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CLASS, CHOIR

— AND —

CONGREGATION.

— FOR —

**Singing Schools, Conventions, Normal Schools, Sunday Schools,
Chorus Choirs and Congregations.**

— BY —

A. J. SHOWALTER.

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RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

LESSON I.

- 1. What is the name of anything audible?**
Sound.
- 2. What is the name of a musical sound?**
Tone.
- 3. How many essential properties has a tone?**
Four.
- 4. What are they?**
Pitch, Length, Power, and Quality.
- 5. What does Pitch mean?**
Lowness or highness of a tone.
- 6. Define Length.**
The duration of a tone.
- 7. Define Power.**
The audibility of a tone.
- 8. Define Quality.**
The kind or character of a tone.
- 9. The Rudiments of music are divided into how many departments?**
Three.
- 10. What are they?**
Melodies, Rhythmics, and Dynamics.

- 11. Of what does Melodies treat?**
The Pitch of tones.
- 12. Of what does Rhythmics treat?**
The Length of tones.
- 13. Of what does Dynamics treat?**
The Power or Quality of tones.

LESSON II.

- 14. How many tones in the Musical Alphabet?**
Eight.
- 15. What is the name given to this series of tones?**
The Scale.
- 16. What names are given to these tones in Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do. [singing?]**
- 17. What names are used as pitch names?**
C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C.
- 18. What represents the pitches?**
Lines and spaces.
- 19. What is each line and each space named?**
A degree.
- 20. Taken together, they form what?**
The Staff.

21. How many degrees has the Staff?

Eleven.

22. How may the Staff be enlarged?

By adding short lines, above and below.

THE STAFF.

Fourth space.	_____	Added Lines. -- == ==
Fifth line.	_____	
Fifth space.	_____	
Fourth line.	_____	
Fourth space.	_____	
Third line.	_____	
Third space.	_____	
Second line.	_____	
Second space.	_____	
First line.	_____	
First space.	_____	Added Lines. -- == ==

Or, if the teacher prefers the old, but incorrect naming of the degrees, they are as follows:

Space above.	_____
Fifth line.	_____
Fourth space.	_____
Fourth line.	_____
Third space.	_____
Third line.	_____
Second space.	_____
Second line.	_____
First space.	_____
First line.	_____
Space below.	_____

23. What characters determines the pitch of tones as represented by the staff?

Clefs.

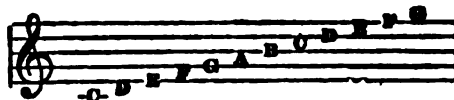
24. How many Clefs are there in general use?

Three; the G clef, the F clef, and the C clef.



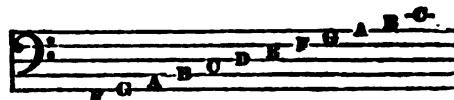
25. What does the G clef indicate?

That the pitches are so arranged as to fix G on the second line, with middle C on the added line below, thus



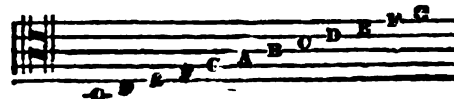
26. What does the F clef indicate?

That the pitches are so arranged as to fix F on the fourth line, with middle C on the added line above, thus:



27. What does the C clef indicate?

That the pitches are so arranged as to fix middle C on the fourth space, and are read the same as the G clef, thus:



LESSON III.

28. *What represents the relative Length of tones?*

Characters called Notes.

29. *How many kinds of notes in general use, and what are their names?*

Six. The whole note, the half note, the quarter note, the eighth note, the sixteenth note, and the thirty-second note.

NOTES.

Whole note.	Half note	Quarter note.	8th. note.	16th. note.	32d. note.
●	♩	♪	♫	♬	♭

30. *What characters are used to indicate Rests.* [silence]

31. *How many rests in general use?*
Six.

32. *As to duration, rests correspond to what? To notes of the same denomination.*

RESTS.

Whole rest.	Half rest.	Quarter rest.	8th. rest.	16th. rest.	32d. rest.
—	—	x	7	4	3

LESSON IV.

33. *What are pulsations of the mind, produced by music, called?*

Beats.

34. *What is a strong beat called?*
Accented beat.

35. *What is a weak beat called?*
Unaccented beat.

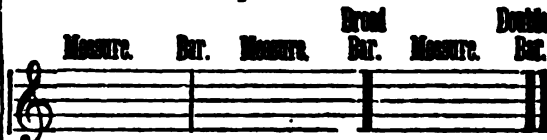
36. *What is a measure?*
A measure is a group of two or more beats.

37. *What represents a measure?*
The space between two perpendicular lines.

38. *What are the perpendicular lines called?*
Bars.

39. *What does a broad bar usually denote?*
The end of a musical phrase, or the end of a line of words.

40. *What does the double bar usually denote?*
The end of a composition.



41. *What is the name of a measure having two beats?*

Double measure.

42. *Which beat in double measure is the accented one?*

The first.

43. *What means are sometimes used to aid in developing a sense of the rhythmic flow of the beats, so that we may learn to sing or play in time?*

Counting Time and Beating Time.

44. *What is Counting Time?*

Indicating each beat of a measure by counting.

45. *What is Beating Time?*

Indicating each beat of a measure by a motion of the hand.

46. *How do we count the Time in Double measure?*

One, two.

47. *Describe the beats of the hand for Double measure.*

Down, up.

48. *What is the sign for Double measure?*

The figure 2.

49. *What does the lower figure denote?*

The kind of note that is to be sung or played to one beat.

LESSON V.

50. *What is the name of a measure having three beats.*

Triple Measure.

51. *Which beat is accented?*

The first.

52. *How is Triple measure counted?*

One, two, three.

53. *Describe the beats of the hand.*

Down, left up; or down, right up.

54. *What is the sign for Triple measure?*

The figure 3.

55. *What is the name of a measure having four beats?*

Quadruple Measure.

56. *How are the accents in Quadruple measure?*

The first beat is the primary accented one and the third beat is the secondary accented one.

57. *How is the time counted in Quadruple measure.*

One, two, three, four.

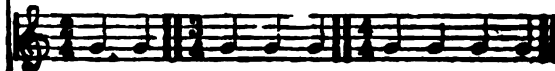
58. *Describe the beats of the hand for Quadruple measure.*

Down, left, right, up.

59. *What is the measure sign for Quadruple measure?*

The figure 4.

Double measure. Triple measure. Quadruple measure.



LESSON VI

60. *What does the figure 3 placed over or under three notes mean?*

That they are to be performed in the time of two of the same denomination.

61. *What is such a group of tones called?*
A Triplet.

62. *What is a Compound Double measure?*
A measure having two beats to which triplets are sung or played.

63. *What is the sign for Compound Double measure?*
The figure 6.

64. *What does the lower figure indicate?*
The kind of notes that go to make up the triplet.

65. *A measure having three beats to which triplets are sung or played is called what?*
Compound Triple measure.

66. *What is the sign for Compound Triple measure?*
The figure 9.

67. *What is the name of a measure having four beats to which triplets are sung or played?*
Compound Quadruple measure.

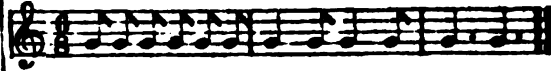
68. *What is the measure sign for Compound Quadruple measure.*
12.

69. *How are the accents of these Compound measures.*
The same as the simple measures.

70. *How do we count and beat the time?*
The same as the simple measures.

71. *When must the figure 3 be used to indicate a triplet.*
Only when it is used in a simple measure.

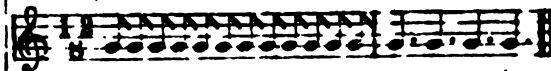
COMPOUND DOUBLE MEASURE.



COMPOUND TRIPLE MEASURE.



COMPOUND QUADRUUPLE MEASURE.



LESSON VII.

72. *What is the rule for applying words to music?*

Apply one syllable of the words to each note.

73. *What is a Tie?*

A curved line connecting two or more notes upon the same degree of the staff.

74. *What is a Slur?*

A curved line connecting two or more notes upon different degrees of the staff.

75. *What is the rule for applying the words when the tie or slur occurs?*

Apply one syllable of the words to as many notes as are so connected.

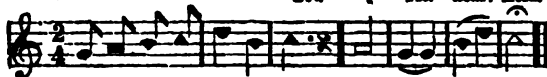
76. *What is a Pause or Hold?*

A character placed over or under a note, which indicates that the tone is to be prolonged at the option of the leader.

77. *How does a Dot affect a note or rest?*

It adds to it one half its length. Thus, a dot after a half note would make it equal to three quarter notes.

Dot. Tie. Slur. Hold.



Mag-ni-fy and praise His name! A - MEN, A - MEN.

78. *What is a Repeat?*

Dots placed at the left of a broad bar, which indicates that the preceding passage is to be repeated.

79. *When only a part of the passage is to be repeated how is it indicated?*

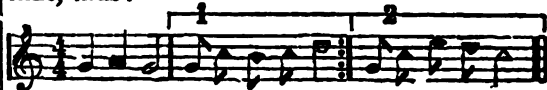
By dots placed to the right of the broad bar.



80. *What is meant by the enclosed* 1st. Time.

2d. Time?

It has reference to first and second ending, and in the repeat omit 1st. time and pass to 2d. time, thus:



{ Come, come, come, sing a joy-ful lay;
{ Come, come, come, (Omit.....) 'Tis our festi-tal day.

81. *What does Da Capo or D.C. mean?*

Return to the beginning.

82. *What does Dal Segno or D.S. mean?*

Return to the sign. S

83. *What does Fine mean?*

The place to end after a D.C. or D.S.

84. *What is Syncopation?*

Commencing a tone on the unaccented beat and continuing it into the following accented beat, thereby temporarily changing the usual accent.

85. *What is a Brace?*

A character used to connect two or more staves which form a score, and which are to be performed simultaneously.

86. *How many parts in ordinary music and what are they?*

Four. Bass, Tenor, Alto and Soprano.

87. *Describe Bass voices?*

Male voices of low pitch and heavy quality.

88. *Describe Tenor voices?*

Male voices of high pitch and light quality.

89. Describe *Alto* voices?

Female voices of low pitch and heavy quality.

90. Describe *Soprano* voices?

Female voices of high pitch and light quality.

Musical notation for three voices: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The Soprano part is on a treble clef staff, the Alto part is on a treble clef staff with a one-octave lower range, and the Bass part is on a bass clef staff. The notes are: Soprano (G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4), Alto (E3, F3, G3, A3, G3, F3, E3), Bass (C2, D2, E2, F2, E2, D2, C2).

LESSON VIII.

91. How many powers are there, and what are their names?

Five. *Pianissimo*, *Piano*, *Mezzo*, *Forza*, and *Fortissimo*.

92. What does *Pianissimo* mean?

A very soft power.

93. What does *Piano* mean?

A soft power.

94. What does *Mezzo* mean?

A medium power.

95. What does *Forza* mean?

A loud power.

96. What does *Fortissimo* mean?

A very loud power.

97. How are the powers represented?

By the initial letters, except in the cases of *Pianissimo* and *Fortissimo*, in which cases the initial letters are doubled.

Musical notation for a crescendo. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The notes are marked with a double bar line at the beginning and end, and a 'cres.' marking above the staff.

98. What does *Crescendo* mean?

A gradually increasing power.

99. How is it represented?

By *cres.*, or by two diverging lines, thus: -

100. What does *Diminuendo* mean?

A gradually diminishing power.

101. How is the *Diminuendo* represented?

By *dim.*, or by two converging lines, thus: >

102. What does *Swell* mean?

A union of the crescendo and diminuendo.

103. What does *Sforzando* mean?

A very suddenly diminishing power.

104. What does *Legato* mean?

That the passage should be played or sung in a very smooth and closely connected manner

105. What does *Staccato* mean?

That the passage should be played or sung in a short, detached, disconnected manner.

106. What does *Semi-Staccato* mean?

The medium between *Legato* and *staccato*.

Musical notation for three styles: Staccato, Semi-Staccato, and Legato. The notes are: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The Staccato style is marked with a double bar line above the staff. The Semi-Staccato style is marked with a double bar line above the staff. The Legato style is marked with a double bar line above the staff.

LESSON IX.

107. *What is an interval?*

The difference of pitch between two tones.

108. *How many kinds of Intervals in the Scale, and what are their names?*

Two; the larger called steps, and the smaller called half steps.

109. *Between which tones of the Scale do we find Half-steps?*

Mi and Fa, Ti and Do.

110. *Between which pitches do the Half-steps occur?*

Between E and F, and B and C.

111. *Between all other tones of the Scale there are what kinds of Intervals?*

Steps.

112. *Between what tones of the scale may we have intermediate tones?*

All those which form the interval of a step.

113. *What are the intermediate tones called?*

Chromatic tones.

114. *What are the principal tones called?*

Diatonic tones.

115. *What then is the name of the scale composed of the Diatonic tones?*

Diatonic scale.

116. *What is a Chromatic Scale?*

A scale in which all the tones, diatonic and chromatic, occur in successive order.

117. *What are the syllabic names of the Chromatic tones ascending?*

Di, Ri, Fi, Si, Li.

118. *What ascending?*

Te, Le, Se, Me, Ra.

119. *How are the Chromatic tones represented?*

By the same degrees that represent the diatonic tones, modified by Sharps (\sharp), Flats (\flat), Natural (\natural), Double sharps ($\sharp\sharp$), and Double Flats ($\flat\flat$).

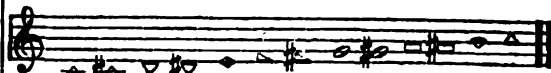
120. *What are such characters called when used at any other place than in the signature place?*

Accidentals.

121. *What is the rule for the continuance of Accidentals?*

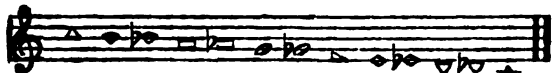
Accidentals continue their significance throughout the measure in which they occur, and effect only the staff upon which they are written and ought to effect but one part of the music.

CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.



Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Li, Ti, Do.
C, C \sharp , D, D \flat , E, F, F \sharp , G, G \flat , A, A \sharp , B, C.

CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.



Do, Ti, To, La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, me, Re, Ra, Do
 G, B, B \sharp , A, A \sharp , G, G \sharp , F, E, E \sharp , D, D \sharp , C.

LESSON X.

122. *What does movement mean?*

The rate of speed at which a piece sounds best.

123. *What does Moderato mean?*

A movement that is neither fast nor slow—
 a medium movement.

124. *What is the name of a slow movement?*

Andante.

125. *What is a fast movement called?*

Allegro.

126. *A movement between Moderato and Andante is what?*

Andantino.

127. *What is a movement between Moderato and Allegro called?*

Allegretto.

128. *What is a very fast movement called?*

Presto.

129. *What is a very slow movement called?*
 Adagio.

130. *What does Tempo mean?*

Time, or movement.

131. *What does Accelerando mean?*

Gradually increasing the tempo.

132. *What does Ritardando mean?*

Gradually slackening the tempo.

133. *What does Ralentando mean?*

Slower and softer by degrees.

134. *What does Solo Obligato mean?*

A solo that is necessary, indispensable.

135. *The Quality of tones is divided into how many general classes, and what are they?*

Two. Clear tones and somber tones.

136. *What are some of the various emotions expressed by modification of the clear tone?*

Tranquility, Cheerfulness, Gayety, Joy, Exultation, Boldness and Courage.

137. *What are some of the various emotions expressed by modification of the somber tone?*

Plaintiveness, Sadness, Grief, Fear, Awe, Reverence, Solemnity and Devotion.

LESSON XI.

138. *What is a Key?*

A family of tones bearing a certain fixed relationship to each other, which makes them sound natural to the ear.

139. *What is the first, or principal tone of a key called?*

Key-tone.

140. *From what tone of the key is a key named?*
From the one that is taken as key tone.

141. *What is the sign of a key called?*
Signature.

142. *What is the signature of the key of C?*
All the degrees natural.

143. *What is the signature of the key of G?*
One sharp. F \sharp .

144. *What is the signature of the key of F?*
One flat. B \flat .

145. *What is the signature of the key of D?*
Two sharps. F \sharp and C \sharp .

146. *What is the signature of the key of B \flat ?*
Two flats. B \flat and E \flat .

147. *What is the signature of the key of A?*
Three sharps. F \sharp , C \sharp , and G \sharp .

148. *What is the signature of the key of E \flat ?*
Three flats. B \flat , E \flat , and A \flat .

149. *What is the signature of the key of E?*
Four sharps. F \sharp , C \sharp , G \sharp , and D \sharp .

150. *What is the signature of the key of A \flat ?*
Four flats. B \flat , E \flat , A \flat , and D \flat .

151. *What is the signature of the key of B?*
Five sharps. F \sharp , C \sharp , G \sharp , D \sharp , and A \sharp .

152. *What is the signature of the key of D \flat ?*
Five flats. B \flat , E \flat , A \flat , D \flat , and G \flat .

153. *What is the signature of the key of F \sharp ?*
Six sharps. F \sharp , C \sharp , G \sharp , D \sharp , A \sharp , and E \sharp .

154. *What is the signature of the key of G \flat ?*
Six flats. B \flat , E \flat , A \flat , D \flat , G \flat , and C \flat .

LESSON XII.

155. *Changing the key of the scale, or of any other exercise or tune, is called what?*
Transposition.

156. *Changing the key during the course of a composition is called what?*
Modulation.

157. *A very short Modulation is sometimes called what?*
Transition.

158. *So far what tone of the scale has been taken as key tone?*
Do.

159. *What is the name of this key?*
Major key.

160. *What other key is sometimes used?*
Minor key.

161. *What is key tone of the Minor key?*
La.

• 162. *What tone of the Major key must be omitted for the Minor key?*

Sol.

163. *What is taken instead of that tone?*
Si.

164. *What is the order of the intervals in the Minor key?*

Step, half-step, step, step, half-step, step and a half, half-step.

165. *What is this form of the Minor key called?*
The Harmonic minor key.

166. *What other forms are sometimes used?*
The natural minor and the melodic minor.

167. *What tones form the natural Minor key?*
La, Ti, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol.

168. *What tones form the melodic Minor key?*
La, Ti, Do, Re, Mi, Fi, Si.

169. *What is peculiar to this form?*
It is never used descending.

170. *Why is the minor key said to be related to the Major key?*

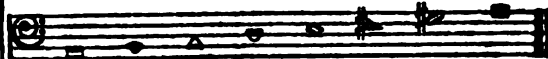
Because it has so many tones in common with it.

171. *What signatures have the Minor keys?*
The same as their relative major keys.

HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



MELODIC MINOR SCALE.



14 The Scale, with Cadence, in all the Major keys, and two of the Minor Keys.

KEY C.

KEY G.

Musical notation for Key C and Key G. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The Key C section (left) shows a scale from Do to Ti and back to Do. The Key G section (right) shows a scale from Do to Ti and back to Do. The notes are marked with triangles and squares.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY D.

Musical notation for Key D. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The scale is shown in two parts: the first part is in treble clef and the second part is in bass clef. The notes are marked with triangles and squares.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY A.

KEY E.

Musical notation for Key A and Key E. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The Key A section (left) shows a scale from Do to Ti and back to Do. The Key E section (right) shows a scale from Do to Ti and back to Do. The notes are marked with triangles and squares.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY E

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY F#

KEY F.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do

KEY Bb.

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY E \flat . **KEY A \flat .**

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do. Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY D \flat .

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do.

KEY G \flat . **KEY A MINOR.**

Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do. La Ti Do Re Mi Fa Si La.

KEY E MINOR

La Ti Do Re Mi Fa Si La

GRADED EXERCISES.

No. 1. No. 2.

Pleasant is the hour of singing, Cheerful voices sweetly sing. Onward to the silent river,

No. 3.

Day and night we wend our way. Let us with a joy-ful mind, Praise the Lord for He is kind;

No. 4.

For his mer-cy shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful ev-er sure. If for good you've taken ill,

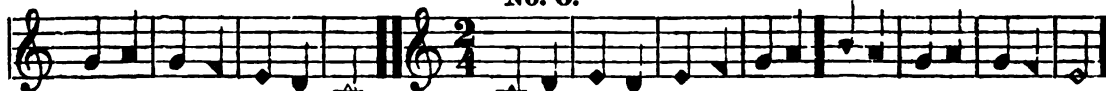
Oh, be kind and gen-tle still; Let us not re-sent, but wait, And our triumph will be great.

No. 5.



Now be - gin, be - gin with care, Tho'ts right here and not else-where; Let no one his neighbor view

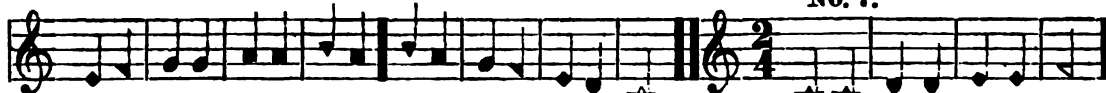
No. 6.



Till we've sung this les-son through.

Ros-es bloom and then they wither, Cheeks are bright, then fade and die;

No. 7.



Hopes of light are wasted birth-er; Then like visions hur-ry by.

Mar-tial let our bearing be,



Form e - rect and voi - ces free; Stoop-ing is a foe to song, See to this let none be wrong.

No. 8.

No. 9.



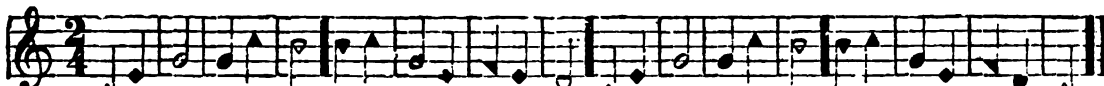
Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do. Ti La Sol Fa Mi Re Do.

Gaily go-ing, stoutly rowing.



Swift-ly glides our boat a - long; High en-deav-or, this shall ev-er Be the bur-den of our song.

No. 10.



None can tell half so well, How in hap-pi-ness to dwell. As can they who each day, Do their work be-fore they play.

No. 11.



O'er the hill and down the glade, In the cool and qui-et shade, rugged steep, Onward still our way we keep.
Up the mountain's (Omit.....)

No. 12.



Let no voe-es si-lent be, But let aꝛ sing full and free; Each look out for "Number One," That his

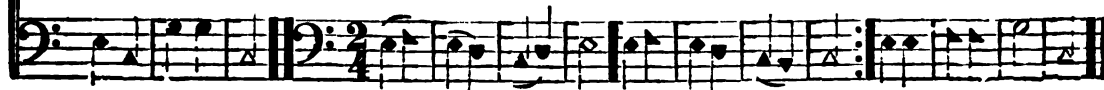


No. 13.



work may be well done.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lu-jah! A - men! Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men!



NO. 14.



Work, work, work with rest, First we'll la-bor, then we'll rest; Yes, aft-er la-bor

No. 15.



com-eth rest, sweet rest. See! see! rests a-bound; Signs of silence, not of



sound. Yes, yes, here they're found, Signs of sil-ence, not of sound.

No. 16.



Changes will fol-low the years as they go; Shadows must min-gle with sun-light, we know.



Flow-ers we gath-er, will with-er at last; Songs that we sing, will be lost in the past.

No. 17.



Spring-time is here, Spring-time is here, Love-li-est sea-son of all the glad year, all the glad year

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SWELL THE ANTHEM.

A. B. 21

TENOR.

1. Swell the an - them, raise the song, Prais - es to our God be - long;
ALTO.

2. Bless - ings from his lib - 'ral hand, Flow through - out this hap - py land;
SOPRANO.

3. Now the voice of na - ture sings, Prais - es to the King of Kings;
BASS.

Saints and an - gels join to sing, Prais - es to our heav'n - ly King.

Kept by him no foes an - noy; Peace and free - dom we en - joy.

Let us join the cho - ral song, And the grate - ful note pro - long.

SUMMER-TIME.

C. & G.

1. Sum-mer-time, sum-mer-time, Mer-ry, mer-ry sum-mer-time, Gai-ly sing, gai-ly sing, 'Tis sweet summer-time;

2. Sum-mer-time, sum-mer-time, Mer-ry, mer-ry sum-mer-time, Sing a-gain, sing a-gain, 'Tis sweet summer-time.

3. Sum-mer-time, sum-mer-time, Mer-ry, mer-ry sum-mer-time, Sing a-gain, sing a-gain, 'Tis sweet summer-time;

Bright-ly now the sun's gay beam Glances o'er the crys-tal stream, Summer-time, summer-time, 'Tis sweet summer-time.

Sweet-ly scent-ed is the air, Beauteous flow'rs bloom ev'rywhere, Summer-time, summer-time, 'Tis sweet summer-time.

Now the birds on ev-'ry tree Warble their sweet mel-o-dy, Summer-time, summer-time, 'Tis sweet summer-time.

MOONLIGHT IS GLANCING.

23

A. J. S.

1. Moonlight is glancing; Starlight is dancing; Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, scenes;

2. Ov-er the meadows, Flit-ting the shadows, Gent-ly be-deck-ing our earth-land with light;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in the right hand, also in 3/4 time, starting with a treble clef. The bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in the left hand, in 3/4 time, starting with a bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

Hill-tops and mountains, Brooklets and fountains, Glist-en and sparkle with sil-ver-y beams.

Peep-ing and hid-ing, Through the clouds gild-ing, Thou art most beau-ti-ful, Queen of the night.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the piano accompaniment in the right hand, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff, maintaining the same musical notation and time signature as the first system.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

ISAAC T. PAGE

1. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes, Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
 2. Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, And winds by the cot where my
 3. My Mary's asleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream; Flow gently, sweet Afton

LILLIA. 7s.

ISAAC T. PAGE.

song in thy praise.
 Ma - ry re - sides.
 - turb not her dreams.

1. For the mer - cies of the day, For this rest up
 2. Cold our ser - vi - ces have been, Min - gled ev - ry

on our way, Thanks to Thee a - lone be giv'n, Lord of earth and King of heav'n.
 pray'r with sin, But thou canst and will for-give, By Thy grace a - lone we live.

PEACE ON THE DEEP.

25

W. T. GIFFE, By per.

1. Stars trembling o'er us, and sun - set be - fore us, Mountains in shad - ows and for - ests a - sleep;

2. Come not, pale sor - row, be gone till to - mor - row, Rest soft - ly fall - ing on eye - lids that weep;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment.

While down the riv - er we float on to - geth - er, Speak not, ah, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

While down the riv - er we float on to - geth - er, Speak not, ah, breathe not, there's peace on the deep.

p *p* *rit. and dim.*

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The music continues with the same accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated. The system ends with a double bar line. The dynamics *p* and *rit. and dim.* are indicated above the vocal line.

MUSIC OF THE SLEIGH BELLS.

Allegro.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Brisk - ly bells o'er the froz - en snow, Ring - ing, jing - ling, on they go,
 2. Sleigh bells have a cheer - y tone, And a mag - ic all their own,
 3. Shoot - ing the spot - less snow. Ring - ing, jing - ling, on they go,

Dain - ty dames and fur - clad swells, To the mu - sic of the bells.
 And 'we love their mer - ry chime, Tell - ing us of Christ - mas time.
 Ev - 'ry heart with rap - tare swells, At the mu - sic of the bells.

CHORUS.

pp Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing, *p* Jing - a - ling, jug - a - ling, jing, jing, jing,
 jing, jing, jing, jing, jing, jing.

MUSIC OF THE SLEIGH BELLS. Concluded.

27

pp

Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, jing - ling bells, Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, jing, jing, jing,

Jing, jing.

p *cres.*

Jing - a - ling, jing - a - ling, Jing, jing, jing, Mer - ry, mer - ry, jing - ling bells.

Jing, jing.

SNOW-FLAKES NOW ARE FALLING. Round.

A. J. S.

1. 2. 3. 4.

Snow-flakes now are fall - ing, Snow-flakes now are fall-ing, Soon we'll take a ride, Soon we'll take a ride.

GATHERING IN THE HARVEST.

1. Most cheer-ful-ly we gar-ner The ripe and gol- den grain, With Joy-ful hearts we
 2. With songs of joy and glad-ness We gath-er from the vine, The white and pur-ple
 3. As crown'd with peace and plen-ty, May char-i-ty a-bound, And songs of grate-ful

car- of A sweet and glad re- frain. The seed which we have plant- ed Has brought a good-ly
 cius- ters, The gift of love di- vine. The fruits in rich a- bund-ance Are add- ed to our
 prais- es, Through woods and fields resound. A-down life's stream we're gild- ing, But Je- sus is our

CHORUS.

yield, And grate-ful thanks we're bring- ing, For product of the field. } We're gath'ring in the
 store, Our homes are filled with treasures, Which God hath giv'n once more. }
 guide, And in his love con- fid- ing, We'll ev- er stem the tide. }

GATHERING IN THE HARVEST. Concluded.

har-vest, We're gath'ring, gath'ring in, Yea, gath'ring in the harvest, And triumphs sweetly win.

REST BEYOND.

1. This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a cit - ty yet to come;
 2. There the Lamb, our Shep - herd, leads us, By the streams of life a - long;
 3. Soon we'll pass this des - ert drea - ry, Soon we'll bid fare - well to pain;

On - ward to it I am hast - ing, On to my e - ter - nal home.
 On the fresh - est pas - tures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
 Nev - er more be sad or wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.

THE MERRY BUGLE CALLS.

A. J. SEOWALTER.

1. Morn-ing's rud - dy beams Tints the east - ern sky, Up, comrades, climb the mount - ain high!
 2. Let the slug - gard sleep, We must slum - ber shun; Ere night - fall hon - or must be won.
 3. Evening's gen - tle ray Gilds the glow - ing west, Each hunt - er sighs for home and rest.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

la; la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Haste, haste, haste! the mer - ry, mer - ry, bu - gle calls.

THE MERRY BUGLE CALLS. Concluded.

31

The mer-ry, mer-ry bu-gle calls, Haste, haste, haste, The mer-ry, mer-ry bu-gle calls.

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

AMERICA. 6s. & 4s.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And sing from all the trees Sweet free-dom's song! Let mor-tal
 4. Our Fa-ther's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our

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

fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break The sound pro-long!
 land be bright, With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-ject us by thy might, Great God our king!

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

THE OLD FOLKS WOULD BE HAPPY.

ARTHUR W. FRANCE.

[TEMPERANCE SONG AND CHORUS.]

FRANK M. BAVIS.

SOLO.

1. Oh, the old folks would be hap-py, If they knew I'd signed the pledge, For my feet have long been
 2. Of-ten they have pleaded with me, That I should my good name save; It was their kind words that
 3. They are grow - ing old and fee-bie, Swift-ly pass - ing down life's hill, I must live to cheer and

CHORUS.

stray-ing On the brink of ru-in's edge. } Yes, to - day I have stopped drinking, No more
 kept me From a drunk - ard's shameful grave. }
 help them, And God help - ing me I will.

Yes, to - day I have stopped drinking, No more

From "Crystal Notes," by per. of the author.

THE OLD FOLKS WOULD BE HAPPY. Concluded.

33

shame up - on my brow; Oh, the old folks would be hap - py, Could they see their boy just now.

shame up - on my brow; Oh, the old folks would be hap - py, Could they see their boy just now.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first part of the song. It features three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

KARL. 7s.

A. J. S.

1. { Lov - ing Je - sus, gen - tle Lamb, In thy gra - cious hands I am; } Live thy - self with - in my hear.

2. { I shall then show forth thy praise, Serve thee all my hap - py days, } Christ, the ho - ly child in me.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second part of the page. It features three staves: a vocal line at the top, a piano accompaniment in the middle, and a bass line at the bottom. The key signature is one flat (Bb) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is divided into two sections, labeled '1' and '2', with repeat signs. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

PRAISE TO THEE. 8s & 7s

THAS F. PAGE.

1. Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from ev - 'ry tongue;
 2. Fa - ther, source of all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed grace is thine;

3. For ten thou - sand bless - ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy,
 4. Joy ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heav'n our song we raise.

Join my soul with ev - 'ry crea - ture, Join the u - ni - ver - sal song.
 Hail, the God of our sal - va - tion! Praise him for his love di - vine.

Sound his praise through earth and heav - en, Sound Je - ho - vah's praise on night
 There on rap - tured, fall be - fore him, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

O'ER THEIR DEAR GRAVES, LET ROSES FALL.

35

S. K. G.

[FOR DECORATION DAY.]

S. E. CHORD.

1. O'er their dear graves let ro - ses fall, Those he - roes of our land; They hear no more the
 2. Though dark and drear the tomb be - low, They live in light a - bove, Where gen - tle qui - et
 2. In mem - ry dear will ev - er dwell Those fa - ces past a - way, Un - til we rest in

CHORUS.

bat - tle call, Nor the war - rior's stern com - mand. } Then scat - ter the ro - ses, The
 wa - ters flow, In that blest home of love. } that bright realm Where tears are wiped a - way. }

bright bloom - ing ro - ses, The sweet frag - rant ro - ses, O'er their dear graves.

COME TO THE WOODY DELL.

ISAAC T. FASH.

1. Come to the wood - y dell, Night birds are sing - ing, Come where the flow - er
 2. Come on the zeph - y'r's wing; Come from the io - ses; Sweets from the li - ly

CHORUS.

bells bring, soft - ly are ring - ing. Come in the moon - beam's light,
 Ere its cup clo - ses.

Come while the spray is bright, Fair - ies! fair - ies! Has - ten to come to - night.

LAY ME WHERE MY MOTHER SLEEPS.

37

W. E. FREN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lay me where my moth - er's sleep - ing, Close beside her let me lie,
 2. Lay me where my moth - er's sleep - ing, In the cold and sil - ent grave,
 3. Lay me where my moth - er's sleep - ing, Where the shad - ows sweet - ly lie,

With the flow'rs a - bove her creep - ing, There oh lay me when I die;
 Where the stars their watch are keep - ing, And the grasses o'er her wave;
 And the sun - light ev - er peep - ing Through the leaf - lets green on high;

LAY ME WHERE MY MOTHER SLEEPS. Continued.

For I loved her fond and dear her mem'ry round me creeps.
 She was gen-tle kind and lov - ing, ~~was~~ my heart that sad - ly weeps.
 There the win-^{ds}sighsad - ly o'er her, And the moon its lone watch keeps.

And when I am gone, oh! lay me, lay me where my moth - er sleeps.
 And when an - gel voic - es call me, lay me where my moth - er sleeps.
 And when life's sad dream is ov - er, Lay me where my moth - er sleeps.

LAY ME WHERE MY MOTHER SLEEPS. Concluded.

39

CHORUS.

Lay me where my moth-er's sleeping, sweetly sleep - ing, Close Be-side her let me lie, let me lie,
Lay me where my moth-er's sleep - ing,

Lay me where my moth-er's sleeping, sweetly sleep - ing, Close be-side her let me lie, let me lie,
Lay me where my moth-er's sleep - ing,

With the flow'rs-a-bove her, Flow'rs-a-bove her creep - ing, There O lay me when I die, when I die
With the flow'rs-a-bove her creep - ing,

With the flow'rs-a-bove her, Flow'rs-a-bove her creep - ing, There O lay me when I die when I die.
With the flow'rs-a-bove her creep - ing,

WHEN THEY ALL COME BACK AGAIN.

J. C. BOBBY.

F. F. MORRIS.

QUARTET.

1. Oh, how sad to part with loved ones, Whom du - ty calls a - way,
 2. Some are on the o - cean sail - ing, Some in dis - tant lands do roam;
 3. Oth - ers gone, for - ev - er gone, On that ev - er on - ward track,

And we know that ere we see them, We will watch for many a day;
 Some have gone to seek their for - tunes, In a dis - tant west - ern home;
 Where the trav - 'ler, wea - ry trav - 'ler Goes and nev - er - more comes back;

DUET.

But we hope a - gain to meet them, This thought dis - pels the pain,
 Oh, the anx - ious wait - ing, long - ing, May it not be all in vain,
 In that land of an - gel - cho - irs, Where the heav'n - ly hosts do reign,

WHEN THEY ALL COME BACK AGAIN. Concluded.

SEMI-CHORUS.

And we fond - ly view the fu - ture, When they all come back a - gain.
 Speed the hap - py hour of meet - ing, When they all come back a - gain.
 We will strike glad hands for ev - er, Be u - nit - ed all a - gain.

FULL-CHORUS.

When they all come back a - gain, When they all come back a - gain;
 When they all come back a - gain, When they all come back a - gain;

Oh, the grand and glo - rious meet - ing, When they all come back a - gain.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE OLD.

S. S. G.

S. S. G. CHORUS.

QUARTET.

1. How oft be- fore the sun is set, Of youth's bright gold - en day, The
 2. Their step was once as night as ours, The bloom was on their face, But
 3. Then let us strew their path with flow'rs, While they on earth re - main, For

CHORUS.

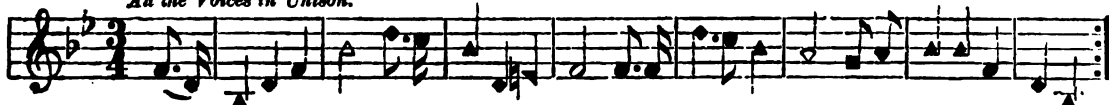
bind - ing du - ty we for - get, To those whose locks are gray. } Speak gent - ly to the old, Speak
 time hath pen'd a les - son there, That time can - not e - rase. }
 soon they'll reach the fadeless bow'rs, Where all is youth a - gain. }

gent - ly to the old, Speak gent - ly to the a - ged ones, Speak gent - ly to the old.

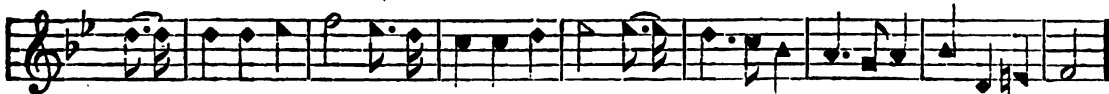
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Words by FRANCIS S. KEY. 43

All the Voices in Unison.



1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we halled at the twilight's last gleaming;
 2. Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
 3. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence re - pos - es,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clo-s-es?
 Oh, thus be it ev - er when freeman shall stand Between their loved homes and the war's deso - la-tion;
 Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation.



And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
 Now it catches the gleam, of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flected, now shines o'er the stream,
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot-to, "In God is our trust;"

CHORUS.



Oh, say does that Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



'Tis the Star-span-gled Banner! Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



And the Star-span-gled Banner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



O GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA

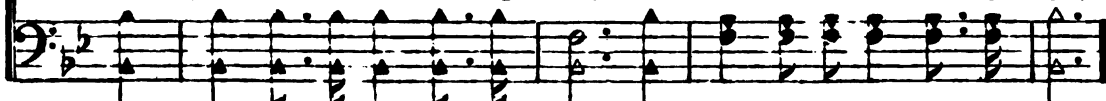
ISAAC T. FAGE



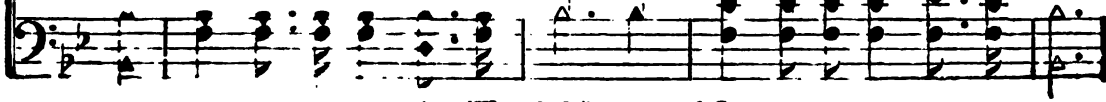
1 O give me a home by the sea, Where wild waves are crest - ed with foam,
 2 At morn when the sun by the sea, Comes mount - ed in crim - son and gold,
 At eve when the moon in her pride, Rides Queen of the soft sum - mer night,



Where shrill winds are ear - ol - ing free, As o'er the blue wa - ters they come;
 Where hues on the bil - lows are cast, Which spar - kle with splen - dor un - told;
 And gleams on the mur - mur - ing tide, With floods of her sil - ver - y light;



1 O list to the o'cean's loud roar, And joy n - t storm - i - est glee,
 O then by the the shore would I stray, And roam as a hal - cy - on free,
 O earth has no beau - ty so rare, No place that is dear - er to me.



O GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA. Concluded.

Nor ask in this wide world for more Than a home by the deep heaving sea
 From on ev and care far a way. At A home by the deep heaving sea
 Thou give me so free and so fair A home by the deep heaving sea

Chorus.

By the deep By the deep heaving sea, Where the
 By the deep heaving sea, the sea, By the deep By the deep heaving sea, the sea

winds ear of free make a home there for me, Make a home, make a home there for
 me.....
 by the deep heaving sea.

SUN SHOWER.

Second verse and Chorus by T. W. D.

T. W. DENNINGTON.

1. Sparkling in the sun-light, Dancing on the hills, Tapping at my window, Singing in the rills,
 2. Clouds are flying swiftly, Sun-light breaking thro', Ev'ry thing is shining As with morning dew;

Comes the pleasant sunshower Like a glad surprise, While I gaze with wonder At the changeful skies.
 Falling on the mountain, In the fertile vale, Giving joy and gladness, Comes the gentle rain.

SUN SHOWER. Concluded.

47

CHORUS.

Pat ter, pat ter, hear the rain, Gen tle spring has come a gain.

Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter. Lis-ten to the rain. Pat-ter, pat-ter pat ter, pat ter, spring has come again

Pat ter, pat ter, soft re frain, Tap ping on my win dow pane.

Pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, pat-ter, Hear the soft re-frain, Pat-ter, pat-ter pat-ter, pat-ter, On my window-pane.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

GLOVER. Arr. by A. J. S.

1. When the heart is gold - en fan - cies, To the sway of hap - pi - est dreams,
 2. When I hear the Alp - horn ring - ing, When Mont Blanc sure - tells the day

Back to scenes of beau - ty glance, Lit by mem - ry's brigh - est beams:
 And the breeze of morning bring - ing mountain chains and mountain lay!

Then I see that vale of foun - tains, Where the Alp - flow'rs woo the vale,
 Then once more with rare - ure glow - ing, And that mountain land I hail.

THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI. Concluded.

Un - der all the snow-lad mount-ains. Shining o'er..... that beauteous vale. Oh!
 But my heart with joy o'er flow - ing Lingers in that beaut - eous vale.

Chamouni, sweet Chamouni, Oh! the vale..... of Cha - mou - ni! Oh!

Cha - mou - ni, sweet Cha - mou - ni, Oh! Cha - mou - ni's sweet vale.

WELCOME!

A. J. SNOWALTER.

Allegro

1 Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, friends so dear, Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come here,
 2 Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, friends of song, Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, loud and long

p
 Wel - come to our meet - ing, Wel - come to our greet - ing, Wel - come, wel come, wel - come here, For
 Wel - come to our sing - ing, Pleasure to us bring - ing, Wel - come, wel - come, one and all, For

f *p*
 hap - py and light is our song to - night, For hap - py and light is our song to - night.

WELCOME! Concluded.

Allegro.

Allegro.

Is your heart sad, is your heart sad? Is your heart glad, is your heart glad? Come to our meet- ing,

Come to our greeting, Come, come, come, come, come, come, For happy and light is our song to- night, For

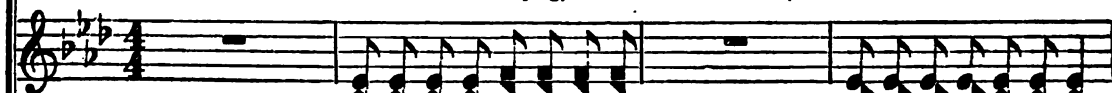
happy and light is our song to- night, For hap- py and light is our song, Our song to- night, For our song to- night,

LEAD ME WHERE SHE'S SLEEPING

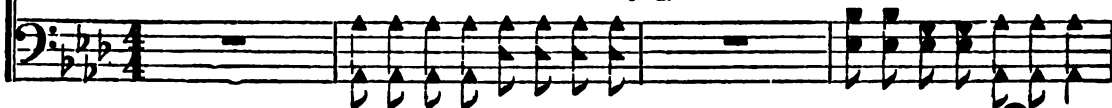
W. T. GIBBS.

Solo Obligate

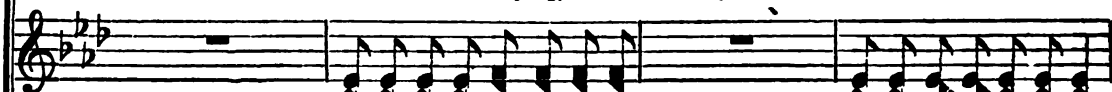

1. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, To our lit - tle Min - nie's grave;
 2. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, To that green and hal - low'd mound;
 3. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, Where our lov'd, lost Min - nie lies;



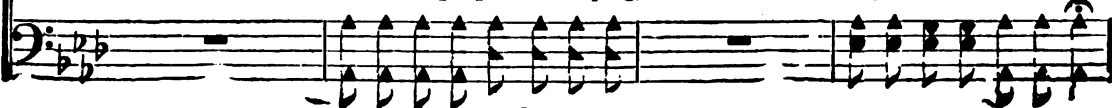
1. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, To our lit - tle Minnie's grave;
 2. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, To that green and hallow'd mound;
 3. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, Where our love'd, lost Minnie lies;




Where the i - vy vines are creeping, Where the blooming flow - ers wave.
 Where the bright young stars are peep - ing, Thro' the trees that guard a - round.
 Where the an - gels guard are keep - ing, As they're winging thro' the skies.



Where the i - vy vines are creeping, Where the blooming flowers wave.
 Where the bright young stars are peeping, Thro' the trees that guard around.
 Where the angels guard are keep - ing, As they're winging thro' the skies.



From the "New Favourite," by per.

LEAD ME WHERE SHE'S SLEEPING. Concluded.

Where the pine-tree boughs are swing-ing, In the balm-y south-ern breeze;
 Where so oft our hearts have blend-ed, In the ear-nest heart-felt pray'r;
 Where the pine-tree boughs are swing-ing, In the balm-y south-ern breeze;

Where the pine-tree boughs are swinging,
 Where so oft our hearts have blended,
 Where the pine-tree boughs are swinging,

In the balmy southern breeze;
 In the earnest heart-felt pray'r;
 In the balmy southern breeze-

And the birds are sweet-ly sing-ing, In their home a-mong the trees.
 That in heav'n when life is end-ed, We may meet our dar-ling there.
 And the birds are sweet-ly sing-ing, In their home a-mong the trees.

And the birds are sweet-ly singing.
 That in heav'n when life is end-ed,
 And the birds are sweet-ly stinging.

In their home among the trees.
 We may meet our darling there.
 In their home among the trees.

MY DEAR CHILDHOOD HOME.

A. J. S.

(TO MY MOTHER.)

A. J. SHOWALTER.

QUARTET.

1. Many years have gone by since we parted With those of our dear childhood home. But the loved ones of old still we
 2. There we gather'd around the old hearthstone When day-light had faded a-way, And with fondest e-mo-tions of
 3. There I sat by the side of my moth-er, And heard her sweet voice as she read From the book which her heart held most
 4. Oh, those bright happy days, gone for-ev-er! No more shall my heart beat with joy, At the sights and the sounds of my

CHORUS.

cher-ish, Though far, far a-way we may roam.
 pleas-ure We sang at our work or our play.
 sa-cred: Her hand gent-ly laid on my head.
 child-hood, With naught of life's cares to an-ny.

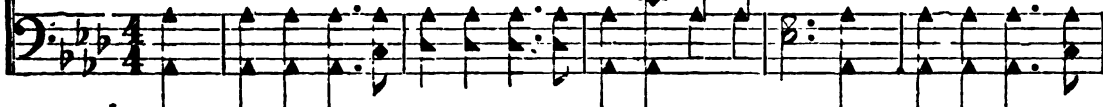
Oh, my dear childhood home! Oh! my dear childhood home! How!

love to re-call the dear faces of all, As we played round our dear childhood home, hap-py home

O! MUST I LEAVE MY PLEASANT HOME.



1. O! must I leave my pleas-ant home: My home up-on the mtl, With sing-ing birds and
 2. Each rose bud in its or-der seen Hath been my ten-der care, And oth-er flow'rs of
 3. When comes the gold-en sum-mer hours My home will not be here, And strang-er hands will



leaf-y dome, With sparkling plac-id rill. O! must I leave the love-ly flow'rs My
 love-ly mien I here have tried to rear. But must I say to them good-by? Nor
 cull the flow'rs, The flow'rs to me so dear. Then must I say a-dieu, sweet home? With



hands have plant-ed here? That In the bloom-ing summer hours Did seem to me so dear?
 call them mine a-gain? Ah, tears un-bid-den fill my eye, I can-not them re-strain.
 scenes to me sub-lime, I to a-noth-er home must roam, Must seek a-noth-er clime.



Allegro con spirito.

1. The splash of oars falls on our ear, Then row, boys row! yes, row, boys row! The
 2. Not here my boys we slack the oar, Then row, boys row! yes, row, boys row! Not
 3. The dis- tant goal we soon shall gain, Then row, boys row! yes, row, boys row! 'Twill

rac- ing boats are drawing near, Then row, boys row! yes, row! With
 till we come to yonder shore, Then row, boys row! yes, row! Our
 make a-mends for all our pains, Then row, boys row! yes, row! O

strong and steady hand the boatman ply the oar, With quick and ready ear we count the beat- ing
 comrades in the rear pull hard to pass us by, Their lithe and bend- y forms the steady oars ap-
 there we'll moor our craft, and throw our oars a- side, Will cast the an- chor out, and ride up-on the

WE'RE ON THE WINNING SIDE. Concluded.

57

score, While sharp and hopeful eyes take in the dis - tant shore. Then row, boys, row! yes, row!
 - ply, The parting waters laugh as o'er the waves we fly. Then row, boys, row! yes, row!
 side, When to a place of rest our boat shall quick - ly glide, Then row, boys, row! yes, row!

CHORUS

Hur - rah! hurrah! we're on the win - ning side, Our stead - y gain we see with pride, While

cheer on cheer the dis - tant ech - oes wake, We're gain - ing still, the prize we'll take!.....

SWEET SUMMER'S GONE AWAY.

A. J. SNOWALTER.

1. There's a pur - ple tint on the wood - land leaves, And the winds are up all day;
2. In the wrin - kled brook no ros - es peep, And the bees no long - er stay,

3. On the brown - ing field the spi - der spins, Where the lambs no long - er play;
4. There are lov - ing arms for ba - by dear, Tho' the skies are chill and gray,

There's a rust - ling heard in the yel - low sheaves, And it seems to sad - ly say:
And the but - ter - flies have gone to sleep, And the lo - cust trills all day.

And the crick - et now his chirp be - gins, And the quail is whist - ling gay.
And a cos - y home - nest all the year, And sweet kiss - es ev - 'ry day.

SWEET SUMMER'S GONE AWAY. Concluded.

59

CHORUS.

“Sweet summer’s gone a - way,” “Sweet summer’s gone a - way,” “Sweet sum - mer’s gone a - way;”

“Sweet sum-mer,” “Sweet sum-mer,” “Sweet sum - mer’s gone a - way;”

“Sweet summer’s gone a - way,” “Sweet summer’s gone a - way,” .

“Sweet summer’s gone a - way,” “Sweet summer’s gone a - way,” “Sweet sum - mer’s gone a - way.”

“Sweet summer,” “Sweet summer,” “Sweet sum - mer’s gone a - way.”

“Sweet summer’s gone a - way,” “Sweet summer’s gone a - way.”

MY HOME IS ON THE MOUNTAIN.

S. DINGLEDEINE.

Vivace.

1. My home is on the moun-tain, But my heart is in the dale, As Summer's gushing
 2. My love is in her bow-er, In the shad-ow of the glen, Where bright the Al pine
 3. Thine fi-eth like these foun-tains, But true love shall nev-er fall, My home up-on the

foun-tain From the hillside seeks the vale. The cham-ois leaps O'er the i - cy steeps. And eag-lets sun-ward
 flow-er From the clif side mocketh men. At morning's light, To their glid - dy height With eag-er steps I
 mountain, With the maid-en of the vale. And ev - 'ry morn, Of the sun-light born, We'll welcome with a

soar; But dawn of day, In the morn-ing gray, I seek their haunts no more. But dawn of day, In the
 spring; And dew - y bloom In its first perfume, To the maiden's bow'r I bring. And dew y bloom In its
 song; And wan-ing night, in the soft moonlight, With mer-ry dance pro - long. And wan-ing night, in the

MY HOME IS ON THE MOUNTAIN. Concluded.

dim. *pp*

morning gray, I seek their haunts no more, I seek their haunts no more.
 first per-fume, To the maid-en's bow'r I bring, To the maid-en's bow'r I bring.
 soft moon-light With mer-ry dance pro-long, With mer-ry dance pro-long.

Obligato Solo. Sostenuto.

f

My home is on the mount-ain, But my heart is in the dale;

p

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Like the Sum-mer's gush-ing fount-ain, From the hill I seek the vale.

La la la la la la la la la la la.

ROW THE BOAT LIGHTLY, LOVE.

A. B. MORTON.

1. Row the boat light - ly, love, o'er the blue sea, Twi - light is fall - ing, I'll hast - en to thee;

2. Brave is the heart of the fish - er - man's bride, Though the wind fret - eth, the wave in its pride;

3. How the bark dash - es from mount - ain to vale, Tossed like a feath - er, the sport of the gale:

O'er the blue wa - ters now spark - ling with foam, Ev - er - more, dear - est, to dwell in thy home.

What though the storm has en - com - passed the sea, Clasp - ing her treas - ure, oh, what car - eth she?

Now it is riv - en! to - geth - er they go, To the still depths of the ca - verns be - low.

ROW THE BOAT LIGHTLY, LOVE. Continued.

CHORUS

Row the boat light - ly, love, Row the boat light - ly, Row the boat light - ly, love, O'er the blue sea,

Row..... the boat light - - ly, love,..... o'er the sea,.....

Row the boat light - ly, love, Row the boat light - ly, Row the boat light - ly, love, O'er the blue sea,

Dal - ly and night - ly, I'll wan - der with thee, Dal - ly and night - ly I'll wan - der with thee;

Dal - - - ly and night - - - ly I'll wan - - - der with thee;.....

Dal - ly and night - ly, I'll wan - der with thee, Dal - ly and night ly I'll wan - der with thee;

ROW THE BOAT LIGHTLY LOVE. Concluded.

On its clear bo - som con - tent - ed we'll roam, On its clear bo - som con - tent - ed we'll roam,

On..... its clear bo - - - som con - tent - - - - ed we'll roam,.....

On its clear bo - som con - tent - ed we'll roam, On its clear bo - som con - tent - ed we'll roam,

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the vocal line with lyrics and some dotted lines indicating a pause. The third staff is the vocal line with lyrics and a long melisma line. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment.

Ev - er - more, dear - est, to dwell in thy home, Ev - er - more dearest to dwell in thy home.

Ev - - - er - more, dear - - - est to dwell..... in thy home.....

Ev - er - more, dear - est, to dwell in thy home, Ev - er - more dearest to dwell in thy home.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is the vocal line with lyrics and some dotted lines indicating a pause. The third staff is the vocal line with lyrics and a long melisma line. The fourth staff is the piano accompaniment.

FOLLOW ME.

G. F. ALLEMANNE.

WM. BEEDY.

69

Andantino.

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tumult, Of this world's widerestless sea; Day by day His sweet voice
 2. Je - sus calls us from the worship Of this vain world's gold-en store; From each I - dol that would

whis-pers, say-ing to us, "Fol - low me." In our joys and in our sor-row's, Days of
 keep us, say-ing to us, "Fol - low me." Je - sus calls us: by thy mer-cies, Sav-lour,

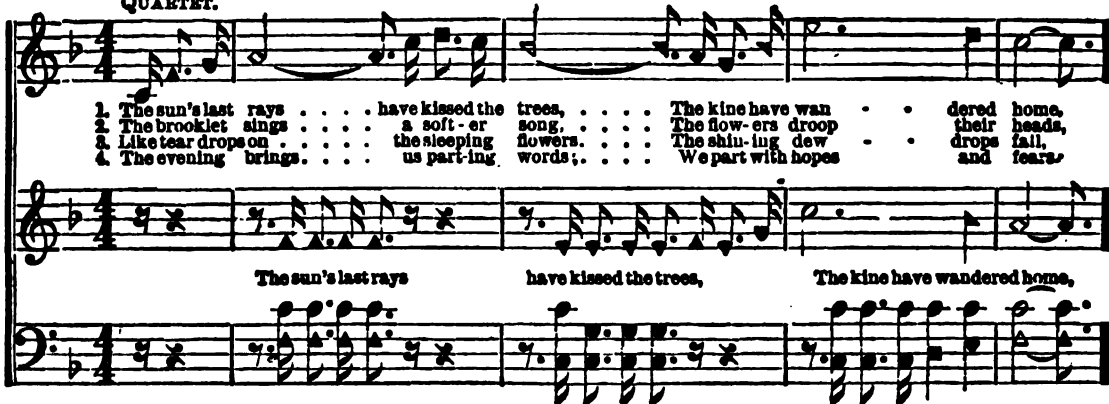
toll and hours of ease, In our cares and in our pleasures, Say-ing "O - be-dience, Serve
 may we hear thy call? Give our hearts to thy o - be-dience, Serve 'em these, 'em all.

GOOD NIGHT

E. A. SVILSBERG.

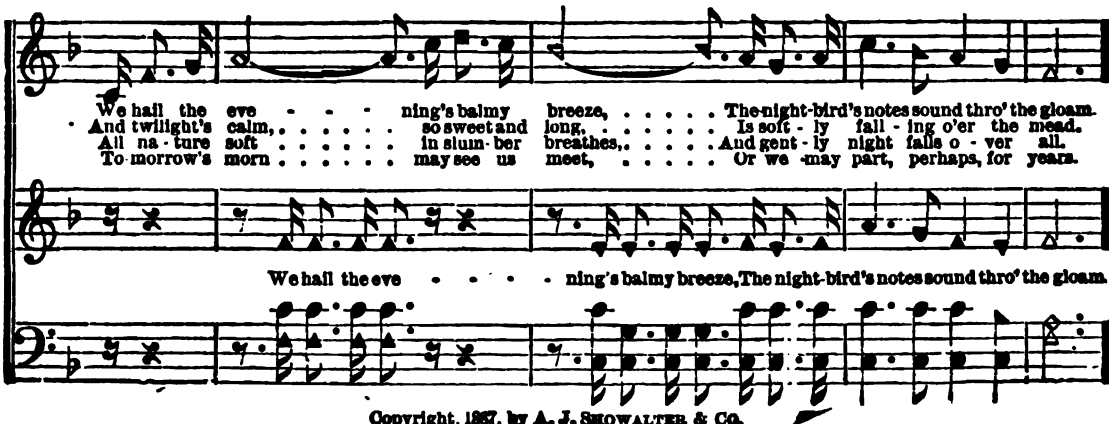
E. E. SVILSBERG.

QUARTET.



1. The sun's last rays have kissed the trees, The kine have wan dered home,
 2. The brooklet sings a soft-er song, The flow-ers droop their heads,
 3. Like tear drops on the sleeping flowers. The shiu-ling dew drops fall,
 4. The evening brings. us part-ing words;. We part with hopes and tears.

The sun's last rays have kissed the trees, The kine have wandered home,



We hail the eve ning's balmy breeze, The night-bird's notes sound thro' the gloam.
 And twilight's calm, so sweet and long, Is soft-ly fall-ing o'er the mead.
 All na-ture soft in slum-ber breathes, And gent-ly night falls o-ver all.
 To-morrow's morn may see us meet, Or we -may part, perhaps, for years.

We hail the eve ning's balmy breeze, The night-bird's notes sound thro' the gloam.

GOOD NIGHT. Concluded.

CHORUS

“Good-night” sing the birds, “Good-night” breathe the flow’rs, “Good-night,” parting words, Till the morn’s rosy hours; “Good-
“Good-night” sing the birds, “Good-night” breathe the flow’rs, “Good-night,” parting words. Till the morn’s rosy hours; “Good-

The musical score for the chorus consists of three staves: a vocal line, a treble clef accompaniment line, and a bass clef accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "“Good-night” sing the birds, “Good-night” breathe the flow’rs, “Good-night,” parting words, Till the morn’s rosy hours; “Good-” on the first line and ““Good-night” sing the birds, “Good-night” breathe the flow’rs, “Good-night,” parting words. Till the morn’s rosy hours; “Good-” on the second line. The accompaniment lines provide harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

1st three verses. Last verse.

-night” sing the birds, “Good-night” breathe the flow’rs, “Good-night,” parting words, Till the morn’s rosy hours. morn’s rosy hours.
-night” sing the birds, “Good-night” breathe the flow’rs, “Good-night,” parting words, Till the morn’s rosy hours. morn’s rosy hours.

The musical score for the final verses consists of three staves: a vocal line, a treble clef accompaniment line, and a bass clef accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line contains the lyrics: "-night” sing the birds, “Good-night” breathe the flow’rs, “Good-night,” parting words, Till the morn’s rosy hours. morn’s rosy hours." on the first line and "-night” sing the birds, “Good-night” breathe the flow’rs, “Good-night,” parting words, Till the morn’s rosy hours. morn’s rosy hours." on the second line. The accompaniment lines provide harmonic support. A box above the vocal line indicates "1st three verses." and "Last verse." with a fermata over the final note.

LO, MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE!

W. E. TRIST, 1908.

DUET.

Lo, my Shep - herd is di - vine! How can I want when

he... is mine? How can I want when he is mine?

Lo, my Shep - herd is di - vine! How can I want when he is mine?

LO, MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE. Continued.

69

How can I want, How can I want, When he is mine?

How can I want when he is mine? By the streams that wan - der slow,

Through the meads where flow' - ers grow, He lead - eth me, He lead eth me;

LO, MY SHEPHERD IS DIVINE. Concluded.

And there I rest in peace di - vine - ly blest; There rest in peace, di - vine - ly blest,

In love and peace di - vine - ly blest, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest;

In love and peace, In love and peace di - vine - ly blest.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the final system.

WILL YOU BE THERE?

1. In glo - ry's gold - en dawn - ing, When all who sleep shall rise, To pass the pearl - y
 2. When ransomed saints shall gath - er A - round the great white throne, To praise our Heavenly
 3. When I my crown of vic - t'ry, My tune - ful harp shall take, And first with un - taught

por - tals That shut us from the skies; And when with throngs unnumbered, I walk the gold - en
 Fa - ther, With joy be - fore un - known; And when with snow-white garments, A - bove the jas per
 fin - gers Its har - mo - nies shall wake, — When first my voice in Heav - en Shall sing God's prais - es,

street, To him who died to save us, Shall we in glo - ry meet?
 sea, They float on wings of an - gels, Will you be there with me?
 free From tones of earth - ly sor - row, Oh! will you sing with me?

WILL YOU BE THERE? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Shall we meet,..... shall we meet,..... To walk the gold-en streets,..... Shall we
 Shall we meet, Shall we meet, Shall we meet,

meet,..... shall we meet,..... Shall we in glo - ry meet?
 Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet,

REGINALD HEBER.

STAR OF THE EAST.

E. A. LEWIS, by per.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us thine aid;
 2. Cold on his cra-dle, the dew-drops are shin-ing, Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost-ly de-votion, O-dors of E-den and off-rings di-vine?

STAR OF THE EAST. Concluded.

Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid;
 An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - clin - ing Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all;
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est and gold from the mine;

CHORUS.

Beau - - - ti - ful Star, Shin - - - ing a - far,

Beau - ti - ful star, beau - ti - ful star, Shin - ing a - far, shin - ing a - far,

Guide where the in - - - fant Re - deem - - - er is laid.

Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid, Guide where the in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

SEEK YE THE LORD.

A. J. SNOWALTER.

Seek ye the Lord, Seek ye the Lord, Seek ye the Lord, While he may be found.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Call ye up - on him, Call ye up - on him, Call ye up - on him while he is near.

FINE.

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. It concludes with a double bar line and the word "FINE." written above the treble staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Let the wick-ed for - sake his way, Let the wick-ed for - sake his way, Let the wick-ed for -

The third system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

SEEK YE THE LORD. Concluded.

sake his way, and the un-righteous man his thoughts: And let him re-turn un - to the Lord, And

he will have mer-cy up-on him, And he will have mer-cy up-on him; And to our God, for

D.C. *To be sung after the D.C.*

he will a bun-dant-ly par-don. Seek ye the Lord, Seek ye the Lord.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE

J. K. WILLMORE.
By per. of WILLMORE BROS.

Spirited.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, All ye lands, all ye lands, Make a
 Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, the Lord,

joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, All ye lands, all ye lands.
 joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, the Lord,

FINE

Serve the Lord with gladness. serve the Lord with gladness, Come before his pres - ence with sing - ing.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE. Continued.

77

Serve the Lord with gladness, serve the Lord with gladness, Come before his pres - ence with sing - ing.

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands, all ye lands,
 Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, the Lord,

Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, all ye lands, all ye lands.
 Make a joy - ful noise un - to the Lord, the Lord,

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE. Concluded.

En-ter in- to his gates with thanksgiv- ing, with thanksgiving, And - to his courts with his courts with praise, praise; Ho

Be thank-ful un- to him, and bless, and bless his name. For the Lord is good, . . . his
 thank-ful un- to him, and bless his name, The Lord is good, is good,

mer- cy is ev- er - last- ing, And his truth en- dureth to all gen- er- a- tions.
 his truth en- dureth to all gen- er- a- tions.

D.C.

FATHER, LEAD ME HOME.

S. S. C.

Alto and Tenor Duet.

S. S. CHORD.

Quartet.

1. { Father lead me, lest I stray, Gently home with Thee;
 Darkest clouds are o'er my way (*Omit*.....) And no light I see. Long I've wandered far from Thee,
 2. { Though the way be rough and steep, And the tempests roar,
 Safely through the waters deep, (*Omit*.....) Thou wilt guide me o'er. Oft I've heard thy tender voice,

CHORUS.

O'er a des-ert wild, Canst thou wilt thou pit-y me? save thy helpless child. Lead me gently
 Sad-ly though I roam, Bid-ding me in thee rejoice, Calling "child come home." Lead me gent-ly.

home, Oh! lead me gently home; Lead me gently home. Gently home with thee.
 gently home, Oh! lead me gent-ly, gently home; Lead me gent-ly, gently home, Gently home with thee.

ONE BY ONE WE'LL ALL BE GATHERED HOME.

A. J. S.

Gathering together unto him.—2 Thess. 2: 1.

A. J. SPOWALTER.

1. We are trav'ling to a bet-ter land,
 2. We are drawing near-er ev-'ry day,
 3. There we'll meet our lov'd ones gone be-fore,
 4. Come my broth-er, join the hap-py throng,

One by one we'll all be gather'd home

And we'll trust the Saviour's
 To that joy that fad-eth
 And we'll dwell with Je-sus
 Sing-ing now Redem-ption's

CHORUS.

guiding hand,
 not a way,
 ev-er more,
 ho-ly song,

One by one we'll all be gather'd home.

Gath - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, One by one we'll
 "Gath'ring to-gether," "gath'ring to-gether,"

Gath - - 'ring, Gath - - 'ring,
 all be gather'd home; "Gath'ring to-gether," gath'ring to-gether," One by one we'll all be gather'd home.

No. 1. WORK FOR THE MASTER.

Mr. E. C. ELLSWORTH

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

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. It's nev - er too late to be sow - ing the seed, While rain and the sun - shine shall last,
 2. It's nev - er too late to be gath - er - ing grain, While calls for the reap - ers we hear,
 3. It's nev - er too late to be work - ing for God, While souls are in per - il by sin,

FINE.

For somewhere or oth - er is al - ways a field Where seed can with prof - it be cast.
 For somewhere or oth - er is ripening the wheat, And homeward a sheaf we may bear.
 For somewhere or oth - er is one we may save, Per - chance, there are ma - ny to win.

D.S.—For somewhere or oth - er is al - ways a field, And work there is wait - ing for you.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Then work, yes, work, There al - ways is something to do, to do;
 Then, work for the Mas - ter, while work can be found,

No. 2. WONDERFUL LOVE.

Rev. E. A. SUTTMAN.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN 15: 9.

A. S. S.

1. Love of the Sav-iour, ten-der and pre-cious, Deep-er and broad-er than e-arth or sea,
2. Out of the liv-ing-heart of the Sav-iour Swells the rich stream of his mer-cy so free,
3. Nev-er a heart so warm with af-fec-tion, Will-ing to die that our souls may be free;

Strong-er than death, so pure and so gra-cious, Oh, in thy full-ness flow sweet-ly to me!
Like a deep foun-tain, flow-ing for-ev-er, Oh, that this mer-cy may reach e-ven me!
Oh, for this love let earth and let heav-en Join in a song of thank-giv-ing with me!

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful love, the love of the Sav-iour! Won-der-ful love, so rich and so free,

WONDERFUL LOVE. Concluded.

Flow-ing so free-ly, flow-ing nor-ev-er, Flow-ing in full-ness to you and to me.

No. 3. WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

A. S. JOHNSON, ly per

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This ex-ult-ing, hap-py throng? Round the al-tar
 2. Clad in ral-ment pure and white, Vic-tor palms in ev-'ry hand; Thro' the great Re-
 3. Hun-ger, thirst, dis-ease un-known, On im-mor-tal fruits-they feed; Then the Lamb, a-
 4. Joy and glad-ness ban-ish sighs, Per-fect love dis-pels all fears; And for-ev-er

night and day Hymning one tri-umph-ant song, Hymning one tri-umph-ant song!
 deem-er's might More than con-quer-ors they stand, More than con-quer-ors they stand.
 -midst the throne, Shall to liv-ing fountains lead, Shall to liv-ing foun-tains lead.
 from their eyes God shall wipe a-way their tears, God shall wipe a-way their tears.

No. 4. JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY CROSBY.

"Come unto me, — and I will give you rest." — MATT. 11: 28.

J. B. SWENEY, by per.

1. Will you come, will you come With your poor brok-en heart, Bur-den'd and sin - cp - press'd? Lay it
 2. Will you come, will you come? There is mer - cy for you, Balm for your ach - ing breast; On - ly
 3. Will you come, will you come? You have noth - ing to pay; Je - sus who loves you best, By his
 4. Will you come, will you come? How he pleads with you now; Fly to his lov - ing breast And what

down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord, Je - sus will give you rest.
 come, as you are, and be - lieve on his name, Je - sus will give you rest.
 death on the cross purchased life for your soul, Je - sus will give you rest.
 - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be, Je - sus will give you rest. } Oh, happy rest, sweet, happy rest,

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S. — Je - sus will give you rest. D. S.

Je - sus will give you rest, (hap - py rest,) Oh, why won't you come in sim - ple, trusting faith?

No. 5. PRECIOUS NAME.

Rev. I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Pre-cious is the name of Je-sus, Who can half its worth un-fold, Far be-yond an-gel-ic
 2. Pre-cious is the me-di-a-tor, By the Fa-ther raised on high, Pre-cious, when he took our
 3. Pre-cious, when to cal-vary groaning, He sus-tained the cursed tree; Pre-cious, when His death a-
 4. Pre-cious, when in death vic-tor-ious, He the hosts of hell o'er-throws; In His res-ur-rect-ion
 5. Pre-cious Lord, be-yond ex-press-ing Are Thy beauties all di-vine; Glo-ry, hon-or, power, and

CHORUS.

prais-es, Sweet-ly sung to harps of gold. Pre-cious name, O how sweet, Pre-cious
 nat-ure, Laid his aw-ful glo-ry by.
 ton-ing, Made an end of sin for me.
 glo-rious, Vic-tor crown'd o'er all His foes.
 bless-ing, Be henceforth for-ev-er thine.

Precious name, O how sweet,

name, O how sweet, Pre-cious name, O how sweet, O how sweet,
 Precious name, O how sweet, Precious name, O how sweet, O how sweet!

rit. Repeat pp.

No. 6. SOME SWEET DAY

"We according to his promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth."—2 PETER 3: 13.

ARTHUR W. FRANCE.

W. IRVING EASTBORN.

1. We shall reach the gold-en strand, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Of that fair and sun-ny land,
 2. We will meet up-on the shore, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Those who journeyed on be-fore,
 3. We shall pass in-side the gates, Some sweet day, some sweet day, To the joy that us a-waits,

Some sweet day, some sweet day, Where the all- yer wa- ters flow, Where the soft- est breez- es blow,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day, Where the sun- light nev- er dies, Where our Fa- ther's man- sions rise,
 Some sweet day, some sweet day, To the rap- tures of the blest, To our dear e- ter- nal rest,

CHORUS.

Where the fair- est flow- ers grow, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 We will rest our wist- ful eyes, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 To its bliss a welcome guest, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Welcome, welcome, full and free,

SOME SWEET DAY. Concluded.

All our tri - als passed a - way, And that hap - py time shall be, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

W. T. D.

No. 7. GONE HOME.*

Arr. from Rev. W. T. DALE.

Andante.

1. Oh, where is now our brother dear? Gone home to mansions bright and fair; No more he'll shed the bitter tear, He's
2. No more he'll meet us here below, His toll and sac - ri - fice are o'er, And by the riv - er's gen - tle flow, He
3. But tho' he'll vis - it us no more, Yet we may go to him at last; And there we'll sing our troubles o'er, When
4. Farewell, dear brother, till we meet Before the throne of God above; And cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet, And

REFRAIN.

hap - py in his man - sion there. Gone home, gone home, With Je - sus there to dwell;
stands up - on the gold - en shore.
all life's la - bors here are past.
sing the triumphs of his love. Gone home, gone home, His prais - es (*Omit.....*) there to swell.

* This may be adopted to the funeral of a sister by changing nouns and pronouns to suit.

No. 8. I KNOW THAT JESUS SAVES ME.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

A. J. SNOWALTER.

1. I know that Je - sus saves me, He heard my fee - ble pray'r, And in the great re -
 2. He is the great Phy - si - cian, His balm hath made me whole, I'm hap - py, oh, I'm
 3. I once op - posed the Sav - iour, I would not hear his voice; But now I know he
 4. I know that Je - sus saves me, I know he loves me, too; He sweet - ly dwells with -

CHORUS.

- demp - tion I now do free - ly share.
 hap - py, I know he saves my soul. } I know that Je - sus saves me, I
 saves me, In him I do re - jice.
 - in me, Say, does he dwell in you?

know that I am his, And by and by I'll meet him, And see him as he is.

No. 9. I'M THE CHILD OF A KING.

Arr. from KATE BUELL.

ROM. 8: 16.

J. E. TENNEY.

Effective as a Solo.

1. My Fa-ther is rich, not In ho-uses and 'ands, But he hold-eth the wealth of the world in his hand;
 2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour from sin, Once wande'r'd o'er earth as the poor-est of men;
 3. I once was an out-cast, a stranger on earth, A sis-ner by choice, and an al-ien by birth;
 4. A tent or a cõt-tage, O why should I care? They are build-ing a pal-ace for me o-ver there;

The ru-bies and diamonds, the sil-ver and gold On the earth are all his; he has rich-es un-told.
 But now he is reigning for - ev-er on high, And will give us a home in the sweet by and by.
 But I've been a dopt-ed, my name's written down As an heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown,
 Though ex-iled from home, yet for - ev-er I'll sing, "Hal-le-lu-jah to God, I'm a child of a king!"

CHORUS.

I'm a child of a King! I'm a child of a King! For Christ is my Sav-iour, I'm a child of a King!

No. 10. HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

CHAR. EDW. FOLLOE.

With Vigor.

1. He has come, the Christ of God! Left for us his glad a - bode, Stoop - ing
 2. He has come, whose name of grace Speaks de - liv' - rance to our race, Left for
 3. Un - to us a Son is 'v'n, He has come from God's own heav'n, Bring - ing

CHORUS.

from his throne of bliss, To this darksome wil - der - ness. He has come,..... the Prince of
 us his glad a - bode, Son of Ma - ry, Son of God. He has come,
 with him from a - bove Ho - ly peace and ho - ly love.

Peace, the Prince of Peace, Come to bid our sor - rows cease, Come to
 the Prince of Peace, Come to bid our sor - rows cease, to bid our sorrows cease, Come to

HE HAS COME, THE PRINCE OF PEACE. Concluded.

scat - ter with his light, ter with his light, All the shad - ows of our night.
 scat - ter with his light, Come to scat - ter with his light,

No. 11. WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is spark - ling,

F. S. Work, for the night is com - ing,
D. S.

Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 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 brightest tints are glowing, work for daylight flies,
 Work till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is dark'ning, when man's work is o'er.

No. 12. PASSING THIS WAY.

Arr. by D. W. G.

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

D. W. CRIST.

1 Je - sus of Naz'reth, to Beth-le-hem came, Heal-ing the blind, the sick and the lame; Oh, it was wonderful,
 2 Je - sus of Naz'reth, the same as of old, Who's a stray sheep a - way from the fold, Gent-ly and long he hath
 3 Je - sus of Naz'reth, on Cal - va - ry's tree, shed his dear blood and set my soul free; Oh, it was wonderful,

CHORUS

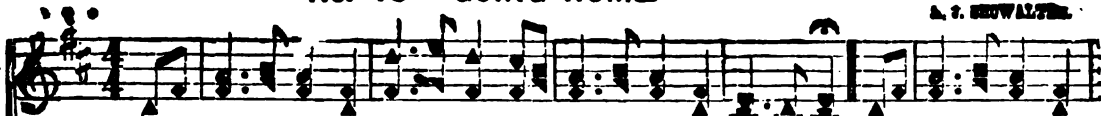
blest be his name! Still he is pass - ing by. }
 sought for my soul; Still he is pass - ing by. }
 how could it be? Still he is pass - ing by. }

Pass-ing this way, pass-ing this way, Je-sus is pass-ing this

way: Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Still he is pass - ing by.

No. 13. GOING HOME.

A. T. SEWALD.

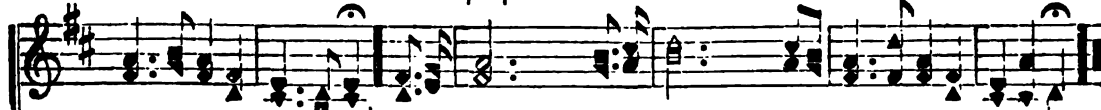


1. A - mid the hours that rap - id fly, A - mid the dews that soon must die, A - mid our tears while
 2. We'll cling to Je - sus in the hour When sin and Sa - tan use their pow'r, And mur - mur not when
 3. No dy - ing groans shall there be heard, And we shall speak no part - ing word; O sin - ner, to the



CHORUS.

here we roam. How sweet the tho't, we're go - ing home. Go - ing home, go - ing home, How
 sor - rows come, Kor - by - and - by we're go - ing home.
 fav - our come, And join the band that's go - ing home. Go - ing home, go - ing home,



sweet the tho't, we're going home; Go - ing home, go - ing home, How sweet the tho't, we're going home.
 Going home, going home,



ELLA LEE.

No. 14. HEAVEN.

HOWLIS SEAR.

DUET.

