

"BETTER THAN GOLD."

SONGS OF GLORY-LAND.

W. H. BURGETT

JOHN M^c PHERSON.

PUBLISHED BY

Henry A. Sumner & Co.,
CHICAGO.

F-46.112

B9127

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SONGS OF GLORY-LAND,


15 1934



FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL, PRAYER MEETING, AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

—♦—BY—♦—



W. H. BURGETT & JOHN McPHERSON.



CINCINNATI, O.:

W. R. SWAN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

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A decorative flourish consisting of symmetrical scrollwork and floral motifs framing the word "PREFACE" in a bold, serif font.

PREFACE.

WITH "SONGS OF GLORY-LAND" we greet the Sunday School workers of this country.

We hereby return thanks to the many able contributors to this work. Hoping it will meet the expectation of our friends, and help along the great work for which it was intended,

We are yours, in song,

W. H. BURGETT,
JOHN McPHERSON.



SONGS OF GLORY-LAND.

THE GLORY-LAND.

ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

To Rev. H. J. Bigley.

W. H. BURGETT.

With enthusiasm.



1. The glory-land, where Je-sus reigns, Is fair - er than the day; And seraphs roam the flow'ry banks Where living wa-ters play.
2. Let prais-es tell, let mu-sic swell, In anthems sweet and grand, Of all the beau-ty that surrounds His throne in glo-ry - land.
3. The glo-ry-land! what sweeter tho't To wea - ry pilgrims given? Who see beyond life's gloomy way The glo-ry-land of heaven.



CHORUS.

Ad lib.



The glo - ry-land, the glo - ry-land, Just o'er the crys-tal sea, Where an-gels sing, and Christ is King, Who died on Cal - va - ry.



SONGS OF GLORY-LAND.

J. McP.

Respectfully inscribed to the Belle Rive Union Sunday School, Josephus Guthrie, Supt. JOHN McPHERSON.

1. SONGS OF GLO-RY-LAND are ring-ing, Clear a - far thro' heav-en's dome; Joy to wea-ry hearts here
 2. SONGS OF GLO-RY-LAND! how sweetly Do they soothe us when we weep; Loving tones, they calm com-
 3. SONGS OF GLO-RY-LAND! with gladness May I sing there by and by, In that home where is no

CHORUS.

bring-ing, Drawing us to that glad home.
 plete-ly All the fear that here we reap. Songs of Glo-ry-Land, ring ev-er; Ech-oes
 sad-ness, Far a-way be-yond the sky.

reach us o'er the way. Tell-ing of joy be-yond death's riv-er, Where we know is end-less day.

HAPPY SONGS.

J. L. O.

J. L. ORR.

1. Oh, the songs that are sung by the an - gels of light, Who dwell in the man-sions a - love, Are
 2. They sing of the glo - ry and good-ness of God, Who dwells in that ev - er-blest home; They
 3. They sing of the crown the re-deem - ed shall wear, Of gar-ments all spot-less and white; They

CHORUS.

sweet-er by far than the songs that we sing, And fill'd with a won-drous love. Happy songs, hap-py
 tell of the mansions prepared for us there, And ten-der - ly ask us to come.
 sing of the Sav-ior who waits for us there, In realms of e - ter - nal light. Happy songs,

songs, the an - gels sing happy songs, happy songs, Let their glad voices ring.
 happy songs, angels sing, angels sing, happy songs, happy songs,

BRIGHTER WHEN NEARER TO THEE.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

J. L. ORR.

1. Sav-ior, dear Sav-ior, oh, show me the way, Dark seems my path-way, oh, guide me to-day!

2. When sin and sorrow shall dark-en my sight, Sav - ior, dear Sav - ior, do thou be my light;

CHORUS.

Bright-er the way seems when thou leadest me, Brighter, yes, brighter, when nearer to thee. Brighter 'twill Teach me to sing, and my glad song shall be, Brighter, yes, brighter, when nearer to thee. Brighter, yes,

Repeat Chorus pp

be, brighter 'twill be, Brighter, yes, brighter, when near-er to thee.
brighter 'twill be, brighter, yes, brighter 'twill be,

HEAVENWARD.

ABBIE C. MCKEEVER.

1st time.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. { Pray God, when our spir - its are plum - ing Them - selves for the heav - en - ly flight, That, when the Lord's summons shall call us, 'Twill [Omit.]

2. { The way may be dark - some and drear - y, And sto - ny the paths for our feet; Pray God that we still may press on - ward, And [Omit.]

3. { The cross is now gleam - ing be - fore us, It points to the crowns we may wear; Ere long we shall join the glad cho - rus, Or [Omit.]

2d time.

REFRAIN.

be to the mansions of light.
rest at the dear Savior's feet. Heavenward, heavenward ev - er, When the spir - it is winging its wail in the depths of de - spair.

flight, Pray God we may cross the dark riv - er in peace, And en - ter the mansions of light.

CLOSE BY THE RIVER.

JNO M

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Close by the riv - er our loved ones are standing, With gold - en harps gleam - ing so bright;
 2. Close by the riv - er those dear ones are thronging, And send - ing to us a bright gleam
 3. Close by the riv - er may I, too, be sing - ing With those who are wait - ing up there;

The song of re - demp - tion now sweetly they're chanting, Oh, wondrously beau - ti - ful sight!
 Of those love - ly mansions, in which I am long - ing To dwell, with a Ru - ler su - preme.
 How hap - py I'll be when with them my voice ringing, Shall tell of those mansions so fair.

CHORUS.

Close by the riv - er they wait till we come, Clad in their robes of white,

Sing - ing for - ev - er a sweet wel - come home To that glo - ri - ous world of light.

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. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

ERNEST J. DAVIS.

1. Heaven-ly Fa - ther, teach the way, Teach thy lit - tle child to pray;
 2. Fill my heart with heaven - ly peace, Bid my fret - ful pas - sions cease;
 3. May thy ho - ly an - gels spread Guar - dian wings a - round my head;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

How to shun the ways of sin, How the crown of life to win.
 Con - quer all my foes with - in, Still the storm - y waves of sin.
 May thy dear and lov - ing eyes Meet my own be - yond the skies.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes.

NEARER TO THE SHORES OF PROMISE.

SUSIE VERNON.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Nearer to the shores of promise, Nearer to the fields of green, Nearer where the living
 2. Nearer to the walls of jas-per, Nearer to the gates of pearl; E-ven now I see their
 3. Nearer, nearer we are com-ing, As our days swift roll a-long, And the way is growing

- wa-ters Roll in waves of crys-tal sheen; Near-er where the bless-ed man-sions, Built to
 watch-guard Their se-raph-ic pin-ions furl, While the ech-o of their voi-ces Floats e'en
 clear-er, And we lift a glad, sweet song. Soon our feet will make the shore-land, And we'll

shelt-er all who come, Rise in state-ly, fair pro-por-tions Near-er to our heavenly home.
 to the earth-ly shore, As they sing in rapturous numbers, Death, and sin, and pain are o'er.
 see that home so bright, Where we'll sing a grander an-them In that place where comes no night.

NEARER TO THE SHORES OF PROMISE. Concluded.

11

CHORUS.

Stronger blow, oh, wafting breezes; Nearer, swell-ing billows, roll; Waft me to the land of prom-ise,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

BLESSED BE THE LORD.

JOHN McPHERSON.

To the blest, im-mor - tal goal.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

Bless-ed be the Lord God of Is - ra - el, from

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

ev - er - lasting to ev - er - last-ing; Blessed be the Lord God of Is-ra - el. A - men and a - men.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

WHEN WE WAKEN.

ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. When the long, long night is o - ver, And we wak - en from our sleep; When the shadows
2. Shall we wake to bless - ed morning In the world be - yond the skies, And wear gar - lands
3. Sweet will be the life up yon - der, Rare will be the mu - sic heard; Nev - er more from

CHORUS

dark shall hov - er, And no watch - er vig - ils keep.
for a - dorn - ing In that home where man ne'er dies? Oh, the rapt - ure of the morn - ing!
him to wan - der, Who has kept his gra - cious word.

When the long, long night is o'er; Oh, the gar - lands for a - dorn - ing, When we waken ev - er - more!

THE CELESTIAL COAST.

13

S. S. GORBY.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. We near the farther shore, Its verdant fields appear; Our journey almost o'er, The cit-y seems so near.
 2. We bend upon the oar When heavy storm-clouds lower, Nor fear the tempest's roar, Christ holds it in his power.

Upon the golden strand There waits a shining host, The pilgrim's promis'd land, 'Tis heaven's celestial coast.
 And just beyond we see God's blessed land of rest, The mansions of the free, The cit - y of the blest.

CHORUS.

We near the golden strand, Where waits a happy host; The pilgrim's promis'd land, 'Tis God's celestial coast.

LOOK ON THAT SAINTLY BROW.

W. W. MALOTT.

(FOR FUNERALS.)

W. H. B.

1. Draw near with soft and rev - 'rent tread, With heart sub - dued, and ba - ted breath, And
 2. Look on that white and saint - ly brow, Robed in the great de - stroy - er's guise; But
 3. Which for the first be - hold us grieve, And drop not the re - spon - sive tear; The

lift the pall that hides the dead— One who was faith - ful un - to death.
 death's e - clipse can hide not now The ra - dant light that filled those eyes.
 hand so read - y to re - lieve Re - turns no an - swer - ing press - ure here.

WE SHALL MEET BY AND BY.

ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

J. L. GILLESPIE.

1. By and by, when all the tri - als Of our earth - ly life are o'er, By and by, when pain and sorrow
 2. By and by the pilgrims' burdens Shall have fallen to their feet, By and by will an - gel voi - ces

Shall be felt and feared no more, When the blessed Sav-ior calls us To the brighter world on high,
Lead them up the golden street. Oh, the rapture of the meeting In the kingdom of the blest.

CHORUS.

There will be a hap-py meeting With our dear ones by and by. There will be a joy-ous meet-ing
Where the Lord shall greet his children, And shall give the weary rest.

In the Sav-ior's home on high; Oh, the hap-py, hap-py greet-ing In that longed-for by and by

J. N. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. In the sunday school there is work for all, For the old and young, for the great and small, For we
 2. Here we learn of him who was cru-ci-fied, He for sins a-toned by a pierc-ed side, That we
 3. Then to sunday school let us ev - er go, As we toil a - long on our way be-low; Soon we'll

CHORUS.

all can heed the Savior's call, And partake of his blessings that so gently fall. Singing on, sing-ing
 all might rest on Jordan's tide, And in homes of the purified we'll e'er abide. Singing on,
 reach a land of bliss, I know, Where a robe is awaiting us as white as snow.

on, As we gladly march along; Singing on, let ev'ry tongue Prolong this merry song.
 happy throng, Singing on, let ev'ry tongue

JESUS IS WAITING.

17

S. S. GORBY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1st time.

2d time.

1. { See those eyes ten - der - ly plead - ing, Wait - ing and plead - ing in vain; }
 2. { Hear that sweet voice in - ter - ced - ing, [Omit.] Fa - ther, for - give them a - gain.
 3. { Turn from thy fol - ly and mad - ness, Turn from the sor - row and strife, }
 { Come to the Sav - ior in glad - ness, [Omit.] Seek ye the path - way of life.
 { Glad - ly his arms will en - fold thee, All of your bur - dens he'll bear; }
 { In all your walks will up - hold thee, [Omit.] Ban - ish a - way all your care.

Waste not the time in de - lay - ing, Come now to Christ and be free; Come, for the Sav - ior is wait - ing,
 Come, ere life's morn is a - bat - ing, Come now to Christ and be free; Come, for the Sav - ior is wait - ing,
 He is a Friend who will nev - er Leave thee when com - eth dark days; But he will guide you for - ev - er,

Refrain.

Rit.

Je - sus is wait - ing for thee. Wait - ing, wait - ing, Je - sus is wait - ing for thee.
 Je - sus is wait - ing for thee.
 And he'll pre - pare all your ways. Je - sus is wait - ing, is wait - ing for thee, Je - sus is wait - ing for thee.

THERE'S A MANSION.

JOHN McP.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. There's a man-sion that a-waits us o'er the riv - er, That each wea-ry eye is wait-ing now to see; In that
 2. Here are tri - als, troubles,sor-rows we are reap-ing, And our days are long and sad as we toil on; But we
 3. Here we wait the com-ing of the King of glo - ry, Who will take us home to mansions of the blest, To the

place of rest we know we'll dwell for - ev - er, And will ev - er, ev - er, ev - er hap-py be.
 soon will reach the shore where, no more weep-ing, We will sing re-demption's glad and happy song.
 cit - y fair, as told in old - en sto - ry, Where we'll dwell for - ev - er in the land of rest.

