GOOD TIDINGS

(Nos. 1 & 2.)

COMBINED

—BY—

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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GOOD TIDINGS.

FOR

Sunday-Schools, Prayer, Praise and Gospel Meetings.

BY

A. J. SHOWALTER.

ASSISTED BY

J. B. VAUGHAN,
GEORGE B. HOLSINGER,
G. E. LEONARD,
AND J. HENRY SHOWALTER.

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PREFACE.

"I BRING YOU

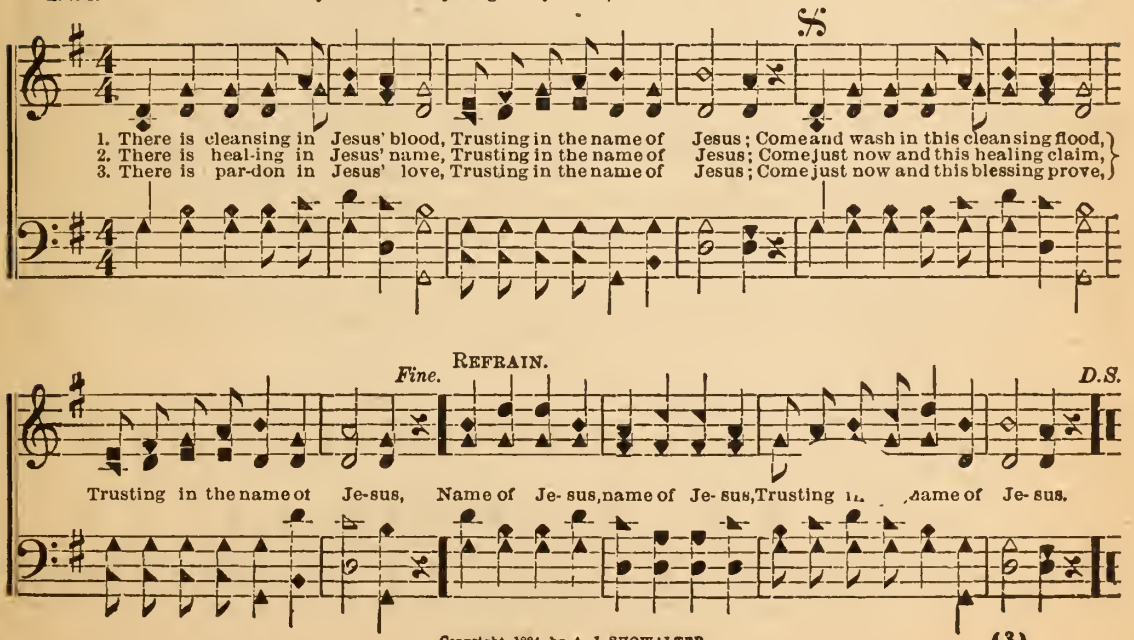
GOOD TIDINGS

OF GREAT JOY."—Luke 2: 10.

GOOD TIDINGS.

TRUSTING IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

A. J. S. "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."—JOHN 14: 14. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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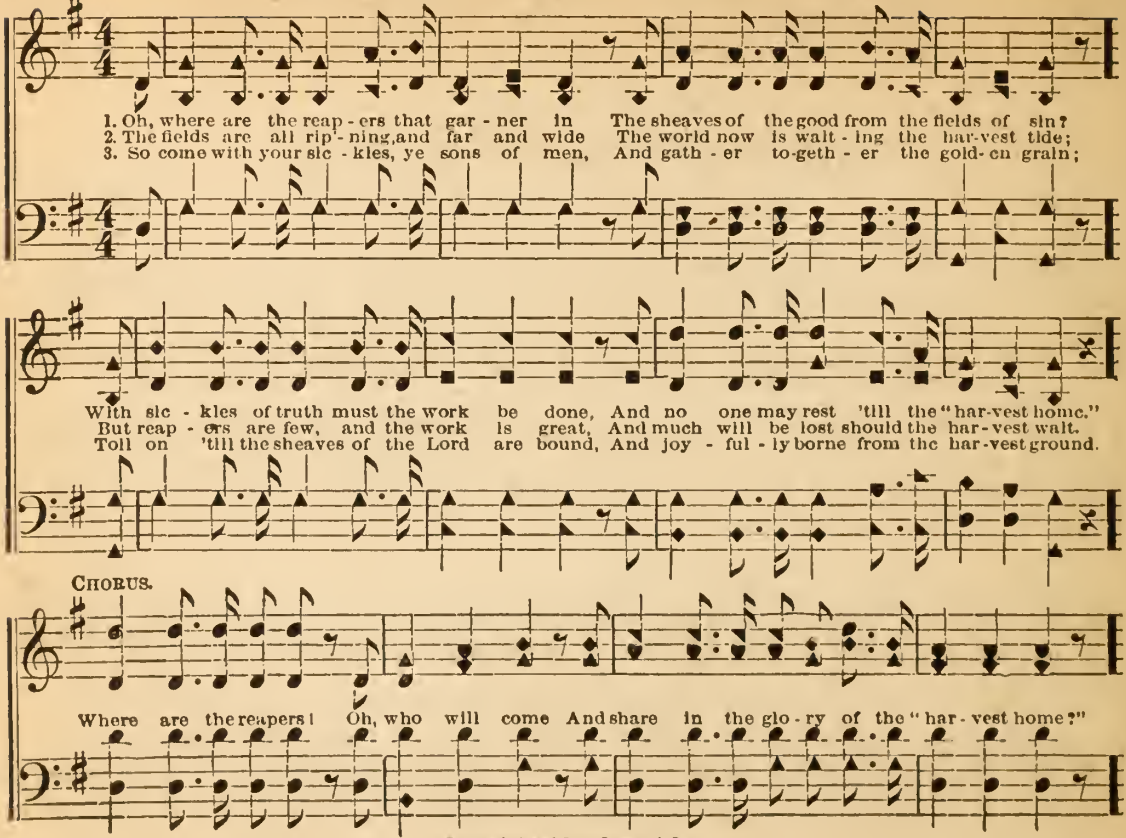
E. E. REXFORD.

WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?

Dr. G. F. ROOT.

"And he that reapeth ..... gathereth fruit unto life eternal."—JOHN 4: 36.



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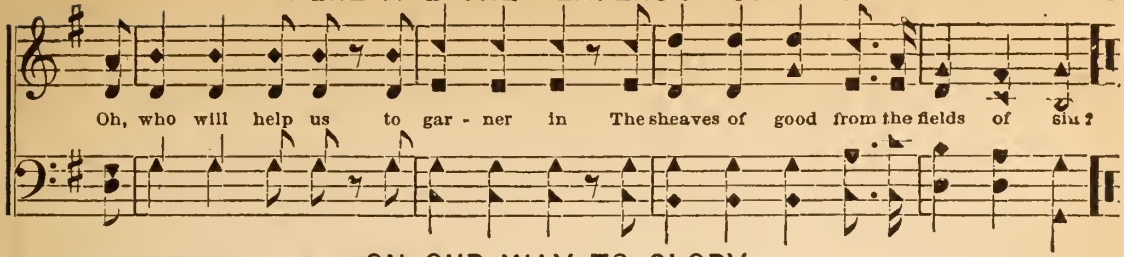
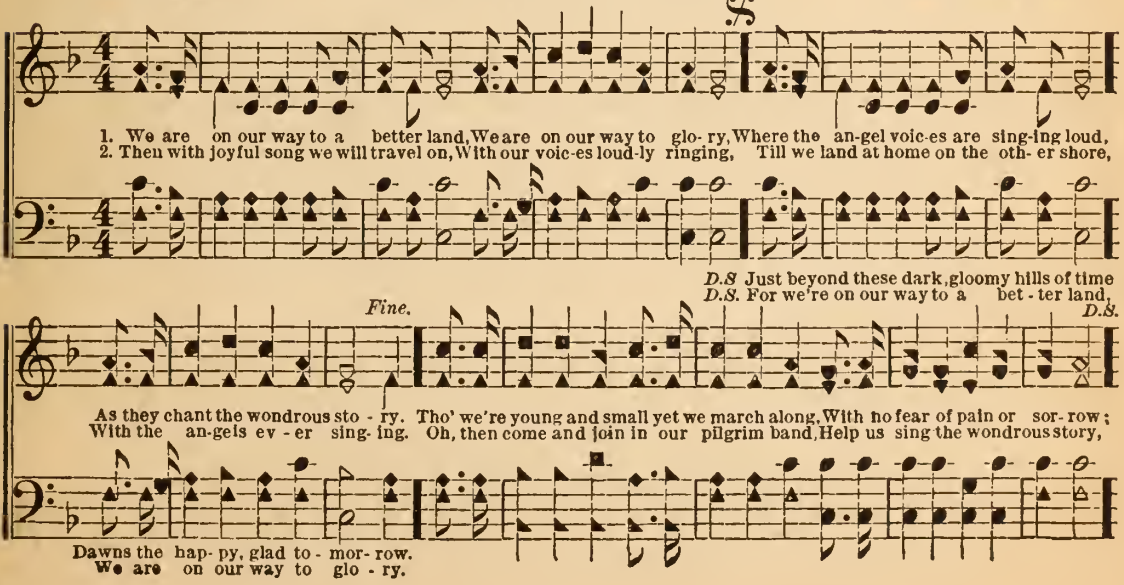


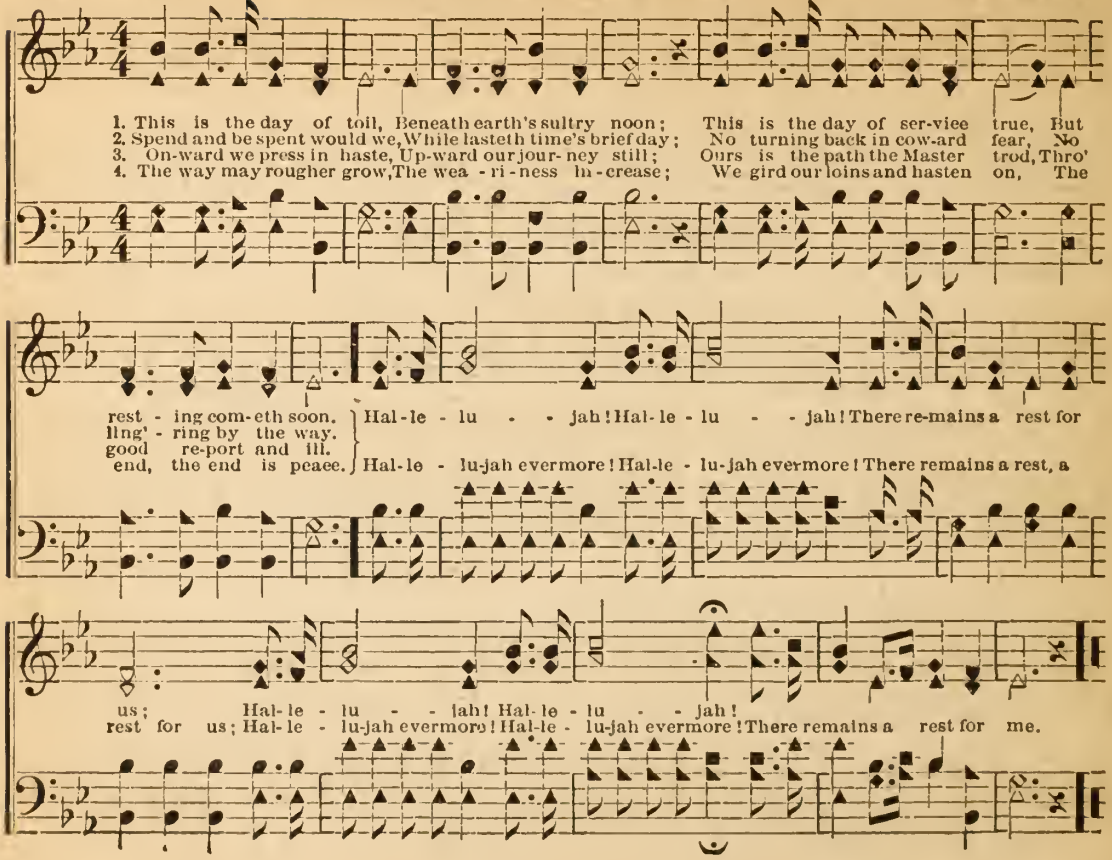
ON OUR WAY TO GLORY.

Arr. from C. H. GABRIEL. "They desire a better country."—HEB. 11: 16. J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



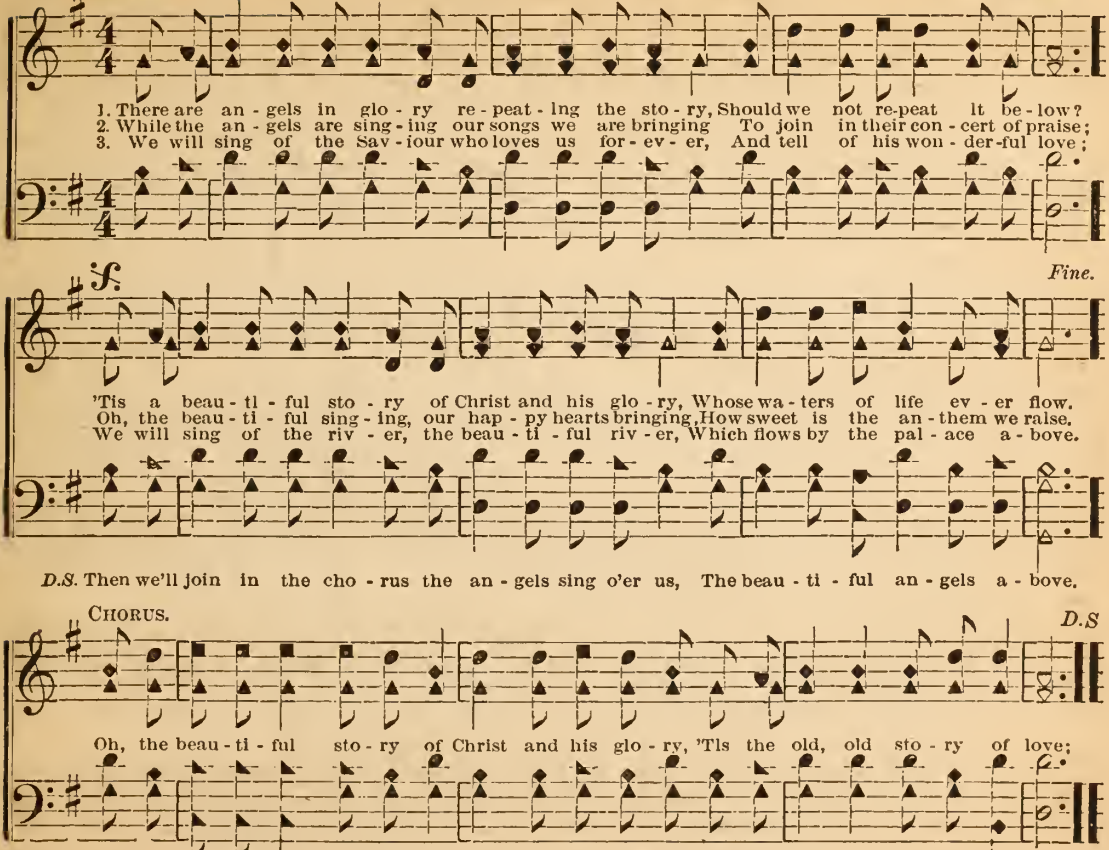
PRESSING ONWARD

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. "There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9. G. E. LEONARD.



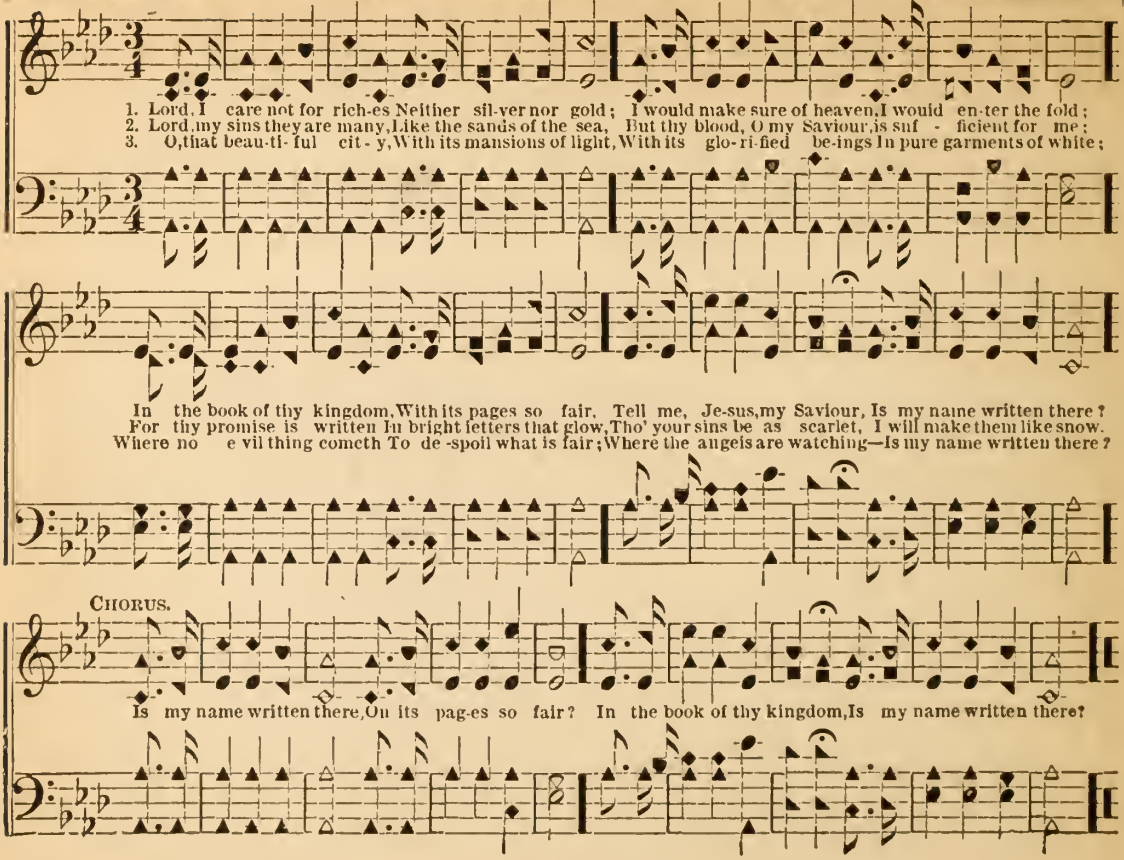
THE BEAUTIFUL STORY.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD. "Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19. J. B. VAUGHAN.



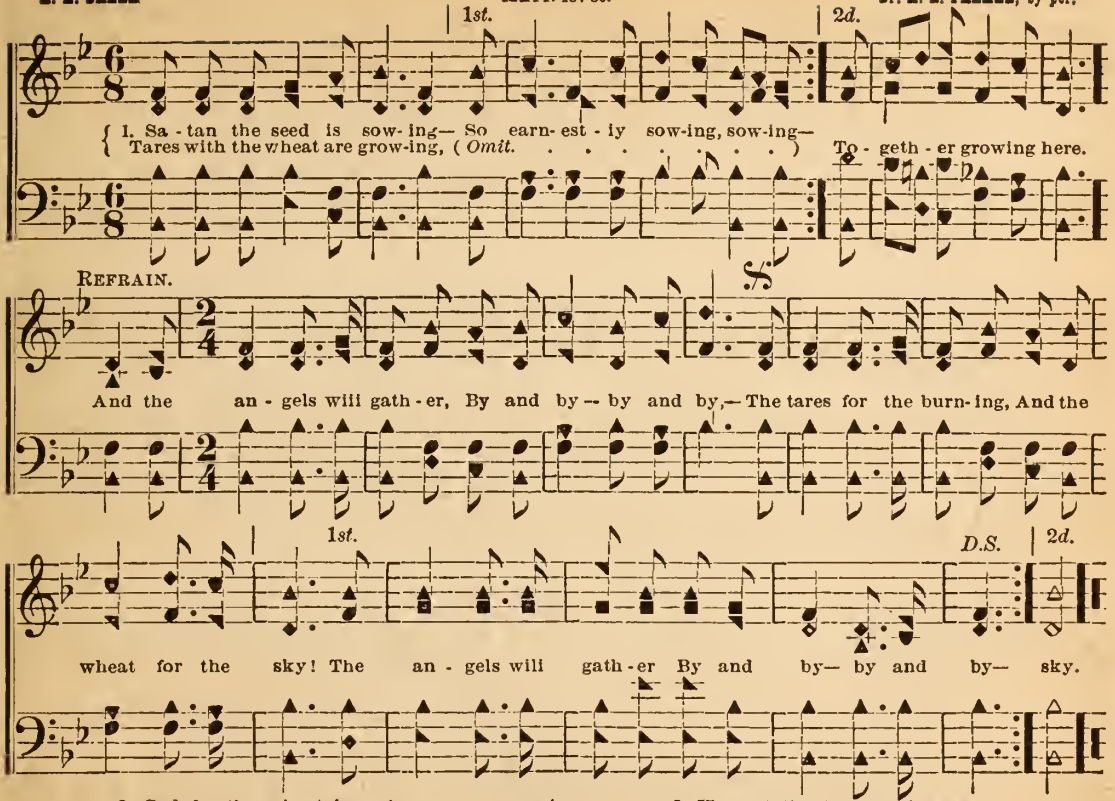
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. "Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20. Arr. from FRANK M. DAVIS.



SATAN THE SEED IS SOWING.

M. A. BAKER. MATT. 13: 30. Dr. H. R. PALMER, by per.



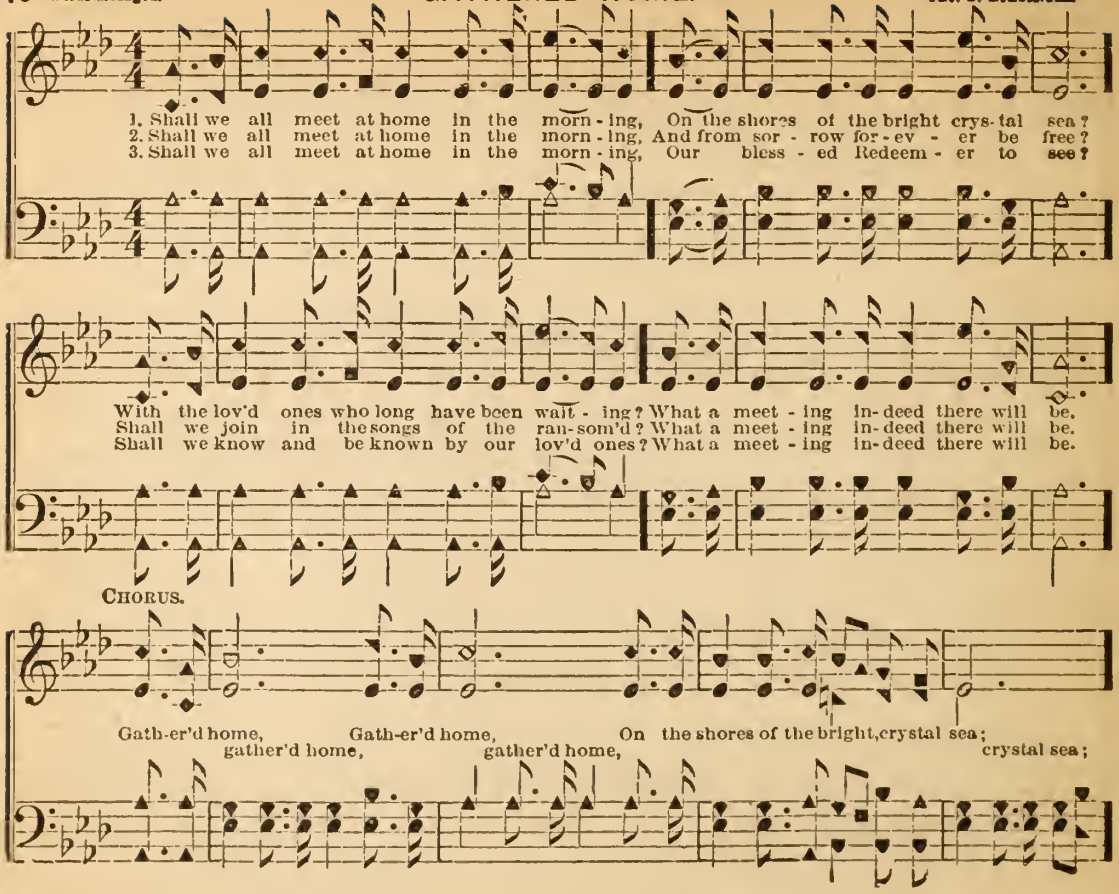
2 God for the wheat is caring—
So tenderly caring, caring—
Though 'till the harvest sparing
The tares which now appear.

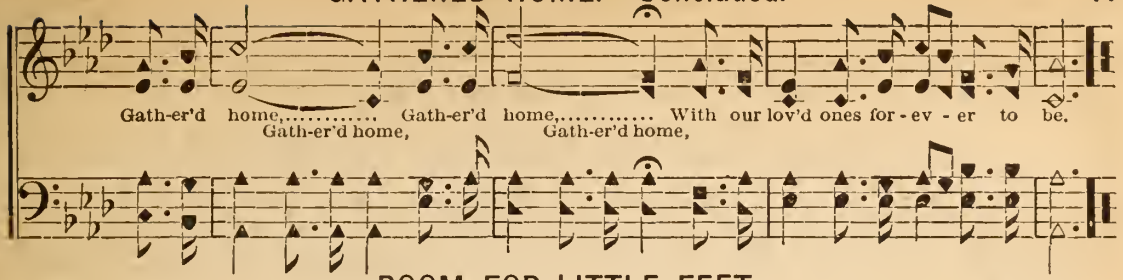
3 Harvest the tares will sever—
Eternally sever, sever—
Then may we be forever,
Safe in the Master's love.

Words arranged.

GATHERED HOME.

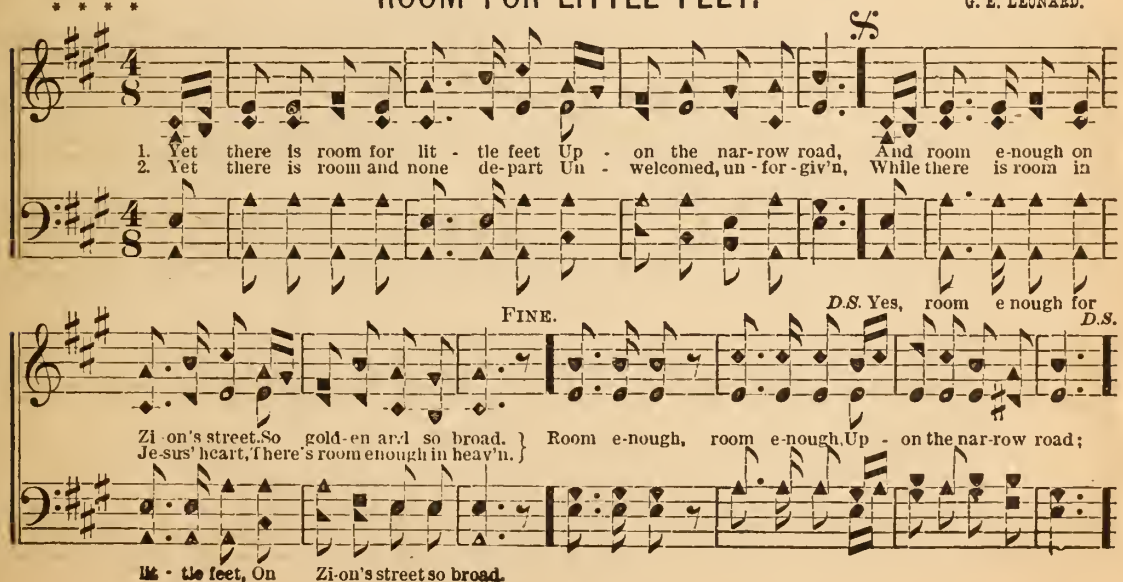
GEO. B. HOLSINGER



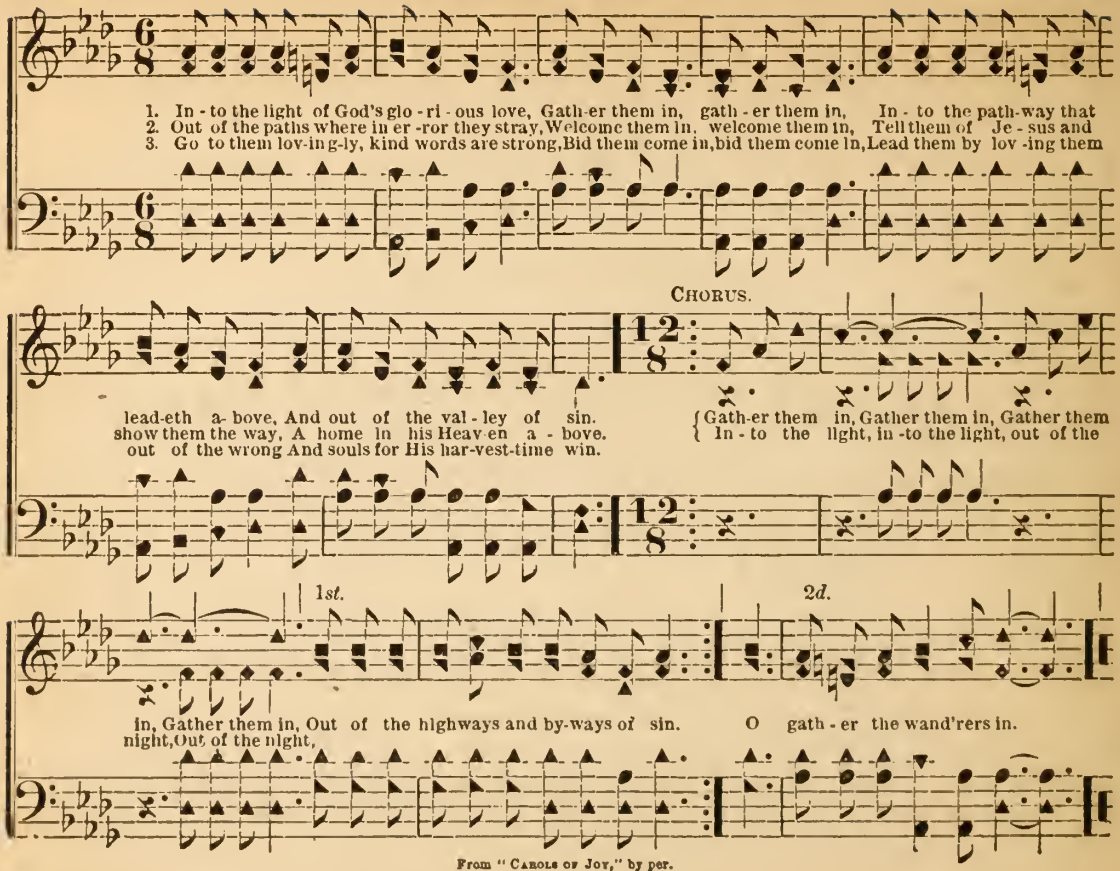


ROOM FOR LITTLE FEET.

G. E. LEONARD.



GATHER THEM IN.



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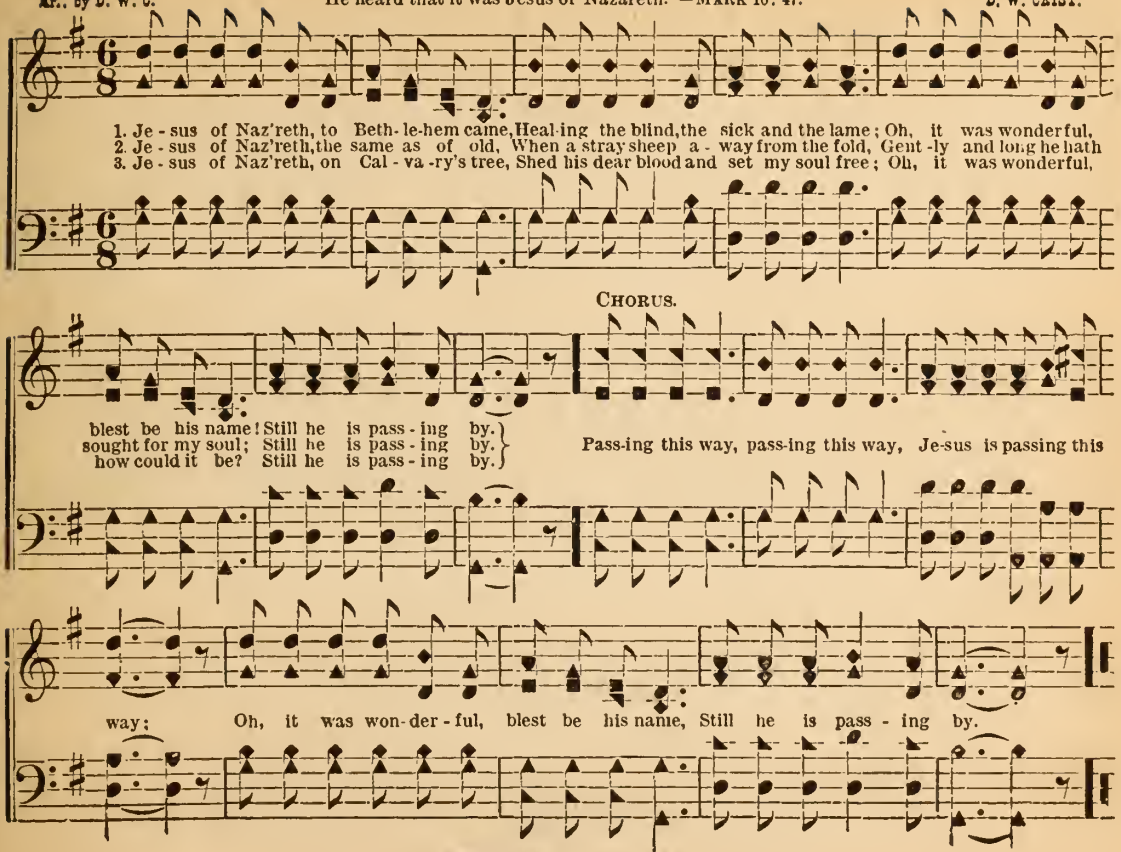
PASSING THIS WAY.

