

THE SHINING LIGHT FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS & REVIVALS

"THE PATH OF THE JUST IS
AS THE SHINING LIGHT, THAT SHINETH
MORE AND MORE UNTO THE PERFECT
DAY."
SOLOMON.



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1879 Dec. 15th

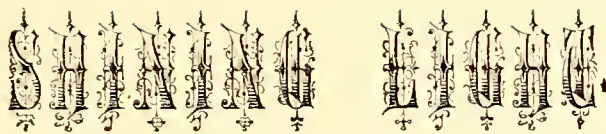




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THE



A

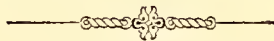
VARIED COLLECTION OF SACRED SONGS

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, Doe, 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 **A** (*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 repute.

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

SHINING LIGHT.

ANON.

→ * FAINT NOT, CHRISTIAN. * ←

A. S. KIEFFER.

1 Faint not, Chris - tian! though the road, Lead - ing to thy blest a - bode,
 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 - tle 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 a danger - ous too. Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through,
 Gird on Faith's shield: Bear it to ver - the bat - tle - field.
 Hold the cross of Je - sus fast: Thou shalt o - come at last.
 Christ, the Lord, is o - ver all: He'll not suf - fer thee to fail.
 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 Mas - ter the lambs: They are
 3 To the wea - ry and la - den the 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 he wan - tie in dark - ness and
 sin - ner, when hum - ble, he eev - 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 an has - ten ere night - fall, to gath - er them in,
 thirst - y may drink; Neath an o - cean of love vile 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, ran - 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.

This musical score is for the song 'Just Beside the River'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '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.

This musical score is for the song 'In God We Trust'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '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!

This musical score is for the chorus of the song 'In God We Trust'. It is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are: '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 light ap - pears,
 2 Shout for glad - ness! Christ is com - ing blest;
 3 Glo - rious day, so long ex - pect - ed! Flood your tide glori - ous of bliss a - long;

Ris - ing o'er time's drear - y moun - tains, Break - ing through the mist of years;
 Count - less mil - lions rise to meet him From the North, the 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 can her ra - diance fling;

✻SHOUT FOR GLADNESS.✻ Concluded.

11



And the ban - ner stream - ing 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.

+ HEALING FOUNTAIN. +

UNKNOWN.

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 - live 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 Zi - on's live for - ev - er.
 Je - sus gave her full re - lief, With on's sons and daugh - ters.

CHORUS.

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

+HEALING FOUNTAIN.+ Concluded.

13

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 ran - 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.

CRIMSONED GARMENTS WEAREST THOU.

A. N. GILBERT.

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 thine up - rears, Nev - er bring me par - don?
 wilt re - ceive, Ho - ly life wilt help me live In thy strength, my Sa - viour!

+HOSANNA TO OUR KING.+

J. H. TENNEY.

15

Lively.



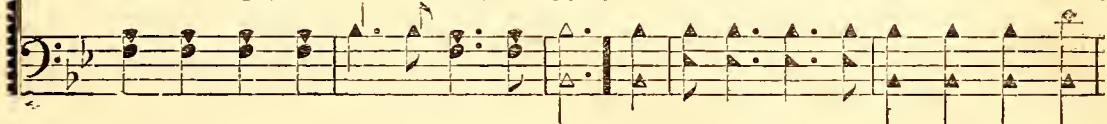
1 Ho - san - na be the chil-dren's song To Christ, the chil-dren's King; His praise, to whom all
2 Ho - san - na sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain; While loud - er, sweet-er,
3 Ho - san - na on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly; Till morn to eve, and



CHORUS.



praise be - longs, Let all the chil - dren sing. } Ho - san - na, then, our song shall be, - Ho -
clear - er still Woods ech - o to the strain. }
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.



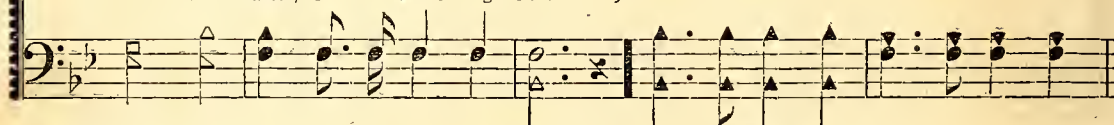
1 Forth from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing
 2 Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang
 3 Riv - er - of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near; My soul to thy still



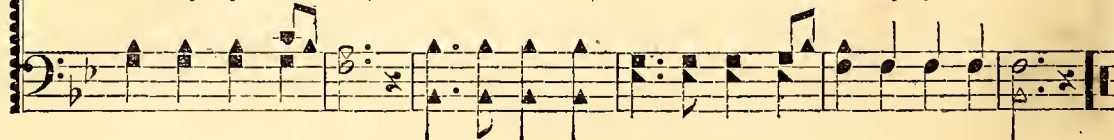
CHORUS.



Foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing Stream. } Bless - ed Riv - er, let me ev - er
 si - lent, Nor hap - py voi - ces 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 suores; 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 its taste - ti - ful joys, with those with love? Shall we
 ev - er - more; We shall dwell in that el - ty, saved from sin; If we're

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

THE BRIGHT GLORY-LAND. Concluded.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains a simple accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

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

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with some rests. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp.

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

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff concludes the melody with a final note and a double bar line. The bass staff concludes the accompaniment. The key signature remains one sharp.

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

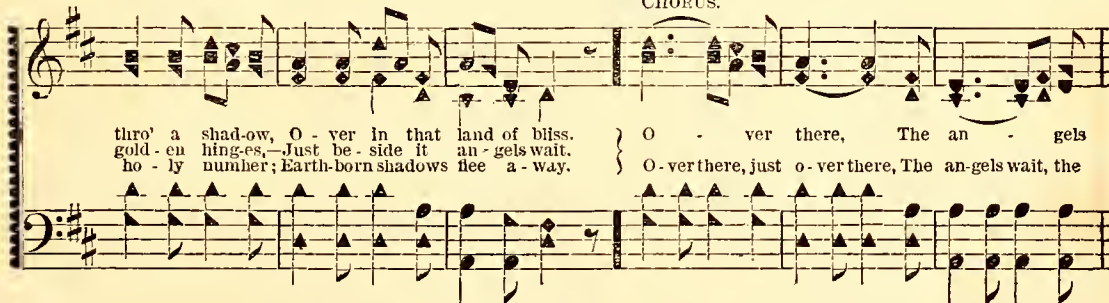
→ JUST OVER THE RIVER. ←

J. CALVIN BUSHEY. 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 - fect 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 hing - 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 there, ver there, At the beau - ti - ful pearl - y gate.
 an - gels wait, O - ver there, just o - ver there,

✧ BEAUTIFUL EDEN. ✧

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 of care New - er can the
 3 Beau - ti - ful E - den, place row of or - de - light, Land of we the
 4 Beau - ti - ful E - den, gar - den of peace, Where we the 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; Sin can not the blight - far, and death can - not
gaze on the Sa - viour's dear face; Here may we shall way - er in stay glad - ness a -

gloom, slay: rest, bove, Longs Safe Here Roam to in in the heav the be hold gar den en ly an thee, thou of prom den ise of bloom! they, blest. love.

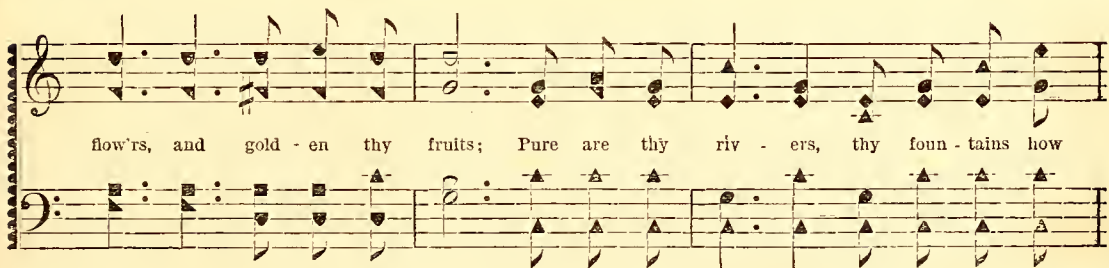
✧ BEAUTIFUL EDEN. ✧ Concluded.

21

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.

THE GOOD OLD STORY.

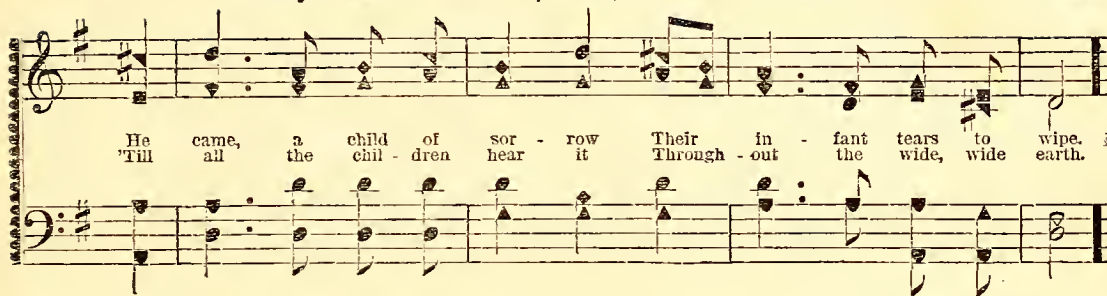
1 We've heard the good old sto - ry! From sweet - est for lips of love,
2 He comes, oh, pre - clous sto - ry! With love for you and me.

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

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

❖THE GOOD OLD STORY.❖ Concluded.

