SONGS OF BEULAH

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES

DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS

BY REV. S. I. HARKEY
AND J. M. BARRINGER

Philadelphia: LEE & WALKER, 1113 Chestnut St.

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SONGS OF BEULAH:

A

NEW COLLECTION OF MUSIC

FOR

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BY

REV. S. L. HARKEY AND J. M. BARRINGER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Published by **LEE & WALKER**, 1113 Chestnut St.

PREFACE.

MANY conscientious and thoughtful persons of all denominations of Christians, have expressed their disapprobation of the light, insipid, and wholly sensational character of much of the Sunday-school Music, as well as the want of conformity to the Word of God, of many of the words employed. To remedy this evil, has suggested the preparation of "Songs of Beulah." We have ourselves long been impressed with the conviction that children in the Sabbath-schools should be taught the STANDARD HYMNS of the Church, and so be prepared to take their places in the Sanctuary and enjoy the public worship of God, when of sufficient age. Accordingly the old, familiar hymns of the Church have been taken, and music prepared for them, adapted to children, which is the SPECIAL FEATURE of this work. We have also introduced the subject of the BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, which is a question of incalculable importance to all Protestant Christians in America. We trust also that much of the MUSIC here presented, will be sufficiently esteemed to become STANDARD, as well as the hymns. A great many of the words not found in the Hymn Books, we have been collecting from promiscuous sources for the last THIRTY YEARS.

With the hope and prayer, that "Songs of Beulah" may meet the want expressed above, and find its way into all the Sabbath-schools of the land, cheering the young and the old in their pilgrimage to the LAND OF BEULAH, we submit our work to the great Sabbath-school world.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Rev. S. L. HARKEY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER,
Philada.

OPENING.

(The Superintendent standing at the desk shall call the School to order, and read one of the following selections:)

I.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

II.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer!"

III.

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praises unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies."

IV.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

V.

"O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

VI.

"I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.
The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.
O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.
Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.
The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their cry."

At the close of the reading of the Selection by the Superintendent, let the whole school repeat, or sing, as found on page 156.

THE GLORIA PATRI.

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, AND TO THE SON, AND TO THE HOLY GHOST; AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING, IS NOW, AND EVER SHALL BE, WORLD WITHOUT END. AMEN.

PRAYER.

(*Either an extemporaneous prayer by the Superintendent, or one of the following forms.*)

I.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we adore thee as the author of all our blessings; the giver of every good and perfect gift. We thank thee for life and health, and all the temporal and spiritual good with which thou hast crowned our days. We thank thee above all for thy Son, Jesus Christ, our blessed Redeemer and Saviour, and for thy holy Word and Gospel. O help us to appreciate and improve our privileges, that we may

become wise unto salvation. Be pleased, O Lord, to forgive us our many sins of omission and commission, and make our hearts henceforth thy temple. Rule over us and reign in us, that we may do thy holy will. Grant us thy blessing upon the lesson of thy Word, which we shall consider to-day. Let it be good seed upon good ground, and bring forth fruit to the glory of thy name in our lives. Make us faithful to thee in all things, and grant us everlasting life through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

II.

Almighty and most merciful God, without whom we can do nothing, grant us thy presence and thy blessing this day. Enable us to worship thee in spirit and in truth. May the teachers who are here called to give instruction be themselves thy true disciples, and learn of thee. May their labor be abundantly successful in doing good and leading those committed to their charge to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus. Bless all the children of this school. Grant unto them thy Holy Spirit to sanctify thy Word unto them for good. May this school be a nursery of piety, in which many precious plants shall grow and flourish for the garden of the Lord. Restrain all from wickedness and sin by thy holy fear, which is the beginning of wisdom. Lead us all into the paths of righteousness, for thy name's sake. AMEN.

III.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, we come before thee in humble supplication and prayer. Be pleased to grant us thy blessing in the exercises of this hour. As thou hast spared our lives, and brought us to this place in peace and safety, let thy hand be now open also to supply our spiritual wants. We are needy and dependent creatures. O help us that we may live to thy praise and glory. May these children be trained in the way they should go. May they be led to the Lamb of God, the Saviour of the world. Bless all the officers and teachers of this school. Bless the parents of these little ones and give them grace to fulfill their duties toward their children at home. And when our lives and labors end on earth, bring us all to heaven above, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

IV.

O Lord our God, we come before thee in the name of Jesus Christ, and ask thy blessing upon our school this day. We are weak and sinful beings, that can do nothing of ourselves that is good. Take away our sins, cleanse and purify our hearts, shed abroad in us thy divine love, and make us all thy children in reality and truth. Bless the instructions of this hour. Bless all who are connected with this school. Bless the pastor of this church, and may this flock, both of sheep and lambs, be fed with the Bread of Life, and be brought at last by the great and good Shepherd safely into the fold above. Bless all the sabbath-schools of our land, and of the world. Have mercy on the heathen, and all who know not the true God. Let thy kingdom come to earth. And finally save us in heaven above, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

SINGING.

Reading of the Lesson for the day by the Superintendent, and the school alternately.

SINGING.

Teachers take charge of their classes.

CLOSING.

Remarks, addresses, and reviews.

SINGING.

Repetition of the Ten Commandments.

"I am the Lord thy God. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, &c. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Honor thy father and thy mother. Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Thou shalt not covet thy neigbbor's house. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's."

THE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

(See page 157.)

(Both the Commandments and the Gloria in Excelsis may be omitted except on extraordinary occasions.)

CREED.

(Let the whole school repeat the Apostolic Creed in concert, as here follows:)

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth. And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Christian Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. AMEN.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(See page 152.)

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. AMEN.

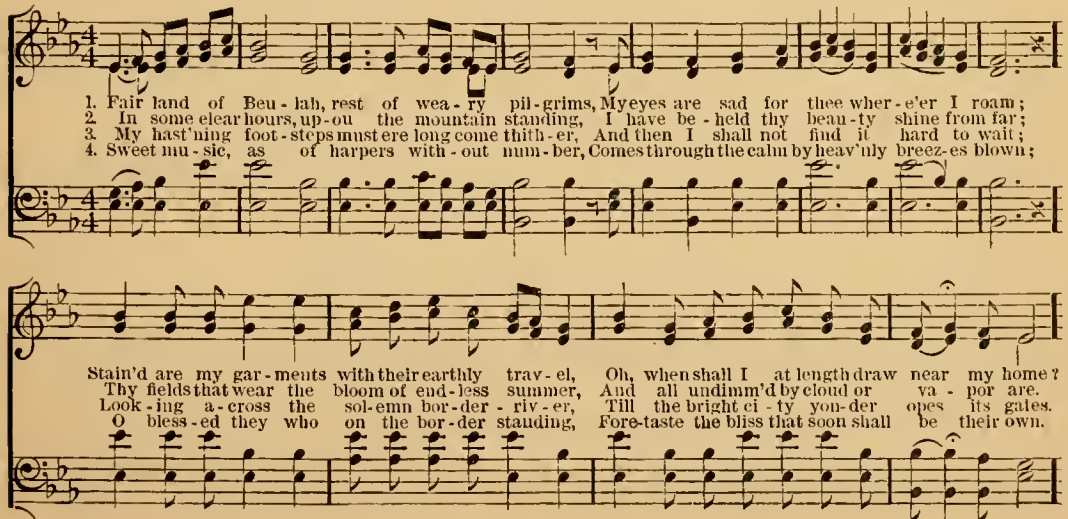
BENEDICTION.

THE GRACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST BE WITH YOU ALL. AMEN.

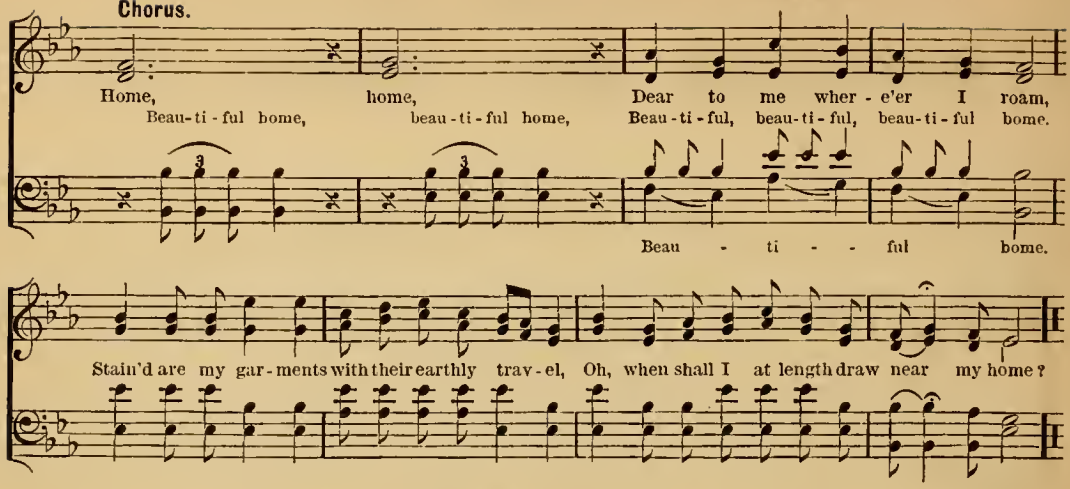
SONGS OF BEULAH.

H. N. **FAIR LAND OF BEULAH!** S. L. H.

"But thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah."—Isaiah lxii. 4. "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."—Solomon's Song ii. 11, 12.



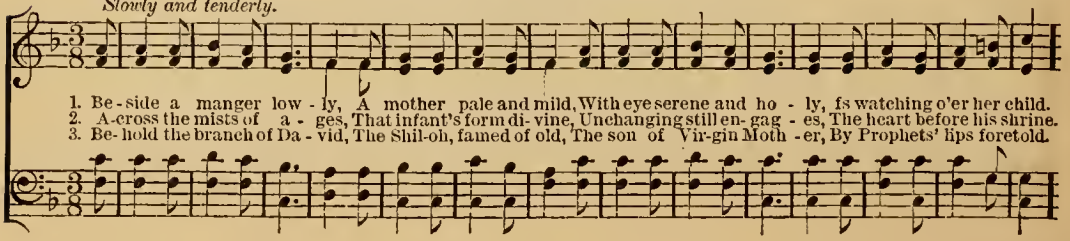
FAIR LAND OF BEULAH! Concluded.

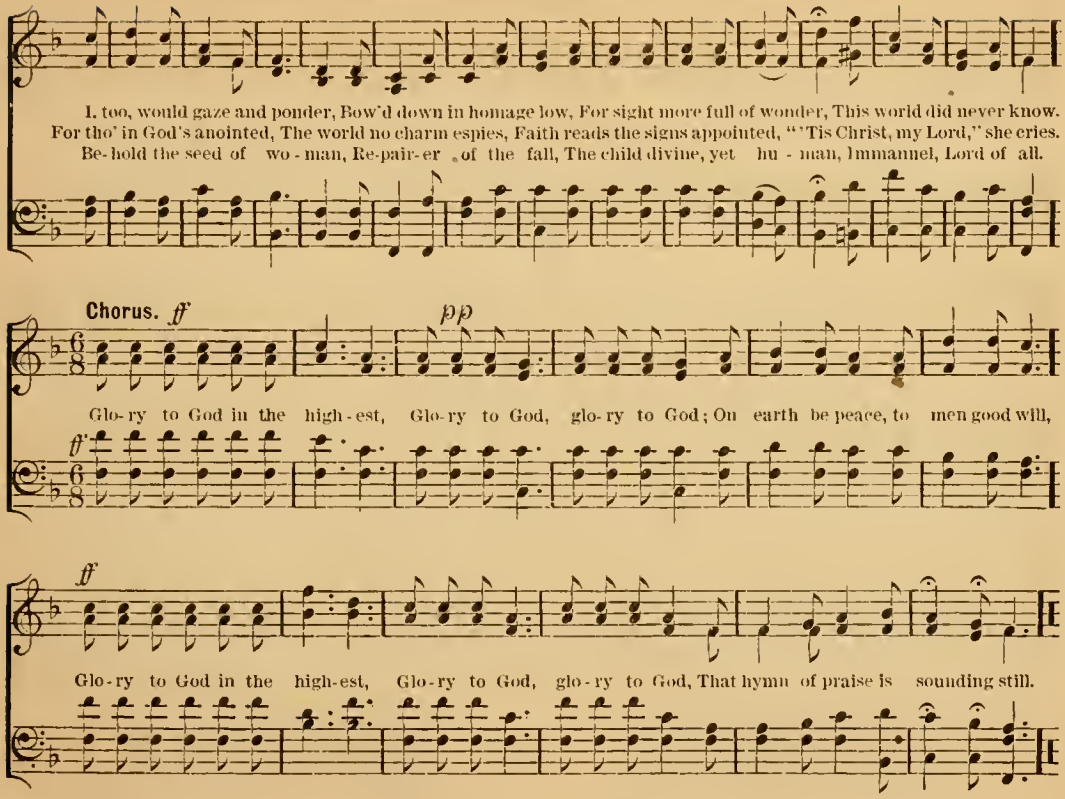


BESIDE A MANGER LOWLY.

S. L. H.

A German choral of the 17th Century, for Christmas.



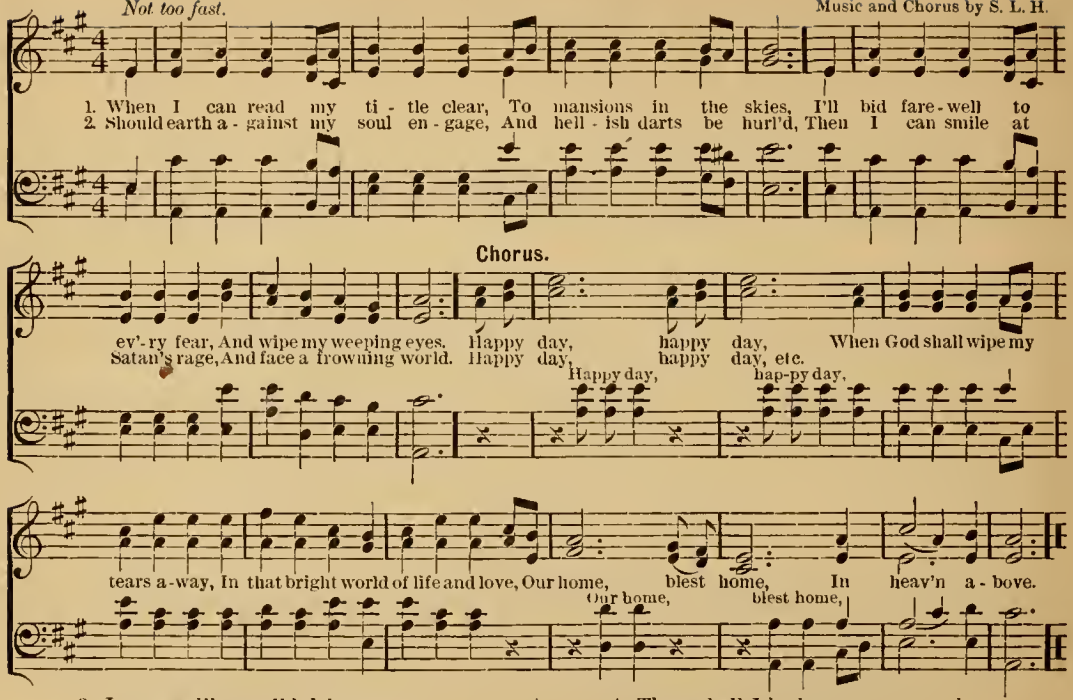

I, too, would gaze and ponder, Bow'd down in homage low, For sight more full of wonder, This world did never know.
For tho' in God's anointed, The world no charm espies, Faith reads the signs appointed, "'Tis Christ, my Lord," she cries.
Be-hold the seed of wo - man, Re-pair-er of the fall, The child divine, yet hu - man, Immanuel, Lord of all.
Chorus. ff
pp
Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry to God, glo-ry to God; On earth be peace, to men good will,
ff
ff
Glo-ry to God in the high-est, Glo-ry to God, glo-ry to God, That hymn of praise is sounding still.

HAPPY DAY.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from thine eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.

Not too fast.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.



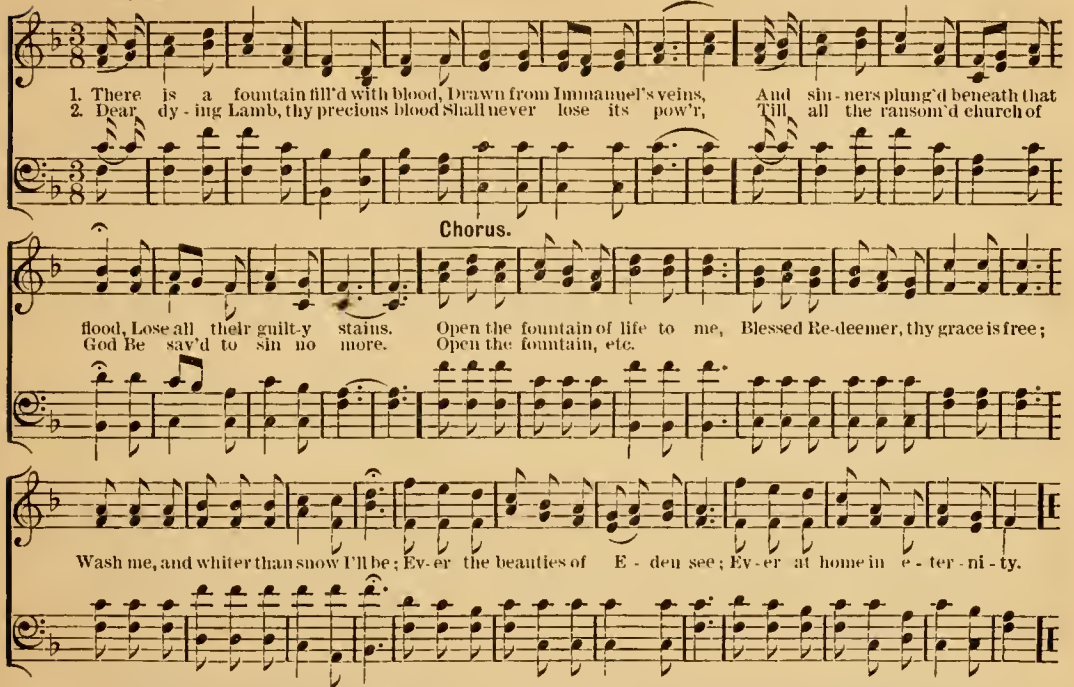
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—*Chorus.*

4. There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—*Chorus.*

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. xiii. 1.



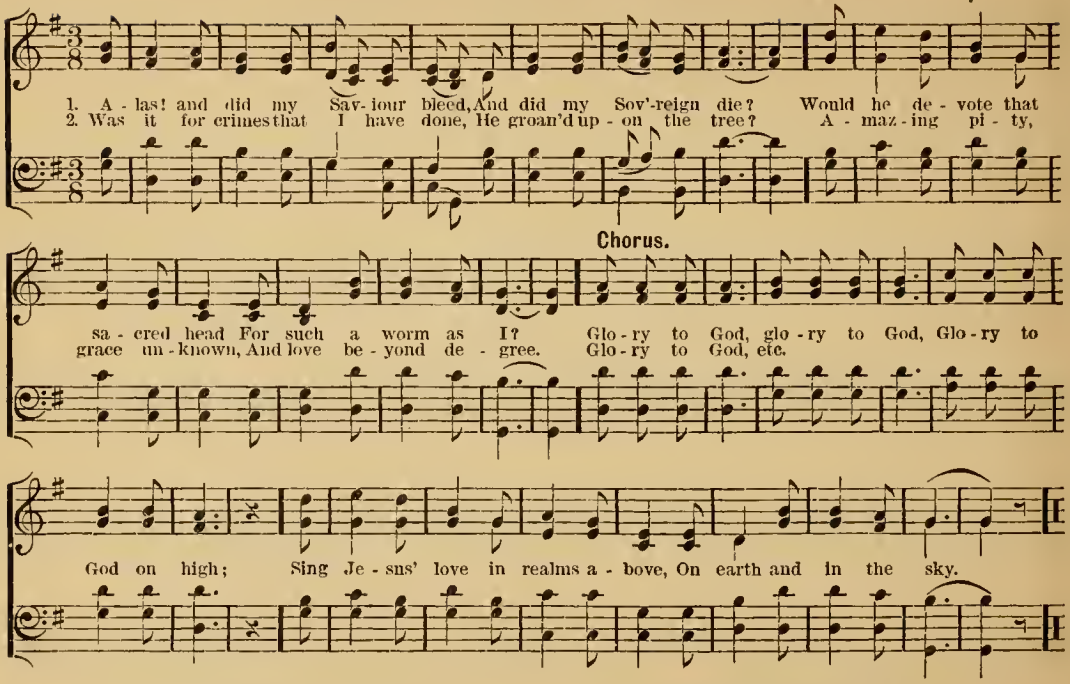
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.—*Chorus.*

4. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.—*Chorus.*

BLEEDING SAVIOUR.

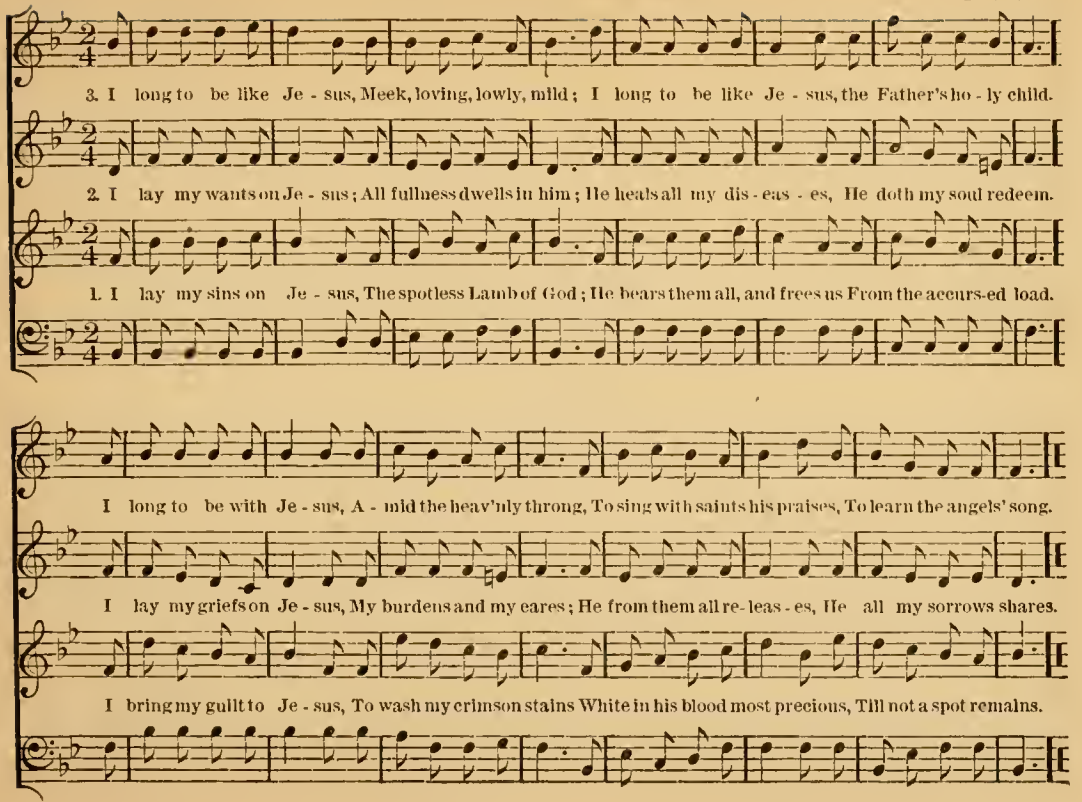
"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—Eph. i. 7.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.



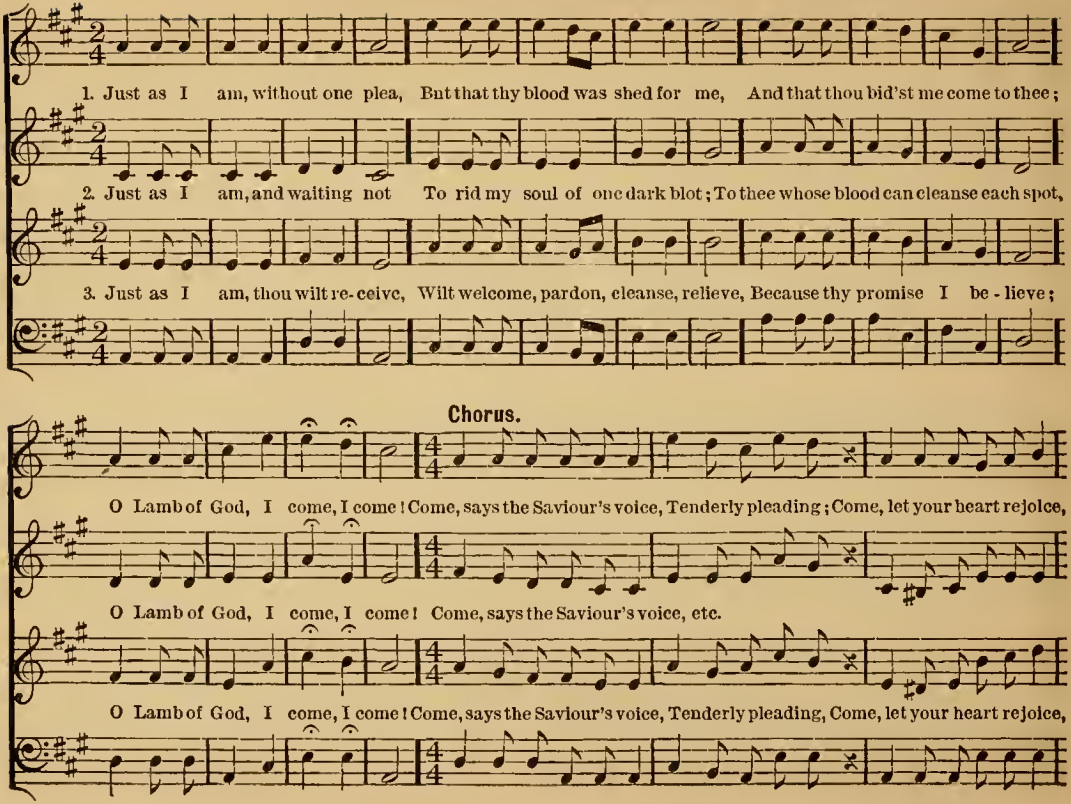
3. Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Chorus.*

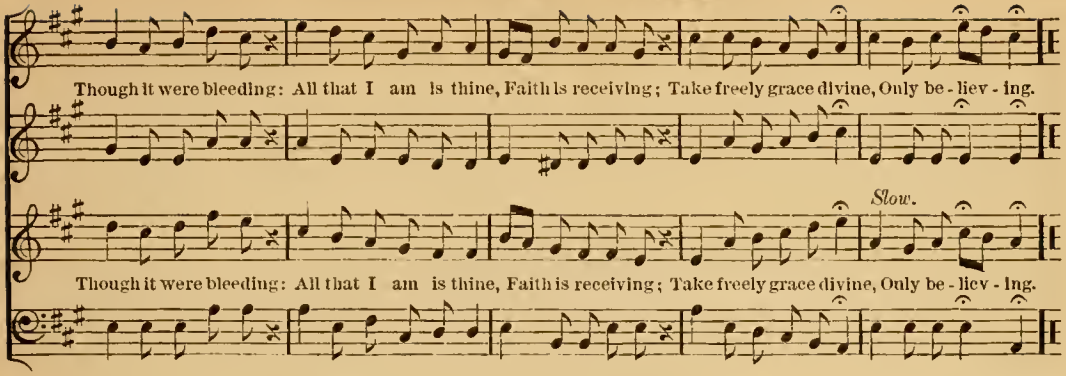
4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.—*Chorus.*


3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, loving, lowly, mild; I long to be like Je - sus, the Father's ho - ly child.
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus; All fullness dwells in him; He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul redeem.
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spotless Lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the accurs-ed load.
I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'nly throng, To sing with saints his praises, To learn the angels' song.
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My burdens and my cares; He from them all re-leas - es, He all my sorrows shares.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crimson stains White in his blood most precious, Till not a spot remains.

JUST AS I AM.

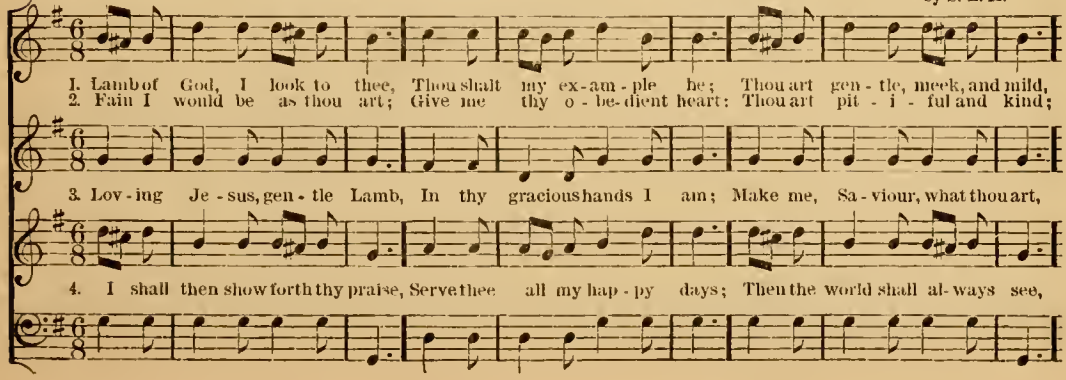
Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

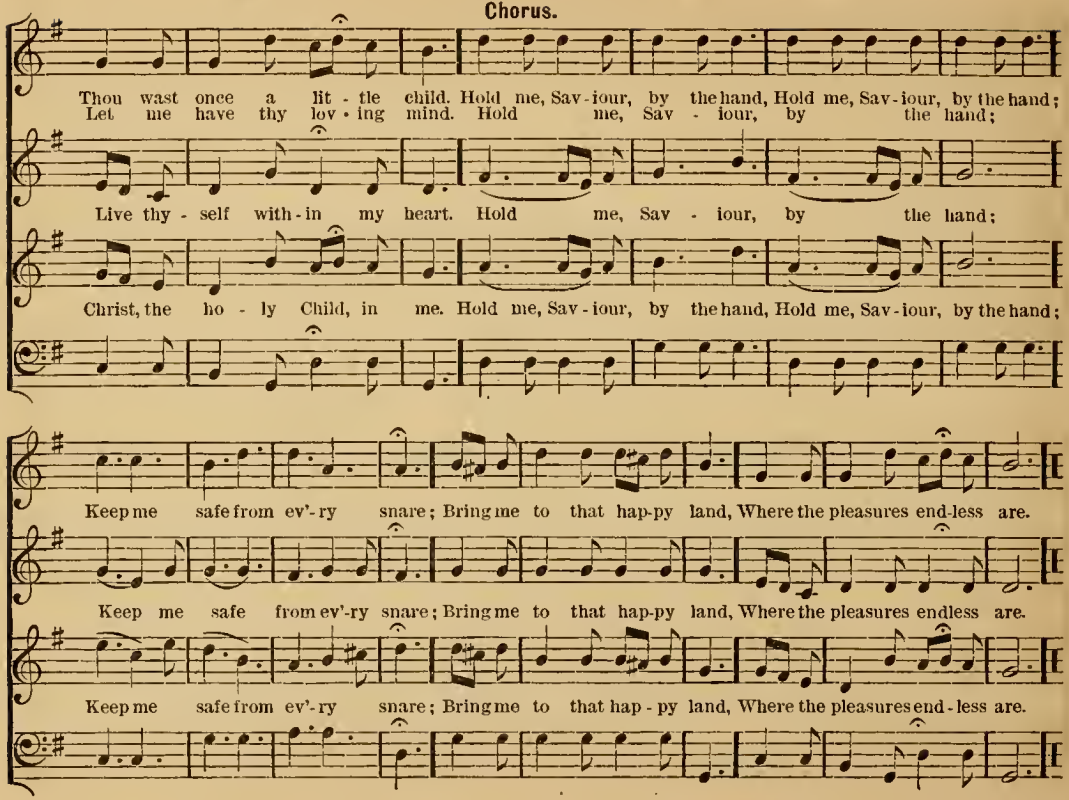




HOLD ME, SAVIOUR, BY THE HAND.

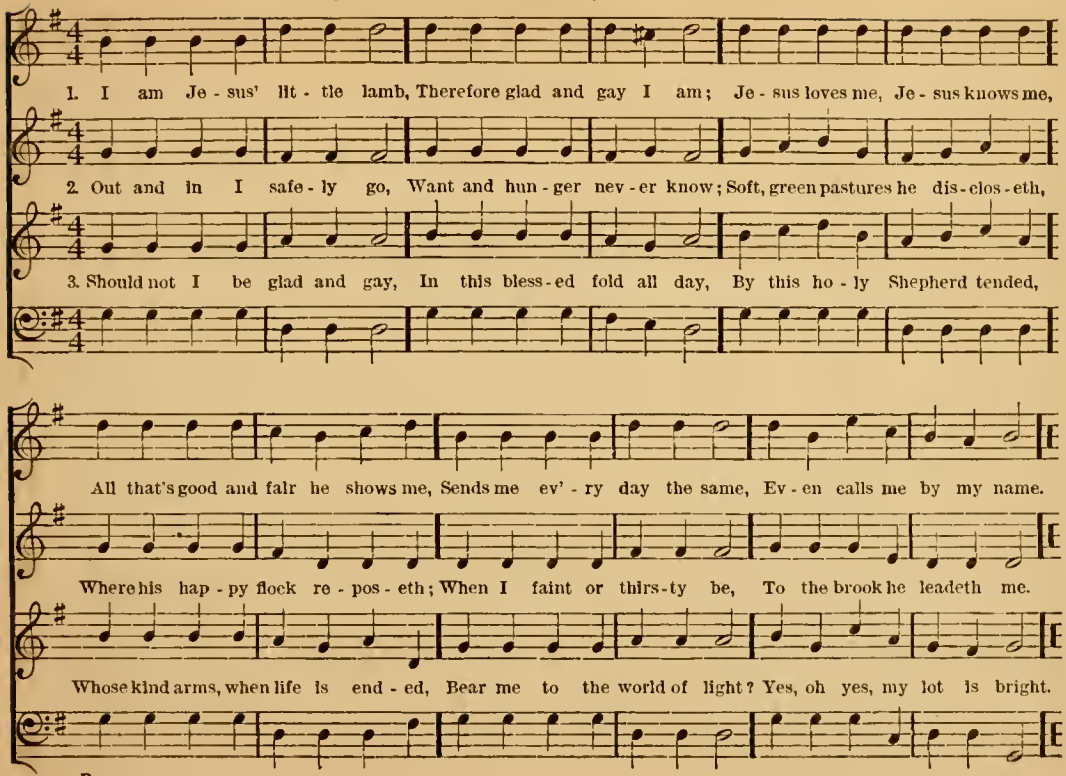
Music and Chorus by S. L. H.




Chorus.
Thou wast once a lit - tle child. Hold me, Sav - iour, by the hand, Hold me, Sav - iour, by the hand;
Let me have thy lov - ing mind. Hold me, Sav - iour, by the hand;
Live thy - self with - in my heart. Hold me, Sav - iour, by the hand;
Christ, the ho - ly Child, in me. Hold me, Sav - iour, by the hand, Hold me, Sav - iour, by the hand;
Keep me safe from ev'-ry snare; Bring me to that hap-py land, Where the pleasures end-less are.
Keep me safe from ev'-ry snare; Bring me to that hap-py land, Where the pleasures endless are.
Keep me safe from ev'-ry snare; Bring me to that hap - py land, Where the pleasures end - less are.

I AM JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—Is. xl. 11.



Fine.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid!
D. C.—An - gels a - dore him in slum - ber re - cli - ning, Ma - ker, and Mon-arch, and Sa - viour of all.

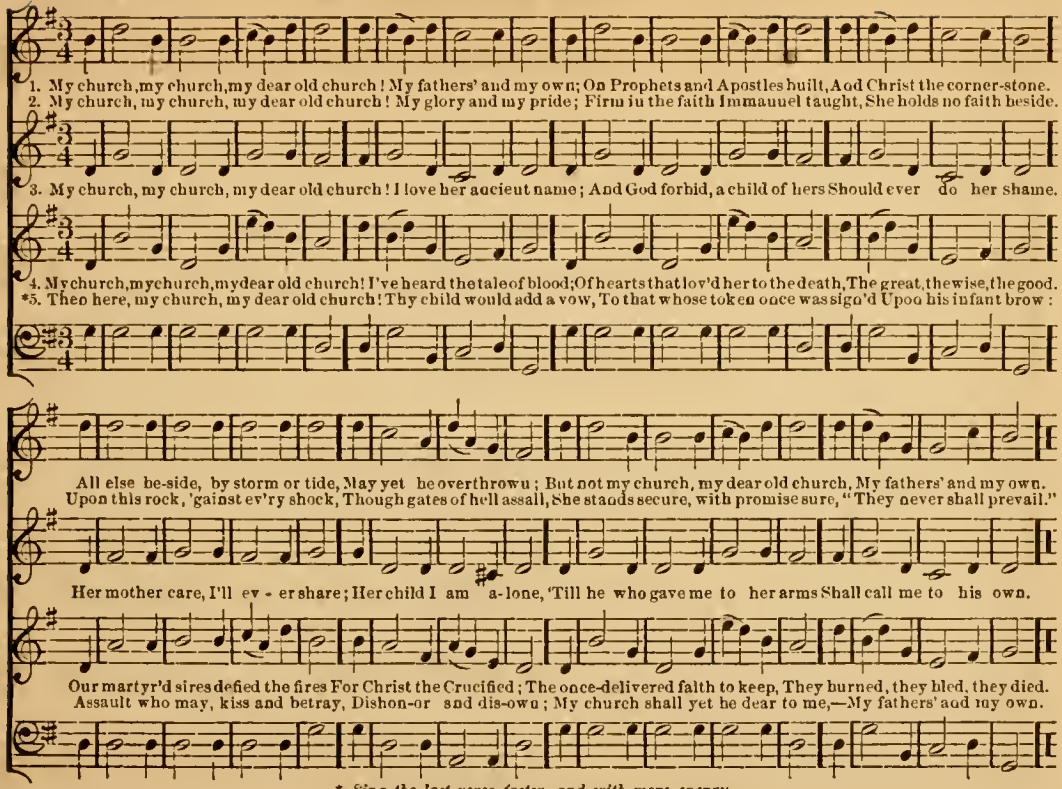
2. Say, shall we yield him in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom, and off'rings di - vine;
Gems of the moun-tain, and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
D. C.—Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Dear - er to God are the pray'rs of the poor.

D. C.

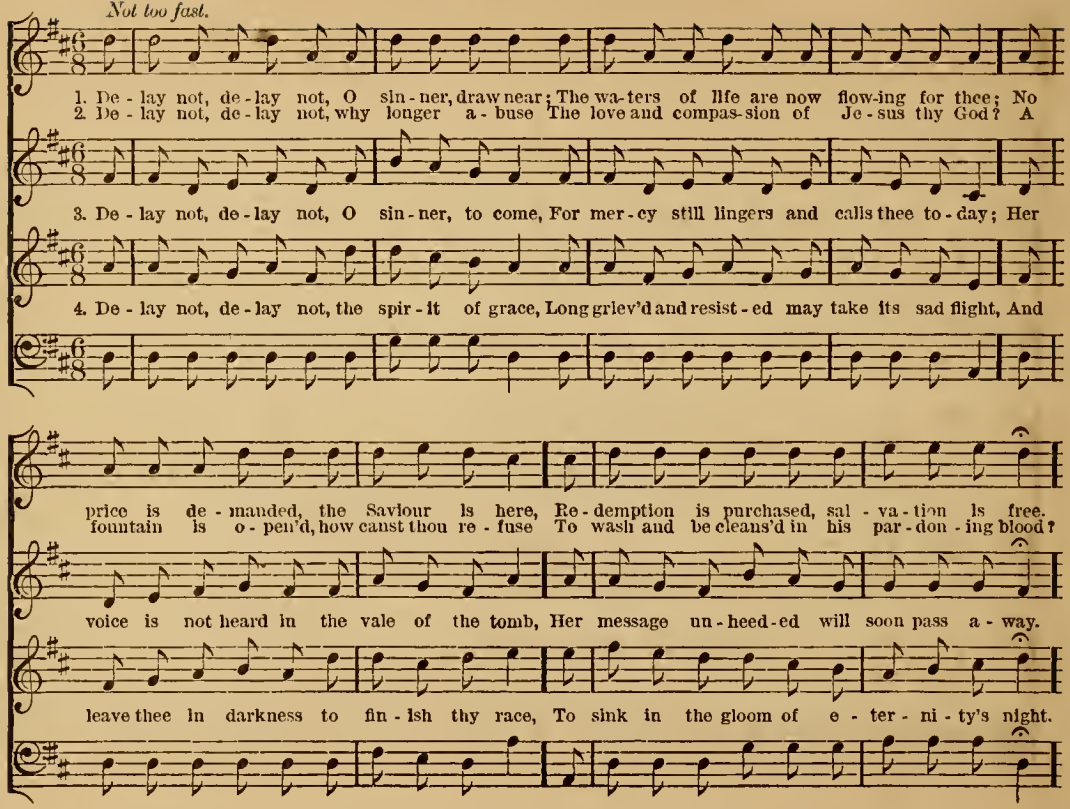
Cold on his cra - dle the dewdrops are shin - ing, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;

D. C.

Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with gifts would his fa - vor se - cure;



* *Sing the last verse faster, and with more energy.*


Not too fast.
1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near; The wa-ters of life are now flow-ing for thee; No
2. De - lay not, de - lay not, why longer a - buse The love and compas-sion of Je - sus thy God? A
3. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, to come, For mer - cy still lingers and calls thee to - day; Her
4. De - lay not, de - lay not, the spir - it of grace, Long griev'd and resist - ed may take its sad flight, And
price is de - manded, the Saviour is here, Re - demption is purchased, sal - va - tion is free.
fountain is o - pen'd, how canst thou re - fuse To wash and be cleans'd in his par - don - ing blood?
voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb, Her message un - heed - ed will soon pass a - way.
leave thee in darkness to fin - ish thy race, To sink in the gloom of e - ter - ni - ty's night.

COME TO JESUS. Concluded.

Chorus.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus to - day, O, be - lieve and be saved.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus to - day, O, be - lieve and be saved.

JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD. (Duett for two little girls.) S. L. H.

Soprano.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless thy lit - tle lamb this night; Thro' the darkness be thou near me,
2. All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care; Thou hast warmed me, clothed, and fed me,
3. May my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well; Take us, Lord, at last to hea - ven,

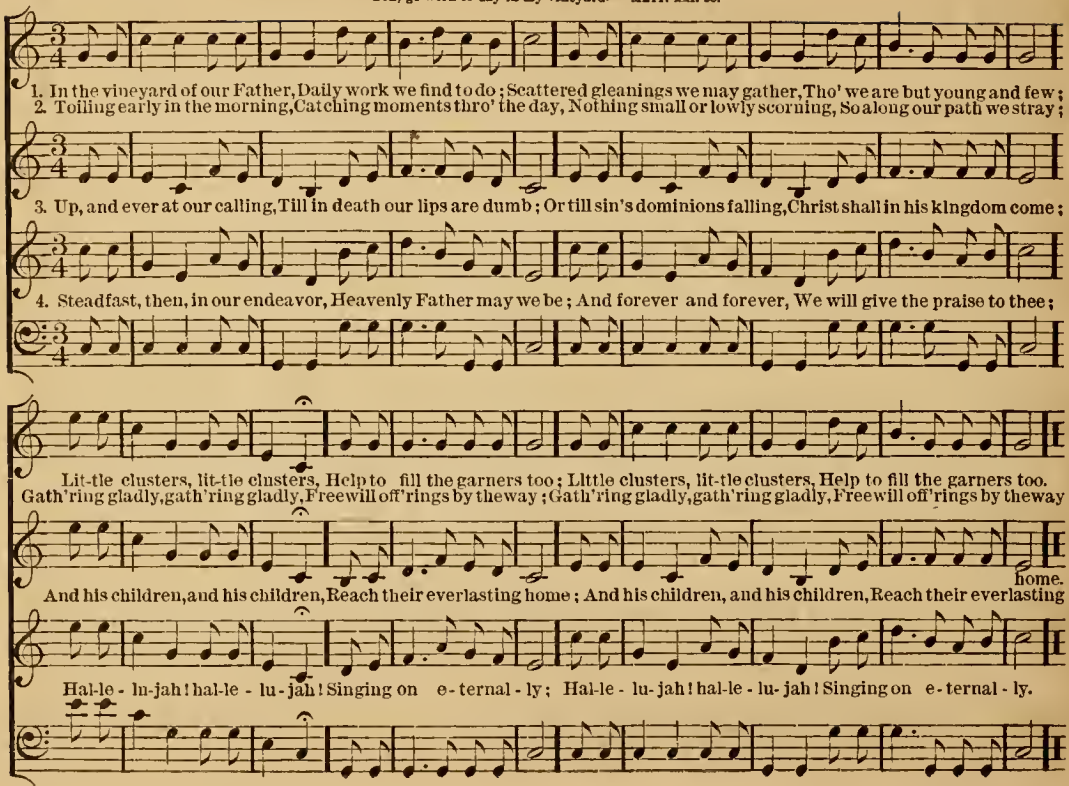
Alto.

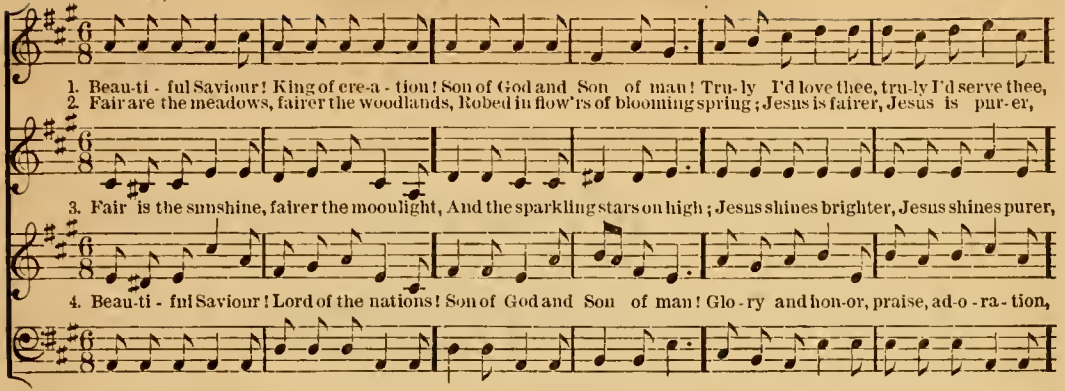
Thro' the darkness be thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light, Keep me safe till morning light.
Thou hast warmed me, clothed, and fed me; Lis - ten to my ev'n - ing pray'r, Lis - ten to my ev'ning pray'r.
Take us, Lord, at last to hea - ven, Hap - py there with thee to dwell, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

WORK IN THE VINEYARD.

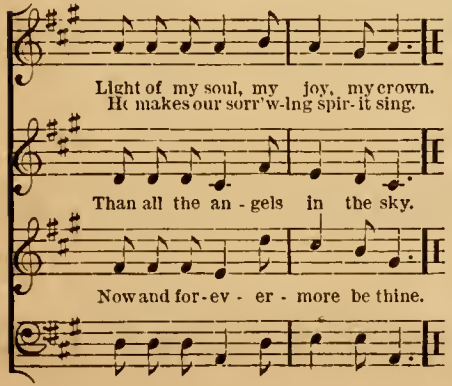
S. L. H.

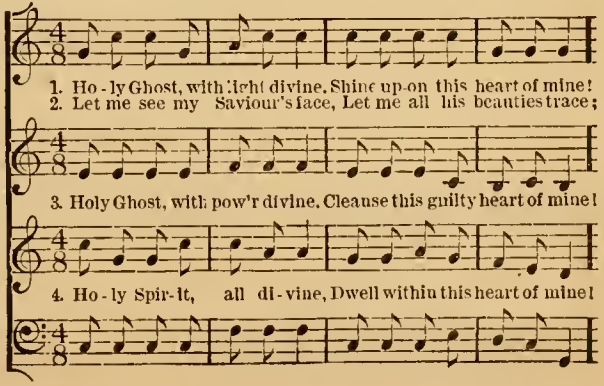
"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. xxi. 28.



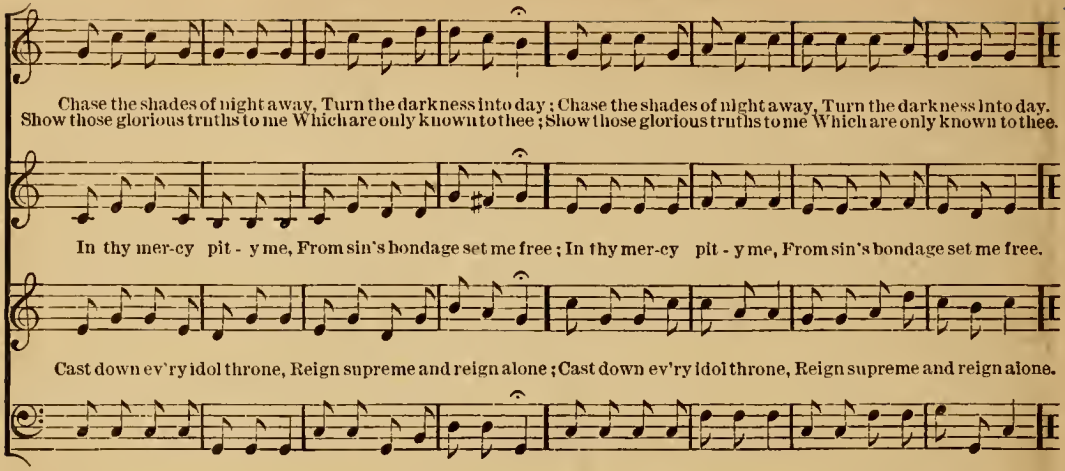


LIGHT DIVINE. S. L. H.





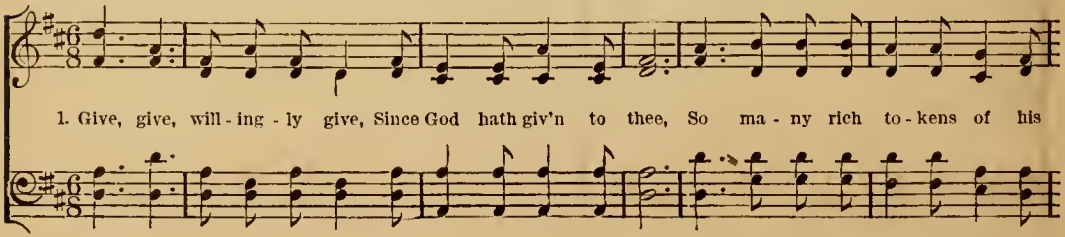
LIGHT DIVINE. Concluded.

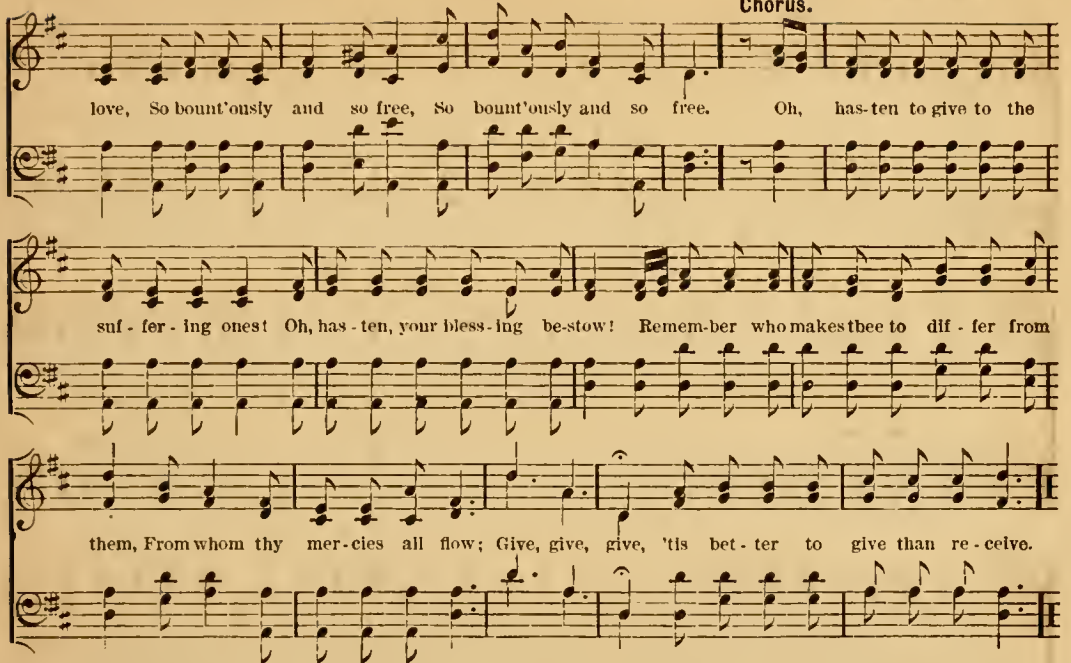


H. T. B.

"TIS BETTER TO GIVE THAN RECEIVE."