THERE'S A MANSION. Concluded.

19

CHORUS.

There's a heav-en-ly man-sion that our eyes shall see, When by faith we reach the Gold-en Land.

There with our Re-deem-er ev-er-more to be, Where in glo-ry wait the an-gel band.

DANA.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss Dana Dunn, St. Louis, Mo., and Miss Hattie Dana, Cardington, Ohio.

JOHN McP.

JOHN McPHERSON.

[friend to you.

1. Here are friends we love around us, And their hearts are warm and true; But there is a Friend, whose love aboundeth, Who will be a
2. This dear Friend on you is calling, With a winning voice so sweet; Dews of his free mercy on you falling, Make you free from sin complete.
3. Flee to him, he can deliver, When the shades of death draw near; He will pilot you safe o'er the river, And will give you endless cheer.

ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

W. H. BURGETT

1. A-round the great white throne some day, Dear friends shall gathered be; A-round the great white
 2. A-round the great white throne, sweet tho't I may be kneel - ing there, For Christ has said there
 3. Teach me the way, O Sav - ior dear, I am so weak; my prayer Is that I may not

CHORUS.

throne of God, Will I be there to see?
 is a way, It may be learned by prayer. Will I be there, will I be there, When
 go a - stray; I want to meet you there.

friends shall gath-ered be A-round the great white throne a - bove? Will I be there to see?

SPREAD WIDE THE DOOR.

JOHN McPHERSON.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Spread wide the door for the chil-dren, We want them with us here to-day, And teach them to sing of
 2. Spread wide the door for the chil-dren, They gladly will en-ter, I know, And learn of his love who
 3. Spread wide the door for the chil-dren, Go, gath-er them in - to this fold; Go to them to - day, and

CHORUS

Je - sus, our King; From sinful paths lead them a-way.
 came from a-bove To die for frail sin-ners be-low. Spread wide the door for the chil-dren, Bid
 point them the way That leads to the cit - y of gold.

all the dear lambs to come in; From hedges of sin go gather them in, And heaven's bright homeland we'll win.

WHEN THOU COMEST.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When thou com-est in thy kingdom, Je-sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me; Thus the pen-i-tent
 2. When thou com-est in thy kingdom, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be, Like the pen-i-tent
 3. When thou com-est in thy kingdom, Mounting upward to the skies, Like the pen-i-tent

CHORUS.

thief en-treat-ed Christ, the Lord, on Cal-va-ry.
 thief, I pray thee, Je-sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me. Nev-er in vain, nev-er in vain,
 thief, I pray to Be with thee in Par-a-dise.

Faith inspires this wonderful strain; When thou comest in thy kingdom, Jesus, Lord, remember me.

IN PARADISE.

23

ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. There is a land, a ra-diant land, Be-yond our earth bound skies, Rich in the glo-ry
 2 A beau-teous land, a glo-rious world, Ne'er seen by mor-tal eyes, And dreams a-lone may
 3. O world so fair O land of bliss! What joy at last to rise And leave be-hind the

CHORUS.

of our Lord, Who reigns in Par - a - dise.
 pic - ture half The wealth of Par - a - dise. In Par - a - dise, in Par - a - dise, Oh,
 pains of this To dwell in Par - a - dise.

think of the joy to be, In Par - a - dise, in Par - a - dise, To dwell e - ter - nal - ly

BREAKING AWAY.

JOHN McPHERSON.

R. A. KINZIE.

1. The fet-ters of Sa-tan are breaking, And hastens Mil-len-ni-um's day; The in - fi-del's walls we are
 2. The sunlight now peeps thro' the rift-ing, Which makes us no longer dismay; The shadows of night all are
 3. A haven of peace we are nearing, From whence we will never more stray; Then let us press on, nev-er

CHORUS.

shak-ing, Sin's dark clouds are all breaking away.
 lift-ing, Woe's dense clouds are all breaking away. Breaking a-way, breaking a-way, Sin's dark clouds are
 fear-ing, For the clouds are all breaking away.

break-ing away; Faint heart, ne'er dismay, be hap-py, al-way, All clouds now are breaking a-way.

MARCHING HOME.

25

R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.

1. We are march-ing home to Ca-naan's hap - py land, March-ing on, march-ing on, march-ing on, march-ing on, Soon we'll
 2. We will sing re - joic - ing as we march a-long, March-ing on, march-ing on, march-ing on, march-ing on, In the
 3. There's a sun - ny land where pleas-ures nev - er die, March-ing on, march-ing on, march-ing on, march-ing on, In those

CHORUS.

reach the shore be - yond cold Jordan's strand, Where we'll rest with Christ at home.
 Lord, we trust, let ev - ery heart be strong, Soon we'll reach that hap - py home. March-ing home, march-ing
 ra - diant fields be - yond the az - ure sky, There with loved ones be at home. We are marching home,

home, march-ing home, Our Sav-ior bids us come! Tho' dark waves roll high we'll never have a fear, For we'll all soon rest at home.

HE CARES FOR EVEN ME.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, how sweet the blessed prom-ise, That my Sav-ior cares for me; Ev - ery day and hour he
 2. When I go a - stray he sees me, And he gen - tly calls me home; Tho' I oft have dis-re-
 3. Long and loud he called so ten - der That my heart o-beyed his cry, And in pen - i-tence re-
 4. Now my soul, O bless-ed Sav - ior, Journeys on-ward un - to thee, With the bless-ed tho't, so

Je - sus cares for
CHORUS.

watch - es, Ev - ery ac - tion he can see.
 gard - ed, Yet he watched me 'mid the gloom. cares for e - ven me, Je - sus
 turn - ing, Par - don found thro' him on high.
 cheer - ing, That thou car - est still for me.

me, Je - sus cares for e - ven me; Je - sus

cares for e - ven me, Je - sus cares, yes, Je - sus cares for e - ven me, e - ven me; Je - sus

care, . . . he cares for me, Je - sus cares, . . . he cares for me.
 Je - sus cares, he cares for me, - ven me, Je - sus cares, he cares for me, e - ven me.

LEBANON.

Rev. O. B. RIPPETOE.
Moderato.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. The twelve are filled with doubt and fear, And to the Mas-ter haste; He speaks to them in

words of cheer. Come rest with me in des - ert waste.

- 2 He leads them to a quiet place,
 Away from worldly throng,
 And sweet the gentle words of grace
 That feasts their souls the whole day long.
- 3 Our Savior leads us out, away
 From worldly thought and cares;
 And joyous are the hours we stay
 Where Jesus hears our earnest prayers.

CROWNS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. F. KINSEY.

1st time.

1. { Up to the ev - er - green hills we climb, O - ver the path - way of trou - ble and time;
 { Hope in our hearts as we wan - der a - long, [Omit. Patient - ly
 { Je - sus has made us a home on high, Realm of sweet rest in the days by and by;
 2. { Tis a fair coun - try of glo - ry and light, [Omit. Earth's weary
 { So may we live in the days to be, We shall pass o - ver the trou - ble - some sea, [Omit.
 3. { Up from the wa - ter's dark, shad - ow - y shore, [Omit.] In - to the

Refrain.

sing - ing this sweet, sweet song.
 trav - el - ers shall u - nite. Crowns of the beau - ti - ful we shall wear,
 peace that will last e'er - more. Crowns of the beau - ti - ful we shall

we shall wear; Jour - ney - ing on, we are jour - ney - ing on. Crowns of the beau - ti - ful we shall wear.

COME, SINNER, COME.

29

WILL ELLSWORTH WITTER.

H. R. PALMER. By per

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come.
 2. Are you too heav-y-la - den? Come, sinner, come; Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come.
 3. Oh, hear his tender pleading, Come, sinner, come; Come, and receive the bless-ing, Come, sinner, come.

Now is the time to own him, Come, sinner, come; Now is the time to know him, Come, sinner, come.
 Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come; Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come.
 While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come; While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come.

CARTERSVILLE.

JOHN M. DEVENEAU.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Lit-tle chil-dren, Je - sus loves you, Do you love the Sav-ior too? Does his wooing spirit move you When you hear he died for you?
 2. Do you trust this El-der Broth-er, Do you all his mercies prove? Ah! the love of e'en a moth-er Can not e - qual Je - sus' love!
 3. Lit-tle chil-dren, love him ev-er. Trust him in the trying hour; Look to him, and he will never Leave you in the Tempter's power.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Fling out the banner, let it float Skyward and sea-ward, high and wide; The sun that lights its
 2. Fling out the banner! an-gels bend In anxious si-lence o'er the sign, And vain-ly seek to
 3. Fling out the banner to the breeze, Upward and on-ward, far and wide; Our glo-ry on - ly

CHORUS.

shin-ing fold's The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
 com-pre-hend The won-ders of the love di-vine. Fling out the banner, the banner of the cross,
 is the cross, Our on - ly hope the Cru-ci-fied.

Long may it wave o'er the land and sea; Fling out the banner, the banner of the cross, That all the world may

[see.]

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. We sing of the glo-ries up there, In that homeland so bright and so fair, Of streets of pure gold and
 2. We long for those bright crowns to wear, And fair palms of vict'ry to bear; The harp's welcome sound and
 3. My Je-sus has gone to pre-pare A home that is free from all care; Those mansions of love a-

CHORUS.

pleas-ures un-told, But what must it be to be there?
 joys that a-bound, But what must it be to be there? What must it be to be there? Oh, what must it
 wait us a-bove, But what must it be to be there?

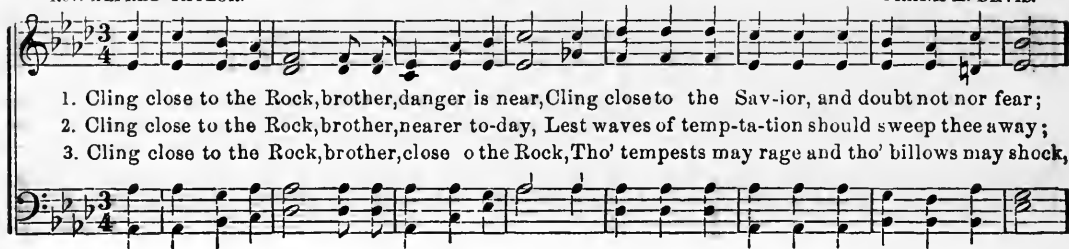
Rit.

be to be there? That sweet land of bliss is fair - er than this, But what must it be to be there?

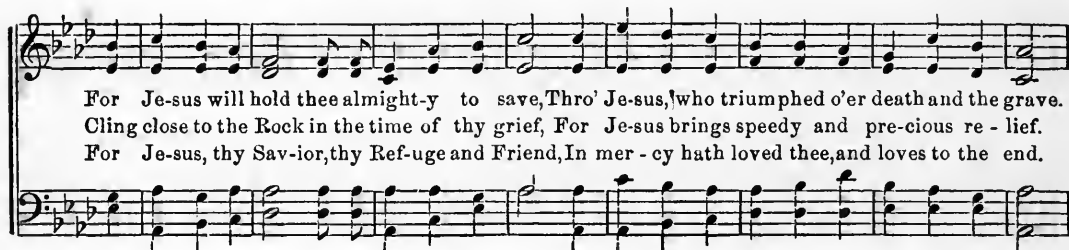
CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

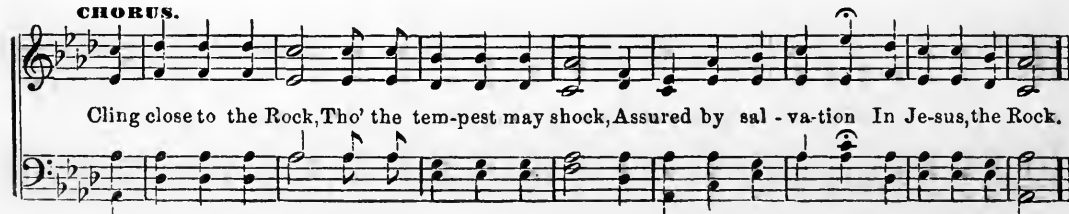
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, danger is near, Cling close to the Sav-ior, and doubt not nor fear;
 2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, nearer to-day, Lest waves of temp-tation should sweep thee away;
 3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close o the Rock, Tho' tempests may rage and tho' billows may shock,



For Je-sus will hold thee almight-y to save, Tho' Je-sus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave.
 Cling close to the Rock in the time of thy grief, For Je-sus brings speedy and pre-cious re-lief.
 For Je-sus, thy Sav-ior, thy Ref-uge and Friend, In mer-cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.

