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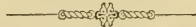
VARIED COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS

FOR

Sabbath-schools, Social Meetings and the Home Circle.

BY

J. H. TENNEY and ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



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THE SCALE.



Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doë, Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

→*PREFACE.*←

"I HATE A PREFACE!" Perhaps you do. But certain facts connected with **THE SHINING LIGHT** require that the book have a preface.

The peculiar system of notation used in this book is of modern date, being the invention of J. B. Aiken, in the year 1847. Its special advantage over round notes consists in representing each note of the scale by a distinct character. Hence, the reading of notes is greatly simplified, and the learner finds no difficulty in singing by note in any of the keys; and this shape ▲ (*Do*) is the keynote, wherever found upon the staff. (For a table representing the shapes and names of the scale series, see opposite page.)

This system is not an old one, as some suppose, but is the reformed notation of a progressive age, and has been steadily gaining in public favor. Its growth, like that of the Alpine avalanche, has been slow; but, like an

avalanche, it seems now ready to sweep before it all opposing obstacles. Especially of late years has it gained strength and volume, until many of the publishing houses of influential Christian denominations have endorsed it. Even as we write, the M. E. Church, South, are preparing a second volume of *Sabbath-school Songs*, to be issued in this notation under the editorial supervision of R. M. McIntosh, author of **TABOR**. The Presbyterian Board of Publication, the Southern Baptist Publication House, the Mennonite Publishing House, the German Baptist (or Dunkard) Publishing Committee have all issued books in this notation.

Aside from these endorsements, however, there are many others of equal importance. Shrewd business men are beginning to discover the vast strength which this system of notation is developing, and are showing a willingness to aid and abet that system which certain

musicians, years ago, pronounced a dangerous delusion. Among recent publishers we name BIGLOW & MAIN, of New York City, and Miller's Bible and Publishing House, Philadelphia, who are issuing works in this notation. That character notes must eventually become the standard notation of the country is evident, and only becomes a question of time.

Our plea for issuing "SHINING LIGHT" is that there is a growing demand for music for the Sabbath-school printed in character notes, and that children can learn to read music in this notation so much sooner than if printed in the *antiquated* system.

The authors have had considerable experience in the Sabbath-school work, and believe they have correct ideas of the kind of music specially adapted to the wants of the average Sabbath-school. In this volume

will be found many of their best hymns and tunes, together with those of other authors of unquestionable reputation.

They desire here to express their high appreciation of the services rendered them, in the preparation of these pages, by the authors and publishers who have thus aided them, and whose names are duly appended to their several contributions.

In the hope that this little volume may do good in the world; that the hymns and tunes herein contained may subserve the best interests of the Sabbath-school; that they may conduce to the worship of God, and the glory of his Son, our Saviour, these pages are respectfully submitted to the public, who rarely, if ever, fail to pronounce correct judgment in the end.

APRIL, 1870.



Doe, Ray, Mee, Faw, Sole, Law, See, Doe.

Doe, See, Law, Sole, Faw, Mee, Ray, Doe.

SHINING LIGHT.

FAINT NOT, CHRISTIAN.

ANON.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Faint not, Chris - tian! though the road, Lead - ing to thy blest a - bodé,
 2 Faint not, Chris - tian! though in rage, Sa - tan would thy soul en - gage,
 3 Faint not, Chris - tian! though the world has its hos - tile flag un - furled,
 4 Faint not, Chris - tian! though with in There's a heart so prone to sin;
 5 Faint not, Chris - tian! look on high, See the harp - ers in the sky:

Dark - some be - and dan - ger - ous too. Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through,
 Gird on Faith's a - noint - ed shield; Bear it to the bat - tle - field,
 Hold the cross of Je - sus fast. Thou shalt o - ver - come at last.
 Christ, the Lord, is o - ver all: He'll not suf - fer thee to fall.
 Pa - tient wait, and thou wilt join, - Chant with them of love di - vine.

1 To the high - ways and hedg - es, oh, has - ten to - day! There are
 2 If the Shep - herd we fol - low, we care for the lambs: They are
 3 To the wea - ry and la - den the Mas - ter gives rest; And the

thou - sands and thou - sands now go - ing a - stray. Oh, be gen - tle and ten - der, just
 pre - cious to Je - sus, and dear to his name. Shall they wan - der in dark - ness and
 sin - ner, when hum - ble, be ev - er has blest; From this foun - tain of wa - ters the

lead - ing with love; For the Fa - ther in hea - ven in - vites them a - bove.
 per - ish in sin? Let us has - ten ere night - fall, to gath - er them in.
 thirst - y may drink; Neath an o - cean of love pol - lu - tion may sink.

✽ COMPEL THEM TO COME. ✽ Concluded.

7

CHORUS.

Com - pel them with lov - ing en - treat - y to come, Oh,

tell them, Oh, tell them there ev - er is room; Oh, bring them, Oh, bring them, Oh,

bring them a - long! Then teach them, yes, teach them to sing the new song.

<:JUST BESIDE THE RIVER,:>

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

1 Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us home;
 2 Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us home;
 3 Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing till our work is done;

Soon we'll see the shi - ning pearl - y gate, Of our Fa - ther's heav'n - ly throne.
 Soon we'll join the glo - rious song of praise, O - ver on the oth - er shore.
 If we faith - ful prove we'll rest at last, 'Mid the shin - ing, rau - som'd throng.

CHORUS.

Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, - Wait - ing near the gold - en throne;

♫JUST BESIDE THE RIVER.♫ Concluded.

9

Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, - Wait - ing there to take us home.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

♫IN GOD WE TRUST.♫

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Happy Songs."

1 In God we trust! He is our sure De-fence. He shields us with His own om - nip - o - tence.
2 In God we trust! He is a sol - id Rock, Un-moved and firm A - gainst all earth - ly shock.
3 In God we trust! He is our Help - er now. We pay to him Our hum - ble, sol - emn vow.

CHORUS.

In God we trust! In God we trust! For help and strength In God we trust!

SHOUT FOR GLADNESS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Shout for glad - ness, sons of Zi - on! Lo! the morn - ing of light ap - pears,
 2 Shout for glad - ness! Christ is com - ing From the re - gions of bliss the blest;
 3 Glo - rious day, so long ex - pect - ed! Flood your tide of bliss a - long;

Ris - ing o'er time's drear - y moun - tains, Break - ing through the mist of years;
 Count - less mill - lions rise to meet him From the North, South, East, and West;
 Brooks and vales and seas and moun - tains Join the ev - er - last - ing song!

Je - sus comes with throng - ing an - gels, From the shi - ning courts a - bove,
 Lo! the reign of sin is o - ver; Death, no more can ter - ror bring;
 Zi - on, from the heav'ns de - scend - ing O'er the earth her ra - diance flings;

SHOUT FOR GLADNESS. Concluded.

11



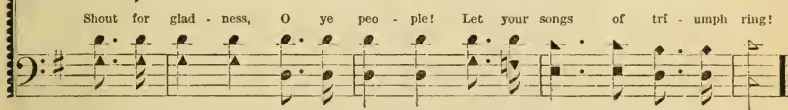
And the ban - ner stream - ling o'er him Is the ban - ner of his love.
Shout a - loud and sing for the glad - ness, — Christ, the King of kings, King!
Saints and an - gels join the cho - rus. Shout, for Christ is King of kings!



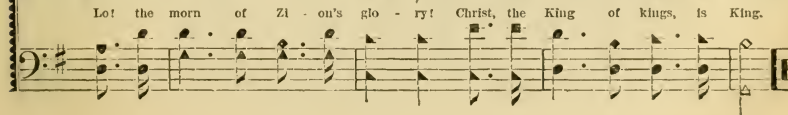
CHORUS.



Shout for glad - ness, O ye peo - ple! Let your songs of tri - umph ring!



Lo! the morn of Zi - on's glo - ry! Christ, the King of kings, is King.



1 See the Foun - tain o - pened wide That from pol - lu - tion frees us;
 2 Dy - ing sin - ners, come and try: These wa - ters will re - lieve you!
 3 He who drinks shall nev - er die: These wa - ters fall him nev - er.
 4 Weep - ing Ma - ry, full of grief, Came beg - ging for these wa - ters;

Flow - ing from the wound - ed side Of our Im - man - uel, Je - sus.
 With - out mon - ey, come and buy; For Christ will free - ly give you.
 Sin - ners, come, and now ap - ply, And drink on's live for - ev - er.
 Je - sus gave her full re - lief, With Zi - on's sons and daugh - ters.

CHORUS.

Ho! ev - ry one that thirsts! Come ye to the wa - ters.

Free - ly drink and quench your thirst, With Zi - on's sons and daugh - ters.

A. S. K.

→THE EDEN OF LOVE←

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Oh, when shall I dwell in my Fa - ther's bright home, From sor - row and sin ev - er free;
 2 Oh, fair are the halls in that pal - ace of song, And sweet - ly the lan - som'd ones sing,
 3 There safe shall I rest when life's jour - ney is o'er, And sing with the loved ones a - bove.

With fair, shin - ing an - gels for - ev - er to roam, And my bless - ed Re - deem - er to see.
 As a - ges of bliss flood their bright tide a - long In that home of the Sa - viour, our King.
 There dwell with my Sa - viour and friends ev - er - more In that sweet, hap - py E - den of love.

1 Crim - son'd gar - ments wear - est thou, Sa - viour, pure and ho - ly! Crim - son life - drops
 2 Can I still with-hold my heart? Still re - ject my par - don? Keep my - self from
 3 Here I yield me now to thee, Oh, my lov - ing Sa - viour! Hence - forth thou my

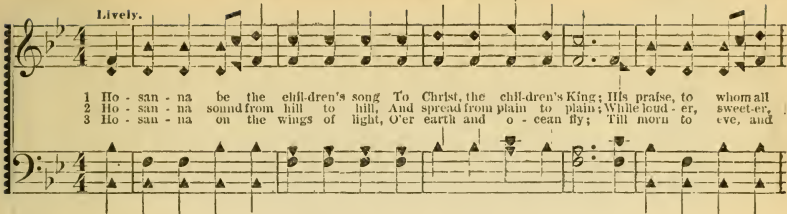
on thy brow, Sa - viour, meek and low - ly! Why must thou, the Sin - less, bleed? 'Twas to meet my
 thee a - part, Weep - ing in the gar - den? Shall thy flood of bit - ter tears, Shall thy weight of
 all shalt be: Take me to thy fa - vor! On - ly sin - ful heart to give, But the gift thou

bit - ter need, And to make me thine in - deed, Thine for - e'er and whol - ly.
 crush - ing fears, Cross, that high its form up - rears, Nev - er bring me par - don?
 wilt re - ceive, Ho - ly life wilt help me live In thy strength, my Sa - viour!

HO SAN NA TO OUR KING.

J. H. TENNEY. 15

Lively.

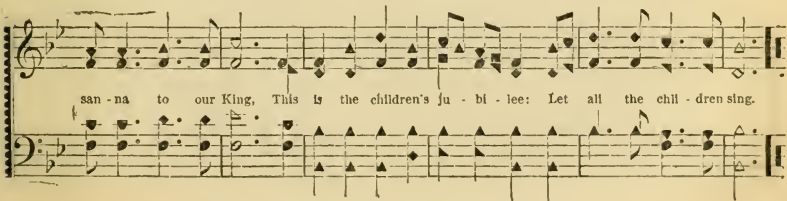


1 Ho - san - na be the chil-dren's song To Christ, the chil-dren's King; His praise, to whom all
2 Ho - san - na sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain; While loud - er, sweet - er,
3 Ho - san - na on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly; Till morn to eve, and

CHORUS.



praise be - longs, Let all the chil - dren sing.
clear - er still Woods ech - o to the strain. } Ho - san - na, then, our song shall be.— Ho -
noon to night, And heav'n to earth, re - ply.



san - na to our King, This is the children's ju - bi - lee: Let all the chil - dren sing.

RIVER OF LIFE.

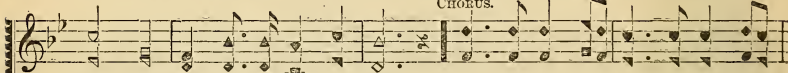
J. H. TENNEY.



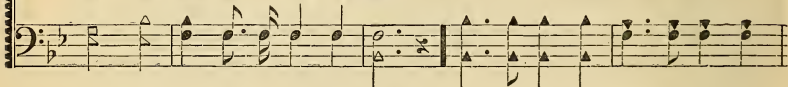
1 Forth from the throne and glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing
 2 Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang
 3 Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near; My soul to thy still



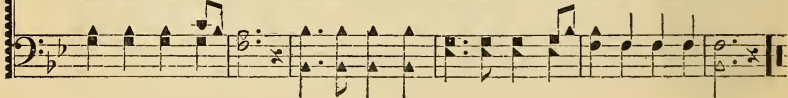
CHORUS.



Foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing Stream. } Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er
 si - lent, Nor hap - py voice cease.
 wa - ters Hastes, in its thirst - ing here.



Feast my eyes on thee; Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.



1 I have oft - en dreamed of that glo - ry - land, With its beau - ti - ful mansions and
 2 Shall we reach that home on the oth - er shore? Shall we dwell in those mansions for -
 3 We shall en - ter in to those peace - ful shores; We shall dwell in those mansions for -

an - gel bands, With its beau - ti - ful streets, all paved with gold, And its
 ev - er - more? Shall we taste of its joys, with ty, those saved from love? sin; Shall we
 ev - er - more; We shall dwell in that cl - we're

CHORUS.
 glo - ri - ous mu - sic and its joys un - told.
 join in the eho - rus with the throng un - above? } We shall en - ter, we shall en - ter those
 true and love Je - sus, we shall en - ter in.

beau - ti - ful gates, We shall en - ter, we shall en - ter those beau - ti - ful gates, Oh,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bright Glory-Land'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'beau - ti - ful gates, We shall en - ter, we shall en - ter those beau - ti - ful gates, Oh,'.

yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, we shall en - ter those

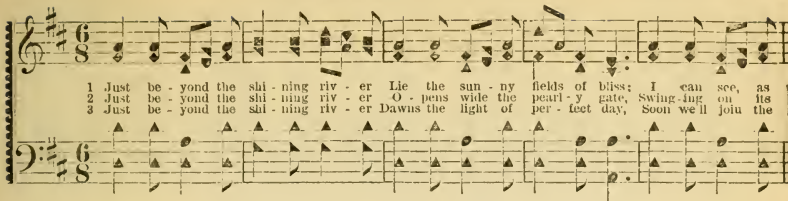
The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: 'yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, Oh, yes, we shall en - ter those'.

beau - ti - ful gates; If we're true and love Je - sus, we shall en - ter in.

The third system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. It features a final cadence in the treble staff. The lyrics are: 'beau - ti - ful gates; If we're true and love Je - sus, we shall en - ter in.'

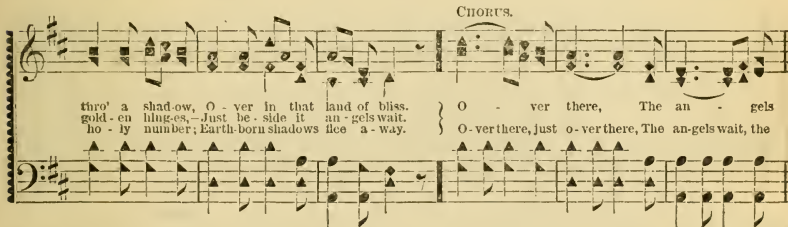
÷JUST OVER THE RIVER.÷

J. CALVIN BUSENEY. 19

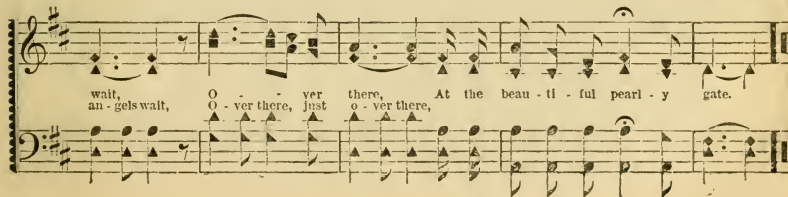


1 Just be - yond the shi - ning riv - er Lie the sun - ny fields of bliss; I can see, as
 2 Just be - yond the shi - ning riv - er O - pens wide the pearl - y gate, Swing - ing on its
 3 Just be - yond the shi - ning riv - er Dawns the light of per - feet day, Soon we'll join the

CHORUS.



thro' a shad - ow, O - ver in that land of bliss. } O - ver there, The an - gels
 gold - en ling - es, - Just be - side it an - gels wait. }
 ho - ly number; Earth - born shadows flee a - way. } O - ver there, just o - ver there, The an - gels wait, the



wait, O - ver - ver there, At the beau - ti - ful pearl - y gate.
 an - gels wait, O - ver there, just o - ver there,

✧+BEAUTIFUL ELEN.+✧

From "Pure Gold," by permission of Biglow & Main, New York.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Beau - ti - ful E - den, ref - uge of peace; Home where the
 2 Beau - ti - ful E - den, sor - row or care Nev - er can
 3 Beau - ti - ful E - den, place of de - light, Land er the
 4 Beau - ti - ful E - den, gar - den of peace, Where of we may

songs of the ran - som'd ne'er cease; Oh, how my spir - it, when sad - dened by
 with er thy blos - soms so fair; Siu can not blight them, and death can not
 au - gels, on the les - sial and bright; Here may the way - far - er stay and take a
 gaze on the Sa - viour's dear face; There we shall gath - er in glad - ness a -

gloom, Longs to be - hold thee, thou gar - den of bloom!
 slay, Safe in the gar - den of thee, prom - ise of they.
 rest, Here in the heav - en ly home is are the blest.
 bove, Roam - ing the realms of E - den of love.

