There's no time in this life to lie down and dream; With *faith* on th

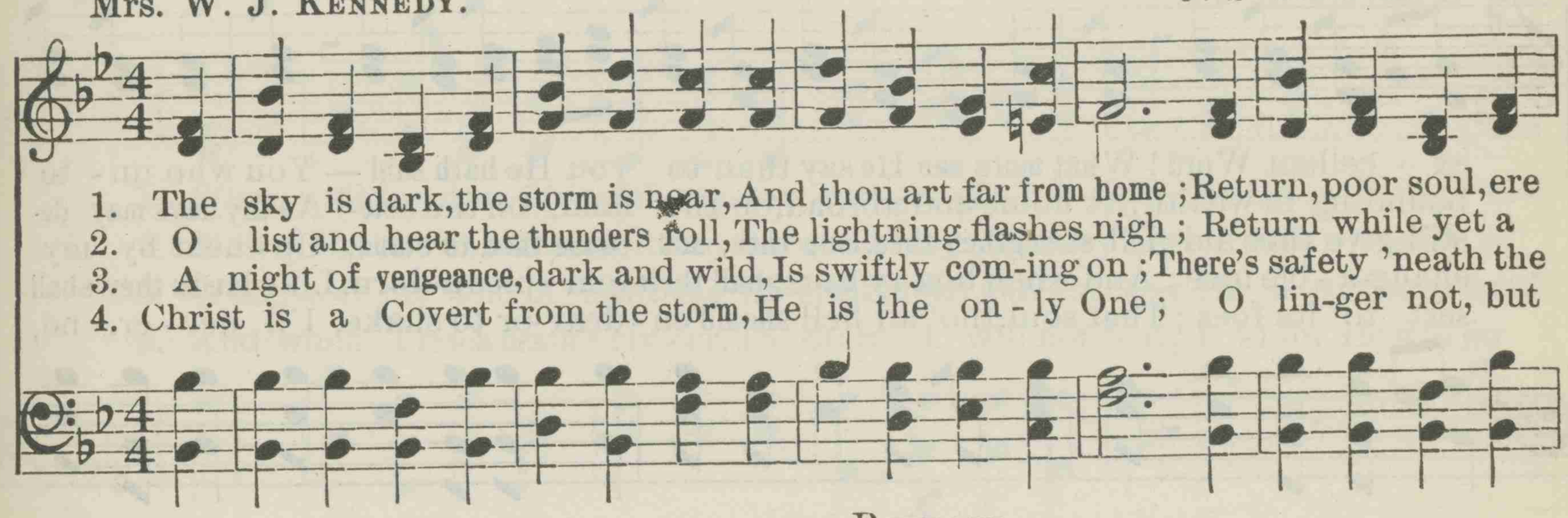
Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

ROW UP THE STREAM, BROTHER.



No. 67. RETURN.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.



Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 66. ROW UP THE STREAM, BROTHER.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. R. D. BURLESON.

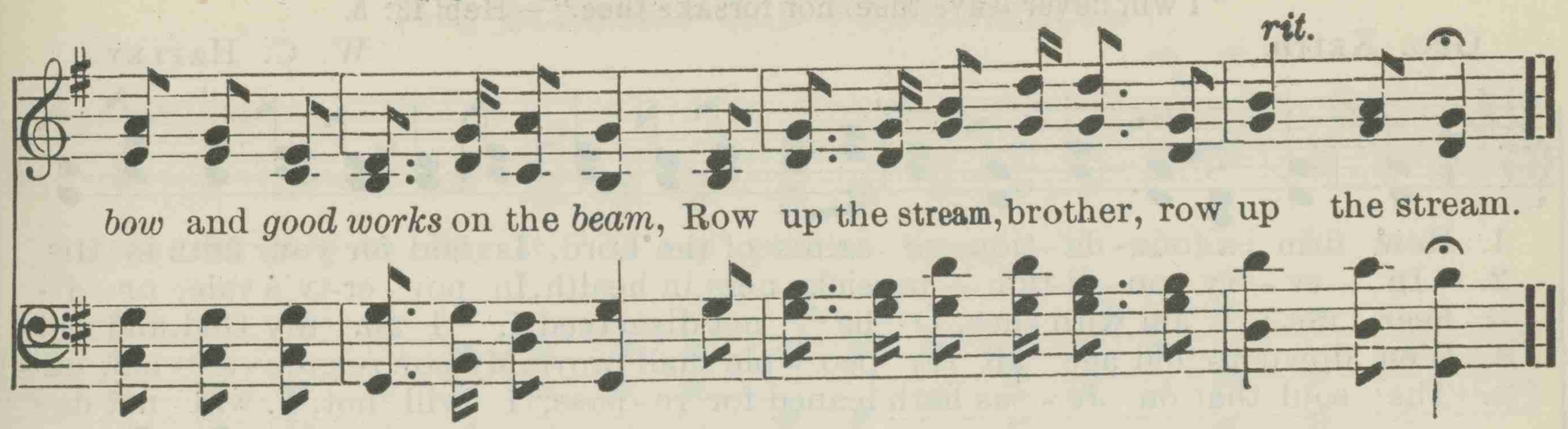
1. Haste, heav-en - ly mar - i - ner, bound for yon shore, O do not sit i - dly, but bend to the oar; See, far up the riv - er the bea - con lights gleam, Row
2. Be - low you is dan-ger and death and de-spair, And if you cease rowing you'll float sure-ly there; Then do not stop work-ing, though hard it may seem, Row
3. Up stream there is safe-ty, down stream you are lost, Then keep mov-ing up-ward al - though tempest-tossed; Tho' waves beat a - round you, and fierce the winds scream, Row
4. Then keep pull-ing, brother, for yon golden shore, You'll soon reach that country, your work will be o'er; But al - ways re - mem-ber this life is no dream, Row

REFRAIN.

up the stream, brother, row up the stream. Row up the stream, brother, row up the stream. There's no time in this life to lie down and dream; With *faith* on th

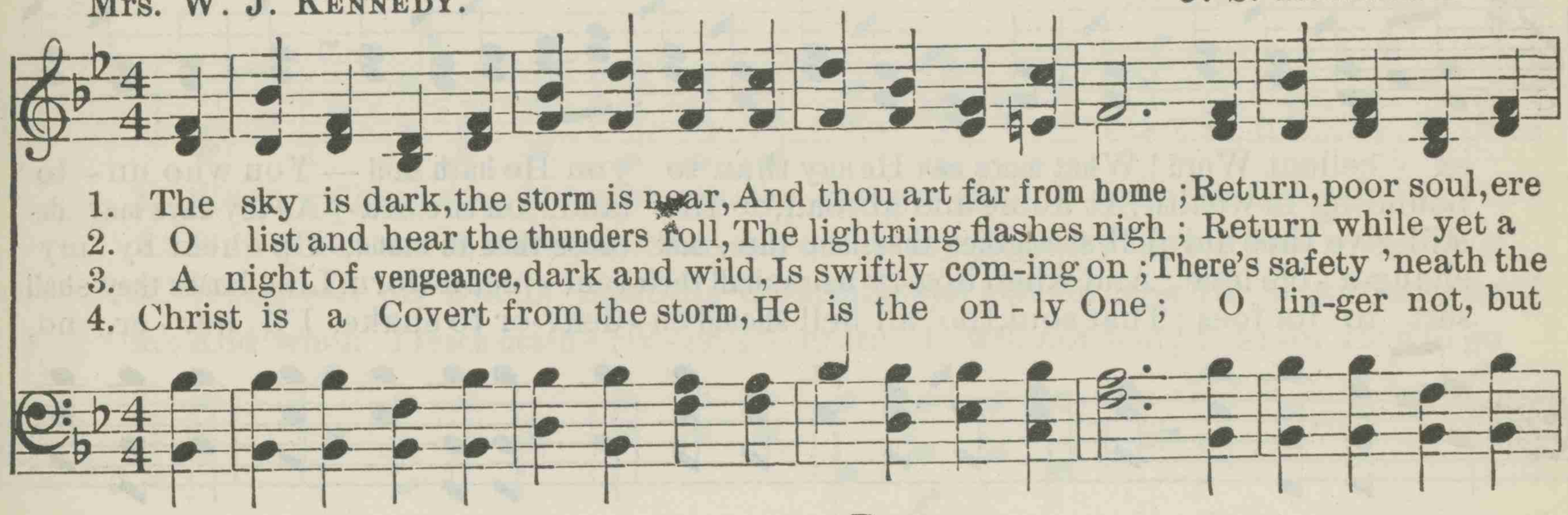
Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

ROW UP THE STREAM, BROTHER.



No. 67. RETURN.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.



Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 68. THE BLESSED OLD FOUNDATION.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." — Heb. 13: 5.

GEO. KEITH. W. C. HAFLEY.

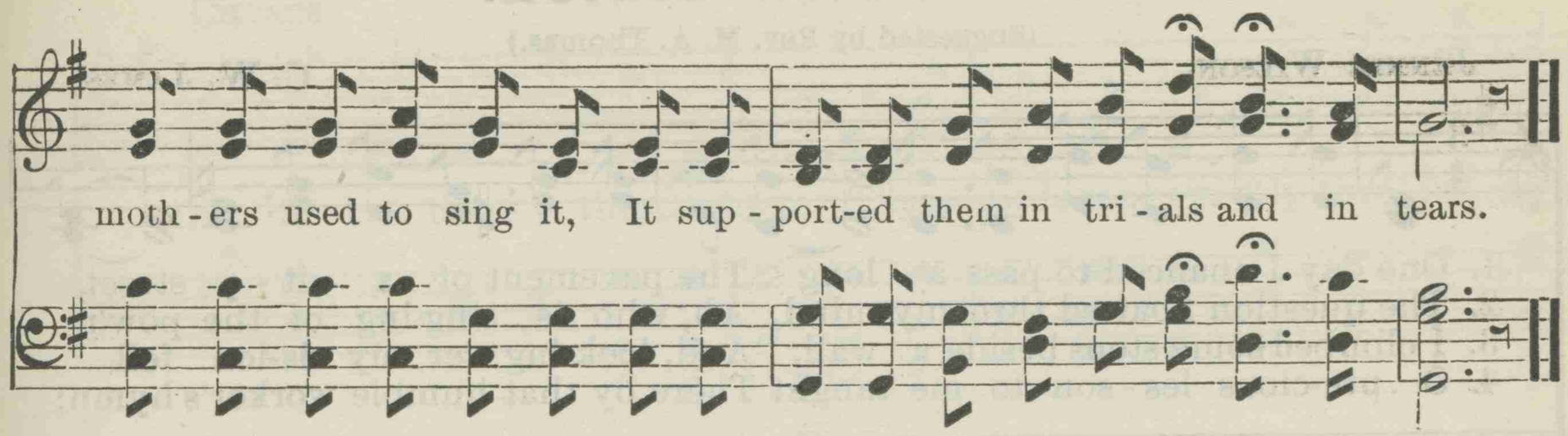
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cellent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said — You who un - to
2. In ev - 'ry con-di-tion — in sick-ness, in health, In pov - er-ty's vale, or a - bounding in wealth; At home and abroad, or the land, on the sea—As thy days may de-
3. Fear not; I am with thee, O be not dismayed, I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my
4. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove, My sov'reign, e - ter - nal, un - chang-a - ble love; And when hoa-ry hairs shall their tem - ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall
5. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus for ref - uge have fled? The precious old founda-tion, The bless-ed old foun - da-tion, It's stood the storm for many, ma-ny years; Our fathers used to sing it, Our
mand, shall thy strength ev - er be.
right-eous, om - nip - o-tent hand.
still in my bo - som be borne.
nev - er, no, nev - er, for-sake.

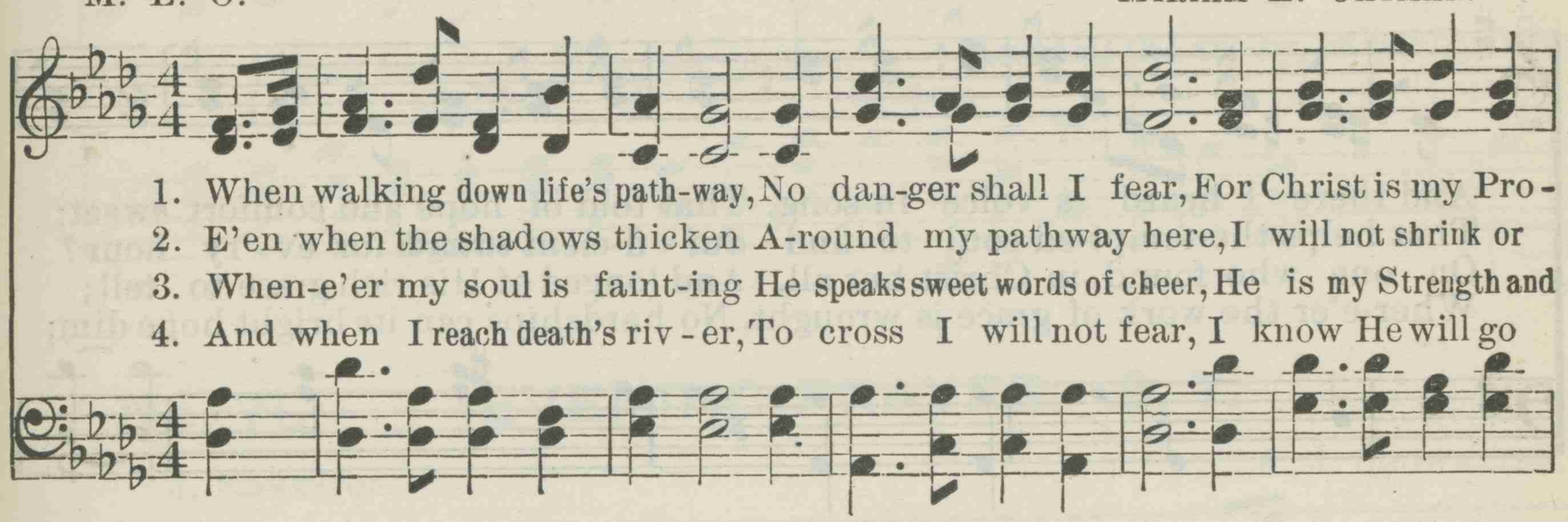
Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

THE BLESSED OLD FOUNDATION.



No. 69. CHRIST IS EVER NEAR.

M. E. O. MIRIAM E. OATMAN.



Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 70.

SAVED BY GRACE.

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

JENNIE WILSON. C. W. JAMES.

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

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

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

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

Copyright, 1902, by C. W. James.

SAVED BY GRACE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Out in the bus - y thoroughfare These words rang sweetly thro' the air:

"Soon I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-ry, Saved by Grace."
shall see to face,

No. 71. EVENING PRAYER. 8, 7.

J. EDMESTON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir-its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc-tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Darkness can not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch become our tomb,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

No. 72. JOY ALL THE WAY.

FANNIE A. BIVANS. John 15: 11. F. W. WESTHOFF.

1. There's joy in my heart to-day, (to-day,) For my Lord is lead-ing the way; (the way;) While He goes just be-fore, And o-pens the door, There's
2. The Sav-iour a-bides in my heart, (my heart,) I nev-er from Him can de-part; (de-part;) For He holds me in love, Be-stowed from a-bove, The
3. My heart o-ver-flows with His joy, (His joy,) No dross of the world can al-loy; (can al-loy;) While I walk by His side, My heav-en-ly guide, There's

REFRAIN.

noth-ing but joy all the way.
joy of the Lord fills my heart.
joy all the way, ho-ly way.

There's joy . . . . . in my heart to-day, . . . For my Lord . . . . . is lead-ing the way; . . . .

There's joy in my heart, joy in my heart to-day. For my Lord is now lead-ing, lead-ing, is lead-ing the way;

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

JOY ALL THE WAY.

While He goes . . . . . just be - fore, And o - - - - pens the

While He goes just be - fore, While He o - pens, yes o - pens the

noth - - - - ing,

door, There's nothing but joy, there's noth-ing but joy all the way.

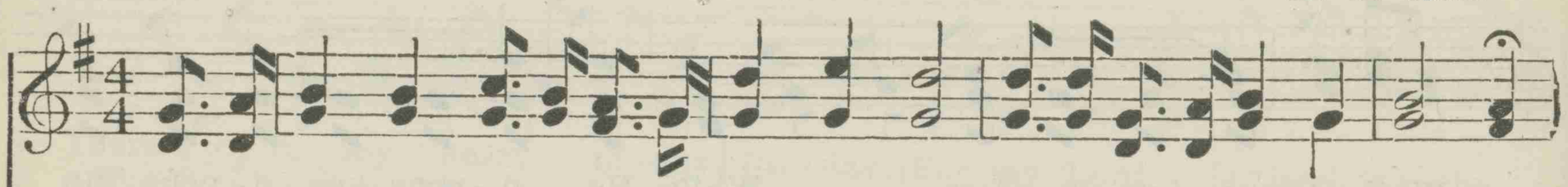
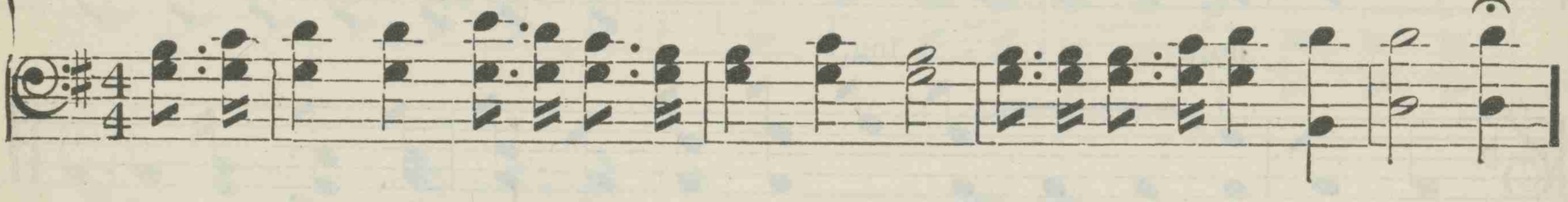
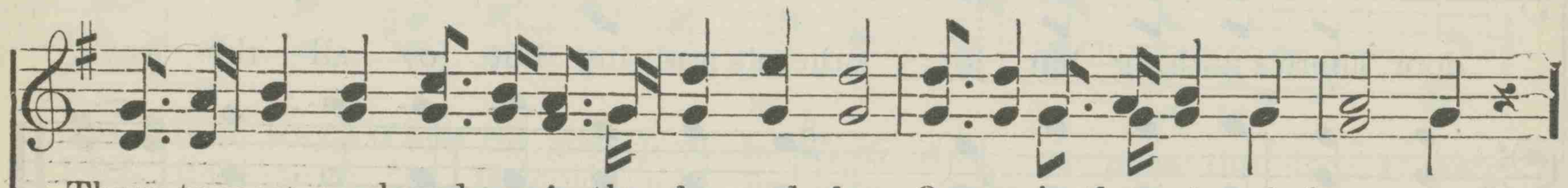
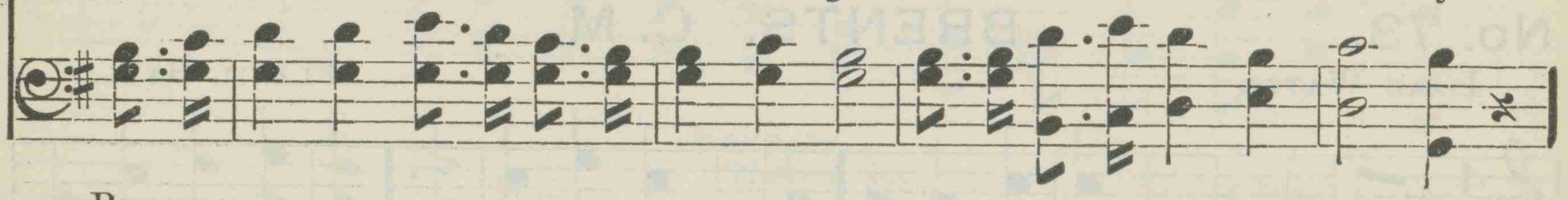
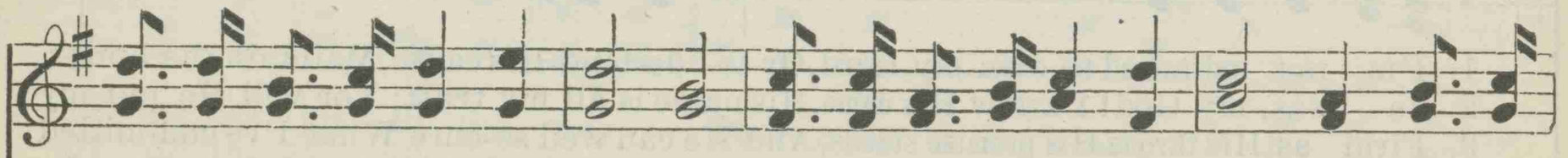
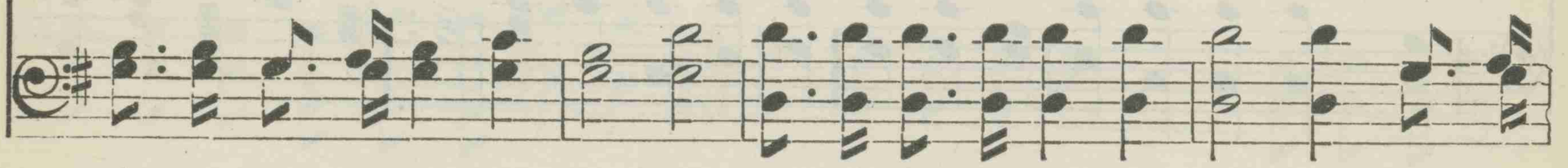
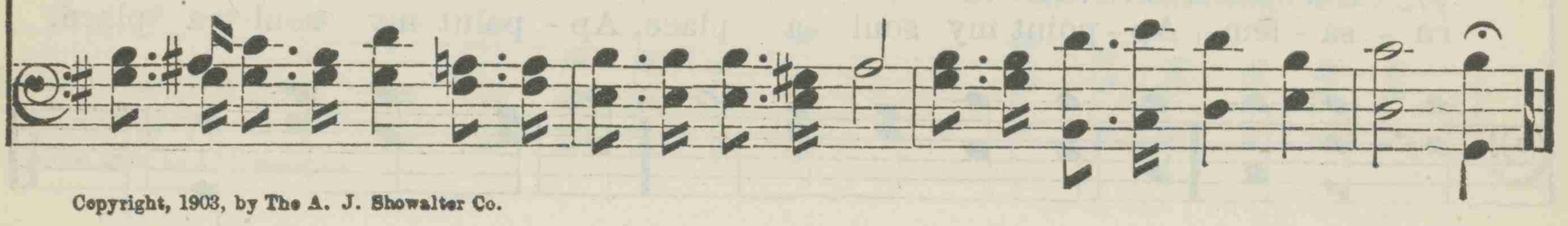
No. 73. BRENTS. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. FLAVIL HALL.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause, Maintain the honor
2. Je - sus, my God! I know His name, His name is all my trust; Nor will He put my
3. Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well se-cure What I've committed
4. Then will He own my worthless name, Be-fore His Father's face, And in the new Je -

of His word, The glo - ry of His cross, The glo - ry of His cross.
soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost, Nor let my hope be lost.
to His hands, Till the de - ci - sive hour, Till the de - ci - sive hour.
ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place, Ap - point my soul a place.

No. 74. REALMS OF BEAUTY.

FRANK. B. F. ROE.

1. We are dai - ly marching to our home on high, O-ver in the realms of beau-ty,
2. When the trials and troubles of our life are o'er, O-ver in the realms of beau-ty,
3. There we'll meet our blessed Saviour face to face, O-ver in the realms of beau-ty,

There to meet our loved ones in the by and by, O - ver in the realms of beau - ty.
We shall meet the ransomed where we'll part no more, O - ver in the realms of beau - ty.
And we'll praise His pre-cious name for matchless grace, O - ver in the realms of beau - ty.

REFRAIN.

O - ver in the realms of beau - ty, O - ver in the realms of beau - ty, There we'll

join the happy throng, singing loud re-demp-tion's song, O - ver in the realms of beau - ty.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 75. WE SHALL OVERCOME.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. We wage no un-cer - tain war with sin, His prom- ise di-vine we claim;
2. We trust in no hu - man aid for pow'r To bat - tle a-gainst the wrong,
3. Tho' wea - ry and long the strife may be, And num - ber-less seem our foes,
4. O glo - ri - ous tho't! we'll o - ver-come, And ev - er with Je - sus reign,

Through faith we shall o - ver-come the world, And con - quer in Je - sus' name.
To Je - sus a-lone we look in faith, For help that will make us strong.
Through faith we shall tri- umph by and by, How - ev - er sin's ranks op-pose.
Re-deemed and in Cal - v'ry's sa-cred fount Washed pure from all guilt and stain.

REFRAIN.

We shall o-vercome, (yes,) we shall o - ver-come, In the name of God's ho- ly Son;
We shall o -ver- come, (yes,) we shall overcome, Thro' faith is the vic- t'ry won.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 76. I'LL SOON BE AT HOME.

JENNIE WILSON. J. W. DENNIS.

1. Dear an - gel-friends are call - ing me Un - to their home e - ter - nal;
2. Ere long I'll clasp their lov - ing hands Where earthly storms are o - ver;
3. O bless - ed day when I shall see The King in all His glo - ry,

Their hap - py fa - ces soon I'll see, 'Mid scenes of joy su - per - nal.
In those ce - les - tial sum - mer lands No drear - y shad-ows hov - er.
And sing with those who watch for me Re-demp-tion's wondrous sto - ry.

REFRAIN.

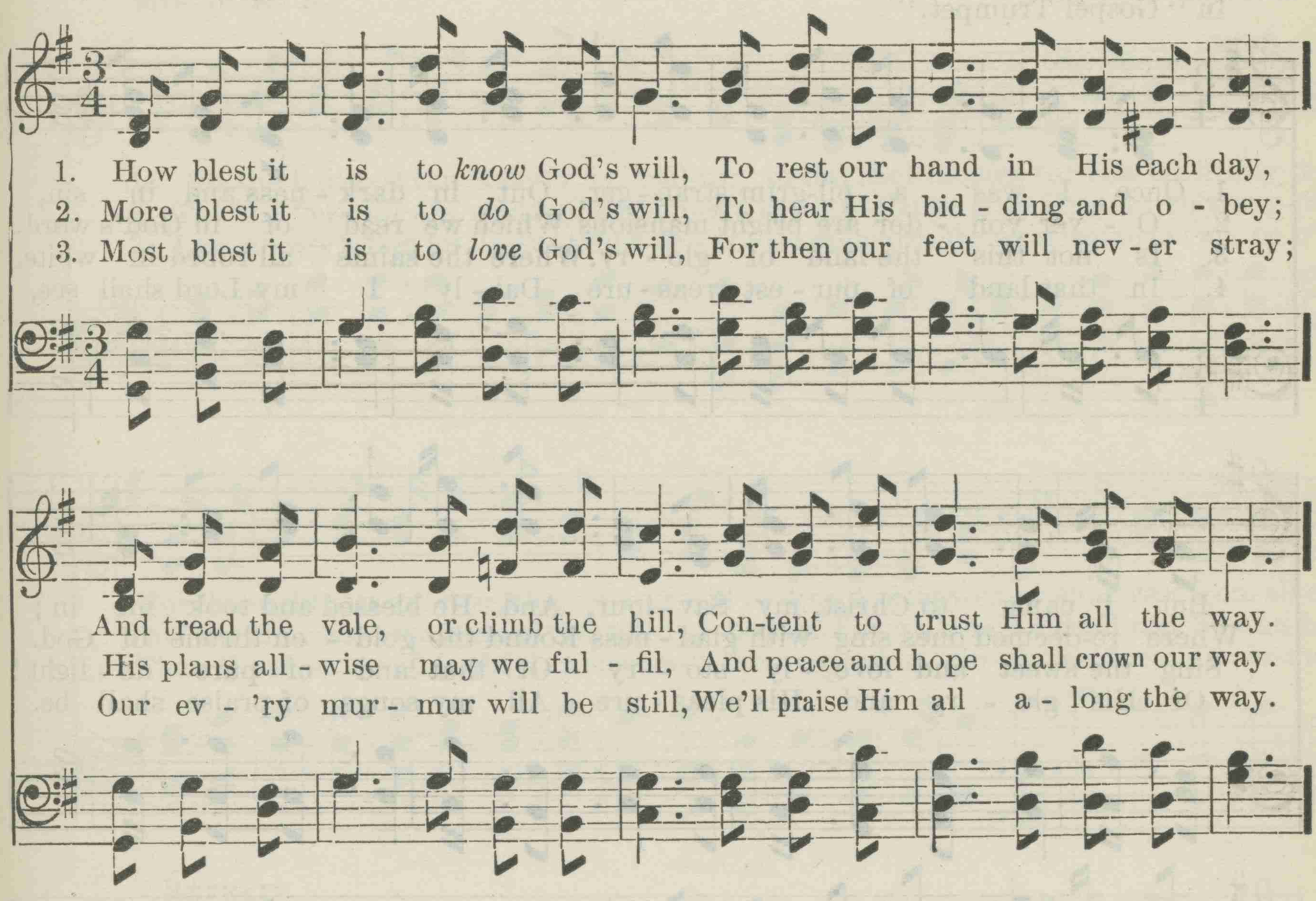
I'll soon be at home, I'll soon be at home, O'er the dark and si - lent riv - er;

And through the gold - en streets I'll roam With those I love for - ev - er.

Copyright, 903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 77. GOD'S WILL.

BIRDIE BELL. P. W. ROE.



Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co

No. 78. ONCE I WAS A PILGRIM STRANGER.

C. M. Hicks,
In "Gospel Trumpet."

Elavil Hall.

1. Once I was a pil-grim stran-ger, Out in dark-ness and in sin,
2. O-ver yon-der are bright mansions, Which we read of in God's word.
3. Is not this the land of glo-ry, Where the saints all robed in white,
4. In that land of pur-est treas-ure Dai-ly I my Lord shall see,

But I came to Christ, my Sav-iour, And He blessed and took me in;
Where re-deemed ones sing with glad-ness Round the gold-en throne of God.
Sing the sweet and love-ly sto-ry Of that land of pure de-light;
Of His glo-ry and His pleas-ure All my songs of praise shall be.

Placed my feet up-on the path-way Lead-ing to His throne a-bove,
In that bright and gold-en cit-y Je-sus sits at God's right hand,
Yes, this is the home of Je-sus, Where no sor-row comes with-in,
There we'll drink of life's pure foun-tain, Feast up-on the "tree of life,"

Now I praise the name of Je-sus, And I sing His songs of love.
Call-ing you and me up yon-der, To that sin-less, heav'nly land.
Where our names are ev-er writ-ten In the book that's pure and clean.
Dwell with all the blood-washed hap-py, Free from ev-'ry toil and strife.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 79. WE SHALL REST BY AND BY.

Mrs. J. A. B. Mrs. J. A. Blazer.

1. To the har-vest the Mas-ter is call-ing to-day, Let us work for Him faithfully there ;
2. Tho' the fields all are waiting, the help-ers are few, But his grace He will freely sup-ply ;
3. Let us work then for Je-sus, wher-ev - er He calls; Soon the wearisome toil will be o'er;

For the night soon will come, when our work will be done, And the wea-ry shall rest from all care.
Tho' the time may seem long, and the toil-ing be hard, Yet we know we shall rest by and by.
Then if ear-nest and faithful, a crown we'll receive, And in glo - ry we'll rest ev - er-more.

Refrain.

We shall rest by and by, by and by, We shall rest on the ev-er-green shore ;
We shall rest by and by ;
We shall rest, sweet-ly rest by and by, When our toil-ing all is o'er.
We shall rest,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 80. THE ROCK OF TRUTH.

JENNIE WILSON. J. W. DENNIS.

1. We are rais - ing structures ei - ther good or ill, As we're building dai - ly
2. On the Rock of Truth a - lone our work can stand, In the sol-emn test - ing
3. On this sure founda - tion let us build a - right, Praying that the Spir - it

from our ear - ly youth, Let us seek with wor - thy toil our time to fill,
of that com-ing day, When the might-y an - gel o - ver sea and land
may our ef-forts guide; On - ly thus where falls the search-ing judgment light,

D.S. *'Mid all earth-ly chan - ges, look - ing un - to God,*

REFRAIN.

Let our work be found-ed on the Rock of Truth. On the Rock of Truth, the
Speeds to tell all na - tions time must pass a - way.
Free from con-dem-na - tion can our work a - bide.

Let us build in faith as life is pass-ing by.

D.S.

bless - ed Rock of Truth, Standing firm and strong, tho' waves are dash-ing high;

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 81. THE ISLE OF SOMEWHERE.

EMMA A. TIFFANY. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Oh, the beau - ti - ful isle of some-where, That beyond our vis - ion lies;
2. Oh, the sweet, tranqull isle of some-where, There the storm-tossed bark finds rest;
3. Oh, the dear, peaceful isle of some-where, Near it flows the stream of life;
4. Oh, the bright, gleaming isle of some-where, That fair land of lands the best;

The hand of the ar - tist hath sketched it In crim-son and pur - ple dyes.
With-in the blest har-bor it's an - chored, No more the wild waves to breast.
Its hills and its vales hath ceased clang-ing With rumblings of war and strife.
'Tis there that the wick-ed cease troub-ling, And wea - ry ones are at rest.

Oh, the beau - ti- ful isle of some-where, Shall we reach it, you and I, . .
Oh, the sweet, tranquil isle of some-where, Shall we reach it, you and I, . .
Oh, the dear, peaceful isle of some-where, Shall we reach it, you and I, . .
Oh, the bright, gleaming isle of some-where, Shall we reach it, you and I, . .

And bask in the ra-diant sun - light Of the glorious by and by? . . .
by and by?

Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg.

No. 82. WITHOUT THE LOSS OF ONE.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. R. D. BURLESON.

1. Dear Sav - iour, when this life is past, And work on earth is done,
2. O Sav - iour, bless each fam - i - ly, And when our race is run,
3. Near ev - 'ry pil - grim stay Thou by, Who has the way be - gun;
4. Each broth - er and each sis - ter guide Un - til life's set - ting sun,

O save us all in heav'n at last, With-out the loss of one.
May we in heav'n u - nit - ed be, With-out the loss of one.
We hope to meet them in the sky, With-out the loss of one.
Then bring us to the heav - en side, With-out the loss of one.

REFRAIN.

With-out the loss of one, We pray, Thou bless - ed Son,
With - out the loss of one, We pray, Thou bless - ed Son,

O save us all in heav'n at last, With - out the loss of one.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 83. SCATTER MANY BLESSINGS.

BIRDIE BELL. W. T. TAYLOR.

1. Scat-ter man - y bless-ings as you pass a - long, Wipe a - way a tear-drop,
2. Scat-ter man - y bless-ings on your earth-ly way, Man - y lives are bit - ter,
3. Scat-ter man - y bless-ings in the Mas-ter's name, Tell a - bout His good-ness

wake a hap - py song; Man - y hearts are lone - ly, eyes with tears are dim,
sweet - en some each day; You can work for Je - sus ere the shad-ows fall,
and His love pro-claim; Bright-en dark-ened cor-ners, cheer the souls in night,

D.S. *Take a - way a sor - row, wipe a fall - ing tear,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Speak a word for Je - sus, point some soul to Him. Scat-ter man - y blessings,
He will bless the ser - vice, be it great or small.
Bear some word of prom-ise, make their pathway bright.

Tell the sad and lone - ly that the Lord is near.

ev - 'ry pass-ing day, Scat - ter man - y bless-ings on life's rug - ged way;

D.S.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co

No. 84. GATHERING TO THE HOMELAND.

JENNIE WILSON. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. We are gath'ring to the home - land, At the lov - ing Fa - ther's call,
2. Young and a - ged, high and low - ly, Min - gle in the count - less throng,
3. Some are wea - ry, faith - ful pil - grims, Who have suf-fered pain and loss,
4. Far and near, from ev - 'ry na - tion, We are gath-'ring day by day,

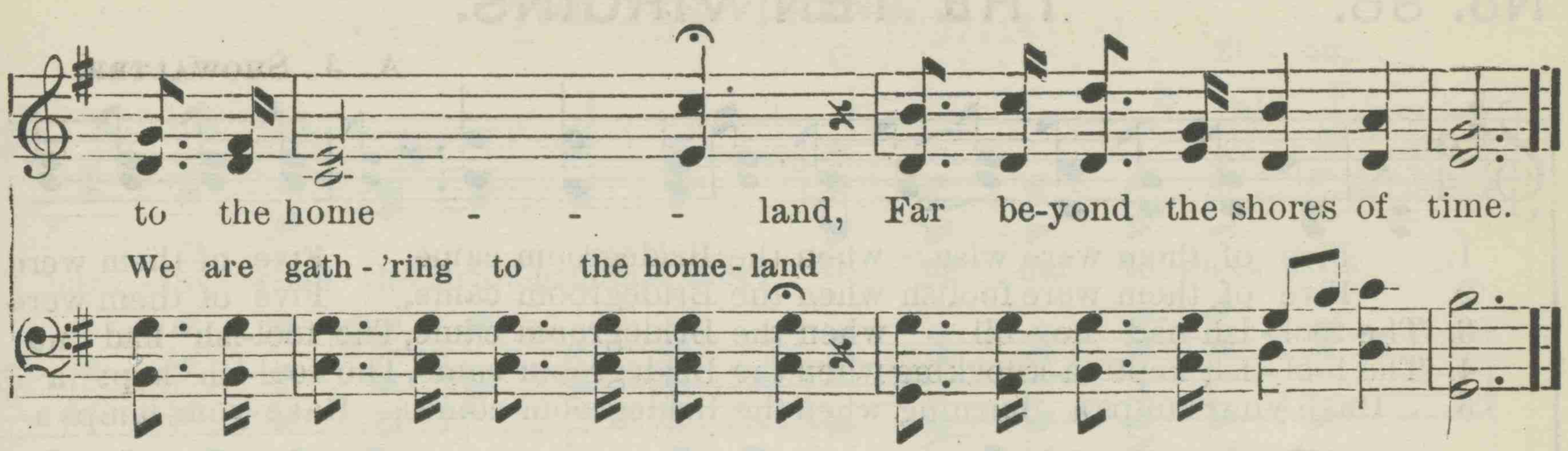
Gath-'ring to the bet - ter coun - try, Where no harm can e'er be - fall.
Ev - er swift - ly pass - ing on - ward, To the hap - py land of song.
Bright-est crowns for them are wait - ing When no more they bear the cross.
To the fair, ce - les - tial home-land, 'Mid its joys to dwell for aye.

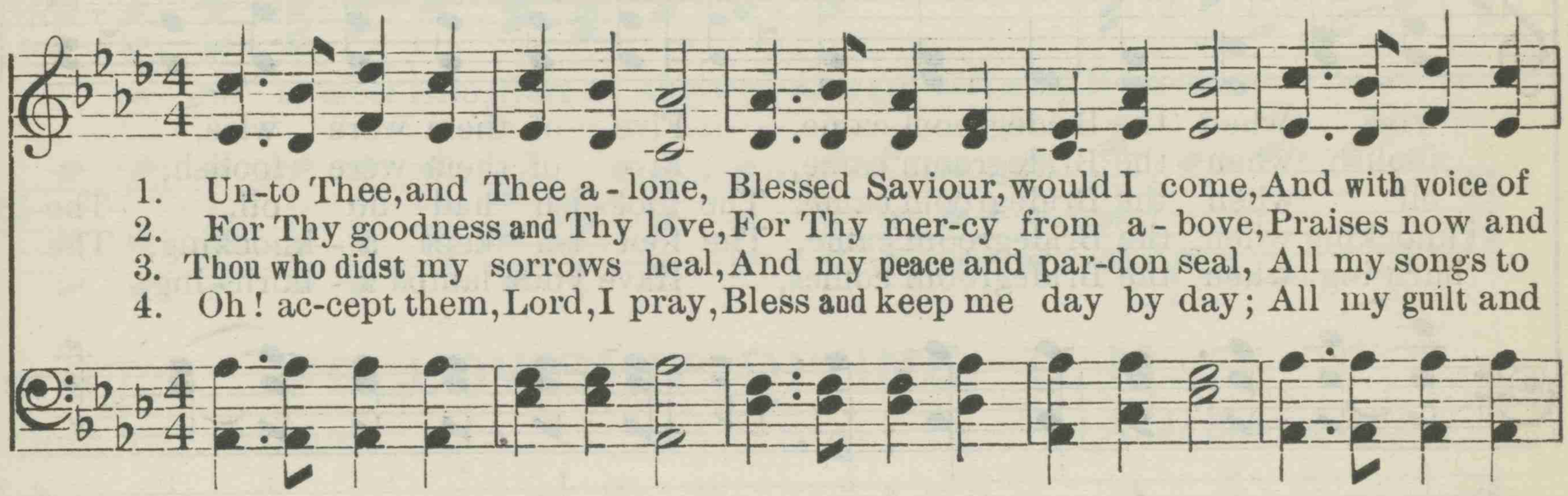
REFRAIN.

We are gath - - - 'ring to the home - - land,
We are gath - 'ring to the home-land, We are gath -'ring to the home-land,

Gath - er - ing from ev - 'ry clime; We are gath - - - 'ring
We are gath - 'ring to the home-land,

Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

GATHERING TO THE HOMELAND.

No. 85. UNTO THEE, AND THEE ALONE.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. B. N. HULTSMAN.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 86. THE TEN VIRGINS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were
2. Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were
3. The fool - ish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, The fool-ish had no
4. The fool - ish kept a-knocking when the Bridegroom came, The fool-ish kept a
5. Have your lamps a - burning when the Bridegroom comes, Have your lamps a

wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise,
foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were foolish,
oil when the Bridegroom came, The fool - ish had no oil, The
knocking when the Bridegroom came, The fool - ish kept a - knocking, The
burn-ing when the Bridegroom comes, Have your lamps a - burn - ing,

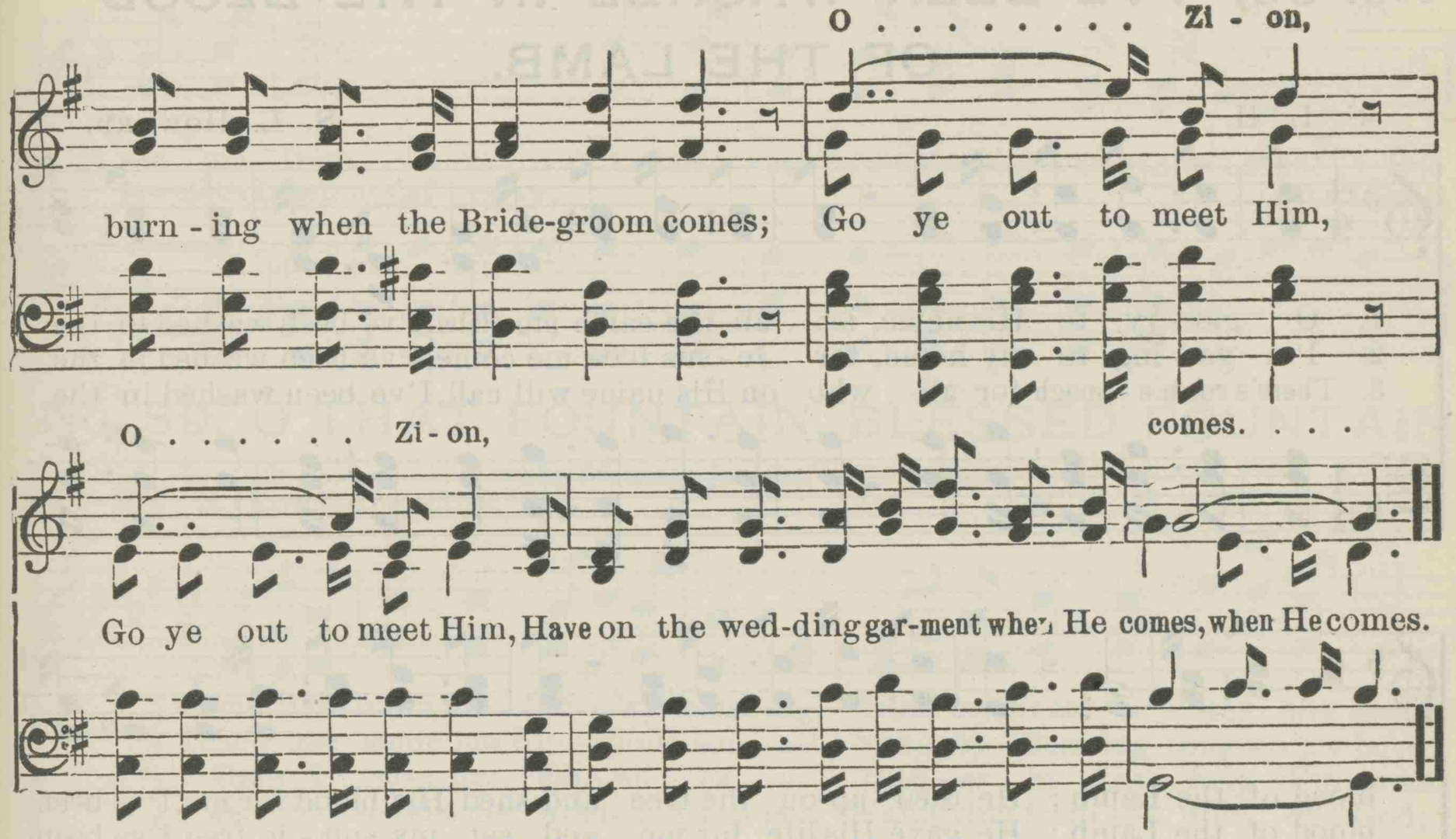
Five of them were wise, Five of them were wise when He came. (when He came.)
Five of them were foolish, Five of them were foolish when He came. (when He came)
fool-ish had no oil, The fool-ish had no oil when He came. (when He came.)
fool-ish kept a-knocking, The foolish kept a-knocking when He came. (when He came.)
Have your lamps a-burning, Have your lamps a-burning when He comes. (when He comes.)

REFRAIN.

O . . . . . Zi - on, O . . . . . Zi - on,
Have your lamps a - burning, Have your lamps a-burn-ing, Have all your lamps a -

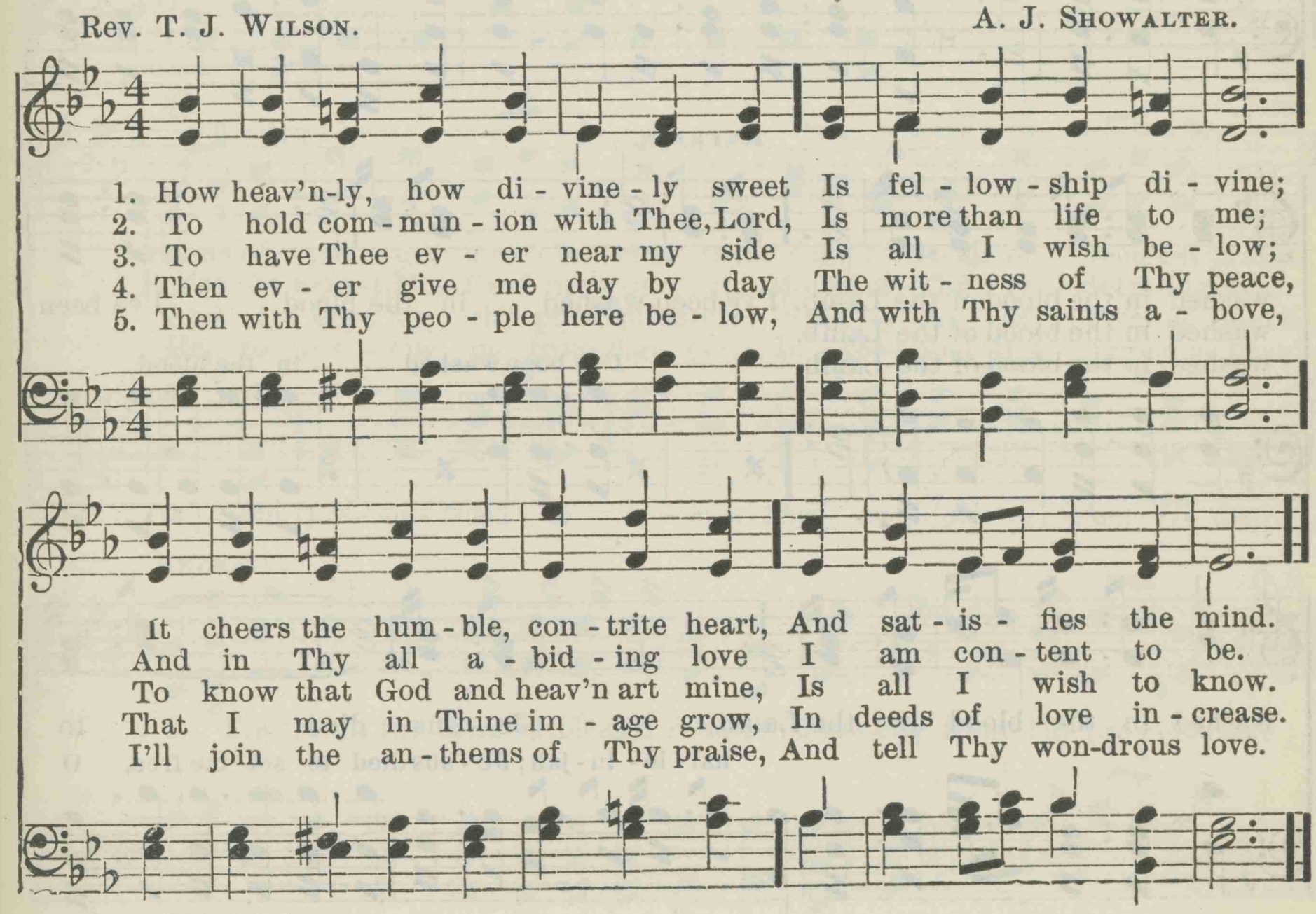
Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

THE TEN VIRGINS.



No. 87. FELLOWSHIP DIVINE. C. M.

Rev. T. J. Wilson. A. J. Showalter.



Copyright, 1897, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 88. I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

S. L. H. S. L. Howard.

1. O glo - ry to His name, let all the earth pro-claim, I've been washed in the
2. I'm go - ing to my home, for Je - sus bids me come, I've been washed in the
3. There's room e - nough for all who on His name will call, I've been washed in the

blood of the Lamb; He died up-on the tree and shed His blood for me, I've been
blood of the Lamb; He gave His life for me and set my spir - it free, I've been
blood of the Lamb; Then join the hap - py band and with the angels stand, I've been

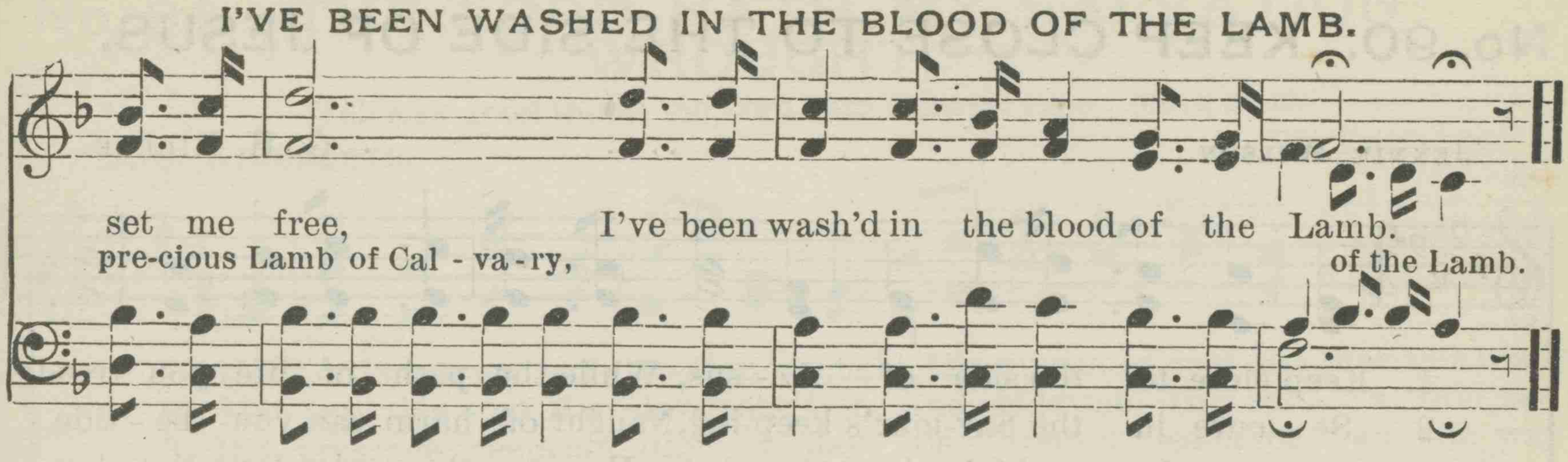
Refrain.

washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed in the blood, I've been
washed in the blood of the Lamb.
washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed in the blood,

washed in the blood of the Lamb; Je - sus died . . . . to
hal - le - lu - jah; Je - sus died to set me free, O

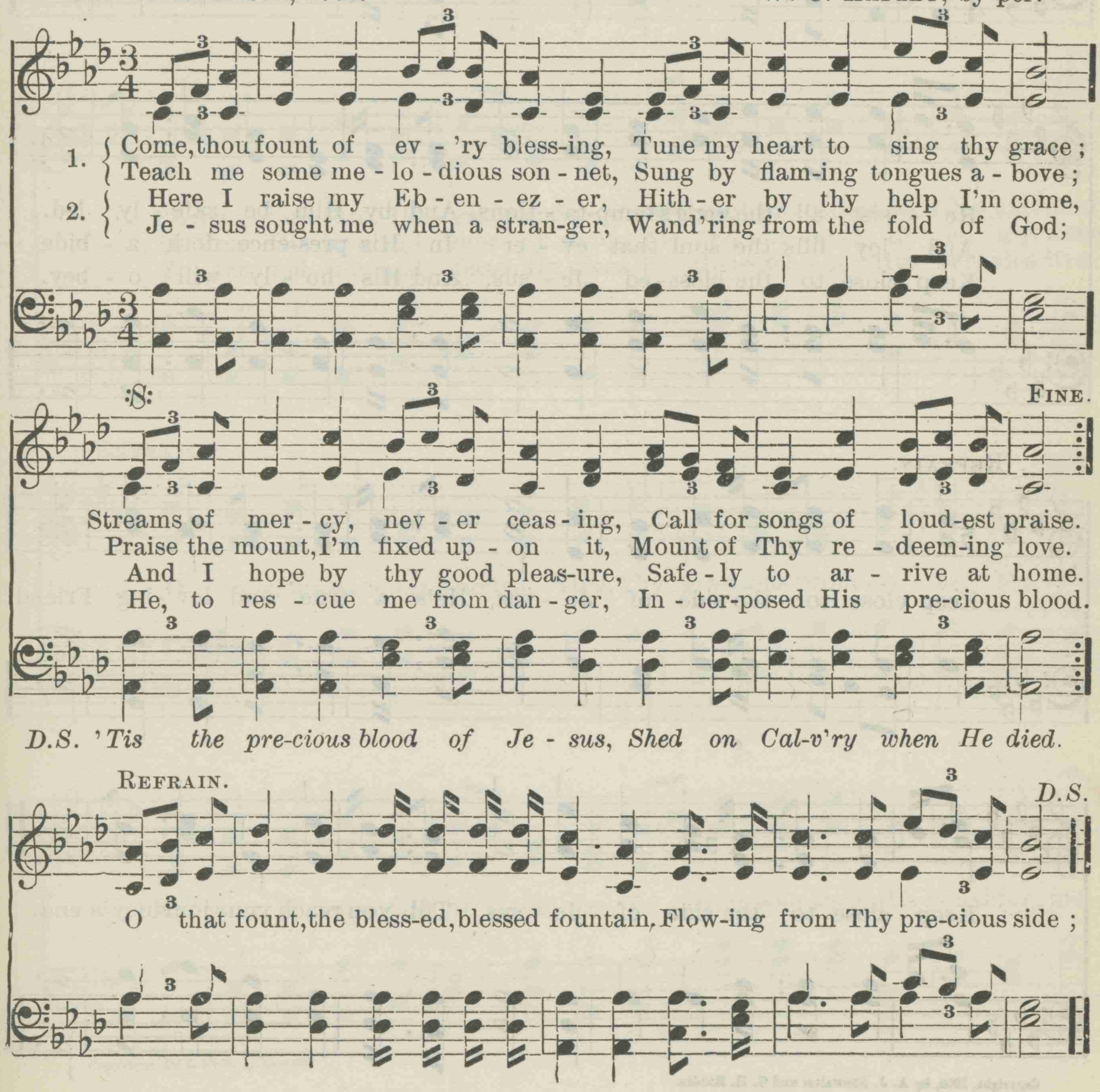
Copyright, 1908, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

I'VE BEEN WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.



No. 89. O THAT FOUNTAIN, BLESSED FOUNTAIN.

"The fountain for sin." Zach. 13: 1.

Rev. R. Robinson, 1758. W. C. Hafley, by per.

No. 90. KEEP CLOSE TO THE SIDE OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON. G. H. RIDDLE.

1. Keep close to the side of Je - sus, While the path of life you tread;
2. Se - cure in the Sav-iour's keep-ing, Naught of harm can you be - tide,
3. Sweet peace from on high is giv - en Un - to those who day by day

Re - sist all the world's temp-ta - tions, And by Him be safe - ly led.
And joy fills the soul that ev - er In His pres-ence doth a - bide.
Keep close to the bless - ed Je - sus, And His ho - ly will o - bey.

REFRAIN.

Keep close to the side of Je - sus, He's a true and lov - ing Friend;

Keep close to the side of Je - sus Till you reach your jour-ney's end.

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter and G. H. Riddle.

No. 91. THE LORD HATH MY SALVATION WROUGHT.

Tell how great things the Lord hath done for thee. Mark 5: 19.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. B. W. EDWARDS.

1. The Lord hath my sal - va-tion wrought, My ransomed soul His blood hath bought;
2. My cap- tive soul His love sets free, And bids me His sal - va - tion see;
3. His presence cheers me day by day, His Spir - it leads me all the way;

Re-demp-tion thro' His grace and pow'r My soul pro-claims each day and hour.
To me His love and mer - cy shows, An an - ti - dote to all my woes.
E - ter - nal life and peace He gives To those who in His ser- vice live.

REFRAIN.

O pre-cious Sav-iour, Lamb di - vine, Thy gra-cious prom - is - es are mine;
My song of praise shall ev - er be To Him who shed His blood for me.

Copyright, 1903, by S. L. Howard.

No. 92. DOES IT AVAIL FOR YOU?

E. R. LATTA. W. T. TAYLOR.

1. Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry, The Saviour, kind and true, A-toned for lost hu -
2. Will you re - fuse His love to know? His blessed will to do? He waits to save your
3. He pit - ies your undone es-tate, He loves your spirit too; He calls you ear-ly,
4. His love is deep as deep-est sea, And gen-tle as the dew; His wondrous grace a-

REFRAIN.

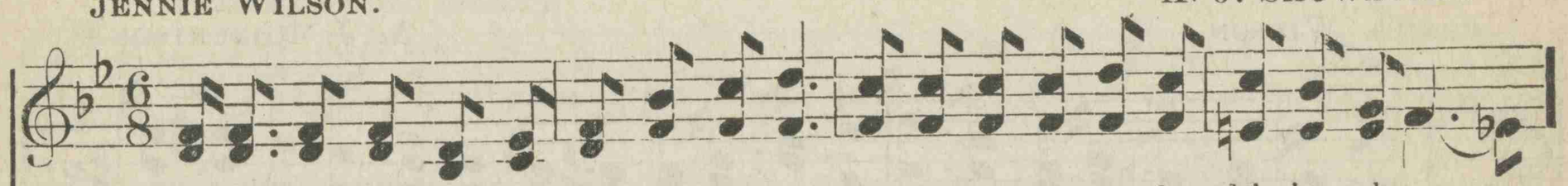
man - i - ty, Does it a - vail for you? Does it a - vail, ... does it a -
soul from woe, Does it a - vail for you?
calls you late, Does it a - vail for you?
vails for me, Does it a - vail for you? Does it a - vail, a-vail for you? Does it a -

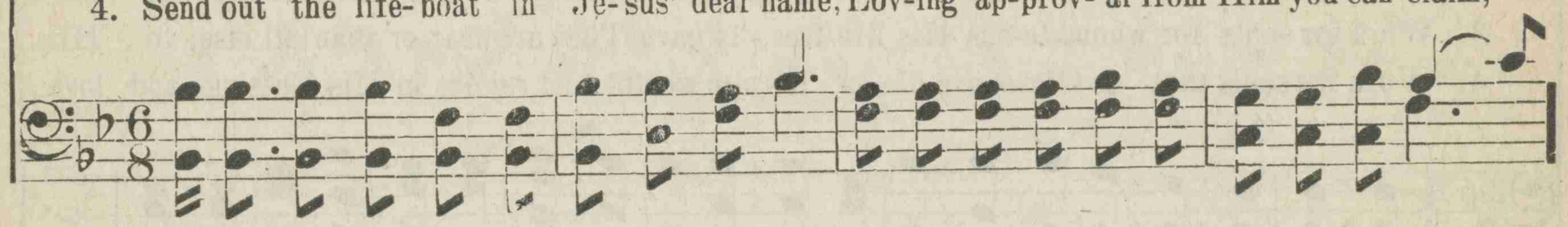
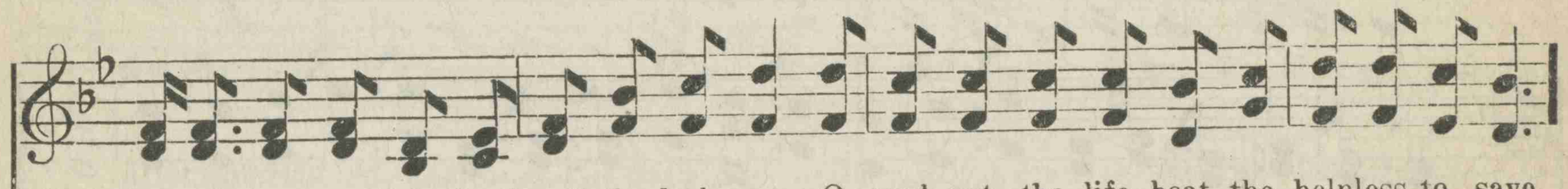
vail Your dy - ing Lord to view? Does it a - vail, ... does
vail, a - vail for you? Does it a - vail, a - vail for you? does

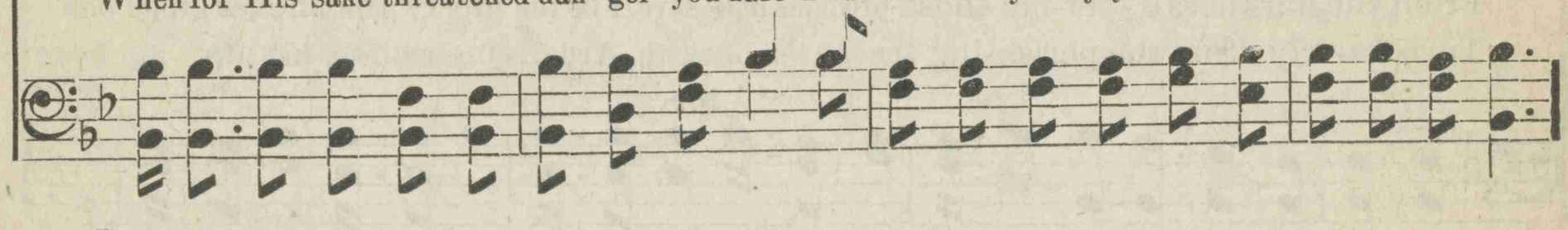
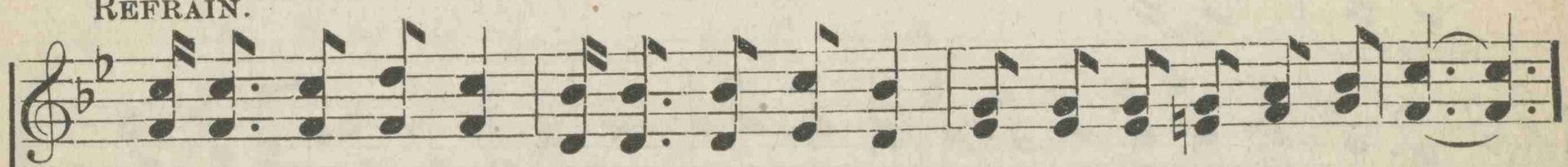
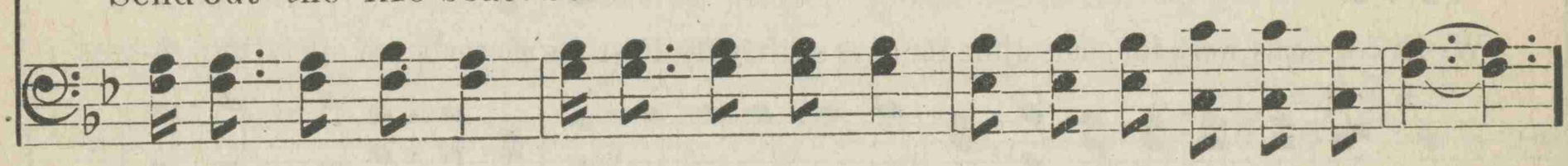
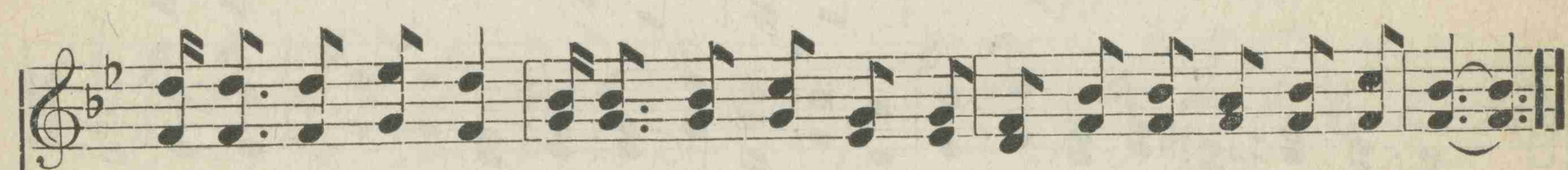
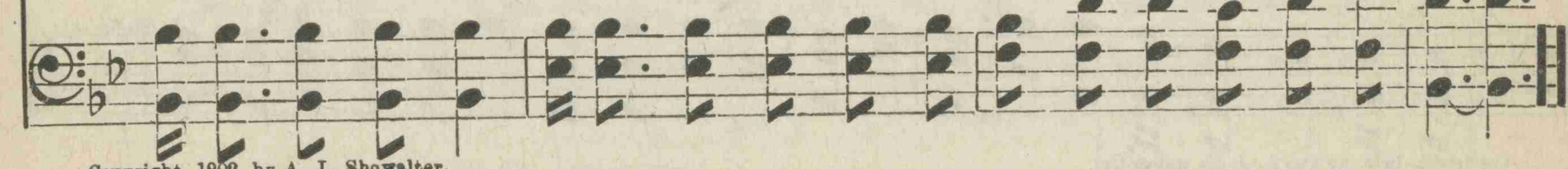
it a - vail, Does it a - vail for you? a - vail for you?
it a - vail, a - vail for you?

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 93. SEND OUT THE LIFE-BOAT.

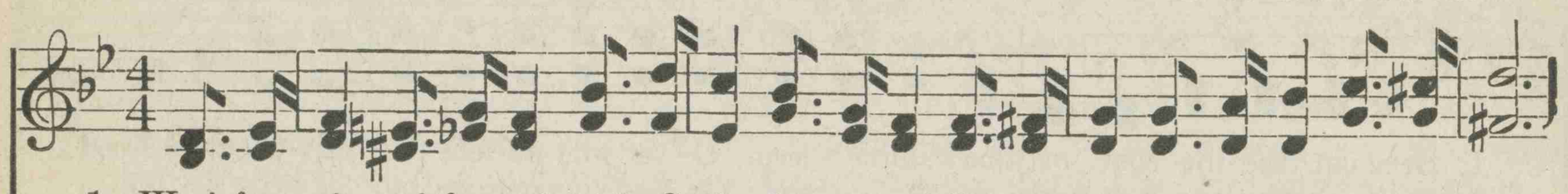
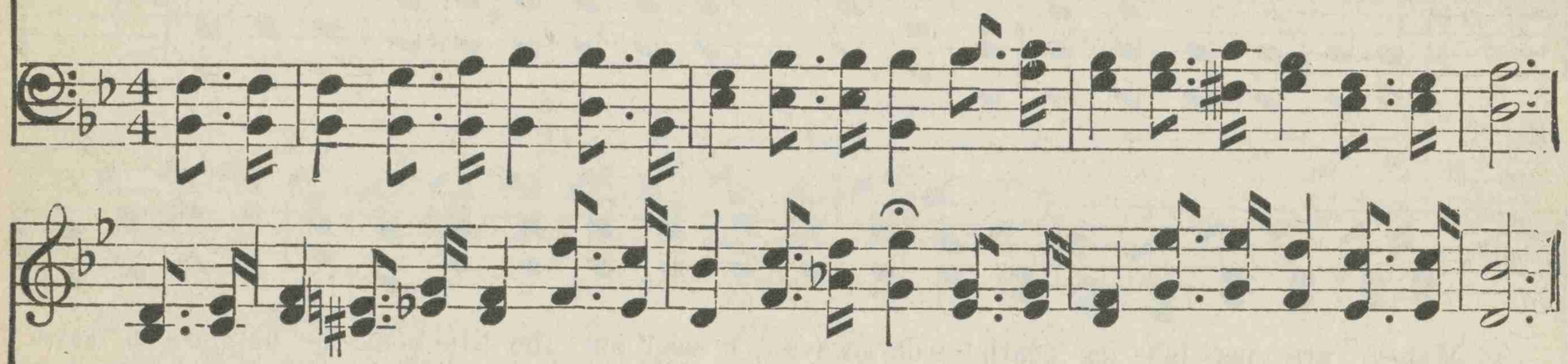
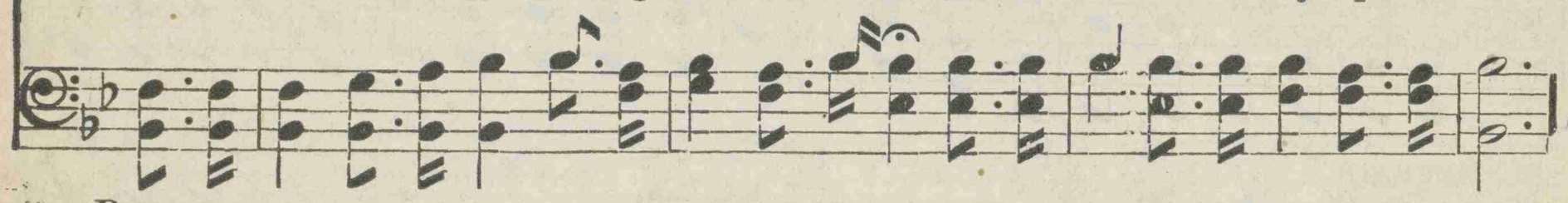
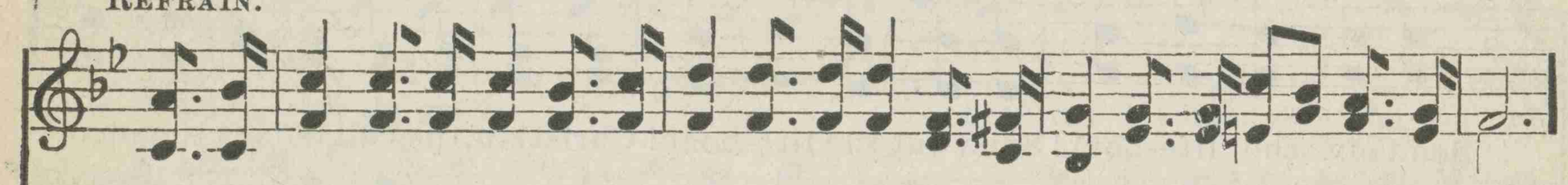
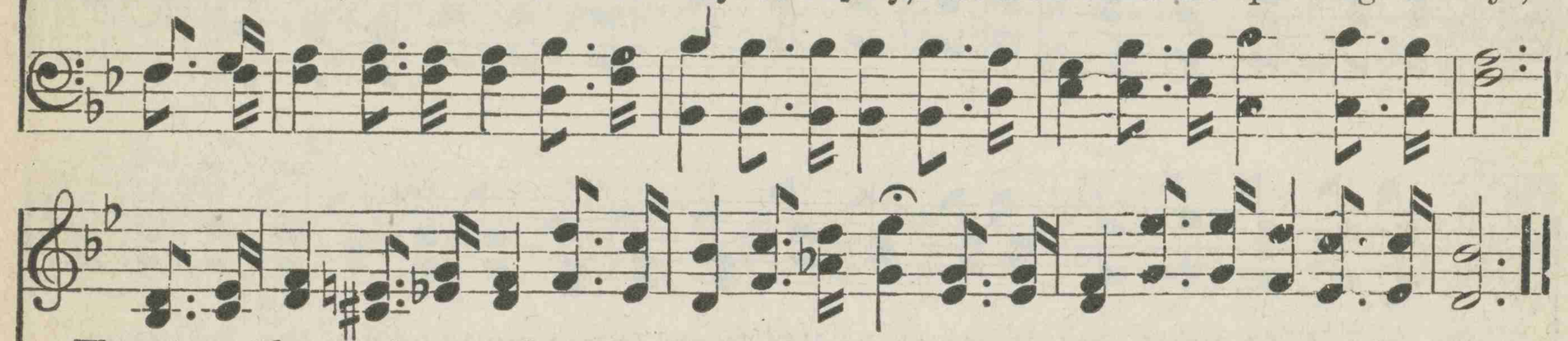
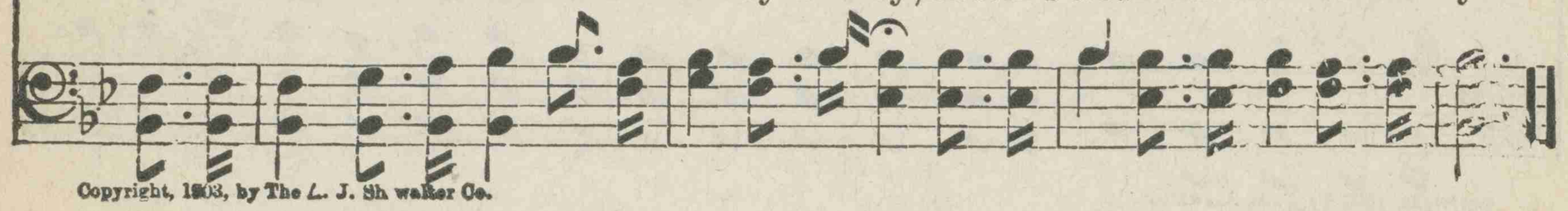
JENNIE WILSON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Send out the life-boat on time's stormy deep, O- ver wild wa-ters the driv-ing gales sweep;
2. Send out the life-boat, speed quickly a- way, Go lend your help and no lon-ger de- lay;
3. Send out the life-boat, 'tis bless- ed to give Will-ing re- lief that the sin-wrecked may live;
4. Send out the life-boat in Je- sus' dear name, Lov-ing ap-prov- al from Him you can claim,



Man-y are per- ish- ing 'neath the dark wave, O send out the life- boat the helpless to save.
Hark, o'er the wa- ters rings out the sad cry, "O come to our res- cue or soon we must die."
Pit- y the souls in such per - il - ous need, And turn not a - way as for succor they plead.
When for His sake threatened dan- ger you dare That oth- ers your joy in sal - va-tion may share.

