



# THE EMERALD,

-OR-

Songs and Tunes

FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

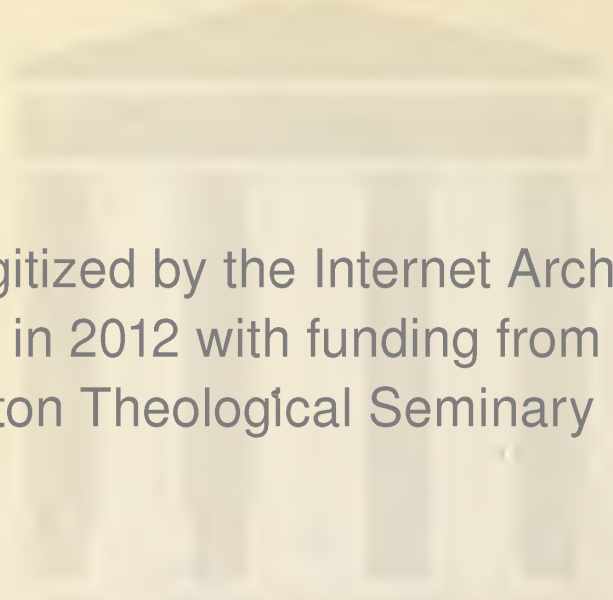
*Nashville, Tenn.:*

Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

1875.

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THE EMERALD:  
A BOOK OF  
SONGS, HYMNS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, AND CONCERT PIECES,  
FOR  
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL;  
*WITH OCCASIONAL PIECES FOR THE CHOIR.*

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EDITED BY  
ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, D.D., | R. M. MCINTOSH,  
SUNDAY-SCHOOL SECRETARY. | EDITOR "TABOR," "GLAD TIDINGS," "AMARANTH," ETC.

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Sing praises to God. sing praises.—*Psalms* xlvii. 6.  
There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion.—*Milton*.

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NASHVILLE, TENN.:  
Published by J. H. Redford, Agent, for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.  
1873.

## PREFACE.

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THE General Conference, which met in Memphis, May, 1870, passed the following:

"*Resolved*, That this General Conference hereby directs the publication of a suitable book of Sunday-school music as soon as practicable."

The duty of bringing out this work was assigned to the Sunday-school Secretary. "The Amaranth," which appeared March 1, 1871, was the first-fruit of an effort to carry out the instructions of the General Conference. We are grateful for the general favor with which that work has been received—more than fifty thousand copies having been sold within a year after its first appearance. We are assured that the divine blessing has attended the use of "The Amaranth" by the children of the Church. For this we "thank God and take courage."

This work has been prepared upon the same general principle that obtained in the first. Like "The Amaranth," it "retains the true characteristics of a Sunday-school music-book," and is, at the same time, enriched by the introduction of "many of those noble hymns in which the Church has long offered the incense of praise and celebrated the triumphs of grace." As we have taken no pieces from "The Amaranth" except, perhaps, two or three, this volume will meet the wants of those schools that need a new book, or that desire more than one. It will appear, upon investigation, that the present work contains a large number of original hymns and tunes, composed expressly for us, and procured at no little expense.

It is a duty and a pleasure to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Book Editor, the Rev. T. O. Summers, D.D., LL.D., for assistance—which it was so easy for him to give, and so necessary for us to receive.

Inasmuch as this book abounds with songs about our Saviour, his words and works; as it seeks to impress the heart with the rich and saving truths of his gospel, and to inspire a living faith in his unfailing covenant of grace, we have ventured to call it "THE EMERALD"—which by many scriptural associations is an emblem of the divine mercy and truth, and is associated, in the visions of the Apocalypse, with the sure and immortal glories of heaven.

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD, *Sunday-school Secretary.*

NASHVILLE, April 19, 1872.

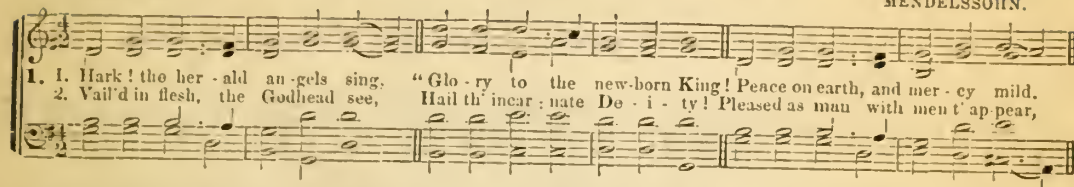


# THE EMERALD.

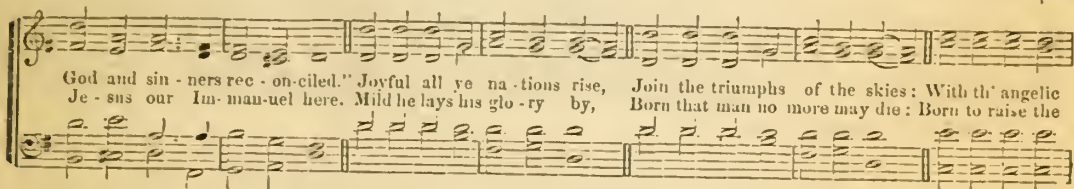
C. WESLEY.

## HARK ! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

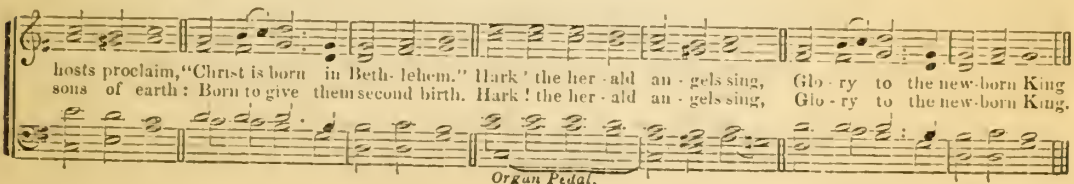
MENDELSSOHN.



1. Hark ! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King ! Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild,  
2. Vail'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail th' incar - nate De - i - ty ! Pleased as man with men t' ap - pear,



God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled." Joyful all ye na - tions rise, Join the triumphs of the skies : With th' angelic  
Je - sus our Im - man - uel here. Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die : Born to raise the



hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth - lehem." Hark ! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King  
sons of earth : Born to give them second birth. Hark ! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King.

Organ Pedal.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Luke 2: 8-18.

R. M. McINTOSH.

*Joyfully.*

1. Once o'er Ju - de - a's hills by night, Was heard a joyful sound; A host appeared, of angels bright, And  
 2. When they had sung their song of love, The angels went a-way, To sing in joy-ful courts above That

CHORUS. —Our song we raise As God we praise, Good-will and peace on earth; With heart and voice We all re-joice, And

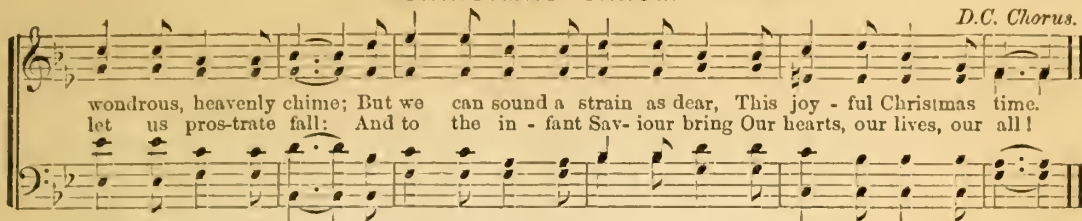
glo - ry shone a - round. Fear not, they sing, To you we bring Glad tid-ings, peace on earth; Good  
 first glad Christmas day. The shepherds heard The wondrous word The an-gels brought to them; Then  
 FINE.  
 sing the Sav-iour's birth.

will to men, They caroled then, And sang the Saviour's birth. On Bethlehem's plain no more we hear The  
 hastened they Where sleeping lay The babe of Beth - le - hem. Around the man-ger gath-er - ing, O!

# CHRISTMAS CAROL. *Concluded.*

5

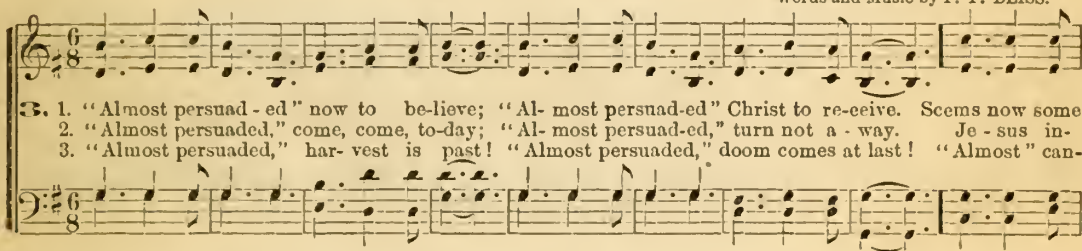
*D.C. Chorus.*



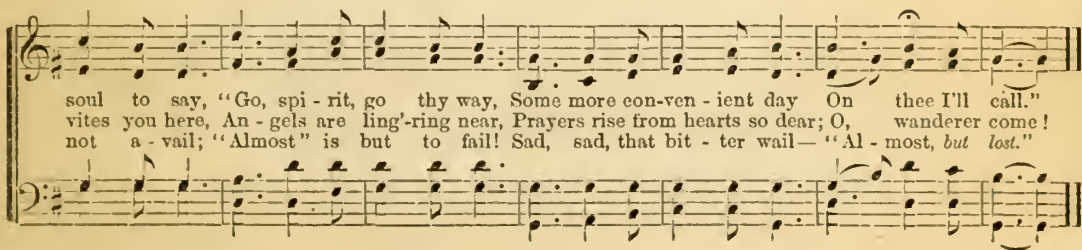
wondrous, heavenly chime; But we can sound a strain as dear, This joy - ful Christmas time.  
let us pros-trate fall: And to the in - fant Sav - iour bring Our hearts, our lives, our all!

## ALMOST PERSUADED.

From "The Charm," by per. Root & Cady.  
Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.



3. 1. "Almost persuad - ed" now to be-lieve; "Al - most persuad-ed" Christ to re-ceive. Seems now some  
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come, to-day; "Al - most persuad-ed," turn not a - way. Je - sus in -  
3. "Almost persuaded," har - vest is past! "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last! "Almost" can -



soul to say, "Go, spi - rit, go thy way. Some more eon-ven - ient day On thee I'll call."  
vites you here, An - gels are ling'-ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O, wanderer come!  
not a - vail; "Almost" is but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail - "Al - most, but lost."

## O, JESUS, RECEIVE OUR PRAISES.

Words by Rev. FELIX R. HILL.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Sav-iour, Thy prais-es we come to sing, Here we meet be-fore Thee: Humble de-votion to  
 2. Je-sus, shine on us with light and love, Bless our weak en-deav-or; Glad-ly we'd min-gle with

Thee we bring. Joy-ful-ly we adore Thee! Thy matchless love we all proclaim, Bringing glad ho-  
 saints a-bove, Prais-ing Thy name for-ev-er! Our youthful hearts are all Thine own, Free-ly all we

CHORUS.  
 - sannas, Children and teachers praise Thy name, With hearts and with voices all one. O, Jesus, re-ceive our  
 give Thee! To Thee, dear Saviour, Thee alone, The praise of salvation we sing.

# O, JESUS, RECEIVE OUR PRAISES. *Concluded.*

7

prais-es, Prais-es, prais-es! We come to Thy courts re-joic-ing, In Thee, our Redeemer and King!

Words by T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

## CHILD'S LITANY.

HENRY T. LESLIE, Mus. Doc.  
Organist at Victoria Church, Leicester, England.

5. 1. Fa-ther di-vine, we cry to Thee! Save us from sin and mis-e-ry, Save us, O  
2. Son of the Fa-ther, hear our call! Thy mer-its, Lord, ex-tend to all Who live up-

God—Thy mer-cy's free—Save us, O, Fa-ther!  
- on this earth-ly ball—Save us, O, Je-sus!

3 Spirit of God, Thy mighty grace,  
Which saves from sin and wretchedness,  
Is free for all our fallen race—  
Save us, O Spirit!

4 Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Adored by all the heavenly host,  
One God—of whom we make our boast—  
Save us for ever!

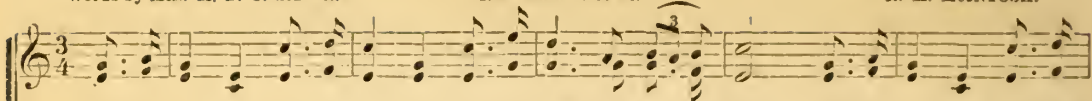


## PEACE, BE STILL!

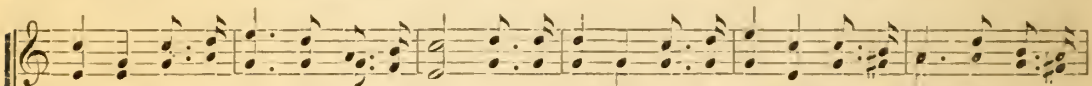
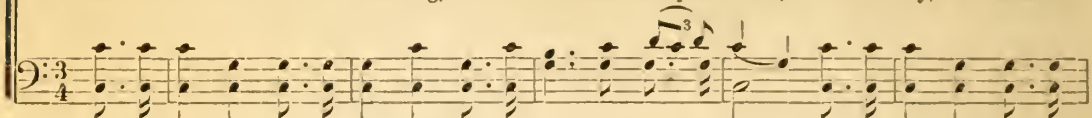
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Mark 4: 37-41.

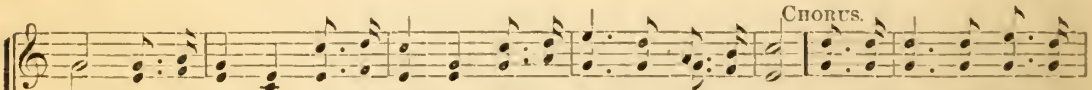
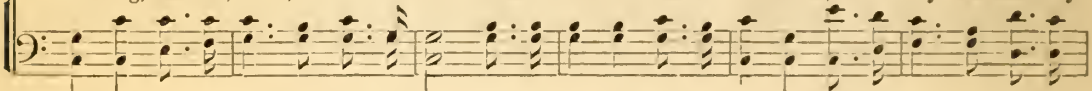
R. M. McINTOSH.



- G. 1. Rocked upon the rag-ing bil-low, While the tempest tossed the deep, Calmly, on the sea-man's  
 2. Frightened, faithless, trembling, tearful, Jesus kind-ly to them saith, Why, O, why are ye so  
 3. When with sorrows o'er us breaking, Or with sin's wild tempest tossed, If we cry, the Mas-ter

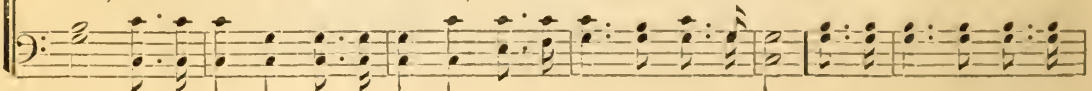


pil-low, Je-sus lay in qui-et sleep. Wilder grew the storm and faster; Soon the waves the ves-sel  
 fear-ful? How is it ye have no faith? Lord we per-ish, they are crying: Save us, Lord, they pray, un-  
 seeking, Save us, Lord, or we are lost! Neither wind nor sea shall harm us; All o-bey the heavenly



CHORUS.

fill; Wake, they cry, we per-ish, Mas-ter! He can save us if He will. Sweetly hear the Saviour  
 til, Calm as soft-est zephyrs sigh-ing, Wind and sea o-bey His will.  
 will; If we trust Him He will calm us; Peace di-vine our souls shall fill.



# PEACE, BE STILL! *Concluded.*

9

saying—Stormy sea and tempest staying, Wind and waters all obeying, Hear him saying, "Peace, be still!"

**HULLAH.**

Words by SARAH MILES.

Music by JOHN HULLAH, England.

7. 1. Thou, who didst stoop below To drain the cup of woe, Wearing the form of frail mor-tal - i - ty,  
 2. It was no path of flowers, Thro' this dark world of ours, Be-lov-ed of the Father, Thou didst tread:  
 3. O Thou, who art our life, Be with us thro' the strife! Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;  
 4. E'en thro' the aw-ful gloom Which hovers o'er the tomb, That light of love our guiding star shall be;

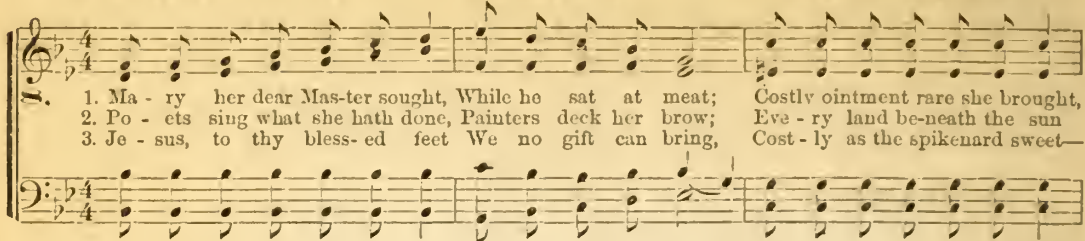
Thy blessed labors done, Thy crown of vict'ry won, Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.  
 And shall we in dismay Shrink from the narrow way, When clouds and darkness are around it spread?  
 Raise Thou our eyes a-bove, To see a Father's love Beam, like the bow of promise, through the cloud.  
 Our spirits shall not dread The shadowy way to tread, Friend, Guardian, Saviour! which doth lead to Thee.

## MARY'S MEMORIAL.

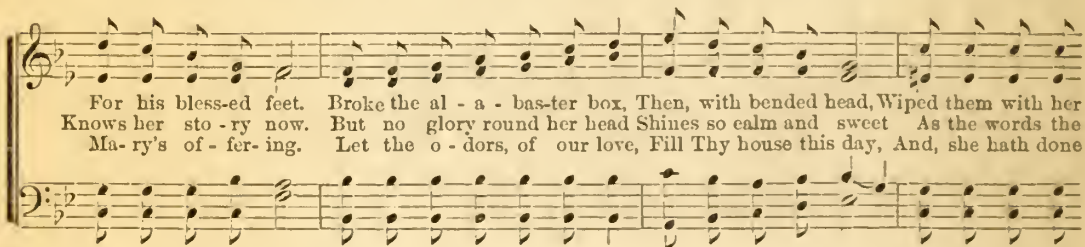
Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Mark 14: 3-9.

Music by R. M. McINTOSH.

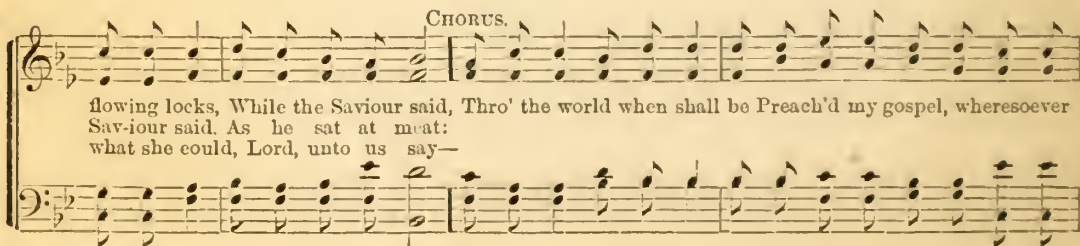


1. Ma - ry her dear Mas - ter sought, While he sat at meat; Costly ointment rare she brought,  
 2. Po - ets sing what she hath done, Painters deck her brow; Eve - ry land be - neath the sun  
 3. Je - sus, to thy bless - ed feet We no gift can bring, Cost - ly as the spikenard sweet—



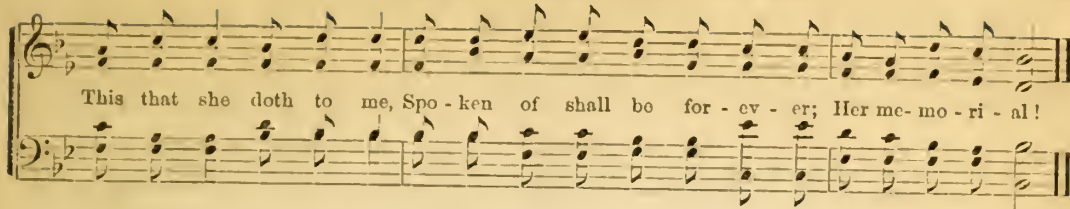
For his bless - ed feet. Broke the al - a - bas - ter box, Then, with bended head, Wiped them with her  
 Knows her sto - ry now. But no glory round her head Shines so calm and sweet As the words the  
 Ma - ry's of - fer - ing. Let the o - dors, of our love, Fill Thy house this day, And, she hath done

CHORUS.



flowing locks, While the Saviour said, Thro' the world when shall be Preach'd my gospel, wheresoever  
 Sav - iour said. As he sat at meat:  
 what she could, Lord, unto us say—



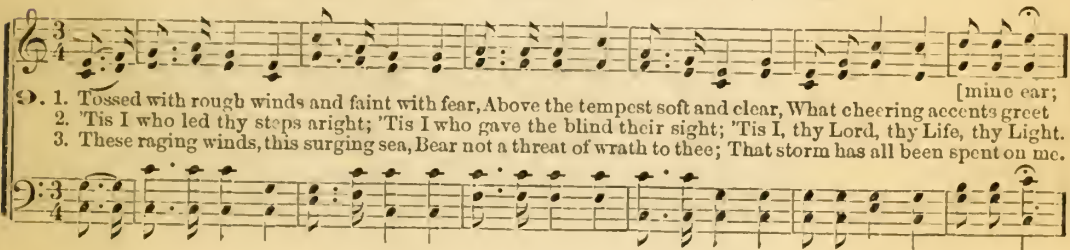


This that she doth to me, Spo - ken of shall be for - ev - er; Her me - mo - ri - al!

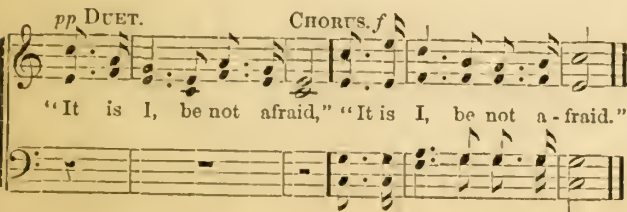
**"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."**

K. SHAW.

From "Sparkling Jewels," by permission of John Church & Co., Cincinnati.



1. Tossed with rough winds and faint with fear, Above the tempest soft and clear, What cheering accents greet [mine ear;  
2. 'Tis I who led thy steps aright; 'Tis I who gave the blind their sight; 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light.  
3. These raging winds, this surging sea, Bear not a threat of wrath to thee; That storm has all been spent on me.



*pp* DUET. CHORUS. *f*  
"It is I, be not afraid," "It is I, be not a - afraid."

4. This bitter cup fear not to drink;  
I know it well—oh, do not shrink;  
I tasted it o'er Kedron's brink;  
"It is I, be not afraid," etc.
5. When on the other shore thy feet  
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,  
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,  
"It is I, be not afraid," etc.

## THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

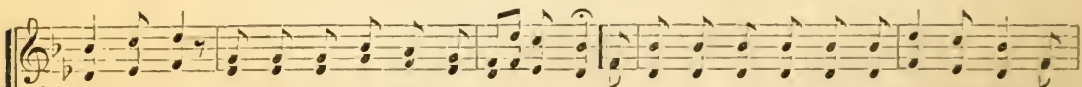
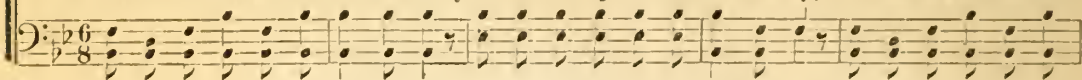
Words by MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.  
*Slow.*

Read Luke 18: 10-14.

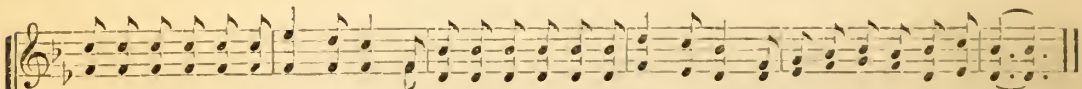
EMILIUS LAROCHE.



10. 1. In - to the temple of God, one day, Entered a Phar-i-see, there to pray: In - to the temple an-  
 2. Standing afar was the next prayer given; Humbly the Publi-can un - to heaven Would not so much as lift  
 3. Hear what the Master himself shall say: This was the justi- fied one that day; He that abased shall ex-



oth-er man En-ters to pray; 'tis the Pub-li-can. The Phar-i - see un - to the Lord said then, I  
 up his eyes, Smiting his breast, as with tears he cries, Beseeching, be mer-ci - ful, God, to me; And  
 alt-ed be: Not the proud Phari - see, meaneth he! Oh, teach us the humble and low-ly way, When



thank thee I am not as other men; He told of his fasts, and the tithes he spent; Then down from the temple he went.  
 owning a penitent sinner he. Now which was the justified one of those Whose prayer in the temple arose?  
 into thy temple we come to pray. Our cry like the Publican's prayer shall be, Be merciful, God, unto me.



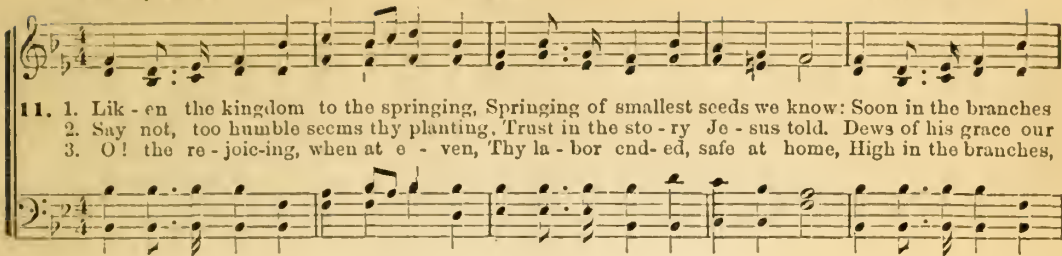
# THE MUSTARD SEED.

13

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 13: 31, 32.

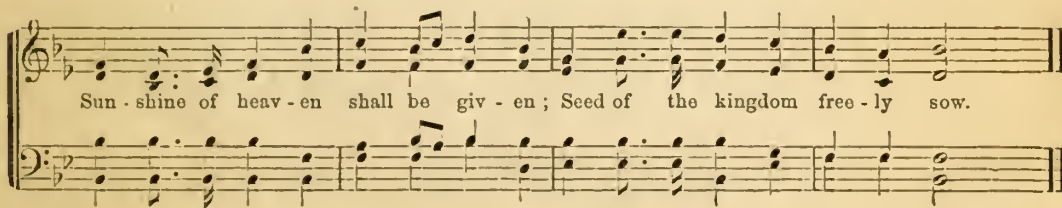
R. M. McINTOSH.



11. 1. Lik - en the kingdom to the springing, Springing of smallest seeds we know: Soon in the branches  
 2. Say not, too humble seems thy planting. Trust in the sto - ry Je - sus told. Dew of his grace our  
 3. O! the re - joic - ing, when at e - ven, Thy la - bor end - ed, safe at home, High in the branches,



CHORUS.  
 birds are sing - ing, So shall the heav'nly kingdom grow. Wide o'er the mead, Fling thou the seed!  
 Lord is granting, Soon shall it yield an hundred fold.  
 up in heaven, Singing, "O! Lord Thy kingdom's come!"



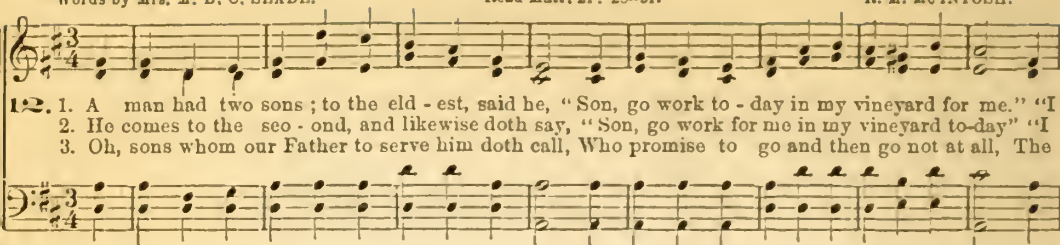
Sun - shine of heav - en shall be giv - en; Seed of the kingdom free - ly sow.

## THE TWO SONS.

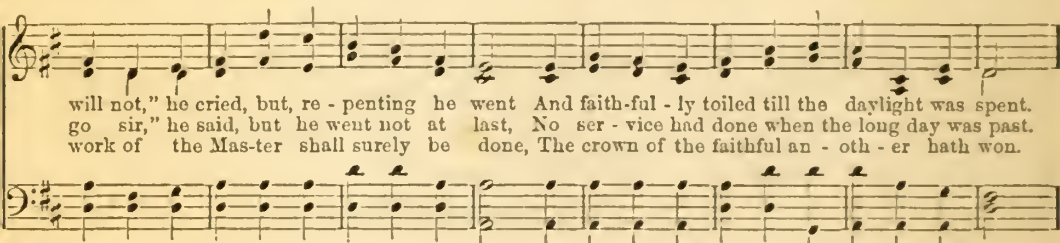
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 21: 23--31.

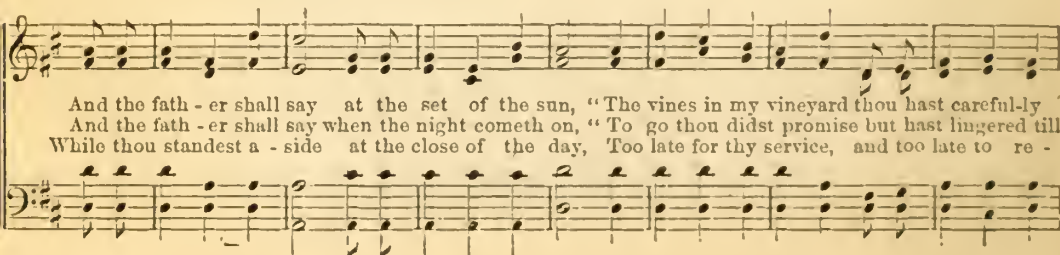
R. M. McINTOSH.



1. A man had two sons; to the eld - est, said he, "Son, go work to - day in my vineyard for me." "I  
 2. He comes to the seo - ond, and likewise doth say, "Son, go work for me in my vineyard to-day" "I  
 3. Oh, sons whom our Father to serve him doth call, Who promise to go and then go not at all, The



will not," he cried, but, re - penting he went And faith - ful - ly toiled till the daylight was spent.  
 go sir," he said, but he went not at last, No ser - vice had done when the long day was past.  
 work of the Mas - ter shall surely be done, The crown of the faithful an - oth - er hath won.



And the fath - er shall say at the set of the sun, "The vines in my vineyard thou hast careful - ly  
 And the fath - er shall say when the night cometh on, "To go thou didst promise but hast lingered till  
 While thou standest a - side at the close of the day, Too late for thy service, and too late to re -

dressed ; The will of thy father this day thou hast done ; Repentant and faithful at last thou art blessed."   
 now ; No work hast thou done, no reward hast thou won, Oh, faithless and idle, no blessing hast thou !"   
 pent, "Well done, faithful servant !" the Master doth say "To him who had answered "I go not," but went.

## WE'LL PRAISE THE LORD.

Arr. from the German.

13.

1. We'll praise the Lord, And join our happy voices, In sweet ac - cord, While every heart rejoices,

We'll praise the Lord, We'll praise the Lord.

- 2 We'll sing his praise,  
 Who gave to us a Saviour,  
 Our anthems raise,  
 For such a wondrous favor,  
 We'll sing his praise, We'll &c,
- 3 For evermore  
 We'll tell the blessed story,  
 And still adore  
 The Lord of life and glory.  
 For evermore, for evermore.



## THE KINGDOM COMING. (Missionary.)

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Isa. 11: 9. Rev. 11: 15. Ps. 20: 5.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1-4. 1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's heathen ra - ces Oh, see how the thick shadows fly! The  
 2. The sunlight is glancing O'er ar - mies ad - van - cing To conquer the kingdoms of sin; Our  
 3. With shouting and singing, And ju - bi - lant ringing, Their arms of re - bel - ion cast down, At

voice of sal - va - tion A - wakes ev - ery na - tion, Come o - ver and help us, they cry.  
 Lord shall pos - sess them, His presence shall bless them, His beauty shall en - ter them in.  
 last ev - ery na - tion, The Lord of sal - va - tion Their King and Re-deem-er shall crown!

## CHORUS.

The kingdom is com - ing, Oh, tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban - ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The

earth shall be full of his knowledge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea!

This musical score is for the song 'The Kingdom Coming'. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## CLOSER TO JESUS.

J. H. TENNEY.

15. 1. Clos - er, aye, clos - er clasp Me to thy side, Je - sus, Im - man - u - el, Christ cru - ci - fied!  
2. Clos - er, yet clos - er! soon Night drear and cold, Will o'ertake wan - der - ers, Far from the fold!  
3. Blind and be - wil - der - ed, I prostrate fall; Raise me, and strengthen me, Jesus my all!

This musical score is for the song 'Closer to Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Else will my wayward feet Out of the way, In - to the paths of sin. Wander a - stray.  
Leave me not, leave me not, Trembling, a - lone, Then let me feel thy hand Clasp - ing my own.  
And if at last my feet Gain the blest shore, Thine shall the glo - ry be, Thine ev - er - more.

This musical score is for the song 'Else will my wayward feet'. It features a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE.

Words by Mrs. M. E. C. SLADE.

Read John 11 : 28, 29.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Her sad vi-gil keep-ing, Ma-ry sat weep-ing, Mourning for Laz-a-rus dead, Her glad tidings learning,  
 2. Then swift at His call-ing, at His feet fall-ing Ma-ry so sor-row-ful goes; And trustful believ-ing,  
 3. When loss is be-fore us, grief gathers o'er us, Shadows of sor-row sur-round; Whate'er may befall us,

## CHORUS.

Mr-tha re-turn-ing, Un-to the weep-ing one said, Je-sus is com-ing, Him have I met,  
 meek-ly re-ceive-ing Hope that the Mas-ter be-stows.  
 if He will call us Glad-ly we'll fol-low the sound.

Glad are His tidings to me; Joy-ful a-rise, the Master is com-ing, Jesus is calling for thee.

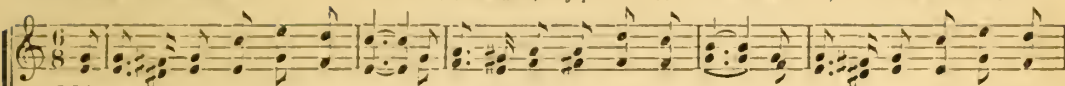


# JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

19

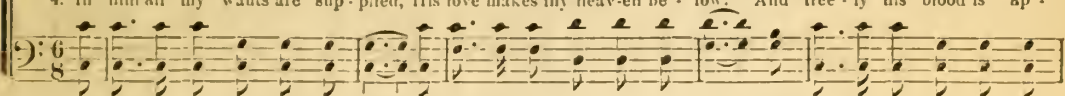
Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

From "S. S. Leaflets," by per. of GOLD & FISCHER. Phil., Pub. WM. G. FISCHER.