23



He came, a child of sor - row Their in - fant tears to wipe.
 'Till all the chil - dren hear it 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 You - der are streets all gold - en, Trod - den an - gel feet;
 3 Yon - der my dear Re - deem - er, Seat - ed by up - on his throne,

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Mrs. S. B. HERRICK.

† SABBATH DAWN. †

L. C. EMERSON.

1 Forth from yon gates a - jar, Bright with the dawning; Forth from her gold - en ear, Com-eth the morning.
 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. + ✧

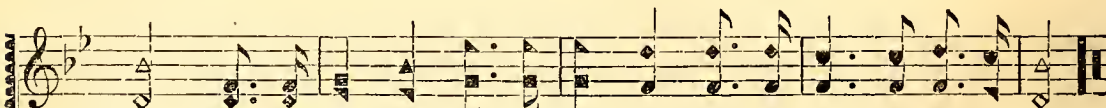
J. H. TENNEY.



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



door; Haste, and on his pier - ed feet Pour thy heart's ob - la - tion
 plea; Not Nev - er from thy soul - ed hath wept; Not thy heart's 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 smooth 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 en - 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. } Sweet - ly rests the beautiful dead, Sweet - ly
 lone - ly, Now she's gone from out our midst. } Sweetly rests the beautiful dead,
 yon - der, In that land of per - feet day.

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 proclain'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 thi - patient and faith - ful is giv'n?

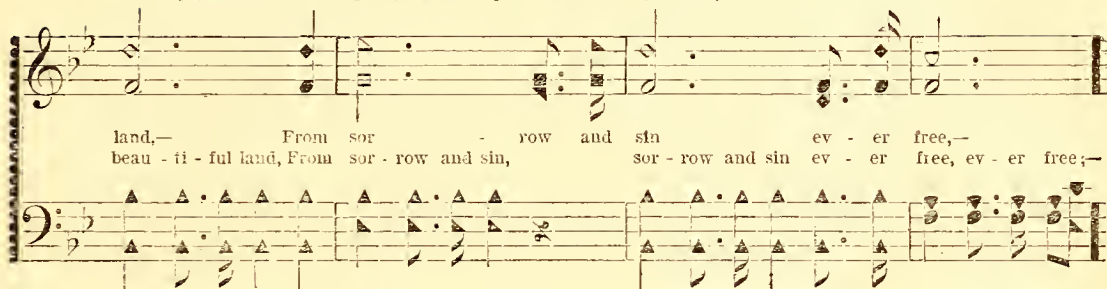
O ye starv - ing and poor, Je - sus waits at the door! Will you has - ten to an - swer his call?
 And tho' strange it may be, that the wa - ters are free, - On - ly en - ter in Je - sus - 's name.
 When your life - work is done and the vic - to - ry won, - Of the rest at King Je - sus - 's feet?
 Give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

CHORUS.

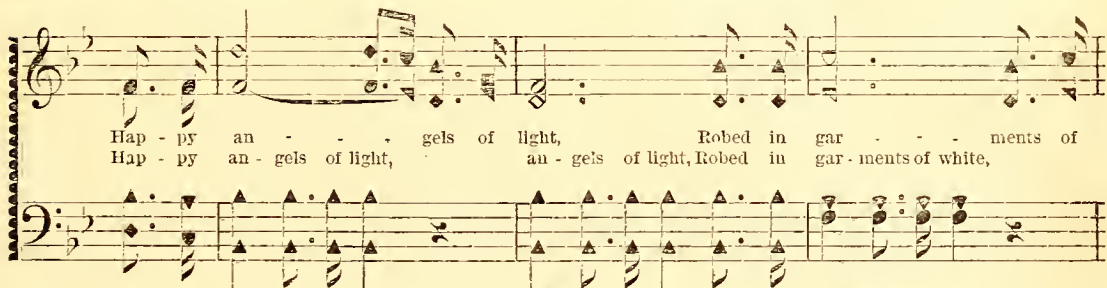
And just o - ver there in the beau - - - ti - ful
 And just o - ver there, just o - ver there in the beau - ti - ful land,

→ HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS? ← Concluded.

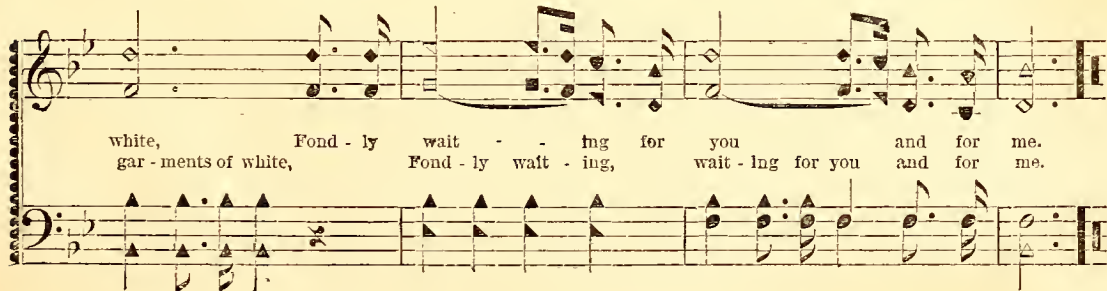
29



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, an - 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. E. BARROWS.

1 An - gels are wait - ing to Oh, bear the news Up to the courts a - bove,
 2 Je - sus is read - y. Oh, heed his call, "Come, to wea - ry ones, and
 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 want - ing; there's room - ing for all. Now be for - ev - er blest.
 E'en now they're wait - ing, and on the wing. Who'll 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,

♫+WHO'LL SEND THE NEWS?+♫ Concluded.

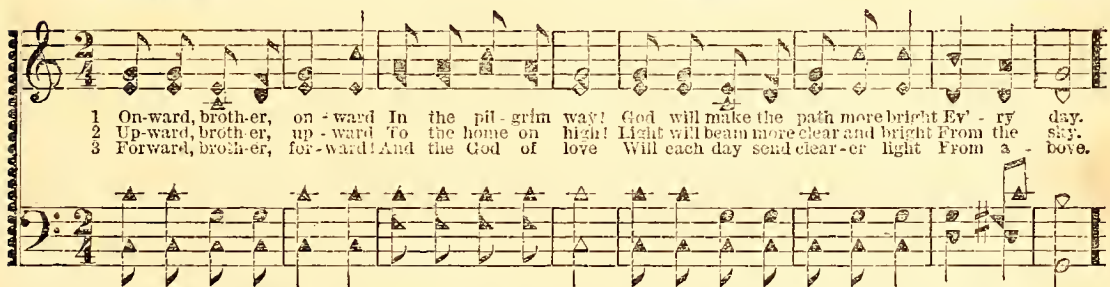
31



Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

♫+THE WAY WILL GROW BRIGHTER.+♫

L. O. EMERSON.



CHORUS.



CHILDREN'S BATTLE SONG.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 We are a lit - tle va - liant band Of sol - diers for the right; And we are march ing
 2 The hosts of sin are press - ing hard, But nev - er will we yield; We'll nev - er lay the
 3 We hold our 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 - ors to pro - claim; And when in bat - tle we shall fall, He A

meet them on our way; But with a Lead - er such as ours, We'll sure - ly gain the day.
 fids 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

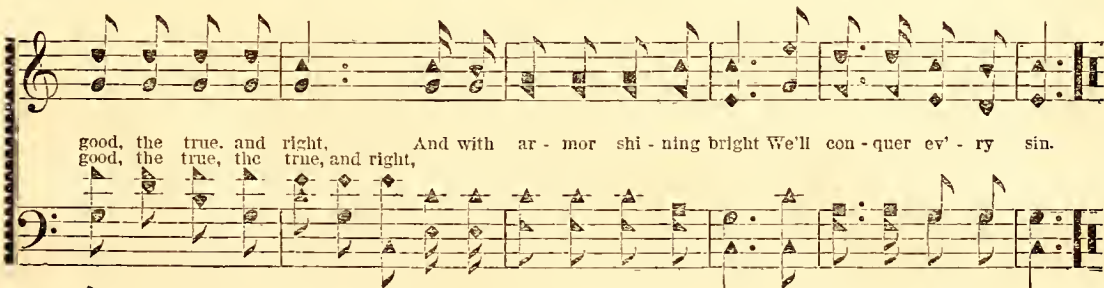
CHORUS.



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'rer, 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 - vour 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, } For the har - vest is pass - ing: the
 He calls thee. Oh, haste to the shel - ter he gives thee, }
 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.

DOES JESUS LOVE LITTLE CHILDREN?

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. Oh, yes. Then let us ev - er be watch-ing! Soon the an - gels will

me;
 do: His com-mands should ne'er be bro - ken; For Je - sus ear - eth for me.
 come: 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 our - 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

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

1st. 2d.

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, Christ And has my washed my pil - grim way;
 3 I am sing - ing all the day, And my joy I stains a - not stay;

For the blood of Je sus saves me, And no more my sin en - slaves me;
 Oh, the joy of my soul is feel - ing, Christ his love to me re - 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 tempt - er's wiles, - From their ev' - e - vil and be the heard:
 Fit them for 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 the for the flock, feet That they to wan - der not a - way,
 Guide, oh, guide the lit - tie feet In - to wis - dom's pleas - ant ways;

⇒*FEED MY LAMBS.*⇒ Concluded.

39

Lead them 'mid the lil - ies fair, By the wa ters bright and still.
 Ne'er neg - lect the the lit - tle ones: Watch and guard them day by day.
 Teach 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 gave his pre - cious 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.
 life's dark jour - ney Un - to the gold - en sum - mer - land. } My Je - sus loves me, My Je - sus loves me, My
 crimson foun - tain That flows a - down from Cal - v'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.