REFRAIN.

Send out the life-boat! Send out the life-boat! Christian, the call comes to you;

Send out the life-boat! Send out the life-boat! O ser-vants of Je - sus, be true.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

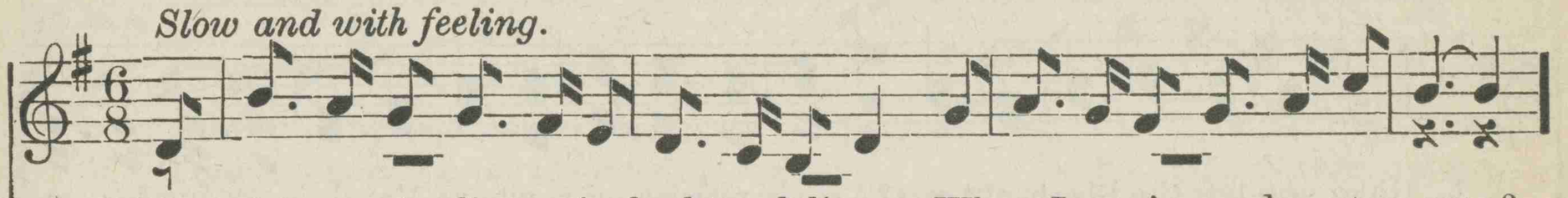
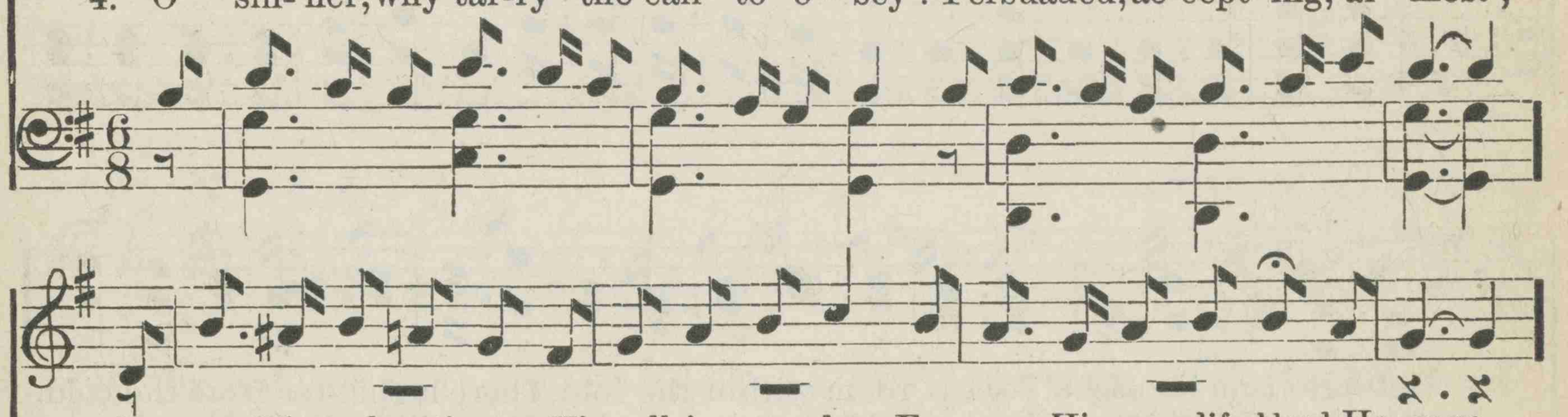
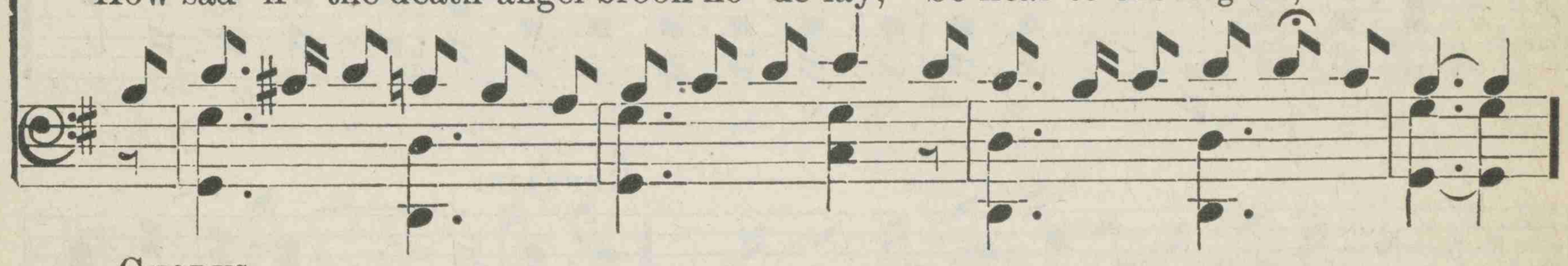
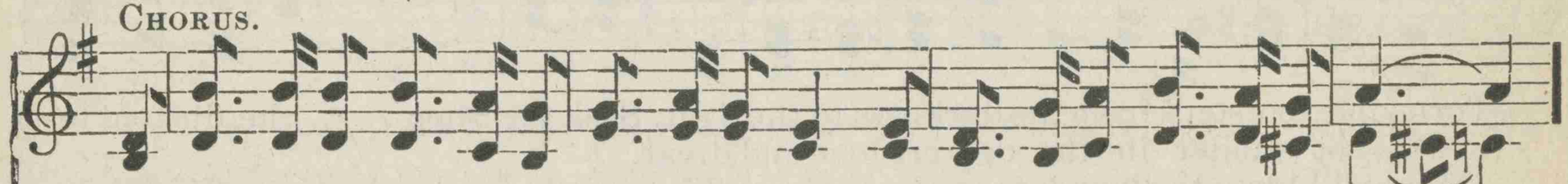
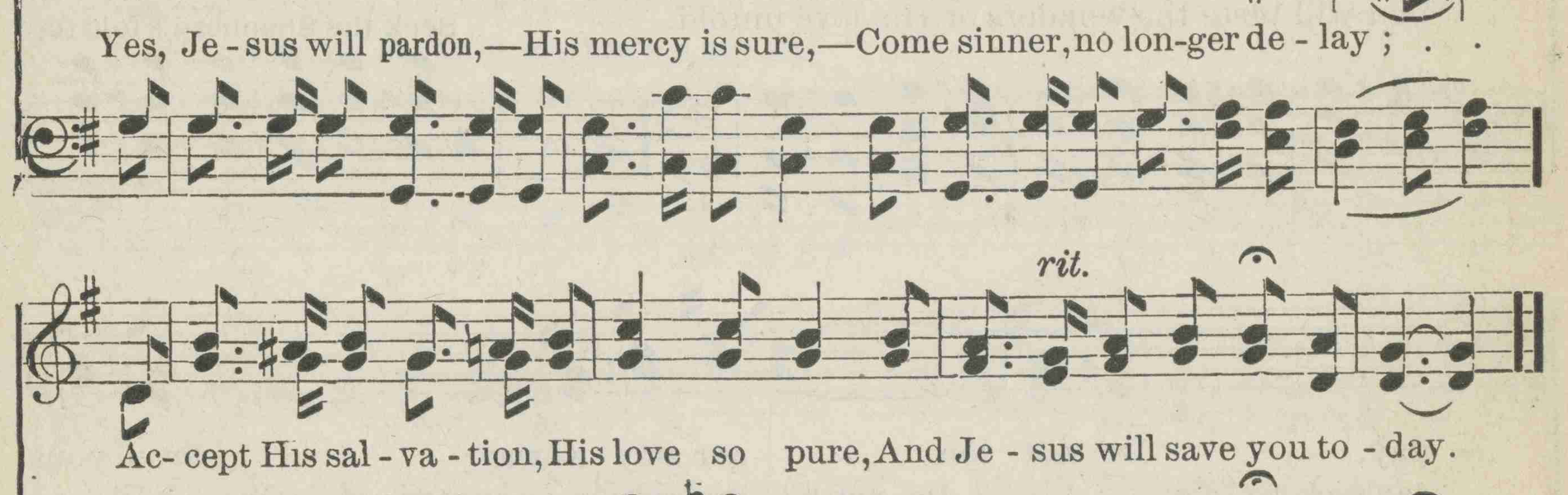
No. 94. WORK FOR SOULS.

"Work for souls," said a dying mother to her daughter, who, deeply impressed by the words has since consecrated her life to foreign missionary service.

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. Work for souls, work for souls at the Saviour's command, Seek to save them from pow-er of sin;
2. Work for souls that must live thro' e - ter-ni-ty's years, Toil for Je-sus and count not the cost;
3. Work for souls for whom Je-sus His life free - ly gave, They are dear-er than all else to Him
4. Work for souls that to Christ are of in - fi - nite worth, And rejoice in His blessings and love;

Help to send life's glad mes-sage to ev - er - y land, And the joy of a true servant win.
Joy will come to re-pay all your struggles and tears, And no ef-fort or pray'r will be lost.
From the darkness e - ter-nal those precious ones save, For the glo-ry that never grows dim.
Turn a-way from the perish-ing treasures of earth, And divine rich-es lay up a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Work for souls, work for souls while the days swiftly fly, Fast the moments are speeding a-way;

There's a bless - ed reward to be won by and by, Heaven's crown that endur-eth for aye.

Copyright, 1903, by The L. J. Sh walter Co.

No. 95. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-DAY.

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN.

Slow and with feeling.

1. O sin- ner, why lin-ger in doubt and dismay, When Jesus is read-y to save?
2. Come sinners, "why stand ye here i - dle all day?" The Master is wait- ing for you;
3. Come brothers, why wait ye here nothing to do, While oth-ers a stead-y watch keep?
4. O sin- ner, why tar-ry the call to o - bey? Persuaded, ac-cept- ing, al - most;

Ac- cept His sal-vation,—His call-ing o - bey, For you His own life-blood He gave.
Come en - ter the vineyard, why lin-ger a-way? Here you will find service to do.
The fields are all whiten'd—the lab'rers are few,—The har-vest is read-y to reap.
How sad if the death-angel brook no de-lay,—So near to the kingdom,—but lost.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus will pardon,—His mercy is sure,—Come sinner, no lon-ger de - lay; . .

Ac- cept His sal - va - tion, His love so pure, And Je - sus will save you to - day.

Copyright, 1900, by Gospel Advocate Pub. Co. Used by per.

No. 96. AWAY FROM THE FOLD.

BIRDIE BELL. DOW MARTIN.

1. Have you left the Shepherd's care? Are you roaming ev'rywhere, Vainly seek-ing for a
2. Sad and friendless do you roam, Far a-way from love and home? Are you longing for a
3. Low and sweet the Shepherd's voice, Why not heed it and rejoice? Come and seek the blessed

ref-uge from the night? There is room within the fold, There is shel-ter from the cold,
ten-der word of cheer? In the fold is rest complete, You will find a welcome sweet,
shel-ter of the fold; Safe from ev-'ry storm-y blast, Weary wand'rings o'er at last,

REFRAIN.

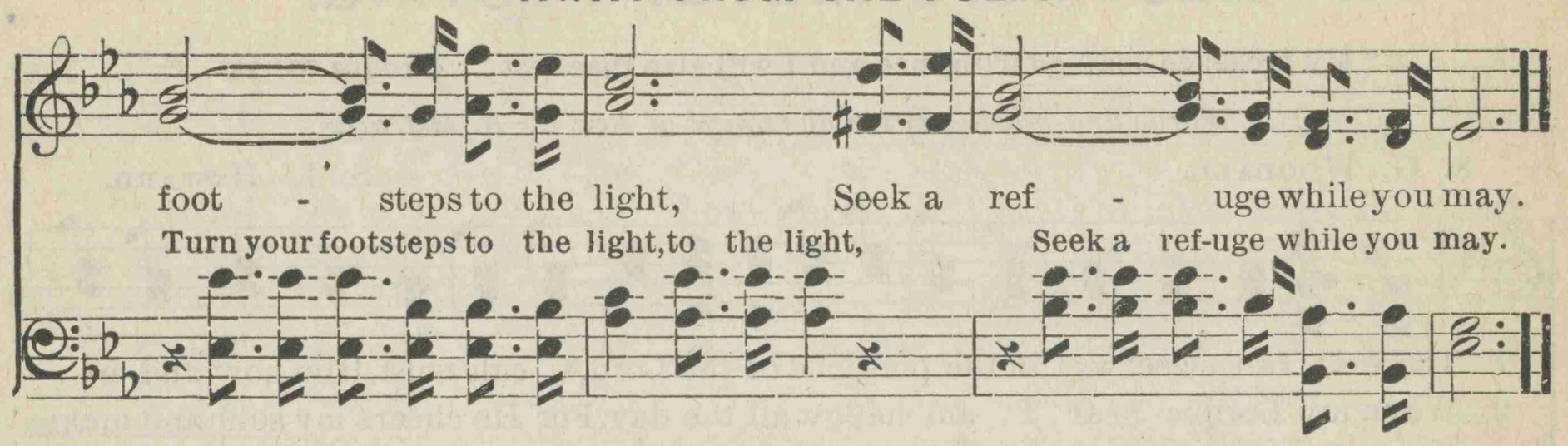
Turn your footsteps from the darkness to the light. Seek the Shep - herd's fold to -
Do not wander in the des- ert lone and drear.
You will taste the wonders of His love untold.

Seek the Shepherd's fold to-

day, Do not lon - ger stay a- way; From you
day, seek to - day, Do not lon - ger stay a - way, stay not a - way;

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

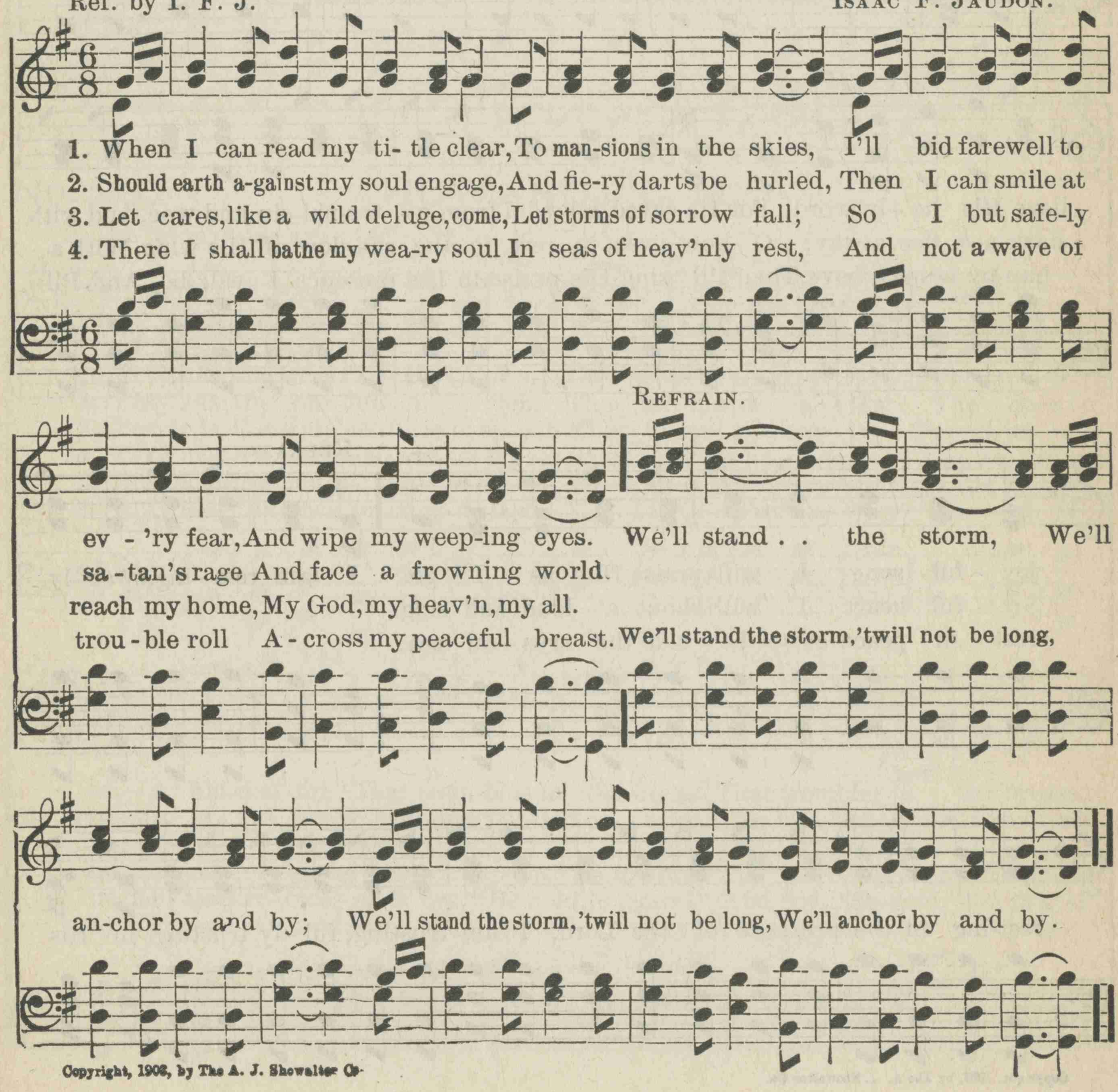
AWAY FROM THE FOLD.



No. 97. WE'LL ANCHOR BY AND BY.

ISAAC WATTS.
Ref. by I. F. J.

ISAAC F. JAUDON.

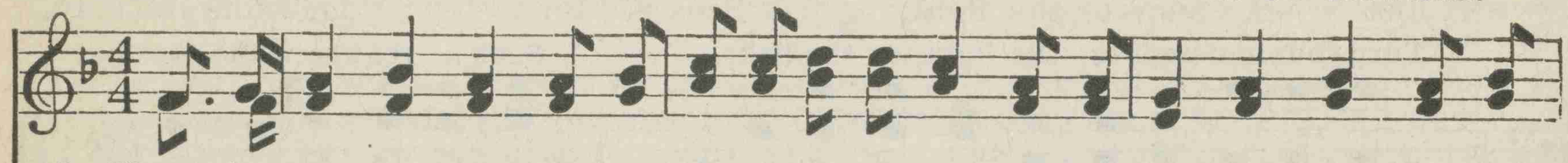


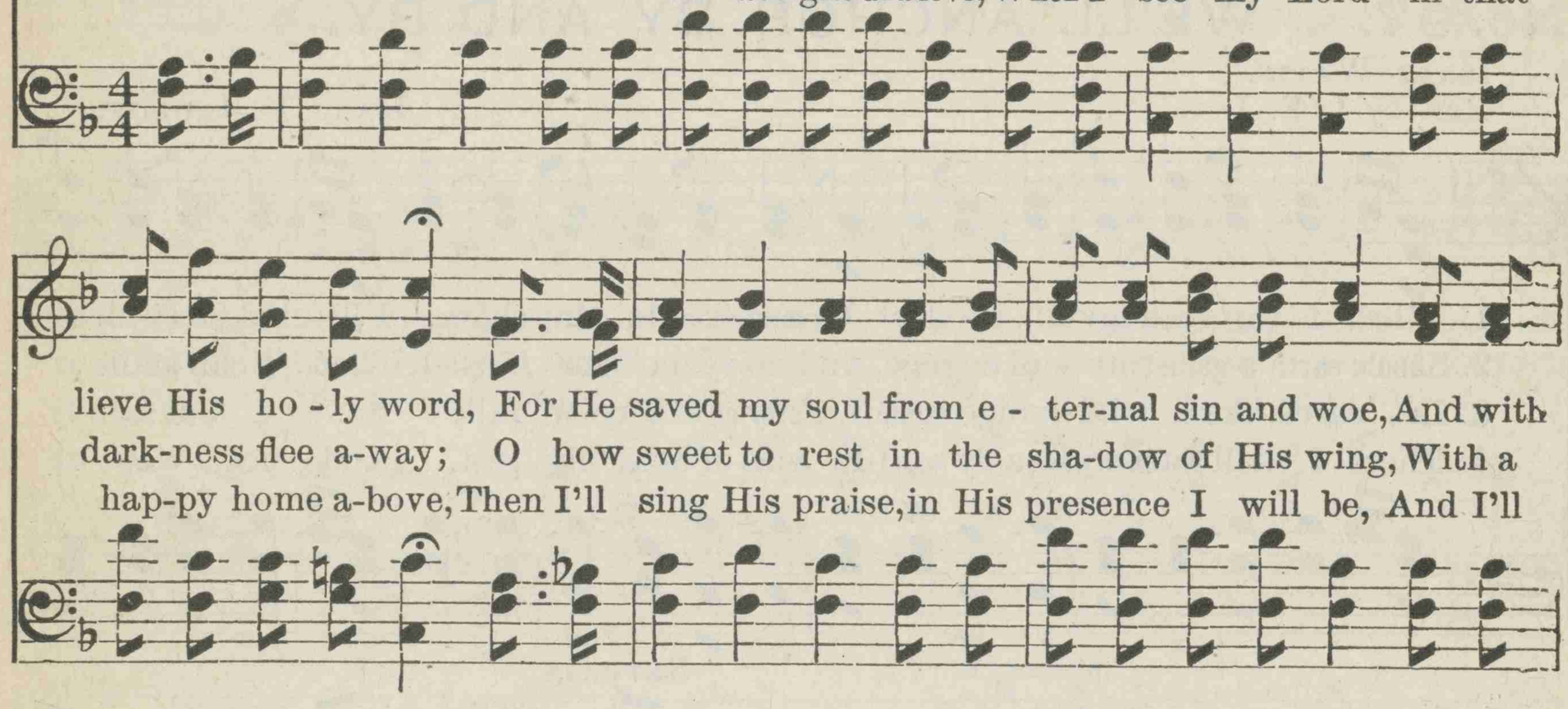
Copyright, 1908, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

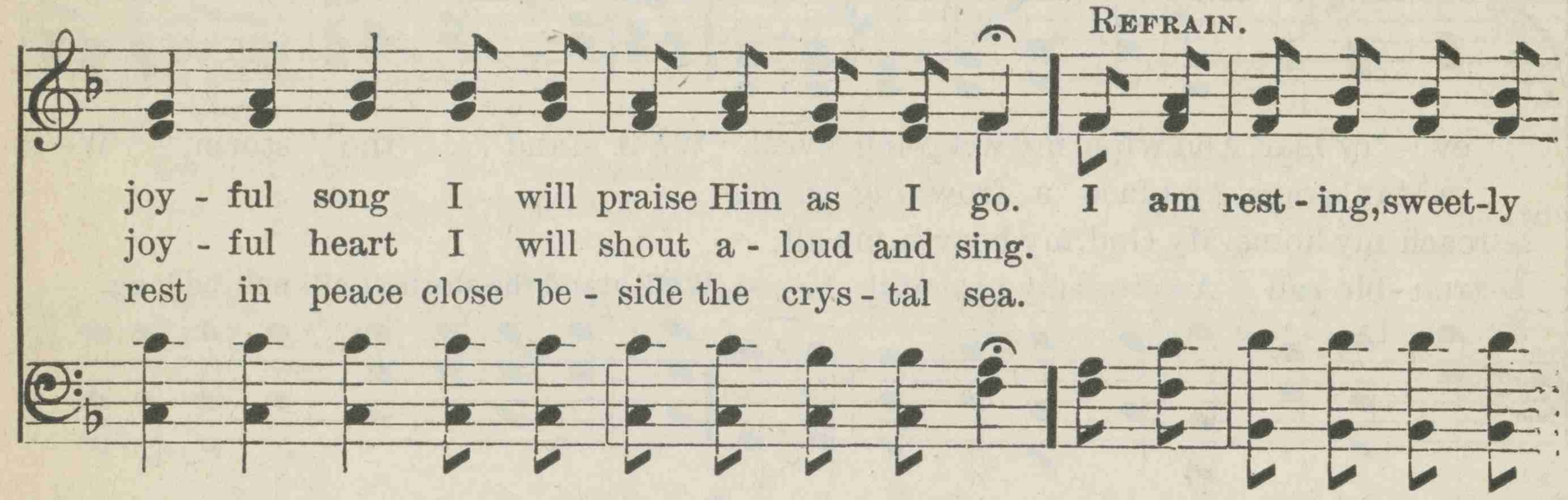
No. 98. RESTING, SWEETLY RESTING.

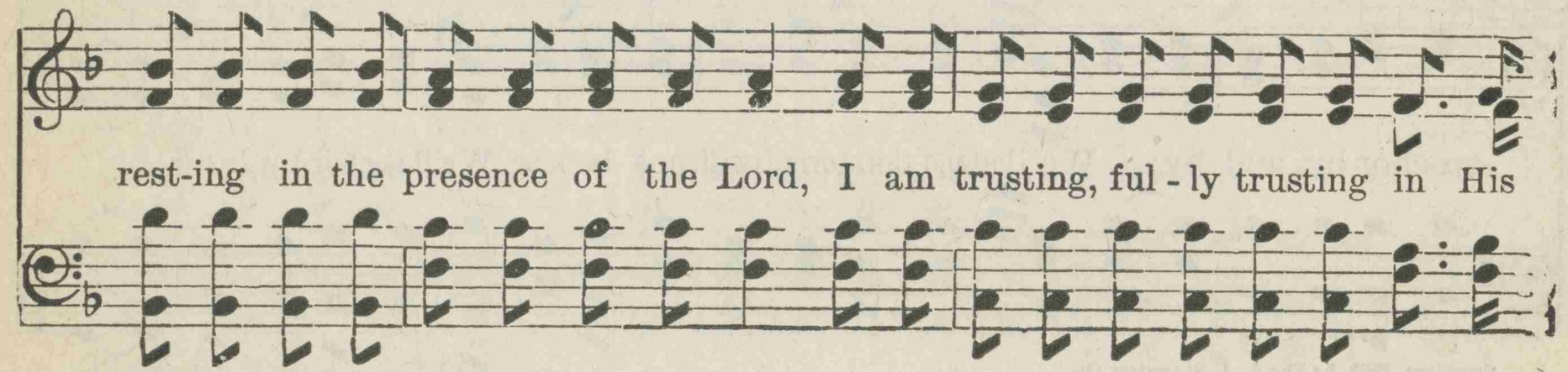
"My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest." Exodus 33: 14.

Words and music written by request of Rev. A. B. Metcalf.

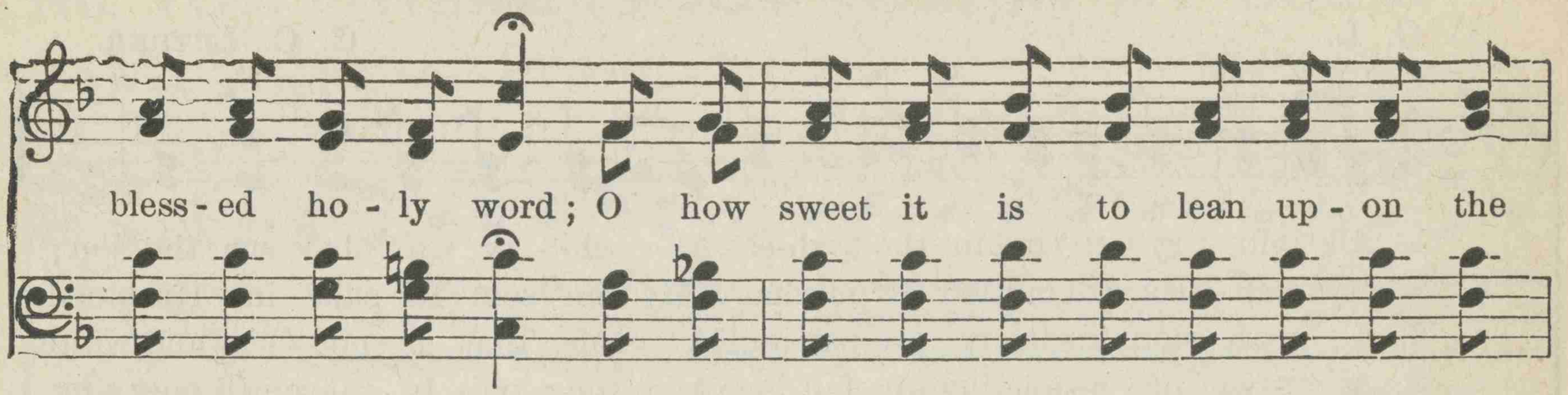
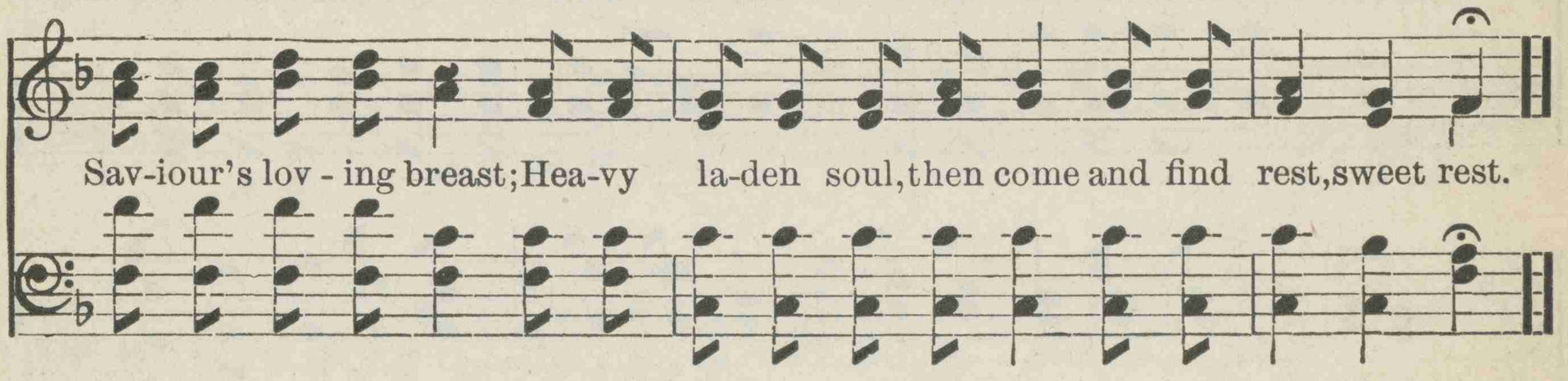
S. G. WOODALL. S. L. HOWARD.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, in the presence of the Lord, I can trust Him now and be -
2. When my Lord is near I am happy all the day, For He cheers my soul and makes
3. When I reach that land of e - ternal light and love, When I see my Lord in that



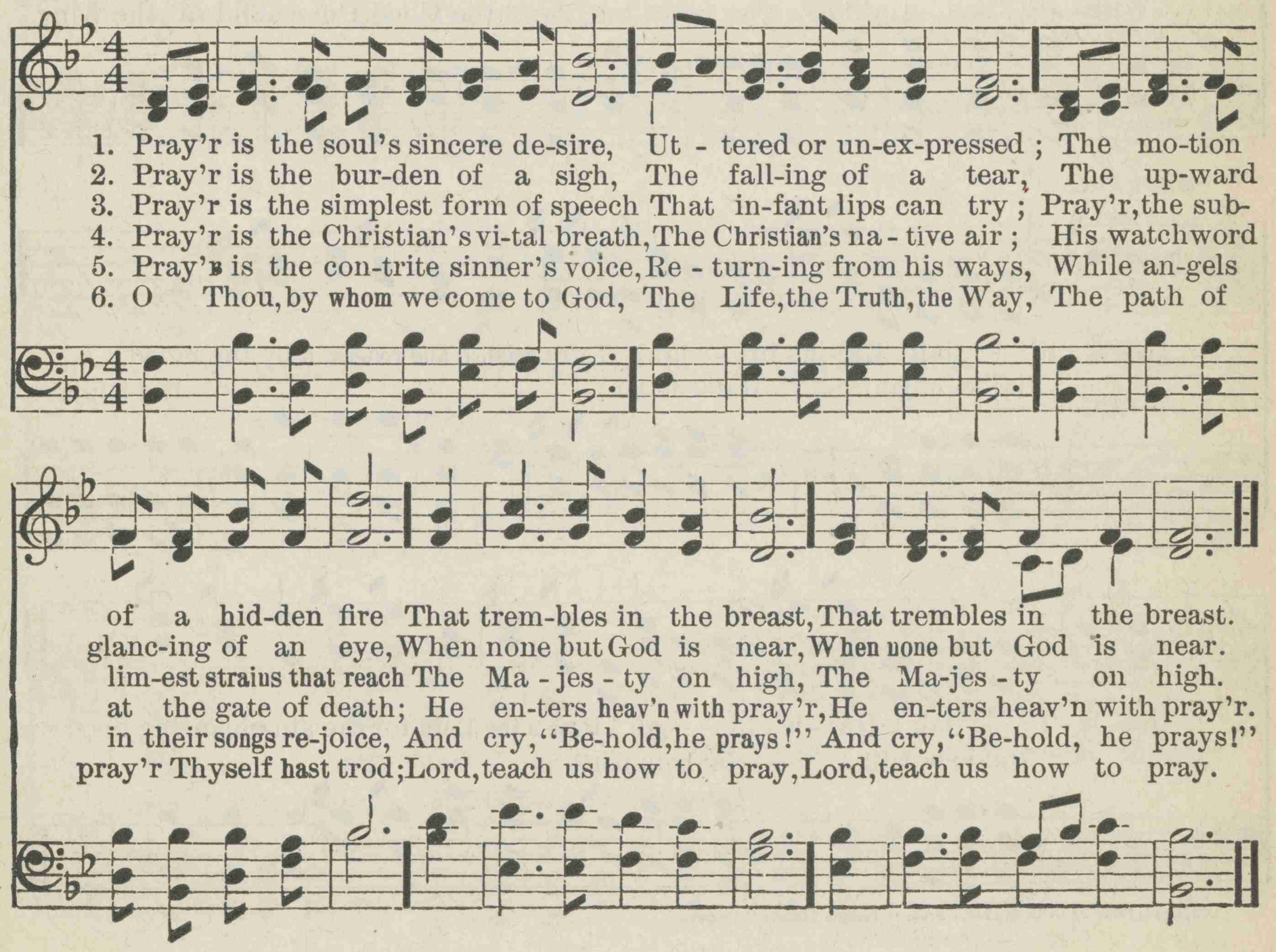
lieve His ho - ly word, For He saved my soul from e - ter-nal sin and woe, And with
dark-ness flee a-way; O how sweet to rest in the sha-dow of His wing, With a
hap-py home a-bove, Then I'll sing His praise, in His presence I will be, And I'll

REFRAIN.

joy - ful song I will praise Him as I go. I am rest - ing, sweet-ly
joy - ful heart I will shout a - loud and sing.
rest in peace close be - side the crys - tal sea.

rest-ing in the presence of the Lord, I am trusting, ful - ly trusting in His

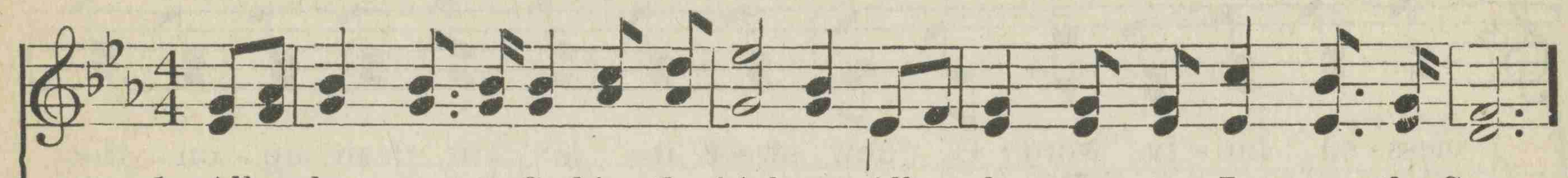
Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

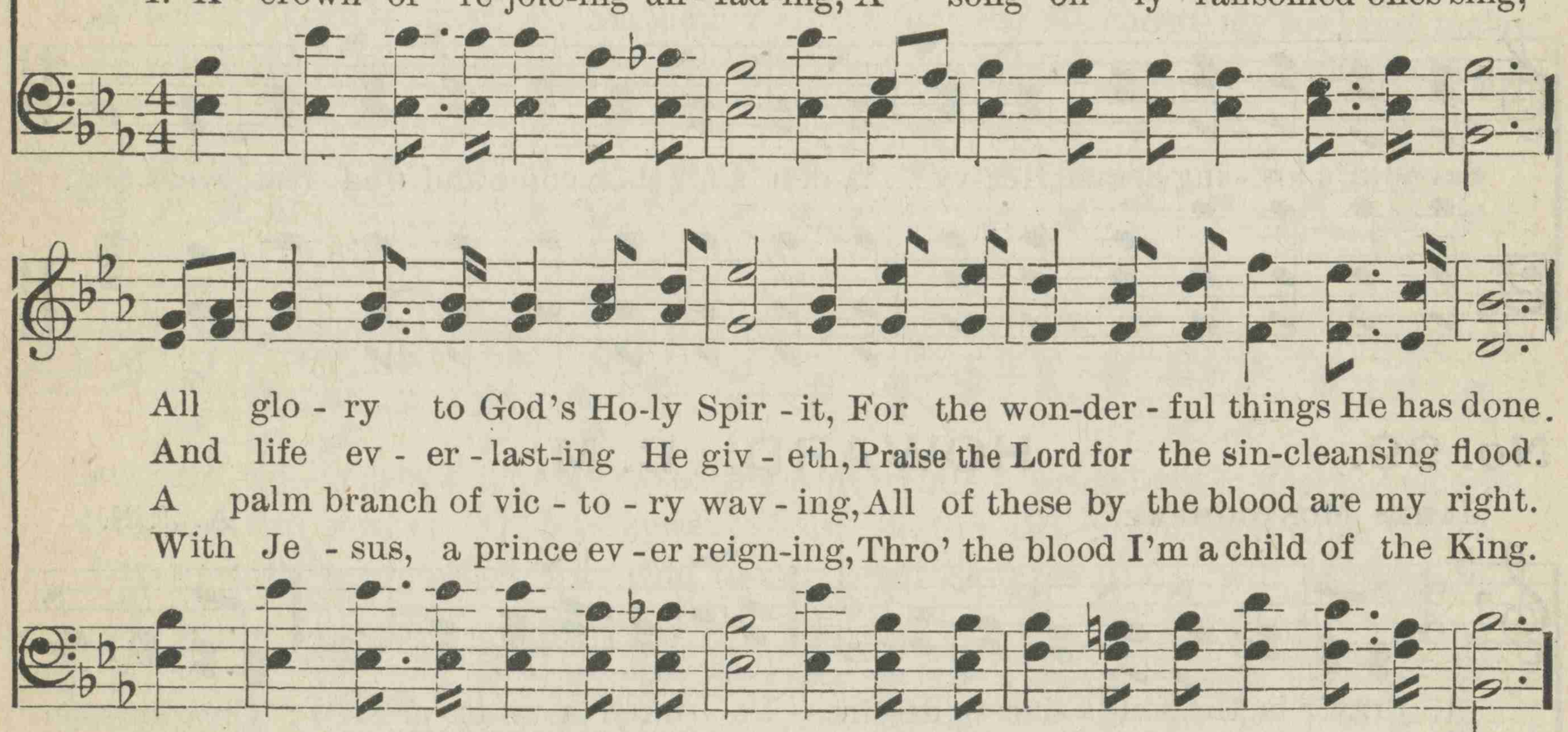
RESTING, SWEETLY RESTING.

No. 99. HOWARD. C. M.

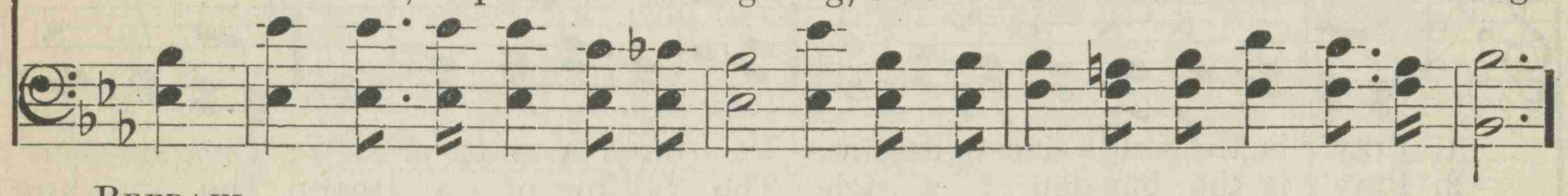
JAMES MONTGOMERY. A. J. S.

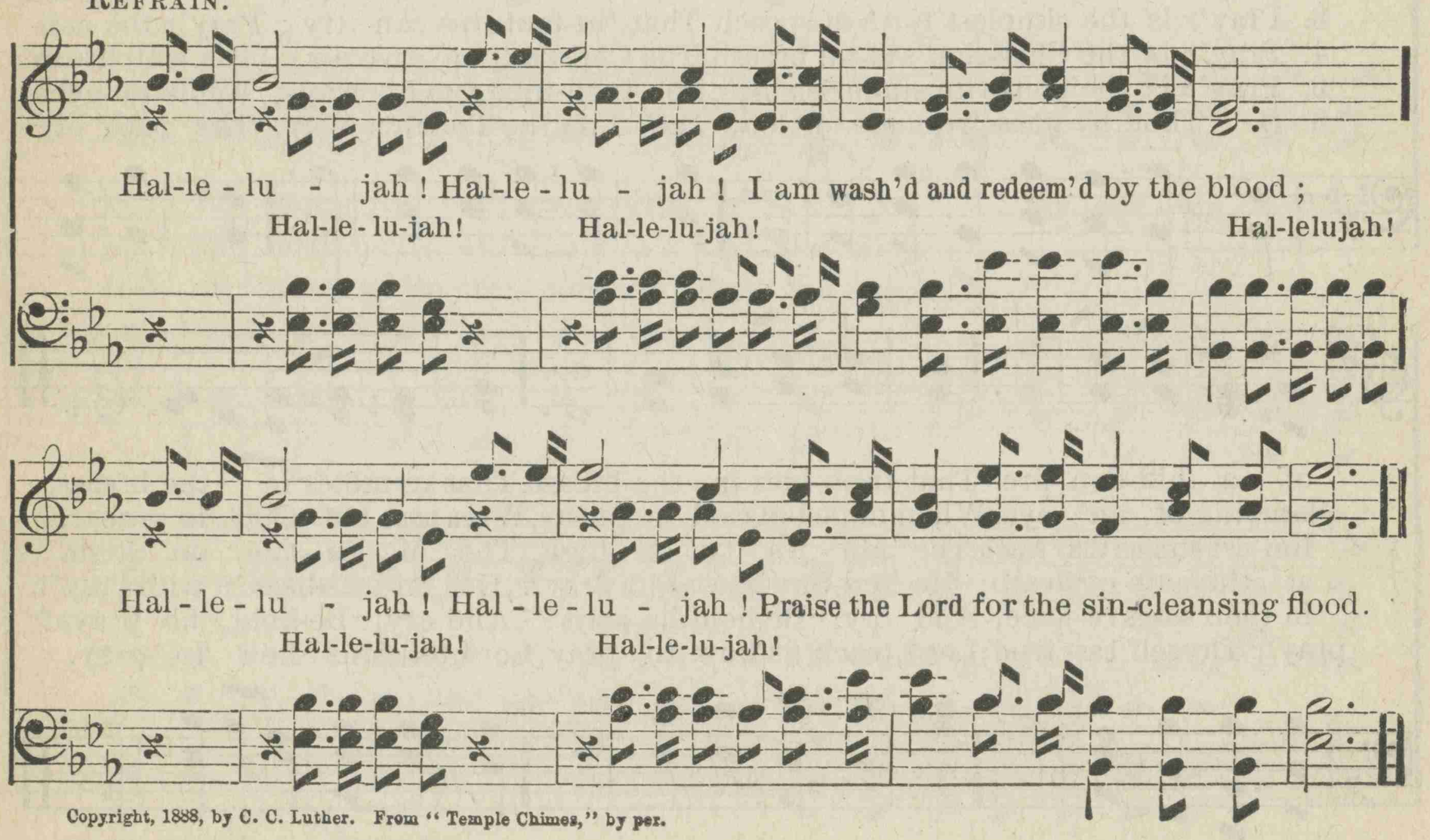


No. 100. WASHED AND REDEEMED.

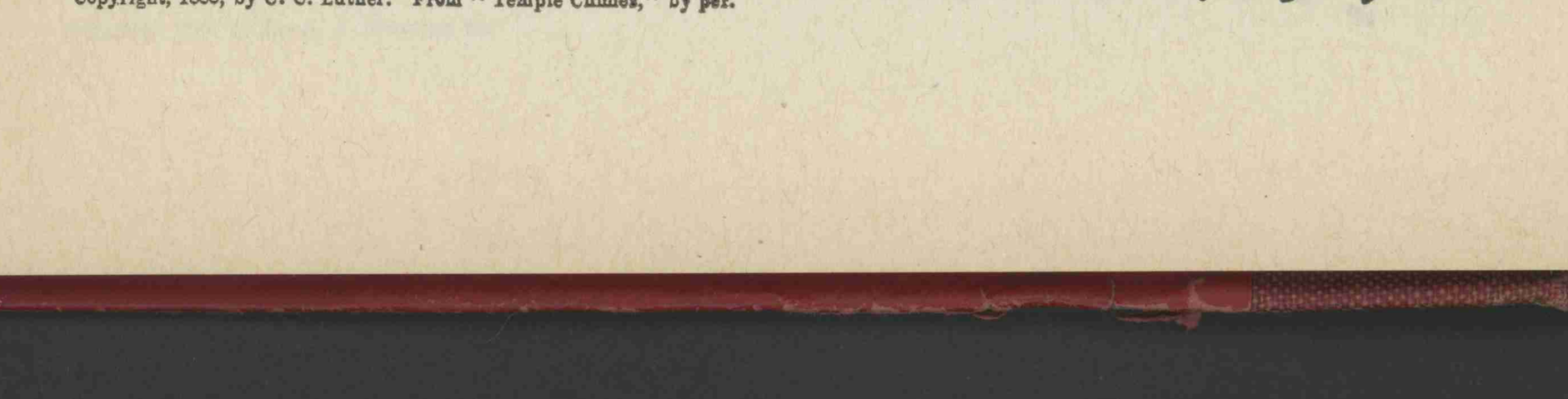
C. C. L. C. C. LUTHER.

1. All glo - ry to God in the high-est, All glo - ry to Je - sus the Son;
2. My per - fect redemption He purchas'd, My ran - som He paid in His blood,
3. A man - sion in glo - ry pre-par-ing, A robe that is spot - less and white,
4. A crown of re-joic-ing un - fad-ing, A song on - ly ransomed ones sing,



All glo - ry to God's Ho-ly Spir - it, For the won-der - ful things He has done.
And life ev - er - last-ing He giv - eth, Praise the Lord for the sin-cleansing flood.
A palm branch of vic - to - ry wav - ing, All of these by the blood are my right.
With Je - sus, a prince ev - er reign-ing, Thro' the blood I'm a child of the King.

REFRAIN.



Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! I am wash'd and redeem'd by the blood;
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-lelujah!



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord for the sin-cleansing flood.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Copyright, 1888, by C. C. Luther. From "Temple Chimes," by per.

No. 101. THERE IS JOY WITHIN MY SOUL.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY, by per.

1. There is joy within my soul to-night, Christ has tak-en all my sin, I am walking
2. There is love within my soul to-night, Send the news a-cross the sea, Let them see the
3. There is peace around the earth to-night, Bless-ed words the Christian hears, No more pain or
4. Hope is sing-ing in my soul to-night, I can see be-yond the vale, Loved ones walking

REFRAIN.

in the gos-pel light, Oh, what love and peace with-in! I am walk - ing,
glorious gos-pel light, Je - sus died for you and me!
sickness, death or night, Christ will wipe a-way all tears!
in the glorious light, There where love can nev - er fail! I am walk-ing in the light,

I am walk - ing, Walking in the gos - pel light: Hope is
in the glorious gospel light, gos-pel light;

sing - ing, hope is sing - ing, There is joy in my soul to-night!
sing-ing to my soul, Tell the sto-ry sweet and old,

No. 102. SING TO JEHOVAH.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Sing to Je - ho - vah, sing ye with glad-ness, Highest in glo - ry, Ancient of Days;
2. We are His peo - ple, led by His counsel, Kept by His pow- er, blest in His ways;
3. Ev - er we'll serve Him, Mas-ter all blessed, Ev - er we'll trust Him, God of all grace,

Throng ye His tem-ples, bow ye be-fore Him, Fill ye His courts with anthems of praise,
We are His children, heirs of His prom-ise, Sing then with glad-ness, sing ye His praise,
Ev - er we'll love Him, Fa-ther all glo-rious, Ev - er to Him be glo-ry and praise.

REFRAIN.

God the Cre - a - tor, God the up-hold - er, God the pro-vid - er, boundless in store,
Rul-ing the heavens, car-ing for mor-tals, Sing to Je - ho -vah praise ev- er-more.

Copyright, 1898, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

No. 103. SIN CAN NEVER ENTER THERE.

Rev. 21: 27.

C. W. NAYLOR. B. E. WARREN.

1. Heav-en is a ho - ly place, Filled with glo - ry and with grace, Sin can nev - er
2. If you hope to dwell at last, When your life on earth is past, In that home so
3. You may live in sin be-low, Heaven's grace re - fuse to know, But you can-not
4. If you cling to sin till death, When you draw your lat-est breath, You will sink in

en - ter there; All with-in its gates are pure, From de-filement kept secure, Sin can
bright and fair, You must here be cleans'd from sin, Have the life of Christ within, Sin can
en - ter there; It will stop you at the door, Bar you out for-ev - ermore, Sin can
dark de-spair, To the re - gions of the lost, Thus to prove at aw- ful cost, Sin can

REFRAIN.

nev - er en - ter there. Sin can nev - er en - ter there, Sin can nev-er en - ter there;
So, if at the judgment bar, Sinful spots your soul shall mar, *You* can never en-ter there.

Copyright, 1902, by B. E. Warren, Springfield, O. Used by per.

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

Dying words of President Wm. McKinley.

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 106. ROOM AT THE CROSS FOR ME.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. C. W. James.

1. Tho' the world is surg - ing a-round it As the waves of the dark blue sea,
2. Still it stands as it has for a - ges, As it will thro' e - ter - ni - ty;
3. In the blood from the cross now flow-ing, Ev-'ry soul may from dross be free;

'Tis my song ev - er since I found it, There is room at the cross for me.
Not a fail-ure has stain'd its pa - ges, There is hope at the cross for me.
So I'll sing with a glad heart, know - ing There is life at the cross for me.

Refrain.

There is room at the cross, hal - le - lu - jah, At the cross of Cal - va - ry;
There is life, there is hope for the sin - ner, There is room at the cross for me.

Copyright, 1903, by C. W. James.

No. 107. WHISPERS OF LOVE.

HARRIETT E. JONES. IRA B. WILSON.

Softly.

1. When a - round me shad-ows gath-er, and my soul is fill'd with fear, When my
2. When my sins a - rise be - fore me, till I'm bowed un - to the dust, And I
3. Then I take my sins and sor-rows to the cross where Je - sus died, Leave them
4. With my bless-ed Sav-iour near me, I will press my way a - long, Till I

bark is toss'd by grief-waves to and fro, Then I tell it all to Je - sus the be -
hard-ly dare to make a con-trite plea; When all hope seems gone for-ev - er and my
there and in His might a-gain grow strong; For I hear in lov-ing whispers from the
reach the shining mansions built a - bove; And I know He will sus-tain me, keep my

D.S. *In the house of "ma-ny mansions," Where is*

FINE. REFRAIN.

lov-ed ev - er near, When He whispers, yes, He whispers soft and low: "Fear not, for I am
soul forgets to trust, Then there comes in loving whispers un-to me:
Saviour cru-ci-fied, Thou shalt help to swell the ev-er-last-ing song.
feet from go-ing wrong, By the sweet and gen-tle whis-pers of His love.

one e - ter-nal day, Thou shalt help to swell the everlast-ing song.

D.S.

with thee, will go with thee all the way; Press onward, trust thy Saviour and be strong;

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 108. YE PILGRIM BAND.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. ROBT. L. FERGUSON.

1. Shout and sing, ye pil - grim band, Trav'lers to a bet - ter land;
2. Let your songs of glad - ness ring To your great High-Priest and King;
3. For such love O praise His name In a glad tri - um-phant strain;

Loud your joy - ful voi - ces raise To the Lord in grate - ful praise.
He your soul's sal - va - tion wrought, With His blood your par - don bought.
Let the swell - ing cho - rus roll Till it spreads from pole to pole.

REFRAIN.

Shout and sing . . . . . with sweet ac - - cord, ...

Shout and sing with sweet ac-cord, yes, shout and sing with sweet ac-cord,

Glad ho - san - - - - nas to the Lord;

Glad ho - san - nas, glad ho - san - nas to the Lord;

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

YE PILGRIM BAND.

glo - ry through . . . . . the earth and sky, ...

glo - ry thro' the earth and sky, yes, glo - ry thro' the earth and sky,

Glo - ry to . . . . . .

Glo - ry to His name on high.

No. 109. MERCY. 7s.

ANDREW REED. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
Long hath sin, with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme and reign a - lone.

No. 110. I WILL TRUST THEE.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. S. L. HOWARD.

1. I will trust Thee, O my Sav - iour, On Thy prom - is - es re -
2. When a-round me storms are beat - ing, And the waves are roll - ing
3. Bid the tem - pest cease its rag - ing, And the an - gry bil - lows
4. Be Thy Spir - it with me ev - er, All my griefs and woes to

ly; I will seek Thy love and fa - vor And to Thee for ref - uge fly.
high, When the light of hope re - treat-ing Leaves no aid or com- fort nigh;
stay, All my tho'ts Thy-self en - gag- ing, Guide me thro' life's storm- y way.
heal, Be Thou ab - sent from me nev - er, But Thy pres-ence let me feel.

REFRAIN.

I will trust Thee, O my Sav - iour, On Thy prom - is - es re -

ly; I will seek Thy love and fa - vor, And to Thee for ref - uge fly.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 111. BEAUTIFUL BECKONING HANDS.

C. C. L.

C. C. LUTHER.

1. Beau-ti-ful hands at the gateway tonight, Fa-ces all shining with ra - di- ant light;
2. Beckon-ing hands of a moth-er whose love Sac-rificed life her de - vo- tion to prove;
3. Beau-ti-ful hands of a lit - tle one, see! Ba- by voice call-ing, oh, moth-er, for thee;
4. Beckon-ing hands of a hus-band, a wife, Watching and waiting the loved one of life;
5. Brightest and best of that glo- ri - ous throng, Centre of all and the theme of their song;

Eyes looking down from yon heaven - ly home, Beauti-ful hands they are beck -on - ing "come."
Hands of a father to mem - o - ry dear, Beckon up high-er the waiting ones here.
Ro-sy-cheek'd darling, the light of the home, Taken so ear - ly is beck - on - ing "come."
Hands of a broth-er, a sis - ter, a friend, Out from the gateway tonight they extend.
Je - sus, our Saviour, the pierced one stands, Lov-ing-ly call-ing with beckon-ing hands.

REFRAIN.

Beau - ti - ful hands, beckon - ing hands, Calling the dear ones to heav - en - ly lands;
Beau - ti- ful hands, beckon - ing hands, Beauti- ful, beau-ti - ful, beckon-ing hands.

Copyright, 1898, by C. C. Luther. Used by per.

No. 112. LOOK UP, LOOK UP.

FANNY J. CROSBY. THOS. J. BENTON.

1. Look up, look up, (Look up, look up), O troubled one, (O troubled one), A glo-rious hope is thine; "I have redeemed (I have redeemed) thee," saith the Lord, (thee," saith the Lord,) "Fear not, for thou art Mine."
2. He loves as none (He loves as none) can ev - er love, (can ev - er love,) He feels each throb of care, And bids thee lean (And bids thee lean) up-on His breast, (upon His breast,) And lose thy sor-row there.
3. Redeemed thro' love, (Redeemed thro' love), an heir thro' grace, (an heir thro' grace), Of life that yet shall be; In all His beau- (In all His beauty), ty, strength and pow'r, (strength and pow'r,) Thine eyes the King shall see.
4. There is a calm (There is a calm) for ev - 'ry storm, (for ev-'ry storm), A joy for ev - 'ry pain; And they who dwell (And they who dwell) in Christ on earth, (in Christ on earth), In bliss with Him shall reign.

REFRAIN.

Look up, look up, ... O troubled one, ...

Look up, look up, O troubled one, Thou dost not walk the way a - lone; The Lord, thy God, ... up-hold - eth

The Lord, thy God,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

thee, ... own. . . . . .

up-hold - eth thee, And clasps thy hand with - in His own, with-in His own.

No. 113. MY HOME IN THE SKIES.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. I'm trac - ing by faith my beau-ti - ful home, My home where no doubts shall a - rise;
2. Here tempests and gloom my vis-ion obscure, And tri - als and sorrows must come;
3. It may not be long till end-eth life's song, But Je - sus in ful-ness sup-plies;
4. I'm near-ing each day my beau-ti - ful home, 'Twill dawn on my wonder-ing eyes;

:8: FINE.

I know I shall reach that ha - ven of rest, My glo - ri - ous home in the skies.
But yon-der is peace and joy - ous re-lease; I long for my beau-ti-ful home.
His love will not fail, He'll lead thro' the vale, Safe, safe to my home in the skies.
When Je - sus shall call, my Sav-iour, my all, Will bear me in love to the skies.

D.S. *I'm trac - ing by faith that home of the blest, My beau-ti - ful home in the skies.* D.S.

REFRAIN.

I'm near-ing my home, my beau-ti - ful home, Where sor-row nor tears dim the eyes;

Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 114. DRIFTING AWAY.

BIRDIE BELL. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Out on life's o - cean they're drifting a- way, Friendless and hopeless, hearts fill'd with dismay;
2. Out on life's o - cean they're drifting a- way, Launch the strong lifeboat, O do not de - lay!
3. Out on life's o - cean they're drifting a- way, Rock'd by the bil-lows and wash'd by the spray;
4. Out on life's o - cean they're drifting a- way, Far from the har-bor of safe - ty they stray;

O for a pi - lot to guide at the helm! Wild, dashing bil- lows will soon o - ver-whelm.
Bil- lows of sor- row, temp- ta - tion and sin, Threat - en de-struc-tion, the res - cue be - gin.
Haste to the res-cue, de - liv - er the lost, Souls by the tem-pest long driv - en and lost.
Ah, there's a Pi - lot to guide o'er the wave, Christ the Re-deem -er, He's might- y to save!

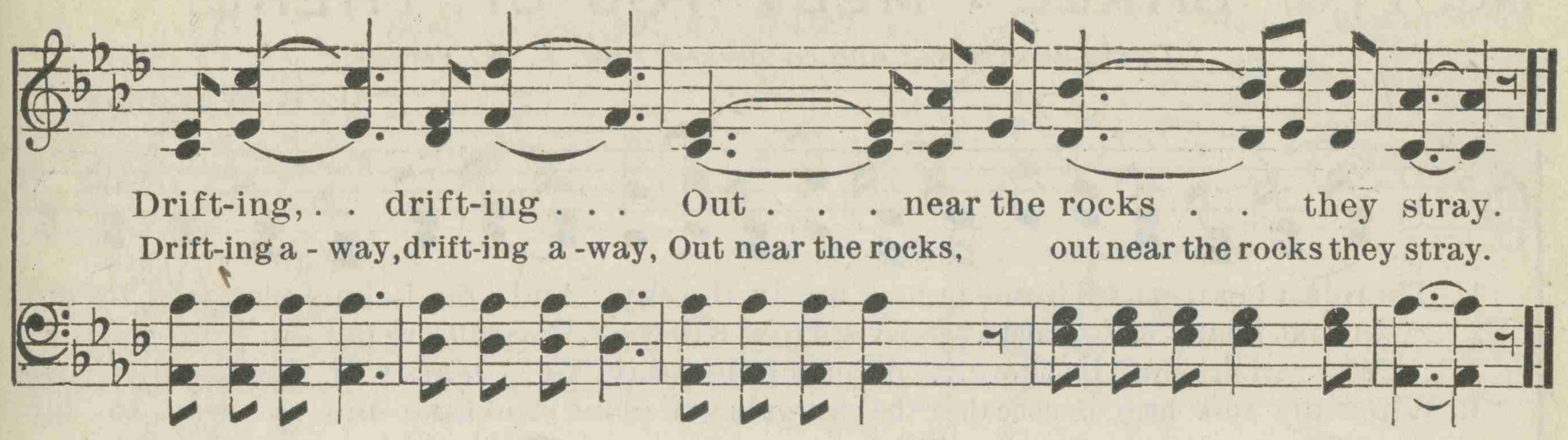
REFRAIN.

Out . . . on life's o - - cean they're drift - ing a - way, . .
Out on life's o-cean they're drifting away, Out on life's o-cean they're drifting away,

Haste . . to the res - cue and save . . . them to - day; . .
Haste to the res-cue and save them today, Haste to the res-cue and save them today;

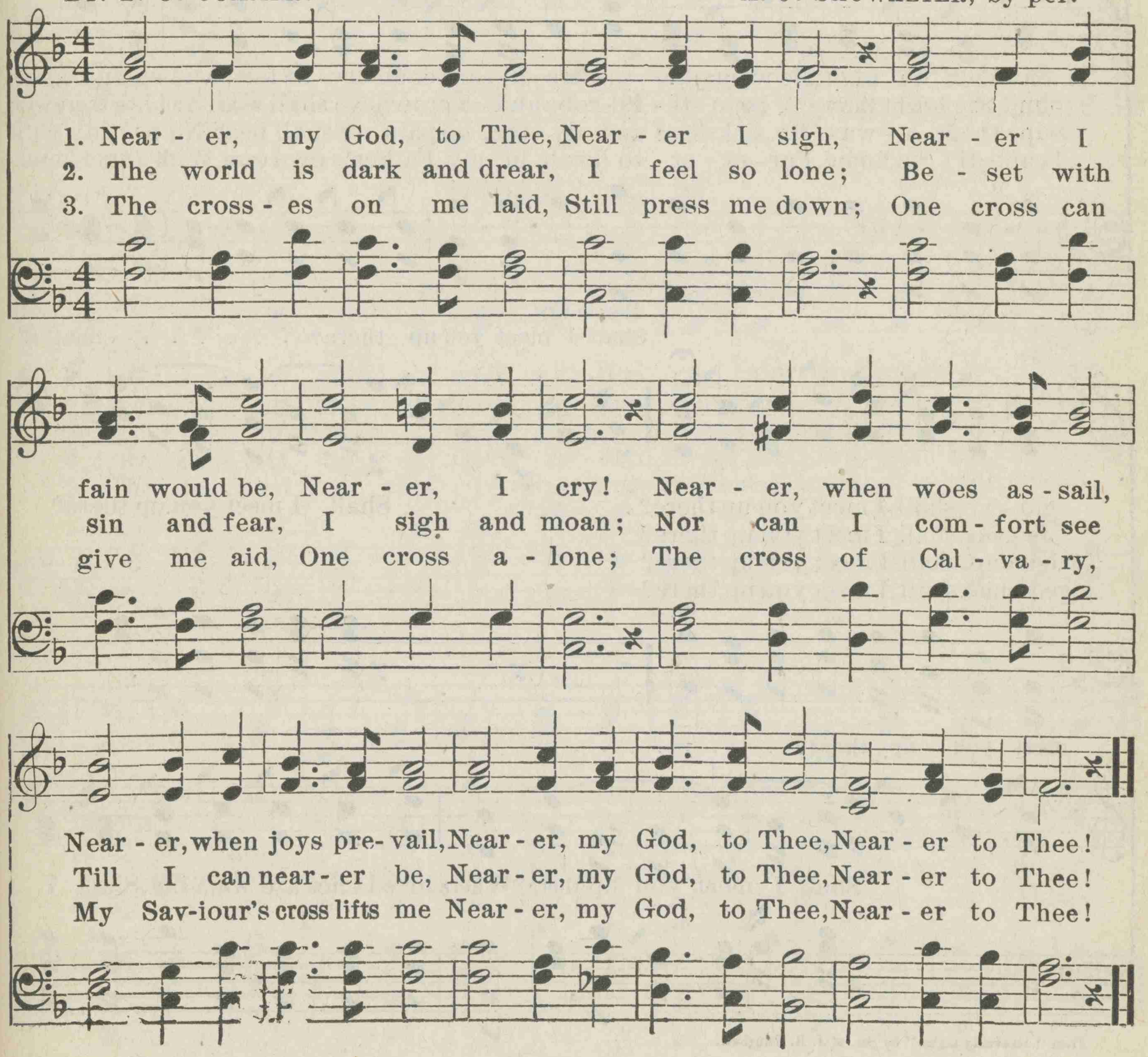
Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

DRIFTING AWAY.



No. 115. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Dr. T. O. SUMMERS. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 116. SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE?

To my dear friend and co-worker, Prof. F. M. Ferrell.

J. B. VAUGHAN.

1. There's a beau - ti-ful home far up in the sky, And man-sions prepared by our
2. In that beau - ti-ful land where no sorrow will come, We shall sing hal - le - lu - jah a -
3. No night shall be there, it is one endless day, No tears will be shed, God will
4. When my work here is done then the an-gels will come And take me a - way to my

Sav-iour on high; He wants me to live in that coun-try so fair, And when I'm in
round the bright throne; A beau - ti - ful robe and a crown we shall wear, And live there with
wipe them a - way; No sick-ness and dy - ing, no pain we shall bear, No parting with
beau - ti - ful home, For - ev - er to dwell in my Father's own care, With angels and

REFRAIN.

Shall I meet you up there? . . . . . Shall I

glo - ry, shall I meet you up there?
Je - sus, shall I meet you up there?
loved ones, shall I meet you up there?
loved ones, shall I meet you up there?

Shall I meet you up there?

meet you up there? . . . . . .

Shall I meet you up there? Where loved ones are wait-ing, Shall I

From "Heavenly Light," by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

SHALL I MEET YOU UP THERE?

Shall I meet you up there? . . . . . Shall I meet you up

meet you up there? Shall I meet you up there?

there? . . . . . .

Shall I meet you up there? Where loved ones are wait-ing, Shall I meet you up there?

No. 117. IRMA. C. M.

WILLIAM COWPER. NEVEN MCINNISH.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peace-ful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem -'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet Mes - sen - ger of Rest!
5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What-e'er that i - dol be,

A light to shine u p - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.

No. 118. JESUS IS CALLING TO-DAY.

D. R. LUCAS. E. H. ROSECRANS.

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing for thee, Call-ing for thee, yes, calling for thee,
2. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee now, Call-ing thee now, yes, calling thee now,
3. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing, O come! Call-ing to-day, yes, calling to-day,

DUET. SEMI-CHORUS.

Lis-ten and hear Him say, "Follow thou Me, Fol-low, yes, fol-low thou Me."
Waiting for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow, Call-ing, yes, call-ing just now.
All who are wea-ry and long-ing for home, Je-sus is call-ing to-day.

FULL CHORUS.

