

THE

SOFTS
SCHOOL

FOR

Sabbath School AND Praise Service
BY
J. E. WHITE.

OAKLAND, CAL.:

Pacific Press Publishing House,
Castro and 12th Streets.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.:

Review and Herald Publishing House,
West Main Street.

SCA
1881
c.1



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Calvin College

<http://www.archive.org/details/songanchorchoice00whit>

SONG ANCHOR,

A CHOICE COLLECTION

—OF—

Favorites for Sabbath School and Praise Service.

—BY—

J. E. White.

OAKLAND, CAL.:
PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING HOUSE,
1059 Castro Street.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.:
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING HOUSE,
West Main Street.

PREFACE.

IN preparing a new song book for the Sabbath School the object has been two-fold: First, to present a collection of music which by merit has become popular throughout the entire world; Second, to add to this a collection of new music which is equal to the best.

Not only is the SONG ANCHOR adapted to Sabbath-School use, but it contains a large proportion of gospel songs which will meet the wants of revival meetings and praise service. It is also especially adapted to the home circle and the prayer meeting.

To guide in the examination of the book, attention is called to the following pages:

NEW MUSIC—3, 4, 8, 11, 14, 26, 30, 42, 52, 56, 62, 64, 66, 74, 78, 79, 87, 96, 105, 113, 114, 126, 128, 145.

ANNIVERSARY SONGS—35, 46, 110, 116.

TEMPERANCE SONGS—150, 152.

OLD FAVORITES—6, 9, 10, 12, 16, 18, 21, 22, 24, 33, 40, 44, 57, 60, 68, 76, 77, 82, 83, 84, 86, 98, 100, 106, 112, 118, 136, 142.

Among the Authors to whom we are indebted for much of the excellent music in this book, we would mention

D. S. HAKES,	WM. B. BRADBURY,	W. O. PERKINS,	WM. F. SHERWIN,	MR. & MRS.	HERMAN D. CLARKE,	
P. P. BLISS,	W. H. DOANE,	T. C. O'KANE,	A. A. GRALEY,	JOHN P. MORGAN,		W. J. BOSTWICK.
R. LOWRY.	E. A. PERKINS,	S. J. VAIL,	WM. G. FISCHER,	J. H. FILLMORE,		

Especially are we indebted to Messrs. D. S. HAKES and F. E. BELDEN, for the variety of original, stirring words and music, contributed by them.

To all lovers of good music for the Sabbath School, Praise Service and Family Circle, the SONG ANCHOR is respectfully dedicated.

COMPILER.

SONG ANCHOR

JOYFUL GREETING

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 Welcome, welcome, mer-ry welcome, Joy-ful greeting bring we all. Let our songs of gladness rising, Meet the blessings as they fall.
2 Grateful, grateful songs to Jesus Rise from hearts so true and strong: We will seek the lost and straying, Bid them join our hap-py throng.
3 Wak - en, wak-en, mer-ry voi-ces, Sing the praises of our King; While all nature glad, re-joi-ces, Let our welcome chorus ring.

CHORUS.

Last verse.

Oh, be joy - ful ! joy-ful ev - er, Shout his prais-es, ceas-ing nev - er! In the Lord be glad and joy-ful ! Ev-er, ev - er - more. A - men.

joyful ! joyful !

ever, ever,

Copyrighted 1878 by J. E. WHITE.

THE SONG ANCHOR.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 Hail! oh lit - tle Chris - tian sail - or, Hail the day that God has blest; Cast your an - chor for a
 2 Hope a - bid - ing is our an - chor, Song the sil - ver ca - ble strong; And when dark'ning storm clouds

mo - ment, from all earth - ly cares to rest. There's a bet - ter land be - fore us, And if
 gath - er, Use your an - chor and your song; For the wea - ry lit - tle sail - or, On the

hope is sure and strong, Faith can view the peace - ful ha - ven, And can hear the ran - somed song.
 toss - ing sea of life, Oft - en needs a faith - ful ref - uge, Lest he per - ish in the strife.

THE SONG ANCHOR. (Concluded.)

REFRAIN.

Up! a - rouse thee! watch and pray; Hoist the sail and speed a - way;

Up! a - rouse thee! watch and pray and pray; Hoist the sail and speed a - way;

way; Yonder lies the heav'n-ly bay; Hoist the anch - or, speed a - way.

way a - way; Yon - der lies the heav'n-ly bay

3 Little hearts have little anchors,
 Little hopes within each breast;
 Hopes to gain the Christian's haven,
 Where the children, too, find rest.
 And when glides our bark so peaceful,
 Brighten them with prayer and song;
 Polished hopes are sharpened anchors,
 To the soul both sure and strong.
 Up! arouse thee! &c.

4 Waken, little Christian voyager!
 Set the helm for yonder star;
 Through the heav'nly portals gleaming,
 Through the gates that stand ajar;
 For the bark that's always drifting
 At the mercy of the tide,
 Never gains the peaceful harbor,
 Far across the waters wide.
 Up! arouse thee! &c.

GOD OUR COMMANDER.

A. B. B.

From ROYAL SONGS, by permission.

A. B. BRAODON.

1 Shout a - loud, Ho - san - na! Fling a - broad our ban - ner, While we march, so glad - ly sing - ing,
 2 Dark the way he - fore us, But the heav - ens o'er us Seem to lend their myr - iad lights to
 3 Then with faith un - sha - ken, Ev - ery power a - wak - ing, From the path of life our feet shall

to Im-man-uel's land; Ne'er a foe shall harm us, No at - tack a - larm us, Till we pitch our tent up - on the
 guide us to the land; And his word shall cheer us, Tho' the foe be near us, For we know if faith - ful great is
 nev - er, nev - er, stray; With his hand to guide us, With his love be - side us, God is our Com - mand - er, and he

heavenly strand. Tho' the conflict ra - ges, we will still be strong, Trusting in our Saviour as we march along.
 our re - ward. Tread we then with hearts of joy the heav'nly way, Thro' the sul - try noon and evening's shadows gray.
 leads the way, Gladly then the path he leads we'll fol - low on, Trusting in his guidance till the warfare's done.

GOD OUR COMMANDER. (Concluded.)

7

Shout a - loud his name Who our praise shall claim, While we sing our joy - ful songs, our joy - ful songs.
 Press with vig - or on, Till, the con - flict done, We shall rest in heavenly day in heavenly day.
 Then at his right hand We in joy shall stand, With the crowns of vic - t'ry won, of vic - t'ry won.

Words by EDWARD DENNY, 1839.

CHRIST OUR PATTERN.

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878.

1 What grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round thy steps be - low; What pa - tient love was
 2 For ev - er on thy bur - den'd heart A weight of sor - row hung; Yet no un - gen - tle,

seen in all, Thy life and death of woe.
 murm'ring word Es - cap'd thy si - lent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
 Thy friends unfaithful prove;
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee!
 Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
 Far more for other's sins than all
 The wrongs that we receive.

LIKE AS A FATHER.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HARES, 1878.

1 "Like as a Father" pit - ies his child, So the Lord pit - ies the sin - ner de - filed;
2 "Like as a Father," when we be - lieve, Mer - ci - ful still, he will glad - ly re - ceive;

Wait - eth in kind - ness, Pit - ies our blind - ness, Long - eth to wel - come, though of - ten re - viled.
List - ens to hear us, Bless - es to cheer us, Pit - ies when - ev - er his spir - it we grieve.

3 "Like as a father," ever the same,
He hath created and knoweth our frame;
Watcheth the straying,
Guardeth the praying,
Bids us to trust in his almighty name.

4 "Like as a father," constant is he,
God in compassion regardeth our plea;
In need he cometh,
Precious his promise,
Father in heaven forever to be.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

9

Used by permission of J. CHURCH & Co., owners of Copyright.

Words and music by P. P. BLISS.

1 Al - most per - suad - ed now to be - lieve; Al - most per - suad - ed Christ to re - ceive.
 2 Al - most per - suad - ed, come, come, to - day; Al - most per - suad - ed, turn not a - way.
 3 Al - most per - suad - ed, har - vest is past: Al - most per - suad - ed, doom comes at last!

Seems now some soul to say, "Go spir - it, go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."
 Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are ling'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wand'rer come!
 "Almost" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail — "Al - most *but* *lost!*"

MEET AGAIN.

1 Meet a - gain when time is o'er, Meet a - gain to part on more; How it cheers the drooping heart, When from friends we're called to part.
 2 Meet a - gain where end - less joy We shall taste with - out al - loy; Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old, Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.
 3 Meet a - gain, how passing sweet, Friends long lost again to meet; Careworn souls, by tempest driven, Oh, how sweet to meet in heaven.

CROWN HIM.

Used by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN

R. LOWRY.

1 Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, O - bey the Saviour's call; Come, seek his face and taste his grace, And
 2 Ye lambs of Christ, your trib-ute bring, Ye chil - dren great and small; Hosan - na sing to Christ your king, And
 3 This Je - sus will your sins forgive, O, haste! before him fall: For you he died, that you might live To

crown him Lord of all, In the dew-y time of youth, let us come, Be - fore the brown leaves
 crown him Lord of all,
 crown him Lord of all.

let us come,
 fall; He will guide us with His truth, let us come, And crown him Lord of all.
 let us come.

JESUS IS PASSING.

11

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HARES, 1878.

1 Je - sus is pass - ing, Je - sus is pass - ing; Come all ye blind and re - ceive now your sight.
 2 Je - sus is pass - ing, Je - sus is pass - ing; Come now ye lame to the heal - er of all.
 3 Je - sus is pass ing, Je - sus is pass - ing; Come all ye poor to the plen - te - ous store.

He will bend o'er thee, He will re - store thee; He will ex - change all thy dark - ness for light;
 His arm can shield thee, One look can heal thee; He will at - tend to the poor crip - ple's call;
 Now he will lead thee, Ev - er will feed thee; Je - sus in - vites thee to hung - er no more;

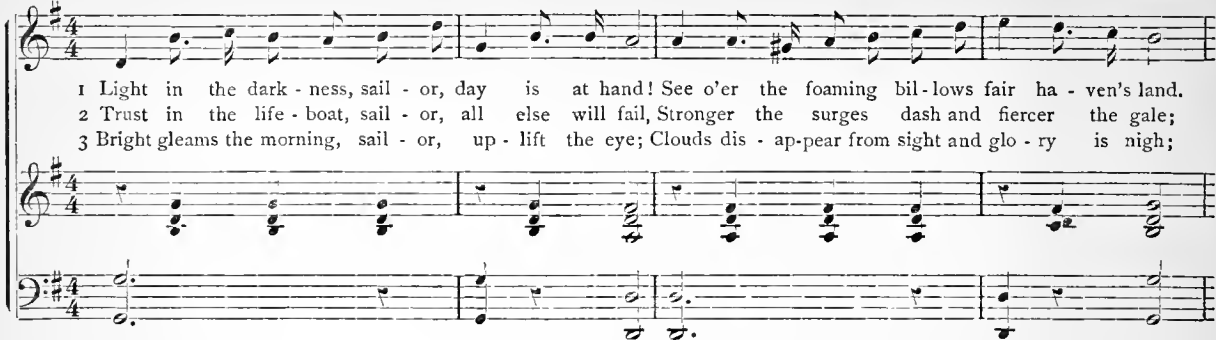
Come, and thy Sa - viour will give thee thy sight.
 Now he is pass - ing, is pass - ing for all.
 Come to the boun - ti - ful heav - en - ly store.

- 4 Jesus is passing, Jesus is passing;
 Come, ye afflicted by sin and by shame.
 Oh, we implore thee,
 Let him restore thee;
 Come while he lingers and calleth thy name;
 Come, all ye laden with sin and with shame.

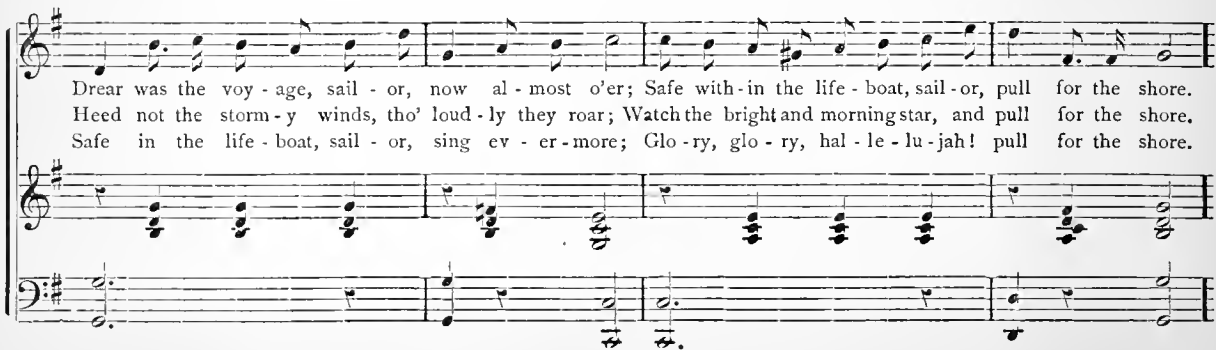
PULL FOR THE SHORE.

By permission of JOHN CHURCH & Co., owners of copyright.

Words and Music by P. P. Bliss.



1 Light in the dark - ness, sail - or, day is at hand! See o'er the foaming bil - lows fair ha - ven's land.
 2 Trust in the life - boat, sail - or, all else will fail, Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale;
 3 Bright gleams the morning, sail - or, up - lift the eye; Clouds dis - ap - pear from sight and glo - ry is nigh;



Drear was the voy - age, sail - or, now al - most o'er; Safe with - in the life - boat, sail - or, pull for the shore.
 Heed not the storm - y winds, tho' loud - ly they roar; Watch the bright and morning star, and pull for the shore.
 Safe in the life - boat, sail - or, sing ev - er - more; Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! pull for the shore.

PULL FOR THE SHORE. (Concluded.)

13

CHORUS.

Pull for the shore, sail - or, pull for the shore! Heed not the roll - ing waves, but bend to the oar;

Safe in the life - boat, sail - or, cling to self no more! Leave the poor old stranded wreck and pull for the shore.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1 Un - shak - en as the sa - cred hills, And firm as mountains stand; Firm as a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th'Almighty hand.
2 Not walle nor hills could guard so well Fair Salem's hap - py ground, As those e - ter - nal arms of love, That ev - ery saint sur - round.

FANNY R. MILLARD, 1878.

HERMAN D. CLARKE, 1878.

1 The Sab-bath school, the Sab-bath school, Where on God's ho - ly day, Our hearts with love and glad-ness full, We
 2 'Tis in this pleas - ant Sab-bath school, Our teach - ers of - ten tell, Of Je - sus and his gold - en rule, We
 3 Then let us all with one ac - cord, To him our voi - ces raise; Let ev - 'ry act and ev - 'ry word Show

meet to sing and pray, We meet to sing our Sav - iour's love, His good - ness and his grace, And
 love the sto - ry well; And here we learn of God's iour's love, That law in mer - cy given, To
 forth our Sav - iour's praise. 'Tis He that gives us all our joys, Our cup of life is full. So

CHORUS.

ask his spir - it from a - hove, To bless us in this place.
 lead our feet in right - eous - ness, And fit us here for heaven. God bless our school, our
 we will sing with heart and voice, God bless our Sab - bath school.

Sab - bath school God bless our school our Sab - bath school God bless our school we pray.

school we pray

OUR FATHER.

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878.

1 Our fath - er in heav - en thou mad - est the earth; The sun and the stars to thy word owe their birth: By
 2 But, ah! we have wan - dered, as sheep from thy fold The hearts of thy chil - dren thro' sin have grown cold: Tho'
 3 We own we are guilt - y, but Je - sus has died, And shall we when pleading his name, be de - nied? Ab,
 4 Yet now 'tis thy will that on earth we re - main, Ex - posed to dark tri - als temp - ta - tion and pain; Yet

thee were they formed, by thy coun - sel they stand, And we are thy chil - dren, the work of thy hand.
 young we have erred and would hum - bly im - plore The mer - cy we need, that we wan - der no more.
 no! Thou hast prom - ised that plea thou wilt heed, And thro' thy free grace make us chil - dren in - deed.
 here but as pil - grims and stran - gers we roam, And thou art our fath - er, and heav'n is our home.

THE GATE AJAR.

By permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

S. J. VAIL.

1 There is a gate that stands a - jar, And thro' its por - tals gleam - ing, A ra - diance from the
 2 That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the
 3 Press on - ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer - cy's gate is o - pen, Ac - cept the cross, and
 4 Be - yond the riv - er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en, And bear the crown of

REFRAIN.

cross a - far The Sav iour's love re - veal - ing. Oh, depths of mer - cy! can it be That
 great and small, Of ev' ry tribe and na - tion. Oh, depths &c.
 win the crown, Love's ev - er - last - ing to - ken. Oh, depths &c.
 life a - way, And love him more in heav - en. Oh, depths &c.

gate was left a - jar for me? For me, (for me,) for me? (for me,) Was left a - jar for me?

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

17

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878.

1 "Remember thy Creator" E'er youth - ful days de - part; While yet life's morning sunlight
 2 "Remember thy Creator" While e - vil days come not; When with thy many troubles

CHORUS.

Is beam-ing on thy heart. Re - mem - ber, oh, re - mem - ber the God who reigns a - bove;
 Thy God shall be for - got.

Let ev-'ry heart with gladness, Remember now his love.

3 "Remember thy Creator"
 Whose many blessings fall
 For those who in life's morning,
 Upon their Maker call.

4 "Remember thy Creator"
 And thou shalt safely rest;
 Hid in the rock of ages,
 Where sin can ne'er molest,

Mrs. E. J. FOSTER.
Cheerfully.

FROM SONGS OF GRATITUDE, by Permission.

EDWARD A. PERKINS.

1 Workers in the Mas-ter's vine-yard, Toilsome though the way may be, Scat-ter, earl-y morn and
 2 Smiling lips and tear-ful eye-lids; Gen-tle words and sim-ple song,— Oft, per-haps, by thee un-
 3 Heart and voice may oft-times fail thee, Faith may wa-ver, hope may die; God has prom-ised to go

eve-ning, Far and wide the pre-cious seed; In the by-ways and the hedg-es, On the nar-row crowded
 heed-ed, Fall in bless-ings on the throng. Hearts that pine in sin and sor-row, Blighted sore by care and
 with thee, Work and trust, He's ev-er nigh. Crowns and stars a-wait thy com-ing, O-ver on the gol-den

CHORUS.

street, You may drop a word of welcome, For the Sav-iour's coming feet. Crowns and stars a-wait thy com-ing,
 want, May be led, by love and kindness, To the ev-er heal-ing fount. Crowns etc.
 shore; Precious fruits of thine own sowing, When thine earthly work is o'er. Crowns etc.

O - ver on the gold - en shore, Precious fruits of thine own sow - ing, When thine earthly work is o'er.

This musical score consists of two staves, a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music concludes with a double bar line.

CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

Words by JOHN CENICK, 1743.

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878.

1 Chil-dren of the heav-enly King, As we jour-ney, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Saviour's
2 We are trav-'ling home to God, In the way the fa-ters trod; And when Christ our

This musical score is in 2/4 time and the key of B-flat major. It features two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways.
Lord shall come, We shall all be gathered home.

This musical score continues the piece from the previous block, featuring two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
Ye near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepar'd;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

Words by E. P.

