

GOLDEN



SONGS.

FOR

Bible Schools and Social Worship.


BY ISAAH BALTZELL.

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GOLDEN SONGS:

FOR THE

Sabbath-School, Sanctuary, and Social Worship,

BY

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Author of "Choral Gems," "Camp-Meeting Singer," etc.

INCLUDING AN

ELEMENTARY AND PRACTICAL DEPARTMENT

OF THE

THEORY OF MUSIC,

By J. H. KURZENKNABE.

Containing an easy system of teaching the Elements of Music, simplifying its notation, and bringing within the comprehension of all who desire a knowledge of this science,—the art of reading music at sight.

DAYTON, OHIO:

PUBLISHED BY THE UNITED BROTHERS PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

1874.

P R E F A C E.

IN the preparation of these "GOLDEN SONGS," the author has constantly aimed to have each song illustrate or enforce some great Bible truth. Every piece of music found in this book can and will be sung in every Sunday-school where it is introduced. Not a single song has been put in merely to "fill up," but with the idea of adaptation and merit. This is our apology for the title, "GOLDEN SONGS."

An entirely new feature is introduced, which we believe will meet a want long felt among Sunday-school workers, *i. e.*, a complete and thorough course of Elements of Vocal Music, prepared by Prof. Kurzenknabe, one of the most successful teachers of the art of Reading Music at sight. These rudimental pages will appear shortly in a new Sunday-school singing book, to be called the "REWARD," by the author of these elements.

The blessing of God, the Father, has been constantly sought during the progress of this book; and it is now sent out as a candidate for the favor of the lovers of sacred song, with the earnest prayer that, under God, it may prove a real blessing to all who may sing its "GOLDEN SONGS" "with the spirit and the understanding also."

Our sincere thanks are due the numerous contributors to these pages, as well as to those authors who have kindly permitted the use of popular Sunday-school songs.

HARRISBURG, PA., *March*, 1874.

I. BALTZELL.

ELEMENTARY DEPARTMENT.

A simplified system of Musical Notation, being a Guide to the Art of Reading Music at Sight.

LESSON I.

Introduction.—A musical sound is called a *Tone*.

Distinctions.—On examination, it will be perceived that there are certain distinctions.

A tone may be	<i>Long or Short.</i>
It may be	<i>High or Low.</i>
It may be	<i>Soft or Loud.</i>

Property.—If this be so, then a tone must have three conditions of existence, or three properties belonging to it.

The one being	<i>Length.</i>
Another	<i>Pitch.</i>
A third	<i>Force or Power.</i>

No tone can exist without *Length*, nor without *Pitch*, nor without *Power*.

Departments.—These three properties, *Length*, *Pitch* and *Power*, lead us to three grand divisions, or departments in the Science of Music.

The one treating of Length,	<i>Rhythmics.</i>
“ “ “ “ Pitch,	<i>Melodics.</i>
“ “ “ “ Power,	<i>Dynamics.</i>

Rhythmics.—From the Greek, signifying “to flow,” measured movement.

Melodics.—From the same, meaning “a song, or poem,”—a tune.

Dynamics.—From the same, signifying “to be able,” Power, Expression.

Teacher and Pupil.

- Q. What is a musical sound called?
A. A tone.
- Q. What distinctions are perceived on examination of a tone?
A. It may be *Long or Short.*
“ “ “ *High or Low.*
“ “ “ *Soft or Loud.*
- Q. What essential properties belong to every tone?
A. Length, Pitch, Force or Power.
- Q. Can a tone exist without Length?
A. No.
- Q. Can it exist without Pitch?
A. No.
- Q. Can it exist without Power?
A. No.
- Q. How many departments have we in Music?
A. Three.
- Q. What are they?
A. *Rhythmics, Melodics, Dynamics.*
- Q. Which department treats of Length?
A. Rhythmics.
- Q. Which department treats of Pitch?
A. Melodics.
- Q. Which of Force or Power?
A. Dynamics.
- Q. From what language are the names of these departments taken?
A. From the Greek.

LESSON II.

RHYTHMICS.

Bars and Measures.—Certain perpendicular lines | | | | | are called Bars, and the space between the same is called Measure.

Any two bars || || || are called Double Bars.

Bars show us the boundary of a measure.

Double Bars are used at the close of an exercise.

Time.—Measures, and parts of the same, may be indicated,—to the ear, by counting,—to the eye, by certain movements of the hand, called Beats. (Beating time.)

Double Measure.—A measure having two beats, the one a downward, and the other an upward one, is called Double Measure,—a slight stress of voice, called Accent, falls on the downward beat.

(Beating time is usually done with the right hand.)

Triple Measure.—Has three beats; Down, Left, Up.

The accent falls on the down beat.

Quadruple Measure.—Has four beats; Down, Left, Right, Up.

The main accent belongs to the first, and a slight accent to the third beat.

Sextuple Measure.—Has six beats, it is, however, usually kept by only two,—Down, Up, calculating three to each beat. Accent on first and fourth.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What are certain perpendicular lines in music called? A. Bars.

Q. The space between them?

A. Measures.

Q. What the two bars together?

A. Double Bars.

Q. How are Measures or parts of the same indicated to the eye?

A. By certain movements of the hand, called Beats.

Q. How many beats has Double Measure?

A. Two.

Q. How are they made?

A. Down, Up.

Q. Which beat must receive the accent?

A. The down beat.

Q. How many beats in Triple Measure.

A. Three.

Q. How are they made?

A. Down, Left, Up.

Q. Where does the accent belong?

A. To the down beat.

Q. How many beats in Quadruple Measure?

A. Four.

Q. How are they made?

A. Down, Left, Right, Up.

Q. Where do the accents belong?

A. The main accent on the first, as light one on the third.

Q. How many beats are usually given to Sextuple Measure?

A. Two; Down, Up.

Q. Where does the accent belong?

A. To both beats.


LESSON III.

RHYTHMICS.


Notes.—Characters, indicating a certain length, that a tone should be held (or sounded), are called *Notes*.

Notes, then, represent the length of certain tones.

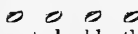
You could not tell by a note alone, how high or low, nor how soft or loud, to sound the same; we can only tell how long a certain tone should be sounded.


Notes having a closed head and stem  are called *Quarter Notes*.


They are usually given the time or duration of distinct counting, or to the beating of the pulse of a healthy person.

Notes with an open head and stem  are called *Half Notes*.

They are in value double the length of Quarter notes.

Notes with simply an open head  are called *Whole Notes*. They represent double the length of Half notes, or are four times as long as Quarters.

Notes having one hook  are called *Eighth Notes*. They represent one-half the value of Quarters.

Notes being distinguished by two hooks,  are called *Sixteenth Notes*.

They represent one-half the value of Eighth notes; it requires four of them to equal in time one Quarter.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What are the Characters called which represent the length of tones?

A. Notes.

Q. Can we tell by a note alone how high or low to sound a tone?

A. No.

Q. Can we tell by it alone how soft or loud to sound?

A. No.

Q. What then does a note alone indicate?

A. Length.

Q. How can you tell a Quarter note?

A. By a closed head and stem.

Q. What is the time usually given to a Quarter note?

A. The time of distinct counting.

Q. Does it make any difference if the stem is up or downward?

A. No.

Q. How can you tell a Half note?

A. By an open head and stem.

Q. How many Quarter notes in value are represented by a Half note?

A. A Half note is equal to two Quarters.

Q. How can you tell a Whole note?

A. By an open head.

Q. How many Half notes are represented here?

A. Two.

Q. How many Quarters?

A. Four.

Q. How do we know Eighth notes?

A. They are distinguished by one hook.

Q. How many belong to the time of a Quarter?

A. Two.



Q. How can we tell Sixteenth notes?





A. By two hooks.



Notes with three hooks attached  are called *Thirty-second Notes*.

They are one-half the value of Sixteenths, one-fourth of one Eighth note; it requires the time of eight of them to one Quarter note.

Sixty-fourth notes are not generally used in vocal music, they have four hooks.

Any of the foregoing notes may be prolonged to one-half of their value by adding a dot, thus:  equals .

A second dot adds one-half of the value of the first, thus:  equals , or  equals .

 When the figure 3 occurs above or under any three notes  they are called *Triplets*,

these three notes represent the time of only two, or are to be sounded to the same time it would require for only two of those notes. They generally occur to words like *merrily, cheerily, etc.*

LESSON IV.

RHYTHMICS.

Rests.—Characters representing a certain length of Silence are called *Rests*.

The following Rests represent the same time or duration of silence as the corresponding notes do of tones.

Teacher and Pupil

Q. How Thirty-seconds?

A. By three hooks.

Q. What is the use of a Dot, when it follows immediately after a note?

A. It adds one-half to its value.

Q. How many Quarters equal a dotted Half note.

A. Three.

Q. How many Eighths a dotted Quarter?

A. Three.

Q. What is the use of a second dot.

A. It adds one-half to the value of the first dot.

Q. What are three notes together, with the figure three above or below the same called?


A. Triplets.

Q. How is the value of these notes as regarding time affected?

A. They represent the time of only two of the same notes.

Q. To what words do Triplets usually occur?

A. Merrily, cheerily, etc.


Sometimes Triplets may be represented by only two notes, thus:  here we have, however, three eighths, as well as in the example. The figure 3 effects the value of the notes, making them triplets.


Q. What are the characters standing for silence called?

A. Rests.

Q. How is the time of rests kept in comparison to the corresponding notes?





A. It is the same.






A character under the line,  called a *Whole Rest*.

A character above the line,  is called a *Half Rest*.

Turned to the right,    *Quarter Rest*.

Turned to the left,     *Eighth Rest*.

Two hooks,     *Sixteenth Rest*.

Three hooks,      *Thirty-second Rest*.

A peculiar feature of the whole rest is, that it not only represents the equal of two halves or four quarters, but it also represents a whole measure rest, no matter what kind of time is given.

By Rests, as well as by Notes, the time ought to be kept prompt; no sluggish movement can be allowed in music; give full value to every Note and Rest, but no more.

LESSON V.

RHYTHMICS.

Varieties of Measure.—Measures are indicated by the use of figures in the form of fractions.

The upper figure represents the number of Beats, or what kind of measures we have, the lower figure represents the variety of measure, the kind of Notes, or the equal of which is required to each Beat.

There is no difference to the ear, as regards variety of measure, the difference is only seemingly so to the eye.

Teacher and Pupil.

- Q. How can you tell a Whole rest?
 A. It is under the line.
- Q. How a Half rest?
 A. It is above the line.
- Q. How a Quarter?
 A. Turned to the right.
- Q. How an Eighth?
 A. Turned to the Left.
- Q. How can we tell a Sixteenth rest?
 A. It is known by two hooks.
- Q. How a Thirty-second?
 A. By three hooks.
- Q. What peculiar use do we have by a Whole rest?
 A. It represents also a Measure rest.
- Q. Does it not make a difference what kind of time or measure is given? A. No.
- Q. Ought we to allow any sluggish movement by either notes or rests? A. No.
- Q. How should the movement be?
 A. Prompt?
- Q. Must full value be given to Notes and Rests?
 A. Yes.
- Q. How is Measure or Time indicated?
 A. By the use of figures.
- Q. What form do these figures assume?
 A. The form of fractions.
- Q. Which figure tells the kind of measure?
 A. The upper.
- Q. Which the variety?
 A. The lower.
- Q. Is there any difference as regards varieties of measure?
 A. No. The difference is only seemingly so to the eye, there is none to the ear.

Tabular view of varieties of measure.

$\frac{2}{2}$	$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{4}{2}$	$\frac{6}{4}$
$\frac{2}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{4}{4}$	$\frac{6}{8}$
$\frac{2}{8}$	$\frac{3}{8}$	$\frac{4}{8}$	$\frac{9}{8}$

Suppose a certain Tune should be written in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, and then again in $\frac{2}{8}$, the first will not be sung slower than the latter would be, it makes no difference as to time, whether a beat must be made to each Quarter or Eighth, the lower figure simply says, that an Eighth note, or that a Quarter is required to each beat.

You would sing a hymn as fast in one as the other, the movement is the same.

LESSON VI.

MELODICS.

The Scale.—When we consider Tones in regard to their relative pitch, higher or lower, or better to say, in a certain series, ascending, and descending in regular order, we form the *Diatonic Scale*.

The scale consists of the number of eight tones in regular succession, named from the lower upward, thus: *one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight*; the eight, would, however, become one again in a next higher ascending scale.

Intervals.—The difference of pitch between any of the tones of the Scale is called an *Interval*.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. Would a tune be sung just as fast, or the movement be the same whether $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{2}{8}$ measure?

A. Yes.

Q. How can we then tell whether to sing faster or slower in certain parts of a tune.

A. There are generally certain signs and expressions, as well as the style of the movement provided for.

However, the words must be consulted (if in vocal music), what kind of movement will bring out the truest expression.

Q. What department have we so far been studying?

A. Rhythmics.

Q. How do you know.

A. The subject is Length.

Q. What is a certain series of tones ascending or descending in regular progression called?

A. The Diatonic scale.

Q. Of how many tones does this scale consist?

A. Of eight.

Q. How are they named?

A. From the lower upward; one, two, etc.

Q. What peculiarity is noticed by the eight?

A. It becomes one again of a next higher ascending scale.

Q. What is the difference between any two tones of the Scale called?

A. An Interval.

Q. Are these Intervals all alike?

A. No, some are longer, others smaller.

Steps and Half-steps.—There are two kinds of Intervals, larger and smaller, in the regular progression of the Diatonic Scale, the larger ones are called *Steps*, the smaller, *Half-steps*.

The first half-step is found between the tones three and four; the second, between seven and eight; the other five Intervals are *Steps*.

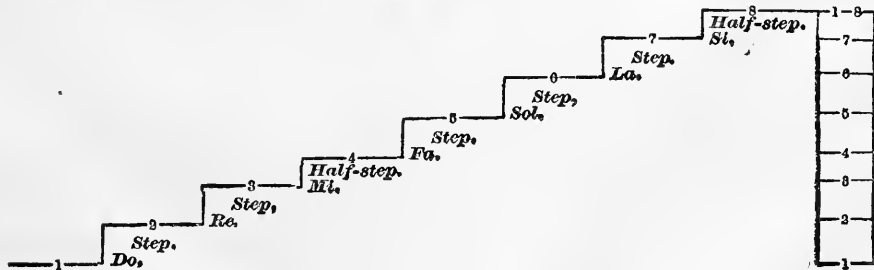
The Diatonic Scale then represents seven Intervals, five of them being steps, two of them half-steps.

Teacher and Pupil.

- Q. What are the large ones called? A. Steps.
 Q. The smaller are said to be what? A. Half-steps.
 Q. How many Steps and Half-steps have we in the Diatonic scale? A. Five steps and two half-steps.
 Q. How many intervals altogether? A. Seven.
 Q. Where do you find the Half-steps?
 A. Between three and four, seven and eight.
 Q. Where the steps?
 A. Between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, six and seven.
 Q. What is the Diatonic scale sometimes called?
 A. A musical ladder.

MUSICAL LADDER FORMING THE TONES OF THE DIATONIC SCALE.

Ascending Scale.



LESSON VII

MELODICS.

Syllables.—As an aid to all who wish to learn to read music, especially in classes, the following syllables are used in connection with the tones of the Diatonic scale. (Be it, however, clearly understood, that these syllables are not the names of these tones, but are only used to name the relative pitch of the tones in any Scale, in order to simplify the reading of Music.)'

SYLLABLES.

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

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

These are Italian syllables, and are pronounced,—

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

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 1, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.
Ascending Scale. Descending Scale.

SYLLABLES OF THE SCALE

We have now the Scale represented,

1st. By the names of the tones of the same, thus: *one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.*

2d. By the syllables.

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

NOTE.—The idea presented to the pupil by the introduction of the syllables is, the association of the tones of the Scale with the syllables becomes so intimate with the Pitch, as to call the same instantly to mind.

Teacher and Pupil

Q. What are the syllables called which are used in vocal music to aid the pupil in reading the same?

A. Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

Q. Are they the names of tones?

A. No.

Q. What do they represent, or name?

A. The relative Pitch of the tones of the Scale.

Q. From what language are they taken?

A. From the Italian.

Q. Which is the first? A. Do. Q. Which is the second? A. Re. Q. Which are alike in name?

A. The first and eight.

Sing the tones of the Scale, using the syllables, (taking care to pronounce the same correctly, not saying Sal for Sol, etc.; articulate distinctly so every tone is separate.)

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

Also the following by syllables.

Do, Re.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Do, Mi.

1, 3, 2, 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 1.

1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 4, 1, 2, 1, 4, 1, 3, 4, 3, 2, 1.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 4, 5, 3, 5, 2, 5, 1, 5, 3, 1.

1, 3, 5, 6, 1, 6, 5, 6, 4, 6, 3, 6, 2, 6, 1.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 1, 7, 2, 7, 3, 7, 4, 7, 5, 7, 6, 7, 8.

1, 3, 5, 8, 5, 3, 1, 2, 3, 1, 3, 4, 1, 4, 5, 1, 5, 8.

1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 6, 5, 7, 6, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

1, 4, 6, 8, 6, 4, 1, 3, 6, 8, 6, 3, 1.

Q. What is the correct and distinct sounding of each tone of the Scale called?

A. Good articulation.

LESSON VIII.

MELODICS.

Staff.—There being eight tones, each differing in pitch from the other, we must have something to represent this difference; and for this purpose, we have five parallel lines with the four intervening spaces, called the *Staff*.

Degrees.—Each line, and every space, is called a *Degree*; thus we have nine degrees on the staff, five of them being lines, and four, spaces.

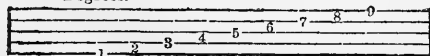
They count from the lower one upward; thus the first line is the first degree, the first space is the second, etc.

Added Lines and Spaces.—There are often small lines added above or below the staff, and between the same are caused the added spaces.

(Remember that the *Staff* is complete with its five lines and four spaces.)

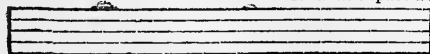
THE STAFF COMPLETE.

Degrees.



THE STAFF WITH ADDED LINES AND SPACES.

—2d ditto.
 —1st added line above.
 —1st added space above.



—1st added space below.
 —1st added line below.
 —2d ditto.

Teacher and Pupil.

- Q. What are the five lines and four spaces called?
 A. The Staff.
- Q. How many degrees does the Staff consist of?
 A. Nine.
- Q. How many of them are lines?
 A. Five.
- Q. How many spaces?
 A. Four.
- Q. What does the Staff represent?
 A. The difference of Pitch.
- Q. Do the small lines and spaces above or below the staff belong to it, or are they added?
 A. They are added.
- Q. What other name than the first line could you give for the same?
 A. First degree.
- Q. For the first space?
 A. Second degree.
- Q. Is the staff of a Rhythmic or a Melodic character?
 A. Melodic.
- Q. Why?
 A. It represents Pitch.
- Q. Is the representation of the Staff here given, with its added lines or spaces complete, as regards the compass usually comprised in vocal music?
 A. Yes, it is.
- Q. Is the lower line always the first?
 A. Yes.




The above represents the Staff, with added lines and spaces, on which all vocal music is written.



LESSON IX.


MELODICS.

Clefs.—As there is a marked difference between the adult male and female voice, and in order to give each class of voices their separate staff, we will introduce characters representing its appropriate class.

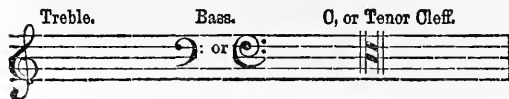
These characters, so to say, give us the Key to the voices to be represented, they are called *Clefs*.

The Treble Clef  represents the staff suited in pitch to female and childrens' voices.

The Bass Clef  or  represents the staff suited in pitch to the adult male voice.

For the purpose of simplifying the reading of music for the higher male voices, a separate clef is sometimes given, called the C Clef,  or Tenor.

The Staff with the different clefs.



Teacher and Pupil.

Q. Which other line beside 1 and 5 is easily distinguished?

A. The 3d, it being in the centre.

Q. What are the characters called which indicate the class of voices represented by the staff?

A. Clefs.

Q. Which Clef represents female voices?

A. The Treble.

Q. Which the adult male?

A. The Bass.

Q. Which class of male voices is represented by the C, or Tenor clef?

A. The higher males voices.

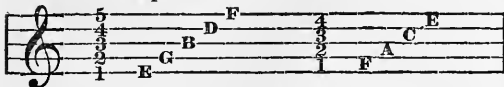
Q. By what is the Pitch of the staff named in either clef?

A. By the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, etc.

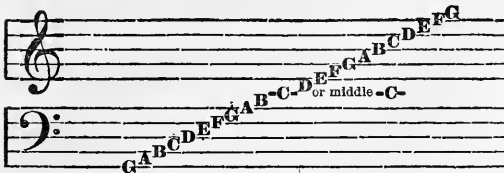
Q. Does the Pitch, or the letters representing the same ever change, or are they always the same?

A. They never change the pitch of their natural degrees.

The different Pitches are named by the first seven letters of the alphabet.

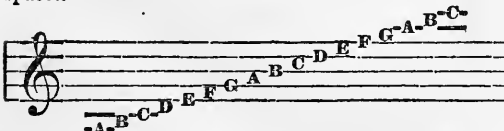


The compass of the human voice represented in both clefs.

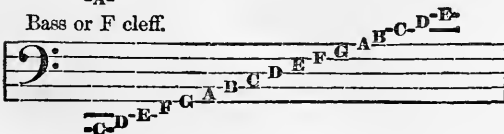


NOTE.—As a Guide to the letters on the lines of the Treble staff, Every, Good, Boy, Does, Finely.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

The Treble clef on the staff, with added lines and spaces.



Bass or F clef.



Teacher and Pupls.

Q. What is the first line of the staff in the Treble clef called?

A. E; 2d line, G; 3d, B; 4th, D; 5th, F.

Q. What five words would form a Guide?

A. Every, Good, Boy, Does, Finely.

Q. What word do the four spaces spell?

A. F, A, C, E,—Face.

Q. The Treble clef winds around which line?

A. The second.

Q. What is its name?

A. G.

Q. What is this Clef sometimes called?

A. The G clef.

Q. What other name has the middle line between the Bass and Treble clef?

A. Middle C.

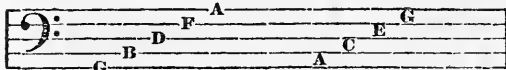
Q. What is the Letter or Pitch name for the first line of the Bass clef?

A. G; 2d, B; 3d, D; 4th, F; 5th, A.

The Tenor or C cleff usually represents the same letters as the Treble cleff, only the Pitch is eight tones, or an octave lower, being for male voices.

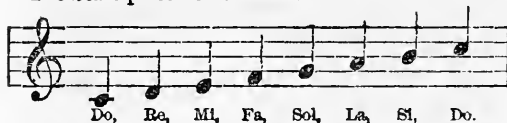
Guide to the letters of the lines in Bass cleff.

Good, Boys, Do, Finely, Always.



Guide to the spaces. All, Cases, Easy, Gained.

The Scale placed on the staff



It will be noticed that one and eight are the most important tones of the Scale; indeed, the same would not seem finished by omitting this tone, it is called the Key-note.

LESSON X.

MELODICS.

The Staff and Model Scale.—The scale will always take its name from the Letter or Pitch upon which it

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What is the Guide?

A. Good, Boys, Do, Finely, Always.

Q. What is the name of the first space?

A. A; 2d, C; 3d, E; 4th, G.

Q. What Guide have you?

A. All, Cases, Easy, Gained.

Q. What letters are usually represented by the Tenor cleff?

A. The same as the Treble.

Q. How much difference is in the Pitch between the two cleffs?

A. Eight tones, or an octave.

Q. How many Octaves are comprised in the Compass for the human voice?

A. Three octaves.

Q. Which seems to be the most important tone of the Diatonic scale?

A. The first or eight.

Q. By what peculiar name is this first or eighth tone known?

A. It is called the Key-note.

Q. Why?

A. Because it is the foundation of our Scale as well as the end of the same. It forms our Base of construction, or better, the key to the Structure.

Q. What kind of Pitch do letters represent.

A. Absolute Pitch.

Q. How are Scales upon a Staff named, or what gives them their name?

A. The letter upon which they are founded.

Q. What would a Scale be called when founded upon the letter C?

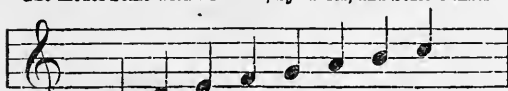
A. The Scale of C, or the Model scale.

is founded, thus, when a Scale is founded on the Letter or Pitch of C, it is called the Scale of C.

(It is often known by the Natural scale though it is no more so, than any other.)

We will call it the Model scale.

The Model Scale with its Pitch, Syllables, and Scale Names.



Pitch.	C,	D,	E,	F,	G,	A,	B,	C.
Syllables.	Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.
Scale names.	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8, or 1.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What is this Scale sometimes called?

A. The Natural scale.

Q. Is this scale more natural than any other?

A. No.

Q. What is the Pitch of our Key-note?

A. The Pitch is C.

Q. Is there any difference between saying Scale, or Key?

A. A scale requires the tones to follow in regular succession upward or downward, while in a Key, tones may be placed to any position of the staff, and still belong to the key.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES IN SEPARATE STAFFS.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

The four parts are here presented with their usual compass, each extending to about an octave and a half, and each upon their separate staff.

Music is also written with the four parts upon only two staves, when the Bass and Tenor take the lower, and the Alto and Soprano the upper staff.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. How can we tell, if a piece of music is written in the Key of C. A. Because there are no characters, or any signs placed on the staff to change it from the Model scale; the half step is not changed.

Q. Must the half step then always be retained between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8 of the Diatonic scale.

A. Yes, it must.

THE FOUR PARTS WRITTEN ON TWO STAFFS.

The image shows a musical score for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The music is written on two staves. The top staff contains the Soprano and Alto parts, and the bottom staff contains the Tenor and Bass parts. The music is in 2/4 time and C major. A brace on the left side of the staves indicates that all four parts are to be played simultaneously. The Soprano part starts on G4, the Alto on E4, the Tenor on G3, and the Bass on E3. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a final cadence.

A brace shows us how many staves are to be used at the same time; it connects the staves which are required for the different parts.

In an exercise like the foregoing, it may be asked, how do we know what the several Notes are called? for while all four parts show the Letters plainly, how can we read by the syllables? The first question, have we the Key of C? is answered. One, then falls on the letter C, like in Bass and Alto. By counting from C upward, the pupil will find that the Tenor note, G, is the fifth from C, in the Bass; that the Soprano is E, the third from C, in the Alto; consequently, we must have the fifth tone, or Sol, in the tenor, and the third tone, or Mi, in the Soprano.

Q. How many parts have we usually in music?

A. Four.

Q. How do we obtain four parts, when we have only two class of voices, male and female.

A. Each class is divided into higher and lower voices.

Q. What are the lower male voices called? A. Bass.

Q. The higher? A. Tenor.

Q. What the lower female voices? A. Alto.

Q. The higher? A. Soprano.

Q. About how far does the compass of each voice extend? A. One octave and a half.

Q. How do the voices range in pitch?

A. The lower are Bass, the next Tenor, next Alto, and the highest, Soprano.

Remember, that the Key-note is always One of the scale.

Should a piece of music commence with either three or five, you can readily determine the same by counting from the Key-note upward; *one, two, etc.*, or if downward, *eight, seven, etc.*

LESSON XL

MELODICS.

Transposition.—The pupil will no doubt, by the foregoing lesson, feel interested to know how to tell when the Key-note falls on any other letter than C, and why the change.

It has been noticed, that the half step in the Diatonic scale must come between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8; this will leave the half steps on the staff between the letters E and F, and B and C.

But if a character like this (♯), called a Sharp, be placed upon the degree F, the effect of which will be to cause that letter to be raised or sharpened to the amount of a half step, and would consequently bring the pitch of F♯ a whole step distant from degree E; this would disarrange the Diatonic scale in leaving a Step instead of a Half-step between three and four of the scale; therefore we must find a new resting place for the Key-note, so as to retain the half-step in the scale.

The quickest way to find the new position for the Key-note is, that the last sharp placed on the staff represents the seventh tone of the New scale, and the next degree above is the Key.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What use is the Brace? A. It shows how many staves are to be used to carry the parts.

Q. Is One or Do always the same as the Key-note?

A. We will say yes; for the present let it be so understood.

Q. How would we proceed, suppose an exercise does not commence with the Key-note? A. Count the degrees from the key upward, if above; downward, if below it; whatever number of the degree the note is placed on gives the corresponding number of Scale tone.

Q. Is the Key-note always placed on C? A. No.

Q. What other letter may it be placed on?

A. Either of the seven.

Q. What causes the removal?

A. Characters called Sharps, Flats, etc.

Q. What position do these characters assume when changing our Key-note? A. The position of Key-sign; or, better called, Signature.

Q. What is said to take place? A. Transposition.

Q. Why do Signatures change the Key?

A. The effect of them on the degrees of the staff is to change the order of Intervals from the Model scale.

Q. What effect has the Signature of one sharp on the fifth line?

A. It raises the same in pitch a half-step.

Q. Does it effect any other degree?

A. Yes, the first space.

Q. Why? A. Because it is the same letter as the fifth line.

Q. Do Signatures then effect the letters upon which they are placed, wherever they may be found?

A. Ycs.

TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS.



Here the degree F is effected by the sharp placed upon it, which becomes the Signature.

Tone seven is represented by the last sharp, consequently 8, or the Key-note, stands next above on the letter G; or, counting downward, we find 1 on the second line, G; either way of counting is correct.

One sharp, then, is the key of G. The pupil will find the first half-step between B and C, and the second between F# and G.

Key of D.	Key of A.	Key of E.	Key of B.	Key of F#.
Two Sharps, Do on D.	Three Sharps, Do on A.	Four Sharps, Do on E.	Five Sharps, Do on B.	Six Sharps. Do on F#.

Thus it will be found in all transpositions by sharps, the last, or the right hand sharp, represents always degree seven of the New scale.

The pupil will remember that tone one, or eight, is the Key-note, consequently we count the syllables Do from that position.

Do, one, or eight, is all the same thing in the scale.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. Must the half-step be between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, in the new key or scale, as well as in the model one? A. It dare never be changed in any scale.

Q. Can you give me any guide by which to detect instantly the new position for the Key-note?

A. The quickest way to detect it is, the last sharp is always degree seven of the new scale; that is, the line or space, or the letter upon which it stands is the pitch seven of the Diatonic scale. Again, the degree above the last sharp is the Key-note.

Q. What is the name of the Key by the signature of one sharp? A. Key of G.

Q. What is, then, the Signature to the Key of G?

A. One sharp; two sharps is the key of D; three sharps, A; four sharps, E; five sharps, B; six, F#

Q. Why F#? A. Because the degree F is effected by the signature, a half-step.

Q. What is the signature to the key of D?

A. Two sharps. Q. The key of A? A. Three sharps. Q. E? A. Four sharps. Q. B? A. Five sharps. Q. F#? A. Six sharps.

Q. Do these signatures always remain on the degrees where they are placed, or may we place them to any other degree? A. They have their fixed position, and dare not be changed.

LESSON XII.

MELODICS.

Transposition by Flats.—A character used to lower or flatten a Degree, a half-step is called a Flat *b*.

If a flat be placed on the third line of the staff, it would lower that Degree to the amount of a half-step; consequently it would leave a whole step between the Pitch of the third line, or *Bb*, to *C*, and would also disarrange the order of steps and half-steps of the Model scale. Therefore, we must, like by the sharps, find a new home for the Key-note.

The last flat always represents the fourth tone of the new scale.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What effect has a flat when placed upon any degree of the staff?

A. It lowers or flattens the same one half-step.

Q. Have they the same effect on the degree of the staff, when placed as signatures as the sharps?

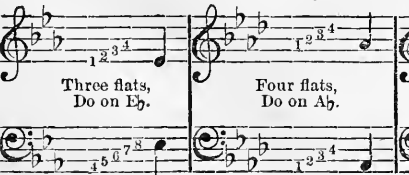
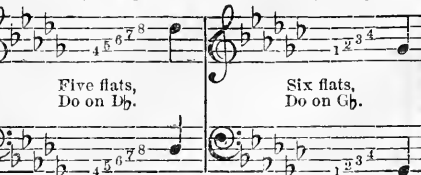
A. The same rule applies to flats, as by transposition of sharps, only flats lower the degrees, while sharps raise them.

Q. Does the effect of Signatures apply to each staff, or until it is removed by another?

A. Till removed by another signature; thus, a key may change within any staff by placing another signature, or recalling the one we have.

Q. What is the guide for the signatures of flats?

A. The last flat represents degree four, or tone four, of the new scale.

<p>Key of F.</p>  <p>One flat, Key of F.</p>	<p>Do on F.</p>  <p>Two flats, <i>Bb</i>.</p>	<p>Key of <i>Bb</i>.</p>  <p>Three flats, Do on <i>Bb</i>.</p>	<p>Key of <i>Ab</i>.</p>  <p>Four flats, Do on <i>Ab</i>.</p>	<p>Key of <i>Dbb</i>.</p>  <p>Five flats, Do on <i>Dbb</i>.</p>	<p>Key of <i>Gbb</i>.</p>  <p>Six flats, Do on <i>Gbb</i>.</p>
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It will be noticed that another Guide in flats is, that the one previous to the last shows the Key-note, or where one or Do comes.

GUIDE FOR FLATS.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Four, Boys, Eat, Apple, Dumplings, Greedily.

GUIDE FOR SHARPS.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
Go, Down, And, Eat, Breakfast, First.

LESSON XIII.

MELODICS.

Intervals.—The distance from any one tone of the Scale to any other, is called an *Interval*; the Interval from one to two, or two to three, etc., is called a *Second*.

The Interval from any one to its third higher, is called a *Third*; to its fourth higher, a *Fourth*; to its fifth higher, a *Fifth*; to its sixth higher, a *Sixth*; to its seventh higher, a *Seventh*; to its eighth higher, an *Octave*.

Intervals always reckon upward, unless otherwise specified. Two tones of the same pitch are said to be in Unison.

Major and Minor Intervals.—A Second consisting of a half-step, like from Mi to Fa, is a Minor second.

A Second of a Step, like Do to Re, is a Major second.

A Third consisting of a Step and Half-step, is called a Minor third.

A Third consisting of two Steps, is called a Major third.

A Fourth consisting of two Steps and Half-step, is called a Perfect fourth.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. Are there any other Guide?

A. The one previous to the last flat, is the Key.

One flat is the Key of F; Two flats, Bb; Three, Eb; Four, Ab; Five, Db; Six, Gb. Q. What is the signature to the Key of F? A. One flat. Q. To the Key of Bb? A. Two flats. Q. Eb? A. Three flats. Q. Ab? A. Four flats. Q. Db? A. Five flats. Q. Gb? A. Six flats.

Q. What is the Key Guide to flats?

A. Four, Boys, Eat, Apple, Dumplings, Greedily.

Q. What is the Key Guide to sharps?

A. Go, Down, And, Eat, Breakfast, First.

Q. What is the difference between any two tones of the Scale called? A. Interval.

Q. What is a Second? A. The Interval from any tone to its next higher.

A. What is a third? A. The Interval from a tone to its third?

Q. What is a Fourth? A. The Interval from a tone to its fourth.

Q. What is a Fifth? A. The Interval from a tone to its fifth.

Q. What is a Sixth? A. The Interval from a tone to its sixth.

Q. What is a Seventh? A. The Interval from a tone to its seventh?

Q. What is an Octave? A. The Interval from a tone to its eighth. Intervals reckon upward, unless otherwise specified.

Q. Are these Intervals, seconds, thirds, etc., all alike, or is there a difference?

A. They are not alike; some are larger, others smaller?

A Fourth consisting of three Steps, is called a Sharp fourth.

A Fifth consisting of two Steps and two Half-steps, is called a Flat fifth.

A Fifth consisting of three Steps and one Half-step, is called a Perfect fifth.

A Sixth consisting of three Steps and two Half-steps, is called a Minor sixth.

A Sixth consisting of four Steps and one Half-step, is called a Major sixth.

A Seventh consisting of four Steps and two Half-steps, is called a Flat seventh.

A Seventh consisting of five Steps and one Half-step, is called a Sharp seventh.

An Octave consists of five Steps and two Half-steps.

There are other Intervals, but as they are not generally studied, unless the science of harmony is the subject of study, (where special works are needed) they are here omitted.

LESSON XIV.

MELODICS.

Intermediate Tones and Chromatic Scale.—Between any of the tones of the Scale where the Interval is a step, a new tone, called *Intermediate* (Intervening), may be formed; this is done by the use of sharps ♯ and flats ♭, and in certain keys, by the use of a character called a natural ♮, which, as its name implies, will leave a degree natural.

Thus, we may have five Intermediate tones, as there are five Intervals of a Step each, in the Diatonic scale.

Accidentals.—These sharps, flats, etc., when forming Intermediate tones, are called *Accidentals*. The

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What kind of a second from E to F?

A. A smaller or Minor second.

Q. What kind from C to D.

A. A larger or Major second.

Q. What kind of third is a Step and Half-step?

A. Minor? Q. What kind of third, two Steps?

A. Major. Q. What kind of fourth, two Steps and Half-step? A. Perfect. Q. What kind of fourth,

three Steps? A. Sharp. Q. What kind of fifth, two Steps and two half? A. Flat. Q. What kind of

fifth, three Steps and one half? A. Perfect. Q. What kind of sixth, three Steps and two half? A. Minor.

Q. What kind of sixth, four Steps and one half? A. Major. Q. What kind of seventh, four Steps and

two half? A. Flat. Q. What kind of seventh, five Steps and one half? A. Sharp. Q. What kind of In-

terval, five Steps and two half? A. Octave.

Q. Unison consists of what?

A. The same pitch.

Q. What are the tones called which may be formed between any tones of the Scale where the Interval is a step?

A. Intermediate.

Q. What effect has a sharp on a Degree?

A. It raises the degree a half step.

Q. What is the effect of a flat?

A. It lowers a half step.

Q. What effect has a natural?

A. It restores a degree to its natural pitch, or removes the effect of b or ♯.

Q. What are these characters called, when found within any measure of a tune?

A. Accidentals.

tones produced by the use of Accidentals are called *Intermediate*.

The effect of Accidentals continue through the measure. Should the pitch of the same degree pass to the next measure uninterrupted, it will effect the next measure also.

Chromatic Scale.—If you add the Intermediate tones in regular progression with the tones of the Diatonic scale, we form the Chromatic scale, which consists of twelve Intervals, each being a half step, thus:—

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
One. Sharp One. Two. Sharp Two. Three. Four.

7, 8, 9, 10, 11,
Sharp Four. Five. Sharp Five. Six. Sharp Six.

12, 13.
Seven. Eight.

Tones descending,—13, 12, 11,
Eight. Seven. Flat Seven.

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5,
Six. Flat Six. Five. Flat Five. Four. Three.

4, 3, 2, 1.
Flat Three. Two. Flat Two. One.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What are the tones produced by the use of Accidentals called? A. Intermediate tones.

Q. How long will the effect of Accidentals hold good? A. Within the measure.

Q. When will it pass beyond? A. When the pitch continues to the next measure uninterrupted.

Q. What new scale is formed by the Intermediate tones in connection with the tones of the Diatonic scale?

A. Chromatic scale.

Q. How many Intervals are found in the Chromatic scale? A. Twelve.

Q. How many are half-steps? A. All.

Q. What are the names of these tones?

A. One. Sharp One. Two. etc. Ascending by ♯, Eight. Seven. Flat Seven, etc., descending by b.

Q. How are the syllables, ascending?

A. Do, Dee, Re, Ree, Mi, Fa, Fee, Sol, See, La, Lee, Si, Do.

Q. Descending?

A. Do, Si, Say, La, Lay, Sol, Say, Fa, Mi, May, Re, Ray, Do.

Q. Name the letters in C Scale ascending?

A. C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F, F♯, G, G♯, A, A♯, B, C; descending; B, Bb, A, Ab, G, Gb, F, E, Eb, D, Db, C.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

Do, Ascending. Do, Descending. Do.

Do, Dee, Re, Ree, Mi, Fa, Fec, Sol, See, La, Lee, Si, Do, Si, Say, La, Lay, Sol, Say, Fa, Mi, May, Re, Ray, Do.

LESSON XV.

MELODICS.

Minor Scales.—There is still another Scale, consisting also of eight tones, but differing in the order of intervals from the Diatonic scale, which has already been explained. This new scale is called the Minor scale, (or Diatonic Minor scale.)

The Minor scale will be found to be especially suited to any plaintive expression, or sympathetic emotion, while the former Diatonic scale, which we will call the Major scale, seems to be suited more especially to any joyous, cheerful, etc., expression.

There are three forms of the Minor scale used in music.

The Natural Minor, said to be so because it retains all the tones of the Diatonic scale, commencing with La, as tone one; Si, tone two, etc.

La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be noticed this brings the half step between tones 2 and 3, and 5 and 6, La is the Key-note. (This scale is seldom used.)

The Melodic Minor introduces both sharp Six and sharp Seven, (that is, Fa and Sol are both taken away and in place Fee and See are used,) in ascending, while it descends natural,—

La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fee, See, La.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Si, La.
8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.

The Melodic Minor scale is sometimes called the Irregular form, because, with its ascending minor, it descends with the natural form.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What other Scale have we besides those already introduced? A. The Minor scale.

Q. How can a Minor generally be detected from a Major? A. By its plaintive, sympathetic expression.

Q. How can a Minor otherwise be detected?

A. Its distinguishing feature from the Major is its Minor third, Step and Half-step.

Q. How can you tell the Natural form?

A. It retains all the tones of the Diatonic scale.

Q. What is the Key-note? A. La.

Q. How can you tell the Melodic form?

A. It introduces the sharp Sixth and Seventh ascending.

Q. How can you tell the Harmonic form?

A. It introduces the sharp Seventh.

Q. Is the Key-note always La in the Minor scales?

A. It is.

Q. Name the letters of the Model scale, Natural form? A. A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A.

Q. Model scale of Harmonic form?

A. A, B, C, D, E, F, G#, A.

Q. Of the Melodic form ascending?

A. A, B, C, D, E, F#, G#, A.

Q. Descending? A. A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A.

Q. Sing the syllables to the tones of the Harmonic form? A. La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, See, La.

Q. Is the Minor scale more difficult to sing than the Major?

A. They are generally looked upon as more difficult, on account of some of the Intervals not being used in the Diatonic scale. But mostly for want of practice.

Q. Is the harmony of Minor music good?

A. The harmony is grand.

The **Harmonic Minor** differs from both forms, by using the sharp Seven, both ascending and descending; its tones are,—

La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, See, La.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The half-steps are between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8. In the Interval between 6 and 7, will be found a step and half-step, while the other three Intervals are steps.

Every Major key has its relative Minor, and every Minor its relative Major key. The relative Minor is

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. Is Minor music more difficult to read than Major? A. Not particularly so.

Q. Would you prefer Minor music to Major for any solemn occasion? A. Most assuredly.

Q. Why? A. The sympathetic emotions of the heart are more quickly awakened by the strains of the Minor chords.

Q. Is it necessary that the sympathies and emotions of the heart should correspond with the expression or effect desired to be produced?

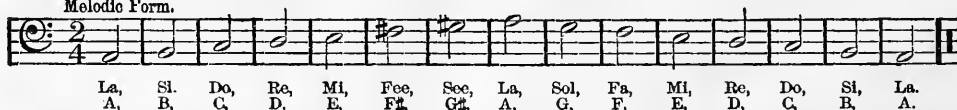
A. The heart must feel what the voice speaks.

MODEL MINOR SCALES.

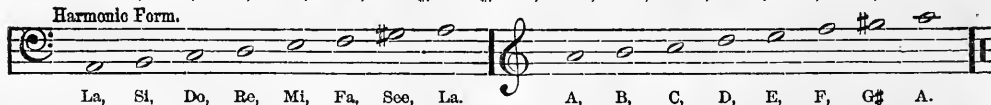
Natural Form.



Melodic Form.



Harmonic Form.



always three degrees lower than the Major; or if a Major commences on any line, the Minor is always a line lower; spaces the same. Or a Major is always a line or space higher than the Minor key.

Q. How can you detect quickest the relative Minor to any Major key? A. It is always the third degree of the staff below the Major. Q. If a Major key stands on the second line, where do you find the

Major Key-note.

Do.
La.

Minor Key-note.

Do.
La.

Do Major Key-note.
La Minor Key-note.

Teacher and Pupil.

Minor? *A.* On the first line, or if Major, stands on any space; Minor, space lower. *Q.* How can you detect quickest the Minor Key-note in sharps? *A.* It is found next degree below right-hand sharp. *Q.* How in flats? *A.* It is found on the line or the space above the one where the last or right-hand flat is found. *Q.* Name the keys of the Minor Model scale? *A.* A Minor, one sharp; E Minor, etc. *Q.* Name signature to F# Minor? *A.* Three sharps, etc.

SIGNATURES AND KEYS OF THE MINOR SCALES.

A. E. B. F# C# G# D#

Guide for sharps. The Minor key is always next below last sharp.


D. G. C. F. Bb. Eb.

Guide for flats. The Minor Key-note is always the space or line above the one where the last flat is placed.


LESSON XVI.


MISCELLANEOUS.

Repeat.—Dots placed across the staff, , or ,


or , called Repeat.

Endings.—*1st time.* *2d time.* called first and second ending. Omit the second ending, when singing or playing the first time; and in repeating, omit the first ending, and pass to the second.

Pause.—, to prolong beyond the usual time, to hold or dwell on the tone; when above a rest, prolong beyond its usual length.

Tie.—When two or more notes are on the same degree, and connected by a curve , they stand for one sound, prolonged to the time indicated by the notes.

Da Capo.—*D. C.*, means the beginning; or better, go to the beginning.

Dal Segno.—*D. S.* the sign, or go to the sign, .

Fine.—Finish or close, the end.

Syncopation.—Syncopate, when accenting any unaccented part of a measure and going to the accented part.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What is the meaning of dots placed across the staff?

A. To repeat a certain part.

Q. What is meant by 1st time, 2d time?

A. First and second ending.

Q. What shall we do?

A. First time omit second ending, in the repeat omit first ending.

Q. What is meant by a pause?

A. To prolong the time beyond that indicated by the note or rest over which it stands.

Q. What is the meaning of a tie?

A. Notes standing on the same degree, when connected by a tie, shall be held, as if the same where only one tone prolonged to the time indicated by the notes.

Q. What is the meaning of *D. C.*?

A. Da Capo.


Q. What shall we do?

A. Go to the beginning.

Q. What is the meaning of *D. S.*?

A. Dal Segno.

Q. What does it indicate?

A. Go to the sign .

Q. What is the meaning of the word Fine?

A. Finish or close.

Q. What is syncopation?

A. To accent a unaccented part of a measure, and pass to the accented part.

LESSON XVII.

DYNAMICS.

Form of Tones.—If it is true, as stated, that the heart must be in sympathy with the subject, and the expression and effect desired to be produced, there must be, especially by a company of performers, some certain signs, guides, or rules given by which all can be governed in regard to expression.

Mezzo.—A tone formed with medium power, the abbreviation is *m*; pronounced Met-zo.

Piano.—A tone softer than *mezzo*, rather a soft tone, abbreviation *p*; pronounced Pee-ah-no.


Pianissimo.—A very soft tone, abbreviation *pp*; pronounced Pee-ah-nis-si-mo.


Forte.—A tone louder than *mezzo*, rather a loud tone, abbreviation *f*; pronounced For-te.


Fortissimo.—A very loud tone, abbreviation *ff*, pronounced For-tis-si-mo.

Mezzo Piano.—Medium soft, *mp*.

Mezzo Forte.—Medium loud, *mf*.

Organ Form.—Commenced, continued, and ended with the same degree of power; it is also called *Organ Tone*, 

Crescendo, Cres., commence soft, increasing to loud; pronounced Cre-shen-do, sign, 

Diminuendo, Dim., commence loud, diminishing to soft; pronounced Dim-in-oo-en-do, sign, 

Swell.—Union of *Cres.* and *Dim.* 

Pressure Form.—Sudden *Cres.*, sign, <, or \diamond.

Sforzando.—Sudden *Dim.*, explosive sign, >, or *sf*,

sz.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What is the third department called?

A. Dynamics.

Q. What is meant by it? A. Musical expression; or all that which treats of force or power, giving life and soul to music.

Q. What is a tone called that is formed with medium power? A. *Mezzo*.

Q. What is the abbreviation? A. *m*.

Q. A soft tone? A. *Piano*.

Q. Abbreviation? A. *p*.

Q. A very soft tone? A. *Pianissimo*.

Q. Abbreviation? A. *pp*.

Q. A loud tone? A. *Forte*.

Q. Abbreviation? A. *f*.

Q. A very loud tone? A. *Fortissimo*.

Q. Abbreviation? A. *ff*.

Q. A medium soft tone? *Mezzo piano*.

Q. Abbreviation? A. *mp*.

Q. *Mezzo Forte* means what? A. Medium loud.

Q. What is the abbreviation? A. *mf*.

Q. What is an Organ Tone?

A. A tone commenced, continued, and ended with the same power.

Q. What is said of *Crescendo*?

A. Commencing soft and increasing to loud.

Q. What is *Diminuendo*?

A. Commencing loud and diminishing to soft.

Q. What of a *Swell*? A. Union of *Cres.* and *Dim.*


Q. Of a *Pressure Tone*? A. Sudden *crescendo*.


Q. Of *Sforzando*? A. Sudden *diminuendo*.

LESSON XVIII.


DYNAMICS.

Tones and Movement—Is an important musical expression for the teacher to dwell on to impress upon his pupils, if he be a faithful teacher.

Legato.—Closely connected, smooth, gliding style, , the same is often used for a tie, Le-gah-to.

Staccato.—Short, distinct, pointed, Stackah-to, sign, .

Portamento.—Graceful, instantaneous gliding, or anticipating the coming tone; blending of one tone with another.

Semi Staccato.—Medium between staccato and legato, .

Martellato.—In distinct marking tones, energetic, joyful style, nearly allied to *sforzando*, often indicated by the same character, >.

Movements.—The styles of movements in common use are,—*Moderato*, moderate; *Allegro*, fast; *Andante*, slow; *Adagio*, very slow; *Allegretto*, medium fast; *Andantino*, medium slow.

Con spirito.—Spirited, or with spirit.

Presto.—Very quick.

Ritardo.—Slower, or ritard.

A tempo.—Original, or previous time.

LESSON XIX.

DYNAMICS.

Vocal Delivery.—The voice should dwell upon the vowels only, and prolong carefully the required time. Pronunciation in singing should be controlled by the same rules that govern correct delivery in speech; no substitution can be allowed.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. What should a teacher particularly try to impress his pupils with?

A. Vocal delivery.

Q. What is meant by Legato?

A. A smooth, connected, gliding style.

Q. How shall this sign be used as a tie?

A. It will connect the same as if it were one tone or sound.

Q. What is the opposite of legato called; that is, a short, distinct, pointed style? A. Staccato.

Q. What is meant by Portamento?

A. A graceful blending of one tone into another.

Q. What is Semi staccato?

A. Medium between staccato and legato.

Q. What is Martellato?

A. A distinct, energetic, marking style.

Q. What is indicated by Movement?

A. The style or manner of singing or playing a piece of music.

Q. What does Moderato mean? A. Moderate.

Q. Allegro? A. Fast. Q. Andante? A. Slow.

Q. Adagio? A. Very slow. Q. Allegretto? A.

Medium fast. Q. Andantino? A. Medium slow.

Q. What does Con spirito mean? A. With spirit.

Q. What of Presto? A. Very quick.

Q. Ritardo, or Rit.? A. Slower.

Q. What means A tempo, or Tempo?

A. Preceding time or movement.

Q. What is meant by good pronunciation?

A. The correct and distinct sounding of the vowels, Tonic element.

Let the pronunciation be distinct, rich, and full; and let the heart speak through the lips, to give soul to the words and music.

Consonants should be uttered quickly, distinctly, and with great precision; avoid all indistinctness of them in the articulation of the words; yet there should be no harshness in uttering them. Be careful that you don't join them to the wrong word, like Snow-s ave, for Snows have; Rain-s ave, for Rains have poured; Signal-s till, for Signals still; A-notation, for An ocean; Lasts-till night, for Last still night; On neither, for on either, etc.

Careful and distinct articulation, pronunciation, and enunciation, are of the utmost importance.

Accent, Emphasis, Pause.—The pupil will remember that Accent, Emphasis, and Pause are some of the beauties of elocution. If the soul of poetry is to be brought forth, with the addition of musical expression, the spirit of the words must be preserved in connection with the laws of music, yet the latter must never be permitted to conflict or set aside the laws of elocution. Let the Speech and Song unite and give a liberal interpretation to both, to enable the Singer to grasp the spirit of both, making the emotional character of the poetry his own, surrender himself to his work, to produce living song, and so communicate with the sympathies and emotional feelings of his audience, that, both enraptured, shall experience a foretaste of the Grand Song, when all the Redeemed shall join in that land where song and praise shall be forever.

Teacher and Pupil.

Q. Must the voice dwell to the full value of the note required on the vowel sound? *A.* Yes.

Q. Can we not in a long tone dwell partly on the Consonant? *A.* Never.

Q. Should the Consonants be sounded? *A.* No.

Q. Must they be uttered quickly, distinctly, and with great precision? *A.* Always.

Sing the following; read it first:—

Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay;
Far too long thy winds have roared,
Snows have beat, and rains have poured;
Haste thee, winter, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.

Q. What is said of Accent, Emphasis, and Pause in regard to singing? *A.* The laws to which they are subject in reading should also be generally preserved in singing. *Q.* If poetry is to receive, in addition to its beauties, a musical expression, must it not be subject to its laws? *A.* Yes, unless they should come in conflict with the laws of elocution, which cannot be permitted.

Q. What would be the best course to pursue in that event? *A.* Give a liberal interpretation, uniting both Speech and Song, to enable the singer to grasp the spirit of both, but retaining the emotional character of the poetry always.

Q. How will poetry and music be most effectually united? *A.* By the performer making the poetry his own, pouring forth, not the words from his lips only, but speaking from his whole heart, with all the power and emotion surrendered to song; his audience will catch the spirit, and both soar aloft enraptured in a world of song.

PRACTICAL DEPARTMENT.

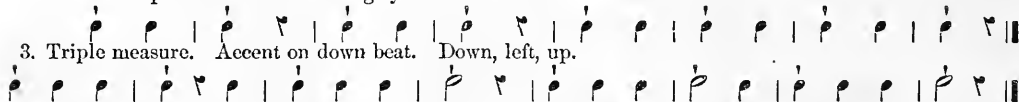
LESSON XX.

RHYTHMICS.

Measures.—Bars.—Rests.—Quarter Notes.—Half Notes.—Double Bars.—Accent.—Double Measure.—Beating Time.—

1. 

2. Down up. d. u. Sing syllable Do.

3. Triple measure. Accent on down beat. Down, left, up. 

4. Triple measure. Whole measure rest. Dotted half-note.



5. Quadruple measure. Whole-note. Accent down and right. Beats,—down, left, right, up.



6. Sextuple measure, six beats.

7. Same measure, two beats.



The following are the beats for Sextuple measure :— down, down, down, up, up, up.

down, up.
1, 2.

8. Eighth notes, four beats. Sing Do. Articulate distinctly.



9. Sextuple measure, two beats. Quarter and Eighth notes; Quarter rest.



10. Double measure. Quarter and eighth notes. Sing Do. Measure rest.

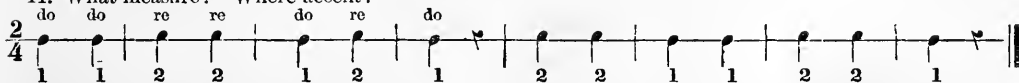


LESSON XXI.

MELODICS.

Time marks. (Figures). Tone one, or Do; two, Re. 1st line, 1st space. Degree 1 and 2.

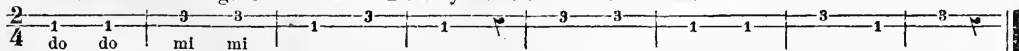
11. What measure? Where accent?



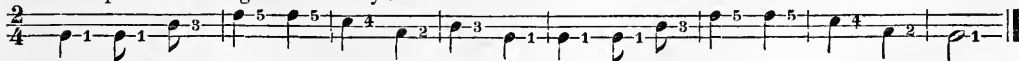
12. What tone and degree added? If tone one is on first line, where is two? where three?



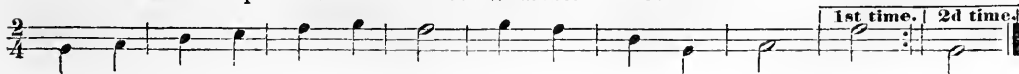
13. What do these figures indicate? Do they name the time? Pitch?



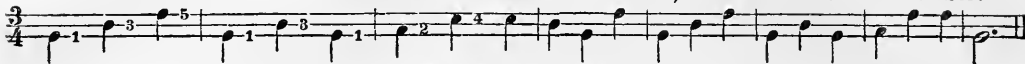
14. Would figures alone be sufficient in measures 1 and 5? Why not? Would notes give the time? Indicate the pitch? Are figures necessary?



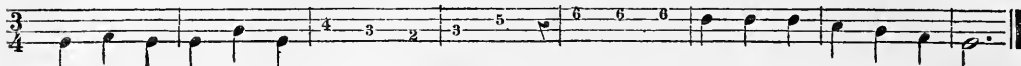
15. What means the repeat? What first time? What second time?



16. What kind of time? What kind of notes? If Do is on first line, where is Mi? Re? Fa? Sol?



17. Which are preferable, notes or figures? Where is La if Do is on first line?



18. Keep correct time. Which beats are accented? Do on first line, Mi on second.



LESSON XXII.

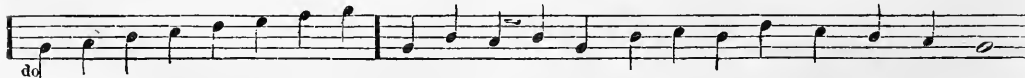
MELODICS.

The Staff complete.—Diatonic Scale. How many degrees of the staff? How many tones in Diatonic scale? Which is the first?

19. do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do,



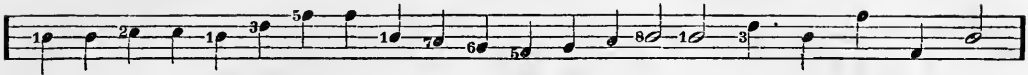
20. If Do, or one, is on the 2d line, where is two? three? four? six? eight? five?



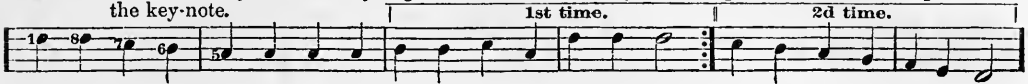
21. If one, or Do, is on the first space, where is two? four? five? three?



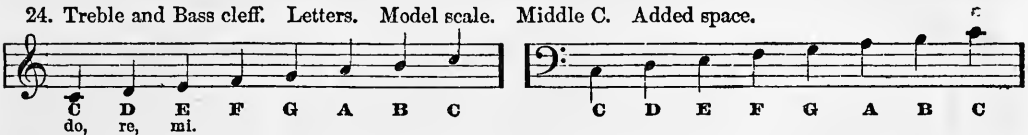
22. Reading Do on 3d line, where is Re? Mi? Fa? Sol (upper and lower)? Si? La?



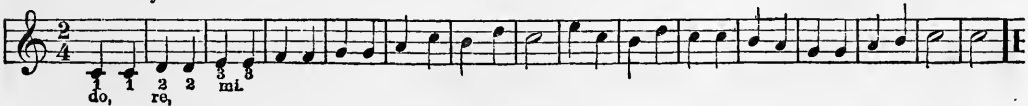
23. Notice that Do may come on any degree of the staff. Always count up or down from the position of the key-note.



24. Treble and Bass cleff. Letters. Model scale. Middle C. Added space.



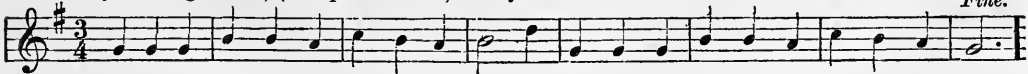
25. Model key. Do on C.



LESSON XXIII.

MELODICS.

26. Keys and signatures, (Sharps and Flats). Key of G.



27. Key of what? Signature?

J. H. K., from "Reward."

28. What key? What signs? What measure? What sign D. S? What Intermediate tone? We must begin with the up beat in this exercise.

J. R. S., from "Reward."

29. What key? Signature? Sign?

J. C., from "Reward."

LESSON XXIV.

EXERCISES WITH DYNAMIC SIGNS.

31. Good pronunciation, enunciation, articulation. Sing from the heart.

Adagio. p *cres. mf dim.* *f* J. H. K., from "Reward."

Plead my cause, oh, blessed Sa - viour, In - ter - ces - sor at the throne, Lord of mer - cy, show thy

f *Fine. m* *D.S.* *cres.* *D.S.* Pi - ty my poor, lost con -

fa - vor, Let thy blood for me a - tone. } Look in pi - ty, love, com - pas - sion, Lord, I beg at mercy's shrine.
di - tion, Save me by thy power di - vine. }

32. *f Allegretto.* *p* *cres.* J. C., from "Reward."

Hark, what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly sounding through the sky. Lo! th' angel - ic host re

joices, Heav'n - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise. Listen to the wondrous sto - ry, Listen to the wondrous sto - ry,

pp *m*

Which they chant in hymns of joy, Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.

f *cres.*

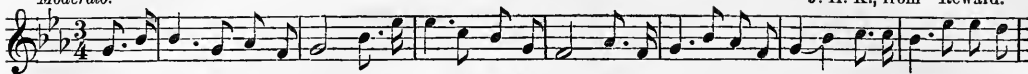
Con spirito.

Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord, Hal - le - lu jah, praise the Lord.

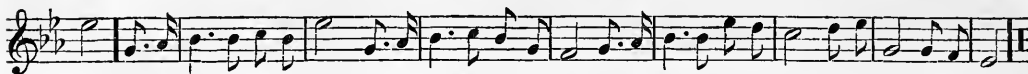
33. Let the pupils give the expression required by the words.

Moderato.

J. H. K., from "Reward."



Sinner, haste, the call obey, Tread the straight and narrow way, Come with faith, and trust his word. Give thy heart unto the



Lord; Do not falter, do not fear, Do not shed a falling tear, Jesus bids thee welcome here, Haste thee now, haste thee now.

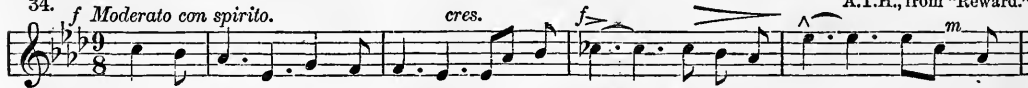
LESSON XXV.

RHYTHMICS, MELODICS, DYNAMICS.

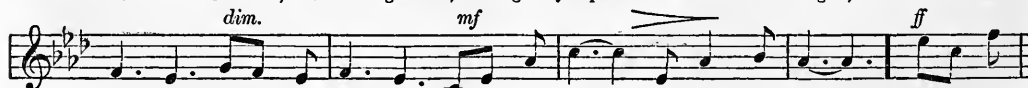
Pronunciation.—Enunciation.—Articulation.—Intermediate tones. Accent. Pause. Emphasis. Delivery. $\frac{3}{8}$ time. Three beats to the measure, accent each beat.

34. *f Moderato con spirito.*

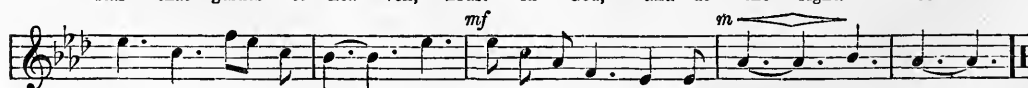
A.T.H., from "Reward."



Come to Je - sus, be for - giv - en, Though thy path seem dark as night; There's a



star that guides to hea - ven, Trust in God, and do the rght. Come to



Je - sus, Come just now; Come, sin - ner, to Je - sus, Be - fore him bow.

GOLDEN SONGS.

OH! WE LOVE TO COME.

Words by MISS SARAH HAMILTON.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Chorus.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a bass line. The second system also has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words placed above the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. { Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home, Where we learn of our teachers dear, } There's a crown, There's a crown, There's a
{ While they point with love to our home above, And the crown that awaits us there. } bright crown, bright crown,
crown for the children to wear, There's a crown, there's a crown, There's a beau-ti-ful crown over there.
over there, bright crown, bright crown,

2. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er.
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love Him more.

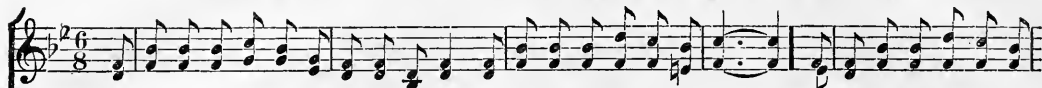
3. Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
But we would not come alone;
We would each bring in, from the depths of sin,
Some wretched, wand'ring one.

4. Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
Who know not of God or heaven;
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast,
Which our Father's love hath given.

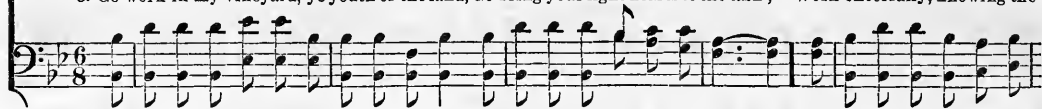
5. Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

Words and Music by J. H. KURZENKNABE.



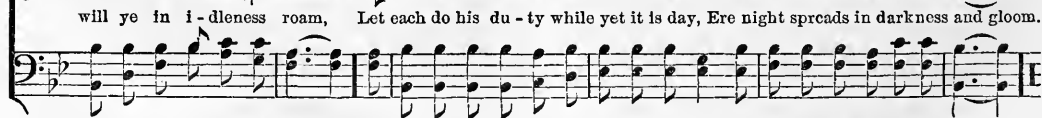
1. Go work in my vineyard, the lab'rors are few, Why will you in i - dleness stand? There's something for all, even
 2. Go work in my vineyard, each dear little child Can find some slight errand of love; Some deed done in kindness, some
 3. Go work in my vineyard, ye youth of the land, Go bring your light hearts to the task; Work cheerfully, knowing the



children to do, Employment for each lit - tle hand. Then on, take your station, no longer de - lay, Why
 word spoken mild, May guide to the mansions a - bove.
 Lord will attend, And pay all the wages we ask.



will ye in i - dleness roam, Let each do his du - ty while yet it is day, Ere night spreads in darkness and gloom.



4 Go work in my vineyard in the prime of thy life,
 The tenderest vine needs thy care;
 Go bare thy strong arm for the blunt of the strife,
 A liberal reward thou shalt share.—*Chorus.*

5 Go work in my vineyard ye aged and sad,
 There's something remaining for you;
 'Mid tear-drops, while toiling, the Lord makes thee glad,
 Yes, soon will thy wages come due.—*Chorus.*

MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.

39

Dedicated to MRS. M. B. HADLEY, Missionary to Africa.

Words and Music REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. { On the shore beyond the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair, } hast - en to be there.
 1. { There's a call, a plaintive plea, I must (Omit.) }

Let me go, I can - not stay, I can - not stay, 'Tis the Mas - ter call - ing me, Let me
 Master, 'Tis the Mas - ter

2. Hark! I hear the Master say,
 "Up, ye reapers! why so slow!"
 To the vineyard, far away,
 Earthly kindred, let me go.—*Cho.*

3. Just beyond the rolling tide,
 The uplifted hand I see;
 Lo! the gates are open wide,
 And the lost are calling me.—*Cho.*

go, I must o - bey, Na - tive land, farewell to thee.
 I must o - bey, farewell to thee,

4. Father, mother, darling child,
 I must bid you all adieu;
 Far away in Afric's wild,
 There's a work for me to do.—*Cho.*

5. Bear me on, thou restless sea,
 Let the winds the canvas swell;
 Afric's shore I long to see;
 Dearest friends, farewell! farewell!—*Cho.*

JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Words by MRS. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

By permission.

Music by Wm. G. FISCHER.

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

Chorus.

giv'n, And Je - sus can save e - ven me. Yes, Je - sus is migh - ty to save, And all his sal - va - tion may
heir To kingdoms and mansions above, Yes, Je - sus is mighty, etc. is migh - ty to save, sal -

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,

3. Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace,
My soul all his fulness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.—*Chorus.*

4. In him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely his love is applied,
His blood that makes whiter than snow.—*Chorus.*

'Twill BE SWEET WHEN WE MEET.

41

Words by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Music by Rev. J. P. SMITH.

1. There's a place where my loved ones are gone, Who have labored and suffered with me; Now ex-ult-ed with

Chorus.
Christ on his throne, the Redeem-er and Saviour they see. 'Twill be sweet, when we meet, When we
when we meet, when we meet,

meet on that beauti-ful shore, 'Twill be sweet, when we meet, When we meet on that beauti-ful shore.
'Twill be sweet, when we meet, when we meet,

2 There's a place where the bright angels dwell
In a pure and a peaceful abode:
O the joys of that home none can tell,
But we know 'tis the palace of God.—*Chorus.*

3 There's a place where the weary shall live,
When the sorrows of life are all o'er;
'Tis a home which the Saviour will give,
'Tis a home where we'll sorrow no more.—*Chorus.*

DEAD AND GONE.

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Gone! gone! dead and gone! To the home of joy on high; The battle's fought and won; Lay thy
 2. Gone! gone! dead and gone! Thou hast gained the blissful shore; When sorrow's night is done, We will

faith - ful ar - mor by. Faithful ser - vant, fare thee well; Thou the hap - py number swell, Where no
 meet to part no more. Faithful ser - vant, fare thee well; Here our hearts with sadness swell; But we

Rit.
 part - ing tear is shed, Where no heart has ev - er bled.
 know 'tis Je - sus' will, He can all our sorrow's heal.

3.
 Gone! gone! dead and gone!
 From the home of toil and pain;
 But in yon blissful home,
 Faithful one, we'll meet again.
 Faithful servant, fare thee well,
 With the holy thou dost dwell;
 Thou art free from toil and pain;
 Fare thee well, we'll meet again.

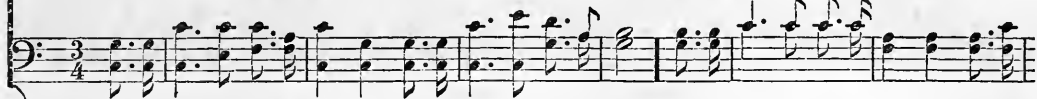
THE JOYOUS MORNING.

43

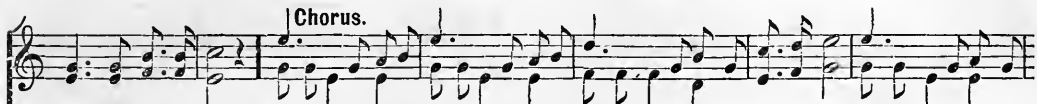
Words and Music by J. H. KURZENKNABE.



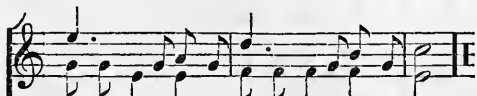
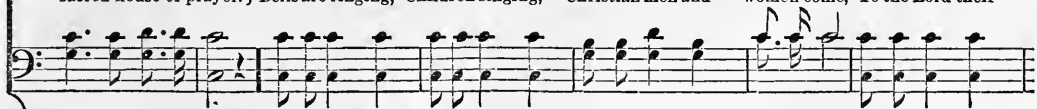
1. Christian see the joyous morning Calls us to this ho - ly place, Come, with love and faith adorn - ing, Humbly
2. Ev' - ry Christian heart re - joice - es, Joyous anthems fill the air, Smiling natures cheer the voices In the



Chorus.



to the throne of grace. } Bells are ringing, Children singing, Chris - tian men and women come, To the Lord their
sacred house of prayer. } Bells are ringing, Children singing, Christian men and women come, To the Lord their



of - f'ring bringing, In this Sabbath home.
off'ring bringing, In this Sabbath home.



3 See the Lord, the King of glory,
Blesses with a bounteous hand,
While we read in sacred story,
Tidings of Immanuel's hand.—Chorus.

4 Angel bands are drawing nearer,
Breathing peace, good will again;
Christ more precious, heaven dearer,
Than of old on Beth'ems plain.—Chorus.

GOING HOME.

Words and Music by W. M. WEEKLEY.

Spirited.

1. I long to hear the Saviour say, Ye wea-ry ones, come home, En-joy the rest of end-less day, Where

Chorus.

toil can nev-er come. We are go-ing home, ing home, We are go-ing home, ing
go-ing home, We are go-ing home, We are go-ing home, We are

home, For the Sa- - vour is call - ing, And soon we'll be gone.
go - lag home, bles - sed Sa - vour is very soon

2 A land of rest, the saints' delight,
The Christian's home on high,
Where glory shines forever bright,
And Christ is always nigh.—*Cho.*

3 Come, sinners, leave a world of care,
And journey with us, too;
Come, live in mansions bright and fair,
A home prepared for you.—*Cho.*

NOW IS THE TIME.

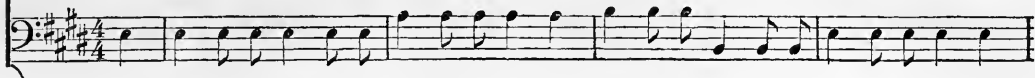
45

From "Children's Friend."

Music by REV. A. A. GRALEY.

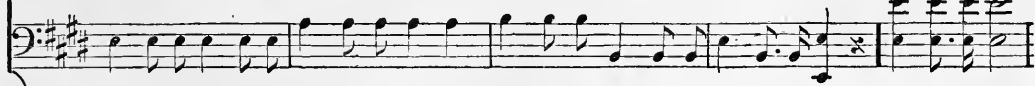


1. Believe it, dear children, that now is the time, To turn from the pathway of folly and crime; To
2. But if you should ask why the future wont do As well as the present that way to pursue, Re-



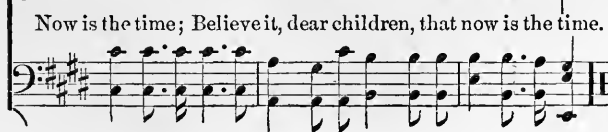
Chorus.

enter the way which the ransom'd have trod, The way which leads upward to glory and God. Now is the time,
member that death hovers over thy path, And over you gathers the tempest of wrath. Now is the time,



Now is the time; Believe it, dear children, that now is the time.

3.
But should you be spared e'en to threescore and ten,
Each year full of sorrow and shame will have been;
And what have you gained by this guilty delay?
A heart less inclined to believe and obey.—*Cho.*



4.
Then now is the time to secure the "good part,"
That sanctifies while it rejoices the heart;
The day of acceptance is passing away;
Then haste to the Saviour, dear children, to-day.—*Cho.*

Words by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Arranged for this work.

1. Pre - cious Je - sus, I am com - ing, Com - ing to the cross to - day ;
 2. Pre - cious Je - sus, I am long - ing, All thy peace and joy to know ;

I am trust - ing, I'm be - liev - ing, Take, oh, take my sins a - way.
 Wilt thou grant those pur - er bless - ings, All the world can ne'er be - stow.

Chorus.

Pre - cious Je - sus, come and make me whole, Ho - ly Spir - it, sanc - ti - fy my soul.

3. Precious Jesus, I am clinging
 To the cross on which thou died ;
 Help me, Saviour, help me quickly,
 Speak, and I am sanctified.—*Chorus.*

4. Precious Jesus, I am trusting,
 Trusting in the crimson tide ;
 Hallelujah, precious Jesus !
 Now I feel thy blood applied.—*Chorus.*

THE GOLDEN PLAIN.

Arranged from "Christian Harp." 47

1. { There's a land of light and love far away, Where the long-severed friends meet again ; }
 { Where the long dark night, and toil-wearing day, Never tarnish the bright golden plain. } Where the rude winter blast never

chills with its breath, Nor the darkling storm glooms the sky, Where the soul is free from sorrow and death, And the tear never more
 dims the eye.

2.

To that golden shore some dear ones have gone,
 And we trust we shall meet them again,
 When that glorious morn, in lustre shall dawn,
 And we stand on the bright golden plain ;
 By the river of life, in the city of light,
 We shall roam with loved ones above ;
 And with angels bright, thro' time's ceaseless flight,
 We will sing of a dear Saviour's love.

3.

Come, ye weary wand'ers, come, come away,
 To the home of the loved gone before ;
 Give your heart to Christ, no longer delay,
 Let us meet on the bright golden shore ;
 Then we'll sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
 Who has saved us from sorrow and pain ;
 Yes, we'll sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
 When we meet on the bright golden plain.

BESIDE THE CROSS.

Chanting style.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Jews were wrought to cruel madness, Christians fled in fear and sadness; Ma - ry stood the cross be - side.
2. At its foot her feet she planted, By the dreadful scene undaunted, Till the gen - tle suff - 'rer died.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

3. Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified.
Hallelujah, etc.

4. But no worship, song or glory
Touches like that simple story,
Mary stood the cross beside.
Hallelujah, etc.

5. And when, under sore temptation,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.
Hallelujah, etc.

6. But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.
Hallelujah, etc.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

Arranged for this work.

Spirited.
All hail the pow'r of Jo - sus' name, Let an - - - gels pros - trate
Let an - gels

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.—Concluded.

49

fall, . . . trate fall, . . . Let an - gels pros - trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al
 pros . . . trate fall, . . . Let an - gels pros - trate fall, let an - gels pros - trate fall,

di - a dem, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all, And crown him,
 And crown him Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all, crown him

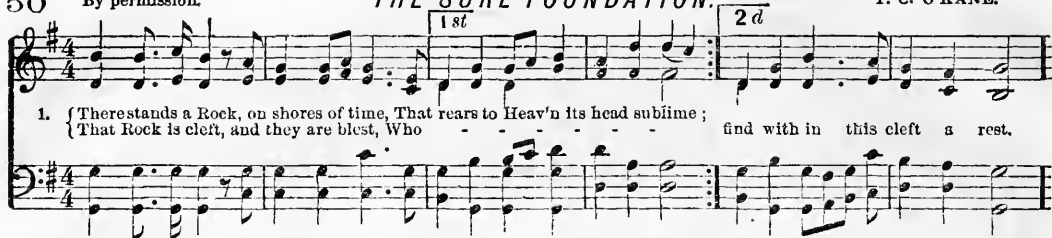
crown him, crown him Lord of all, And crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.
 crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,

2. 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 all.

3. Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread you 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.



1. { Therestands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to Heav'n its head sublime ;
 { That Rock is cleft, and they are blest, Who find with in this cleft a rest.

Chorus.

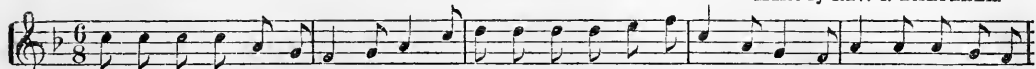

Some build their hopes on the ev - er shifting sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land.
 Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

2. That Rock 's a Cross, its arms outspread,
 Celestial glory bathes its head ;
 To its firm base my all I bring,
 And to the Cross of Ages cling.
 Some build their hopes, etc.

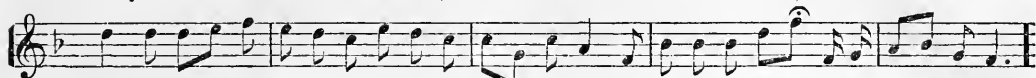
3. That Rock 's a Tower, whose lofty height,
 Illumed with Heaven's unclouded light,
 Opes wide its gate beneath the dome,
 Where saints find rest with Christ at home.
 Some build their hopes, etc.

WE'LL MEET THEM AGAIN.

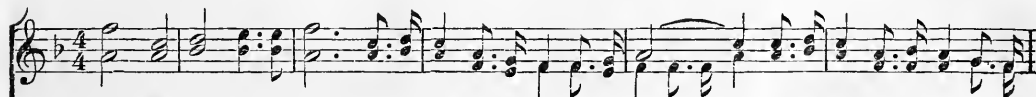
Music by REV. I. BALTZELL. 51



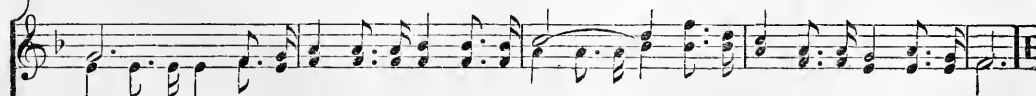
1. Ma-ny dear children have liv'd and died, And whisper'd good bye at the riv - er side; They dipp'd their feet in the
 2. Ma-ny dear children we know do stand, And fin-ger their harps in the bet - ter land; Their lit - tle hands from each
 3. They used to mourn when the children died, Before the kind Saviour was cru - ci - fied, The cross with ra-diant un-



shining stream, And fa-ded a-way like a love - ly dream, And fa-ded a - way like a love - ly dream;
 Gold-en string, Makes me-lo - dy sweet, while the an - gels sing, Make me-lo - dy - sweet, while the an - gels sing.
 changing beam, Now lights all the way o'er the mis - ty stream, Now lights all the way o'er the mis - ty stream.



Shall we meet them a - gain? Yes, we'll meet them again on the shore, - - - yes, we'll meet them again on the
 on the shore.



shore - - - They have gone to that bea - ti - ful home, - - - But we'll meet them again on the shore.
 on the shore, on the shore,



SAILING O'ER THE SEA.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Con spirito.

1. We're a hap-py pil-grim band, Sail-ing to the good-ly land; With a swell-ing sail we on-ward sweep; }
 Tho' the tempest rag-es long, There is One among the throng Who will guide the sail-or o'er the deep. }
 2. Tho' the might-y bil-lows swell, They shall never o-ver-wichin, Tho' the breakers roar up-on the lea, }
 'Mid the strife his praise will swell, For we've Jesus at the helm, And he'll guide her safe-ly o'er the sea. }

Chorus.

We are sail - - - ing, o'er the sea, We are sail - - - ing o'er the sea, We are
 We are sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing o'er the sea. We are sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing o'er the sea, We are

drift - - - - ing t'ward the lea, We are drift - - - - ing t'ward the lea. . . .
 drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing t'ward the lea, We are drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing, drift-ing, drifting t'ward the lea.

1. Je - sus for - ev - er lives, Praise we his name; His blood sal - va - tion gives, His love proclaim.

Chorus.

Je - sus for - ev - er lives, Ev - er lives, ev - er lives, Je - sus for - ev - er lives, Praise we his name.

2. Jesus forever reigns,
Crown we our King;
His glory wakes the strains
Saints, angels sing.
Jesus forever reigns, etc.

3. Jesus forever loves;
Precious his grace;
Those whom he once approves,
Live to his praise.
Jesus forever loves, etc.

4. Jesus forever saves
Those whom he loves;
O'er sorrow's wildest waves
His power he proves.
Jesus forever saves, etc.

Concluded from opposite page.

3. Though for many ages past
She has braved the stormy blast,
She's the old ship Zion as of yore;
Safe amid the rocks and shoals
She has landed many souls,
Safe at home, on Canaan's happy shore.
We are sailing, etc.

4. Ho! ye sinners, hear to-day,
There is danger in your way!
By the chart of folly you're misled;
There is danger underneath,
And above a storm of wrath,
And the rocks of destruction are ahead.
We are sailing, etc.

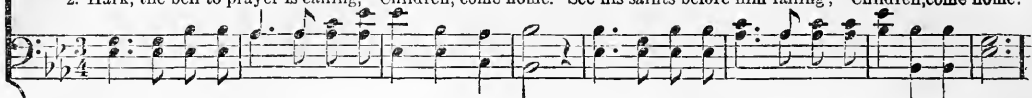
CHILDREN, COME HOME.

Words arranged.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.



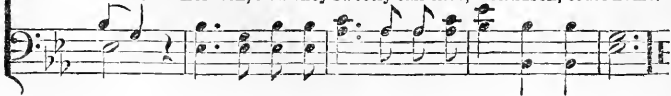
1. Hark, those bell-tones sweetly pealing, "Children, come home." Far and wide melodious stealing, "Children, come home."
 2. Hark, the bell to prayer is calling, "Children, come home." See his saints before him falling; "Children, come home."



Thro' each heart the voice is thrilling, Storms of grief and passion stilling; All the land with voices filling, "Children, come
 There's a mansion far a-bove thee, Where dwell spirits pure and lovely; Listen, how they sweetly call thee, "Children, come



home." All the land with voices fill-ing, "Children, come home."
 home." Lis-ten, how they sweetly call thee, "Children, come home."



- 3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,
 "Children, come home."
 Every heart pure incense bringing,
 "Children, come home."
 Saviour, round thy altar bending,
 May our souls, to heav'n ascending,
 Find with thee a home ne'er ending,
 When we get home.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

55

Words by E. JOHNSON.

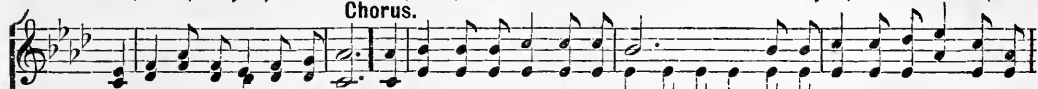
W. G. FISCHER.



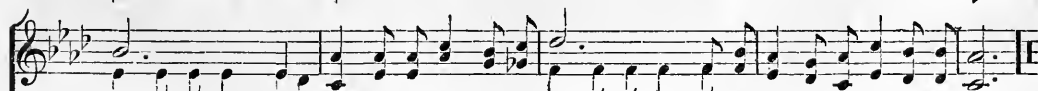
1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep



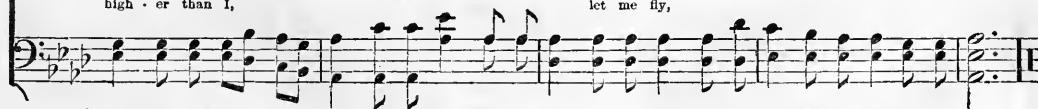
Chorus.



Like tempests down over the soul. O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than



I high-er than I, O, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is higher than I.



2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!
O, then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

3. O, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale,
Then quick to the Rock can I fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

Spirited.

1. When, faint and weary toil - ing, The sweat drops on my brow, I long to rest from labor, To drop the burden now.
There comes a gen - tle chiding, To quell such mourning sigh; Work while the sun is shining, There's resting by - and - by.

Chorus.

Oh, there's rest, there's rest at home; And the Saviour bids me come, To sing and shout forever, There's rest, there's rest at

home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, There's rest - ing at home. There's rest - ing at home.

CHILDREN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Arranged 57

1. { Children of the olden time Hailed thee Lord and Saviour; }
 { We thy presence fain would prove By our whole behaviour. } Marching on, march - ing on, march - ing on,

To my home in heaven.

2. Children of the olden time,
 Passed through sin and sorrow,
 Looking on, and upward still
 To a bright to-morrow.—*Cho.*

3. Children of the olden time,
 Earth was not their dwelling;
 We would gain that blissful home,
 Where their songs are swelling.
Cho.

4. Children of the olden time,
 Now are high in glory;
 Lord, to reach that happy land,
 Help each child before thee.—*Cho.*

5. Children of the olden time,
 Had their sins forgiven;
 Save us Lord, and in thy time,
 Bring us safe to heaven.—*Cho.*

Concluded from opposite page.

2. This life to toil is given,
 And he improves it best
 Who seeks by patient labor
 To enter into rest;
 Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,
 Press on, the goal is nigh:
 The prize is just before thee,
 There's resting by and by.—*Chorus.*
3. Nor ask, when overburdened,
 You long for friendly aid:
 "Why stands my brother idle?
 No yoke upon him laid?"

- The master bids him tarry,
 And dare you ask Him why?
 Go, labor in my vineyard;
 There's resting by and by.—*Chorus.*
4. Weak reaper in the harvest,
 Let this thy strength sustain;
 Each sheaf within the garner
 Brings you eternal gain;
 Then bear the cross with patience,
 To fields of duty hie;
 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus;
 There's resting by and by.—*Chorus.*

OVER THERE,

Arranged for this Work.

1. I long for that beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, On the banks of the riv - er of life;

Fine.
I long for the fields ev - er bloom - ing and fair; There's no sor - row, no sigh - ing, no strife,
D. S. Come, fa - vor my flight, ho - ly an - gels, O bear Me a - way to that beau - ti - ful home.

Chorus. *D.S.*
'Tis a beau - ti - ful home of de - light o - ver there, And by faith o'er its bright fields I roam.

- 2 The glorified saints are at home over there,
They once suffered and toiled here below;
Exalted to heaven, its glories they share,
Sin, nor sorrow, nor death ever know.
'Tis a beautiful home, &c.
- 3 They've gone to that home of delight over there,
Where the city is glorious and bright,
And crowns of the victor in triumph they wear,
And the God of the just is its light.
'Tis a beautiful home, &c.

- 4 In that happy home of delight over there,
Are the martyrs and prophets of old;
And our loved ones there are all radiant and bright,
Both the throne and the LAMB now behold.
'Tis a beautiful home, &c.
- 5 I long to be gone to that home over there,
To rejoice with the saints evermore;
And when I am saved in that home over there,
I will meet them to part nevermore.
'Tis a beautiful home, &c.

SHALL WE MEET?

59

Words by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Arranged for this Work.

1. When this fit-ful life is o-ver, When we're free from toil and care, Shall we meet no more to
 2. Shall we meet the faithful pilgrims Who with us are toil-ing here? When our pil-grim-age is

Chorus.

sev-er, Shall we meet each other there? Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the
 end-ed Shall we meet each other there?

fields are bright and fair? Shall we meet no more to sev-er, Shall we meet each oth-er there?

3 Shall we meet our loved and lost ones,
 Whom we loved with love most rare?
 When we reach the golden city,
 Shall we meet each other there?
 Shall we meet, &c.

4 Shall we meet our blessed Saviour,
 In that far-off home so fair?
 Shall we sing his praise for ever?
 Shall we meet each other there?
 Shall we meet, &c.

5 Yes, we'll meet again in glory,
 When we're free from toil and care;
 If we live and die in Jesus,
 We shall meet each other there.
 We shall meet, &c.

BEAR THE CROSS.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Spirited.

1. Ye val-iant sol - diers of the cross, Ye happy pilgrim band, Though in this world you suffer loss, Press

Chorus.

on to Canaan's land. Bear the cross bear the cross, . . . For we've all got the cross to
Let us nev - er mind the scoffs or the frowns of the world,

bear, Bear the cross, bear the cross, . . . And you'll have the crown to wear.
It will near-ly make the crown all the bright-er to shine, When we have the crown to wear.

CHILDREN INVITED.

61

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh, come, lit-tle children, your Saviour is calling, Oh, come, in the morning of vig-or and youth,
Oh, come, while his blessings around you are falling, Oh, come, little ones, to the fountain of truth,

Chorus.

Oh, come, to the Saviour, Come, ask his kind fa-vor, And o-ver the riv-er you'll live ev-er-more.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Oh, children, your Saviour is pleading in glory,
Oh, hear him, obey him, your days may be few;
Oh, hear him repeating the ever-blest story,
"Oh, come to me, children, I'm your Saviour too."
<i>Chorus.</i>—Oh, come to the Saviour, etc.</p> | <p>3. Then come to the Saviour, don't wait for the morrow;
How many have waited and saw not the day;
And now in the regions of darkness and sorrow
They sadly remember 'twas only delay.
<i>Chorus.</i>—Oh, come to the Saviour, etc.</p> |
|--|---|

Concluded from opposite page.

2. Your Jesus once, "without the camp,"
Bought liberty for you;
Then bravely fight for truth and right,
And keep your crown in view.
3. Our bugle ne'er shall sound retreat
While Jesus leads us on;

We will not lay our weapons by
Until we wear the crown.

4. Your weary feet shall walk the street
All paved with gold, on high;
And he who wore the crown of thorns,
Will crown you in the sky.

DON'T YOU HEAR THEM.

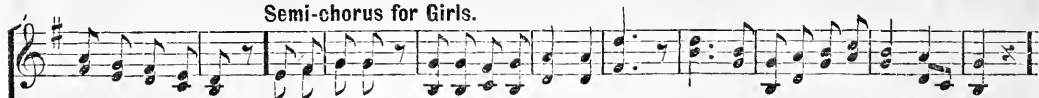
FROM HEAVENLY ECHOES, by permission.

Duet.



1. Ho - ly an - gels in their flight, Traverse o - ver earth and sky, Acts of kindness their delight, Winged with
 2. Tho' their forms we can - not see, They attend and guide our way, Till we join their com - pa - ny, In the

Semi-chorus for Girls.



mercy as they fly. Don't you hear them? coming o - ver hill and plain, Scatt'ring music in their heavenly train!
 realms of endless day. Don't you hear them? &c



Full Chorus.



O, don't you hear the an - gels com - ing, Singing as they come! O, bear me angels, angels bear me home.



3. Had we but an angel's wing,
 And an angel's heart of flame,
 Oh, how sweetly would we ring,
 Thro' the world, the Saviour's name.
 Cho.—Don't you hear, &c.

4. Yet methinks if I should die,
 And become an angel, too,
 I, perhaps, like them might fly
 And the Saviour's bidding do.
 Cho.—Don't your hear, &c.

CHILDREN'S HOSANNA.

63

Words and Music by KURZENKNABE.

For Concert effect, let the Hosanna be sung by Infant Department, in another room.

1. Infant vole-es sweetly sing-ing, Hosan-na to the Lord, Prais-es to the heav'nly King, Ho-
 2. Je-sus loves the children so, Hosan-na to the Lord, When to sa-cred courts they go, Ho-
 3. They pro-claim in glad re-frain, Hosan-na to the Lord, Songs of hon-or to his name, Ho-

san-na to the Lord; List the strain, Hosan-na, Sound again, Hosan-na, Glo-ry be to
 san-na to the Lord; There we hear Hosan-na, Sweet and clear, Hosan-na, An-gel bands are
 san-na to the Lord; Je-sus lives, Hosan-na, He receives Hosan-na, Hon-or, praise, and

God on high, Waft the cho-rus to the sky, Hosan-na to the Lord.
 hov'ring near, Whisp'ring to the infant ear, Hosan-na to the Lord.
 vic-to-ry, To the Son of David be, Hosan-na to the Lord.

4
 When we've done with mortal praise,
 Hosanna to the Lord,
 One glad shout of victory raise,
 Hosanna to the Lord;
 Then we'll hear, Hosanna,
 Far and near, Hosanna,
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise,
 Glory fills th' eternal skies,
 Hosanna to the Lord.

THE SWEETEST NAME.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Come, let us search God's ho - ly word, And see what we can find A - bout that lov - ing, gra - cious Lord, The
 2. See there, how hum - ble was his birth, No bed but straw or hay; Though he was Lord of all the earth, He
 3. He healed the sick, and raised the dead, The deaf and blind he cured; At his command the dev - ils fled, The

Chorus.

Sa - viour of mankind. How sweet the name of Christ to me, We'll
 in a man - ger lay. sca o - beyed his word. sweet the name of Christ to me, How sweet the name of Christ to me.

shout and sing for Christ our King, Who died on Cal - va - ry.

4. And when he was by sinner's hands,
 Scourged, crucified, and slain,
 He brake asunder all their bands,
 And rose to life again.—*Chorus.*

5. Who would not love a Lord so kind,
 Or fear a God so great?
 Whoever waits on him will find
 'Tis not in vain to wait.—*Chorus.*

THEY ARE WAITING.

65

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. { Oh, the lov'd ones wait our com - ing, On yon hap - py, peaceful shore; }
 { Wait to bid us all a wel - come, When the [OMIT. . . .] } day of life is o'er.

Chorus.

They are wait - ing at the mar - gin, They are wait - ing on the shore; They are
 wait-ing for our com-ing, wait-ing, they are waiting,

wait - ing for our com - ing, All the lov'd ones gone be - fore.
 wait - ing, they are wait - ing lov'd ones, all the lov'd ones,

2. See them stand beside the river,
 With the bright, angelic band;
 See them waving us a welcome,
 In the breezes on the strand.—*Cho.*

3. How they beckon us to join them,
 On the everlasting shore;
 Oh, my spirit longs to greet them, [*Cho.*
 Where we'll meet to part no more.—

4. Soon we'll cross the rolling river,
 Soon we'll reach the golden shore;
 Soon we'll share a home in glory,
 With the lov'd ones gone before.—*Cho.*

OVER THE RIVER.

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

With energy.

1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land, of a verdure sublime, Val-leys of beauty in
 2. O - ver the riv - er time never grows old; There are enjoyments and pleasures untold; There is a ci - ty with
 3. O - ver the riv - er our sorrows will cease, Hush'd by the songs of a heavenly peace; When we get there what a

Chorus.

splen - dor do shine; Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home! O - ver the riv - er, The
 streets of pure gold; Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home! O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The
 hap - py re - lease! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

beau - ti - ful riv - er, O - ver the riv - er, The fields are all green.
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful riv - er, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, The beau - ti - ful fields are all green.

OH, THE REST.

Words by Rev. W. H. BURRELL.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.

1. My grate-ful heart shall bless the Lord, His wondrous love pro-claim; He leads me by his
 2. I've found at last my E-den home; A-mid its joys I rest; My wand'ring feet no

Chorus.

gra-cious word, Where sweet e-mo-tions reign. Oh, the rest, the per-fect rest, Which
 long-er roam; At peace my throb-bing breast. Oh, the rest, etc.

Rit.

now to me is giv'n; My soul, with full sal-va-tion blest, En-joys a con-stant heav'n.

3. By passing storms I oft was driven,
 As on the ocean tossed;
 But sweeter calm at once was given,
 When I the Jordan crossed.—*Chorus.*

4. How strange that I so long should roam;
 A way so rough pursue,—
 Shouldst make the wilderness my home,
 With Canaan just in view.—*Chorus.*

WHEN THE TEMPEST PASSES OVER.

Lively.

Words and Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. We are sail-ing on the old ship of Zi - on, We are sail-ing to the home of the blest; Where the
2. Millions have already reached the blest har - bor, And are singing with the lov'd gone be - fore; Millions

Chorus.

When the
ho - ly an - gels wait for our com - ing In the ci - ty where the saints sweetly rest. When the
more are sail - ing o - ver the riv - er To their mansions on that beau - ti - ful shore. When the, etc.

tem - pest pas - ses o - - - ver.

1st.	2d.
------	-----

tempest passes o - ver, When the tempest passes o - ver, We will meet each other there on the shore.

3. Spread your canvas to the winds—let the breezes
Gently waft the noble ship to the shore;
All on board are sweetly singing to Jesus,
Who will bring them to the bright evermore.
Chorus.—When the tempest, etc.

4. When we all are safely landed in heaven,
We will gladly shout our dangers are o'er;
We will walk about the beautiful city,
And we'll sing the happy song evermore.
Chorus.—When the tempest, etc.

THE LORD HATH NEED OF ME.

69

Words from "American Missionary,"
Andante.

Music by D. G. NORRIS.

1. One thought sub-lime-ly sweet, Wher-e'er my wand'rings be, One star to guide my feet:
2. When friends are cold or far; What-e'er of life betide, Thou art my guid-ing star;

Chorus.

The Lord hath need of me. A voice se-re-ne-ly sweet, Through silence, comes to me, "Here at my bleeding
In thee I still a-bide.

feet I still have need of thee."

3.
When tears on some sad face,
In lonely vale I see,
The Lord is in that place,—
Some soul hath need of me.

4.
Across the solemn tide
The Father's mansions be;
On earth I must abide;
The Lord hath need of me.

5.
My longing soul, when thrilled
By some sweet sounding chord,
Or with deep sorrow filled,
To dwell with Christ, my Lord.

6.
Dear Lord, I work and wait,
Where'er thy footsteps be;
When at thy pearly gate,
Still, Lord, have need of me.

ALMOST THERE.

REV. I. BALTZELL

Moderate.

1. "Are we al-most there? are we almost there?" Cries the weary saint as he sighs for home; Are those the verdant
 2. "Are we al-most there? are we almost there?" Where the river flows from the throne of God; He longs to wake from

3. Are we almost there? are we almost there? Where the weary saint never more shall roam, He walks by faith this
 4. We are almost there, we are almost there, For the day-star gleams thro' the distant gloom; We'll soon be free from

trees that rear Their stately forms 'mid heav'ns high dome? Almost there, almost there, Happy thought, we're almost there.
 life's dull care, To walk those golden streets abroad. Almost, &c.

vale of care, And sings with joy, "We're almost home." Almost, &c.
 toil and care, Oh, then we'll sing, "We're safe at home." Almost, &c.

STAND THE STORM.

Words and Music by REV. I. BALTZELL

1. Lo! our ves - sel's on the o - cean, See it glid - ing swift - ly by, And a -
 2. Our ship's the ship of Zi - on, Which has land - ed thousands o'er, And our
 3. Come on board the ves - sel, stran - ger, Sail with us o'er life's rough sea; For we

STAND THE STORM. (Concluded.)

71

Chorus.

mid the wild com-mo - tion, Hear the sail - ors loud-ly cry: Stand the storm! it wont be long, Stand the
 Cap - tain's Judah's Li - on, He will guide us to the shore.
 fear no want or dan - ger, From all per - ils we are free.

storm, We will an - chor by and by, Stand the
 storm, it wont be long, We will anchor, we will anchor by and by, by and by; Stand the

storm, Stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by.
 storm, it wont be long, Stand the storm, it wont belong, We will anchor, we will anchor by and by, by and by.

4. 'Mid the mighty waves commotion,
 'Mid the storms terrific roar,
 Our Captain stills the ocean,
 And we'll surely reach the shore.—*Cho.*

5. Sinner, leave the land of folly,—
 Leave a world of sin and pride;
 Come, be pure, be just and holy;
 Come, to glory with us ride.—*Cho.*

6. When we gain the port of glory;
 When we land on Canaan's shore,
 We'll repeat the pleasing story,
 As we shout for evermore.—*Cho.*

TO BE THERE.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest,—Of that country so bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con -

so fair;

Refrain.

fessed; But what must it be to be there? To be there, to be there, O, what must it to be there? To be there, to be there,

be to be there, to be there, to be there, to be there, O, what must it be to be there? to be there, to be there,

2.
We speak of its freedom from sin—
From sorrow, temptation and care;
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there?

3.
We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the First-born above;
But what must it be to be there?

4.
Then let us, 'midst sorrow and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

COME, LITTLE SOLDIERS.

73

Spirited.

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Come, lit-tle sol-diers, list in the ar-my, March to the king-dom bright and fair; Fear-less of dan-ger,
 2. Hark to the voic-es, bid-ding us wel-come Home to the land where all are blessed; Je-sus, our Cap-tain,
 3. Soon shall we hear the voice of the Cap-tain Shouting a-loud, "The war is o'er; Come, lit-tle sol-diers,

Chorus.

onward we're moving; Je-sus will lead us safe-ly there. Glo-ry to Je-sus! hear the chil-dren sing;
 bids us go on-ward, Fighting to gain o-ter-nal rest.
 come to your mansion, Come to your home on Ca-naan's shore."

Glo-ry to Je-sus! hear the chorus ring; Christ is our Captain, he'll safely lead us On-ward to Canaan's happy land.

AWAY, AWAY, AWAY.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. {The morn-ing sky is bright and clear, A-way to Sab-bath School;} 'Tis there we learn his ho-ly Word, And
Let each one in the class ap-pear, A-way to Sab-bath School;}

Chorus.
find the road that leads to God; A-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, A-way to Sabbath School. A-way, a-way, a-way,

way, a-way, A-way to Sabbath School, a-way, A-way, a-way, a-way, a-way, A-way to Sab-bath School.

2 In season let us all be there,
Away to Sabbath School;
That we may join the opening prayer,
Away to Sabbath School;
There we can raise our hearts to heav'n,
And praise the Lord for blessings given.
Away, away, &c.

3 Let us remember, while at prayer,
When at the Sabbath School,
Our teachers' kindness, and their care,
Toward our Sabbath School.
We'll be submissive, good, and kind,
And every rule and order mind.
Away, away, &c.

ECHOES FROM THE OTHER SHORE.

75

Words by LIZZIE HAMMOND.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hark! I hear sweet voices singing Happy songs of long a - go; Let me lis - ten to the mu - sic Of those

Chorus.

strains so sweet and low. O, sweet echo from the shore beyond the river, Where the saints wait to welcome pilgrims

o'er; O my soul longs to go beyond the river, To the land where pilgrims weep no more.

2.
I am watching for the dawning
Of the light upon my path;
Where the shadow-gloom shall
never [wrath.
Cloud the future with its

3.
Long I've waited for the dawning
Of this light upon my way;
Now I feel that life is waking
In the hallowed light of day.

4.
Lo! the sands of life are ebbing,
And I'm near the other shore;
Spirit echos kindly welcome,—
Weary pilgrims, weep no more.

WHITE AS SNOW.

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Je - sus died on the tree, That the world might be free; See him bleeding and dying on bloody Cal - va -
 2. Free to all is the blood, By the mer - cy of God; Come and try it and prove it, its power you shall

ry. Oh, the bright crimson tide From the dear Saviour's side! It can wash me, it can cleanse me, and my soul is sanctified.
 know, Come to Jesus just now, At his feet humbly bow; He will hear you, he will save you, he will wash you white as snow.

Chorus.

'Tis a truth I long'd to know, Jesus washing white as snow; Now I know it, now I feel it, He can wash me white as snow.

ANGELS CALLING.

77

Andante.

Fine.

Arranged for this Work by B. D.C.

1. { What sweet strains of music fall low on my ear,
In tones so de-light-ful? Oh, list! that ye hear } Those rich, flowing notes; Oh, how sweet and how clear,—
D.C. Breathe rapture un-told from some heavenly sphere.

Chorus.

Ang-els calling, sweetly calling, Weary wand'rer, come; Gladly greet them, let them lead you To their glorious home.
come, come away,

2 'Tis the sweet flowing music that steals o'er the wave
Of Jordan's lone river, whose billows I brave;
'Tis the music of angels, who hasten to bear
My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.—*Cho.*

3 A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight,
I sink in sweet visions of heav'n's dawning light;
Bright spirits are whisp'ring so soft in my ear
Of heaven, sweet heaven! I long to be there.—*Cho.*

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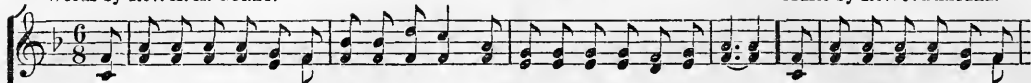
3 O, 'twas love pure and free
Gave the ransom for me:
I will praise him, adore him, while trav'ling here below;
O, 'twas love for my soul
That his blood made me whole,
Praise the name of Christ, our Saviour, for he washes
white as snow.

4 Do you long to be free?
Hear him speaking to thee,— [know;
Come and welcome, thrice welcome, my mercy you shall
Come to Jesus to-day,
He will show you the way
To the ever-cleansing fountain, and wash you white as
snow.

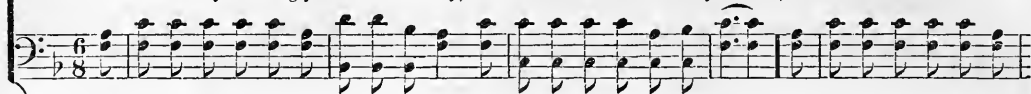
TO JESUS THEN GO.

Words by Rev. A. A. GURLY.

Music by Rev. J. BALTZEL.



1. O think not, dear children, because you are young, No blood of atonement you need, The heart is de-cit-ful, un-
 2. From life's early dawning you wander'd away, And broad was the road that you took; But God has remember'd the

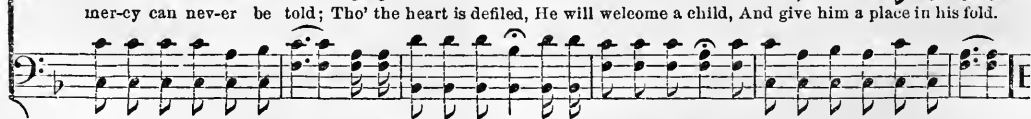


Chorus.

ru - ly the tongue, And sin-ful the thoughts and the deed. To Je-sus then go, He loves you, I know; His
 sins of each day, And written them down in his book. To Je-sus, &c.



mer-cy can nev-er be told; Tho' the heart is defiled, He will welcome a child, And give him a place in his fold.



8 O think not, when childhood and youth are no more,
 That Jesus will reign in the heart;
 For folly and pleasure may enter the door,
 And tender affections depart.—*Cho.*

4 Delay, then, no longer, give Jesus your heart,
 He'll wash its defilements away;
 Forsake your vain pleasures, secure the "good part,"
 And taste of its sweetness to-day.—*Cho.*

WE'RE COMING, DEAR SAVIOUR.

79

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. We're coming, we're coming, dear Saviour; O, welcome us home; We're coming to love thee for ev - er;

Chorus. com - ing, we're com - ing,
Yes, Saviour, we come. We're coming, we're coming, we're coming, we're coming, We're coming, dear Saviour, to

We're com - ing, we're com - ing,
thee; We're coming, we're coming, we're coming, we're coming, We're coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

- 2 We're coming, we're coming, dear Saviour
To meet the glad band;
To sing hallelujah forever
With them, in that land.—*Cho.*
- 3 We're coming, we're coming, dear Saviour,
Thy glory to see;

- A home with thy children forever,
Give, Saviour, to me.—*Cho.*
- 4 We're coming, to tell the glad story
To Jesus our King;
And then, with the children in glory,
His praises we'll sing.—*Cho.*

FEAR NOT THE DARK WAVE.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. { I am waiting upon the green shore, I am weary and faint with delay ; }
 { Ev-er fearing the billows that roar Ever [OMIT]. } dreading the mist - cover'd way ;

The green shore,
 Billows roar,

1st. 2d.

p
 And O, if my Saviour would come, To convey me across the dark wave, O, were I safe-ly land-ed at
 Saviour, come,

Chorus. *Lively.*
 home, Never more the dark waters to brave. Fear not, dread not the dark rolling wave, Thy Saviour is near
 landed home,

FEAR NOT THE DARK WAVE.—Concluded.

Rit. 81

thee, he's mighty to save; Then fear not the waters, he'll soon land us o'er, We'll all meet again on the bright gleaming shore.

2.

Then no longer I fear the dark wave,
 For so many have passed by this way;
 To the land where my Saviour has gone,
 I will hasten, no longer delay.
 For thousands have forded the stream,
 And have safely attained yon bright shore;
 Never sorrow or danger to fear,
 For all sorrow and danger are o'er.—*Cho.*

3.

I am waiting upon the green shore,
 But I fear not the waves as they roll:
 When the Saviour shall call, I'll pass o'er
 To the beautiful home of the soul.
 There brothers and sisters, and all
 Who have left us in days that are past,
 Will be waiting to welcome us home,
 To the beautiful land of the blest.—*Cho.*

COME TO JESUS NOW.

1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

2 He will save you, &c.
 3 Oh, believe him, &c.
 4 He'll receive you, &c.

5 Flee to Jesus, &c.
 6 He will hear you, &c.
 7 He'll have mercy, &c.

8 He'll forgive you, &c.
 9 He will cleanse you, &c.
 10 Jesus loves you, &c.

Moderato.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields, And ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those
2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!" And, through the dark, its

Chorus.
blessed strains are telling Of that new life, when sin shall be no more. Angels of Je- sus, Angels of light,
echoes sweetly ring-ing, The music of the gospel leads us home.

1st. 2d.
Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night, pilgrims of the night.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening
pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land
and sea;
And laden souls by thousands meekly
stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary
steps to thee.—*Cho.*

4 Rest comes at last, tho' life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Cho.*

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in endless love.—*Cho.*

FOR EVER THINE.

83

Moderato.

Words and Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Just as I am; I would from sin be free, O, bleeding Lamb, My heart by sin oppress'd,
 2. Je - sus, thou bleeding Lamb, Now pity me; All sin-fulness I am, O, set me free. Thou art my on - ly choice;
 3. Je - sus, I plead with thee, Just as I am; Now wash me, make me free, Thou bleeding Lamb, My heart is all defiled;

Longs for thy peaceful rest; Lord, take me to thy breast; For ever thine.
 O, let me hear thy voice, Which bids the soul rejoice; For ever thine.
 Dear Saviour, meek and mild, Make me thy loving child; For ever thine.

4 Jesus, the way is bright;
 Praise to thy name;
 I see thy glorious light,—
 I feel the flame.
 Jesus, no more I'll roam,—
 P'll wait the hour to come
 When thou wilt call me home,—
 For ever thine.

ALL TOGETHER.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL:

1. We love to sing to - geth - er, Our hearts and voices one; To praise our heav'nly Father, And his e - ter - nal Son.
 2. We love to pray to - geth - er, To Je - sus on his throne, And ask that he will ev - er Accept us as his own.
 3. We love to read to - geth - er, The word of saving truth, Whose light is shining ever To guide our early youth.
 4. We love to be to - geth - er, Up - on the Sabbath day, And strive to help each other A-long the heavenly way.

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. I'm sweeping t'ward the golden gate, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb; My lov'd ones there in raptures
golden gate,

I'm sweep - ing thro' the gate. Sweep - ing
wait, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I'm sweeping, yes, I'm sweeping thro' the golden gate, I'm sweeping, yes, I'm sweeping
thro' the gate, . I'm sweep - - ing thro' the gate,

thro' the gold - en gate, I'm sweeping, yes, I'm sweeping thro' the golden gate, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are placed below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the piano line in the third system.

THERE SHE'S RESTING.

(After a Funeral.)

85

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. In her grave-robes calmly sleeping, Lies our sis-ter, still and cold; But her spir-it, an-gels waft-ed
2. Now with-in that safe en-clo-sure, Her pure spir-it, freed from cares, In the bo-som of her Sa-viour

To the ten-der Shepherd's fold; There she's resting, there she's resting, Rest-ing in the Shepherd's fold.
She his love and fa-vor shares, For she's resting, for she's resting, &c.

3 When on earth, our sister with us
Sang the songs of Jesus' love;
Now, with saint and angel voices,
Sings the songs of heaven above.
For she's resting, &c.

2 I soon shall reach the golden shore,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
When I shall sing for evermore,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.—*Cho.*
3 I'm nearing now the pearly gate,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
I hear the songs of those who wait,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.—*Cho.*

4 Saviour, grant us each thy blessing,
That, when life with us is o'er,
We may meet our sainted sister
On the bright and peaceful shore.
There she's resting, &c.

4 I'm sweeping through,—O, happy home,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb;
The holy angels bid me come,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.—*Cho.*
5 I've gained at last the city bright,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb:
I've joined the ransomed robed in white,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.—*Cho.*

Concluded from opposite page.

LAND AHEAD.

ARR. by J. C. MIDDLETON.

1. Land a - head! oh, see the sig - nal Flashing bright - ly from the shore! Far a - way, oh, see the
2. Lo! the ves - sel's nearing heaven, O'er the bounding waves it flies, See the pi - lot looking

Chorus.

cit - y, Soon we'll reach the blissful shore. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
o - ver, Land a - head! he loud-ly cries. Rocks and storms, etc.

that e - ter - nal shore, Drop the anchor, furl the sail, I am safe within the vale.

3.
See the walls of jasper shining
In the light of Eden's day!
See the pearly gates wide open,
See the glorious golden way.—*Cho.*

4.
Hark! the thrilling songs of glory
Floating o'er the silver wave;
Join we, too, the heavenly chorus,
"Jesus, Jesus died to save."—*Cho.*

5.
Onward sweeps the noble vessel,
In the harbor now we glide;
Anchor cast, all safely land,
We are with the glorified.—*Cho.*

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

87

1. Je - sus, to thy dear arms I flee, I have no oth - er help but thee; For thou dost suffer me to
 2. Je - sus, I'll try my cross to bear, I'll follow thee and never fear; From thy dear fold I would not

Rit. 8.

Jesus, I cannot see thee here,
 Yet still I know thou 'rt very near;
 O say my sins are all forgiven,
 And I shall dwell with thee in heaven.

come, O take a little wand'rer home, O take a lit-tle wand'rer home.
 roam; O take a little wand'rer home, O take a lit-tle wand'rer home.

4.

And now, dear Jesus, I am thine,
 O be thou ever, ever mine,
 And let me never, never roam
 From thee, the little wanderer's home.

JESUS HIGH IN GLORY.

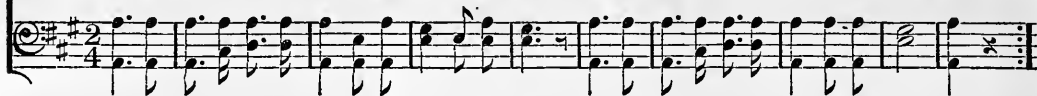
1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a list'-ning ear, When we bow before thee, Infant voices hear.
 2. We are lit - tle children, Weak, and apt to stray, Saviour, guide and keep us In the narrow way.
 3. Save us, Lord, from sinning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love thee, Take our sins away.
 4. Then, when Jesus calls us To our heaven-ly home, We will answer gladly, "Saviour, Lord, we come."

TOILING UP THE WAY.

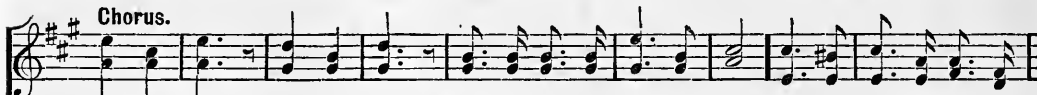
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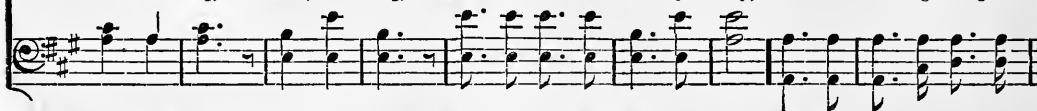
1. We are toll-ing up the way, Narrow way, narrow way; We have journey'd many a day T'ward the Kingdom; }
 T'ward the distant shining land, Golden land, golden land, Where the heavenly harpers stand In the Kingdom. }
 2. Though the journey may be long, Hard and long, hard and long, We will cheer it with a song Of the Kingdom; }
 We shall en-ter by the cross, Blessed cross, blessed cross; Gaining gold that hath no cross, In the Kingdom. }



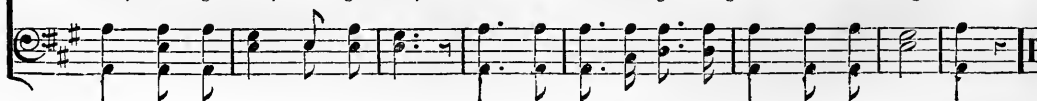
Chorus.



Still we sing, Christ, our King, Walks with us the weary way, And the shining an-gels



wait, an-gels wait, an-gels wait, To un-bar the golden gate Of the King-dom.



WHITE ROBES.

89

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Who are those arrayed in white, Brighter than the noontday sun! Foremost of the suns of light, Nearest
2. These are they who bore the cross; Nobly for the Master stood; Suff'ers in his righteous cause, Foll'wers

Chorus.

the eternal throne. { They have clean robes, they have white robes, Wash'd in Jesus' blood divine;
of Emanuel, God. { May a clean robe, may a white robe, (Omit. Wash'd in Jesus' blood, be mine.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>3. Out of great distress they came;
Wash'd their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow.</p> | <p>4. Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.</p> | <p>5. Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.</p> |
|--|--|---|

Concluded from opposite page.

3. We shall gather home at last,
Sorrow past, sorrow past;
We shall hold our jewels fast
In the kingdom;
We shall dwell in perfect light,
Holy light, holy light,
Never dimm'd by tears at night,
In the kingdom.—*Chorus.*

4. We shall know each other there,
Over there, over there,
When our angels robes we wear
In the kingdom;
All that's purest, holiest here,
Grows more dear, grows more dear
In the mansions drawing near,
In the kingdom.—*Chorus.*

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

Arranged for this work.

Moderato.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high; To its glories I fain would fly; When by sorrow press'd down, I
 2. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high; I shall enter it by and by; There with friends hand in hand, I shall

Chorus.

long for my crown, In that beau-ti-ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be, From
 walk on the strand, In that beau-ti-ful land on high. In that beau-ti-ful land, etc.

earth and its cares set free; My Jesus is there, he has gone to prepare A home in that land for me.

JUST AS I AM

Arranged for this work. 91

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can

3. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind; Yea, all I need, in thee I find; O, Lamb of God, I come.

4. Just as I am—though toss'd about, With many a conflict, many a doubt; Fightings within, and fears without; O, Lamb of God, I come.

5. Just as I am—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re- Because thy promise I believe [lieve, O, Lamb of God, I come,

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

come to Thee! O! Lamb of God, I come.
 cleanse each spot, O! Lamb of God, I come.

Concluded from opposite page.

- 3. There's a beautiful land on high,
 Then why should I fear to die;
 When death is the way to the realms of day
 In that beautiful land on high?
- 4. There's a beautiful land on high,
 And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
 Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,
 In that beautiful land on high.

- 5. There's a beautiful land on high,
 And though here I oft weep and sigh,
 My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed
 In that beautiful land on high.
- 6. There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where we never shall say, "good bye!"
 When over the river we're happy forever,
 In that beautiful land on high.

WE COME, WE COME.

Arranged for this work.

Adagio.

1. { We come, we come, with loud ac-claim, Let hills and val-leys
Let the Re-deem-er's praise a-rise, From all that dwell be-

{ We come, we come, with loud ac-claim, We come, we come, with loud acclaim, Let hills and val-leys sound his fame, Let
{ Let the Re-deem-er's praise a-rise, Let the Re-deem-er's praise a-rise, From all that dwell be-low the skies, From

Chorus.

sound low his fame. } Then shout and sing ye ransom'd sons of glory, For Jesus saves you from the fall; We
the skies. }

hills and valleys sound his fame. }
all that dwell below the skies. }

2. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

3. In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

O, COME TO ME.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Lively.

1. O, 'come to me at the morn-ing hour, While the world is so fresh with dew, While life is fair, and you
 2. O, come to me in the sweet spring-time, Ere the flowers of youth are past, While no foes you fear, and no

Chorus.

have no care; There is no oth-er friend so true. We come, We come, Precious Saviour, we come to
 days are drear, And the clouds never o - ver-cast.

We come, we come, we come, we come, to

thee We come, We come, Precious Saviour, we come to thee.
 yes, we come.

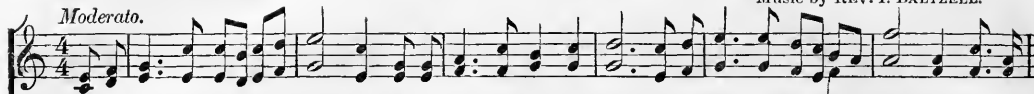
3.
 O, come to me at the evening hour,
 Ere the senses by sleep are still;
 Come, taste this hour, all my pardon-
 ing power;
 Come, and bow to my righteous will.
Chorus.

4.
 O, come to me; come, ye youthful
 throng,
 There is no better time for thee;
 I will receive all who do believe,
 They shall all my salvation see.
Chorus.

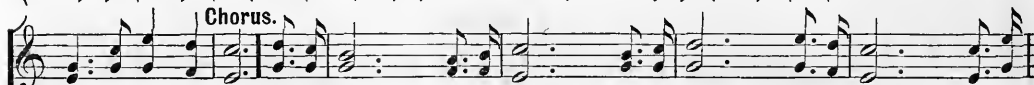
thee, While the morn is fair, and we have no care,

PRECIOUS NAME.

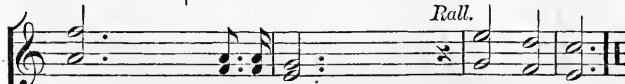
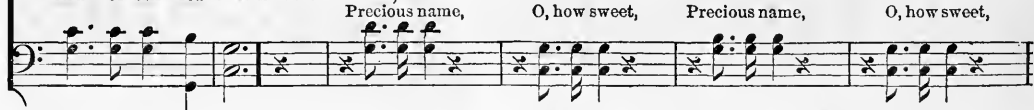
Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Moderato.

1. Precious is the name of Je - sus, Who can half its worth unfold, Far beyond angelic prais - es, Sweetly
2. Precious, as the me - di - ator, By the Father rais'd on high ; Precious, when he took our nature, Laid his
3. Precious, when to Calv'ry groaning, He sustain'd the cursed tree; Precious, when his death atoning Made an

**Chorus.**

sung to harps of gold. Precious name, O, how sweet, Precious name, O, how sweet, Precious
 aw - ful glo - ry by. Precious name, etc.
 end of sin for me. Precious name, etc.



4. Precious in his death victorious,
 He the host of hell o'erthrown
 In his resurrection glorious,
 Victor crowned o'er all his foes.
Chorus.—Precious name, etc.

name, O, how sweet, O, how sweet.
 Precious name, O, how sweet,



5. Precious, Lord, beyond expressing
 Are thy beauties all divine;
 Glory, honor, power and blessing
 Be henceforth forever thine.
Chorus.—Precious name, etc.

HAPPY, HAPPY DAY.

95

Words by REV. W. HUNTER.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Oh, how can I forget the hour, When love divine I found! The place was fill'd with sacred pow'r, And glory beam'd around.

Chorus.

Hap-py, happy day, Hap-py, hap-py day, When the Saviour wash'd my sins away, Hap-py, hap-py day,
 yes, a - way, yes,

Hap-py, hap-py day, When the Saviour wash'd my sins away.
 a - way.

2.
 My soul, relieved from sorrow's load,
 From guilty bondage free,
 Adored with joy the pardoning God,
 That showed such love to me!—*Chorus.*

3.
 The scenes of nature, then how bright!
 My eyes rejoiced to view;
 I praised the Lord with warm delight,
 And thought they praised him too.—*Chorus.*

4.
 My darkness then to light gave place,
 My guilt to pardon free;
 My rags of sin to robes of grace,
 My bonds to liberty!—*Chorus.*

5.
 I toiled no more a wand'ring child,
 In slavish, base employ;
 But safe at home, my Father smiled,
 And feasted me with joy.—*Chorus.*

6.
 And angels on their watchful posts,
 With gladness hasted round,
 To tell to all the heavenly hosts,
 "The long-lost child is found."—*Chorus.*

THE CROSS! THE CROSS!

From "Guide to Holiness." By permission.

Music and Chorus by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

Slow.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see! Re-mind-ing me of precious blood That

Chorus. *Slow and soft.*

once was shed for me. Oh, the blood! the precious blood! That Je-sus shed for me Up-on the cross, in

Ritard.

2. That cross! that cross! that heavy My Saviour bore for me. [cross] The crown! the crown! the glorious The crown of victory! [crown!]
Which bowed him to the earth with The crown of life! it shall be mine
On sad Mount Calvary.—*Cho.* [grief, When I shall Jesus see.—*Cho.*

3. How light! how light! this precious My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
Presented to my view; [cross] For love, unbounded love,
And while, with care, I take it up, Which guides me through this world of
Behold the crown my due.—*Cho.* And points to joys above.—*Cho.* [woe,

4.

5.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

97

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

i. Hope on and hope ev - er, our watchword shall be, While sailing o'er life's troubled billows, We'll nev - er despair tho' the

clouds may grow dark, Or hang our bright harps on the wil - lows. Hope on, hope on, hope on, hope on, While

sailing o'er life's troubled billows, Hope on, hope on, hope on, Nor hang your bright harps on the willows.

2. Hope on, and hope ever, no matter what comes,
While wand'ring thro' sorrow's deep places;
The hour before day is the darkest, they say,
Thus darkness and light interlaces.—*Chorus.*
G

3. Hope on, and hope ever, the heart's secret spring,
'Twill help us in life's earnest duty;
'Twill lift us from trials, and sorrow and tears,
To visions of splendor and beauty.—*Chorus.*

MURMUR NOT.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Murmur not, my soul, tho' here in sorrow, Thou dost count the weary, weary days, If it now be gloomy, yet the
 2. Murmur not, my soul, altho' the flowers Blooming here shall surely fade a-way; Je-sus bids thee hasten to the

Chorus.

tomorrow, Dawning bright, will cheer thee with its rays. Hoping on, pressing on, Of his love, of his love sweetly
 bowers, Where the flow'rs of pleasure ne'er decay. hoping on, pressing on, of his love

sing, sweetly sing, Hoping on, hoping on, pressing on, pressing on, To the cross, to the cross, firmly cling: firmly cling.

3. Murmur not, my soul, tho' here in sadness,
 Thou shalt linger yet awhile below,
 Thou shalt soon rest evermore in gladness,
 Where the streams of joy forever flow.—*Chorus.*

4. Murmur not, my soul, for God has told thee
 There are mansions ready for thee there,
 Where the arms of Jesus shalt enfold thee,
 And his glory freely thou shalt share.—*Chorus.*

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

1. Jesus, thy love shall we forget, And never bring to mind The grace that paid our hopeless debt, And

Chorus.

bade us par-don find? O, the blood, O, the blood, That Je-sus shed for me, That
precious blood, precious blood,

blood can make the foulest clean, That blood avail'd for me.

2. Gethsemane can we forget ;
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?—*Cho.*
3. Can we the plaited crown forget,
The buffeting and shame,
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth reviled thy name?—*Cho.*

4. The nails—the spear—can we forget ;
The agonizing cry—
“My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?”—*Cho.*

5. Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love ;
But he who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.—*Cho.*

O, STEER MY BARK.

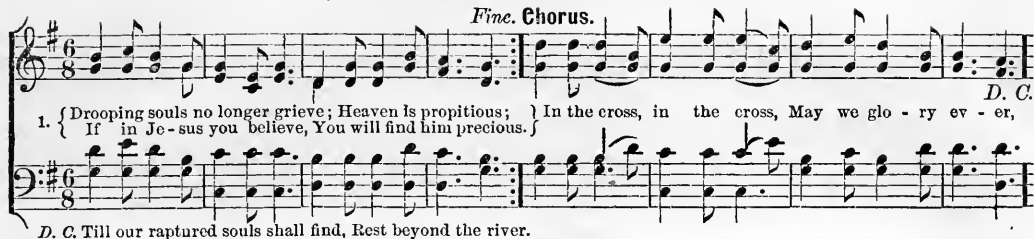
Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. O, I have roamed thro' many lands, A stranger to delight,
Not friendship's hopes, nor love's sweet smiles, Could *Omit.* . . . make my pathway bright, Till on the sky a star *Lit*
sining star, *Lit*

Chorus.
up night's sa-ble dome; O, steer my bark by that bright star, For heaven is my home; Home, Home, Home, Home, Home, Home, O home, blessed home, O home, blessed home, O

Home of the blest so fair, yes, so fair, Home, Home, Home, Home, Home, Home, O home, blessed home, Guide me, my Sa- viour, there.

Fine. Chorus.



D. C.

1. { Drooping souls no longer grieve; Heaven is propitious; } In the cross, in the cross, May we glo - ry ev - er, { If in Je - sus you believe, You will find him precious. }

D. C. Till our raptured souls shall find, Rest beyond the river.

2. Lo! he now is passing by,
Calls the mourner to him:
He has died that you and I,
Might look up and view him.

3. Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven;
When your heart on him relies,
"All shall be forgiven."

4. See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

5. Streaming mercy, how it flows,
Now I know I feel it;
Half has never yet been told,
Yet I want to tell it.

6. Jesus' blood has healed my wounds,
Oh! the wondrous story;
I was lost, but now am found,
Glory! Glory! Glory!

7. Glory to my Saviour's name,
Saints are bound to love him;
Mourners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove him.

8. Hasten to the Saviour's blood,
Feel it and declare it;
Oh! that I could sing so loud,
All the world might hear it.

9. If no greater joys are known
In the upper region;
I will try to travel on
In this pure religion.

10. Heaven's here, and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder;
Brightest seraphs shout, amen,
While the angels wonder.

Concluded from opposite page.

2. O, heaven is my home of rest,
I long to reach its shore;
To throw these troubles from my heart,
To weep and sigh no more,
I long for that bright land,
Where I no more shall roam,
O, steer my bark o'er Jordan's waves,
For heaven is my home.—*Chorus.*

3. O, take me from this world of woe,
To my blest home above;
Where tears of sorrow never flow—
Where all the air is love;
My loved ones wait for me,
My Saviour bids me come,
O, steer my bark to that fair land;
For heaven is my home.—*Chorus.*

WELCOME HOME.

Words by MRS. P. PALMER.

From "Guide to Holiness." By permission.

Music by MRS. KNAPP.

1. Oh, when I shall sweep thro' the gates, The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er, What then for my spir-it a-waits?
2. When from Cal-v'ry's mount I a-rise, And pass through the portals above, Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies,

Chorus.

Will they sing on the glo - ri - fied shore. Wel-come home! Wel-come home! A
Re - sound through the re - gions of love? Welcome home! Welcome home!

welcome in glo - ry for me; Welcome home! Welcome home! A wel-come for me.
Welcome home! Welcome home! Welcome home!

8. Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer!
Welcome home, etc.

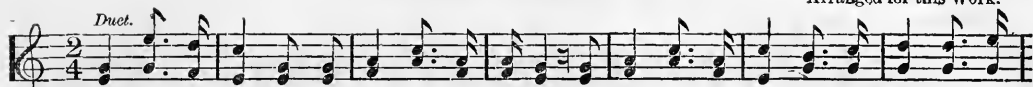
4. The beautiful gates will unfold
The home of the blood-washed I'll see,
The city of saints I'll behold!
For O! there's a welcome for me!
Welcome home, etc.

5. A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!
Welcome home, etc.

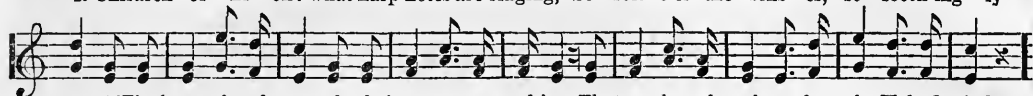
CHILDREN OF ZION.