CHORUS.


Cling close to the Rock, Tho' the tem-pest may shock, Assured by sal-va-tion In Je-sus, the Rock.

SAVIOR, HEAR MY PRAYER.

33

C. A. FYKE.

W. H. BURGETT.

Slow.

1. Sav-ior, hear my fee - ble prayer; Be thou near me ev - ery-where; Guide my feet in paths of
 2. Let thy right-eous will be mine, Shield me with thy love di - vine; Then, dear Sav-ior, I shall
 3. Sav-ior, I will trust thy care; Thou wilt all my bur-dens bear; Wash me, cleanse me white as

CHORUS.

right, Lead my spir - it in the light.
 be Pure and un - de - filed like thee. Sav-ior, Sav - ior, hear me now, While be-
 snow, If to thee in faith I go.

fore thy throne I bow: Let me at thy mer-cy - seat Find a par - don full, com-plete.

SHALL I LET HIM IN?

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

Not too fast.

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with
 2. Shall I send him the lov - ing word; Shall I let him in? Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my
 3. Yes, I'll o-pen this proud heart's door, Yes, I'll let him in; Glad-ly I'll welcome him

my sad heart, Oh, shall I let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and cheerless is
 gracious Lord, Oh, shall I let him in? He can in - fi - nite love im - part; He can par - don this
 ev - er - more; Oh, yes, I'll let him in. Bless - ed Sav - ior, a - bide with me, Cares and tri - als will

all with - in; Christ is bid - ding me turn un - to him, Oh, shall I let him in?
 reb - el heart; Shall I bid him, for - ev - er de - part, Or shall I let him in?
 light - er be; I am safe if I'm on - ly with thee, Oh, bless - ed Lord, come in.

SWIFTLY, YET SWEETLY.

35

JNO. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Round my cot-tage birds sings sweetest When I do the right each day; My life's pleasure is com-
 2. Now my life is like a riv - er, For my wants are all sup-plied; I am thank-ful to the
 3. Now that brighter dawn draws nearer, Soon I'll cross a strang-er sea; Unknown shores are growing

CHORUS.

plet - est When I all God's laws o - bey.
 giv - er Of that rest be-yond death's tide. Oh, how swift-ly, yet how sweet-ly, Pass my
 clear - er, Soon I'll know. e - ter - ni - ty.

hours and years a - way! For my soul is filled com-plete-ly With the bliss of rest for aye.

JOHN M. DEVENEAU.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Bright-ly dawns the Sab-bath morn-ing, Van-ish-ed are the shades of night; See the ris-ing
 2. Let us thank him for each bless-ing, Life, and health, and strength, and peace; Children, can you
 3. Now the wak-ing bird re-joic-es That the light of day has come; Children, too, with

CHORUS.

sun a - dorn - ing Hill and dale with mel - low light.
 these pos - sess - ing, Ev - er let your prais - es cease? Chil-dren, sing, praise our King,
 hap - py voi - ces, Sing in this our Sab - bath home.

For his love and mer - cy past; May we still do his will While our lives and strength shall last.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE.

37

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

Con spirito.

1. Soldiers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm-or on; Strong in the strength which
Sol - diers of Christ, a . rise, And put your arm-or on;

CHORUS.

God supplies Thro' his e - ter - nal Son. A-rise, a-rise, a-rise, a-rise, And put your arm-or on;

Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' his eternal Son.

2 Stand, then, against your foes
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
'Throughout the evil day.'

3 From strength to strength go on,
And watch, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. We shall reach the river side Some sweet day, some sweet day, We shall cross the stormy tide .
 2. We shall pass in-side the gate Some sweet day, some sweet day, Peace and plenty for us wait
 3. We shall meet our lost and own Some sweet day, some sweet day, Gath'ring 'round the great white throne

Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be -
 Some sweet day, some sweet day; We will hear the won-drous strain, Glo - ry
 Some sweet day, some sweet day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and

fore our eyes un - fold Heav-en's splendors yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 to the Lamb that's slain, Christ was dead, but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 rapt - ure ev - 'ry-where; Oh, the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

OH, HOW I LOVE.

39

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. Oh, how I love my Je - sus, The Lamb who died for me, Who left his home in
 2. Tho' wild earth's dark com-mo - tion, And rag - ing pas-sions try, I rest on him so
 3. Oh, ho - ly Son and Spir - it, I pant for more of thee; I thirst for liv - ing

CHORUS.

glo - ry, My Sav - ior kind to be.
 sweet - ly, And wait the By - and - by. Oh, bless - ed, dy - ing Lamb of God, Oh,
 wa - ter; Be - stow it full on me.

bound-less love and grace! To stoop to earth for man to make A heaven-ly rest - ing-place.

C. A. FYKE.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. Hur-rah! hur-rah! 'tis Christ-mas eve, And we are glad and free! Our sparkling eyes with
 2. 'Tis load-ed down with pret-ty gifts Of drums, and sleds, and toys. 'Tis bright with light, 'tis
 3. How ma - ny read - y, wait-ing hands, How ma - ny long-ing eyes, How ma - ny hap - py,

CHORUS.

an - x - ious look Sur - vey the Christmas tree.
 rich and gay With all the heart en - joys. The Christ-mas tree, the Christ-mas tree, We
 joy - ous hearts Will bear a - way a prize.

hail the Christ-mas tree; Our hearts are filled with joy to-night By this bright Christmas tree.

THAT PRECIOUS BLOOD.

41

J. M.

"Let us make much of the blood that hath redeemed us."

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. That won-der-ful fountain was opened for me, A free,flowing,cleansening flood; On Cal-va-ry's.
 2. This blood will redeem thee from woe and from sin,Then drink of this fountain and live: There's no other
 3. Oh, why will you long-er this par-don re-fuse, Why longer in doubt thus remain? Why will you, then,

CHORUS.

mountain Christ died on the tree, And shed there his own precious blood.
 por - tal to en - ter with-in, And pardon and peace thus receive. "Let us make much of the blood" The
 long - er his pa-tience a-buse, The Sav-ior is call-ing a - gain.

Savior has shed for thee; 'Twill wash you and cleanse you If only you would Just now to this fountain flee.

* Extract from a private letter of the late P. P. Bliss.

FAR AWAY.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Far a-way in the bright land of bliss, Where our spir - its are freed from all care, In a
 2. Far a-way in a sun - ni - er clime We will bask in the sun-shine of love, And will
 3. Far a-way, yet how near it may be When we'll sing on that sum - mer-like shore, In a

CHORUS.

land that is fair - er than this We a home with the angels will share. Far away, far away,
 join in those anthems sublime, That are ringing for-ev - er a-bove.
 home that is wait - ing for me, Where I'll sor-row and sin never more. Far away, far away,

whether far, whether near it may be, We shall rest 'mong the blest, In that land where no sorrow we'll see.
 We shall rest 'mong the blest,

THE LORD IS KING.

43

W. T. GIFFE.

Vigorously.

1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heav'ns, rejoice! From world to world the
 2. The Lord is King! ex-alt your strains, Ye saints, your God, the Father, reigns! One Lord, one em-pire,
 3. Oh, when his wis-dom can mis-take, His might de-cay, his love for-sake, Then may his chil-dren

CHORUS.

joy shall ring, The Lord om-nip - o - tent is King! Glo - ry! glo - ry! From
 all se-cures; He reigns, and life and death are yours. cease to sing The Lord om-nip - o - tent is King! Hal-le - lu-jah, A-men! hal-le - lu-jah, Amen!

world to world the joy shall ring! Glo - ry, glo - ry! The Lord omnip-o-tent is King!
 Hal-le - lu-jah, Amen, hal-le - lu-jah, Amen!

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

With feeling.

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, look up - on me, Me, a low - ly, wand'ring child; Stretch thy hand to my as -
 2. Thou art pit - y, love, com - pas - sion, Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way; Thou the Fa - ther, Son, and
 3. Canst thou love me, blessed Mas - ter, I that have de - sert - ed thee, I that oft - en thee have
 4. Je - sus, Mas - ter, how I love thee; Hu - man flesh is weak, I know; Hence I need thee, oh, I

sist - ance, Cleanse my heart, by sin de - filed.
 Spir - it, Lead me un - to per - fect day. Je - sus, Mas - ter, look up - on me, Thou art
 doubt - ed, Canst thou, wilt thou, ran - som me?
 need thee On my pil - grim - age be - low.

now my all in all; Stretch thy hand and hold me ev - er, Lest I stum - ble, faint, and fall.

EVER SING.

45

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON

1 Sing we loud - ly songs of glad - ness, All our hopes up - lift - ed high; There is thus no room for
 2. Let us e'er be glad and cheer - ful Till we see our bless - ed King; There our feet will ne'er be
 3. Sing we ev - er till the end - ing—Till a crown of life we wear, Till our voi - ces with those

CHORUS.

sad - ness, If we sing while moments fly.
 wea - ry If we joy - ous ev - er sing. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er, Sing till
 blend - ing Who are sing - ing o - ver there.

sing - ing on that shore; For we'll sing be - yond death's riv - er Songs of love for - ev - er - more.

UPON A ROCK.

JNO. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. My faith looks now, un-to a Rock, That Rock was Christ,
 my faith looks now, un-to a Rock, that Rock was Christ,

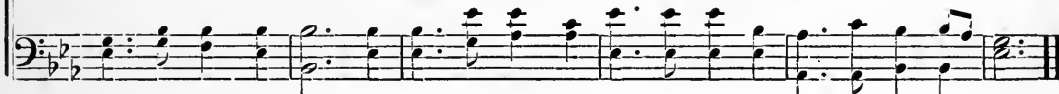
A stronghold sure; Tho' foes would oft this High Tower mock,
 A stronghold sure; Tho' foes would oft this High Tower mock,

CHORUS.

Yet stands it strong, 'Twill e'er en-dure. Oh, precious Rock, e'er shel-ter me, Till
 yet stands it strong,



earth's cold storms are o'er; I'n thy sweet shade I'd ev - er be, Till rest - ing on that shore.



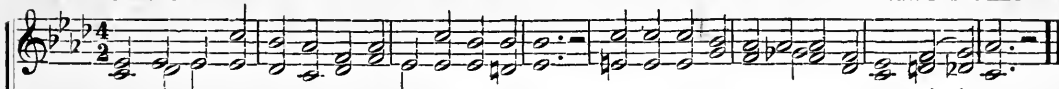
2 Upon this Rock I cast my soul,
And trust his love to rescue me;
He'll bear me home to his dear fold,
And from my sins will set me free.

3 This Rock stands firm whate'er betide,
Beneath its shade I sweetly rest;
Though foes would e'er this Rock deride,
I could not be more greatly blest.

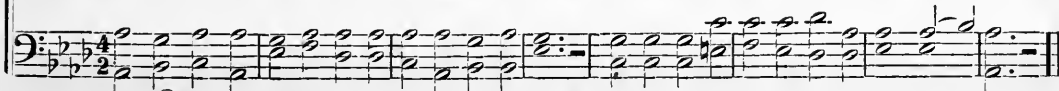
ART THOU LONGING?*

Rev. S. C. MORGAN.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Art thou long-ing? Je - sus calls thee To his wounded side; "Come to me," saith he, "and ev - er Safe a - bide."
2. If thou let him he will save thee, Make thee all his own; Guide thee, keep thee, take thee, dying, To his home.
3. Wilt thou still re - fuse his of - fer? Wilt thou say him nay? Wilt thou let him, grieved, rejected, Go a - way?



* By permission of Biglow & Main.

AFTER A LITTLE WHILE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.
Moderato.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. We are as lambs without shep-herd or fold; Some are so wea-ry, some thirst-y and cold,
 2. It may be night, and our feet go a-stray, Wait-ing and long-ing for break of the day;
 3. Look, then, a-bove all the sor-row and tears O-ver the fu-ture time's beau-ti-ful years,

Oth-ers are hungry and oth-ers foot-sore; Soon we shall wea-ry and thirst'nev-er more.
 We may have sadness and eyes dimmed with tears, Yet soon will end all our trou-bles and fears.
 O-ver the path-way your footsteps have trod, Then to your Sav-ior, your Shepherd and God.

CHORUS.

Af-ter a lit-tle while, af-ter a-while; Why need we sor-row or why cease to smile?