Ar., by D. W. C.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47.

D. W. CRIST.



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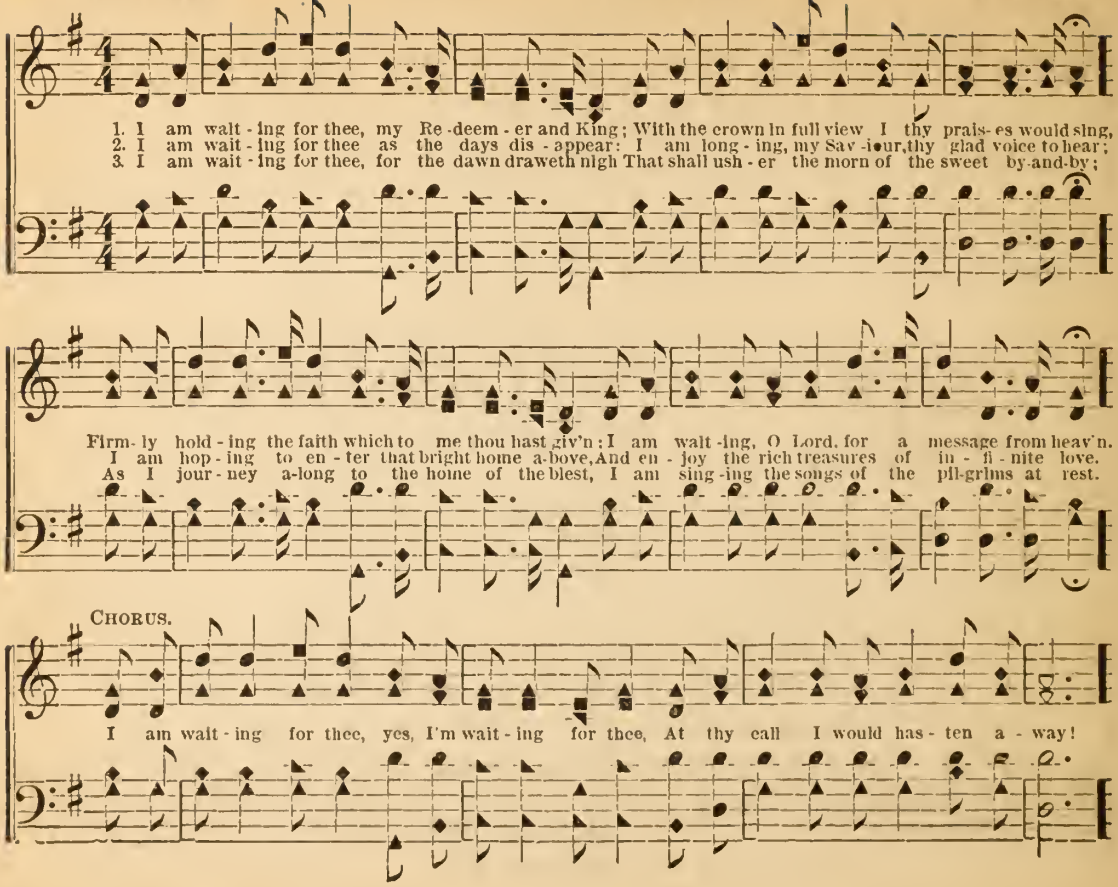
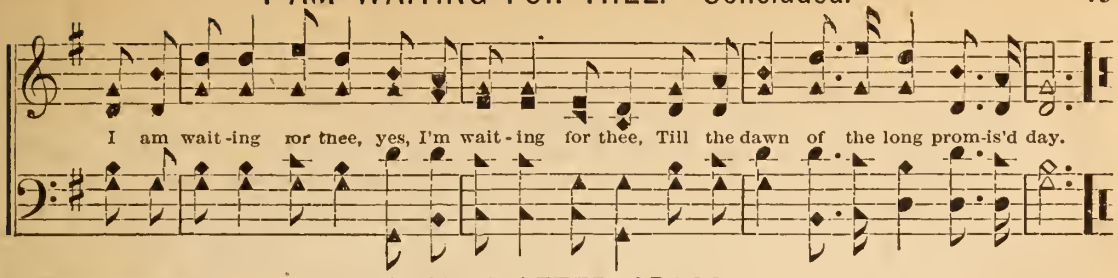
I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

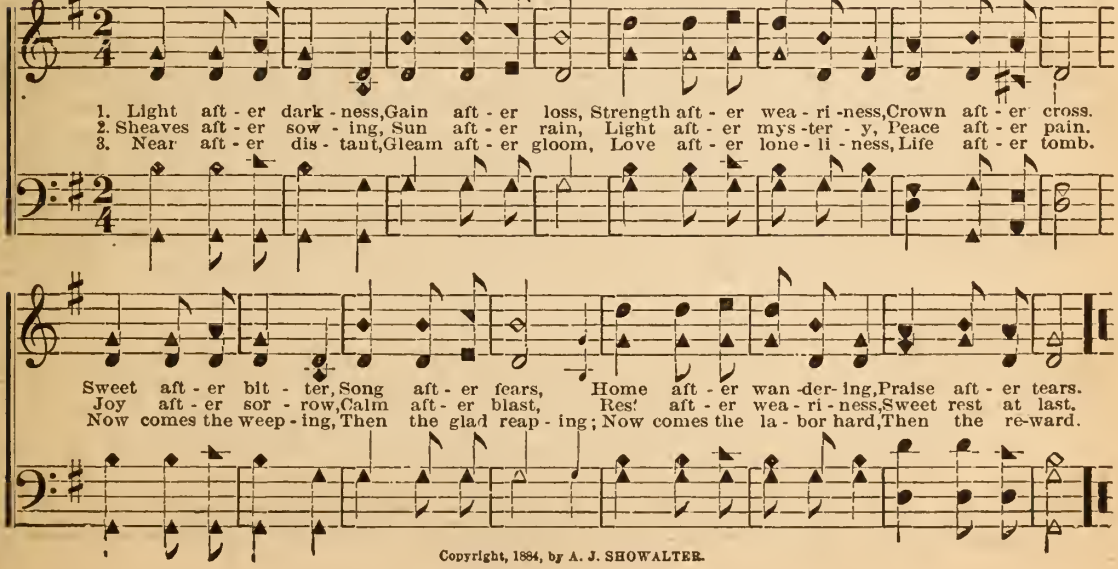
J. B. VAUGHAN.





CROWN AFTER CROSS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. J. SHOWALTER.



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ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

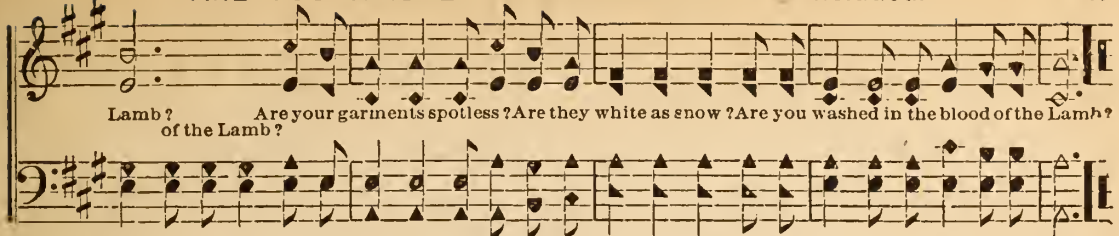
"These are they.....which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. 7: 14.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing pow'r? Are you wasbed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust-ing in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each mo-ment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
3. When the Bride-groom com - eth, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb; There's a fount - ain flow - ing for the soul un-clean, Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

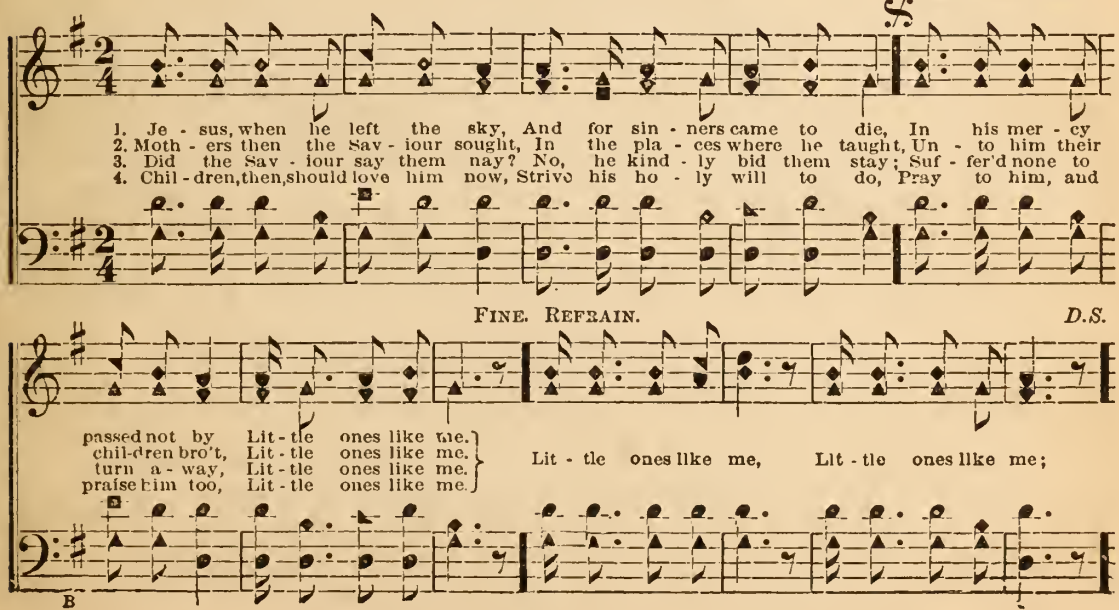
CHORUS.

Are you washed in the blood, In the soul - cleans-ing blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood,



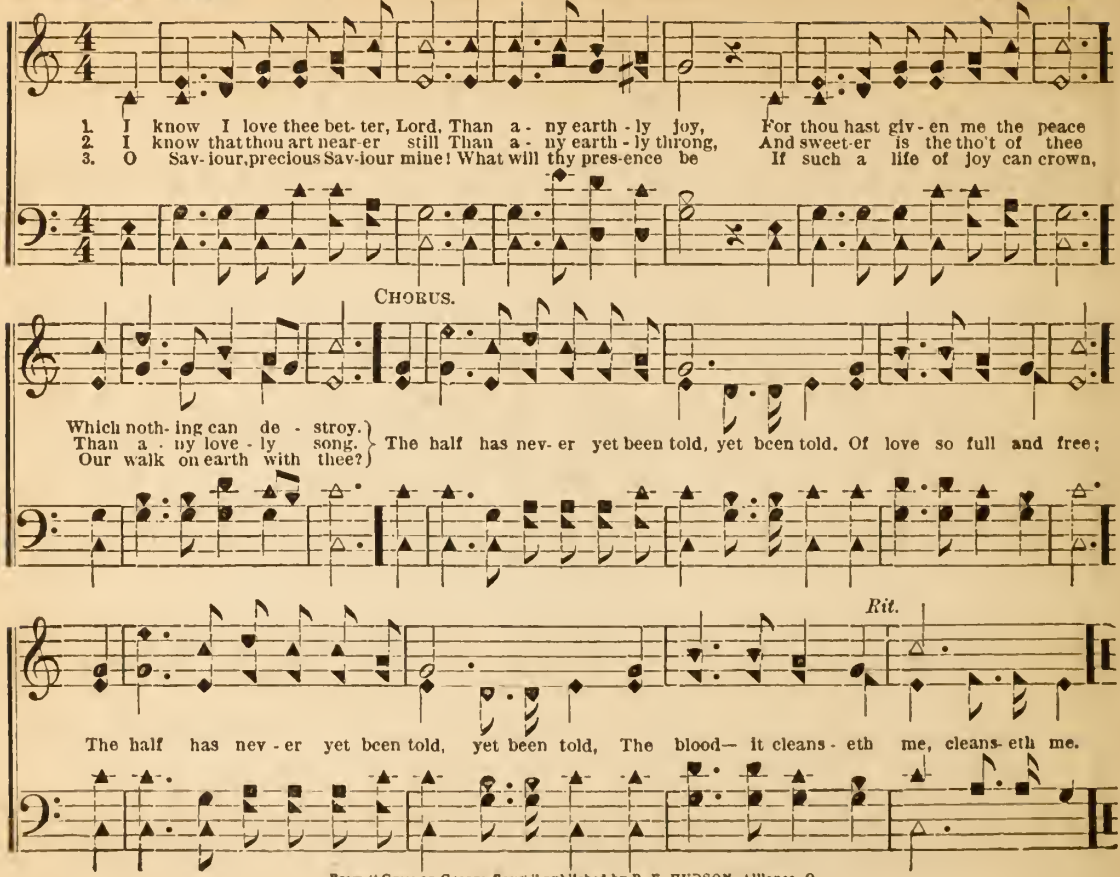
LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.



THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

R. E. HUDSON.



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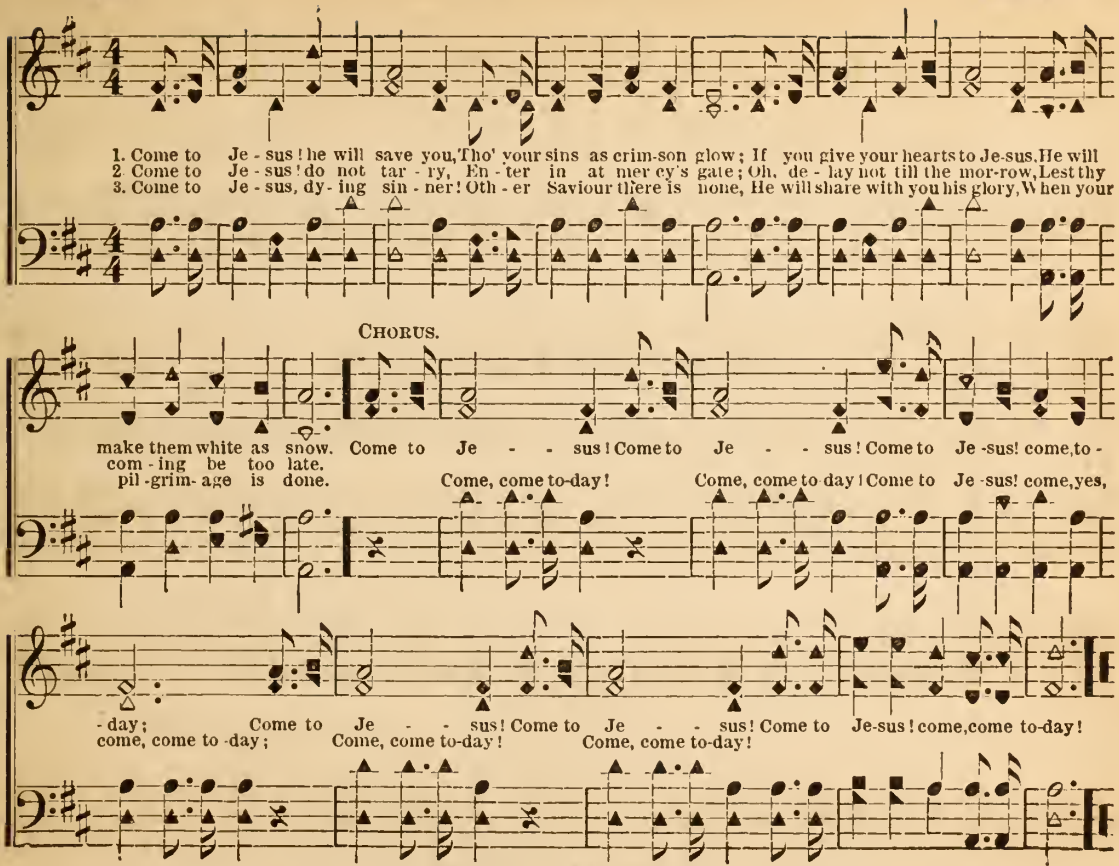

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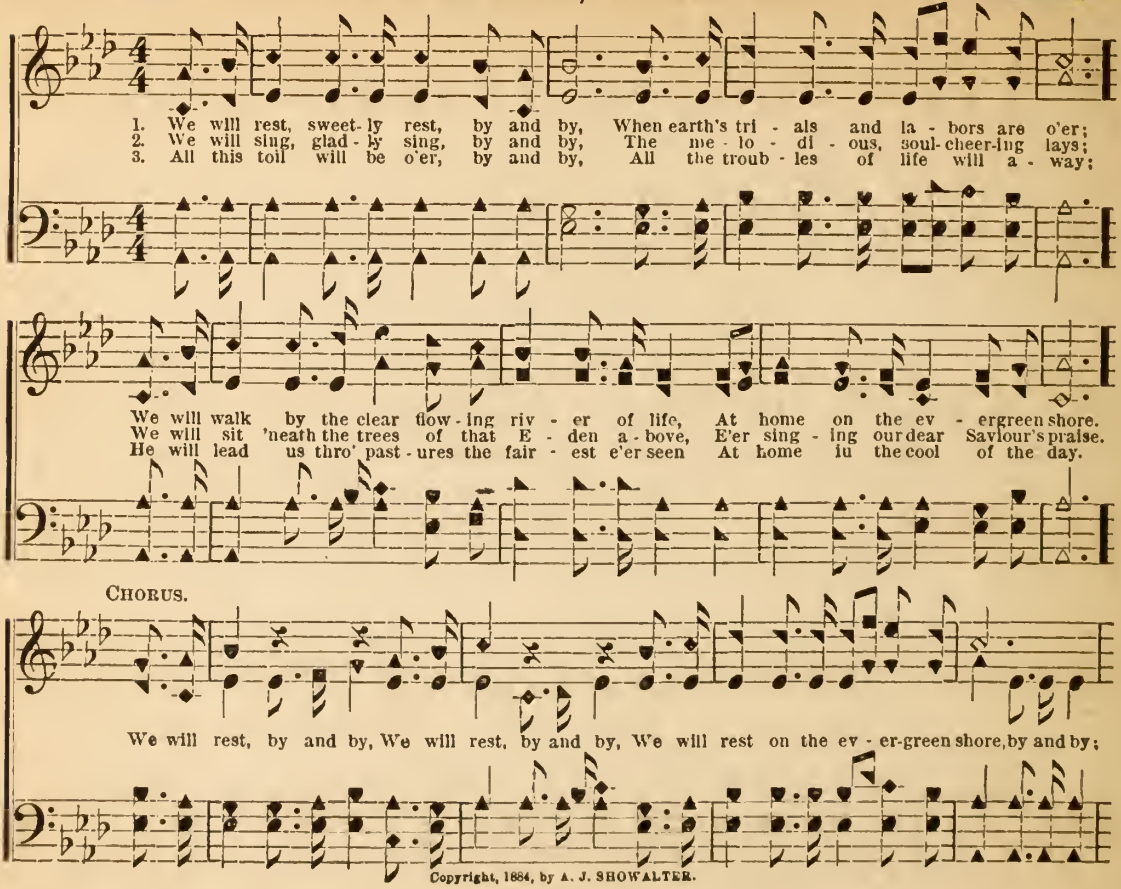
WE WILL REST, BY AND BY.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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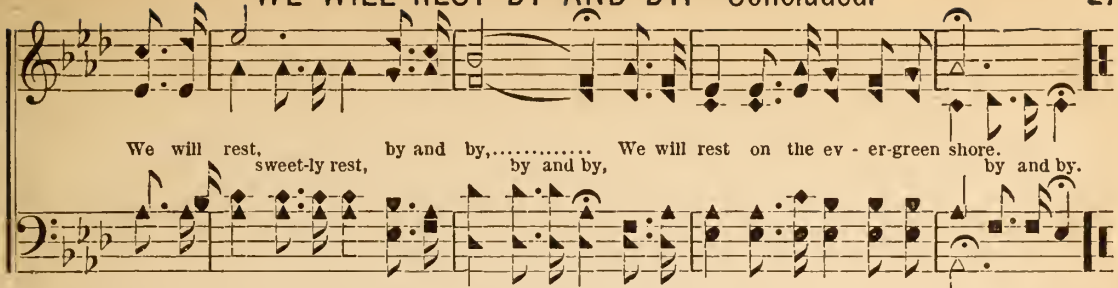
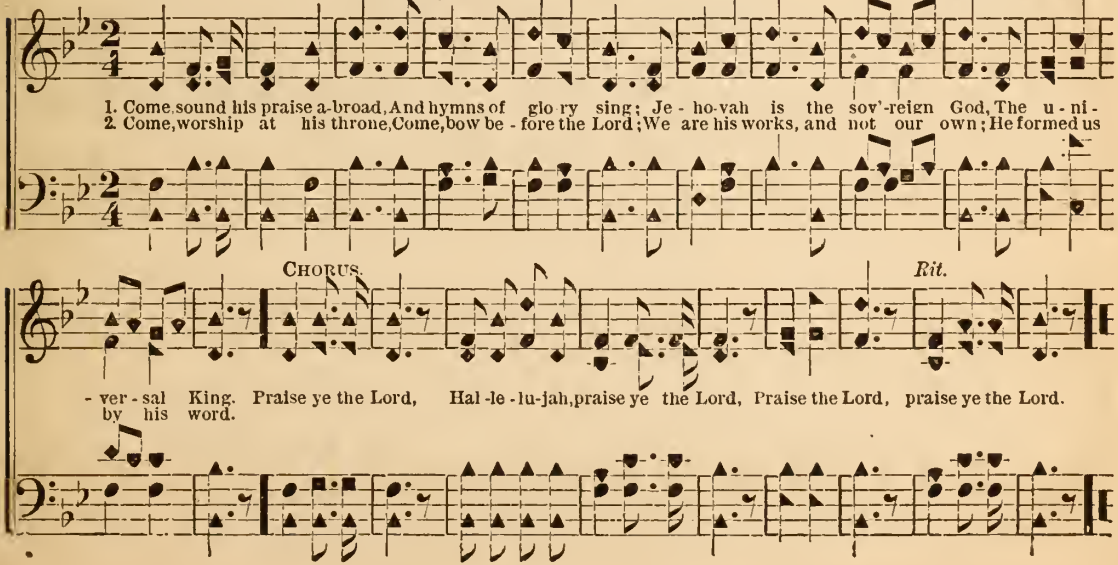


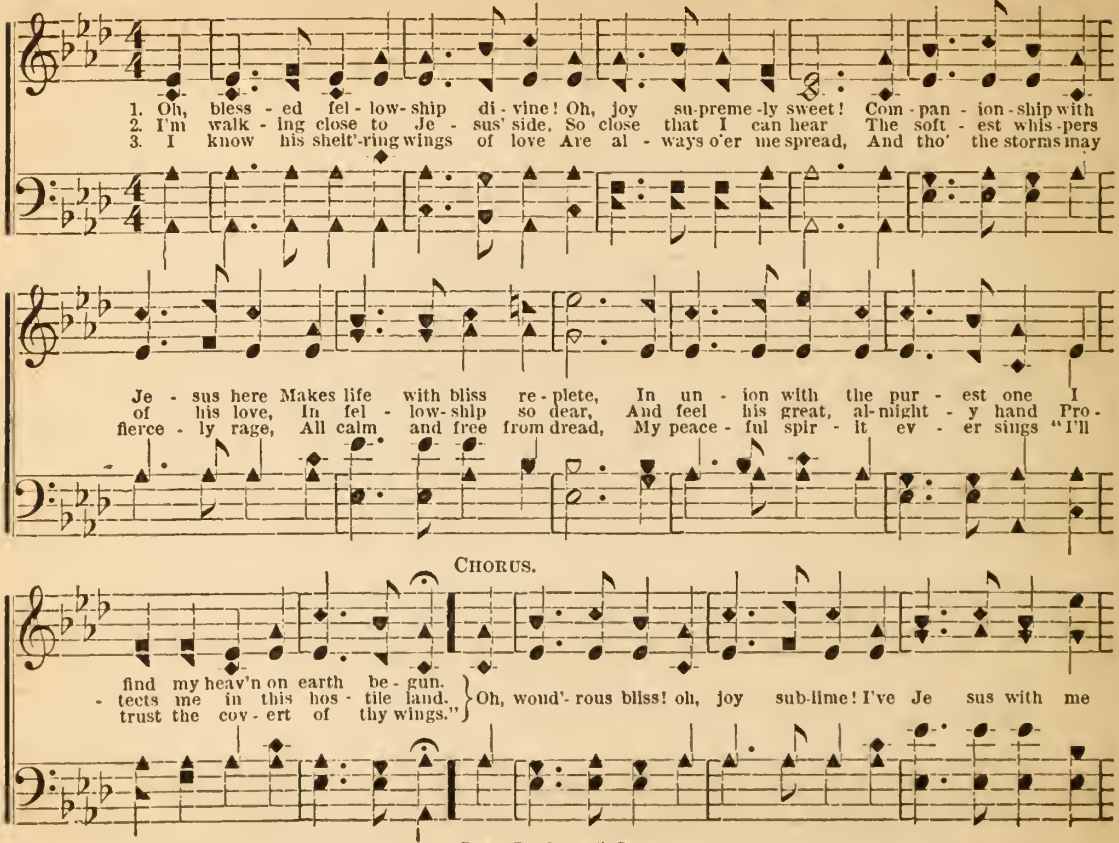
COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE.

J. HENRY SHOWALTER.



COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

MARY D. JAMES. "Jesus himself drew near, and went with them."—LUKE 24: 15. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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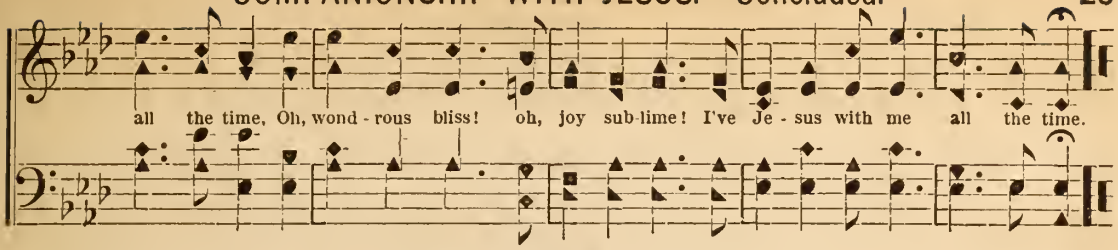
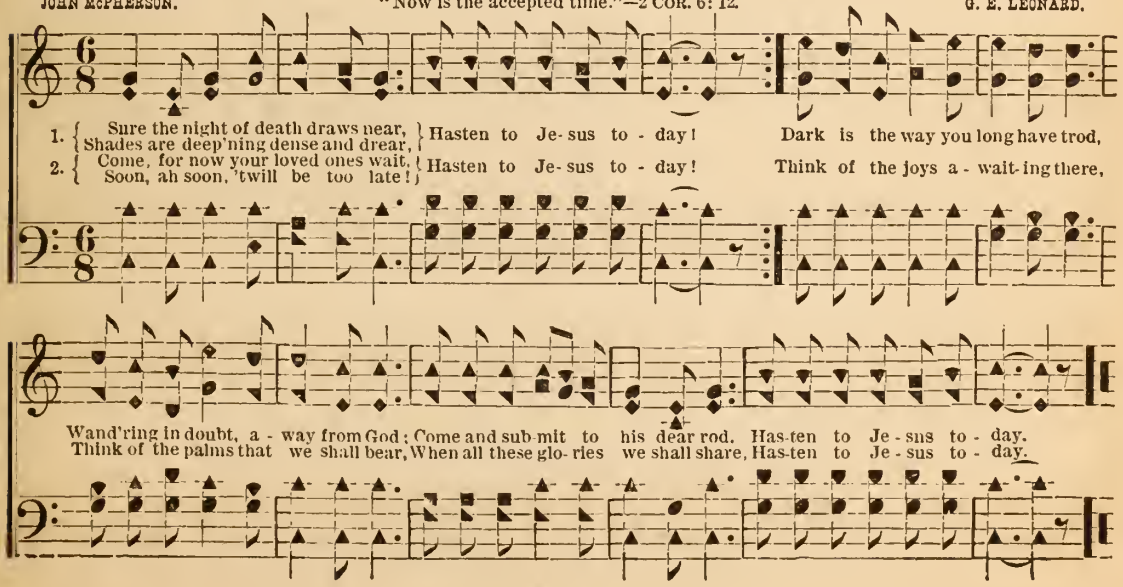


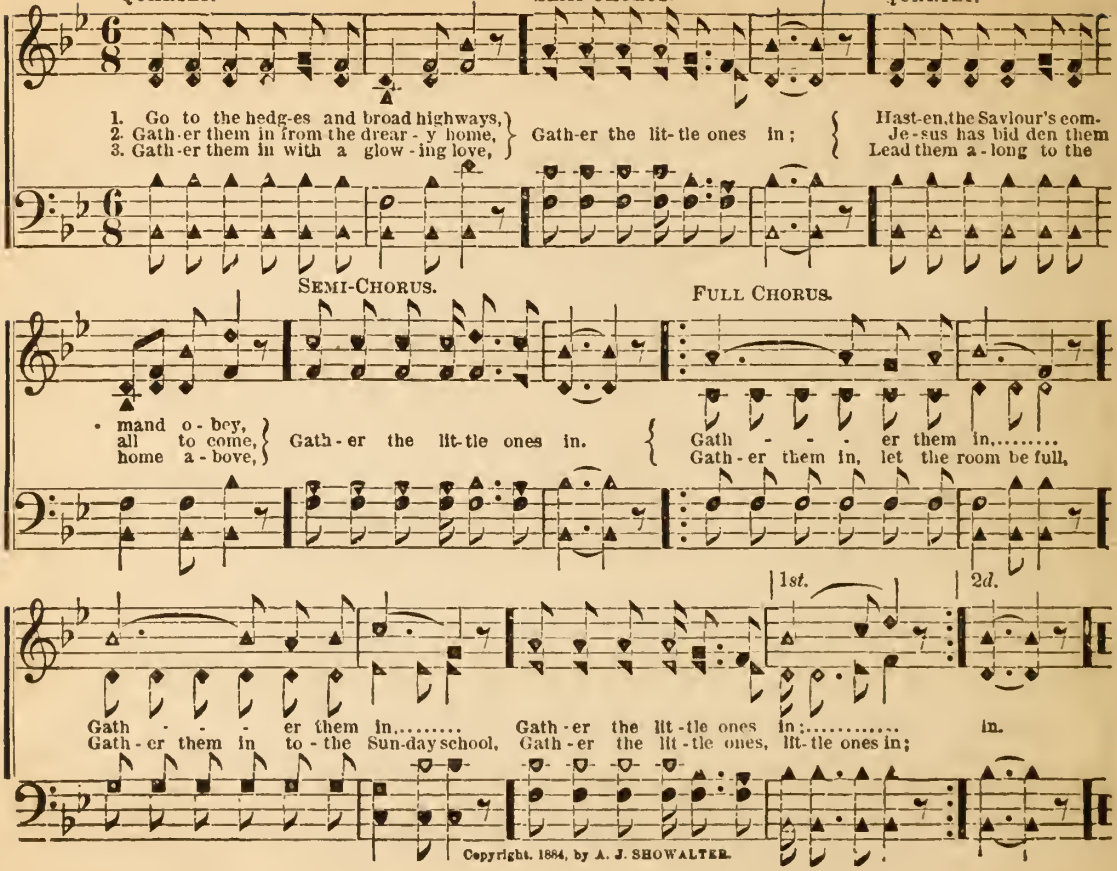
HASTEN TO JESUS.

JOHN McPHERSON. "Now is the accepted time."—2 COR. 6: 12. G. E. LEONARD.