1. Oh! would to me were on - ry giv'n A tongue in - spired to tell The beau - ties of you
 2. There hope's sweet flow'r e - ter - nal bloom, While seasons come and go Un - touched by sor - row's
 3. There limp - ed wa - ters bright and clear Flow o'er the gold - en sands, While thrill - ing mu - sic
 4. And all whose hopes are cen - tered there Shall rise o'er grief and pain, For in that land no

CHORUS.

peaceful heav'n, Where saints im - mor - tal dwell. } Bright, beau - ti - ful heav'n,.....
 chill - ing winds, That blight them here be - low. }
 strikes the ear - Harp swept by an - gel hands. }
 earth - ly care Shall vex our souls a - gain. } Bright, bright, beau - ti - ful heav'n,

Bright, beau - ti - ful heav'n, Home where the pilgrim forever shall rest, Bright, beau - ti - ful heav'n.
 Bright, bright, beautiful heav'n,

No. 15. COME TO JESUS.

B. R. LATTI.

J. W. TENNEY.

1. Come to Je - sus! he will save you. Tho' your sins as crim-son glow; If you give your hearts to Je-sus. He will
 2. Come to Je - sus! do not tar - ry. En - ter in at mer-cy's gate; Oh, de - lay not till the mor-row, Lest thy
 3. Come to Je - sus, dy - ing sin - ner! Oth - er Saviour there is none, He will share with you his glory. When your

CHORUS.

make them white as snow. Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, to -
 com - ing be too late.
 pil - grim - age is done. Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day! Come to Je - sus! come, yes,

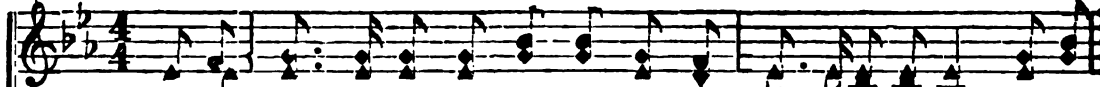
- day; Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - - sus! Come to Je - sus! come, come to-day!
 come, come to-day; Come, come to-day! Come, come to-day!

No. 16. MEET ME THERE

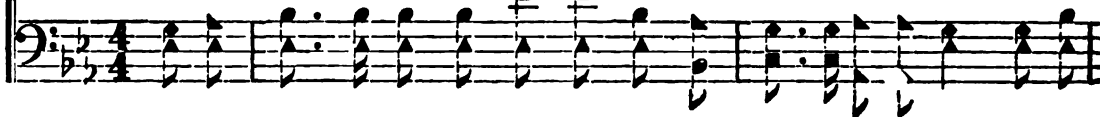
Rev. E. W. SAWYER.

1 COR. 13: 12

S. N. McROSE, by per.



1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, In that glo - rious land of bliss, Where the
 2. We shall meet with those de - part - ed From this world of sin and strife, Meet no
 3. We shall meet with Christ our Sav - our; Soon he's com - ing for his own, Then we'll



Son shall reign for - ev - er As the King of right - eous - ness; We shall
 lon - ger bro - ken - heart - ed, But with an im - mor - tal life; We shall
 know his bless - ed fa - vor, And shall know as we are known: Oh, the



meet in yon - der cit - y, With its walls of jas - per bright, We shall shout our songs of triumph, No more
 meet and share the glo - ry Of that count - less hap - py throng, We shall tell redemption's sto - ry Sing his
 Joy, the ex - ul - la - tion Of the saints who re - truly his! Oh, the glorious transformation When we



MEET ME THERE. *Concluded*

CHORUS.

The musical score is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some triplet figures. The vocal line contains the lyrics, with some words underlined. The score concludes with a double bar line.

sor - row, pain nor night. Meet me there, meet me there, In that
prais - es loud and long. see him as he is! O - ver there, o - ver there,

beau-ti-ful home of love so bright and fair; Meet me there, meet me
bright and fair; O - ver there,

there, o - ver there, In that cit - y of light a - bove, O meet me there. meet me there.

THE NEW SONG.

Moderato.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing When my heart was as blithe as a bird..... in Spring;
 2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din..... of strife;
 3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra - cious Mas - ter hath made..... me glad?

But the song I have learned is so full of cheer. That the dawn shines out in the dark-ness here.
 But I know of a home that is wond-rous fair, And I sing the psalm they are sing-ing there.
 When he points where the ma - ny bright man-sions be, And sweet - ly says, "there is one for thee"

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Oh, the new, Oh, the new, new song, new song, Oh, the new, Oh, the new, new song, new song, I can
 Oh, the new, new song, new song, Oh, the new, new song, new song, new song.

THE NEW SONG. Concluded.

sing I can sing it now, just now, With the ransom'd, the ransom'd through: Pow-er and do-

With the ran - som'd throug: som'd throug: Pow-er and do-

- min - ion to Him... that shall reign; that shall reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

S. F. SMYTH, D.D. No. 18. TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.

1. To - day the Sav - our calls; Ye wand'ers, come; Oh, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam'd
 2. To - day the Sav - our calls; Oh, hear him now; With - in these sa - cred walls, To Je - sus bow.
 3. To - day the Sav - our calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to his pow'r; Oh, grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

REV. E. L. HOFFMAN.

No. 19. ON THE OTHER SIDE.

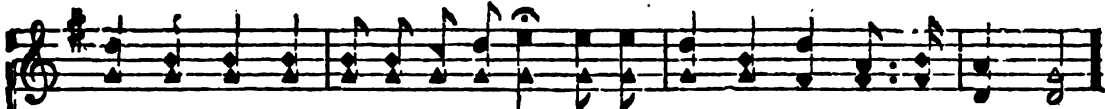
S. W. STRAUSS.

1 On the oth - er side there's a land of rest, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;
2 On the oth - er side there's a land of peace, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;
3 On the oth - er side there are an - gels fair, On the oth - er side of the riv - er;

There dwell the ransomed ones su - preme - ly blest, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
There joys su - per - nal nev - er more shall cease, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
Their wings are sweep - ing thro' the balm - y air, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.

Forth they came from trib - u - la - tions great, In - to the shin - ing, gold - en gate,
There all robes are pure and snow - y white, There all the glo - ry strangely bright,
In that cit - y, gold - en, bright and fair, There, there the glo - ry we shall share,

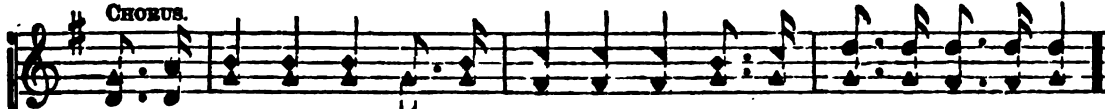
ON THE OTHER SIDE. Concluded.



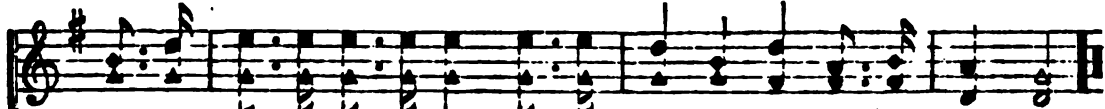
There our joy - ful entrance they a - wait, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
 Between the saved in ev - er - shoon - ing light, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.
 Oa, what bliss is ev - er, ev - er there, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.



CHORUS.



On the oth - er side, On the oth - er side. There with - in the gold - en gate,



There our en - trance they a wait, On the oth - er side of the riv - er.



No. 20. ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

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

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleans - ing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the
 2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Sav - iour's side? Are you washed in the blood of the
 3. When the Bride - groom com - eth, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the
 4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the

Lamb? Are you ful - ly trust - ing in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Lamb? Will your soul be rea - dy for the mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Lamb; There's a fount - ain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

CHORUS.

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

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? Concluded.

Lamb? Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed
 of the Lamb? in the blood of the Lamb?

....

No. 21. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

GEO. B. HOLMES.

1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In his mer - cy
 2. Moth - ers then the Sav - our sought, In the pla - ces where he taught, Un - to him their
 3. Did the Sav - our say them nay? No, he kind - ly bid them stay; Suf - fer'd none to
 4. Chil - dren, then, should love him now, Strive his ho - ly will to do, Pray to him, and

FINE REFRAIN.

D.S.

passed not by Lit - tle ones like me,
 chil - dren bro't, Lit - tle ones like me,
 turn a - way, Lit - tle ones like me,
 praise him too, Lit - tle ones like me.

Lit - tle ones like me, Lit - tle ones like me;

No. 22. MORE LIKE THEE.

FRANK M. DAVIE.

"My soul followeth hard after thee."—Ps. 63: 9.

A. J. SEEWALTER, by per.

1. More like thee, O Sav-our! let me be, More like thee from day to-day; Nev-er
 2. More like thee, O Sav-our! let me be, Pure with-out and purg with-in; Keep me
 3. More like thee, O Sav-our! let me be, All my pil-grim jour-ney thro'; Meek and

CHORUS.

let me from thy foot-steps stray, Keep me in thy per-fect way. } Like thee, like
 ev-er from the ways of sin, I the crown of life would win. }
 low-ly, ev-er kind and true, Like thy-self in all I do. } Like thee, yes, more and more like

thee, More and more like thee; Bless-ed Sav-our, let me, day by day, Grow more and more like thee.
 thee, like thee,

No. 23. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy, For thou hast giv - en me the peace
 2. I know that thou art near - er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng, And sweet - er is the tho't of thee
 3. O Sav - iour, pre-cious Sav - iour mine! What will thy pres - ence be If such a life of joy can crown,

CHORUS.

Which noth - ing can de - stroy, }
 Than a - ny love - ly song. } The half has nev - er yet been told, yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 Our walk on earth with thee! }

Rit.
 The half has nev - er yet been told, yet been told, The blood - it cleans - eth me, cleans - eth me.

No. 24. BRING THEM TO THE FOLD.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

J. B. VAUGHN.

1 Je - sus loves the chil - dren, Bring them to the Mas - ter; To the ten - der Shepherd, Lead them to his fold;
 2 Je - sus loves the chil - dren, And he died to save them; Heed his lov - ing mes - sage, Suf - fer them to come;

Let him bless the chil - dren, Bring them, parents, teachers, For the Saviour's blessing As in days of old.
 Teach them love their Saviour While their youth is passing, Gath - er in the children To their sabbath home.

D.S.—Gath - er in the chil - dren, Hap - py lit - tle children; Gath - er in the children, Bring them to the fold

CHORUS.

Gath - er in the chil - dren, The hap - py lit - tle chil - dren, Gath - er in the children, Bring them to the fold;

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL

JOSEPHINE FOLLARD.

LUKE, 14: 22.

E. ROBERTS.

1. In those beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry, Whose won - ders I'm long - ing to see, There's a
 2. Oh, I'm glad, yes, I'm glad that a Sev - lour To per - ish - ing sin - ners was giv'n; For His
 3. 'Tis the tho't that sus - tains me in tri - al, And com - forts when burdened with care, There is
 4. Not a sigh nor a groan shall es - cape us; No tear - drops of sor - row shall fall; There's a

CHORUS.

room and a place that is wait - ing, Oh, yes, that is wait - ing for me.
 love and his pit - y secured me A share in the glo - ries of heav'n. } Yes, oh, yes, there is room,
 rest and a ref - uge in heav - en, And, oh, there is room for me there.
 peace and a joy that's e - ter - nal In heav'n, and there's room for us all.

Room for all in heav'n; In those beau - ti - ful mansions of glo - ry; There's room, there's room for all.

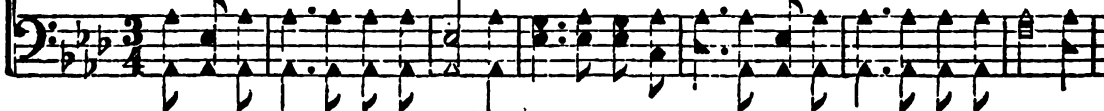
No. 26. MY NEW NAME.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

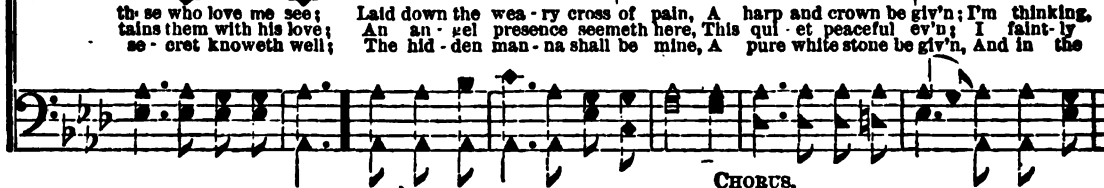
J. H. TENNEY.



1. I'm dreaming of a bet-ter land, Be-side the crys-tal sea, Where I shall clasp the wait-ing hand, And
 2. I know that pure un-sul-lied joys A - wait the blest a - bove; Thro' end- less years a Fa-ther's hand sur-
 2. I may not know while here be-low, E'en an-gels may not tell, But Je-sus, on his king-ly throne, The



th-ese who love me see; Laid down the wea-ry cross of pain, A harp and crown be giv'n; I'm think-
 tains them with his love; An an-gel presence seemeth here, This qui-et peace-ful ev'n; I faint-ly
 se-cret knoweth well; The hid-den man-na shall be mine, A pure white stone be giv'n, And in the



CHORUS.



won-d'ring what shall be My new, new name in heav'n. }
 this - per "What shall be My new, new name in heav'n?" } My new, new name, my name in heav'n. To
 stone. by love in-scribed, My sweet, new name in heav'n. }



MY NEW NAME. Concluded.

me by Je - sus giv'n; When he shall call I then shall know My sweet, new name in heav'n.

No. 27. BOOK OF GRACE, AND BOOK OF GLORY.

Arr. from Dr. MASCH.

1. Book of grace, and book of glo - ry! Gift of God to age and youth, Wondrous is thy
 2. Book of love! In ac - cents ten - der, Speak - ing un - to such as we; May it lead us,
 3. Book of hope! the spir - it, sigh - ing, Sweet - est com - fort finds in thee, As it hears the
 4. Book of life! when we, re - pos - ing, Bid fare - well to friends we love, Give us for the

sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth; Wondrous is thy sa - cred sto - ry, Bright, bright with truth.
 Lord, to ren - der All, all to thee; May it lead us, Lord, to ren - der All, all to thee.
 Sav - our cry - ing, "Come, come to me!" As it hears the, Sav - our cry - ing, "Come, come to me!"
 Life then clos - ing, Life, life a - bove; Give us for the life then clos - ing, Life, life a - bove.

No. 28. BLESSED HOME.

J. E. NIGRIE

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have trod,
 3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at rest,
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, Fer the end of my jour - ney I see.

Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their gar - ments of white,
 Of the songs that they breath on the air, In their home in their pal - ace of God,
 Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest,
 Ma - ny dear to my heart o - ver there, Are watch - ing and wait - ing for me.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed home, hap - py home, How I long, how I long to be there;
 Bless - ed home, hap - py home,

BLESSED HOME. Concluded.

Bless-ed home, hap-py home, How I long, how I long to be there.
 Bless-ed home,..... Hap-py home,

No. 29. SUBMISSION. L. M.

REV. R. F. BRIGHT.

1. Here, at thy cross, in-car-nate God, I lay my soul be-neath thy love,
 2. Should worlds con-spire, to drive me hence, More-less and firm this heart should lie!
 3. But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear: Am I not safe be-neath thy shade!

Be-neath the drop-pings of thy blood, Je-sus, nor shall it e'er re-move.
 Re-solved, for that's my last de-fence, If I must per-ish, here to die.
 Thy ven-geance will not strike me here, Nor Sa-tan dare my soul in-vade.

No. 30. TOILING IN THE VINEYARD.

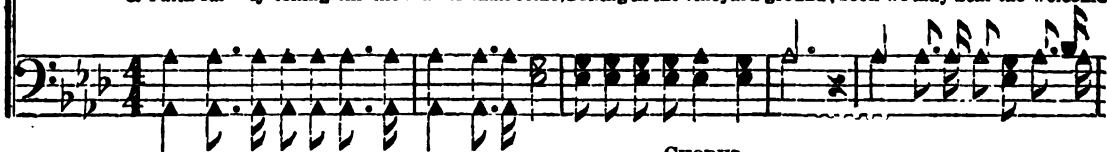
FRANK M. DAVIS.

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

A. J. SWEWALTER, by per.



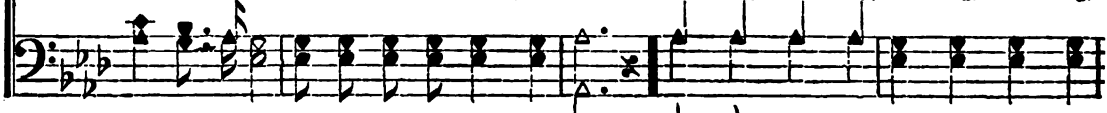
1. Up in the morning and a - way to the field, Tolling in the vineyard ground; Few are the workers, but how
2. Nev - er grow weary in the work of the Lord, Tolling in the vineyard ground; Winning of souls for Jesus
3. Faith - ful - ly tolling till the Master shall come, Tolling in the vineyard ground; Soon we may hear the welcome



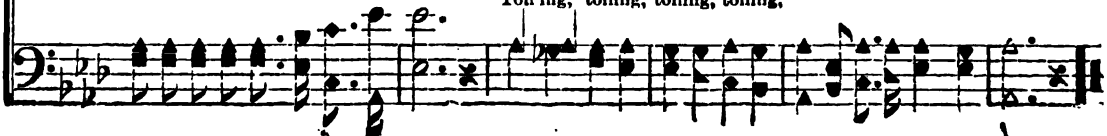
CHORUS.



great is the yield, Tolling in the vine - yard ground.	} Toll - ing, toll - ing, toll - ing, toll - ing.
brings great reward, Tolling in the vine - yard ground.	
call, Harvest home, Tolling in the vine - yard ground.	



Tolling in the vineyard of the Lord; Toll - ing, Toll - ing, Tolling for the great re - ward.
Toll - ing, tolling, tolling, tolling.



No. 31. BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE,

J. C. BUSHEY.

1. There is a home, a peace-ful home, A home of joy and love, And they that bear the cross be- low,
 2. No night shall dim that glo-ri-ous home, For Je- sus is the light, And mourning pilgrims here be- low,
 2. With palms of vic- t'ry in their hands They with the ransom'd sing; All praise to him who wash'd us white.

CHORUS.

Shall wear the crown a - bove. My home, sweet home, My beau- ti - ful home a -
 Shall there be clad in white. My home, beautiful home, sweet home of love, My beau- ti - ful, beautiful
 Our Sav- iour, God, and King. My home, beautiful home, sweet home of love, My beau- ti - ful, beautiful

-bove; My home,..... sweet home,..... My beau- ti - ful home a - bove.
 home a - bove; My home, beau- ti - ful home of joy and love,

M. E. SERVOSS.

No. 32. SINGING ON THE WAY.

JNO. B. SWEENEY.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."—ISA. 35: 10.

1. We will sweet-ly sing on the gold-en shore, Where all is joy and glad-ness; For-
 2. We are sure our Fa-ther knows all our need, Each heart-ache, pain, and sor-row; So
 3. We will sing of Je-sus, our Sav-iour-King, Whose wondrous love is o'er us; Who
 4. We will sing of heav-en,—our home a-bove, With all its joy and glo-ry; And

FINE. CHORUS.

- ev - er - more with Christ we'll reign, Released from care and sad - ness.
 in His hands we'll leave it all, And trust Him for the mor - row.
 guides our footsteps, lest they stray, And makes all plain be - fore us. } Then a - long the way, the
 to the world, where'er we go, We'll tell sal - va - tion's sto - ry.

D.S.—as we go, And en - ter Zi - on sing - ing.

Lord's high - way, With vol - ces clear and ring - ing, We'll shout ho - san - na

D.S. al fine.

No. 33. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forever." — Ps. 63: 4.

Rev. J. H. STOOKTON. By per.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - our died, Down where for cleans - ing from sin I cried;
 2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a - bides with - in;
 3. Oh, pre - cious fount - ain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - ter'd in;
 4. Come to this fount - ain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy peorsoul at the Sav - our's feet;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
 There at the cross where he took me in;
 There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 Plunge in to - day, and be made complete;

Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name,

Glo - ry to his name; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to his name.

No. 34. ALINA.

W. E. SAMPOB.

1 O'er hill the sun is set - ting, And the eve is draw - ing on,
 2 One day, near - er, sings the sail - or, As he glides the wa - ters o'er,
 3 Worn and wea - ry, oft, the pil - grim Hails the set - ting of the sun;

Slow - ly drops the gen - tle twi - light, For an - oth - er day is gone.
 While the light is soft - ly dy - ing, On his dis - tant na - tive shore.
 For the goal is one day near - er, And his jour - ney near - ly done.

Gone for aye, its race is o - ver; Soon the dark - er shades will come,
 Thus the Chris - tian on life's o - cean, As his light - boat cuts the foam,
 Thus we feel, when o'er life's des - ert, Heart and san - dal worn we roam.

ALINA. Concluded

Still tis sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day near - er home.
 In the eve - ning cries with rapt - ure: "I am one day near - er home."
 As the twi - light gath - ers o'er us, We are one day near - er home.

No. 35. HUGHART.

W. H. CAMPSON.

1. Fount - ain of life to all be - low, Let thy sal - va - tion roll,
 2. Turn back our tide, And we shall flow thee,
 3. We soon shall reach the bound - less sea, In - to thy full - ness fall,

Wa - ter, re - plen - ish, and o'er - flow, Ev - 'ry be - liev - ing soul.
 While down the stream of life we glide, To our e - ter - ni - ty,
 Be lost and swal - low'd up in thee, Our God, our all in all.

No. 36. GOLDEN LIGHT.

G. A. M.

"And the light shined in darkness."—JOHN 1: 9

GEO. A. MINOR. By per.

1. There's a bright gold-en light, That is shin-ing on our way, And it com-eth from a - bove;
 2. 'Tis the light that led me up, From the dark-ness of my sin, To the glo-rious light of day;
 3. 'Tis the light that guides me on, O'er the rug-ged paths of life, Up the wea-ry hills of time;

f
 'Tis the pre-cious light of truth That will lead to end-less day; 'Tis the light of a Sav-our's love.
 'Tis the light that fills my soul, And makes peace and joy within; From this light I shall nev-er stray.
 Thro' the trou-les and the care, Thro' the con-flict and the strife, And this light shall be ev-er mine.

D.S. And bright-en up the way That will lead to end-less day; With the light of a Sav-our's love.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Gold-en light, shine shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,
 Gold-en light, shine on, shine on, shine on, Shine on us from a - bove,

No. 37. ALL MY LIFE LONG.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

UNAR. EDW. POLLOCK, By sea

1. All my life long have my steps been at-tend-ed, Sure-ly by One who re-gard-ed my ways;
 2. All in the dark would I be, and un-cer-tain Whith-er to go, but for One at my side;
 3. He will not wea-ry, O bless-ed as-sur-ance! In-a-nite love will the fi-nite out-last;

Ten-der-ly watched o-ver, sweet-ly be-friend-ed, Bless-ings have fol-lowed me all my life long.
 Who from the fut-ure re-moves the dim cur-tain, Lin-ing the glo-ry to mor-tals de-nied.
 But, for my heav-en-ly Fa-ther's as-sur-ance, In-to the depths of de-spair I were cast.

FIN.

D.S.—An-gels have guard-ed the gate-way of sad-ness Sum-mer and win-ter, yea, all my life long.
 D.S.—With an-gels' food he has prom-ised to feed me, Who hath be-friend-ed me all my life long.
 D.S.—Earth is to-day, but there's heav-en to mor-row, And Je-sus will guide me all my life long.

Tears have been quench'd in the sun-shine of glad-ness, An-thems of sor-row been turn'd in-to song;
 No oth-er friend could so pa-tient-ly lead me, No oth-er friend prove so faith-ful and strong;
 This is my star in a-mid-night of sor-row, This is my ref-uge, my strength, and my song;

D.S.

No. 38. I HAVE CALLED THEE

Rev. E. W. CHAPMAN.

"I, the Lord, have called thee." — Isa. —

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I have called thee to the fount - ain, Where the orin - son waves o'er-flow; Plung'd be-neath its cleansing
 2. I have called thee to the vine - yard, Where the rip - end har-vest waves; Pa-tient toll in ear-ly
 3. I have called thee to the ban-quet, Love di-vine hath free-ly giv'n; Wrought for thee a wed-ding

REFRAIN.

wa - ters, Pure thy soul as spark-ling snow. } I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Called thee
 morn - ing, Thou at eve shalt bind the sheaves. }
 gar - ment, For the mar - riage feast in heav'n.

from thy sin and woe: I have called thee, yes, I've called thee, Come, I'll wash thee white as snow.

No. 39. HOMEWARD WE'RE WANDERING:

A. E. LATTA.

"We have no continuing city." — HEB. 13: 14.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Homeward we're wan-der-ing from day to day; Till Je-sus beck-ons us From earth a-way;
 2. Homeward we're wan-der-ing At God's command; And he to us will give The Promised Land!
 3. Homeward we're wan-der-ing 'Mid toil and care! But Je-sus help-eth us Each ill to bear!

We are but pil-grims here, Briefly to roam; Soon shall our jour-ney end In heav'n our home!
 More fair than Ca-naan's clime, Or sought be-low, That bright, e-ter-nal shore To which we go!
 By faith his voice we hear in mer-cy call, Bid-ding us trust in him Whate'er be-fall!

CHORUS.

rit.

Homeward we're wan-der-ing, Wea-ry, op-press! Homeward we're wan-der-ing—Soon we shall rest.

No. 40. THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Newly Arranged by
J. E. TENNER, 1884.



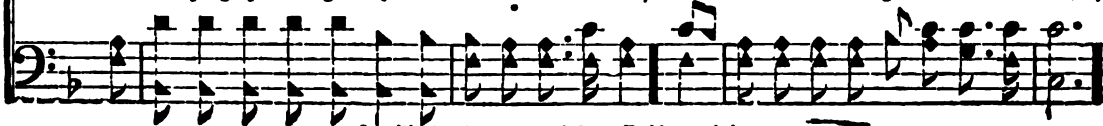
1. I've found a Friend in Je-sus, he's ev-erything to me, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul;
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-tation he's my strong and mighty tow'r,
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I live by faith and do his bless-ed will;



The Lil-y of the Val-ley, in him a-lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
I've all for him for-sak-en, I've all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
A wall of fire a-bout me, I've nothing now to fear; With his man-na, he my hun-gry soul shall fill.



CHO.—In sor-row he's my com-fort, in trou-ble he's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll;
Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempt me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal;
Then sweep-ing up to glo-ry we see his bless-ed face, Where riv-ers of de-light shall ev-er roll. }



THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Concluded.

D. S.

He's the Lil-y of the Valley, the bright and morning star, He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul.

No. 41. BOYLSTON.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I must forever die.

No. 42. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength, indeed, is small,
Child of weakness, watch and pray:
Find in me thine all in all.
- CHO.—Jesus paid it all!
All to him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.
- 2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim,
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's lamb.
- 3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
- 4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,—
All down at Jesus' feet.

No. 43. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

- 1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.
- CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.
- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on in peace your way to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 44. IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Rev. RAY PALMER.

A. J. SKOWALTER, by per.

1. In the shad - ow of the rock let me rest, let me rest, When I
 2. I in peace will rest me there till I see, till I see, That the
 3. Then my pil - grim start I'll take and once more, and once more, I'll my

feel the tem - pest shock thrill my breast, thrill my breast, All in vain the storm shall sweep while I
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the burn - ing heats are past, and the
 on - ward jour - ney make as be - fore, as be - fore, And with joy - ous heart and strong I will

CHORUS.

hide, while I hide, And my tran - quil sta - tion keep by thy side,
 day, and the day, Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way, Then let me rest, oh;
 raise, I will raise, Un - to thee, O Rock, a song, glad with praise.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK. Concluded.

Then let me rest, In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, let me rest;

Then let me rest, oh, then let me rest, In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest.

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

No. 45. COME TO JESUS.

English.

1. Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.

The musical score is for a single system with a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

2. He will save you.
3. Oh, believe him.
4. He is able.
5. He is willing.
6. He'll receive you.

7. Call upon him.
8. He will hear you.
9. Look unto him.
10. He'll forgive you.
11. Flee to Jesus.

12. Only trust him.
13. Jesus loves you.
14. Don't reject him.
15. I believe him.
16. Hallelujah, Amen.

No. 46. NO MORE GOOD-BYES:

G. B. LATTA.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where life's crys - tal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no
 2. There the good a - gain shall meet, Who have clasp'd the part - ing hand; Fa - there
 3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more, Where no

chill - ing frost can fall On flow'rs that sweet - ly bloom; Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro'
 moth - ers, chil - dren dear, A - round the throne shall stand; There no tem - pests e'er shall blow, There no
 sick - ness e'er can come, Where death has lost his pow'r; Where they feel no weight of care, And no

all the cloud - less skies, There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes,
 dis - mal cloud a - rise, And in that e - ter - nal home, Shall be no more good - byes,
 tears be - dim the eyes, All the good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good - byes.

From "General Praises," by permission of Fillmore Bros.

NO MORE GOOD-BYES. Concluded.

CROSSA.

No more good - byes,..... no more good - byes..... O bless - ed
No more good-byes, no more good-byes,

thought!..... No more good-byes; 'Midst the glo - ry of the Lord, In that
O, bless-ed thought!

home be - yond the skies, Where the end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.

No. 47. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Rev. E. W. TODD.

"I, that speak in Righteousness, mighty to save."—ISA. 63: 1.

HARRY SANDERS, by ps.

1. O! who is this that com - eth From E - dou's crim - son plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed?
 2. O why is thine ap - par - el With reek - ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the winepress red?
 3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, How could'st thou bear this shame? With mer - cy fraught, mine own arm bro't.

O tell me now thy name! I that saw thy soul's dis - tress, A ran - som gave;
 O why this blood - y tide? I the winepress trod a - lone, Neath dark - ning skies;
 Sal - va - tion in my name; I the blood - y fight have won, Conquered the grave;

CHORUS.

mf
 I that speak in right - eous - ness, Might - y to save. Might - y to save, Might - y to save,
 Of the peo - ple there was none, Might - y to save. Might - y to save,
 Now the year of joy has come, Might - y to save. Might - y to save.

MIGHTY TO SAVE. Concluded.

Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Might-y to save, Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It features dynamic markings of *f*, *cres.*, and *ff*. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 48. JESUS IS MINE.

Arr. from a Scotch Air.

1. { Fare-well, ye dreams of night,
Lost in the dawn-ing light, } Je - sus is mine; All that my soul has tried

2. { Fare-well, mor-tal - i - ty,
Wel-come, e - ter - ni - ty, } Je - sus is mine; Welcome, I loved and blest!

Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fed; Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Sav - our's breast; Je - sus is mine!

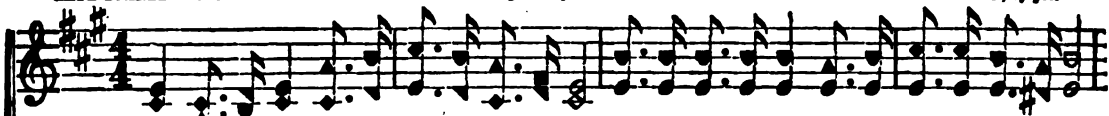
The musical score for 'Jesus is Mine' is presented in three systems. Each system includes a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

No. 49. WORK AND PRAY.

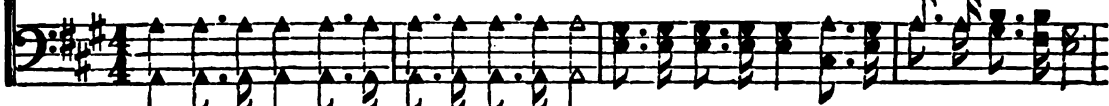
EAST SUMMER SONG.

"Go work in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

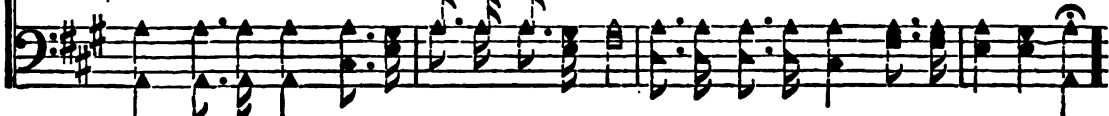
SEAR EDW. FOLLOCK, by you.



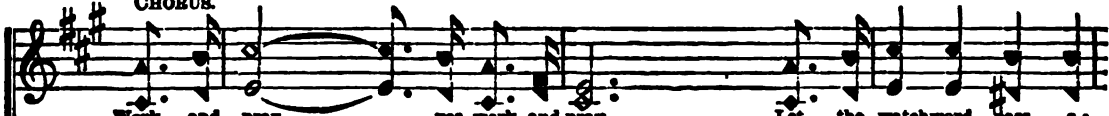
1. Up, friends of Je - sus, the harvest now is white, Work will soon be o - ver, fast falls the shade of night;
 2. Up, friends of Je - sus, for time will soon be o'er, Harvest days are pass - ing to come a - gain no more;
 3. Shout, friends of Je - sus, for when our work is done, Joy - ful we will gath - er to greet the har - vest home;



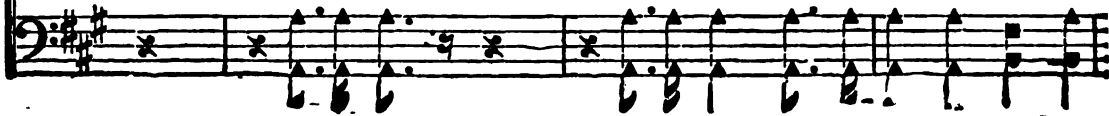
Strong in his strength let us find the gold - en sheaves; Could we meet the Mas - ter with naught but leaves?
 Wake from re - pose, hear the Mas - ter call - ing still, Rise to earn - est of - fort with right good will.
 Then let us has - ten the gold - en sheaves to bind, Rest and life e - ter - nal we all shall find.



CHORUS.



Work and pray,..... yes, work and pray, Let the watchword pass a -
 Work and pray, Work and pray, Work and pray,



WORK AND PRAY. Concluded.

- long, Work and pray, Work and pray, while 'tis day, while 'tis day, Come and join our hap - py throng.

KATE CONRAD.

No. 50. HOW I LOVE THEE. ♩

J. K. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Precious Sav - our, how I love thee, For I know that thou art mine; All I have I free - ly give thee
 2. Vain the boasting world al - lures me, Rich - es (ade and gold is dross; Life with all its charms is fleet - ing,
 3. Precious Sav - our, come and teach me How to love thee more and more; Thro' this sin - ful world, oh, lead me,

D.S.—Ev - er near - er! ev - er near - er!

FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

Make me ev - er, ev - er thine. }
 I will lin - ger near the cross. }
 Till I reach you gold - en shore. }

How I love thee! How I love thee, Be thou ev - er near to me,

No. 51. THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

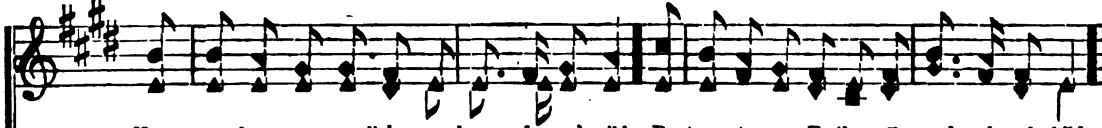
W. F. COSNER.

"I will arise, and go to my father." LUKE 15: 18.

A. H. SHOWALTER.



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



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



CHORUS.



Come home, Come home, come home, O prod-i-gal child, come home; come home;



THE PRODIGAL CHILD. Concluded.

Come home, come home, come home, come home, O prod - i - gal child, come home, come home.

W. T. D.

No. 52. BY AND BY.

Rev. W. T. DALL.

1. O-ver Jor-dan we shall meet, By and by, by and by; In that hap-py land so sweet, By and by, by and by;
 2. All our sorrows shall be past, By and by, by and by; We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by;
 3. We shall join the heav'nly choir, By and by, by and by; We shall strike the golden lyre, By and by, by and by;
 4. There we'll join the ransom'd throng, By and by, by and by; Chanting love's redeeming song, By and by, by and by;

We shall gath-er on the shore, With our kindred gone before, And the Saviour's name adore, By and by, by and by.
 With the ransom'd we shall stand, There a ho-ly, hap-py band, Crown'd with glory in that land, By and by, by and by.
 In our home so bright and fair, Where the happy angels are We shall praise fore-ev-er there, By and by, by and by.
 There we'll meet before the throne, Then we'll lay our trophies down, And receive a shining crown, By and by, by and by.

EBEN E. REXFORD. No. 53. SOME DAY. — Duet and Chorus. FRANK M. DAVIS.

"And they sing the song of Moses, and the song of the Lamb." — REV. 15: 3.

Duet. *Slowly and with expression.*

1 I hear a song, a song so sweet, I try all vain - ly to re -
 2 Some day my jour - ney will be done, Earth will be lost and heav - en
 3 Some day, I say, con - tent to wait The open - ing of the Jas - per

cres.

- peat, Its mel - o - dy and feel - ing say I'll sing it if God will some day.
 won, And when the long rough way is trod I shall be - hold the face of God.
 gate, Come soon or late that day will be The dawn of end - less rest to me.

CHORUS.

Some day, some hap - - - py day to be, My voice will learn its mel - o -
 Some hap - py day, a day to be, My voice will learn its
 From "CANONS OF JER," by per

SOME DAY. Concluded.

cres. *ritard.*

And I shall sing the song so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je-sus' feet.

mal - o - dy,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the concluding part of the hymn 'SOME DAY'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is marked with 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'ritard.' (ritardando). The lyrics are 'And I shall sing the song so sweet, Of rest and heav'n at Je-sus' feet.' Below the bass staff, the words 'mal - o - dy,' are written.

No. 54. COME TO-DAY.

S. J. DALTON.

1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev - ry soul be Je - sus' guest;
 2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all;
 3. Come all ye sons by sin oppressed, Ye rest - less wand'ers aft - er rest,

Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all mankind.
 Come, all the world! come, sin - ner, thou; All things in Christ are rea - dy now.
 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart - y wel - come find.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'No. 54. COME TO-DAY.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a 2/2 time signature. The lyrics are presented in three verses. The first verse is: '1. Come, sin - ners, to the gos - pel feast; Let ev - ry soul be Je - sus' guest; 2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all; 3. Come all ye sons by sin oppressed, Ye rest - less wand'ers aft - er rest,'. The second verse is: 'Ye need not one be left be - hind, For God hath bid - den all mankind. Come, all the world! come, sin - ner, thou; All things in Christ are rea - dy now. Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, In Christ a heart - y wel - come find.'

No. 55. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

REV. R. W. CRAWFORD.

"Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."—JOEL 3: 13.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Go out and gath - er the gold - en grain, The world is your har - vest field, Your
 2. Go lift the soul from the haunts of sin, The treas - ures of grace dis - play, Your
 3. Go find some pearl on the o - cean strand, The shell may be rough and brown, But

CHORUS.

toll for Je - sus will not be vain For he will the in - crease yield. Gath - er, gath - er,
 mis - sion here is to work and win, Go show to the lost the way.
 polished by the dear Master's hand, 'Twill shine in his jew - el'd crown. Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gather,

Gath - er in the gold - en grain; Gath - - er, gath - - er, Gath - er in the gold - en grain.
 Gath - er, gath - er, gath - er, gath - er,

No. 56. THE VOICE OF JESUS.

REV. FRANCIS FOLLOCK.

G. E. FOLLOCK, by per.

1. Oppressed with sin, be - yond de - gree, The voice of Je - sus came to me - "Come, heav - y - la - den
 2. My soul was lured, I could not stay, But rose and went with - out de - lay; Up - on me there, with
 3. A thrill of bliss my bo - som swelled, My heart was cleansed, its tumults quelled; He said, "Take com - fort,

CHORUS.

one, and rest, Come, lean thy head up - on my breast, }
 look se - rene, He spoke the words, "I will, be clean." } The voice of Je - sus! oh, how sweet! No
 need - y soul, Be strong, thy faith hath made thee whole." }

voice so kind, no words so meet; They woo my heart, my passions still; The Lord doth lead me where he will.