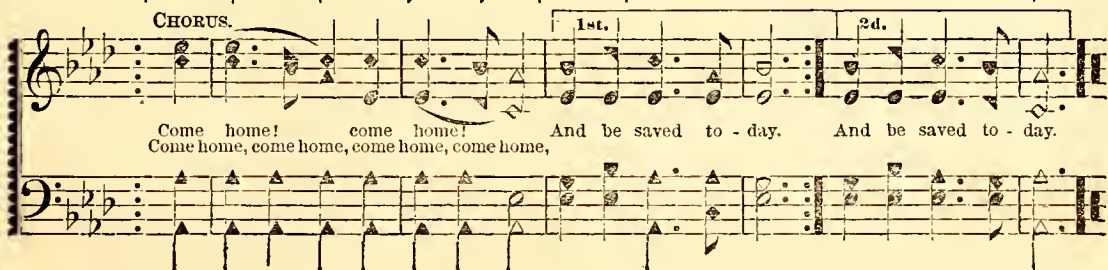


1 Wilt thou not come to life the Sa - vour? He's call - ing thee home! Re-
 2 Oh, spurn not the of - fers Thro' his pre - cious blood, That
 3 O sin - ner, now trust his mer - cy: 'Tis bound - less and free; He
 4 List, hear you not! be is call - ing Thee, wan - der - er, home; In



ceived 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 his life, pure he and pre - cious, "A ran - som for thee."
 tones of love, he is plead - ing, "Poor sin - ner, come home."

CHORUS.



1st. Come home! come home! And be saved to - day. And be saved to - day.
 Come home, come home, come home, come home, 2d.

+KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.+

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

by per.

1 Re - 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 we'll ev - er sup - to - geth - er, - This bless - ed Friend and I; And if I ev - er

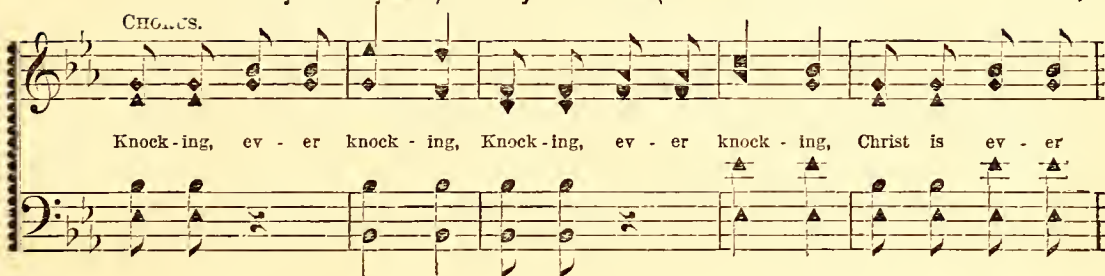
wait - ing, But he will not give it o'er. He knocks, and, as he's knock - ing, He
 knock - ing, As I've oft - en knocked be - fore. Just ope the door a mo - ment, Long e -
 en - ter: I will ask him not de - part. Welcome! wel - come! bless - ed Stran - ger! Come
 hun - ger, He can hear my faint - est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

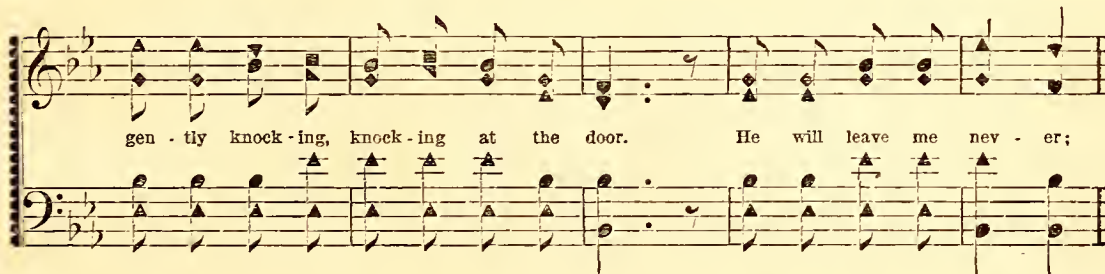
✦ KNOCKING AT THE DOOR. ✦ Concluded.

43

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 bid 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 sum mer of birds ap -
 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 they pray for me while, That As my path may be less
 blow? Do they pray for me with love, As they watch the win - ter's

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

▷DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME?◀ Concluded.

45

musical notation (treble and bass staves) with lyrics:

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 notation (treble and bass staves) with lyrics:

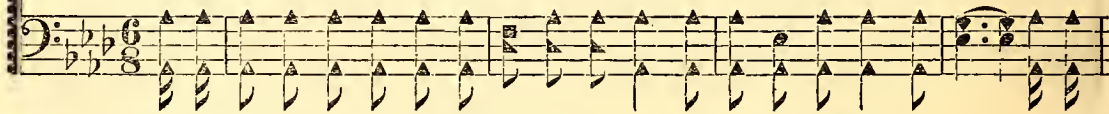
Do they ev - er, do they ev - er, Do they ev - er pray for me at

musical notation (treble and bass staves) with lyrics:

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 im - mor - tal that bloom in that land, To sor - row and care un - knowu; 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

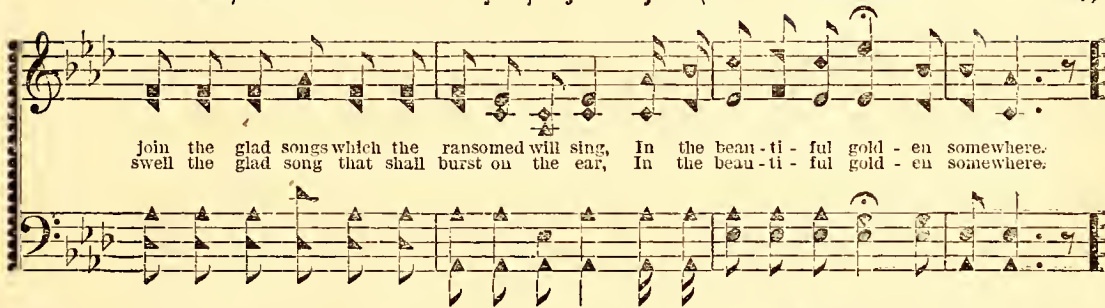


know not the place where the cit - y is built, But hope all at last may be there, To
 thou - sands of an - gels, all glo - rious and bright, Who dwell in that coun - try so fair, And



❖ BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SOMEWHERE. ❖ Concluded.

47

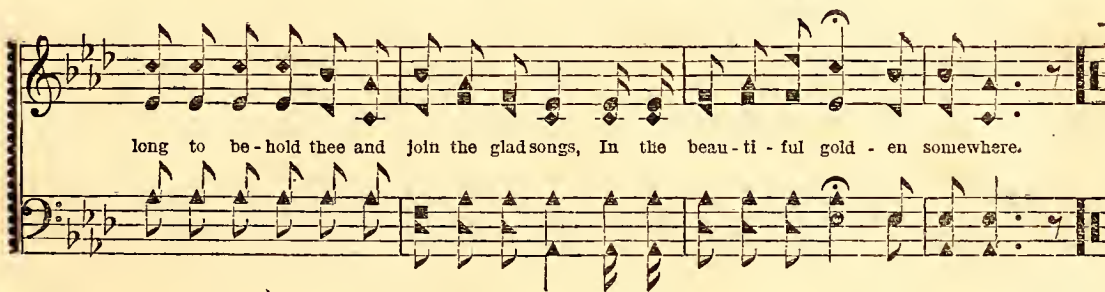


join the glad songs which the ransomed will sing, In the beau-ti-ful gold-en somewhere.
swell the glad song that shall burst on the ear, In the beau-ti-ful gold-en somewhere.

CHORUS.



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



long to be-hold thee and join the gladsongs, 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 - raign - 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 - ehor, shall go down; He
 bear their bur - dens in - com - plain - ing, 'Tis they who win the Fa - ther's grace.
 storm pro - claims a sum - mer mor - row; The cross points on to Par - a - dise.

But he whom Je - sus holds, thro' all Shall stand, though earth and heav'n should fall.
 He 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,
pam - or sin; Where the white rob'd au - gels wel - come us in To all that is beau - 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 - vour; 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 wails from the cold.

Musical score for the hymn "Tell them the sweet old story". The score is written for a single voice part on a single staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence marked by a double bar line and a repeat sign. The lyrics are printed below the staff, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: "Tell them the sweet old story; Ma - ny are out in the sto - ry; Point them in ten - der - est mer - cy, Tell it a - gain and a - gain: Thought - less - ly spend - ing the day, Up to the Sa - viour so dear." The score is presented on a single page with a decorative border.

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.

51



Nev - er will it lose its glo - ry, Tell them the beau - ti - ful strain.
 Know - ing in not 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.



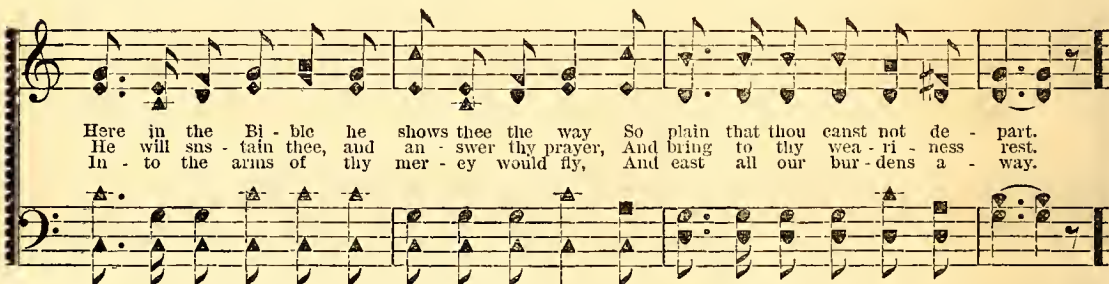
Bring in the chil - dren, Bring in the chil - dren, Oh, Bring in the chil - dren to - day.
 Bring in the chil - dren, Bring in the chil - dren, Oh, Bring in the chil - dren to - day.

