

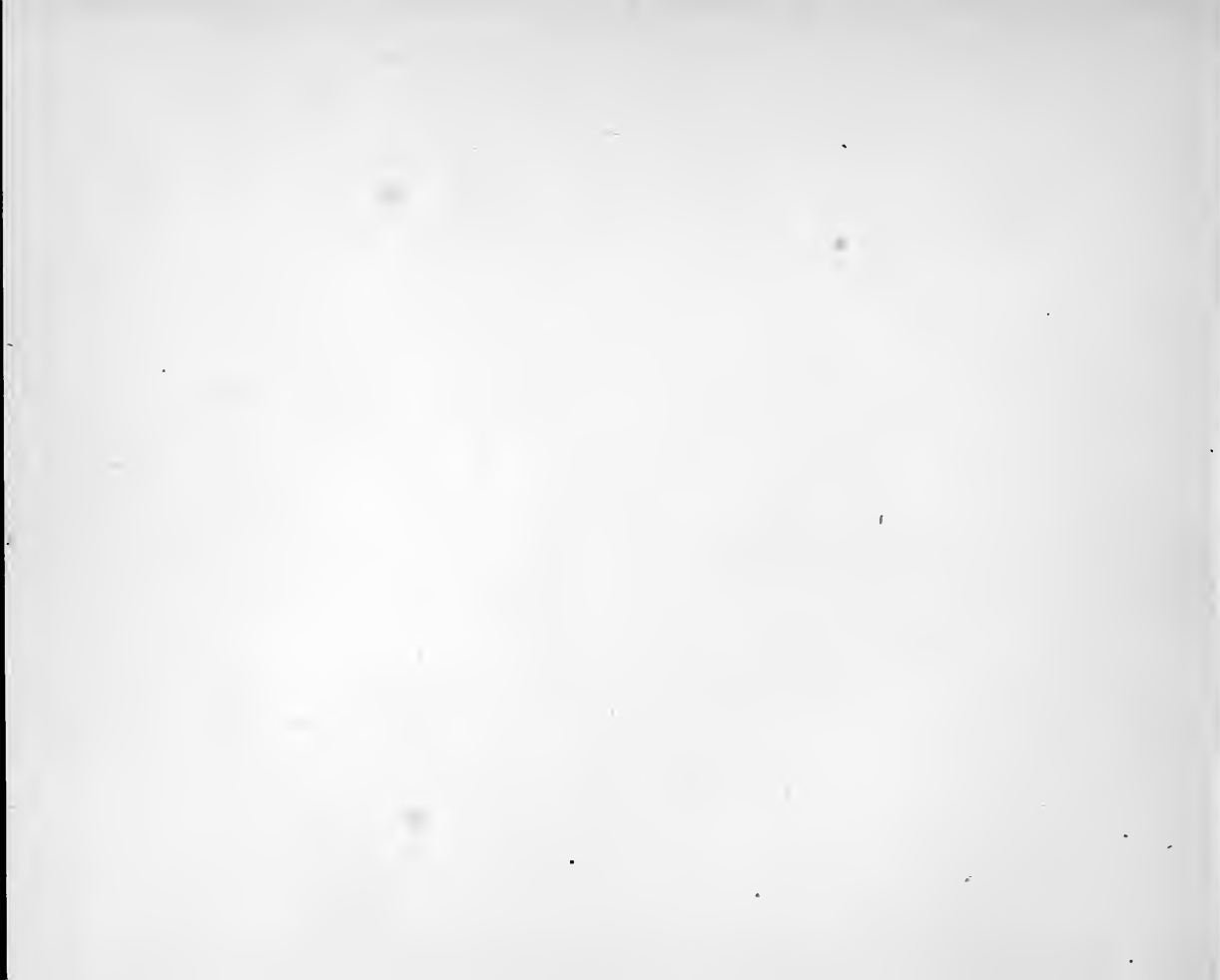


Fillmore's  
**SONGS**  
of  
**GLORY**  
By  
**JAS. H. FILLMORE**

Published by **FILLMORE BROS.**, Cincinnati, O.

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FILLMORE'S

ONGS OF LORY:

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, CHURCHES

AND

THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY

JAMES H. FILLMORE.

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY FILLMORE BROTHERS.

ALSO, R. W. CARROLL & CO.

## PRELUDE.

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LITTLE did we think, six or seven years ago, when we took so much boyish delight in the Sunday school songs, that some day we would publish a book that would give to thousands of children pleasure such as we then enjoyed. But as time rolled on, our experiences served only to increase our love and devotion to the cause of music, which has budded and blossomed in the shape of SONGS OF GLORY for Sunday Schools, etc., which we put forth with confidence that it will be welcomed by Sunday school superintendents, children, and singers generally.

The songs are scriptural, and worthy of a place in the hearts of all good people; besides, we claim this special advantage over the Sunday school singing books of to-day: The notation is such that *all* may learn the songs—*everybody* can sing. Not only so, but those who wish to learn to read music will find this the best illustration of what reading music is that has ever been devised. The principle is the same to singers as that of figured base to the organist.

SONGS OF GLORY owes its excellence in a great measure to friends who have contributed so liberally to its pages. We hope singers will give honor to whom honor is due as they sing either their words or music. We return to them many thanks.

Credit is due *Golden Hours*, a magazine published by Hitchcock & Walden, from which some of MR. PORTER'S songs were taken by permission. Also *The Little Sower*, *Christian Monitor*, and *Christian Standard* for the use of their poems.

That our book may be instrumental in building up the Sunday School, enlivening Social Worship, and leading many to glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life, is our prayer.

THE AUTHOR.

CINCINNATI, *June*, 1874.

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# SONGS OF GLORY.

## SING OF JESUS, SING FOREVER.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for ev - er, Of the love that changes nev - er!  
 2. With his blood the Lord hath bought them, When they knew him not he sought them,  
 3. Thro' the des - ert Je - sus leads them, With the bread of heav'n he feeds them,

Who or what from him can sev - er, Those he makes his own?  
 And from all their wand'rings brought them, His the praise a - - lone.  
 And thro' all their way he speeds them, To their home a - - bove.

## SING HIS GLORY.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

1. Glo - ry, glo-ry ev - er - last - ing, Be to him who bore the cross,  
 2. Je - sus' love is love un - bound - ed, With - out meas - ure without end;  
 3. While we hear the wond'rous sto - ry Of the Sav - ior's cross and shame,

Who redeemed our souls by tast - ing Death—the death deserved by us.  
 Hu-man thought is here con-found - ed; 'Tis too vast to com - pre - hend.  
 Sing we, "Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry Be to God and to the Lamb!"

## CHORUS.

Sing' his glo - ry, sing his glo - ry, Mag - ni - fy the sin - ner's Friend.  
 Sing his glo - ry, sing his glo - ry,



# SING HIS GLORY. Concluded.

5

Sing his glo-ry, sing his glo-ry, sing his glo - ry, Let his praises nev - er end.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first part of the piece. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, homophonic style. Below the treble staff, the lyrics are written in a clear, sans-serif font. A bass clef staff is positioned below the lyrics, providing a simple harmonic accompaniment. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

HARRY LEE.

## "GOD IS LOVE."

J. H. F.

1. "God is love," the snowflakes whisper, As they ling-er in the air, "God is love," the breezes murmur  
 2. Lit-tle stars that shine in heaven, As they twinkle far a-bove; Peeping, smiling at each oth-er,  
 3. "God is love," the lit-tle bird-ies, In the treetops o-ver head, Seem to say with their sweet voices—  
 4. Lit-tle children, too, can praise him, As they car-ol "God is love;" Trusting ver-y soon to see him,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second piece. It is set in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats. The melody is written in a treble clef staff, and the accompaniment is in a bass clef staff. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 4, corresponding to the four lines of text. The music is simple and suitable for children's voices.

### REFRAIN.

As they meet us every-where,  
 Whisper gently, "God is love." God is love, God is love, All things tell us: "God is love."  
 Praising him, by whom they're fed.  
 In the land of life a-bove.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the refrain of the second piece. It begins with a treble clef staff and a key signature of two flats. The melody is simple and repetitive. Below the treble staff, the lyrics are written in a clear font. A bass clef staff provides a simple accompaniment. The refrain is marked with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## SONGS OF GLORY.

J. H. F.

Lively.

1. Hap - py an - gels, still you dwell In yon world of glo - - ry,  
 2. An - gels, sing a - gain with men, Swell the strain of glo - - ry;  
 3. Christ, our Lord, the theme, the song, Then no more the stran - - ger,

And in joyous anthems swell Love's redeeming sto - ry; Shin - ing multi - tudes ye came,  
 Shout, with us, the wond'rous plan, Love's redeeming sto - ry; Soon our stay on earth shall fail;  
 Welcomed by the shining throng, In lone Bethlehem's man - ger; Robed in peerless ma - jes - ty,

Our Re - deem - er to proclaim, Still your song is just the same: Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.  
 Soon we'll drop the mortal veil, Then in strains like yours we'll hail Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry.  
 Soon our eyes shall al - so see, Then we'll cry " 'Tis he! 't is he! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry."

**Spirited.**

1. Sing of the One who is bless-ed for ev - er; Arm of the fee - ble and help of the strong;  
 2. Sing in the morning, the bless-ed Re-deem-er Waits for the tribute our voices shall bring;  
 3. Sing in the noontide, when bright and un-cloud-ed, Hope shineth fair in a beau - ti - ful sky;  
 4. Sing of the One who is strong to de - liv - er; Sing of the One who is mighty to save;

Love looketh up to the wonder - ful giv - er, Pour out your praises, then, in riv - ers of song.  
 Tar - ry no more in the land of the dreamer, Learn the new song the blessed ev - er shall sing.  
 Sing by the shadows of evening enshrouded, Je - sus, our righteousness, still shineth on high.  
 Sing, let your praises flow on like a riv - er, O - ver the si - lent - ness of death and the grave.

D. S. Sing till the earth shall re - ech - o the sto - ry, Pour out your praises, then, in riv - ers of song.

**CHORUS.****D. S.**

Sing, for the heavens are full of his glo - ry; Praises are swelling in riv - ers of song.

## GLADLY SING.

D. S. 1. Gladly sing, gladly sing, Happy hearts hither bring, Come with smiles and with songs to-day;  
 2. O, the day is so bright, All is beau-ty and light; We must all, we must all be gay,  
 3. Un-to Him, high in heaven, Blessings bright who hath given, We would car-ol our sweetest songs;

Fine.

Turn a-way from all care, In our pleas-ure to share, Swiftly pass-ing the hours a-way.  
 While with joy and with song Fly the sweet hours a-long On their shining, their hap-py way.  
 He who guards us from harm With his strong loving arm, Un-to us life and health pro-long.

## CHORUS.

Gladly sing, gladly sing, gladly sing, gladly sing; Happy hearts, happy hearts, Hither bring, hither bring.

# GLADLY SING. Concluded.

D. S. 9

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes with various rests and accidentals. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Voices ring, voices ring, voices ring, voices ring, In a song of love and praise.

Gladly  
D. S.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of eighth and quarter notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

song of love and praise,

## "LET THEM COME TO ME."

W. T. PORTER.

Musical notation for the first system of 'LET THEM COME TO ME.', featuring a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

1. Hear the gentle Shepherd Calling lambs like me, In his sweetest accents, "Let them come to me"  
 2. He will bid us en-ter—When our tired feet Reach the Golden City, He'll be there to greet.  
 3. Thanks, dear, blessed Savior For thy words of love, Bidding children enter Thy bright courts above.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The accompaniment consists of eighth and quarter notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

### CHORUS.

Musical notation for the chorus, featuring a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Yes, we come, dear Savior, We, a little band, Marching on to- geth- er To that heavenly land.

## LORD'S DAY MORNING.

From J. H. ROSECRANS'  
"Little Sower," by per.

1. Fair and bright the morning Of the christian's ho - ly day; Clear and sweet bells tolling,  
 2. Past is all the toiling Of the long and wear-y week; In thy sa - cred stillness,  
 3. In his house most ho - ly, Sweet the sacred teach-ings given, Leading us, re - joicing,

## CHORUS.

Call us on our pleas - ant way.  
 Blessings of our Lord we seek. Beau - ti - ful Lord's day morn - ing,  
 To e - tern - al rest in heav'n.

Full of the lessons of life; Robed in thy bright a - dorn - ing - Stilled is earthly strife.

# COME TO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

11

1. The Sun - day school, the Sun - day school; It is a pleas - ant place, Where in God's ho - ly  
 2. We learn the words from Je - sus' tongue, His care for blind and dumb, And how the Sav - ior  
 3. Tho' i - de, thought - less children spurn Its counsels and its care, Yet still our wil - ling

**CHORUS.**

book we learn The love of Christ to trace. O, come, come, come, come,  
 loved the young, And bade the children come.  
 feet shall turn To seek in - struc - tion there.

We will Come to the Sunday school; It is a place to us most dear, Our hap - py Sunday school.

## MY BIBLE TELLS ME SO.

1. Christ loved lit - tle children, While on earth be - low, And I of - ten wonder  
 2. Men, to be con - vert - ed, Je - sus says must be As the lit - tle children  
 3. Children praised the Sav - ior, When on earth he stood; They shall sing his praises  
 4. If the lit - tle children Strive to do his will, Christ the Lord, will ev - er

If he loves them now. Yes, he loves them well, I know, For my Bi - ble tells me so.  
 In hu - mil - i - ty. And he loves them still, I know, For my Bi - ble tells me so.  
 'Round the throne of God. He will own them there, I know, For my Bi - ble tells me so.  
 Love and bless them still. Love them ev - er, this I know, For my Bi - ble tells me so.

## LITTLE CHILD'S SONG.

1. O, Je - sus, let a lit - tle child Thy in - vi - ta - tion plead, Although my soul is  
 2. I of - ten try to pray to thee; But words and wish - es fail, And Sa - tan whispers



# LITTLE CHILD'S SONG. Concluded.

13

full of sin, Thy help is all I need. I can not save myself at all,  
 in my ear: "Christ cares not for my tale." Then help me when I come to thee;

My heart is so de-filed; But suf-fer me to come to thee, I am a lit-tle child.  
 Show me thy mer-cy mild, And suf-fer me to come to thee, I am a lit-tle child.

**Fine.**

**CHORUS.** **D. S.**

Suffer, suffer, suffer, suffer Suffer me to come.

3. Teach me to be a patient child,  
 To do thy utmost will;  
 Teach me to feel thro' all my grief  
 My Savior loves me still.  
 Thro' every childish grief and woe,  
 Thro' tempests dark and wild,  
 Lord, suffer me to come to thee,  
 I am a little child.  
 Suffer, suffer, etc.

## BLESSED JESUS.

J. H. F.

1st time. 2d time.

1. Who was in the manger laid? Je-sus, blessed Je - sus,  
Who, for mon - ey, was betrayed? Je - sus, blessed Je - sus.

Who, up Cal-var - y was led? }  
Who, for us, his life-blood shed? } Je-sus Christ, cre - a - tion's head, Je-sus, blessed Je - sus.

2. Who can rob the grave of gloom?  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.  
Who can raise us from the tomb?  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.  
When before the Judge we wait,  
Who will open heaven's gate?  
Jesus Christ, our Advocate,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

3. Who will give us sweetest rest?  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.  
Who, in heaven, shall we love best?  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.  
At his feet our crowns we'll fling,  
While with rapturous songs we sing,  
Jesus Christ, our Savior, King,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

1. A guardian an-gel, ev-ery day, To each of us is giv-en. And ev-ery thing we  
 2. When we do wrong they write with tears, When good, their hearts are gladder, And every night they  
 3. Sometimes I know my an-gel takes The rec-ord of my sin-ning; But then I al-ways  
 4. So, when at night, our Fa-ther calls, My an-gel may be glad-der, And be the first to

**CHORUS.**

do or say They car-ry up to heaven,  
 climb to heav'n Up o'er a Gold-en Ladder,  
 try to make The next a new be-gin-ning,  
 climb to heav'n Up o'er the Gold-en Ladder.

Beauti-ful an-gels, mount and fly Up to our Father's

house on high, I shall fol-low you by and by, Yes, by and by.

## LIKE JESUS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I love to think of Je - sus, The precious Lamb of God, Who came, for my sal - va - tion,  
 2. I love to walk with Je - sus— To feel that by my side, Un - seen, the great Re - deem - er

Down from his bright a - bode, Who saw my cru - el bondage, And came to set me free—  
 My fee - ble steps doth guide. 'Tis sweet, in ev - ery sorrow, In life's, in death's a - larms,

3. I long to be with Jesus  
 Eternally above,  
 To taste, in all its fullness,  
 The riches of his love;  
 To be forever near him,  
 The source of all my bliss;  
 To grow forever like him;  
 To see him as he is.

# THIS I DID FOR THEE.

W. T. PORTER.

17

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed  
 2. I spent long years for thee In wear-i-ness and woe, That one e-ter-ni-  
 3. And I brought down to thee, Down from my home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and

**CHORUS.** *pp*

be, And quickened from the dead. I gave my life for thee, (for thee,) What  
 ty Of joy thou mightest know.  
 free, My par-don and my love.

*pp*

hast thou given for me? (for me?) I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?

