

ROYAL

GEMS

S. BRAINARD'S SONS,
CLEVELAND and CHICAGO.

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ROYAL GEMS;

A NEW AND CHOICE COLLECTION OF

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS,

COMPOSED, SELECTED AND ADAPTED

BY

JAS. R. MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "PURE DIAMONDS," "HEAVENWARD," "JOYFUL SONGS," &c., &c.



PUBLISHED BY

S. BRAINARD'S SONS,

CLEVELAND and CHICAGO.



PREFACE.

"Of the making of books there is no end," says the Wise Man, and there is no need that this should be if the new works lead up to a higher plane of culture, or even perform new uses on the old one. The Author earnestly hopes that this book does both of these things.

It has become customary for authors to indicate in their prefaces the special point and more important contributions of the work. This book, it is believed, differs in many particulars from any of its predecessors, but they are not indicated here. If they are of real value they will soon make themselves known, and if not that will also be readily discovered.

A word to those who have charge of the music in the schools: Do not skip the hard things. Have patience with the young singers, lead them gently and gradually from the pieces of lesser musical and poetical value to the greater and better ones. Do not be impatient with any who may not like, at first, what pleases you. Make even your drill impressive. Be interested yourself and you cannot fail to interest others. Use words addressed to the Lord, always with the utmost reverence and care. Make all the words mean something. Do not be content to have all the results of your work shown in the good singing only, but in the lives of the singers as well. He is not a teacher in the noblest sense of the word who does not try to make his pupils better morally and spiritually as well as progressive in culture and intelligence. That ROYAL GEMS may help in all these things is the heartfelt desire of the Author.

Yours in loving service,

ANDOVER, MASS.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

ROYAL GEMS.

He Leads His Own.

M. A. L.

From MENDELSSOHN.

1. He leads his own! e - nough to know, He marks the path and bids me go;
2. He leads his own! not mine the choice, Con - tent I lis - ten for his voice;
3. He leads his own! I would not say That mine should be a pleas - ant way;
4. He leads his own! though deep the wave, Migh - ty the Arm reached forth to save.

I'll trust him though the way seem long, And fol - low on with cheer - ful song.
Glad - ly I has - ten to o - bey. And jour - ney where he leads the way.
On - ly to know He leads me on To per - fect rest, and joy un - known.
My heart shall know no doubt or fear, For Christ the Lord is ver - y near.

Let Us Sing To The Lord Most High.

G. F. ROOT.

1. Let us sing to the Lord most high, Let us praise the great Re-deem-er, Mag-ni-fy His name,
2. Let us sing to the Lord most high, Let us praise the great Re-deem-er, Sing that wond'rous love,

Ev-er-more the same, Help in Je-sus Christ our Lord Thy prai-ses to pro-claim.
That from heav'n a-bove Brought Him down to us that we In sin no more might rove.

To That Heaven I Go.

OR
ALL IS WELL.

H. BONAR, D. D.

J. R. M.

1. If my bark be strong, If my an-chor sure, Then let bil-low up-on bil-low beat;
2. Up be-tween the stars Spreads night's tranquil blue, Not one ruf-fee, not one wrin-ple there;
3. To that heav'n I go, To that star-land bright, Where the sea is ev-er smooth and fair;
4. Therefore am I calm; Peace and love with-in, That dear light up-on me gent-ly falls.

To That Heaven I Go.—Concluded.

5

Am I not se - cure? On the wild - est sea, What are winds to me? All is well.
 Blots the changeless hue, Storms for earth are given, But they reach not heaven, All is well.
 And the sky all bright, Nev - er pale or dull, Star-land beau - ti - ful, All is well.
 Casts out fear and sin, As my home a - bove, So am I be - low, All is well.

REFRAIN

All is well, all is well, All is well, All is well, all is well!

Sweet - ly sing and safe - ly rest, All is well, All is well.

I've Found A Friend.

BEETHOVEN.

Earnestly.

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! 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 closely twine Those ties which nought can
 gift of life, But his own self He gave me, Nought that I have my own I'll call, I'll hold it for the
 lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er, From Him who loves me now so well What pow'r my soul shall

sev - er, For I am His and he is mine For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 Giv - er: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and his for - ev - er.
 sev - er? Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No: I am His for - ev - er!

My God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

7

Words by E. E. REXFORD.

(READ REV. VII: 16-17.)

J. R. M.

1. Of all God's ten - der prom - is - es, To pil - grims wea - ry in the way, There is no sweet - er
2. It makes my heart grow strong a - gain, To bear its bur - dens while it may, Earth's loss - es will be
3. Oh, pil - grim wea - ry grown, and faint, Bear up a lit - tle while, I pray, The heav - est cross makes
4. Oh God, thy prom - is - es are sweet, Like balm to bleed - ing hearts are they, But this my lips will

CHORUS.

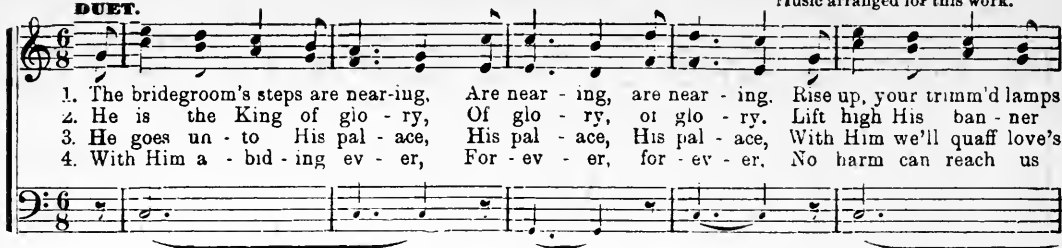
one than this, That he shall wipe all tears a - w.
Heav - en's gain, When God has wiped all tears a - way. All tears a - way! All tears a - way! My
glad - est saint, When God has wiped all tears a - way,
most re - peat. For God shall wipe all tears a - way.

God shall wipe all tears a - way; All tears a - way! All tears a - way! My God shall wipe all tears a - way.

Beloved Of The Lord.

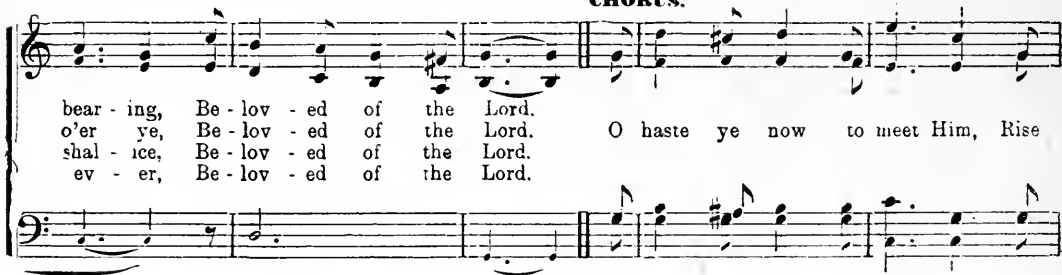
Music arranged for this work.

DUET.

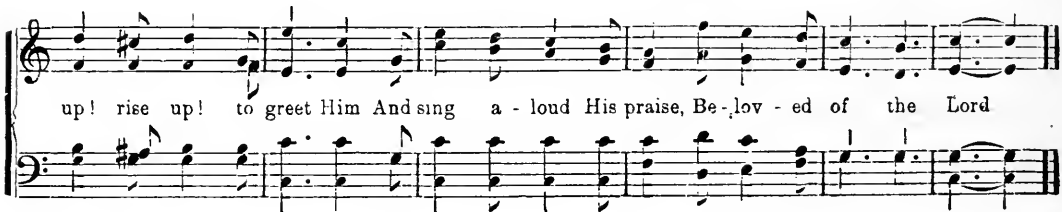


1. The bridegroom's steps are near-ing, Are near - ing, are near - ing. Rise up, your trumm'd lamps
 2. He is the King of glo - ry, Of glo - ry, of glo - ry. Lift high His ban - ner
 3. He goes un - to His pal - ace, His pal - ace, His pal - ace, With Him we'll quaff love's
 4. With Him a - bid - ing ev - er, For - ev - er, for - ev - er. No harm can reach us

CHORUS.



bear - ing, Be - lov - ed of the Lord.
 o'er ye, Be - lov - ed of the Lord. O haste ye now to meet Him, Rise
 shal - ice, Be - lov - ed of the Lord.
 ev - er, Be - lov - ed of the Lord.



up! rise up! to greet Him And sing a - loud His praise, Be - lov - ed of the Lord

Sweetly Sing The Story Olden.

9

A. W. FRENCH.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Sweet-ly sing the sto-ry old-en, Of a Sa-vior's love for me; Nev-er words in song en-
 2. Let me hear it low and tend-er, As the ves-per song of birds; And my heart a trib-ute
 3. Other songs have brought me pleasure, But they simply passed along; When I caught the glorious
 4. Sweet-ly sing the sto-ry old-en, Of a Sa-vior's love for me; Nev-er words in song en-

CHORUS.

fold-en Could so dear or precious be.
 ren-der To the charm of ho-ly words. Sweet-ly, soft-ly sing the sto-ry, Ev-er
 measure Of this one en-trancing song.
 fold-en Could so dear or precious be.

new and ev-er old, For its theme is fraught with glory, Tho' a thou-sand years have rolled.

Rest Remaineth, Oh How Sweet.

J. R. M.

1. Rest re - main - eth, oh, how sweet, Flow - 'ry fields for wand - ring feet,
 2. Rest re - main - eth— rest from sin, Guilt can nev - er en - ter in;

Peace - ful calm for sleep - less eyes, Life for death and songs for sighs,
 Ev - ery war - ring thought shall cease— Rest in pur - i - ty and peace,

Rest re - main - eth— hush that sigh, Mourn - ing pil - grim, rest is nigh,
 Rest re - main - eth— rest from tears, Rest from part - ing, rest from fears,

Rest Remaineth, Oh How Sweet.—Concluded.

11

Yet a sea - son bright and blest, Thou shalt en - ter on thy rest.
 Ev - ery trem - bling thought shall be Lost, my Sa - vior, lost in Thee.

REFRAIN.

Rest, Rest, Rest, sweet - est,
 Rest re - main - eth, rest, sweet - est rest, Oh rest of the an - gels

sweet-est rest; Rest, Rest, Rest, sweet, sweet rest.
 purest and best, Yes, rest from all sorrow, Rest of the blest, Oh rest that remaineth, sweet, sweet rest.

The Whole Wide World For Jesus.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

Com Spirito.

1. The whole wide world for Je - sus; Once more be-fore we part, Ring out the joy - ful
 2. The whole wide world for Je - sus; From out the gol - den gate, Thro' all Pa - ci - fic
 3. The whole wide world for Je - sus; Thro' all its fra-grant Zones; Sing out a-gain the

watch - word, From ev - 'ry grate - ful heart, The whole wide world for Je - sus, Be
 sunny isles, To Chi - na's prince - ly state, From In - dia's vales and mountains, Thro'
 watch - word, In lof - tiest glad - dest tones, The whole wide world for Je - sus; We'll

this our bat-tle cry, The lift - ed cross our Or - i - flame, A sign to con-quer by.
 Per-sia's land of bloom, To sto - ried Pal-es - ti - na. And Af-ric's desert gloom.
 wing the song with pray'r, And link the pray'r with la - bor, Till Christ His crown shall wear.

Alleluia!

13

From the "LATIN," by DR. BONER.
Very Spirited.

J. R. M.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! The bat - tle now is done, The vic - to - ry is
 2. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Suff - ring death's cruel doom. Je - sus hath hell o'er -
 3. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! He rose the third day, bright In heav'nly love and

won, Let us joy, let us joy and sing, Let us joy and
 come, Let us praise, let us praise and shout. Let us praise and
 light, Let us cry, let us cry and chant, Let us cry and

sing Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 shout Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!
 chant Al - le - lu - ia! A - men!

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Closed are the gates below
 Heaven's halls are open now;
 Let us joy, let us joy and sing,
 Let us joy and sing Alleluia! Amen!

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Jesus by thy wounds, save
 Us from the endless grave,
 That we may live, we may live and sing,
 That we may live and sing, Alleluia, Amen!

Yonder's My Home.

'Whose builder and maker is God.'

Arranged from ABR.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Home, hap - py home on high, Dear land be - yond the sky, Beau - teous and ver - nal
 2. Home, heav'nly home di - vine, Home where the light shall shine, Bright - er and near - er,
 3. Home, hap - py home a - bove, Home where the Sa - vior's love Fills heav - en's por - tals

Where joys su - per - nal, Stead - fast, e - ter - nal, His saints shall sweet - ly share.
 Pur - er and clear - er, Dear - er and dear - er, To those who love his name,
 Turills each im - mor - tal, Thrills each im - mor - tal, In yon - der bles - sed clime.

CHORUS

Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Yon - der's my home, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Yon - der's my home.

Ever Faithful, Ever Sure.

15

TYROLESE AIR.

1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord for He is kind; For His
 2. All things liv - ing He doth feed, His full hand sup-plies their need; For His
 3. He hath with a pi - teous eye, Look'd up - on our mi - se - ry; For His

mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. He with all-com-mand-ing might Fill'd the
 mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. He His cho - seu race did bless, In the
 mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. Let us then with gladsome mind Praise the

new made world with light; For His mer-cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 waste-ful wil - der - ness; For His mer-cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
 Lord, for He is kind; For His mer-cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

Spirited.

D.C. 1. Let us love and sing and won - der, Let us praise the Sa - vior's
 2. Let us sing tho' fierce temp - ta - tion Threat - ens hard to bear us
 3. Let us praise and join the cho - rus Of the saints en - throned on

Fine.

name, He has hushed the laws loud thun - der, He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame.
 down, For the Lord our strong sal - va - tion, Holds in view the conqueror's crown.
 high, Here they trust - ed Him be - fore us, Now their prais - es fill the sky.

CHORUS.

Praise His name, - - - - - Precious name, Praise His name, - - - - -
 Praise His prec - ious name, Praise His bles - sed

Praise His Name.—Concluded.

17

D.C.

blessed name, Praise His name, - - - - - Ho - ly name,
 name, Praise His Ho - ly name, Our Sa - vior's prec - ious name.

He Knoweth All.

(Evening Song.)

BELLE.

Confidingly,

1. The old, old sto - ry; yet I kneel To tell it at Thy call; And
 2. Yes, all! the morn - ing and the night, The joy, the grief, the loss, The
 3. Thou know - est all— I lean my head, My wea - ry eye - lids close, Con -

cares grow light - er as I feel That Je - sus knows them all.
 rough - ened path, the sun - beam bright The hour - ly thorn and cross.
 tent and glad a - while to tread This path, since Je - sus knows.

The Loving Jesus.

A. T. G.

Spirited.

A. TEMPLETON GORHAM.

1. O my heart is full of joy, for the ble-sed Je-sus loves me, Full of hope and joy as I
 2. O there is no friend so dear as the lov-ing ble-sed Je-sus, None so true and kind as this
 3. On His bo-som I will rest, and His heart shall be my pil-low; Cling-ing to His hand, I will

while the hours a-way; And my song is blithe and gay like the lit-tle birds a-bove me—
 Shep-herd of the fold; From the i-ron bonds of sin He with bound-less mer-cy frees us,
 fol-low Him al-way, 'Till I gain the shin-ing shore just be-yond the roll-ing bil-low,

REFRAIN.

Hap-py, ev-er hap-py—oh, so hap-py all the day!
 Guid-ing wayward foot-steps from the mountains dark and cold. For He loves me, Je-sus
 There to dwell for-ev-er in the home of end-less day.

The Loving Jesus.—Concluded.

19

loves me, I will tell the sweet sto - ry o'er and o'er; I will praise Him, ev - er

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 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

praise Him, And sing His wond-'rous mer - cy, pow'r and grace for - ev - er - more.

This system contains the second two staves of music. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff continues the bass line. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Little Servants.

1. Lit-tle knees should lowly bend, At the time of prayer; Lit-tle tho'ts to heav'n ascend, To our Father there.
 2. Lit-tle hand should useful-ly In employment move; Lit-tle feet should cheerfully Run on works of love.
 3. Lit-tle tongues should speak the truth, Without fear or halt; Lit-tle lips should ne'er be loth To confess a fault.

This system contains the musical notation for the hymn 'Little Servants.' It features a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. A decorative asterisk symbol is located above the final measure of the treble staff.

He Careth.

For he careth for you."—1. PETER, 5: 7.

M. E. SEEVOSS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When toil - ing a - long o - ver des - ert and plain, My path - way seems lost in yon
 2. I know then, tho' shadows creep o - ver my way, And dan - gers sur - round that I

mount shadow'd lea. I hear like an ech - o, the heav - en - ly strain. "He
 can - not fore - see, No harm can be - fall me. no ter - ror dis - may, "He

REFRAIN.

car - eth, he car - eth, he car - eth for thee." He car - eth for you, he car - eth for me, From
 car - eth, he car - eth, he car - eth for me."

He Careth.—Concluded.

21

pit - falls of e - vil he keep - eth us free, And this be our com - fort where -

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody line with notes and rests, and the bass staff contains a bass line with chords. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

o'er we may be, He car - eth, he car - eth for you and for me.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

3 What need I to know of what lieth beyond,
 Since Jesus each step of my way doth o'er-see,
 My heart in its trusting can never despond,
 He careth, he careth, he careth for me.

4 My path may be stony, the stars may have set,
 And night-winds roar loud like the waves of the sea,
 But Jesus his loved ones will never forget,
 He careth, he careth, he careth for me.

Let the Quartette be placed in an adjoining room if convenient.

J. R. M.

All. **Quartet.** **All.**

1. Life is com - ing, Death is go - ing, A - men! A - men! Quick - ly past us
 2. Rest is near - ing, Toil is end - ing, A - men! A - men! Homeward now our

pp

time is flow - ing, A - men! A - men! Day is dawn - ing, Night is fly - ing,
 path is bend - ing, A - men! A - men! Right is hast - ing, Wrong is leav - ing,

Quartet. **All.**

pp *ff*

Soon shall end this grief and sighing, Soon shall end this grief and sighing, A - men! A - men!
 Earth ere long shall cease its grieving, Earth ere long shall cease its grieving, A - men! A - men!

To Him That Overcometh.

23

T. W. T.

1. Faint thou not, O wea-ry Christian, Gird a-new thine ar-mor on, Think of all that doth a-
 2. Fal-ter not, for God shall give thee Shining robes of spot-less white, And a throne with Him in
 3. Thou shalt drink of liv-ing wa-ters, Flowing by the tree of life, In that fair and bles-sed

wait thee, When the vic-t'ry shall be won; For to him that o-ver-com-eth Fight-ing
 heav-en, If thou con-quer in the fight; He shall be thy God for-ev-er, Thou shalt
 ci-ty, Where they know not pain or strife; Since such joys are set be-fore thee, Press thou

in life's earnest strife, God hath promised king-ly hon-or, And a glo-rious crown of life.
 be to him a son, And thine eyes shall see his glo-ry, While the end-less years roll on.
 on the prize to win, Trust thy God and He shall give thee, Strength to con-quer ev'-ry sin.

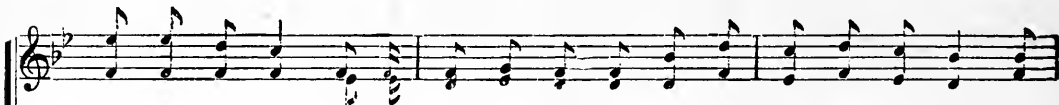
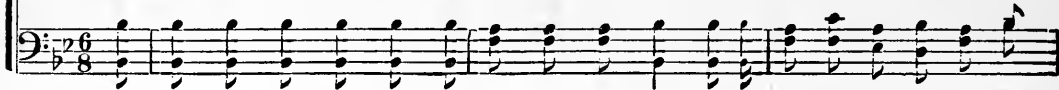
We Love Thee.

"Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

J. H. TENNEY.



1. We love thee, we love thee, dear Je - sus, our King, With gladness, with gladness, we
 2. And when he has led us thro' all the long way, That our lit-tle feet tread in this



gath - er, to bring Our songs and our prais - es to lay at thy feet, And
 world where we stay, In his beau - ti - ful man-sions where com - eth no night, We'll



lis - ten to words of in - struc-tion so sweet; We love thee, we love thee, for
 sing with His an - gels, and live in His sight; Oh, Je - sus, our Sa - vior, all



who hath be - side So ten - der - ly liv'd, and so lov - ing - ly died, And
low - ly we bow, And pray thou wilt make us thy cho - sen ones now, May our

call'd e - ven lit - tle ones safe to his arms, To guard them, and bless them, and shield them from harm.
hearts and our service to thee all be giv'n, May we love thee on earth, and a - dore thee in heav'n.

Invocation.

MARY FORREST.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Stoop to me lof - ty and low - ly One, Stoop ver - y near! Smile on me, blessed and ho - ly one, Make the way clear.
2. Show me the Truth in its gol - den - ness, With - out al - loy; Rich, rare and ripe in its old - en - ness, Bearing a joy.
3. Give me that Life in its pur - i - ty, Glo - ry and peace, Which thro' an endless fu - tur - i - ty, Is not to cease.

Under His Wings.

[Read Psalm xci.]

J. R. M.
From "Joyful Songs," by per.

1. The Lord is my re- fuge and strength, My God and my on - ly re - treat; While
 2. I fear not the ter - ror by night, Nor the ar - row that fi - eth by day; His
 3. No pes - ti - lence darkness may hide, Nor de - struction that wasteth at noon; Shall
 4. A thousand may fall at my side, Ten thousand up - on my right hand; But

un - der His wings I a - bide, My safe - ty and rest are com - plete.
 truth is my buck - ler and shield, His pre - sence my com - fort and stay.
 cause me to fear, for I trust In God the Om - ni - po - tent One.
 since I am un - der His wings, Se - cure in His shadow I stand.

CHORUS.

I am un - der His wings, Yes, un - der His wings, And my heart fears no dau - ger, While un - der his wings.