S. L. H.





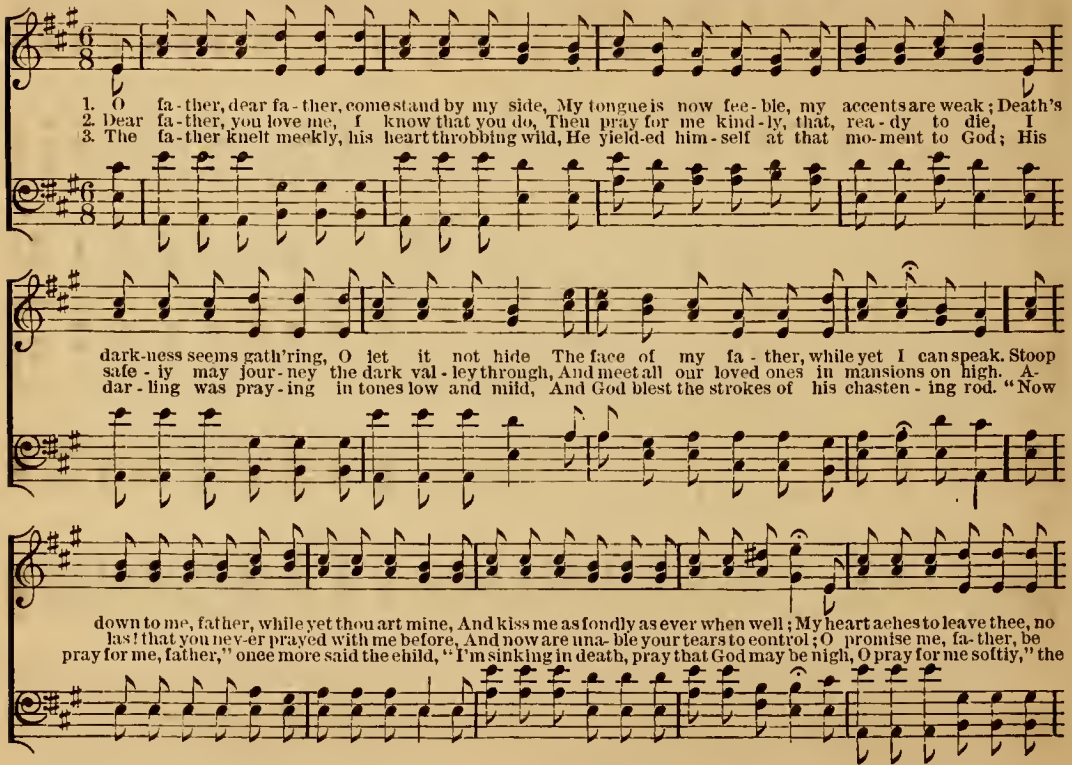
2. Give, give, joyfully give,
Of thy most bountiful store;
To succor the needy ones of earth,
To gladden the suffering poor,
To gladden the suffering poor.—*Chorus.*

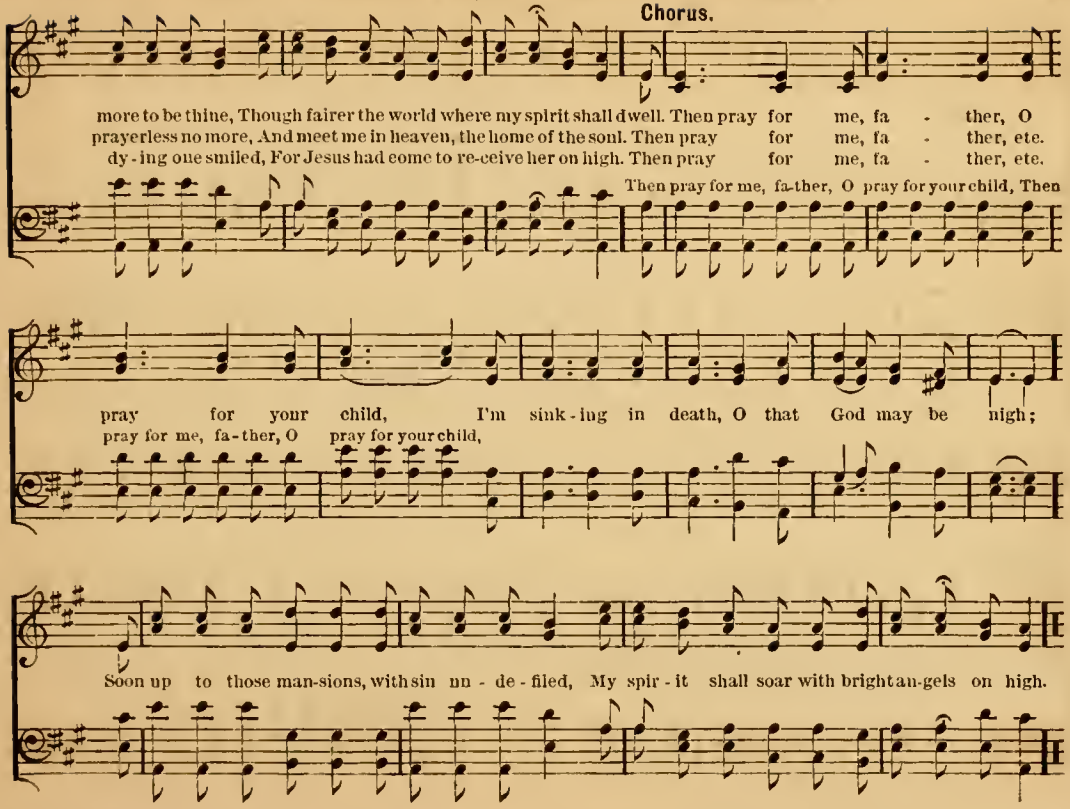
3. Give, give, speedily give,
Although the gift may be small;
A smile or a tear, or loving word,
May surely be given by all,
May surely be given to all.—*Chorus.*

PRAY FOR ME, FATHER.

Words and Music by
REV. S. L. HARKEY.

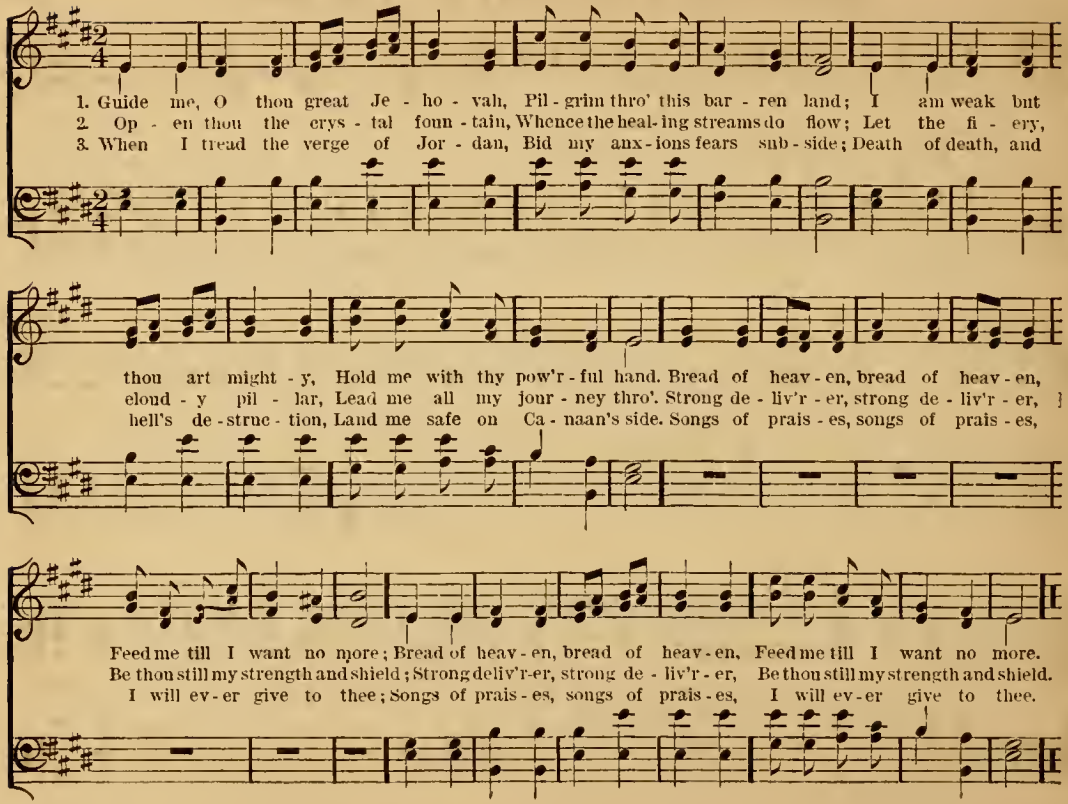
A little girl was dying in a village in southern Pennsylvania, and called her father to her bedside to pray for her. But the father was a wicked man, and had never prayed. The child then prayed, and the father gave his heart to God, the child dying happy.




Chorus.
more to be thine, Though fairer the world where my spirit shall dwell. Then pray for me, fa - ther, O
prayerless no more, And meet me in heaven, the home of the soul. Then pray for me, fa - ther, etc.
dy - ing one smiled, For Jesus had come to re-ceive her on high. Then pray for me, fa - ther, etc.
Then pray for me, fa-ther, O pray for your child, Then
pray for your child, I'm sink - ing in death, O that God may be nigh;
pray for me, fa - ther, O pray for your child,
Soon up to those man-sions, with sin un - de - filed, My spir - it shall soar with bright an-gels on high.

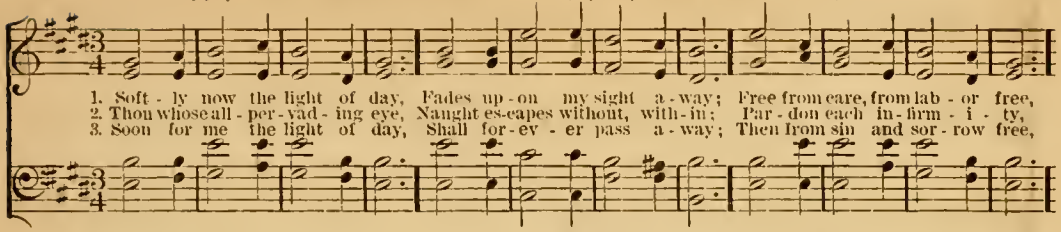
PILGRIM SEEKING GUIDANCE OF GOD.

S. L. H.

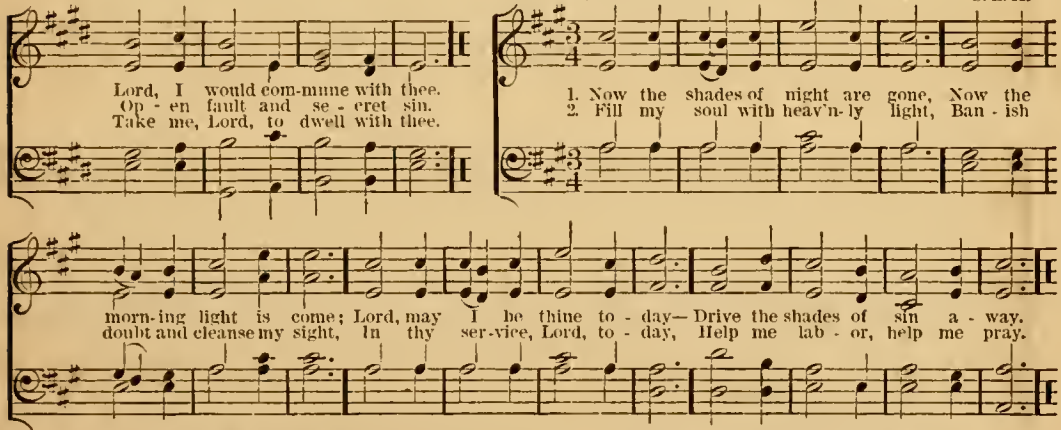


EVENING. P. M. 7s.

"Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."—Ps. cxli. 2.

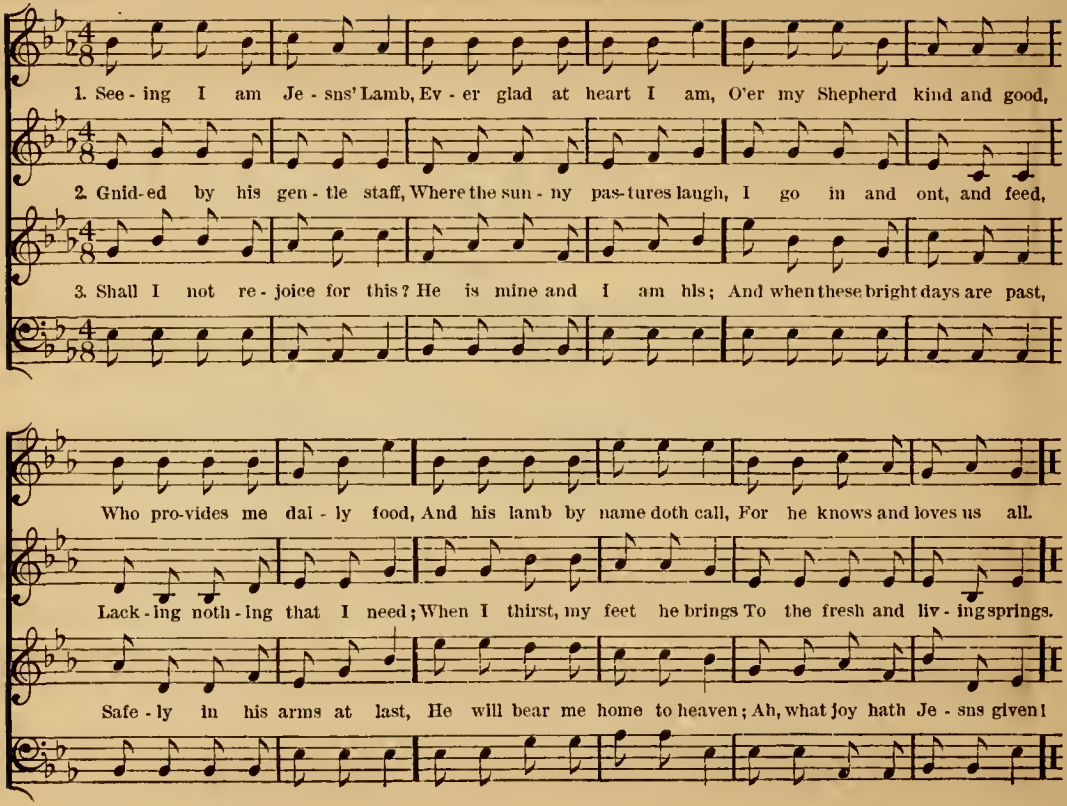


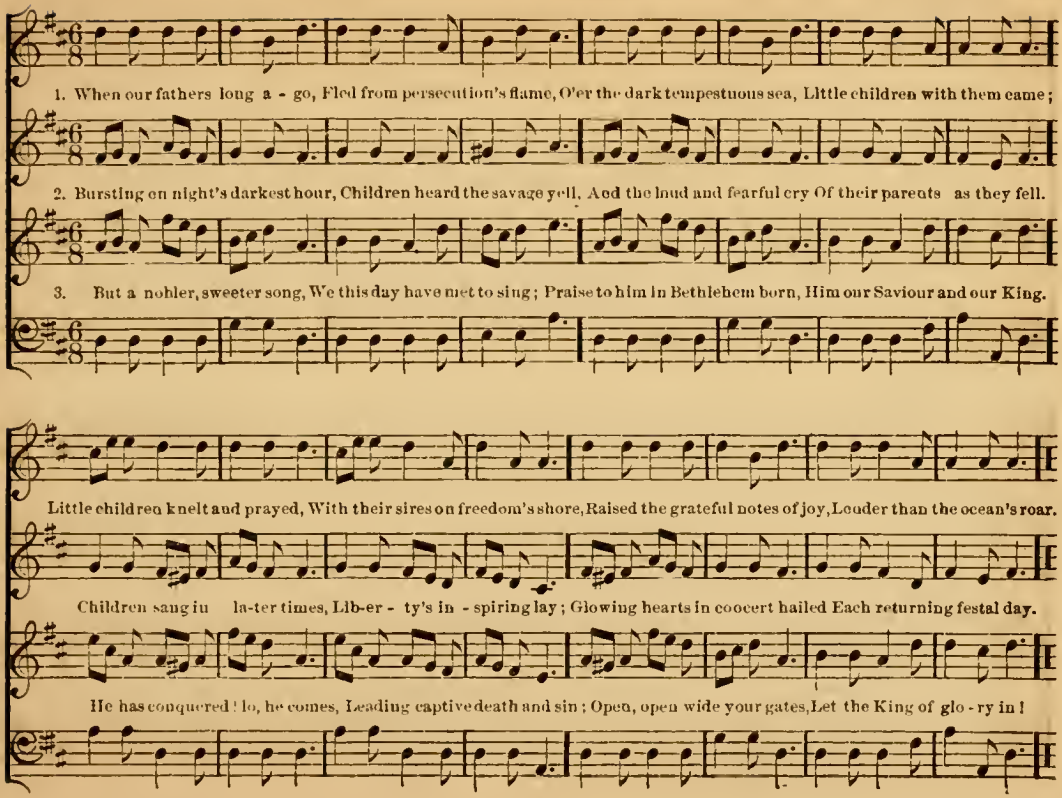
MORNING. P. M. 7s. S. L. H.



3. Keep my haughty passions bound;
Save me from my foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

4. When my work of life is past,
Oh! receive me then at last!
Night of sin will be no more,
When I reach the heav'nly shore.

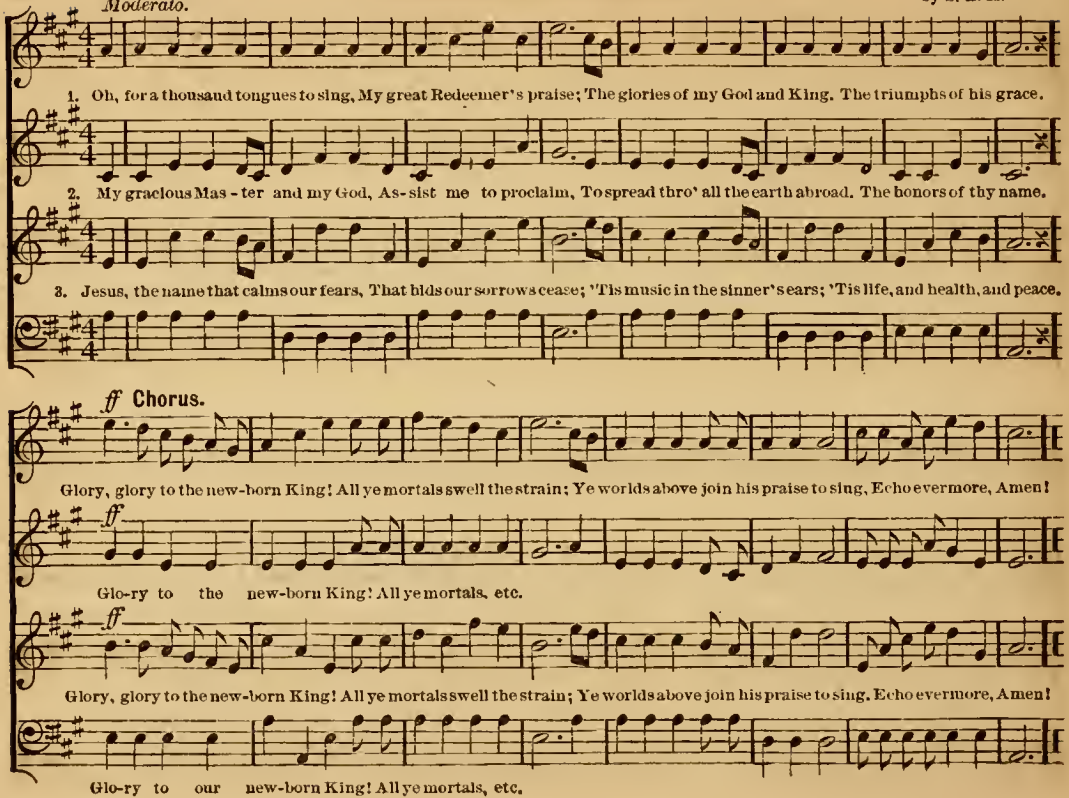

1. See - ing I am Je - sus' Lamb, Ev - er glad at heart I am, O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
2. Guid-ed by his gen - tle staff, Where the sun - ny pas-tures laugh, I go in and out, and feed,
3. Shall I not re - joice for this? He is mine and I am his; And when these bright days are past,
Who pro-vides me dai - ly food, And his lamb by name doth call, For he knows and loves us all.
Lack - ing noth - ing that I need; When I thirst, my feet he brings To the fresh and liv - ing springs.
Safe - ly in his arms at last, He will bear me home to heaven; Ah, what joy hath Je - sus given!


1. When our fathers long a - go, Fled from persecution's flame, O'er the dark tempestuous sea, Little children with them came;
2. Bursting on night's darkest hour, Children heard the savage yell, And the loud and fearful cry Of their parents as they fell.
3. But a nobler, sweeter song, We this day have met to sing; Praise to him in Bethlehem born, Him our Saviour and our King.
Little children knelt and prayed, With their sires on freedom's shore, Raised the grateful notes of joy, Louder than the ocean's roar.
Children sang in la-ter times, Lib-er - ty's in - spiring lay; Glowing hearts in concert hailed Each returning festal day.
He has conquered! lo, he comes, Leading captive death and sin; Open, open wide your gates, Let the King of glo - ry in!

"OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING."

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

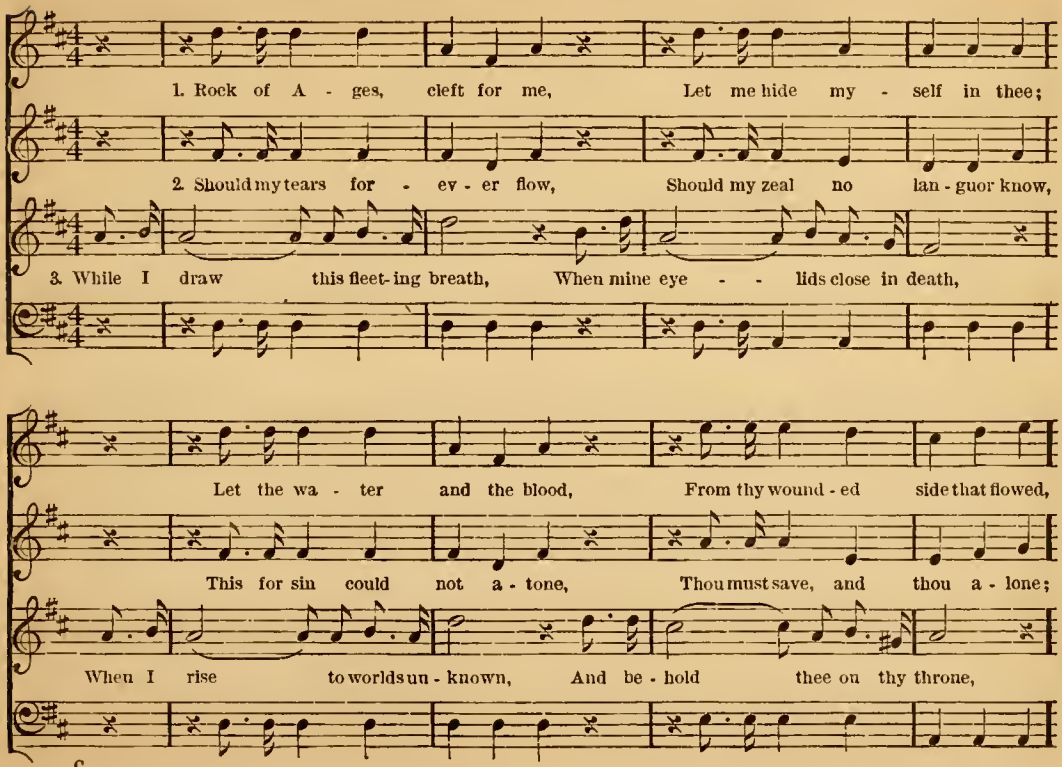
Moderato.



ROCK OF AGES.

Music by J. M. BARRINGER.

"He opened the rock, and the waters gushed out; they ran in the dry places like a river."—PSALMS cv. 41. "And that rock was *Christ*."—1 COR. x. 4.



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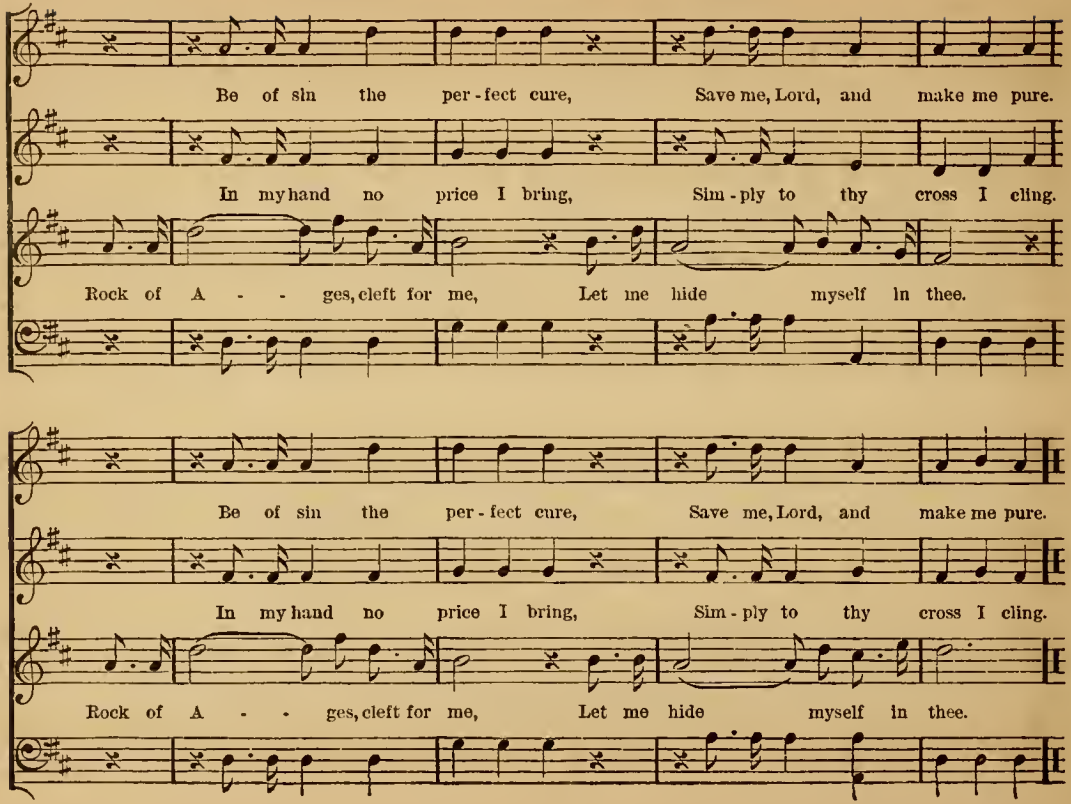
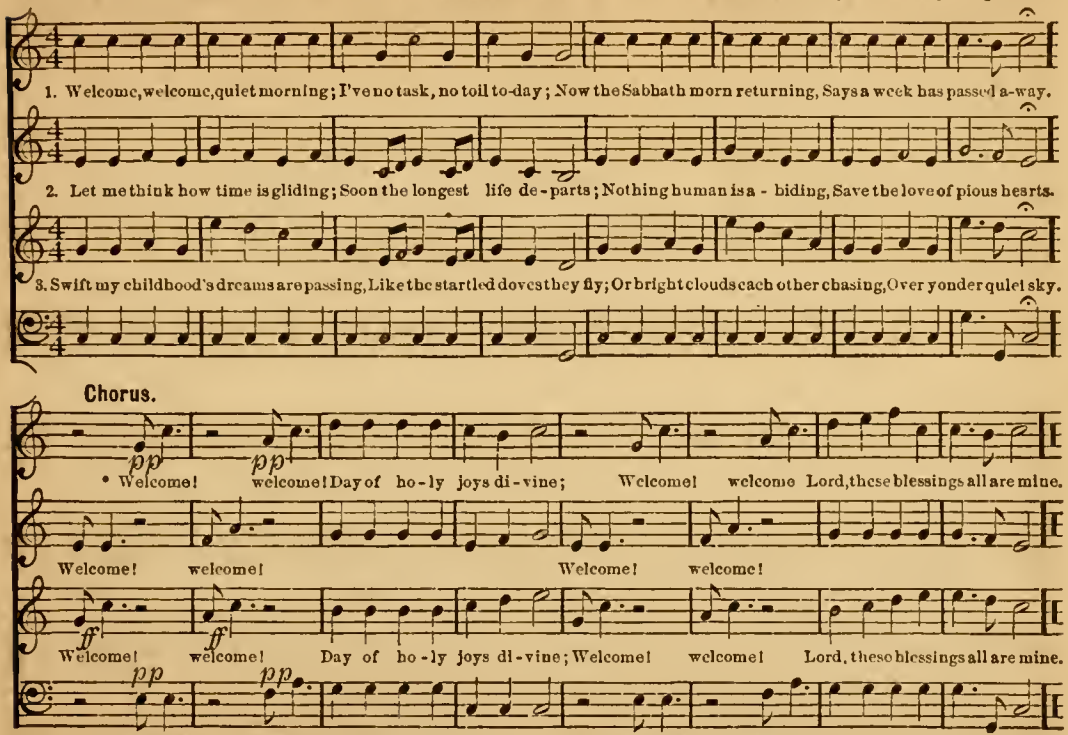

Be of sin the per-fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.
Be of sin the per-fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

WELCOME, WELCOME, QUIET MORNING.

For Concert exercise, let two little girls sing the first part as a Duett, and the CHORUS represent an echo part in an adjoining room.

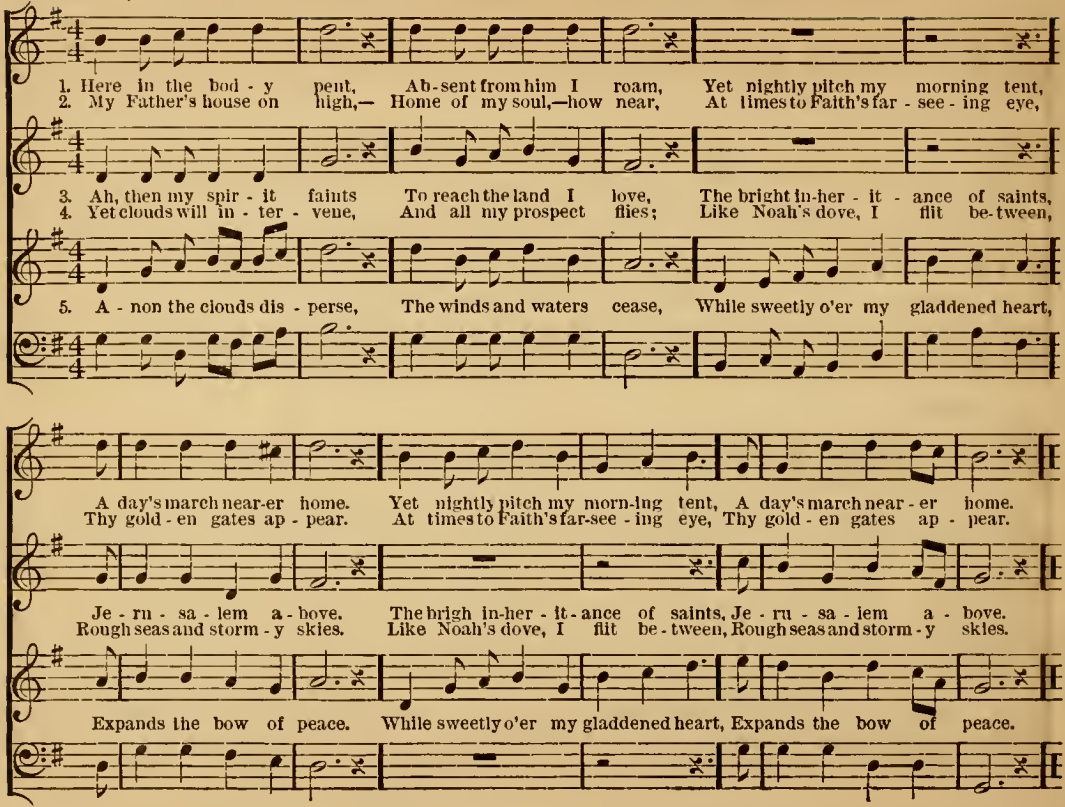


* *Let the Tenor and Bass represent an echo.*

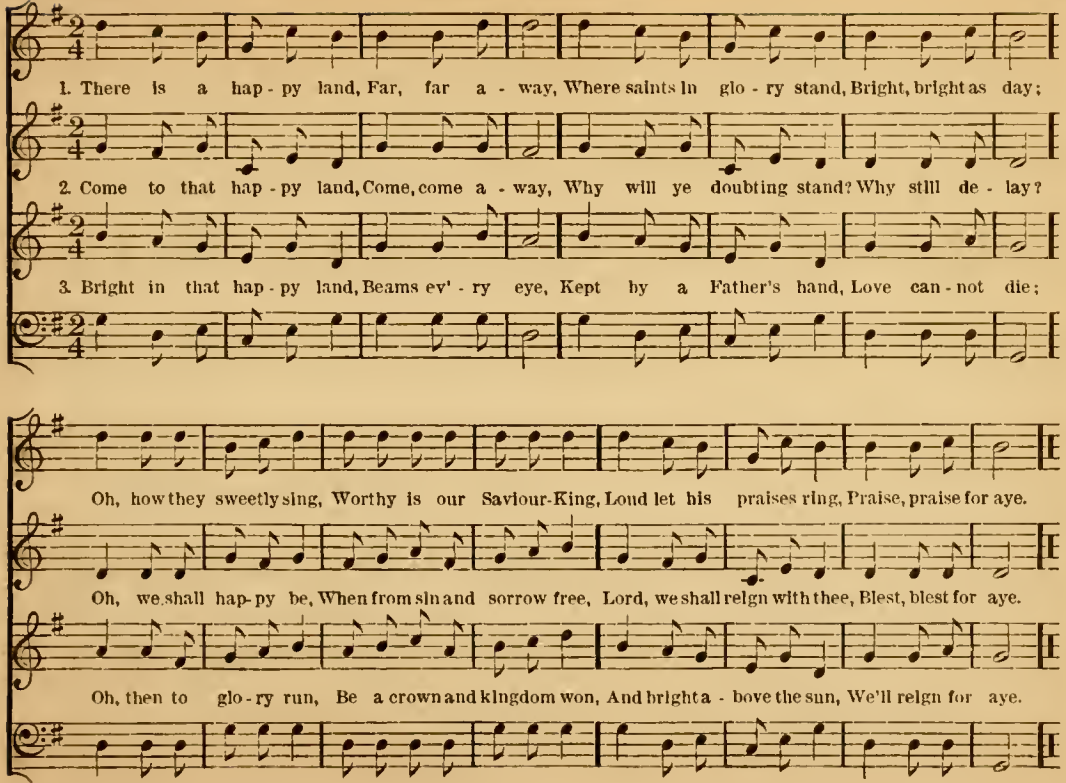
Words by MONTGOMERY.

STRIVING FOR HEAVEN.

S. L. H.



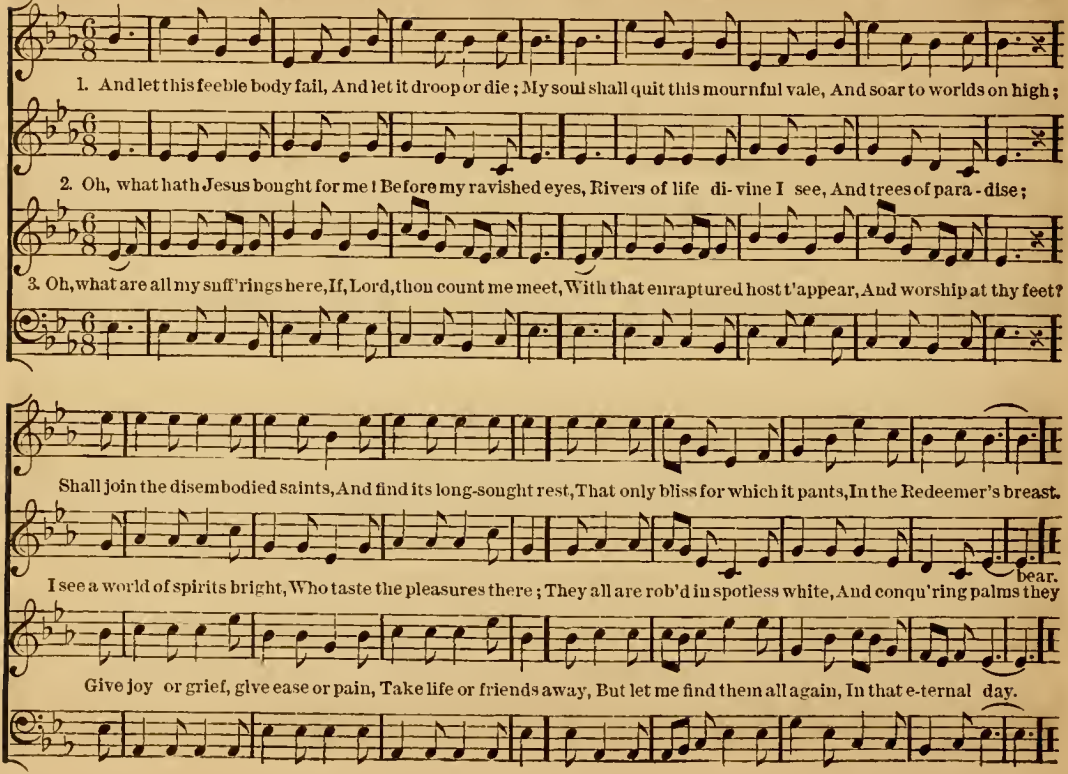
HAPPY LAND.

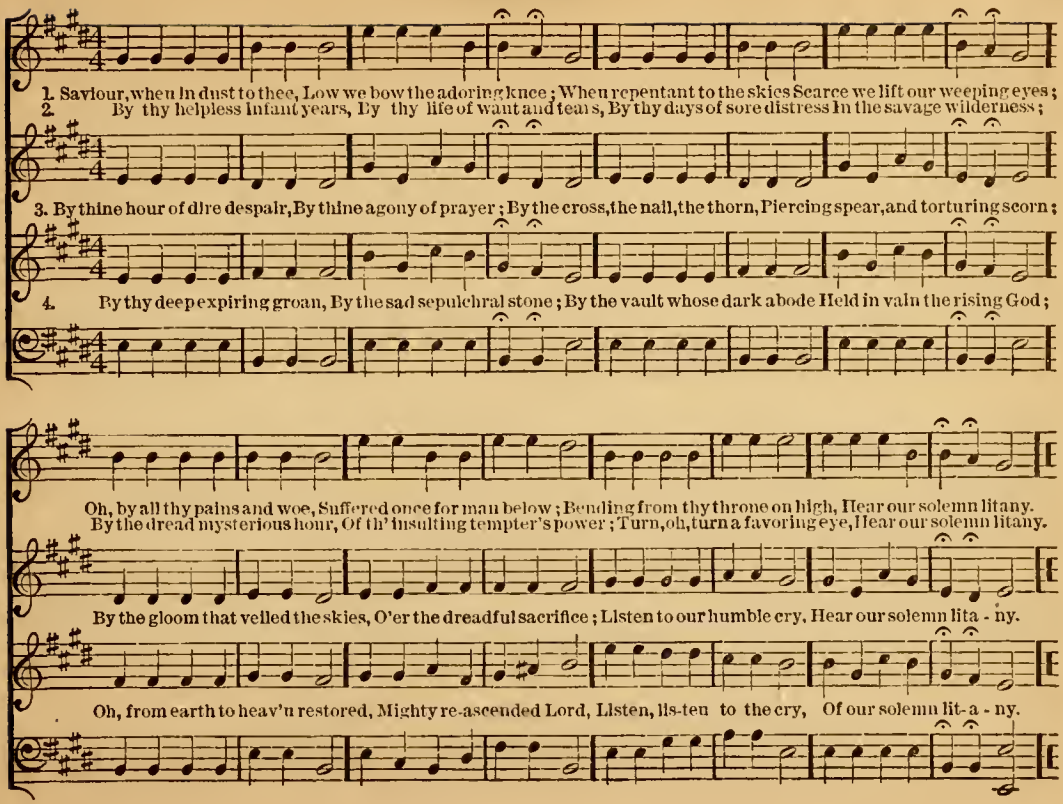

1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day;
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubting stand? Why still de - lay?
3. Bright in that hap - py land, Beams ev' - ry eye, Kept by a Father's hand, Love can - not die;
Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Saviour-King, Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye.
Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall reign with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
Oh, then to glo - ry run, Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright a - bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.

TRANSPORT.

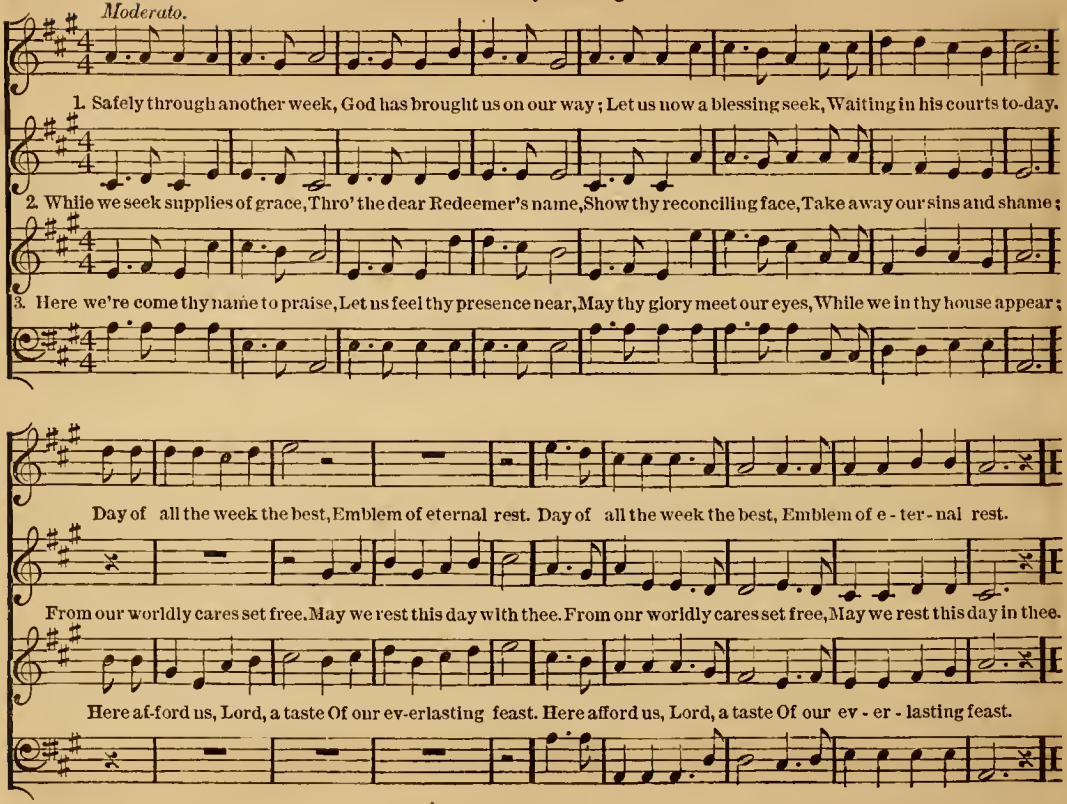
Arr. from an Old Melody.

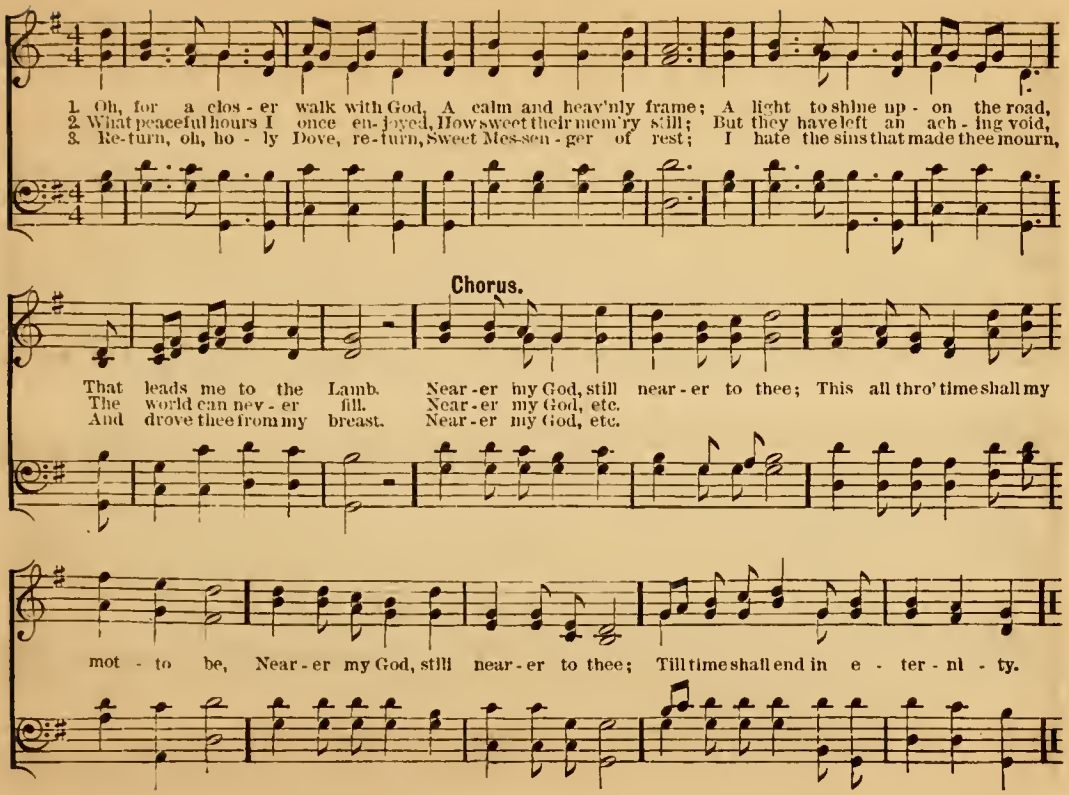
This was a very popular piece half a century ago. Is in the quaint old style of harmony, and from its wierdness will please at concerts.




1. Saviour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow the adoring knee; When repentant to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
2. By thy helpless infant years, By thy life of want and tears, By thy days of sore distress In the savage wilderness;
3. By thine hour of dire despair, By thine agony of prayer; By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
4. By thy deep expiring groan, By the sad sepulchral stone; By the vault whose dark abode Held in vain the rising God;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man below; Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany.
By the dread mysterious hour, Of th' insulting tempter's power; Turn, oh, turn a favoring eye, Hear our solemn litany.
By the gloom that veiled the skies, O'er the dreadful sacrifice; Listen to our humble cry, Hear our solemn lita - ny.
Oh, from earth to heav'n restored, Mighty re-ascended Lord, Listen, lis-ten to the cry, Of our solemn lit-a - ny.

SECURITY. (Safely through another week.)



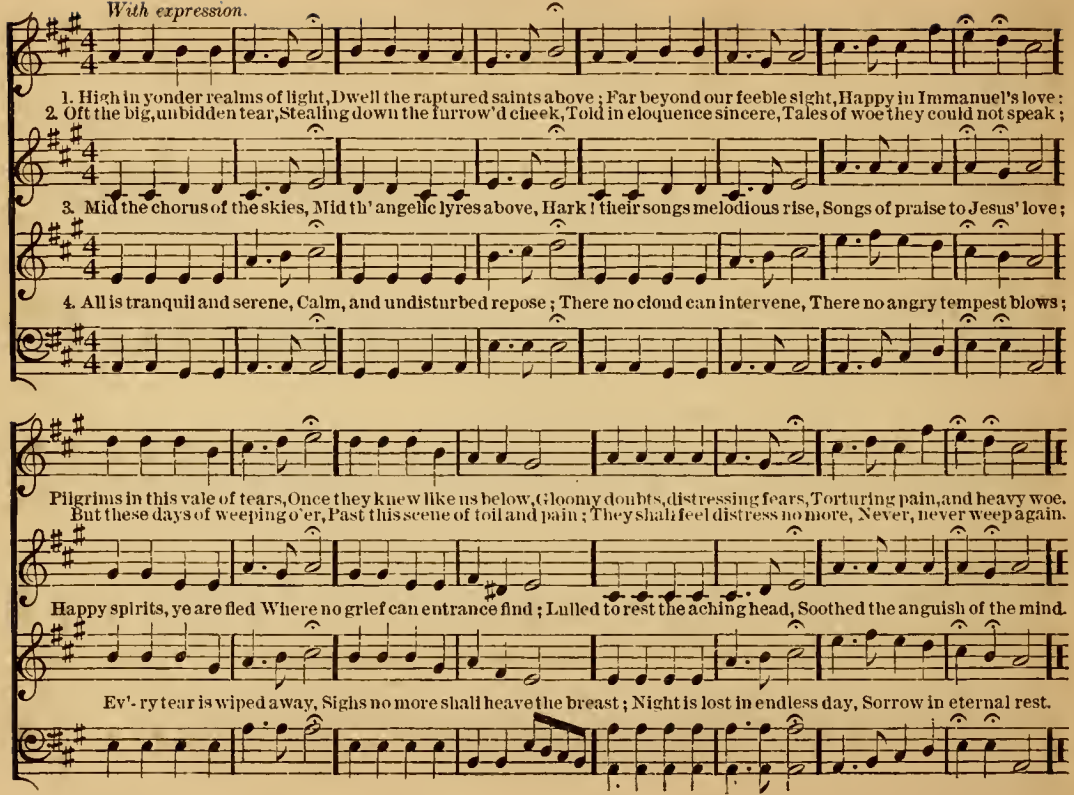

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame; A light to shine up - on the road,
2. What peaceful hours I once en-joyed, How sweet their mem'ry still; But they have left an ach - ing void,
3. Re-turn, oh, ho - ly Dove, re-turn, Sweet Mes-sen - ger of rest; I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
Chorus.
That leads me to the Lamb. Near - er my God, still near - er to thee; This all thro' time shall my
The world can nev - er fill. Near - er my God, etc.
And drove thee from my breast. Near - er my God, etc.
mot - to be, Near - er my God, still near - er to thee; Till time shall end in e - ter - nl - ty.

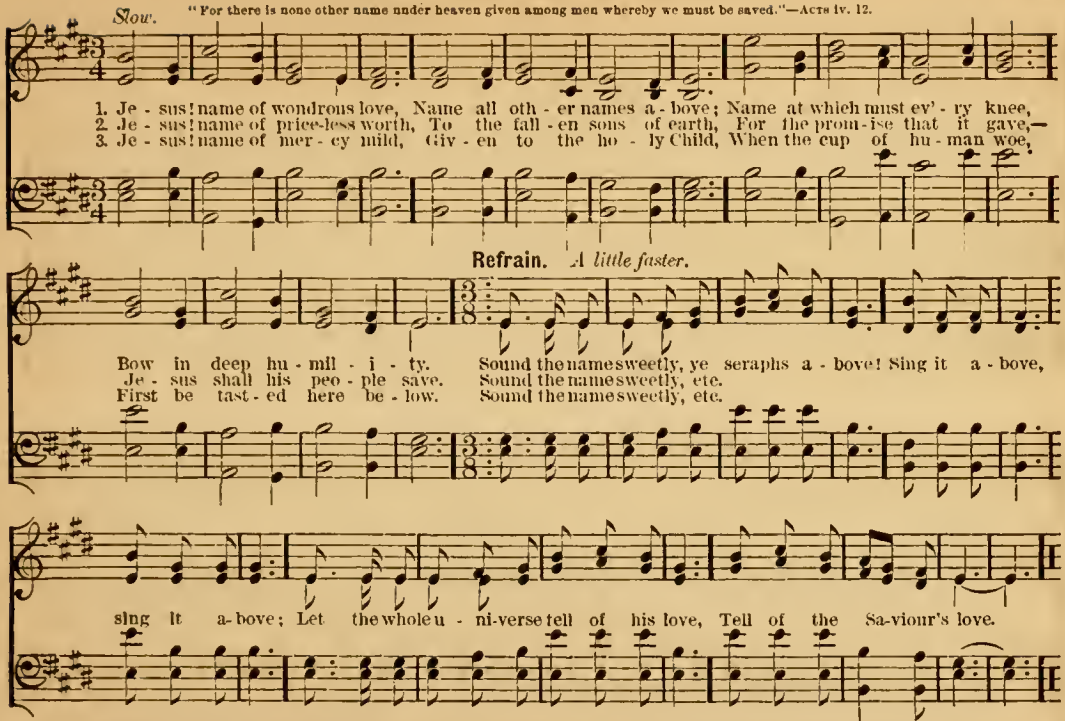
SALVATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. M. J. H.

S. L. H.

With expression.





4. Jesus! only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters and is saved.—*Refrain.*

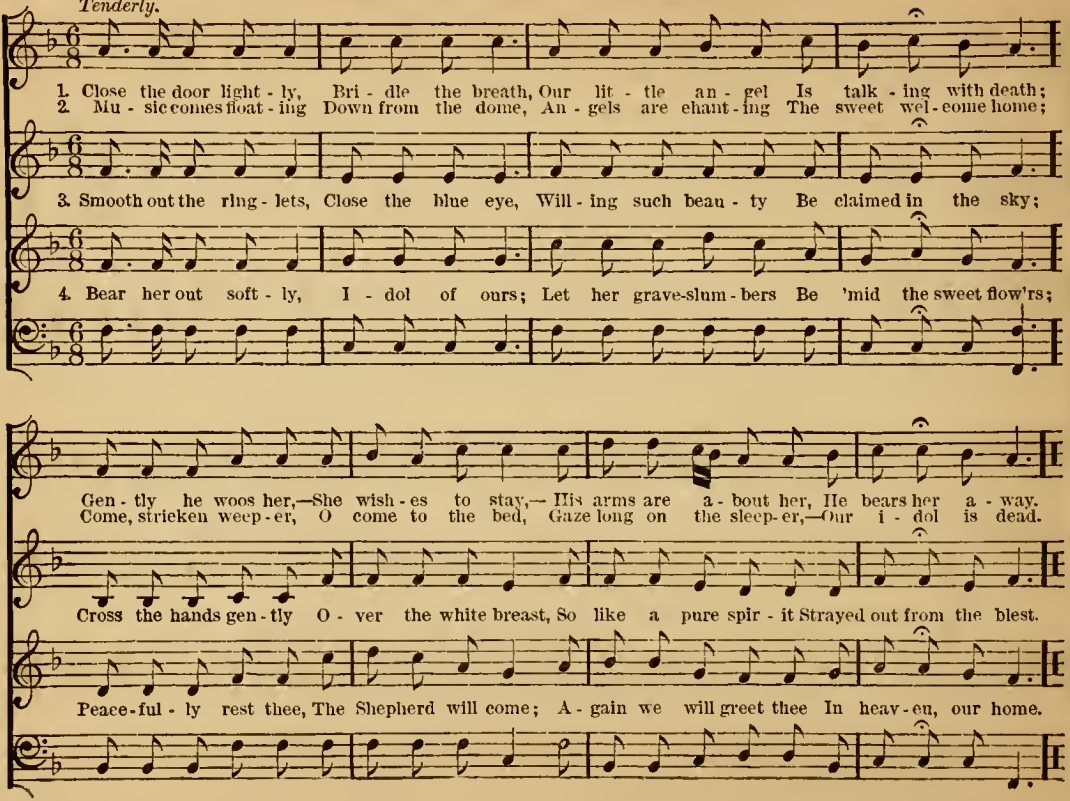
5. Jesus! name of wond'rous love,
Human name of him above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.—*Refrain.*

Author of words unknown.