GATHER THE LITTLE ONES IN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



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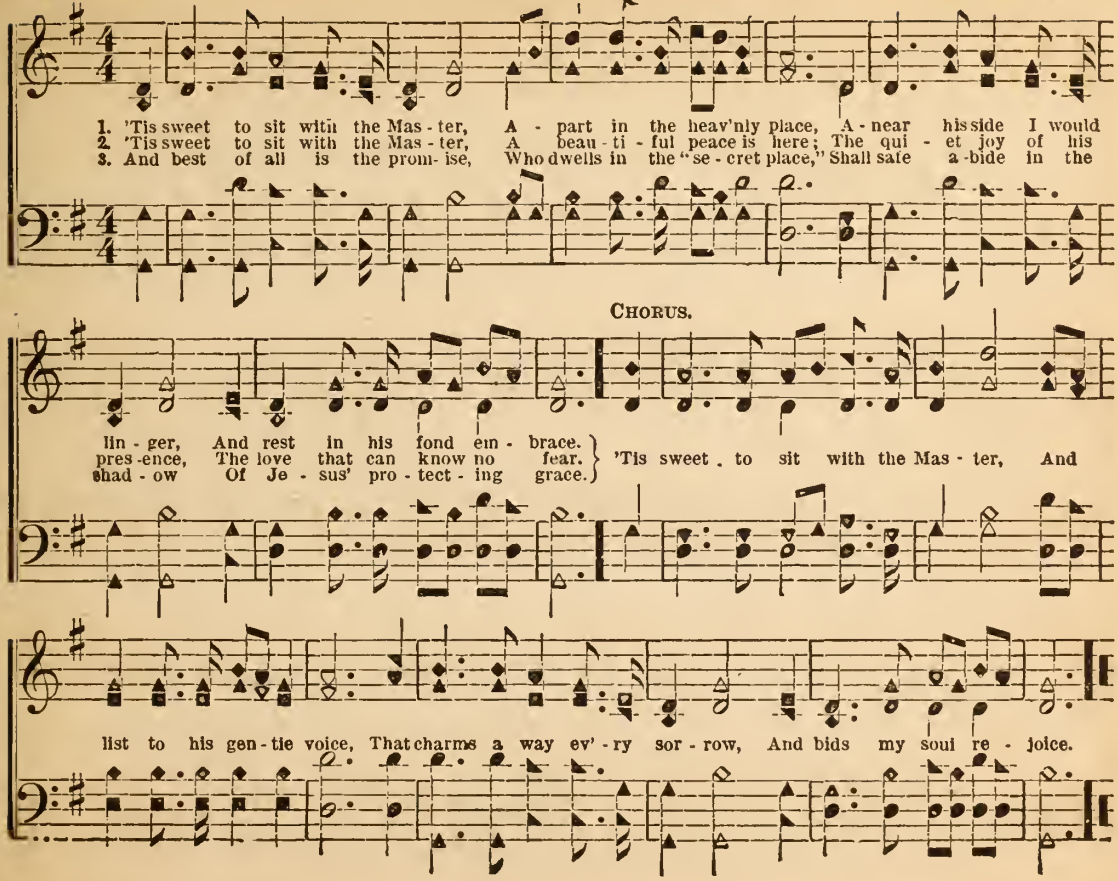
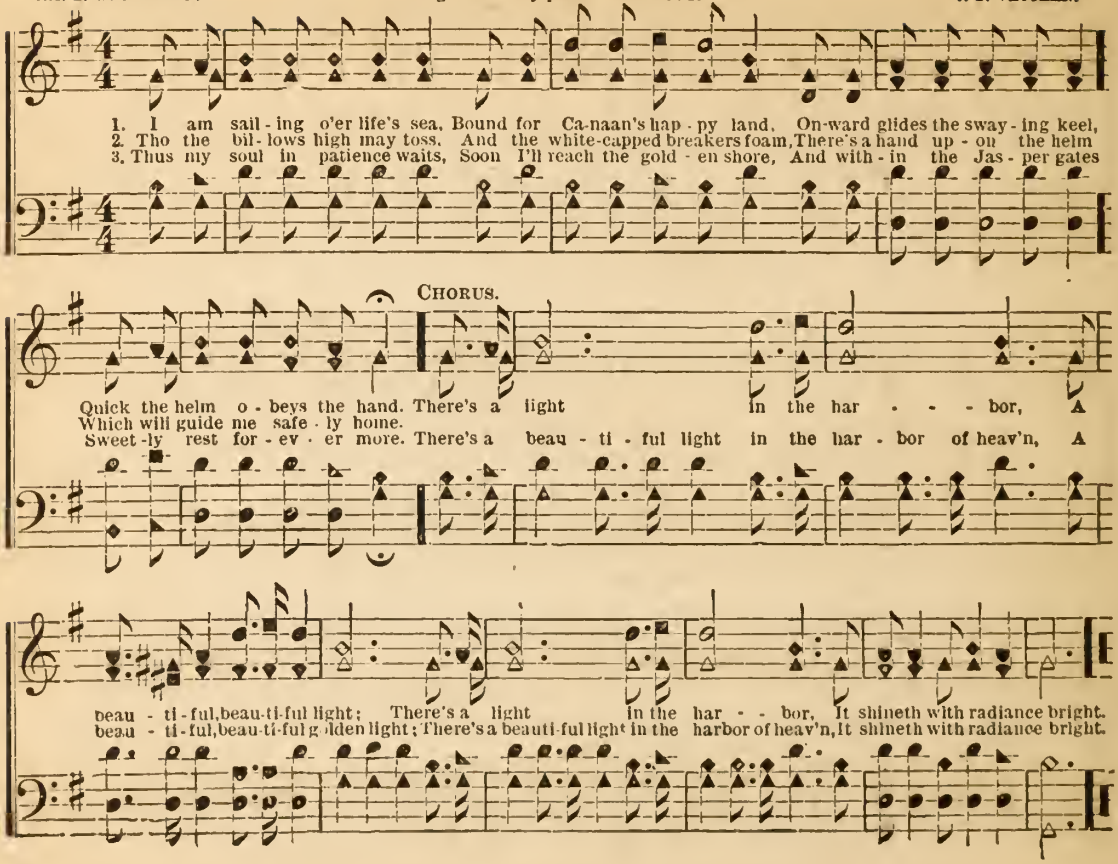

1. 'Tis sweet to sit with the Mas - ter, A - part in the heav'nly place, A - near his side I would
2. 'Tis sweet to sit with the Mas - ter, A beau - ti - ful peace is here; The qui - et joy of his
3. And best of all is the prom - ise, Who dwells in the "se - cret place," Shall safe a - bide in the
CHORUS.
lin - ger, And rest in his fond em - brace.
pres - ence, The love that can know no fear.
shad - ow Of Je - sus' pro - tect - ing grace.
'Tis sweet to sit with the Mas - ter, And
list to his gen - tle voice, That charms a way ev' - ry sor - row, And bids my soul re - joice.

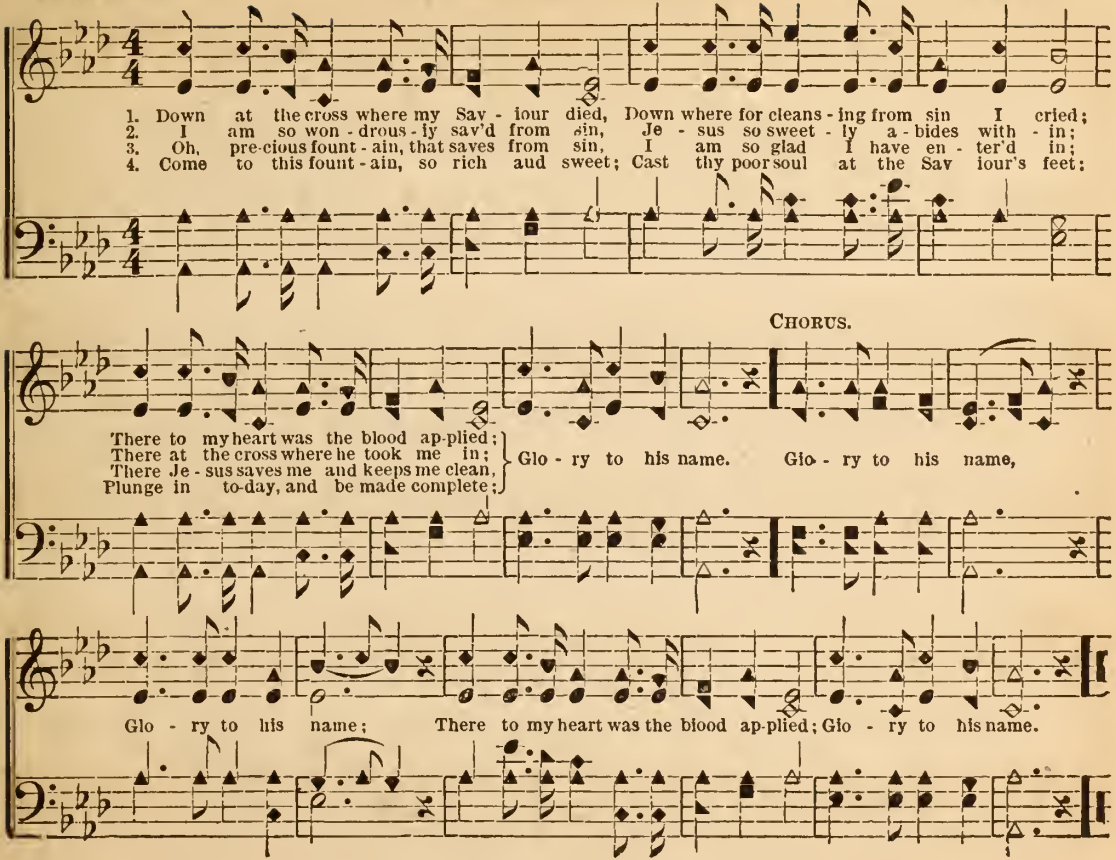
THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HARBOR.

Arr. E. W. CHAPMAN. "A light unto my path."—Ps. 119: 105. J. B. VAUGHAN.



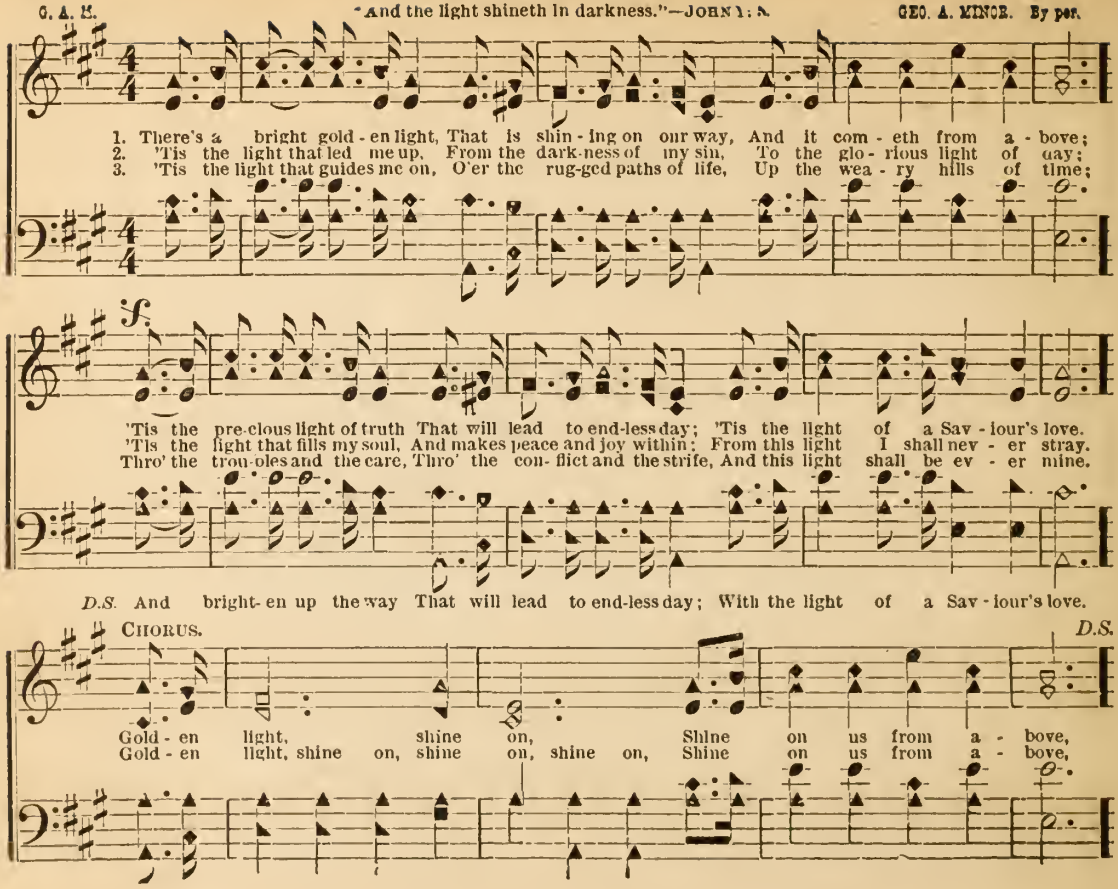
GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN — "I will glorify thy name forever."—Ps. 63: 4. — Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, By per.



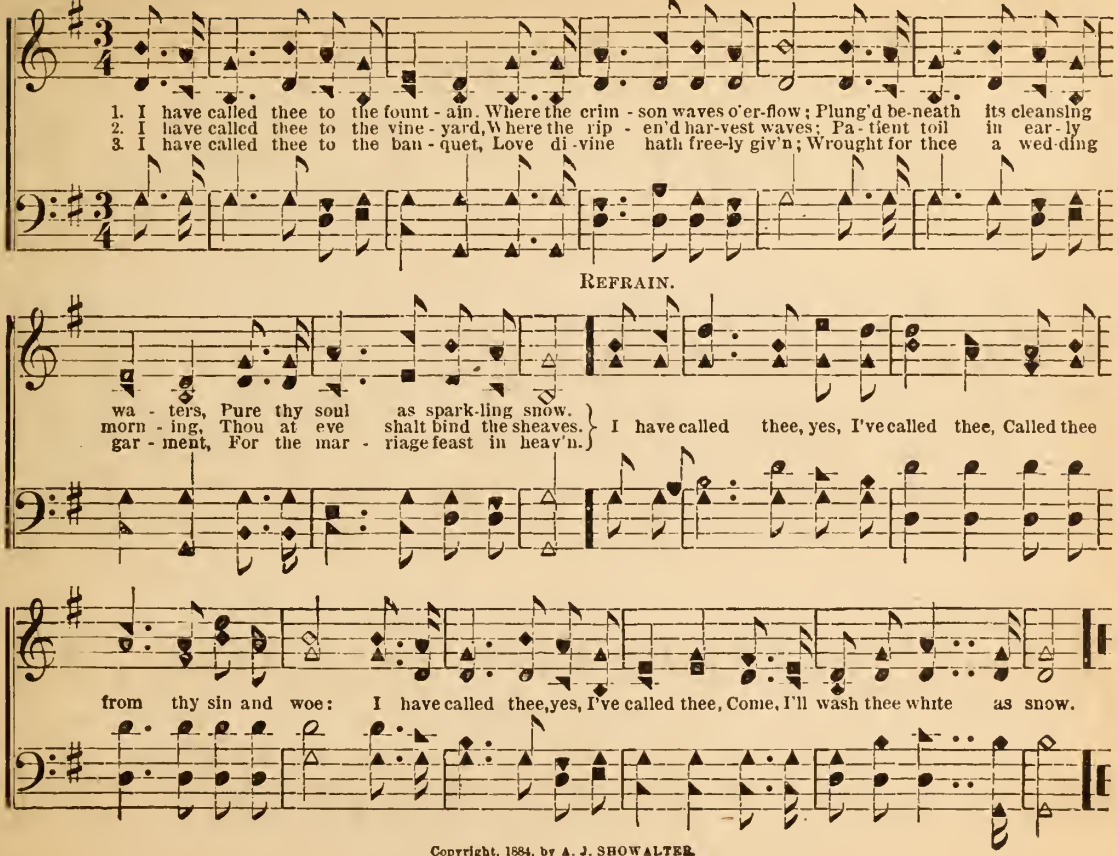
GOLDEN LIGHT

G. A. M. "And the light shineth in darkness."—JOHN 1: 5. GEO. A. MINOR. By per.



I HAVE CALLED THEE.

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



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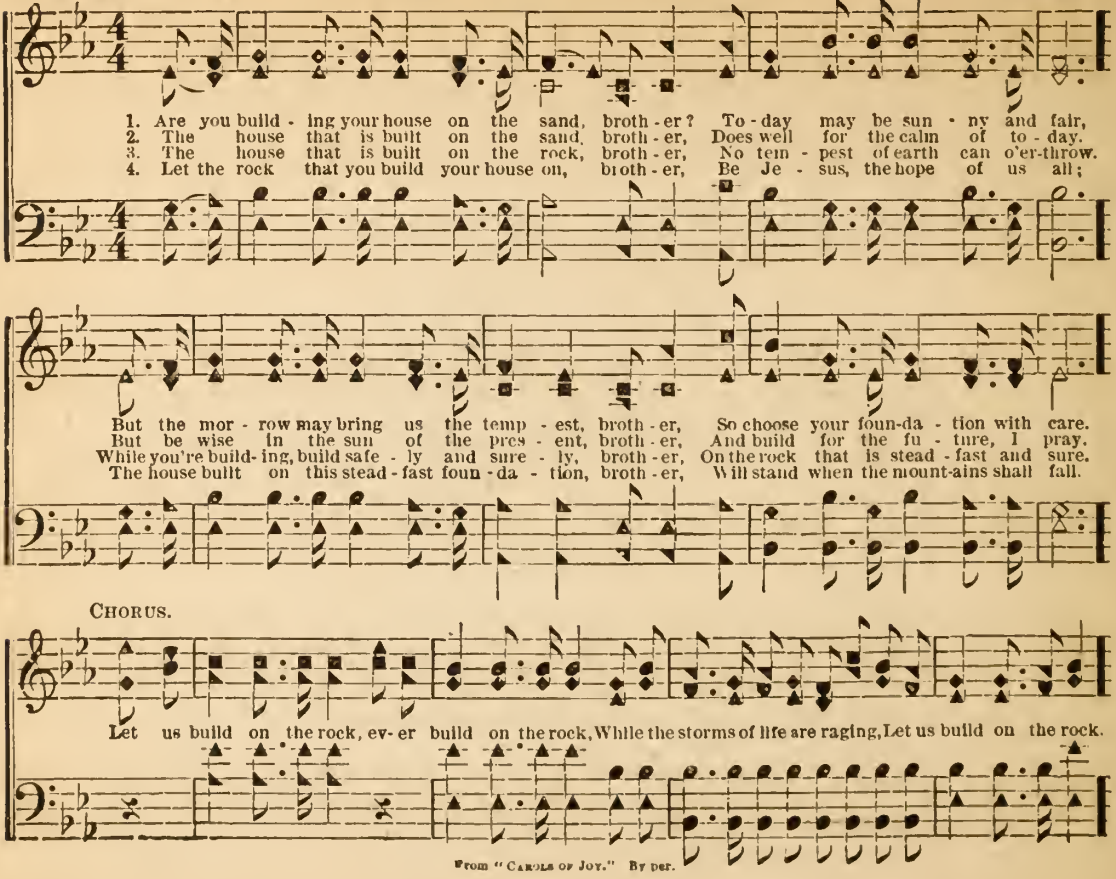
ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

L. S. EDWARDS.



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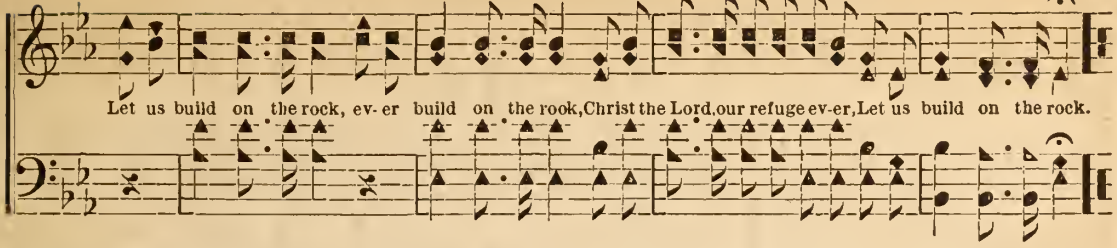
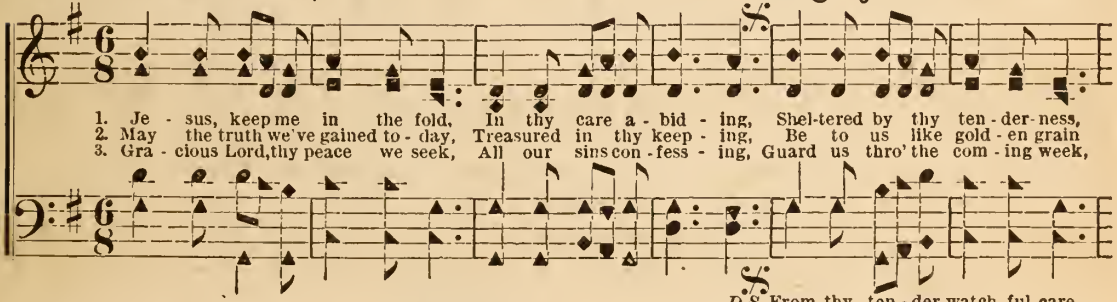
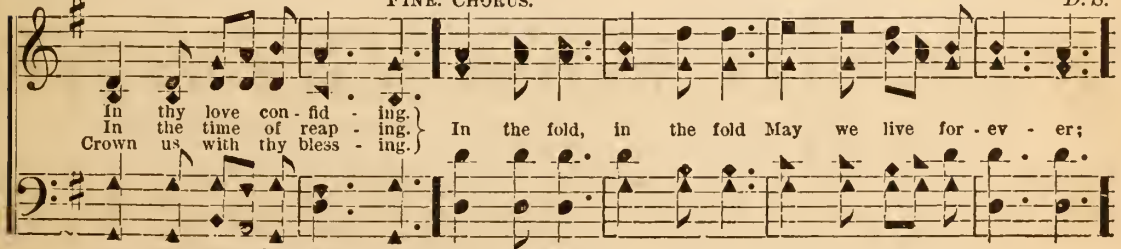


Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK. **JESUS, KEEP US IN THE FOLD.** Closing Hymn. Dr. W. O. PERKINS.



FINE. CHORUS. D. S.



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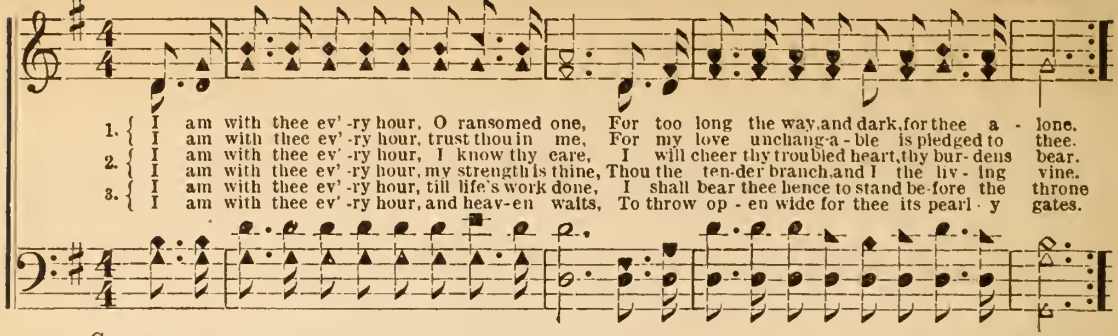
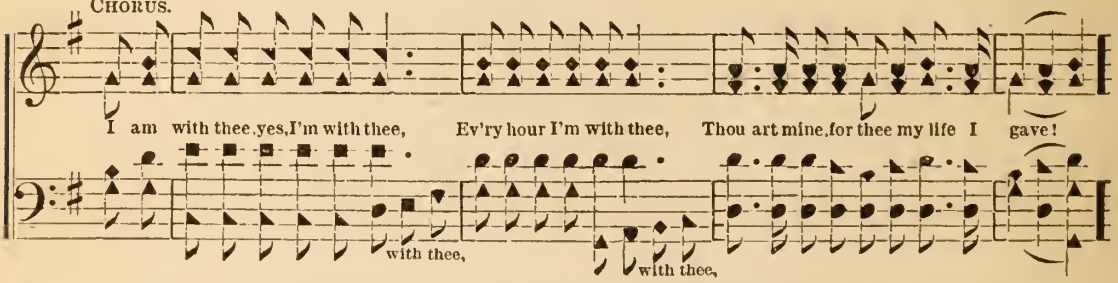
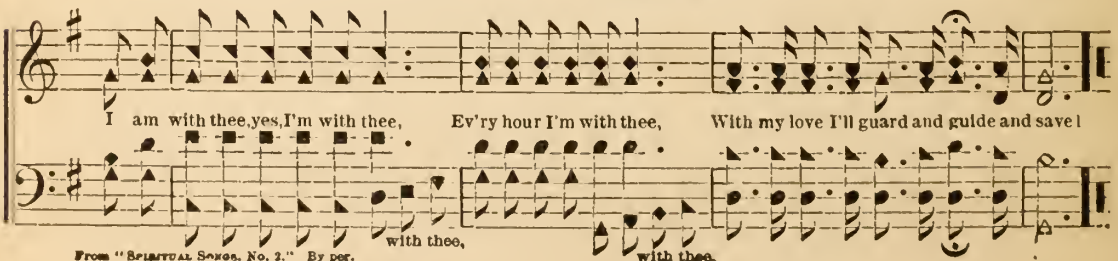
I AM WITH THEE EVERY HOUR.

Arr. from a "Jubilee Song."
By J. H. TENNEY.

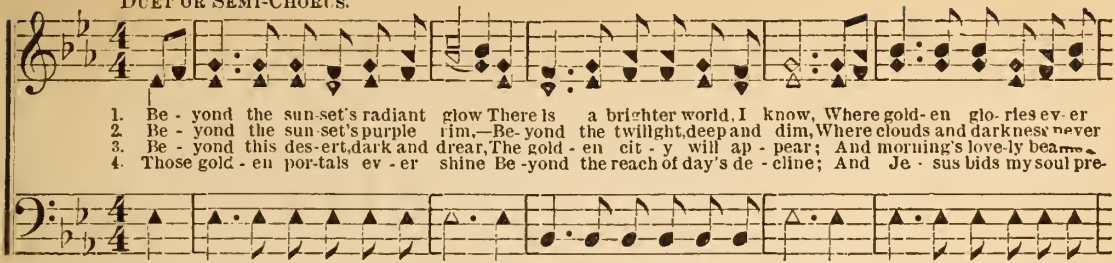




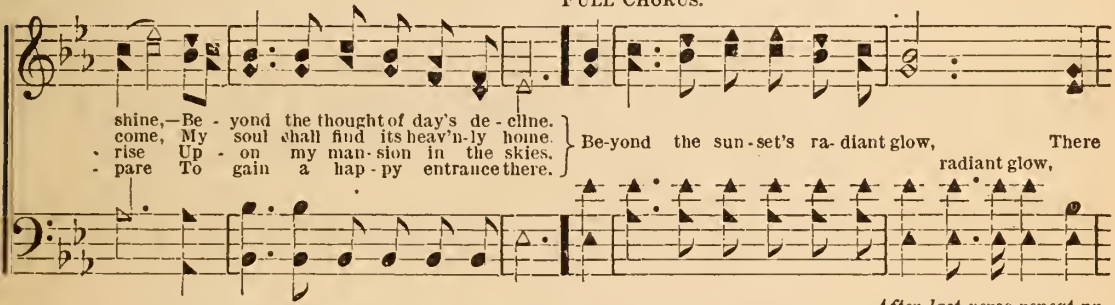


From "Spiritual Songs, No. 2." By per.

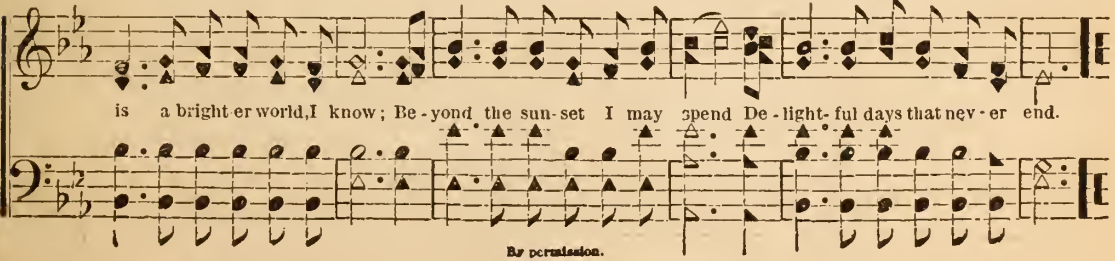
DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



FULL CHORUS.



After last verse repeat pp.



By permission.

WE ARE COMING.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

B. F. SHOWALTER

1. We have heard thy gen-tle voice, O bless-ed Saviour, We are com-ing, we are com-ing at thy call;
2. We will fol-low in thy footsteps, precious Master, From the path of love and du-ty nev-er stray;
3. We will fol-low, tho' the tem-pest burst around us, Tho' the waves of earth-ly sor-row o'er us roll,

CHORUS.

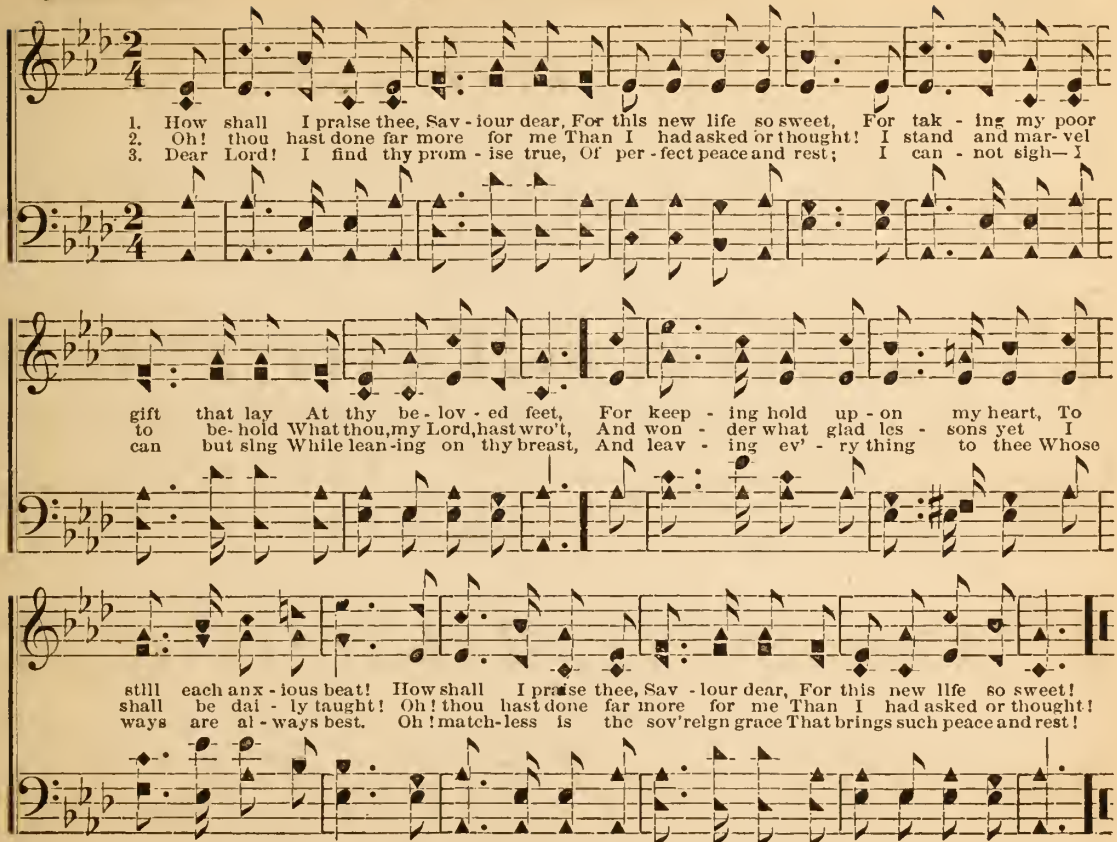
Take us in thy migh-ty arms and keep us ev-er Safe-ly shel-ter'd in thy bliss-ful fold. We are
And thy lov-ing voice shall cheer us as we journey To the land of beau-ty far a-way. *D.S.* We are
For we know thy lov-ing hand will part the wa-ters, And thy "Peace, be still!" the storms control.

1st. 2d.

com - - ing, We are com - - ing, We are com-ing, blessed Saviour, at thy call;
We are coming, We are coming, We are safe when sheltered in (*Omit.*) thy bliss-ful fold.

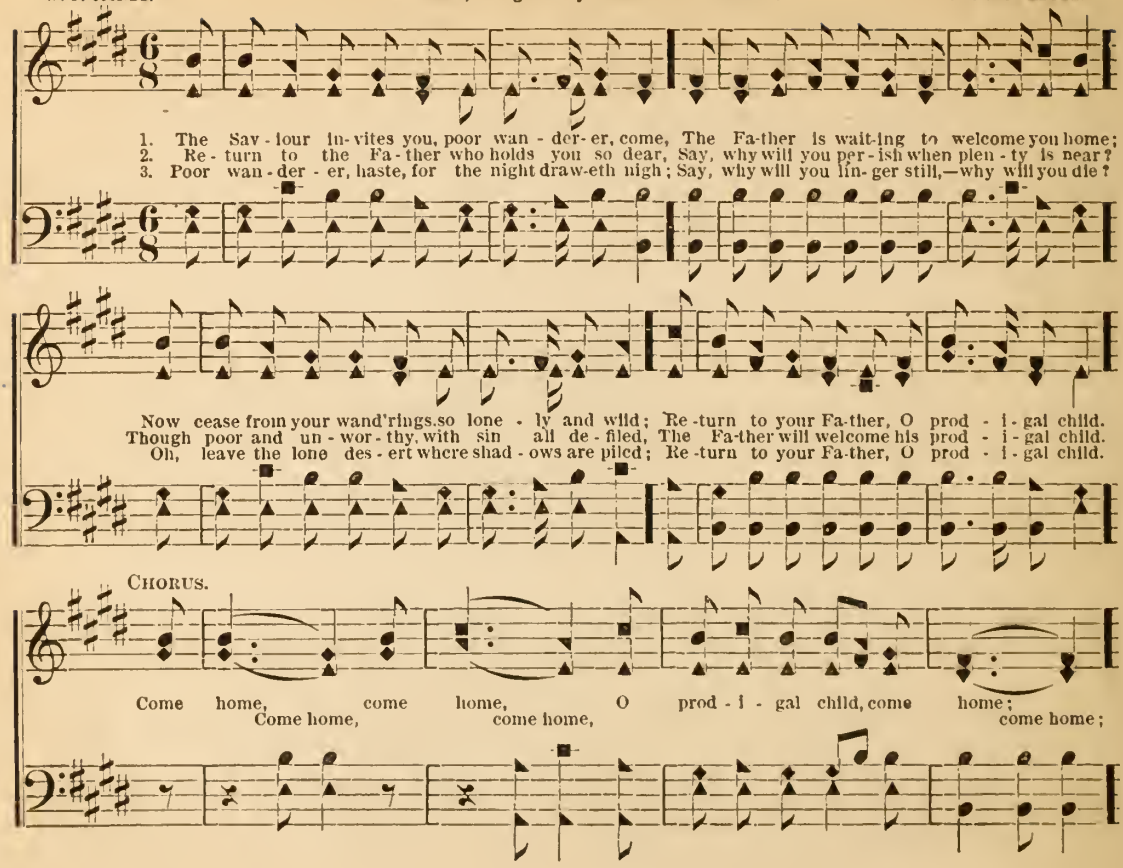
HOW SHALL I PRAISE THEE?