❖ WANDER NO MORE. ❖

A. B. BRAGDON.

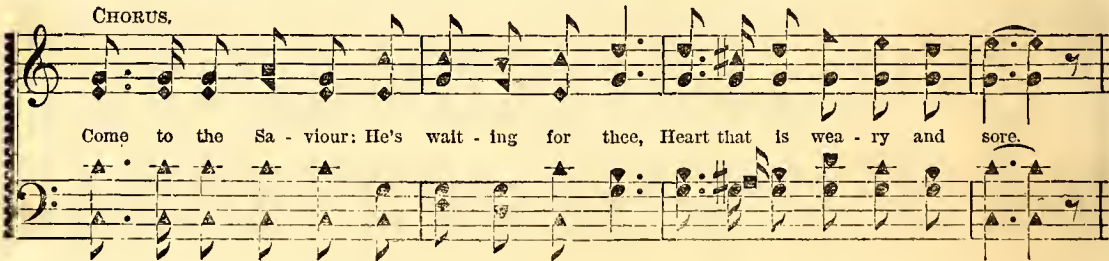


1 Come to the Sa-viour: he calls thee to-day. Bring him thy sin-laden heart.
 2 Bring him thy bur-dens, thy grief and thy care; Cast all thy woes on his breast.
 3 Lord, on thy mer-cy we glad-ly re-ly. We would thy pre-cepts obey.



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 ease 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.

WANDER NO MORE. Concluded.

53

Has - ten, be 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 breaking with pain:

This bright-shin-ing Light Shall guide me a - right: He, whis - per - ing, says "There is room."
 This ev - er - true, wide 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 dwell 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. Happy 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-constant 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!

+I AM THINE OWN.+

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Songs of Faith," by per.

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.
 raise, My King! my King!
 heart, And I have heav'n!

O peace! O hol - y rest! O

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

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

I have come to thee, dear Sa-viour, And have found e-ter-nal life.
 As I grasp noth-ing, can now sal-va-tion, Price-less gift from thy love love has vine-made:

Prec-i-ous, prec-i-ous gift to me, Bought with blood on Cal-va-ry.
 Earth-ly gain I count but loss, blood, Kneel-ing at the Sa-viour's cross.
 Bond-ment-ed by the blood, Of th'as-cend-ed 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 - er, ev - er fiere - er, Wax - es suf - f'ring's fev' - rish blood.
 Ev - er nigh - er, ev - er nigh - 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.

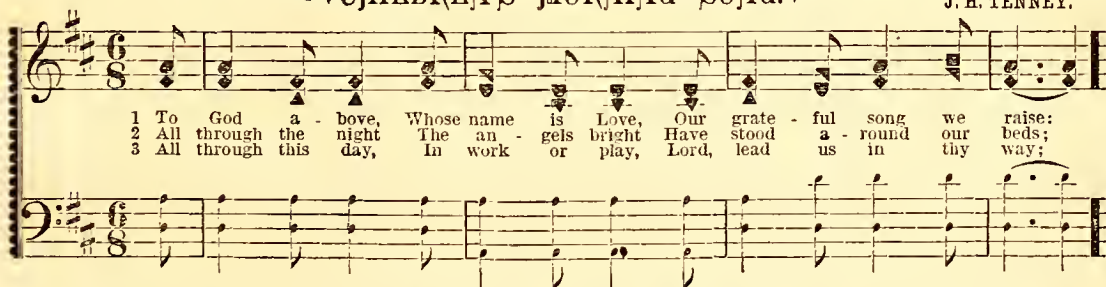
59



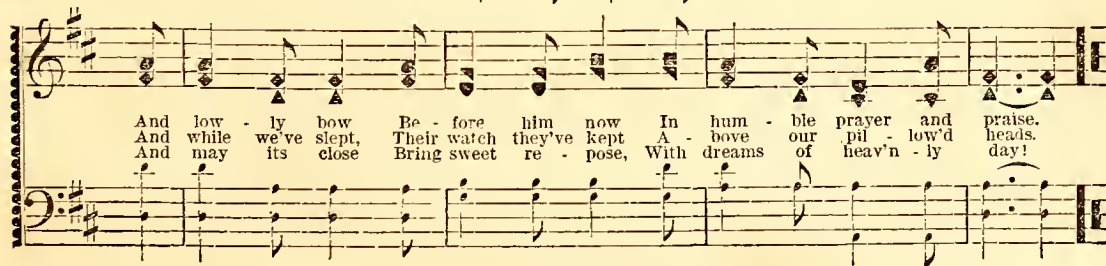
That I may, while there be - hold - ing, See what has been done for me.
While the glo - ry there be - hold - ing. All my pains take sud - den flight.
Bear me up to Zi - on gold - en: Ope to me the pearl - y door.

✧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 an - 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 our 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 - tle and to Jew.

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

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

❖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 bil-low, And then the sleep upon the qui-et pil-low.
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.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece is a chant and concludes with a final cadence.

Soft.

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

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in C major (no sharps or flats). The melody is in the Treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The piece is a chant and concludes with a final cadence.

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 desert where shadows are piled: Re-turru 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.

This musical score is for the song 'THE PRODIGAL CHILD'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

❖SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME.❖

J. H. TENNEY.

1 In the dark and cloud - y day When earth's rich - es flee a - way,
3 So When the it shall be good dol's for me That Much af - flict - ed heart yearn'd up - on, -
And Des the last hope will not stay, - Sa - viour, com - fort me.
If thou wilt but ten - der - ly, Sa - viour, com - fort me.
Sa - viour, com - fort me.

This musical score is for the song 'SAVIOUR, COMFORT ME' by J. H. Tenney. It features a treble and bass staff in D minor (two flats). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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

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

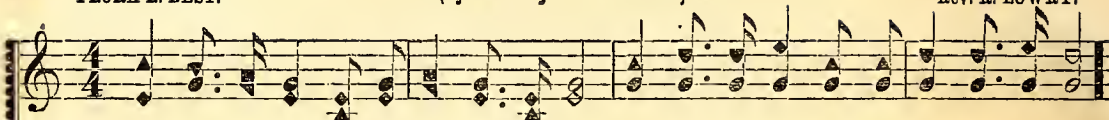
1 Lit - tle chil - dren, cheer - ful as the breeze, Chas - ing shad - ows 'neath the wav - ing trees;
 2 May the an - gels wait a long time there, Ere they gath - er from our gar - dens fair

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 - ies now.
 Pre - cious chil - dren, bright and young, Praise Him with a joy - ful tongue.

♪+RING THE BELLS!+♫

Rev. E. LOWRY.



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.



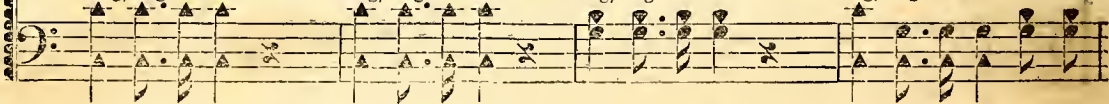
Je - sus, the Ris - en, is might - y to save. Where is thy strength and thy vic - t'ry, O Grave?
 Blos - som and sing, for your dark - ness is done; Je - sus hath ris - en, thy life - giv - ing Son.
 Ring to the spir - it of bond - man and free, "Je - sus is ris - en, and liv - eth for thee."



CHORUS.



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



>+RING THE BELLS!+< Concluded.

67

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 the bat - tle, his the toil; His hon - or all 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 spoil: Je - sus them all a - way.
 His a lone the vic - tor's car! His the bears ev - er - last - ing crown!

HELP ME TRUST IN THEE.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1 Sa - viour, 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.
 sins to see, From thy book di - vine.
 pre - cious love, Trust - ing all in 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 Then I'll wait with
 3 When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way and 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.
 pray thee Bless thy child to - night. } I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
 eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.

I will pray, I will pray,

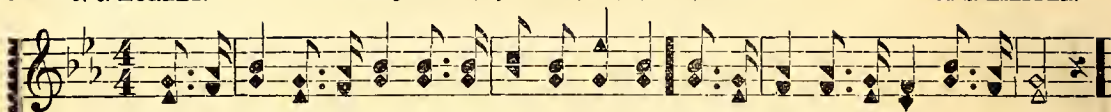


will I pray. Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning Un - to thee I'll pray.
 Ever will Un - to thee

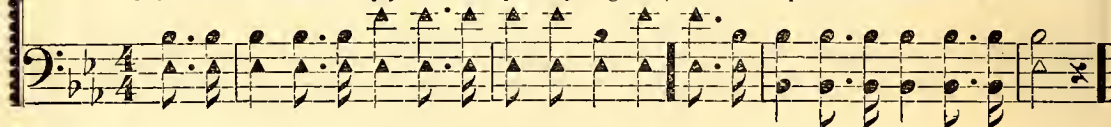


THE LAND FAR AWAY.