17.

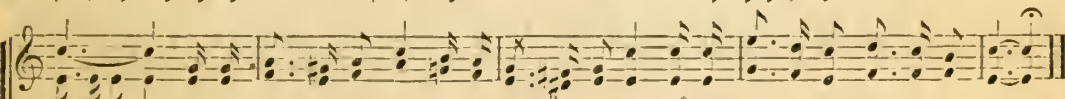
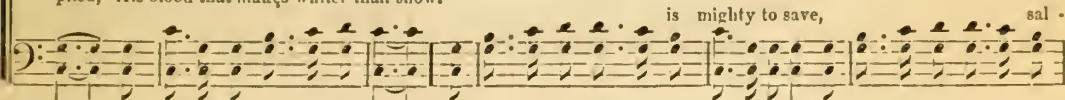
1. All glo-ry to Je-sus be giv'n, That life and sal-va-tion are free; And all may be wash'd and for-
2. From the darkness of sin and des-pair, Out in-to the light of his love, He has brought me and made me an
3. Oh, the rap-tur-ous heights of his love, The meas-ure less depths of his grace, My soul all his fullness would
4. In him all my wants are sup-plied, His love makes my heav-en be-low. And free-ly his blood is ap-



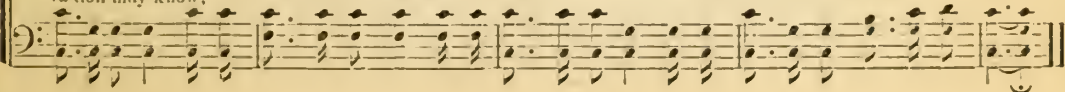
CHORUS.



given, And Je-sus can save e-ven me. Yes, Je-sus is might-y to save, ..... And all his sal-va-tion may  
 beir, To king-doms and man-sions a-bove,  
 prove, And live in his lov-ing em-brace.  
 plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.



know..... On his bo-som I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whiter than snow.  
 va-tion may know.

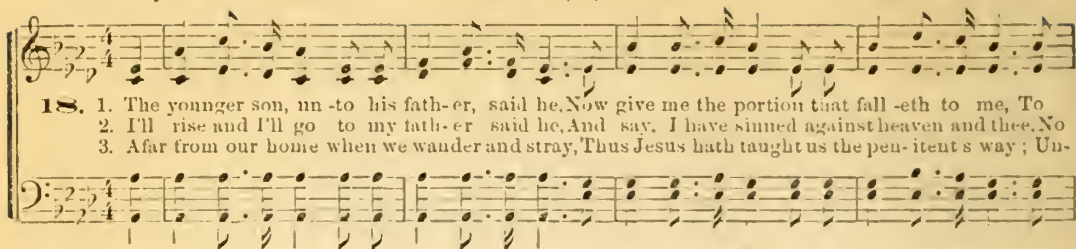


## THE PRODIGAL SON.

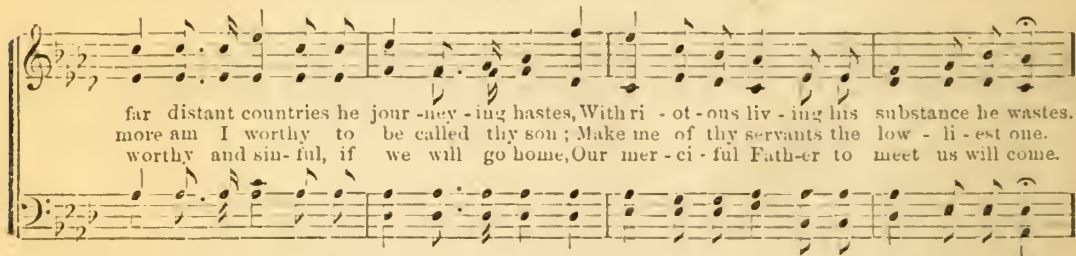
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Luke, 15; 11—32.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

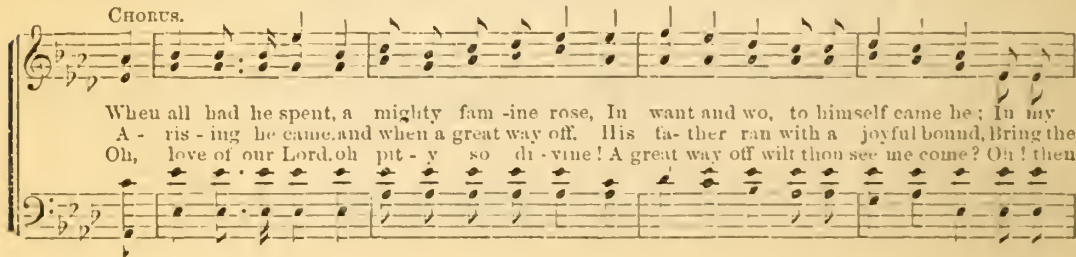


18. 1. The younger son, un-to his fath-er, said he, Now give me the portion that fall-eth to me, To  
 2. I'll rise and I'll go to my fath-er said he, And say, I have sinned against heaven and thee, No  
 3. A far from our home when we wander and stray, Thus Jesus hath taught us the pen-itent's way; Un-



far distant countries he jour-ney-ing hastes, With ri-ot-ous liv-ing his substance he wastes.  
 more am I worthy to be called thy son; Make me of thy servants the low-li-est one.  
 worthy and sin-ful, if we will go home, Our mer-ci-ful Fath-er to meet us will come.

## CHORUS.



When all had he spent, a mighty fam-ine rose, In want and wo, to himself came he; In my  
 A-ris-ing he came, and when a great way off. His fa-ther ran with a joyful bound, Bring the  
 Oh, love of our Lord, oh pit-y so di-vine! A great way off wilt thou see me come? Oh! then

father's house, he said, Is enough,—to spare,—of bread ; Shall I perish here instead—Is there food for me?  
 finest robe, said he, On his hand the rings shall be ; He was dead,—alive is he ! He was lost,—is found !  
 I'll a - rise and go, There is food for me I know, For my Father loves me so, He will take me home.

## BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Rev. 3 : 20.

R. M. McINTOSH.

19.

1. Knock ! knock ! hear him knock ! Lo, at the door he stands ; Dark falls, in gloomy shades within, The night of weakness,  
 2. Hark ! hark ! to him bark ! Thro' shadows dark and dim, If an - y man my voice will hear, And ope the door as

doubt and sin ; I hear his gentle hands, Knock ! knock ! hear him knock !  
 I draw near, I will come in to him ! Hark ! hark ! to him bark !

3 Come ! come ! stranger come !

I hear that loving cry ;  
 If thou come in and sup with me,  
 And kindly bid me sup with thee,  
 The gloomy shades shall fly ;  
 Come ! come ! stranger come !

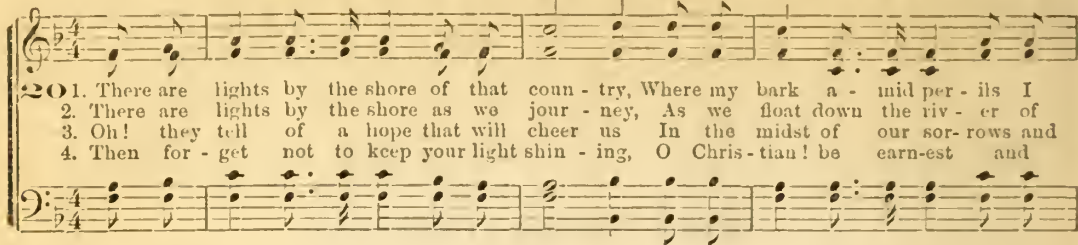
4 Joy ! joy ! wondrous joy !

My doors I open wide,  
 And seated at my lowly board,  
 I see his face, and know my Lord,  
 And cry, his feet beside,  
 Joy ! joy ! wondrous joy !

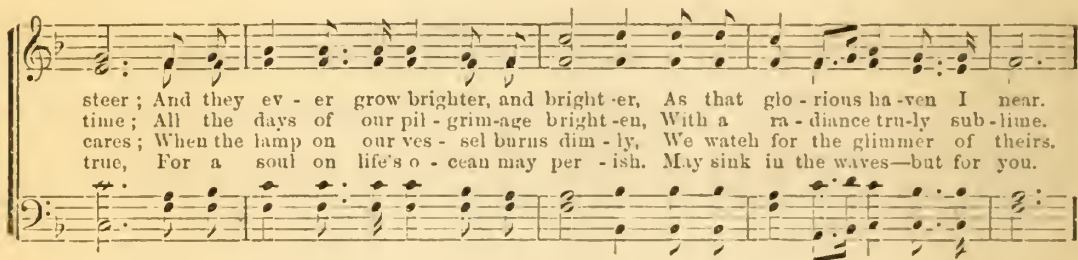
## LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

From THE TONART, by per. of F. J. HUNTINGTON &amp; Co., N. Y. E. ROBERTS.

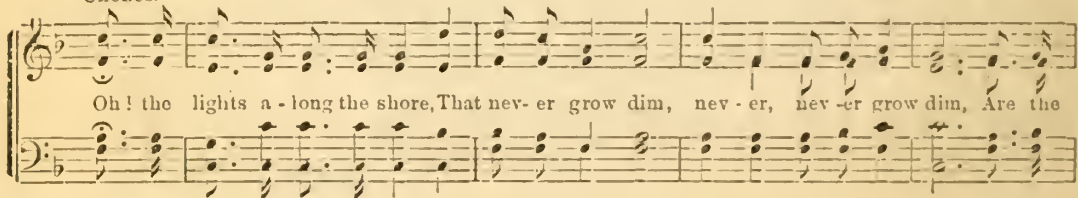


20 1. There are lights by the shore of that coun - try, Where my bark a - mid per - ils I  
 2. There are lights by the shore as we jour - ney, As we float down the riv - er of  
 3. Oh! they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our sor - rows and  
 4. Then for - get not to keep your light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



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

## CHORUS.



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

musical score for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: souls that are a flame, With the love of Je-sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us unto him.

SESSIONS. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON.

*Affettuoso.*

musical score for the second system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 1. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn! And seek an injured Father's face: Those warm desires that 2. Re-turn, O wan-der-er, re-turn! And seek a Father's melting heart: His pitying eyes thy

musical score for the third system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: in thee burn Were kindled by re-clim-ing grace. grief discern, His hand shall heal thine in-ward heart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:  
Go to his bleeding feet and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

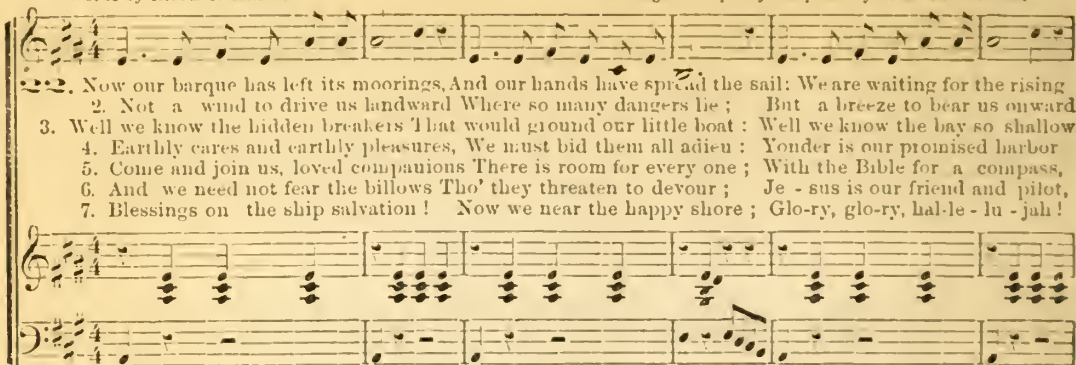
4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear;  
"Tis God who says, "No longer mourn:"  
"Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.



## GOING HOME.

Words by KATE CAMERON.

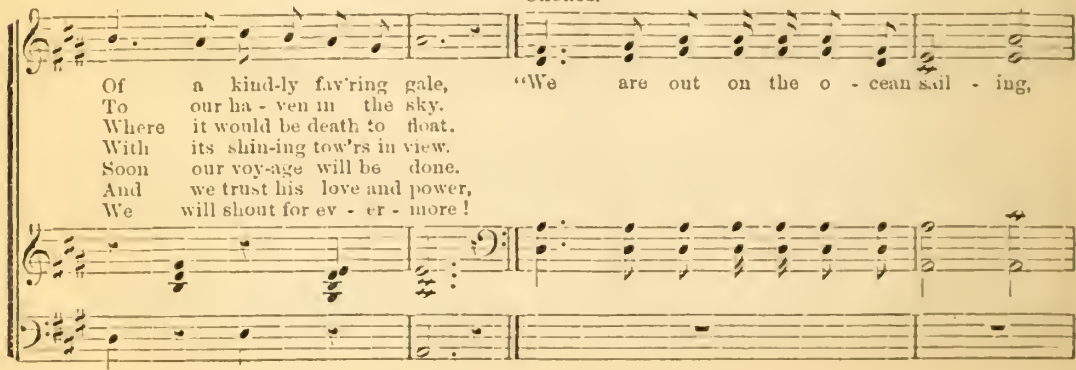
Arranged and partly composed by R. M. McINTOSH.



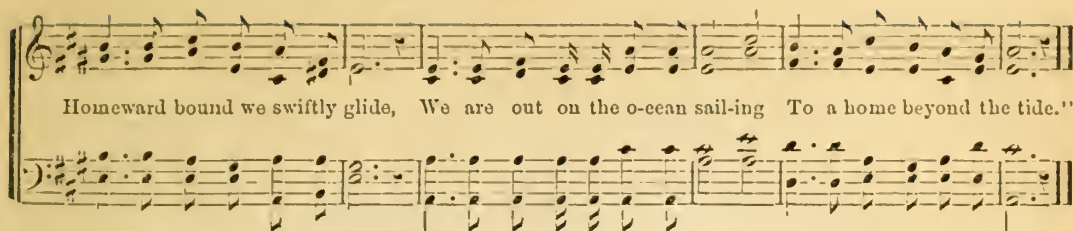
1. Now our barque has left its moorings, And our hands have spread the sail: We are waiting for the rising  
 2. Not a wind to drive us landward Where so many dangers lie; But a breeze to bear us onward  
 3. Well we know the hidden breakers That would ground our little boat: Well we know the bay so shallow  
 4. Earthly cares and earthly pleasures, We must bid them all adieu: Yonder is our promised harbor  
 5. Come and join us, loved companions There is room for every one; With the Bible for a compass,  
 6. And we need not fear the billows Tho' they threaten to devour; Je - sus is our friend and pilot,  
 7. Blessings on the ship salvation! Now we near the happy shore; Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!

*Bass always with the Octave below*

## CHORUS.



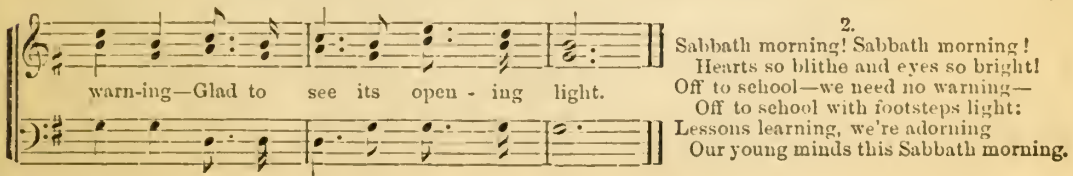
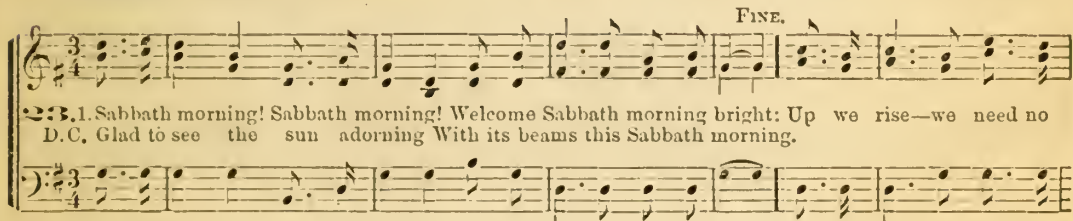
Of a kind-ly fav'ring gale, "We are out on the o - cean sail - ing,  
 To our ha - ven in the sky.  
 Where it would be death to float.  
 With its shin-ing tow'rs in view.  
 Soon our voy-age will be done.  
 And we trust his love and power,  
 We will shout for ev - er - more!



Words by T. O. SUMMERS, D. D.

SABBATH MORNING.

L. C. EVERETT.



## FLORENCE. 8s &amp; 7s. (Double.)

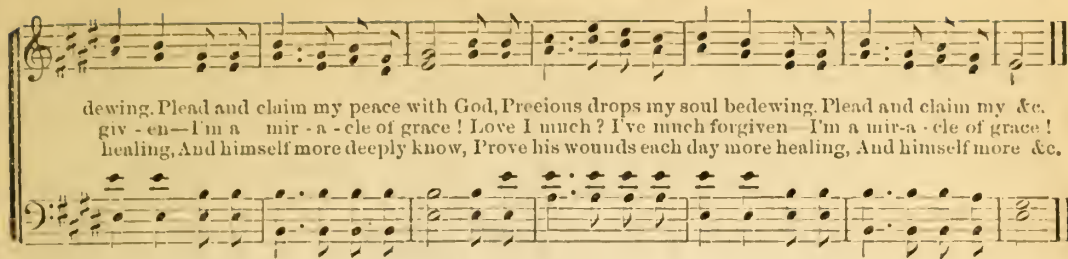
Selected and arranged for this work by a lady of Florence, Ala.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace pos-  
 2. Tru - ly bless - ed is this station, Low be - fore His cross to lie; While I see di - vine com-  
 3. Love and grief my heart di - vid - ing, With my tears His feet I'll bathe; Constant still in faith a -

sessing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend: Here I'll sit, for ev - er view - ing Mer - cy's streams in streams of  
 passion Float - ing in His languid eye: Here it is I find my heaven, While up - on the Lamb I  
 bid - ing, Life de - riv - ing from his death. May I still en - joy this feel - ing, In all need to Je - sus

blood: Precious drops, my soul bedew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God, Precious drops my soul be-  
 gaze: Love I much? I've much forgiv - en - I'm a mir - a - cle of grace! Love I much? I've much for-  
 go; Prove His wounds each day more heal - ing, And him - self more deeply know. Prove His wounds each day more



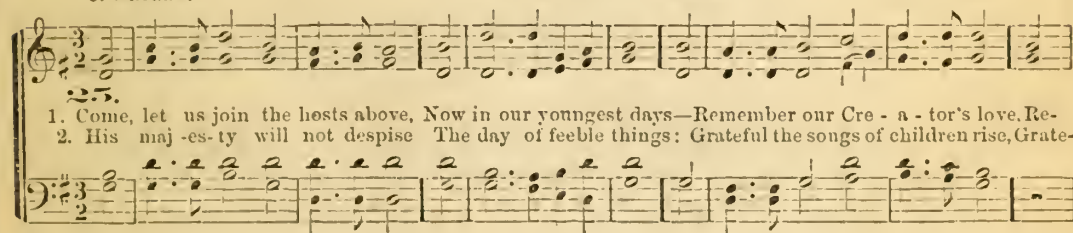


dewing. Plead and claim my peace with God, Precious drops my soul bedewing. Plead and claim my &c.  
 giv - en—I'm a mir - a - cle of grace ! Love I much ? I've much forgiven—I'm a mir-a - cle of grace !  
 healing, And himself more deeply know, Prove his wounds each day more healing, And himself more &c.

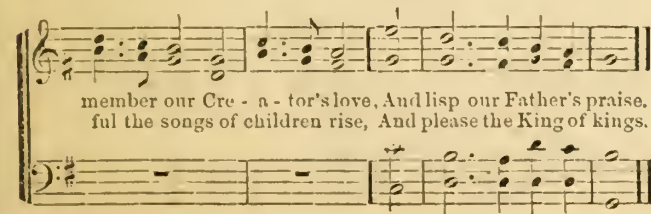
WOODLAND. *C. M.*

C. WESLEY.

N. D. GOULD.



2.  
 1. Come, let us join the hosts above, Now in our youngest days—Remember our Cre - a - tor's love, Re-  
 2. His maj - es - ty will not despise The day of feeble things: Grateful the songs of children rise, Grate-



member our Cre - a - tor's love, And lisp our Father's praise,  
 ful the songs of children rise, And please the King of kings.

- 3 He loves to be remembered thus,  
 And honored for his grace :  
 Out of the mouths of babes like us  
 His wisdom perfects praise.
- 4 Glory to God, and praise, and power,  
 Honor and thanks be given :  
 Children and cherubim adore  
 The Lord of earth and heaven.

# WHEN WE GATHER ROUND THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

From SPARKLING JEWELS, by per. JOHN CHURCH & Co., Cincinnati. Words and Music by K. SHAW.

26. 1. I love the ble-sed Je - sus, He is my dear-est friend; Oh, help me sing his prais-es Till

life below shall end; And then in garments pure and white, With harps and crowns of gold. We'll

## CHORUS.

meet this friend on the plains of light, His glories to behold. When we gather round the great white throne, When we

gather round the great white throne; We'll sing his praise thro' endless days, When we gather round the great white throne.

2 I love the cross of Jesus,  
For on it he has died;  
I'll trust his precious merit,  
Since he was crucified.  
I'll sing of him who rose again,  
Triumphant o'er the grave; [band,  
And when we meet as a ransom'd  
We'll sing his power to save.

3 Oh, let me live for Jesus,  
And bear his cross below;  
And if the Saviour calls me,  
To suffer pain and woe.  
I want to be like Jesus too,  
And always watch and pray,  
That I may gain that happy home,  
In the realms of perfect day.

4 Then let me die in Jesus,  
His presence then I crave;  
When crossing over Jordan,  
To calm the troubled wave.  
And when, triumphant over death  
I gain that happy shore,  
I want to reign with the Saviour when  
This world shall be no more.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Words by J. H. NEWMAN.

WM. BIRTWHISTLE. England.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on, The night is dark, and I am far from home,—  
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me on : I loved to choose and see my path---but now  
3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on, Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,--- one step's enough for me.  
Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.  
The night is gone,--- And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

# "TELL ME OF HEAVEN."

Words by Mrs. M. J. BITTLE.

From SPARKLING JEWELS, by per. of JOHN CHURCH &amp; Co., Cincinnati. K. SHAW.

*Moderato.*

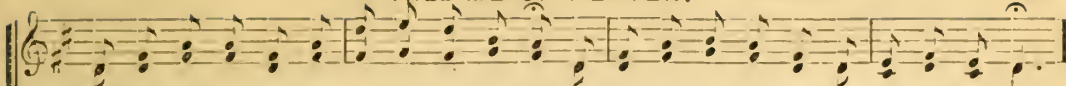
1. Tell me of heaven, but not of its glo-ry, Its gateways of pearl and its pavements of gold,  
 2. Tell me of heaven, but not of its jew-els, That flash on the crowns that the ransom'd shall wear;  
 3. Tell me of heaven, but not of its glo-ry, Oh, speak of the love that is per-fect-ed there;

Not of its tow-ers in their dazzling splendor, Surpass-ing the glo-ri-ous tem-ple of old.  
 Call not be-fore me the shining-robed an-gels, For heaven to me bath at-tractions more fair.  
 Tell of the rest that is wait-ing the wea-ry, Oh, sing of the home he has gone to pre-pare.

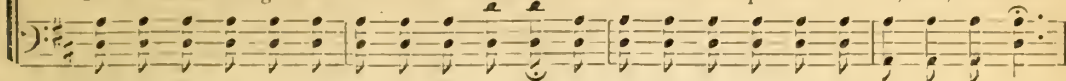
Tell me of heaven, its freedom from sor-row, Land of sweet pleasures that sin can not stain;  
 Tell me of heaven, the land where no sickness, Dis-tresses the forms of the happy and blest;  
 'Tis not the radiance of sapphire and emeral'd, 'Tis not the grandeur of heaven's high dome,

# "TELL ME OF HEAVEN." *Concluded.*

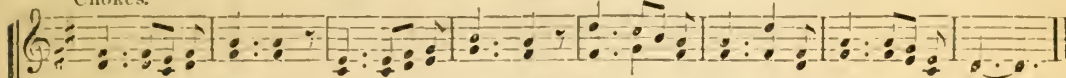
31



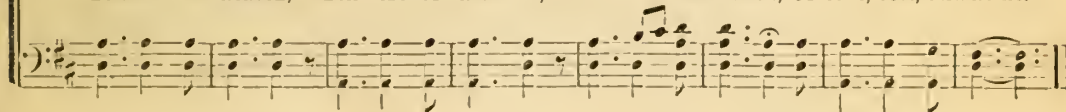
Land where the loved ones that death has long parted, If sleeping in Je - sus, shall all meet a - gain.  
Land where they hunger not, neither grow thirsty ; The beau - ti - ful land where the weary shall rest.  
None of these things have a tithe of the sweetness That dwells in the promise of love, rest, and home.



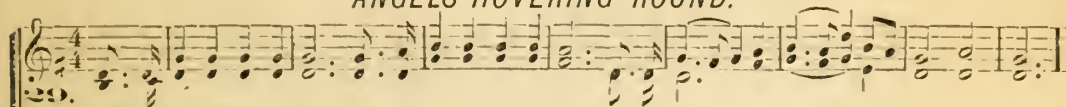
CHORUS.



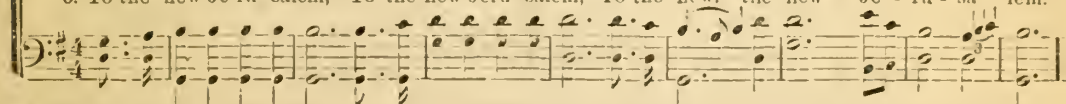
Tell me of heaven, Tell me of heav-en, Tell me of heaven, Of love, rest, and home.



## ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.



1. There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels hov'ring round, There are angels, angels hov'ring round.
2. To carry the tidings home, To carry the tidings home. To carry the ti-dings, the ti-dings home.
3. To the new Je-ru-salem, To the new Jeru-salem, To the new, the new Je - ru - sa - lem.



- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| <p>4 Poor sinners are coming home,<br/>Poor sinners are coming home,<br/>Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.</p> | <p>5 And Jesus bids them come,<br/>And Jesus bids them come,<br/>And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.</p> | <p>6 There's glory all around,<br/>There's glory all around,<br/>There's glory, glory all around.</p> |
|---|---|---|

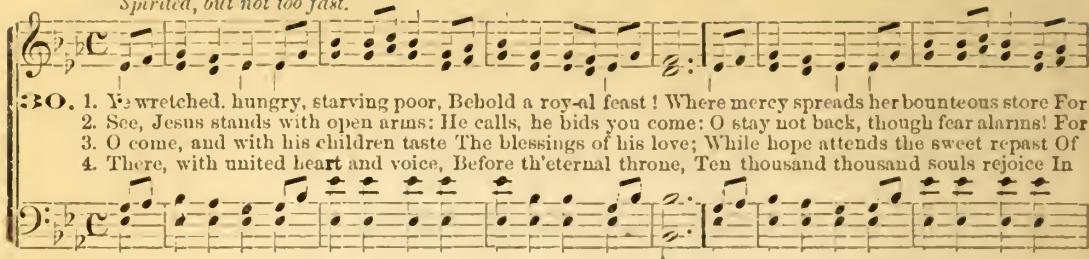


## AND YET THERE IS ROOM.

Words by STEELE.

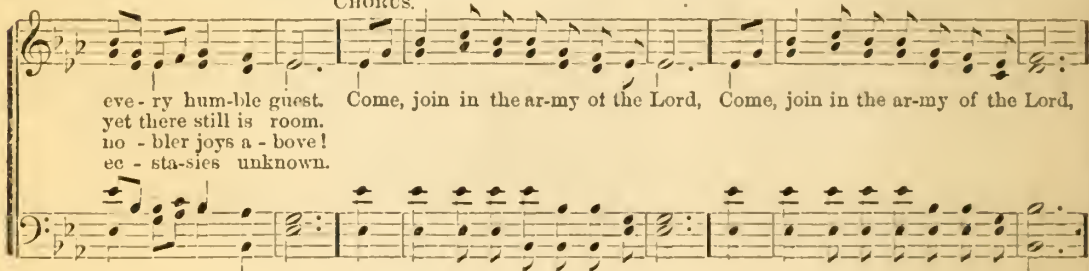
*Spirited, but not too fast.*

Music by R. SHAW.\*

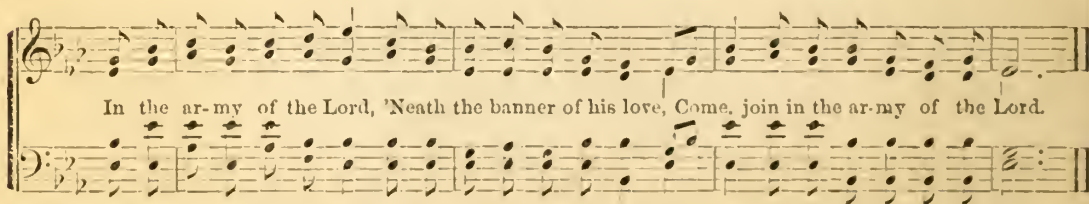


SO. 1. Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor, Behold a roy-al feast! Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For  
 2. See, Jesus stands with open arms: He calls, he bids you come: O stay not back, though fear alarms! For  
 3. O come, and with his children taste The blessings of his love; While hope attends the sweet repast Of  
 4. There, with united heart and voice, Before th'eternal throne, Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice In

## CHORUS.



eve-ry hum-ble guest. Come, join in the ar-my of the Lord, Come, join in the ar-my of the Lord,  
 yet there still is room.  
 no - bler joys a - bove!  
 ec - sta-sies unknown.



In the ar-my of the Lord, 'Neath the banner of his love, Come, join in the ar-my of the Lord.

# I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

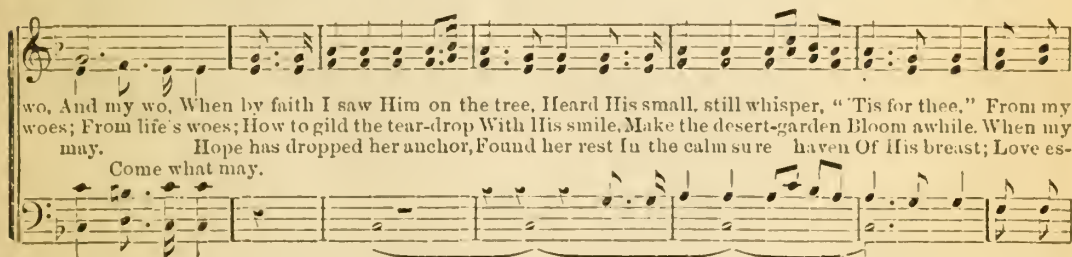
33

From "S. S. Leaflets," by per. of GOULD & FISCHER. Phil., J. E. GOULD.

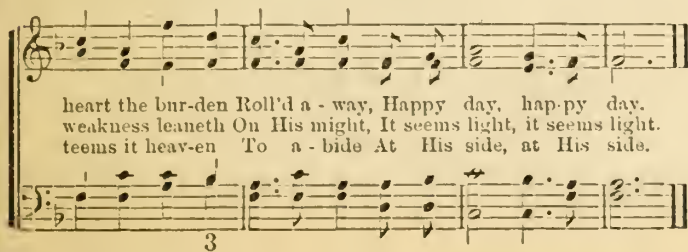
31.



1. I left it all with Jesus, Long a - go, Long a - go, All my guilt and sins I brought him, And my  
 2. I leave it all with Jesus, For He knows For He knows How to steal the sad, the bit - ter From life's  
 3. I leave it all with Jesus, Day by day ; Day by day ; Faith can fairly trust my Sav-iour, Come what



wo, And my wo, When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His small, still whisper, " 'Tis for thee," From my  
 woes; From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile, Make the desert-garden Bloom awhile. When my  
 may. Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest in the calm sure haven Of His breast; Love es-  
 Come what may.



heart the bur-den Roll'd a - way, Happy day, hap-py day.  
 weakness leaneth On His might, It seems light, it seems light.  
 seems it heav-en To a - bide At His side, at His side.

3

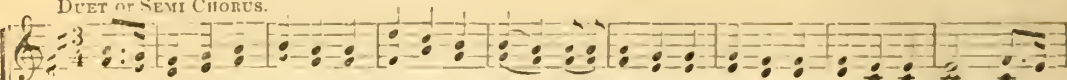
4 Oh leave it all with Jesus,  
 Drooping soul;  
 Tell not half, but *all* the story,  
 Yes, the whole.  
 Worlds on worlds are hanging  
 On His hand;  
 Life and death are waiting  
 His command;  
 Yet His tender bosom  
 Makes thee room;  
 Oh, come home!

## THE LION OF JUDAH.

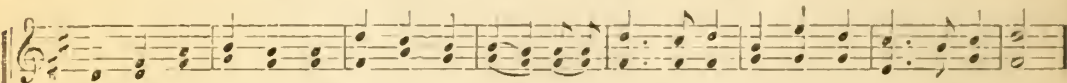
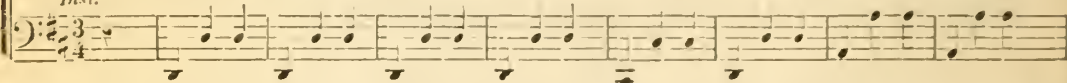
Words by H. Q. WILSON.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

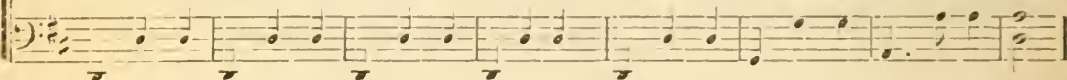
## DUET OR SEMI CHORUS.



1. 'Twas Je-sus, my Sav-iour, who died on the tree, To o-pen a fountain for sinners like me; His  
 2. And when I was willing with all things to part, He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart; So  
 3. Tho' round me the storms of adver-si-ty roll, And the waves of destruction encompass my soul. In  
 4. And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head, From fountain to fountain I then shall be led; I'll

*Inst.*

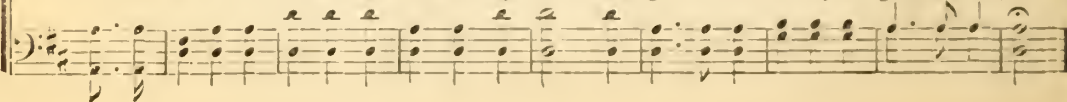
blood is that fountain which pardon be-stows, And cleans-es the foul-est wher-ev-er it flows.  
 now I am joined with the conquering band, Who are marching to glo-ry at Je-sus' command.  
 vain this frail ves-sel the tempest shall toss, My hopes rest se-cure on the blood of the cross.  
 fall at his feet, and his mer-cy a-dore, And sing of the blood of the cross ev-er-more.