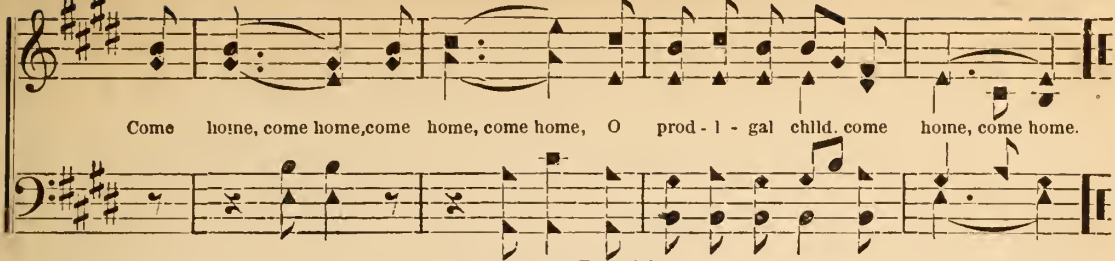
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. "I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. 66: 16. J. H. KURBUSH.



THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

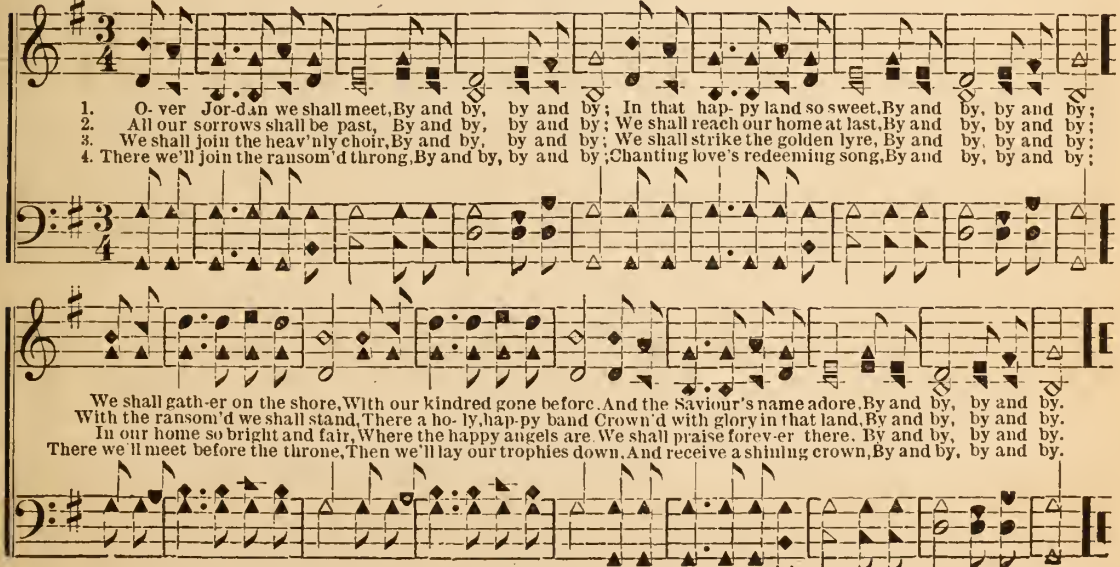
W. F. COSKER. "I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18. J. H. SHOWALTER.





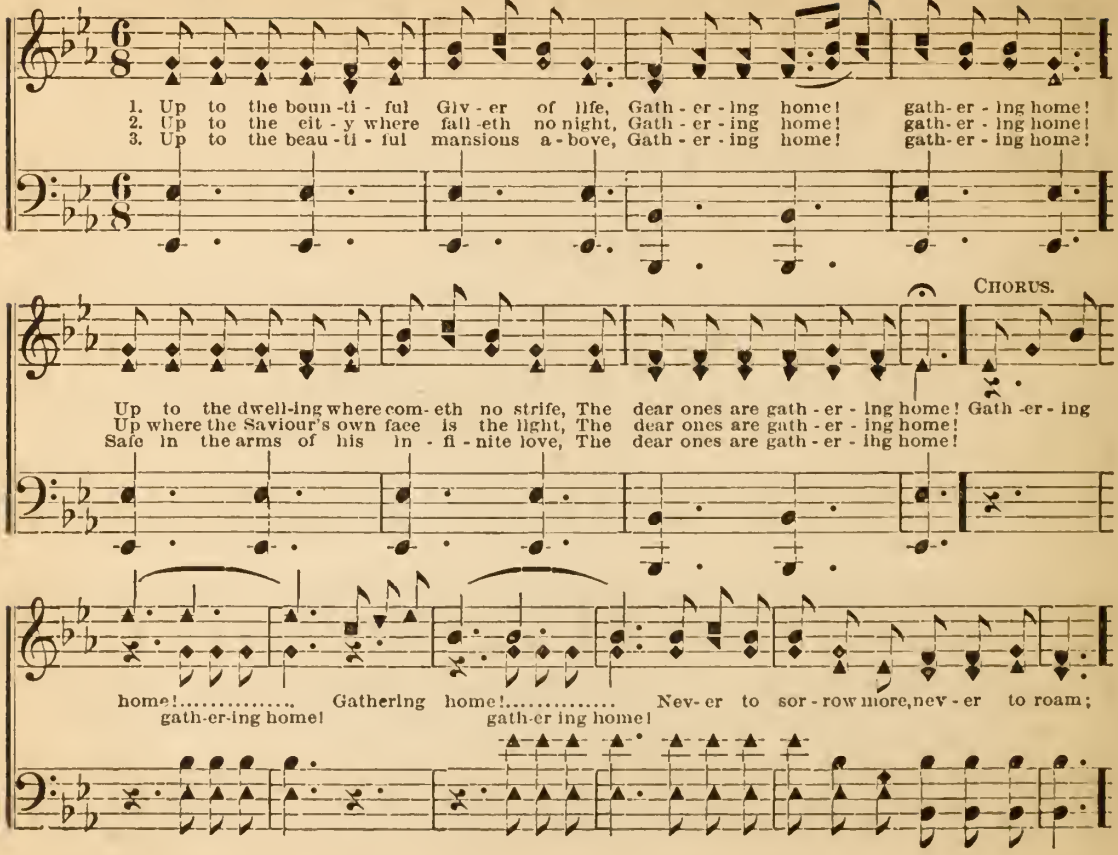
BY AND BY.

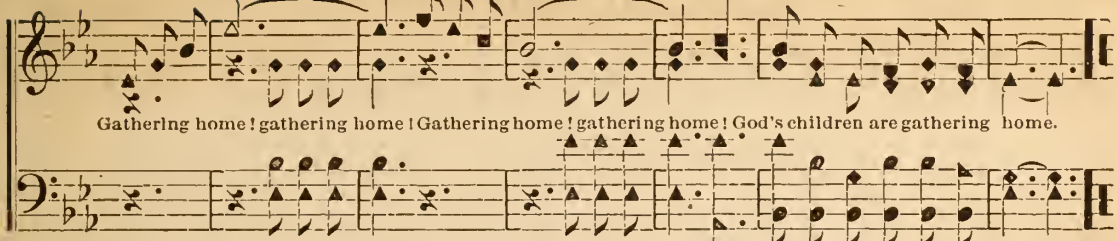
W. T. D. Rev. W. T. DALE.



GATHERING HOME.

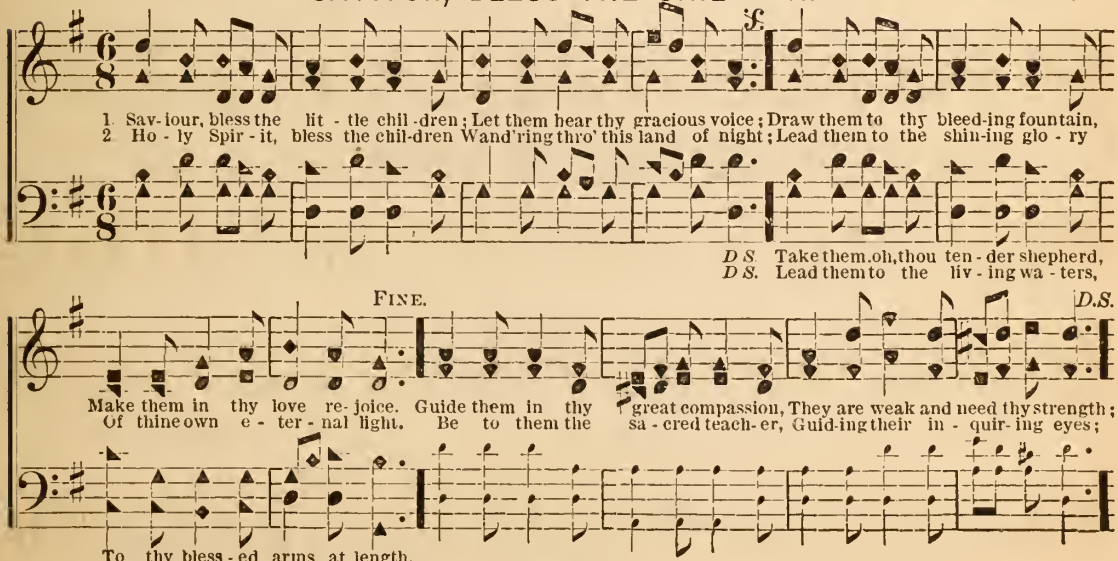
Mrs. MARY B. C. SLADE. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. 14: 13. E. M. McINTOSH. By per.





SAVIOUR, BLESS THE CHILDREN.

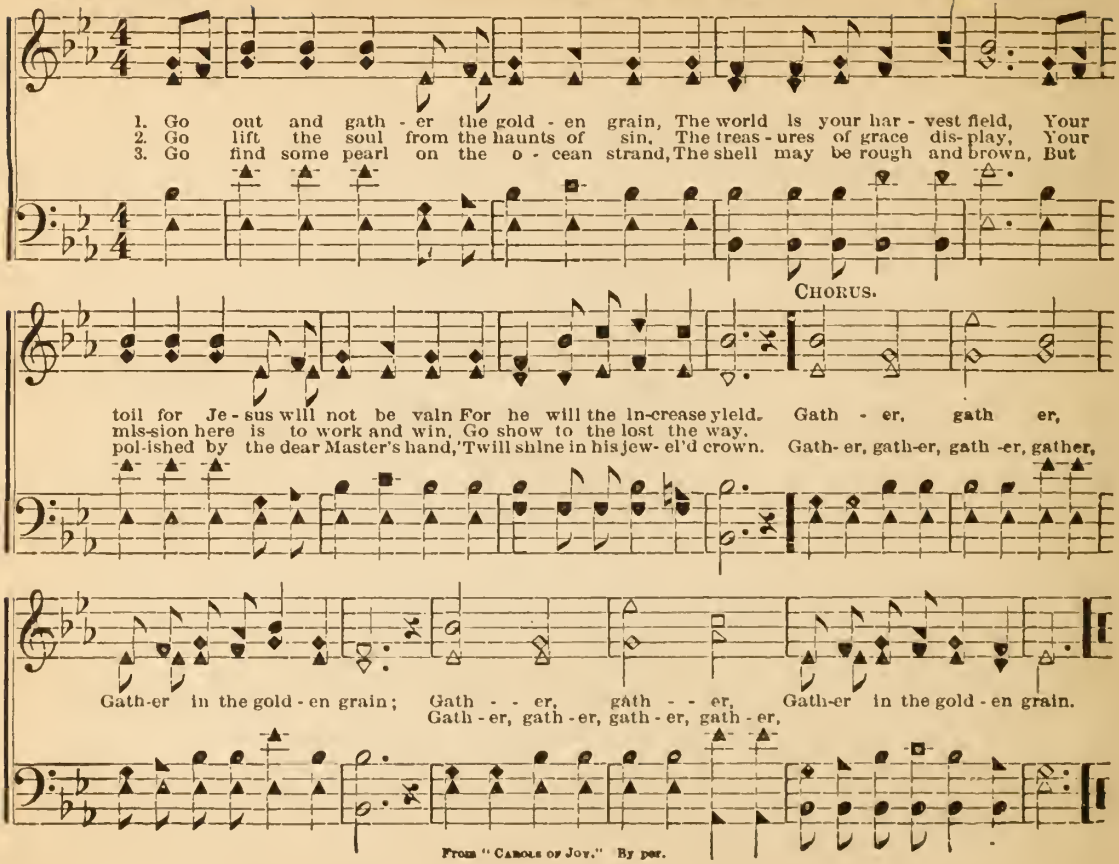
EARL REDEN.



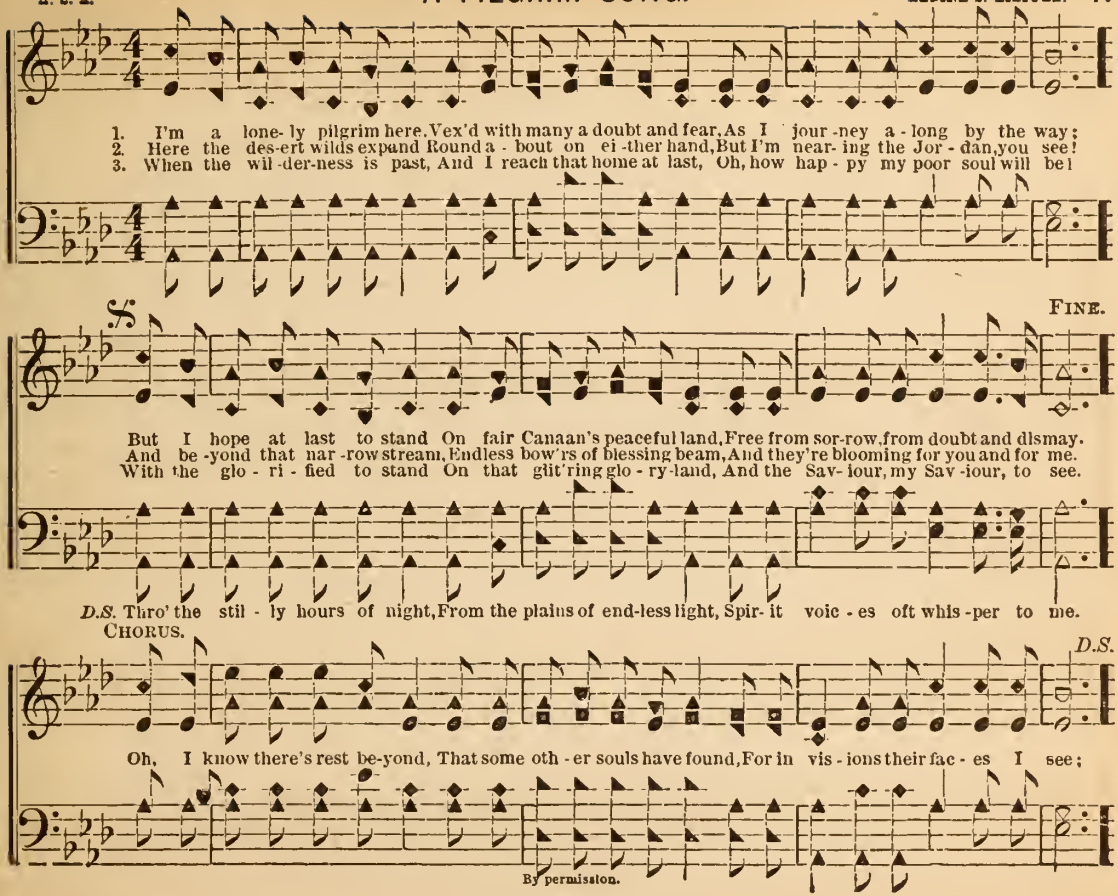
By permission.

GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

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



From "CAROLS OF JOY." By per.



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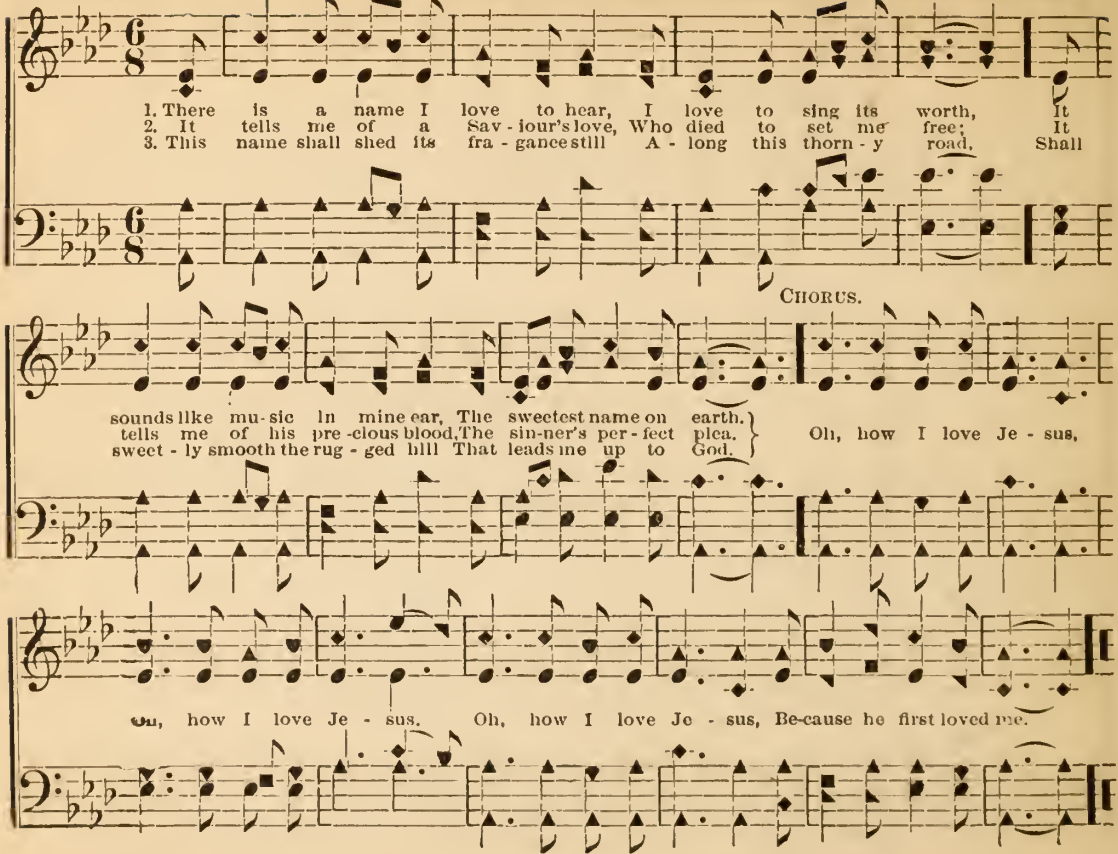
OH, HOW I LOVE JESUS.

F. WHITFIELD. "We love him because he first loved us."—1 JOHN 4: 19. Arr. by A. J. SHOWALTER.



JESUS IS A FRIEND INDEED.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24 GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

Earnestly.

1. Is your soul with sin dis - tressed? Do you sigh for peace and rest? Christ a - lone can
2. Would the world in sy - ren tone Lure you from the Lord you own? Heed not—cling in
3. Have you sor - rows man - i - fold, Tri - als more than can be told? These but pu - ri -
4. Wheth - er good or ill may come, Joy - ous life or dis - mal tomb, Fear not, Christ will

CHORUS.

make you blest; On - ly trust in Je - sus!
faith a - lone To the migh - ty Sav - iour.
- fy the gold, While you trust in Je - sus.
bring you home To the heav'n - ly man - sions.

Je - sus is a friend in - deed, A friend in - deed, a friend in - deed, He can help in time of need: On - ly trust in Je - sus.

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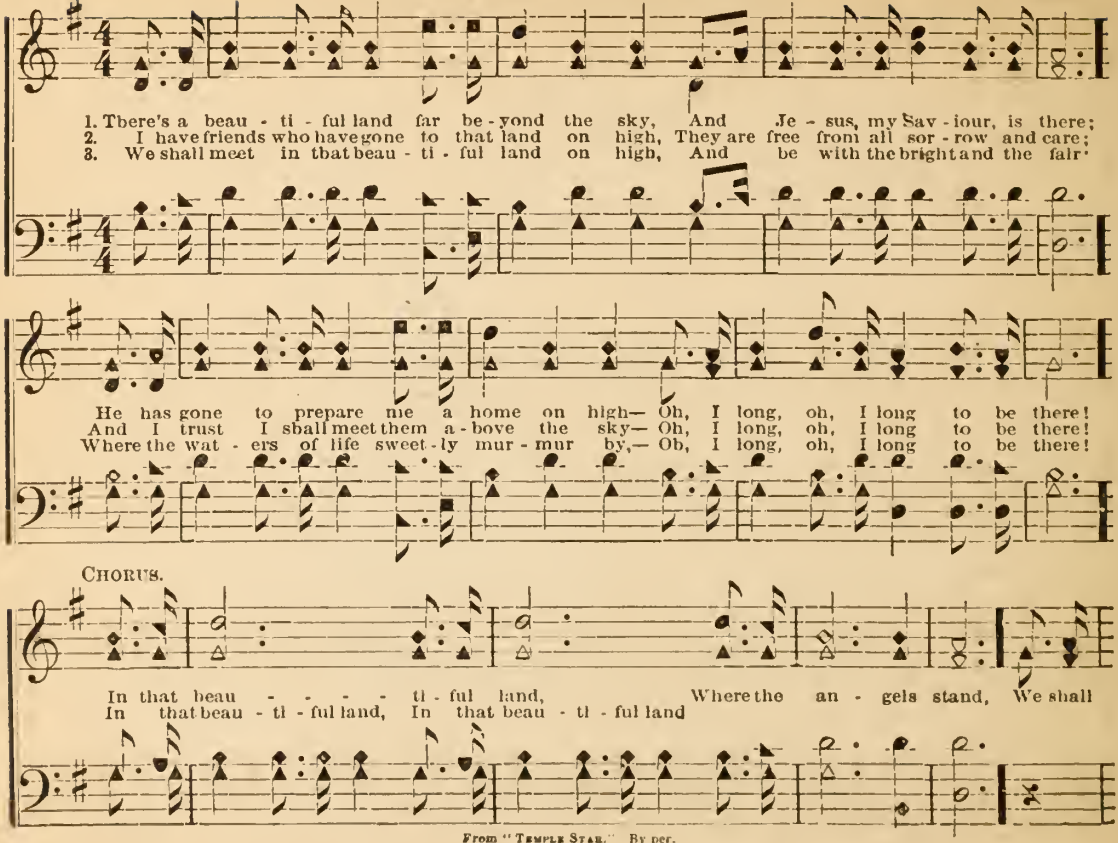
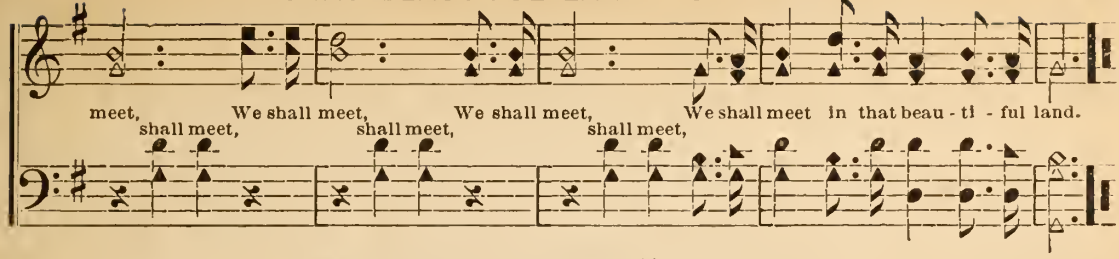
THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. 33: 17.

H. R. ENGLE.

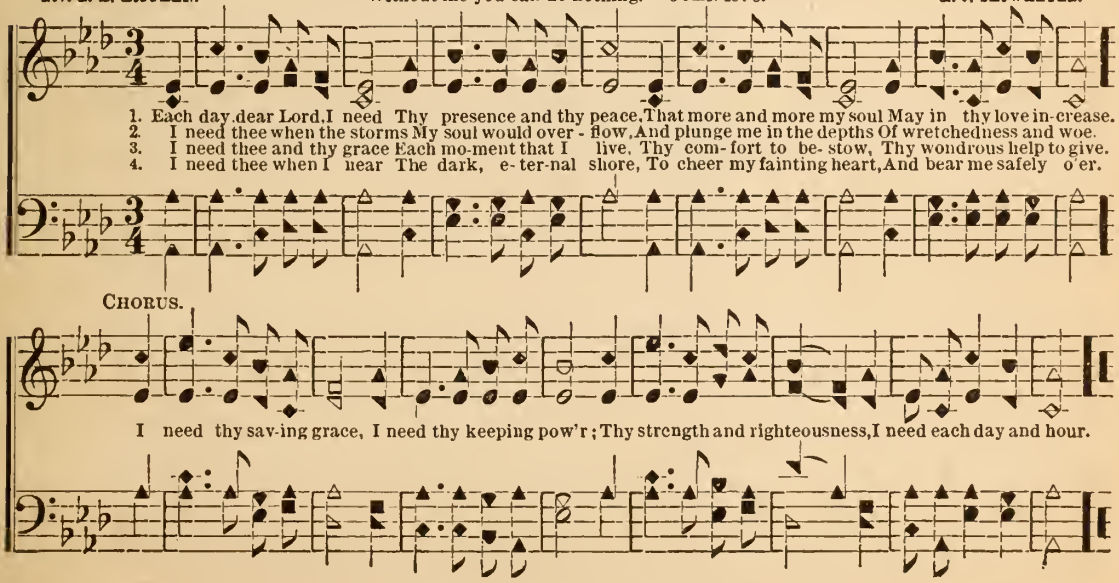


From "Temple Star." By per.

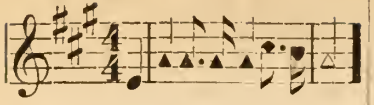


EACH DAY I NEED THEE, LORD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. "Without me you can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5. A. J. SHOWALTER.



The Home Over There.



1 Oh! think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

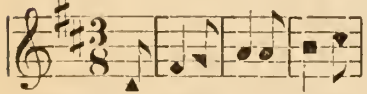
3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see,
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

REF.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.



1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

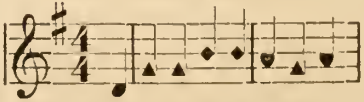
CHO.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

Coronation.



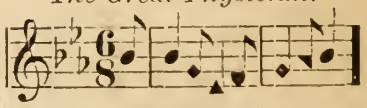
1 All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.

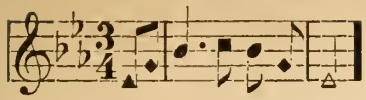
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus:
Go on in peace your way to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

All To Christ I Owe.



1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength, indeed, is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in me thine all in all.

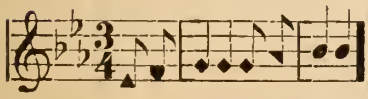
CHORUS.—Jesus paid it all!
All to him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.

When He Cometh.



1 When he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

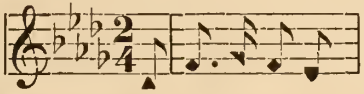
CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

It Came Upon the Midnight.



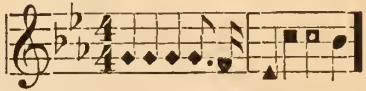
1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth—good will to men"
From heaven's all-gracious King:
The earth in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing—
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Her ancient splendors fling,
And all the world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Footsteps of Jesus.



1 Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee calling,
Come, follow me!
And we see where thy footprints falling,
Lead us to thee.

CHORUS.

Footprints of Jesus,
That make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus,
Where'er they go.

2 Though they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains,
Seeking his sheep;
Or along Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

4 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet;
We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden streets.

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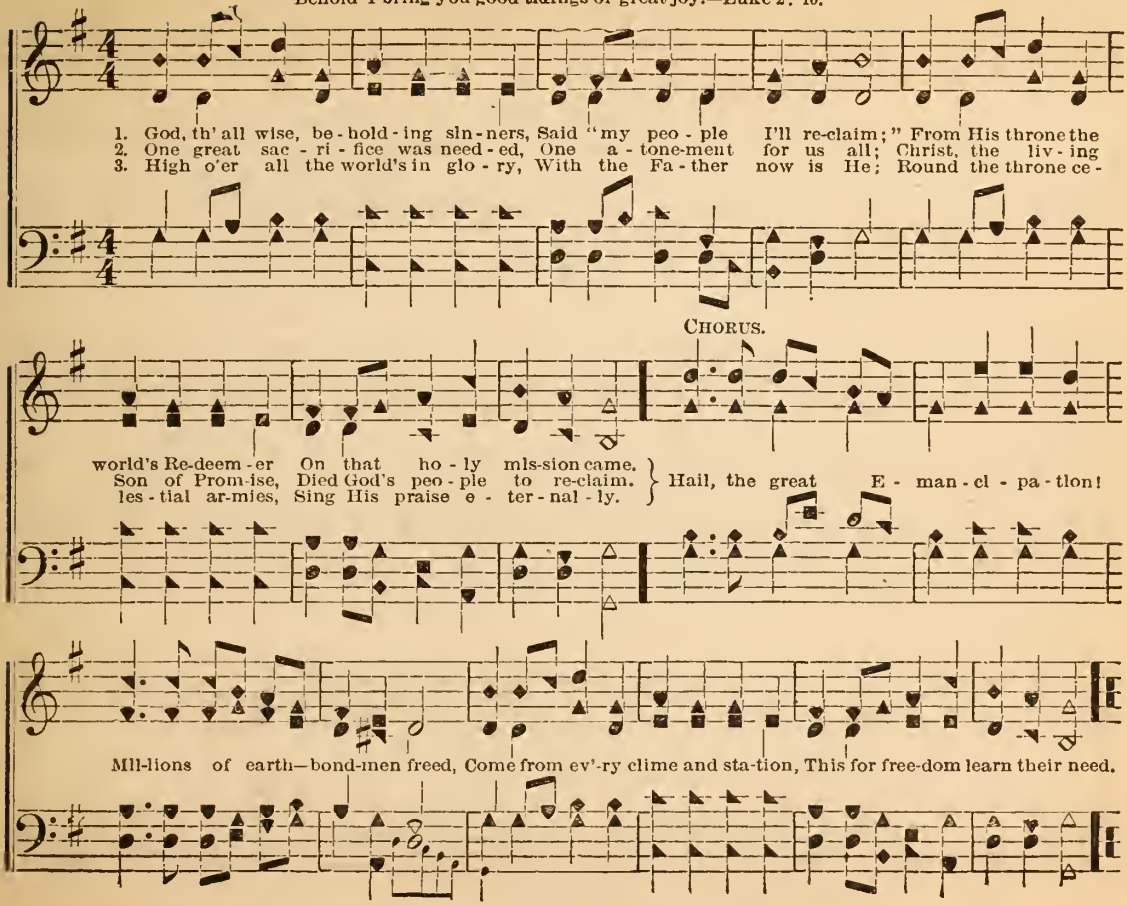
GOOD TIDINGS.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

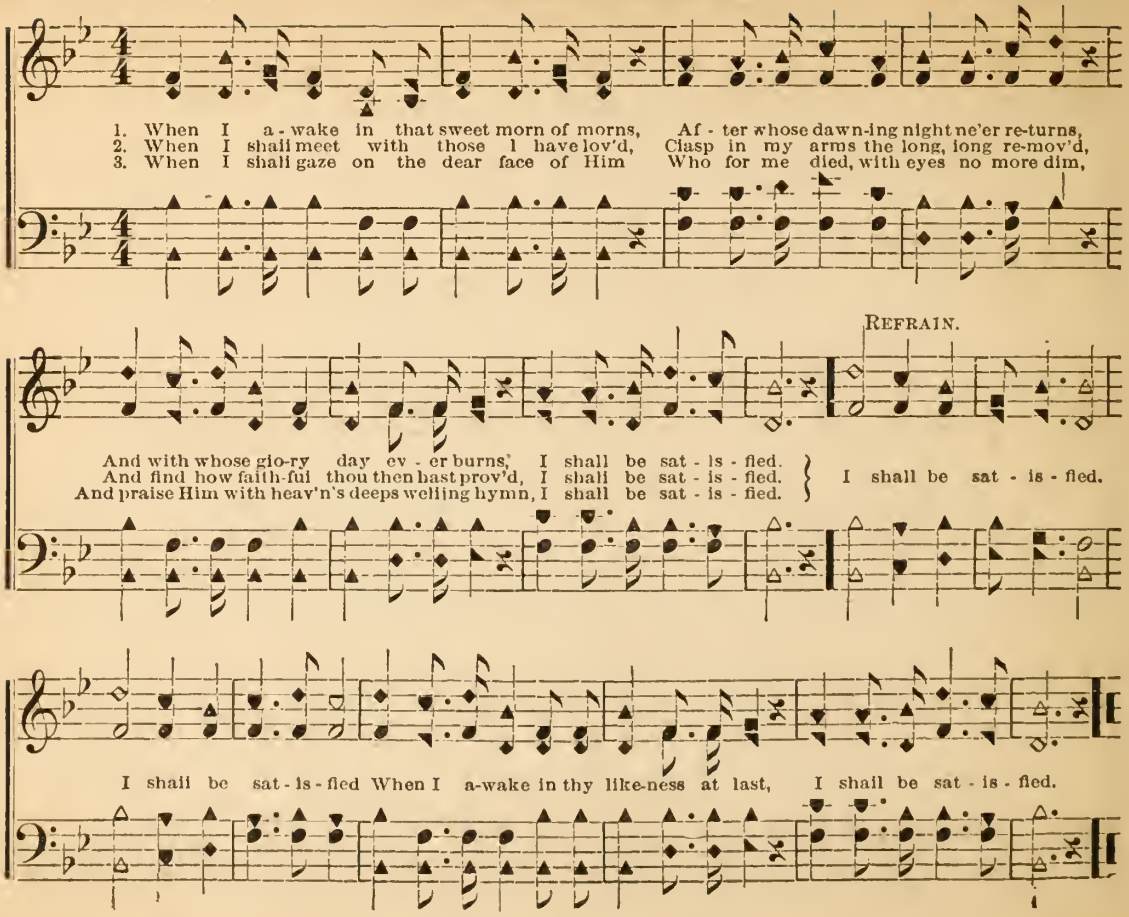
Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke 2: 10.