No. 57. A PILGRIM SONG.

A. S. E.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. I'm a lone-ly pilgrim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear, As I jour-ney a-long by the way;
 2. Here the des-ert wilds expand Round a-bout on ei-ther hand, But I'm near-ling the Jor-dan, you see!
 3. When the wil-der-ness is past, And I reach that home at last, Oh, how hap-py my poor soul will be!

55 FINE.

But I hope at last to stand On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sor-row from doubt and dismay.
 And be-yond that nar-row stream, Endless bow-ers of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
 With the glo-ri-fied to stand On that glit-ter-ing glo-ry-land, And the Sav-our, my Sav-our, to see.

D.S. Thro' the still-ly hours of night, From the plains of end-less light, Spir-it voice-es oft whis-per to me.
 CHORUS.

D.S.

Oh, I know there's rest be-yond, That some oth-er souls have found, For in vis-ions their fac-es I see;

By permission.

No. 58. IT IS THE MASTER'S LOVING HAND.

Mrs. A. C. ELLSWORTH.

LUKE 13: 6-9.

J. E. TENNEY.

1 It is the Mas - ter's lov - ing hand That plants the ten - der tree; Oh, shall he
 2 When bud and leaf have wak - ened hopes, And bright the fol - age green, Oh, shall he
 3 The wait - ing years perchance have fled, But love no care a - bates; That hand with
 4 An - oth - er year, the last for thee, Is draw - ing to its close; Oh, shall thy

CHORUS.

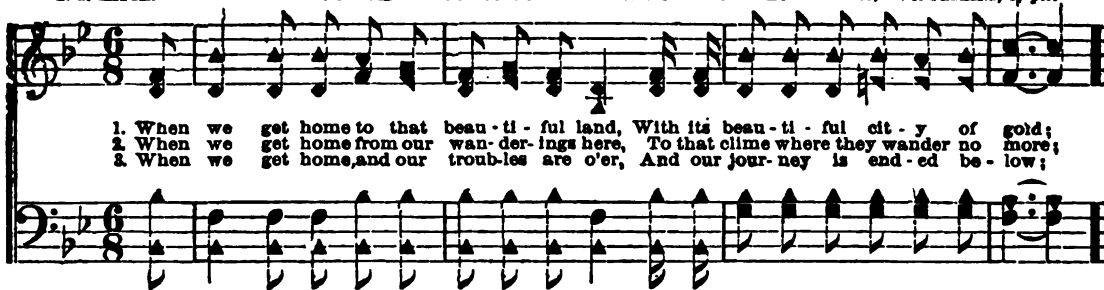
look in vain for growth, No bud, no leaf to see? }
 look in vain for fruit, No clus - ters ripe be seen? } "Cut down that tree," stern justice cries, "I will no
 pa - tience prunes and digs, But still the fruit-age waits. }
 soul, un - fruit - ful still, Be doomed to end - less woes? }

more do - lay." *mp* "One year, one year," sweet mer - cy pleads, "Oh, stay thine hand, oh, stay."

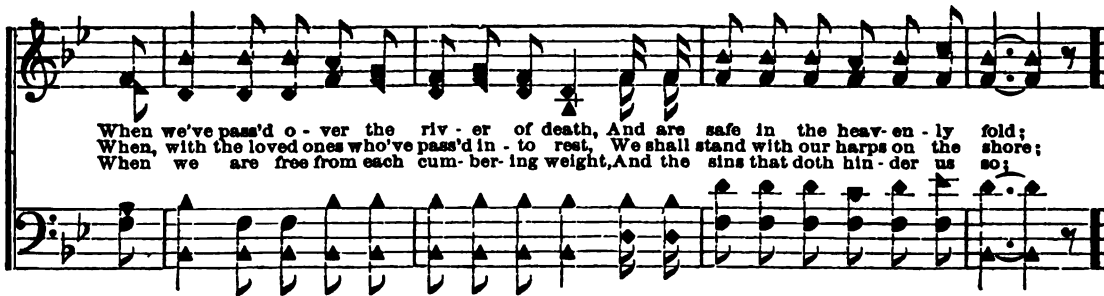
E. S. LAFFA.

No. 59. WHEN WE GET HOME.

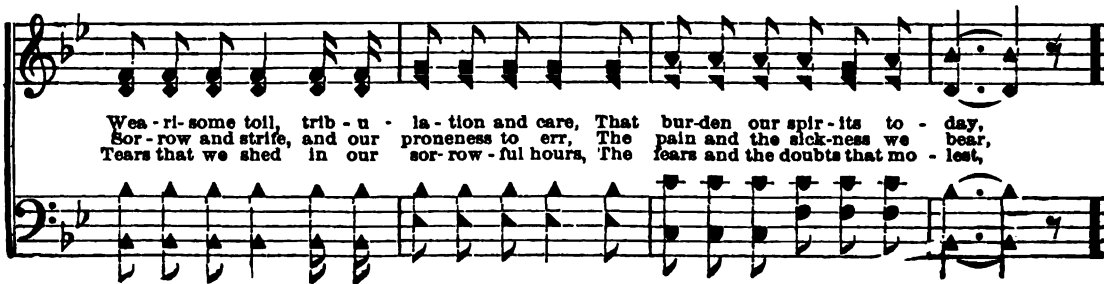
By W. G. PERKINS, ly. ps.



1. When we get home to that beau-ti-ful land, With its beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold;
2. When we get home from our wan-der-ings here, To that clime where they wander no more;
3. When we get home, and our trou-bles are o'er, And our jour-ney is end-ed be-low;



When we've pass'd o-ver the riv-er of death, And are safe in the heav-en-ly fold;
When, with the loved ones who've pass'd in - to rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore;
When we are free from each cum-ber-ing weight, And the sins that doth hin-der us so;



Wea-ri-some toil, trib-u-la-tion and care, That bur-den our spir-its to-day,
Sor-row and strife, and our proneness to err, The pain and the sick-ness we bear,
Tears that we shed in our sor-row-ful hours, The fears and the doubts that mo-lest,

WHEN WE GET HOME. Concluded.

Like as a dream or a shad-ow shall pass, Shall pass, un - re - turn - ing, a way.
 Like as a dream or a shad-ow shall pass, And ne'er shall they trou-ble us there.
 Like as a dream or a shad-ow shall pass, And reach not the home of the blest.

CHORUS.

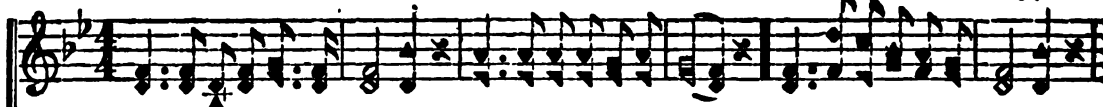
When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... 'twill be!
 When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

When we..... get home,..... How sweet..... 'twill be!
 When we get home, get home, How sweet, how sweet 'twill be!

No. 60. I AM COMING, FATHER.

LUKE 15: 20.

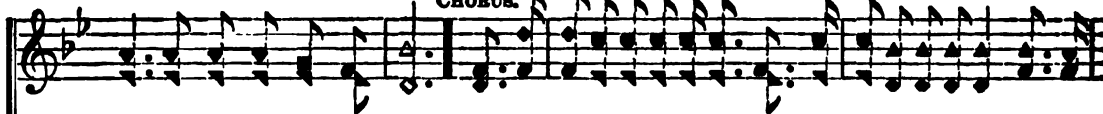
J. S. G. 1878.



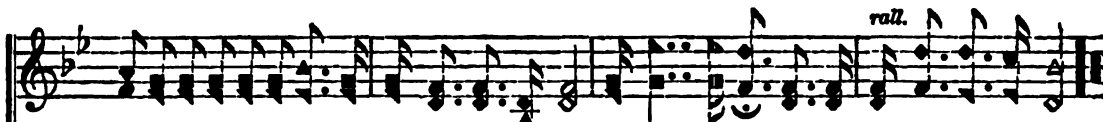
1. I am coming to my Father, And low-bending at his knee, Wounded, sore, and sadly pleading,
 2. I behold him in the dis-tance, Tears are gushing from his eyes, And his hands reach out in pleading,
 3. It is late, and now the evening, Com-eth down upon us fast; Soon I'll rest upon his bo-som,



CHORUS.



Just a serv-ant I would be. } I am coming, Father, coming, Wea-ry, worn, and full of pain, To the
 As the gold-en day-light dies. }
 And be safe at home at last.



waiting, lov-ing Father, I am com-ing home a - gain, Com-ing, coming, I am com-ing home a - gain.



No. 61. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18-24.

CHARLES G. CONVERSE, by per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where? We should nev - er be dis -
 3. Are we weak and heav - y ia - don, Cum - bered with a load of care? Fre - cious Saviour, still our

car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - felt,
 - cour - aged - Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Can we find a friend so faith - ful,
 ref - uge - Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee?

Oh, what needless pain we bear, All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.
 Who will all our sor - rows share? Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness: Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

No. 62. LINGER NO LONGER AWAY.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je-sus is wait-ing so near, Come while He's calling to - day. Come without doubt-ing or fear,
 2. Hear the sweet mes-sage of love, Glad-ly the sum-mons o - bey. Seek for the King-dom above.
 3. He will your sins and griefs bear; He is the Life, Truth and way: Cast on Him then all your care,

CHORUS.

Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way. Come,..... come,..... Je-sus is call-ing to -
 Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way. Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way. Come while He's calling, come while He's calling, Yes,
 Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way. Come while He's calling, come while He's calling,

day;..... Come,..... come,..... Lin-ger no lon-ger a - way.
 call-ing to-day; Come while He's calling, come while He's calling,

BEYOND THE GOLDEN SUNSET SKY.

1. Be - yond the golden sunset sky, Be - yond the roll - ing wave, Be - yond each earthy tear and sigh,
 2. Beyond these pangs that partings bring, Be - yond this earth - ly vale, We'll meet where joys eternal spring,
 3. Our ref - uge is the Lord our God; His life for us he gave, He gave that life that we might live,
 4. Then as we journey let us sing - Sing of his pow'r to save; Sing how he burst the bars of death,

CHORUS.

We'll meet beyond the grave, We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall meet to part no
 And love shall never fall.
 And he a - lone can save.
 And triumphed o'er the grave. } Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,

more; We shall meet, we shall meet, We'll meet to part no more.
 part no more; yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,

No. 64. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

REV. E. A. SUFFMAN.

LUKE, 18: 5

J. E. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing Mer - cy and par - don to - day?
 2. Broth - er, the Mas - ter is wait - ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;
 3. Yes, he is com - ing to bless you, While in con - tri - tion you bow;

wel - come the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is pass - ing this way!"
 Why not this mo - ment ac - cept him, Trust in his mer - cy and live?
 Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Rea - dy to save you just now;

Com - ing in love and in mer - cy, Par - don and peace to be - stow,
 He is so ten - der and pre - cious! He is so near you to - day!
 Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fering to - day?
 Com - ing to save the poor
 Op - en your heart to re -
 Op - en your heart to ad -

JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

sin - ner From his heart-anguish and woe. } Je - sus is pass-ing this way..... to -
- ceive him, While he is pass-ing this way. } Je - sus is passing this
- mit him, While he is pass-ing this way. }

- day,..... to - day!..... While he is near, O be - lieve him, Op - en your hearts to re -
way to - day, is passing to-day!

- ceive him, For Je - sus is pass-ing this way,..... Is pass-ing this way to - day.
to - day,

No. 65. I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin; And I
 2 I will trust, tho' I walk in dark - ness, And pray till the light I see; For the
 3 I have long'd for the bliss of par - don, And sigh'd to be cleans'd from sin; And I

know if I come be - liev - ing, My Sav - iour will let me in; For the door of his love is
 blood that will cleanse the vil - est, Will sure - ly a - vail for me; I have on - ly the plea to
 knock at the door be - liev - ing, That Je - sus will let me in; Oh, the faith in my soul grows

o - pen, He wait - eth for those who seek, But I trem - ble with fear and doubt - ing, Oh,
 of - fer, That Je - sus for me has died, And with on - ly my heart to give him, I
 stron - ger, I trem - ble with fear no more, 'Tis my Sav - iour that bids me wel - come, I'll

I'LL ENTER THE OPEN DOOR. Concluded.

CHORUS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words in parentheses indicating alternative phrasings. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

why is my faith so weak? I'll en-ter the o-pen door, I'll en-ter the o-pen
 haste to his bless-ed aide. } I'll en-ter the o-pen door, wide open door, I'll en-ter the o-pen
 en-ter the o-pen door. } I'll en-ter the o-pen door, wide open door, I'll en-ter the o-pen

door; 'Tis Je-sus in-vites, I'll en-ter in, I'll en-ter the o-pen door.
 door, wide open door;

No. 66. AMAZING GRACE!

1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!
 That saved a wretch like me!
 I once was lost, but now am found,
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and portion be,
 As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease,
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
 The sun forbear to shine;
 But God, who called me here below,
 Will be forever mine.

No. 67. GOD'S CARE.

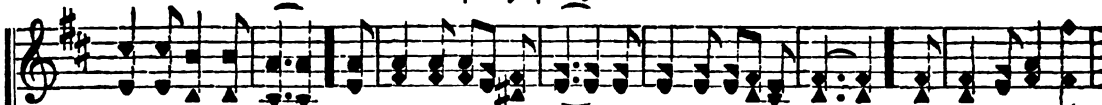
"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." — MATT. 6: 25-34. 1 PET. 5: 7.

J. C. PROCTOR.

D. F. HODGES, 'y den



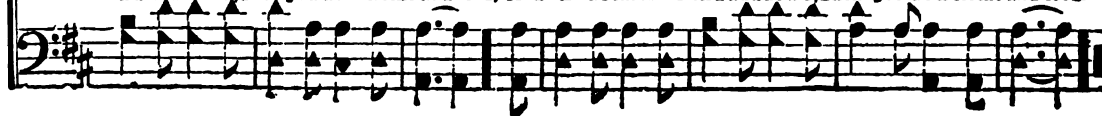
1. The birds on restless wing May flit from branch to spray; They sow not, neither do they reap, nor
 2. The ill-les of the field, Con-sid-er how they grow; They toil not, neither do they spin, But
 3. Ye children of his love! Think not, "what shall we eat," Nor "what to drink," nor "what to wear," You



store their food a-way: And yet they nev-er lack, These songsters of the air, Your heav'nly Father
 with rich beauty glow: And yet, e'en Sol-o-mon, In all his glo-ry crown'd, Was not arrayed like
 life is more than meat;" Your heav'nly Fa-ther knows Of these ye all have need; And if he cares for



feedeth them, With lov-ing watch and care, Your heav'nly Father feedeth them With lov-ing watch and care.
 one of these, In such pro-fus-ion found, Was not arrayed like one of these, In such pro-fus-ion found.
 bird and flow'r, Then you he'll clothe and feed, And if he cares for bird and flow'r, Then you he'll clothe and feed.



No. 68. THE SAINTS' SWEET HOME,

G. R. STREET.

1. There is a land of pur-est love,
 2. I'm glad that I am born to die,
 3. Fare-well, vain world, I'm go-ing home. } I have a home in glo-ry; { Where we shall dwell with
 From grief and woe my
 My Sav-iour smiles and

CHORUS.

Christ a - bove, } I have a home in glo-ry. For the chariots now are waiting for to
 soul shall fly,
 bids me come,

1st time. *2d time.*

car-ry me home, For to car-ry me home, For to car-ry me home; To the saints' sweet home in glory.

No. 69. HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

J. B. MASTER.

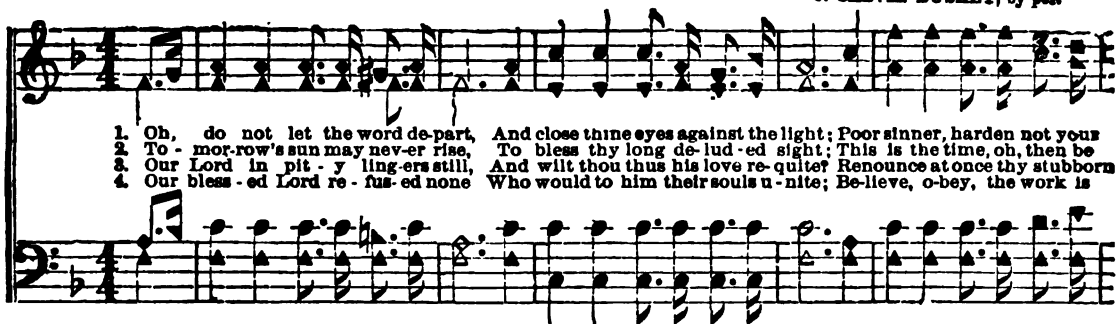
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, Who will go and work to - day? Fields are white, the harvest
 2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex - plore, You can find the heathen
 3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you, Let none hear you i - dly

wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way? Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re -
 near - er, You can help them at your door. If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you
 say - ing, There is noth - ing I can do! Glad - ly take the task he gives you, Let his

- ward he of - fers free; Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me!"
 can - not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all.
 work your pleasure be; An - swer quick - ly, when he call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

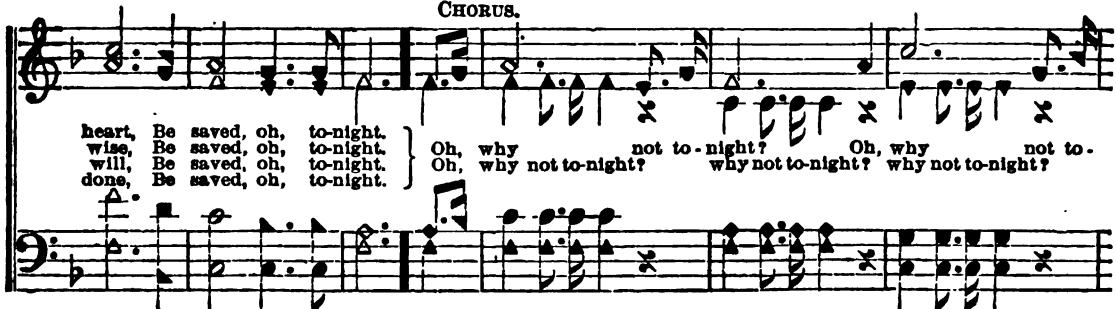
No. 70. OH, WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

J. CALVIN BUSHEE, by ps

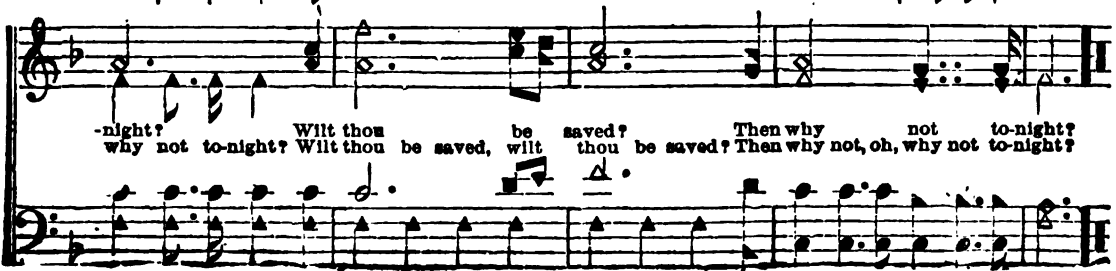


1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sinner, harden not your
 2. To - mor-row's sun may never rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight; This is the time, oh, then be
 3. Our Lord in pit - y ling-ers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quit? Renounce at once thy stubborn
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus-ed none Who would to him their souls u-nite; Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is

CHORUS.



heart, Be saved, oh, to-night. } Oh, why not to - night? Oh, why not to -
 wise, Be saved, oh, to-night. } Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
 will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 done, Be saved, oh, to-night.



-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 why not to-night? Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

No. 71. HARK! THE TRUMP OF GOD!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hark! the trump of God is sound-ing! Cor - o - na - tion day is come!
 2. Sum - moned to home of glo - ry, And a robe of pur - est white,
 3. To the front, my faith - ful com - rades! Christ is wait - ing for you there;

Christ ap - pears to take the faith - ful To their ev - er - last - ing home.
 Take your place a - mong the ran - somed, In the land of peer - less light.
 To the front for our - o - na - tion, Your in - her - it - ance to share.

CHORUS.

Sol - diers! must er to the roll - call! In - to line at God's com - mand! in - to line! And -

HARK! THE TRUMP OF GOD IS SOUNDING! Concluded.

an - swer to your names, and for - ward To your place at God's right hand.

No. 72. PARTING HYMN.

ALBERTON.

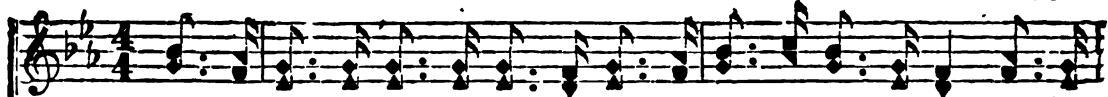
A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Say - our, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be - gan, with thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn thou for us its darkness in - to light;
4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row and our stay in strife:

We stand to bless thee, ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
 From harm and dan - ger keep thy chil - dren free; For dark and light are both a - like to thee.
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thine e - ter - nal peace.

No. 73. WE SHALL KNOW.

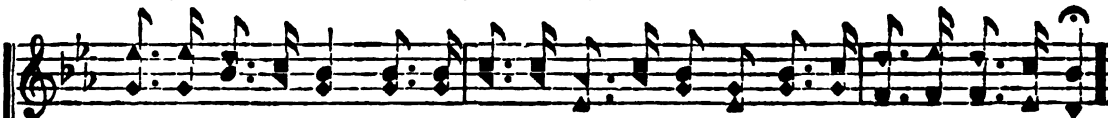
J. H. ANDERSON, by sea



1. When the mists have roll'd in splen - dor From the beau - ty of the hills, And the
 2. If we err in hu - man blind - ness, And for - get that 'we are dust, If we
 3. When the mists have ris'n a - bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own, Face to



sunshine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills, We may read love's shining let - ter In the
 miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall cov - er All the
 face with those that love us We shall know as we are known; Low, be - yond the o - rient meadows, Floats the



rain - bow of the spray, We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have clear'd a - way.
 plain that hides a - way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way.
 gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we bide the shad - ows, Till the mists have clear'd a - way.



WE SHALL KNOW.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

We shall know..... as we are known,..... Nev-er - more..... to walk - lone, In the
 We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk alone,

dawn ing of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have clear'da-way; In the
 In the dawning When the mists have clear'daway;

dawn ing of the morn-ing, When the mists..... have clear'da-way,
 in the dawning When the mists have clear'daway.

Rit.

No. 74. I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

W. A. O.

ISA. 30: 15. ESTHER 4: 14.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, with a trem-b-ling heart, I am com-ing with my soul dis-
 2. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, with a load of sin, I am com-ing, wea-ry, faint, and
 3. I am com-ing, Lord, to thee, but my faith is weak; I am com-ing, wilt thou hear my

trest; To thy promise now I fly, Leave, Oh, leave me not to die, I am coming, Lord, to thee for rest
 sore; Tho' I've slighted of thy grace, And have turn'd from thee my face, I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.
 cry? I have heard thy gracious call, At thy loving feet I fall, I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.

Com-ing, Lord, to thee! Com-ing, Lord, to thee! Com-ing with my soul dis-trest: I am

I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE. Concluded.

com- ing,..... I am com- ing,.....

Com- ing, Lord, to thee, Com- ing, Lord, to thee, I am com- ing, Lord, to thee for rest.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the hymn 'I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE. Concluded.' It features two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, and C5, then a quarter rest, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line 'com- ing,..... I am com- ing,.....' positioned above the treble staff and the second line 'Com- ing, Lord, to thee, Com- ing, Lord, to thee, I am com- ing, Lord, to thee for rest.' positioned between the two staves.

No. 75. JESUS OUR FRIEND.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—PROV. 28: 24.

J. S. MOORE.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of thee, Je - sus our friend! Prais - ing thy love so free, Je - sus our friend!
 2. When thou wast here be - low, Je - sus our friend, Thou last - ed all our woe, Je - sus our friend;
 3. By thy re - deeming grace, Je - sus our friend, We hope to see thy face, Je - sus our friend;

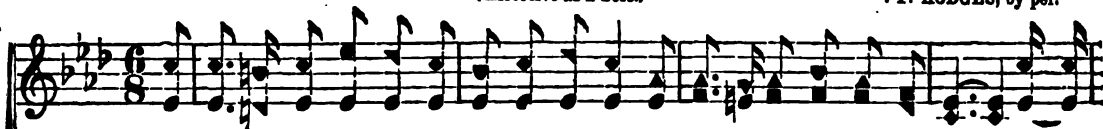
Oh, for a heart to praise, Thro' all my earth - ly days, Thy wondrous works and ways, Je - sus our friend!
 Grant to each heart to feel That thou hast pow'r to heal, And, oh, thy - self re - veal, Je - sus our friend.
 Then will we sing thy praise Throughout e - ter - nal days, And bless thy works and ways, Je - sus our friend.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for 'No. 75. JESUS OUR FRIEND.' It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with an accompaniment. The second system is a single bass clef staff with an accompaniment. The third system has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with an accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first system containing three numbered verses and the second system containing a prayerful verse. The music is written in a simple, accessible style suitable for a hymn book.

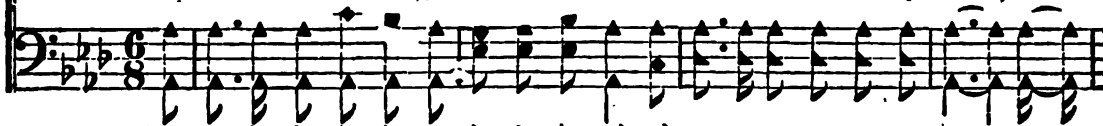
No. 76. THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

(Effective as a Solo.)

F. HODGES, by per.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, How he
 2. Yet still to his foot-stool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And
 3. But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall, Ne'er heard of that heav-en-ly home; I should



called lit-tle chil-dren, as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 if I now ear-nest-ly seek him be-low, I shall see him and hear him a-bove.
 like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je-sus has bid them to come.



I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me; And that
 in that beau-ti-ful place he has gone to pre-pare For all that are wash'd and for-giv'n; And
 I long for the joy of that glo-ri-ous time, The sweetest, and brightest, and best; When the



THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD. Concluded.

I might have seen his kind looks when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me." ma - ny dear chil-dren' are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n." dear lit - tle chil-dren of ev - e - ry clime, Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

No. 77. REVIVE US.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HEB. 3: 2

English.

1. All glo - ry and praise be to Je - sus our Lord, So plenteous in grace and so true to his word.
 2. To us he hath giv - en the gift from a - bove, The ear - nest of heav - en, the spir - it of love.
 3. Ye all may re - ceive who on Je - sus do call, The gift of his Spir - it is promised to all.

REFRAIN.

{ Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. }
 { Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, (Omit.) Re - vive us a - gain.

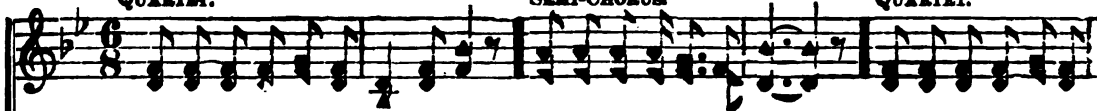
... No. 78. GATHER THE LITTLE ONES IN.

A. J. SEOWALTER.

QUARTET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

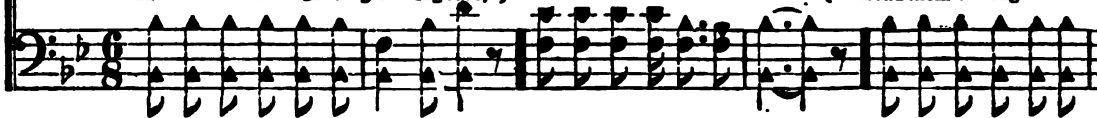
QUARTET.



1. Go to the hedg-es and broad high-ways, }
2. Gath-er them in from the drear-y home, }
3. Gath-er them in with a glow-ing love, }

Gath-er the lit-tle ones in; {

Hast-en, O Saviour's com-
Je-sus has bid-den them
Lead them a-long to the



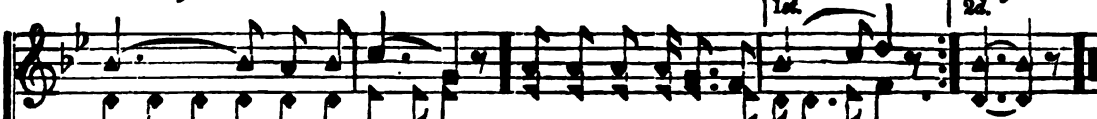
SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.



mand o-bey, }
all to come, } Gath-er the lit-tle ones in.
home a-bove, }

{ Gath-er them in,
Gath-er them in, let the room be full,



Gath-er them in, Gath-er the lit-tle ones in; in.
Gath-er them in to - the Sun-day school, Gath-er the lit-tle ones, lit-tle ones in;



No. 79. EVER WILL I PRAY.

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

2 4

MATT. 9: 9.

REV. L. RALPHSON, OP. 28.

1. I want to be a work-er for the Lord; I want to love and trust his ho - ly word;
2. I want to be a work-er ev - 'ry day; I want to lead the err - ing in the way
3. I want to be a work-er strong and brave; I want to trust in Je - sus pow'r to save;
4. I want to be a work-er; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and err - ing to Thy word

I want to sing and pray, and be toll - ing ev - 'ry day In the vine - yard of the Lord.
That leads to heav'n a - bove, where all is peace and love, in the king - dom of the Lord.
All who will tru - ly come, shall find a hap - py home in the king - dom of the Lord.
That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev - er die In the king - dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.

I will work, and pray, I will pray, and pray In the vine - yard, in the vine - yard of the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray

I WANT TO BE A WORKER. Concluded.

Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will pray, I will la - bor ev - 'ry day In the vine - yard of the Lord.

No. 81. CORONATION. C. M.

CLIVER HOLDER.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
 2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And
 3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall; Hall him, who saves you by his grace, And

crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 crown him Lord of all, Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.
 crown him Lord of all, Hall him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

No. 82. OUR COMING HOME.

1. I read each ten-der prom-ise Of God to those who roam, And all the dear old chap-ters Are
 2. From earth-ly paths to heav-en, The way seems long and wild, And we grow wea-ry wait-ing Like
 3. Dear Fa-ther, let heav'n's glo-ry Shine thro' its o-pen door, To guide our wand'ring footsteps Un-

bleat with tho'ts of home; And by the gates of heav-en I see my dear ones stand, And from that
 a-ny wand'ring child; But sweet with rest and com-fort, The tho't that, while we roam, It is not
 -til we roam no more; And when with work all its o-ed, No need have we to roam, To heav'n and

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.—God lov-eth
D. S.

fair, white cit-y, They wave the beck'ning hand. }
 far to heav-en, And soon we'll all be home. } O thought as sweet as heav-en! Wher-e'er my feet may roam;
 all its dear ones Call all thy children home. }

all his children, And waits their coming home.

No. 83. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

"That I may walk before God in the light of the living."—*1st John 1:9.*

A. J. SHAWMANN.

••••

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low - ship of love, His spir - it en - ly
 2. Walk in the light! and sin ab - horred Shall ne'er de - file a - gain; The blood of Je - sus
 3. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo - ry shall chase a -
 4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorn - y bright, For God by grace shall

can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove. Walk in the light of the Liv - ing.
 Christ the Lord Shall elec - tise from ev - ry sin. }
 - way its gloom, For Christ hath con - quered there. }
 dwell in thee, And God him - self is light. } Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv - ing.

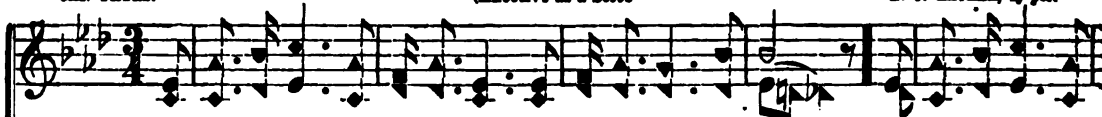
Walk in the light in the light of God; Walk in the light of the Liv - ing, Walk in the light of God!
 Walk in the light, in the light of God; Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv - ing.

No. 84. THE MODEL CHURCH.

(Effective as a Solo.)

E. C. HIGGELL, by ps.

THREE PARTS.



1. Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And worshipp'd there to - day; It made me think of
 2. The sex - ton did not set me down A - way back by the door; He knew that I was
 3. I wish you'd heard the sing - ing, wife, It had the old - time ring; The preacher said, with



good old - times, Be - fore my hair was gray; The meet - ing house was fin - er built Than
 old and deaf, And saw that I was poor, He must have been a Chris - tian man, He
 trum - pet voice: "Let all the peo - ple sing!" "Old Cer - o - na - tion," was the tune The



they were years a - go, But then, I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
 led me bold - ly through The long aisle of that crowded church, To find a pleas - ant pew.
 mu - sic up - ward roll'd, Till I tho't I heard the an - gel - choir, Strike all their harps of gold.



THE MODEL CHURCH. Concluded.

4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;



And crown him Lord of all."

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me,
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.



Bring forth the ro-yal di-adem,

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

7 Dear wife, the toll will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;
There'll be no sorrow there.



There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,



In heaven a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 85. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

1 Together let us sweetly live,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Together let us sweetly die,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

REFRAIN.

Happy on the way, happy on the way,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

2 If you get there before I do,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming, too,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
And I'm resolved to follow on,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way;
While higher still our joys arise,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

No. 86. I LONG FOR MY HEAVENLY HOME.

S. P. HODGINS, 17 yrs.

1. How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their bright array? How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of
 2. Lo, these are they from sun'ring great, Who came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those
 3. Now with tri-umph-al palms they stand Be-fore the throne on high, And serve the God they love a-mid The
 4. His pres-ence fills each heart with joy, Tuned ev-'ry voice to sing: By day, by night, the sacred courts With

CHORUS.

ev - er - last - ing day } My home,..... sweet home,..... I long for my
 robes which shine so bright. }
 glo - ries of the sky. }
 God ho - san - nas ring. } My beau - ti - ful home, sweet home of the blest, I long for my heav'nly

home, My home..... sweet home,..... my heav'nly home.
 home, sweet home, My beau - ti - ful home, sweet home of the blest, I long for my heav'nly home, sweet home.

No. 87. BEYOND THE SUNSET.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

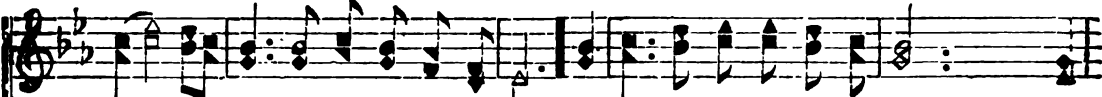
DUET OR SEMI-CHORUS.



1. Be - yond the sun-set's radiant glow There is a brighter world. I know, Where gold-en glo-ries ev-er
 2. Be - yond the sun-set's purple rim. - Be yond the twilight, deep and dim, Where clouds and darkness never
 3. Be - yond this de-ert, dark and drear, The gold - en cit - y will ap - pear; And morn-ing's love-ly beams
 4. Those gold - en por-tals ev - er shine Be - yond the reach of day's de - cline; And Je - sus bids my soul pre-



FULL CHORUS.



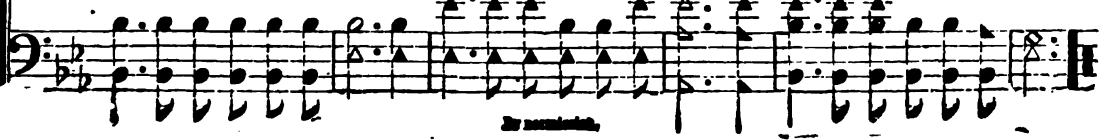
shine. - Be - yond the thought of day's de - cline. }
 come, My soul shall find its heav'n-ly home. } Beyond the sun-set's ra-diant glow, There
 - rise Up - on my man-sion in the skies. } radi-ant glow,
 - pare To gain a hap-py en-trance there.



After last verse repeat pp.



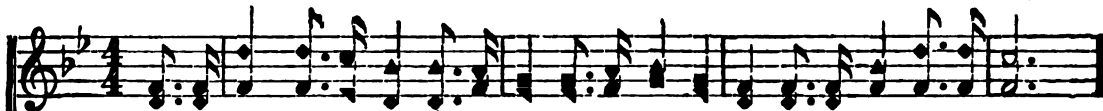
is a bright-er world, I know; Be - yond the sun-set I may spend De - light - ful days that nev - er end.



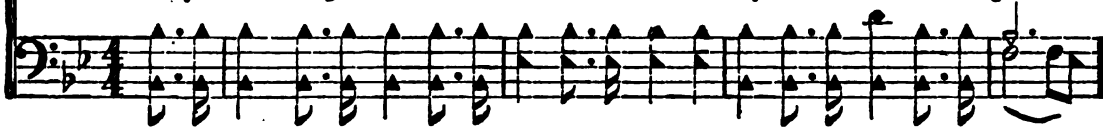
No. 88. HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS

MARY E KAIL

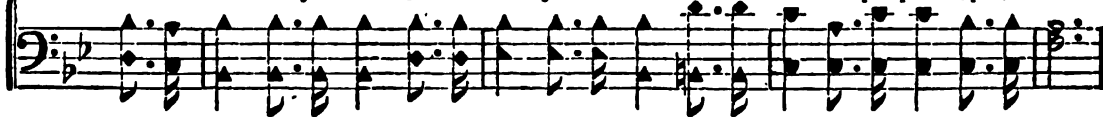
G. A. TRINNEY, by per.



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



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



CHORUS.



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



HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS? Concordos.

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

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

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

No. 89. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

FRANCIS R. HAVESAL.

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."—JOS. 24: 15.

A. J. NEWALTER.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help-ers Oth-er lives to bring?
 2. Je - sus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life-blood, For thy di - a - dem;
 3. Fierce must be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my None may o - ver - throw;
 4. Cho - sen to be sol-diers In an al - ien land, Cho - sen, called and faith - ful For our Cap-tain's band;

Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
 With thy bless - ing fill - ing Each who comes to thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
 Round his stand - ard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry is se - cure, For thy truth un - chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure.
 In the serv - ice roy - al, Let us not grow cold, Let us be right loy - al, No - ble, true and bold.

D.S.—By thy call of mer - cy, By thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are thine
 CHORUS.

By thy call of mer - cy, By thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are thine;

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

No. 90. GATES OF THE BEAUTIFUL

Dr. W. O. PERKINS.

1. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gold - en and bright, Guarding that cit - y of splen - dor and light!
2. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, loft - y and grand, Swung by the touch of some an - gel - ic hand!
3. Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, gates of pure gold, How can I plot - ure thy glo - ries un - told!

Oh I be - hold thee, in dis - tance and dream, Flash in the sun - light of heav - en - ly gleam.
Down from thy port - als there floats a sweet song, Waked by the lips of the pu - ri - fied throng.
En - ger - ly yearn - ing, my spir - it doth wait, Till I shall come to the Beau - ti - ful gate.

CHORUS.

Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, Gates of the Beau - ti - ful, O - pen to me!

No. 91. GATHERING HOME.

Rev. MARY S. C. SEADY.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—REV. 14: 13.

