# SONG WORSHIP

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

BY

L. O. EMERSON & W. F. SHERWIN.

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# GREETING.

"SONG WORSHIP" is offered to the Christian public upon its real merits, as they may appear upon intelligent and careful examination

Its authors have endeavored to meet, in a *practical* way, the generally expressed desire for that which shall lift the service of song in the Sunday School above the ordinary grade, without putting it beyond the reach of the vast majority.

The book will be found *rich in hymns of sterling merit,* as well as in melodious *music which will not seem insipid upon frequent repetition.*

It is believed that in both of these respects "SONG WORSHIP" will prove not only *exceedingly interesting* and *attractive*, but also tend to mold the taste aright, and educate both mind and heart towards a better conception of the true use of sacred song.

If, by its general excellence and the *spirit of worship* pervading its pages, the volume shall commend itself to the confidence of Pastors, Superintendents, Choristers, and Teachers as a real helper in the work of lifting souls to God, and at the same time, promote general musical culture, the hopes of the undersigned will be fully realized.

L. O. EMERSON.

W. F. SHERWIN

# SONG WORSHIP.

W. F. Sherwin. **TO THEE.** L. O. Emerson.

1. To Thee, O heaven-ly Fa - ther, Our hymns of praise we sing; Wilt Thou ac - cept the tri - bute We thus would glad - ly bring? To Thee the high - est prais - es In earth and heaven be - long; We join with saints and an - gels, To wor-ship Thee in song.

2. To Thee, O Christ be - lov - ed, We turn our yearn - ing hearts, And seek with earn - est long - ing, The joy Thy love im - parts. We praise Thy name, we bless Thee, O Lamb for sin - ners slain! For full and free re - demp - tion From sin and end - less pain.

3. De-scend, O Ho - ly Spir - it! Our wor-ship now in - spire, Till ev - 'ry thought and feel - ing Shall glow with liv - ing fire! In hum - ble a - dor - a - tion, Our praise shall ev - er be To Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, E - ter - nal One in Three!

# HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Bishop Heber — Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn- ing our
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee! Cast - ing down their golden crowns a-

song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three
round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser-aphim fall - ing down be- fore Thee, Which wert and

Per- sons, blessed Trini - ty.
art, and evermore shalt be. A-men.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

# JOYFUL AS THE ANGELS' SONG.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Songs of praise a - woke the world To greet cre - a - tion's dawn; Joy- ful sang the Sons of God On
2. All the great Cre - a- tor's pow'r Was fill - ing them with joy; Shall not now *Re-deem- ing love* Our
3. Grant us, then, that heav'nly grace, Most in - fi - nite and pure; So shall we a - dore our Lord, While

that first ra- diant morn! Songs of praise and ar - dent love, With glad - ness now we sing;
heart and voice em - ploy? For the life once lived for us, All thanks and praise be Thine!
heart and life en - dure! Might - y God, all pow'r is Thine, Re- deem - er, Friend, and King!

Joy - ful as the an - gels' theme, Our fer - vent prais - es ring.
Grace to know and feel his love, Is but thy gift di - vine.
Joy - ful sang the sons of heav'n, And loud our an - thems ring!

# WITHBURN.

J. NEWTON. REV. M. K. CROSS 1880.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name, Show thy
3. Here we come thy name to praise; Let us feel thy pres - ence near; May thy

now a bless-ing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day: Day of all the week the best,
rec - on - cil - ing face— Take a - way our sin and shame; From our world- ly cares set free,—
glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in thy house ap-pear: Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste

Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
May we rest this day in thee.
Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in thee above.

# LOOK UP, O WATCHMAN.

EMMA PITT. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Look up! O watchman on the walls! The ransom'd are re - turning; The Lord has glo - ri-fied His
2. Look up! O watchman on the walls! In lands beyond the Ocean, The spreading gospel giveth
3. The troubled waters hear the truth, The world receives the sto- ry; Each crest is beaming with a

CHORUS.

own, With love all hearts are burn-ing.
peace To na - tions in com - mo - tion. The message of re - deem-ing love, Oh,
star, The brightness of Christ's glo - ry.

tell to ev - 'ry na - tion; Sing out, the joy - ful tid-ings sing, That Christ has brought sal-va-tion.

# WE SING THE SONG OF JESUS.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT. ARR. from J. P. WEBSTER.

1. We sing the song of Je - sus, With hap - py heart and voice: Come, join our tune-ful
2. For us he waits in glo - ry, Up - on the far-ther shore; Where sin and all trans -
3. We know our up - ward jour - ney Is on - ly just be - gun; But fear not toil nor
4. Come, walk with us the path-way That leads un - to the skies; And let your tune-ful

CHORUS.

num - bers, With us may you re - joice. We sing, we sing, We
gres - sions, Shall live and harm no more.
dan - ger, While Je - sus leads us on.
vol - ces With ours in an - thems rise. We sing, we sing, we sing, the song, We

sing the song of Je - sus; We sing, we sing, We sing the song of love.
sing the song of Je - sus; We sing, we sing, we sing the song, We sing the song of love.

# WE'RE THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

W. F. S. GUILLAUME.

1. We're the child- ren of a King, Tho' here a - while we roam; Guid- ed by a hand divine, We seek our Fa- ther's home.
2. We were lost, but Je - sus came To bring us back to God; To re- deem our souls from death He shed His pre - cious blood.
3. All who trust in Him shall reach The promised land of rest; And with Him for - ev- er share The man-sions of the blest.
4. Tell the sto - ry yet a - gain Of God's e - ter - nal love; How He res - cued us from death, To reign with Christ a - bove.

CHORUS.

We're the child-ren of a King! JE - HO - VAH is his name;

He will hear us from His throne, When we His love pro - claim.

# ONWARD.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Pil - grim, lin-ger not nor stay, Nor look with long-ing back; Heavenward lies thy well-worn way, Tho' nar - row be the track.
2. Thousands have that pathway walked. And left their footprints there; Footprints that have made the course For thee more smooth and fair.
3. Fal - ter not, but look a - bove; There shines thy bea-con light, Burn-ing with the oil of love, For- ev - er pure and bright.
4. Earth's dark shadows fear not thou, But bear thy ban- ner on! Bear it bravely, bear it well, Till Heav'n's bright day shall dawn.

REFRAIN.

Onward, then, pursue thy way, Thou pil - grim of the way, pursue thy way, Lord, of the Lord! On - ward still, with courage true, And heav'n thy blest re - ward!

L. O. E.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest. Watch for day, Christian, When night is long- est;
2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian, Heav'n is be - fore thee;
3. Lift thine eye, Christian, Just as it clos - eth; Raise the head, Christian, ere it re - pos - eth;

On- ward and up - ward still be thine en- deav- or, The rest that remain- eth en - dur- eth for- ev- er.
He who hath promised, fal - ter - eth nev- er; Oh, trust in the love that en - dur- eth for- ev- er.
Noth-ing thy soul from the Sav - iour shall sev - er; Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him forever.

Breast the wave, Breast the wave,.....

Breast the wave, Breast the wave, The rest that remain -eth en - dur- eth for- ev- er.

# SEND THE GLAD TIDINGS.

Mrs. R. M. Turner. W. F. Sherwin.

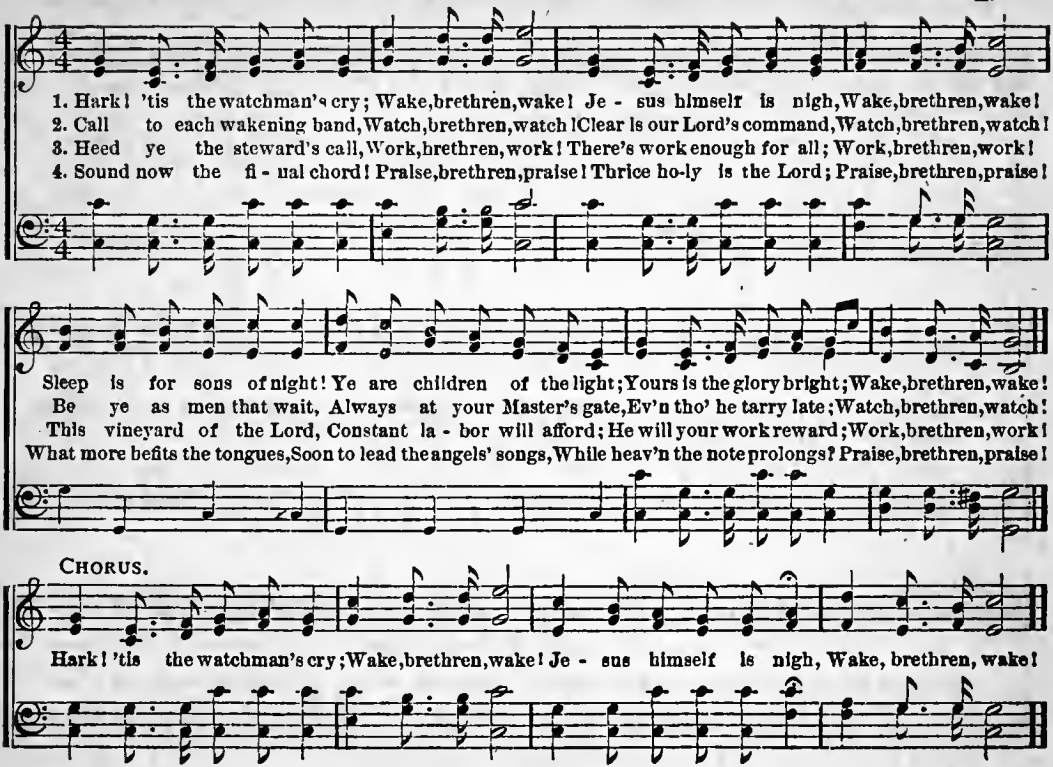
1. Send the glad tidings forth, Ho - ly and precious, Je - sus hath purchased sal - va - tion for all!
2. Tell the im - pen - i - tent, Sin bringeth sor- row; Warn them to flee from the dan - ger of death.
3. Plead with them ten - der - ly, Show them who waiteth, Wait-eth out-side of the fast- clos-ed door.
4. Bring in the wan - der- ers; Welcome the straying; Souls are too dear to be lost in the flood.

Free - ly He of - fers it, Plenteous redemption! Wak-en, O Chris- tian! to you he doth call.
Tell them the Sav-iour said, "Father, forgive them!" There, on the cross, with his last parting breath.
Ea - ger to welcome them Home to his bos- om, Home to His bos - om of love ev - er- more.
Seek for them earn-est - ly, Lead them in pl - ty, Home to the in - fin - ite mer - cy of God.

Refrain.

Spread the glad tid - ings, Je - sus doth call! The news of Sal- va - tion pro - claim un-to all.

E.


1. Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry; Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus himself is nigh, Wake, brethren, wake!
2. Call to each wakening band, Watch, brethren, watch! Clear is our Lord's command, Watch, brethren, watch!
3. Heed ye the steward's call, Work, brethren, work! There's work enough for all; Work, brethren, work!
4. Sound now the fi - nal chord! Praise, brethren, praise! Thrice ho-ly is the Lord; Praise, brethren, praise!
Sleep is for sons of night! Ye are children of the light; Yours is the glory bright; Wake, brethren, wake!
Be ye as men that wait, Always at your Master's gate, Ev'n tho' he tarry late; Watch, brethren, watch!
This vineyard of the Lord, Constant la - bor will afford; He will your work reward; Work, brethren, work!
What more befits the tongues, Soon to lead the angels' songs, While heav'n the note prolongs? Praise, brethren, praise!
CHORUS.
Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry; Wake, brethren, wake! Je - sus himself is nigh, Wake, brethren, wake!

# WHILE WE WAIT.

CLARA L. SHATTUCK. STUDY SONG. Dr. L. MASON.

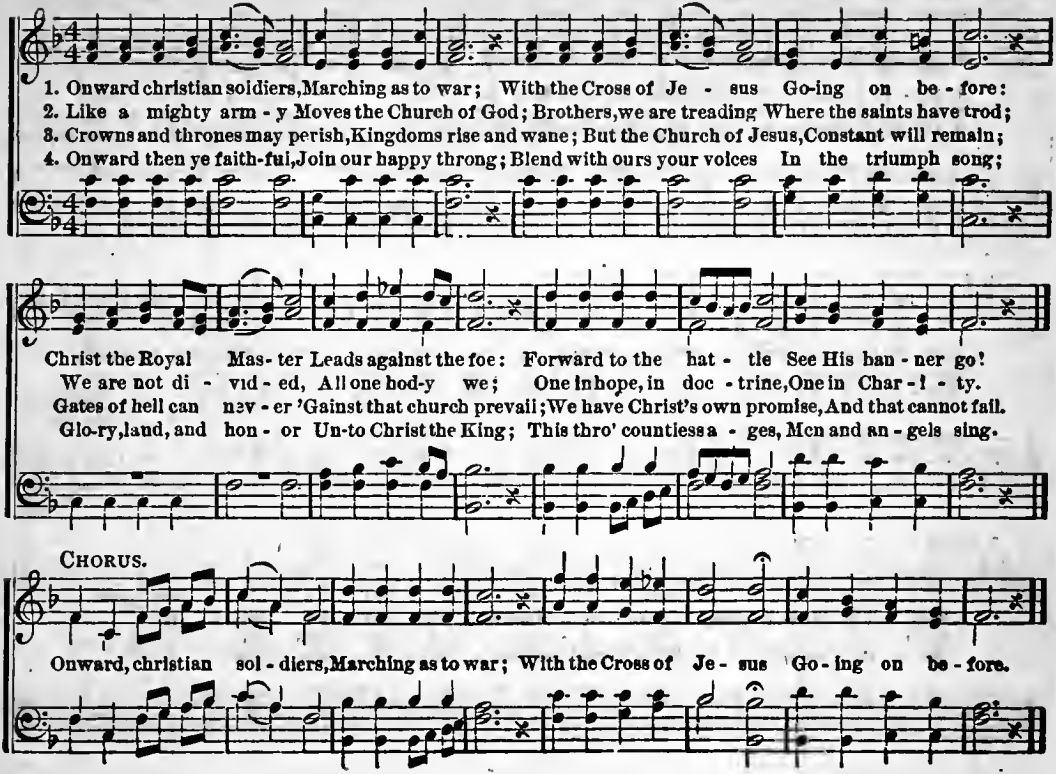
1. Child - ren, round a Fa - ther's board, Here we gath - er to be fed; Fill our hun - gry
2. Give to each as thou dost see Ev - 'ry deep - est need of each; All our wants are
3. Free - ly thou dost love to give, Grate - ful - ly would we par - take; By thy word our

souls, O Lord, Break to us the liv - ing bread.
known to thee, Ere we frame them in - to speech. Lord, our spir - its pant for thee,
souls shall live, In that word our trust we make.

In re - freshing pow'r come near! Strengthened may thy children be, While we wait be - fore thee here.

# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

REV. S. B. GOULD. LANDLOFF.



# HOLY COMFORTER, DRAW NEAR.

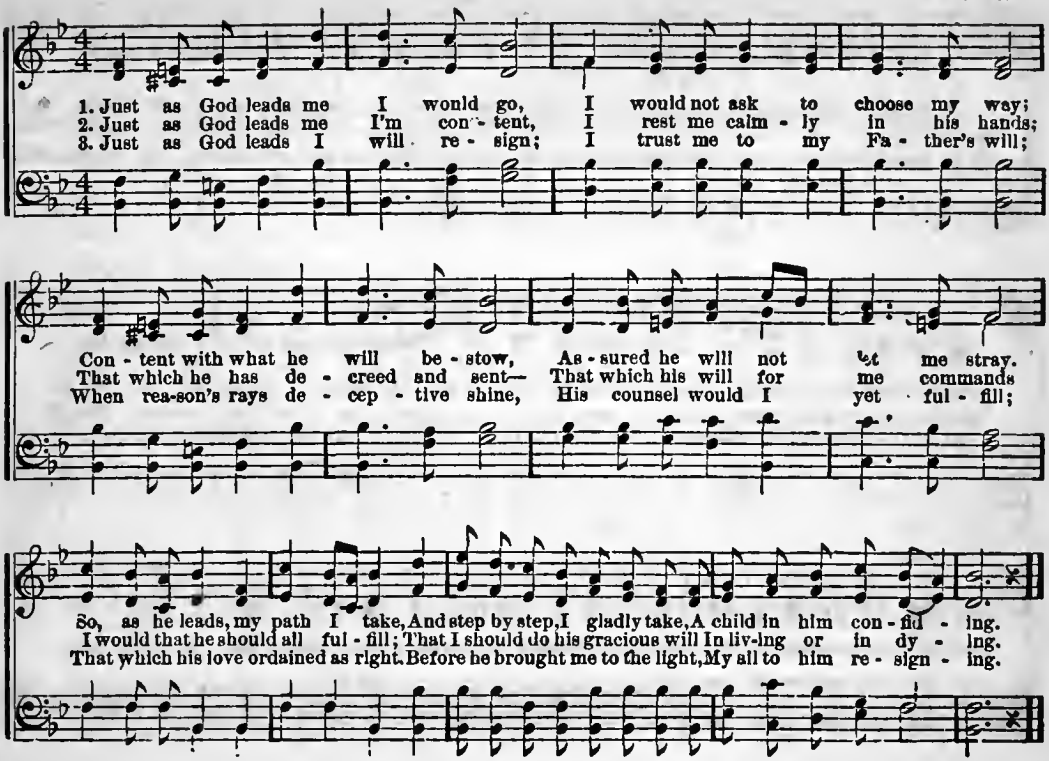
MRS. R. M. TURNER. WILHELM.

1. Ho - ly Com- for - ter, draw near, Gift of God di - vine! Fill us with Thy sa - cred love,
2. Lift us high- er than ourselves, Bring us near- er God! Make our dai - ly walk to be
3. Precious Gift! we welcome Thee, Source of heav'nly love! Come and dwell with-in our hearts,

For all love is Thine. Thou wast sent to be to us Hope and strength each day;
Where the Saviour trod! E'en the death of Him we love, Help us still to see—
Spir - it from a - bove! Still with Fa - ther and with Son, Be Thy name a - dored!

May Thy prea - ence, Ho - ly Dove; Light - en all our way.
Hath not left us des - o - late, For He lives in Thee.
Ev - er - more in Heav'n and earth, Our E - ter - nal Lord!

L. O. E.


1. Just as God leads me I would go, I would not ask to choose my way;
2. Just as God leads me I'm con - tent, I rest me calm - ly in his hands;
3. Just as God leads I will re - sign; I trust me to my Fa - ther's will;
Con - tent with what he will be - stow, As - sured he will not let me stray.
That which he has de - creed and sent— That which his will for me commands
When rea-son's rays de - cep - tive shine, His counsel would I yet ful - fill;
So, as he leads, my path I take, And step by step, I gladly take, A child in him con - fid - ing.
I would that he should all ful - fill; That I should do his gracious will In liv-ing or in dy - ing.
That which his love ordained as right. Before he brought me to the light, My all to him re - sign - ing.

L. O. E.

1. "Go forth," said the Master, "and make no de-lay, In-vite to the ban-quet, in-vite all to-day; 'The
2. Then quickly the servants went out from the Lord, His message they published with joyful accord; From
3. O way-worn and weary! de-spise not the call; Re-ject not that mer-cy, 'tis free, free to all; Thy

chos-en have tarried, Bring hither the blind, The poor and the need-y, Leave no one be-hind."
highways and hedges, They called to the feast, And wel-come with rap-ture Each wan-der-ing guest.
Fa-ther is wait-ing To welcome thee home; Oh, haste to the ban-quet While yet there is room!

CHORUS.

Now all things are rea-dy, The Master says, "come;" The whole world is bidden, And yet there is room, Now

all things are rea-dy, The Mas - ter says, "come;" The whole world is bidden, And yet there is room.

## GOD BLESS THE CHILDREN.

W.F. S. (WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN OF OTTAWA, KAN.) W. F. S.

1. God bless the child - ren ev - 'ry one! Safe - ly in Him con - fid - ing,
2. God bless the child - ren night and day! Grant them, in rich - est meas - ure,
3. God bless the child - ren while they live! Be near to guard and guide them;
4. God bless the child - ren when they die! Take them be-yond the riv - er,

Shel - tered be - neath His wings of love, From ev - 'ry e - vil hid - ing.
Joys that are pure, and com - fort sweet; Fill all their hearts with pleas - ure.
Lead them in Wis-dom's pleas- ant ways, And ev - er walk be - side them.
Where, in the dear Re - deem - er's home, All sing his praise for - ev - er.

1. I will nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake; I will guide and save and
2. When the storm is rag- ing round thee, Call on me in hum-ble prayer; I will fold my arms a -
3. When thy soul is dark and clouded, Filled with doubt and grief and care, Thro' the mists by which 'tis
4. When thy fee - ble flame is dy - ing, And thy soul a - bout to soar To that land where pain and

keep thee, For my name and mer - cy's sake; Fear no e - vil, fear no e - vil, On - ly
bout thee, Guard thee with the ten - derest care; In the tri - al, in the tri - al, I will
shroud- ed, I will make a light ap - pear; And the ban - ner, and the ban - ner Of thy
sigh - ing Shall be heard and known no more— I will teach thee, I will teach thee To re -

all my coun- sel take; For I'll nev - er nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake.
make thy path-way clear; For I'll nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake.
love I will up - rear; For I'll nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake.
joice that life is o'er; For I'll nev - er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for - sake.

# HOW WE LOVE THE BIBLE.

W. F. S. W. F. S.

1. How we love the Bi - ble, Ho - ly book of God! Tell - ing us of Je - sus
2. Fa - ther, thro' the Bi - ble Make us tru - ly wise: To its won - drous beau - ty

And the way He trod; Tell - ing us the tid - ings Of His won - drous love,
O - pen thou our eyes. May its ho - ly pre - cepts Guide us all the way,

Show- ing us the glo - ry Of His home a - bove.
Till we reach the man - sions Of e - ter - nal day.

3 Yes, we love the Bible,
Rich in hallowed lore!
As we read its pages,
May we love it more.
Light, and peace, and comfort
Here are freely given;
'Tis a blessed fountain,
'Tis the bread of heaven!

# THE SONG OF HEAVEN.

L. O. E.

1. Come, and sing with joy and gladness, El - e - vate your hearts in praise; Come, dis-miss all gloom and
2. Come, and sweet-ly tune your voi - ces, Raise them to a lof - ty strain; Sing a - loud, while heav'n re -
3. Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure That they should not hold their peace; And his blessings, with- out

sad - ness; High your songs ex - ult - ing raise. With the an - gel choirs u - nit - ing, Sing of
joic - es; Shout! for Je - sus comes to reign. Glo - ry! hear the an - gels cry - ing, Glo - ry
measure, He bestow'd on such as these; Then to hea - ven high as - cend- ing, Shall our

With the angel choirs u - nit - ing,

Je - sus' wondrous love; Tis a sub - ject so de - light - ing, Thrilling all the harps a - bove.
to the Saviour's name; Shall not chil - dren with them vie - ing, Here on earth, his praise proclaim.
an - thems quick- ly rise; With an - gel - ic voi - ces blend- ing, Far a - bove you a - zure skies.

R. N. T. Newly arranged.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, still descending, Gift of God's e - ter - nal love; O, may thy rich grace unending
2. Comfort us when griefs oppress us; When our path seems dark and long May Thy presence then re- fresh us,

Dwell with us, thou sa - cred Dove! Lead us on our way to hea - ven, Help us kind - ly
May our sor - row make us strong! Ho - ly Spir - it, grace un - end - ing Give us free - ly

day by day; May Thy guid - ing love be giv - en— May Thy light il - lume our way.
day by day, As the gen - tle dews de - scend-ing, Be our Com - for - ter, we pray.

# GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, CAN IT BE?

LANDLOFF.

1. Gracious Saviour, can it be, There a - waits a crown for me? Set with gems di - vine - ly
3. Can it be, in glorious dress Tendered by thy righteous - ness, I shall dwell with thee on

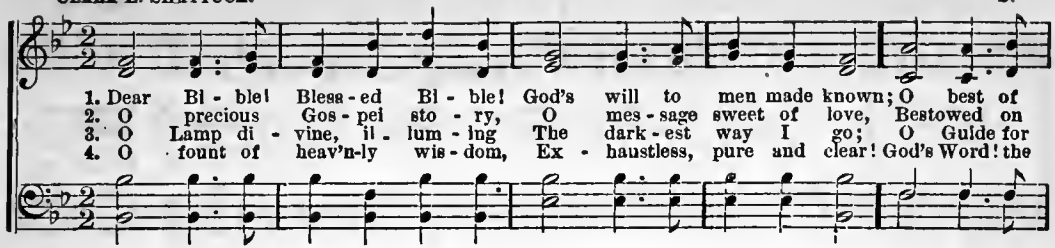
bright, Sparkling each with heav'nly light! Can it be, a harp of gold, Glittering bright my
high; Nev - er more to sin nor die! Tho' the chief of sin - ners, Lord, Since within thy

*Repeat pp and Rit.* *1st time.* *2d. time.*

hands shall hold? That my voice shall join the song, Chant-ed by the blood-wash'd throng, blood-wash'd throng?
ho - ly word, Thou hast promised thus to bless, Faith must sweet-ly whisper, Yes, whis-per, Yes.

# DEAR BIBLE.

CLARA L. SHATTUCK.

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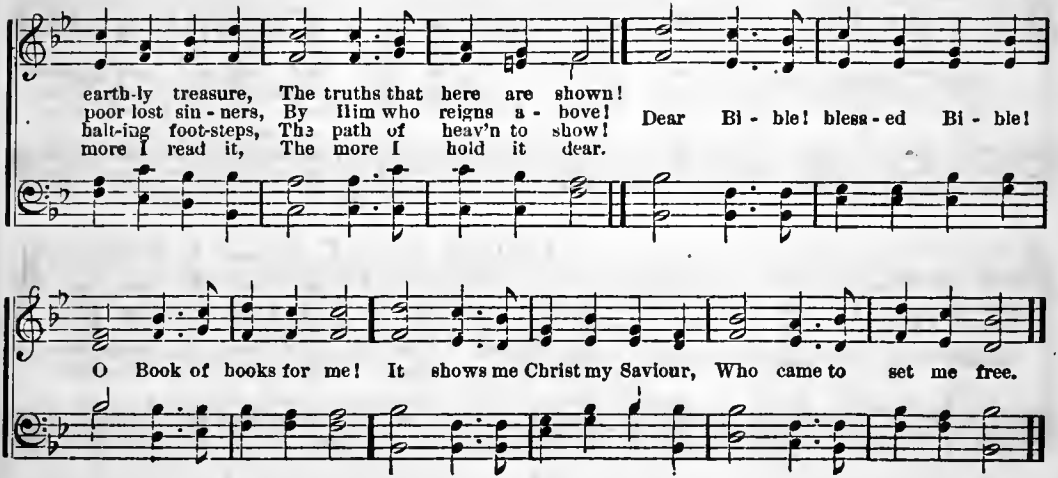

WILLIAM COWPER.

# SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES.

L. O. E.

1. Sometimes a light sur-pris - es The Chris-tian while he sings; It is the Lord, who
2. In ho - ly con - tem-pla - tion, We sweet-ly then pur-sue The theme of God's sal-
3. It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through, Who gives the li - lies
4. Tho' vine nor fig - tree nei - ther Their wont-ed fruit should bear, Tho' all the fields should

ris - es With heal - ing in his wings; When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He
- va - tion, And find it ev - er new: Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We
cloth - ing Will clothe his peo - ple too; Be-neath the spread - ing heav - ens, No
with - er, Nor flocks nor herds be there, Yet God the same a - bid - ing, His

grants the soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.
cheer - ful - ly can say, Let the unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.
crea - ture but is fed, And he who feeds the ra - vens Will give his chil - dren bread.
praise shall tune my voice, For while in Him con - fid - ing, I can - not but re - joice.

(1) [TUNE.—*Coronation.*]

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

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

3 On that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song
And crown him Lord of all!

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(2) [TUNE.—*Sweet hour of prayer.*]

1 Obeying thy divine behest, [Thee!
We meet, O Christ, to speak of
Thou art amongst us as a guest,
We feel it though we cannot see;
We seem to breathe, in glad surprise,
An atmosphere of love and bliss,
And read within each other's eyes,
To whom it is we owe all this.

2 How quickly every strife will end,
How soon all idle griefs depart
When friend takes counsel thus with friend, [meets heart!
When soul meets soul, and heart
We have so many things to say,
So many failings to confess,
Time flies, alas! so soon away,
We cannot half we would express.

3 O let us, then, dear Lord, be blest
With thy sweet presence ev'ry day;
Be with us as our daily guest,
And our companion on the way.
Fan our devotion's feeble flame,
Let us press on to things before;
Bring us together in thy name,
Until we meet to part no more

(3) [TUNE.—*Italian Hymn*]

1 Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword:
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

---

(4) [TUNE.—*Brown.*]

1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Oh, may we all, while here below
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts in brighter worlds
Proclaim that "God is love."

(5) [TUNE.—*Nuremburg.*] 7s.

1 One with Christ! O blessed thought!
We are by His Spirit taught;
On His fulness now we live,
Grace for grace we thence receive.

2 One with Christ! ye saints rejoice
As the objects of his choice;
He will every want supply,
While He lives we cannot die.

3 One with Christ! forever one.
Debts are paid, and work is done;
Grace and glory both are given;
We are on our way to heaven!

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(6) [TUNE,—*Sicily.*]

1 One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above!

---

(7) [TUNE.—*He leadeth me.*]

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
—[REF.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, [bloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
—[REF.

# HERE, LORD, I WAIT.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. W. F. Sherwin

1. Low at thy foot-stool, Lord, I kneel. And seek thy pard'ning grace; Turn not a-way from my ap-
2. 'Tis on-ly here I dare to rest One mo-ment with my sin; And here, my hur-den all con-
3. O Ho-ly One! O Heavenly friend! Give me thy sweet re-lease; To me thy gra-cious love ex
4. All hope, all safe-ty, lie in thee, And thus I wait thy will; Thy pitying eye my grief doth

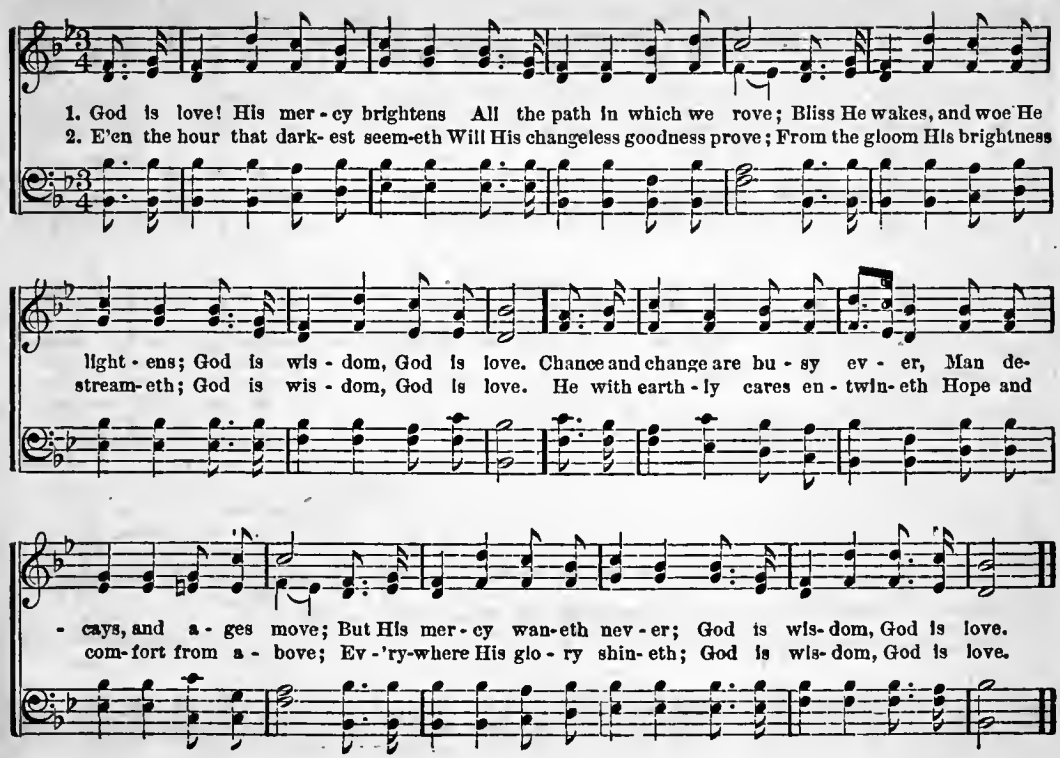
- peal, Hide not thy Heaven-ly face!
- fessed, The bet-ter life be-gin!
- tend, Thy par-don and thy peace!
see, Thy love my heart shall fill!

Here, Lord, I wait, I low-ly wait, Nor one step

fur-ther go; While low I bow, O Sav-iour, now Let me thy mer-cy know.

# GOD IS LOVE.

L. O. E.



R. N. T. W. F. S.

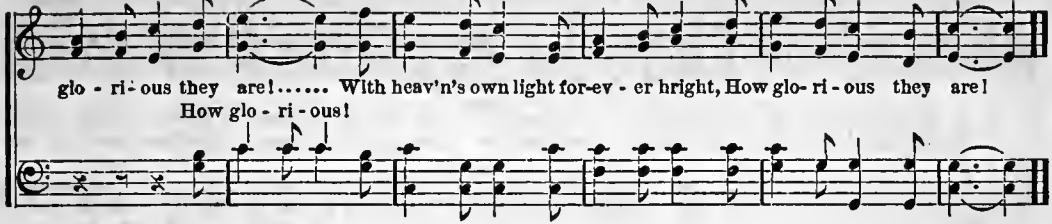
1. Oh, sil is beau - ti - ful in heav'n! No drooping flow'rs are seen, But springing bright, They bloom in light, A-
2. The air is filled with sweeter tones Than ever chimed on earth; And gold-en harps, by an- gel hands To
3. The mansions of the Father's house Adorn that land so fair; And ma - ny whom on earth we loved, Are

- mid the fade-less green. The brooklets wind their way a- long, With cadence soft and low, While
Heav'nly strains give birth! O hear! the rap- ture in the air Fills heart and soul with peace; And
wait - ing for us there. Then let us strive to en - ter thro' Those gates forev - er blest! The

REFRAIN.
The shining heights a - far,.....

sweeping on, for - ev - er on, The stream of life doth flow.
not thro' all e - ter - ni - ty Shall its glad ech - o cease!
child-ren of the Lord shall find Within them, joy and rest!

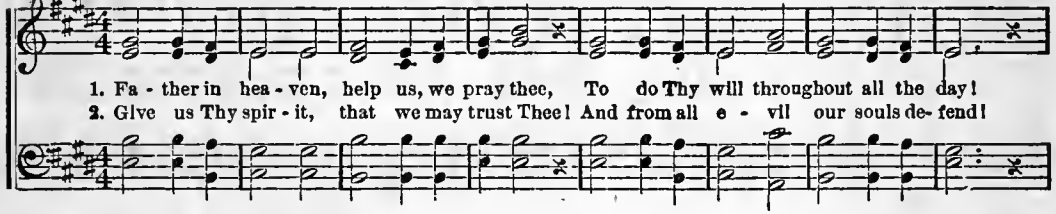
The shining heights, How

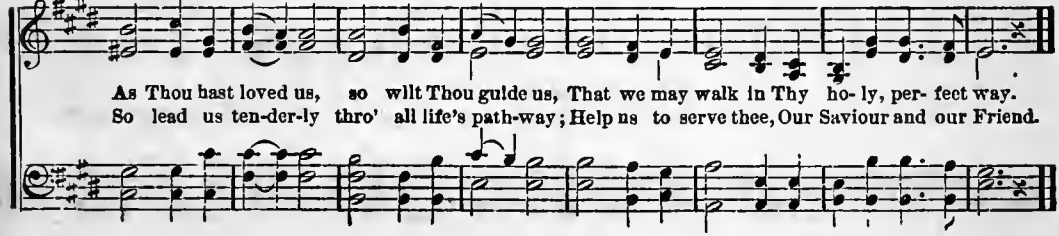



## MORNING PRAYER.

MABEL H. EMERSON. L. O. EMERSON.

*Andante.*



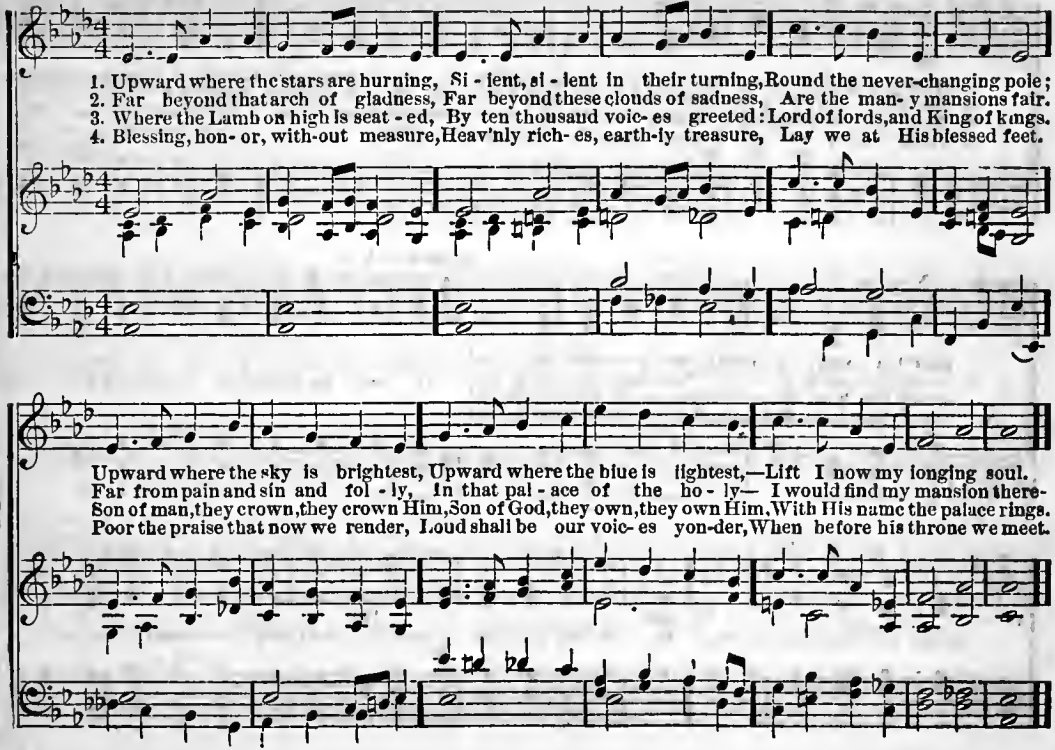
# THE LORD HIMSELF.

Arr. from W. O. Fisk.

1. The Lord him-self, the might - y Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; The Shepherd, by whose con- stant care My wants are all sup - plied. In ten - der grass He makes me feed, And gent- ly there re - pose, Then leads me to cool shades, and where Re-freshing wa - ter flows.

2. He does my wand'ring soul reclaim, And to his end- less praise, Instructs with hum-ble zeal to walk In his most ho - ly ways. I pass the gloom - y vale of death, From fear and dan- ger free; For there his aid - ing rod and staff De - fend and com- fort me.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.



# HOW BRIGHT THE HOUR.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. How bright the hour of sa - cred joy, When brother meets with brother; — When cir - cling months have pass'd a - way, And still we greet each oth - er!
2. The Sovereign Pow'r that rules the earth, Hath held us in His keep - ing; Thro' fer - vid noon, or midnight dark, His eye hath been un - sleep - ing!
3. 'Mid va-ried scenes of hope and fear, The months sa- lute each oth - er; But on - ly joy shall crown the hour, When broth-er meets with broth- er!
4. Then, loud-ly let our praises ring, To Him who guards us ev - er: And may a glad re - un - ion dawn, When death these bands shall sev-er!

REFRAIN.

O hap - py hour, so bright and fair, That brings this hap- py meeting! We of - fer now our songs of Joy, And give thee hear - ty greeting!

# I LOVE THE SABBATH DAY.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. I love the ho - ly Sabbath day, To me its precious hours are dear; And when the chime doth
2. I list to what the Saviour says, And strive to feel his ten - der- ness; For that will bring on
3. And when the Sabbath day is done, As ev'n - ing shadows gent - ly fall, I raise my pray'r, that

REFRAIN.

tell the time, I wait the word of God to bear. I love the Sab - bath day.... I
speed - y wing, The Fa - ther's love, my soul to bless.
ev - 'ry-where, The love of God my rest on all. I love the Sabbath day, I

love the Sab - bath day; And when the chime doth tell the time, I wait God's truth to hear.
love the Sabbath day.

# STORM THE FORT.

Rev. J. B. VINTON. Burmah. E.

1. Ho! my com-rades, see the sig - nal Je - sus waves on high! Sa - tan's bat - tle-
2. See! the loft - y walls are frown-ing, Held by Sa - tan's power; Sin en-shrouds the
3. See! the proph - ets now are show - ing How the fort must fall; There is no such
4. Fierce and long the siege has last - ed, But the end is near; On - ward leads our

CHORUS.

- ments are reel - ing, Hear our Cap - tain's cry:
world of dark - ness, Now's the storm- ing hour. "Storm the fort, for I am lead - ing,
thing as fail - ing, Shout, my com - rades all!
great Com-mand - er, Cheer, my com - rades, cheer.

I have shown you how! Shout the an - swer back to hea - ven, 'We are rea - dy now.'"

W. F. S. W. F. S. By per.

1. O sin - ner, the Saviour is call - ing, In love He in - vites Thee to come; Turn not from the
2. The Spir - it, so earn-est-ly plead-ing, Now bids thee no long - er de - lay; With strivings and
3. Why long-er re-fuse gracious par - don, And scorn to be saved by the blood? Why sport on the
4. There's on-ly one way of sal - va - tion, One pow'r to re - deem from the grave; In Je - sus a -

REFRAIN.

ark of sal-va - tion, But en - ter while yet there is room.
groans in-ter-ced - ing, Would bring thee to Je-sus to- day.
brink of per-di - tion, In - vit - ing the judgments of God?
lone is redemp-tion, He on - ly is "mighty to save."

Then haste! for the storm is dark'ning! For

re-fuge to Cal-va - ry flee; Escape from the danger that threatens, For the Mas- ter call - eth thee.

# TAKE MY HEART, O FATHER, TAKE IT.

ELLOR.

*Slow.*

1. Take my heart, O Fa - ther, take it! Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy spir- it
2. Ev - er let thy grace surround it; Strength- en it with pow'r di - vine Till thy cord of

melt and break it, This proud heart of sin and stone. Fa - ther, make it pure and low - ly,
love hath bound it; Make it to be whol - ly thine. May the blood of Je - sus heal it,

*Very slow.*

Fond of peace and far from strife, Turning from the paths un - ho - ly Of this vain and sin- ful life.
And its sins be all forgiven; Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal it, Guide it in the path to heaven.

(1) [TUNE.—*State Street.*]

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry:
Yes, tho' He may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

3 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause his care.

(2) [TUNE.—*Sicily.*]

1 Let us pray! the Lord is willing,
Ever waiting, prayer to hear;
Ready, His kind words fulfilling,
Loving hearts to help and cheer.

2 Let us pray! tho' foes surrounding,
Vex and trouble and dismay; [ing
Precious grace thro' Christ abound-
Still shall cheer us on our way.

3 Let us pray! our life is praying;
Pray'r with time alone may cease;
Then in heaven God's will obeying,
Life is praise and perfect peace.

(3) [TUNE.—*Toplady.*]

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure;
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

(4) [TUNE.—*Christ.*]

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

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

(5)

1 What a friend we have in Jesus!
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer;

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

(6)

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me!

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful tho' my heart may be:
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let thy mercy fall on me—
Even me!

(7) [TUNE.—*Martyn.*]

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 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 defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

(8) [TUNE.—*Federal St.*] L. M.

1 They pray the best who pray and watch, [and pray,
They watch the best who watch
They hear Christ's fingers on the latch, [day.
Whether he comes by night or

2 Whether they guard the gates and watch, [wait,
Or, patient, toil for him and
They hear his fingers on the latch,
If early he doth come, or late.

3 With trembling joy they hail their Lord, [kiss,
And haste his welcome feet to
While he, well pleased, doth speak the word
That thrills them with unending bliss.—[REV. E. HOPPER.

# COULD YE NOT WATCH?

Mrs. R. N. Turner. W. F. Sherwin.

*With careful expression.*

1. 'Twas on that sad, e- ventful night, On Ol- ive's calm and ho- ly height, When He on whom our burdens lay, Went out with sorrowing heart to pray; He called His faith- ful ones to share, In pa- tient love, Whose home, whose centre is a- bove! O, watch ye, watch ye and be true, The Mas- ter need- eth ev- en you. Be vig- il- ant, As one who keeps His watch, and "slumbers not nor sleeps." love, his anguish there; But while alone He prayed and wept, His weak and weary followers slept.
2. O weak and warring heart, be strong! 'Tis great, 'tis grand but to belong To that blest fam- i- ly of power, You may not know the day, the hour; Be thou a- lert! let strong con-trol Dwell in the watch-tower of thy soul! O Christian sol- dier, hear His call, Be rea- dy with thy life, thy all.
3. O Christian soldier, watch and pray; Lay not your sword and shield away! Temptation comes with sudden

Could ye not watch with me one hour, Be - loved and true, Be - loved and

Be - loved and true, Be-

true? In sad Geth-sem - a - ne I knelt, And prayed for you,..... for you.

- loved and true? And prayed for you,

## HOW KIND IS THE SAVIOUR.

PRIMARY CLASS.

1. How kind is the Saviour, How great is His love! To bless lit - tle child-ren He came from a-bove.
2. He wept in the gar- den, He died on the tree, To op - en a foun-tain for sin - ners like me.
3. O make us, dear Je- sus, To taste of Thy love! We'll praise Thee forev - er, With children a-bove.

# CHRIST IS LEADING

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. L. O. E.

*Boldly.*

1. A - wake, ye saints of God! Quickly gird the ar - mor on; Christ is lead - ing on the
2. The night of sin re - cedes, And the darkness flees a - way; Curist is lead - ing on the
3. When the bat - tle shall be won And the triumph is complete, With the vic - tor's palm in

host, And we'll fol - low, and we'll fol - low, All the kingdoms of the earth; For the
host, And we'll fol - low, and we'll fol - low, We are hast'ning to the dawn Of the
band, We will fol - low, we will fol - low, And we'll lay our trophies down, At the

Sa - viour must be near! To the conquest of the world, We will fol - low, we will fol - low.
great mil - len - nial day! To the conquest of the world, We will fol - low, we will fol - low.
bless - ed Master's feet! Thro' the o - pen gates of heav'n, We will fol - low, we will fol - low.

CHORUS.

He is lead - ing on the host; And we'll fol - low, and we'll fol - low; In the triumph we will share, For there's victory in the air, To the conquest of the world, We will follow, we will follow.

## TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc.

1. To - day the Sa-viour calls; Ye wand'rers come; Oh, ye be - night-ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
2. To - day the Sa-viour calls; Oh, hear him now; With-in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Sa-viour calls; For ref - uge fly; The storm of jus- tice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir- it calls to - day; Yield to his pow'r; Oh, grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour.

# O DAY OF GOD!

MRS. R. N. TURNER. NIWKEHS.

1. O day of God! how sweet, how fair Is thy blest dawn on earth! Our hearts, a - dor - ing,
2. How blest it seems, to have so near The Heav'n of rest and peace! To bid the cares of
3. O Sabbath - day, sweet Sabbath-day! No hours so fair as thine! The sun il - lumes all

look a - bove, And ho - ly joys have birth! We turn a - way from earth-ly things, From
life re - tire, And worldly pleasures cease! O what a joy to have on earth One
days a - like, But heav'n on thee doth shine! Lo! wilt thou lift our hearts to live A

sor - did hopes and fears, And bring to God our songs of joy,—Our pen - i - ten - tial tears!
precious day in seven— A lit - tle part, let down to us, Of God's most ho - ly heav'n!
pur - er life on earth!— Lo! wilt thou grant thy sa - cred hours To ho - ly hopes give birth!

# PEACE FROM GOD.

CLOSING.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Peace from God, our heav'n-ly Fa - ther, Now des- cend - ing from a - bove, With the
2. There in songs of praise for - ev - er. May we all at last u - nite; Free - ly

grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Spir - it of his love— Here a -
drink of that pure riv - er, Flow-ing from the throne of light— Join the

- bid - ing, here a - bid - ing, Fit us for our Home a - bove.
num - ber, join the num - ber Who are clothed in spot - less white.

# ALL HAIL! SWEET DAY OF REST.

R. N. T. W. F. S.

1. All hail, sweet day of rest, By our Re-deem-er blest! Thine ear-ly light be-held Him rise from death; And we our songs of praise, Our heart-felt wor-ship raise To Him this day, with ev-'ry grate-ful breath.
2. The sound of Sab-bath bells A ho-ly mess-age tells Of earn-est summons to the house of prayer; Then let us haste with joy, And heart and voice em-ploy To sing our songs of love and wor-ship there.
3. With-in His house be-low, The Lord His love will show; His ho-ly pres-ence mak-ing bright and fair, Like mansions from a-bove, The tem-ple of His love, The al-tar of our grate-ful praise and prayer.

4 At our Redeemer's feet,
In meditation sweet.
So let us pass these sacred hours away,
That benediction blest,
From thee, O day of rest,
May all the time abide with us, we pray!

L.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne: Ten thous- and thous- and
2. Let all that dwell a - bove the sky And air, and earth and seas, Con- spire to lift thy

are their tongues, But all their joys are one. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
glo - ries high, And speak thy end - less praise. The whole cre - a - tion join in one,

"To be ex- alt - ed thus!" "Worthy the Lamb!" our lips re-ply. "For he was slain for us!"....
To bless the sa - cred name Of Him that sits up - on the throne, And to a- dore the Lamb.

# GO UP, MY HEART.

H. Bonar, D. D. — Art. by W. F. S.

1. Go up, go up, my heart, Dwell with thy God a - bove; For here thou canst not rest, Nor give out thy love. Go up, go up, my heart, Be not a tri - fler here; As - cend a - bove these clouds, Dwell in a high - er sphere.....

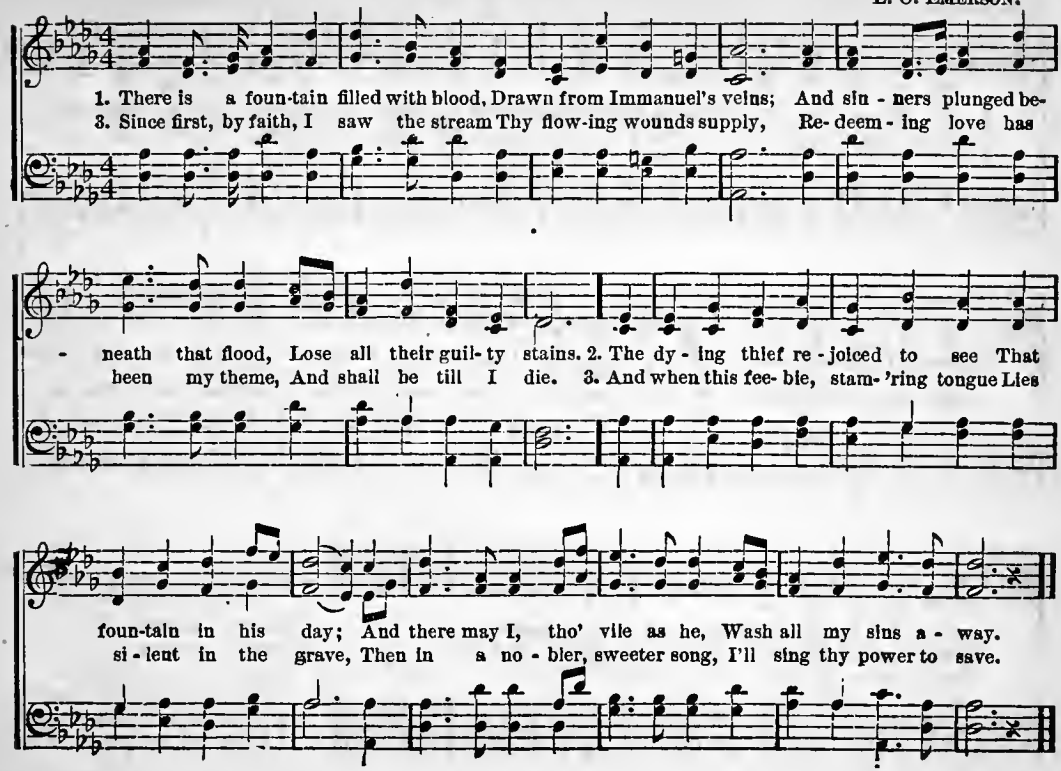
2. Let not thy love flow out To things so soiled and dim; Go up to heaven and God, Take thy love to Him. Waste not thy pre - cious store On crea - ture - love be - low; To God that wealth be - longs, On Him that wealth be - stow.....

*Fine.*

*D.C.*

# THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

L. O. EMERSON.



# JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD. A. D. 1150. Rev. H. L. JENNER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Beneath thy con- tem-pla - tion Sink
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel, And
3. And they who, with their Lead- er, Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for- ev - er Are

heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not What joys a - wait me there; What
all the mar- tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid. And there, from toil re - leased, The
clad in robes of white. Oh, land that sees no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife! Oh,

*For the last verse.*

ra-diancy of glo - ry, What bliss be- yond com- pare.
shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.
roy- al land of flow- ers! Oh, realms and home of life. A - men.

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.—Amen.

# O HOLY DAY.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. F. GUILLAUME.

1. Our hearts look up in love to Him Who gave this day of rest; This heavenly foretaste
2. These con- se - cra - ted hours are fill'd With God's own breath of love, And raise us from the
3. We come in - to these courts with joy, With pray'r and ho - ly song; And ev - 'ry thought of
4. O Sabbath- day, that knows no end, How sweet thy rest shall be! Our lit - tle day of

REFRAIN.

of the joy Prepared for all the blest!
cares of earth, To high - er hopes a - bove!
love di - vine, Our wor - ship shall pro- long!
praise on earth, Shall bring us near - er thee!

O ho - ly day, O hap- py day, We

welcome thee once more, And kneel before our heav'nly King, To worship and a - dore.

# WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

T. M. Dewey.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreathe her chain
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet friendship glow
3. Up to that world of light, Take us dear Sav - iour; May we all there u - nite,

Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe from each
Change - less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where bliss each
Hap - py for - ev - er; Where kin - dred spir - its dwell, There may our

blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er, no, nev - er.
heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill, Nev - er, no, nev - er.
mu - sic swell, And time our joys dis - pel, Nev - er, no, nev - er.

# SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER.

HORACE L. HASTINGS. ELIHU S. RICE, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur- ges cease to roll? Where, in all the bright for-
2. Shall we meet in that blest har- bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys- tal shine? Where the walls are all of
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own? Shall we know His bless-ed

CHORUS.

- ev- er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
anchor By the fair, ce- les - tial shore?
jasper, Built by workmanship di - vine?
fa - vor, And sit down up- on His throne?

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the

riv - er? Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

# CLOSING HYMN.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Saviour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord, our parting hymn of praise;
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our homeward way; With thee be - gan, with thee shall end the day;
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn thou for us its darkness in - to light;
4. Grant us thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;

ORGAN.

We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease, Then, low- ly kneel- ing, wait thy word of peace.
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have call'd up - on thy Name.
From harm and dan- ger keep thy children free, For dark and light are all a - like to thee.
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thy e - ter - nal peace.

MARTEL.

1. Now is done the hour of teach - ing, End-ed is the hour of love; Hush'd the
2. Wake, then, ev - 'ry ten- der feel - ing, Eve from school we go a - way; Sav-iour,
3. Soon our Sab - bathswill be end - ed, All our songs and prayers be past; Like the

voice of friends be - seech-ing Us to seek for joys a - bove; Precious Sab - baths! precious
come, thy grace re - veal - ing, Ev- 'ry trouhled thought al - lay; Make us ho - ly, make us
leaf to earth de - scend- ed, Withered in the au - tumn blast; Life is pass - ing, Life is

Sab - baths! Swiftly, O! they swift - ly move.
ho - ly, On the sa - cred Sab - bath day.
pass - ing, We must reach the grave at last.

4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright;
And, with millions saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus, praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

# THERE IS A LIGHT.

MARY B. PECK. Dr. G. F. ROOT.

1. There is a light that shines a - far Up - on the nar - row way; It is to all a
2. When downcast is the wea - ry soul With troub-les, doubt, and care, When waves of sor - row
3. When faith is weak, and skep- tics cold Would try to prove all vain, And hopes we treas- ure

guid - ing star, That leads to per - fect day. It is the Bi - ble, book di- vine! God's
o'er us roll, And drive to dark des - pair— This nev - er - fail - ing light will shine With
more than gold, We can - not well ex - plain— Oh! then how glad - ly do we turn To

word of peace and love, Which doth around our path- way shine, To guide to realms a - bove.
hope's enkind - ling ray; The ho - ly words of Christ di- vine Will show the heavenly way.
God's own writ-ten word, That like a bea - con light doth burn, To lead us to the Lord.

1. Chil-dren, hear the melt-ing sto-ry Of the Lamb that once was slain; 'Tis the Lord of
2. Yield no more to sin and fol-ly, So dis-pleas-ing in his sight; Je-sus loves the
3. All your sins to Him con-fess-ing, Who is rea-dy to for-give, Seek the Saviour's

life and glo-ry; Shall He plead with you in vain? O re-ceive Him! O re-ceive Him!
pure and ho-ly, They a-lone are His de-light; Seek His fa-vor, Seek His fa-vor,
rich-est bless-ing, On His pre-cious name be-lieve; He is wait-ing, He is wait-ing,

And sal-va-tion now ob-tain.
And your hearts to him u-nite.
Will you not his grace re-ceive?

## A CLOSING HYMN.

1 God of our salvation, hear us!
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go!
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Saviour, keep us, Saviour, keep us,
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying, and when dying,
May Thy presence cheer the gloom.

# HOLY SPIRIT, GIVE US LIGHT.

(STUDY SONG.)

BLUMENTHAL.

*Andante.*

1. Ho - ly Spir- it, give us light, As we read the sa - cred word; Make us clear- ly un - der-stand
2. So shall we in knowledge grow, And in ev - 'ry christian grace; So be led in wisdom's ways,

Ev - 'ry mess- age from the Lord. Guide our minds, control our tho'ts, May our hearts Thine influence feel;
And her paths of per- fect peace. Hear us now, a - gain we pray, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heavenly Dove!

Quick-en us with power divine, To our souls all truth re- veal.
Sanc- ti - fy us thro' the truth, Grant the comforts of thy love.

2 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

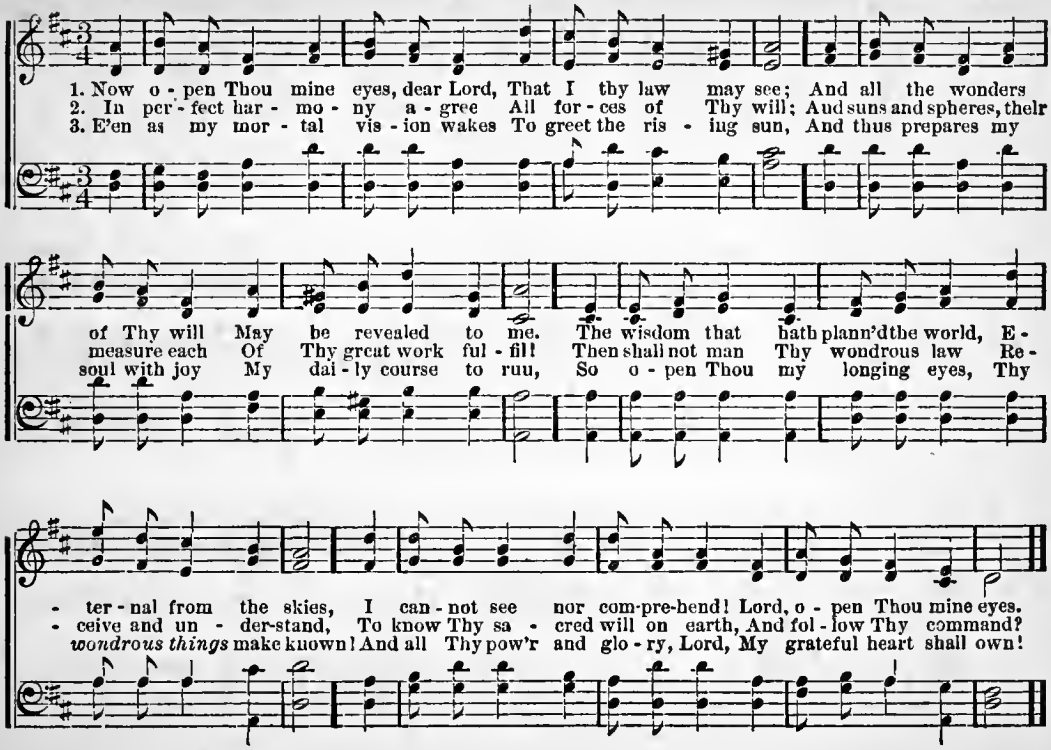
*John Newton*, 1779.

## SECOND HYMN.

1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare:
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

# OPEN THOU MINE EYES.

R. N. T. (STUDY SONG.) F. GUILLAUME.



# WAITING TILL THE REAPER COMES.

MISS ALICE PENDLETON. Arr. from H. H. PENDLETON, by L. O. E.

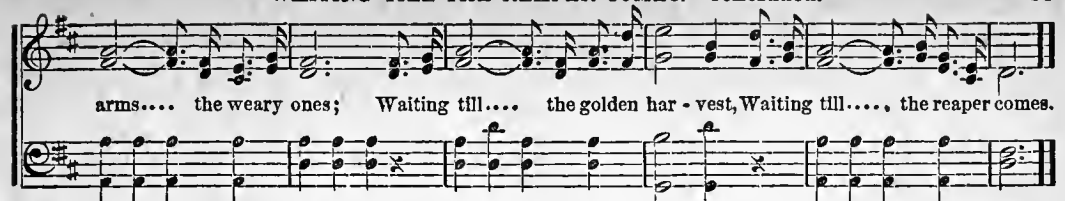
1. Go ye forth in-to the harvest, Is the mission from on high, Gather in God's richest treasures, Not a
2. Know ye not the pain and anguish, Or the sorrows yet un- told, Hidden 'neath a smiling vis- age, Were the
3. Go ye, then, into the harvest, With your might and with a will; Bravely toiling in life's vineyard, Thus the

sin - gle sheaf pass by; There are thousands by the way-side, Homeless, friendless, fallen ones, There are
cur- tains once un- roll'd? Ma- ny more in dark-ness lin - ger, 'Mid the scenes of vice and crime, Waiting
ho - ly law ful - fil; Gathering in- to Christ's own kingdom All the friendless, fal - len ones, Who are

CHORUS.

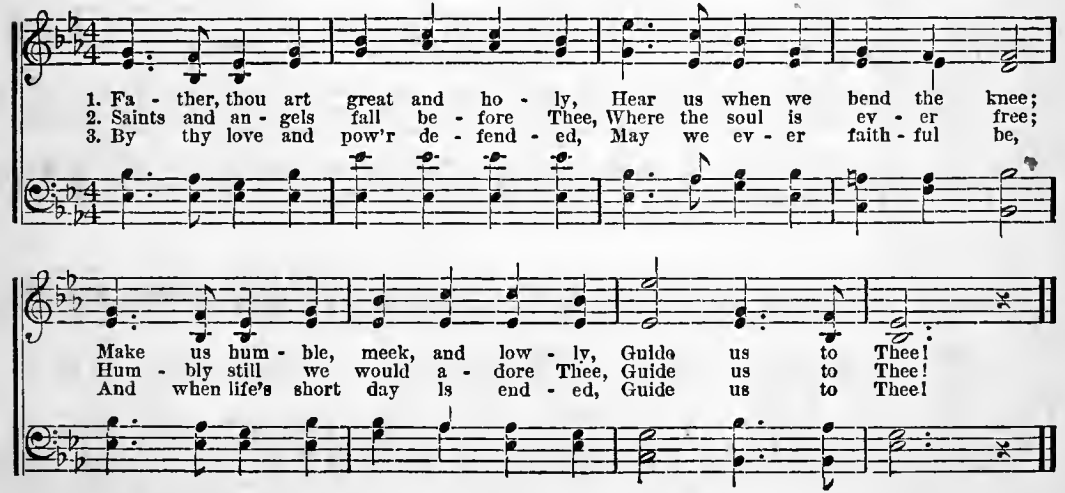
pilgrims without number, Waiting till the reaper comes.
till the reaper's sickle Thro' the gospel light doth shine. Waiting till.... the reaper gath - ers In his
wand'ring by the wayside, Waiting till the reaper comes.

Waiting till the reaper gathers




## GUIDE US TO THEE.

W. F. SHERWIN. By per.



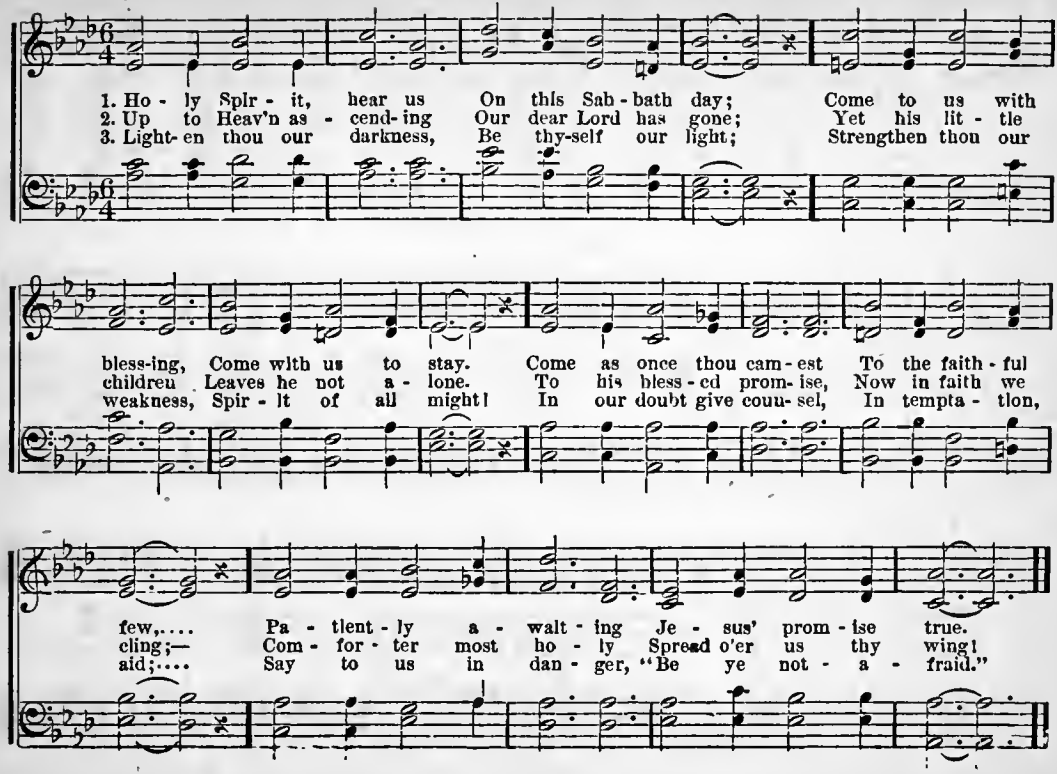
# O SAVIOUR, LEAD ME ON.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. S. Thalberg.

1. The way - side flow'r is bloom - ing, With sweet, en - tic - ing breath; How know I but it
2. I should not al - ways wise - ly Pur - sue the path of right, Nor know the fair - est
3. The e - vils that sur - round me, I may not al - ways see; But harm shall not be -

hold - eth The se - cret sting of death? The joys of life a - round me Are
blos - som Oft held the seeds of blight; I should not know what treas - ure To
- fall me, While still I trust in thee; I fear not night's dark shad - ows, For

fresh with ev - 'ry dawn; To choose the pure and ho - ly, O Sav - iour, lead me on.
fix my heart up - on; So wilt Thou al - ways keep me, And lead me, lead me on.
Thou shalt be *my Morn!* Till earth shall reach to Hea - ven, O lead me, lead me on.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, hear us On this Sab - bath day; Come to us with
2. Up to Heav'n as - cend- ing Our dear Lord has gone; Yet his lit - tle
3. Light- en thou our darkness, