

"SINGING WITH GRATITUDE IN YOUR HEARTS."

Songs of
Gratitude
BY
JAS. H. FILLMORE.

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SONGS OF GRATITUDE:

A COLLECTION OF NEW SONGS FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND WORSHIPING ASSEMBLIES.

By JAS. H. FILLMORE,

Author of "Songs of Glory," "Songs for the Wee Ones," "Hours of Song," and "Joyful Notes."

"Singing with GRATITUDE in your hearts to the Lord."—COL. iii: 16.

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1877.

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR FRIENDS: I take pleasure in introducing to you these new songs, for I have been associated with them a great deal, and must say the more I am with them the better I like them, and I feel that you will have the same experience.

Most of them, I think, will be heartily welcomed as soon as you see and hear them. I remember, when I was getting them ready to send to you, a few did not impress me so favorably at first—they seemed harder to get acquainted with, and I studied them a little to see if I could find out what was the matter, and that very interest in them (I suppose it was that) soon impressed me with their peculiar character, and their beauties, and now these very ones are favorites; so don't slight any of them because their first impressions are not as favorable as you would like.

Of course, in making these new acquaintances, you are not expected to dismiss the old favorites. I have sent *some* of them along with these, thinking you would have need of them occasionally.

I hope these songs will prove themselves worthy of your companionship, not only at Sunday-school and home, but that all through your lives they may be a source of joy and gladness, stimulating and helping you to the accomplishment of much good for the Kingdom of Christ and the glory of God.

Sincerely yours,

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

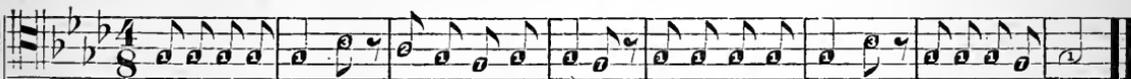
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Songs of Gratitude.

GOD IS EVER GOOD.

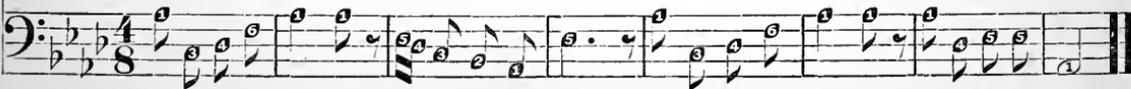
From "Joyful Notes."



1. See the shining dew-drops On the flow-ers strewed, Proving as they sparkle—God is ev-er good.
2. See the morning sunbeams Lighting up the wood, Si - lent-ly pro-claiming—God is ev-er good.



3. Hear the mountain streamlet In the sol - i - tude, With its rip-ple say - ing—God is ev-er good.
4. In the leafy tree-tops, Where no fears intrude, Mer-ry birds are sing-ing—God is ev-er good.
5. *Bring, my heart, thy trib-ute,* SONGS OF GRATI-TUDE, While all nature ut - ters—God is ev-er good.



THE LORD IS RISEN.

1. The Lord is ris-en—thro' the gloom That darkens round the sacred tomb, I hear an-gel-ic voi-ces
 2. "And forth he came, the Lord of all, He cast a-side Death's i-cy thrall, And by that wondrous vic-to-
 3. "The night is o-ver, and the light Of day's sweet dawn-ing growth bright; Behold thy Lord, thy Savior,

CHORUS.

say, "We rolled the guarding stone a-way."
 ry, He gave im-mor-tal life to thee." The Lord is ris-en, O my soul, What waves of
 King! What joy to earth this day doth bring."

glo-ry round thee roll; No longer wilt thou drooping stay, The Lord is ris-en, come a-way.

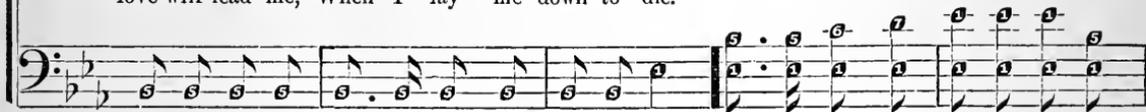


1. Would you know why I love Je-sus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis be-cause the
2. When I love my Je-sus tru-ly, Not a wick-ed thought can be In my heart, filled
3. Then when e-vil passions tempt me, And bad thoughts would lead astray, Comes the thought, "Your
4. So my Je-sus' love doth guide me, As he watcheth from on high, And to heaven his

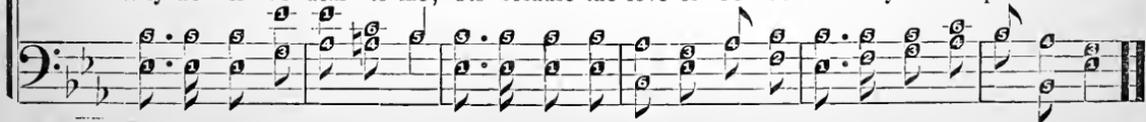


REFRAIN.

love of Je-sus Makes my life so pure and free.
 up so ful-ly, Then I know that Christ loves me. This is why I love my Je-sus,
 Je-sus loves you!" Can you now his love be-tray.
 love will lead me, When I lay me down to die.



Why he is so dear to me; 'Tis because the love of Je-sus Makes my life so pure and free.



SOLDIERS FOR JESUS.

1. Hark! the trumpet is call-ing, brave sol-diers, The bat-tle-cry rings thro' the land; Truth and
 2. World-ly pleasures may tempt-ing-ly tell us The cross is too heavy-ly to bear, But the

CHORUS.

Right are in con-flict with Sa-tan, Come join our in-vin-ci-ble band. Come, oh, come, and
 Sav-ior says, all who are faith-ful, A crown of bright glo-ry shall wear.

be a good sol-dier for Je-sus; Come, oh, come, the bat-tle we al-ways must win.

SOLDIERS FOR JESUS. Concluded.

Earth-ly joys so de - light-ful and charm-ing, Are chang-ing and pass-ing a - way ;
As sol - diers we're march-ing to Ca - naan, Our treas-ure is laid up a - bove,

But the joys we are seek-ing are con-stant, And never know change nor de - cay.
Where the saints of all a - ges are tell - ing The won-ders of in - fi - nite love.

HEAR OUR PRAISE. (Primary Class.)

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'ning ear, When we sing be-fore thee, In-fant prai-ses hear.
2. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day, Help us now to love thee, Take our sins a - way.

LOOK BEYOND.

1. Fellow voyager, cease complaining, Look beyond this vale of tears; See the haven you are nearing,
 2. Let not earth-ly care and sor-row Darken all life's pathway o'er; There will dawn a brighter morrow,

Quiet all your rising fears; Should this world prove dark and dreary, And you here no pleasure find,
 As you near the heavenly shore; Hear ye not those an-gel voic-es, Calling you to follow on,

CHORUS.

Look beyond the clouds that near thee, Look to God, who is so kind. Cheer up, then, oh, fel-low mor-tal,
 See the happy throng re-joic-ing, As you tread the path alone.

Musical score for the first piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Nev - er ut - ter one complaint; Never will you pass the heavenly portals, If you wea - ry or grow faint.

WM. BAXTER.

GOD CARES FOR ME.

From "Hours of Song."

Musical score for the second piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. Where're I rest, where'er I rove, On sol - id earth, or faith - less sea, This promise fills my

Musical score for the second piece, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains the accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

soul with peace, God cares for me, God cares for me.

2 The various tribes of earth and air,
Fed by his bounteous hand I see;
This care the blest assurance gives:
God cares for me, God cares for me.

3 And tho' I slumber in the grave,
Not then shall I forgotten be;
The resurrection morn will prove,
God cares for me, God cares for me.

Marching time.

1. Step by step, and day by day, March we on our forward way; (step by step, and) Nev - er backward,
 2. Step by step, and one by one Lives begin, and lives are done; (step by step, and) True and firm for
 3. Step by step, the task is small, None too great for each and all; (step by step, and) Just by this, and

CHORUS.

nev - er still, Guided by our Leader's will.
 Je - sus' sake Let us make each step we take. Savior, Master, teach us where All thy perfect pathways are;
 nothing more Shall we reach fair Jordan's shore.

Weak and humble tho' we be, Step by step we'll follow thee, we'll follow thee, Step by step we'll follow thee.

1. Oh, the snow-flakes, dancing snow-flakes, The fair-ies of cloud-land! From the
 2. By the Fa-ther giv-en to us, As to-kens of mer-cy; Of his
 3. Soft-ly drop-ping, gen-tly fall-ing, They bring us a mess-age From the

CHORUS.

dark clouds bringing bless-ings To bright-en the earth.
 mer-cy nev-er fail-ing, To those of his own. In their beau-ty, in their
 Fa-ther to his chil-dren, Of love and of peace.

brightness, They fall in their whiteness, On the bare earth they nes-tle, The God-giv-en snow.

BE IN OUR MIDST TO-DAY.

Duet.

1. We haste to thy temple, oh, Father! We long for thy presence to - day; As thirst-panting harts by the
2. We haste to thy temple, oh, Father! Our fast fading strength to re-new; Bind up thou the wounded in
3. We haste to thy temple, dear Father, Smile down from thy glory a-bove; We shall not grow weary well-

Inst.

CHORUS.

way - side De - light by the wa - ters to stray.
 spi - rit, Our faith and our courage re - new.
 do - ing, If blest by thy presence of love.

Greet with thy presence thy children, Lord,

Grant us the promise of thy word; Je - sus, we need thee on our way, Be in our midst to-day.

Two Angels: HOPE AND PRAYER. (Primary Class.)

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MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

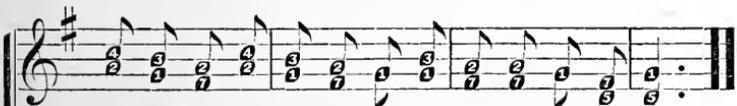
D. E. DORTCH.



1. Two an-gels watch be - side me, Which ev - er way I go, One is with her face up -
 2. The face of one is bright - er Than words of mine can tell, And I oft - en hear her
 3. But when a cloud o'er - pass - ing, Her bright-ness fades a - way, I can hear in ac - cents



lift - ed The oth - er bow - eth low; They guide my er - ring feet—They speak in accents sweet, They
 singing: "Look up, for all is well," And "I am HOPE, thy guide, I will with the a - bide, Yes,
 ten - der The oth - er an - gel say: "Dear Sav - ior, un - de - filed, Help thou thy helpless child, Dear



guide my erring, wayward feet, They speak in accents sweet.
 I am HOPE, thy friendly guide, I will with thee a - bide."
 Say - ior, pure and un - de - filed, Help thou thy helpless child."



4 And straight the shadow passeth,
 And in the sudden light
 I can see her face uplifted,
 And read her name most bright;
 Upon her forehead fair
 I read the name of PRAYER,
 Upon her forehead bright and fair
 I read the name of PRAYER.

ONLY TO THEE.

W. T. PORTER.

1. Where, save to thee, O Lord, Shall we our burdens bear, To light-en ev - ery load, And
 2. Where, on - ly un - to thee, Amid earth's pain and strife, For thou hast all the words Of
 3. A - thirst for liv - ing founts, Where shall we turn from thee, Who art the on - ly way, From

CHORUS.

soft - en ev - ery care?
 ev - er - last - ing life? Nev - er an - y - where, Save to thee, O Lord, Ev - er - last - ing life
 want and dan - ger free?

Dwelleth in thy Word, Nev - er an - y - where, Save to thee, O Lord, On - ly to thee.

One of our returned missionaries thinks that the soldiers of Christ should be employed in *storming* instead of *holding* the Fort, and sends the following as a substitute for "HOLD THE FORT." He says, "If I read Jesus' signals aright, there are no times for lurking behind stone-walls, but for storming them. The fort is not ours to hold, but the Devil's (John 14: 30; 12: 31; 16: 11). Holding forts is his work."—*The Watchman*, Boston.

Boldly.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig-nal Je-sus waves on high! Sa-tan's bat-tle-ments are reel-ing,
 2. See! the loft-y walls are frowning, Held by Sa-tan's power; Sin enshrouds the world in darkness,

CHORUS.

Hear our Captain's cry: "Storm the fort! for I am lead-ing, I have shown you how;"
 Now's the storming hour.

Shout the answer back to heaven— We are ready— *now!*

- 3 See! the prophets now are showing
 How the fort must fall;
 There is no such thing as failing,
 Shout, my comrades, all!
- 4 Fierce and long the siege has lasted,
 But the end is near;
 Onward leads our great Commander,
 Cheer! my comrades, cheer!

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

1. Who will go and work for Je-sus? Work, while yet 'tis called to-day? Who will follow with the reapers,

Semi-Chorus.

Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Lo! the har-vest-field is plenteous, But the la-bor-ers are few;

FULL CHORUS.

Has-ten to the Mas-ter's vineyard, There is work for all to do. Work for Jesus, work for Jesus,

*The PRIZE SONG. The effect will be greatly heightened by singing this as Chorus and Semi-chorus.

Do not fal-ter by the way; There is rest for all the toil-ers, At the closing of the day.

2 Many weary souls are waiting
 To be kindly taken in,
 From the paths of desolation,
 From the haunts of vice and sin.
 Go and whisper to them gently,
 Take them fondly by the hand;
 Point them to the blessed Savior,
 Lead them to the better land.

3 When our earthly toil is ended,
 And the harvest-time is o'er,
 Jesus then will bid us welcome,
 Over on the other shore.
 There our labors are recorded,
 And will never be forgot;
 We will surely be rewarded
 By the Lord that changeth not.

SONG PRAISE.

Slowly.

1. Refreshed by gentle slumbers, From care and sorrow free, Our hearts, in tuneful numbers, Sing praise, O Lord, to thee

2 Thou spreadest joy and blessing,
 Thou source of every good;
 Then hear us, thee addressing,
 In SONGS OF GRATITUDE.

3 Oh, may we, ceasing never,
 Extol thee all our days;
 Our hearts and lives be ever
 An endless song of praise.

Duet.

1. O - ver the river, the bright, crystal river, They wait us, the friends, we have loved that are gone ; The
 2. O - ver the riv - er, the bright, crystal riv - er, The day-spring of love and ex - is - tence di - vine, Il -
 3. O - ver the riv - er, the bright, crystal riv - er, They beckon to us from the op - posite shore, 7

light of whose smiles shall be with us for - ev - er, The clasp of whose hands shall be never withdrawn.
 lumines the eye as the rays of the morning Whose flashes of glo - ry will nev - er de - cline.
 Saints who were cleansed by the blood of our Savior, They whisper, "come hither, and sorrow no more."

CHORUS.

O - - ver the riv - - er, O - - ver the riv - - er,
 O - ver the riv - er they beck-on us home, O - ver the riv - er they beck-on us home,

OVER THE RIVER. Concluded.

Repeat pp.

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Musical score for "Over the River" featuring a treble and bass clef staff with lyrics. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "O - - - ver the riv - - er They beck - - on us home. O - ver the riv - er, the bright, crystal riv - er, They beck-on, they beck-on us home." The score includes fingerings and dynamics like "pp" (pianissimo).

THE SAVIOR IS MY SHEPHERD. (Primary Class.)

DR. S. F. SMITH.

J. H. F.

Musical score for "The Savior is My Shepherd" featuring a treble and bass clef staff with lyrics. The melody is in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "1. The Savior is my shepherd, My shepherd good and true, But I am often wayward, And sometimes sinful too. 2. And when I wander from him, Or into paths of sin, He takes me in his bosom, And bears me home again; He is so kind and faithful, I need not go astray; For he will guide me homeward, And cheer me on the way. Now as he is so watchful, And cares so much for me, I ought to love him better, And nev-er go a - stray." The score includes fingerings and dynamics like "pp" (pianissimo).

WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

1. Work when the morning shin - eth, Work when the noonday gleams, Work when the day de -
 2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a rea - dy hand, Work for the pure and
 3. Work till the summons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest," So shall thy days be

CHORUS.

clin - eth, Work in the mid - night dreams.
 ho - ly, Work for the true and grand. Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will
 joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

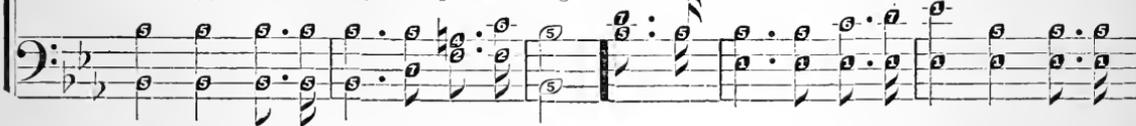
soon be gone; Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.



1. Sing the prais - es of the Sav - ior, Tune your hearts and sweetly sing; Join in ask - ing for his
 2. Mer - cy was his chiefest pleasure, Ere the world be - gan to move; Sweetly sing in numbered
 3. Turn to Je - sus—Prince of glo - ry, Ho - ly Prophet, Priest and King; Spread abroad the wondrous



fa - vor, Ask, for he is lis - ten - ing. Al - le - lu - jah is the cho - rus, By the
 meas - ure, Sing the dear Re - deem - er's love. sto - ry, Chil - dren all, his prai - ses sing.



choirs of heaven sung; By the loved ones gone be - fore us, By the pure of ev - ery tongue.



HARVEST TIME.

1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing pre - cious seed in love,
 2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;
 3. Sow thy seed, be nev - er wea - ry; Let no fears thy soul an - noy;

Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
 Pre - cious fruits will thus be giv - en, Thro' the influence all di - vine.
 Be the pros - pect ne'er so drea - ry, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

CHORUS.

Lo! the scene of ver - dure bright'ning, In the ris - ing grain ap - pear;

See the wav - ing fields are whitening, For the har - vest-time is near.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The accompaniment consists of a steady bass line with some rhythmic variation. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

S. F. SMITH.

AMERICA.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of a steady bass line with some rhythmic variation. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

pilgrim's pride, From ev - ery mountain side, Let free-dom ring.
tem-pled hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of a steady bass line with some rhythmic variation. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

REST AT HOME.

J. H. F.

1. Home from work the la - bor - ers Come when day is end - ing, When the dusk - y
 2. Home in qui - et to en - joy Bless - ings with - out num - ber; Then to trust the
 3. If so sweet the calm re - pose Of an earth - ly ev - en, What when all life's

REFRAIN.

shades of night With the light are blend - ing.
 Fa - ther's care O'er their peace - ful slum - ber. Home, sweet home, Rest from wea - ry
 la - bors close, Will it be in heav - en.

la - bors, Home, sweet home, How calm our rest shall be.

JEHOVAH REIGNS.

J. H. F. 25

1. Je - ho - vah reigns;	he dwells in light,	Arrayed with maj - est - y	and might;
This spacious world	made by his hands	Still on its firm foun - da - tion	stands.
2. Forev - er shall	his throne endure;	His promise stands for - ev - er	sure,
And peace, and joy,	and ho - li - ness	Becomes the dwell - ings of his	grace.

But ere this world	of ours was made,	Or had its first	foundation laid,
Je - hovah reigns,	he dwells in light,	Arrayed with pow'r,	arrayed with might,

E - ter - nal - ly	his throne had	stood,	Himself the ev - er liv - ing	God.
This spacious world	made by his	hands	Still on its firm foun - da - tion	stands.

ON THE SEA.

J. H. F.



1. Un - der the storm-burdened sky, On the rough waves rolling high, Tossed a frail barque on the
2. Long were the hours of the night, Pale were the boatmen with fright, Sadly they watched for the



dark Gal - i - lee; Je - sus had left it that day, Se - cret - ly go - ing to pray,
morn - ing to be; Lit - tle they guessed that the form Dear - est to all o'er the storm,



Up in the mountain, o'er-look - ing the sea.
Prayed for his loved ones a - broad on the sea.



3 Still on the billows they tossed,
Every man's courage was lost;
When on the water One walking they see;
Smitten with terror they cry—
"Be not afraid, it is I!"
Gently calls Christ from his path on the sea

4 Never forget, weary soul,
When on life's billows you roll,
Long tho' the hours of your waiting may be
One there is watching above,
Down from the heights of his love,
Caring forever for souls on the sea.

1. One by one the shad - ows gath - er 'Neath the arch - es of the sky, But to - mor - row
 2. One by one the blos - soms with - er From the gar - dens of our care, But an - oth - er
 3. One by one the hearts we cher - ish Van - ish down the stream of time, But to wait our

CHORUS.

com - eth quick - ly, At whose dawn the shades shall fly.
 spring-time sure - ly Will re - place their beau - ty fair. One by one each grief and sor - row
 ear - ly com - ing, In that brighter, bet - ter clime.

Fade be - hind us o - ver there; In that cloudless sky to - morrow, Shall return no grief or care.

SWEETLY OVER HILL AND VALLEY.

E. A. PERKINS.

1. Sweet-ly o - ver hill and val - ley Sounded far a voice of old, Like a strain of an - gel
 2. "Hinder not their tim - id foot - steps, Welcome to the fold with-in, Let the ten - der lambs be
 3. 'Mid the hal - le - lu - jahs ring - ing, 'Mid the burst of an - gel song, Je - sus, hear our childish

mu - sic, Floating down from gates of gold: "Let them come: the lit-tle children, Dangers
 gath - ered, From the world's dark ways of sin." Yes, dear Sav-ior, we will hearken, Make us
 hymn - ing, While we loud the notes pro - long; And be-yond the shadowy riv - er, On the

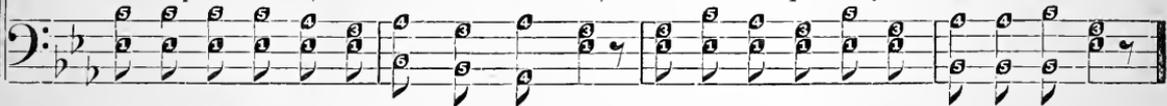
lie on ev - ery side;" 'Tis their lov-ing Shepherd calls them, He will keep, what'er be - tide.
 lambs of thy dear fold; Bless us al - so like the chil - dren In that sto - ry sweet of old.
 glo-ry-light - ed shore, May we sing, with saints and se - raphs, Of thy love for-ev - er - more,



1. Plen - ty of work, for the Mas - ter, to do, You'll find it rea - dy wher - ev - er you go,
2. Plen - ty of work, for the Mas - ter, to do, Think not, my brother, there's noth - ing for you;
3. Hear now the voice that is speak - ing to you, Plen - ty of work, for the Mas - ter, to do;



. Do not neg - lect it, your du - ty ful - fill, Work for the Mas - ter, yes, work with a will.
 You have a du - ty, come then at his word, Work while you may, brother, work for the Lord.
 Then up and at it, and work with a will, Then with his Spir - it your heart he will fill.

**CHORUS.**

Work while 'tis day, For the night cometh on; Work, work, work, work, Work for the Master commands you.



1. Long a - go, in old Ju - dea, By the shores 'of Gal - i - lee, Je - sus spake un - to the fishers:
2. Now no more in old Ju - dea, Je - sus walk - eth by the sea; But he calleth, ev - er calleth.

"Leave your nets, and follow me." Lit - tle children hear the sto - ry, Pealing through the a - ges dim;
Who will come and follow me? Come to Je - sus - time may tarnish Many a dream of beauty fair;

Who of you will leave your pleasures, Take your cross, and follow him.
What he of - fers fadeth never - Life e - ter - nal o - ver there.

Over there, beyond death's billows,
Eyes of faith can plainly see
The bright mansions where he promised
All his followers should be.
Children listen to the story,
Pealing thro' the ages dim;
Jesus loves you! died to save you!
Give up all, and follow him.

From "Songs of Glory."

Tenderly.

1. Fierce-ly the cold winds are howl-ing, Pit - i - less, chill - ing, and wild; Fa - ther in
 2. Man - y are rag-ged and hun - gry, Homeless, and out in the storm; Com-fort and
 3. Al - ways the poor we have with us, Need-ing our bless - ings to share; Send out thy

CHORUS.

heav-en, in mer-cy Look on each suf-fer-ing child. Put in the hearts of thy peo-ple,
 shel - ter, O Fa-ther! Give to each shiv-er - ing form.
 peo - ple as an-gels, An - swer-ing pov - er - ty's prayer.

Ev - ery-where they may go, Gifts of thy plen - ti - ful giv-ing, With a free hand to be - stow.



1. *Weary of the Master's fight, Sleeping all the day and night? Sleeping? Sleeping? Dangers lurking nigh?*
2. *Straggling from the Lord's command, Seeking pleasures of the land? Wand'ring? Straggling? Tempters' round thee lie?*
3. *Murm'ring, fighting for the right, Heavens portals just in sight? Murm'ring? Murm'ring? With a doleful sigh?*



Up! ye weary sol - diers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! **FALL IN! PRESS ON!** *Vict'ry by and by!*
 Rally! straggling soldiers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! **FALL IN! PRESS ON!** *Vict'ry by and by!*
 List! ye murm'ring soldiers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! **FALL IN! PRESS ON!** *Vict'ry by and by!*

**CHORUS.**

Satan comes with mighty hosts And desolates the land! Sowing seeds of sorrow and despair on every hand!



Up! ye weary sol - diers! Hear your valiant Captain's cry! FALL IN! PRESS ON! Vic'try by and by!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

JESUS ONCE A CHILD. (Primary Class.)

A. L. D.

From "Songs for the Wee Ones."

1. My Sav-ior, thou who once on earth Did'st live, a lit - tle child like me. Oh, watch thou
 2. Keep thou my feet from paths of sin, Thro' all the day be - side me be, And thro' the

3 Forgive, O Lord, when I forget,
 And may my love for thee endure,
 As thou dost know and understand
 My childish heart, oh, keep it pure.

4 And make me gentle, kind and true,
 My life what thou would'st have
 it be,
 My Savior, thou who once on earth
 Wert just a little child like me.

ov - er all my life, And ev - er guard me ten - der - ly.
 sh.adows of the night— For thou wert once a child like me.

The musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a simple melody with accompaniment in the bass line. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words split across lines. The score includes first and second endings for the final phrase.

SOMEWHERE THERE'S A WORLD OF BEAUTY.

FRANK W. GODFREY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Somewhere there's a world of beau - ty, Fair - er than this world of ours; Where the pathways
 2. There are dear ones o - ver you - der, In that world of beau - ty fair; We are go - ing
 3. Now the bea - con lights are beam - ing, As we jour - ney on the way, And we see the

CHORUS.

spar - kle bright - ly, Strewn with fair, un - earth - ly flowers. Somewhere, Somewhere,
 now to meet them, In that hav - en o - ver there.
 cit - y you - der— Sparkling in the gold - en ray. Somewhere there's a world of beauty,

Fairer than this world of ours, Somewhere, Somewhere, Strewn with fair unearthly flowers.
 Where the pathways sparkle brightly,

Semi-Chorus.

1. O Je - sus, Sav - ior, King, Bow down thy list'ning ear, And while thy praise we sing,
2. In joy - ful hom - age, Lord, We bend before thy throne, In tune - ful mea - sures there
3. No gold or spark - ling gems, No in - cense rare have we, - Ac - cept our grate - ful hearts,

FULL CHORUS.

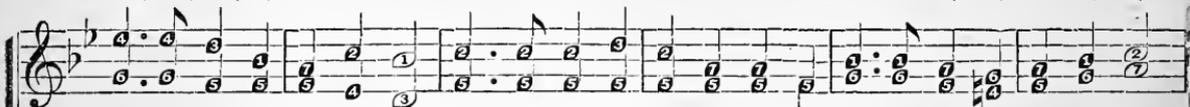
Thy children's voices hear.
Our Sovereign, Christ, to own. We will join the happy song Of the ransomed throng, Ere we dwell the angel
We bring them all to thee.

hosts a-mong, For the Savior's love From his home a-bove, Is a theme for ev - ery heart and tongue.

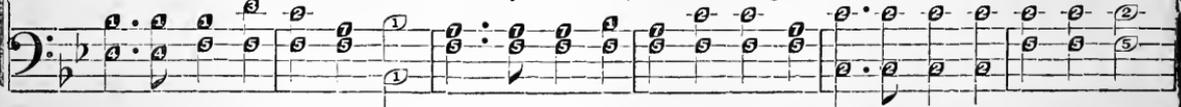
hosts a-mong, For the Savior's love From his home a-bove, Is a theme for ev - ery heart and tongue.



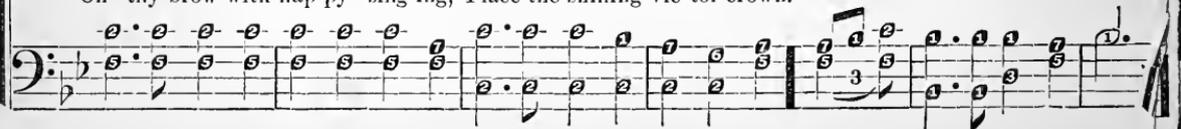
1. Pilgrim with thine eyes uplifted, Toward the goal that gleams afar, Toiling, struggling toward that heaven,
2. One who passed this way before thee, Left his footprints on the sand, That the pilgrim, coming after,
3. In the bright, the crystal riv - er 'Thou shalt lave thy tired feet; Past is all thy wea-ry toil-ing,



Where immortal treasures are. Pause not, though thy feet are weary, Faint not, though thy soul is sad,
So might reach the promised land. All the toil - ing and the roughness That is thine thy Saviour bore;
'Neath the burden and the heat— Past thy earth-life, and the an-gels Lay thy cross for - ev - er down,



Soon thou'lt reach that land elysian, Ev - er-more thou shalt be glad.
When the way thy feet have trodden, Pain shall touch thee nevermore. Ev - er-more thy song shall be,
On thy brow with hap-py sing-ing, Place the shining vic-tor-crown.



Musical score for 'Victory. Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass clef staff. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Ev-er-more thy song shall be, Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry!' Fingerings and articulation marks are present throughout the score.

HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. RHEEM.

Musical score for 'He Leadeth Me.' featuring a treble and bass clef staff. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: '1. The clouds hang heavy round my way, I can not see, But thro' the darkness I believe God leadeth me. 2. Through many a thorny path he leads My tired feet; Thro' many a path of tears I go, But it is sweet' Fingerings and articulation marks are present throughout the score.

Musical score for 'He Leadeth Me.' featuring a treble and bass clef staff. The melody is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: ''Tis sweet to keep my hand in His, While all is dim; To close my weary, aching eyes. And follow him. To know that he is close to me, My Guide, my Guide. He leadeth me, and so I walk Quite satisfied.' Fingerings and articulation marks are present throughout the score.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

Arranged.

1. Oh, have you heard of yon bright clime, Undimmed by care, un-hurt by time, Where age come
 2. Eye hath not seen that glo - ry - land, Its fruits and flow'rs—angel-ic band; Ear hath not
 3. It is the Fa - ther-land on high, Far, far be-yond the star-ry sky— Where Je - sus

REFRAIN.

not to fade a - way, But brings a bright, e - ter - nal day? Oh, yes, that clime we
 heard the swell - ing song A - ris - ing from the blood-washed throng. But yes, that clime we
 reigns, and bids us come, To dwell with him, for aye, at home. Oh, yes, that clime we

know full well, 'Tis of our heav'nly home ye tell, 'Tis of our heav'nly home ye tell.

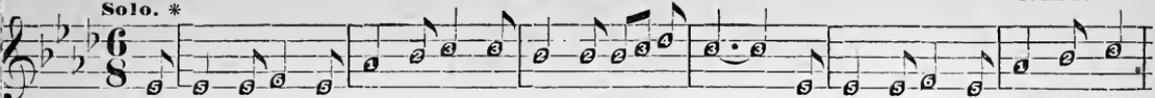
1. Somewhere beyond the vis - ion Of our des-pair-ing eyes, With-in the land e-
 2. And soft-ly, sweet-ly flow - ing, A riv - er windeth fair, Thro' all the gold - en
 3. When thro' the golden por - tal At last we en - ter in, Thro' him who hath re-

REFRAIN

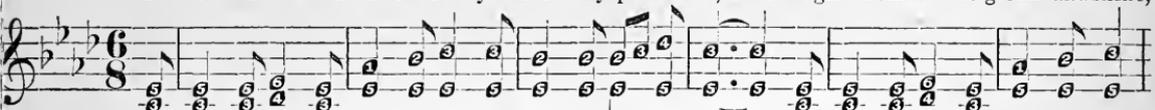
lys - ian, The hills of glo - ry rise; What words can tell the beau - ty Of
 glo - ry That reigns for - ev - er there; And of those shin - ing wa - ters, The
 deemed us, A fade-less crown we win: And in that world of beau - ty, With

that ce - les - tial land, The cit - y God hath build - ed By his al - mighty hand.
 dy - ing souls of men Shall drink with endless rap - ture, And, drinking, live a - gain.
 all the ransomed throng, We'll join with ceaseless rap - ture, The ev - er - last - ing song.

Solo. *



1. O bir-die, singing on the bough Thro' all the summer day, From dew-y morn till even - tide,
2. I asked the roses sweet and fair Thro' all the garden gay, Who taught them how to bud and bloom,
3. I asked the stars whose tender rays Across my pillow fell, Who taught them how to gleam and shine,



4. O mighty Ruler, Teacher wise, Of star, and flower, and bird, Be thou my Guide and Teacher too,



Rit.



Who taught you such a lay? And thus I hear the birdie sing: "My teacher was the Heavenly King."
 And thus I heard them say: "We learned from him who rules above, The Lord of life, the Lord of love."
 And keep their course so well, And thus I heard the stars reply: "It was that God, who reigns on high."

Rit.



Instruct me from thy Word. Thy gracious law I would o-bey, "Thou art the truth, the life, the way."



NOTE.—Select three girls, or boys, and let each one, in turn sing a verse of the first three as a solo; then the whole school sing the last verse with the parts below the solo.

FREELY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sin-ners who all will for-sake, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, May of the wa-ters par-take,
 2. Come to the fountain for sin, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, Ye shall be spot-less with-in,
 3. Why in the wil-der-ness roam, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, All are in- vit-ed to come,

Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, Je-sus hath suffered and died, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly,
 Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, Why will you longer de-lay? Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly,
 Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly, Children may come to the brink, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly,

CHORUS.

Come to the life-giv-ing tide, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly.
 Come to the wa-ters to-day, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly. Come to the waters, the waters a-way,
 And of the wa-ters may drink, Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly.



Free-ly, free-ly, free-ly; Come to the Sav-ior, the Sav-ior to - day, Free - ly, free-ly, free - ly.



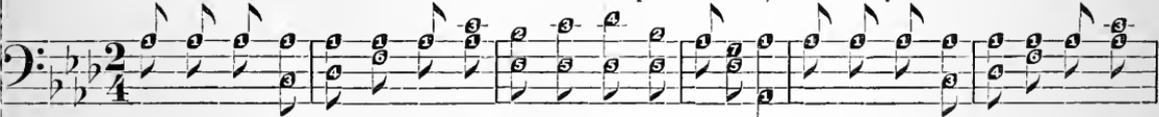
HARRY LEE.

GOD IS LOVE. (Primary Class.)

From "Songs of Glory."



1. "God is love," the snow-flakes whisper, As they linger in the air, "God is love," the breezes murmur
2. Lit - tle stars that shine in heaven, As they twin - kle far above; Peeping, smiling at each oth - er,
3. "God is love," the lit - tle bir-dies In the treetops over head, Seem to say with their sweet voices—



REFRAIN.



As they meet us every-where.

Whisper gently, "God is love." God is love, God is love, All things tell us: "God is love."

Praising him by whom they're fed.



1. When a few more years are blend - ed With the years that are no more,
 2. When we meet the loved and lost ones, Those we part - - ed from in tears,
 3. Where love, like a mighty riv - er, Fills each soul with pure de - light,

When life's hopes and fears are end - ed, And the boat - man bears us o'er,
 When we meet where life glides on - ward Un - dis - turbed - by hopes and fears,
 Where no flower shall droop and with - er In the gloom of death's dark night;

We shall dwell in peace for - ev - er, In a home more bright and fair,
 Where the songs of joy are nev - er Hushed by hours of pain and care,
 When for us life's days are end - ed, Clothed in forms su - preme - ly fair,

WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.

Musical notation for the first system of 'WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.' featuring a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1 and 5.

When we meet beyond the riv - er, We shall know each oth-er there.
 Where friends meet no more to sev - er, We shall know each oth-er there.
 We shall meet and rest for - ev - er, And shall know each oth-er there.

Musical notation for the second system of 'WE SHALL KNOW. Concluded.' featuring a bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

GRACE GLENN.

ALL IS WELL.

J. H. F.

Musical notation for the first system of 'ALL IS WELL.' featuring a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

1. Sav - ior, grant me rest and peace, Let my trou - bled dream-ings cease, With the

Musical notation for the second system of 'ALL IS WELL.' featuring a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line and a fermata. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.

chim-ing midnight bell Teach my heart that "All is well."

- 2 I would trust my all with thee,
 All my cares and sorrows flee,
 Till the breaking light shall tell,
 Night is past, and "All is well."
- 3 I would seek thy service, Lord,
 Leaning on thy promised Word,
 Till my hourly labors tell,
 I am thine and "All is well."

1. Nev - er, my child, for - get to pray, What'e'r the du - ties of the day; If hap - py dreams hav -
 2. Pray Him by whom the birds are fed, To give to thee thy dai - ly bread; If wealth his boun - ty
 3. The time will come when thou wilt miss A father's and a mother's kiss; And then my child, per -

bled thy sleep, If start - ling fears have made thee weep, With ho - ly thoughts be - gin the day, And
 should be - stow, Praise Him from whom all blessings flow; If He who gave should take a - way, Oh,
 chance you'll see Some who in prayer ne'er bent the knee; From such ex - am - ples turn a - way, And

REFRAIN.

Repeat pp.

nev - er, my child, for - get to pray. Nev - er for - get, nev - er for - get, Nev - er for - get to pray.

A HOME ABOVE.

J. H. F. 47

1. I have a home, a home a - bove, I have a God, a God of love; I have a Sav - ior
 2. There through eter - ni - ty I'll sing The praises of my Heavenly King, A - lond my new-born
 3. Soon an - gels bright with music sweet, Will greet my weary, wand'ring feet, And those from here who've
 4. I have a place a - bove to rest, Safe folded to my Savior's breast; To dwell for - ev - er

CHORUS.

in the sky, Who bids me come to him on high. A home a - bove where
 voice I'll raise To shout my dear Redeemer's praise.
 gone be - fore I'll meet up - on that an - gel shore. A home a - bove, a home a - bove, where
 in his love, Safe in my home, my home a - bove.

all is love, A home a - bove where all is joy and love.
 all is joy and peace and love, A home a - bove, a home a - bove where all is joy and love.

From "Songs of Glory."

HOW I WISH I KNEW. (Primary Class.)

GRACE GLENN.

From "Songs for the Wee Ones."

1. Lit - tle stars that twin - kle in the heavens blue, I have oft - en wondered if you
 2. Did you see the cost - ly presents they had brought? Did you see the sta - ble they in
 3. Did you hear the moth - ers' plead - ing thro' their tears For the babes that Her - od slew the

ev - er knew, How there 'rose one like you, lead - ing wise old men
 won - der sought? Did you see the wor - ship ten - der - ly they paid
 com - ing years? Did you see how Jo - seph, warned of God in dreams,

From the East thro' Ju - dah, down to Beth - le - hem?
 To that stranger ba - by in the man - ger laid?
 Hrr - ried in - to E - gypt guid - ed by your beams.

4 Did you watch the Savior all those years of strife?
 Did you know, for 'sinners, how he gave his life?
 Little stars that twinkle in the heavens blue,
 All you saw of Jesus how I wish I knew.

JESUS IS OUR LEADER. From "Songs for the Wee Ones."



1. Je-sus is our Lead-er, As we pass a - long ; He to keep is a - ble, He to save is strong.
 2. Je-sus is our Lead-er, Je-sus is our Friend ; He will guard and guide us, Till our lives shall end.



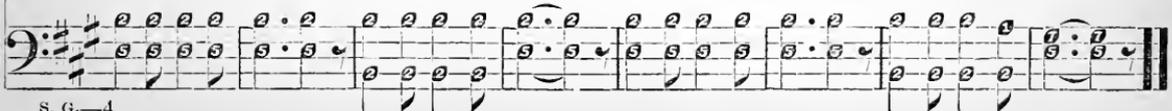
Fine.

We are lit-tle children, Walking by his side ; We will lean upon him, He our steps will guide.
 If we on-ly fol-low Where his footsteps go, In the midst of dan-ger, We no harm shall know.
D. S. Je - sus is our Lead-er, He our Cap-tain brave ; He will guard us ev-er, He a-lone can save.



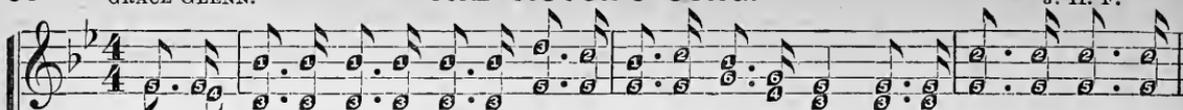
D. S.

If we on-ly fol-low, Where his footsteps go, In the midst of dan-ger, We no harm shall know.
 We will do thy bidding, O Redeem-er blest ! Thou wilt guide our spirits To the land of rest.

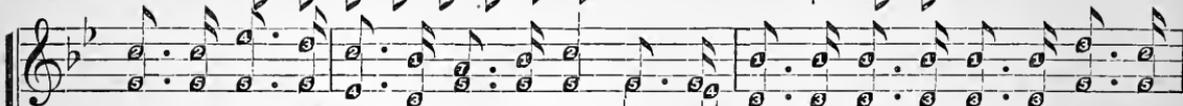


THE VICTOR'S SONG.

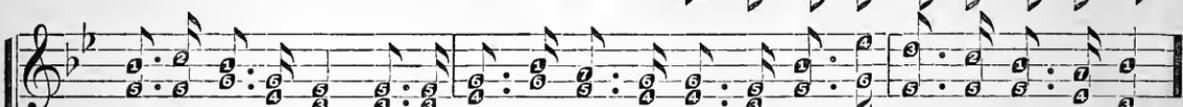
J. H. F.



1. We're the vic-tors now for - ev - er, o - ver death and o - ver sin, For this tri-umph did our
 2. We're the vic-tors, oh, proclaim it, thro' the earth and thro' the sky! For a - while be - low the
 3. Je - sus died! go breath the sto - ry in - to ev - ery list'ning ear, Tell them watch and wait his



Sav - ior die on Cal - ya - ry to win, En - ded he a life of sor - row on the
 an - gels Je - sus lived for you and I, But the thorn - y path so nar - row which his
 com - ing when his glo - ry shall ap - pear, For the gates of hell were bro - ken and the



thrice-ac - curs-ed tree, Once for all he drank the wormwood and the gall for you and me.
 bles - sed footsteps trod, Led be - yond the gates of dark-ness to the pres - ence of our God.
 pris - on - er was free, When beyond the gloom - y por - tals Je - sus rose for you and me.



THE VICTOR'S SONG. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The first system of the chorus consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a vocal line, and the lower staff is a bass clef with piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a series of eighth notes in the vocal line, followed by a measure with a fermata and a circled '4'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern.

We're the Vic-tors through the triumphs of our Lord, (thro' our Lord,) Lift his ban - ner high a-

The second system continues the chorus. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure, followed by a circled '3'. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes, including some beamed sixteenth notes.

bove us, 'tis his Word, ('tis his word); His the crown of thorns most cru - el and the

The third system continues the chorus. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure, followed by a circled '3'. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes.

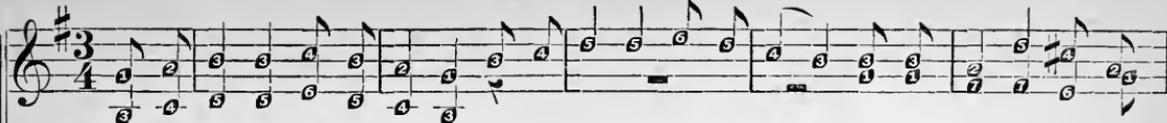
trice accurs - ed tree, Yet he conquered all, he con - quered, and he strove for you and me.

The fourth system concludes the chorus. The vocal line has a fermata over the first measure, followed by a circled '3'. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes and ends with a double bar line.

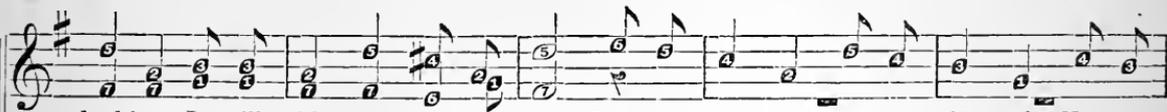
1. Let the ho-ly name of Je - sus Dwell for - ev - er in thy heart; It will cleanse, refresh, and
 2. Souls are weary, worn, and troubled, Bowed with sorrow, pain, and grief; Weak and trembling—in this

- cheer you, Shield from Satan's fa - tal dart. Oh, the joy, the precious fount-ain, Which his
 fount-ain Sure-ly find a sweet re - lief. With thy woes and earthly la - bors, Wea - ry

- sacred name sup-plies; It is balm for wounded spir-its, It is life that nev-er dies.
 with thy load of care; Come, oh come unto the Sav - ior, In him endless pleasures are.



1. Take my hand, my heav'nly Father, Guide me wheresoe'er thou wilt, Knowing on - ly thou art
 2. Take my hand, and lead me, Father, This a - lone is all I ask; Bear I then whate'er life's
 3. Lead me, ev - ery step is anguish, That without thee I as - say; Thou wilt nev - er see me



lead - ing, I will fol - low and be still. Though the clouds be nev - er rift - ed, Not a
 bur - den, Un - der - take I an - y task. Trust - ing thee, I shall not fal - ter, Leaving
 blinded, Nev - er let me go a - stray. Long e - nough I've vain - ly wan - dered, Let my



star - gleam shining clear, Stay me up by thy great pow - er, Let me know that thou art near.
 on thee nev - er fail; Dire tempta - tions close be - set - ting, Shall in vain my soul as - sail.
 i - dle roamings cease; Lead me from the troubled val - leys To the mountains of thy peace.



1. Come, is the Sav - ior's dy - ing word To all who seek re - lief; Come with your guilt and
 2. Come, is the Spir - it's ten - der call To sin - ners doomed to die; Come, says the Church on
 3. Come, for the gra - cious Sav - ior stands Still plead - ing for your love; Come, yield your heart to

CHORUS.

wea - ry load; Come with your sin and grief.
 earth, and all The ransomed saints on high. Full is the fount, whose healing tide Opened for all when the
 his commands; Come, seek the home above.

Sav - ior died; Come, and his par - don full re - ceive, Je - sus e - ter - nal life will give.

1. Sing, oh sing the song a - gain! Sing of all my sins for - given; Raise a - loud the
 2. Sing that in my depths of sin, Was the ran - som paid for me, By my bless - ed,
 3. Sing so all the world may know, Not a - lone for me he died, But for them the

CHORUS.

joy - ful strain, Till it reach the gates of heaven.
 dy - ing Lord, On the Cross of Cal - va - ry. Then the an - gels, bless - ed an - gels,
 life - drops flowed From the wounded Sav - ior's side.

Cres.

When they hear the glad re - frain, With their harps will join the chorus, And re - peat the song a - gain

I'VE A MANSION OVER YONDER.

1. I've a man-sion o-ver yon-der, On the calm, e-ter-nal shore; In the
 2. I've a man-sion o-ver yon-der, Where no tem-pests ev-er rise; And my
 3. I've a man-sion o-ver yon-der, Tho' I wan-der here be-low; I shall

bright, Ce-les-tial Cit-y, Where they nev-er sor-row more. I'm a pil-grim on my
 vis-ion turn-eth ev-er To my dwell-ing in the skies. What are all the ills and
 one day go and claim it—This, by faith in Him, I know. Friends I loved have gone be-

jour-ney, As the moments speed a-way; Near-er to my home in glo-ry, I am
 cross-es, That I here am called to bear, To the bless-ed-ness e-ter-nal That a-
 fore me, And their crowns of glo-ry won, And my Lord will call me o-ver When my

I'VE A MANSION OVER YONDER. Concluded.

draw-ing day by day; Near-er to my home in glo-ry, I am draw-ing day by day.
 waits me o-ver there; To the bless-ed-ness e-ter-nal That a-waits me o-ver there.
 jour-ney here is done; And my Lord will call me o-ver When my jour-ney here is done.

CHORUS.

I've a man-sion o-ver yon-der, Where my Lord has gone be-fore;
 I've a man-sion o-ver yon-der, Where my

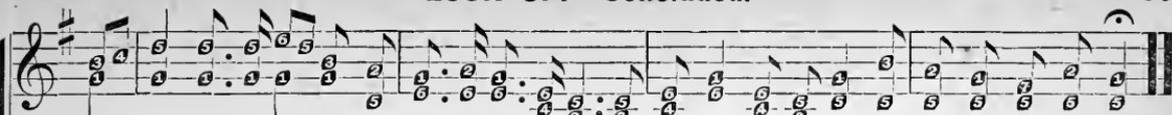
He has prom-ised to pre-pare it, In the cit-y on the shore.

1. Oh, why should we fear tho' the storms are hov'ring o'er us, The sunlight still brightly is shining o'er the cloud,
 2. And why should we tremble though angry raging billows, Are heaving their white heads defiant to the sky?
 3. Look up! for the clouds, ere your tears have ceased, are breaking; The gale and its terrors are quickly over-past;

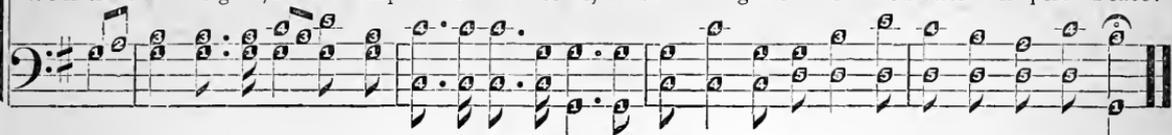
As calm in the moonlight the earth will sleep at even, As tho' ne'er the welkin was rent by thunders loud.
 The rocks on the shore beat them back upon their pillows, And God over all hears and heeds the sailor's cry.
 The mu - sic of earth is in har-mo - ny awaking, The good ship in harbor its anchor safe has cast.

CHORUS.

Look up! not a star of the countless hosts shall fall, The Hand that sustained them hath power over all;



We'll trust and be glad, for the tempest wild shall cease, When walking the waters the Master whispers "Peace!"



E. R. LATTA.

I COME TO THEE.

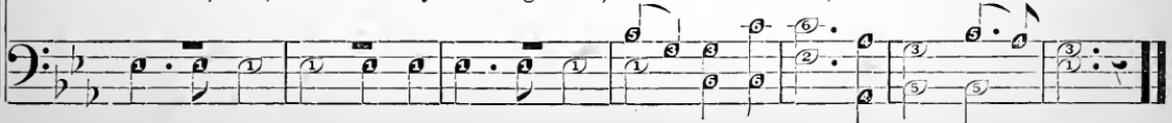
J. H. F.



1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior dear, Thy lov - ing voice I hear In - vit - ing me; And from my
 2. Thou hast en - treat - ed long, To woo my soul from wrong, My sins to blot; And now my
 3. Oh, lis - ten to my cry! Thy precious blood ap - ply, I now im - plore; My heart, blest



wan - der - ings, 'Mid earth's embittered springs, I come to thee, I come to thee.
 will - ing heart Would fain from sin de - part, Re - fuse me not, Re - fuse me not.
 Sav - ior, take, And there thy dwell - ing make, For ev - er - more, For ev - er - more.



'NEATH ELIM'S COOLING PALMS.

F. L. BRISTOW,
in "Golden Gate."

1. We are toil - ing onward, hand in hand, hand in hand, We are toil - ing for the promised land ;
2. By the swelling waters, clear and sweet, clear and sweet, After toil - ing through the desert's heat,
3. There will be no dark and dreary night, dreary night, We shall rest for - ev - er from the fight ;



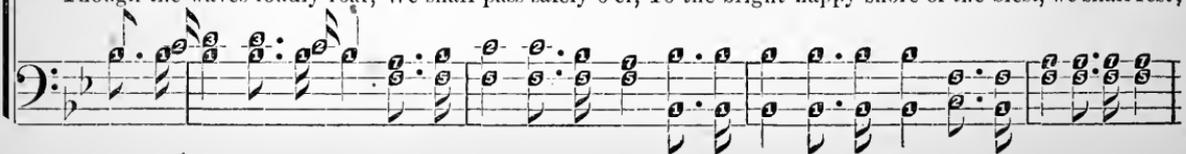
Come and join our wea - ry pil - grim band, pilgrim band, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.
We shall rest our worn and wea - ry feet, wea - ry feet, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.
We shall dwell for - ev - er in the light, in the light, We shall rest 'neath Elim's cool - ing palms.



CHORUS.

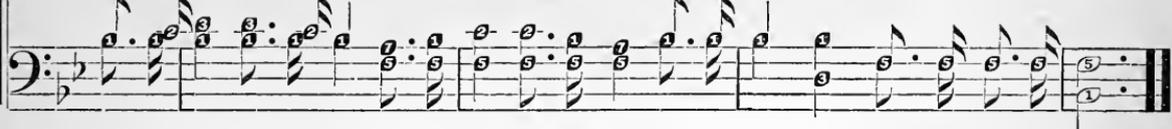


Though the waves loudly roar, We shall pass safely o'er, To the bright happy shore of the blest, we shall rest ;





By the clear sil - ver gleam Of the life - giv - ing stream, We shall rest 'neath E - lim's cool - ing palms.



Words and Music by

SAVIOR, DRAW ME NEAR TO THEE.

J. H. LESLIE.

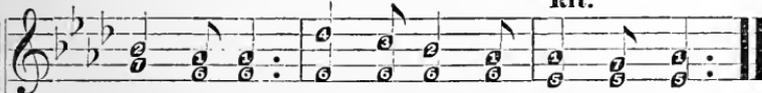
Andante.



1. Sav - ior, draw me near to thee, Set my bur - dened spir - it free; Sin has caused me



Rit.



pain and grief, Sav - ior, grant me sweet re - lief.



2 Savior, draw me near to thee,
Fain would I thy servant be;
Cleanse me now from all my sin,
Make me white and pure within.

3 Savior, draw me near to thee,
Let me now thy glory see;
All my wishes I resign
Take me, Lord, and make me thine.

O SOUL, WHAT THEN?

Andante.

1. When life is slow - ly wan - ing, And death is draw - ing nigh,
 2. When loved ones gath - er 'round you, To give the last fare - well,
 3. When heav - en's gates are clos - ing, And all the saved are in,

When the spir - it plumes its pin - ions From earth a - way to fly,
 When the soul is just de - part - ing, With spir - it hosts to dwell,
 And thou hast no part with Je - sus, Thou art not cleansed from sin,

REFRAIN

O soul, what then? What then, what then, O trembling soul, what then?
 O soul, what then? What then, what then,
 O soul, what then? What then, what then,

Repeat pp.

1. Be - hold the li - lies of the field, No toil - ing do they know, No anx - ious thought from day to
 2. No So - lo - mon in king - ly robes Was half so fair as they, These li - lies in their ten - der

CHORUS.

day, Con - si - der how they grow. He car - eth for the li - lies, He gives each brilliant hue;
 bloom Up - springing by the way.

3 Oh, why such anxious careful thought
 For days that are to be,
 Each day its duty brings, and then
 The Lord will care for thee.

4 So leave thy future in his hands,
 Thy Lord will still provide;
 Around thee will his ceaseless love
 For evermore abide.

1. When, as of old, in her sad-ness, Ma - ry sat weep-ing a - lone, Soft - ly the voice of her
 2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flowing, Fad - ing thy hope and thy trust, When of the dearest earth-
 3. Down by the shore of death's riv-er, Some-time thy footsteps shall stray, Where waits a boatman to

sis - ter, Whispered, "The Master has come." So in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its
 treasures Dust shall re - turn un - to dust. Then, tho' the world may invite thee, Vain will its
 bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day. What then tho' dark be his sha-dow, If when his

fountain may be, List, for there cometh a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
 of - fer - ing be, List, for there cometh a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.
 coming thou see, Com-eth there soft-ly a whis-per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

Call - ing, call - ing,
Call - ing for thee, call - ing for thee, Je - sus is call - ing for thee.

FAR O'ER HILL AND DALE.

Fine.

D.C.

1. Far, far o'er hill and dale, on the winds steal - ing, } { Hark, hark, it seems to say, }
List to the toll - ing bell, mourn - ful - ly peal - ing, } { as melt those sounds away, }
D.C. So earth - ly joys de - cay, while new their feel - ing.

2 Now thro' the charmed air, on the winds stealing, 3 So when our mortal ties death shall dissever,
List to the mourner's prayer solemnly bending: Lord, may we reach the skies where care comes never,
Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys away, And in eternal day, joining the angels' lay,
To those which ne'er decay, for life is ending. To our Creator pay homage forever.

2 Now thro' the charmed air, on the winds stealing,
List to the mourner's prayer solemnly bending:
Hark, hark, it seems to say, turn from those joys away,
To those which ne'er decay, for life is ending.

3 So when our mortal ties death shall dissever,
Lord, may we reach the skies where care comes never,
And in eternal day, joining the angels' lay,
To our Creator pay homage forever.

1. 'Tis not for a name that the world may prize, 'Tis not for the splendor that fades and dies;
 2. I ask not the lau - rels of fame to wear, Nor yet in the pleasure of ease to share;
 3. I would not from la - bor with - hold my hand, But pa - tient - ly fol - low my Lord's command;
 4. I ask not one tri - al or pain to shun, The will of my Fa - ther in me be done;

My boon is a treasure be - yond the skies, My Sav - ior has prom - ised to me.
 I ask that the cross I may learn to bear; My Sav - ior has borne it for me.
 I ask that my house on the Rock may stand, The Rock of sal - va - tion for me.
 I ask it through Je - sus, his on - ly Son, Who purchased re - demp - tion for me.

CHORUS.

And that all my glo - ry shall be, That all my glo - ry shall be; . . .
 And that . . . all my glo - ry shall be, My boon is

THAT ALL MY GLORY SHALL BE. Concluded.

67

My boon is a treasure be - yond the skies, And that all my glo - ry shall be.
a treas - - ure

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides the harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

PURER IN HEART.

J. H. F.

1. Pu - rer in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de - vote my life Whol - ly to thee.
2. Pu - rer in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to do thy will Most lov - ing - ly.
3. Pu - rer in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I thy ho - ly face One day may see.

The musical score features a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The treble staff includes the vocal line with three numbered verses of lyrics. The bass staff provides accompaniment. The score ends with a double bar line.

Watch thou my wayward feet, Guide me with counsel sweet, Pu - rer in heart, Help me to be.
Be thou my friend and guide, Let me with thee a - bide, Pu - rer in heart, Help me to be.
Keep me from se - cret sin, Reign thou my soul with - in, Pu - rer in heart, Help me to be.

This block continues the musical score from the previous block, showing the treble and bass staves with the final verses of lyrics. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Boldly.

1. Lo! the banner of the King
2. Ra-l-ly at the call to-day,
3. Marching on to fight and win

Floating o'er the field to-day; Hear the shouts of battle ring!
Christ has need of you and me; In the thickest of the fray;
With the soldiers of the King. When to heaven we enter in,

Duet.

Christ, the Captain, leads the way, There's a fight to wage with sin, Fling aside your doubts and fears,
Pay the debt of Cal-va-ry. We are soldiers of the Cross, Treading where our fathers trod,
How the courts of God will ring, Hail the faithful and the true, In the battle's storm and strife

Duet.**CHORUS.**

There's a bat-tle we must win, Sound the call for Vol-un-teers.
Death is gain and nev-er loss In the rank and file of God. Vol-un-teer for Christ to-day,
Sol-diers of the Cross of Christ En-ter to e-ter-nal life.



Give the wind your doubts and fears, Christ, the Captain, leads the way, Sound the call for Volunteers.



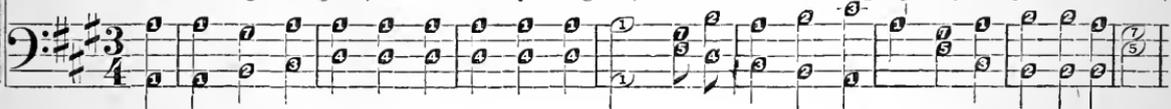
From "Songs of Glory."

ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

J. H. F.



1. We all might do good where we oft-en do ill; There is al-ways the way if there be but the will;
2. We all might do good in a thousand small ways, In for-bearing to flatter, yet yielding due praise;
3. We all might do good, whether low-ly or great, For the deed is not guaged by the purse or estate;



Tho' it be but a word kindly breathed or suppressed, It may guard off some pain, or give peace to some breast.
 In spurning ill humor, reprovng wrong done, And in treating but kindly the heart we have won.
 If it be but a cup of cold water that's given, Like the widow's two mites, it is something for heav'n.



With animation.

1. Ra - ly 'round the Bi - ble, Children, let us sing, Now with joy - ful voi - ces Prais - es
 2. Trust the Bi - ble, children, From the shin - ing way Of its ho - ly teach - ings Nev - er
 3. Love the Bi - ble, children, For its les - sons tell How the bless - ed Sav - ior Came on

to our King; Lift the Gos - pel Ban - ner O'er a sin - ning world, Let its matchless beauty
 go a - stray. Guid - ed by its precepts Let our ac - tions be, Then each precious promise
 earth to dwell From his home in heaven, And his life he gave, Ev - ery wayward wand'rer

CHORUS.

Ev - er be un - furled.
 Is for you and me. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre - cious trea - sure,
 From his sins to save.

thou art mine! Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!

GOD OF OUR SALVATION.

From "Hours of Song."

1. God of our sal - va - tion! Un - to thee we pray, Hear our sup - pli - ca - tion,
 2. Wretched and un - worth - y, Poor, and sick, and blind, Pro - strate we a - dore thee,

Be our strength and stay.
 Call thy grace to mind.

2 He that dwelleth near thee
 Safely shall abide;
 Ever love and fear thee,
 In thy strength confide.

3 Sure is thy protection,
 Safe is thy defense,
 While in deep affliction,
 Woe, or pestilence.

5 God of our salvation!
 Savior, Prince of Peace!
 Boundless thy compassion,
 Infinite thy grace.

6 While with love unceasing
 Humbly we adore,
 Grant us thy rich blessing,
 And we ask no more.

1. Day by day, my Lord and Sav-ior, May I trust thy ten-der care; Day by day grow wis-er,
 2. Teach me, thou who art so ho-ly, How I best may do thy will; How in all my earth-ly
 3. Guide me in thy ways of wis-dom, Be thou with me ev-ery-where, Whereso-e'er my feet may

CHORUS.

bet-ter, Hear, O Je-sus, hear my prayer.
 liv-ing Thy com-mandments to ful-fill. Bless-ed Sav-ior, throned in heav-en, Hear, oh
 wan-der, Let me feel that thou art there.

hear my ear-nest prayer; Bless-ed Sav-ior, pure and ho-ly, Be thou with me ev-ery-where.

1. Christ is walk - ing on the wa - ters, And I will not be a - fraid,
 2. I have passed a night of per - il, But the day is ver - y near,
 3. I am not a - fraid, O Je - sus! Walk thou where - so - e'er thou will;

For Chorus only. **Fine.**

If I has - ten out to meet him, By his arm I shall be stayed. (Omit.)
 On the wa - ter walks the Mas - ter, 'Tis his lov - ing voice I hear.
 Thou canst lead me o'er the wa - ters, Thou the tempest wild can still.
 D. S. I will has - ten out to meet him, His right hand will strengthen . . . me, (strengthen me.)

CHORUS. **D. S.**

Christ is walk - ing on the wa - ters, Walk - ing on the troubled sea; (I will hasten to him,)

'T WILL NOT BE LONG.

J. H. F.

1. It will not be long at the long - est Ere the sil - ver tide we'll cross ; And the richest earth - ly
 2. It will not be long at the long - est Ere we lay our burdens down, Ere we hear the "well-done"
 3. It will not be long at the long - est Ere the Master's smile we see ; And the toil, and pain, and

treas - ures Will but seem as worthless dross When we reach the pearl - y gate - way, And its
 wel - come, And approach our waiting crown. Ere we join the count - less num - bers, Of the
 sor - row Will be past for you and me. So we best not go re - pin - ing On the

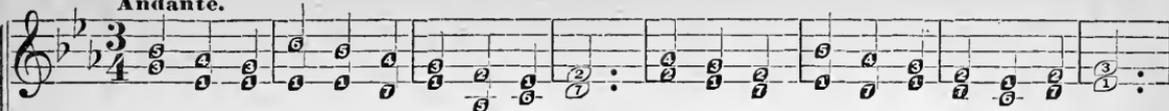
por - tals en - ter in, When we tread the gold - en path - ways Of the cit - y of our King.
 happy ransomed throng ; Ere we learn the tune - ful mea - sures Of re - demp - tion's ceaseless song.
 way we may not shun, Lest we wake some morn in heav - en, Leaving half our work un - done.

CLOSER TO THEE.

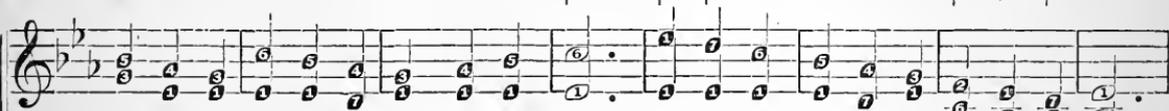
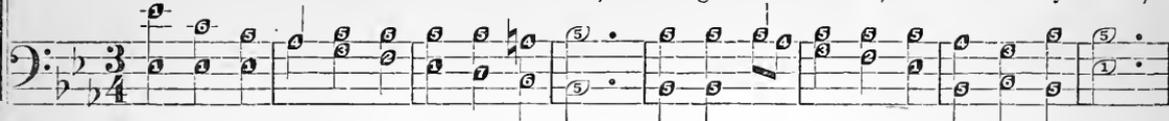
J. H. LESLIE.

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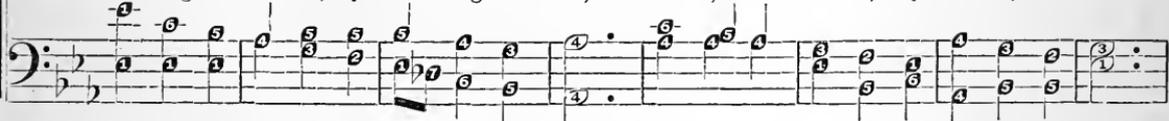
Andante.



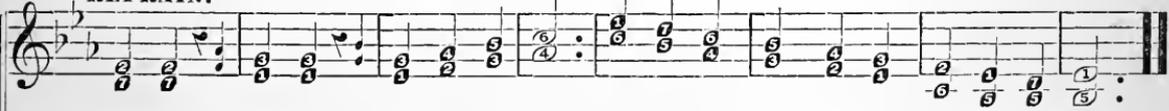
1. Clos-er, still clos-er, my Sav-ior, to thee, Clos-er to Je-sus my heart longs to be;
 2. Clos-er, by day, tho' my sky be all bright, Clos-er, still clos-er, when fall-eth the night;
 3. When to the Jor-dan of death I de-scend, Dan-ger I'll fear not, if Christ be my friend;



Round me his arm, on his bo-som my head, Near the dear side which on Cal-va-ry bled.
 Earth has no spot where without him I'm safe, Time has no mo-ment I need not his grace.
 Breasting the bil-lows, my death-song shall be, Clos-er, still clos-er, my Sav-ior, to thee.



REFRAIN.



Clos-er, clos-er, Clos-er to thee, Clos-er, still clos-er, my Sav-ior to thee.



STANDARD-BEARERS.

1. We may all be Standard - bear - ers In the ar - my of the Lord; For the u - ni - form and
 2. We may all be Standard - bear - ers, If we keep the truth and right Firm - ly girt a - bout us

CHORUS.

ar - mor, Sword and Standard are the Word. Tho' the fight be fierce and long, (fierce and long,)
 ev - er, And the bless - ed goal in sight.

We be weak and our foes be strong, (our foes be strong;) Bear the Sword of the Spir - it

high, For ours is vic-t'ry by and by.

3 We may all be Standard-bearers
If we ceaseless watch and pray;
If we enter not temptation,
Nor be idle by the way.

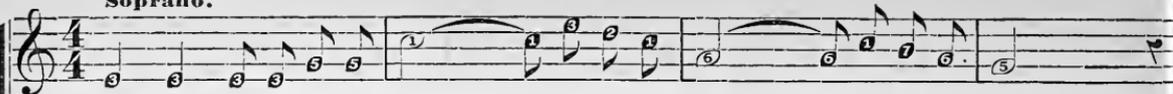
4 We may all be Standard-bearers
In the army of the Lord;
If we press with vigor onward,
Vic'try is our sure reward.

MT. BLANC.

1. We are on our jour-ney home, Where Christ our Lord is gone; We shall meet around his throne,
2. We can see that dis-tant home, Though clouds rise dark between; Faith views the radiant dome,
3. Oh, glo-ry shining far, From the nev-er-set-ting sun! Oh, trembling morning star,

When he makes his peo-ple one, In the new, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
And a lus-ter flash-es keen, From the new, etc.
Our journey's al-most done, To the new, etc. In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

Soprano.



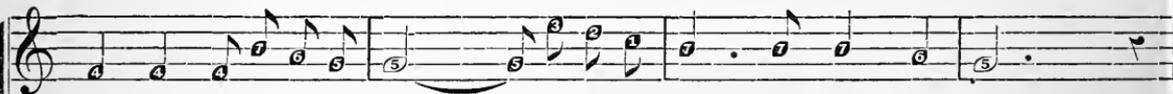
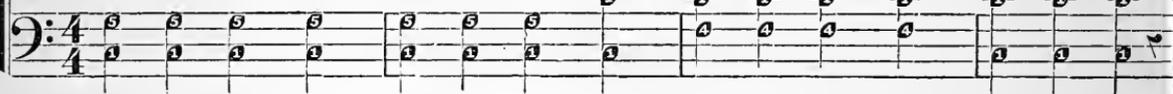
1. Cease your waiting, stand not i - - dle, In the har - - vest-fields of time,

Alto.



2. There are those whose feet are fet - tered, On whose hands are clank - ing chains,

3. Rise and stand no lon - ger i - dle, There is work for you to do,



Life is all too short for dream - ing, All too full of pain and crime;



Thou art free, but these are cap - tives, Un - to whom no hope re - mains;

Cheer the sad - dened, free the cap - tive, Teach them love for - ev - er true;





Lin - ger thou no lon - ger i - dle, Work while yet God grants thee time,

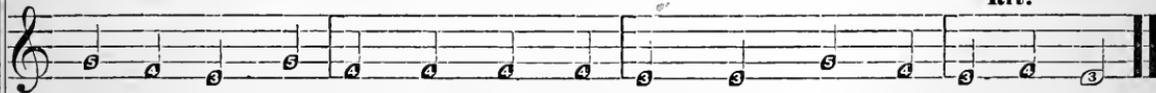


All the love of Christ, thy Sav - ior, To this work thy soul con - strains,
Fear not, faint not; all your toil - ing Is for Christ, he'll strength-en you,

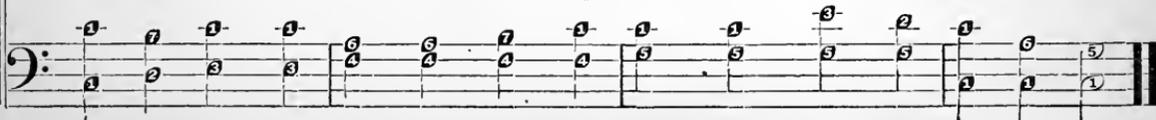


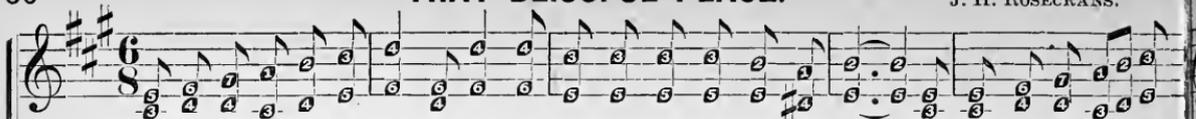
Lin - ger thou no lon - ger i - dle, Work while yet God grants thee time.

Rit.



All the love of Christ, thy Sav - ior, To this work thy soul con - strains.
Fear not, faint not; all your toil - ing Is for Christ, he'll strengthen you.





1. There is a place where my hopes are staid, My heart and my treasure are there; Where verdure and blossoms
2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode; The joys of that place no
3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Who suffered and worshipped with me; Ex - alted with Christ, high
4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its la - bors are o'er; A place which the Lord to



CHORUS.



nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
 tongue can tell, For there is the pal - ace of God. That blissful place is my fa - ther - land, By
 on his throne, The King in his beau - ty they see.
 me will give, And then I shall sor - row no more.

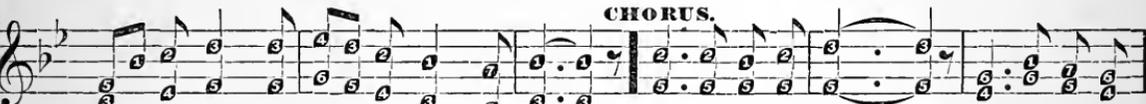


faith its delights I explore; Come favor my flight, angelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.



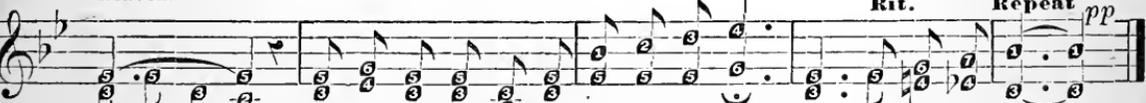
- 
1. Oh, would to me were on - ly given A tongue in-spired to tell The beau-ties of yon
 2. There hope's sweet flowers eter - nal bloom, While seasons come and go, Un-touched by sor-row's
 3. There lim - pid wa - ters, bright and clear, Flow o'er the gold-en sands, While thrill-ing mu - sic

CHORUS.



peace - ful heaven, Where saints im-mor - tal dwell. Bright, beau-ti-ful heaven, Bright, beau-ti - ful
chill - ing winds, That blight them here be - low. Bright, bright, beautiful heaven, Bright, bright,
strikes the ear—Harp's swept by an - gel hands.

heaven.



beau-ti - ful heaven, Home where the pilgrim for-ev - er shall rest, Bright, beau-ti - ful heaven.

Rit.

Repeat *pp*

SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

EDWARD A. PERKINS.

1. Shout, shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, To the ag - ed and the young,
 2. Shout, shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prai - ries of the West;
 3. Shout, shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Ming-ling with the o - cean's roar;

CHORUS.

Till the precious in - vi - ta - tion Wak-en every heart and tongue.
 Till each gathering con - gre - ga - tion With the gos-pel sound is blest. Send the glad sound
 Till the ships of ev - ery na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.

the earth a - round, Shout, shout the ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Till the pre - cious



in - vi - ta - tion Waken ev - ery heart and tongue.



4 Shout, shout the tidings of salva-
tion,
O'er the islands of the sea,
Till in humble adoration
All to Christ shall bow the knee.

5 Shout, shout the tidings of salva-
tion,
Till the *world* shall hear the call,
And with joyous acclamation
Crown the Savior Lord of all.

CORONATION.

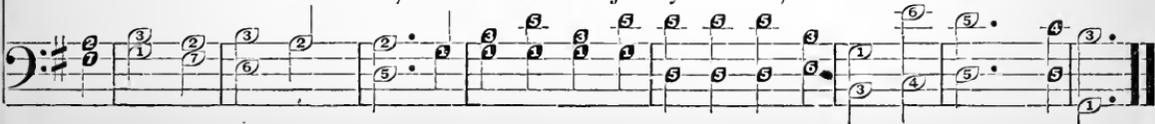
O. HOLDEN.



1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
2. Crown him, you martyrs of our God, Who from his altar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes-se's rod,
3. Let ev - ery kindred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - est - rial ball, To him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe,



And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
And crown him Lord of all, To him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And crown him Lord of all.



1. Oh, bright golden Sunset! Thou showest the tran-sit Of spir-its from earth to the heav-en a-bove;
 2. Thy golden and purple The entrance en-cir-cle, And beckon the soul to that bright bet-ter life;
 3. O Savior, soon make me Thine own one, and take me Beyond the bright gates of the Sun-set of Gold;

Thou openest the por-tal Of their life im-mor-tal, The ev-er bright radiance of Je-sus' pure love.
 My soul fain would en-ter And hide in the shel-ter Of God, and thus rest from life's weary-ing strife.
 Or give me some token The gate shall be o-pen To me when I go to the Good Shepherd's fold.

CHORUS.

O Sun-set of Gold! The glad sto-ry is told By thy scar-let and gold-en of clouds glowing bright;

Rit.

Of the fair land beyond All this life's dark'ning storm, The clear gold and pearl of the land without night.

ALPHA. S. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.
Never before published.

1. Lord, we ex - pect a . day Still brighter far than this, When death shall bear our
2. There rapturous scenes of joy Shall burst up - on our sight; And ev - ery pain, and

souls a - way To realms of light and bliss.
tear, and sigh, Be drowned in end - less night.

- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.
- 4 Nor shall the radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In evening shadows die away
Beneath the setting sun.

With energy.

1. On the rest-less waves of passion, Tossed by countless fears, For the hav - en vain - ly striving,
 2. Thro' the swelling billows plunging, Sorrow's troublous sea, Near the shores of doubt dis-mantled,

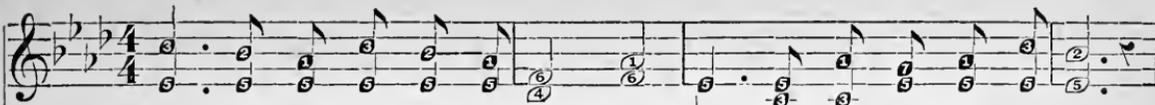
CHORUS.

Day - light dis - ap - pears. Throw the an - chor! See it hold-eth! Cast with-in the vail,
 Sad ex - trem - i - ty!

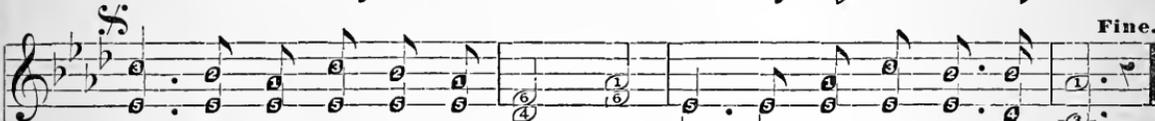
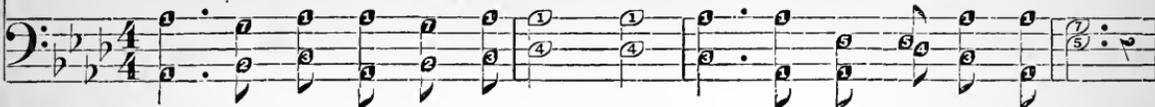
Firm within the hand of Je - sus, Nev-er-more to fail!

3 On the rocks of error driving,
 Rudderless and torn,
 By no chart or compass biding,
 Tempest overborne.

4 'Mid the breakers surely drifting,
 T'wards an unknown land,
 Thro' the misty future peering,
 Sees no helping hand.



1. Lead me, oh, my heaven-ly Fa - ther, Lead me ev - er - more I pray,
 2. Close a - bove me storm-clouds gath - er, Fraught with thun - der deep and long;
 3. Earth hath sins, and joys, and sor - rows, Crowd - ing oft 'twixt thee and thine;



Fine.

- Sub - tle tempt - ers close be - set me, Lead me, lest I go a - stray.
 All the way is dark and storm - y, I am weak, but thou art strong.
 I would still, through all its por - tions Feel thy hand close clasp - ing mine.

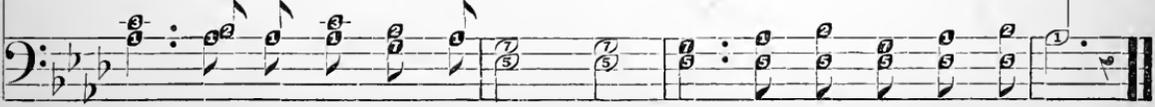
D. S. Lead me gent - ly lead me firm - ly, One step high - er ev - ery day.



CHORUS.



Lead me, oh, my heavenly Fa - ther, Lead me ev - er - more I pray.



1. We know not the time when He cometh, At e-ven, or midnight, or morn; It may be at deepening
 2. I think of His won-der-ful pit - y, The price our salvation hath cost; He left the bright mansions of
 3. O Je - sus, my lov - ing Re-deem-er, Thou knowest I cherish as dear, The hope that mine eyes shall be-

twi - light, It may be at ear-li-est dawn. He bids us to watch and be ready, Nor suf - fer our
 glo - ry To suffer and die for the lost. And sometimes I think it will please Him, When those whom He
 hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear. If to some as a Judge thou appearest, Who forth from thy

lights to grow dim; That when He may come, He will find us, All wait-ing and watching for Him.
 died to re - deem, Re - joice in the hope of His com-ing, By wait-ing and watching for Him.
 presence would flee, A Friend most be - lov-ed I'll greet thee, I'm wait-ing and watching for thee.

CHORUS.

Wait - - ing and watch - - ing, Wait - - ing and watch - - ing,
 Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for him, (thee,*) Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for him, (thee,*)

Repeat pp.

Wait - - ing and watch - - ing, Still wait-ing and watching for him, (thee.)*
 Wait-ing and watching, yes, waiting and watching,

* For last verse.

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

1 Shall we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod;
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river;
 Gather with the saints at the river
 That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.

SINCE I'VE TASTED HIS LOVE.

J. H. RHEEM.

1st time.

2d time.

1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I fear, Since I've tast-ed his love; Since I've tasted his love;
 He maketh me lie in green pastures while here, He lead-eth me by the still wa-ters of life, Since I've tast-ed his love; Since I've tasted his love;
 And oh, how he shields me from tumult and strife, Since I've tasted his love; Since I've tasted his love.
 2. The valley and shadow of death I'll not fear, Since I've tasted his love; Since I've tasted his love;
 For there will his word and staff comfort and cheer, Since I've tasted his love; Since I've tasted his love;
 Be-fore all my foes has a table been spread, Since I've tast-ed his love; Since I've tasted his love;
 A ta-ble so full of his heavenly bread, Since I've tast-ed his love; Since I've tasted his love.

CHORUS.

All through the dark val-ley he lead-eth me, Since I've tast-ed his love; All through the dark

val-ley he lead-eth me, On to my home up a - bove.

3 His goodness and mercy will follow me on,
 Since I've tasted his love;
 And oh, they shall be all my joy and my song,
 Since I've tasted his love;
 And surely with him in his house will I dwell,
 Since I've tasted his love;
 Until with the ransomed the glad song I swell;
 When I am full of his love.

1. Re-joice and be ye glad, Your cheer-ful voic-es raise, In tune-ful notes pro-long
 2. Re-joice and be ye glad, For your re-ward is sure; Though tempted ye may be,

CHORUS.

Your songs of grateful praise. Re-joice, re-joice, Be hap-py all the day,
 And tri-als oft en-dure. re-joice, re-joice,

'Tis bet-ter to be glad, Than grieve the time a-way.

3 Rejoice and be ye glad,
 To sorrow ne'er give o'er,
 However gloomily
 The gath'ring storm-clouds lower.

4 Rejoice and be ye glad,
 For it is His command,
 Who bids us fear no ill,
 Who holds us in his hand.

Cheerfully.

1. Workers in the Mas - ter's vine - yard, Toilsome though the way may be,
 2. Smiling lips and tear - ful eye - lids; Gen - tle words and sim - ple song,—
 3. Heart and voice may oft - times fail thee, Faith may wa - ver, hope may die;

Scat - ter, earl - y morn and eve - ning, Far and wide the pre - cious seed;
 Oft, per - haps, by thee un - heed - ed, Fall in bless - ings on the throng.
 God has prom - ised to go with thee, Work and trust, He's ev - er nigh.

In the by - ways and the hedg - es, On the nar - row, crowd - ed street,
 Hearts that pine in sin and sor - row, Blighted sore by care and want,
 Crown and stars a - wait thy com - ing, O - ver on the gold - en shore;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with notes and fingerings.

You may drop a word of wel - come, For the Sav - ior's com - ing feet.
 May be led, by love and kind - ness, To the ev - er - heal - ing fount.
 Pre-cious fruits of thine own sow - ing, When thine earth - ly work is o'er.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with notes and fingerings.

CHORUS.

Musical notation for the chorus, including treble and bass staves with notes and fingerings.

Crowns and stars a - wait thy com - ing, O - ver on the gold - en shore,

Musical notation for the chorus, including treble and bass staves with notes and fingerings.

Musical notation for the final system, including treble and bass staves with notes and fingerings.

Precious fruits of thine own sow - ing, When thine earth - ly work is o'er.

Musical notation for the final system, including treble and bass staves with notes and fingerings.

I THINK HEAVEN IS BETTER.

With expression.

1. I think that the flow-ers in heav-en Are fair-er than an-y I know,
 2. I'm sure that the mansions of glo-ry Are grand-er than mor-tals may dream,
 3. I think that far brighter and bet-ter Than all that I ev-er can guess,

And birds in the bow-ers im-mor-tal, Sing sweet-er than an-y be-low.
 And fruits that are rich-er than E-den's, Grow free by the life-giv-ing stream.
 There wait in the dear Fa-ther's keep-ing, All joys I may wish to pos-sess.
 D. S. When on-ly so soon I shall gath-er, The pleas-ures that nev-er shall die.

Fine.

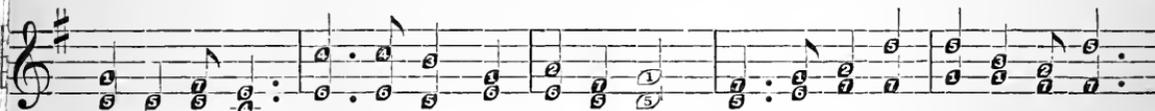
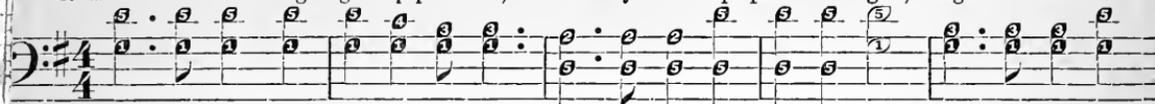
CHORUS.

Then why should I sigh for the treas-ures Of earth that so quick-ly would fly.

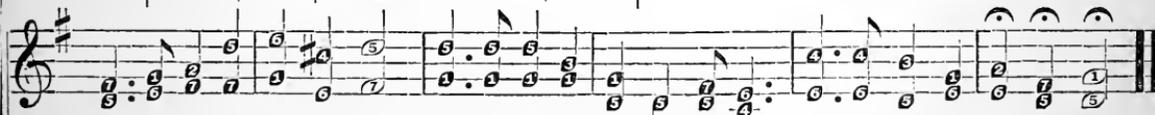
D. S.



1. When the tem-pest gathers round me, And the sea is dashed to foam; When the lightnings
 2. When the waves are mad-ly dash-ing, And the darkness veils the skies; When in wild de-
 3. As the morn-ing light ap-proaches, Slow-ly dis-ap-pears the night; Bright a-cross the



flash a-bove me, And the thun-der shakes the dome, 'Mid the fierce and wild com-mo-tion,
 spair and an-guish Burn-ing tear-drops blind my eyes; From a-far, be-yond the o-ccean,
 foam-ing bil-lows Gleams the stead-fast bea-con light; Soon I'll reach the crys-tal har-bor,



While the raging bil-lows toss, Comes to me a-gen-tle whisper, "There is shel-ter near the cross."
 Though the billows wildly toss, Comes to me in sweet-est accents, "There is shel-ter near the cross."
 Pu-ri-fied from sin and dross, Where my soul shall rest forev-er, In the shel-ter of the cross.



ONLY WAITING.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
 2. I am wait-ing, worn and wea-ry With the the bat-tle and the strife,
 3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er, For a home of boundless love,

When the sor - row and the sad - ness Of this fear - ful life are gone.
 Hop - ing, when the war has end - ed, To re - ceive a crown of life.
 Like a pil - grim look - ing for - ward To the land of bliss a - bove.

CHORUS.

I am wait - - - ing, on - ly waiting, Till this

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on - ly waiting, waiting, waiting, Till this

ONLY WAITING. Concluded.

97

wea - - - ry life is o'er,

On-ly wait - - - ing

-weary, weary, weary life is o'er, life is o'er, On-ly waiting, waiting, waiting,

for my welcome

From my Sav-ior on the oth - er shore.

may repeat pp.

for my welcome, for my welcome . From my Sav-ior on the oth - er shore.

4. Waiting for the sun to cheer me,
With his pure, unmingled light,
Waiting for the saints to greet me,
In their robes of spotless white.
I am waiting, etc.

5. Waiting for the golden city,
Where the many mansions be ;
Listening for the happy welcome
Of my Savior calling me.
I am waiting, etc.

1. Let us sing the songs of Zi - on, As a-while we tar - ry here; 'Tis not long un-til the morning
 2. Let us sing as ransomed sin-ners. Who shall one day near the throne, Where our Lord and Mediator

CHORUS.

When our Mas - ter shall ap - pear. Let us raise . . . a - loud our song,
 Shall re - ceive and know his own. Let us raise a - loud our song

With an ech - o in each heart, And the bright . . . an - gel - ic
 With an ech-o in each heart, in each heart, And the bright an - gel - ic

through In our joy shall bear a part.
 throng, In our joy shall bear a part.

3 Let us sing the land in glory,
 Just beyond the pearly gates,
 Where each loved one gone before us
 Safe at home my coming waits.

4 Let us sing a song of triumph,
 Over sorrow and the grave,
 Through the mighty victor, Jesus,
 Powerful in death to save.

HATFIELD. 7s.

W. T. PORTER.

Slow.

1. Prince of Peace! con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still; Bid my fears and
 2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood; O - pened wide the gates to God. Peace I ask; but

doubt-ings cease— Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
 peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with thee.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not, with reason, fear,
 I should prove a castaway.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
 Trials give new life to pray'r;
 Trials bring me to His feet,
 Lay me low and keep me there.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic-to - ry, marching on,

Marching on,

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody includes triplet and quintuplet markings.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.

Fine.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system, ending with a double bar line and the word 'Fine'.

1. With the heav'nly armor shining bright, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
2. We will cheer our hearts with happy song, marching on, marching on,

Musical notation for the third system, providing a bass line for two vocal parts. The lyrics are written below the staff.

MARCHING ON. Concluded.

We are waging war for Truth and Right, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
 In the Lord of Hosts our faith is strong, marching on, to vic - to - ry,

With the pow'r and might of Christ, our Lord, Marching on, marching on, marching on,
 Soon we'll reach the land of endless day, marching on, marching on,

Guided by his ev - er blessed Word, Marching on, marching on to vic - to - ry.
 We must conquer Sa - tan all the way,

Duet.

1. From earth—its cares—from its toils and pains Our souls shall soar ex - ult - ing a - way, We
 2. 'Twill not be long, if we faith - ful prove, Un - til we reach that beau - ti - ful shore, Where
 3. By faith we see to the jour - ney's end Our pil - grim - age—our suf - fer - ings o'er, Where

CHORUS.

soon shall gaze on those plains of light, Where shines the heav - en - ly day.
 all the good with the Lord shall dwell, And pleas - ures last ev - er - more. Oh! I
 we shall crowns that are fade - less wear, Where pleas - ures last ev - er - more.

love to sing of that land, Where so pure and free I shall stand, 'Mid the
 Sing of that land. Free I shall stand.

white-winged an-gel-ic band, . . . At the lov-ing Father's right hand. . . .
 an-gel-ic band, At the Father's right hand.

Rit.

E. E. S.

I AM PERSUADED.

J. WM. SUFFERN.

1. I am per-suad-ed that Je-sus loves me: I am per-suad-ed sal-va-tion is free;
 2. I am per-suad-ed that now is the time, I am per-suad-ed sal-va-tion is mine;
 3. I am per-suad-ed that Je-sus a-lone, I am per-suad-ed that no oth-er one,

Christ is the re-fuge and heaven is the home, Where all persnad-ed, to Je-sus may come.
 Je-sus is rea-dy and tells me to come, Doubt-ing is end-ed, and heav-en is won.
 Can to the sin-ner at-ford a re-lease, Grant-ing him par-don with blessings and peace.

1. Serv - ants of Je - sus, the day is at hand, Fields for our la - bor in - vit - ing - ly stand;
 2. Work is a - bundant, the promise is great, Few are the lab'ers, in sad - ness they wait;
 3. Men who are faith - ful are faint - ing to - day, Full of their la - bors, they fall by the way;
 4. Has - ten the time when the reapers shall sing, Joy and re - joicing, their sheaves homeward bring

Mark ye the sig - nals, they wide - ly dif - fuse To - kens of the com - ing har - vest, joy - ful the news.
 Pa - tient - ly toil - ing, yet dai - ly they cry, Pray ye that our Lord and Master, reap - ers sup - ply.
 Fill ye the ranks, and with heart and with hand Gath - er in the blessed harvest, Christ gives com - man -
 Saints with the an - gels to - gether shall meet, Glo - ri - ous and blessed meeting 'round Je - sus' feet.

CHORUS.

Pray for help, Christian, pray, pray, pray, Yes, yes, for help in the fields white to - day;



Gather the sheaves, bring the world's harvest home, Glo-ri-ous and bless-ed harvest, come, Sav-ior, come!



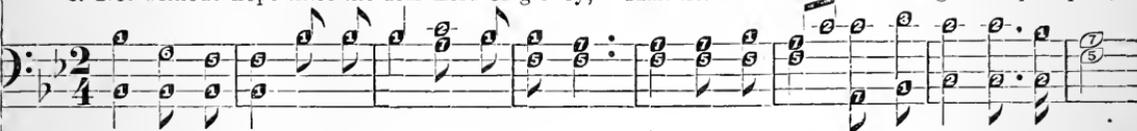
GRACE GLENN.

NOT WITHOUT HOPE.

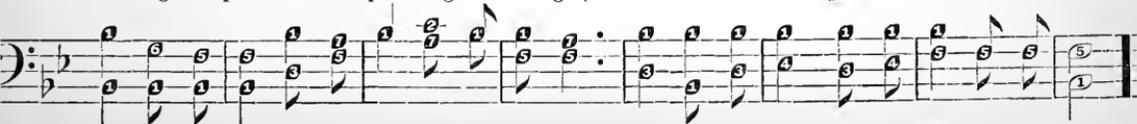
J. H. F.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Not without hope, for the faith-lighted vis-ion | Sees o'er the shades that en-vi-ron the tomb, |
| 2. Not without hope in the anguish of part-ing, | Since we shall meet in the home of the blest, |
| 3. Not without hope since the dear Lord of glo-ry, | Man-sions in heav-en has gone to pre-pare, |



Life-giv-ing wa-ters in founts ev-er flow-ing,	Know-ing no pres-ence of darkness and gloom.
Spir-its that here o-ver-burdened and wea-ry,	There in the love of the Sav-ior may rest.
Leav-ing this prom-ise o'er-span-ning the a-ges,	All his dis-ci-ples shall be with him there.



OUT OF THE ARK.

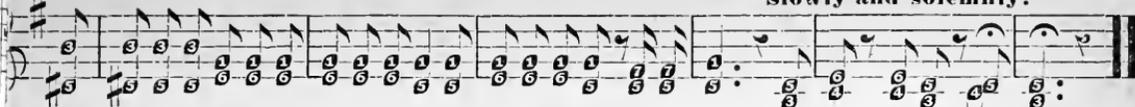
Ad libitum.

1. They recked not of dan-ger, those sin-ners of old, Whom No - ah was chos-en to warn ;
 2. He could not a-rouse them, unheeding they stood, Un - moved by his warning and prayer,
 3. O sin-ners, the her - alds of mer-cy implore, They cry like the Pa-triarch: "Come,"

From constant transgressions their hearts had grown cold, And they laughed his petitions to scorn ;
 Till the prophet passed in from the on - coming flood, And left them to hopeless de - spair,
 The old ship of Zi - on is moored on your shore, Her cap-tain declares there is room,

Yet, dai - ly he called, "Oh, come, sin-ner, come! Be - lieve, and prepare to em - bark ;
 The flood gates were opened, the de-luge came on, While Heaven, of - fend-ed, grew dark ;
 The faith-ful have warned, be - liev - ers have prayed, Yet you cling to the sin - deadened host ;

Slowly and solemnly.

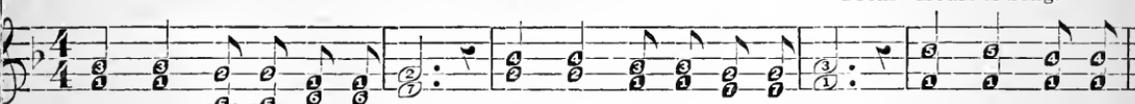


receive the kind message and know there is room, For all who will fly to the ark, Then come! oh, come! oh, come!
 They turned when too late, every foothold was gone, And they perished in sight of the ark. Too late! too late! too late!
 And soon of your perishing souls will be said: "They listened, refused, and were lost, Were lost, were lost, were lost."

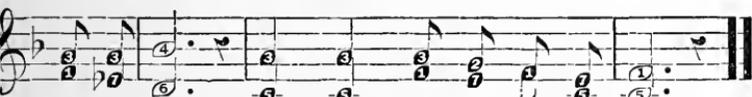
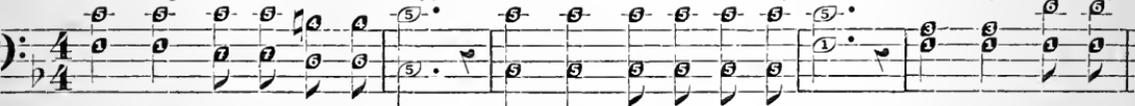


BOONE. 7s.

From "Hours of Song."



1. Steal - ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek thy face; Kind - ly meet us,



Lord, we pray, Grant us thy re - viv - ing grace.



2 Yonder stars that gild the sky,
 Shine but with a borrowed light;
 We, unless thy light be nigh,
 Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3 Sun of Righteousness! dispel
 All our darkness, doubts and fears;
 May thy light within us dwell,
 Till eternal day appears.

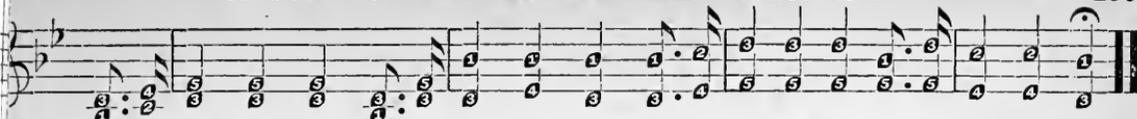
A SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME.

1. Oh, a song we'll sing of the old - en time, And our voi - ces ring in a joy - ful rhyme
2. We will sing of flow'rs that were blooming there, As the fragrant bow'rs of the an - gels fair,
3. But our song may tell of a glo - rious day, When the gates of hell and of death gave way,

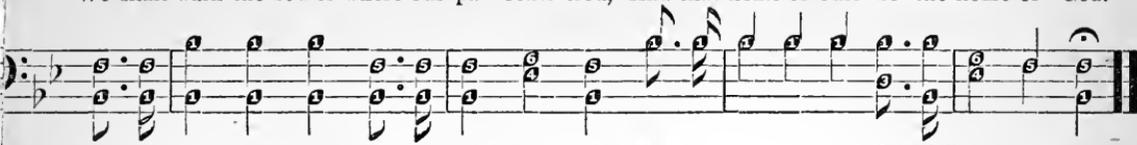
For the old earth then it was fair and young, And the stars, as men, of her beauties sung.
 And the mos - sy path where the first twain trod, Had not know the wrath of the curse of God.
 When a Sav - ior came to the sleep - ing dead—For the sword of flame there was life in - stead.

There was naught of sin in her gar - den then, It had not crept in - to the se - cret fen
 It would al - most seem that the sky bent low, And we well might deem it was rent with woe,
 And the curse of earth, we may sing and pray, In the new day's birth shall be swept a - way,

A SONG OF THE OLDEN TIME. Concluded.

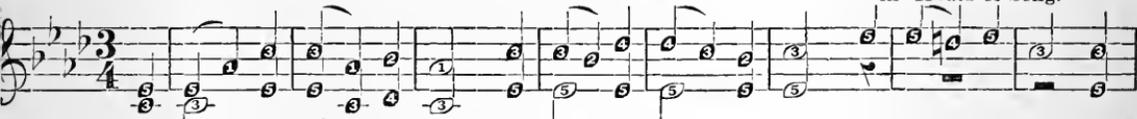


Of the ser - pent sly, in his cun - ning old, With a whispered lie, and a prom - ise bold.
 And the an - gels wept o'er that E - den home, As the twain outstept, o'er the earth to roam.
 We shall walk the bow'rs where our pa - rents trod, And that home of ours be the home of God.



BUDGE. S. M.

W. W. BENTLEY,
 in "Hours of Song."



1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the wil - lows take; Loud to the praise of
 2. Though in a for - eign land, We are not far from home, And, near - er to our



love di - vine, Bid ev - ery string a - wake.
 house a - bove, We ev - ery mo - ment come.



3 His grace will, to the end,
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to
 come,
 Shall quench this spark divine.
 4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame,
 Then will we trust our gracious God,
 And rest upon his name.

1. When the Lord Je-ho - vah led his an-cient peo - ple, Through the part-ed waters of the rolling sea
 2. Lo! the king is vanquished, Egypt's pride has fallen, Israel's God has triumphed, Israel's God is strong
 3. Tell the glorious conquest of the God of Ag - es, Tell the glorious wonders of his mighty hand

Shouts of joy re - sounded, shouts of ex - ul - tation, Praise to him whose mighty arm had made them free
 Strike the harp of Ju - dah, sound aloud the tim-brel, Let the des-ert wake and hear our mighty song
 How he smote the waters and the waves di - vid - ed, How he led his children forth on sol - id land

REFRAIN.

Great is Je - ho - vah, he has de - liv - er'd; He hath fought our bat-tle, va - liant is he

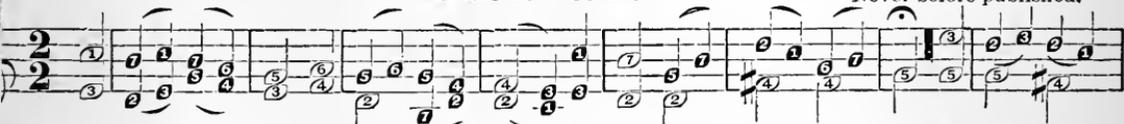


Praise the God of Ja-cob, give him the glo-ry, Lo! the horse and rid-er are thrown in the sea!

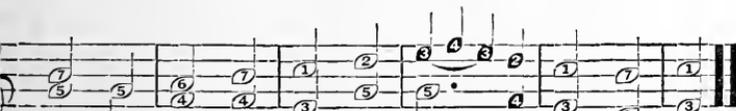
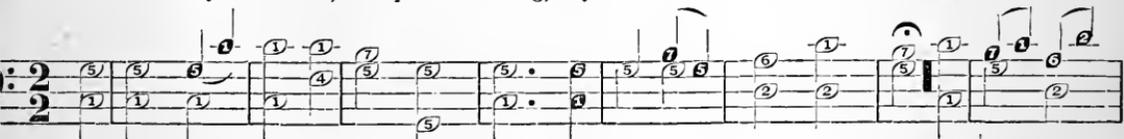


WEST. C. M.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.
Never before published.



1. In ev - ery trou-ble, sharp and strong, My soul to Je - sus flies; My anch - or-



hold is firm in him When swell - ing bil - lows rise.



- 2 His comforts bear my spirit up,
I trust a faithful God;
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Savior's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name;
In joy and sorrow, life and death.
His love is still the same.

Soprano.

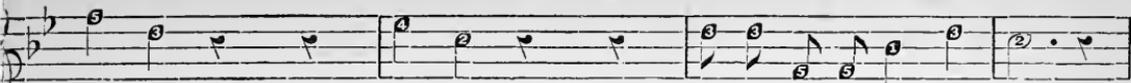
1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To his feet thy tribute bring;
 2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vor, To our fathers in dis - tress;

Alto.

3. Fa - ther - like he tends and spares us, Well our feeble frame he knows

- Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiv - en, Who, like me, his praise should sing.
 Praise him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.

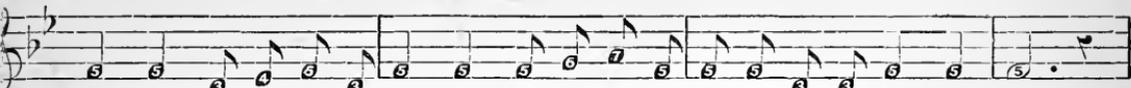
- In his hands he gently bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.



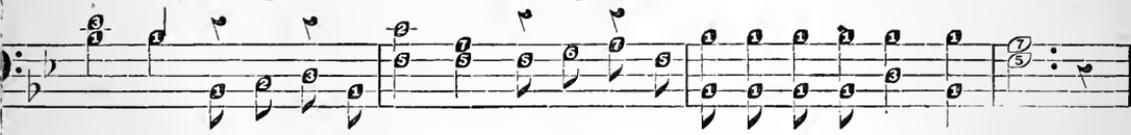
Praise him,
Praise him,

Praise him,
Praise him,

Praise the ev - er - last - ing King;
Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness;



Praise him, ev - er praise him, Praise him, ev - er praise him, Widely as his mer - cy flows;



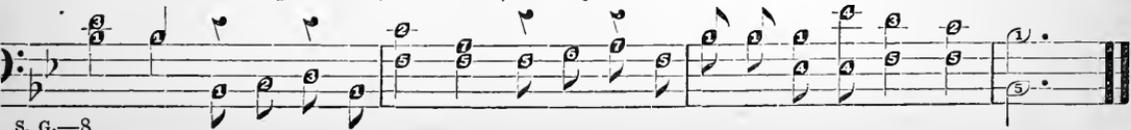
Praise him,
Praise him,

Praise him,
Praise him,

Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.
Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.



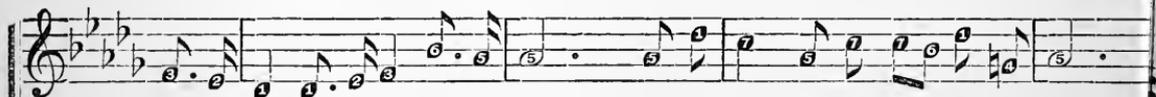
Praise him, ev - er praise him, Praise him, ev - er praise him, Widely as his mer - cy flows.