Sing, sweet-ly sing, with a heart of good cheer, Af-ter a lit-tle while soon will be here.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

YATES.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. We come a - gain, O Lord, to thee, No oth-er ref-uge near; Thy hand can make my

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

blind eyes see, Thy words a - lone can cheer.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below the notes.

2 O Lord, now guide us with thine eye,
Forsake us not, we pray,
But hear our contrite, humble cry;
Bless us from day to day.

3 Oh, be thou near me when I sleep,
And when awake, Lord, guide
My wayward, wandering, weary feet,
Whatever here betide.

TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O.

FOR INFANT CLASS.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. I've two lit - tle hands to work for Je - sus, One lit - tle tongue his praise to tell; .
 2. I've two lit - tle feet to tread the path-way, Up to the heavenly courts a - bove;
 3. I've one lit - tle heart to give to Je - sus, One lit - tle soul for him to save,

CHORUS.

Two lit - tle ears to hear his coun - sel, One lit - tle voice a song to swell.
 Two lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Tell - ing of Je - sus' won - drous love. Lord, we come,
 One lit - tle life for his dear serv - ice, One lit - tle self that must be saved.

Lord, we come. In our child-hood's ear-ly morning, Lord, we come, Lord, we come, come to learn of thee.

JUST A LITTLE NEARER.

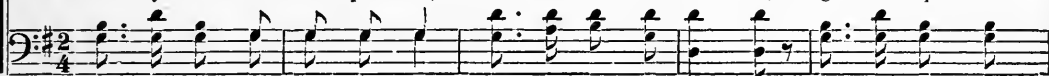
51

C. A. FYKE

C. A. FYKE.



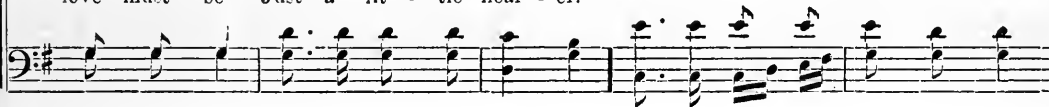
1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, I would be Just a lit - tle near - er; I would all thy
 2. Lest I wan - der, Lord, from thee, Just a lit - tle near - er May thy spir - it
 3. Let thy love en - com - pass me, Just a lit - tle near - er; Height and depth of



CHORUS.



glo - ry see Just a lit - tle clear - er.
 ev - er be Just a lit - tle near - er. Near - er, near - er would I be,
 love must be Just a lit - tle near - er.



Just a lit - tle near - er, Draw me near - er, Lord, to thee, Just a lit - tle near - er.



THE SAVIOR'S CALL

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

R. A. KINZIE.

1 Hark! I hear the Sav-ior call, Long and sweet his tones prolong: At his feet I glad-ly fall, With his
 2. On the mountain wild and bleak, First I heard his sacred voice, Then my spirit heard him speak, And it
 3. Oh, poor sin-ner, sad and lone, Flee to Je-sus, flee to-day, He for sins will now a-tone He will

CHORUS.

love my on - ly song. Lord, I come, I come, Trust-ing in thy bless-ed word,
 made my soul re - joice. I come, I come, thy blessed word,
 wash your guilt a - way.

I have heard thee call, Thou canst save, O bless - ed Lord.
 I have heard, heard thee call, blessed Lord.

LIKE THE RAIN.

53

JOHN McPHERSON.

R. A. KINZIE.



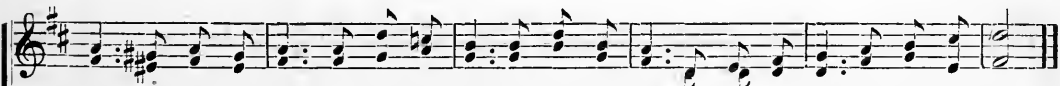
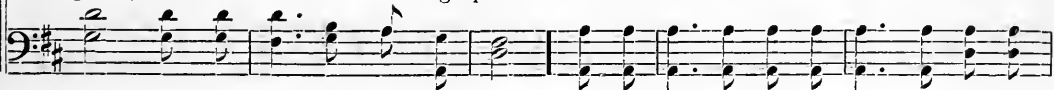
1. Gent - ly, like the sum-mer rain, Fall the mer-cies of our King, On sad hearts now rent with
 2. Ev - er soft - ly falls his love, Soothing balm for those that weep, Falling gent - ly from a -
 3. Soon we'll pass to yon-der home, Where we'll see our Sav-ior's face, Soon we'll leave this world of



CHORUS.



pain, Peace and com - fort it will bring.
 bove, Watch-ing o'er us while we sleep. Like the rain, soft sum-mer rain, God's mer-cies
 gloom, Gain a sure, sweet rest - ing place.



fall, a sweet re - frain, On wea-ry hearts bent low with pain, Making the soul re-vive a - gain.



THAT BRIGHTER SHORE.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. May I sing by that clear riv - er, On whose shores my loved ones roam, Singing prais-es to the
 2. There are many loved ones waiting In their robes of shin-ing white, And their songs are un-a-
 3. Once a-gain in sweet-er meas-ure, I would sing of that fair shore, Where is nev - er - end-ing

CHORUS.

Giv - er Of a rest be-yond the tomb. By-and - by, be-yond the riv - er,
 bating, On that shore where comes no night. By-and-by, oh, by-and-by, beyond the river, shining river,
 pleas-ure, And no sor-row an - y more.

On that brighter, bet-ter, bright-er, fair-er shore, yes, bright-er shore, We will sing with clearer voice
 On that bright - er, fair - er shore, We will sing

THAT BRIGHTER SHORE. Concluded.

55

his praise for - ev - er; For the bless - - - ings there in store.
 his praise for - ev - er, praise for - ev - er, For the blessings, pre - cious blessings, there in store.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff, with some words split across lines.

SUFFER THEM TO COME.

Mc.

Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, Suf - fer them to come, suf - fer them to come,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom of heaven.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is primarily in the upper staff, with accompaniment in the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

NEARING THE PORT.

Rev. W. T. DALE.

"My brother, I am nearing the port."*

D. E. DORTCH.

1. I am near-ing the port, I will soon be at home, And the voy - age of life will be
 2. I am near-ing the port, for the land is in sight, And the mountains in grand - eur are
 3. I *am an-chor-ed in port*, I have reached the bright strand, And the voy-age of life is now

o'er, And beneath the high arches of heaven's bright dome I shall dwell with my friends gone before.
 seen, And the landscape of E - den I hail with delight, And the plains that are covered with green.
 past; With my Sav - ior I'll dwell in this beau - ti - ful land, And with rapture I'll shout "home at last!"

CHORUS.

I am near - ing. yes, near - ing. I will an-chor at peace on that strand;
 near-ing the port. near-ing the port,

* Last words of Rev. W. H. Crutcher, of Texas.

NEARING THE PORT. Concluded.

57

I am near - ing, yes, near - ing, Soon I'll dwell in that beau - ti - ful land.
 near-ing the port, near-ing the port,

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

RAY PALMER.

D. E. DORTCH.

1. In the shad-ow of the Rock Let me rest, When I feel the tempest's shock Thrill my breast;
 2. On a parch'd and desert way Here I tread, With the scorching noontide ray O'er my head;
 3. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take, And once more I'll my onward journey take As be - fore;

All in vain the storm shall sweep While I hide, And my tranquil station keep By my side.
 Let me find the welcome shade, Cool and still; May my wea-ry steps be stayed While I will.
 Then, with joyous heart and song, I will raise Un-to thee, O God, a song, Glad with praise.

C. H. G.
Prayerfully

1. Savior, fold thine arms around me, Keep me ever near to thee, Shel-ter me from vice and danger,
 2. Give me, Lord, an humble spirit, Let me meekly fol-low thee; Let not wiles of sin en-vice me,
 3. Well thou knowest all my failings, Give me grace that will sustain Thro' the tri-als and temptations,
 4. Lead me all the way, my Savior, Never let me leave thy side Till I gain that bless-ed har-bor,

CHORUS.

Make me thine e - ter - nal - ly.
 I would firm and faith-ful be. Make me thine, my Sav-ior, for-ev-er, All glo - ry and pow-er are
 Thoushalt to me here or-dain.
 Henceforth with thee to a-bide.

thine a - lone; Make me thine, my Sav-ior, for - ev - er, Thy blood for my sins can ful - ly a - tone.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

59

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

1st time.

2d time.

1. { Oh, the night of time soon shall pass away, And the happy golden day will dawn,
When the pilgrim staff shall be laid a-side, And the [Omit.] kingly crown put on.

CHORUS.

We are watch-ing now for the morn-ing light, For the new Je - ru - sa - lem to come, We are

waiting still for King Jesus' voice That shall call his children home.

- 2 Oh, the happy day that shall gild the hills
When the Lord shall come to earth again:
Oh, the joyful hearts that shall welcome him
When he comes once more to reign.
- 3 What a grand, sweet time when the earth shall gleam
In the light of an eternal day,
When the saints shall sing unto Christ their King
In their golden, glad array.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Those beau-ti-ful mountains of glo - ry Are robed in their ver-dure so bright; But here are placed
 2. Those mountains of glo-ry are shin-ing With splendors no mor-tal can tell; May I soon their
 3. To see those high mountains I'm longing, And dwell with the Sav-ior up there; Our lost ones up

CHORUS.

beau-ties be - fore thee, For symbols of that land of light.
 bright heights be climbing, There ever and ev - er to dwell. Beautiful mountains of glory, Oh, when shall I
 there now are thronging Around those green mountains so fair.

view them up there, And bask in the bright light that ever shines o'er them, Beautiful mountains so fair.

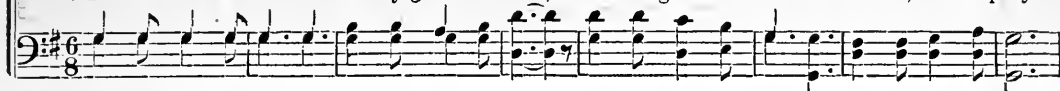
I WOULD FOLLOW JESUS.

61

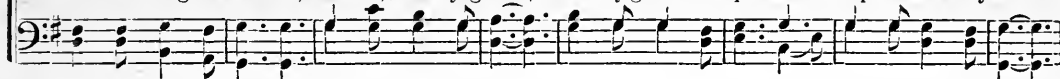
KNOWLES SHAW.



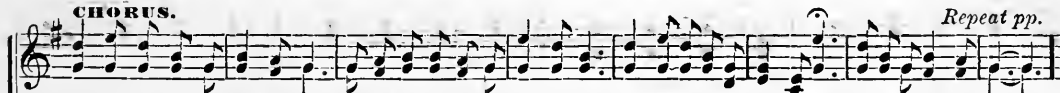
1. I would come to Je - sus In my ear - ly youth, Trust - ing in his mer - it, Rest - ing on his truth.
2. I would fol - low Je - sus Close - ly ev - 'ry day; I would call him "Master," And his word o - bey.
3. I would live like Je - sus, Free from ev - 'ry sin; May his Ho - ly Spir - it Make me pure within.
4. I would tell to Je - sus Ev - 'ry grief and care; He de - lights to an - swer Humble, fervent prayer.



Je - sus, lov - ing Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble plea, Let me share thy fa - vor, Let me live with thee.
 Ev - 'ry task as - signed me I would fain ful - fill; Teach me, dear Re - deem - er, How to do thy will.
 I would toil for Je - sus, Strengthened by his grace, Till in end - less glo - ry I be - hold his face.
 Thro' the changeful fu - ture, Je - sus, be my guide; In thy great com - pas - sion Keep me near thy side.



CHORUS.



Repeat pp.

I would fol - low my Sav - ior now, Follow wherever he leads the way; To his blessed commands I'll bow, Follow him day by day.



HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

W. H. BURGETT.

How beau - ti - ful up - on the mountains, how beau - ti - ful up - on the mountains, Are the

The first system of music is in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A, B, C, D, E, F#, G. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that pub - lish - eth peace, that bring-eth good tid-ings, that

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a treble staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes (G, A, B) and a quarter note C. The bass staff continues with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature, with a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line.

FINE.

pub - lish-eth peace. Thy watch-men shall lift up their voice, shall lift up their voice, to-

The third system of music concludes the piece. It features a treble staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. The melody ends with a quarter note G. The bass staff continues with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature, ending with a quarter note G.

gether shall they sing, For they shall see eye to eye, When the Lord shall bring a - gain Zi - on.