Stand For The Right!

27

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Stand for the right, O Chris-tian true! Nev - er fear to own thy Lord! Gird you with strength, His
2. Stand for the right, O doubt-ing soul! God is strong tho' you are weak; Yield ev'ry thought to
3. Stand for the right, fear not the wrong! Brave-ly make thy pur-pose known! Trust in the Lord to

CHORUS.

will to do! Thine shall be the great re - ward.
His con - trol, He will words of cour - age speak! Stand, stand, ev - er true!
make thee strong. He will leave thee not a - lone!

Firm the Mas-ter's will to do! Stand for the right! be brave and true! God will strengthen you!

The Battle Call.

LUCY MORRIS CHAFFER.
March movement.

"Take upon yourselves the whole armor."

A. T. GORHAM.

1. Up! sol-diers of Je - sus, and arm for the fight— Tho' Sa - tan be might - y, you
2. In front let the breastplate of *Right-eous-ness* be, But the back hath no ar - mor, for
3. And take your *Sal - va - tion*—your hem - let a - bove, The *Sword of the Spir - it*, to

bat - tle for right, And with *Truth* for your gir - dle and *Faith* for your shield, To the
why should you flee? Shod fast with the san - dals that *Peace* doth pre - pare, Be
con-quer in love; Be hope - ful and faith - ful—ne'er trem-ble nor quail, In the

REFRAIN,

darts of the wick-ed you nev - er need yield. Then up! then up! Then
strong and be patient with watching and pray'r.
strength of your Captain go forth to pre-vail, Then up! christian soldiers, then up! christian soldiers, Then

The Battle Call.—Concluded.

29

up! christian sold-iers, up and ral-ly for the right! March on! march
 up! christian sold-iers, up and ral-ly for the right! March on to the con-flict, march

on! March on to the con-flict, ev-er bat-tling for the right.
 on to the con-flict. March on to the con-flict, ev-er bat-tling for the right.

Glory.

※

1. Glo-ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit-ter pains, Pour'd for me His life-blood, From His sacred veins.
 2. Oft as earth ex - ult - ing, Wafts its praise on high, An-gel hosts re - joic - ing, Make their glad reply.
 3. Lift ye then your voi - ces, Swell the mighty flood, Loud-er, still and loud - er, Praise the blessed God.

Take Thy Staff, O Pilgrim.

Arranged for this work.

1. Take thy staff, O Pil - grim, Haste thou on thy way; Let the mor-row find thee,
 2. Take thy staff, O Pil - grim, Haste thou on thy way; Let the mor-row find thee,

Far - ther than to - day, If thou seek a ci - ty, Of the Gol - den street;
 Far - ther than to - day, In the heav'n - ly jour - ney, Press with zeal a - long;

REFRAIN.

Pause not on the path - way, Rest not, wea - ry feet. Take thy staff, O Pil - grim,
 Rest - ing will but wea - ry, Run - ing make thee strong.

Take Thy Staff, O Pilgrim.—Concluded.

31

Haste thee on thy way, Let the mor - row find thee, Far - ther than to - day,

The Star Of Bethlehem.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

H. H. QUICK.

1. As shad - ows cast by cloud and sun Flit in the sum - mer grass,
 2. And while the years, an end - less host, Come press - ing swift - ly on,
 3. Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed A lus - tre pure and sweet;
 4. Oh Fath - er! may that ho - ly star Grow ev - 'ry year more bright,

So in Thy sight, Al - might - y One, Earth's gen - er - a - tions pass.
 The bright - est names that earth can boast Just glis - ten and are gone.
 And still it leads, as once it led, To the Mes - si - ah's feet.
 And send its glo - rious beams a - far To fill the world with light.

The Holy War.

"Fight the good fight of faith,"—I TIM. 6: 12.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKABE.

1. Ho! gal-lant vol-un-tee, Quick-ly a-rise: The hosts of sin ap-pear With bat-tle cries;
 2. Aim with a stead-y thrust, Truth is thy steel—Till Sa-tan's minions must Thy pow-er feel;
 3. Who 'midst the con-flict's rage Would ask for creed? With all thy might en-gage, Thou must suc-ceed;
 4. Then, when the bat-tle's won, Ho, for the prize; Thou. with God's ou-ly son, Then shall a-rise;

Quick, e're the bat-tle's lost, Forth, at what-ev-er cost; Be thine a war-rior's boast, Vic-t'ry is mine.
 Go, Va-liant sol-dier, go, Strong deal each heav-y blow; Let ev'-ry foe-man know, Thy trus-ty steel.
 Grasp with un-er-ring hand The sword at thy com-mand; Firm by thy Cap-tain stand, He-ro, in-deed.
 Then when from du-ty free, Thou shalt vic-to-rious-ly, With the great Cap-tain be, In Par-a-dise.

CHORUS.

Marching on, near and far, Marching on for the war; Marching
 Marching on from near and far, Yes, march-ing for the ho-ly war;

on, ar-mies rise, Marching on for the prize.
 Marching on, see ar - mies rise, Still march-ing on - ward for the prize.

Everlasting Praise.

"Hymns of Faith and Hope."

BELLE.

1. Ev - er-last-ing prai - ses To the Fa-ther be! Ev - er-last-ing prai - ses To the Sa-rior be!
 2. Ev - er-last-ing prai - ses For the Fa-ther's love! Ev - er-last-ing prai - ses For the Sa-rior's love!

Ev - er-last-ing prai - ses, To the Spir - it be! Ev - er-last-ing prai - ses To the bles-sed Trin-i - ty!
 Ev - er-last-ing prai - ses, For the Spir - it's love! Ev - er-last-ing prai - ses To the Trin-i - ty of Love!

1. Go tell thy griefs to Je - sus, When sor - row clouds thy brow; What-e'er thine heart op -
 2. Tell not the world thy sad - ness, It cares not for thy woes; Tell not thy sor - est
 3. But tell them all to Je - sus, For He will sym - pa - thize; His love shall soothe and
 4. He knows it all be - fore - hand, E'en more than thou canst tell; Yet waits He for thy

REFRAIN.

pres - ses, Go tell it to Him now.
 tri - als, No se - cret griefs dis - close, Tell Je - sus, tell Je - sus,
 rest thee, In Him thy suc - cor lies.
 com - ing, Thy dark doubts to dis - pel.

Com - for - ter Di - vine, Tell Je - sus, tell Je - sus, What - ev - er grief is thine.

More Love To Thee, O God.

35

Words by MISS E. PRENTISS.

H. H. QUICK.

1. More love to thee, O God, More love to thee; Hear thou the pray'r I make
 2. Once, earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-lone I seek,
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are thy mes-sengers.

On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est, plea, More love, O God, to thee,
 Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be, More love, O God, to thee,
 Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me, More love, O God, to thee,

More love to thee, More love to thee.
 More love to thee, More love to thee.
 More love to thee, More love to thee.

4 Then shall my latest breath
 Whisper thy praise;
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise,—
 This still its prayer shall be,
 More love, O God, to thee,
 More love to thee,
 More love to thee.

Resting In Jesus.

FANNY CROSBY.

W. WARREN BENTLY, by per.

1. Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in his dear em-brace, E'en to a life e -
 2. Trust-ing my all with Je - sus, Why should my faith decline? What if I toil and
 3. Soon will my sheaves be gath - er'd, Soon will my work be done; Then I shall rise tri -

D.C. Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in his dear em-brace, E'en to a life e -

Fine.

ter - nal. Sav'd by re-deem-ing grace Soon shall I hear their greeting, Friends that in days of
 la - bor. Wait-ing the harvest time? What if my path be rug - ged? Je sus that path hath
 un-phant, Then will my crown be won, On, what a glo-rious vis - ion. Comes to my raptur'd

ter - nal, Sav'd by re-deem-ing grace.

D.C.

vore Sung of the ho - ly cit - y, Longed for the gold - en shore.
 trod. Leav-ing a lamp to guide me Up to the throne of God.
 sight— Fields of im - mor - tal ver - dure. Skies of un-cloud - ed light.

My Lord Now Is Calling.

37

Words for this work.

Arranged for this work from a "Spiritual."

1. "Come to me," "come to me," Words of peace and glad-ness; Come to me,
2. Wand'-ring soul, wand'-ring soul, Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Wand'-ring soul,
3. Lord we come, Lord we come, All our sin con - fess - ing. Lord we come,

REFRAIN,

Come and find rest, From all your sin and sad - ness.
Back to your home, And find a full sal - va - tion. My Lord now is call - ing, In
Come to Thee now, O give us each thy bless-ing.

accents sweet and loving, O haste my soul to an-swer Him, His lov-ing kind-ness proving.

Let Us Press On And Keep Singing.

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Bound for a home in the good-ly land, Why should the pil-grim be fear-ful? Tho' there are sorrows on
 2. Tho' from his ambush the ang-ry foe, Fierce, tie-ry darts may be fling-ing; Soldiers are we and must
 3. What tho' the cross we are call'd to bear, From us the tear-drops is wringing; Bear it we must if the
 4. Je - sus will shield us from ev - 'ry harm, Ev - er to Him we'll be clinging; Come then the sunshine, or

CHORUS.

ev' - ry hand, Let us press on and be cheer - ful; We'll sing, We'll sing, While
 fight be - low, Let us press on and keep sing - ing;
 crown we'd wear, Smile thro' your tears and keep sing - ing.
 come the storm, We will press on and keep sing - ing.

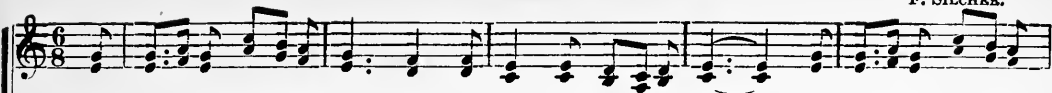
We'll sing, We'll sing,

trav - 'ling to our hap - py home, We'll sing, we'll sing, While trav - 'ling to our home.
 We'll sing, We'll sing.

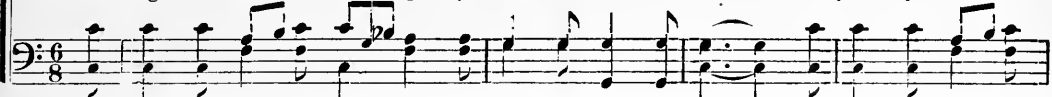
The Beautiful Land.

39

F. SILCHER.



1. There is a land im-mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands; Be - side the an - cient
 2. That glo - rious' land is heav - en. And Death the sen - try grim; The Lord there-of hath
 3. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing. They're bles - sed in their ease. Their jour - ney homeward



por - tals. A sen - try grim - ly stands, He on - ly can un - do it, And
 giv - en The o - pening keys to him; And rau - somed spir - its sigh - ing, And
 wing - ing, They leave to earth their fears; Death like an an - gel seem - eth, "We



o - pen wide the door, And mor - tals who pass thro' it, Are mor - tals nev - er - more.
 sor - row - ing for sin, Do pass the gate in dy - ing, And free - ly en - ter in.
 welcome thee, they cry. Each face with glo - ry beam - eth Tis life for them to die.



Glory Shall Be Thine.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

1. Lord we come be - fore thee now, And with one u - ni - ted voice,
 2. But can such a fee - ble band, Sa - tan's gath - er'd hosts with - stand,
 3. Far a - bove the mor - tal sight, Round the throne in shin - ing light,
 4. Sa - vior, if thy cross we bear, May we hope thy joy to share?

To thy sa - cred ser - vice now, All our lives re - sign;
 And re - sist with daunt - less hand, All their might - y pow'rs;
 Hap - py Spir - its cloth'd in white, Strike their harps and cry;
 And with ran - somed hosts to wear, Crowns of light on high;

On - ly to each faith - ful heart, Cour - age, pa - tience hope im - part,
 Sa - vior, in thy name we go, Thou hast con - quer'd ev - 'ry foe,
 Je - sus triumphed when He rose, Je - sus con - quer'd all our foes,
 Hear us now we hum - bly pray, Take us in our ear - ly day,

Glory Shall Be Thine.—Concluded.

41

Then if thou our lea - der art, Glo - ry shall be thine.
 And if thou thy strength be - stow, Sav - ing help is ours.
 Now His faith - ful hand be - stows, Palms of vic - to - ry.
 Let us 'neath thy ban - ner stay, Faith - ful till we die.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry shall be thine.....

Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry shall be thine.

In The Presence Of The King.

From "The King in His Beauty." by FLORENCE ARMSTRONG.

J. R. M.

1. Oh! to be o-ver yon-der, In that sweet land of won-der, Where an-gel voi-ces min-gle and the
 2. Oh! to be o-ver yon-der, A-las, I sigh and won-der, Why clings my poor weak heart to any,
 3. Oh! to be o-ver yon-der, In that sweet land of won-der, Where light and life and sunshine resteth
 4. Oh! when shall I be dwelling, Where an-gel voi-ces swelling? In triumphant hal-le-lu-jahs make the

an-gel har-pers sing; To be free from pain and sor-row, The anx-ious, dread to-mor-row, To
 an-y earth-ly thing; Each tie of earth may sev-er, And pass a-way for-ev-er, There's
 fair on ev-ry-thing; The day-beam is un-shad-ed, As pure as he who made it, This
 vaulted heav-ens ring; Where pearl-y gates are gleam-ing, The morn-ing star is beam-ing, Oh!

rest in light and sun-shine, in the pres-ence of the King.
 no more sep-a-ra-tion in the pres-ence of the King. The pres-ence of the King, The
 land of cloud-less sun-shine, where our Je-sus is the King.
 when shall I be yon-der, in the pres-ence of the King.

REFRAIN

pres-ence of the King, Oh! when shall I be you - der in the pres-ence of the King.

This musical score is for the concluding part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is primarily composed of chords and simple rhythmic patterns, with a final cadence marked by a fermata.

Leaning On Thee, My Guide, My Friend.

※

1. Lean-ing on Thee, my Guide and Friend, My gra-cious Sa - vior! I am blest,
 2. Lean-ing on Thee, with child - like faith, To Thee, the fu - ture I con - fide;
 3. Lean-ing on Thee, I breathe no moan, Tho' faint with hun - ger, parch'd with heat;
 4. Lean-ing on Thee, no fear a - larms, Calm - ly I stand on death's dark brink;

This musical score is for the hymn 'Leaning On Thee, My Guide, My Friend.' It is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are arranged in four numbered lines, each corresponding to a different vocal part or variation. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines, ending with a final cadence.

Tho' wea - ry Thou dost con - de - scend To be my rest.
 Each step of life's un - trod - en path, Thy love will guide.
 Thy will has now be - come my own, That will is sweet.
 I feel the ev - er - last - ing arms, I can - not sink.

This musical score continues the hymn from the previous block. It maintains the same 3/4 time signature and key signature. The lyrics are arranged in four lines, each corresponding to a different vocal part or variation. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines, ending with a final cadence.

Follow Thou Me.

G. F. WILSON.

May be sung as a Duet.
Moderato.

1. Oh where shall we fol-low Thee, Sa- vior be- lov'd? To Ke- dron where oft thou hast thoughtfully rovd? Each
 2. Oh where shall we fol-low Thee, Je- sus, our friend? To Beth- an- y whith- er thy feet love to tend? Our
 3. Oh where shall we fol-low Thee, Mas- ter a- dor'd? To the beau- tiful ci- ty that knows not her Lord? A -
 4. Oh where shall we fol-low Thee, ten- der- est guide? To the sweet mournful gar- den by Ol- ivet's side?—Ah!
 5. Oh where shall we fol-low Thee, thou Lamb of God? Up Gol- go- tha's death steep, for us meekly trod, The
 6. Oh where shall we fol-low Thee, con- quer- ing Lord? To Par - a- dise un - to us out- casts re - stor'd, Its

rill of en - joy- ment that winds thro' our care, Is Ke- dron, if Thou wilt but walk with us there.
 fire - side is Beth- an - y, peace- ful and blest, Oh ne'er will we wan- der, with Thee as a guest.
 las for our streets full of an- guish and pain, Toil with us for ci - ties wept o - ver in vain.
 here is Geth - se - ma - ne, here we may mourn, Here strengthen us, Thou who our sor - row hast borne.
 thorns pierce our tem- ples, the cross bears us down, Like thine make our Cal - va - ry gar- land our crown!
 Par - a - dise, Lord in thy pres- ence to be, And liv - ing or dy - ing, we're ev - er with Thee.

REFRAIN. *riten.* *Tempo.* *Rall.*

Oh where shall we fol- low Thee? Where shall we fol- low Thee? Where shall we fol- low Thee, Je- sus or friend?

Yonder!

45

"Possess your souls in patience."

Words and Music arranged for this work.

Solo.**Chorus.****Solo.**

1. We shall sing in sweet - est song, Yon - der! yon - der! With the glad re
2. God shall wipe a - way all tears, Yon - der! yon - der! God will ban - ish
3. Far from sin and all its pain, Yon - der! yon - der! Friends long part - ed

Chorus.**REFRAIN.**

deem - ed throned, In the heav - 'nly land.
all our fears, In the heav - 'nly land. Then in patience wait the day, Till the Mas - ter
meet a - gain, In the heav - 'nly land.

calls a - way, From the earth - ly life and love, To that bet - ter life a - bove.

Angels Will Welcome Us Home.

MISS IDA WHIPPLE.

W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.

1. How drear is the wil - der-ness way, How man - y the dan-gers we meet,
 2. How of - ten we're summoned to part, With some cherished friend that we love,
 3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way o'er, This wea - ri - some pil - grim - age ends,

Our hopes and our pleas-ures de - cay, And lie in the dust at our feet,
 While grief sits surpreme in the heart, What peace com-eth down from a - bove,
 There tri - als and la - bors are gone, The sun in our heav - en de - scends,

Yet one joy-ous prom-ise re - mains, To cheer our faint hearts in the gloom,
 They nev - er will smile on us more, While thro' the bleak des-ert we roam,
 And sweet is the prom-ise of rest. And sweet is the meet-ing to come,

Angels Will Welcome Us Home.—Concluded.

47

REFRAIN.

When end - ed life's sorrows and pains, The an-gels will welcome us home.
 Yet safe on the ev - er-green shore, The an-gels will welcome us home.
 For soon in the realms of the blest, The an-gels will welcome us home.

Wel - come us

home, Welcome us home, With heavenly music as homeward we come, The angels will welcome us home.
 Welcome us home, Welcome us home,

Mercy's Day.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

W. H. MONK.

1. Lord in this thy mer-cy's day, E're it pass for aye a-way, On our knees we fall and pray.
2. Ho - ly Je - sus, grant us tears, Fill us with heartsearching fears, E'er that aw-ful doom appears.
3. Lord on us thy spi - rit pour, Kneeling lowly at thy door, E'er it close for-ev - er - more.

Angels Guarding Me.

Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

H. H. QUICK.

1. Bless-ed an-gels are around me, Bright wing'd an-gels, day and night, Guarding me from ev - 'ry
2. Softly thus they hedge my wand'rings And would save me from the snare, Sweetly would they lead to

dan - ger How I love them, cloth'd in white! They are with me when I'm praying. Tell-ing
Je - sus, When I wan - der here and there. Lord I praise Thee; Thon hast sent them Thus to

it in realms on high; If I sin what palls of sad - ness, Cast they round me as they sigh.
guard with gen-tle care; May I live so that in dy - ing They, my soul above may bear.

Angels Guarding Me.—Concluded.

49

CHORUS.

Bless-ed an - gels watch-ing o'er me, Bright wing'd an - gels pure as light.
 Biess-ed an-gels watch-ing o'er me, Bright wing'd an-gels pure as light, how I

How I love them! Je - sus make me, Like them pure, and cloth'd in white.
 love them! Je - sus make me Like them pure, and cloth'd in white,

Lord, Thy Word Abideth.

Rev. R. E. CHOPE.

1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our footsteps guideth, Who its truth be - liev - eth, Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
 2. When our foes are near us, Then Thy word doth cheer us, Word of con - so - la - tion, Message of sal - va - tion
 3. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds before us, Then its light di - rect - eth, And our way pro - tect - eth.
 4. Who can tell the plea - sure? Who recount the trea - sure? By Thy word im - part - ed, To the sim - ple - heart - ed.

Jesus, The Very Thought Of Thee.

"That name which is above every name."

ST BERNARD, 1120.

J. R. M.

1. Je - sus! the ve - ry thought of thee, With sweet - ness fills my breast. But
 2. Nor voice can sing, Nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find. A
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek, To

sweet - er far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest; But sweet - er far thy
 sweet - er sound than thy blest name, O Sa - vior of man - kind, A sweet - er sound than
 those who fall, how kind thou art, How good to those who seek; To those who fall how

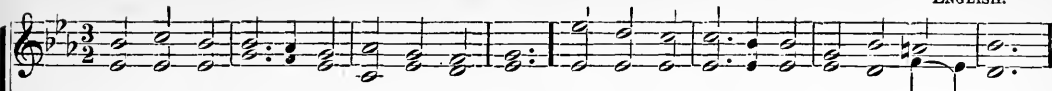
4 But what to those who find? ah? this,
 Nor tongue nor pen can show,
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only hope be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus! be thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

Jesus, By Faith Be Known.

51

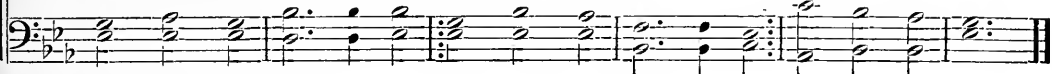
ENGLISH.



1. Jes - us by faith be known, Thy love be - stow, Bless, from thy loft - y throne, My home be - low.
2. Come, and with accents mild, Calm needless fears; Still ev - 'ry temp - est wild, Stay thou my tears;
3. Meet two 'or three in pray 'r. As thou hast said, Or in thy temples fair, Be thou the head,



Meet me and claim thine own. : Oft in the clos - et lone. : Thy mer - cy show.
Let me be rec - on - ciled. : On - ly thy lov - ing child : Thro' com - ing years.
Meet me with throngs that there. : An - thems and prais - es share. : With saint - ed dead.