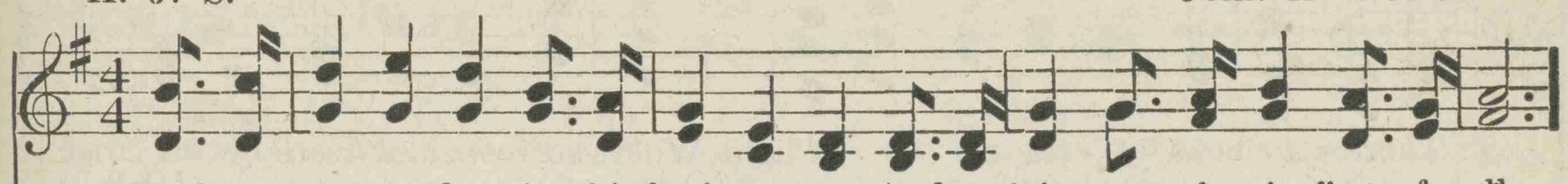
Je - - sus is call-ing to-day, Je - - sus is call-ing to-day;
Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day, Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day;

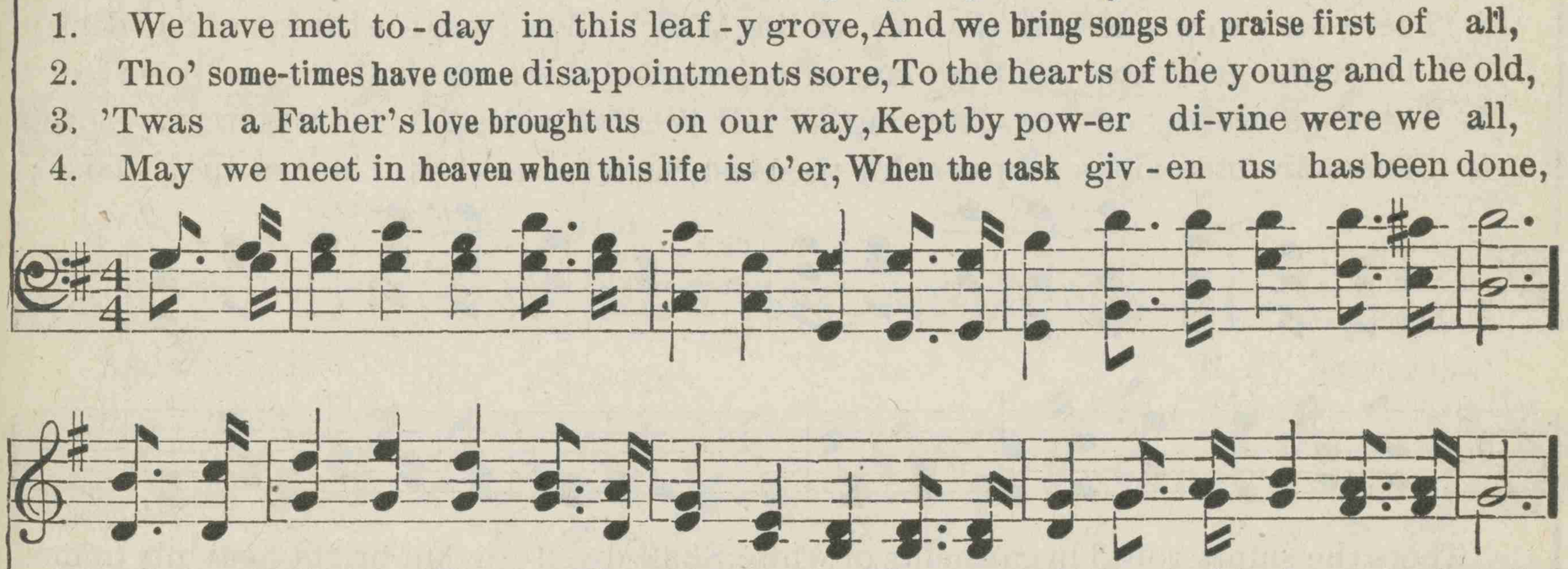
Je - - sus is call-ing to-day, Call-ing, yes, call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing to-day,

Copyright, 1886, by Fillmore Bros. Used by per.

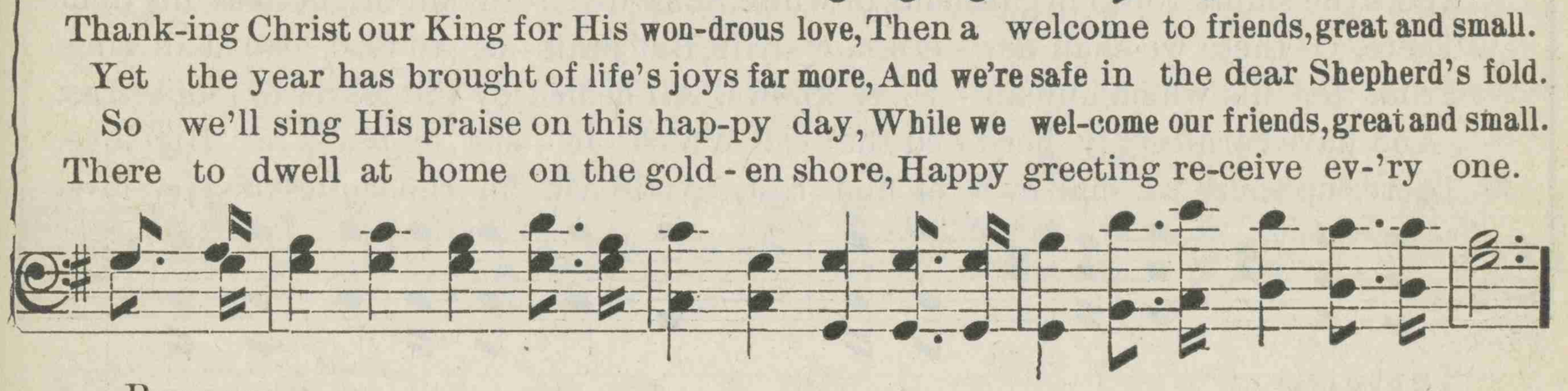
No. 119. GREETING SONG.

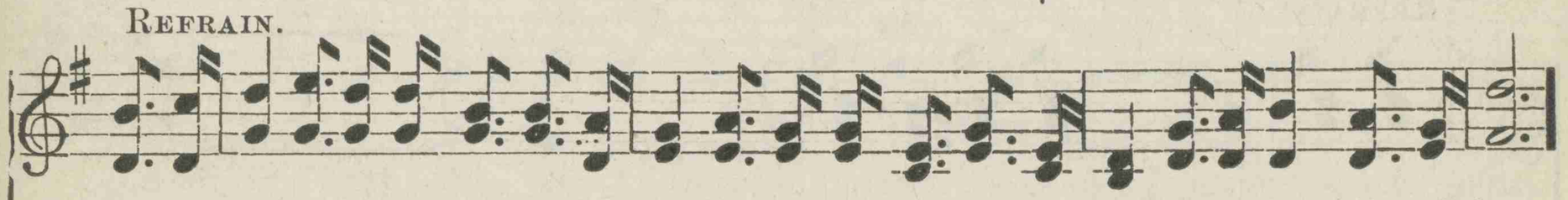
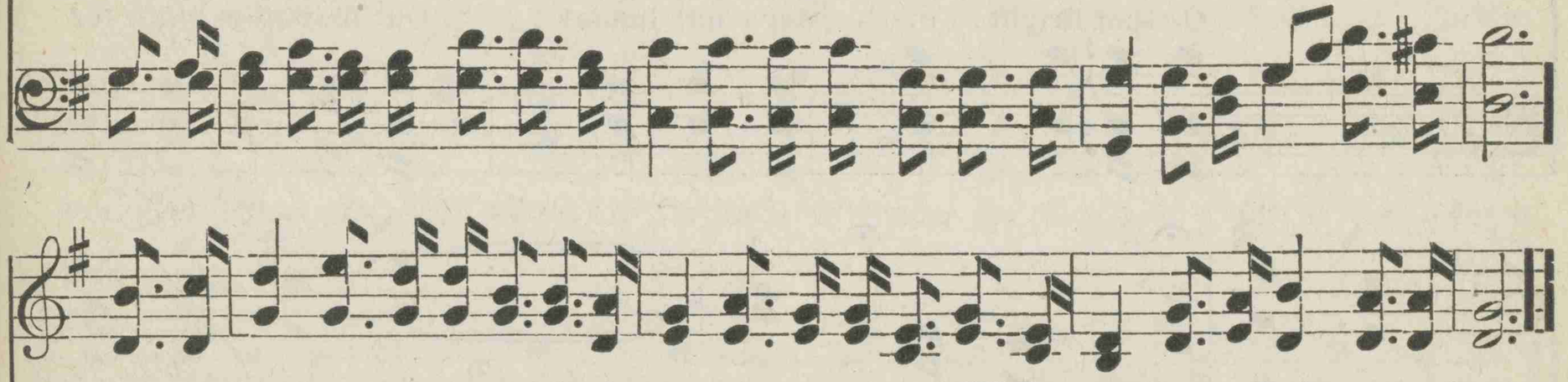
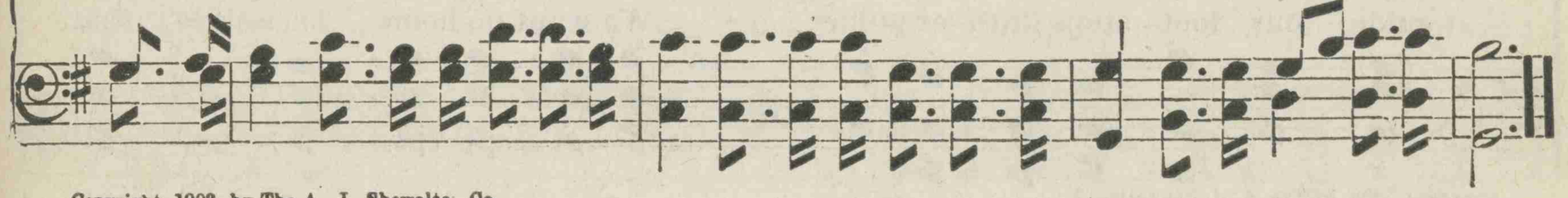
(For Sunday-School Picnics.)

A. J. S. JOHN A. HUBRE.

1. We have met to-day in this leaf-y grove, And we bring songs of praise first of all,
2. Tho' some-times have come disappointments sore, To the hearts of the young and the old,
3. 'Twas a Father's love brought us on our way, Kept by pow-er di-vine were we all,
4. May we meet in heaven when this life is o'er, When the task giv-en us has been done,



Thank-ing Christ our King for His won-drous love, Then a welcome to friends, great and small.
Yet the year has brought of life's joys far more, And we're safe in the dear Shepherd's fold.
So we'll sing His praise on this hap-py day, While we wel-come our friends, great and small.
There to dwell at home on the gold-en shore, Happy greeting re-ceive ev-'ry one.



REFRAIN.

We are happy to meet you and so glad-ly we greet you, Come and join in our songs and good cheer;

Make the day long remembered for its pleasures unnumbered, While we praise our Redeemer so dear.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalte Co.

No. 120. THE ETERNAL HOME.

S. Houston Proffitt, in "Gospel Advocate." Flavil Hall.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful cit - y of light, Where sorrows and death nev-er come;
2. There's a won - der-ful riv - er of life, Which flows from the throne of our King;
3. There the great tree of life ev - er grows, And there we shall ev - er be free
4. There's a crown of re - joic - ing for all Who've laid up their treasures a - bove,
5. There are man-sions prepared for the blest, Such beau - ti - ful homes up a - bove;

There the saints, robed in garments of white, Shall dwell in that bright heav'nly home.
There, O there we shall nev - er know strife, But prais - es to God we shall sing.
From the ills which human - i - ty knows, All healed by the leaves of the tree.
And have earn-est - ly heed - ed the call Which Je - sus ex-tends in His love.
There, up there we shall ev - er find rest, And bask in the smiles of His love.

Refrain.

O that bright . . . e - ter - nal home! Our foot - - - - steps
O that bright e - ter - nal home! Our foot-steps thith - er
thith - er guide; We want . . . . no home be -
guide, our foot - steps thith - er guide; We want no home be - side that

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

side . . . That heav'n - - - ly, hap - py home.
hap - py home, That heav'n-ly, hap - py home of bliss, that heav'nly, hap - py home.

That heav'n - - - - ly, hap - py home.

No. 121. THIS IS NOT MY ABIDING PLACE.

ADALYN. R. D. BURLESON.

1. This world is not my a - bid - ing place, My a - bid-ing place, my a - bid - ing place,
2. O sad and long is the wea - ry way, Is the wea-ry way, is the wea - ry way,
3. I faint and fall on the burning sand, On the burning sand, on the burn-ing sand,
4. O bless-ed home, for thy joys I sigh, For thy joys I sigh, for thy joys I sigh,

:S: FINE.

And when is end - ed my earth - ly race, I'll find a fair - er home.
And O how oft - en I turn and stray A - way from yon - der home.
But o - ver there is a good - ly land, It is my heav'n - ly home.
And when I'm called to lie down and die, I'll gain a heav'n - ly home.

D.S. *I'm bound for heav'n and a throne of grace, In God's e - ter - nal home.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

O this is not my a - bid - ing place, my a - bid-ing place, my a - bid-ing place;

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 122. THE HEAVENLY PORT.

C. W. J. C. W. JAMES.

1. When I have gained (When I have gained) the heav'nly port, (the heav'nly port,)
2. When I have crossed (When I have crossed) time's stormy tide, (time's stormy tide,)
3. Swing o - pen, O (Swing o - pen, O) ye por - tals grand, (ye por-tals grand,)

And all its beau- (And all its beauty) ty greets my sight, (it greets my sight,)
And an-chored where (And anchored where) all tem - pests cease, (all tempests cease,)
I soon shall reach (I soon shall reach) that cit - y fair; (that cit - y fair;)

I shall be- hold (I shall be- hold) the bless - ed Lord, (the bless - ed Lord,)
The pearl - y gates (the pearl - y gates) will o - pen wide, (will o - pen wide,)
My home is on (My home is on) the death-less strand, (the deathless strand,)

A - mid the pal- (A - mid the pal-) a - ces of light. (that home of light.)
And I shall find (And I shall find) e - ter - nal peace. (e - ter - nal peace.)
And all its glo- (And all its glo-) ries I shall share. (for- ev - er share.)

Copyright, 1903, by C. W. James.

THE HEAVENLY PORT.

REFRAIN.

Then I shall see my Sav - iour's face,

Then I shall see . . . . . my Sav - iour's face, ...

And rest with - in His fond em-brace;

And rest with - in . . . . . His fond em - brace; . . . . . .

I'll hear Him say thy work is o'er,

I'll hear Him say . . . . . thy work is o'er, ...

safe . . . . . more. . . . . .

And thou art safe, and thou art safe for - ev - er-more, for ev - er-more.

No. 123. SINCE I FOUND OUT HIM.

J. R. B. JOHN R. BRYANT.

1. There are songs in the night That will give the Christian cheer, And there's love wak-ing
2. There is love in the soul For the ones we know are true, And there's peace for all
3. There is praise in the heart That will ring around the world, And there's joy that the

mel - o - dy that sounds most dear; But the sweet-est mu-sic ring - ing Since the
man-kind if they on - ly knew; But the love and peace most blessed To my
an - gels oft in glo - ry shared; But the praise and joy most lasting, Where there

Sav - iour dwells with-in Is the song I'm ev - er sing-ing, Since I found out Him.
heart is flow - ing in, And it comes from Christ my Saviour, Since I found out Him.
once was naught but sin, Is the glo - ry of my Saviour, Since I found out Him.

REFRAIN.

There's a glo - rious hal - le - lu - jah been ring - ing in my soul, Since I

Copyright, 1908, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 125. DEATH'S HARVEST TIME.

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

1. I saw Death come in the spring - time, And en-ter a love - lit bow'r, . . Where
2. I saw Death en-ter in sum - mer A home of culture and pride, . . And
3. I saw Death come in the au - tumn, And en-ter a home one day, . . Where
4. I saw Death come in the win - ter, To one who was wait-ing there, . . And
5. I saw a beau-ti - ful An - gel, Who gathered God's children home, . . 'Twas

from the breast of a moth - er, He gathered a love - ly flow'r. I said to him,
from the arms of a bride-groom, He gathered a fair young bride. I said to him,
from a family of chil - dren, The father was called a - way. I said to him,
touching the whitehaired moth - er, She died in her old arm - chair. I said to him,
Death who lovingly kissed them, They smiled as he whispered "come." I saw in the

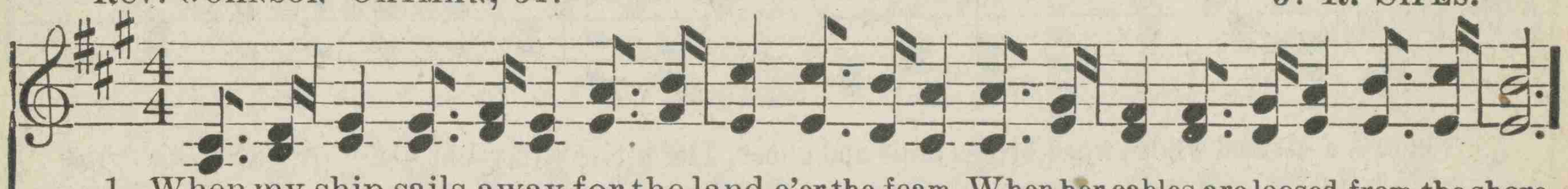
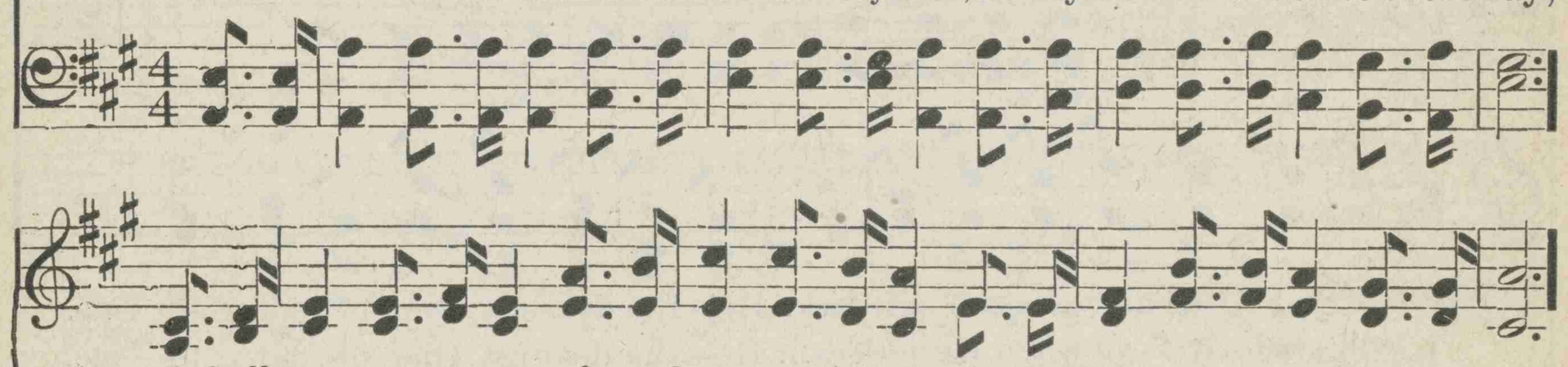
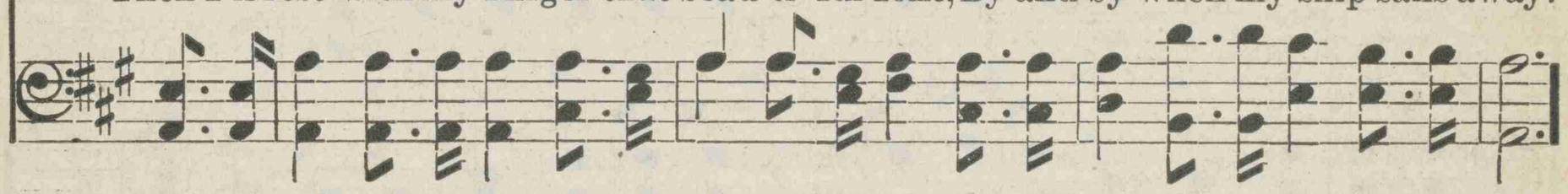
"Death, what do-est thou here?" "My harvest," said he, "lasteth all the year;" I
"Death, what do-est thou here?" "My harvest," said he, "lasteth all the year;" I
"Death, what do-est thou here?" "My harvest," said he, "lasteth all the year;" I
"Death, what do-est thou here?" "My harvest," said he, "lasteth all the year;" I
reap - er not one to fear, But one that we mor-tals should hold most dear; I

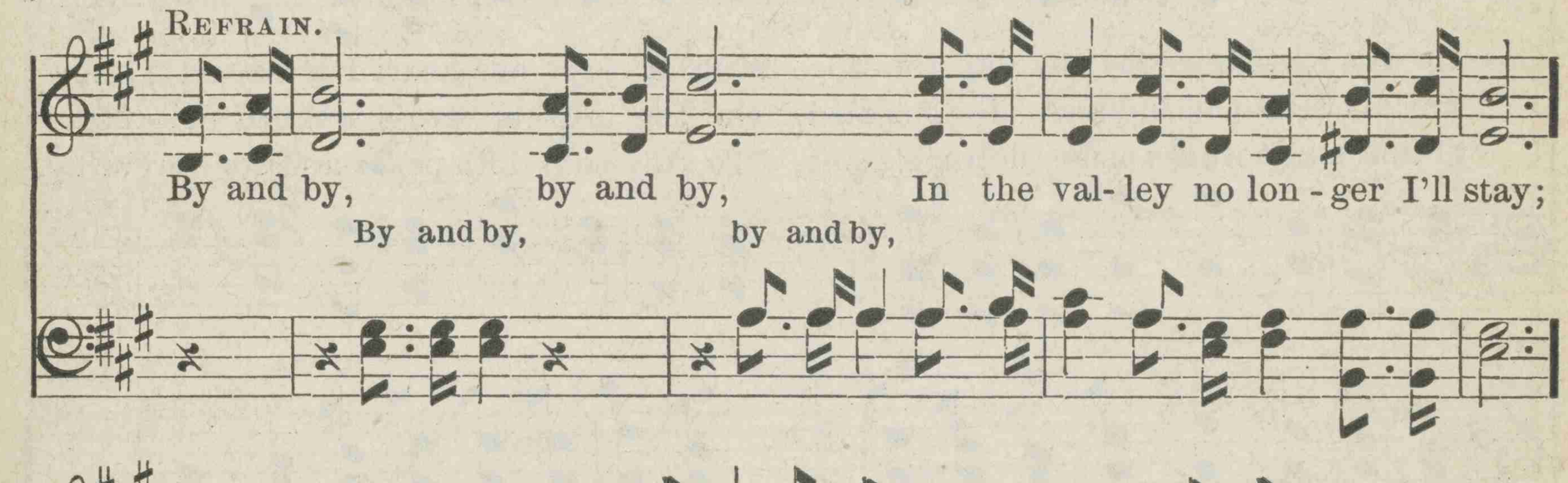
said to him, "Death, what doest thou here?" "My harvest," said he, "last-eth all the year."
said to him, "Death, what doest thou here?" "My harvest," said he, "last-eth all the year."
said to him, "Death, what doest thou here?" "My harvest," said he, "last-eth all the year."
said to him, "Death, what doest thou here?" "My harvest," said he, "last-eth all the year."
saw in the reap - er not one to fear, But one that we mor - tals should hold most dear.

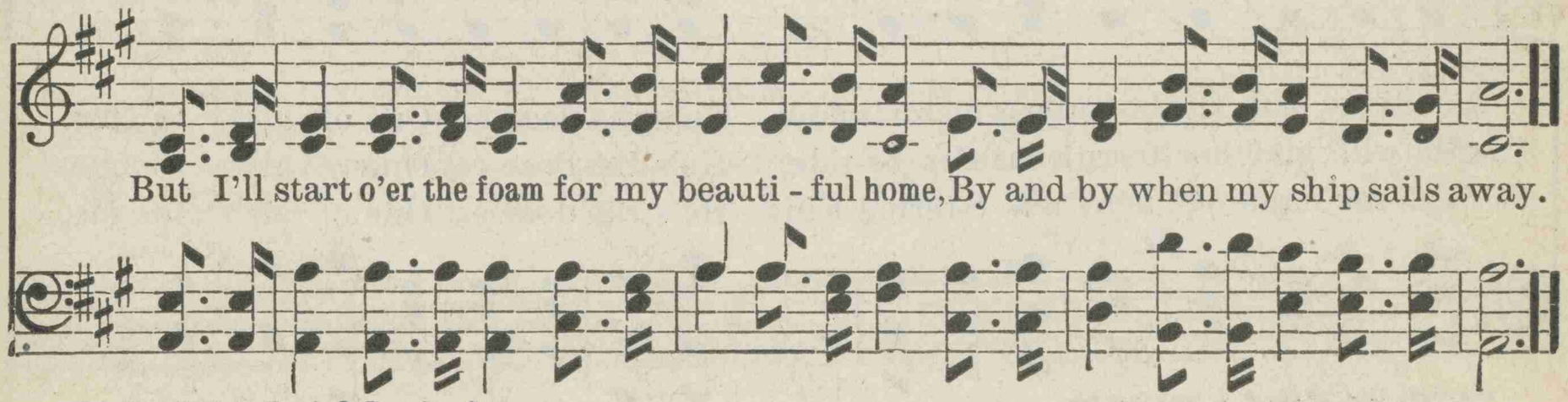
Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Robertson.

No. 126. WHEN MY SHIP SAILS AWAY.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend and teacher, Prof. J. W. Dennis.

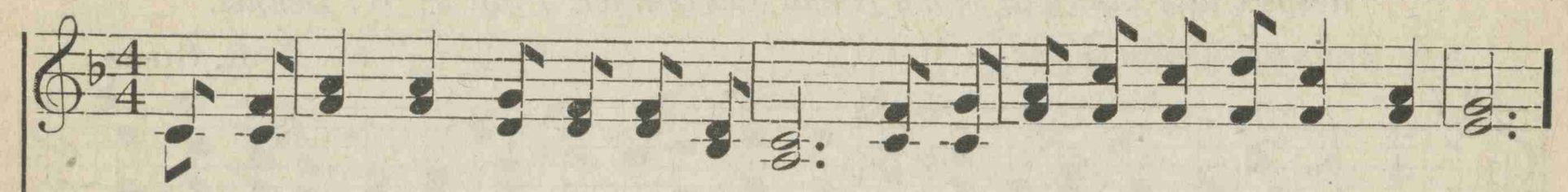
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. R. SIPES.

1. When my ship sails away for the land o'er the foam, When her cables are loosed from the shore,
2. There the sun nev-er sets o'er those beauti-ful hills, Darkness there will not shut out the day;
3. Not a bil-low that rolls will my ship overwhelm, Tho' the storms all around dash the spray,
4. So I'll work for the Lord while on earth I may roam, Do my best till the close of the day,

I shall soon reach the port of my hea'v-en - ly home, Anchor there to return nev- ermore.
I'll be thro' with the night when my dear Father wills, By and by when my ship sails away.
For my Saviour's own hand will have hold of the helm, By and by when my ship sails away.
Then I'll rest with my King in that beau-ti -ful home, By and by when my ship sails away.

REFRAIN.

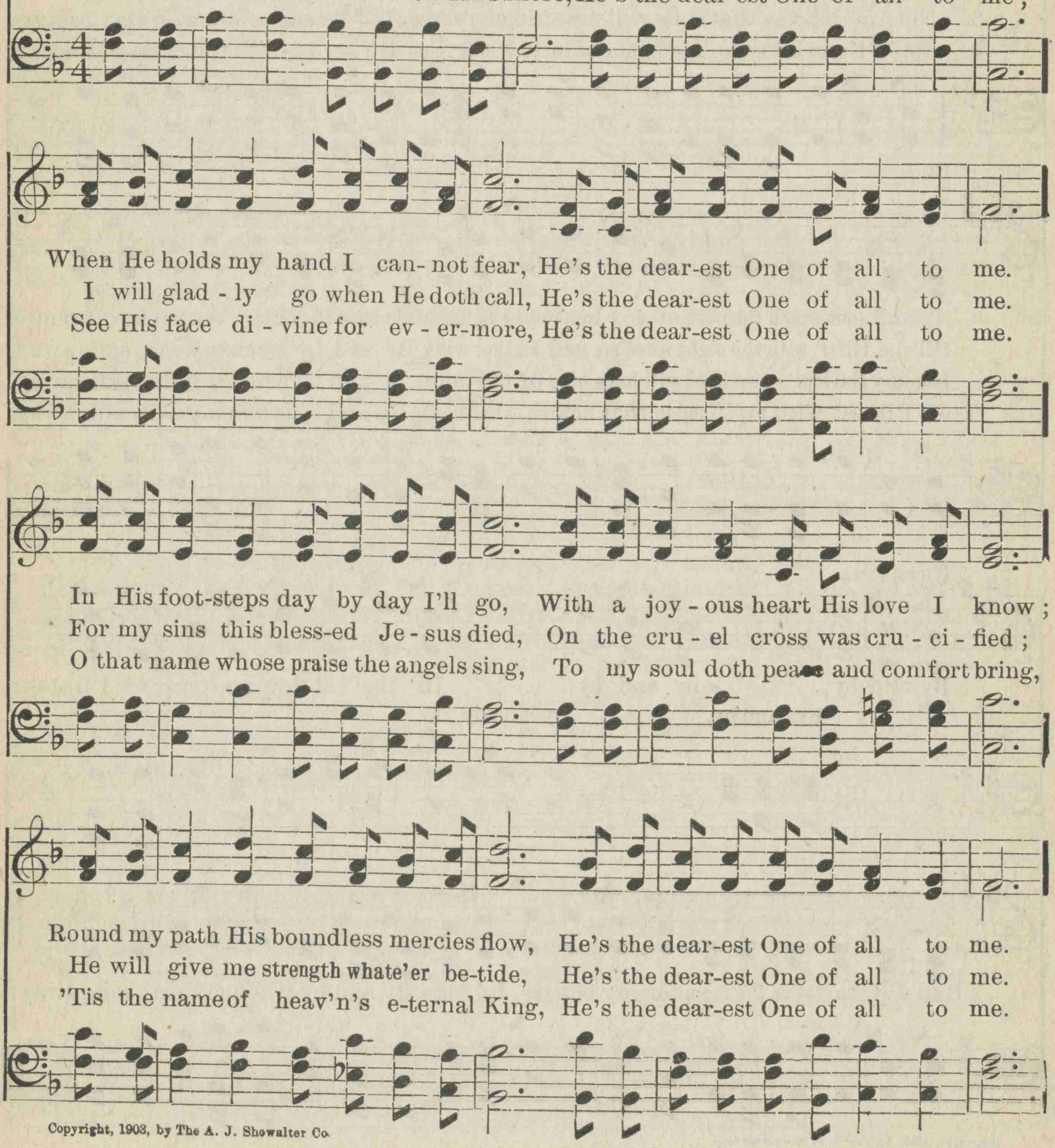


By and by, by and by, In the val- ley no lon - ger I'll stay;
By and by, by and by,

But I'll start o'er the foam for my beauti - ful home, By and by when my ship sails away.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 127. HE'S THE DEAREST ONE OF ALL TO ME.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. R. D. BURLESON.

1. There's a Friend whose word brings hope and cheer, He's the dear-est One of all to me;
2. If the sun shines bright or shadows fall, He's the dear-est One of all to me;
3. I shall walk with Him on Canaan's shore, He's the dear-est One of all to me;



When He holds my hand I can-not fear, He's the dear-est One of all to me.
I will glad-ly go when He doth call, He's the dear-est One of all to me.
See His face di-vine for ev-er-more, He's the dear-est One of all to me.

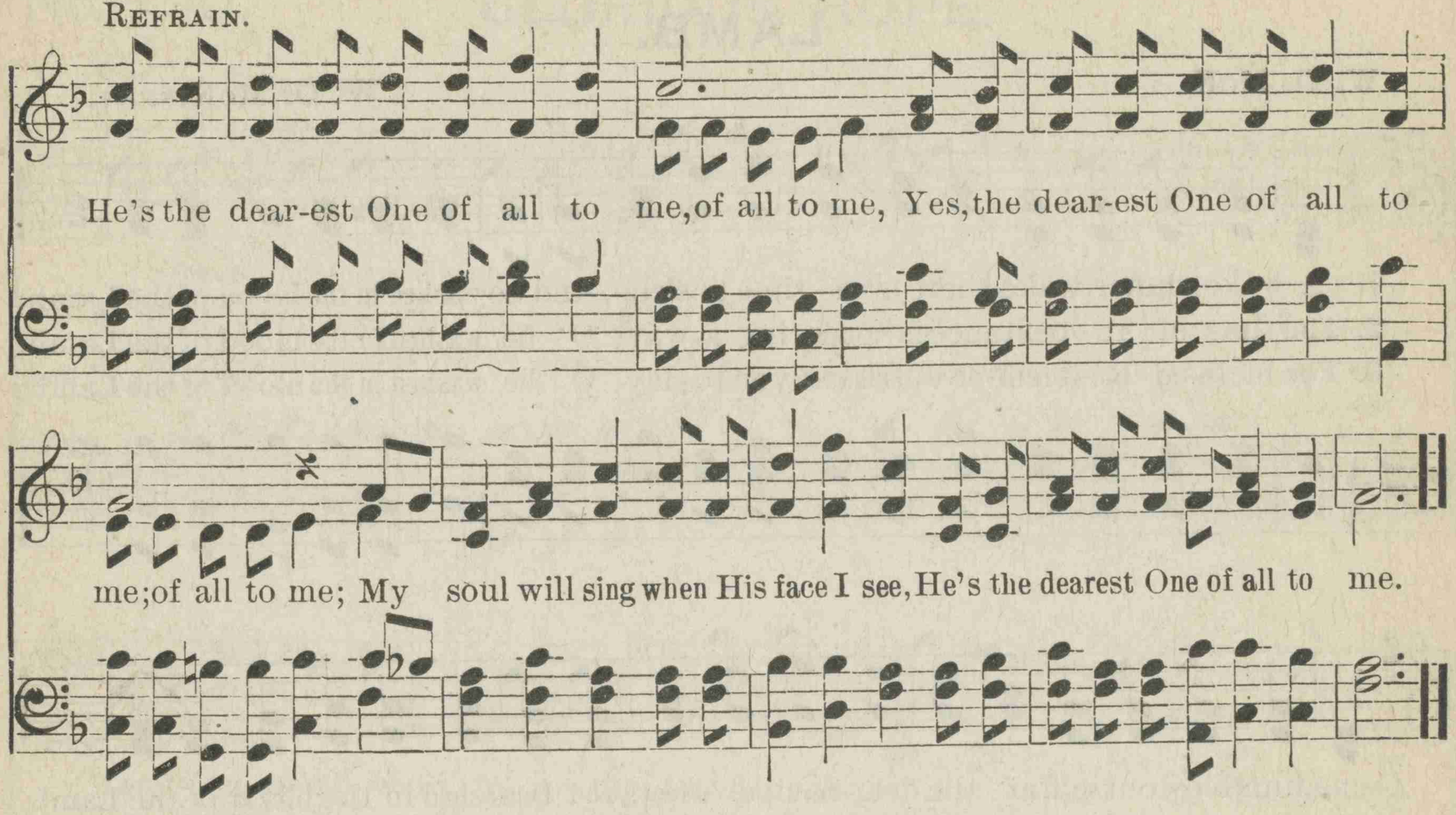
In His foot-steps day by day I'll go, With a joy-ous heart His love I know;
For my sins this bless-ed Je-sus died, On the cru-el cross was cru-ci-fied;
O that name whose praise the angels sing, To my soul doth peace and comfort bring,

Round my path His boundless mercies flow, He's the dear-est One of all to me.
He will give me strength whate'er be-tide, He's the dear-est One of all to me.
'Tis the name of heav'n's e-ternal King, He's the dear-est One of all to me.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

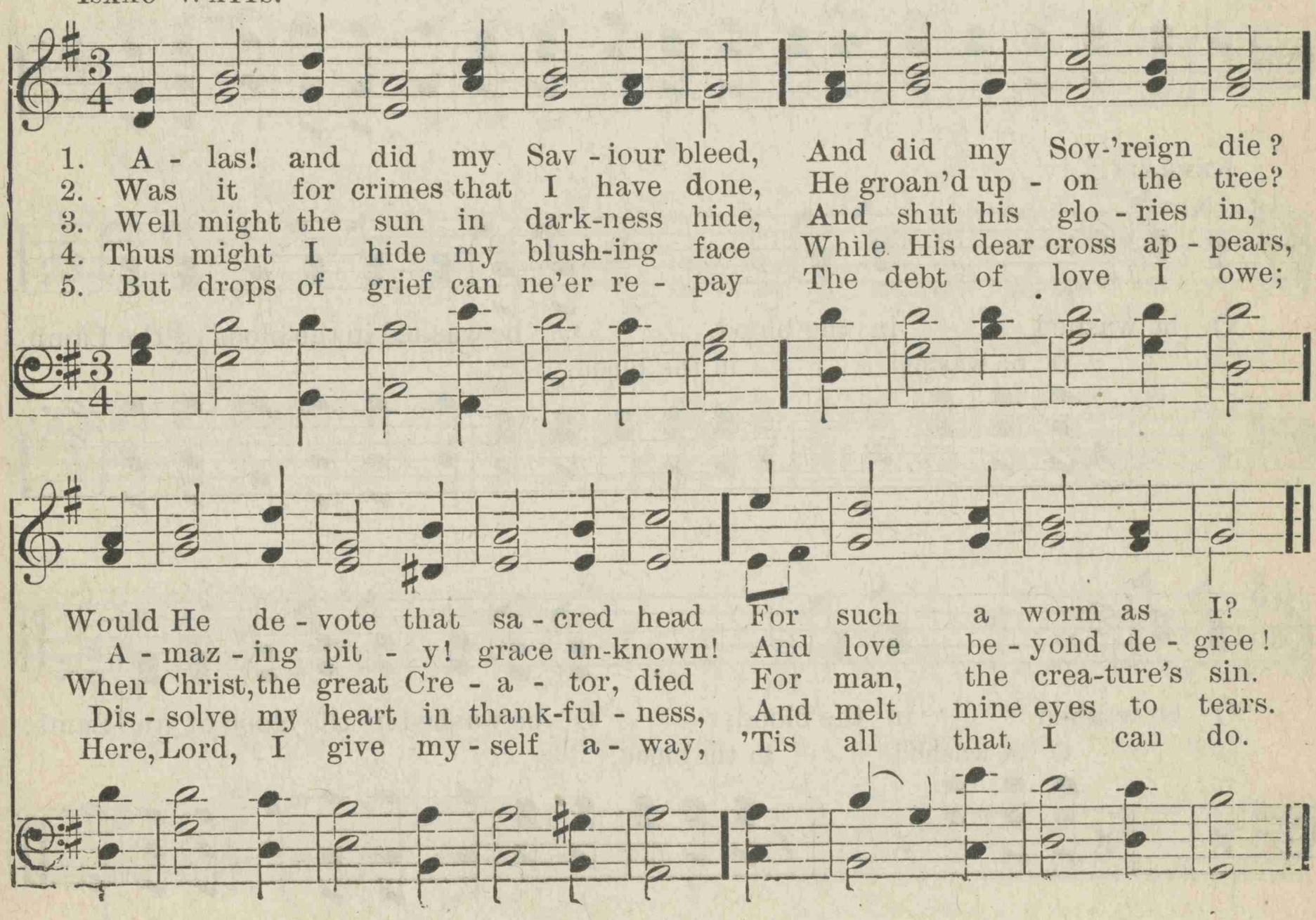
HE'S THE DEAREST ONE OF ALL TO ME.

REFRAIN.

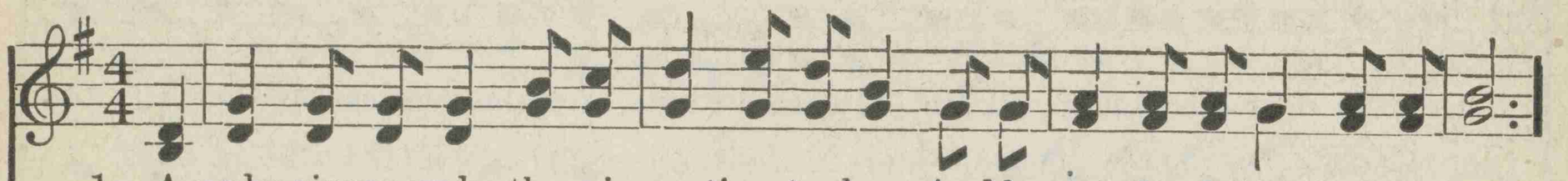


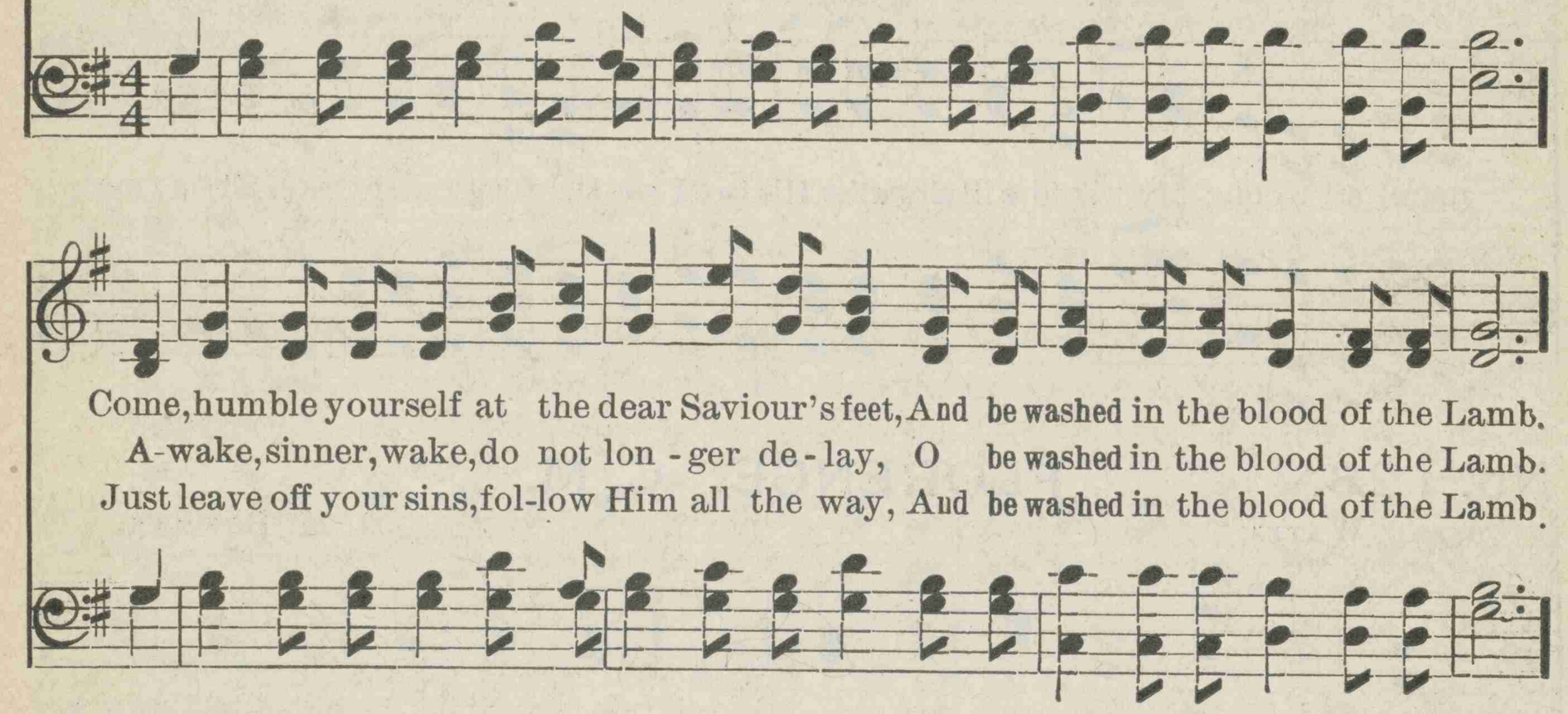
No. 128. FLORENCE. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. J. M. BOWMAN.



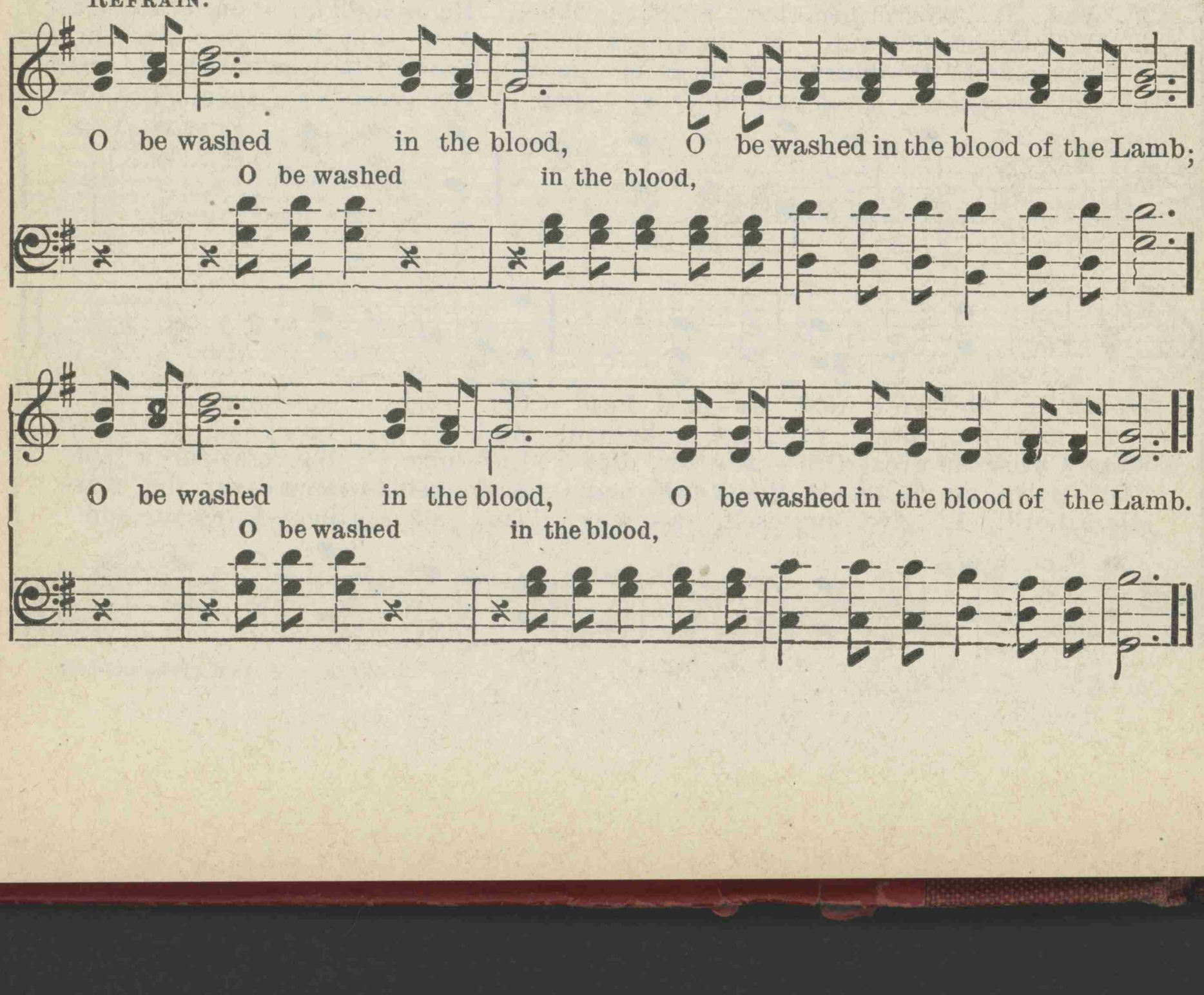
No. 129. O BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

W. O. McK. W. O. McKINNEY.

1. A-wake, sinner, wake, there is no time to sleep, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
2. The time of re-pentance is pass-ing a-way, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
3. The bless-ed Re-deem-er will cleanse you to-day, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb;



Come, humble yourself at the dear Saviour's feet, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb.
A-wake, sinner, wake, do not lon-ger de-lay, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb.
Just leave off your sins, fol-low Him all the way, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

REFRAIN.



O be washed in the blood, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb;
O be washed in the blood,
O be washed in the blood, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb.
O be washed in the blood,

No. 130. GLORIOUS HOPE.

NELLIE DUNGAN. J. M. DUNGAN.

1. Glo- ri-ous hope which Jesus has giv - en Those who His mandates gladly o - bey,
2. Then let me rest in Je-sus my Saviour, Cast-ing my bur-dens all at His feet;
3. When earthly cares for-ev-er are o - ver, Safe-ly at home with those gone be-fore,

Lead-ing us on- ward, in - to the ha - ven, In - to the land of in - fi- nite day.
In His dear pres-ence nothing can harm me, All of life's tri - als bravely I'll meet.
We will be gathered with the dear Sav-iour, Happy with Him we'll rest ev-er - more.

REFRAIN.

Trust-ing His word we glad-ly o - bey Him, Ev - er our Lead - er and our Stay;

Glo- ri- ous hope, I cling to the prom-ise. As I jour-ney on my way.

Copyright, 1900, by Gospel Advocate Pub. Co. Used by per.

No. 131. ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A-ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, A-ny-where He leads me
2. A-ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth-er friends may fail me,
3. A-ny-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning shadows

in this world be - low; A - ny-where without Him, dearest joys would fade,
He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear-est ways,
round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er more to roam,

REFRAIN.

A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
A-ny-where with Je-sus is a house of praise. A-ny-where! a-ny-where!
A-ny-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

Fear I can - not know, A-ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

Copyright, 1887. by D. B. Towner. Used by per.

No. 132. THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

f.

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S. *Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa - ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti-dings*

Fine.

tongue pro-claim the joy ful sound; The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri-umph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

REFRAIN *D. S.*

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by per.

No. 133. BE A CHEERFUL GIVER.

JENNIE WILSON. J. W. DENNIS.

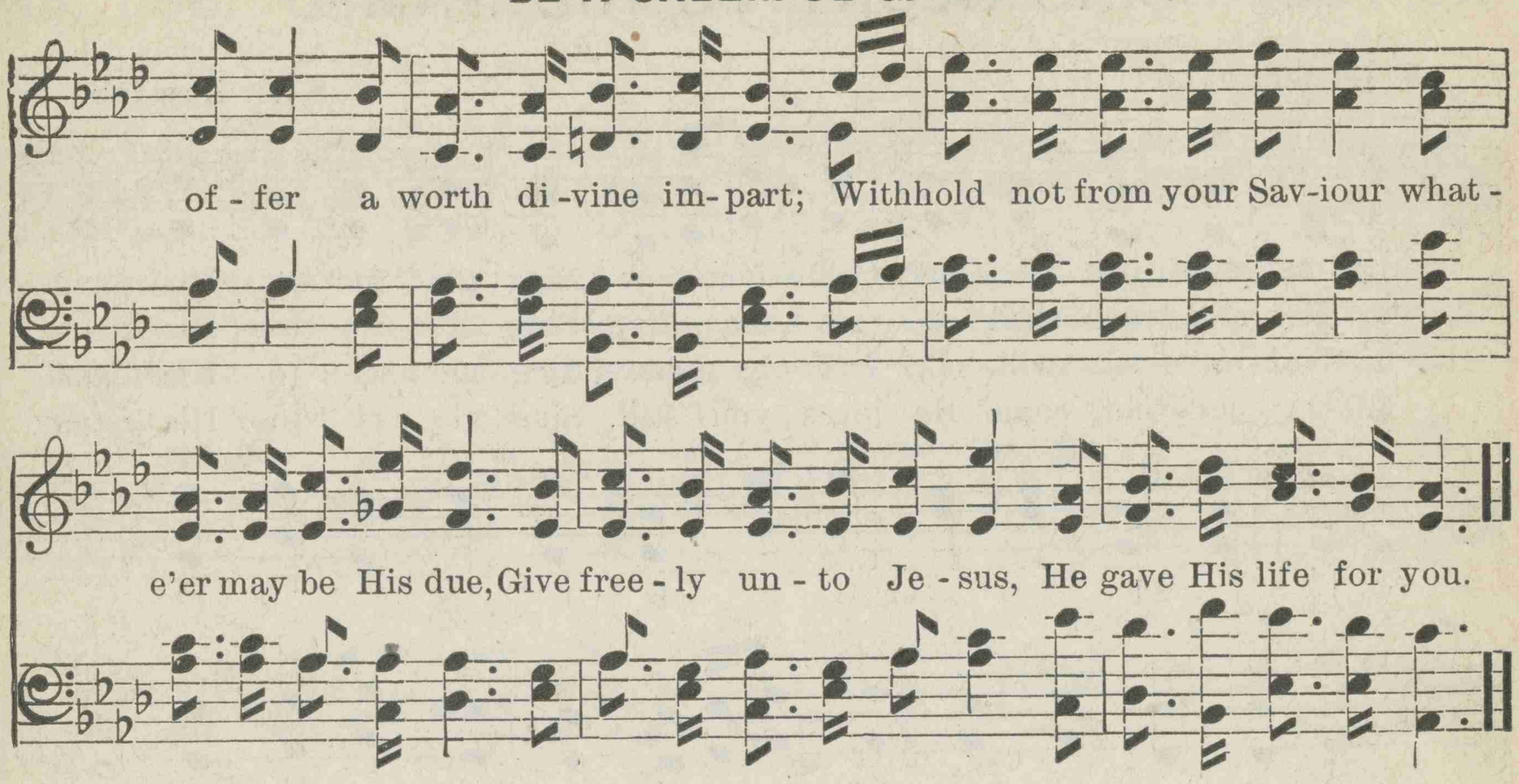
1. O be a cheer-ful giv - er, for such the Lord doth love, Whatev - er be the off-'ring He notes it from a - bove; If great or small the gift be, to Him its val - ue lies In lov-ing, grateful hom-age which giv-ing sanc-ti - fies.
2. Give glad - ly of the bounty with which you have been blest; Bring to the Lord a por - tion of all by you possessed; Then He will free - ly dow - er your soul with rich-es true, Be - stowing precious treasures of peace and joy a-new.
3. Give cheer-ful-ly of ser-vice where'er the Lord may need; For read-y, will-ing help - ers let Him not vain - ly plead; Of store of love and la - bor to Je - sus free - ly give, And with His smile upon you in gladness dai - ly live.

REFRAIN.

O be a cheer-ful giv - er, let love within your heart To all that you may

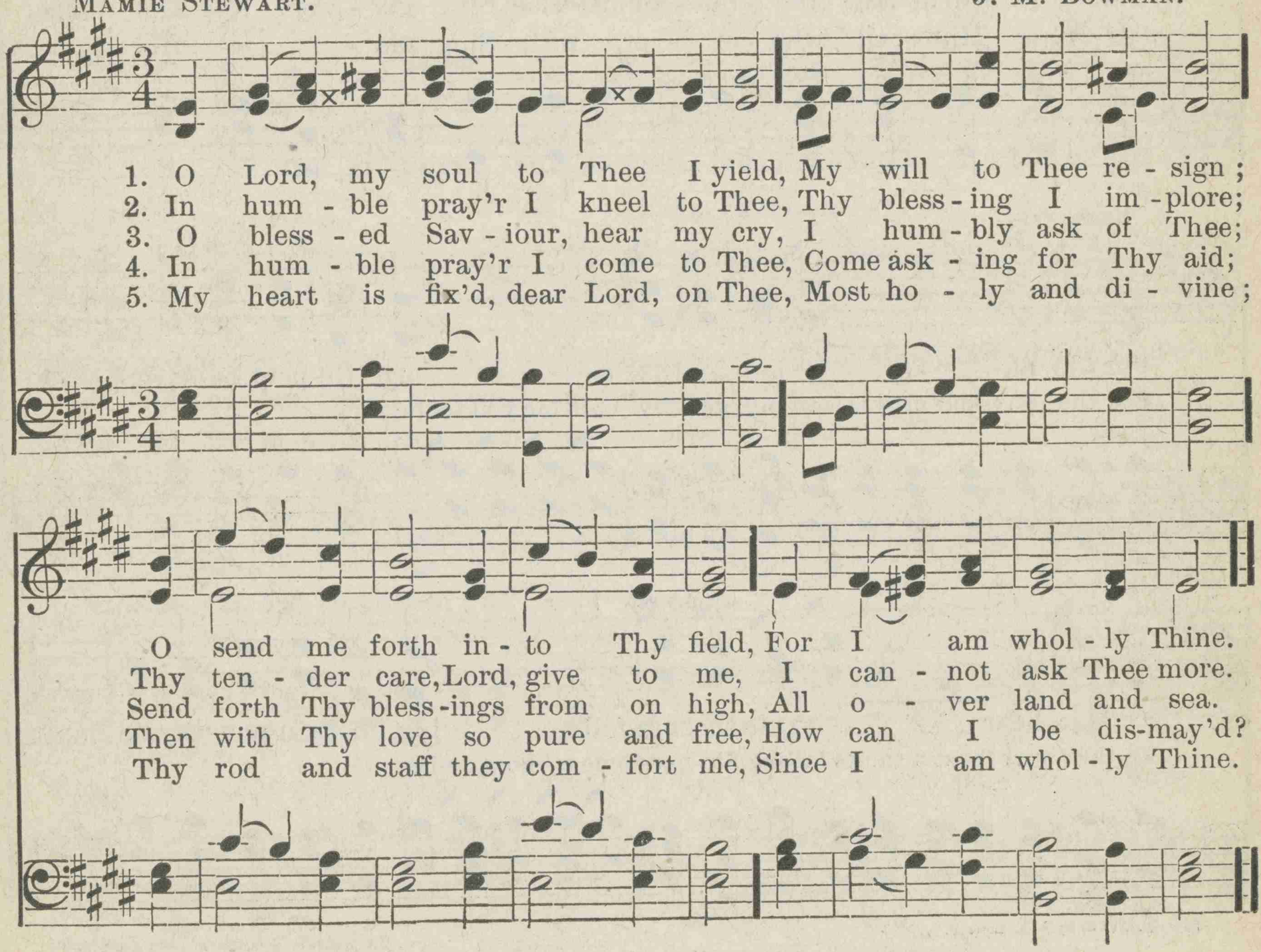
Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

BE A CHEERFUL GIVER.



No. 134. MY HUMBLE PRAYER.

MAMIE STEWART. J. M. BOWMAN.



No. 135. SING GLORY TO HIS NAME.

S. G. Woodall. S. L. Howard.

1. I'm saved by Je - sus' cleans-ing pow'r, Sing glo - ry to His name;
2. His blood was shed to set me free, Sing glo - ry to His name;
3. Who - ev - er will may free - ly share, Sing glo - ry to His name,
4. O sin - ner, come, He loves you still, Sing glo - ry to His name;

O will you not be - lieve this hour? Sing glo - ry to His name.
He died for you, He died for me, Sing glo - ry to His name.
The crown which all the ran - somed wear, Sing glo - ry to His name.
O hear Him call who - ev - er will, Sing glo - ry to His name.

Refrain.

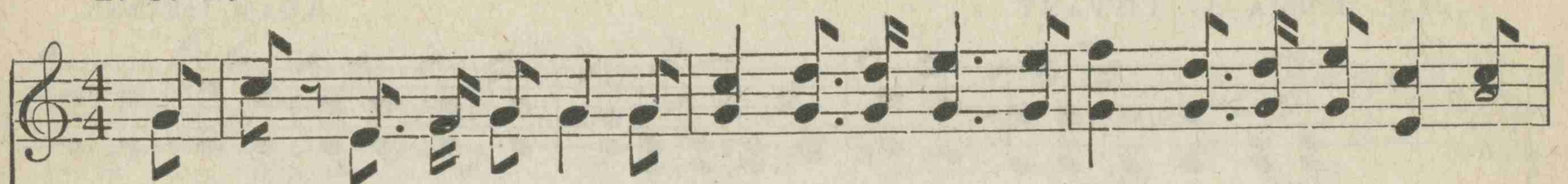
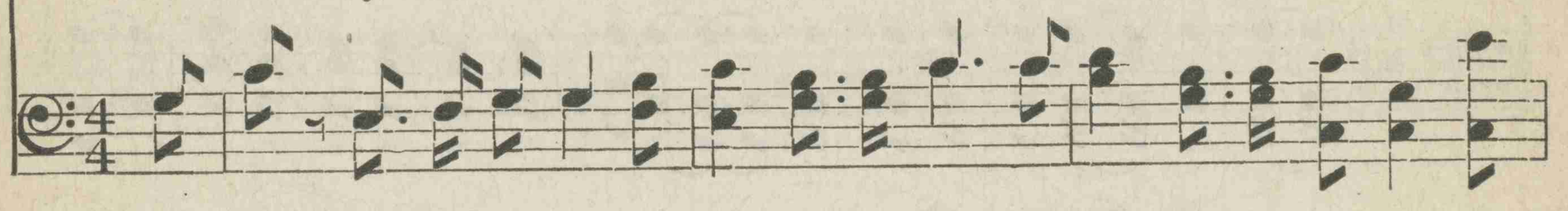
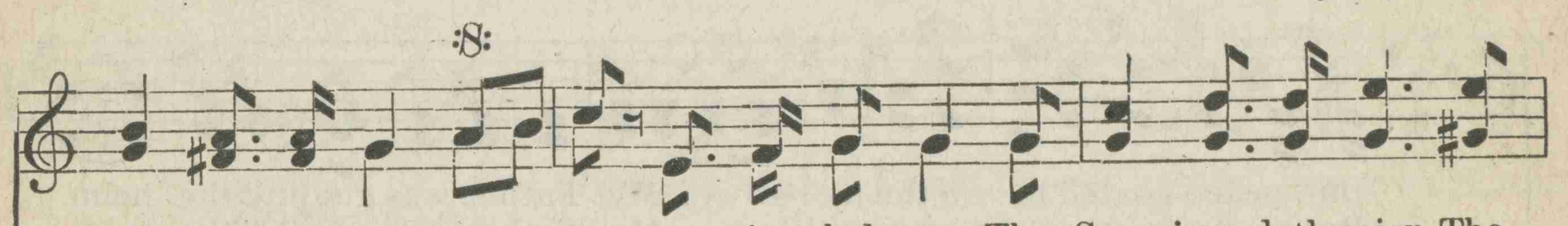
For the Sav - - iour now is call - ing, Re-pent, be-lieve, o - bey;
For the Sav-iour now is call-ing, gen- tly call-ing you to-day,

O, then hear . . . . those accents fall - ing, Poor sin-ner, why de - lay?
O, then hear those accents falling, Sin-ner, come without de-lay,

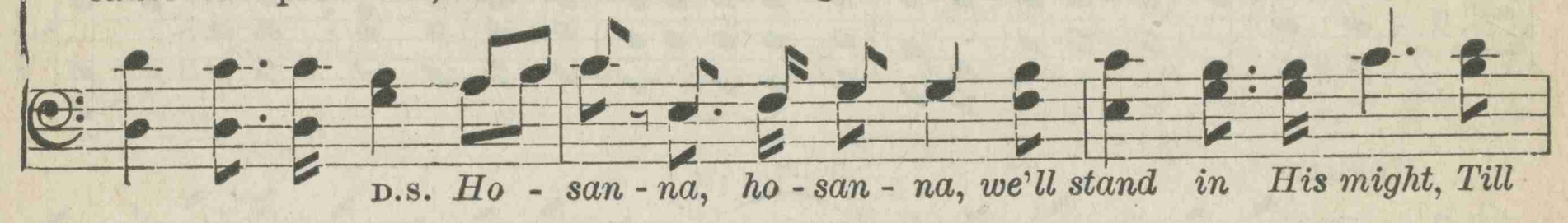
Copyright, 1903, by S. L. Howard.

No. 136. O STRIKE, STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

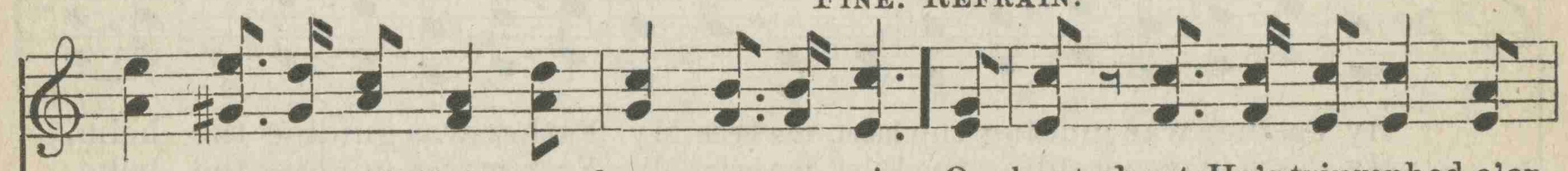
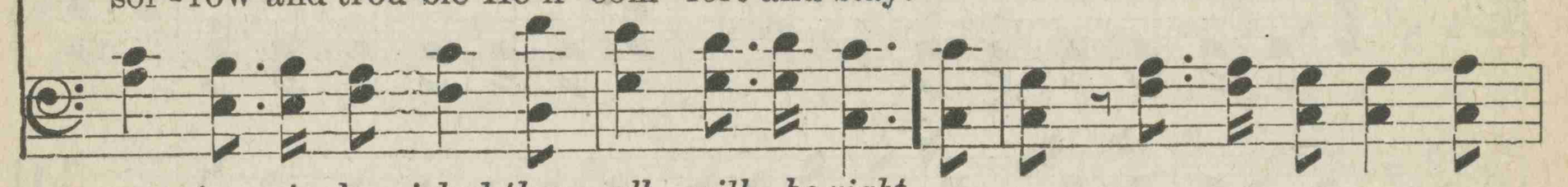
T. J. B.

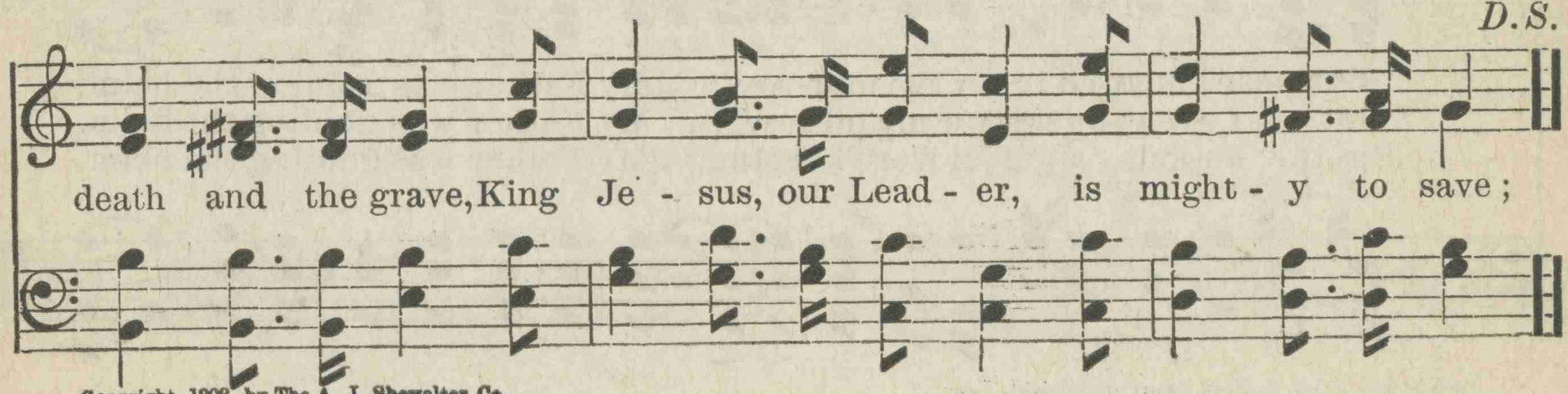
THOS. J. BENTON.

1. O strike, strike the cymbal, ho - san - nas we bring To Christ, the Redeem-er, our
2. We march, march to Zi - on with Christ as our Guide, And fear not the con-flict when
3. Then stand by the ban-ner, let cour-age ne'er fail, Our strength is in Je - sus, our



Sav - iour and King; A - rise ye in glad-ness, The Sav - iour doth reign, The
near to His side; O put on the ar - mor and stand, firm - ly stand, Till
cause will pre - vail; Pro - tec - tion He'll give us, by night and by day, In



D.S. *Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, we'll stand in His might, Till*

FINE. REFRAIN.

gloom and the mid-night no lon - ger re-main. O shout, shout, He's triumphed o'er
sin is no lon - ger a - broad in the land.
sor - row and trou - ble He'll com - fort and stay.

sa - tan is ban-ished, then all will be right.

D.S.

death and the grave, King Je - sus, our Lead - er, is might - y to save;

Copyright, 1908, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 137. RESIGNATION.

Mrs. Emma A. Tiffany. Adam Geibel.

1. I stood face to face with a sor - row, . . That threat'n'd my bark to o'er - whelm,
2. I rode o'er a tempest-rock'd bil - low, . Which threat'n'd my life to o'er - whelm,
3. O'er my soul death's shadows were creep-ing, . . That threat'n'd my faith to o'er - whelm,

But peace floated in on the mor-row, . My Father was guiding the helm.
But I sweetly slept on my pil-low, . My Father was guiding the helm.
But the an-gels a vig - il were keeping, . My Father was guiding the helm.

Refrain.

My Fa-ther was guiding the helm, the helm, . . My Father was guiding the helm,
My Fa-ther was guiding the helm, the helm, . . My Father was guiding the helm,
My Fa-ther was guiding the helm, the helm, . . My Father was guiding the helm,

But peace float-ed in on the mor-row, . . . My Father was guiding the helm.
But I sweet-ly slept on my pil-low, . . . My Father was guiding the helm.
But the an-gels a vig - il were keeping, . My Father was guiding the helm.

Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of copyright.

No. 138. SUNSHINE AND RAIN.

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

1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year around, Without the blessing of refresh-ing rain,
2. Had we not a sor-row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the burden of our re - freshing rain,
3. Can we prize the sunshine and deplore the rain, Re-pin-ing when the days are dark and sin,

Would we scat - ter seed up - on the fal - low ground, And
Would we know the sweetness of His love and care, Or
Can we hope for pleasures yet de - ny the pain, Or

Would we scat - ter seed

drear?

REFRAIN.

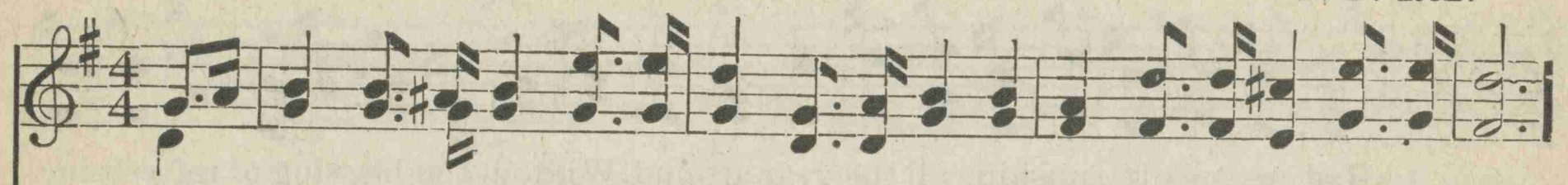
hope to gath-er flowers, fruit and grain?
e - ven strive e-ter - nal joys to win?
share the joys of life without the tear?