✧+BEAUTIFUL EDEN.+✧ Concluded.

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CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful E - den, beau - ti - ful E - den, Bright are thy

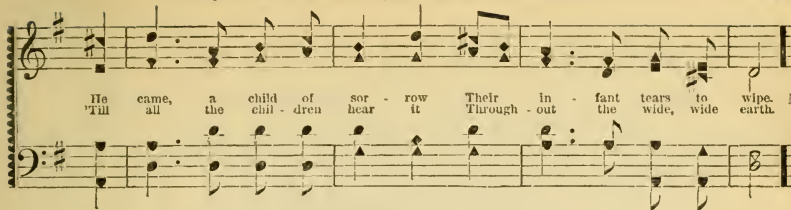
flow'rs, and gold - en thy fruits; Pure are thy riv - ers, thy foun - tains how

free! Beau - ti - ful E - den, my soul longs for thee.

1 We've heard the good old sto - ry From sweet - est lips of love,
 2 He comes, oh, pre - cious sto - ry! With love for you and me.

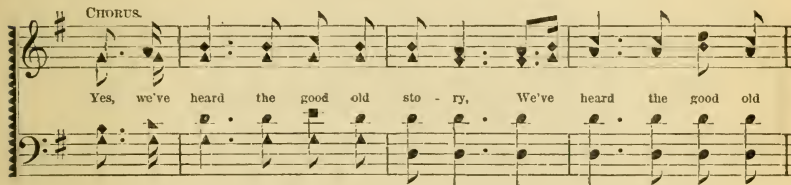
Of Oh, Christ, who will King bid of him glo - ry, Who came from heav'n a - bove.
 who who his child will be? wel - come? Who, who

He came with love for chil - dren, Of pur est, sweet - est type;
 Then, then to oth - ers bear it, This love of price - less worth,




He came, a child of sor - row
'Till all the chil - dren hear it
Their In - fant tears to wipe
Through - out the wide, wide earth.

CHORUS.



Yes, we've heard the good old sto - ry,
We've heard the good old



sto - ry, Of Christ, the King of glo - ry,
Who came from heav'n a - bove.

+YONDER ARE MANY MANSIONS.+

J. H. TENNEY.

From "Songs of Faith," by per.

1 Yon - der are ma - ny man - sions, Gold - en, and bright, and fair;
 2 Yon - der are streets all gold - en, Trod - den by an - gel feet;
 3 Yon - der are my dear Re - deem - er, Seat - ed up - on his throne,

Soon I may hope to see them, And in the glo - ry share.
 There all the pure arms and in ly come, Halls I me, his loved, to his greet.
 O - pens his own.

CHORUS.

Yon - der, yon - der, Yon - der are ma - ny man - sions;
 Yon - der are mansions, are mansions of glo - ry,

Yon - der are der, yon - der, Are man - sions bright and fair.
 You - der are mansions, are man - sions of glo - ry, You - der are man - sions bright and fair.

Mrs. S. B. HERRICK,

⇒*SABBATH DAWN.*⇐

L. O. EMERSON.

1 Forth from yon gates a - far, Bright with the dawning; Forth from her gold - en car, Com - eth the morn - ing.
 2 When chime the Sab - bath bells, This morn of gladness, Hope all our fear dis - pels, Banished our sad - ness.
 3 When shall have passed a - way These gold - en hours; Oh, may we meet for aye In heav - en's bow - ers,

Soft - ly the wa - ters lie, Peace rests up - on the sky. Lord, lift our spir - its high This ho - ly morn - ing.
 When in the Sabbath - school, Learning the bless - ed rule, With joy our hearts are full This morn of glad - ness.
 Where part - ings nev - er come, Where wea - ry feet shall roam, Ne'er from our bliss - ful home In heav - en's bow - ers.

✧ + PARDONED. + ✧

J. H. FENNEY.

1 Sorrow - ing sin - ner, weep no more: Christ is stand - ing at the
 2 He hath seen the and bend - ed knee; He hath heard thy of con - trite
 3 Saved from wrath sanc - ti - fied Through the blood his dear

door: Hasten and on his pier - ed feet Pour thy heart's ob - la - tion
 plea; Not in vain thy soul hath wept; Not in vain its vig - ils
 side, Nev - er from thy hap - py heart Let the heav'n - ly Guest de -

sweet, He will love thee, He will love thee, And will leave thee nev - er more.
 kept. While yet pray - ing, Hear him say - ing, All thy sins I bear for thee.
 part. He is with thee. Bid him with thee Ev - er, ev - er - more a - bide.

p

1 Gen - tly fold the dimpled hands. Death hath closed the eye - lids now. She is rest - ing with her
 2 Soft - ly smoothe the mar - ble brow. Take one look, the last on earth. Mur - mur not, for 'twas the
 3 Hush'd the breath, 'tis stilled in death: Sweet - ly sleeps the peace - ful dead. Oh, how lone - ly, oh, how
 4 Gen - tly bear her form a - way To the con - fines of the tomb; She'll be wait - ing o - ver

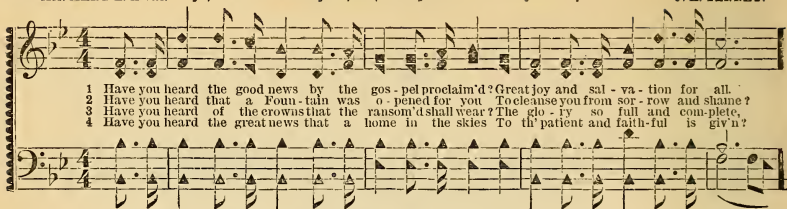
rit. *Chorus.* *p*

Sa - vour: She has joined the an - gel band.
 Mas - ter, And he do - eth all things well.
 lone - ly, Now she's gone from out our midst.
 you - der, In that land of per - fect day.

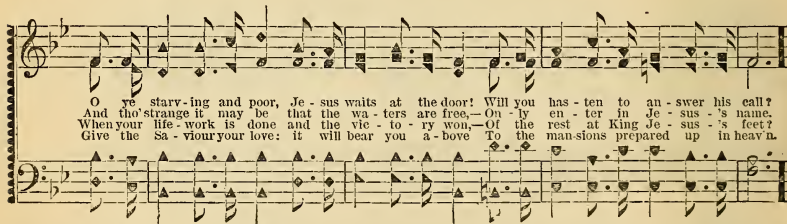
Sweet - ly rests the beautiful dead, Sweet - ly
 Sweetly rests the beautiful dead,

pp *3* *m* *3* *rit.* *pp*

rests the beautiful dead, Sweet - ly rests the beautiful dead who die in the Lord.
 Sweetly rests the beautiful dead,

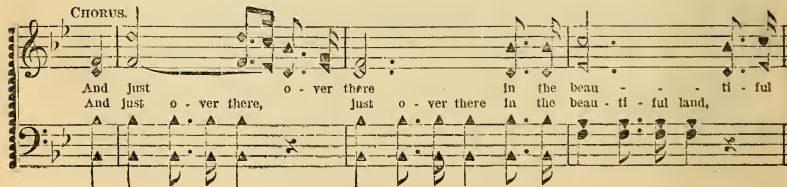


1 Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd? Great joy and sal - va - tion for all.
 2 Have you heard that a Foun - tain was o - pened for you To cleanse you from sor - row and shame?
 3 Have you heard of the crowns that the ransom'd shall wear? The glo - ry so full and com - plete,
 4 Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies To th' patient and faith - ful is giv'n?

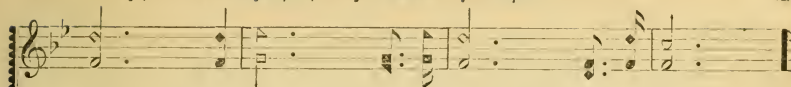


O ye starv - ing and poor, Je - sus waits at the door! Will you has - ten to an - swer his call?
 And tho' strange it may be that the wa - ters are free, — On - ly en - ter in Je - sus - 's name.
 When your life - work is done and the vic - to - ry won, — Of the rest at King Je - sus - 's feet?
 Give the Sa - viour your love: it will bear you a - bove To the man - sions prepared up in heav'n.

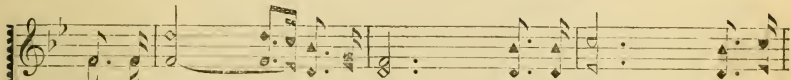
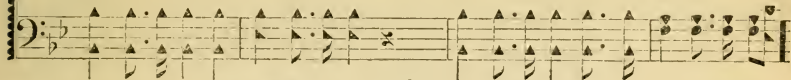
CHORUS.



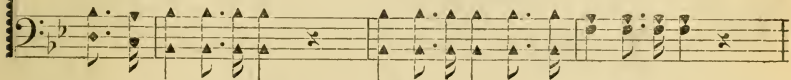
And just o - ver there, o - ver there in the beau - ti - ful
 And just o - ver there, just o - ver there in the beau - ti - ful land,



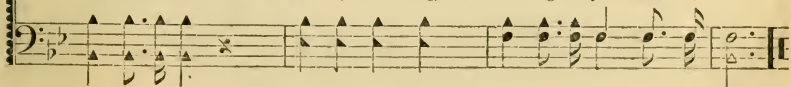
land,— From sor - row and sin ev - er free,—
beau - ti - ful land, From sor - row and sin, sor - row and sin ev - er free, ev - er free;—



Hap - py an - gels of light, Robed in gar - ments of
Hap - py an - gels of light, au - gels of light, Robed in gar - ments of white,



white, Fond - ly wait - ing for you and for me.
gar - ments of white, Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.



❖+WHO'LL SEND THE NEWS?+❖

O. R. BARROWS.

1 An - gels are wait - ing to bear the news Up to the courts a - bove,
 2 Je - sus is read - y. Oh, heed his call, "Come, wea - ry ones, and rest."
 3 Oh, what an an - them will an - gels sing! How throb their hearts with love!

Of some poor wand'rer now com - ing home, Seek - ing a Fa - ther's love.
 Noth - ing is wait - ing; there's room and on the wing. Now be send for - ev - er blest.
 E'en now they're wait - ing, Who'll be send the news a - bove?

CHORUS.

There will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove,
 There will be joy, will be joy in heav'n, There will be joy a - bove, will be joy a - bove,

o - ver the wan-d'r'er re - turn - ing home, Seek - ing a Fa - ther's love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

✚ THE WAY WILL GROW BRIGHTER. ✚

L. O. EMERSON.

1 On-ward, broth-er, on - ward In the pil - grim way! God will make the path more bright Ev - ry day.
2 Up-ward, broth-er, up - ward To the home on high! Li - tle will beam more clear and bright From the sky.
3 Forward, broth-er, for - ward! And the God of love Will each day send clear - er light From a bove.

CHORUS.

On-ward, broth-er, on - ward }
Up-ward, broth-er, up - ward } To the per - fect day, God will strew thy path with light All the way.
Forward, broth-er, for - ward }

CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG.

1 We are a lit - tle va - liant band Of sol - diers for the right; And we are march ing
 2 The hosts of our sin - ner press - ing hard, But nev - er will we yield; We'll nev - er lay the
 3 We hold onr ban - ner to the breeze, And shout our Lead - er's name; For - ev - er we will

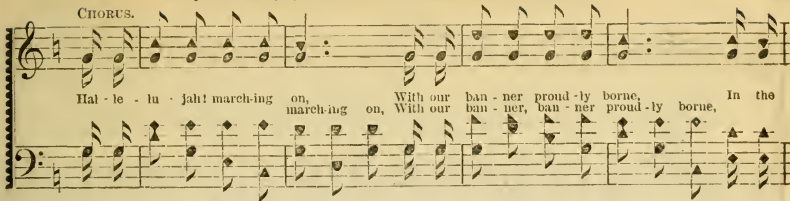
on to war, With ar - mor shi - ning bright; Our foes are ma - ny ev' - ry - where; We'll
 ar - mor by, Nor quit the bat - tle - field; We have a Cap - tain firm and true, He
 march and sing, His hon - or to pro - claim; And when in bat - tle we shall fall, A

meet them on our way; But with a Lead - er such as ours, We'll sure - ly gain the day.
 bids us all be strong, And fight for him with all our might, What though the strife be long.
 crown of life he'll give To ev' - ry va - liant sol - dier here, And they with Christ shall live.

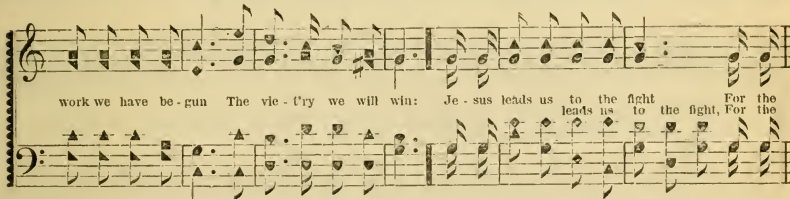
♫ CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG. ♫ Concluded.

33

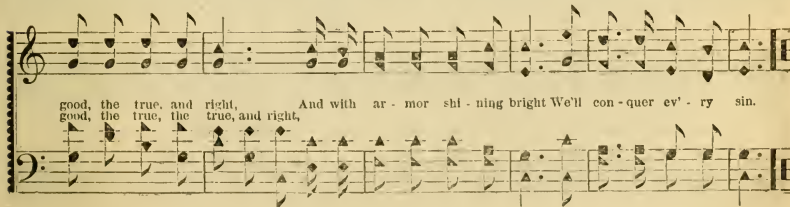
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! march-ing on, With our ban - ner proud - ly borne, In the
march-ing on, With our ban - ner, ban - ner proud - ly borne,



work we have be - gun The vic - t'ry we will win: Je - sus leads us to the fight For the
leads us to the fight, For the



good, the true, and right, And with ar - mor shi - ning bright We'll con - quer ev - ry sin.
good, the true, the true, and right,

THE HARVEST IS PASSING.

D. H. LLOYD.

1 Oh, wand'r'er, be wise while God now en-treats thee, His warnings and pleadings of mer-cy at-tend.
 2 How oft - en thy sins and guilt has he told thee, And yet, once a - gain, heed the word that he sends.
 3 Yes, haste, for the Sa - viour waits to re - ceive thee, And do not stay lon - ger from such a dear Friend;

Come, hear the sweet voice from a - bove— he en - treats thee,
 He calls thee. Oh, haste to the shel - ter he gives thee, } For the har - vest is pass - ing; the
 For, friend - less, for - sa - ken, at last he will leave thee,

sum - mer will end. For the har - vest is pass - ing: the sum - mer will end.

TEACHERS.

CHILDREN.

TEACHERS.

1 Does Je - sus love lit - tle chil - dren? Yes, yes. Oh, yes. Did Je - sus die to re -
 2 Does Je - sus hear us when pray - ing? Yes, yes. Oh, yes. He hears each word we are
 3 Oh, may we all get to heav - en! Yes, yes. Oh, yes. And live with Je - sus for -

CHILDREN.

ALL.

deem them. Yes, yes. Oh, yes. Of such, he said, is my king-dom: Let them come un - to
 say - ing. Yes, yes. Oh, yes. He hears each word that is spo - ken, - Sees each act that we
 ev - er. Yes, yes. Oh, yes. Then let us ev - er be watch-ing! Soon the an - gels will

me;
 do. When he placed his hands up - on them. - Those lit - tle chil - dren like me.
 come: His com-mands should ne'er be bro - ken; For Je - sus ear - eth for you.
 They will take us to his king - dom To live with Je - sus at home.

1 Beau - ti - ful dar - ling, the an - gels have called thee. Love can - not bring back the
 2 Where do ye dwell, O my glo - ri - ous loved one? What does the cur - tain which
 3 Well do I know that the arms of my Sa - viour Ten - der - ly fold her and

light of thy smile. Say, O ye mes - sen - gers, bear - ing her from me,
 closed on thee hide? Kin - dred, who've passed through the veil and are wait - ing
 keep her from me; And one bright day will the same bless - ed an - gels

1st. 2d.
 Give ye her back to me af - ter a while, af - ter a while,
 For me, have room for my sweet by your side, sw et by your side,
 O - pen the door that my love I can see, love I can see.

Not too fast.

by per.