4 Come to my bed of pain,
Night watches keep;
Life giving peace maintain,
In anguish deep,
Quiet my fevered brain,
Let not my trust be vain,
Let not my trust be vain,
Lull me to sleep.

5 On to the brighter land,
Gladden my way;
Savior, with gentle hand,
Be thou my stay,
Lead to the angel band,
Let me with loved ones stand,
Let me with loved ones stand
In fadeless day.

Faithful To Jesus.

A. T. G.

A. T. GORHAM.

1. I'll try to prove faith-ful, dear Sa - vior, Thy pre-cepts to love and o - bey, And
 2. I'll try to prove faith-ful, dear Sa - vior, And shun the temp-ta - tions of sin, For
 3. I'll try to prove faith-ful, dear Sa - vior, Tho' shadows my way o - ver cast; Life's

ear - nest - ly seek in Thy vine - yard, To la - bor while yet there is day,
 vain are its gild - ed al-lure - ments, When ho - ly peace dwell - eth with - in,
 tri - als are but for a mo - ment, Thy heav - en for - ev - er shall last,

The blood of Thy prec - ious a - tone - ment, Doth cleanse e - ven sin - ners like me So I'll
 The pow'r of Thy life - giv - ing Spir - it, My bul - wark and for - tress shall be, And I'll
 There dwelling in glo - ry su - per - nal My home with the an - gels shall be; So I'll

Faithful To Jesus.—Concluded.

53

try to prove faith - ful, dear Sa - vior, I'll try to prove faith - ful to Thee.
 try to prove faith - ful, dear Sa - vior, I'll try to prove faith - ful to Thee.
 try to prove faith - ful, dear Sa - vior, I'll try to prove faith - ful to Thee.

REFRAIN.

Faith - ful, still faith - ful for - ev - er,— Dark - some my path - way may be, Yet I'll
 my pathway may be, Yet I'll

Cres. - - - *cen* - - - do. *Dim.*
 try to prove faith - ful, dear Sa - vior. I'll try to prove faith - ful to Thee.

Begin My Soul, Rejoicing.

From "FIORELLO.

Solo, or all singing the Melody.

1. Be - gin, my soul re - joic - ing, Be - gin the lof - ty strain, In
 2. Ye flow-'ry hills and moun - tains, And ce - dars near the sky, Your

Accompaniment.

CHORUS.

songs of joy, your notes employ, And sing Je - ho - vah's name. And ye who dwell a -
 voic - es raise Je - ho-vah's praise, And send the sound on high. And ye whom highest

the theme a -
Je - ho-vah's

bove the skies, So far from hu-man mis - er - ies, Re-peat the theme a - gain,
 heav'n embow'rs, Repeat the song with all your pow'rs, Repeat Je - ho - vah's name,

gain.
name

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

This musical score consists of two staves, a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Children Of The Lord.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

1. Ap - proach, ye chil - dren of the Lord. And my ins - truc - tion hear;
2. The crook - ed paths of vice de - cline, And vir - tue's ways pur - sue;

This musical score consists of two staves, a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I'll teach you the true dis - i - pline, Of His re - li - gious fear.
Es - tab - lish peace where 'tis be - gun, And where 'tis lost, re - new.

This musical score consists of two staves, a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Savior Divine.

Words and Music by ABBY NEWHALL EVERETT.

1. Sin - ful and weak am I, Je - sus, for Thee I cry, Un - der the
 2. Strug - gling with bleed - ing heart, Un - der the rod I smart, Come and thy

cross I lie, Sa - vior Di - vine. Tremb - ling and wea - ry I,
 grace im - part, Sa - vior Di - vine. Hear while to Thee I cry,

Faint - ing and weak I die, Je - sus, for Thee I sigh, Sa - vior Di - vine.
 Help, e'er in sin I die, Je - sus, to Thee I fly, Sa - vior Di - vine.

The Blessing Chain.

57

H. BONAR. D. D.

"Wise, Free, Strong, Good, Glad."

J. R. M.

1. He who in Christ be - liev - eth, Is wise, is wise; He who this Christ re -
 2. He who this free - dom grasp - eth, Is strong, is strong; He who this free - dom
 3. He who this good - ness find - eth, Is glad, is glad; He who this good - ness

ceiv - eth, A - lone is wise, He who this wis - dom win - neth, Is
 grasp - eth, A - lone is strong, He who this strength re - tain - eth, Is
 mind - eth, A - lone is good, He who this good - ness find - eth, Is

free, is free, He in whose heart it reign - eth, A - lone is free.
 good, is good, He in whom it re - main - eth, A - lone is good.
 glad, is glad, He who this good - ness mind - eth, A - lone is glad.

Majestic.

1. Wide ye heav'nly gates un - fold, Clos'd no more by death and sin, Lo! the conq'ring
2. He whose God's pure law ful-fill'd Je - sus, the in-car-nate Lord, He whose truth with
3. Who shall up to that a-bode, Fol - low in the Sa-rior's train? They who in His
4. They whose dai - ly ac-tions prove, Steadfast faith and ho - ly fear, Fer-vent zeal and

CHORUS.

Lord be - hold! Let the King of glo - ry in -
blood was seal'd He is heav'n's all glo-rious Lord. Let Him in! Oh! let Him in!
cleans-ing blood, Wash a - way each guil - ty stain.
grate - ful love; They shall dwell for - ev - er here.

Let the King of glo - ry in! Welcome Him, Oh! welcome Him! Blessed Lord, come in, come in.

From "Exalted Praise," by per.

Have You Room ?

59

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

FRANK. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. Have you room for pomp and pleasure? Have you room for self and sin? Have you room for earth-ly treasure?
2. Have you room for gloom and sadness, Have you room for tear and doubt? Have you room for clouds and darkness?
3. Have you room for earth-ly friendships? Have you room for mirth and pride? And no room for Je - sus! Je - sus
4. O let Je - sus take pos - ses-sion, Of your bod - y, spir - it, soul! Have no room for aught but Je - sus;

CHORUS.

But no room for Christ with - in.
And still keep the Sa - vior out?
Who for you on Cal - vry died.
Let Him now your all con - trol.

O - pen wide for He is knock - ing; O - pen now to Christ, your King,

He will ban - ish sin and sor - row; He will peace and glad - ness bring.

We Love To Do His Blessed Will.

("Primary class song")

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

One Voice.

1. Rain - drops! Raindrops! Gent-ly fall-ing from the sky, Tell me, tell me, Why you leave your home on high?
 2. Flow - 'rets! Flow'rets! Does the Lord have need of you? Tell me, tell me, What is there that you can do?
 3. Bird - ies! Bird - ies! Full of life and full of glee; Tell me, tell me, Why you sing so cheer-i-ly?

Several Voices.

We come to make the grass-es grow; We come to make the flow-ers blow, We come because he wills it so, Our
 We come to cheer the heart of man; We come to do the best we can; We are a part of his great plan, Our
 We sing because the skies are blue; We sing because our hearts are true; We sing because he wants us to, Our

All the voices in the world.

Fa - ther in the heav'ns. We love to do his bless-ed will, We'll try to fail Him nev - er, We'll

We Love To Do His Blessed Will.—Concluded.

61

Slow.

love his wish - es to ful - fil, FOR - EV - ER AND FOR - EV - ER.

Waiting, And To Be Satisfied.

Words by JULIA C. THOMPSON.

※

1. I know that heav'n lies just beyond This earth-ly state; That Christ himself holds death's cold wand; So I can wait.
 2. I know the heart-aches of this life Will all be heal'd, When the blest peace that ends earth's strife Shall be reveal'd.
 3. I know that when my time shall come To dwell a - bove, Je - sus his child will welcome home With tenderest love.

I know the dark mys-te - rious ways My feet may tread, Will all be plain when heav'nly rays Are on them shed.
 I know that mid the world's turmoil God giv - eth rest; His arm is round me in its toil; And I am blest.
 His an-gel guards will o - pen wide Heav'n's pearly gate: And I shall then be sat - is - fied: So I can wait!

Who Shall It Be ?

F. E. BELDEN, 1880.

D. S. HAKES, 1880.

1. Some one the beau-ti - ful ci - ty shall see, Who shall it be? who shall it be? Heav-en is of-fer'd to
 2. Some one a crown of bright glo-ry shall wear, Who shall it be? \who shall it be? Robes for the righteous are
 3. Beau - ti - ful homes of the pure and the blest, Some one shall see— who shall it be? None but the ransom'd with -

CHORUS.

you and to me— Who shall the dwell - ers be?
 wait - ing up there— Who shall the wear - ers be? Who shall it be? Who shall it be?
 in them may rest— Who shall the ran - som'd be?

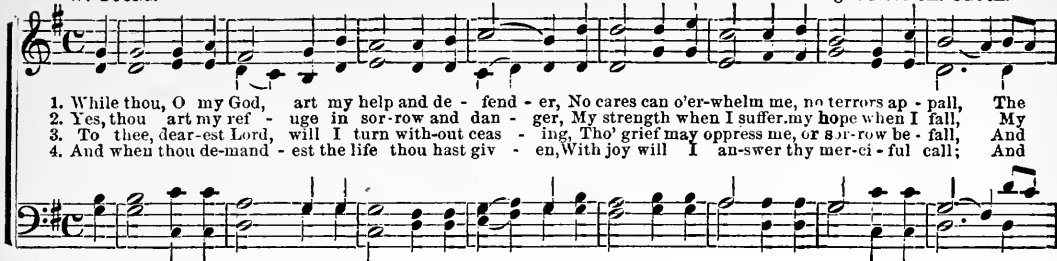
Some one shall dwell in the ci - ty of gold, On - ly the righteous the King may behold, Who shall the righteous be ?

My God, And My All.

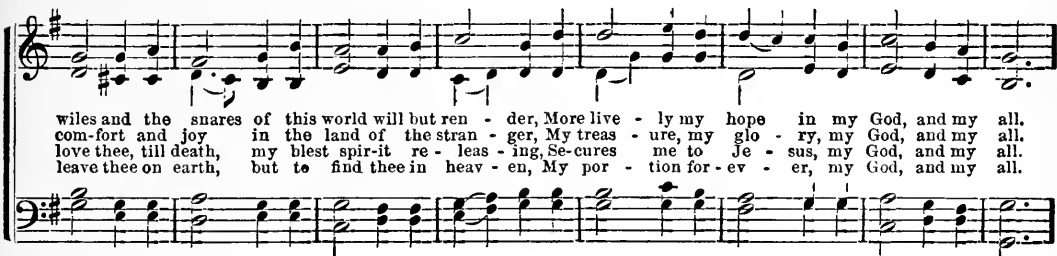
63

W. YOUNG.

Arranged from CH. GLUCK.

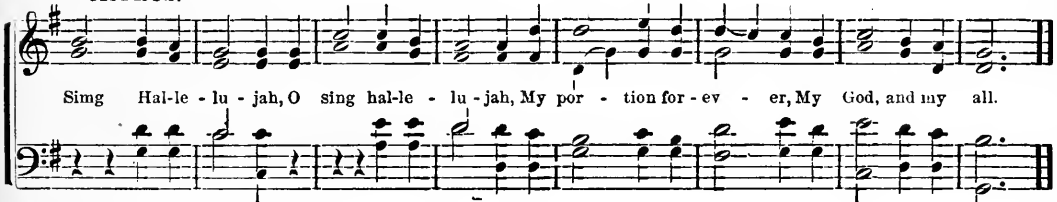


1. While thou, O my God, art my help and de - fend - er, No cares can o'er-whelm me, no terrors ap - pall, The
2. Yes, thou art my ref - uge in sor-row and dan - ger, My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall, My
3. To thee, dear-est Lord, will I turn with-out ceas - ing, Tho' grief may oppress me, or sor-row be - fall, And
4. And when thou de-mand - est the life thou hast giv - en, With joy will I an-swer thy mer-ci - ful call; And



wiles and the snares of this world will but ren - der, More live - ly my hope in my God, and my all.
com-fort and joy in the land of the stran - ger, My treas - ure, my glo - ry, my God, and my all.
love thee, till death, my blest spir-it re - leas - ing, Se-cures me to Je - sus, my God, and my all.
leave thee on earth, but to find thee in heav - en, My por - tion for - ev - er, my God, and my all.

CHORUS.



Sing Hal-le - lu - jah, O sing hal-le - lu - jah, My por - tion for - ev - er, My God, and my all.

Opening Chorus.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

1. All a - round are kind and lov - ing, Gen - tle words our hearts are mov - ing,
2. Ma - ny scenes of grace and beau - ty, Tempt us now from pres - ent du - ty,

Words of love and praise, Sweet words of love and praise
Tempt our thoughts to roam, Our rest - less thoughts to roam.

Let us now for - get our play - ing, While we keep our thoughts from stray - ing,
But we must not let them wan - der, From the star - ry man - sions yon - der.

D. C. But when - e'er we sing of Je - sus, O re - mem - ber that he sees us ;

Opening Chorus.—Concluded.

65

Fine.

And our voic - es raise. Yes. ear - nest voic - es raise.
In our heav'n - ly home, Our bright, e - ter - nai home.

He our heav'n - ly king. Our glori - ous heav'n - ly king.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Let the ech - oes ring,

Glo - ry, glo - ry, good it is to sing;

D C. al segno.

Turn Thee, Brother.

CLARKE.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Broth - er, hast thou wan - der'd far From thy Fath - er's hap - py home? With thy - self and
 2. He can heal thy bit - terest wound, He, thy faint - est pray'r can hear; Seek him for he

God at war? Turn thee, broth - er, home - ward come; Hast thou wast - ed all thy pow'rs
 may be found, Call up - on him, he is near; Broth - er, hast thou wan - dered far

God for no - ble n - ses gave? Squander'd life's most golden hours? Turn thee, brother, God can save.
 From thy Father's happy home? With thy - self and God at war? Turn thee, brother, homeward come.

Who'll Follow In His Train ?

67

"BELLE."

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Je-sus, sweet walking on this earth, Tho' full of toil and pain, Was spent in doing good to all, Who'll follow in his train?
2. With gentle words and loving deeds, He sought our love to gain, And when reviled, reviled not, Who'll follow in his train?
3. O gen-tle Sa- vior may thy love Within us never wane, Lead us in ev-'ry hour of life, To fol-low in thy train.

CHORUS.

Who'll follow, who'll fol-low, Who'll fol-low in his train? Who'll follow, who'll follow, Who are the valiant men?

To drink the cup of woe, Tri-um-phiant o-ver ev-'ry pain; And bear his cross below, Who'll follow in his train?

Repeat pp

Consecration.

"BELL."

Devoutly.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted all to Thee;
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful to Thee;

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
 Take my voice and let me sing On - ly for my Lord and King;

- 3 Take my lips and let them be
 Filled with images from Thee;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold;
- 4 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
 Take my intellect and use
 Every power as thou wilt choose;

- 5 Take my will and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine;
 Take my heart, it is Thine own,
 It shall be Thy royal throne;
- 6 Take my love, my Lord I pour
 At Thy feet its treasured store
 Take myself and I will be
 Ever only, Lord for Thee.

Suffer Us To Come To Thee.

69

From "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER."

H. H. QUICK.

1. "When of old the Jew - ish moth - ers Brought their lit - tle babes to Thee.
 2. "Born a - gain and made Thy mem - bers, Lit - tle Chris - tian chil - dren we,
 3. "By each pray'r and by each prom - ise, When our hearts are full of glee,

To Thy stern A - pos - tle's chid - ing Thou didst an - swer ten - der -
 Press a - round to share Thy bless - ing, Plead Thy mer - cy, full and
 When our lit - tle sor - rows vex us, Thine in all things we would

ly, Gen - tle Je - sus, "Suf - fer them to come to me."
 free, Gen - tle Je - sus, Suf - fer us to us to Thee.
 be, Gen - tle Je - sus, Suf - fer us to us to Thee.

Jesus Once Was A Little Child.

(A song for the little ones.)

J. R. M.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus once was a lit - tle child, a lit - tle child like me, And he was pure and
 2. Je - sus once was a lit - tle child, and he grew like children do, While his moth - er taught him
 3. Je - sus once was a lit - tie child, he came to us to show The way to his pure, sweet

meek and mild, As a lit - tle child should be; He play'd as lit - tle chil - dren play, The
 lov - ing - ly, To be gen - tle, kind and true; O - ver the fields of Beth - le - hem, With
 life a - bove, From our sin - ful life be - low; We must be, and do, and love like him, Be

pleasant games of youth, Bnt he never got vex'd if the game went wrong, And he always spoke the
 playmates he did roam, But he never would fret and scold and pont, When his mother call'd him
 kind, all e - vil shun, And he'll bring us all to his heav'nly home, When our life-work is

Jesus Once Was A Little Child.—Concluded.

71

CHORUS.

truth.
home.
done.

So lit - tle chil-dren, let's you and I Try to be like him, try, try, try.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple, hymn-like melody with a steady accompaniment.

Be Of Good Cheer.

E. SARGENT.

1. Be of good cheer, O soul! An - gels are nigh; E - vil can harm thee not, God hears thy cry;
2. Day hides the stars from thee. Sense hides the heav'n, Wait-ing the contrite soul That here has striv'n;

The musical score is in 4/4 time and features a melody in the treble clef with a bass line accompaniment. The key signature is two flats. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

In-to no void shalt thou Spring from this clay; His ev - er-last-ing arm Shall be thy stay.
Soon shall the glory dawn, Making earth dim; Be not dis-qui - et-ed, Trust thou in Him!

This block contains the continuation of the musical score from the previous block, including the final lines of the lyrics and the corresponding musical notation.

With Songs And Honors.

(Thanksgiving Hymn.)

HAYDN.

Allegro.

1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high; A -
 2. His stead - y coun - sels change the face Of each re - voiv - ing year; He
 3. He sends His word, and melts the snow, The fields no lon ger mourn; He

round the heav'ns He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky. He sends His show'rs of
 bids the sun con - tract His race, And win - try days ap - pear. His hoa - ry frost. His
 calls the warm - er gales to blow, And bids the spring re - turn, The changing wind, the

blessings down, To cheer the plains below: He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in valleys
 fleecy snow. Descend and clothe the ground; The li - quid streams forbear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters
 fly - ing cloud. O - bey His mighty word; With songs and honors sounding loud, Praise ye the sov' reign

grow, He makes the grass the moun-tains crown, And corn in val - leys grow.
bound, The li - quid streams forbear to flow, In i - cy fet - ters bound.
Lord. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Praise ye the sov - 'reign Lord,

Buy The Truth.

“Buy the truth and sell it not.”—PROV. XXIII 23.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Go thou in life's fair morning, Go in thy bloom of youth, And seek, for thine a-dorn-ing, The precious pearl of truth;
2. Go, while the day-star shineth, Go, while thy heart is light, Go, ere thy strength declineth, While ev'ry sense is bright;
3. Go, ere the cloud of sor-row Steals o'er thy bloom of youth, Defer not till to-mor-row, Go now, and buy the truth;

Secure the heav'nly treasure, And bind it on thy heart, And let no earth-ly pleasure, E'er cause it' to de-part.
Sell all thou hast and buy it, 'Tis worth all earthly things, Rubies, and gold, and diamonds, Sceptres and crowns of kings!
Go, seek thy great Cre-a-tor, Learn ear - ly to be wise; Go place up-on the al - tar A morning sac - ri - fice.

Take Us Inside.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

JOHN MORRISON.

1. Wan-d'ers from God and from mer-cy we stray, Lead us; Oh Shepherd a-gain in the way,
 2. Too long we've turn'd from thy sweet tender call, Too long we've drank of the wormwood and gall,
 3. Soon all the sin and the grief will be o'er; Soon we shall stand on e - ter - ni-ty's shore,

Safe in the fold from our fears would we hide, Sa-rior, dear Sa-rior oh take us in - side,
 O - pen, Lord, o - pen Thy lov-ing arms wide, Take us in-side, Sa-rior, take us in - side,
 Then in Thy king-dom we hope to a - bide, Take us in-side, Sa-rior, take us in - side,

Fierce is the tem - pest and swift is the tide, Take us in-side, Sa - rior, take us in - side.
 Fierce is the tem - pest and swift is the tide, Take us in-side, Sa - rior, take us in - side.
 Fierce is the tem - pest and swift is the tide, Take us in-side, Sa - rior, take us in - side.

Jesus, Thou Rest Of The Weary.

75

E. L. E.

J. R. M.

1. Je - sus, thou rest of the wea - ry, Rest of my spir - it thou art, Jes - us, thou hope of the
 2. What if my morn rose in sad - ness, Noon was be - cloud - ed with fears, Shall not the bow of the

drea - ry, Thou art the hope of my heart, Is not thy ten - der - ness pro - ven, True to the breath of a
 glad - ness, Brigh - ten my even - ing of tears? Je - sus, my soul in its sor - row Clings to thy love as its

sigh? Thou, tak - ing note of the ra - ven, Will not my plead - ing de - ny.
 stay; God will take care of to - mor - row, Thou art my trust for to - day

Open The Door For The Children.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. O-pen the door for the children; Ten-der-ly gath-er 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

hed-ges, In from the places of sin, Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and
 banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs; Pray you the Father to bless them, Pray you that grace may be
 goodness, Send them to Canaan's fair land; Some are so young and so helpless. Some are so hungry and

REFRAIN.

cold; O - pen the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.
 giv'n; O - pen the door for the children, Such is the kingdom of heav'n. O - pen the door for the
 cold; O - pen the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.

Open The Door For The Children.—Concluded.

77

children, Tender-ly gather them in; O-pen the door for the children, Gath-er them in-to the fold.

What Hast Thou Done For Me ?

