

MINNETONKA SONGS

FOR

SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

COMPILED ESPECIALLY FOR THE

MINNETONKA SABBATH-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY,

BY

I. H. BUNN AND JOHN F. MERRY.

JOHN CHURCH & CO.

66 West Fourth Street,

CINCINNATI

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MINNETONKA SONGS:

A Collection of the Choicest Music for

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Prof. I. H. BUNN and Capt. JOHN F. MERRY.

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PREFACE.

THE MINNETONKA SABBATH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY furnishes the immediate occasion for the following collection of choice music.

In the preparation of the work, the compilers have kept the wants of Sabbath Schools constantly in view.

No compositions have been inserted as a matter of compliment to any author. In general, only such productions are included as have been tested and found useful.

This compilation represents conclusions reached after many years of active experience as superintendents and choristers of Sabbath-schools, and leaders of song in Conventions and other assemblies of Sabbath School workers.

Minnetonka Songs are sent forth with the prayer that God may bless them as a means in the promotion of the cause of Christ in America.

I. H. BUNN,
JOHN F. MERRY.

CORONATION.

3

HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A renu - nant weak and small, Hail him, who saves you
 3. Babes, men and sires who know his love, Who feel your sin and thrall, Now join with all the

di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. Bring forth the roy - al
 by his grace, And crown him Lord of all. Hail him, who saves you
 hosts a - bove, And own him Lord of all. Now join with all the

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all maiesty 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.

TELL ME MORE ABOUT JESUS.

F. P. BLISS.

"The chiefest among ten thousand."—CANT. 5: 10.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. 'Tis known on earth and heaven too, 'Tis sweet to me be - cause its true; The old, old sto - ry
 2. Earth's fairest flow'rs will droop and die, Dark clouds o'erspread yon azure sky, Life's dearest joys fit
 3. When o - verwhelmed with un - be - lief, When burdened with a blinding grief, Come kindly then to
 4. And when the glo - ry - land I see, And take the place pre - pared for me, Thro' endless years my

CHORUS.

is e'er new; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus. Tell me more a - bout Je - sus, Tell me more a - bout
 feet - est by; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
 my re - lief; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.
 song shall be, Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

Je - sus; Iim would I know who loved me so; Tell me more a - bout Je - sus.

1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep pray'r, And a baby's low cry!
 2. There's a tumult of joy O'er the wonderful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth.
 3. In the light of that star Lie the ages impearled, And that song from afar Has swept over the world.
 4. We rejoice in the light, And we echo the song That comes down, thro' the night, From the heavenly throne.

And the star rains its fire, while the Beautiful sing, For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.
 Ay the star rains its fire, etc.
 Every heart is aflame, while the Beautiful sing, In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.
 Ay, we shout to lovely e - van - gel they bring, And we greet in his cradle our Savior and King.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus is King! Je - sus is King! The manger of Beth - le - hem cradles a King.

Blessed

PEACE, BE STILL.

Miss M. A. BAKER.

Mark iv. 35-41. Christ's Power over Nature.

H. R. PALMER, by permission.

1. Master, the tempest is rag-ing! The billows are tossing high! The sky is o'ershad-ow'd with blackness, No
 2. Master, with anguish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The depths of my sad heart are troubled, Oh,
 3. Master, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-ements sweetly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-ror'd, And

shelter or help is nigh; "Car-est thou not that we per-ish?" How canst thou lie a-sleep. When each
 waken and save, I pray! Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I
 heaven's within my breast; Linger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more; And with

moment so madly is threat'ning, A grave in the an-gry deep?
 per-ish! I per-ish! dear Master, O hasten, and take con-trol. The winds and the waves shall obey my will,
 joy I shall make the best harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

CHORUS.

PEACE, BE STILL—CONCLUDED.

7

p *pp*

Peace, be still! Whether the wrath of the storm-toss'd sea, Or de-mons, or men, or what-

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top staff is in treble clef and begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. The bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line under the treble staff and the second line under the bass staff.

Cres. *ff* *m*

ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of ocean, and earth and skies; They

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of music. The top staff is in treble clef and features a crescendo (*Cres.*) leading to a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic, which then softens to a mezzo-forte (*m*) dynamic. The bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics continue from the previous system.

m *p* *p* *pp*

all shall sweetly obey my will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still: They all shall sweetly obey my will, Peace, peace, be still!

Detailed description: This system contains the final line of music. The top staff is in treble clef and features dynamics of mezzo-forte (*m*), piano (*p*), piano (*p*), and pianissimo (*pp*). The bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics conclude the piece.

BETHESDA.

Andantino.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

1. Near the heal-ing pool Beth-es-da, day by day, Where the gen-tle breez-es thro' the porch-es
 2. So in help-less mis-e-ry and sin I lie, Hear-ing not the foot-step of the an-gel
 3. Je-sus knows the mourner's grief and hears his sighs, Sees the look of an-guish and the stream-ing

play, Man-y weak and wea-ry, halt and withered lay, Wait-ing for the mov-ing of the wa-ter.
 nigh, Trembling, hop-ing, fear-ing lest at last I die, Wait-ing for the mov-ing of the wa-ter.
 eyes, Kind-ly speaks and bids the wea-ry suff'rer "Rise," Wait-ing for the mov-ing of the wa-ter.

CHORUS.

Wea-ry wait-ing at Beth-es-da's side For the mov-ing of the heal-ing tide, Lord, from Thee be

all my strength sup-plied, While wait-ing for the mov-ing of the wa-ter. ^{4.} Loving Sav-ior, all my weak-ness Thou dost see,
 Still Thy ten-der mercies, Lord, bestow on me,
 Speak the word, and let me stand com-plete in Thee,
 Wait-ing for the mov-ing of the wa-ter

Chorus.

I MUST ABIDE WITH THEE. (ZACCHEUS.)

9

Moderato,

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Through the crowded streets of Je-ri-cho, see The Ho-ly Naz-a-rine go; Hear the shout of

CHORUS.

praise from the hap-py ones there, Who his healing virtues know. Praise ye the Lord, His mercies show,

Ev-er in his love cou-fide; More than we ask will he be-stow, Willingly with us a-bide.

2.

In the friendly shade of a sycamore tree,
The joyful publican see;
Hear the Master's voice saying "Zaccheus, come,
For I must abide with thee." *Chorus.*

3.

Like an earnest little Zaccheus, -
Would fain the Holy One see;
I would haste with joy at the blessed command
"For I must abide with thee." *Chorus.*

MY REDEEMER.

P. P. BLISS.

"Rejoice, ye Gentiles, with his people."—ROM. 15: 10.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re - deemer And His wond'rous love to me; On the cru-el cross He
 2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How, my lost es - tate to save, In His boundless love and

CHORUS.

suf - ered, From the curse to set me free. Sing, oh! sing..... of my Re -
 mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.

Sing, oh! sing of my Re - deem - er, Sing, oh!

deem - er, With His blood..... He purchased me,..... On the
 sing of my Redeemer, With His blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me, On the

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MY REDEEMER. CONCLUDED.

11

cross..... He sealed my par - don; Paid the debt,..... and

cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don, Paid the debt, and made me free,

Repeat pp after last verse.

made me free.....

made me free, and made me free.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell,
How the victory He giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with Him to be.

LORD, COME AWAY!

P. P. BLISS.

"He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Hand and foot are weary, Brow and eye are weary, Heart and soul are weary: Lord, come a - way!
2. Years are swiftly fly - ing, Heaven and earth are sighing, And Thy church is crying: Lord, come a - way!

3 Might the right is wronging,
Sworded millions thronging,
Earth's misrule prolonging:
Lord, come away!

4 Lonely hearts are singing,
Loyal souls are clinging
To the hope upspringing:
Lord, come away!

5 Sounds the last long thunder,
Bursts the day of wonder,
Glory, gladness, yonder:
Lord, come away!

JESUS BY THE SEA.

REV. WM. O. CUSHING.
Reverentially.

GEO. F. ROOR, by permission.

1. O I love to think of Jesus as he sat be-side the sea, Where the waves were only murm'ring on the
 2. O I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon the sea, When the waves were rolling fearful - ly and
 3. O I love to think of Jesus as he walked beside the sea, Where the fish-ers spread their nets up-on the

strand; When he sat within the boat, on the silver ware a-float Where he taught the waiting people on the land.
 grand; How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of his will, While he bro't his loved disciples safe to land.
 shore; How he bade them follow him and forsake the paths of sin, And to be his true disci-ples ev-er-more.

O I love to think of Je-sus by the sea, O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I
 O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, How he
 O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, O I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I

love the precious Word, Which he spake to them that heard, While he taught the waiting peo - ple by the sea,
walked up-on the wave, His be - lov - ed ones to save, While he bro't them safely o'er the storm-y sea.
long to leave my all, At my dear Re-deemer's call, And his true dis-ci - ple ev - er - more to be.

HAMBURG.

GREGORIAN.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died, My rich-est gain I
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that

count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ON WHAT FOUNDATION?

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 COR. 3. 11.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.

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

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

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

BY PERMISSION.

ON WHAT FOUNDATION? CONCLUDED.

15

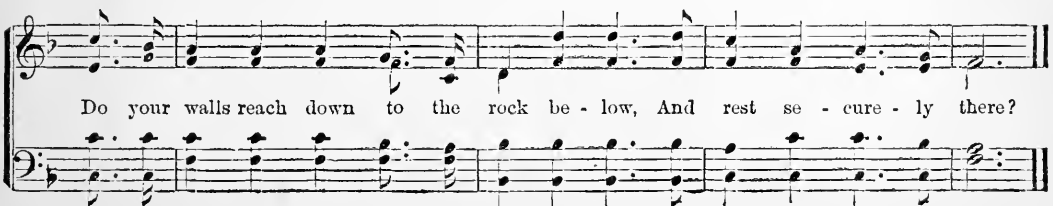


Will the strong blast hurl to the earth thy walls, Or blanch thy cheek with fear?
With its cost - ly walls and its loft - y towers, On Sin's de - lu - sive sand!

CHORUS.



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



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

BY PERMISSION.

HAIL! THE GREAT EMANCIPATION.

ALFRED BEIRLY, by per.

A. B.

1. God th'all wise, be - hold - ing sin - ners, Said, this peo - ple I'll re - deem; A Mes - si - ah
 2. One great sac - ri - fice was need - ed, One a - tone - ment for us all; Christ, the living
 3. See the Lamb, so pure and spot - less, For the fall - en in - ter - cede; Cru - el pain and
 4. High o'er all the world in glo - ry, With the Fa - ther now is he; Round the throne ce -

CHORUS.

I will send them, Ev - ery lost one to re - claim.
 Son of prom - ise, Died God's peo - ple to re - call. Hail the great E - man - ci - pa - tion,
 death en - dur - ing, A sin - off - ring made com - plete,
 les - tial ar - mies Sing him praise e - ter - nal - ly.

Millions of earth's bondsmen freed, Come from every clime and station, Who for freedom learn their need.

WHERE HE LEADS WE WILL FOLLOW.

17

P. P. BLISS.

Not too fast.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. 23: 2.

P. P. BLISS.

1. See the gen - tle Shepherd standing Where the qui - et wa - ters flow ; To the
 2. On - ly by the door we en - ter, All who en - ter He will save ; Life a -
 3. Safe with - in the fold He leads us, He the Shepherd, we His own ; And as

Chorus.

pastures green in - viting, Hungry, thirsty, let us go. Where He leads, we will follow, Where He
 bundant - ly be - stowing, Tho' His life the Shepherd gave.
 Him the Father knoweth, Precious tho't—of Him we're known.

leads, we will fol - low, Where He leads, we will fol - low, We will fol - low all the way.

BY PERMISSION.

MESSIAH, 4S.

1. Mighty, yet meek, He comes to seek And save the lost; To bring us peace, And sweet re-
 2. Ye hearts that bleed, The bruised reed He will not break. The smould'ring fire Shall not ex-
 3. Pris'ners of hope, Who helpless grope In dungeon cells; Lo, Je - sus comes, And from the

lease, At countless cost, At countless cost.
 pire, He bids it wake, He bids it wake.
 tombs Darkness dis - pels, Darkness dis-pels.

- 4 Behold our king
 Shall judgment bring,
 And right shall reign.
 The blind shall see,
 And captives be
 Unbound again,
 Unbound again.
- 5 Haste, bring the light
 That scatters night;
 The nations wait,
 Lord, not in vain
 For thee to reign
 In royal state,
 In royal state.

THE BLESSED BOOK.

TOM C. NEAL, by per.

Animato.

1. There's a book which surpass-es the sa - ges, A vol - ume of wis - dom di-vine; And the
 2. 'Tis the light which will guide us to glo - ry, The sword of the spir - it of might; And to
 3. It re-veals where a fount-ain is flow - ing, Which washes the soul from its stain; Age and

THE BLESSED BOOK, CONCLUDED.

19

CHORUS.

glo - ry that gleams from its pa-ges, No splendor of earth can outshine. 'T is the Bi - - ble! the
 dwell on its beau - ti - ful sto - ry, is of heaven the sweetest de-light. Oh, the Bi - - ble! etc.
 sor - row are com-fort-ed, knowing With earth they shall part with all pain. The Bi - - ble! etc.

'T is the blessed, blessed Bi-ble! the

Bi - - - ble! Our guiding star that leads from earth to heav'n! The Bi - - - ble! the
 bless-ed, bless-ed Bi - ble! Our guiding star that leads from earth to heav'n! The blessed, bless-ed Bi - ble! the

Repeat *p*

Bi - - - - ble! We love the pre - cious Book of Truth which God has giv'n.
 bless - ed, bless - ed Bi - ble! We love the pre - cious Book of Truth which God has giv'n.

Cheerfully.