E. M. McINTOSH. 27 300.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 2. Up to the cit-y where fall-eth no night, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove, Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

CHORUS.

Up to the dwell-ing where com-eth no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home! Gath-er-ing
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home!
 Safe in the arms of his in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home!

home!..... Gathering home!..... Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam;
 gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

GATHERING HOME. Concluded.

Gathering home! gathering home! Gathering home! gathering home! God's children are gathering home.

No. 92. SAVIOUR, BLESS THE CHILDREN.

KARL BEDIER.

1. Sav-iour, bless the lit-tle chil-dren; Let them hear thy gracious voice; Draw them to thy bleed-ing fountain,
 2. Ho-ly Spir-it, bless the chil-dren Wand'ring thro' this land of night; Lead them to the shin-ing glo-ry

D.S. Take them, oh, thou ten-der shepherd,
D.S. Lead them to the liv-ing wa-ters,

FINE.

D.S.

Make them in thy love re-joice. Guide them in thy great compassion, They are weak and need thy strength;
 Of thine own e-ter-nal light. Be to them the sa-cred teach-er, Guid-ing their in-quir-ing eyes;

To thy bless-ed arms at length.
 Make them ho-ly, strong and wise.

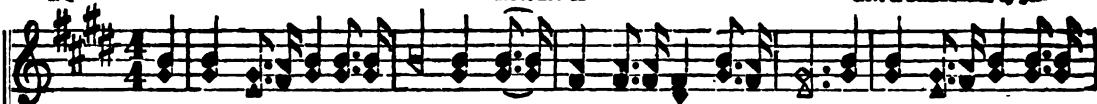
By permission.

No. 93. WE'LL ALL GATHER HOME.

Rev. 20: 12

Rev. L. BAZZANI, 17 yrs.

27

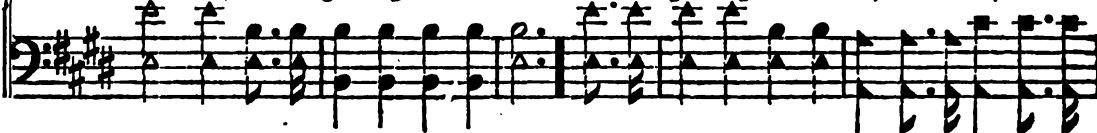


1. We'll all gather home in the morning, On the banks of the bright Jasper sea; We'll meet all the good and the
 1. We'll all gather home in the morning, At the sound of the great ju - di - lee; We'll all gather home in the
 2. We'll all gather home in the morning, Our bless - ed Re - deem - er to see; We'll meet with the friends gone be



CHORUS.

fath - ful; What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath - ring, gath - 'ring,
 morn - ing; What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath'ring that will be, that will be, What a
 - fore us; What a gath'ring that will be! What a gath'ring that will be, that will be, What a



gath'ring that will be! What a gath - ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be!
 that will be! While the angelsing, we'll all gather home!



No. 94. I AM THE LORD'S FOREVER.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by gen.

R. A. R.

My glad-some heart these words re-peat: "I am the Lord's for-ev-er!" And
 too long and far from Christ I strayed, But he for-sock me nev-er; Now
 I was Christ the Lamb of Cal-va-ry, That loved and sought me ev-er; That
 am the Lord's! O bless-ed thought! And he will leave me nev-er; By

CHORUS.

ev-ry time they seem more sweet; Oh, praise his name for-ev-er!
 walk-ing in the nar-row way, I am the Lord's for-ev-er! } Hal-le-lu-jah!
 broke my chains and set me free; Oh, praise his name for-ev-er! } Hal-le-lu-jah!
 Je-sus' blood my soul was bought, And I am his for-ev-er!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Light breaks in up-on my soul; } Je-sus' blood has made me whole!
 Hal-le-lu-jah! (Cresc.)

No. 95. MARCHING HOME.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY, by p. 2.

1. We are march-ing homeward with the blest, (with the blest,) To that bright world a - bove,
 2. Je - sus stands and beck-ons to us now, (to us now,) When fal - tering on the way,
 3. Our dear Sav - our has pre-pared the way, (the way,) Where all who will may come;

Where our friends are gone and are at rest, (are at rest,) In that world of light and love,
 He will save us if to him we bow, (him we bow,) He who rules both night and day,
 If we serve him tru - ly day by day, (day by day,) He at last will bring us home.

CHORUS.

Marching home, marching home, we're marching home, marching home, Hap - py home, hap - py home of peace and

MARCHING HOME. Concluded.

love; of peace and love; Marching home,..... we're marching home,marching home,To that bright land of love.
marching home,

No. 96. WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

1. We are lit-tle trav-'lers, march-ing, march-ing, We are lit-tle trav-'lers march-ing on;
2. We are lit-tle lab-'rers, work-ing, work-ing, We are lit-tle lab-'rers work-ing on;
3. We are lit-tle sol-diers, fight-ing, fight-ing, We are lit-tle sol-diers fight-ing on;
4. We are lit-tle pil-grims, hop-ing, hop-ing, We are lit-tle pil-grims hop-ing on;


Walk-ing in the nar-row way,Shunning paths that lead astray,We are lit-tle trav'lers march-ing on.
Nev-er id-ling time a-way,We are working all the day,We are lit-tle lab'ers work-ing on.
Warring'gainst the pow'rs of sin,Foes without and foes with-in,We are lit-tle sol-diers fighting on.
For a coun-try bet-ter far,Where our crown and kingdom are,We are lit-tle pil-grims hop-ing on.

Moderato.


1. Oh, won-der-ful place where Je - sus prayed; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
 2. Oh, bless-ed be e'er the place di-vine; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sch - a - ne.
 3. Oh, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt;" Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.



On Ol-i-vet's slope, by Ki-dron's side; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
 Where Je-sus breathed forth that prayer sub-lime; Beau-ti-ful gar-den, Geth-sem - a - ne.
 May this be my prayer, by faith up-built; Beau-ti-ful prayer of Geth-sem - a - ne.

Slow.


"Fa-ther," he cried, as he ten-der-ly knelt, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."
 Fa-ther, I too would come nigh un-to thee, Pray-ing the pray'r of Geth-sem - a - ne.
 Fa-ther, I pray for the faith of thy Son, Not that my will, but thine be done.

THE PRAYER OF GETHSEMANE. Concluded.

This was his prayer in Geth - sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.
 "Not as I will," Je - su - s' er - my plea; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.
 This was the prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne; Beau - ti - ful prayer of Geth - sem - a - ne.

HENRY HOPE.

No. 98. MY FRIEND.

J. R. THOMAS.

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

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

No. 99. JESUS BIDS US COME.

Arranged.

A. J. SEOWALTER.



1. Don't you hear him sweet-ly call-ing? Je-sus speaks in tones of love; Hear the tones in ac-cents
 2. Hear him plead-ing in the gar-den, See him bleed-ing on the cross; Will you slight the pro-fer'd
 3. Christians need not be af-flict-ed When the night of death shall come; All the pas-sage will be



fall-ing, Gen-tly fall-ing from a-bove; In my Fa-ther's house in heav-en Is pre-
 par-don? Can you bear the dread-ful loss? Let us climb the ho-ly mount-ain, Safe from
 light-ed To that blest im-mor-tal home. When the sil-ver cord is bro-ken, When our



-pared a place for thee; Love-ly man-sions free-ly giv-en, On-ly come and fol-low me.
 an-ger, strife and pride; Lin-ger near the heal-ing fount-ain, Flow-ing from Im-man-uel's side.
 earth-ly home shall fall, When the last fare-well is spo-ken, Save us, Je-sus, save us all!

CHORUS.



Let us fol-low-aft-er Je-sus, Let us fol-low-aft-er Je-sus, Let us
 Let us fol-low-aft-er Je-sus, Let us fol-low-aft-er Je-sus, Let us

JESUS BIDS US COME. Concluded.

fol - low, it is Je - sus bids us come; bids us come; He will lead us thro' the val - ley, He will lead us thro' the val - ley, He will lead us thro' the val - ley, He will lead us o'er the riv - er safe - ly home. safe - ly home.

A. B. C.

No. 100. HEAR ME, SAVIOUR.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Hear me, Saviour, while I pray On this ho - ly Sabbath day; Bless me as thou didst of old Bless the lambs of Israel's fold,
 2. Hold my hand within thine own, That I may not walk alone; Guide my footsteps lest they stray Into sin's dark desert way.
 3. Bless mine eyes that they may see Light and life a - lone in thee; Bless my heart that it may find Joys of an immortal kind.
 4. Bless my soul with Faith and love, Leading to thy courts above, There to praise thy name on high, While eternal years go by.

No. 101. NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

2. 2.

2. LOWRY, by ps.

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

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

Chorus.

what a - gain?
 this my plea -
 I have done,
 right - eous - ness.

Nothing but the blood of Je - sus. Oh, pre - cious is the Son

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

No. 102. ONE BY ONE THE YEARS ARE FLYING

Wm DA EDWARDS.

© S. CHURCH.



1. One by one the years are fly - ing, Leav - ing still the num - ber less; One by one the dear ones.
 2. One by one our fond dreams had - ing, Pass for - ev - er from our sight; One by one the clouds o'er -
 3. One by one the clouds will van - ish, Leav - ing our ho - ri - zon clear; May the Lord each ter - ror



dy - ing, Pass from this sad world to rest. } One by one, when life is end - ed, One by
 sad - ing, Hide from us our prom - ised light. }
 ban - ish As the stream of death we near. }



one we'll all go home; There we'll sing with voic - es blend - ed; Christ has sav'd us one by one.



No. 103. SINNER, COME TO-NIGHT.

J. CALVIN SWEET.

1. Sin-ner, come, oh, come to-night, Do not for the mor-row wait, For thy soul might take its
 2. Life is short, death com-eth sure, Just a - jar he's left the gate; Come to him, find peace at
 3. Ma - ny souls have care-less gone, But, a - las! the dread-ful fate, Death had come be-fore the

CHORUS.

flight, And thy com-ing be "too late." Sin - ner, come, sin - ner, come, Do not
 last Ere it ev - er be too late. Come to-night, come to-night,
 dawn, And their com-ing was too late.

er the mor-row wait; Come to night, sin - ner, come, Ere thy com-ing be too late.
 Come, oh, come, come, oh, come,
 Do not for the mor-row wait;

No. 104. A LIGHT ON THE FARTHER SHORE.

J. E. TENNER.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.



1. While sail - ing o'er the sea of life, Where foam - ing surg - es roar, A gleam we catch be -
 2. In storm or calm it beckons on, And as we're pass - ing o'er, The bill - lows high or
 3. Shine on for souls up - on the deep, Who sail the dark sea o'er, In ra - diant splendor



- yond the wave, We see a light on the far - ther shore.
 qui - et - deep, We see the light on the far - ther shore. } Oh! when shall we come to that blest land, Our
 spread thy rays, O bless - ed light, on the far - ther shore. }



dang'rous voy - age o'er? Oh! when shall we reach the gold - en strand, Beneath the light on the farther shore?



No. 105. NEAR THY SIDE.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. While up - on our pil - grim jour - ney, Thro' life's wil - der - ness we stray, Sav - our, do not thou for - sake us,
 2. While up - on our pil - grim jour - ney, Press - ing on from day to day, Let thy love and thy pro - tec - tion,
 3. While up - on our pil - grim jour - ney, Foes may fill us with dis - may! Sav - our, oom - fort and de - fend us!

But go with us all the way! As thou didst thy an - cient peo - ple Lead to Canaan's land, of old,
 Bless and keep us all the way! When our spir - its thirst and hun - ger, And with sink - ing hearts we tread,
 Oh, go with us all the way! When we reach the Jordan riv - er, And the Heav - nly Can - aan view,

CHORUS.

So di - rect our er - ring foot - steps, Till we reach the Up - per Fold! } Near thy side! Near thy side!
 Lead us un - to liv - ing foun - tains, Let us be on man - na fed! } Near thy side! Near thy side!
 Let the wa - ters be di - vid - ed, For our feet to jour - ney thro'! } Near thy side! Near thy side!

NEAR THY SIDE. Concluded.

While up-on our pil-grim jour-ney, Keeps us ev-er, keep us ev-er near thy side!

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with some words underlined. The music concludes with a double bar line.

F. M. D.

No. 106. KEEP ON PRAYING.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Do not fal-ter, broth-er, press brave-ly on, Je-sus will aid you in the work be-gun.
 2. Make your arm-or, faith and prayer all the way, Trust-ing the prom-ise of a bet-ter day.
 3. Cling-ing to the arm of Je-sus your guide, There is no dan-ger, let what-e'er be-tide.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with some words underlined. The music concludes with a double bar line.

REFRAIN.

Keep on work-ing till the work is done, Keep on pray-ing till the crown is won.

The image shows two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff, with some words underlined. The music concludes with a double bar line.

No. 107. THOU SHALT REST AT EVE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

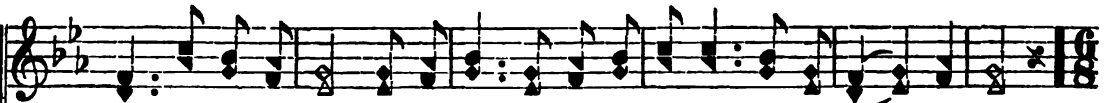
J. E. TENNEY.



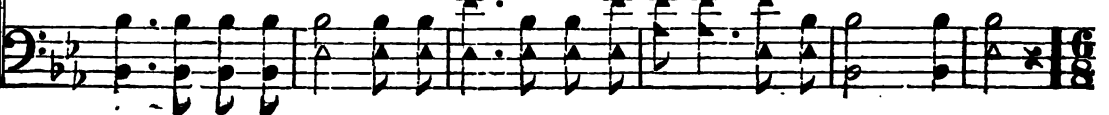
1. On - ward press, tho' faint and wea - ry, Droop not 'neath the parch - ing sun, On - ward
 2. Du - ties wait for thy ful - fill - ing, Let thy whole strength go to each, With an
 3. Though the prom - ise long may tar - ry, And the way seem dark and drear, Gloom - y



through the des - ert drear - y Till the day is won; Though thy feet be worn and bleeding, Ne'er the
 earn - est heart, and will - ing, La - bor, pray, and teach; Fal - ter not beneath thy bur - den, Je - sus'
 doubts and fears still par - ry, Night will soon be here; Saved ones wait beyond the riv - er, They no



nar - row path - way leave, Thro' thy Sav - our's in - ter - ced - ing, Thou shalt rest at eve.
 pre - cious word be - lieve, Faith pre - sents the prom - ised guer - don, Thou shalt rest at eve.
 lon - get sin or grieve, With them, in the bright for - ev - er, Thou shalt rest at eve.



THOU SHALT REST AT EVE. Concluded.

CHORUS. *In chanting style.*

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in a minor key. The lyrics are: Rest on the beau-ti-ful shore, Where no sor-row thy breast can heave, Yes,

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody. The lyrics are: on the bright, beau-ti-ful shore, Thou shalt rest at eve, Thou shalt rest at eve. The tempo and dynamics are marked *Slow and soft.*

No. 108. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

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

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

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

1. Chris-tian, wake! be up and do - ing, For the har - vest time goes by; See the fields are
 2. Gath - er in the wea - ry wan - d'ers, To the serv - ice of the Lord, Faint not, Chris - tian,
 3. When the last sheaf home is gath - ered, And the reap - er's work is done, Great will be their

CHORUS.

white al - read - y, And the reap - ers lol - ter by. } Go, reap, Go, reap, go, reap, go, reap, the
 be not wea - ry, Work, and great your last re - ward. }
 joy and glad - ness Round the Mas - ter's snow-white throne. }

Lar - vest of the Lord is great; Go, reap, go, reap, No lon - ger i - die stand and wait.
 Go, reap, go, reap,

No. 110. SLIGHT NOT THE SAVIOUR



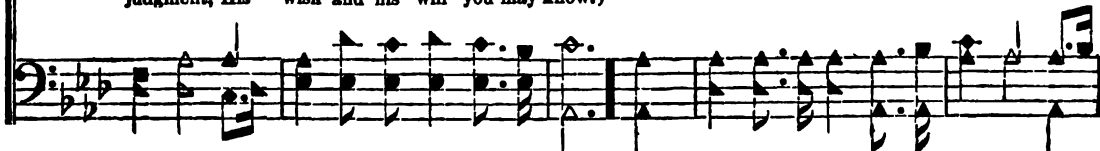
1. Oh, slight not the Saviour, poor sinner, He calls you in tender-est love; Oh, list to the message of
2. His Spir-it is pleading in earn-est, Is striv-ing to win you from sin; He of-fers you life and sal-
3. To you he is speak-ing in mer-cy, Some-times he is whis-per-ing low; Some-times in the voice of his



CHORUS.



Je-sus, No lon-ger a-way from him rove. } Oh, slight not his of-fer of par-don, His
 -va-tion, Oh, come to the fount and be clean. }
 judgment, His wish and his will you may know. }



patience and kindness re-view, And sweetly, ah, sweetly remember, The Mas-ter is calling for you.



No. 111. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

JOHN HERBERT BODE-

Not too slow.

W. F. SHERRILL, *lyrics.*

1. Oh, Je - sus, I have promised To serve thee to the end; Be thou for - ev - er near me, My
 2. Oh, Je - sus, thou hast promised To all who fol - low thee, That where thou art in glo - ry, There

Mas - ter and my Friend; I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art at my side, Nor wan - der from the
 shall thy servant be; Oh! guide me, call me, draw me, Up - hold me to the end, And then in heav'n re -

REFRAIN.

path - way, If thou wilt be my Guide, } Tender - ly lead me, Sav - iour! Ten - der - y lead me,
 - ceive me, My Sav - iour and my Friend! } Ten - der - ly lead me, Sav - iour!

LEAD ME, SAVIOUR. Concluded.

Sav - iour! Je - sus save me, guide me, feed me, Keep me to the end.
 Ten - der - ly lead me;

No. 112. O SPEED THEE.

A. M. JOHNSON, by ps.

Allegretto.

1. O speed thee, Chris - tian, on thy way, And to thy ar - mor ding, With
 2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An' up - ward race to run, A
 3. O, faint not, Chris - tian, for thy sighs, Are heard be - fore his throne, The

gird - ed loins the call o - bey, That grace and mer - cy bring, That grace and mer - cy bring.
 crown of glo - ry to be sought, A vic - t'ry to be won, A vic - t'ry to be won.
 race must come be - fore the prize, The cross be - fore the crown, The cross be - fore the crown.

No. 113. LIST TO THE CALL

Rev. R. A. HOFFMAN

J. H. TANNOR.

1. Hear ye the call of your Mas - ter and Lord, Ye who believe in his prom - ise and word;
 2. Ma - ny the souls that are wand'ring in sin; Je - sus is wait - ing to wel - come them in;
 3. Where are the poor, and the sick, and the sad? Je - sus can com - fort, and lead, and make glad;

Does he not call you to do and to dare, That in his glo - ry all peo - ple may share?
 Bring them to him, and his grace they shall see, Rich and for - giv - ing, a - bun - dant and free.
 Will ye not find them and bring them to One Who will have mer - cy, and sac - ri - fice none.

CHORUS.

List to the call, to the call, to the call, one and all, 'Tis a
 List to the call, list to the call, heav - en - ly call, List, one and all,

2ND TO THE CALL. Concluded.

call from the throne of the Ho-ly One a-bove, Bid-ding us bring the lost to Christ and his love.

No. 114. SINNER, GO, WILL YOU GO?

Scotch.

D.C.

1. { Sin-ner, go, will you go To the highlands of heav-en, } Where the bright blooming flow'rs Are their odors emitting,
 { Where the storms never blow, And the long summer's given? }
 D.C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breezes are flitting?

2 Where the rich golden fruit
 Is in bright clusters pending,
 And the deep-laden boughs
 Of life's fair tree are bending;
 And where life's crystal stream
 Is unceasing flowing,
 And the verdure is green,
 And eternally growing?

3 He's prepared thee a home—
 Sinner, canst thou believe it?
 And invites thee to come—
 Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
 Oh, then come, sinner, come,
 For the tide is receding,
 And the Saviour will soon,
 And forever, cease pleading.

No. 115. I'LL TELL IT.

Arranged by E. F. M.

MATT. X: 32, 33.

E. F. MILLER.

1. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When he has done all for me; Noth-ing to say for
 2. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When sin - ners are dy - ing, too; Noth-ing to say for
 3. Noth-ing to say for Je - sus, When an - gels be - fore him bow; Noth-ing to say for

Je - sus, Who suf - ered on Cal - va - ry; Re - deem - ing my soul from
 Je - sus, Just tell - ing what they must do, To flee from the wrath that's
 Je - sus, A - shamed of my Sav - our now! Oh, does he not pain - ly

sor - row, And fit - ting it for the skies; Oh, how can I then be al - lent, In
 com - ing, Es - cap - ing the fires of hell; Then why, of his great sal - va - tion, Can
 tell me, If thou wilt say naught for me, In glo - ry be - fore my Fa - ther, I

I'LL TELL IT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

view of the heaven - ly prize? I'll tell . . . it, I'll tell . . . it, To
I not have something to tell? Tell it to all, tell it to all, To
will not say aught for thest

ev - ry poor sin - ner and slave, I'll tell of his love, of his
ev - ry poor sin - ner, yes, sin - ner and slave, Tell of his love,

love, Tell of his love, And his won - der - ful pow - er to save.
Tell of his love, And his won - der - ful pow - er, his pow - er to save.

A. E. SHILDS

No. 116. BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yes, we shall meet be- yond the flood, In robes made white thro' Je- sus' blood, And hold sweet converse,
 2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this tho't of home, And spir - it - voic - es
 3. That meet - ing, O, how sweet - ly dear! What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear! What thrills of rapt - ure

CHORUS.

free from pain, Nor ev - er fear to part a - gain, Be - yond the swelling flood! Be - yond..... the
 soft - ly say, " Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way, Be - yond the swelling flood! " We'll meet..... to
 wake the soul, As back those golden gates shall roll, Be - yond the swelling flood.

Be - yond the swelling
We'll meet to part no

swelling flood, Be - yond..... the swelling flood. Be - yond..... the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more.
 part no more, We'll meet..... to part no more, We'll meet... to part no more, Be - yond the swelling flood.

flood,..... Be - yond the swelling flood,..... Be - yond the swelling flood,..... We'll meet to part no more.
 more,..... we'll meet to part no more,..... We'll meet to part no more,..... Beyond the swelling flood.

1. On - ly thee, in joy or sor - row, I will fol - low on - ly thee; Of thy meekness let me
 2. On - ly thee! oh, precious Jew - el! May thy lus - tra hide from view All of self, so proud and
 3. On - ly thee, my dear Re - deem - er, On - ly thee till life is done; Let me not, an i - die

CHORUS.

bor - row When I ask on bend - ed knee. } On - ly thee, on - ly thee, I will
 cru - el, Earth so false, and joys so few. }
 dream - er, A - ny path of du - ty shun. } On - ly thee, on - ly thee,

pp

fol - low on - ly thee; On - ly thee, on - ly thee, on - ly thee, Will I trust e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 118. HELP ME OR I DIE.

1. O thou ten - der, lov - ing Sav - our, Hear my pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 2. While be - fore a throne. of mer - cy In con - tri - tion deep I kneel,
 3. In thy won - drous mer - cy trust - ing, Help - less at thy feet I lie!

CHORUS.

Do not leave me in my an - guish, Pass me not un - heed - ed by. } Save me, save me,
 O re - move my wea - ry bur - den, And thy grace to me re - veal! }
 Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Sav - our, help me or I die!

Do not pass me by; Help me, O my Sav - our, help me, Help me, or I die!

No. 119. THE LAMP OF LIFE.

G. W. BAY.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Ps. cxix. 105. A. J. SHUWALTER, ly. pos.

1 Bless-ed Book and sa-cred boon, Lamp for wea-ry, trembling feet, Thro' thy guid-ing beams we soon
 2 Bless-ed Book and gift di-vine, To-ken of Je-ho-vah's love; Ev-ry page and ev-ry line
 3 Bless-ed Book of bless-ed words, What-sweet prom-ise are thine! "King of Kings, and Lord of lords,"

CHORUS.

Shall the saints in glo-ry meet, Preci-ous Lamp of life di-vine, Pledge of grace to mortals
 Whis-pers of our rest a-bove, Preci-ous Lamp of life di-vine, Pledge of grace to
 Make these ho-ly coun-sels mine.)

given, mor-tals given, Light-ing all our pil-grim way, To the shin-ing gates of heaven.
 Light-ing all our pil-grim way.

THE SDA SINGERS

No. 120. BEYOND.

G. E. LEWIS.

1. Be - yond this vale of sor - row, Be - yond life's set - ting sun, Be - yond the dread to -
2. Be - yond the star - ry heav - en, Be - yond the roll - ing sea, Be - yond sweet rest is
3. Be - yond are joys im - mor - tal, Be - yond sweet flow - ers bloom, Be - yond are ma - ny

CHORUS.

- mor - row, We'll meet when life is done. } Be - yond when life is o - ver, Be -
giv - en Sweet rest for you and me. }
man - sions, Our ev - er - last - ing home.

- yond each tear and sigh, Be - yond if we are faith - ful, We'll gath - er by and by.

No. 121. THE COMING OF CHRIST.

1. Christ is com-ing, sure-ly com-ing, Sweet-ly now the Chris-tian sings, Zi-on's King, our eyes shall
 2. Night is dark, but glorious morn-ing Will dis-pel each som-bre shade, Fear-ful souls, now weak and
 3. Christ in glo-ry with the an-gels, To the earth will quick-ly come, And the lit-tle flock, his

CHORUS.

see him Soon with heal-ing in his wings.) Hall the grand tri-umph-ant morn-ing! Earth's glad
 wea-ry, Kings and priests shall then be made.)
 cho-sen, Soon shall be with him at home.) Hall the grand triumph-ant morn-ing,

voice shall not be dumb! Has-ten, Lord, thy reign of glo-ry, Let thy kingdom quick-ly come!
 Earth's glad voices shall not be dumb!

REV. IDA HEDRICK.

HEAR THE BLESSED PROMISE.

G. S. LEONARD.

1. Lo, this world is full of sor-row, Here we find no last-ing joy, Gloom-y storms of doubt come
2. Faint not, broth - er, tho' thy bur-den Dal - ly grows more hard to bear; Go and tell it all to
3. We are wait - ing on the sea-shore, Gas-ing on - the far a - way, Where our friends in peace are]

CHORUS.

o'er us, And temp - ta - tions e'er an - noy.
Je - sus, He can light - en ev - 'ry care. } Hear the prom - ise, bless - ed prom - ise, May it
dwell - ing, Safe in realms of end - less day.

keep us from the fall, "He that to the end en - dureth Shall be saved" once for all.

No. 123. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Arr. from BONAR.

WM. B. BLAKE

1. When I a-wake in that sweet morn of morns, Af-ter whose dawn-ing night ne'er re-turms,
 2. When I shall meet with those I have lov'd, Clasp in my arms the long, long re-mov'd,
 3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him Who for me died, with eyes no more dim,

REFRAIN.

And with whose glo-ry day ev-er burns, I shall be sat-is-fied.
 And find how faith-ful thou then hast prov'd, I shall be sat-is-fied. } I shall be sat-is-fied.
 And praise Him with heav'n's deeps welling hymn, I shall be sat-is-fied.

I shall be sat-is-fied When I a-wake in thy like-ness at last, I shall be sat-is-fied.

No. 124. CHRIST WILL STRENGTHEN THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

M. S. CREST.

1. Pil - grim, on thy way a - wea - ry, Christ will strengthen thee; Thorn - y be thy
 2. Are the shad - ows o'er thee creeping? Christ will strengthen thee; Sor - rows sometimes
 3. Toll - ing 'neath a heav - y bur - den, Christ will strengthen thee; Fear - ing lest thou

CHORUS.

road and drear - y, Christ will strengthen thee. } In his might a - lone we conquer, Thro' him all things
 quick - ly sweep - ing, Christ will strengthen thee.
 lose the guer - don, Christ will strengthen thee.

we can do, Grace suf - fi - cient he will give us, Ev - 'ry foe we shall sub - due.

No. 125. CLING TO JESUS.

Arr. E. W. CHAPMAN.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord."—Ps. 55: 22.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Cling when the storm-cloud gath - ers, Cling in the sweet sun-shine, Cling in the howl - ing
2. Cling when the buds are spring - ing, Cling when the lilies bloom Cling when the Rose of
3. Cling in the ear - ly morn - ing, Cling at the bright noon-tide,, Cling at the day's de -

CHORUS.

tem - pest, Cling to the Help - er di - vine. } Cling, cling to Je - sus, Cling, cling to Je - sus,
Sha - ron Fills the whole earth with per - fume. }
clin - ing, Cling o the dear Sav - iour's side.

As you cross the riv - er To the glad for - ev - er, Cling, oh, cling to Je - sus.

No. 126. JESUS IS WAITING FOR ME.

1 Long sail-ing on life's troubled sea, In tempest, in storm, and thro' calm,
 I yield-ed and anchored at last In Je-sus, the (Omit.....) cru-ci-fied Lamb.
 From o-ver the wa-ters so dark, The cry of the Sav-iour I heard,
 He call'd me in ac-counts so sweet, I yield-ed, o- (Omit.....) buy-ing his word.
 Now rest-ing so easi-ly in him, My voy-age, shall ev-er be sweet;
 With him at the helm I am safe, What-ev-er the (Omit.....) danger I meet.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done, 'tis done, My soul My soul now is free; free;
 Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done, 'tis done, My soul My soul now is free, is free;

I am saved I am saved by his blood, his blood, And Je-sus is wait-ing for me.
 I am saved I am saved by his blood, his blood, And Je-sus is wait-ing for me.

No. 127. TOILING TILL THE MASTER COMES.

REV. E. W. CHAPMAN.

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

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1 Go work to - day for the Sav - our - King, Go, toll in his name with care; The
 2 The rip - end' grain you may reap to - day, It waves in the gold - en light; Like
 3 Go work, my son, in my vine - yard now, Rings loud the sweet voice of love; The

CHORUS.

fields are white, and the lab'ers few, Oh, haste, and their labors share. } Toll - ing, toll - ing,
 sum - mer clouds pass the hours a - way, Rest not till the shades of night. } Toll - ing, toll - ing, toll - ing, toll - ing.
 sheaves se - cure with a will - ing hand, For Je - sus who reigns a - bove. }

Toll - ing till the Mas - ter comes; Toll - ing, toll - ing, Tolling till the Mas - ter comes.
 Toll - ing till the Mas - ter, the Mas - ter comes; Toll - ing, toll - ing, tolling, tolling,

No. 128. WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS.

ARA HULL.

Cheerfully.

1 There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days and go-ing by: There are wea-ry souls who per-ish, While the
 2 There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days and go-ing by: Let your face be like the morning, While the
 3 All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days and go-ing by: One by one we leave be-hind us, While the

days are go-ing by; If a smile we can re-new, As our jour-ney we pur-sue, Oh, the
 days are go-ing by; Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes— Help your
 days are go-ing by; But the seed of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, It will

FINE.

D.S.

good we all may do, While the days are going by. } While the days are going by, While the days are going by;
 fall-en brother rise, While the days are going by. }
 keep our hearts a-glow, While the days are going by. }

No. 129. THE INVITATION.

- ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—JOHN 16: 24.

J. S. PROCTOR.

D. F. WOODS, by per.

The musical score consists of five systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 8/8. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

System 1:

1 To ev - ry lit - tle lov - ing child, With - in these sa - cred walls, The bless - ed Sav - iour
 2 To ev - ry lit - tle lov - ing child, Who longs the Lord to see, The bless - ed Sav - iour
 3 To ev - ry lit - tle lov - ing child, Who longs to be for - given, The bless - ed Sav - iour

System 2:

comes to - day, And gen - tly, sweet - ly calls: "Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Ask' for grace, And
 calls to - day: "Come, lit - tle child, to me; Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Seek' for grace, And
 says to - day: "I am the door to heav'n; Come, lit - tle one, come, 'Knock' for grace, And

System 3:

'Ask' for mer - cy, too; To all who 'Ask' the prom - ise is.— It shall be giv - en you."
 'Seek' with earn - est mind; To all who 'Seek' the prom - ise is.— 'Seek, Seek,' and ye shall find."
 'Knock' for mer - cy, too; To all who 'Knock' the prom - ise is.— It shall be o - pened you."

No. 130. THE HOME OF PEACE AND REST.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. E. T.

1. By and by, when our pil-grim-age is o'er, We shall stand on the heav-en - ly shore; By and
 2. By and by, when our earth-ly toll is done, And the glo-ry of heav'n is be-gun, We shall
 3. By and by, we shall stand be-fore the Throne, And be crown'd by the Lord as his own; Sweetest

CHORUS.

by, with the ho-ly and the blest, We shall meet in the home of peace and rest. } We shall meet
 meet all the lov'd ones gone before O-ver yonder, where parting comes no more. }
 pleasure will fill each hap-py breast O-ver there in the home of peace and rest. } We shall meet among the blest,

In yon home, We shall meet with all the pure and the blest, We shall
 In the home of peace and rest, we shall rest, We shall

THE HOME OF PEACE AND REST. Concluded.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: "meet, In yon home, We shall meet with-in yon home of peace and rest. meet among the blest, In the home of peace and rest,"

No. 131. ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

1.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's 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;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 132. THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS TRUE.

D. B. WATKINS.

R. S. HIGGELL, W. J. P. S.

1. There's a won - der - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis called "The sweet sto - ry of old;"
 2. They told of a Be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the earth to dwell,
 3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Tri - umph - ant o'er death and hell;
 4. Oh, that won - der - ful sto - ry I love to re - peat, Of peace and good - will to men;

I hear it so oft - en, wher - ev - er I go, That same old sto - ry is told;
 To seek for his lost ones, and make them se - cure From death and the pow - er of hell;
 He's pre - par - ing a place in that cit - y of gold, Where lov'd ones for - ev - er may dwell.
 There's no sto - ry to me that is half so sweet, As I hear it a gain and a gain.

And I've thought it was strange that so oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry as if it were new;
 That he was de - spised, and with thorns he was crown'd, On the cross was ex - tend - ed to view;
 Where our kin - dred we'll meet, and we'll nev - er more part, And, oh, while I tell it to you,
 He in - vites you to come - He will free - ly re - ceive, And this mes - sage he send - eth to you,

THAT OLD, OLD STORY IS TRUE. Concluded.



But I've found out the rea - son they love it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 But, oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
 It is peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 "There's a man - sion in glo - ry for all who be - lieve" That old, old sto - ry is true.



REFRAIN.



That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; But I've
 That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; But,
 That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; It is
 That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; "There's a



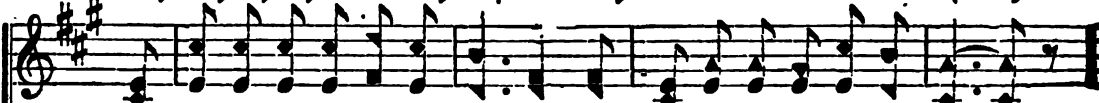

found out the rea - son they love it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
 peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 man - sion in glo - ry for all who be - lieve" That old, old sto - ry is true.



No. 133. THE WAY OF SALVATION.



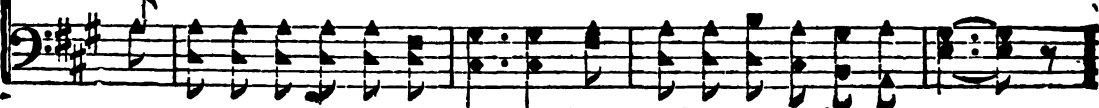
1. I sought for the blessing of par - dou, My sins were like crim-son, I know;
 2. The spir - it that first bade me wel - come To kneel at the al - tar of pray - er,
 3. Then, up - ward I looked at the Sav - our, My sins there had nailed to the tree.



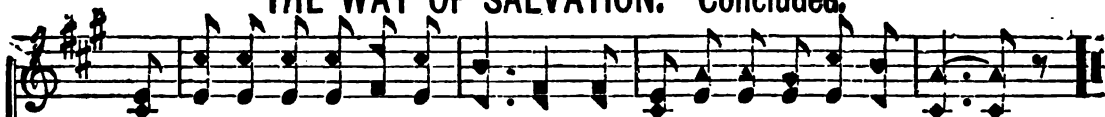
Oh, where could I find con - so - la - tion? How could they be "whit - er than snow?"
 Said "Cal - va - ry's scene was en - act - ed To save thee from dark - est de - spair."
 And trembling - ly ventured to trust him, My help - less con - di - tion my plea;



I sought thro' my tears of re - pent - ance, My heart o - ver burdened with grief,
 The cross! (more at - trac - tive than ev - er) I wondered if view - ing the blood
 The peace that was calm as the sun - set Seemed all of my pow'r's to con - trol,



THE WAY OF SALVATION. Concluded.



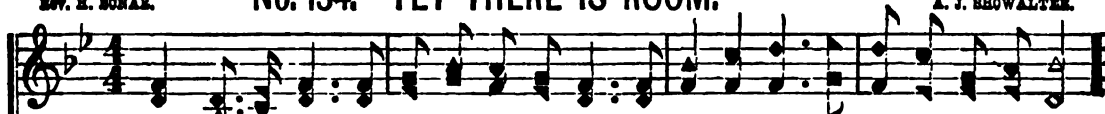
I wrestled in pray'r for de - liv'-rance, Be - seech-ing the throne for re - lief,
That sow'd for my spir-it's re - demp-tion Could bring me the par-don of God.
As faith, firm - ly grasp-ing the prom - ise, Brought sav - ing and health to my soul.



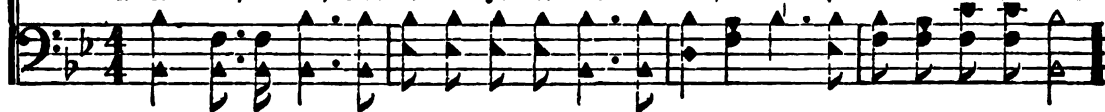
REV. E. SCHAE.

No. 134. YET THERE IS ROOM.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry beck-ens thee a-long;
2. Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shadows length - en, light makes haste to go;
3. The bri - dal hall is fill - ing for the feast; Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest;
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - leet Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee;



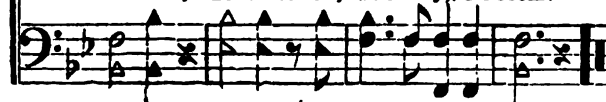
CHORUS.



Room, room, still room! Oh, en - ter, en - ter now!

Last Verse.

No room, no room!—Oh, wo - ful cry, "No room!"



5 Yet there is room! still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late!—**CHO.**

6 Pass in, pass in! that banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free!—**CHO.**

7 All heaven is there, all joy! go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win!—**CHO.**

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come ling'rer, come; enter that festal hall!—**CHO.**

9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"

CHO.

No. 135. THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 64:5

R. E. KESLER



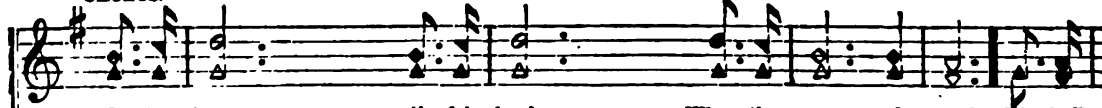
1. There's a beau - ti - ful land far be - yond the sky, And Je - sus, my Sav - our, is there;
 2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sor - row and care;
 3. We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair;



He has gone to prepare me a home on high— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
 And I trust I shall meet them a - bove the sky— Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
 Where the wat - ers of life sweet - ly mur - mur by, Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!