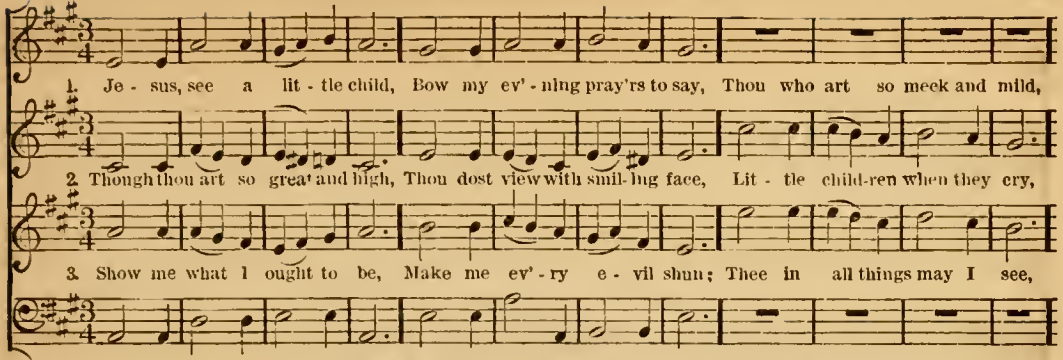
OUR LITTLE ANGEL.

S. L. H.

Tenderly.

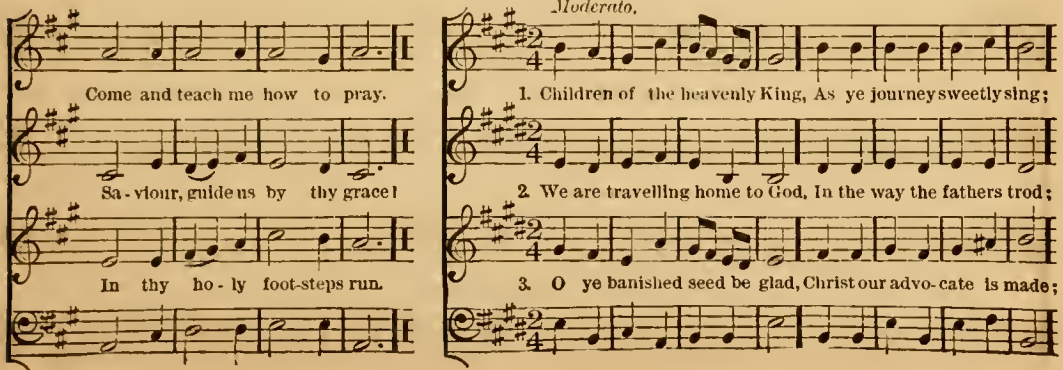


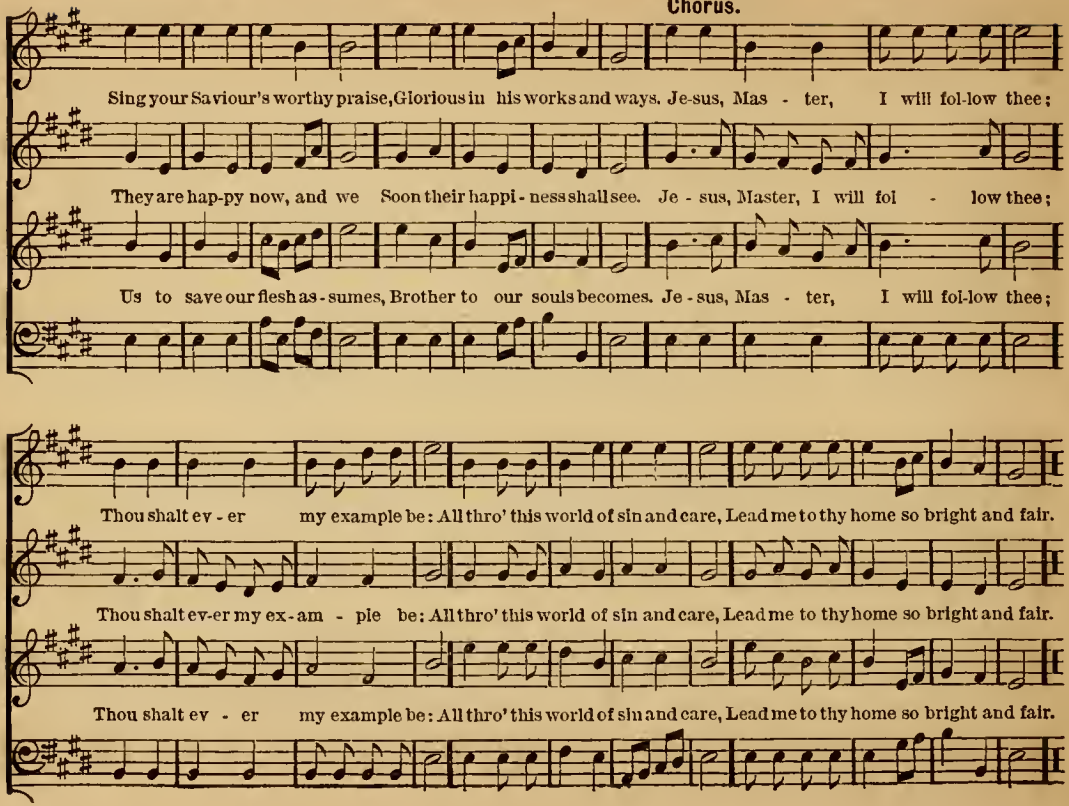
CHILD'S PRAYER. P. M. 7s.



JESUS, MASTER, I WILL FOLLOW THEE. S. L. H.

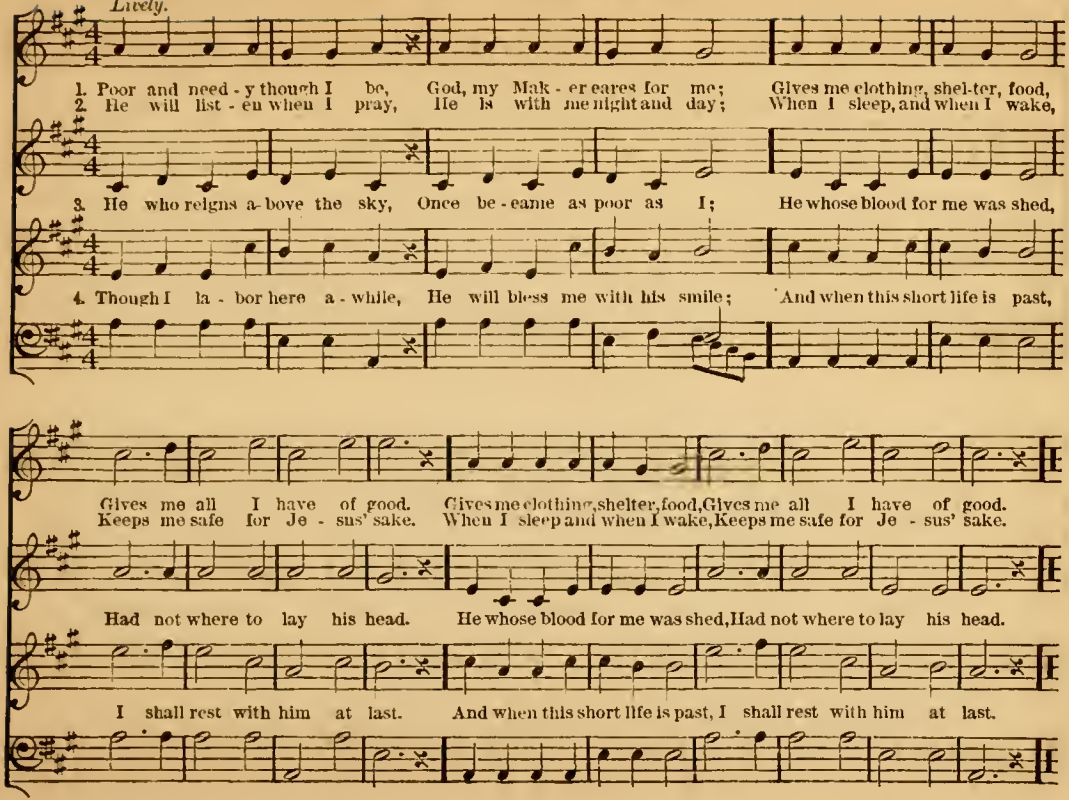
"If any man would be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."—Matt. xvi. 24.

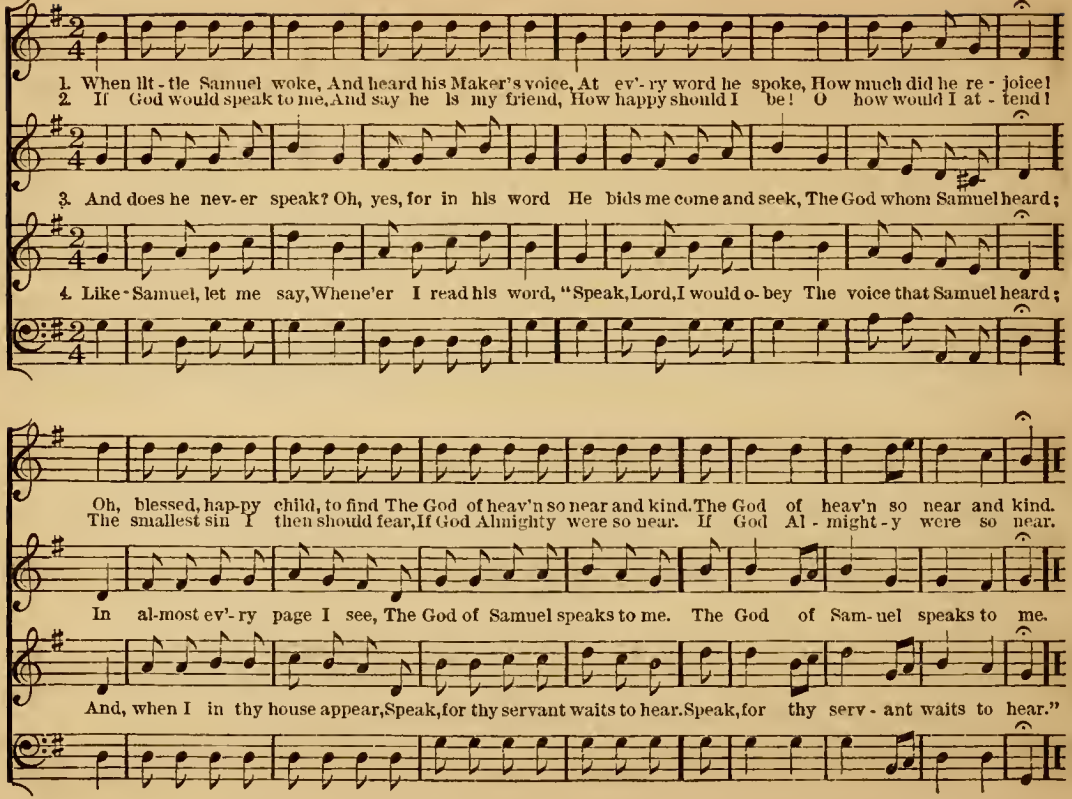



Chorus.
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. Je-sus, Mas - ter, I will fol-low thee;
They are hap-py now, and we Soon their happi - ness shall see. Je - sus, Master, I will foi - low thee;
Us to save our flesh as - sumes, Brother to our souls becomes. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I will fol-low thee;
Thou shalt ev - er my example be: All thro' this world of sin and care, Lead me to thy home so bright and fair.
Thou shalt ev-er my ex - am - ple be: All thro' this world of sin and care, Lead me to thy home so bright and fair.
Thou shalt ev - er my example be: All thro' this world of sin and care, Lead me to thy home so bright and fair.

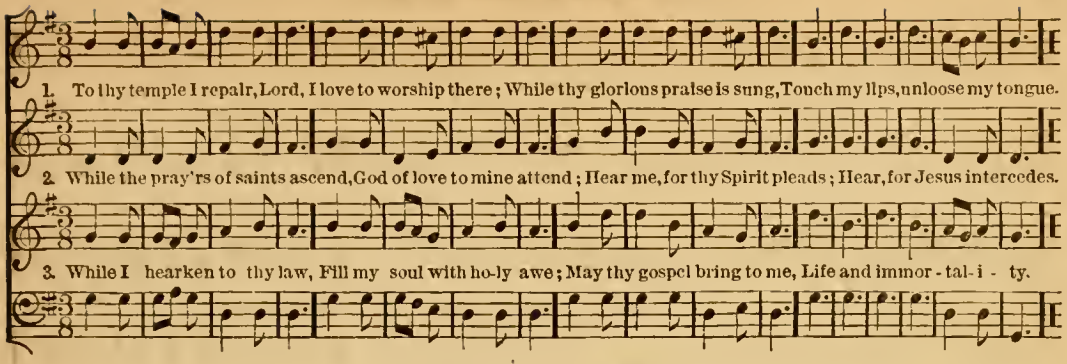
CHILD'S HYMN.

Lively.



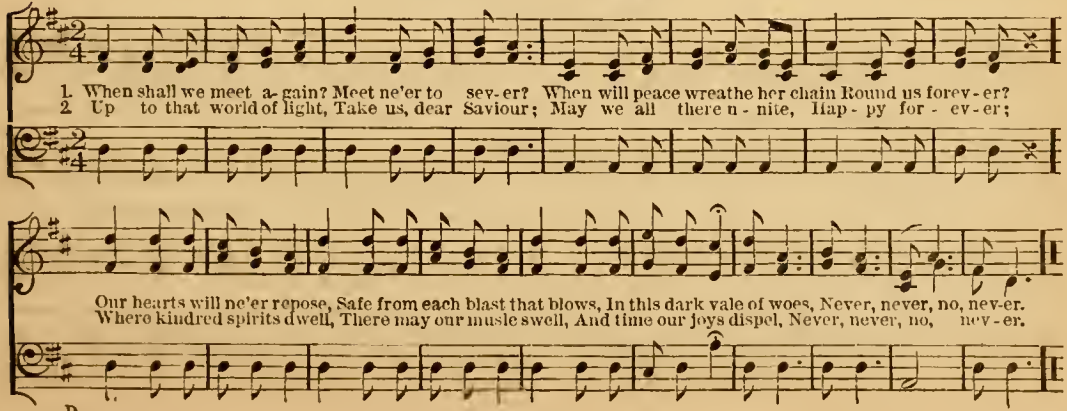

1. When lit - tle Samuel woke, And heard his Maker's voice, At ev'- ry word he spoke, How much did he re - joice!
2. If God would speak to me, And say he is my friend, How happy should I be! O how would I at - tend!
3. And does he nev-er speak? Oh, yes, for in his word He bids me come and seek, The God whom Samuel heard;
4. Like Samuel, let me say, Whene'er I read his word, "Speak, Lord, I would o- bey The voice that Samuel heard;
Oh, blessed, hap-py child, to find The God of heav'n so near and kind. The God of heav'n so near and kind.
The smallest sin I then should fear, If God Almighty were so near. If God Al - might - y were so near.
In al-most ev'- ry page I see, The God of Samuel speaks to me. The God of Sam- uel speaks to me.
And, when I in thy house appear, Speak, for thy servant waits to hear. Speak, for thy serv - ant waits to hear."

IN GOD'S TEMPLE.



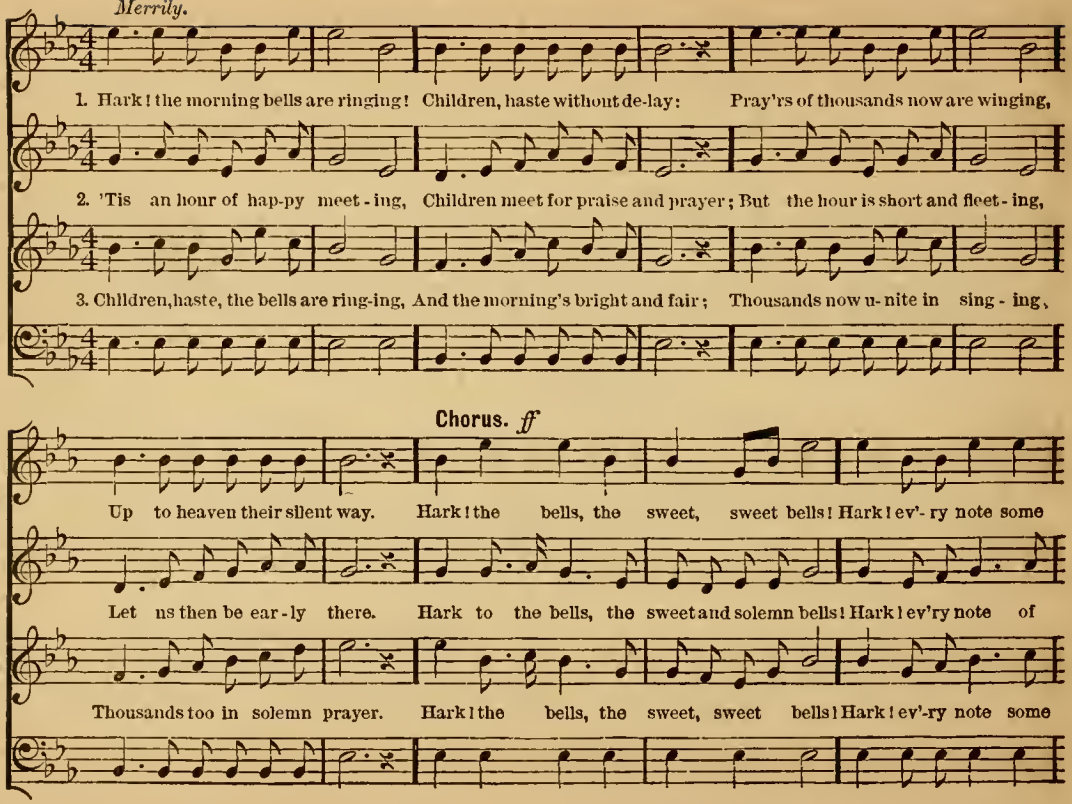
PARTING HYMN.

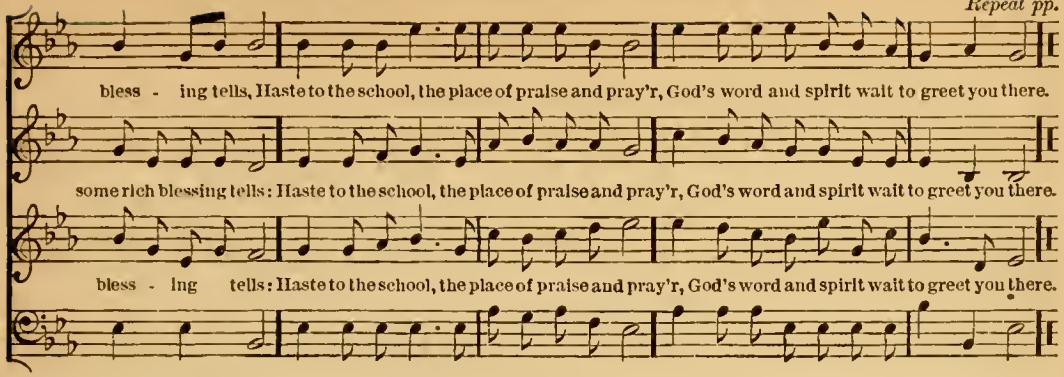
S. L. H.



THE MORNING BELLS.

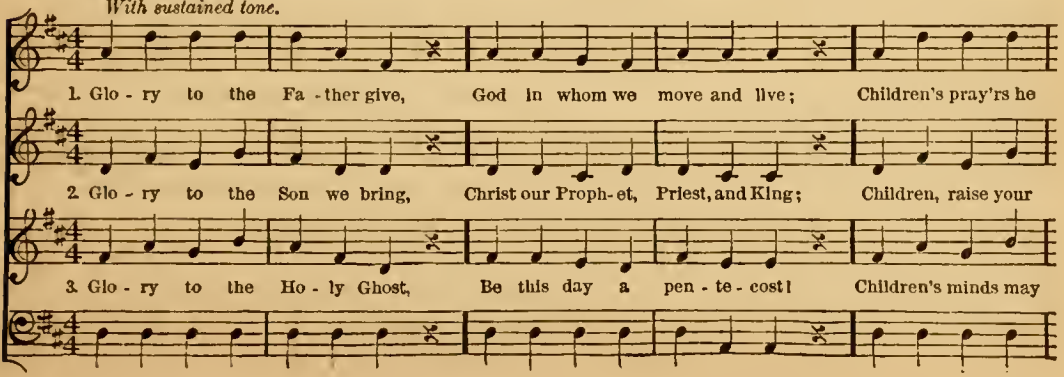
Music and Chorus by S. L. H.



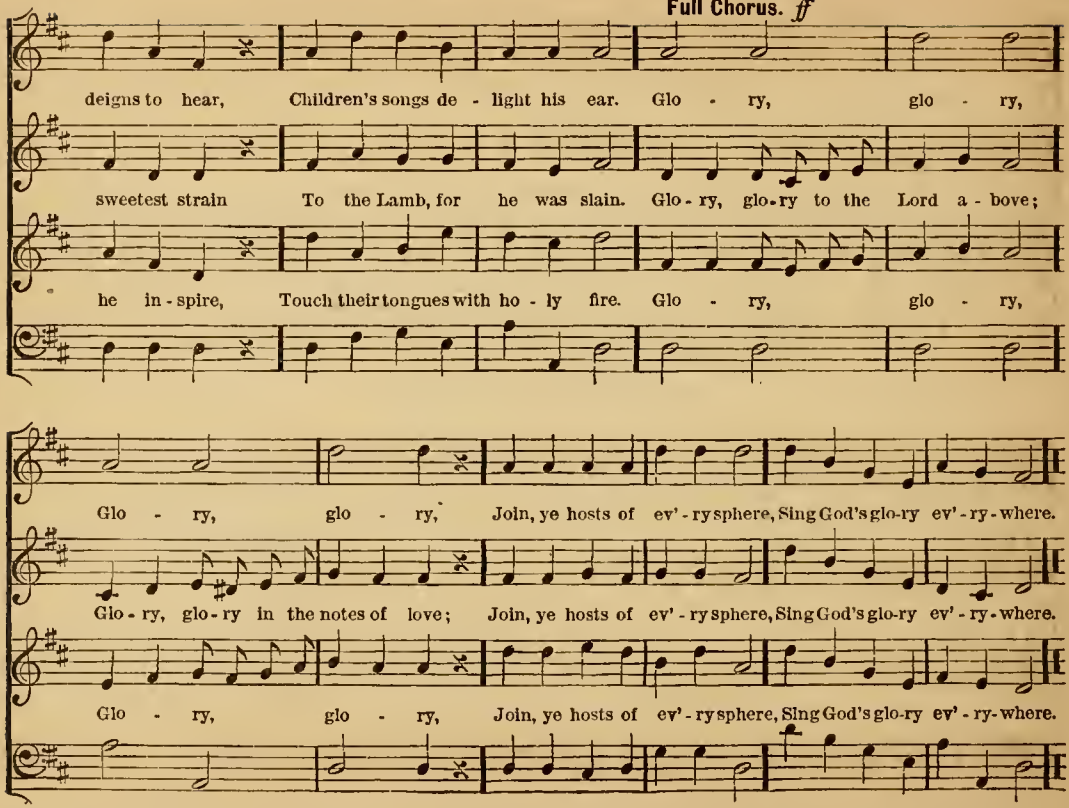


SING GOD'S GLORY.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

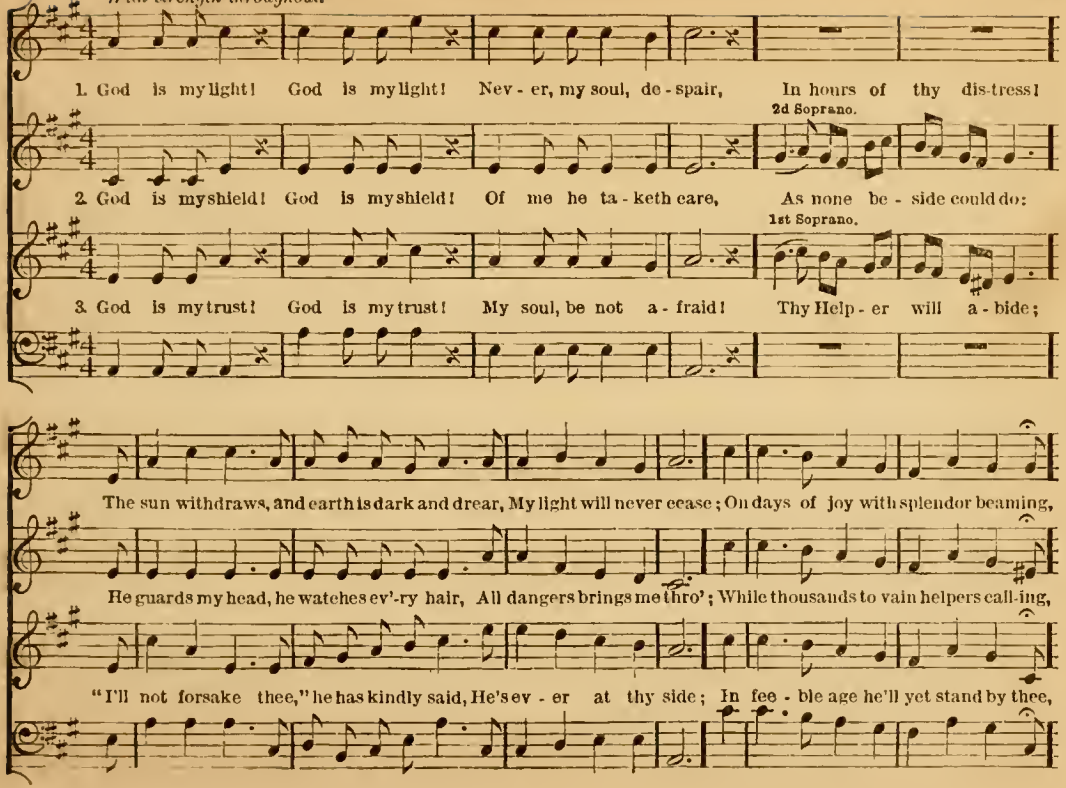


Full Chorus. *ff*

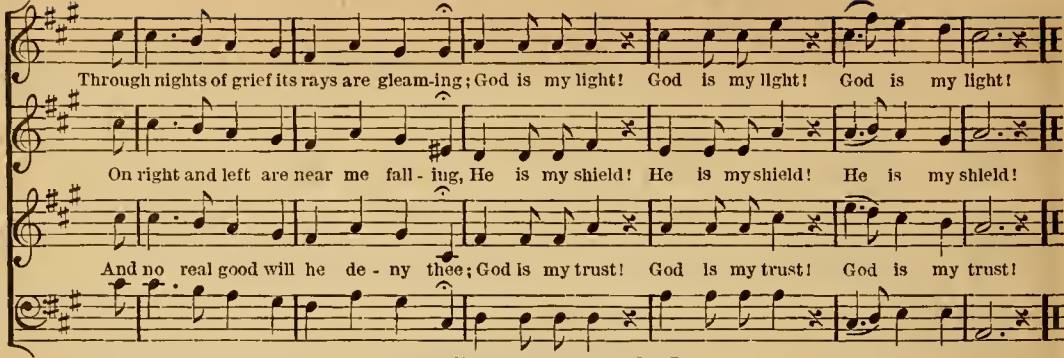


GOD IS MY ALL!

With strength throughout.



GOD IS MY ALL. *Concluded.*

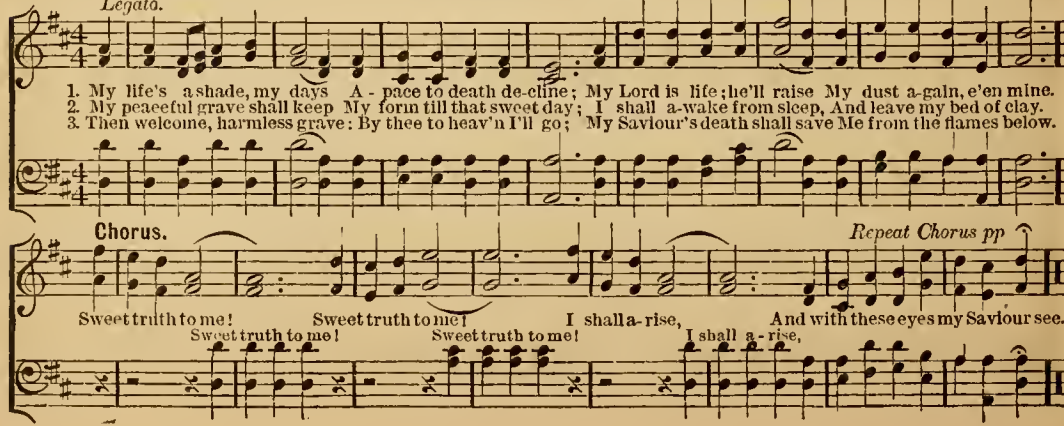


RESURRECTION.

SAMUEL CROSSMAN. 1664. S. L. H.

"I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction."—Hos. xiii. 14.

Legato.



SAINTS' FOUNDATION.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid: which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. iii. 11.

Strong.

1. How firm a founda - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel-lent word!

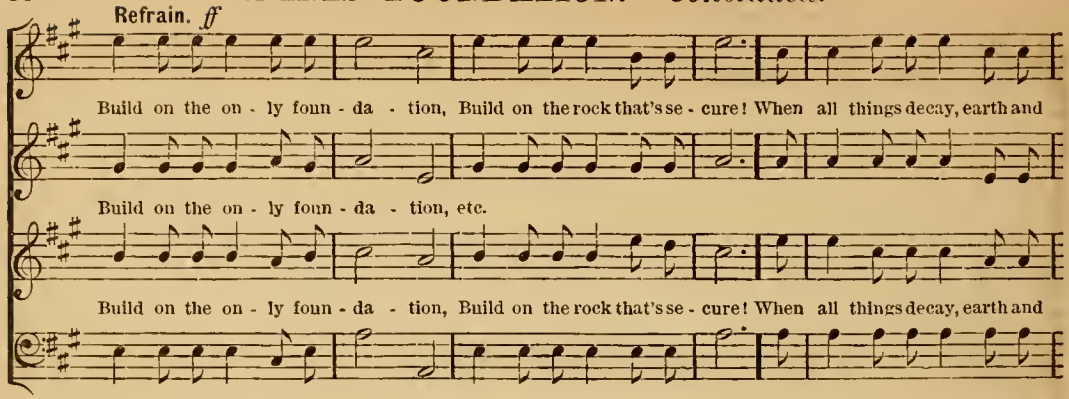
2. In ev' - ry con-di - tion, in sick-ness and health, In pov - er-ty's vale, or a - bounding in wealth,

3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed! For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;

What more can he say than to you he has said? You who un - to Je - sus, for ref - uge have fled.

At home and a-broad, on the land, on the sea, As thy days demand, shall thy strength ever be.

I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by my righteous, om - nip - o - tent hand.



4.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5.

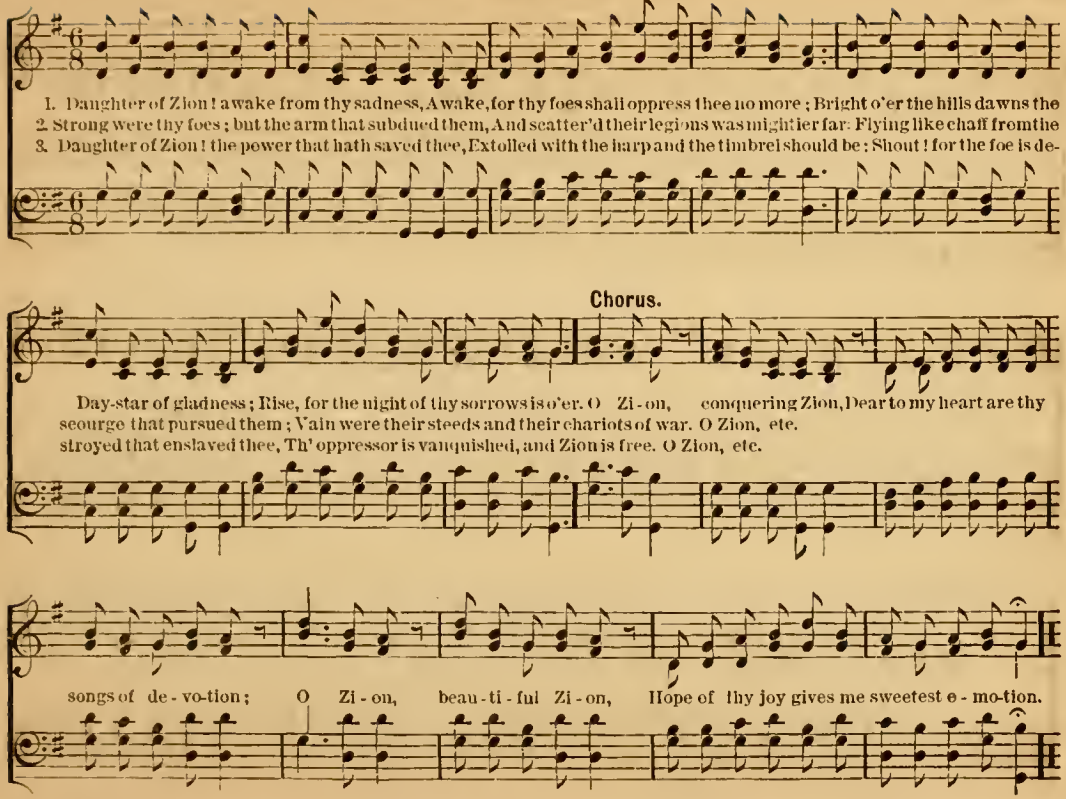
When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6.

E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7.

The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

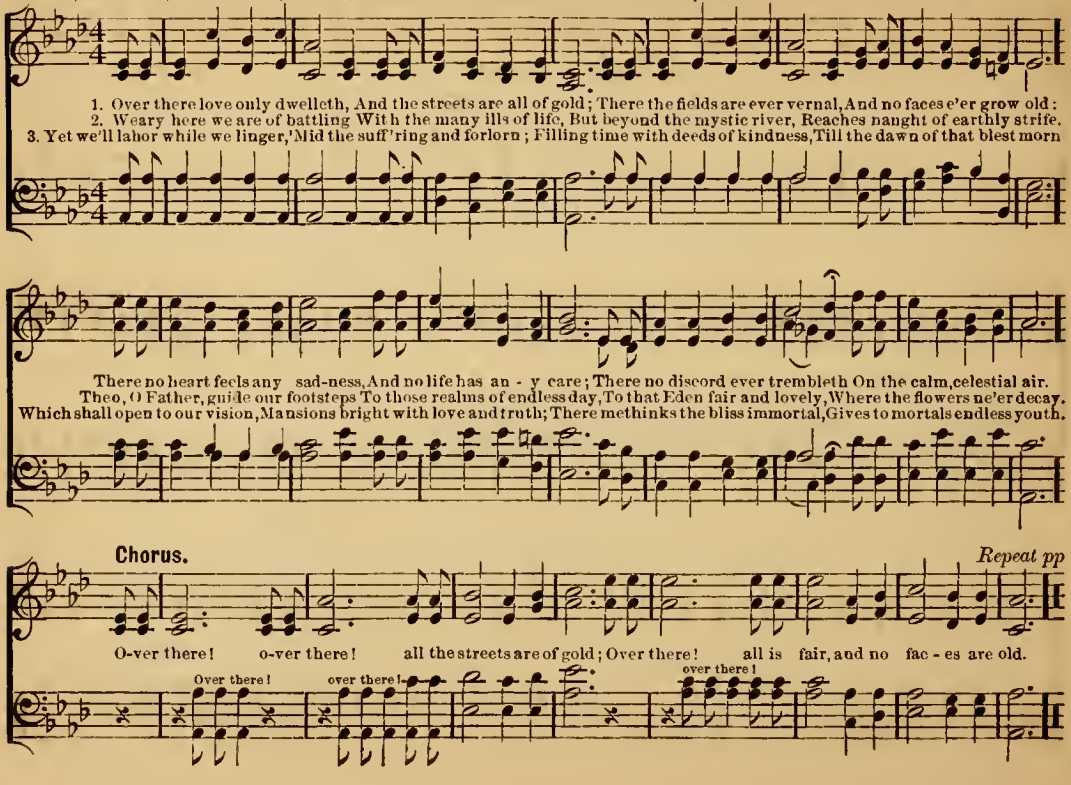

1. Daughter of Zion! awake from thy sadness, Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er the hills dawns the
2. Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them, And scatter'd their legions was mightier far: Flying like chaff from the
3. Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee, Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be: Shout! for the foe is de-
Chorus.
Day-star of gladness; Rise, for the night of thy sorrows is o'er. O Zi-on, conquering Zion, Dear to my heart are thy
scourge that pursued them; Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war. O Zion, etc.
stroyed that enslaved thee, Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free. O Zion, etc.
songs of de-vo-tion; O Zi-on, beau-ti-ful Zi-on, Hope of thy joy gives me sweetest e-mo-tion.

Words by J. M. BARRINGER.

OVER THERE.

Music by Rev. S. L. HARKEY.

A young man, Mr. R. J. D., after having been in a trance for thirty-six hours, suddenly awoke, and beholding his mother by his bedside, exclaimed, "Over there, mother, there are no old faces!" and soon after expired.

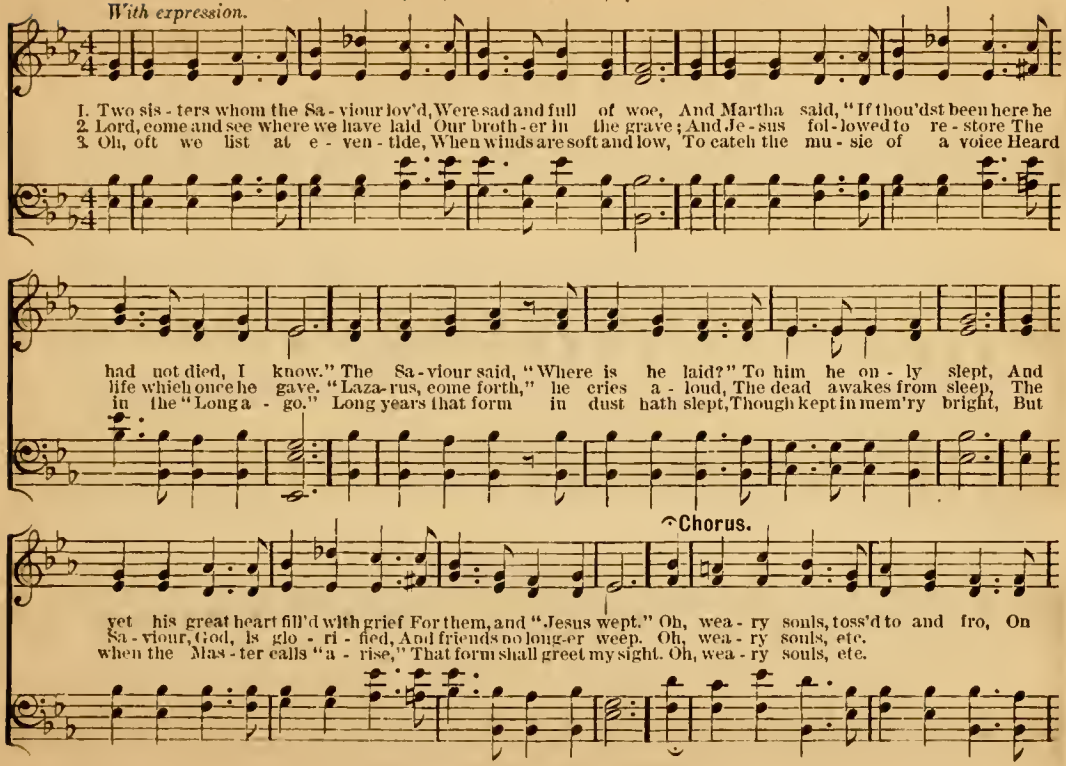


JESUS WEPT.

Words and Music by J. M. BARRINGER.

"Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."—JOHN xi. 21.

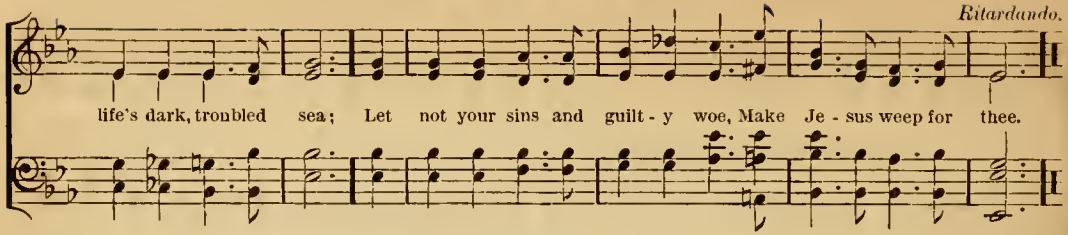
With expression.



Is better as a Solo. with Organ accompaniment.

JESUS WEPT. Concluded.

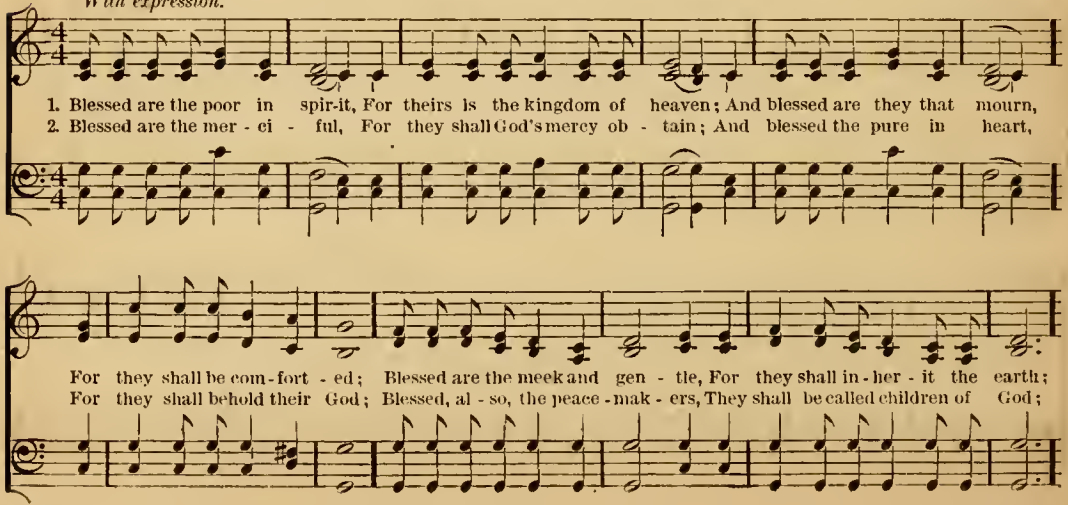
Ritardando.

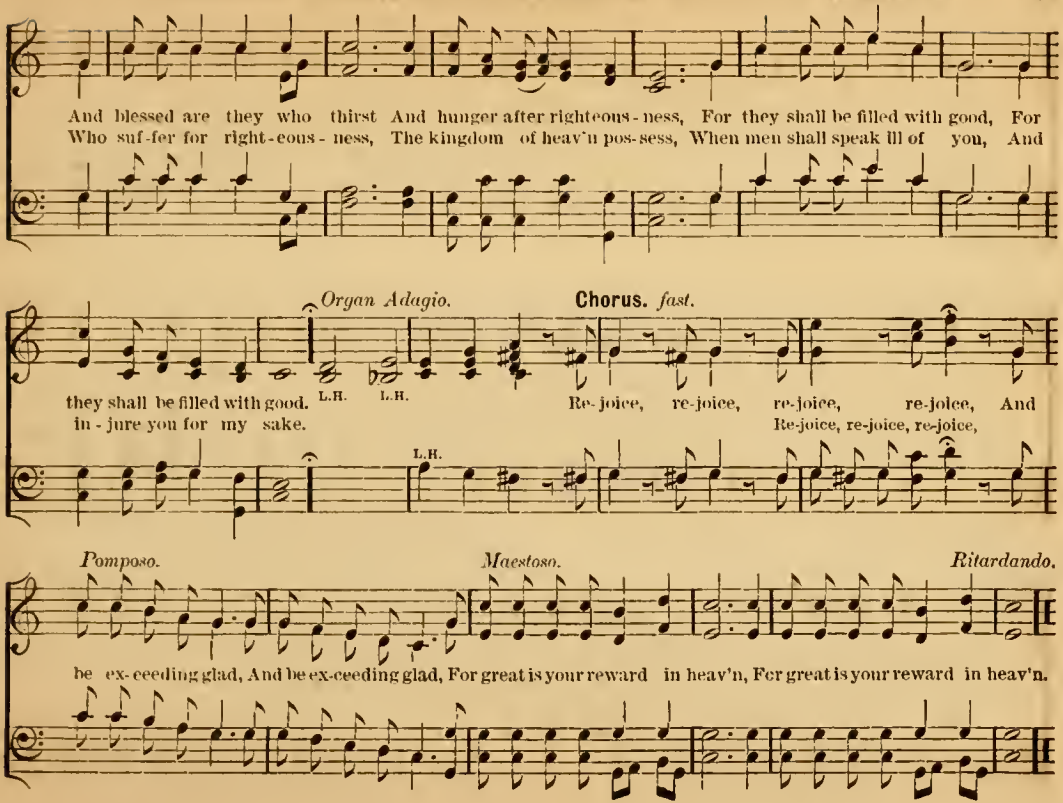


CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Words arr. and Music by J. M. BARRINGER.

With expression.




And blessed are they who thirst And hunger after righteous-ness, For they shall be filled with good, For
Who suf-fer for right-eous-ness, The kingdom of heav'n pos-sess, When men shall speak ill of you, And
Organ Adagio.
Chorus. fast.
they shall be filled with good.
in-jure you for my sake.
L.H.
L.H.
L.H.
Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, re-joice, And
Re-joice, re-joice, re-joice,
Pomposo.
Maestoso.
Ritardando.
be ex-ceeding glad, And be ex-ceeding glad, For great is your reward in heav'n, For great is your reward in heav'n.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

S. L. H.

Not too fast.

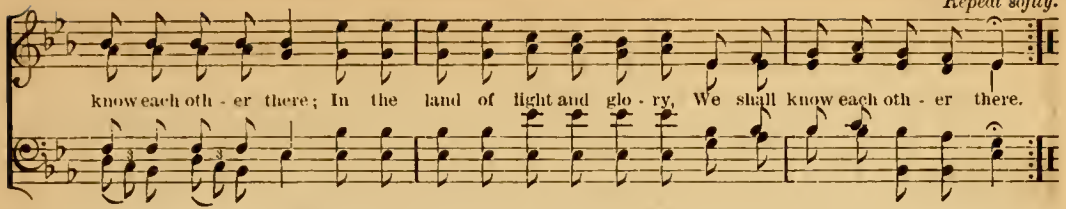
1. When we hear the music ringing, Through the bright, celestial dome, When sweet angel voices singing, Gladly
2. When the ho - ly an-gels meet us, As we go to join their band, *Shall we know the friends that greet us, In the*
3. Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoic - es, And my weary heart grows light; For the thrilling angel voic-es, And the
4. Oh, ye wea - ry ones and sad ones, Droop not, faint not by the way, Ye shall join the loved and lost ones, In the

bid us wel-come home, To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care, In the
glo-rious spir - it - land. Shall we see their bright eyes shin-ing On us, as in days of yore? Shall we
an - gel fa - ces bright, That shall welcome me in heav-en, Are the loved of long a - go, And to
land of per - fect day; Harp strings touched by angel fin - gers, Mur-mur in my raptured ear, Ev - er

Refrain. *Lively.*

land of light and glo - ry, *Shall we know each oth - er there?* We shall know each oth-er there, We shall
feel their dear arms twin-ing Fond - ly round us as be - fore? We shall know, etc.
them 'tis kind - ly giv - en, Thus their mor-tal friends to know. We shall know, etc.
more their sweet tones lin - ger, We shall know each oth - er there. We shall know, etc.

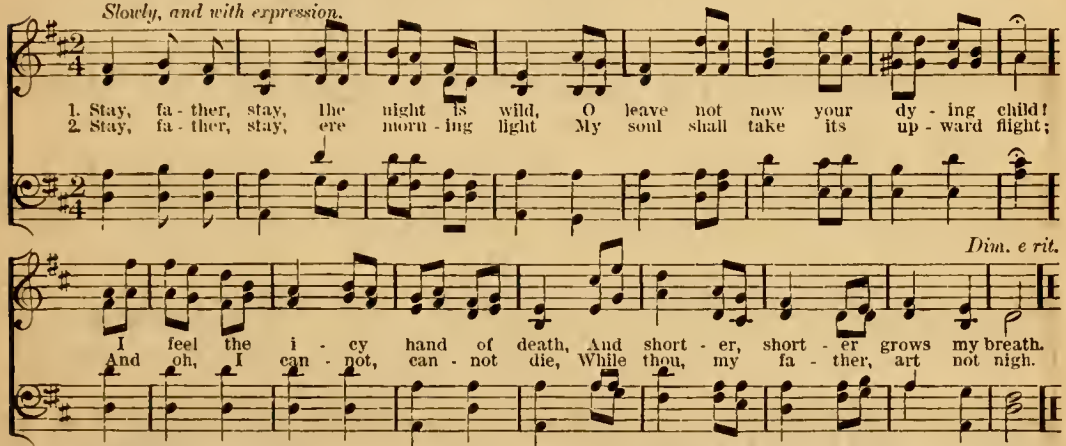
Repeat softly.



THE DYING CHILD'S APPEAL.

S. L. H.

Slowly, and with expression.



3 Stay, father, stay, my mother's gone,
And you and I are left alone;
And in her star-lit home on high,
She'll weep that I alone should die.

4 Stay, father, stay, O leave this night
The mad'ning bowl whose with'ring blight
Has cast so dark a shade around,
The home where joy alone was found.

5 Stay, father, stay, alone, alone,
With none to cheer, and none to mourn,
I cannot leave this world of woe,
And to that land of spirits go.

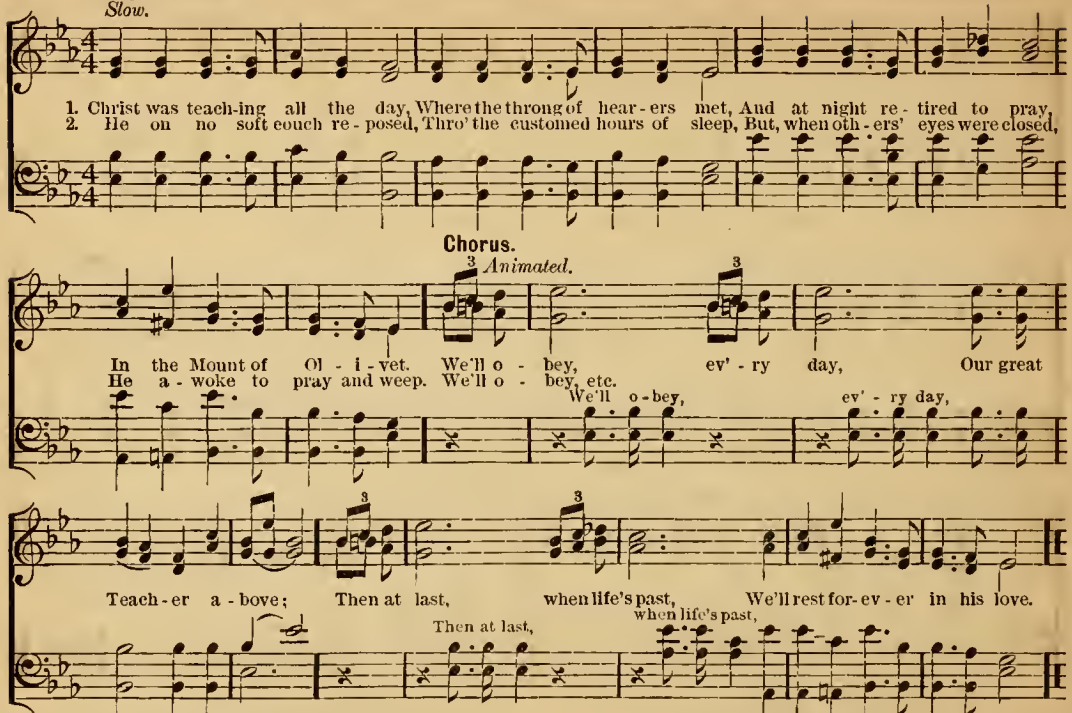
6 Stay, father, stay, once more I ask,
Oh, count it not a heavy task,
To stay with me till life shall end,
My last, my only earthly friend.

Words selected and partly arranged by J. M. B.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

Music by J. M. B.

Slow.