## HOLY AND BEAUTIFUL.

J. H. F.

**Solo** **Duet.**

1. Ho-ly and beau - ti - ful, God's loving will, Ho - ly and beau - ti - ful, God's loving will,  
 2. Ho-ly and beau - ti - ful, the an - gels say; Ho - ly and beau - ti - ful, the an - gels say,  
 3. Ho-ly and beau - ti - ful, singing and prayer, Ho - ly and beau - ti - ful, singing and prayer,

Ho-ly and beau - ti - ful, God's loving will,      Hap - py and du - ti - ful, we will ful - fill;  
 Ho-ly and beau - ti - ful, the an - gels say;      Hap - py and du - ti - ful, we will o - bey;  
 Ho-ly and beau - ti - ful, singing and prayer,      Hap - py and du - ti - ful, we will all share;

**Semi-Chorus.**

Heaven kind o - ver us—heaven is love—      Mer - cy will cov - er us—grace from a - bove.

# HOLY AND BEAUTIFUL. Concluded.

## Full Chorus.

Ho-ly and beau-ti-ful, God's loving will,      Hap-py and du-ti-ful, we will ful-fill.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## LORD AND SAVIOR, HEAR US.

1. When to thee who hast thy dwelling, In the heaven of light ex-celling, We our youthful griefs are  
 2. When at birth of ro-sy morning, Our glad songs shall greet the dawning, When the sun the noon's

The musical score is in 3/4 time and one sharp (F#). It features a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with a bass line. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.

telling, Lord and Savior, hear us.  
 adorning, Lord and Savior, hear us.

This section continues the melody from the previous block. It is written in the same key and time signature, with a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. It concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

3. Or when day's bright hours are ending,  
 When the shades of night descending,  
 We are at thy footstool bending,  
 Lord and Savior, hear us.
4. For a life thy praise expressing,  
 For a death thy name confessing,  
 For a heaven of endless blessing,  
 Lord and Savior, hear us.

## Duet.

1. Is Je - sus a Shepherd, As oft we are told? Then children that love him Are lambs of his fold. }  
 From wolves he will guard them, And never will cease To lead to green pastures By waters of peace. }
2. Is Je - sus a Teacher? Then by the same rule, The children that love him Belong to his school }  
 The lessons he teaches So sweetly are told, That every child thinks them More precious than gold. }
3. Is Je - sus a Captain? His sol-diers we are, His ban-ner above us Bears Bethlehem's star. }  
 The foes that we fight are The world, flesh and sin; We trust through our Leader The battle to win. }
4. Is Je - sus a Savior? Then sinners are we; But he from sin's bondage Our souls will set free; }  
 And when in the judgment Before him we stand, We trust to be found at This Savior's right hand. }

## CHORUS.

Je - sus, our Shepherd, Shield from the foe; Help us, our Teacher, Thy truth to know.

Rit. Rit.

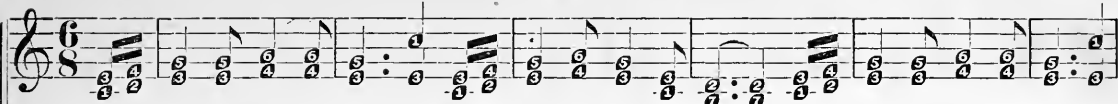
Je - sus, our Savior, Cleanse us from sin, Lead us, our Captain, Bat-tles to win.



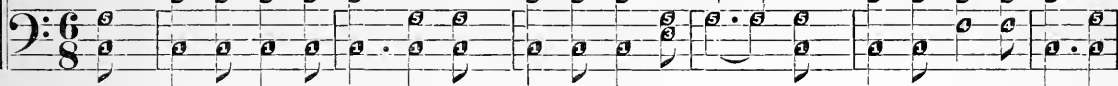
# BECAUSE HE LOVES ME SO.

JAS. H. FILLMORE.

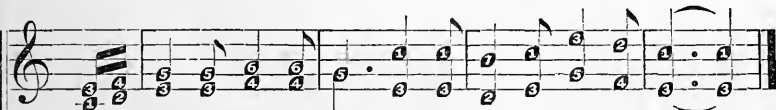
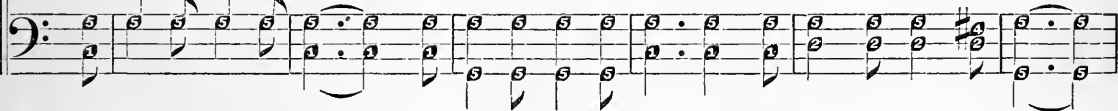
21



1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voices tell, How once the King of Glo - ry  
2. I'm glad my blessed Sav - ior Was once a child like me, To show how pure and ho - ly



Came down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know:  
His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His foot - steps here be - low,



The Lord came down to save me, Because he loved me so.  
He nev - er will for - get me, Because he loves me so.



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

## THE GOOD SHIP "FAITH."

1. There's a ship up-on the sea, And it waits for you and me! Sailing on the restless tide,  
 2. Write your name in letters bold, Our good ship's as true as gold! Every danger she'll outride;  
 3. If tempt-a-tion you would shun, If from er-ror you would run, Ever safe from worldlings' strife,

It bears a no-ble crew Of brave good men and true, To guide her o'er the wa-ters wide.  
 She has carried Christians o'er, She will carry millions more Beyond the rolling, storm-y tide.  
 If from sin and sorrow free Your spirit longs to be, Take passage for the voyage of life.

Give a shout for the sea! For the shore a song! The breeze is full and free  
 give a shout for the sea! for the shore a song!

# THE GOOD SHIP "FAITH." Concluded.

23

Musical score for 'The Good Ship Faith' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: 'That wafts our bark a - long, The breeze is full and free, That wafts our bark a - long.' The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

J. PERRY ELLIOTT.

## IS IT RIGHT?

J. H. F.

Musical score for 'Is It Right?' in D minor, 2/4 time. The score includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. If you find yourself in-sult-ed, And you feel inclined to fight, Wait un - til this lit - tle / 2. If you find you're feeling peevish, And like do-ing things for spite, Listen to the voice of / 3. If your parents have for-bid-den You to be out late at night, And you feel like dis - o - / 4. When in an - y sort of mischief You be-gin to take delight, Well may you reflect, and'. Below the lyrics, there are two lines of text: 'question is de - cided: Is it right? Is it right? Is it? Is it right? is it right?' and 'conscience As it whispers, Is it right? etc. / beying, Stop and ponder: Is it right? etc. / ask yourself the question: Is it right? etc.' The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic and rhythmic foundation for the vocal line.

## THOUGH A CHILD, I COME.

1. Though a child, O blessed Sav-ior, Un-to thee would I come, Ask-ing for thy  
 2. I'll o-bey thee, blessed Sav-ior, Wash my sins all a-way, Ris-ing from bap-tis-  
 3. Though the grave be dark and drear-y, Je-sus lights up its gloom, Earth-worn fet-ters  
 4. When from heav-en he was here, And with us found no rest, Soon as lit-tle

## CHORUS.

lov-ing fa-vor, Safe-ly to bring me home. To bring me home to heav-en,  
 tism-al wa-ter, Learning of thee the way. To bring me home to heav-en,  
 can not bind me Since he has left the tomb, To bring me home to heav-en,  
 ones came near He drew them to his breast, So to our home in heav-en,  
 bring me home to  
 so to our home in

Bring me home at last, To bring me home to heav-en, When earthly life is past,  
 When this life is past, So to our home in heav-en, He'll bring us safe at last,  
 heav-en, bring me home to heav-en, bring me home When  
 heav-en, to our home in heav-en, to our home He'll

# ANYWHERE.

J. H. F. 25

1. An - y lit - tle cor - ner, Lord, In thy vineyard wide, Where thou bid'st me  
 2. Where we pitch our night - ly tent, Sure - ly matters not; If the day for  
 3. All a - long the wil - der - ness, Let us keep our sight On the "moving

work for thee, There I would a - bide; Mir - a - cle of sav - ing grace  
 thee is spent, Bless - ed is the spot; Quick - ly, we the tent may fold;  
 pil - lar" fixed, Constant, day and night; Then the heart will make its home,

That thou givest me a place An - y - where,  
 Cheerful, march through storm and cold Anywhere, An - y - where, An - - y - where.  
 Wil - ling, led by thee, to roam, Anywhere, etc.

## THE SAVIOR EVER NEAR.

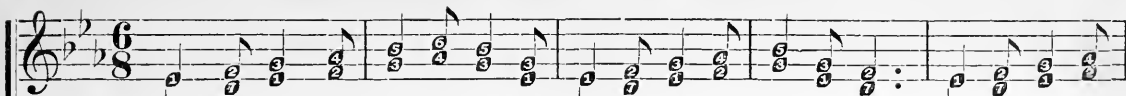
1. Dear Savior, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing thou must be, To leave thy home in  
 2. I can not feel thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me, as my  
 3. And when, dear Savior, I kneel down Morning and night to prayer, Something there is with-

heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me, Thy beau - ti - ful and shining face I  
 moth - er did When I was but a child; But I have felt thee in my thoughts Fight -  
 in my heart Which tells me thou art there; Yes, when I pray thou prayest too, Thy

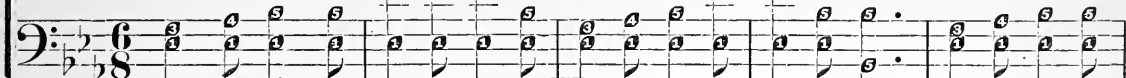
see not tho' so near, The sweetness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.  
 ing with sin for me; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.  
 prayer is then for me, And when I sleep, thou sleeping not, Dost watch me lov - ing - ly.

# SOW THE SEED.

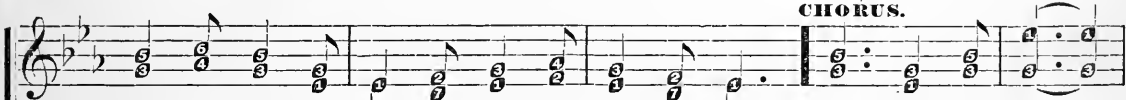
J. H. F. 27



1. He that go-eth forth in spring-time, Sowing oft in tears and pain, Shall, when comes the  
 2. And tho' long the seed lie hid-den, Use-less seems the weary toil, Faint not, for the  
 3. Sow the seed, then, morn and ev-en Nor at noon thy hand withhold; God will give the  
 4. 'Tis like bread up-on the waters, By the hand of mer-cy cast; When the mis-sion



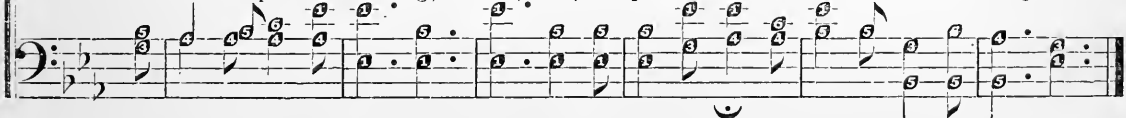
## CHORUS.



har-vest - glean-ing, Gath-er in the golden grain. Sow, then, the seed,  
 root is stik - ing, Deep-er in the fruitful soil.  
 promised in - crease, Thou shalt gain an hundred - fold.  
 all is end - ed, Found and gath - ered in at last.



In faithful patience wait-ing; Sow, then, the pre-cious seed Of Je-sus and his kingdom.



# GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

L. H. DOWLING.

1. O I - dler, go work in the vineyard to-day, The Mas - ter is call - ing for you;  
 2. There's work for the high, and there's work for the low, It mat - ters not where you may be;  
 3. Go work in the vineyard of Je - sus, the Lord, And pray to the Fa - ther for aid.

Go work in my vineyard, and make no de - lay, The lab'ers, the lab'ers are few.  
 Then work in the vineyard, wherev - er you go, The Master is calling for thee.  
 The Mas - ter will give you a pre - cious re - ward, In treasures that never can fade.

D. S. The har - vest is great and the lab'ers are few, Go work in my vineyard to - day.

**CHORUS.** D. S.

Go work in my vineyard to - day, Go work in my vineyard to - day,  
 to-day,



## BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED BROTHER, A. D. FILLMORE.



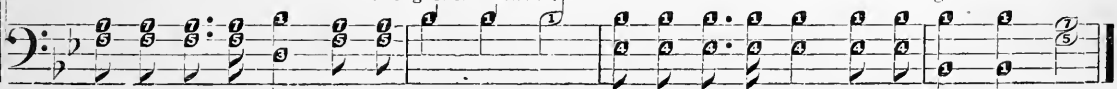
1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve;  
 2. Go and tell the nations now in heathen blindness; Tell them Jesus died—now no excuse he leaves.  
 3. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
 4. Go, then, ev-en weeping, sowing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sustained our spir-it oft-en grieves,



D. S. Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 Bid them come to Jesus; thus prepare the harvest, You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 By and by the harvest, and our labors end-ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.  
 When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.



Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, the golden sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, the gold-en sheaves.



## FOLLOW ME.

1. Long a - go, in old Ju - dea, By the shores of Gal - i - lee, Je - sus spake un - to the fishers:  
 2. Now no more in old Ju - dea, Je - sus walk - eth by the sea; But he calleth, ev - er calleth,

"Leave your nets, and follow me." Lit - tle children hear the sto - ry, Peeling through the a - ges dim;  
 Who will come and follow me? Come to Je - sus - time may tarnish Many a dream of beauty fair;

Who of you will leave your pleasures, Take your cross, and follow him.  
 What he of - fers fadeth never— Life e - ter - nal o - ver there.

Over there, beyond death's bil - lows,  
 Eyes of faith can plainly see  
 The bright mansions where he promised  
 All his followers should be.  
 Children listen to the story,  
 Peeling thro' the ages dim;  
 Jesus loves you! died to save you!  
 Give up all, and follow him.

1. Come and be a Christian, Jesus calls thee now; To his gracious gos-pel, Sinner humbly bow.  
 2. Come and be a Christian, Ere it be too late; Life is passing swift-ly, Moments will not wait.  
 3. Come and be a Christian, Meekly bear the cross, For the love of Je - sus, Count all else but loss.  
 4. Come and be a Christian, Fly from Satan's power; To the claims of Je - sus Yield this very hour;

Hear his wond'rous mer-cy Tell of sins for-giv'n, Vic-t'ry o - ver Sa - tan, And a home in heav'n, O!  
 Je - sus will not al - ways O - pen mercy's door; When he comes in judgment, Then he'll plead no more; O!  
 Nev - er-fad-ing treasures Are re-served for all Who will come to Je - sus And o - bey his call, O!  
 Then with joy and rapture, Singing as we go, We will haste to Glo-ry, Leaving all be - low, O!

## CHORUS.

Come and be a Christian! Quickly make your choice; Jesus now is pleading, Hear his welcome voice!

## TELL ME THE DEAR OLD STORY.

J. H. F.

1. Come sit by me in twilight, When dreary darkness falls, And ghostly gleams of firelight  
 2. My cup is full of sorrow, Yet patiently I drink; The path before me thorny,  
 3. Per-chance the wond'rous legend, That oft, in vanished years, Has soothed my childish sorrows,

Flit o'er my chamber walls; I'm tired of world's weak follies, Its heartless glare and gloss,  
 And yet I must not shrink; My i-dols all have crumbled, My gold has turned to dross,  
 May stay these manhood tears, And lull my soul to quiet, Forgetting pain and loss,

1st time. 2d time.

So tell me the dear old sto - ry, The sto - ry of the cross,  
 So tell me the dear old sto - ry, The . . . sto - ry of the cross.

1. I will ev - er cling to Je - sus, Gracious Teach - er, all di - vine! }  
 May his word of truth be treasured, Rich - ly in this heart of mine; }  
 D. C. May I find the true ex - am - ple, What a Chris - tian ought to be.

In his works of love and mer - cy, In com - pas - sion shown for me,

D. C.

2. I will ever cling to Jesus,  
 He shall be my prop and stay;  
 Though in perils and temptations,  
 He will guide me on my way.  
 Though the storm-cloud gather darkly,  
 Though the lamp of life grow dim,  
 Yet, amid the gloom of dying,  
 I will ever cling to him.

3. I will ever cling to Jesus,  
 Prophet, Priest, and mighty King;  
 By his wond'rous condescension,  
 Be my heart inspired to sing.  
 I will ever cling to Jesus,  
 Hastening on my pilgrim way,  
 Till the dawning of the morning  
 Ushers in eternal day.

1. On the banks of the Riv - er of Life, Far be - yond earthly sorrow and gloom,  
 2. Sparkling wavelets of beauty and light Kiss the banks of the bright sil - ver tide,  
 3. To the calm listening ear of our faith Even now these low murmurs de - scend,

Lie the realms of e - ter - nal de - light, In the val - ley where shadows ne'er come,  
 And their sweet murm'ring echoes re - peat Heavenly music as onward they glide,  
 Telling gent - ly as zephyrs of morn Of the hap - pi - ness nev - er to end.

## CHORUS.

O Beau - ti - ful Riv - er of Life, Ev - er flow - ing at God's right hand!

# BEAUTIFUL RIVER OF LIFE. Concluded.

O Beau-ti-ful Riv-er of Life, Up-on thy fair banks may I stand!

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piece concludes with a final cadence in both staves.

# ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

J. H. F.

1. We all might do good where we often do ill; There is always the way if there be but the will;  
 2. We all might do good in a thousand small ways: In for-bearing to flatter, yet yielding due praise;  
 3. We all might do good, whether low-ly or great, For the deed is not gauged by the purse or estate;

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a final cadence in both staves.