CORONATION.

HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransom'd from the fall; Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 4. Oh. that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all, To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
 And crown him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.

R. A. GLENN.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Brightly gleams the gos-pel banner, O-ver land and o-ver sea, Shout a-loud the glad ho-
 2. Come with voice of praise re-joic-ing. For his prom-is-es are true; All the way from earth to
 3. He has prom-is'd free sal-va-tion Un-to all who would be-lieve; Free-ly gave his life to

CHORUS.
 san-na, Christ has made sal-va-tion free.
 heav-en, He will be a guide for you. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! I am
 save you, Will you now his word re-ceive?

glad sal-va-tion's free; Shout a-loud the glad ho-san-na To the Lord of Cal-va-ry!

SWEET SABBATH DAY.

H. P. Z.

H. P. ZIMMERMAN.

1. Sweet Sabbath day, sweet day of rest, The best of all the seven, When we can drop our worldly care,

CHORUS.

And think of God and heav'n. Sweet Sab - - - bath day, Best of the seven, When
Sweet Sabbath day, sweet day of rest, 'The best of all the seven, When

we can think of God and heaven.
we can drop our worldly care. And think of God and heaven.

2 Now let us well this hour improve,
While in the Sabbath school,
For here we learn of heavenly things,
Also the golden rule.

3 We ask that thou wilt bless us now
While we would worship thee,
Oh, cleanse our hearts and make us all
What thou wouldst have us be.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Toil on, O brother, pull ahead, The end is near, have not a fear, Tho' waves roll high you must not dread The
 2. Toil on, frail pilgrim, urge thy way, Tho' feet besore you'll die no more, When in that land of endless day, Up-
 3. Toil on, ye weary ones, toil on, You'll rest at last when life is past, Your days on earth will soon have flown, For

CHORUS.

future coming on. Toil on, . . . Oh, falt'ring one, . . . A land of bliss, . . . more fair than
 on the other shore.
 life is fleeting fast. Toil on, toil on, Oh, falt'ring one, A land of bliss,

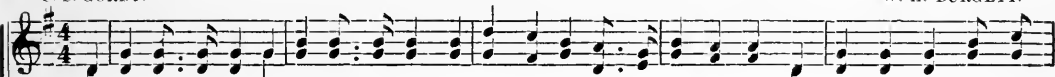
this; . . . We'll see, when earth- . . . life here is run, . . . We'll know what heaven is!
 more fair than this. We'll see when earth-life here is run, here is run,

GATHERING SHEAVES FOR ETERNITY.

67

S. S. GORBY.

W. H. BURGETT.



1. We gath-er them in, we gath-er them in, The gold-en sheaves, from the paths of sin; The pre-cious souls of the
2. And out from the shad-ow, out from the street, And out from haunts where the i-dle meet, We draw them in by the
3. We gath-er them in while fields are all white; We toil all day, for so soon comes night; And ma-ny souls do we



chil-dren dear Are the gold-en grain that we gar-ner here.
 hand of love, And we point the way to the home a-bove. We work in the har-vest, we toil in the field, And God gives the
 dai-ly win, That we gath-er in from broad fields of sin.



increase, a gen'rous yield: To joys that are end-less, to free them from sin. We gath-er them in, yes, we gath-er them in.



RING ON, MERRY BELLS.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. Ring on, ye bells, with joy - ful tale, Far o - ver lake and lea; Make glad my love - ly,
2. Sweet is your tune - ful, changeful play, As on the gale it swells, Or soft - ly floats and

na - tive vale, As it was wont to be. Ring out your cheer - ful ear - nest chime, And
dies a - way, A - down the dis - tant hills. Ring on, and let your joy - ful peal Re -

bid the gath'ring throng With-in these walls keep ho - ly time With heart - felt praise and song.
sound a - far and near, Bid old and young, from hill and dale, De - vout - ly wor - ship here.

RING ON, MERRY BELLS. Concluded.

69

Ring on, ring on, Ring on, mer-ry bells;

CHORUS.

Ring, mer-ry Christmas bells, ring on, ring on, Ring, mer-ry Christmas bells, ring on, mer-ry bells;
Ring on, ring on, ring, merry Christmas bells, Ring on, ring on,

Ring on, ring on, Ring, ye mer - ry Christ-mas bells.

Ring, mer - ry Christmas bells, ring on, ring on, Ring, ye mer - ry Christ-mas bells.
Ring on, ring on, ring, mer - ry Christmas bells,

HOLD MY HANDS.

JOSIE C. MALOTT.

1. Hold my hands, O blessed Savior, Fast in thine, While the waves of grief and anguish Round me twine.
2. Hold my hands when tried and tempted By earth's snares; Let me not fall into darkness Un - a - wares.
3. Hold my hands when pain and sickness Wring my brow; Who can give the strength and patience? Who but thou?
4. Hold my hands while o'er death's river I must go, There to find the friends who left me Long a - go.
5. There temptations ne'er can lure me From thy side; Blessed Jesus, come and bear me O'er the tide.

* * *

Mrs. P. J. SIMMONS.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. When the heart is wrung with an - guish, And the gath-'ring storms you see, Leave the
 2. Oft we think the hearts that love us Nev - er can grow hard or cold, But we
 3. Yes, those hearts we've learn'd to trust in, Have been false, and left us lone; Lead a-

cares of life be-hind you, Turn to God, he lov - eth thee. Almost crush'd beneath life's burden,
 oft - en find in sor-row, Hearts and minds are turn'd by gold; Turn'd by passion, turn'd by praises,
 way so far and swift-ly, They won't hear our sad hearts' moan. Oh, sad heart that's thus forsaken,

Tho' in vain has been thy plea, Here, for jus-tice, love, and mer-cy, Turn to God, he lov - eth thee.
 Turn'd from all that's good and true To the things of world-ly fancy, Turn'd from me, and turn'd from you.
 Sad and heav-y tho' it be. Turn to One that will not leave thee, Turn to God, he lov - eth thee.

THE CITY OF OUR KING.

71

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

H. R. PALMER. By per.



1. We sing of a city whose streets are of gold. Whose mansions are radiant with glory untold, Whose
2. We sing of a cit-y of pal - a - ces fair, Which Jesus, our Savior, has gone to prepare; And
3. We sing of a cit-y, and soon shall go home, No more in this val-ley of sadness to roam, No

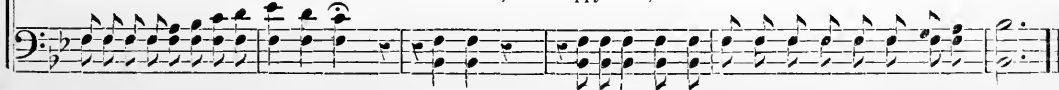


CHORUS.

walls are of jasper, and fair to behold, The cit-y of Je-sus, our King. Oh, home, happy home,
 soon we shall reach our abiding place there, Oh, city of Jesus, our King. We are
 more to go out from beneath its bright dome. The city of Jesus, our King. sweet home, happy home,



longing, we are longing for thy mansions fair; Oh, home, happy home. Soon thy bright, re-ful-gent glo-ry we shall share.
 sweet home, happy home,



BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

C. A. FYKE.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. There is a land beyond the skies, Beau-ti-ful land of rest; Where Jesus reigns in par-a-dise,
 2. That land is free from ev-'ry care, Beau-ti-ful land of rest; The saints delight in praise and prayer,

Beau-ti-ful land of rest. With-in that land there is no night, Beau-ti-ful land of rest; The
 Beau-ti-ful land of rest. The pearl-y gates now rise in sight, Beau-ti-ful land of rest; The

CHORUS.

Sav-ior is the life and light, Beau-ti-ful land of rest. Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful land, Oh,
 heav'nly throng are cloth'd in white, Beau-ti-ful land of rest. Beautiful land,

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful land, Its glo-ri-ous light by faith I see, Beau-ti-ful land of rest.
 beau-ti-ful land,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment.

BLESS OUR SCHOOL TO-DAY.

C. A. FYKE,

J. A. SPERO.

1. Sav-ior, bless thy lit-tle children, Gathered in thy school to-day; Help in singing, help in praying, Help in all we do or say.
 2. Bless our parents, bless our teachers, That by kind instruction giv'n, We may learn to love our Savior, And may find the gate to heav'n.
 3. May we learn to love each oth-er, And be gen-tle, kind, and true; May thy truth, di-vine-ly giv-en, All our e-vil tho'ts sub- due.

The musical score is in 3/4 time and one flat. It features a vocal line on the upper staff and a piano accompaniment on the lower staff. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

CHORUS.

Sav-ior, come, Sav-ior, come, Bless and guide our school to-day: Sav-ior, come, Sav-ior, come, Draw our tho'ts from earth a-way.

The chorus is written on two staves, continuing the musical style of the previous section. It includes both vocal and piano parts.

1. The way is rough, and my feet are sore, But Je - sus leads me on; If the path is
 2. He lead-eth me to a green-er shore, Where living wat - ers flow, Where no eyes shall
 3. And when he leads me there safe - ly home, I'll join the might - y throng, That are ev - er

CHORUS.

steep, I trust thee more, The Staff I lean up - on.
 weep there ev - er more, And hearts ne'er throbbin' woe. He lead - eth me in a way un-known;
 sing - ing 'round his throne Re - demp - tion's hap - py song.

The one he knows is best; He lead-eth me to e - ter - nal home, And to e - ter - nal rest.

EVER ONWARD.

75

Rev. OLIN B. RIPPE TOE.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Ev - er pressing brave-ly on-ward, O'er life's rough and stormy sea, Fal - ter not, you're marching
 2. Tho' the way is oft-times drear-y, And life's bur-dens heav-y be, Rest a - bove a - waits the
 3. Hon - est toil is sure re-ward-ed, Christ our weakest ef - fort owns; And to faith-ful souls a -

CHORUS.

home-ward, That will end in heav-en's day.
 wea - ry, In a cit - y fair to see, Press right on, o'er life's great o - cean, Heed not
 ward - ed Are un - fad - ing gold - en crowns.

storms that cross your way; Tho' this life be all com - mo - tion, Soon you'll rest for end - less day.

WALKING LIFE'S SEA.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Long a-go, while on the sea, Je-sus said Come un-to me; Pe-ter glad-ly heard his
 2. With thy hand to guide to-day, And thy voice to cheer my way, What care I tho' storms may
 3. Not a-fraid am I, O Lord! Ev-er guid-ed by thy word, I can walk up-on life's

CHORUS:

call; With such aid I can not fall.
 roll, They can ne'er o'erwhelm my soul. Winds are bois-t'rous, waves are high, In thy
 sea If I hear thy "come to me."

mer-cy pass not by! If thou bidst me come to thee, I can walk life's changeful sea.

COME HOME.

77

G. B. McINTOSH.

Slowly and with feeling.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. Why wander as if you're for-sak-en? Why wander so sad and a-lone? The Sav-ior is
 2. 'Tis sad that you wan-der thus home-less, A-lone in the broad world of sin, While mansions in
 3. Then come, while you may, to the Sav-ior, Ye poor, ye for - sak - en, de - pressed, He now is in-

Refrain.

ten-der-ly plead-ing, "Ye wea-ry and lad-en, come home."
 glo-ry are read-y, And Je-sus in-vites you "Come in." Come home, come home, come home, all ye
 vit-ing, entreating, Come home, and you shall here find rest.

wea-ry ones, come, The Sav-ior is tend-er-ly plead-ing, "Ye wea-ry and lad-en, come home."

PRECIOUS FOUNTAIN.

SAMUEL TRACY.

1. Let the ho - ly name of Je - sus Dwell for - ev - er in thy heart, It will cleanse, re - fresh, and
 2. Souls are wea - ry, worn, and troubled, Bowed with sorrow, pain, and grief; Weak and faint, fly to this
 3. With thy woes and earth - ly la - bors, Wea - y with thy load of care, Come, oh, come, un - to the

CHORUS.

cheer you, Shield from Sa - tan's fa - tal dart.
 Fountain, You will sure - ly find re - lief. Oh, what joy that precious Fountain, Which his
 Sav - ior, In him end - less pleas - ures are.

sa - cred name sup - plies, It is balm for wounded spir - its, It is life that nev - er dies.

THE HAPPY LAND.

79

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK

1. There is a land, a sun-ny clime, The brightest ev - er seen, Which lies beyond the shores of time,
 2. Beneath the Tree of Life's dense shade Life's river flow-eth by, And youth and beauty nev-er fade,
 3. I long to reach that land so fair, My dwelling place to see; A-mong the ma-ny mansions there

CHORUS.