CHORUS.



In that beau - ti - ful land, ti - ful land, Where the an - gels stand, We shall
 In that beau - ti - ful land, In that beau - ti - ful land



THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND. Concluded.

meet, shall meet, We shall meet, shall meet, We shall meet, shall meet, We shall meet in that beau - ti - ful land.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'meet, shall meet, We shall meet, shall meet, We shall meet, shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land.' written below the notes.

No. 136. EACH DAY I NEED THEE, LORD.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"Without me you can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5.

A. J. SEOWALTER.

1. Each day dear Lord, I need Thy presence and thy peace, That more and more my soul May in thy love in-crease.
 2. I need thee when the storms My soul would over-flow, And plunge me in the depths Of wretchedness and woe.
 3. I need thee and thy grace Each mo-ment that I live, Thy com-fort to be-stow, Thy wondrous help to give.
 4. I need thee when I near The dark, e-ter-nal shore, To cheer my fainting heart, And bear me safely o'er.

The musical score is in G minor, 4/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

CHORUS.

I need thy sav-ing grace, I need thy keep-ing pow'r; Thy strength and righteousness, I need each day and hour.

The chorus musical score continues the melody from the previous section, with the lyrics 'I need thy saving grace, I need thy keeping power; Thy strength and righteousness, I need each day and hour.' written below the notes.

No. 137. THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." — DAN. 5: 6.

K. SHAW.

KNOWLES SHAW. Arr. by E. O. EXCELL.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar, and a thousand of his lords, While they drank from golden
 2. See the brave captive Dan-i-el— as he stood be-fore the throng, And rebuked the haughty
 3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right, Which the Spir-it gave to

ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords, In the night as they rev-el in the
 mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the
 Dan-i-el this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a

roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
 doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished—said the hand up-on the wall.
 cap-tive in the hall, He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
'Tis the hand of God that is writ-ing on the wall, 'Tis the hand of God on the
wall; writ - ing on the wall; Shall the rec - ord be, "Found want - ing," or

shall it be, "Found trust - ing," While that hand is writ-ing on the wall?
writ-ing on the wall?

4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand that's writing now,
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his royal mandate bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,
When the sinner's condemnation will be written on the wall.

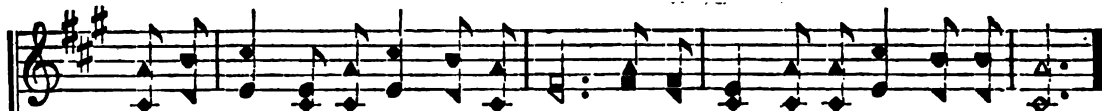
No. 139. THE BEAUTIFUL HOME.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. L. SNIPES.



1. There's a home in a beau - ti - ful bow'r, By the side of the pure crys - tal sea,
 2. There's a home which the ten - der - est love, Hath cre - a - ted and fur - nish - ed a - new,
 3. There's a home where the streets are of gold, And I'm press - ing a - long o'er the hills,



Where the ros - es a rich fragrance show'r, And the fruits of the gar - den are free.
 With our kin - dred and friends ev - er blest, A most beau - ti - ful home it will be.
 There's a beau - ty that ne'er can be told, And a joy that my spir - it en - thrills.



CHORUS.



In that home, we shall rest, And the Sav - iour we love we shall see, glad - ly see;
 glorious home, ev - er rest,



THE BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

With our kin - dred and friends ev - er blest, ev - er blest, A most beau - ti - ful home it will be.

E. A. E.

No. 140. ENOUGH FOR ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN, by per.

1. O love, surpass - ing knowl - edge! O grace, so full and free! *D.S.* I know that Je - sus saves me, And }
 2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin he makes me free! *D.S.* I feel the sweet as - sur - ance, And }
 3. O blood of Christ, so pre - cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry! *D.S.* I feel its cleans - ing pow - er, And }

FINE.

D.S.

that's e - nough for me. And that's e - nough for me, Oh, that's e - nough for me;

No. 741. ALL BECAUSE HE LOVES US SO.

REV. E. A. SUFFRAN. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3, 16.

J. R. F.

1. Why does Je - sus come with mer - cy To poor sin - ners here be - low? Why does he for - give their
 2. Why did Je - sus, my Re - deem - er, Give his pre - cious blood to flow, To a - tone for help - less
 3. Why does Je - sus come en - treat - ing, In a ten - der voice, and low, Hum - ble sin - ners to ac -

CHORUS.

err - ings? All be - cause he loves them so.
 sin - ners? All be - cause he loves them so. } All be - cause he loves us so, All be - cause he
 - cept him? All be - cause he loves them so.

loves us so, He par - dons sin, and saves our souls, All be - cause he loves us so.

No. 142. WELCOME TO ALL

C.C.C.

[ANNIVERSARY.]

G. S. CLINE, by gen.

1. We wel-come you, friends of our Mas-ter and Lord, To share in the joys which our feasts will af-ford;
 2. We bid you a wel-come to homes and to hearts, A-glow with the friendship which Jesus imparts;
 3. We greet you, dear brethren in Christ, with a prayer, That love, joy, and peace may a-bide with us here;
 4. At last when our meetings and part-ings are o'er, May all find a welcome on heaven's bright shore,

To fill us with love for the work of our King, And help us to him great-er trib-ute to bring.
 With us to re-joice in the boun-ti-ful love, And bless-ings so rich from the Fa-ther a-bove.
 That wis-dom and prudence may guide us a-right In all that per-tains to the kingdom of light.
 When hon-or and praise to our God we will sing, Thro' Je-sus, our Sav-iour, Re-deem-er, and King!

CHORUS.

Ritard.

Then a welcome to all, hap-py wel-come to all; Thrice welcome, happy welcome, happy welcome to all.

No. 143. WE SHALL STAND BEFORE THE KING.

A. C. E.

A. C. EXCELL, by ps.

1. We shall stand be - fore the King, With the an - gels we shall sing, By and by, . . . by and
 2. Ring, ye bells of heav - en, ring, We shall stand be - fore the King, By and by, . . . by and
 3. Wake, my soul, thy trib - ute bring, Thou shalt stand be - fore the King, By and by, . . . by and

By and by,

by: Walk the bright, the gold - en shore, Prais - ing him for ev - er - more, By and
 by: There our sor - rows will be o'er, There his name we will a - dore, By and
 by: Lay thy tro - phies at his feet, In his like - ness stand complete, By and

By and by:

CHORUS.

by: . . . by and by. } We shall stand . . . be - fore the
 by: . . . by and by. }
 by: . . . by and by. }

By and by, by, and by.

We shall stand

WE SHALL STAND BEFORE THE KING. Concluded

King, . . . With the an-gels we shall sing, Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King, Hal-le-
 be-fore the King.

- lu . . . jah, hal-le-lu . . . jah, We shall stand . . . be-fore the King.
 Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, We shall stand

No. 144. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

1.
 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide;
 O receive my soul at last.

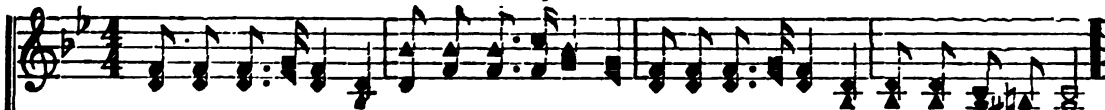
2.
 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3.
 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

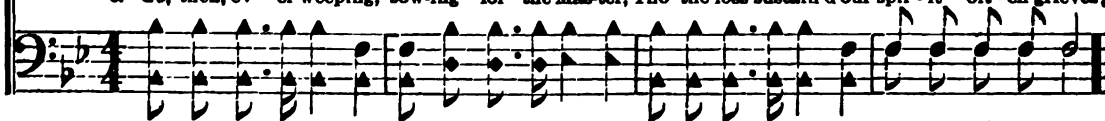
No. 145. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

MATT. 13: 39.

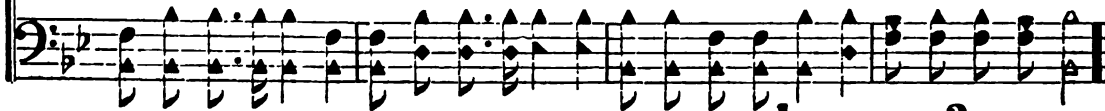
GEORGE A. MORSE, by ps.



1. Sow - ing in the morning, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing in the noontide and the dew - y eve:
2. Sow - ing in the sunshine, sow - ing in the shadows, Fear - ing nei - ther clouds nor win - ter's chill - ing breeze;
3. Go, then, ev - er weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sus - tain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves;



Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing. We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
By and by the har - vest, and the la - bore end - ed, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.
When our weep - ing's o - ver, he will bid us wel - come, We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.



CHORUS.



Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves;
Bring - ing in the sheaves, Bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, (*Omit*.....) Bring - ing in the sheaves.



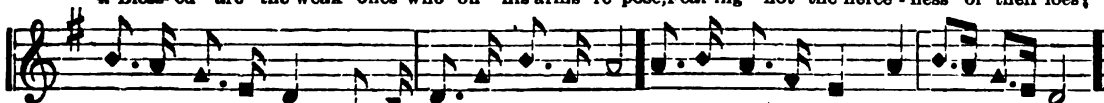
No. 146. PLEASANT ARE THE PASTURES.

J. A. TENNEY, by per.

SOLO. Allegro.

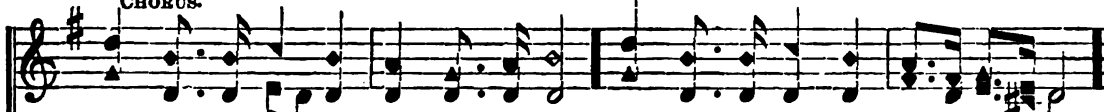


1. Pleasant are the past-ures where Je-sus feeds his flock, Un-der-neath the shad-ow of the rock
2. Pleasant are the past-ures, all echo-ing with the song, Where the liv-ing wa-ters glide a-long;
3. Faith-ful is the Shep-herd who car-eth for his sheep, Nev-er do his eye-lids close to sleep;
4. Bless-ed are the weak ones who on his arms re-pose, Fear-ing not the fierce-ness of their foes;



See the Shepherd stand-ing; how gra-cious is his mien! Stand-ing, wait-ing to ad-mit us in!
 There in peace re-pos-ing, up-on the flow-ing banks, Stand-ing with the Shep-herd, we'll give thanks!
 All his flock he know-eth, and call-eth them by name, And his love is cou-stant-ly the same.
 They shall grow and flour-ish, who in the Lord a-bide, Like the trees that grow by the riv-er's side.

CHORUS.



Sheep of his past-ure! there at his side, 'Neath his pro-tec-tion, safe a-bide!



Lost sheep now wand'ring, thith-er re-parr, E-vil can-not harm you, can-not harm you there.

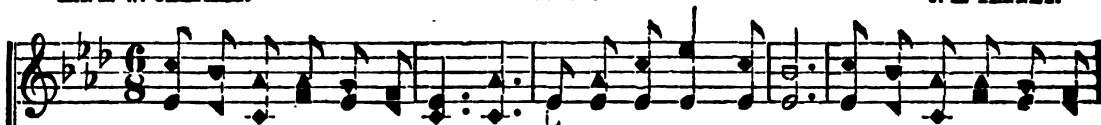


No. 147. HOME OVER YONDER.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

HEB. 4: 9.

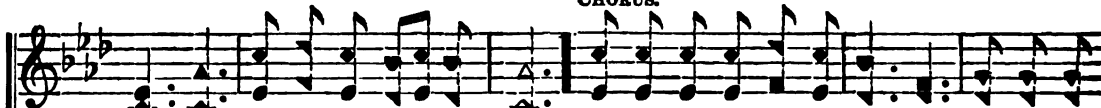
J. H. TENNEY.



1. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Wait-eth a fra-grance sweet, In - to the hearts of the
 2. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Float-eth an an - gel song, Sung in the sweet fields of
 3. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Shin-eth a gold - en ray, In - to the home of the



CHORUS.



wea - ry, Bring-ing a rest com - plete. } Beau - ti - ful home o - ver yon - der! Long-ing thy
 glo - ry, Sung by the white-rob-ed throng. }
 mourn-er, Bring-ing the beams of day.



glo - ry to see; Oft 'mid the shad-ows of eve - ning, Sweet dreams of thee come to



HOME OVER YONDER. Concluded.

me; me, come to me; Sweet dreams! Sweet dreams! Sweet dreams of thee come to me.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 148. JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.

1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear pure light, Like a lit - tle can - die Burn - ing in the night,
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for him; Well he sees and knows it, If our light is dim;
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of dark - ness, In this world a - bound.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

In this world of dark - ness, We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 He looks down from heav - en, Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 Sin and want and sor - row, We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

No. 149. ROCK OF MY REFUGE.

JAMES McFHERSON.

My God is the rock of my refuge.—PSA. 94: 22.

G. H. POLLOCK, ly. ps.

1. My faith looks now un - to a Rock, That Rock was
 2. Up - on this Rock I cast my soul, And trust his
 3. This Rock stands firm what - e'er be - tide Be - neath its

My faith looks now

un - to a Rock,

Christ a stronghold sure; Tho' foes would oft this High Tow'r
 love to res - cue me; He'll bear me home to his dear
 shade I sweet - ly rest, Tho' foes would e'er this Rock de -

That Rock was Christ,

a stronghold sure;

Tho' foes would oft

CHORUS.

mock, Yet stands it strong, 'twill e'er en - dure. }
 fold, And from my sins will set me free. }
 ride, I could not be more great - ly blest. } O, pre - cious

this High Tow'r mock,

Yet stands it strong, 'twill e'er en - dure.

ROCK OF MY REFUGE. Concludee

Rock, e'er shel- ter me, Till earth's cold storms are o'er; In thy sweet
 O, precious Rock, e'er shelter me, Till earth's cold storms are o'er;

shade I'd ev- er be, Till rest- ing on that shore.
 In thy sweet shade I'd ev- er be, Till rest- ing on that shore.

No. 150. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

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

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled away,
 It was there by faith I received my sight,
 And now I am happy all the day.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day:

And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

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

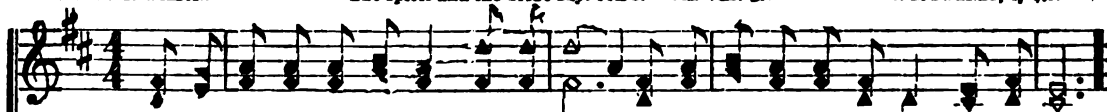
4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

No. 151. WILL YOU COME?

GARRIE M. WILSON.

"The spirit and the bride say, come."—Rev. 22: 17.

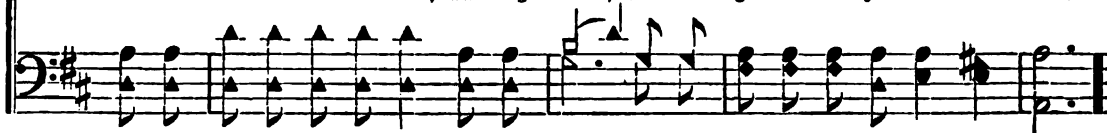
J. B. SWANBY, ly. wr.



1. There's a mes-sage from the Lord, will you come? Hear it sound-ing from his word,—will you come?
2. He has tar-ried long for you, will you come? See his locks are wet with dew,—will you come?
3. Will you heed the Saviour's call? will you come? To the feast pre-pared for all,—will you come?



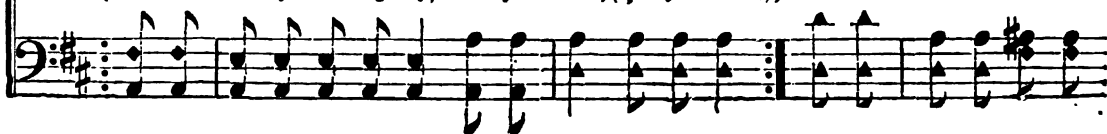
Who-so - ev - er on his name will be - lieve, Life e - ter - nal shall from him re - ceive,
 He a - lone your ma - ny sins can for - give; Will you look to him by faith and live?
 You will find him at the cross, wait-ing there, With the gar-ment that your soul must wear.



CHORUS.



{ He is call-ing you to - day,— will you come, (will you come?) } Will you plunge be-neath the
 { To the on - ly liv - ing way,— will you come, (will you come?) }



WILL YOU COME? Concluded.

flood of his all-a-ton-ing blood? Will you be a child of God,— will you come?

No. 152. MARCHING ON.

J. P. DEVEREUX.

[TEMPERANCE.]

J. R. TENNEY.

CHORUS.

1. We're sol-diers in a no-ble band, Marching on, marching on:
 We'll drive in-tem'rance from the land, Marching on, marching on.
 2. Come, join this grand and no-ble throng, Marching on, marching on: We're pledg'd to justice
 "We won't sur-ren-der," is our song, Marching on, marching on:
 3. We will not lay our ar-mor down, Marching on, marching on:
 Un-til we gain the heav'n-ly crown, Marching on, marching on.

and the right, And in this ho-ly cause we'll fight, While march-ing on, while march-ing on.

No. 153. WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN.

J. G. JOHNSON.

A. M. JOHNSON, by poet.

SOLO. *Andante*



1. Ma - ny sweet children have lived and died, We said good bye at the riv - er side, They dipped their feet
2. Ma - ny dear children we know do stand And tune their harps in the Bet - ter Land; Their fit - tie hands
3. They used to mourn when the children died, Be - fore King Je - sus was cru - ci - fied, The Cross with, its
4. Ma - ny loved chil - dren we know do stand, Tun - ing their harps in the Bet - ter Land, Their lit - tie hands



in the glid - ing stream, And faded a - way like a lovely dream! And faded a - way like a love - ly dream!
 from each gold - en string, Bring music sweet while the angels sing, Bring music sweet while the angels sing!
 bright, unchanging beam, Now lights the way o'er the misty stream, Now lights the way o'er the misty stream.
 from each sounding string, Bring music sweet while the an - gels sing, Bring music sweet while the angels sing!

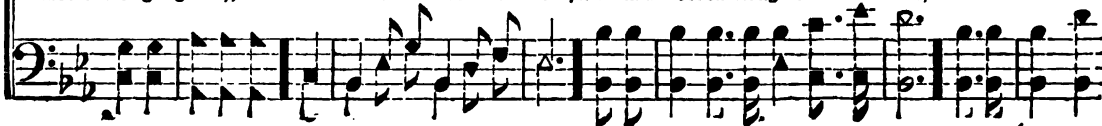
CHORUS. *Allegro*.



We shall meet them a - gain on the shore! We shall meet them a - gain on the shore! With fair - er



face and angel grace, Each loved one will welcome us there, We shall meet them again on the shore, Where the fields are



WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN. Concluded.

ev-ermore fair! When our days have fled, and our brief lives o'er, We shall meet them and part no more!

Mr. E. W. CHAPMAN.

No. 154. CLINGING TO THEE.

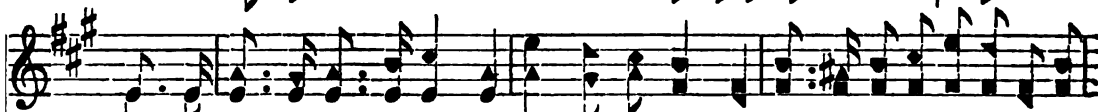
W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Je - sus, since thy dear blood Was shed for me, The glo - ry of my God My aim shall be;
 2. Je - sus, this life of mine Thou gav - est me, And now the gift divine I bring to thee;
 3. Faith - ful in ev'ry-thing Fain would I be; My soul is on the wing Thy will to see;

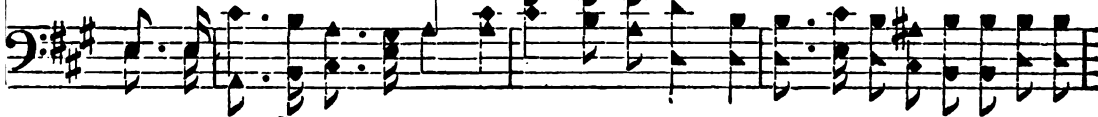
And since I love thy will, Thro' ev'ry good or ill, My trust-ing heart is still Cling-ing to thee.
 And, joy-ful in the tho't That thou my life hast bought, All else I count but naught, And cling to thee.
 In ev'ry pain or joy, If but in thy employ, Naught can my heart annoy, Cling-ing to thee.



1. Sing a-loud a joy-ful cho-rus! Come with rejoicing, Praising him who guided his peo-ple of old;
2. When thou passest thro' the wa-ters, I will be with thee; They shall not o'erflow thee nor give thee alarm;
3. Thro' the flames, if Je-sus calls us, We'll go with singing, Wheresoe'er he lead-eth we fear not to stand,



For the God who led the fa - thers, Liv - eth for - ev - er, And in ten - der mer - cy doth the
 Lo! the Ho - ly One of Is - rael, Might - y to save thee, Guardeth still the loved ones who will
 Trust - ing in the bless - ed prom - ise "I'm with you al - ways, Till you reach the mansions of the



CHORUS



child - ren behold.) Thro' the Jor - dan, thro' the Jor - dan, We will go when he gives us the
 lean on his arm. } thro' the Jordan,
 fair promised land. }



THROUGH THE JORDANI Concluded.

word, In the Jor - dan, in the Jor - dan, We are safe with the Ark of the Lord,
the word, in the Jordan,

No. 156. CROSS AND CROWN.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,

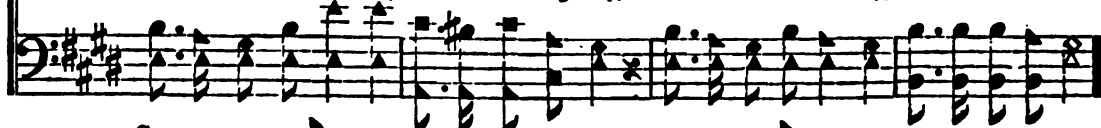
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.

Moderato.

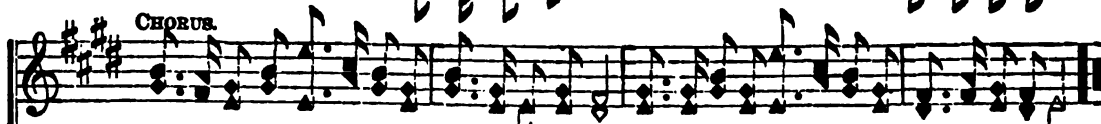
1. Fa-ther, thou wilt guide us In the way of right, Cleanse and keep us ev - er By thy wondrous might;
 2. When the mists shall gather O'er us on our way, Veil-ing all in dark-ness, Be thou near, we pray;
 3. When be-yond the cross-ing Of the wa-ters dark, Gained the bless-ed ha - ven, Anchored there our bark.



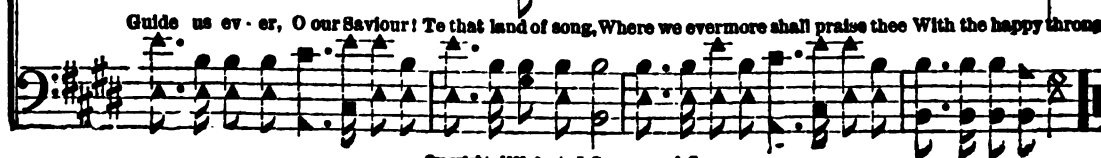
In the hour of con-flict, 'Mid the bus - y din, Shield us from tempta - tion, Keep us pure within.
 From the an - gry tem-pet And the bil-lows' roll, Wilt thou, O our Father, Love our storm-toss'd soul?
 Glad - ly we shall en - ter, thro' the shin-ing way, To the land of beau - ty, And e - ter - nal day.



CHORUS.



Guide us ev - er, O our Saviour! To that land of song, Where we evermore shall praise thee With the happy throngs



No. 158. WHITER THAN SNOW.

J. NICHOLSON.

W. G. FISCHER, by per-

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I wait, bless - ed Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet;
 4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 I give up my - self, and what ev - er I know;
 By faith, for my cleans - ing I see thy blood flow;
 To those who have sought thee, thou nev - er said'st No;

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 159. BEAUTIFUL CITY ABOVE.



1. While we live up - on earth we have some-thing to do, Souls to win in the sprit of love;
 2. Ye are a - ple of Je - sus, why do ye not strive For the souls that in sin - ful-ness rove?
 3. Would you shine forth as glo - rious - ly bright as the sun In the Fa - ther's blest king - dom of love?
 4. When the jour - ny of life we have finished on earth, And have ceas'd from our la - bor of love!



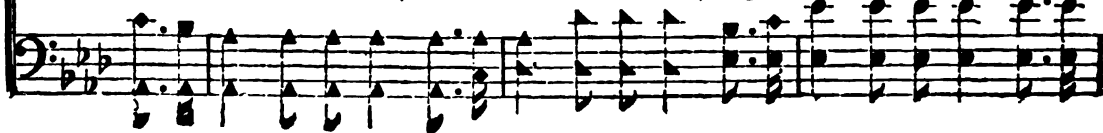
We must point them to Je - sus, the Sav - our from sin, And the beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.
 Lo! the Sav - our doth of - fer a crown as a prize In that beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.
 Then be wise and lead souls to the foot of the cross, And be crown'd in that cit - y a - bove.
 We will all meet a - gain by the riv - er of life, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y a - bove.



CHORUS.



There the sun ev - er shines, ev - er shines, Fra-grant flow'rs ev - er bloom, ev - er
 There the sun ev - er shines, there the sun ev - er shines, Fra-grant flow'rs ev - er bloom, fra-grant



BEAUTIFUL CITY ABOVE. Concluded.

bloom, There we'll meet the redeem'd, And the Saviour we love, In that beauti - ful cit - y a - bove.
Now're ev-er bloom,

No. 160. OH, HAPPY DAY.

R. F. REMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav - our and my God! }
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad. }

CHORUS. **FINE.** **D.S.**
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
And live re - joic - ing ev'ry day; }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shames I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Ever from thy Lord depart,
With aim, of every good expressed.

No. 161. SHOUT IT ALOUD EACH HIGH MOUNTAIN.

GEORGE B. PEARSON.

(FOR CHRISTMAS.)

D. F. HODGES, by per.

1. Shout it a-loud each high mountain! Sing it a-broad ev-'ry sea! Je-sus is born, whom the
 2. Shout it a-loud each high mountain! Sing it a-broad ev-'ry sea! Joy is in heaven, the
 3. Shout it a-loud each high mountain! Sing it a-broad ev-'ry sea! Bring him your jewels far

prophets fore-told, Ma-ry's arms soft-ly the in-fant en-fold; Kings bring him off-rings of
 glad tid-ings sing, Peace is on earth, for her God is her King; Je-sus is born! Then ex-
 rich-er than gold— Love for each des-ti-tute lamb of his fold, Love that grows deeper as

spl-ces and gold, An-gels to shepherds the tid-ings have told, "Peace up-on earth bringeth he!"
 -ult-ing-ly ring, Forth the glad tid-ings, and lov-ing-ly bring, Gifts to such monarch as he.
 time groweth old, Love that the an-gels de-light to be-hold, Love pure as earth's love can be.

SHOUT IT ALOUD, Etc. Concluded.

COROUS.

Shout it a- loud each mountain high! Sing it a- broad ev - 'ry sea! Je- sus is born, whom the

prophets fore- told, Je- sus, whom kings waited long for of old, And dy- ing, his face did not see.

No. 162. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

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

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

3 There let my 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!

No. 163. TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE.

R. R. SANDER, D. D.

*Tell it to Jesus.—MATT. 14: 12.

Rev. R. S. LORENE, by gen.

1. Are you wea-ry, are you heavy-heart-ed? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Are you griev-ing
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-bid-den? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Have you sinned that
 3. Do you fear the gath-er-ing clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus; Are you anx-i-ous
 4. Are you troubled at the tho't of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus; For Christ's coming

CHORUS.

e- ver joys depart- ed? Tell it to Je- sus a- lone.
 to man's eye are hid-den? Tell it to Je- sus a- lone.
 what shall be to-mor-row? Tell it to Je- sus a- lone.
 Kingdom are you sigh-ing? Tell it to Je- sus a- lone.

} Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known: You have nooth-er such a friend or brother; Tell it to Je-sus a- lone.

No. 164. LET HIM IN.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

B. C. EXCELL, by per.

1. There's a stranger at the door,
 2. O - pen now to him your heart,
 3. Hear you now his lov - ing voice?
 4. Now ad - mit the heav'n - ly Guest,

Let him in,
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

He has been there of - ten
 If you wait he will de -
 Now, oh, now make him your
 He will make for you

- sore,
 - part,
 - choice,
 - least,

Let him in;
 Let the Saviour in, Let the Sav - our in;

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him
 Let him in, he is your friend, He your
 He is standing at the door, Joy to
 He will speak your sins forgiv'n, And when

in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus Christ, the Fa - ther's Son,
 soul will sure de - fend, He will keep you to the end,
 you he will re - store, And his name you will a - dore,
 earth ties all are riven, He will take you home to heav'n.

Let him in.
 Let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in.

No. 165. WILL YOU BE WASHED IN THE BLOOD?

S. S. S.

REV. 1: 6

E. C. KIMBALL, by perm.



1st, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood?
 Sin - ner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood?
 He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood?
 & Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood?

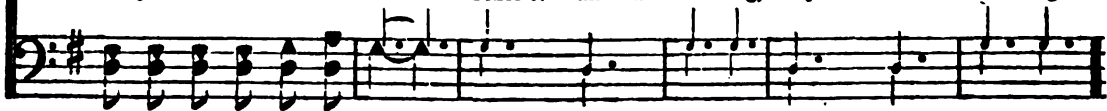
Je - sus died to make you free,
 Thro' the dear Re - deemer's name,
 And the wit - ness you may know,
 Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call,



Will you be washed in the blood?
 Will you be washed in the blood?
 Will you be washed in the blood?
 Will you be washed in the blood?

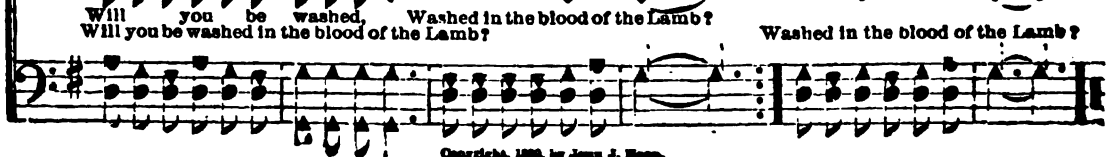
Par - don free - ly giv - en,
 Claim him as your Sav - iour,
 You can know this hour,
 Grace is all a - bounding,

Cleansing you for heav - en.
 He can save for - ev - er.
 Of his dy - ing pow - er.
 Joy thro' heav'n re - sound - ing.



Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Washed in the blood of the Lamb?



No. 166. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS!

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!
 2. O how sweet to walk in this pli-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!

What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 O how bright the path grows from day to day,
 I have peace complete with my Lord so near, } Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!

FINE.

D.S.—Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!

CHORUS. D.S.

Lean-ing, lean-ing, Safe and secure from all alarms; Lean-ing, lean-ing,
 Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus, Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

FRANK M. DAVIS.

No. 167. VOLUNTEERS FOR JESUS.

L. M. EVILSIEK.

1. We are vol- unteers for Je- sus, Fighting 'gainst the mighty wrong, And 'tis He, our Captain, leads us So suc-
 2. "Ev- er on-ward" 'is our watchword, For our Saviour and the Right, See our ban-ners waving o'er us, In the
 3. When the bat- tle shall be end- ed, And we lay our ar- mor down, We shall then go home re-joic- ing, Worthy

- cess - ful - ly a - long; We will nev - er grow dis-cour- aged, But will strike the heav - y blow, That will
 thick- est of the fight; We will nev - er yield or fal - ter, Bat- tling on till set of sun, Till the
 to re-ceive the crown: Then to dwell in peace for - ev - er, With our Cap - tain, Sav - iour, King, Sing - ing

D.S.—fal - ter, chris-tain broth-ers, Raise your ban - ners to the sky, When the

FINE. CHORUS.

end the fear-ful con- flict, And put down a craft - y foe. } On- ward, ev - er onward marching, Fully
 strife with sin is end- ed, And a vic - t'ry has been won. }
 forth His praise tri-umph- ant, Mak- ing heaven's arch- es ring. }

see at last is vanquished, We shall rest at home on high.

VOLUNTEERS FOR JESUS. Concluded.

D.S.

armed to meet the foe; Je - sus leads our swelling columns, On to vic - to - ry we go. Do no

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

No. 168. I DO BELIEVE.

Arr. by A. T. B.

(Use any Common Metre Hymn with either Chorus.)

CHO. NO. 1. I can, I will, I do believe, I
CHO. NO. 2. I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm

This system contains the first two staves of music for 'I Do Believe'. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

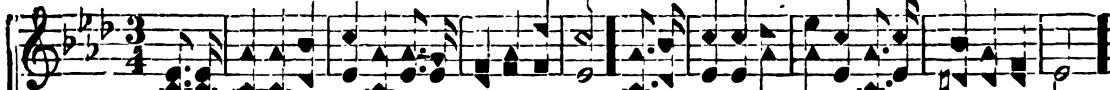
can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve That Je - sus saves me now.
kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy seat, Where Je - sus an - swers prayer.

This system contains the second two staves of music for 'I Do Believe'. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

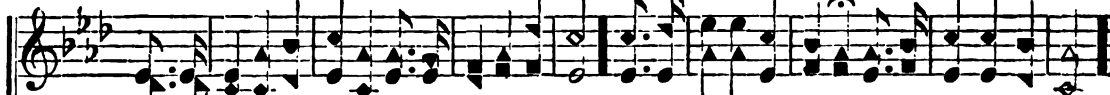
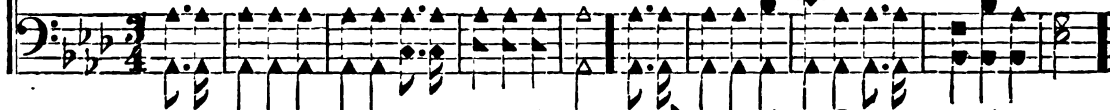
No. 159. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

MR. M. A. KIDDER.

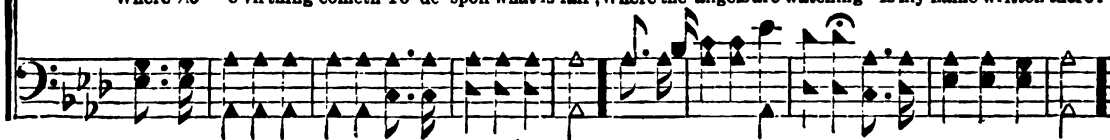
"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—LUKE 10: 20. Arr. from FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Lord, I care not for riches Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven. I would enter the fold;
2. Lord, my sins they are many, like the sands of the sea. But thy blood, O my Saviour, is sufficient for me;
3. O, that beautiful city, With its mansions of light, With its glorified beings in pure garments of white;



In the book of thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
For thy promise is written in bright letters that glow, Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow.
Where no evil thing cometh To de-spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching—Is my name written there?



CHORUS



Is my name written there, On its pages so fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?



No. 170. JESUS MY REFUGE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

© T. FERRY.

1. Wea-ry with toll-ing and bur-den'd with care, Un-to the Sav-our I turn in my pray'r;
 2. Tempted and tried, for a ref-uge I yearn, And in my trou-ble to Je-sus I turn;
 3. I am so weak from my strug-gle with sin, Fee-ble and faint from the con-flict with-in,

F. He is so ten-der of heart and so kind, Rest and re-freshment in Je-sus I find.
 He will not chide me, his heart is so kind; Peace and de-ly'rance in Je-sus I find.
 Therefore to Je-sus I go in my need, Sure that my Lord is a help-er in-deed.

FINE.

D.S.—Therefore to Je-sus I go in my need, For I have found him a help-er in-deed.

CHORUS.

Tempt-ed and tried, Seek I his side, Tell-ing my grief, Find I re-ief,

D.S.

No. 171. I AM WASHED IN THE BLOOD.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

- J. SNOWALTER.

1. I have been to Je - sus to be cleansed with pow'r, In the blood, the precious blood,
 2. I will walk in meek-ness at my Sav - our's side, O the blood, the precious blood,
 3. I will keep un - spot - ted from the world and sin, Through the blood, the precious blood,

And I lin - ger at the fount this ver - y hour, At the fount of Je - sus' blood.
 I will trust each mo - ment in the Cru - ci - fied, O the blood, the pre - cious blood!
 In the fount - ain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, In the fount of Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

I am washed Hal - le - lu - jah! in the blood, precious blood, In the heart-cleansing blood of the Lamb;

I AM WASHED IN THE BLOOD. Concluded.

I am washed Hal - le - lu - jah! in the blood, precious blood, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

A. J. R.

No. 172. HEAVEN'S MY HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. This world is not my resting place. Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, I seek a bet - ter home than this,
 2. In that blest home there is no night, Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, The face of Je - sus is the light,
 3. O wea - ry one, with sin opprest, Heaven's my home, heaven's my home, Come, go with me, and find sweet rest.

D.S.—My mansion fair a-waits me there,

D.S.

FINE. CHORUS.

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home. My home a - bove! sweet home of love! Tho' a - while the earth I roam.

Heaven's my home, heaven's my home.

Copyright, 1887, by A. J. SHOWALTER & Co..

1. In - to the light of God's glo - ri - ous love, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in. In - to the path - way that
 2. Out of the paths where in er - ror they stray, Welcome them in, welcome them in. Tell them of Je - sus and
 1. Go to them lov - ing - ly, kind words are strong, Bid them come in, bid them come in, Lead them by lov - ing them

CHORUS.

lead - eth a - bove, And out of the val - ley of sin.
 show them the way, A home in his Heav - en a - bove.
 out of the wrong And souls for His har - vest - time win.

{ Gath - er them in, Gather them in, Gather them
 In - to the light, In - to the light, out of the

1st. 2d.

in, Gather them in, Out of the high - ways and by - ways of sin. O gath - er the wand'ers in.
 night, Out of the night.

No. 174. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

G. F. FERRY.

1. I have but one, one on - ly plea, It is the blood of Je - sus, And this I know a -
 2. I'm kneel - ing at the bless - ed Cross, Where flows the blood of Je - sus, Re - fin - ing, cleansing
 3. Re - joic - ing, as I go a - long, In the dear blood of Je - sus, This e'er shall be my

CHORUS.

- vals for me, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus, The blood, the blood, The
 me from dross, O pre - cious blood of Je - sus, The blood, the pre - cious, cleansing blood,
 theme of song, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus, The blood, the pre - cious, cleansing blood,

cleansing blood of Je - sus, It is the theme of joy and song, The pre - cious blood of Je - sus.

No. 175. MY REFUGE.

1. In the se-cret of his pres-ence, how my soul de-lights to hide! O, how pre-cious are the
 2. When my soul is faint and thir-st-y, neath the shad-ow of his wing There is cool and pleas-ant
 3. On-ly this I know: I told him all my doubts and griefs and fears; O, how pa-tient-ly he
 4. Do you think that I could love him half so dear-ly as I ought, If he did not tell me

mf Earthly cares etc.

les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev-er vex me, nei-ther
 shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my Sav-our rests be-side me as we
 list-ens, and my droop-ing soul he cheers. Do you think he'er re-proves me? what a
 plain-ly of each sin-ful word and tho't? No, he is so ver-y faith-ful, and that

FINE.

tri-als lay me low, For when Sa-tan comes to tempt me, to this "se-cret place" I go.
 hold com-mun-ion sweet, If I tried I could not ut-ter what he says when thus we meet.
 false friend he wou'd be, If he did not al-ways tell me of the sins which he must see.
 makes me trust him more, For I know that he does love me, though he wounds me ver-y sore.