1 I am sing - ing all the day, As I go my pil - grim way;
 2 I am sing - ing all the day, As I go my pil - grim way;
 3 I am sing - ing all the day, And my washed joy I stain a - hot stay;

For the blood of Je sus saves me, And no more my sin en - slaves me;
 Oh, the joy my soul is fill - ing, Christ his love to so en - veal - ing!
 For the Lord my soul is fill - ing, With a sweet - ness so en - thrill - ing,

So I'm sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, As I go my pil - grim way.
 So I'm sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, As I go my pil - grim way.
 That I'm sing - ing, sing - ing all the day, As I go my pil - grim way.

⇒*FEED MY LAMBS.*⇒

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs, On the herb - age of my Word;
 2 Feed my lamb, my lit - tle lambs, With the bread of end - less life;
 3 Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs, With a knowl - edge of their Lord;

Care for them with ten - der - ness; Let their ev' - ry cry be heard:
 Keep them from the tempt - er's wiles, - From the e - vil and the strife:
 Fit them for the my ser - vice here, And in heav'n a great re - ward:

Feed them with a lov - ing hand; Shield them from ap - proach - ing ill;
 Thou who car - est for the flock, That they from wan - der not a way,
 Guide, oh, guide the lit - tle feet, In to wis - dom's pleas - ant ways;

Lead them 'mid the lil - les fair, By the wa ters bright and still.
 Teach ne'er neg - lect the lit - tle ones; Watch and guard them day by day.
 The ten - der heart to love, And the guile - less lips to praise.

CHORUS.

Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs. Feed my
 Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs.

lambs, Feed my lambs, If thou lov - est me, Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs.
 Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, Feed my lambs, my lit - tle lambs.

1 How glad I am that Je - sus loves me, And that he gaye his precious blood To save my soul from
 2 How glad I am that Je - sus loves me, And takes me gen - tly by the hand To lead me thro' this
 3 How glad I am that Je - sus loves me, And makes my spir - it pure and white In the a - ton - ing,

CHORUS.

end-less ru - in, And lead my spir - it up to God. } My Je - sus loves me, My Je - sus loves me, My
 life's dark jour - ney Un - to the gold - en sum - mer - land. }
 crimson Foun - tain That flows a - down from Calv'ry's height. }

Je - sus loves me, this I know; My Je - sus loves me, My Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

1 Wilt thou not come to the Sa - viour? He's call - ing thee home! Re-
 2 Oh, spurn sin - ner, the now trust he of - fers Thro' his pre - cious blood, That
 3 List, hear you not! he is mer - cy: 'Tis bound - less and free; He
 4 List, hear you not! he is call - ing Thee, wan - der - er, home; In

celve the bless - ing of par - don, And cease now to roam!
 flowed on Cal - va - ry's moun - tain, To bring thee to God.
 gave on His life, pure and pre - cious, A ran - som for thee.
 tones of love he plead - ing, "Poor sin - ner, come home."

CHORUS.

1st. 2d.

Come home! come home! And be saved to - day. And be saved to - day.
 Come home, come home, come home, come home,

+KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.+

JAMES McCRAHAN.

by per.

1 Be - hold a stran - ger stand - ing Just out - side a close - barred door; He's wea - ry with this
 2 I heard his soft voice call - ing, Ev - er call - ing at the door; I'm knocking, sin - ner,
 3 Christ is knock - ing, gen - tly knock - ing, Ev - er knock - ing at my heart. I'll glad - ly bid him
 4 So well ev - er sup - to - geth - er, - This bless - ed Friend and I; And if I ev - er

walt - ing, But he will not give it o'er. He knocks, and, as he's knock - ing, He
 knock - ing, As I've oft - en knocked be - fore. Just ope the door a mo - ment, - Long e -
 en - ter; I will ask him not de - part. Welcome! wel - come! bless - ed Stran - ger! Come
 hun - ger, He can hear my faint - est cry. And when my war - fare's o - ver, I'll

lifts his heav'n - ly voice, "Ope the door and let me en - ter: I will make your heart re - joice."
 nough to let me in; And I'll dwell with you for - ev - er, And will cleanse you from all sin.
 in, and sup with me. Enl - fill thy gra - cious prom - ise, Lord, and let me sup with thee.
 share his heav'n - ly bliss. Oh, who could ev - er bar the door 'Gainst such a friend as this.

CHORUS.

Knock - ing, ev - er knock - ing, Knock - ing, ev - er knock - ing, Christ is ev - er

gen - tly knock - ing, knock - ing at the door. He will leave me nev - er;

Dwell with me for - ev - er; Glad - ly will I bld him en - ter And de - part no more.

DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME?

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Do they pray for me at home? Do they ev - er pray for
 2 Do they pray for me at home, When the sun mer birds for
 3 Do they pray for me at home, When the winds of win - ter

me, When I ride the dark sea foam, When I cross the storm - y
 pear? Do Do they pray for me with while, love, That As my path may be win - ter's
 blow?

sea? Oh, how oft in for - eign lands, As I see the bend - ed
 drear? At the home in ear - ly youth, Are they place the va - cant
 snow? In the sea - son's chill - y cold, Are their hearts for me still

musical score for the first system of the song. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

knee, Comes the thought at twi - light hour, Do they ev - er pray for me?
 chair, Where Am my heart so oft re - turns, To the lov'd ones gath - er d there?
 warm? Am I cher - ish d as of old, Through the beat - ing of the storm?

REFRAIN.

musical score for the first line of the refrain. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Do they ev - er, do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at

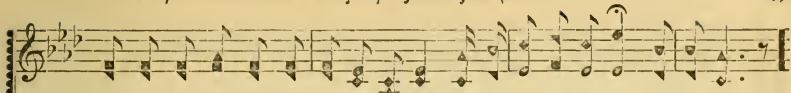
musical score for the second line of the refrain. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

home? Do they ev - er, do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at home?

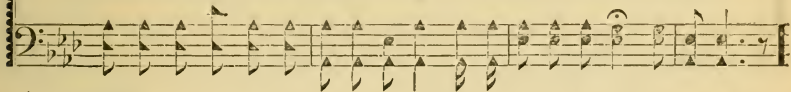
1 Oh, we sing the glad songs of the E - den of love, A land of e - ter - nal bloom, Of a
2 There are flow - ers in - mor - tal that bloom in that land, To sor - row and care un - known; There's a

cit - y so bright with a beau - ti - ful light, Where there is no grief or gloom: Oh, we
riv - er of life giv - ing wa - ter that flows From the beau - ti - ful gold - en throne; There are

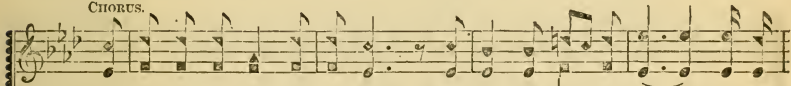
know not the place where the cit - y is built, But hope all at last may be there, To
thou - sands of an - gels, all glo - rious and bright, Who dwell in that coun - try so fair, And



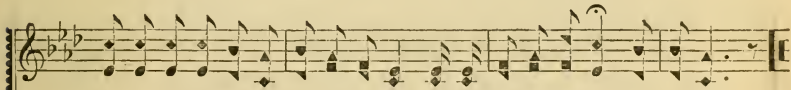
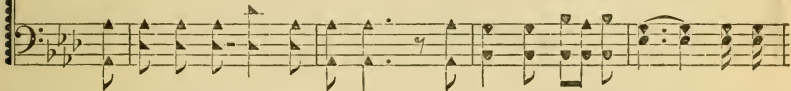
Join the glad songs which the ransomed will sing, In the beau-ti-ful gold-en somewhere,
swell the glad song that shall burst on the ear, In the beau-ti-ful gold-en somewhere,



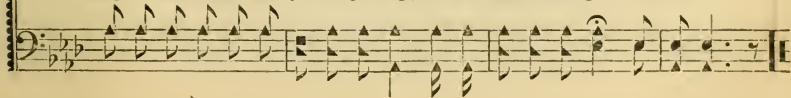
CHORUS.



Oh, beau-ti-ful gold-en somewhere, Where all is bright and fair: Oh, we



long to be-hold thee and join the glad songs, In the beau-ti-ful gold-en somewhere.



>:HOLD ON, MY HEART.:<

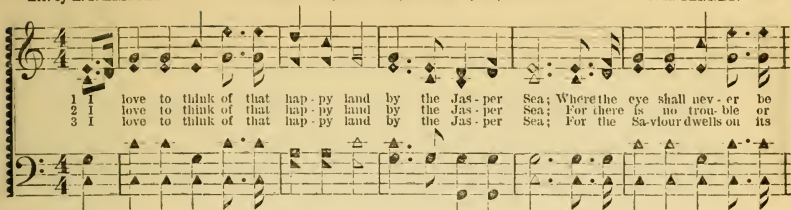
J. H. ROSECRANS.

Moderato.

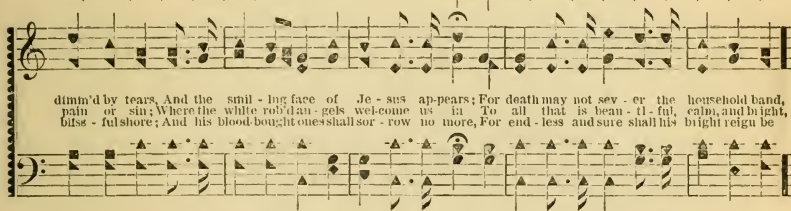
1 Hold on, my heart, in thy be - liev - ing! The stead - fast on - ly wears the crown; He
 2 Hold in thy mur - murs, heav'n ar - reign - ing! The pa - tient see God's lov - ing face. Who
 3 Hold out! there comes an end to sor - row; Hope, from the dust, shall conquering rise; The

who, when storm - y waves are heav - ing, Parts with his an - chor, shall go down;
 bear their bur - dens un - com - plain - ing, 'Tis they who win the Fa - ther's grace.
 storm pro - claims a sum - mer - mor - row; The cross points on the to Par - a - dise.

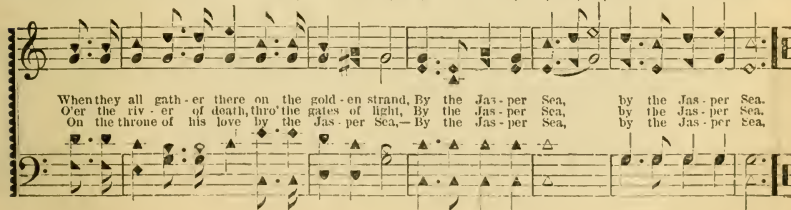
But he whom Je - sus holds, thro' all Shall stand, though earth and heav'n should fall.
 Ho wounds him - self who braves the rod, And sets him - self to fight with God.
 The Fa - ther reign - eth; cease all doubts; Hold on, my heart! hold on, hold out!



1 I love to think of that hap-py land by the Jas-per Sea; Where the eye shall nev-er be
2 I love to think of that hap-py land by the Jas-per Sea; For there is no trou-ble or
3 I love to think of that hap-py land by the Jas-per Sea; For the Sa-viour dwells on its



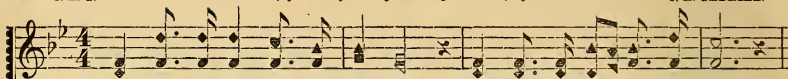
dim'm'd by tears, And the smil-ing face of Je-sus ap-pears; For death may not sev-er the household band,
pain or sin; Where the white rob'd an-gels wel-come us in To all that is bean-ti-ful, calm, and bright,
bliss-ful shore; And his blood-bought ones shall sor-row no more, For end-less and sure shall his bright reign be



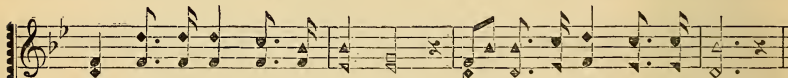
When they all gath-er there on the gold-en strand, By the Jas-per Sea, by the Jas-per Sea.
O'er the riv-er of death, thro' the gates of light, By the Jas-per Sea, by the Jas-per Sea.
On the throne of his love by the Jas-per Sea,—By the Jas-per Sea, by the Jas-per Sea.

+BRING IN THE CHILDREN.+

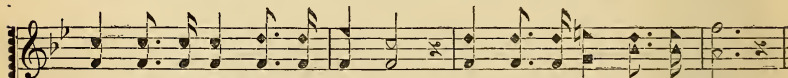
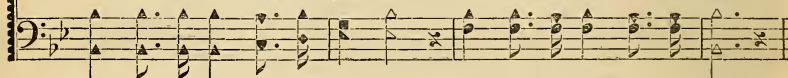
C. H. GABRIEL.



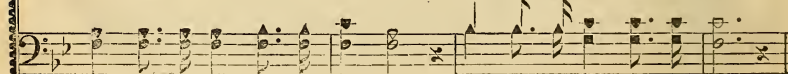
1 Bring in the chil - dren to Je - sus; Ten - der - ly lead them to - day.
 2 Bring in the chil - dren to Je - sus, In from the street and the lane.
 3 Bring in the chil - dren to Je - sus; They are the lambs of his fold.



Point them to Je - sus, their Sa - viour; Show them the straight, nar - row way.
 Speak to them gen - tly and kind - ly; Com - fort when they may com - plain.
 Search in the by - ways and hedg - es; Res - cue the wals from the cold.

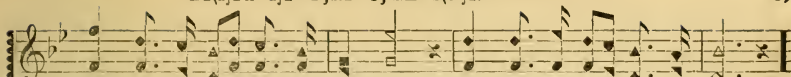


Tell them the sweet old - en sto - ry; Tell it a - gain and a - gain;
 Ma - ny are out in the by - ways, Thought - less - ly spend - ing the day,
 Point them in ten - der - est mer - cy, Up to the Sa - viour so dear.



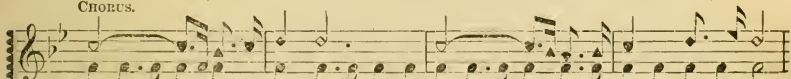
÷BRING IN THE CHILDREN.÷ Concluded.

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Nev - er will it lose its glo - ry, Tell them the beau - ti - ful strain.
 Know - ing Je - sus, the Sa - viour, Calls them from dark - ness a - way.
 Bring in the dear lit - tle chil - dren. Je - sus stands wait - ing to hear.

CHORUS.



Bring in the chil - dren, Bring in the chil - dren to - day.
 Bring in the chil - dren, bring in the children, Bring in the chil - dren, oh, bring them in to - day.



Bring in the chil - dren, Bring in the chil - dren to - day.
 Bring in the chil - dren, Bring in the chil - dren, Oh, Bring in the chil - dren to - day.

WANDER NO MORE.

A. B. BRAGDON.

1 Come to the Sa-viour: he calls thee to - day. Bring him thy sin - la - den heart.
 2 Bring him thy bur - dens, he thy grief and thy care; Cast all thy woes on his breast.
 3 Lord, on thy mer - cy we glad - ly re - ly. We would thy pre - cepts o - bey.

Here in the Bi - ble he shows thee the way So plain that thou canst not de - part.
 He will sus - tain thee, and an - swer thy prayer, And bring to thy wea - ri - ness rest.
 In - to the arms of thy mer - cy would fly, And cast all our bur - dens a - way.

CHORUS.

Come to the Sa - viour: He's wait - ing for thee, Heart that is wea - ry and sore.

Has - ten, he suf - fer'd that you might be free, Has - ten, and wan - der no more.

T. W. D.

❖WHILE JESUS IS NEAR.❖

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 While Je - sus is near What harm can I fear, - Though jour - ney - ing on through the gloom:
 2 By night and by day, When - ev - er a - stray, Though in - distant lands I may roam,
 3 Af - fic - tions may stand On ev - er - y hand, - My poor heart be break - ing with pain:

This bright - shi - ning Light Shall guide me a - right: He, whis - per - ing, says "There is room."
 This ev - er - true guide Is near by my side, And read - y to wel - come me home.
 This heav - en - ly Friend Is true to the end, And bids me be cheer - ful a - gain.

1 Oh, the songs that are sung by the an - gels of light, Who dwell in the mansions a - bove, Are
 2 They sing of the good-ness and glo - ry of God, Who dwells in that ev - er - blest home; They
 3 They sing of the crown the re - deem - ed shall wear, Of garments all spot-less and white; They

CHORUS.

sweet-er by far than the songs that we sing, And fill'd with a won-der-ful love. Hap-py songs, hap-py
 tell of the mansion pre-pared for us there, And ten-der-ly ask us to come.
 sing of the Sa-viour who waits for us there, In the realms of e - ter-nal light. Happy songs,

songs, The an - gels sing. Hap-py songs! hap-py songs! Let their glad voic-es ring!
 happy songs, Angels sing, angels sing. Hap-py songs! happy songs! Let their glad voic-es ring!