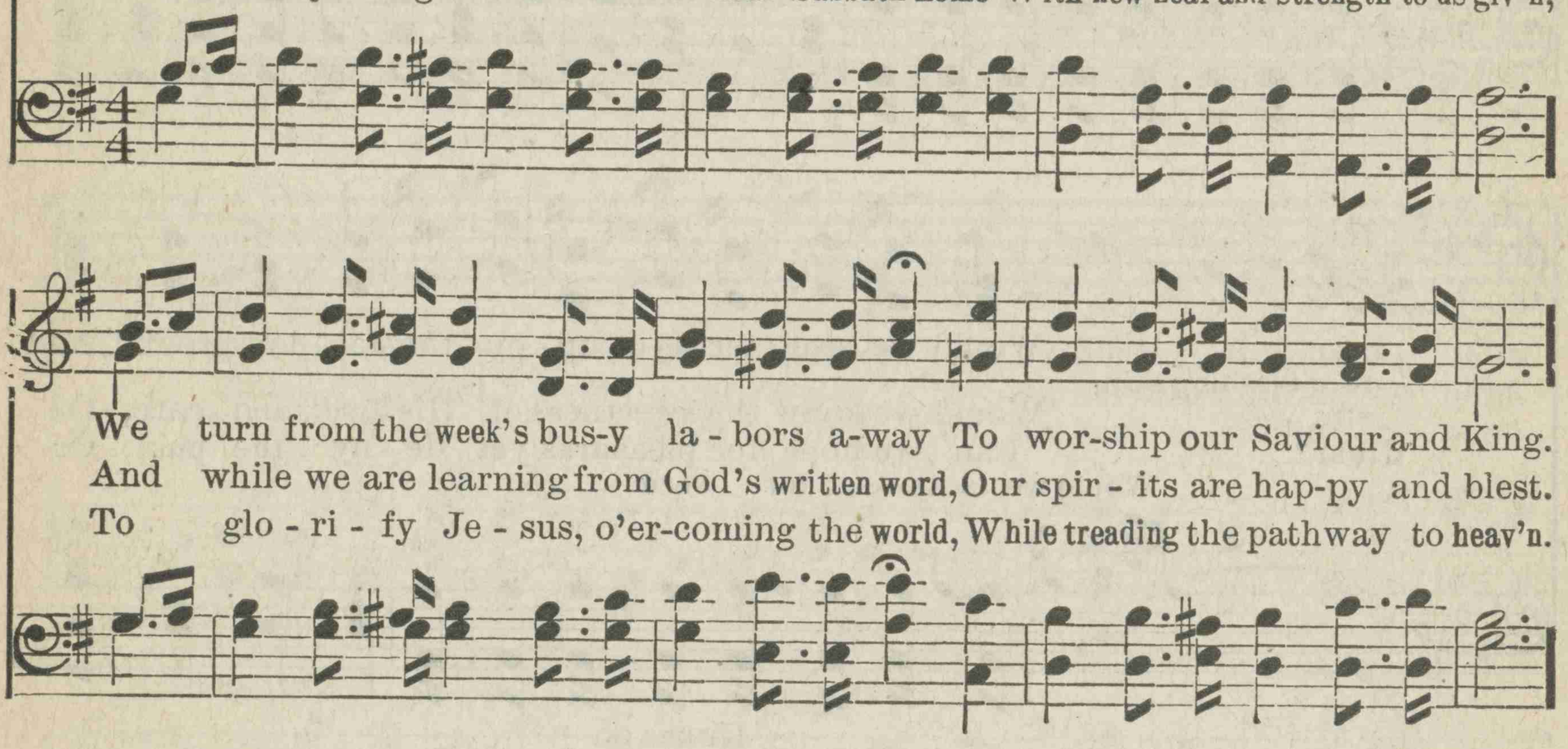
Sunshine and rain, refreshing, re- viv - ing rain,
Sunshine and rain, to nourish the growing grain,

Light of faith and love, Show- ers from a - bove!
Send us, Lord, the (*Omit.* . . . . .) sun-shine and the rain.

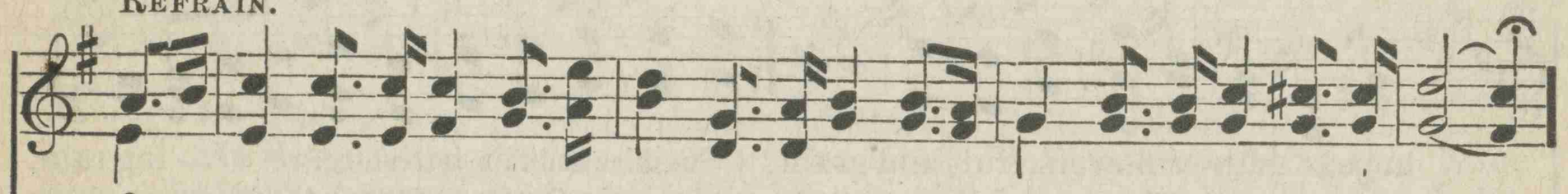
Copyright, 1902, by Chas. H. Gabriel. Used by per-

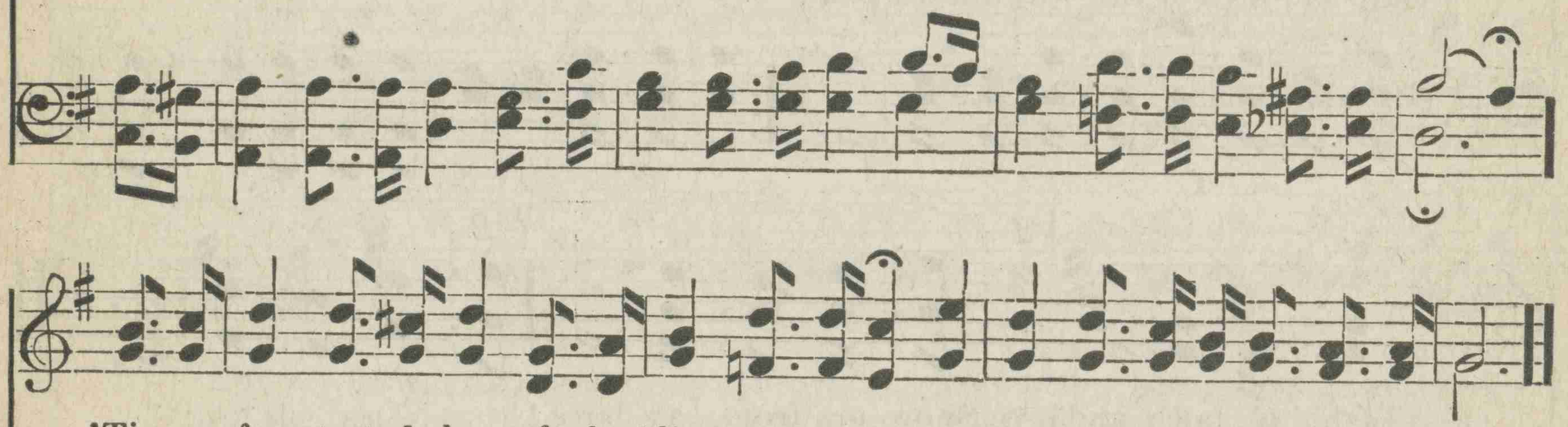
No. 139. OUR DEAR SABBATH HOME.

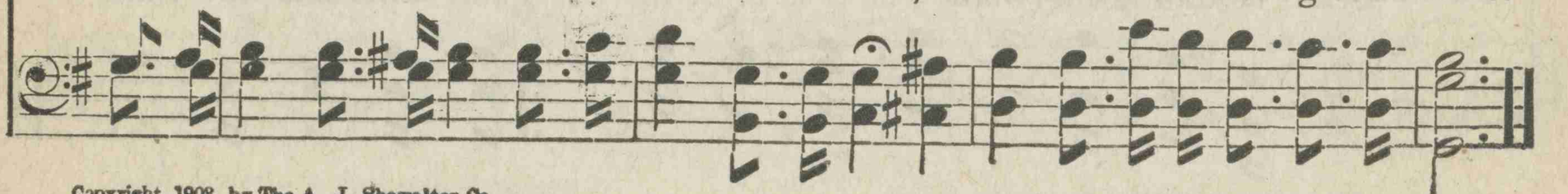
JENNIE WILSON. B. F. ROE.

1. With glad-ness we meet in our dear Sabbath home, The sweet songs of Zi- on to sing;
2. The hours that we spend in the house of the Lord Are filled with a calm, ho-ly rest,
3. O may we go forth from our dear Sabbath home With new zeal and strength to us giv'n,



We turn from the week's bus-y la - bors a-way To wor-ship our Saviour and King.
And while we are learning from God's written word, Our spir - its are hap-py and blest.
To glo - ri - fy Je - sus, o'er-coming the world, While treading the pathway to heav'n.

REFRAIN.

O come, share the joys of our dear Sabbath home, Its pleasures are pure and di - vine;



'Tis a fore-taste below of the bliss we shall know, Above where unveiled glories shine.

Copyright, 1908, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

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

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

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

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

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

FINE.

REFRAIN.

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

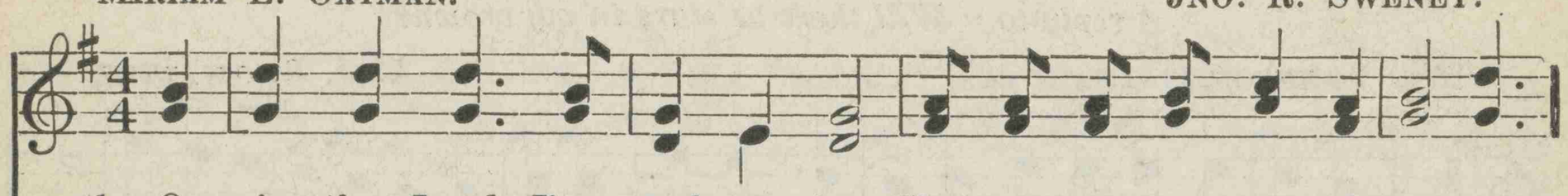
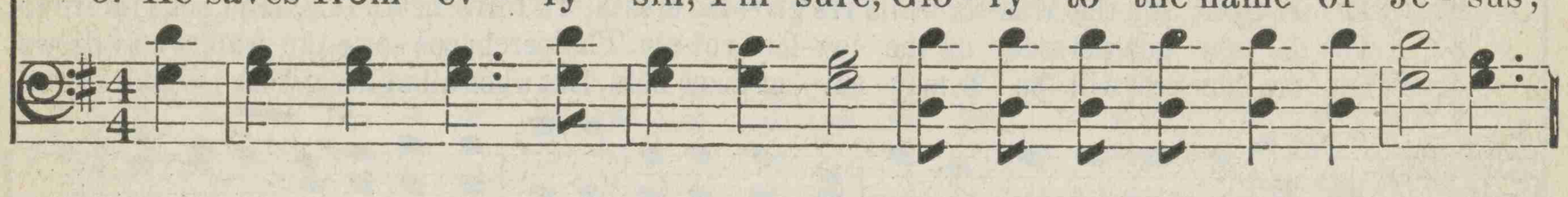
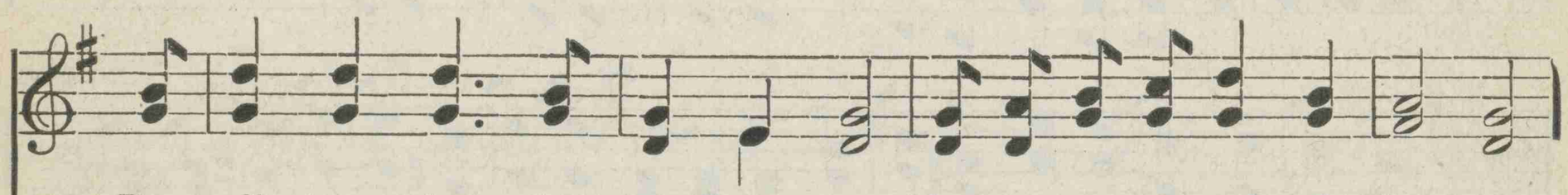
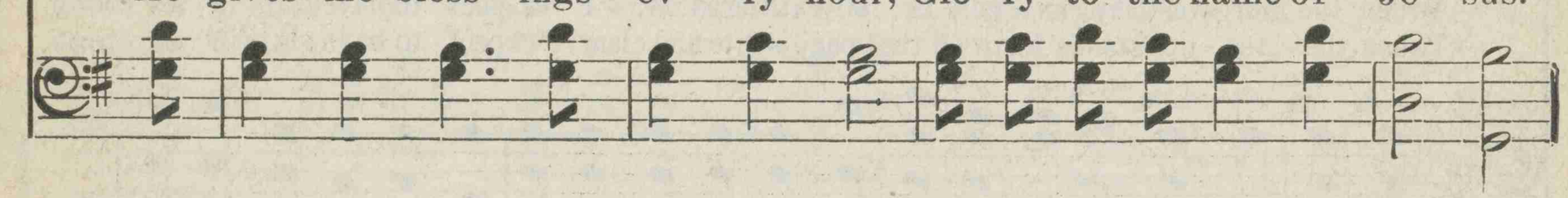
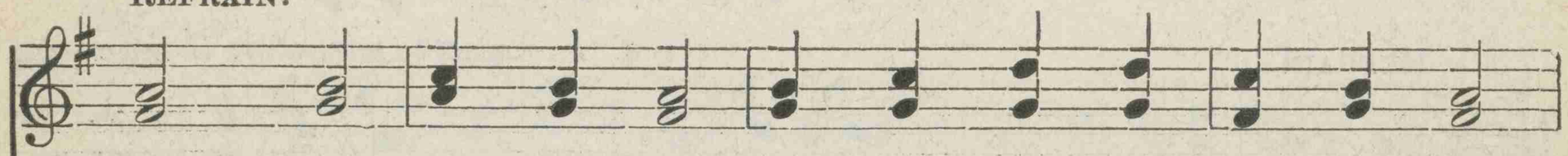
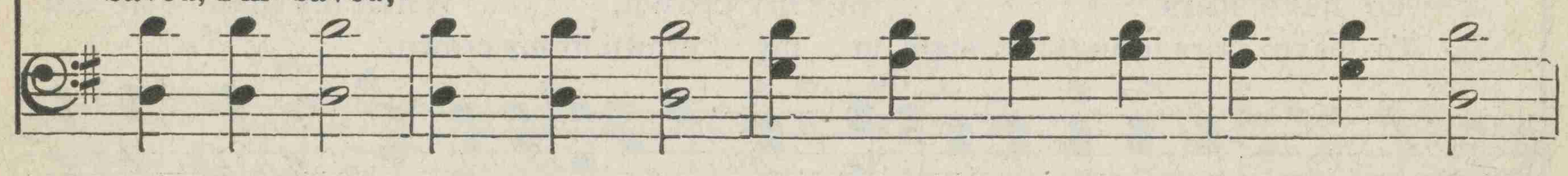
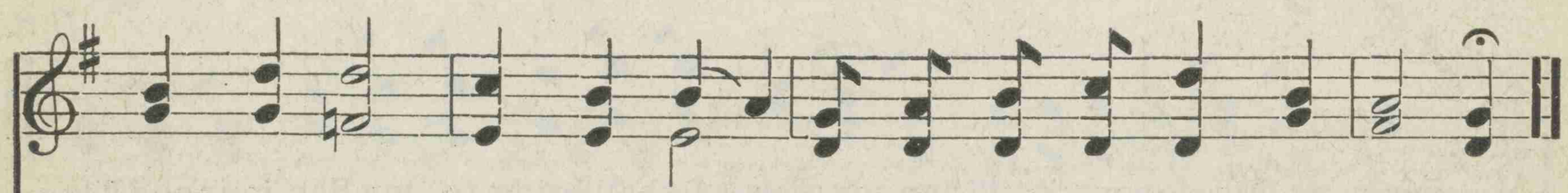
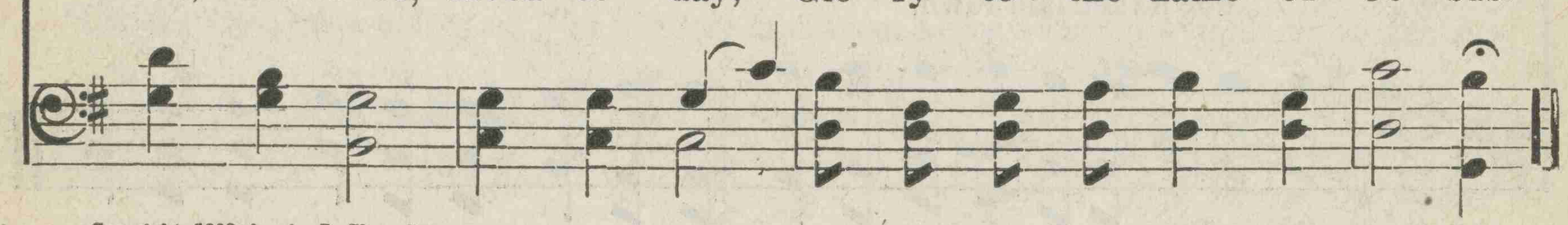
To have stars in my crown, When my man - tle on earth is laid down,
To have stars, beau-ti-ful stars in my crown, in my crown, down, then laid down,

D.S.

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

Copyright, 1911, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 141. GLORY TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O praise the Lord, I'm saved to - day, Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus;
2. O come and lis - ten un - to Him, Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus;
3. He saves from ev - 'ry sin, I'm sure, Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus;

I'm walk - ing in the nar - row way, Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus.
And He will save you from all sin, Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus.
He gives me bless - ings ev - 'ry hour, Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Saved, saved, saved to - day, Walk - ing in the nar - row way;
Saved, I'm saved,

Lord, I'm saved, saved to - day, Glo - ry to the name of Je - sus.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 142. TELL ABOUT THE MASTER.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. ROBERTSON.

1. Tell a-bout the Mas-ter to the souls that mourn, He hath bought their par-don
2. Tell a-bout the Mas-ter! 'tis the sweet-est tale When the soul is tempt-ed
3. Tell a-bout the Mas-ter and His wondrous love, How He seeks the lost ones
4. Tell a-bout the Mas-ter! ma - ny do not know, Do not let them per - ish,

and their sor-rows borne; He will nev - er leave them tho' all else de - part,
and grim doubts as-sail; He will help His chil-dren in the time of need,
when from Him they rove; Calls them from the dark-ness to the light di - vine,
glad - ly to them go; Take the bless - ed mes-sage to the dark-est place,

D.S. *Nev - er fail - ing Help - er, best and tru - est Friend,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

He will whis-per com-fort to each ach - ing heart. Tell a - bout the Mas - ter,
Strengthen them in weak-ness, be a Friend in-deed.
Tell it to the wand'rers who in sin re-pine.
Tell a-bout His good-ness, love - li - ness and grace.

All will find Him faith-ful to the ve - ry end.

D.S.

He is dear to you, Tell the tale to oth - ers, for they need it too.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 143. THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

Selected. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. In the crim-son of the morn-ing, in the whiteness of the noon, In the am-ber glo-ry of the day's re-treat, In the midnight robed in darkness or the gleam-ing of the moon, I lis-ten for the coming of His feet.
2. I have heard His wea-ry foot-steps on the sands of Gal-i-lee, On the temple's marble pavement, on the street; Worn with weight of sor-row falt'ring up the slopes of Cal-va-ry, The sor-row of the coming of His feet.
3. Down the min-ster-aisles of splen-dor, from be-twixt the cher-u-bim, Thro' the wand'ring throng with mo-tion strong and fleet, Sounds His victor tread approaching with a mu-sic fair and dim, The mu-sic of the coming of His feet.
4. He is com-ing, O my spir-it! with His ev-er-last-ing peace, With His bless-ed-ness im-mor-tal and complete; He is com-ing, O my spir-it! and His com-ing brings re-lease, I lis-ten for the coming of His feet.

REFRAIN.

Bless-ed com - - ing of His feet, I lis-ten for the
Bless-ed coming, bless-ed com-ing of His feet, of His feet,

Copyright, 1908, by A. J. Showalter.

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

com- ing of His feet ; Crowned with glo - ry He is coming, in the
of His feet;

air His bride to meet, I lis-ten for the coming of His feet. (of His feet.)

No. 144. ANOTHER YEAR.

F. R. HAVERGAL. A. J. S.

1. An- oth - er year is dawn-ing ! Dear Master, let it be, In work-ing or in
2. An- oth - er year of lean-ing Up - on Thy lov - ing breast, Of trustful-ness e'er
3. An- oth - er year of prog-ress, An - oth- er year of praise, An- oth - er year of
4. An- oth - er year of ser - vice, Of wit-ness for Thy love ; An- oth - er year of
5. An- oth - er year is dawn-ing ! Dear Master, let it be, On earth, or else in

waiting, An- oth-er year with Thee, In working or in waiting, An-oth-er year with Thee.
deep'ning, Of qui-et, hap-py rest, Of trustfulness e'er deep'ning, Of qui-et, happy rest.
prov-ing Thy presence all the days, An-oth-er year of proving Thy presence all the days.
training For ho-lier work above, An-oth-er year of training For ho-lier work a-bove.
heav-en, An-oth- er year for Thee, On earth, or else in heaven, An-oth-er year for Thee.

No. 145. COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." **Matt. 11: 28.**

J. S. KIMBROUGH. S. L. HOWARD.

1. From la - bor, pain (From la - bor, pain) and sor - row free, (and sor - row free,)
2. Come un - to Me, (Come un - to Me,) and find sweet rest, (and find sweet rest,)
3. Bowed down beneath (Bowed down beneath) a bur - den sore, (a bur - den sore,)
4. The Sav-iour calls, (The Sav - iour calls,) O heed His voice, (O heed His voice,)

Ye all may come (ye all may come) to Christ and live; (to Christ and live;)
The voice of bleed-(the voice of bleed-)ing mer - cy cries; (mer - cy cries;)
You long have sought (you long have sought) for rest in vain; (for rest in vain;)
No lon - ger seek (no lon - ger seek) the ways of sin; (the ways of sin;)

His blood was shed (His blood was shed) on Cal - va - ry, (on Cal - va - ry,)
No lon - ger grieve, (no lon - ger grieve,) by sin oppressed, (by sin oppressed,)
Come un - to Me (come un - to Me) and sin no more,) and sin no more,)
Be - lieve His word, (be - lieve His word,) make Him your choice, (make Him your choice,)

That sin - ners vile (that sin - ners vile) might look and live. (might look and live.)
Your soul with - out (your soul with - out) this mer - cy dies. (this mer - cy dies.)
And you this heav'n-(and you this heav'n-)ly rest may gain. (this rest may gain.)
And in - to rest (and in - to rest) now en - ter in. (now en - ter in.)

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

COME UNTO ME.

REFRAIN.

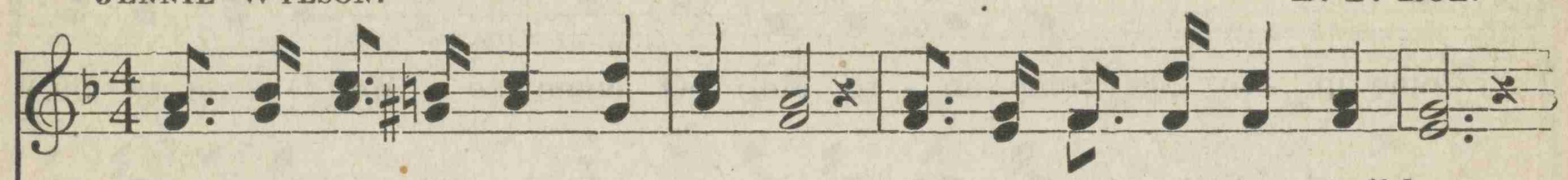
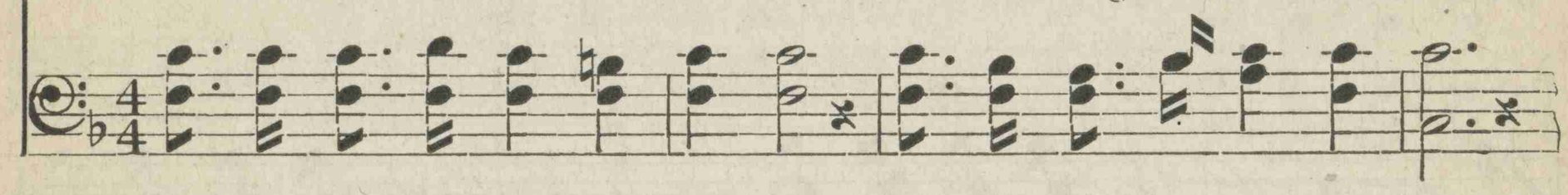
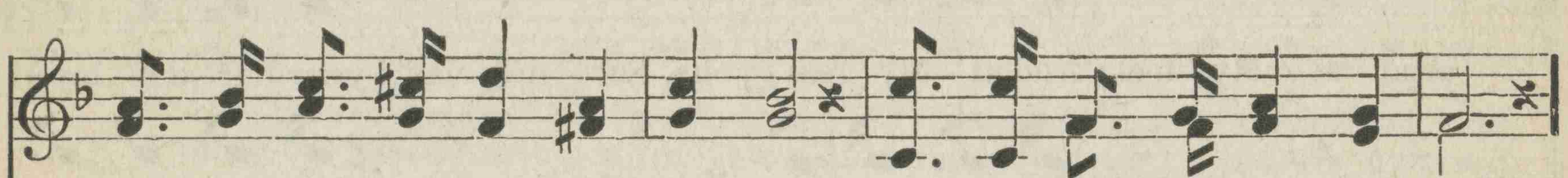
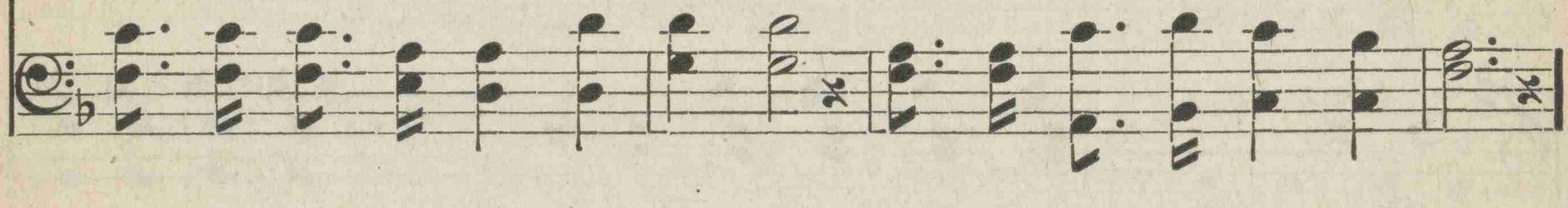
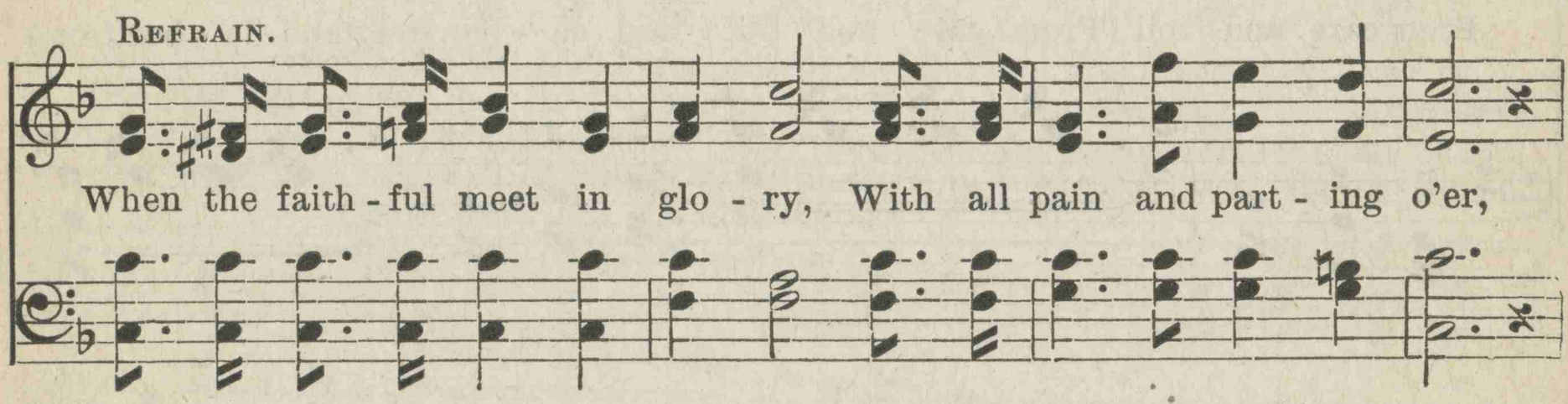
Come un - to Me,(come un - to Me,) O come to Me,(O come to Me,)

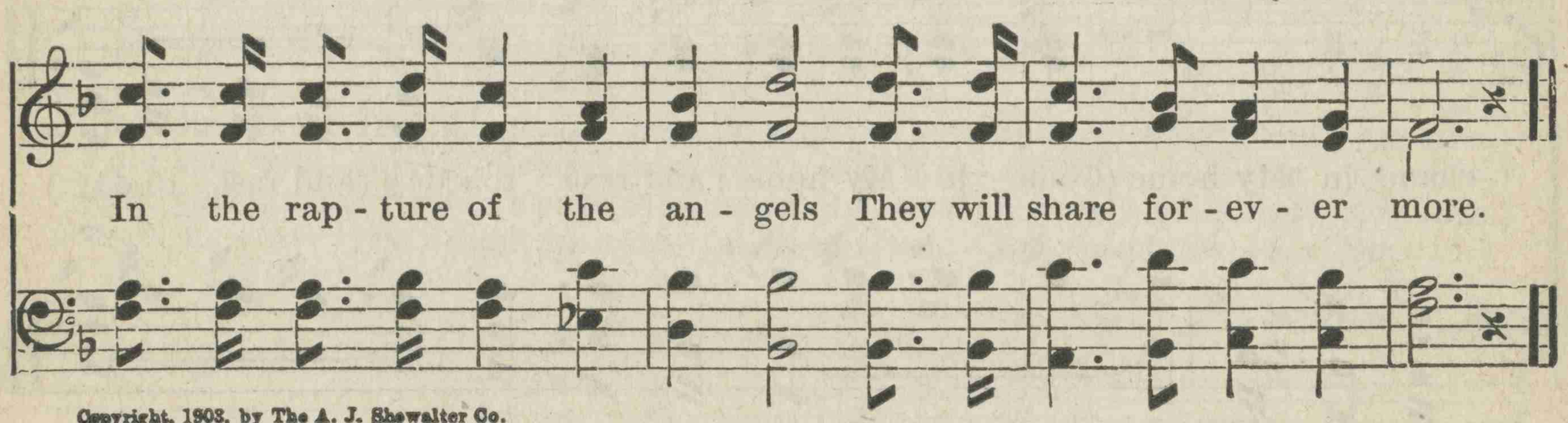
And at My feet(And at My feet) your bur - den lay;(your bur - den lay;)

From care and toil (From care and toil) and la - bor free,(and la - bor free,)

Come in My home (Come in My home) and rest to - day (and rest to-day.)

No. 146. WHEN THE FAITHFUL MEET IN GLORY.

JENNIE WILSON. B. F. ROE.

1. When the faith-ful meet in glo - ry, O what glad-ness they shall know,
2. O how bright will be the splen-dor Where the walls of jas - per shine,
3. O how fair will seem the riv - er, Where life's crys-tal wa - ters glide,
4. O how sweet will sound the mu - sic Of the songs that nev - er cease,

Af - ter all the cares and tri - als Of the jour - ney here be - low.
When the gloom of earth - ly shad - ows Flees be - fore the light di - vine.
To the souls in tri - umph pass - ing O - ver death's dark flow - ing tide.
When be - yond the days of con - flict Come the count-less years of peace.

REFRAIN.

When the faith - ful meet in glo - ry, With all pain and part - ing o'er,

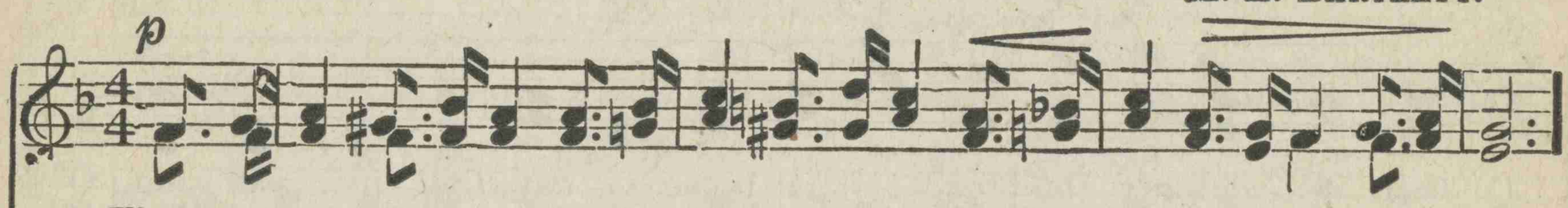
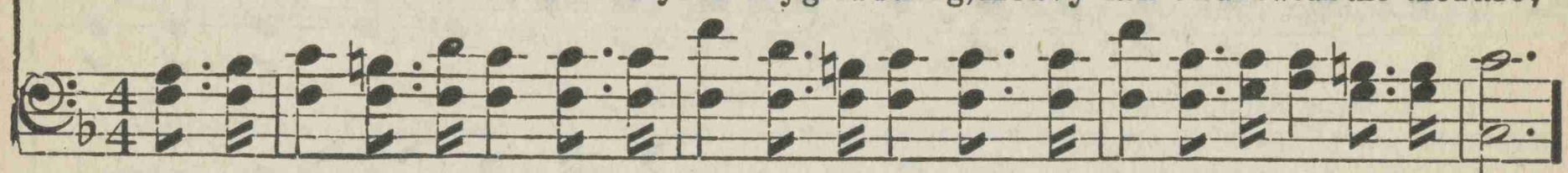
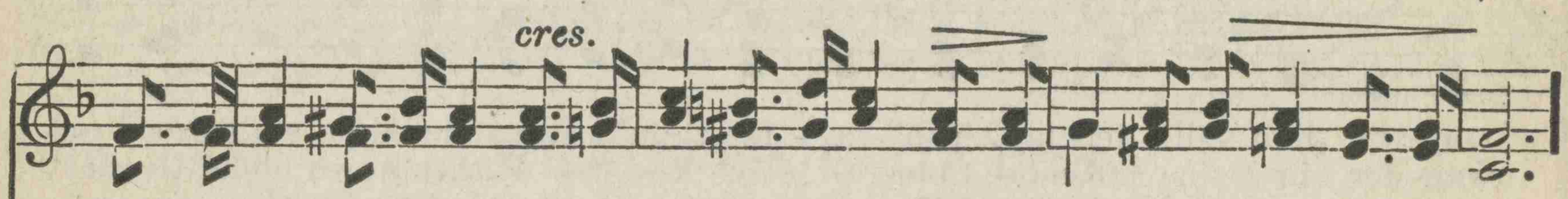
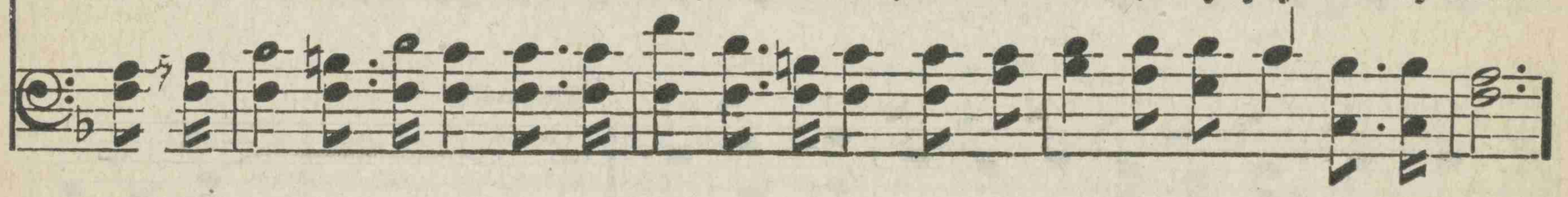


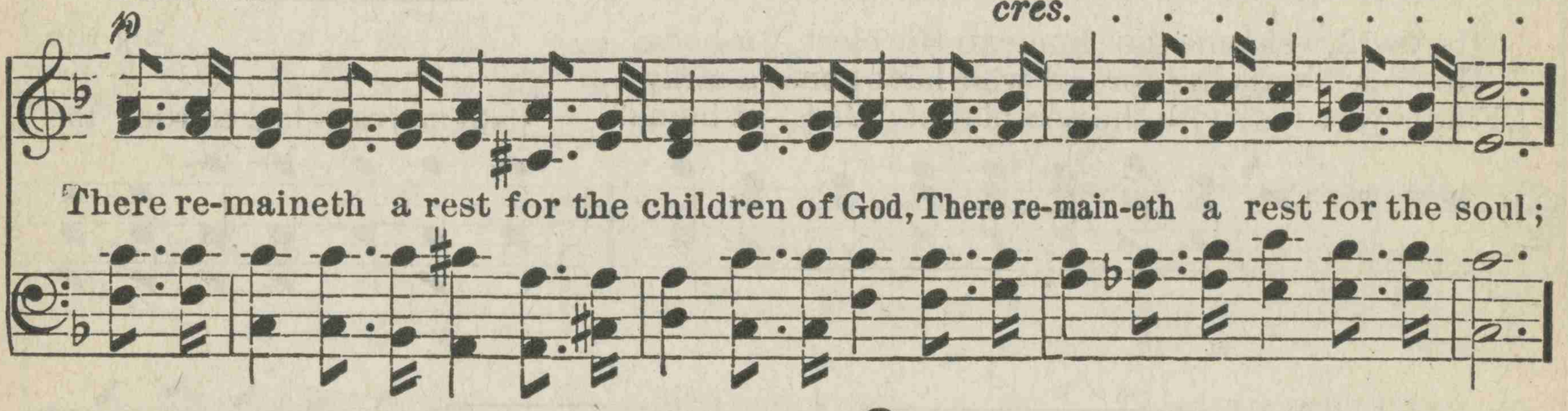
In the rap - ture of the an - gels They will share for - ev - er more.

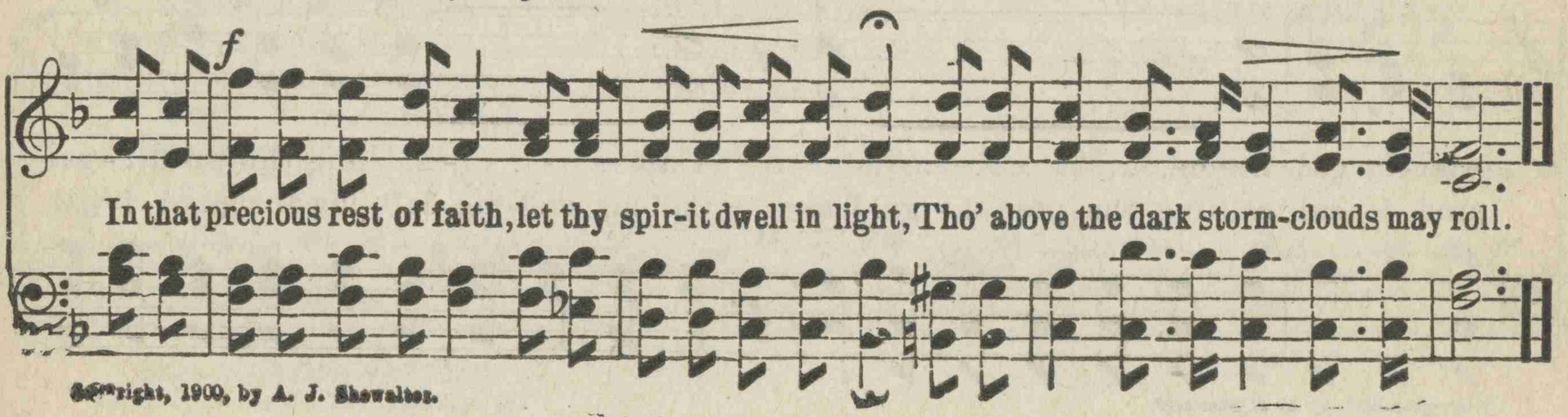
Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 147. THERE REMAINETH A REST.

Hebrews 4: 9.

JENNIE WILSON. M. L. BARTLETT.

1. There re-maineth a rest for the children of God, O that haven of calm enter in;
2. There re-maineth a rest on-ly enter'd thro' faith, Thro' un-fal-ter-ing trust in the Arm
3. There re-maineth a rest from the burdens of care, And the sorrows that often betide;
4. There re-maineth a rest where thy soul may grow strong, Heavy-lad-en and weak tho' thou art;

Wea-ry soul, tempest-toss'd on the billows of time, Seek that rest ev-er-last-ing to win.
That up-holdeth the righteous whatev-er befalls, And doth shield them from ev-er-y harm.
The be-liev-ing that rest in its fulness may know, Keeping close to the dear Saviour's side.
En-ter in-to that rest, O thou sad, troubled one, Let its sweet, holy joy fill thy heart.

REFRAIN.



There re-maineth a rest for the children of God, There re-main-eth a rest for the soul;

In that precious rest of faith, let thy spir-it dwell in light, Tho' above the dark storm-clouds may roll.

Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 148. GOD IS CALLING THE PRODIGAL HOME.

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

1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal home to-day, Call-ing, call-ing, O
2. While the Sav-iour is knock-ing at thy heart's door, Bid-ding, bid-ding thee
3. In com-pas-sion the Spir-it en-treats thee now, Why not, why not in

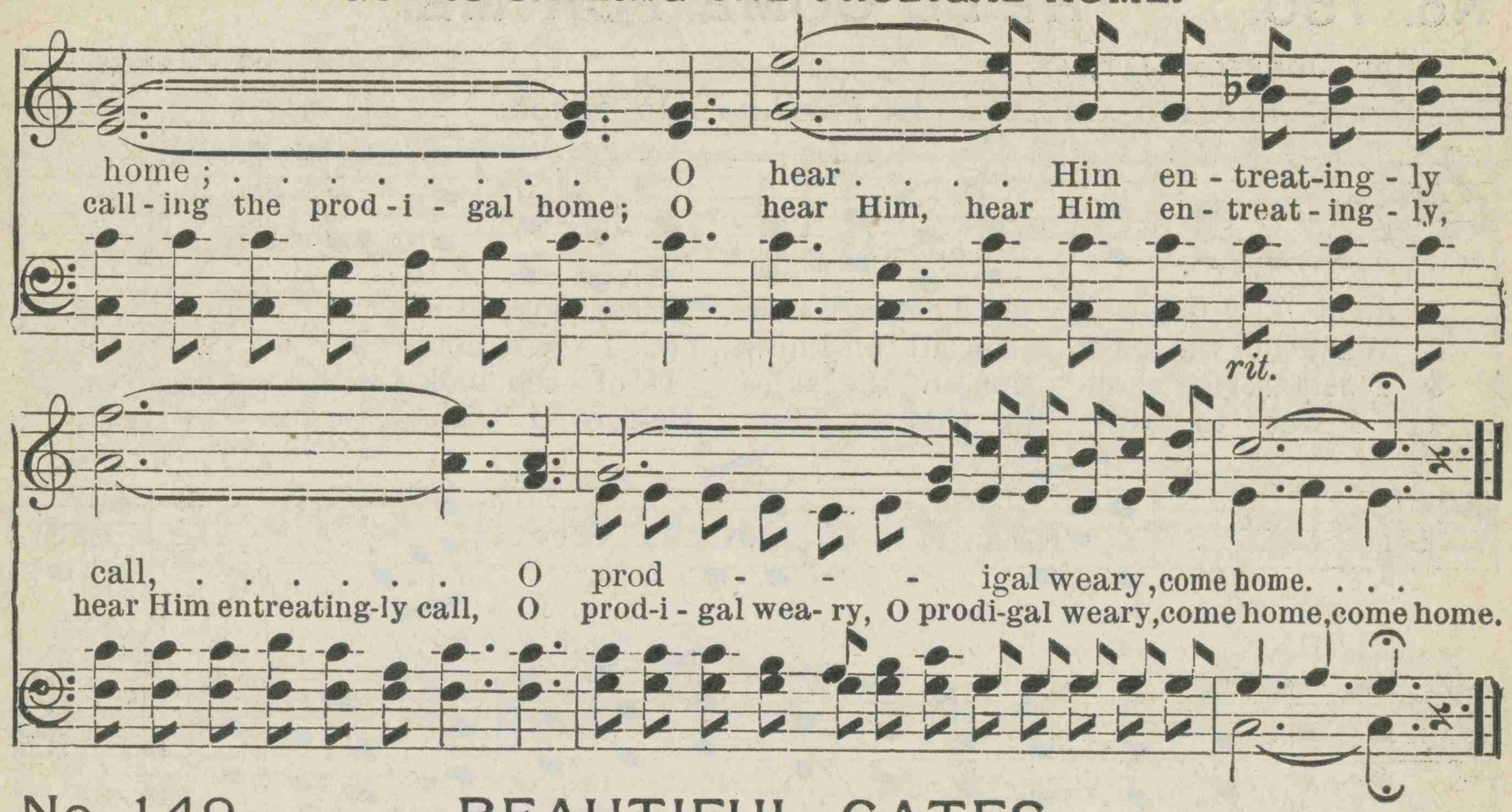
why wilt thou still de-lay? Tho' a-far thou hast wandered in sin's broad road,
wan-der in sin no more, Come, O come to thy Father's own home to-day;
pen-i-tence meek-ly bow? Thou art wea-ry, then why not to Je-sus come?

REFRAIN.

He will welcome thee home to His blest a-bode. Call - - ing the
He is wait-ing for all who have gone a-stray.
Find sweet rest with the peo-ple of God at home? Call-ing, call-ing, call-ing the

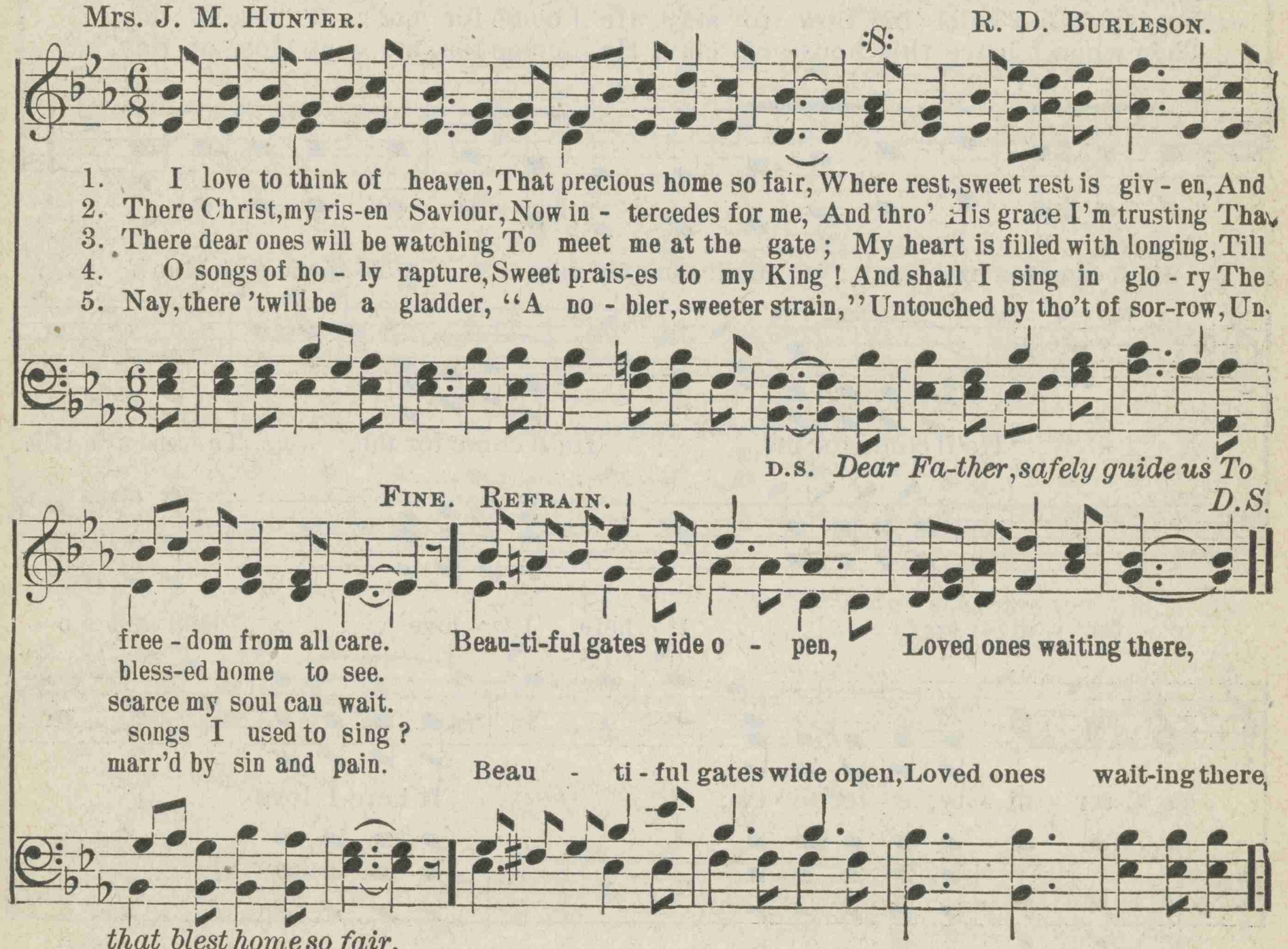
prod-i-gal home, ... Call - - ing the prod-i-gal
prod-i-gal, call-ing the prod-i-gal home, Call-ing, call-ing, call-ing the prod-i-gal,

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

GOD IS CALLING THE PRODIGAL HOME.

No. 149. BEAUTIFUL GATES.

"Every several gate was of one pearl." Rev. 21 : 25.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. R. D. Burleson.



Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 150. HE'LL COME FOR ME.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. C. W. JAMES.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO, OR SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. Soon I will hear my Lord say "Come," To dwell with Him in yon-der home,
2. What tho' the way is all un-known, Yet I will not be all a - lone,
3. T'ward that fair man - sion in the skies I of - ten look with longing eyes,
4. I want to do for God my best, Be-fore I en - ter in - to rest;

And when life's day-light fades a - way, He'll come for me at close of day.
My Sav-iour will point out the way, And come for me at close of day.
But tho' God wills me now to stay, He'll come for me at close of day.
Then when I leave this house of clay, He'll come for me at close of day.

CHORUS.

He'll come for me, ... He'll come for me, ... To spend with Him . . . .

He'll come for me, He'll come for me, To spend with Him

e - ter - ni - ty; . . . . . If here I love . . . . . Him and o -

e - ter - ni - ty, e - ter-ni - ty; If here I love

Copyright, 1903, by C. W. James.

HE'LL COME FOR ME.

rall.

bey, ... He'll come for me . . . . at close of day. . . . .
love and o - bey, He'll come for me at close of day.

No. 151. IF A MAN WOULD COME AFTER ME.

JOE S. WARLICK. DOW MARTIN.

1. If a man would come af - ter Me, saith Christ, Himself he must first de - ny,
2. Let us take our cross ev - 'ry day we live, And fol - low the Sav-iour here,
3. Our dear Sav- iour knows of our ev - 'ry need, He hear-eth our ev - 'ry pray'r;
4. When at last we come to the dark, dark sea, His grace He will lend us there;

:S:

Take his cross each day, fol-low all the way, The faith-ful shall nev - er die.
Then when life shall end and we meet the grave, Its ter - ror we shall not fear.
He'll for - give our sins, and will heal our wounds, Our burdens He'll ev - er bear.
He will bear us o'er to fair Canaan's shore, For - ev - er His joys to share.

FINE.

D.S. *But who - so - ev - er his life shall lose Shall nev- er, no, nev - er die.*

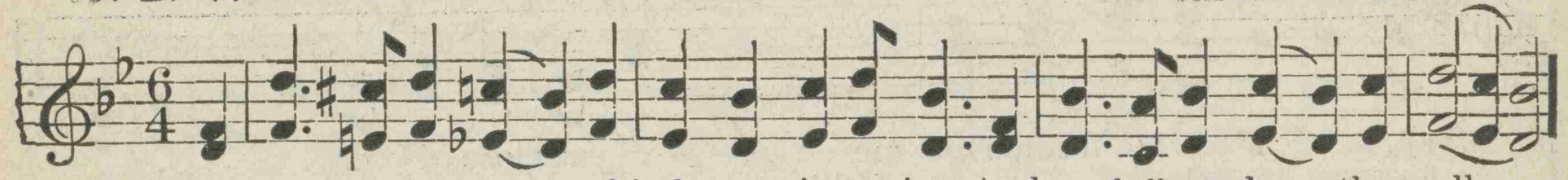
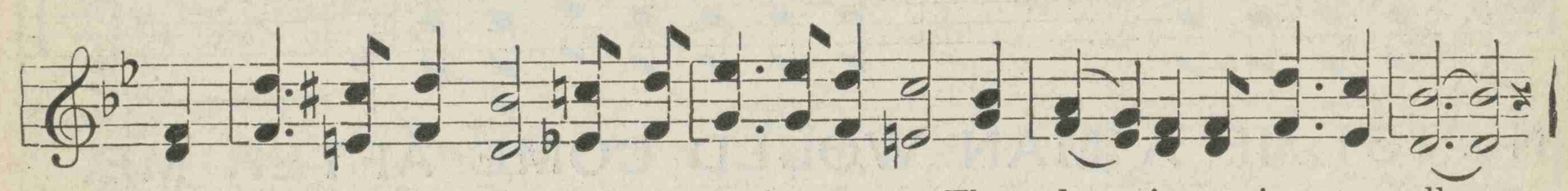
REFRAIN.

D.S.

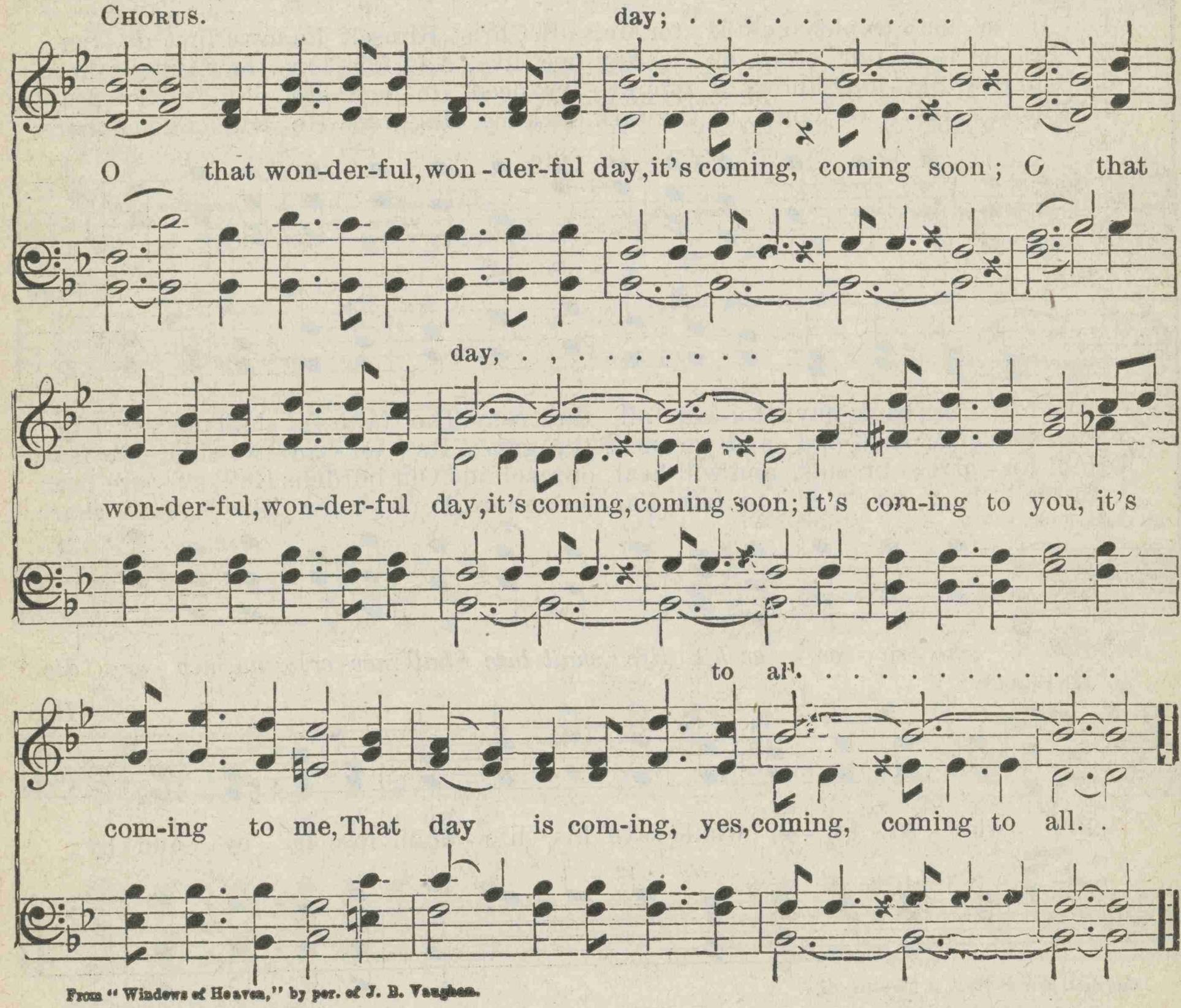
For who - so - ev - er would save his life Shall lose it by and by;

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 152. THAT WONDERFUL DAY.

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

1. The won-der-ful day of judgment is coming, And we shall soon hear the call ; .
2. Poor sin - ner, be - lieve, the judgment is coming, O where will you stand that day ? .
3. The dead in their graves will come forth to meet it, All nations will hear the call .

'Tis com - ing to you, and 'tis coming to me, That day is coming to all. .
The right-eous will hear " Come, ye blessed of mine," The lost be driv-en a - way.
That speaks in loud tones time on earth is no more, — That day is com-ing to all. .

CHORUS.



day; . . . . . .

O that won-der-ful, won - der-ful day, it's coming, coming soon ; O that

day, ...

won-der-ful, won-der-ful day, it's coming, coming soon; It's com-ing to you, it's

to all. . . . . .

com-ing to me, That day is com-ing, yes, coming, coming to all. .

From " Windows of Heaven," by per. of J. B. Vaughan.

No. 153. SEEKING TO SAVE.

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

1. Souls who are out on mountains of fol - ly, Hast-en-ing on toward death and the grave,
2. Won-der-ful love, the love of the Sav-iour, That to a lost world free-ly He gave;
3. Now from sin's bondage He will release you, Long you have been to sa - tan a slave,
4. Fly to the arms held out to re-ceive you, Dare to be loy-al, dare to be brave;

List for a mo-ment, Je-sus is call-ing, You He is seek-ing, seek-ing to save.
Dy-ing for sin-ners, bringing re-demption, Ev-er-more seeking, seeking to save.
While the dear Saviour wait-ed to bless you, Seeking in mer-cy, seek-ing to save.
Come, give your life and ser-vice to Je - sus, While He is seek-ing, seek-ing to save.

REFRAIN.

Seeking to save, . . seeking to save, . . Over the mountain, o-ver, yes, o-ver the wave, . . .
Seeking to save, seeking to save, to save. . .
Je-sus is seek-ing, Je-sus is seek-ing, Seeking for wand'rers, seeking, yes, seeking to save.

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 154. COME AND BE FREE.

R. K. RALPH KILLINGSWORTH.

1. Sin- ner, O sin-ner, why will you roam? Je- sus is call-ing, call-ing "come home;"
2. Why do you lin- ger, why do you wait? You are now standing, choosing your fate;
3. Let us en-treat you, come while you may, Turn now, O turn and leave the broad way;

Why will you wan-der out in the cold, Far from the Sav-iour and His dear fold?
If you believe Him come and o - bey, And He will wash your sins all a - way.
Now is the time, 'twill soon be too late, Death will soon come and close mercy's gate.

REFRAIN.

Calling for thee, . . calling for thee, . . Come unto Me and you shall be free;
Calling for thee, calling for thee,

Free from the world, . and its con -trol, . . And shall find rest, sweet rest to your soul.
Free from the world, and its control,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 155. O BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOM OF PITY!

(SOLO OR DUET.)

FLORA KIRKLAND. ADAM GEIBEL.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

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

Copyright, 1900, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 156. WE ARE MARCHING ON.

Rev. J. S. WARLICK. T. J. KELLAM.

1. We are marching to that home Where the saints no more shall roam, And our
2. We're a hap - py pil - grim band, As we march to Canaan's land, For our
3. When we've journey'd to the end, Our dear Sav - iour then will lend All the
4. O the joy we then shall share With our Sav - iour o - ver there, Dwell-ing

Sav - iour is our Cap - tain all the way; We will march at His command Till we
Captain's gen - tle voice we ev - er hear, As He speaks to one and all, "Do not
grace we need to bear us safe - ly o'er; Just a - cross the roll - ing sea, In that
safe - ly 'neath the shade of heav'n's fair tree; We our Sav - iour shall be-hold. In the

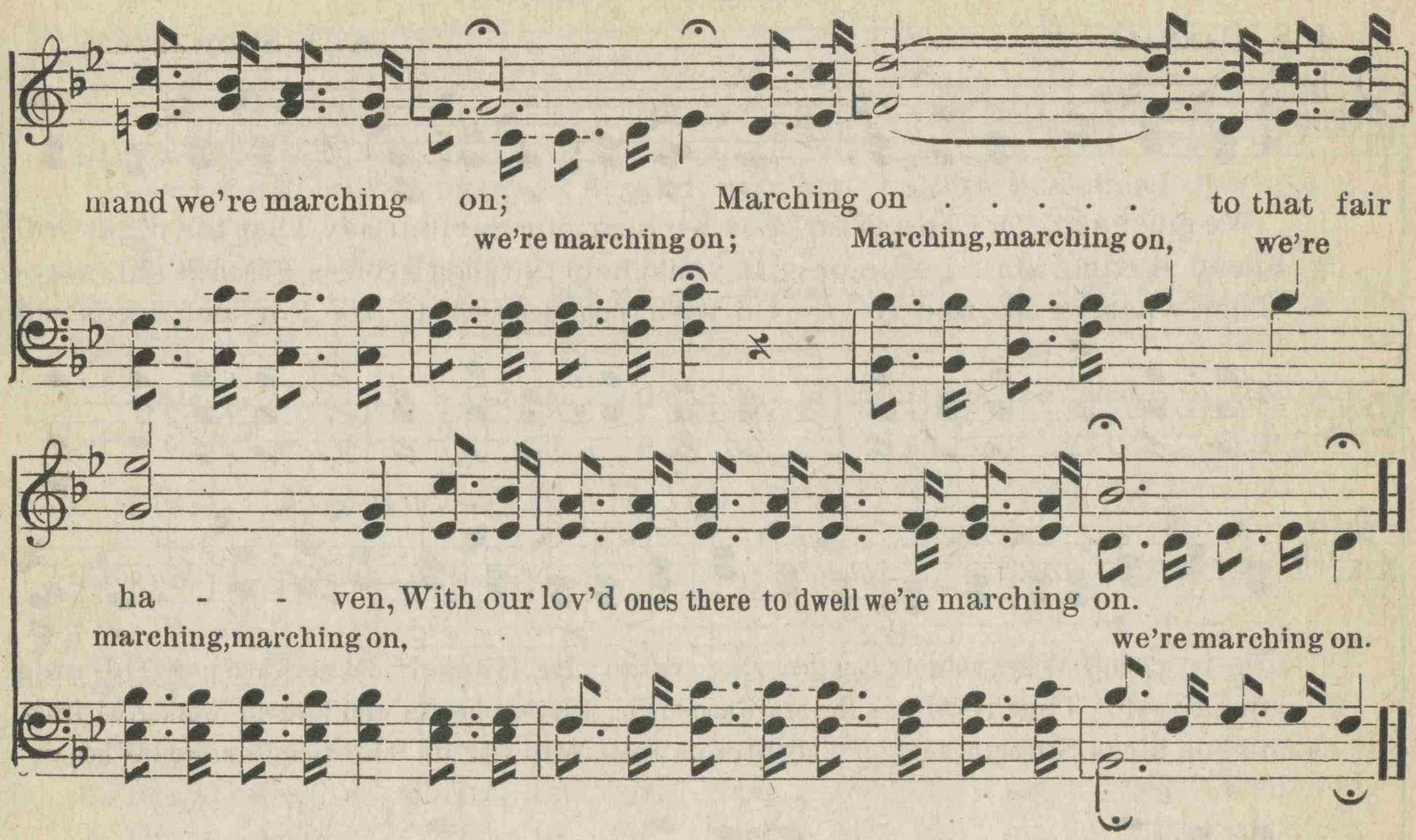
reach the heav'nly land, There to sing His lov - ing praise thro' end - less day.
fal - ter, do not fall, I will safe - ly lead you on, so nev - er fear."
land of lib - er - ty, We shall dwell with all the saved for - ev - er more.
land of pur - est gold, Where the saints of ev - 'ry age shall with Him be.

REFRAIN.

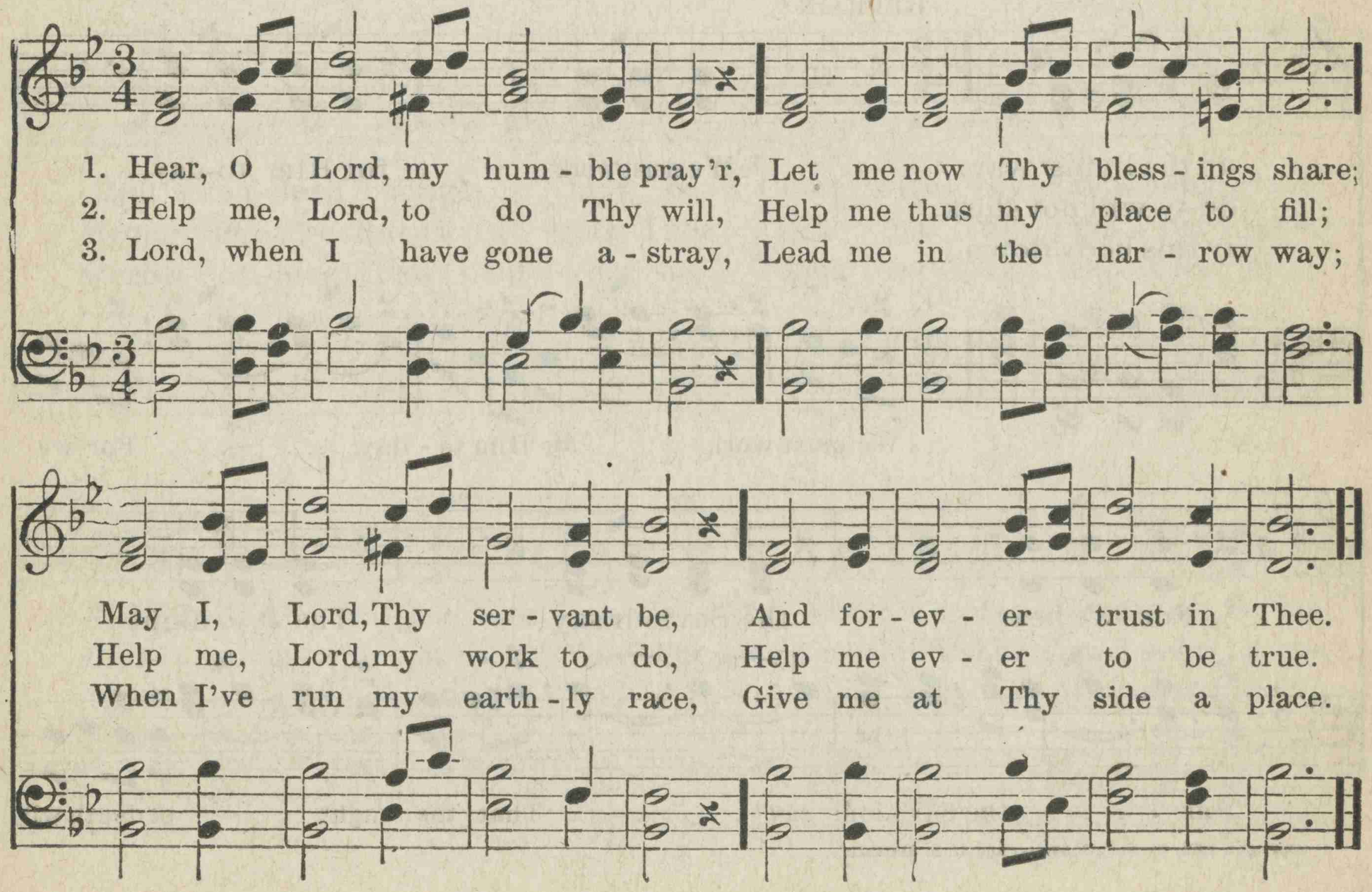
Marching on, ... we're marching on, At our blessed Lord's com-
Marching, marching on, marching, marching on,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

WE ARE MARCHING ON.



No. 157. HEAR, O LORD, MY HUMBLE PRAYER.

C. W. W. C. W. Welsh.

No. 158. WE MUST WORK.

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

1. We must work for Christ to-day, For we hear our Saviour say That the night will
2. Spend no time in i - dle-ness, If you'd help the world to bless, For there's al - ways
3. Then whate'er we find to do, Do with might, and kind - ly, too, For such deeds will

sure - ly come, When no work can then be done; He, Himself, did work and pray, Op-'ning
work to do That requires the brave and true, Loy-al hearts who love to work, And from
some one bless, Strengthen us in righteousness, Win for us the victor's crown, When we

REFRAIN.

up the living way.
du-ty will not shirk.
lay this body down.

We must work for Him to-day,

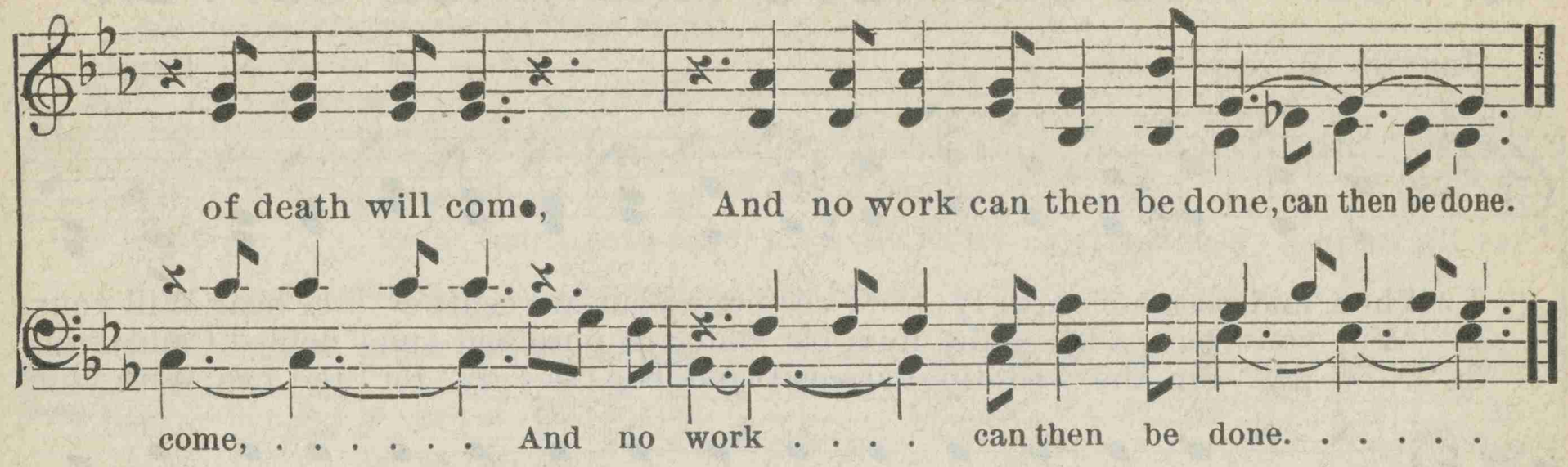
We must work . . . for Him to - day, ... For we

For we hear the Saviour say That t night

hear . . . . the Sav - iour say . . . . . That the night of death wil.