A. S. KIEFFER.



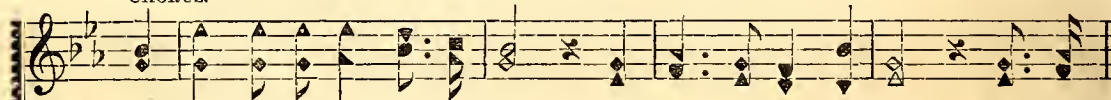
1 We will cheer-ful-ly bear ev'-ry tri-al of life, Till we stand on the heav-en-ly shore,
 2 We will work in God's vineyard while here up-on earth, Then we'll en-ter the por-tals of rest;
 3 And our life shall be joy-ous while jour-ney-ing here, In the hope of that beau-ti-ful land.



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



→*THE LAND FAR AWAY.*← Concluded.

71

Musical score for "THE LAND FAR AWAY" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

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.

Musical score for "JUST NOW" in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble staff.

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 - emu 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 1 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

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; Captive, 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 pligh - 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 is written for a piano and voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Wake! the foe is nigh! And with cheers re-sound-ing, Shout the vic-to-ry.'

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 a flow:
3 'Tis well when Je-sus calls: "From earth and sin a rise

This musical score is for the song 'TOWASH'. It is written for a piano and voice. The key signature is one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: '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 a flow: 3 'Tis well when Je-sus calls: "From earth and sin a rise'

In time and to e-ter-nal days, "'Tis with the righteous well."
'Tis To join when dark-ness of vails ran-somed skies, And strong to the temp-ta-tions grow.
To join when hosts of vails ran-somed souls, Made strong to the sal-va-tion wise."

This musical score is for the song 'TOWASH'. It is written for a piano and voice. The key signature is one flat (Bb), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: 'In time and to e-ter-nal days, "'Tis with the righteous well." 'Tis To join when dark-ness of vails ran-somed skies, And strong to the temp-ta-tions grow. To join when hosts of vails ran-somed souls, Made strong to the sal-va-tion wise."

+THE NEW SONG.+

J. H. TENNEY.

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 o'er Ju - de - a's plain;
 3 In that song of tri - umph we shall have a part Who are faith - ful to the last;

Un - to Je - sus Christ, our El - der Brother's praise, Who has washed us white as snow.
 But a grand - er an - them will be ours a - bove When we go with Him to 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

✧THE NEW SONG.✧ Concluded.

77

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.

✧HALLET✧ 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.

NEARING THE BETTER LAND.

J. H. TENNEY.

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 be 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 yon blest shore.
 Let thy heart be light and cheer - ful: Thou art near the bet - ter laud.

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 Lord,
 3 Need - ing, pray - ing, pray - ing for it, Lord, I would be blest of thee;
 Turn to me, O pre - cious Sa - viour! My weak faith ac - cept and bless!

Y Yet but one, one on - ly, gain - eth That dear ten - der, heal - ing word;
 H I come ask - ing, plead - ing, reach - ing Un - to thy Div - in - i - ty!
 Heal me of my sin - ful na - ture; Clothe me in thy right - eous - ness:

I, too, Lord, would come with them. But to touch thy gar - ment's hem.
 In my need is all my claim. Je - sus, hear me! Speak my name!
 Turn thee, Je - sus, un - to me. Lo, in faith, one touch - eth thee!

❖❖BEYOND THE RIVER.❖❖

F. M. DAVIS.

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 to do.
 3 We shall see and be like Je - sus. 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 of 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.

8]

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 sbl - ning sbore, 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 some - thing or oth - er to do.
 He sure - ly has some kind of call - ing for you, He sure - ly has some - thing 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. } Find something to do: Something, yes, something to do.
 Yes, something for you.
 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.

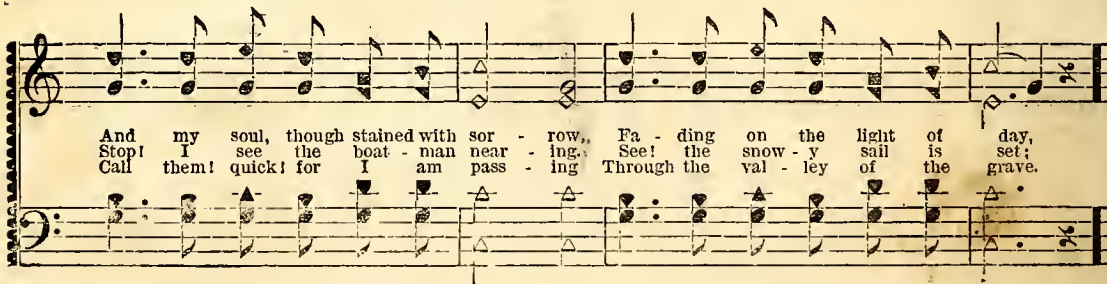
While grace in streams for thirst-ing souls Thro' earth and heav'n for - ev - er rolls.
While prom - i - ses a - round me bloom, And cheer me with di - vine per - fume.
My blood-wash'd robe shall be more fair Than garments kings or an - gels wear.



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 - that lem my God;
 3 Call my fa - ther! call my mo - ther! Tell them 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 set;
 Call them! quick! for I am pass - ing Through the val - ley of is the grave.

Pass - es swift - ly o'er those wa - ters To the eit - y far a - way -
 And the ours are float - ing i - dly, And the sail is drift - ing wet.
 I am pass - ing, with the boat - man, O'er the deep 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 as men that wait All at the Master'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!

✽✽ THIS WAS THE COST. ✽✽

J. H. TENNEY.

by per.

1 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 the 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.

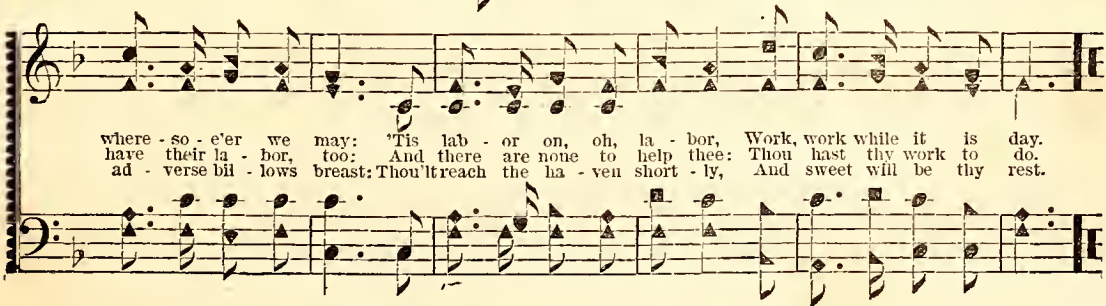
Je - sus was slain! Je - sus was slain! This was the cost: Je - sus was slain!



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 win and



sue it, Nor stand thee i-dle still. Life's du-ties all are press-ing, Turn
 1 foot-steps. The race is not yet won. Why stand and wait for oth-ers? They
 2 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.
 1 have their la-bor, too; And there are none to help thee: Thou hast thy work to do.
 2 ad-verse bil-lows breast; Thou'treach the ha-ven short-ly, And sweet will be thy rest.



1 There is a land on whose fair shore No temp - ests beat nor sur - ges roar;
 2 Its grace - ful plain glows 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 our King;
 4 Oh, may we reach that joy - ful land, No more to elasp 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, King, and priests 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.

✽DAYTON.✽ 7s.

J. H. TENNEY.

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

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

R. LOWRY.

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 is 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, prec - 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 Father's heav'nly mansions, With the ransom'd 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 - jahs, Sing - ing of a Sa - viour's love. } Sing - ing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -
 troubling, And the we - 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 win - ter'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,

➤THE LITTLE GRAVE.➤ Concluded.

95



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.

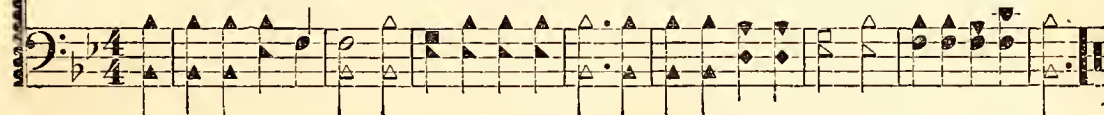


➤FENMERE.➤ 6s.

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, forlorn, And heard thee faintly cry; And on the tree of scorn, For thee I deigned to die.
3 I shield thee from a-larms, And wilt thou not be blest? I bear thee in my arms; Thou bear me in thy or east.



THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR.

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 im - birth; For the
 3 In the light of that star lie the a - ges - pearled; And the
 4 We re - joice in the light, and we ech - o the song That comes

mo - ther's deep prayer, and a ba - by's low ery; 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 the flame, And the
 down through the night from the heav - en - ly throng. Aye, we shout to the love - ly the

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

✽THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR.✽ Concluded.

95

ff CHORUS.

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

✽JESUS IS MINE!✽

W. W. BENTLEY.

1 Fade, fade each earth-ly joy: } Break ev'ry ten - der tie: }
 2 Perish not my soul a - way: } 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: }

TENDERLY LAY HER TO REST.†

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!

C. 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 sin - 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 cit-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. } Never-more, never-more, nev-er-
 feeds us; Turns our sigh-ing in-to song. }

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.

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

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.

→*OUR HELPER.*←

J. H. ROSECRANS.

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 our wea - ry up - on blec - ing feet;
 3 Help our hearts to love thee ev - er; Let us lean - up - on thy breast;

While in sin we back - ward wan - der, Thou art ev - er still the same,
 From the 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 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.

101

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 - bovâ.

→+WILKIE.+← 6s & 5s.