Tho' it be but a word kindly breathed or suppressed, It may guard off some pain, or give peace to some breast.  
 In spurning ill humor, reproving wrong done, And in treating but kindly the heart we have won.  
 If it be but a cup of cold water that's giv'n, Like the widow's two mites, it is something for Heav'n.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a final cadence in both staves.

## THE LAND CELESTIAL.

From J. H. ROSECRANS'  
"Little Sower," by per.

1. There is a land ce-les-tial, A world that's bright and fair, And o'er its ho-ly  
There flows the peaceful riv-er, Beneath the tree of life! There comes no wail of

**CHORUS.**

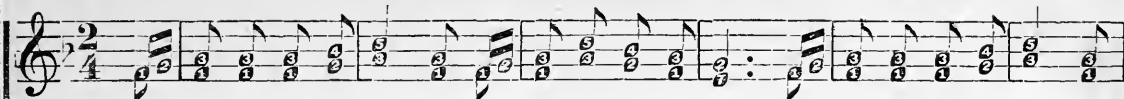
bean-ty mourning, Floats not a cloud of care; } Land of per-fect bean-ty!  
Nor sound of bit-ter strife. }

World so bright and fair! When will an-gels call me! When shall I be there!

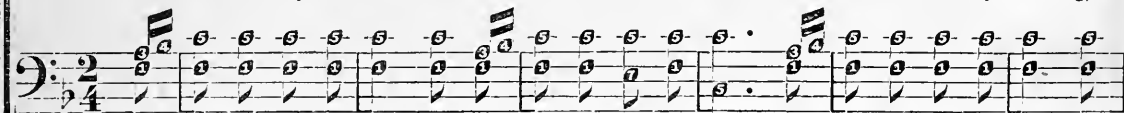
There are the sweet-voiced angels, Around the great white  
Who bow in willing homage To him who rules alone. [throne.  
Death guards the mystic portals, And gently one by one  
He leads in weary mortals Whose earthly work is done.

They stand before the Father, The Lord of life and love;  
He smiles upon his children, He welcomes them above;  
And all in joyous singing, And peace for evermore,  
There in that far off country, Upon that golden shore.





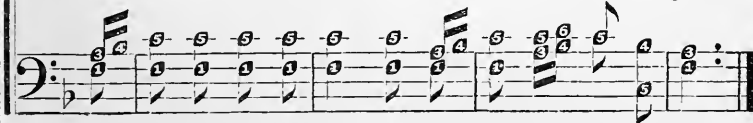
1. I want to be a Christian, And with the Christians stand, To own my blessed Sav-ior,  
 2. Although I know but lit - tle, I know he died for me, And said if I'd o - bey him,  
 3. "Remember thy Cre - a - tor In youth's unclouded day," Is wisdom's timely warning,



And hon - or his command, I own I'm weak and sin - ful, And need his pard'ning love,  
 From sin he'd set me free, His love will line the les - son That yet I need to learn;  
 That bids me now o - bey; 'Tis fol - ly still to lin - ger In the sul - len ranks of sin,



Who died a death so pain-ful His wil-ling-ness to prove,  
 To long-er be de-lay-ing, Is mer-cy's call to spurn,  
 For life can ne'er be bet-ter Till bet-ter life be-gin.



4. Then I will be a Christian,  
 And with the Christians stand,  
 I'll own my blessed Savior,  
 And honor his command,  
 I'll walk by faith in Jesus,  
 And follow where he leads,  
 I'll heed what e're he teaches,  
 And imitate his deeds.

1. In that world of ancient sto - ry, Where no storms can ev - er come,  
 2. There with - in the heavenly mansions, Where life's riv - er flows so clear,  
 3. There with ho - ly an - gels dwelling, Where the ransomed wan - der free,  
 4. There a - mid the shining numbers, All our toils and la - bors o'er,

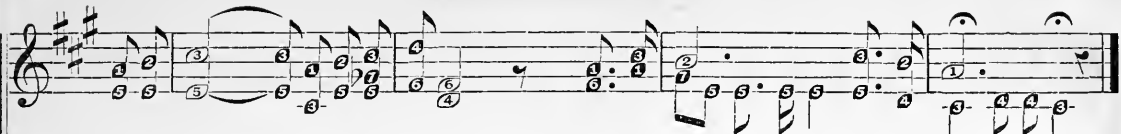
Where the Sav - ior dwells in glo - ry, There re - mains for us a home.  
 We shall see our blessed Sav - ior If we love and serve him here.  
 Je - sus' praises ev - er tell - ing, Sing we through e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Where the Guardian nev - er slumbers, We shall dwell for ev - er - more.

## CHORUS.

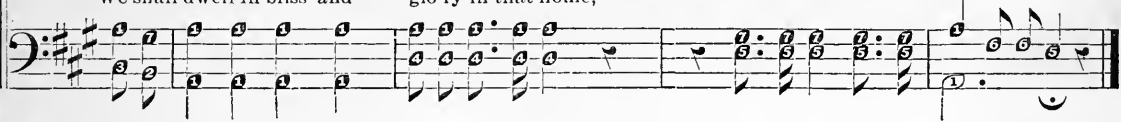
Happy home, happy home, happy home, happy home, In the land where sorrows never - come, happy home,

# HAPPY HOME. Concluded.

39



We shall dwell in bliss and glo-ry, In that home, hap-py home, happy home, happy home.  
 We shall dwell in bliss and glo-ry in that home,



WM. KIBBEY.

# LITTLE SONG.

J. H. F.



1. Little beams of brightness, Little gems of love, Make the blissful Eden Of the realms above.  
 2. And the lit-tle angels, Singing as they roam, Make that land delightful For a heavenly home



3. So may little children,  
 As a little band,  
 Brighten every footstep  
 To the heavenly land.

4. Little prayers devoted,  
 Little songs of praise,  
 To our blessed Father  
 Brighten all our days.

5. Learning of the Savior  
 Is the heavenly way,  
 Leading on to Glory,  
 And eternal day.

## JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that Our Father in Heaven Tells of his love in the Book he has given ;  
Won-der-ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the dearest, that Je - sus loves me, }

**CHORUS.**

I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves ev - en me.

2. Though I forget him and wander away,  
Kindly he follows wherever I stray,  
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,  
When I remember that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, etc.
3. Oh, if there 's only one song I can sing,  
When in his beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, etc.

# JESUS.

J. H. ROSECRANS. 41

Slow.

1. I want to work for Je - sus; I'll try, from day to day, To find some lit - tle  
 2. I want to live with Je - sus, When this short life is o'er; I want to praise him

wand'r'er Far from the fold a - stray, And in a gen - tle whisper I'll  
 ev - er Up - on that gold - en shore. Oh, make me, gen - tle Je - sus, More

tell of Je - sus love, And of that home in heaven That he's prepared a - bove.  
 like thyself to be, More fit to live in heaven, With angels and with thee.

## GLORY HALLELUJAH.

1. We've enlisted in a war, but 'tis not of flesh and blood, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 2. The weapons of our war - fare are sent us from a - bove, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 3. Our foes are fierce and strong, but our strength is in the Lord, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 4. Then we'll answer every or - der, and trust for every grace, Glo - ry glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

We are fighting for a crown in the Kingdom of our God; Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 We can not fail to conquer with Faith and Hope and Love, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 And the vict'ry we shall win, trusting ev - er in his word, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Till our lead - er shall appear, and we see him face to face, Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

## CHORUS.

Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, We're marching to the hap - py land of Ca - naan,

# GLORY HALLELUJAH. Concluded.

43

Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, We're marching to the hap - py land of Ca - naan.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is in 2/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

## SONG OF PRAISE.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

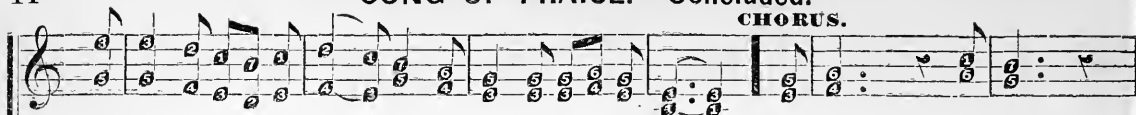
1. O Sav-ior lov-ing, ho - ly! O Lord of ransomed souls; Around whose wond'rous kingdom,  
 2. Sometimes when mortal heart-strings Are crushed by mortal fame, Thy face seems hidden from us,  
 3. O Christ we bow be-fore thee In humble, grateful prayer; How in - fi - nite thy patience!

A sea of Glo-ry rolls; Thou on - ly, art un - fail - ing, For - ev - er still the same,  
 But it will come a - gain In pit - y, love, compassion, Most in - fi - nite, di - vine!  
 How lov - ing all thy care! We are as lit - tle children, We feel our need: thy love;

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The first system includes the three verses of the hymn. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final cadence.

## SONG OF PRAISE. Concluded.

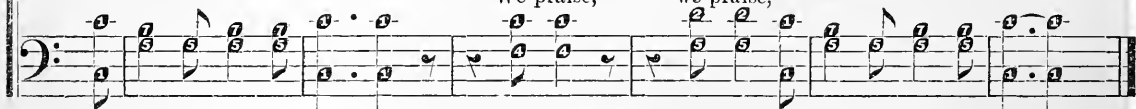
CHORUS.



The Prince of earth and heav-en, Im-man - u - el thy name. Our King, our King,  
 What human heart has sor - row That was not felt by thee? Our King, our King,  
 Grant us, our Lord, our Sav - ior, Thy blessing from a - bove.



We praise thy name forev - er, We praise, we praise, And angels swell the song.  
 We praise, we praise,

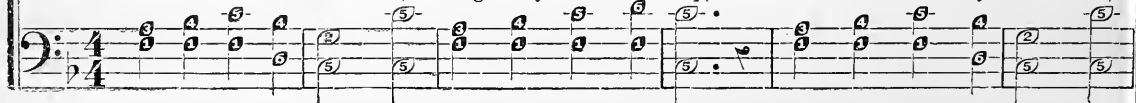


## TELL IT HIM IN SONG.

J. H. F.



1. Sing a hymn to Je - sus When the heart is faint, Tell it all to Je - sus,  
 2. Je - sus, we are low - ly, Thou art ver - y high; We are all un - ho - ly,  
 3. All his words are mu - sic, Though they make me weep, In - fi - nite - ly ten - der,





Com - fort or complaint;    Though thy heart be ach - ing,    For the crown and palm,  
 Thou art pur - i - ty;    We are frail and fleet - ing,    Thou art still the same,  
 In - fi - nite - ly deep;    Time can nev - er ren - der,    All in him I see,

## REFRAIN.

Keep thy spir - it wak - ing    With a faith - ful psalm;    If thy work is sor - row,  
 All life's joys are meet - ing    In thy bless - ed name.    Sing a hymn to Je - sus,  
 In - fi - nite - ly ten - der,    Hu - man de - i - ty:    Thus I'll sing of Je - sus,

If the way is long;    If thou dread'st to - mor - row,    Tell it him in song.  
 All the way a - long;    All thy joy or sor - row,    Tell to him in song.  
 All the way a - long,    All my joy or sor - row,    Tell to him in song.

## PATIENCE.

1. Patience is an an-gel spir - it, Sent from heav'n to bless mankind; Happy those who bid her  
 2. She will help us in our jour - ney, All the ills of life to bear; Tho' our path be rough and  
 3. Tho' we sow in tears and sor - row, With an almost hopeless view, From the bud so brown and  
 4. 'Mid the storms and dashing bil - lows, As we sail o'er life's rough sea, Patience, at the helm, says

## CHORUS.

wel - come; Bless - ed com - pan - y they find.  
 thorn - y, Patience drives a - way all care.  
 bit - ter, She brings flowers of beauteous hue.  
 "Calm - ly. Soon a shining heav'n we'll see.

{ Sweet Patience be our guide and di - rect - or, }  
 { And from Despair be thou our pro - tect - or, }

Till a home of peace and love We shall find in heaven a - bove.

# A HOME ABOVE.

J. H. F. 47

1. I have a home, a home a-bove, I have a God, a God of love; I have a Sav-ior  
 2. There through eter-ni-ty I'll sing The praises of my Heavenly King, A-loud my new-born  
 3. Soon an-gels bright with music sweet, Will greet my weary, wand'ring feet, And those from here who've  
 4. I have a place a-bove to rest, Safe folded to my Savior's breast; To dwell for-ev-er

## CHORUS.

in the sky, Who bids me come to him on high. A home a - bove where  
 voice I'll raise To shout my dear Redeemer's praise.  
 gone be-fore I'll meet up-on that an-gel shore.  
 in his love, Safe in my home, my home a - bove. A home a - bove, a home a - bove, where

all is love, A home a - bove where all is joy and love.  
 all is joy and peace and love, A home a - bove, a home a - bove where all is joy and love.

## THE HARVEST IS SURE.

J. H. F.

1. For pain or for pleasure, for weal or for woe, The law of our being is, "reap as we sow."  
 2. Tho' life may appear as a des-o-late track, Yet bread that we cast on the waters comes back;  
 3. We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold, Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old;  
 4. We'll reap what we're sowing—O, wonder-ful truth! A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;

We try to evade it, but do what we will, Our acts, like our shadows, will fol-low us still.  
 The law was e-nact-ed by Heaven a-bove, That like attracts like, and that love be-gets love.  
 But did we the same for a beau-ti-ful love, Our lives might be mu-sic for an-gels a-bove.  
 But shines out at last, as the "hand on the wall"—The Lord will in mer-cy give jus-tice to all.

**CHORUS.**

Sow - ing the seeds . . . . . by our words . . . . . and our deeds, . . . . .

Sowing the seeds by our words and our deeds,

Sowing the seeds by our words and our deeds,

# THE HARVEST IS SURE. Concluded.

49

Wick - - ed or pure, . . . . the har - - vest is sure, . . . .

Wicked or pure, the harvest is sure, Wicked or pure, the harvest is sure.

Wicked or pure, the harvest is sure, Wicked or pure, the harvest is sure.

Sow - - ing the seeds . . . . till the truth . . . . is made known, . . . .

Sowing the seeds till the truth is made known, Sowing the seeds till the truth is made known,

The har - - - - vest is sure, . . . . . and we reap as we've sown.

The har-vest is snre, and we reap as we've sown, and we reap as we've sown.

The har-vest is snre, and we reap as we've sown, and we reap as we've sown.

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from sorrow free; The home of the ransom
2. That beautiful land, where all is light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The Glory of God, the
3. In-vi-sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates I do behold; The river of life, the
4. The heav-en-ly throng, arrayed in white, In rapture range the plains of light; In one harmoni-ous

## CHORUS.

bright and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels, too, are there.  
 light of day, Hath driven the darkness far a-way.  
 crys-tal sea, The am-bro-sial fruit of life's fair tree.  
 choir they praise The glo-ri-ous Savior's matchless grace.

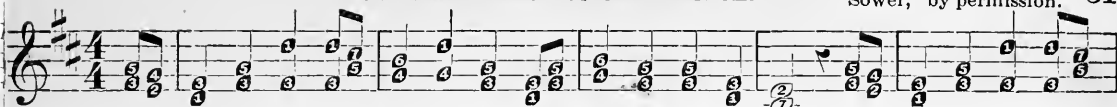
Will you go? Will you go?

## Repeat pp

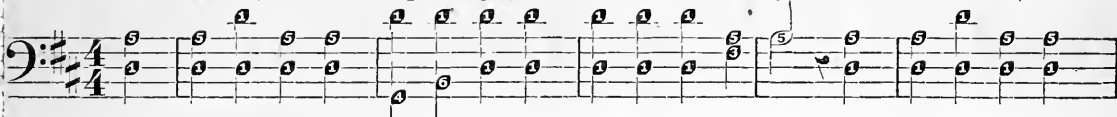
Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me? Will you go? will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me?

# THE CHILDREN'S JUBILEE.

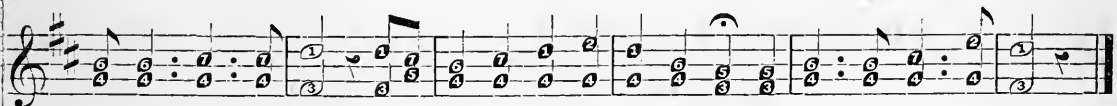
From ROSECRANS' "Little Sower," by permission. 51



1. Ho - san - na be the children's song, To Christ, the children's King; His praise to whom our
2. From lit - tle ones to Jesus brought, Ho - san - na now is heard; Let lit - tle in - fants
3. Ho - san - nas sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain; While louder, sweeter,
4. Ho - san - nas, on the wings of light, O'er earth and o - cean fly, Till morn to eve, and



souls belong. Let all the children sing. Ho-san-na, then, our song shall be, Ho -  
 now be taught To hsp that love-ly word.  
 clear - er still, Woods ech - o to the strain.  
 noon to night, And heav'n to earth re - ply.



san-na to our King; This is the children's Ju - bi - lee, Let all the children sing.