## CHORUS.



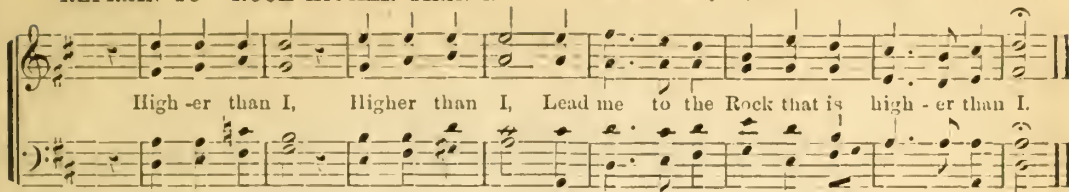
For the Li-on of Judah shall break ev'-ry chain, And give us the vict'ry a-gain and a-gain.





## REFRAIN TO "ROCK HIGHER THAN I."

To be used with this hymn, instead of "Chorus" on left hand page.



1 In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,  
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care;  
From the end of the earth unto thee will I cry,—  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I!

REFRAIN.—Higher than I, higher than I,  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan the tempter comes in like a flood,  
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,  
I'll pray to the Lord who for sinners did die,—  
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

REFRAIN.—Higher than I, &c.

3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage here,  
Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall appear,  
In the swellings of Jordan, all dangers defy,  
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

REFRAIN.—Higher than I, higher than I.

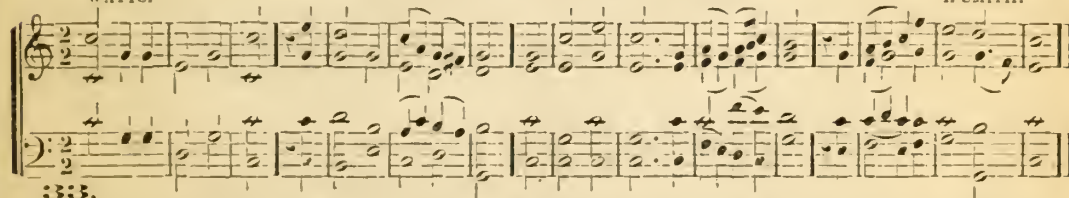
4 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies,  
And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,  
Transported I'll join with the ransomed on high,  
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I!

REFRAIN.—Higher than I, higher than I,  
To praise the great Rock that is higher than I.

## SILVER STREET. S. M.

WATTS.

I. SMITH.



1 Come, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing:  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown.  
He gave the seas their bound:  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne:  
Come, bow before the Lord.  
We are his work, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.

## SAVIOUR, HEAR.

G. W. MARTIN, Eng.

3-4. 1. Hear us, ho - ly Sav iour, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and feeble, Hear our sim - ple pray'r.

*cres* *pp* *cres* *dim*  
Lord, we are un - wor - thy In Thy sight to stand, Yet we come be - fore Thee, By Thy kind command. Oh,

hear us, ho - ly Saviour, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and fee - ble, Hear our sim - ple

*pp* *pp rall* *2.*  
prayer, Hear, O hear, Saviour, hear.

*2.*  
Pardon our offences, Guard us from all ill,  
Make us, like true children, Love thy holy will,  
Let not sin beguile us From Thy paths to stray;  
But with Thy great mercy Keep us night and day.  
Oh, pardon our offences, Guard us from all ill.  
Make us, like true children, Love Thy holy will.  
Hear, oh hear, Saviour, hear.

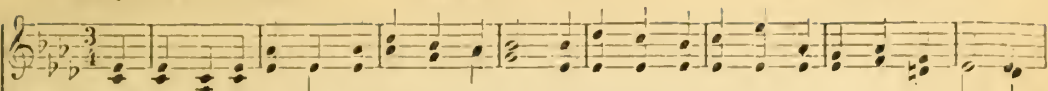
# BLIND BARTIMEUS.

37

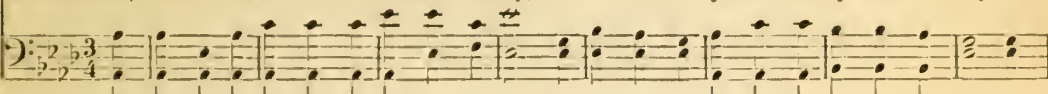
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Mark 10: 46-52.

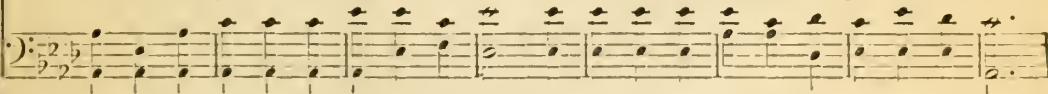
R. M. McINTOSH.



35. 1. As forth from the city, went Jesus one day, They came to a blind man, who heard, by the way 'Tis  
2. What wilt thou, said Jesus, shall I do to thee? He answered him, Lord that mine eyes opened be, The  
3. Then all when they saw it, to God gave the praise; And glory to God, doth he gratefully raise; Re-  
4. Dear Lord, when in darkness and blindness we stray, To thee will we cry when thou passest this way, We'll



Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, now pass - ing by; Then, tho' they rebuked, more and more would he cry;  
Lord had compassion, and touching his eyes, Restored them, in answer to faith's earnest cries:  
joie - ing, the face of the Mas - ter to see, Who pi - ty - ing heard, when believing cried he,  
hold not our peace, but beseech more and more, Lord, let thy compassion and pit - y re - store.

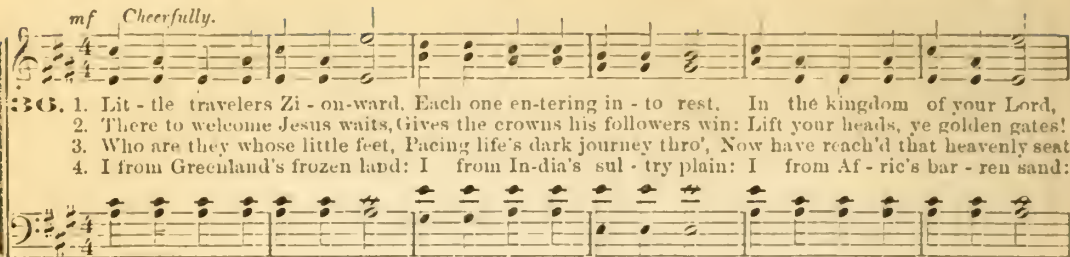


Hear me in kindness, pit - y my blindness, Thou Son of Da - vid, have mer - cy on me!



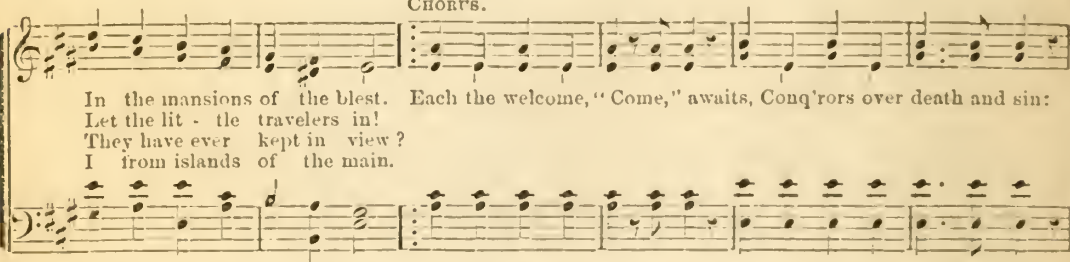
JAMES EDMESTON.

From the "Children's Friend," by per.

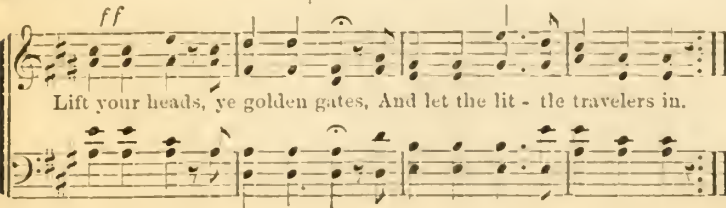
*mf* *Cheerfully.*


36. 1. Lit - tle travelers Zi - on-ward, Each one en-ter-ing in - to rest. In the kingdom of your Lord,  
 2. There to welcome Jesus waits, Gives the crown his followers win: Lift your heads, ye golden gates!  
 3. Who are they whose little feet, Pacing life's dark journey thro', Now have reach'd that heavenly seat  
 4. I from Greenland's frozen land: I from In-dia's sul - try plain: I from Af - ric's bar - ren sand:

CHORUS.



In the mansions of the blest. Each the welcome, "Come," awaits, Conq'rors over death and sin:  
 Let the lit - tle travelers in!  
 They have ever kept in view?  
 I from islands of the main.

*ff*


Lift your heads, ye golden gates, And let the lit - tle travelers in.

5 All our earthly journey past,  
 Every tear and pain gone by:  
 Here together met at last,  
 At the portal of the sky.

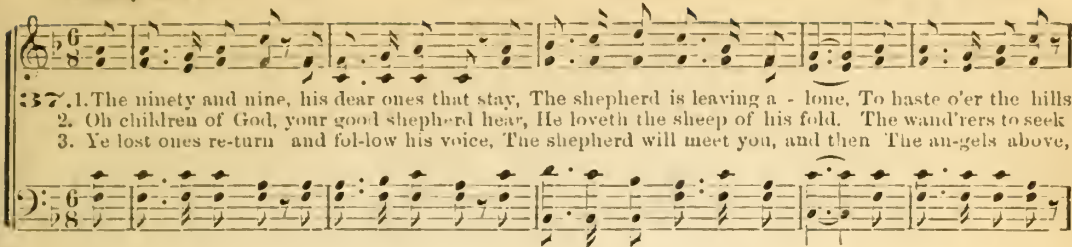
# THE LOST SHEEP.

39

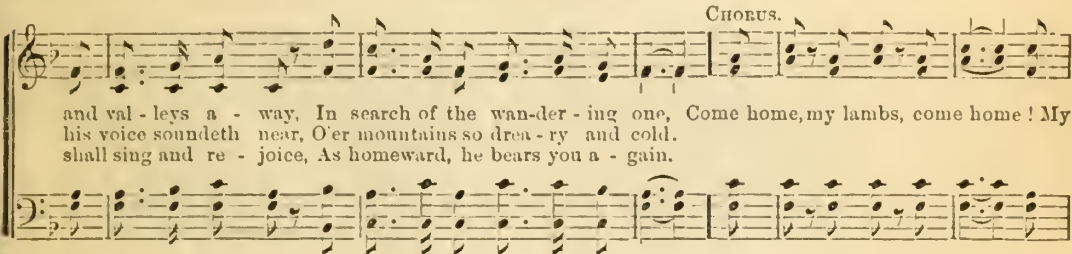
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 18: 12-14.

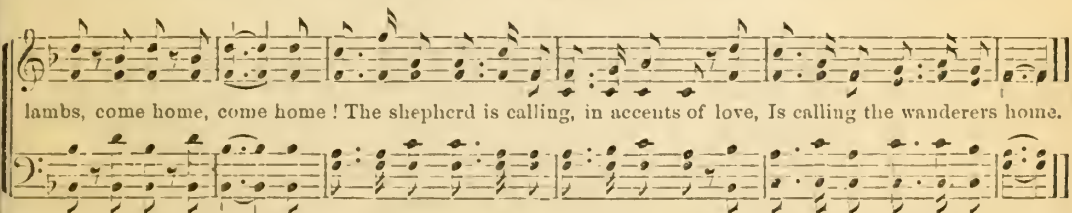
R. M. McINTOSH.



1. The ninety and nine, his dear ones that stay, The shepherd is leaving a - lone, To haste o'er the hills  
2. Oh children of God, your good shepherd hear, He loveth the sheep of his fold. The wand'ers to seek  
3. Ye lost ones re-turn and fol-low his voice, The shepherd will meet you, and then The an-gels above,



CHORUS.  
and val - leys a - way, In search of the wan - der - ing one, Come home, my lambs, come home ! My  
his voice soundeth near, O'er mountains so drea - ry and cold.  
shall sing and re - joice, As homeward, he bears you a - gain.



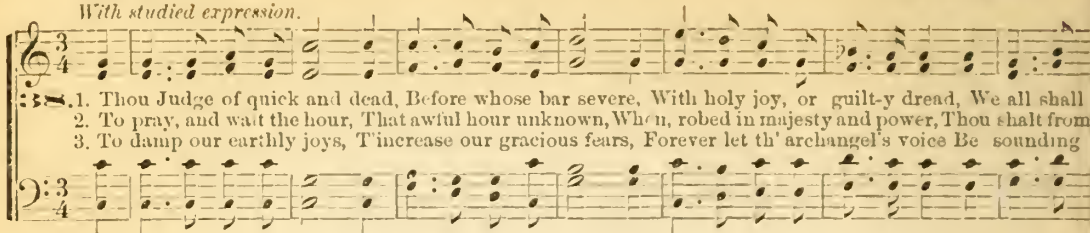
lambs, come home, come home ! The shepherd is calling, in accents of love, Is calling the wanderers home.

\*When preferred, the first part of this piece may be used as a semi-chorus, or Soprano solo, with an instrument taking the harmony parts as an accompaniment.

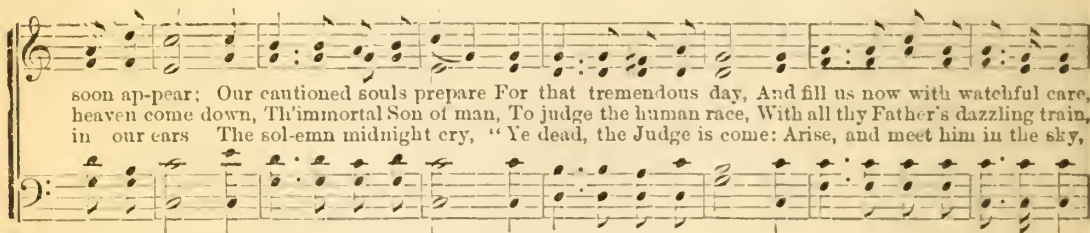


C. WESLEY.

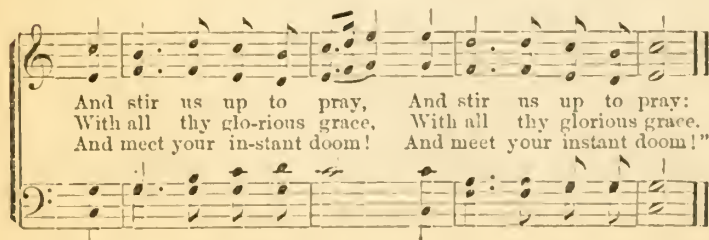
R. M. McINTOSH.

*With studied expression.*


1. Thou Judge of quick and dead, Before whose bar severe, With holy joy, or guilty dread, We all shall  
 2. To pray, and wait the hour, That awful hour unknown, When, robed in majesty and power, Thou shalt from  
 3. To damp our earthly joys, T'increase our gracious fears, Forever let th' archangel's voice Be sounding



soon ap-pear: Our cautioned souls prepare For that tremendous day, And fill us now with watchful care,  
 heaven come down, Th' immortal Son of man, To judge the human race, With all thy Father's dazzling train,  
 in our ears The sol-emn midnight cry, "Ye dead, the Judge is come: Arise, and meet him in the sky,



And stir us up to pray, And stir us up to pray:  
 With all thy glo-rious grace, With all thy glorious grace.  
 And meet your in-stant doom! And meet your instant doom!"

4.

O may we thus be found  
 Obedient to his word;  
 Attentive to the tramp t's sound,  
 And looking for our Lord!  
 O may we thus insure  
 A lot among the blest;  
 And watch a moment to secure  
 An everlasting rest!

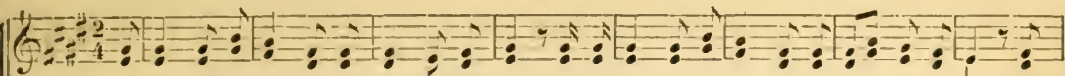


# WE'VE A MANSION IN HEAVEN.

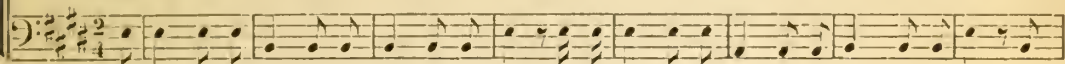
41

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

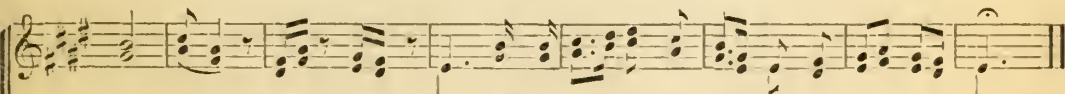
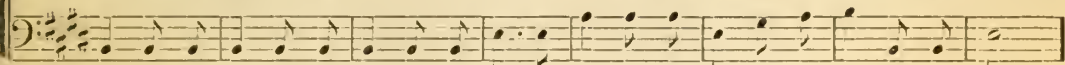
EMILIUS LAROCHE.



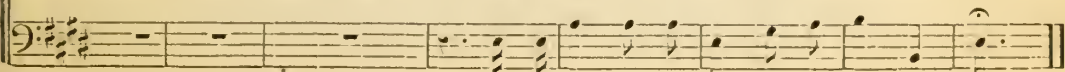
39. 1. How sweet 'tis to think, when this life fades away, We've a mansion in heaven that knows no decay, — A  
 2. Oh, why should we murmur and grieve here below, When it is but a moment of suff'ring we know, Com-  
 3. A vis - ion of beauty now bursts on my sight, From the city celes-tial, the land of delight:—On,



cit - y of light, where we free-ly may roam, The kingdom of promise, the saints happy home!  
 pared to the glo-ry re-veal'd to us there, On the sweet banks of Canaan, so blooming and fair?  
 rest thee, my spir-it, till Je - sus shall come And bear thee a - way to the saints happy home.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home! We've a man-sion in heaven, The saints happy home.



## THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Luke, 13; 6-9.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. In the vineyard of the Mas - ter, There was growing once a tree, Thither came he, oft - en,  
 2. But the dresser then made an - swer, Leave it, Lord, ano - th - er year; I with ear - will tend and  
 3. In the vineyard of my Mas - ter, Oft my tree his patience tries, Seeking fruit he oft - en

ho - ping That some fruit there-on might be. Fruit, not blos - som, went he seek - ing,  
 keep it, Till the bud and bloom ap - pear, Then if ri - pened fruit be show - ing,  
 com - eth, Find - ing on - ly use - less leaves. Let thy dews of gra - ce fall on me.

On - ly leaves thereon he found; To his dresser, hear him speaking. Lo, it eum - ber - eth the ground.  
 It is well, my Lord will own, If but leaves are on it grow - ing. Af - ter that, Lord, cut it down.  
 Till some fruits divine ap - pear; Let thy patience rest up - on me, Try me, Lord, a - noth - er year.

# THE BARREN FIG-TREE. *Concluded.*

43

CHORUS.

The first system of musical notation for 'THE BARREN FIG-TREE'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/2. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

If the Mas-ter to our vineyard, Should this day come down, Seeking, looking, asking for his own.

The second system of musical notation for 'THE BARREN FIG-TREE'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Rea-dy for his eye are we? Is there fruit upon our tree? Will he bid the dresser cut it down?

## OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

The musical notation for 'OLD HUNDRED'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow: Praise him, all creatures here below: Praise him above, ye heavenly host—Praise Father,  
(Son, and Holy Ghost.

## HAIL TO THEE, PROPHET, PRIEST, KING.

T. O. SUMMERS, D. D.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Hail to thee, Prophet! hail, hail thou great Preacher! Hail, thou anointed Re-veal-er of truth!  
 2. Hail to thee, Priest! by thy Fa-ther a-nointed, Sin-ners to save by thy death on the cross!  
 3. Hail to thee, King! ev-er-last-ing, all-glorious, Throned by thy Father in state and re-nown!

Grace has been poured on thy lips, O thou Teacher—Teacher of age and of youth!  
 From the be-gin-nings thou, Christ, wast appointed Thus to re-cov-er our loss.  
 Reign thou in ma-jes-ty, o'er all vic-to-ri-ous—Hon-ors we weave for thy crown!

*f* CHORUS. *cres.* *p*  
 Hail to thee, hail to thee, hail to thee, Prophet, Priest, King! Loudly thy praises we sing:

High our ho - san - nas shall ring, Hail to thee, hail to thee, hail to thee, Prophet, Priest, King.

*m.* *f* *cres.* *dim.*

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

GIARDINI.

*Cheerful*

1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend: Come, and thy people bless, And give thy  
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - for - ter, Thy sacred wit - ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who almighty art, Now rule in

to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.  
 word success: Spir - it of ho - li ness, On us de - scend.  
 ev - ery heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!

4.  
 To the great One and Three,  
 Eternal praises be  
 Hence—evermore!  
 His sovereign majesty  
 May we in glory see,  
 And to eternity  
 Love and adore.



## THE TEN VIRGINS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 25: 1-13.

EMILIUS LAROCHE

1-1. 1. Onee, forth to meet the bridegroom, At night ten virgins went; Five lamps were trimmed for burning. In  
 2. Then all the fool-ish vir-gins Their need be-gan to tell; And all the wise ones answered, Go  
 3. Lord, Lord, un-to us o-pen, 'The fool-ish vir-gins cried, I know you not, un-to them The

five the oil was spent. And while they slept and slumbered, At midnight rose the shout, Behold the bridegroom  
 ye to them that sell. The fool-ish virgins hastened, In darkness, fear, and shame, The wise ones ready  
 bridegroom's voice repli'd. O Christians, learn the lesson. Your lamps be wise and trim, And when the bridegroom

CHORUS.

com-eth, To meet him go ye out. Watch ye, therefore, watch I say, Watch ye, therefore  
 wait-ed, And lo! the bridegroom came!  
 com-eth, Go glad-ly in with him.



watch and pray; Ye know not the hour, ye know not the day The Son of man may come.

C. WESLEY.

NAUWETA. L. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

15. 1. Author of faith, we seek thy face, For all who feel thy work be - gun: Confirm, and strengthen  
2. Thou seest their wants, thou know'st their names, Be mindful of thy youngest care; Be tender of the

3 The lion roaring for his prey,  
With rav'ning wolves on every side,  
Watch over them to tear and slay,  
If found one moment from their Guide.

4 In safety lead thy little flock!  
From hell, the world, and sin, secure:  
And set their feet upon the rock,  
And make in thee their goings sure.

them in grace, And bring thy feeblest chil-dren on.  
new - born lambs, And gen-tly in thy bo - som bear.

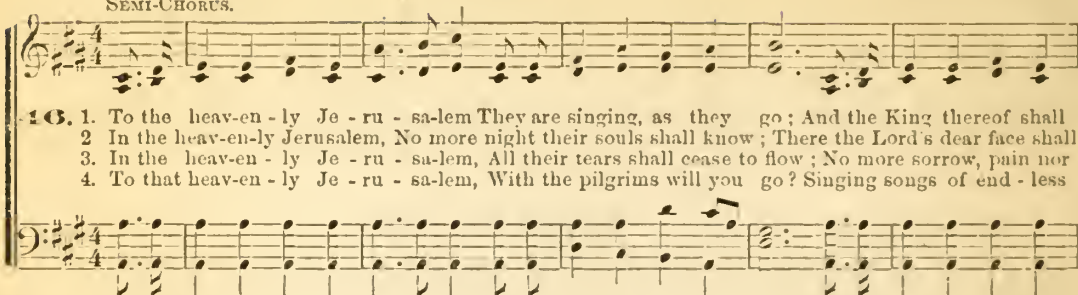
## HAPPY PILGRIMS.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Rev. 21 : 2, 18-27.

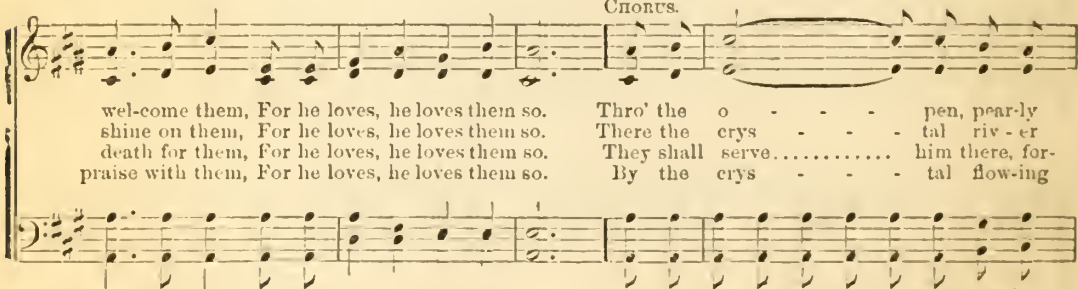
R. M. McINTOSH.

## SEMI-CHORUS.



1. To the heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem They are singing, as they go ; And the King thereof shall  
 2 In the heav-en-ly Jerusalem, No more night their souls shall know ; There the Lord's dear face shall  
 3. In the heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem, All their tears shall cease to flow ; No more sorrow, pain nor  
 4. To that heav-en - ly Je - ru - sa-lem, With the pilgrims will you go ? Singing songs of end - less

## CHORUS.



wel-come them, For he loves, he loves them so.  
 shine on them, For he loves, he loves them so.  
 death for them, For he loves, he loves them so.  
 praise with them, For he loves, he loves them so.

Thro' the o - - - pen, pearly  
 There the crys - - - tal riv - er  
 They shall serve..... him there, for-  
 By the crys - - - tal flow-ing

Thro' the o - pen, thro' the o - pen, pearly  
 There the crys tal, there the crys-tal riv - er  
 They shall serve him, they shall serve him there for-  
 By the crys-tal, by the crys-tal flow-ing

por - tals      Sounds the    wond - - - - rous new - made song ;      And the  
 flow - eth,      There the    heal - - - - ing leaves are    found ;      There no  
 ev - er,      Sweet - ly    sing - - - - ing songs of    love ;      They shall  
 riv - er,      Where the    joy - - - - ous an - thems swell,      Will you

por - tals,      Sounds the    wondrous, sounds the    wondrous new - made song ;      And the  
 flow - eth,      There the    heal - ing, there the    heal ing leaves are    found ;      There no  
 ev - er,      Sweet - ly    sing - ing, sweet - ly    sing - ing songs of    love ;      They shall  
 riv - er,      When the    joy - ous, when the    joy - ous an - thems    swell,      Will you

an - - -    them of im - mor - tals    Greet the hap - - -    py pil - grim throng.  
 sor - - -    row ev - er go - eth,    And e - ter - - -    nal joys a - bound.  
 wan - - -    der from him nev - er    In that bliss - - -    ful world a - bove.  
 en - - -    ter and for - ev - er    In the heav - - -    ly cit - y dwell.

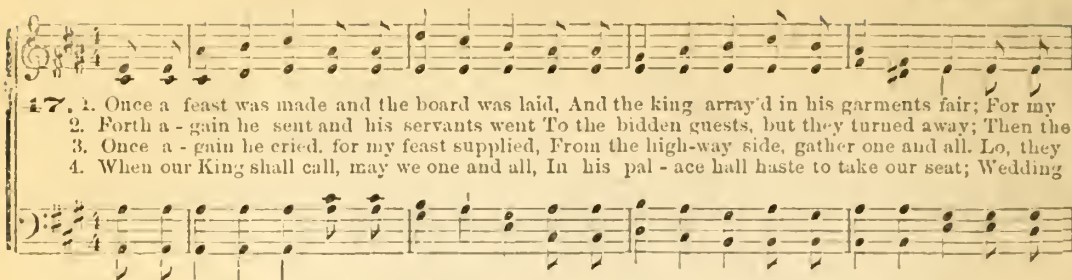
anthems, and the anthems of im - mor - tals    Greet the hap - py, greet the hap - py. pil - grim throng.  
 sor - row, there no sor - row ev - er go - eth,    And e - ter - nal and e - ter - nal joys a - bound.  
 wan - der, they shall wander from him nev - er,    In that bliss - ful, in that blissful world a - bove.  
 en - ter, will you en - ter, and for - ev - er,    In the heav'n - ly, in the heav'n - ly cit - y dwell?

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING'S SON.

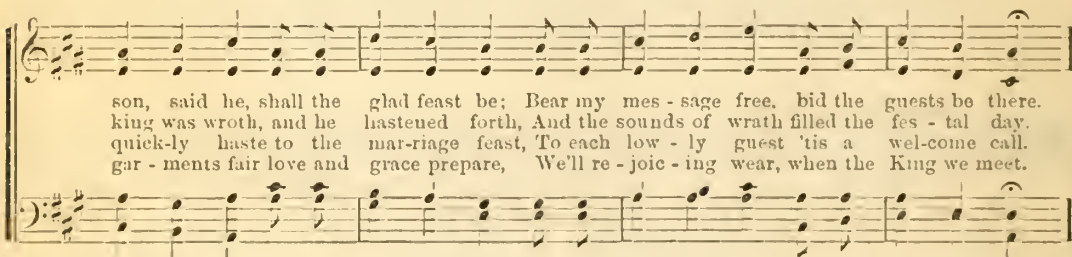
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 22 : 1-14.

R. M. McINTOSH.

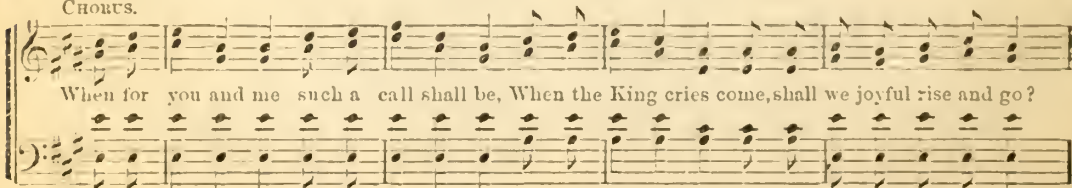


1. Once a feast was made and the board was laid, And the king array'd in his garments fair; For my  
 2. Forth a - gain he sent and his servants went To the bidden guests, but they turned away; Then the  
 3. Once a - gain he cried, for my feast supplied, From the high-way side, gather one and all. Lo, they  
 4. When our King shall call, may we one and all, In his pal - ace hall haste to take our seat; Wedding

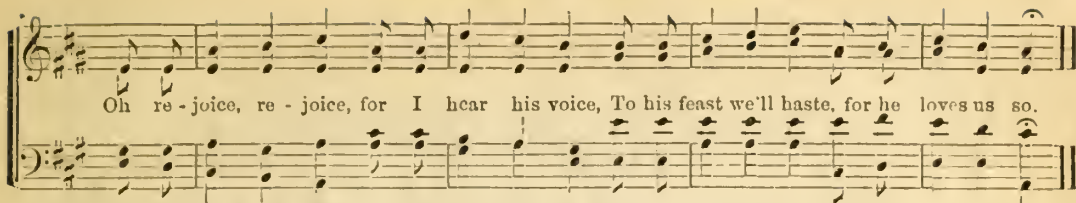


son, said he, shall the glad feast be: Bear my mes - sage free, bid the guests be there.  
 king was wroth, and he hastened forth, And the sounds of wrath filled the fes - tal day.  
 quickly haste to the mar-riage feast, To each low - ly guest 'tis a wel-come call.  
 gar - ments fair love and grace prepare, We'll re - joic - ing wear, when the King we meet.

CHORUS.



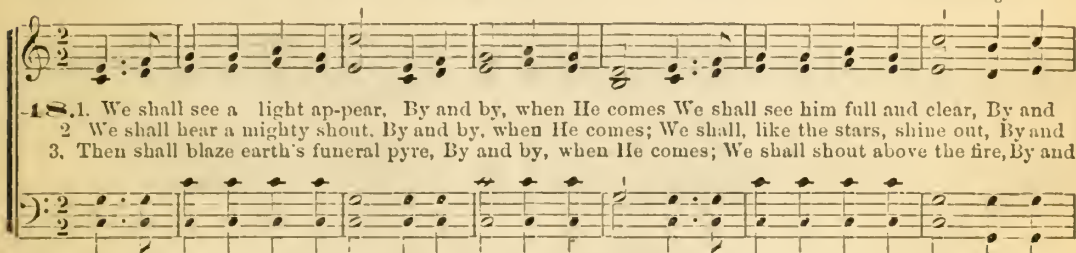
When for you and me such a call shall be, When the King cries come, shall we joyful rise and go?



Oh re - joice, re - joice, for I hear his voice, To his feast we'll haste, for he loves us so.

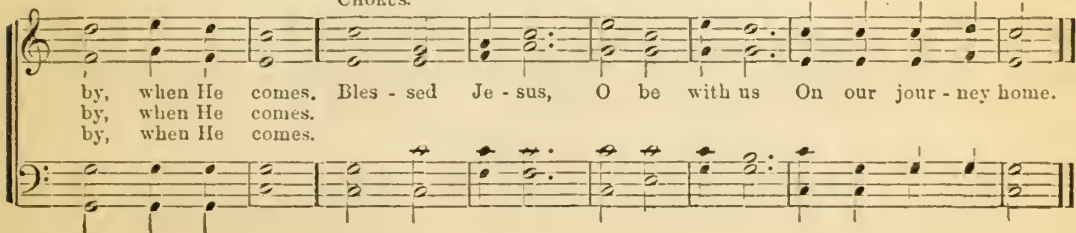
## WE SHALL SEE A LIGHT APPEAR.

Arranged.



1. We shall see a light ap-pear, By and by, when He comes We shall see him full and clear, By and  
 2 We shall bear a mighty shout, By and by, when He comes; We shall, like the stars, shine out, By and  
 3. Then shall blaze earth's funeral pyre, By and by, when He comes; We shall shout above the fire, By and

## CHORUS.



by, when He comes, Bles - sed Je - sus, O be with us On our jour - ney home.  
 by, when He comes.  
 by, when He comes.



## JUST AS I AM.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. Just as I am, — without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee —  
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt, With fears within and wars without, —  
 4. Just as I am, — poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find. —

Coda, this may be omitted.

O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, — thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve  
 Because thy promise I believe, —  
 O Lamb of God, &c.

6 Just as I am, — thy love unknown  
 Has broken every barrier down,  
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone, —  
 O Lamb of God, &c.

## INFANT PRAISE.

50. 1. Humble prais-es, ho - ly Je - sus, In - fant voi - ces raise to thee; In thy arms, O  
 2. Blessed Saviour! thou hast bidden Babes like us to come to thee: Once by thy dis -

Lord, receive us, Suf-fer us thy lambs to be.  
 ci - ples chidden, Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3.