J. B. HERBERT. by per.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might ransom'd be, And quicken'd
2. I spent long years for thee, In wea - ri-ness and woe, That one e - ter - ni - ty, Of joy thou
3. I suf-fer'd much for thee, Oh, more than tongue can tell, Of bit-t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue
4. Oh, let thy life be giv'n, Thy years for me be spent, World fet-ters all be riv'n, And joy with

from the dead; I gave my life for thee, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou done for me ?
 mightest know; I spent long years for thee, I spent long years for thee, Hast thou spent one for me ?
 thee from hell; I suf-fer'd much for thee, I suf-fer'd much for thee, What dost thou bear for me ?
 suf-fering blent; Give thou thyself to me, Give thou thyself to me, And I will welcome thee !

Jesus Died For All.

Words and Music by F. H.

Slow with feeling.

1. Je - sus died the world to save, That sin might no more en - slave, Sa - cred was the life he
 2. Je - sus died our love to win, Thus to wash a - way our sin, All, and more, we owe to
 3. In his mansions with the blest, We shall find e - ter - nal rest, Nev - er - more with sin op -

REFRAIN

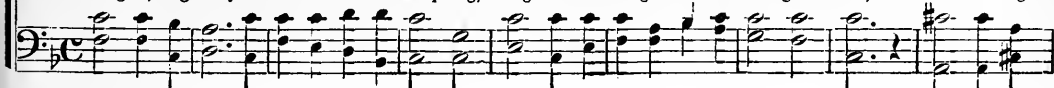
gave, Je - sus died for all.
 him, Je - sus died for all. O, come near him, O re - vere him, And his
 pressed, Je - sus died for all.

mer - cies re - call, O ac - cept him. Don't re - ject him, he died for all.

May be sung as Quartet and Chorus.



1. Hark! hark! my soul, angel-ic songs are swell-ing, O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the
 2. On-ward we go, for still we hear them singing, Come, wea-ry souls for Je-sus bids you come; And thro' the
 3. Far, far a-way, like bells at evering peal-ing, The voice of Je-sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la-den
 4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary, The day must dawn and darksome night be past; Faith's journey
 5. Au-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep-ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove; Till morning's



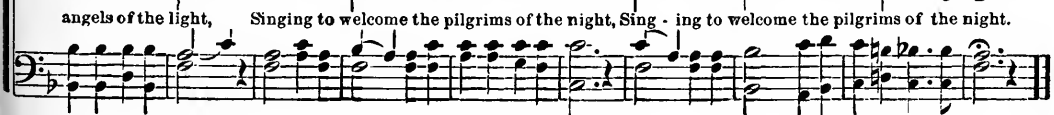
CHORUS.



truth, those blessed strains are telling, Of that new life where sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je - sus!
 dark its ech-oes sweetly ring-ing, The mu-sic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
 souls by thousands meek-ly steal-ing, Kind shep-herd, turn their weary thoughts to thee.
 ends in welcome to the wea-ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home will come at last.
 joy shall end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.



angels of the light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.



Pearly Portals.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES, by per.

1. Pearl-y por-tals swing-ing o - pen, Shall a ho - ly wel-come lend To each wea-ry, way-worn
 2. Pearl-y por-tals bar for - ev - er, All the wick-ed hosts of sin, And each heart that will not
 3. Pearl-y por-tals wait to wel - come Those who bear a shin - ing light, All whose robes are pure and

pil - grim, Who will now be Je - sus' friend? They shall o - pen for the a - ged, For the pure and righteous
 lis - ten To the gen - tle voice with - in, They shall close a - gainst the sin - ner, He can nev - er en - ter
 spot - less, In the blood of Christ made white, We are heirs to life e - ter - nal, Thro' our dear Redeemer's

CHORUS.

through; They shall o - pen for the chil - dren, They may swell the victor's song.
 there; They shall close, and are we read - y? Help us, Sa - vior, to pre - pare. Pearly por-tals, snow - y
 love; He will o - pen wide the por - tal To the promised land a - bove.

por - tals, Shining gates so pure and white; Precious Je-sus, guide our foot-steps To that par-a-dise of light.

Christ Is Risen.

(EASTER.)

J. R. M.

Spirited.

1. Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris - en! Oh, let the joyful sounds,Thro' ev'ry land re-ech-o, To
 2. Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris - en! To all, the words repeat, Till ev'ry knee before him bow In
 3. Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris - en! Bid all His praises sing.Praise him,the God of earth and heav'n,Re -

earth's re - mo-test bounds,Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men!
 ad - o - ra - tion meet, Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men!
 deem - er! Lord,and King! Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men!

Children, Let Us Join And Sing.

MISS P. J. OWENS.

Arr. by HARRY SANDERS.

Allegro.

1. Children, let us join and sing, With u-nit-ed voice - es, Praises to our heav'nly King, While each heart re -
 2. Blest are they who turn a-side, From all gain and fa - vor, And in kindness seek to guide, Youth to love the
 3. Here their anxious love and care, All is free-ly giv - en, 'Tis a glo-rious task to rear, Child-ren up for

joic - es; In the morning of our days, Let us turn from fol - ly's ways, And with cheerful voice-es raise,
 Sa - vior; This is all their no - ble aim, Bet - ter far than gold or fame, Still un-tir - ing to-proclaim,
 heav - en; And for this their pray'rs arise, This they spend their en - er-gies, 'Tis the soul that nev - er dies,

Hymns to our Re - deem - er's praise.
 Je - sus' heart in - spir - ing name.
 They are train - ing for the skies.

4 Let us then with joyful songs,
 Tell the pleasing story;
 Till we join the ransomed throngs
 In the realms of glory;
 There to fall before His throne,
 All His loving kindness own,
 Who has saved by grace alone,
 Holy, Great, Immortal One,;

Children Not Left Behind.

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Words by H. REID.

H. H. QUICK.

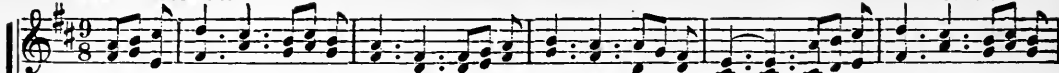
1. Teach-ers, who with long - ing eye, Watch'd the day spring from a - far. Ris - ing on the
 2. Can it be that Christ will set Lit tle chil-dren in his crown, While un-gath-ered
 3. Are there mansions in the skies, For the help-less poor a - lone, Are there none but

Sab - bath school, Tell us, have you seen his star? Yes, that beam of gos - pel light,
 are past by Men of wis - dom and re - nown; Yes, the poor, the weak, the small,
 hum - ble ones Bow-ing round the Sa- vior's throne? None but poor in spir - it—none;

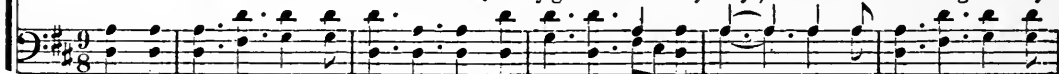
Shines up-on the youth-ful mind, Praise the Lord, that in its march Children are not left be - hind.
 Will be hon-ored in that day, While the great, the rich, and proud, Will be spurn'd from heav'n away.
 None but hum-ble there appear, Seek him now, with con-rite hearts, Seek him, for the day is near.

LENA E. BROOKING.

J. R. M.



1. Go to Je-sus with thy sorrows; He thy burden'd soul will ease; He will give thy troubled
 2. Go to Je-sus when the tempter Seeks to lure thee from the right; When the wicked one as -
 2. Go to Je-sus when death's shadows Quickly gather round thy way; Ask of him to guide thy



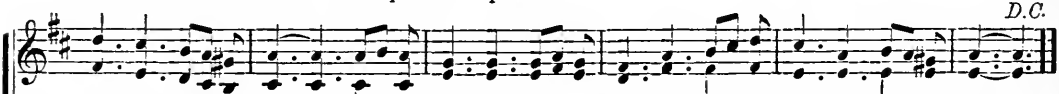
D.C. Go to Je-sus He will hear you, He thy burden'd soul will ease; He will give thy troubled



conscience, Per-fect rest and per-fect peace, Go to Je - sus with thy tri - als, Tell him
 sails thee, Ev - er keep the cross in sight, Go to Je - sus when thy bur-dens Are too
 foot-steps, To the realms of end-less day, Then in that ce - les - tial ci - ty Thou shalt



conscience, Perfect rest and per-fect peace.



all thy cares and woes; He has promised, if we ask him, He will give us sweet re - pose.
 hard for thee to bear, Tell him all thy cares and sorrows, He will lend a listening ear.
 find a last-ing rest From earth's turmoil, cares, and sorrows, Pillow'd on the Sa-
 vior's breast.



God Is Love.

REV. J. WILKINS. 85

f Mezzo staccato.

1. { What sound is this thro' heav'n re - sound - ing! God is Love, God is Love. }
 { From earth I hear the sound re - bound - ing, God is Love, God is Love. }
2. { This song re - peat, ye saints in glo - ry, God is Love, God is Love. }
 { And saints on earth, shout back the sto - ry, God is Love, God is Love. }
3. { Cre - a - tion's thou - sand tongues pro - claim - ing, God is Love, God is Love. }
 { And Prov - i - dence u - nites, ex - claim - ing, God is Love, God is Love. }

Yes, while a - dor - ing hosts pro - claim, Love is His na - ture, love His name,
 In this let heav'n and earth a - gree, To sound His love both full and free,
 But let the bur - den'd sin - ner hear, The gos - pel sound - ing loud and clear,

My soul in rap - ture cries the same, God is Love, God is Love.
 And let the theme for - ev - er be, God is Love, God is Love.
 To ev - 'ry soul, both far and near, God is Love, God is Love.

Christ Hath Arisen.

E. A. WASHBURN, D. D.

(EASTER.)

"BELLE."

1. Christ hath a - ris - en! Death is no more! Lo! the white robed ones Sit by the door,
2. Break forth in sing - ing O world new-born! Chant the great Eas-ter-tide. Christ's holy morn,

Dawn, gold - en morn - ing, Scat - ter the night! Haste ye dis - ci-ples glad, First with the light.
Chant Him, ye sun - beams, Danc - ing in mirth! Chant all ye winds of God, Cours - ing the earth,

3 Chant Him, ye laughing flowers
Fresh from the sod,
Chant Him, wild leaping streams;
Praising your God!
Break from your winter,
Sad heart and sing!
Bud with thy blossom fair,
Christ is thy King.

4 Come where the Lord hath lain,
Past is thy gloom,
See the full light of day
Smiles through the tomb,
Hark! angel voices,
Fall from the skies,
Christ hath arisen!
Glad heart, arise!

Come Learn Of The Way.

87

(PRIMARY.)

Words and Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Come learn of the way to the Sa-*vi*or, He bids us to come, you know; He wants all the dear lit-tle
2. To fol-low and find Him, the Sa-*vi*or, We've on-ly to do His sweet will; Be gen-tle and of good be-
3. We must be good, and do good and love good, Each second and min-ute and hour; Love each other as He has com-

child-ren In His bless-ed foot-steps to go; We need not to fight like the sol-diers, We
hav-ior, His ev-ry com-mand-ment ful-fill; Kind words and kind deeds bring Him near us, But
mand-ed, And love God with all our pow-er; Yes, be good, and do good, and love good, And

need not to toil like the men; We need not go on a long journey To find the dear Savior a-gain.
had ones will drive Him a-way; So, what must we do, lit-tle child-ren, To have Him with each of us stay?
love Him, and leave all the rest To Je-sus, who loves lit-tle child-ren, And will do for them what is best.

The Shadow Of The Rock.

ISAIAH xxxiii: 2.

G. F. WILSON.

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock, Let me rest, When I feel the tempest's shock Thrill my
 2. On the parch'd and des-ert way, Where I tread, With the scorch-ing noontide ray O'er my
 3. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take, And once more, I'll my on-ward jour-ney make As be -

breast; All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, while I hide, And my
 head; Let me find the wei - come shade, Cool and still, cool and still, And my
 fore; And with joy - ous heart and strong, I will raise, I will raise. Un - to

CHORUS.

tran-quil sta - tion keep. By thy side.
 wea - ry steps be stay'd, While I will. In the shad-ow of the Rock, Let me
 Thee. O rock, a song, Glad with praise.

rest, When I feel the tempest's shock, Thrill my breast, All in vain the storm shall sweep.

Let me rest, Thrill my breast,

While I hide, while I hide, And my tran-quil sta-tion keep. By thy side.

Repeat pp

Vox Angelica.

J. R. M.

M.

1. Voic-es of an-gels, float-ing in the air; Telling of a Father's love and of a Father's care.
 2. Sweet is the mu-sic, to my wait-ing soul, Ever may the soothing strains, My anxious heart control.
 3. Lead-ing me on-ward, by their heav'nly song, Till I join the singing ones Their happy strains prolong.

Clinging To The Cross.

Words by REV. B. M. ADAMS.

E. T. COFFIN. [Newly arranged.]

1. Sad and wea-ry with my long - ing, Fill'd with shame because of sin; As I am in conscions
 2. O the joy of knowing Je - sus, It is dawning on my soul; I am finding His sal -
 3. O re - fine me by thy Spir - it, Make my earth-ly life sub-lime, With my heart a home for

CHORUS.

weak - ness, Here I would sal - va - tion win.
 va - tion, And the pow'r that makes me whole. All I have I leave for Je - sus,
 Je - sus, Till I'm done with earth and time.

I am counting it by dross, I am com-ing to the Mas - ter, I am clinging to the

cross, Cling - ing. cling - ing. cling - ing to the cross.

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 melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The lyrics are placed below the upper staff, aligned with the notes.

Gone Before.

In Memory of FANNIE W. WEISE, who died Nov. 21st. 1879.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

1. One sweet flow'r has droop'd and faded, One sweet youth - ful voice has fled;
 2. She has gone to heav'n before us, But she turns and waves her hand;
 3. But we feel no thought of sadness, For our friend is hap - py now;

The musical score is in 3/4 time. It features a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written in three lines, corresponding to the three verses, and are placed below the treble staff.

One fair brow the grave has shaded, One dear school-mate now is dead.
 Point-ing to the glo - ries o'er us, In that hap - py spir - it land.
 She has knelt in heart - felt glad - ness, Where the hap - py an - gels bow.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'Gone Before.' It includes the treble and bass staves and the lyrics for the final lines of the piece. The time signature remains 3/4.

Worthy Is The Lamb.

Words and Music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. In man-sions bright the glo - ri-fied behold The face of their Sav - ior and King; With
 2. The wondrous love that noth-ing could subdue, The cross with its shame and its pain, The
 3. Ye tune - ful choir now safe at home above, Be-fore you had cross'd o'er the tide, You
 4. But now in loud - er, sweeter strains you sing, No long - er as stran-gers you roam; But

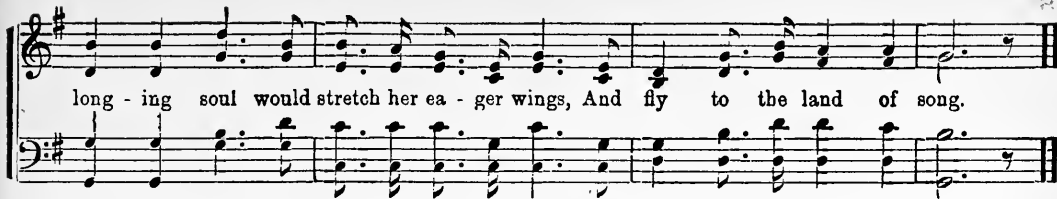
skill - ful hand they strike the harp of gold, And "wor-thy is the Lamb" they sing.
 grace that kept them all their jour-ney thro' They cel - e-brate in loft - y strain.
 caught the strain and with a - dor - ing love, Sang "wor-thy is the Lamb who died."
 sweet - er still that mel - o - dy shall ring, When all the hosts are gath - ered home.

CHORUS.

Wor - thy the Lamb! the cho - rus rings, Wor - thy to reign the King of kings; My

Worthy Is The Lamb.—Concluded.

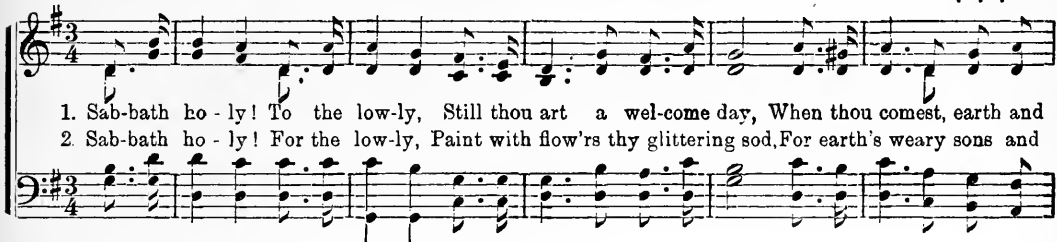
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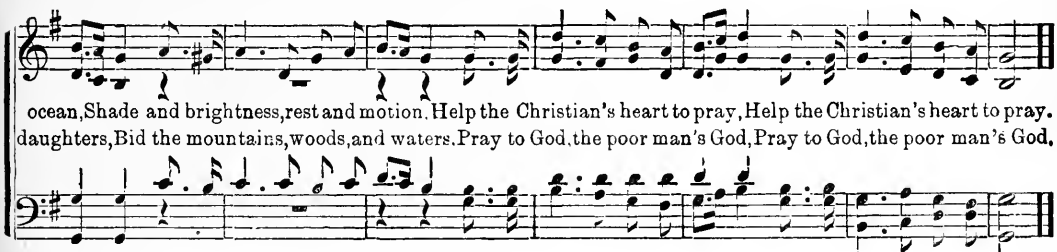
long - ing soul would stretch her ea - ger wings, And fly to the land of song.

Sabbath Holy.

E. ELLIOT.



1. Sab-bath ho - ly! To the low-ly, Still thou art a wel-come day, When thou comest, earth and
2. Sab-bath ho - ly! For the low-ly, Paint with flow'rs thy glittering sod, For earth's weary sons and



ocean, Shade and brightness, rest and motion. Help the Christian's heart to pray, Help the Christian's heart to pray.
daughters, Bid the mountains, woods, and waters. Pray to God, the poor man's God, Pray to God, the poor man's God.

Open Thou Mine Eyes.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

"O God, hear the prayer of thy servant."—DAN. 9: 17.

R. G. STAPLES, by per.

1. O - pen thou mine eyes, O Lord To the won - ders of thy word; May I in thy law be - hold
 2. O - pen thou my lips to praise Thee, who or - ders all my ways; Loosen thou my tongue, to sing
 3. O - pen thou mine ears, to hear Je - sus whisp'ring "I am near," Make me hear the still, small voice,

CHORUS.

Life, and peace, and joy un - told.
 Of thy goodness, Savior, King. Un - to thee, O Lord, I cry, Un - to thee for help I fly; Hear, oh,
 "Child, fear not, in me re - joice"

hear the pray'r I make For thy name and mercy's sake.

- 4 Open thou my heart; oh, come,
 Make it now thine earthly home;
 Sup with me, thou welcome guest,
 Give my weary spirit rest.
- 5 Open thou the door to heaven
 When the last earth - tie is riven;
 When I rise to dwell with thee,
 Open, Lord, the door to me.

Something For Thee.

95

CHAR. H. CARROLL. 1868.

1. Sa - vior, thy dy - ing love, Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me. My fee - ble

aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from thee, My soul would hum - bly bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to thee, Help me the cross to bear,

My heart ful - fil each vow, Some off - ring bring thee now, Some - thing for thee.
Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise. or pray'r, Some - thing for thee.

I Always Go To Jesus.

REV. ELISHA HOFFMAN.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. "I al - ways go to Je - sus" When troubled or distressed; I al-ways find a
 2. When full of dread fore - bod - ings, And flow - ing o'er with tears, He calms a-way my
 3. When those are cold and faith - less Who once were fond and true, With careless hearts for -
 4. I al - ways go to Je - sus! No mat - ter when or where I seek his gracious

ref - uge Up - on his lov - ing breast; I tell him all my tri - als, I
 sor - row, And hush - es all my fears; He com - pre - hends my weak - ness, The
 sak - ing The old friends for the new, I turn to him whose friend - ship, Knows
 pres - ence, I'm sure to find him there, In times of joy or sor - row, What -

tell him all my grief; And while my lips are speak - ing, He gives my heart re - lief.
 per - il I am in, And he sup - plies the ar - mor I need to con - quer sin.
 neith - er change nor end; I al - ways find in Je - sus, A nev - er - fail - ing friend.
 e'er my need may be, I al - ways go to Je - sus, And Je - sus comes to me.

Behold The Man!

97

From "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

GEO. F. CROOK.

1. O sin - ner, lift the eye of faith, To true re - pen - tance turning, Be - think thee of the
 2. Look on His head, that bleed - ing head, With crown of thorns surrounded. Look on His sa - cred
 3. 'Tis not a - lone those limbs are rack'd, But friends, too, are for - sa - king, And more than all, for
 4. None ev - er knew such pain be - fore, Such in - fi - nite af - flic - tion; None ev - er felt a

curse of sin, Its aw - ful guilt dis - cern - ing; Up - on the cru - ci - fied One look, And thou shalt read as
 hands and feet Which piercing nails have wounded, See ev'ry limb with scourges rent; On Him, the Just, the
 thankless man, That tend - er heart is ach - ing; Oh, fearful were the pain and scorn By Je - sus, lov - ing
 grief like His In that dread cru - ci - fix - ion, For us He bare those bit - ter throes. For us those ag - on -

in a book — And thou shalt read as in a book, What well is worth thy learn - ing.
 In - no - cent, On Him, the Just, the In - no - cent. What mal - ice hath a - bound - ed!
 Je - sus, borne, By Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus, borne, When peace for sin - ners mak - ing.
 iz - ing woes, For us those ag - on - iz - ing woes, In oft - re - new'd in - flic - tion.

O Jesus, Friend Unfailing!

BEETHOVEN. (Specially arranged for this work.)