1. There's a beauti - ful land far a - way,
2. Neither sorrows nor sighing are there,
3. 'Tis the home of our Fa-ther and God;

Where no troubles nor storms ev - er come,
Nor are hearts ev - er burdened with cares,
And our glo - ri - fied Sav - ior is there,

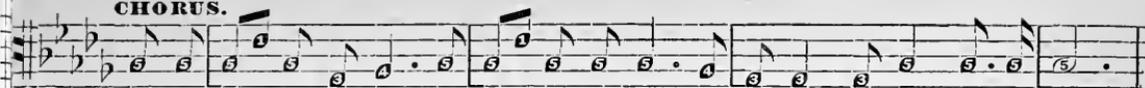


Where the straying shall never more stray, Where the homeless shall find a "sweet home."
There none ut - ter the wail of de - spair, Nor are eyes ev - er blind - ed with tears.
And those ransomed from earth by his blood, In his joy and his glo - ry to share.



THE BEAUTIFUL LAND FAR AWAY. Concluded.

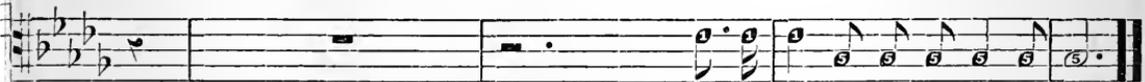
CHORUS.



Oh, that beau-ti-ful world, that land far a-way, Where sickness and death nev-er come,



Oh, that beau-ti-ful world, that land far a-way, Where sickness and death nev-er come,



Oh, when shall I see, And re-joice in its day, And be safe with my Sav-ior at home.



Oh, when shall I see, And re-joice in its day, And be safe with my Sav-ior at home.



1. How blessed is the day of rest, How sweet-ly calm and still; As we are gathered
 2. We learn the les-sons of those days, When Je-sus walked the earth; We hear in gen-tl
 3. They tell us of his wond'rous life, How pure he was, how true, And all his deeds o
 4. They tell us of the death he died, The cru-el cross he bore, That we might be fre

CHORUS.

here to learn The Mas-ter's ho-ly will.
 ac-cents told, The sto-ry of his birth. Sweet day of rest How dear thou art! Ho
 faith-ful love They bring be-fore our view.
 all our sin Set free for-ev-er more.

sa-cred ev-ery hour! We wel-come thee, Each happy heart Would own thy bless-ed power.

Duet.



1. In the west the sun is sinking, One by one the stars out-shine; Over there beyond the shadows
 2. I am weary with the journey, But its hours are fail-ing fast, Few and fewer count the mile-stones,
 3. Pain and ease, and grief and gladness, Intermingled all the way, But I'll find sweet rest to-morrow,



CHORUS.

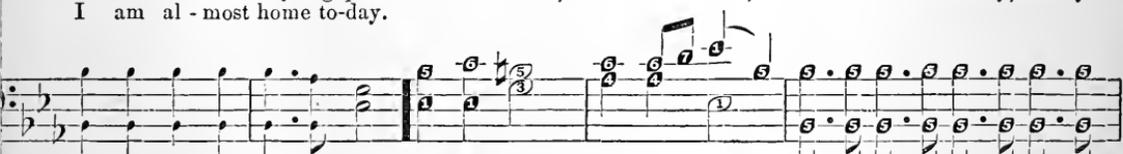


Waits that precious home of mine.

As I watch them fly-ing past.

I am al-most home to-day.

Al-most home, al-most home, O-ver all the weary, wea-ry



Rit.

Rit.



way,

Al-most home, al-most home,

Near-er to my happy home to-day. (Sweet home.)



1. I'm glad I have chosen the path - way Where Je - sus my Lead - er can be;
 2. I'll trust him in ev - ery con - di - tion, He suf - fered all I can en - dure;
 3. The end of the jour - ney, why ques - tion, A home in the man - sions for me,

A road with his foot - prints re - main - ing, Is sure - ly a safe one for me.
 In tri - al, and ev - ery temp - ta - tion His pre - cepts and prac - tice are pure.
 Since Je - sus went for - ward be - fore me Where else could my dwell - ing - place be.

CHORUS.

The low, humble path-way, The dark valley path-way. The dear, blessed pathway The Sav - ior has trod

Must lead to the highlands, The bright-blooming highlands, The fruit-bearing highlands, The home of our God.

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, using chords and rhythmic patterns to support the vocal line.

ANAGLEN. 4th P. M.

W. T. PORTER.

1. How happy, gracious Lord, are we, Di - vine - ly drawn to fol - low thee Whose hours divid - ed are
 2. With all who chant thy name on high, And holy, ho - ly, ho - ly cry, (A bright harmonious throng!)

Between the mount and multitude, Our day is spent in doing good, Our night in praise and prayer.
 We long thy prais-es to re-peat, And cease-less sing around thy seat The new e - ter-nal song.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Anaglen' and is set in 3/4 time. It features two vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are arranged in two verses. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

GIVE ME A DRAUGHT. (Temperance.)

E. A. PERKINS,
in "Joyful Notes."

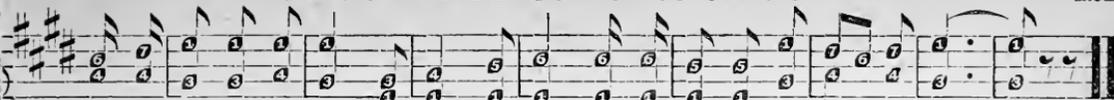
With marked accent.

1. Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring When the burn - ing sun is high,
2. Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring When the win - try winds are gone,

When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling, And the pearls and peb - bles lie.
When the flow'rs are in bloom, and ech - oes sing From the woods or flow - 'ry lawn.

Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring When the cool - ing breezes blow,
Give me a draught from the crys - tal spring When the ripen - ing fruits ap - pear,

GIVE ME A DRAUGHT. Concluded.



When the leaves of the trees are with - er - ing, From the frost or the fleec - y snow.



SHUN THE CUP. (Temperance.)

ASA HULL.



1. Oh, bright is the wine, the ruby wine, That sparkles in the cup; But dim are the eyes, the blood-shot eyes,
 2. Oh, sad is the end, the dreadful end, Of him who headeth not, To shun the cup, the treach'rous cup.
- D.S. And drink the draught, the cooling draught,*



CHORUS.

Fine.

D.S.



Of him who quaffs it up. Then shun the cup, the death-fraught cup, That dooms the soul to hell.
 So full of danger fraught.
That comes from the crystal well.



Soprano.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night; What its signs . . . of prom - ise are—
 2. Watchman! tell us of the night; High - er yet . . . that star ascends—
 3. Watchman! tell us of the night; For the morn - - ing seems to dawn—

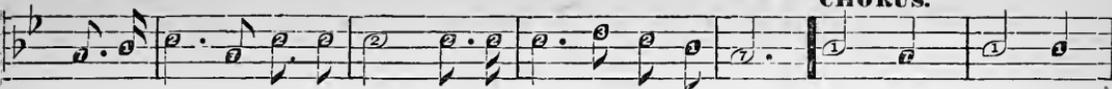
Tenor.

Trav'-ler! o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beam - ing star!
 Trav'-ler! bless - ed-ness and light, Peace and truth its course portends!
 Trav'-ler! dark - ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn!

WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT. Concluded.

123

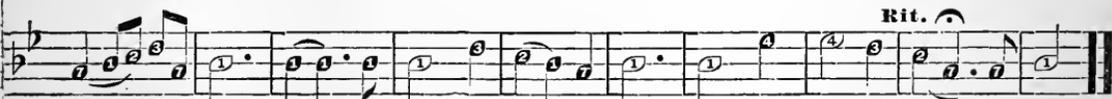
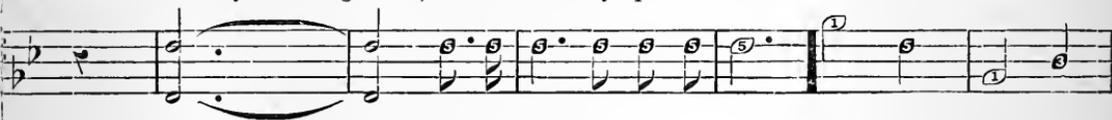
CHORUS.



Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell? Trav' - ler! yes; it
 Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav' - ler! a - ges



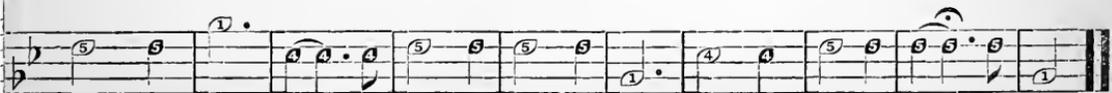
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease, Hie thee to thy qui-et home—Trav' - ler! lo! the



brings the day— Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
 are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.



Prince of Peace! Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!



JEHOVAH, GUIDE ME.

W. T. PORTER.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land,
 2. O - pen thou the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;

I am weak, but thou art might - y, Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en
 Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my journey through; Strong De - liv - 'er

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan
 Bid the swelling stream divide
 Death of death, and hell's ob -
 struction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

GLORY TO ISRAEL'S GOD. Continued.

Tenor, or Soprano Solo.

Praise him who is all praise a - bove, . . . The source . . . of

Marcato.

Praise him who is all praise a - bove, Praise him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom

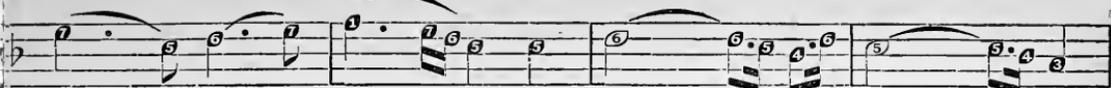
The musical score for the first system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics: "Praise him who is all praise a - bove, . . . The source . . . of". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The tempo/mood is marked "Marcato.".

wis - dom and . . . of love; Praise him who is all

and of love, The source of wis - dom and of love; Praise him who is all praise a - bove,

The musical score for the second system continues with three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "wis - dom and . . . of love; Praise him who is all". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef.

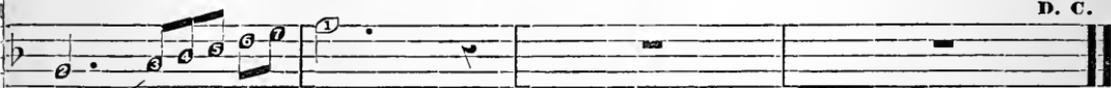
GLORY TO ISRAEL'S GOD. Concluded.



praise . . a - bove, . . . The source . . . of wis - - dom



Praise him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wis - dom and of love, The



D. C.

and of love.



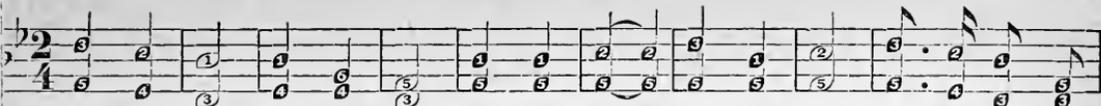
source of wis - dom and of love.



1. A - mid life's wild com - mo - tion, Where naught the heart can cheer, Who points beyond
 2. When doubts and fears distress us, And all around is gloom, And shame and fear

o - cean To heaven's brighter sphere? Our fee - ble foot - steps guid - ing, When from the pa
 press us, Who can our souls il - lume? Heaven's rays are 'round us gleaming, And making all t

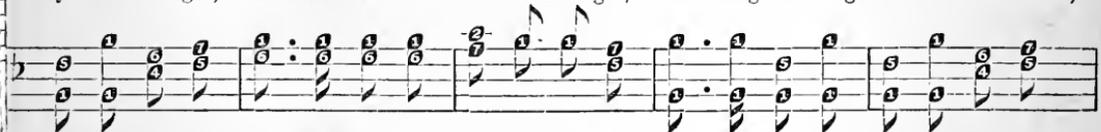
3 Who fills our hearts with glad
 That none can take away?
 Who shows us, 'midst our sad
 The distant realms of day?
 Mid fears of death assailing,
 Who stills the heart's wild st
 'Tis Christ, our Friend unfailli
 The Way, the Truth, the Lif



1. Christ-mas comes! Join to say Hap - py voic-es "Speed the day!" Once at Beth - le-
 2. Sud - den - ly Burst to sight An - gel bands Clothed in light; Chant-ing high the
 3. Da - vid's town, Hon - ored long. Hith - er now Shepherd's throng; View with wond'ring

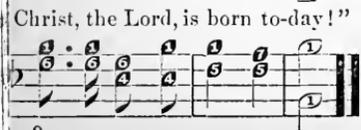


hem an an - gel Loud proclaimed the glad e - van - gel, "Peace on earth, good will from heaven!
 wond'rous sto-ry, "Glo - ry in the high-est-glo - ry! Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
 eyes the stranger, Reverent bow be - side his man-ger, Breathing forth "good will from heaven,



4 In the East,
 Lo! his star,
 Sages guide
 From afar:—

3 Joy divine,—
 How it spread!
 Roused the world,
 Woke the dead.



"Where is He, the long appointed,
 King of nations, God's Anointed,
 Bringing peace, good will from heaven?
 Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!"

Down thro' all the ages streaming,
 Love and hope and gladness beaming,
 Sing we still, "Good news from heaven!
 Christ, the Lord, is born to-day!"

Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in t

high - est! Shall be our song to - day.

1. An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care
2. The song that woke the glorious morn When David's gr
3. And while we with the angels sing, Gifts, with the wise

bound-less love; So let our loud - est voi - ces raise Our an - ni - vers - 'ry song of praise
 Son was born, Sung by an heaven - ly host, and we Would join th'angel - ic com - pa - ny.
 let us bring Un - to the Babe of Beth - le - hem, And of - fer our young hearts to him

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. Concluded.

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CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry, glo - ry,

Rit.

glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high; Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

Rall.

glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high, God on high, God on high.

With spirit.

1. Come, come let us re-joice, Join-ing heart with the voice, Prais-ing our Sav-ior
 2. Now with loud-est ac-claim Sound we forth the dear name Of our Re-deemer,

bles-sings he's giv'n; All the joy we pos-sess, All our true hap-pi-ness Comes free
 Sav-ior, and Friend; Him our hearts will we give, In his ser-vice we'll live, Till we shall

CHORUS.

down from "Our Father in heaven." All glo-ry be to God,
 praise him in worlds with-out end. All glo-ry be to God, All glo-ry be to God

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a single staff with various note values and rests. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 above the notes. The lyrics are positioned below the staff.

To God on high! All glo - ry be to God,
All glo - ry be to God, All glo - ry be to God,

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody from the first system. It includes the same treble clef and key signature, with lyrics placed below the staff.

To God on high! All glo - ry be to God, All glo - ry be to God.
All glo - - ry be to God, All glo - - ry be to God.

Musical notation for the third system, continuing the melody. It features the same musical notation as the previous systems, with lyrics below.

Musical notation for the fourth system, concluding the hymn. It includes the same musical notation and key signature, with lyrics below.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
ork while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
ork when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
ork, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

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

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

1. From the land of toil and du - ty, Where the shadows lie al - way, To the realm of light
2. From the with'ring buds and flowers, Where the unripe fruits de - cay, To the fade-less sum-

beau - ty, Where no night shall end the day ; From the sor - row and the sigh - ing, Bro - ken
bow - ers, Where the blessed walk al - way ; From the harps whose chords are bro - ken, Ere

hopes and gath'ring fears, To the home where is no cry - ing, Where God wipes a-way all tea
touch each tune - ful string, Where the heart but feels un - spo - ken, Sweet - er songs than those we sing

CHORUS.

We are go - ing, We are go - ing, We are go - ing from this
We are go - ing, We are go - ing,

vale of death and sin; We are go - ing, We are go - - ing, To the
We are go-ing, We are go-ing,

pearly gates of glo-ry, Where the ransomed enter in.

3 From where gathering storm-clouds
lower
Ever o'er our daily path,
Where the angels of God's power
Tread the wine-press of his wrath;
To the temple ever glorious
With the brightness of his face,
Where the saints o'er earth vic-
torious,
Share the bounties of his grace.

Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs

si - ah is King!

1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of t
2. Tell how he com - eth from na - tion to na - tion, The heart-cheer
3. Mor - tals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let th

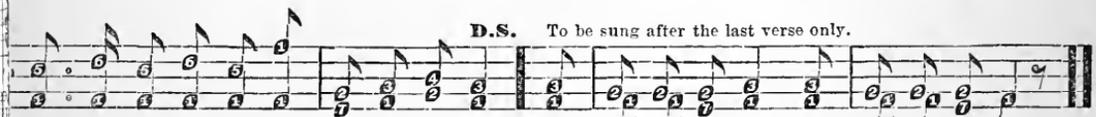
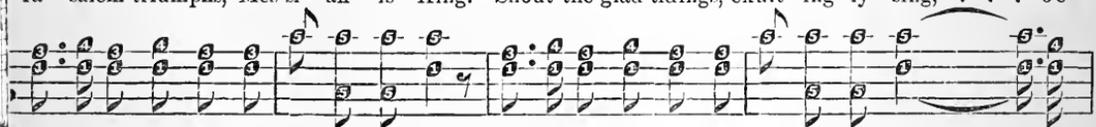
high - est, how low - ly his birth, The brightest arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He
news let the earth ech - o round; How free to the faith - ful he of - fers sal - va - tion—He
glad - some ho - san - na a - rise; Ye an - gels, the full hal - le - lu - jah be sing - ing; On



stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth.
 peo - ple with joy ev - er - lasting are crowned. Shout the glad tidings, exult-ing-ly sing Je-
 chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.