Thanks to thee, who freely gave us  
 Thy exalted Son, to die,  
 From eternal death to save us:  
 Glory be to God on high

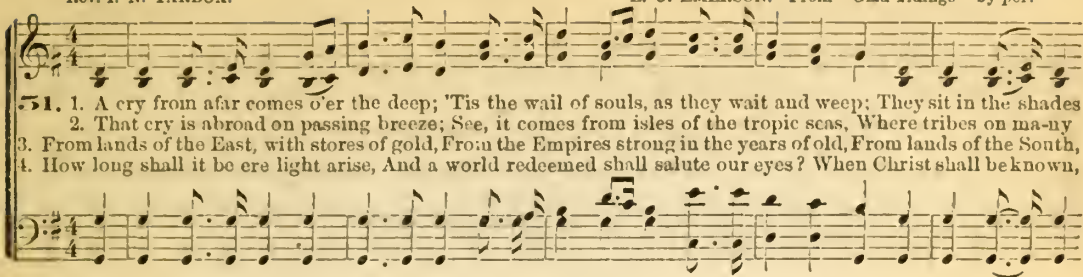


# CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

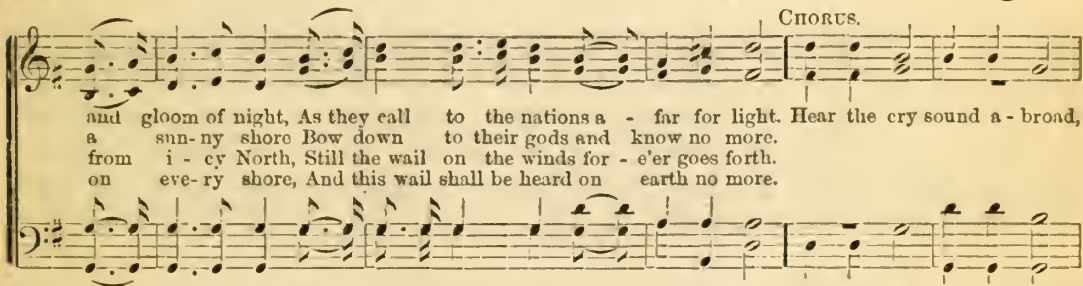
53

Rev. I. N. TARBOX.

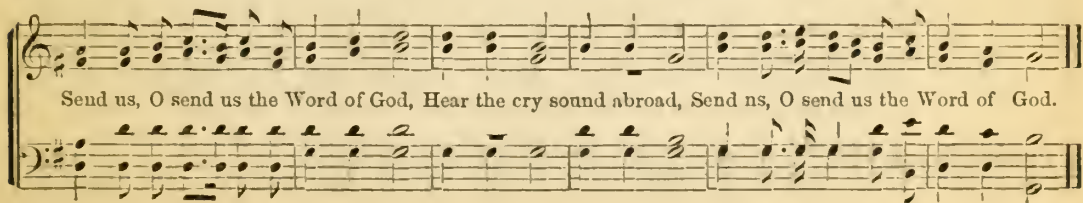
L. O. EMERSON. From "Glad Tidings" by per.



51. 1. A cry from afar comes o'er the deep; 'Tis the wail of souls, as they wait and weep; They sit in the shades  
 2. That cry is abroad on passing breeze; See, it comes from isles of the tropic seas, Where tribes on ma-ny  
 3. From lands of the East, with stores of gold, From the Empires strong in the years of old, From lands of the South,  
 4. How long shall it be ere light arise, And a world redeemed shall salute our eyes? When Christ shall be known,



CHORUS.  
 and gloom of night, As they call to the nations a - far for light. Hear the cry sound a - broad,  
 a sun-ny shore Bow down to their gods and know no more.  
 from i - cy North, Still the wail on the winds for - e'er goes forth.  
 on eve-ry shore, And this wail shall be heard on earth no more.

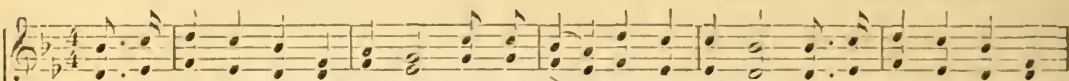


Send us, O send us the Word of God, Hear the cry sound abroad, Send us, O send us the Word of God.

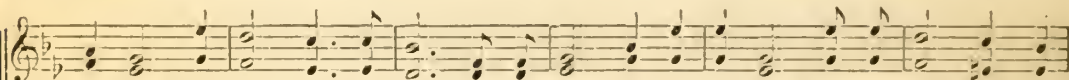
## KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS.

Words by Mrs. S. B. HERRICK,

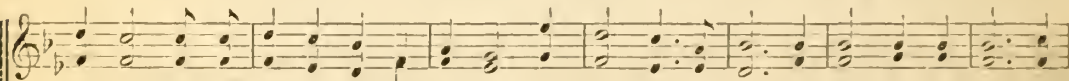
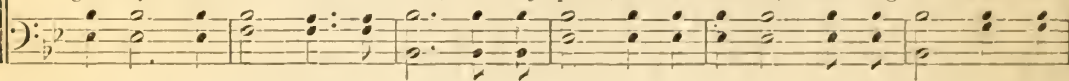
Music by L. B. STARKWEATHER.



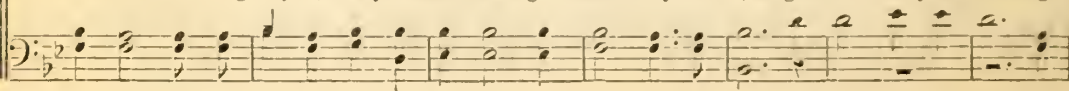
1. If ye love me, lit - tle children, You will keep my commandments; On your loving hearts you'll  
 2. If ye love me, lit - tle children, You shall walk in my gar-den, 'Mid the o - dor of its  
 3. If ye love me, lit - tle children, You shall dwell in my mansions; And your raiment in its

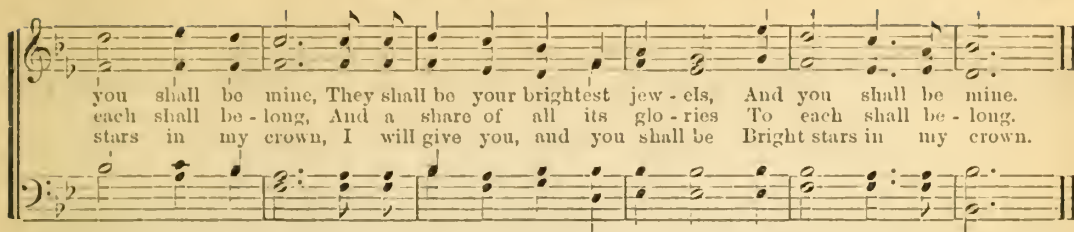


bind them In beau - ty to shine; All your life - path a - dorn-ing. Like the pearls of the  
 spi - ees, The rap - ture of song. Then your hearts shall be lighter, And your path shall be  
 glo - ry, Shall shine as the sun; And my peace, like a riv - er, Flow-ing on - ward for -



morning, They shall be your brightest jew-els, And you shall be mine; And you shall be mine, And  
 brighter, And a share of all its glories. To each shall be - long; To each shall be - long, To  
 ev - er, I will give you, and you shall be Bright stars in my crown; Bright stars in my crown, Bright



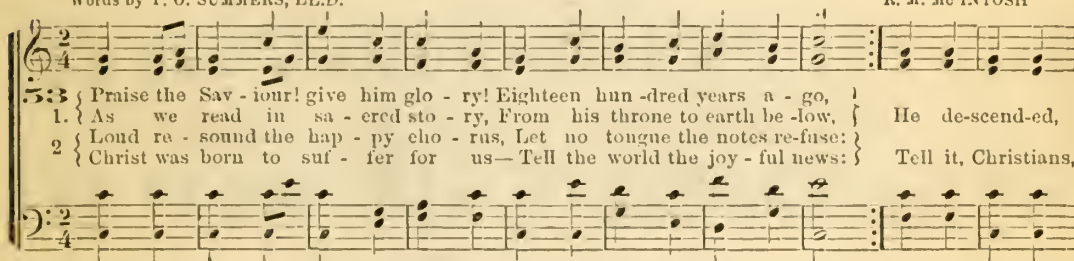


you shall be mine, They shall be your brightest jew - els, And you shall be mine.  
each shall be - long, And a share of all its glo - ries To each shall be - long.  
stars in my crown, I will give you, and you shall be Bright stars in my crown.

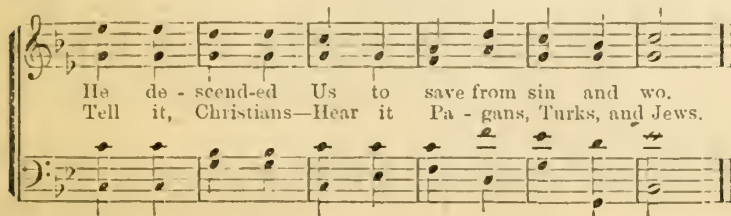
Words by T. O. SUMMERS, LL.D.

GILL. 8s, 7s & 4s.

R. M. Mc INTOSH



1. { Praise the Sav - iour! give him glo - ry! Eighteen hun - dred years a - go, }  
2. { As we read in sa - cred sto - ry, From his throne to earth be - low, } He de - scend - ed,  
2. { Loud re - sound the hap - py echo - rus, Let no tongue the notes re - fuse: } Tell it, Christians,  
Christ was born to suf - fer for us—Tell the world the joy - ful news: }



He de - scend - ed Us to save from sin and wo.  
Tell it, Christians—Hear it Pa - gans, Turks, and Jews.

3.

Soon may He who reigneth o'er us,  
Reign the universal King;  
And to haste his advent glorious,  
Let us our best offerings bring,  
And hosannas  
Loudly in the temple sing.

## THE TARDY TROOP.

Words by PAULINA.

From "The Charm," by per. of Root &amp; Cady. Music by P. P. BLISS.

5 1. I will rejoice when I hear the bell—Haste to the school that I love so well, Thinking how  
 2. I was ashamed as I well might be—When was the prayer and the hymn for me? Turning the  
 3. Sat-ur-day eve, if we all would see All things in or-der as they should be; Seeking the

sad-ly my teacher's eye Rest-ed up-on me in days gone by, When I had loi-tered, and  
 tho'ts from the world a-way—Teaching the heart with the lips to pray. When was the boast that I  
 grove, or the book a-stray, Who would be late on the dear Lord's day? Where would we look for the

CHORUS.

joined a group Known in our school as the Tar-dy Troop. Never a-gain shall my head so droop—  
 would not stoop Ev-er to en-ter the Tar-dy Troop?  
 sor-ry group Known in our school as the Tar-dy Troop?

# THE TARDY TROOP. *Concluded.*

57

Musical score for the first system. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "Nev-er will I en-ter the Tar-dy Troop, Oh, pit-y for the Tardy Troop, Pity for the". Above the melody, the words "Pit-y," appear twice. The bass line consists of chords.

Musical score for the second system. The melody continues with the lyrics: "sor-ry group, Pit-y for the Tar-dy Troop, Loitering by the way. Pit-y for the Tardy Troop,". Above the melody, the word "Pit-y" appears once. The bass line continues with chords. The system ends with a double bar line.

Musical score for the third system. The melody concludes with the lyrics: "Pit-y for the sor-ry group, Pit-y for the Tar-dy Troop, Late a-gain to-day." Above the melody, the words "Pit-y" appear twice. The bass line continues with chords. The system ends with a double bar line.



## ANNIVERSARY JUBILEE.

From "The Charm," by per. of ROOF &amp; CADY. Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

*Sprightly.*

55. 1. Ho! come, welcome ye; Join our Ju - bi - lee: Roll the might-y wave of praise a - long;  
 2. Bright the present beams, Bright the fu-ture seems; Not a cloud of sor-row dims our sky;  
 3. Shall we ev - er fear What an - oth - er year Shall of pleas-ure or of pain re - cord?

Hearts so light and gay, While years pass a - way, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly raise the song.  
 Life seems full of cheer, As each hap-py year Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly pass - es by.  
 All God sends is best, On his word we rest; Cheerful - ly, cheerful - ly praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, the fount of ev - ' ry bless-ing; Praise the Lord, Our Father and our Friend;



First system of musical notation. The treble staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#).

Joy - ful songs, ho - san - nas nev - er ceas - ing From our hearts should ever - more as - cend.

Second system of musical notation. It includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The melody in the treble staff features a variety of note values and rests, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

Third system of musical notation. It also includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The melody in the treble staff concludes with a double bar line. The bass staff continues with a final accompaniment.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord!

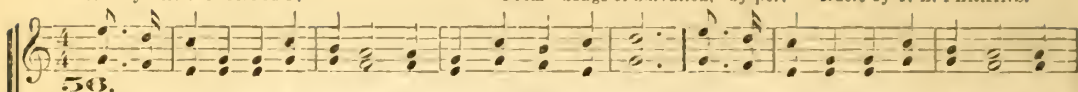
## JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

"There is joy in heaven over one sinner." Luke, 15: 7.

Words by FANNY CROSBY,

From "Songs of Salvation," by per.

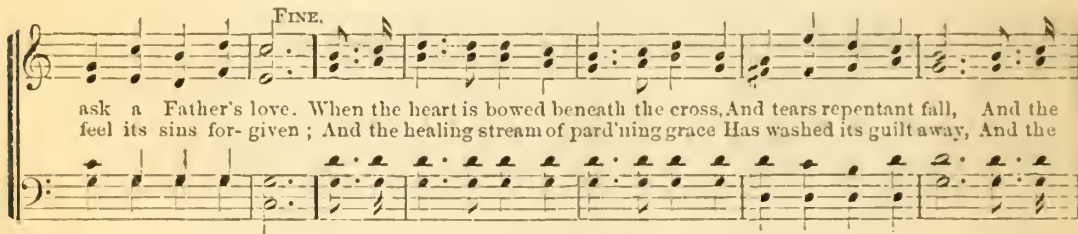
Music by T. E. PERKINS.



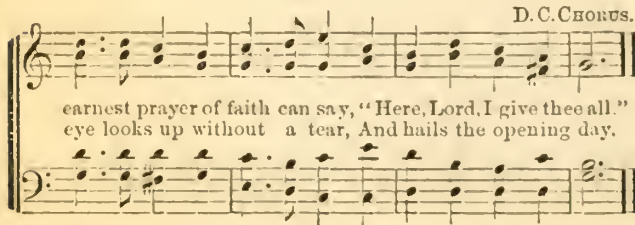
1. There is joy among the angels, That fill the courts a - bove, O'er a wand'ring soul re - turning To  
2. There is joy among the angels, They tune their harps in heaven, When the new-born soul, with rapture Can



Cuo. There is joy, &c.



ask a Father's love. When the heart is bowed beneath the cross, And tears repentant fall, And the  
feel its sins for-given; And the healing stream of pard'ning grace Has washed its guilt away, And the



earnest prayer of faith can say, "Here, Lord, I give thee all."  
eye looks up without a tear, And hails the opening day.

3.

There is joy among the angels,  
The shining portals ring.  
When a band of happy children  
Their hearts to Jesus bring;  
Like the tender breath of early flowers  
Their grateful songs shall rise,  
Till the answering note from ransom'd choirs  
With heavenly joy replies.

# LITTLE THINGS.

61

"The Lord shall rejoice in his works." Ps. 104: 31.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

From "Songs of Salvation," by per. Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1st time. 2d time.

57. 1. { Lit-tle mod-est vio-let blue, Spangled o'er with morning dew, }  
 { Laughing in the sportive air, [Omit.....] } God has made thy leaves so fair.

Lit-tle lambs that skip and play In the meadow fresh and gay, God protects you by his care,

2. 3.

He has made you bright and fair.

2. Little star with twinkling eye,  
 God has placed thee in the sky;  
 Little bird with golden wing,  
 God has taught thee how to sing;  
 Little clouds that lightly rest  
 On the bosom of the west,  
 Floating in the summer air,  
 God has made your form so fair.

3. Little, merry, laughing child,  
 Ever playful, ever wild,  
 Full of gladness, full of love,  
 God has made thee, God above;  
 He thy happy spirit keeps,  
 For he never, never sleeps;  
 When thy life on earth is past,  
 He will take thee home at last.

## WELCOME, CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Words by RUTH ARGYLE.

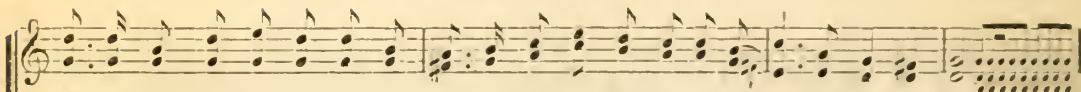
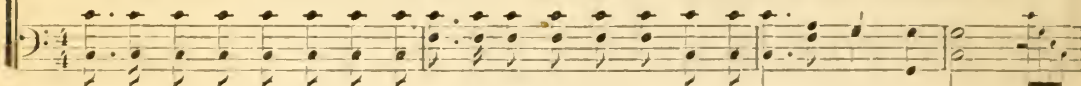
A CHRISTMAS SONG.

J. H. TENNEY.

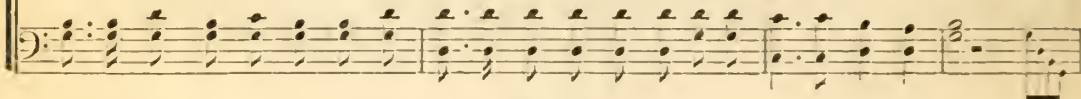


58.

1. Peaceful, gladsome Christmas morning, Happy those who see its dawning, Hail its joy - ful light :
2. Peace o'er all the earth abounding, Songs of grat-i - tude resounding, Christ, our Lord is here :
3. Glad we hail thee, Christmas morning, Welcome now, thy joyous dawning, Christ's bright natal day :



Mer-ry Christmas bells are ringing, Choirs their sweetest hymns are singing, Faces all are bright.  
 He hath come ! all eyes be - hold him, O may all our hearts enfold him, Learn his name to fear !  
 Round our hearts sweet peace entwining, Christmas sun upon us shining, Drives all gloom a-way.



CHORUS.



Ring bells, ring bells, mer - ry, mer - ry bells, Wel - come Christmas morn - ing.



# WELCOME, CHRISTMAS MORNING. *Concluded.*

63

Ring bells, ring bells, mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Glad we hail thy dawning, Ring, ring, ring, ye  
Ring bells,

mer-ry, mer-ry bells, Ring a hearty wel-come, Ring, ring, ring, ye merry, mer-ry bells, Ye  
ring bells, ring bells, ring bells, ring bells, ring bells,

mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry bells. *Repeat pp*  
Ring, sweet Christ - - - mas bells.



## MY HOME ABOVE.

Words by Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

From "Palmer's S. S. Songs," by per. Music by H. R. PALMER.

59. 1. In our perfect home a-bove, Where is on - ly joy and love, I shall c'er with Je-sus rest,  
 2. Oft my wand'ring feet now rove, From the paths of light and love, Making foolish - ly my choice,  
 3. Here his mercies I may prove, Serve him joyful - ly in love, Walk in sweet o - bedience true,

The first system of the musical score for 'My Home Above'. It consists of a vocal melody line in G major (one flat) and 2/4 time, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are numbered 59 and include three verses.

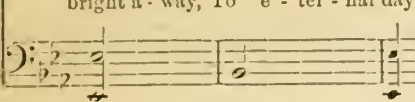
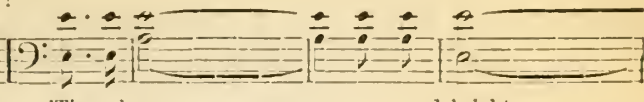
In his love be blest ! Oh, my eager soul would fly To that mansion fair on high, Freed from sin's pol-  
 Far from His dear voice ; Till I, wounded, sorely cry, "Save me, Jesus, or I die ! Take me home to  
 While His work I do ; Then to mansions fair on high, Glad my ea - ger soul shall fly, Borne by angels

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue with the same three verses. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes in the bass line.

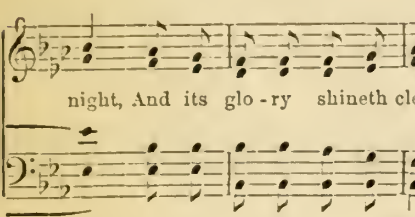
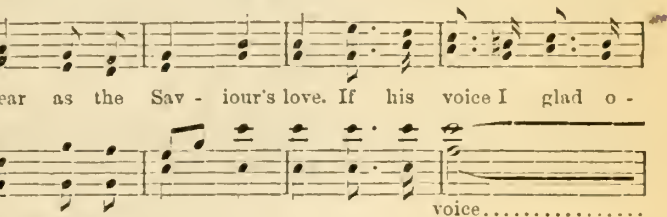


*Voice.*  *Inst.* 

lut-ing stains, Dwell where Jesus reigns. 'Tis a home so pure and bright, Where there never cometh  
be with thee, Safe, from sorrow free!"  
bright a - way, To e - ter - nal day!

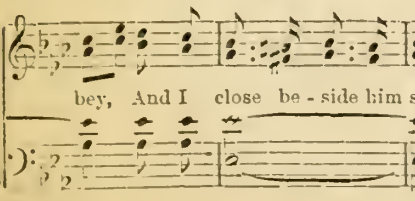
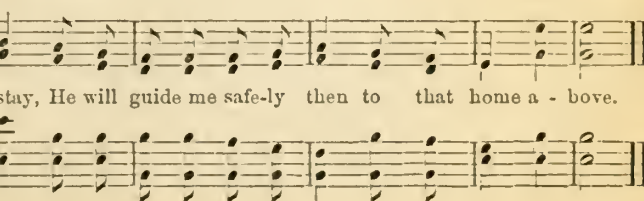
 

'Tis a home.....pure and bright.....

night, And its glo - ry shineth clear as the Sav - iour's love. If his voice I glad o -

voice.....

bey, And I close be - side him stay, He will guide me safe-ly then to that home a - bove.

..... I o - bey.....

## THE LIVING WELL.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "Singing Pilgrim," by per.

*Cheerful.*

GO. On the cross where Christ hung bleeding, Streams of love forever flow; Through the Saviour's interceding,  
D.S. Je- sus speaks so gent-ly, sweet-ly,

FINE.

*Ritard.*

We that blessed stream may know. O, my heart, be filled completely, And in grate-ful love re-joice  
Lis-ten to his love-ly voice.

CHORUS.

Repeat the last strain to the words, "Drink of the water of life," *very softly.**Ritard.*

{ Drink, and you'll be thirsty never, } Drink, O drink! Drink, O drink! Drink, O drink!  
{ Drink, and you shall live forev-er; } Drink of the wa-ter of life.

Though our way is often dreary,  
 And in gloom the sky is clad;  
 Though the steps grow faint and weary,  
 And the heart is sick and sad;  
 There's a well of living pleasure,  
 Every night and morning too,  
 Flowing in exhaustless measure,  
 Ever blessing, ever new.

We may ever have that fountain,  
 Welling with exhaustless flow,  
 In the valley, on the mountain,  
 Wheresoe'er our steps may go.  
 As we drink, a holy beauty  
 Fill our souls, so washed and blest,  
 And our hands grow strong for duty,  
 And our weary hearts find rest.

## FEED MY LAMBS.

R. M. McINTOSH.

Words by MRS. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

From "The Amaranth," by per.

61. 1. "If ye love me, feed my lambs," Feed my lambs, the Saviour said; Let them by the cooling streams, And in  
 2. Give unto them milk for babes, Precepts they can understand; Guide them o'er the rugged ways, With a

## CHORUS.

pastures green be led. If ye love me, feed my lambs, feed my lambs, feed my lambs, If ye love me, feed my lambs.  
 shepherd's gen-tle hand.

3. Gather them into the fold,  
 Shelter every one from ill;  
 Or if sorrow shall befall,  
 Teach them they must trust me  
 still.

4. When their passions shall arise,  
 Teach them anger to subdue;  
 Teach them gentleness and love,  
 Teach them all things good  
 and true.

5. Little chil dren, if you'll hear  
 All the lov ing Saviour said;  
 Come into the Sunday school,  
 And into His fold be led.

## SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. E. H. GATES.

(From "Singing Annual," 1870, by permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.)

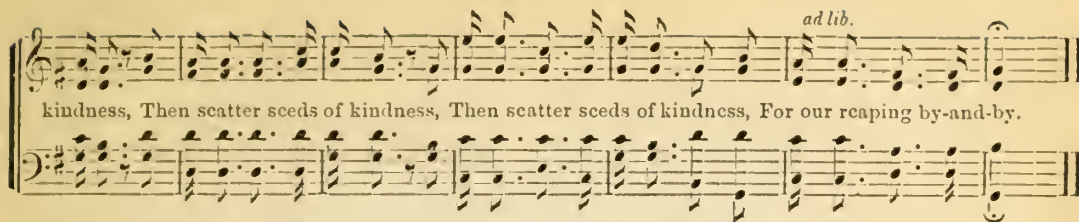
S. J. VAIL.

62.1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Ly-ing all a - round our path; Let us keep the wheat and  
 2. Strange, we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown! Strange, that we should slight the  
 3. If we knew the ba-by fin-gers, Pressed against the window pane, Would be cold and stiff to -

ro-ses, Casting out the thorns and chaff, Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to-day,  
 violets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange the summer skies and sunshine Never seem one half so fair  
 morrow—Never trouble us again—Would the bright eyes of our darling Catch the frown upon our brow?

## CHORUS.

With a patient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ers from the way, Then scat-ter seeds of  
 As when win-ter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air.  
 Would the print of ro-sy fin-gers Vex us then as they do now?



4 Ah! those little ice cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and actions  
Strewn along our backward track!

How those little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
For our reaping by-and-by!

## HOME. C. M.

From "Tabor," by per. R. M. McINTOSH.

FINE.

D. C.



1 O land of rest! for thee I sigh:  
When will the moment come  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell in peace at home?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,  
No peaceful sheltering dome:  
This world's a wilderness of woe—  
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest:  
He bade me cease to roam,  
And lean for succor on his breast,  
And he'd conduct me home.

4 I should at once have quit the field  
Where foes with fury foam,  
But, ah! my passport was not seal'd—  
I could not yet go home.

5 When, by affliction sharply tried,  
I view the gaping tomb,  
Altho' I dread death's chilling tide,  
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wand'ring round & round  
This vale of sin and gloom,  
I long to quit th'unhalowed ground,  
And dwell with Christ at home.



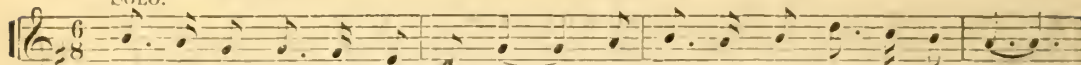
## OH, SAY, SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL THERE?

G. J. VAIL.

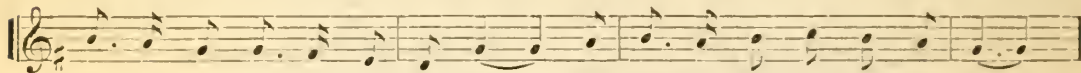
Words by MINNIE WATERS.

From "Hallowed Songs," by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

SOLO.

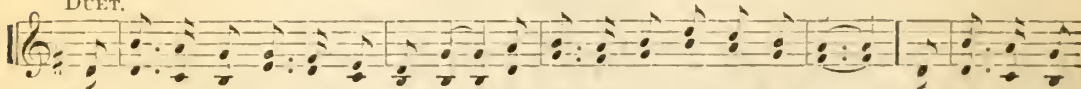


1. Where do you jour-ney, my broth-er, Oh, where do you jour-ney, I pray?  
 2. What is your mis-sion, my broth-er, What is your mis-sion be-low?  
 3. Oh, yes, you will meet us, my broth-er, God help-ing our weak-ness and sin;



Where do you jour-ney, my sis-ter? For storm-y and dark is the way.  
 What is your mis-sion, my sis-ter, As jour-ney-ing on-ward you go?  
 Bear-ing the cross, we, my sis-ter, The crown will en-deav-or to win.

DUET.

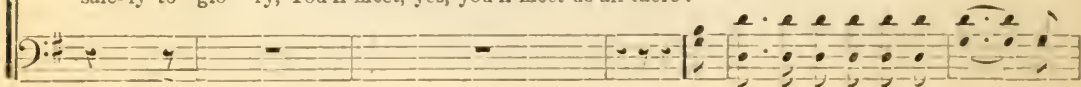


We're journey-ing onward to Ca-naan, Thro' suff'ring, and tri-al, and care, And when we get  
 Our mi-sion is prac-tis-ing mer-cy, Sweet char-i-ty, patience and love, And following the  
 We'll walk thro' the vale and the shad-ow, Thro' suff'ring, and trials and care, And when you get

CHORUS.



safe-ly to glo-ry, Oh, say, shall we meet you all there? Oh, say, shall we meet you all there? Oh,  
 foot-steps of Je-sus, That lead to the mansions a-bove.  
 safe-ly to glo-ry, You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!



say, shall we meet you all there? And when we get safely to glory, Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

C. WESLEY.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.

6.5.1. Come, Ho - - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire; Let us thine in - fluence prove;  
 2. Come, Ho - - ly Ghost, for moved by Thee The proph - ets wrote and spoke;  
 3. Ex - pand thy wings, Ce - les - tial Dove; Brood o'er our na - ture's night;  
 4. God, through him-self, we then shall know, It Thou with-in us shine;

Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire; Foun-tain of life and love.  
 Un - lock the truth, Thy-self the key; Un - seal the sa - - cred book.  
 Oa our dis - or - - der'd spir - its move, And let there now be light.  
 And sound, with all Thy saints be - low, The depths of love di - vine.

## THE GOLDEN CITY.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Rev. 21: 18---23.

Dr A. B. EVERETT.

6. 1. Say, have you read in the sto-ry old-en, Of the cit - y fair that waits? Jasper the walls, and the  
 2. Say, have you heard of the riv-er flowing, Clear as crys-tal is its tide, Forth from the throne are its  
 3. Say, have you read, in that wondrous sto-ry, How no moon nor sun need they? For it is lightened with  
 4. Say, if we keep all the dear Lord's teaching, May we gladly en - ter in? Joy - ful the gates, ev-er

## CHORUS.

streets are gold - en, And of pur-est pearl the gates. There we shall dwell with the Lord, for-ev - er,  
 wa - ters go - ing; Shall we roam that stream beside.  
 God's own glo-ry, Shall we see that end-less day?  
 o - pen, reaching, Of that cit - y with-out sin.

Go-ing out no more. There shall we go, when we cross the riv-er; O - ver on the oth-er shore.

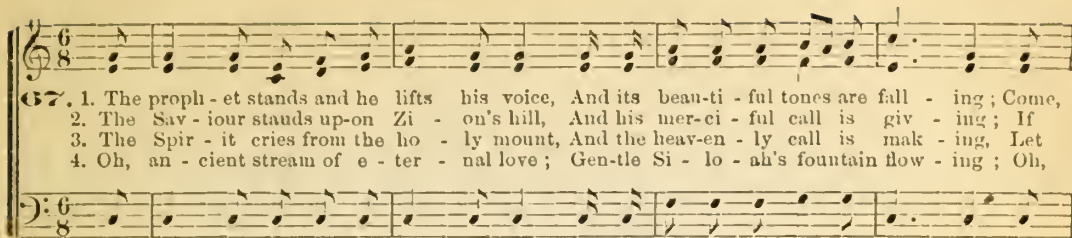
# THE LIVING WATERS.

73

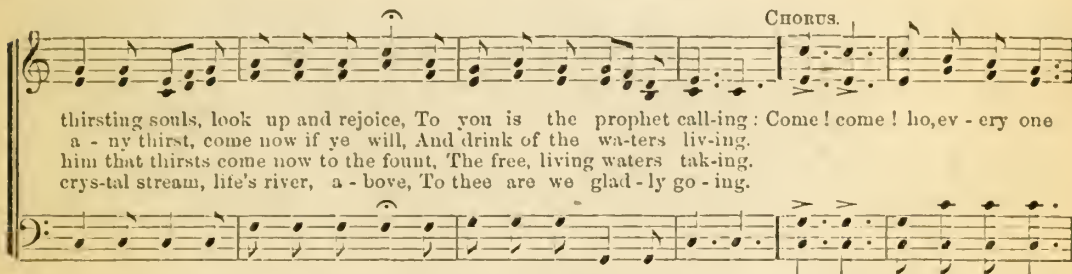
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Isa. 55, 1; John 7. 37; Rev. 22. 17.

W. O. PERKINS.

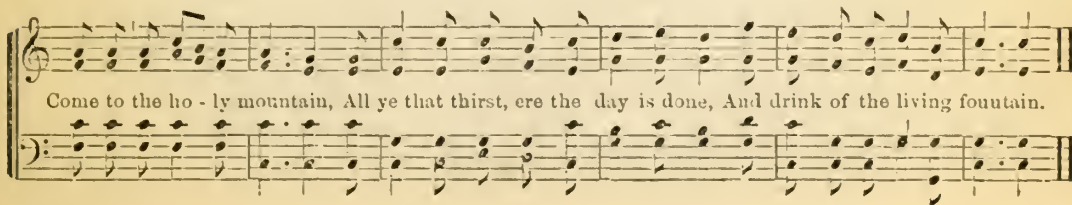


67. 1. The proph - et stands and he lifts his voice, And its beau - ti - ful tones are fall - ing; Come,  
 2. The Sav - iour stands up-on Zi - on's hill, And his mer - ci - ful call is giv - ing; If  
 3. The Spir - it cries from the ho - ly mount, And the heav - en - ly call is mak - ing, Let  
 4. Oh, an - cient stream of e - ter - nal love; Gen - tle Si - lo - ah's fountain flow - ing; Oh,



CHORUS.

thirsting souls, look up and rejoice, To you is the prophet call-ing: Come! come! ho, ev - ery one  
 a - ny thirst, come now if ye will, And drink of the wa - ters liv - ing.  
 him that thirsts come now to the fount, The free, living waters tak - ing.  
 crys - tal stream, life's river, a - bove, To thee are we glad - ly go - ing.



Come to the ho - ly mountain, All ye that thirst, ere the day is done, And drink of the living fountain.

## SOW AND FAINT NOT.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

From "Singing Pilgrim," by per.

GS. 1. Onward, fellow-teachers, onward! Sow the seed with faith and pray'r: None can wrest these weapons from  
 2. Courage, fellow-teachers, courage! Tho' we now see no suc-cess; Wait his time with faith and patience,  
 3. Wrestle, fellow-teach-ers, wres-tle! With the God of Ja-cob plead; Pray un-til you get the bless-ing,

## CHORUS.

Let us nev - er then de-spair. Sow and faint not, Sow and faint not, Till the seed a har-vest bear;  
 God will yet our la-bors bless. Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus, When dis-couragements distress;  
 Which your fainting spir - its need. Plead with Je - sus, Plead with Je-sus; For these lit - tle chil-dren plead,

4 Hear us, O, our Saviour, hear us!  
 While we supplicate thy throne;  
 Let us be successful pleaders,  
 Saviour, make our case thine own.  
 Let these children  
 All be saved and gathered home.