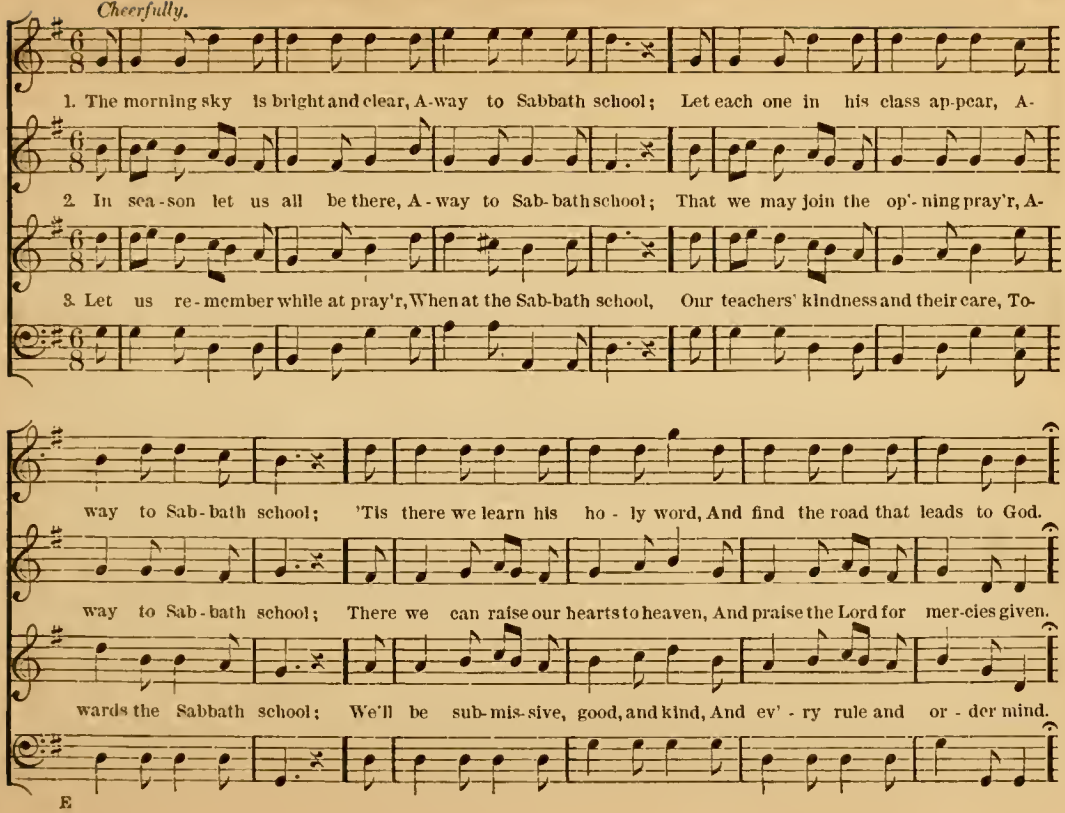


3. All the labors we have shared,
O how poor and little worth,
When with those so great compared,
Of our Saviour upon earth.—*Chorus.*

4. O may gratitude inspire
Him to follow now above;
Then our hearts will never tire,
In these humble deeds of love.—*Chorus.*

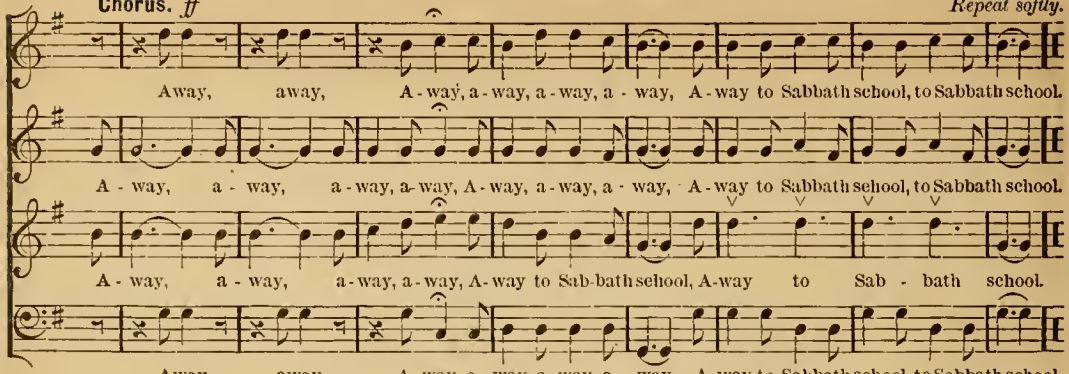
AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

Cheerfully.



AWAY TO SABBATH SCHOOL. Concluded.

Chorus. *ff* *Repeat softly.*

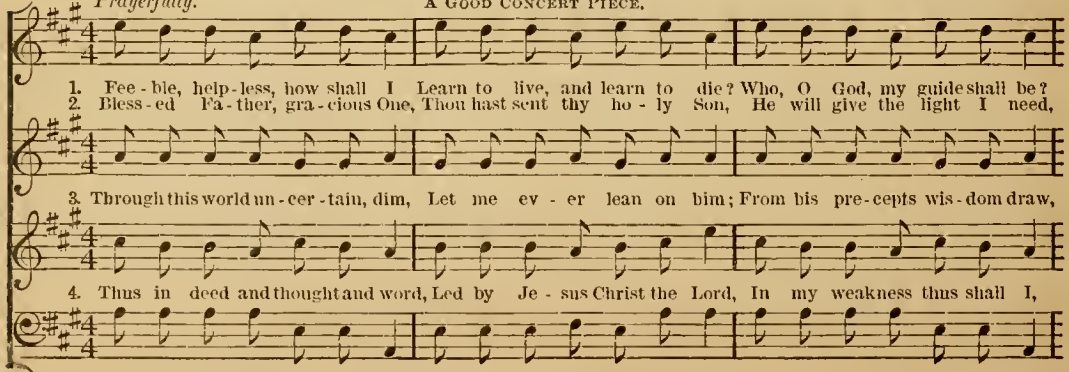


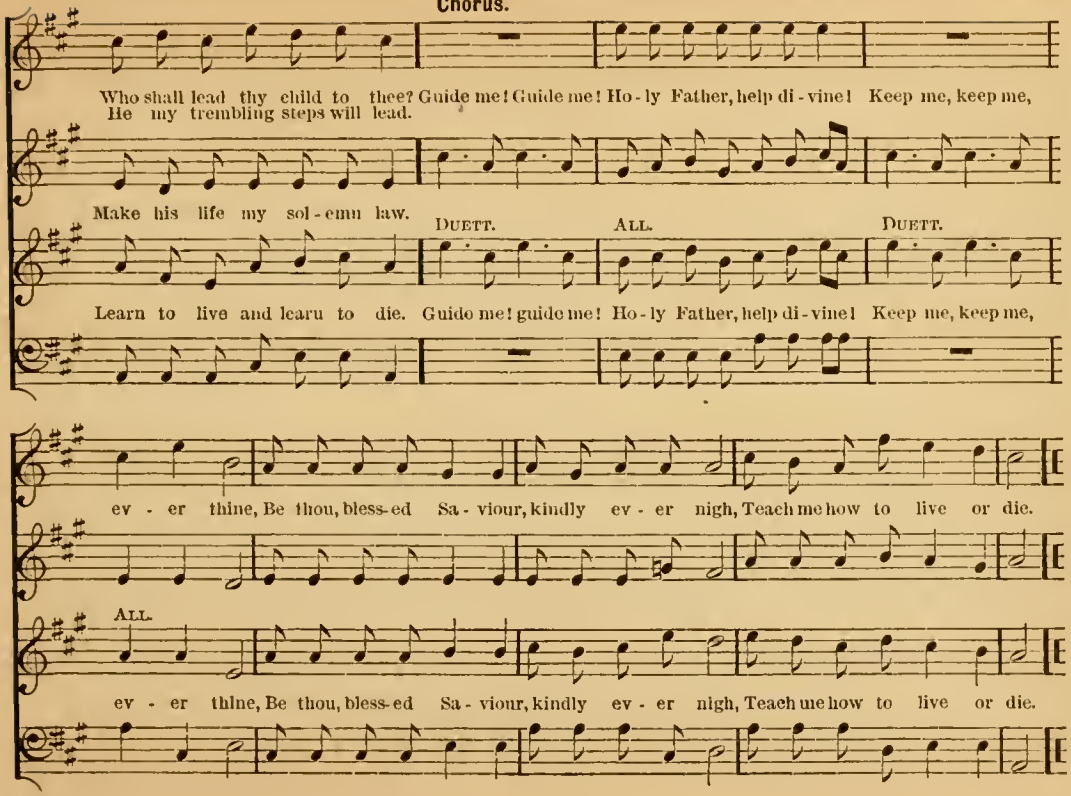
JESUS OUR TEACHER AND GUIDE.

A Good Concert Piece.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

Prayerfully.

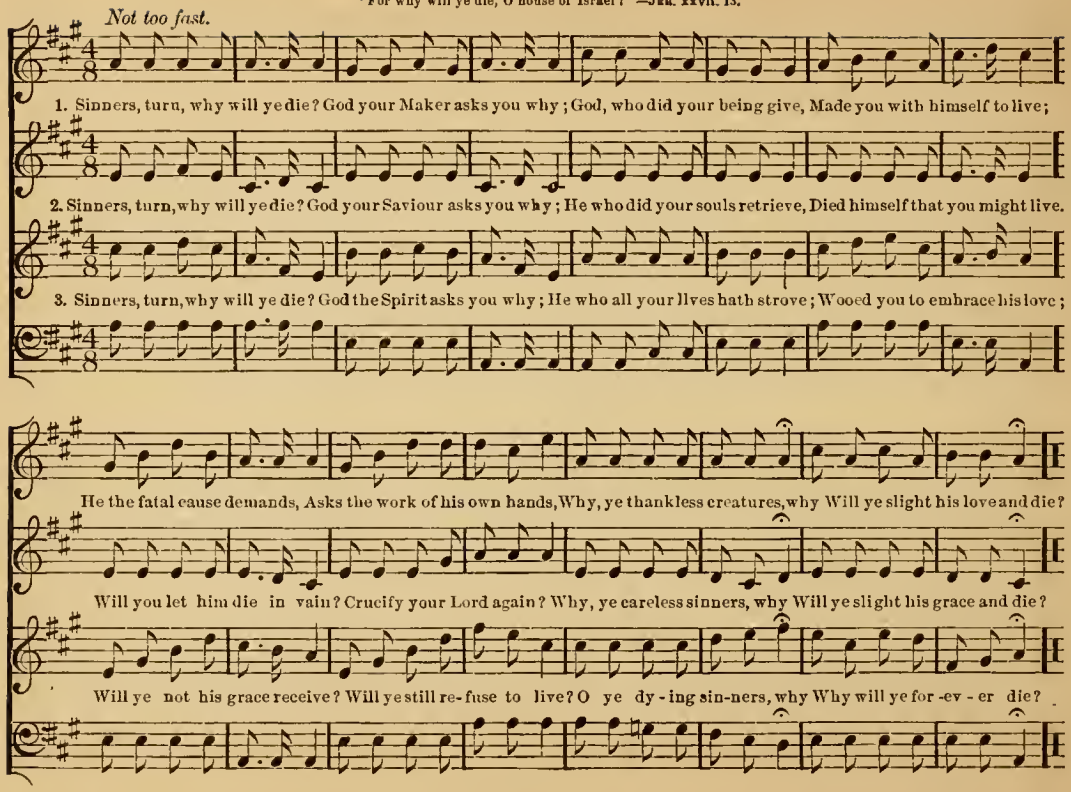



Chorus.
Who shall lead thy child to thee? Guide me! Guide me! Ho-ly Father, help di-vine! Keep me, keep me,
He my trembling steps will lead.
Make his life my sol-emn law.
DUETT.
ALL.
DUETT.
Learn to live and learn to die. Guide me! guide me! Ho-ly Father, help di-vine! Keep me, keep me,
ev - er thine, Be thou, bless-ed Sa-viour, kindly ev - er nigh, Teach me how to live or die.
ALL.
ev - er thine, Be thou, bless-ed Sa-viour, kindly ev - er nigh, Teach me how to live or die.

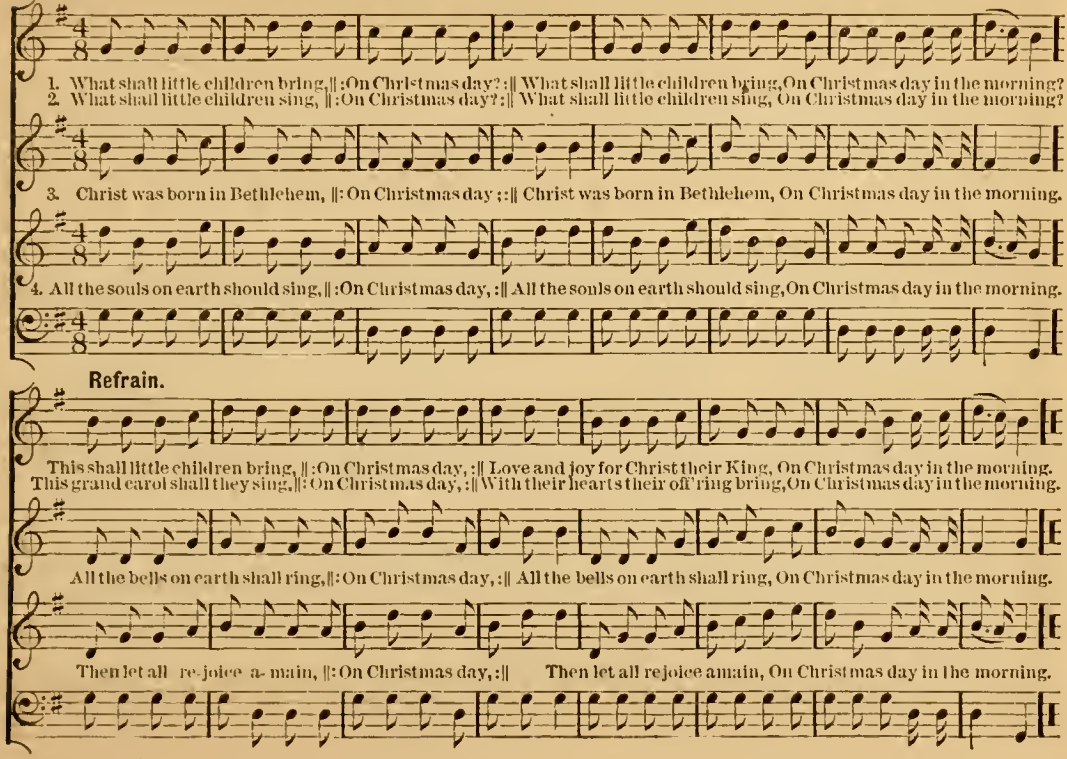
EXPOSTULATION.

'For why will ye die, O house of Israel?"—Jer. xxvii. 13.

S. L. H.



(FOR INFANT SCHOOL.) As a Concert piece, let the first part be sung by a number of little girls as a duett. The Refrain as a quartette. While the Refrain is being sung, let the band of little girls present an appropriate motto, and, at the singing of third verse, ring bell.

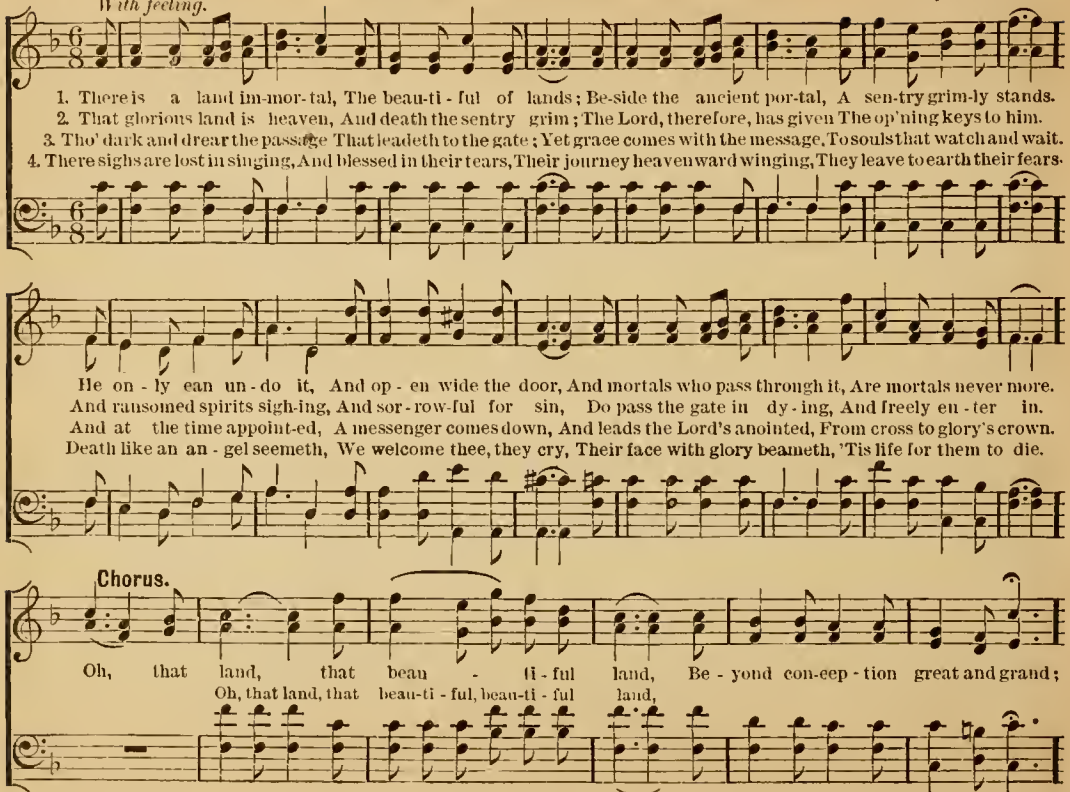


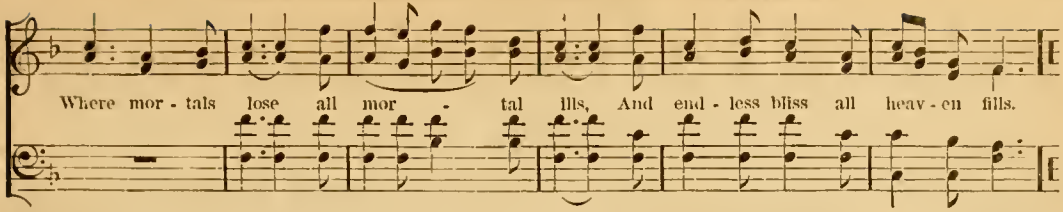
Words by T. MACKELLAR.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

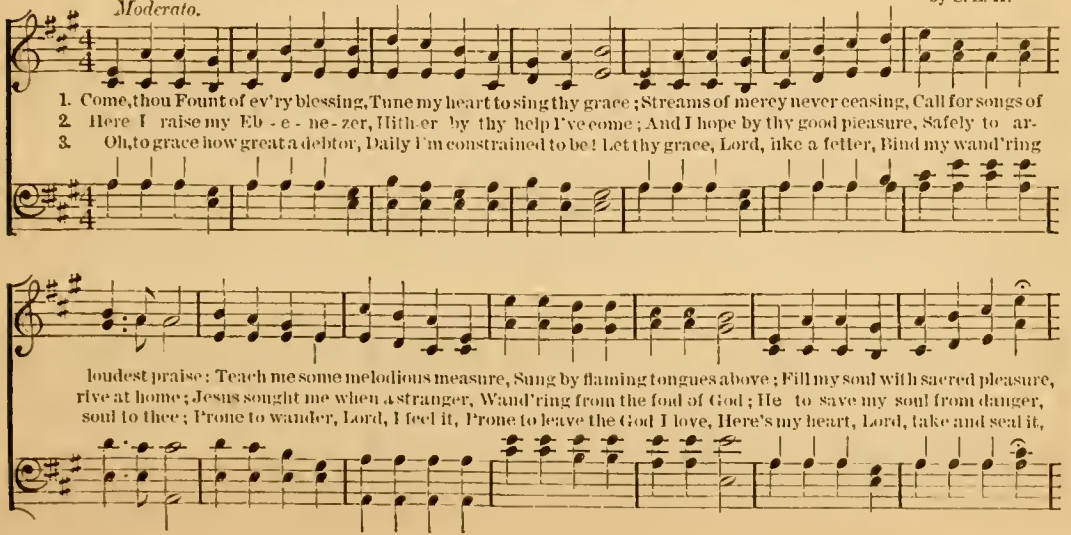
With feeling.

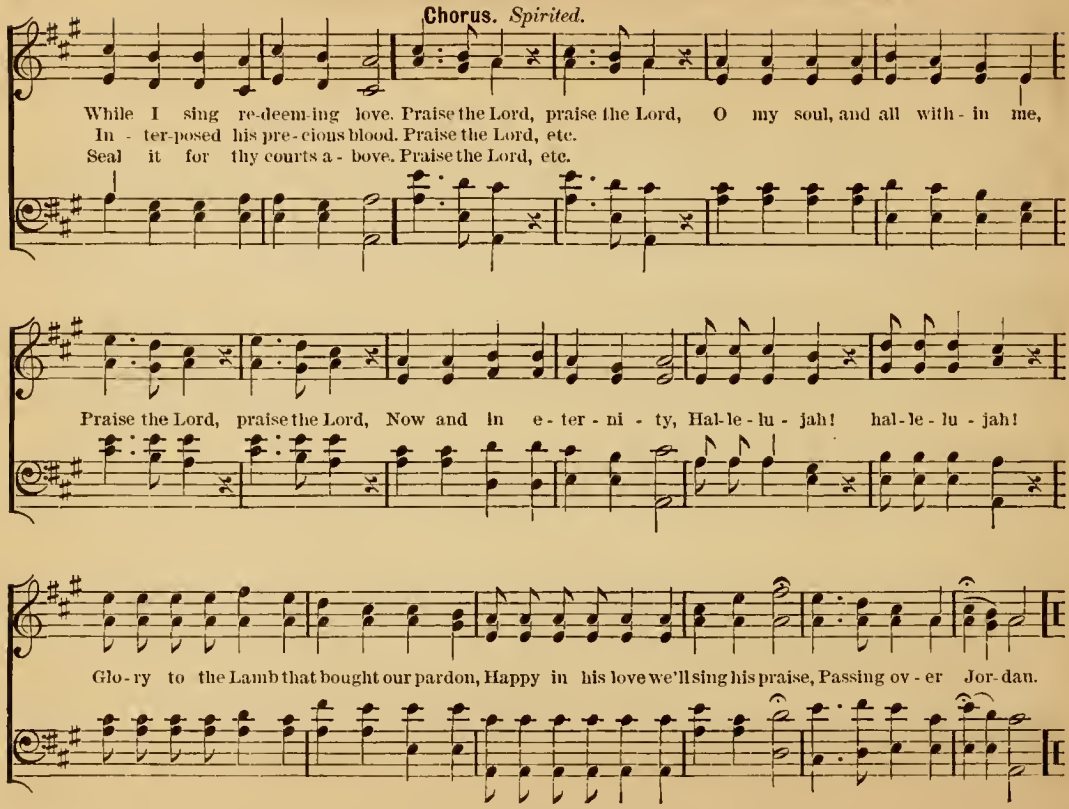




PRAISES FOR REDEEMING LOVE.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

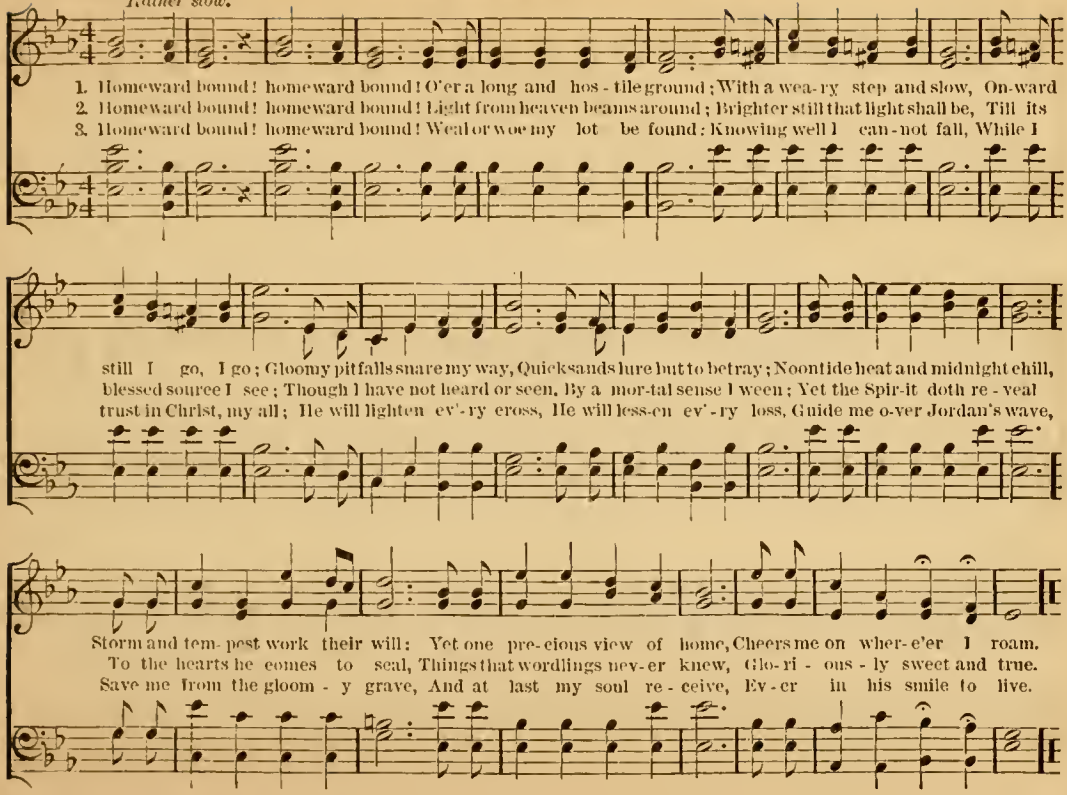



Chorus. Spirited.
While I sing re-deem-ing love. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul, and all with-in me,
In-ter-posed his pre-cious blood. Praise the Lord, etc.
Seal it for thy courts a-bove. Praise the Lord, etc.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Now and in e-ter-ni-ty, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry to the Lamb that bought our pardon, Happy in his love we'll sing his praise, Passing ov-er Jor-dan.

Words by Miss DEFOREST.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

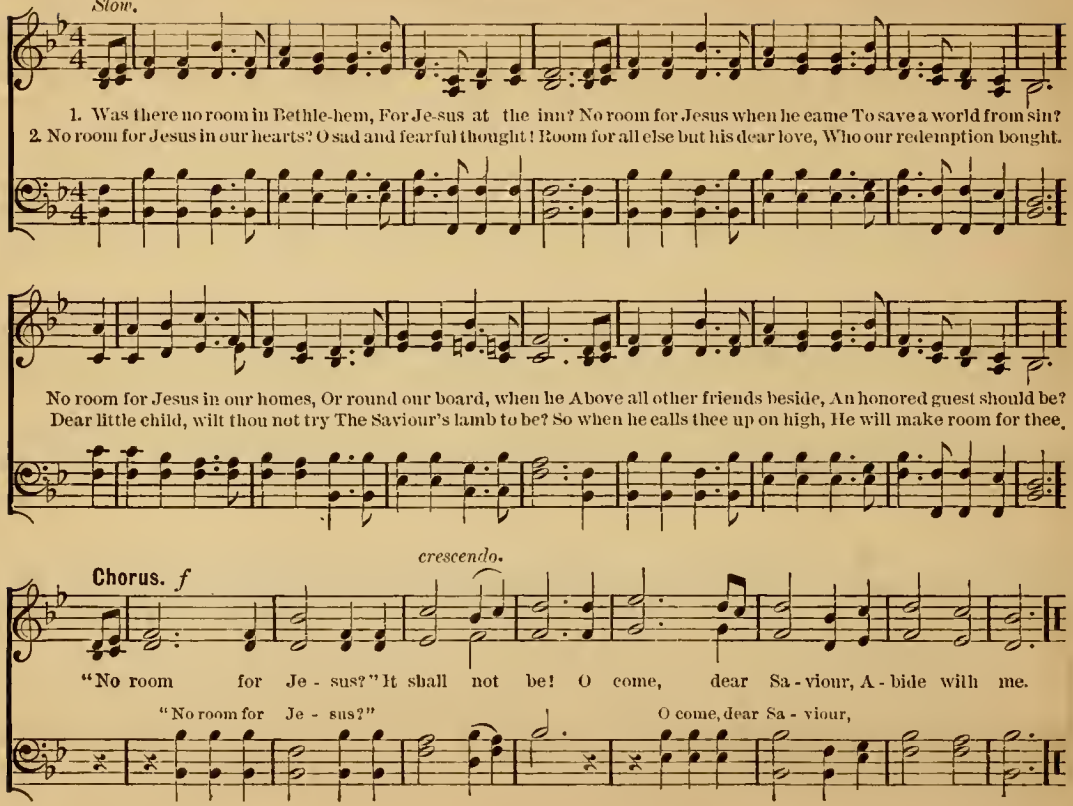
Rather slow.



Words by AUNT ADNA.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS?

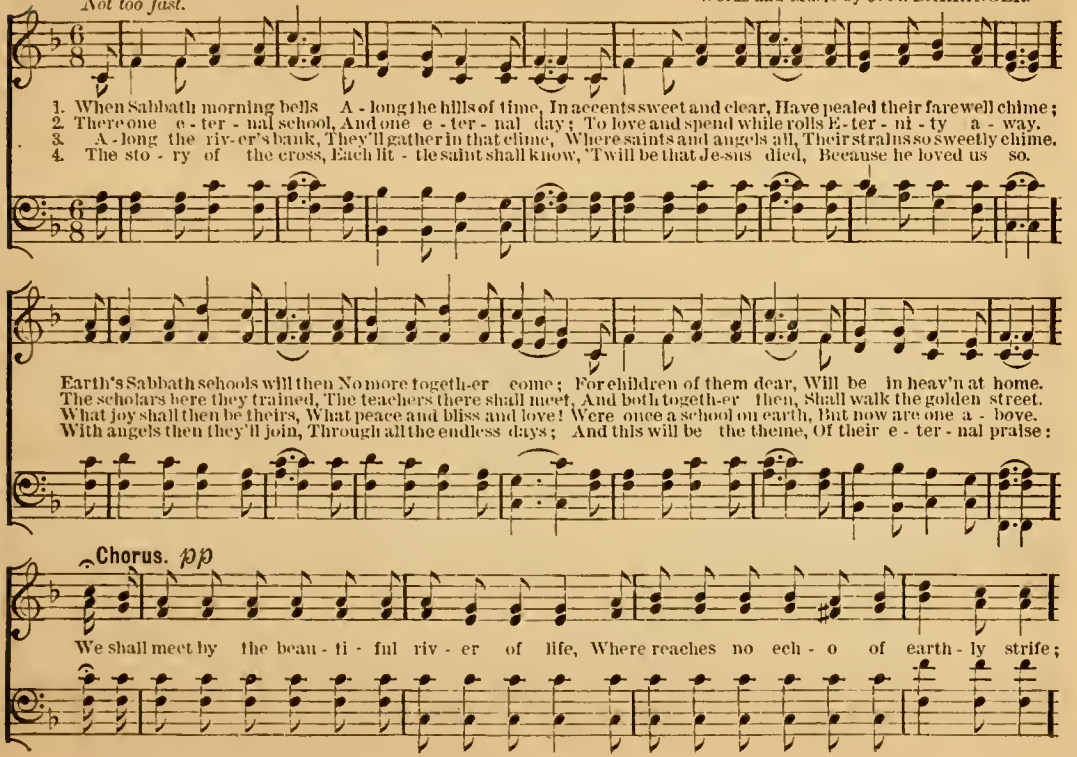
Music and Chorus by J. M. BARRINGER.

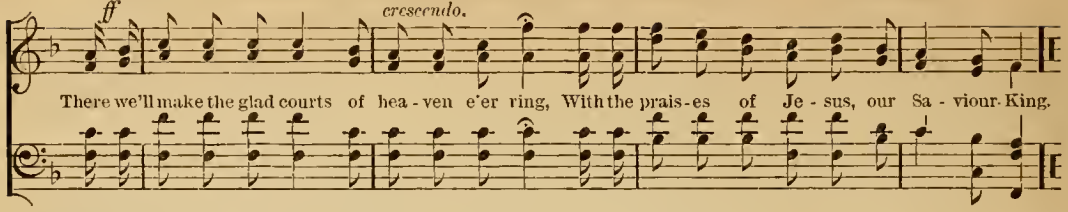


"And he showed me a pure river of "water of life," clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."—Rev. xxii. 1.

Not too fast.

Words and Music by J. M. BARRINGER.



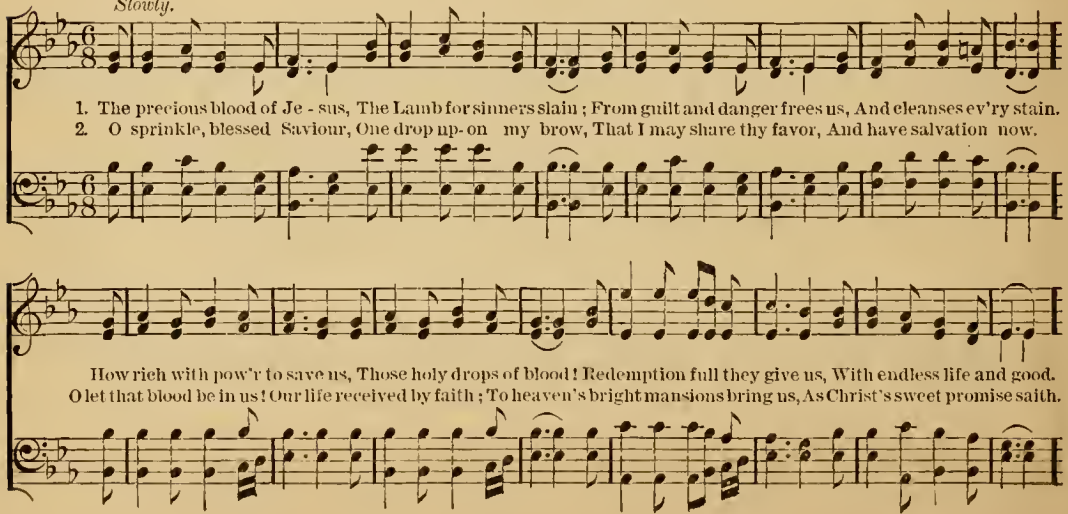


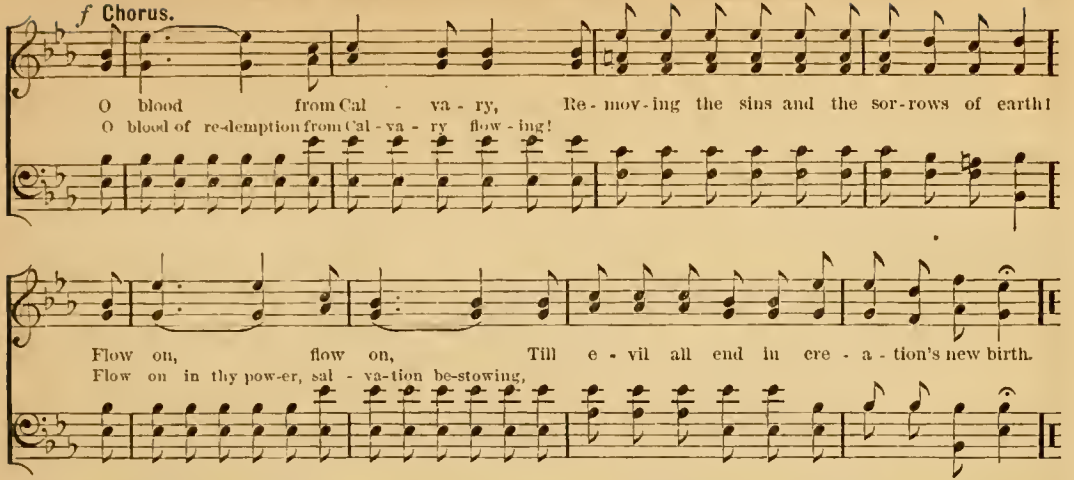
Words written by
Rev. S. L. HARKEY.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

"And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN i, 7.

Music by
J. M. BARRINGER.



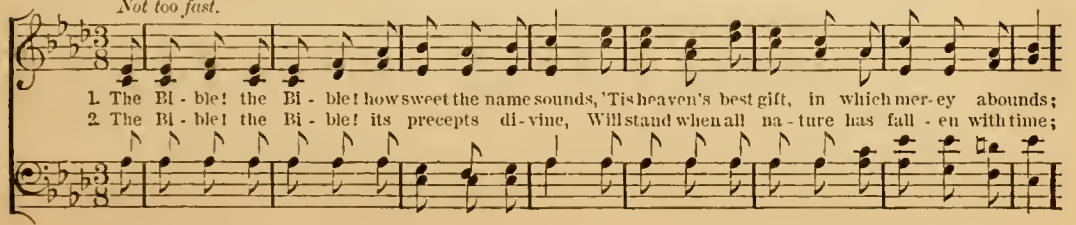


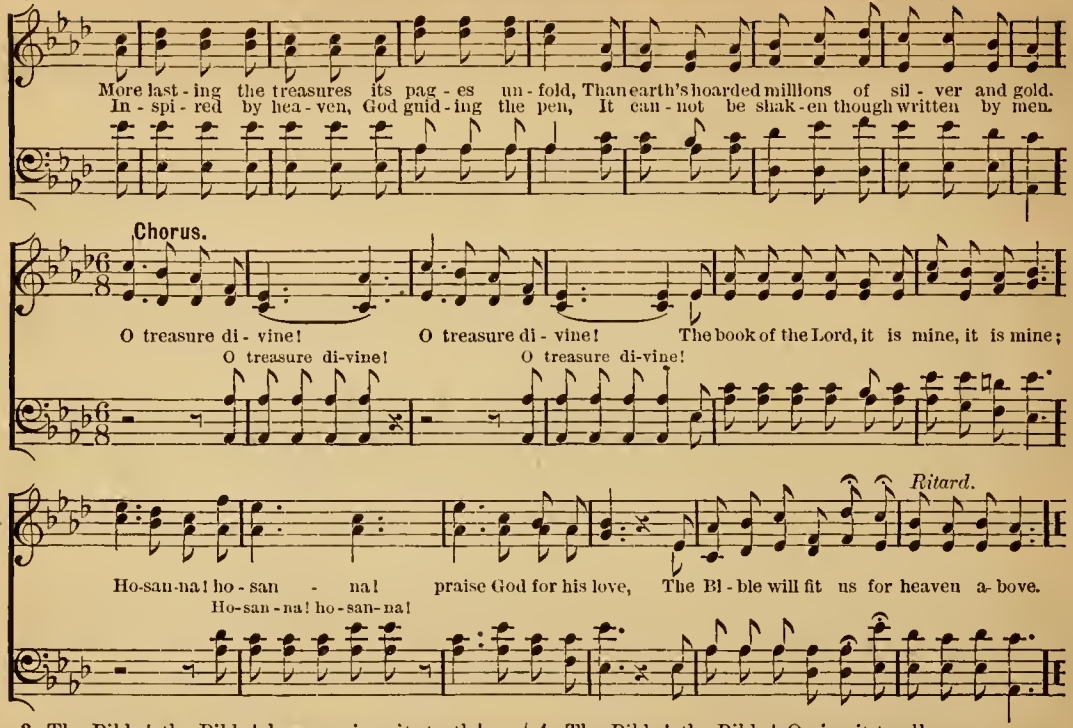
Words written in 1845.

THE BIBLE A DIVINE TREASURE.

Words and Music by Rev. S. L. HARKEY.

"This volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more *pure morality*, more *important history*, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed."—SIR WILLIAM JONES.



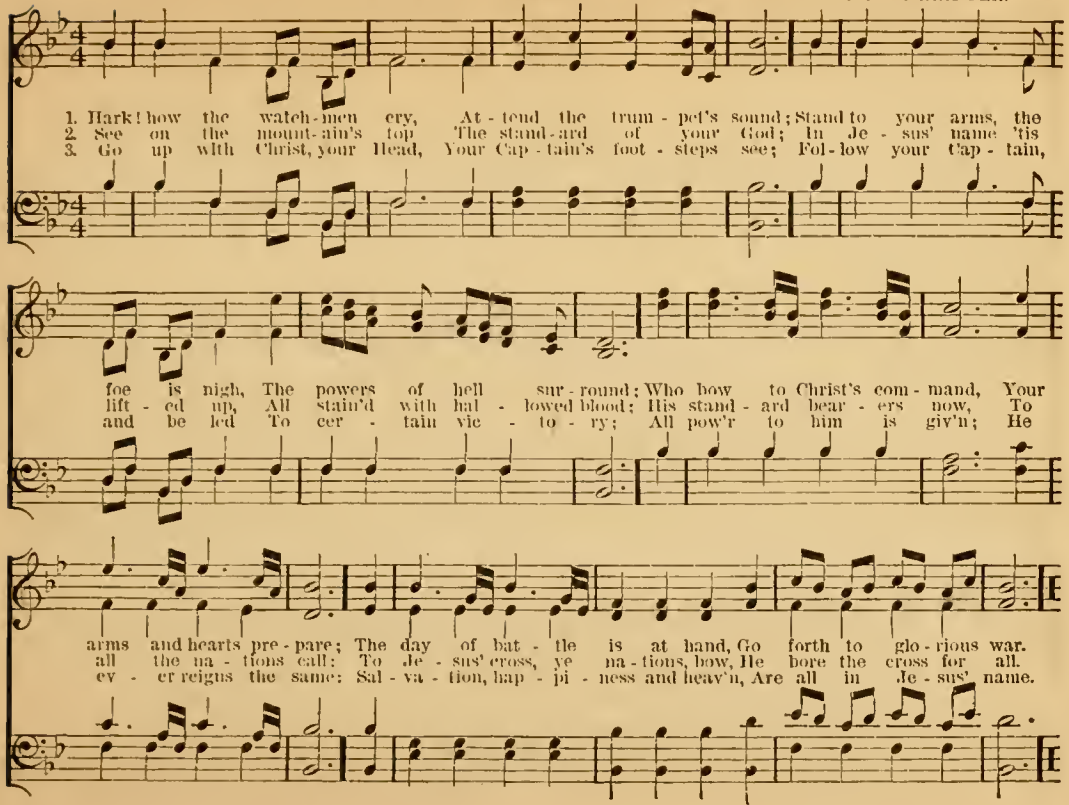


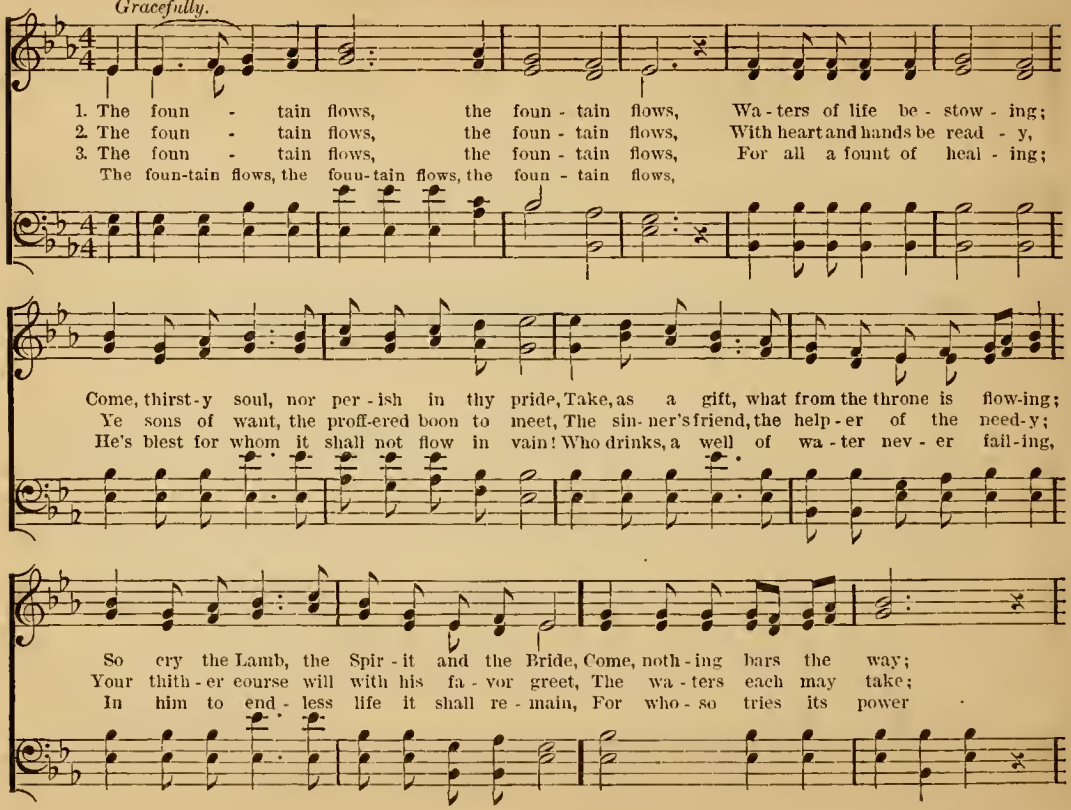
3. The Bible! the Bible! how precious its truth!
With comfort to age and with counsel to youth;
A portion to each in due season is given,
To light up his path to the kingdom of heav'n.

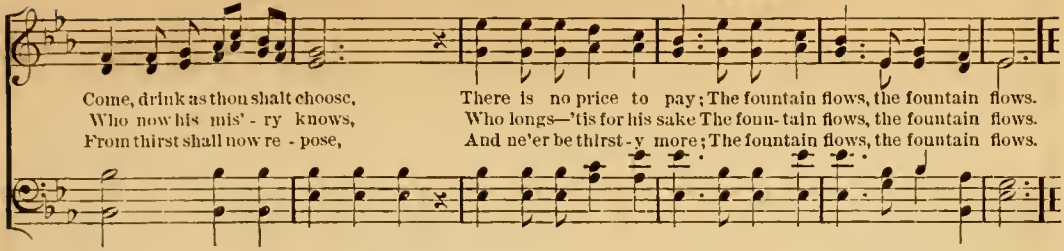
4. The Bible! the Bible! O give it to all,
The wretched and ruined by sin and the fall;
'Twill raise them from mis'ry and bring them to heav'n,
For life and salvation to men it was given.

"STAND TO YOUR ARMS."

Arr. from Rossini by J. M. BARRINGER.




Gracefully.
1. The foun - tain flows, the foun - tain flows, Wa - ters of life be - stow - ing;
2. The foun - tain flows, the foun - tain flows, With heart and hands be read - y,
3. The foun - tain flows, the foun - tain flows, For all a fount of heal - ing;
The foun-tain flows, the foun-tain flows, the foun - tain flows,
Come, thirst - y soul, nor per - ish in thy pride, Take, as a gift, what from the throne is flow-ing;
Ye sons of want, the proff-ered boon to meet, The sin - ner's friend, the help - er of the need-y;
He's blest for whom it shall not flow in vain! Who drinks, a well of wa - ter nev - er fail-ing,
So cry the Lamb, the Spir - it and the Bride, Come, noth - ing bars the way;
Your thith - er course will with his fa - vor greet, The wa - ters each may take;
In him to end - less life it shall re - main, For who - so tries its power



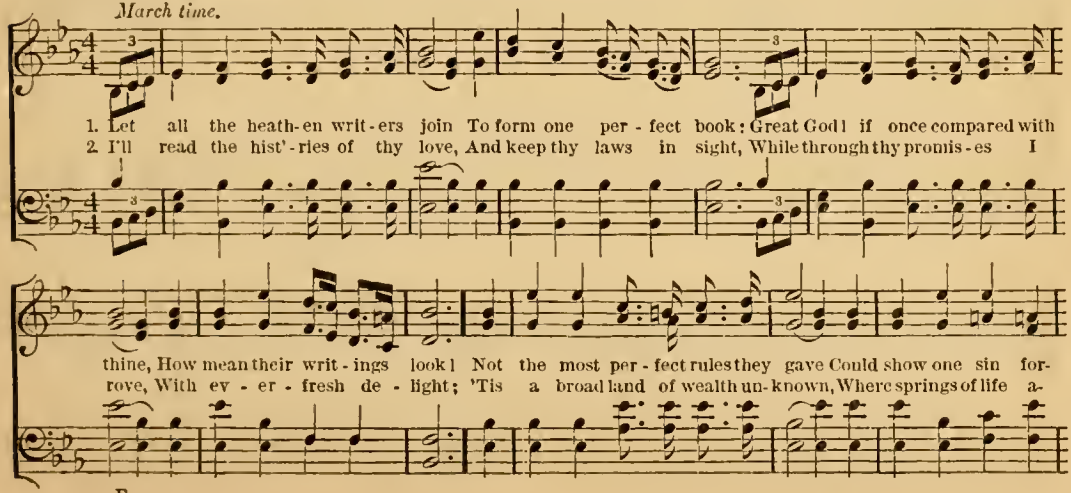
THE BOOK OF BOOKS!

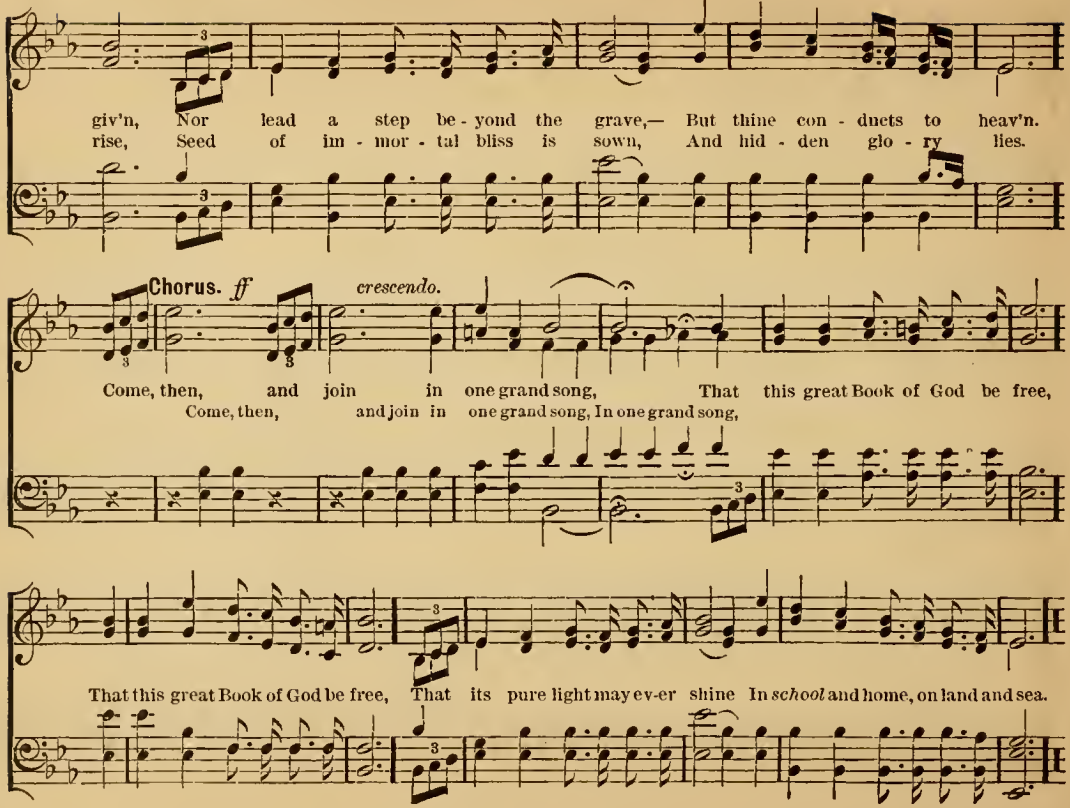
WATTS.

Music and Chorus by J. M. BARRINGER.

"Never did virtue speak so sweet a language—never was the most profound wisdom expressed with so much energy and simplicity."
—ROUSSEAU.

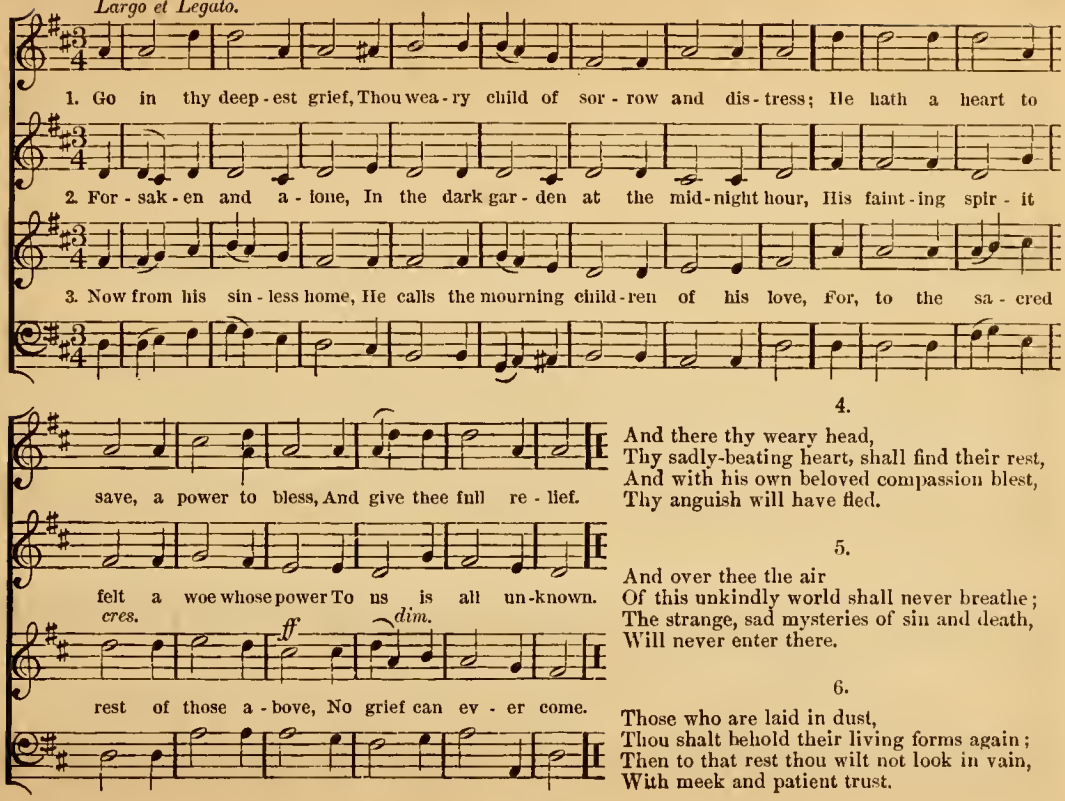
March time.




giv'n, Nor lead a step be - yond the grave,— But thine con - ducts to heav'n.
rise, Seed of im - mor - tal bliss is sown, And hid - den glo - ry lies.
Chorus. ff
crescendo.
Come, then, and join in one grand song, That this great Book of God be free,
Come, then, and join in one grand song, In one grand song,
That this great Book of God be free, That its pure light may ev-er shine In school and home, on land and sea.

GO IN THY DEEPEST GRIEF.

Largo et Legato.



4.

And there thy weary head,
Thy sadly-beating heart, shall find their rest,
And with his own beloved compassion blest,
Thy anguish will have fled.

5.

And over thee the air
Of this unkindly world shall never breathe;
The strange, sad mysteries of sin and death,
Will never enter there.