Arr. from BONAR.

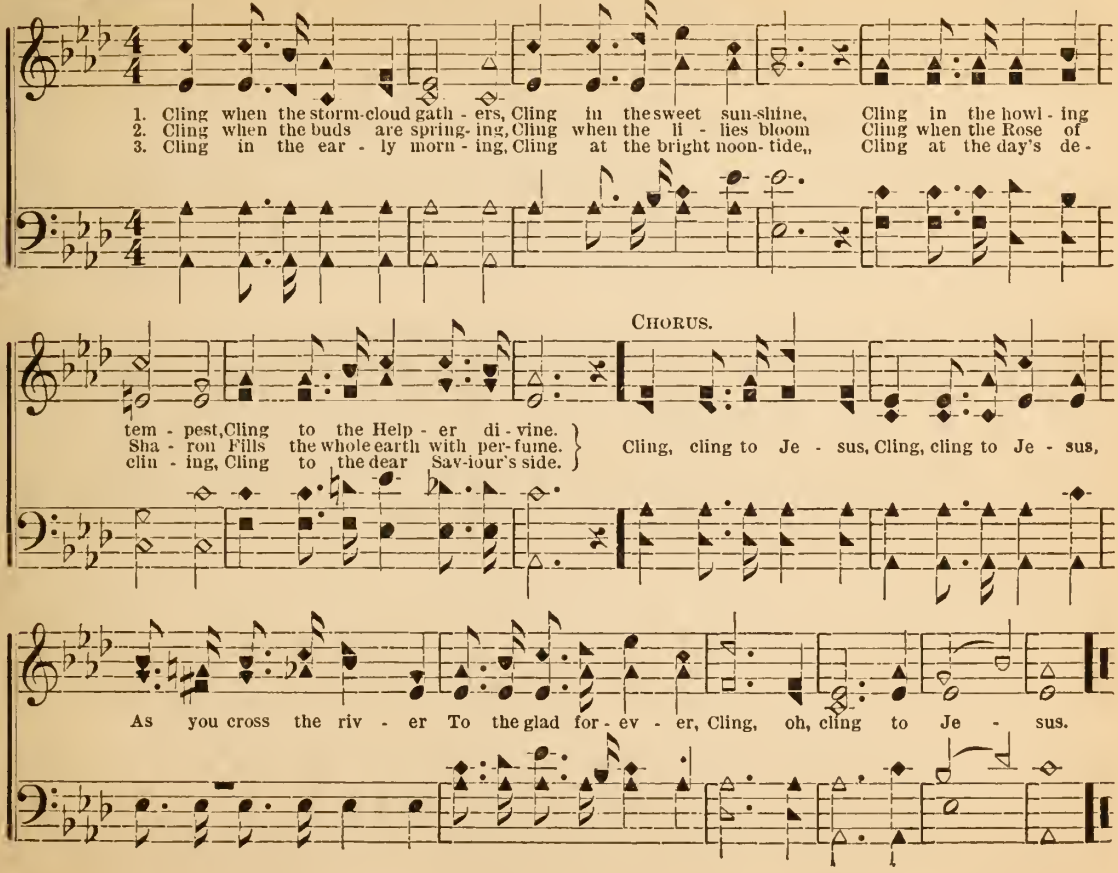
I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

WM. B. BLAKE.



CLING TO JESUS.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. Cast thy burden on the Lord.—Ps. 55: 22. J. H. TENNEY.



Rev. G. A. LOFTON, D. D.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1st. 2d.

1. { The new Je - rus'-lem! rap-tured seat! With Jas - per wall and throne,
   { With gate of pearl and gold - en street— Its.....tem - ple, God a - lone!

CHORUS.

O, gold - en cit - y, fair and bright, O, home of joy and love,
O, gold - en cit - y, fair and bright, so fair and bright, O, home of joy, sweet home of joy and love.

When shall I see thy ra - diant light, And dwell with Christ a - bove.
When shall I see thy ra - diant light, thy ra-diant light,

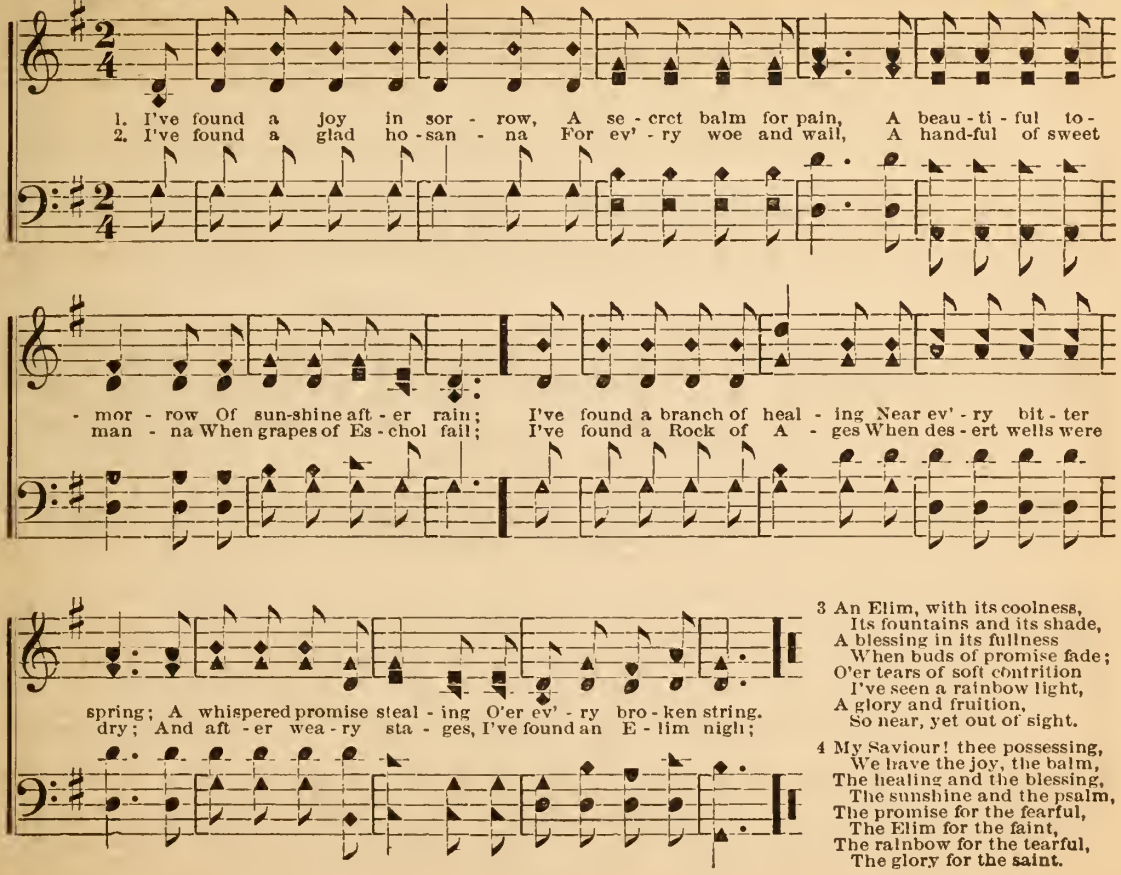
'Tis broad as long, with equal height,
And filled with mansions fair;
With God and Christ its life and light,
And spirit breath its air.

3 Its river pure with sparkling burst,
From throne of God its source,
Forever flows to slake the thirst,
With never-failing course.

4 On either side its crystal sheen
And 'mid the streets of gold,
The Tree of Life, with fadeless green,
Forever feeds the soul.

I'VE FOUND A JOY IN SORROW.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON. J. H. TENNEY.



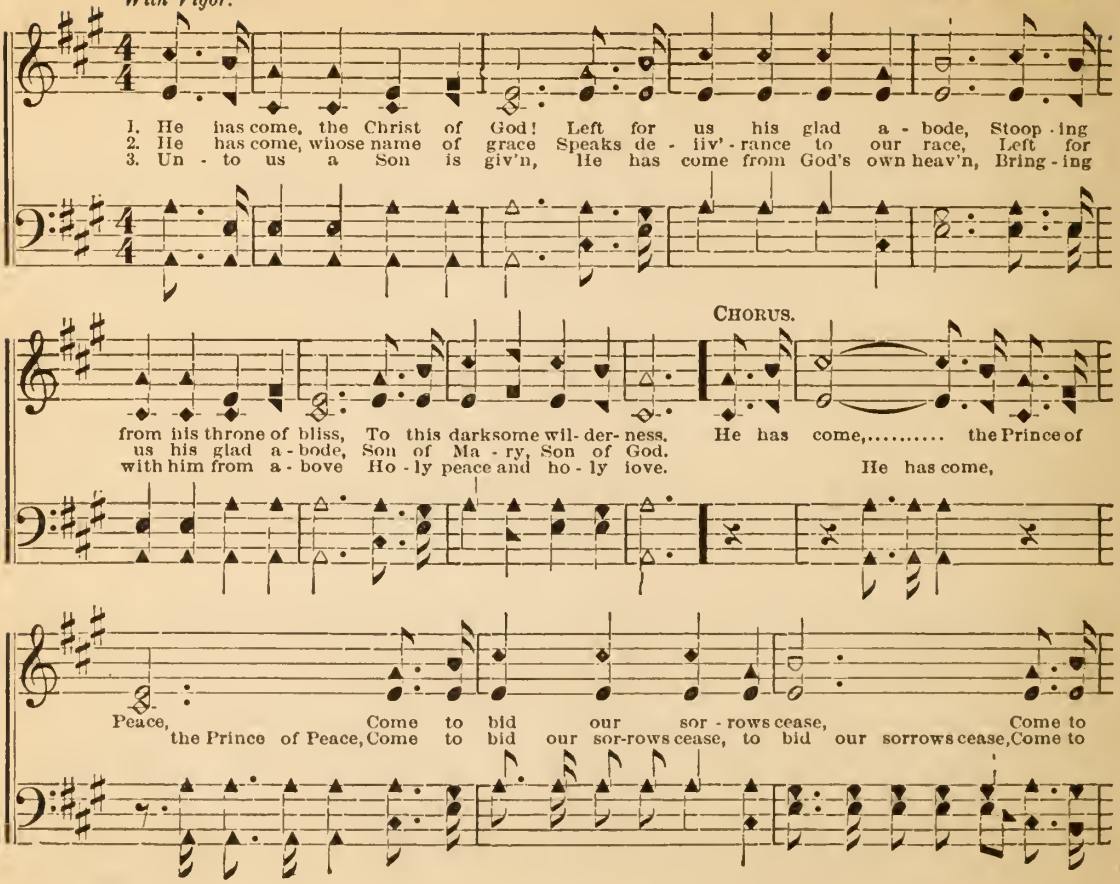
3 An Elim, with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade,
A blessing in its fullness
When buds of promise fade;
O'er tears of soft contrition
I've seen a rainbow light,
A glory and fruition,
So near, yet out of sight.

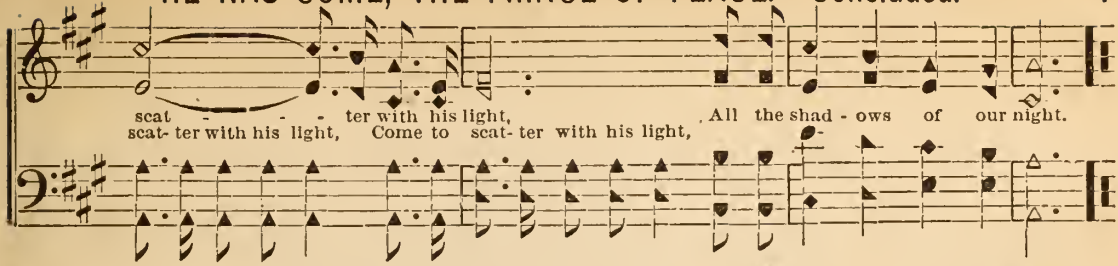
4 My Saviour! thee possessing,
We have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm,
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.

HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

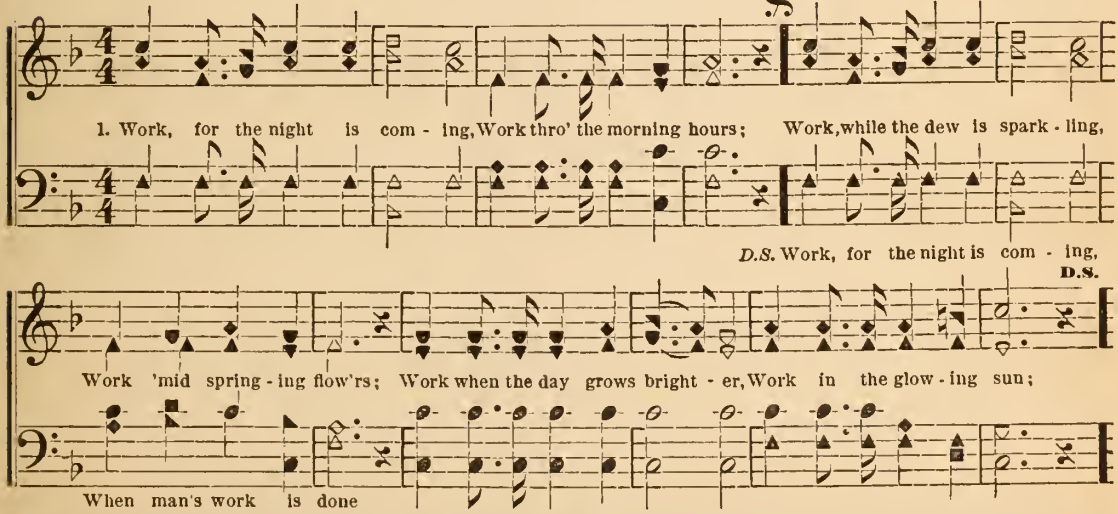
With Vigor.





WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



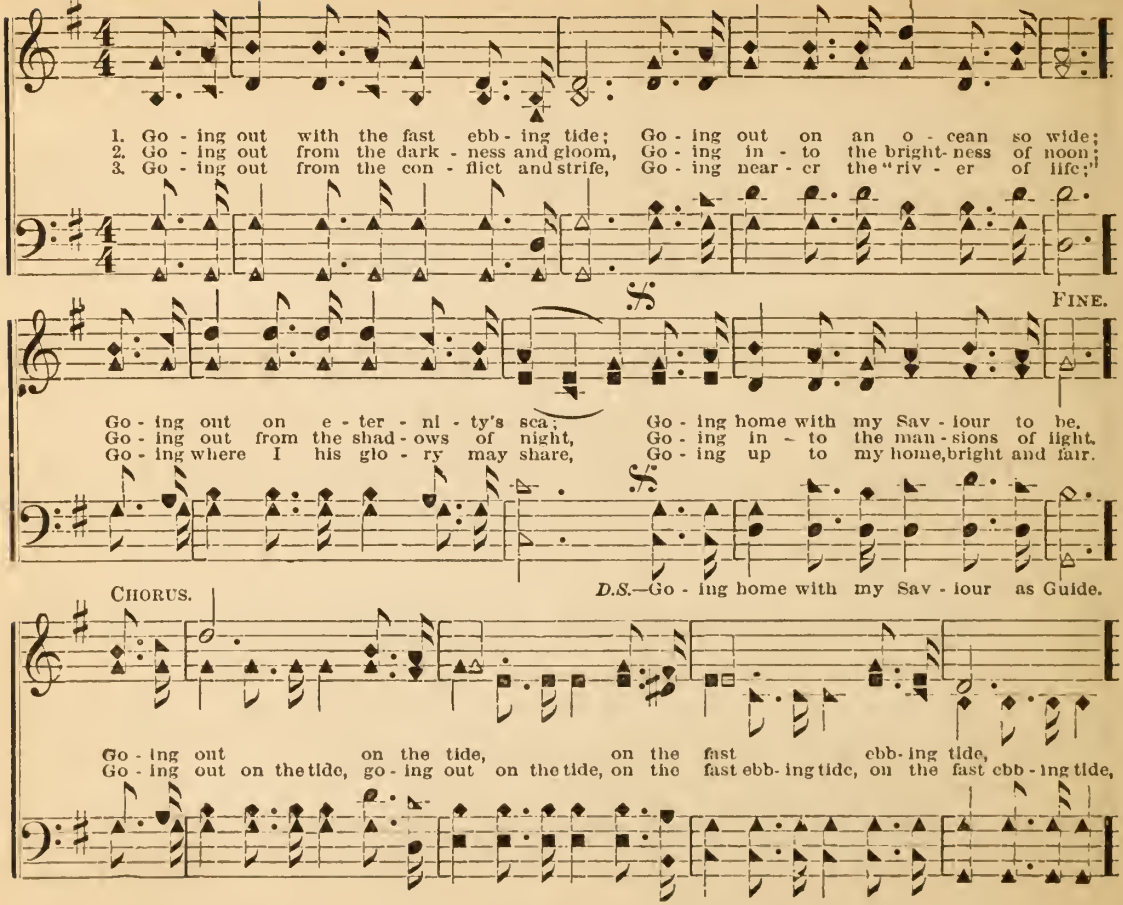
2 Work, for the night is coming, work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor, rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming, when man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming, under the sunset skies;
While their brightest tints are glowing, work for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning, when man's work is o'er.

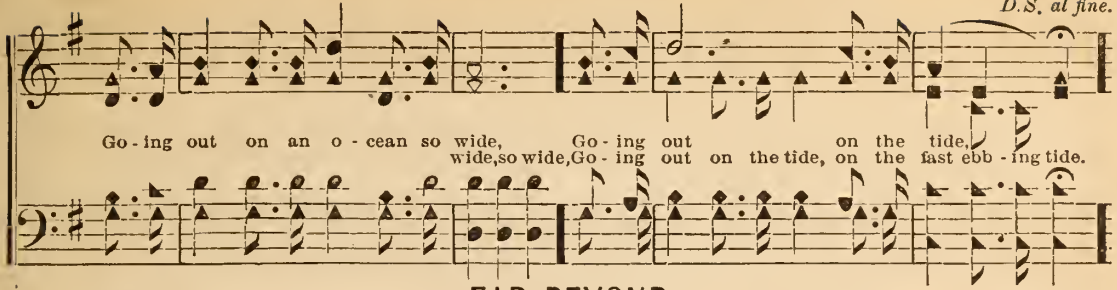
By permission.

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



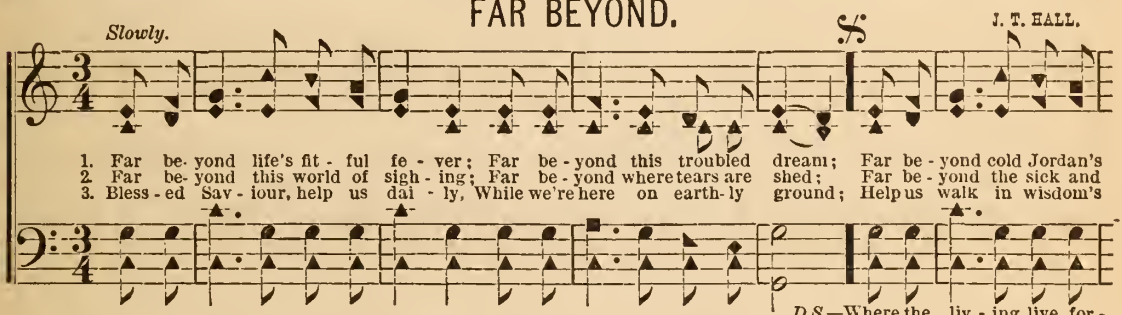
D.S. al fine.



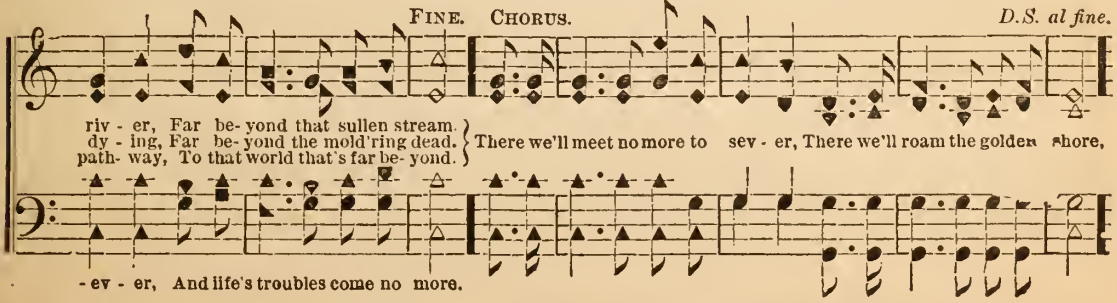
FAR BEYOND.

J. T. HALL.

Slowly.

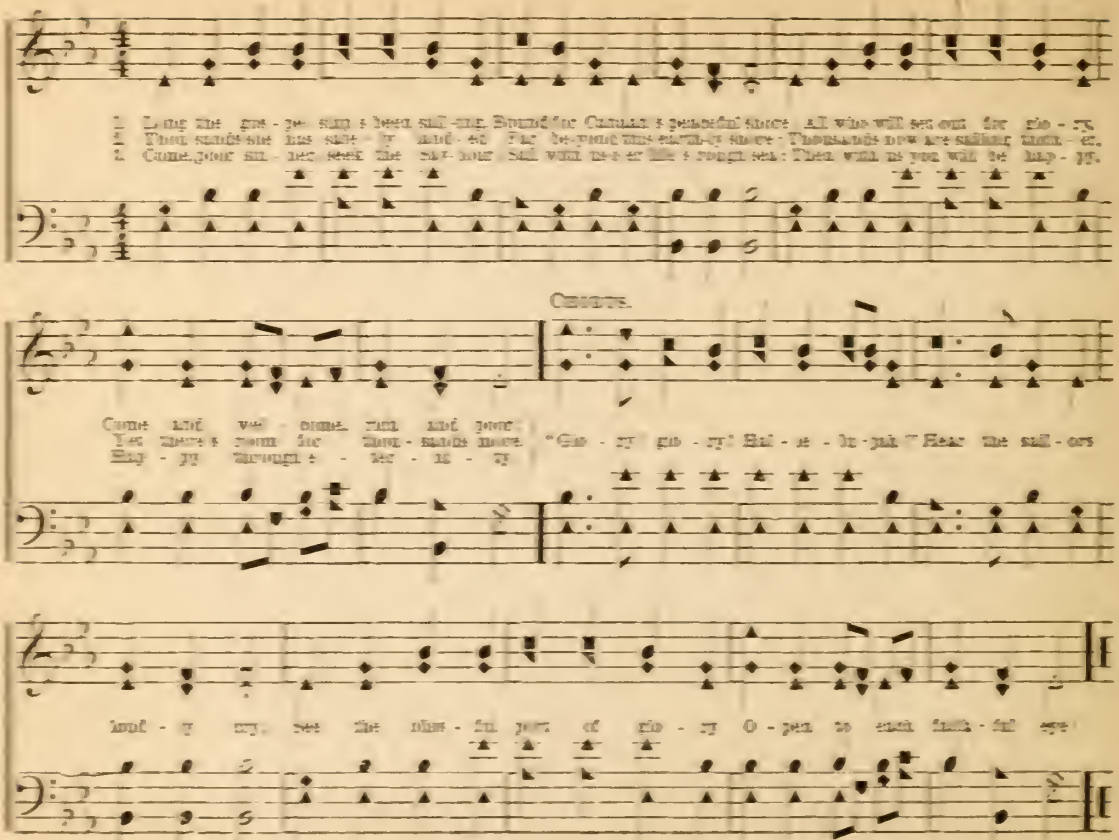


FINE. CHORUS. D.S. al fine.

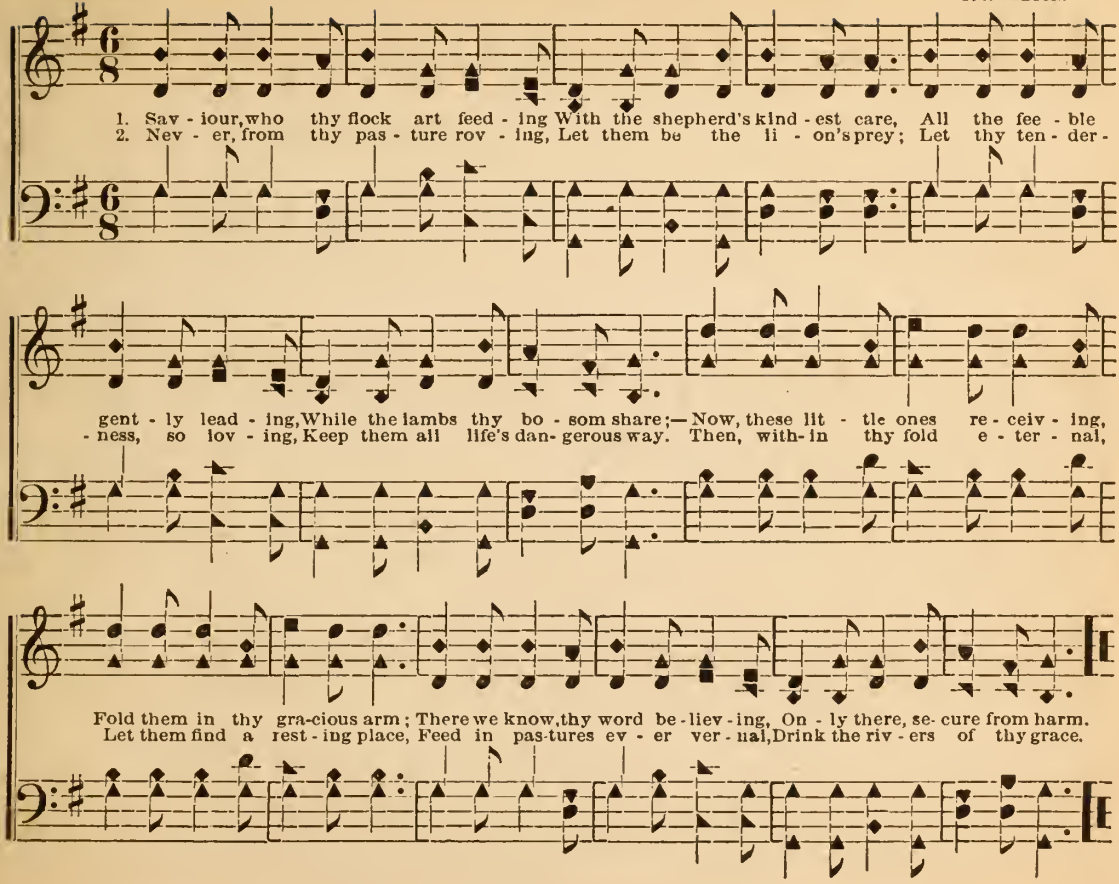


THE GOSPEL SHIP.

I. K. POND.

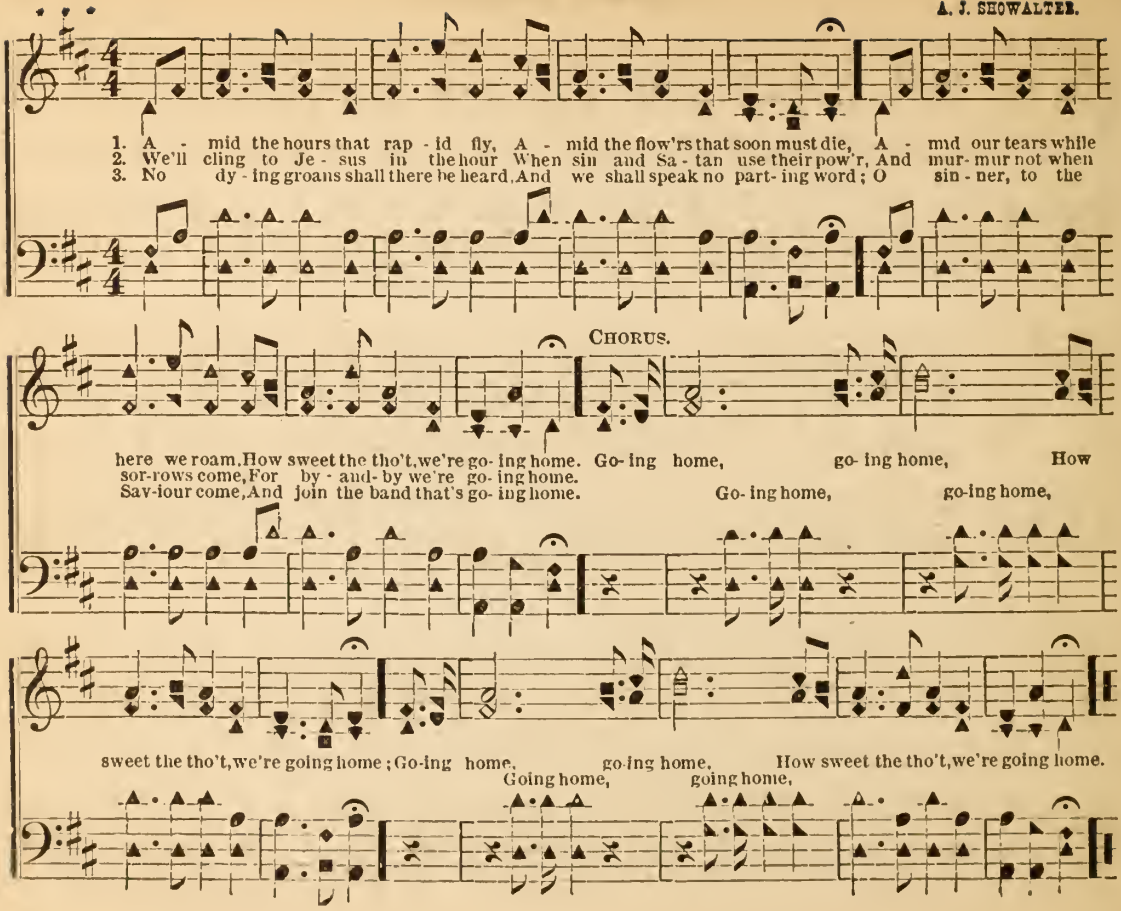


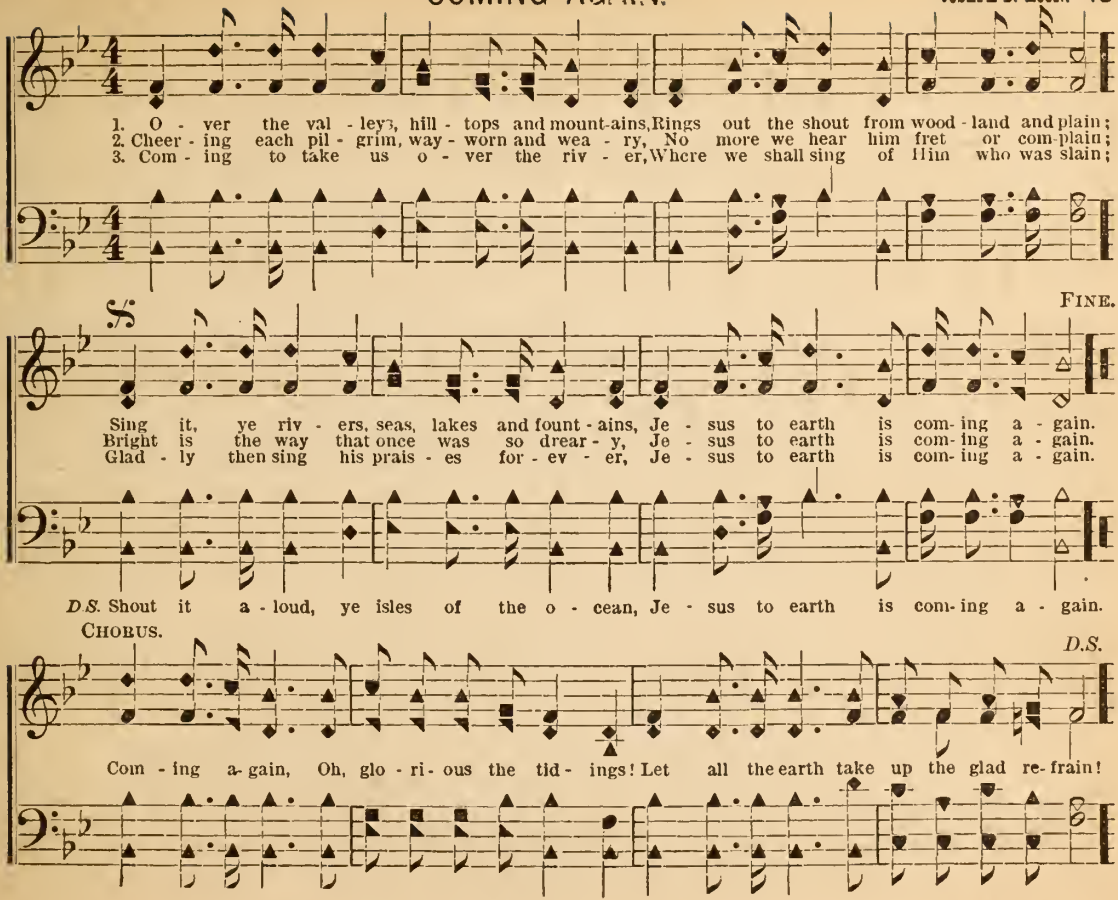
S. J. DALTON.