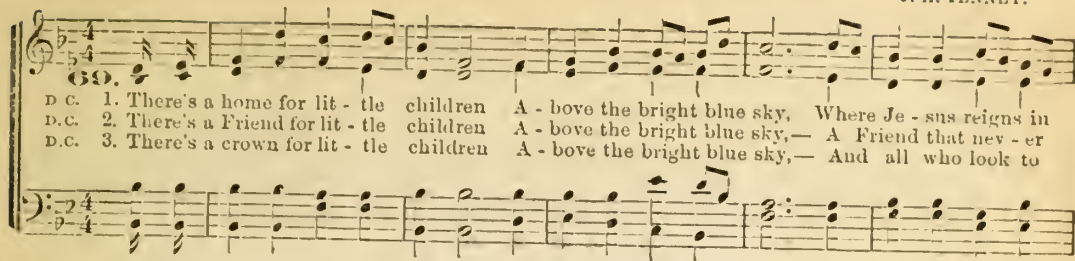
Sow and faint not, Sow and faint not, Till the seed a harvest bear.  
 Look to Je-sus, Look to Jesus, When discouragements distress.  
 Plead with Jesus, Plead with Jesus; For these little children plead.



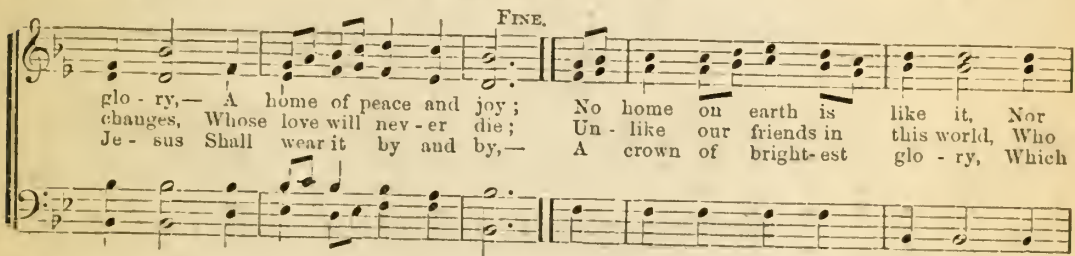
# THERE'S A HOME FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

75

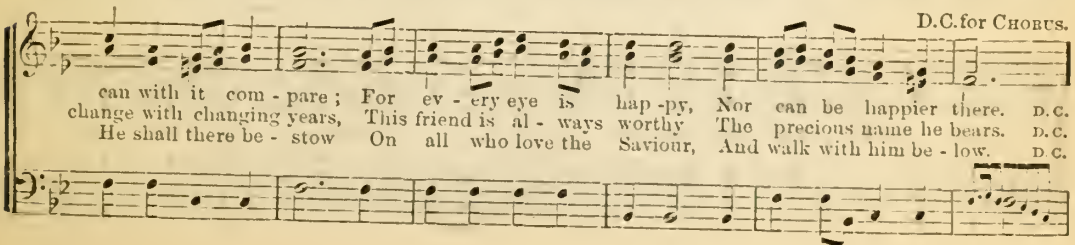
J. H. TENNEY.



D.C. 1. There's a home for lit - tle children A - bove the bright blue sky, Where Je - sus reigns in  
 D.C. 2. There's a Friend for lit - tle children A - bove the bright blue sky, — A Friend that nev - er  
 D.C. 3. There's a crown for lit - tle children A - bove the bright blue sky, — And all who look to



glo - ry, — A home of peace and joy ; No home on earth is like it, Nor  
 changes, Whose love will nev - er die ; Un - like our friends in this world, Who  
 Je - sus Shall wear it by and by, — A crown of bright - est glo - ry, Which



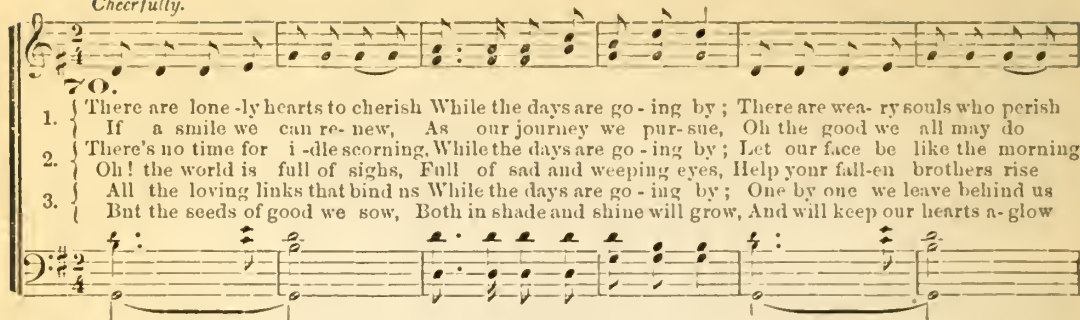
can with it com - pare ; For ev - ery eye is hap - py, Nor can be happier there. D.C.  
 change with changing years, This friend is al - ways worthy The precious name he bears. D.C.  
 He shall there be - stow On all who love the Saviour, And walk with him be - low. D.C.

# WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY

From "S. S. Leaflets," published by GOULD & FISCHER, 923 Chestnut St., Phila. By permission.

*Cheerfully.*

70.

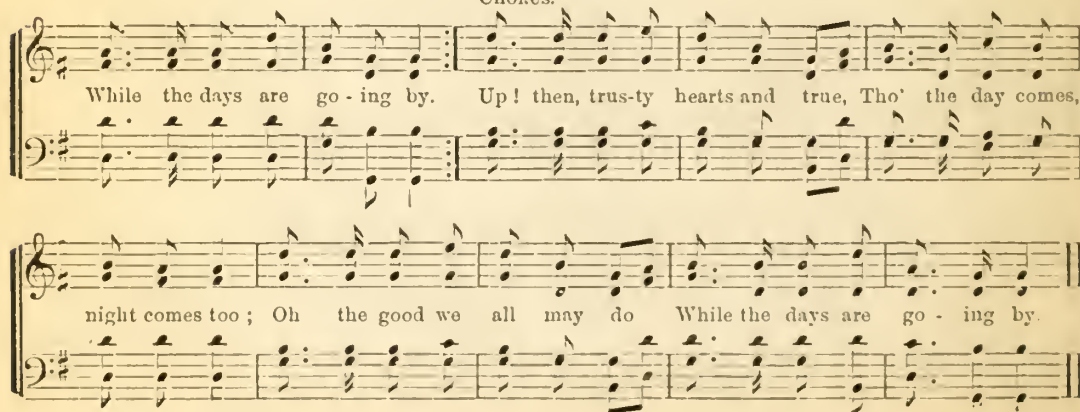


1. { There are lone-ly hearts to cherish While the days are go-ing by; There are wea-ry souls who perish  
If a smile we can re-new, As our journey we pur-sue, Oh the good we all may do

2. { There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by; Let our face be like the morning  
Oh! the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes, Help your fall-en brothers rise

3. { All the loving links that bind us While the days are go-ing by; One by one we leave behind us  
But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts a-glow

## CHORUS.



While the days are go-ing by. Up! then, trus-ty hearts and true, Tho' the day comes,

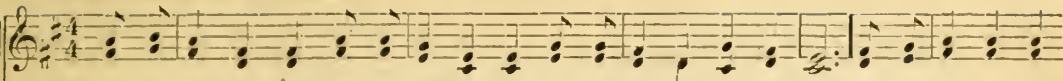
night comes too; Oh the good we all may do While the days are go-ing by.

# THE ANGEL THROING.

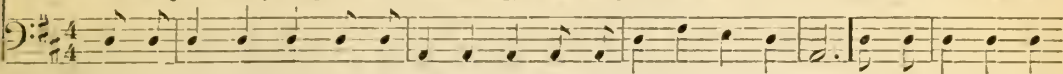
77

Words by Mrs. MARY B. CLARKE.

L. C. EVERETT.



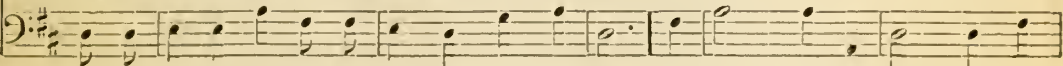
1. In the ear-ly morn when the Lord was born, Ere the sun had lit the sky, There was heard a song
2. They proclaimed a peace that should never cease, From the Lord of glory then; And the shepherds heard
3. Good will on the earth, at the Saviour's birth Good will unto us was given; When up thro' the sky
4. As His praise they sang till the echoes rang, When they told a Saviour born, So should children raise



## CHORUS.



from the angel throug Who watch round the throne on high. Sing prais - es, glad prais - es, sing,  
the glo-rious word, Good-will on the earth to men.  
un - to God most high, Rose the an-gel's song to heaven.  
songs of joy - ful praise Unto Him each Sab-bath morn.



chil - dren, sing! Let each voice now join in that glorious song, And proclaim the Saviour king.



## ONLY WAITING.

REV. B. MANLY, JR., D.D., of Georgetown, Ky.

72. 1. Only wait-ing till the shadows Are a lit-tle longer grown; On-ly wait-ing till the glim-mer

DUET.  
Of the day's last beam is down,—Till the night of earth has fad-ed From the heart once full of day,

REFRAIN.  
Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray. Here we are waiting, on-ly wait-ing,

Till our time for rest shall come, Working, watching, hoping, waiting, Till our Father calls us home.

2. Only waiting till the reapers  
Have the last sheaf gather'd home;  
For the summer-time is faded,  
And the autumn winds have come.  
Quickly, reapers, quickly gather  
The last ripe corn of my heart;  
For the bloom of life is wither'd,  
And I hasten to depart.

3. Only waiting till the angels  
Open wide the mystic gate  
At whose feet I long have linger'd,  
Weary, poor, and desolate.  
Even now I hear their footsteps  
And their voices far away:  
If they call me, I am waiting,  
Only waiting to obey.

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s.\*

DR. EVERETT.

73. 1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art seatt'ring full and free,—Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing:  
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa-ther, Sinful tho'my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour; Let me live and eling to thee: Fain I'm longing for thy fa-vor:

REFRAIN. *p* *m*

Let some droppings fall on me,— E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.  
Let thy mercy light on me,— E - ven me, E - ven me, Let thy mrcy light on me.  
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me,— E - ven me, E - ven me, Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit;  
Thou canst make the blind to see,—  
Witnesses of Jesus' merit:  
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Love of God, so pure and change-  
less;  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;  
Whilst the streams of life are  
springing,  
Blessing others. Oh, bless me.

\* When any other hymn is sung to this tune, the last five measures (the Refrain) must be omitted.



T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

R. M. McINTOSH.

7-1. 1. To Je - sus our King, Who sits on the throne, Our tribute we bring, His sovereignty own: His  
 2. Each Sunday-school child Contributes to cheer The wil-der-ness wild, The sol-i-tude drear: The  
 3. The Father, the Son, The Spir - it of grace—The great Three in One—All nations shall bless: The

kingdom, so glo-rious, We long to be-hold O'er all men vic - to-rious. As promised of old.  
 des-ert so fear - ful, With wants and with woes, We help to make cheerful, And bloom as the rose.  
 poor Pa-gan swell forth His praise with the Jew, The Mus-sul-man tell forth His glad homage too.

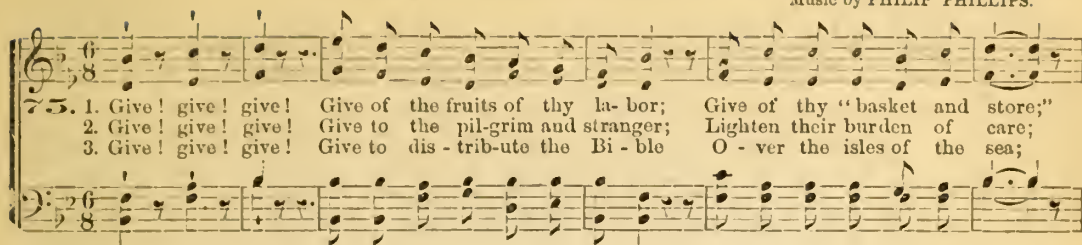
## REFRAIN.

Trib-ute we bring, Trib-ute we bring, To Je - sus, to Je - sus our trib-ute we bring.

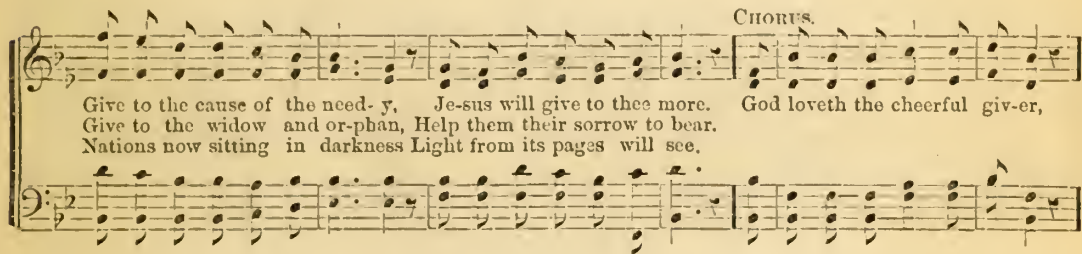
# GOD LOVETH THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

81

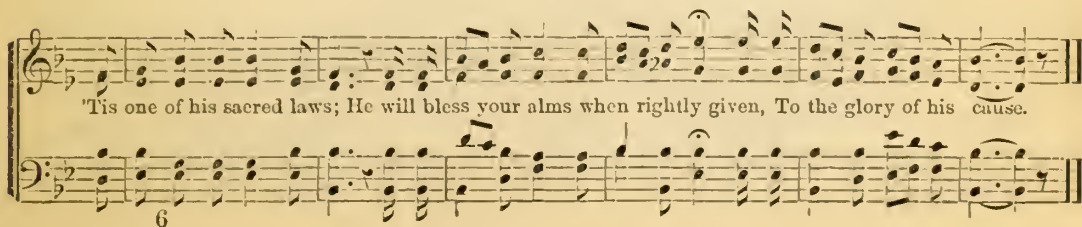
Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



75. 1. Give! give! give! Give of the fruits of thy la-bor; Give of thy "basket and store;"  
 2. Give! give! give! Give to the pil-grim and stranger; Lighten their burden of care;  
 3. Give! give! give! Give to dis-trib-ute the Bi-ble O-ver the isles of the sea;



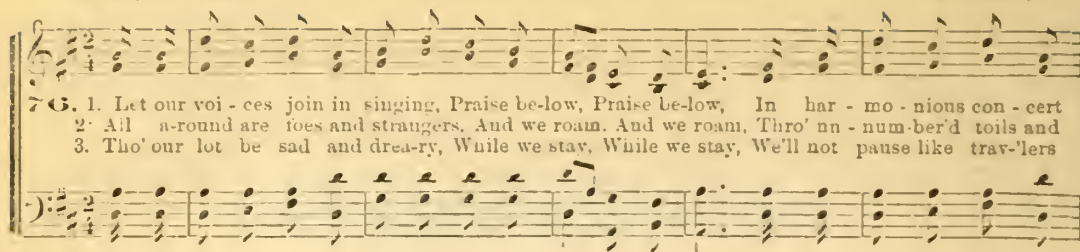
CHORUS.  
 Give to the cause of the need-y, Je-sus will give to thee more. God loveth the cheerful giv-er,  
 Give to the widow and or-phan, Help them their sorrow to bear.  
 Nations now sitting in darkness Light from its pages will see.



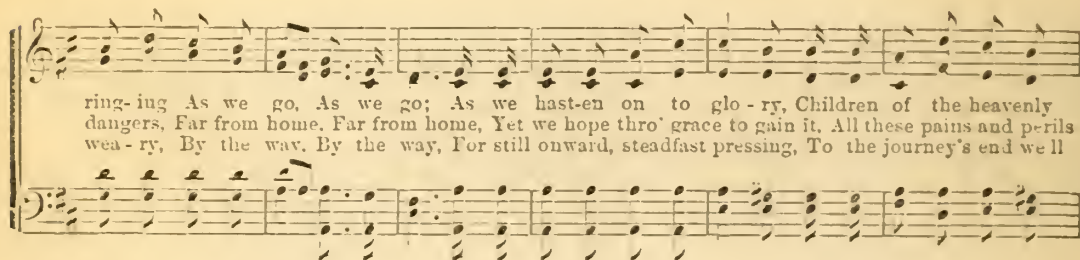
'Tis one of his sacred laws; He will bless your alms when rightly given, To the glory of his cause.

## LET OUR VOICES JOIN IN SINGING.

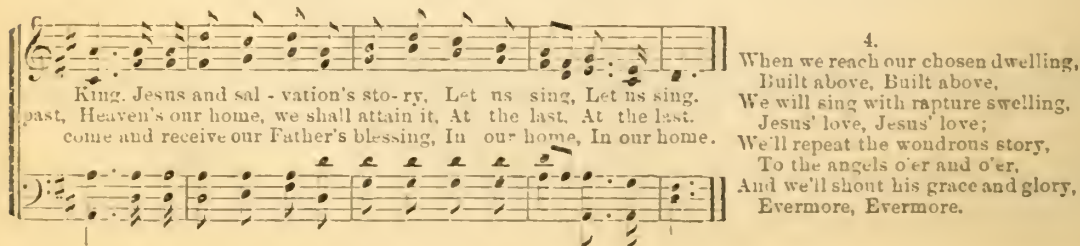
J. H. TENNEY.



76. 1. Let our voi - ces join in sing - ing, Praise be - low, Praise be - low, In har - mo - nious con - cert  
 2. All a - round are foes and stran - gers, And we roam, And we roam, Thro' un - num - ber'd toils and  
 3. Tho' our lot be sad and drea - ry, While we stay, While we stay, We'll not pause like trav - lers



ring - ing As we go, As we go; As we hast - en on to glo - ry, Children of the heavenly  
 dangers, Far from home, Far from home, Yet we hope thro' grace to gain it, All these pains and per - ills  
 wea - ry, By the way, By the way, For still onward, steadfast pressing, To the journey's end we'll

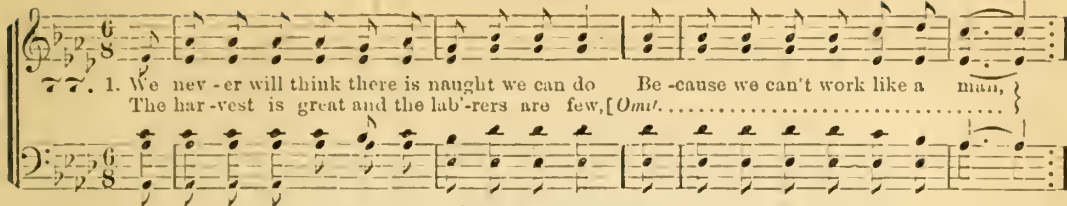


4.  
 When we reach our chosen dwelling,  
 Built above, Built above,  
 We will sing with rapture swelling,  
 Jesus' love, Jesus' love;  
 We'll repeat the wondrous story,  
 To the angels o'er and o'er,  
 And we'll shout his grace and glory,  
 Evermore, Evermore.

# WE'LL DO ALL THAT WE CAN.

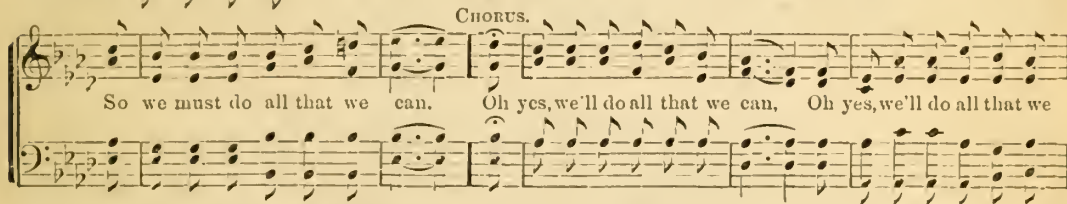
83

From "Fresh Leaves" by permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS. T. C. O'KANE.

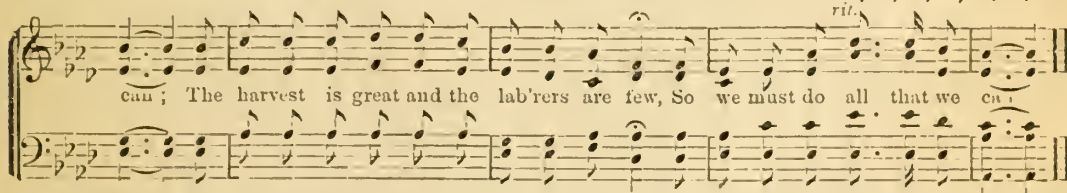


1. We nev - er will think there is naught we can do Be - cause we can't work like a man, }  
The har - vest is great and the lab' - ers are few, [Omit. ....]

CHORUS.



So we must do all that we can. Oh yes, we'll do all that we can, Oh yes, we'll do all that we



can; The harvest is great and the lab'ers are few, So we must do all that we can, rit.

2 And if we have only a penny to give,  
We'll give it, though scanty our store;  
For they who give nothing when little they have,  
When wealthy will give little more.

3 But if an abundance we have at command,  
O Father! the spirit bestow,  
To scatter our wealth with a liberal hand  
To cheer those in sorrow and woe.

4 Though God may not call us in regions afar,  
To scatter the Gospel abroad,  
We'll point those around us to Bethlehem's star,  
To heaven, to home, and to God.

5 For Jesus our Saviour our talents and time  
And money we'll cheerfully spend:  
Whatever our station, wherever our clime,  
We'll serve him and love to the end.

FANNY CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

78. 1. We are a group of hap-py children, Full of glee, full of glee, We are a group of  
 2 Heard ye the voice of love and mer-cy, Joy-ful sound, joy-ful sound, Heard ye the voice of  
 3. Come, let us give our hearts to Je-sus, One and all, one and all, Come, let us give our

CHORUS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

hap-py chil-dren, We love the Sab-bath-school. Swift-ly the mo-ments wing their flight,  
 love and mer-cy Come from the Sab-bath-school? An-gels a-bove, that song re-peat,  
 hearts to Je-sus, Now, in the Sab-bath-school. Soon will the day of life be o'er,

CHORUS.

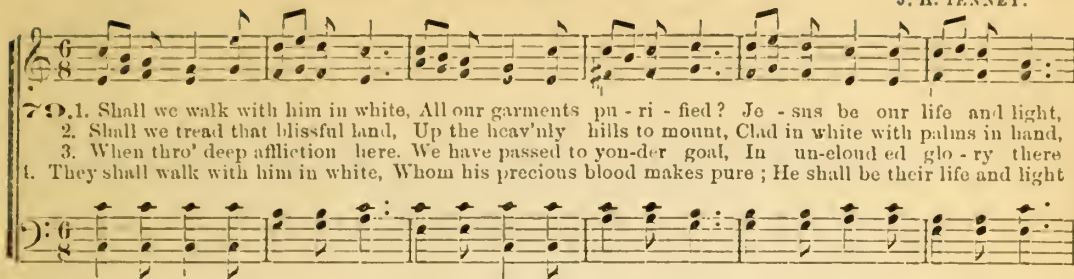
Making our hearts with pleasure bright. We are a group of happy children, We love the Sabbath-school.  
 Casting their crowns at Je-sus' feet; Sweet is the voice of love and mercy, Heard in the Sabbath-school.  
 Then we shall meet to part no more; Yes, we will give our hearts to Jesus, Now, in the Sabbath-school.



# SHALL WE WALK WITH HIM IN WHITE.

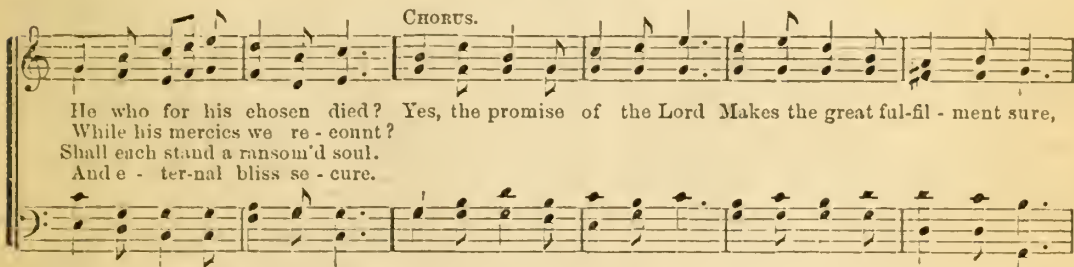
85

J. H. TENNEY.

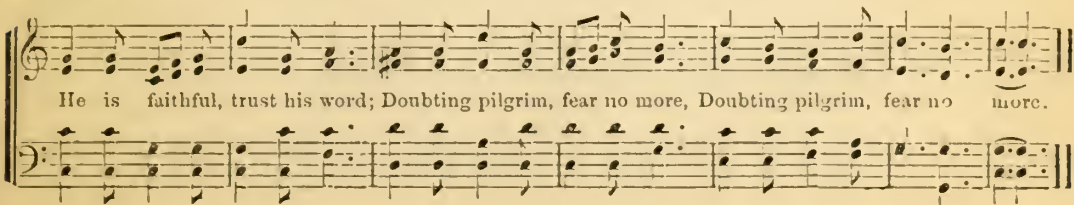


1. Shall we walk with him in white, All our garments pu - ri - fied? Je - sus be our life and light,  
 2. Shall we tread that blissful land, Up the heav'nly hills to mount, Clad in white with palms in hand,  
 3. When thro' deep affliction here. We have passed to yon-der goal, In un-cloud ed glo - ry there  
 4. They shall walk with him in white, Whom his precious blood makes pure; He shall be their life and light

CHORUS.



He who for his chosen died? Yes, the promise of the Lord Makes the great ful - fil - ment sure,  
 While his mercies we re - count?  
 Shall each stand a ransom'd soul.  
 And e - ter - nal bliss se - cure.

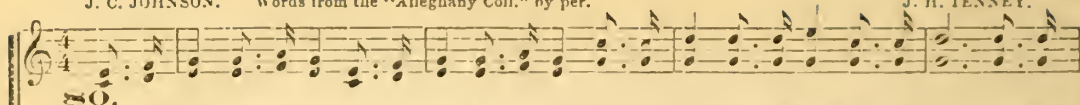


He is faithful, trust his word; Doubting pilgrim, fear no more, Doubting pilgrim, fear no more.

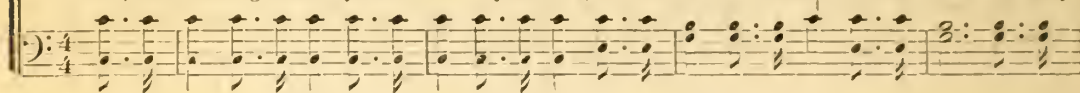
## O HOW CHEERFUL THE DAY.

J. C. JOHNSON. Words from the "Alleghany Coll." by per.

J. H. TENNEY.



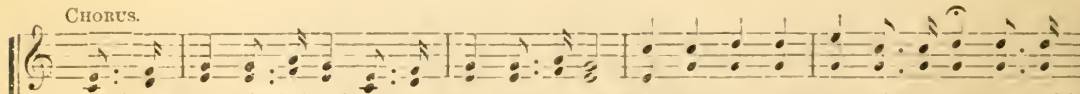
1. O how cheerful the day, when the bright Sabbath ray, Gilds the mountains, the woodlands and dells, Then sweet
2. O how sweet 'tis to raise songs of pleasure and praise, With our parents, our teachers, and friends, And sweet
3. O the bells! we are told, in that cit-y of gold, Full oft-en for joy do they ring, When new-
4. So, while waiting below, you and I may bestow, Fa-vors rich on the souls that are near, If they



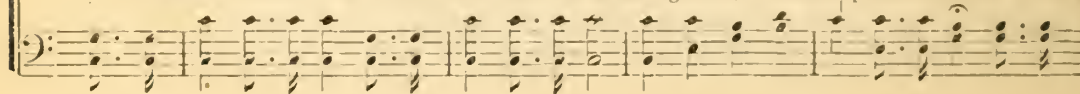
anthems we'll raise on this day of all days, As we list to the dear Sab-bath bells.  
 mu-sic raise high thro' the doors of the sky, To the greatest and best of all friends.  
 com-ers a-wait, at the wide o-pen gate, While bright angels their wel-com-ing sing.  
 first should a-rise to that home in the skies, They'll be wait-ing our com-ing to cheer.



## CHORUS.



O the bells! O the bells! How their rich music swells, Calling come, come, come praise the Lord! 'Tis his



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

## THE LITTLE ONE.

T. ARNOLD AXTENS, England.

1. And is it true what I am told, That there are lambs within the fold Of God's be- lov-ed Son?  
 2. Oh yes, I've heard my teacher say He nev-er sent a child away, That scarce could walk or run,  
 3. And I, a lit - tle straying lamb, May come to Je - sus as I am, Tho' goodness I have none.

*rall.*  
 That Jesus Christ with tender care, Will in His arms most gently bear The helpless "lit - tle one?"  
 For when the parent's love besought That He would touch the child she brought, He blessed the "little one,"  
 May now be fold-ed on His breast, As birds within the pa-rent nest, And be His "lit - tle one."

## UP AND DOING, LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

♩ 2. 1. Up and do - ing, lit - tle Christian, Up and do - ing while 'tis day, Do the work the Mas - ter  
 2. Patience, patience lit - tle Christian! No cross look or an - gry word; Fol - low him who died to  
 3. Pray then, pray then, little Christian; Never, never cease to pray; Pray for par - don, pray for

D. C. *Up and doing, &c*

FINE

gives you, Do not loi - ter by the way, For we all have work be - fore us, You, dear  
 save you, — Fol - low Je - sus Christ our Lord. Help the suff - ring and the need - y, Help the  
 bless - ing, Pray for mer - cy day by day: Ren - der thanks for all the mercies Which our

D. C. to CHORUS.

child, as well as I: Let us seek to learn our du - ty, And per - form it man - ful - ly.  
 poor whom Je - sus loves; Tell the sin - ner of the Sav - iour, Who still lives for us a - bove.  
 Fa - ther sends to thee, Most of all for the dear Sav - iour Who once died on Cal - va - ry.

# FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

89

S. J. VAILL.

1. The way is dark, my Father ! ( Clond upon cloud Is gathering thickly ) roar above me ( Yet see, I stand like one bewildered ! Father, . . .

take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead safely home, Safely home, safely home, Lead safely home Thy child!

2 The day declines, my Father ! || and the night  
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight  
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears of a spectral band  
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,  
And from the night lead up to light,  
Up to light, up to light,  
Lead up to light Thy child !

3 The way is long, my Father ! || and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal ; ||  
While yet I journey through this weary land,  
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,  
And in the way to endless day,  
Endless day, endless day,  
Lead safely on Thy child !

4 The path is rough, my Father ! || Many a thorn  
Has pierced me ; and my feet, all torn  
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command

Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand ;  
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,  
Lead to rest, lead to rest,  
O lead to rest Thy child !

5 The throng is great, my Father ! || Many a doubt  
And fear of danger compass me about ;  
And foes op- | press me | sore. || I cannot stand  
Or go, alone. O Father ! | take my | hand ;  
And through the throng, lead safe along,  
Safe along, safe along,  
Lead safe along Thy child !

6 The cross is heavy, Father ! || I have borne  
It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn  
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land  
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand ;  
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,  
To the crown, to the crown,  
Lead to the crown Thy child !



## WE COME.

From "Silver Wings," by per. of O. Dixon &amp; Co. E. C. REVONS.

*mf* *Boldly.*

1. We come! we come! with loud acclaim, To sing the praise of Je- sus' name; And make the vaulted  
 2. We come! we come! the song to swell, To Him who loved our world so well; That, stooping from His

tem- ple ring With loud ho- san- nas to our King, With loud hosannas to our King. With  
 Fa- ther's throne, He died to claim it as His own, He died to claim it as His own. With

joy- ful hearts and smil- ing face, We gath- er round the throne of grace, And low- ly bend to  
 joy we haste the aisles to fill, Yet youthful bands are gathering still, Oh, thus may we, in

*mf rall. e dim.* *f* CHORUS.

of-fer there, From youthful lips, our humble prayer— To him who slept on Ma - ry's knee, A  
 heaven a - bove, U - nite in prais-es and in love; And still the an - gels fill their home With

gen - tle child as young as we, A gen - tle child as young as we.  
 joy - ful cry, "They come! they come!" With joy - ful cry, "They come! they come!"

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

T. SCOTT.

J. PLEYEL.

1. Hasten, sin - ner, to be wise : Stay not for the morrow's sun : Wisdom, if thou still despise, Harder is she to be won.  
 2. Hasten, mercy to implore : Stay not for the morrow's sun ; Lest thy season should be o'er Ere this evening's stage be run.  
 3. Hasten, sinner, to return : Stay not for the morrow's sun ; Lest thy lamp should cease to burn Ere salvation's work is done.  
 4. Hasten, sinner, to be blest : Stay not for the morrow's sun ; Lest the curse should thee arrest Ere the morrow is begun.

## JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

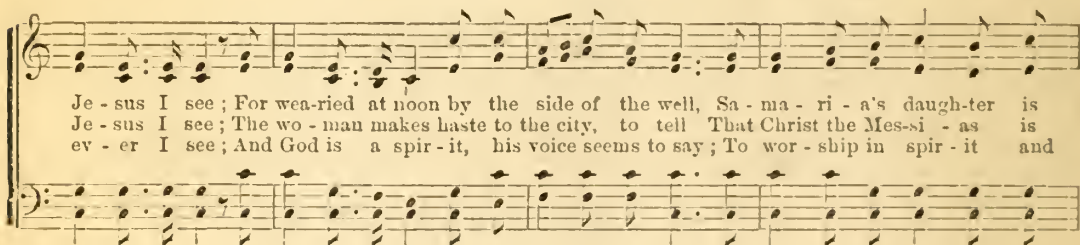
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read John 4: 4-42.

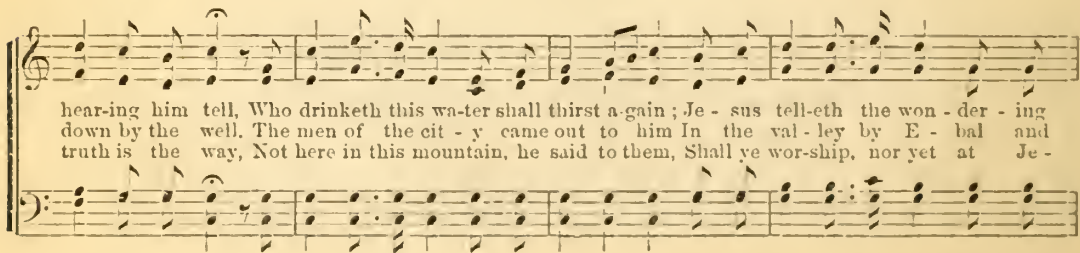
R. M. McINTOSH.