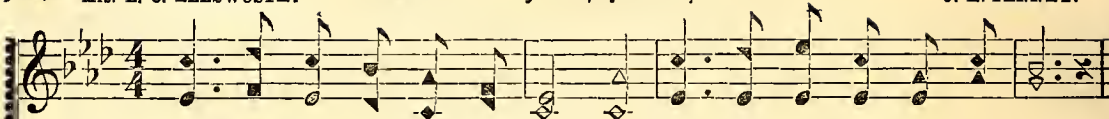
F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante grazioso.

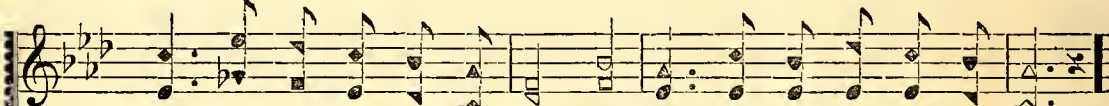
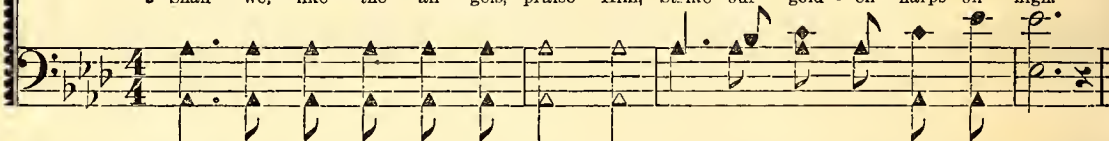
1 God will nev er leave thee; All thy wants he knows; Feels the pains that grieve thee Sees thy cares and woes.
 2 When in grief we lan-guish, He will dry the tear, Who His children's anguish Soothes with succor near.
 3 All our woe and sai-ness In this world be-low, Balance not the gladness We in heav'n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

LIKE THE ANGELS.

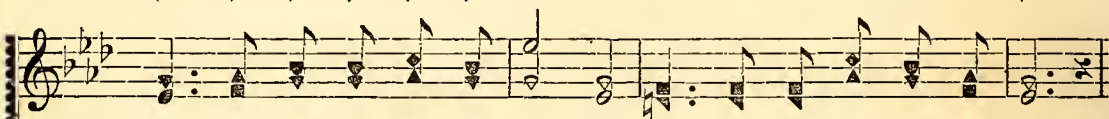
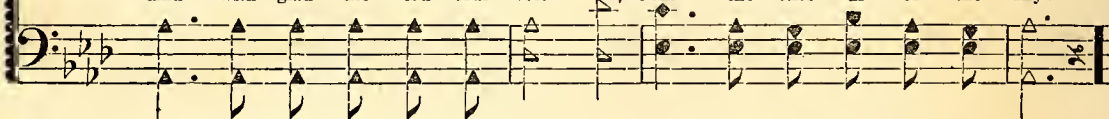
J. H. TENNEY.



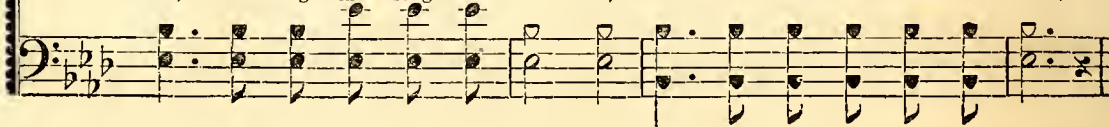
1 Like the an - gels pure and ho - ly, Free from ev' - ry stain of sin;
 2 Shall we, like the lov - ing an - gels, At his bid - ding quick - ly fly,
 3 Shall we, like the an - gels, praise Him, Strike our gold - en harps on high.

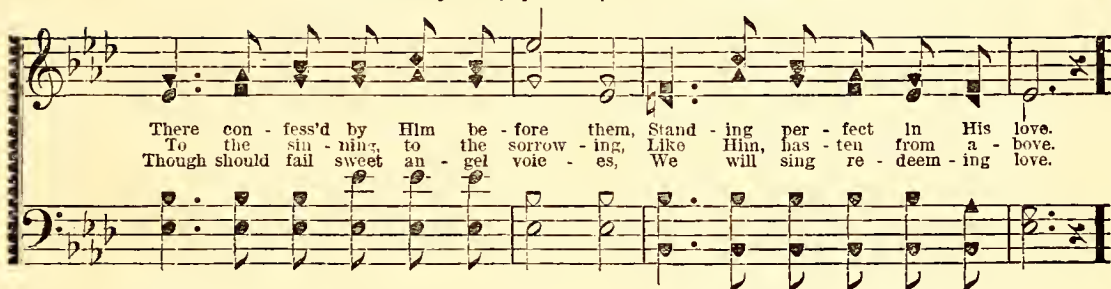


Like the an - gels now in glo - ry, - Shall we ev - er en - ter in?
 Bear - ing to the poor and need - y, Help and suc - cor from on high?
 And with glad me - lod - ious voice - es, Join the chor - us of the sky?



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





There con - fess'd by Him be - fore them, Stand - ing per - fect in His love.
To the sin - ning, the sorrow - ing, Like Him, has - ten from a - bove.
Though should fail sweet 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 an - 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 - viour! Trust in the Sa - viour's love,
 2 Nev - er give up the Sa - viour! Ask for sus - tain - ing grace.
 3 Nev - er give up the Sa - viour! 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 the heav - en Hi - deth a smi - ling face.
 He is a - ble to keep us In the most need - ful hour.

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

→ NEVER GIVE UP THE SAVIOUR. ← Concluded.

105

D.C.

Un - to tho true be - liev - er, Je - sus is ev - er near.
 Ev - er the dear Re - deem - er Lov - eth on 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 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 wing And fade a - way die.
 They come to raise our thoughts to heav'n: They go to call us there.

1 When I look up to yonder sky, So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
2 'Tis He my dai - 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 close and my plant that grows, To the same hand its be - ing owes.
For ver - y good in - deed is He, To love a lit - tle child like me.

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

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

There is rest: There is rest:

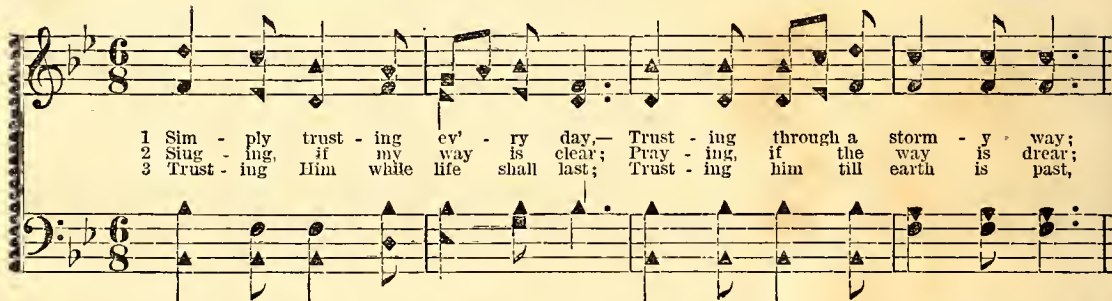
ill and grief you know, Wea - ry soul, there's rest. "Come to me," the Sa - viour said,
 may each mourn - er sleep On the Sa - viour's breast. "Take my yoke and fol - low me,"

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.

TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL.

J. H. TENNEY.



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 drear;
 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, }
 3 When earth shall pass a - way } In the great judgment day, } Je - sus is mine:

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, ble - ss 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 full
 3 Je - sus, bless the chil - dren! Show thy smil - ing face; And pour out thy be - up -

CHORUS.

throne of mer - cy Hum - bly bow.
 yond ex - press - ing, Thy - ly 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 - demp - 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 fond em - brace.
 Bid - ding the dark - ness flee.
 Noth - ing of pride or sin. } Leave noth - ing be - tween us, Dear Je - sus, Noth - ing be - tween;

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.

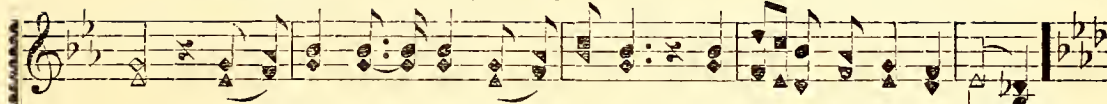
1 It is ea - sy to glide with its rip - ples, A - down the Stream of
 2 We may float on the riv - ers sur - face While our oars scarce touch the
 3 But a few - ah, would there were ma - ny! Row up the Stream of
 4 Far on through the la - zy dis - tance, Like a mist on dis - tant
 5 And shall we be one 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 our 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 slug - 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

✻ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.✻ Concluded.

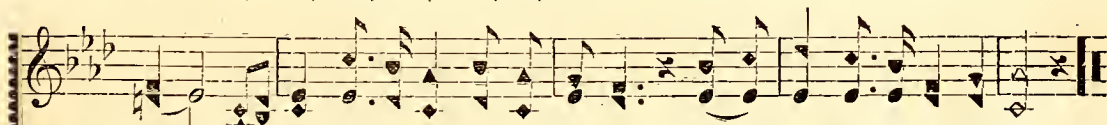
113



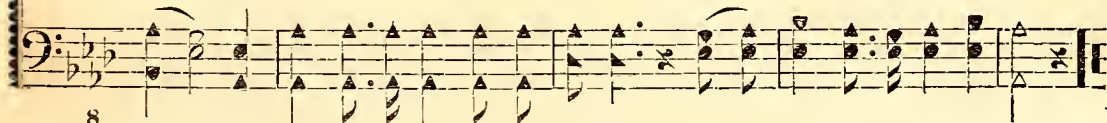
ride;	And we must have strength from Heav-en	When row-ing a - gainst the	tide.
roar;	And while we are i - dly dream-ing,	Its waters will car - ry us	o'er.
ride;	For Christ is the he - ro's Cap-tain	When row-ing a - gainst the	tide.
way;	But faith throws light on their la - bor	When darkness shuts out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



→+PEACE AT LAST.+←

F. M. DAVIS.

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 splr - 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 - mains Of un - 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.