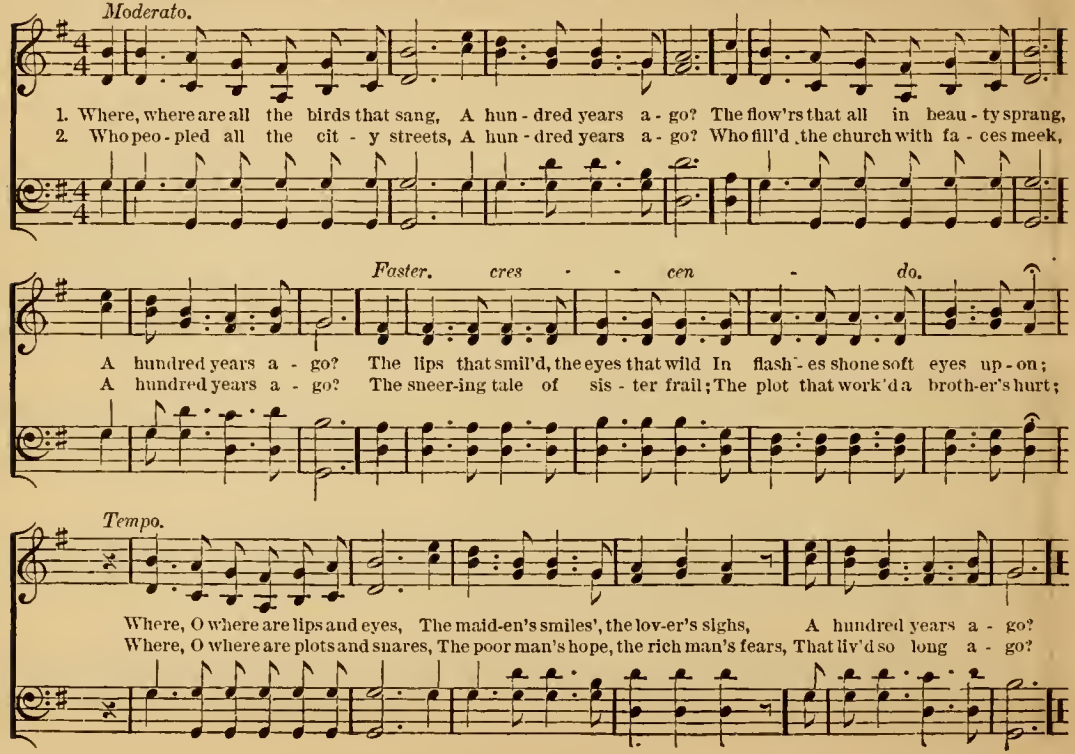
6.

Those who are laid in dust,
Thou shalt behold their living forms again;
Then to that rest thou wilt not look in vain,
With meek and patient trust.

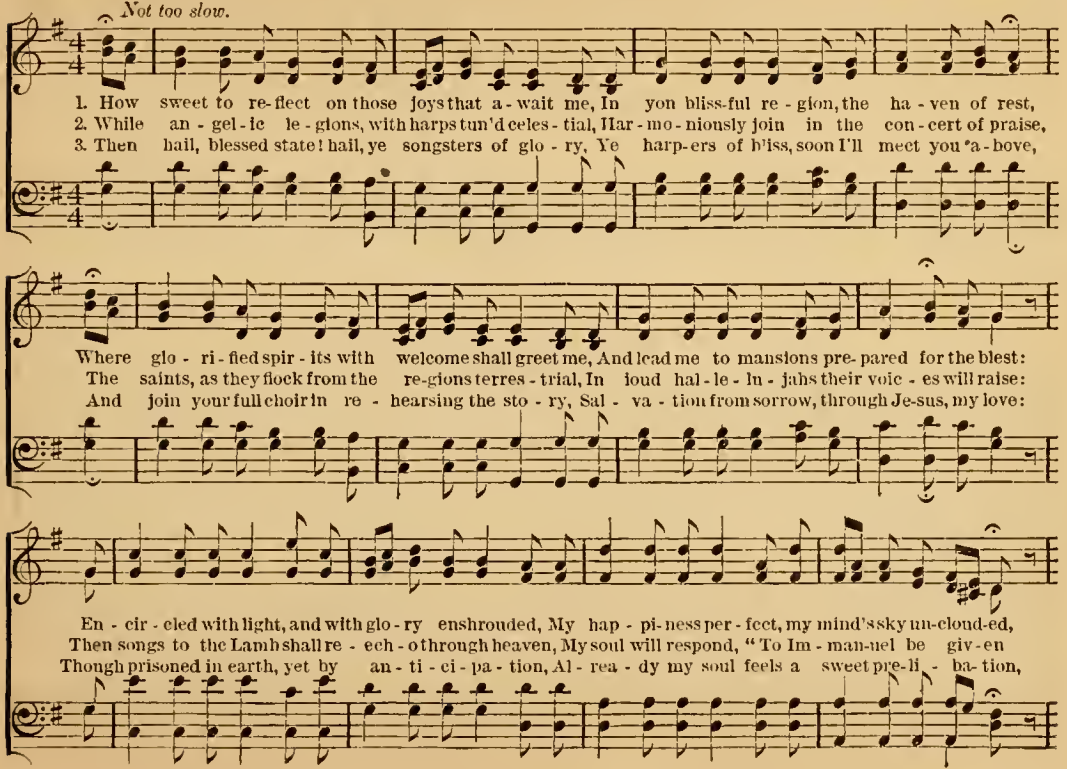
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

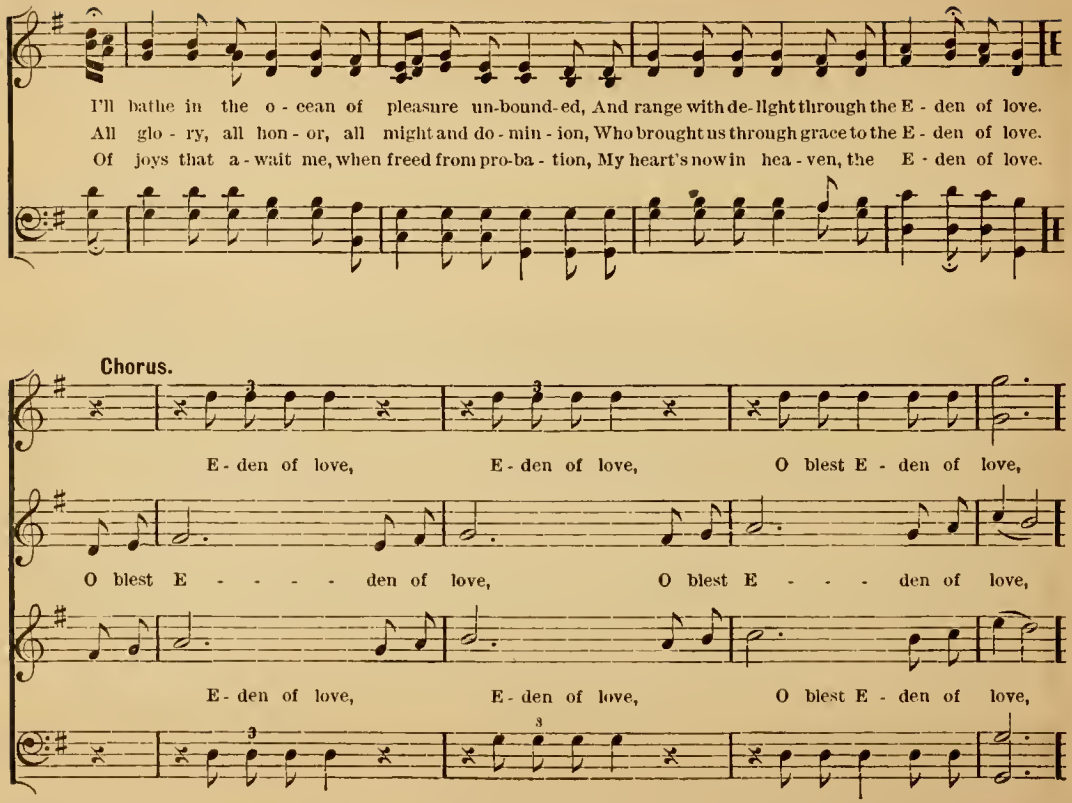
1776—1876. Music by J. M. BARRINGER.

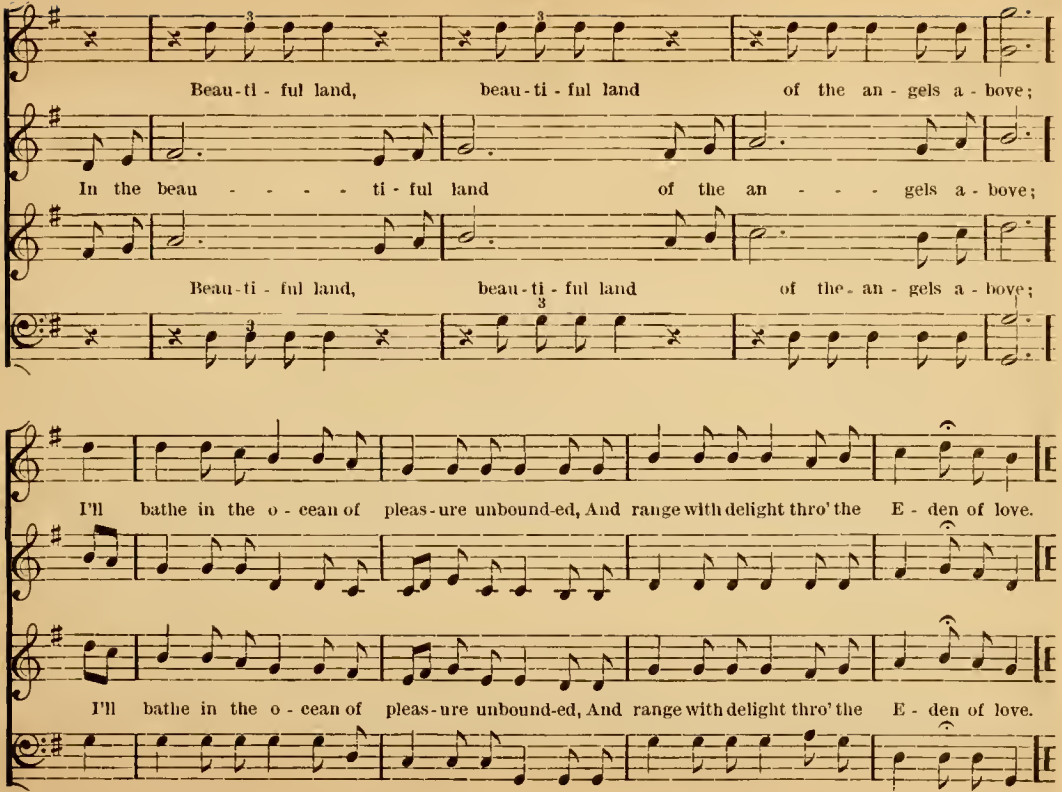
The following lines are beautiful as well as appropriate, in view of the period of Centennials through which we are now passing.

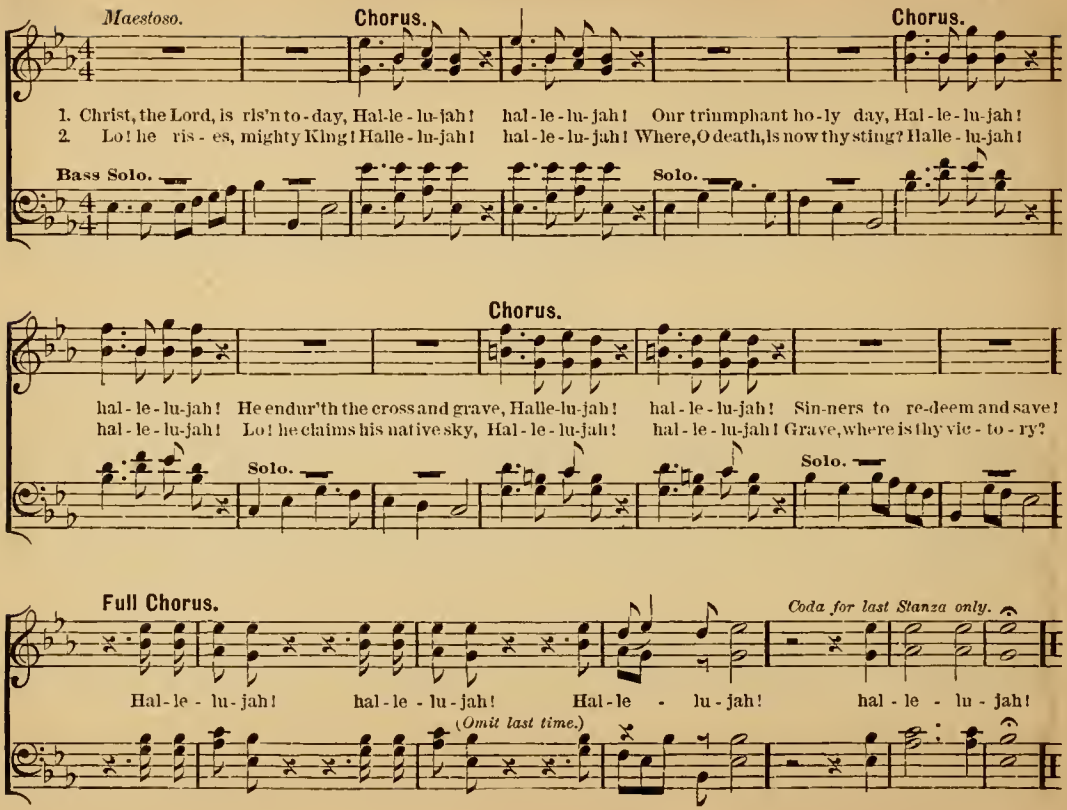


NOTE.—This piece is dedicated to the memory of Rev. J. M. H., one of the best vocalists of his day, an humble, useful, and devoted minister of Christ, from whom the words were obtained after his decease by his affectionate brother.—THE AUTHOR.



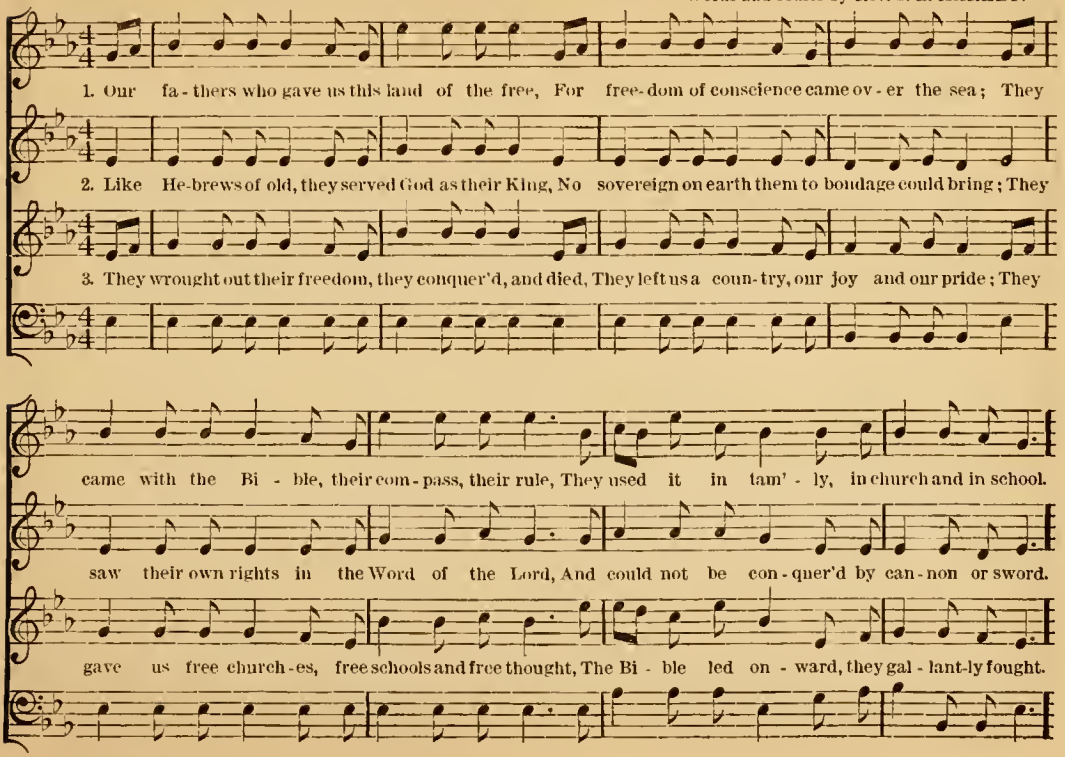

I'll bathe in the o - cean of pleasure un-bound-ed, And range with de-llght through the E - den of love.
All glo - ry, all hon - or, all might and do - min - ion, Who brought us through grace to the E - den of love.
Of joys that a - wait me, when freed from pro-ba - tion, My heart's now in hea - ven, the E - den of love.
Chorus.
E - den of love, E - den of love, O blest E - den of love,
O blest E - - - - den of love, O blest E - - - den of love,
E - den of love, E - den of love, O blest E - den of love,


Beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land of the an-gels a-bove;
In the beau-ti-ful land of the an-gels a-bove;
Beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land of the an-gels a-bove;
I'll bathe in the o-cean of pleas-ure unbound-ed, And range with delight thro' the E-den of love.
I'll bathe in the o-cean of pleas-ure unbound-ed, And range with delight thro' the E-den of love.

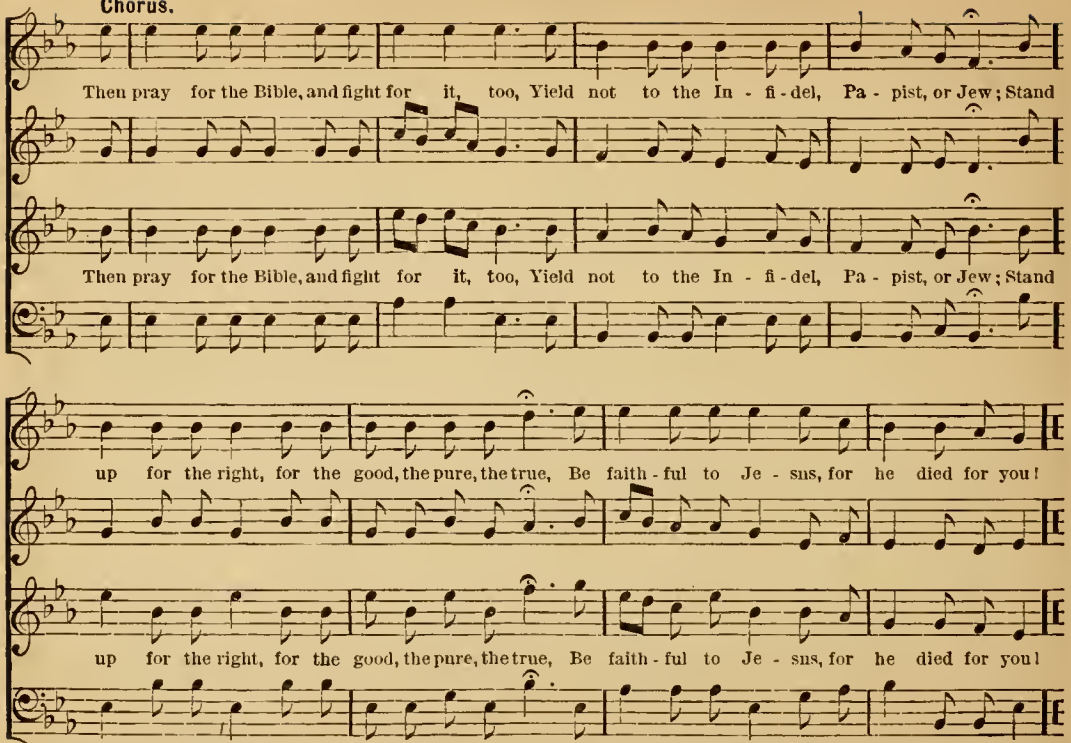

Maestoso.
Chorus.
Chorus.
1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Our triumphant ho-ly day, Hal-le-lu-jah!
2. Lo! he ris-es, mighty King! Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Where, O death, is now thy sting? Halle-lu-jah!
Bass Solo.
Solo.
Chorus.
hal-le-lu-jah! He endur'th the cross and grave, Halle-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Sin-ners to re-deem and save!
hal-le-lu-jah! Lo! he claims his native sky, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Grave, where is thy vic-to-ry?
Solo.
Solo.
Full Chorus.
Coda for last Stanza only.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!
(Omit last time.)

"In whatever light we regard the Bible, whether with reference to Revelation, to HISTORY, or to MORALITY, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of KNOWLEDGE and VIRTUE."—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Words and Music by Rev. S. L. HARKEY.



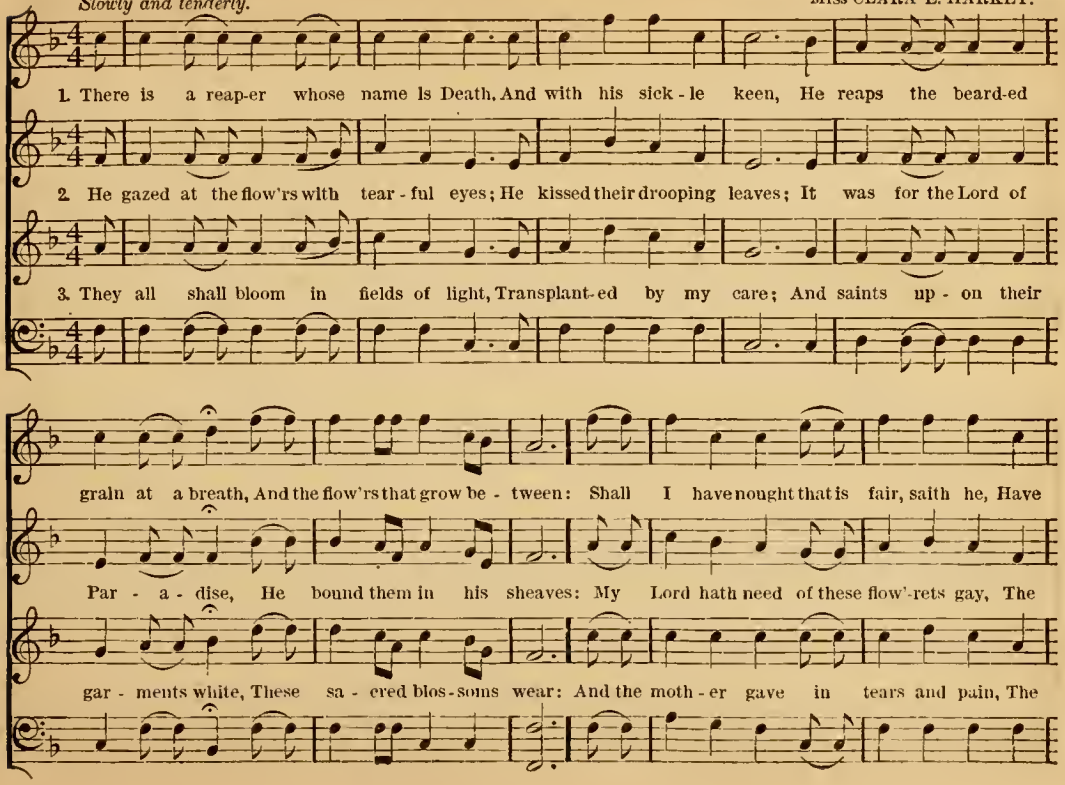
Chorus.



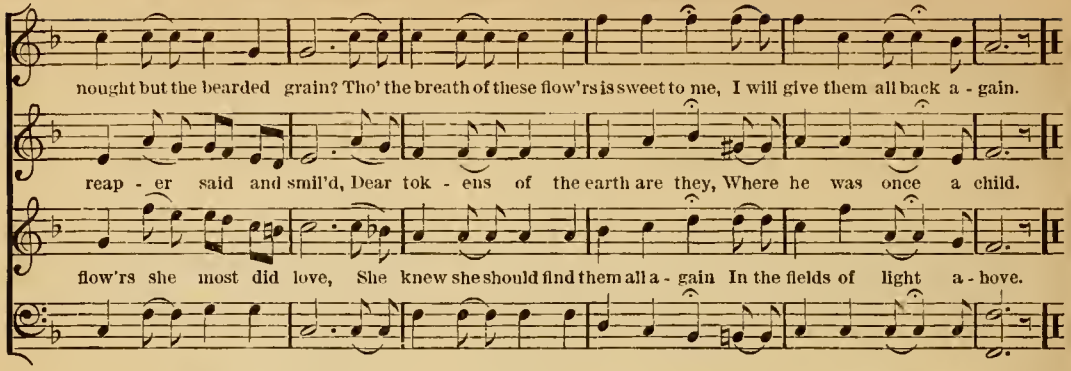
4. A hundred years firmly these blessings have stood,
This nation has prospered in all that is good;
The basis of law, education, and right,
Is the Bible wide open for all with its light.—*Cho.*

5. Then firmly we'll cling to the Book as of old,
No power on earth shall break loose our hold;
We mean that the Bible shall stay in the school,
That foes of the Bible this land shall not rule.—*Cho.*

Slowly and tenderly. Miss CLARA E. HARKEY.

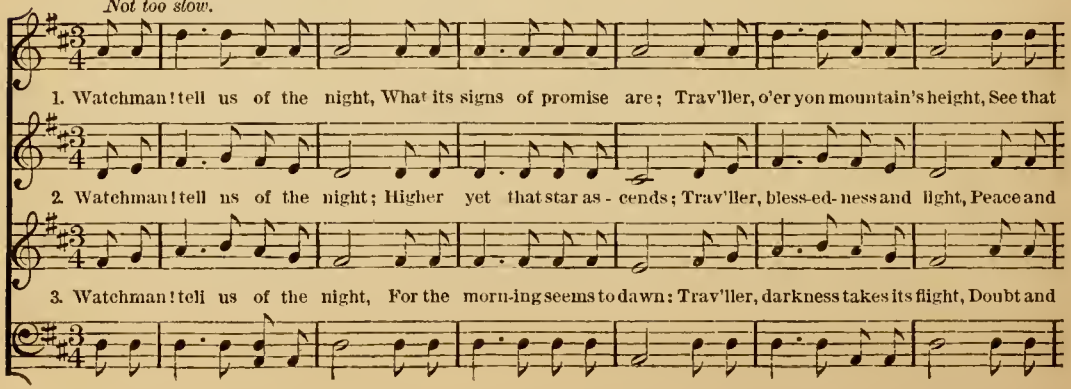


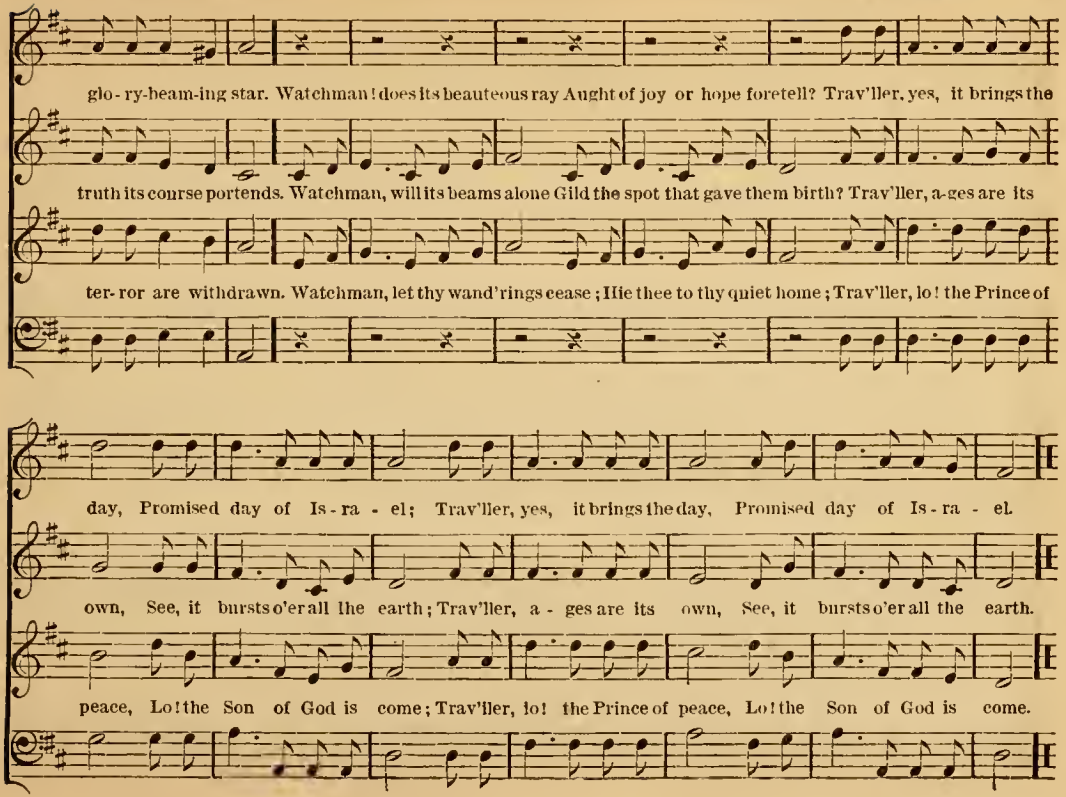
THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS. *Concluded.*



WATCHMAN! TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

S. L. H.



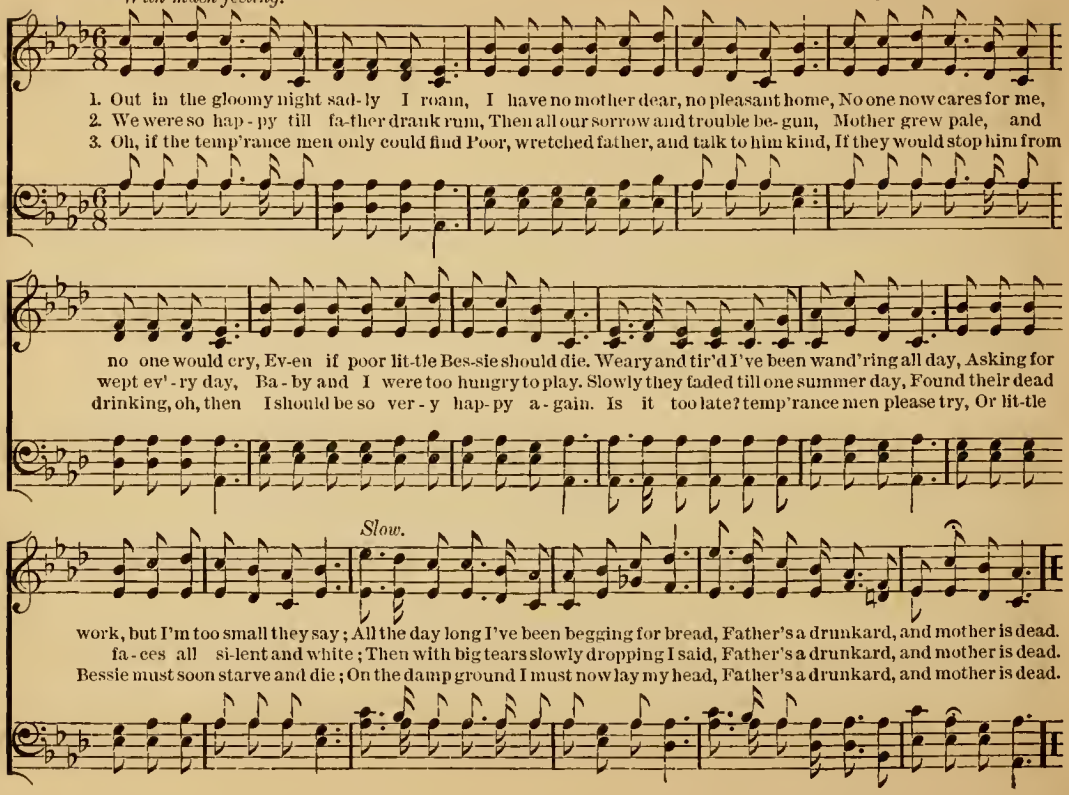

glo - ry-beam-ing star. Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope foretell? Trav'ller, yes, it brings the
truth its course portends. Watchman, will its beams alone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Trav'ller, a-ges are its
ter- ror are withdrawn. Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease; Hie thee to thy quiet home; Trav'ller, lo! the Prince of
day, Promised day of Is - ra - el; Trav'ller, yes, it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth; Trav'ller, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
peace, Lo! the Son of God is come; Trav'ller, lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

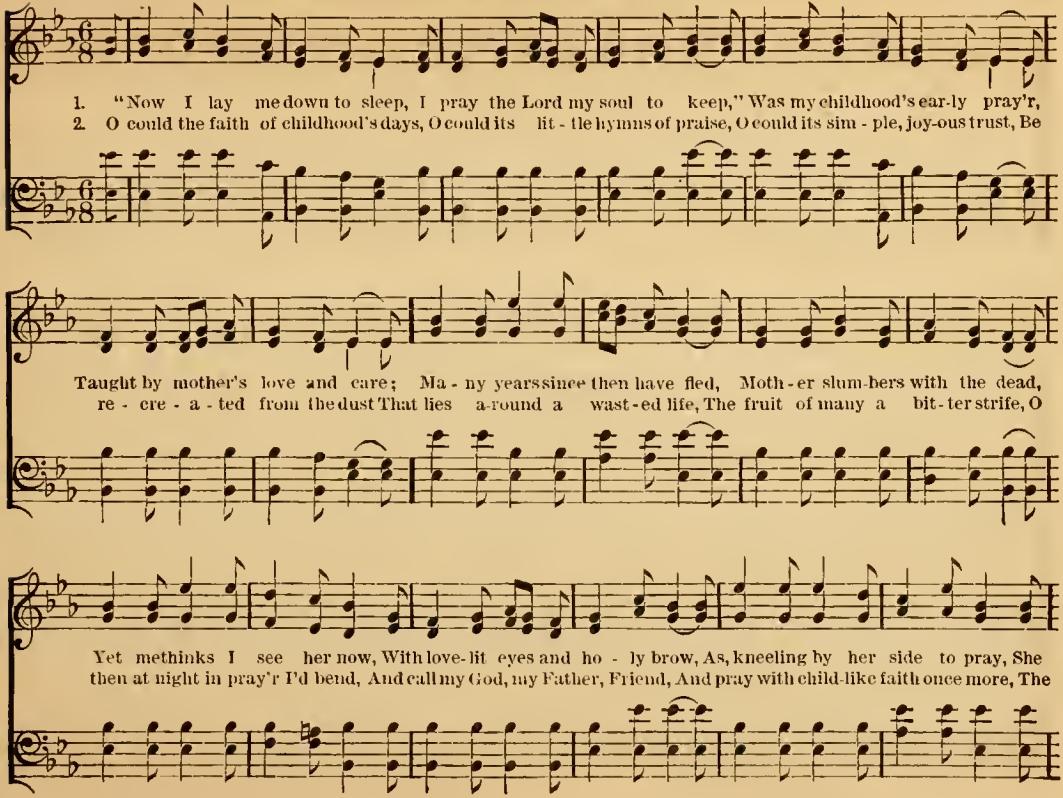
Words by "STELLA," of Washington City.
Permission of J. F. ELLIS & Co.

LITTLE BESSIE. (Temperance Song.)

With much feeling.

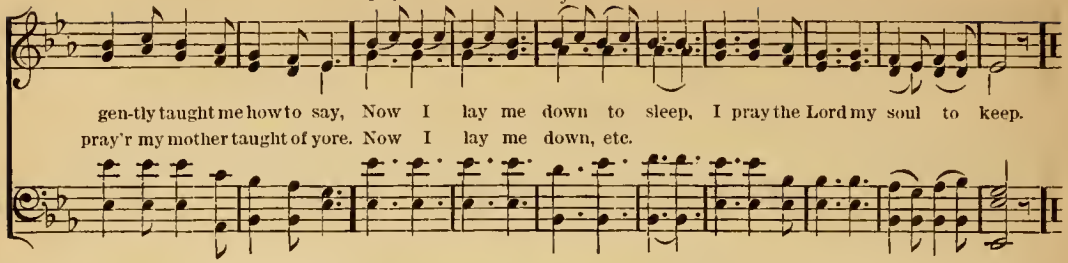
J. M. BARRINGER.




1. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep," Was my childhood's ear-ly pray'r,
2. O could the faith of childhood's days, O could its lit - tle hymns of praise, O could its sim - ple, joy-ous trust, Be
Taught by mother's love and care; Ma - ny years since then have fled, Moth - er slum-bers with the dead,
re - cre - a - ted from the dust That lies a-round a wast-ed life, The fruit of many a bit-ter strife, O
Yet methinks I see her now, With love-lit eyes and ho - ly brow, As, kneeling by her side to pray, She
then at night in pray'r I'd bend, And call my God, my Father, Friend, And pray with child-like faith once more, The

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP. *Concluded.*

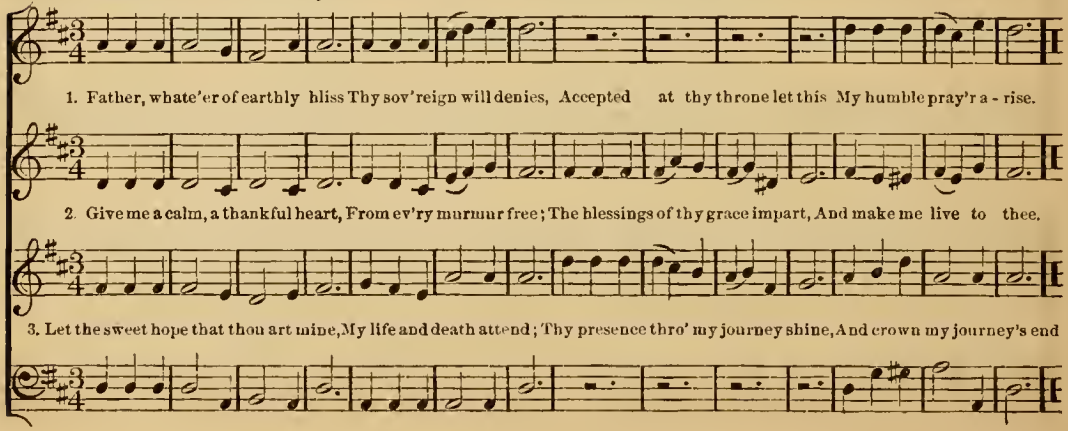
Chorus. *Slow and soft.*



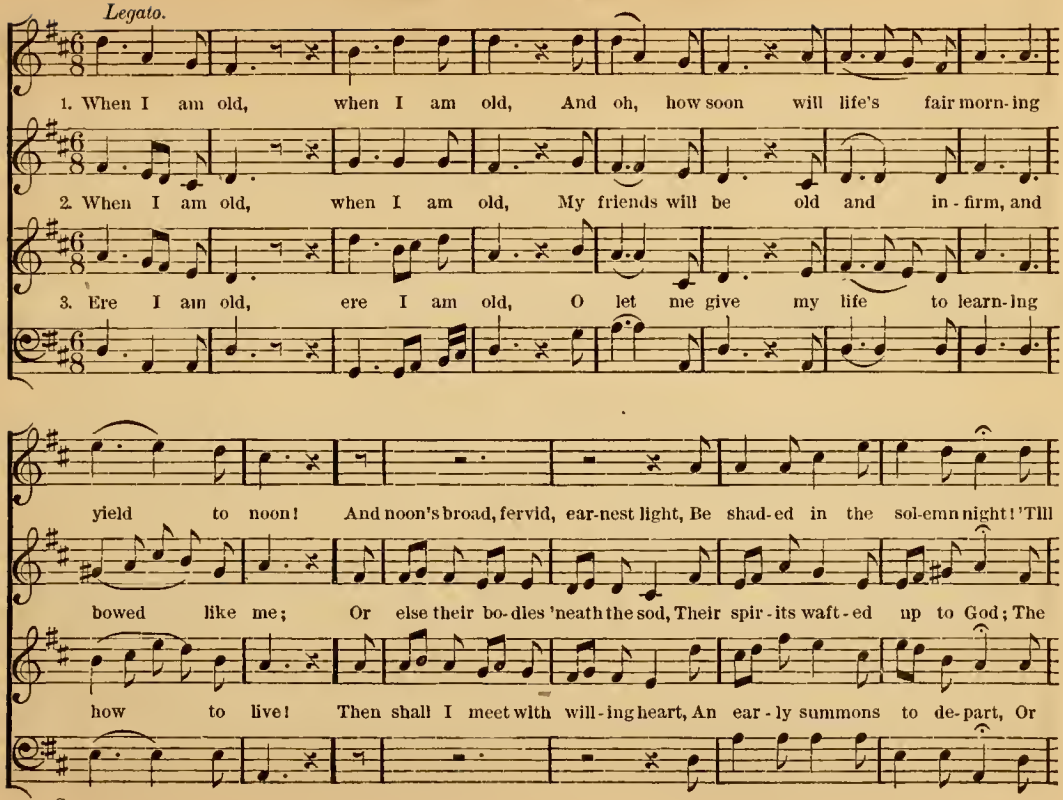
CONTENTMENT. C. M.

J. M. BARRINGER.

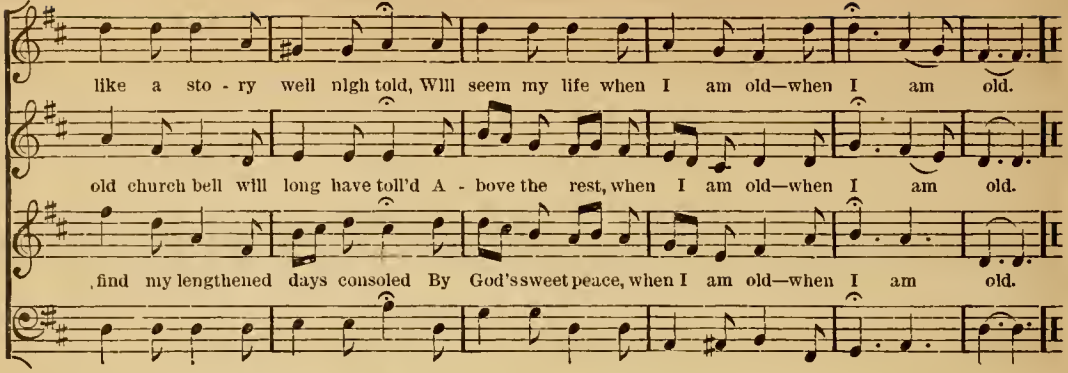
Words from "Book of Common Prayer."



WHEN I AM OLD.

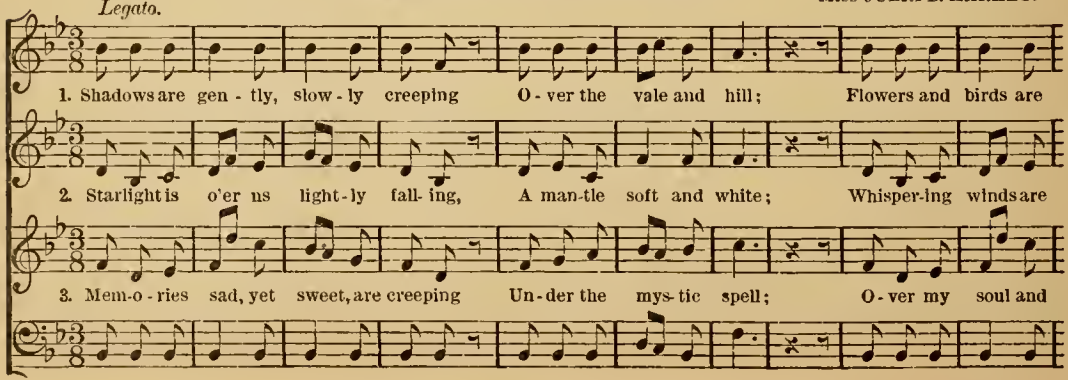

Legato.
1. When I am old, when I am old, And oh, how soon will life's fair morn-ing
2. When I am old, when I am old, My friends will be old and in-firm, and
3. Ere I am old, ere I am old, O let me give my life to learn-ing
yield to noon! And noon's broad, fervid, ear-nest light, Be shad-ed in the sol-emn night! 'Till
bowed like me; Or else their bo-dies 'neath the sod, Their spir-its waft-ed up to God; The
how to live! Then shall I meet with will-ing heart, An ear-ly summons to de-part, Or

WHEN I AM OLD. Concluded.

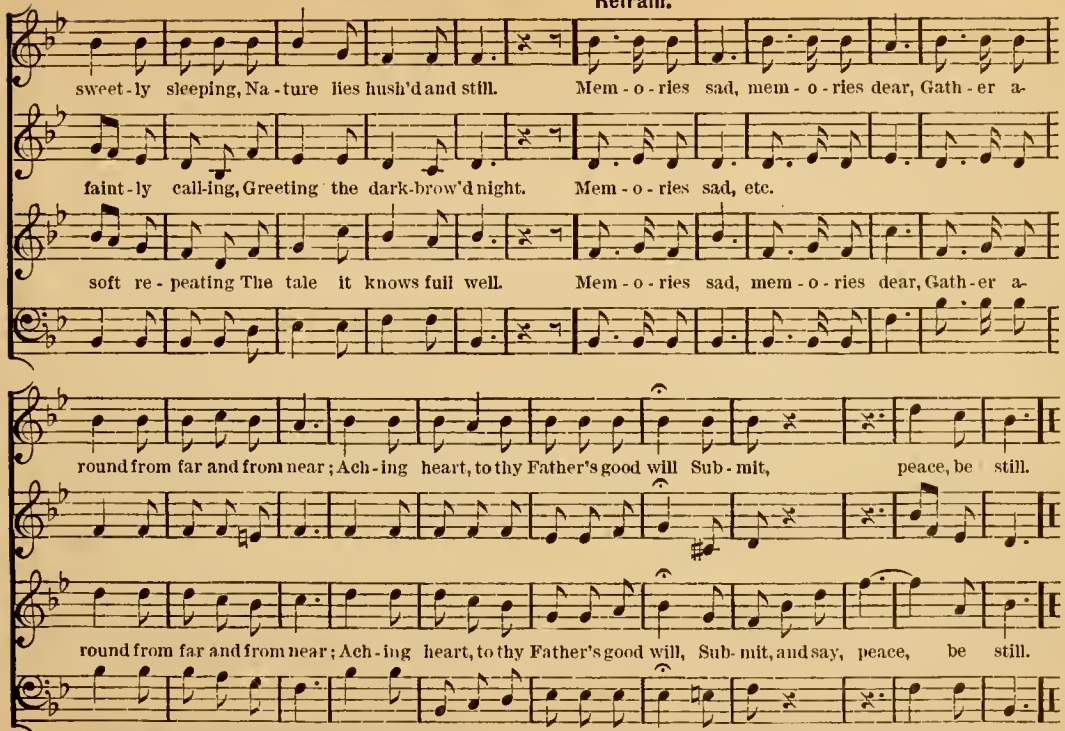


TWILIGHT REVERIE.

Music and Chorus by
MISS JULIA B. HARKEY.



Refrain.



4. Twilight that broods above the sleeping
Earth that lies so still,
Brings to my heart a hallowed feeling,
And bends it to God's will.—*Refrain.*

5. Gentle thoughts are to me coming,
Bearing a soothing spell;
Calming the proud heart's sinful passion,
More than weak words can tell.—*Refrain.*

HOME OF MY SOUL.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

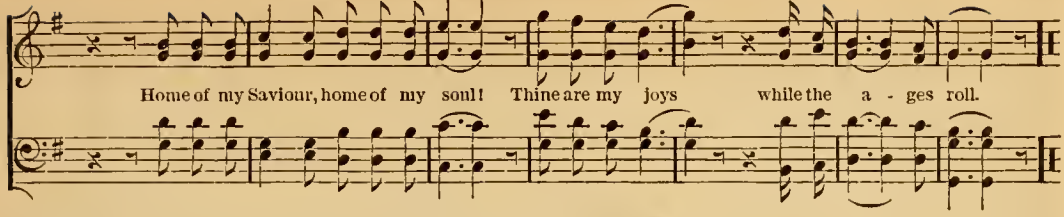
Moderato.

1. No sickness there, no sickness there, No wea - ry wast - ing of the frame a - way;
2. No hid-den grief, no hid-den grief, No wild and cheerless vis - ions of de - spair;
3. No night dis - tils, no night dis - tils Its chill - ing dews up - on the ten - der frame;
4. No part-ing friends, no part-ing friends O'er mournful rec - ol - lec - tions have to weep;
5. No blast-ed flow'rs, no blast-ed flow'rs Or with-er'd buds ce - les - tial gar-dens know;

No fear-ful shrinking from the midnight air, No dread of sum-mer's bright and fer-vid ray.
No vain pe - ti - tion for a swift re - lief, No tear-ful eye, no brok - en hearts are there.
No morn is need-ful there: the light which fills That land of glo - ry, from its Ma - ker came.
No bed of death en - dur-ing love at - tends, To watch the com-ing of a pulse-less sleep.
No scorching blast, or fierce-descend-ing showers, Scat - ter de-struc-tion like a ruth-less foe.

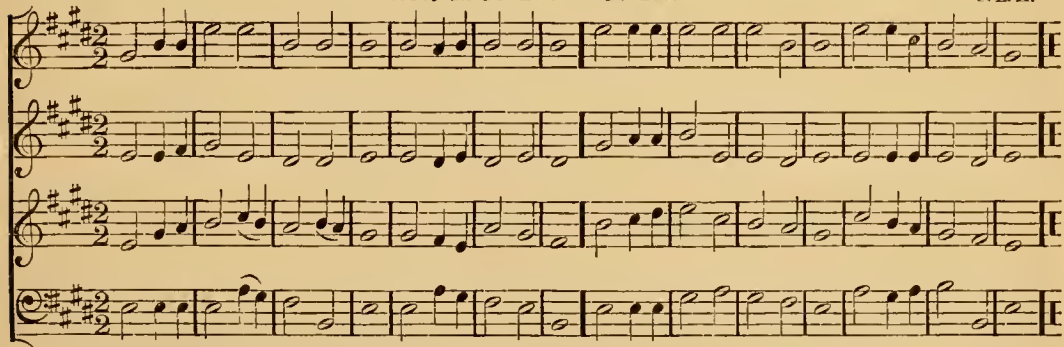
Chorus.

O bright hea - ven! with thy man-sions fair, O when shall I be for - ev - er there?



ST. LUKE. C. M.

S. L. H.



1. Lord, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2. Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rests
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3. My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest the sense I mean.

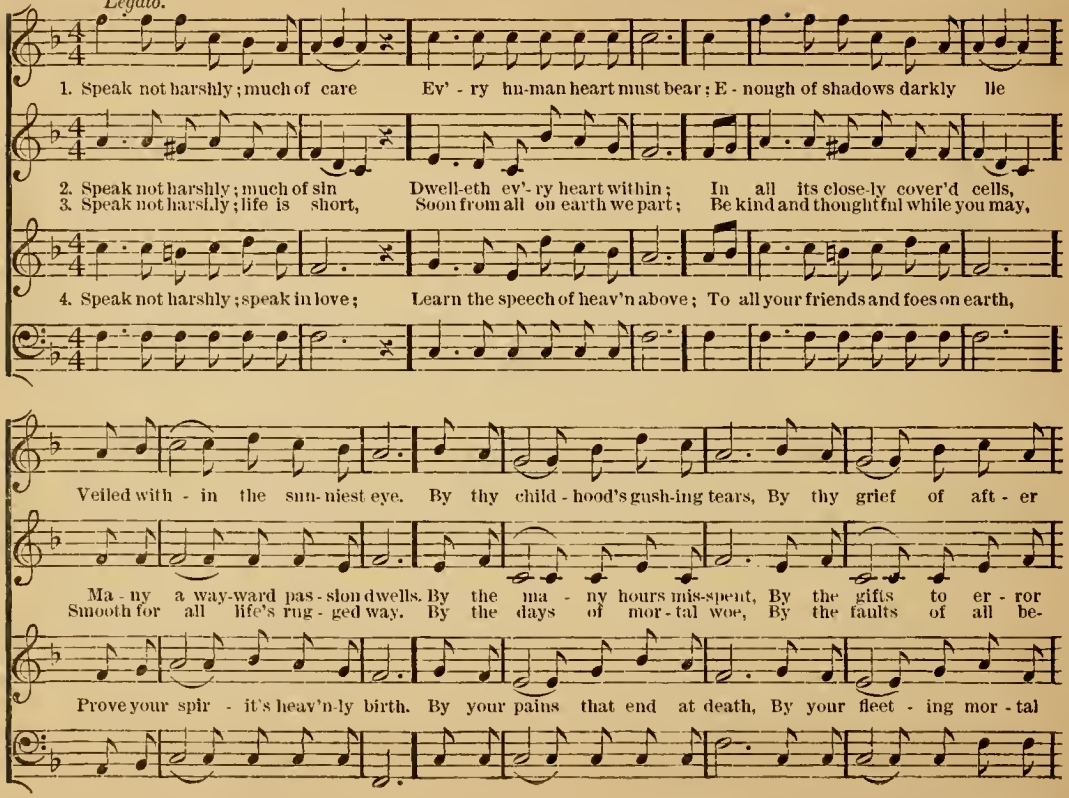
4. O wondrous knowledge deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

Words in part, S. L. H.

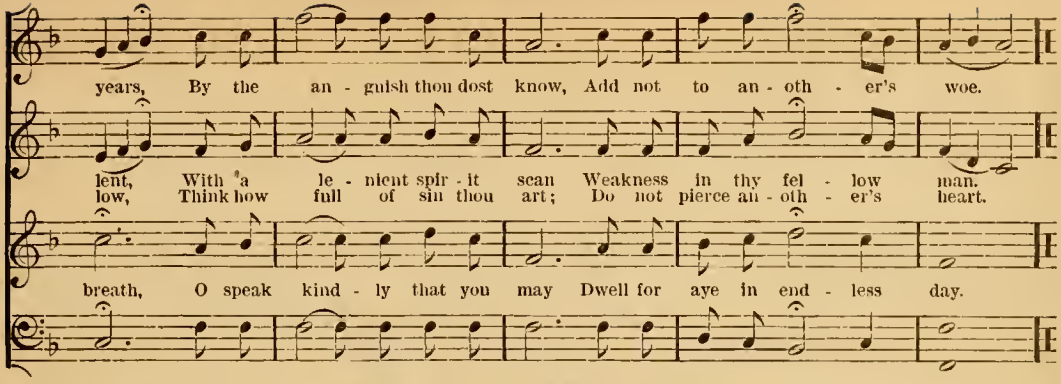
SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

S. L. H.

Legato.

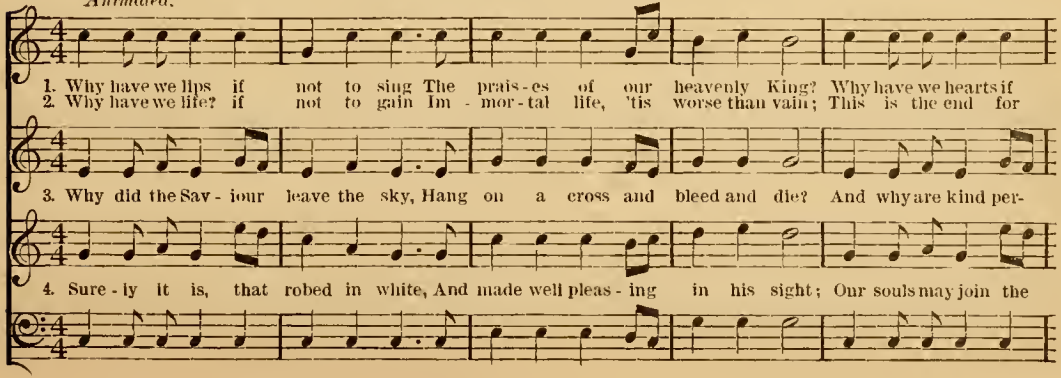


SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.