1 Pil-grims in this land of sor-row, Day by day we jour-ney on: And each fast suc-ceed-ing.
 2 Day by day life's path grows drear-er—Earth-ly joys pass swift-ly by; But the thought of heav'n grows
 3 Earth-ly friend-ships oft de-ceive us, Beam-ing with in-con-stant ray; But the Sa-viour ne'er will
 4 In our jour-ney may we nev-er Faint or fal-ter by the way; In the glo-rious glad for-

CHORUS.

mor-row Finds our life-work near-er done.
 dear-er, As our hopes and pleasures die.
 leave us In the dark and drear-y day. } Near-er home! yes, bless the Sa-viour, Near-er
 ev-er We shall rest in end-less day.

to a Fa-ther's love! Near-er heav'n's e-ter-nal por-tal! Near-er to the home a-bove!

1 I am thine own, O Christ,—Hence - forth en - tire - ly thine; And life from this glad
 2 No earth - ly joy shall lure My qui - et soul from thee; This deep de - light, so
 3 My lit - tle song of praise In sweet con - tent I sing; To thee the note I
 4 I can - not tell the art By which such bliss is giv'n. I know thou hast my

CHORUS.

hour, New life is mine! O peace! O ho - ly rest! O balm - y breath of
 pure, Is heav'n to me. King! And I have heav'n! O peace! O hol - y rest! O
 heart, raise, My King! And I have heav'n!

love! balm - y breath of love! O heart di - vin - est, best, Thy depth I prove.

1 Fill'd with doubt and vain en-deav-or, I have wear-led of the strife;
 2 Oh, the joy, and the ex-ult-a-tion, Thrill-ing through this heart mine, the
 3 Je-sus, Je-sus mine for-ev-er, Mine in sun-shine, mine of in shade:

I have come to thee, dear Sa- viour, And have found -e-ter-nal life.
 As I grasp a full sal-va-tion, Price-less gift from thy love has made:
 Noth-ing, noth-ing now can sev-er Bond-like this from thy love has made:

Free-ious, pree-ious gift to me, Bought with blood on the Cal-sa-va-ry.
 Earth-ly gain I count by but the loss, Of the blood shed on the cross.
 Bond-ee-gain-ment-ed by the blood, Of the Son of God.

LIFT ME HIGHER.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Lift me high - er, lift me high - er, Out of sin's dark dis - mal night;
 2 Lift me high - er, lift me high - er, Out of sor - row's swell - ing flood;
 3 Lift me high - er, lift me high - er, Out of earth's be - wil - d'ring night;

Bring me to the Sa - vour high - er, Who has dark - ness put to flight.
 Ev - er fiere high - er, ev - er fiere high - er, Wax - es suf - fring's fev' - rish blood.
 Ev - er high - er, ev - er high - er, To the realms of heav'n - ly light.

An - gels, come! your wings un - fold - ing, Bear me up to Cal - va - ry.
 An - gels, come! your wings un - fold - ing, Bear me up to Ta - bor's height,
 An - gels, come! your wings un - fold - ing, Car - ry me my Lord be - fore;

✧LIFT ME HIGHER.✧ Concluded.

59

That I may, while there be - hold - ing, See what has been done for me.
 While the Bear me up to Zi - on gold - en: Ope to me the pearl - y door.

✧CHILDREN'S MORNING SONG.✧

J. H. TENNEY.

1 To God a - bove, Whose name is Love, Our grate - ful song we raise:
 2 All through the night, The In - gels bright, Have stood a - round our beds;
 3 All through this day, In work or play, Lord, lead us in thy way;

And low - ly bow Be - fore him now In hum - ble prayer and praise,
 And while we've slept, Their watch they've kept A - bove pil - low'd heads;
 And may its close Bring sweet re - pose, With dreams of heav'n - ly day!

SEND BACK THE ECHO.

J. H. TENNEY.
Arr. from "Little Sower."

1 With songs of heart-felt praise The courts of heav'n re - sound; And an - gel voices raise
2 Hear, ev' - ry blood-bought soul A - mong the sons of men: The Lord of life ex - tol -
3 Then pub - lish all a - broad The sto - ry ev - er new; Send forth the joy - ful word

CHORUS

A hymn to Je - sus crown'd.
His good - ness tell a - gain. } And hear - ing this, oh, shall not we Send back the ech-o
To Gen - tile and to Jew.

full and free? Send back the ech - o, or Send back the ech - o full and
Send back the echo, Send back the echo, the echo full and

❖SEND BACK THE ECHO.❖ Concluded.

61

free ? Send back the echo, the ech - o, Send back the ech - o full and free ?

free ? Send back the echo, Send back the echo,

This block contains a musical score for the song 'SEND BACK THE ECHO.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score concludes with a double bar line.

❖ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.❖ CHANT.

W. W. BENTLEY.

With feeling.

1 Only for a little while, and the mad waves that now so mad-ly foam, Will softly break upon the shore of home.
2 Only for a little while to struggle with the rag-ing billow, And then the sleep upon the qui-et pillow.
3 This thought of perfect rest, across the water dashing, wild and high, Gleams like a star upon a darkening sky, A true image, pure and blest.

This block contains a musical score for the song 'ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Soft.

On - ly for a lit - tle while, On - ly for a lit - tle while.
On - ly for a lit - tle while, On - ly for a lit - tle while.

This block contains a musical score for the song 'ONLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score concludes with a double bar line.

1 The Sa-viour in - vites you, poor wan - der - er, come. The Fa - ther is wait ing to wel - come you home.
 2 Re - turn to the Fa - ther, who holds you so dear, Say, why will you per - ish when plen - ty is near.
 3 Poor wan - der - er, haste, for the night draweth nigh. Say, why will you lin - ger still, - why will you die?

Now cease from your wand' rings, so lone - ly and wild: Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child.
 Though poor and un - worthy, with sin all de - filed, The Fa - ther will wel - come, O prod - i - gal child.
 Oh, leave the lone des - ert where shadows are piled: Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, Re - turn, re - turn, re - turn, Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child. Re -

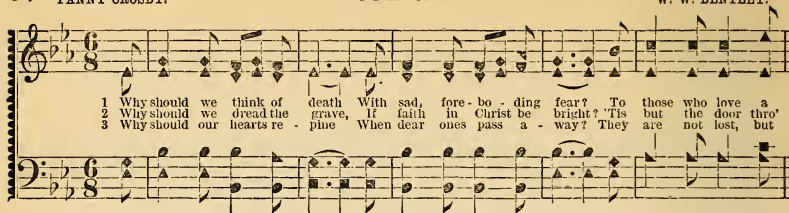
turn, Re - turn, re - turn, re - turn, Re - turn to your Fa - ther, O prod - i - gal child.

SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 In the dark and cloud - y day When earth's rich - es flee a - way,
3 When the it se - cret i - dol's gone That my al - poor heart yearn'd up - on -
So it shall be good for me Much al - lied now to be,

And the last hope will not stay, — Sa - viour, com - fort me.
Des o late, be - reft, lone - ly, Sa - viour, com - fort me.
If thou wilt, ten - der - ly, Sa - viour, com - fort me.



1 Why should we think of death With sad, fore - bo - ding fear? To those who love a
 2 Why should we dread the grave, If faith in Christ be bright? 'Tis but the door thro'
 3 Why should our hearts re - pine When dear ones pass a - way? They are not lost, but

REFRAIN.



Sa - viour's name, He comes with words of cheer.
 which we pass To re - gions fair and bright.
 gone be - fore To realms of end - less day. } Look up with tear - less eye! Look



up! there's joy be - yond, — A home where love can nev - er die, And friend com munes with friend.

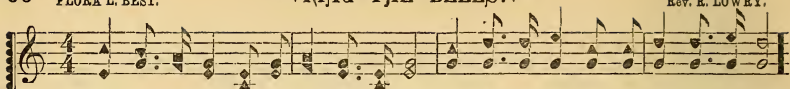
1 Lit - tle chil - dren, cheer - ful as the breeze, Chas - ing shad - ows 'neath the way - ling trees;
2 May the an - gels wait a long time there, Ere they gath - er from our gar - dens fair

Snow - white lil - ies, they are bloom - ing now, For the an - gels, when they deck his brow;
Sweet - est blos - soms for their home a - bove, — Hap - py chil - dren round the throne of love.

For the Sa - viour's pre - cious brow, They are gath' - ring lil - les now.
Pre - cious chil - dren, bright and young, Praise Him with a joy - ful tongue.

→+RING THE BELLS!+←

Rev. E. LOWEY.



1 Ring, ring the bells o - ver o - cean and shore! Je - sus, the Ris - en, shall suf - fer no more.
 2 Break from your bondage of win - ter, O Earth? Wake to a spring-time of mu - sic and mirth.
 3 Ring, ring the tid - ings, with joy in the chime, Downthro' the shad - ows of er - ror and crime.



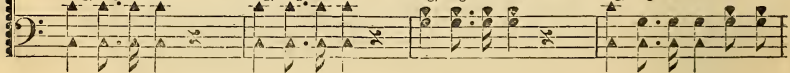
Je - sus, the Ris - en, is might - y to save. Where is thy strength and thy vic - t'ry, O Grave?
 Bloss - om and sing, for your dark - ness is done; Je - sus hath ris - en, thy life - giv - ing Son.
 Ring to the spir - it of bond - man and free, "Je - sus is ris - en, and liv - eth for thee."



CHORUS.



Ring, ring the bells! ring the bells! Ring, ring, ring the bells! ring the bells! Ring them
 Ring, ring the bells! ring, ring the bells! ring, ring the bells! ring, ring the bells!



joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly! Lift the voice and sing: Death is vanquish'd, and the Lord is King.

✧*DENNINGTON.*✧ 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Crowns of glo - ry, ev - er bright, Rest up - on the Con - qu'ror's head;
 2 His bat - tie, his the toil; His hon - or the day;
 3 Now pro - claim his deeds a - far: Fill the world with his re - nown:

Crowns of glo - ry are his right, — His, who liv - eth and was dead.
 His the glo - ry and the vic - tor's spoil: Je - sus bears them all the way.
 His a lone the vic - tor's car! His the ev - er - last - ing crown!

❖HELP ME TRUST IN THEE.❖

W. W. BENTLEY.

1 Sa - vour, I would hap - py be In thy love to - day. Bless me now, I
 2 Je - sus, I would trust in thee: Make me whol - ly thine: Give me light, my
 3 And when I am called a - bove To the home for me; I would hope in

REFRAIN.

come to thee: Wash my sins a - way. } Help me sing this grate - ful song.
 pre - cious love, From thy book di - vine. thee.

Prais - es to thy name be - long; Keep me, for thy arm is strong. Help me trust in thee.

1 Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to thee I pray; Let thy lov - ing
 2 At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
 3 When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light, Fa - ther, then I'll
 4 Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day, In its shad - owy

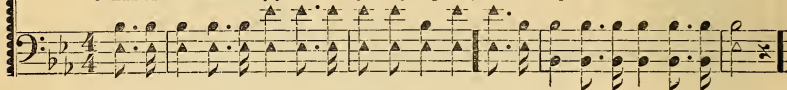
CHORUS.

kind - ness Keep me through this day.
 Je - sus Till he hear my prayer. I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er !
 pray thee Bless thy child to night. I will pray, I will pray, I will pray,
 eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.

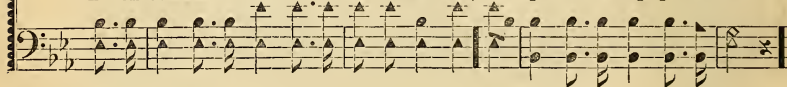
will I pray. Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning Un - to thee I'll pray.
 Ev - er will Un - to thee



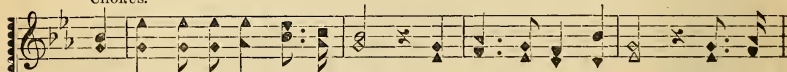
1 We will cheer-ful-ly bear ev'-ry tri-al of life, Till we stand on the heav-en-ly shore,
 2 We will work in God's vineyard while here up-on earth, Then we'll en-ter the por-tals of rest;
 3 And our life shall be joy-ous while jour-ney-ing here, In the hope of that beau-ti-ful land.



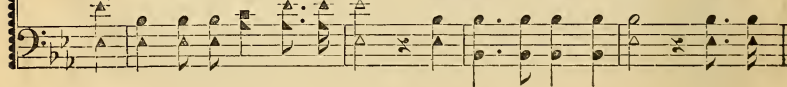
Where our souls shall be blest, and we ev-er shall rest,—Where tri-als shall come nev-er more.
 Where we'll join in the prais-es of God and the Lamb, in the beau-ti-ful land of the blest.
 If our lives shall con-form to the will of the Lord, We'll go to that bright gold-en strand.



CHORUS.



Oh, help me to la-bor and wait, And strive to watch and pray: Then the



Sa - viour will take us to dwell with him In that beau - ti - ful land far - a - way.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JUST NOW.

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Happy Songs," by per.

1 From heav - en comes an earn - est call: It comes to - night, — it comes to all.
2 This hour of mer - cy may de - part, And no re - lief for thy poor heart!
3 The world can - not thy soul re - lieve; The Lord a - lone can sin for - give.

Oh, pay to God thy sol - emn vow! Oh, come to Christ, just now, just now!
Dear sin - ner, in re - pent - ance bow: Oh, come to Christ, just now, just now!
To - night this Lord as thine a - vow: Oh, come to Christ, just now, just now!

+ONLY WAITING.+

J. H. FILLMORE.

From "Songs of Glory," by per.

1 I am wait - ing for the morn - ing Of the bless - ed day to dawn,
 2 I am wait - ing, worn and wea - ry With the bat - tle and the strife,
 3 Wait - ing for the gold - en cit - y, Where the man - y man - sions be;

When the sor - row and the sad - ness Of this wea - ry life are gone.
 Ho - ping when the war has end - ed To re - ceive a crown of life.
 List' - ning for the hap - py wel - come Of my Sa - viour call - ing me.

CHORUS.

I am wait - - - - ing, on - ly wait - ing,

Till this

1 I am wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing. Till this

✽ ONLY WAITING. ✽ Concluded.

73

wea- - - - ry life is o'er;

On - ly wait - - - ing

wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry life is o'er, life is o'er: On - ly wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing,

for my wel-come From my Sa-viour on the oth-er shore.

for my wel-come, for my wel-come, From my Sa-viour on the oth-er shore.

✽ ALLEN. ✽ 7s & 5s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Lord of mer-cy and of might; Of mankind the Life and Light; Maker, Teacher, in-fi-nite,—Je-sus! hear and save!

2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild, Hum-bled to a lit-tle child; Cap-tive, beaten, bound, revil'd,—Jesus! hear and save!

THE BATTLE CRY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Hark! the cry is sound - ing: Haste ye to the war! Zi - on's foes a - bound - ing,
 2 Wav - ing high your ban - ner, Bold - ly face the foe: Bra - ving sin and dan - ger,
 3 Soon the war - fare clos - ing, Sweet will be your rest: Safe with him re - pos - ing,

For the strife pre - pare! Join - ing in the con - flict, Bat - tle for the right;
 To their o - ver - throw: Je - sus Christ, your Sa - viour, Strength and cour - age gives;
 In his pres - ence blest: Gar - ments white and shi - ning You shall sure - ly wear,

And, with hearts u - ni - ted, Arm you for the fight! } The bat - tle cry is sound - ing,
 And his word is plight - ed, He that conquers, lives! }
 And to Christ u - nit - ed, All his glo - ry share.

CHORUS.

THE BATTLE CRY. Concluded.

75

Wake! the foe is nigh! And with cheers re-sound-ing, Shout the vic-to-ry.

This musical score is for the song 'THE BATTLE CRY'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

TOWASH. S. M.

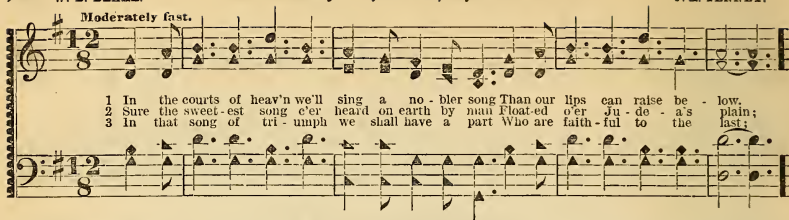
T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 What cheer-ing words are these? Their sweet-ness who can tell?
2 'Tis well when joys a rise; 'Tis well when and sor-rows flow:
3 'Tis well when Je-sus calls: "From earth and sin a-rise

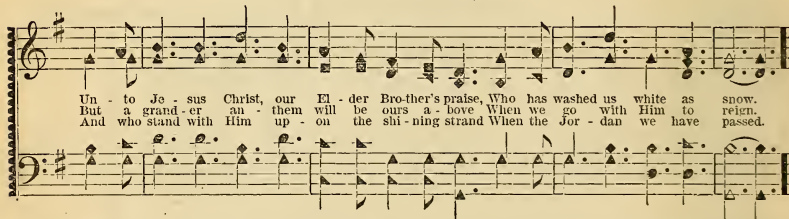
This musical score is for the song 'TOWASH'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

In time and to e-ter-nal days, "Tis with the righteous well."
'Tis To join the hosts of ran-somed souls, And strong to temp-ta-tions grow, wise."

This musical score is for the song 'TOWASH'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Moderately fast.


1 In the courts of heav'n we'll sing a no - bler song Than our lips can raise be - low.
 2 Sure the sweet - est song e'er heard on earth by man Float - ed Ju - de - a's plain;
 3 In that song of tri - umph we shall have a part Who are o'er faith - ful to the last;

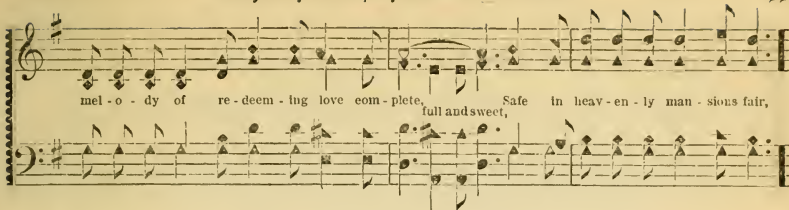


Un - to Je - sus Christ, our El - der Brother's praise, Who has washed us white as to snow.
 But a grand - er an - them will be ours a - bove When we go with Him reign.
 And who stand with Him up - on the shi - ning strand When the Jor - dan we have passed.

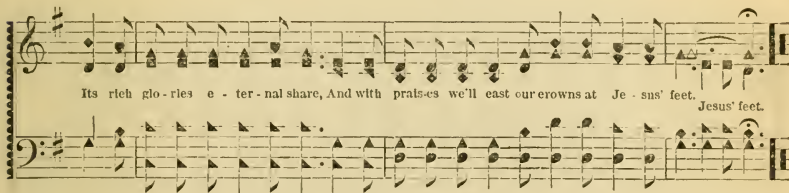
CHORUS.



'Twill be "Glo - ry to Christ, our King," While the heav - en - ly arch - es ring With the



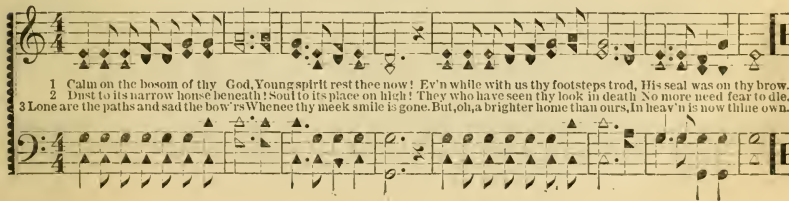
mel - o - dy of re - deem - ing love com - plete, Safe in heav - en - ly man - sions fair,
full and sweet,



Its rich glo - ries e - ter - nal share, And with prais - es we'll cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet.
Jesus' feet.

✥ HALET ✥ C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.



1 Calm on the bosom of thy God, Young spirit rest thee now! Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod, His seal was on thy brow.
2 Dust to its narrow house beneath! Soul to its place on high! They who have seen thy look in death No more need fear to die.
3 Lone are the paths and sad the bow'rs Whence thy meek smile is gone. But, oh, a brighter home than ours, In heav'n is now thine own.

: 1 Care - worn trav' - ler on life's o - cean, Bound for yon - der gold - en strand,
 2 Though the sky be dark and gloom - y, And the wild storms loud - ly roar,
 3 Trust in God and not fear - ful, He will lend a help - ing hand.

Look be - yond the waves' com - mo - tion: Thou art near - ing that blest land.
 Look with hope - ful heart be - yond them: Thou art near - ing that blest shore.
 Let thy heart be light and cheer - ful: Thou art near the bet - ter land.

REFRAIN.

Repeat pp.

Near - ing, near - ing, near - ing, near - ing: Thou art near - ing that blest land.

1 Gath' - ring, press - ing, throng - ing round Him. Mul - ti - tudes round Christ the of Lord,
 2 Need - ing, pray - ing, for li, Lord, I would be blest the of Lord,
 3 Turn to me, O pie - cious Sa - viour! My weak faith ac - cept and bless!

Yet I but one, one on - ly, gain - eth That dear ten - der, heal - ing word;
 Heal me ask of my plead - ing, reach - ing Un - to thy Div - in - i - ty!
 I too, Lord, need would come with them. But to touch thy gar - ment's hem.
 Turn my thee, Je - sus, un - to me. Lo, in faith, one touch - eth thee!

1 We shall meet be - yond the riv - er When the dark - ness all is o'er.
 2 When we've done the work that's giv - en For each fol - low - er do, do.
 3 We shall see and be like Je - sus. He a crown of life will give.

With the wea - ry jour - ney end - ed, We shall meet up - on that shore.
 God will call us home to heav - en With the faith - ful and the true.
 Dressed in robes of snow - y white - ness, We'll for - ev - er with him live.

CHORUS

We shall meet We shall meet on that shore, on that shore, And we'll sing And we'll sing

❖❖BEYOND THE RIVER.❖❖ Concluded.

83

ev - er more, ev - er more, With the loved With the loved who've gone be -

fore, who've gone be - fore. When we meet on that shi - ning shore, by and by.

❖❖HERALD ANGELS.❖❖

J. H. TENNEY,

1 Hark! the herald angels sing; Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled.
2 Joy - ful, all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angelic host, proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.
3 Let us then with angels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild; God and sinners reconciled;

1 Why stand ye here i - dle? Work press - es to - day. Find some - thing to do:
 2 Don't say you are bus - y, too old, or un - fit: That's noth - ing to you.
 3 Then up and a - way! in the vine - yard to - day Christ wait - eth for you.

The field is en - larg - ing, the lab' - rers are few, There al - ways is something or oth - er to do.
 He sure - ly has some kind of call - ing for you, He sure - ly has something or oth - er to do.
 His love should re - mind you, and grat - i - tudespeak, The debt you are ow - ing should press you to seek

CHORUS.

Yes, something to do.
 Yes, something for you. } Find something to do: Something, yes, something to do.
 For something to do.

÷THERE'S SOMETHING TO DO.÷ Concluded.

83

Why stand ye here i - dle? work press - es to - day, Find something, yes, something to do.

Rev. Dr. DEEMS.

÷I SHALL NOT WANT.÷

J. H. TENNEY,
From "Happy Songs," by per.

1 I shall not want: in des - erts wild Thou spread'st Thy table for Thy child;
2 I shall not want: my dark - est night Thy lov - ing smile shall fill with light;
3 I shall not want: Thy right - eousness My soul shall clothe with glo - rious dress.

While grace in streams for thirst - ing souls Thro' earth and heav'n for - ev - er rolls.
While prom - i - ses a - round me bloom, And cheer me with dl - vine per - fume.
My blood-wash'd robe shall be more fair Than garments kings or an - gels wear.

1 Hark! I hear the harps e - ter - nal Ring - ing on the far - ther shore;
 2 Just be - yond the riv - er flash - eth Jeb - u - my God;
 3 Call my fa - ther! call my mo - ther! Tell them that the lem the boat - man's here;

As I near those swoll - en wa - ters, With their deep and sol - emn roar;
 Where the white wave, ri - sing, plash - eth On the shore by an - gels trod;
 And an - oth - er! oh, an - oth - er! Un - to whom my soul is dear.

And my soul, though stained with sor - row, Fa - ding on the light of day,
 Stop! I see the boat - man near - ing, See! the snow - y sail is set;
 Call them! quick! for I am pass - ing Through the val - ley of the grave.

Pass - es swift - ly o'er those wa - ters To the cit - y far a - way.
And the am oars are float - ing the boat - dly, and drift - ing wet.
I am pass - ing with the man, and sol - emn wave.

✧THE WATCHMAN'S CRY.✧

O. W. PILLSBURY,

1 Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry: Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus, our Lord is nigh. Wake, brethren, wake!
2 Call to each work ing band: Watch, brethren, watch! Clear is our Lord's command: Watch, brethren, watch!
3 Heed ye the stew - ard's call: Work, brethren, work! There's work enough for all: Work, brethren, work!

Sleep is for sons of night, Children are ye of light: Yours is the glo - ry bright: Wake, brethren, wake!
Be ye a - men that wait All at the Mas - ter's gate, E'en tho' he tar - ry late: Watch, brethren, watch!
The vine - yard of the Lord Fresh la - bor will af - ford. Yours is a sure re - ward: Work, brethren, work!

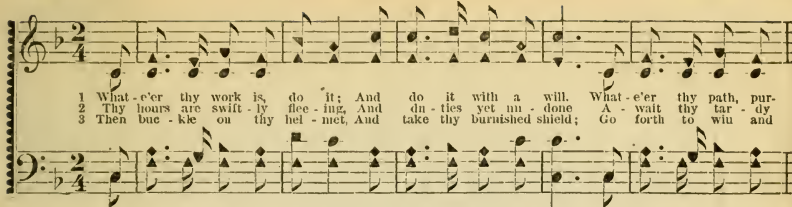
I Won - der - ful love, flow - ing so free, — Flow - ing in full - ness of bless - ing for me;
 2 Won - der - ful blood, shed on cross, — shed to re - deem me from in - fin - ite loss;
 3 Won - der - ful home, heav - en of love, — Won - der - ful man - sions of glo - ry a - bove;

Oh, what a price ere this love I could gain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!
 Oh, what a ran - som to cleanse me from stain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!
 Won - drous that I should this glo - ry at - tain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!

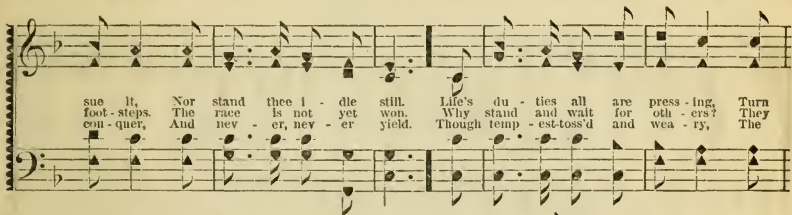
REFRAIN.

♩ Slow and soft.

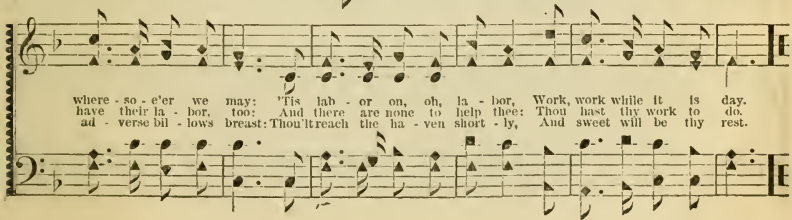
Je - sus was slain! Je - sus was slain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!



1 What - e'er thy work is, do it; And do it with a will. What - e'er thy path, pur-
 2 Thy hours are swift - ly flee - ing, And du - ties yet un - done A - wait thy tar - dy
 3 Then buc - kle on thy hel - met, And take thy burnished shield; Go forth to wiu and



sue it, Nor stand thee i - dle still. Life's du - ties all are press - ing, Turn
 foot - steps. The race is not yet won. Why stand and wait for oth - ers? They
 con - quer, And nev - er, nev - er yield. Though temp - est - toss'd and wea - ry, The



where - so - e'er we may: 'Tis lab - or on, oh, la - bor, Work, work while it is day.
 have their la - bor, too: And there are none to help thee: Thou hast thy work to do.
 ad - verse bil - lows breast: Thou'lt reach the ha - ven short - ly, And sweet will be thy rest.

THE SOUL'S SWEET FATHERLAND.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1 There is a land on whose fair shore No temp - es' beat nor sur - ges roar;
 2 Its grace - ful plain glows in the light Of one glad day that knows no night;
 3 Sweet are the songs the sing - ers sing In that great tem - ple of no King;
 4 Oh, may we reach that joy - ful land, No more to clasp the part - ing hand;



Where wea - ry, way - worn souls may find Rest for the throbbing heart and mind.
 There Christ, the King, who reigns a - bove Fills all that bound - less realm with love.
 There mar - tyrs, priests and proph - ets old, Walk on the streets of shi - ning gold.
 For - ev - er there, with Christ a - bove, Reign in that land of bound - less love.

CHORUS.



'Tis the clime of the blest, 'tis the land of de - light, Where the man - y man - sions stand;

'Tis the home of the soul, ev - er fair, ev - er bright,—'Tis the soul's sweet fa - ther - land.

✽DHYTON.✽ 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2 Soon for us the the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

by per.

1 What can wash a way my sin?
 2 For my cleans-ing this I see,
 3 Noth-ing can for sin a - tone,
 4 This is all my hope and peace—

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. { What can make me
 For my par - don
 Naught of good that
 This is all my

CHORUS.

whole a - gain?
 this my plea-
 I have done,
 right-eous-ness—

Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus. { Oh, pree - ious is the flow'

That makes me white as snow. No oth - er fount I know,—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

1 In our Fa-ther's heav'nly man-sions, With the ransomed ones a - bove, We will join the hal - le-
 2 There, a-mid the mu-sic ring-ing, Not a sigh shall heave the breast; There the wicked cease from
 3 May we gain those heav'nly man-sions, And a - mong the blood-wash'd sing: Rest with long-lost loved ones

CHORUS.

lu - jah, Sing-ing of a Sa-viour's love. } Sing-ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le-
 troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest. }
 ev - er Where the hal - le - lu - jahs ring. } glo - ry, glo-ry,

lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Sing-ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord!
 glo - ry, glo-ry,

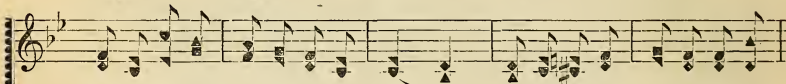
THE LITTLE GRAVE.

A. B. BRAGDON.

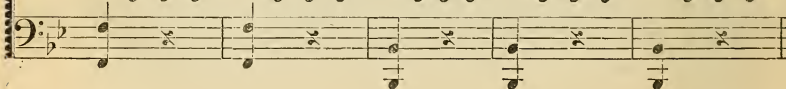
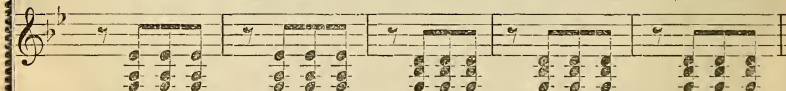
DUET.

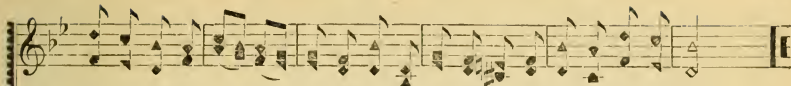


1 Un - der - neath the	leaf - less trees, the	snow - flakes fall - ing	light - ly,	Hide from sight the
2 O'er that lit - tle	grave, in spring, the	glad birds will be	sing - ing,	And the summer
3 Ah, how slow - ly	pass the days they	bring the spring - time	blos - som,	Sum - mer flowers,
4 On - ly yet a	lit - tle sleep - ing, yet a	lit - tle	slum - ber;	On - ly yet a



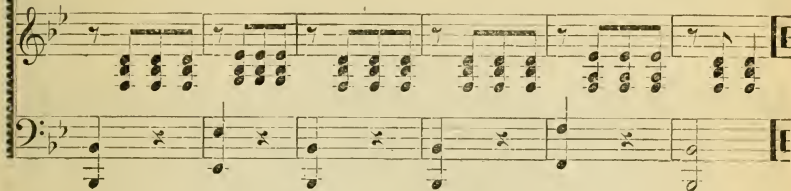
lit - tle mound where	our lost darling	lies, —	She who, ere the	flow - ers fa - ded,
flow - ers will shed	their petals on her	tomb;	But a glad - er	song is hers, thro'
autumn fruits, and	winter's dreary	snow;	And we miss her	lit - tle hands; but
lit - tle fold - ing	wea - ry hands to	rest,	Ere we join the	heav'nly host, and,





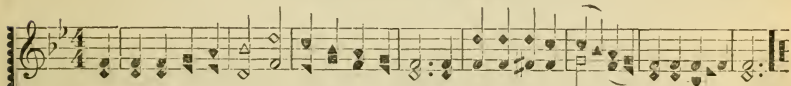
heard her Sa-viour call-ing,
heav-en's arch-es ring-ing,
on her Sa-viour's bos-om,
mid their ra-diant num-ber,

And de-part ed to her home be-yond earth's dreary skies.
And a-round her lit-tle feet the flow'rs e-ter-nal bloom.
She nor grief, nor anxious care, nor wait-ing hours shall know.
See our lost one gen-tly fold-ed to her Sa-viour's breast.

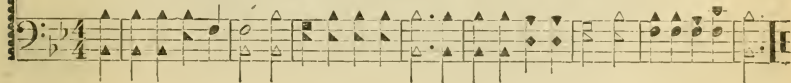


→*FENMERE.*← 6s.

J. H. TENNEY.



- 1 Come, wand'ring sheep, oh, come; I'll bind thee to my breast; I'll bear thee to my home, And lay thee down to rest.
- 2 I saw thee stray, for-lorn, And heard thee faintly cry; And on the tree of scorn, For thee I deigned to die.
- 3 I shield thee from a-lar-mis, And wilt thou not be blest? I bear thee in my arms; Thou bear me in thy breast.



❖ THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR. ❖

J. H. TENNEY.

1 There's a song in the air; there's a star in the sky; There's a
 2 There's a tu mult of that joy o'er the won - der - ful birth; For
 3 In the light of the star and the im - pearled; And the
 4 We re - joice of in the light, he and we eech - o the song; That comes

mo - ther's deep prayer, and a ba - by's low cry; And the star rains its fire, while the
 vir - gin's sweet boy is the Lord of the earth; And the star rains its fire, while the
 song from a - far has swept o - ver the world; Ev' - ry heart is a flame, and the
 down through the night from the heav - en - ly throng. Aye, we shout to the love - ly e -

beau - ti - ful sing, — For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem era - dles a King!
 beau - ti - ful sing, — For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem era - dles a King!
 beau - ti - ful sing, — In the homes of the na - tions that Je - sus is King!
 van - gel they bring, And we greet in his cra - dle our Sa - viour and King!

ff CHORUS.

Je - sus is King! Je - sus is King! For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem era - dles a King!

✽JESUS IS MINE!✽

W. W. BENTLEY.

1 Fade, fade each earth ly joy: } Break ev' ry ten - der tie: }
 2 Tempt not my soul a - way: } Je - sus is mine! } Here would I ev - er stay: } Je - sus is mine!
 3 Fare - well, ye dreams of night: } Lost in this dawning light: }

Dark is this wil - der - ness; Earth has no rest - ing - place: Je - sus a - lone can bless: }
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way: } Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried, Left but an ach - ing void. Je - sus has sat - is - fied: }

Slow and soft.

1 Ten - der - ly lay her to rest 'neath the sod: An - gels, look lov - ing - ly down!
 2 Why should we lin - ger to weep round the tomb? Sor - row shall vex her no more!

But the fair spir - it hath flown to her God,—Gone to re - ceive a bright crown:
 Nev - er a shad - ow of trou - ble or gloom Reach - es you heav - en - ly shore.

In the fair fields of the bless - ed to roam, Sing - ing with an - gels so fair;
 There with the glo - ri - fied spir - its to reign Through the bright a - ges a - bove:

Dwell - ing with Christ in his beau - ti - ful home, — All its bright splen - dor to share.
Free from all sor - row and sick - ness and pain, Rest - ing in heav - en - ly love!

O. THURBER.

✽✽NEARER TO THEE.✽✽

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Near - er, my God, to thee; Near - er to thee! I hear the Chris - tian sing, Near - er to thee;
2 My flin - ty heart would shrink Farther from thee, Though trembling on the brink Of death's dark sea.
3 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, And dwell in me! I would no lon - ger roam Far - ther from thee;

But in my heart, O Lord, There's no har - mo - nious chord That vibrates with the word, Near - er to thee,
So pure and good thou art, It pier - ces through my heart Un - til I'd fain de - part Far - ther from thee.
But in the nar - row way I'd jour - ney day by day, And at each mo - ment say, Near - er to thee.

NEVERMORE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 This is not my place of rest - ing; Mine's a elt - y yet to come; On - ward to it I am
 2 In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a nightless day: Ev - ry trace of sin's sad
 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life a - long; On the freshest pastures

CHORUS.

hast - ing On to my e - ter - nal home. } Nev - er - more, nev - er - more, nev - er -
 sto - ry, All the curse hath passed a - way. }
 feeds us; Turns our sigh - ing in - to song. } Never - more, never - more, nev - er -

more be sad and wea - ry, Nev - er - more, nev - er - more, nev - er - more to sin a - gain.
 Nev - er - more, nev - er - more,

1 There is a clime, a cloud - less clime, Where flowers ev - er bloom, Un - touched by frosts or
 2 There is a rest, a peace - ful rest, To wea - ry wander - ers giv'n, Where freed from sin with
 3 There is a star, a love - ly star, That beams with gen - tle ray, Bright o'er the dark - ness!

CHORUS.

blight - ing time, - It lies be - yond the tomb.
 Je - sus blest, They taste the peace of heav'n. } Oh, that home, bliss - ful home, where the
 of the tomb, And leads to end - less day. } Oh, that home, bliss - ful home,

hap - py spirits dwell; Sighs and tears are un - known. Its joys no tongue can tell.
 where the hap - py spirits dwell; Sighs and tears are unknown.

1 Lord, thou art our lov - ing Help - er! Thou dost save from sin and shame,
 2 Help us keep the path that's nar - row; Lead us to bleed - ing feet;
 3 Help our hearts to love thee ev - er; Let our us lean ry up - on thy breast;

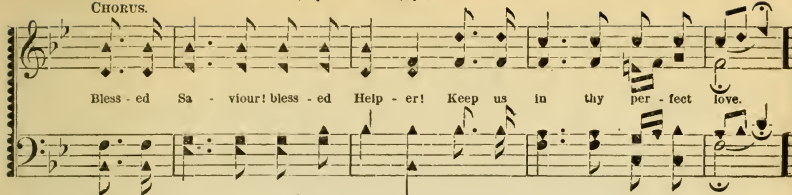
While in sin we back - ward wan - der, Thou art ev - er still the same,
 From the our way of sin and sor - row Lead us to the gold - en street,
 Make our faith grow strong - er dai - ly, Till we reach the gold - en rest,

While in sin we back - ward wan - der, Thou art ev - er still the same.
 From the our way of sin and sor - row Lead us to the gold - en street.
 Make our faith grow strong - er dai - ly, Till we reach the gold - en rest.

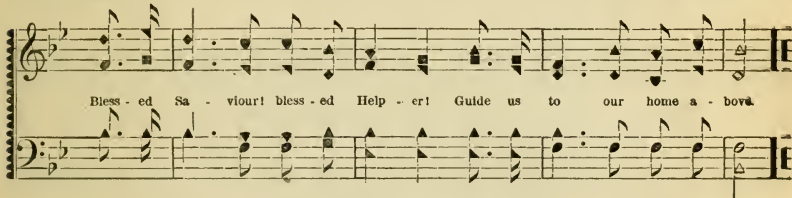
→*OUR HELPER.*← Concluded.

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CHORUS.



Bless - ed Sa - viour! bless - ed Help - er! Keep us in thy per - fect love.

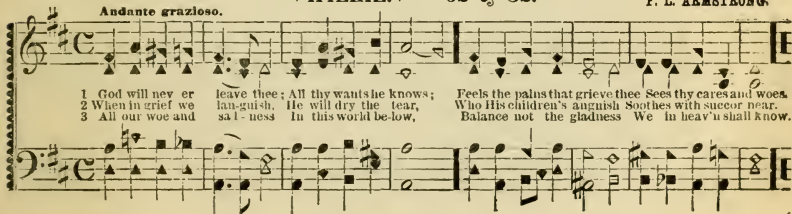


Bless - ed Sa - viour! bless - ed Help - er! Guide us to our home a - bove.

→+WILKIE.+← 6s & 5s.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante grazioso.



1 God will nev er leave thee; All thy wants he knows; Feels the pangs that grieve thee Sees thy cares and woes.
 2 When in grief we lang-uish, He will dry the tear, Who His children's anguish Soothes with succor near.
 3 All our woe and sa-l-ness In this world be-low, Balance not the gladness We in heav'n shall know.

LIKE THE ANGELS

1 Like the an - gels pure and ho - ly, Free from ev' - ry stain of sin;
 2 Shall we, like the lov - ing an - gels, At his bid - ding quick - ly fly;
 3 Shall we, like the an - gels, praise Him, Strike our gold - en harps on high.

Like the an - gels now in glo - ry, - Shall we ev - er en - ter in?
 Bear - ing with glad me - poor and need - y, Help the suc - cor of on the high?
 And with glad me - lod - ious voice - y, Join the chor - us from the sky?

Yes, when we re - flect the im - age, Of the fair - est One a - bove;
 Yes, if we sing His na - ture of wear - ing, Full of pl - ty, full of love;
 Yes, we'll sing the song of Mo - ses, If with Christ we're full of a - bove;



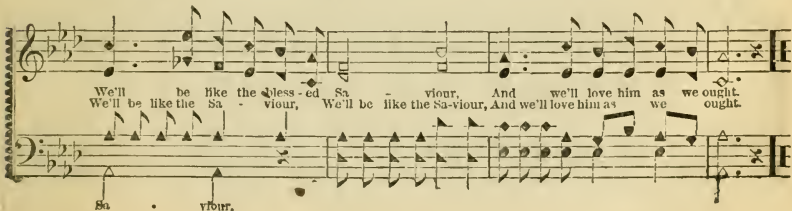
There con - fess'd by Him be - fore them, Stand - ing per - fect in His love.
To the sin - ning, to the sor - row - ing, Like Him, has - ten from a - bove.
Though should fail an - gel voice - es, We will sing re - deem - ing love.

CHORUS.



We'll be like Him, we'll be like Him, Oh, the bliss - ful, bliss - ful thought!
We'll be like our Sa - viour, and the ho - ly au - gels, Oh, the blissful, bliss - ful, thought!

We will be like our



We'll be like the bless - ed Sa - viour. And we'll love him as we ought.
We'll be like the Sa - viour, We'll be like the Sa - viour, And we'll love him as we ought.

Sa - viour,

→ NEVER GIVE UP THE SAVIOUR. ←

F. M. DAVIS.

D. C. 1 Nev - er give up the Sa - vour! Trust in the Sa - vour's love,
 2 Nev - er give up the Sa - vour! Ask for sus - tain - ing grace.
 3 Nev - er give up the Sa - vour! Trust his al - migh - ty pow'r.

Though the storm and the tem - pest Dark - en the skies a - bove.
 Though our Fa - ther in heav - en Hi - deth a smil - ling face.
 He is a - ble to keep us In the most need - ful hour.

FINE.

'Mid the gloom and the dark - ness, Noth - ing have we to fear.
 Bow at the throne of mcr - cy; Seek to be rec - on - cil'd.
 When our sor - row is end - ed, And ev' - ry tri - al o'er,

Un - to the true be - liev - er, Je - sus is ev - er near.
 Ev - er the dear Re - deem - er Lov - eth his help - less child.
 We shall re - joice In heav - en, Safe on the gold - en shore.

→ *MAUD.* ← C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

Gently.

1 The young, the love - ly, pass a - way, Ne'er to be seen a - gain;
 2 Full oft we see the bright - est thing That lifts its head on high;
 3 And kind - ly is the les - son giv'n: Then dry the fall - ing tear:

Earth's fair - est flow'rs too soon de - cay: Its blast - ed trees re - main.
 Smile in the light, then drop its whig And fade a - way die.
 They come to raise our thoughts to heav'n: They go to call us and there.

1 When I look up to yon - der sky, So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
2 'Tis He my dal - ly food pro - vides, And all that I re - quire be - sides;

§

I think of One I can - not see, But One who sees and cares for me.
And ev' - ry tree and my slumb' - ring grows, To the same hand its be - ing owes.
And when I close my eye, I sleep in peace, for He is nigh.
For ver - y good in - deed, He, To a lit - tle child like me.

FINE

His name is God: He gave me birth, And ev' - ry liv - ing thing on earth;
Then sure - ly I should ev - er love The gra - cious God who dwells a - bove;

D.S. §

1 There is rest from ev' - ry woe! There is rest: There is rest: From each
 2 There is rest for those who weep! There is rest: There is rest: Sweet - ly

There is rest: There is rest:

Ill and grief you know, Wea - ry soul, there's rest. "Come to me," the Sa - viour said,
 may each mourn - er sleep On the Sa - viour's breast. "Take my yoke and fol - low me,"

Weary soul,
 On the Sa -

"Ye that la - bor for your bread: Lay on me your ach - ing head: I will give you rest."
 Speaks the Sa - viour un - to thee. Meek and low - ly though I be, I will give you rest."
 I will give you rest.

1 Sim - ply trust - ing ev' - ry day, — Trust - ing through a storm - y way;
 2 Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the way is dread;
 3 Trust - ing Him while life shall last; Trust - ing him till earth is past;

Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, — that is all.
 If in dan - ger, for Him call, Trust - ing Je - sus, — that is all.
 Till with - in the jas - per wall, Trust - ing Je - sus, — that is all.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing as the mo - ments fly; Trust - ing as the days go by:

Trust - ing Him, what e'er be - fall, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.

HENRY HOPE,

⇒:MY FRIEND.⇐

J. H. TENNEY,

1 Now I have found a Friend: } His love shall nev - er end;
 2 Though I grow poor and old, } Je - sus is mine: } Though I grow faint and cold, } Je - sus is mine:
 3 When earth shall pass a way } In the great judgment day,

Though earthly joys decrease, Though earthly friendship cease, Now I have last - ing peace; }
 He shall my wants supply: His precious blood is nigh. Naught can my hope destroy; } Je - sus is mine.
 Oh, what a glorious thing Then to be - hold my King, On tune - ful harp, to sing }

1 Je - sus, bless the chil - dren! As they gath - er now, And be - fore thy
 2 Je - sus, bless the chil - dren! Send them from a - bove, Rich and fore thy
 3 Je - sus, bless the chil - dren! Show thy smil - ing face; And pour out be - up -

CHORUS.

throne of mer - cy Hum - bly bow.
 yond ex - press - ing, Thy sweet love.
 on their spir - its Thy rich grace. } Je - sus, bless the chil - dren!

At thy throne they bow, In thy ten - der mer - cy, Bless them now!

1 Bless - ed Re - deem - er, Show us Thy lov - ing face; Draw our cold hearts to Thee,
 2 Sun of Re - deem - tion! Let us Thy glo - ry see, Thine, with thy bright - ning ray.
 3 "We would see Je - sus; Noth - ing of earth - ly din Com - ing, O Lord, be - tween,

CHORUS.

Close in thy foud em - brace. } Leave noth - ing be - tween us, Dear Je - sus, Noth - ing be - tween;
 Bld - ding the dark - ness flee.
 Noth - ing of pride or sin.

Nothing be - tween;

Oh, come in thy love so near us, Leave noth - ing be - tween, Noth - ing be - tween.
 Noth - ing be - tween,

ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1 It is ea - sy to glide with its rip - ples, A - down the Stream of
 2 We may float on the riv - ers sur - face While our oars scarce touch the
 3 But a few - ah, would there were ma - ny! - Row up the Stream of
 4 Far on through the ha - zy dis - tance, Like a mist on dis - tant
 5 And shall we be one of that num - ber Who mind not toil nor

Time, - To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sic to some old rhyme.
 stream; And vis - ions of earth - ly glo - ry On our daz - zled sight may gleam.
 Life: They struggle a - gainst its surg - es, And mind nei - ther toil nor strife.
 shore, They see the walls of a cit - y, With its ban - ners float - ing o'er.
 pain? Shall we moan the loss of earth's joys When we have a crown to gain?

But, ah! it takes cour - age and pa - tience A - gainst its cur - rent to
 We for - get that on be - fore us The dash - ing tor - rents
 Though wea - ry and faint with la - bor, With sing - ing tri - umphant they
 Seen through a glass so dark - ly They al - most mis - take their
 Or shall we glide on with the riv - er, With death at the end of our

ride; And we must have strength from Heav - en
 roar; And while we are i - dly dream ing,
 ride; For Christ is the he - ro's Cap - taln
 way; But faith throws light on their la - bor
 ride? While our bro - ther with heav - en be - fore him,
 When row - ing a - gainst the tide.
 Its waters will car - ry us o'er.
 When row - ing a - gainst the tide.
 When darkness shuts out the day.
 Is row - ing a - gainst the tide.

It is ea - sy to glide with its rip - ples, A - down the 'Stream of

Time,"— To flow with the course of the riv - er, Like mu - sle to some old rhyme.

1 Blest as - sur - ance ev - er dear, As our troubles come so fast! How it
 2 Though by sor - row's dis - mal cloud, Be our pathway ov - er - cast, Through the
 3 We can stand the driv - ing rains We can bide the cut - ting blast; While the

CHORUS.
 does the spir - it cheer To be promised peace at last. } Peace at last, peace at
 Sa - vour's pre - cious blood We are promised peace at last. }
 prom - ise still re - tin bro - ken peace at last. } Peace at last,

last, Peace at last, When our sor - rows all are past, And 'tis com - ing, oh, how fast, Peace at

✠✠PEACE AT LAST.✠✠ Concluded.

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last. Peace at last, Peace at last, peace at last. 'Tis com-ing, com-ing, Peace at last.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Peace at Last'. It is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes descending to a half note E4. The phrase 'Peace at last' is repeated three times, with the third time including a triplet of eighth notes. The final phrase 'Tis com-ing, com-ing, Peace at last' features a triplet of eighth notes for 'com-ing' and a final half note G4. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Rev. S. WELCOTT, D.D.