1. O Je - sus! friend un-fail - ing, How dear thou art to me; Are cares or fears as-sail - ing? I
 2. Why should I droop in sorrow? 'Thou'rt ev - er by my side; Why trembling dread the morrow? What
 3. Oh, worldly pomp and glo - ry! Your charms are spread in vain! I've heard a sweeter sto-ry, I've
 4. For ev - 'ry trib - u - la - tion, For ev - 'ry sore dis-tress, In Christ I've full sal-va-tion, Sure

find my strength in Thee! Why should my feet grow wea - ry, Of this my pil-grim way? Rough
 ill can e'er be - tide? If I my cross have tak - en, 'Tis but to fol-low thee, If
 found a tru-er gain! Where Christ a place pre - par - eth, There is my lov'd a - bode; There
 help, and qui - et rest, No fear of foes pre - vail - ing! I tri-umph, Lord in Thee; O

REFRAIN.

tho' the path and drea - ry, It ends in per-fect day.
 scorn'd, despised, for-sak - en, Naught severs Thee from me, Friend un - fail-ing
 shall I gaze on Je - sus, There shall I dwell with God!
 Je - sus, friend un-fail - ing, How dear thou art to me.

O Jesus, Friend Unfailing.—Concluded.

99

Musical score for the first part of the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Friend un - fail - ing. O Life, O Joy! O Re - fuge sure! O Je - sus, Friend un - fail - ing.

Evening Prayer.

ENGLISH.

Quietly.

Musical score for the second part of the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/2. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to thee; I pray thee that of - fence - less
2. The toils of day are o - ver: I raise the hymn to thee—And ask, that free from per - il
3. Be thou my son's pre - ser - ver, O God! for thou dost know How ma - ny are the per - ils

Musical score for the concluding part of the hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/2. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

The hours of dark may be; O Jesus! keep me in thy sight. And save me thro' the coming night,
The hours of fear may be; O Jesus! keep me in thy sight, And guard me thro' the coming night.
Thro' which I have to go; Lover of men! O hear my call, And guard and save me from them all, Amen.

When They Go Silently.

Words by ANNIE HERBERT.

1. When they go si - lent - ly Out from em-brac - es, While a white mys - ter - y
 2. Rest shall be sweet for them Un - der green moss - es, Crowns shall be light for them
 3. When they go si - lent - ly Is it to sev - er Each fond and faith - ful tie—

Cov - ers their fac - es, Shall our be - lov - ed know How the still shadows grow,
 Af - ter the cross - es; Though we lov'd ten - der - ly, Earth bound so slender - ly
 Part we for - ev - er? Stars of our love be - low, Tho' with strange light they glow,

Cross - ing our path be - low Thro' emp - ty plac - es?
 Theirs all the gain will be. Ours all the loss - es.
 Sure - ly our souls shall know. Knowing the Giv - er.

4 Near, though we see them not,
 Faces are glowing;
 Sweet, though we hear them not,
 Voices are flowing;
 Giving mine eyes to see,
 God will remember me,
 When through His **mystery**
 Silently going.

Thou Father Doest All Things Well.

101

J. H. K.

"Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O Lord, according unto thy word."—PSALM. 119: 65.

J. H. K.

1. We know thou God art always near, Tho' oft thy face may not ap-pear, For with thine
 2. Our way seems hedg'd a-bout with thorns, And then the troub - led spir-it mourns. We think thy
 3. Tho' troubled waves flash high and wild, The sea a - gain is calm and mild, What if the
 4. When sin and shaine our hearts op-press, Thou com-for - ter art near to bless. We learn dear

own be-lov-ed hand, Thou sendest often chastisement, Tho' prone to fret at slightest pain, We think not
 face is hid from view. When nearest to re-fresh-ing dew, But when the sun of plenty shines, And ev'ry
 breakers roar we hear, The coast again is bright and clear, When summer winds sweep o'er the plain, The sunshine
 Sa-rior at thy feet, The glo-ries of the mer - cy seat. We pic-ture how the shining band, Re-joice in

how thou heal-est then. We won-der why, but can-not tell. Thou Father do-est all things well.
 cloud shows silv'ry lines. And hearts with ho-ly rapture thrill, Thou Father do-est all things well.
 fol-lows af - ter rain, Oh how thy mer-cies all ex - cell, Thou Father do-est all things well.
 the re-deem-ed land; Then how the songs of triumph swells. Thou Father do-est all things well.

Will You Meet Us Over There?

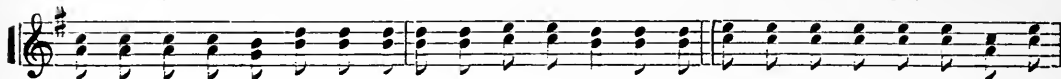
A. T. G.

A. T. GORHAM.

Duett for two Boys or Girls.



1. Will you meet us by the riv - er, On the far - off gold - en shore, Where the
2. Shall we meet when heav-en's mor - row Beams up - on our long-ing eyes? When up
3. Will you meet us where for - ev - er Rolls the grand, tri - um-phant song, And with



flow'rs are bloom-ing ev - er, And the shadows come no more? In the land of light and beauty, Home of
 on earth's night of sorrow God's e - ter - nal sun shall rise? When the weary toil is o - ver. And the
 earnest, firm en-deav-or Will you strive to join our throng? Will you tread the narrow pathway Winding



an-gels bright and fair, Shall we live and love to-gath - er! Will you meet us o - ver there?
 heav-y cross of care Is exchanged for crowns of glory, Will you meet us o - ver there?
 thro' earth's desert bare? Will you bear the cross of Je - sus, Will you meet us o - ver there?

REFRAIN. SCHOOL.



how sweet,

Yes, we'll meet you, yes, we'll meet you, Oh, how sweet..... to meet you o - ver there!



how sweet.

Another Hand Is Beckoning Us.

103

In memory of beloved MABEL COLE; Born into the Unseen Life, March 6th. 1880.

Words from J. G. WHITTIER.

Music by J. R. MURRAY.

1. An - oth - er hand is beck - oning, us An - oth - er call is given, And
2. The bless - ings of her qui - et life, Fell on us like the dew, And
3. A - lone un - to our Fath - er's will, One thought hath rec - on - ciled; That

grows once more with an - gel steps. The path that reach - es heaven
good thoughts, where her foot - steps pressed, Like fai - ry blos - soms grew.
He whose love ex - ceed - eth ours, Hath tak - en home His child.

4. Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

5. Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong;
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong,

6. And grant that she, who trembling here
Distrusted all her powers;
May welcome to her holier home,
The well-beloved of ours.

Words Of Jesus.

(PRIMARY CLASS SONG.)

Words and Music by J. R. MURRAY.

Chant.

AND JE-SUS SAID: {

1. Suffer little children to come unto me and for	bid them not,	For of such is the
2. I am the	Good Shep-herd;	[know them, and they
3. This is my commandment that ye love one another;	Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever	My sheep hear my voice, and I

Semi Chorus, (Little Children.)

king - dom of heaven.	1. We come, O bles-sed Sa - vior, We hear thy gen-tle voice;	We
fol - low me.	2. We fol - low, bles-sed Sa - vior, Thy lit-tle lambs are we;	O
I com - mand you,	3. Help us, O bles-sed Sa - vior, Thy lit-tle friends to be;	And

Full Chorus.

come to do thy bid - ding, And in thy love re-joice.	We come, we come, we come, we come, We
keep our feet from stray - ing Till we thy face shall see.	
in our love for oth - ers, Show best our love for thee.	

hear thy welcome call; Thy great, warm, lov-ing heart has room For the lit - tle ones and all.

Father, Help Me.

(CHILDS PRAYER.)

Words and Music by

FRANK HOWARD.

1. Fa - ther, pu - ri - fy my heart, That from sin I walk a - part;
 2. Fa - ther, help me, I am weak, And thy love I come to seek;
 3. Fa - ther, guide thine err - ing youth, Un - to ways of heaven - ly truth,

That I may on thee re - ly, And may with thy will com - ply.
 Thro' thy grace and ho - ly light, Lead me to thy man - sions bright.
 Take me in thy sa - cred care, And for - ev - er keep me there.

Sabbath Bells.

LUCY MORRIS CHAFFRE.

A. T. GOEHAM.

1. O bles-sed the day That call-eth a-way The wea-ry from la-bor, the chil-dren from play; O
 2. How cheer-ful the place, And wel-come each face, And pre-cious each les-son of wis-dom and grace. But

Refrain. O blessed the day, That call-eth a-way, The wea-ry from la-bor, the chil-dren from play; O

beau - ti - ful bell, Whose ech - o and swell Rings out the blest time of God's worship to tell.
 a ho - lier spell, Than of lesson or bell, Is the spir-it of Je-sus that in us doth dwell.

beau - ti - ful bell, Whose ech - o and swell Rings out the blest time of God's worship to tell!

Light are the young feet O'er val-ley and street That hasten a-way in the dear school to meet; And
 The way may seem long, The bat-tle be strong. Which end in sweet home and the conqueror's song; And

D.C.

hap - py the throng That raise the sweet song. Of praise and thanksgiving to Him that be-long.
 snares may be - fall, But what of them all. If God's be the ser-vice, and His be the call?

I Thy Little Lamb Would Be.

(A CHILDS PRAYER.)

*

1. Je - sus, Sa - vior, son of God, Who for me life's path - way trod;
 2. I thy lit - tle lamb would be. Je - sus, I would fol - low thee;
 3. Teach me how to pray to thee, Make me ho - ly. heav - en - ly;

Who for me be - came a child, Make me hum - ble, meek and mild.
 Sam - uel was thy child of old, Take me, too, with - in thy fold.
 Let me love what thou dost love, Let me live with thee a - bove.

Gather Up The Sunbeams.

J. R. M.

Brightly.

1. Let us gath - er up the sun-beams, Ly - ing all a - round our path;
2. Let us find our sweet - est com - fort, In the bless - ings of to - day.

Let us keep the wheat and ros - es, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff.
With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing, All the bri - ars from our way.

CHORUS.

Gath - er up the sunbeams. Gather up the sunbeams Gather up the sunbeams All around our path.

I Bring Them All To Thee.

109

"My sins, my heart, my grief, my life."

J. R. M.

1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can-not count; That all may cleansed be, In
2. My heart to thee, I bring, The heart I can-not read; A faithless wand'ring thing, An
3. I bring my grief to thee, The grief I can-not tell; No words shall needed be, Thou

Treble and Alto.

Tenor and Bass.

thy once opened fount, I bring them, Savior, all to thee, The burden is too great for me, To
e - vil heart in - deed, I bring it, Sa- vior, now to thee, That fix'd and faithful it may be, To
knowest all so well, I bring the sor- row laid on me, O suff-'ring Savior, all to thee, To

Thee, To Thee, I bring them all to Thee

4 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own,
O Savior! let me be
Thine ever, thine alone;
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Savior and my King.

Evermore.

FRANK HOWARD.

1. They are wait - ing for us there, Where there's neith - er grief nor care, Where there's
 2. Oh how hap - py they must be, In that sweet e - ter - ni - ty, When the
 3. Oh we long to meet them there, In the land so pure and fair, Where those

heav'n-ly joys to share, ev - er - more; All ' their earth-ly work is
 Sav - ior's face they'll see, ev - er - more; Where His pure and ho - ly
 bless - ings we may share, ev - er - more; There we'll live a life of

done, And they ne - ver - more will roam 'Tis their pure and peaceful home ev - er - more.
 light, Shines up - on the an - gels bright, And there's noth - ing but delight, ev - er - more.
 love, And our trust in Je - sus prove, In His hap - py home a - bove, ev - er - more.

Evermore.—Concluded.

111

Ev - er-more, Ev - er-more, They will live a life of
After 3d verse. We will live a life of

Ev - er-more, ev - er-more, ev - er-more, ev - er-more, They will live a life of

Love ev - er - more, They are wait - ing for us there, Where there's

Love ev - er - more,

neith - er grief nor care, Where there's heav'n-ly joys to share, ev - er-more.

Miss PROCTOR.

J. R. M.

1. The way is long and dreary, The path is bleak and bare; Our feet are worn and weary, But
 2. The snows lie thick around us, In the dark and gloomy night, The tempest wails above us, The
 3. Our hearts are faint with sorrow, Heavy and sad to bear; We dread the bitter morrow, But

we will not despair, More heavy was thy burden, More desolate thy way, O
 stars have hid their light, But bleaker was the darkness, Round Calvary's cross that day. O
 we will not despair, Thou knowest all our anguish, And thou wilt bid it cease. O

lamb of God, who takest The sin of the world away. O lamb of God, who takest The

O Lamb Of God.—Concluded.*

113

Slow.

Last verse.

sin of the world a - way. Have mer - cy on us, Give us thy peace.

* It is hoped that the children will be patiently helped to like Minor music. Persevering practice will well repay both teacher and taught.

Pleasing Spring.

H. H. QUICK.

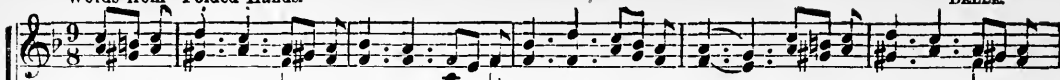
1. Pleas-ing spring a-gain is here! Trees and fields in bloom ap-pear; Hark! the birds with
 2. Lord, af-ford a spring to me! Let me feel like what I see; Ah! my win - ter
 3. How the soul in win - ter mourns, Till the Lord, the sun, re- turns; Till the Spir - it's

art - less lays, War - ble their Cre - a - tor's praise; War - ble their Cre - a - tor's praise.
 has been long, Chill'd my hopes, suppressed my song, Chill'd my hopes, suppressed my song.
 gen - tle rain, Bids the heart re - vive a - gain, Bids the heart re - vive a - gain.

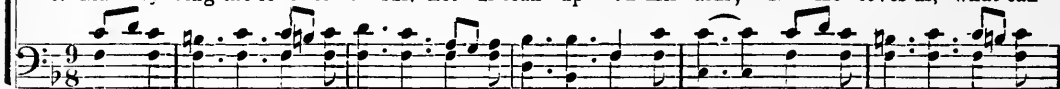
Ever Sing The Love Of Jesus

Words from "Folded Hands."

"BALLE."

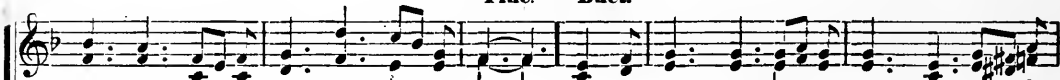


1. Sweet-ly sing the love of Je - sus, Love for you and love for me; Heav - ens light is not more
2. Soft - ly sing the love of Je - sus, For our hearts are full of tears, As we think how, walking
3. Glad - ly sing the love of Je - sus. Let us lean up - on His arm; If He loves us, what can

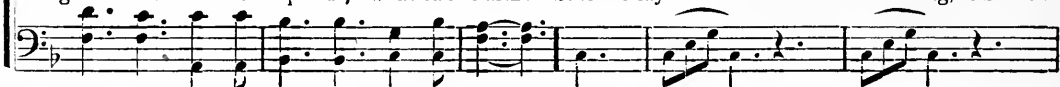


D.C. Ev - er sing the love of Je - sus, Let the day be dark or clear; Ev' - ry pain and ev' - ry

Fine. Duet.



cheer - ing, Heaven's dews are not more free, As a child in pain or ter - ror, Hides him
humb - ly. This low earth for wea - ry years, With - out rich - es, without dwell - ing, Wounded
grieve us? If he keeps us, what can harm? Still he lays his hand in bless - ing, On each



sor - row, Brings his own to him more near.



D.C.

in his moth - er's breast, As a sai - lor seeks the ha - ven, We would come to thee for rest.
sore by foe or friend, In the gar - den and in dy - ing, Je - sus lov'd us to the end:
upturn'd, seeking face, And in heav'n his children's angels, Near the throne have always place.



Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.

115

BISHOP HEBER.

REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-migh - ty Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a - dore thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the dark-ness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord, God Al-migh - ty All thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns a-round the glas - sy sea, Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
 sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly thou art ho - ly,
 praise thy name in earth and sky and sea, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y, Fa - ther all glo - rious end-less praise to thee.
 fall - ing down be - fore him, Which wast, and art, and ev - er-more shall be.
 there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in pow'r in love, and pu - ri - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and might - y; Fa - ther all glo - rious, end-less praise to thee.

Our Father In Heaven.

H. A. LEWIS

1. Our Fath - er in heav - en, We hal - low thy name; May thy king - dom
 2. For - give our trans - gress - ions, And teach us to know That hum - ble com -

ho - ly, On earth be the same; Oh give to us dai - ly Our
 pas - sion Which par - dons each foe; Keep us from temp - ta - tion, From

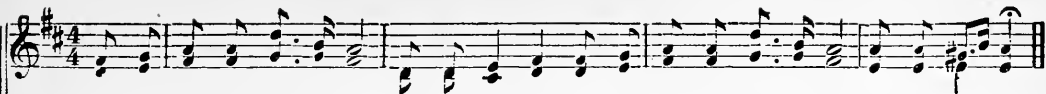
por - tion of bread; It is from thy boun - ty that all must be fed.
 e - vil and sin, And thine be the glo - ry for - ev - er! A - men!

In The Shelter Of The Rock.

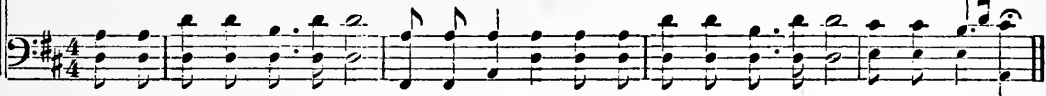
117

E. A. H.

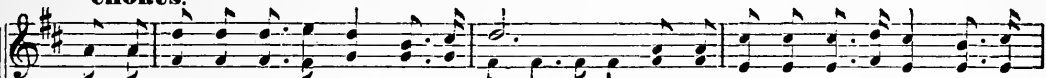
S. W. STRAUB.



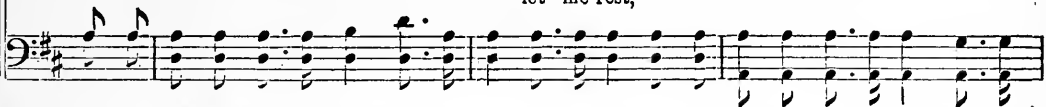
1. In the shel-ter of the Rock, Je - sus hide me, That no e - vil and no harm May betide me.
2. Neath the shel-ter of the Rock, Lord receive me; When the tempest gath-er round, Never leave me.
3. Sheltered in the o - pen Rock, Father, near thee, With the blessings of thy love Sweetly cheer me.
4. From the shel-ter of the Rock, Father, take me, When the glo-ries of you heav'n Shall awake me.



CHORUS.



In the shel-ter of the Rock let me rest, let me rest, In the shel-ter of the Rock I am



blest. I am blest, In the shel-ter of the Rock, In the shelter of the Rock. I am blest.



E. A. H.

J. H. T.

1. Straight is the gate, And nar-row is the way That leads to the realms Of end-less day.
 2. On-ly the pure, Whose robes are washed and white, Can share with the saved Yon home of light:
 3. They who would reach And walk yon golden street, Must here be renewed In Christ complete.

CHORUS.

Strive, broth-er, strive, Strive to en-ter in; Re-nounce to-day Thy ev-'ry sin,
 Strive, broth-er, strive, Strive to en-ter in, Renounce today,

Strive, brother, strive, Strive to en-ter in; Re-nounce to-day Thy ev-'ry sin.
 Strive, brother strive, Strive to en-ter in; Renounce today Thy ev-'ry sin.

The River Of Life.

119

WILLIAM HURN.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. There is a riv - er, deep and broad, Its course no mor - tal knows; It fills with joy the
 2. Wher - e'er it flows, con-tentions cease, And love and meekness reign, The Lord himself com -
 3. A - long its shore, an - gel - ic bands Watch ev'-ry mov-ing wave; With ho - ly joy their
 4. To it dis-tress-ed souls re-pair, The Lord in-vites them nigh; They leave their cares and

CHORUS.

Church of God, And wid - ens as it flows.
 mands the peace, And foes con-spire in vain. Flow on, flow on, sweet Stream, flow on, The
 breast ex-pands, When men the wa-ters crave.
 sor - rows there, They drink and nev - er die.

earth with glo - ry fill; Flow on, till all the Savior know. And all o - bey His will.
 Flow on, till all the Sa - vior know.

Dearer my Lord to Thee.*

Words by O. A. T.

[After the well known hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."]

J. B. M.

1. Dear - er, my Lord, to me, Dear - er to me, Since by His low - ly cross,
 2. When as a wan - der - er In sin gone down, Dark - ness came o - ver me
 3. Then did thy cross appear, Ris - ing to heav'n; Then was Thy love to me,

He rais - eth me; Ev - er my song shall be, Dear - er, my Lord, to me,
 Star - less - a - lone, - Where thro' thy light I see, Dear - er, my Lord, to me,
 In mer - cy giv'n; Though an - gels near I see, Dear - er, my Lord, to me.

Dear - er, my Lord, to me, Dear - er to me.
 Dear - er, my Lord, to me, Dear - er to me.
 Dear - er, my Lord, to me, Dear - er to me.

- 4 Henceforth my sleepless thought
 Winging thy praise
 High o'er my selfish griefs,
 A song I'll raise;
 Each highest note shall be,
 Dearer, my Lord, to me,
 Dearer to me.
- 5 And when on angel wing,
 Borne through the sky,
 All other themes forgot,
 As he draws nigh;
 One sweetest song shall be
 Dearer, my Lord, to me,
 Dearer to me.

* For final ending, see the end of 1st verse.

Forever With The Lord.

121

J. R. M.

Earnestly.