WHAT ARE WE FOR?

S. L. H.



WHAT ARE WE FOR? Concluded.

Refrain. *Bold.*

not to love Our Fa - ther and our Friend a - bove? What are we for? What are we for?
which 'twas giv'n, We live on earth, to live in heav'n. What are we for?

sua - sions sent, To call and win us to re - pent. What are we for? What are we for?

hap - py throng, And sing the ev - er - last - ing song. What are we for? Oh, what are we for? Oh,

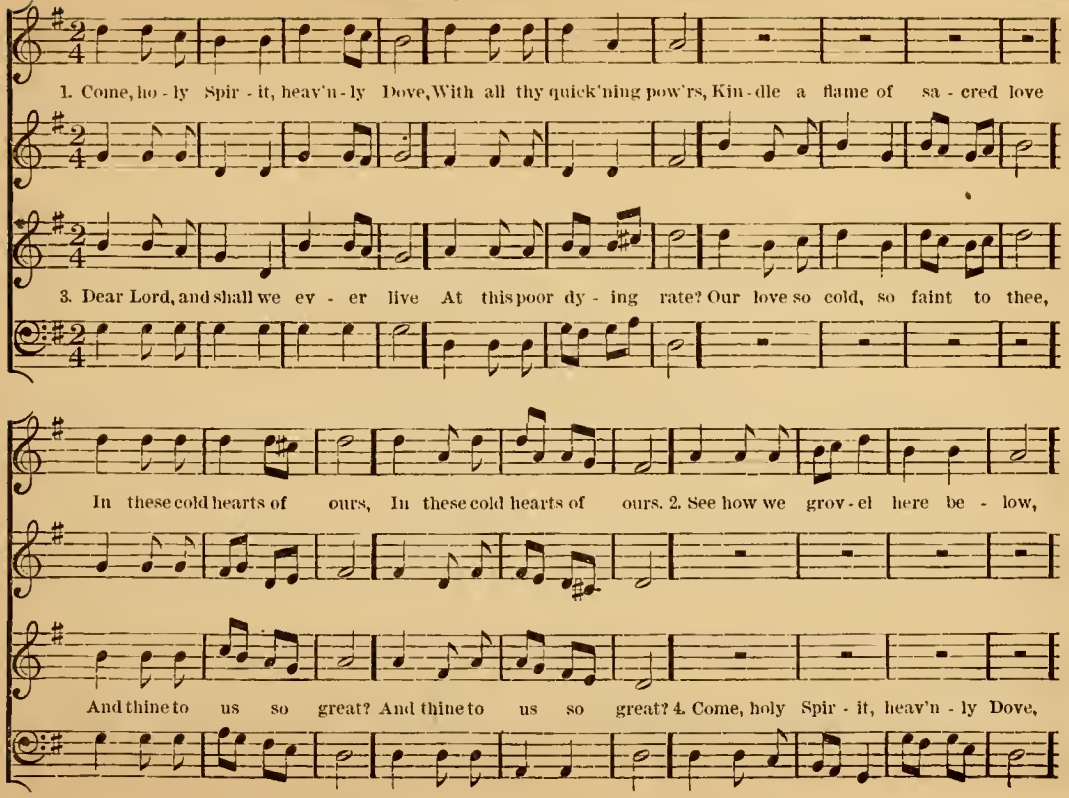
Base prominent.

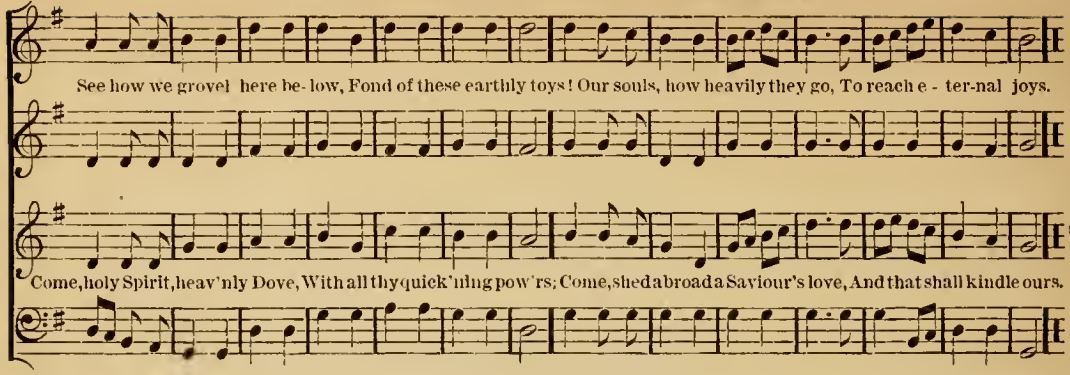
What are we for? What are we for, but to serve the Lord, With ev' - ry deed, and thought, and word?

What are we for?

what are we for? What are we for, but to serve the Lord, With ev' - ry deed, and thought, and word?

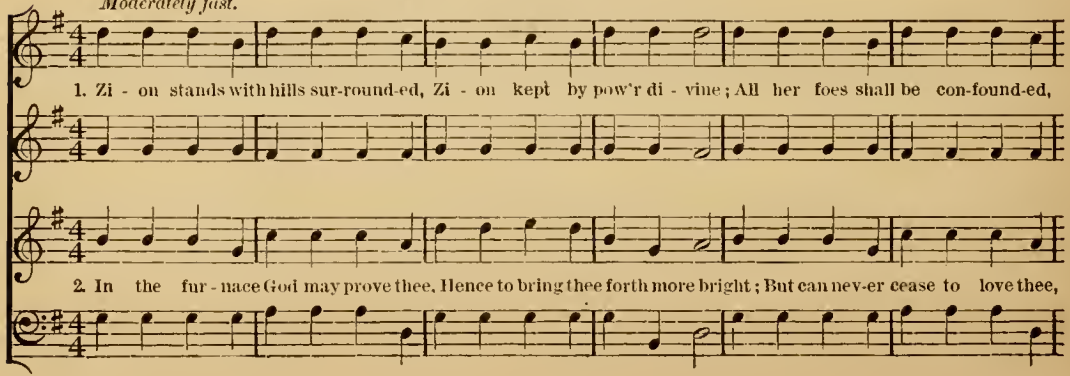
COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

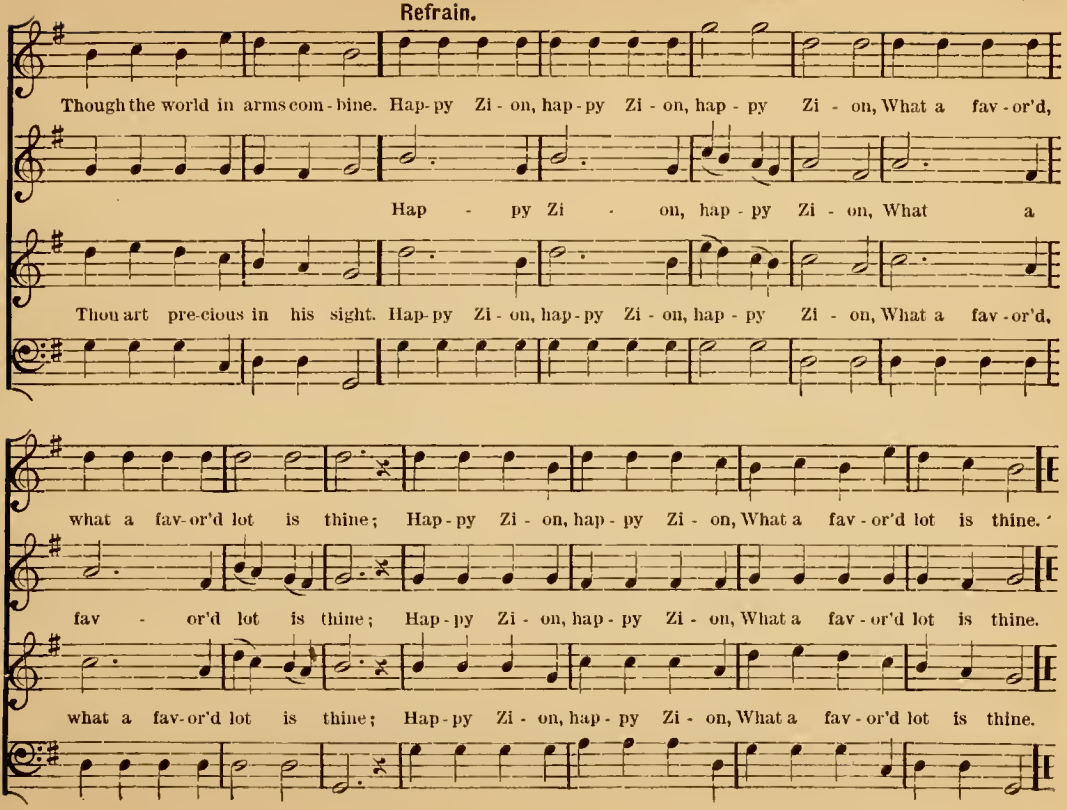




THE HILL OF ZION.

This piece can be used to any hymn of 8s, 7s, 4s. S. L. H.




Refrain.
Though the world in arms com - bine. Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a fav - or'd,
Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a
Thou art pre-cious in his sight. Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a fav - or'd,
what a fav-or'd lot is thine; Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a fav - or'd lot is thine.
fav - or'd lot is thine; Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a fav - or'd lot is thine.
what a fav-or'd lot is thine; Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a fav - or'd lot is thine.

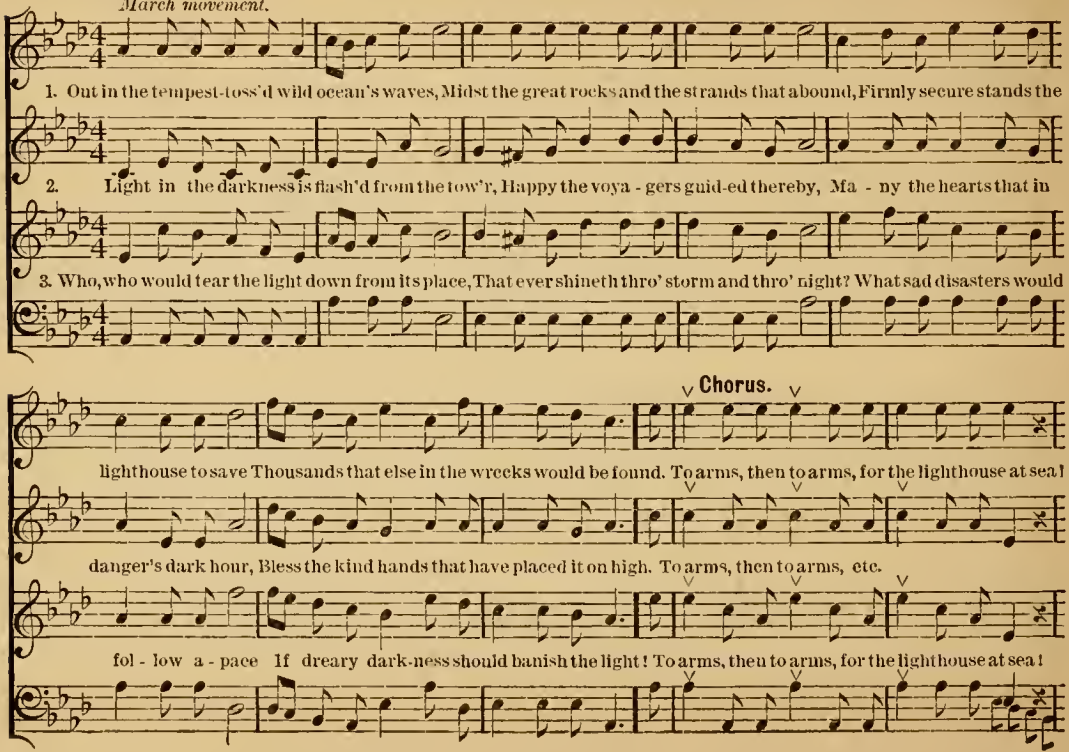
THE LIGHTHOUSE!

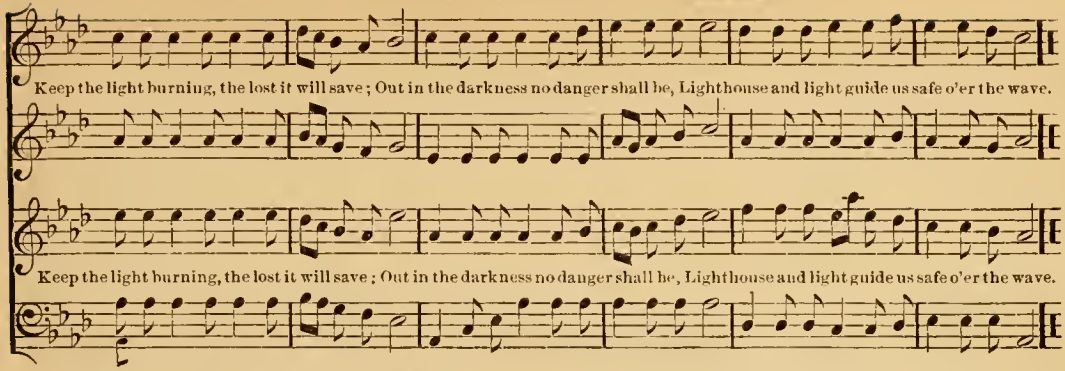
Words and Music by
Rev. S. L. HARKEY.

"The Bible, its history, philosophy and poetry, stands a mighty LIGHTHOUSE on the shores of time, flashing its beams far out over the dark ocean of eternity, till the ransomed spirit be lifted high into the land of the hereafter."—H. BUCHER SWOPE, Esq.

"Without the Bible man would be in the midst of a dreary desert, surrounded on all sides by a dark and impenetrable horizon."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

March movement.



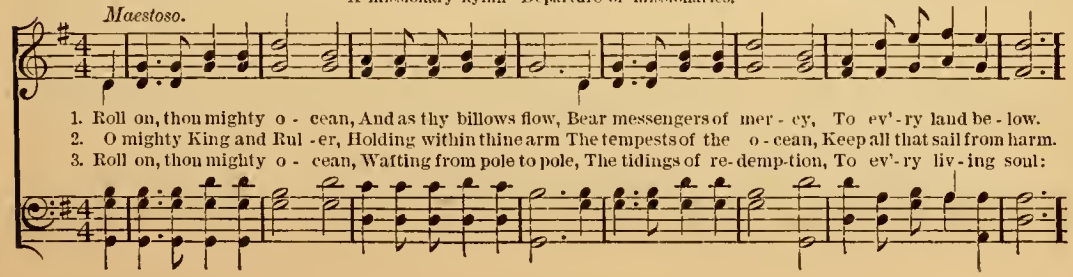


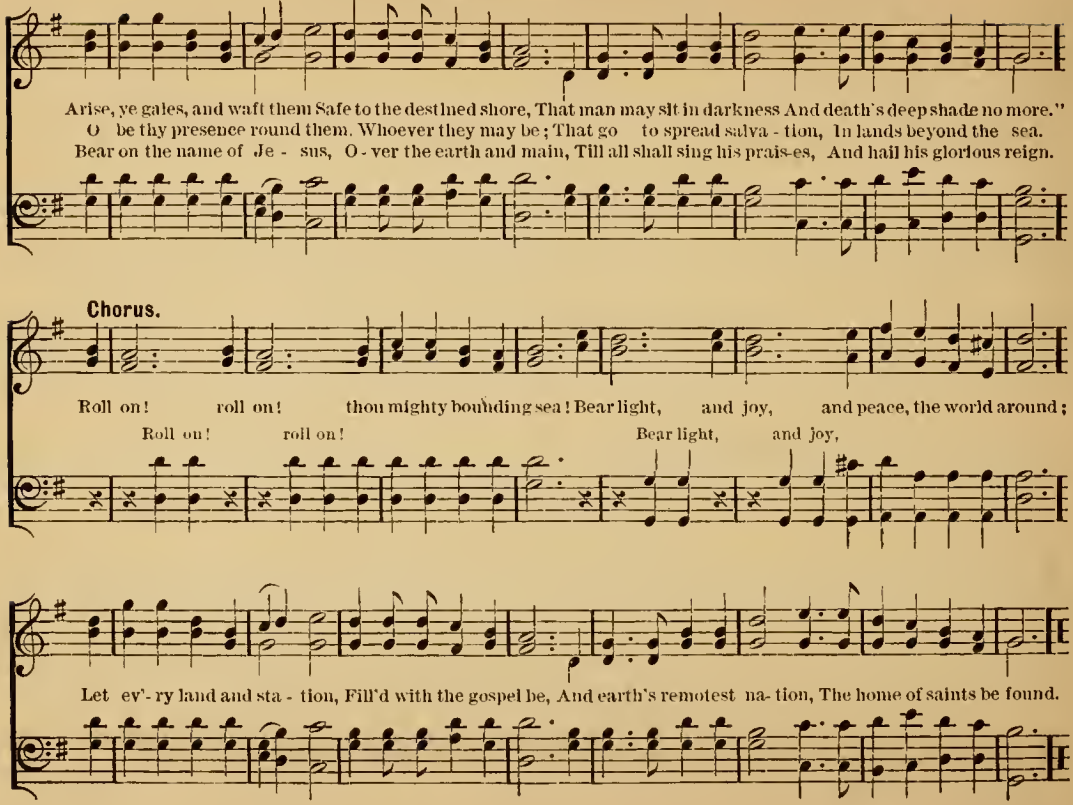
4. Sad are the hearts that are battling with sin,
Dark is the midnight of sorrow and woe,
O for the light of the Bible within,
Saving the lost ones as downward they go.

5. Free schools, the lighthouse are, standing in view,
Light of the Bible here shineth for all,
Let not a hand of the soul-pirate crew,
Dare to remove it or freedom will fall.

S. L. H. ***ROLL ON, THOU MIGHTY OCEAN.*** Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

A missionary hymn—Departure of missionaries.




Arise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destined shore, That man may sit in darkness And death's deep shade no more."
O be thy presence round them. Whoever they may be; That go to spread salva - tion, In lands beyond the sea.
Bear on the name of Je - sus, O - ver the earth and main, Till all shall sing his prais-es, And hail his glorious reign.
Chorus.
Roll on! roll on! thou mighty bounding sea! Bear light, and joy, and peace, the world around;
Roll on! roll on! Bear light, and joy,
Let ev'- ry land and sta - tion, Fill'd with the gospel be, And earth's remotest na- tion, The home of saints be found.

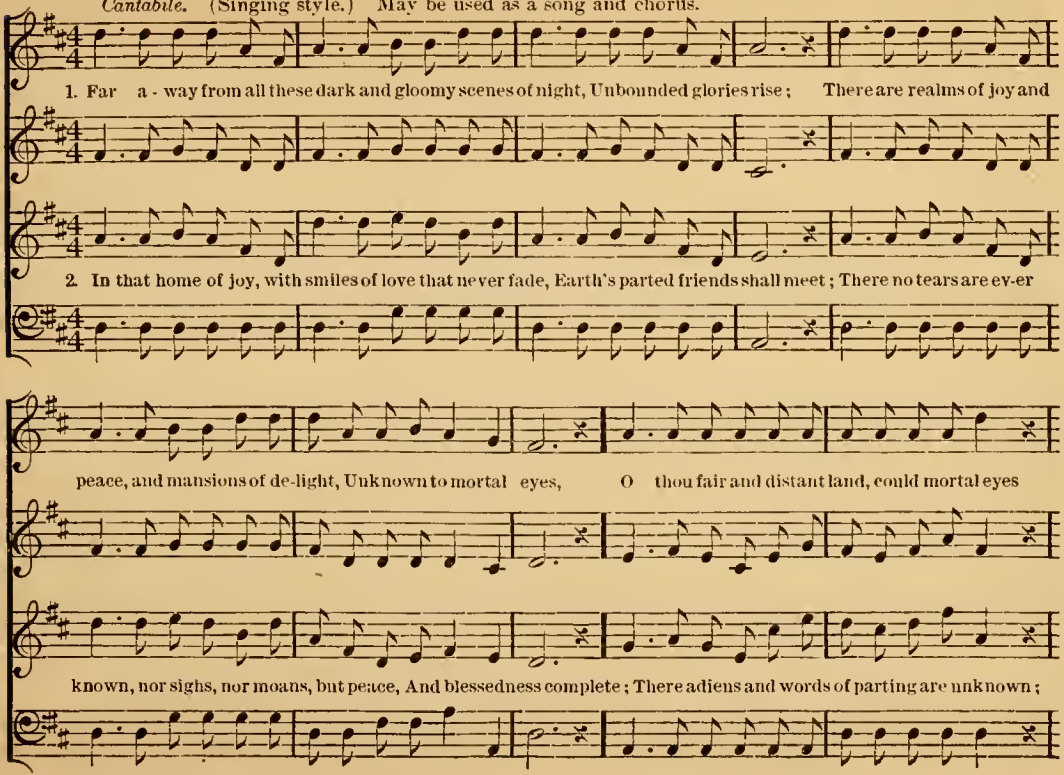
Words by J. M. BARRINGER.

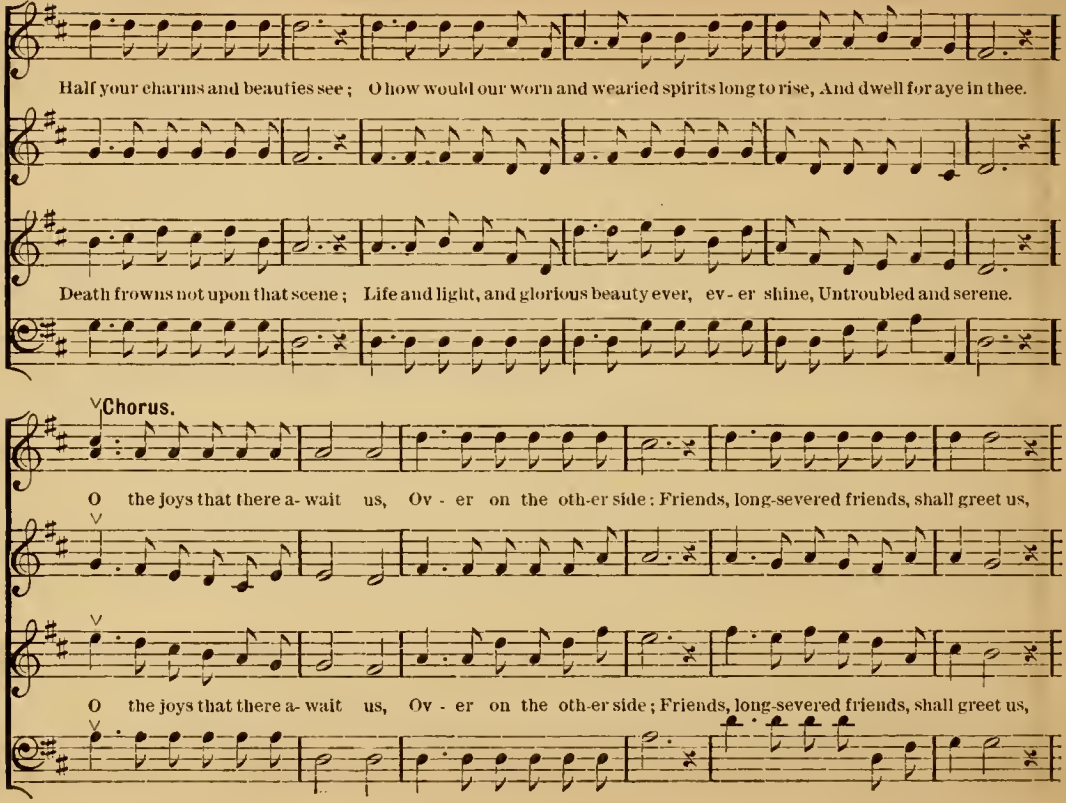
FAR AWAY FROM SCENES OF NIGHT.

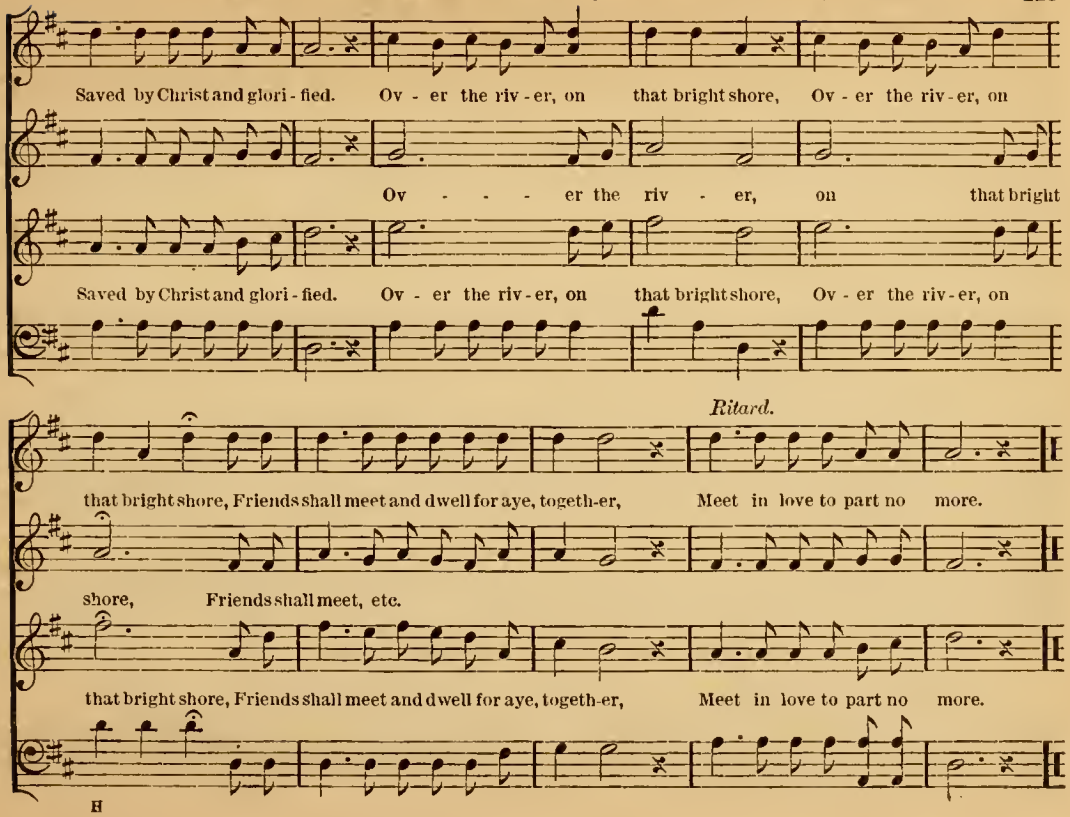
"And there shall be no night there." - Rev. xxii. 5.

Music by Rev. S. L. HARKEY.

Cantabile. (Singing style.) May be used as a song and chorus.

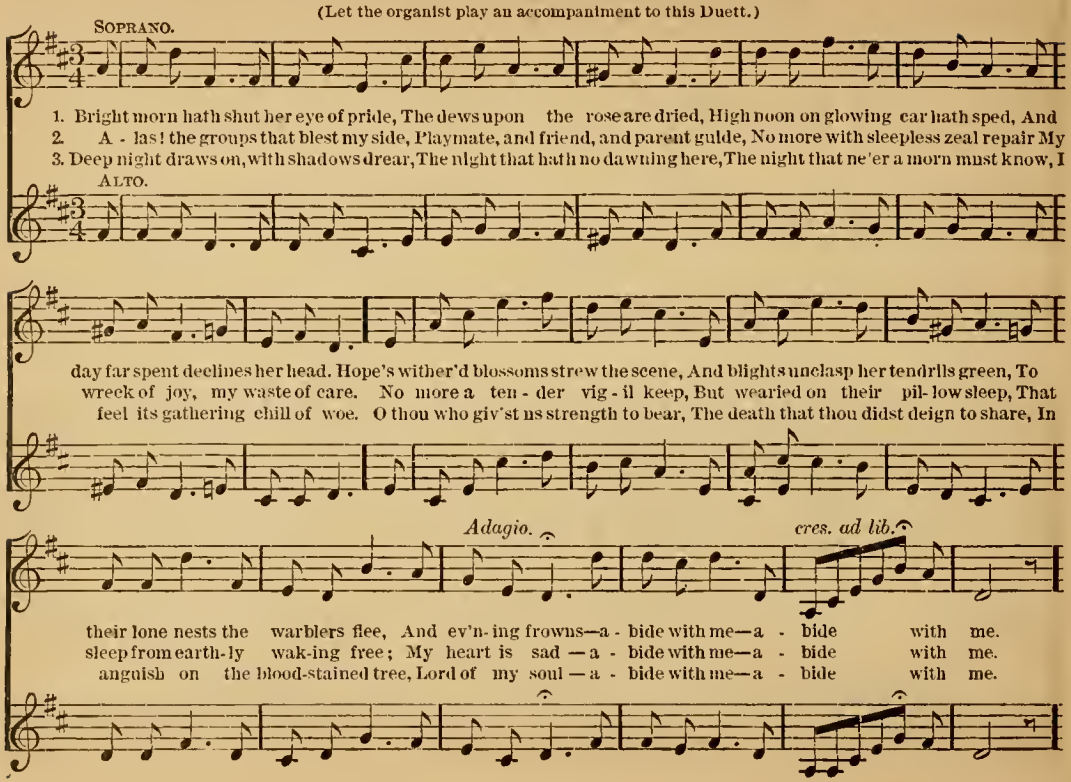


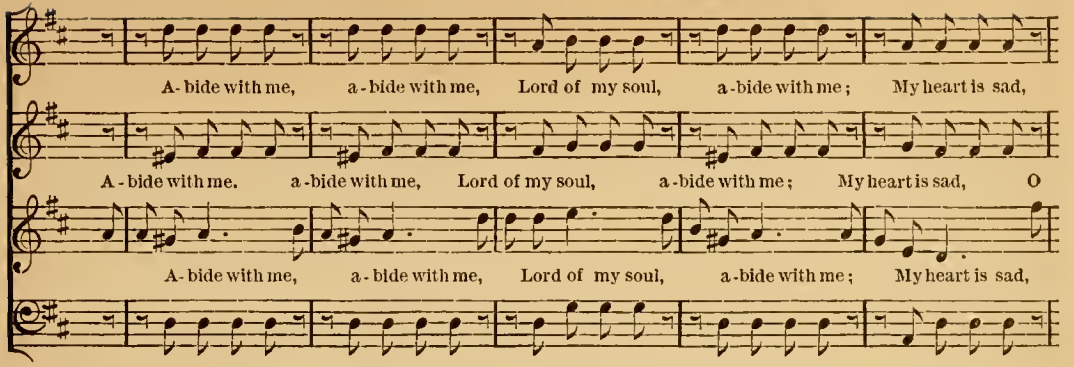

Half your charms and beauties see; O how would our worn and wearied spirits long to rise, And dwell for aye in thee.
Death frowns not upon that scene; Life and light, and glorious beauty ever, ev-er shine, Untroubled and serene.
Chorus.
O the joys that there a-wait us, Ov-er on the oth-er side: Friends, long-severed friends, shall greet us,
O the joys that there a-wait us, Ov-er on the oth-er side; Friends, long-severed friends, shall greet us,


Saved by Christ and glori - fied. Ov - er the riv - er, on that bright shore, Ov - er the riv - er, on
Ov - - - - er the riv - er, on that bright
Saved by Christ and glori - fied. Ov - er the riv - er, on that bright shore, Ov - er the riv - er, on
Ritard.
that bright shore, Friends shall meet and dwell for aye, togeth-er, Meet in love to part no more.
shore, Friends shall meet, etc.
that bright shore, Friends shall meet and dwell for aye, togeth-er, Meet in love to part no more.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—LUKE xxiv. 29.

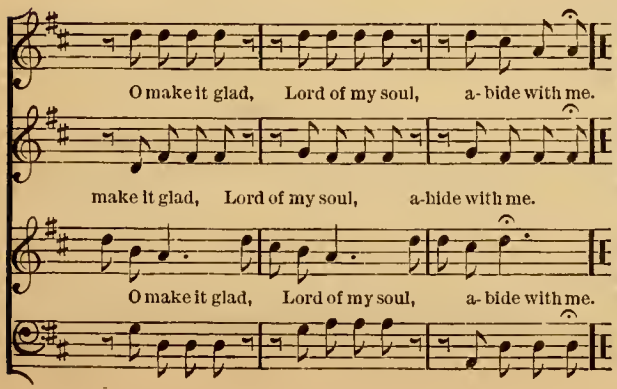
(Let the organist play an accompaniment to this Duett.)



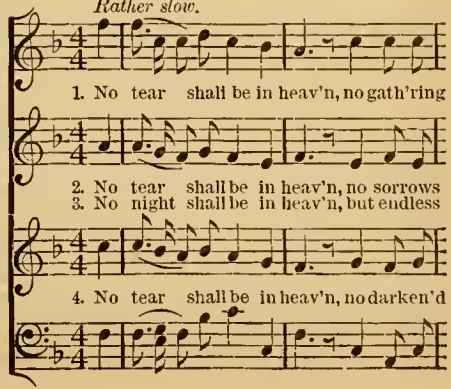


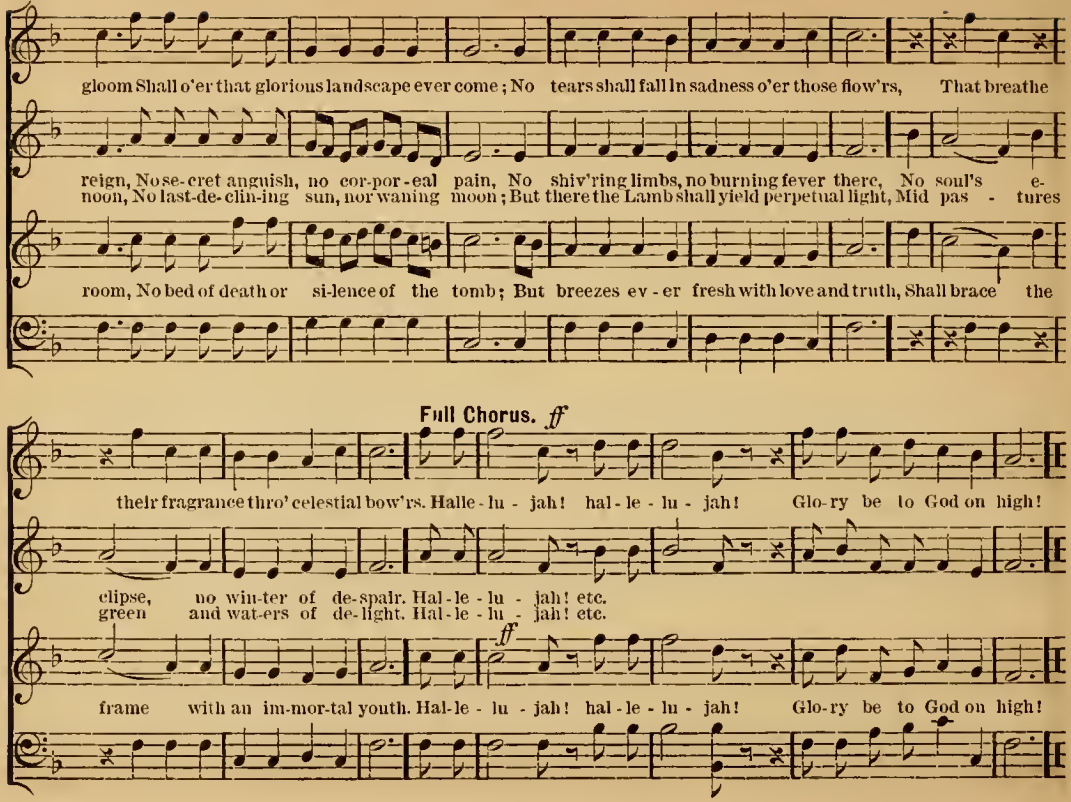
NO TEARS IN HEAVEN. S. L. H.

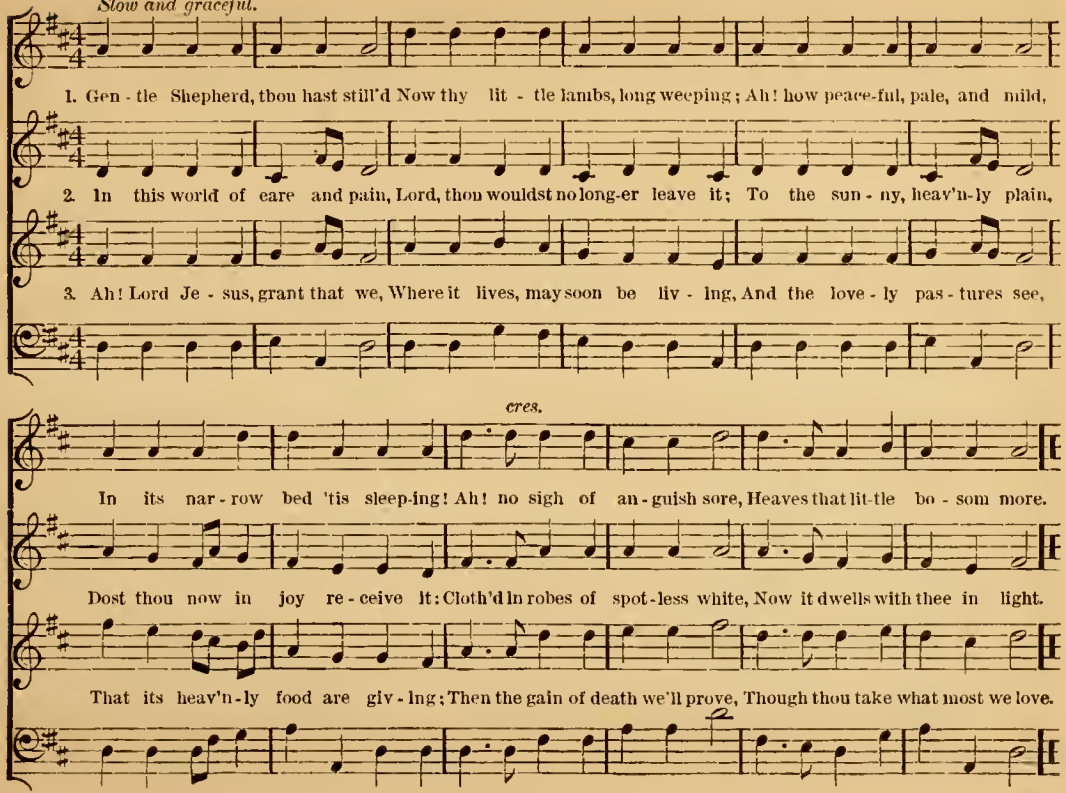
"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. xxi. 4.



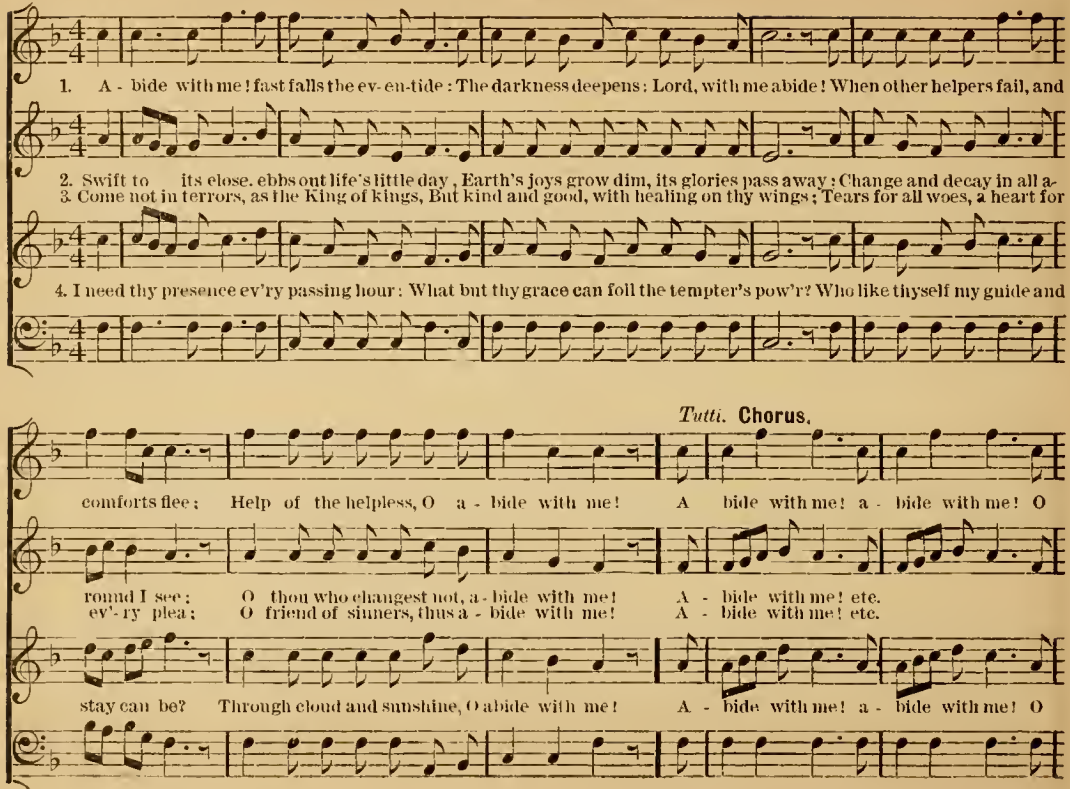
Rather slow.

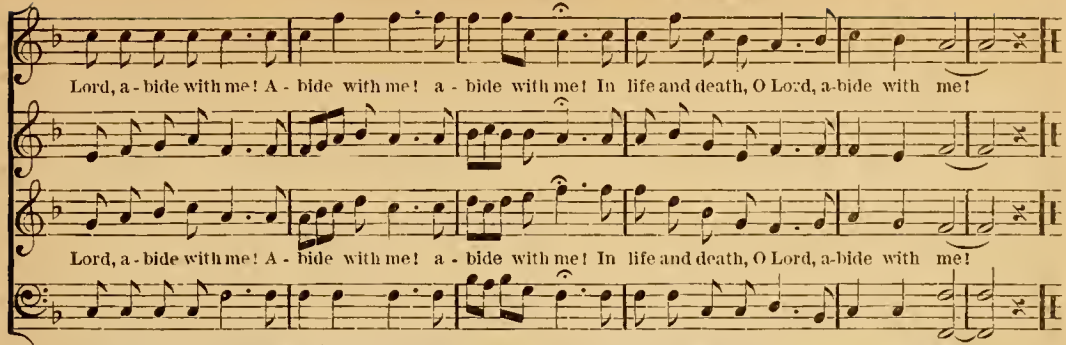



gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come; No tears shall fall In sadness o'er those flow'rs, That breathe
reign, No se-cret anguish, no cor-por-eal pain, No shiv'ring limbs, no burning fever there, No soul's e-
noon, No last-de-clin-ing sun, nor waning moon; But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light, Mid pas - tures
room, No bed of death or si-lence of the tomb; But breezes ev - er fresh with love and truth, Shall brace the
Full Chorus. ff
their fragrance thro' celestial bow'rs. Halle - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo-ry be to God on high!
clipse, no win-ter of de-spair. Hal - le - lu - jah! etc.
green and wat-ers of de-light. Hal - le - lu - jah! etc.
ff
frame with an im-mor-tal youth. Hal-le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo-ry be to God on high!


Slow and graceful.
1. Gen - tle Shepherd, thou hast still'd Now thy lit - tle lambs, long weeping; Ah! how peace-ful, pale, and mild,
2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, thou wouldst no long-er leave it; To the sun - ny, heav'n-ly plain,
3. Ah! Lord Je - sus, grant that we, Where it lives, may soon be liv - ing, And the love - ly pas - tures see,
cres.
In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep-ing! Ah! no sigh of an - guish sore, Heaves that lit-tle bo - som more.
Dost thou now in joy re - ceive it: Cloth'd in robes of spot-less white, Now it dwells with thee in light.
That its heav'n-ly food are giv - ing; Then the gain of death we'll prove, Though thou take what most we love.

ABIDE WITH ME.





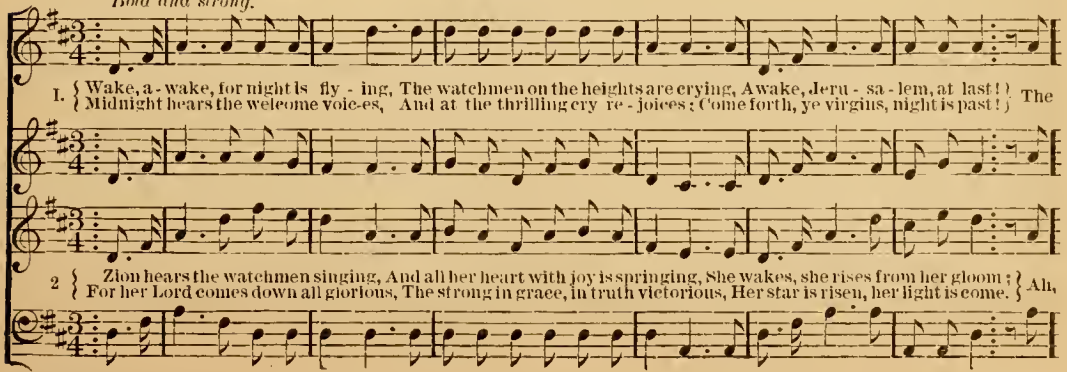
5. I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

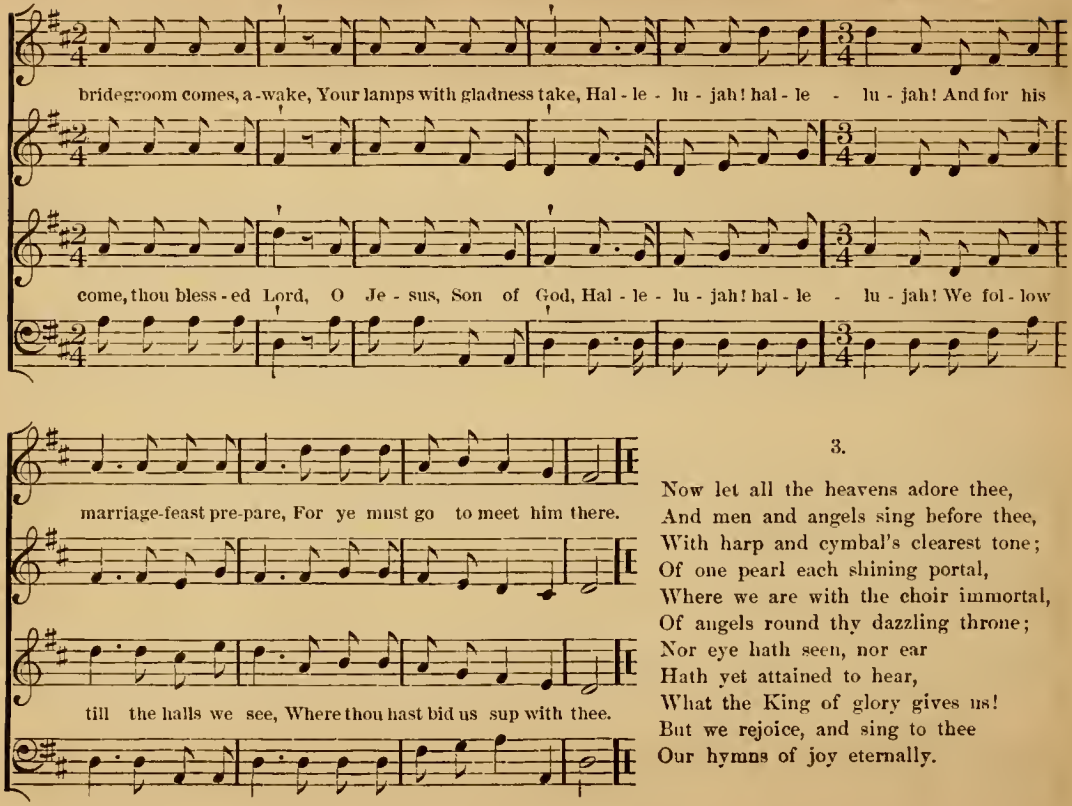
6. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

DR. PHILIP NICOLAI, 1598.
MISS WINKWORTH, Tr.

WAKE! AWAKE, FOR NIGHT IS FLYING. S. L. H.

Bold and strong.





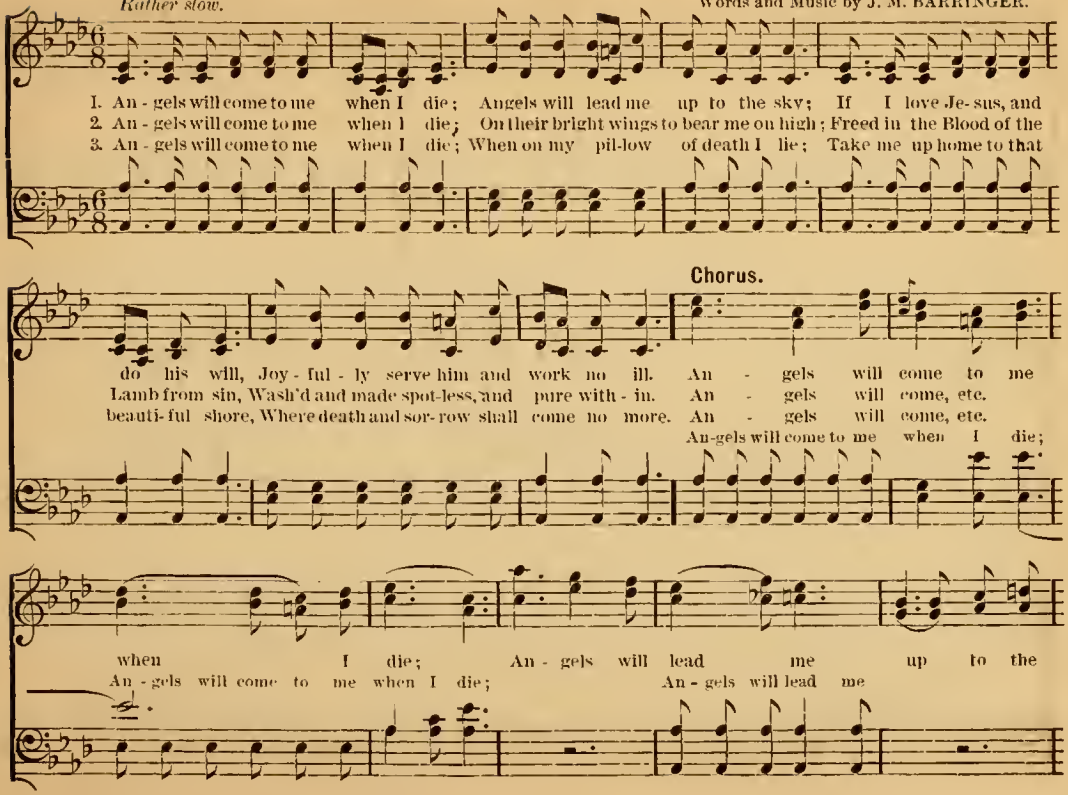
3.

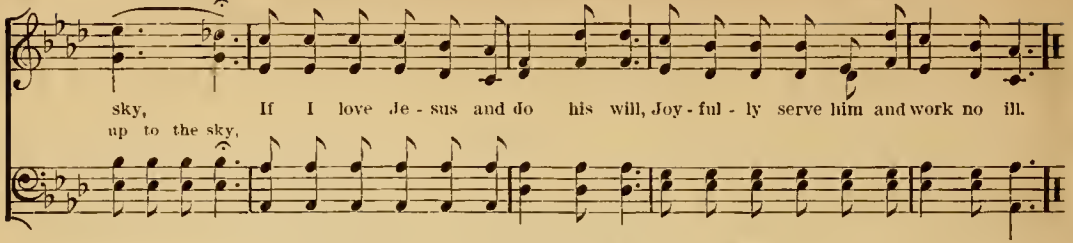
Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal,
Of angels round thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What the King of glory gives us!
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymns of joy eternally.

ANGELS WILL COME TO ME WHEN I DIE.

Rather slow.

Words and Music by J. M. BARRINGER.

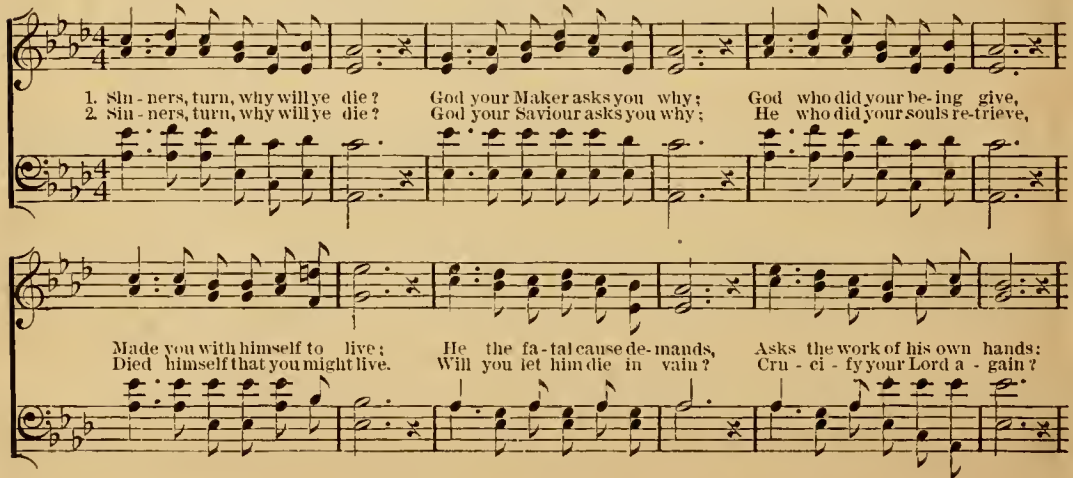


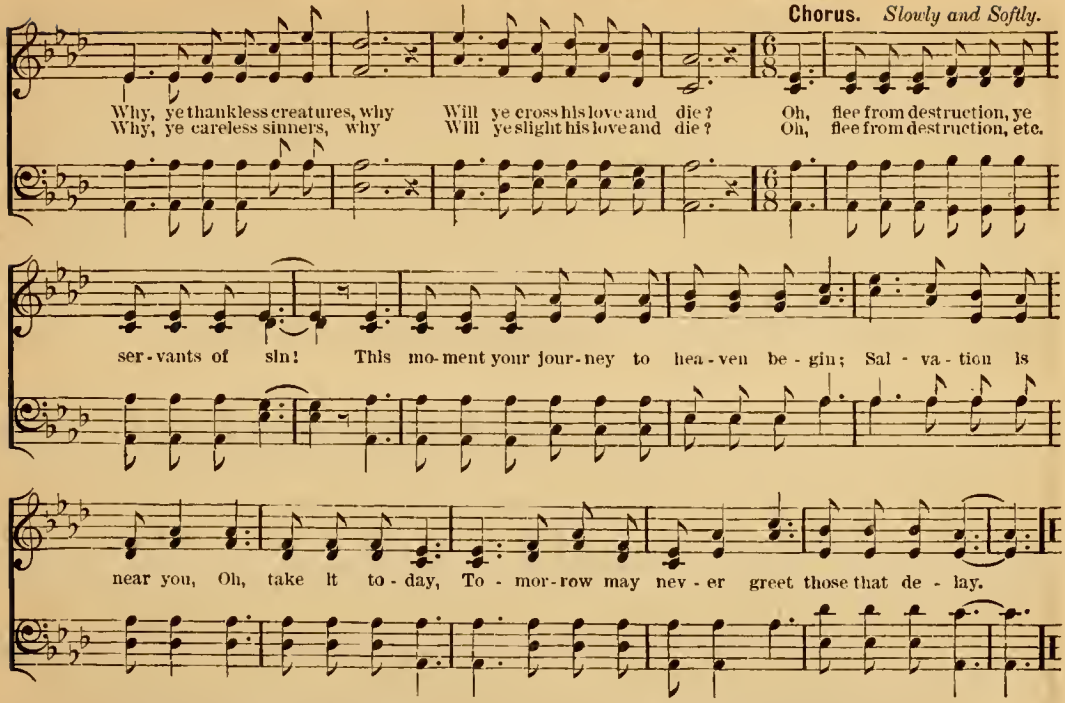


TO-DAY, NOT TO-MORROW.