✠*ONLY THEE.*✠

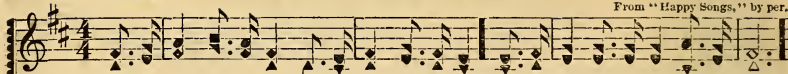
J. H. TENNEY.

1 Dear Re-deem-er, on-ly thee Would my wait-ing spir-it
2 Gra-cious Mas-ter, on-ly thee Would my will-ing spir-it
3 Blest Im-man-u-el, on-ly thee Would my long-ing spir-it

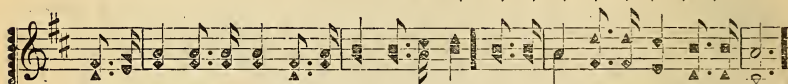
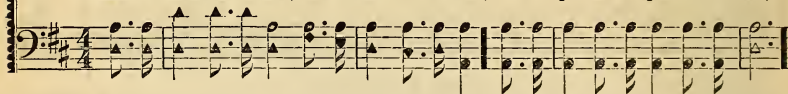
This musical score is for the hymn 'Only Thee'. It is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a half note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes descending to a half note D4. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three lines of the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

own; Trust-ing In thy sym-pa-thy, Cling-ing close to thee a-lone.
serve; Work-ing with thy del-i-ty, Press-ing on with daunt-less nerve.
claim; Year-n-ing for thy pur-i-ty, Glow-ing with love's quench-less flame.

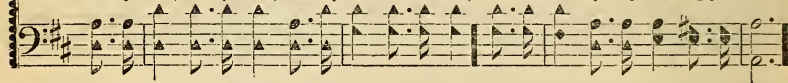
This musical score is the continuation of the hymn 'Only Thee'. It is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a half note D5, followed by a quarter note E5, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes descending to a half note D4. The lyrics are arranged in three lines, corresponding to the three lines of the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



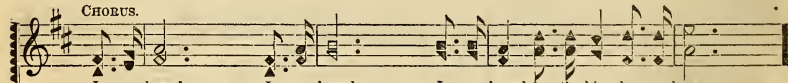
1 There's a kingdom a - bove, 'Tis a king - dom of love, Where the Lord and his ransom'd a - bide;
 2 There's a stream in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, 'Tis the riv - er of life and of love;
 3 There's a crown in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, Yes a crown that is gold - en and fair;
 4 There's a home in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, 'Tis all glorious and gold - en and fair;



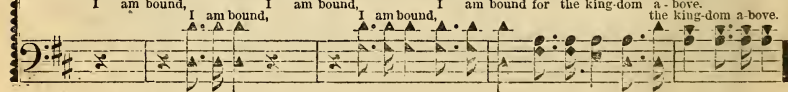
And its bliss I shall share For I'm jour - ney - ing there With the Lord as my Lead - er and Guide.
 I shall stand on its brink, Of its pure waters drink, In the king - dom of glo - ry a - bove.
 At my Sa - viour's command, I shall go to that land, And shall wear it e - ter - nal - ly there.
 Ver - y soon, ver - y soon, When my life - work is done, I shall take up my dwell - ing place there.



CHORUS.



I am bound, I am bound, I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the king - dom a - bove.
 the king - dom a - bove.



Musical score for the song "THE KINGDOM ABOVE". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I am bound, I am bound, I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the king - dom a - bove.

JUST AS I AM.

J. H. TENNEY.

Musical score for the song "JUST AS I AM". It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 3/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

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, thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, 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!
 Be - cause thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

OH, THE BELLS!

J. H. TENNEY.
From "The Emerald," by per.

1 Oh, how cheer - ful the day, when the bright Sab - bath ray Gilds the
2 Oh, the bells! we are told, in that cit - y of gold Songs the
3 So the while wait - ing be - low you and I may be - stow Fa - vors

moun - tains, the wood - lands and dells! Then sweet an - thems we'll raise on this day of all days,
glad - ness and joy do they ring, When new - com - ers a - wait at the wide o - pen gate, the skies
rich on the souls that are near, If they first should a - rise to that home in the

CHORUS.

As we list to the dear Sab - bath bells.
While bright an - gels their wel - com - ing ring.
They'll be wait - lug our com - ing to cheer. } Oh, the bells! oh, the bells!

OH, THE BELLS! Concluded.

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How their rich mu - sic swells, Call - ing come, come, come praise the Lord! 'Tis his

house, chil - dren, haste, as the home you love best, He's the Fa - ther for - ev - er a - dored.

T. DWIGHT.

SERVOS. S. M.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante. *ritard.*

1 I love thy church, O God! Her walls be-fore thee stand Dear as the apple of thine eye And graven on thy hand.
2 Beyond my highest joy I prize her heav'nly ways, Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
3 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heav'n.

THE CROSS AND THE GATE.

1 I see my Sa - viour at the cross, He suf - fer'd there for me;
 2 I see my Sa - viour lift - ed up, On that ac - curs - ed tree;
 3 I see my Sa - viour at the gate. Of that bright world a - bove;

I count earth's pleasures all but dross, For Je - sus died for me.
 He bears my griefs, and drinks that cup, He died to set me free.
 I have an en - trance to my home Through his un - fail - ing love.

CHORUS.

I see my Sa - viour at the gate, Bid - ding sin - ners to come;
 I see my Sa - viour at the gate, at the gate,

We all must en-ter through that gate. To our e-ter-nal home.

We all must en-ter through that gate, thro' that gate,

✽ENNIS.✽ C. M.

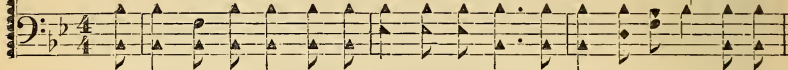
T. W. DENNINGTON.

1 Spir - it Di - vine! at - tend our prayer, And make our hearts thy home;
 2 Come as the light; to us re - veal, Our sin - ful - ness and woe;
 3 Come as the dew, and sweet - ly bless This con - se - cra - ted hour;

De - scend with all thy gra - cious power: Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come!
 And lead us in those paths of life Where all the right - eous go.
 May bar - ren - ness re - joice of to own Thy fer - ti - liz - ing power!



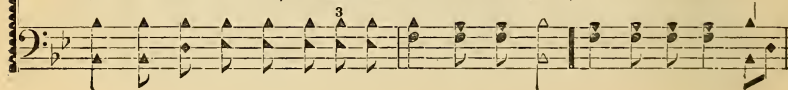
1 Thy blood, O my Sa - vour, was poured out for me, So pre - cious, so cost - ly, yet
 2 Tho' red as the crim - son, like wool I shall be. If plung'd 'neath the waves of this
 3 My faith would re - ceive the re - demp - tion I crave; The pow - er to tri - umph o'er



of - fer'd so free; Though sins be as scar let, this truth I would know, If I
 fath - om - less sea; I come, O my Sa - vour, where pure wa - ters flow; If I
 death and the grave; To stand, un - con - dem'd, for most sure - ly I know If I



wash in that Foun - tain, I shall be whi - ter than snow. } Whi - ter than snow, yes,
 wash in that Foun - tain, I shall be whi - ter than snow. }
 wash in that Foun - tain, I shall be whi - ter than snow. }



whi - ter than snow; If I wash in that Foun - tain, I shall be whi - ter than snow.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in a key of one flat (B-flat major or D minor) and 2/4 time. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes 'I shall be' in both staves.

→ ♯ RUELL. → C. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 We tread the path our Ma - ster trod; We bear the cross he bore;
2 Oft do our hearts with joy o'er - flow, And oft are bathed in tears;
3 We purge our mor - tal dross a - way, Re - fin - ing as we run;

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass, in a key of one flat and 3/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of the score includes three numbered verses of lyrics.

And ev' - ry thorn that wounds our feet His tem - ples pressed be - fore.
Yet naught but heav'n our hopes can raise, And naught but sm our fears.
And while we die to earth and sense, Our heav'n is here be - guen.

This block continues the musical score from the previous one, consisting of two staves in the same key and time signature. The lyrics continue below the notes.

❖❖❖ THE LAND OF LIGHT. ❖❖❖

J. H. TENNEY.

1 There's a beau - ti - ful land, a land of light, Which lies just o - ver the way.
 2 There are eyes, which we elosed in death, at night 'Mid sighs and bit - ter - est tears;
 3 Then, re - joice and be glad, ye suf - fring ones, Ye trou - bled, wea - ry and sad,

Where the night of life, With its gloom and strife, Fades out in - to gold - en day.
 They are beam - ing bright - ly, 'neath brows of light Untouched by frosts of years.
 Let the eye grow bright with the old - time light— The sor - row - ing heart be glad.

CHORUS.

For o - ver the riv - er, the beau - ti - ful land, The beau - ti - ful land of light;

No pain, no tears, no sor - row there, In that beau - ti - ful land of light.

This musical score is for the song 'THE LAND OF LIGHT'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'No pain, no tears, no sor - row there, In that beau - ti - ful land of light.' written below the notes.

M. HADLEY.

WHEN THE MORNING COMETH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 When the morn ing com eth Thankful hearts will raise To the lov ing Fa - ther Hymns of prayer and praise:
2 Let thy cease less watch care All our steps at - tend, And thro' life's short jour - ney, Keep us till the end:

This musical score is for the song 'WHEN THE MORNING COMETH'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is more rhythmic than the first song. The lyrics are split into two lines: '1 When the morn ing com eth Thankful hearts will raise To the lov ing Fa - ther Hymns of prayer and praise:' and '2 Let thy cease less watch care All our steps at - tend, And thro' life's short jour - ney, Keep us till the end:'.

Heav'nly Pa - rent, hear us! Need - y chil - dren call; Let thy boun teous mer - cy Help and bless us all.
Then when life is end - ed, All our tri - als o'er, May we meet to praise Thee On the heav'nly shore.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'WHEN THE MORNING COMETH'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Heav'nly Pa - rent, hear us! Need - y chil - dren call; Let thy boun teous mer - cy Help and bless us all. Then when life is end - ed, All our tri - als o'er, May we meet to praise Thee On the heav'nly shore.'

BIRTH OF CHRIST THE LORD.

W. A. OGDEN.

From the "S. S. Teacher's and Scholar's Quarterly," by per.

1 "Glo - ry to God!" the an - gels are sing - ing, Tid-ings of joy to men they bring;
 2 "Glo - ry to God!" oh, won - der - ful cho - rus! "Peace and good will" the an - gels sing;
 3 "Glo - ry to God!" the mul - ti - tude sing - eth, Glo - ry to God! let men re - ply.

1 Beth - le - hem's plain with mu - sic is ring - ing, Je - sus to - day is born a King.
 2 For un - to you is born in the cit - y, Cit - y of Da - vid, Christ a King.
 1 Glo - ry to God! the ech - o still ring - eth, Ring - eth a - loud through earth and sky.

1 Not in a pal - ace, but in a man - ger Li - eth the dear Re - deem - er's head,
 2 Born in re - deem, oh, might - y sal - va - tion! Je - sus, the Christ, oh, yes, 'tis he!
 1 Na - tions shall sit no long - er in dark - ness, Tell the good news o'er earth a - far!

Gird-ed with glo-ry, sa-ges be-held Him, Low where the beasts of the stall are fed.
 Wrapp'd in the swad-dling gar-ments be-hold Him, This un-to you a sign shall be.
 Seat-ed in glo-ry now be-hold Him, Je-sus the blight and morn-ing star.

CHORUS.
ff

Glo-ry to God the an-gels are sing-ing Peace and good will to men they bring.
 Glo-ry to God! "Peace and good will"

Beth-le-hem's plain with mu-sic is ring-ing, Je-sus to-day is born a King.
 Je-sus to day

1 Good news and glad ti - dings! oh, spread it a - broad! Let praise and thanks giv - ing as -
 2 Good news and glad ti - dings for souls temp - est-tossed! With Christ for your Pi - lot you
 3 Good news and glad ti - dings! sal - va - tion is near! Re - joice, all cre - a - tion: Christ's

end up to God! For Je - sus, out Sa - viour, Re - deem - er, and Friend, Hath
 can - not be lost. Oh, trust in his prom - ise, that nev - er will fail, As
 king - dom is here! Oh, hea - then be - night - ed, take heed to the sound, - Good

CHORUS.

left his bright king - dom, his own to de - fend. His blood it will
 on - ward, still on - ward, toward heav - en you shall. blood it will save us, for
 news and glad ti - dings: the lost has been found!

save still It runs us, free: for His blood it will save it us, for free: it runs free: Good

news and glad ti - dings for you and for me, for you and for me.

✠MEISSE.✠ 6s.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand: Choose out the path for me.
2 I dare not choose my lot: I would not, if I might. Choose thou for me, my God! So shall I walk a-right.
3 Choose thou for me my friends, My sickness or my health: Choose thou my cares for me,—My poverty or wealth.

Moderato.

1 Let us lift up our voi - ces in songs of praise To Je - sus, who bless - es and
 2 For the bless - ings he show - ers a - round each day, Be thank - ful, be joy - ful, to
 3 All his chil - dren he watch - es both day and night. Then come in his pres - ence with

bright - ens our days; In - to the house of prayer will we go,
 Je - sus give praise; Loud - ly the the strata of let each one pro - long,
 songs of de - light. Glo - ry to him let each one pro - claim,

CHORUS,

There to praise him from whom all bless - ings flow. Praise him,
 Sing - ing the Lamb that for him sin - ners in beau - ti - ful songs. Lift up your voice in
 To the Lamb that for him sin - ners in was slain.

Praise an - them of him. En - ter his courts with thanks to - day.
 Praise him. Lift up your voice. Sing praise to him. In an - them of joy give praise.

SINNER, COME.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Sinner, come, 'mid thy gloom. All thy sin confessing: Trembling now, contrite bow: Take the proffered blessing.
 2 Sinner, come, while there's room,—While the feast is waiting: While the Lord, by his word, kindly is hailing.
 3 Sinner, come, ere thy doom Shall be sealed for-ev-er. Now return, grieve and mourn. Flee to Christ, the Saviour.

1 There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my bark a - mid per - ils I steer;
 2 There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the riv - er of thine;
 3 Oh, they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our sor - rows and cares;
 4 Then for - get not to keep your light shi - ning; O Chris - tian, be earn - est and true;

And they ev - er grow bright - er and bright - er As that glo - rious ha - ven I near -
 All the days of our pil - grim - age bright - en With a ra - diance tru - ly sub - lime.
 When the lamp on our ves - sel burns dim - ly, We wait for the glim - mer of theirs.
 For a soul on life's o - cean may per - ish, - May sink in the waves but for you,

CHORUS.

Oh, the lights a - long the shore That nev - er grow dim, Nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the

so - lous that are a - flame With the love of Je - sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us un - to him,

✧SOFTLY FADES.✧

M. F. BROOKINGS.

1 Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab - bath day;
2 Peace is on the world a - broad: 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
3 Still the Spir - it lin - gers near, Where the eve - ning wor - ship - er
4 Sa - viour, may our Sab - baths be, Days of peace and joy in thee!

Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run,
Sym - bol of the peace with in skies, When the spir - it rests from prize,
Seeks com - mu - nion with the re - pose, Where the Press - ing ward to the prize,
Till in heav'n our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - baths ne'er shall close.

HIDING IN THE ROCK.

C. H. GABRIEL.

From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

1 In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a snre re - treat;
 2 In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I have found a sweet re - pose;
 3 In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace;

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

CHORUS.

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

⇒✂HIDING IN THE ROCK.✂⇐ Concluded.

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

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Hiding in the Rock'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff and the bass line in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Rev. G. S. WOODHULL

⇒✂A LITTLE WHILE.✂⇐

J. H. TENNEY.

1 A little while the winds may blow, And storms may beat a - round us: we know, And sun - shine bright sur-round us.

2 A little while our eyes may weep, Our souls be filled with sad - ness; The harvest rich we then shall reap, Our songs be turned to glad-ness.

3 A little while as pilgrims here, We tread life's dus - ty path - way; But there we'll walk as chil - dren dear, Our Heavenly Fa - ther's high way.

4 No longer, then, "a little while:" That sun knows no de - clin - ing; With its smile, And peace e - ter - nal shi-ning.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'A Little While'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff and the bass line in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Con espressione.

1 Gone be - yond the dark - some riv - er, — On - ly left us by the way;
 2 One by one they go be - fore us; — They are fa - ding like the dew;
 3 Gone where ev - ry eye is tear - less; — On - ly gone from earth - ly care.

Gone be - yond the night for - ev - er, — On - ly gone to end - less day;
 But we know they're watch - ing o'er us, — They, the good, the fair, the true;
 Oh, the wait - ing, sad and cheer - less, Till we meet our loved ones there.

Gone to meet the an - gel fa - ces Where our love - ly trea - sures are;
 They are wait - ing for us on - ly, Where no pain can ev - er mar;
 Sweet the rest from all our ro - ving, Land of light and hope a - bove.

rit.