1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing With the shepherd's kind - est care, All the fee - ble
2. Nev - er, from thy pas - ture rov - ing, Let them be the li - on's prey; Let thy ten - der -
gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share;—Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing,
- ness, so lov - ing, Keep them all life's dan - gerous way. Then, with - in thy fold e - ter - nal,
Fold them in thy gra-cious arm; There we know, thy word be - liev - ing, On - ly there, se - cure from harm.
Let them find a rest - ing place, Feed in pas-tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of thy grace.

GOING HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

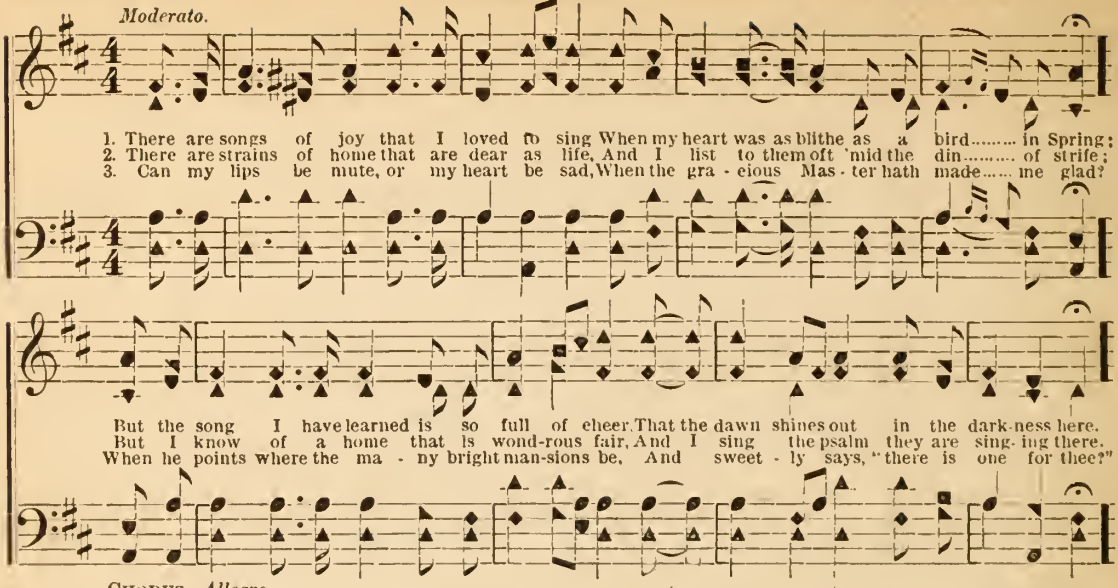



1. O - ver the val - leys, hill - tops and mount-ains, Rings out the shout from wood - land and plain;
2. Cheer - ing each pil - grim, way - worn and wea - ry, No more we hear him fret or com-plain;
3. Com - ing to take us o - ver the riv - er, Where we shall sing of Him who was slain;
FINE.
Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fount - ains, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
Bright is the way that once was so drear - y, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
Glad - ly then sing his prais - es for - ev - er, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
D.S. Shout it a - loud, ye isles of the o - cean, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Com - ing a - gain, Oh, glo - ri - ous the tid - ings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain!

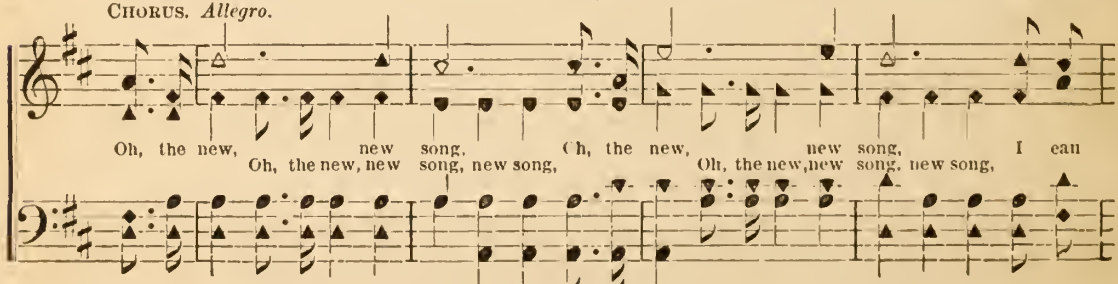
THE NEW SONG.

JNO. R. SWENEY, Mus. Doc.

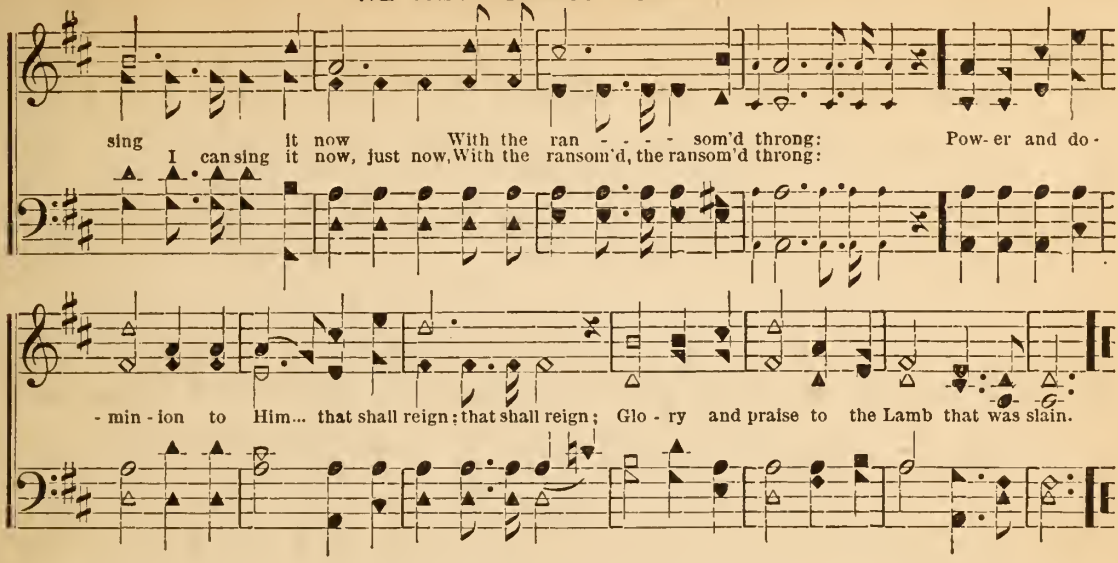
Moderato.



CHORUS. *Allegro.*

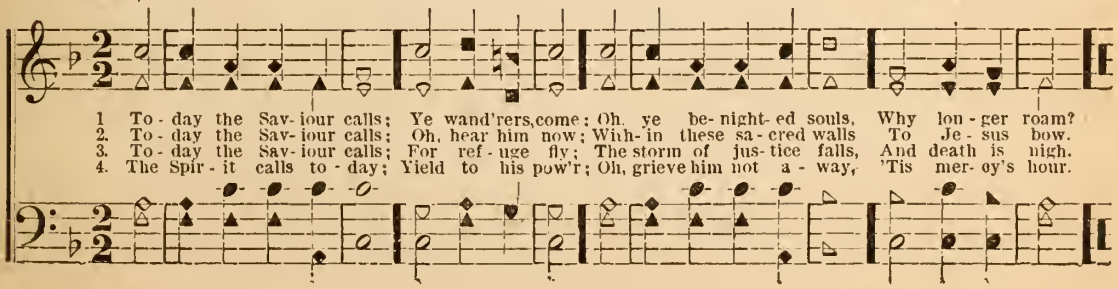


From "GEMS OF PRAISE," by per.



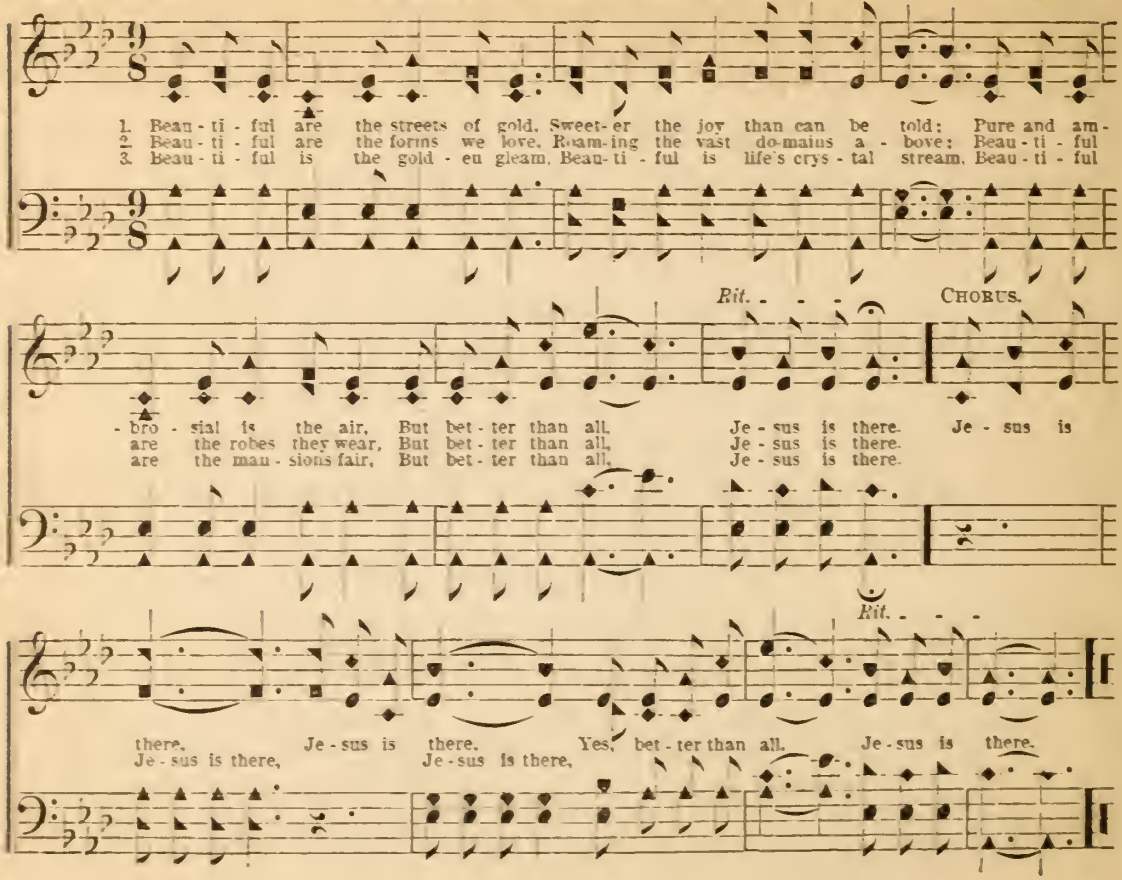
TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

S. F. SMITH, D.D. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.



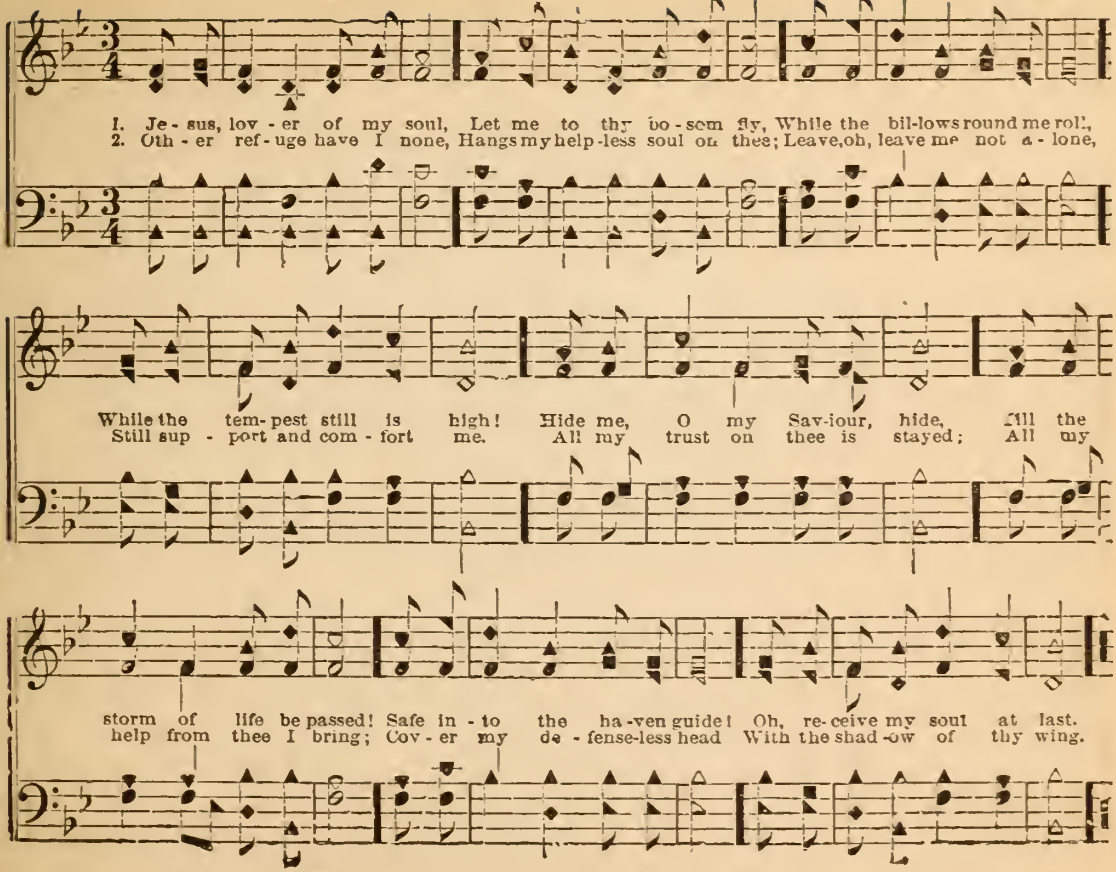
BEAUTIFUL ARE THE STREETS OF GOLD.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. And the street of the city was pure gold.—Rev 21: 21. J. E. TENNEY.



SLIO. 7s.

J. L. SNIFEN.



OVER ON THE HILLS OF GLORY.

J. E. MORSE.

1. Look, ye saints, and see the light, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, Lo! the dawn is breaking bright,
2. We shall meet on that bright shore, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, Meet with loved ones gone be - fore,
3. We shall see our Sav-iour there, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, And a crown of life shall wear,
4. Oh, the rest will be so sweet, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry, When our jour- ney is complete,

CHORUS.

O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.
O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.
O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.
O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.

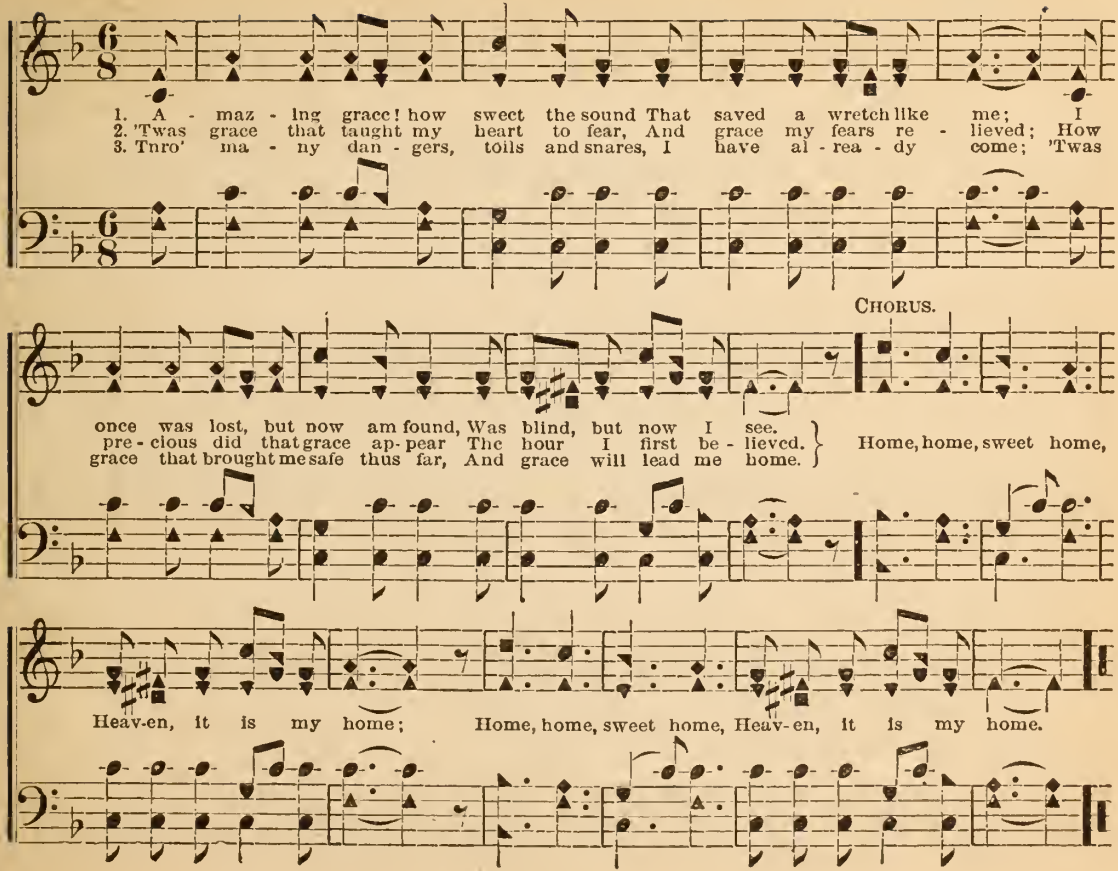
Tho' our feet have wea - ry grown, In the des - ert -

- path rock-strown, We shall walk no more a - lone, O - ver on the hills of glo - ry.

From "ECHOES OF EDEN," by per. of E. O. EXCELL.

AMAZING GRACE.

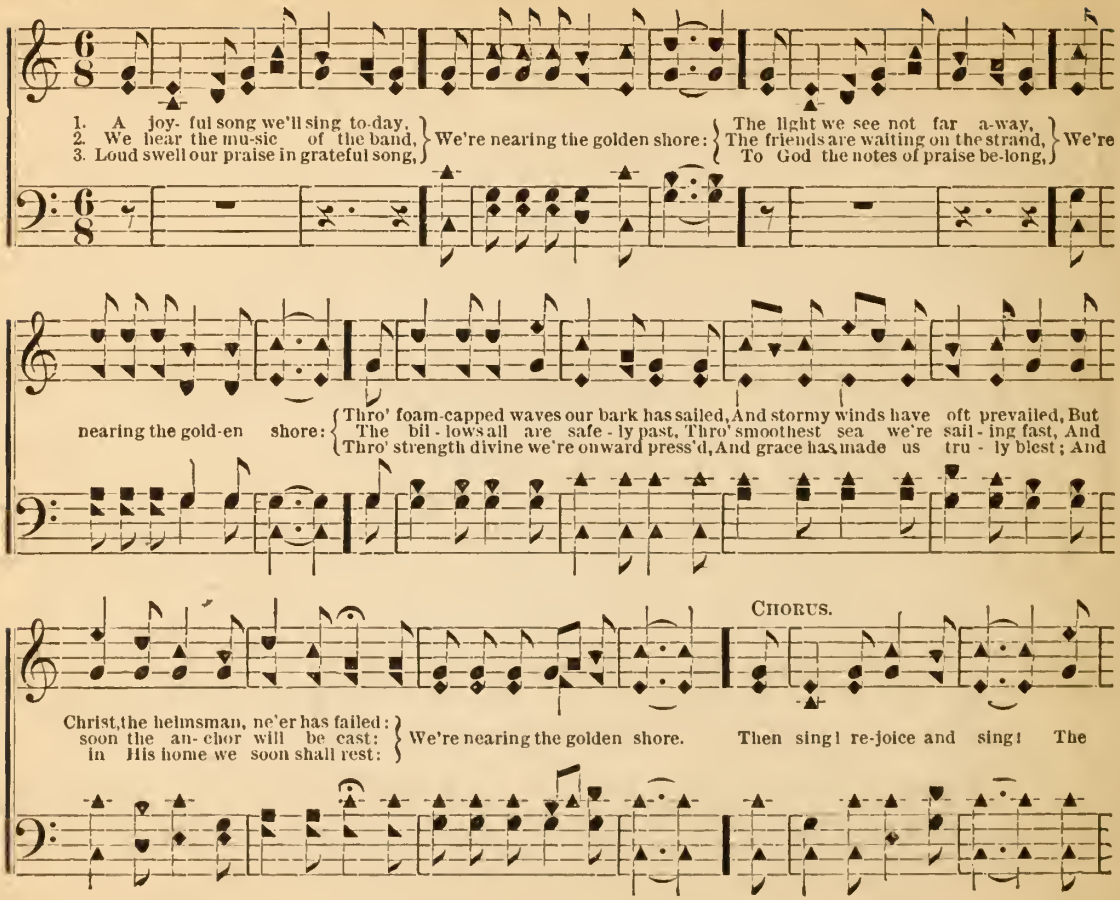
Arranged by * * *

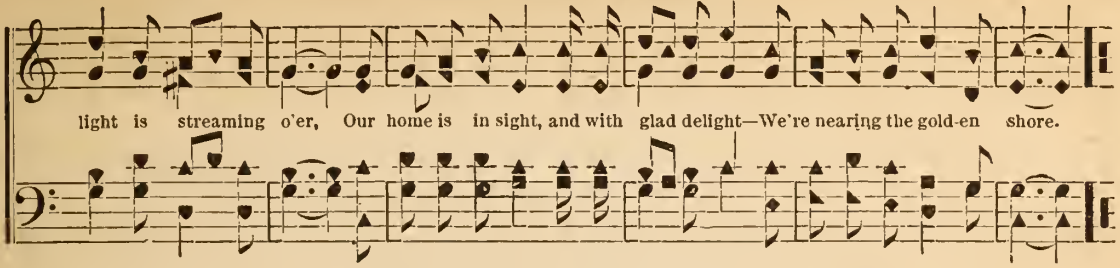


Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

WE'RE NEARING THE GOLDEN SHORE.

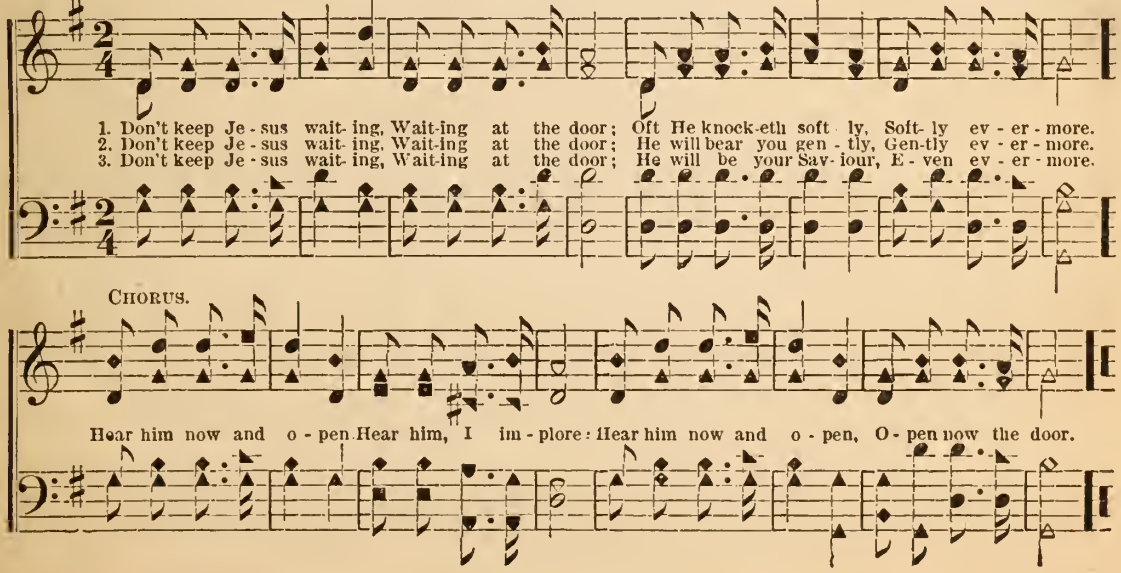
J. H. TENNEY.





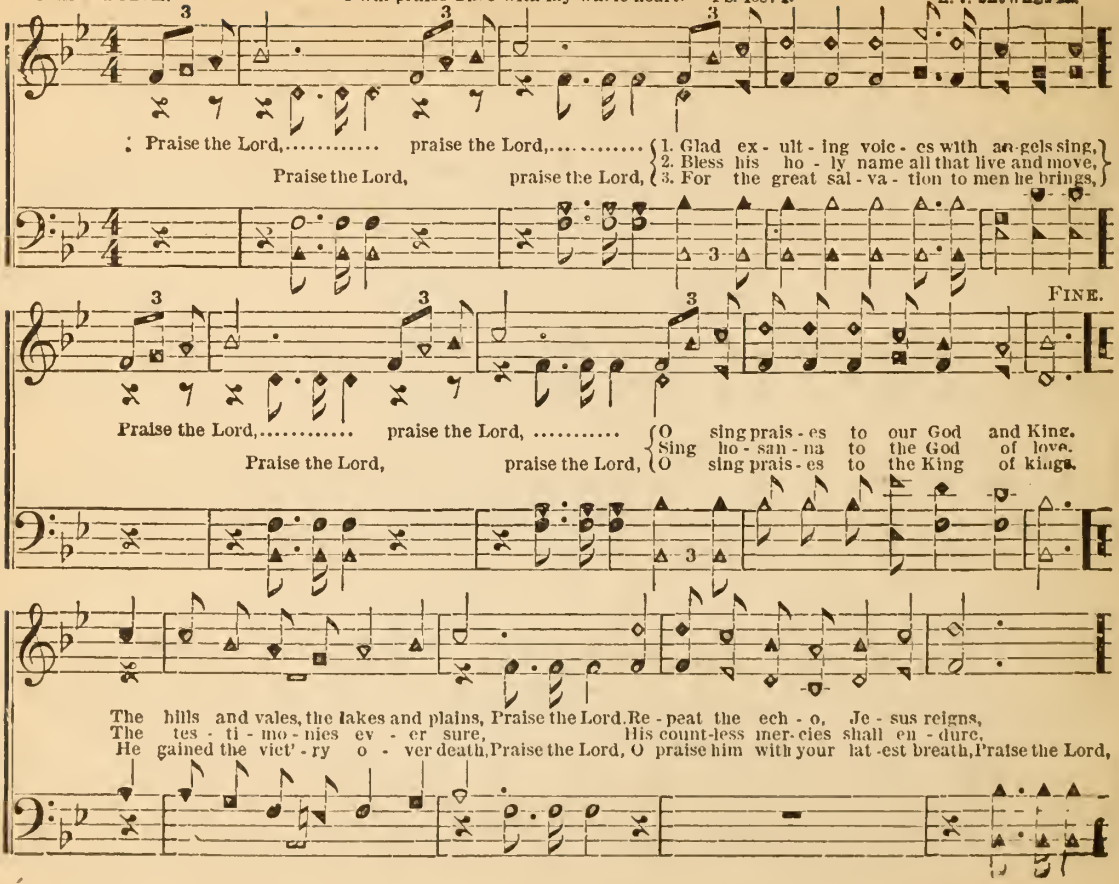
OPEN NOW THE DOOR.

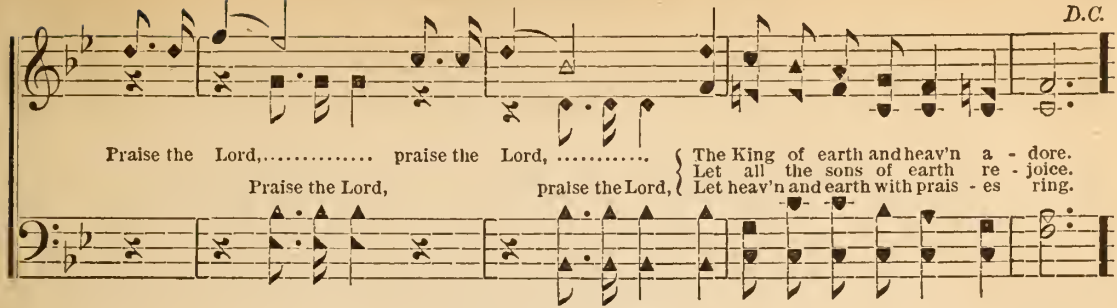
* * * * "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20. A. J. SHOWALTER.



PRAISE THE LORD.

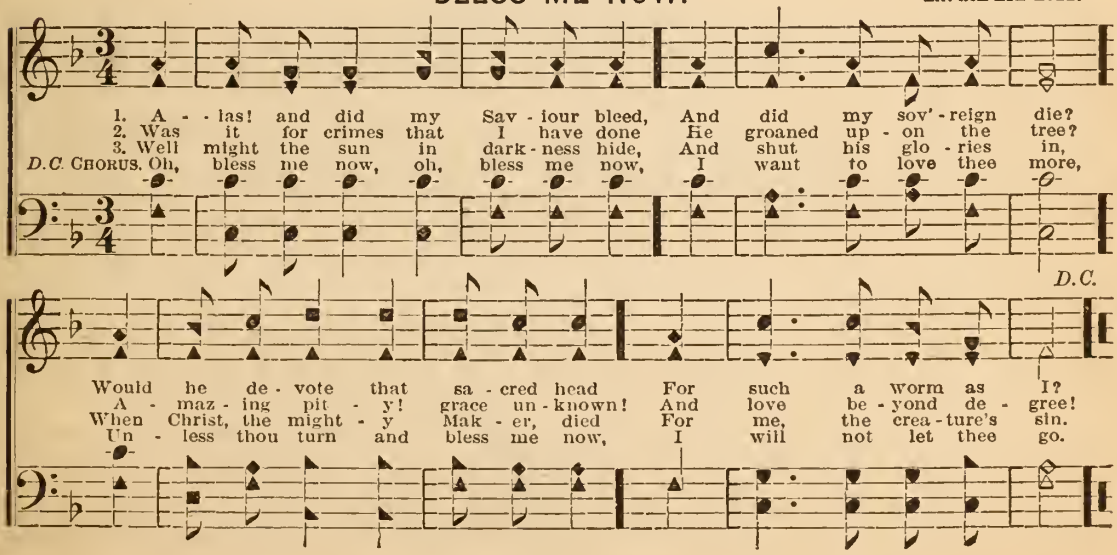
FRANK M. DAVIS. "I will praise Thee with my whole heart."—Ps. 138: 1. A. J. SHOWALTER.