Beyond cold Jordan's stream. Oh, that land, that happy land! Far a - way, far a -
 For there they nev-er die.
 Is one prepared for me. Oh, that land, that happy land, far a-way, far a-way,

way, Where the saints in glo-ry stand, Bright as day, bright as day.
 far a-way, Where the saints in glory stand, glory stand, Bright as day, bright as day.

BEAUTIFUL LAND.

C. E. P.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1st time. *2d time.*

1. { Be - yond this sad and sin - ful life A land by faith I see,] ev - er hap - py be.
 2. { Where, free from earth - ly care and strife, We'll [Omit.]
 3. { No night is there, but end - less day, No tear-drops dim the eye,] that "sweet by-and - by." Beau - ti - ful
 For God shall wipe them all a - way In [Omit.]
 No sad fare-wells in that dear land, No loved ones borne a - way,
 But a u - nit - ed, hap - py band Thro' [Omit.] an e - ter - nal day.

land, Home of the blest, Place where the wea - - ry find sweet rest.
 Beautiful land, Home of the blest, Place where the weary find rest with the pure and the blest.

HALLOWELL.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Good night to all, good night, Oh, may your rest be sweet, Till breaks the joy-ous morning light, And day-rays thus to greet.
 2. Good night; we'll meet a-gain, Just where we can not tell; We'll sing an - oth - er sweet refrain, For God doth all things well.
 3. Good night to all we sing; Take Je - sus for your guide; If on - ly to this Rock you cling, You're safe whate'er betide.

THERE WILL BE JOY.

81

R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.

1. 'Tis sweet to sing of that won-drous love That Je - sus showed for me; I
 2. I love to sing of that sun - ny land, Where my Re - deem - er lives; I
 3. I love to think of the glo - rious time When we in Christ shall rise, And

CHORUS.

love to tell of the pre-cious blood He shed on Cal - va - ry. Oh, there will be joy,
 love to think of the gold - en crown The righteous shalt re - ceive. glad joy,
 with the an - gels in heav - en shine, Where come no tears, no sighs.

Yes, there will be joy, Oh, there will be joy, great joy, When his dear face I see.
 sweet joy,

THEY WILL MEET US AT THE GATE.

Rev. W. H. CAYLOR.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. Our friends will meet us at the gate When we bid this earth farewell; They, standing at the por-tals,
2. They'll bid us all a welcome home, They will clasp our hands again, As weary pilgrims there we

wait, The sto - ry of that land to tell. We'll hear their shouts of welcome ring . As we
come, To sing their glad and sweet re - frain. They beck - on us from E - den's land, As they

near the gold - en shore, While angels there will join and sing Our welcome, welcome ev - er more.
o - pen wide the door; Oh, may we form up there a band, And sing sweet praises ev - er more.

CHORUS.

They will meet us at the gate, At the gate on high, And will bid us en - ter in;

They will greet us at the gate, at the gate on high, Where we nev - er, nev - er more will sin.

LOCKWOOD.

JOHN McPHERSON.

J. M.

1. Once again we meet to sing Heart-felt prais-es to our King; For whose care we feel and know In all paths we walk below.
 2. We would never from thee stray; When we're filled with dread dismay, Ever 'neath thy wing we'd flee, Where is shelter sweet for me.
 3. Oft we meet in prayer and song, Form a happy, joyous throng; May we for the right e'er stand, Till we reach the better land.

L. WHITE.

CHAS. CUTLER.

1. There is a word to mortals given, That drops sweet balm on ev'ry sigh, The Christian's home, its
 2. It tells of robes and crowns of light, And scepters own'd by conq'rors might, And those who wear their
 3. It tells of that bright stream that flows, The tree of life that ev - er grows; Of songs of praise by

Refrain.

name is heav'n, A hap - py land beyond the sky.
 palms there giv'n, Within the pearl-y gates of heav'n. Oh, that evergreen shore, oh, that evergreen
 an gels sung, There sung by angels' inspir'd tongue. evergreen shore,

shore, Where the saints and the ser - - a - phim dwell ev - er - more;
 evergreen shore, saints and the ser - a - phim dwell ev - er - more, ev - er - more;

By that river so fair bright palms I will bear, My home is there, my home is there.
By the riv-er, the riv-er, so calm and so fair,

ZAHN.

Mc.

1. Father, hear my cry to-day, Bend thine ear and hear my plea; Turn thou not from me away, Hear me now, I come to thee.
2. Now I fall, Lord, at thy feet, And thy grateful mercy crave; Cleanse my ways from sin complete, Only thou my soul can save.
3. As I journey down life's hill, All my wand'ring ways attend, All my paths with pleasure fill; Be thou near, oh, priceless Friend.

MORNING SONG.

JOHN McFHERSON.

1. Raise we now our morning song To our King, whose love we own; Glad we meet in happy throng, And surround this earthly throne.
2. Thro' the lonely hour of night God has watched with tender care; Bids us greet the morning light, And the day-beams bright and fair.
3. In the fu-ture may he guide, Till we reach the home of love; Sweetly then our days will glide, Till we cross to rest a - bove.

ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. 'Mong the chil - dren of God, in the fair E - den land, I know there is waiting for me, A wel - come to come and
 2. In my dreams I may picture the fair E - den land, But no dream its scenes can unfold; Sweet joy there to dwell in
 3. Soon may I be with those who are waiting up there, To sing me a glad welcome home, With palms in my hands a

CHORUS.

join in the band When I shall have crossed o'er the sea. In the fair E - den land, In the home of the
 fair E - den land, All its won - der - ful beau - ties be - hold.
 bright crown I'll wear In mansions where cometh no gloom. Eden land, in the home of the blest. In the fair Eden land, in the

blest, I know there is waiting for me A wel - come and home, a heav - enly rest, When I shall have crossed o'er the sea,
 home of the blest, A welcome and home, a heavenly rest,

A POWER FOR GOOD.

87

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. We stud-y the ver - y same les - son They stud-y all o - ver the land, From Maine to the
 2. Each sect of the Christian re - li - gion U - nite in this pow - er for good, Thus, shoulder to
 3. Then stud-y, re - mem - ber - ing al - ways, That bright crowns a - waits us a - bove; If we are found

CHORUS.

Gulf states, and west - ward, We're a na - tion - al Sun - day school band.
 shoulder we're stand - ing, To work for our King as we should. Our Sunday school lessons we'll study, And
 faith - ful in toiling, We'll rest in that cit - y of love.

e'er for the fu - ture pre - pare, A Sun - day school far up in heaven Awaits us just "o - ver there."

GATHERING HOME.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Up to that glory-land, freed from earth's blight, From there they will never more roam; Leav - ing this earth for those
 2. Gath - er - ing there with the good and the best, Sweet rest, where earth's sorrows ne'er come; Nev - er to wan - der, but
 3. Soon we will reach, too, that ev - er - green plain, When conquered is death's mist - y gloom, Clasp - ing the hands of our

CHORUS.

man - sions so bright, Our loved ones are gath - er - ing home.
 ev - er to rest, Earth's mourned ones are gath - er - ing home. Gath - er - ing home - ward from ev - e - ry shore,
 loved ones a - gain, All gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing home.

Go - ing to dwell with their King, Greet - ing the friends who have gone on be - fore, Ev - er God's prais - es to sing.

HEAR THE SAVIOR CALLING.

89

C. A. F.

C. A. FYKE.

1. Hear the Sav - ior call - ing, call - ing, Ten - der - ly for you to come; Yield your heart, his
 2. Hear the Sav - ior's ten - der pleading, Lis - ten to that voice so dear; He in heaven is
 3. Like the prod - i - gal's re - turn - ing From his wand'ring sad and lone. For your soul he

CHORUS.

mer - cy's fall - ing, Will - ing - ly he'll guide you home.
 in - ter - ced - ing, He can save you, do not fear. Call - ing, call - ing, he is call - ing,
 now is yearn - ing, Waits to greet you wel - come home.

Will you hear his voice to - day? Yield to him your sins ap - pall - ing. Yield to him while yet you may.

JOSIE C. MALOTT.

W. H. B.

1. Je - sus can save you, oh, sin - bur - dened soul; Come to this fountain, you can be made whole;
 2. Je - sus can save you, now bow at his throne, Ask him to par - don you, make you his own;
 3. Je - sus will save you, oh, doubt not his love, Je - sus will save you, oh, why long - er rove?

Je - sus can save if you'll on - ly be - lieve; Trust in his prom - is - es, his word re - ceive.
 Oh, there's no oth - er can set you now free, Hear him now call - ing, yes, call - ing for thee.
 Je - sus will save if you'll on - ly be - lieve; Trust in his prom - ise, and par - don re - ceive.

COLE.

J. M.

[FOR THE INFANT CLASS.]

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Here we are, a lit - tle band, For the right we try to stand; Je - sus, take us by the hand, Lead us to thy bet - ter land.
 2. We would labor, Lord, for thee, Tho' our hands are small, you see; In the Sunday school find me; From my sins, Lord, make me free.
 3. Lead us ev - er on our way, Je - sus, lest we from thee stray, Keep us 'neath thy care each day, Hear us when to thee we pray.

SHALL WE KNOW THEM?

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Shall I know thee, oh, my broth-er, When I reach that far-off shore? Shall I know my fa-ther,
 2. Shall we tell our troub-les o-ver When we there to-geth-er talk? All our fears while here a
 3. Shall we sing and praise for-ev-er When we reach the oth-er side? Know our on-ly sure life-

CHORUS.

moth-er— All the dear ones gone be-fore?
 rov-er, Long-ing for those streets to walk? Yes, we sure-ly there shall know them, And will
 giv-er, And with him al-ways a-bide.

clasp their hands a-gain, Tell earth's wea-ry jour-ney o'er then, How we toiled thro' heat and rain.

RENA AYRES.

W. H. WHITE.

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful let us sing Prais - es to our Sav - ior King; As our hearts to
 2. Prais - es, prais - es we will give To our Sav - ior while we live; Joy - ful let our
 3. Cheer - ful, cheer - ful we should be As we raise our songs to thee; Guide us in thy

CHORUS.

him be - long, Let us praise him in our song.
 prais - es be, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty. Joy - ful - ly sing, joy - ful - ly sing,
 ho - ly way To the realms of end - less day.

Prais - es to our Sav - ior, King; Joy - ful - ly sing, joy - ful - ly sing, Let our prais - es to him ring.

A SUNNY LAND.

93

J. M.

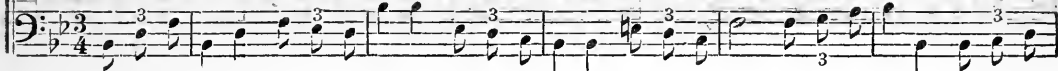
JOHN McPIERSON.

Bass Solo. *Moderato.*

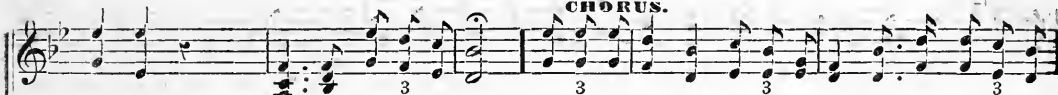
1887.



1. There is a land be-yond this life's o-ocean. Sweet resting place, I soon will be - hold; Yes, far be-yond the bil-lows' com-
2. Oh, sun-ny land, soon may I be-hold thee, Bask in thy sunshine, hap-py, to be; In thy safe arms, O Sav-ior, en-
3. My life is filled with sor-row and sadness, Friends here forsake when trouble comes near; Now, God of love, fill my heart with

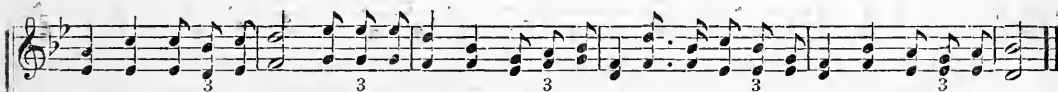
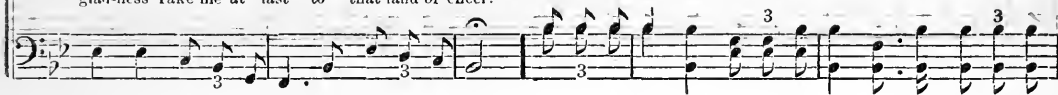


CHORUS.