## DO WHAT YOU CAN.

J. H. F.

1. Don't think there is nothing for children to do, Because they can't work like a man;  
 2. You think if great riches you had at command, Your zeal should no weariness know;  
 3. But what if you've naught but a penny to give? Then give it, tho' scanty your store;  
 4. Then don't be a sluggard, and live at your ease, And life with vain pleasures be - guile;

The harvest is great and the la - bor - ers few; Then, children, do all that you can.  
 You'd scatter your wealth with a lib - er - al hand, And suc - cor the children of woe.  
 For those who give nothing when lit - tle they have, When wealthy will do lit - tle more.  
 But ev - er be act - ive and bus - y as bees, And God on your la - bors will smile.

## CHORUS.

Thea do what you can, children, do what you can, The Savior is watching to - day;



His blessing you'll reap if you la - bor and wait! Dear children, then do what you can.

This block contains the musical score for the first piece. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in a simple, accessible style with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

J. H. F.

## MARCHING ALONG.

Composed and Arr.  
by J. H. F.

1. Marching along, marching along, Marching a-long to the promised land.

We are

Marching a-long, marching a-long, Marching a-long to the promised land.

**FINE.**

This block contains the musical score for the second piece, 'MARCHING ALONG.' It is written in a 4/4 time signature with a key signature of two sharps. The score includes a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is rhythmic and march-like. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The piece concludes with the word 'FINE.' in bold capital letters.

## MARCHING ALONG. Continued.

## Tenor Solo.

1. Marching to the heav'ly man - - sions,      Battling 'gainst the hosts of sin,  
 2. Marching to the promised Ca - - naan,      Soldiers in this world of woe,

## Voice Accomp.

1. Marching, marching, to the heav'nly mansions, Battling, bat - tling, 'gainst the hosts of sin,  
 2. Marching, marching, to the promised Canaan, Soldiers, sol - diers, in this world of woe,

Trust - ing in our glorious Cap - - tain,      In whose might we always win.  
 Je - sus leads us on to vic - - t'ry,      Vic - t'ry o - ver ev - ry foe.

Trusting, trust-ing, in our glorious Captain, In whose might we win, always win.  
 Je - sus, Je - sus, leads us on to vic - t'ry, O - ver ev - ry foe, ev - ry foe.

# MARCHING ALONG. Concluded.

Marching to the heav'nly man - - stons,      Bat-tling 'gainst the hosts of sin.  
 Marching to the promised Ca - - naan,      Sol - diers in this world of woe,

Marching, marching, to the heav'nly mansions, Battling, bat-tling, 'gainst the hosts of sin.  
 Marching, marching, to the promised Canaan, Soldiers, sol-diers, in this world of woe.

Trust-ing in our glorious Cap - - tain,      In whose might we always win.  
 Je - sus leads us on to vic - - t'ry      Vic - t'ry o - ver ev-'ry foe.

Trusting, trusting, in our glorious Captain, In whose might we win, always win.  
 Je - sus, Je - sus, leads us on to vict'ry, O - ver ev - 'ry - foe, ev-'ry foe.

## Fine. **THY WILL BE DONE.** Chant.

D. C.

"Thy will be done!" In devious way the hur-rying stream of life may run; Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, "Thy will be done."

## FROM SUN TO SUN.

J. H. F.

1. When we rise at ear-ly morning, While the dew is on the sod, By our side there  
 2. Je - sus planned our lives to make them Hap-py lives, and good and true; Je - sus lived and  
 3. Sometime we shall sink to slumber, And our bu - sy feel grow still; Shall we then be

## REFRAIN.

stands an an - gel, With a message sent from God, Tell - ing us what must be done.  
 glad to teach us How the will of God to do, Ev - er - more, from sun to sun,  
 waken, Where the an - gels do His will? Help us, Lord, from sun to sun,

Ere the setting of the sun. Telling us what must be done, Ere the setting of the sun.  
 God hath something to be done. Ev - er - more, from sun to sun, God hath something to be done.  
 Till Thy perfect will is done. Help us, Lord, from sun to sun, Till Thy perfect will is done.

# WAITING.

J. P. POWELL. 57

## Quartet.

1. He is waiting, waiting, waiting, He has wait-ed thro' the night; He has looked with  
 2. He is waiting, waiting, waiting—You have let all oth-ers in; Some odd guests are  
 3. He is waiting, waiting, waiting—Have you kept him long enough? You will short-ly

## Duet.

wond'rous patience For the hour of dawning light, When the oft - mis - tak - en spir - it  
 in your tem - ple, Sad with sor - row, dark with sin. There is on - ly One can bless you,  
 need Him great-ly, When the win - ter winds are rough. Oh, cold hearts that keep Him waiting,

## Chorus.

Rit.

Shall observe Him at the door, And shall cry, Come in, my Savior, Come and leave me never more.  
 In your times of grief and doubt, There is on-ly One can save you, But you strangely keep him out!  
 Do be warned by His great love, Nor refuse the pleading Savior Who has sought you from above.

## THE HEAVENLY SHORE.

1. How hap-py the chil-dren that meet With teach-ers and friends, gatherd here, U-nit-ing in mel-o-dies  
 2. While we in Thy pres-ence ap-pear, Thy boun-ti-ful prom-ise to prove, O Je-sus, our Sav-ior, draw  
 3. Our pil-grim-age soon will be o'er, The tri-als of earth will be past; O then, on that beau-ti-ful

## CHORUS.

sweet, With voices so fervent and clear. We sing of that beautiful land, Where sorrow and sin are un-  
 near, To bless with Thy mercy and love.  
 shore May all meet together at last!

beautiful land,

known, Where we, with the glo-ri-fied band, Shall walk by that beau-ti-ful throne.  
 sin are unknown,

# THE LAND OF LIGHT.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful land, a land of light, A country just o'er the way, Where the night of life
2. There are sun-ny slopes and mountains high, And riv - u - lets laughing sweet, And voices dear
3. There are loving eyes that we've closed at night, Mid sighing and bit-ter tears; They are beaming bright
4. Look up, ye poor and suf-fer-ing, Ye weary, troubled and sad, Let the eye glow bright

**CHORUS.**

with its gloom and strife, Fades out in - to glorious day. There's a beau-ti - ful land of light,  
 that we loved so here, And th' pater of lit - le feet.  
 'neath the brows of light, Untouched by the frosts of years.  
 with the old-time light, And the aching heart be glad.

Where darkness will be no more; There's a beau-ti-ful land of light On Jordan's golden shore.

# "FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES."

 Arranged from  
 VON WEBER.

1. E-ter-nal are . . . thy mercies, Lord,

E-ter-nal truth . . . . . attends thy

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord, E-ter-nal truth

Word; Thy praise shall sound . . . from shore to shore,

Till sun shall rise . . . . and set no

attends thy Word; Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till sun shall rise and set no

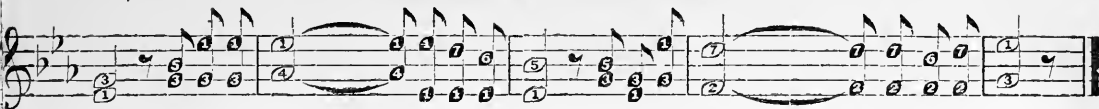
## CHORUS.

 more. From all that dwell . . . below the  
 more From all that dwell

 skies Let the Cre-a  
 below the skies

 tor's praise a  
 Let the Cre-a-tor's praise a





rise; Let the Re - deem - - er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, . . . . by ev'ry tongue,  
 rise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, . . . . by ev'ry tongue.



2. Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,  
 In songs of praise divinely sing;  
 Salvation free aloud proclaim,  
 And shout for joy the Savior's name.

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

JENNIE M. FRY.

**FORSAKE ME NOT.**

J. H. F.

*Slow.*



Forsake me not, O, God! Stand ever by my side. And thro' life's wild'ring, stormy paths, Be Thou my constant guide.



2. Forsake me not, O God!  
 Be ever, ever nigh;  
 And lead me by thine own right hand  
 Up to thy throne on high.

3. Forsake me not, O God!  
 Let me thy servant be;  
 Nor let me ever leave thy way  
 Till I thy joys shall see.

1. When the morn of life is beaming, When the birds of spring-time sing, When the youthful heart is  
 2. When the noon of life approaches, With its toils and anxious care, Ere enfeebling age ap-  
 3. When the shades of evening gather, And the stars begin to shine, Call up-on the Heav'nly  
 4. When the wintry winds are sighing, And life's twilight hour has come, Then by faith, on Christ re-

dreaming Of the joys that age will bring, 'Mid the sparkling dew-drops gleaming, Then be happy, be content  
 proaches, For its darker days prepare; Put a-way all vain reproaches, Then be happy, be content.  
 Fa-ther, Seek his grace for thee and thine; When in calm or stormy weather, Then be happy, be content.  
 ly-ing, Looking for a heav'nly home, Where are pleasures never dy-ing, Then be happy, be content.

## CHORUS.

O con-tent-ment, precious jew-el, ev-er be our dear de-light!

# CONTENTMENT. Concluded.

63

Save us from vex - a - tions cru - el, Ev - 'ry morning, noon and night.

MARIE R. BUTLER.

## "AS OUR DAY SHALL OUR STRENGTH BE."

J. H. F.

1. As our day shall our strength be, What - ev - er be - tide: His ear is not sleeping,  
 2. As our day shall our strength be, The Lord will pro - vide; If th' load be not lightened,  
 3. As our day shall our strength be, The promise is sure; 'Mid sighing and yearning,

He hear-eth our weeping, His in - fin - ite keeping Suf - fi - cient shall be.  
 The way be not brightened, Still heav'n is in sight, and Our God is the Lord.  
 Still may we be learning, With Him is no turning Nor shadow of change.

## THE NEW "OVER THERE."

W. A. OGDEN.

1. They have reached the sun - ny shore, And will nev - er hun - ger more; All their  
 2. Now they feel the no chill - ing blast, For their win - ter time is past, And their  
 3. They have fought the wea - ry fight, Je - sus saved them by his might; Now they

grief and pains are o'er, O - ver there; And they need no lamp by night, For their  
 summers al - ways last, O - ver there; They can nev - er know a fear, For the  
 dwell with him in light, O - ver there; Soon we'll reach the shin - ing strand, But we'll

day is al - ways bright, And their Sav - ior is their light, O - ver there.  
 Sav - ior's al - ways near, And with them is their end - less cheer, O - ver there.  
 wait our Lord's command, Till we see his beck - ning hand, O - ver there

# THE NEW "OVER THERE." Concluded.

65

## CHORUS.

O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, They can

nev - er know a fear, O - ver there; o - ver there; All their streets are shining gold, And their

Glo - ry is un - told, 'Tis the Sav - ior's bliss - ful fold, O - ver there.

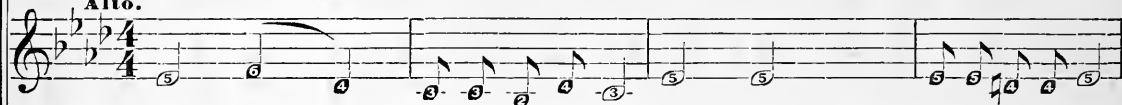
## ASK, SEEK, KNOCK.

J. H. F.

**Soprano.**

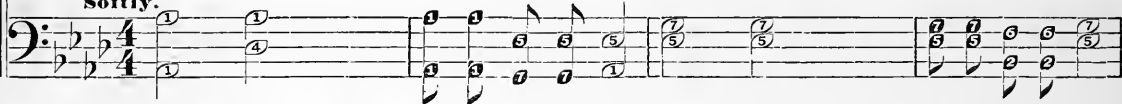
1. ASK, for Je-sus loves to give;  
 2. SEEK, the way you shall not lose,  
 3. KNOCK, the door shall open wide;

Humble pray'r he will receive,  
 If the path to heav'n you choose;  
 Je-sus on the oth-er side,

**Alto.**

1. ASK, for . . . Je-sus loves to give; Hum-ble  
 2. SEEK, the . . . way you shall not lose, If the

pray'r he will receive,  
 path to heav'n you choose;

**Softly.**

Ask Him for your dai-ly bread—  
 Christ will lead your weary feet,  
 Hears you at the heav'nly gate.

On your heart His grace to shed;  
 To the pastures fresh and sweet,  
 "Come," he says, "you need not wait;

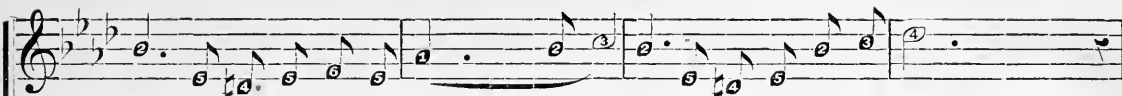


Ask Him . . . for you dai-ly bread, On  
 Christ will . . . lead your wea-ry feet, To your

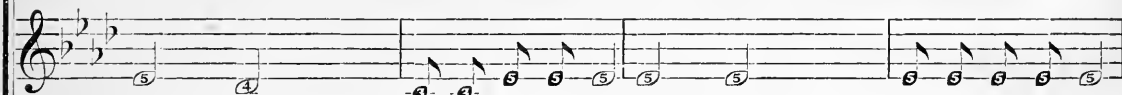
heart his grace to shed.  
 pastures fresh and sweet,



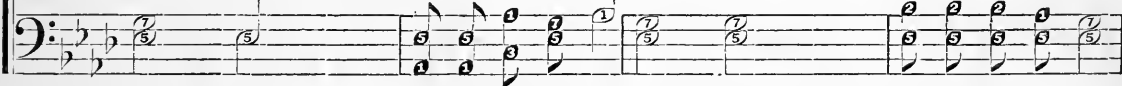
# ASK, SEEK, KNOCK. Concluded.



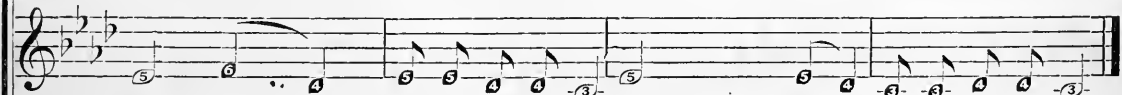
Ask Him that your lives may be . . . . . Ho - ly, humble, Christ-like, free.  
 Where the si-lent waters flow; . . . . . Seek, and you the way shall know.  
 Hith - er, happy children, come;” . . . . . Je - sus calls you, welcome home!



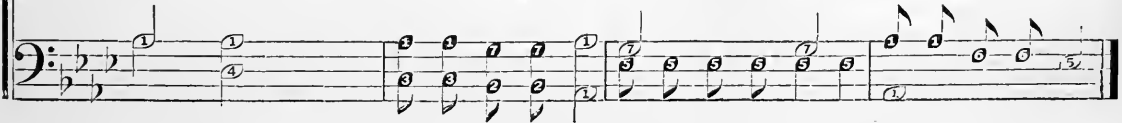
Ask Him that your lives may be Ho - - ly, humble, Christ-like, free.  
 Where the si-lent wa-ters flow, Seek, and you the way shall know.



Ask Him that your lives may be Ho-ly, humble, Christ-like, free.  
 Where the si-lent waters flow; Seek, and you the way shall know.  
 Hith-er, hap-py children, come;” Je-sus calls you, welcome home!



Ask Him . . . that your lives may be Ho - - - ly, humble, Christ-like, free.  
 Where the . . . si - lent wa-ters flow, Seek, and you the way shall know.



1. The old-en Prophets walked with God, And lit - tle children found him; And Je - sus on the  
 2. We can not hear the Savior call From out the cloudy splendor, But where sweet children  
 3. Wher - ev - er patient hearts endure, Where souls grow tired of sinning, Wher - ev - er love toils  
 4. Where we make others happy with Some good that God has lent us, There Christ is walking

**CHORUS.**

mountain stood, With an - gels all around him. Never need we seek thee blind - ly,  
 sing his praise In voic - es low and tender.  
 bravely on For something worth the winning.  
 by our side, And God himself has sent us.

In all love and truth we find thee— All thy ways are Golden ways, Beauti - ful golden ways.



# SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER ?

E. S. RICE. 69

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll? Where in all the bright for-  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the  
 3. Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior, When he comes to claim his own? Shall we know his blessed

**CHORUS.**

ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the  
 anchor, By the fair ce - les-tial shore?  
 fa - vor, And sit down up - on his throne?

riv - er? Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

## ONE BY ONE.

J. H. F.

1. One by one the sands are flowing,      One by one the moments fall;      Some are coming, some are  
 2. One by one, bright gifts of heaven,      Joys are sent thee here below;      Take them readi-ly when  
 3. Do not linger with re-gretting,      Or for passion's hour despond;      Nor, the dai-ly toil for-

go-ing,      Do not strive to grasp them all.      One by one thy duties wait thee, Thy whole strength should go to  
 giv-en,      Ready, too, to let them go.      Do not look at life's long sorrow, See how small each moment's  
 get-ting,      Look too ea-ger-ly beyond.      Hours are golden links, God's token Reaching heav'n, but one by

each;      Let no fu-ture dreams e-late thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.  
 pain;      God will help thee for to-mor-row, Ev-'ry day be-gin a-gain.  
 one;      Take them lest the chain be brok-en Ere the pil-grim-age be done.

Let no it - ture dreams e - late thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.  
 God will help thee for to - mor - row. Ev - 'ry day be - gin a - gain.  
 Take them, lest the chain be brok - en, Ere the pil - grim - age be done.