Music by D. S. HAKES, by permission.

1 Yes Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones, He folds them in his arms. Then love him too, and
 2 Yes Je - sus seeks the lit - tle ones, His care on them be - stows; He o - pens wide his
 3 Yes Je . sus saves the lit - tle ones, His love so free - ly flows; He loves, he seeks, he

CHORUS.

soft - ly rest, He saves from all a - larms. Yes sure - ly we will Je - sus love, We'll
 lov - ing heart, And keeps them from all foes. Yes, &c.
 saves them all, For this he died and rose. Yes, &c.

love him ev - ery day; For Je - sus bids us come to him, He leads us all the way.

LET US WORK FOR THE SCHOOL.

A. A. G.

From HAPPY VOICES, by Permission.

1st 2nd

1 { Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands; Let it nev - er, no, nev - er de - cline ;
 For its prais - es are sung by the good in all lands That are blest with the gos - pel de - - - - vine. }

2 { 'Tis per-fumed by the prayers, 'Tis be-dewed by the tears Of the ho - ly, the ac - tive, the true ;
 They re - joiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears, When its friends were but feeble and few. }

3 { Now the sun-shine of fav - or il - lu-mines its path, And the church spreads above it her wing ;
 'Tis a source of her weal, 'tis a source of her worth, And a gem in the crown of her - - - - King. }

(Cho.) Ral - ly then, ral - ly then, stand by the school ; Why should it lan - guish and die ?

Ral - ly then, ral - ly then, stand by the school ; Why should it lan - guish and die ?

COMING BY AND BY.

Used by permission of BLOW & MAIN.

R. LOWRY.

1 A bet - ter day is com - ing, A morn - ing prom - ised long, When gird - ed right with
 2 The boast of haugh - ty er - ror No more will fill the air, But age and youth will
 3 Oh! for that ho - ly dawn - ing We watch, and wait, and pray, Till o'er the hight the

ho - ly might Will o - ver - throw the wrong; When God the Lord will lis - ten To
 love the truth, And spread it ev - ery where; No more from want and sor - row Will
 morn - ing light Shall drive the gloom a - way; And when the heav - en - ly glo - ry Shall

ev - ery plain - tive sigh, And stretch his hand o'er ev - ery land, With jus - tice by and by.
 come the hope - less cry; And strife will cease, and per - fect peace Will flour - ish by and by.
 flood the earth and sky, We'll bless the Lord for all his word, And praise him by and by.

CHORUS.

Com - ing by and by, Com - ing by and by! The bet - ter day is Com - ing, The morning draweth nigh;

Com - ing by and by, com - ing by and by! The welcome dawn will hast - en on, 'Tis com - ing by and by!

GOD IS GOOD.

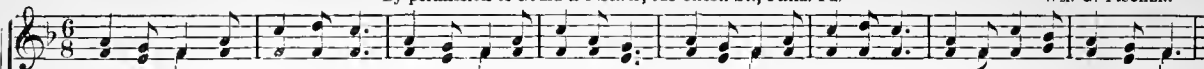
Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878-

1 See the shin - ing dew - drops On the flow - ers strewed, Proving as they spar - kle, God is ev - er good.
 2 See the morn - ing sun - beams Light - ing up the wood, Si - lent - ly pro - claim - ing, God is ev - er good.
 3 Hear the moun - tain stream - let In the sol - i - tude, With its rip - ple say - ing, God is ev - er good.
 4 In the leaf - y tree - tops, Where no fears in - trude, Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, God is ev - er good.
 5 Bring' my heart, thy trib - ute, Songs of grat - i - tude, While all na - ture ut - ters, God is ev - er good.

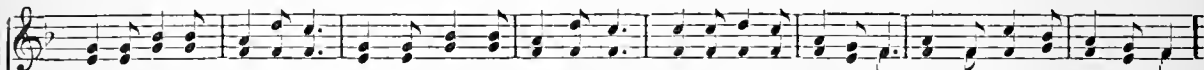
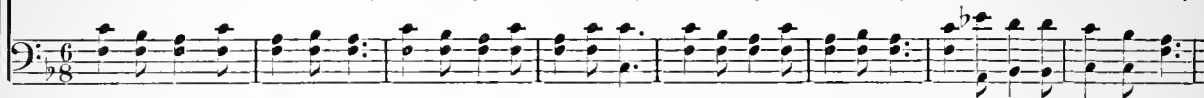
COME HOME.

By permission of Gould & Fischer, 923 Chest. St., Phila. Pa.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1 Breth-ren while we so-journ here, Fight we must but should not fear; Foes we have but we've a friend; One who loves us to the end;
 2 In the world a thou-sand snares lie to take us un-a-ware; Sa-tan, with ma-li-cious art, Watch-es each un-guard-ed heart;
 3 But of all the foes we meet, None so apt to turn our feet, None be-tray us in-to sin, Like the foes we have with-in;



Forward, then, with courage go, Long we shall not dwell be-low; Soon the joy-ful news will come, Child, your fath-er calls, Come home.
 But from Sa-tan's mal-ice free, Saints will soon vic-to-rious be; Soon the joy-ful news will come, Child, your fath-er calls, Come home.
 Yet let noth-ing spoil your peace, Christ will al-so con-quer these; Then the joy-ful news will come, Child, your fath-er calls, Come home.

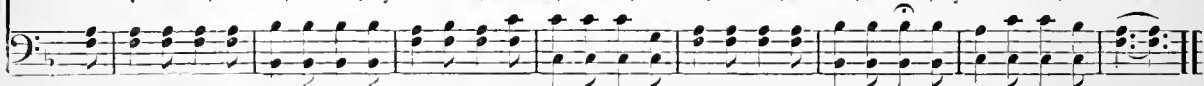


CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Thy Father calls, Come home, come home, come home, Thy Fath-er calls, come home.



Come home, come home, come home, come home, Thy Fath-er calls, come home, come home, come home, come home, come home, come home, Thy Fath-er calls, come home.



SING PRAISES.

25

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878.

1 In the ea - ly light of the morn - ing bright, Lift the voice of praise on high; From the
 2 Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled To de - liv - er us from woe; He en -
 3 Now, ex - alt - ed high, o'er the earth and sky, He de - lights in mer - cy still; Bends his

CHORUS.

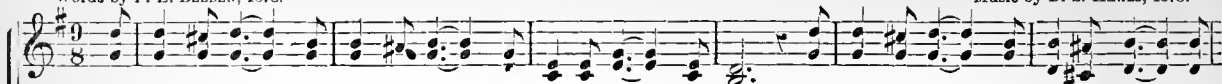
lips of youth to the God of truth, Let the joy - ful prais-es fly. Sing prais-es, glad prais-es,
 dured the cross, the dis - grace, the loss;—Let his prais - es for - ever flow. Sing prais-es, &c.
 gra-cious ear, our re - quests to hear, And our long - ing souls to fill. Sing prais-es, &c.

sing, chil - dren sing; Let your songs a - rise to the lof - ty skies, And ex - ult in God our king.

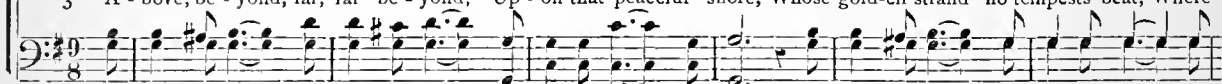
ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.



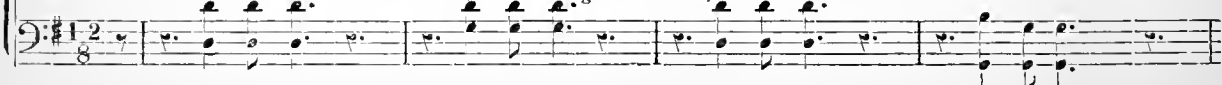
1 A - bove the clouds that veil the blue Of heaven's star - ry dome, There is a bliss - ful summer land Whose
 2 A - bove the clouds, beyond the blue, Oh, par - a - dise of light! On wings of faith to thee we rise, And
 3 A - bove, be - yond, far, far be - yond, Up - on that peaceful shore, Whose gold-en strand no tempests beat, Where



por - tals ev - er o - pen stand, Where soon earth's wea - ry pil - grim band Shall en - ter to their home.
 view the blest, e - ter - nal prize, — The Chris - tian's home be - yond the skies, Those mausions ev - er bright,
 par - ted friends im - mor - tal meet; *There* rest is found for wea - ry feet. At home for - ev - er - more,



Sweet home, bless - ed home, Bright and fair, ov - er there. Sweet



blessed home,

home sweet home,

Bright and fair,

ov - er there.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS. (Concluded.)

27

home, blessed home, Christ has gone to pre - pare.

Bless-ed home, o - ver there, Christ has gone to prepare.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1873.

BLESSINGS BY THE WAY.

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1873.

1 Like re - fresh - ing show - ers In a thirst - y land, Fall our man - y bless - ings From our Fath - er's hand ;
 2 Oft the wea - ry pil - grim, Foot - sore, lone and sad, Longs for ver - dant pas - tures, With their streamlets glad ;
 3 When all light seems shad - ed By a cloud - y sky, Still by faith look up - ward ; Shad - ows soon will fly.
 4 Soon for - ev - er scatter - ed Earth - ly shades shall be ; Soon shall dawn in bright - ness, Blest e - ter - ni - ty.

Cheer - ing an - swers bring - ing To the souls who pray ; Gent - ly they are fall - ing, Bless - ings by the way.
 Watch - eth for the dawn - ing Of a bet - ter day — To the wea - ry bring - ing Bless - ings by the way.
 Watch, and wait in pa - tience, Wait and watch and pray ; Clouds may leave be - hind them Bless - ings by the way.
 Then we'll sing glad prais - es, And our hom - age pay To the God who gave us Bless - ings by the way.

BEHOLD HE COMETH. (Anthem.)

Words written for this Work.

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878.

1 Be - hold the Mas - ter com - eth, Cometh from on high; A - wak - en! ye his peo - ple, Lift up your heads, be -
 2 In realms of endless glo - ry, We shall ev - er reign; With myr - riad saints now sleeping, We'll raise a joy - ful

hold Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh. Wor - ship, all cre - a - tion, Trem - ble ev - 'ry na - tion;
 strain In prais - es to the Lamb. Praise to him for - ev - er, Praise him ceas - ing nev - er;

Trem - ble all ye na - tions Of the earth. Up - on the cloud he comes, The
 He shall reign for - ev - er, King of kings. Oh, trim thy wan - ing light, And

quak - ing earth he rends; Be - hold the migh - ty host in ma - jes - ty de - scends. In
keep thine ar - mor bright; For lo, the Mas - ter com - eth as a thief of night. Oh,

ter - ror from his king - ly eye, The hosts of er - ror fly; Re - joice ye saints, ye cho - sen few, Glad
bid thy soul make no de - lay, A - rouse thee, watch and pray. Re - joice ye saints, ye cho - sen few, Glad

morn - ing dawns for you; Be - hold he comes in yon - der sky, Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh.
morn - ing dawns for you; Be - hold he comes in yon - der sky, Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 We wel-come this blest Sab-bath day, And of-fer grate-ful song To Je-sus who will guide our
 2 The sab-bath for mankind was given To raise our thoughts a-bove, The best and ho-liest of the

way Throughout life's journey long. He ev-er will our guardian be, Our broth-er, Saviour,
 seven, A to-ken of God's love. For 'tis his love that grants us life, And when this life is

friend; Our Pi-lot on life's storm-y sea, On whom our hopes de-pend.
 o'er, A home where ne'er shall en-ter strife, A Sab-bath ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

O sing joy - ful praise And let songs from true hearts
 yes we'll sing joy - ful praise
 rise; And when shall end our pil - grim days, We'll sing in yon - der skies,

BROWN. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1845.

1 I love to steal a-while away From every cumbering care, And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.
 2 I love in sol-i-tude, to shed The pen-i-tential tear; And all his prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.
 3 I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore; And all my cares and sorros cast On him whom I a-dore.

FANNY R. MILLARD, 1878.

HERMAN D. CLARKE, 1878.

1 Earth's har - vest field is wav - ing, With the pre - cious gold - en grain, Warmed by truth's ra - diant
2 Though old - er hands are stronger, They have grown so in the field, And if lit - tle hands are

sun - shine, Wet with heav - en's gen - tle rain; And in this field of souls, Where the
will - ing, They the sick - le, too, may wield; For if old - er hearts are earnest Lit - tle

CHORUS. Little hands so young and tender, Lit - tle

la - bor - ers are few, There's a mis - sion for us all— Work for lit - tle hands to do.
hearts are pure and true; So the bless - ed Lord of harvest, Gives the chil - dren work to do.

D. S. For Chorus.

hearts so brave and true, In the Mas - ter's field of labor, There is work for you to do.

3 There are kind words to be spoken
To the friendless and the poor;
There is charity to render
To the needy 'round our door;
To the erring there's a whisper
Of a tender Saviour's love,

Showing them the way of pardon,
Pointing to the throne above.

4 Little crowns are kept in waiting,
Little crowns so starry bright,
Little robes so pure and spotless,

In the Saviour's blood made white,
For those who, while yet youth's morning
Sparkles with the pearly dew,
Enter in the work that's given
For the little hands to do.

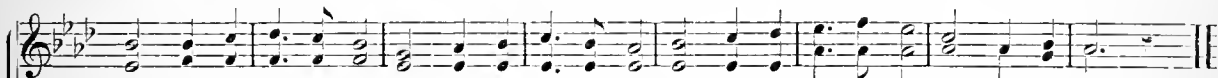
SAVIOUR, WHO DIED FOR ME.

MISS M. J. MASON

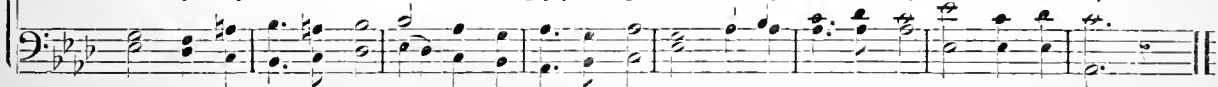
WM F. SHERWIN, by permission.



1 Sav - iour, who died for me, I give my-self to thee; Thy love so full—so free Claims all my powers.
2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak; Thy gracious aid I seek, For thou the word must speak, That makes me strong,
3 May it be joy to me To fol - low on - ly thee;—Thy faithful serv - ant be Thine to the end.
4 Sav - iour, with me a - bide; Be ev - er near my side, Support, de - fend and guide, I look to thee.



Be this my pur-pose high, To serve Thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie 'Mid thorns and flowers.
Then let me hear thy voice, Thou art my on - ly choice; Oh bid my heart re - joice, Be thou my song.
For Thee, I'll do and dare; For Thee, the cross I'll bear, To Thee di - rec my prayer, On Thee de - pend.
I lay my hand in thine, And fleet - ing joys resign, If I may call thee mine E - ter - nal - ly.



JESUS, COME AND BLESS US.

Words by E. R. LATA.

Music by W. O. PERRINS, By permission.

1 Je - sus thou hast prom - ised, That when two or three In thy name have gath - ered, Thou wilt present be ;
 2 Je - sus thou hast met us Oft in sea - sons past ; But we need thy pres - ence, With us till the last ;
 3 Je - sus tune our voi - ces To the songs of praise ; Be in each pe - ti - tion, That to thee we raise ;

And thy word be - liev - ing, Now in prayer we kneel ; Je - sus come and bless us ; Lord, thy-self re - veal ;
 Come, oh bless - ed Sav - iour, And thy grace dis - play ; Hear us and ac - cept us ; Bless us while we pray ;
 Let our faith grow stronger, And our hope more bright ; Let our love be pur - er, And our path more light ;

CHORUS.

Je - sus, come and bless us, While we lin - ger here ; Je - sus, come and bless us ; Be thou ev - er near.

CHRISTMAS JUBILEE.

35

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HARES, 1878.

1st Class.

Wake the slumb'ring mel-o-dy, Break forth into song; Notes of Christmas ju-bi-lee Loud and clear prolong.

Trio. *2d & 3d Classes.*

Wherefore art thou sing-ing, Why this hap - py throng; Tell the joy - ful tid - ings, We will join your song.

Quartette. *1st Class.*

'Tis redemption's sto - ry—Born a Sav-iour, King; While the hosts of glo - ry Glad and joy - ful sing:—

CHRISTMAS JUBILEE. (Continued.)

*1st & 2d Classes.**1st Class.* Christ has come

“Peace on earth good-will to men,”
“Peace on earth, good-will to men,”

Christ has come, oh shout a - gain:

*1st, 2d & 3d Classes.**2d & 3d Classes.* We will join will join your glad re-frain.

Peace on earth Peace on earth, good will to men. We will join your glad re-frain.

We will join your glad re-frain.

Chorus. *1st, 2d & 3d Classes.*

Wake the slumb'ring mel-o-dy, Break forth into song; Notes of Christmas ju-bi-lee Loud and clear prolong.

CHRISTMAS JUBILEE. (Continued.)

Quartette. 2d Class.

1st, 2d & 3d Classes.

Soft and sweet prolong. Lit - tle hearts why dost thou fear? Why so si - lent all? Je - sus lin-gers

pp *m*

Duet. Infant Classes.

ev - er near, Hears the faint - est call. Does he love the lit - tle ones? Will he hear our call?

Quartette. 1st & 2d Classes.

He might pass in si - lence by, We're so ver - y small. Hark his voice, "Forbid them not, Let them come to me;"

CHRISTMAS JUBILEE. (Continued.)

Trio. 3d Class.

Softly

For of such to Je - sus brought, Shall his kingdom be. Let them come, for Jesus hears, Bids them cast away their fears,

Yes we'll join your cho - rus, Lit - tle though we be; And in songs to Je - sus, Wak - en mel - o - dy.

Full Chorus.

Wake the slumb'ring mel-o-dy, Break forth into song; Notes of Christmas ju-bi-lee Loud and clear prolong.

CHRISTMAS JUBILEE. (Concluded.)

39

pp Soft and sweet pro - long. *f* "Peace on earth, good - will to men,"
"Peace on earth, good - will to men,"

Christ has come *ff*
Christ has come, oh shout a - gain: "Peace on earth, good will to men," Je - sus lives to

come a - gain, King of kings he comes to reign; Hal - le - lu - jah, shout a - men. A - men.

GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

Moderato.

From FRESH LEAVES, by permission.

T. C. O'KANE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The score includes lyrics for the voice part and dynamic markings for the piano part.

System 1:

Vocal: I Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but thou art

Piano: I Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but

System 2:

Vocal: might - y, hold me with thy power - ful hand. Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,

Piano: thou art mighty, Hold me with thy pow'ful hand. Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,

System 3:

Vocal: feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more; Want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

Piano: feed me till I want no more.

Dynamics: *p* (piano), *Cres* (Crescendo)

Feed me till I want no more.

3 Open now the crystal fountain
 Whence the healing waters flow,
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's sibe:
 Songs of praises, songs of praises,
 I will ever give to thee.

HEIRS OF AN IMMORTAL CROWN.

1 Heirs of an im - mor - tal crown, Heed not ev - 'ry foeman's frown; Tread the powers of darkness down, Thro' Jehovah's might.
 2 Sol - dier in the tent - ed field. Ply thy helmet, Sword and shield, 'Till the line of bat - tle yield, And be - fore thee flee.