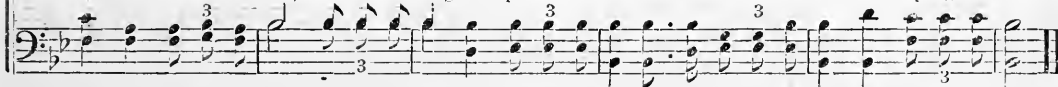


mo - tion My feet shall press those streets of pure gold.
fold me, Take me safe home, thy glo - ry to see.
glad-ness Take me at last to that land of cheer.

A sun - ny land beyond death's dark riv - er, Our sin - wea-ry



eyes at last shall be - hold, There we shall sing sweet praises for - ev - er To him who in love is keep-ing the Fold.



J. M.

1. Ho! Christmas has come a-gain, let all rejoice, And loud halle-lu-jahs now sing; Let ev - 'ry one
3. Ho! Christmas comes 'round again year after year, And why not be merry to-day? Fling from you all

praise now with heart, soul, and voice, Our precious Redeemer and King, For he in a man-ger was
sor-row, be dry ev - 'ry tear, Now let us be glad while we may, Tho' humble his birth-place, he

born so low, 'To show us how hum-ble was he, And that ev'ry mortal on earth might know That
now reigns King All o - ver this bright land of ours, And these are the gifts that to him we bring—Our

CHORUS.

Christians thus low - ly must be.
tinue, and our tal - ents and powers. Then let us rejoice, friends, with ju - bi - lant voice. In praises to

this mighty King, Who reigneth to-day with pow-er-ful sway Now sweetest of in-cense we bring.

BROWN.

1. Lord, hear my cry, a child like I would call on thee to-day, Lord, hear me, now to thee I bow, Take all my guilt a - way.
2. Tho' frail and weak, thy face I seek, No oth - er Friend have I Who is so near, my prayer to hear, For thou art ev - er near.
3. Lead me each day, and drive a-way All clouds of sor-row here; Take me at last, when all is past, To thy bright home of cheer.

JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

JOHN McPHERSON.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Just a-cross the riv - er, on a bet-ter shore, Sing-ing with the an - gels bright and fair, We shall rest for-ev - er,
 2. Loved ones there are standing, harps of gold in hand, Waiting now to bid us wel - come home; May we make sure landing,
 3. Just a-cross the riv - er Je - sus there a-waits, Bid-ding all his wand'ring ones come in, For he can de-liv - er,

CHORUS.

and we'll sin no more, In that hap - py home up there.
 and with dear ones stand, nev - er more from them to roam. Just a-cross the riv - er, pre-cious glo - ries wait
 o - pen heav - en's gate, Res - cue us from woe and sin.

That my wea-ry eyes at last shall see, Kindred ties ne'er sev-er be-yond the pearl-y gate, For there no death can ev - er be.

SPREAD THE NEWS.

1st time.

2d time.

W. H. BURGETT.

CHORUS.

1. { Spread the news, go spread it wide, Spread the joy-ful sto - ry,
 Tell how Je - sus lived and died; [Omit.] Spread the vic-tor's glo - ry.

2. { He is now by an - gels crowned, [Him that man re-ject - ed;]
 Tell to all the na - tion round [Omit.] What he has ef - fect - ed. Spread wide the news,

3. { Let us, then, with zeal en - gage In a work so glo - rious,
 Know - ing tho' the foe may rage, [Omit.] Truth will prove vic-to-ri-ous.

Spread wide the news, Tell what Je - sus has done for you: Spread wide the news, spread wide the news. Tell it, for 'tis true.

STURMAN.

Mc.

1. Cheer-ful is this Sab-bath day, Sun-light fair ev-'ry-where; Let's be cheer-ful while we may, No room here for care.
 2. To the Sun-day school we come, All hearts light, eyes shine bright: Welcome this our Sab-bath home; Bat-tle we for right.
 3. May we ev - 'ry Sab-bath meet; In this room comes no gloom, When the chil - dren here we greet: But we part too soon.

OVER THERE.

L. M. T.

L. M. TRIPLETT.

1. Oh, the crowns we shall wear o - ver there. While we stand by the bright throne of God; Then a robe will be giv - en so
 2. All the good and the true we shall see By the throne of our God, the great King, And for - ev - er there we'll happy
 3. There are man-sions for you bright and fair. In that home-land be-yond Jor-dan's tide, Where you'll never have sorrow or

CHORUS.

fair To the faith - ful who earth's journeys trod. O-ver there, o-ver there,
 be, As loud songs of glad prais - es we sing. In that cit - y whose
 care, But sweet pleasures and glad-ness a - bide. o-ver there, o-ver there,

streets are of gold: O-ver there, o - ver there, Are sweet glo - ries our eyes shall be - hold.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

99

D. W.

D. WILSON.

1. What shall I do? my heart is sad, What shall I do to make it glad? I'll look a - bove to
 2. What shall I do? my friends are gone, What can I do but grieve and mourn? I'll look a - way to
 3. What can I do to be at rest, And live for aye a - mong the blest? I'll east my sor - row

CHORUS.

heaven's dome, And find a bright star to guide me home. What shall I do? . . . What shall I
 that fair land, And join the sweet song of Beu-lah land.
 all on him, And sure-ly he'll save me from my sin. What shall I do?

do?
 what shall I do? I'll look a-way to fair Beu-lah land, And be led home by my Sav-ior's hand.

1. Praise to the Lord, all ye chil-dren, now sing praises, Praise him when breaks soft the beautiful day ;
 2. Praise him when-ev-er his great word here is spok-en; Out in the tem-ple of nature so grand,
 3. Praise him when comes the bright morning of the Sabbath, Calling to wor-ship, instruction, and prayer;

f Praise him at noon when the soul bows in de - vo - tion, Praise him at eve as the light fades a-way.
 Sun, stars, and sys-tems de-clar-ing e'er his glo-ry, Planned by his wisdom and wrought by his hand.
 Nev-er with-hold the young heart from ad - o - ra - tion, Ev-er re - joice his great name to de-clare.

FINE.

Praise him for life in the Lord, our great Re-deem-er, Gift that all oth - ers for - ev - er transcend.

CHORUS.

D S.
 Praise him for life and its mer-cies so constant, Home and its blessings, kind Guardian and Friend ;

ONE DAY NEARER.

101

R. A. GLENN.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. I'm one day near-er my crown in glo - ry, I'm one day near-er that beau-ti-ful throne, I'm one day
 2. I've one day less here to pass in sor - row, I've one day less here to fight against sin. I've one day
 3. I'm one day near-er the joys up yon - der, Yes, one day nearer au - ev - ergreen plain, I soon will

CHORUS.

near - er my home e - ter - nal, I soon shall clasp my loved and own. One day nearer my home, Sweet
 less here of watching, wait - ing, For soon a crown in heav'n I'll win.
 pass in - to rest e - ter - nal, And nev - er, nev - er part a - gain. My beautiful home,

resting-place soon I shall see, Near - er my heavenly home, . . . Near - er e - ter - ni - ty.
 My beautiful home,

C. A. FYKE.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. Gold-en moments still are pass-ing, Golden hours are flitting by; Gold-en days are worth the counting,
 2. Gold-en moments, oh, how pre-cious! Let us mark them as they fly By some word in kindness spoken
 3. Life has ma-n-y bit - ter con-flicts, And thy brother may despair, But, like Je-sus, meek and low - ly,

CHORUS.

Gold-en years are coming nigh.
 To our brother pass-ing by, Pass-ing by, pass-ing by, Golden moments pass-ing
 We may ease the load they bear. Pass-ing by, pass-ing by,

by, Pass-ing by pass-ing by, Oh, improve them as they fly.
 pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by, as they fly.

COME JUST NOW.

103

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. Tho' un-wor-thy you are say-ing, Know ye that he died for thee; Come just
 2. All he asks you is to heed now, For he's knock-ing at your heart; He's the
 3. Come to Je-sus, he is call-ing In such ten-der words of love; Dew's of

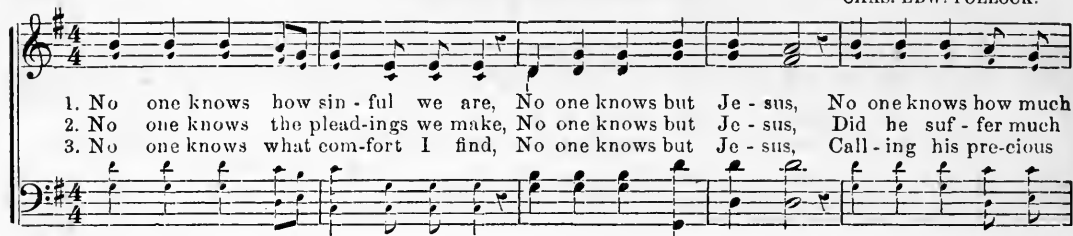
CHORUS. Arranged.

now, why thus de-lay-ing, Hear him say-ing "Come to me."
 ver-y Friend you need now, One who nev-er will de-part. Come to Je-sus, come to
 mer-cy on you fall-ing, Ev-er fall-ing from a-bove.

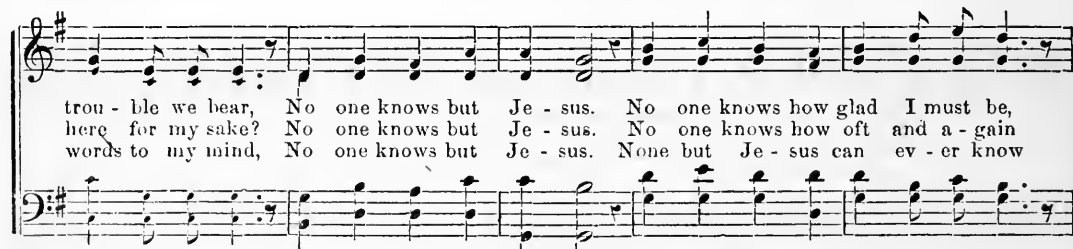
Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now; Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.

NO ONE KNOWS BUT JESUS.

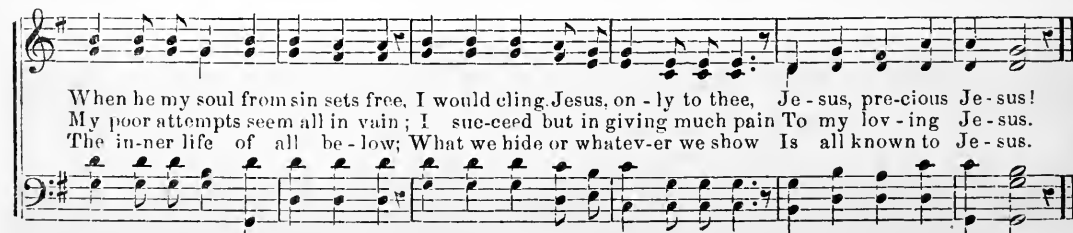
CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.



1. No one knows how sin - ful we are, No one knows but Je - sus, No one knows how much
 2. No one knows the plead - ings we make, No one knows but Je - sus, Did he suf - fer much
 3. No one knows what com - fort I find, No one knows but Je - sus, Call - ing his pre - cious



trou - ble we bear, No one knows but Je - sus. No one knows how glad I must be,
 here for my sake? No one knows but Je - sus. No one knows how oft and a - gain
 words to my mind, No one knows but Je - sus. None but Je - sus can ev - er know



When he my soul from sin sets free, I would cling Je - sus, on - ly to thee, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus!
 My poor attempts seem all in vain; I suc - ceed but in giving much pain To my lov - ing Je - sus.
 The in - ner life of all be - low; What we hide or what - ev - er we show Is all known to Je - sus.

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

105

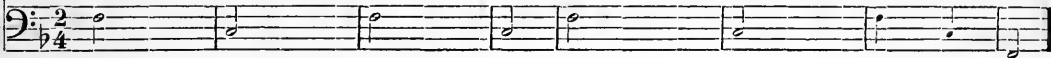
C. A. FYKE.

W. H. B.

GIRLS.



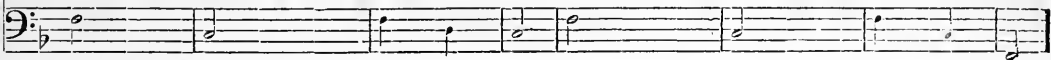
1. Lit-tle sol-diers, are you zeal-ous, Working for the Lord? Have you on the Christian arm-or? Trusting in the Lord?
2. Has the Mas-ter need of la - bor In his vineyard here? Where's the work he has ap-point-ed? Is your du - ty clear?