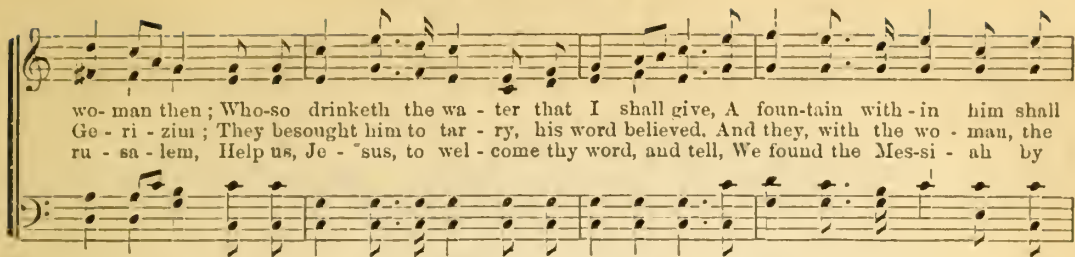
**SO.** 1. Oh, come to the beau - ti - ful val - ley with me, The sweet - est of pic - tures of  
 2. Oh, come to the beau - ti - ful val - ley with me, The dear - est of pic - tures of  
 3. Oh, come to the beau - ti - ful val - ley with me, The pic - ture of Je - sus there



Je - sus I see ; For wearied at noon by the side of the well, Sa - ma - ri - a's daugh - ter is  
 Je - sus I see ; The wo - man makes haste to the city, to tell That Christ the Mes - si - as is  
 ev - er I see ; And God is a spir - it, his voice seems to say ; To wor - ship in spir - it and

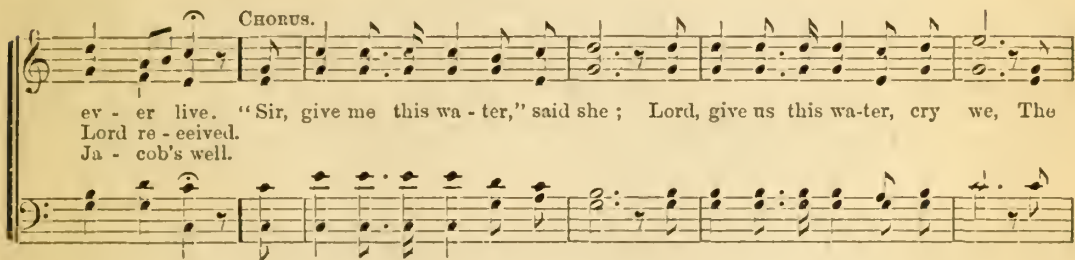


hear - ing him tell, Who drinketh this wa - ter shall thirst a - gain ; Je - sus tell - eth the won - der - ing  
 down by the well. The men of the cit - y came out to him In the val - ley by E - bal and  
 truth is the way, Not here in this mountain, he said to them, Shall ye wor - ship, nor yet at Je -



wo-man then ; Who-so drinketh the wa - ter that I shall give, A foun-tain with-in him shall  
Ge - ri - zium ; They besought him to tar - ry, his word believed, And they, with the wo - man, the  
ru - sa - lem, Help us, Je - sus, to wel - come thy word, and tell, We found the Mes-si - ah by

CHORUS.



ev - er live. "Sir, give me this wa - ter," said she ; Lord, give us this wa-ter, cry we, The  
Lord re - ceived.  
Ja - cob's well.



foun-tain of wa - ter, the sweet liv-ing wa - ter, For-ev - er with-in us to be.

Words by Mrs. THOMPSON.

From "Hallowed Songs" by per. PHILIP PHILLIPS. T. C. O'KANE

1. God has said, "Forever blessed Those who seek me in their youth ; They shall find the path of wisdom,

And the nar-row way of truth, " Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour, In the nar - row way of

truth ; Guide us, Sav - iour, guide us, Sav - iour, In the nar - row way of truth.

*repeat ad lib.*

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness,  
Be our wisdom and our guide ;  
May we walk in love and meekness,  
Nearer to our Saviour's side.  
Naught can harm us, naught can harm us,  
While we thus in thee abide.

3 May thy watchful angels hover  
Round us, when there's evil near ;  
May we hide beneath the cover  
Of thy wings, in time of fear ;  
And in sorrow, and in sorrow,  
Comfort our sad hearts and cheer.

4 And when death at last o'ertakes us,  
And we sink beneath his might,  
May the blessed morn awake us,  
Safe in yonder realms of light ;  
There forever, there forever.  
Chant thy praise with angels bright.



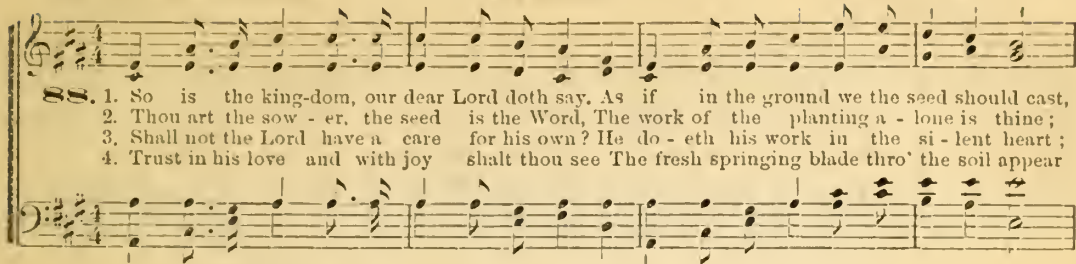
# THE SEED GROWING SILENTLY.

95

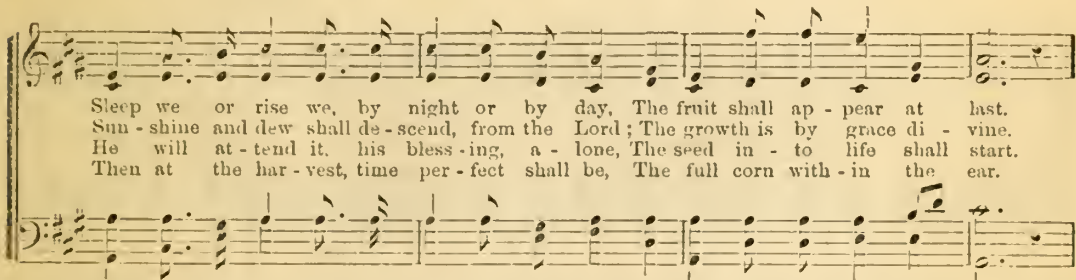
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Mark 4: 26-29.

EMILIUS LA ROCHE.

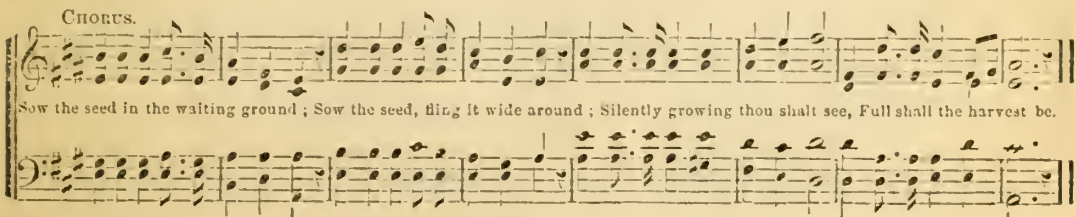


88. 1. So is the king-dom, our dear Lord doth say. As if in the ground we the seed should cast,  
 2. Thou art the sow - er, the seed is the Word, The work of the planting a - lone is thine;  
 3. Shall not the Lord have a care for his own? He do - eth his work in the si - lent heart;  
 4. Trust in his love and with joy shalt thou see The fresh springing blade thro' the soil appear



Sleep we or rise we, by night or by day, The fruit shall ap - pear at last.  
 Sun - shine and dew shall de - scend, from the Lord; The growth is by grace di - vine.  
 He will at - tend it, his bless - ing, a - lone, The seed in - to life shall start.  
 Then at the har - vest, time per - fect shall be, The full corn with - in the ear.

CHORUS.



Sow the seed in the waiting ground; Sow the seed, sing it wide around; Silently growing thou shalt see, Full shall the harvest be.

## PLENTY OF WORK.

Words by A. ARNOTT.

From "Silver Wings," by per. O. DITSON &amp; Co. E. C. REVONS.

*mf* *Cheerfully.*

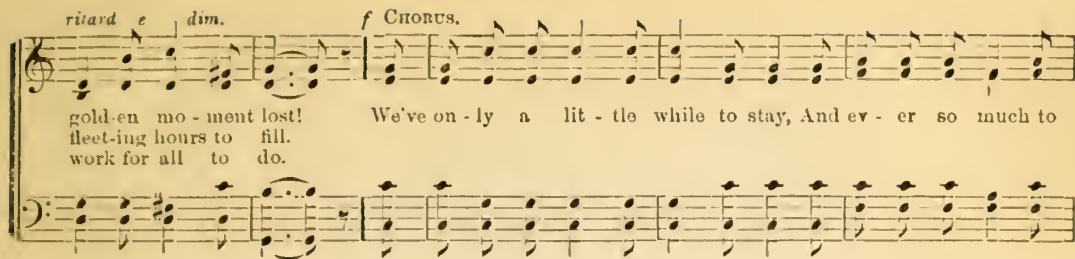
1. We've on - ly a lit - tle while to stay, And ev - er so much to do; There's  
 2. 'Tis sure - ly an ea - sy thing to do, What - ev - er love may re - quire; The  
 3. 'Tis sin - ful to i - dle time a - way; These moments to us are giv'n, To

## SEMI-CHORUS.

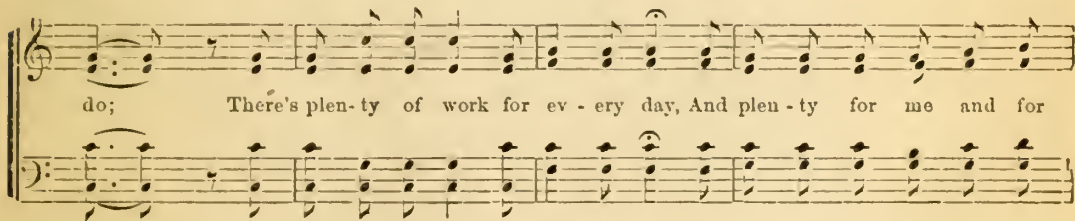
plen-ty of work for ev - 'ry day, And plenty for me and for you! And ev - 'ry mo - ment  
 simplest of tasks that we pursue To might - i - er deeds in - spire. The soul that longs with  
 gath - er the wheat that grows to - day, And bind it in sheaves for Heav'n. The fields are white; oh!

as it flies, The bridge of Time has crossed; Oh, may it nev - er be to us A  
 grate - ful love to do its Fa - ther's will, Can find some task for ev - ery day, The  
 ask your soul, Why are the lab - 'ers few? Since God appoint - ed man to toil, There's

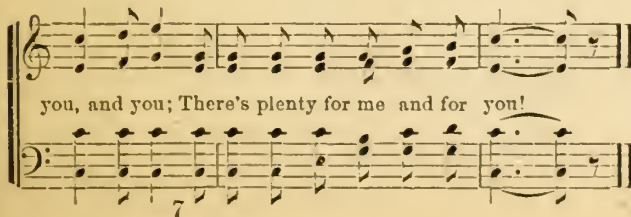
*ritard e dim.* *f* CHORUS.



gold-en mo-ment lost! We've on-ly a lit-tle while to stay, And ev-er so much to  
 fleet-ing hours to fill.  
 work for all to do.



do; There's plen-ty of work for ev-ery day, And plen-ty for me and for



you, and you; There's plenty for me and for you!

4.  
 Then up, and away, for evening comes  
 Too soon, ah! too soon for those  
 Who trifle life's morning away,  
 And sinfully seek repose.  
 For still the work is going on,  
 And he must work who'd win;  
 Then if you mean to do your part,  
 'Tis time you should begin.

## LIFE'S LOT.

From "Palmer's S. S. Songs," by per.  
Music by H. R. PALMER.

*Grazioso.*

1. I know not if the dark or bright Shall be.... my lot,.... If that wherein my

soul delight Be best... or not... It may be mine to drag for years Toil's heav - y

**REFRAIN.**  
chain, Or day and night my meat be tears On bed of pain. But this.... I know, There

But this I know, wh'er I go. There *Repeat pp.*  
is a hand di - vine That holds.... me still,.... What - ev - er lot be mine.

is a hand di - vine That holds me still, Thro' ev - 'ry ill, What - ev - er lot be mine.

2.

3.

4.

Dear faces may surround my hearth  
 With smiles and glee;  
 Or I may dwell alone, and mirth  
 Be strange to me.  
 The dearest friends I have on earth  
 May all depart;  
 The purest joys may fade, and leave  
 An aching heart.

My bark is wafted to the strand  
 By breath divine,  
 And on the helm their rests a hand  
 More strong than mine;  
 One who has known in storms to sail  
 I have on board;  
 Above the raging of the gale  
 I hear my Lord.

He holds me midst the billows'  
 I shall not fall; [might—  
 If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;  
 He tempers all—  
 Safe to the land, safe to the land,  
 The end is this:  
 And then with Him go hand in hand  
 Far into bliss.

## BROKER. L. M.

TAPPAN.

*Softly, gently, yet distinct.*

From "Taber," by per. R. M. McINTOSH.

51. 1. 'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow, The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis midnight; in the  
 2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone, with fears; E'en that dis-ci - ple

*pp*  
 gar - den, now The suffering Saviour prays a - lone.  
 whom he loved needs not his Master's grief and tears.

- 3 'Tis midnight; and for other's guilt  
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood;  
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt  
 Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether-plains  
 Is borne the song that angels know:  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.



## HOW CAN WE SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

Words by AMY ARNOTT.

From "Silver Wings," by per. O. DITSON &amp; Co. LESTA VESE.

*Cheerfully.*

1. How can we sing the praise of Je-sus? How can we bid our voi - ces raise Up for the throne of

God in heav-en, Like smoke from off the sac - ri - fice? Vain in - deed is the praise we of - fer

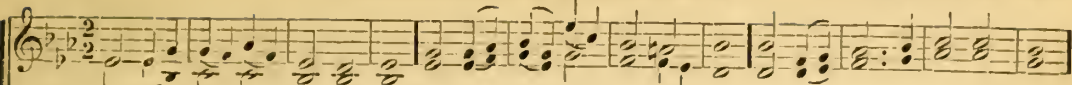
All in vain are the songs we raise; If there is no love in our hearts for Je - sus, How can we

How can we ever work for Jesus?  
 How can we hope the crown to win?  
 How can we be His true disciples,  
 If all our thoughts are full of sin?  
 Vain indeed is our toil and labor,  
 Vain our hopes to secure the prize,  
 If there is no love in our hearts for Jesus,  
 He will our work and all our ways des -

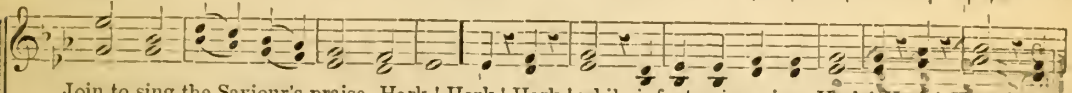
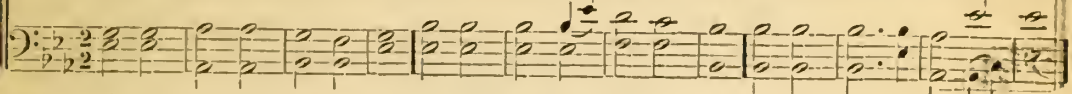
How can we ever slight our Saviour?  
 Daily offend our gracious Lord!  
 All that we do for love of Jesus,  
 Surely brings us a rich reward!  
 Let us then have a heart to labor;  
 Concentrating ourselves anew;  
 Let us show our love for the blessed Sar -  
 iour,  
 In whatsoever we may find to do.

# CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

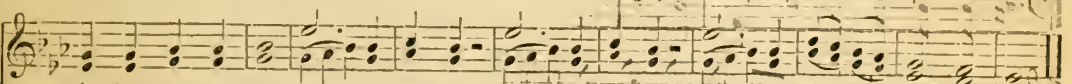
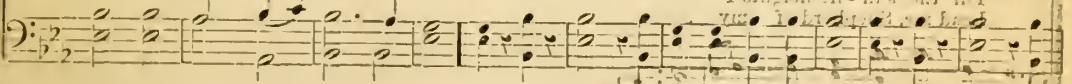
KILLARNEY, English. 101



1. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem, Sang the praise of Je - sus' name: Children, too, of lat - er days,  
 2. We have oft - en heard and read What the roy - al psalmist said: Babes and sucklings' artless lays  
 3. We are taught to love the Lord, We are taught to read his word, We are taught the way to heaven,  
 4. Parents, teachers, old and young, All u - nite to swell the song: Higher and yet high - er rise,



Join to sing the Saviour's praise. Hark! Hark! Hark! while infant voices sing, Hark! Hark! Hark! while  
 Shall proclaim the Saviour's praise. Hark! Hark! Hark! while infant voices sing, Hark! Hark! Hark! while  
 Praise to God for all be given. Hark! Hark! Hark! while infant voices sing, Hark! Hark! Hark! while  
 Till ho - san - nas reach the skies. Hark! Hark! Hark! we all unite to sing, Hark! Hark! Hark! we

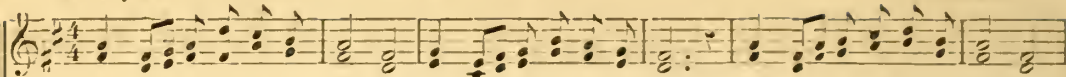


in - fant voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King,  
 in - fant voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King,  
 in - fant voi - ces sing Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King,  
 all u - nite to sing Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas, Loud ho - san - nas to our King.



## LEAD ME, O MY SHEPHERD.

J. H. TENNEY.



9-1.

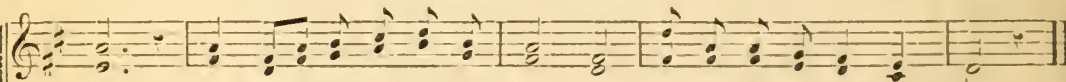
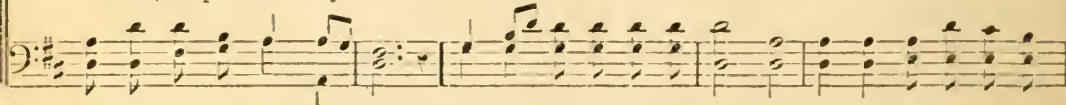
1. Lead me, O my Shepherd, lead me, Where thine upper pastures grow, Where from rocks thy rod hath riven,
2. I am wea-ry of the val - ley, With its twilight shadows cold, Show me where upon the mountains,
3. Lead me, O my Shepherd, lead me, Upward from the misty plain, Till beneath me lie the val-leys,
4. Till I stand where from thy presence, Earthward all the shadows roll ; Upward to those heavenly pastures



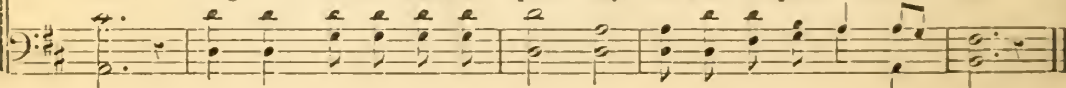
CHORUS.



Clear-er, cool-er foun - tains flow. Where thou leadest I will fol - low ; Tho' the way be steep and  
I may find thy bles - sed fold.  
Till the sun - lit heights I gain.  
Lead me, Shepherd of my soul.



dear, Bright will seem the dark-est path - way, While the Shepherd's voice I hear.



95.

1. Low the in - fant Saviour lies ; He appears in low - ly guise ; Yet by faith we read the words—  
 2. He who wears the crown of thorns, He whom man reviles and scorns, Yet demands as His the words—

King of kings, and Lord of lords. King of kings, and Lord of lords. King of kings, and Lord of lords.

King of kings, and Lord of lords.

3 On the cross 'tis still the same,  
 Never can He yield His claim  
 To these ever glorious words—  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

4 Pass'd the conflict of His love,  
 See, He takes His place above :  
 On His vesture shine the words—  
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.



## THE TWO PILLARS.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

From "Silver Wings," by per. O. DITSON &amp; Co. C. O. NEVERS.

*mf Boldly.*

1. We're wand'ring thro' a wilderness; Wand'ring, wand'ring; We're wand'ring thro' a wilderness, Be -

SEMI-CHORUS. *mf*

set on ev - ery side. We are but a pilgrim band, Marching tow'rd the promised land;

*f* FULL CHORUS.

Ev - ery foe we can withstand, With Jesus' for our guide. No fears disturb us as we go, Nor

fill us with dismay; For He is a pil-lar of fire each night, A pil - lar of cloud each day.



- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;">2.</p> <p>We're marching thro' a wilderness ;<br/>         Marching, marching ;<br/>         We're marching thro' a wilderness ;<br/>         In search of Canaan's land.<br/>         Soon we'll reach that blissful shore,<br/>         Pilgrim days will soon be o'er,<br/>         Then in Heav'n, for evermore,<br/>         We'll be a ransom'd band !</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">3.</p> <p>We're marching thro' a wilderness ;<br/>         Marching, marching ;<br/>         We're marching thro' a wilderness,<br/>         Beset on every side.<br/>         But the smitten rock will give<br/>         Healing draught that we may live ;<br/>         He will all our sins forgive,<br/>         And every want provide.</p> | <p style="text-align: center;">4.</p> <p>We're marching thro' a wilderness ;<br/>         Marching, marching ;<br/>         We're marching thro' a wilderness,<br/>         With Christ our beacon-light.<br/>         He will lead us through the flood,<br/>         He will give us daily food ;<br/>         He will save us by His blood ;<br/>         And keep us day and night.</p> |
|---|--|---|

RESIGNATION. (*Suitable for funeral occasions*)

Words by S. F. SMITH.

C. C. PRATT.

*m* *p* *pp* *m* *p*

97. 1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love-ly, Gen - tle as the summer breeze, Pleas-ant as the  
 2. Peace-ful be thy si - lent slumber, Peace-ful in the grave so low ; Thon no more wilt  
 3. Dear-est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel ; But 'tis God that  
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee When the day of life is fled, Then in heaven with

*cres.* *dim.* *p* *rit.* *ppp*

air of even-ing When it floats a - mong the trees : When it floats a - mong the trees.  
 join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know. Thou no more our songs shalt know.  
 hath be - reft us : He can all our sor-rows heal. He can all our sor-rows heal.  
 joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed. Where no fare - well tear is shed.

Words by JULIA P. HENDERSON.

C. C. CONVERSE.

*mf Boldly.*

98. 1. Stand up for Je - sus! let not pride Keep thee a - way from him who died To save thy soul: but  
 2. Stand up for Je - sus! let not fear Cause thee to shrink when danger's near; Je - ho - vah's arm will  
 3. Stand up for Je - sus! let not shame Make thee de - ny his bles - sed name; The on - ly name that  
 4. Stand up for Je - sus! let not love To this vain world, thy purpose move: Forsak - ing all earth's  
 5. Stand up for Je - sus! let not sin De - file thy soul, But strive to win The crown of right - eous -

*ff* CHORUS.

to the fight Go forth in the great Captain's might. Stand up for Je - sus! yea, stand fast! Conquer or die--- the  
 thee uphold, His grace can make the faint heart bold.  
 God has giv'n, By which lost men may enter heaven.  
 empty toys, Keep thine eye fixed on heavenly joys.  
 ness, prepared For those who fear and serve the Lord.

con - flict past, Him that o'er com - eth he will own, And place the vic - tor near his throne.

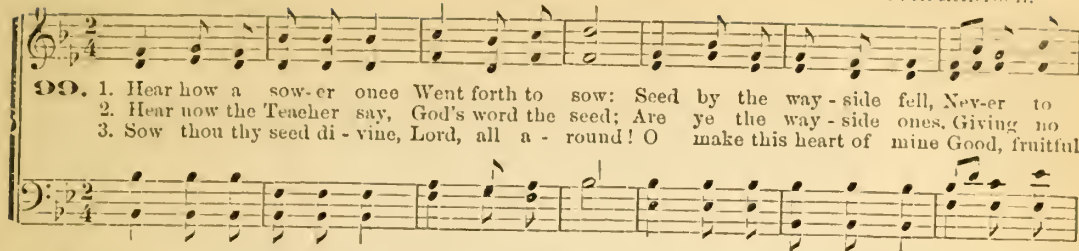
# THE SOWER.

107

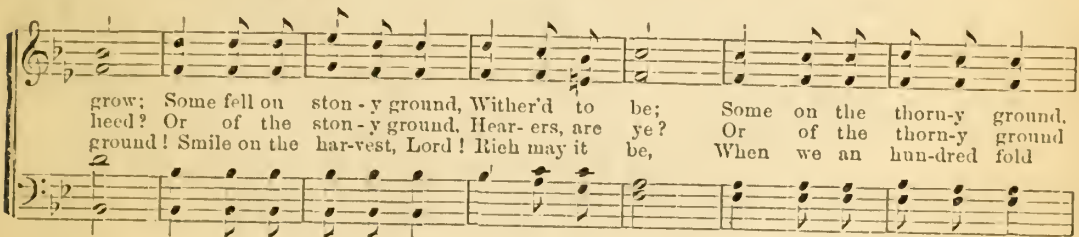
Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 13: 1-8, 18-23.

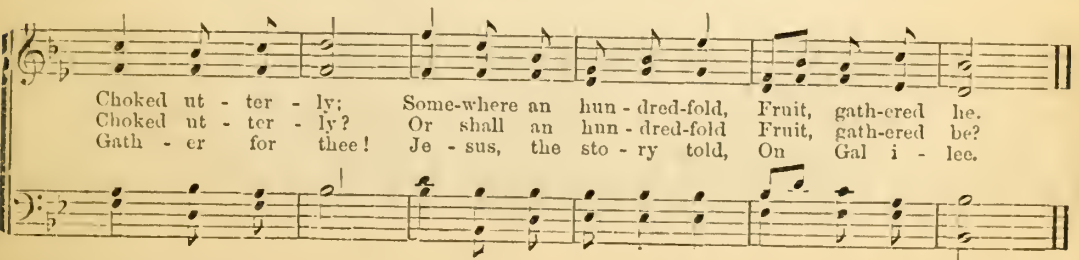
R. M. McINTOSH.



**DD.** 1. Hear how a sow-er once Went forth to sow: Seed by the way - side fell, Nev-er to  
 2. Hear now the Teacher say, God's word the seed; Are ye the way - side ones. Giving no  
 3. Sow thou thy seed di - vine, Lord, all a - round! O make this heart of mine Good, fruitful



grow; Some fell on ston - y ground, Wither'd to be; Some on the thorn-y ground,  
 heed? Or of the ston - y ground. Hear-ers, are ye? Or of the thorn-y ground  
 ground! Smile on the har-vest, Lord! Rich may it be, When we an hun-dred fold



Choked ut - ter - ly; Some-where an hun - dred-fold, Fruit, gath-ered he.  
 Choked ut - ter - ly? Or shall an hun - dred-fold Fruit, gath-ered be?  
 Gath - er for thee! Je - sus, the sto - ry told, On Gal i - lee.

## A HOME IN GLORY.

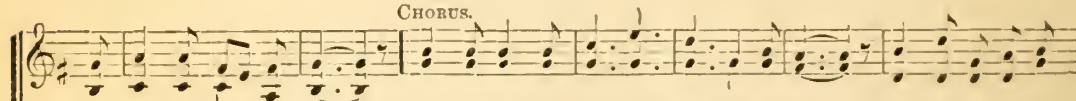
Words by KATE CAMERON.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

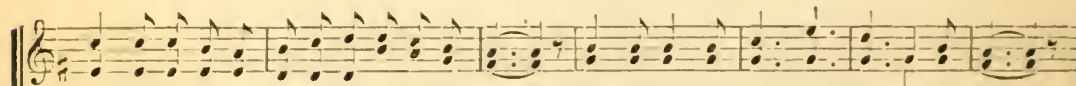


1. There is a glo-ri-ous home, A home from sor-row free ; A land where joy and gladness dwell,
2. There is a glo-ri-ous home, Beyond the reach of sin : And none but pure and ho-ly ones
3. There is a glo-ri-ous home, For which our spir-its yearn, To which a-mid all earthly storms,
4. There is a glo-ri-ous home, Beyond death's narrow flood ; Our on-ly hope of go-ing there

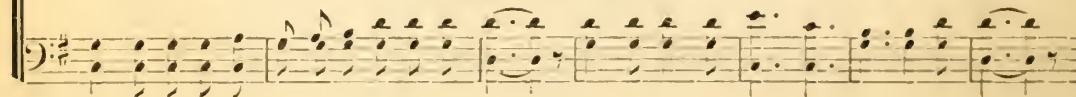
## CHORUS.



Prepared for you and me. There we'll meet, we'll meet, Oh, yes, there we'll meet ; In e-terni-ty's  
 Can ev-er en-ter in.  
 Our ea-ger footsteps turn.  
 Is in the Saviour's blood.



fadeless beauty, For-ev-er with Jesus to dwell : There we'll meet, we'll meet, Oh, yes, there we'll meet.



Where with an - gels of light and glo - ry, The cho - rus im - mor - tal we'll swell.

C. WESLEY. LO! HE COMES. E. LAROCHE.

Hear - en to the solemn voice, The aw - ful midnight cry ! } Lo! he comes to keep his word, }  
 Wait - ing souls re - joice, rejoice, And see the bridegroom nigh ! } Light and joy his looks im - part ; }  
 Ye, who faint beneath the load Of sin, your heads lift up ; } In the midnight of your grief, }  
 See your great redeeming God ; He comes, and bids you hope ! } Jesus doth his mourners cheer ; }

Go ye forth to meet your Lord, And meet him in your heart.  
 Lo ! he brings you sure re - lief ; Be - lieve, and feel him here !

3.  
 Happy he whom Christ shall find  
 Watching to see him come ;  
 Him the Judge of all mankind  
 Shall bear triumphant home !  
 Who can answer to his word ?  
 Which of you dares meet his day ?  
 " Rise, and come to judgment ! " Lord,  
 We rise and come away.



10-2

O, come to the foun-tain of life, Ye thirsty, ye wretched, and poor!  
 1. Re-lin-quish your la-bor and strife, Sal-va-tion ye now may se-cure. } While wand'ring still farther a-stray,  
 2. O, come to the foun-tain of life, Ye thirsty, ye wretched, and poor; }  
 3. And soon will your spir-it re-vive, To la-bor and languish no more, } Yea, come without money and buy,  
 O, come to the foun-tain of life, Ye thirsty, ye wretched, and poor; }  
 Its wa-ters with-in you will thrive; Their virtue of healing is sure, } Why think of a moment's de-lay?

No com-fort nor peace can ye find; No streams of the des-ert al-lay The thirst of the des-o-late mind.  
 No right-eous-ness have ye to boast; If on your own works you rely, Your soul is e-ter-nal-ly lost.  
 Why lin-ger in sor-row and gloom? O, haste to the fountain to-day! All, all are in-vi-ted to come.

CHORUS.

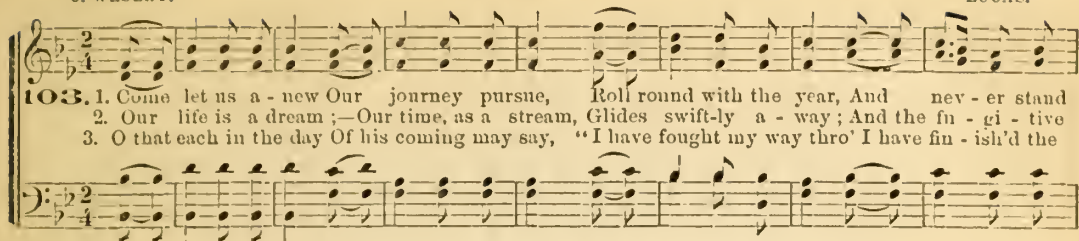
O come to the foun-tain, O come to the fountain to-day. To-day, O come to the fountain, the fountain to-day.  
 O come, to the fountain, come to the fountain to-day, to day, O come to-day, O come to the fountain to-day.

# NEW-YEAR'S MORNING OR WATCH-NIGHT.

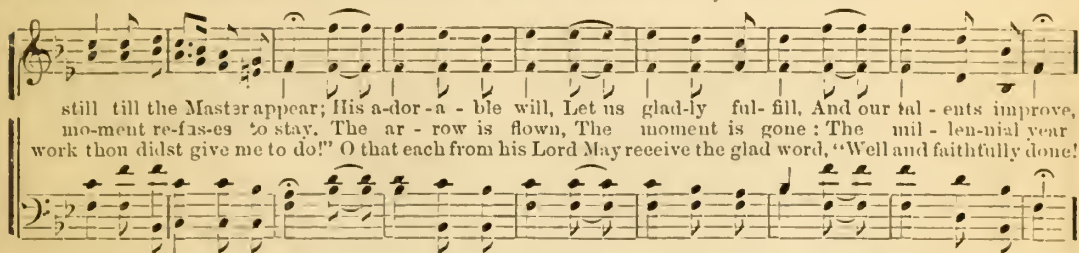
111

C. WESLEY.

LUCAS.



103. 1. Come let us a - new Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand  
 2. Our life is a dream ;—Our time, as a stream, Glides swift-ly a - way ; And the fu - gi - tive  
 3. O that each in the day Of his coming may say, "I have fought my way thro' I have fin - ish'd the



still till the Master appear; His a-dor-a - ble will, Let us glad-ly ful-fill, And our tal - ents improve,  
 mo-ment re-fas-es 'to stay. The ar - row is flown, The moment is gone : The mil - len-nial year  
 work thou didst give me to do!" O that each from his Lord May receive the glad word, "Well and faithfully done!



By the pa-tience of hope, and the la - bor of love, By the pa-tience of hope, and the la-bor of love.  
 Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni-ty's here, Rushes on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's here.  
 En-ter in - to my joy, and sit down on my throne, Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

## CHRIST'S INVITATION.

J. H. TENNEY.

10-4.

1. "Come un - to me;" oh hear the gen - tle call Which Je - sus makes, so full, so free for all: Not one of  
 2. "Ail ye who la - bor and are la - den, come," Ye are the souls for whom I'll find a home; Ye who of  
 3. "I'll give you rest"—Oh precious is that rest, To live with thee and be for - ev - er blest; No more of  
 4. "My yoke up - on you take, and learn of me;" Saviour, with gladness would we bear for thee What thou hast  
 5. Then while with outstretched arms thou bid'st us come To those blest mansions, our e - ter - nal home Je - sus, with

## CHORUS.

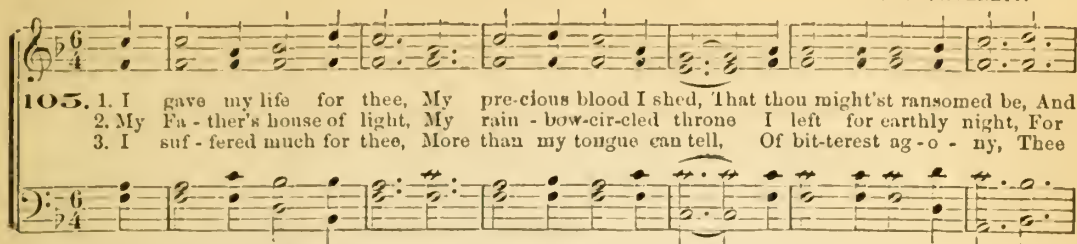
all mankind need e'er despair; All, all are urged this precious boon to share. "Come un-to me; come un-to  
 earthly joys have had no share, Come un - to me, your wants shall be my care.  
 life's fatigues or cares or woes Shall rouse us from that sweet, that sure repose.  
 borne for us, and not re - pine; Our cross will be but light compared with thine.  
 rap-ture we ac - cept thy call, And raise our songs to thee, the Lord of all.

me, and I will give you rest; Rest, sweet rest; For my yoke is ea - sy and my bur - den is light."