115

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

Rev. S. WELCOTT, D.D.

✧*ONLY THREE.*✧

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 - uel, on - ly thee Would my long - ing spir - it

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

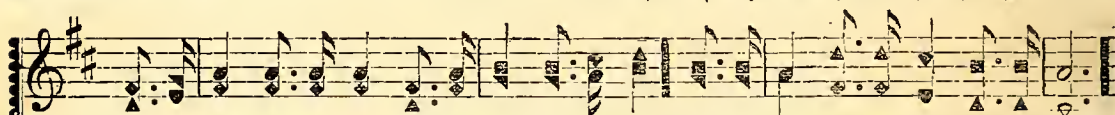
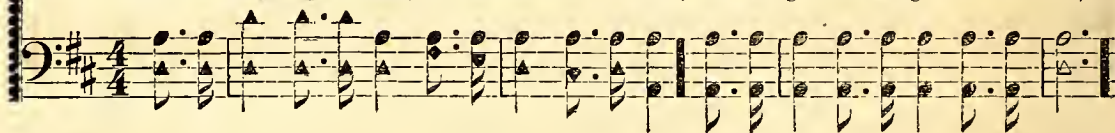
THE KINGDOM ABOVE.

J. H. TENNEY.

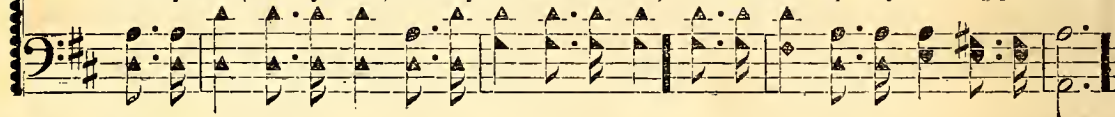
From "Happy Songs," by per.



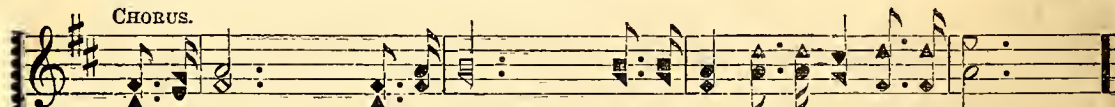
1 There's a kingdom a - bove, 'Tis a king - dom of love, Where the Lord and his ransom'd a - bide;
 2 There's a stream in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, 'Tis the riv - er of life and of love;
 3 There's a crown in that land, In that beau - ti - ful land, Yes a crown that is gold - en and fair;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



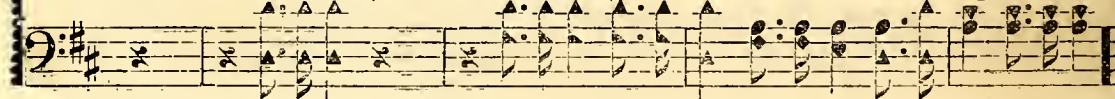
And its bliss I shall share For I'm jour - ney - ing there. With the Lord as my Lead - er and Guide.
 I shall stand on its brink, Of its pure waters drink, In the king - dom of glo - ry a - bove.
 At my Sa - viour's command, I shall go to that land, And shall wear it e - ter - nal - ly there.
 Ver -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



✧THE KINGDOM ABOVE.✧ Concluded.

117

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.

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. d. TENNEY.

From "The Emerald," by per.

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

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
 rich on the souls that are near, If they first should a - rise to that home in the skies

CHORUS.

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

OH, THE BELLS! Concluded.

119

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.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is in common time (C). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system also ends with a double bar line.

T. DWIGHT.

==*SERVOSS.*== 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 musical score is in 3/4 time. It begins with a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is marked 'Andante.' and 'ritard.' (ritardando). The score ends with a double bar line.

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 dunks but my cup, He died to set me free.
 I have an en - trance to that hour 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,

✽THE CROSS AND THE GATE.✽ Concluded.

121

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

✽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 sweet - ly 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 to own Thy ti - liz - ing power!

1 Thy blood, O my Sa - viour, was poured out for me, So pre - cious, so cost - ly, yet
 2 Tho' red as the erim - 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 sear let, this truth I would know, If I
 fath - om - less sea; I come, O my Sa - viour, where pure wa - ters flow;— If I
 death and the grave; To stand, un - con - demn'd, for most sure - ly I know If I

CHORUS

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. }

→ IF I WASH IN THAT FOUNTAIN. ← Concluded.

125

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

This musical score is for the song 'If I Wash in that Fountain'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. There is a triplet of eighth notes in the treble staff on the word 'shall'.

→: 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 im - mor - tal dross a - way, Re - fin - ing as we run;

This musical score is for the hymn 'RUELL'. It is in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are three verses of the hymn provided.

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

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'RUELL'. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in D major and 3/4 time. The lyrics continue from the previous block. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

❖❖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 closed in death, at night 'Mid sighs and bit - ter - est tears,
 3 Then, re - joice and be glad, ye suf - f'ring 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 the 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;

Musical score for "THE LAND OF LIGHT" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "No pain, no tears, no sor - row there, In that beau - ti - ful land of light."

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

M. HADLEY.

◀◀WHEN THE MORNING COMETH.▶▶

J. H. TENNEY.

Musical score for "WHEN THE MORNING COMETH" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "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 journey, keep us 'till the end:"

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 journey, keep us 'till the end:

Musical score for "WHEN THE MORNING COMETH" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Heav'nly Pa - rent, hear us! Need - y chil - dren call: Let thy bounteous 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."

Heav'nly Pa - rent, hear us! Need - y chil - dren call: Let thy bounteous 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," an - gels sing,
 s "Glo - ry to God!" the mul - ti - tude sing - eth, Glo - ry to God! let men re - ply.

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

Not in a pal - ace, but in a man - ger Li - eth the dear Re - deem - er's head,
 Born to re - deem, oh, might - y sal - va - tion! Je - sus, the Christ, oh, yes, 'tis he!
 Na - tions shall sit long - er in - va - ness, Tell the good news o'er earth a - far!

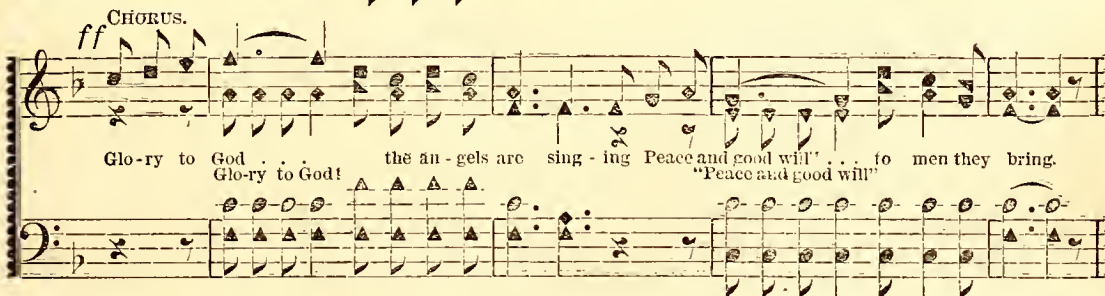
❖BIRTH OF CHRIST THE LORD.❖ Concluded.

127



Glrd-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 bright and morn-ing star.

ff CHORUS.



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

Send up to God! For Je - sus, out Sa - vour, 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 sail. 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, runs 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 in 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 of give praise: Loud - ly the the strain him 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 beau - ti - ful songs. Lift up your voice in
 To the Lamb that for him sin - ners once was slain.

→*PRAISE HIM.*← Concluded.

131

Praise an - them of him. praise. En - ter his courts with thanks to - day.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines.

Praise him. Lift up your voice. Praise him. Sing praise to him. In an - them of joy give praise.

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines.

→*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 inviting.
3 Sinner, come, ere thy doom Shall be sealed for-ev-er. Now return, grieve and mourn. Flee to Christ, the Saviour,

This system contains the musical score for the hymn 'SINNER, COME'. It begins with a treble staff in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words split across lines.

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 time;
 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 watch for the glim - mer of theirs.
 For a soul on life's o - cean may per - ish, May sunk 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

soils that are a - flame With the love of Je - sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us on - 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 hin - 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, When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Seeks com - mu - nion with the skies, Press - ing on - 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 sure re - treat;
2 In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I have en - joy a sweet re - pose.
3 In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace;

In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com - plete.
Where the grace of God for ev - er Like a might - y riv - er flows.
In the hope 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.

135

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 in G-clef. The melody is written in the treble staff and the bass line in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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; Which light and joy brings with its smile, And peace e - ter - nal shi-n'g.

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 in G-clef. The melody is written in the treble staff and the bass line in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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 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 pearly gates ajar, Where our lovely treas - ures are,

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 pearly 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 laden 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 ev-er-last-ing home; And shouted loud ho-san-na! De-liv-er-ance will come.
 They bore him, on their pinions, 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 elime 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

CHORUS.

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

pp

One by one we're gath-er - ing home. 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, vailed 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.

141

1st.

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

2d.

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 aims 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 we cry. Un - ho - ly, un - clean. Oh, wash us and
 3 Oh, heav - eu - ly Dove, De - scend from on high! We plead thy rich

CHORUS.