Music and Chorus by S. L. H.

"You dwell in the city of destruction * * * and dying there you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone."—JOHN BUNYAN.
"Turn ye, for why will ye die? * * * To-day is the day of salvation."—BIBLE.



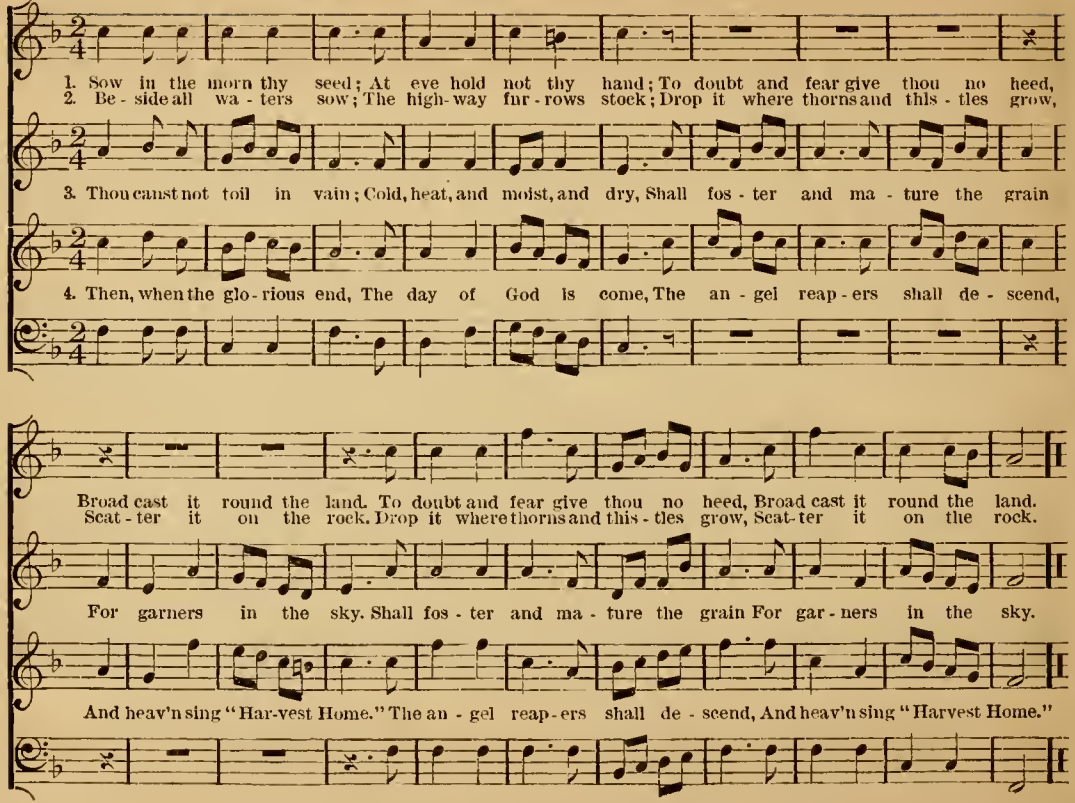


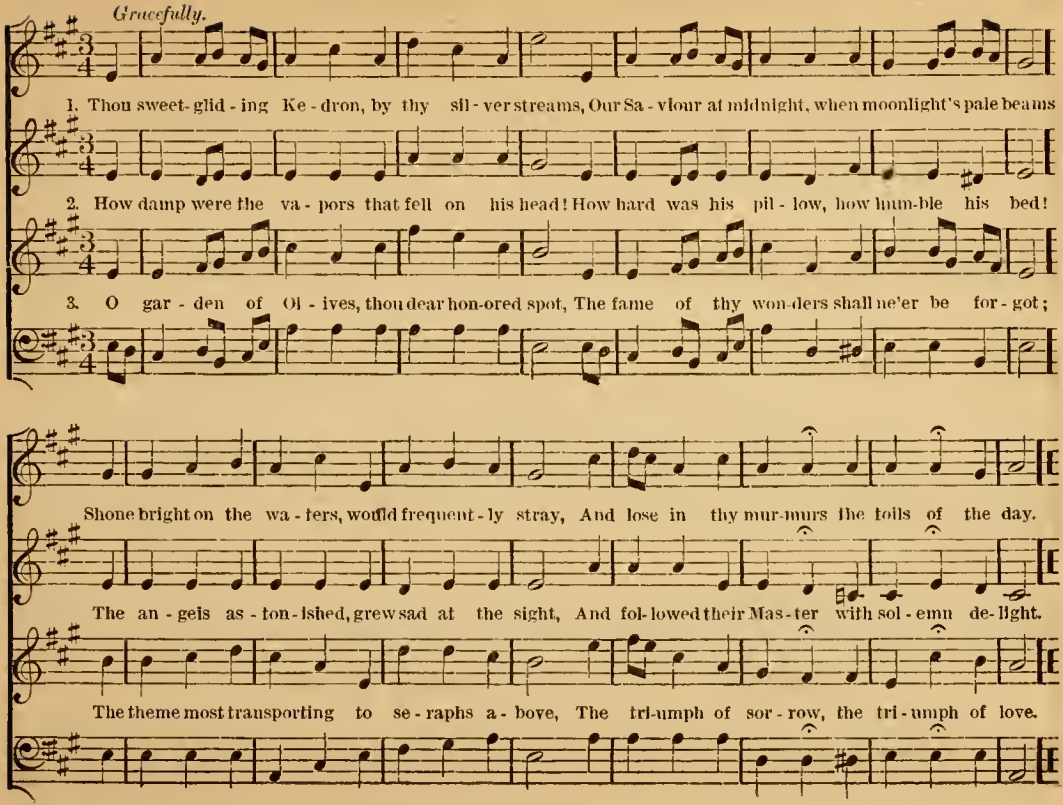
3. Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God the Spirit asks you why;
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'ed you to embrace his love.

Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?—*Chorus.*

SOW IN THE MORN THY SEED.

S. L. H.



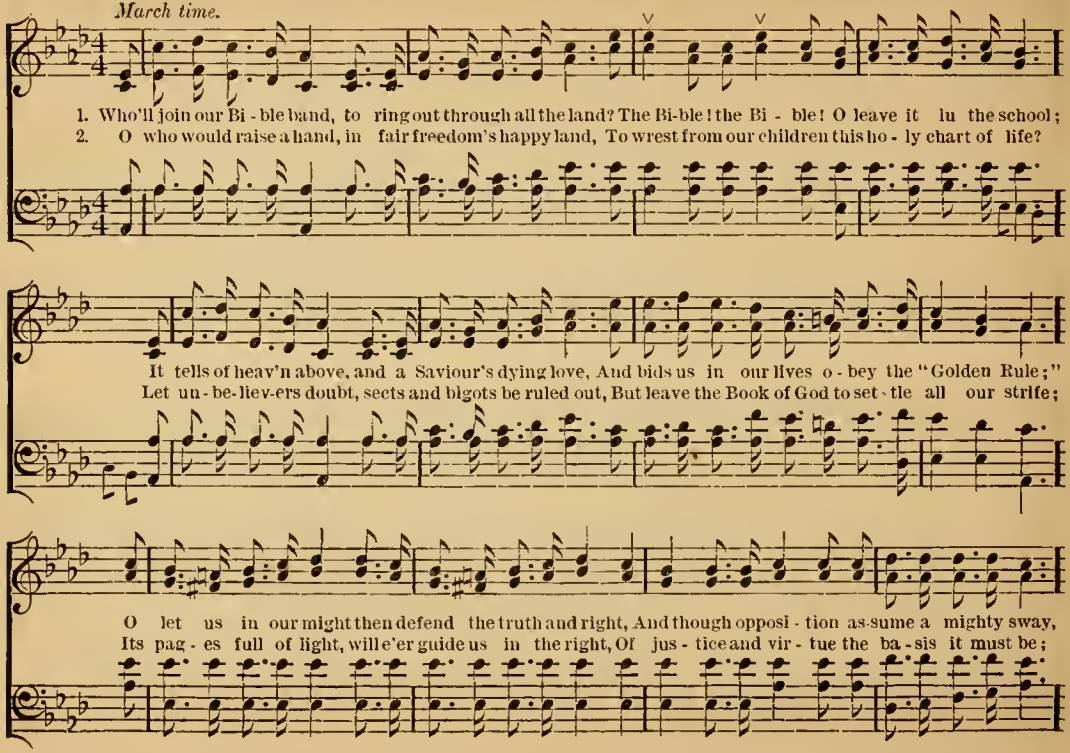

Gracefully.
1. Thou sweet-glid-ing Ke-dron, by thy sil-ver streams, Our Sa-viour at midnight, when moonlight's pale beams
2. How damp were the va-pors that fell on his head! How hard was his pil-low, how hum-ble his bed!
3. O gar-den of Ol-ives, thou dear hon-ored spot, The fame of thy won-ders shall ne'er be for-got;
Shone bright on the wa-ters, would frequent-ly stray, And lose in thy mur-murs the toils of the day.
The an-gels as-ton-ished, grew sad at the sight, And fol-lowed their Mas-ter with sol-emn de-light.
The theme most transporting to se-raphs a-bove, The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love.

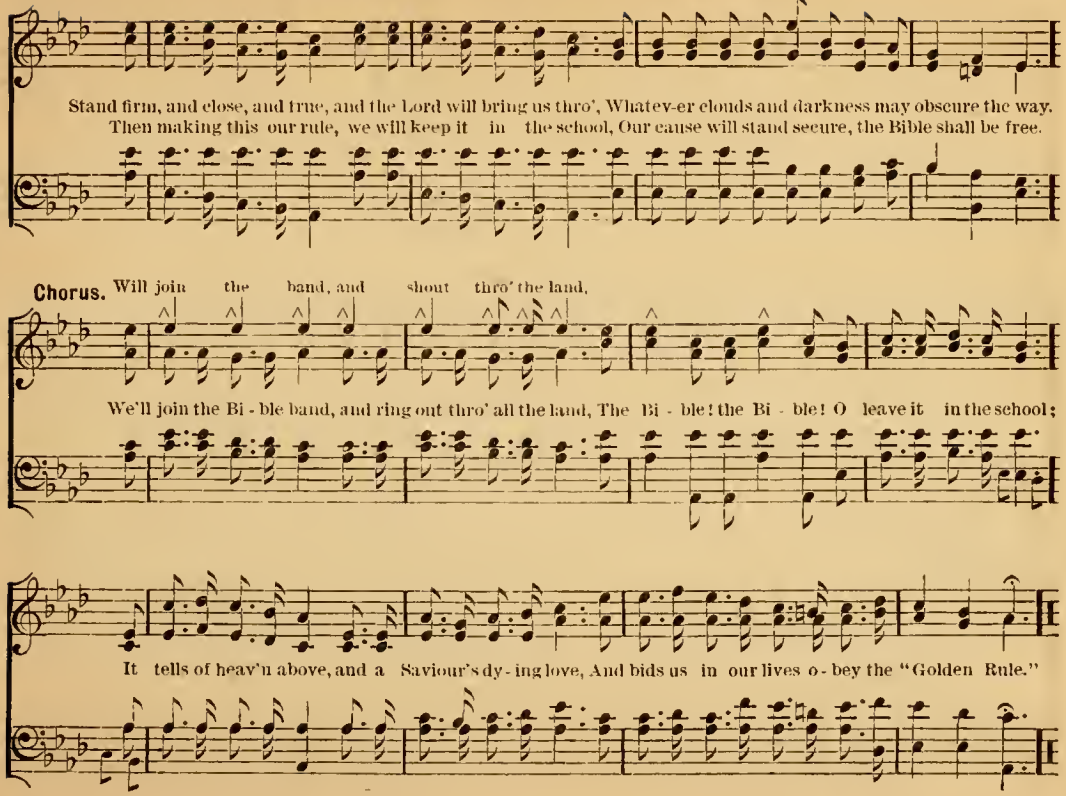
THE BIBLE BAND. (Grand Rallying Song.)

Words and Music by
J. M. BARRINGER.

"If anything I have ever said or written deserves the feeblest encomiums of my fellow countrymen, I have no hesitation in declaring that for their partiality I am indebted, SOLELY INDEBTED, to the daily and attentive perusal of the HOLY SCRIPTURES, the source of all true POETRY and ELOQUENCE, as well as of all GOOD and all COMFORT."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

March time.

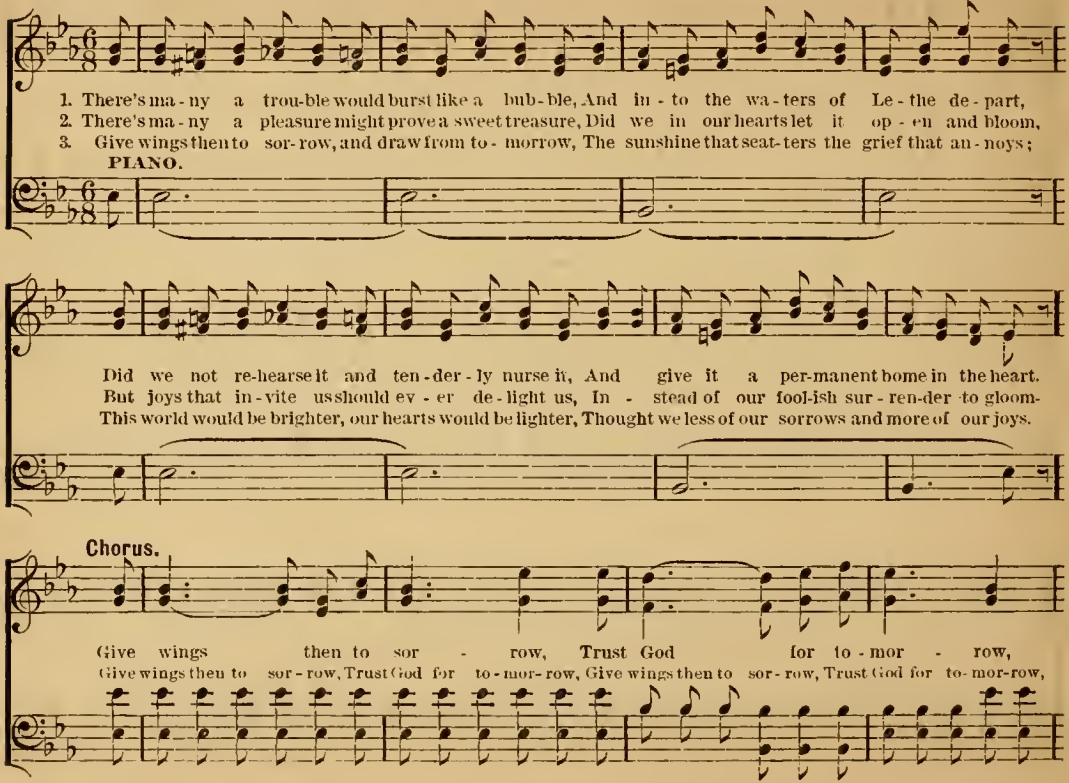


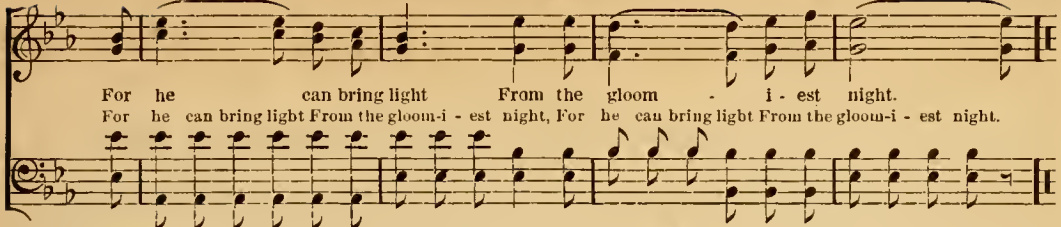

Stand firm, and close, and true, and the Lord will bring us thro', Whatev-er clouds and darkness may obscure the way.
Then making this our rule, we will keep it in the school, Our cause will stand secure, the Bible shall be free.
Chorus. Will join the band, and shout thro' the land,
We'll join the Bi - ble band, and ring out thro' all the land, The Bi - ble! the Bi - ble! O leave it in the school;
It tells of heav'n above, and a Saviour's dy - ing love, And bids us in our lives o - bey the "Golden Rule."

TRUST GOD FOR TO-MORROW.

Words arranged from JOSEPHINE POLLARD, by J. M. B.

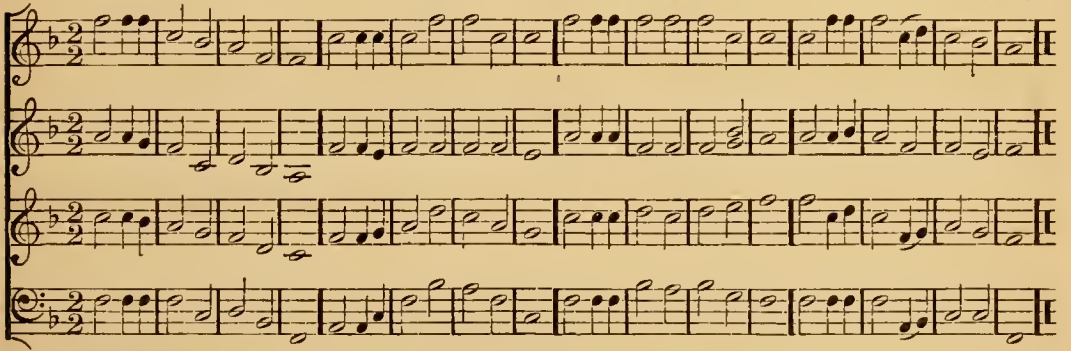
Music by J. M. BARRINGER.





APPLETON. L. M.

S. L. H.



1. Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Under thine own almighty wings.

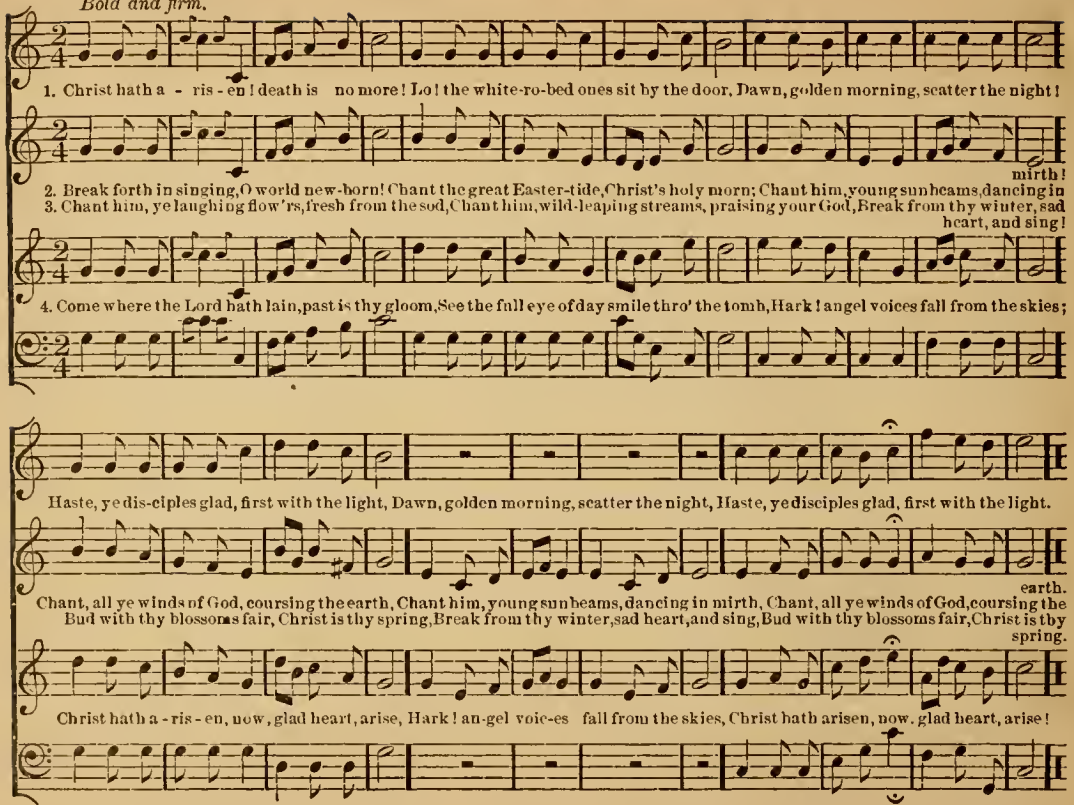
2. Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

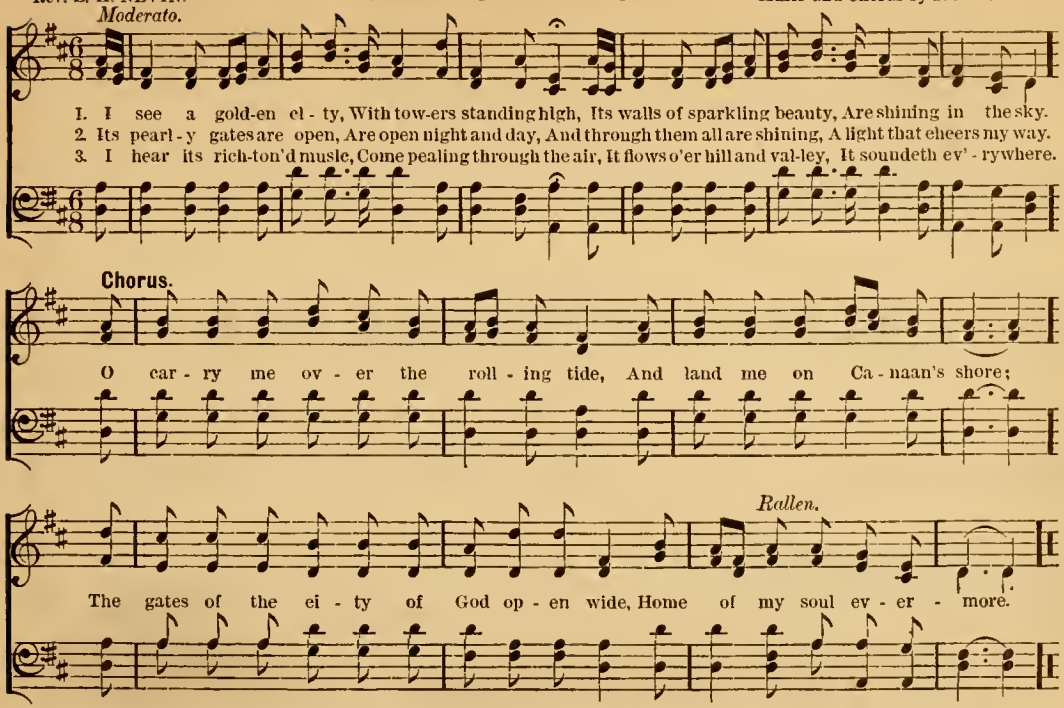
3. Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

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

EASTER HYMN.

Bold and firm.





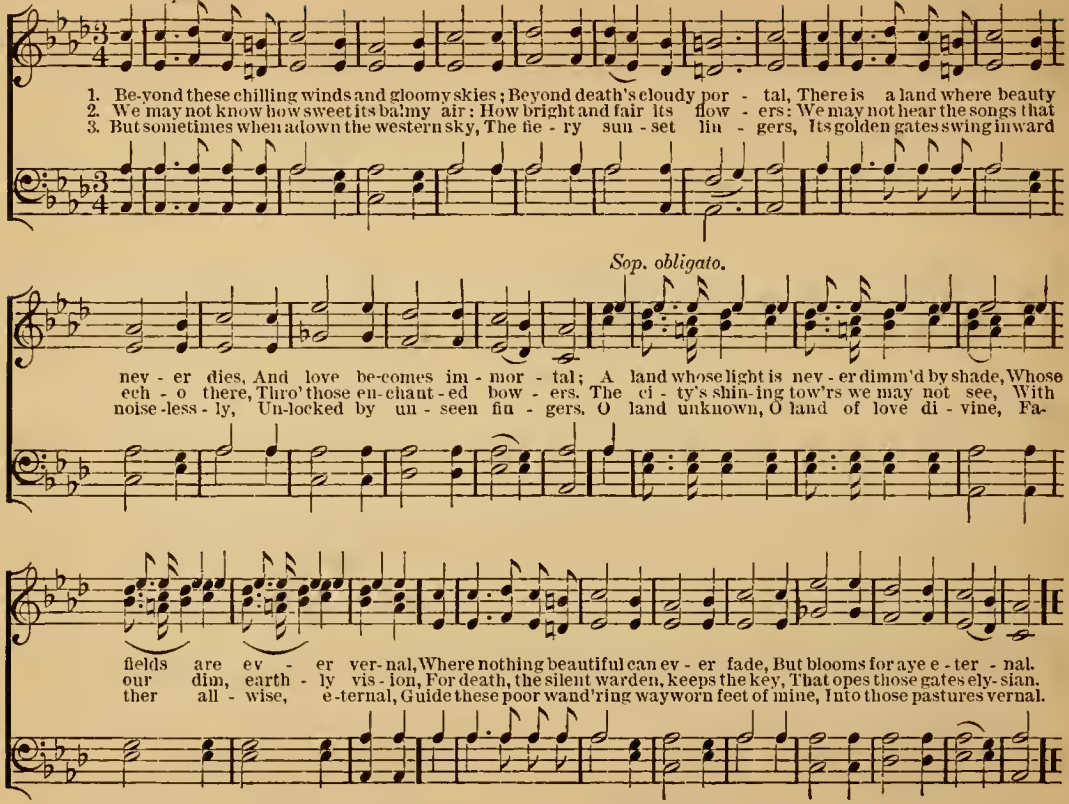
4. In it my friends are gathered,
The loved ones gone before,
They're robed in angel beauty,
On angels' wings they soar.—*Chorus.*

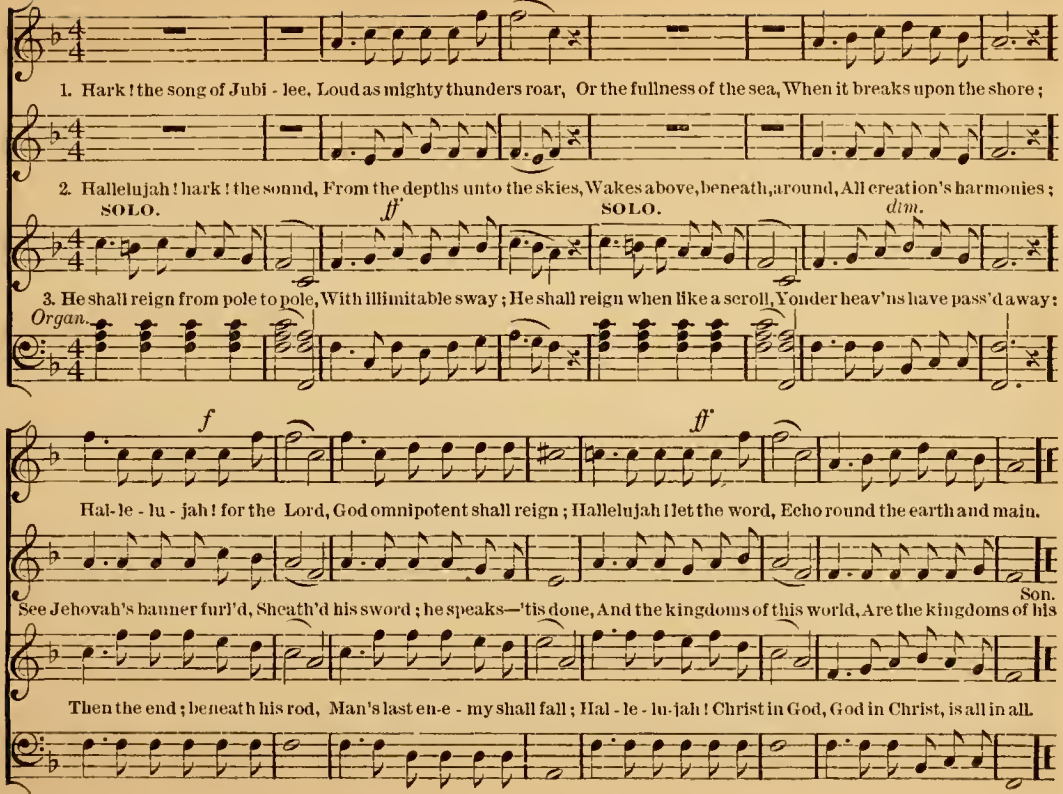
5. Within the golden city,
I hope to fly and sing;
And sound the praise forever,
Of Christ, my Lord and King.—*Chorus.*

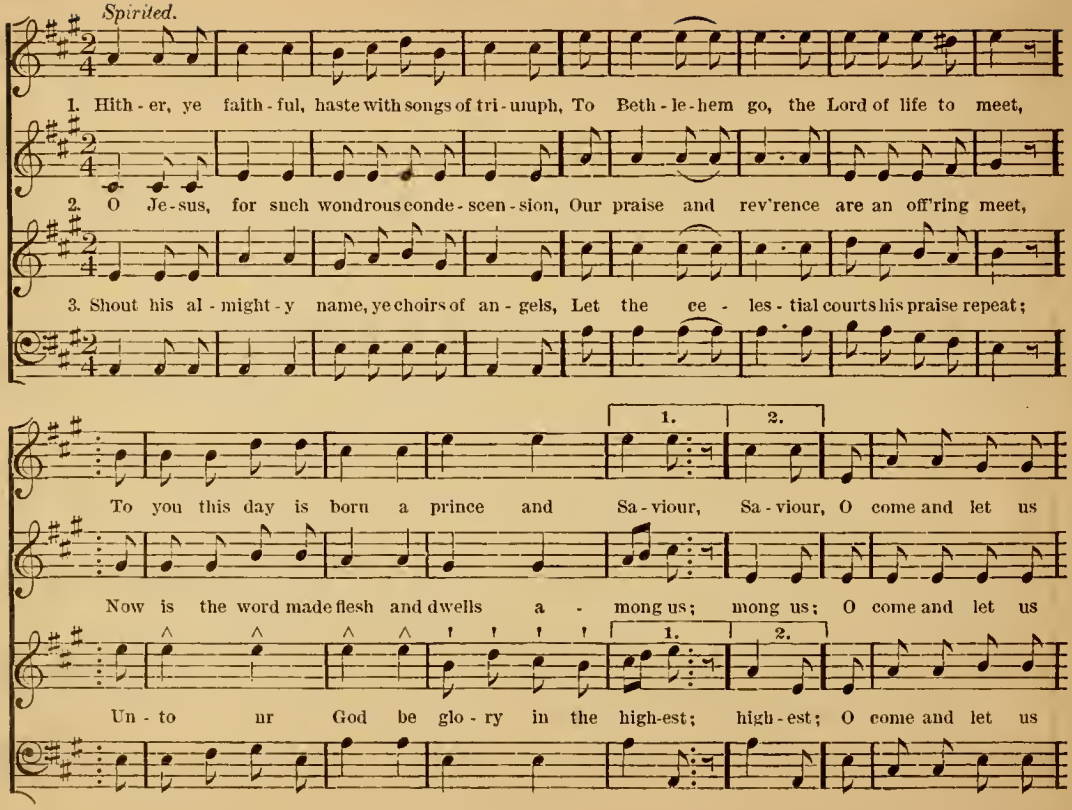
Con expressione.

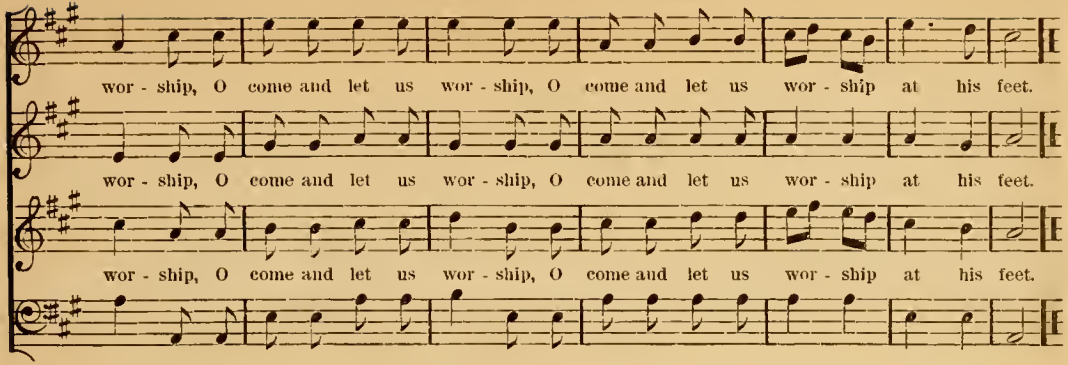
O LAND UNKNOWN!

Music by J. M. BARRINGER.



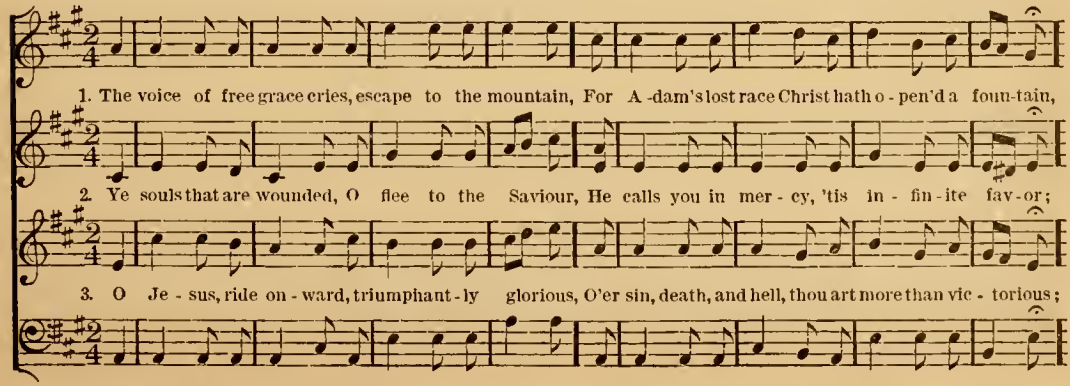

1. Hark! the song of Jubi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks upon the shore;
2. Hallelujah! hark! the sound, From the depths unto the skies, Wakes above, beneath, around, All creation's harmonies;
SOLO.
ff
SOLO.
dim.
3. He shall reign from pole to pole, With illimitable sway; He shall reign when like a scroll, Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:
Organ.
f
ff
Hal-le - lu - jah! for the Lord, God omnipotent shall reign; Hallelujah! let the word, Echo round the earth and main.
Son.
See Jehovah's banner furl'd, Sheath'd his sword; he speaks—'tis done, And the kingdoms of this world, Are the kingdoms of his
Then the end; beneath his rod, Man's last en-e - my shall fall; Hal - le - lu-jah! Christ in God, God in Christ, is all in all.

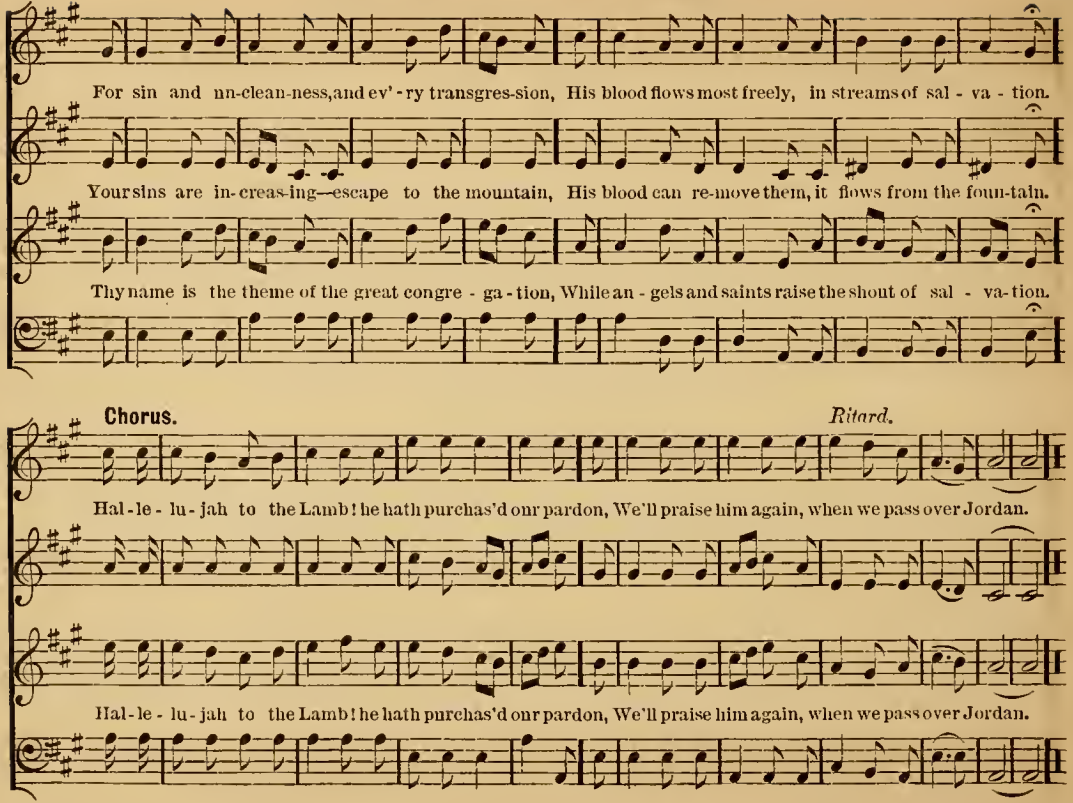

Spirited.
1. Hith - er, ye faith - ful, haste with songs of tri - umph, To Beth - le - hem go, the Lord of life to meet,
2. O Je - sus, for such wondrous conde - scen - sion, Our praise and rev'rence are an off'ring meet,
3. Shout his al - might - y name, ye choirs of an - gels, Let the ee - les - tial courts his praise repeat;
1.
2.
To you this day is born a prince and Sa - viour, Sa - viour, O come and let us
Now is the word made flesh and dwells a - mong us; mong us; O come and let us
1.
2.
Un - to nr God be glo - ry in the high-est; high - est; O come and let us

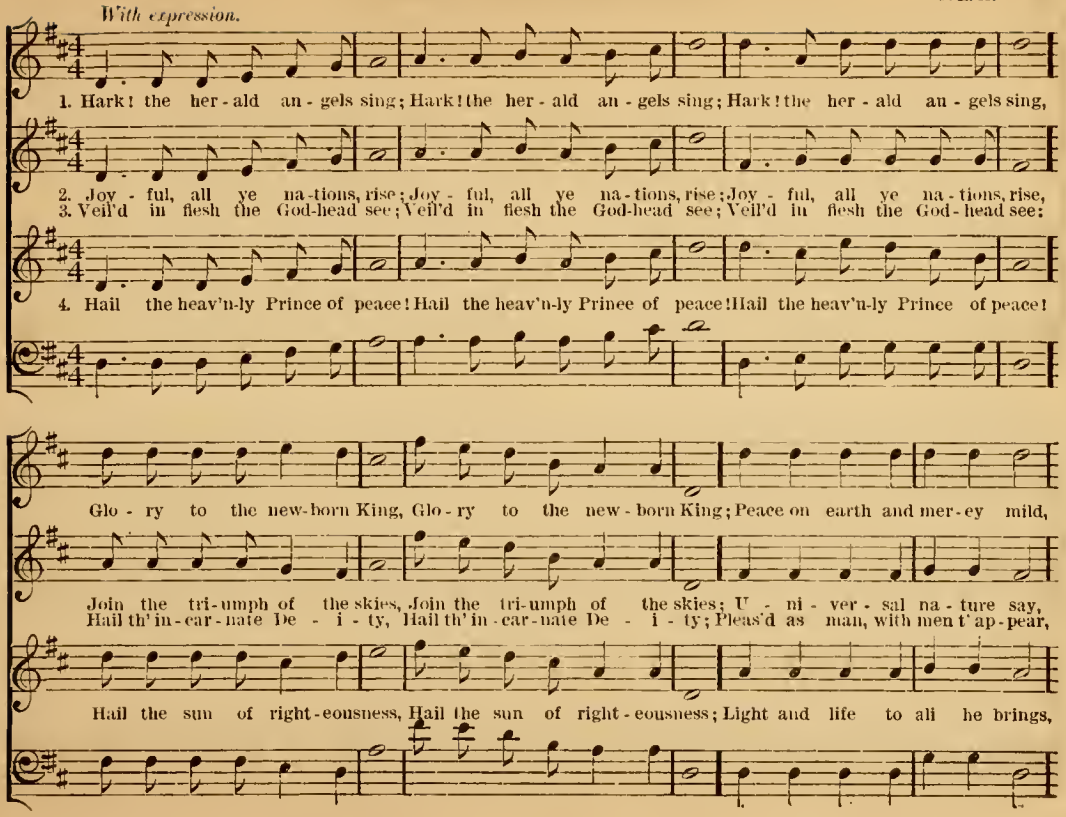


FREE GRACE.

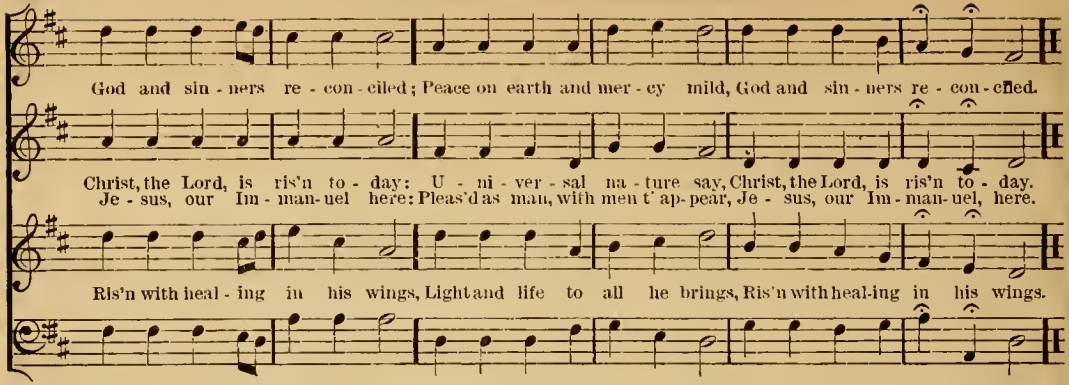
S. L. H.




For sin and un-clean-ness, and ev'-ry transgres-sion, His blood flows most freely, in streams of sal - va - tion.
Your sins are in-creas-ing—escape to the mountain, His blood can re-move them, it flows from the foun-tain.
Thy name is the theme of the great congre - ga - tion, While an - gels and saints raise the shout of sal - va-tion.
Chorus.
Ritard.
Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb! he hath purchas'd our pardon, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.
Hal-le - lu - jah to the Lamb! he hath purchas'd our pardon, We'll praise him again, when we pass over Jordan.


With expression.
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing; Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing; Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise; Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise; Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
3. Veil'd in flesh the God-head see; Veil'd in flesh the God-head see; Veil'd in flesh the God-head see:
4. Hail the heav'n-ly Prince of peace! Hail the heav'n-ly Prince of peace! Hail the heav'n-ly Prince of peace!
Glo - ry to the new-born King, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth and mer - cy mild,
Join the tri-umph of the skies, Join the tri-umph of the skies; U - ni - ver - sal na - ture say,
Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty, Hail th' in - car - nate De - i - ty; Pleas'd as man, with men t' ap - pear,
Hail the sun of right - eousness, Hail the sun of right - eousness; Light and life to all he brings,

HERALD ANGELS. Concluded.

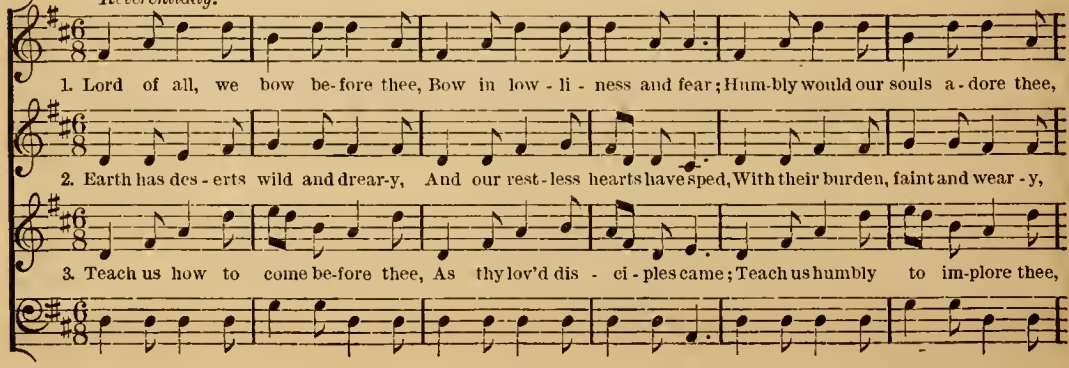


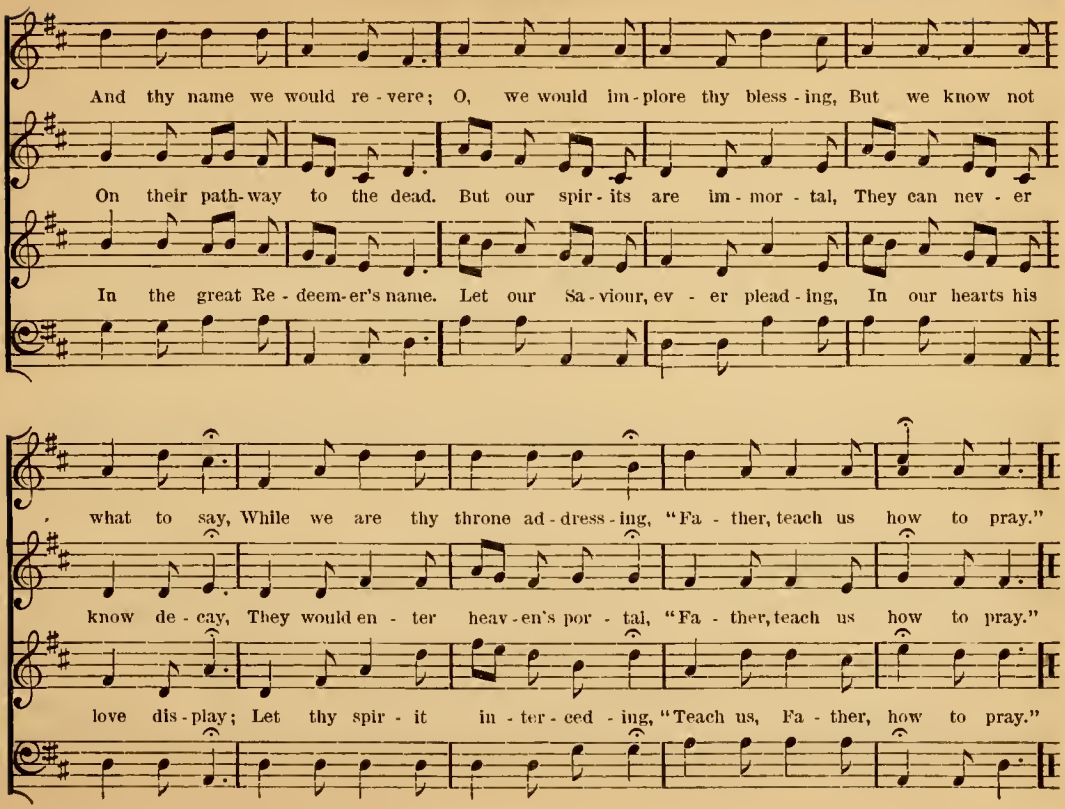
Words from "Ladies' Wreath."

FATHER, TEACH US HOW TO PRAY.

S. L. H.

Reverentially.




And thy name we would re - vere; O, we would im - plore thy bless - ing, But we know not
On their path-way to the dead. But our spir - its are im - mor - tal, They can nev - er
In the great Re - deem-er's name. Let our Sa - viour, ev - er plead - ing, In our hearts his
what to say, While we are thy throne ad - dress - ing, "Fa - ther, teach us how to pray."
know de - cay, They would en - ter heav - en's por - tal, "Fa - ther, teach us how to pray."
love dis - play; Let thy spir - it in - ter - ced - ing, "Teach us, Fa - ther, how to pray."

Folk song in the Zillerthal.

SILENT NIGHT.

S. L. H.

Slow and with expression.

1. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round you Vir - gin Mother and Child;

2. Si - lent night ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glo - ries stream from heaven a - far,

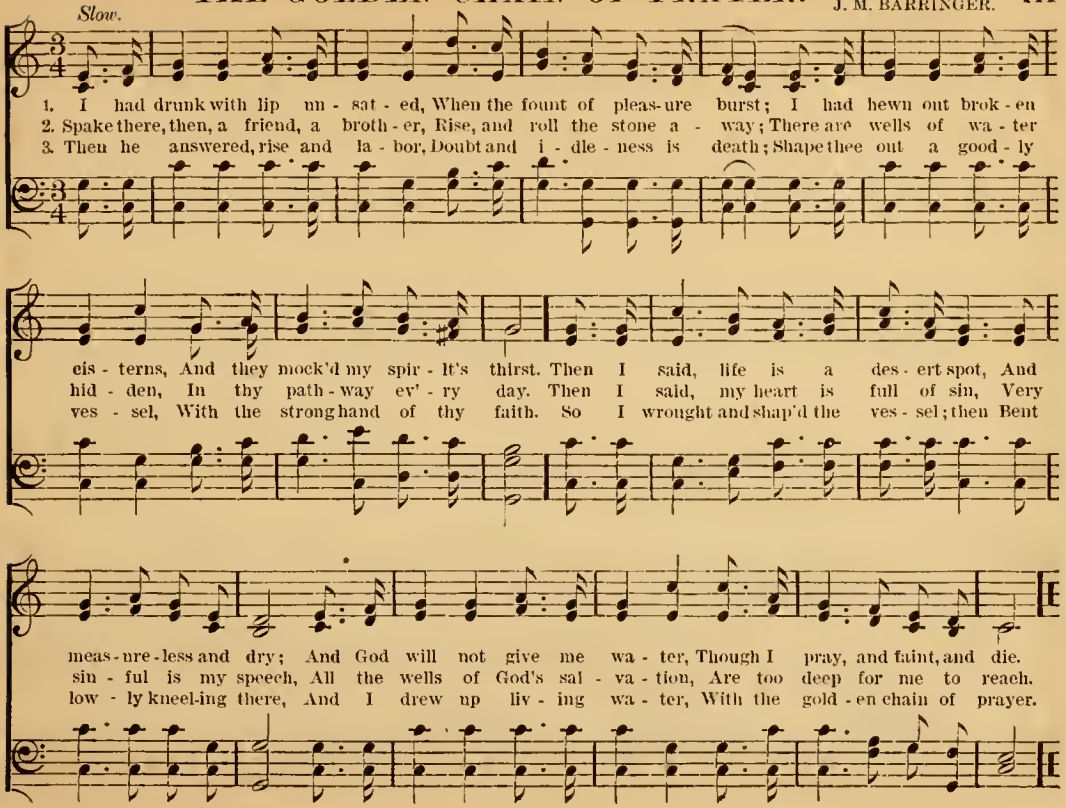
3. Si - lent night! ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant beams from thy ho-ly face;

crescendo. *crescendo.* *pp*

Ho - ly In-fant, ten-der and mild, Sleep in heav'nly peace, Sleep in heav'n-ly peace.

Heav'n-ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia, Christ, the Sa-viour's born, Christ, the Saviour's born.

With the dawn of re - deem-ing grace, Je - sus, at thy birth, Je - sus, at thy birth.


Slow.
1. I had drunk with lip un - sat - ed, When the fount of pleas-ure burst; I had hewn out brok - en
2. Spake there, then, a friend, a broth - er, Rise, and roll the stone a - way; There are wells of wa - ter
3. Then he answered, rise and la - bor, Doubt and i - dle - ness is death; Shape thee out a good - ly
cis - terns, And they mock'd my spir - it's thirst. Then I said, life is a des - ert spot, And
hid - den, In thy path - way ev' - ry day. Then I said, my heart is full of sin, Very
ves - sel, With the strong hand of thy faith. So I wrought and shap'd the ves - sel; then Bent
meas - ure - less and dry; And God will not give me wa - ter, Though I pray, and faint, and die.
sin - ful is my speech, All the wells of God's sal - va - tion, Are too deep for me to reach.
low - ly kneel-ing there, And I drew up liv - ing wa - ter, With the gold - en chain of prayer.

Words selected.

SOME DAY.

Music by Mrs. J. M. BARRINGER.

VOICE. DUETT.

1. Some day, we say, and turn our eyes T'ward the fair hills of Par - a - dise: Some day, some time, a sweet new rest, Shall
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song, Of triumph ov - er sin and wrong; Some day, some time, but oh, not yet, But

Organ.