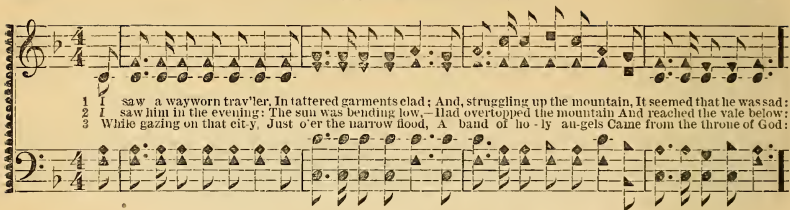
Gone a - while from our em - bra - ces - Gone with - in the gates a - jar.
 Lit - tie ones who left us lone - ly, Watch for us through gates a - jar.
 Lo! our Fa - ther's hand, so lov - ing, Sets the pearl - y gates a - jar.

CHORUS. a tempo.

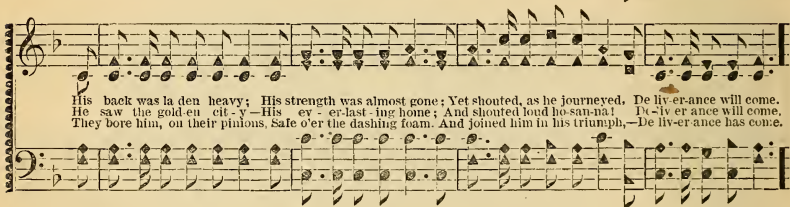
There with - in the gates, the gates a - jar, Where our love - ly treas - ures are,
 There, within the gates, with - in the pearl-y gates ajar, Where our lovely treas - ures are,
 our lovely treasures

rall. pp.

Lo! our Father's hand so lov - ing, Sets the pearl-y gates a - jar
 Lo! our Father's hand, our Father's hand so loving sets the pearl-y gates a - jar the gates a jar.
 are, our

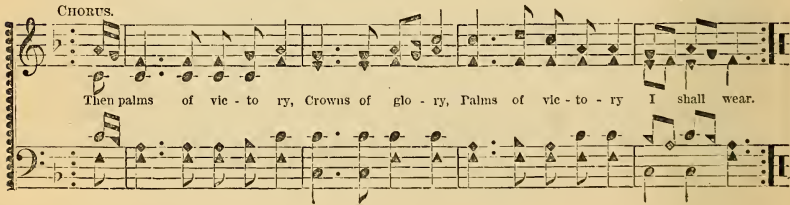


1 I saw a wayworn trav'ler, In tattered garments clad; And, struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
 2 I saw him in the evening: The sun was bending low, — Had overtopped the mountain And reached the vale below;
 3 While gazing on that cit-y, Just o'er the narrow flood, A band of ho - ly an-gels Came from the throne of God:



His back was la den heavy; His strength was almost gone; Yet shouted, as he journeyed, De liv-er-ance will come.
 He saw the gold-en cit-y — His ey - er-last-ing home; And shouted loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er-ance will come.
 They bore him, on their pi-lons, Safe o'er the dashing foam. And joined him in his triumph, — De liv-er-ance has come.

CHORUS.



Then palms of vic-to-ry, Crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

1 One by one the bonds are sev-ered, Bind-ing hearts to - geth-er here: One by one new
 2 One by one we cease our toil-ing For the Mas - ter here be - low: By the an - gel
 3 One by one we're gath'ring yon - der, Out of ev' - ry cline and land: One by one we're
 4 One by one the Sa - viour calls us, In his per - fect bliss to share: May we for the

ties are add-ed To the land that knows no fear.
 bands at - tend-ed, To our end - less rest we go
 cross - ing o - ver To the dis - tant heav'n-ly stran-ge. } Gath - er - ing home, gath-er-ing home,
 call be ready! Oh, may none be miss - ing there!

One by one we're gath-er - ing home. *pp* Soon will all be gath-ered home, — Gathered one by one.

1 Strike the harp of Zi - on! wake the tune - ful lay! Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way!
 2 O - ver dis - tant re - gions, veiled in er - ror's night See the ho - ly dawn of gos - pel light,
 3 Oh, the joy - ful sto - ry, - life to ev' - ry soul! Like a migh - ty o - cean let it roll,

Lo! the morn is breaking, - morn of pur - est love: Praise for - ev - er! praise to God a - bove!
 See! the na - tions com - ing at the Sa - viour's call, - Com - ing now to crown him Lord of all.
 Bring - ing home the lost ones from the path of sin, 'Till the world shall all be gath - ered in.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! glo - ry! hark! the an - gels sing! Glo - ry! glo - ry! hear the ech - o ring!

✠STRIKE THE HARP OF ZION.✠ Concluded.

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Strike the harp of Zi - on! wake the tune - ful lay! Bear the joy - ful tid - ings

far, far a - way! Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far . . . a - way.

✠SCLEIBER.✠ S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love! The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove.
2 Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs: Our fears, our hopes, our alms are one.—Our comforts and our cares.
3 We share our mutual woes; Our mutual burdens bear; And often for each other flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.

1 The Mas-ter is come, and call-eth to thee, In ac - cents soft and mild,
 2 The Mas-ter is come, and call-eth to thee, In words of sa - cred truth,
 3 The Mas-ter is come, and call-eth to thee: The Spir - it and Bride say, 'Come!'

CHORUS.

Wea - ry and la - den one, come to me; Will you not come, my child?
 Come to the Sa - viour, who died for thee; Come in thy ear - ly youth.
 Come to the ban - quet pre - pared for thee: En - ter, while yet there's room. } Come, and wel - come.

Come, and welcome! Je - sus bids you come, Come, and welcome! come, and welcome! Jesus bids you come.

1 Bap - tize us a new With fire from on high! With love, oh, re-
 2 Un - wor - thy wo ery, Un - ho - ly. on - clean. Oh, wash us and
 3 Oh, heav - en - ly Dove, De - scend from ou high! We plead thy rich

CHORUS.

fresh us! Dear Sa - vour, draw cleh!
 cleanse us From sin's guil - ty stain!
 bless - ing: In mer - cy draw high! } We hum - bly be - seech thee, Lord

Je - sus, we pray, With fire and the Spir - it Bap - tize us to - day.

MIGHTY TO SAVE.

D. H. LLOYDE.

1 Lead me, O thou pre - cious Sa - vour, Safe - ly lead by thine own hand;
 2 Brought by grace to see the foun - tain From which cleans - ing wa - ters flow;
 3 While I live, and through death's val - ley, Lead me to the oth - er side;

Weak, I come to thee for guid - ance, Trav - ling to the heav'n - ly land.
 Bid my cares and fears to ev - er: Guide and bless me while be - low;
 And the storms of earth out - ride.

Safe Sup - port - er, sure De - liv' - rer, Cleanse me by thy pow'r di - vine.
 "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my self in thee!"
 Safe - ly to the ha - ven guide me. "Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!"

❖MIGHTY TO SAVE.❖ Concluded.

145

CHORUS.

Oh, help me to trust Thee! Oh, help me to sing!

Oh, keep me and shelt - er me! To Thee, O Lord, I cling. Lord, I cling.

❖TORRENT.❖ S. M.

1 How swift the torrent rolls That bears us to the sea! The tide that bears our thoughtless souls To vast eternal - ty.
2 God of our Fathers, hear, Thou ev-erlasting Friend! While we, as on life's utmost verge, Our souls to thee commend.

1 There are eyes for ev - er weep - ing While the years are roll - ing on; There are hearts in sor - row's
 2 There's no time for thoughtless spend ing While the years are roll - ing on; Let your hand be o - pen,
 3 To our home we're draw - ing near - er While the years are roll - ing on; And our vis - ion's growing

keep - ing, Dai - ly cap - tured, one by one; If we wipe a - way a tear, If we
 lend - ing, To the poor and lone - ly one; If we can a broth - er raise, From his
 clear - er As we jour - ney to'ard the sun; But our rest - ing will be sweet, If for

oft dis - pel a fear, Oh, the good which may ap - pear While the years are roll - ing on!
 low and fall - en ways, We shall swell our Sa - viour's praise While the years are roll - ing on.
 glo - ry we are meet; There - fore toil - ing we will greet While the years are roll - ing on.

THE ROLLING YEARS. Concluded.

147

CHORUS.

While the years are roll - ing on, While the years are roll - ing on.

Oh, the good which may ap - pear While the years are roll - ing on!

NEARER. 6s.

J. H. TENNEY.

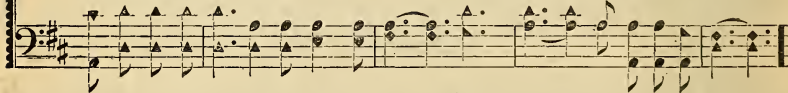
1 One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er an l o'er; I'm nearer home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore.
2 Nearer my Father's throne, Where the blest mansions be; Nearer the great white throne Nearer the crystal sea,
3 Nearer the bound where we Must lay our burdens down; Nearer to leave the cross, Near - er to gain the crown.



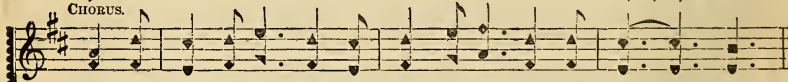
1 Look, sin - ner, to Je - sus, the ris - en One, Who bled on the tree for thee;
 2 He points to the prints of the cru - el nails; He shows thee his bleeding side;
 3 The Sa - vour is stand - ing at mer - cy's gate; He asks thee to en - ter in;
 4 Come now to the Sa - vour, ac - cept his love, And live for his glo - ry here;



He's graciously say - ing, "O troubled one, Wilt thou not come un - to me?"
 His heart's full of pi - ty, his love ne'er fails; Wilt thou not come and a - bide?
 He's pleading, en - treat - ing, 'tis late; Art thou not wea - ry of sin?
 He'll take thee at last to his home a - bove: Come, then, oh, come without fear.



CHORUS.



There'll be joy in heav'n, There'll be joy in heav'n, There'll be joy in
 There'll be joy in



heaven: And the an - gels will strike the gold - en lyre; And the

ransomed will join the seraph choir. There'll be joy There'll be joy in heaven!

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The second system also has a treble and bass staff with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue below the staves. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

✠TO-DAY.✠

J. H. TENNEY.

1 To - day the Saviour calls: Ye wand'ers, come! Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2 To - day the Saviour calls: Oh, lis - ten now! With - in these sacred walls To Je - sus bow!

3 To - day the Saviour calls: For re - fu - ge fly: The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.

4 The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to his power: Oh, grieve him not a - way! 'Tis mercy's hour.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue below the staves. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

1 There is a home be - yond the flood Where Je - sus is the Light, — The
 2 We'll watch by faith the morn - ing star, Which now is ris - ing high: Soon
 3 Then we'll see the floods of gold - en light, With heav'n - ly beau - ties rare: 'Twill

glo - rious Cit - y of our God, Where is no gloom of night.
 will the gold - en gates of our God, jar, Ope wide for you and
 burst up - on our spir - its' sight In heav - en o - ver there,

CHORUS.

In that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home, That home so bright and
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home. so

fair; In that beau- ti - ful home: Oh, may we all meet there!

bright and fair; Beau - ti - ful, beau ti - ful, beau ti - ful home:

✧VIRGIL.✧ 7s.

J. H. TENNEY,

1 "Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day!" Sons of men and an - gels say:
2 Love's re - deem - ing work, is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
3 Lives a - gain our glo - rious King! "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Sing, ye Heavens, and, Earth, re - ply.
Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er: Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Dy - ing once, he all doth save:— "Where thy vic - t'ry, boast - ing Grave?"

1 We are near - ing the heav - en - ly shore, — Hap - py home of the pure and the blest;
 2 Tho' the bil - lows a - round us may roll, And the winds dash our bark to and fro;
 3 In the har - bor we'll an - chor at last, And we greet all our friends gone be - fore;

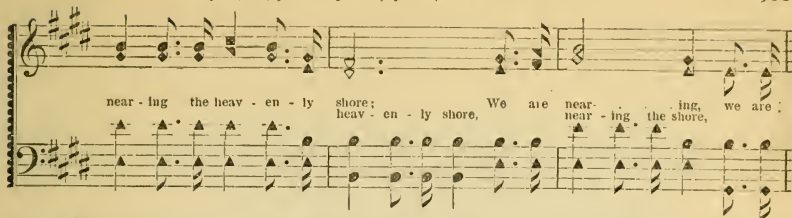
And our sor - rows will all soon be o'er, And our la - bors be turned in - to rest.
 Ev' - ry wave brings us near - er our goal, Ev' - ry wind toward the place we would go.
 Ev' - ry dan - ger then hap - pi - ly past, We will rest on the heav - en - ly shore.

CHORUS.

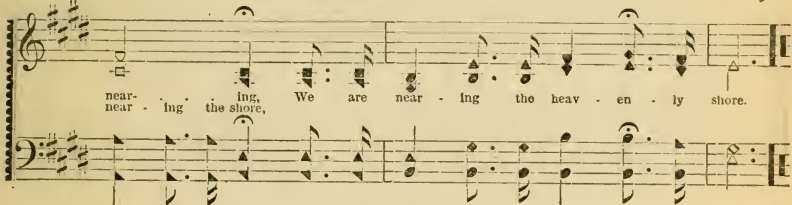
We are near - ing the shore, We are near - ing the shore, We are near - ing the shore,

NEARING THE SHORE. Concluded.

153

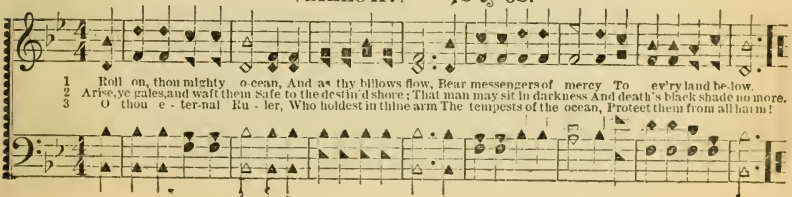


near - ing the heav - en - ly shore; heav - en - ly shore, We are near - ing the shore, we are :



near - ing the shore, We are near - ing the heav - en - ly shore.

BILLOW. 7s & 6s.



1 Roll on, thou mighty ocean, And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mercy To ev'ry land be-low.
2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destin'd shore; That man may sit in darkness And death's black shade no more.
3 O thou e - ter - nal Ru - ler, Who holdest in thine arm The tempests of the ocean, Protect them from all harm!



blest, realms of the blest, Those man - sions so bright and so fair, With

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Je - sus, our Sa - viour, to rest, — Oh, what must it be to be there!

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The top staff continues the melody in treble clef, and the bottom staff continues the accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics continue below the treble staff, with a fermata over the final note of the melody.

♫ BEYOND. ♫

1 There is a blessed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where trials nev - er come, Nor tears of sorrow flow: —
 2 Where faith is lost to sight; And patient hope is crown'd; And ev - er - last - ing light its glory throws around.
 3 Oh, joy all joys be-yond, To see the Lamb who died, And count each sacred wound In hands and feet and side!

This system contains the third and final staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with three numbered lines of text corresponding to the three staves of the melody.

1 In the Lamb's Book of Life Will my name there ap - pear? Shall I walk in white
 2 Un - to me a new name In his king - dom he'll give; Of the man - na that's
 3 There shall noth - ing be hid From the eyes of his own, When in glo - ry we

rai - ment? Will Je - sus be near? With the dear ones of earth Who have pass'd on be -
 hid - den From him I'll re - ceive; And my name he'll con - fess To the Fa - ther
 view him Up - on the great throne; Then to him shall a - rise From the saved a - mong

CHORUS.

fore, Shall I dwell in that coun - try, And sor - row no more? } Glo - ry to
 bore, Oh, bless - ed be the God for his love.
 men, Un - to him be the glo - ry The For - ev - er. A - men.

God! his prom - ise is dear: I re - joice, for I know that my name's writ - ten there.

✢:MONTVALE:✢ S. M.

1 w in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand;
2 And du - ly shall ap - pear; In ver - dure, beau - ty strength,
3 Thou canst not toil in cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

To doubt and fear give thou no heed: Broad - cast it o'er the land.
Shall ten - der blade, the stalk, the ear, And For the full corn at the sky.
fos - ter and the ma - ture the grain For the garn - ers in the sky.

1 Come to our Fa-ther's house, Come, ere the day be gone; Temp-ests are gath'ring
 2 Look at the wea-ry way; Look where thy feet have trod; Find-ing no rest nor
 3 Dark-er thy path-way grows; Soon will the night come down; Fierce-ly the lightnings
 4 Fly from the fields of sin; Fly for thy life to-day; Fly to our Fa-ther's
 5 Here will thy soul find rest. Safe from each an-gry blast; Here find a per-fect

REFRAIN.

fast: Dark-ness is com-ing on.
 peace,— Wand'ring a-way from God.
 flash; Dark-er the temp-ests frown.
 house; En-ter the nar-row way.
 peace; Joys that for-ey-er last.

Fly, for the tempest is com-ing,

Sweeping the fields of sin! Knock at the portals of mer-cy: Je-sus will let you in.

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