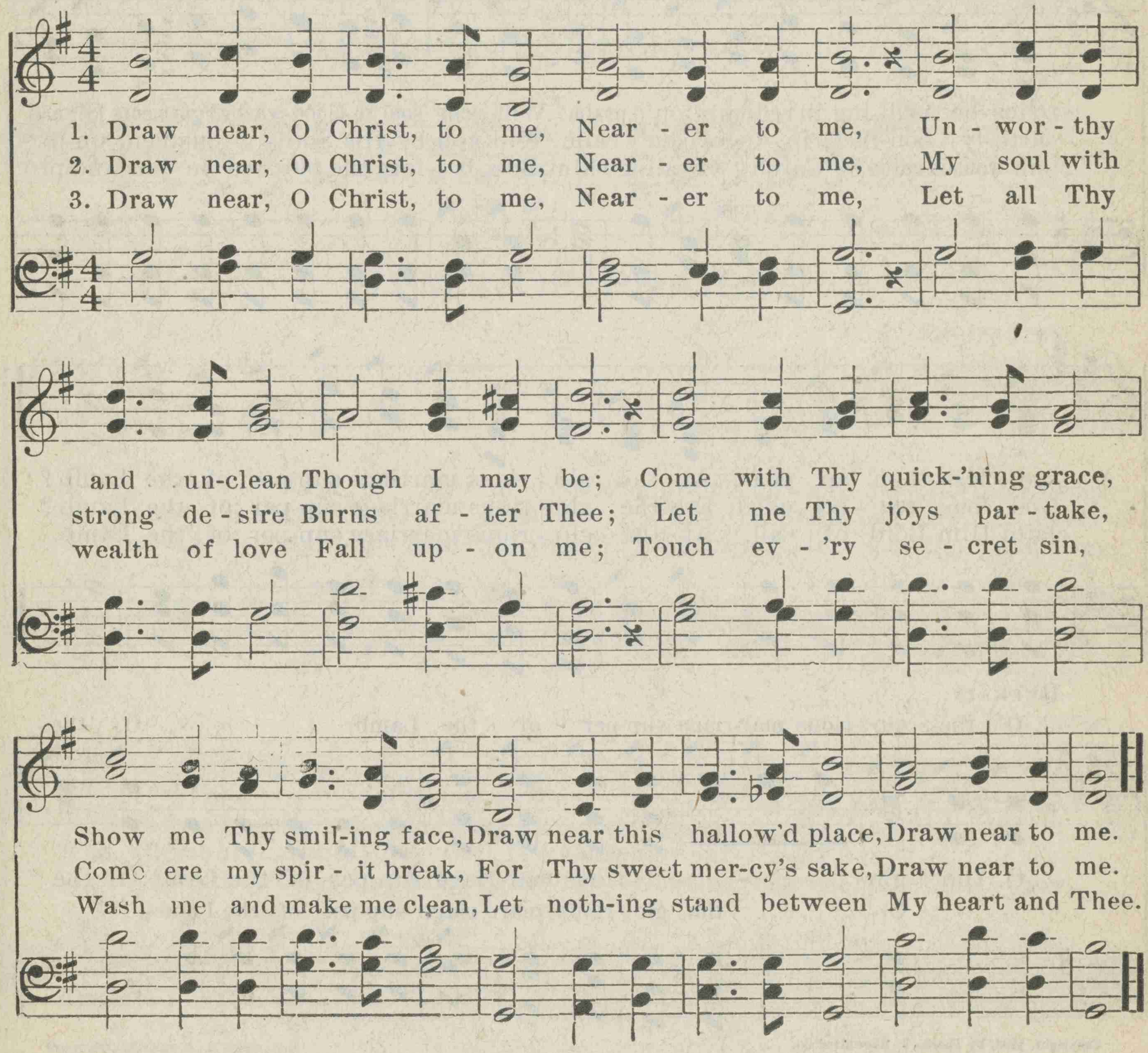
Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter and J. S. Darnall.

WE MUST WORK.



No. 159. DRAW NEAR, O CHRIST, TO ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 160. THE GLORIOUS MARRIAGE SUPPER.

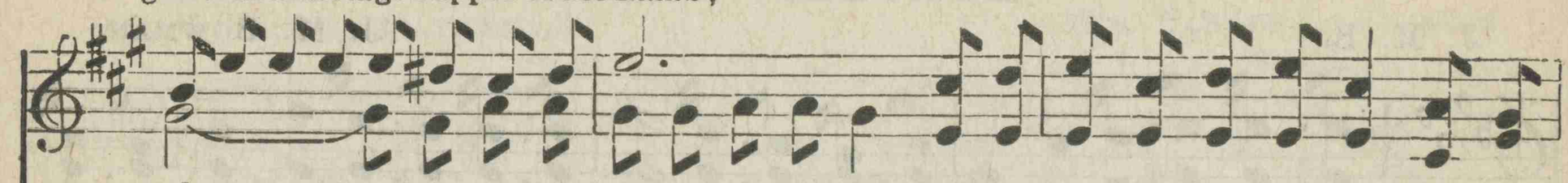
JENNIE WILSON. G. N. FENN.

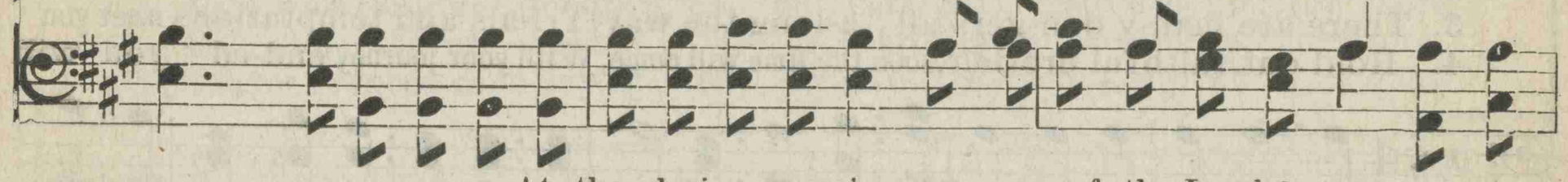
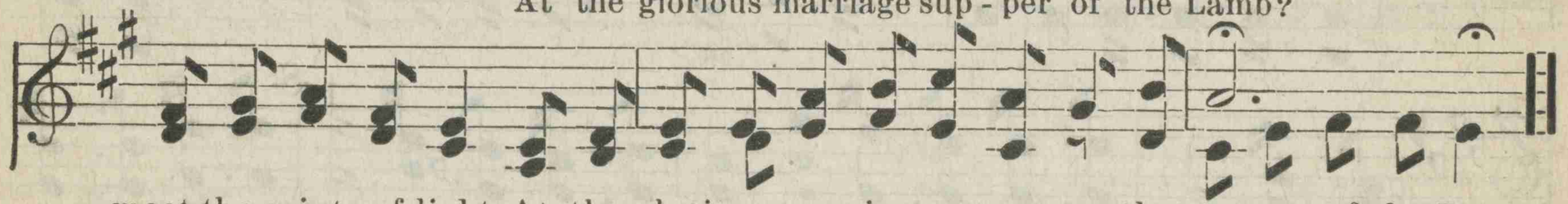
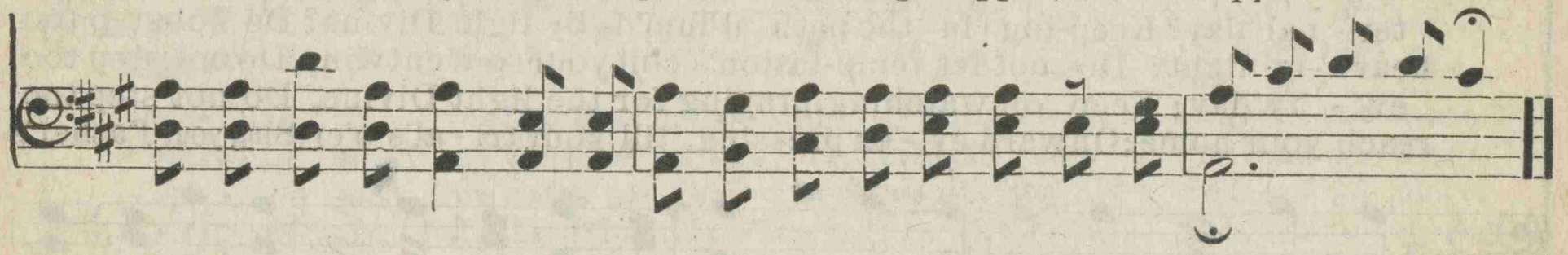
1. When 'mid sounds of earth-ly voi - ces none your ac - cents ev - er hear, Will your tones be thrill-ing in redemption's psalm? Will your soul in blood-washed garments fair and spot - less then ap - pear, At the glo - rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb?
2. Will you be a-mong the num-ber who are pure and un - defiled, Called from earth-ly con-flict in - to heaven's calm? Will you by His Son's a-tonement un-to God be rec - on - ciled, Ere the glo - rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb?
3. Now put on the wed-ding rai-ment and be rea - dy for the call, With your sin-wounds cured by Calv'ry's healing balm; Bow be - fore the bless-ed Je - sus and pro- claim Him Lord of all, At the glo - rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb.

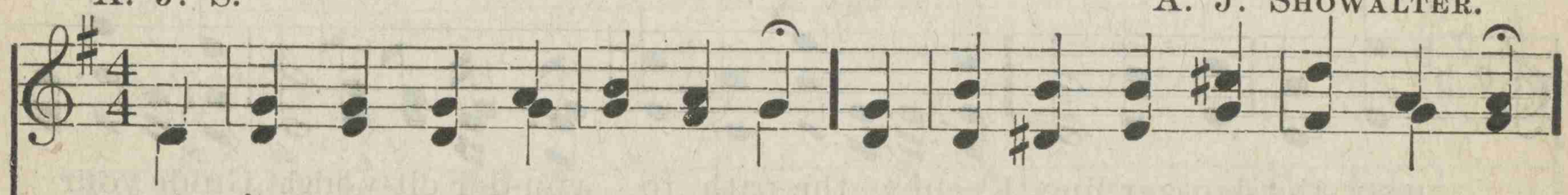
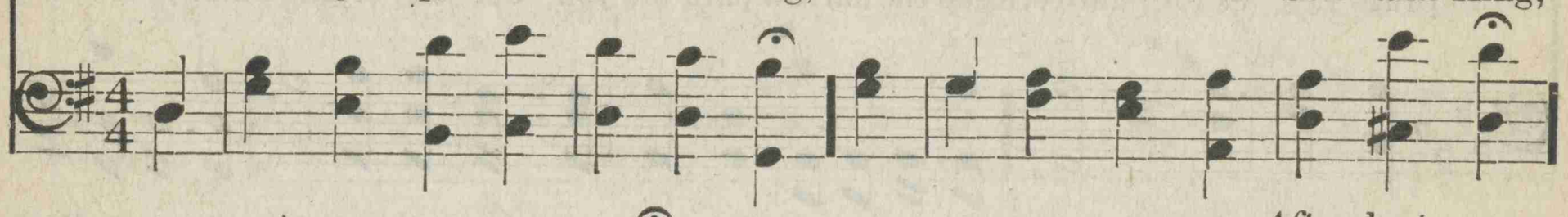
REFRAIN.

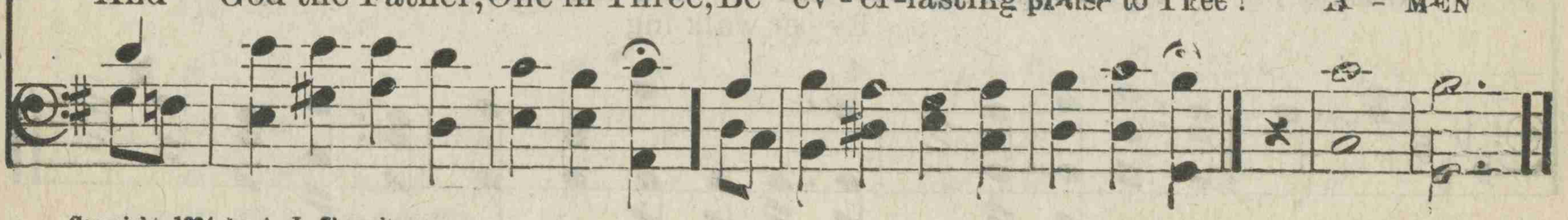
O the glo - rious mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb, O the glo - - - rious mar-riage sup-per of the Lamb, O the
O the glo - rious mar - riage sup-per of the Lamb,

Copyright, 1908, by Thos. J. Showalter Co.

glorious marriage supper of the Lamb;

glo - rious marriage sup-per of the Lamb; Robed in garments snow - y-white will you

O the glorious marriage supper of the Lamb;

At the glorious marriage sup - per of the Lamb?

meet the saints of light, At the glorious marriage supper, the supper of the Lamb?

No. 161. HYMN OF PRAISE.

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

1. O, sing to God in joy - ful lays! Sing psalms un - to Je - ho-vah's praise!
2. Let all the earth, with one ac-cord, U - nite to praise our ris - en Lord,—
3. The Ho - ly Spir - it's name we sing, With Christ th'E-ter - nal Son and King,

After last verse.

With heart and voice, with tongue of flame, Ex - alt and magni - fy His name
The Christ of God, the Ho-ly One, The blessed, ev - er - liv-ing Son;
And God the Father, One in Three, Be ev - er-lasting praise to Thee! A - MEN

Copyright, 1894, by A. J. Showalter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Copyright, 1902, by J. M. Bowman.

No. 163. "GO THY WAY AND SIN NO MORE."

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. Mrs. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

1. Hav - ing found thy rest in Je - sus, All thy wand'rings now give o'er,
2. Now with faith's al-mighty ca - ble Thou art fast-ened to the shore,
3. Fol - low in the steps of Je - sus, Who has gone this way be - fore,
4. There's no need each day of fall - ing And re - pent - ing o'er and o'er;

cres. *dim.*

For it is thy Saviour speak - ing, "Go thy way and sin no more."
Nev - er need thy bark be drift - ing, Christ is say - ing, "sin no more."
All the way from earth to glo - ry, Thou may'st walk and sin no more.
Hear the words of Christ the Sav - iour, "Go thy way and sin no more."

CHORUS.

mf *cres.* *pp*

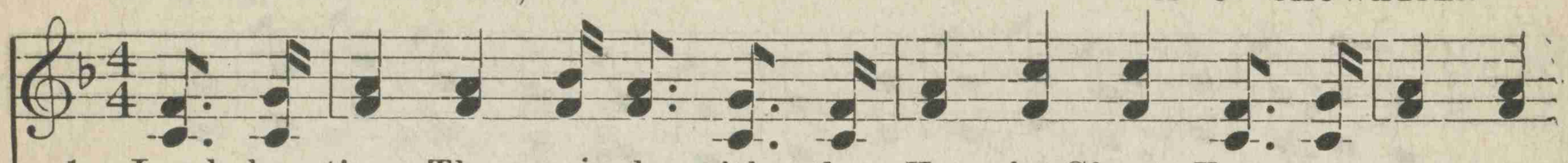
Go thy way, thy bonds are riv - en, Go thy way t'ward home and heav-en,

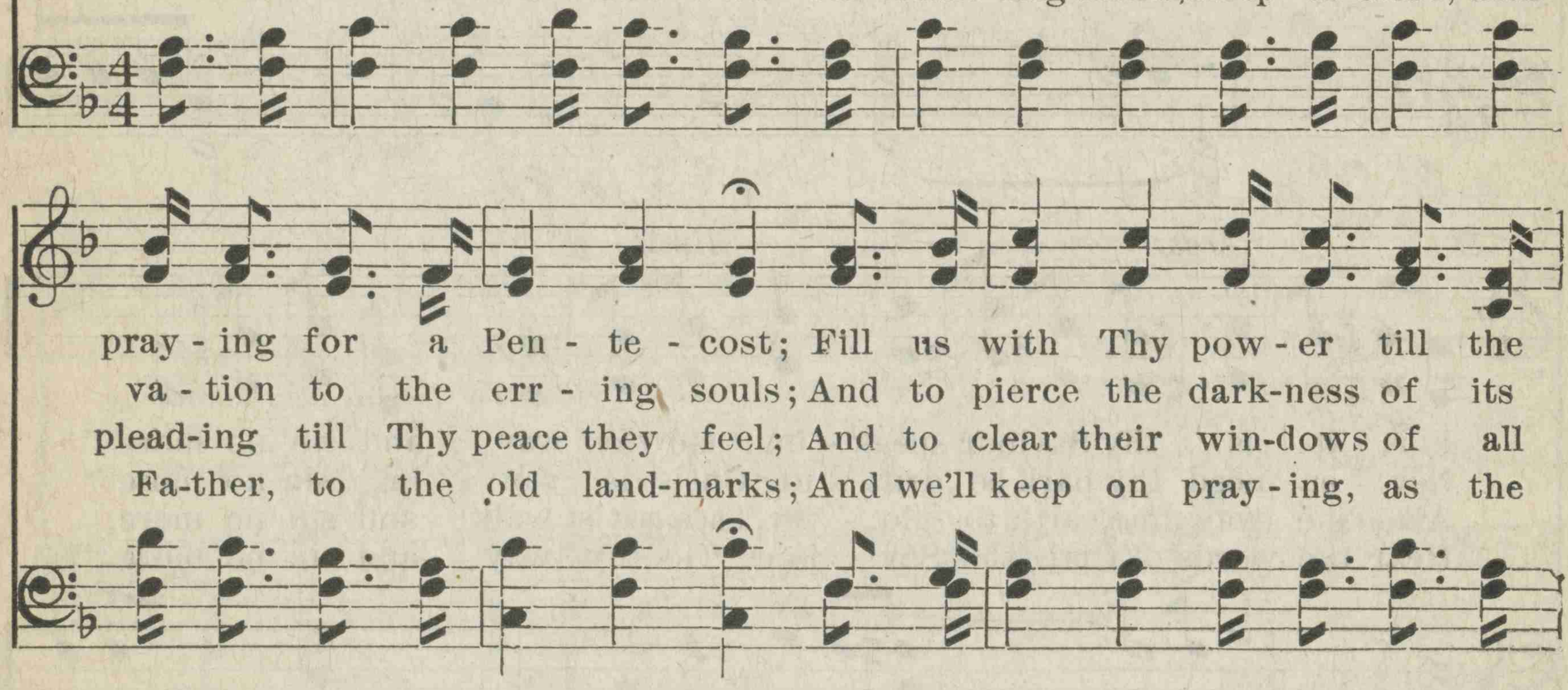
f *p* *pp* *rit.*

Thy trans-gres - sions are for - giv - en, "Go thy way and sin no more."

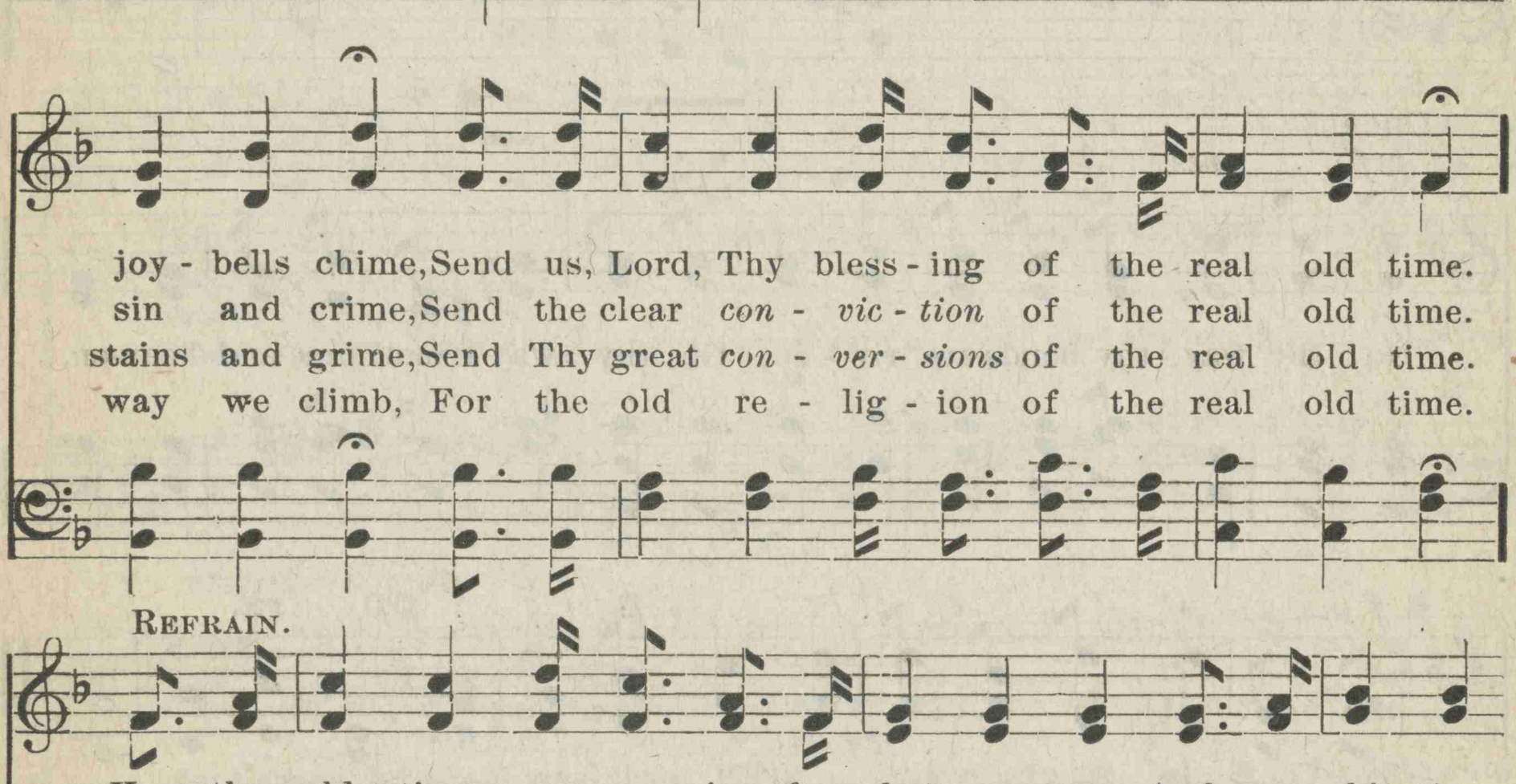
Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 164. THE REAL OLD TIME.

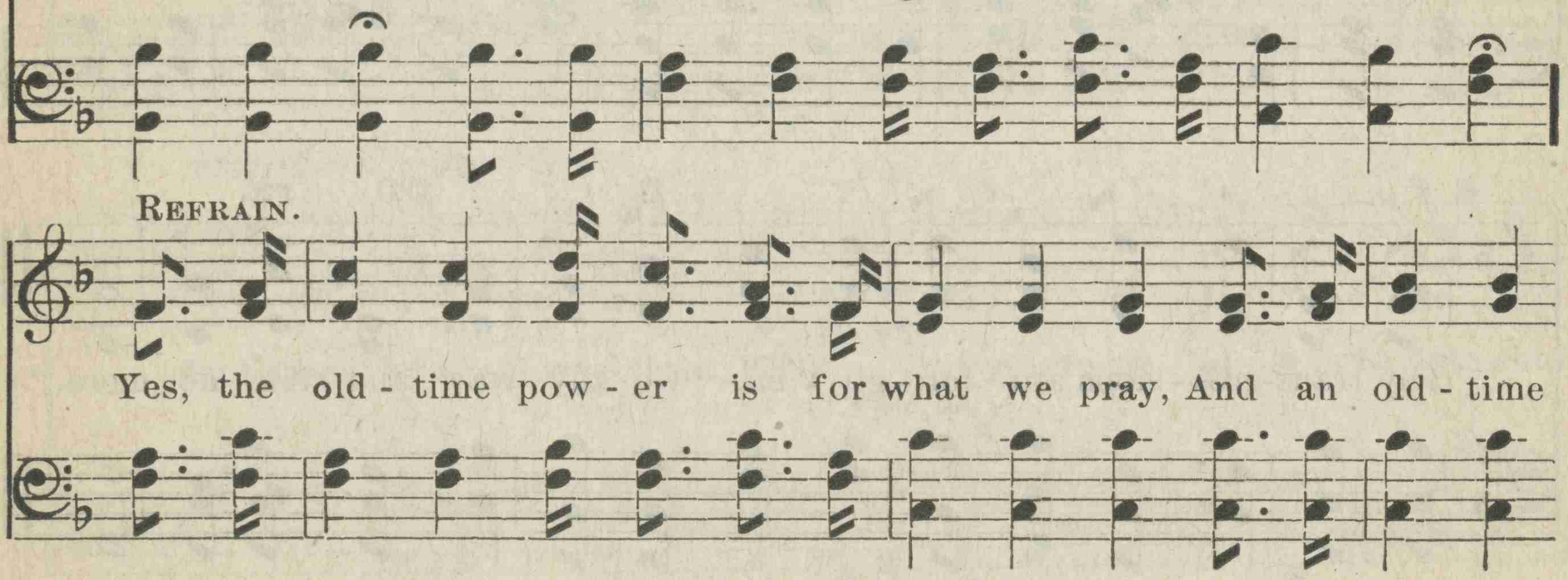
Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Lord, bap-tize Thy peo-ple with the Ho - ly Ghost, For we now are
2. While the tide of e - vil o'er this old world rolls, Send thy great sal -
3. And, dear Lord, when sin-ners at Thine al - tars kneel, May they keep on
4. Till we cross the Jor-dan with our tremb-ling barks, Keep us close, dear



pray - ing for a Pen - te - cost; Fill us with Thy pow - er till the
va - tion to the err - ing souls; And to pierce the dark-ness of its
plead-ing till Thy peace they feel; And to clear their win-dows of all
Fa-ther, to the old land-marks; And we'll keep on pray - ing, as the



joy - bells chime, Send us, Lord, Thy bless - ing of the real old time.
sin and crime, Send the clear *con - vic - tion* of the real old time.
stains and grime, Send Thy great *con - ver - sions* of the real old time.
way we climb, For the old re - lig - ion of the real old time.

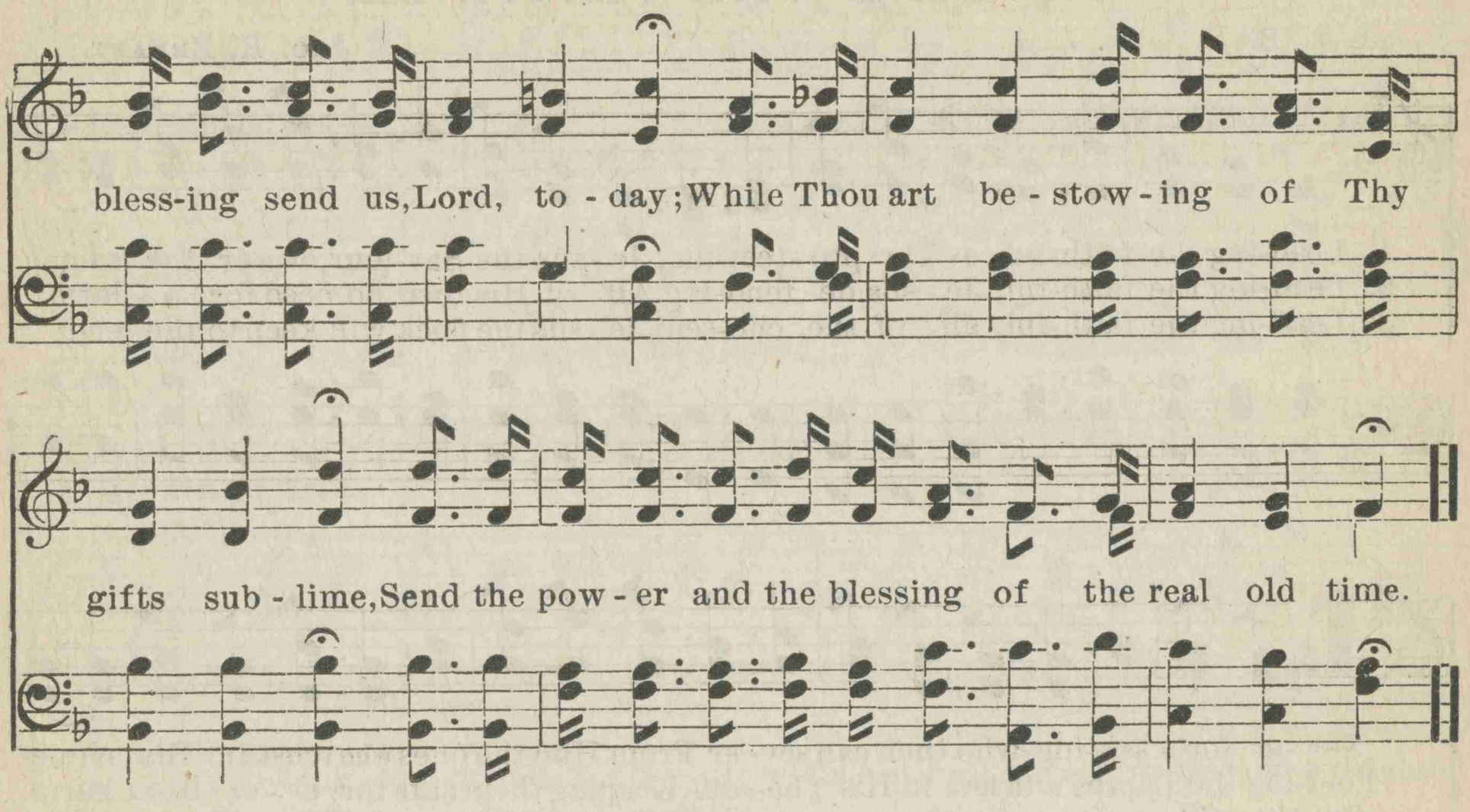


REFRAIN.

Yes, the old - time pow - er is for what we pray, And an old - time

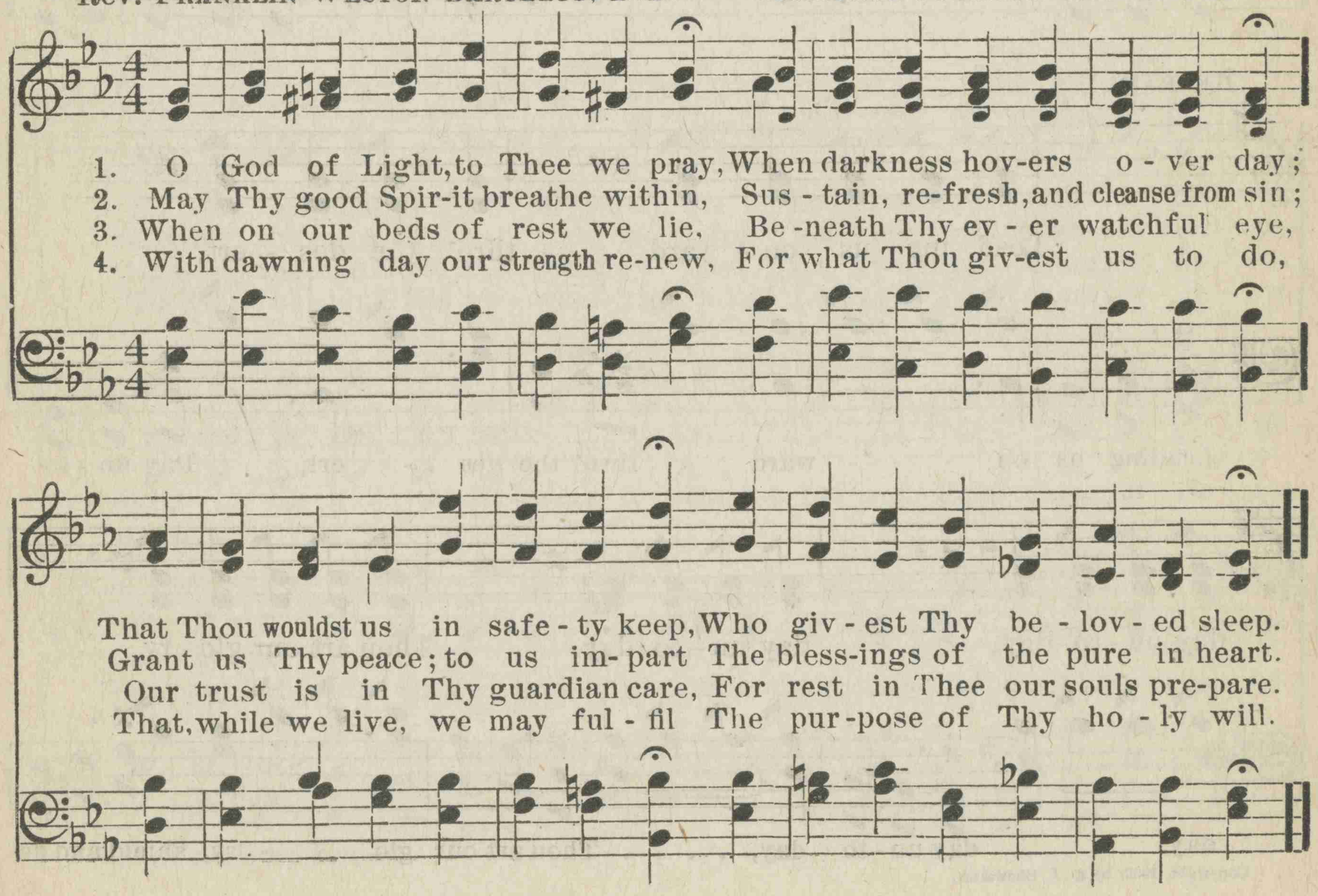
Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

THE REAL OLD TIME.

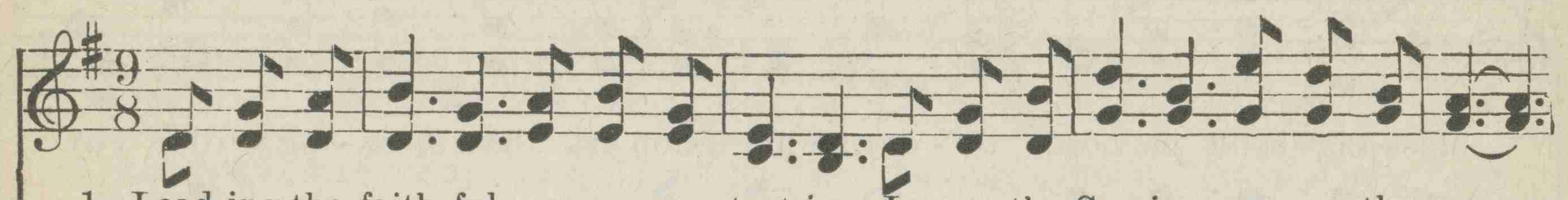
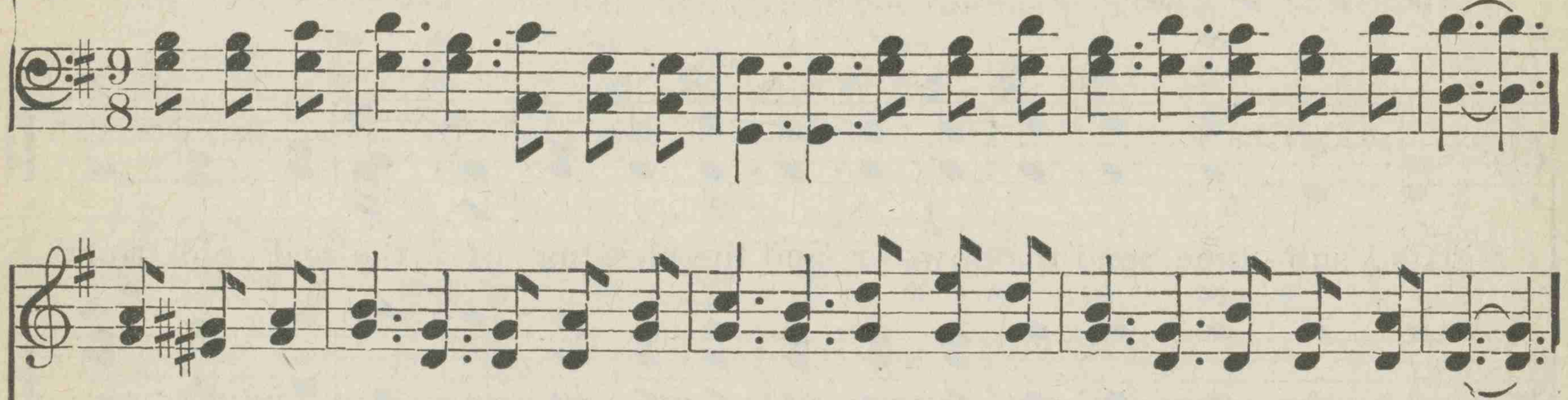


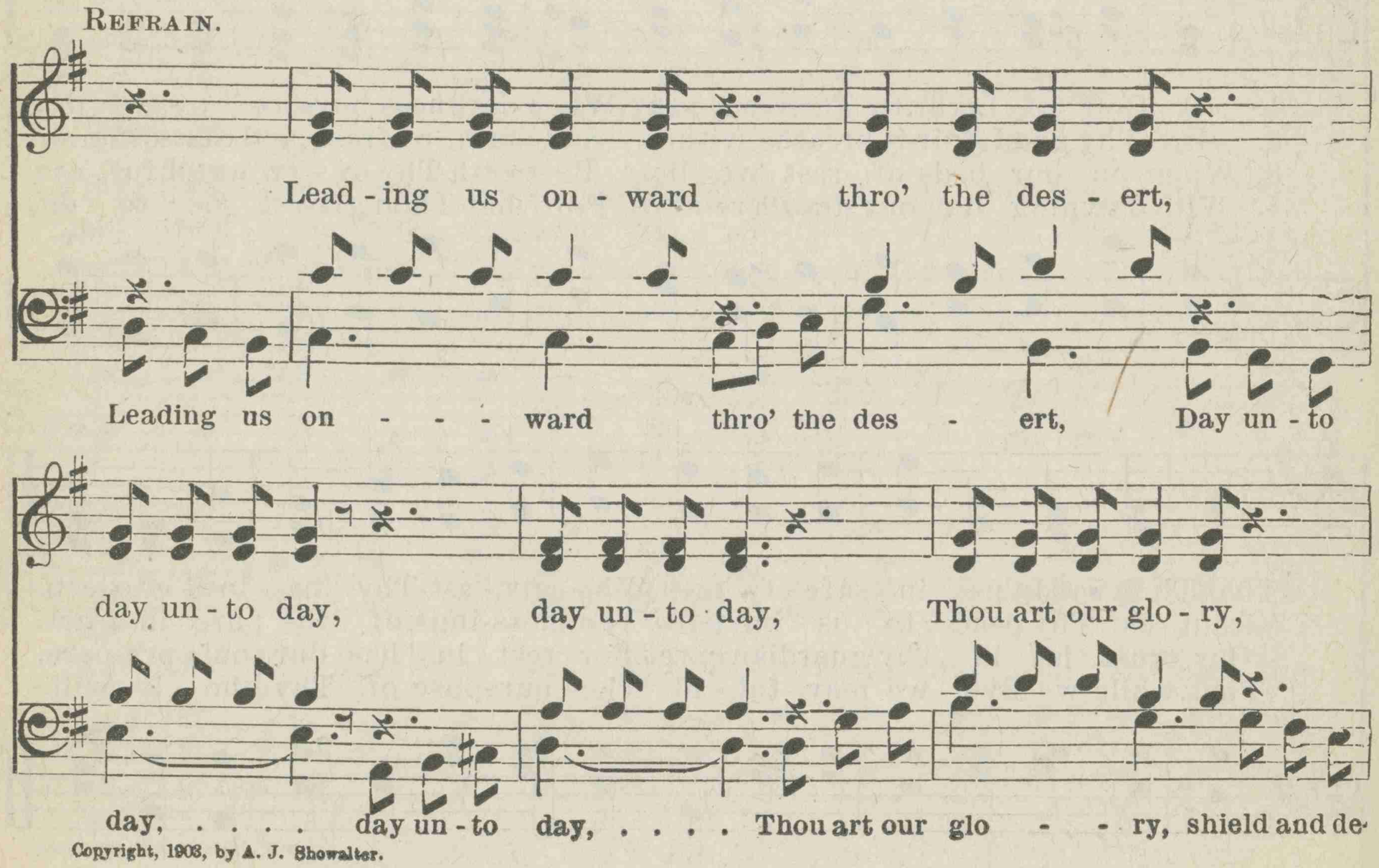
No. 165. BARTLETT. L. M.

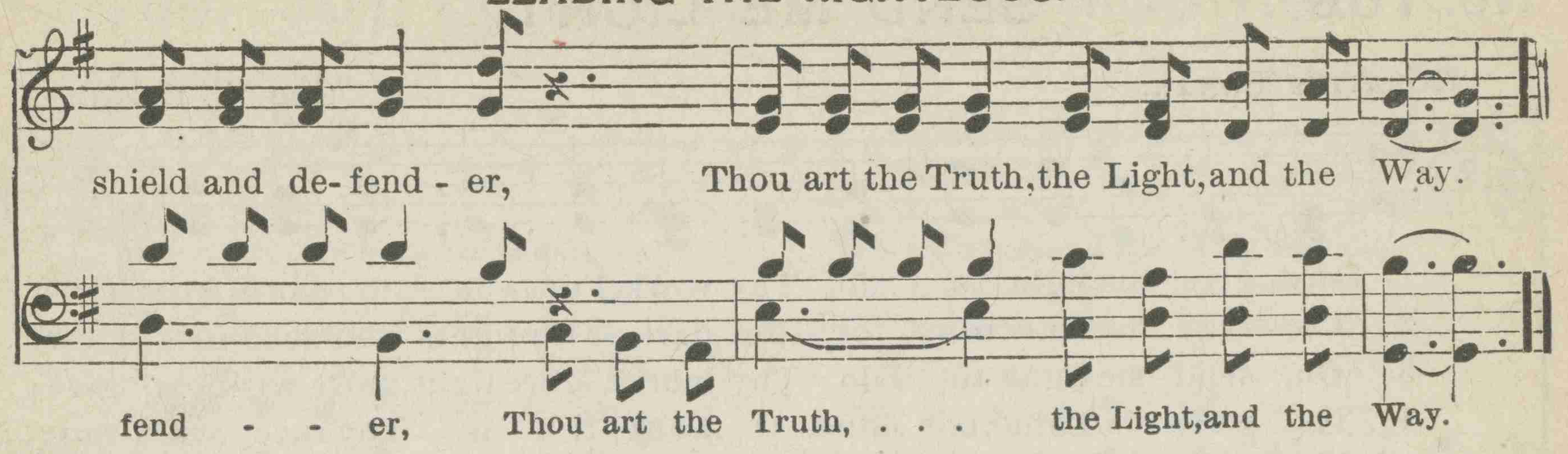
Rev. FRANKLIN WESTON BARTLETT, D.D. ANTHONY JOHNSON SHOWALTER.



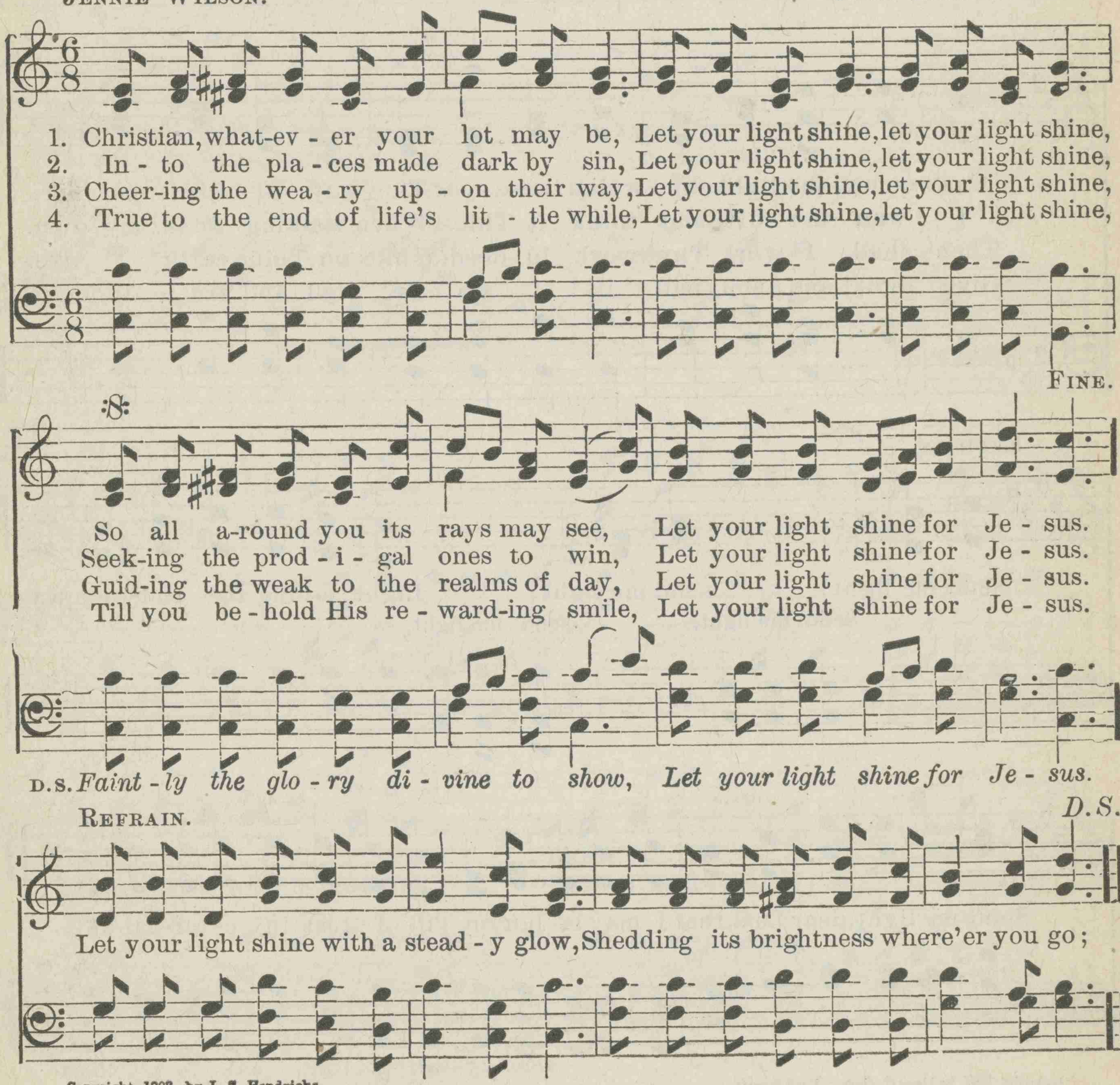
No. 166. LEADING THE FAITHFUL.

J. R. B. JNO. R. BRYANT.

REFRAIN.



Copyright, 1908, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 167. LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

JENNIE WILSON. J. S. HENDRICKS.



Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 168. SEND ME LIGHT.

HORATIUS BONAR. GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Lord, give me light to do Thy work, For on - ly, Lord, from Thee
2. The way is nar-row, of - ten dark, With lights and shad-ows strewn:
3. Oh, send me light to do Thy work! More light, more wis-dom give;
4. The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord; It is Thy race we run;

Can come the light by which these eyes The way of life can see.
I wan - der oft, and think it Thine, When walking in my own.
Then shall I work Thy work in -deed, While on Thine earth I live.
Give light! and then shall all I do Be well and tru - ly done.

REFRAIN.

Send me light! send me light! Light a-long the toilsome way!
Send me light, send me light,
Send me light, dear Lord, that I may la- bor on, Till I rest in e- ter-nal day.

Copyright, 1894, by Geo. C. Hugg. Used by per.

No. 169. JOY COMES WITH THE MORNING.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. B. N. HULTSMAN.

1. Ma- ny are the hours of sor-row, Ma- ny are the days of gloom,
2. Ma- ny are the souls a- wak-ing To a sense of grief and pain,
3. Ma- ny hearts all sad and lonely, Striving hard against de - spair,

But in brightness dawns the mor-row, That shall bring a fair - er morn.
But their sorrows soon forsak- ing, Joy and peace will come a - gain.
Will behold the sunshine on - ly, And a brighter pros-pect share.

REFRAIN.

Ma-ny broken spirits grop-ing In the darkness of the night, of the night,

Ma - - ny bro-ken spirits groping In the darkness of the night,

In the Saviour's mercy hop-ing, Soon will see the morning (beauti-ful morning light.)

In the Saviour's mercy hoping,

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

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

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

1. We live up - on too low a plane, We need a pur - er air;
2. We live up - on too low a plane, The air is stif - fling there,
3. We live up - on too low a plane To come to per - fect rest;

Our souls must rise to high - er heights, And find their treas - ure there.
We can - not grow in ho - li - ness, All beau - ti - ful and fair.
Our souls must mount to high - er ground To be su-preme - ly blest.

Refrain.

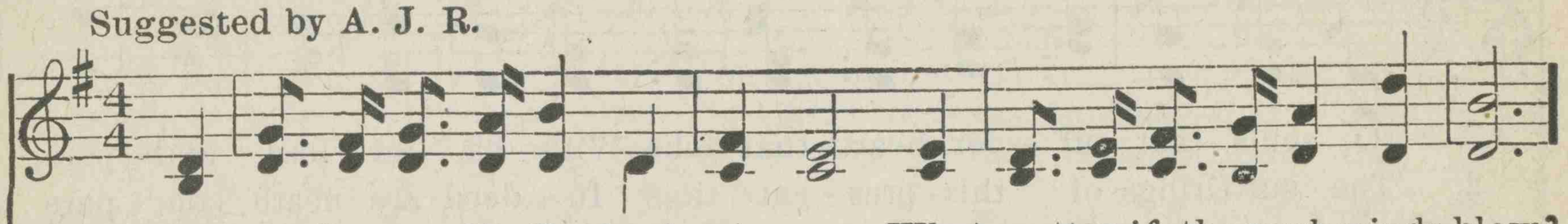
We live up - on too low a plane; Lord, take our ho - liest love;
Make us as - pire to high - er life, And find true joy a - bove.

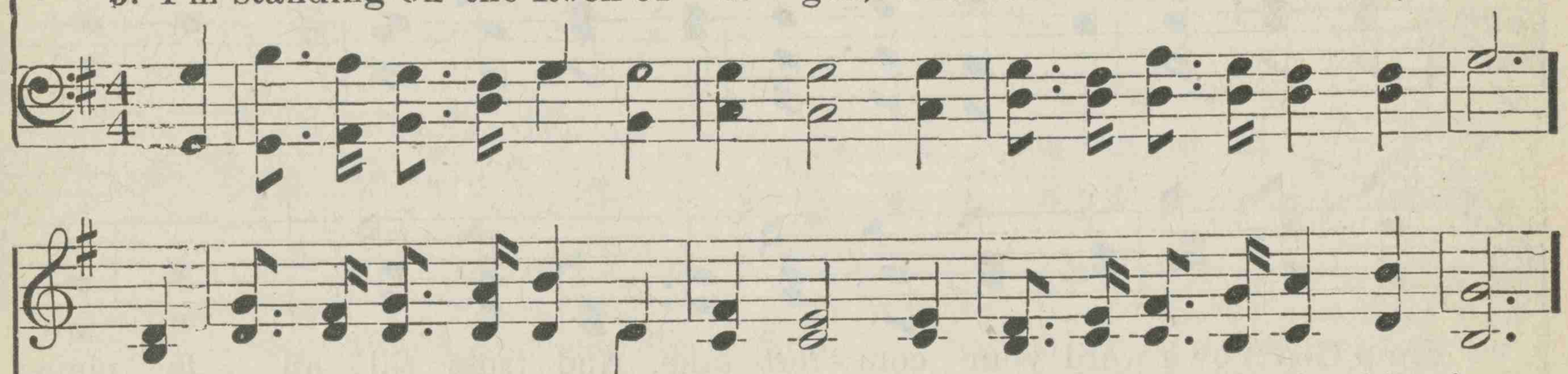
Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

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

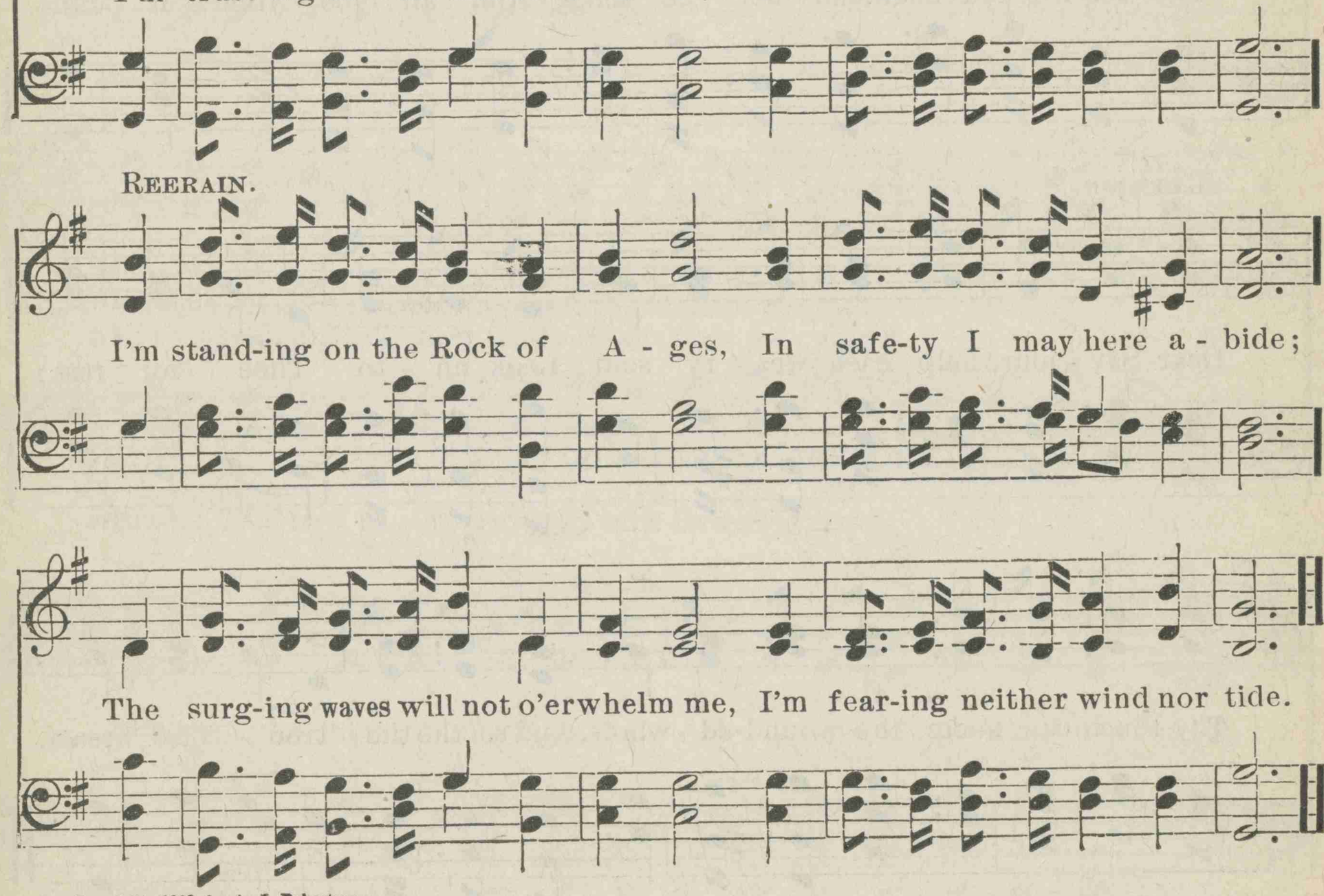
"He . . . . set my feet upon a rock."—Psa. 40: 2.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. ROBERTSON.

Suggested by A. J. R.

1. I'm standing on the Rock of A - ges, What matter if the rough winds blow?
2. I'm standing on the Rock of A - ges, The an-gry winds go sweeping by;
3. I'm standing on the Rock of A - ges, Tho' bil-lows in their fu - ry roll,



I'm fear - ing not the storms which gather, There's safe- ty with the Lord I know.
No storm can shake the Rock beneath me, I'm sing - ing as the waves dash high.
I'm trust-ing in the Lord for - ev - er, No tempest can af-fright my soul.



REERAIN.

I'm stand-ing on the Rock of A - ges, In safe-ty I may here a - bide;
The surg-ing waves will not o'erwhelm me, I'm fear-ing neither wind nor tide.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Robertson.

No. 172. O SOULS THAT SUFFER.

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. Robt. L. Ferguson.

1. O souls that suf - fer, hearts that ache With bit - ter loss and pain,
2. The suf-f'rings of this pres - ent time In - deed are 'neath com - pare
3. Though wea - ri - ness and grief and woe May cloud thy path to - day,
4. Press on - ward, then, with cour - age strong, Nor doubt thy Fa - ther's care;

From God's own word your com - fort take, And trust till all is plain.
With all the glo - ry, grand, sub - lime, To be re - vealed up there.
Yet God's own hand,—He tells us so,— Shall wipe all tears a - way.
The way, though rough, can not be long, And all be - yond is fair.

Refrain.

Dear Sav - iour, help each wea - ry soul Look un - to Thee for rest;
Thy touch can make the wound-ed whole, And soothe the trou - bled breast.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 173. IT IS ALL FREE.

BIRDIE BELL. B. E. ROBBINS.

1. It is all free! Do you know it, O sin - ner? Per - fect sal -
2. It is all free, for by Christ it was pur-chased, On Cal-v'ry's
3. It is all free! yes, His peace and His par - don, Love that is

va - tion is of- fered to you; Pre-cious the gift, then ac- cept it most
cross His dear life-blood was shed; That was the price which He paid for your
ten - der and pre-cious and true; Home af - ter stray - ing and rest af - ter

D.S. *Tell it to all who in sin's paths are*

FINE. REFRAIN.

glad -ly, Je- sus be - stows it with love strong and true. It is all free, blessed
ran-som, Tho' in the dark-ness far from Him you fled.
wand'ring Gladly take now while He of- fers to you!

straying, That they to Je - sus may turn their glad feet.

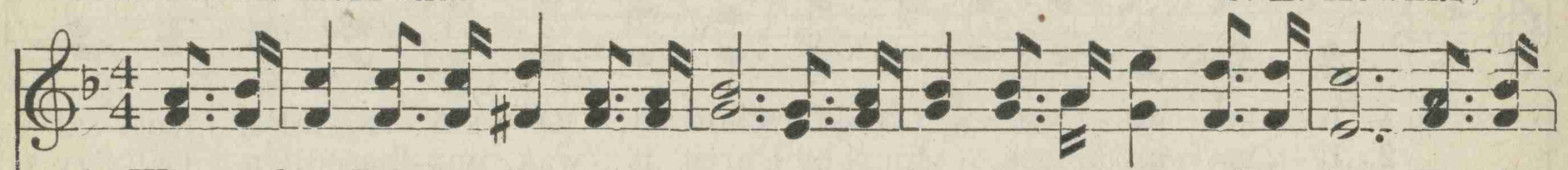
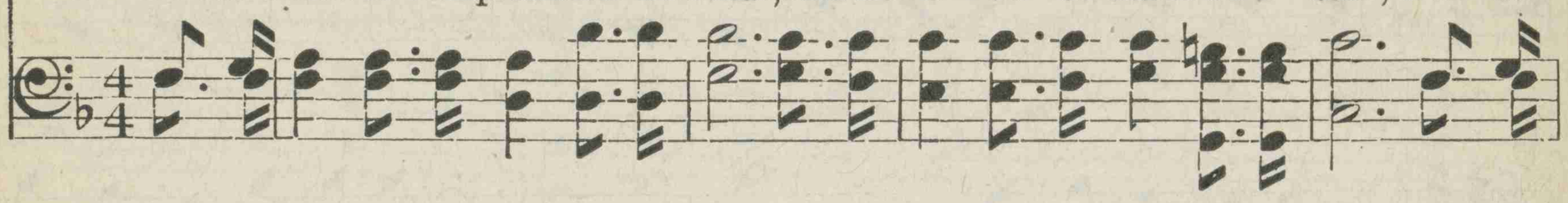
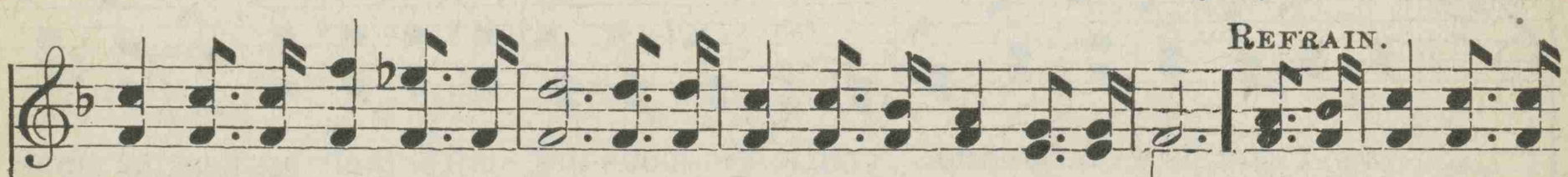
D.S.

mes-sage of mer - cy, Sound forth the tid - ings so pre-cious and sweet;

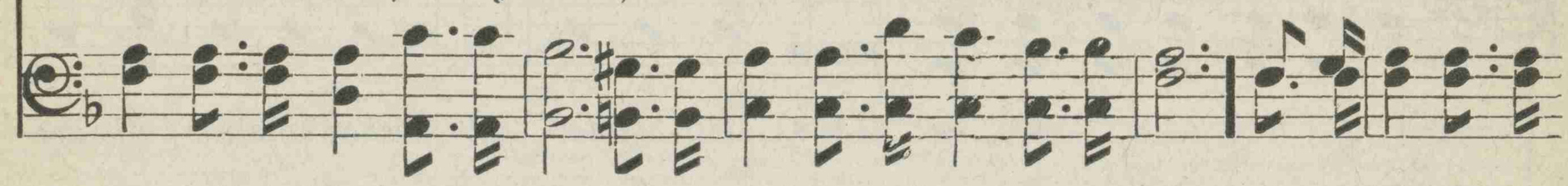
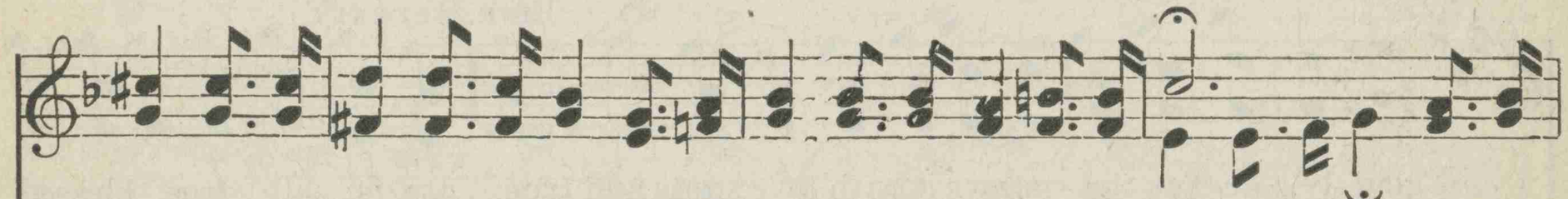
Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

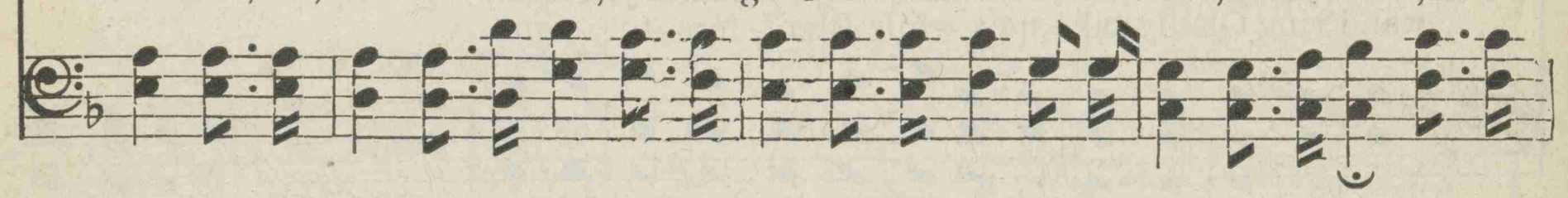
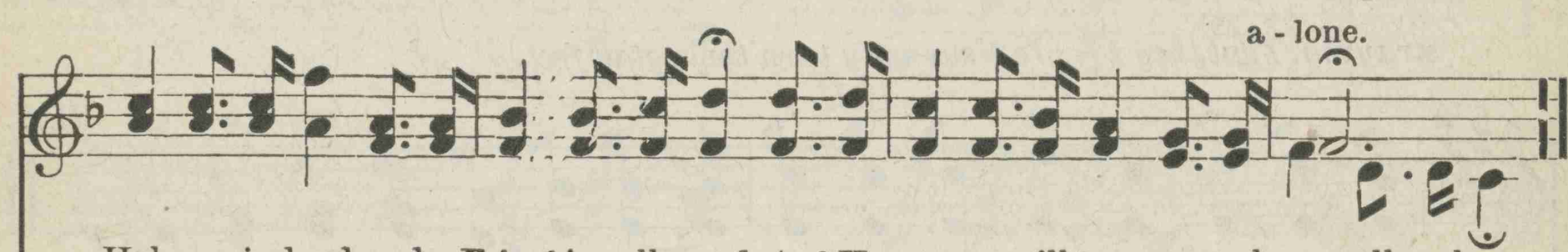
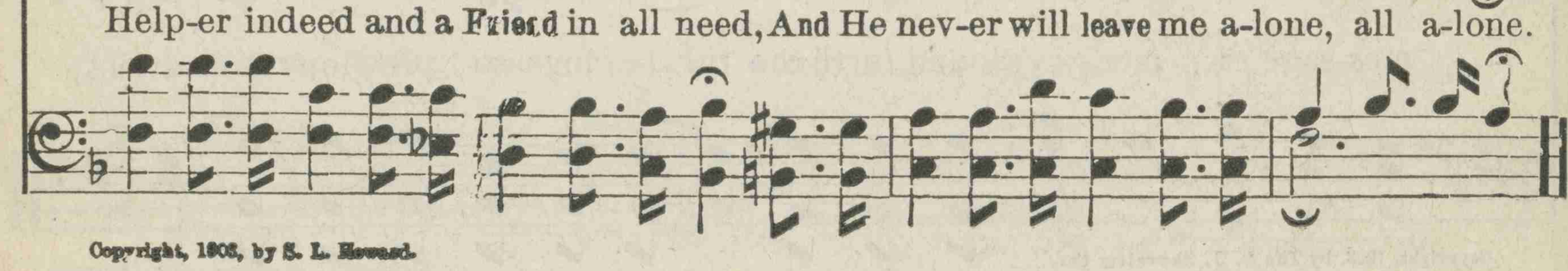
No. 174. WHAT A DEAR FRIEND IS JESUS.

A friend loveth at all times. Prov. 17: 17.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. L. HOWARD.

1. What a dear Friend is Je - sus to me, And His love, O how rich and how free! He who
2. He at all times is car-ing for me, Each new moment His goodness I see; Countless
3. He doth guide me by His lov-ing hand, By His grace I am a - ble to stand; He's a
4. In the times of temp-ta-tion He's near, And no e - vil or harm do I fear; For at

REFRAIN.

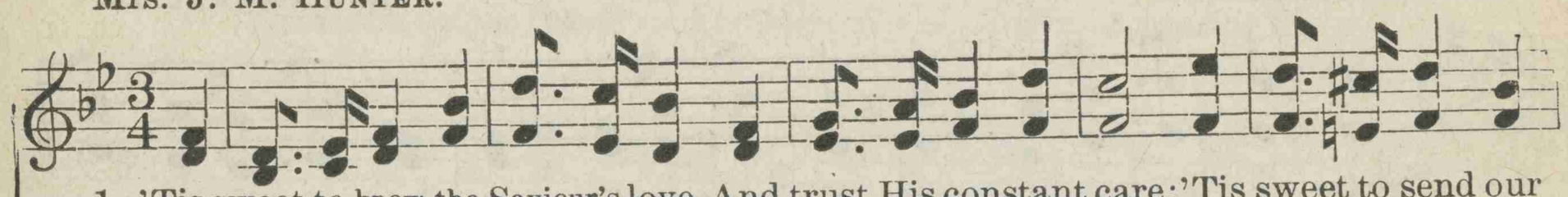
nev-er for-sak-eth His own, Lo, He nev-er will leave me a - lone. His is love that can
blessings He sends from a-bove, And I walk in the light of His love.
Help-er in all times of need, He's a Friend and a Sav-iour in-deed.
all times of need, ev -'rywhere, I'm the child of His love and His care.

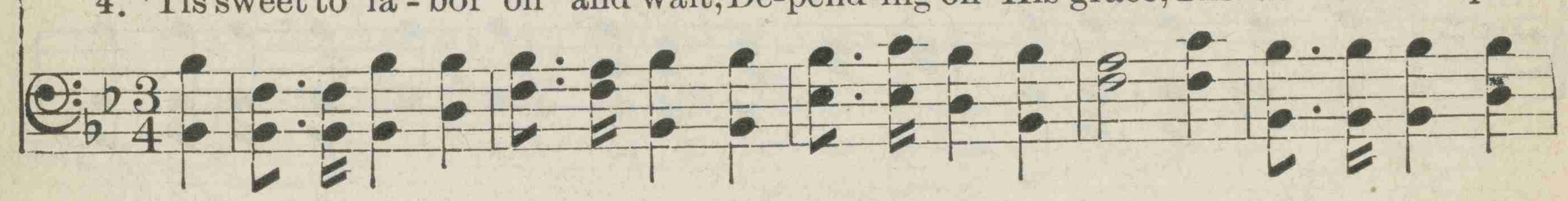
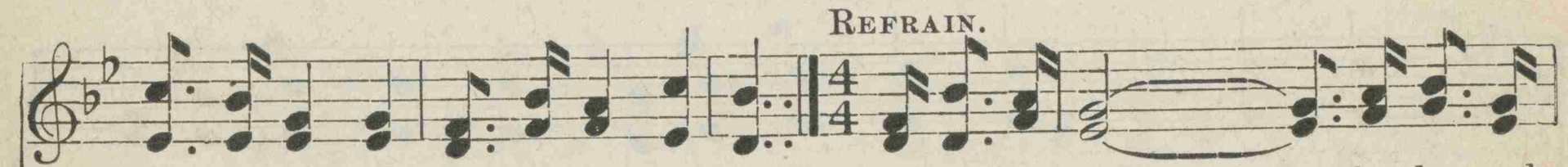


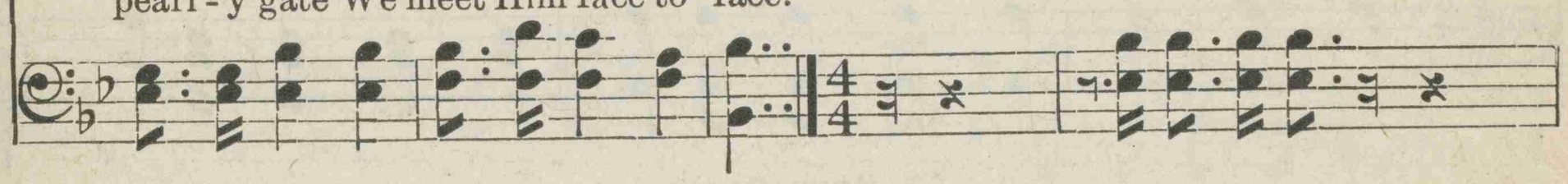
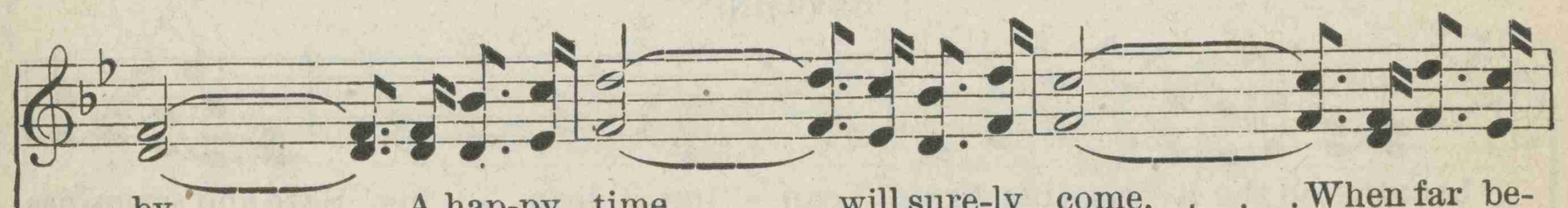
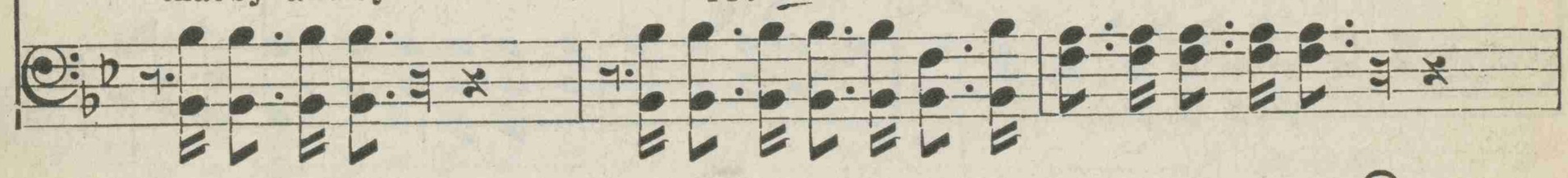
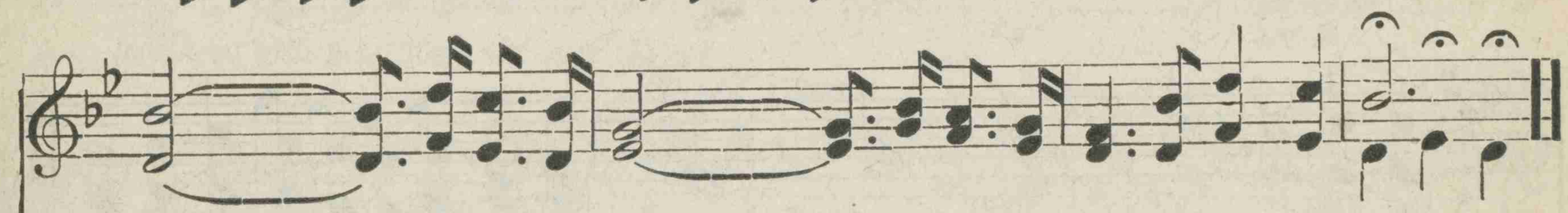
nev - er, no, nev - er be told, All His goodness will never be known, all be known; He's a

a - lone.