1. For-ev - er with the Lord, A - men! so let it be; Life from the dead is in his word, 'Tis
 2. My Father's house on high. Home of my soul, how near, At times to faith's as - pir-ing eye, Thy
 3. So when my lat - est breath, Shall rend the veil in twain, By death I shall escape from death, And

im - mor - tal - i - ty, Here in the bod - y pent, Absent from thee I roam, Yet nightly pitch my
 gol - den gates ap - pear, For - ev - er with the Lord, Father, if 'tis thy will, The prom - ise of thy
 life e - ter - nal gain. Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word, And oft re - peat be -

mov - ing tent, A day's march nearer home, Near - er home, Near - er home, A day's march nearer home.
 grac - ious word, E'en here to me ful - fil, With the Lord, With the Lord, Forev - er with the Lord.
 fore the throne, For - ev - er with the Lord, With the Lord, With the Lord, Forev - er with the Lord.

My Savior!

Arranged from J. L. B.

1. I've found a joy in sor - row, A se - cret balm for pain, A beau - ti - ful to -
 2. I've found a glad ho - san - na, For ev' - ry woe and wail, A hand - ful of sweet
 3. An El - im, with its cool - ness, Its foun - tains, and its shade; A bless - ing in its
 4. My Sa - vior! Thee poss - ess - ing. I have the joy, the balm, The heal - ing and the

mor - row Of sun - shine af - ter rain; I've found a branch of heal - ing Near
 man - na, When grapes from Esch - ol fail; I've found a Rock of A - ges When
 full - ness, When buds of prom - ise fade; O'er tears of soft con - tri - tion, I've
 bless - ing. The sunshine and the psalms; The prom - ise for the fear - ful, The

ev' - ry bit - ter spring A whis - per'd prom - ise steal - ing O'er ev' - ry brok - en string.
 des - ert wells were dry; And af - ter wea - ry stag - es, I've found an El - im night.
 seen a rain - bow light; A glo - ry and fru - i - tion, So near! yet out of sight.
 El - im for the faint, The rain - bow for the tear - ful, The glo - ry for the saint.

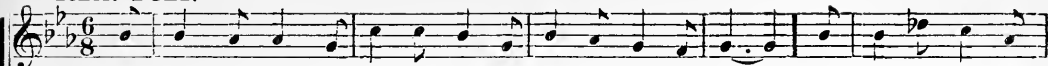
Submission.

123

Words by REV. F. BOTTOME.

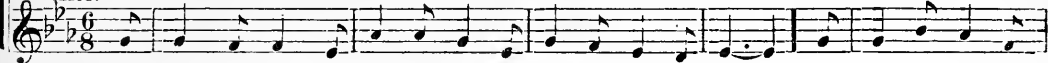
H. H. QUICK.

Tenor. DUET.



1. The young, the lov'd, the beau-ti-ful, Why must they pass a-way, Why must the flow'rs we
 2. The gen-tle, fair, and del-i-cate, We love to have them so, And yet for that we
 3. The young, the lov'd, the beau-ti-ful, They ear-ly pass a-way, Be-cause they can-not

Alto.



Quartet or Chorus.



love so well, The ear-li-est de-cay? Why must the gen-tle and the good Re-
 love them most, They are the first to go. Ex-ot-ics of a fair-er clime, They
 bloom and shine, Where death's chill breezes play. O gen-tle Fath-er! Mas-ter good! Help



trace their steps so soon, Why must the "morning glo-ry" hide Be-fore the mid-day sun?
 seek their na-tive bed, Too ten-der for a soil so hard As earth for them has spread.
 us to love, and lose, To trust thee, when not understood, To ac-qui-ece, not choose.



Nothing, Lord, have I To Bring.

"God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN III: 16.

From "Fount of Blessing." R. G. STAPLES.

R. G. S.
Flowingly.

1. Nothing, Lord, have I to bring; This is all my plea. Je-sus on the rugged cross Died to ransom me
2. All unclean. alas! unclean. Heart by sins defiled; But my Savior calls and says, "Be ye reconciled."
3. Dear Redeemer, precious Lamb, While 'tis call'd today, In contrition I would come; Wash my guilt away.
4. Write thy law upon my heart. Stamp thine image there: Nevermore from me depart, Be thou ever near.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious Sa - vior, Lord of all, Speak to me; oh, speak in love!
Precious Savior, Lord of all, Speak to me, speak in love;

By thy dy - ing ag - o - nies, By thy blood my sins re - move.
By thy dy - ing ag - o - nies, By thy precious blood my sins remove.

Until He Come.

125

"BELLE."

1. "Till he come," O let the words, Lin-ger on the trem-bling chords, Let the lit-tle while be-tween
 2. When the weary ones we love, En-ter on their rest a-bove; Seems the earth so poor and vast,
 3. Clouds and conflicts round us press, Would we have one sorrow less; All the sharpness of the cross,

DUET.

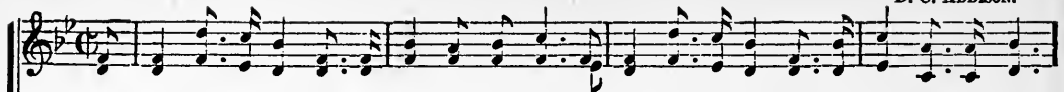
In their gol-den light be seen; Let us think how heav'n and home, Lie be-yond that,
 All our life joy o-ver-cast, Hush! be ev-'ry mur-mur dumb. It was on-ly
 All that tells the world of loss, Death and darkness and the tomb. On-ly whis-per,

REFRAIN,

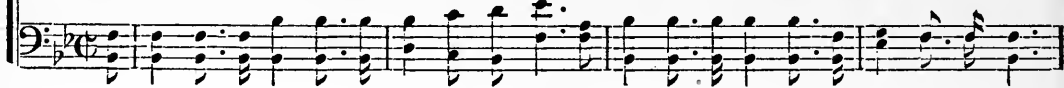
"Till He come,"
 "Till He come," Till He come, Till He come, Bles-sed prom-ise, "Till He come."
 "Till He come,"

Looking To Jesus.

D. C. ADDISON.



1. O eyes that are wea-ry and hearts that are sore! Look off un - to Je - sus, and sor-row no more!
2. While looking to Je - sus, my heart can-not fear; I trem-ble no more when I see Je - sus near:
3. Still looking to Je - sus, Oh, may I be found, When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round,



The light of his coun - te-nance shin - eth so bright, That here, as in heav - en, there
I know that his pres-ence my safe-guard will be, For "why are ye troub - led," he
They bear me a - way in his pres-ence to be, I see him still near - er whom



need be no night, That here, as in heav - en, there need be no night.
saith un - to me, For "why are ye troub - led," he saith un - to me,
al - ways I see, I see him still near - er whom al - ways I see.

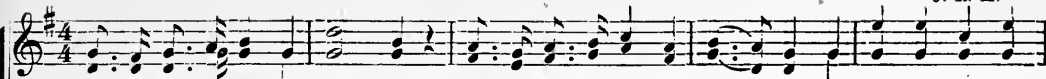


Trust Ye In The Lord Jehovah!

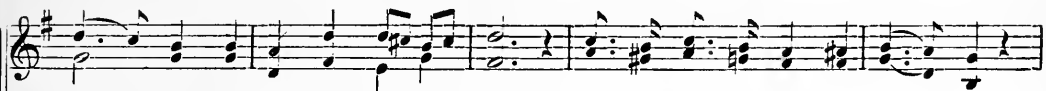
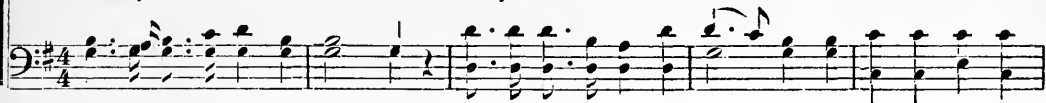
127

(CHILDREN'S ANTHEM.)

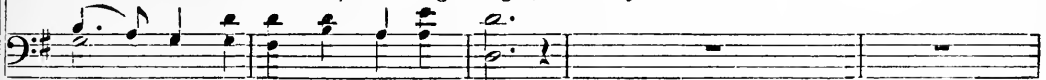
J. R. M.



1. Trust ye in the Lord Je - ho - vah! Trust ye in the Lord Je - ho - vah! For in the Lord Je -



ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength, Trust ye in the Lord Je - ho - vah.



Trust ye in the Lord Je - ho - vah, For in the Lord Je - ho - vah is ev - er - last - ing strength,



LUCY M. CHAFFEE.

A. J. GORHAM.

1. I fol - low the footsteps that guide To the land of per-pet - u - al day, Where the sav'd shall for-ev - er, for -
 2. There are thorns in the path for my hands, There are dif-fi-cult hills for my feet; And the val-leys are tor-rid, are

REFRAIN.

ev - er a-bide, And I can-not but sing on the way. By and by, at the gate Of our
 tor-rid with sands, But the mu - sic with-in me is sweet. by and by, at the gate,

hap-py, hap-py home we shall wait, we shall wait: By and by, by and by, At the gate we shall gather by and by.
 by and by, by and by,

3 At the end of the journey I know,
 Is the golden Jerusalem bright;
 And the thought of its joys, of its joys as all go,
 Is making the pilgrimage light.

4 And I'll try to be faithful indeed,
 Till over the river I go,
 In the pastures of blessing, of blessing to feed,
 Sweet pastures that beckon me so.

He Is Risen !

129

Arranged for this work.

Spirited.

He is ris - en! is ris - en! Let heaven's high arches ring; He is ris - en! is ris - en! Let

Fine.

men and an - gels sing. {

1. Yet for us he car - eth still, Peace on earth, to
2. He is ris - en! Christ our life, Vic - tor in the
3. He is ris - en! Christ our all, Looking up to

D.C.

men good will, An - gel voi - ces yet pro-claim, Tho' we may not hear the strain.
 mor - tal strife, Broke the ty - rant's might - y chain, Rose o'er sin and death and pain.
 him we call, Thou our life, the Truth, the Way, Be our help - er day by day.

Weary Wanderer, Come Home.

C. J. G.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Oh! come, thou weary wand'rer, Thou poor lost lamb of mine; Turn from your fading treasures, Come feast upon the vine,
 2. Be-hold your ragged garments, All spent in moth and rust; You never may repair them. Or cleanse them from the dust;
 3. I ask of you no pen-ance, To win your fu-ture bliss; But place your hand with meekness, And tender love, in His;

Thou restless lamb and wayward, Why wilt thou blinded be? Why wander o'er the mountain? The blessed fold is free.
 Yet come with all your vileness, And I will make you new, The righteousness of Je - sus Shall be a robe for you.
 Why will you wander, restless, With thorns beneath your feet, When on the Savior's bo-som, You may find rest so sweet.

CHORUS.

Oh! come, Oh! come, Thou wea-ry wand'rer, come, And in the realms of glo - ry, Find an e - ter-nal home.
 Oh! come, Oh! come,

The Very Best For Jesus.

131

E. A. H.

J. H. LESLIE.

1. Give to Christ your best af - fec - tion! He is wor - thy to re - ceive, Love the purest and the
 2. Give your choic - est hours to Je - sus, In de - vo - tion pure and blest, Hours most rich in tho' and
 3. Give to Christ your nob - lest ta - lents! Use them in his sweet em - ploy; In the us - ing you will

CHORUS.

warm - est, All your trust - ing heart can give. Give the ver - y best to Je - sus, Give to
 feel - ing - He deserves the ver - y best.
 har - vest A re - ward of bliss - ful joy -

him the ver - y best. In the giv - ing, In the giv - ing You will be su - preme - ly blest.

4. Give your influence to the Savior!
 Bring no stain upon his name
 By a heart untrue and faithless,
 By a life of sin and shame.—Cho.—

5. Give your soul, your all to Jesus,
 As a willing sacrifice;
 Your reward shall be a mansion
 In the shining Paradise.—Cho.—

Come Unto Me.

H. H. QUICK.

1. Come un-to me, Come un-to me, All ye that la - bor and are hea - vy lad - en,

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

Come and I will give you rest, Come and I will give you rest.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, starting with a quarter note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B-flat4, and A4. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

Take my yoke up - on you, And learn of me, For my yoke is eas - y, and my

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, starting with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B-flat4, and C5. The lyrics are printed below the upper staff.

bur - den is light, And ye shall find rest. un - to your souls, And ye shall find
rest, shall find rest un - to your souls, Come un - to me, Come un - to me.

On Christmas Day.

, CAROL FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ROSE TERRY.

J. R. M.

1. On Christmas day, Far, far away, A little baby slumb'ring lay; Starlight was shed Upon his bed, And round his fair and lowly head;
2. The angels sung, The blue sky rung, And all the earth look'd bright and young; 'Twas God's own Son Came down alone To make
3. Dear Lord above! Teach me thy love, Make me thy gentle, spotless dove, To find my nest Within thy breast, And there in peace and
(safety rest.

Prayerfully.

1. Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea, Un - known waves be -
 2. When the darkling heavens frown, And the wrathful winds come down, And the fierce waves
 3. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou can'st hush the o - cean wild, Boisterous waves o -

- fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous soul, Chart and com - pass came from Thee,
 toss'd on high, Lash them - selves a - gainst the sky, Je - sus, Sa - vior, pi - lot me,
 - bev thy will, When thou sayest to them, "be still," Wond'rous Sovereign of the sea.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, Sa - vior pi - lot me, Pi - lot me, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Savior, pi - lot me.
 O - ver life's tempestuous sea. Pi - lot me, etc.
 Je - sus, Sa - vior pi - lot me, Pi - lot me, etc.

Closing Hymn.

135

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Moderato.

1. Yes, we part, but not for - ev - er, Joy - ful hopes our bo - soms swell; They who
 2. Oh what meet - ings are be - fore us! Bright - er far than tongues can tell; Glo - rious
 3. Now in - deed we meet and sev - er, Chequered is our trans - ient day; Life's best

love the Sa - vior nev - er Knew a long, a last fare - well, Bliss - ful un - ions, bliss - ful
 meet - ings to re - store us, Him with whom we long to dwell, With what rap - tures, with what
 flow - ers per - ish ev - er, Tend - ing to a long de - cay, Fair - est flow - ers, fair - est

un - ions, Lie be - yond this part - ing vale.
 rap - tures, Will the sight our bo - soms swell.
 flow - ers, Bud and bloom, and die a - way.

4 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
 Soon will fade this earth away;
 Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
 Wait the full redemption day,
 Hail the rising, hail the rising,
 Of the wished-for new-born ray.

There is Light Beyond the Hills.

MRS. L. L. RADCLIFFE.
Joyfully.

J. E. M.

1. Distant E - den, dream'd of E - den, Land beyond the dark blue hills: Thou hast beauties, thou hast pleasures, And my
2. Beauteous sunlight, fad - ing sunlight, La - ter rests up - on thy spires; Waiting child - heart, mystic childhood, Of the
3. Distant E - den, dream'd of E - den, Land beyond the dark blue hills; Oider minds than sportive children, Dream of

heart with long - ing fills. Mind en - chant - ed, eyes ex - pec - tant Fain would feast on thy de - light, See those
dreaming nev - er tires. Decks thy fields with robes e'er ver - nal, Hears sweet mu - sic in thy dells, Brings no
thee as free from ills, Mor - tals toil - ing, mor - tals wea - ry, As life's du - ties he ful - fills, Trusts for

Chorus.

beauties, taste those pleasures, Which the hills hide from my sight. Dis - tant E - den, dream'd of E - den, How for
sor - row, brings no sigh - ing, Brings to thee no parting knells.
brightness in the fu - ture, Look for light be - yond the hills.

There is Light Beyond the Hills.—Concluded.

137

thee each bo - som thrills; There are beau - ties, there are pleas - ures, There is light be - yond the hills.

Lord, Thou art Mine.

Duet. Slow.

1. Lord, Thou art mine, Send help to me, Christ I am Thine, De - liv - er me.
 2. Mer - cies are Thine, Re - mem - ber me, Sad sins are mine, O par - don me.
 3. Good - ness is Thine, O pit - y me, E - vil is mine, For - sake not me.
 4. All light is Thine, O shine on me, Dark - ness is mine, En - light - en me.

Chorus. Joyfully.

Then shall I praise and sing, Then shall I praise and sing, My soul, bless thou thy God, thy God and King.

Cross and Crown.

[D. S. HAKES, by per.]

1. There's a cross to be borne And a crown to be worn By some one, and who shall it
 2. Though the heart be op-press'd And we long for sweet rest, By life's heav-y bur-dens borne
 3. Ev - ry robe will be white, And the star - y crowns bright, Which all of the ransomed shall

be? 'Though the path-way be strait and our tri-als be great, The Sav-ior says, "Come, follow
 down— To the cross we will cling For our tri-als shall bring A glo-rious exchange for the
 wear, And the cit - y of gold Shall its port-als un - fold To us, if the cross here we

Refrain.

me.
 crown, } The cross..... and crown,.... The cross..... for the crown,..... The
 bear.

The cross and crown, the cross and crown, The crown for a cross and the cross for a crown.

rit.

cross we must bear if the crown we would wear, And Je - sus will wel - come us home.

Peace.

J. R. M.

Tenderly.

1. Peace to the part - ing soul, Soon will it reach its goal, This lit - tle life is o'er! A - bove the
 2. Oh! for faith's ea - gle eye, To pierce yon az - ure sky, And watch the spir - its flight, How glor - ious
 3. To us that sol - emn bell, Is but a thrill - ing knell, Of mourn - ful - ness and gloom, The soul re -
 4. Oh, how the fet - tered heart, Doth lan - guish to de - part, And tread the path he trod, The bless - ed

changing world, The spir - its wings unfurled, To Heaven will glad - ly soar. To Heaven will glad - ly soar.
 now to be From ev - ery sor - row free, To dwell in fields of light. To dwell in fields of light.
 leased from pain, Hears a far rich - er strain, Of joy, be - yond the tomb, Of joy, be - yond the tomb.
 strains to hear, Har - mo - ni - ous and clear A - round the throne of God, A - round the throne of God.

He Loved us so.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.
With expression.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ.—ROM, 8: 35.

R. G. STAPLES, by per.

1. Oh, I would sing of Je - sus, Who wash'd me white as snow, A sweet, sweet song of
2. And I would tell to oth - ers, Wher - ev - er I may go, That Je - sus will ac -
3. Oh, when in heav - en's por - tals, Our gold - en harps shall ring, 'Twill be the same old

Chorus.

joy and praise, For Je - sus loved me so. 1. 'Twould be the sweet old sto - ry I
cept us now, Be - cause he loves us so. 2. & 3. 'Tis still the sweet, old sto - ry I
sto - ry still Our joy - ous souls will sing.

sing so soft and low, How Je - sus died for you and me, Be - cause he loved us so.

The Light of Life.

141

FLEMING.

1. High Priest a - bove! in heavenly tem - ple shin - ing, Light of the
2. Thou hast a - risen, but thou de - scend - est nev - er. Thou art the

world, there is no change in Thee, True Light of life, all joy and health en -
same, to - day shines as the past, All that thou wast, thou art, and shall be

shin - ing, Thou canst not fade a - way.
ev - er, Brightness from first to last.

3.
Night visits not the sky, nor storm, nor sadness,
In Thy bright glory day fills all the blue;
Unfailing beauty and unfaltering gladness,
And love forever new.

4.
Light of the world! undimining and unsetting,
True light of life, oh, shine each mist away!
Banish the fear, the sighing and the fretting,
Be our unchanging day.

L. E. CARPENTER.

J. E. M.

1. While I on earth a - bide, Light of the world, Be Thou my on - ly guide,
 2. I have been lur'd a - way, Light of the world, Far from Thy paths to stray,
 3. There is an an - gel band, Light of the world, They by Thy throne now stand,

Light of the world, Dan - ger a - lone I see, No hand outstretch'd to me,
 Light of the world, Like a bark tem - pest toss'd, Rud - der and com - pass lost,
 Light of the world, They sing the song of praise, Join in the heavenly lays,

Refrain

Save when I turn to Thee, O Light of the world. }
 'Till Thy beam o'er me cross'd, O Light of the world. } Shine on, shine on in glo - ry,
 There I my voice would raise, O Light of the world. }

Light of the world, O shine upon me, Shine on, shine on, till I thy glo-ry see! Light of the world, shine on.

Praises to our King.

REV. GODFREY THRING.

1. Sav-ior, bless-ed Sav-ior, Lis-ten while we sing, Hearts and voi-ces ris-ing, Prais-es to our King,
 2. Great and ev-er great-er, Are thy mer-cies here; True and ev-er last-ing, Are the glo-ries there,
 3. Clear-er still and clear-er, Dawns the light from heaven, In our sad-ness bring-ing, News of sins for-given,
 4. On-ward, ev-er on-ward, Journeying o'er the road, Worn by saints be-fore us, Journeying on to God,

All we have to of-fer, All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul and spir-it, All we yield to Thee.
 Where no pain or sor-row, Toil or care are known, When the an-gel leg-ions, Cir-cle round thy throne.
 Life has lost its shad-ows, Pure the light with-in, Thou hast shed thy radiance, On a world of sin.
 Leav-ing all be-hind us, May we has-ten on, Backward nev-er looking, 'Till the prize is won.

"Sing, Sing, Sing"

A Christmas Carol.

JAMES R. MURRAY.

Fast.

1. Sing, sing, sing, for the Christ - mas time is here;
2. Sing, sing, sing, let the sweet - est strains a - bound,

Sing sing, sing, send the mu - sic eve - ry - where,
Sing sing, sing, while peace and joy re - sound,

Now is come the time a - gain When an - gels o'er far Beth'-lem's plain, Sang
Let our song of earth u - nite, With the song of an - gels bright, To

"Sing, Sing, Sing."—Concluded.

145

Fine.

"Peace on earth, good will, good will to men"
 Him who is of earth and heaven the light.

Slow. Good will, good will, ech - o plain and hill,
 Praise him, praise him, eve - ry heart and voice,

Good will, good will, good will, good will ech - o val - ley, plain and hill, good
 Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him eve - ry, eve - ry heart and voice, praise

good will, good will,
 praise him, praise him,

D. C.

will, good will, good will, good will, Peace on earth, good will.
 him, praise him, praise him, praise him, Heaven and earth, re - joice.