1. The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold, The hopes and the glo-ries its pa-ges unfold;
 2. The Bible! the Bible! blest vol-ume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
 3. The Bible! the Bible! the val-leys shall ring, And hill-tops re-ech-o the notes that we sing;

It speaks of redemption—wide o-pens the door—It of-fers sal-va-tion to rich and to poor.
 Ere hearts are enslaved in the bondage of vice, It bids us seek early the "pearl of great price."
 Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules, Shall long wave in triumph the joy of our schools.

CHORUS.

The Bi-ble! the Bi-ble! so dear to the heart, A volume so precious we'll ne'er from it part.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

21

"It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."—*Luke xv. 33.*

REV. WM. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Joyfully.

1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to-day, For a soul return - ing from the wild; }
 See! the Fath - er meets him out up - on the way; Wel - com - ing his wea - ry, wand'ring child. }
 2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to-day, For the wan - d'r'er now is rec - on - ciled. }
 Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ran - som'd child. }
 3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An - gels swell the glad triumphant strain; }
 Tell the joy - ful tid - ings, bear it far a - way, For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain. }

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry, glo - ry, how the loud harps ring;

'Tis the ransomed ar - my, like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.

KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

With feeling.

Words adapted from a poem by Mrs. Stowe. Music by Geo. F. Root.

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there! Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair! 'Tis a pil - grim strange and king - ly,

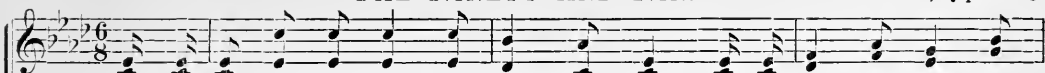
Ne - ver such was seen be - fore. Ah! my soul, for such a won - der, Wilt thou not un - do the door?

2. Knocking, knocking, still he's there,
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
 But the door is hard to open,
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,
 With their dark and clinging tendrils,
 Ever round the hinges twine.

3. Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
 Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
 Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
 And beneath the crowned hair
 Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
 Of thy Savior, waiting there.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

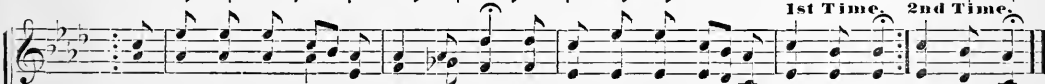
P. P. BLISS, by per. 23



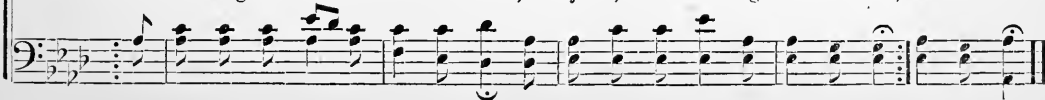
1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
 2. Shep - herd, hast thou not here thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for
 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters
 4. And a - far up the mount - ain, thun - der riven, And a - long the rock - y



fold, But one had wan - dered far a - way, In the des - ert so lone and cold;
 thee? The Shepherd replied, "This one of nine, Has wan - dered a - way from me;
 crossed, How dark was the night the Lord passed through Ere he found the sheep that was lost.
 steep, There arose the glad song of joy to heaven, "Re - joice, I have found my sheep!"



A - way on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the Shepherd's tender care; tender care.
 The way may be wild and rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep; find my sheep."
 Away in the des - ert he heard its cry, So feeble and helpless and ready to die; ready to die.
 And the angels echoed around the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own; back his own!"



WHY DO YOU WAIT?

G. F. R.

"Arise, He calleth thee." MARK. 10: 49.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay? There's
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in? Oh,
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The har-vest is pass-ing a-way, Your

Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but his way.
 why not ac-cept his sal-va-tion, And throw off the bur-den of sin.
 Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?

GOD IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

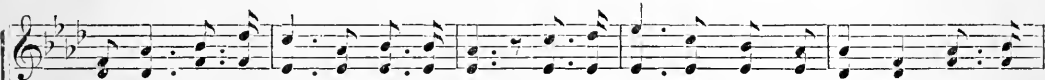
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"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." REV. 3: 20. DR. W. E. BESSEY, by per.

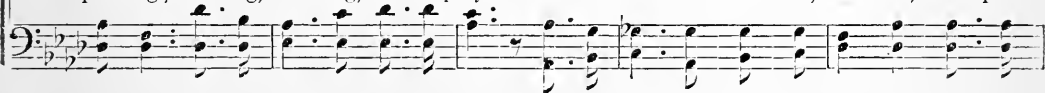
Slow and Expressive.



1. God is knocking, ev-er knocking, At the heart's thrice bolted door, Which we're locking, ever
 2. He is call-ing, ev-er call-ing, In a soft and gen-tle tone, To the fall-en and the
 3. He's entreating, e'er en-treat-ing, By his mer-cy, by his care, Knocking, knocking, and re-



lock-ing, As we oft have done be-fore; And we hear, yet hear-ing heed not, While we
 fall-ing, To the wea-ry and the lone; Still they an-swer not the sum-mons, Till the
 peat-ing; Calling, call-ing, this his pray'r: "Let me en-ter!"—hear it, mor-tal, O-pen



f **REFRAIN.**



fast-er bolt the door.
 spir-it voice has flown. Hear it mor-tal! O-pen quickly, God is wait-ing at the door.
 wide the sin-locked door.



TOO LATE!

and five of them were foolish."

Words by TENNYSON. Music arranged from Miss LINDSAY, and partly composed by Geo. F. Root.

DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so late! but we can en - ter still;
 2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; O let us in, that we may find the light;
 3. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet? O let us in, that we may kiss His feet!

Late, late, so late! Late, late, so late! But we can en - ter still, But we can en - ter still.
 O let us in, O let us in, That we may find the light, That we may find the light.
 O let us in, O let us in, That we may kiss His feet, That we may kiss His feet.

CHORUS.

p

Too late! too late! Ye can-not en-ter now! Too late! too late! Ye can-not en-ter now!

BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!

27

DUET, OR SEMI-CHORUS.

"And five of them were wise."

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've tarried for the Bridegroom, (
 2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All light-ed with the glo - ry. That's

may we en - ter in? We know we've nothing worthy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the
 streaming from His brow. Ac-cept the in - vi - ta - tion Be - yond de - serv - ing kind; Make no de - lay, but

CHORUS.

robes we wear, Are all from Him a - lone. Be - hold, the Bridegroom cometh! And all may en - ter in,
 take your lamps, And joy e - ter - nal find. Be - hold, &c.

Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

3 We see the marriage splendor
 Within the open door:
 We know that those who enter
 Are best for evermore.
 We see He is more lovely
 Than all the sons of men,
 But still we know the door once shut,
 Will never ope again. *Chorus.*

JOHNNY; OR, THE LITTLE CRIPPLE'S SONG.

[This song is designed to illustrate that wonderful resignation, and even happiness, which is sometimes seen in those who, to ordinary eyes, have nothing to make life desirable. A pleasant effect may be produced by having the Refrain (Johnny's part) sung by a child, or young person, in an adjoining room, opening or closing the door to make it near or more distant.]

From "The Song Tree."

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Recitativo.

1. We passed poor John-ny's cab - in, The eye - 'ning sun was 'low, And
 2. His old and well-worn Bi - ble Was close be - side his bed, The
 3. But when we came to leave him, And held his slen - der hand, We

thro' the lit - tle win-dow It sent its part-ing glow; His pa-tient eyes were rest-ing Up-
 gold - en hues of sun - set Were play-ing round his head; A radi-ance more than earth-ly Beamed
 knew he had a com-fort We could not un-der-stand; And as be-neth the ma-ple We

JOHNNY; OR, THE LITTLE CRIPPLE'S SONG. CONCLUDED.

29

Ritard.

on the o - pen door, And, while we lis - tened, sweet - ly came This bur - den o'er and o'er.
 from his fea - tures thin, We paused to hear his song a - gain Be - fore we en - tered in.
 stopped a - gain to hear, There seemed a sound of an - gels in The song so heav'n - ly clear.

Ritard.

REFRAIN.

I love him, oh, I love him, My Savior near and dear, For tho' he cares for countless worlds, He's always with me here. O

Sves.

Savior, bless - ed Sav - ior, My heart is filled with joy, How can you stay, and love me so, A lit - tle crippled boy?

BURY THY SORROW.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share; Go bur - y it
 2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know-eth thy grief; Go tell it to
 3. Hearts growing a - wea - ry With heav - i - er woe, Now droop 'mid the

deep-ly, Go hide it with care; Go think of it calm-ly, When curtained by
 Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief: Go gath - er the sun - shine He sheds on the
 darkness—Go com - fort them, go! Go bur - y thy sor - row, Let oth - ers be

night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
 way; He'll light - en thy bur - den, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
 blest; Go give them the sun - shine, Tell Je - sus the rest.

I WILL SEEK MY FATHER.

31

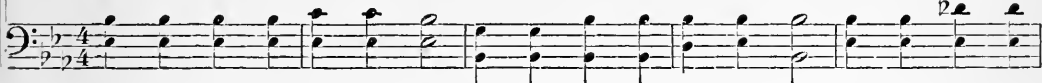
PAULINA.

Reverentially.

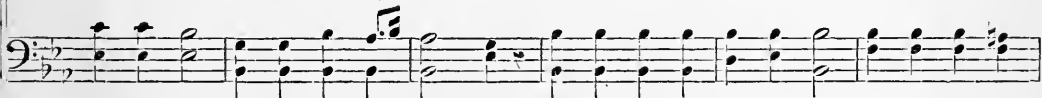
Arr. by F. W. Root, by per.



1. When the morn is bright and fair, When sweet songsters charm the air, I will lift my
 2. In the sol-i-tude a-part, In the wil-der-ness or mart, Oh! my sore-ly
 3. When the eve-ning sun is red, When each blossom droops its head, Kneeling low be-



voice in pray'r, I will seek my Fa-ther; Lest my feet should go a-stray From his pure and
 tempt-ed heart, I will seek my Fa-ther; In the darkness as the day, He shall be my
 side my bed, I will seek my Fa-ther; That I slum-ber in his care, Shielded from each



per-fect way; Lest I grieve him as I may, I will seek my Fa-ther.
 Guide and Stay; I will lean on him al-way- I will seek my Fa-ther.
 harm-ful snare, And for life or death pre-pare; I will seek my Fa-ther.



1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,
2. One step I see be - fore me, 'Tis all I need to see.

And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
The light of heav'n more bright - ly shines, When earth's il - lu - sions flee;

And ev - 'ry joy he sends me comes A sweet and glad sur - prise,
And sweet - ly through the si - lence comes His lov - ing "Fol - low me."

HE KNOWS, CONCLUDED.

33

CHORUS.

Where he may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in him re - pose; And ev - 'ry hour in
 per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, he knows, And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll

After last verse only.

sing, He knows, he knows, He knows, he knows, he knows. he knows.

3 Oh, blissful lack of wisdom,
 'Tis blessed not to know;
 He holds me with his own right hand,
 And will not let me go.
 And lulls my troubled soul to rest
 In him who loves me so.

3

4 So on I go, not knowing,
 I would not if I might;
 I'd rather walk in the dark with God
 Than go alone in the light;
 I'd rather walk by faith with him
 Than go alone by sight.

CAREFULLY, TEARFULLY.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

"According to his mercy he saved us."—TR. 3: 5.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Care-ful - ly, tear - ful - ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal - va - ry lift - ing mine eye ;
 2. Care-ful - ly, tear - ful - ly will I draw nigh, Upward to Cal - va - ry lift - ing mine eye ;
 3. Care-ful - ly, tear - ful - ly will I draw nigh. Upward to Cal - va - ry lift - ing mine eye .

Mer - cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer - cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. There would I
 Mer - cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer - cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. Beau - ti - ful
 Mer - cy for all in the Saviour to see, Mer - cy a-bounding, a-bounding for me. Ma - ny the

see all the Fa-ther revealed, Faithful and true, all the promis - es sealed. Gift of all gifts, the most
 fec on the mountain that bring Tidings, glad tidings from Is - ra - el's King, Peace and sal - va - tion, and
 confict thro' which He has pass'd, Ended His sor - row - ful journey at last ; Wounded His head, and His

CAREFULLY, TEARFULLY. CONCLUDED.

35

loved and adored,
par-don di-vine,
hands and His feet,

Je-sus, a-nointed, the Sav-iour and Lord.
Joy of all joys, that sal-va-tion is mine.
FINISHED! He cries, and His work is complete.

Carefully, tearfully will I draw nigh,
Upward to Calvary lifting mine eye;
Mercy for all in the Saviour to see,
Mercy abounding, abounding for me.
Altar and victim, and priest to atone,
Treading the wine-press of vengeance
alone;
Stained are His garments, with tears and
with blood,
Jesus, Redeemer! my Lord and my God.

REQUIEM.

H. R. P.

Slow.

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

H. R. PALMER

1. Gone, gone, gone from our home, God hath re-called thee In thy youthful bloom;
2. Gone, gone, gone to thy tomb; But tis not cheerless, Hope dis-pels its gloom;
3. Gone, gone, gone to the blest; Earth had its pleasures, But 'twas not thy rest;

Death's i-cy fin-gers Rest up-on thee now; Still beauty lingers On thy pal-lid brow.
While we are weeping O'er the hallow'd ground, Thou art but sleeping 'Till the trump shall sound.
Sin and tempt-a-tion Were thy sor-row here, Then full sal-va-tion Is thy por-tion there.

BY PERMISSION.

ALONE.

1. He was there a - lone when even Had 'round earth its mantle thrown; Holding converse sweet with
2. There his inmost heart's e - mo - tion Made he to his Father known; In the spir - it of de -

rit. *dim.*
heav - en, He was there a - lone - a - lone.
vo - tion, Praying there a - lone - a - lone.

3 So let us, from earth retiring,
Seek our heav'nly Father's throne;
To his image e'er aspiring,
Be with him alone—alone.

4 So, when time its course has ended,
And the joys of earth are flown,
We, by holy ones attended,
Shall not be alone—alone.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed	be thy name.	Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on	earth, as it is in heaven.
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;	And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive	those who trespass against us.	
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;	For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, and ever. A - men.		

1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew him; He drew me with the
 2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, he died to save me; And not a-lone the
 3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to him is giv - en; To guard me on my
 4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der, So wise a Coun-sel-

ords of love, And thus he bound me to him. And 'round my heart still clos - er twine Those
 gift of life, But his own self he gave me. Naught that I have my own I call, I
 on-ward course, And bring me save to heav-en. Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To
 lor and Guide, So might-y a De - fend - er! From him who loves me now so well, What

ties which naught can sever, For I am his and he is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 hold it for the Giv - er: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are his, and his for - ev - er.
 nerve my faint en - deav - or: So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
 power my soul can sev - er? Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am his for - ev - er.

RIFTED CLOUDS.

1. There is nev-er a day so sun-ny But a lit - tle cloud ap-pears; There is nev-er a life so hap-py
 2. There is nev-er a cup so pleas-ant But has bit - ter with the sweet; There is nev-er a path so rug-ged,
 3. There is nev-er a way so nar-row But the en-trance is made straight; There is always a guide to point us
 4. There is nev-er a heart so haughty But will some day bow and kneel; There is nev-er a heart so wounded

But has had its time of tears; Yet the sun shines out the bright-er When the stormy tem-pest clears.
 Bearing not the print of feet, But we have a Help-er furnished For the tri-als we may meet.
 To the "lit-tle wick-et gate," And the an-gels will be near-est To a soul that's des-o-late.
 That the Sav-ior can not heal: There is ma-ny a low-ly forehead Bearing now the hid-den seal.

CHORUS.

In the sunshine or the shade, let us ev-er cheer-ful be, Ev-er trust-ing in our Sav-ior's bound-less grace:
 bound-less grace;

Soon will shadows pass a - way, thro' the rifted clouds we'll see The Redeem - er's smil - ing face.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple harmonic accompaniment for the lyrics.

NEARER TO ME.

P. P. BLISS.

"He shall cover thee."—Ps. 91: 4.

P. P. BLISS.

Andante.

1. Be near, O God, to me, Near-er to me; So shall I tru - ly be "Near-er to Thee."
 2. Fold me be - neath Thy wing, Sav - iour di - vine; There may I sweet - ly sing, "Je - sus is mine."
 3. Thy hand, in youth's wild way, Did me up - hold; For-sake me not, I pray, When I am old;

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

Thy face I can not see, Still be Thou near to me, Nearer, O God, to me, Nearer to me.
 O'er all life's stormy sea, My guide and ha - ven be, Nearer, O God, to me, Nearer to me.
 I put my trust in Thee, Now and e - ter - nal - ly, Be near, O God, to me, Nearer to me.

This section continues the musical score from the previous block, with the same key signature and time signature. It includes the final lines of the lyrics and their corresponding musical notation.

ROCK OF AGES.

From "Charm."

Music by Mrs. P. P. Bliss.

1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the
 2. Should my tears for-ev-er flow, Should my zeal no languor know, This for
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I

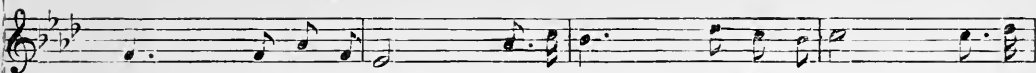
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

wa - - ter and the blood, From thy wound - - ed side that flowed, Be of
 sin could not atone; Thou must save, and thou alone. In my
 rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne. Rock of

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

ROCK OF AGES. CONCLUDED.

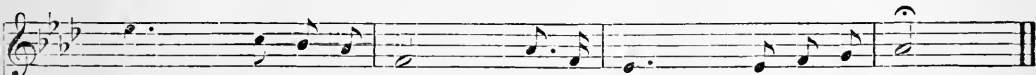
41



sin the double cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure. Be of
 hand no price I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling. In my
 A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee! Rock of



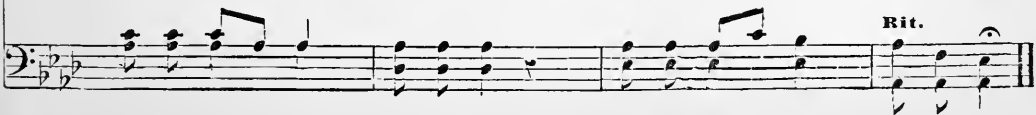
Be of sin the double cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.



sin the double cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
 hand no price I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling.
 A - - ges cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.



Be of sin the double cure— Save me, Lord, and make me pure.



BLESSED SAVIOUR, TARRY WITH US.

"And they constrained him saying, Tarry with us."—LUKE 24: 29. (Marginal reading).

Theme suggested by Mrs. BOYD, Kittanning, Pa.

Rev. J. S. BOYD.

1. Bless - ed Saviour, tarry with us, Leave us not, we pray; Let Thy hallowed presence cheer us,
 2. Make our hearts to burn with-in us As Thy truth we trace; Showing how by death Thou livest,
 3. Since Thou now hast all things ready, — Hav - ing spread the feast, By Thy loving kindness drawing,
 4. Granting still Thy gracious bless - ing, O - pen Thou our eyes; Let Thy light dispel our darkness,

CHORUS.

All our pil - grim way. Tar - ry with us, tar - ry with us, Leave us not, we pray;
 Sav - ing us by grace.
 Bring us all to taste.
 Make us tru - ly wise.

Let Thy presence cheer and bless us, All our pilgrim way.

5.
 Tarry with us all life's journey,
 Over Jordan guide;
 Then with Thee we'll tarry ever
 On the other side.
 CHO.—Tarry with us, tarry with us,
 Over Jordan guide,
 Let Thy presence bless us ever
 On the other side.

FATHER, FROM WHOSE HAND,

G. F. Root, by per. 43

Not too fast.

1. Father, from whose hand doth spring, Ev - 'ry good and per - fect thing, For the gift of
 2. Thou hast placed us here on earth For a high and glorious birth; And the pre - cious
 3. Then, O Fount of ev - 'ry truth, Guard and guide us in our youth; Cleanse our souls from

LORD AND SAVIOR, HEAR US.

life we raise Songs of grat - i - tude and praise.
 boon hast given To exchange this world for heaven.
 ev - 'ry stain, Take them pure to thee a - gain.

1. When to thee who hast thy dwell - ing,
 2. When at birth of ro - sy morn - ing,
 3. Or when day's bright hours are ending,
 4. For a life thy praise ex - press - ing,

In the heaven of light ex - cell - ing, We our youthful griefs are tell - ing, Lord and Savior, hear us.
 Our glad songs shall greet the dawning, When the sun the noon's adorn - ing, Lord and Savior, hear us.
 When the shades of night descending, We are at thy footstool bending, Lord and Savior, hear us.
 For a death thy name confess - ing, For a heaven of end - less bless - ing, Lord and Savior, hear us.

MAKE ME LOVE THEE MORE AND MORE.

P. P. BLISS, finished by PAULINA.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - ior, when I call;
 2. Low - ly be - fore thy mer - cy seat, Sit - ting, like Ma - ry, at thy feet,
 3. Je - sus, my Lord, this heart I bare, Cast - ing on thee its ev - 'ry care;

Hear me, and from thy dwell - ing - place Pour down the rich - es of thy grace.
 Striv - ing to learn thy grac - ious will, I take the good or seem - ing ill,
 Com - ing in sim - ple faith to plead For dear ones, know - ing not their need.

Je - sus, my Lord, I thee a - dore, Oh, make me love thee more and more.
 Grate - ful for all thy hand may pour, Oh, make me love thee more and more.
 Save them, O Sav - ior, I im - plore, And make me love thee more and more.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

45

P. P. BLISS.

"And the three hundred blew the trumpets."—JUDGES 7: 22.

P. P. BLISS.

1. It was midnight in the val-ley, and the camp was dark and still, Where the slumb'ring host of
 2. Where the faint and fear-ful thousands had returned at God's command, By the chos-en few and
 3. Christian soldiers, be not fear-ful; on-ward with your Captain go; Ev-er "looking un-to

Mid-ian lay a-long the slop-ing hill, When a blind-ing flash of torch-es, and a
 faith-ful, vic-t'ry came to Gideon's band; Hear them giv-ing God the glo-ry, as a-
 Je-sus," you shall con-quer ev-ry foe; He hath triumph'd—take your trumpets, let the

CHORUS.

trump-et loud and shrill, Threw out the Battle Cry: Blow ye the trumpet, for the Lord hath made us free; Your
 round the camp they stand And shout their Battle Cry:
 world your vic-t'ry know; Sing loud your Battle Cry:

blazing lamps raise high! "The Sword of the Lord and of Gid-e-on," shall be Our con-qu'ring Bat-tle Cry.
 raise high!

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

P. P. BLISS.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." - ACTS 9 : 6.

W. H. DOANE.

1. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Thou hast redeemed me, Thy
 2. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Is it to la - bor? I'll
 3. What wilt Thou have me to do, O Lord, What wilt Thou have me to do? Sing of Thy mer - cy who

right I own. Thine are my pow'rs, my Saviour, a - lone; Thou hast for me such great things done,
 glad - ly go; Is it to wait? then let it be so; On - ly Thy will I ask to know;
 died for me? Tell the good news, sal - va - tion is free? Say, shall I work or sing for Thee?

What wilt Thou have me to do? What is the labor appointed me? Where shall I labor for Thee?

WORK FOR YOUR MASTER.

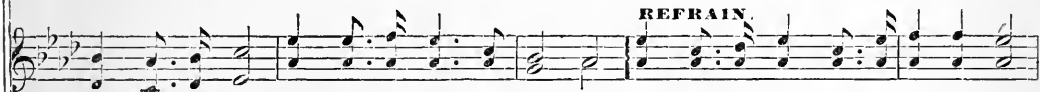
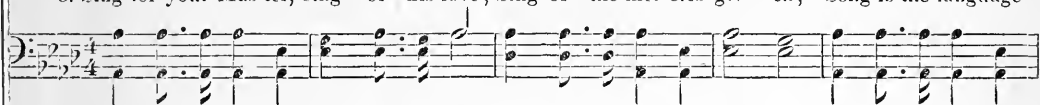
47

P. P. BLISS. (Refrain by PAULINA.)

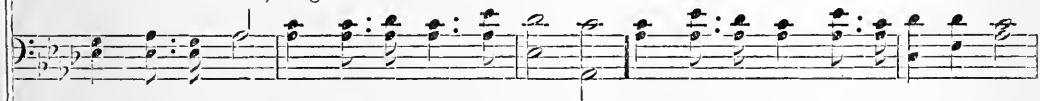
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



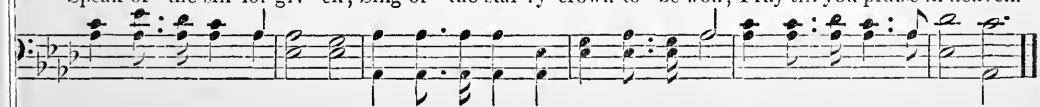
1. Work for your Master, work while you may, Broad is the field be-fore you--Sweet is the dawn of
2. Speak for your Master, speak while you may, Now, while the world will hear you; It shall be giv-en
3. Sing for your Mas-ter, sing of his love; Sing of the mer-cies giv-en; Song is the language



life's ear-ly day, Beam-ing in beau-ty o'er you.
 what you shall say, Feel-ing his presence near you. Work till the toil of the day is done,
 of saints a-bove, Song is the breath of heav-en.



Speak of the sin for-giv-en; Sing of the star-ry crown to be won; Pray till you praise in heaven.



THIS IS THE VICTORY.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.

Vigorously.

1. March to the bat - tle - field, March on with sword and shield; March on; the
 2. Stand firm a - gainst thy foes; Stand, though a host op - pose; Stand! well our
 3. Fight, though thy foes in - crease; Fight, till the dawn of peace; Fight, till the

foe shall yield To Christ our King; On - ward, ye faith - ful band, On - ward at
 Lead - er knows Our con - flicts all; "Fear not," He says to thee, "Fear not, but
 war shall cease, Then shout and sing; Shout, then, tri - umph - ant - ly. Shout, shout the

His com - mand; On - ward, nor halt - ing stand, But loud - ly sing.
 val - iant be, Fear not, but trust in Me; The foe - ly must fall."
 vic - to - ry; Shout, "Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord, our King!"

BY PERMISSION.

THIS IS THE VICTORY. CONCLUDED.

49

This is the vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, This is the

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

vic - to - ry We sing by the way; This is the vic - to - ry, This is the

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff includes some rests and longer note values, while the bass staff maintains the rhythmic accompaniment.

vic - to - ry, This is the vic - to - ry, And faith , gains the day.

The final system concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a double bar line, and the bass staff also concludes with a double bar line.

BY PERMISSION.

THE TRIUMPH.

Maestoso.

Words by KATE CAMERON. Music by P. P. BLISS.

1 We are marching onward, To our home on high; This shall be our watchword, "La - bor till we die!"

For the night is coming, Soon will set the sun, When the mas - ter call - eth, Let our work be done.

CHORUS.

On - ward, on - ward, Sing - ing as we go; Soon we'll tri - umph o - ver ev - 'ry foe. Yes,

We are marching on - ward To our home on high; This shall be our watchword, "La - bor till we die."

2. Ye who in His vineyard,
Idly stand and wait,
Come and join the workers,
Ere it be too late;
Lest at His appearing,
When He looks for sheaves,

Like the barren fig tree,
Ye'll have naught but leaves.
Chorus.
3. Of our Master's coming
We know not the hour,
But 'twill be with glory,

Majesty and power,
If we are but faithful,
Happy shall we be,
When we hear the summons,
'Hither come to me!"