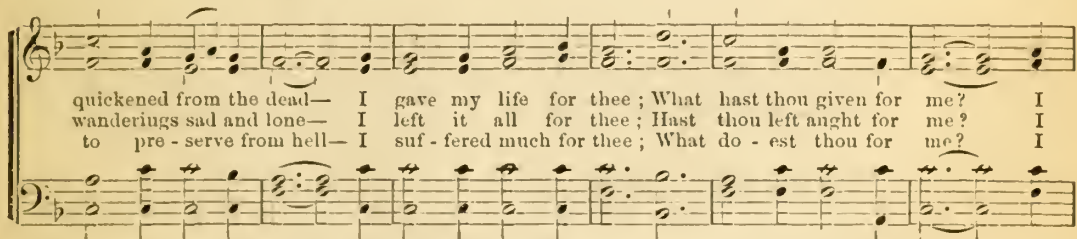
# THIS I DID FOR THEE.

113

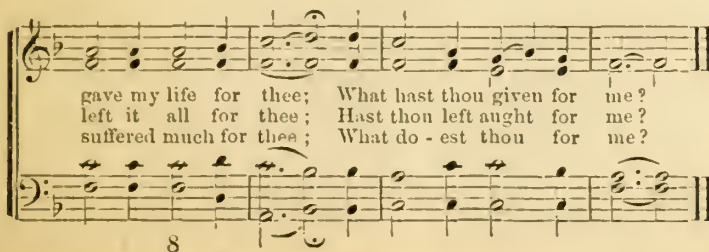
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



105. 1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And  
 2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My rain-bow-cir-cled throne I left for earthly night, For  
 3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than my tongue can tell, Of bit-terest ag-o-ny, Thee



quicken'd from the dead— I gave my life for thee ; What hast thou given for me ? I  
 wanderings sad and lone— I left it all for thee ; Hast thou left aught for me ? I  
 to pre-serve from hell— I suf-fered much for thee ; What do-est thou for me ? I



gave my life for thee ; What hast thou given for me ?  
 left it all for thee ; Hast thou left aught for me ?  
 suffered much for thee ; What do-est thou for me ?

8

- 4 I have brought to thee,  
 Down from my home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 My spirit and my love;  
 Great gifts I brought to thee,  
 What hast thou brought to me ?
- 5 Oh, let thy life be given,  
 Thy years for me be spent,  
 World-fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent—  
 Give thou thyself to me,  
 Gladly I'll welcome thee !

## CHILDREN'S SONG OF ADORATION.

Words by RUTH ARGYLE.

*Allegretto.*

TRIO, QUARTET &amp; CHORUS.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

**IOB.** Lift, O lift your youthful voi-ces, Heaven itself with you re-joice—Je-sus Christ is King.

**QUARTET.**

Join, O join the choir im-mor-tal, E-ven to yon gold-en por-tal, Let your anthems ring.

**CHORUS.**

Let your anthems ring, let your anthems ring; Even to yon golden portal, Let your anthems ring.

Let your anthems ring, let your anthems ring, Let your anthems ring; Even to yon golden por-tal, Let your anthems ring.

2 He hath conquered, He hath risen,  
Left death's dark and dreary prison,  
Lives to die no more;  
By bright angel bands attended,  
[1] He to heaven hath now ascended,  
Praise him and adore: [1]  
3 Children, Christ for you is pleading,  
For you ever interceding;

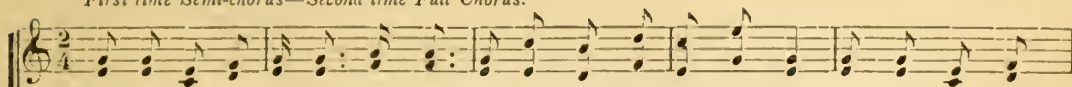
Hear what he doth say:  
"Father, on the cross of anguish,  
[1] For these lambs I once did languish;  
Save them now, I pray." [1]  
4 Listen, children, while he's praying,  
Lay your hearts without delaying  
At your Saviour's feet:  
Then, come earthly joy or sadness,

[1] You one day, with shouts of gladness,  
Christ, your Lord, will greet: [1]  
5 Raise, O raise your youthful voices,  
Heaven itself with you rejoices—  
Jesus Christ is King.  
Angels swell the song immortal,  
[1] Far beyond the golden portal,  
Hear their anthems ring: [1]



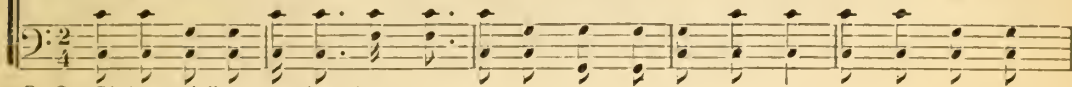
From "The Primitive Methodist," English.

First time Semi-chorus—Second time Full Chorus.



107.

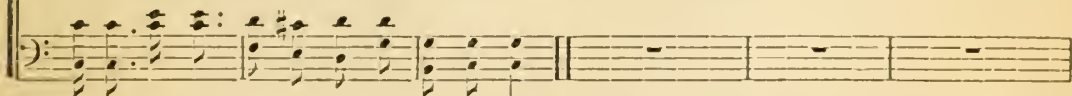
1. Christmas bells are ring-ing, ring-ing, O'er the land tri-umph-ant-ly; Chil-dren's voi-ces
2. Soft the world lay dream-ing, dream-ing, On the morning of his birth; Its pure snow-veil
3. An-gel hymns are peal-ing, peal-ing, Thro' the depths of yon-der sky! Ransomed saints are



D. C. Christmas bells are ringing, &c



singing, singing, Sound a joy-ous ju-bi-lee. 'Tis the day the wondrous sign, Broke the wise men's gleaming, gleaming, When the Christ-child came on earth. He's the precious pearl we hail, Sent us from a kneeling, kneeling, Kneeling at the throne on high. With grateful voices come we now, Come both heart and



calm re- pose, New-ly robed in rays di-vine, The star of Bethlehem rose.  
Fa-ther's hand; A fount of life that shall not fail, A rock in a wea-ry land.  
hand to lift; Lord of life to thee we bow, And thank thee for thy gift.

## ON WHAT FOUNDATION?

From "The Charm," by per. of ROOR &amp; CADY.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

102.

1. On what foun - da - tion do you build, neighbor, Your hopes for the fu - ture fair?  
 2. On sure foun - da - tion would you build, neighbor? Take heed to the Lord's commands;

Do your walls reach down to the rock be - low, And rest se - cure - ly there?  
 Ev - er fast and firm, while the storms go by, This Rock of A - ges stands.

Sad wrecks lie 'round you on the sand, neighbor, The floods and the storms are near;  
 A - las what fol - ly 'tis to build, neighbor, A man - sion so fair, so grand,

Will the strong blast hurl to the earth thy walls, Or blanch thy cheek with fear?  
With its cost - ly walls and its loft - y towers On sin's de - lu - sive sand.

This musical system consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. The piano accompaniment is written in a bass clef and consists of chords and single notes, primarily using the left hand.

## CHORUS.

On what foun - da - tion do you build, neighbor, Your hopes for the fu - ture fair?

This musical system continues the chorus. The vocal line begins with a half note followed by eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in the bass.

Do your walls reach down to the rock be - low, And rest se - cure - ly there?

This is the final musical system on the page. It follows the same format as the previous systems, with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a final note and a double bar line.

## LOULIE'S CHANT.

EMILIUS LAROCHE.

*Pleadingly. p*

109.

1. Behold, a Stran-ger at the door! He gent-ly knocks, has knock-ed be-fore; Has wait-ed  
 2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melt-ing heart and bleed-ing hands: O match-less  
 3. But will he prove a Friend in-deed? He will, the ver-y Friend you need; The Friend of

long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.  
 kind-ness! and he shows This match-less kindness to his foes.  
 sin-ners—yes, 'tis He, With gar-ments dyed on Cal-va-ry.

4. Rise, touch-ed with gra-ti-tude Di-vine;  
 Turn out his en-emy and thine,  
 That soul-destroy-ing mon-ster, sin,  
 And let the heav-enly Stran-ger in.

5. Admit him, ere his an-ger burn;  
 His feet de-parted, ne'er re-turn;  
 Admit him, or the hour's at hand  
 You'll at his door re-jected stand.


C. WESLEY.

## GREEN. C. M.

R. M. McINTOSH.

*cres.*

110. 1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise! The glo-ries  
 2. Je-sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis mu-sic



of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.  
in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive ;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;  
The humble poor believe.

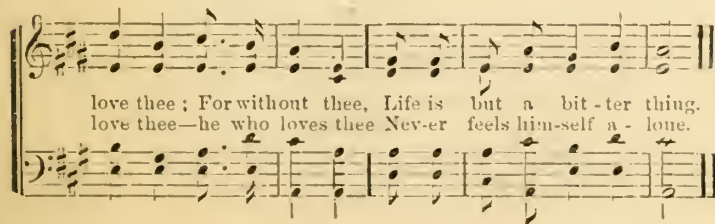
4 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
Your loosened tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

## BURKE. 8s &amp; 7s.

R. M. McINTOSH.



111. 1. I would love thee, God and Fa - ther ; My Re - deem-er and my King ! I would  
2. I would love thee ; ev - ery bless - ing Flows to me from out thy throne : I would



love thee ; For without thee, Life is but a bit - ter thing.  
love thee—he who loves thee Nev-er feels him-self a - lone.

3 I would love thee ; look upon me,  
Ever guide me with thine eye :  
I would love thee ; if not nourished  
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee, I have vowed it ;  
On thy love my heart is set ;  
While I love thee, I will never  
My Redeemer's blood forget.



## THE TWO SONGS

Words by Mrs. G. W. HINSDALE.

From "Silver Wings," by per. of O. Dirson &amp; Co.

Words by KARL REDEN.

*f* Cheerfully.

1. Hark! the air is full of voi - ces, Sing - ing Je - sus' love, Singing Je - sus' love; Heav'nly  
2. Bless - ed an - gels, we are praising Christ, our Sav - iour - king, Christ, our Saviour - king; To His

## SEMI-CHORUS.

wings are fast de - scending From the choirs a - bove! O'er the earth sweet notes are  
feet the hap - py children All their wor - ship bring— Meet - ing in the sun - lit

dropping, In a show'r of song, For the an - gel bands are gathering. In a bless - ed throng!  
glo - ry, Lov - ing notes shall blend, Praising Christ, the "One all lovely," Christ the children's friend!

*f* FULL CHORUS.*cres.*

Hark! the words which they are singing, Are sweet hymns of praise, Are sweet hymns of praise, And they  
Hark! the an - gels strike their harp-strings With new shouts of song, With new shouts of song, Blessed

come to blend their mu - sic With the songs *we* raise, And they come to blend their  
an - gels, *we'll* sing with you, We to Christ be - long! Bless - ed an - gels, *we'll* sing

mu - sic With the songs *we* raise. Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - sanna in ex - cel - sis!  
with you, We to Christ be - long!

## FATHER, WE REST IN THY LOVE.

Words arr. by Rev. FELIX R. HILL.

From "Tabor," by per. R. M. McINTOSH.

113. 1. Fa - ther, we rest in thy love; Fa - ther, we rest in thy love; Fa-ther, we  
 2. Sav - iour, we trust in thy grace; Sav - iour, we trust in thy grace; Saviour, we  
 3. Spir - it, we pray for thy power; Spir - it, we pray for thy power; Spir-it, we

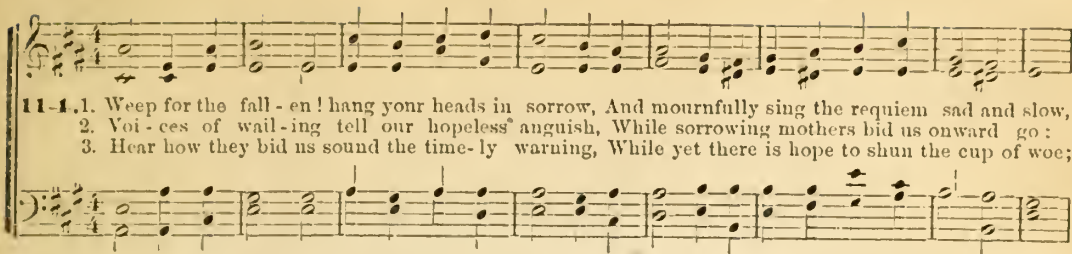
rest, Father, we rest, we rest in thy love; Fa - ther, we rest in thy  
 trust, Saviour, we trust, we trust in thy grace; Sav - iour, we trust in thy  
 pray, Spir-it, we pray, we pray for thy power; Spir - it, we pray for thy

love,..... we rest, we rest in thy love; Fa-ther, we rest, we rest in thy love.  
 grace,..... we trust, we trust in thy grace; Sav-iour, we trust, we trust in thy grace.  
 power,..... we pray, we pray for thy power; Spir-it, we pray, we pray for thy power.  
 Father, we rest, we rest.

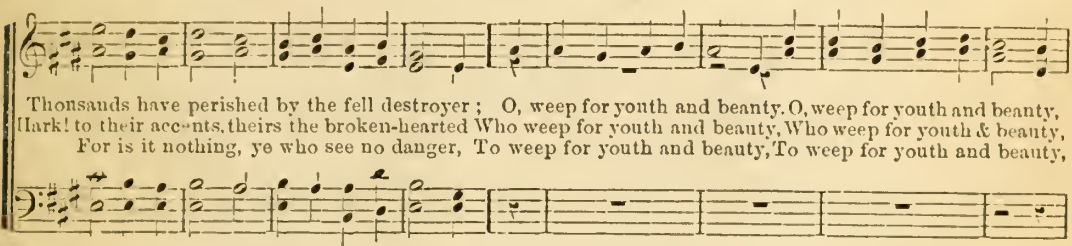
# WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

123

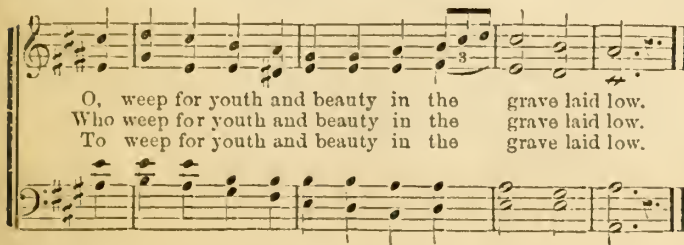
English.



11-1. 1. Weep for the fall - en ! hang your heads in sorrow, And mournfully sing the requiem sad and slow,  
 2. Voi - ces of wail - ing tell our hopeless\* anguish, While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go :  
 3. Hear how they bid us sound the time - ly warning, While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe ;



Thonsauds have perished by the fell destroyer ; O, weep for youth and beauty. O, weep for youth and beauty,  
 Hark ! to their acc - nts, theirs the broken-hearted Who weep for youth and beauty, Who weep for youth & beauty,  
 For is it nothing, ye who see no danger, To weep for youth and beauty, To weep for youth and beauty,



O, weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.  
 Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.  
 To weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.

4.  
 Weep for the fallen ; but amid your sorrow  
 Still point to the pledge that freedom can bestow,  
 Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,  
 For why should youth and beauty  
 in the grave lie low ?

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 10: 13-15.

R. M. McINTOSH.

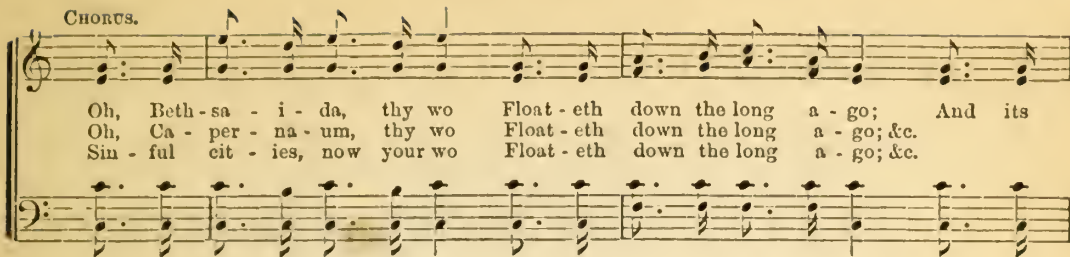
115. 1. Thou Bethsa - i - da, the love - ly, down be - side the sea, Where the  
 2. Thou Ca - per - na - um, ex - alt - ed, lift - ed up to heaven, If the  
 3. Oh, Bethsa - i - da, Cho-ra - zin, fair Ca - per - na - um, Of your

Mas - ter did his might - y works of love; By Gen - nes - a - reth he stands,  
 might - y works that Je - sus did in thee, Tyre and Si - don once had seen,  
 pal - a - ces no man can find a stone; And Gen - nes - a - reth's blue wave

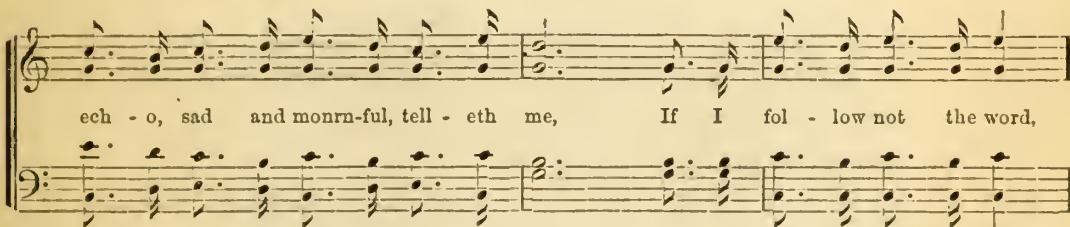
And he stretch - es out his hands, And his voice re - sounds the waves a - bove.  
 They re - pent - ant both had been; In the judg - ment they more blest shall be.  
 Soft - ly sings be - side your grave, And your glo - ry from the earth is gone.



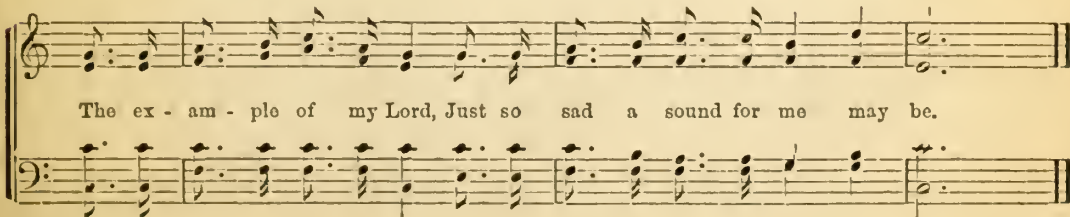
## CHORUS.



Oh, Beth - sa - i - da, thy wo Float - eth down the long a - go; And its  
 Oh, Ca - per - na - um, thy wo Float - eth down the long a - go; &c.  
 Sin - ful cit - ies, now your wo Float - eth down the long a - go; &c.



ech - o, sad and mourn-ful, tell - eth me, If I fol - low not the word,

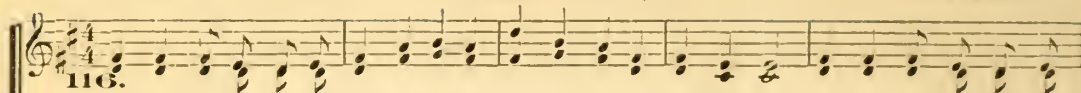


The ex - am - ple of my Lord, Just so sad a sound for me may be.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Read Matt. 11: 28-50.

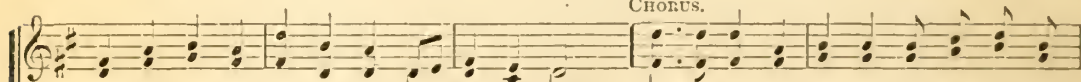
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



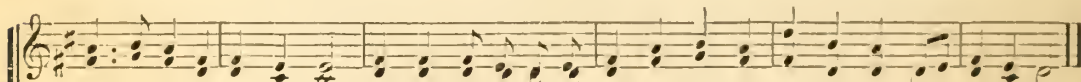
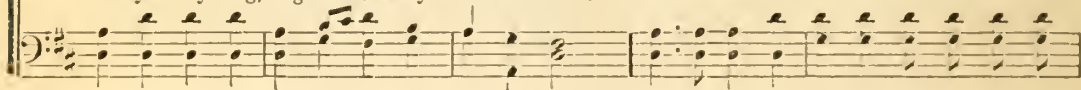
1. Hark, the gentle voice of Je - sus falleth Ten - der - ly up - on your ear; Sweet his cry of love and
2. Take his yoke, for he is meek and lowly, Bear his burden, of him learn. He who call-eth is the
3. Then, his lov-ing, ten-der voice obeying, Bear his yoke, his burden take; Find the yoke his hand is



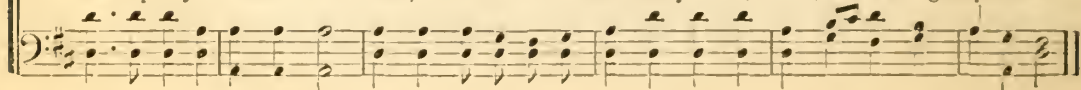
## CHORUS.



pit - y calleth; Turn and list - en, stay and hear. Ye that la - bor and are heav-y la - den,  
 Mas - ter, ho - ly, He will teach if you will learn.  
 on you lay - ing, Light and ea - sy for his sake.



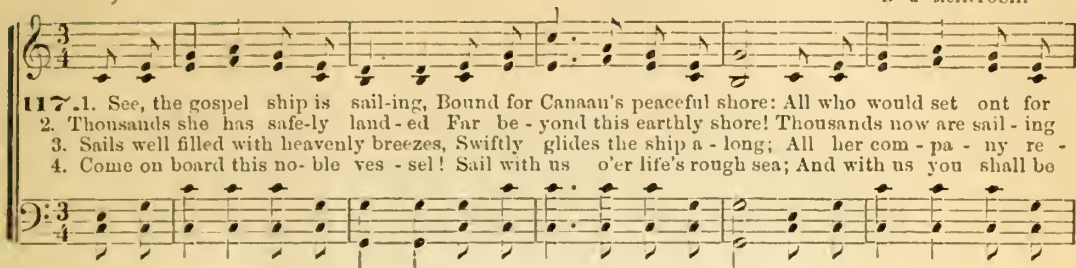
Lean upon your dear Lord's breast; Ye that labor and are heavy laden, Come, and I will give you rest.



# THE GOSPEL SHIP.

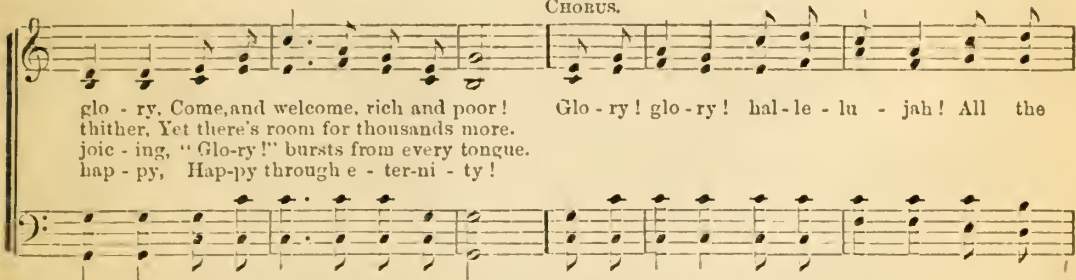
127

R M McINTOSH.

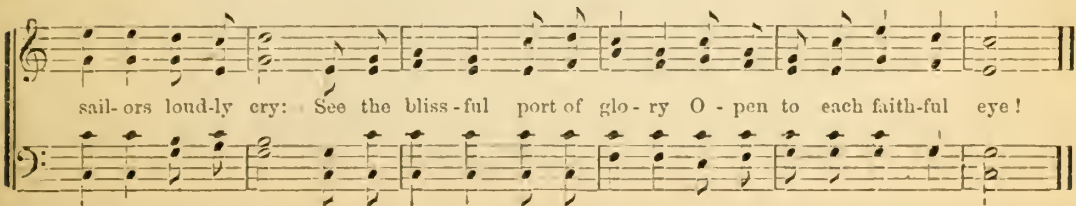


117. 1. See, the gospel ship is sail-ing, Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore: All who would set ont for  
 2. Thousands she has safe-ly land-ed Far be-yond this earthly shore! Thousands now are sail-ing  
 3. Sails well filled with heavenly breezes, Swiftly glides the ship a-long; All her com-pa-ny re-  
 4. Come on board this no-ble ves-sel! Sail with us o'er life's rough sea; And with us you shall be

## CHORUS.



glo-ry. Come, and welcome, rich and poor! Glo-ry! glo-ry! hal-le-lu-jah! All the  
 thither. Yet there's room for thousands more.  
 joic-ing, "Glo-ry!" bursts from every tongue.  
 hap-py, Hap-py through e-ter-ni-ty!



sail-ors loud-ly cry: See the bliss-ful port of glo-ry O-pen to each faith-ful eye!

## PRAISE THE LORD!

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

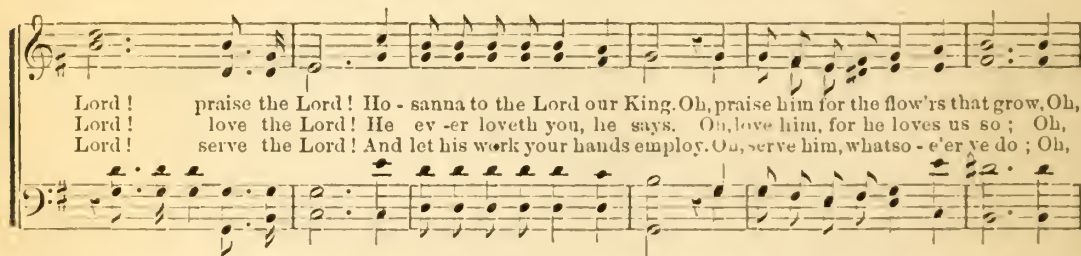
Read Ps. 149: 1, 2: 100: 2. 18: 1.

Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

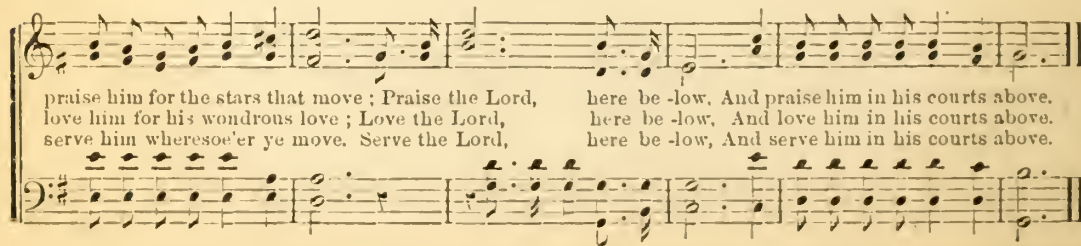


**118.**

1. Praise the Lord!	praise the Lord!	Hap-py children now in the tem-ple sing, Praise the
2. Love the Lord!	love the Lord!	Happy children, give him your youth's bright days; Love the
3. Serve the Lord!	serve the Lord!	Hap-py children serve him with songs of joy; Serve the



Lord!	praise the Lord!	Ho - sanna to the Lord our King. Oh, praise him for the flow'rs that grow, Oh,
Lord!	love the Lord!	He ev - er loveth you, he says. Oh, love him, for he loves us so; Oh,
Lord!	serve the Lord!	And let his work your hands employ. Oh, serve him, whatso - e'er ye do; Oh,



praise him for the stars that move; Praise the Lord,	here be - low, And praise him in his courts above.
love him for his wondrous love; Love the Lord,	here be - low, And love him in his courts above.
serve him wheresoe'er ye move. Serve the Lord,	here be - low, And serve him in his courts above.

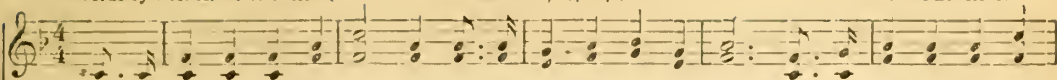
# LET THEM COME.

129

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE,

Read Luke, 18; 15, 16.

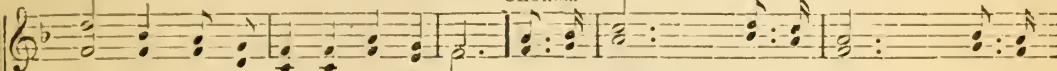
W. O. PERKINS.



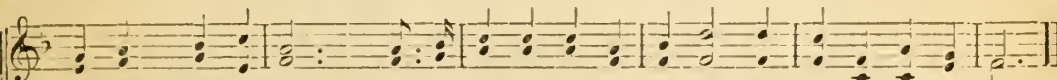
119. 1. Oh, I love to think how Je - sus, When he walked on earth be - low, Used to bless the lit - tle  
 2. When the mothers came and brought him, Tender infants, young and small, And so earn - est - ly be -  
 3. Though disci - ples would rebuke them, Turn the lit - tle ones a - way, In his gen - tle arms he  
 4. Lit - tle children, now from Je - sus, Will you his dear blessing seek? From his home on high he  
 5. Just as close his arms will hold you; Just as kind his blessings fall; Just as warm his love en -



## CHORUS.



chil - dren, For he loved them, loved them so! Un - to me, un - to me, Of the  
 sought him For his bless - ing on them all.  
 took them, And they heard him sweetly say—  
 sees us, Hear him kind - ly to us speak.  
 fold you. Just as sweetly doth he call. let them come! let them come!



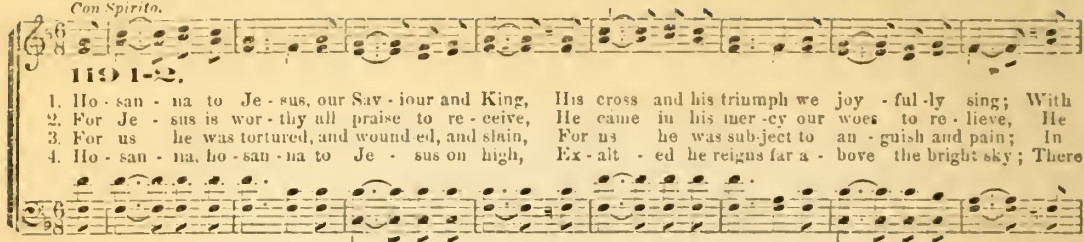
lit - tle ones saith he: For the blessed heavenly kingdom Of such as they shall be,  
 Of the lit - tle ones saith he:





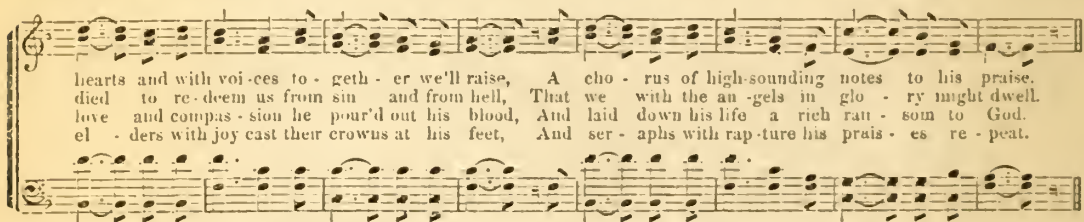
Words by Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

Music by C. C. PRATT.

*Con Spirito.*


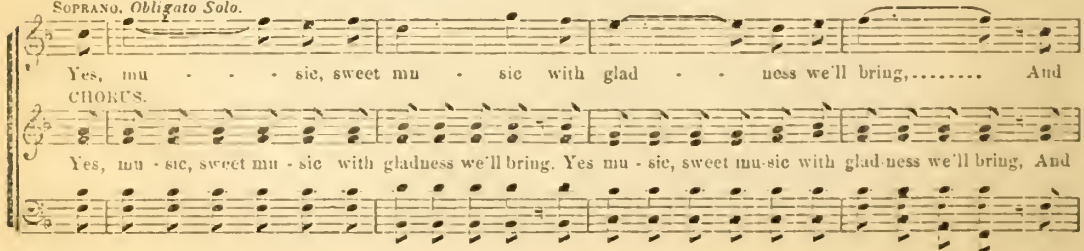
**115 1-2.**

1. Ho - san - na to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, His cross and his triumph we joy - ful - ly sing; With
2. For Je - sus is wor - thy all praise to re - ceive, He came in his mer - cy our woes to re - lieve, He
3. For us he was tortured, and wound ed, and slain, For us he was sub - ject to an - guish and pain; In
4. Ho - san - na, ho - san - na to Je - sus on high, Ex - alt - ed he reigns far a - bove the bright sky; There



hearts and with voi - ces to - geth - er we'll raise, A cho - rus of high-sounding notes to his praise.  
 died to re - deem us from sin and from hell, That we with the an - gels in glo - ry might dwell.  
 love and compas - sion he pour'd out his blood, And laid down his life a rich ran - som to God.  
 el - ders with joy cast their crowns at his feet, And ser - aphs with rap - ture his prais - es re - peat.

REFRAIN FOR EACH VERSE.

SOPRANO, *Obligato Solo.*


Yes, mu - sic, sweet mu - sic with glad - ness we'll bring,..... And

**CHORUS.**

Yes, mu - sic, sweet mu - sic with gladness we'll bring. Yes mu - sic, sweet mu - sic with glad - ness we'll bring, And

lay..... on the al - - tar of Je - - - sus our King Well

lay on the al - tar, and lay on the al - tar of Je - sus, of Je - sus our King Well

laud..... and ex - tol his a - dor - - - a - ble name..... And

laud and ex - tol his a - dor - a - ble name, We'll laud and ex - tol his a - dor - a - ble name, And

shout to his hon - or..... with joy - - - ful ac - claim.

shout to his hon - or, and shout to his hon - or, With joy - ful, with joy - ful ac - claim.

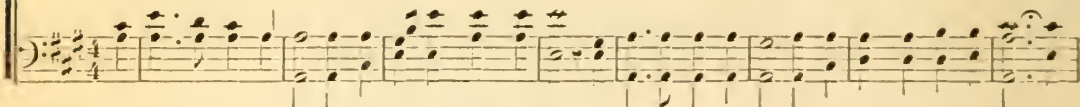
## THE OLD, OLD STORY.

From "Fresh Leaves," by per. of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

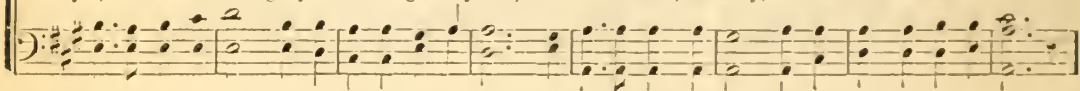
T. C. O'KANE.