Though they oft in wrath a - rise, Like the tem - pest of the skies, He can fill them with sur - prise, From his heavenly height.
 In thine ar - mor fear - less stand, Guid - ed by Je - ho - vah's hand, 'Till with - in the prom - ised land, He shall set thee free.

SAVIOUR HEAR US PRAY.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HARRIS, 1878.

1st Class.

2nd Class.

1 Je - sus, Sav-iour, hear us pray; Though we oft have gone a - stray, Do not leave us, Oh re -
 2 Ten - der Shepherd of the fold, In the mountains, drear and cold, Thou art grieving, Nev - er

All.

ceive us As we seek the heav'nly way, Lead - ing to the realms of day.
 leav - ing 'Till the lost thou dost be - hold Safe - ly shel - tered in thy fold.

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear us pray; Hear and save the souls that stray. Now re - ceive us, Nev - er
 Hear while we pray; Oh, save the

Moderato.

leave us, Guide us in the heav'n - ly way; Gen - tly lead us, Lord, we pray.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/4 time. The melody is in the Treble clef and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

3 Lord of love, the children's friend,
Lowly at thy feet we bend.
We believe thee,
We receive thee,
Oh, we pray thee, still befriending;
Still thy striving spirit send.

4 Oh, we long to be like thee,
Long thy smiling face to see.
Be thou near us,
Ever cheer us,
To thine open arms we flee;
Save from sin and make us free.

LABAN. S. M.

1 My soul, be on thy guard, Tenthousand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray; The battle ne'er give o'er; Renew it boldly ev - 'ry day, And help divine implore.
3 Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down; Thy arduous task will not be done Till thou obtain the crown.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 4/4 time. The melody is in the Treble clef and the accompaniment is in the Bass clef. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

MARCHING ON.

Words by Rev. R. LOWRY.

By permission BLOU & MAIN.

Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.

1 Marching on! marching on! glad as birds on the wing, Come the bright ranks of soldiers from near and from far;
 2 Pressing on! pressing on! to the din of the fray, With the firm tread of faith to the bat-tle we go;

Hap-py hearts, full of song, 'neath our banners we bring, We are sol-diers of Zi-on prepared for the war.
 'Mid the cheering of Angels, our ranks march away, With our flags pointing ev-er right on tow'ard the foe.

END

Marching on! marching on!

Marching on! marching on! marching on! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Sound the bat-tle-cry! Marching
 mar-ching on!

MARCHING ON. (Concluded.)

45

on!

Marching on!

D.C.

on! marching on! marching on! marching on! Shout the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry!

D.C.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is simple and rhythmic, suitable for a marching band. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

3 Fighting on! fighting on! in the midst of the strife,
At the call of our Captain we draw ev'ry sword;
We are battling for God, we are struggling for life,
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst the Lord.
Marching on, &c.

4 Singing on! singing on! from the battle we come,
Ev'ry flag bears a wreath, ev'ry soldier renown;
Heav'nly angels are waiting to welcome us home,
And the Saviour will give us a robe and a crown.
Marching on, &c.

GENTLE JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

Music by JOHN P. MORAN, 1878.

1 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child. Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty Suffer me to come to thee.
2 Fain I would to thee be brought; Gracious God forbid it not; In the Kingdom of thy grace; Give a little child a place.
3 O supply my every want, Feed the young and tender plant. Day and night my Keeper be, Every moment watch round me.

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is gentle and lyrical. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

WAKE THE SONG OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

Anniversary Song.

Words and Music by W. F. SIERWIN, by permission.

1 Wake the song of joy and glad-ness, Hith-er bring your noblest lays; Ban-ish ev-'ry thought of sad-ness,
 2 Joy-ful-ly with songs and ban-ners, We will greet the fes-tal day; Shout a-loud our glad ho-san-nas,
 3 Thanks to Thee, O ho-ly Fath-er, For the mer-cies of the year; May each heart, as here we gath-er,

Pour-ing forth your high-est praise, Sing to Him whose care has brought us Once a-gain with friends to meet,
 And our grate-ful hom-age pay. We will chant our Sav-iour's glo-ry While our thoughts we raise a-bove,
 Swell with grat-i-tude sin-cere; Thanks to thee, O lov-ing Sav-iour, For re-demp-tion thro' thy blood:

REFRAIN.

And whose lov-ing voice has taught us Of the way to Je-sus' feet. Wake the song, wake the
 Tell-ing still "the old, old sto-ry," Prec-ious theme—*Re-deem-ing love!*
 Breathe up-on us, Ho-ly Spir-it, Sweet-ly draw us near to God. Wake the song

Song, the song of joy and gladness, Wake the song, wake the song, The song of ju - bi - lee.

Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song,

Detailed description: This is a musical score for two voices, likely soprano and alto. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

GUARD US, TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES, by permission.

1 Oh, guard us till we meet a-gain; Fath - er our souls de - fend, Oh, grant thy spir - it

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

to re - main, And ev - er, Lord, at - tend.

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

- 2 Thy wondrous works our praise inspire;
Thy mercies overflow.
Oh, touch our souls with holy fire,
And grateful hearts bestow.
- 3 Oh, guide us, Lord, to realms above;
And when earth's scenes are o'er,
Within thy mighty arms of love,
Enfold us evermore.

DO NOT PASS THE NEEDY BY.

Words by THEO. D. C. MILLER. M. D.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 If you see a wea-ry broth-er Tired and faint-ing by the way, Take him by the hand and
 2 Pass not by the pil-grim broth-er, Foot-sore in his jour-ney long; Bear him to a place of
 3 If you can-not al-ways car-ry Bur-dens for your brother weak, You can bid him nev-er

lead him, So he may not go a-stray; Bid him walk in paths of vir-tue, With his
 safe-ty, where he can re-sist the wrong. Set his feet in sun-ny pla-ces, Paths which
 falt-er, Words of com-fort you can speak; And while in the path of du-ty You can

hopes on things most high; Do not leave the weak in er-ror—nev-er pass the need-y by.
 lead to-ward the sky; Leave him not in strife and weak-ness—Do not pass the need-y by.
 point the way on high, Sing-ing songs to cheer the pil-grim In his jour-ney to the sky.

DO NOT PASS THE NEEDY BY. (Concluded.)

49

CHORUS.

Help the wea - ry, faint - ing broth - er, Up the moun - tain, steep and
 Help the wea-ry Up the mountain
 high; Though he dwells with - in the val - ley, Do not pass the need - y by.

EVENING PRAYER.

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878.

1 Father now the day is past, On thy child a blessing cast! Near my pillow, hand in hand, Keep thy guardian Angel band!
 2 And throughout the darkest night, Bless me with a cheerful light! Let me rise at morn again, Free from every thought of pain.
 3 Passing through life's thorny way, Keep me Father day by day. And when thou shalt come again, Take me home with thee to reign.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

Words by H. BRONSON.

From ROYAL SONGS, by permission.

Music by WM. W. BENTLEY, 1863.

1 There's a home for the blest on the beau - ti - ful shore, Where our tri - als and cares all shall cease;
 2 On the streets of the cit - y are pave - ments of gold, And its blos - soms are fra - grant and fair;
 3 There will be no more part - ing from those that we love, No more sigh - ing or shed - ding of tears,
 4 May we all find a place in that beau - ti - ful land, There to dwell with the just ev - er - more,

Sor - row nev - er shall en - ter that bliss - ful a - bode, 'Tis the king - dom of love and of peace.
 Its in - hab - it - ants nev - er grow wea - ry or old, For the Lord reigns e - ter - nal - ly there.
 For no dis - cord shall ruf - fle that peace - ful re - pose, Which flows thro' e - ter - ni - ty's years,
 There to join in sweet songs with the friends that we love, Safe at home on the beau - ti - ful shore.

CHORUS

On that beau - ti - ful shore, Where our Sav - iour has gone, All our sor - row and pain will be o'er;

Oh, we long to go home to those man-sions a - bove, There to rest and to praise ev - er - more.

AMERICA.

1 Come, let our voic - es raise A song of grate - ful praise, And thankful love; Let each a trib - ute bring,
 2 The gos - pel's sa - cred page Reveals to ev - ery age Sal - va - tion free. Oh, send the joy - ful sound!
 3 Ac - cept our offer - ings, Lord, To spread thy truth a - broad, our la - bors own! At length at thy right hand

Let all a - wake and sing, Praise to our heav'n - ly King, Who dwells a - bove.
 And let it ech - o round, Till prais - es loud re - sound, O God, to thee!
 May we to - geth - er stand, And with the an - gel - 'band Sur - round thy throne!

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HARES, 1878.

Legato

1 When soft - ly fades the dy - ing day, - - - And lit - tle song - sters flit a - way,
 2 And when the dus - ky shad - ows fall, - - - And na - ture veil as with a pall,
 3 And now the sil - ver moon - beams stream, - - - And lit - tle stars im - pa - tient gleam,
 4 Oh Fath - er, give us sweet re - pose, - - - From all our earth - ly cares and woes,

Then with the last faint ray of light All na - ture seems to say good - night.
 Then prayers of eve - ning take their flight From lit - tle lips that say good - night.
 All watch - ing for the morn - ing light, And hast - en us to say good - night.
 And grant in heav'n we may u - nite When we have said our last good - night.

REFRAIN.

Repeat very softly after last stanza.

Good night, - - - good night, - - - My an - - - - - gels bright, [ev - er bright,]



Good night, good night, Good night, good night, May an - gels ev - er bright, ev - er bright,



Their vig - ils keep 'till morn - ing light, - - - Good night, good night, Good night, good night, [good night.]



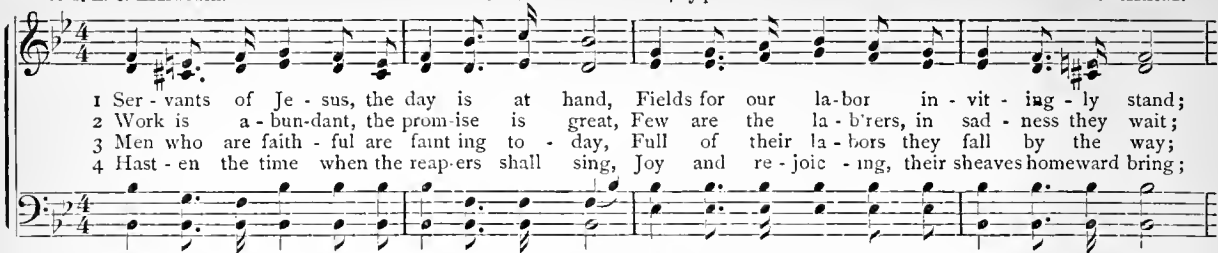
Their vig - ils keep 'till morn - ing light, Good night, good night, Good night.

THE WORLD'S HARVEST.

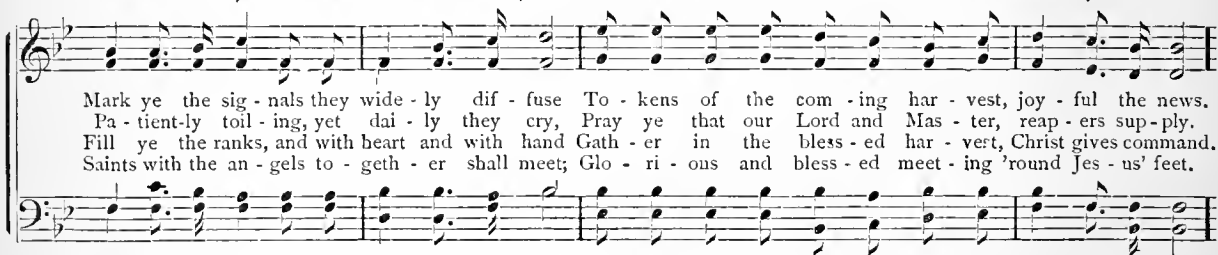
MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

FROM SONGS OF GRATITUDE, BY PERMISSION.

J. H. FILLMORE.

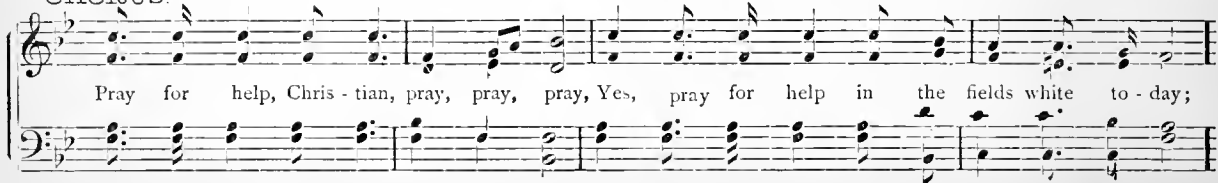


1 Ser - vants of Je - sus, the day is at hand, Fields for our la - bor in - vit - iag - ly stand;
 2 Work is a - bun - dant, the prom - ise is great, Few are the la - b'ers, in sad - ness they wait;
 3 Men who are faith - ful are faunt ing to - day, Full of their la - bors they fall by the way;
 4 Hast - en the time when the reap - ers shall sing, Joy and re - joic - ing, their sheaves homeward bring;



Mark ye the sig - nals they wide - ly dif - fuse To - kens of the com - ing har - vest, joy - ful the news.
 Pa - tient - ly toil - ing, yet dai - ly they cry, Pray ye that our Lord and Mas - ter, reap - ers sup - ply.
 Fill ye the ranks, and with heart and with hand Gath - er in the bless - ed har - vest, Christ gives command.
 Saints with the an - gels to - geth - er shall meet; Glo - ri - ous and bless - ed meet - ing 'round Jes - us' feet.

CHORUS.



Pray for help, Chris - tian, pray, pray, pray, Yes, pray for help in the fields white to - day;

Gath-er the sheaves, bring the world's harvest home, Glo - ri - ous and bless - ed har - vest, come, Sav-iour, come.

PRAISE TO GOD.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1 Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spired; Loud and more loud the
2 Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose good-ness, pass-ing thought, Loads ev-'ry mo-ment

an - thems raise, With grate - ful ar - dor fired,
as it flies, With ben - e - fits un - sought.

- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray;
Which lights thro' darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

Words by JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Music by D. S. HARES, 1878.



1 Oh, la - den and wea - ry, Who strive for the right, Though earth be all drear y Still trust in His might; Nor
 2 Though friends look but coldly, And speak not to cheer, Act firmly, speak bold - ly, A Helper is near—An
 3 The bat - tle once o - ver, The tem - pest all past, The face of Je - ho - vah Will com - fort at last. Earth's



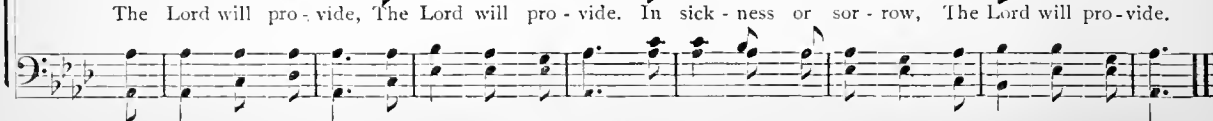
fear for the mor - row, That care will be - tide—In sick - ness and sor - row The Lord will pro - vide,
 ar - mor for shield - ing, A ban - ner for guide; Be faith - ful, un - yield - ing—The Lord will pro - vide.
 cares, and its sad - ness, But short - ly can hide Heaven's glo - ry and glad - ness—The Lord will pro - vide.



REFRAIN.



The Lord will pro - vide, The Lord will pro - vide. In sick - ness or sor - row, The Lord will pro - vide.



OUR OWN DEAR HOME.

57

From HAPPY VOICES, by permission.

A. A. GRALY.

1 Home, dear home, we nev - er can for - get; Friends, dear friends we of - ten there have met; Press'd by care, or pierced by grief,
 2 Lured by gain we seek a for - eign shore, Worn and wea - ry heap the gold - en ore; Still our yearning hearts de - mand
 3 On the guild - ed page of earth - ly fame Some may pant to reg - is - ter their name; Round our names no wreath may be,

CHORUS.

Home has af - ford - ed us a sweet re - lief. Ten - der mem - o - ries round thee twine, Like the i - vy green round the pine.
 Rest in the homestead in our na - tive land. Ten - der &c.
 But you may read it on the old home tree, Ten - der &c.

O - ver land and sea we may roam, Still will we cherish thee, our own dear home.

- 4 Painted pleasure holds the flowing bowl,
 Mirth and music lure the careless soul;
 But with us at home, you'll find
 Home joys that never leave a sting behind.
- 5 Firmly bound by silver chains of love,
 Here are foretastes of the home above;
 Thon from whom all blessings come,
 Help us to praise thee for a Christian home.

Music by D. S. HAKES, by permission.

1 Work, for the night is coming; Work through the morn - ing hours;
 2 Work, for the night is coming; Work through the sun - ny noon;
 3 Work, for the night is coming; Un - der the sun - set skies;

The first system of the musical score consists of three vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The vocal staves are in G major and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with three numbered lines corresponding to the three vocal parts.

Work, while the dew is sparkling; Work, 'mid springing flowers;
 Fill brightest hours with labor; Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for day-light flies.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features the same three vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with three lines of text corresponding to the three vocal parts.

Work when the day grows brighter,
 Give every fly - ing minute
 Work 'till the last beam fadeth,

Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Some - thing to keep in store;
 Fad - eth to shine no more;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a double bar line.

Work for the night is coming,
 Work for the night is coming,
 Work while the night is dark'ning,

When man's work is done.
 When man works no more.
 When man's work is o'er.

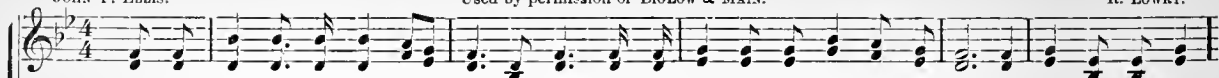
The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics underneath. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music concludes with a double bar line.

HOLD ON.

JOHN P. ELLIS.

Used by permission of BILOW & MAIN.

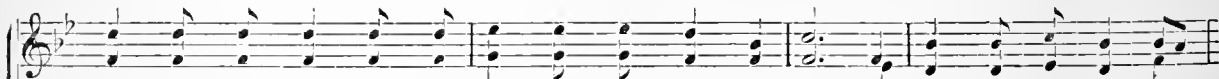
R. LOWRY.



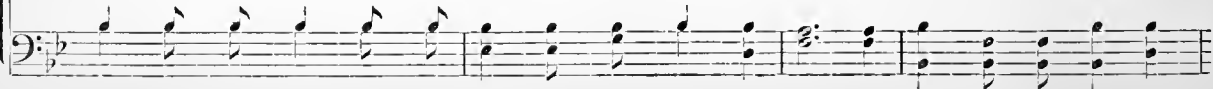
- 1 If your hand's on the plow, hold on, hold on; Tho' the soil may be ster-ile and hard, The plowshare will make
 2 If your heart's in the work, hold on, hold on; Tho' the way should be gloomy and sad, A light will ap-pear,



The fal - low ground break, And the plow - man will have his re - ward; Earth's bo - som will spark - le with
 The path - way be clear, And the heart of the work - er be glad; Heav'n's por - tals will o - pen, and



em - e - rald green, And its grain will be gold - en King; The reap - ers will come, with
 mu - sic re - sound, And the man - sions of bliss will ring With praise for the brave, who



loud "Har-vest Home," And the glean-ers will joy-ful-ly sing. Hold on, hold on, my broth-er, hold on, Hold
la-lor to save, And the an-gels will joy-ful-ly sing. Hold on,

. . on till the prize is won; Hold on to the plow, And wea-ry not now, For the work is al-most done.
Hold on, hold on

EVENING SONG.

KINGSLEY

1 Now con-de-scend, Al-mighty King, To bless this lit-tle throng, And kind-ly lis-ten while we sing Our pleas-ant eve-ning song.
2 Broth-ers and sis-ters, hand in hand, Our lips togeth-er move; O, smile up-on this lit-tle hand, U-nite our hearts in love.
3 We come to own the pow'r di-vine That watches o'er our days; For this our fee-ble voic-es join, To God we give the praise.

1 Home, home beam - eth be - fore us! When, when shall we be there? Long, long, here we have wan-der'd
 2 Home, home, there in thy bow - ers, Sweet, sweet mu - sic shall swell: Sin, sin nev - er can en - ter;
 3 Home, home, bliss to the part - ed: Friends, friends, meet on its shore; Here, here, lone - ly they've left us;
 4 Home, home, let us now has - ten, See, see, an - gels a - hove! Hark! hark! now do they call us,

CHORUS.

Burden'd with sor - row and care. Home, beau - ti - ful home, home, beau - ti - ful
 Peace in each bo - som shall dwell. Home, &c.
 Soon we shall meet them once more. Home, &c.
 Home to their dwell - ing of love. Home, &c.

sweet home, home, sweet home, my beau - ti - ful

Home, home, beau - ti - ful home, Je - sus will wel - come us home.

home sweet home, home, sweet home, my beau - ti - ful home sweet home,

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. There are three triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above a bracket) over the notes 'ful', 'home', and 'us' in the first line, and 'ful', 'home', and 'home' in the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

HAKES.

Words and Music by F. E. B.

1 There is sweet rest for feet now wea - ry In the rug - ged, up - ward way; There is a morn when
2 For that blest morn our hearts are long - ing, When shall end earth's night of woe; When, through those pearly

mid - night dreary Shall be lost in per - fect day.
por - tals thronging, Mor - tal cares we'll leave be - low.

3 Soon to that city, bright, eternal,
Weary pilgrims all shall go;
Soon we shall rest in pastures vernal,
Where life's waters ceaseless flow.

4 Father above, in mercy guide us
To those mansions of the blest;
Safe in the rock of ages hide us
'Till we gain our final rest.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves, a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The score is divided into four numbered parts. The first two parts have lyrics written below the notes. The last two parts have lyrics written to the right of the notes. The score ends with a double bar line.

ALL HAIL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878

Music by W. J. BOSTWICK, 1878.

1 All hail for youth-ful vol-un-teers, To join our Christian band. We leave the fear-ful to their fears And
 2 Oh! lis-ten to the mer-ry cheers That wil-ling voic-es sound, As Christ our might-y Captain nears The
 3 Lo! Sa-tan's might-y host draws near, The con-flict to be-gin; But Je-sus leads, we need not fear, For

CHORUS.

march at God's com-mand. All hail! hail! hail! To Christ who leads our gal-lant band; All
 Chris-tian's bat-tle ground. All hail! &c.
 vic-t'ry we shall win. All hail! &c.

hail! hail! hail! We're brave-ly marching on.

4 And though no rays of light appear,
 Though clouds our banner hide;
 Yet Jesus' voice we still can hear,
 And we in him confide.

5 We'll fight for soon the war will cease,
 And soon shall end our fears;
 For Christ shall bring a reign of peace
 To youthful volunteers.

WORK, WATCH, PRAY.

65

GRACE GLENN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1 Work when the morn - ing shin - eth, Work when the noon - day gleams, Work when the day de -
 2 Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a read - y hand, Work for the pure and
 3 Work till the sum - mons com - eth, "Join with the hosts at rest," So shall thy days be

clin - eth, Work with its lat - est beams.
 ho - ly, Work for the true and grand. Work (and) watch (and) pray, Work for the day will
 joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.

soon be gone; Work (and) watch (and) pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 Come, 'tis Sab - bath morn - ing, Ho - ly light is dawn - ing; Let us to the Sab - bath school now
2 Bring a wel - come greet - ing, Hail the mo - ments fleet - ing; In a joy - ful an - them raise your

glad - ly haste a - way. Al - ways in your plac - es, With your hap - py fac - es;
youth - ful voic - es high. Ban - ish thoughts of sad - ness, Wake the notes of glad - ness;

CHORUS.

Joy - ful - ly to wel - come this blest Sabbath day. Welcome, welcome, welcome to the Sabbath morning bright;
Come with smil - ing fac - es, where no shade should lie. Welcome, &c.

Joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful - ly we hail its bless - ed light. Al - ways be on time,

In a mer - ry chime Let each youth - ful heart and voice in praise u - nite.

3 Praise to God we're bringing
 In the notes we're singing;
 Grateful praises sounding to the God who reigns above.
 While on him we're calling,
 Blessings gently falling,
 Cheer us into singing of his wondrous love.

4 God is ever near us,
 Ever near to cheer us;
 He will guide the trusting ones to mansions in the sky.
 There to rest forever,
 To be parted never;
 There enjoy an endless Sabbath by and by.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

S. M. H.

FROM SONGS OF GRATITUDE, by permission.

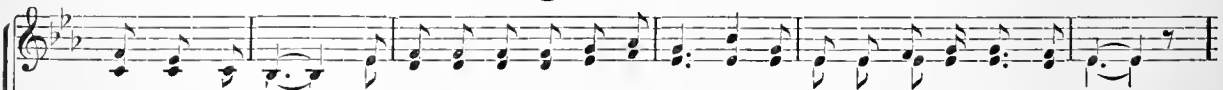
WILL H. PONTIUS.



1 We know not the time when he com-eth, At e - ven, or midnight, or morn; It may be at deep-en-ing
 2 I think of his won - der - ful pit - y, The price our sal - va - tion hath cost; He left the bright mansions of
 3 O Je - sus, my lov - ing Re-deemer, Thou knowest I cher - ish as dear, The hope that mine eyes shall be-



twi - light, It may be at ear - li - est dawn. He bids us to watch and be read - y, Nor suf - fer our
 glo - ry To suf - fer and die for the lost. And sometimes I think it will please Him, When those whom He
 hold thee, That I shall thine own welcome hear. If to some as a Judge thou appearest, Who forth from thy



lights to grow dim; That when he may come, he will find us, All wait - ing and watching for him.
 died to re - deem, Re - joice in the hope of his com - ing, By wait - ing and watching for him.
 presence would flee, A Friend most be - lov - ed I'll greet thee, I'm wait - ing and watching for thee.



Wait - - ing and watch - - ing, Wait - - ing and watch - - ing,
 Wait - ing and watch - ing, yes, wait - ing for thee, Wait - ing and watch - ing, yes, wait - ing for thee,

Wait - - ing and watch - - ing, Still wait - ing and watch - ing for thee.
 Wait - ing and watch - ing, yes, wait - ing and watch - ing,

I COME TO JESUS.

Music by J. E. WHITE, 1878.

1 I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God; He bears them all and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
 2 I lay my wants on Je - sus, All full - ness dwells in him; He heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.
 3 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares; He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - row shares.
 4 I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild; I long to be like Je - sus, The Fath - er's ho - ly child.

A CHEERFUL SONG.

From ECHO TO HAPPY VOICES by permission.

A. A. GRALEY.

1 Come, chil-dren, let us sing, as we dai - ly on-ward press To a man - sion in the heav'nly land; In the
 2 Per - haps the rank-ling thorn may the wea - ry feet an - noy, Or the lurk - ing foe may hurl the dart; But the
 3 True hap - pi - ness is found in the path - way of the wise; Then with cheerfulness we'll pass a long: We are
 4 Dear chil - dren, yet a - stray on the mountains drear and cold, Wont you heed the Sav - iour's call to day? Wont you

path that Je - sus trod, In the way of ho - li - ness, Let us walk, a hap - py ran - somed band.
 Sav - iour will pro - vide, And our grief shall turn to joy, As he folds us to his lov - ing heart.
 chil - dren of a King whom the wick - ed may de - spise, But he'll crown us in the land of song.
 trav - el on with us to the cit - y paved with gold? Wont you walk with us the nar - row way?

CHORUS.

Then we'll raise the head bow'd down, And we'll think of harp and crown, And the robe that decks the shin - ing

throng; We will dry the tear-ful eye, For the glo-ry's com-ing nigh, And we'll greet it with a cheer-ful song.

ROSE.

1 Come let us join our cheerful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 2 Wor- thy the Lamb who died, they cry, To be ex- alt- ed thus; Wor- thy the Lamb, our hearts re- ply,
 3 Je- sus is wor- thy to re- ceive Hon- or and pow' r di- vine; And bless-ings more than we can give,

But all their joys are one;
 For he was slain for us;
 Be Lord for - ev - er thine;

But all their joys are one.
 For he was slain for us,
 Be Lord for - ev - er thine.

4 To him who reigns in worlds of light,
 Th' eternal King of heaven,
 Be honor, majesty, and might,
 And praise and glory given,

5 Let all creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb,

BEAUTIFUL HOME ON HIGH.

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS, by permission.

1 When I draw near thy pearl - y gate, Beau - ti - ful home on high, Where shin - ing an - gels
 2 Be - fore these earth - ly worlds were made, Beau - ti - ful home on high, Thy strong foun - da - tion
 3 I long to tread thy peace - ful shore, Beau - ti - ful home on high, Where I shall sor - row

watch and wait, Beau - ti - ful home on high. Oh, how my spir - it will re - joice, To
 walls were laid, Beau - ti - ful home on high. Be - fore man drew his mor - tal breath, Or
 nev - er - more, Beau - ti - ful home on high. I long to join the white rob'd throng, And

hear the Sav - iour's gen - tle voice Say, "hith - er come and share my home, My Beau - ti - ful home on high."
 sin brought sorrow, pain, and death, Each glit' - ring stone with glo - ry shone, My Beau - ti - ful home on high.
 sing the hal - le - lu - jah song In my dear home, no more to roam, My Beau - ti - ful home on high.

BEAUTIFUL HOME. (Concluded.)

CHORUS.

To that beau - ti - ful home, I soon shall go If I fol - low the Sav - iour

here be - low. That beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home on high.

INFANT PRAISES.

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

FORBID THEM NOT.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 "For - bid them not," our Saviour said, But let them come to me; I am the way, the liv - ing
 2 "For - bid them not," his voice now falls Like mu - sic on the ear; And still the lit - tle ones he

bread, The foun - tain full and free. He bids the lit - tle chil - dren call On
 calls, And bids them lin - ger near. His hands up - on their head he laid When

him, so meek and mild; He waits to hear, to wel - come all, He loves the lit - tle child.
 he was here be - low, And nev - er has the Sav - iour bade The lit - tle ones to go.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time. It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system contains the first two lines of the hymn. The second system contains the next two lines. The third system contains the final two lines. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal melody.

FORBID THEM NOT. (Concluded.)

73

CHORUS.

We come, we glad - ly come to thee, Thy prom - ise we be - lieve. For -

bid us not thy face to see; Dear Sav - iour, now re - ceive.

3 "Forbid them not;" his pleading voice
 Can melt the heart to tears;
 Can bid the sorrowing rejoice,
 Can calm our rising fears.
 And when the path is rough and steep;
 He bears within his arms
 The little ones, who bid him keep
 Their souls from all that harms.

4 Forbid us not, oh, Saviour dear,
 We would no longer roam.
 Thy smile alone our spirits cheer;
 We long to be at home.
 And when the summons we shall hear
 To leave our earthly lot,
 And on the cloud thou dost appear,
 Then, oh, forbid us not.

URGE THEM TO COME.

Words by DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

Used by permission of BLOLOW & MAIN.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1 In the high-ways and hedg-es go seek for the lost, Gath-er them in to the fold,—
 2 If the Shep-herd we love, we must care for the sheep; Pre-cious are they in his sight;
 3 To the wea-ry and thirs-ty the Sav-iour has said, "Come, heav-y la-den, to me,
 4 There's a wel-come for all in the king-dom of grace, All who re-pent and be-lieve;

Was the ear-nest com-mand that our Sav-iour di-vine Taught his dis-ci-ples of old.
 They are out in the des-ert, they wan-der a lone; Lead them from darkness to light.
 I will give you to drink of the wa-ter of life;" Tell them the fountain is free.
 And the souls that have strayed and re-turned to the fold, Je-sus will glad-ly re-ceive.

CHORUS.

Urge them to come, Show them the way, Ten-der-ly, lov-ing-ly, Bring them to-day;

Urge them to come, Why should they roam? Bring them a - long to our dear Sab - bath home.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

FROM MORNINO STAR, BY A. J. ABBEY.

1 Nothing but leaves; the spir - it grieves O - ver a wast - ed life, O'er sins com - mitted while conscience slept,
 2 Nothing but leaves; no ripened sheaves Garner'd of life's fair grain: We sow our seed— lo, tares and weeds,
 3 Nothing but leaves; and memory weaves No veil to hide the past; And as we trace our wea - ry way
 4 And shall we meet the Mas - ter so, Bear - ing our with - erd leaves? The Sav - iour looks for per - fect fruit;

Prom - is - es made but nev - er kept, Fol - ly and shame and strife, Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
 Words, i - die words for ear - nest deeds; Reaping, we find with pain, Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
 Count - ing each lost and misspent day, Sad - ly we find at last, Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.
 Stand we be - fore him sad and mute, Wait - ing the word he breathes, Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves!

Words by E. WARREN.

Music by D. S. HAKES, by permission.

1 Ten - der lit - tle chil - dren, Lis - ping out their words; Fresh as morn - ing dew drops, Happy as the birds;
 2 Ho - ly, lov - ing Je - sus, Calls them to his side; Lik - en'd them to Heav - en, Where he doth a - bide;
 3 Lit - tle lambs he car - ries In his bos - om warm, He the saf - est shel - ter From the beat - ing storm;

Let them come to Je - sus, Pray - ing him to keep Lit - tle feet from slip - ping, Where the way is steep.
 Children's lips shall praise him, Chil - dren's voi - ces sing; Sweet their warbled prais - es, To the gen - tle King.
 Then through all the jour - ney, Toward the heav'nly land, Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus, Keep each lit - tle hand.

CHORUS.

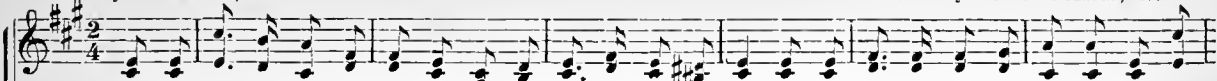
Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus, Keep us by thy side; Keep us, safe - ly keep us, Through this world so wide.

TAKE AWAY THE STONE.

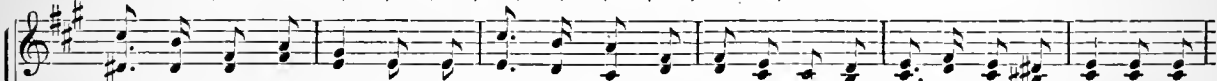
79

Words by A. T. WORDEN, 1878.

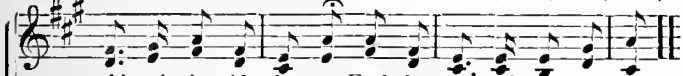
Music by HERMAN D. CLARKE, 1878.



1 Take a - way the stone in mer-cy, From the door-way of the tomb, Let the rays of heaven's sunlight, Pierce the
 2 Take a - way the stone in kindness, From some crush'd and bleeding heart, Let your souls and words of pit - y, Heal the
 3 Take a - way the stone in glad-ness, That shuts out the lost and vile, Greet the erring like your Master, With a



damp and murk - y gloom, Lend your hand to roll it back-ward, O - pen wide the pris - on door, Let the
 an - guish and the smart; Put your should-er to the bur - den, That you hroth-er has to bear, You can
 ten - der lov - ing smile. Help to tear a - way the hind-rance, From the sin-sick heart and sore, Hear the



cold and rig - id sleep-er Feel the sun and air once more.
 lead him to the sun-light Who now sits in dark despair.
 summons from the Sav-iour, O - pen wide the pris - on door.



4 Take away the stone my children,
 That is lying in the way;
 Let the church with flying banners,
 Usher in the coming day.
 Cast ye up the Prince's highway,
 Make it free and plain and wide,
 Write that they who run may read it—
 Christ for all mankind hath died.

THE HEAVENLY FOLD.

Words by JOHN EAST, 1836.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas-tures ev-er green, Where sul-try sun, or
 2 With-in this fold my soul shall rest When earth-ly scenes are o'er. There safe-ly shel-tered

storm-y day, Or night is nev-er seen. Far up the ev-er-last-ing hills In
 with the blest, My soul shall stray no more. Far from this guilt-y world to be Ex-

God's own light it lies: His smile its vast di-men-sion fills With joy that nev-er dies.
 empt from toil and strife, To spend e-ter-ni-ty with Thee—My Sa-viour, this is life.

THE HEAVENLY FOLD. (Concluded.)

81

CHORUS.

This fold a shel - ter, proves for all, Who ask an en - trance
 This fold
 there. A strong de - fense this heav'n - ly wall, From ev' - ry ill we bear.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The second system also has a treble and bass staff in G major. The lyrics are written below the notes.

HOLLEY. 7s.

1 When, my Saviour, shall I be Per - fect - ly re - signed to thee? Poor and vile in my own eyes, On - ly in thy wisdom wise,
 2 On - ly thee con - tent to know, Ig - no - rant of all be - low. On - ly guid - ed by thy light. On - ly mighty in thy might.
 3 Ful - ly in my life ex - press All the highs of ho - li - ness; Sweetly let my spir - it prove All the depths of humb. love.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/2 time. The second system also has a treble and bass staff in B-flat major and 2/2 time. The lyrics are written below the notes.

F. W. FABER, 1849.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by permission.

1 Hark! hark! my soul; An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and oceans wave-beat shore;
 2 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls, for Je - sus bids you come;"
 3 Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea:
 4 An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs a - bove,

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 And la - den souls by thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
 Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

O CHRISTIAN, AWAKE.

83

From SINGING PILGRIM,

by permission of PHILIP I HILLIPS.

1 O Christian a - wake! for the strife is at hand With hel - met and shield, and a sword in thy
 2 What - ev - er thy dan - ger, take heed and be - ware, And turn not thy back for no ar - mor is
 3 The cause of thy Mas - ter with vig - or de - fend; Be watch - ful, be zeal - ous, and fight to the
 4 Press on, nev - er doubt - ing, thy Cap - tain is near, With grace to sup - ply, and with comfort to

hand; To meet the bold temp - ter, go, fear - less - ly go, And stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe.
 there; The le - gions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'ertrow, Then stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe.
 end; Where - ev - er he leads thee, go; val - iant - ly go, And stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe.
 cheer; His love, like a stream, in the des - ert will flow, Then stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe.

Solo

Semi-Chorus

Full Chorus

Stand like the brave Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, With thy face to the foe.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

Mrs. SUB M. O. HOFFMAN, by permission.

1 Come, my Re - deem - er, come, And deign to dwell with me; Come, and thy right as - sume,
 2 Ex - ert thy might - y power, And ban - ish all my sin; In this au - gus - tic - ious hour
 3 Rule thou in ev - 'ry thought And pas - sion of my soul; Till all my powers are brought

And bid thy ri - vals flee; Come, my Re - deem - er, quick - ly come, And make my heart thy last - ing
 Bring all thy gra - ces in; Come, &c.
 Be - neath thy full con - trol; Come, &c.

home; Wash me in the blood of the lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

WHITER THAN SNOW. (Concluded.)

Whit - - - er than snow, Whit - - - er than snow,

Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er than the snow, the snow,

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase that is repeated and then concludes with a final note. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and rhythmic patterns that support the vocal melody.

Wash me in the blood of the lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, the snow.

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a more melodic and expressive quality, with some notes held for longer durations. The piano accompaniment remains consistent in style, providing a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation.

WILMOT.

- 1 Praise to Him by whose kind fa - vor Heav'nly truth has reached our ears ; May its sweet re - viv - ing sa - vor, Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
- 2 Truth ! how sa - cred is the treas - ure ! Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ; Vain the hope, and short the pleas - ure, Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hear - ing, Fix, O Lord, in ev - 'ry heart ; In the day of thine ap - pear - ing, May we share thy people's part.
- 4 Till we leave this world for - ev - er, May we live be - neath thine eye ; This our aim, our sole en - deav - or, Thine to live, and thine to die.

The 'Wilmot' section is a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It consists of a single staff of music with a steady, rhythmic accompaniment of chords and eighth notes, providing a consistent background for the lyrics.

ON, PRESS ON.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

From PURE GOLD by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

W. H. DOANE.

1 Up with the morn-ing, O pil - grim of Zi - on! On with thy san - dals, and haste thee a - way;
 2 Up? for the Mas - ter com - mands thee to la - bor, On! for the mo - ments are fly - ing a - pace;
 3 Trust in the Lord, and re - mem - ber his good - ness, Trust in the arm that is might - y to save;
 4 Haste! for the shad - ows of night are ap - proach - ing; On to the riv - er,—thy Sav - iour is there;

Press to the mark of thy call - ing in Je - sus, Heed not tho' pleasures in - vite thee to stay.
 Run! and with pa - tience thy jour - ney pur - su - ing, Thine be the crown at the end of the race.
 Sing and re - joiice in thy Strength and Re - deem - er, Tell how he triumphed o'er death and the grave.
 Shout! for the Sav - iour is gra - cious - ly wait - ing, O - ver the riv - er to wel - come us there.

CHORUS.

On, press on, tho' clouds are hang - ing drear - i - ly; On, press on, with rap - ture sing - ing cheer - i - ly;

ON, PRESS ON. (Concluded.)

87

Je - sus de - fend thee, Mer - cy at - tends thee; Sweet thy wel - come on the gold - en shore.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

GONE TO THE GRAVE.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 Friend and com-pan-ion, dear to each heart; Tears naught avail us, now we must part. Death's hand has plucked thee,
 2 Now ben-ding o'er thee, sad - ly we weep; While o'er our gladness lone shadows creep. Dark, chill-ing shad-ows,
 3 Guard-ing thy slum-bers, cy-press shall wave, Mournful and si - lent o - ver thy grave. An - gels their vig - ils

4 Ah, we must leave thee, silent in death;
 Fond hopes have vanished—flown with thy breath.
 Joy turns to sadness, life seems but pain;
 Oh! shall we ever meet thee again?

5 Yes, we shall meet thee on heaven's shore,
 Where death and partings come nevermore.
 There, will our Saviour dry every tear;
 Sorrowful mourner, be of good cheer.

pil-owed thy head, Low-ly and life-less, faded and dead.
 bring-ing a gloom; Tell-ing of dear ones gone to the tomb.
 watchful shall keep, Waiting thy bliss-ful wak-ing from sleep.

Words by A. T. WORDEN, 1878.

Music by H. D. CLARKE, 1878.

1 When the form is bent 'neath the cares of life, And the heart is sad with its ceaseless strife;
 2 When the vic - tor's palms wave a - round the throne, And the sad in heart walk no more a - lone;

When the song is dead in the sad - ened breast, Then we long for the mu - sic of the blest.
 Then our song shall rise on the peace - ful air, To be sung by the ransomed o - ver there.

CHORUS.

We shall sing, all sing, To the glo - ry of our King; When we
 We shall sing, all sing,

greet the day e - ter - nal, When our Sav - iour's prais - es ring.

When we greet

3 There the tree of life with its shining leaves,
Brings eternal balm to the heart that grieves.
And the silver streams with eternal flow
Hush the murmurs of mortal strife and woe.

4 Yes the victors sing of their ended strife.
And the mourners sing of eternal life.
There the weary sing in a land of rest;
Ever sing in the mansions of the blest.

JESUS' NAME.

BERNARD of Clairvaux, 12th Century. Trans. by E. CASWALL, 1849.

D. S. HARES, 1878.

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest.

2 No voice can sing no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A sweeter sound than Je - sus' name, The Saviour of man-kind.

3 O hope of every con-trite heart, O joy of all the meek, To those who fall how kind thou art, How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only joy be thou, As thou our Prize wilt be; Jesus, be thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

EXALT HIM ALL YE PEOPLE. Anthem.

Joyfully.

By permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Ex - alt him all ye people, And let your songs a - rise, In loud exalted numbers, While heav'n and earth replies,

The brook that murmurs lightly, The bird in sil - ver lays, Proclaim our great Cre - a - tor, And gently speak his praise ;

Ex - alt him all ye people, And let your songs a - rise, In loud exalted numbers, While heav'n and earth replies,

The crys - tal drops that lin - ger In yon - der arch of blue, And from the bow of prom - ise With

This system of musical notation consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff contains a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the vocal line, and chords and eighth notes in the bass line.

ev - er varied hue, The ra - dant stars that glis - ten Like an - gel eyes a - bove, Are

This system continues the musical notation with a treble and bass staff. The vocal line in the treble staff has lyrics underneath. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The notation includes various chordal textures and melodic lines.

mes - sen - gers of glad - ness That tell His wondrous love; That tell, that tell his wondrous love.

This system concludes the musical notation with a treble and bass staff. The vocal line in the treble staff has lyrics underneath. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The music ends with a final chord in the bass staff.

Ex - alt him all ye people, And let your songs a - rise, In loud exalted numbers, While heav'n and earth replies.

Choral Style.

Pour out your heart before him, And to his scepter bend, Who lives and reigns for - ev - er, Whose kingdom has no end.

Original movement.

Ex - alt him, ex - alt him, ex - alt the King of glo - ry, His might - y works proclaim, His might - y works proclaim.

His — mighty works proclaim.

EXALT HIM. (Concluded.)

93

Let ev - 'ry clime a - dore him, And bless his ho - ly name, And bless, and bless, and
And bless, and bless, and

bless his ho - ly name, And bless, and bless, and bless his ho - ly name.
bless his ho - ly name, And bless his ho - ly name, And bless, and bless, and bless, his ho - ly name.

ff Bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his name, bless his ho - ly name.
ff

A BROKEN CONTRITE HEART.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 A bro - ken, con - trite heart, oh Lord, Thou nev - er wilt de - spise, And those who seek, shall not de - part
 2 Thou knowest ev - 'ry earth - ly need, Thou hast a plen - teous store; Oh, to thy heav'nly pas - tures lead,
 3 Oh God for - sake thy chil - dren not, For now we need thee most; Oh, be thy prom - ise ne'er for - got,

Without the prom - ised prize. Our hum - ble, need - y spir - it, dumb, With shame for - bids to speak,
 And feed us ev - er - more. We have no wor - thi - ness to bring, We're all un - right - eous - ness;
 In thee a - lone we boast. Oh lift thy might - y arm to save Thy hum - ble child be - low;

CHORUS.

And on - ly through thy ris - en Son Would we thy fa - vor seek.
 But sim - ply to thy prom - ise cling, And our pe - ti - tion press. Oh, Fath - er hear our hum - ble prayer;
 Thy ho - ly spir - it, Lord, we crave, Oh bless us e'er we go.

To thee our ev - 'ry need we bear. We turn, we look to thee a - lone, We're pleading at thy throne.

HASTE TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

1 Hark, the Sab - bath bells are ring - ing! Let us haste with - out de - lay; Prayers of thousands now are wing - ing
 2 'Tis an hour of hap - py meet - ing, We have met for praise and prayer; But the hour is short and fleet - ing;
 3 Do not keep our teach - ers wait - ing, While you tar - ry by the way; Nor dis - turb the school re - cit - ing
 4 Chil - dren, haste; the bells are ring - ing, And the morn - ing's bright and fair; Thou - sands now are join'd in sing - ing,

Up to heav'n their si - lent way, Prayers of thousands now are wing - ing Up to heav'n their si - lent way.
 Let us, then, be ear - ly there. But the hour is short and fleet - log; Let us, then, be ear - ly there.
 'Tis the ho - ly Sab - bath day, Nor dis - turb the school re - cit - ing, 'Tis the ho - ly Sab - bath day.
 Thousands, too, in sol - emn prayer, Thou - sands now are joined in sing - ing, Thou - sands, too, in sol - emn prayer.

VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU.

Music by JOHN P. MORGAN, 1877.

Ver - i - ly I say un - to you, Ex - cept ye be con - vert-ed and be - come as lit - tle

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first system.

chil - dren, Ye shall not en - ter the king-dom of heav-en. Who-so-ever there-fore shall humble him-self

This system also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the vocal line. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, featuring a 'Rit' (ritardando) marking with a hairpin symbol. The bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. A fermata is placed over the final note of the second system.

VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU. (Concluded.)

as this lit - tle child, the same is great - est in the king - dom of heaven;

Cres *Cres*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves below the vocal line, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. Dynamics markings 'Cres' are placed under the piano accompaniment.

And whoso shall receive one such lit - tle child in my name, re - ceiv - - - - eth me.

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves below the vocal line, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. The system concludes with a double bar line.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

Words by W. M.

From CHORAL HARP, by permission.

Music by R. LOWRY:

1 When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing In the bright ce - les - tial dome, When sweet
2 When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band; Shall we

an - gel voi - ces, sing - ing, Glad - ly bid us welcome home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry,
know the friends that greet us, In the glo - rious, hap - py land? Shall we see the same eyes shin - ing,

Where the dwellers know no care— In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
On us as in days of yore? Shall we feel the same arms twin - ing, Fondly round us as be - fore?

CHORUS.

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er?
**We shall* *We shall*

Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?
We shall *We shall*

Shall we know

3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
 And my weary heart grows light,
 For the sweet immortal voices,
 And th' angelic faces bright;
 That shall sing with us the story
 Of redemption round the throne,
 Are with us the heirs of glory,
 And we'll know as we are know.
 Shall we know, &c.

*For last verse.

4 Oh! ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones,
 Droop not, faint not, by the way;
 Ye shall join the loved and lost ones
 In the land of perfect day!
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers,
 Murmured in my raptured ear,
 Ever more their sweet song lingers,
 "We shall know each other there!"
 We shall know, &c.

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.

From FRESH LEAVES, by permission.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing, In the bright ce - les - tial dome, When sweet an - gel voi - ces sing - ing,
 2 When the ho - ly an - gels meet us, As we go to join their band, We shall know the friends that greet us
 3 Oh, ye wea - ry, sad, and tossed ones, Droop not, faint not by the way; Ye shall join the loved and lost ones

Glad - ly bid us wel - come home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the dwellers know no care,
 In that glorious happy land; We shall see the same eyes shi - ning On us as in days of yore;
 In the land of per - fect day! Harp - strings touched by angel fin - gers, Mur - mur in my raptured ear;

CHORUS.

In that land of light and glo - ry, We shall know each oth - er there. We shall know each oth - er,
 We shall feel their dear armstwining Fond - ly round us as be - fore. We shall know, &c.
 Ev - er - more their sweet song lingers "We shall know each other there. We shall know, &c.
 We shall know

We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each oth - er, We shall know each other there.
 We shall know We shall know We shall know

CHILDREN'S CHORUS OF PRAISE.

1 O come, let us sing, Our youthful hearts now swelling To God a - bove, a God of love; O come let us sing.
 2 We'll chant, chant his praise, Our loft-y strains now blending; A trib-ute bring to Christ our King, And chant, chant his praise.
 3 All full cho - rus join, To Je - sus con - de - scending To bless our race with heavenly grace, All full chorus join!
 Our joy - ful spir - its, glad and free, With high e - mo - tions rise to thee, In heav'nly mel - o - dy; O come, let us sing.
 Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified; " 'Tis finished!" then he meekly cried, And bow'd his head and died—Then chant, his praise.
 To God whose mer - cy on us smiled, And Ho - ly Spir - it reconciled By Christ, the meek and mild, All full chorus join.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1877.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 Je-sus knows the children's love, Though in heaven far a-bove; He is near, ev-er near. Watchful
 2 He was once a child be-low, And knows ev'-ry lit-tle woe, Of the heart, of the heart. Take to

He is near,
Of the heart, ev - er near.
of the heart.

eyes mark all we do, And to grieve his love so true We should fear, we should fear.
 him each trou-ble small, He a sooth-ing balm for all Will im-part, will im-part.

CHORUS.

Cling to Je - sus, ask his grace; Look, be - hold his smil - ing

face. In his arms a rest - ing place Thou shalt find, thou shalt find.

3 When the tempter presses hard,
 Seek the Saviour, he can guard
 By a look.
 Jesus knows how hard we try,
 It is written up on high
 In the book.

4 Seek him in the morn of youth,
 And your feet in paths of truth
 He will lead.
 Promises like these we see—
 "Of such shall my kingdom be,"
 From sin freed.

DAY. S. M.

1 My spir - it on thy care, Blest Saviour, I re - cline, Thou wilt not leave me to despair For thou art love divine.
 2 In thee I place my trust, On thee I calm - ly rest; I know thee good—I know thee just, And count thy choice the best.
 3 Whate'er e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all perform; Safe in thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.
 4 Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me,—Secure of hav - ing thee in all, Of having all in thee.

C. WESLEY, 1744.

MENDELSSOHN.

1 Hark! the herald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sin - ners
 2 Christ, by highest heav' n a - dored, Christ the Ever - last - ing Lord; In the manger born a king, While the heav' nly
 3 Hail, the heav' n - born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and Life to all He brings, Ris' n with healing

rec - on - ciled? Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel
 choir sing "Peace on earth to man good will;" Bid the trembling soul be still, Christ on earth has
 in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the

host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem! Hark! the herald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new born King!
 come to dwell, Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el. Hark! etc.
 sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Hark! etc.

OVERCOMING.

105

Words by REV. J. D. HAMMOND.

Music by D. S. HARES, by permission.

1 To him that o - ver - com - eth Who spot-less is and pure, To him that o - ver - com - eth, The

CHORUS.

prom-ise is se - cure. Who fights a - gainst the hosts of wrong, Though on - ly God may see, Shall

one day swell the an - gel's song Of glo - rious vic - to - ry.

- 2 His food shall be of heaven,
And in his hand a stone
In which is clearly written,
The holy word alone.
- 3 His pow'r shall rule the nations,
He conquers through the name;
In spite of earth's temptations,
Of Him that overcame.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

Not too slow.

By Permission J. CHURCH & Co., Owners of Copyright.

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1 Hear the words our Sav-ior hath spo-ken, Words of life un-fail-ing and true; Careless one, pray'less one, hear and remember,
 2 All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his promises too; Hearing them, fearing them, never can save us,
 3 They with joy may en - ter the cit - y, Free from sin from sorrow and strife; Sanctified, glorified, now and for-ev-er,

Je - sus says, "Blessed are they that do." Bless-ed are they that do his commandments, Blessed are they,
 Blessed, oh blessed are they that do.
 They may have right to the tree of life.

blessed are they, Blessed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, blessed, blessed are they.

ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH.

107

A. A. G.

From HAPPY VOICES, by permission.



- 1 Be the mat-ter what it may, Always speak the truth; Whether work, or whether play, Always speak the truth.
 2 There's a charm in ver-i - ty—Always speak the truth; But there's meanness in a lie—Always speak the truth.
 3 Falsehood seldom stands alone—Always speak the truth; One be-gets an - oth - er one—Always speak the truth.
 4 When you're wrong the folly own; Always speak the truth: Here's a vic - t'ry to be won; Always speak the truth.



- Never from this rule de-part, Grave it deep - ly on your heart; Written 'tis in Virtue's chart : Always speak the truth.
 He is but a coward slave Who, a pres - ent pain to waive, Stoops to falsehood; then be brave, Always speak the truth.
 Falsehood all the soul degrades, 'Tis a sin from which proceed Greater sins and dark - er deeds; Always speak the truth.
 He who speaks with lying tongue Adds to wrong a greater wrong; Then with courage true and strong Always speak the truth.



Sing His Praise.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>1 Would you be as angels are?
 Sing, Oh sing his praise;
 Would you banish every care?
 Sing, Oh sing his praise
 Like the lark upon the wing,
 Like the warbling bird of spring,</p> | <p>Like the crystal spheres that ring,
 Sing, Oh sing his praise</p> <p>2 If the world upon you frown,
 Sing, Oh sing his praise;
 If you're left to sing alone,</p> | <p>Sing, Oh sing his praise;
 If sad trials come to you,
 As to every one they do,
 For that they are blessings too
 Sing, Oh sing his praise.</p> |
|--|--|--|

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

J. P. WEBSTER, by per.

1 There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,
 2 We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest,
 3 To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise,

For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.
 And our spir - it shall sor - row no more— Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 For the glo - ri - ous gift of his love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days!

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore,
 by and by, by and by, by and by,

In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.
by and by, by and by,

SELVIN.

1 If, through un-ruf-fled seas, Calm-ly toward heav'n we sail, With grate-ful hearts, O God to thee,
2 But, should the sur-ges rise, And rest de-lay to come, Blest be the sor-row kind the storm
3 Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy con-trol; Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume
4 Teach us in ev-ry state, To make thy will our own, And when the joys of sense de-part,

We'll own the fost'ring gale, With great-ful hearts, O God, to thee, We'll own the fost'ring gale.
Which drives us near-er home, Blest be the sor-row, kind the storm, Which drives us near-er home.
The mid-night of the soul, Thy ten-der mer-cies shall il-lume The mid-night of the soul.
To live by faith a-lone, And when the joys of sense de-part, To live by faith a-lone.

Words written for this Work.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 Hap - py New Year, Hap - py New Year, Joy - ful joy - ful sound-eth on the air;
2 Wel - come to all, Wel - come to all; Go and call the need - y round your door;

Hap - py, hap - py New Year, Hap - py hap - py New Year,
Wel - come, Wel - come, mer - ry Wel - come, mer - ry Wel - come,

Mer - ry, mer - ry child - ish hearts are sing - ing, Hap - py hap - py New Year ev - 'ry - where.
Greet this wel - come New Year with thy bless - ings, Show - er them up - on the wor - thy poor.

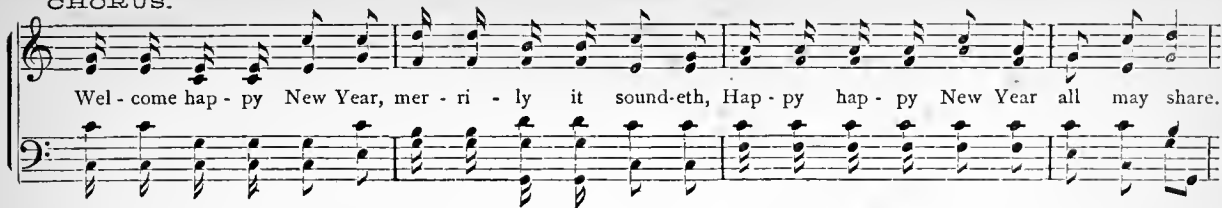
Mer - - - ry, mer - ry child - ish hearts are sing - ing,
Greet this New Year, greet it with thy bless - ings,

And their praise to Je - sus bring - ing, For his won - drous love and care.
Let each heart to God be lift - ed; Ask for help this com - ing year.

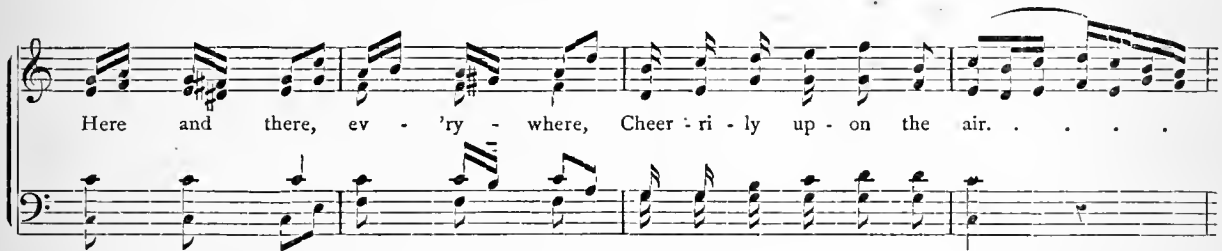
HAPPY NEW YEAR. (Concluded.)

111

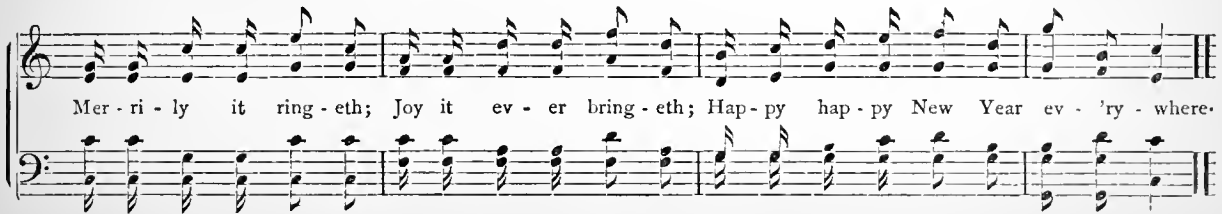
CHORUS.



Wel - come hap - py New Year, mer - ri - ly it sound-eth, Hap - py hap - py New Year all may share.



Here and there, ev - 'ry - where, Cheer - ri - ly up - on the air. . . .



Mer - ri - ly it ring - eth; Joy it ev - er bring - eth; Hap - py hap - py New Year ev - 'ry - where.

ELLEN HASTINGS.

From ROYAL SONS, by permission.

WM. O. PERRINS.

1 Whoshall ev - er be joy - ful and glad prais - es sing? Who but the chil - dren of God? For their
 2 Who are al - ways so hap - py, so peace - ful, and calm? Who but the chil - dren of God? And if
 3 All the ills that be - set us in this wea - ry life Fear not the chil - dren of God, For they
 4 Then, dear chil - dren, oh wont you u - nite with this band? Wont you be chil - dren of God, And at

CHORUS.
 sins have been pardoned, and Christ is their King, And ever they trust in his word. Glad praises joy - ful - ly
 dan - gers do threaten, they nev - er fear harm, For ev - er they trust in the Lord. Glad praises, etc.
 know that soon over will be this world's strife, For ever they'll rest with the Lord. Glad praises, etc.
 last sing his praises in that happy land, With all who have loved the dear Lord? Glad praises, etc.

sing To Christ our Saviour and King; He loves us and saves us by his word; Glad praises and offerings bring.

THE BETTER LAND.

113

Music by W. J. BOSTWICK, 1878.

1 There is a land, a better land than this— There's my home, (there's my home,) there's my home! A land of pure un-

2 Far, far I am from my own happy shore— I would go, (I would go,) I would go; But yet my days of

3 Bright vis-ions of that bliss-ful land ap-pear— There's my home, (there's my home,) there's my home; How long a pil - grim

4 There is a land, a bright-er land than this— Joys are there, (joys are there,) joys are there; No pain or sor-row

bound - ed per - fect bliss—There's my home, (there's my home,) there's my home. A cap - tive on this des - ert shore, I

ex - ile are not o'er— I would go, (I would go,) I would go. I would not stay though earth were mine; Though

must I wan - der here? There's my home, (there's my home,) there's my home. Oh! tell me that I soon shall be, With

sick - ness or dis - tress, Reach - es there, (reaches there,) reaches there, Bright fields of pleas-ure greet the eye, And

long to count my ex - ile o'er, And be where sorrows come no more; There's my home, (there's my home,) there's my home.

all its treasures for me shine, A cap - tive here I still would pine— I would go, (I would go,) I would go.

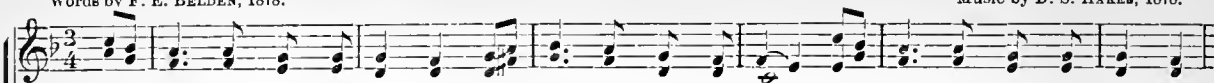
all the ran-somed ex-iles, free, There in that land I long to see; There's my home, (there's my home,) there's my home.

crystal streams that never dry; Oh! give me wings, I now would fly, And be there, (and be there,) and be there.

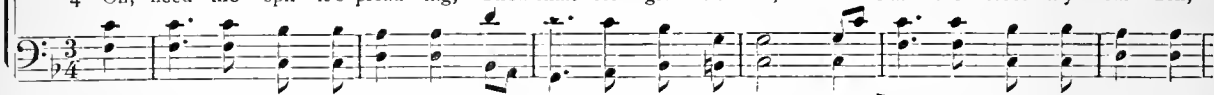
YE LADEN AND WEARY.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

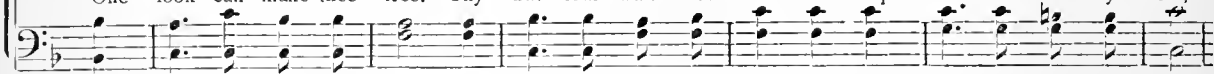
Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.



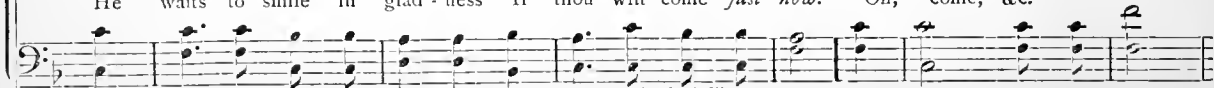
1 Ye la - den, sad and wea - ry, With sin and shame op - pressed, Oh, cast on Christ thy bur - den,
 2 His yoke is ev - er eas - y, His bur - den it is light; It giv - eth peace and com - fort,
 3 Thy heart seems bowed in an - guish Be - neath its guilt - y load; Oh, wouldst thou leave thy bur - den,
 4 Oh, heed the spir - it's plead - ing, Thou shalt for - giv - en be; Leave at the cross thy bur - den,



And he will give thee rest. While rest thy soul is seek - ing, Now heed the gra - cious call;
 And rest when ends earth's night. If thou art meek and low - ly, And bear his cross a - right,
 Then seek the nar - row road, Je - sus will go be - fore thee And press each thorn a - way;
 One look can make thee free. Thy Sav - iour waits with sad - ness Up - on' his ho - ly brow,



Oh, hear thy Sav - iour speak - ing, And let the bur - den fall. Oh, come un - to me.
 Thou shalt like him be ho - ly, And wear a crown so bright. Oh, come, &c.
 Oh, sin - ner, we im - plore thee, Come while 'tis mer - cy's day. Oh, come, &c.
 He waits to smile in glad - ness If thou wilt come *just now*. Oh, come, &c.



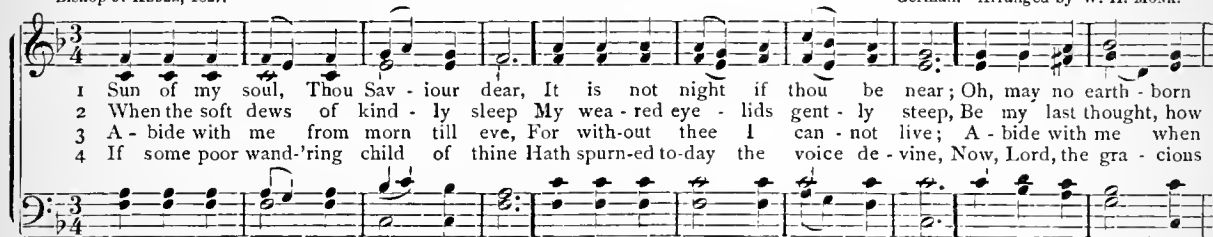


And I will give you rest, Oh, come un - to me, And I will give you rest.

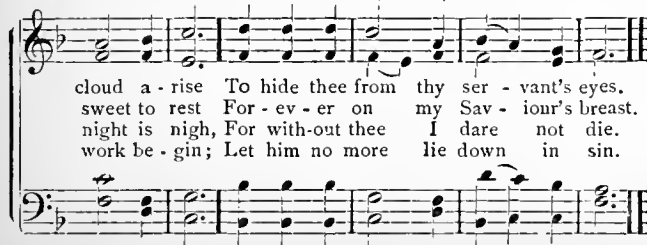
Bishop J. KEBLE, 1827.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

German. Arranged by W. H. MONK.



1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born
2 When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - red eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought, how
3 A - bid with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can - not live; A - bid with me when
4 If some poor wand - ring child of thine Hath spurn-ed to-day the voice de - vine, Now, Lord, the gra - cious



cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.
sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
night is nigh, For with-out thee I dare not die.
work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store
Be ev'ry mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We loose ourselves in Heaven above,

THANKSGIVING.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 Thanks-giv - ing to the Lord be - longs For all his love and care; With grateful hearts and thankful songs,
 2 He speaks, and wa - king na - ture smiles In blooming verd - ure, gay, And Spring in mer - y song re - viles
 3 Oh, praise the Lord, whose works appear In heaven, earth and sea; His migh - ty name let all re - vere,

Thankgiv - ing all may share. Our Fath - er from his bount'ous hand Lets man - y bless - ings fall;
 Old win - ter, cold and gray. He robes the earth in ripe - ness o'er, His good - ness to pro - claim;
 And ev - er thank - ful be. He is a ref - uge for the soul Who trusts in him a - lone,

Our life, our friends, and free - dom's land, We owe to him our all. Sing praise, to the
 He crowns the year with har - vest's store; Thanks-giv - ing to his name. Sing praise, &c.
 And when our years shall cease to roll, We'll praise him round his throne. Sing praise, &c.

Thankful praise,

Lord, For all his bounties shown; Let ev - 'ry heart a tribute bring, And make his good - ness known.

To the Lord,

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD, of Morlaix, 1140.

Translated by Rev. JOHN MASON NEAL, D. D., 1858.

ALEX. EWING.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.
 2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, and bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng.
 3 And they who with their Lead - er, Have con - quered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er, Are clad in robes of white.
 4 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try! The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect.

I know not, oh, I know not, what ho - ly joys are there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, what bliss be - yond compare.
 There is the throne of Da - vid And there from toil re - leased, The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 O land that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife! O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realm and home of life!
 Je - sus in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest, Who art with God the Fath - er and Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - men.

YOUR MISSION.

FROM HEAVENWARD, by Permission.

Composed by S. M. GRANNIS.

1 If you can - not on the o - cean Sail among the swift-est fleet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing
 2 If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand with - in the val - ley While the
 3 If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command, If you cannot tow'rd the needy, Reach an
 4 If you can - not in the conflict, Prove yourself a sol - dier true, If where fire and smoke are thickest, There's no
 5 Do not then stand i - dly wait - ing For some greater work to do, For - tune is a la - zy god - ess, She will

Rit.

at the storms you meet, You can stand a - mong the sailors, Anchor'd yet with - in the bay, You can
 mul - ti - tudes go by, You can chant in hap - py measure, As they slow - ly pass a - long, Though they
 ev - er o - pen hand, You can vis - it the af - flict - ed, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can
 work for you to do; When the bat - tle - field is si - lent, You can go with care - ful tread, You can
 nev - er come to you, Go and toil in an - y vine - yard, Do not fear to do or dare, If you



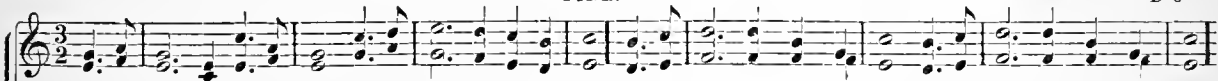
lend a hand to help them As they launch their boats a - way, As they launch their boats a - way.
 may for - get the sing - er, They will not for - get the song, They will not for - get the song.
 be a true dis - ci - ple Sit - ting at the Sav - iour's feet, Sit - ting at the Sav - iour's feet.
 bear a - way the wound - ed, You can cov - er up the dead, You can cov - er up the dead.
 want a field of la - hor, You can find it an - y - where, You can find it an - y where.



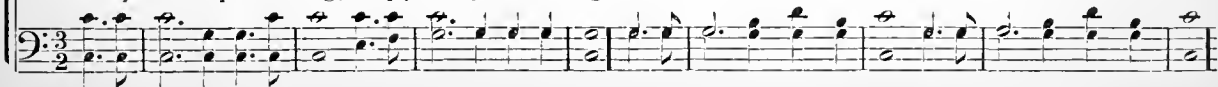
ROCK OF AGES.

FINE.

D C



1 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,
 Be of sin the perfect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
 2 Should my tears forever flow; Should my zeal no languor know; This for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone.
 In my hand no price I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling.



COME TO JESUS.

Music by D. S. HAKES, by permission.

1 We're com - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, We hear thy gen - tle voice; We would be thine for -
 2 We're com - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, To meet that hap - py band; And sing with them for -
 3 We're com - ing, bless - ed Sav - iour, Our Fath - er's house we see; A glo - rious man - sion

CHORUS.

ev - er, And in thy love re - jice. We're com - ing, com - ing, com - ing, To
 ev - er, And in thy pres - ence stand. We're com - ing, &c.
 ev - er, For chil - dren young as we. We're com - ing, &c.

crown our Je - sus King; And with the an - gels ev - er, His prais - es we will sing.

NEVER YIELD.

121

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by W. J. BOSTWICK, 1878.

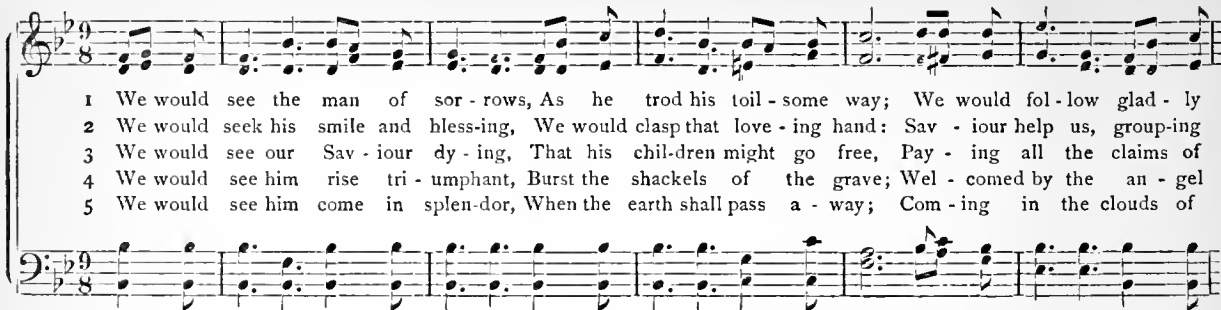
1 We're lit-tle Christian sold-iers, We're marching to the field. Our Captain we will fol-low With ban-ner, sword and shield.
 2 While on the field of bat-tle We'll bold-ly fight for God. The fier-y darts of Sa-tan The shield of faith will ward.
 3 And when the struggle's o-ver And vanquished are our foes. The An-gel peace will hov-er With heal-ing for our woes.

Press on-ward, onward, ev-er, Let fail thy courage nev-er, Our sword of truth for-ev-er Gainst the wrong we will wield.
 Then raise the ban-ner high-er Our mot-to is as-pi-re, To God be our de-si-re, And in him we con-fide.
 Then break forth in-to sing-ing. The vic-to-ry we're bringing, Through Christ, to whom we're clinging, And to him praise ascribe.

Press on, press on-ward ev-er Be of courage, nev-er yield, Our sword of truth for-ev-er 'Gainst the wrong holdly wield.

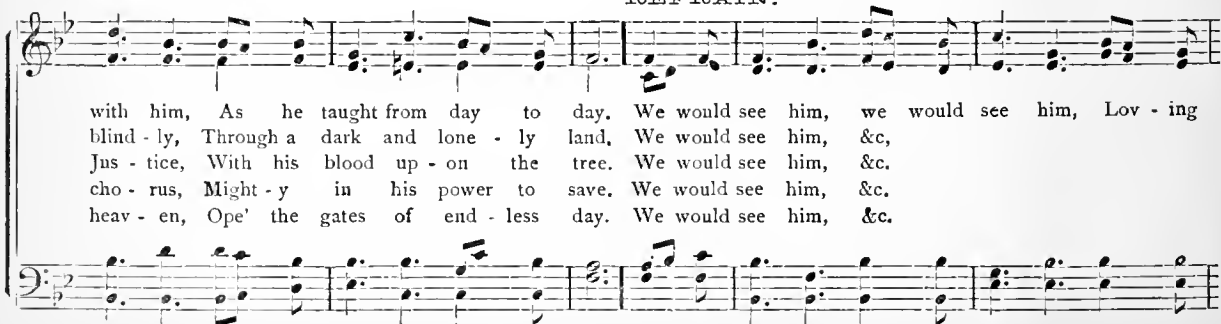
Words by A. T. WORDEN, 1878.

Music by H. D. CLARKE, 1878.



1 We would see the man of sor - rows, As he trod his toil - some way; We would fol - low glad - ly
 2 We would seek his smile and bless - ing, We would clasp that love - ing hand: Sav - iour help us, group - ing
 3 We would see our Sav - iour dy - ing, That his chil - dren might go free, Pay - ing all the claims of
 4 We would see him rise tri - umphant, Burst the shackles of the grave; Wel - comed by the an - gel
 5 We would see him come in splen - dor, When the earth shall pass a - way; Com - ing in the clouds of

REFRAIN.



with him, As he taught from day to day. We would see him, we would see him, Lov - ing
 blind - ly, Through a dark and lone - ly land, We would see him, &c,
 Jus - tice, With his blood up - on the tree. We would see him, &c.
 cho - rus, Might - y in his power to save. We would see him, &c.
 heav - en, Ope' the gates of end - less day. We would see him, &c.

Sav - iour of man-kind; Might - y heal - er, stoop to hear us, We are poor and weak and blind.

ANTIOCH.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord will come! Let earth re - ceive her king; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare him room,
 2 Joy to the earth, the Lord will reign! Let men their songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 3 No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make his blis - sings flow
 4 Soon will he rule the earth with grace, And make the na - tions prove The glo - ries of his right - eous - ness,

And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 And won - ders of his love, And won - ders of his love, And won - and won - ders of his love.