Refrain.

blossom flow'r-like on each breast. Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The fac-es kept in
we will wait and not for-get. That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to

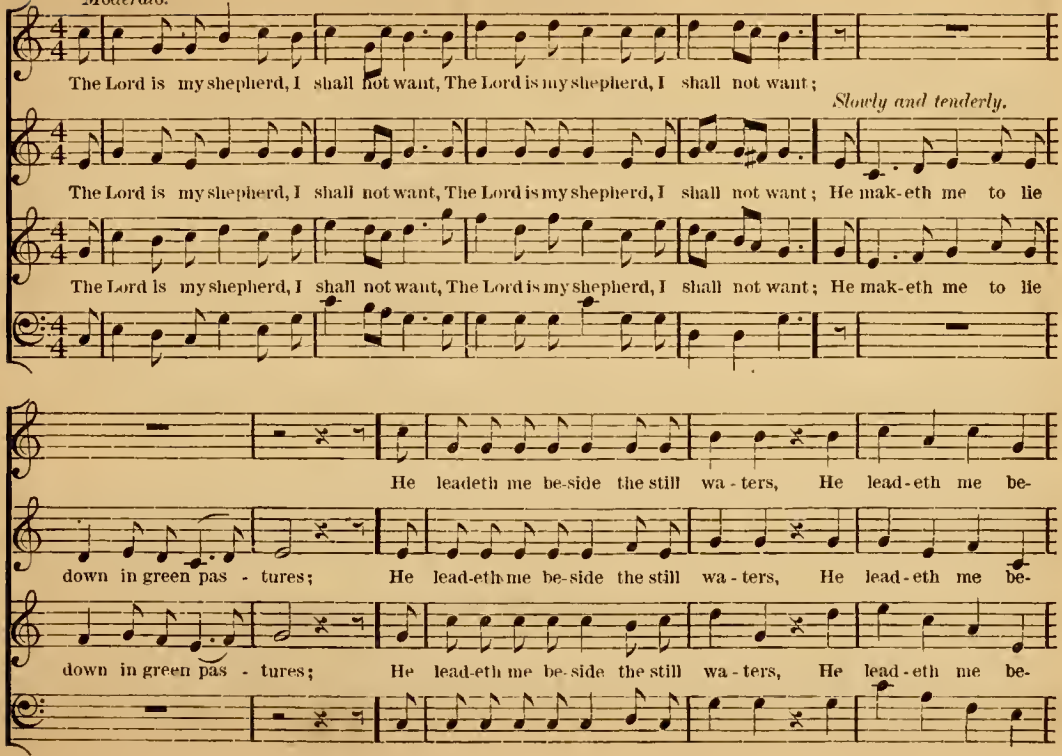
Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The fac - es kept
That some day all these things shall be And rest be giv'n

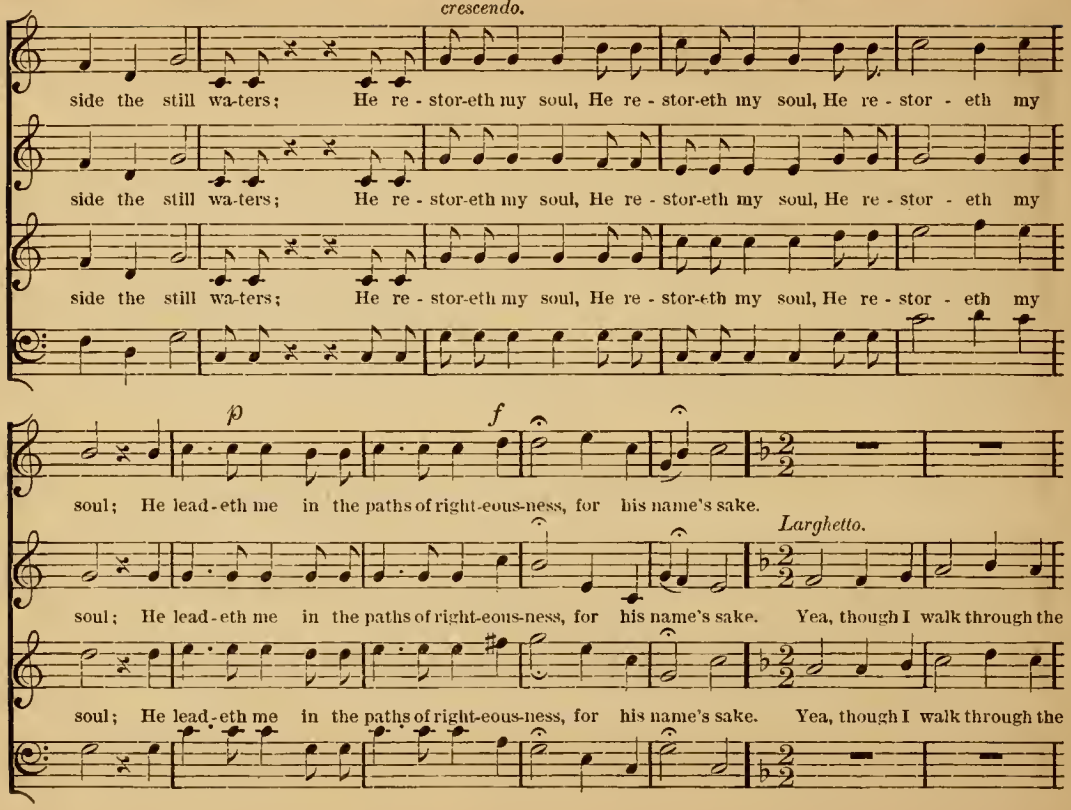
mem - o - ry; Some day their hands shall clasp our hands, Just ov-er in the morn - ing lands.
you and me; So wait, my friend, though years move slow, The hap-py time will come we know.

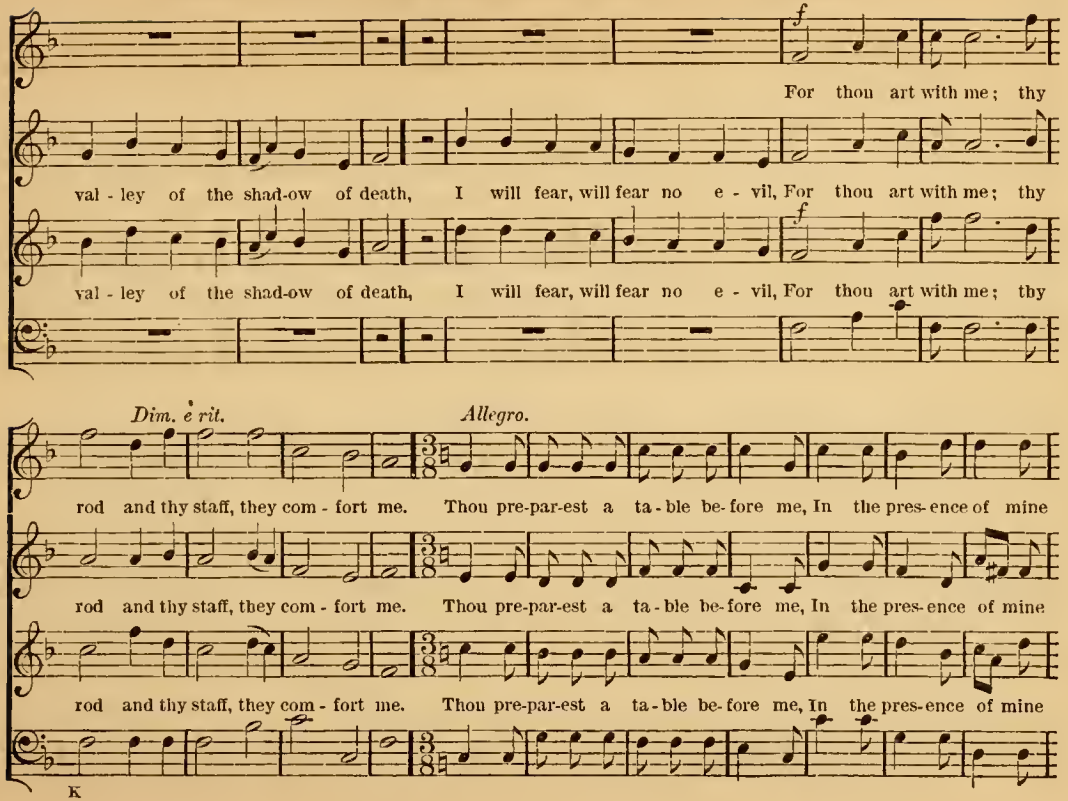
in mem-o - ry; Some day their hands shall clasp our hands, Just ov-er in the morning lands.
to you and me; So wait, my friend, tho' years move slow, The happy time will come, we know.

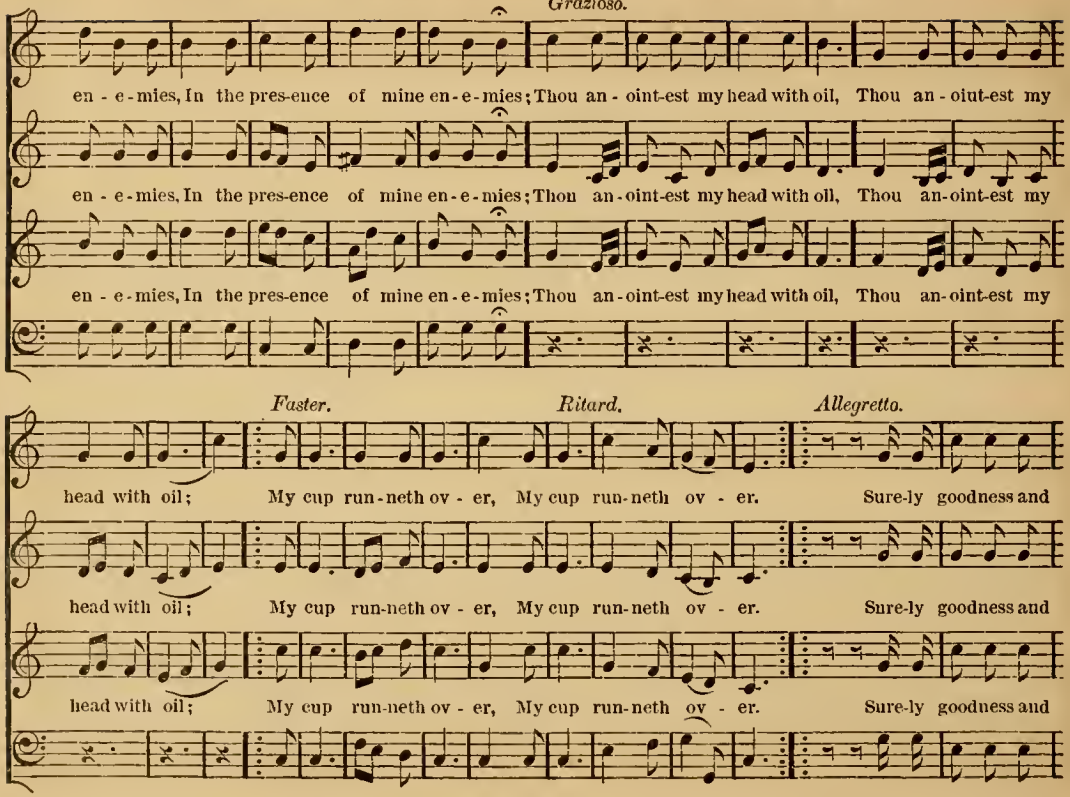
PSALM xxiii.

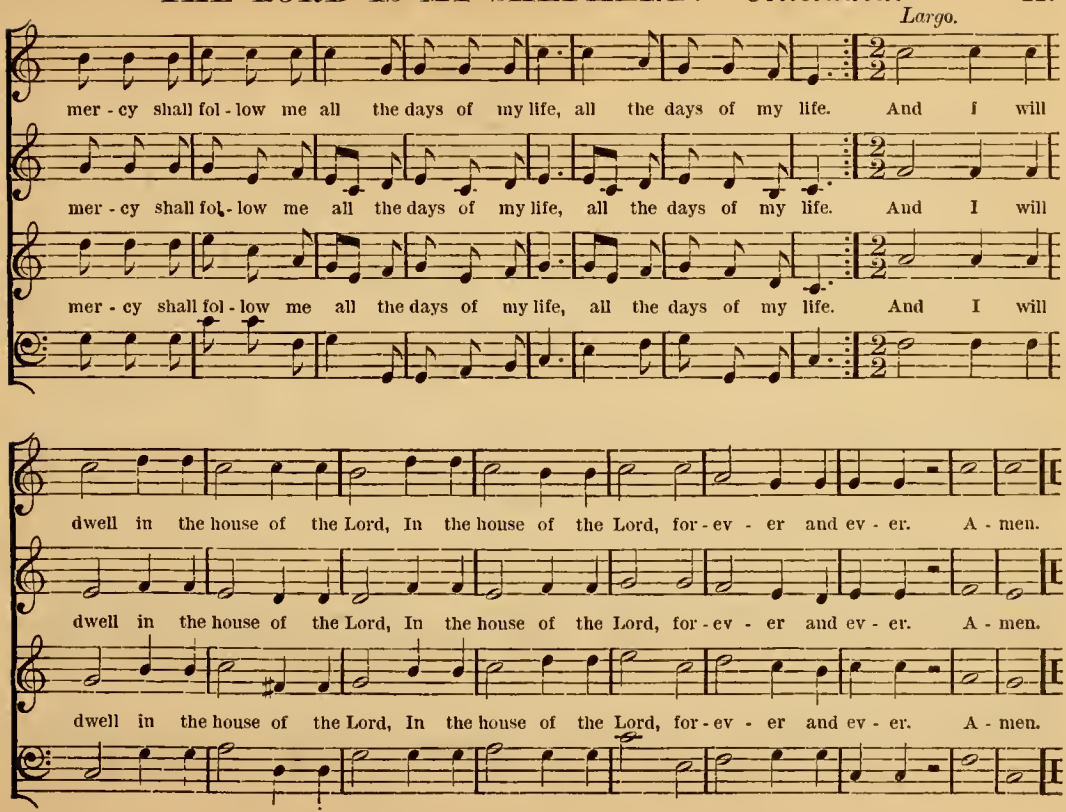
This Psalm has been the guiding star of my life.—S. L. H.




crescendo.
side the still wa-ters; He re - stor-eth my soul, He re - stor-eth my soul, He re - stor - eth my
side the still wa-ters; He re - stor-eth my soul, He re - stor-eth my soul, He re - stor - eth my
side the still wa-ters; He re - stor-eth my soul, He re - stor-eth my soul, He re - stor - eth my
p
f
soul; He lead-eth me in the paths of right-eous-ness, for his name's sake.
Larghetto.
soul; He lead-eth me in the paths of right-eous-ness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the
soul; He lead-eth me in the paths of right-eous-ness, for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the


f
For thou art with me; thy
val - ley of the shad-ow of death, I will fear, will fear no e - vil, For thou art with me; thy
f
val - ley of the shad-ow of death, I will fear, will fear no e - vil, For thou art with me; thy
Dim. e rit.
Allegro.
rod and thy staff, they com - fort me. Thou pre-par-est a ta - ble be-fore me, In the pres-ence of mine
rod and thy staff, they com - fort me. Thou pre-par-est a ta - ble be-fore me, In the pres-ence of mine
rod and thy staff, they com - fort me. Thou pre-par-est a ta - ble be-fore me, In the pres-ence of mine

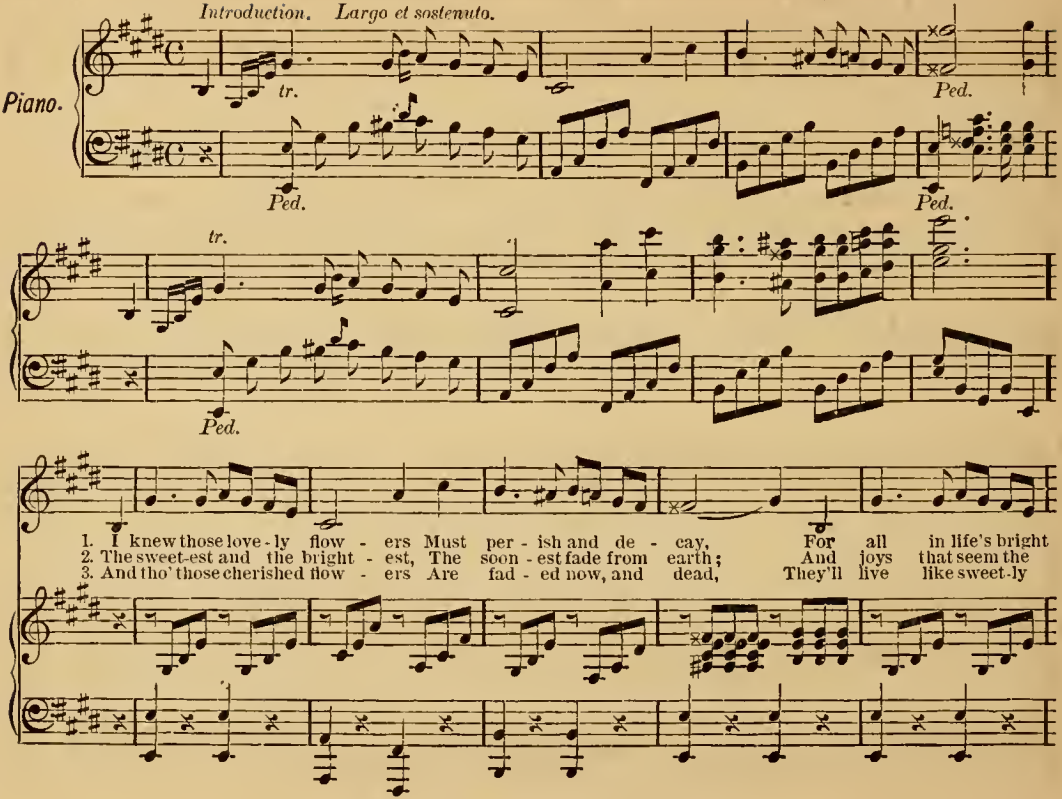

Grazioso.
en - e - mies, In the pres-ence of mine en - e - mies; Thou an - oint-est my head with oil, Thou an - oint-est my
en - e - mies, In the pres-ence of mine en - e - mies; Thou an - oint-est my head with oil, Thou an-oint-est my
en - e - mies, In the pres-ence of mine en - e - mies; Thou an - oint-est my head with oil, Thou an-oint-est my
Faster.
Ritard.
Allegretto.
head with oil; My cup run-neth ov - er, My cup run-neth ov - er. Sure-ly goodness and
head with oil; My cup run-neth ov - er, My cup run-neth ov - er. Sure-ly goodness and
head with oil; My cup run-neth ov - er, My cup run-neth ov - er. Sure-ly goodness and


Largo.
mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my life, all the days of my life. And I will
mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my life, all the days of my life. And I will
mer - cy shall fol - low me all the days of my life, all the days of my life. And I will
dwell in the house of the Lord, In the house of the Lord, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men.
dwell in the house of the Lord, In the house of the Lord, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men.
dwell in the house of the Lord, In the house of the Lord, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men.

Words by
Miss C. ALLEN.

WITHERED FLOWERS.*

Chorus and Music by
Miss JULIA BELL HARKEY.



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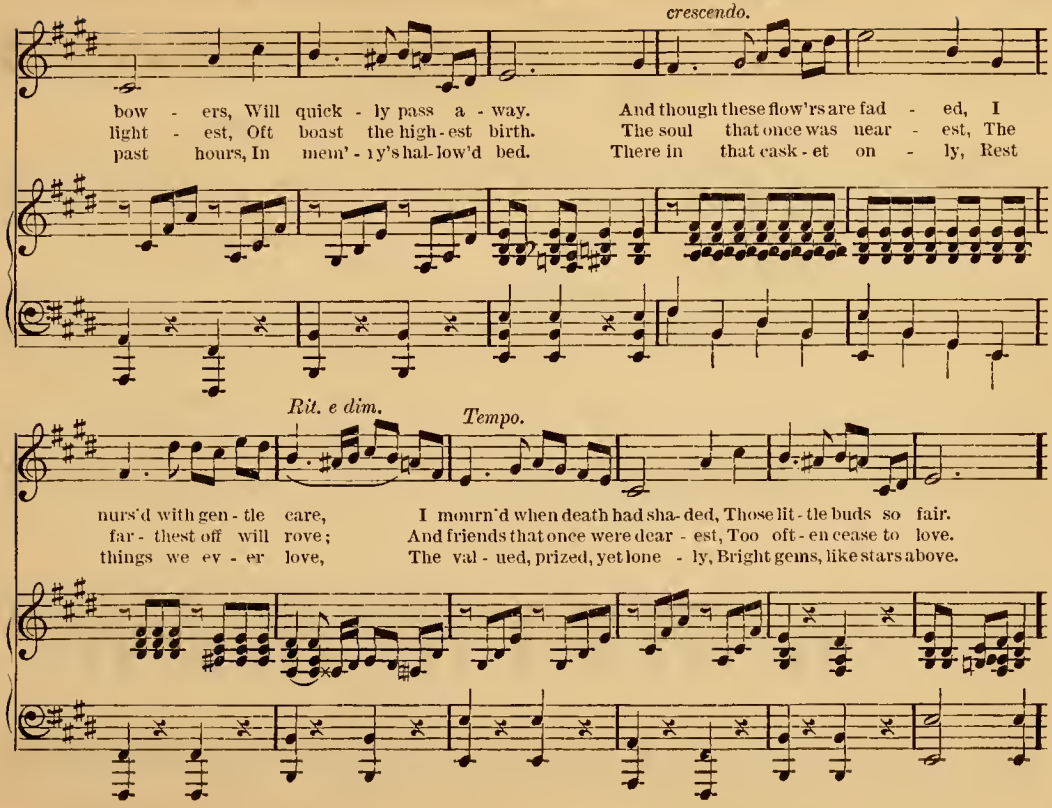
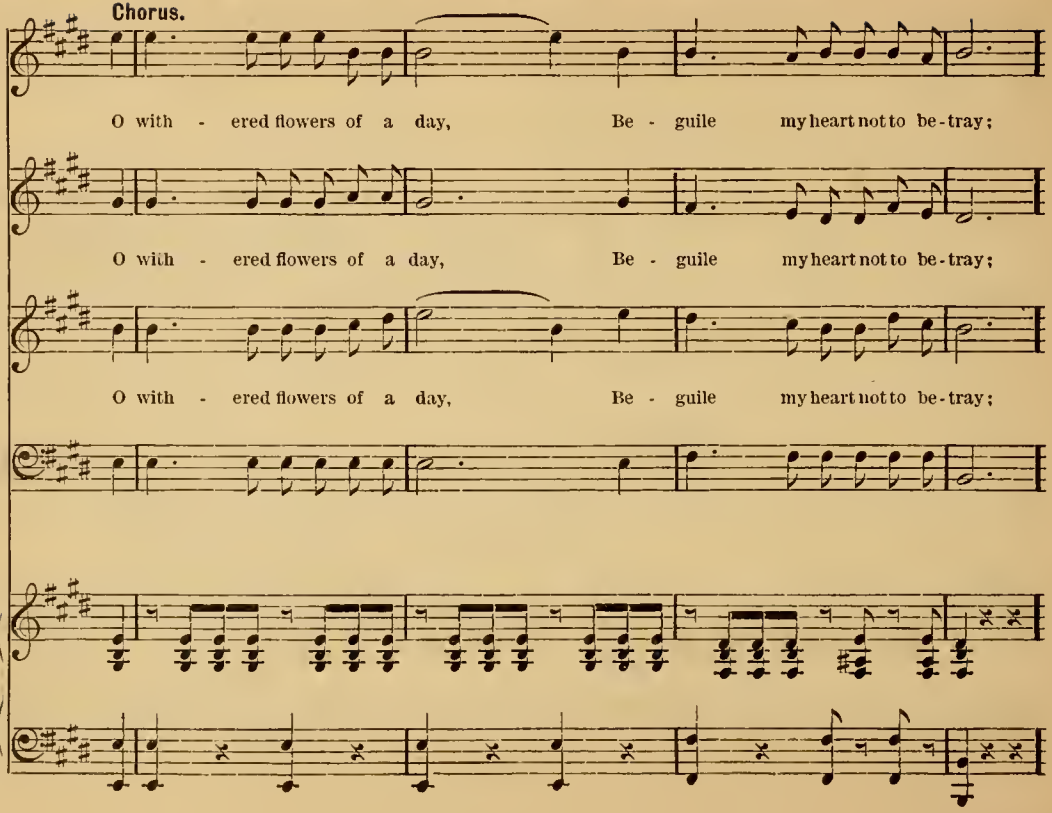
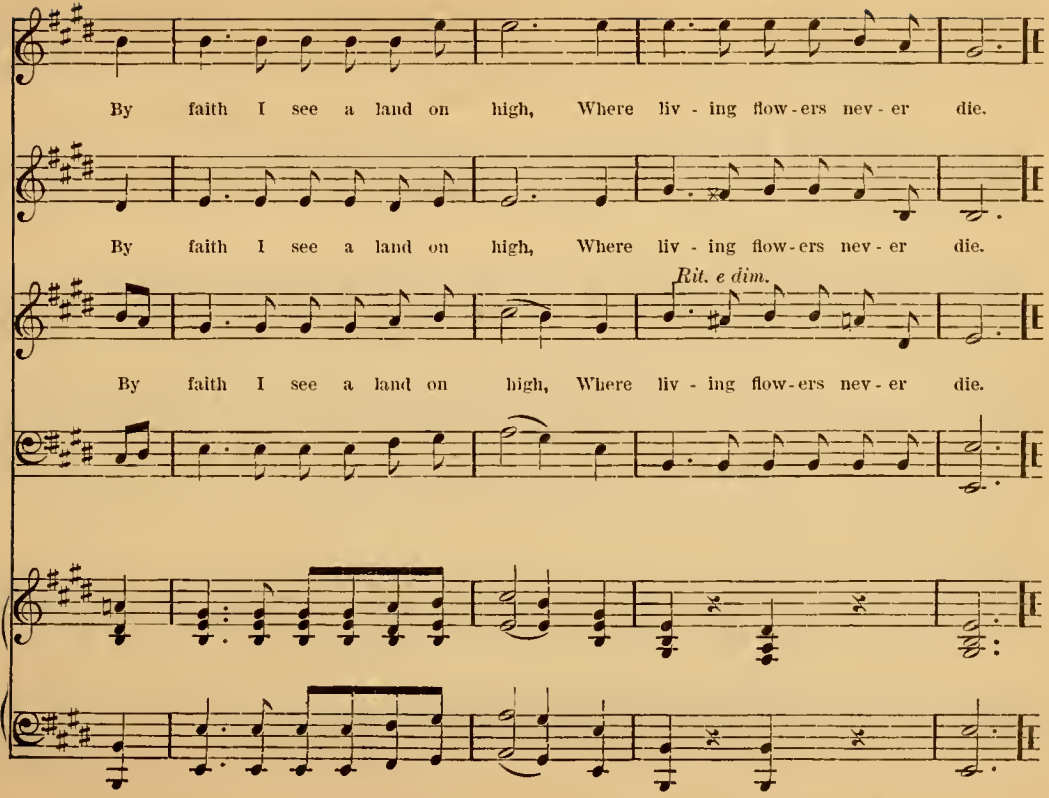
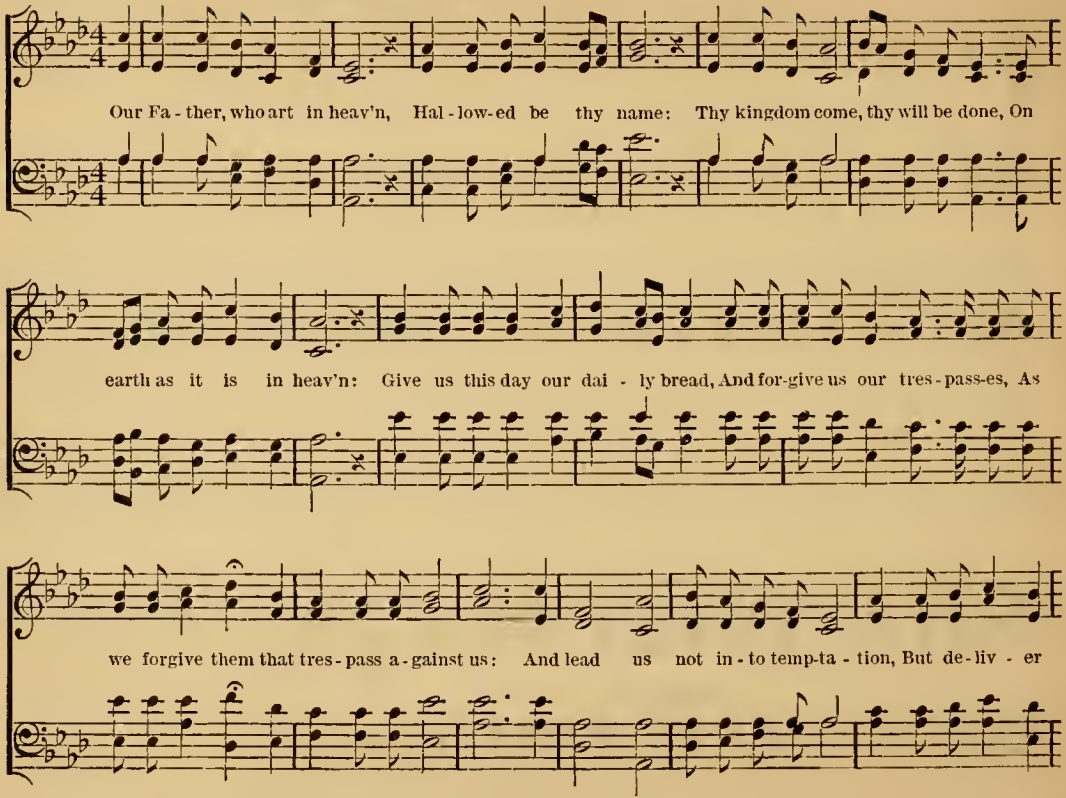
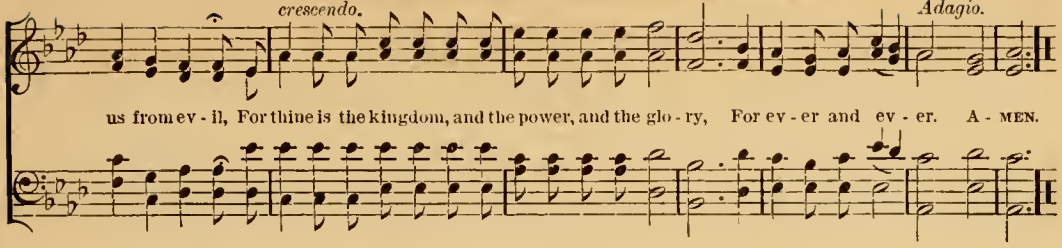

crescendo.
bow - ers, Will quick - ly pass a - way.
light - est, Oft boast the high - est birth.
past hours, In mem' - ry's hal - low'd bed.
And though these flow'rs are fad - ed, I
The soul that once was near - est, The
There in that cask - et on - ly, Rest
Rit. e dim.
Tempo.
nurs'd with gen - tle care,
far - thest off will rove;
things we ev - er love,
I mourn'd when death had sha - ded, Those lit - tle buds so fair.
And friends that once were dear - est, Too oft - en cease to love.
The val - ued, prized, yet lone - ly, Bright gems, like stars above.


Chorus.
O with - ered flowers of a day, Be - guile my heart not to be-tray;
O with - ered flowers of a day, Be - guile my heart not to be-tray;
O with - ered flowers of a day, Be - guile my heart not to be-tray;

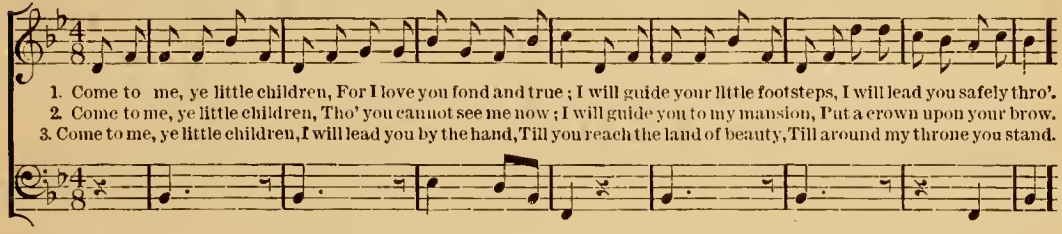

By faith I see a land on high, Where liv - ing flow - ers nev - er die.
By faith I see a land on high, Where liv - ing flow - ers nev - er die.
Rit. e dim.
By faith I see a land on high, Where liv - ing flow - ers nev - er die.

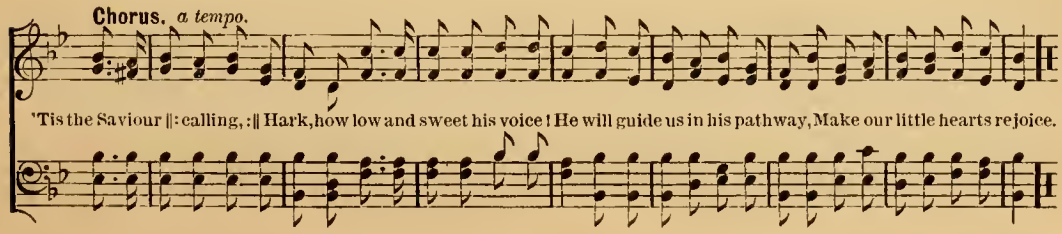

Our Fa - ther, who art in heav'n, Hal - low-ed be thy name: Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, On
earth as it is in heav'n: Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And for-give us our tres - pass-es, As
we forgive them that tres - pass a - gainst us: And lead us not in - to temp-ta - tion, But de - liv - er

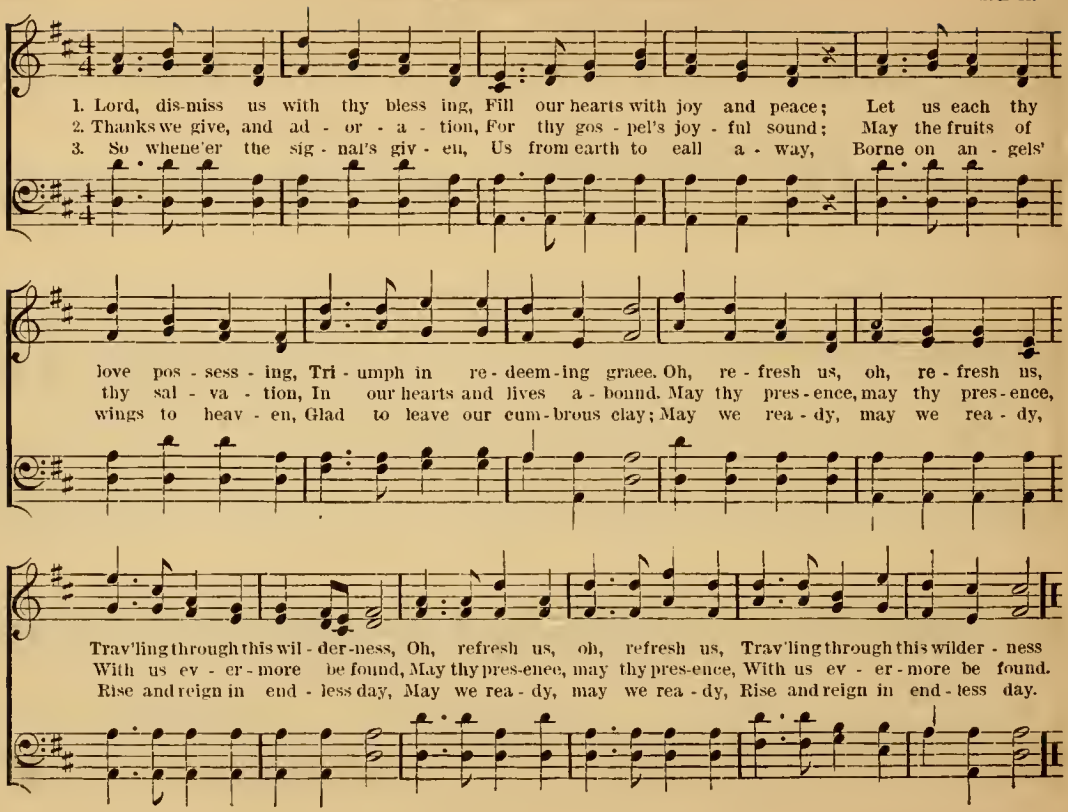


COME TO ME, YE LITTLE CHILDREN.

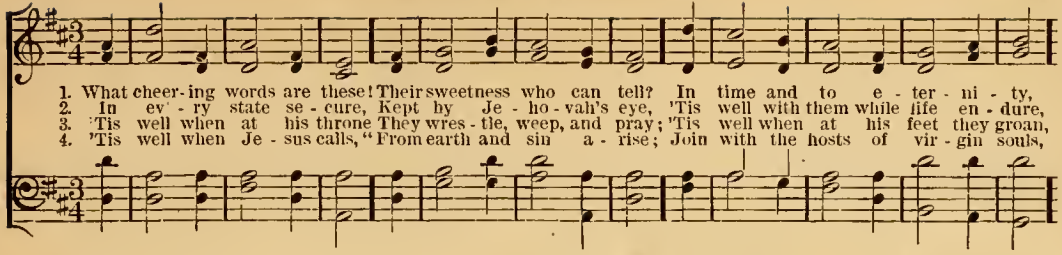
Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





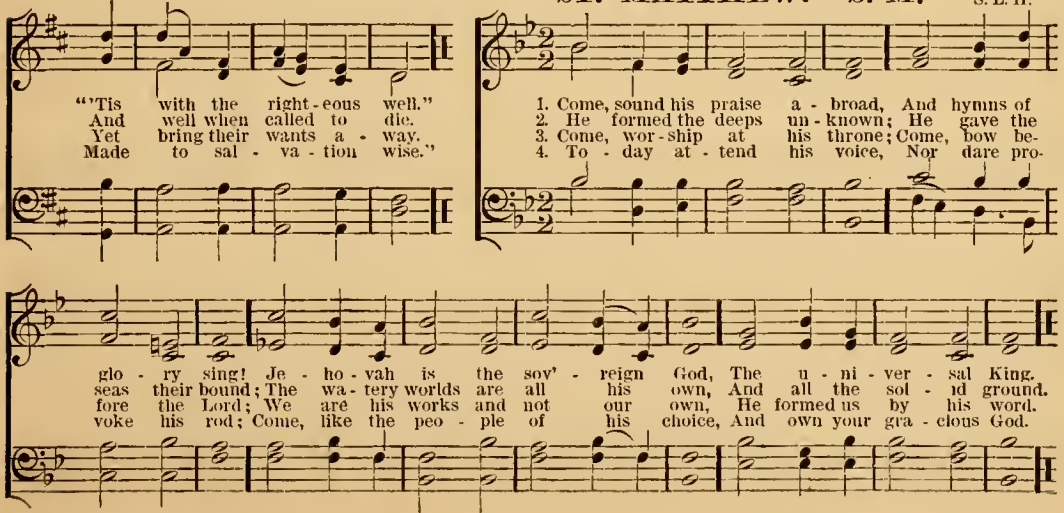

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each thy
2. Thanks we give, and ad - or - a - tion, For thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound; May the fruits of
3. So whene'er the sig - nal's giv - en, Us from earth to eall a - way, Borne on an - gels'
love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing graee. Oh, re - fresh us, oh, re - fresh us,
thy sal - va - tion, In our hearts and lives a - bound. May thy pres - ence, may thy pres - ence,
wings to heav - en, Glad to leave our cum - brous clay; May we rea - dy, may we rea - dy,
Trav'ling through this wil - der - ness, Oh, refresh us, oh, refresh us, Trav'ling through this wilder - ness
With us ev - er - more be found, May thy pres-ence, may thy pres-ence, With us ev - er - more be found.
Rise and reign in end - less day, May we rea - dy, may we rea - dy, Rise and reign in end - less day.

ST. ANDREW. S. M.



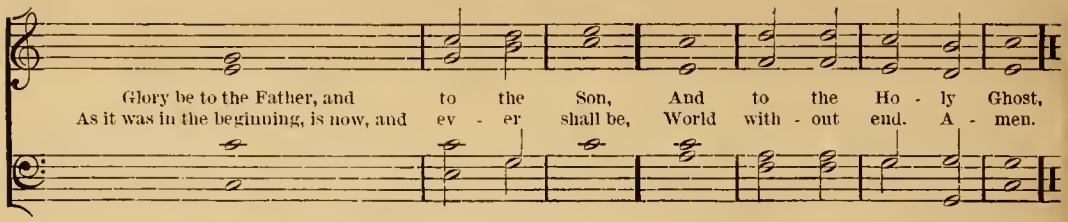
ST. MATTHEW. S. M.

S. L. H.



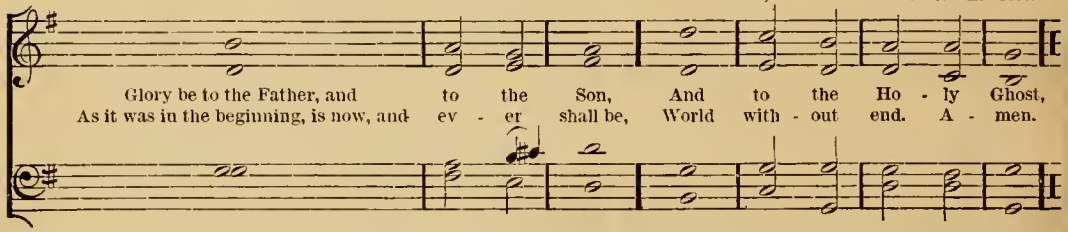
GLORIA PATRI.

Miss CLARA E. HARKEY.



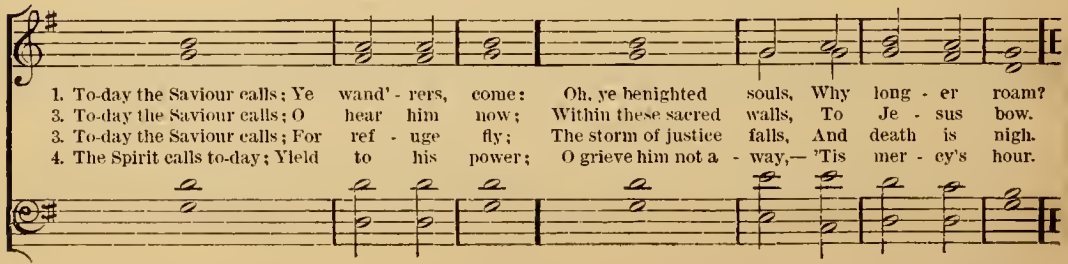
GLORIA PATRI. (Second tune.)

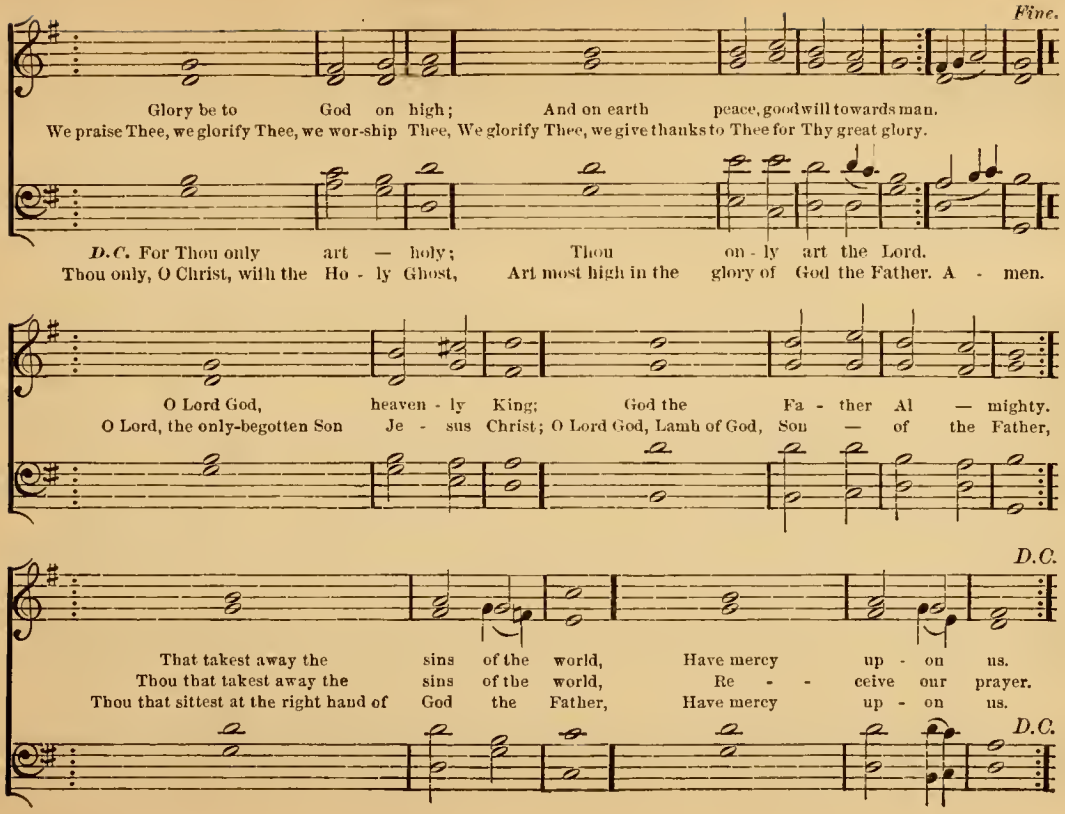
PURCELL. 1680.



TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

GREGORIAN.



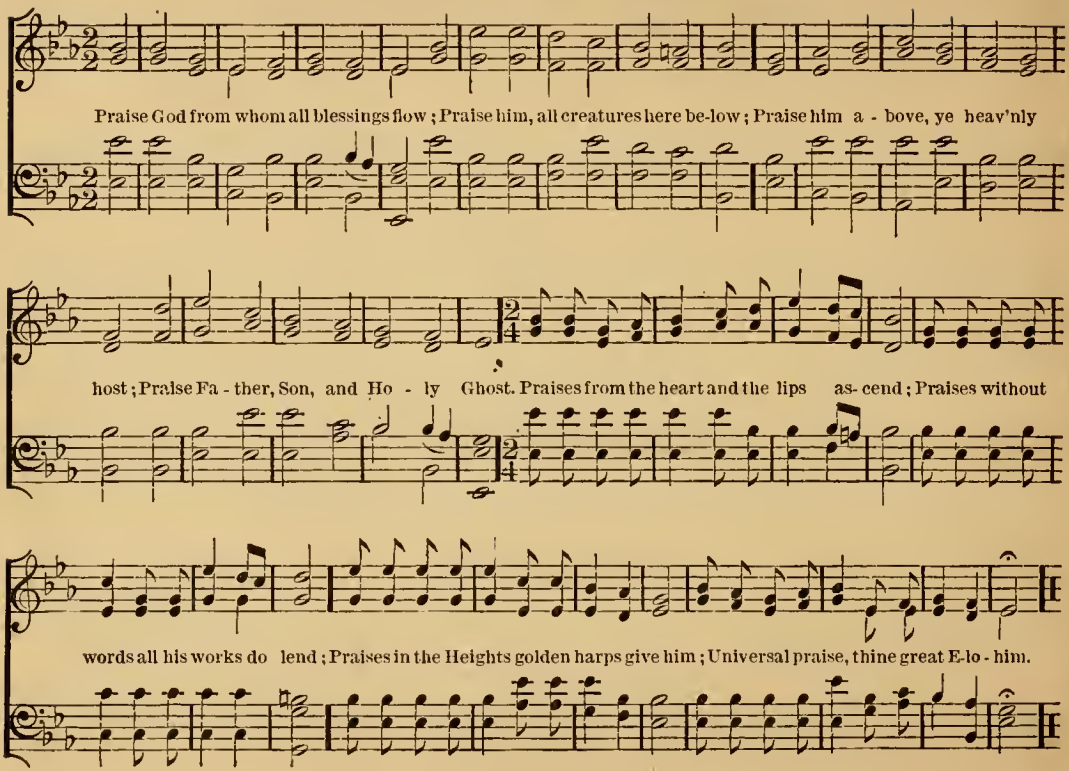

Fine.
Glory be to God on high; And on earth peace, goodwill towards man.
We praise Thee, we glorify Thee, we wor-ship Thee, We glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.
D.C. For Thou only art — holy; Thou on - ly art the Lord.
Thou only, O Christ, with the Ho - ly Ghost, Art most high in the glory of God the Father. A - men.
O Lord God, heaven - ly King; God the Fa - ther Al — mighty.
O Lord, the only-begotten Son Je - sus Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son — of the Father,
D.C.
That takest away the sins of the world, Have mercy up - on us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world, Re - - ceive our prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, Have mercy up - on us.
D.C.

Additional words by S. L. H.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

S. L. H.

"Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations. Praise Him, all ye people."—Ps. cxvii. 1.



Abide with me ... 118
Abide with us ... 114
A hundred years ago ... 84
Angels will come to me when I die ... 121
Appleton ... 129
Away to Sabbath-school ... 65

Beautiful Saviour ... 23
Beside a manger lowly ... 8
Bethlehem ... 134
Bleeding Saviour ... 12

Centennial song ... 31
Child's prayer ... 45
Christmas day in the morning ... 69
Christ's sermon on the Mount ... 60
Come, Holy Spirit ... 105
Come to Jesus ... 20
Come to me, ye little children ... 153
Contentment ... 96

Dismission Hymn ... 154
Doxology ... 158

Easter Hymn ... 130
Eden of love ... 85
Evening ... 29
Expostulation ... 68

Fair land of Beulah ... 7
Far away from scenes of night ... 111
Father, teach us how to pray ... 138
Free Grace ... 135

Gentle Shepherd, thou hast stilled ... 117
Gertrude ... 13
Gloria in Excelsis ... 157
Gloria Patri ... 156
God is my all ... 53
Go in thy deepest grief ... 83

Hallelujah ... 88
Happy day ... 10
Happy land ... 37
Herald Angels ... 137
Hold me, Saviour, by the hand ... 15
Home of my soul ... 100
Homeward bound ... 73

I am Jesus' little lamb ... 17
In God's temple ... 49

Jesus' lamb ... 30
Jesus, Master, I will follow thee ... 45
Jesus, our Teacher and Guide ... 66
Jesus, tender Shepherd ... 21
Jesus wept ... 59
Jubilee ... 133
Just as I am ... 14

Light divine ... 23
Litany ... 39
Little Bessie ... 94
Little Samuel ... 48

Morning ... 29
My dear old church ... 19

No room for Jesus ... 74
No tears in heaven ... 115
Now I lay me down to sleep ... 95

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing ... 32
O land unknown ... 132
Our little Angel ... 44
Over there ... 58

Parting hymn ... 49
Pilgrim seeking guidance of God ... 28
Praises for redeeming love ... 71
Pray for me, father ... 29

Resurrection ... 54
Reunion by the beautiful river of life. ... 75
Rock of Ages ... 33
Roll on, thou mighty Ocean ... 109

Saints' foundation ... 55
Salvation ... 42
Security ... 40
Shall we know each other there ... 62
Silent night ... 140
Sing God's glory ... 51
Some day ... 142
Sound the name sweetly ... 43
Sow in the morn thy seed ... 124
Speak not harshly ... 102
St. Andrew ... 155
Stand to your arms ... 79
Star of the East ... 18
St. Luke ... 101
St. Matthew ... 155
Striving for heaven ... 36
Sweet-gliding Kedron ... 125

The beautiful land ... 70
The Bible a divine treasure ... 77
The Bible hand ... 126
The Bible for all ... 89
The blood of Jesus ... 76
The Book of books ... 81
The dying child's appeal ... 63
The fountain flows ... 80
The fountain of life ... 11
The golden chain of prayer ... 141
The golden city ... 131
The Great Teacher ... 64
The Hill of Zion ... 106
The Lighthouse ... 108
The Lord is my Shepherd ... 143
The Lord's prayer ... 152
The morning bells ... 50
The reaper and the flowers ... 91
'Tis better to give than receive ... 24
To-day, not to-morrow ... 122
To-day the Saviour calls ... 156
Transport ... 38
Triumphant Zion ... 57
Trust God for to-morrow ... 128
Twilight reverie ... 98

Wake, awake! for night is flying ... 119
Walking with God ... 41
Watchman, tell us of the night ... 92
Welcome, welcome, quiet morning ... 35
What are we for ... 103
When I am old ... 97
Withered flowers ... 148
Work in the vineyard ... 22

Abide with me, fast falls.....*Selected.* 118
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed. *Watts.* 12
And let this feeble body.....*C. Wesley.* 38
Angels will come to.....*J. M. Barringer.* 121

Beautiful Saviour...*Dr. J. A. Seiss, Tr.* 23
Beside a manger lowly.....*Unknown.* 8
Beyond these chilling winds.*Unknown.* 132
Blessed are the poor in.....*Matt.* v, 4. 60
Brightest and best of the sons...*Heber.* 18
Bright morn hath.....*Mrs. Sigourney.* 114

Children of the heavenly...*John Cennik.* 45
Christ hath arisen.....*E. A. Washburne.* 130
Christ the Lord is risen.....*C. Wesley.* 88
Christ was teaching.....*Arr. by J. M. B.* 64
Close the door lightly. .....*Unknown.* 44
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly .....*Watts.* 105
Come, sound his praise abroad....*Watts.* 155
Come, thou fount of every.... *Robinson.* 71
Come to me, ye little..*Chas. H. Gabriel.* 153

Daughter of Zion.....*Fitzgerald's Col.* 57
Delay not, delay not, O sinner.*Duncan.* 20

Fair land of Beulah, rest of.....*H. N.* 7
Far away from all.....*J. M. Barringer.* 111
Father, whate'er...*Book of Com. Prayer.* 96
Feeble, helpless, how..*Wm. H. Furness.* 66

Gentle Shepherd, thou.....*Church book.* 117
Give, give, willingly give.....*S. S. book.* 24
Glory be to God on...*Gloria in Excelsis.* 157
Glory be to the Father.....*Gloria Patri.* 156
Glory to thee, my God, this night...*Ken.* 129
Glory to the Father, give.....*Unknown.* 51
Go in thy deepest...*New York Evangelist.* 83
God is my light ..... *Hengstenberg.* 53
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.*Oliver.* 28

Hark, how the .....*Methodist Col.* 79
Hark, the herald angels .....*C. Wesley.* 137
Hark, the morning.....*Union S. S. Book* 50
Hark, the song of jubilee...*Montgomery.* 133
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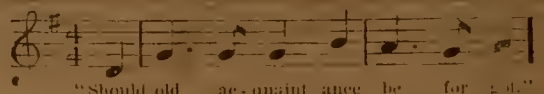

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