Chorus.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

51

Mrs. M. O. PAGE.

Mrs. C. H. SCOTT, by per.

1. Lift the banner of the cross! Rally 'round its folds to-day, Let it nev - er suf - fer loss, Speed it on its
 2. Soldiers of a mighty cause! Raise the royal banner high; While we heed our master's laws, We may earthly
 3. They who bear it bravely on, Soon their heart's desire shall see; For the world ere long must own This, the flag of

CHORUS.

Banner bright! Ban - ner free, ev - er

glo - rious way,
 pow'r de - fy. Banner bright! banner bright! Banner free, banner free, May our watch - word ev - er
 vic - to - ry.

be, Banner bright, Banner free, died for me.

be, ev - er be, Banner bright, banner bright, Banner free, banner free, Christ, the Lord, who died for me, died for me.

WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

DUET AND CHORUS.

P. P. ELISS, by per.

Slowly.

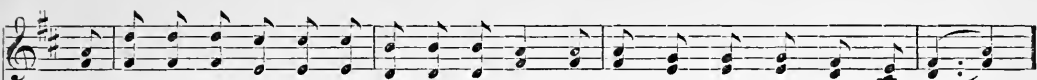
1. When my fi - nal fare-well to the world I have said, And glad-ly lie down to my rest;
 2. There are lit - tle ones glancing a - bout in my path, In want of a friend and a guide;
 3. There are old and for-sak - en who lin - ger a-while In homes which their dearest have left;
 4. Oh, should I be brought there by the bounti-ful grace Of him who de-lights to for - give,

When soft - ly the watchers shall say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
 There are dear little eyes look-ing up in - to mine, Whose tears might be easi - ly dried.
 And a few gen - tle words or an ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spirits be - ref.
 Though I bless not the weary a - bout in my path, Pray on - ly for self while I live,—

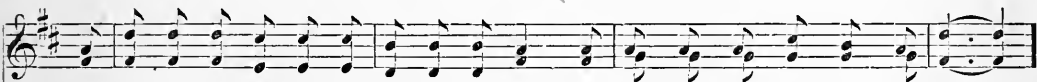
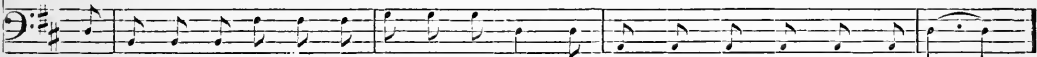
And when, with my glo - ri - fied vis - ion, at last The walls of "That Cit-y" I see,
 But Je - sus may beck-on the children a - way In the midst of their grief and their glee—
 But the Reaper is near to the long standing corn, The wea - ry will soon be set free—
 Methinks I should mourn o'er my sin - ful ne-glect, If sor - row in heav-en could be,

WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME. CONCLUDED.

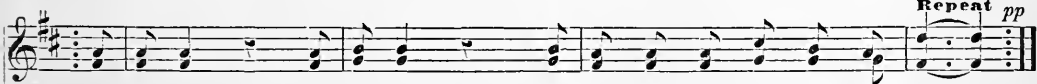
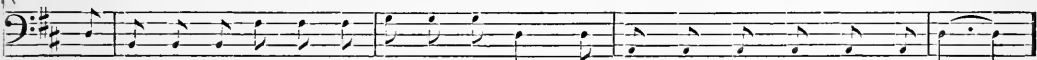
53



Will a - ny one then at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?
 Will a - ny of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?
 Will a - ny of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?
 Should no one I love, at the beau - ti - ful gate Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me!

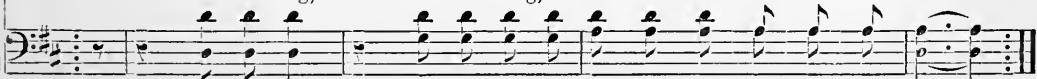


Will a - ny one then, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?
 Will a - ny of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?
 Will a - ny of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me?
 Should no one I love, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me.



Be wait - ing and watch - ing, Be wait - ing and watch - ing for me.

Be wait - ing, and watch - ing,



WHAT CAN I DO?

Words by D. MARCH.

Music by P. P. BLISS.

1 If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the hea - then lands ex - plore, You may find the.
 2. If you can - not sing like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul, You can tell the
 3. Let none hear you id - ly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do." While the souls of

hea - then near - er, You may help them at your door; If you can - not give your thousands,
 love of Je - sus, You can say "He died for all," If you can - not rouse the wick - ed
 men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you: Take the task he gives you glad - ly,

You can give the widow's mite; And the least you do for Je - sus Will be precious in his sight.
 With the judgment's dread alarms, You can lead the lit - tle chil - dren, To the Savior's waiting arms.
 Let his work your pleasure be; Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

55

REV. SABINE BARING GOULD.

JOS. HAYDEN, arr.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Going on before.
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod,
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will remain;
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voice - es In the triumph song;

Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads against the foe, Forward in - to bat - tle, See his banners go.
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we; One in hope and doctrine, One in chari - ty.
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
 Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.

Miss M. A. BAKER.

(May be sung as a Solo, or by the whole school.)

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Are we faithful to our Master? Are his in - ter - ests our own? Are we do - ing work for Je - sus
 2. Are we us - ing well the tal - ents, Few or ma - ny, great or small, Which the Master has committed
 3. Do we seek the Father's glo - ry, And the kingdom of his Son, By our constant, pray'ful working,

CHORUS. Steady. but not hurried.

In each way to us made known.
 To his followers, each and all? O my soul, be ev - er faith - ful! Heart and hand be true and just!
 That the world from sin be won?

Squander not the Master's treasure, Nor betray his precious trust; Ev - er faithful! ev - er faithful!

Ev - er true, and ev - er just! Faithful with the Master's treasure, Faithful to his precious trust.

Dr. ELI CORWIN.

SABBATH, C. M.

MRS. EMMA L. MORTON.

1. Wel - come the day! a - rise and pay Thy tri - bute to the Lord.
 2. Wel - come the light that seat - ters night, Dark - ness and doubt dis - pels;
 3. Wel - come the rest a - mong the blest, The faint - ing spir - it cries:
 4. If now so dear the Sab - baths here, What must they be a - bove?

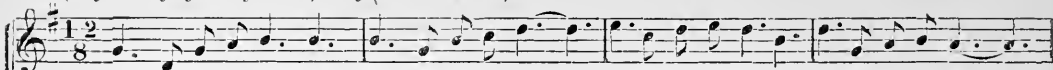
Sing to his praise, in grate - ful lays, And feast up - on his word.
 Our ears shall greet the mu - sic sweet Of sol - emn Sab - bath bells.
 Oh, when shall we the cit - y see That's built a - bove the skies?
 Oh, that were joy with - out al - loy, An ec - sta - sy of love.

WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

E. R. LATTA.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Matt. 20: 6.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

(May be sung by a single voice, or by the whole school.)

1. Why stand ye here i - dle? The householder said; Go work in my vineyard, And ye shall be paid:
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? Our Lord doth inquire; Who works in his vineyard, He giveth his hire:
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? The lab'ers are few; Oh haste to the harvest! 'Tis ready for you:
4. A - las! for the i - dlers, Lamenting at last; "The summer is ended, The harvest is past:



"No person hath hired us," They answering say; And then to their la - bor Quickly they haste away.
Then speed to your la - bor, Go ev - er - y one; The moments are passing, And there is much to be done.
Go thrust in your sick-le, And reap with your might; Each sheaf should be gathered Ere we behold the night.
The heat and the burden, The reapers have braved; Our work is unfinished Still, and our souls unsaved."



WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE? CONCLUDED.

59

CHORUS.

"Go work in my vine-yard, Our Savior doth say; Why stand ye here i - dle, - Why longer de-lay?

"Go work in my vine-yard," Our Sa-vior doth say; "Why stand ye here idle Thro'out the long bright day?"

WHO'S ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

PAULINA.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. We're marching to Canaan with banner and song, We're soldiers enlist - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong, But
2. The sword may be burnished, the armor be bright, For Sa-tan appears as an an - gel of light; Yet
3. Who is there among us yet un - der the rod, Who knows not the pardoning mer-cy of God? Oh,
4. Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain, and the wrong, For soon shall our sighing be changed into song; So,

lest in the conflict our strength should divide, We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side?
 dark-ly the bo-som may treach-er - y hide, While lips are professing, "I'm on the Lord's side."
 bring to him humbly the heart in its pride; Oh, haste while he's waiting, and seek the Lord's side.
 bearing the cross of our cov - e-nant Guide, We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side!"

CHORUS.

Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh,

who is there among us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his colors—who's on the Lord's side?

1. Oh, the hearts all crushed and bleed-ing, Who can pass them by un - heed - ing,
 2. Lo! our Lord has con - des-cend - ed, To up - lift the un - be - friend - ed,
 3. Came he to the pure and ho - ly, Or to save the sin - ners sole - ly?
 4. When the ru - in'd res - cued rac - es Sit with us, in heavenly plac - es,

CHORUS. Promptly.

Who re - sist the pit - eous plead - ing? When mine eyes the king shall see,
 And the poor man's cause de - fend - ed. When mine eyes the king shall see,
 Lo! he loved the lost and low - ly. When mine eyes the king shall see,
 Christ-like love shall crown the grac - es. Then mine eyes the king shall see,

Shall the wait - ing wel - come be, Ye have done it un - to me?
 Shall the wait - ing wel - come be, Ye have done it un - to me?
 May the wait - ing wel - come be, Ye have done it un - to me.
 And the wait - ing wel - come be, Ye have done it un - to me.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?*

Words suggested by D. HAYDN LLOYD.

P. P. BLISS.

Andantino.

1. Sow - ing their seed by the dawn-light fair, Sow - ing their seed in the noon - tide glare,
2. Sow - ing their seed by the way - side high, Sow - ing their seed on the rocks to die,

Sow - ing their seed in the fad - ing light, Sow - ing their seed in the sol - emn night,
Sow - ing their seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow - ing their seed in the fer - tile soil,

Chorus. on next page.

Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be?

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame—
Ah, sure will the harvest be! etc.

4 Sowing their seed with an aching heart,
Sowing their seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home,
Oh, what shall the harvest be? etc.

* From "The Prize."

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE? CONCLUDED.

63

CHORUS. Soprano.

Sown . . . in the dark - - ness or sown . . . in the light, . . . Sown . . . in our

Alto.

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or

weak - - ness or sown . . . in our might, . . . Gath - - ered in time . . . or e-

sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in time or eter-ni - ty,

ter - - - ni - ty, . . . Sure, . . . ah sure, . . . will the har - - - vest be.

Gathered in time or e-ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah yes, sure will the harvest be, will the harvest, the harvest be.

REMEMBERED,

P. P. B. Subject from H. BONAR. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."—Ps. 112: 6.

Con Espressione.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Fad - ing a - way like the stars of the morning
2. So let my name and my place be for - got - ten,

mf

Los - ing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun, So let me steal a - way, gen - tly and lov - ing - ly,
On - ly my life - race be pa - tient - ly run; So let me pass a - way, peace - ful - ly, si - lent - ly,

Slow.

On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done, On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done.
On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done, On - ly re - mem - bered by what I have done.

Slow.

REMEMBERED, CONCLUDED.

65

CHORUS. *Soprano.*

Ev - er re-membered, for ev - - er re-membered, Ev - er re - membered while the
Alto.
 Ev - er - more re - membered, ev - er - more re - membered, Ev - er re - membered while the

years are roll - ing on; Ev - er re - membered, for ev - - er re - membered, On - ly re -
 years are roll - ing on; Ev - er - more re - membered, Ev - er - more re - membered, On - ly re -

Ritard.

mem - bered by what I have done.
 mem - bered by what I have done.

3.

So, in the harvest, if others may gather
 Sheaves from the fields that in spring I have sown;
 Who plowed or sowed matters not to the reaper—
 I'm only remembered by what I have done.—*Chorus.*

4.

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
 So let my name be unhonored, unknown;
 Here, or up yonder, I must be remembered—
 Only remembered by what I have done.—*Chorus.*

BY PERMISSION.

THE SONG OF THE ANGEL REAPERS.

E. E. R. and GEO. F. ROOT.

On Anima.

1. Oh, we are the reap-ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin
2. Go out in the by- ways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall;

With sick - les of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Then search in the high - way, and pass none by But gath - er from all for the home on high.

CHORUS.

We are the reapers! Oh, who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "har - vest home?"

Oh, who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

THE SONG OF THE ANGEL REAPERS. CONCLUDED.

3 The fields are all rip'ning, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide:
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.

H. R. P.

JESUS LOVES LITTLE CHILDREN.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Je - sus loves lit - tle chil - dren; He is their friend, His aid he will lend, Like a shepherd he'll
2. Je - sus now doth en - treat you, List to his voice, Oh! hear and rejoice; He is read - y to
3. Je - sus now doth command you, Do not - de - lay, Oh! haste to o - bey; Dangers dark will sur -

CHORUS.

lead them; Come to him, children, to - day.
meet you, Lit - tle ones, turn not a - way. Children may come, Children may come, Children may come to the
round you, If from your Savior you stray.

Sav - ior, Children may come, Children may come, Children may come and be saved.

GATHER THEM IN.

In March Time.

Words by E. E. REXFORD. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Say, lit-tle sol-diers, who fight for the true, Are you all rea-dy to dare and to do?
 2. Tell them of Je-sus, who loved them so well; Tell them of heav-en, where glad anthems swell;

Oh! have you thought of the work to be done, Down midst the chil-dren that man-y would shun,
 Tell them the e-vil and black-ness of sin; Tell them their souls must be spot-less and clean,

Liv-ing in dark-ness, the Bi-ble un-known; You must go to them and tell them, each one
 Love them and win them, each poor girl and boy. Out of the er-rors that curse and de-stroy,

That in the school here each heart, kind and true, Waits to give wel-come! oh this you can do!
 Gath-er them in to the ranks where you fight, Lead them from dark-ness out in-to the light.

GATHER THEM IN. CONCLUDED.

69

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

Gath-er them in, gath-er them in, gath-er them in - to the Sun-day School band,

Gath-er them in, gath-er them in, Show them the way to the far Bet-ter Land;

Out of the high-ways and by-ways of sin, Gath-er them in, gath-er them in -

Help them this glo-ry im-mor-tal to win, Gath-er, O gath-er them in.

I AM BUT A 'LITTLE LAMB'

Mrs. M. O. PAGE.

Mrs. C. H. SCOTT, by per.

1. I am but a lit - tle lamb, Yet I know the way, Lead - ing up to
2. If he hears a lit - tle child, And re - gards my plea, Will he not the

heav'n a - bove, Where the an - gels stay. When at night I lay me down,
old - er ones? Let them come and see. Je - sus, while he was on earth,

I'm be - neath his care; He can hear my lit - tle voice, When I say my pray'r.
Bless'd both small and great, And in heav'n, with crowns for all, Doth he lov - ing wait.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

71

ON A DARE, STORMY NIGHT, when the waves rolled like mountains, and not a star was to be seen, a boat, rocking and plunging, neared the Cleveland harbor. "Are you sure this is Cleveland?" asked the captain, seeing only one light from the light-house. "Quite sure, sir," replied the pilot. "Where are the lower lights?" "Gone out, sir." "Can you make the harbor?" "We must, or perish, sir!" And with a strong hand and a brave heart, the old pilot turned the wheel. But alas, in the darkness he missed the channel, and with a crash upon the rocks the boat was shivered, and many a life lost in a watery grave. Brethren, the Master will take care of the great light-houses: let us keep the lower lights burning!—D. L. MOODY.

Earnestly.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Bright-ly beams Our Father's mercy From his Light-House ev - er-more; But to us he gives the
 2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar; Ea - ger eyes are watching,
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother, Some poor sai - lor, tem-pest-tost, Try - ing now to make the

CHORUS

keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore. Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a
 long-ing For the lights a - long the shore. Let &c.
 har - bor In the dark-ness, may be lost. Let &c.

gleam a - cross the wave; Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save.

IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY.

From "Charm."

Words and Music by F. P. BLISS.

Thoughtfully.

1. I should like to die, said Wil - lie, if my pa - pa could die too; But he
2. But she told me, I re - mem - ber, once while sit - ting on her knee, That the

says he is - n't read - y, 'cause he has so much to do; And my lit - tle sis - ter
an - gels nev - er wea - ry, watch - ing o - ver her and me; And that if we're good—(and

Nel - lie says that I must sure - ly die, And that she and ma - ma—then she stopp'd, be -
ma - ma told me just the same be - fore, They will let us in - to heav - en when they

IF PAPA WERE ONLY READY. CONCLUDED!

73

All. Ad.

cause it made me cry, And that she and ma-ma—then she stopp'd, be-cause it made me cry
see us at the door, They will let us in - to heav-en when they see us at the door.

3. There I know I shall be happy, and will always want to stay ;
I shall love to hear the singing, I shall love the endless day ;
I shall love to look at Jesus, I shall love Him more and more,
: And I'll gather water-lilies for the angel at the door. :|

4. There will be none but the holy—I shall know no more of sin
Though I'll see mama and Nellie, for I know he'll let them in,
But I'll have to tell the angel, when I meet him at the door,
: That he must excuse my papa, 'cause he couldn't leave the store. :|

5. Nellie says, that may be I shall very soon be called away ;
If papa were only ready, I should like to go to-day ;
But if I should go before him to that world of light and joy,
: Then I guess he'd want to come to Heaven to see his little boy. :|

HOW BEAUTEOUS ARE THEIR FEET.

Andantino. G. O. F. ROOF.

1 How beauteous are their feet, }
Who stand on Zi-on's hill, } Who bring sal-va-tion on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal.
2 How charming is their voice! }
How sweet their tidings are! } "Zi-on, be-hold thy Sav-ior King! He reigns and triumphs here!"

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

C. C. CASE.

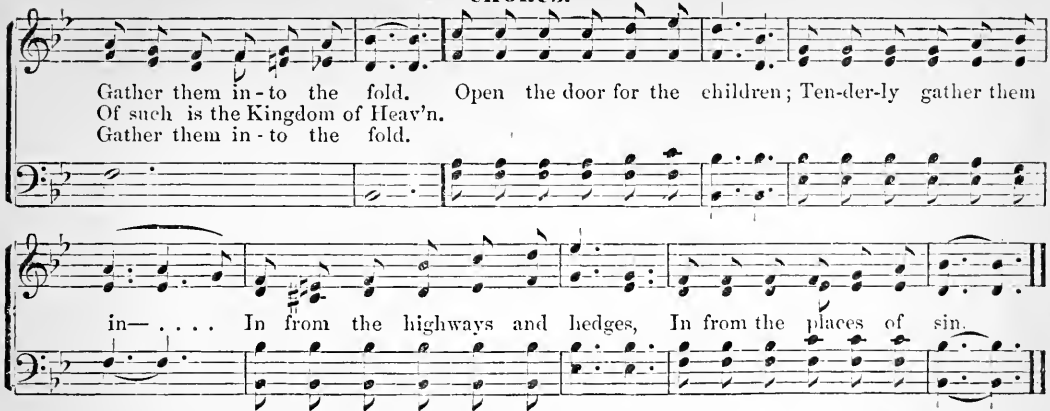
DUET.

1. O-pen the door for the children, Ten-der-ly gather them in— In from the highways and
 2. O-pen the door for the children, See! they are coming in throngs; Bid them sit down to the
 3. O-pen the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand; Point them to truth and to

hedges, In from the places of sin; Some are so young and so help - less,
 banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs; Pray you the Father to bless them,
 goodness, Send them to Canaan's land; Some are so young and so help - less,

Some are so hungry and cold O-pen the door for the children,
 Pray you that grace may be giv'n. O-pen the door for the children,
 Some are so hungry and cold. O-pen the door for the children,

CHORUS.

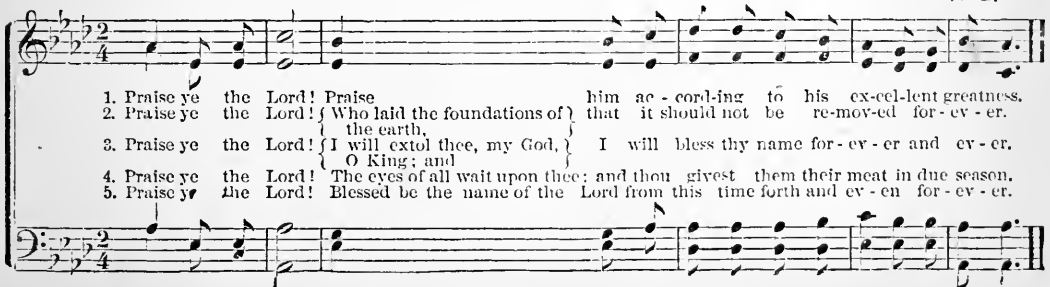


Gather them in-to the fold. Open the door for the children; Ten-der-ly gather them
Of such is the Kingdom of Heav'n.
Gather them in-to the fold.

in- In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of sin.

CHANT: PRAISE YE THE LORD.

P. P. B.



1. Praise ye the Lord! Praise him ac-cord-ing to his ex-cel-lent greatness.
2. Praise ye the Lord! { Who laid the foundations of } that it should not be re-mov-ed for-ev-er.
 { the earth,
3. Praise ye the Lord! { I will extol thee, my God, } I will bless thy name for-ev-er and ev-er.
 { O King; and
4. Praise ye the Lord! The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.
5. Praise ye the Lord! Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and ev-en for-ev-er.

WE WAGE A MIGHTY WAR.

FOR TEMPERANCE OCCASIONS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. We wage a might-y war, boys, A - gainst a might - y foe! Who thro' our land with
 2. Our poor-hous-es are filled, boys, With paupers drink has made; The cash which would sup-
 3. If strong drink from our land, boys, Were swept a - way, to-night, Some of our pris - on-

bus - y hand Is spread-ing want and woe; He's sad - den'd many a light heart, And
 port them, boys, To gin - shops has been paid: And we've those poor to keep, boys, Tho'
 hous - es Would close their portals quite, And one half of the police force, For

many a thou-sand slain; Then come, with us your voice to raise, And bid man-kind ab - stain.
 naught we have to spare; The landlords 'tis should do this, boys, For they have sent them there,
 which we're taxed to pay, Without it would have naught to do, For so our rul - ers say.

WE WAGE A MIGHTY WAR. CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

We wage a might-y war, boys, A - gainst a might-y foe! Who thro' our land with

bus - y hand Is spread-ing want and woe: He's sad-den'd ma-ny a light heart, And

ma - ny a thousand slain; Then come with us, your voice to raise, And bid man-kind ab-stain.

HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY NO.

H. R. PALMER.

Earnestly.

1. You're starting, my boy, on life's jour - ney, A - long the grand highway of life.... You'll meet with a
 2. In courage a - lone lies your safe - ty, When you the long journey be - gin.... Your trust in a

Rit.

thousand temp - ta - tions, Each cit - y with e - vil is rife. This world is a stage of ex - cite - ment, There's
 Heav - en - ly Fa - ther Will keep you unspotted from sin. . Temp - ta - tions will go on in - creas - ing, As

dan - ger wherever you go; But if you are tempted in weak - ness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
 streams from a riv - u - let flow; But if you'd be true to your man - hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY, TO SAY NO. CONCLUDED.

79

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No, Have courage, my boy, to say
 Have courage, my boy, to say No, Have courage, my boy, to say
 Have courage, my boy, to say No. Have courage my

No. Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No.
 No. Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No.
 boy, to say No.

WHEN THE MOURNER.

Gentl'y.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. When the mourner weep-ing Sheds the se-cret tear, God His watch is keep-ing, Tho' none else is near.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

CHORUS, before each verse.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.

Look not thou up - on the wine when it is red, When it mov - eth it -
 Look not thou up - - on the wine when it is red,

- - self a - - right, All the light and beau-ty now a-round it shed Soon will
 All the light and beau - ty now a - round it shed,

QUARTET or Semi-Chorus.

end in sor-row's night. 1. Tho' its ru - by blush so fair, In the sil-ver cup be
 Thro' its ru - - by blush so fair, In the sil - ver

Sing Chorus after last
verse to close with.

cast, Of the dead-ly "serpent's sting" be-ware, be-ware, 'Twill pierce thy soul at last.
 cup in cast

2. 'Tis "a mocker," luring on,
 With its "raging," fiery breath,
 And its burning work is never, never done,
 Its flames are flames of death.

3. Tarry not, resolve to-day,
 From the blighting curse to flee;
 'Tis the voice of wisdom calls away, away.
 Be bold, be firm, be free.

LONGFELLOW.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

Adapted by W. LUDDEN.

	<p>1. There is a Reaper, whose name is Death, And with his sic - kle keen, 2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he: "Have naught but the beard - ed grain? 3. He gazed at the flow'rs with tearful eyes, He kissed their droop - ing leaves; 4. "My Lord hath need of these flow'rets gay," The Reaper said, and smil'd; 5. "They shall all bloom in fields of light, Transplanted by my care, 6. And the mother gave in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love; 7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day;</p>		

	<p>He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flow'rs that grow be- tween. Though the breath of these flow'rs is sweet to me, I'll give them all back a- gain. It was for the Lord in Paradise, He bound them in his sheaves, "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where he was once a child." And saints upon their garments white These sa - cred blossoms wear. She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light a- bove. 'T was an angel visited the green earth, And took the flow'rs a- way.</p>		

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to tempta-tion, For weakness is sin, Each vict'ry will help us Some oth-er to win,
 2. Shun e-vil companions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain,
 3. To him that o'ercometh God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down,

Fight manfully onward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 He who is the Sa-rior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

"WINE IS A MOCKER."

83

Words by Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.

P. P. B.

1. Wine is a mock-er! and strong drink is rag-ing, For so does the Bi - ble de - clare; Oh,

Oh, touch not the

touch not the glass, then, how - ev - er en - gag - ing, Of all its al - lure - ments be - ware.

glass,

CHORUS.

The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the Bi - ble says so, That wine is a mock-er we know, ah, we know.

- 2 Wine is a mocker! though seems it so charming,
 Though friends call it wholesome and good;
 There's mischief there lurking that ever is harming,
 To fire and to poison the blood.
- 3 Wine is a mocker! it leads into sinning
 The thousands who perish from drink:
 'T is here that the drunkard has had his beginning,
 The first step that caused him to sink.

- 4 Wine is a mocker! at first 't is alluring,
 At last like an adder it stings;
 And bites like a serpent, with poison enduring,
 And mis'ry and wretchedness brings.
- 5 Wine is a mocker! the social glass shun it,
 Oh, linger not where 't is in sight.
 Oh, dash it away from you, look not upon it,
 Stand firm and be true to the right.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

With expression.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Thro' the val-ley of the shad-ow I must go, Where the cold wave of Jor - dan roll; But the
2. Now the roll-ing of the billows I can hear, As they beat on the turf-bound shore; But the

Slower.

prom - ise of my Shepherd will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E - ven
bea - con light of love so bright and clear, Guides my bark, frail and lone, safe - ly o'er. I shall

A tempo.

now down the val - ley as I glide, I can hear my Sa - vior say, "Fol - low me!" And with him I'm
find down the val - ley no a - larms, For my Savior's bless-ed smile I can see: He will bear me

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE VALLEY, CONCLUDED.

85

not a - fraid to cross the tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me. There's a light in the
 in his lov - ing, might - y arms, There's a light in the val - ley for me. There's a light in the

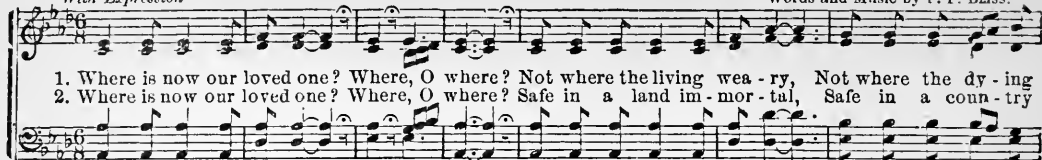
f *p*
 val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley for me, And no
 val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley for me, And no
 for me.

Repeat pp.
 e - vil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.
 e - vil will I fear While my Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.

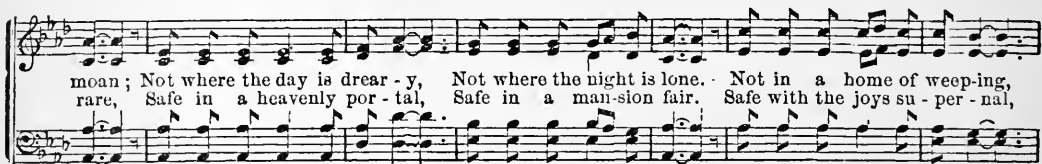
SAFE WITH THE MASTER.

With Expression

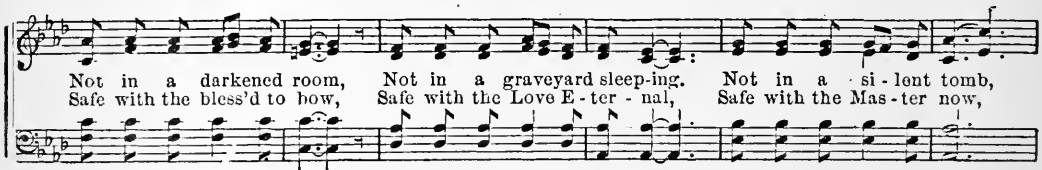
Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.




1. Where is now our loved one? Where, O where? Not where the living wea-ry, Not where the dy-ing
2. Where is now our loved one? Where, O where? Safe in a land im-mor-tal, Safe in a coun-try



moan; Not where the day is drear-y, Not where the night is lone. Not in a home of weep-ing,
rare, Safe in a heavenly por-tal, Safe in a man-sion fair. Safe with the joys su-per-nal,



Not in a darkened room, Not in a graveyard sleep-ing. Not in a si-lent tomb,
Safe with the bless'd to bow, Safe with the Love E-ter-nal, Safe with the Mas-ter now,



Not in a graveyard sleep-ing, Not in a si-lent tomb. No, not there; No, not there!
Safe with the Love E-ter-nal, Safe with the Mas-ter now. There, yes, there; There, yes, there!

LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

87

Tenderly.

Words by PAULINA. Music by Rev. B. R. HANBY.

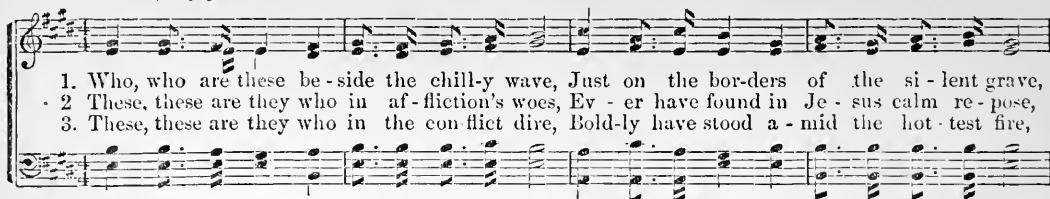
1. 'Mid the pastures green of the blessed isles, where never is heat or cold, Where the light of life is the
 2. There are tiny mounds where the hopes of earth Were hid 'neath the tear-wet mold, But the light that paled at the

Shepherd's smile, Are the lambs of the Upper Fold. Where the lilies blossom in fadeless spring, And never a heart grows
 stricken hearth, Was joy to the Upper Fold. Oh, the white stone beareth a new name now, That never on earth was

old, Where the glad new song is the song they sing, Are the lambs of the Up- per Fold. Lambs of the Up- per
 told, And the ten- der Shepherd doth guard with care The lambs of the Up- per Fold. Lambs of the Up- per

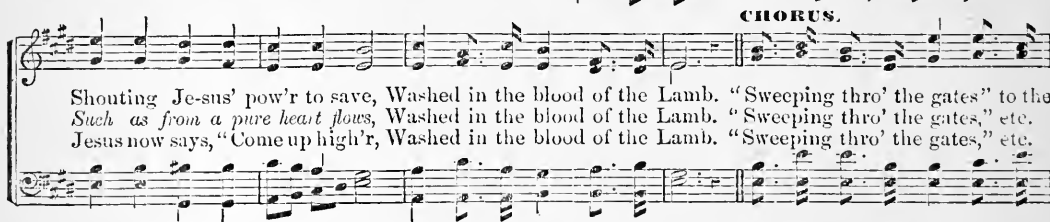
Fold, Lambs of the Up- per Fold, Where the glad new song is the song they sing, Are the lambs of the Upper Fold.
 Fold, Lambs of the Up- per Fold, And the ten- der Shepherd doth guard with care The lambs of the Upper Fold.

SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES.

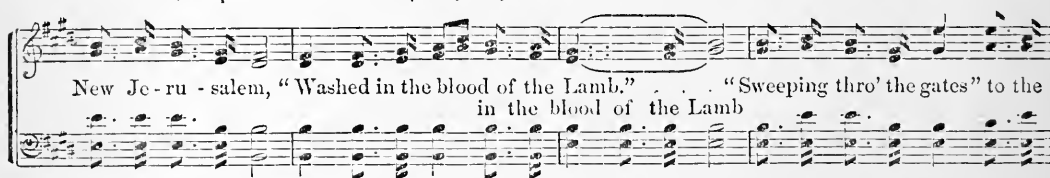
Words and Music by
T. C. O'KANE.


1. Who, who are these be-side the chill-y wave, Just on the bor-ders of the si-lent grave,
2. These, these are they who in af-fliction's woes, Ev-er have found in Je-sus calm re-pose,
3. These, these are they who in the con-flict dire, Bold-ly have stood a-mid the hot-test fire,

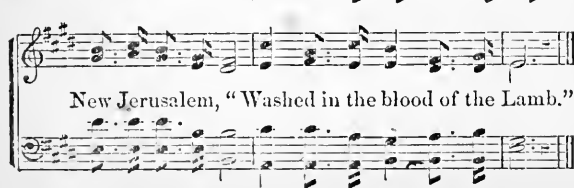
CHORUS.



Shouting Je-sus' pow'r to save, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates," etc.
Jesus now says, "Come up high'r, Washed in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates," etc.



New Je-ru-salem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
in the blood of the Lamb



New Jerusalem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

4 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow are all o'er,
Happy now and evermore, "Washed," etc.
Cuo.—*Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb," etc.

5 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily, from sin, be kept by power divine,
Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, "Washed," etc.
Cuo.—*Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
"Washed in the blood of the Lamb," etc.

WHEN WE GET HOME.

89

Words by E. E. REXFORD. Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Joyfully.

1. Oh, friends, as jour-n'ing on-ward, To gain the bet-ter land; We go with many a long - ing,
 2. There at the pear-ly por-tals, Those who have gone be-fore, Shall come to bid us wel-come
 3. Oh, hearts of those who sor-row, Be strong and brave to do; Joy com-eth on the mor-row,

Dear lov'd ones, hand in hand; Oh! think of all the rap-ture, That thro' heav'n's sun - lit dome, Shall
 To heav'n's de-light-ful shore; And we shall en-ter with them, No more 'mid doubts to roam; For
 Peace waits at last for you; Not long shall cares be-set us, The hap-py time will come; So

CHORUS.

Home, home, home,
 ring in songs of welcome. When we, when we get home. Home, blessed home so fair, so fair,
 they'll be true who love us, When we, when we get home. Home, blessed home, &c.
 friends be brave and pa-tient. We'll soon, we'll soon be home. Home, blessed home, &c.

home, home, Beau-ti-ful home so fair, so fair,
 Sweet is the rest that waits us there; Home, home, Beau-ti-ful, blessed home

HE CARRIES THE LAMBS IN HIS BOSOM.

S. H. NORR, by per.

1. A sweet, gold - en head had for - got - ten life's way, A - sleep on its pil - low of
 2. There's nev - er a lamb from love's sor - row - ful fold But wan - ders in fields that are

ros - es. Wee hands shutting close as if tir - ed of play, Like buds which the summer dis -
 ver - nal, And nev - er a bud hid a - way from the cold But blooms in the sum - mer e -

clo - es; The beau - ti - ful song of my bird - ie was still, And
 ter - nal; When storms sweep the hill, and the night gath - ers deep, I

HE CARRIES THE LAMBS IN HIS BOSOM. CONCLUDED.

91

o - ver the lips of my bos - som The dim - ples lay white as the
think of my par - a - dise bos - som; I hear the same song for the

frost on the rill, When a spir - it sang low to my spir - it at will, "He
wea - ry that weep, The weak - est are saf - est, for o - ver the steep, "He

car - ries the lambs in his bo - som, He car - ries the lambs in his bo - som."
car - ries the lambs in his bo - som, He car - ries the lambs in his bo - som."

OVER THE RIVER.

Words by E. E. REXFORD.
Grazioso.

From "Prize." GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Over the river! oh, what is there? Over the river, the riv-er? Hearts ever happy and

CHORUS.

souls ever fair, Basking in glory for-ev - er. Over the river, the river wide, Over the

beau-ti-ful riv - er, Angels and blessed immortals abide, Sinless and happy forever.

2 Over the river! oh, who is there—
Over the river, the river?
Friends who have gone from our earth-life to share,
Life from the Bountiful Giver.
Over the river, etc.

3 Over the river! oh, wonderful land,
Over the river, the river!
Happy and holy each radiant band,
May we be with them forever.
Over the river, etc.

THE GOLDEN TIME.

93

Soyfully.

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

1. See the gold-en sun-light, O'er the mountains beam-ing, Bringing to the world the bright pro-phet-ic
 2. See the gold-en pro-mise Of the prophet's vis-ion, Com-ing to its glo-ry in this day and

day; Chas-ing all the shad-ows, All the drea-ry shad-ows, Of the night of death and dark-ness
 hour; Com-ing in its new-ness, Com-ing in its truc-ness, Com-ing in its ma-jes-ty and

CHORUS.

far a-way. Hail we now the Gold-en time, Hail the day our eyes have longed to see; Send the
 with great power. Hail we now, &c.

song through ev-ry clime, 'Tis the day of ju-bi-lee.

3. See the golden city,
 From the clouds descending,
 While before its coming error flies away;
 See the wondrous glory,
 From its portals streaming,
 Now indeed is come the everlasting day.

Chorus

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beauti - ful and bright, Where sweet joys super - nal
 2. Flowers for ever are springing In that home so fair, Thousands of children are singing
 3. Soon shall I join the an - them Far be-yond the sky, Je - sus became my ran - som,

Nev - er are dim'd by night; White-robed angels are singing Ev - er a-round the bright throne;
 Praises to Je - sus there; How they swell the glad anthem Ev - er a-round the bright throne;
 Why should I fear to die; Soon my eyes will behold him Seated up - on the bright throne;

CHORUS.
 When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beautiful, beautiful home. Home, beauti - ful home,
 When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beautiful, beautiful home.
 Then, oh, then shall I see thee, Beautiful, beautiful home. Beautiful home,

BEAUTIFUL HOME. CONCLUDED.

95

Bright, beauti - ful home, Home, home of our Savior, Bright, beau - ti - ful home.
 Beautiful home, Home, home of our Savior, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.

THE SABBATH.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. A Sab-bath well spent Brings a week of content, Giving strength for the toils of to-mor - row;
 2. Six days shalt thou toil, Bringing fruits from the soil, And with mind, heart and strength shalt thou la - bor;
 3. O best of the seven, Blessed fore-taste of heaven Thou dost bring with each pleasant return - ing;

But a Sabbath pro-fan'd, Whatsoe'er may be gain'd, Is a cer-tain fore-run-ner of sor - row.
 But the seventh is bless'd, As a day of sweet rest, And for worship of God, the Cre - a - - tor.
 Let us work, wait and pray, Till the glori-ous day, When we're called from life's weary so-journing.

THIS IS THE SABBATH DAY.

Words by Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Gravioso

1. Peace-ful the morn-ing, qui-et the day, Now are the week's cares fold-ed a-way,
2 Sweet are the songs that here we shall sing; Ten-der the spi-rits hith-er we bring,

CHORUS.

Hushed in-to still-ness now is the air, Wel-come the Sab-bath fair. Hark and hear the
Dear are the les-sons oft we have heard, Lord, from thy ho-ly word. Hark and hear, &c.

plea-sant Sab-bath bells; Far and near the sound-ing ech-o swells; Sweet-ly to all their

tones seem to say, This is the Sab-bath day.

3. Gather the children, lead them along;
Bring them to join in service of song.
And through the lessons here may they learn
Unto the Lord to turn. *Chorus.*
4. And when we join in service of prayer,
May we, our Father, know thou art there;
Dear gentle Shepherd, thy flock are we:
Gather us now to Thee! *Chorus.*

GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!

97

Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with hallelujahs rang, When Jehovah's work begun, When he spake and it was done.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, hear it eeh - o thro' the sky; Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry shall our hap-py hearts re - ply.