## SINNER, COME.

J. P. POWELL.

1. Sinner! come, 'mid thy gloom, All thy guilt confessing; Trembling now, contrite bow, Take the offered blessing.
2. Sinner! come, while there's room, While the feast is waiting; While the Lord, by his Word, Kindly is inviting.

3. Sinner! come, ere thy doom  
 Shall be sealed forever!  
 Now return, grieve and mourn,  
 Flee to Christ, the Savior.

4. Sinner! come to thy home,  
 High in heaven gleaming!  
 To the sky lift thine eye,  
 With true sorrow streaming.

## LIFT ME HIGHER.

1. Lift me higher, mother, Earth grows chill and cold; Lo, the Shepherd, mother,  
 2. Lift me higher, mother, See! the an-gel bands Come to meet me, mother,  
 3. Lift me higher, mother, I see the pearl-y gates, 'Mid, the shining glo-ry,  
 4. Lift me higher, mother, An an-gel's bending down: High-er! high-er! mother,

## CHORUS.

Takes me to his fold. Lift me high-er, mother, And kiss me e'er we sev-er;  
 Harps are in their hands.  
 Je - sus for me waits.  
 Soon I'll reach the crown.

I am go-ing, mother, To dwell in heav'n for - ev - er. Lift me high-er, mother,

## LIFT ME HIGHER. Concluded.

73

Rit.

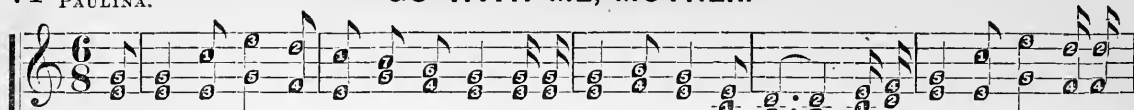
And kiss me e'er we sev-er; I am go-ing, mother, To dwell in heav'n for - ev - er.

## MARY AT THE TOMB.

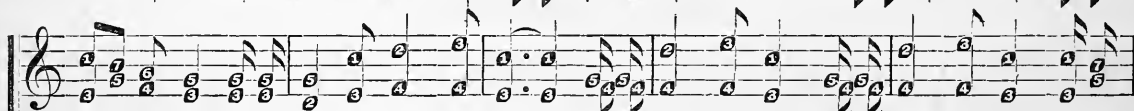
1. At the dawn of the day, Came Mary a - way To the place where the Savior was borne; But  
2. Sur - prised at the sound, In silence profound, She tremblingly stood by the tomb; That  
3. In vain was her care, Perfumes to pre-pare, Or at-tempt to embalm him a-lone; Taken  
CHD. for last verse, Quick, Hallelujahs arise! Assist me ye skits! I no longer for hap - pi - ness roam, Hence!

O, how she fears, When the an - gel she hears Saying Mary! poor Mary! the Master is gone!  
stone was removed, Lost was all that she loved; Poor Mary! poor Mary! the Master is gone!  
hence from my view, What, alas! shall I do! Poor Mary! poor Mary! the Master is gone!  
sor-row, hence! care, For I now can declare, Rab - boni, Rab - boni, the Master is come!

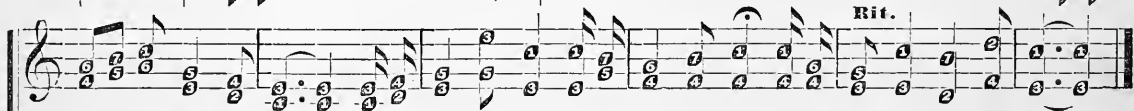
## GO WITH ME, MOTHER.



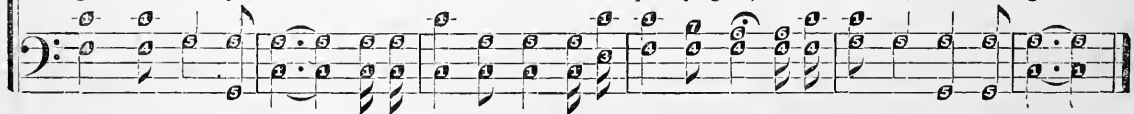
1. Oh, mother, will you go with me now? For the way is dark and dim: I would clasp your hand on the  
 2. Oh, mother, will you go with me now? I have reached the river's brink. Tho' the shining shore must be  
 3. I have told you, darling child, of One Who has trod that way be-fore, Whose arm would guide from the



oth - er strand, Tho' I heard the an - gel hymn; For my ear would long for your evening song, It is  
 just before, From the fearful flood I shrink; Could I hear your voice I should but rejoice, It has  
 riv - er side, Thro' the flood to the other shore; Then lean on Him, tho' the way be dim, He will



ten - der, sweet and low; I should watch and wait at the pearly gate, Oh, my mother, will you go?  
 always cheered me so; And how sweet to roam in our heav'nly home, Oh, my mother, will you go?  
 guard from ev-ry foe Then watch and wait at the pearly gate, Till he calleth, and I go.

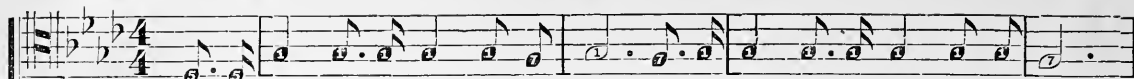


1. Brethren! when this life is o'er, We shall meet to part no more, Where rich bounties  
2. Brethren! in that hap-py land Man-y mansions waiting stand, Build-ed by the

lie in store— Joys for our pos-sess-ing. Pa-tient-ly en-dure the pain,  
Father's hand, For the saints' pos-sess-ing. Press ye on-ward for the prize,

Bear the cross the crown to gain; Christ, our blessed Lord, was slain, To procure the blessing.  
Tho' not seen by mor-tal eyes, Faith can view it in the skies, Onward for the blessing.

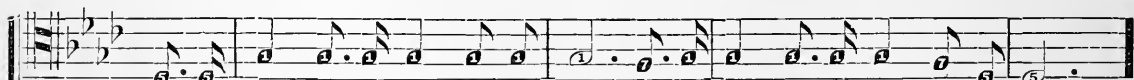
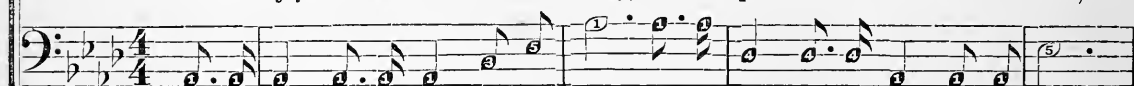
## EVERMORE.



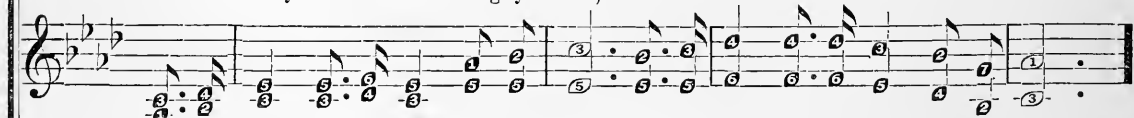
1. There's a life that is lord ov - er death; And its full - ness is wait - ing in store,  
 2. There's a rest for the serv - ants of God; When their patience and la - bor 'are o'er,



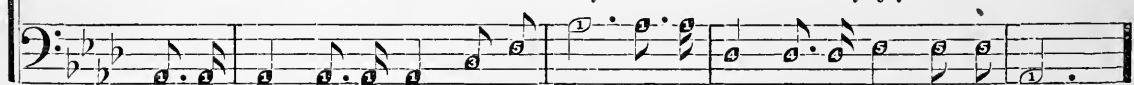
3. There's a king - dom for him who should reign Through the conflict both stubborn and sore,  
 4. There's a joy that will waste not a - way, In the pres - ence of him we a - dore;



For the soul made a - live through its faith, And the pow - er of life ev - er - more.  
 When the way has been trust - ing - ly trod, There re - main - eth a rest ev - er - more.

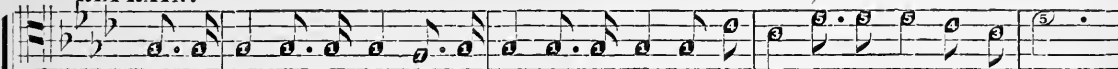


Who the world o - ver - com - eth shall gain Lord - ly right to be king ev - er - more.  
 And the Christ to his fel - lows will say: "En - ter in - to my joy ev - er - more."

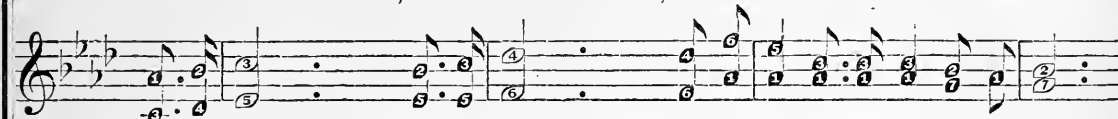




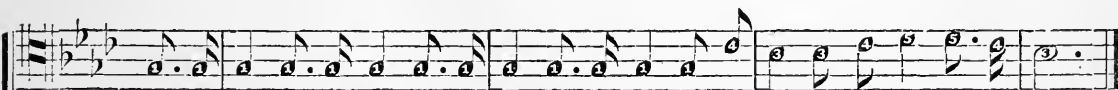
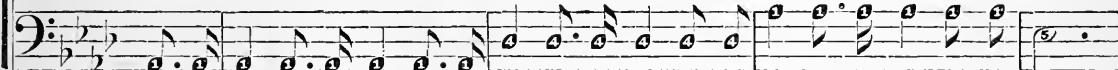
REFRAIN.



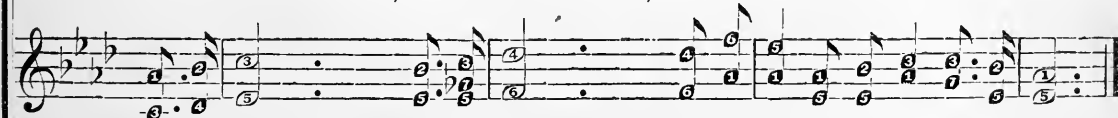
1. There's a life ev-er - more, There's a life ev-er - more On the heights of that all-healing shore.  
 2. There's a rest ev-er - more, There's a rest ev-er - more, In the calm of that burd-en-less shore.



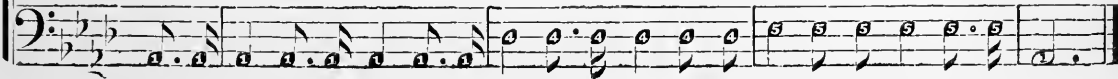
3. There's a right ev - er - more, To be king on that triumphant shore.  
 4. There's a joy ev - er - more, With our God on that love-lighted shore.



- There's a life ev-er - more, There's a life ev-er - more On the heights of that all-healing shore.  
 There's a rest ev-er - more, There's a rest ev-er-more, In the calm of that burd-en-less shore.



- There's a right ev - er - more, To be king on that triumphant shore.  
 There's a joy ev - er - more, With our God on that love-lighted shore.



## GENTLY LEAD US.

W. T. MOORE.

1. Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, Thro' this gloomy vale of tears, Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us,  
 2. In the hour when pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near, Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
 3. When this mortal life is ended, Bid us in Thy arms to rest, Till, by an-gel hands at-tend-ed,

Till our last great change appears; When temptation's darts as-sail us, When in devious paths we stray,  
 Suf-fer not our souls to fear; Let thy promise to be near us Fill our hearts with joy and peace,  
 We awake among the best: Then, O crown us with Thy blessing, Thro' the triumphs of Thy grace;

**CHORUS.**

Let Thy goodness nev-er fail us, Lead us in Thy perfect way. O, refresh us with Thy  
 May Thy presence sweetly cheer us, Till our conflicts all shall cease.  
 Then shall praises, nev-er ceasing, Ech-o thro' Thy dwelling-place.

bleasing, O, refresh us with Thy grace; May Thy mercies, never ceasing, Fit us for Thy dwelling place.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## THE ACCEPTED TIME.

1. A - midst the cheer - ful bloom of youth, With ar - dent zeal pur - sue;  
2. Youth is the most ac - cept - ed time, To love and serve the Lord;

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

The ways of pi - e - ty in and truth, With death and heaven in view.  
A flow'r pre - sent - ed in its prime Will much de - light af - ford.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my  
 2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They fol - lowed me o'er

Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled. I was a wayward child, I did not love my  
 vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild; They found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and

home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.  
 lone; They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wand'ring one.

Slowly.

1. Praise God, I've found the way, Je - sus is mine; He keeps me ev - 'ry day, Je - sus is mine.  
 2. Earth's pleasure's all al - loy, Je - sus is mine; Here, here is peace and joy, Je - sus is mine.  
 3. Earth's gains I count but dross, Je - sus is mine; In clinging to the Cross, Je - sus is mine.

I was a-way from home, And loved afar to roam, But Je - sus bid me come, Je - sus is mine.  
 Tho' earth is bright and fair, Brighter my home "up there," Undimmed by dark despair, Jesus is mine.  
 Let death's unyielding wave Lay me within the grave, Jesus, my Lord, can save, Je - sus is mine.

## I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP. Concluded.

3. Jesus my Shepherd is,  
 'Twas he that loved my soul;  
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
 'Twas he that made me whole;  
 'Twas he that sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep,  
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold,  
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

4. I was a wandering sheep,  
 I would not be controlled;  
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
 I love, I love the fold!  
 I was a wayward child,  
 I once preferred to roam;  
 But now I love my Father's voice,  
 I love, I love his home!

## HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

1. There are mansions prepared in the skies, By the Sav-ior, who passed on be-fore ;  
 2. There the Fa-ther of Mer-cy a-bides, Whom the saints and the an-gels, a-dore,  
 3. There the Lamb that was slain ev-er lives In the light of the Glo-ry of God,  
 4. There are mansions prepared for us all, And the Sav-ior is calling us home,

And the Christian, whenev-er he dies, Finds a home where the saints die no more.  
 And the riv-er of life gen-tly glides From His throne in that world ev-er more.  
 And to all who o-bey Him He gives Robes made white in His own pre-cious blood.  
 Sin-ners, hearken! The Bride joins the call: Come to-day, for the Spir-it says come!

## CHORUS.

Hap-py home, happy home, happy home, happy home, Happy home, where the saints die no more.

# HEAVENLY MANSIONS. Concluded.

Happy home, happy home, happy home, happy home, Happy home, where the saints die no more.

## PENDLETON.

A. D. FILLMORE.

1. Yes, our Shepherd leads with gentle hand, Thro' the dark pil - grim - land,  
 2. When in clouds and mists the weak ones stray, He shows a - gain the way,  
 3. Tenderly he watches from on high, With an un - wearied eye;  
 4. Yes, his little flock is ne'er for - - - got, His mer - cy chang - es not;

His flock so dear - ly bought, So long and fond - ly sought: Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 And points to them a - far, A bright and guid - ing star: Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 He comforts and sustains, In all their fears and pains; Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 Our home is safe a - bove, With - in his arms of love: Hal - le - lu - jah!

## WHEN JESUS COMES

P. P. BLISS.

1 Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and wait and wonder,  
Oh, let my lamp be burning, When Je - sus comes; For him my soul be yearning,  
2. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Je - sus comes; All peace and joy and gladness,  
3. All doubts and fears will van-ish, When Je - sus comes; All gloom his face will banish,  
He'll know the way was drea-ry, When Je - sus comes; He'll know the feet grew weary,  
He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Je - sus comes; Oh, how his arms will rest me,

Till Je - sus comes. All joy his lov'd ones bringing, When Je - sus comes;  
When Je - sus comes.

All praise thro' heav-en ringing, When Je - sus comes; All beau-ty bright and ver-nal,



When Je - sus comes. All Glo - ry. grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with triplet markings (circled 3s) and fermatas. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with various chordal textures and a final cadence.

GLORY TO GOD.

J. H. F.

1. Je - sus has died for me, Glo - ry to God! From sin he set me free, Glo - ry to God!  
2. Soon I shall sing above, Glo ry to God! Tell of his wond'rous love, Glo - ry to God!

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features two vocal parts. The upper part has a melody with fermatas and a final note marked with a circled 5. The lower part provides a steady accompaniment with a final cadence marked with a circled 2 and a circled 5.

And, if I trust his grace, I soon shall win the race, Then see his lovely face, Glo - ry to God.  
Free from all death and wrong, Then shall my notes prolong One loud, triumphant song, Glo - ry to God.

The musical score continues in the same 3/4 time and key signature. It features two vocal parts. The upper part has a melody with fermatas and a final note marked with a circled 1. The lower part provides a steady accompaniment with a final cadence marked with a circled 1.

## COME TO CALVARY'S MOUNTAIN.

From "Dew Drops."

1. Come to Cal - v'ry's ho - ly mountain, Sin - ners ruined by the fall,  
 2. Come in sor - row and con - tri - tion, Wounded, im - po - tent, and blind;

Here a pure and heal - ing fountain Flows for ev - 'ry thirsty soul;  
 Here the guilt - y free re - mis - sion, Here the lost a ref - uge find.

In a full, per - pet - ual tide, O - pened when the Sav - ior died,  
 Health this fountain will re - store, He that drinks need thirst no more.

# COME TO CALVARY'S MOUNTAIN. Concluded.

## CHORUS.

Come to the fountain, Flowing now for thee, From the ho-ly mountain, Full and free.