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

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 - viour, 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 would come to thee for guid - ance, Trav' - ling to the heav'n - ly land.
 Bid my cares and fears and to ev - er: Guide and bless the me while be - low:
 while 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!"

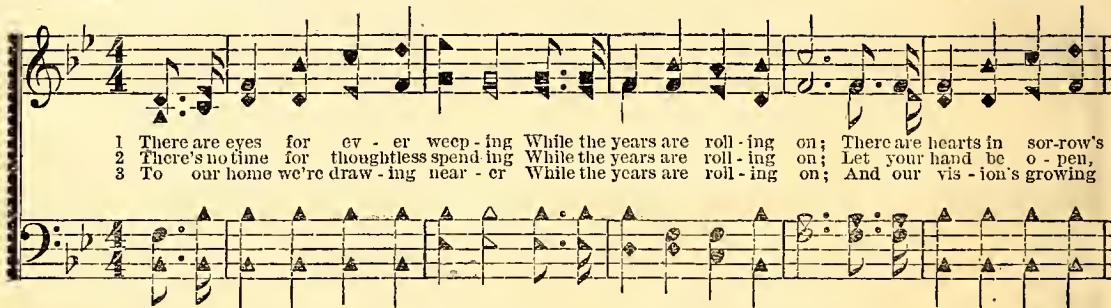
CHORUS.

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.

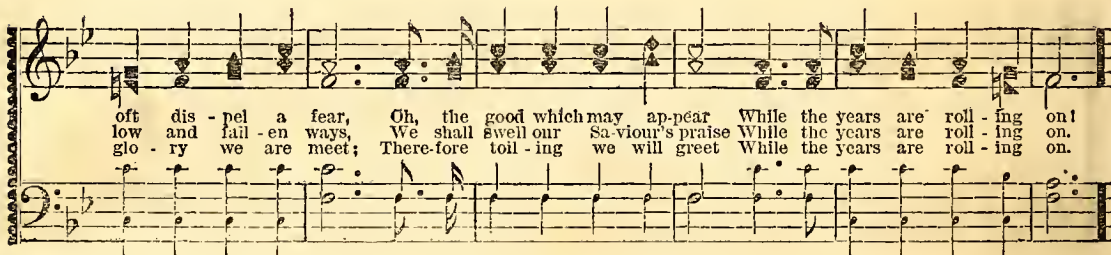
1 How swift the torrent rolls That bears us to the sea! The tide that bears our thoughtless souls To vast eterni - ty.
2 God of our Fathers, hear, Thou ev-erlasting Friend! While we, as on life's utmost verge, Our souls to thee commend.



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 grow ing



keep - ing, Dal - 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 fail - 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' 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 - viour is stand - ing at mer - cy's gate; He asks thee to en - ter in;
 4 Come now to the Sa - viour, 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, "His grow - ing 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

✧THERE'LL BE JOY.✧ Concluded.

149

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 is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics printed below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

✧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 - fuge 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 is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in D minor (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is more complex than the first piece, with lyrics printed below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

CITY OF GOD.

J. C. BUSHEY.

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:— The
 3 Then we'll see the floods of gold - en light, With heav'n - ly beau - ties rare:— Soon 'Twill

glo - rious Cit - y of our God, Where is no gloom of night.
 will the gold - en gates a - jar, Ope is wide for you and I.
 burst the 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; Beauti - ful, beauti - 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! Sun's e - clipse is o'er: Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Dy - ing once, he all doth save: "Where thy vic - try, 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 ing, shore, We are near - ing the ing, shore, We are near - ing the ing, 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.

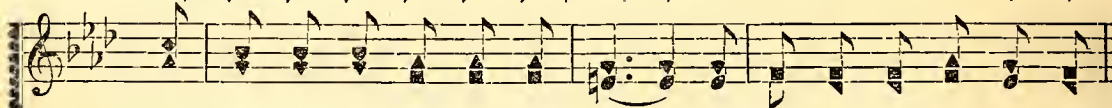
1 Roll on, thou mighty o - cean, And as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mercy To ev'ry land be - low.
2 Arise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the desti'n'd shore; That man may sit in darkness And death's black shade no more.
3 O thou e - ter - nal Ru - ler, Who holdest in thine arm The tempests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

WHAT MUST IT BE?

J. H. TENNEY.



1 We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair,
 2 We speak of its path - way of gold Its walls decked with jew - els so rare,
 3 We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp - ta - tion and care,



And oft are its glo - ries con - fessed;
 Its won - ders and pleasures un - told;
 From tri - als with - out and with - in; } But what must it be to be



CHORUS.



there! But what must it be to be there! Oh, beau - ti - ful realms of the
 beau - ti - ful



♫: WHAT MUST IT BE? ♫: Concluded.

155

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

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

♫: 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!

:: THE BOOK OF LIFE. ::

W. A. OGDEN.
By per.

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 a -
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
bove, Oh, bless - ed be God For - ev - er. }
men, Un - to him be the glo - ry His love. A - men.

God! his prom - ise is dear: I re - joice, for I know that my name's written 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 vain: Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

To doubt and fear give thou no heed: Broad - cast it o'er the land.
 The ten fos - der blade, the stalk, the ear. And the full corn at length.
 Shall ten fos - der blade, the stalk, the ear. And the full corn at length.
 Shall ten fos - der blade, the stalk, the ear. And the full corn at length.

JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

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. } Fly, for the tempest is com-ing,
 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-ev-er last.

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

❖ INDEX ❖

	PAGE		PAGE
A little while - - - - -	135	Happy songs - - - - -	54
Allen. 7s & 5s. - - - - -	73	Have you heard the good news - - - - -	28
		Healing fountain - - - - -	12
Baptize us anew - - - - -	143	Help me trust in thee - - - - -	68
Beautiful Eden - - - - -	20	Herald angels - - - - -	81
Beautiful golden somewhere - - - - -	46	Hiding in the rock - - - - -	134
Be thou saved to-day - - - - -	41	Hold on, my heart - - - - -	48
Beyond - - - - -	155	Hosanna to our King - - - - -	15
Beyond the river - - - - -	80	How glad I am - - - - -	40
Billow. 7s & 6s. - - - - -	153		
Birth of Christ, the Lord - - - - -	126	I am singing all the day - - - - -	37
Blissful home - - - - -	99	I am thine own - - - - -	56
Bring in the children - - - - -	50	If I wash in that fountain - - - - -	122
By the Jasper Sea - - - - -	49	In God we trust - - - - -	9
		I shall not want - - - - -	83
City of God - - - - -	150		
Children's battle song - - - - -	32	Jesus, bless the children - - - - -	110
Children's morning song - - - - -	59	Jesus bids you come - - - - -	142
Compel them to come - - - - -	6	Jesus is mine - - - - -	95
Crimsoned garments wearest thou - - - - -	14	Jesus will let you in - - - - -	158
		Just as I am - - - - -	117
Dayton. 7s. - - - - -	89	Just beside the river - - - - -	8
Dennington. 7s. - - - - -	67	Just now - - - - -	71
Does Jesus love little children - - - - -	35	Just over the river - - - - -	19
Do they pray for me at home - - - - -	44		
		Knocking at the door - - - - -	42
Ever will I pray - - - - -	63		
Ennis. C. M. - - - - -	121	Lift me higher - - - - -	58
		Lights along the shore - - - - -	133
Faint not, Christian - - - - -	5	Like the angels - - - - -	102
Feed my lambs - - - - -	33	Look up - - - - -	64
Femere. 6s. - - - - -	93		
Gates ajar - - - - -	136	Maud. C. M. - - - - -	105
Gathering, pressing - - - - -	79	Meisse. 6s. - - - - -	129
Good news - - - - -	128	Mighty to save - - - - -	144
		Morena - - - - -	84
Halet. C. M. - - - - -	77	Montvale. S. M. - - - - -	157
Hannaford - - - - -	106	My Friend - - - - -	109

	PAGE		PAGE
Nearer. 6s.	147	Tenderly lay her to rest	96
Nearer home	55	The angels have called thee	36
Nearer to thee	97	The battle cry	74
Nearing the better land	78	The beautiful dead	27
Nearing the shore	152	The book of life	156
Never give up the Saviour	104	The bright glory-land	17
Nevermore	98	The cross and the gate	120
Nothing between	111	The Eden of love	13
Nothing but the blood of Jesus	90	The good old story	22
		The harvest is passing	34
Oh, the bells	118	The land far away	70
One by one	139	The land of light	125
Only for a little while	61	The little grave	92
Only thee	115	The kingdom above	116
Only waiting	72	The new song	76
Our Helper	100	The prodigal child	62
		The rolling years	146
Palms of victory	138	The soul's sweet fatherland	88
Pardoned	26	The watchman's cry	85
Peace at last	114	The way will grow brighter	31
Praise him	130	There is rest	107
Precious children	65	There'll be joy	148
		There's a song in the air	94
Resting	57	There's something to do	82
Ring the bells	66	This was the cost	86
River of Life	16	To-day	149
Rowing against the tide	112	Torrent. S. M.	145
Ruell. C. M.	123	Towash. S. M.	75
		Trusting Jesus, that is all	108
Sabbath dawn	25	Virrill. 7s.	151
Saviour, comfort me	63	Wander no more	52
Seleiber. S. M.	141	What must it be	154
Send back the echo	60	When the morning cometh	125
Servoss. S. M.	119	While Jesus is near	53
Shout for gladness	10	Who'll send the news	30
Singing glory hallelujah	91	Wilkie	101
Sinner, come	131	Work on	87
Softly fades	133	Yonder are many mansions	24
Strike the harp of Zion	140		



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