The Gladsome Tidings.

M. E. SERVOS.
Con spirito.

ADAM GEIBEL, by per.

1. Hear ye now the glad - some tid - ings, Christ, the Prince of
2. Lo! the morn - ing star has ris - en, O'er a "dark and


peace draws near; Shout the news to ev' - ry na - tion,
ru - ined earth; And from out the heav'n - ly por - tals,

Chorus.

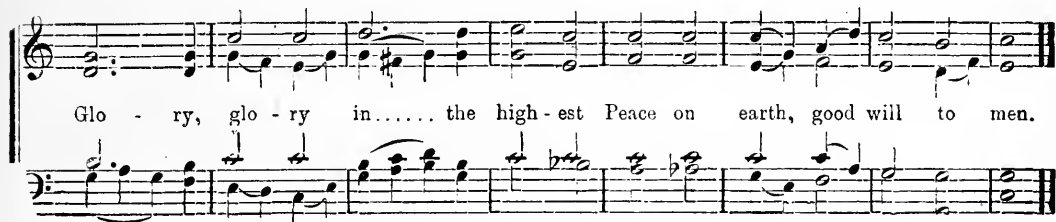
Till the world... is full of cheer. } Glo - ry, glo - ry
Is pro - claimed... a Sav - ior's birth. }

The Gladsome Tidings.—Concluded.

147



in the high - est, Hear the an - gels sing a - gain,



Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est Peace on earth, good will to men.

3.

Lift your heads, ye heavy hearted,
Shout for joy! ye captive souls;
Christ, the great Deliv'rer cometh;
How the heav'nly music rolls.

4.

Now the Lord of glory waiteth,
To redeem a world from sin;
Throw each heart's-door wide to greet him;
Bid the King Immanuel in.

Good Tidings!

G. F. WILSON.

1. Good tid - ings! good tid - ings! Ring out O Christ - mas bells, The old fa - mil - iar
 2. Good tid - ings! good tid - ings! It is the self - same strain, That once the ho - ly
 3. Good tid - ings! good tid - ings! The world is old and sad; We need the bless - ed

mu - sic still, O'er hill and low - land swells, Go twine the i - vy leaves and bay, The hol - ly's co - ral
 an - gels sang, To shep - herds on the plain— A song which brings the we - ry rest, And com - forts those who
 Christ - mas tide, To make us young and glad! To dark - ened eyes who saw through tears, Their earth - lights pale and

gem, And wel - come, Christ - ian hearts to day the babe of Beth - le - hem.
 mourn. The an - cient an - them ev - er blest—To us a child is born. } Christ - mas bells,
 die, This ho - ly ra - di - ances ap - pears "The day - spring from on high." }

rit. Chorus.

Good Tidings!—Concluded.

149

Christmas bells, O'er the hill and val - ley swells, Christmas bells, Christmas bells, Ring out mer - ri - ly Christmas bells.

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 (C). It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The New Year.

1. Tread soft - ly, slow - ly, thoughtfully, In the thresh - old of the year,
 2. Ev - er seek - ing, striv - ing, win - ing, Lift thy thoughts to Heaven a bove,
 3. Thus while work - ing, wait - ing, pray - ing, Days and months glide swift - ly by,

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 (C). It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a '***' marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

March on - ward, brave - ly manful - ly, Till in glo - ry thou ap - pear.
 O! the Sav - ior trust - ing, lean - ing, As thy - self, thy neigh - bor love,
 We are ev - er mount - ing, soar - ing, To the crown of joy on high.

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 (C). It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The Ship Intemperance.

M. E. SERVOS.

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble."—Ps. 107: 13.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. A ship comes o - ver the sea of time, Freighted with hu - man souls; And
 2. All un - sea - wor - thy she left the port, Col - ors were fly - ing fair; A
 3. See how she bounds on the sunk - en rocks Car - ried be - fore the blast, A

out on the bil - lows dashing high The cry of their anguish rolls; The masts are broken, the
 sla - ver that buys up hu - man souls, And sells them to dark de - spair! The ship In - tem - per - ance
 ship that nev - er could breast a gale, She'll sink ere the storm is past, 'Tis on - ly God who can

rud - der gone, Sails are all tat - ter'd and torn, And high on the crest of roll - ing waves, The
 homeward bound, Freighted with vas - sals of drink! To whirlpools of woe she bears them on, Oh!
 bring to land, Shipwreck'd and per - ish - ing souls, He sure - ly will hear, so on the strand We'll

From "The Temperance Light" by per.

The Ship Intemperance.—Concluded.

151

Chorus.

ship toward the rocks is borne. must they, her vic-tims, sink. watch, as each break-er rolls. } Oh! pray to God, who a-lone can save, As you

never have pray'd before; But look to it well that you're ready to help, If a-ny should come ashore.

Temperance Bells.

M. E. SERVOS.

"Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph."—2 COR. 2: 14.

J. R. M., Nov., 1878.

Solo.

1. The glad bells of tem-prance are joy-ous-ly ring-ing Their sweet strains of tri-umph out on the clear air, While
2. And while the sweet bells are pro-claim-ing the sto-ry Of cap-tives set free from the bon-dage of woe, Our
3. Right bold-ly the tempt-er once ruled in high plac-es, While now like a cow-ard he lurks in his den; And

Temperance Bells.—Concluded.

souls, once in dark-ness, ho-san-nas are sing-ing, Thankgivi-ings of praise to the Hear-er of pray'r.
 hearts shall look back on the years that are hoar-y And num-ber our vic-to-ries o-ver the foe.
 in the near fu-ture the drink that de-bas-es Shall be all un-known to "the chil-dren of men."

Chorus.

Then lift up your voi-c-es in loud ex-ul-ta-tion, Ex-toll-ing the name of the Sav-ior and King; The

on-ly sure help in re-sist-ing temp-ta-tion; Oh! praise him till heav-en's blue arch-es shall ring.

By Per.

Daughters of Columbia.

(Temperance.)

153

M. E. SERVOSS.

"Hear my voice, ye careless daughters."—ISA. 32: 9.

J. R. M.

1. Shall des - o - la - tion al - ways rule Throughout our na - tive land? Is there no hu - man
2. Of small a - vail are pledge and badge, A - gainst the temp - ter's wile, For, lic - ensed with the
3. How shall we save our lit - tle ones, When on each bu - sy street The ser - pent coils in

Chorus.

pow'r to save The souls by drink un - manned? }
'right' to kill, 'Tis ea - sy to be - guile. } O Daugh - ters of Co - lum - bi - a! A -
man - y a - den, And finds a safe re - treat. }

rise! a - rise to - day! A - rise! to shield our own lov'd homes, And watch and strive and pray.

By Per.

M. E. SERVOS.

"Nor drunkards.....shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1 COR. 6: 10.

J. R. M.

1. No pearl-y gate on hinge of gold Shall ev - er swing a - jar for those Who just for drink their
 2. No heav'n-ly street with gold - en pave, Nor Tree of Life, with heal - ing leaves, Nor harp, nor crown hath
 3. No wel - come voice will greet his ear, From lov'd ones who have cross'd the strand, In vain they'll wait his
 4. Then hear the Fath - er's voice to - day, And, lest to - mor - row [prove too late, Make now thy choice, for -

Chorus.

birth-right sold, To heav'n-ly joy and sweet re - pose.
 been pre - par'd For one who thus the Mas - ter grieves. } O ye who tar - ry at the wine! Yet
 com - ing home; His eyes shall ne'er be - hold that land.
 sake the glass, And par - don seek at Mer - cy's gate.

think to see that land so fair, Re - mem - ber 'tis the word di - vine, No drunk - ard e'er shall en - ter there.

By Per.

Flower Voices.

155

Four girls and four boys. Girls each sing one verse; boys read Bible passage. Girls present offerings: 1. Vase of Roses.
2. Cross decked with Lillies. 3. Myrtle Crown. 4. Little Boy. Boys step to rear of girls with offerings of
1. Rosebush. 2. Lily-stalk. 3. Emblem of Peace. 4. Little Girl.

REV. W. G. HASKELL.

J. H. KURZENKNABE, by per.

1. Girl. Beau-ti - ful Rose, in fragrance so rare, Painted in col - ors bright,
2. " Beau-ti - ful Li - ly, whit-er than snow, Fair-est a-mong the flowers,
3. " Myr-tle, fit crown for an - gels art thou, Ne'er may thy glo - ry cease!
4. " Beau-ti - ful buds of life's ten-der spring, Flowers of sum - mer - time,
5. For all. Ros-es and Li - lies, fragrant and rare, Myr-tle from na - ture's wild,

Born of the sun and pure gladsome air,
Hast thou a mess - age we ought to know?
Tell of the sword made in - to the plow,
Blos - soms of home, your mes - sa - ges bring,
None are so pure and wondrously fair,

Fed by the dews of night,
Speak to these hearts of ours;
Tell of the reign of peace,
Whispering in tones sub - lime;
Fair and pure as a child;

Thou art the Fath - er's child, and we
See how the Li - ly bows her head,
Weep o'er the sac - red blood that flows,
What said the Christ of child - ren dear,
All may the Fath - er's wis - dom prove,

Ask what the Fath - er said thro' thee,
Whisper - ing but what Je - sus said,
Tell of the prom - ised end of woes,
What said the Christ when he was here,
On - ly his chil - dren taste his love,

Ask what the Father said thro' thee.
Whispering but what Je - sus said.
Tell of the promised end of woes.
What said the Christ when he was here?
On - ly his children taste his love.

1st. Boy. Read after first verse.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the Rose."—Isaiah 35: 1.

2nd. "Consider the Lilies, how they grow; they toil not, they spin not, and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you. Oh ye of little faith."—Luke 12: 27, 28.

3rd. "Instead of the thorn shall come up

the fir-tree, and instead of the briar, shall there come up the Myrtle tree, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Isaiah 55: 13, & 2: 4.

4th. "Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted, and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whoso, therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven, and whoso shall receive such little child in my name, receiveth me."—Mathew 18: 3-5.

O Call Upon the Lord.

(For concerts and other occasions.)

COSTA.

Earnestly. Solo for either voice, Alto, Treble, Tenor, Bass, or all in unison.

O call up-on the Lord, All ye who love his name, With heart and voice his love pro-

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in a single staff with a bass clef, sharing the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

claim; Praise him in song, Its strains prolong, The Lord is great, the Lord is good.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are consistent with the first system. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise the Lord of Glo-ry, Praise Him, Praise Him, Praise the Lord, the *Mighty One*,

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are consistent with the previous systems. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

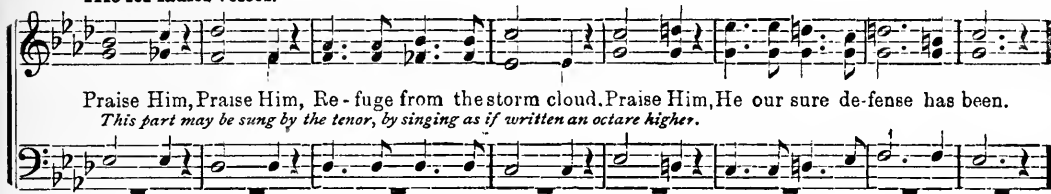
O Call Upon the Lord.—Concluded.

157



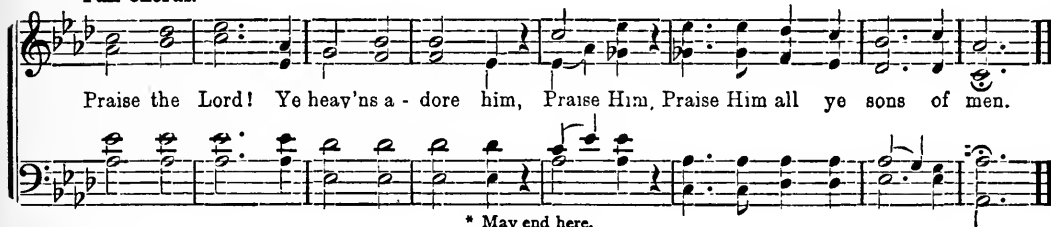
Un - to Him give Ad - o - ra - tion, Praise Him, Praise for all His love hath done.

Trio for ladies voices.



Praise Him, Praise Him, Re - fuge from the storm cloud. Praise Him, He our sure de - fense has been.
This part may be sung by the tenor, by singing as if written an octave higher.

Full Chorus.



Praise the Lord! Ye heav'ns a - dore him, Praise Him, Praise Him all ye sons of men.

* May end here.

Happy in God's Sunlight!

M. E. SERVOS.

S. W. STRAUB.*

Cheerful

1. Hap - py in God's sun - light, Trust - ing in his shade, Bow - ing meek - ly 'neath the rod,
 2. Faith - ful is the prom - ise, Of a Fath - er's love, Ten - der - ly He leads me on
 3. Gent - ly doth He guide me In the nar - row way, Towards the land of peace and joy,
 4. And a glo - rious man - sion, Beau - ti - ful and bright, Waits my com - ing home to rest,

Chorus.

When on me it's laid.
 To my home a - bove.
 Towards the end - less day,
 In the land of light.

Thus I jour - ney, day by day, Know - ing who di -

rects my way; For the Lord, who cares for me, Suf - fers naught that should not be.

From "Crown of Glory," by per.

Why Yet Delay ?

159

E. A. H.

J. H. T.

1. Come, sin - ner, come! Why yet de - lay? Cease from thy sins;
 2. Come. sin - ner, come! Why lon - ger roam? Come, make to - day
 3. Come, sin - ner, come! Why will you die! Why still de - lay?

CHORUS.

Come, come to - day.
 Heav - en thy home. The Spir - it and the Bride say, come! The spir - it and the
 Desr sin - ner, why?

Bride say, come! Come, sin - ner, come! The spir - it and the bride say, come!

Take up Thy Cross Daily.

GEO. F. CROOK.

Con espressivo.

1. Je - sus, I my Cross have taken, All to leave and fol - low Thee; Na - ked, poor, des -
 2. Go then, earth - ly fame and treasure, Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain, In Thy ser - vice
 3. Man may trou - ble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast; Life with tri - als
 4. Thus I haste from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer, Heaven's e - ter - nal

pired, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be. Let the world des - pise and leave me, they have
 pain is pleasure; With Thy fav - our, loss is gain. I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Father," I have
 hard may press me, Heaven will give me sweeter rest, Oh, 'us not in grief to harm me, While Thy
 day be - fore me; Thine own hand shall guide me there! Soon shall close my earth - ly mission, Soon shall

left my Sav - ior too; Hu - man hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them, un - true.
 set my heart on Thee; Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.
 love is left to me; Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Where that joy un - blest by Thee.
 pass my pil - grim days, Hope shall change to glad fru - ition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Let me be Near to Thee.

161

M. V. B.

REV. 21: 23—ISA. 26: 3—COL. 3: 3.

BELLE.

1. Let me be near to Thee, God of my life; So shall I
 2. Draw me so near to Thee, God of my life; That cloud nor
 3. Let me be hid in Thee. God of my life; Then heaven - ly

'scape earth's dross, Tum - ult and strife; Let me be near to Thee,
 mist shall fall, With doubt - ing rife, Be - tween thy rad - iant brow,
 har - mon - y, Shall end all strife, All sounds thou can'st not bear,

And thus thy glo - ry see, 'Then lost the world will be, *In thy pure light.* REV. 21: 23.
 And my soul bend - ing low, Filled to the ov - er-flow, *With Thine own life.* ISA. 26: 3.
 All joys thou can'st not share, All loves that bring des-pair, *End - ed for life.* COL. 3: 3.

1. Faith-ful, faith - ful is He that hath prom-ised, Faith-ful is He, Faith-ful is He.
2. Faith-ful, faith - ful is He that hath prom-ised, Faith-ful is He, Faith-ful is He.

Duet. **Double Duet.**

Nev - er one word He has promised shall fail, Mountains may sink and the sun-light grow pale.
Trust in His prom-is - es, trust and be strong, He is our God and He can-not do wrong.

Chorus.

Faith-ful is He! Faith-ful is He! True to the end shall His prom-is - es be.

All I Leave to Follow Thee.

163

Words and Music by ABBY NEWHALL EVERETT.

1. Je - sus Sav-ior bless'd Redeem - er, All I leave to fol - low Thee ev - er - more, What to me is earth - ly
 2. Je - sus Sav-ior bless'd Redeem - er, What care I if all for - sak - en I be, Since Thou lov'st me and will
 3. Je - sus Sav-ior bless'd Redeem - er, Thou art lead - ing me o'er life's troubled deep, May my foot - steps nev - er

grand - eur, When I've Thee whom I a - dore, I will sing Thy prais - es ev - er,
 have me, Since my God Thou lead - est me, Oh what peace and heaven - ly com - fort,
 fal - ter, Help me Thou my faith to keep. I will doubt Thy mer - cy nev - er,

'Till I reach the heavenly shore; Je - sus Sav-ior bless'd Redeem - er, Thee I'll fol - low ev - er - more.
 Grace and joy I find in Thee, Je - sus Sav-ior bless'd Redeem - er, Thou my hope and joy shall be.
 Thou wilt guide me to the shore; Je - sus Sav-ior bless'd Redeem - er, Thee I'll fol - low ev - er - more.

Early the Savior Seek.

Words and music by

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

1. Now, ere the sunny morn of life is o'er, Walk with the ho - ly to the Shin-ing Shore;
 2. What tho' a warfare is the Christian's life? Christ will defend you on the field of strife;
 3. Now, ere the ten-der heart is hard and cold, En - ter with hap-py hearts the Shepherd's fold;
 4. But go with broken heart to Je-sus' cross. Then, when the stream of death shall foam and toss,

Je - sus will fold you to his lov - ing heart, When you are willing with your sins to part.
 What tho' a heavy cross may press you down? Soon shall you change it for a glorious crown.
 Tho' now His call is sounding loud and clear, Soon will it faint-ly fall up - on the ear.
 He in His faithful arms will bear you o'er, And with a song of joy you'll reach the shore.

Chorus.

Come, children, yield your hearts, Come, oh, come; Come ere your youth departs, Come, oh, come;

Early the Savior Seek.—Concluded.

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Now is the favored time, Be wise to - day; Ear - ly, the Sav - ior seek, No more de - lay.

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Arise, ye Children! C. M.

CHARLES L. WALKER.

Allegro.

1. A - rise, ye chil - dren! and a - dore! Ex - ult - ing strike the chord! Let
2. Je - sus, our Lord as - cends on high! His heav'n - ly guards a - round, At -

The musical score is in 2/4 time and consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody, and the bass staff contains the piano accompaniment.

all the earth from shore to shore, Con - fess th' almighty Lord, Con - fess th' almighty Lord.
tend him ris - ing through the sky, With trum - pets joy - ful sound! With trumpets joy - ful sound.

The musical score continues with the treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

ANNIE HERBERT.

J. R. M.

1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor, From the beau - ty of the hills, And the
 2. If we are in hu - man blind-ness, And for - get that we are dust; If we
 3. When the sil - ver mist has veiled us, From the fac - es of our own, Oft we
 4. When the mists have risen a - bove us, As our Fath - er knows His own, Face to

sun-shine, warm and ten - der, Falls in kiss - es on the rills; We may read love's shining
 miss the law of kind-ness, When we struggle to be just; Snow - y wings of peace shall
 deem their love has failed us, And we tread our paths a - lone; We should see them near and
 face, with those that love us, We shall know as we are known; Love, beyond the ori-ent

let - ter, In the rain - bow of the spray. We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the
 cov - er, All the plain that hides a - way, When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the
 tru - ly, We should trust them day by day; Neith - er love nor blame un - du - ly, If the
 meadows, Floats the gold - en fringe of day; Heart to heart, we hide the shad - ows, Till the

When the Mists Have Cleared Away.—Concluded.

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mists have cleared away. We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
 mists have cleared away. When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
 mists were cleared away. Neither love nor blame un - du - ly, If the mists were cleared away.
 mists have cleared away. Heart to heart we bide the shad - ows, Till the mists have cleared away.

Is There Rest in Jesus?

E. A. H.
Slowly.

J. K. COLB.

1. Is there rest in Je - sus, Rest for me? Can he from my heart - pain Set me free?
 2. Will he wash my spir - it From its stain? Will he make his home there, There re - main?
 3. Will he cease my sigh - ing For re - lief? Will he stay my cry - ing And my grief?

Refrain.

Yes, there's rest in Je - sus Sweet, sweet rest, He will heal the sor - rows In thy breast.

Chanting style.

1. An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Ech - oes thro' the blue dome ring - ing,
 2. Now, be - neath us all the griev - ing, All the wound - ed spir - its heav - ing,
 3. Sin for - ev - er left be - hind us, Earth - ly vis - ions cease to blind us,
 4. Soft est voic - es, sil - ver peal - ing, Fresh - est fra - grance, spir - it heal - ing,
 5. Not a tear - drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas - ure ev - er pall - eth,
 6. Christ him - self the liv - ing splen - dor, Christ the sun - light mild and ten - der,

Refrain.

News of won - drous glad - ness bring - ing, Ah! tis heaven at last.
 All the woe of hopes de - ceiv - ing, Ah! tis heaven at last.
 Fleth ly fet - ters cease to bind us, Ah! tis heaven at last.
 Hap - py hymns a - round us steal - ing, Ah! tis heaven at last.
 Song to song for - ev - er call - eth, Ah! tis heaven at last.
 Prais - es to the Lamb we ren - der, Ah! tis heaven at last.

Heaven at last! Heaven at last!

An - gel voic - es sweet - ly sing - ing, Heaven at last! Heaven at last! News of wondrous gladness bring - ing.

All the Way Home.