And Heav'n and nature sing, And Heav'n and nature sing,

THIS IS WHY I LOVE MY JESUS.

From SPIRITUAL SONGS by permission.

Words and Music by Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1 Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis be - cause my bless - ed
 2 Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis be - cause the blood of
 3 Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis be - cause, a - mid temp -
 4 Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis be - cause in ev - 'ry
 5 Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me? 'Tis be - cause, my friend and

Je - sus From my sins has ran - somed me. This is why I love my
 Je - sus Full - y saves and cleans - es me.
 ta - tion, He sup - ports and strengthens me.
 con - flict Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
 Sav - iour He will ev - er, ev - er be. This is why I love my Je - sus, This is

Je - sus, This is why I love him so, He a -
 why I love him so, This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love him so, He has

toned for my trans-gres - - sions, He has washed me white as snow, white as snow.
 pardoned my transgressions, He has pardoned my transgressions, He has washed me, He has made me white as snow.

WHITE ROBES.

1 Who are these in bright ar - ray, This ex - ult-ing hap-py throng, Round the al-tar night and day, Sing-ing one tri - umph-ant song.
 2 These through fiery tri - als trod, These from great afflic-tions came; Now be-fore the throne of God, Sealed with his al - mighty name.
 3 Clad in rai - ment pure and white, Vic-tor palms in ev - 'ry hand, Through their great Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.
 4 Joy, and glad - ness ban - ish sighs; Per-fect love dis-pels all fears; And for - ev - er from their eyes, God shall wipe a - way their tears.

Clean robes, white robes, { Robes for the righteous,
 Robes for the righteous, } Wait in the vest ry of the Lord, White robes wait for me.

LIFT HIM UP.

Words by MAY E. WARREN.

John 12 : 32.

Music by D. S. HARES, by permission.

1 Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dy - ing look and live; To all wea - ry, thirsting sin - ners,
2 Lift him up, this pre - cious Sav - iour, Let the mul - ti - tudes be - hold; They with willing hearts shall seek him;

Liv - ing wat - ers will he give; And though once so meek and low - ly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he;
He will draw them to his fold, They shall gath - er from the way - side, Hast'ning on with joy - ous feet;

CHORUS.

And the blind, who grope in darkness Through the blood of Christ shall see. Lift him up, the ris - en Sav - iour,
They shall bear the cross of Je - sus, And shall find sal - va - tion sweet. Lift him up, &c.

High a - mid the wait - ing throug; Lift him up, 'tis he that speaketh, Now he bids you flee from wrong.

3 Lift him up in all his glory,
 'Tis the Son of God on high;
 Lift him up, his love shall draw them,
 E'en the careless shall draw nigh;
 Let them hear again the story,
 Of the cross, the death of shame;
 And from tongue to tongue repeat it;
 Mighty throngs shall bless his name.

4 Oh! then lift him up in singing,
 Lift the Saviour up in prayer;
 He the glorious Redeemer,
 All the sins of men did bear;
 Yes the young shall bow before him,
 And the old their voices raise;
 All the deaf shall hear hosannah;
 And the dumb shall shout his praise.

DENNIS.

1 There is a bless-ed hope, More precious and more bright than all the joy-less mock - er - y The world es - teems de - light.
 2 There is a love - ly star, That lights the dark - est gloom, And sheds a peace-ful ra-diance o'er The pros - pects of the tomb.
 3 There is a cheering voice, That lifts the soul a - bove, Dis-pels the pain-ful, anx - ious doubt. And whisp-ers, God is love.
 4 That voice from Calvary's height, Pro-claims the soul for-given; That star is rev - e - la - tion's light; That hope, the hope of Heaven.

Words by MAY E. WARREN.

Music by D. S. HAKES, by permission.

1 The un - search - a - ble rich - es of Christ, Which can meet all the wants of our souls;
2 The un - search - a - ble rich - es of Christ, Buy - ing crowns of re - joic - ing for all

This is of - fered to us with out price, To be ours while e - ter - ni - ty rolls. If we
Who ac - cept of his meas - ure - less love, Freed for - ev - er from sin's blighting thrall; Be - yond

drink of the wa - ters of life, And through faith the high foun - tain be - hold,
sor - row or want shall we reign, If we suf - fer with Christ here be - low;

We shall join in the song of the Lamb, And with saints through the cit - y of gold.
Yes redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, All the joys of bright heav - en to know.

CHORUS.

The rich - es of Christ we're to share, And a crown of re - joic - ing to wear.
share to share, wear to wear.

His in - fi - nite love will out - last All our sor - rows and pains of the past.
last out - last

Words by S. M. SWAN.

Music by W. J. BOSTWICK, 1878.

1 With joy we've met, a youth-ful band To talk a - bout a heav-en-ly land; To learn to walk the nar - row way,
 2 Let oth - ers seek the joys of earth, And spend their hours in foolish mirth The meek dis - ci - ples we would be,
 3 His eas - y yoke we fain would bear, And meekly in his sufferings share; The Christian race with ar - dor run,

CHORUS.

And God's commandments to o - bey. We love in Sab - bath school to meet, To learn the law of God so sweet;
 Of him who died on Cal - var - y. We love, &c.
 And his re - proach we would not shun. We love, &c.

We love to join to sing and pray, Up-on this ho - ly Sab - bath day.

- 4 Lord, we would turn our feet away,
 Nor trample on thy holy day;
 Words of our own we would not speak,
 Nor our own pleasure would we seek.
- 5 That when thy glory is revealed,
 We may among thy saints be sealed,
 With joy thy lovely face behold,
 And sing thy praise with harps of gold.

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

131

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1 On-ward Christian Sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on he - fore.
 2 At the sign of tri - umph Sa - tan's ar - mies flee. On, then Christian Sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry.
 3 On-ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es, In the tri - umph song.

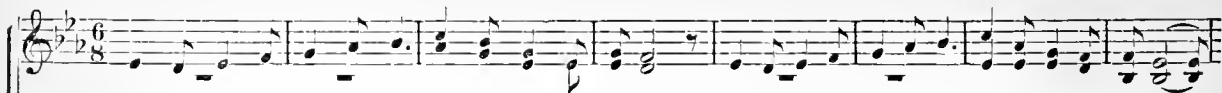
Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe: For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
 Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King: This, through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

On - ward Christian Sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

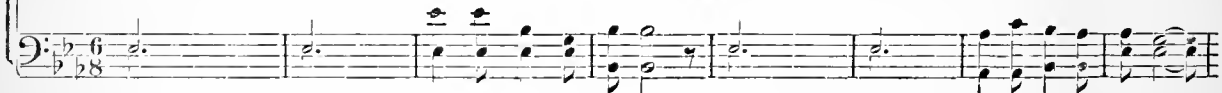
UPWARD, ONWARD, EVER.

Words by A. T. WORDEN, 1878.

Music by H. D. CLARKE, 1878.



- 1 Do not wait to moan or cry, Up-ward, on - ward, ev-er; Seize the moments as they fly, Be discouraged nev - er;
 2 Clouds and darkness break a - way, Pres-ent sor - row scorning; Brighter shines the coming day, For the cloudy morning;
 3 Winter's bands are cast a - way, In the time of sing-ing; Bird and bee shall kiss the spray, Grass and flow'rs springing;
 4 Rise and take the Fath-er's hand, He will gent-ly lead you; Weary in a des - ert land, He will ev-er feed you;



Rise a-bove the tide of woe, Words of cour-age speak-ing, Leave the dark'ning clouds below, God and heaven seeking.
 Rainbow coming with the rain, Decks the summer shower, Morning sun-light comes again, After life's brief hour.
 Buds are nourished by the dew, That the darkness giv - eth, Ev - er watching o - ver you, Is the Lord that liveth.
 Leaning on his promised love, Hop-ing, trusting ev - er; Find the hap - py home a-bove, By our strong en - deaver.



CHORUS.

Rise and let us on - ward go; Tri - als lie be - fore us. Though the waves about us flow, God is watch - ing o'er us.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

Words by MARY L. DUNCAN.

Music by Mrs. JOHN P. MORGAN, 1878.

1 Je - sus ten - der Shep - herd hear me, Bless thy lit - tle lamb to night. Through the dark - ness

be thou near me, Keep me safe 'till morning light.

2 Through this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warmed me — clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me home at last to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

HOME MISSIONARY HYMN.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1 Saints of God the dawn is bright - 'ning, To - kens of the com - ing Lord; O'er the earth the fields are
2 Feeb - ly now they toil in sad - ness, Weep - ing o'er the waste a - round, Slow - ly gath - 'ring grains of

whit - 'ning, Loud - er rings the Mas - ter's word. Pray for reap - ers, Pray for reap - ers, In the
glad - ness, While their echo - ing cries re - sound, Pray that reap - ers, Pray that reap - ers, In God's

har - vest of the Lord. Pray for reap - ers, Pray for reap - ers, In the har - vest of the Lord.
har - vest may a - bound. Pray that reap - ers, Pray that reap - ers, In God's har - vest may a - bound.

3 Now O Lord, fulfill thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And with pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land,
Faithful reapers,
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand,

4 Ocean calleth unto ocean,
Heralds speed from shore to shore,

Heralding the world's commotion;
Hear the conflict at our door,
Mighty conflict,
Satan's death - cry on our shore.

5 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;

By thy Spirit,
Bring thy ransomed people home.

6 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come,
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal harvest home:
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great harvest home.

ZION.

1 { Watchman on the walls of Zi - on, What O tell us of the night? } O'er your vis - ion, Shine there now some rays of light?
Is the day - star now a - ris - ing? Will the morn soon greet our sight? }

2 { Tell, oh! tell us, are the landmarks On our voy - age all passed by? } Do we tru - ly See the heav'n - ly king - dom nigh?
Are we near - ing now the ha - ven? Can we e'en the land de - sery? }

O'er your vis - ion, Shine there now some rays of light?
Do we tru - ly See the heav'n - ly king - dom nigh?

3 Light is beaming; day is coming!
Let us sound aloud the cry;
We behold the day - star rising
Pure and bright in yonder sky!
Saints, be joyful—
Your redemption draweth nigh.

4 We have found the chart and compass.
And are sure the land is near;
Onward, onward we are hastening,
Soon the haven will appear;
Let your voices
Sound aloud your holy cheer.

TEACH ME, O LORD.

By permission of OLIVER DITSON & Co

W. R. DAY.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy stat - utes ; Teach me, O Lord, the way, the way of thy stat - utes ;

Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy stat - utes ;

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across bar lines.

Make me to walk in the way of thy com - mandments, Make me to walk, Make me to walk in the way of thy com -

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The notation continues from the previous system, maintaining the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue across the staves.

mandments for - ev - er - more ; make me to walk, Make me to walk, Make me to walk in the

Make me to walk, Make me to walk,

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The notation continues from the previous system. The lyrics conclude with the phrase 'Make me to walk, Make me to walk,'. The music ends with a final cadence in the bass staff.

way of thy commandments, for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more. A - men, A - - men.

EVENTIDE.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1793—1847.

Arr. by WM. H. MONK.

1 A-bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
 2 Not a brief glance I beg, a par - ting word, But as thou dwell'est with Thy dis-ci-ples, Lord, Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend - ing, pa - tient,
 3 Come not in ter - rors, as the King of kings, But kind and good, with healing in thy wings; Tears for all woes, a heart for ev - ry
 4 Thou on my head in ear - ly youth did smile; And, though rebellious and per - verse meanwhile; Thou hast not left me, oft as I left

Last Verse.

fee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
 free, Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me!
 plea: Come, Friend of sin - ners, thus a - bide with me!
 thee: On to the close, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - men.

- 5 I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour;
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!
- 6 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

JESUS MY REDEEMER.

Words and Music by H. D. CLARKE, 1878.

1 Je - sus, my Re - deem - er From thy throne a - bove, For me in - ter - ced - ing; Oh, what wondrous love?
 2 Speak to me dear Je - sus, Ten - der words of thine; Tell me of sal - va - tion, And of life di - vine.
 3 Je - sus, precious Sav - iour, Thou hast died for me, Let thy lov - ing kind - ness, Lead me un - to thee.
 4 All thy blest commandments Teach me to ob - serve, From the faith of Je - sus, May I nev - er swerve.
 5 Je - sus my Re - deem - er, Thou, so full of love, Take me to my man - sion, In the world a - bove.

Je - sus, ev - er faith - ful; Still I trust in thee, Keep me in thy pres - ence, Peace give un - to me.

Copyrighted 1878 by J. E. WHITE.

WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

REV. GEO. MOULTRIE, 1867.

J. BARNBY, 1869.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lerd be - fore us, With his lov - ing eye look - ing

WE MARCH TO VICTORY. (Concluded.)

139

down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

FINE.

his arm

1 We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to meet him; And we put to flight the
 2 Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met his sal - va - tion; Our banner the cross of
 3 The choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Captain has bro - ken
 4 Then on - ward we march our arms to prove, With the banner of Christ be - fore us, With his eye of love look - ing

D. C. for Cho.

ar - mies of night, That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him.
 Cal - va - ry, The hope of all cre - a - tion, The hope of all cre - a - tion.
 the bra - zen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.
 down from a - bove, And His ho - ly arms spread o'er us, And his ho - ly arms spread o'er us.

EARNEST LABOR.

Music by D. S. HAKES, by permission.

1 La - bor fear - less, la - bor faith - ful, La - bor while the day shall last: For the shad - ows
 2 Ere shall end thy day of la - bor, Ere shall rest thy man-hood's sun; Strive with ev - 'ry
 3 Life is not the trace - less shad - ow, Nor the wave up - on the beach; Though our days in

CHORUS

of the even - ing Soon the sky shall o - ver - cast. Life is ear - nest, ev - er ear - nest,
 power with - in thee, That th' ap - point - ed task be done. Life is ear - nest, &c.
 brief, yet last - ing Is the stamps we give to each. Life is ear - nest, &c.

Full of la - bor, full of thought; Ev - 'ry hour and ev - 'ry mo - ment Are with liv - ing vig - or fraught.

WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

141

Music by M. B. CLARK, 1878.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time. It consists of two systems. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff of each system.

1 When his sal-va-tion bringing, To Zi-on Je-sus came, The children all stood sing-ing Ho-san-na to his name.
 2 And since the Lord re-tain-eth His love for chil-dren still, Though now as King he reign-eth On Zi-ons heavenly hill;
 3 For should we fail pro-claim-ing Our great Re-deem-er's praise; The stones our silence shaming, Might well ho-san-nas raise.

Nor did their zeal of-fend him; But as he rode a-long, He let them still at-tend him, And smiled to hear their song.
 We'll flock a-round his ban-ner, Who sits up-on the throne, And cry a-loud "Ho-san-na To Dav-id's roy-al son."
 But shall we on-ly ren-der The trib-ute of our words? No; while our hearts are tender, They too shall be the Lord's.

Copyrighted 1878 by J. E. WHITE.

BREAK, BREAK, ETERNAL DAY.

Tune, AMERICA.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>1 Break, break, eternal day,
 Bid darkness flee away,
 Pour on our sight—
 Light from the world of joy,
 Bliss pure without alloy;
 Then ne'er shall gloom annoy,
 All shall be bright.</p> | <p>2 Rise, rise, thou glorious sun,
 Hasten thy race to run;
 At God's command,
 Extend thy healing wings,
 Open joy's long-scaled springs,
 Reign, O thou King of kings,
 In this dark land.</p> | <p>3 Come, come, thou conquering One,
 Reign thou upon thy throne,
 In glory bright;
 Then shall the ransomed raise
 Unceasing songs of praise,
 Throughout eternal days,
 In realms of light.</p> |
|--|---|--|

OVER THERE.

FROM FRESH LEAVES, by permission.

T. C. O'KANE.

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

O - ver there,

Where the saints all im - mor - tal and fair, Will be robed in their gar - ments of white.
 Of the songs they will breathe on the air, In their home in the pal - ace of God.
 Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 And to bear me from earth o - ver there, The An - gels are com - ing for me.

O - ver there,

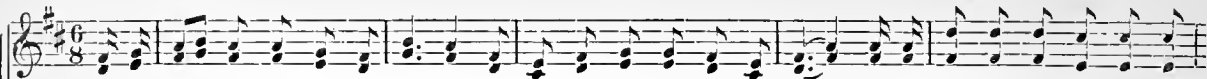
OVER THERE. (Concluded.)

O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there, O - ver there,
 O, think of the friends o - ver there,
 My Sav - iour is now o - ver there,
 I'll soon be at home o - ver there,

O - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there,
 O, think of the friends o - ver there,
 My Sav - iour is now o - ver there,
 I'll soon be at home o - ver there.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HARES, 1878.



1 If we keep our Fath-er's commandments And walk in his stat-utes a - right, We shall welcome our Lord when he
 2 We shall share the joys of the ran-somed, And dwell in the earth when made new. It is promised to all who o -
 3 Shall we seek like Christ to be ho - ly, And pure as the gold that is tried? He has taught us to keep the com-
 4 We have heard and seen of his goodness, And know his sal - va - tion is free; If we love him we'll seek to o -
 5 Though we suf-fer here trib - u - la - tion For keep-ing the law of the Lord: We re-joice to be count-ed as
 6 There are crowns a - waiting the faith - ful, And bliss that out-ri - vals com - pare. With our Saviour a life that's e -



CHORUS.



com - eth, And go to that cit - y of light. If we walk in the ways of the Lord, And give
 bey him; His words they are faith - ful and true. If we walk, &c.
 mand-ments, To help us o - bey them he died. If we walk, &c.
 bey him; And ev - er his chil - dren will be. If we walk, &c.
 wor - thy, And look for the prom-ised re - ward. If we walk, &c.
 ter - nal, The glad o - ver - com - er shall share. If we walk, &c.



dil - i - gent heed to his word; Then on earth we shalt ev - er be blest; And at last in his pres-ence shall rest.

WHY SHOULD THE CHILDREN OF A KING?

Words by ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Music by REV. J. B. DYKES.

1 Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn - ing all their days? Great Com - fort -
2 Dost Thou not dwell with all the saints, And seal the heirs of heaven? When wilt thou

er! de - scend and bring Some to - kens of thy grace.
ban - ish my complaints, And show my sins for-giv'n.

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove!
Will safe convey me home.

Words by I. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by W. J. BOSTWICK, 1878.

1 Come, ye stray-ing, sad, de-sponding, Wand'ers from the Shepherd's fold; To that still small voice respond-ing,
 2 Canst thou see, O trembling sin - ner, Pleading Saviour beck'ning thee? Dost thou hear his gen-tle foot - fall?
 3 In the west time's sun is sink-ing, And the signs in dark'ning sky, Like the stars of morn-ing twink-ling,

Now ac - cept his love un told. Thou canst give no earth - ly treas-ure For what earth can ne'er im - part;
 Look, and Je - sus thou shalt see. Oh, the wondrous rev - e - la - tion Of God's price-less gift of love!
 Her - ald Je - sus' com-ing nigh. Death stands near with i - cy fin - gers, Soon 'twill be too late to pray;

CHORUS.

Buy the peace which knows no meas - ure, Je - sus on - ly asks thy heart. We are com-ing, we are com-ing,
 Christ on earth our full sal - va - tion, Christ our all in Heav'n a - hove. We are &c.
 Turn, O turn while mer - cy ling - ers, Turn while yet 'tis called to - day. We are &c.