103

Arranged for this Work.

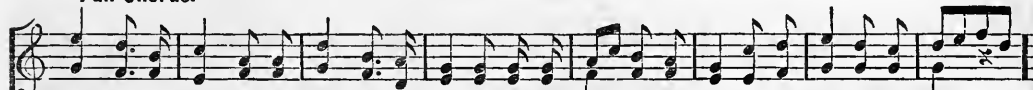


1. Children of Zi - on! what harp notes are ringing, So soft o'er the sens - es, so sooth - ing - ly

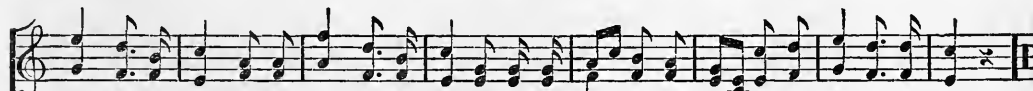
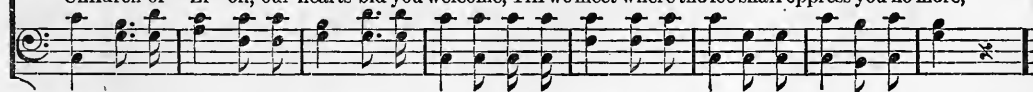


sweet! 'Tis the music of an - gels, their rapture re - veal - ing, That you have been brought to the Holy One's feet.

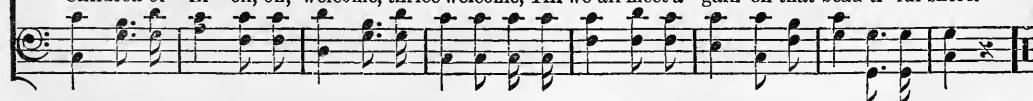
Full Chorus.



Children of Zi - on, our hearts bid you welcome, Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you no more,



Children of Zi - on, oh, welcome, thrice welcome, Till we all meet a - gain on that beau - ti - ful shore.



2. Children of Zion, no longer in sadness
Refrain from the feast that your Saviour hath given;
Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
And think of the banquet still sweeter in heaven.

3. Children of Zion, we joyfully hail you,
Who've entered the sheepfold through Jesus the door,
While pilgrims on earth, though the fire assail you,
Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er.

THE GLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Words arranged.

Moderato.

1. There's a fountain, a fountain of cleansing for sin, Where the guilty may wash and be clean; Tho' transgression without and po-
2. O, this ev-er bless'd fountain by faith now I see, I am guided by faith from above; I have bath'd my poor soul in its

Chorus.

In-tion within, They are lost in its health-giving stream. Sinner, come and bathe your souls to-day, Ere the
wa-ters s- free, And am sav'd thro' omnip-o-tent love. Sinner, come, etc. yes, to-day,

heal - ing wa-ters cease to flow, Je-sus calls you, sinner, come a - way, He will wash you white as snow.
come a-way,

3. Oh, this wonderful fountain, I'll sing of its fame,
Of the power of its life-giving stream;
And the glory ascribe unto Jesus, blest name,
So mighty from sin to redeem.—*Chorus.*

4. Then forever at home in that beautiful land,
With the blood-washed so holy and clean;
Will we sing the new song 'mid the angelic band,
For this fountain once opened for sin.—*Chorus.*

COME TO THE SAVIOUR.

1. O come, bring your hearts to Je- sus, For youth, like a ten- der flow'r, Requires his pro- tect- ing
2. How love- ly the dewy morning, When earth seems all bright and fair; But brighter the morning

Chorus.
love and care, To shield in temp- ta- tion's hour. Come, come, come to the Saviour
time of life, When hallowed by faith and pray'r.

Come, in your youthful days; Light is the bur- den he bestows, And pleasant are all his ways.

3 The song- birds their praises warble
In forest, on hill, and plain;
But sweeter the songs of joy we raise,
To Jesus, for sinners slain.—*Cho.*

4 Then praises to God we'll render;
In songs let our voices swell!
He gives to his children joy and peace,
And with them delights to dwell.—*Cho.*

GOOD NEWS COMES O'ER THE SEA.

Moderato.

(MISSIONARY.)

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Good news comes o'er the sea, And tells of vic-t'ry there; The heathen bow the knee, In
2. The glorious gos - pel light, In splendor shines to day, Where naught but darkest night Fell

hum - ble, fer - vent pray'r. Long wait - ed we to hear The glorious tid-lugs come, Pro-
on the heathen's way. Brave Christians heard the cry That came a-cross the sea, "Come,

Chorus. *Lively.*

claiming vic'try there, Where darkness reign'd alone. Re-joice, . . . re-joice, . . . Good
help us, ere we die, Come, help us to be free." Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, re-joice,

Repeat Chorus.

news comes o'er the sea; . . . Re-joice, . . . re-joice, . . . Good news comes o'er the sea.
the sea; Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, re-joice,

3. They had adieu to home,
To friends and loved ones dear;
They crossed the ocean's foam,
They landed safely there.
They raised the banner bright
On Afric's hostile shore,
The heathen saw a light,
Where darkness reigned before.
Rejoice, etc.

4. Oh, see them coming home!
The poor, degraded race!
The Master bids them come
To seek his saving grace.
At Jesus' feet they fall;
To heaven they lift their cry;
He hears their simple call,—
He saves them ere they die.
Rejoice, etc.

5. Awake! the sun is high;
The Master's calling you!
Why stand ye idly by?
There's work for you to do!
Your treasures, prayers, and tears,
Go, lay at Jesus' feet;
And soon we'll sing the song
Of victory complete.
Rejoice, etc.

THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. To-day the Sa- viour calls, Come, children, come, Oh, ten- der, youth-ful souls, Why long-er roam.
2. To-day the Sa- viour calls, Oh, lis-ten now, With-in these sa- cred walls, To Je- sus bow.
3. To-day the Sa- viour calls; For refuge fly; Be- fore his justice falls; Come, death is nigh.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

Newly arranged by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. We nev - er shall be hap - py if we walk the ways of sin, 'Tis a path that leads onward to sor-row, }
 If the right we would pursue, it is time we should begin; For why need we wait for to-mor-row. }

Chorus.

Let us seek sal - va - tion to - day, Let us seek sal - va - tion to - day, If the
 Yes, to - day, Yes, to - day, Yes, to - day,

crown we would se - cure, We must make our call - ing sure, And seek sal - va - tion to - day.

2. We'll never get to heaven if we do not learn the way,
 And prepare for the journey before us;
 If for Jesus we would live, we must always watch and pray,
 And thus will his banner be o'er us.—*Cho.*
3. The tempter may assail us, but with Jesus by our side,
 And a hope in his power possessing,
 We will make his holy word still our counsel and our guide,
 And count every trial a blessing.—*Cho.*

GENTLE JESUS.

109

1. Gen-tle Je - sus, Sa - viour mild, Hear thy low - ly sup-pliant child; Nothing bring I to thy

feet— Naught for thine ac-cept - ance meet— But a soul for sin dis - tress'd; Gen - tle

Je - sus, give it rest; But a soul for sin dis-tress'd; Gen - tle Je - sus, give it rest.

2. In this weary vale below,
 Thou hast trod the path of woe;
 Thou hast known the dreadful power
 Of the tempter's evil hour,
 Felt the pangs of grief and fear,
 Shed, like us, the bitter tear.

3. Now I bend before thy throne,
 All my guilt and folly own;
 Yea, with earnest heart I plead,
 Comfort—pardon—in my need,
 This my plea, and naught beside,
 Gentle Jesus, thou hast died.

*Spirited.***O, ALL YE PEOPLE, (Anthem.)**

Arranged for this Work.

1. O, all ye people God hath made! Sing glo-ry to his ho-ly name; To him be endless honors paid, Let
 2. O, sing his praise, ye heav'nly choirs, Who stand a-round his awful throne, Repeat, on your im-mor-tal lyres, That

Chorus.

ev'-ry tongue his praise proclaim. Praise to the Lord, who all things made, Praise to the Lord, who all things made, And
 praise be-long to him a-lone. Praise to the Lord, etc.

glo-ry to his ho-ly name; To him be end-less honors paid, Let ev'-ry tongue his praise proclaim.
 Glo-ry, etc. To him, etc.

CLING TO THE SAVIOUR.

111

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.



1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the accursed load,
I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crimson stains White, in his blood most precious, Till not a spot remains. }



2. I long to be like Je-sus, Meek, loving, lowly, mild; I long to be like Jesus, The Father's ho-ly Child,
I long to be with Je-sus, Amid the heav'nly throng, To sing with saints and angels, The everlasting song. }

Chorus.



Oh, cling to the Saviour, Oh, cling to the Saviour, Oh, cling to the Saviour, He's mighty to save.



Concluded from opposite page.

3. Thou glorious sun, his image bright,
Who rul'st the seasons and the days,
And thou, fair moon, who rul'st the night,
Unite in your Creator's praise.
4. Praise him, ye stars, whose trembling lights,
Like scatter'd pearls, adorn the sky;
Your silent course each heart invites,
To praise the Lord who reigns on high.

5. Praise him, ye founts, ye limpid streams,
Ye rapid rivers in your course,
Proclaim him in your murmur'ing themes,
Of every good th' exhaustless source.
6. O thou, for whom this wondrous frame,
And all these creatures were design'd,
O man! adore and praise his name
In whom all beauties are combin'd.

ON TO VICTORY.

Arranged with Chorus.

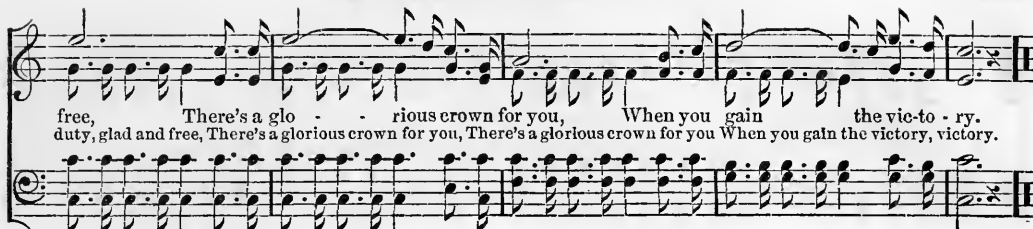
Boldly.

Soldiers, for whom the Saviour bled, On in your Captain's footsteps tread; Follow your Master, and be led On to victo-

ry. See, how the foe-men take the ground, Hark, how the signal trumpets sound, List how the accents pour around,

Chorus.

Cheering melo - dy. Then a wake, ye freemen true, On to du - - ty, glad and
Then a-wake, ye freemen true, Then awake ye freemen true, On to duty, glad and free, On to



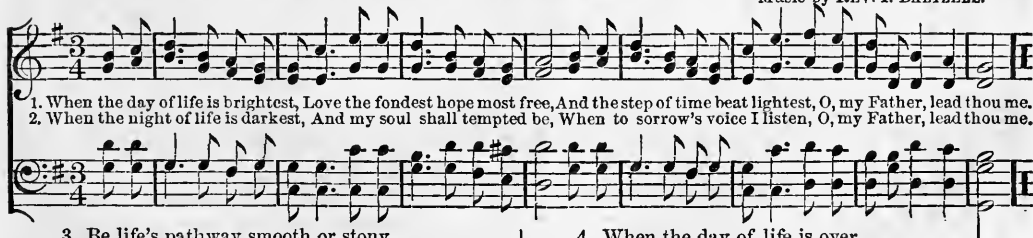
free, There's a glo - rious crown for you, When you gain the vic-to - ry.
duty, glad and free, There's a glorious crown for you, There's a glorious crown for you When you gain the victory, victory.

2. Soldiers, come, hasten on with me,
Soon, soon your enemies must flee;
Your great reward before you see
Shining from on high,
Come, boldly take the glorious field;
You may be slain—but never yield;
You shall inscribe, upon your shield,
"Victory, though I die."—*Chorus.*

3. By all the ransom which he gave,
By his full triumph o'er the grave,
Trust in his mighty power to save,
Firm and faithful be;
And when the last dark hour is nigh,
When the great tear-drop dims the eye,
You shall in death's last parting sigh,
Grasp the victory.—*Chorus.*

LEAD THOU ME.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.



1. When the day of life is brightest, Love the fondest hope most free, And the step of time beat lightest, O, my Father, lead thou me.
2. When the night of life is darkest, And my soul shall tempted be, When to sorrow's voice I listen, O, my Father, lead thou me.

3. Be life's pathway smooth or stony,
Let my faith still cling to thee;
Be life's future bright or stormy;
O, my Father, lead thou me.

4. When the day of life is over,
And my journey's end I see;
Into joy and bliss eternal,
O, my Father, lead thou me.

CHILDREN'S KINGDOM.

Words and music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. There's a glorious Kingdom, ev-er bright and fair, Many lit-tle children live up there; In that glorious Kingdom
2. In that glorious Kingdom in the up-per fold, See the children playing harps of gold; Making sweetest mu-sic

Chorus.

Hap - py chil - dren,
is a throne of gold, All are bright and hap - py - bliss un - told. } Happy lit - tle children, in that Kingdom fair,
with the an - gel band; All before the gold - en throne they stand. }

hap - py chil - dren, You must love the Sa - viour true.
Singing, ever singing, Songs of triumph there; If you would be happy in that Kingdom too, You must love the Saviour true.

GATHER THE LITTLE ONES IN.

115
Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Go to the hedges and broad highway, Gather the little ones in; Hasten! the Saviour's command obey,

Chorus.
Gather the little ones in. Gather them in, let the room be full, Gather the little ones in;

Gath er, gath er,
Gather them in-to the Sunday-School, Gather the little ones in.

2. Gather them in from the reary home
Gather the little ones in;
Jesus has bidden them all to come,
Gather the little ones in.—*Chorus.*

4. Gather them in from the lane and street,
Gather the little ones in;
Gather them in with your songs so sweet,
Gather the little ones in.—*Chorus.*

3. Gather them in, both the rich and poor
Gather the little ones in;
Open to all, is the Gospel door,
Gather the little ones in.—*Chorus.*

5. Gather them in with a glowing love,
Gather the little ones in;
Lead them along to the home above,
Gather the little ones in.—*Chorus.*

THROW OPEN THE GATES AFAR.

Words and Melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Harmonized by T. C. O'KANE.

1. My treasures are gath - er - ing yon - der, I am loos - ing my hold on the earth, The
The i - dols once lov'd are all bro - ken, And the cords that have bound me are riv'n; My
2. My spir - it is grow - ing world - wea - ry, For the vis - ion of Heaven ap - pears, Where
My life is now slow - ly re - ced - ing, And the death - an - gel stands at the door, The

Chorus.

Saviour is gently pre - par - ing, My soul for its heav'nly birth; } I am coming, O glo - ri - fied
spir - it is plum - ing its pinions For its beau - ti - ful home in Heav'n. }
eyes will no longer be tear - y As here, through the long, sad years; } I am coming, etc.
glo - ri - fied loved ones are wait - ing To welcome me to your shore. }

lov'd ones, Throw open the gates a - far, (a - far), I am com - ing to be where my Je - sus And the

beau-ti-ful an-gels are, I am coming to be where my Je-sus And the beau-ti-ful an-gels are.

JESUS.

Music by J. K. COLE.

1. Let us sing to Je-sus, Let us bless his name, For to seek and save us To our world he came.
 2. Let us pray to Je-sus, He will hear our cry, And will send to help us From his throne on high.
 3. Let us all love Je-sus, For he lov'd us so, That he died to save us From our sin and woe.

Chorus.

Je-sus is our Saviour, And his name we'll praise, Let us love and serve him, In our youthful days.

COME TO JESUS.

Music and Chorus by REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

Arranged by WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Come, wand'rer, come, retrace thy steps, In sin no longer roam; Thy Father calls, with pleading voice, Come home, dear child, come

Chorus.

home. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus now! He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

2. Though grieved and wounded by thy sin,
His mercies o'er thee yearn,
His spirit longs and groans within,
To hail thy safe return.
3. Lo! all these years he's sought in vain
To win thy heart to peace;
Oh, come thou back, from sin refrain,
And let thy wand'ring cease.
4. "The fatted calf" shall then be slain,
And music charm thine ear;
Thy Father's house shall joy again,
And heaven thy welcome cheer.

Words by REV. W. H. BURRELL.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SHIP.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. The Sun-day-school ship, with her sails all unfur'd, Is head-ing for glo-ry, that beau-ti-ful world;
2. How grand-ly she rides on the crest of the waves, As proud-ly the storms and the tempests she braves;

Where Je - sus is wait - ing with crowns of pure gold, To place on each brow as they en - ter the fold.
The ev - ergreen shore, now ap - pear - ing in view, How joy - ous and hap - py our strong youthful crew.

Chorus.

Oh, the voy - age to glo - ry is pleas - ant and free, How sweet - ly we ride on the wave;

Young sail - ors are we, with Je - sus at sea, We'll trust in our cap - tain, He's mighty to save.

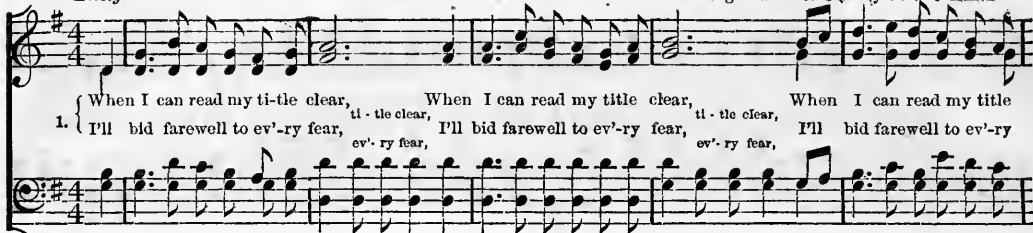
3. Now, gathered on deck, with their notes of sweet song,
Both teachers and children, a glorious throng,
They spy in the distance, the city's high dome,
Where soon they shall dwell with their lov'd ones at home.

4. Awaiting them there, in that sweet Eden land,
Companions and friends, in multitudes stand,
Now, reaching the port in the regions of light,
In songs of sweet praises, with joy all unite.

Lively.

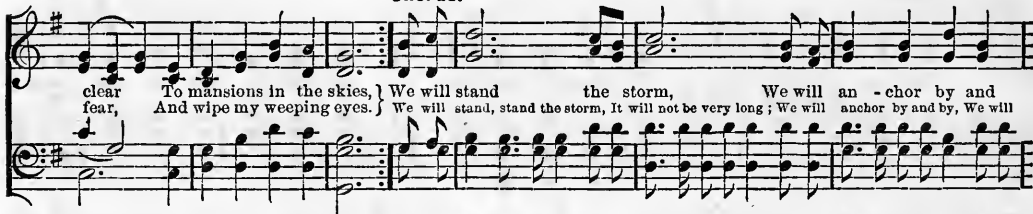
ANCHOR BY AND BY.

Arranged with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.

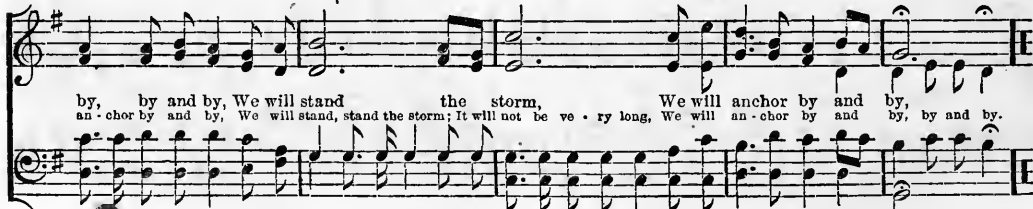


1. When I can read my ti-tle clear, When I can read my title clear, When I can read my title clear,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear.

Chorus.



clear fear, To mansions in the skies, } We will stand the storm, We will an - chor by and by,
And wipe my weeping eyes. } We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be very long; We will anchor by and by, We will



by, by and by, We will stand the storm, We will anchor by and by,
an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will not be ve - ry long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

2. Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

THE BLIND BOY.

Arranged by Rev. I. BALTZELL. 121

Recitative.

1. It was a pleasant summer day, The flow'rets bloomed, the air was mild, The lit - tle birds poured forth their lays
2. In pleasant thought I wandered on, Be-neath the green leaf's ample shade, Till sudden-ly I came up-on

Chorus.

And ev'-rything in na-ture smiled, The lit - tle birds poured forth their lays, And ev'rything in nature smiled.
Two children that had hither strayed, Till suddenly, &c.

3. Just at an aged birch tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in her's he kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.
4. "Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"
3. "Yes, Eddie, dear," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree;"
The poor boy sighed and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see."
6. "The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees!
And pretty birds are hopping there—
How beautiful for one that sees.

7. Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell,
From those dear birds that God has made.
8. So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind,
Among the children up in heaven?"
9. "No, Eddie, dear, there all can see:
But wherefore ask a thing so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, he's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."
10. "Oh, brother dear, the time draws nigh,
When we shall leave this world behind,
And dwell together up on high—"
"O, sister, then I won't be blind."

BEGIN TO PRAY,

Music and Words by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. Now be-gin the heav'nly race, Christ calls to - day; Come, and ear-ly seek his face, And learn to pray.
 2. Hear the blessed Saviour say, "Come un - to me;" I will take your sins a - way, And make you free.
 3. Je - sus speaks in accents mild, Come, come a - way; He will bless a lit - tle child, Come, come to - day.

He who left his Father's throne, He who made your grief his own, Calls you to his peaceful home, Far, far a - way.
 Come, and seek the Saviour's face; Come, and seek his pard'ning grace, Now begin the heav'nly race, He waits for thee.
 Come to him, let nought allure; Come to him, your rest is sure; He will save you ev - er-more In endless day.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ARMY.

Words by REV. W. H. BURRELL.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. With ban - ner and song, we are marching a - long, The Sun-day-school ar - my, full ten thousand strong,

To conquer the world, Our flag is unfurl'd, And "onward to vic-to-ry," Our mot-to and song.

Chorus.

We are march - ing, march - ing, We're march - ing, marching a - long.
 March-ing, march-ing, marching, march-ing, The Sunday-school ar - my is marching a - long;

We are march - ing, march - ing, The Sunday-school ar-my is marching a-long.
 March-ing, march-ing, march-ing. marching, The Sunday-school ar - my is march-ing a-long.

2. Our soldiers are brave, and our banner shall wave,
 While onward we're marching our lost race to save;
 The flag of the cross,
 O'er th' enemies loss,
 In grandeur, and glory, and triumph, shall wave.—*Cho.*

3. On life's golden shore, with our conflicts' all o'er,
 Our arms we shall ground; we shall need them no more,
 There comrades shall meet,
 Each other to greet,
 And triumph together on life's golden shore.—*Cho.*

ONLY ACROSS THE DARK RIVER.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. There's a beautiful land where the bright angels dwell, And our lov'd ones are gathered forever; Whose songs of deliv'rance in
 2. There's a heav'nly rest, there's a home of delight, Where sorrow and death cometh never, 'Tis the home of the holy, and

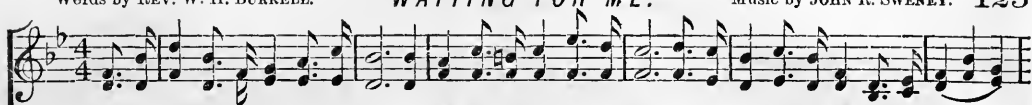
Chorus.

full anthems swell; It is on-ly a-cross the dark riv-er. It is on-ly a-cross the dark riv-er, Be-
 God is its light; It is on-ly a-cross the dark riv-er. It is on-ly a-cross, etc. the dark riv-er,

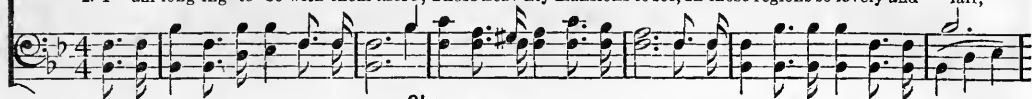
yond where the pearly gates stand, Where saints shall inherit for-ev - er A home in the beau-ti - ful land.
 for-ev - or

2. There's a crown and a robe in that beautiful land,
 Which Jesus the glorious giver,
 Shall bestow upon those who are worthy to stand,
 It is only across the dark river.—*Cho.*

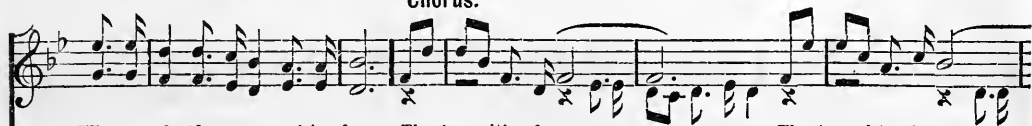
3. Then we'll fear not the darkness that hides that bright shore,
 For the Lord shall be there to deliver;
 He will guide all safe to the bright evermore,
 It is only across the dark river.—*Cho.*



1. I am seek-ing my home in the sky, A-way o-ver earth's troubled sea, In that beautiful world up-on high,
 2. I am long-ing to be with them there; Those heav'nly mansions to see, In those regions so lovely and fair,



Chorus.

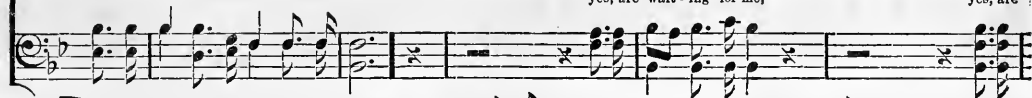


Where my lov'd ones are waiting for me. They're waiting for me,
 Where my lov'd ones are waiting for me. They're waiting for me, etc.

They're waiting for me,

yes, are wait-ing for me,

yes, are !



me,
 wait-ing for me, In that land so pure and blest, In that land of peace and rest, They are waiting, yes, are waiting for me.



3. I am nearing the City of Gold,
 Its domes, high and lofty, I see ;
 With sweet rapture and joy I beheld
 My lov'd ones are waiting for me.—*Cho.*

4. O the bliss, O the transport I know,
 From bondage and sin I am free,
 While the blood-washed, with garments as snow,
 And my lov'd ones are waiting for me.—*Cho.*

THERE'S WORK FOR ALL.

Words and Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Say not, O Chris-tian reap-er, The earth no har-vest yields; Look up, and you'll dis-cov-er The

Chorus.

waiting harvest fields, There's a work for you and me to do, A work, a work for ev'-ry one; Then

up, and on to du-ty go, Our work has scarce begun.
du-ty go,

2. Go forth with hope and courage,
Go, wield the sickle's blade;
Fear none of Satan's reapers,
Though well they be arrayed.—*Cho.*

3. How many youth and children
In this wide world of sin;
How many men and women
Your industry may win.—*Cho.*

4. The autumn days are coming,
The summer will be o'er,
Among the ripened harvests
You'll find your work no more.—*Cho.*

5. But if, in faith, you labor,
And gather sheaves of grain,
With joy you'll hail the Master,
When he shall come again.—*Cho.*

CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

127
Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Bolli.