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M. E. SERVOSS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

p Slow and with Feeling.

mf

1. All the way home, All the way home, Broad roads to tempt them, And feet that would stray,
 2. All the way home, All the way home, Climbing life's mountains, All thorn-clad and steep;
 3. All the way home, All the way home, Near-ing the por-tals Of glo - ry and rest;

cres. *dim.* **Chorus. *ff***

How shall earth's pilgrims, To wan-der so prone, Walk in the heav-en-ly way.
 Onward and upward, Through sun-light and glo-om, Jesus his children will keep. } God's love is
 Cheerful and joy-ous; What-ev-er may come, Knowing that God's ways are best.

dim. *pp rit.*

ov - er them, His hand it leadeth them, Gently and lov-ing-ly, All the way home, All the way home.

O Sweet and Wondrous Promise.

ISAIAH 26: 3.

J. R. M.

1. O sweet and wondrous promise, In per - fect peace to rest! A - mid life's storms to be By
 2. We are so help-less, Lord, Thou art all power and might, Our path is oft - en dreary, Be
 3. Thy pro-mise is our hope, Thy pres-ence is our light; With-out Thee all is dark, The

God's love blest, A joy all joys a - bove, Sweet, heavenly peace, un-known Ex -
 thou our light, We have no hope but Thee; Oh leave us not a - lone, Till
 noon - day night. Then stay our minds on Thee, Save us, thou God of love, Let

Refrain.

cept to those who trust, In God a - lone. } Thou wilt keep him in per-fect peace, Whose
 life's brief day is o'er, Still guard Thine own. }
 Thy hand lead us on To joys a - bove. }

mind is stayed on Thee, Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, Whose mind is stayed on Thee.

Jesus to Thy Dear Arms I Flee.

(To the "Home for Little Wanderers," Boston, Mass.)

J. R. M

Quietly.

1. Je - sus, to thy dear arms I flee, I have no oth - er help but Thee;
 2. Je - sus, I'll try my cross to bear, I'll fol - low Thee and nev - er fear;
 3. Je - sus, I can - not see Thee here, Yet still I know Thou'rt ver - y near;
 4. And, now, dear Je - sus, I am Thine, Oh be Thou ev - er, ev - er mine;

For Thou dost suf - fer me to come, Oh take a lit - tle wan - d'rer home.
 From Thy dear fold I would not roam; Oh take a lit - tle wan - d'rer home.
 Oh say my sins are all for - given, And I shall dwell with Thee in heaven.
 And let me nev - er, nev - er roam, From Thee, the lit - tle wan - d'rer's home.

God is my Strong Salvation.

Arranged from MOZART.

Spirited.

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion, What foe have I to fear, In
 2. Tho' host's en - comp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand, What

darkness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my Help is near, my Help is near, my Help is
 ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand, at my right hand, at my right

near, My strong sal - va - tion, My strong sal - va - tion,
 hand, At my right hand, At my right hand,

God is my Strong Salvation.—Concluded.

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God is my strong sal - va - tion, What foe have I to fear. } God is my strong sal -
 What ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand. }

va - tion, What foe have I to fear, In dark - ness and temp - ta - tion, My

Light, my Help is near, My Help is near, My Help is near.

I Will Open the Door.

M. STRAUB.

J. R. MURRAY. *

1. Hear the Sav-ior pleading tell, "I would show my love for thee, Glad-ly I with thee would
2. Shall my sins and worldly care, Fill my heart with doubt and gloom? Grant me, Lord, thy presence
3. Be enthron'd within my heart, I will let my i - dols go; Sav-ior, now thy bliss im -

D. C. I will ope the door for thee, Come to me, Oh, come to me, Yes, there's room dear Lord for

Fine.

dwell, But thou hast no room for me." Oh, my Sav - ior, must I own That I
rare, Come, my Sav - ior, there is room; Bring me thy sal - va - tion, bring, Come, and
part, Oh, that I thy love might know! I would feel the heal - ing tide Of thine

Thee, Come, O, come and dwell with me.

ban - ish none but thee? For this sin I now a - tone, Come, O come and dwell with me.
set me free from sin, To thy mer - cies I would cling, I will free - ly let thee in.
own e - ter - nal love; Come and e'er with me a - bide. Fit me for thy home a - bove.

D. C.

* From "Crown of Glory," by per.

Behold what Manner of Love,

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JOHN III: I.

(Children's Sentence.)

J. B. M.

Be-hold what man-ner of love, Be-hold what man-ner of love, The Fath - er hath be -

stowed on us, the Fath - er hath bestowed on us, that we, that we should be call - ed, that

we, that we should be call - ed the *Sons of God*, the *Sons of God*, the *Sons of God*.

Dearer than Heaven,

M. E. SERVOS.

At an hour when ye think not.—St. LUKE 12: 40.

A. GEIBEL.

With Tenderness.

1. It may be He'll come in the morn-ing, When the sun-beams are greet-ing the
2. It may be He'll come in the noon-time, When the spir - it is burd-ened with

flowers, And the heart is o'er flow - ing with glad - ness, That thrills through life's earli - er
care; And the souls that should al-ways be wait - ing, For - get for the Lord to pre -

Refrain.

hours. } And so I will strive to be read - y, For His com-ing, when e'er it may
pare. }

be, For His welcoming smile of ap - pro-val, Will be dear - er than heaven to me. For His

wel - com-ing smile of ap - pro-val, Will be dear - er than heav-en to me.

3. It may be He'll come in the evening,
 When the sun has gone down in the west,
 When the toiler has ceased from his labor,
 And song-birds are seeking their rest.

4. It may be He'll come at life's midnight,
 When the weary soul longs for its rest,
 And the years, once so joyous and happy,
 With seed-time and *harvest* have blest.

MISS FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

In the D. C. repeat the 1st four lines of each verse.

J. R. M.

1. Is it for me, dear Sav-ior, Thy glo-ry and Thy rest! For me so weak and
 2. Is it for me to lis-ten, To Thy be-lov-ed voice; And hear its sweet-est
 3. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Sav-ior, My heart is at Thy feet, I'll bless Thee and I'll
 4. I'll see Thee in Thy beau-ty, Be-hold Thee face to face; Be-hold Thee in Thy

sin-ful, Oh, shall I be so blest, Is it for me to see Thee, In
 mu-sic, Bid ev-en me re-joice? Is it for me, Thy wel-come, Thy
 love Thee, And Thee I long to meet, A thrill of sol-emn glad-ness, Has
 glo-ry, And know Thy smile of grace, And be with Thee for-ev-er, And

all Thy glo-rious grace, And gaze in end-less rap-ture, On Thy be-lov-ed face.
 gra-cious "En-ter in?" For me Thy "Come ye bless-ed?" For me so full of sin?
 hushed My ver-y heart, To think that I shall real-ly, Be-hold Thee as Thou art.
 nev-er grieve Thee more, Dear Sav-ior I must praise Thee, And lov-ing-ly a-dore.

D. C.

Thy Rod and Staff.

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MRS. A. L. CUMMINGS.

J. R. M.

1. When traveling to my heavenly home, Sor-row and trou-ble oft I see, In haste un-to Thy
 2. When dear loved friends are called to go, And dwell be-side the crys-tal sea, I seek Thee then, for
 3. When waves of bit-ter anguish roll, From which I find no way to flee, Then lift-ing up my

Refrain.

word I come, Thy rod and staff, they com-fort me. }
 well I know, Thy rod and staff, they com-fort me. } They com-fort me, they com-fort me, Thy
 wea-ry soul, Thy rod and staff, they com-fort me. }

rod and staff, they com-fort me, What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Thy rod and staff, they com-fort me.

Only a Sinner.

M. E. SERVOSS.

I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.—MATT. 7: 13.

BELL.

1. 'Twas on - ly a [sin-ner, When Je - sus passed by, Who plead that the Sav-ior, Would answer his
 2. 'Twas on - ly a sin-ner, Who plead from the cross, That Christ would remember, His soul in its
 3. 'Tis on - ly a sin-ner, Who lifts up to - day, A heart of con - tri - tion While striving to

cry. And Christ in his mer-cy, Saw darkness within, And pit-ied the blindness, And pardoned the sin.
 dross, 'Twas on - ly a sin-ner, Who cried in despair, But Je - sus remembered And answered his prayer.
 pray, But Je - sus is waiting Oh wonder - ful grace, All sadness to ban - ish All sin to ef - face.

Refrain.

'Tis on - ly a sin - ner, But Je - sus re - cieves, The vil - est of sinners Who humbly believes.

A Song for Jesus.

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M. E. SERVOSS.

Sing forth the honor of his name, make his praise glorious.—Psa. 66: 2.

J. R. M.

1. A song, a song for Je - sus, My heart would sing to - day, As o'er life's rugged path-way, He
 2. A song, a song for Je - sus, My Sav-ior and my King, For they who know his mer - cy, Must
 3. A song, a song for Je - sus, Oh ye, who love the Lord. Lift up your hearts with rapture, And

Refrain.

guides me lest I stray; My feet from falling he doth hold, And leads me toward his heavenly fold.
 of his goodness sing, His love attends me day by day, And keeps me in the nar-row way. } Lift
 sing with sweet accord; And to a dy - ing world proclaim, The saving power of Je - sus' name. }

up, lift up your voic - es! With ex - ult - a - tion sing! Till all the world shall shout the praise, Of Zion's glorious King.

I Know He Liveth.

M. E. SERVOS.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.—JOB 19: 25.

BELLE.

1. I know the great Re - deem - er, Who died my soul to save, Is reign - ing now in
 2. I know that he is plead - ing For sin - ners such as I, And through his in - ter -
 3. I know if I but trust him, Through all my fut - ure years, The hand that leads me
 4. My heart shall seek his glo - ry, My lips his praise pro - claim, Till eve - ry tongue and

Chorus.

glo - ry, A vic - tor o'er the grave.
 ees - sion, My soul shall dwell on high. } I know, I know he liv - eth, The
 home - ward, Will wipe a - way my tears.
 na - tion, Ex - alt his ho - ly name. }

giv - er of all grace, And in the land e - ter - nal, I shall be - hold his face.

O for the Mind of Jesus.

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Arr. from REV. W. T. SLEEPER.

BELL.

1. O for the mind of Je - sus, His love and gen - tle - ness, His
 2. O bless - ed mind of Je - sus, O love be - yond com - pare, I

grace and sweet compas - sion, His pit - y for dis - tress. O for the mind of Je - sus, His
 can - not know its full - ness, But this shall be my prayer; "His spirit, meek and low - ly, His
MATT. 14: 14.

faith - ful - ness and zeal, His pa - tience and His mer - cy. His love for all men's weal.
 sweet hu - mil - i - ty, His pur - pose, high and ho - ly, O give them, Lord to me."
LUKE 8: 52.
 1 COR. 2: 16.

1. { I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home, } Dan - ger and sor - row stand,
 { Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home, }

Round me on eve - ry hand, Heav'n is my fath - er - land, Heav'n is my home.

2. What though the tempests rage,
 Heaven is my home,
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Time's cold and wintery blast,
 Soon will be over-past;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.
3. There at my Savior's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified—
 Heaven is my home;
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I love most and best,
 And there, I too shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

2d Hymn. *

1. Jesus, Thy name I love,
 All other names above,
 Jesus my Lord,
 Oh, Thou art all to me,
 Nothing to please I see,
 Nothing apart from Thee,
 Jesus my Lord.
2. Thou blessed Son of God,
 Hast bought me with Thy blood,
 Jesus my Lord.
 Oh, how great is Thy love,
 All other loves above,
 Love that I daily prove,
 Jesus my Lord.

3. Then unto Thee I flee,
 Whom wilt my refuge be,
 Jesus my Lord,
 What need I now to fear?
 What earthly grief or care?
 Since Thou art ever near?
 Jesus my Lord.
4. Soon Thou wilt come again,
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus my Lord,
 Then Thine own face I see,
 Then I shall like Thee be,
 Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus my Lord.

* Tune "Olivet."

1. In the cross of Christ I [glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time,

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

1st. Hymn.

2. When the woes of life o'er take me,
Hope deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming,
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross, the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all times abide.
5. In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2d. Hymn.

1. Look ye saints the sight is glorious,
See the man of sorrows now,
From the fight return victorious,
Every knee, to him shall bow.
2. Crown the Savior, Angels, crown him,
Rich the trophies Jesus brings,
In the seat of power enthrone him,
Crown the Savior king of Kings.
3. Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking there the Savior's claim,
Saints and angels crowd around him.
Own his title, praise his name.
4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation,
Hark, those loud triumphant chords,
Jesus takes the highest station,
King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

3d. Hymn.

1. Crown his head with endless blessings,
Who, in God the Fathers name,
With compassions never ceasing,
Comes salvation to proclaim.
2. Lo! Jehovah, we adore thee,
Thee our Savior, thee our God,
From his throne his beams of glory,
Shine through all the world abroad.
3. Jesus, thee our Savior hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.
4. Now ye saints his power confessing,
In your grateful strains adore;
For his mercy, never ceasing
Flows and flows forever more.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come and make my paths your choice;
 2. Hith - er come! for here is found, Balm that flows for - ev - 'ry wound;

I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry wand - 'rer, hith - er come!
 Peace that ev - er shall en - dure. Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

2d Hymn.

1. Depths of mercy can there be,
 Mercy still reserved for me,
 Can my God his wrath forbear,
 Me, the child of sinners spare.
2. I have scorned the Son of God,
 Trampled on his precious blood,
 Would not harken to his call,
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
3. Lord incline me to repent,
 Let me now my fall lament
 Deeply my revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more,
4. Still for me the Savior stands,
 Shews his wounds and spreads his hands,
 God is love, I know, I feel,
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

3d. Hymn.

1. Stealing from the world away,
 We are come to seek thy face;
 Kindly meet us, Lord we pray,
 Grant us thy reviving grace.
2. Yonder stars that gild the sky,
 Shine but with a borrowed light,
 We, unless thy light be nigh,
 Wander wrapped in gloomy night.
3. Sun of righteousness! despel
 All our darkness, doubt and fear,
 May thy light within us dwell,
 'Till eternal day appear.
4. Warm our hearts in prayer and praise
 Lift our every thought above,
 Hear the grateful songs we raise,
 Fill us with thy perfect love.

SHULTZ.

1. I would love Thee, God and Fath-er! My Re-deem-er, and my King,

I would love Thee for with-out Thee, Life is but a bit-ter thing.

1st. Hymn.

2. I would love thee, every blessing,
Flows to me from out Thy throne;
I would love Thee, he who loves Thee,
Never feels himself alone.
3. I would love Thee, look upon me,
Ever guide me with Thine eye;
I would love Thee, if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.
4. I would love Thee, may Thy brightness,
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love Thee may Thy goodness,
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.
5. I would love Thee, I have vowed it,
On Thy love my heart is set;
While I love Thee, I will never,
My Redeemer's blood forget.

2d. Hymn.

1. Take my heart, oh Father, take it,
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it,
This proud heart of sin and stone.
2. Father make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace and far from strife;
Turning from the paths unholy,
Of this vain and sinful life.
3. Ever let thy grace surround it
Strengthen it with power divine,
Till thy cords of love have bound it,
Make it to be wholly thine.
4. May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven,
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

Doxology.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the lamb, our expiation,
Praise the Spirit from above,
Praise the fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live,
Undivided adoration,
To the one Jehovah give!

1. This wand'ring wayward soul Need - eth a love like thine; A love like thine, O

Lamb of God, Need - eth a soul like mine.

2. Thy fulness, Son of God,
Thus needy maketh thee;
Thy glory. O thou glorious One,
Seeketh its rest in me.
3. It was thy need of me
That brought thee from above,
It is my need of thee, O Lord,
That draws me to thy love.

2d Hymn. S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And Oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

3d Hymn. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.

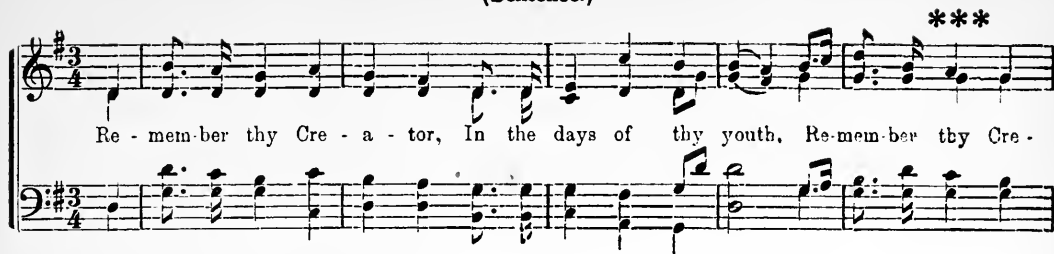
4th Hymn. S. M.

1. Once more, before we part,
Oh bless the Savior's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
2. Still on thy holy word,
We'll live and feed and grow;
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practise what we know.

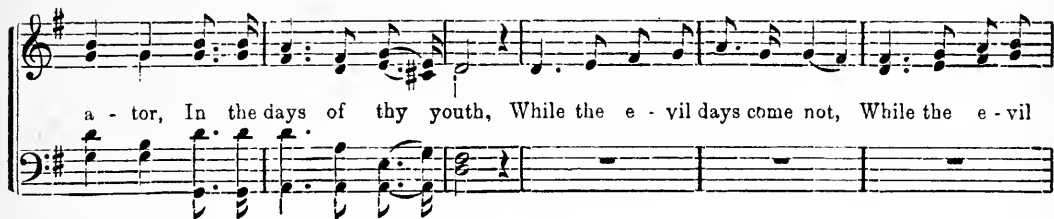
Remember thy Creator.

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(Sentence.)



Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, In the days of thy youth, Re - mem - ber thy Cre -



a - tor, In the days of thy youth, While the e - vil days come not, While the e - vil



days come not, Re - mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, In the days of thy youth.

Lord, Come Away.

J. R. M.

Faith and hope song.

1. Hand and foot are wea - ry, Brow and eye are wea - ry, Heart and soul are
 2. Lone - ly hearts are sing - ing, Loy - al souls are cling - ing, To the light up -
 3. 'Tis no time for dream - ing, See the day - stars gleam - ing, Thro' the dark - ness

wea - ry, Lord, come a - way! Years are swift - ly fly - ing, Heaven and earth are
 spring - ing, Lord, come a - way! Calm mid - night winds blow - ing; Long has faith been
 steal - ing, Lord, come a - way! Sounds the last long thun - der, Bursts the day of

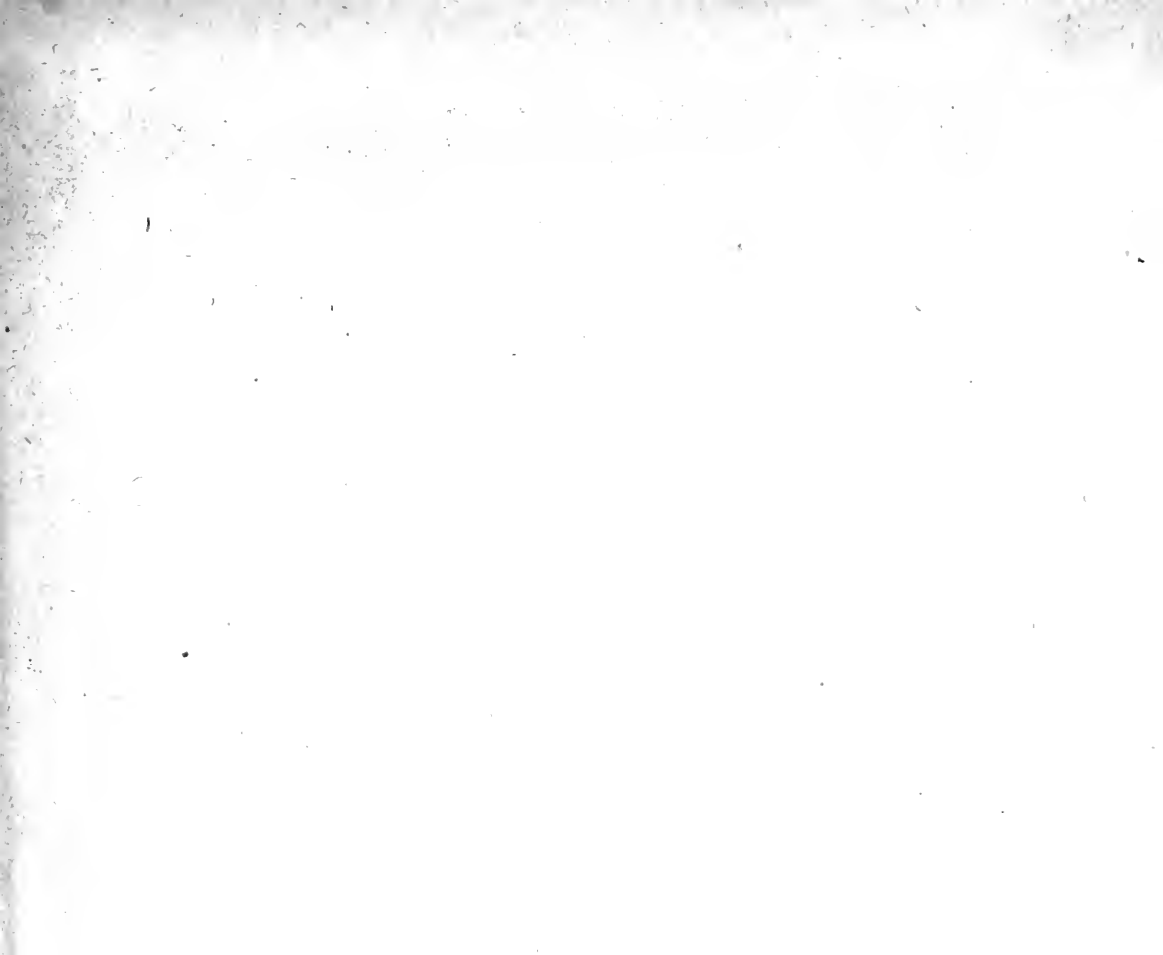
sigh - ing, And Thy Church is cry - ing, Lord, come a - way.
 sow - ing, See the life seed grow - ing, Lord, come a - way..
 won - der, Glo - ry, glad - ness yon - der! Lord, come a - way.

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