Help-er indeed and a Friend in all need, And He nev-er will leave me a-lone, all a-lone.

Copyright, 1903, by S. L. Howard.

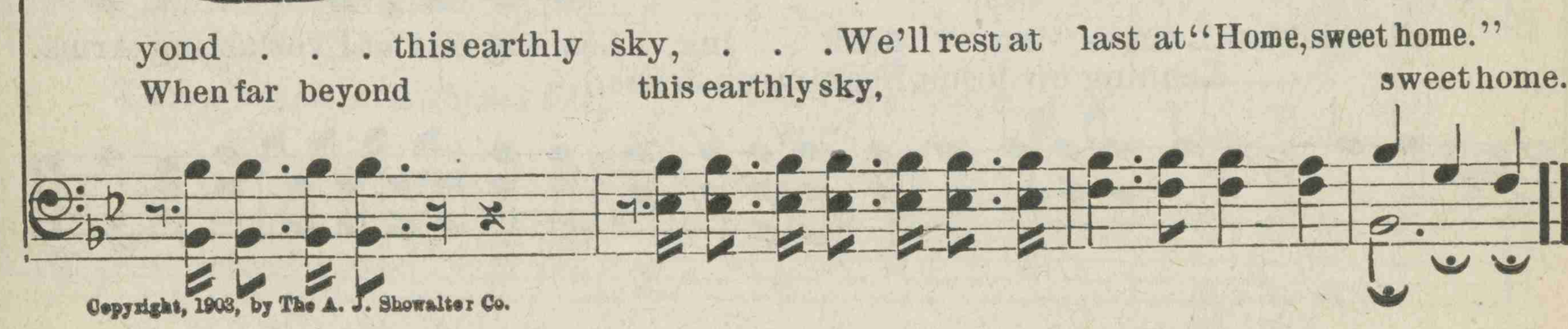
No. 175. SWEET TO KNOW HIS LOVE.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. W. C. HOGAN.



1. 'Tis sweet to know the Saviour's love, And trust His constant care; 'Tis sweet to send our
2. 'Tis sweet to work for Christ the King, While in His world be - low; 'Tis sweet our lov-ing
3. 'Tis sweet to speak in words of cheer To souls that sit in gloom, And point them to those
4. 'Tis sweet to la - bor on and wait, De-pend-ing on His grace, Till at the o - pen

REFRAIN.

tho'ts a-bove On wings of fer-vent prayer. 'Tis sweet to know . . . that by and
gifts to bring, And thus our gladness show.
mansions dear, Be-yond the si - lent tomb.
pearl - y gate We meet Him face to face.

'Tis sweet to know

by . . . . A hap-py time . . . will sure-ly come, . . . When far be-
that by and by A happy time will sure-ly come, will surely come,

yond . . . this earthly sky, . . . We'll rest at last at "Home, sweet home."
When far beyond this earthly sky, sweet home.



Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 176. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

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

1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-

last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms! I have peace complete with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms! Lean-ing, lean-ing, Safe and secure from
Leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Jesus,

all a-larms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.
Leaning on Jesus, Leaning on Jesus,

Copyright, 1887, by A. J. SHOWALTER & CO.

No. 177. I AM ON MY JOURNEY TO CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.

Dedicated to my friend and brother, N. G. Jacks, Augusta, Ga.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY, by per.

1. I am on my jour-ney to Canaan's happy land, For my Cap-tain, He has gone on be-fore; 'Tis a land of rest to the pilgrim's lov-ing breast, O, brother, will you meet me o - ver there?
2. In this wea - ry world, full of sor-row and of woe, There is sick-ness, there is death ev - 'ry-where! In that land of light where they nev - er know a night, O, Over there, o- ver there, . . On
3. O, the bless - ed Sav-iour, up - on the cru - el cross, Died to give to us that land bright and fair; List! I hear glad songs from the happy heav'nly throngs! O, O - ver there, . . O-ver there,
4. O, my eyes are dim and my feet are halt and sore, But they tell me, in that land bright and fair, That the blind shall see, and the halt and lame are free! O, Canaan's shore, so bright and fair, O-ver there, o - ver there, . . O,

REFRAIN.

O - ver there, . .

FINE.

D.S. *brother, will you meet me over there?*

O - ver there, . .

D.S.

O - ver there, . . .

Copyright, 1887, by A. J. Showalter & Co.

No 178. THE KING WILL BE IN THE BOAT.

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

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. R. D. BURLESON.

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

REFRAIN

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

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

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

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 179. WORKING FOR THE MASTER.

C. W. J. C. W. JAMES.

1. We are working for the Mas- ter, For Him sow-ing precious seed, Speaking
2. We are working for the Mas- ter, Hap- py in His love un-told, Lead-ing
3. We are working for the Mas- ter, Glad - ly serving day by day, Trust-ing
4. We are working for the Mas- ter, On the mountain and the plain, Toil- ing

REFRAIN

words of hope and comfort, Helping oth-ers in their need. Working for the Master,
souls from sin and danger, To the safe-ty of His fold.
in His blessed promise, Walking in the liv-ing way.
in His ripened harvest, Reaping sheaves of golden grain.

We are

Working for the Master, We are toiling here in faith and love; Working for the
in His love;

We are

Master, Working for the Master. Till we gain the rich reward a - bove.
We are reward a-bove.

Copyright, 1901, by C. W. James.

No. 180. DUTIES ALL AROUND YOU.

BIRDIE BELL. A. J. ROBERTSON.

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

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

FINE. REFRAIN.

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

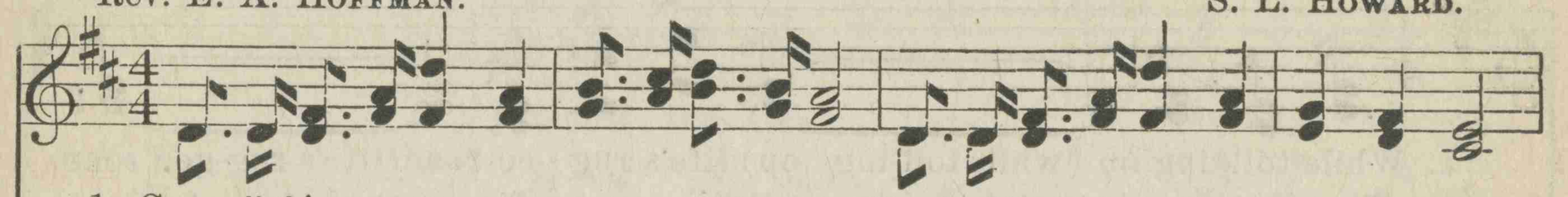
D.S.

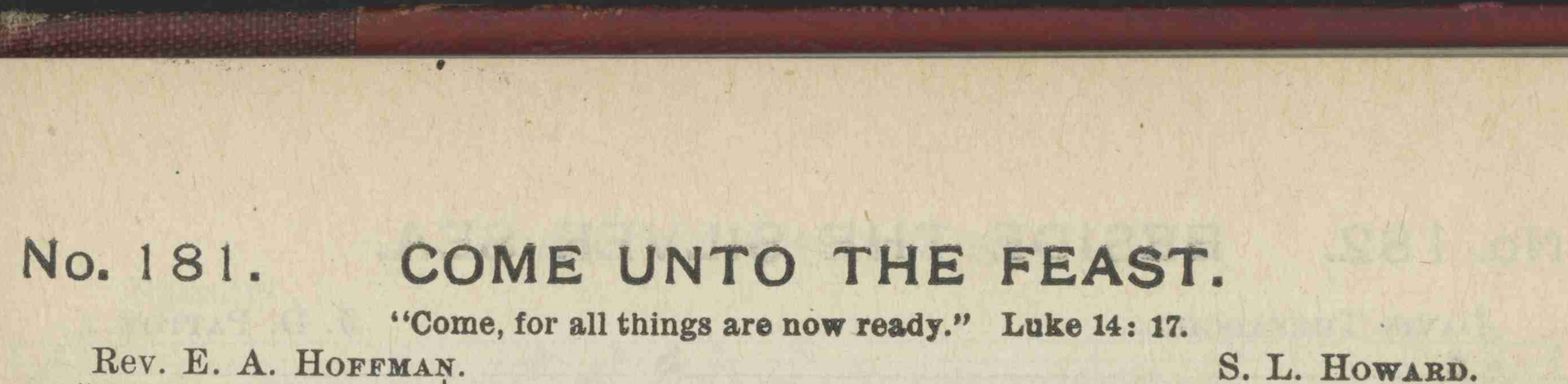
la - bor for the Lord, For each faithful toil - er waits a sure re -ward;

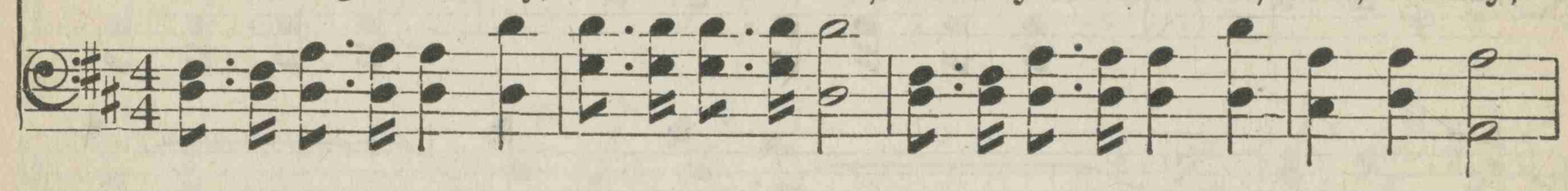
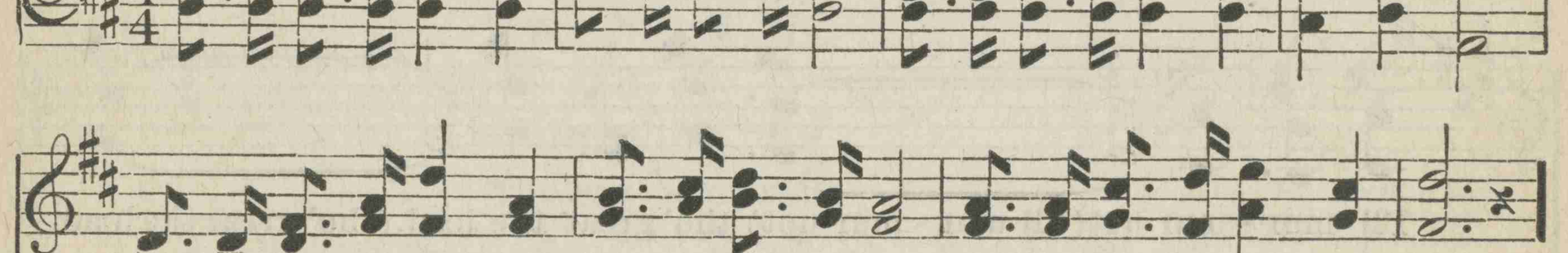
Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Robertson.

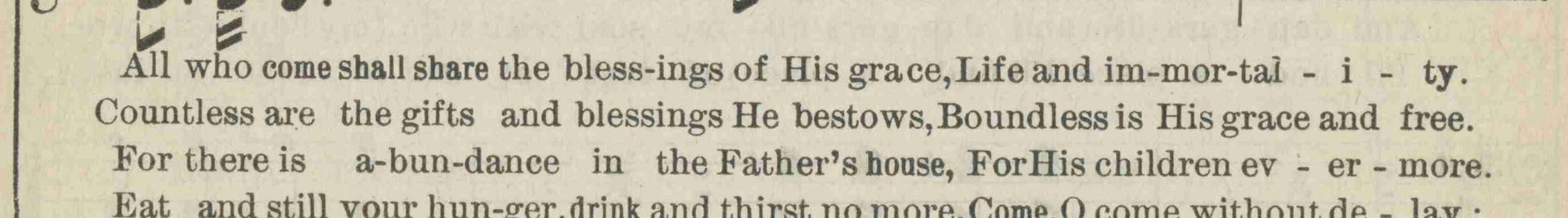
No. 181. COME UNTO THE FEAST.

"Come, for all things are now ready." Luke 14: 17.

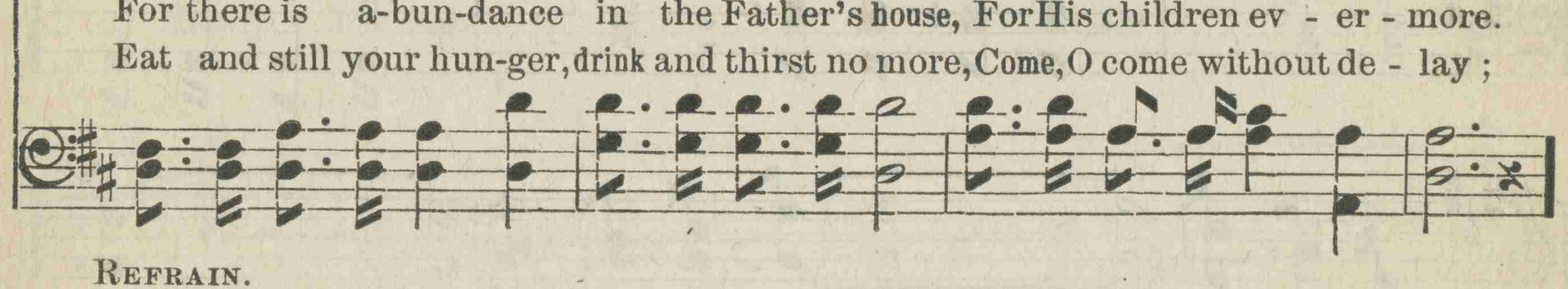
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. S. L. Howard.

1. Come, all things are rea - dy, come unto the feast, By the Master's hands prepared for thee ;
2. Come, all things are rea - dy, lo, the feast is spread, And the Master waits to wel-come thee ;
3. Come, all things are rea - dy, none need go a-way, Hunger-ing for bread and thirsting more,
4. Come, all things are rea - dy, do not doubt or fear, Seek Thy Father's ta-ble, soul, to-day,



All who come shall share the bless-ings of His grace, Life and im-mor-tal - i - ty.
Countless are the gifts and blessings He bestows, Boundless is His grace and free.
For there is a-bun-dance in the Father's house, For His children ev - er - more.
Eat and still your hun-ger, drink and thirst no more, Come, O come without de - lay ;

Refrain.

All things now are ready, then come to - day, For the guests He waiteth, do not de - lay ;



Come un - to the feast, the door is o - pen wide, En-ter now while still ye may.



Copyright, 1903, by S. L. Howard.

No. 182. BESIDE THE SILVER SEA.

DAVIS THREADGILL. J. D. PATTON.

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

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

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

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

Copyright, 1902, by J. D. Patton

BESIDE THE SILVER SEA.

REFRAIN.

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

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

The Sav - iour waits to wel - come me,

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

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

To dwell with Him, On that bright shore,

more. . . . . .

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

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

No. 183. WHEN WE ALL GET HOME.

HARRIET E. JONES. IRA B. WILSON.

1. O the meet - ings, O the greet-ings, when we all get home, Hal - le
2. Ho - ly un - ion, sweet com - mun-ion, when we all get home, Hal - le
3. No more dy - ing, no more cry - ing, when we all get home, Hal - le -
4. Robes of white-ness, crowns of brightness, when we all get home, Hal - le -

lu-jah to the Lamb! Re - u - nit - ed, saved, de-light - ed, when we all get home,
lu-jah to the Lamb! None mo - lest-ing, glorious rest - ing when we all get home,
lu.jah to the Lamb! Naught to sev - er, nev - er, nev - er, when we all get home,
lu-jah to the Lamb! Close to Je - sus, Sav-iour precious, when we all get home,

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! When we all get home, to our home, sweet home,

to the Lamb!

Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah to the Lamb! Bow before Him, laud, a-dore Him, praise and

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

WHEN WE ALL GET HOME.

the Lamb!

mag-ni - fy His name, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb, to the Lamb!

No. 184. PRECIOUS THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy. J. W. Dennis.

1. Glad - ly we trust in Je - sus, Rest 'neath the sprinkled blood; Hav - ing the blest as -
2. Sweet-ly we rest when wea-ry, Lean on His lov-ing breast; There in His bless-ed
3. Pre-cious the love of Je - sus, Fill - ing our hearts with peace; Giv - ing us rest and
4. Pre-cious the love of Je - sus, Sweet-er than heart can tell; Wondrous the love that

REFRAIN.

sur - ance That we have peace with God. Pre-cious the love of Je - sus,
keep - ing Naught can our peace mo - lest.
glad-ness, Joys that will nev - er cease.
ev - er In our poor hearts will dwell.

Pre-cious to you and me; Tast-ing now of the glad-ness Ours thro' e - ter-ni - ty.

Copyrght, 1903, by The A. J. Showlater Co.

No. 185. SING PRAISES TO THE LORD.

Miss Mamie Stewart. J. M. Bowman.

1. Sing prais-es to the Lord most high, Let all our voi - ces loud- ly ring;
2. Sing prais-es to the Ho - ly One, Who died for us our souls to win;
3. Sing prais-es to the Lamb of God, Praise Him who reigns in heav'n above;

He came to earth for us to die, His prais - es we will ev - er sing.
The blood of Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Was shed to cleanse us from our sin.
We'll walk the paths our fa -thers trod, A - bid - ing in His pre-cious love.

Sing prais- es to the One who died Up - on the Cross of Cal - va - ry;
Sing prais- es to the One a - bove, Who fills our hearts with sav- ing grace;
Sing prais- es to the Cru - ci - fied, He rose a-gain,—to heav'n has gone,

The crimson blood flow'd from His side, He shed His blood for you and me.
We live re - joic - ing in His love, Some day we'll meet Him face to face.
And thro' His grace the blood ap-plied, To cleanse our sins, His work was done.

Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Bowman, Harrisonburg, Va.

SING PRAISES TO THE LORD.

REFRAIN.

Sing prais - - - es to the Lord, Sing prais - - es to the Lord;

Sing prais-es to the Lord, the Lord most high, Sing praises to the Ho - ly, Ho - ly One;

Sing prais - es to the Lord most high,

Sing prais - - - es to the Lord,

Sing praises to the Lord, the Lord who died, Sing praises to the Father's Son.

Sing prais - es to the Lord who died,

No. 186. PRAYER.

MAMIE STEWART. J. M. BOWMAN.

1. Fa - ther, hear my hum - ble cry! Give me com-fort from on high;
2. All my life I give to Thee; In Thy ser - vice I would be:
3. Guide my thoughts, my work, my life; Keep me from the bonds of strife;
4. Lord, my soul from sin re - lease; Guide me to the realm of peace;

While I plead, Lord, Thou dost hear; As I pray Thou dost draw near.
Fa - ther, save my sin - sick soul, And my wea - ry steps con - trol.
Help me talk as Thou didst talk;—Help me walk as Thou didst walk.
Nev - er let me from Thee stray,—Keep me near Thee ev - 'ry day.

No. 187. THERE'S A CROWN THE JUST SHALL WEAR.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. S. L. HOWARD.

1. There's a crown the just shall wear, When the toils of life are o'er; There are palms that they shal
2. There's a song that they shall sing, When the heav'nly gates unfold, Glo - ry to their God and
3. There's a mansion they shall share, By the Lord Himself prepared, With their loved ones o - ver

REFRAIN.

There's a crown, . . . yes, there's a

bear, O - ver on the oth - er shore. There's a crown,
King, As they walk the streets of gold.
there, From life's toils and dan - gers spared.

crown, wear; There's a

yes, there's a crown That the faith - ful ones shall wear, o - ver there;

crown, . . . yes, there's a crown,

There's a crown, yes, there's a crown That a-waits them o - ver there.

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 188. ON THE OTHER SIDE.

JENNIE WILSON. B. E. ROBBINS.

1. On the oth - er side of the riv-er's tide There's a land of love and light, Where the
2. On the oth - er side where the saved a-bide They are call-ing us to come To the
3. On the oth - er side with the glo - ri - fied Shall our spirits dwell ere long, And for-
4. On the oth - er side ful - ly sat - is - fied Our en-rap-tured souls shall be, As we

REFRAIN.

flow'rs ne'er fade and no cares invade Scenes of beau-ty glad and bright. On the oth - er
perfect rest which no fears molest, In that fair e - ter- nal home.
ev - er-more, on that peaceful shore, With them sing the victor's song.
pass the gate where pure angels wait And our Saviour's face we see. On the oth - er side of the

side, On the oth - er side Is a land of joy un -
riv - er's tide, On the oth - er side where the saved a-bide,

told, And some blessed day, when the mists roll a-way, We its glo-ries shall be-hold.

Copyright, 1902, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 189. THE BAND OF WORKERS.

"Thy work shall be rewarded.—Jer. 31: 16.

Dedicated to Prof. A. J. Showalter and all other noble workers in the field of song.

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY, by per.

In Refrain imitate the ringing of bells.

1. We're a band of work-ers, Toil - ing on the way, Work - ing in the sun-shine
2. We will tell the sto - ry, Tell it o'er a - gain, How the bless - ed Je - sus
3. Set the bells a - ring-ing, Let the mu - sic flow, Fill - ing with its glad-ness
4. Soon our days of toil - ing They will all be o'er, Then we'll dwell with Je - sus,

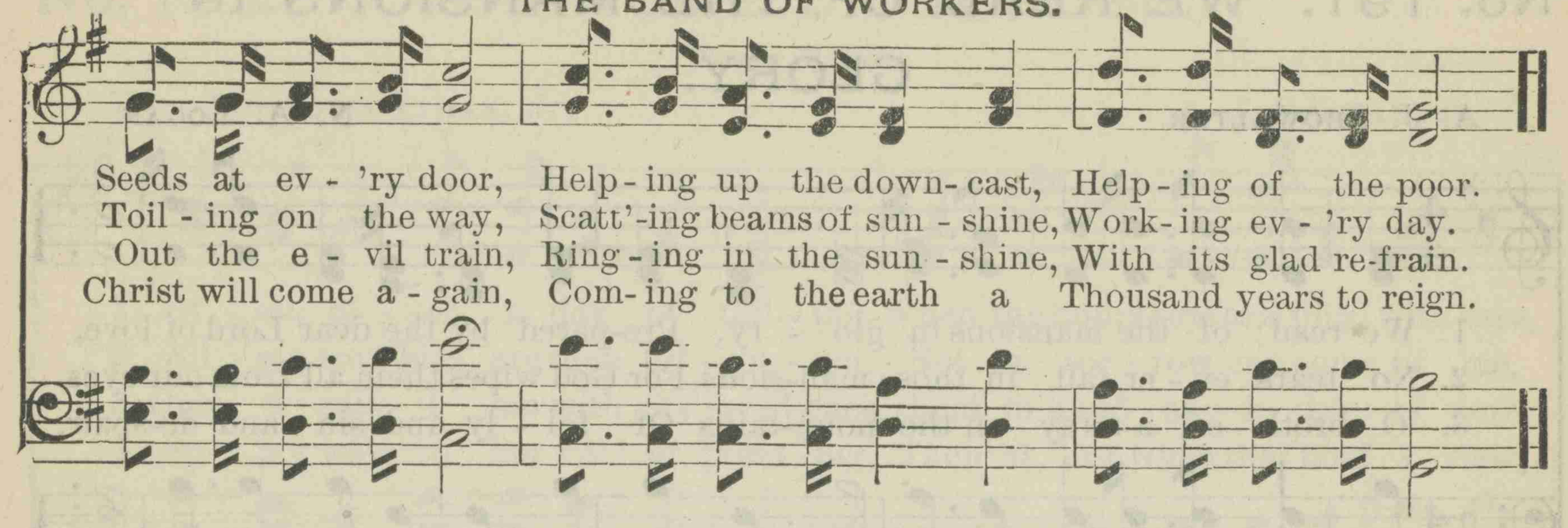
And the cloud - y day; Work-ing with our feet and work-ing with our hand
On the cross was slain; How they nailed His hands and feet, and pierced His side,
All the earth be - low; Ring - ing out the sad - ness And its e - vil train,
Dwell for ev - er-more; List! the bells of heav - en, Join the glad re - frain,

REFRAIN. *Vigorously.*

In the Master's vine-yard, Do - ing what we can. Walk-ing, talking, Do-ing deeds of
Je - sus slain for sin-ners, On the cross He died. Working, toiling, Tell-ing how this
Ring-ing in the sun-shine, With its glad re-frain. Ring-ing, ringing, Set the bells a -
Christ will come to earth, a Thousand years to reign. Ring-ing, ringing, List! the bells of

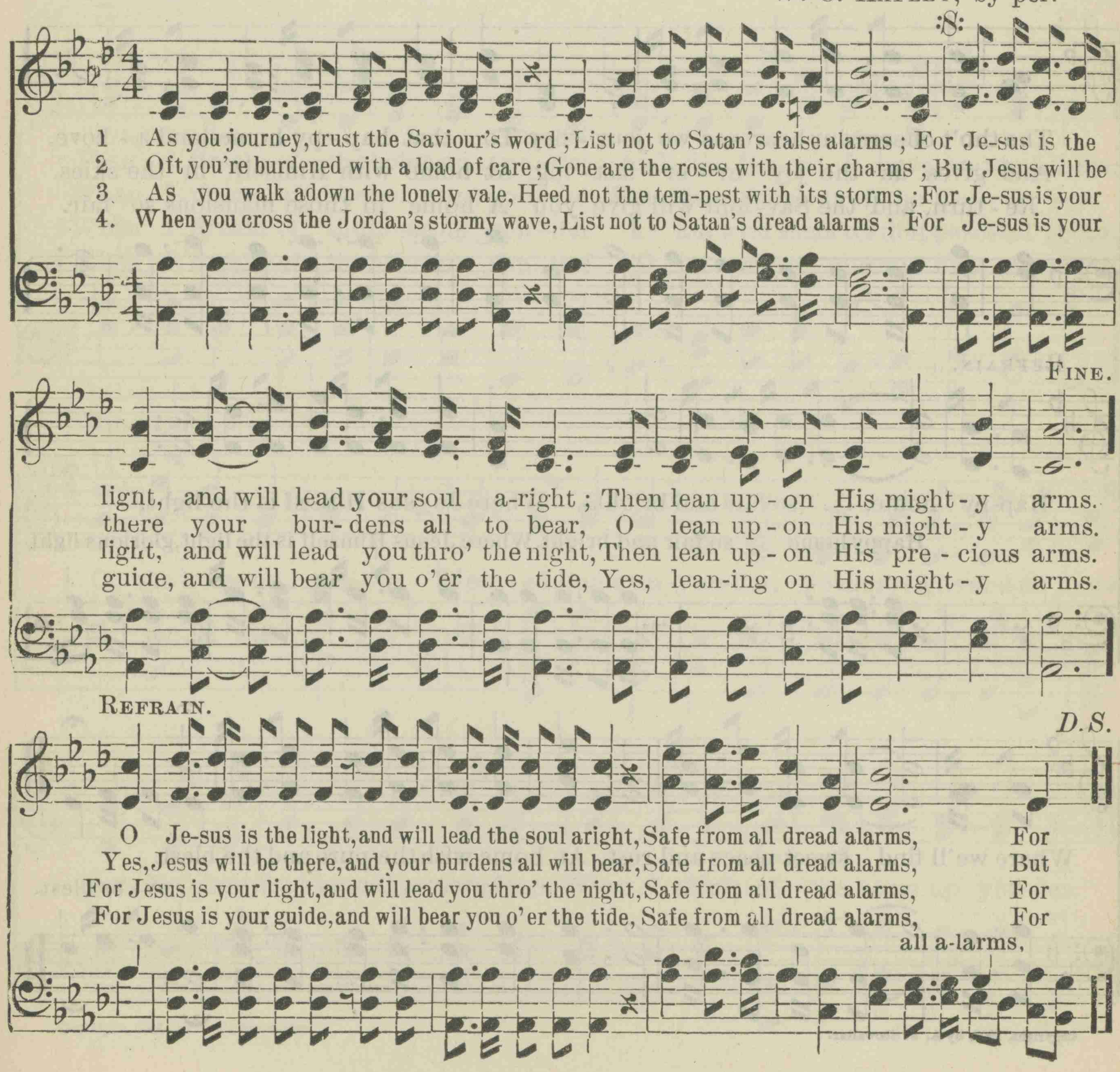
kind-ness, Call - ing at the door Of the sick and poor; Sow - ing, sow - ing,
Sav-iour Went from door to door, Help - ing of the poor; Work-ing, work-ing,
ring - ing, Let the mu - sic flow O - ver earth be-low; Ring-ing, ring - ing,
heav-en, Let the ech - oes fly Thro' the earth and sky; Com - ing, com - ing,

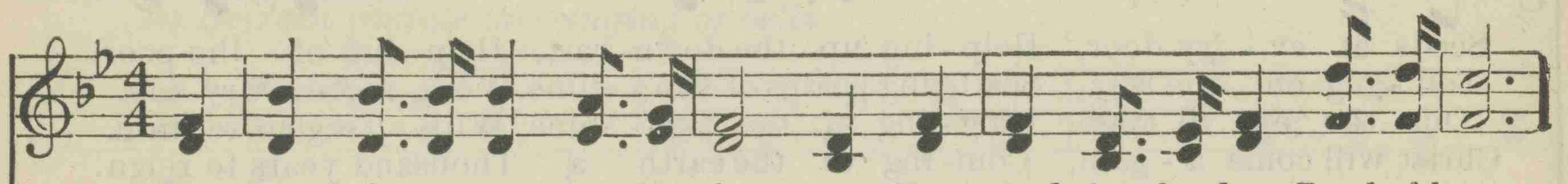
THE BAND OF WORKERS.

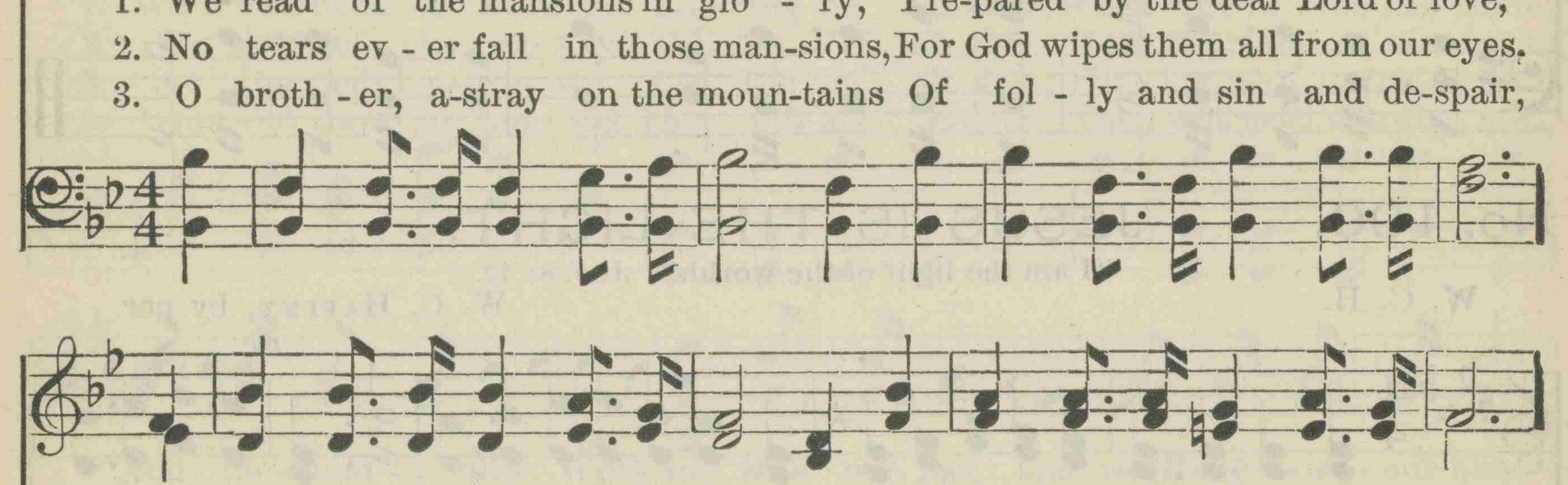


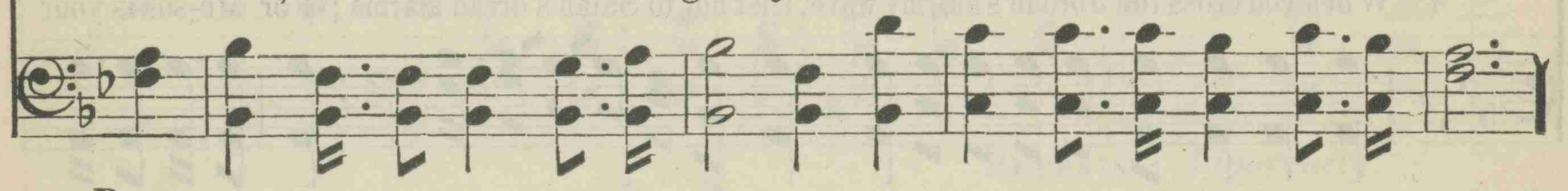
No. 190. JESUS IS THE LIGHT.

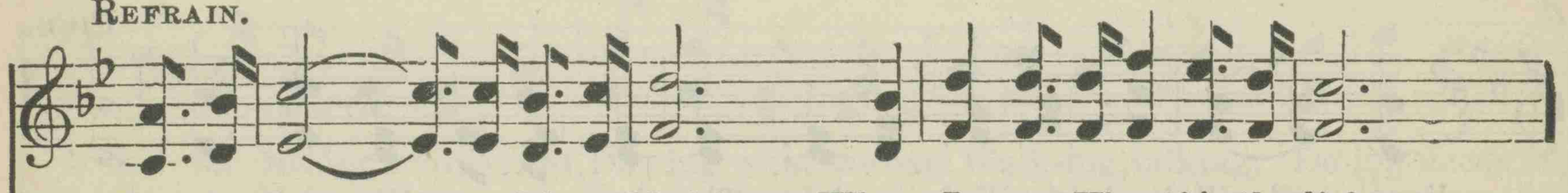
"I am the light of the world." Jno. 8: 12.

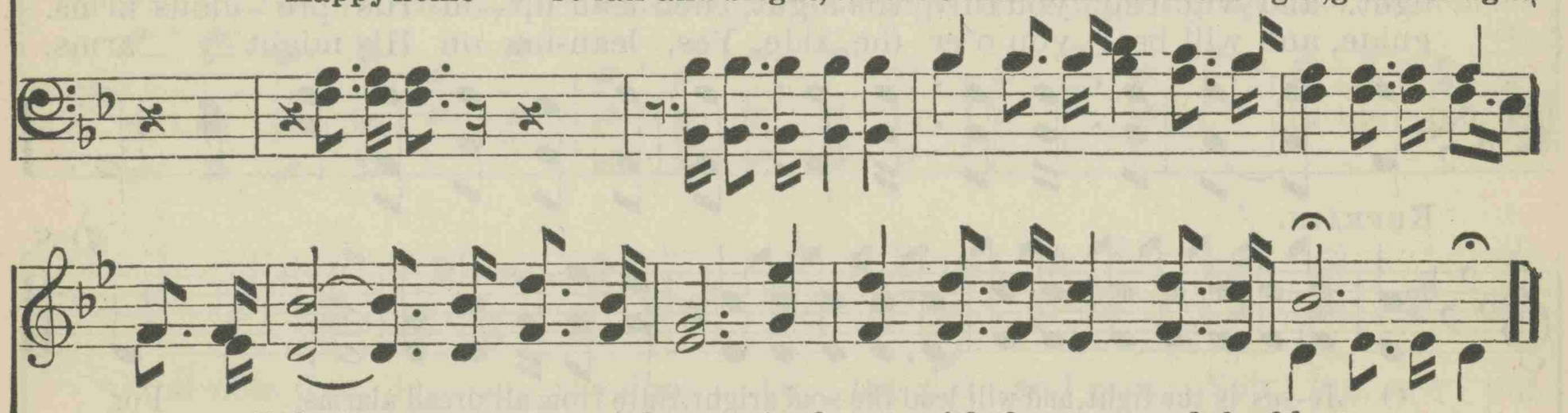
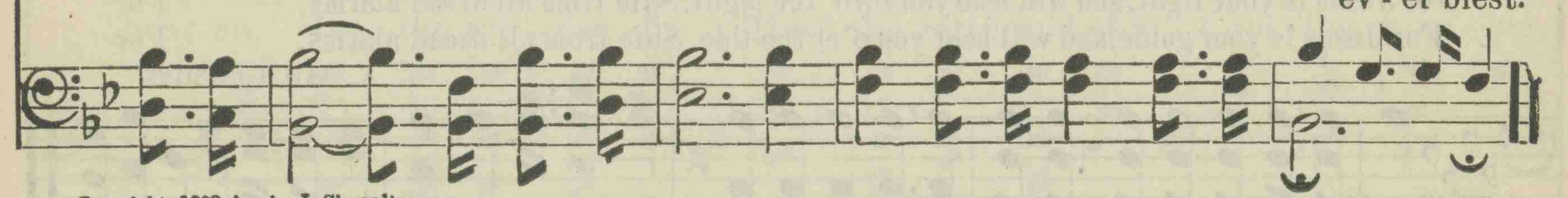
W. C. H. W. C. Hafley, by per.

No. 191. WE READ OF THE MANSIONS IN GLORY.

A. J. SHOWALTER. N. A. LOGAN.

1. We read of the mansions in glo - ry, Pre-pared by the dear Lord of love,
2. No tears ev - er fall in those man-sions, For God wipes them all from our eyes.
3. O broth - er, a-stray on the moun-tains Of fol - ly and sin and de-spair,



The tho't cheers our hearts as we jour - ney To that hap - py home-land a - bove.
And gives us the joy ev - er - last - ing, At home with Himself in the skies.
Re - turn, and the Sav - iour will give you A home in those mansions so fair.

REFRAIN.



Hap-py home, . . so fair and bright, Where Je - sus Himself is the light,
Happy home so fair and bright, Where Jesus Himself is the light, glorious light,

Where we'll find sweet peace and rest, At home with the pure and the blest.
ev - er blest.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 192. THE HOME UP YONDER.

To my Mother.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. A. J. Showalter.

1. Of - ten af - ter a day of toil - ing, When the hours have been filled with care,
2. All my trou-bles are then for - got - ten, Not a sor - row can come to me,
3. Once a - gain I am with my loved ones, Hand in hand as in days of yore,
4. So my way to the riv - er press - ing, Then at last when that land I view,

Then I dream of the home up yon - der, And in fan-cy I have en-tered there.
When I dream of the home up yon - der, When those mansions of the blest I see.
When I dream of the home up yon - der I am with them on that peaceful shore.
When I dream of the home up yon - der I'll a - wak-en and will find it true.

Refrain.

O the home up yon-der, Bless - ed home up yon-der, No more sighs and no more

tears, No more doubts and no more fears, When I think of the home up yon-der.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

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

JENNIE WILSON. A. J. ROBERTSON.

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

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

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

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

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

D.S.

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

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

No. 194. JESUS IS THE FRIEND YOU NEED.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. S. L. HOWARD.

1. When you seek a friend and help-er in the time of need, One there is who loves your soul in - deed; He has prom-ised to be with you all your jour-ney through,
2. There is not an-oth - er friend in all the world beside In whose love your soul can so con - fide; For His good-ness and His mer - cy are each mo - ment new,
3. Nev - er leave Him, or forsake this Friend of friends most dear, Keep the lov-ing Sav - iour ev - er near; Live in sweet commun - ion with Him, seek His will to do,

D.S. *To His own He will be ev - er faith-ful, ev - er true,*

FINE. REFRAIN.

Je - sus is the ver - y Friend for you. Je - sus is the Friend you need in
And He is the ver - y Friend for you.
Je - sus is the ver - y Friend for you.

Je - sus is the ver - y Friend for you.

D.S.

ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, He to help and bless His people has a-bundant grace and pow'r;

Copyright, 1908, by S. L. Howard.

No. 195. TAKE THE SAVIOUR WITH YOU.

A. VENEMA. GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. Take the Saviour with you when you leave your home, His compan-ion-ship is sweet wher-
2. Far away from friends and loved ones, all a-lone, Mus-ing on life's joys, re- call-ing
3. Bent on rec - re - a - tion, or in quest of health, Mingling with the surg-ing throng in-
4. Tho' the world be wide the Lord is ev-'ry where, Round the circling globe you find His

e'er you roam; In the mountains wild, or on the roll - ing sea, An - y-where with
pleasures flown, Like the skies, His love o'er-reaches all your way, An - y-where with
tent on wealth, Seek the Lord's approv-al, keep your conscience true, An - y - thing with
shelt'ring care; Ev - 'ry sky re-flects His beauteous promise bow, An - y-where with

REFRAIN.

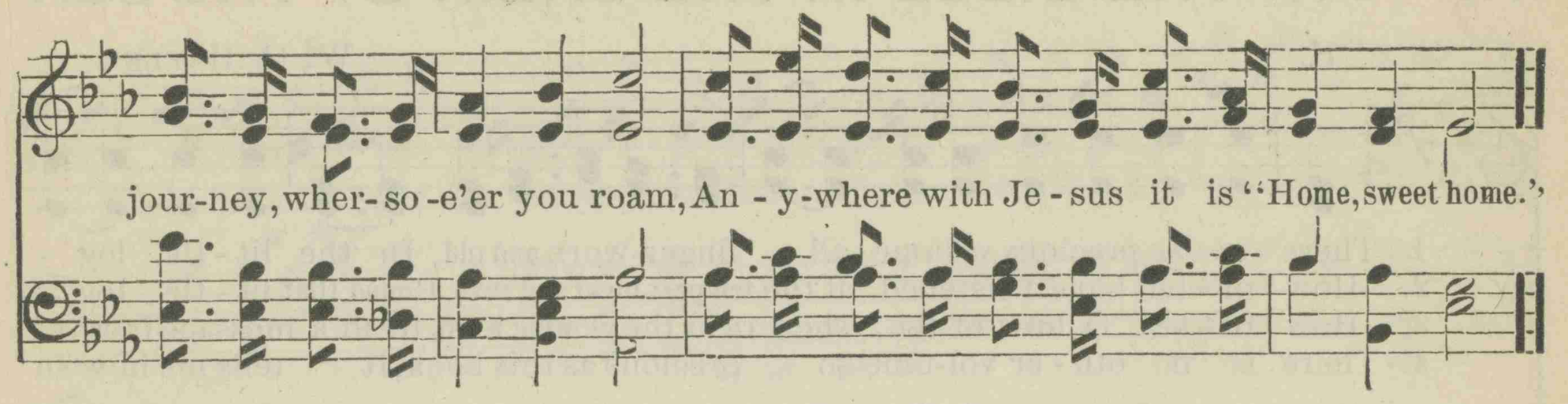
An - y - where, ev - 'ry-where,

Je - sus it is safe to be.
Je - sus it is safe to stay.
Je - sus it is safe to do.
Je - sus it is safe to go.

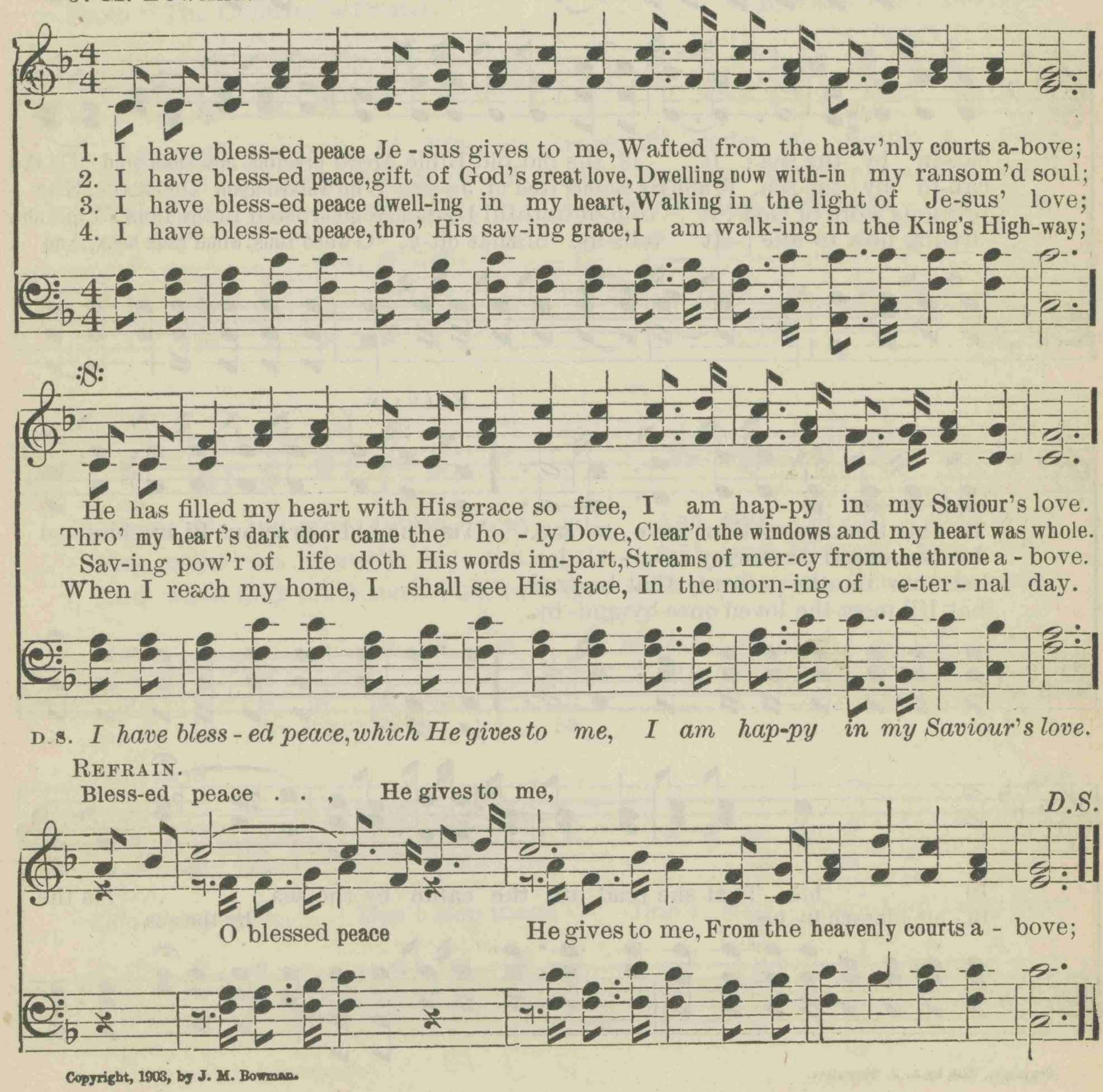
An - y-where, ev'ry-where, Take the

Sav-iour with you ev -'ry-where you go; Take Him with you Thro' life's
yes, ev - 'ry-where you go;

Copyright, 1903, by Geo. B. Holsinger, Bridgewater, Va. Used by per.

TAKE THE SAVIOUR WITH YOU.

No. 196. I HAVE BLESSED PEACE.

J. M. BOWMAN. D. N. BEARD.



Copyright, 1903, by J. M. Bowman.

No. 97. THE BIBLE IN THE CABIN BY THE SEA

W. C. H. W. C. HAFLEY.

1. There is a precious volume all finger-worn and old, In the lit - tle log -
2. How of - ten have I listened at the tempest howl and rave, Round that lit - tle log -
3. How of - ten, O how of-ten, she read the glowing word, Read a message from the
4. There is no oth - er vol-ume so precious as this book, It tells me how in

cab-in by the sea; It is the old, old Bible, More precious now than gold, 'Tis the
cab-in by the sea, While my mother read of Je-sus Who walked upon the wave, How
precious word of God; It told of faithful Daniel Who trusted in the Lord, While she
liv-ing how to die; It tells me of that cit-y, O wond'rous, wond'rous book, And

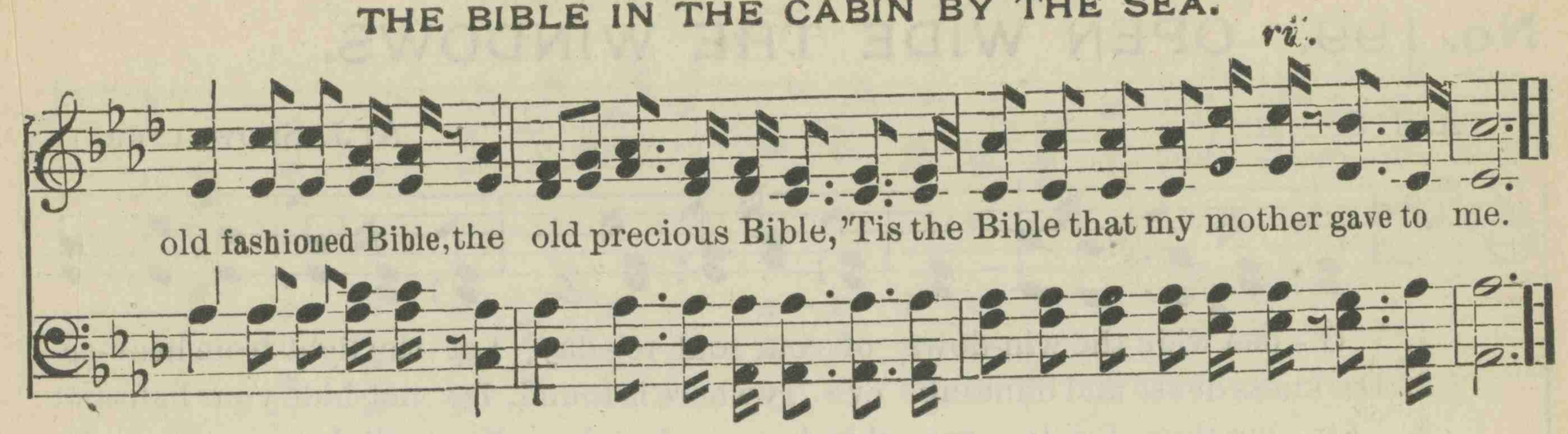
REFRAIN.

Bi - ble that my mother gave to me. 'Tis the old precious Bi-ble, bless-ed
Je - sus calmed the stormy Gal - i - lee.
led me in the pathway that he trod.
that I'll meet the loved ones by-and- by.

Bi - - - ble, That she read in the cabin by the sea; . . . 'Tis the
Bi - ble, blessed Bi- ble, by the sea;

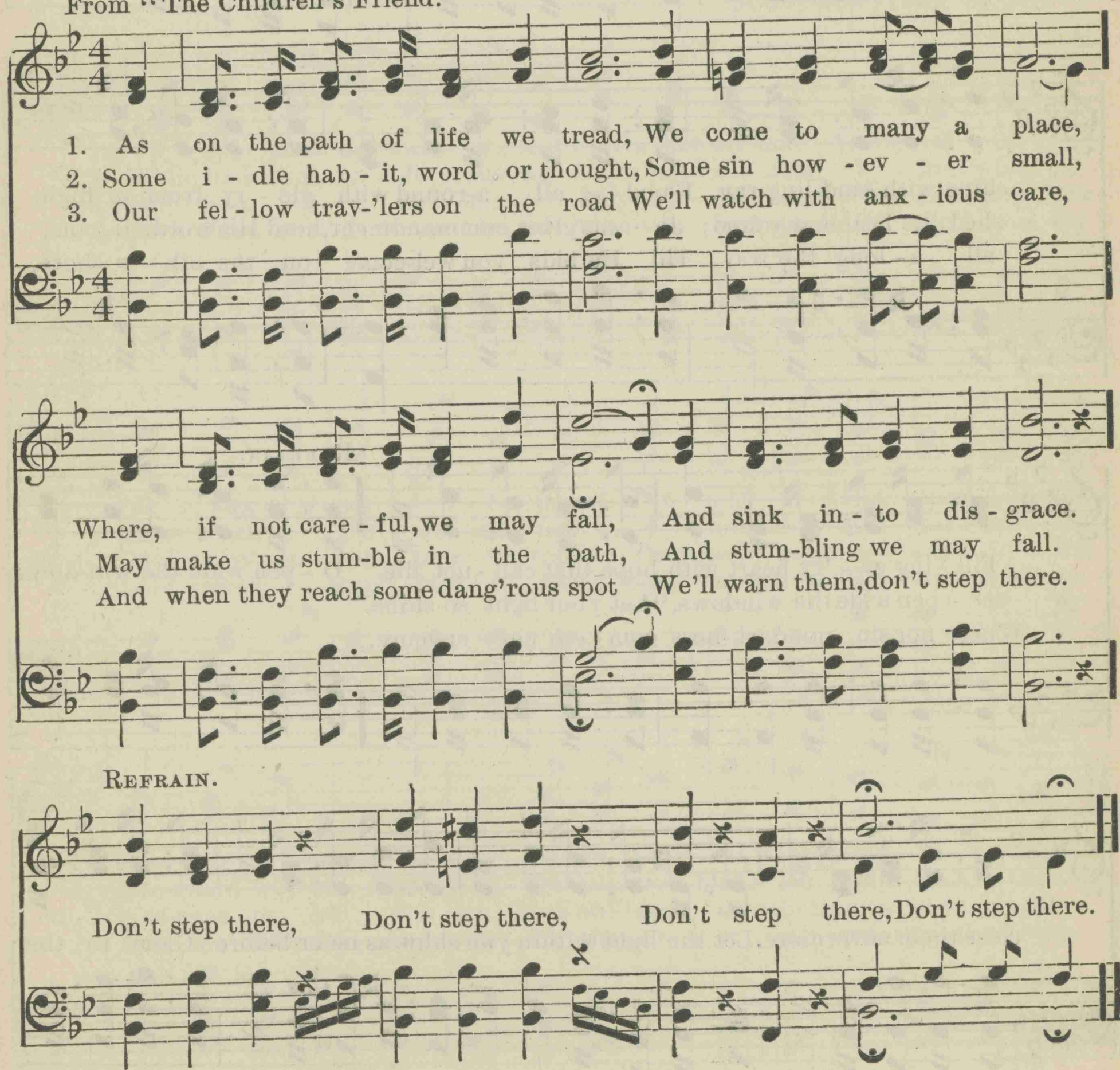
Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

THE BIBLE IN THE CABIN BY THE SEA.



No. 198. DON'T STEP THERE.

From "The Children's Friend." RAYMOND W. DOSTER.



Copyright, 1902, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 199. OPEN WIDE THE WINDOWS.

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

1. O - pen wide the win-dows of your soul to - day, Let the light from heav-en
2. Darkness dense and blinding ev - 'ry where is found, Do not hide your light but
3. Liv - ing thus for Je - sus, shin-ing ev - 'ry day, You will be a bless - ing

shine with kind-ling ray, Flood-ing all a-round with glo - ry from on high,
shed its beams a-round; Je - sus gives commandment, heed His words di- vine,
all a - long the way, Till He bids you wel-come on the oth - er shore,

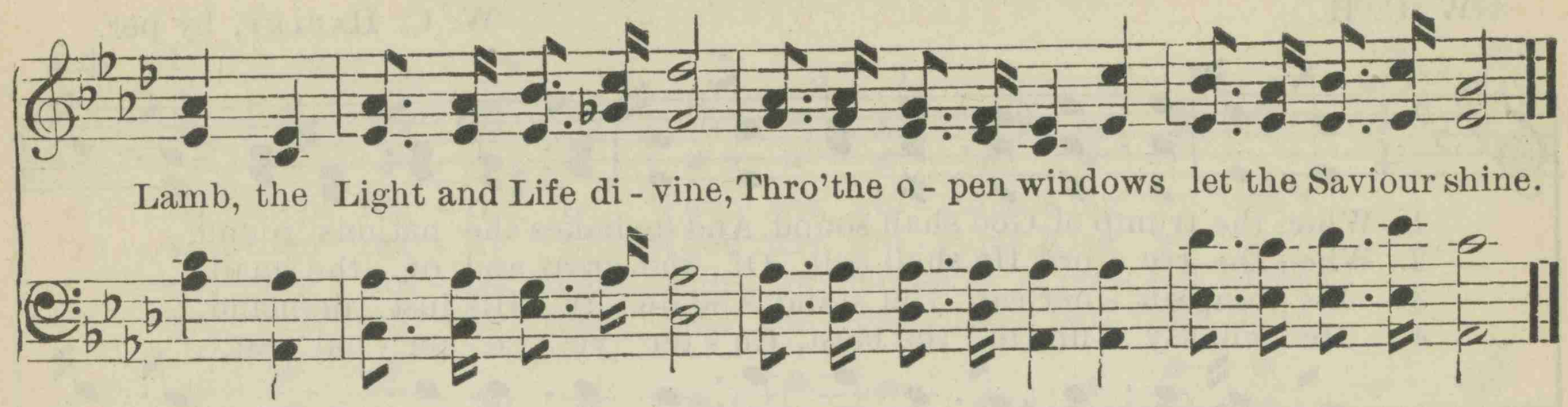
Fill - ing ev - 'ry heart with hope that can - not die. O - pen wide the win-dows.

REFRAIN.

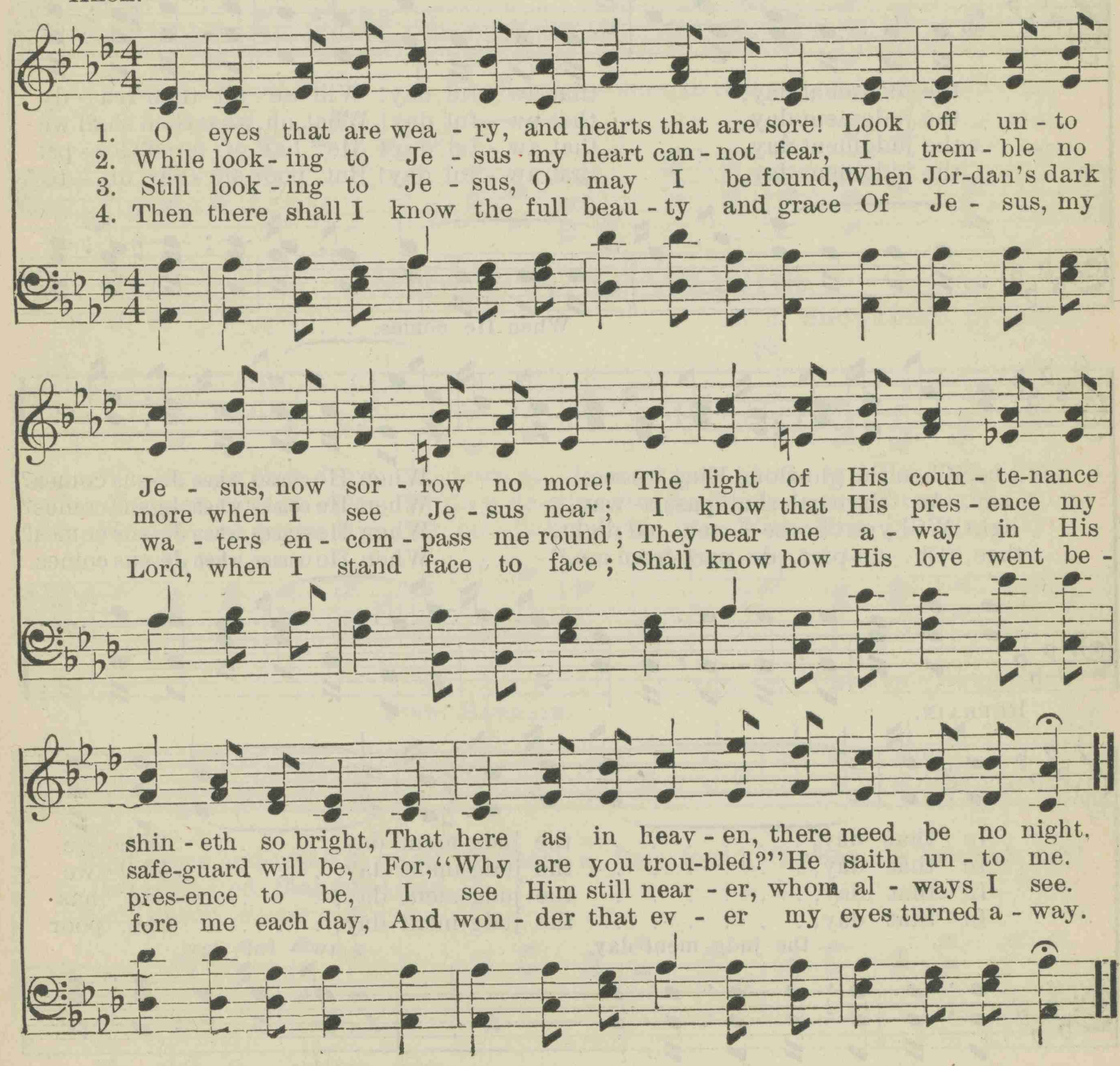
O - pen wide the windows, "Let your light so shine."
Where nor sin nor dark-ness com - eth nev - er-more.

close them nevermore, Let the light within you shine as ne'er before; Glory to the

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

OPEN WIDE THE WINDOWS.

No. 200. O EYES THAT ARE WEARY.

Anon. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.



No. 201. WHEN THE TRUMP SHALL SOUND.

W. C. H.

W. C. Hafley, by per.

1. When the trump of God shall sound, And it shakes the nations 'round,
2. When the rec - ord He shall call, Of the great and of the small,
3. Lis - ten, sin - ner, can you stand, And de - fy His just de-mand,
4. He will say un - to the blest, En - ter ye e - ter - nal rest,

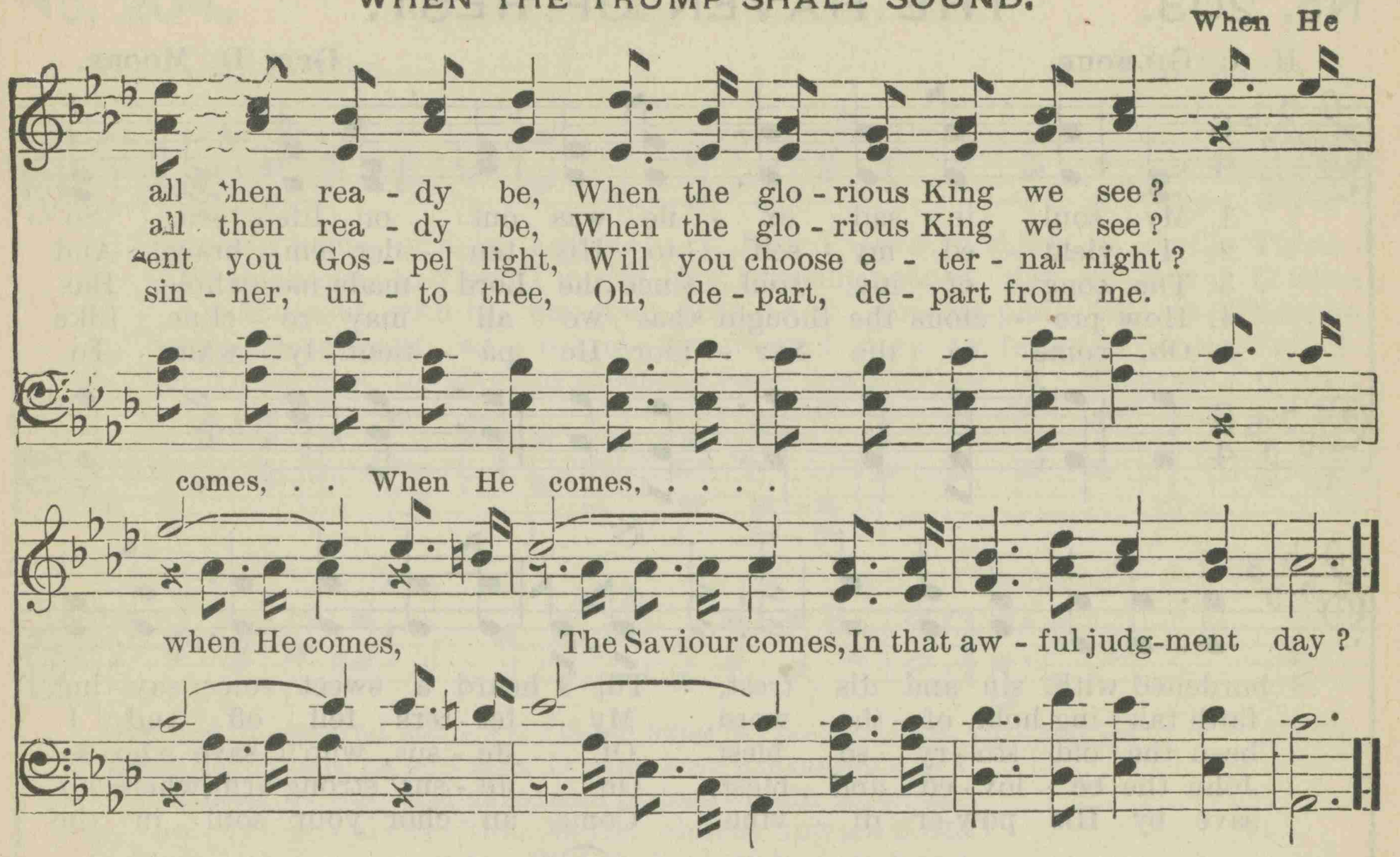
In that day, ... Aw - ful day, ...
the judgment day, that aw - ful day! Will we all then rea - dy be,
the judgment day, that aw - ful day! What, oh, what then shall we say,
the judgment day, that aw - ful day! He has of- fered Gos - pel light,
the judgment day, that aw - ful day! But, poor sin - ner, un - to thee,

When He comes, ...
When the glo-rious King we see, When He comes, when Je-sus comes?
As the earth shall pass a- way, When He comes, when Je-sus comes?
Will you choose e - ter - nal night, When He comes, when Je-sus comes?
"Oh, de-part, de- part from me," When He comes, when Je-sus comes.

REFRAIN.

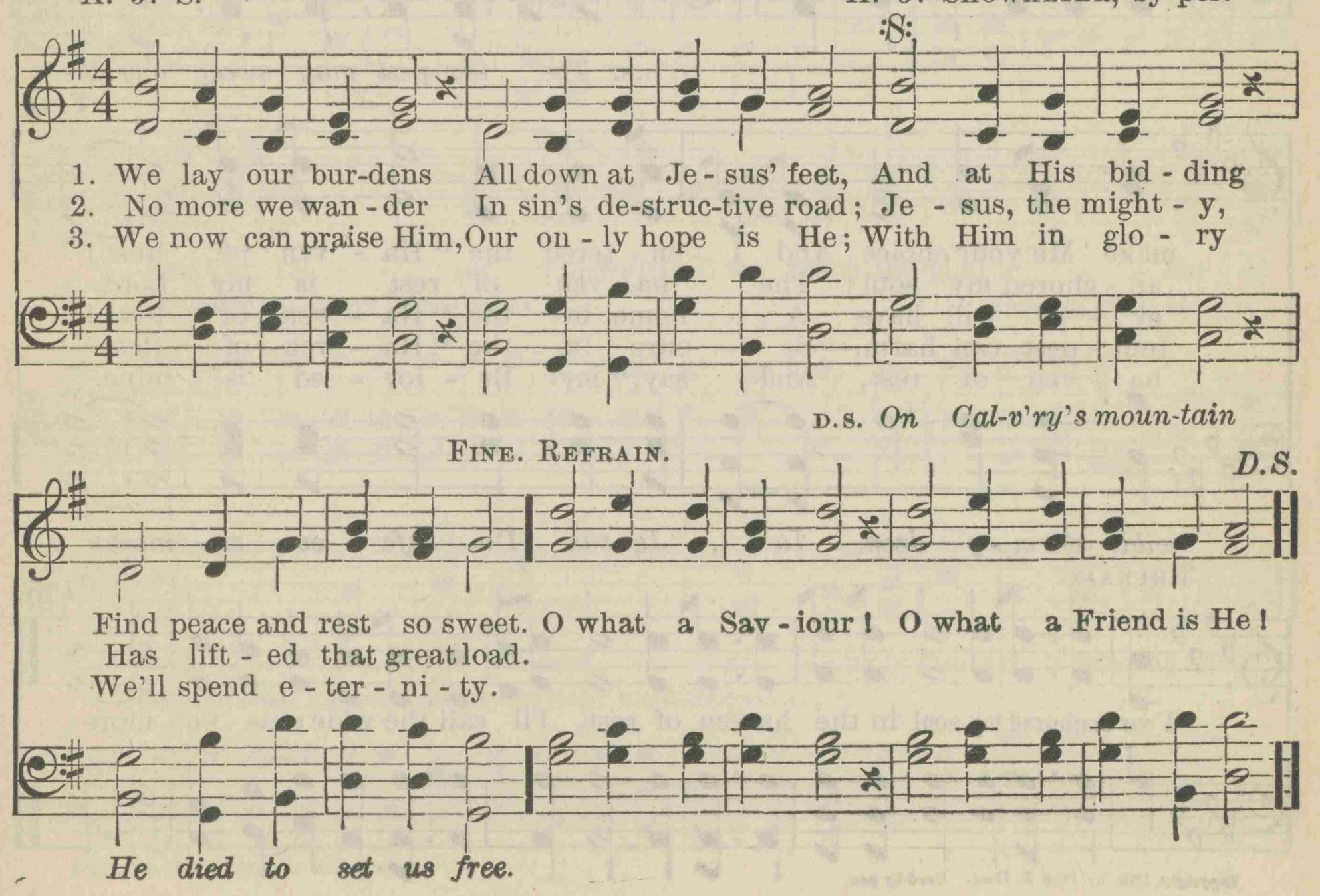
In that day, ... the judg-ment day, ... Will we
In that day, ... the judg-ment day, ... Will we
In that day, ... the judg-ment day, ... He has
In that day, ... the judg-ment day, ... Ah, poor
the judg- ment day, aw - ful day,

WHEN THE TRUMP SHALL SOUND.