1. When the tem-pest high is raging, As I sail o'er life's rough sea; Wreck'd I be, I'll fear no bil-low,

Chorus.

If I then may on-ly be, Clinging to the rock, ^{yes,} clinging to the rock; Clinging, clinging,

clinging to the rock; Waiting for the boatman from the oth-er shore, Coming, coming for me.

2. If amid the wrecks I'm drifted,
Darkness settled thickly round,
Hope shall lift her gleaming beacon,
If I then be only found.—*Chorus.*

3. When the waves shall close around me,
Proudly round me as I die,
Over all these seeming victors,
I shall triumph while I cry.—*Chorus.*

OH, SEE THEM NOW MARCHING.

Words and melody by P. A. SPURLOCK.

Harmonized by R. K. MOORE.

1. Glad millions of children are marching to-day, In the east, in the west, on the prairie far a - way;
2. A - way o'er the prairies wide rolling we see, 'Mid the waving of grass, like the bo - som of sea,

On missions of mer - cy they march thro' the land, The pride of our nations, the Sabbath-school band.
Little fai - ry-like forms gliding on o'er the way, To hail with glad greetings the Sabbath-school day.

Chorus.

Oh, see them now marching, march-ing, marching, With songs on the way, on the way, on the way,
Marching, marching, marching,

Bound for the land where the an - gels are harping, The ci - ty a - bove that is bright - er than day.

3. Away through the valleys, and over the hills,
Through woodlands they come, and by low gushing rills;
From the wide city full, midst the gathering throng,
With chiming of bells they come marching along.

4. Like stars of the morning that herald the light,
Ere the sun cometh forth in the strength of his might,
With songs and with banner they march on the way,
Proclaiming the coming millennial day.

Words by FANNY CROSEY.

LORD, ABIDE WITH ME.

By Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, hear my call, Sin - ful though my heart may be; Thou, my life, my
2. Lone - ly in a stran - ger land, Cast me not a - way from thee; Lead me by thy

hope, my all, Lord, a - bide with me.
gen - tle hand, Lord, a - bide with me.

3. Thou hast didd the lost to save,
Died to set the captive free;
Thou didst triumph o'er the grave,
Lord, abide with me.

4. Fill me with thy love divine;
Consecrate my life to thee;
Bend my stubborn will to thine,
Lord, abide with me.

5. When the shades of death prevail,
Father, let me cling to thee;
When I pass the gloomy vale,
Lord, abide with me.

6. Then, oh, then, my raptured soul
Heaven's eternal rest shall see;
There, while endless ages roll,
Live and reign with thee.

GO TO JESUS.

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. When the clouds are gath'ring o'er thee, And the sky is thick with gloom; When thy path looks dark before thee, And thou
[wand' rest far from
2. When thy heart with grief is breaking, And thy soul is filled with fears; When no balm can soothe the aching, And no hand
[can wipe the

home, Go to Jesus, he will cheer thee Thro' this wilderness so drear, He's a friend that's ever near thee, Trust in him, and never fear.
tears, Go to Jesus, he is waiting To receive you to his breast; He will drive away all sorrow; He will give your spirit rest.

Chorus.

Go to Jesus, go to Jesus, He's a friend that's ever near, Go to Jesus, go to Je-sus, He's a friend that's ever near.
ev-er near,

3. Does thy heart of sin distress thee?
Art thou longing to be free?
Dost thou feel, with all thy striving
Sin is ever conquering thee?—*Cho.*

4. Go to Jesus, he is calling,
"Weary pilgrim, come to me;
Bring your every burden with you,
I will quickly make you free."—*Cho.*

I'M THINKING OF HOME.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL. 131

Moderato.

1. I am thinking of home, of a home far a - way, Where tho many bright mansions be; Of a ci - ty with

Chorus.

streets made of glittering gold, Which the righteous alone shall see. Oh, home, sweet home, sweet home, I am
sweet home,

longing for home, sweet home, Be - yond the pearly gates many mansions wait For the weary marching home.
sweet home,

2. I am thinking of home where they need not the light
Of the sun, or the moon, or star;
For no night ever comes, but the traveller may
Sweetly rest in that home afar.—*Cho.*

3. I am thinking of home, of the loved over there,
Happy kindred who've gone before;
Ye have gone to the home where the weary all rest,
To the home on the blissful shore.—*Cho.*

OPEN WIDE THE GOLDEN GATE.

Arranged for this Work.

1. O pen wide the golden gate, Let the lit tle wand'ers in; Let them, now no long-er wait, Tho' their

lives are soil'd by sin; There is room enough for them In the per-fume - la-den bow'rs, Room for many a sparkling

Refrain.

gem, 'Mid the Mas - ter's living flow'rs. Let them come in, let them come in, Let the lit - tle wand'ers in.

come in, come in,

2. Suffer them to come to him,
 Shepherd of the cherub band;
 He can light the valley dim,
 Leading from this desert land,
 Nurtured with a kindly care,
 All the weeds of sin kept down,
 Golden fruits their lives shall bear,
 Till they win the sparkling crown.

3. And with golden harps in hand,
 Gladd'ning all that blest abode,
 They shall shine, a star-gem'd band,
 In the coronal of God;
 Open, then, the golden gate,
 Let the little wand'ers in;
 See the blessed Saviour wait,
 Wait to save their souls from sin.

1. We come to thee, dear Saviour, Just because we need thee so, No other name can save us, Oh, what bliss that name to know!

Chorus.

O bountiful salvation! O life e - ternal won! O plenti-ful redemption, Through God's eternal Son.

2.
 We come to thee, dear Saviour,
 None will have us, Lord, but thee;
 And we want none but Jesus,
 And his grace that makes us free.
 O bountiful salvation! &c.

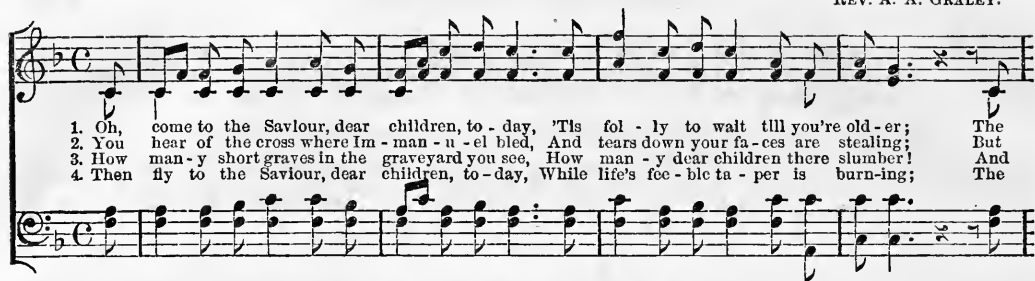
3.
 We come to thee, dear Saviour,
 It is love that makes us come;
 We are certain of our welcome,
 Of our Father's welcome home.
 O bountiful salvation! &c.

4.
 We come to thee, dear Saviour,
 For to whom, Lord, can we go,
 The words of life eternal
 From thy lips forever flow.
 O bountiful salvation! &c.

5.
 We come to thee, dear Saviour,
 And thou wilt not ask us why;
 We cannot live without thee,
 And still less without thee die.
 O bountiful salvation! &c.

COME TO THE SAVIOUR TO-DAY.

REV. A. A. GRALEY.



1. Oh, come to the Saviour, dear children, to-day, 'Tis fol - ly to wait till you're old - er; The
 2. You hear of the cross where Im - man - u - el bled, And tears down your fa - ces are steal - ing; But
 3. How man - y short graves in the graveyard you see, How man - y dear children there slumber! And
 4. Then fly to the Saviour, dear children, to-day, While life's fee - ble ta - per is burn - ing; The



heart is now ten - der, but if you de - lay, 'Twill sure - ly grow hard - er and bold - er.
 when a few years have roll'd o - ver your head, You'll hear of that cross with - out feel - ing.
 few may the days of your pil - grim - age be; No mor - tal can tell us their num - ber.
 Spi - it now strives; should you grieve him a - way, In vain may you wait his re - turn - ing.

Chorus.



The Sa - viour is call - ing to - day; He waits to re - ceive you and save; Give

heed to the warning, Ere life's sun - ny morning, Be clos'd in the night of the grave.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first part of the hymn. It features a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff, both in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

JESUS IS CALLING.

Moderato.

Words and Music by REV. I. BALTZELL

1. Je - sus calls, "dear children, Come to me and live," Hear him gently say - ing, "Why the spirit grieve.
2. Je - sus waits to save you, Waits to save you now; While he bids you welcome, At his footstool bow.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second part of the hymn. It features a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff, both in a key signature of one flat. The time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

Chorus.

Je - sus is calling, call - ing, calling, call - ing, Je - sus is calling, call - ing, children, come.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the chorus of the hymn. It features a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff, both in a key signature of one flat. The time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with quarter and eighth notes. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff, with some words underlined to indicate phrasing.

3. Hear the gentle Jesus
Speaking now to you;
"Trust in me forever;
I will guide you through."—*Cho.*

4. Oh, no longer linger,
When he bids you come;
Come, oh come, to Jesus,
While there yet is room.—*Cho.*

Words adapted.

1. Faint not, Christian, tho' the road, Leading to thy blest abode, Where the Saviour waits to welcome pilgrims o'er,
2. Faint not, Christian, tho' the world Has its hostile flag unfurled, And the foe is strong and mighty in the field;

Is all dark, and dang'rous, too; Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee thro'. Faint not, Christian, soon you'll reach the blissful shore.
Hold the cross of Je-sus fast, Thou shalt o-vercome at last; For the Saviour is thy helmet, sword and shield.

Refrain.

Ev-er be strong, Ev-er be strong, Bear the cross, and you shall wear the sun-bright crown.
in the Lord, in the Lord, bright crown.

3. Faint not, Christian, Jesus near,
Soon in glory will appear
With the holy band of angels in the sky;
Christ, the Lord, is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall,
But will save thee in his home of love on high.—*Refrain.*

4. Faint not, Christian, look on high,
See the harpers in the sky;
Patient wait, and thou shalt join the holy band,
Soon with them you'll join the song
Of salvation, loud and long;
In the kingdom of the holy thou shalt stand.—*Refrain.*

SEAL ME EVER THINE,

137

Words arranged.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Come, blessed Saviour, take my heart, And nev - er - more from me de - part; Come, precious Saviour,

Chorus.
 seal me thine; Thy new and precious name be mine, Saviour come, Saviour come, Saviour
Saviour come, Saviour come,

come, Saviour come, Oh, come, precious Saviour, take my heart, And never - more from me de - part.
Saviour come, Saviour come,

2. Sweetly on Jesus I repose,
 Kindly protected from my foes;
 Willing to suffer day by day,
 Willing to follow Christ, the way.—*Cho.*

3. Now, blessed Saviour, keep thy throne,
 In my poor heart, now all thy own,
 Now Saviour, take me, thou art mine,
 Bless me, and seal me ever thine.—*Cho.*

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

Words arranged for this Work.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.*

1. Sowing their seed in the beau-ti-ful dawn, Sowing their seed in the noon-day sun; Sowing their seed when the
2. Sowing their seed by the way side so high, Sowing their seed on the rocks to die, Sowing their seed when the

Chorus.

darkness comes on, What shall the har-vest be? Sow - - - ing in time for e-
win - ter is nigh, What shall the har-vest be? Sow-ing in time for e - ter - ni - ty.

ter - - - ni - ty, What . . . shall the har - - - est be? What shall the harvest be?
Sow-ing in time for e - ter - ni - ty, What shall the harvest be? what shall it be?

3. Sowing the seeds of a lingering pain,
Seeds of remorse in a maddened brain;
Oh, at the judgment you'll meet them again,
Dark will the harvest be.—*Cho.*

4. Good seed keep sowing wherever you go*
Never be idle while here below;
Jesus will water it, cause it to grow,
Great will the harvest be.—*Cho.*

FEED MY LAMBS.

139

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. "Feed my lambs," how con-de- scend- ing, How com- pas- sion- ate the grace Of the Saviour just as-
 2. Rich- est treasure, dear- est to- ken, From his stores of love to givo; Kept from age to age un-

Chorus.

end- ing, Thus to bless our infant race. Lovest thou the blessed Saviour? Hast thou heard the great command?
 bro- ken, Till its bounty we re- ceive. Lovest thou, &c.

Rit.

If thou lovest me, thy Saviour, "Feed my lambs."

3. Who, without that word of blessing,
 Could our dark estate have told?
 Sin and woe our souls distressing,
 Lost, and wandering from his fold.—*Cho.*
4. "Feed my lambs!" ye pastors, hear it!
 Feed the flock of his own hand;
 Oh, for him, let us, revere it,—
 Keep the Shepherd's last command.—*Cz*

WE ARE HOMEWARD BOUND.

Arranged by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Spirited.

1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love; With a swelling sail we onward sweep; Tho' the rude winds blow, there is
2. Though the billows rise, they shall never overwhelm; Tho' the breakers rear upon the lee, 'Mid the strife we'll sing for we've

Chorus.

One who rules above, Who will guide the weary sailor o'er the deep. We are homeward bound, we're tossing on the tide, But the
Jesus at the helm, He will guide her safely o'er the rolling sea. We are homeward, &c.

wild dark tempest soon will cease; When the storm is past we'll safe at anchor ride, In the port of ever-last-ing peace.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Though for ages past she has ploughed the stormy main,
She's as worthy as in days of yore;
'Mid the rocks and shoals, and the fearful hurriclane,
She has thousands brought to Canaan's happy shore.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4. We are homeward bound; won't you join our happy crew?
Come aboard, poor sinner, while you may;
To the eye of faith there's the better land in view,
'Tis the land that shines with never-ending day.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

SING OF A SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

141

Words by REV. W. KENNY.

Chorus.

1. { Oh, come, happy children, u - nite in our song, Sing of a Saviour's love; } Then join in ho-san-nah's to
 { With hearts full of gladness his praises prolong, He is the friend we love. }

Jesus, our King, Loud let the chorus exultingly ring, Sing of his love, Sing of his love, Sing of a Saviour's love.

2. We'll sing of his mercy who for us hath died,
 Sing of a Saviour's love;
 Rejoicingly sing of our Lord crucified,
 He is the friend we love.—*Cho.*
3. We'll praise him for coming our souls to redeem,
 Sing of his wondrous love;
 Till earth's happy millions shall join in our theme,
 Praising the friend that we love.—*Cho.*
4. Oh, do you not hear him, now bidding you come,
 Come to his arms of love?

- Then, why will you tarry? for yet there is room,
 Room in his arms of love.—*Cho.*
5. Oh, come, then, and join in the song that we sing,
 Singing of him we love;
 Join all your glad voices in praise to our King,
 Praises to him we love.—*Cho.*
6. Then, glory to Jesus, shall still be our song,
 Glory to him we love;
 For glory and praises unto him belong,
 Praises to him we love.—*Cho.*

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Words and Music by Mrs. T. J. Cook.

V. 1. 2. 3. Merry, mer-ry Christmas ev'-ry where! Cheer-i-ly It ringeth through the air; Christmas bells, Christmas trees,

Christmas odors on the breeze; Merry, merry Christmas ev'-ry where! Cheer-i-ly it ringeth through the air.

1. Why should we so joy-ful-ly Sing with grateful mirth? See! the Sun of Righteousness Beams upon the earth!
2. Light for weary wan-der-ers, Comfort for th'oppressed; He will guide his trusting ones In-to perfect rest.
3. Deeds of faith and char-i-ty; These our offerings be, Leading ev'-ry soul to sing, Christ was born for me!

FORBID THEM NOT.

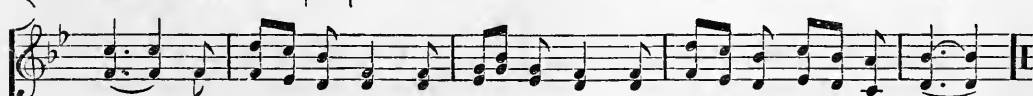
REV. A. A. GRALEY.



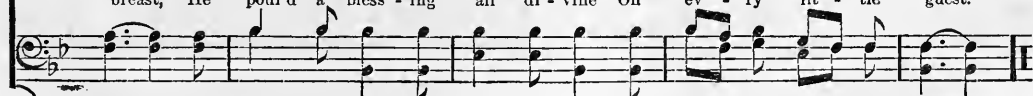
1. When man - y to the Saviour's feet Their lit - tle chil - dren brought, And from the source of bless - ed - ness, A
 2. "For - bid them not, nor harshly chide Their wish to see my face, For lit - tle children such as these My



Sa - viour's bless - ing sought; To some who, with mis - ta - ken zeal, The near ap - proach for -
 Fa - ther's king - dom grace." Then gathered in his lov - ing arms, And fold - ed to his



bade, "Let lit - tle chil - dren come to me," The bless - ed Sa - viour said.
 breast, He pour'd a bless - ing all di - vine On ev' - ry lit - tle guest.

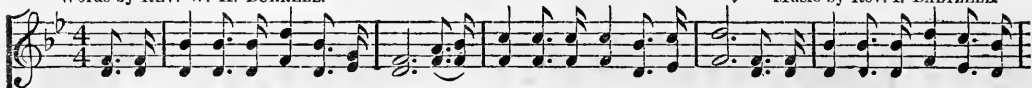


3. Dear children, Jesus is the same,
 Though now enthroned above;
 He waits to bless you as of old
 With his forgiving love.

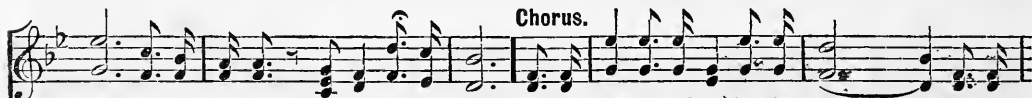
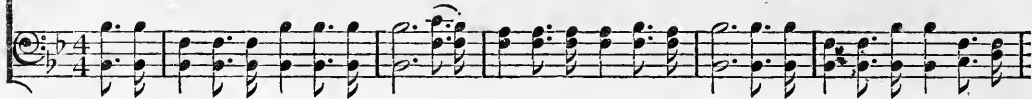
He marks with joy each faint attempt
 His favor to obtain;
 And those who early seek his face
 Shall never seek in vain.

Words by REV. W. H. BURRELL.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.



1. Oh, how pleasing the prospect of home, Where lov'd ones a-gain I shall see; There, in sorrow no longer to
 2. They have landed on life's golden shore; From earth's trying scenes they are free; There where sin shall disturb them no



Chorus.
 roam, They are watching and waiting for me. They are watching and waiting for me. They are
 more, They are watching and waiting for me. They are watching, &c. They are
 Yes, for me,



watching and waiting for me, There the dear ones I love, in those regions above, Are watching and waiting for me.
 Yes, for me.



3. They are happy and blessed, I know,
 Reclining beneath life's blest tree;
 With their garments as white as the snow,
 They are watching and waiting for me.—*Cho.*

4. I am longing to share in the rest,
 Away to their arms I would flee;
 Where so pure, and so holy and blest,
 They are watching and waiting for me.—*Cho.*

UP, AND DOING.

145

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

1. Up, and do - ing, lit - tle children, Up, and do - ing while 'tis day; Do the work your Master

gives you; Do not loi - ter by the way, For we all have work before us, You, dear child, as well as

I; Let us seek to learn our du - ty, And per - form it cheer - ful - ly.

2. Up, and doing, little children,
 Help the poor whom Jesus loves;
 Tell the sinner of the Saviour,
 Who still lives to bless above.
 Follow him who died to save you,
 Never, never cease to pray,—
 Pray for pardon, pray for blessing,—
 Pray for guidance every day.

3. Up, and doing, little children,
 Trust not to thyself alone;
 But work out your own salvation,
 Through the grace of God's dear Son;
 Jesus loves you, little children,
 Turn not from his love away;
 But go forth and do his bidding;
 Up, and doing while 'tis day.

MY CLASS, MY CLASS.

Arranged for this Work.

1. When Sab-bath's hallowed morn I greet, What makes its sa - cred hours so sweet? The thought that I this

day shall meet My class, my class.

2. When to the closet I repair,
To tell my wants to Jesus there,
What is the burden of my prayer?
My class, my class.

3. When o'er the verdant fields I stray,
Or, roaming at the close of day,
What thoughts beguile me on my
My class, my class. [way?]

4. When mingling with the busy throng,
Or, singing as I march along,
What is the burden of my song?
My class, my class.

5. And when from sorrow I am free,
And saved in blest eternity,
What is it there I'll wish to see?
My class, my class.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

1. "Re-member thy Cre - a - tor," Now in thy youthful days, And he will guide thy foot-steps thro' Life's uncertain ways.
2. "Re-member thy Cre - a - tor," Ere in thy sun-ny way, The flow'rs of hope shall fade and die, Sorrow end the day.
3. "Re-member thy Cre - a - tor," He calls in tones of love, He offers you e - ter - nal joy In his home a - bove.
4. Then, when life's storm is over, And thou from earth art free, Thy God will call thee to his home In e - ter - ni - ty.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor, Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor, Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a-tor now, In thy youthful days.

By Per. of O. DIRSON.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

From the "ASAPH."

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me,
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee.

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

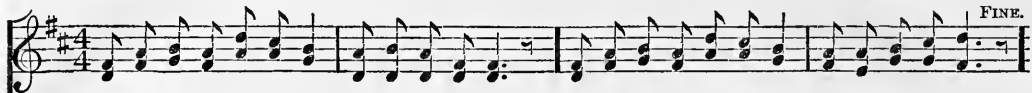
3. Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, &c.

'TIS BUT LITTLE WE CAN DO.

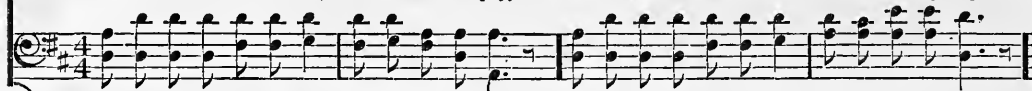
From S. S. BLACKBOARD. By permission of A. O. VAN LENNEP.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

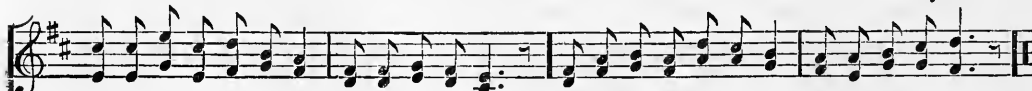
Music by S. J. VAIL.



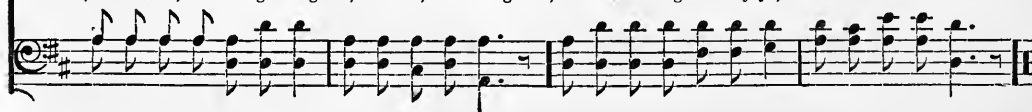
1. 'Tis but lit - tle we can do, Je - sus to re - pay, For the kindness he bestows On us ev' - ry day.



D. C. 'Tis but lit - tle we can do, Je - sus to re - pay, For the kindness he bestows On us ev' - ry day.

D. C. for Chorus.

Life, and health, and strength he gives, Friends, and loving care, All the blessings he enjoys, He would have us share.



2. Little hands have work to do
 Jesus will approve;
 He will teach them how to be
 Ministers of love.
 Little ones can go to him,
 Asking him to fill
 Little hearts, that they may be
 Strong to do his will.

3. He would have us kind and good,
 Ready to forgive;
 He would have us work with him,
 In his presence live.
 Every day, and every hour,
 Good we may impart,
 If the loving Saviour finds
 Room in every heart.

TAKE MY HAND, DEAR JESUS.

149

From S. S. BLACKBOARD. By permission of A. O. VAN LENNEP.

Words by KATE OSBORN.

Music by WILL. W. BENTLEY.

With feeling.

1. Ev - er blessed Je - sus, Listen un - to me, Bow thine ear and hear me, While I call to thee;
 2. Ev - er blessed Je - sus, Bless thy wayward child, Keep my feet from stray - ing Thro' the des - ert wild;
 3. Help me, blessed Je - sus, Leave me not a - lone; Give me strength and patience, Till each duty's done;

I am weak and sin - ful, Thou art pure and strong, Take my hand, dear Je - sus, Lead thy child a - long.
 I would never wan - der From thy lov - ing side, Ev - er blessed Je - sus, Be my constant guide.
 And when life is end - ed, I thy face would see; Hear my pray'r, dear Je - sus, Take me up to thee.

Refrain.

Take my hand, dear Je - sus, Let me nev - er stray, Take my hand, and lead me, In the bet - ter way.

THY FATHER CALLS, "COME HOME."

From "Joyful Songs" by permission of Wm. G. FISCHER.

1st. 2d.

1. Breth-ren, while we so-journ here, Fight we must, but should not fear;
 Foes we have, but we've a friend, (OMIT. - - - - -) One that loves us to the end;

Forward, then, with courage go, Long we shall not dwell below; "Child," your Father calls, "Come home."
 Soon the joyful news will come,

CHO.—"Come home!" "Come home!"

"Come home!" "Come home!" "Come home!"

"Come home, come home, Thy Father calls, "Come home, come home, come home, Thy Father calls, "Come home!"
 come home, come home, come home, come home, come home!"

Words by FANNY CROSEY.

COME AGAIN.

By Per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

151

Fine.

1. Have you spent a pleasant day? Come again, come again; Would you learn the better way, Then come, come a-gain;

For Chorus, sing 1st verse to Fine.

Here you'll find a welcome true, Hearts that warmly beat for you, They will tell you what to do, O come, come a-gain.

2 Would you leave all sinful ways?
Come again, come again;
Would you join our cheerful lays?
Then come, come again.
We are bound for Canaan's land,
Will you come and join our band?
We will take you by the hand,
O come, come again.

3 Words of comfort you shall hear,
Come again, come again;
From the Book we love so dear,
Then come, come again;
Jesus suffered on the tree,
Jesus died for you and me,
His disciple you may be,
O come, come again.

4 Come on every Sabbath day,
Come again, come again;
Never, never stay away,
O come, come again;
Now improve the hours that fly,
They are gliding swiftly by,
You are not too young to die,
Then come, come again.

Concluded from opposite page.

2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie to take us unawares:
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded heart;
But from Satan's malice free
Saints shall soon in glory be;

Soon the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls you home."

3 But of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet—
None betray us into sin,

Like the foes that dwell within;
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ shall also conquer these;
Then the joyful news will come,
"Child, your Father calls you home."

I LOVE THE LORD.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives; What comfort that sweet sentence gives; He lives, he lives, who once was dead, He
 CHORUS.—I love the Lord, I know I do; The best of all, he loves me too: I love the Lord, I know I do; The

lives, my ev - er - last - ing head.
 best of all, he loves me too.