Mul - titudes of angels send the chorus down to men, Multitudes of people send it back to heav'n a - gain.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
Glory, glory, etc.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Glory, glory, etc.

ANGRY WORDS.

H. R. PALMER.

1. An - gry words! O let them nev - er From the tongue un - bri - dled slip:
 2. Love is much to pure and ho - ly; Friend-ship is to sa - cred far,
 3. An - gry words are light - ly spok - en; Bitter-est thoughts are rash - ly stirred:

May the heart's best im - pulse ev - er Check them e'er they soil the lip.
 For a mo - ment's rock - less fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar
 Bright - est links of life are brok - en By a sin - gle an - gry word.

ANGRY WORDS. CONCLUDED.

Chorus.

“Love each oth - er,” “Love each oth - er,” 'Tis your Fa-ther's blest com-mand.

“Love one an - oth - er” Thus saith the Sav-ior, Chil-dren o - bey your Fa - ther's blest com-mand.

“Love each oth - er,” “Love each oth - er,” 'Tis your Father's blest com-mand.

“Love each oth - er,” “Love each oth - er,” 'Tis His blest com - mand.

“Love one an - oth - er,” Thus saith the Sav - ior, Chil-dren o - bey His blest com - mand.

“Love each oth - er,” “Love each oth - er,” 'Tis His blest com - mand.

PRAISE HIM.

Miss M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Praise the Savior, O ye people! Praise and bless his ho - ly name! Praise and worship him, children,
2. Praise him for his mighty actions; Praise him for his tender-ness, When he loving - ly held the

wor-ship him, For a child from heav'n he came; Praise him from the hills and mountains, From the
lit - tle ones In his arms to save and bless; Praise him, all ye wise and no - ble,

vales and cit-ies all; Hail him king of earth and heav - en, Who was once a child so
Men and maidens, old and young; Let re-deem-ing love and mercy Be the theme of ev - 'ry

small; Hail him king of earth and heav - en, Who was once a child so small.
tongue; Let re-deem-ing love and mer-cy Be the theme of ev - 'ry tongue.

CHORUS.

Praise him in the sanctu - a - ry; Let the chil - dren swell the strain, And at morn, and noon and
Praise him in the sanctu - a - ry, Let the children swell the strain, And at morn, and noon and

e - ven, Echo still the sweet re-frain; And at morn, and noon and e - ven, Echo still the sweet refrain.
e - ven, Echo still the sweet refrain; And at morn, and noon and e - ven, Echo still the sweet refrain.

SABBATH MORNING.

J. M. CASTLE.

1. Oh, the Sabbath morning, beautiful and bright, Joy-ful - ly we hail its welcome, golden light;
 2. All the days of la - bor ended, one by one, Glad are we the six days' work is past and gone;
 3. Let us spend the moments of this ho - ly day, So that when at last they all have passed a - way,

All the gloom-y shad-ows chas - ing far a - way, Bring - ing us the pleas - ant day.
 Glad to have a day of sweet and ho - ly rest, 'Tis the day that God has blest.
 Sweet 't will be to think the qui - et Sab - bath ev'n Brings us one day near - er heaven.

CHORUS. *f*

Day, so calm and ho - ly, day so near to heaven; Blessed day a Father's boundless love has given;

Oh, the Sab-bath morn-ing, beau-ti-ful and bright, Glad we hail its gold-en light.

THAT CITY.

KATE CAMERON.

E. A. HANCHET, by per.

1. You tell me of a cit-y Which is so bright and fair; Oh, why do not the
 2. I think a-bout that cit-y Of which I have been told, Whose gates are made of
 3. Oh, dear and bless-ed cit-y, Could I but en-ter in, I should be free from

friends I love Talk more of go-ing there? I hear them speak of pleasures Which earthly things have given;
 shin-ing pearl. Whose streets are paved with gold. The firm and strong foundation Is built of jew-els rare;
 ev-ery pain, From care, and doubt, and sin. Oh, let me bear each tri-al As pa-tient as I may,

Why do they nev - er men - tion The bet - ter joys of heaven?
 I'm sure that noth - ing earth - ly Can with those walls com - pare.
 For soon will all things mor - tal For - ev - er pass a - way.

CHORUS.

"A cit - y which hath founda - tions, Whose builder and mak-er is God;"
 "A cit - - y which hath foun - da - tions, Whose build - er and mak-er is God;"

Which shin-eth a - far, like a beau - ti - ful star, By saints and angels trod!

1. We are on the deep, we are sail-ing to our home, In the land be-yond the shores of time,
 2. We are on the deep, see our sails how full they swell, And our standard floating proudly high,
 3. Are you on the deep? in the sinner's bark so frail? You will perish—leave without de-lay—

Where the wea-ry rest, and no sor-rows ev-er come, In that brighter, bet-ter, hap-pier clime.
 'T is the blood-stained ban-ner of King Im-man-u-el, We will sail beneath it—"live or die."
 Come on board with us, and at once for glo-ry sail, And be saved while you are called to-day.

CHORUS.

In the old ship Zi-on we are sail-ing on the tide, Tho' the waves may dash, and bil-lows roar;

"We will stand the storm," we will safe at an-chor ride, In the port on Canaan's peace-ful shore.

GOOD CHEER!

For New Year, or other Anniversaries.

Words and Music by P. P. BYSS.

1. Good cheer, good cheer! For a hap-py New Year Is bright-ly smil-ing be-fore us: Let
 2. Good cheer, good cheer! For a hap-py New Year Is bright-ly smil-ing be-fore us; Let

mer - ry bells ring, Let hap - py hearts sing, Good cheer, good cheer is the cho - rus.
 mer - ry bells ring, Let hap - py hearts sing, Good cheer, good cheer is the cho rus.

A - down the past, One look we cast, For friends and fan - cies old - en; Then
 In fu - ture years, From smiles and tears, Our lives shall lus - ter gath - er, And

GOOD CHEER. CONTINUED.

107

for - ward glance, And dream, per - chance, Of fu - ture days more gold - en. Good
come what may, We'll al - ways say, "Thy will be done, our Fa - ther." Good

cheer, good cheer! For a hap - py New Year Is bright - ly smil - ing be - fore us, Let
cheer, good cheer! etc.

mer - ry bells ring, Let hap - py hearts sing, Good cheer, good cheer is the cho - rus.

GOOD CHEER, CONCLUDED.

Good cheer, good cheer! For the glad and hap - py New Year! Good

Good cheer, good cheer!

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It features a melody with dotted rhythms and eighth-note patterns. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and eighth-note patterns. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

cheer, good cheer! For the glad and hap - py New Year.

Good cheer, good cheer!

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The notation continues from the first system, maintaining the same melodic and harmonic structure. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

After Second Verse.

Good cheer, good cheer, good cheer, good cheer, good cheer!

Good cheer, good cheer,

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The upper staff begins with the instruction 'After Second Verse.' and continues with the melody. The lower staff provides the accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

THE PURE IN HEART.

109

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN by H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Bless-ed are the pure in heart, They that stand approved of God; They shall have in
 2. Bless-ed are the pure in heart, They that love the paths of God; They shall dwell from

life a part, True life here, life with God; Pure in heart, they dai-ly see Christ in God their
 sin a - part, Live in love, walk with God; Pure in heart, oh, make me now, Je - sus, Sav - ior,

on - ly Lord, Him who giv - eth all thinge free, Glad they hear his precious word.
 thou, my Lord, Help me while I hum - bly bow, Help me fol - low thy pure word.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas! Merry, merry Christmas! Merry, merry Christmas! One and all; Hear a-gain the
 2. Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas! Merry, merry Christmas! Merry, merry Christmas! One and all; Christ the Savior,

wondrous sto-ry, How the Lord, the King of Glo-ry, Left his shining home on high, Came to suffer and to die,
 high and ho-ly, Heeds the lofty and the lowly; He, the Life, the Truth, the Way, Will rejoice with us to-day,

Came to save a world from woe, All be-cause he loved us so. Come, then, let us raise, One glad song of praise,
 Will his choicest gifts be-stow. All be-cause he loved us so. Come, then, etc.

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS. CONCLUDED.

111

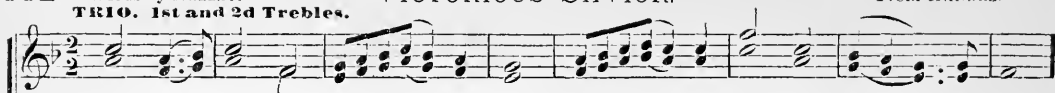
Praise to him by whom the day we call; Wishing verily, Bidding mer-ri - ly, In his name a "merry Christmas," all!

Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas, all!

Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas, all!

VICTORIOUS SAVIOR,

FROM HANDEL.



1. Crowns of glo - ry ev - er bright, Rest . . up - on the Conq - 'ror's head.
2. His the bat - tle, his . . the toil, His . . the hon - ors of the day;

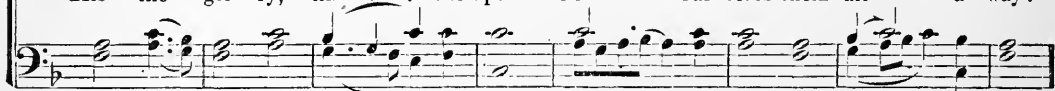
Alto.



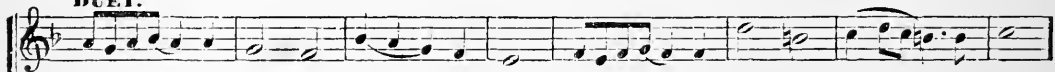
CHORUS.



Crowns of glo - ry are . . his right, His . . "who liv - eth and was dead."
His the glo - ry, his . . the spoil— Je - sus bears them all a - way!



DUET.



He . . sub - dued the powers of hell, In . . the fight he stood a - lone;
Now . . pro - claim his deeds a - far; Fill . . the world with his re - nown;



VICTORIOUS SAVIOR, CONCLUDED.

113

All his foes be - fore, . . . him fell, By . . . his sin - gle arm o'er-thrown.
He a - lone the vic - tor's car; His . . . the ev - er - last - - ing crown.

Mrs. M. O. PAGE.

LITTLE PILGRIM.

Mrs. C. H. SCOTT, by per.

1. I'm a lit-tle pil-grim, With my staff in hand, Climbing up the narrow path, To join the heav'nly band.
2. Many, many dangers, All the way, I see, But the Savior's ever near. And he my guide will be.
3. If the way grows weary, In his arms I'll rest, For "the lambs," he says, "he'll bear Upon his loving breast."
4. I'm a lit-tle pil-grim, I've not far to roam; Heav'nly gates will open wide, Oh, soon I shall be home.

CHORUS.

Oh, who will come with me? Joy-ous is the way, Oh, who will come with me? Come, come to-day.

TRUMP BY AND BY.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

H. R. PALMER.

1 The prize is set before us, To win, His words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us
2. We'll fol - low where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feedeth, We'll yield to Him who pleadeth
3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je - sus dear to love us

From on high, from on high; His lov - ing tones are calling While sin is dark, ap-pall - ing, 'Tis
From on high, from on high; Then naught from Him shall sever, Our Hope shall brighten ev - er, And
There on high, there on high; We'll give Him best endeav - or, And praise His name for - ev - er, His

CHORUS.

Je - sus gen - tly call - ing, He is nigh, He is nigh. By and by we shall meet Him, By and
Faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh, He is nigh.
pre cious words can nev - er, Never die, nev - er die.

TRIUMPH BY AND BY. CONCLUDED.

115

by we shall greet Him, And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by; By and

by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glo - ry, By and by.

GOD IS ALWAYS NEAR ME.

P. P. BLISS.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place."—Prov. 15: 3.

P. P. BLISS.

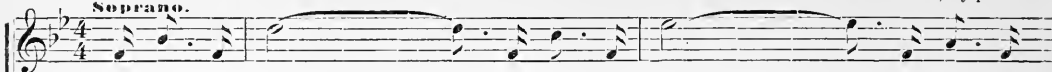
Slow and soft.

1. God is always near me, Hearing what I say; Knowing all my tho'ts and deeds. All my work and play.
2. God is always near me, In the darkest night He can see me just the same As by mid-day light.
3. God is always near me, Tho' so young and small, Not a look, or word, or tho't, But God knows it all.

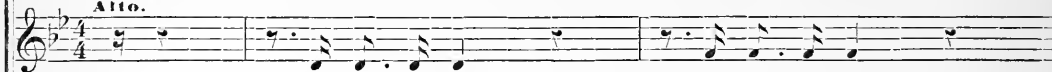
BY PERMISSION.

ROB'T MORRIS, L. L. D.

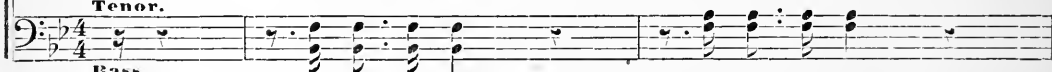
H. R. PALMER, by per.

Soprano.

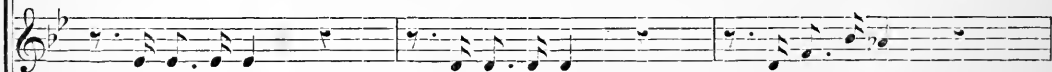
1. Each coo - ing dove, . . . and sigh - ing bough, . . . That makes the
 2. Each flow - ry glen, . . . and moss - y dell, . . . Where hap - py
 3. And when I read . . . the thrill - ing love . . . Of him who

Alto.