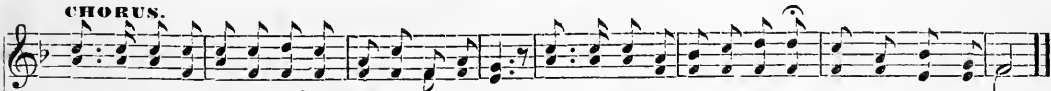
Boys.



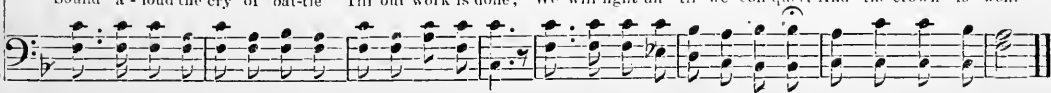
Yes, we wear the Christian's ar - mor, And we fight for right, And we'll fol - low Christ our Leader, Guid-ed by his light.
Go and la - bor in my vine-yard, 'Tis for me and you; Do with all thy might whate'er thy Hands may find to do.



CHORUS.



Sound a - loud the cry of bat-tle Till our work is done; We will fight un - til we con-quer, And the crown is won.



MARCHING ON OUR WAY.

J. M.

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. We are marching on the way that will lead to end-less day, Where we'll sing and praise forever more;
 2. Tho' sometimes our way seems dark, and too frail our little bark, But we push right on o'er life's great sea,
 3. Soon the end-ing we shall see, where for aye we'll hap-py be, And where storms of sorrow never come,

All our hearts are light and free, and we're singing songs of glee As we're pressing forward to that shore.
 We've a Lead-er for our guide o'er its roll - ing billows' tide, And we're safe tho' mighty storms we see.
 But where all is joy and peace, and where songs of praise ne'er cease, In that dearer, bet-ter, glorious home.

CHORUS.

We are march - ing, march - ing,

We are march - ing.

We are marching, marching march - ing for a bet-ter land, We are march - ing, marching, marching marching hand in hand,
 We are march - ing, marching, marching. We are marching, marching, march - ing,

We are maach - - - ing,

We are march - ing, march - ing.

And we're nearer ev-'ry day to that home so far a-way, Soon we'll form up there a singing band.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the upper staff is a simple march tune, and the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment.

BRADEN.

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

1. We come, O Lord, on this great day; With thankful hearts to thee we bow; Oh, drive our sad-ness

The musical score for 'Braden' is in 3/4 time and one sharp key signature. It features a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. The lyrics are positioned below the upper staff.

far a - way, And crown us with a blessing now.

2 We thank thee for these years of peace,
That war no more is in our land;
Oh, may our love to thee increase,
And for the right may all men stand.

3 We thank thee for thy precious care,
For rain and sunshine as we need;
May thou our future path prepare,
Thus be to us a Friend indeed.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'Braden' and the lyrics for the second and third verses. The musical notation continues on two staves, with the lyrics for the first verse ending at the end of the first staff. The second and third verses are listed to the right of the musical notation.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

S. S. GORBY.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. Pray, pray, hon - est - ly pray, Let your pe - ti - tions be true; Have a full faith in the
 2. Pray, pray, ear - nest - ly pray, Je - sus is ear - nest with men; Ear - nest - ly urge your pe -
 3. Pray, pray, fer - vent - ly pray, Prayers that are fervent a - vail; Je - sus will will - ing - ly

CHORUS.

Sav - ior to - day, Je - sus is hon - est with you.
 ti - tions to - day, Urge them to - mor - row a - gain. Pray, pray, ceaselessly pray, Jesus will hear your pe -
 hear what you say, Fer - vent - ly pray and pre - vail.

tions to - day; Care not if oth - ers shall hear what you say, Honestly, earnestly, fervently pray.

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim.
 To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,
 The honors of thy name.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace;
 Oh, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.

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

Am I a soldier of the cross?
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 And blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease?
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing:
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love.

I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Our father's God! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

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

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

1. **COME** to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just now,
 Just now come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just now.
2. **He will save you, &c.** 5. **He is ready.**
 3. **Don't reject him, &c.** 6. **Oh, believe him.**
 4. **He'll forgive you.** 7. **Do not tarry.**

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

Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

There let my 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!

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

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,—
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For now we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over;
 And just before the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

Should coming days be dark and cold,
 We will not yield to sorrow,
 For hope will sing, with courage bold,
 "There's glory on the morrow."

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each chord on earth to sever,
 Our King says, Come, and there's our
 Forever! O forever! [house,

1. *What is a tone?*
Property of sound in which pitch is perceptible.
2. *What is the staff?*
A character formed by five lines and their spaces. It is used to indicate the pitches of the various tones. It may be enlarged by additional lines and spaces, there being no prescribed limit. Each line and space is called a degree.
3. *What is the scale?*
A graded series of eight tones, each differing from the other in pitch.
4. *What is a note?*
A character indicating the length of tones.
5. *What is a key?*
A family of tones in any possible order of succession, and embraces all combinations of these tones agreeable to the ear.
6. *How many tones in a key?*
Seven.
7. *What is an interval?*
The difference of pitch between any two tones. They are measured by steps and half steps. When the half step is expressed upon the same degree, it is called a chromatic half-step; and the interval is called a chromatic interval or prime. When expressed upon an adjoining degree, it is called a diatonic half-step, and the interval, minor second.
8. *What is a clef?*
A character used to determine what tones the degrees of the staff shall represent.
9. *What is a measure?*
A group of two or more pulsations.
10. *How many different kinds of measures are there in music, and what are they?*

Six : Double, Triple, Quadruple, Sextuple, Compound Triple, Compound Quadruple.

11. *What are bars?*
Bars are lines drawn perpendicularly across the staff.
12. *What is a measure bar?*
A small line denoting the end of a measure.
13. *What is a phrase bar?*
A heavy line showing the end of a phrase.
14. *What is the close?*
Two heavy lines showing the end of the composition.
15. *What is the fraction?*
Figures at the beginning of a composition.
16. *What does its numerator show?*
The number of pulses in a measure.
17. *What the denominator?*
The kind of note reckoned for each pulse.
18. *What are rests?*
Characters used to indicate silence.
19. *What is a brace?*
The character connecting the staves together.
20. *What is a score?*
Staves connected by a brace.
21. *What is a tie?*
A curved line connecting two notes on the same degree.
22. *What is a slur?*
A curved line connecting notes of different degrees.
23. *How apply words to tie or slur?*
One syllable to each one, tie or slur.
24. *What are intermediate tones?*
Tones that occur between 1 and 2, 2 and 3, 3 and 4, 4 and 5, 5 and 6, 6 and 7 of a major key. Charac-

ters called Sharps [\sharp], Flats [\flat], and Cancels [\natural]* are used in representing intermediate tones. They occur in a composition, so to speak, accidentally, hence the name, Accidentals. An accidental affects only the degree on which it is placed. Hence octaves above or below require the same sign. Accidentals do not continue their effect beyond the measure in which they occur.

25. *What is the signature?*

Sharps or flats at the beginning of a composition.

26. *What is the signature of the key to C?*

It has no signature.

27. *What of the key of F?*

One flat.

28. *Of the key of B flat?*

Two flats.

29. *Of the key of E flat?*

Three flats.

30. *Of the key of A flat?*

Four flats.

31. *Of the key of D flat?*

Five flats.

32. *What is the signature of the key of G?*

One sharp.—Six flats key of G flat.

33. *Of the key of D?*

Two sharps.

NOTE.—We believe the thousands in the country who think the key of C is natural, have been led to do so through the unfortunate name heretofore applied to this character (\natural), *i.e.*, Natural. Believing the name Cancel to be more appropriate, we join Mr. H. R. Palmer, of New York, in his efforts to curtail the evil effects arising therefrom, and adopt the name Cancel.

34. *Of the key of A?*

Three sharps.

35. *Of the key of E?*

Four sharps.

36. *Of the key of B?*

Five sharps.

37. *Of the key of F sharp?*

Six sharps.

38. *How many degrees of power are there?*

Five: pianissimo, piano, mezzo, forte, fortissimo.

39. *What does legato (lee-gah-to) mean?*

Smooth and connected.

40. *What does staccato mean?*

Tones to be sustained one-fourth as long as represented.

41. *What is a unison passage?*

Where all the parts sing same tones.

42. *What does a hold (\curvearrowright) denote?*

The tone is to be prolonged.

43. *What are triplets?*

Three equal tones performed in the time of one pulse.

Technical terms used in music:

Pianissimo, [*pp*] very soft.

Piano, [*p*] soft.

Mezzo, [*m*] medium power.

Forte, [*f*] loud.

Fortissimo, [*ff*] very loud.

Adagio, *lento*, slow.

A tempo, in time.

Dal Segno, [*D. S.*] to the sign [C].

Da Capo, [*D. C.*] to the beginning.

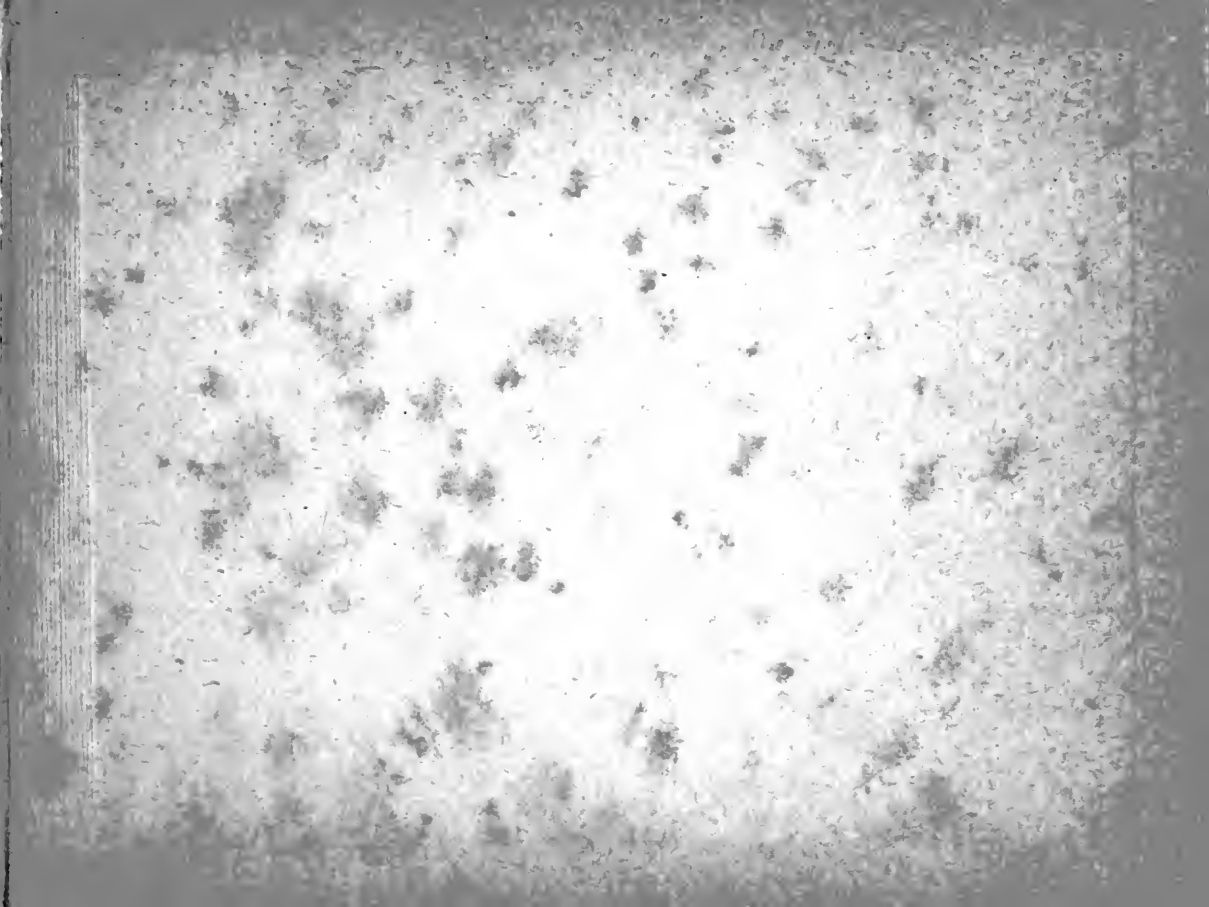
Fine, the end.

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