## COME.

J. H. F.

1. Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blest? Trust not the world, It gives no rest; I bring re-lief  
 2. Come, leave thy burden at the Cross, Count all thy gains but empty dress; My grace re-pays

3. Come, hither bring thy boding fears,  
 Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears,  
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:  
 O trembling sinner, come, O come!

4. "The Spirit and the Bride say, come,"  
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, come! [come;  
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will may  
 Thy Savior bids thee come, O come!

## LOVEST THOU ME?

J. H. F.

1. More than fa - ther, more than moth - er, More than sis - ter, more than broth - er,  
 2. Once I loved not love's sweet du - ty, Once de - sir - ed not Thy beau - ty,  
 3. Dear - est name in earth or heav - en, Je - sus! be - it deep en grav - en,

More than kin-dred, friends, or lov - er, Love I thee, my Lord!  
 But with spir - it cold and haughty, Turned from thee, my Lord!  
 Where thy love hath much for - giv - en, On my heart, my Lord!

More than earth - ly ties combin - ing, Fond-ly 'round my heart en - twin - ing,  
 Now thy love with cords hath drawn me, Now thy heav'n - ly charms have won me,  
 Name a - bove all names of bless - ing, Ev - 'ry knee shall bow at - test - ing,

# LOVEST THOU ME? Concluded.

89

Thine own love for me as - sign - ing, Love I thee, my Lord!  
 Now thy bless - ing rests up - on me, O my gra - cious Lord!  
 Ev - 'ry tongue shall sing, con - fess - ing Je - sus Christ is Lord!

# CHILD'S EVENING SONG.

J. H. F.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me: Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night; Thro' the darkness

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


2. All this day thy hand has led me,  
 And I thank thee for thy care;  
 Thon hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,  
 Listen to my evening prayer!
3. May my sins be all forgiven;  
 Bless the friends I love so well;  
 Take me, when I die, to heaven,  
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

## THERE SHALL I REST.\*

J. H. F.



1. My rest is in heaven, my home is not here, Then why should I murmur when tri-als appear?  
2. A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss, Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this;  
3. Tho' foes and temptations my progress oppose, They on-ly make heaven more sweet at the close;



*Rit.*  
Be hushed, my sad spir-it, the worst that may come But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.  
I look for a cit-y which hands have not piled, I pant for a country by sin un-de-filed.  
Come joy or come sorrow, the worst may befall, One moment in heaven will make up for all.

There . . . . shall I rest, . . . . I for-ev - - - er shall rest, . . . .

**CHORUS.**


There I for-ev-er, for-ev-er shall rest, There I for-ev-er, for-ev-er shall rest,

This and the four pieces following are suitable for concert purposes.

# THERE SHALL I REST. Concluded.

Safe - - - ly, se - cure - - - ly, on Je - - - sus' own breast. . . . .

Safe-ly, se-cure-ly, on Je-sus' own breast, Safe-ly, se-cure-ly, on Je-sus' own breast;

There . . . . shall I rest, . . . . . I for-ev - - - er shall rest, . . . . .

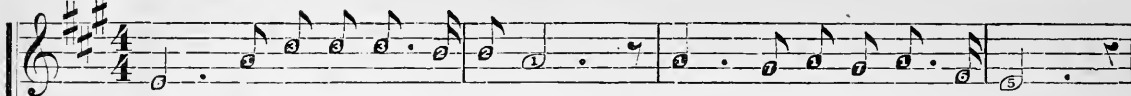
There I for-ev-er, for-ev-er shall rest, There I for-ev-er, for-ev-er shall rest,

Oh! . . . . . how I long for thee, Home . . . . . of the blest!

Oh, how I long for thee, Home of the blest! Beau-ti-ful home of the blest!

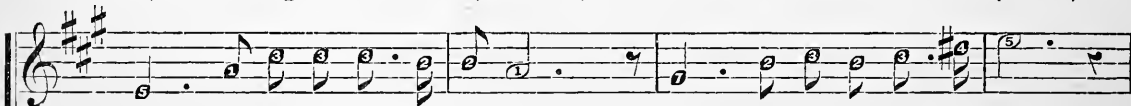
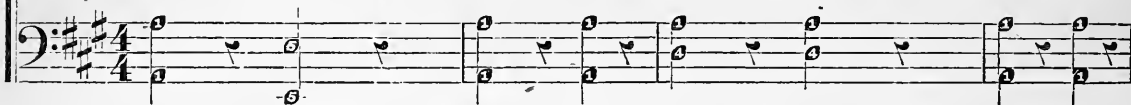
## ON THE FAR-OFF SHORE.

W. T. PORTER.



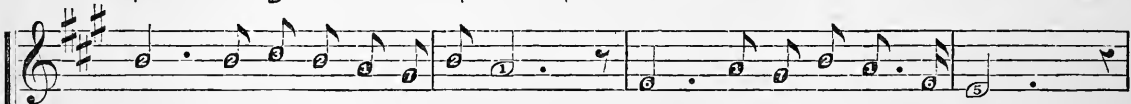
1. On the far-off shore they'll greet us,  
 2. There, perchance, a saint-ed moth-er  
 3. Where the waters brightly sparkle,  
 4. There, be-side that balm-y riv-er,

Forms that we have loved be-fore;  
 Sings the songs we loved of old,  
 In the gold-en cit-y's light,  
 Sor-row, toil and pain shall cease,



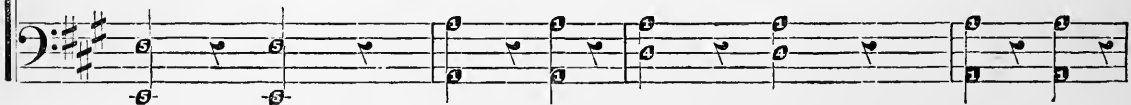
In their spotless robes they'll meet us,  
 As she leads an an-gel brother,  
 Will no shadow ev-er darkle,  
 And our hearts shall rest for-ev-er

Sing-ing welcome, ev-er-more!  
 Sweet-est lamb of all the fold;  
 And no changing sea-sons blight.  
 'Neath the can-o-py of peace.



There, a seraph band, they wander,  
 Or a sister, long de-part-ed,  
 Trees of fadeless beauty quiver  
 Glad, indeed, will be the meeting,

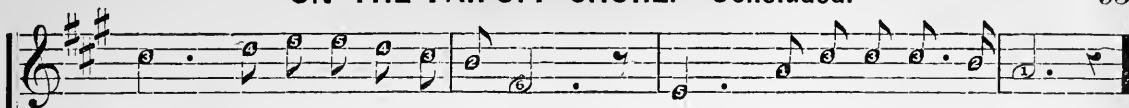
Where the pastures green un-fold;  
 With a glo-ry on her face,  
 Where the blossoms kiss the tide,  
 On that far-off, bliss-ful shore,





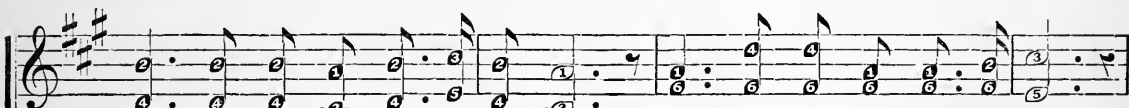
# ON THE FAR-OFF SHORE. Concluded.

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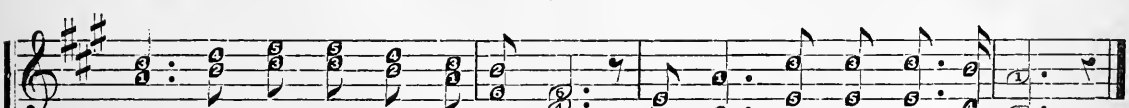
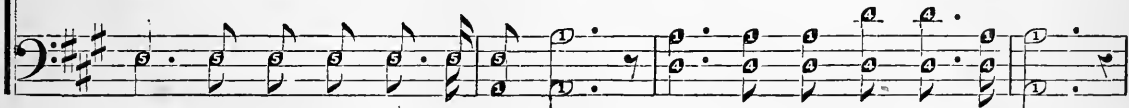
And the crystal streams mean-der  
Sends to us, the wea-ry heart-ed,  
As a-long the shiping riv-er  
When the Savior's tender greeting

O - ver sands of shin-ing gold.  
Mes - sa - ges of love and grace.  
Songs of welcome sweetly glide.  
Bids us welcome, ev - er - more.



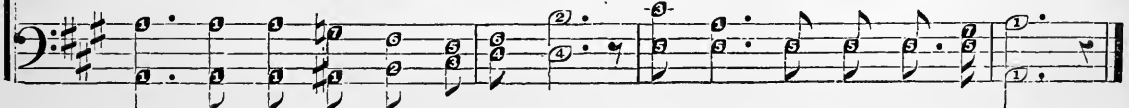
On the far - off shore they'll meet us,

Forms that we have loved be-fore;



And with songs of welcome greet us,

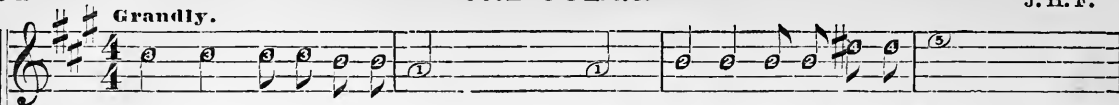
Welcome! welcome! ev - er - more.



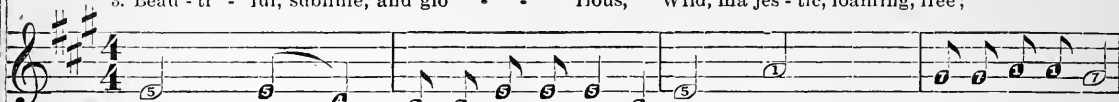
## THE OCEAN.

J. H. F.

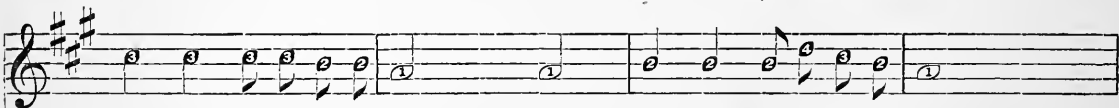
Grandly.



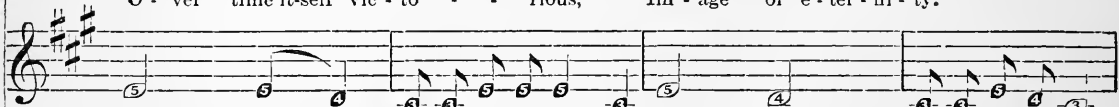
1. Beau - ti - ful, sublime, and glo - - rious, Wild, ma - jes - tic, foaming, free;  
 2. Whether morning splendors sleep thee With the rainbow's glowing grace,  
 3. Beau - ti - ful, sublime, and glo - - rious, Wild, ma - jes - tic, foaming, free;



1. Beau - ti - - - ful, sublime, and glo - rious, Wild, ma - - - jestic, foaming free;  
 2. Wheth - er . . . morning splendors sleep thee With the - - - rainbow's glowing grace,

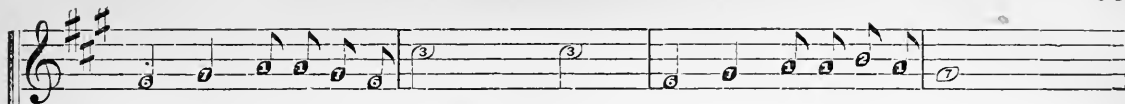


- O - ver time it-self vic - to - - rious, Im - age of e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Tempests rouse or navies sweep thee, 'Tis but for a moment's space;  
 O - ver time it-self vic - to - - rious, Im - age of e - ter - ni - ty.

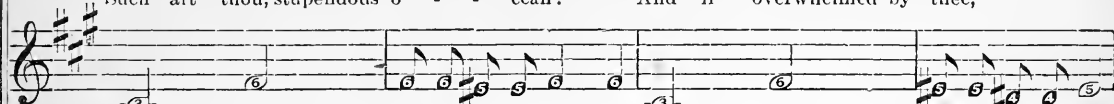


- O - - ver . . . time it-self vic-to-rious, Im - age of e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Tem - - pests . . . rouse or navies sweep thee, 'Tis but for a moment's space.





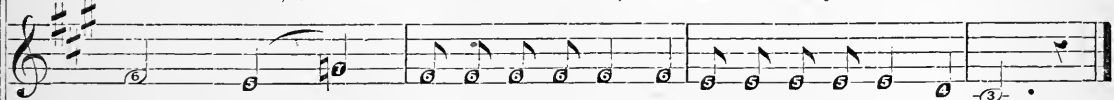
Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee, See thy surface ebb and flow;  
 Earth, her valleys and her mountains, Mor-tal man's behests o-bey;  
 Such art thou, stupendous ocean! And if overwhelmed by thee,



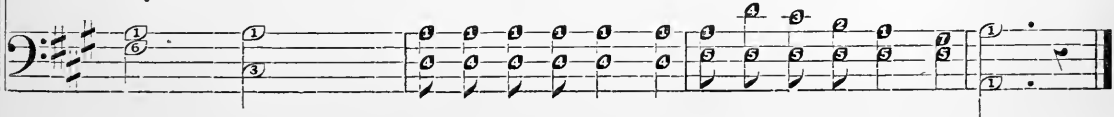
Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee, See thy surface ebb and flow;  
 Earth, her valleys and her mountains, Mor-tal man's behests o-bey;



Yet at-tempt not to ex-plore thee, In thy soundless depths be-low.  
 Thy un-fath-om-a-ble foun-tains Scoff his search and scorn his sway.  
 Can we think, without e-mo-tion, What must thy Cre-a-tor be?



Yet at-tempt not to ex-plore thee, In thy soundless depths be-low.  
 Thy un-fath-om-a-ble fountains Scoff his search and scorn his sway.



## ONLY WAITING.

J. H. F.

1. I am waiting for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,  
 2. I am waiting, worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,  
 3. Waiting, hoping, trust-ing ev-er, For a home of boundless love,

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this fear-ful life are gone.  
 Hop-ing, when the war has end-ed, To re-ceive a crown of life.  
 Like a pil-grim look-ing for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.

**CHORUS.**

I am wait - - - ing, on - ly waiting, Till this

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, on - ly waiting, waiting, waiting, Till this

# ONLY WAITING. Concluded.

97

wea - - - - ry life is o'er,

On-ly wait - - - - ing

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a long, low note (G2) that spans across several measures, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

weary, weary, weary life is o'er, life is o'er, On-ly waiting, waiting, waiting,

for my welcome

From my Sav-ior on the oth - er shore.

**may repeat pp.**

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features similar notation with treble and bass staves. The lyrics are placed below the notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

for my welcome, for my welcome From my Sav-ior . on the oth - er shore.

4. Waiting for the sun to cheer me,  
With his pure, unmingled light,  
Waiting for the saints to greet me,  
In their robes of spotless white.  
I am waiting, etc.

5. Waiting for the golden city,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Listening for the happy welcome  
Of my Savior calling me.  
I am waiting, etc.

1. Al-most two thousand years have left Their footprints on the earth, Since Time first brought the  
 2. The morning stars for-ev-er sing The an-gel's Christmas song, The sunset dies at

gold-en day Of our Re-deem-er's birth; And still we sing the Christmas song The  
 ev-'ning with No brooding thought of wrong; Tho' time should mark our way with tears We'll

an-gels chant-ed then—Our lips re-peat the ech-o still Of peace, good will to men.  
 sing the song a-gain, As each re-turn-ing Christmas Eve Brings peace, good will to men.

**REFRAIN.**

Of peace on earth, good will to men, Our lips re-peat the  
Brings peace on earth, good will to men. As each re-turn-ing

Of peace on earth, good will to men, Of peace, good will to men,  
Brings peace on earth, good will to men, Brings peace, good will to men.

ech - o still, Of peace, good will to men.  
Christmas Eve Brings peace, good will to men.

3. Only the watching shepherds heard  
The song the angels sing ;  
Only the wise men brought the Child  
The gift of praise we bring.  
Sing, let the echoes, loud and clear,  
Be unforgotten when  
The last-returning Christmas Eve  
Brings peace, good will to men.

### SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?

1. Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod,  
With its crystal tide forever,  
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.—Yes, we 'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river;  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

2. On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy, golden day.
3. Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down ;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

1. New Year is coming, is com - ing, Children ex - ult - ing - ly cry;  
 2. New Year is coming, is com - ing, Watchers are meeting to pray;  
 3. New Year is coming, is com - ing, New Year is com - ing to - night;  
 4. New Year is coming, is com - ing, New Year is com - ing to - night;

Join in the strain, in the glad re - frain, Swelling the cho - rus on high.  
 Watching to welcome the "New Year" in As "Old Year" pass - es a - way.  
 Give of our store to the need y poor, Fill their sad hearts with de - light.  
 Lift up your voic - es and join our song, Hail the young King with de - light.

Happy New Year, happy New Year,  
 Happy New Year is coming, happy New Year is coming, Joy-bells ring loudly, ring loudly and clear.



# NEW YEAR'S EVE. Concluded.

101

Happy New Year, happy New Year,

Happy New Year is coming, happy New Year is coming, Joy-bells ring loudly and clear.

Detailed description: This block contains a musical score for the song 'Happy New Year, happy New Year'. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is simple and repetitive. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with some words aligned with notes in the treble staff and others below the bass staff.