2.
 He lives to bless me with his love;
 He lives to plead for me above;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
 He lives to help in time of need.—*Cho.*

3.
 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death;
 He lives my mansion to prepare;
 He lives to bring me safely there.—*Cho.*

4.
 He lives, all glory to his name;
 He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
 What joy the blest assurance gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives.—*Cho.*

5.
 He lives, my kind and gracious friend;
 He lives and loves me to the end;
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King;
 He lives, and while he lives, I'll sing.—*Cho.*

FIRMLY STAND.

Spirited.

1. Firm - ly, brethren, firm - ly stand, All u - nit - ed heart and hand, One unbroken valiant band of freemen true;
 2. Lift your ban - ner, lift it high, Raise the Christian battle cry, For your conquering leader nigh (*Omit.*)

FIRMLY STAND.—Concluded.

2. Chorus.

is call-ing you. Firmly stand, ye valiant band, ye valiant band, Firmly stand, ye valiant
ye valiant band, O, firmly stand ye valiant band, ye valiant band, O, firmly

band, stand ye val-iant band, Firm-ly stand, ye val-iant band, ye val-iant band, All u-
stand ye val-iant band, ye val-iant band O firm-ly stand ye val-iant band,

nit - ed heart and hand.
all u-ni-ted, heart and hand.

2.
Once our father freemen cried,
"Victory or death" betide I
But with Jesus on our side
We'll conquer too.
There to die, the battle won;
There to fall, the warfare done;
Glory, brighter than the sun,
Will be our due.
Firmly stand, etc.

3.
Christ, our Captain's name we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we then, each at his post,
As Christians brave.
Then in glory we shall meet,
Bow before the Saviour's feet,
And we'll sing, forever sweet,
His power to save.
Firmly stand, etc.

WEARY OF EARTH.

Words by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Arranged from an old melody.

Moderate.

1. I am wea - ry of earth; for the friends I love most dear Have been torn from my heart long a - go;
2. I am wea - ry of earth; I would here no lon - ger stay, Where the thorn and the this - tle do grow;

And I wish not to stay in this wil - derness so drear; To a home far a - way I would go.
For my dear ones have gone to the land of end - less day, To that home far a - way I would go.

Fine.

D. S. I shall soon be released from the sor - rows of the world, And fly up to my home far a - way.

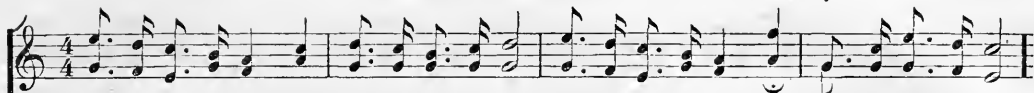
Chorus.

Oh, my home, Oh, my home, I am long - ing for thee all the day.
Far a - way, Far a - way,

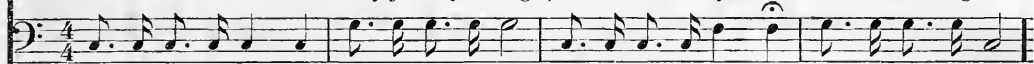
D. S. Fine.

LIGHT IS DAWNING.

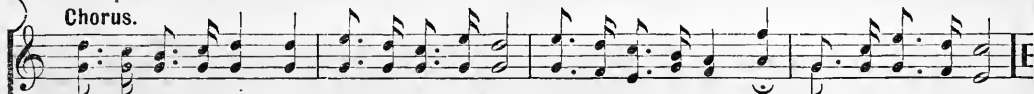
MUSIC BY REV. I. BALTZELL. 155



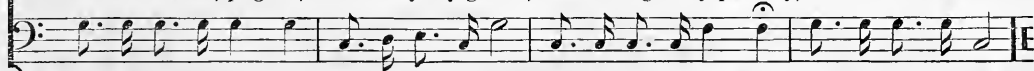
1. Light is dawning, pilgrim, O'er thy lonely way ; Lift thine eyes with gladness, See the ris-ing day !
 2. Jesus comes to cheer thee All thy journey through ; He will chase thy sorrow Like the morning dew.



Chorus.



Then be cheerful, pilgrim, Chase away thy gloom ; He shall light thy pathway, E - ven to the tomb.



- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>3. Yes, the night is passing,
 Soon it will be done,
 For the hills are gilded
 With the rising sun.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4. Weep no more, O pilgrim,
 Soon the night will end ;
 Thou hast spent it weeping,
 Joy shall morn attend.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>5. When to endless glory,
 Pilgrim, thou shalt come,
 Thou shalt rest forever [<i>Cho.</i>
 In thy long-sought home.—</p> |
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|--|---|
| <p>3. I am weary of earth ; I am longing for my home
 In the far distant land of the blest ;
 Where no tear dims the eye, and no sorrows ever
 come,
 In that home far away I would rest.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> | <p>I am weary, my Saviour, of weeping here alone,
 To my home far away let me fly.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> |
| <p>4. I am weary of earth ; I am longing to be gone
 To that mansion of glory on high ;</p> | <p>5. I am weary of earth ; I am waiting for Thy call,
 Let the chariot no longer delay ;
 I am waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting, Lord of
 all ;
 Let me fly to my home far away.—<i>Chorus.</i></p> |

EVERGREEN PLAIN.

Moderato.

By REV. L. BALTZELL.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, In that clime where an-gels dwell; Shall we meet where friendship
2. Shall we meet where flowers are blooming, Ev-er fade-less, ev-er fair? Where the light of day il-

Chorus.

nev-er Sad-dest tales of sor-row tell. Shall we meet, . . . shall we meet, . . . shall we
lum-ing, Lives of those who en-ter there. shall we meet, shall we meet,

meet on the evergreen plain? . . . Shall we meet and know each other ever? Shall we nev-er part a - gain.
shall we meet,

3. Shall we meet our loved companions,
On that brighter, fairer shore?
When this life's great work is ended,
Shall we meet to part no more?

Chorus.—Shall we meet, &c.

4. Yes! we'll meet beyond the river,
Yes! we'll meet upon the shore;
Yes! we'll meet our lost companions,
Yes? we'll meet to part no more.

Chorus.—Shall we meet, &c.

GATHERING HOME.

157

Words and Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

4. We'll all gath-er home in the morn - ing, At the sound of the great ju - bi - lee, We'll all gather home in the
 5. We'll all gath-er home in the morn - ing, Our bless - ed Redem - er to see, We'll meet with the friends gone be-

Chorus.
 morn - ing; What a gath'ring that will be. What a gath - ring, gath' - ring,
 fore us; What a gath'ring that will be. What a gath'ring that will be, that will be, What a gath'ring that will

3.
 We'll all gather home in the morning,
 On the banks of the bright jasper sea,
 We'll meet all the good and the faithful,
 What a gath'ring that will be.
 What a gath'ring, etc.

STILL PRESS ON.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Smoothly.

1. Press on, press on, tho' doubts a - rise, And fierce tempta - tions meet thy eyes, Raise up thy thoughts above the skies, And
2. Press on to do thy Mas - ter's will, The last re - mains of sin to kill, Thy soul with heav'nly grace to fill, And

Chorus.

still press on. O, still press on, O, still press on, O,
still press on. press on, O, still press on, press on, O still press on,

still press on, press on O still press on. Till thy work on earth is done.

3.
Press on, that perfect love to feel,
Which doth by death the witness seal,
As Jesus doth himself reveal,
O, still press on.—*Chorus.*

4.
Press on, until with joy you see
The depth of Jesus' love to thee,
Till by his side you're pure and free,
O, still press on.—*Chorus.*

OH, HOME, SWEET HOME.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL.

Smoothly.

1. There's not a bright and beaming smile, Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to future joys, And
 2. Though often here my soul is sad, And falls the si-lent tear; There is a world of smiles and love, And

Chorus.

whispers heav'n to me. Oh, home, sweet home, My bless-ed hap-py home, Oh,
 sorrow comes not there. Oh, home, etc.
 sweet home, Oh, home, sweet home, sweet home,

home, sweet home, My bless-ed hap-py home.
 sweet home, Oh, home, sweet home, sweet home.

3. I never clasp a friendly hand,
 In greeting or farewell,
 But thoughts of my eternal home,
 Within my bosom swell.—*Cho.*

4. There, when we meet with holy joy,
 No thoughts of parting come;
 But never-ending ages still
 Shall find us all at home,—*Cho.*

I'M GOING TO YONDER BRIGHT GLORY.

Harmonized by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Melody by E. K. HERSHEY.

1. I'm go-ing to yonder bright glo-ry, Be-yond where the pearly gates stand; I'm cross-ing the cold, i- cy
 2. I'm go-ing to yonder bright glo-ry, To live with the Savi-our at home; He's built me a beau-ti-ful

Chorus.

bil- lows, To live in that beau-ti-ful land. Yes, o-ver the riv-er I'm go- ing, Beyond where the
 man- sion, And kindly in- vites me to come. going, I'm going,

pearly gates stand, To the home where there's nevermore sor- row, To live in that beau- ti- ful land.
 nevermore sorrow,

3 I'm going to yonder bright glory,
 O seek not to draw me aside;
 The heavenly boatman is waiting
 To ferry me over the tide.—*Cho.*

4 I'm going to yonder bright glory,
 All hail, happy angels! I come;
 My Saviour is there to receive me,
 And welcome me into my home.—*Cho.*

SING OF THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

161

Arranged for this work.

1. O sing of that beautiful land, Where life evermore will be, Where with crowns and with palms in your
 2. In visions my soul hath been cheered By rays of that heavenly light; The darkness of night dis-

Chorus.

hand, From the world and its cares set free. Then sing of that beautiful land, That
 peared For the beams of that world so bright.

beautiful evergreen shore; Yes, sing of that beautiful land, Where the weary shall sigh no more.

3 The joys of that land never fade,
 The flowers are e'er in bloom;
 No sorrow that land can invade,
 For it lies just beyond the tomb.
 L

4 O, when will our spirits ascend
 To dwell in that heavenly clime,
 Where pleasures ne'er have an end,
 In the regions of bliss sublime.

Words by Rev. A. M. EVERS.

Music by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Lively.

1. We're on the o - cean sailing, Our home's beyond the tide; King Jesus is our Captain, In him we will con - fide.
2. We're on the o - cean sailing, We know the sea is wide, But then our blessed Captain Stands with us side by side.

We're sail - - - ing, we're sail - - - ing, we're sail - - - ing for home, We're sail - - - ing, we're
Chorus.

We're sailing, we're sailing, we're sailing, we're sailing, we're sailing, we're sailing for home, We're sailing, we're sailing, we're

sail - - ing, we're sail - - ing for home.

sailing, we're sailing, we're sailing, we're sailing for home.

5 We're drifting into harbor,
Our loved ones wait us there;
We soon shall join their number,
And dwell among the fair.
We're sailing, &c.

3 "We're sailing t'ward the harbor,
The happy sailors cry,
"Behold the far-off haven,
We'll anchor by and by."
We're sailing, &c.

4 Though sailing in the distance,
Our loved ones on the land;
Are waving us a welcome,
To join their happy band.
We're sailing, &c.

6 Drop down the anchor quickly,
And land upon the shore;
Now safe at home with Jesus,
We'll shout for evermore.
We're safely at home.

GATHER THE HARVEST IN.

163

Words and Music by Rev. S. J. GRAHAM.

Duet. *Quartet.* *Duet.*

1. The harvest field's al - rea - dy white; Gather the harvest in; A - mid the blaze of gos - pel light;
 2. There's work for ev' - ry one to do; Gather the harvest in; There's work for me, and work for you;
 3. Young toil - ers in your Mas - ter's cause; Gather the harvest in; Mind not to shun the world's applause;

Quartet. *Chorus.*

Gather the har - vest in. Gather the har - vest in, Gather the har - vest in,
 Gather the har - vest in.
 Gather the har - vest in,

Poor sinners are dying all a - round, Gather the harvest in.

4 Let every servant of the Lord
 Gather the harvest in,
 And have their sheaves securely stored;
 Gather the harvest in,
Cho.—Gather the harvest in, etc.

5 Then when our work on earth is done
 We'll shout the harvest home,
 And then with God's beloved Son,
 We'll shout the harvest home,
Cho.—Shout the harvest home, etc.

BEAUTIFUL HOME BEYOND.

Words by FANNY CHURCH.

Arranged from A. S. KIEFFER.

1. { Our home beyond, for - e - ver fair, Beauti - ful world of peace ; } The tears of grief, the pangs of woe, Our
 No sin or death can en - ter there, Beauti - ful world of peace. }

Chorus.
 hearts no more shall ev-er know ; Our home beyond, our home beyond ; Beautiful world of peace. Beauti - ful

home beyond, Beauti - ful home beyond, Beauti - ful home beyond for you and me.
 Beautiful home Beautiful home Beautiful home.

NEARER LET ME BE.

165

Words by Rev. I. BALTZELL.

Music by DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Thou who hast died for me, E - ven for me. Near - er, my God and guide, Nearer the
 2. Near - er, oh, Son of God, Thy yoke will bear the load Which burdens me. Near - er, oh, Son of God, Near - er this
 8. Near - er, my God, to thee, My soul would ev - er be, For - ev - er be, Near - er to God, the Son, Near - er the

Cru - ci - fied, Near - er thy bleeding side, O let me be.
 fee - ble clad, Come, oh, my Guide and God, Near - er to me.
 Ho - ly One, Near - er the Three in One, O let me be.

4.

Nearer my heavenly home,
 Where I shall never roam,
 No, never roam.
 O, how my soul doth long
 To join the holy throng;
 Come, Holy Spirit, come
 And bear me home.

Concluded from opposite page.

2 Our home beyond, the land of rest;
 Beautiful world of peace,
 In thee our souls are ever blest;
 Beautiful world of peace.
 Dear Lord of love, we are in thee
 From sin forevermore set free;
 Our home beyond, our home beyond,
 Beautiful world of peace.—*Chorus.*

3 Our home beyond thy gates of light;
 Beautiful world of peace,
 Soon, soon will greet our yearning sight;
 Beautiful world of peace.
 And soon our feet shall touch the shore,
 To tread the ways of earth no more;
 Our home beyond, our home beyond,
 Beautiful world of peace.—*Chorus.*

EVERGREEN VALLEY OF PEACE.

Music by REV. J. BALTZELL.

1. There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not the sor-rows of time, Where the
2. Tho' our grace can-not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, Yet our vi-sions have told of its bliss: And our

Chorus.
pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold, And its life is a pleasure sublime. 'Tis the land of delight, 'tis the home of the soul, 'Tis the
souls by the gales from its gardens are fanned, When we faint in the desert of this. 'Tis the land, etc.

ev-er-green val-ley of peace; There the way-weary traveller reaches his goal, In the ev-er-green valley of peace.

3. Oh, the stars never tread the blue heaven of night,
But we think where the ransomed have gone;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we wish we were there by the throne.—*Cho.*

4. We are travelling homeward thro' changes and gloom,
To a land of unchangeable bliss,
And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb
From the evergreen valley of peace.—*Cho.*

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

167

Arr. RINK.

Promptly.

1. There is a place of wave-less rest, Far, far beyond, the skies, Where beauty smiles e - ter - nal - ly, And
 2. When tossed up-on the waves of life, With fear on 'ev' - ry side; When fiercely howls the gath'ring storm, And

plea - sure nev - er dies, My Fa - ther's house! my heav'nly home! Where many man - sions stand; Pre -
 foams the an - gry tide. Be - yond the storm, be - yond the gloem, Breaks forth the light of morn; Bright

pared by hands di - vine, for all Who seek the bet - ter land.
 beam - ing from my Fa - ther's house, To cheer the soul for - lorn.

3.

In that pure home of endless joy,
 Earth's parted friends shall meet,
 With smiles of love that never fade,
 And blessedness complete;
 There, there, adieu are never known,
 Death frowns not on the scene, —
 But light and glorious beauty shine,
 Untroubled and serene.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Dedicated to Centennial of the United Brethren Church.

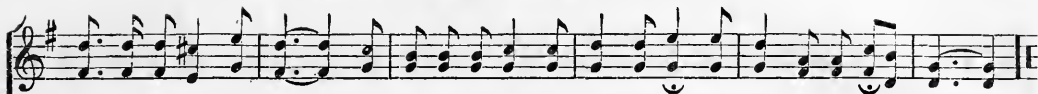
By Rev. I. BALTZELL.

1. One hundred years, one hundred years, Our bark o'er billowy seas, Has onward swept her steady course Thro'
 2. When first our gallant ship was launched, The mariners were few; Yet dauntless was each bosom found, And

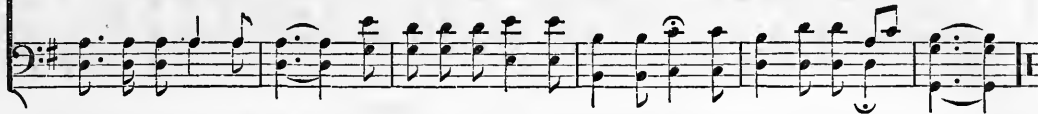
hur - ri - cane and breeze. Her Captain is the Ris - en One; She braved the stormy foe; And
 ev' - ry heart was true. And still, though in her mighty hull, Un - num - bered bosoms glow, Her

Chorus.

still he guides, who guided her, One hundred years a - go. Speed on, speed on, Thou
 crew is faith - ful as it was One hundred years a - go. speed on, speed on,



gallant old bark, speed on, Till thousands shall bless the bark that sailed One hundred years a - go.



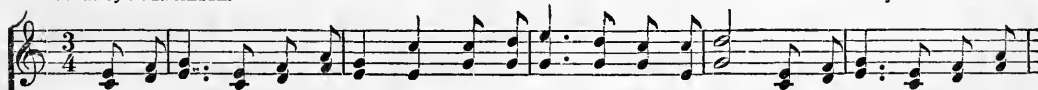
3 True to that guiding star which led
 To Israel's cradled hope ;
 Her steady needle pointeth yet
 To Calvary's bloody top.
 Yes, there she floats, that good old ship !
 From mast to keel below,
 Seaworthy still as she was found,
 One hundred years ago.—*Chorus.*

4 Then, onward speed, thou brave old bark,
 Yes, onward in thy pride,
 O'er sunny seas and billows dark
 With Jesus as thy guide.
 Still sacred is each plank and spar,
 Unchanged by friend or foe,
 Just as she left the port of hope
 One hundred years ago.—*Chorus.*

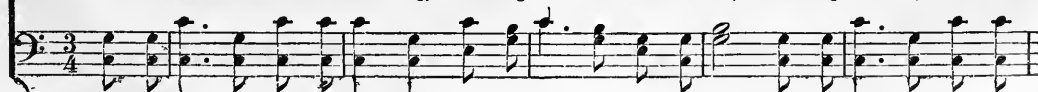
Words by E. R. LATTÀ.

ON THY TRUTH AND GRACE RELYING.

Music by T. C. O'KANE.

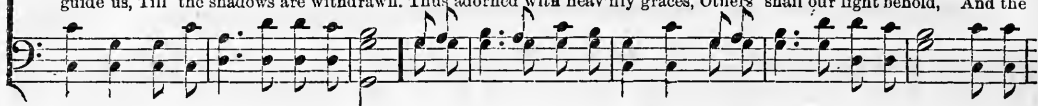


1. On thy truth and grace re - ly - ing, We have gath - ered in thy name ; Clinging to the cross of
 2. Un - to right - eous - ness a - wak - ing, Put - ting all the ar - mor on ; Trusting to thy hand to

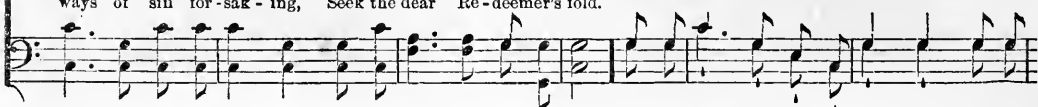


ON THY TRUTH AND GRACE RELYING. *Concluded.*

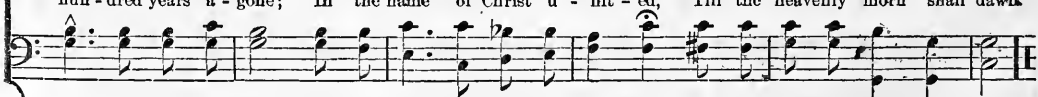
mer - cy, We would now thy blessing claim. We are weak, and we are helpless, Of ourselves no good can do; Thou hast guide us, Till the shadows are withdrawn. Thus adorned with heav'nly graces, Others shall our light behold, And the



promised, Lord, to add us, And thy prom - i - ses are true. In the name of Christ u - nit - ed, For a ways of sin for - sak - ing, Seek the dear Re - deemer's fold.



hun - dred years a - gone; In the name of Christ u - nit - ed, Till the heavenly morn shall dawn.



3 Truly thou to us hast given
Of the riches of thy grace;
Move our hearts to send thy gospel
To the earth's remotest place.

On thy truth and grace relying,
We have gathered in thy name;
Clinging to the cross of mercy,
We would now thy blessing claim.—*Chorus.*

CENTENNIAL HYMN.
Dedicated to the "United Brethren in Christ," in Christian Love.

ff Spirited.

1. We hail our bright cen - ten - nial year With joy - ful songs of prayer and praise; We feel, O Lord, that
 2. For sin - ners, by thy grace made whole, Who come thy prom - i - ses to claim; For ev' - ry new a -
 thou art near, And just and true In all thy ways. From seed that once was sown in tears, With grateful hearts to
 wakened soul, We bless, O Lord, thy ho - ly name. For all thy ten - der, fost'ring care, Thy watchful love and
 thee we bring The in - crease of the vanished years, A rich a - bun - dant har - vest - ing.
 sym - pa - thy, That mer - cy, which the hum - blest share, Lord, we are thank - ful un - to thee.

3 Nearer to thee, by sorrows bound,
 Close to thy riven side we cling;
 A refuge sure and safe is found
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing.
 And when from every land and clime,
 Thy children come, from earth set free,
 High we shall raise the song sublime,
 All honor, glory, praise to thee.

4 Help us by faith our works to show,
 To tell the story of thy love,
 And while we dwell in tents below,
 Point sinners to a home above.
 Oh, write upon our hearts thy word
 Of cheering hope, and love divine,
 "They that turn many to the Lord,
 Bright as the morning stars shall shine."

5 Hasten the day, when distant lands,
 And tribes beyond the rolling sea,
 Unnumbered as the ocean sands,
 Shall join in giving praise to thee.
 When all shall choose the better part,
 In answer to the Master's call,
 And peace divine rest on each heart,
 As dews on Sion's lilies fall.

* CHORUS. *Fast, earnest, joyous.*

By Rev. W. H. LANTHURN.

A hun-dred thousand voic-es raise Their loudest notes of grateful praise; Rejoic-ing far, re - joic-ing near, On
Chorus for last stanza.
 A hun-dred thousand voic-es pray, O Lord! throughout our land to-day; Be pleased, most gracious God, to hear Our

Slowly, reverently.

this our first Cen-ten - nial Year. 1. That thou, O God, didst first in - spire Our fa - thers with su -
 pray'r in this Cen-ten - nial Year. 2. For such he - ro - ic faith and hope; The will with gi - ant

preme de - sire, To found a church whose creed should be The good of man, the love of thee -
 ills to cope; For true pro - phet - ic sight to see Suc - cees in what is one with thee -

* Commence with the Chorus, and repeat it as a response after each stanza, except the last, to which sing the "Chorus for last stanza." The best effect will be secured by singing the Hymn as a Solo, or Duet, (Soprano and Alto,) the Chorus commencing very promptly at the conclusion of each stanza of the Hymn.

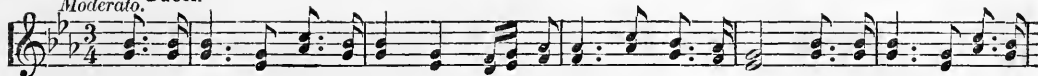
OUR YEAR OF JUBILEE.

173

Arranged by Rev. I. BALTZEL.

Duett.

Moderato.



1. Bless-ed Christ, thou ris-en Sa-viour, Grate-ful praise to thee we bring, While with thankful hearts and
 2. Lord, within thy sa-cred tem-ple, We thy peo-ple love to be, Cel-e-brat-ing here to-
 3. Forms that long have borne life's bur-den, Now are bending t'ward the grave, Lips that oft have told the
 4. Then, when all the gold-en-a-ges Have fulfilled their song of praise, All the earth-ly choirs of

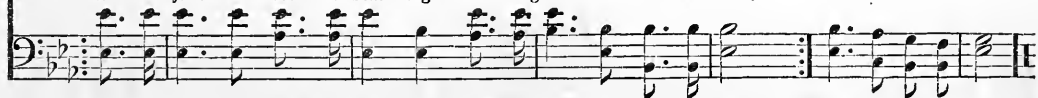


voice, Glad ho-san-nas sweetly sing; Through long years of wondrous blessing, Thy dear guiding hand I see.
 gether, This our year of Ju-bi-lee; Here with reverend head and hoa-ry, Now in wor-ship bow-ing down,
 sto-ry Of the Saviour's power to save, They will soon be hushed for-ev-er, Happy voice, that we love,
 voice Blend with heaven's seraphic lays, With the glorious Church triumphant Saved thro' Christ's redeeming love,

Chorus.



All the joy which crowns this hour, Gracious Lord, is due to thee, Lord, is due to thee.
 May the young and brave dis-ci-ple Add new lus-tre to thy crown, lus-tre to thy crown.
 Lost a-mid the heav-en-ly mu-sic, Swelling with the song a-bove, with the song a-bove.
 We will join in cel-e-brat-ing One long Ju-bi-lee a-bove, Ju-bi-lee a-bove.



Concluded from opposite page.

3 For all their hard and patient toil—
 Their preparation of the soil;
 The sowing of the seed in tears,
 Through many long and weary years.
Cho.
 4 For God-like power to work and wait,
 Yet not a jot of zeal abate,
 And in the darkest hour repeat,
 "With God there can be no defeat."—*Cho.*

5 For precious fruit already grown
 From seed, in tears and faith, long sown,
 For thousands in that blest abode,
 A hundred thousand on the road.—*Cho.*
 6 For what of good already done;
 For much accomplished, more begun;
 For battles fought, and victories won,
 All in the name of thy dear Son;—*Cho.*

7 For humble record of the past,
 For progress sure, if never fast;
 For brighter hopes, for future years,
 And glory that e'en now appears;—*Cho.*
 8 That all our future power may be
 Full consecrate, O Lord, to Thee,
 And that thy blessing may attend
 Thy people alway to the end.—*Cho.*

WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

With expression.

1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will ne'er re-
 2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless forever? Where joys celestial
 3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Saviour; May we all there u-nite, Hap- py forever; Where kindred spirits

pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!
 thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill Never, no, never!
 dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dispo! Never, no, never!

4.
 Soon shall we meet again,
 Meet ne'er to sever;
 Soon will peace wreath her chain,
 Round us forever;
 Our hearts will then repose—
 Secure from worldly woes;
 Our songs of praise shall close
 Never, no, never!

DOXOLOGY.

Slow.

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

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