To the fold we've shunned so long, To the foun-tain o - ver - flow ing, There to raise sal - va-tion's song.

OUR FATHER KNOWS.

Words by Mrs. M. P. DODGE.

Music by Mrs. JOHN P. MORGAN, 1878.
(Last Verse.)

1 Through our earthly jour-ney Whereso'er we go, Every thought and feel-ing Doth our Fath-er know.
2 Let us then be care-ful That our looks shall be, Brave and kind and cheerful, For our Lord to see.
3 Let us guard each accent, With a ho - ly fear, Fit our eve - ry say-ing, For the Lord to hear. A - men.

4 Let no thought within us,
Hidden or confessed,
Ever bring a sorrow
To our dear Lord's breast.

5 Help us, Oh our Father,
Hear our earnest plea;
Teach thy little children
How to live for Thee.

YOUTHFUL MARINERS.

From HAPPY VOICES, by Permission.

A. A. G.

1 Down the stream of life they glide, Lit - tle mar - i - ners so frail; Gent - ly heaves the
 2 But the an - gry storm may blow, And the smil - ing heavens grow dark; And the hid - den
 3 Heavenly Pi - lot, be our guide, Youthful mar - i - ners de - fend; O'er the winds and

swelling tide, Soft - ly blows the fav' - ring gale. They sus - pect no dan - ger nigh,
 rocks be - low Rude - ly tear the trem - bling bark; Oft up - on the listening ear
 waves pre - side, In the dan - g'rous hour be - friend; Thou who bad'st the tem - pest cease,

Cloud - less is the sum - mer sky; Joy lights up each youth - ful eye As they gai - ly sail.
 Falls the cry of wild despair, From the shipwrecked mar - i - ner In his shattered bark.
 And from per - il didst release, Guide them to the port of peace Where their fears shall end.

JERUSALEM.

149

Music by M. B. CLARK.

1 Je - ru - sa - lem my glo-rious home, Name ev-er dear to me! When shall my la-bors have an end In
 2 O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con-gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And

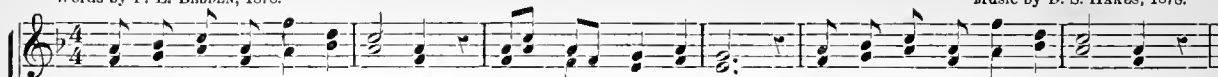
joy and peace in thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n built walls And pear-ly gates be - hold? Thy
 Sab - bath's have no end? There hap - pier bowers than E-den's bloom, Nor sin nor sorrow know; Blest

oulwarks with sal - va - tion strong And streets of shining gold.
 seats! tho' rude and stormy scenes, I on-ward press to you.

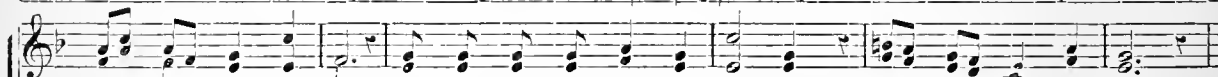
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain or woe?
 Or feel at death dismay;
 I've canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
 Jerusalem! my glorious home,
 My soul still pants for thee;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.



1 Ral-ly for the cause of temp'-rance, Child-hood, youth and age; Let each name now seek an en-trance
 2 Take the wa-ter sparkling brightly, God hath giv-en free, If in life so gay and spright-ly
 3 Let the cheering words be spok-en To the tempted soul. Bind the threads of hope now bro-ken



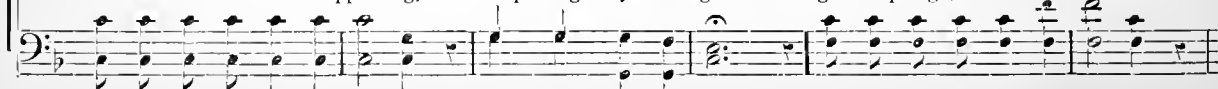
On the temp'-rance page. Sign the pledge, ab-stain from e-vil In thy youth-ful days,
 Thou would'st ev-er be. Shun the wine e're hearts be bro-ken O'er thy fi-nal fall;
 By the cru-el bowl. Bid him now take cour-age, mov-ing For-ward for the right;



CHORUS.



Lest thou walk so lone and fee-ble In the drunk-ard's ways. Sign the pledge and wear the rib-bon,
 List-en to our warnings, spo-ken, Heed our temp'rance call. Sign the pledge, &c.
 God will look with smiles approving, Help-ing by his might. Sign the pledge, &c.



Don the badge of blue; Seek the tempt-ed and the fall - en, God will strengthen you.

WORK FOR ALL.

By F. E. BELTEN.

To be sung to music TEMPERANCE RALLY.

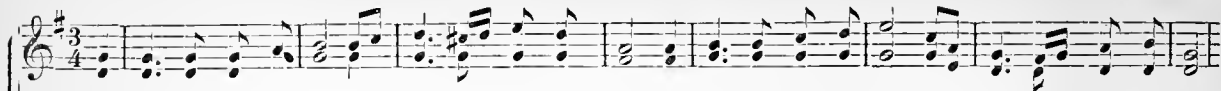
1. Work with little hearts and fingers
In bright childhood hours;
While the morning dew drop lingers
O'er life's springing flow'rs,
Little hearts and hands so tender
Ofttimes scatter seed
Which may blossom into splendor
By their kindly deed.
2. Work when all thy hopes are brightest,
E'er thy youth has flown;
While life's burdens weigh the lightest
Let good seeds be sown.
They will yield whate'er we're sowing—
Golden wheat, or tares;
Moments one by one are going—
Age comes unawares.
3. Work in earnest, watching, praying,
While 'tis noon of life;
Now the master's call obeying,
Enter in the strife,
Though the fields are waiving golden,
Laborers are few;
Let thy hand not be withholden—
You have work to do.
4. Work and watch, in patience waiting,
When age comes at last;
Earnest labor ne'er abating
Until life is past.
Endless joys shall banish sadness
From each heart that grieves,
When we leave our work in gladness,
Bearing harvest sheaves.

CHO.—Work and watch, and labor faithful, Work and watch and pray;
Golden sheaves will crown thy labors In the harvest day.

LOOK NOT ON THE WINE.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.



- 1 Look not up - on the wine That spark - les in its flow, For death is slumb'ring there, Beneath its rud - dy glow.
 2 Be - hold the gi - ant fiend Who laughs in mock er - y; He binds the strongest heart, And boasts of vic - to - ry.
 3 Go thou, un - veil his form, And bid the er - ring flee; Oh, lift the de - mon's mask And let the tempted see.
 4 Lift up the tempted soul Now fall - en in de - spair, Oh, lead his thoughts a - bove, To God who hear - eth prayer.



No hap - pi - ness it bring - eth, At - last it on - ly stingeth; It bit - eth, and it wringeth The heart with bit - ter woe.
 No hu - man hand can sev - er His bands that loosen nev - er Un - til the soul, for - ever Rests in e - ter - ni - ty.
 Implore them to a - wa - ken E'er hap - pi - ness be ta - ken; While fetters may be shaken, While yet they may go free.
 His arm in might - y pow - er Can bid the de - mon cower, And in temp - ta - tions hour Will an es - cape prepare.



CHORUS.

Oh, look not on the wine, Oh, shun the glow-ing cup; A de-mon's arms entwine The souls of those who sup.

WAS NOT OUR LORD A LITTLE CHILD?

Music by MRS. JOHN P. MORGAN, 1878.

1 Was not our Lord a lit - tle child, Taught by de - grees to pray; By fath - er dear and
 2 And loved he not of Hcav'n to talk, With chil-dren in his sight; To meet them in his
 moth - er mild, In - struct - ed day by day,
 dai - ly walk, And to his arms in - vite.

3 What though around his throne of fire
 The everlasting chant
 Be wafted from the Seraph choir
 In glory jubilant.

4 Ev'n now each little one in turn
 Some glorious truth may bring;
 What sages would have died to learn,
 A little child may sing.

1 Crowns and prais - es! crowns and prais - es To the Lord of hosts be - long; Ev - ery soul that
 2 If each peo - ple, tribe, and na - tion, Here could glad ho - san - na sing; If the migh - ty,

on us ga - zes, Come and join the glori - ous song; We are few to count his mer - cies,
 vast cre - a - tion Ev - ery tune - full voice could bring; Yet how poor would be the sounding

Mean to raise his hon - ors high; Come and join our hum - ble prai - ses, Ev - ery soul that pass - es by.
 Of the songs they all would raise; Lord thy mer - cies, more a - bounding, rise a - bove our high - est praise.

SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.

155

Words by WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

Music by JOHN HULLAH, 1867.

1 Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings; It is the Lord, who ris - es
 2 In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - va - tion
 3 It can bring with it noth - ing But he will bear us through; Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing

With heal - ing in his wings; When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
 And find it ev - er new; Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
 Will clothe his peo - ple too; Be - neath the spread - ing heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed;

A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it aft - er rain.
 Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
 And he who feeds the ra - vens Will give his chil - dren bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all the fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice,
 For while in him confiding
 I cannot but rejoice.

I Go preach my gos-pel, saith the Lord; Bid the whole world my grace re-ceive; He shall be saved who trusts thy

word; And they condemned who dis-be-lieve.

2 I'll make your great commission known ;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Teach all the nations my commands—
I'm with you till the world shall end ;
All power is vested in my hands—
I can destroy, and I defend.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
No sin nor death can reach that place,
No tears shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarm of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin ;
Fain would I leave this weary road,
And go to meet my blessed Lord.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Cleanse us from sin through Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

157

Music by D. S. HAKES, by permission.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed
 Give us this day our
 And lead us not into temptation, but de - - - - - liv - er

be thy name.
 dai - - - - ly bread;
 us from evil,

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
 And forgive us our trespasses as we for - give them that trespass a - gainst us;
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever. A - men. A men.

OLD HUNDRED.

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow! Praise him, all crea-turers here be-low! Praise him a-hore ye heav'nly host! Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

Title in Small Caps; first line in Roman.

PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.	
ALMOST PERSUADED.....	9	DENNIS.....	127	I COME TO JESUS.....	69
ABOVE THE CLOUDS.....	26	DO NOT WAIT TO MOAN OR CRY.....	132	INFANT PRAISES.....	73
AMERICA.....	51	DOWN THE STREAM OF LIFE THEY GLIDE.....	148	IF WE KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS.....	144
ALL HAIL FOR VOLUNTEERS.....	64	DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING, LORD.....	156	INVITATION.....	146
ALWAYS BE ON TIME.....	66	EVENING PRAYER.....	49	IN THE EARLY LIGHT OF THE MORNING BRIGHT.....	25
A CHEERFUL SONG.....	70	EVENING SONG.....	61	I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY.....	31
A BROKEN, CONTRITE HEART.....	94	EXALT HIM, ALL YE PEOPLE.....	90	IF YOU SEE A WEARY BROTHER.....	48
ANCHOA.....	123	EVENTIDE.....	137	IF YOUR HAND'S ON THE PLOW.....	60
ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH.....	107	EARNEST LABOR.....	140	I LAY MY SINS ON JESUS.....	69
A BETTER DAY IS COMING.....	22	EARTH'S HARVEST FIELD IS WAVING.....	32	IN THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.....	76
ABIDE WITH ME!.....	137	FORBID THEM NOT.....	74	IF, THROUGH UNRUFFLED SEAS.....	109
BLESSINGS BY THE WAY.....	27	FATHER, NOW THE DAY IS PAST.....	49	IF YOU CANNOT ON THE OCEAN.....	118
BEHOLD, HE COMETH.....	28	FRIEND AND COMPANION, DEAR TO EACH HEART.....	87	JOYFUL GREETING.....	3
BROWN.....	31	GOD OUR COMMANDER.....	6	JESUS IS PASSING.....	11
BEAUTIFUL HOME ON HIGH.....	72	GOD BLESS OUR SABBATH SCHOOL.....	14	JESUS LOVES THE LITTLE ONES.....	20
BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.....	106	GOD IS GOOD.....	23	JESUS COME AND BLESS US.....	34
BREAK, BREAK, ETERNAL DAY.....	141	GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.....	40	JESUS' NAME.....	89
BRETHREN, WHILE WE SOJOURN HERE.....	24	GENTLE JESUS, MEER AND MILD.....	45	JESUS KNOWS.....	102
BE THE MATTER WHAT IT MAY.....	107	GUARD US, 'TILL WE MEET AGAIN.....	47	JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.....	117
CHRIST OUR PATTERN.....	7	GOOD NIGHT.....	52	JESUS, MY REDEEMER.....	138
CROWN HIM.....	10	GONE TO THE GRAVE.....	87	JERUSALEM, MY GLORIOUS HOME.....	149
CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.....	19	GLAD PRAISES.....	112	JESUS, THOU HAST PROMISED.....	34
COMING BY-AND-BY.....	22	GO, PREACH MY GOSPEL, SAITH THE LORD.....	156	JESUS, SAVIOUR, HEAR US PRAY.....	42
COME HOME.....	24	HOLD ON.....	60	JESUS, HIGH IN GLORY.....	73
CHRISTMAS JUBILEE.....	35	HOME.....	62	JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.....	89
CHILDREN'S CHORUS OF PRAISE.....	101	HAKES.....	63	JESUS KNOWS THE CHILDREN'S LOVE.....	102
COME TO JESUS.....	120	HOLLEY.....	81	JOY TO THE WORLD, THE LORD WILL COME.....	123
CHILD'S PRAYER.....	133	HARK, HARK, MY SOUL.....	82	JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.....	133
CROWNS AND PRAISES.....	154	HASTE TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.....	95	LIKE AS A FATHER.....	8
Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace.....	10	HERALD ANGELS.....	104	LET US WORRY FOR THE SCHOOL.....	21
Come, let our voices raise.....	51	HAPPY NEW YEAR.....	110	LABAN.....	43
Come, 'tis Sabbath morning.....	66	HOMR MISSIONARY HYMN.....	134	LIFT HIM UP.....	126
Come, children, let us sing.....	70	Hail, oh, little Christian sailor.....	4	LOOK NOT ON THE WINE.....	152
Come, let us join our cheerful songs.....	71	Heirs of an immortal crown.....	41	LORD'S PRAYER.....	157
Come, my Redeemer, come.....	84	Home, dear home, we never shall forget.....	57	LITTLE CHILDREN.....	78
Come, ye straying, sad, desponding.....	146	Home, home, beameth before us.....	62	Light in the Darkness, Sailor.....	12
DUNDEE.....	13	Hark, the Sabbath bells are ringing.....	95	Like Refreshing Showers.....	27
DO NOT PASS THE NEEDY BY.....	48	Hark, the herald angels sing.....	104	LIFT UP TO GOD THE VOICE OF PRAISE.....	55
DAY.....	103	HEAR THE WORDS THE SAVIOUS HATH SPOKEN.....	106	LABOR FEARLESS, LABOR FAITHFUL.....	140

PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.	
MEET AGAIN.....	9	Shout aloud, hosanna!.....	6	WORK, for the Night is Coming.....	58
MARCHING ON.....	41	See the shining dew drops.....	23	WORK, WATCH, PRAY.....	65
My soul, be on thy guard.....	43	Servants of Jesus, the day is at hand.....	54	WAITING AND WATCHING.....	68
My spirit on thy care.....	103	Saints of God, the dawn is brightening.....	134	WHITER THAN SNOW.....	84
				WILMOT.....	85
Now condescend, Almighty King.....	61	THE SONG ANCHOR.....	4	WE SHALL SING.....	88
Nothing but leaves.....	77	THE GATE AJAR.....	16	WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER THERE.....	100
Never yield.....	121	THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.....	50	WE WOULD SEE HIM.....	122
		THE WORLD'S HARVEST.....	54	WHITE ROBES.....	125
OUR FATHER.....	15	THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.....	56	WE MARCH TO VICTORY.....	138
OUR OWN DEAR HOME.....	57	TAKE AWAY THE STONE.....	79	WHEN HIS SALVATION BRINGING.....	141
O CHRISTIAN, AWARE.....	83	THE HEAVENLY FOLD.....	80	WHY SHOULD THE CHILDREN OF A KING.....	145
ON, PRESS ON.....	86	THE BETTER LAND.....	113	WORK FOR ALL.....	151
OVERCOMING.....	105	THANKSGIVING to the Lord belongs.....	116	WAS NOT OUR LORD A LITTLE CHILD.....	153
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.....	131	THIS IS WHY I LOVE MY JESUS.....	124	Welcome, welcome, merry welcome.....	3
OVER THERE.....	142	THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST.....	128	What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone.....	7
OUR FATHER KNOWS.....	147	THE YOUTHFUL BAND.....	130	Workers in the Master's vineyard.....	18
OLD HONORED.....	157	TEACH ME, O LORD.....	136	We welcome this blest Sabbath Day.....	30
Oh, guard us till we meet again.....	47	TEMPERANCE RALLY.....	150	Wake the slumbering melody.....	35
Oh, laden and weary.....	56	TRURO.....	156	When softly fades the dying day.....	52
O come, let us sing.....	101	THE LORD'S PRAYER.....	157	Work when the morning shineth.....	65
O think of a home over there.....	142	The Sabbath School, the Sabbath School.....	14	We know not the time when He cometh.....	68
Our Father who art in heaven.....	157	There is a gate that stands ajar.....	16	When I draw near thy pearly gate.....	72
		There's a home for the blest on that.....	50	When, my Saviour, shall I be.....	81
PULL FOR THE SHORE.....	12	There is sweet rest for feet.....	63	When the form is bent.....	88
PRaise TO GOD.....	55	Tender little children.....	78	When we hear the music ringing.....	98
Praise to Him by whose kind favor.....	85	There is a fold whence none can stray.....	80	Would you be as angels are?.....	107
Praise God from whom all blessings.....	157	To him that overcometh.....	105	Who shall ever be joyful.....	112
		There's a land that is fairer than day.....	108	We're coming, blessed Saviour.....	120
REMEMBER THY CREATOR.....	17	There is a land, a better land.....	113	We're little Christian soldiers.....	121
ROSE.....	71	There is a blessed hope.....	127	We would see the Man of Sorrow.....	122
ROCK OF AGES.....	119	Through our earthly journey.....	147	Would you know why I love Jesus?.....	124
Rally for the cause of temperance.....	150	Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord.....	156	Who are these in bright array.....	125
				With joy we've met a youthful band.....	130
SING PRAISES.....	25	URGE THEM TO COME.....	76	Watchman on the walls of Zion.....	135
SABBATH WELCOME.....	30	UPWARD, ONWARD EVER.....	132	Work for little hearts and fingers.....	151
SAVIOUR WHO DIED FOR ME.....	33	Unshaken as the sacred hills.....	13		
SAVIOUR, HEAR US PRAY.....	42	Up with the morning.....	86	YE LADEN AND WEARY.....	114
SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?.....	93			YOUR MISSION.....	118
SWEET BY AND BY.....	108	VERILY I SAY UNTO YOU.....	96	YOUTHFUL MARINERS.....	148
SELVIN.....	109			Yes, Jesus Loves the little ones.....	20
SUN OF MY SOUL.....	115	WORK ON.....	18		
SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.....	155	WORK FOR LITTLE HANDS TO DO.....	32	ZION.....	135
Sing His Praise.....	107	WAKE THE SONG OF JOY AND GLADNESS.....	46		