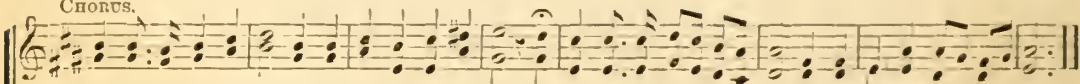
1. Tell me the old, old sto-ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je-sus and his glo-ry, Of Je-sus and his love. Tell  
 2. Tell me the sto-ry softly, With earnest tones and grave; Remember! I in the sin-ner Whom Jesus came to save. Tell  
 3. Tell me the same old story, When you have cause to fear That this world's empty glory Is costing me too dear. O,



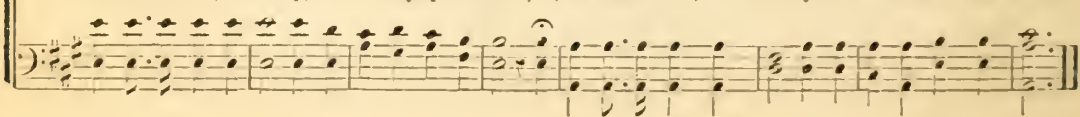
me the sto-ry sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child. For I am weak and wea-ry, And help-less and de-filed.  
 me the sto-ry al-ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of troub-le. A com-fort-er to me.  
 yes, when that world's glory Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story, "Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"



## CHORUS.



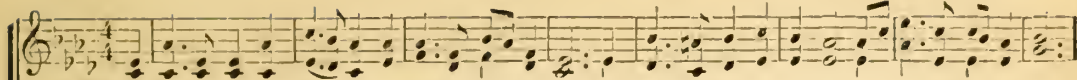
Tell me the old, old sto-ry, It will my spir-it move; O, tell me the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.



# I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

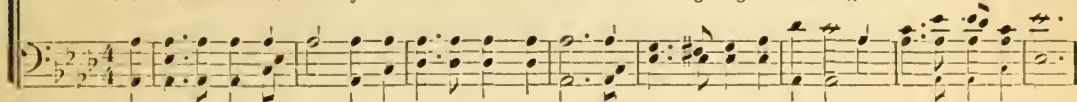
133

From "Joyful Songs," by per. WM G. FISHER.

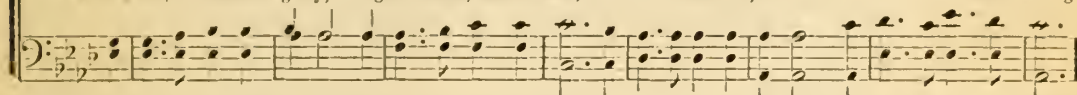


120 1-2.

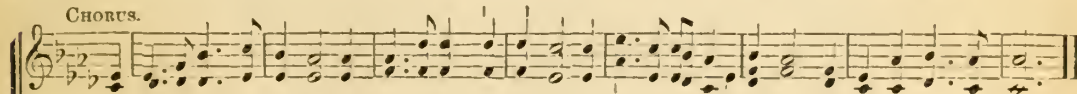
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems, Than all the gold-en fan-cies Of all our golden dreams.
3. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems each time I tell it More wonderfully sweet.
4. I love to tell the sto - ry: For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it like the rest.



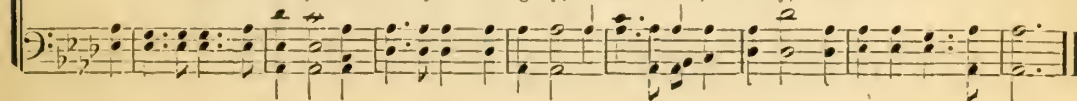
I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know it's true, It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else would do.  
 I love to tell the sto - ry: It did so much for me! And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.  
 I love to tell the sto - ry: For some have never heard The message of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.  
 And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the NEW, NEW SONG, 'Twill be - the OLD, OLD STORY That I have loved so long.



CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.



## THE NOONTIDE OF THE YEAR.

FOR CONCERTS.

Words by Rev. S. J. M. BEEBEE.

From "Silver Wings," by per. of O. Ditson &amp; Co.

Music by KARL REDEN.

*pp Adagio.**mf*

1. Rest! 'tis the hour of noon!  
 2. Rest! 'tis the noon of the year!  
 3. Rest! thro' the noon of the year!

*Piu animato.*

Reap-er, rest mid thy gold-en corn; Huntsman, cease from thy chase and horn;  
 Schol-ar, wan with thy stern studies worn, Teacher, low with thy cares o'er-borne;  
 Va-cant the hall where dai-ly we meet, Si-lent the voi-ces that there dai-ly greet;

*mf**rit. e dim.*

Flocks, to your shel-ter by sha-dy brooks cool; Hushed be the sound of the ar-ti-san's tool.  
 Wea-ry ones, toil-ing ones, turn ye a-side; Hie to the coun-try, or out on the tide.  
 Sev-ered a-while be the fond hearts that blend; Teacher and schol-ar, schoolmate and friend.



# THE NOONTIDE OF THE YEAR. *Concluded.*

135

*p* *lento.* *vn* *DUET. a tempo. p*

Rest, 'tis the hour of noon. Pil - grim, with wea-ry feet, Pause mid the melting heat.  
 Rest, 'tis the noon of the year. While Si - ri - us shin - eth, Till fierce heat de - clin - eth.  
 Rest, 'tis the noon of the year. Till Si - rius de - clin - eth. Till Autumn leaf pin - eth

*Tutti. mf lento.*

Rest, rest, rest, rest, 'tis the calm, sol - emn hour of noon :  
 Rest, rest, rest, rest, 'tis the calm, sol - emn noon of the year :  
 Rest, rest, rest, rest, thro' the calm, sol - emn noon of the year :

*Piu lento.* *p riten.* *p ad lib.* *pp*

Rest, rest, rest, rest, 'tis the calm, sol - emn hour of noon. rest, rest.  
 Rest, rest, rest, rest, 'tis the calm, sol - emn noon of the year. rest, rest.  
 Rest, rest, rest, rest, thro' the calm, sol - emn noon of the year. rest, rest.

## WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

L. O. EMERSON.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

122. Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are these? Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. It features a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The piece is marked with 'SOLO.' and 'CHORUS.' labels. The lyrics '122. Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are these? Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are' are written below the treble staff.

SOLO CHORUS. SOLO CHORUS. SOLO

these in bright ar - ray? Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are these in bright ar - ray?

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of music. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'these in bright ar - ray? Who are these in bright ar - ray? Who are these in bright ar - ray?' are written below the treble staff. The 'SOLO' and 'CHORUS.' labels are placed above the treble staff.

*f* CHORUS.

These are they who've wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb; These are they who've wash'd their

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking and a 'CHORUS.' label. The melody and bass line continue. The lyrics 'These are they who've wash'd their robes in the blood of the Lamb; These are they who've wash'd their' are written below the treble staff. The time signature changes to 6/8.

robes in the blood of the Lamb. *p* Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him

SOLO, ad lib.

day and night, in his temple. They shall hun - ger no more, nei - ther

*f* CHORUS. *tempo*

thirst a - ny more, For the Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them, For the

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY? *Concluded.*

Solo

Lamb up-on the throne shall feed them, And lead them..... to liv - ing

*ad lib.**p* CHORUS. *quite slow.*

fountains, to liv - ing fountains. And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their

*cres**p*

eyes, And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes.

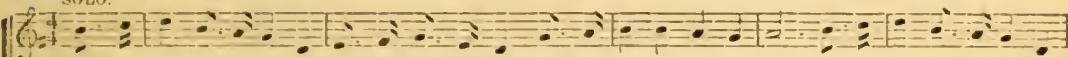
# TO CANAAN.

139

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.  
SOLO.

Read Ps. 78: 14, 15, 25-29.

Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

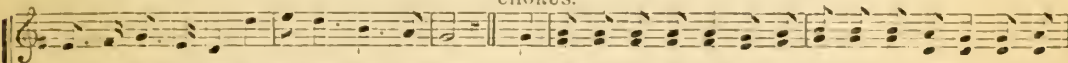


1-2-3.

1. We are marching to Canaan, thro' the des-ert vast, And the Lord, with cloud by day And with light of his presence,
2. Tho' we thirst in the des-ert, Thou art ev - er nigh, Giv - ing wa - ters, clear and sweet; If we faint on the journey,
3. Green and cool Elin's palm trees, where we peaceful rest, — Dewy shelter sweet and fair; There our Shepherd has borne us,
4. When the swelling of Jor-dan sounds upon the shore, When its parted waves we see, We will sing glad hosan - nas,

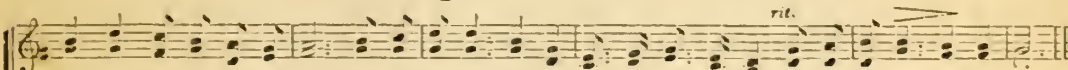


CHORUS.

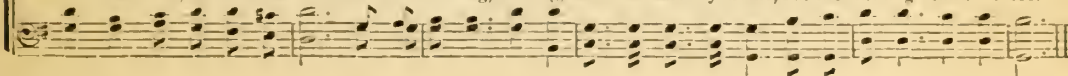


till the night is past, Is shining o'er our way.  
manna from on high Is fall-ing at our feet.  
on his gen - the breast, So lov-ing is his care.  
joy - ful passing o'er; We're coming un - to Thee.

To Jordan when we come, As we cross the billow's foam, Come Thou



o'er its wave, our Guide to be. We are com-ing, coming, lead us safe - ly home, Till the shi-ni-ng land we see.





## LET US PASS OVER THE RIVER.\*

Words by KATE CAMERON.

From "The Amaranth," by per. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. When our work is end-ed, we shall sweetly rest, 'Mid the sainted spir-its, on our Saviour's breast;  
 2. Earth hath man-y sorrows, but they can-not last, And our greatest troubles quickly will be past;  
 3. When the storm is o - ver, sweet will be the calm, Af - ter life's long battle, bright the victor's palm:

All our tri - als o - ver, we shall gladly sing, Grave! where is thy vict'ry? Death! where is thy sting?  
 If we look to Je - sus, he will give us strength; By His grace we shall be conquer-ors at length.  
 And the cross of anguish which now weighs us down, We'll exchange in Heaven for a shining crown.

## CHORUS.

Tho' the dark waves roll high, we will be un-dismayed, 'Let us pass o - ver the riv - er, And

\*This hymn was suggested by the last and dying words of Stonewall Jackson. The closing lines of the Chorus are in his own language.

rest un - der the shade, rest un - der the shade, Rest un - der the shade of the trees."

This block contains the musical notation for the concluding part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'rest un - der the shade, rest un - der the shade, Rest un - der the shade of the trees.' written below the treble staff.

THE TRIUMPH AND GLORY. (Gethsemane. No. 2.)

M. DE FLEURY.

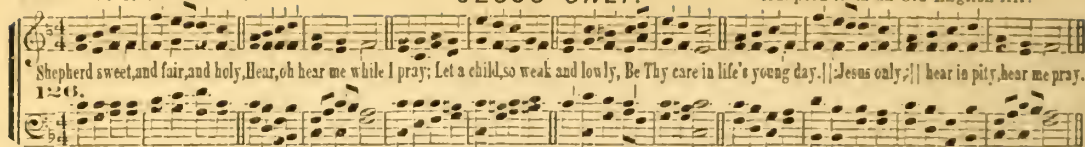
EMILIUS LAROCHE.

1. O gar - den of Ol - i - vet, dear honored spot, The fame of thy won - der, shall ne'er be forgot ; The theme most transporting to ser-aphs a -  
2. Come saints, and a - dore him, come, bow at his feet ! O, give him the glo - ry, the praise that is meet : Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a -  
The  
Let

This block contains the musical notation for the first two verses of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than the previous hymn, with the lyrics '1. O gar - den of Ol - i - vet, dear honored spot, The fame of thy won - der, shall ne'er be forgot ; The theme most transporting to ser-aphs a -' and '2. Come saints, and a - dore him, come, bow at his feet ! O, give him the glo - ry, the praise that is meet : Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a -' written below the treble staff. The lyrics 'The' and 'Let' are written to the right of the staff.

bore ; .....  
rise, .....  
theme most transporting to ser-aphs a - bore ; The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love ! The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love !  
joy - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that gladdens the skies, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

This block contains the musical notation for the third verse of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is more complex than the previous hymn, with the lyrics 'bore ; .....', 'rise, .....', 'theme most transporting to ser-aphs a - bore ; The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love ! The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love !', and 'joy - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that gladdens the skies, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.' written below the treble staff.



2 When Thy voice the stillness breaking,  
Seems to whisper soft to me,  
"Child of sin the world forsaking;  
Take thy cross and follow Me."  
"Jesus only! Jesus only!"  
Give me grace to learn of Thee.

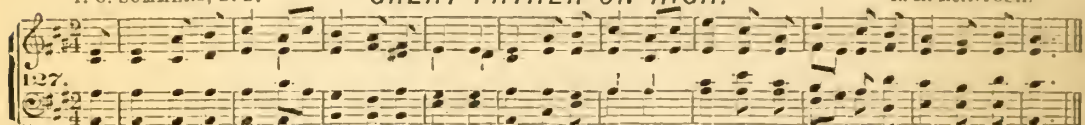
3 Grace to seek Thee as my Saviour,—  
Grace to trust Thee as my Friend,—  
Grace to love Thee as my Father,  
And Thy sweet commands attend.  
"Jesus only! Jesus only!"  
Now and ever—without end.

4 Like a lamb of Thine for ever,  
Bear me, Saviour, on Thy breast,  
Guard me, keep me, leave me never;  
With Thy blessing make me blest.  
"Jesus only! Jesus only!"  
Guide me to Thy home of rest.

T. O. SUMMERS, D. D.

## GREAT FATHER ON HIGH.

R. M. McINTOSH.



1 Great Father on high!  
Look down from the sky  
And listen to me,  
While trying to lift up  
My heart unto thee.

2 My sins I confess—  
O give me thy grace,  
And pardon my guilt,  
Thro' Jesus, whose blood  
For my pardon was spilt.

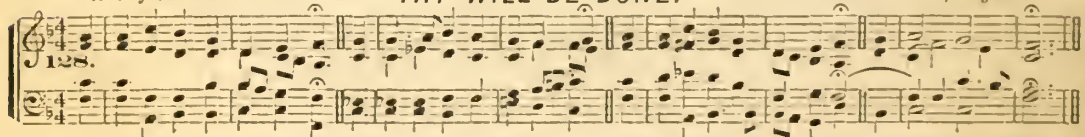
3 My nature subdued  
And form it anew:  
Thy Spirit impart,  
Both now and forever  
To dwell in my heart.

4 Thus, Father, shall I  
To thee live and die;  
And finally be  
By angels caught up  
To live ever with thee.

Words by CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

## THY WILL BE DONE.

JOHN HULLAH, England.



1 My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done!  
2 Tho' dark my path and sad my lot, Let me be still and murmur not, Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, Thy will be done!  
3 What though in lonely grief I sigh For friends beloved, no longer nigh, Submissive still would I reply, Thy will be done!  
4 Tho' Thou hast called me to resign What most I prized, It ne'er was mine: I have but yielded what was Thine; Thy will, &c.  
5 Should grief or sickness waste away My life in premature decay, My Father, still I strive to say, Thy will be done!  
6 Let but my fainting heart be blest With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest: Thy will be done!  
7 Renew my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and take away All that now makes it hard to say, Thy will be done!  
8 Then, when on earth I breathe no more The prayer, oft mixed with tears before, I'll sing upon a happier shore, Thy will, &c.



1 Slavour, breathe an evening blessing  
Ere repose our spirits seal;  
Sin and want we come confessing:  
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.  
Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,

Angel guards from thee surround us;  
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee;  
Thou art he who, never weary,

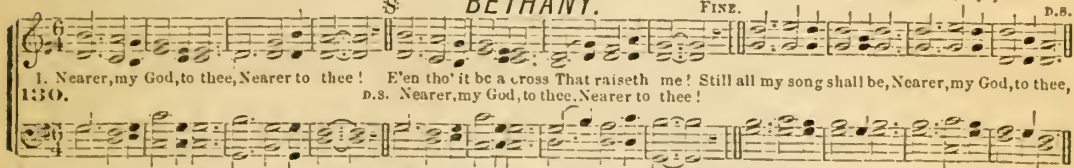
Watcheth where thy people be.  
Should swift death this night o'ertake us  
And our couch become our tomb,  
May the morn in heaven awake us,  
Clad in light, and deathless bloom.

## S BETHANY.

FINE.

Dr. L. MASON, by per.

D.S.



1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me! Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee,  
D.S. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

2 Tho' like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be,  
Nearer, my God, &c.

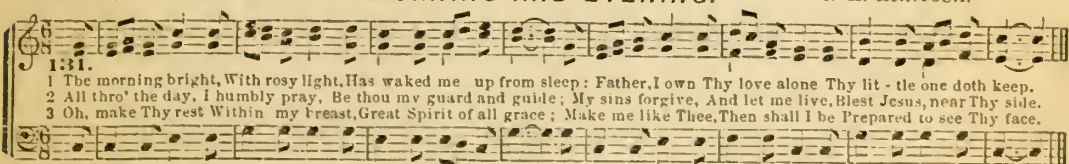
3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven.  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given:  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, &c.

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, &c.

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, &c.

Words by T. O. SUMMERS, D. D.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

From "The Amaranth," by per.  
R. M. McINTOSH.

1 The morning bright, With rosy light, Has waked me up from sleep: Father, I own Thy love alone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.  
2 All thro' the day, I humbly pray, Be thou my guard and guide; My sins forgive, And let me live, Blest Jesus, near Thy side.  
3 Oh, make Thy rest Within my breast, Great Spirit of all grace; Make me like Thee, Then shall I be Prepared to see Thy face.

1 The daylight fades; the evening shades  
Are gathering round my bed:  
Father above, I praise that love  
Which smooths and guards my bed

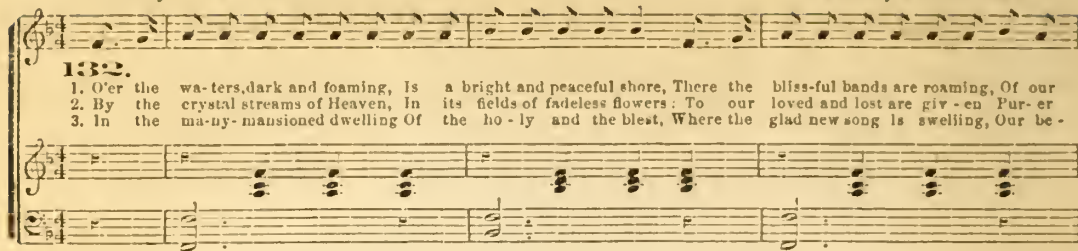
2 While thou art near I need not fear  
The gloom of midnight hour:  
Blest Jesus, still from every ill  
Defend me with thy power.

3 Pardon my sin, and enter in  
And sanctify my heart:  
Spirit divine, oh, make me thine,  
And ne'er from me depart



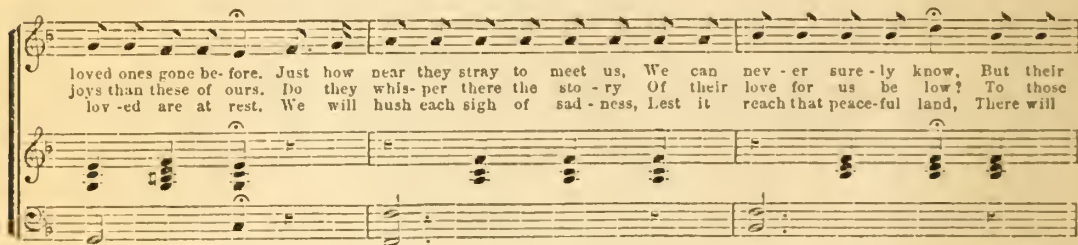
Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Music by H. R. PALMER.




132.

1. O'er the wa-ters, dark and foaming, Is a bright and peaceful shore, There the bliss-ful bands are roaming, Of our  
 2. By the crystal streams of Heaven, In its fields of fadeless flowers: To our loved and lost are giv-en Pur-er  
 3. In the ma-n-y-mansioned dwelling Of the ho-ly and the blest, Where the glad new song is swelling, Our be-



loved ones gone be-fore. Just how near they stray to meet us, We can nev-er sure-ly know, But their  
 joys than these of ours. Do they whis-per there the sto-ry Of their love for us be low? To those  
 lov-ed are at rest, We will hush each sigh of sad-ness, Lest it reach that peace-ful land, There will

## REFRAIN.

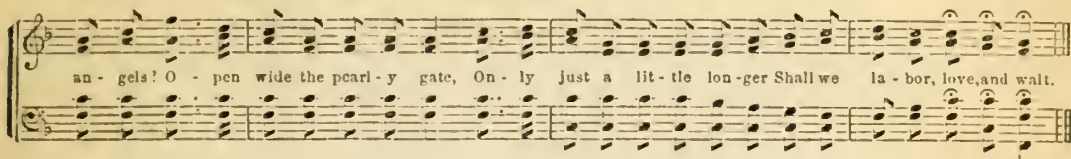


wel-com-ing will greet us When we launch our bark to go. We are com-ing, hap-py an-gels! O-pen  
 sun-mer heights of glo-ry, Do they long for us to go?  
 come an hour of glad-ness, We shall join the spir-it band.



# LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE. *Concluded.*

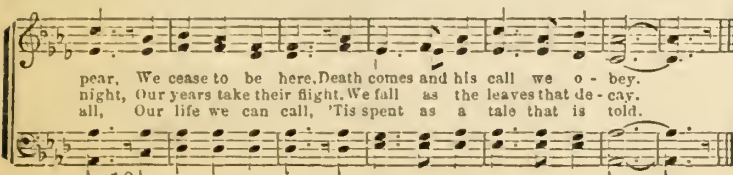
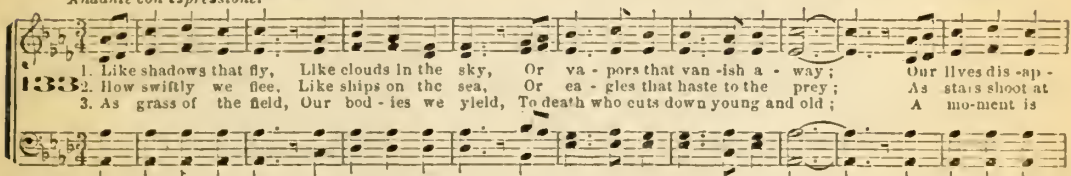
145



## BREVITY OF LIFE.

Words by Rev. J. H. MARTIN.  
*Andante con espressione.*

Music by C. C. PRATT.



4  
Then teach us, O Lord,  
By means of thy word,  
To number the days to us given,  
Prepare us by grace,  
To gaze on thy face,  
And share in the glories of heaven

## ANOTHER BLESSED EASTER DAWNS.\*

## HYMN ANTHEM

Words by Mrs. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

R. M. McINTOSH.

BASS SOLO.

134. An - oth - er bless-ed Eas-ter dawns Triumphant from the grave, The Saviour of man -

kind this morn A - rose, a - rose our souls to save.

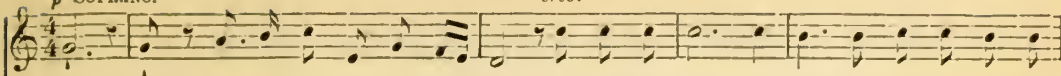
\* On ordinary occasions, substitute the word Sabbath, for Easter, in the first line.

# ANOTHER BLESSED EASTER DAWNS. Continued.

147

*p* SOPRANO.

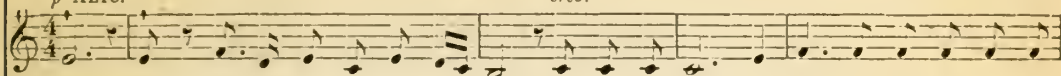
*cres.*



Hark! hark! how the ransomed spir-its shout A-round the throne on high, Around the throne on

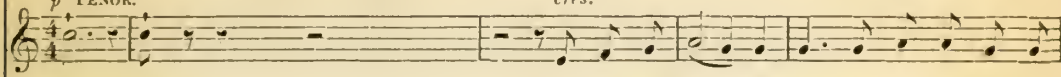
*p* ALTO.

*cres.*



*p* TENOR.

*cres.*

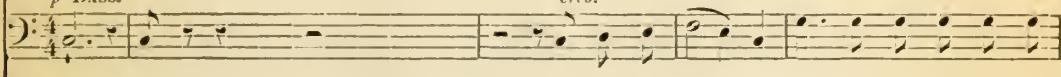


Hark! hark!.

A-round the throne on high, Around the throne on

*p* BASS.

*cres.*



1 ORGAN.



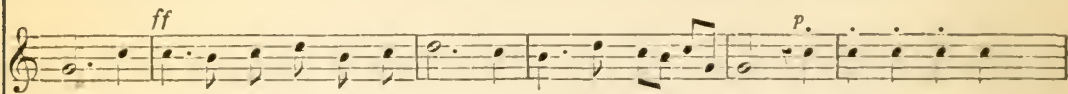
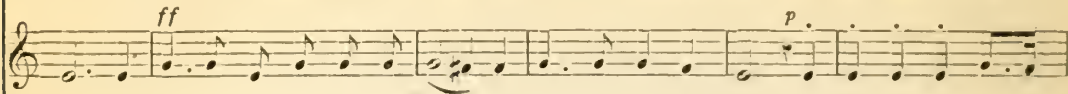
*p*

*cres.*

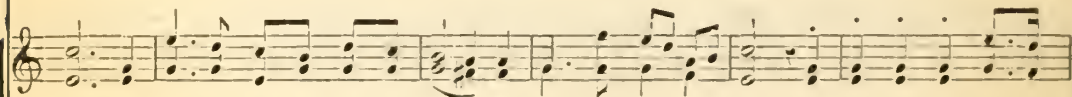
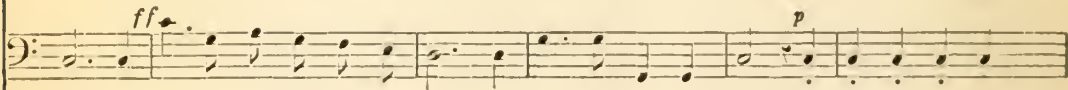




high ; They sing the praises of their King, As he as - cends the sky. If ye are ris - en



high ; They sing the praises of their King, As he as - cends the sky. If yo' are ris - en



# ANOTHER BLESSED EASTER DAWNS. *Continued.*

149

*cres.*

then with him, With him, the God of love, Set your af - fec - tions not on earth, But

*cres.*

*cres.*

then with him, With him, the God of love, Set your af - fec - tions not on earth,

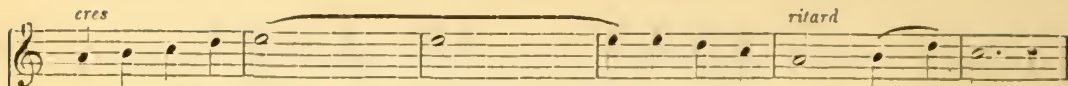
*cres.*

*cres.*

*cres.*

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The vocal line begins with a 'cres.' marking and contains the lyrics 'then with him, With him, the God of love, Set your af - fec - tions not on earth, But'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'then with him, With him, the God of love, Set your af - fec - tions not on earth,'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns, including some triplet figures in the right hand. The score is written in a single key and 2/4 time.

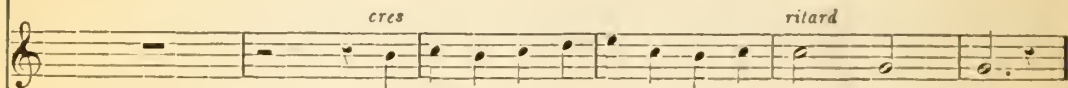




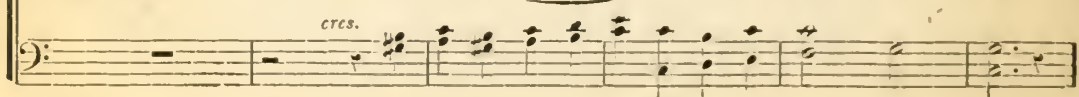
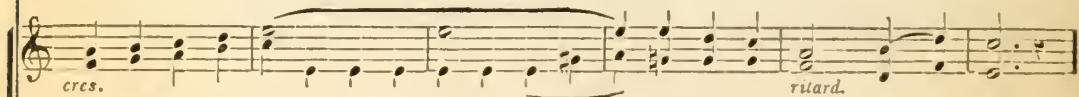
on the things a - bove,..... But on the things a - bove.



on the things a - bove, But on the things a - bove,..... But on the things a - bove.



But on the things a-bove, But on the things a - bove.



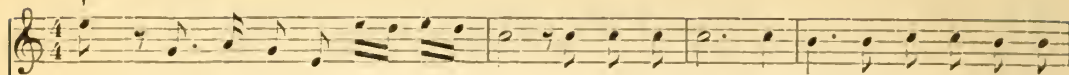
*Legato.* SOLO—SOPRANO OR TENOR.

O lift your hearts in thank - ful - ness, And let your songs a - rise, To

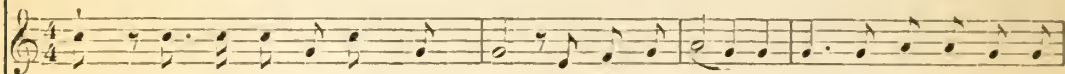
join the praise of men on earth With an - gels, an - gels in the skies.

ANOTHER BLESSED EASTER DAWNS. *Continued.**Allegro ma non troppo.*

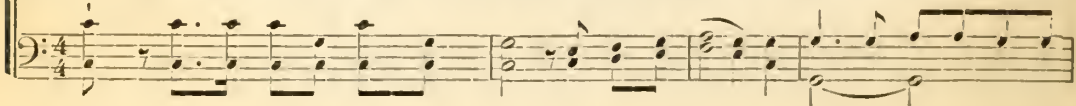
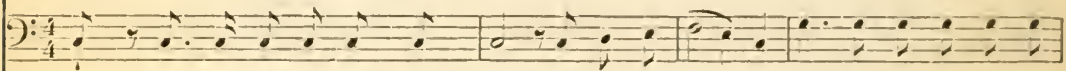
FULL CHORUS.



Hail! to the ris-en Sav-iour, hail! A joy-ful song we raise; A joy-ful song we



Hail! to the ris-en Sav-iour, hail! A joy-ful song we raise; A joy-ful song we



*Adagio—tremolo*

raise, And till in death..... our voi-ces fail,..... And till in

*Adagio—tremolo*

raise, And till in death our voi-ces fail,

*Adagio.*

The musical score is arranged in six staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The third staff is a vocal part without lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass line without lyrics. The fifth and sixth staves are piano accompaniment. The tempo/mood is marked 'Adagio—tremolo' for the first four staves and 'Adagio.' for the last two. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The sixth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'raise, And till in death..... our voi-ces fail,..... And till in', 'raise, And till in death our voi-ces fail,'. There are triplets in the first, second, and fifth staves. There are slurs in the first, second, and fifth staves. There are ties in the first, second, and fifth staves.

death,..... our voi - ces fail, We'll sing his

death, our voi-ces fail our voi - ces fail, We'll sing his

And till in death, and till in death our voi - ces fail,

And till in death,..... our voi - ces fail,



*ff* *dim* *p Andante.*

glorious praise, We'll sing his glo - rious praise, his glorious praise, And till in

*ff* *dim* *p Andante.*

*ff* *dim* *p Andante.*

We'll sing his glo - rious praise, his glorious praise,

*ff* *dim* *p Andante.*

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system contains the lyrics 'glorious praise, We'll sing his glo - rious praise, his glorious praise, And till in'. The second system contains the lyrics 'We'll sing his glo - rious praise, his glorious praise,'. The tempo and dynamics markings are *ff* (fortissimo), *dim* (diminuendo), and *p Andante.* (piano, Andante). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part features chords and moving lines that support the vocal melody.

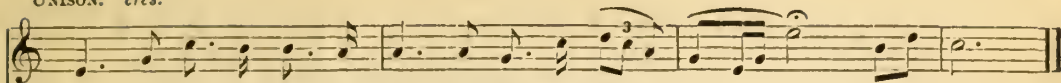
death ..... our voi - ces fail, We'll sing his glorious praise, And

And till in death our voi - ces fail, We'll sing his glorious praise, And

And till in death our voi - ces fail, We'll sing his glorious praise, And

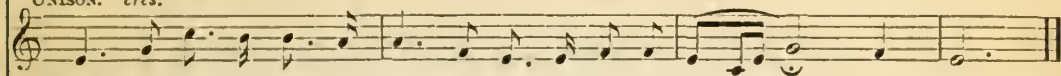
The musical score consists of five systems of staves. The first system has a single treble staff with a vocal line and lyrics. The second and third systems each have a single treble staff with a vocal line and lyrics. The fourth system has a single bass staff with a bass line. The fifth system has a grand staff with a treble staff and a bass staff, both with vocal lines. The music is written in a simple, accessible style with clear lyrics.

UNISON. *cres.*

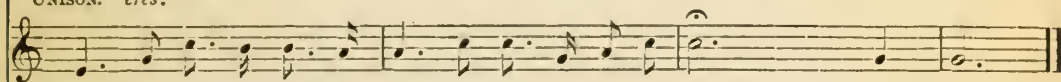


till in death our voi - ces fail, We'll sing, we'll sing his glo - - rious praise.

UNISON. *cres.*

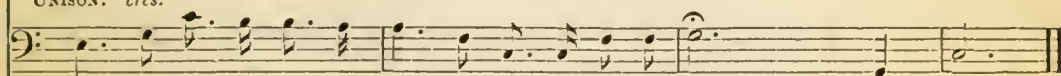


UNISON. *cres.*



till in death our voi - ces fail, We'll sing, we'll sing his glo - - rious praise.

UNISON. *cres.*



## REST FROM LABOR.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. From "The Tonart," by per. of F. J. HUNTINGTON &amp; Co. Music by W. H. PETTIBONE.

1. He has finished his work, and his jour-ney is o-ver, The war is ac-complished, the triumph be-run;  
 1352. He has finished his work, and his spir-it re-joic-ing, The voice of the King, in his beau-ty has heard.  
 3. He has finished his work; shall we mourn our be-lov'd one? Or weep, that his face we no lon-ger be-hold?

He laid down his ar-mor be-side the cold riv-er, And brilliant with stars is the crown he has won.  
 In ac-cents of music "Well done, faithful servant," Now en-ter thou in-to the joy of thy Lord.  
 Oh! sweet is our hope, in this mo-moment of angulsh, We'll meet him a-gain in the Cl-ty of Gold.

PERRONET.

## CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of  
 1362. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of  
 3. Ye Gen-tile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of

all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 all, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 all, Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.

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

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at His feet may fall!  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

# I N D E X.

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