## EARLY. C. M.

J. H. F.

1. I am thy workmanship, O Lord! And un-to thee be-long; Thou art my Shield, my  
2. Surround me with thy guardian might, Up-hold me with thy grace; Unharm'd conduct me

Detailed description: This block contains the first two lines of a musical score. The treble clef staff is in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is a simple, steady line. The bass clef staff is in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Great Reward, My Glo-ry and my song,  
through the night, Un-wea-ried through the race.

3. Make me a weapon of thy power,  
An angel of thy will;  
To thee devoted, let each hour  
Its happy task fulfill.

4. Yet dare not I, a child of dust,  
Thus plead my filial claim,  
But as in him is all my trust  
Who bears a Savior's name.

Detailed description: This block contains the final two lines of the musical score. The treble clef staff continues the melody from the previous block, ending with a final cadence. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score concludes with a double bar line.

1. Let ev - 'ry heart and tongue Proclaim the Savior's praise; He is the source of  
 2. Each day he is my strength, My hope, my life, my all; And, while the up - on his

all my joy, His mer - cy crowns my days. He knows my fee - ble frame, Re -  
 arm I lean, I sure - ly can not fall. Then to my bless - ed Lord Let

members I am dust; And tho' he should my life de - stroy, In him I'll put my trust.  
 grate - ful songs a - rise, While an - gels bear the notes a - bove, And sound them thro' the skies.



1. Dark and thorny is the des-ert Thro' which pilgrims make their way; But beyond this vale of  
 2. He whose thunder shakes cre-a-tion, He that bids the planets roll, He that rides up-on the  
 3. There on flow-ry fields of pleasure, And the hills of endless rest, Joy and peace and love shall



sor-row Lie the realms of end-less day. Dear young soldiers do not murmur At the  
 tempest, And whose scepter sways the whole—Je - sus, Je - sus will defend you, Trust in  
 ev - er Reign and triumph in your breast. There ten thousand flaming seraphs Fly a -



troubles of the way; Meet the tempest, fight with courage, Nev-er faint, but oft - en pray!  
 him, and him a-lone; He has shed his blood to save you, And will bring you to his throne.  
 cross the heav'nly plain; There they sing im - mor-tal prais-es, Glo-ry, glo-ry, is their theme.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins ; And sin-ners plunged be -  
 2. O Lamb of God, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed

neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 Church of God Be saved to sin no more.

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.
4. And when this lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimmering day.
2. With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace  
 Beheld our helpless grief ;  
 He saw, and oh ! amazing love !  
 He ran to our relief.
3. Down from the shining seats above,  
 With joyful haste he fled,  
 Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead.
4. O ! for this love let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break ;  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The Savior's praises speak.

1. Our faith, O Lord! looks up to thee, Our will and pur - pose wait; Or min - gle  
2. Tho' but an at - om lost in space, Our faith but dreams of rest; Lord, wing it  
3. Still let our strong foun - da - tion be, Our ev - er - last - ing trust, And help us

4. Our slender fingers, Lord, we know,  
Sufficient are to do;  
If we would be omnipotent,  
We only need be true.

5. On truth, where angels rest their feet,  
Lord, let us stand, and know  
How much like God, by loving him,  
A human soul may grow.

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy seat,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
There humbly fall before his feet,  
For none can perish there.

2. Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture sigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

3. Be thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him "Thou hast died."

4. Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead thy precious name!

Animated.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heav'n and earth re-ply, Praise ye his name; His love and  
 2. Ye who surround the throne Join cheerful - ly in one—Praise ye his name; Ye who have  
 3. Join, all ye ransomed race, Our Lord and God to bless, Praise ye his name; In him we

grace a - dore, Who all our sorrows bore, And sing for - ev - er-more, "Worthy the Lamb,"  
 felt his blood Seal - ing your peace with God, Sound his dear name a-broad, "Worthy the Lamb,"  
 will re - joice, And make a joy - ful noise, Shouting with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb."

1. Let us awake our joys,  
 Strike up with cheerful voice,  
 Each creature sing:  
 Angels, begin the song;  
 Mortals, the strain prolong,  
 In accents sweet and strong,  
 "Jesus is King!"

2. Proclaim abroad his name,  
 Tell of his matchless fame!  
 What wonders done;  
 Above, beneath, around,  
 Let all the earth resound  
 Till heav'n's high arch rebound,  
 "Vic'try is won."

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze;  
All the prom-ises of travail With a glo-rious day of grace;

The first system of the musical score for 'HERALD.' consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music features various rhythmic values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are some numerical annotations (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) above the notes, possibly indicating fingerings or breath marks.

Bless-ed jub'-lee, Bless-ed jub'-lee, Bless-ed jub'lee, Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. It features the same instrumental and vocal parts as the first system. The lyrics are: 'Bless-ed jub'-lee, Bless-ed jub'-lee, Bless-ed jub'lee, Let thy glo-rious morn-ing dawn.' The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some numerical annotations above the notes.

2. Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,  
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;  
And from eastern coast to western,  
May the morning chase the night!  
And redemption,  
Freely purchased, win the day.

3. Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!  
Win and conquer! never cease,  
May thy lasting wide dominion  
Multiply and still increase!  
Sway thy scepter,  
Savior, all the world around!

1. O light of light, shine in! Cast out this night of sin; Cre-ate new day with-in:  
 2. O Joy of joys, come in! End thou this grief of sin; Cre-ate calm peace with-in:

The first system of the musical score is for a vocal melody in G minor, 3/4 time. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in a single line with a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The music includes various fingering numbers (1-5) and rests.

O Light of light, shine in! Shine in, . . . shine in, . . . O Light of light, shine in:  
 O Joy of joys, come in! Come in, . . . come in, . . . O Joy of joys, come in.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The melody is written in a single line with a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff. The music includes various fingering numbers (1-5) and rests.

Shine in, shine in, shine in, shine in,  
 Come in, come in, come in, come in,

3. O Life of life, pour in!  
 Expel this death of sin;  
 Awake true life within:  
 O Life of life, pour in!  
 Pour in, pour in,  
 O Life of life, pour in!

4. O Love of love, flow in!  
 This hateful root of sin  
 Pluck up, destroy within:  
 O Love of love, flow in!  
 Flow in, flow in,  
 O Love of love, flow in!



# HATFIELD. 7s.

W. T. PORTER. 109

1. Prince of Peace! con - trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;  
 2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood; O - pened wide the gates to God;  
 3. Did I meet no tri - als here, No chas - tise - ment by the way,  
 4. Tri - als make the prom - ise sweet; Tri - als give new life to pray'r;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease— Hush my spir - it in - to peace.  
 Peace I ask; but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with thee.  
 Might I not, with rea-son, fear, I should prove a cast - a - way?  
 Tri - als bring me to his feet, Lay me low and keep me there.

1. Children of the heavenly King,  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
 Sing your Savior's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.
2. Ye are traveling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod;  
 They are happy now, and ye  
 Soon their happiness shall see.
3. Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;  
 There your seat is now prepared,  
 There your kingdom and reward.
4. Lord, submissive make us go,  
 Gladly leaving all below;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

1. The day is end-ed; ere I sink to sleep, My wea-ry spir-it seeks repose in thine;  
 2. With loving-kindness curtain thou my bed, And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;

Fa-ther, for-give my tres-pass-es, and keep This lit-tle life of mine.  
 Thy par-don be the pil-low for my head—So shall my sleep be sweet.

3. At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,  
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;  
 All's well, whichever side the grave for me  
 The morning light may break!

## SELECT STANZAS.

1

Precious Bible! what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford!  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword;  
 Let the world account me poor,  
 Having this I need no more.  
 Food to which the world's a stran-  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys; [ger,  
 Of excess there is no danger—  
 Though it fills, it never cloy:  
 On a dying Christ I feed;  
 He is meat and drink, indeed!  
 In the hour of dark temptation,  
 Satan can not make me yield;  
 For the word of consolation  
 Is to me a mighty shield:  
 While the Scripture truths are sure,  
 From his malice I'm secure.

2

Yes, for me, for me he careth,  
 With a brother's tender care;  
 Yes, with me, with me he shareth  
 Every burden, every fear.  
 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,  
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;  
 Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth  
 From the perils of the way.  
 Yes, for me he standeth pleading  
 At the mercy-seat above;  
 Ever for me interceding;  
 Constant in untiring love

Thus I wait for his returning,  
 Singing all the way to heaven;  
 Such the joyful song of morning,  
 Such the tranquil song of even.

3

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.

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

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid the swelling stream divide;  
 Death of death, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side!  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

4

All hail the power of Jesus' name;  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, you martyrs of our God,  
 Who from his altar call;  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

5

Alas! and did my Savior bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would he devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When God's own Son was crucified  
 For man the creature's sin.

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

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.

## 6

Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfill the law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my heart-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

## 7

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfill the word.

When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

When free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failing hide,  
And show a brother's love.

When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flows;  
When union sweet and dear esteem  
In every action glows.

Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

## 8

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

Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.  
We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

## 9

My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Savior divine!

Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh, let me from this day,  
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
A living fire.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Savior, then, in love,  
Fear and distress remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul.

## 10

From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.  
There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.  
There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.  
Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;  
Or how the host of hell defeat,  
Had suffering souls no mercy-seat?

## 11

Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me, at my Father's throne,  
Make all my wants and wishes known ;  
In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,  
Of those whose anxious spirits burn  
With strong desires for thy return.  
With such I hasten to the place  
Where God my Savior shows his face,  
And gladly take my station there,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

## 12

Triumphant Zion ! lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead !  
Tho' humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known ;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.

No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

God, from on high, has heard thy prayer :  
His hands thy ruins shall repair ;  
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

## 13

Welcome, delightful morn,  
Thou day of sacred rest ;  
I hail thy kind return—  
Lord, make these moments blest ;  
From the low train of mortal toys,  
I soar to reach immortal joys.  
Now may the King descend  
And fill his throne with grace ;  
The scepter, Lord, extend,  
While saints address thy face :  
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

## 14

My gracious Redeemer I love ;  
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,  
And join with the armies above,  
To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine  
Shall be my eternal employ,  
And feel them incessantly shine,  
My boundless, ineffable joy.

You palaces, scepters, and crowns,  
Your pride with disdain I survey,  
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,  
And pass in a moment away.

The crown that my Savior bestows  
Yon permanent sun shall outshine ;  
My joy everlastingly flows—  
My God, my Redeemer, is mine,

## 15

Come, we that love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from this place !  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching o'er this hallowed ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

## 16

Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee ;  
E'en tho' it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

Tho' like the wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee.

1. When all thy mer - cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,  
 2. Un - num - bered com - forts on my soul Thy ten - der care bestowed,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.  
 Be - fore my in - fant heart con - ceived From whom those com - forts flowed.

3. When in the slippery paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
 My daily thanks employ,  
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

5. Through every period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 The glorious theme renew.

6. Through all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise;  
 But oh! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise!

# PRINCIPLES OF VOCAL MUSIC.

## CHAPTER I.

### GENERAL VIEW.

SONGS OF GLORY would be incomplete to many without the principles of vocal music, so we will devote a few pages to rules and practical exercises.

We will depend largely on teachers or leaders to elaborate and illustrate more fully what is here given. A great deal is to be learned by imitation, which the teacher must not forget.

1. The principles of music are divided into four departments, popularly named: *Rhythm, Melody, Harmony, and Dynamics*; but we will call them **TIME, MELODY, HARMONY, and STYLE.**

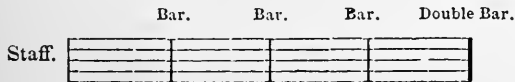
2. These four fundamental rules embrace the whole science of music.

3. They are alike essential in becoming acquainted with the science.

4. **TONES** are the sounds which constitute music.

5. **NOTES** are the characters used to represent tones.

6. The five lines on which the notes are written, are called the **STAFF**, and the lines across the staff are called **BARS.**



## CHAPTER II.

### TIME.

7. The department of Time embraces two items: Lengths of tones, and kinds of measures.

8. **TONES** have relative lengths, and are represented by different kinds of *Notes.*

#### *Length of Notes.*

Whole Note. Half Note. Quarter Note. Eighth Note. Sixteenth.



Notice the whole note has no stem; half note is open faced with a stem; quarter note has a black face and a stem; eighth note has a black face and a stem and a hook; a sixteenth note has an additional hook.

9. **RESTS** are characters which represent *silence*, and correspond in length with notes, and are used instead of notes in any part of a tune.

#### *Length of Rests.*


Whole Rest. Half Rest. Quarter Rest. Eighth Rest. Sixteenth.





Notice the whole rest sinks; the half rest floats; the quarter rest is like a reversed figure 7; eighth rest is like the figure 7, etc.


10. The whole note will be regarded as the standard in reckoning the length of tones.


11. A whole note represents a tone as long as two half notes, or four quarter notes, or eight eighth notes, etc. Two quarter notes are sung in the time of one half note, and so on.

12. Any note may be lengthened one-half by placing a dot after it, thus:  This is called a dotted quarter

note, and is equal to  or .

13. Sometimes a tone is increased in duration three-fourths by placing two dots after the note.

14. Notes marked thus:  are prolonged "at pleasure." The character over the note is called a PROLONG.

15. Three notes marked thus:  are to be sung in the time of two of the same kind. It is called a TRIPLET.

### CHAPTER III.

#### TIME — CONTINUED.

16. Every piece of music is divided into equal parts, called MEASURES.

17. A measure is represented by the space between the bars.

18. Measures are divided into parts. One kind of measure has two parts, another kind of measure has three parts, etc.

19. *Double Measure* has two parts.

20. *Triple Measure* has three parts.

21. *Quadruple Measure* has four parts.

22. *Sextuple Measure* has six parts.

23. *Tri-triple Measure* has nine parts.

24. In a song, the kind of measure is determined by

two large figures at the beginning. These figures are called the *Time Signature*, or RHYTHMETICAL SIGNATURE.

25. The rhythmical signatures in common use are:

Double Measure.	Triple.	Quadruple.	Sextuple.	Tri-triple.
$\frac{2}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{4}{4}$ or C	$\frac{6}{8}$	$\frac{9}{8}$

26. The upper figure shows into how many parts the measure is divided, and the lower figure shows what kind of a note represents each part.

27. Thus,  $\frac{2}{4}$  means double measure, with a quarter note for a part of a measure.

28. And  $\frac{6}{8}$  means sextuple measure, with an eighth note for each part.

29. To assist the mind in computing the time of each measure, we have forms of marking time with the hand, called *beating time*.

30. The form used for Double time (double *time* or double *measure* means the same thing) is simply *down, up*.

31. The form used for beating Triple time is *down, left, up*.

32. The form for Quadruple time is *down, left, right, up*.

33. The form for Sextuple time is *down, up*, when the music is lively, giving *three parts of the measure* to each beat. But if the music is slow, beat *down, left, up*, twice for each measure.

34. The form used for Tri-triple time is *down, left, up*, giving *three parts of the measure* to each beat.

It is best for the hand to move about six inches for each beat, and to move quickly from one point to the other, so that the hand may rest at least one-half the time of the beat at the latter point.

Remember it is *beating time*, not simply moving the hand.

It is indispensably necessary for every singer to be able to beat time, and the three foregoing forms should be perseveringly practiced till they can be performed perfectly and gracefully.



If, at the *beginning* of the study of music, students master this part of the science, it will be, ever after, a source of great pleasure, and of incalculable advantage in note reading.

It is a good plan to change the form of words at times. After practicing down, up, down, up, etc., introduce the word *and* after the word designating the beat, thus: *down, and, up, and, down, and, up, and, etc.*—the hand being motionless at the latter point of the beat, while the *and* is being said. This is especially advantageous previous to singing an exercise which has two notes to a beat.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### TIME — CONTINUED.

35. ACCENT must be studied carefully and understood thoroughly before good time can be kept.

36. To accent a tone is to give to it more *stress* of voice—more *weight*—than others.

37. Different kinds of time are formed by different modes of accenting.

38. Accenting is to the *ear* what marking time with the hand is to the *eye*.

39. The ear detects the kind of time sung by the manner in which it is accented.

40. Each kind of measure has its characteristic accent, or accents, which make it differ from any of the other kinds of measures.

41. In double measure the first part (or downward beat) is accented; the second part is not.

42. In triple measure the first part of the measure is accented, the other two are not, *excepting* when there are two notes on the first part.

43. When two tones are sung to the first part of triple measure, the *first tone* and the *third tone* receive accents,

(or the first part of the down beat is accented, also the left beat is accented.)

44. In quadruple measure there are two accents. The first, and heavier accent, is on the *first* part of the measure, and a secondary accent is on the *third* part. (Or, the *down* and *right* beats are accented.)

45. In sextuple measure the first and heavier accent is on the *first* part of the measure, and a secondary accent on the *fourth* part. (Or, when you beat two beats to the measure, both beats are accented.)

46. Tri-triple measure has three accents, which occur respectively on the *first, fourth, and seventh* parts of the measure, with degrees of force as *heavy, light, and lighter*.