MY REFUGE. Concluded

UNOBU.

I am hid - ing 'neath the shad - ow Of his strong . . .
I am hid - ing 'neath the shadow, I am hid - ing 'neath the shad - ow Of his strong and shell'ring

D. S.

and shell'ring wing;
wing, Of his strong and shell'ring wing;

5 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord,
Go and hide beneath his shadow; this shall then be your
reward;
And when'er you leave the silence of that happy resting place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your
face.

6 You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you and your inward peace
destroy;
You may always be abiding if you'll rest at Jesus' side;
In the secret of his presence you may every moment hide.

No. 176. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless,

And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

No. 177. ONLY REMEMBERED.

Dr. BURIAL.

And they judged every man according to his works.—REV. 20: 13.

A. J. BOWMAN.

1. Up and a-way! like the dew of the morning, Soar-ing from earth to its home in the sun,—
 2. Up and a-way! like the o - dors of sun - set, Sweet'ning the twi - light as dark - ness comes on,
 3. Need I be miss'd if an - oth - er succeeds me, Reap-ing those fields which in spring I have sown?

So let me steal a - way, gen - tly and lov - ing - ly, On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done.
 So let me pass a - way, peace - ful - ly, sl - lent - ly, On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done.
 Who plow'd or sow'd is not miss'd by the har - vest - er, But he's re - mem - bered by what he has done.

CHORUS.

1. 2.
 On - ly re - mem - bered, on - ly re - mem - bered, On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done; what I have done.
 On - ly re - mem - bered, on - ly re - mem - bered, On - ly re - mem - bered by what he has done; what he has done.

LAST VERSE.

MR. E. A. SVILSNER.

No. 178. BLESSED WORDS.

C. M. SVILSNER.

1. I was weak in sin and a wan-der-er, When Je-sus whisper'd to me, "Come, ye
2. Tho' my sins were great and my heart oppress'd, My bur-den heav-y to bear, Yet he
3. Then I bro't my care and my grief to him, And laid them down at his feet: Je-sus

CHORUS.

wea-ry one, with your sin oppress'd, There's rest and pardon for thee." Oh, bless-ed words, "There is
bade me "Come" and with him find rest, And droop no longer with care. } What blest, sweet words,
took my bur-den up-on him-self. And made my blessing complete. }

est and pardon for thee," How my heart re-joiced when the Sav-lour said These words of comfort to me.

No. 179. CLOSER, STILL CLOSER.

E. S. S.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—PSA. 73: 28.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by ps.

1. Clos-er, still clos-er, my Sav-our, to thee, Clos-er to Je-sus, fain, fain would I be;
 2. Clos-er by day, tho' my sky be all-right, Clos-er, still clos-er when fall-eth the night;
 3. Whento the Jor-dan of death I de-scend, Dang-er 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 hath no spot where with-out him I'm safe, Time has no mo-ment I need not his grace,
 Breast-ing the bil-lows, my death-song shall be, Clos-er, still clos-er, my Sav-our, to thee.

CHORUS.

Ritard e dim.

Clos-er, still clos-er, still clos-er to thee, Clos-er, still clos-er, clos-er to thee.

No. 180. COMING AGAIN.

JOSEPH B. MOOR.

1. O - ver the val - leys, hill - tops and mount - ains, Rings out the shout from wood - land and plain;
 2. Cheer - ing each pil - grim, way - worn and wea - ry, No more we hear him fret or complain;
 3. Com - ing to take us o - ver the riv - er, Where we shall sing of Him who was slain;

FINE.

Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fount - ains, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 Bright is the way that once was so drear - y, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 Glad - ly then sing his prais - es for - ev - er, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.

D.S. Shout it a - loud, ye isles of the o - cean, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Com - ing a - gain, Oh, glo - ri - ous the - tid - ings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain!

No. 181. THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND.

Arranged from J. W. WELSH.

J. G. BUSHBY, by per.

1. I am long-ing for the com-ing of the snow-white an-gel band, That shall bear my wea-ry
 2. I am wait-ing for the sig-nal that shall speak my full re-lease, And pre-sent my wel-come
 3. I am long-ing to be go-ing, yet my fa-ther's kind com-mand Bids me tar-ry 'mid the

spir-it To the sin-less sum-mer-land; As I tread the nar-row path-way, Thro' this
 pass-port To the realms of per-fect peace; Yes, and when the wea-ry san-dals All the
 shad-ows Of the mist-ry, low-er land; When my pil-grim-age is end-ed I shall

thorn-y vale, I dream Of the joys that ev-er brighten Where the pearl-y wa-ters gleam.
 dust-y way have trod, I shall sing a-mong the an-gels By the gold-en throne of God.
 stem the tur-bid flood, And re-cline up-on the bo-som Of the spot-less Son of God.

THE SINLESS SUMMERLAND. Concluded.

I am long - ing for the com - ing, for the com - ing for the com - ing

Of the snow..... white an - gel band, That shall bear..... my
Of the snow white an - gel band, Of the snow white angel band, That shall bear my weary spirit,

wea - ry spir it To that sin - less sum - mer - land.
That shall bear my wea - ry spir - it To that sin - less sum - mer - land.

No. 182. COMING HOME TO-NIGHT.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Answer to "Are you Coming Home To-night?"

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. I had wan-der'd long in dark-ness on the mountains lone and cold, I was
 2. I will trust his pre-cious prom-ise and his might-y pow'r to save, Free-ly
 3. I am com-ing home, my Sav-our, nev-er-more from thee to stray, Glad-ly

lost in sin and doubtings, far a-way from Je-sus' fold, When a voice so sweet and ten-der bade me
 in the fount of cleansing I my sin-stained garmentslave, Tho' they be as crim-son yet his blood will
 will I fol-low in thy bless-ed foot-steps day by day, In thy ser-vice ev-er, Sav-our, will my

rise and seek the light; Now I'm com-ing home to Je-sus, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.
 make them pure and white; I am com-ing home, my Sav-our, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.
 soul take new de-light; I am com-ing home to Je-sus, Yes, I'm com-ing home to-night.

COMING HOME TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Com-ing home to-night, Com-ing home to-night, "Com-ing home to Je-sus, Out of dark-ness in - to light;"

Com-ing home to-night, Com-ing home to-night, To my lov-ing Fa-ther, I am com-ing home to-night.

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first system contains the lyrics: "Com-ing home to-night, Com-ing home to-night, 'Com-ing home to Je-sus, Out of dark-ness in - to light;'" The second system contains the lyrics: "Com-ing home to-night, Com-ing home to-night, To my lov-ing Fa-ther, I am com-ing home to-night." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

No. 183. COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING. 8s & 7s.

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help, I'm come
And I hope, thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

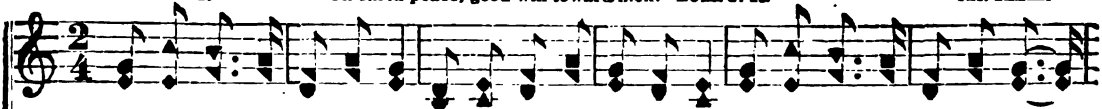
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee!
Proned to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Proned to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

No. 184. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

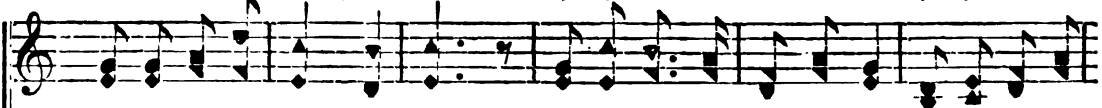
EMMA STURTEVANT.

On earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE 2: 14.

GR. BAKER.



1. On a bless - ed Christ - mas night Eighteen hun - dred years a - gone, Came the Lord of Life and Light -
 2. Bend - ing low with Joy - ful fear, Shepherds knelt with one ac - cord; Sa - ges from a - far drew near to
 3. Bless - ed be the old and gray, Wait - ing for God's har - vest time; Bless - ed be the young and gay



Came to earth God's Bless - ed Son. Then the ho - ly an - gels sang, Rang a - bove the
 view the dear face of their Lord. Bless - ed be the Christ - mas - tide, Bless - ed be the
 Through life's ev - ry Christ - mas time; Till with heav - en's white-robed throng, And with an - gels'



Christ-child's head, Then the glo - ry an - thems rang, Rang a - bove his man - ger bed.
 dy - ing year, When our pass - ing joys a - bide, Bless - ed be the draw - ing near.
 sweet ac - cord, We shall sing the Christmas song In the pres - ence of our Lord.



CHRISTMAS CAROL. Concluded.

CHORUS.

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

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

Glo - ry be to God most high, and on earth Peace, peace on earth, good will, Good will to men.

No. 185. MY BEAUTIFUL HOME.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land where the sun ev - er shines, With a clime like one long sum - mer day;
 2. There no sick - ness nor trou - ble can ev - er more come, For the Heal - er will watch o - ver all;
 3. There the good and the pure with the saints ev - er dwell, And sing praise to the Fa - ther of Love,
 4. There thro' a - ges of bliss they shall dwell ev - er more, Whom the Sav - iour o - bey here be - low;
 5. Then a - way to that beau - ti - ful land let me go, For I long all its won - ders to see;

Where the rose and the lil - y with myr - tle entwines, And the land is as flow - ry as May.
 There the loved ones shall nev - er be snatched from our home, For the death shades shall there nev - er fall.
 And the an - thems of heav - en - ly sweet - ness that well ring with joy thro' the mansions a - bove.
 With the loved and the pure who have gone on be - fore, They shall meet where life's clear fountains flow.
 There I nev - er shall weep nor grow wea - ry, I know, But e - ter - nal - ly blest I shall be.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful land, bright beau - ti - ful land, Won - der - ful
 Beau - ti - ful land, bright beau - ti - ful land, Beau - ti - ful land, bright beau - ti - ful land, Won - der - ful

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics, and the second system contains the final two lines. The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a clear melody and accompaniment.

land of the ol - ive and rose, Beau - ti - ful land, ol, won - der - ful
 land of the ol - ive, the ol - ive and rose, Beau - ti - ful land, oh, won - der - ful land, Beau - ti - ful

land, Land of con - tent - ment, de - light and re - pose
 land, oh, won - der - ful land, Land of con - tent - ment, de - light and re - pose, sweet re - pose.

No. 186. JUST AS I AM. L. M.

- 1** Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2** Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

- 3** Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4** Just as I am thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 187. MY SOUL HAS BEEN REDEEMED.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

D.C.—1. I am walk-ing on Re-demp-tion's ground to - day, My soul has been re - deemed,
 2. O the bliss of this sal - va - tion full and free, My soul has been re - deemed,
 3. I will sing the won-ders of my Sav - lour's love, My soul has been re - deemed

FINE

All the crimson stains of sin are wash'd a - way, My soul has been re - deemed.
 And the Ho - ly Spir - it now a - bides in me, My soul has been re - deemed.
 I shall sing it when I reach my home a - bove, My soul has been re - deemed.

Thre' the all - a - ton-ing flood Of my Sav-lour's precious blood, My soul has been re - deemed,
 O the fel-low-ship di-vine, I am his and he is mine, My soul has been re - deemed,
 Je - sus paid the debt I owe, Saved my soul from end-less woe, My soul has been re - deemed

MY SOUL HAS BEEN REDEEMED. Concluded.

D.C.

For his praise I will proclaim, Glo-ry to his Ho-ly Name, My soul has been re-deemed.
 While I know his wondrous grace, Yet I'll see him face to face, My soul has been re-deemed.
 I have now re-ceived my sight, I am walk-ing in the light, My soul has been re-deemed.

No. 188. Come, Holy Spirit, etc. C.M. No. 189. Come, Holy Spirit, etc. S.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go,
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate;
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening pow'rs,
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come;
 Let thy bright beams arise;
 Dispel the darkness from our minds,
 And open thou our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith;
 Our doubts and fears remove;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
 Then lead to Jesus' blood;
 And to our wondering view reveal
 The gracious love of God.

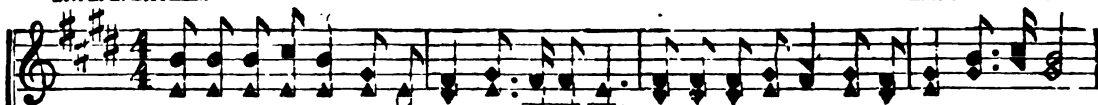
4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
 To sanctify the soul,
 To pour fresh life on every part,
 And new create the whole.

5 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts;
 Our minds from bondage free;
 Then shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and thee.

No. 190. ALL FOR THE BEST.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SROWALTER.



1. Whether God shall call me to joy or to sor-row, Whether he ap-portion me la-bor or rest,
 2. Sometimes seem the pathway so lone-ly and dreary, Sometimes is my spir-it with sor-row op-pressed,
 3. In the tie-ry furnace, where grace is re-fin-ing, I am oft-en tried—O how pain-ful the test!
 4. So the days roll on in their glad-ness and sweet-ness; So my soul with peace and con-tent-ment is blest!



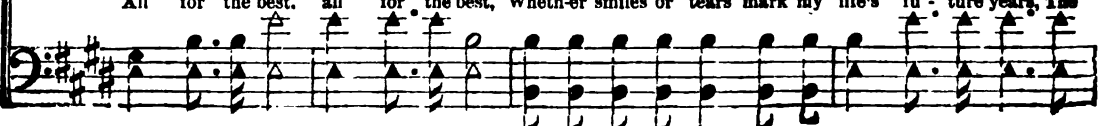
I will have no care for the un-known to-mor-row, But a-bide his will—it is all for the best.
 Sometimes with the bur-dens of life I am wea-ry, Still I am content—it is all for the best.
 I will not com-plain, nor be filled with re-pu-ning, For I know full well—it is all for the best.
 So my life is rich in its joy and com-pleteness; All the Father sends—is it not for the best?



CHORUS.



All for the best. all for the best, Whether smiles or tears mark my life's fu-ture years, The



ALL FOR THE BEST. Concluded.

shad-ow or sunlight and the la-bor or rest, I trust to my Saviour, It is all for the best.

REV. CHAR. WHELEY.

No. 191. LENOX.

J. EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a rise; Shake off thy guilt-y fears, The bleeding sac - ri - fice In my behalf ap - pears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede, His all re - deem - ing love, His precious blood to plead;
3. Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, Re - ceiv - ed on Cal - va - ry; They pour effect - ual pray'rs, They strongly plead for me;
4. My God is re - con - ciled; His pardon - ing voice I hear, He owns me for his child; I can no longer fear;

Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my sure ty stands, My name is written on his hands. grace.
 His blood at - oned for all our race, His blood at - oned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of die.
 For - give him oh for - give, they cry, For - give him, oh, for - give, they cry Nor let that ransomed sin - ner cry.
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther,

No. 192. LORD, BRING WANDERERS HOME.

3. M. 2.

B. MANSELL RAMSEY.

Slowly with feeling.

1. Lord, bring some wand - 'rers home to - night, Some who have gone a - stray,
 2. May none thy mer - cy spur to - night, The Ho - ly Spir - it grieve,
 3. Let none un - blest de - part to - night, Un - saved and un - for - giv'n.

CHORUS.

Faster.

O give them grace to come to - night, Let them no more de - lay.
 May prod - i - gals re - turn to - night, May sin - ners now be - lieve. } To - night, Lord, to - night, Lord,
 O - ver some yielding heart to - night, Let there be joy in heav'n.

Rit.

Bring wand'ers home to - night, To - night, Lord, to - night, Lord, Bring wand'ers home to - night.

No. 193. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s. SAMUEL WESS.

Duet.

1. Come, ye dis - con - solate, w - ere e'er you lan - guish, Come to the mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;
 2. Joy of the des - o - late. light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fadeless and pure,
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - love;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your ang - uish, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
 Here speaks the Com - for - ter, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
 Come to the feast of love; come ev - er know - ing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re - move.

FULL CHORUS.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your ang - uish, Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
 Here speaks the Com - for - ter, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
 Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can re - move.

No. 194. WILL YOU LISTEN TO THE OLD, OLD STORY?

A. J. R.

A. J. SEOWALTER.

1. Will you list-en to the old, old sto-ry? It can nev-er be too oft-en told;
 2. Will you hear-en to the Sav-our's mes-sage? It was sin-ners that he came to save;
 3. Will you an-swer to the heav'n-ly sum-mous, Yes, I'm com-ing, com-ing home to-night?

Je-sus left his home on high And for sin-ners came to die, And He's calling now to you to come.
 And tho' vil-est you may be He will cleanse and make you free, And He's calling now to you to come.
 Tho' I've wandered long a-way I will come without de-lay, Yes, I'm coming, coming home to-night.

CHORUS.

Call-ing, call-ing you to come to-night, Call-ing, call-ing you to come to-night:
Last verse.
 Com-ing, yes, I'm com-ing home to-night, Com-ing, yes, I'm com-ing home to-night:

WILL YOU LISTEN TO THE OLD, OLD STORY? Concluded.

Musical score for the song "Will You Listen to the Old, Old Story?". The score is written on two staves, a treble clef on top and a bass clef on the bottom. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Hear the voice of Je - sus, Oh, heed his ten - der plead - ing, He will save you by his pow'r and might.

No. 195. I am Coming to the Cross.

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

CHORUS.

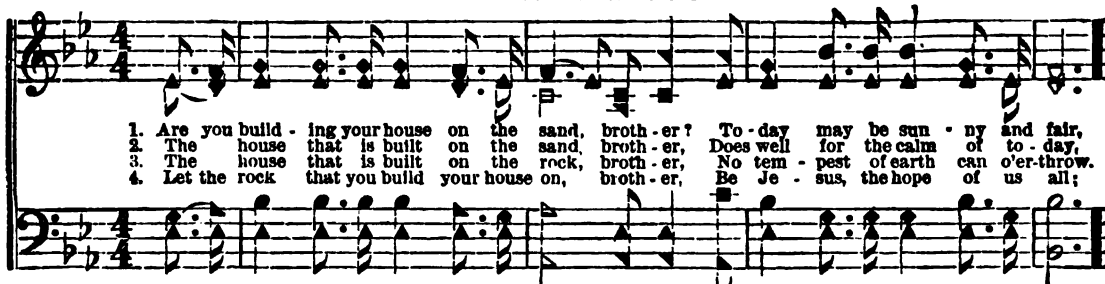
- I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."
 - 3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body, thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.
 - 4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfect in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 196. Here and Yonder.

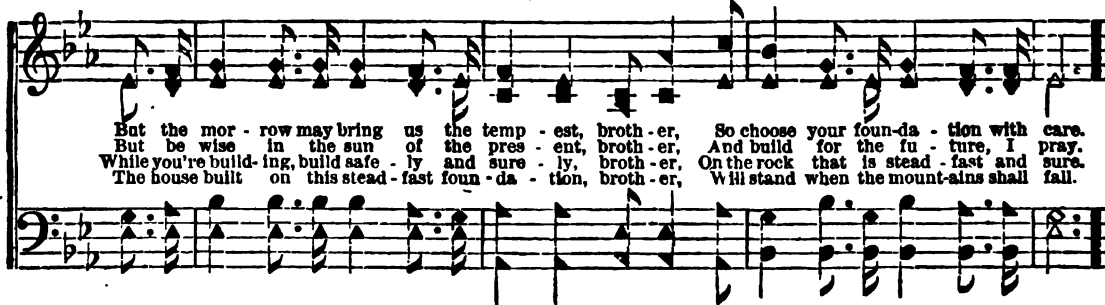
- 1 Here we are but straying pilgrims,
Here our path is often dim;
But to cheer us on our journey,
Still we sing this wayside hymn.

CHORUS.

- Yonder, over the rolling river,
Where the shining mansions rise,
Soon will be our home forever,
And the smile of the blessed Giver
Gladdens all our longing eyes.
- 2 Here our feet are often weary
On the hills that throng our way;
Here the tempest darkly gathers,
But our hearts within us say:
 - 3 Here our souls are often fearful
Of the pilgrim's lurking foe;
But the Lord is our defender,
And he tells us we may know.
 - 4 Here our shadowed homes are transient,
And we meet the stranger's frown;
So we'll sing with joy while going,
E'en to death's dark billow down.

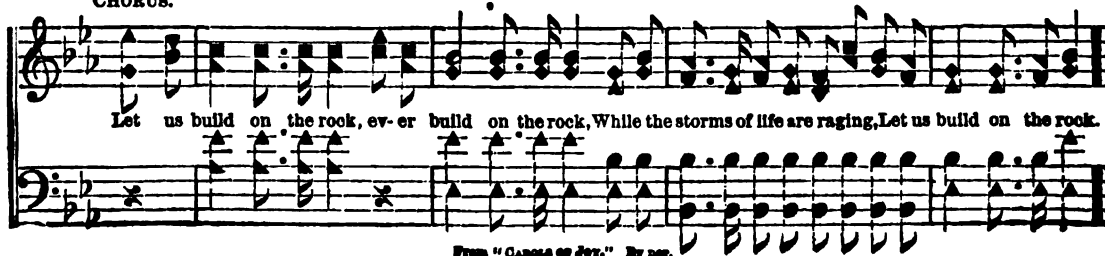


1. Are you build - ing your house on the sand, broth - er? To - day may be sun - ny and fair,
 2. The house that is built on the sand, broth - er, Does well for the calm of to - day,
 3. The house that is built on the rock, broth - er, No tem - pest of earth can o'er - throw.
 4. Let the rock that you build your house on, broth - er, Be Je - sus, the hope of us all!



But the mor - row may bring us the temp - est, broth - er, So choose your foun - da - tion with care.
 But be wise in the sun of the pres - ent, broth - er, And build for the fu - ture, I pray.
 While you're build - ing, build safe - ly and sure - ly, broth - er, On the rock that is stead - fast and sure.
 The house built on this stead - fast foun - da - tion, broth - er, Will stand when the mount - ains shall fall.

CHORUS.



Let us build on the rock, ev - er build on the rock, While the storms of life are raging, Let us build on the rock.

ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING? Concluded.

Let us build on the rock, ev-er build on the rock, Christ the Lord, our refuge ev-er, Let us build on the rock.

No. 198. JESUS KEEP US IN THE FOLD. Closing Hymn.

MR. G. A. SHACKLOCK.

Dr. W. G. PERDUE.

1. Je - sus, keep me in the fold. In thy care a - bid - ing, Shel - tered by thy ten - der - ness,
 2. May the truth we've gained to - day, Treasured in thy keep - ing, Be to us like gold - en grain,
 3. Gra - cious Lord, thy peace we seek, All our sins con - fess - ing, Guard us thro' the com - ing week,

D.S. From thy ten - der watch - ful care

D. S.

FINE. CHORUS.

In thy love con - fid - ing. } In the fold, in the fold May we live for - ev - er;
 Crown us with thy bless - ing. }
 In the time of reap - ing. }
 with thy bless - ing. }

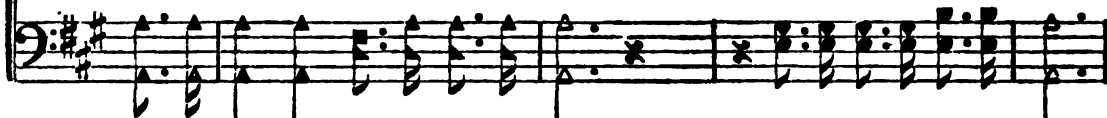
Let us wan - der no - more. By permission



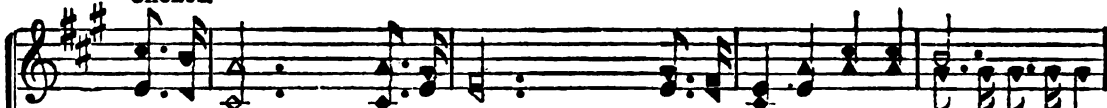
1. Sav' our Jay we give our hearts to Thee, } All to Thee, all to Thee;
Thou didst give Thy-self that we might be }
2. When we've cross'd death's dark and stormy sea, } all to Thee, all to Thee;



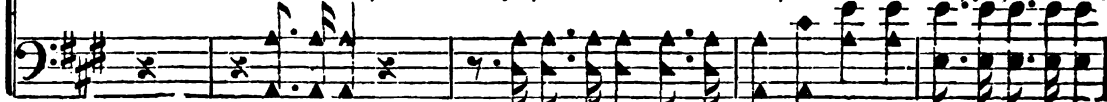
And we are and all we hope to be, } All to Thee,----- yes, all to Thee.
And by grace di- vine our love shall be, }
May our songs of tri-umph ev- er be } All to Thee, yes, all to Thee.



CHORUS.



All to Thee, all to Thee, all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee;
all to Thee, yes, all to Thee. Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee, yes, all to Thee.



ALL TO THEE. Concluded.

All to Thee, all to Thee, all to Thee, yes all to Thee, Bless-ed Lord, 'tis all to Thee.

No. 200. ARIEL. C. P. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine; I'd
 2. I'd sing the char-acters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Exalted on His throne; In
 2. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When our dear Lord will bring us home, And we shall see His face: then

soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings, In notes almost divine, In notes almost di-vine,
 loftest songs of sweetest praise, I would to everlasting days Make all His glories known, Make all His glo-ries known
 with our Saviour, Brother, Friend, A blest eternity we'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

No. 201. LORD, I LOVE THEE.

1. Lord, I love Thee, fond - ly love Thee, With my best and warm - est love;
 2. Lord, I love Thee, dear - ly love Thee, And like riv - ers to the sea;
 3. Lord, I love Thee, and I thank Thee, For the grace that made me free;
 4. Lord, I love Thee, true - ly love Thee, Love Thee dai - ly more and more;

CHORUS.

Pu - ri - fy my heart - af - fec - tions; May they nev - er from Thee move.
 Ev - 'ry thought, and sense, and - feel - ing, Flows un - ceas - ing - ly to Thee. } Lord, I love Thee!
 With my ran - som'd pow'rs I'll love Thee, Through a long e - ter - ni - ty.
 Turn to me Thy heart - af - fec - tions; Love and bless me ev - er - more.

Love Thou me, Love me through e - ter - ni - ty! Love me through e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 202. IN THE MORNING OF JOY.

1. When the trum - pet shall sound, And the dead shall a - rise, And the spi - en - dors im -
 2. Then the King shall ap - pear In his beau - ty on high, And shall sum - mon his
 3. Oh, the bliss of that morn When our lov'd ones we meet, With the songs of the

CHO.—In the morn - ing of joy, In the morn - ing of joy, We'll be gath - er'd to

- mor - tal Shall en - vel - op the skies— When the an - gel of Death Shall no
 chil - dren To the courts of the sky; Shall the cause of your Lord All your
 ran - somed We each oth - er shall greet,— Sing - ing praise to the Lamb Thro' e -

glo - ry In the morn - ing of joy; In the morn - ing of joy, In the

D.C. for Chorus.

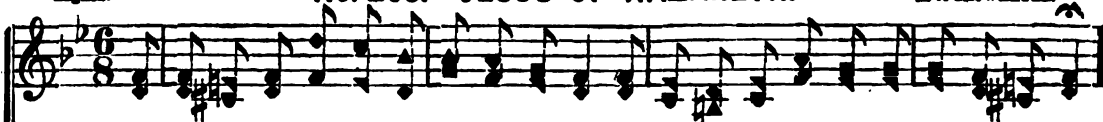
lon - ger de - stroy, And the dead shall a - wak - en In the morn - ing of joy.
 mo - ments em - ploy, That your soul may be spot - less In the morn - ing of joy!
 - ter - ni - ty's years, With the past all for - got - ten With its sor - rows and tears.

morn - ing of joy, We'll be gath - er'd to glo - ry In the morn - ing of joy.

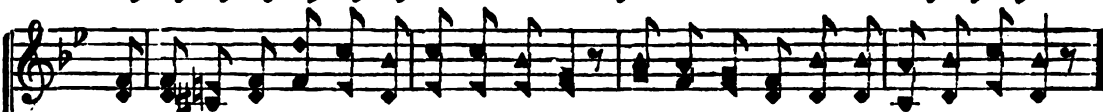
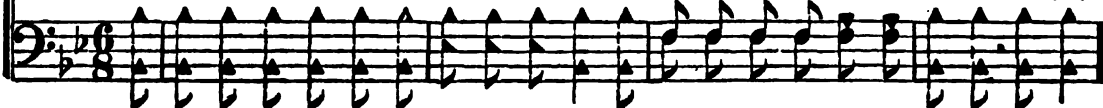
English.

No. 203. JESUS OF NAZARETH.

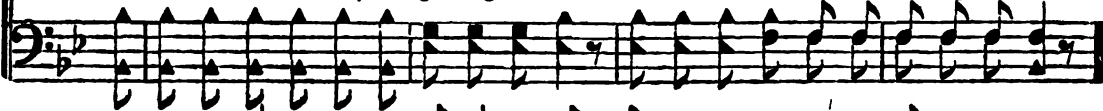
A. J. SHOWALTER.



1 I once was a stran-ger to grace and to God, And knew not the dan-ger-ous path that I trod;
 2 I oft read with pleasure of sooth or en-gage The won-der-ful truths of the in-spir-ed page;
 3 When free grace a-woke me by light from on high, Then le-gal fears shook me, I thought I must die;
 4 My ter-rors all vanished be-fore the sweet name; My guilt-y fears banished, with bold-ness I came-



Though friends spoke in rap-ture of Christ on the tree, Je-sus of Naz-'reth was noth-ing to me.
 But e'en when was pictured the blood on the tree, Je-sus of Naz-'reth was noth-ing to me.
 No ref-uge, no safe-ty, on earth could I see, Je-sus of Naz-'reth my Sav-lour must be.
 To drink at the fountain, life-giv-ing and free, Je-sus of Naz-'reth is all things to me.



Nothing to me, Noth-ing to me, Je - sus of Naz -'reth was noth-ing to me;
 Nothing to me, Noth-ing to me, Je - sus of Naz -'reth was noth-ing to me;
 Sav-lour must be, Sav-lour must be, Je - sus of Naz -'reth my Sav-lour must be;
 All things to me, All things to me, Je - sus of Naz -'reth is all things to me;



JESUS OF NAZARETH. Concluded.

Nothing to me, Nothing to me, Je - sus of Naz - 'reth was noth - ing to me.
 Noth - ing to me, Noth - ing to me, Je - sus of Naz - 'reth was noth - ing to me.
 Sav - lour must be, Sav - lour must be, Je - sus of Naz - 'reth my Sav - lour must be.
 All things to me, All things to me, Je - sus of Naz - 'reth is all things to me.

Dr. E. SCHAE.

No. 204. JESUS HATH DIED FOR ME.

A. J. SNOWALTER.

1. No, not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to Thee; No, not dis - trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee;
 2. Lord, I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin; Now, tell I all to Thee, All I have been;
 3. Faith - ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all; Lov - ing and kind art Thou, When sor - rows call;

Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet this is still my plea; Je - sus hath died for me, Je - sus hath died.
 Purge Thou my sin a - way, Wash Thou my soul this day, Take Thou my sin a - way, Lord make me clean.
 Lord, let the cleans - ing blood, Let the dear healing flood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.

No. 205. WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE?

H. E. LATTA.

D. H. DOBNER, by per.

1. When we in the judgment stand, In that mighty com- pa- ny, And the Judge shall question us, Oh, what
 2. When the Lord has gathered there, From the land and from the sea, All the fam- i- lies of men, Oh, what
 3. Lord, it is a solemn tho't, That we must account to thee! In that great and aw- ful day, What shall

shall our an- swers be? What for ev- 'ry trif- ling tho't, And each i- die word we say? What for
 shall our an- swers be? What for all our want of faith, What for all our lack of love? Can we
 our poor an- swers be? Oh, pre- pare us, Lord, we pray, In thy pres- ence there to stand! Purge us

CHORUS.

ev- 'ry sin- ful act, We may do from day to day? When that aw- - - ful day we see,
 hope a crown to gain, And a mansion bright above?
 from each sin- ful blot, Place us, Lord, on thy right hand! When that aw- ful day we see, day we see,

WHAT SHALL OUR ANSWERS BE? Concluded.

Oh, what shall our answers be? Oh, what shall our answers be? Oh, what shall our answers be? Oh, what shall our answers be?

Oh, what shall our answers be, our answers be? Oh, what shall our answers be? Oh, what shall our answers be?

No. 206. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

- Oh, good old way, how sweet thou'rt, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, May none of us from thee de-part,
- This note a-bove the rest shall swell, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, That Je-sus do-eth all things well,
- Part of my friends the prize have won, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, And I'm resolved to fol-low on,
- Then come with me be-lov-ed friend, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, The joys of heav'n shall never end,
- Our songs of praise shall fill the skies, Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way, While higher still our joys a-rise,

Bless the Lord, I'm hap-py on the way. Hap-py on the way, Hap-py on the way.

No. 207. GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his coun-sels guide, up - hold you;
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath his wings se - cure - ly hide you;
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain; When life's per - ils thick con-found you;
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain; Keep love's ban - ner float - ing o'er you;



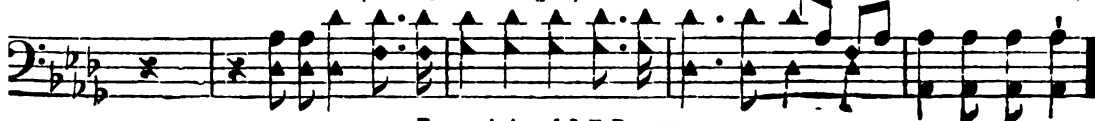
With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dal - ly man - na still pro - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put his arms un - fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smita. death's threaten - ing waves be - fore you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.



CHORUS.



Till we meet,..... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; till we meet;
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,



GOD BE WITH YOU. Concluded.

Till we meet,..... till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

FRANK W. DAVIS.

No. 208. I COME UNTO THEE.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Thou art my trust and stay; I follow on where thou dost lead, Thine
 2. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Thou re-fuge of my soul; Thou only can speak peace, sweet peace, The
 3. O Lamb of God I come to thee, Just as I am I come; Un-worthy of the wondrous love, Yet

D.S.—as I am I come to thee, I

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

is the per-fect way.
 storm of life con-trol.
 thou wilt lead me home.

I come to thee, I come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come to thee; Just

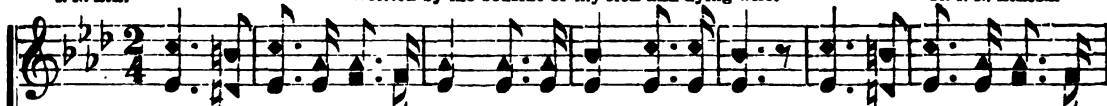
come, I come to thee.

No. 209. THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

I. N. MOH.

Written by the bedside of my sick and dying wife.

Dr. I. N. MOHRE.



1. We are on our jour-ney home, jour-ney home, jour-ney home, Nev - er more in sin to
 2. Tho' as pilgrims here be - low, here be - low, here be - low; Meet - ing con - flicts as we
 3. When at last our journey's o'er, journey's o'er, journey's o'er, And we're safe on you - der



roam, sin to roam, sin to roam: 'Tis de - light - ful all a - long, all a - long, all a - long;
 go, as we go, as we go, But with Je - sus by our side, as our guide, as our guide,
 shore, you - der shore, you - der shore, We will sing for - ev - er - more, ev - er - more, ev - er - more,



CHORUS.

As we cheer it with our song, with our song, with our song. } We are on the King's high-
 We will trust what e'er be - tide, e'er be - tide, e'er be - tide. }
 With the blood washed gone be - fore, gone be - fore, gone be - fore. }



THE KING'S HIGHWAY. Concluded.

Rit. e dim.

way, shin - ing way, shin - ing way; Lead - ing up to end - less day end - less day, end - less day.

A. J. S.

No. 210. O PRODIGAL, COME HOME.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Thy Fa - ther hath pre - pared a feast, O Prod - i - gal, come home. And thou mayest be a wel - come guest, O
2. The Sav - iour stands with outstretched arms, O. Prod - i - gal, come home. Thou need not fear the world's alarms, O
3. The Ho - ly Spir - it woos thy heart, O Prod - i - gal, come home. Then bid him not from thee de - part, O
4. Why tar - ry lon - ger on the way, O Prod - i - gal, come home. Thy Fa - ther bids thee come to - day, O
5. Why will you lon - ge risk your all, O Prod - i - gal, come home. For this may be your fi - nal call, O

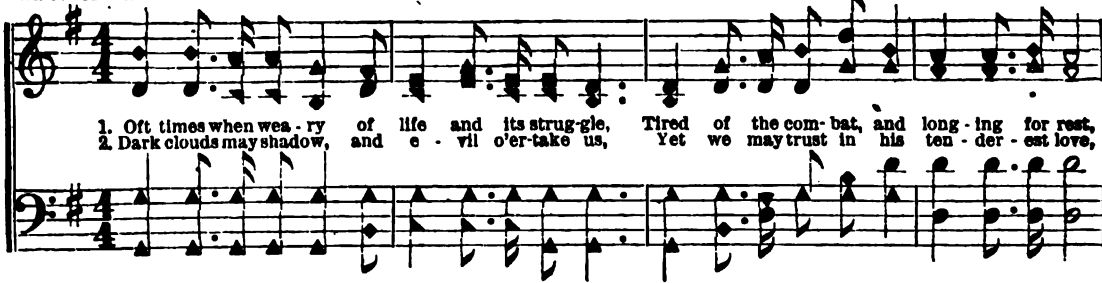
CHORUS.

Prod - i - gal, come home. Come home, come home, O Prod - i - gal, come home, Prod - i - gal, come home.
 Come home, come home, O (*Omit.*) Prod - i - gal, come home.

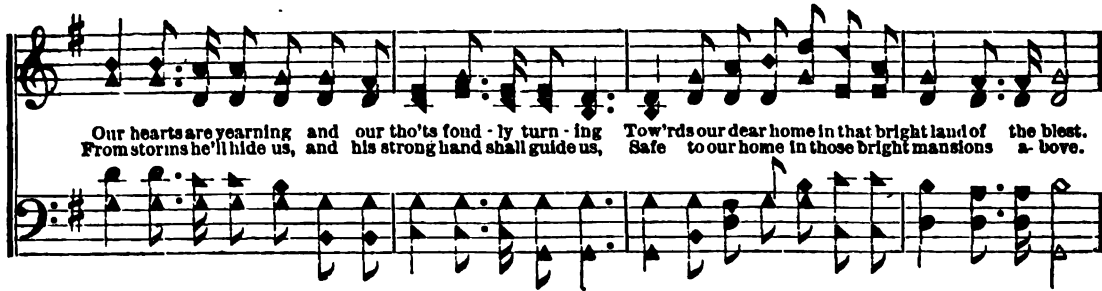
Mrs. GERTIE JONES

No. 211. HOMES BRIGHT AND VERNAL.

A. J. SNOWALTER.

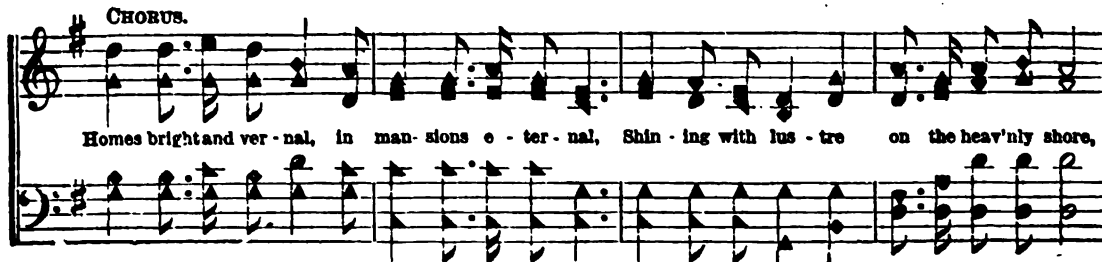


1. Oft times when we - ry of life and its strug - gle, Tired of the com - bat, and long - ing for rest,
2. Dark clouds may shadow, and e - vil o'er - take us, Yet we may trust in his ten - der - est love,



Our hearts are yearning and our tho'ts fond - ly turn - ing Tow'rd's our dear home in that bright land of the blest.
From storms he'll hide us, and his strong hand shall guide us, Safe to our home in those bright mansions a - bove.