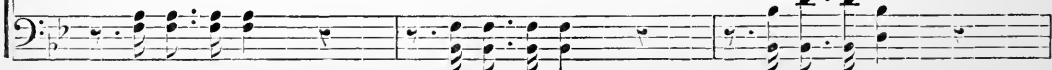
Each coo - ing dove, and sigh - ing bough,
 Each flow - ry glen, and moss - y dell,
 And when I read the thrill - ing love

Tenor.**Bass.**

eye . . . so blest to me, . . . Has something far . . . di - vin - er
 birds . . . in song a - gree, . . . Thro' sunny morn . . . the praises
 walked . . . up - on the sea, . . . I long, oh, how . . . I long once



That makes the eye so blest to me, Has something far
 Where happy birds in song a - gree, Thro' sunny morn
 Of him who walked up - on the sea, I long, oh, how



MEMORIES OF GALILEE. CONCLUDED.

117

now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee. . . .
 tell Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee. . . .
 more To fol - low him in Gal - i - lee. . . .

di - vin - er now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
 the prais-es tell Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
 I long once more To fol - low him in Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.

O Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus loved so much to be; O

Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come, sing thy song a - gain
 thy song a - gain to me.

COME LET US REJOICE.

FROM BENEDICT.

With spirit.

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

blessings he's given; All the joy we pos-sess, All our true hap-pi-ness Come free-ly
 Sav-ior, and Friend; Him our hearts will we give, In his service we'll live 'Till we shall

CHORUS.

down from "Our Father in heaven." All glo-ry to God,
 praise him in worlds without end. All glo-ry be to God, All glo-ry be to God.

COME LET US REJOICE. CONCLUDED.

119

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

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

"BLEST BE THE TIE."

FROM NAGELL.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.

3 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

(To be sung as a Duet, or all voices may sing the Melody)

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll,
2. Shall we meet with many a loved one, Torn on earth from our em - brace?
3. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav - ior, When he comes to claim his own?

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we list - en to their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face?
Shall we hear him bid us wel - come, And sit down up - on his throne?

SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER. CONCLUDED.

121

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;

Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet, Where the sur - ges cease to roll;

Yes, we'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll.

Yes, we'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll.

No. 1.—Hallelujah, 'tis done.*Key of G.*

'TIS the promise of God, full salvation to give
Unto him who on Jesus his Son, will believe.

Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
I am saved by the blood of the crucified One.

2. Though the pathway be lonely, and dangerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.

Hallelujah, 'tis done, etc.

3. Many loved ones, have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:

Hallelujah, 'tis done, etc.

4. There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises forever will be—

Hallelujah, 'tis done, etc.

*P. P. Bliss.***No. 2.—There is a fountain.***Key of C.*

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

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

*Wm. Cowper.***No. 3.—Because he loved me so.***Key of F.*

I LOVE to hear the story which angel voices tell,
How once the King of Glory came down on earth to dwell.

I am both weak and sinful, but this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

2. I'm glad my blessed Savior
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be:
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3. To sing his love and mercy,
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I can not see him,
I know he hears my praise!
For He has kindly promised
That I shall surely go,
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

No. 4.—Old, Old Story.*Key of C.*

TELL me the Old, Old Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the Story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and deified.

Chc.—Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

*Kate Hankey.***No. 5.—Joy to the world.***Key of D.*

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

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

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

No. 6.—Rejoice and be glad.*Key of G.*

REJOICE and be glad!
The Redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle, his cross, his tomb.

Chc.—Sound his praises, tell the Story
Of him who was slain;
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

2. Rejoice and be glad!
For the blood hath been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

3. Rejoice and be glad!
For the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

4. Rejoice and be glad!
For our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.

No. 7.—My soul, be on thy guard.*Key of C.*

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

2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray—
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay the armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

*George Heath.***No. 8.—Almost persuaded.***Key of G.*

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe,
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive,
Seems now some soul to say:
"Go, Spirit, go thy way,
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away;
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
Oh, wanderer, come!
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;
"Almost" can not avail;
"Almost" is but to fail;
Sad, sad, that bitter wail;
"Almost, but lost!"

*P. P. Bliss.***No. 9.—Whosoever will.***Key of D.*

"WHOSOEVER heareth," shout,
shout the sound!
Send the blessed tidings all the world
around!
Spread the joyful news wherever man
is found:
"Whosoever will, may come."

CHO.—"Whosoever will, whosoever
will,"
Send the proclamation over vale
and hill;
'Tis a loving Father calls the
wanderer home:
"Whosoever will, may come."

2. Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you
may,
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:
"Whosoever will, may come."
3. "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
"Whosoever will," for ever must
endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for ever-
more:
"Whosoever will, may come."

*P. P. Bliss.***No. 10.—O happy day.***Key of G.*

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and
pray,
And live rejoicing every day;

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's
done—
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Philip Doddridge.

No. 11.—Come, thou fount.*Key of E.*

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2. Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal
it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

*Robert Robinson.***No. 12.—Jesus, lover of my soul.***Key of F.*

JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
Chas. Wesley.

No. 13.—Nearer, my God, to thee.

Key of G.

- N**EARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!
2. Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

No. 14.—Sweet hour of prayer.

Key of D.

- S**WEET hour of prayer! sweet hour
of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
!; And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour
of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness

Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
!; I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer! :||

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
!; And shout while passing through
the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
prayer! :||

No. 15.—Only an armor-bearer.

Key of B.

- O**NLY an armor-bearer, proudly I
stand,
Waiting to follow at the King's com-
mand;
Marching if "onward" shall the order
be,
Standing by my Captain, serving faith-
fully.
- CHO.—Hear ye the battle cry! "For-
ward," the call!
See! see the faltering ones! back-
ward they fall!
!; Surely the Captain may depend
on me,
Tho' but an armor-bearer I may
be. :||

2. Only an armor-bearer, now in the
field,
Guarding a shining helmet, sword,
and shield,
Waiting to hear the thrilling battle-
cry,
Ready then to answer, "Master, here
am I."

3. Only an armor-bearer, yet may I share
Glory immortal, and a bright crown
wear;
If, in the battle, to my trust I am true,
Mine shall be the honors in the Grand
Review. *P. P. Bliss.*

No. 16.—Daniel's Band.

Key of B.

STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honor them, the faithful few!
All hail to Daniel's Band!

- CHO.—Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm!
Dare to make it known!

2. Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host
By joining Daniel's Band.
3. Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking thro' the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.
4. Hold the gospel banner high!
On to victory grand!
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band.
P. P. Bliss.

No. 17.—Come to the Savior.

Key of B.

COME to the Savior, make no delay;
Here in his word he's shown us
the way;
Here at our hearts he's standing to-
day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHO.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure
and free;
And we shall gather, Savior, with
thee
In our eternal home.

2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear his
voice,
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make him our
choice;
Do not delay, but come.

Geo. F. Root.

No. 18.—Around the throne, etc.

Key of G.

AROUND the throne of God in
heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2. What brought them to that world
above—
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
How came those children there,
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

3. Because the Savior shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory, etc.

No. 19.—Over there.

Key of A.

OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and
fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.

2. Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have
trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the
air,
In their home in the palace of God.

REF.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

No. 20.—The morning light.

Key of B.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing
With peace upon their wings.

3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love;
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude and love;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the savior's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;

Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 21.—Precious promise.

Key of G.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given
To the weary passer by,
On the way from earth to heaven,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

REF.—I will guide thee, I will guide thee,
I will guide thee with mine eye,
On the way from earth to heaven,
I will guide thee with mine eye.

2. When temptations almost win thee,
And thy trusted watchers fly;
Let this promise ring within thee,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."

3. When the shades of life are falling,
And the hour has come to die;
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,
"I will guide thee with mine eye."
P. P. Bliss.

No. 22.—I am so glad.

Key of G.

IAM so glad that our Father in
heaven
Tells of his love in the book he has
given;
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.

CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
Jesus loves even me.

2. Though I forget him, and wander
away,

- Still he doth love me wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I
flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.
3. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great
King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves
me."
4. Jesus loves me, and I know I love
him,
Love brought him down my poor soul
to redeem;
Yes, it was love made him die on the
tree,
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.
5. If one should ask of me, how could I
tell?
Glory to Jesus I know very well;
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth
agree,
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.
6. In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
Satan dismayed, from my soul now
doth flee,
When I just tell him that Jesus loves
me.
-
- No. 23.—Pull for the shore.**
Key of G.
- L**IGHT in the darkness, sailor, day
is at hand!
See o'er the foaming billows fair
Haven's land,
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now
almost o'er,
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull
for the shore.
- Cuo.—Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for
the shore!

- Heed not the rolling waves, but
bend to the oar;
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling
to self no more!
Leave the poor old stranded wreck,
and pull for the shore.
2. Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else
will fail,
Stronger the surges dash, and fiercer
the gale,
Heed not the stormy winds, though
loudly they roar;
Watch the "bright morning star," and
pull for the shore.
3. Bright gleams the morning, sailo! up
lift the eye;
Clouds and darkness disappearing,
glory is high!
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing ever-
more;
"Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for
the shore.
- P. P. Bliss.*

No. 24.—More to follow.*Key of E.*

- H**AVE you on the Lord believed?
Still there's more to follow;
Of his grace have you received?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there's more to follow,
Freely he his grace bestows,
Still there's more to follow.
- CHO.—More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow:
Oh, his matchless, boundless love!
Still there's more to follow.
2. Have you felt the Savior near?
Still there's more to follow:
Does his blessed presence cheer?
Still there's more to follow;
Oh, the love that Jesus shows!
Still there's more to follow,

Freely he his love bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

3. Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there's more to follow:
Oh, the power the Spirit shows,
Still there's more to follow;
Freely he his power bestows,
Still there's more to follow.

*P. P. Bliss.***No. 25.—My country! 'tis of thee.***Key of F.*

- M**Y country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
2. My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.
4. Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

No. 26.—Jewels.*Key of E.*

WHEN he cometh, when he cometh
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

- Choro.—Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for his crown.
2. He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.
 3. Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.

No. 27.—Arise, my soul, arise.

ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears:
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears.
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead.
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;

He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 28.—Blow ye the trumpet.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2. Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
3. Extol the Lamb of God—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 29.—Rejoice, the Lord, etc.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2. Jesus, the Savior, reigns,
The God of truth and love

When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3. His kingdom can not fail—
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

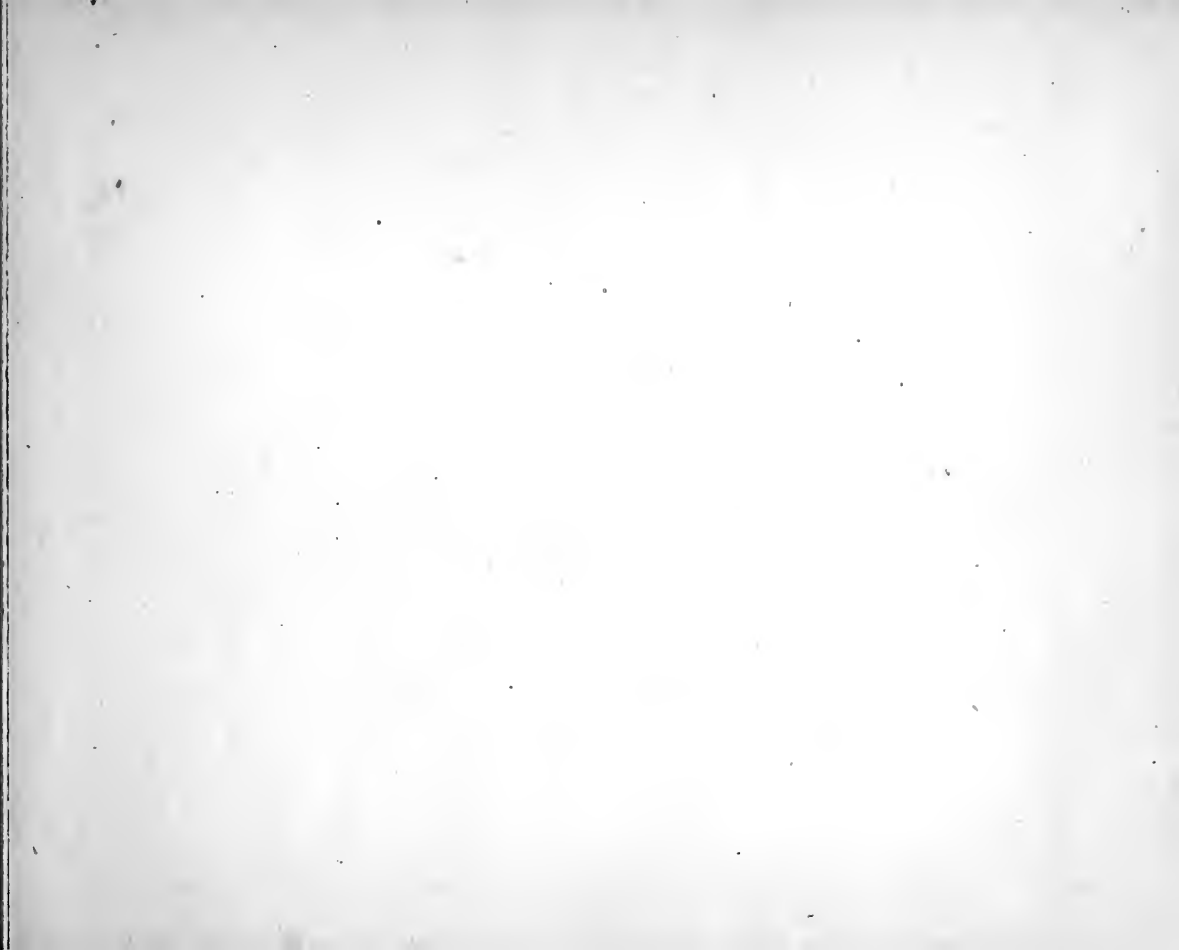
No. 30.—What hast thou done for me.*Key of C.*

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?

2. My Father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for me!
3. I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?
4. And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

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