No. 202. WHAT A SAVIOUR!

A. J. S. A. J. Showalter, by per.



No. 203. THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. GILMOUR. GEO. D. MOORE.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, He pa - tient - ly waits To

burdened with sin and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus, who'll save who - so -
John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
save by His pow-er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D.S. *The tem-pest may sweep o'er the*

FINE.

make Me your choice; And I en - tered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
an - chored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A . . home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,—Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

wild, storm - y deep, In . . Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

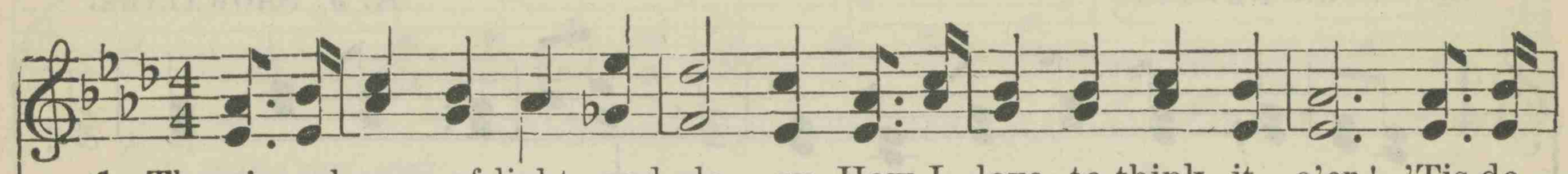
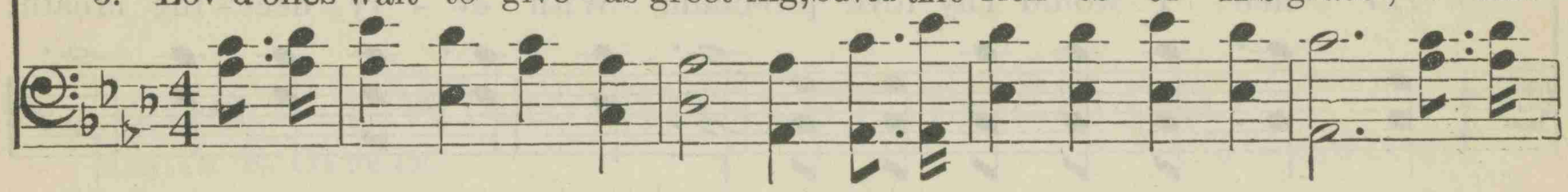
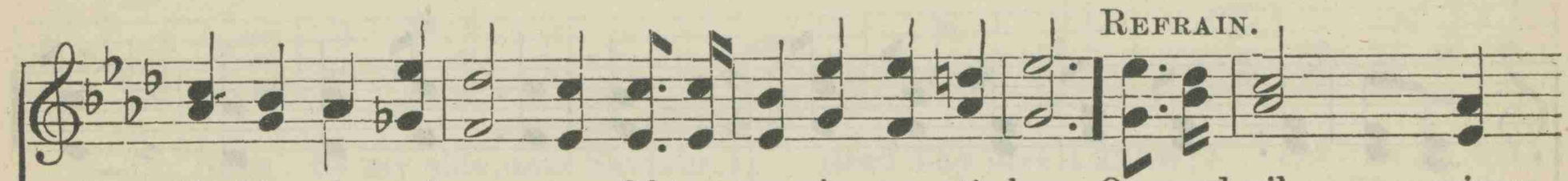
REFRAIN.

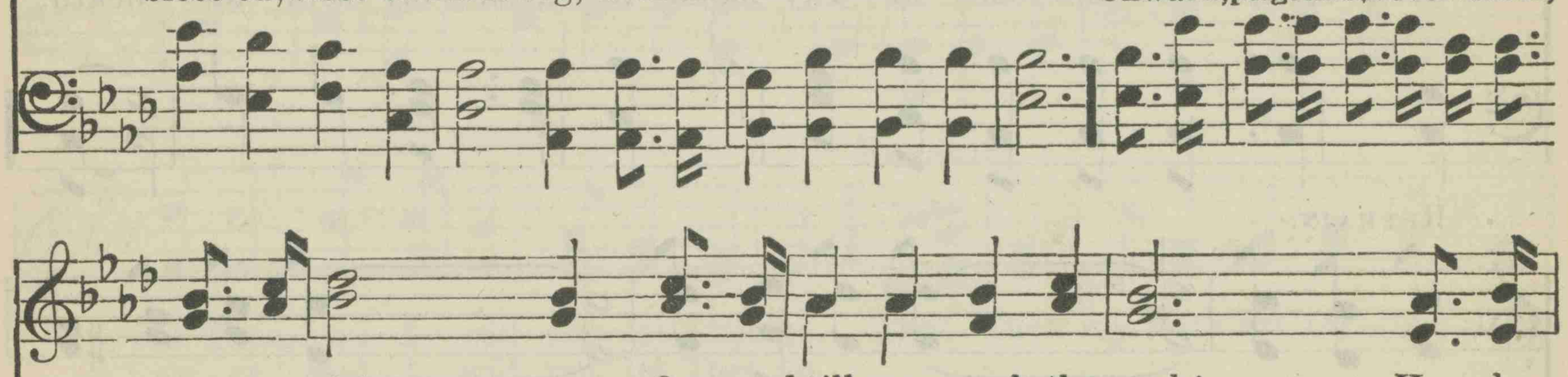
D.S.

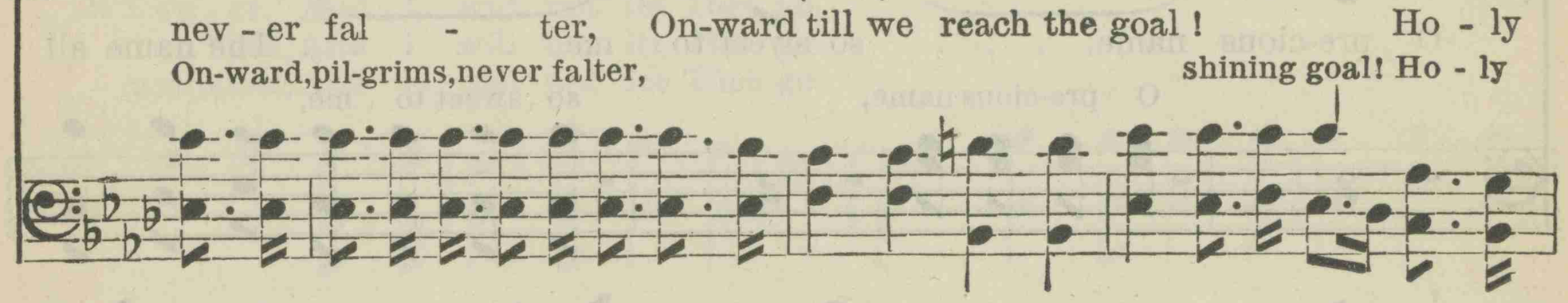
I've anchored my soul in the ha-ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

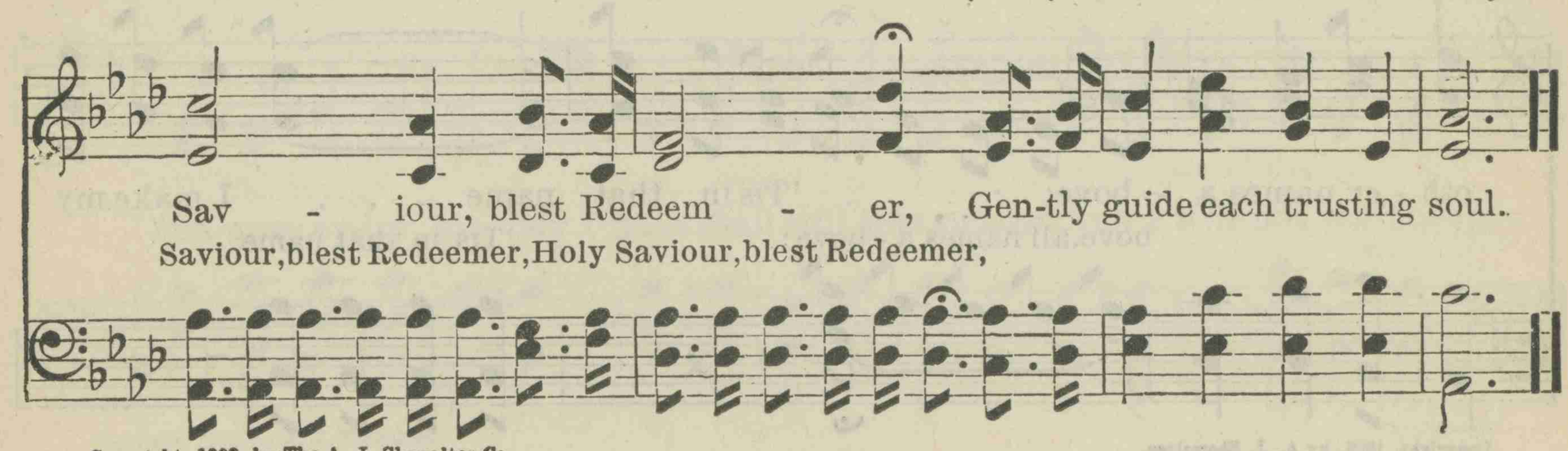
Copyright, 1889, by John J. Hood. Used by per.

No. 204. ONWARD, PILGRIMS.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER. S. O. CURRY.

1. There's a home of light and glo - ry, How I love to think it o'er! 'Tis de -
2. 'Tis the home to which I'm go - ing, Drawing near-er day by day; O what
3. All the soul with-in me glad - dens, As I con-tem-plate its joys! There no
4. Sweet-est songs of ad - o - ra - tion, Seem I now to hear the notes, Full of
5. Lov'd ones wait to give us greet-ing, Saved thro' rich - es of His grace; O that

REFRAIN.

scribed in sa-cred sto - ry, Of-ten sung in po- et's lore. Onward, pil - grims,
hosts have passed its por- tals, O what hosts are on the way!
sick-ness ev - er sad-dens, And no fear of sin an-noys.
ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion, As the chorus upward floats!
bless-ed, bless-ed meet-ing, With the Saviour face to face! Onward, pilgrims, never falter,

nev - er fal - ter, On-ward till we reach the goal! Ho - ly
On-ward, pil-grims, never falter, shining goal! Ho - ly



Sav - iour, blest Redeem - er, Gen-tly guide each trusting soul.
Saviour, blest Redeemer, Holy Saviour, blest Redeemer,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 205. THE NAME OF JESUS.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
3. Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place,
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought;
5. Till then I would Thy love pro-claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My nev - er - fail - ing treas - 'ry, filled With bound-less stores of grace!
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

REFRAIN.

O pre-cious name, . . . so sweet to me, ... The name all oth - er names a - bove; . . . . 'Tis in that name . . . I make my

O pre-cious name, so sweet to me, bove, all names a - bove; 'Tis in that name

Copyright, 1908, by A. J. Showalter.

love. . . . . .

plea, ... It floods my soul with God's dear love, with God's dear love.
I make my plea.

No. 206. I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Stay by my side, dear Saviour, I need Thy love, I know; I can-not do with-
2. Give me Thy love, dear Master, Sooth-ing my pain and woe; I need Thee by me
3. Strive not to leave me, Saviour; While I am here be-low I cannot live with-
4. Thou wilt not leave me lonely, Thou triest my faith, I know, But it shall be tri-

REFRAIN.

out Thee, And I will not let Thee go. Tho' Thou my faith art try - ing, I'll
ev - er, And I will not let Thee go.
out Thee, And I will not let Thee go.
umphant, And I will not let Thee go.

con-quer ev-'ry foe; My faith shall still grow stronger, And I will not let Thee go.

Copyright, 1903, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 207. FAITH'S THREEFOLD VISION.

BIRDIE BELL. W. H. LEE.

1. Faith looks outward to the pres- ent, Sees the things we call un-seen, Faith be-
2. Faith looks forward to the fu - ture With a calm and stead-y gaze, Sor- row
3. Faith looks upward to the Fa- ther, Tak- ing all He dai - ly sends, Bliss or
4. Faith looks outward to the pres- ent, Sees that God is on His throne; Faith looks

holds the One who guides us, And the arm on which we lean; O - pens eyes by sin long
does not cloud that vision, Earth's successes do not daze; Just be-yond the mists that
sorrow, sweet or bitter, From His hand each gift descends. Just above the clouds which
forward for to-mor-row, Has a joy as yet unknown; Faith looks upward from earth's

blind-ed, Makes the vis-ion strangely clear, Shows the an-gel forms surrounding, Guarding
gath-er Is a land of light and love, Faith can see its hid-den glories Which a-
threaten Shines the gold-en sun we know, Faith looks up and sees its beau-ty And the
path-way To the pilgrims' heavenly goal, Ev-'ry promise has ful - filment In the

REFRAIN.

us from per - ils near. Look- ing out - ward nev - er
wait the soul a - bove.
heart with joy doth glow.
"Home - land of the soul."

Look-ing out-ward,

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

FAITH'S THREEFOLD VISION.

doubt-ing, Look-ing for - ward to the goal, Look-ing

nev - er doubt-ing, Look-ing for-ward

up-ward as we jour-ney to the Homeland of the soul.

Looking upward as we journey

No. 208. THE LORD'S PRAYER. C. M.

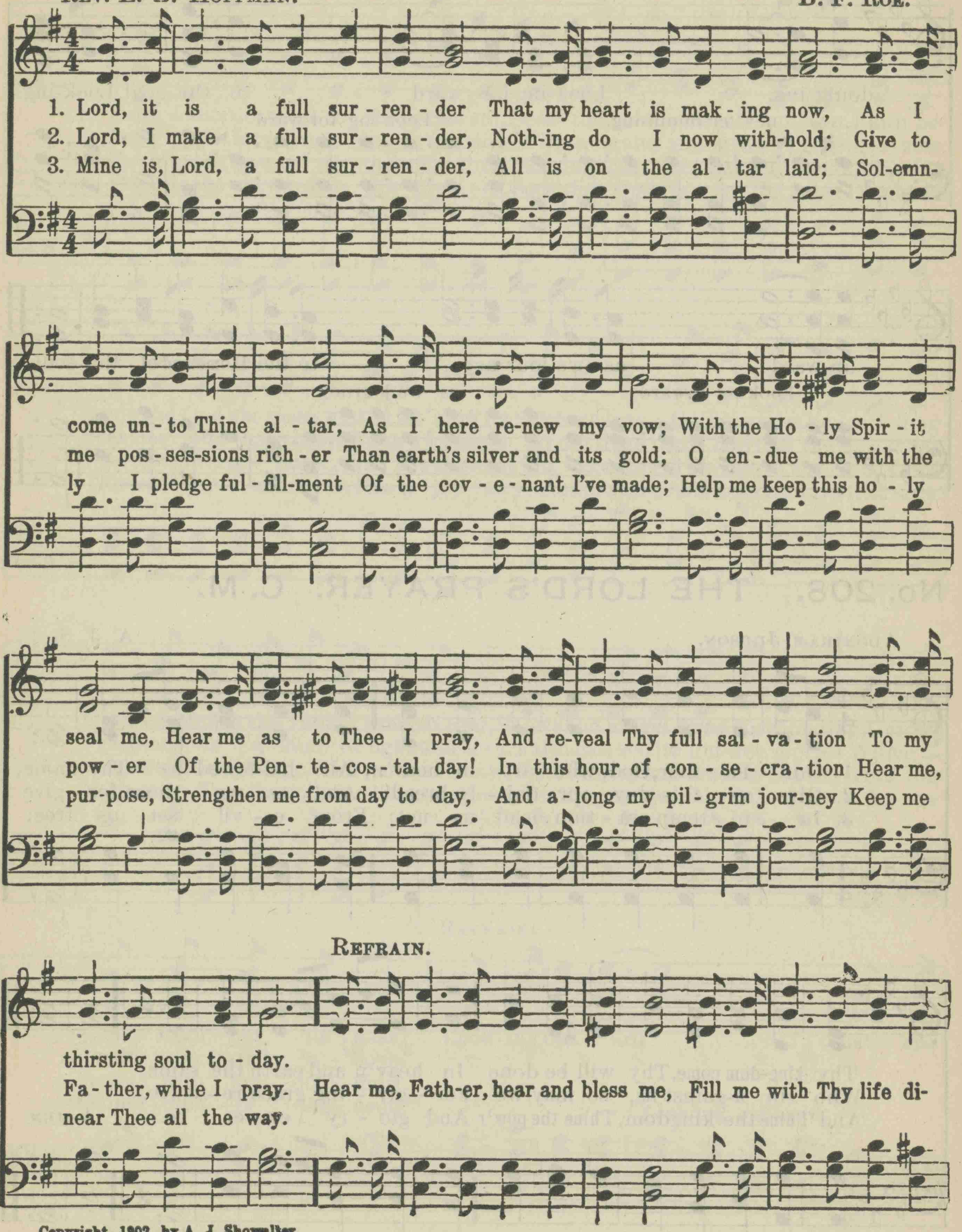
ADONIRAM JUDSON. A. J. S.

1. Our Fa - ther, God, who art in heav'n, All hal-lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And as we those for - give
3. In - to temp - ta - tion lead us not; From e - vil set us free;

Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done In heav'n and earth the same.
Who sin a-gainst us, so may we For - giv - ing grace re - ceive.
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the pow'r And glo - ry ev - er be. A-MEN.

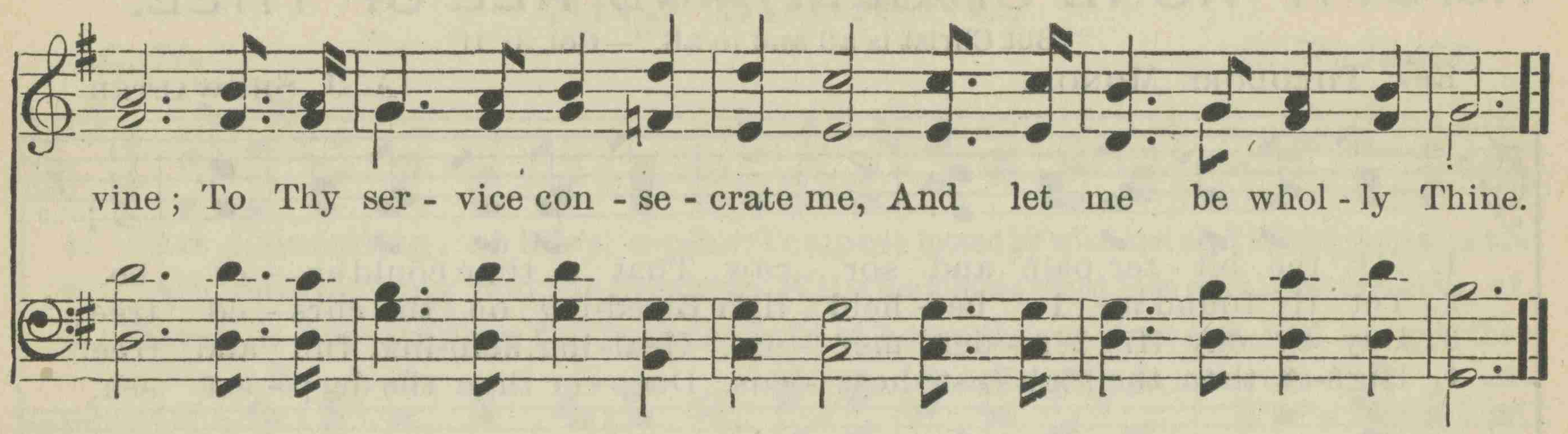
No. 209. A FULL SURRENDER.

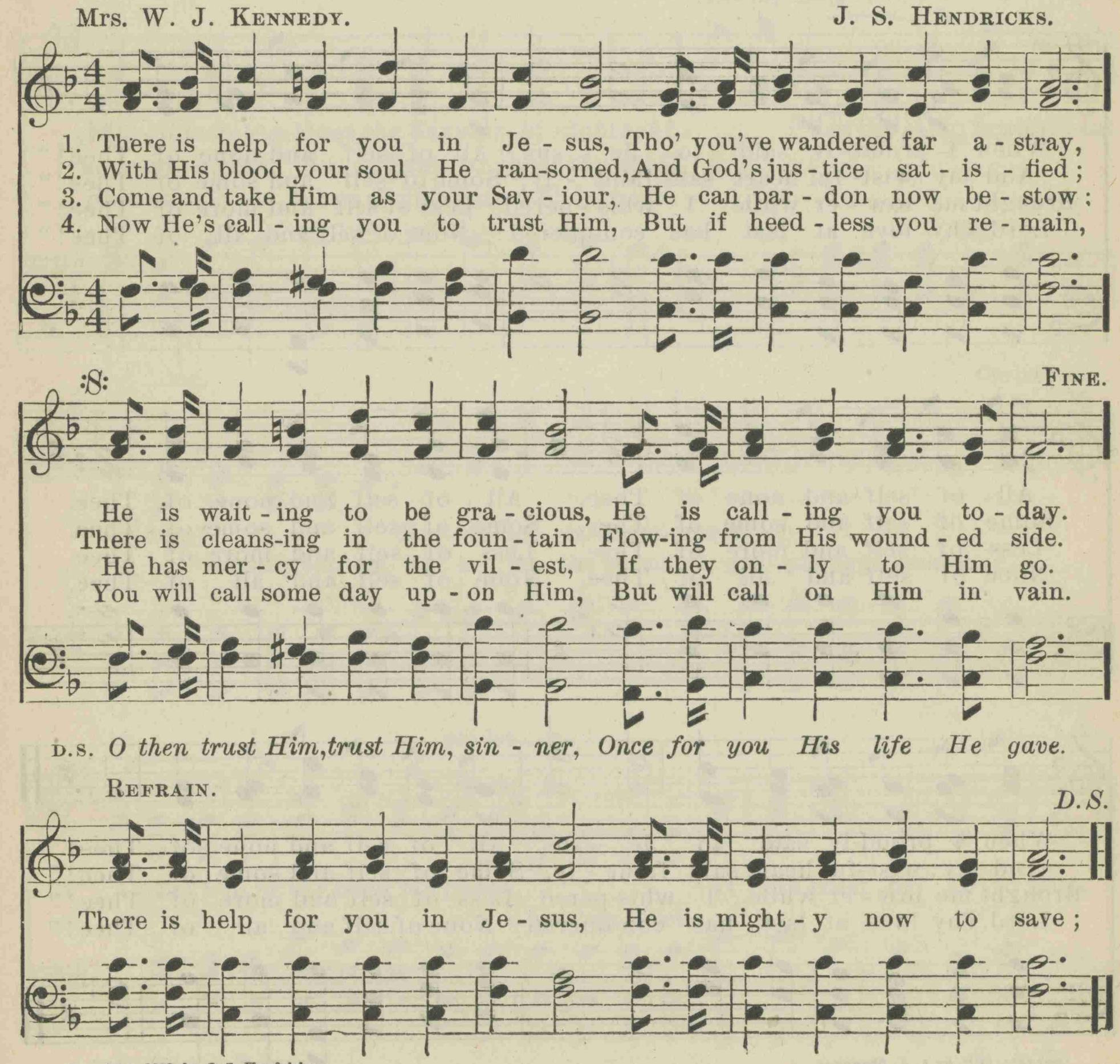
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. B. F. ROE.



REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

A FULL SURRENDER.

No. 210. HELP IN JESUS.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY. J. S. HENDRICKS.

FINE. D.S.

Copyright, 1903, by J. S. Hendricks.

No. 211. NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE.

"But Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

Rev. THEODORE MONOD. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O the bit - ter pain and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be,
2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleed-ing on the curs - ed tree;
3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy, Heal-ing, help-ing, full and free,
4. High-er than the high - est heav - ens, Deep - er than the deep - est sea,

When I proud-ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee!"
And my wist- ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee!"
Brought me low - er while I whis - pered, "Less of self and more of Thee!"
Lord, Thy love at last has con-quered: "None of self and all of Thee!"

All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of Thee,
Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of Thee,
Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of Thee,
None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of Thee,

When I proud-ly said to Je - sus, "All of self and none of Thee!"
And my wist-ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self and some of Thee!"
Brought me low - er while I whis-pered "Less of self and more of Thee!"
Lord, Thy love at last has con-quered: "None of self and all of Thee!"

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 212. LET THY LAMP BE TRIMMED AND BURNING.

C. W. J. C. W. JAMES.

1. Art thou sailing on life's o-cean, Tempest tossed by wind and sea? While the waves are
2. Art thou drifting 'mid the breakers, While the billows round thee roll? Does thy lamp of
3. There's a har-bor where the faithful Safe at home their an-chors cast; Seek to gain that

wild-ly dash-ing, Does the Saviour pi - lot thee?
hope burn brightly, As a light to cheer thy soul?
port of glo - ry, Where all dan-gers will be past.

REFRAIN.

Let thy lamp . . .

"Let thy lamp be trimm'd and

ing,

burn-ing,"

Christ will

Nev- er let its beams grow dim;

brightly burning, Nev -er let the beams of gos - pel light grow dim;

be . . . . .

pi - lot

Christ will be thy heav'nly pi-lot, ... If thy trust be all in Him.

heav'nly pi-lot,

Copyright, 1901, by C. W. James.

No. 213. LOVE LIKE THE SEA.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN. J. W. DENNIS.

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

O turn, all ye peo-ple,

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

Hear how He call - eth,

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

List to my commands,

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

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

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

Copyright, 1902, by A. J. Showalter.

LOVE LIKE THE SEA.

REFRAIN.

peace, ...

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

Lord, the peace of the Lord,

be; . . . . . D.S.

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

Like as a riv - er

No. 214. ALL THE WAY.

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

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

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

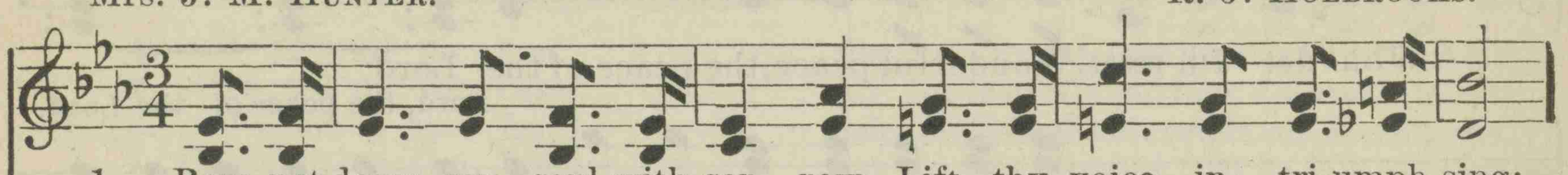
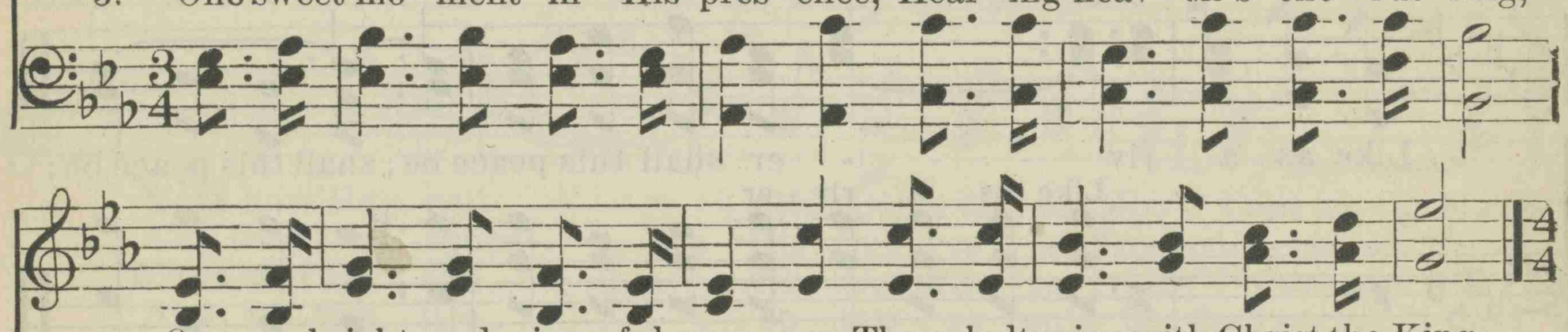
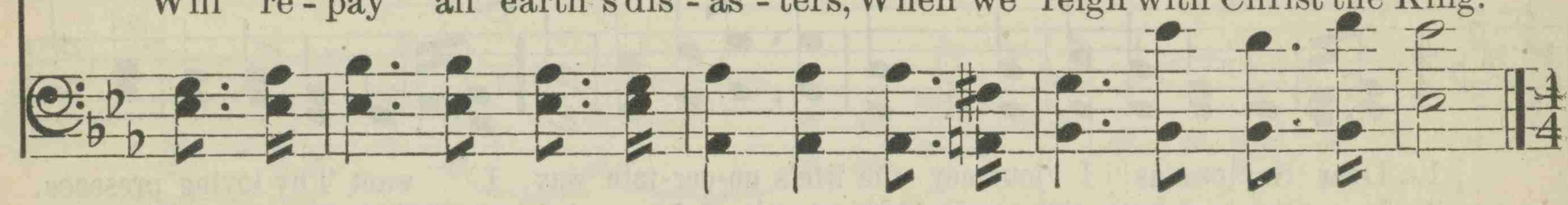
REFRAIN. D.S.

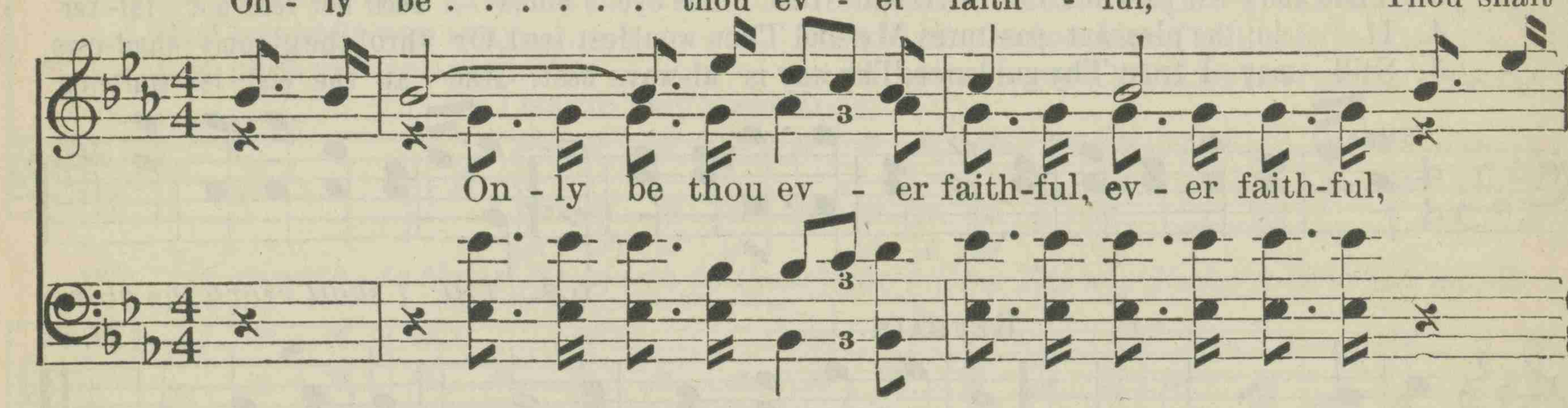
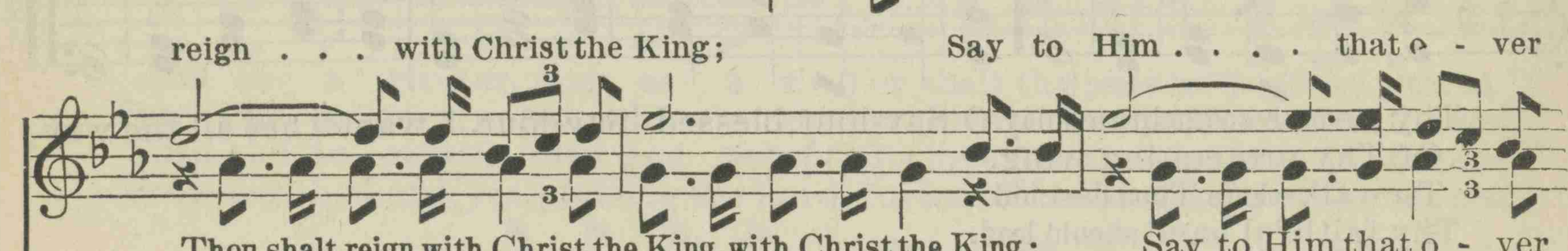
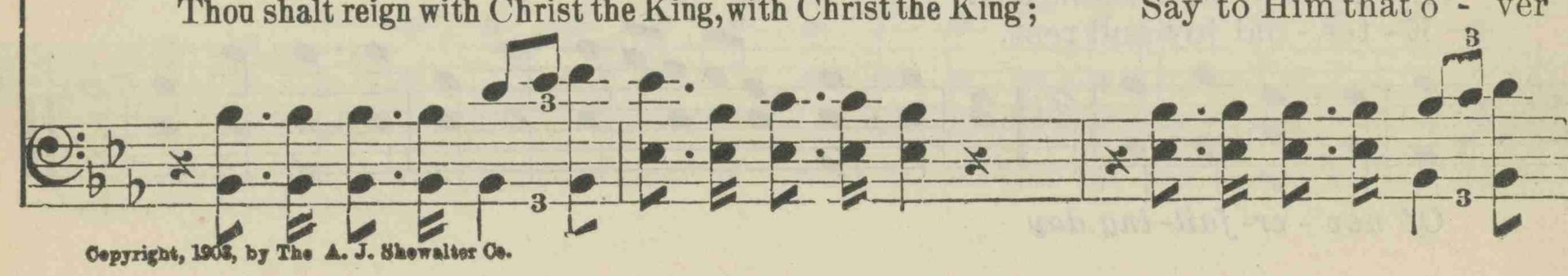
Thy strength and help each day. O Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour. I want Thee all the way,
Of Thy protect-ing wing.
To walk where Thou dost bid.
Thy faithful hand should lead.
E - ter - nal joy and rest.

Of nev - er-fail-ing day

No. 215. TRIUMPH.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne."
"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him."

Mrs. J. M. Hunter. R. J. Holbrooks.

1. Bow not down, my soul, with sor - row, Lift thy voice in tri-umph, sing;
2. Why should toils or cares dis- tress thee? Let the Word sweet com- fort bring;
3. If the way be sometimes drear - y, To His side more close - ly cling;
4. Storm- y winds can nev - er harm thee, 'Neath the shad - ow of His wing;
5. One sweet mo - ment in His pres - ence, Hear - ing heav - en's cho - rus ring,

On a bright and joy - ful mor - row Thou shalt reign with Christ the King.
God, thy God, de - lights to bless thee, Thou shalt reign with Christ the King.
Of His ser - vice be not wea - ry, Thou shalt reign with Christ the King.
Sa - tan's darts need not a - larm thee, Thou shalt reign with Christ the King.
Will re - pay all earth's dis - as - ters, When we reign with Christ the King.

Refrain.

On - ly be . . . . . thou ev - er faith - ful, Thou shalt

On - ly be thou ev - er faith-ful, ev - er faith-ful,

reign . . . with Christ the King; Say to Him . . . . that e - ver

Thou shalt reign with Christ the King, with Christ the King; Say to Him that o - ver

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

com - eth, He shall reign . . . . . with Christ, the King.

com-eth, o-ver cometh, He shall reign, he shall reign with Christ, shall reign with Christ, the King.

No. 216. SWEETLY RESTING IN THY FAVOR.

J. S. KIMBROUGH. W. M. SMITH.

1. Sweet - ly rest - ing in Thy fa - vor, I would cease from ev - 'ry care;
2. Un - to Thee for ref - uge fly - ing, Let my soul in Thee a - bide;
3. On Thy prom- is - es re - ly - ing, To Thy cross a - lone I cling;

FINE.

In Thy arms, O pre- cious Sav - iour, Shield me from the tempter's snare.
World-ly pleas - ures all de - ny - ing, In Thy bo - som let me hide.
All of earth - ly joys de - ny - ing, To Thee all my cares I bring.

D.S. *In the paths of safe - ty lead me, Sav - iour, lead me day by day.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

Keep me, Je - sus, ev - er keep me All a - long life's pil - grim way;

Copyright, 1903, by The A. J. Showalter Co.

No. 217. THE PRIZES OF LIFE.

W. H. GARDNER. J. H. TENNEY.

1. O, for whom are the priz - es of life, The white robes in the mansions a- bove?
2. O, for whom are the priz - es of life? For the hearts that are throb-bing with pain,
3. O, for whom are the priz - es of life? For the souls that were true to their God?

They are waiting earth's sorrowing ones, Who trust on in the dear Father's love.
And the eyes that are long -ing to see The dear fa - ces of lov'd ones a - gain.
Who, thro' tempests and tri - als se-vere, Still did trust in the word of the Lord.

REFRAIN.

O, then press t'wards the mark, wea - ry ones, wea - ry

O, then press t'wards the mark, O, then press t'wards the mark, wea - ry ones, O, then press t'wards the

ones, For the prize, for the prize, God's high

mark, wea - ry ones, For the prize, for the prize God's high calling will give, For the

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

call - - ing will give;

prize God's high calling, high calling will give; There is joy, there is joy,

There is joy, there is joy most a-

there is joy, joy in heav'n, So hope on, hope on, tho' in sor-row ye live!

bun - dant in heav'n,

No. 218. CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Rev. Isaac Watts. G. F. Handel.

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

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

No. 219. JESUS CALLS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Come ye wea-ry souls oppress, Find in Christ the promised rest; Let on Him your
2. Ye that dread the wrath of God, Come and wash in Je-sus' blood; To the Son of
3. Na-ked, guilt-y, poor and blind, All your wants in Je - sus find; This the day of
4. Debt-ors who have nought to pay, Come to Je - sus, haste a - way; All your sins on
5. "It is fin-ish'd," lo! He cries, There on yon-der cross He dies; O be - lieve the

bur-dens roll, He can save and make you whole. Je-sus calls, . . . yes, Je-sus
Da-vid cry, For this mo-ment He is nigh.
mer-cy is, Now ac - cept the proffered bliss.
Him were laid, All your debts the Saviour paid.
rec-ord true, Je - sus died for such as you.

REFRAIN.

Je-sus calls the wand'rer home, Je - sus
calls, Come ye wea - ry and op-pressed; He His
calls the wand'rer home, Come ye wea - ry, come ye wea-ry and op-pressed;
life . . . a ran-som gave, He will give you heav'nly rest.
He His life a ran-som gave, He will give you heav'n-ly rest, sweet rest.

Copyright, 1894, by Rev. F. L. Snyder. Used by per.

No. 220. TAKE UP THE CROSS.

AMANDA SMILEY. J. F. KING.

1. Hark! do you hear the Saviour's call? Take up the cross, take up the cross;
2. Friend, as you journey thro' this life, Cling to the cross, cling to the cross;
3. Je - sus is kind, why not o - bey? Take up the cross, take up the cross;

He is the dear-est friend of all, Take up the cross, Oh, take up the cross!
It will suffice to con- quer strife, Cling to the cross, Oh, cling to the cross!
Sure-ly He 'll welcome you to - day, Take up the cross, Oh, take up the cross!

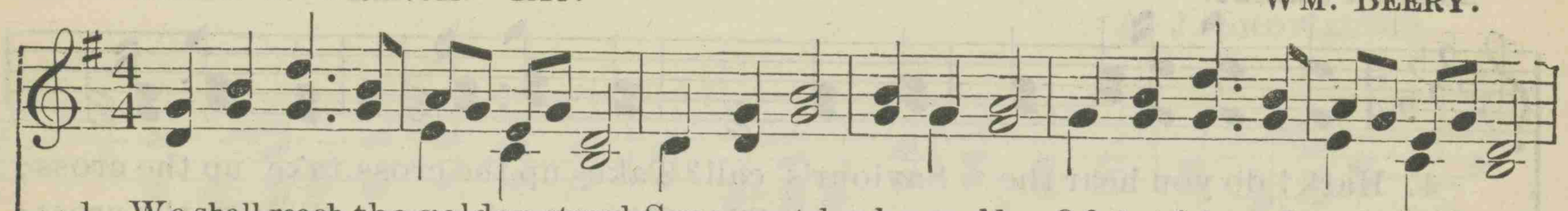
Copyright, 1891, by A. J. Showalter.

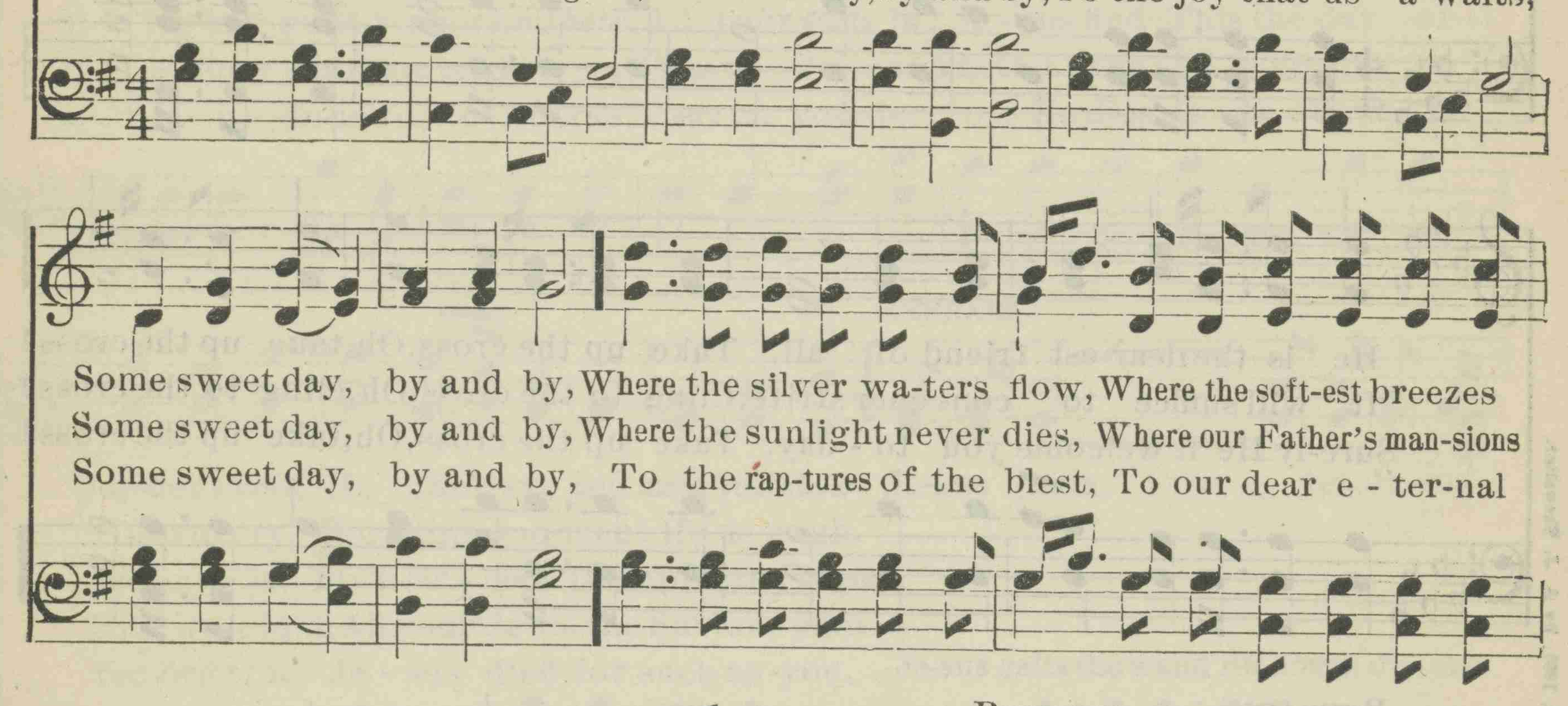
REFRAIN.

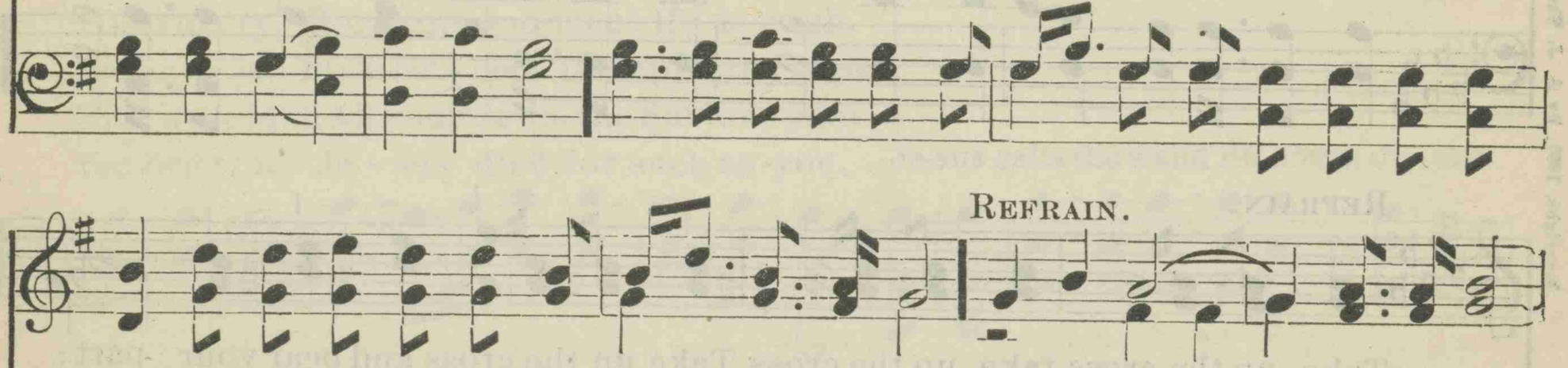
Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross and bear your part;
Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross and bear your part;
Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross and bear your part;

Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross with will-ing heart.
Cling to the cross, cling to the cross, Cling to the cross with trust-ing heart.
Take up the cross, take up the cross, Take up the cross with will-ing heart.

No. 221. SOME SWEET DAY.

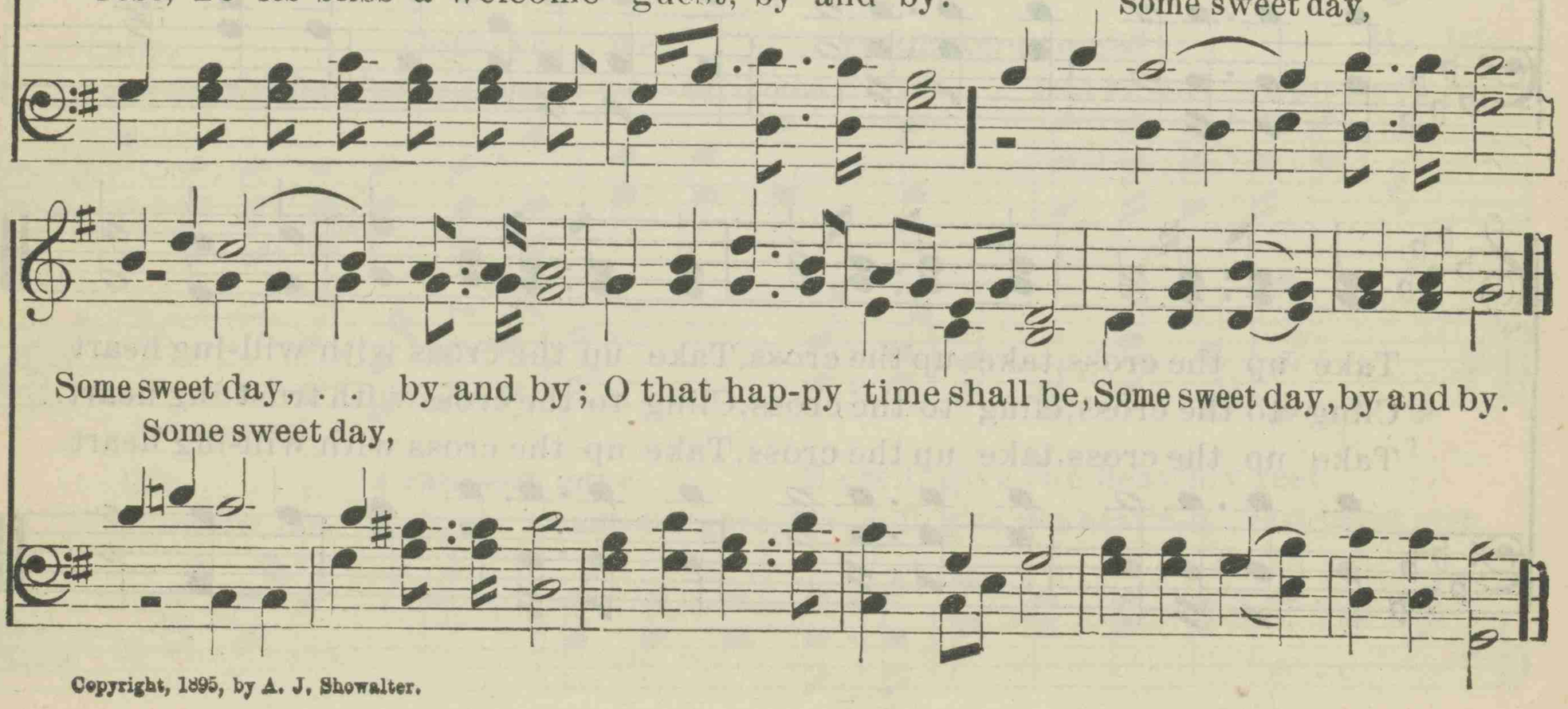
ARTHUR W. FRENCH. Arr. WM. BEERY.

1. We shall reach the golden strand, Some sweet day, by and by, Of that fair and sun-ny land,
2. We shall meet up-on the shore, Some sweet day, by and by, Those who journey'd on be-fore,
3. We shall pass in - side the gates, Some sweet day, by and by, To the joy that us a-waits,



Some sweet day, by and by, Where the silver wa-ters flow, Where the soft-est breezes
Some sweet day, by and by, Where the sunlight never dies, Where our Father's man-sions
Some sweet day, by and by, To the rap-tures of the blest, To our dear e - ter-nal

REFRAIN.

blow, Where the fair-est flow-ers grow, by and by. Some sweet day, . . by and by,
rise, We will rest our wist-ful eyes, by and by.
rest, To its bliss a welcome guest, by and by.

Some sweet day,

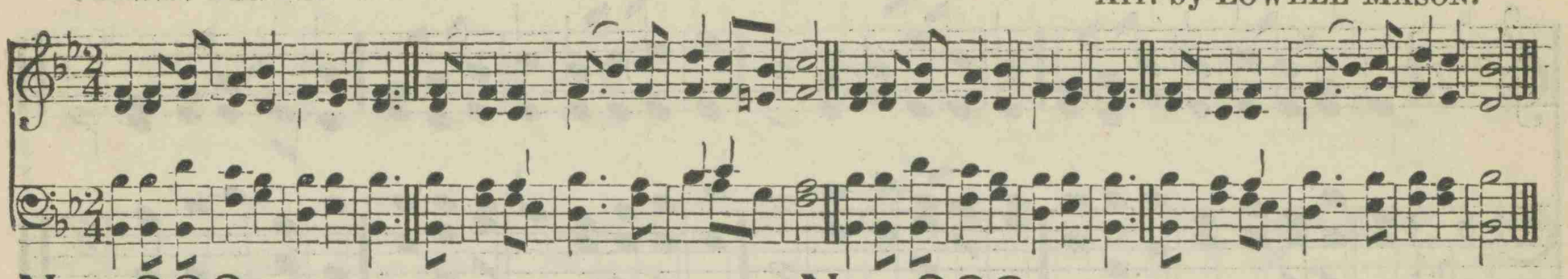


Some sweet day, . . by and by; O that hap-py time shall be, Some sweet day, by and by.

Some sweet day,

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

WARD.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

No. 222.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place,
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

No. 223.

1 O Thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore,
Let every idol be forgot,
But O my soul, forget Him not.

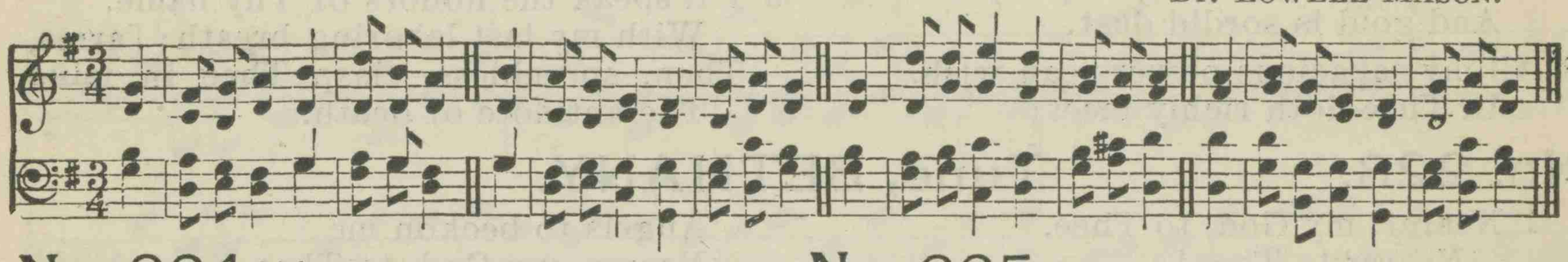
2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor Him forget, who left His throne
And for thy life gave up His own.

3 Eternal truth and beauty shine
In Him, and He Himself is thine:
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 O no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I 'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

ROCKINGHAM.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 224.

1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargéd souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, His [Son.

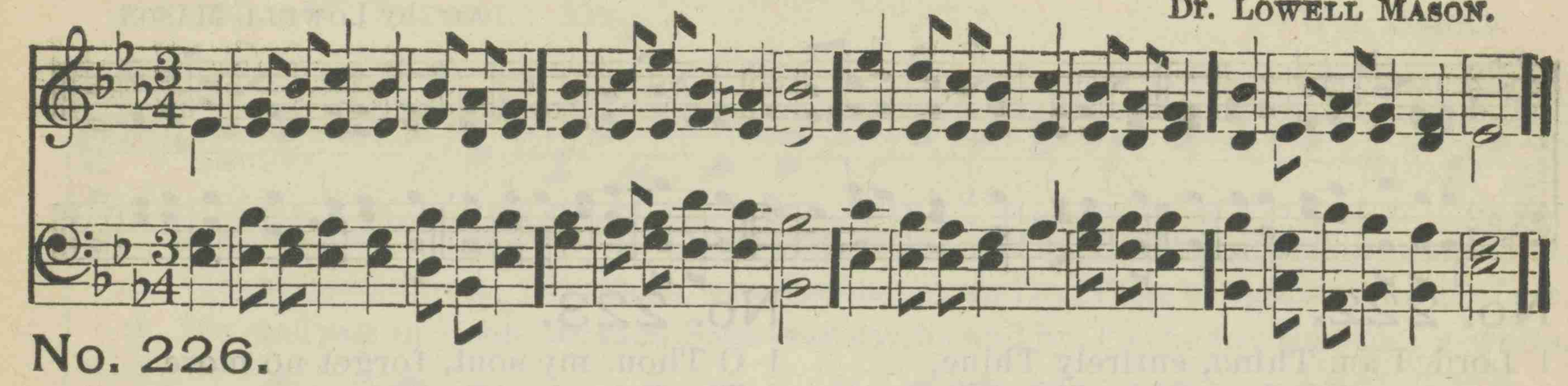
No. 225.

1 What equal honors shall we bring
To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to Thy name?

2 Worthy is He who once was slain,
The Prince of Peace, who groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At His almighty Father's side.

3 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound His sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

DOWNS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

No. 226.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

No. 227.

1 Jesus! I love Thy charming name,
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes!—Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to Thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I 'll speak the honors of Thy name,
With my last laboring breath; [arms,
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine
The antidote of death.

No. 228. Tune, BETHANY.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

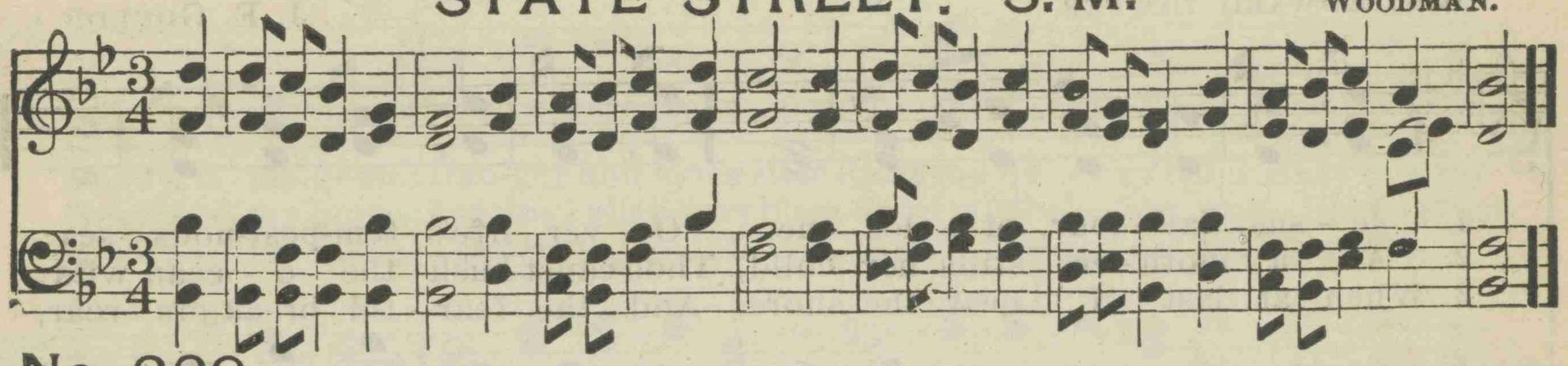
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,

STATE STREET. S. M.

WOODMAN.

No. 229.

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy name.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all His benefits;
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

No. 230.

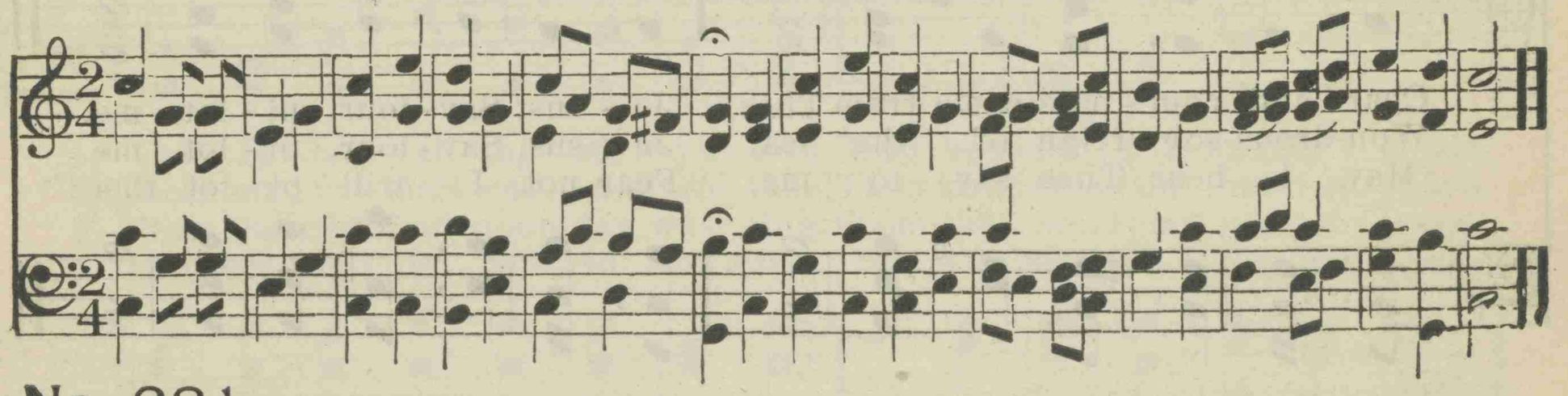
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

No. 231.

1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

No. 232.

1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be Thine honor spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

No. 233. PILOT. 7. 6 l.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous 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 break-ers roar,

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

Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Won-drous 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!"

No. 234. HEAVEN IS MY HOME. 6, 4.

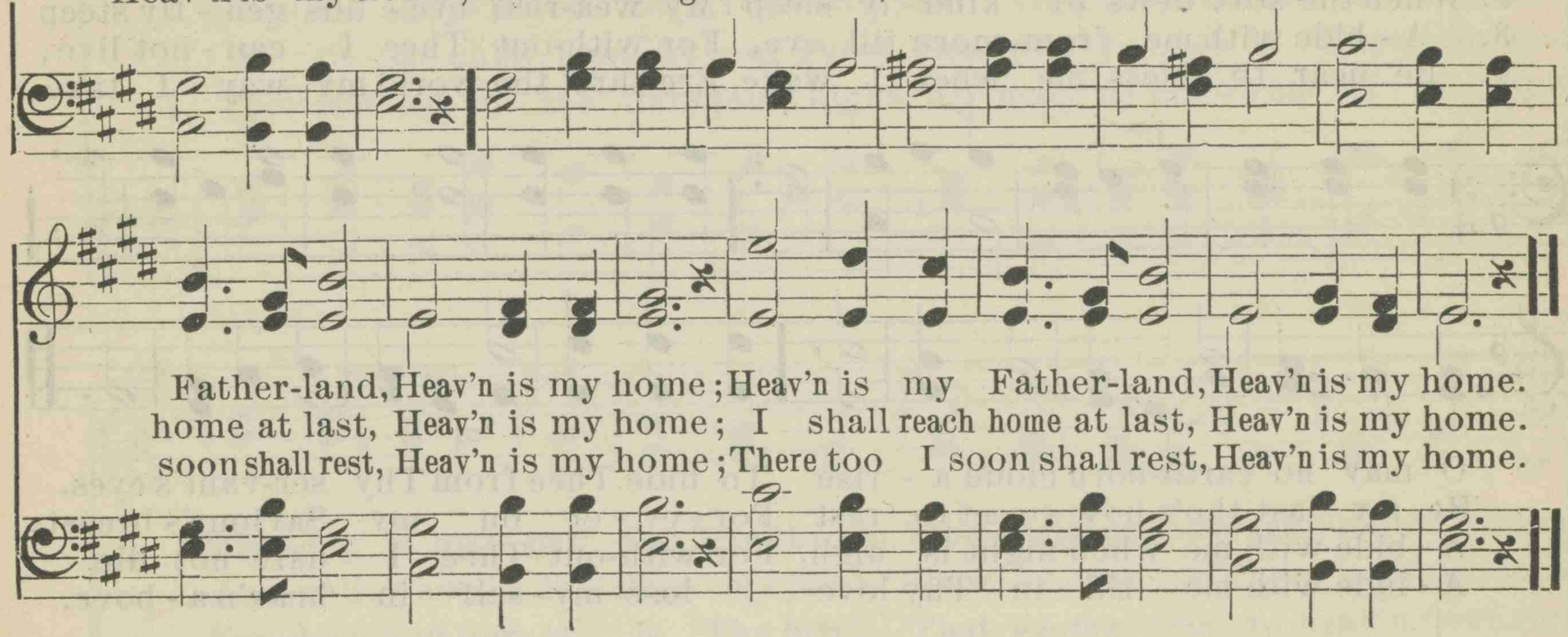
A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear,
2. What tho' the tem-pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grimage,
3. There at my Saviour's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied,

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

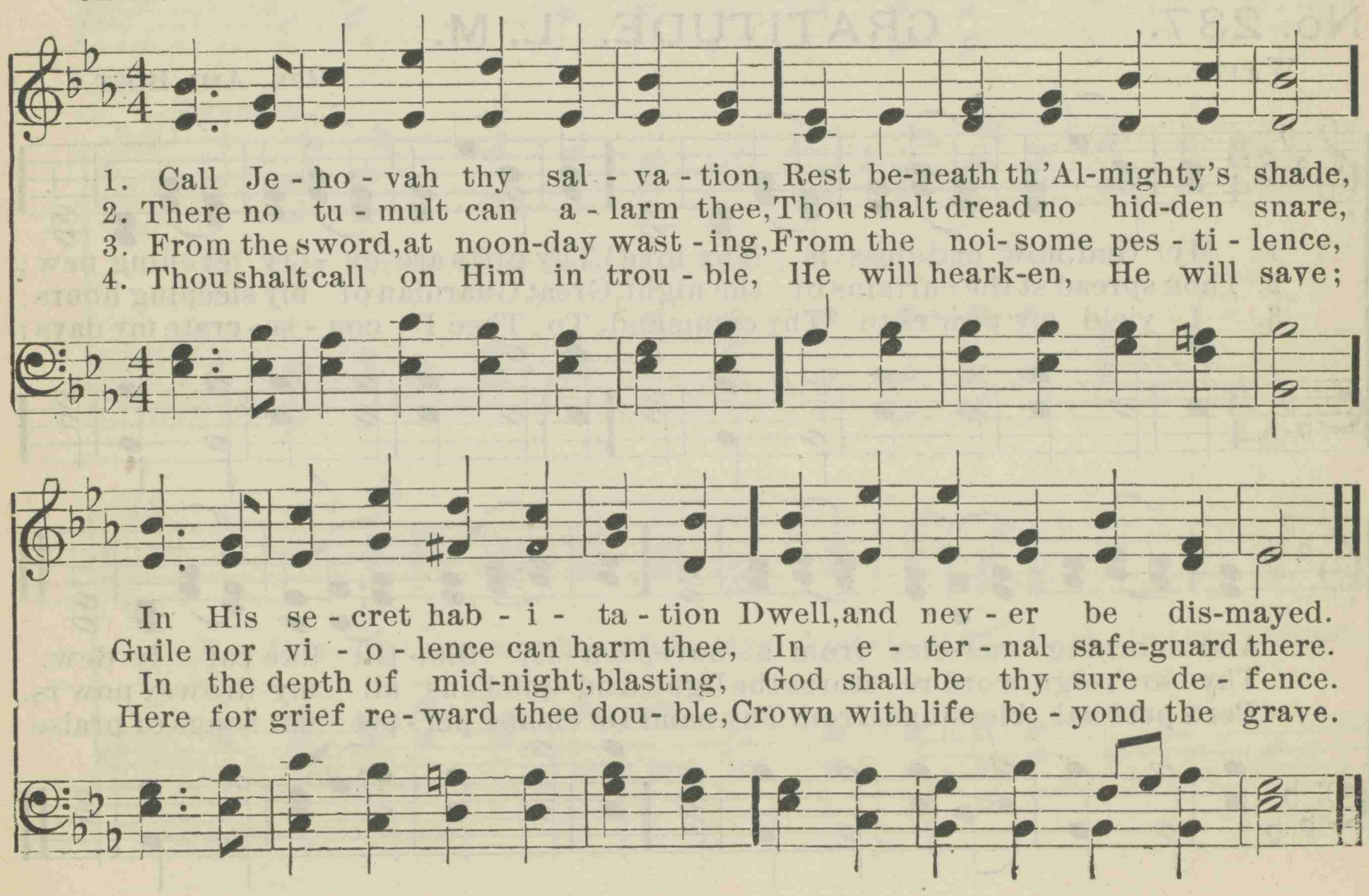
Heav'n is my home; Dan-ger and sorrow stand Round me on ev'ry hand, Heav'n is my
Heav'n is my home; And time's wild win-try blast Soon will be o - ver, past, I shall reach
Heav'n is my home; There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best, There too I



Father-land, Heav'n is my home; Heav'n is my Father-land, Heav'n is my home.
home at last, Heav'n is my home; I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home; There too I soon shall rest, Heav'n is my home.

No. 235. OSWALD. 8, 7.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

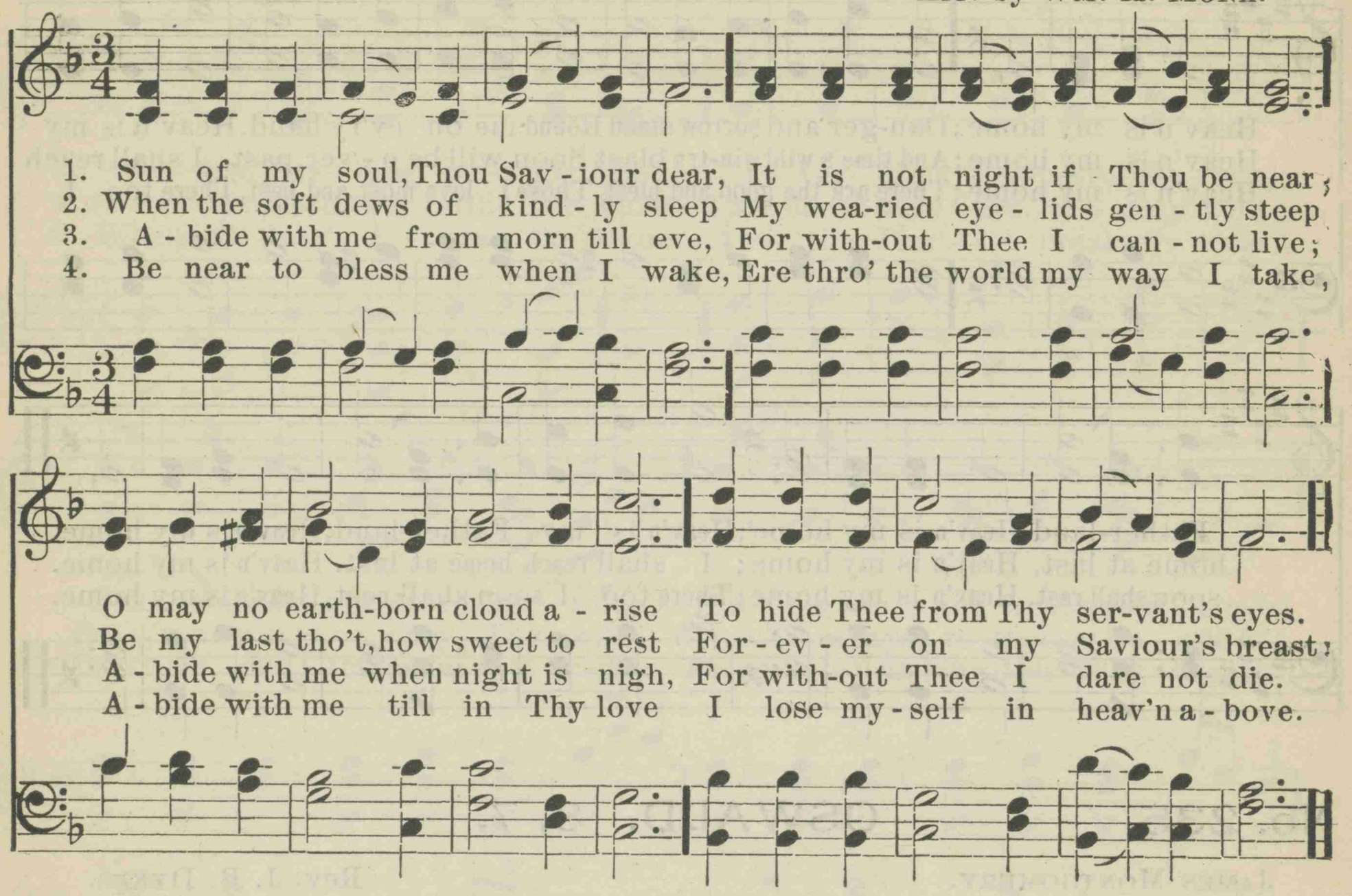


1. Call Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be-neath th'Al-mighty's shade,
2. There no tu - mult can a - larm thee, Thou shalt dread no hid-den snare,
3. From the sword, at noon-day wast - ing, From the noi - some pes - ti - lence,
4. Thou shalt call on Him in trou - ble, He will heark-en, He will save;

In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dis-mayed.
Guile nor vi - o - lence can harm thee, In e - ter - nal safe-guard there.
In the depth of mid-night, blasting, God shall be thy sure de - fence.
Here for grief re - ward thee dou - ble, Crown with life be - yond the grave.