CHORUS.



Homes bright and ver - nal, in man - sions e - ter - nal, Shin - ing with lus - tre on the heav'nly shore,

HOMES BRIGHT AND VERNAL. Concluded.

Je - sus will give us and all who are faith - ful, There we may dwell with him for - ev - er more.

S. J. P.

No. 212. ARE YOU COMING?

S. J. PERRY.

1. Are you com-ing, Are you com-ing? To Je - sus will you bow?
 2. Are you com-ing, Are you com-ing? The Lord will take you in:

D.C.—I am com-ing, Yes, I'm com-ing, I see the shin-ing way:

See him bleed-ing, Hear his plead-ing, He wait-eth for thee now.
 He is will-ing, He is wait-ing To wash a way your sin.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall be saved to - day.

No. 213. I WILL FOLLOW WHERE MY SAVIOUR LEADS.

A. J. A.

A. J. SNOWALTER.

1. I will fol - low where my Sav - iour leads, I will walk with - in the paths He trod,
 2. Though he lead me up the mount - ain steep, I will fol - low where so - e'er He will,
 3. If through sor - row I am called to go, I will trust in Him who reigns a - bove,
 4. By and by I'll hear his wel - come voice, By and by I'll hear the sum - mons, - "come,"

Lead - ing up to where His flock He feeds, O - ver on the shin - ing hills of God.
 Or if called to tread the val - ley deep, I will fol - low in His foot - steps still.
 Or if on - ly joy my life shall know, I will praise Him for His gra - cious love.
 In his glo - rious pres - ence I'll re - joice That His lead - ing brought me safe - ly home.

CHORUS.

I will fol - low, I will fol - low, I will fol - low where my Sav - iour leads;

I WILL FOLLOW WHERE MY SAVIOUR LEADS. Concludea.

I will fol - low, I will fol - low, I will fol - low where my Sav - iour leads.

A. J. S.

No. 214. MANY MANSIONS IN THE SKIES.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Ma - ny man - sions in the skies, Ev - er bright and glo - rious rise,
 2. There no sor - rows blight that home, There pale death can nev - er come,
 3. In those man - sions bright and fair, There is room for all to share;
 4. If by faith to him you bow, And will love and serve him now,

For the chil - dren of God's love, Who shall reach that home a - bove.
 And there is no gloom of night, For the Sav - iour is the light.
 On - ly trust in Je - sus' power, He will save this ver - y hour.
 You shall have a man - sion bright, In that home of love and light.

No. 215. BY AND BY.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

E. J. FERRY.

1. We'll reach the land of An-cient Sto - ry, By and by, by and by, And dwell with Christ in
 2. We'll reach those fields for - ev - er ver - nal, By and by, by and by, Where liv - ing streams flow
 3. We'll leave this land of toil and dan-ger, By and by, by and by, And be no more a

light and glo - ry, By and by, by and by. With an - gel's joy - ful songs we'll raise, By and by,
 on e - ter - nal, By and by, by and by. Where wea - ry pil - grims shall find rest, By and by,
 pil - grim stranger, By and by, by and by. We'll lay our heav - y arm - or down, By and by,

by and by, Of ad - o - ra - tion, love and praise, By and by, by and by.
 by and by, Where ev - ry soul is tru - ly blest, By and by, by and by.
 by and by, Re - ceive the vic - tor's glo - rious crown, By and by, by and by.

No. 216. AT THE CROSS.

R. E. HUDSON

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fountain in his day, And there may I, though vile as he, Wash
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And
 4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue I lies

CHORUS.

all their guilty stains,
 all mysins a - way.
 shall be till I die.
 silent in the grave.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a-

- way.
 rolled a-way,

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

No. 217. THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

1. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea; When we cross that gold-en
 2. There's a sweet, a bright for - ev - er, Where no sor - row e'er can come; 'Tis a - cross yon gold-en
 3. We shall see our precious Sav - iour, When He comes His own to claim; Oh, we'll bask in Je - sus

CHORUS.

riv - er, With the dear ones we shall be. } Oh, the sweet the bright for -
 riv - er, Je - sus has a glorious home. } Oh, the sweet, the bright for - ev - er Oh, the
 fav - or, Sing - ing glo - ry to the Lamb. } Oh, the sweet, the bright for - ev - er Oh, the

- ev - er, Just be - yond the jas - per sea; the jas - per sea; When we
 sweet, the bright for - ev - er Just be - yond the jas - per sea, Just be - yond the Jas - per sea; When we

THE BRIGHT FOREVER. Concluded

cross that gold-en riv-er, that gold-en riv-er, When we cross that gold-en riv-er, With the dear ones we shall be.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

No. 218. ITALIAN HYMN.

FELIX GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing; Help us to praise;
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend;
 3. Come, ho-ly com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour;
 4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more;

The musical score is in 3/4 time and G major. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Fa-ther, all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days.
 Come, and Thy peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success; Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend.
 Thou, who al-might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r.
 His sov-er-ign maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

The musical score continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

1. Bless-ed prom - ise that God has given his own, They at last shall find rest for their souls,
 2. They that trust in the Lord trust not in vain, For his prom - is - es nev - er can fail,
 3. As the morn of re-demp-tion draweth nigh, So the shad - ows of earth flee a - way.

Tho' the time may be long and drear-y here, Yet sweet rest waits beyond where Jor-dan rolls.
 Great re - ward to the faith-ful will be given, And the blood shed for sin - ners shall pre - vail.
 Wea - ry souls in the king-dom shall en - joy Bless - ed rest for one bright e - ter - nal day.

CHORUS.

Oh the rest, heav'nly rest, That a-waits the child of God o - ver there,
 Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest, Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest, o - ver there.

HEAVENLY REST. Concluded.

Oh the rest, heavy'nly rest, That a-waits his faithful children ev-'ry - where.
 Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest, Oh the rest, that heav'nly rest,

Arr. by M. K.

No. 220. WHY WILL YE DIE ?

MISS MARTHA MILLS.

1. A great Rock stands in a weary land, And its shadows fall on the parched sand: When the she'll ring Rock is
 2. A great Well stands in a weary land, And its waters call over life's rough strand: When the great deep Well is
 3. A rough Cross stands near a city wall, Where the Saviour dies out of love to all: When the blood-stain'd Cross is

standing by, Oh, why will ye die? Oa, why will ye die? Oh, why will ye die?
 ev - er nigh, Oh, why will ye die? Why will ye die? Why will ye die?
 standing by Oh, why will ye die?

No. 221. THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF BEULAH.

M. S.

Miss MATHA HILLS.

1. I oft - en dream of the shin - ing strand, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah, Where
 2. I oft - en long for thy gold - en shore, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah, Where
 3. I have a man sion in that fair land, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah, And
 4. I know not when the great King will come, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah, To

gems are thick as earth's des - ert sand, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah; The gates are pearl, the
 grief and sigh - ing can come no more, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah; There'll be no death or
 friends are wait - ing up - on that strand, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah; When shall I see the
 take me up to that hap - py home, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beu - lah; But soon life's jour - ney

streets are gold, There none are sick, none e'er grow old They know not of rain or heat or cold In that
 part - ing there. And naught is heard of toil or care, But fade - less are the pleas - ures fair In that
 shin - ing through, When shall I hear the au - gel's song, And reach the home for which I long In that
 will be o'er, Soon I will reach the gold - en shore, Where I shall dwell for - ev - er - more In that

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF BEULAH. Concluded.

CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful land of Beau - lah. Beau - ti - ful! beau - ti - ful Beau - lah! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

land, I oft - en dream of thy shin - ing strand, Oh beau - ti - ful land of Beau - lah.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

No. 222. BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. L. YASON.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found—Rest for the weary soul? 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound, Or peice to either pole.
 2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh: 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
 3. Beyond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove. Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
 4. There is a death whose pang Out-lasts the fleeting breath: Oh, what e - ter - nal horrors hang Around the second death!
 5. Lord God of truth and grace, Teach us that death to shun; Lest we be banished from Thy face, And av - er - more un - done.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the vocal line, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

FRANCIS E. HAYES & Co.

No. 223. LET IT MAKE THEE WHOLE.

A. J. SNOWALTER.

1. Oh, the pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry, Shed for reb - els,
2. Pre - cious blood that hath redeemed us, All the price is paid, Per - fect par - don
3. Tho' my sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow, Je - sus' pre - cious
4. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free, Oh, be - lieve it,

CHORUS.

shed for sin - ners, Shed for you and me. Oh! the pre - cious blood,
now is of - fered, Per - fect peace is made. }
blood can make them Whit - er than the snow. } pre - cious blood,
oh, re - ceive it, Sin - ner, 'tis for thee.

Let it make thee whole, Let it flow in might - y cleansing, O'er thy guilt - y soul.
makethee whole,

No. 224. EVEN ME.

1 2 2.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free, Show'rs the thirst-y land re -
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be, Nev-er leave me, but the
 3. Pass me not, O gracious Sav - iour! Let me live and cling to thee; Fain I'm long - ing for thy
 4. Pass me not, O mighty Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see; Wit-ness - es of Je - sus
 5. Love of God so pure and change - less; Blood of Christ - so rich, so free; Grace of God - so strong and

CHORUS.

- fresh - ing, Let some droppings fall on me. E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some
 rath - er, Let thy mer - cy light on me. } Let thy
 fa - vor, Whil'st thou art call - ing, call me. } Whil'st thou
 mer - it, Speak some word of pow'r to me. } Speak some
 bound - less, Mag - ni - fy it all in me. } Mag - ni -

E - ven me, Even me,

drop - pings fall on me; E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drop - pings fall on me.
 mer - cy light on me; } Let thy mer - cy light on me.
 art call - ing, call me; } Whil'st thou art calling, call me.
 word of pow'r to me; } Speak some word of pow'r to me.
 - fy it all in me; } Mag - ni - fy it all in me.

E - ven me, E - ven me,

No. 225. ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

F. P. BLISS.

The musical score is written in 3/8 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of four systems of music, each with a vocal line and a bass line. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be -
 2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the mes - sage of God, And trusts in the
 3. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth and for - sakes ev - 'ry sin, And o - pens his

- liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal - va - tion shall
 pow'r of the soul - cleans - ing blood, A full and e - ter - nal sal - va - tion shall
 heart - for the Lord to come in, A pres - ent and per - fect sal - va - tion shall

have, For he is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
 have, For he is both a - ble and will - ing to save.
 have, For Je - sus is read - y this mo - ment to save.

From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

ABUNDANTLY ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.

CHORUS

My broth-er, the Mas - ter is call - ing for thee;..... His grace and His
Broth-er, the Mas-ter is come, and is call - ing for thee;

mer - cy are wondrously free;..... His blood as a ran - som for sin - ners he
Brother, His grace and His mercy are wondrously free; Brother, His blood as a ran - som for

gave,..... And He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
sin - ners He gave, And He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.

No. 226. CITY OF LIGHT.

J. S. KRIEGER.

T. W. DENNINGTON, ly. gen.

1. There's a city of light, 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not a sorrow or care;
 2. Brother dear, never fear, we shall triumph at last, If we trust in the word He has given;
 3. Sister dear, never fear, for the Saviour is near, With His hand He will lead us a-long;
 4. Let us walk in the light of the gos-pel di-vine, Let us ev-er keep near to the cross;

Where the gates are of pearl and the streets are of gold, And the build-ings ex-ceed-ing-ly fair.
 When our trials and toils, and our weep-ings are past, We shall meet in that home up in heaven.
 And the way that is dark Christ will gra-cious-ly clear, And your mourning be turned to a song.
 Let us love, watch and pray in our pil-grim-age here, Let us count all things else but as dross.

CHORUS

Let us pray for each other, nor faint by the way, In this sad world of sor-row and care;

CITY OF LIGHT. Concluded.

For that home is so bright, and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

F. M. DAVIS.

No. 227. WHAT ARE YOU SOWING?

S. J. PERRY.

1. What are you sow-ing, my brother,
 2. What are you sow-ing, my brother,
 3. What are you sow-ing, my brother,

What are you sowing to - day?
 Thro' this rough journey be-low?
 Sowing the tares or the wheat.

Will it be tares that you gather?
 Will it be joy at the ending?
 Will you go hence empty handed,

D.S.—Sure-ly the harvest is coming,

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

Will it be grain then I pray?
 Will it be sor-row and woe?
 With nought the Master to greet? } Look quickly and see then my brother, What you are sowing to - day:

Sow the good seed then — pray. Copyright, 1886, by A. J. SHOWALTER & Co.

No. 228. TRUSTING IN THE LORD.

E. J. FREED.

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare; Trust - ing in the Lord; Je - sus loves to
 2. Thou art com - ing to a King; Trust - ing in the Lord; Large ps - ti - tions
 3. With my bur - den I be - gin; Trust - ing in the Lord; Lord, re - move this

an - swer pray'r; Trust - ing in the Lord; He him - self has bid thee pray,
 with thee bring; Trust - ing in the Lord; For his grace and pow'r are such,
 load of sin; Trust - ing in the Lord; Let thy blood, for sin - ners split,

Trust - ing in the Lord; There - fore will not say thee nay, Trust - ing in the Lord.
 Trust - ing in the Lord; None can ev - er ask too much, Trust - ing in the Lord.
 Trust - ing in the Lord; Set my conscience free from guilt, Trust - ing in the Lord.

No. 229, THE PRODIGAL.

Arr. by A. J. R.

1. Ye err - ing souls that wild - ly roam From heav'n and bliss a - stray, Your Fa - ther's voice in
 2. And thou art bid - den, wea - ry one, With want and woes op - press'd; And ev - 'ry fat - off
 3. he - turn, thou Prod - i - gal, re - turn, Thy Fa - ther bids thee come; He doth thy need - less
 4. Come, for the feast al - read - y waits, The fat - lings are all slain; Go, seek with haste his

CHORUS.

- vites you home, He makes a feast to - day.
 wand - ring son May be a wel - come guest. } Oh! I'll not die here, with want se - vere, And
 ab - sence mourn; Thou err - ing child, come home.
 pal - ace gates; Nor shalt thou seek in vain.

starve in for - eign lands; In my Father's house are rich supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

No. 230. GLORY TO GOD.

S. J. FERRY.

1. Let ev'-ry heart re - joice and sing, Let chor - al anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and
 2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his pow'r is known; And earth, subdued to
 3. For He is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways: With songs and hon - or

CHORUS.

chil - dren bring To God your sac - ri - fice. } Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,
 Him, shall yet Bow low be - fore his throne. }
 sound - ing loud, The Lord Je - ho - vah praise. }

Hon - or to his ho - ly name, Peace on earth, good will to men, And hon - or to his ho - ly name.

No. 231. EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22: 20.

A. J. SHOWALTER

A. I. R.

1. The com ing of Christ a - gain is promised. "E - ven, so, come Lord Je - sus," And all shall behold Him
 2. The Lord shall descend with shouts from heaven. "E - ven, so, come Lord Je - sus," With trumpet of God, voice
 3. The dead that are Christ's shall first be summoned. "E - ven, so, come Lord Je - sus," And those who remain shall
 4. We then shall be with the Lord for - ev - er. "E - ven, so, come Lord Je - sus," And never shall cease to

CHORUS.

in His glo - ry, "E - ven so, come, Lord Je - sus."
 of arch - an - gel, "E - ven so, come, Lord Je - sus."
 then be gathered, "E - ven so, come, Lord Je - sus." } "And let him that hear - eth now say come." "And
 sing His prais - es, "E - ven so, come, Lord Je - sus."

let him that is a - thirst say come," For "Surely," saith Jesus, "I come quickly." "Even so, come Lord Je - sus."

INTL.

No. 232. PRAISE THE LORD.

L. K. SWILKNER.



1. Lo! a poor and need-y sin-ner, to the cross I cling, Save me, Lord! save me, Lord! No-thing
 2. There is per-fect peace and par-don for the sin-sick soul, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Thro' the
 3. There's a home of ma-ny mansions that is built on high, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Where his



great have I to of-fer, naught but sin I bring, Save me, Lord! save me, Lord! Yet I
 cleans-ing blood of Je-sus, sin-ners are made whole, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Come and
 chos-en shall be gath-er'd to him by and by, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Just a



know he died for sin-ners on Mount Cal-va-ry, And with joy I hear his lov-ing voice "I
 drink ye of the fountain that is flow-ing free, Come, and bow be-fore your Sav-iour, humbly
 few more years of toil-ing for the Mas-ter here; Just a few more pray'rs to heav-en till the



PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.

died for thee." I am com-ing, blessed Saviour, to thy arms I fly, Save me, Lord! save me, Lord!
 bow the knee, If you come, believ'ng, trust'ng, he will cleanse your soul, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
 goal we near; Till He bids us "come up higher," to that home on high, Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!

No. 233. What a Friend we have in Jesus.

- 1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Everything to him in prayer.
 O, what peace we often forfeit,
 O, what needless pain we bear;
 All because we do not carry
 Everything to him in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 234. He Leadeth Me.

- 1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought,
 O, words of heav'nly comfort fraught;
 Whate'er I do, whate'er I be,
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!

CHORUS.

- He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
 By his own hand he leadeth me;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by his hand he leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes when Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
 Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
 - 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 - 4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

No. 235. WATCHING, WAITING

F. M. DAVIS.

By A. L. MURPHY, Alexander, Texas.

J. WALTER ST. CLAIR.

1. On the shore of time we're wait-ing. With death's riv-er just be-fore;
 2. Be our foot - steps glad or wea-ry, Young and strong, or weak and old;
 3. Near-er, near-er to the cross-ing, We are com- ing day by day;

Si-lent boat-men wait to bear us To the oth-er, bet-ter shore.
 An-gel boat-men wait to bear us To the land of bliss un-told.
 Soon the jour-ney will be end-ed, And we'll launch our boats a-way.

CHORUS.

Then be read-y, watch-ing, wait-ing, watch-ing, wait-ing, For the
 Then be read-y, watch-ing, wait-ing, Then be read-y, watch-ing, wait-ing, For the

WATCHING, WAITING. Concluded.

sum mons soon to come; An - gel boat - men wait to
 summons soon to come, For the summons soon to come, An - gel boat-men wait to bear us, An - gel

bear us wait to bear us, To a bright e - ter - nal home.
 boat - man wait to bear us, To a bright e - ter - nal home. e - ter - nal home.

No. 236. ST. CLAIR. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

CHOR

1. Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear, Delighting in Thy will; Each other's burdens learn to bear; The law of love fulfill.
2. He that hath pit - y on the poor, Doth lend unto the Lord, And lo! His recompence is sure, For more shall be restored.
3. To Thee our all de - vot - ed be, In whom we move and live; Freely we have received from Thee, And freely may we give.

No. 237. ABLE TO SAVE,

E. S. GATTA.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—HEB. 7: 25.

J. E. TENNEY.

1. Seek ye the Sav-our in earn-est, Thou his for-give-ness shalt have;
 2. How he, on Cal-va-ry's mount-ain, Pray'd for his foes, and for-gave;
 3. Think how the might-y Re-deem-er Triumphed o'er death and the grave;

Thou shalt be freed from thy bond-age; } Je-sus is a-ble to save. . . .
 He will not slight thy pe-ti-tion; }
 Seek him, O seek him, or per-ish; } Je-sus is a-ble, is a-ble to save.

CHORUS.

A-ble to save, . . . a-ble to save, Je-sus is a-ble and will-ing to save;
 A-ble to save, . . .

ABLE TO SAVE. Concluded.

A - ble to save, a - ble to save, Je - sus is a - ble and will - ing to save.
 A - ble to save,

No. 238. GATHER HANDFULS.

Wm. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

"So she gleaned in the field until even."—RUTH 2: 17.

J. L. HEMMER.

1. What if thou canst not reap the grain Like strong ones gone be - fore? Oh glean the cor - ner near - est
 2. What if no sickle, sharp and strong, is put with - in thy hand? Oh ne'er re - fuse the ears that
 3. What if thy shoulders nev - er bear A sheaf of heav - y weight? Oh gath - er handfuls, one by

D. S.—And thou, with those who bind the

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

thee, Go search it o'er and o'er.
 fall, Nor i - die ev - er stand. } Oh gath - er, gath - er all the day, And thy re - ward shall come,
 one, Thy har - vest shall be great. }

sheaves, Shall about the Harvest Home.

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No. 239. CHRIST WILL GUIDE US

ADDIE EVILSBERG.

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually."—Isa. 58: 11

L. M. EVILSBERG.

1. Tho' the world should all for - sake thee, Deep - est woes thy spir - it grieve, Keep your eyes on heav'n and
 2. If the cross is sometimes heav - y, Christ in meekness bore it too, Do not mur - mur then but
 3. Tho' the path - way may be rug - ged, Je - sus trod it long a - go, Then press on and do not

CHORUS.
 Toll - ing, weep - - - ing, shouting.

glo - ry, God will ne'er his chil - dren leave. } 'Mid the toll - ing, 'mid the toll - ing, And the
 bear - it, He in mer - cy died for you. }
 fal - ter, He a crown will then be - stow. }

sing - ing, Press - ing on - - - ward, day by day, Thro' the dark - - -

weep - ing, And the weeping, Pressing on - ward, pressing on - ward, day by day, Thro' the darkness, thro' the

CHRIST WILL GUIDE US. Concluded.

ness, and the sun-light,..... Christ will guide..... us all the way.....

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Christ Will Guide Us'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes in the treble staff.

dark-ness, and the sunlight, and the sunlight, Christ will guide us, Christ will guide us all the way, all the way.

No. 240. I Gave my Life for Thee.

- 1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'at ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?
- 2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
What hast thou left for me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

No. 241. Martyn, or Refuge.

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah, 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 defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 242. I Hear thy Welcome Voice.

- 1 I hear thy welcome voice,
That calls me Lord, to thee;
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.
- CHO.**—I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.
- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.
 - 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
 - 4 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
 - 5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

No. 243. THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth."—REV. 21: 1. "There shall be no night there."—REV. 21: 25.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. E. ALWOOD.

(May be used as a Solo.)

Arr. by J. F. K.

1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they tell me of a home far a-
 2. O they tell me of a home, where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that land far a-
 3. O they tell me of the King in his beau-ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be-
 4. O they tell me that he smiles on his chil-dren there, And his smile drives their sor-rows all a-

- way: O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud-ed
 - way: Where the tree of life in e-ter-nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed
 - hold: Where he sits on the throne that is whi-ter than snow, In the cit-y that is made of
 - way: And they tell me that no tears ev-er come a-gain, In that love-ly land of un-cloud-ed

day: O the land of cloudless day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they
 day: O the land of cloudless day, O the land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they
 gold: O that land mine eyes shall see, O that land of an un-cloud-ed sky; O they
 day: O that land of love-ly smiles, O the smiles of his love-beam-ing eye; O the

THE UNCLOUDED DAY. Concluded.

The image shows a musical score for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words appearing on both staves. The lyrics are: 'tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloved day. tell me of my friends by the tree of life, In the land of the un-cloved day. tell me of the King on his snow-white throne, In the land of the un-cloved day. King in his beau-ty in-vites me there, To the land of the un-cloved day.'

No. 244. Toplady.

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

No. 245. Bethany.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,

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

- 2 Though like a 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.

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

- 4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

- 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

No. 246. Arlington.

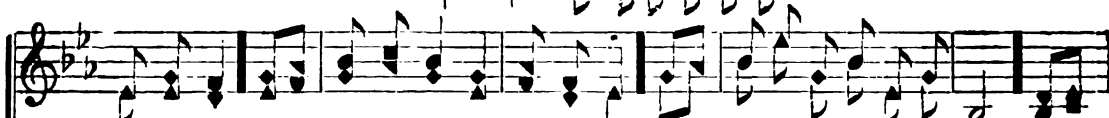
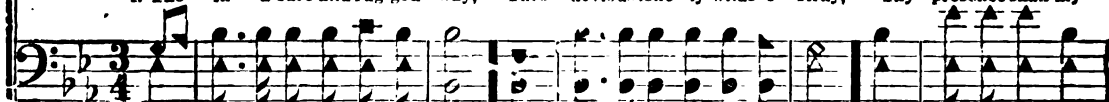
- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me unto God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

No. 247. AVONDALE. L. M.

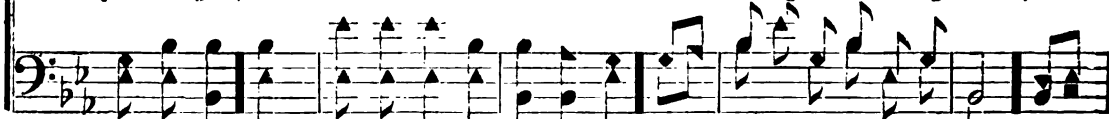
A. J. SHOWALTER.



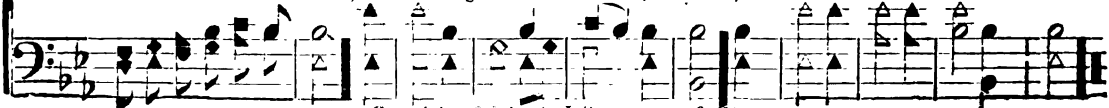
1. The Lord my pasture shall pre- pare, And feed me with a soepherd's care; His presenceshall my
 2. When in the sul- try gible I faint, Or on the thirsty mountains pant; To fer- tile vales and
 3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom- y hor- rors o- ver- spread, My steadfast heart shall
 4. Tho' in a bare and rug- ged way, Thro' devious lone- ly wilds I stray, Thy presence shall my



wants sup- ply, And guard me with a watch- ful eye, My noonday walks He shall at- tend, And
 dew- y meads, My wea- ry wand'ring steps He leads, Where peaceful riv- ers soft and slow, A -
 fear no ill, For Thou, O Lord, art with me still, Thy friend- ly rod shall give me aid, And
 pains be- guile, The bar- ren wil- der- ness shall smile, With sudden greens and herbage crown'd, And



all my midnight hours defend. My noonday walks He shall at- tend, And all my midnight hours de- fend.
 - mid the verdant landscape flow. Where peaceful rivers soft and slow, A - mid the verdant landscape flow.
 guide me thro' the dreadful shade, Thy friendly rod shall give me aid, And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
 streams shall murmur all around, With sudden greens and her- bage crown'd, And streams shall murmur all a- round.



No. 248. DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. L. HATTON.

1. Come, O my soul! in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Creator's praise; But, oh, what tongue can
 2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres! He glory like a garment wears; To form a robe of
 3. In all our Maker's grand designs, Almighty power with wisdom shines; His works thro' all this
 4. Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, His glories sing; And let His praise em-

No. 249. WATSON. L. M.

A. J. SHAWALTER.

1. Awake, my soul! and with the
 2. Thanks be to thee, who safe has
 3. Direct, control, suggest, this

speak His fame? What verse can reach the lofty theme?
 Light divine, Ten thousand suns around Him shine.
 wondrous frame, Declare the glory of His name.
 - play thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song!

sun Thy daily stage of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacri- fice.
 kept, And hast refreshed me while I slept; Oh, grant that when from death I wake, I may of endless life par- take.
 day, All I design, do, or say; That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo-ry may u- nite.

No. 250. REST, L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Asleeps Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un-dis-turbed re- pose,
 2. Asleepin Je-sus! oh! how sweet To be for such a slumber meet; With ho-ly con-fi-dence to sing
 3. Asleepin Je-sus! peaceful rest! Whose waking is supremely blest; No fear—no woe, shall dim that hour,
 4. Asleepin Je-sus! oh! for me Maysucha bliss-ful refuge be; Secure-ly shall my ash-es lie.

No. 251. HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASSEY.

Un-broken by the last of foes!
 That death has lost its venom'd sting!
 That manifests the Saviour's power,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died,
 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God.

My richest gain I'll count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4.

Were all the realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 252. GRATITUDE. L. M.

Rev. AMI 3857.

1. Bless, O my soul, the liv - ing God; Call home thy thoughts that rove a - broad;
 2. Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa - vors claim the high - est praise;
 3. 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son; To die for crimes which thou hast done;
 4. Let ev - ry land His pow'r con - fess; Let all the earth a - dore His grace;

Let all the powers with - in me join In work and wor - ship so di - vine.
 Let not the won - ders He hath wrought Be lost in si - lence, and for - got.
 He owns the ran - som, and for - gives The hour - ly fol - lies of our lives.
 My heart and tongue with rap - ture join, In work and wor - ship so di - vine.

No. 253. SECURITY OF THE BELIEVERS. L. M.

1 How oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
 But everlasting is Thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with His blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations, sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope
 In oaths and promises and blood.

No. 254. RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds, The oil of glad - ness on our heads,
 3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend;
 4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
 Though sun - d'ered far, by faith they meet; A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

No. 255. L. M.

- 1 O thou, my soul, forget no more
 The friend who all thy sorrow bore;
 Let every idol be forgot;
 But, O my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
 And fly to this divine relief;
 Ner Him forget, who left His throne
 And for thy life gave up His own.

- 3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
 In Him, and He himself is thine;
 And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
 Such charms, such matchless charms forget?
- 4 Oh, no; till life itself depart,
 His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
 And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
 And join the chorus of the skies.

No. 256. SILOAM. C. M.

L. S. WOODBURY.

While Thou I seek pro- tect - ing pow'r. Be my vain wish - es stilled; And may this
 Thy love the pow'r of thought be - stowed, To Thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer - cy
 In each e - vent of life, how clear Thy rul - ing hand I see! Each bless - ing
 In ev - ry Joy that crowns my days, In ev - ry pain I bear, My heart shall

No. 257. MENDOTA. C. M. A. N. JOHNSON. By per.

con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
 o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.
 to my soul more dear Be - cause confer'd by Thee.
 and de - light in praise, Or seek re - lief in prayer.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shady rill,
2. Lo! such the child whose early feet.
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shady rill,
4. O Thou who give - est life and breath!

How fair the Il - y grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of sharon's dew - y rose,
 The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God,
 The Il - y must de - cay, The rose that blooms be - neath the hill, Must short - ly fade a - way,
 We seek Thy grace a - lone, In childhood, man - hood, age and death, To keep us still Thine own.

No. 258. DOWNS. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Lord, I be-lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I wou'd e - dey; I wan-der com-fort - less and lone,
 2. Lord, I be-lieve; but gloomy fears Some-times be-dim my sight; I look to Thee with pray'rs and tears,
 3. Lord, I be-lieve; but oft, I know, My faith is cold and weak; My weakness strengthen, and be-stow
 4. Yes, I be-lieve; and on - ly Thou Canst give my soul re - lief: Lord, to Thy truth my spir - it bow;

No. 259. AZMON. C. M.

G. G. CLARKE.

When from Thy truth I stray,
 And cry for strength and light.
 The con-fidence I seek,
 "Help Thou my un-be - lief!"

1. Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay,
 2. With pitying eyes Be held our helpless grief;
 3. Down from the shining seats above, With joyful haste He red,

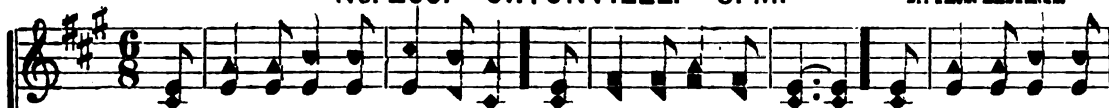
With-out one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.
 He saw, and, O a - mazing love! He flew to our re - lief.
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.

4
 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
 And broke our iron chains;
 Jesus has freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.

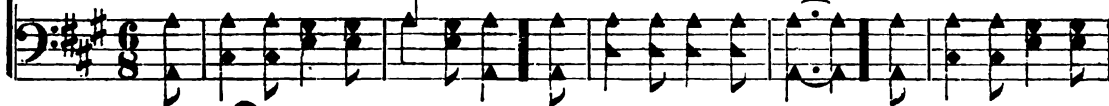
5.
 Oh for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues,
 The Saviour's praises speak.

No. 260. ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sussesounds In a be - liev - ers ear; It soothes his sor - rows,
 2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man - na to the
 3. Weak is the of - fort of my heart; And cold my warmest thought; But when I see Thee
 4. Till then I would Thy love proclaim, With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath; And may the mu - sic



heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a - way his fear.
 hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest, And to the wea - ry rest.
 as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ough, I'll praise Thee as I ough.
 of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death, Re - fresh my soul in death.



No. 261. PRAYER FOR STRONG FAITH. C. M.

1 Oh for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe;—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God:—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without:

That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt:—

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And with a pure and heavenly ray
 Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord give us such a faith as this,
 And then, what e'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home.

No. 262. AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

1 Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav - en - ly frame, A light to shine up -
 2 Where is the bless - ed - ness I know, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul - re -
 3 What peace - ful hours I then en - joyed! How sweet their mem - 'ry still! But they have left an

- on the road That leads me to the Lamb,
 - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 - ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return
 Sweet messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that make thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 What'e'r that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.

6 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.

No. 263. HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME. C. M.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would He devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut His glories in,

When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While His dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 264. LABAN. S. M.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise; And hosts of sin are
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - new it bold - ly
 3. Ne'er think the vic - try won, Nor once at ease sit down; Thy new it bold - ly
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God! He'll arduous work will take thee at thy

No. 265. HAWTHORN. S. M.

A. J. SEOWALTER.


press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 ev - 'ry day, And help div - ine im - plore.
 not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

1. How beau-teous are their feet Who
 2. How charm-ing is their voice! How
 3. How hap - py are our ears, That
 4. The Lord makes bare His arm Through

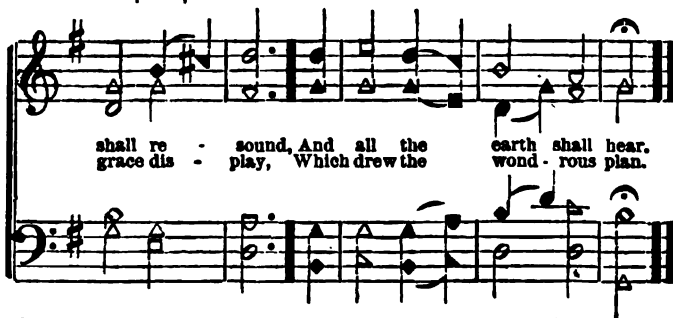
stand on Zi - on's hill! Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.
 sweet their tid - ings are! "Zi - on be - hold your Sav - iour King, He reigns and triumphs here!"
 hear this joy - ful sound; Which kings and proph - ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found.
 all the earth a - broad; Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - iour and their God!

No. 266. ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. SANDERSON



1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear; Heav'n with the ech - o
2. Grace first con - trived the way To save re - bell - ious man; And all the steps that



shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear.
grace dis - play, Which drew the wond - rous plan.

- 3 Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal book,
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.
- 4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 5 Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made mine eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.
- 6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

No. 267. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. S. M.

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His,
What can I want beside.
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He deth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

- 4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

No. 268. FERGUSON. S. M.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1 I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The Church our blest re -
 2 I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple
 3 For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend; To her as my cares and
 4 Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion,

5
 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
 Shall great deliverance bring.

6
 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 269. HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH. S. M.

- 1 Come, we that love the Lord
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God;

But children of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

- 4 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer world's on high.

No. 270. BEALOTH. S. M. D.

Ans.

1. And is there, Lord, a rest For wea - ry souls de - signed, Where not a care shall
 2. Are there bright, hap - py fields, Where naught that blooms shall die; Where each new scene fresh
 3. For - ev - er bless - ed they, Whose joy - ful feet shall stand, While end - less a - ges

stir the breast, Or sor - row en - trance find? Is there a bliss - ful home, Where kin - dred
 pleasure yields, And healthful breez - es sigh? Are there ce - les - tial streams, Where liv - ing
 waste a - way. A - mid that glo - rious land! My soul would thith - er tend, While toil - some

minds shall meet, And live, and love, nor ev - er roam From that se - rene re - treat?
 wa - ters glide, With murmur sweet as an - gel dreams, And flow - 'ry banks be - side?
 years are given; Then let me, gra - cious God, as - cend To sweet re - pose in heaven!

No. 271. HENDON. 7s.

REV. DR. MALAN.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ley sweetly sing, Sing your Saviour's worthy praise.
 2. Ye are trav - ling home to God, In the way the fathers trod; They are hap - py now, and ye
 3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock, and blest; You on Je - sus throne shall rest; There your seat is now prepared,
 4. Lord, sub - mis - sive make us go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low On - ly Thou our lead - er oa.

Glorious in His works and ways, Glorious in His works and ways.
 Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see, Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 There your king - dom and re - ward, There your king - dom and re - ward.
 And we still will fol - low thee, And we still will follow thee.

No. 272. DELAY DEPRECATED.

- 1 Haste, O sinner! now be wise;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun;
 Wisdom, if you still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Haste, and mercy now implore,
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest the season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
 Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Haste, O sinner! now be blest;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest perdition thee arrest,
 Ere the morrow is begun.

No. 273. WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT DESIRED.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine!
 Let thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me,
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in His precious blood
- 3 Life and peace to me impart,
 Seal salvation on my heart;
 Breathe thyself into my breast,
 Earnest of immortal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way;
 Fill my soul with joy divine;
 Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

No. 274. OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - our di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May thy rich grace im - part strength to my faint - ing heart - My zeal in - spire. As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - our,

while I pray, Take all my guilt a way: Oh let me from this day, Be whol - ly Thine.
 died for me, Oh may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be - A liv - ing fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tear a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then in love Fear and dis - tress re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove - A ran - somed soul.

No. 275. PRAYER FOR A MINISTER. 6s & 4s.

- 1 O holy Lord, our God,
 By heavenly hosts adored,
 Hear us, we pray:
 To thee the cherubim,
 Angels and seraphim,
 Unceasing praises bring -
 Their homage pay.
- 2 Here give the word success,
 And this thy servant bless,
 His labors own;
 And while the sinner's Friend

His life and words commend,
 Thy Holy Spirit send,
 And make him known.

- 3 May every passing year
 More happy still appear
 Than this glad day;
 With numbers fill the place,
 Adorn Thy saints with grace,
 Thy truth may all embrace,
 O Lord, we pray.

No. 276. PROTECTION. No.

Popular Melody.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 2. In ev-ry con-dition, in sickness, in health,
 Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word
 In pov-erty's vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth.

What more can He say than to you He hath said,
 At home and a-broad, on the land, on the sea.
 Yes, who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled.
 "As thy days may de-mand, shall thy strength ev-er be."

2.

"Fear not, I am with thee, O! be not dismayed,
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4.

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5.

"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne

6.

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
 That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

No. 277. OLIPHANT. 8s, 7s & 4s.

German. Arr. by Dr. MASON.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak but
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal fount - ain, Whence the heal - ing streams do flow; Let the de - sy
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side, Bear me through the

thou art might - y Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand; Bread of heav - en, bread of heav - en,
 cloud - y pill - lar Lead me all my jour - ney through; Strong de - liv - 'rer, strong de - liv - 'rer,
 swell - ing cur - rent; Laud me safe on Canaan's side: Songs of prais - es, songs of prais - es,

Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.
 Be thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.
 I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

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