47. When one tone continues over two accented parts of the measure, it is accented but *once*.

48. Sometimes the regular accent of a measure is broken up. It is then called SYNCOPATION.

---

## CHAPTER V.

### MELODY.

49. MELODY treats of the pitch and succession of tones.

50. Seven tones are used in music.

51. When the seven tones are given in succession, and the first repeated after the seventh, it is called the SCALE.

52. The first seven numerals are used as notes to represent the tones of the scale.

53. The first stands for the lowest, the second for the next higher, etc.

54. The sounds of the scale are named Do, Ra, Me, Fa, Sol, La, Se, Do.

55. The sounds are at unequal distances from each other.

56. The distance from one tone to another is called an interval.

57. The two small steps between 3 and 4, and 7, and 8, are called half intervals—sometimes half steps.

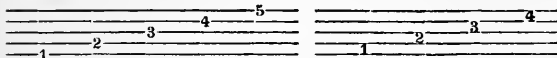
58. All the other larger steps are called whole intervals, or whole steps.

This is a representation of the Natural Scale with its whole and half intervals.

<b>Do</b>	8 or 1
<b>Se</b>	7
<b>La</b>	6
<b>Sol</b>	5
<b>Fa</b>	4
<b>Me</b>	3
<b>Ra</b>	2
<b>Do</b>	1

The Scale should be sung carefully both by numbers and syllables till all the steps can be given with ease and accuracy. Be careful to STEP from one tone to another, and not SLIDE.

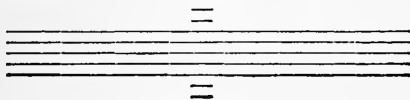
59. Each line and space of the staff is reckoned as a degree.



60. Each line and each space is counted from the lowest.

61. Taken together, they make nine degrees.

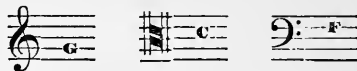
62. When more degrees are needed, on which to place Added Lines. Example:



63. The degrees of the staff are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet: A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

64. Clefs are characters placed upon the staff to show the particular location of letters.

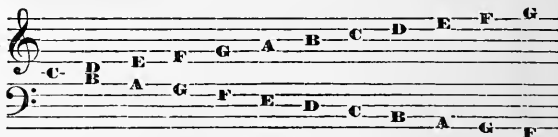
65. Three clefs are in common use—the G clef, C clef, and the F clef:



66. The G, or Soprano clef, fixes the sound of G upon the second line.

67. The C, or Tenor clef, fixes the sound of C on the third space, representing the letters in the same position as the G clef, but an octave lower in pitch.

68. The F, or Base clef, locates F on the fourth line.



The following Examples illustrate all the foregoing rules. These examples show all the kinds of measures in common use, and the simplest varieties of these measures. The accented notes are underscored thus: —

## PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

Sol-Fa these Exercises, beating the time always. Soon as possible use the syllable La exclusively

## EXERCISE 1. Double Measure.

Do Ra Me Fa Sol La Se Do Do Se La Sol Fa Me Ra Do.  
La La La La La La La La La La La La La La La La.

## EXERCISE 2. Double Measure.

## EXERCISE 3. Double Measure.

## EXERCISE 4. Double Measure.

## EXERCISE 5. Double Measure.

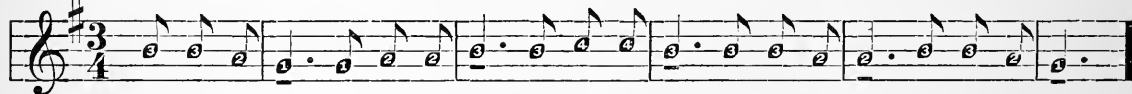
EXERCISE 6. Triple Measure, one accent in each measure.



EXERCISE 7. Triple Measure, one accent. The second part in measures like these are almost as heavy as the first.



EXERCISE 8.



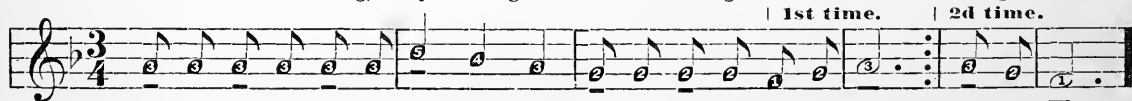
EXERCISE 9. Triple Measure, two accents.



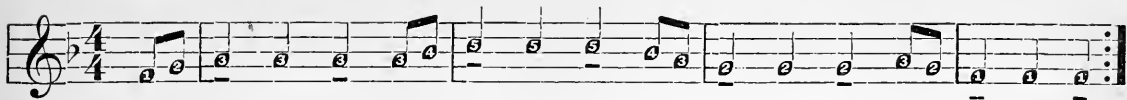
EXERCISE 10.



EXERCISE 11. In the following, every other eighth note receives a slight accent—the first the strongest.



## EXERCISE 12.



## EXERCISE 13.

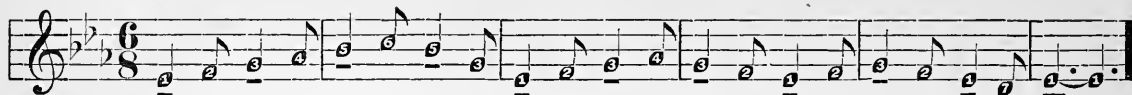
## EXERCISE 14.

## EXERCISE 15.

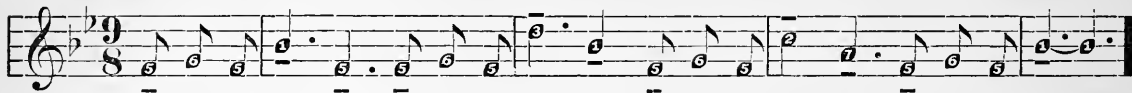
## EXERCISE 16.

## EXERCISE 17.

## EXERCISE 18.



## EXERCISE 19.



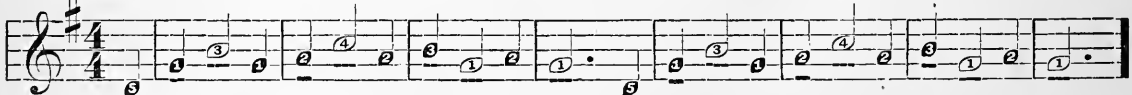
## EXERCISE 20.



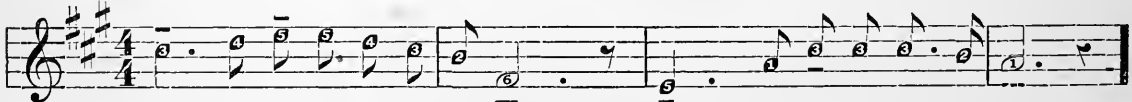
## EXERCISE 21. Syncopation.



## EXERCISE 22.



## EXERCISE 23.



CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR, MINOR, AND CHROMATIC SCALES.

69. INTERVALS of the scale are designated as seconds, thirds, fourths, etc., always reckoning the first, last, and intermediate degrees; for instance, a fifth includes any given tone, another fifth above it, and all that intervene.

70. The scale in Chapter V is most commonly used; but two other forms are sometimes used.

I.		II.		III.	
MAJOR.		MINOR.		CHROMATIC.	
Do	8	La	8	Do	8
Se	7	Sol	7	Se	7
La	6	Fa	6	La	6
Sol	5	Me	5	Sol	5
Fa	4	Ra	4	Fa	4
Me	3	Do	3	Me	3
Ra	2	Se	2	Ra	2
Do	1	La	1	Do	1

71. The first is called the Diatonic Major Scale, and consists of whole and half intervals. The natural scale the same as represented before.

72. In the major scale, there are two whole intervals between 1 and 3.

73. The second is called Minor, because there is but an interval and a half between 1 and 3.

74. In the major, the half intervals occur between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8.

75. In the minor, they are between 2 and 3, and 5 and 6.

76. Music written according to the major, sounds lively and grand, while that of the minor is mournful and plaintive; and for this reason the two forms of the octave are called Grand and Plaintive.

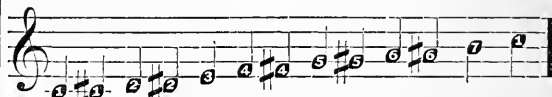
77. The minor is usually written a third lower than the major, with 6 as the first note, 7 the second, 1 as the third, etc.

The relative major and minor keys are one-third apart, but have the same number of flats or sharps as the signature of the key.

78. The Chromatic Scale is produced by adding a tone between each whole interval of the major or minor scales which are represented by sharps (#) or flats (b).

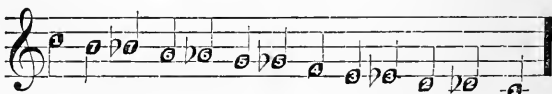
Thus, sharp 1 (#1) represents a tone a half step higher than 1, sharp 2 (#2) a tone a half step higher than 2, etc.; flat 7 (b7) represents a tone a half step lower than 7, and flat 6 (b6) a tone a half step lower than 6, and so on.

CHROMATIC SCALE ASCENDING.



C C# D D# E F F# G G# A A# B C  
Do De Ra Re Me Fa Fe Sol Se La Le Se Do

CHROMATIC SCALE DESCENDING.



C B Bb A Ab G Gb F E Eb D Db C  
Do Se Sa La La Sol Sa Fa Me Ma Ra Ra Do

79. It will be seen from the above that the names of the syllables are changed when applied to notes sharpened or flatted.

## CHAPTER VII.

## PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

80. The sharps or flats placed at the beginning of a tune or exercise, are called the SIGNATURE of the key.

81. A sharp or flat occurring before a note in a tune is called an ACCIDENTAL, and changes all the notes of the same pitch in the measure.

82. A NATURAL ( $\natural$ ) is used to counteract the influence of a sharp or flat which has been previously used.

83. Sometimes a natural occurs when no accidental precedes it. It then refers to the signature.

Sometimes an Accidental changes the key temporarily, in such case the numerals are changed to suit the new key.

The effect of a Double sharp ( $\times$ ) or Double flat ( $\flat\flat$ ) is the same as a sharp or flat only, *to the singer*.

## PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

It is necessary for singers to be able to sing chromatic intervals, especially sharp 4, sharp 5, sharp 1, and sharp 2; flat 7, and flat 3. After the Natural Scale is perfectly familiar, these new intervals can be easily learned. It is not necessary to sing the Chromatic Scale ascending and descending; but learn the intervals from exercises like the following.

## EXERCISE 1.

Do Se Do Ra De Ra Me Re Me Fa Sol Fe Sol La Se La Se Le Se Do.

## EXERCISE 2.

## EXERCISE 3.

## EXERCISE 4.

The teacher may give other examples orally, or on the blackboard.



## CHAPTER VIII.

## TRANSPPOSITION OF THE SCALE.

There is, perhaps, no one item in the science of music which discourages pupils so much as the transposition of the scale. For the vocal musician it is very hard to understand, and if the *whys* and *wherefores* are once learned, they are very often soon forgotten, because they are of no practical benefit to the singer. The only things necessary to learn are, the letters on the staff; the signatures of the keys; the position of the scale on the staff in the different keys, and the art of pitching the scale in those keys.

84. The position of the letters on the staff is fixed, and the location of each letter must be learned so as to be pointed out readily when called for, especially the letters of the G staff. Remember the letters never change their position—the second line is always G, where the G clef is used.

85. The position of the scale is fixed by the sharps or flats at the beginning.

86. Transposing the scale is changing its position on the staff.

87. Do, or 1 of the scale is the governing note—the KEY-NOTE.

88. To speak of the *key of C*, means that 1 of the scale is on C. The *key of G* means that 1 of the scale is on G, etc.

89. A tuning-fork, or other instrument, is used to give the sound of C. By descending the scale from this letter C, thus: C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C, you have the pitch of all the letters, and either of them may be taken for a key-note.

90. When there is no signature to a tune, (no sharps or flats at the beginning,) it is in the key of C.

91. One sharp shows the key of G.

92. Two sharps show the key of D.

93. Three sharps show the key of A.

94. Four sharps show the key of E.

95. One flat shows the key of F.

96. Two flats show the key of B $\flat$ .

97. Three flats show the key of E $\flat$ .

98. Four flats show the key of A $\flat$ .

99. The position of the scale in the key of B $\flat$  is the same as it would be in the key of B; but Do is *pitched* a half step lower than B.

100. The key of E $\flat$  is the same position as the key of E; but *pitched* a half step lower.

The teacher may illustrate, on the blackboard, the transposition of the scale into all the keys, and the logic connected with it, where it is desired; but in most cases it is a loss of so much time.

## CHAPTER IX.

## HARMONY.

101. VOICES are divided into FOUR classes, as follows: *Base*, low male voices; *Tenor*, high male voices; *Alto*, low female voices; *Soprano*, high female voices.

102. Female voices are really an octave higher than male voices, when they seemingly give the same sound.

103. Church music is usually written in four parts, adapted to the four classes of voices named.

104. The proper pitch of the different parts, from the lowest to the highest, is, 1. Base; 2. Tenor; 3. Alto; 4. Soprano.

105. When two parts are written on the Base clef, the lower notes are Base, and the upper notes Tenor; and when two parts are written on the Soprano clef, the lower notes are Alto, and the upper notes Soprano.

106. When each part is written on a separate staff, the parts are usually in the following order, counting up from the lowest: Base, Soprano, Alto, Tenor.

107. The Base should be sung by low male voices, the Tenor by high male voices, Alto by low female voices, and

boys before their voices change; and the Soprano, which is really *the tune*, by high female voices.

108. Harmony consists of a correct succession of properly constructed chords.

109. Any combination of two or more tones make a chord, and chords are divided into two classes—*Concord* and *Discord*.

110. The Concord is agreeable to the ear, and is formed by the union of any two or more tones which are an interval and a half, or more than an interval and a half apart.

111. The Discord is disagreeable to the ear, and is formed by combining sounds which are less than an interval and a half apart.

112. The Common Concord consists of 1, 3, 5, to which 8 may be added. Any other sounds of the scale, which bear the same relation to each other, constitute the same chord.

113. The chord founded on 1 of the scale, thus: 1, 3, 5, is called the Tonic Chord, and is most often used.

114. The chord founded on 4, thus: 4, 6, 1, is called the Subdominant Chord.

115. The chord founded on 5, thus: 5, 7, 2, is called the Dominant Chord. When 4 is added, called the Chord of the Seventh.

---

## CHAPTER. X.

### STYLE, OR DYNAMICS.

116. SOUNDS may be uttered with *Five* degrees of force, and the same principal may be applied to a whole strain.


117. When a tone, or a strain, is to be sung with an ordinary or medium degree of force, it is marked *Medium*, or *m*; if loud, it is marked *Forte*, or *f*; if very loud, *Fortissimo*, or *ff*.

118. When a tone, or a strain, is to be sung softly, it is marked *piano*, or *p*; when very soft, it is marked *pianissimo*, or *pp*.

119. Sometimes a strain is marked *mp*, *mezzo piano*, moderately soft; or *mf*, *mezzo forte*, moderately loud.


120. The Explosive, or *Sforzando*, marked *sf*, or *sfz*, or  $\gt$ , implies that the tone over which it is written should be given with strong emphasis.




121. The tie, or slur, generally indicates that the notes thus connected together are to be sung to a single syllable of words, but sometimes it shows that the notes are to be sung in a smooth, gliding manner, called *Legato*. When the hooks on the stems of the notes connect them together, they are sung just as if the slur were used.

122. Notes marked  *Staccato*, are to be sung in detached, distinct style; dots over the notes indicate distinctness of utterance, but not so much as staccato, called *Marcato*.

123. A row of dots across the staff shows a repeat. D. C. means that the first strain is to be sung; and *Dal Seg.*, or D. S., signifies, repeat from the sign  $\text{S}$  to the word *end*, or *fine*.

124. The word *Ritard*, or *Rit.*, signifies gradually slower; it is sometimes marked *Rallentando*, *Lentando*, or *Slentando*, or their abbreviations.

125. When a tone commences, continues, and ends, with an equal degree of force, it is called an Organ Tone, marked thus: .

126. When a strain is to be sung with increasing force, it is marked *Cres.*, or *Crescendo*, or ; and when it is to be sung with decreasing force, it is marked *Dim.*, or *Diminuendo*, or . The union of *Cres.* and *Dim.* make the swell, marked .

127. Small notes are sometimes immediately before or after the large ones, which are called passing notes, or *Appoggiatura*. They or to be sung lightly, taking a little

time from the essential notes, giving opportunity for the gliding style.

128. A rapid alternation of a tone with the next above it, is called a Shake, or Trill.

129. A rapid alternation of a tone with the one both above and below it, is called a Turn.

130. Where commas and other marks for pauses occur, they should be observed by taking a small amount of time from the tones. In chanting, pauses claim special attention.

131. Accent and emphasis should be carefully observed in singing, just as in reading or speaking.

132. In ending a line of poetry, and especially at the end of a verse or chorus, the last word should be well spoken.

133. The next to the last word, or syllable, like all words without emphasis or accent, should be short and soft.

134. The vowel sounds should be uttered in open, clear style, and occupy the whole time of the tone, except what is necessary to speak the Consonants distinctly.

135. Never try to *sing* the Consonant or Atonic sounds in a word; they are to be *spoken*, and the Vowel, or Tonic sounds are to be sung.

136. Cultivation of the voice demands an exercise of Speaking and Singing, so as to know definitely how to articulate and enunciate each element, syllable, and word, and with a clear and easy style of utterance, exhibit to the hearer the sentiment and intention of the piece, as understood by the singer.

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