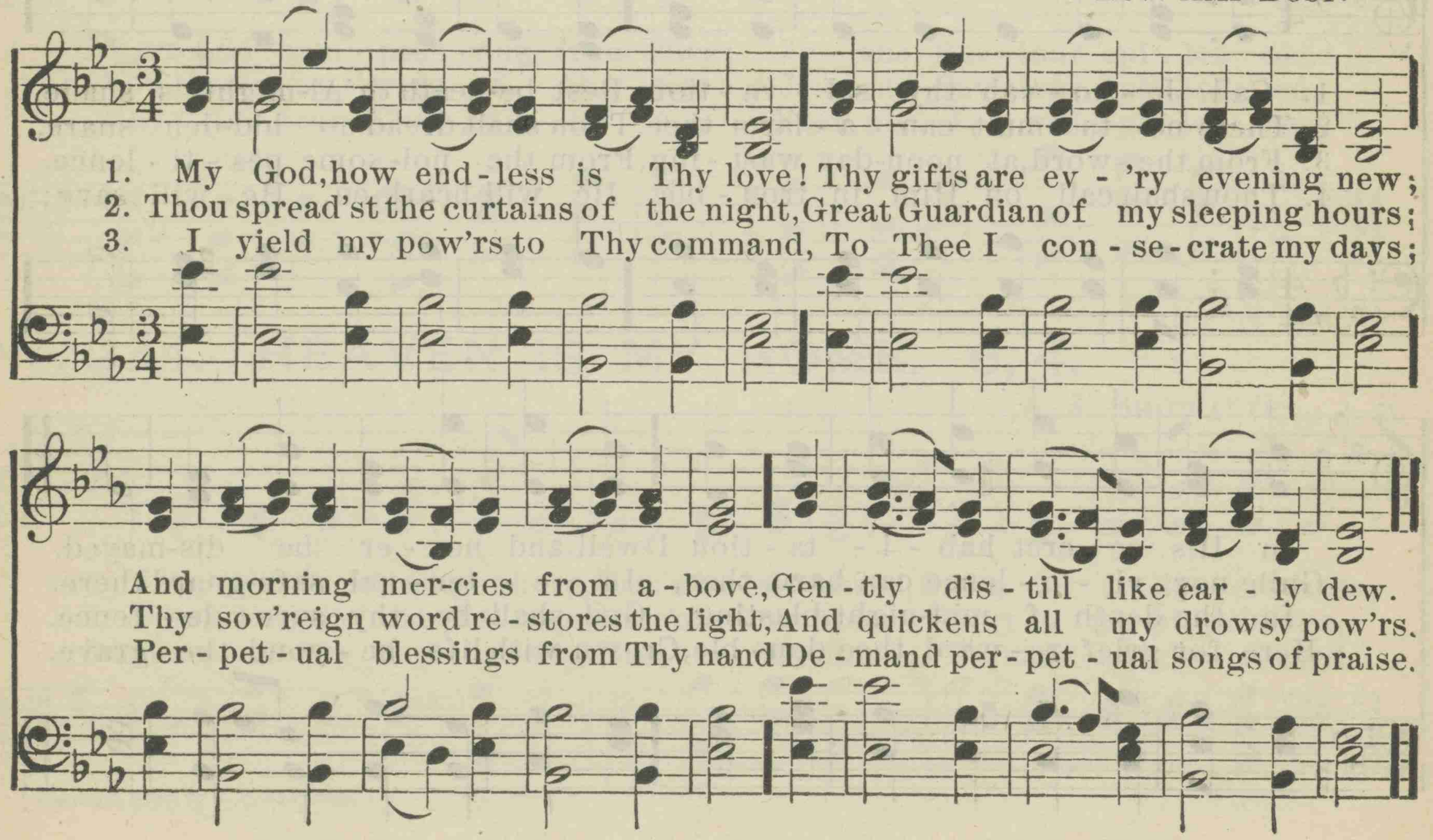
No. 236. HURSLEY. L. M.

Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Arr. by WM. H. MONK.



No. 237. GRATITUDE. L. M.

WATTS. Rev. AMI BOST.



No. 238. ALL PRAISE TO THEE. L. M. D.

MARTIN LUTHER. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Cloth'd in a garb of flesh and blood;
2. Once did the skies be - fore Thee bow; A vir-gin's arms con-tain Thee now;
3. A lit - tle child, Thou art our guest, That wea - ry ones in Thee may rest;
4. Thou com-est in the darksome night To make us chil-dren of the light;

Choos-ing a man-ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a - lone!
An - gels, who did in Thee re - joice, Now lis - ten for Thine in - fant voice.
For - lorn and low - ly is Thy birth, That we may rise to heav'n from earth.
To make us, in the realms di - vine, Like Thine own angels round Thee shine.

REFRAIN.

All this for us Thy love hath done; By this to Thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheer-ful lays, And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 239. NEVER FORGET THAT JESUS IS YOUR FRIEND.

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

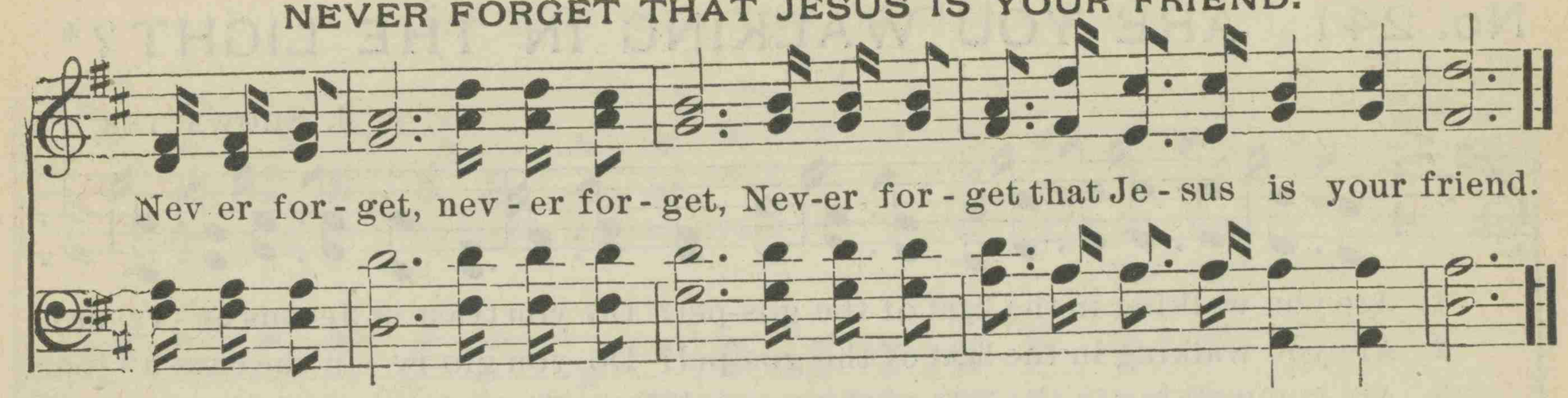
1. A - mid the ma-ny tri-als that meet you on life's way, Never forget that Je-sus is your friend; Look ev - er to the Lord in con - fi-dence, and pray, And
2. And if your task is heav-y and you are weak and faint, Nev-er forget that Je-sus is your friend; For He is ev - er read-y to hear the soul's complaint, Then
3. Should friends that once were faithful, prove faithless and un-true, Nev-er forget that Je-sus is your friend; Tho' by the world forsaken, He'll be a friend to you; Then
4. O! val-ue His pure friendship, and trust Him ev'ry day, Nev-er forget that Je-sus is your friend; And you will have His pres-ence to cheer you on the way; O!

REFRAIN.

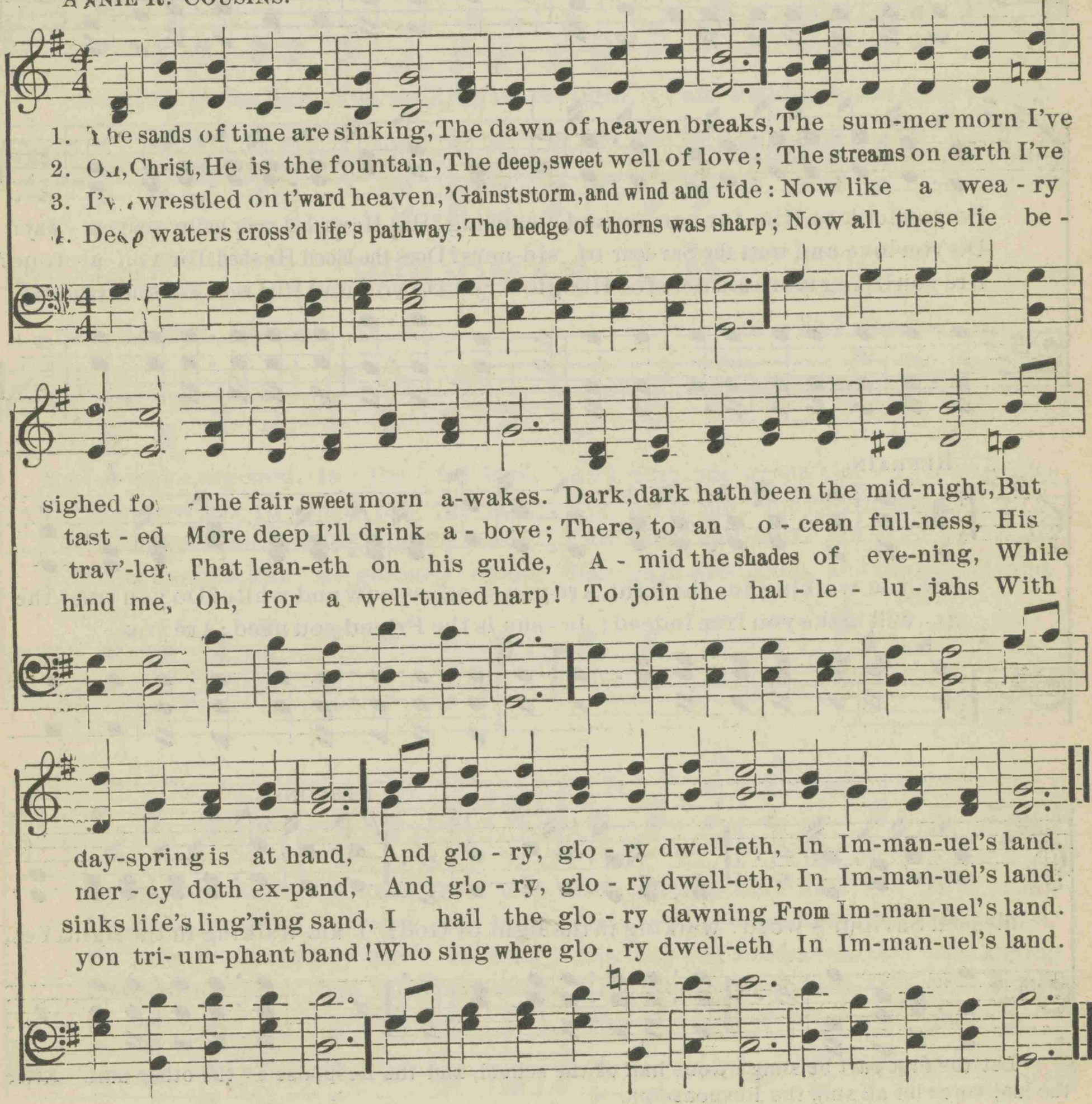
nev-er for-get that Je-sus is your friend. Nev-er for - get, nev-er for - get, Nev-er for - get, There's one on whom you ev - er may de-pend; nev - er for - get, nev - er for - get, nev - er for - get,

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

NEVER FORGET THAT JESUS IS YOUR FRIEND.



No. 240. IMMANUEL'S LAND. 7, 6, D.

ANNIE R. COUSINS. A. J. SHOWALTER.

Copyright, 1894, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 241. ARE YOU WALKING IN THE LIGHT?*

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

1. Are you walking in the light of the gos-pel? Do you trust in Je- sus ev -'ry day?
2. Are you walking in the light of the gos-pel? Do you glo-ry in the cross a - lone?
3. Are you walking in the light of the gos-pel? Does the truth shine brighter on the way?

Do you look to Him for pardon and cleansing? Has He wash'd your guilty stains a - way?
Do you love and trust the Sav-iour of sin-ners? Does the blood He shed, for you a - tone?
Are you living more and more for His glo - ry? Do you find Him more and more your stay?

REFRAIN.

Are you walking in the light, Are you spotless now and white? Do you trust the
It will make you free indeed; Je - sus is the Friend you need; Are you

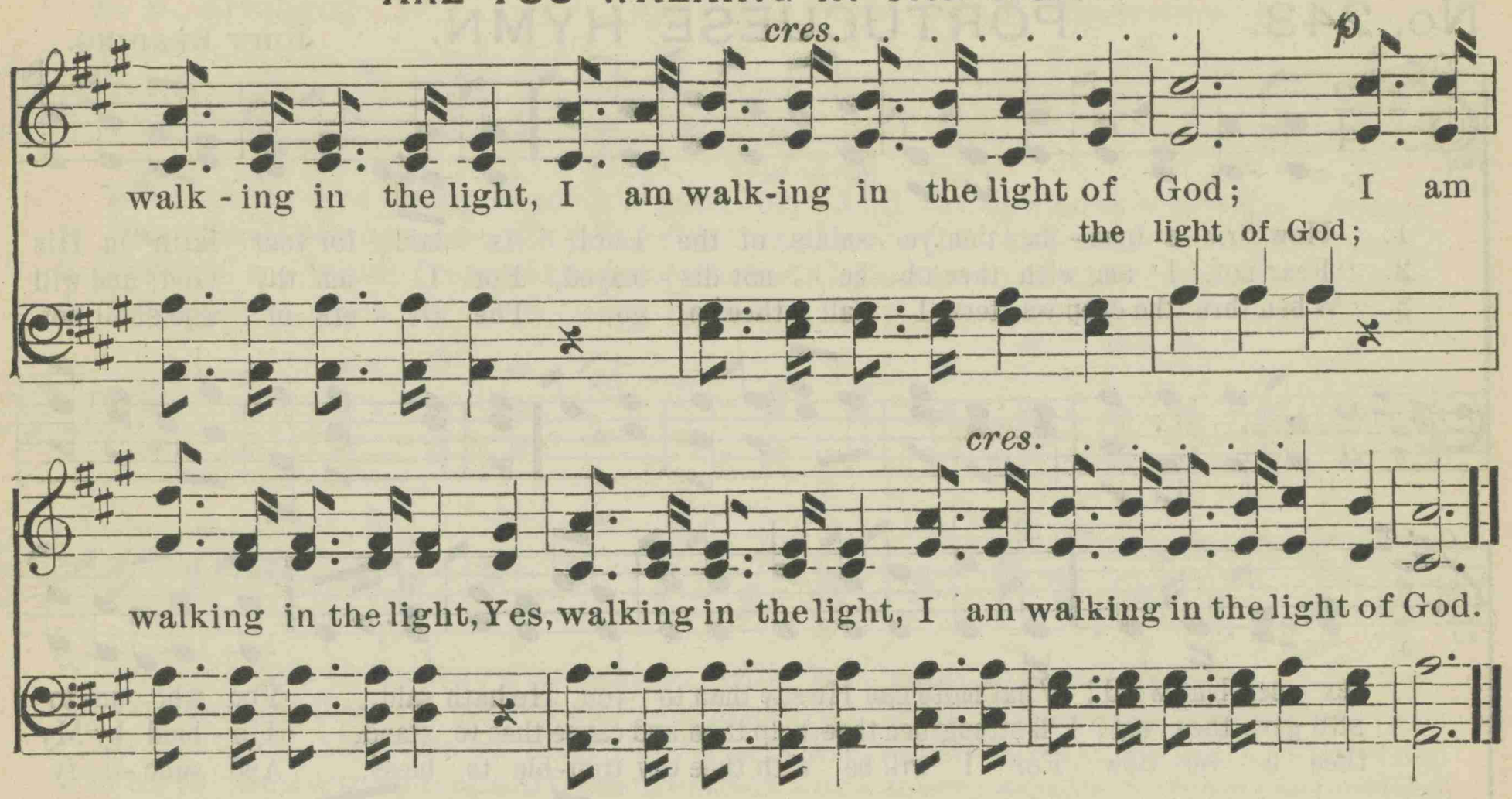
1 2

RESPONSE.

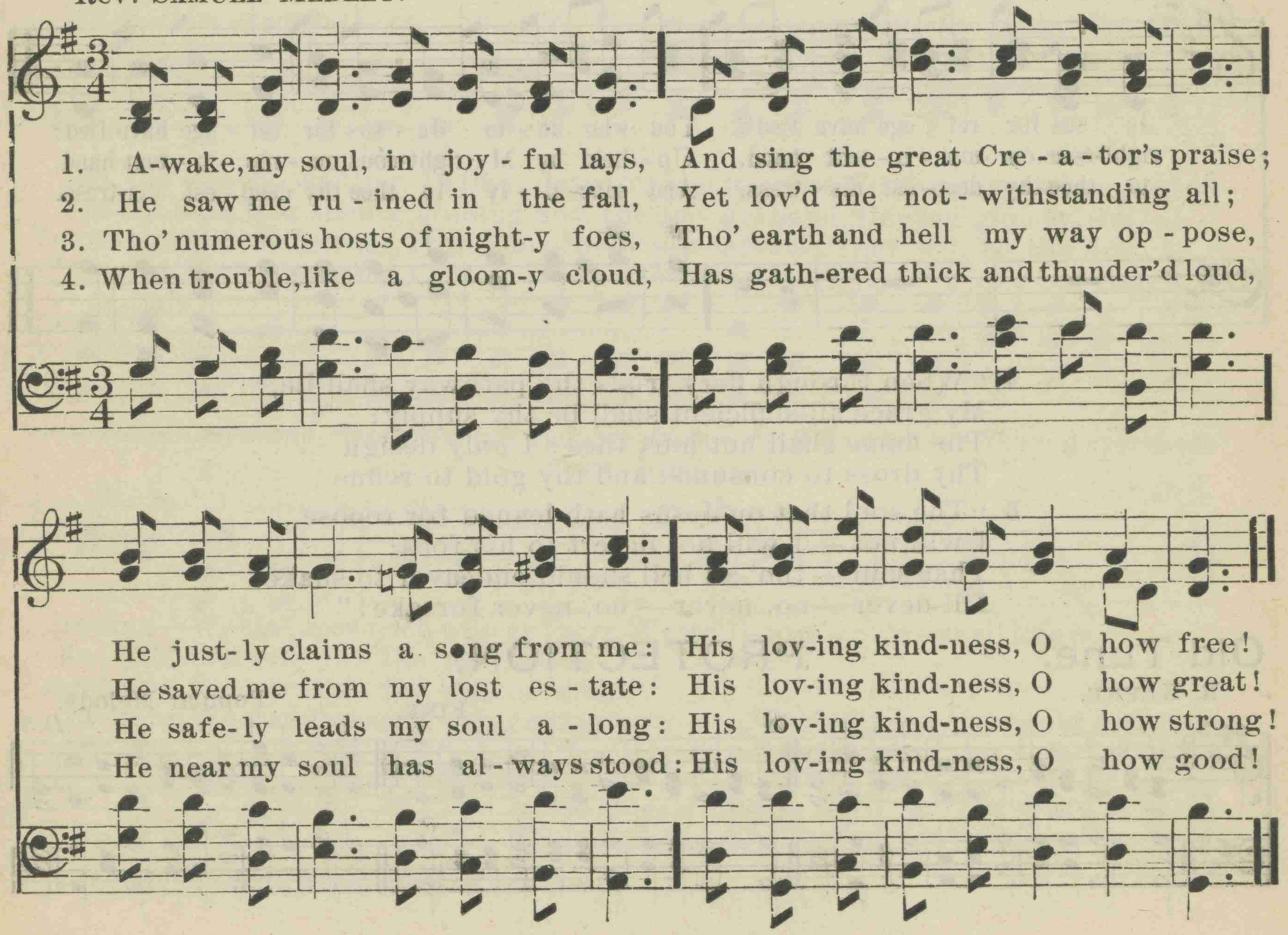
blessed Saviour's word? walking in the light of God? I am walking in the light, Yes,

*Let the first part be sung by one half of the school, and the Response by the other half. After the last verse let all sing the Response *pp*.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

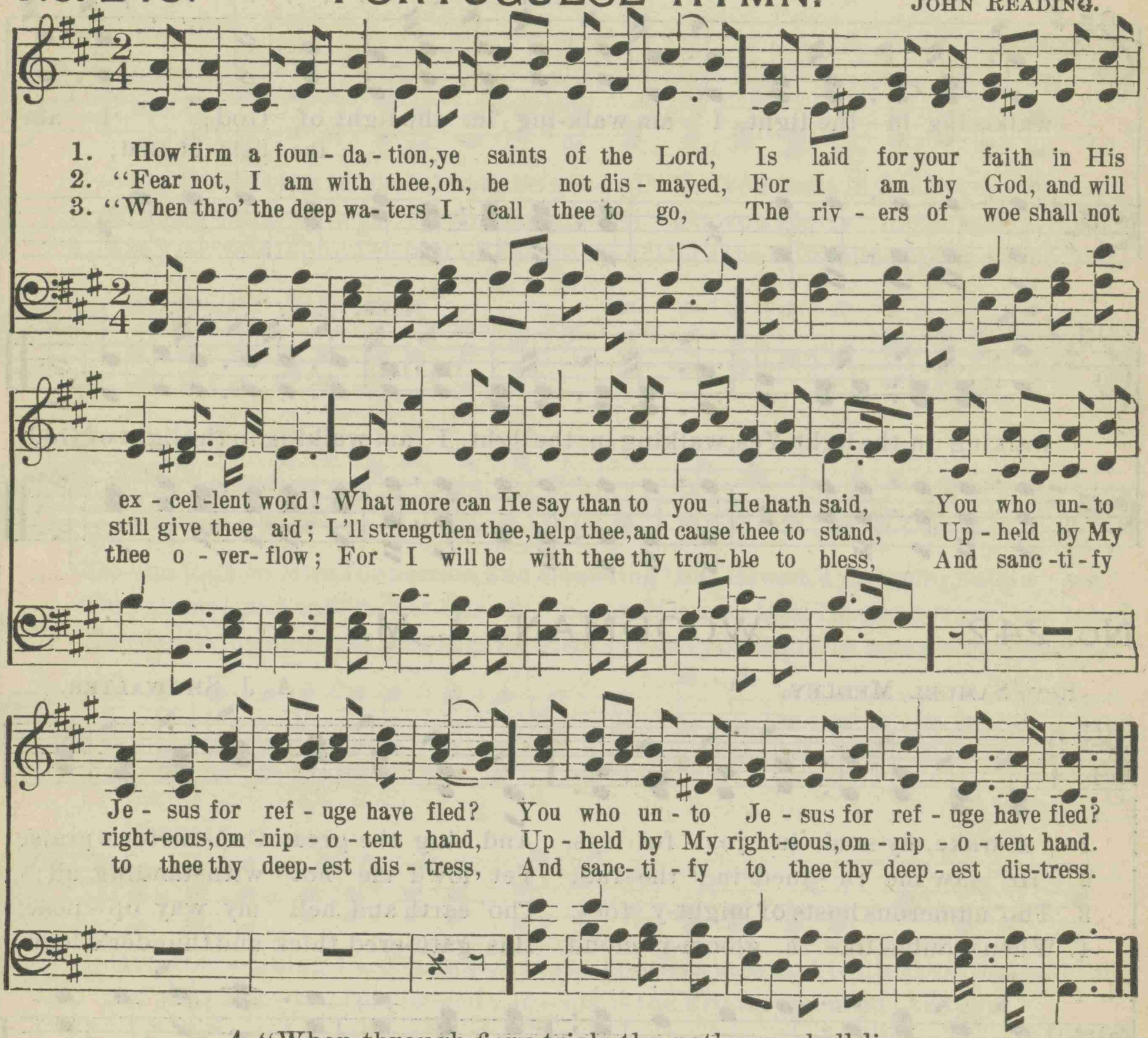
ARE YOU WALKING IN THE LIGHT?

No. 242. WOODMAN. L. M.

Rev. Samuel Medley. A. J. Showalter.



No. 243. PORTUGUESE HYMN.

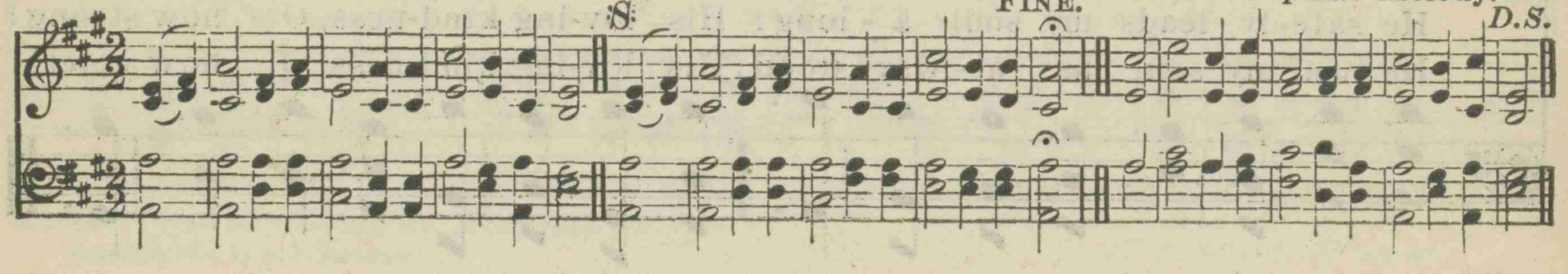
JOHN READING.



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.

No. 244. 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,

:S:

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. 245. NICÆA. 11, 12, 12, 10.

BISHOP R. HEBER. REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their golden crowns a - round the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser-a-phim
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Mer-ci - ful and Migh - ty! God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Lord God Al-migh - ty! God in Three Per - sons, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

No. 246. LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 10.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN. REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on; O'er moor and

LUX BENIGNA.

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

No. 247. SOLITUDE. 7.

Rev. George Burder. Lewis T. Downs.

1. Sweet the time, ex - ceed - ing sweet, When the saints to - geth-er meet,
2. Sing we then, e - ter - nal love Such as did the Fa-ther move;
3. Sing the Son's a - maz - ing love: How He left the realms a - bove,
4. Sing we, too, the Spir - it's love: With our wretched hearts He strove,

When the Sav-iour is the theme, When they join to sing of Him.
He be - held the world un - done, Loved the world, and gave His Son.
Took our na - ture and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
Took the things of Christ, and show'd How to reach His blest a - bode.

No. 248. HOLY SABBATH. 7, 6, D.

C. WORDSWORTH. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend-
2. To-day on wea - ry na- tions The heav'nly man-na falls; To ho - ly con-vo- ca - tions The sil - ver trum-pet calls, Where gos-pel light is glow-ing, With
3. New graces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest, We reach the rest re- main - ing To spir - its of the blest. To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To

ing before the throne, Sing Ho-ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
pure and radiant beams, And liv-ing wa- ter flow-ing With soul refreshing streams.
Fa-ther and to Son; The Church her voice up-rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.

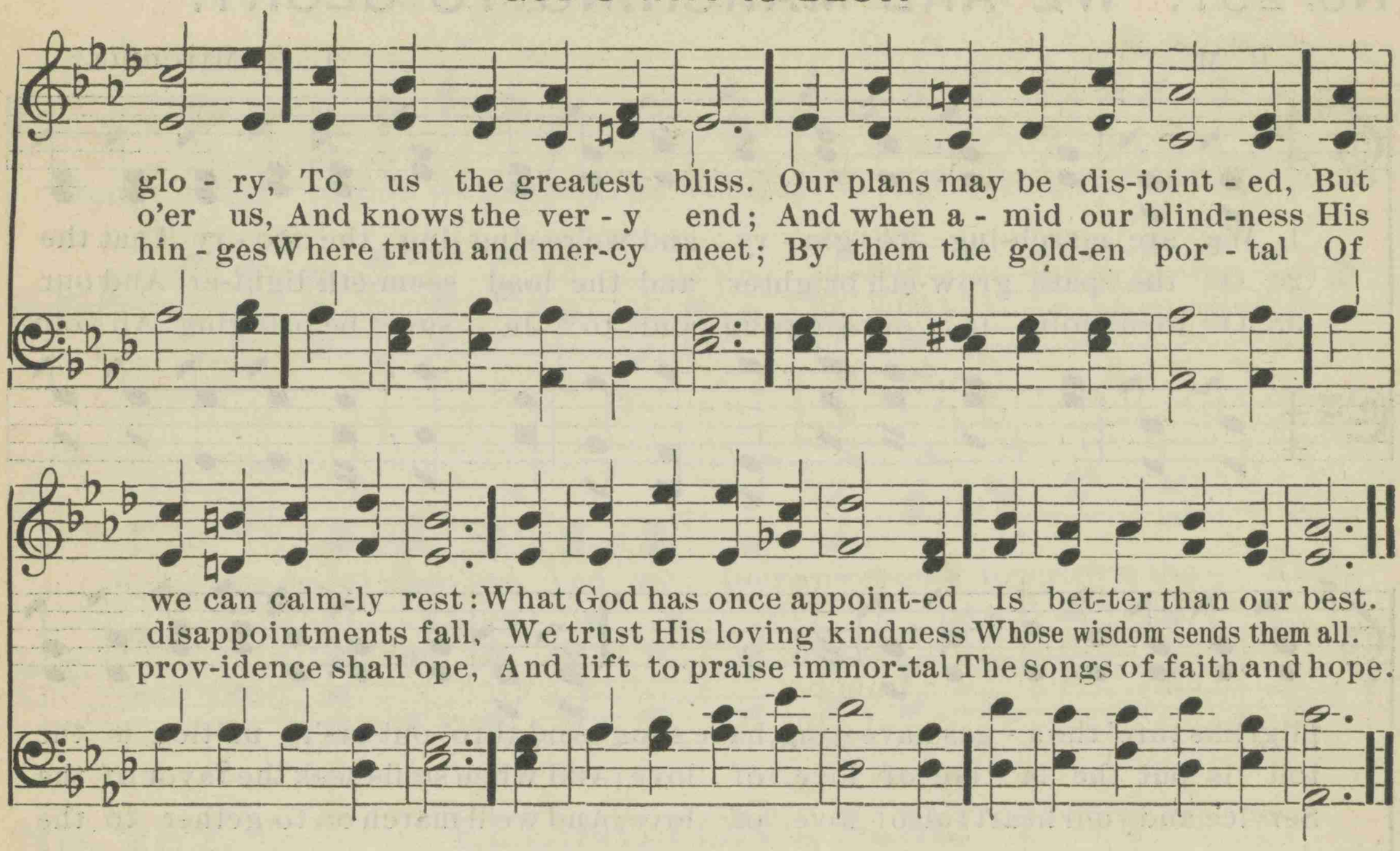
Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 249. GOD'S WAY IS BEST. 7, 6, D.

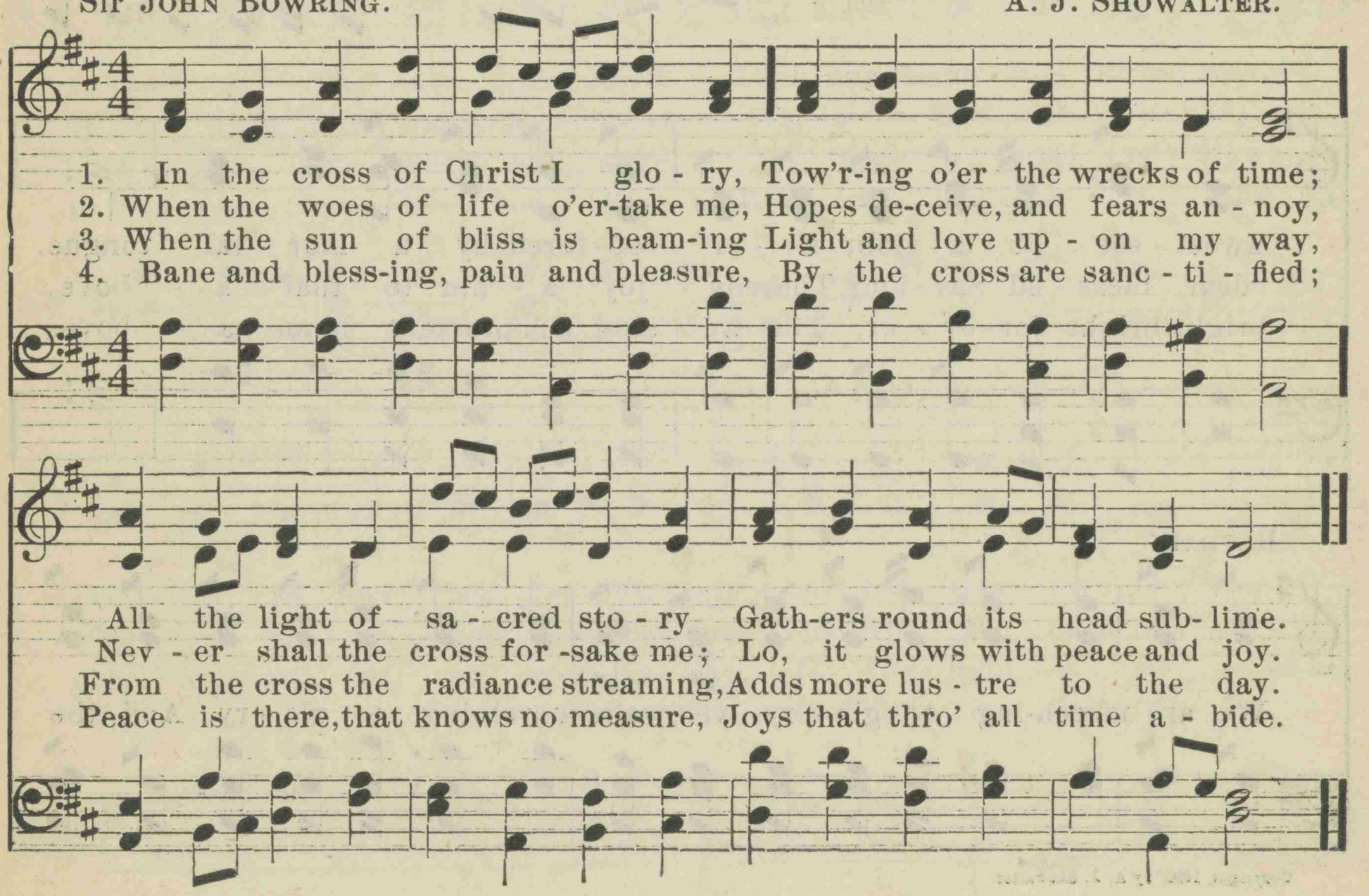
Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Our yet un - finish'd sto - ry Is tending all to this: To God the greatest
2. We can-not see be-fore us, But our all - seeing Friend Is always watching
3. They are the purple frin-ges That hide His glorious feet; They are the fire-wrought

Copyright, 1895, by A. J. Showalter.

GOD'S WAY IS BEST.

No. 250. ELLIOTT. 8, 7.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. A. J. SHOWALTER.



No. 251. WE ARE MARCHING TO GLORY.

L. B. M. L. B. MITCHELL.

1. We are march-ing to glo - ry, and we're sing-ing the sto - ry That the pilgrims thro' the a - ges have sung, have sung; And thro'-out ev-'ry na-tion is the sweet - est ob - la - tion, Ev - er of - fered by a mor - tal tongue.
2. O the path grow-eth brighter, and the load seem-eth light-er, And our toil is but the la - bor of love, of love; And when souls seek the favor of the dear, bless - ed Sav - iour, There is joy a - kin to that a - bove.
3. O then join in our sing-ing, and to Je - sus be bringing All your Service and your heart full of love, of love; And we'll march on to-gether to the bright, bright for - ev - er, Till we sing His praise at home a - bove.

REFRAIN.

We are march-ing to glo - ry, yes, we're march-ing to glo - ry, And the

Copyright, 1890, by A. J. Showalter

WE ARE MARCHING TO GLORY.

songs of sal - va-tion we will sing, we will sing, So in - spiring and cheering, as the

por - tals we're near-ing, And we jour - ney on to crown the King.

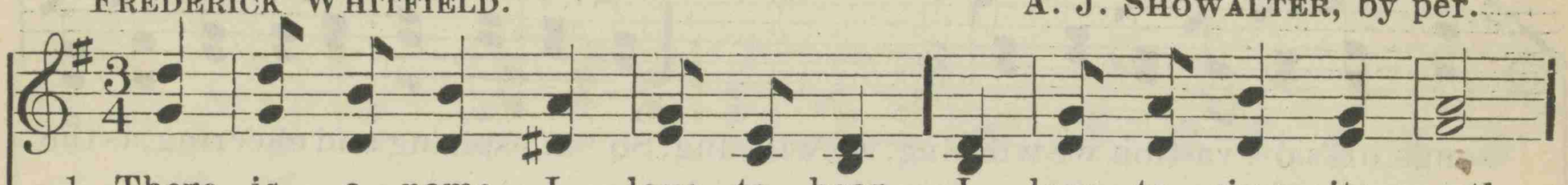
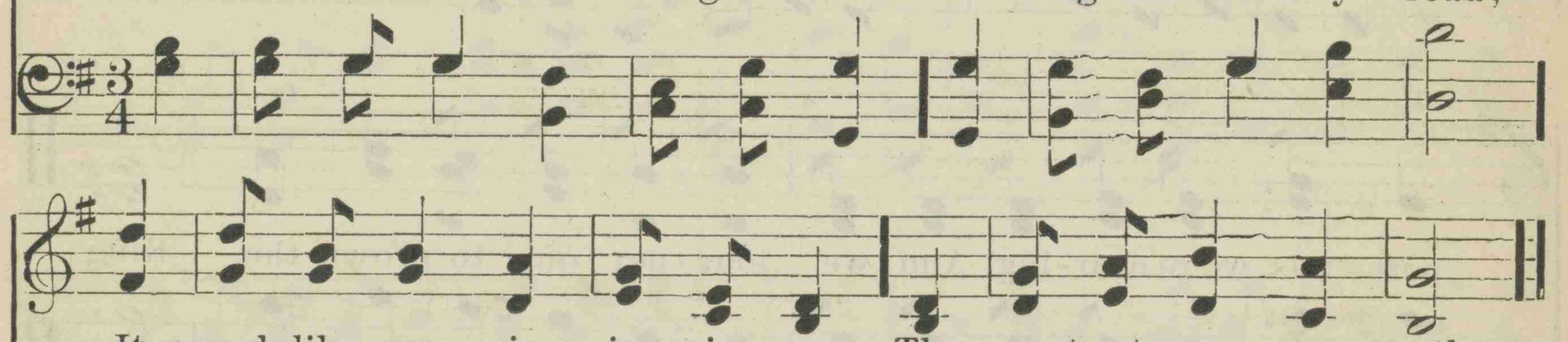
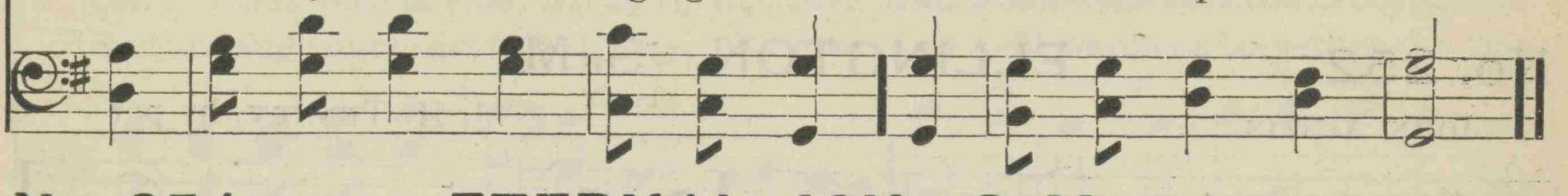
No. 252. ELLINGTON. S. M.

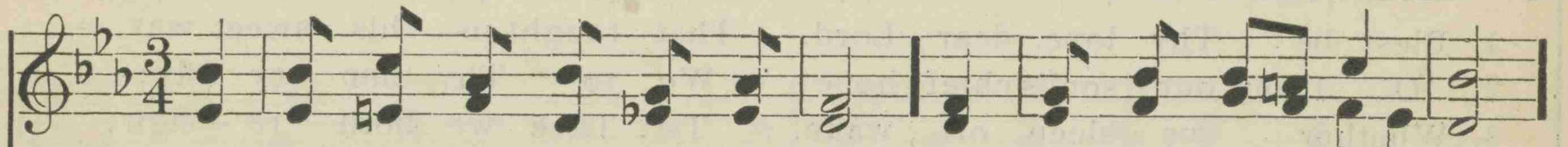
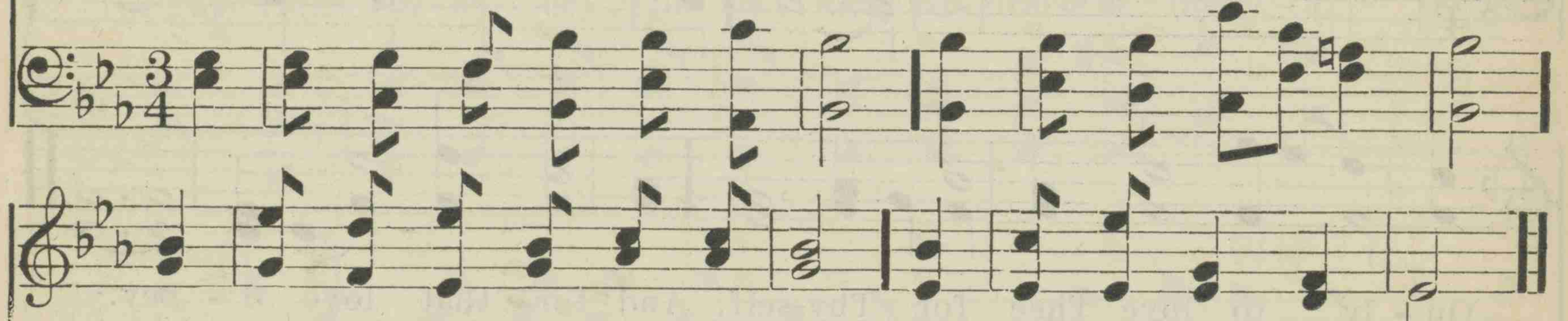
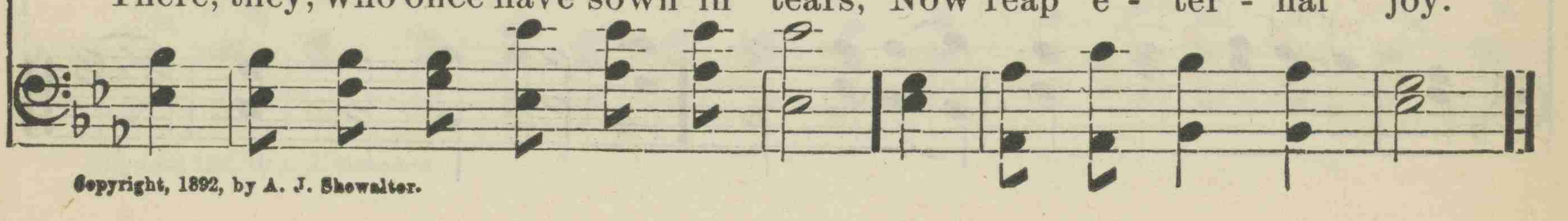
JOHN AUSTIN. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Blest be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way,—
2. O Thou, our soul's chief hope! We to Thy mer - cy fly;
3. Whether we sleep or wake, To Thee we both re - sign;
4. Whether we live or die, Both we sub - mit to Thee;

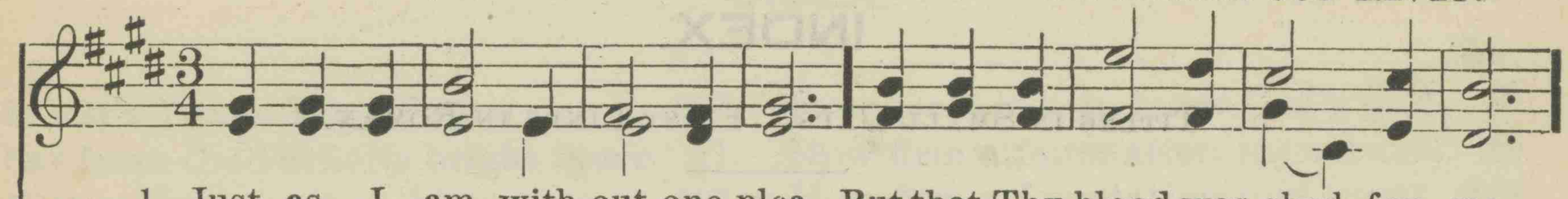
On - ly to love Thee for Thy-self, And for that love o - bey.
Wher-e'er we are Thou canst pro - tect, What-e'er we need, sup - ply.
By night we see, as well as day, If Thy light on us shine.
In death we live, as well as life, If Thine in death we be.

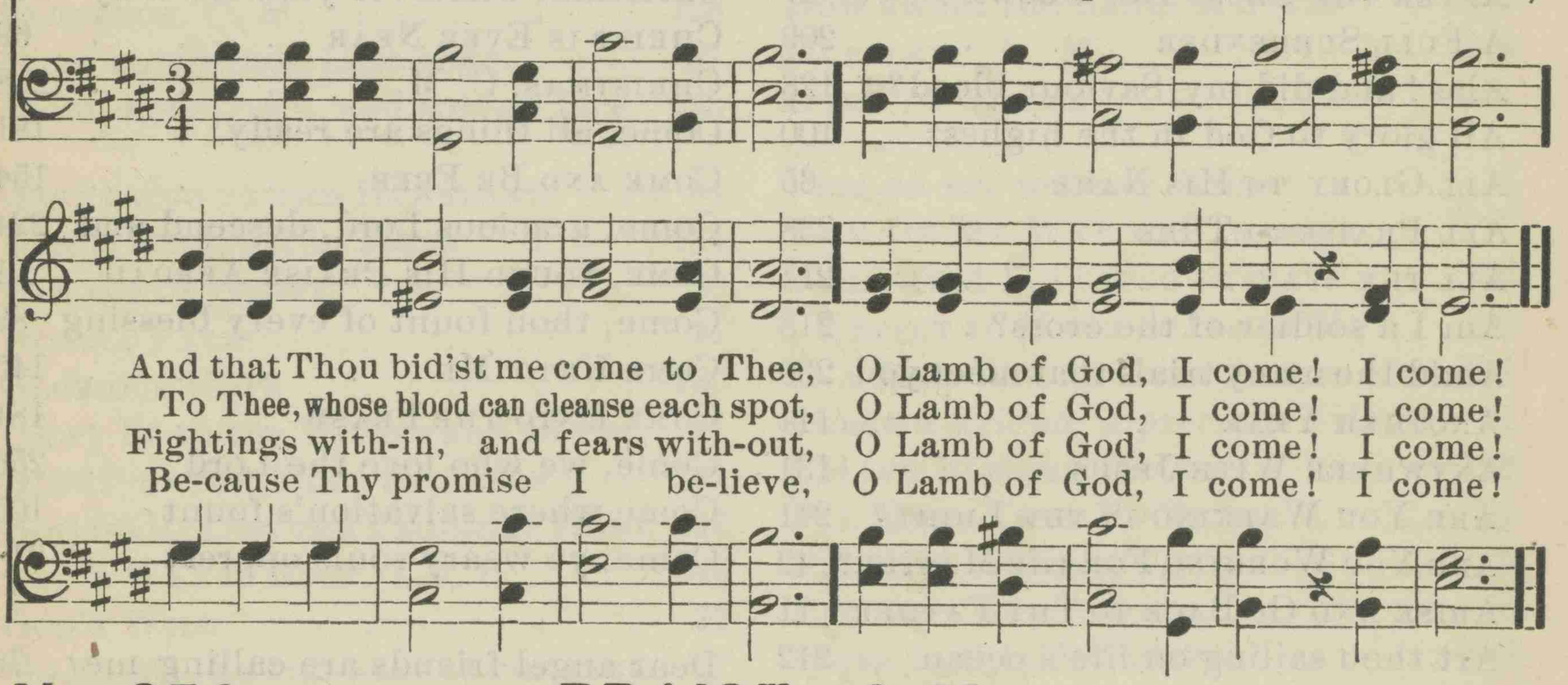
No. 253. TRIUMPH. C. M.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-iour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!
4. This name shall shed its fra-grance still A - long this thorn - y road;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear,— The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His prec- ious blood, The sin- ner's per - fect plea.
No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.
Shall sweet-ly smooth the rug - ged hill That leads me up to God.

No. 254. ETERNAL JOY. C. M.

W. B. TAPPAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is an hour of hal-low'd peace For those with cares dis - trest,
2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts, which here an - noy;
3. There is a home of sweet re - pose, Where storms as - sail no more;
4. There smil - ing peace with love ap - pears, And bliss with - out al - loy;

When sighs and sorr'wing tears shall cease, And all be hush'd to rest.
And they, that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.
The stream of end-less pleas-ure flows On that ce - les - tial shore.
There, they, who once have sown in tears, Now reap e - ter - nal joy.

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

No. 255. ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

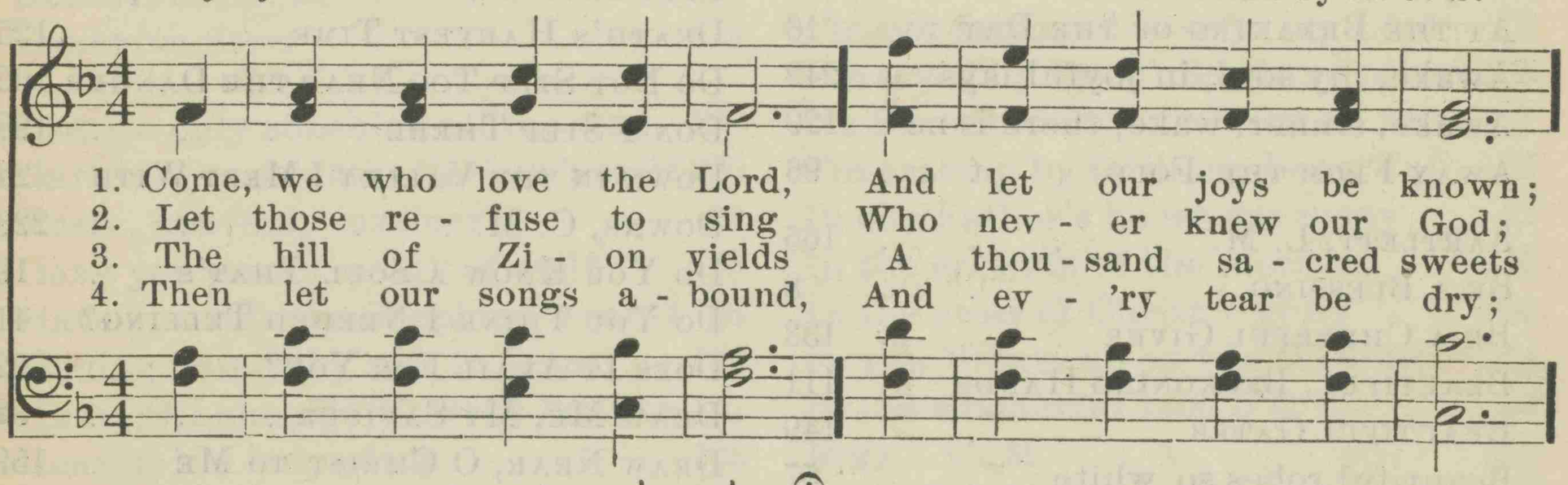
Sir GEORGE JOB ELVEY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a con-flict, ma-ny a doubt,
4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;

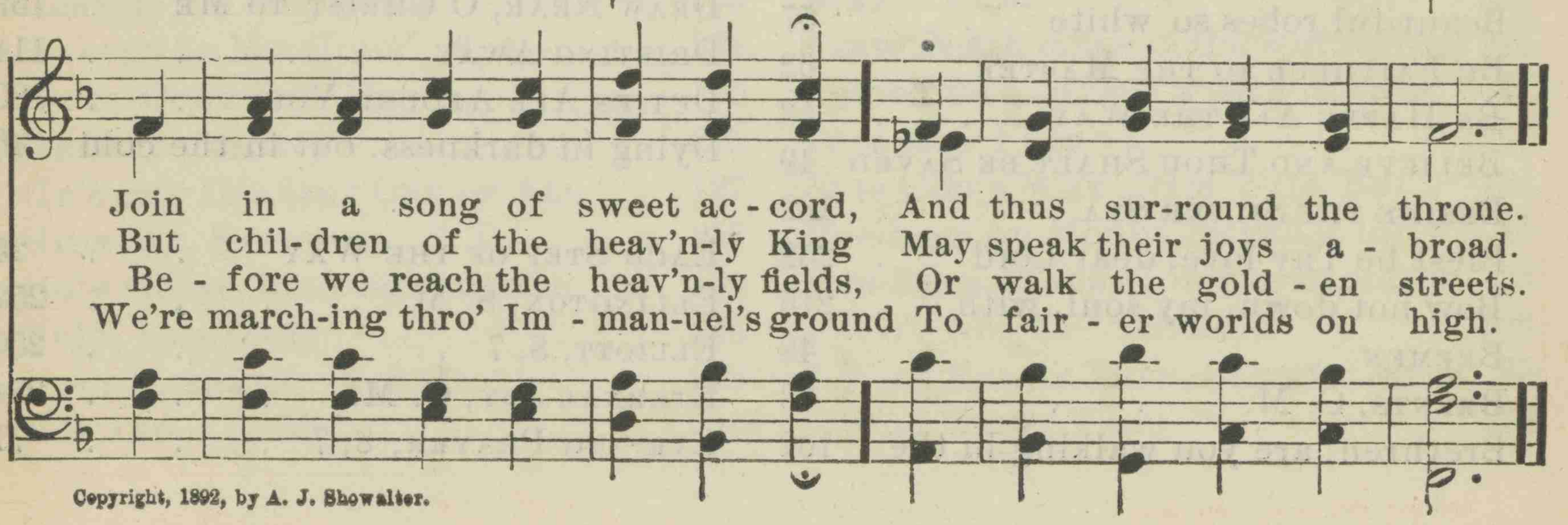


And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 256. PRAISE. S. M.

Melody by C. M. HATCH. Harmonized by A. J. S.



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

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

Copyright, 1892, by A. J. Showalter.

INDEX.

TITLES IN SMALL CAPS. FIRST LINES IN ROMAN.

	No.
A charge to keep I have	230
AFTER THE CROSS THE CROWN	47
A FULL SURRENDER	209
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?	128
All glory to God in the highest	100
ALL GLORY TO HIS NAME	65
ALL PRAISE TO THEE	238
ALL THE WAY	214
Am I a soldier of the cross?	218
Amid the many trials that meet you	239
ANOTHER YEAR	144
ANYWHERE WITH JESUS	131
ARE YOU WALKING IN THE LIGHT?	241
ARE YOU WORKING FOR THE MASTER?	42
ARISE AND GO BACK TO THY FATHER	11
Art thou sailing on life's ocean	212
As on the path of life we tread	198
As you journey trust the Saviour's	190
AT THE BREAKING OF THE DAY	16
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays	242
Awake, sinner, wake, there is no	129
AWAY FROM THE FOLD	96
BARTLETT, L. M.	165
BE A BLESSING	8
BE A CHEERFUL GIVER	133
BEAUTIFUL, BECKONING HANDS	111
BEAUTIFUL GATES	149
Beautiful robes so white	57
BE FAITHFUL TO THE MASTER	62
BE HAPPY ALL THE WAY	53
BELIEVE AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED	49
BESIDE THE SILVER SEA	182
Blest be Thy love, dear Lord	252
Bow not down, my soul, with	215
BREMEN	48
BRENTS, C. M.	73
Brethren, are you walking in the	162
Call Jehovah thy salvation	235
Christian, whatever your lot may	167
CHRIST IS EVER NEAR	69
CHRISTMAS, C. M.	218
Come, all things are ready	181
COME AND BE FREE	154
Come, gracious Lord, descend and	224
COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE ABROAD	1
Come, thou fount of every blessing	89
COME UNTO ME	145
COME UNTO THE FEAST	181
Come, we who love the Lord	256
Come where salvation's fount	105
Come, ye weary souls opprest	210
Dear angel friends are calling me	76
Dear Saviour, as I journey	214
Dear Saviour, when this life is past	82
DEATH'S HARVEST TIME	125
DO NOT STEP TOO NEAR THE DANGER	162
DON'T STEP THERE	198
DOWN IN THE VALLEY I MEET WITH	24
DOWNS, C. M.	226
DO YOU KNOW A SOUL THAT'S	19
DO YOU THINK I NEEDED TELLING?	41
DOES IT AVAIL FOR YOU?	92
DRAW ME, MY SAVIOUR	32
DRAW NEAR, O CHRIST TO ME	159
DRIFTING AWAY	114
DUTIES ALL AROUND YOU	180
Dying in darkness, out in the cold	46
EACH STEP OF THE WAY	25
ELLINGTON, S. M.	252
ELLIOTT, 8, 7	250
ETERNAL JOY, C. M.	254
EVENING PRAYER, 8, 7	71

INDEX.

	No.
Faith's Three-Fold Vision	207
Far from the Father's bright home	11
Father, hear my humble cry	186
Fellowship Divine, C. M.	87
Five of them were wise	86
Florence, C. M.	128
From earth thou hast gone	51
From labor, pain, and sorrow free	145
Gathering to the Homeland	84
Gladly we trust in Jesus	184
Gleams of Glory	36
Gloria Patri	21
Glorious Hope	130
Glory be to the Father and to the	21
Glory to the Name of Jesus	141
God is Calling the Prodigal Home	148
God's Way is Best, 7, 6, D.	249
God's Will	77
Go Forth, Ye Heralds of the Lold	27
Go Thy Way and Sin No More	163
Gratitude, L. M.	236
Greeting Song	119
Had we only sunshine all the way	138
Hark! do you hear the Saviour's call?	220
Haste, heavenly mariner	66
Have you grown weary of evil?	55
Have you left the Shepherd's care?	96
Having found thy rest in Jesus	163
Hear, O Lord, My Humble Prayer	157
Heaven is a holy place	103
Heaven Is My Home. 6, 4,	234
He'll Come For Me	150
Help In Jesus	210
He's the Dearest One of All	127
Hide Me, Saviour. 7, D.	257
Holy Ghost, with light divine	109
Holy, holy, holy	245
Holy Sabbath. 7, 6, D.	248
Howard. C. M.	99
How blest it is to know God's will	77
How firm a foundation (new tune)	68
How firm a foundation (old tune)	243
How glorious is the thought	5
How heavenly, how divinely sweet	87
How sweet the name of Jesus	205
Hursley. L. M.	236
Hymn of Praise	161
I am on my journey home	6
I Am On My Way to Canaan's	177
I am saved but saved to serve	56
I Expect to Have Stars in My	140
If a Man Would Come After Me	151
I have a Friend, a precious Friend	31
I Have Blessed Peace	196
I'll Meet Thee Up There	51
I'll Sing of Jesus Love	5
I'll Soon Be at Home	76
I love to think of heaven	149
I'm but a stranger here	234
Immanuel's Land. 7, 6, D.	240
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	73
I'm saved by Jesus' cleansing power	135
I'm Standing On the Rock of Ages	171
I'm tracing by faith my beautiful	113
In our Father's house are many	22
In the crimson of the morning	143
In the cross of Christ I glory	250
In the Vineyard of the Master	44
In the wonderful land o'er the	14
Irma. C. M.	117
I saw Death come in the springtime	125
I stood face to face with a sorrow	137
It is All Free	173
It is God's Way; His Will Be	104
I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty	45
I've Been Washed in the Blood of	88
I Will Not Let Thee Go	206
I Will Praise Thee, Blessed Jesus	35
I Will Trust Thee	110

INDEX.

	No.
Jerusalem the Golden. 7, 6, D.	258
Jesus Calls	219
Jesus came to the world our .	20
Jesus, grant me this, I pray .	257
Jesus, I love Thy charming name	227
Jesus is Calling Today . .	118
Jesus is the Light . . .	190
Jesus Saves Me Now . . .	29
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me . .	233
Jesus, Tender Shepherd . .	38
Jesus, the very thought of Thee .	226
Jesus Walking on the Sea . .	54
Jesus Will Save You Today .	95
Joy All the Way	72
Joy Comes With the Morning .	169
Just as I am, without one plea .	255
Keep Close to the Side of Jesus	90
Leading the Faithful . . .	166
Lead Kindly Light	246
Lead us, O Shepherd, each step of	25
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms	176
Let Thy Lamp be Trimmed and .	212
Let Us Linger at the Mercy Seat	63
Let Your Light Shine . . .	167
Look Up, Look Up	112
Lord, baptize Thy people with the	164
Lord Be Thou My Helper . .	52
Lord, give me light to do Thy work	168
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine	222
Lord, it is a full surrender . .	209
Lo! The Bridegroom Cometh .	64
Lo! the Saviour is walking on the	54
Love Like the Sea	213
Lux Benigna. 10, 4, 10, 10 . .	246
Many are the homes of sorrow .	169
Marching on to Glory Day by Day	193
Meditation	34
Meet Me There	6
Mercy. 7	109
Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?	124
My Dearest Friend . . .	31
My God, how endless is Thy love .	237
My Home in the Skies . . .	113
My Humble Prayer . . .	134
My Saviour leads me forth . .	23
My soul in sad exile was out on life's	203
Nearer, My God, to Thee (new) .	115
Nearer, my God, to Thee (old) .	228
'Neath the sacred gospel banner .	193
Never Forget that Jesus is Your	239
Nicæ. 11, 12, 12, 10 . . .	245
None of Self and all of Thee .	211
No One but Jesus Can Save . .	55
Now no more like a ship heavy laden	12
Now the shades of night are gone	58
O be a cheerful giver . . .	133
O Beautiful Blossom of Pity .	155
O be Washed in the Blood of the	129
O bless the Lord my soul . .	229
O day of rest and gladness . .	248
O Eyes that are Weary . .	200
O for a closer walk with God .	117
O, for whom are the prizes of life?	217
Often after a day of toiling . .	192
O Give Thanks	39
O glory to His name	88
O God of light, to Thee we pray ,	165
O Lord, my soul to Thee I yield .	134
O my heart is filled with singing .	29
Once I heard a sweet voice saying	4
Once I was a Pilgrim Stranger .	78
One day I chanced to pass along .	70
On the Other Side	188
On the Way to the Cross . .	12
Onward, Pilgrims	204
Open Wide the Windows . .	199
O praise the Lord, I'm saved today	141
O see the wrecks along the way .	37
O sing to God in joyful lays . .	161

	No.
O sinner, why linger in doubt	95
O Souls that Suffer	172
O spread the tidings round	132
O strike, strike the cymbol	136
Oswald. 8, 7	235
O that Fountain, Blessed	89
O the beautiful isle of somewhere	81
O the bitter pain and sorrow	211
O the meetings, O the greetings	183
O the way is often rugged	17
O Thou in whose presence my soul	34
O thou, my soul forget no more	223
O turn, all ye people	213
Our Dear Sabbath Home	139
Our Father, God, who art in heaven	208
Our Father's Home	22
Our yet unfinished story	249
Out on life's ocean they're drifting	114
O why nndecided, my brother	15
O Wondrous is the Message	2
Pilot. 7, 61.	233
Portugese Hymn	243
Praise S. M.	256
Prayer	186
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	99
Precious the Love of Jesus	184
Protection	243
Rally Around the Standard	18
Realms of Beauty	74
Resignation	137
Resting, Sweetly Resting	98
Return	67
Rockingham. L. M.	224
Rock of Ages	40
Room at the Cross for Me	106
Row Up the Stream, Brother	66
Salvation's Fount	105
Saved by Grace	70
Saved to Serve	56
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	71
Scatter Many Blessings	83
Seeking to Save	153
Send Me Light	168
Send Out the Life-Boat	93
Send the Glorious Gospel	59
Send the News of Salvation	20
Shall I Meet You Up There?	116
Shout and sing, ye pilgrim band	108
Silver Street. S. M.	231
Sin Can Never Enter There	103
Since I Found Out Him	123
Sing Praises to the Lord	105
Sing to Jehovah	102
Sinner, O sinner, why will you	154
Solitude. 7.	247
Some Sweet Day	222
Sometimes as we journey homeward	36
Soon I will hear my Lord say	150
Soon our bark will have crossed the	50
Souls who are out on mountains of	153
State Street. S. M.	221
Stay by my side, dear Saviour	206
St. Crispin. L. M.	255
Summer suns are glowing	48
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	236
Sunshine and Rain	138
Sweet is the Work, My God	3
Sweetly resting in Thy favor	215
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet	247
Sweet to Know His Love	175
Take the Saviour with You	195
Take Up the Cross	222
Tell About the Master	140
Texas. 7.	58
That Beautiful Home	50
That Beautiful Home Up There	13
That Wonderful Day	152
The Band of Workers	189
The Beautiful River of Life	61
The Bible in the Cabin by the Sea	197
The Blessed Old Foundation	68
The call of the King for soldiers	18
The City of Gold	28
The Comforter has Come	132
The Coming of His Feet	143
The Eternal Home	120
The Fire is Burning	45
The Glorious Crown	14
The Glorious Marriage Supper	160
The Glory of the Welcome	30
The Good Shepherd	46
The Haven of Rest	203
The Heavenly Port	122
The Home Up Yonder	192
The Isle of Somewhere	81
The King Will be in the Boat	178
The Lord Hath My Salvation	91
The Lord's Prayer. C. M.	208

	No.
The Name of Jesus	205
The Prizes of Life	217
The Real Old Time	164
There are songs in the night	123
There is an hour of hallowed peace	254
There is a name I love to hear	253
There is a Precious Fountain	60
There is a precious volume	197
There is help for you in Jesus	210
There is Joy Witin My Soul	101
There is rest, sweet rest in the	98
There Remaineth a Rest	147
There's a beautiful blossom called	155
There's a beautiful city of light	120
There's a beautiful home far up in	116
There's a beautiful stream in the	61
There's a Crown in Heaven	17
There's a City that is Far, Far	10
There's a Crown the Just shall	187
There's a Friend whose word brings	127
There's a home of light and glory	204
There's a message of hope to the	49
There's Glory in My Soul Today	23
There's joy in my soul today	72
The Rock of Truth	80
The sands of time are sinking	240
The sky is dark, the storm is near	67
The Sunlight of His Love	4
The Ten Virgins	86
The wonderful day of judgement is	152
This is Not My Abiding Place	121
Tho' all around, on every hand	104
Tho' the world is surging around it	106
Thy name, almighty Lord	232
'Tis never too late to be sowing the	9
'Tis sweet to know the Saviour's	175
To the harvest the Master is calling	79
Unto Thee and Thee Alone	85
Upon the cross of Calvary	92
Walking in the King's Highway	43
Ward. L. M.	222
Washed and Redeemed	100
We are daily marching to our home	74
We are gathering to the homeland	84
We are Marching On	156
We are Marching to Glory	251
We are Nearing that Sweet Home	33
We are raising structures either	80
We are working for the Master	179
We have met today in this leafy	119
We lay our burdens	202
We Live Upon Too Low a Plain	170
We'll Anchor By and By	97
We Must Work	158
We're a band of workers	189
We read of a home where care	28
We're bound for glory-land on high	43
We Read of the Mansions in	191
We're rounding the cape, the cape	26
We Shall Know Each Other	244
We Shall Overcome	75
We shall reach the golden strand	221
We Shall Rest By and By	79
We wage no uncertain war with sin	75
What a Dear Friend is Jesus	174
What a fellowship, what a joy	176
What are You Sowing?	7
What a Saviour	202
What equal honors shall we bring	223
What though the night is dark and	16
When all is dark around me	52
When around me shadows gather	107
When heaven is spangled with stars	13
When I can read my title clear	97
When 'mid sounds of earthly voices	160
When my bark I shall steer for the	140
When My Ship Sails Away	126
When the Bridegroom cometh	64
When the evening shadows gather	244
When the Faithful Meet in Glory	146
When the lamp of faith has lighted	30
When the Trump Shall Sound	201
When walking down life's pathway	69
When We All Get Home	183
When we cross the ferry to the other	178
When you seek a friend and helper	194
While living in this world below	53
While toiling on life's rugged road	182
Whispers of Love	107
Will You Trust Him?	15
With gladness we meet in our dear	139
With Jesus On Board	26
Without the Loss of One	82
Woodman. L. M.	242
Work for Souls	94
Work for the Master	8
Working for the Master	179
Would you be a sunbeam	8
Wrecks Along the Way	37
Ye Pilgrim Band	108

No.
202
170
97
158
189
28
43
191
26
244
75
221
79
75
174
176
7
202
223
16
52
107
13
97
160
140
126
64
244
146
30
201
69
183
178
194
53
182
107
15
139
26
82
242
94
9
179
8
37
108

Our Great Leader for 1910.

REVIVAL GLORY

with A. J. Showalter as Editor-in-Chief, and with twenty-four associate editors, including J. D. Patton, T. B. Mosley, R. H. Cornelius, H. M. Eagle, W. T. Turner, J. M. Bowman, J. W. Dennis, M. G. Barringer, R. L. Ferguson, A. M. Pace, W. A. Stewart, K. C. Robinson, J. M. Edwards, W. J. Morris, J. B. Hardin and Arel Bertrand, is the name of our great new book for 1910. We use the word "great" advisedly, for never before have so many of the foremost teachers, gospel song composers and editors of books for popular use combined to make a book of this kind. And in addition to their own long list of superior old and new pieces which they had at their command, they also had access to the entire list of superior copyrights owned by E. O. Excell, and the result is such a book as was never before offered by a Southern publisher.

Such great songs as "Leaning On The Everlasting Arms," "Saved By the Blood," and "Walking In The King's Highway," by A. J. Showalter; "O That Will be Glory," "The Way of The Cross Leads Home," and "Calling The Prodigal," by C. H. Gabriel; "The Good Old-Fashioned Way," "Count Your Blessings," and "Grace Enough for Me," by E. O. Excell; "The King's Business," and "Loyalty to Christ," by Flora H. Cassell; "He Is Able to Deliver Thee," by W. A. Ogden; "I Must Tell Jesus," by E. A. Hoffman; "Nothing Satisfies But Jesus," by Mrs. C. H. Morris; "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go," by C. E. Rounsefel; "Blessed Assurance," by Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp; "At The Cross," by R. H. Cornelius, and many others by these and others of the foremost gospel song composers of America, make Revival Glory a great Collection of the best and most useful of the pieces of world-wide popularity, while the many superior new songs help to make it the best book ever offered the Christian Workers of all denominations.

The mechanical appearance, paper, printing and binding, are all that could be desired, by being strictly up-to-date and in the best style to be found for this class of publications, and you can send us your orders for from one copy to one thousand copies, feeling assured that you are ordering the best. Before the book went to press we had received four separate orders of 1000 copies each, and these, together with many smaller orders, ranging from one copy to 200 copies, made a great hole in the first edition of 20,000 copies. Before the first edition of 20,000 copies was out of the bindery 30 days, the second edition of 20,000 copies was put on the presses. Since that time 65,000 more have been printed, making 105,000 copies of this great book which have been called for in less than fifteen months from the day of its first publication. Never before have we had a book to sell so well. But we can fill all orders, which must be accompanied with the cash, on the same day they are received. Be sure to state whether limp or board binding is wanted, and also whether round or shape notes are desired.

Price, postpaid, embossed boards, 35 cents per copy; $4.00 per dozen; $8.00 per 25. Embossed limp, 25 cents per copy; $2.85 per dozen; $5.70 per 25. Address all orders to

THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO., Dalton Ga.,
or THE SHOWALTER-PATTON CO., Dallas, Texas.