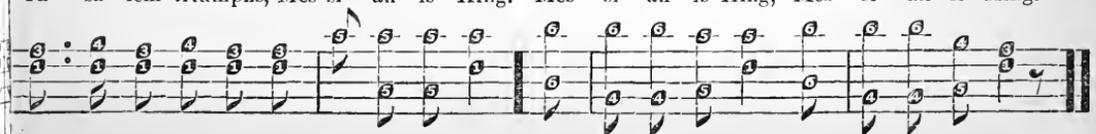


ra - salem triumphs, Mes-si - ah is King. Shout the glad tidings, exult - ing - ly sing, . . . Je-



D.S. To be sung after the last verse only.

ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-si - ah is King. Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.



1. Now as long as here I roam, On this earth have house and home, Shall the light of love from
2. Ev - ery sor-row, ev - ery smart That the Father's lov - ing heart Hath appoint-ed me of yore

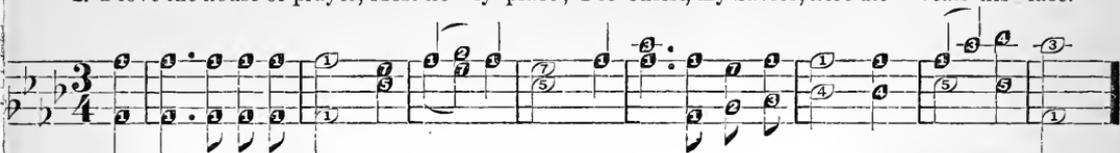
Shine thro' all my mem-o - ry; To my God I yet will cling, All my life the praises sing
Or hath yet for me in store, As my life flows on I'll take; Calmly, glad-ly for his sake

That from thankful hearts outspring, That from thankful hearts outspring.
No more faithless murmurs make, No more faithless murmurs make.

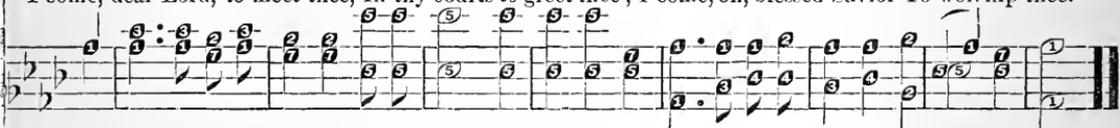
3 I will meet distress and pain,
I will greet e'en death's dark
I will lay me in the grave,
With a heart still glad and brave
Whom the strongest doth defend
Whom the highest counts His friend
Can not perish in the end,
Can not perish in the end.



1. I love the house of God, That safe re- treat, My Savior's blest a - - bode, Where Christ I meet.
 2. I love the house of prayer, Most ho - ly place; For Christ, my Savior, here Re - veals his face.

**CHORUS.**

I come, dear Lord, to meet thee, In thy courts to greet thee; I come, oh, blessed Savior To worship thee.

**The SECOND PRIZE POEM.**

My sins I here confess
 Before thy throne,
 And my unworthiness
 With shame I own.

5 Wash me, and make me clean;
 Be thou my Guide;
 Oh, keep me free from sin,
 And near thy side.

7 Now may the grace of God
 Attend my way,
 Thy Word and Spirit guide,
 To endless day.

CHORUS.

Unless thou smile on me,
 I can not live;
 Remember Calvary,
 And then forgive.

6 May I my strength renew
 While waiting here;
 The way to heaven pursue,
 Meekly, in fear.

And then, dear Lord, I'll meet thee,
 In thy courts will greet thee;
 And then, oh, blessed Savior,
 I'll worship thee.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.</p> | <p>2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.</p> | <p>3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in thee I find
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of Peace and Right
Most unworthy, Lord, I am,
Thou art full of love and gr</p> |
|---|---|---|

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELL.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|
| <p>1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a</p> | <p>2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.</p> | <p>2 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.</p> | <p>3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in love
And hope to meet again.</p> |
|---|--|---|--|

We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories confessed,
We speak of its pathways of gold, Of its walls decked with jewels so rare, Of its wonders and pleasures untold,

what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?
what must it be to be there? But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 O Lord, in this valley of woe,
Our spirits for heaven prepare;
Then shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

DE FLEURY. 8s, Double.

Fine. *D.C.*

1 My gracious Redeemer I love!
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ,
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

2 Yon palaces, scepters, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.
The crown that my Savior bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.



- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>1 King Jesus reign forever more,
Unrivaled in thy courts above,
While we, with all thy saints, adore
The wonders of redeeming love.</p> | <p>2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
No other power but thine confess;
We'll spread thine honors while below,
And heaven shall hear us shout thy grace.</p> | <p>3 We'll sing along the heavenly
That leads us to thy blest abode
Till with the vast unnumbered throng
We join in heaven's triumphant song</p> |
|--|--|--|

RETREAT. L. M.

DR. HASTINGS.



- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm a sure retreat--
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.</p> | <p>A place than all besides more sweet--
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy Seat.</p> | <p>4 Ah! whither could we flee for
When tempted, desolate, dismayed
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring souls no Mercy</p> |
| <p>2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,</p> | | |

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.



- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God!
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.</p> | <p>2 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place
Where we are watched, and warned, and taught,
The children of thy grace.</p> | <p>3 May all our friends, thy servants
Meet with us all above,
And we and they in heaven appear
The children of thy love.</p> |
|---|--|---|

Fine.

Musical score for 'Rock of Ages' in 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The piece concludes with a 'Fine' marking.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
To hide myself in thee;
From water and the blood,
Which thy riven side which flowed,
Wash me from its double cure;
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

PLEYEL. 7s.

J. PLEYEL.

Musical score for 'Pleyel' in 4/4 time. It consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat.

As the Lord, his glories show,
Within his courts below;
Surround his throne above,
Let us see and share his love.

2 Earth to heaven, and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

3 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In the concert bear your parts;
All that breathe, your Lord adore;
Praise him, praise him, evermore!

ARLINGTON. C. M.

DR. ARNE.

Musical score for 'Arlington' in 2/2 time. It consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat.

anna to the Prince of light,
Who clothed himself in clay,
And opened the iron gates of death,
Who tore the bars away!

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his best abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1 Th' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet;
His dwelling is the mercy seat. | 2 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown:
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes. | 3 Rejoice, ye righteous, and rejoice
The sacred honors of the Lord
None but the soul that feels his love
Can triumph in his holiness. |
|---|--|--|

HEBRON. L. M.

DR. MASON.



- | | | | |
|---|---|--|---|
| 1 Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give. | 2 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians meet together thus; | 3 We'll talk of all he did, and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now. | 5 Thus—as the moments pass away
We'll love, and wonder, and adore
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more. |
|---|---|--|---|

AZMON. C. M.

GLASER.



- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Ashamed of Christ! our souls disdain
The mean, ungenerous thought;
Shall we disown that friend whose blood
To man salvation brought? | 2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heaven to earth he came;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame. | 3 To his command let us submit
Ourselves without delay;
Our lives—yea, thousand lives of men
His love can ne'er repay. |
|---|---|---|



For me, for me he careth
 In a brother's tender care;
 With me, with me he shareth
 My burden, every fear.
 O'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
 Sleepless watcheth, night and day;
 When me, when me he snatcheth
 From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
 At the mercy-seat above;
 Ever for me interceding;
 Constant in untrifling love.
 4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
 Joys unearthly, love and light;
 And to cover me he spreadeth
 His paternal wing of might.

5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
 I in him, and he in me;
 And my empty soul he filleth,
 Here, and through eternity.
 6 Thus I wait for his returning,
 Singing all the way to heaven;
 Such the joyful song of morning,
 Such the tranquil song of even.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s, Double.



At Fount of every blessing!
 Let my heart to sing thy grace!
 As of mercy, never ceasing,
 For songs of loudest praise.
 Let me ever to adore thee,
 Thy still thy goodness prove,
 In the hope of endless glory,
 Let my heart with joy and love.

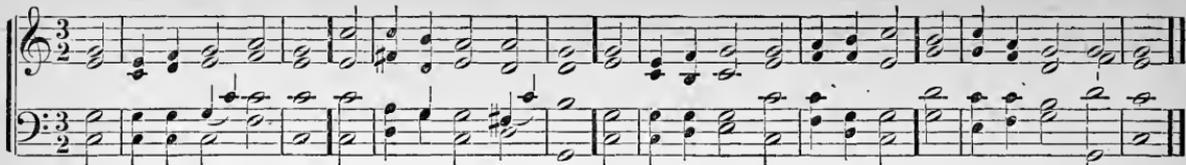
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I've come,
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from thy fold, O God!
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind me closer still to thee.
 Never let me wander from thee,
 Never leave thee, whom I love;
 By thy Word and Spirit guide me,
 Till I reach thy courts above.

On my cross have taken,
 Leave and follow thee;
 For, despised, forsaken—
 Henceforth my all shalt be:
 My very fond ambition,
 I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 My rich is my condition—
 And heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
 It has left my Savior too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not like them untrue:
 Whilst thy graces shall adorn me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn
 Show thy face and all is bright. [me.]

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain;
 In thy service, pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called thee, Abba Father!
 I have set my heart on thee;
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All will work for good to me.



1 Hungry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Assembled at thy mercy's door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we would starve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
Nor righteousness to plead.

3 The food our spirits want,
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh, hear the prayer of faith, and grant
That we may eat and live!

SANCTUARY. C. M.

A. D. FILLMORE.



1 There is no place on earth so sweet,
So rich with pure delight,
As where our Father's children meet,
To worship him aright.

With joy the note of song we'll raise
As we his presence feel.

4 If earth affords a joy so dear,
Where partings oft are known,
What heights of rapture shall appear
For ever near God's throne?

2 With saints on earth to sing his praise,
Inspires with holy zeal;

3 In harmony our voices join
To praise our Savior's name;
Bright angels, too, their powers combine
To celebrate his fame.

LISBON. S. M.

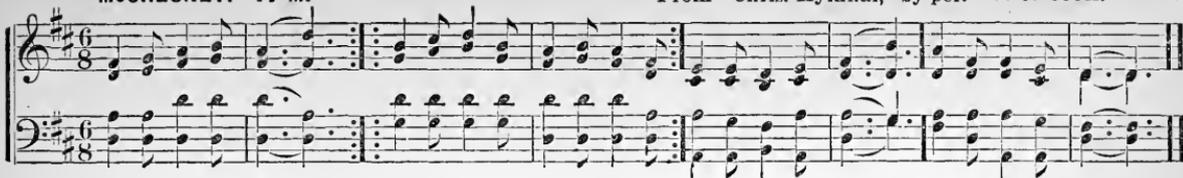
DANIEL READ.



1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
: Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes. :|

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
: Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray. :|

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
: And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss. :|



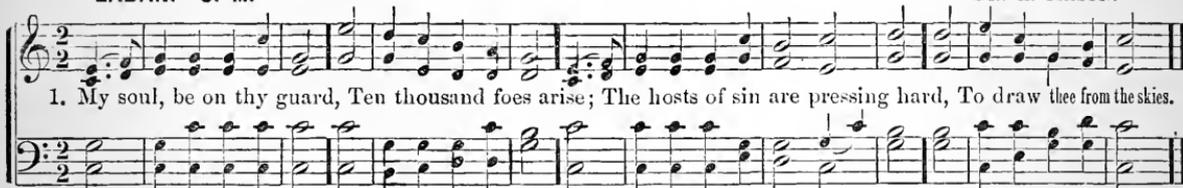
1 Jesus! guide our way,
To eternal day!
So shall we, no more delaying,
Follow thee, thy voice obeying;
Lead us by the hand
To our Father's land.

2 When we danger meet,
Steadfast make our feet,
Lord, preserve us, uncomplaining,
Mid the darkness round us reigning!
Through adversity
Lies our way to thee.

3 Order all our way
Through this mortal day;
In our toil with aid be near us;
In our need with succor cheer us;
When life's course is o'er,
Open thou the door!

LABAN. S. M.

DR. L. MASON.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

BEADLES. L. M.

W. H. MONK.



1 Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part;
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

3 Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield.
Put on the armor from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

f *Fine.* *D.S.*

1 How firm a foundation, you saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he has said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness and health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3 Fear not—I am with you; oh, be not dismayed!
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

WEBB. 7s & 6s, Double.

f *Fine.* *D.S.*

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow—
I bid them both adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your warfare's ended,
You'll reign with him above.



1 You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlets and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion, the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn;
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion, the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master, the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the favorites of health,
But the hope of bright glory, of heavenly bliss—
Take away every other, and give me but this.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

TANSUR.



1 To him that loved the sons of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our heads,
And made us priests to God;

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn,
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centers all in thee;
Almighty Lord, who wast, and art,
And ever more shall be!

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Musical score for 'BEALOTH. S. M. Double.' in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a bass line. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a double bar line.

1 I love thy kingdom Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my toils and cares be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou friend divine,
Our Savior and our King!
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAMS.

Musical score for 'ST. THOMAS. S. M.' in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a bass line. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a double bar line.

1. Blest Savior! Friend divine! Thou source of boundless love! The hope of all thy saints on earth, The joy of all above.

2 How can I tell thy worth!
How make thy glories known!
No language can thy goodness speak,
No tongue thy mercies own.

3 My words can not express
The sweetness of thy name!
Nor can my feeble lips declare
The wonders of thy fame.

4 Then take my trusting heart,
I can not give thee more:
Make rich my soul's deed poverty,
From thine unwasting store!

CHORUS.

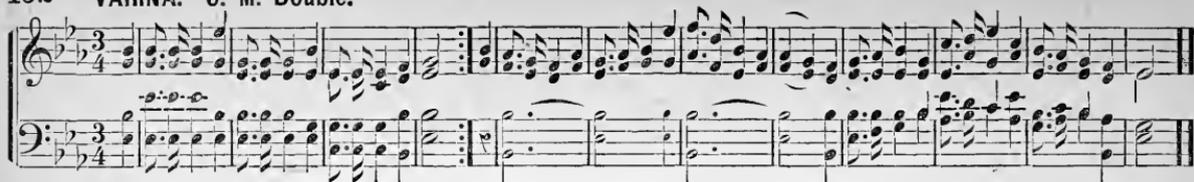
We're going home, we're going home, We're going home to live forever.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant greens
My study long have been ;
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.</p> | <p>4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence.</p> | <p>5 Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.</p> |
|---|--|---|

BALERMA. C. M.

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy seat, Where Jesus answers prayer ; There humbly fall before his feet, For none can perish there.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.</p> | <p>3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.</p> | <p>4 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.</p> |
|---|---|---|



1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbelcuded eyes—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



1 Awake, my tongue; thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge; how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drown'd!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
His wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

C. M. VON WEBER.



1 Savior! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lessons to obey;
Sweeter lessons can not be:
Loving him who first loved me.

2 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till his face I see,
Of his love who first loved me

1

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

Tho' like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

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

2

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

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return.
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!

Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Savior, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

4

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill the word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye
And joy from heart to heart.

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.

When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

5

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly king
May speak their joys abroad.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching o'er this hallowed ground
To fairer worlds on high.

6

Did Christ o'er sinner's weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;—
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains;

Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 O Lamb of God, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more. ||

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeemer love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die. ||

4 And when this lispings, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save. ||

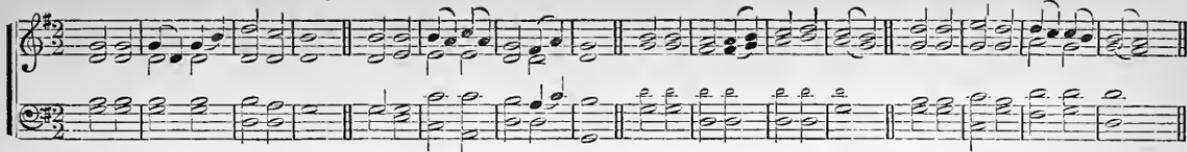
DOVER. S. M.

ENGLISH.

1 Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
Through all her palaces.



1 Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Savior's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals join the hosts above—
Join to praise redeeming love.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

HANDEL.



1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing,

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

IVES. 7s. Double.

IVES.

D. C.



1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Hymn is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

- 3 'Tis a heaven below my Redeemer to know,
And the angels can do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet and the story repeat,
[: And the lover of sinners adore. :]
- 4 Jesus all the day long is my joy and my song;
Oh, that all to this refuge may fly!
He has loved me, I cried, he has suffered and died
[: To redeem such a rebel as I! :]
- 5 On the wings of his love I am carried above
All my sin and temptation and pain;
Oh, why should I grieve, while on him I believe!
[: Oh, why should I sorrow again! :]

1 How happy are they who their Savior obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can not express the sweet comfort and peace
[: Of a soul in its earliest love. :]

2 This comfort is mine, since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb!
Since the truth I believed, what a joy I've received,
[: What a heaven in Jesus' blest name! :]

6 Oh, the rapturous height of that holy delight,
Which I find in the life-giving blood!
Of my Savior possessed, I am perfectly blessed,
[: Being filled with the fullness of God! :]

7 Now my remnant of days will I spend to his praise
Who has died me from sin to redeem,
Whether many or few, all my years are his due;
[: They shall all be devoted to him. :]

8 What a mercy is this? what a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably happy am I!
Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled—
[: With believers to live and to die! :]

MEAR. C. M.

ENGLISH.

1 Our souls are in the Savior's hand,
And he will keep them still;
And you and I shall surely stand
With him on Zion's hill.

2 Him eye to eye we there shall see,
Our face like his shall shine;
Oh, what a glorious company,
When saints and angels join!

3 Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array!
Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
And crowns that ne'er decay



1 Sinners will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh, how tender,
Every line is full of love;
||: Listen to it; ||
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim;
" Pardon to each rebel sinner :
Free forgiveness in his name ;"
||: Oh, how gracious !'': ||
" Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Will you not receive the message—
Listen to the joyful word—
And embrace the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
||: Can you slight it—: ||
Offered to you by the Lord?

WILL YOU GO? 8s & 3s.



1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
These saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s.

DR. T. HASTINGS.



2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;
Grieve not that love,
Which from above—

Child of sin and sorrow—
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow

1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

In worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!

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