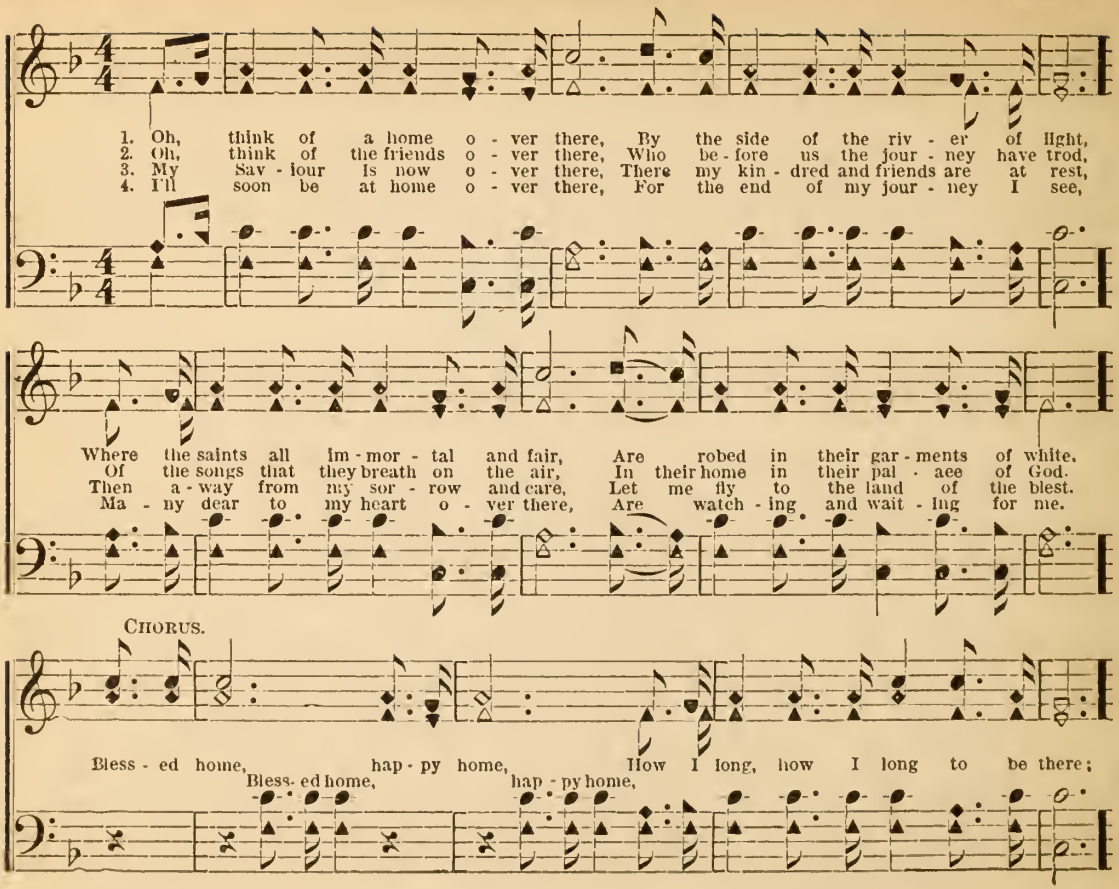
BLESS ME NOW.

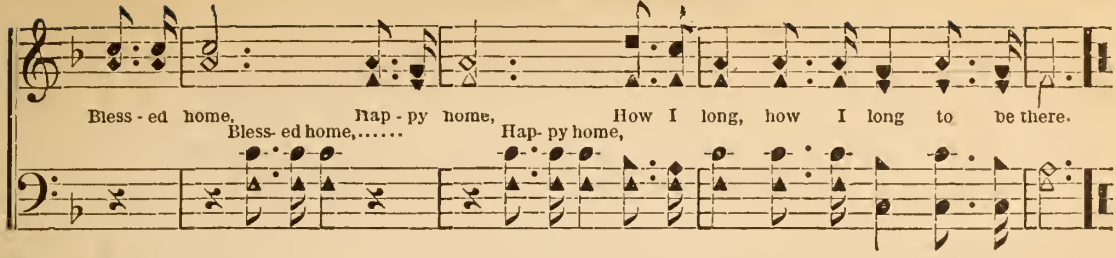
Arr. from ASA HULL.



BLESSED HOME.

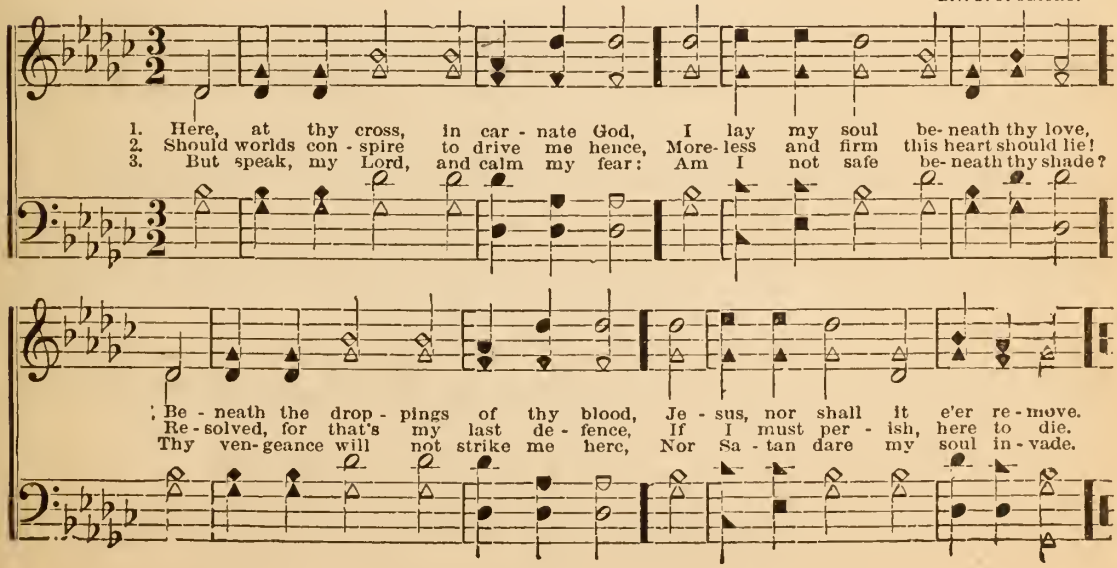
J. E. BIGBIE.





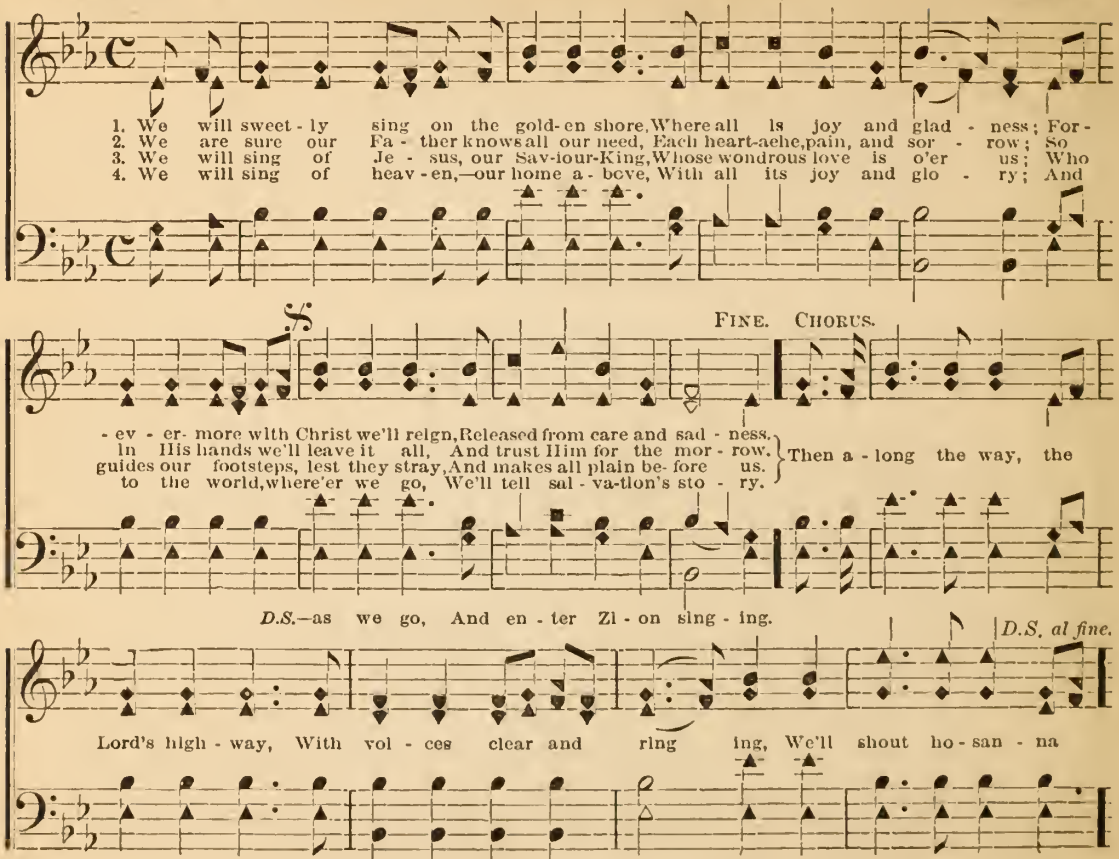
SUBMISSION. L. M.

Rev. B. F. BRIGHT.



SINGING ON THE WAY

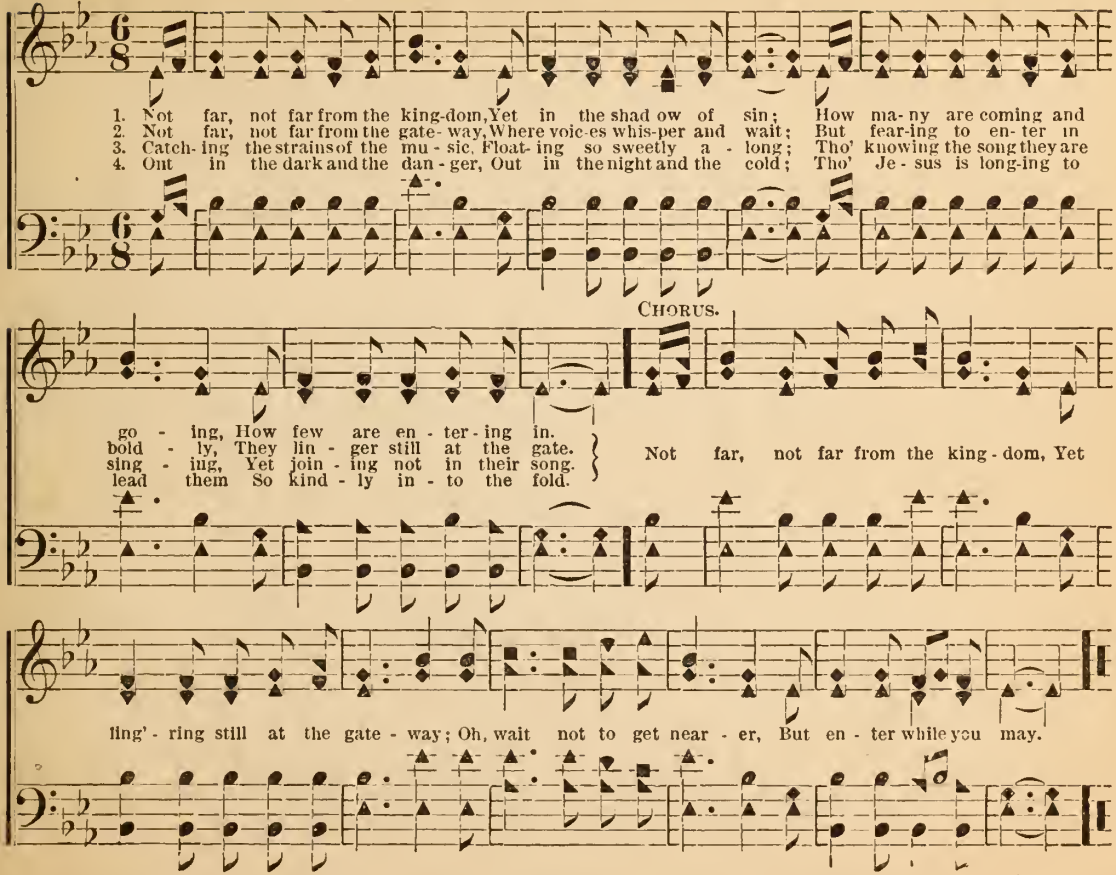
M. E. SERVOSS. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."—Isa. 35: 10. JNO. R. SWENEY.



From "CROWNING TRIUMPH" by per.

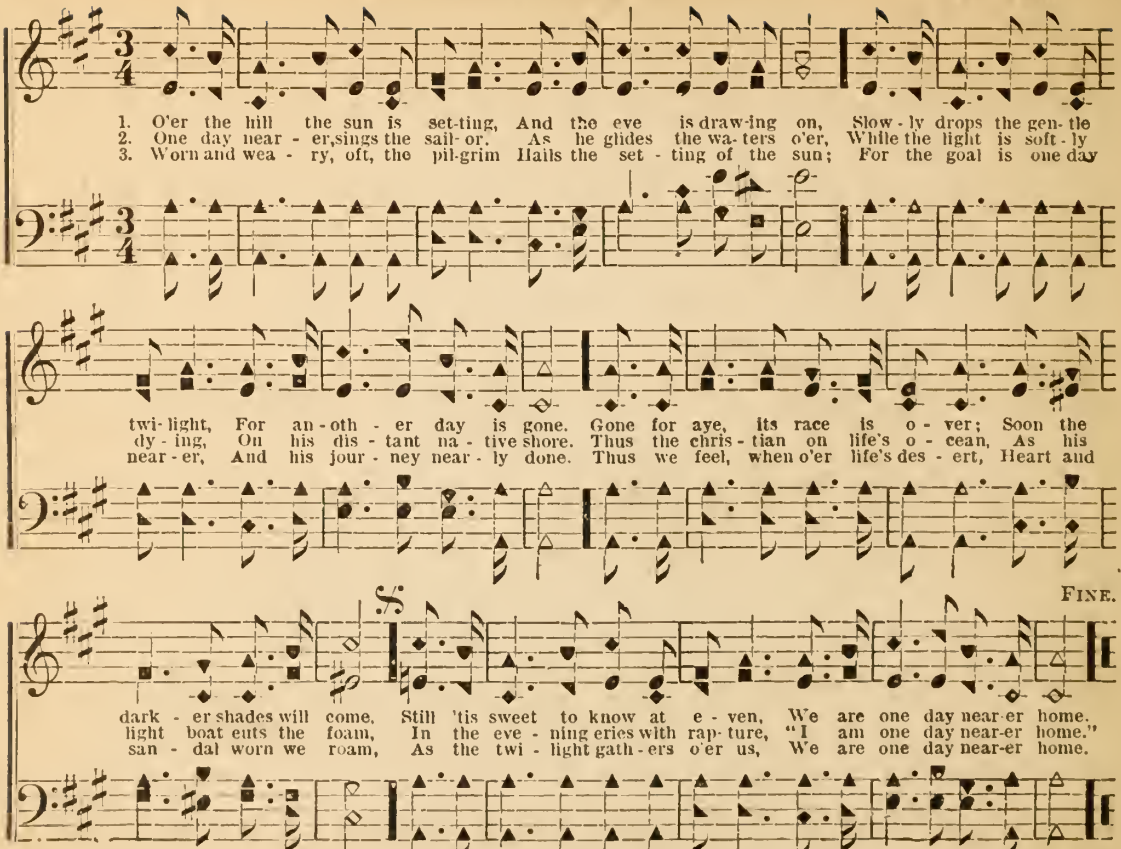
NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

English. "Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2. A. J. SHOWALTER.



NEARER HOME.

JOSEPH S. MOON.



NEARER HOME. Concluded.

CHORUS. D.S.

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

O LORD, I COME TO THEE.

Rev. G. A. LOFTON, D.D.

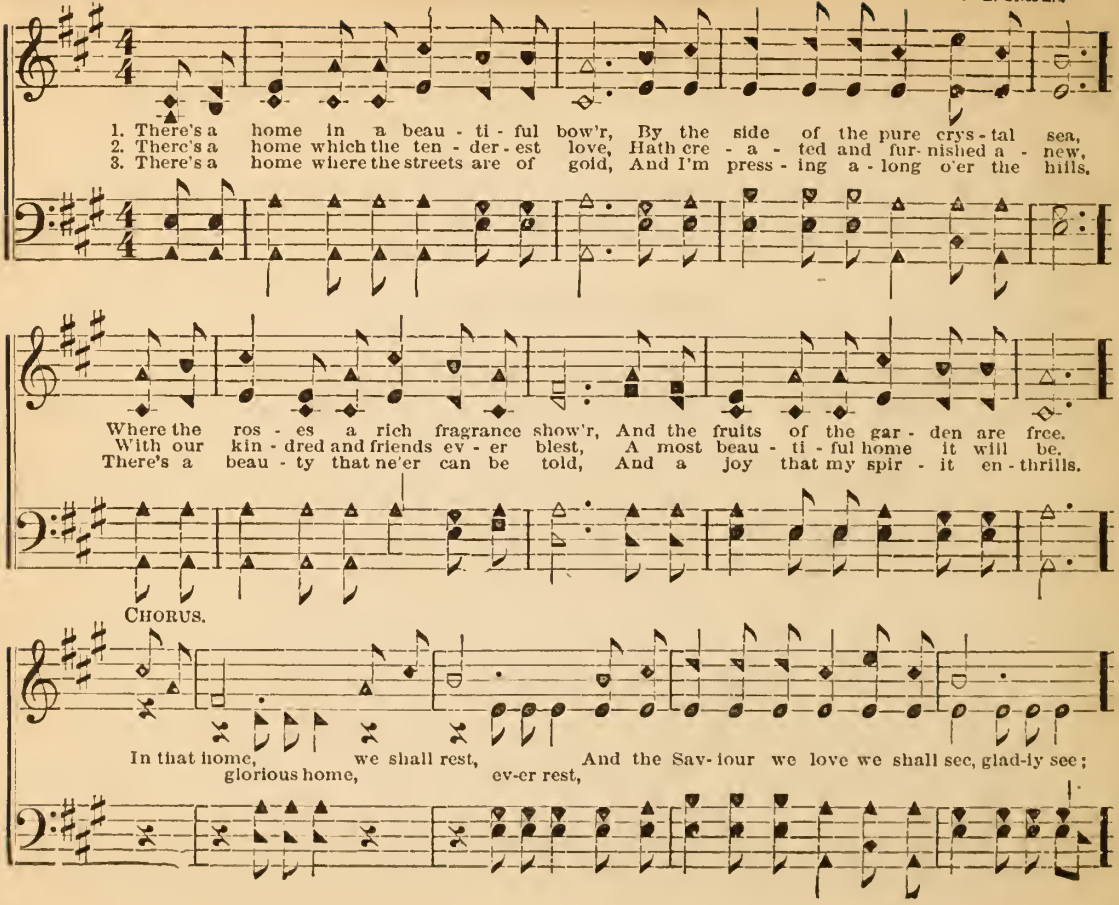
1. O Lord, I come to thee—Thy blood was shed for me, A lit - tle child; My soul from
2. For once a child wast thou, And chil-dren lov - est now, Though sin- ful grown; Who ear - ly
3. By grace I'm saved se- cure, And grace will keep me pure, And meek and mild; But guard my
4. Of yore, thy bo - som blessed The lambs thou gen-tly pressed, With ten- der care; Thy Fa-ther's

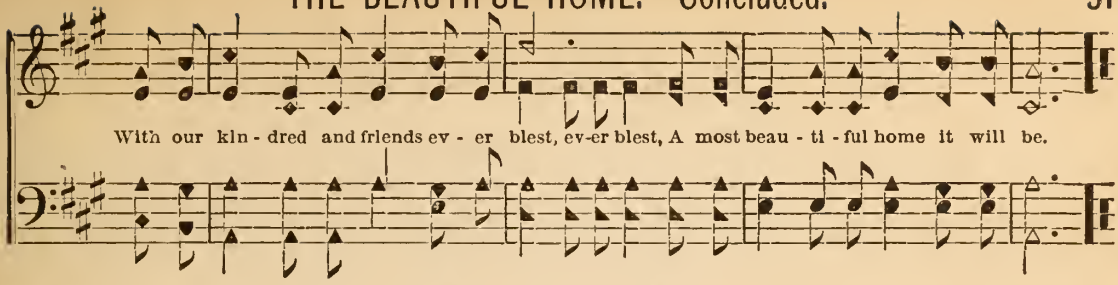
earth would part, O, take and cleanse my heart, O, take and cleanse my heart, By sin de- filed.
learns thy rest, Will ev - er love Thee best, Will ev - er love Thee best, And ser - vice own.
hands and feet, My heart from sin's de - ceit, My heart from sin's de - ceit, A lit - tle child.
face a - bove, Our an - gels see in love, Our an - gels see in love, Who guard us here.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

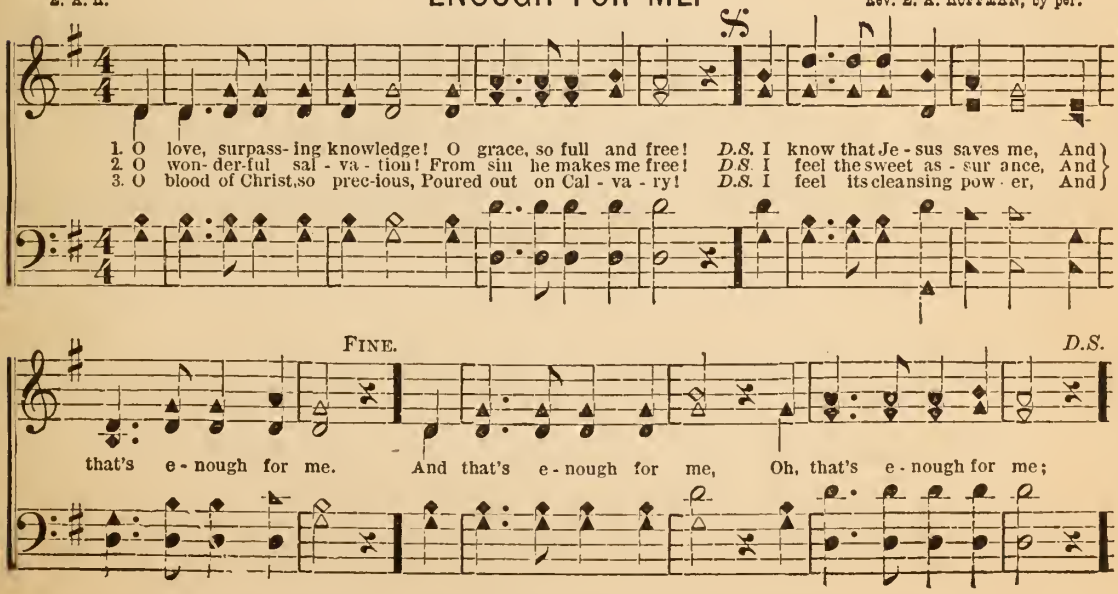
J. L. SNIPER.





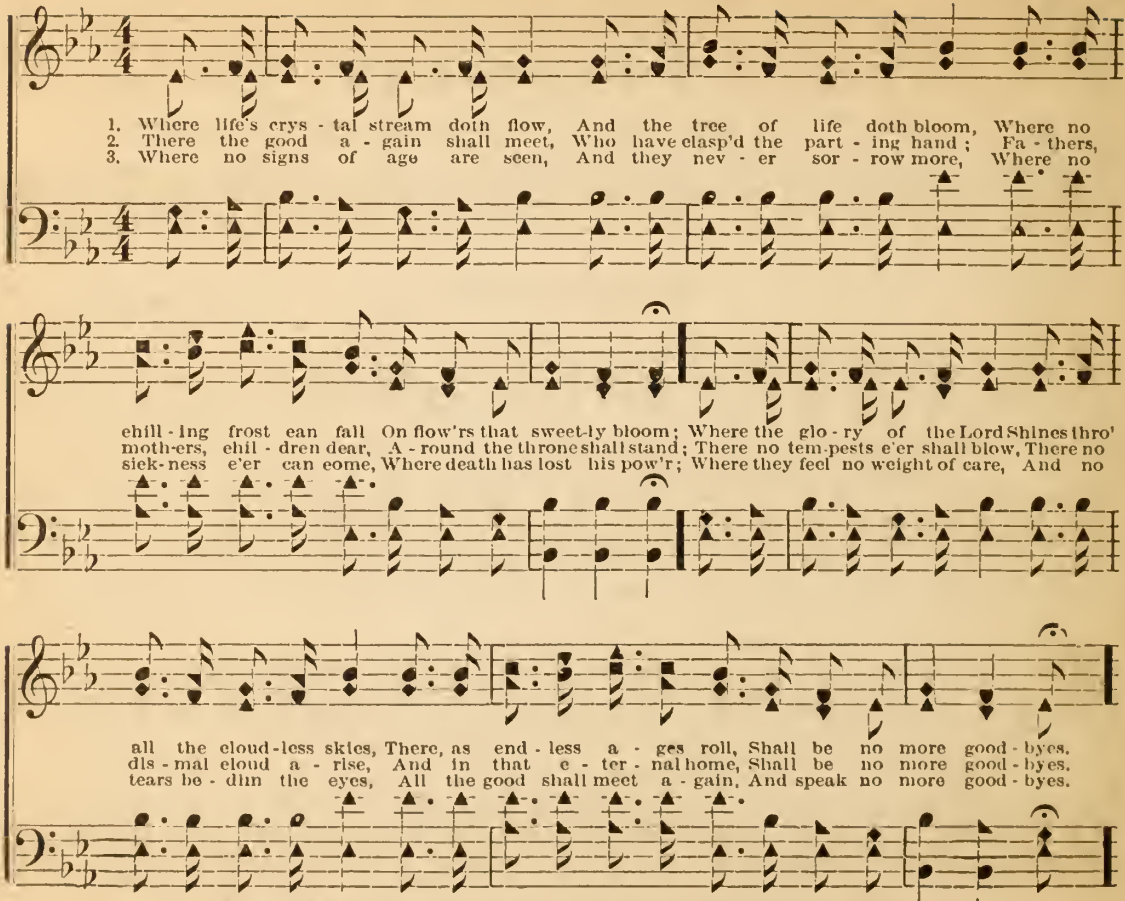
ENOUGH FOR ME.

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

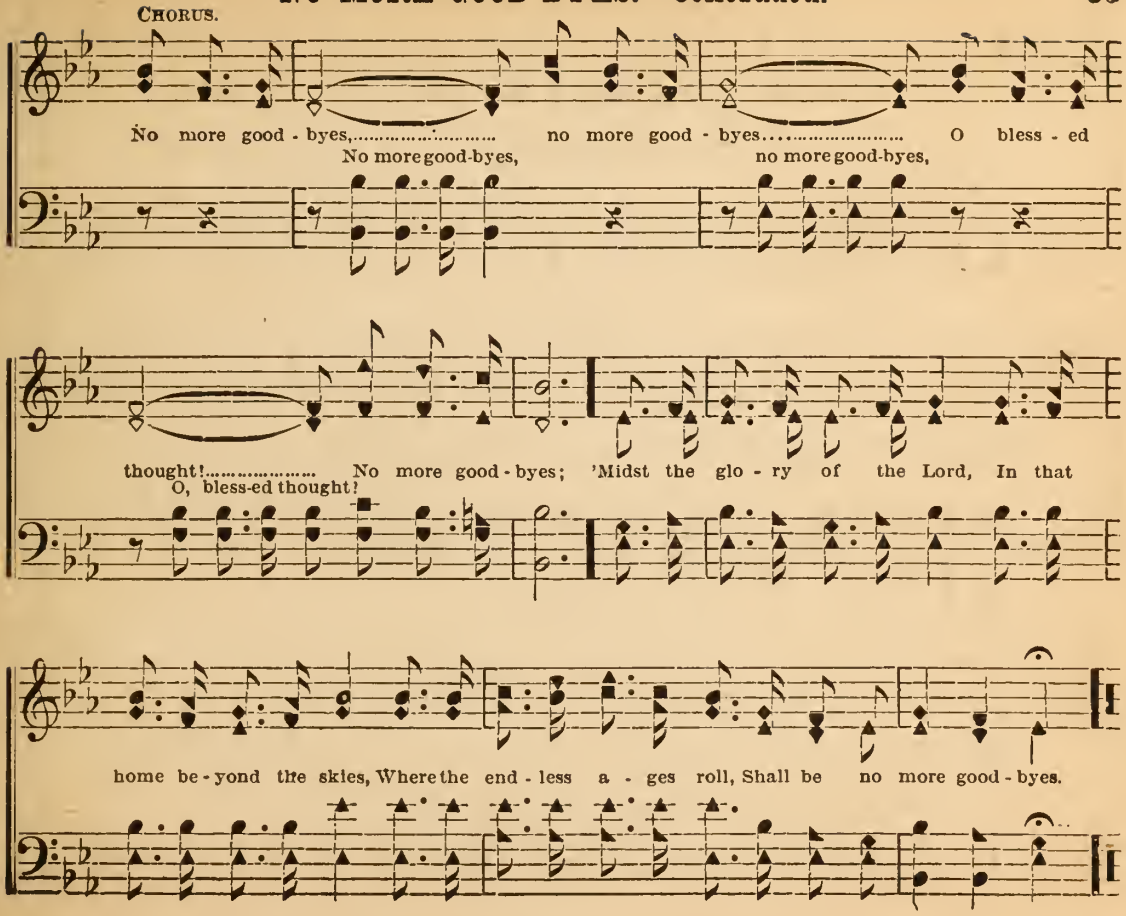


NO MORE GOOD-BYES.

J. H. FILLMORE.

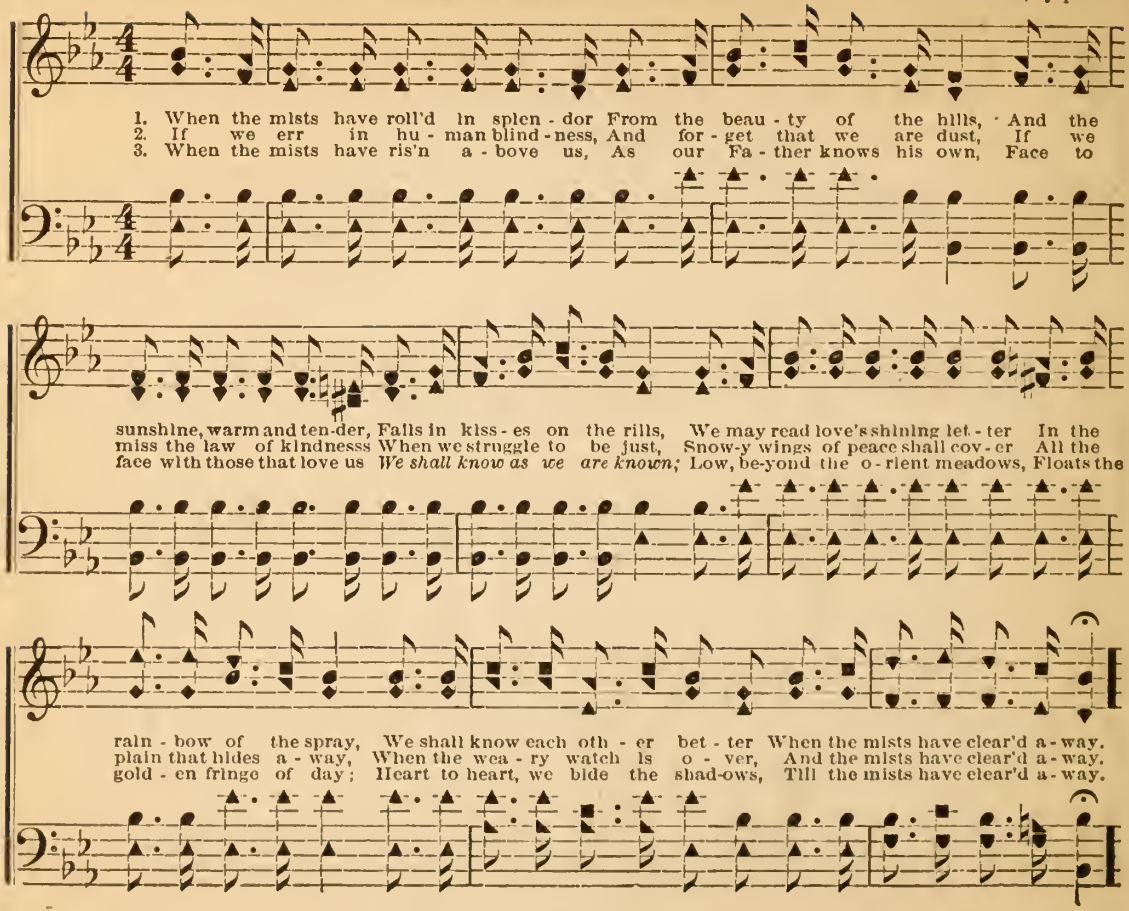


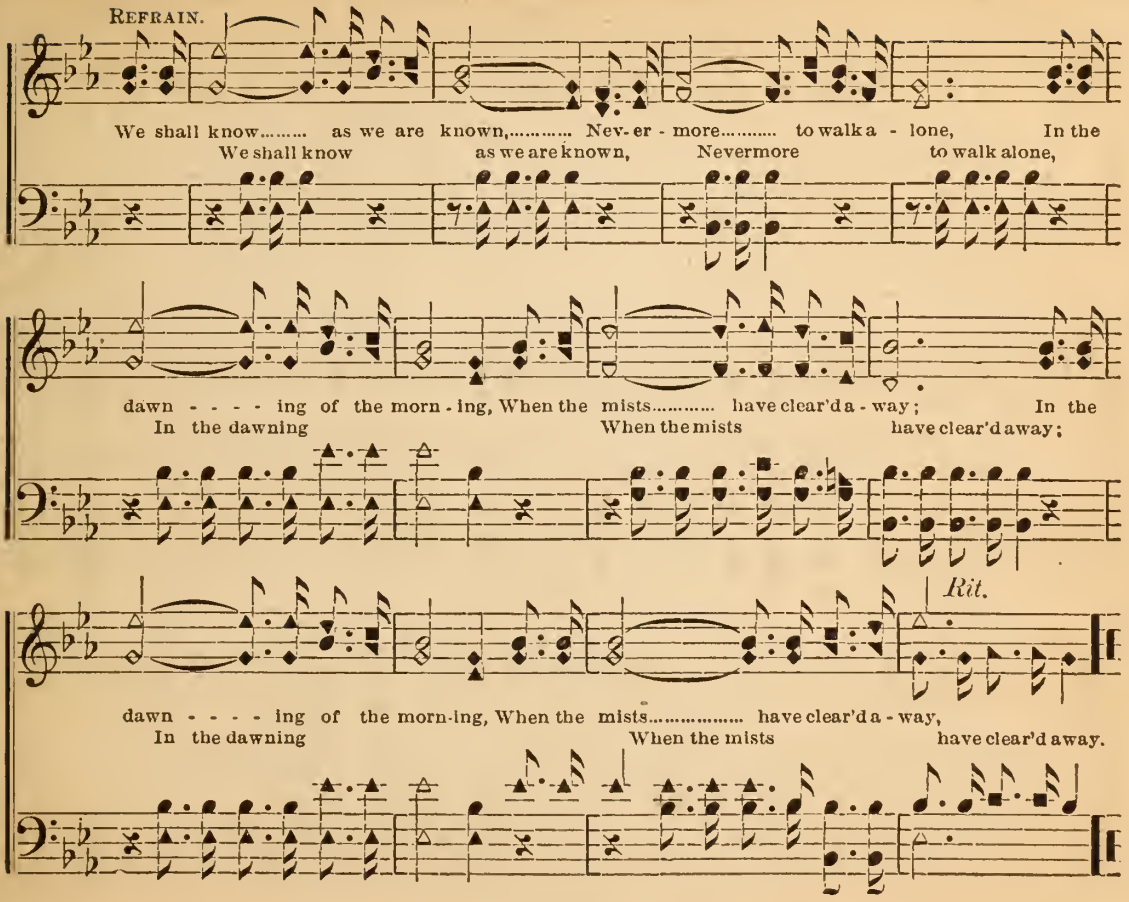
From "Grateful Praise," by permission of Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati, Ohio.


CHORUS.
No more good - byes, no more good - byes. O bless - ed
No more good-byes, no more good-byes,
thought! No more good - byes; 'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that
O, bless-ed thought!
home be - yond the skies, Where the end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.

WE SHALL KNOW.

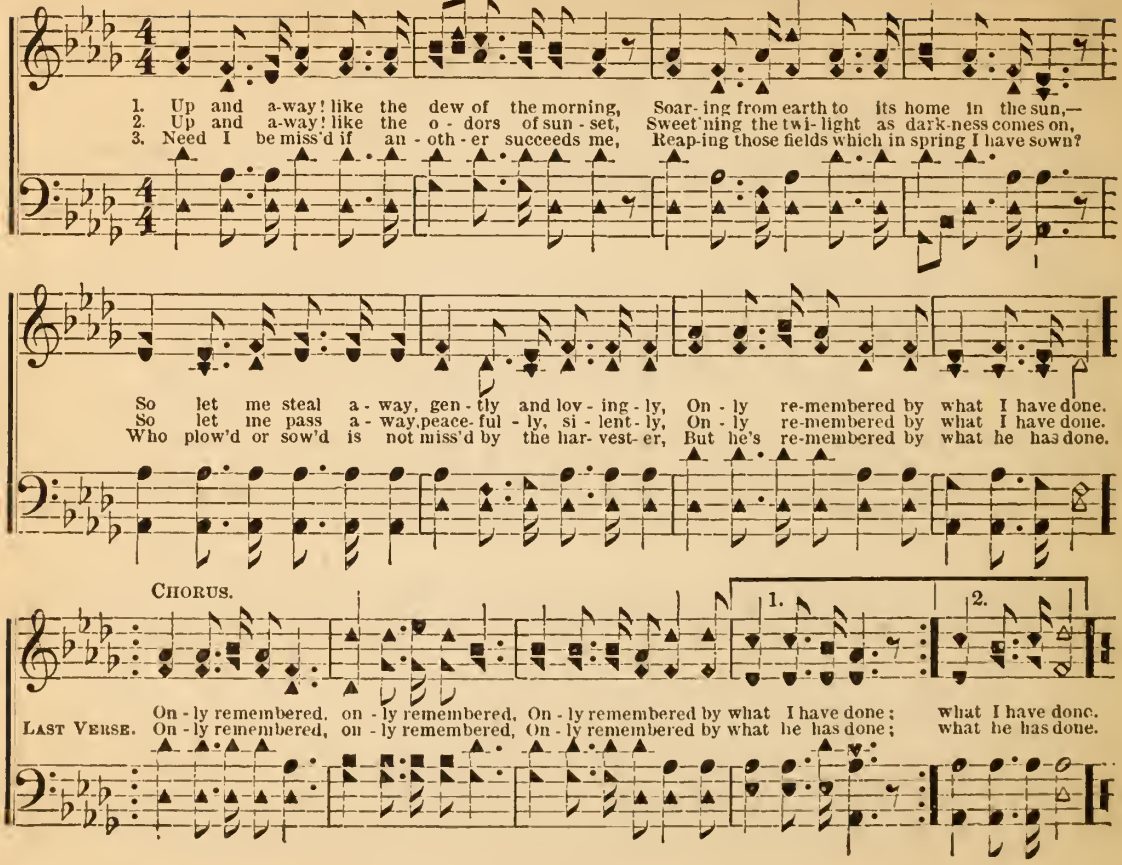
J. H. ANDERSON, by per.




REFRAIN.
We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev-er - more..... to walk a - lone, In the
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,
dawn - - - - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a - way; In the
In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away;
Rit.
dawn - - - - ing of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have clear'd a - way,
In the dawning When the mists have clear'd away.

ONLY REMEMBERED.

Dr. BONAR. And they judged every man according to his works.—Rev. 20: 13. A. J. SHOWALTER.



JUST BEYOND THE DARKSOME VALLEY.

C. T. S. C. T. SPRADLEY.

1. Just be-yond the darksome val - ley, Lies the heav'nly cit - y fair, And the streets thereof are
2. Just be yond the darksome val - ley, Near the pearl-y gates doth stand, An - gels waiting who will
3. Just be-yond the darksome val - ley, In that cit - y bright and fair, With its crys-tal fountains

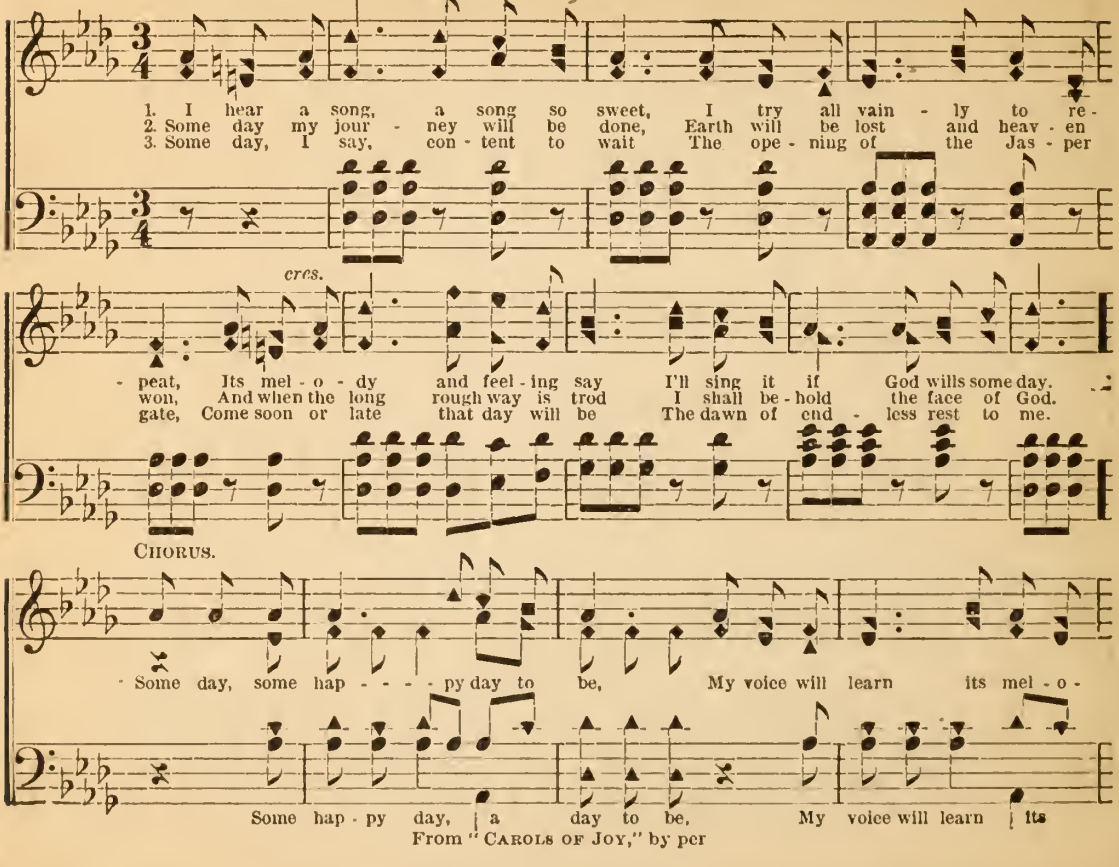
gold - en, And we've loved ones o - ver there. Je - sus Christ, our bless - ed Sav - iour,
wel - come Us to that blest, hap - py land. Hear them sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry,
flow - ing, We shall dwell for - ev - er there. Glo - ry, Hon - or, Wis - dom, Pow - er,

Pleads for sinners such as we— At a throne of mercy plead-ing, Lord, I pray thee, plead for me.
Glo - ry to the Lord on high; And with them we'll sing forev - er, In that land beyond the sky.
Be un- to the Lord on high! We shall meet with all our loved ones In that land beyond the sky.

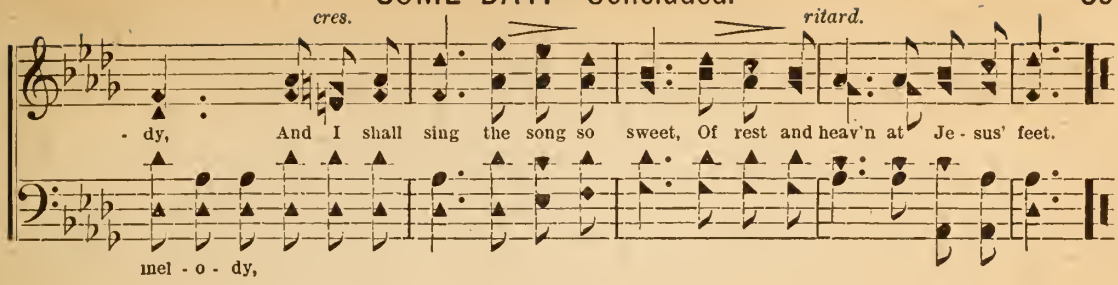
SOME DAY.—Duet and Chorus.

EBEN E. REXFORD. "And they sing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb."—REV. 15: 3. FRANK M. DAVIS.

Duet. *Slowly, and with expression.*

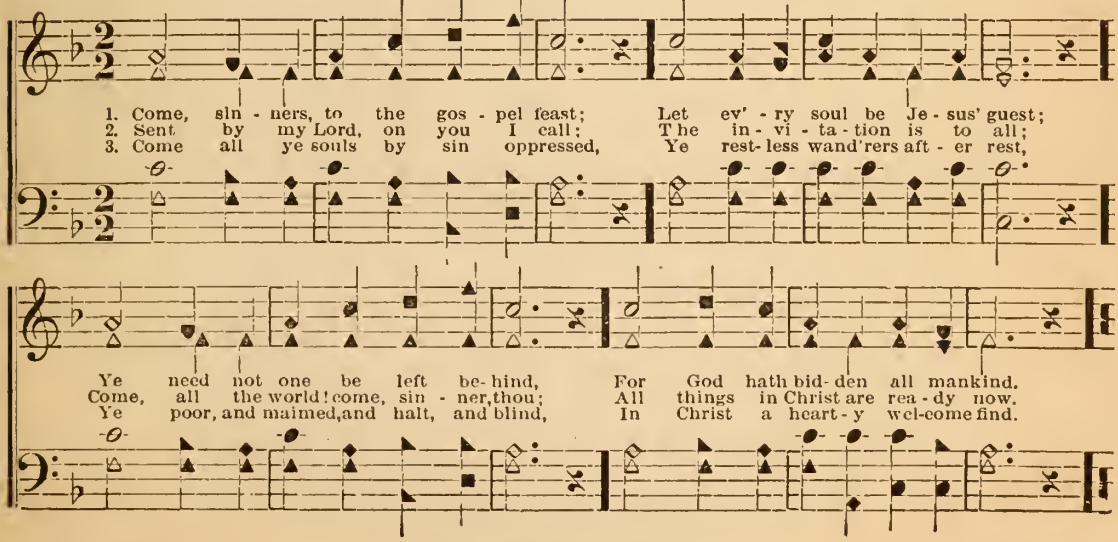


From "CAROLS OF JOY," by per



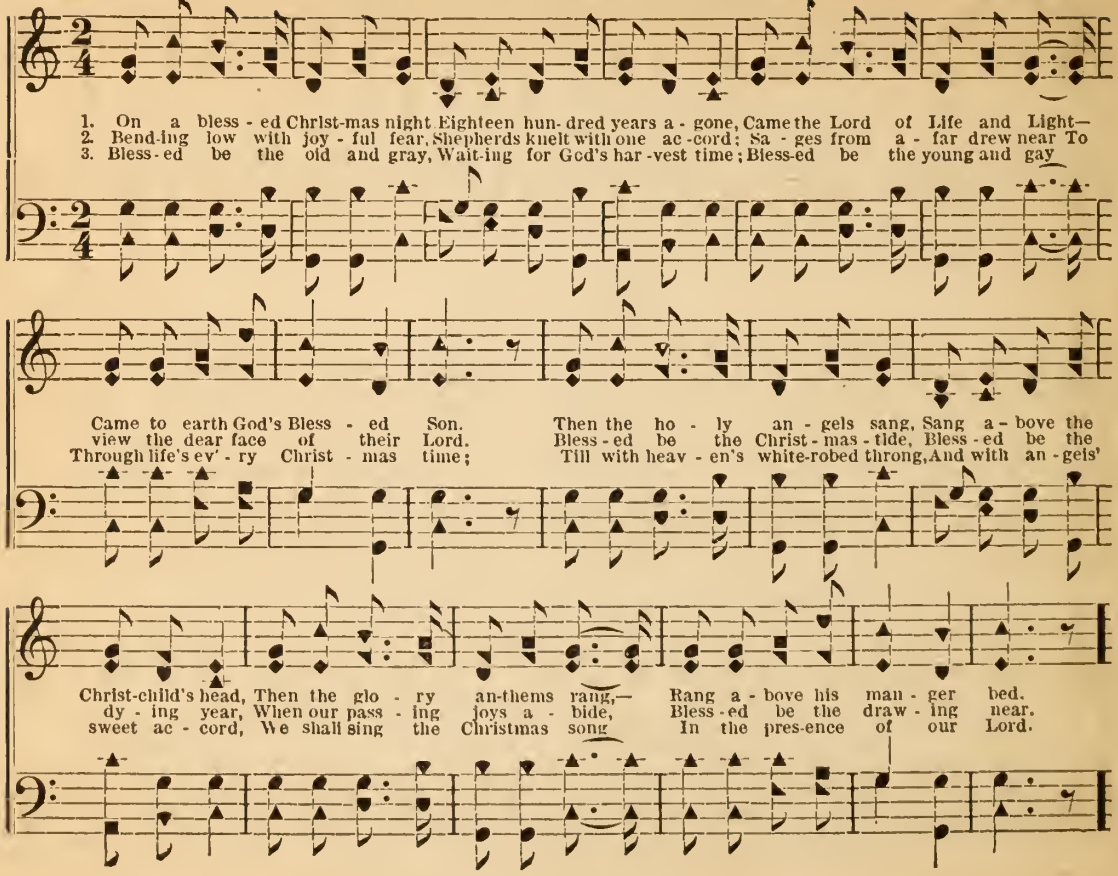
COME TO-DAY.

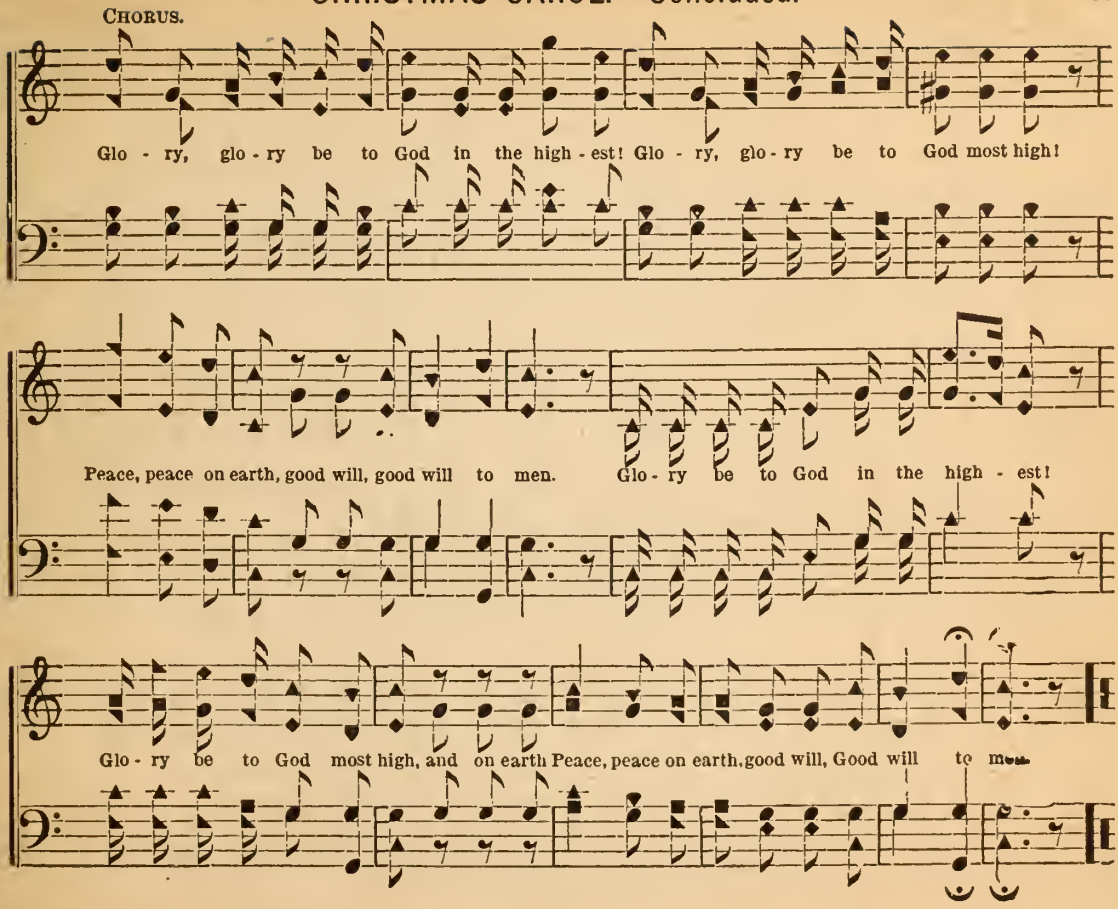
S. J. DALTON.



CHRISTMAS CAROL

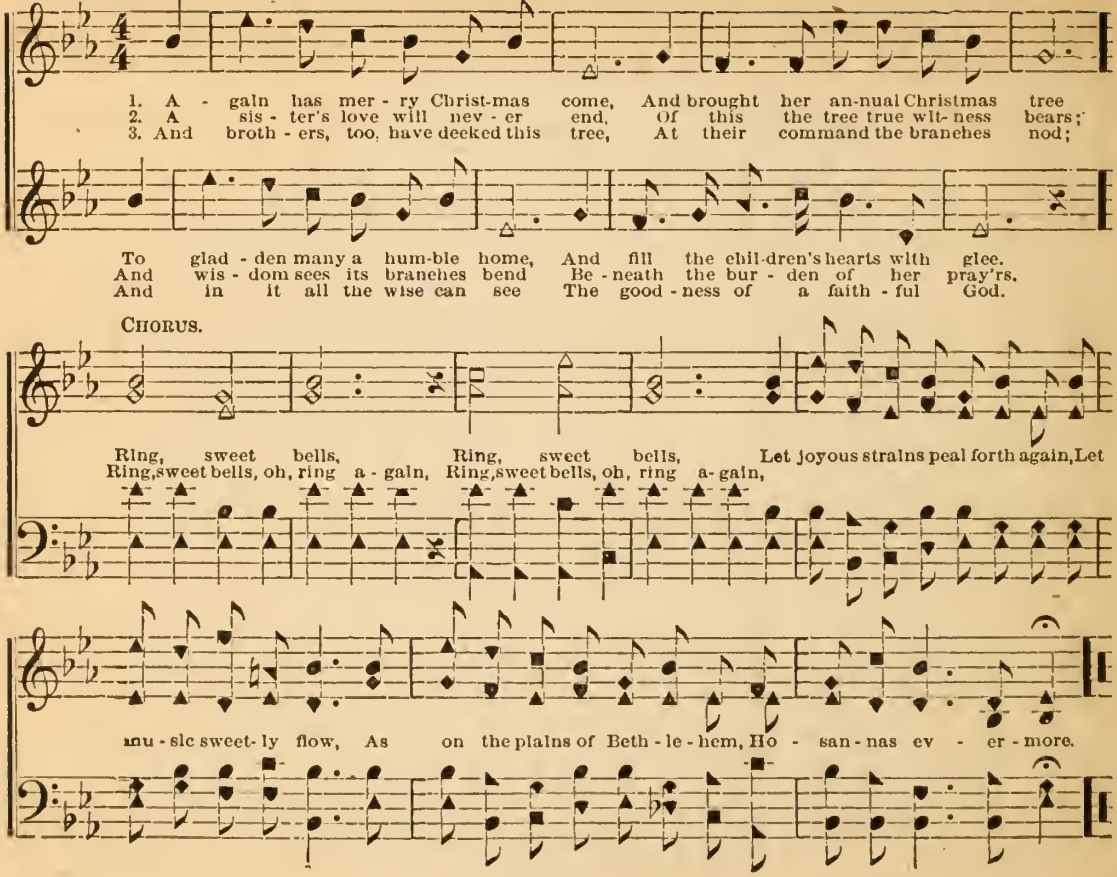
EMMA STURTEVANT. On earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE 2: 14. GEO. BAKER.




CHORUS.
Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God in the high - est! Glo - ry, glo - ry be to God most high!
Peace, peace on earth, good will, good will to men. Glo - ry be to God in the high - est!
Glo - ry be to God most high, and on earth Peace, peace on earth, good will, Good will to men.

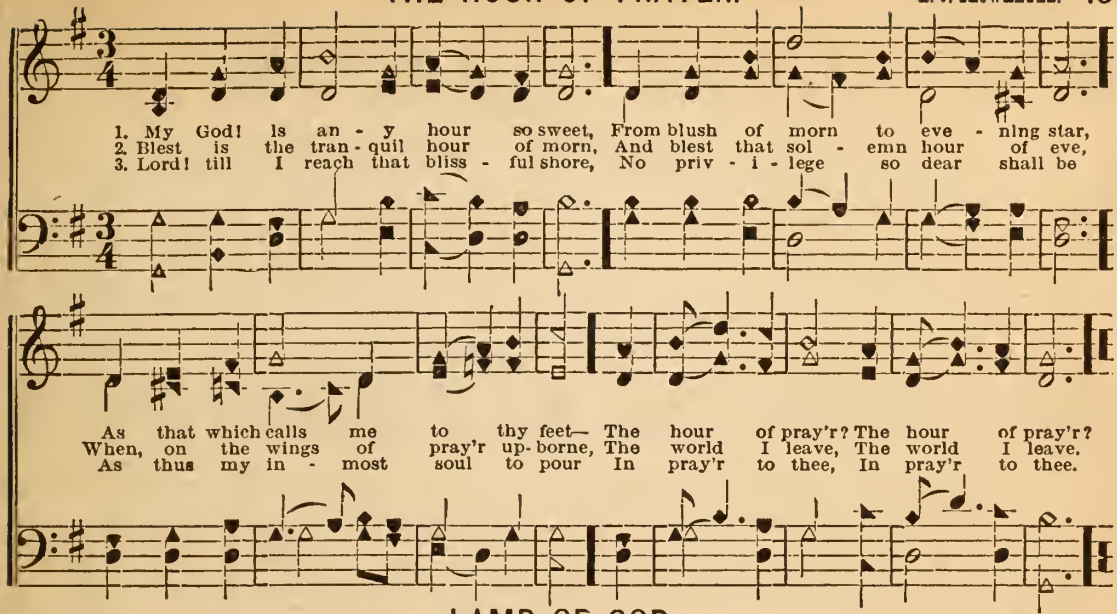
THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

GEO. B. BALCH. J. B. VAUSE N.



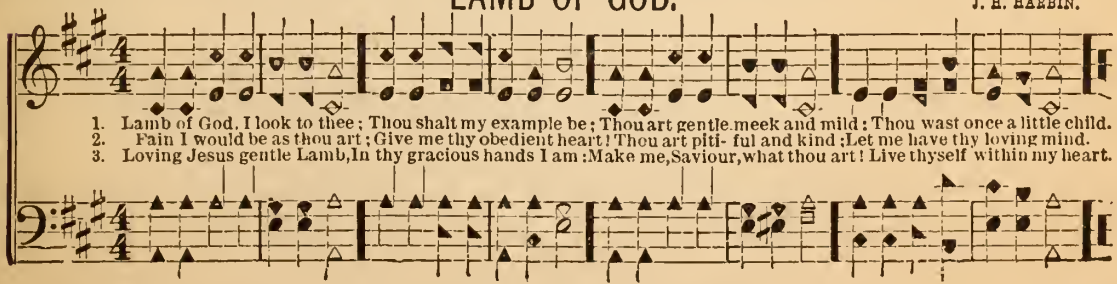
THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



LAMB OF GOD.

J. H. HARBIN.



THE FEAST OF LOVE.

G. R. STREET.

Not too fast.

1. Child of sor - row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-
   Hu - man strength is weak and vain, Let not sin its pow'r re - gain, Hum - bly
2. Pain - ful days and months, and years, Gloom - y doubts, dis - tract - ing fears, In this
   But the Lord will lead us on, He will nev - er leave his own, Till we

D.S.—To en - joy the feast of love, That the Sa - viour from a - bove, Has pre-

1st time. *2nd time.* FINE. CHORUS.

- cape from ev' - ry snare? Trust in God;
  ask and help ob - - - - - tain From thy God.
  dark-some vale of tears, We may see;
  reach the shin - ing . . . . . throne, Safe - ly there.

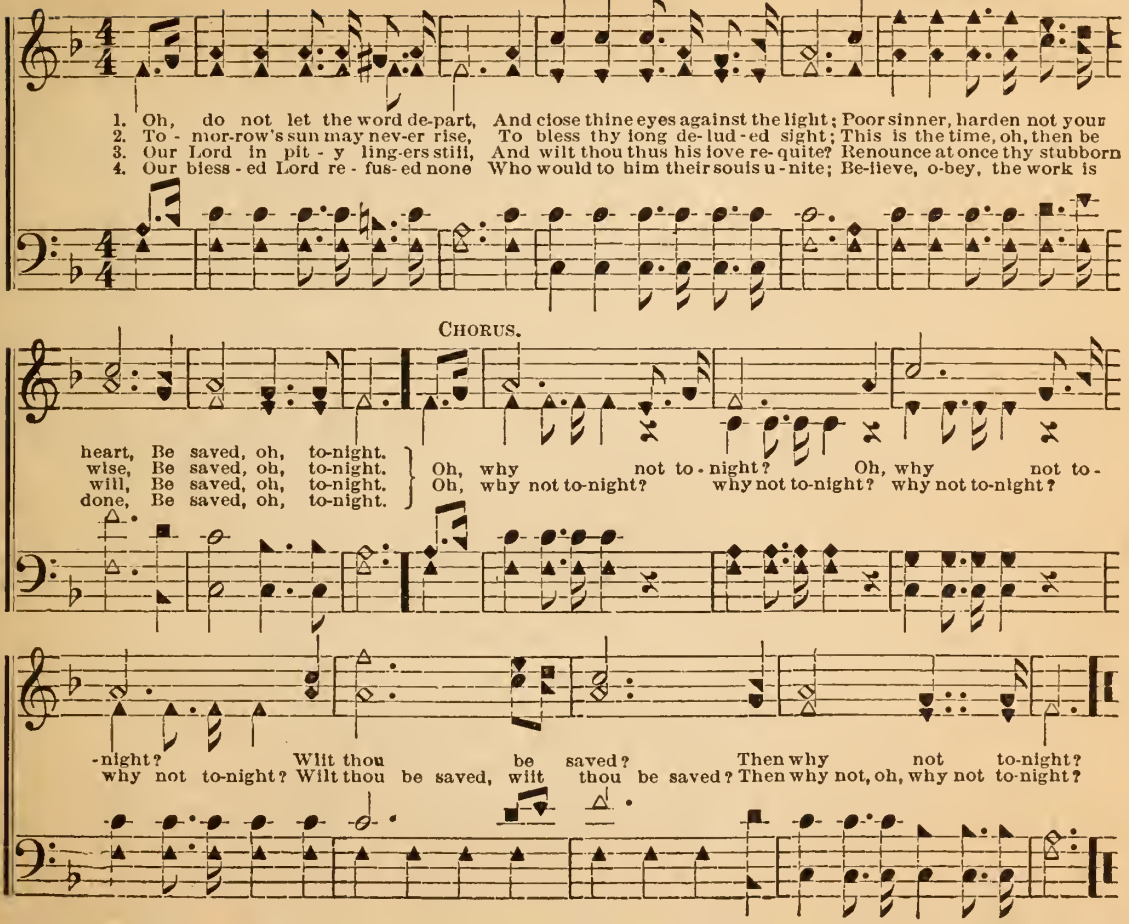
We'll be there,
we'll be there,

par'd for those who . . . . . prove Wor - thy there.

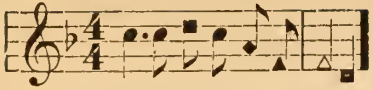
D.S.

we'll be there, we'll be there, When the Lord of glo - ry calls us, We'll be there, we'll be there,

From "New Starry Crown," by per.


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden not your
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be
3. Our Lord in pit - y ling-ers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite? Renounce at once thy stubborn
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus-ed none Who would to him their souls u-nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is
CHORUS.
heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
done, Be saved, oh, to-night.
Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
-night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

What a Friend.

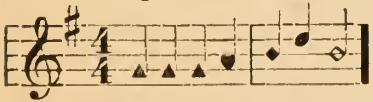


1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Ev'rything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our ev'ry weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Nothing but the Blood.



1 What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
What can make me whole again?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

CHORUS.

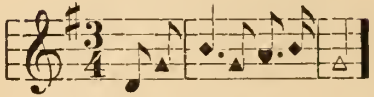
Oh, precious is the flow
That makes me white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

2 For my cleansing this I see,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my pardon this my plea,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness,—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

I am Coming to the Cross.



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

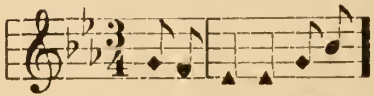
CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,
Wholly thine for evermore.

Come, Thou Fount.

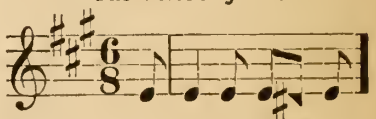


1 Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

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

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

The Voice of Jesus.

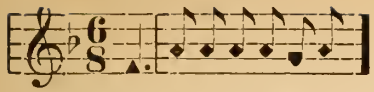


1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; (vived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in the light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Under His Wings.



1 In God I have found a retreat,
Where I can securely abide;
No refuge nor rest so complete,
And here I intend to reside.

CHORUS.

Oh, what comfort it brings,
As my soul sweetly sings:
I am safe from all danger
While under his wings.

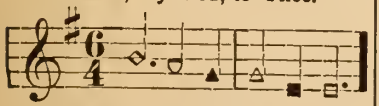
2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.

3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.

4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand upon my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

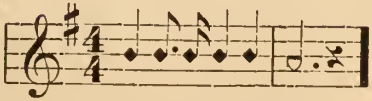


1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Jesus Will Let You In.



1 Come to our Father's house,
Come, ere the day be gone;
Tempests are gath'ring fast,
Darkness is coming on.

CHORUS.

Fly, for the tempest is coming,
Sweeping the fields of sin!
Knock at the portals of mercy,
Jesus will let you in.

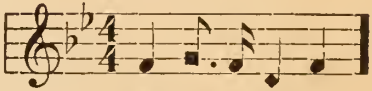
2 Look at the weary way;
Look where thy feet have trod;
Finding no rest nor peace,
Wand'ring away from God.

3 Darker thy pathway grows,
Soon will the night come down;
Fiercely the lightnings flash,
Darker the tempests frown.

4 Fly from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life to-day;
Fly to thy Father's house,
Enter the narrow way.

5 Here will thy soul find rest,
Safe from each angry blast;
Here find a perfect peace,—
Joys that forever last.

Come to the Saviour.



1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay,
Here in his word He's shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come."

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with thee,
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his voice;
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now his blest commands, and obey;
Hear now his accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come!"

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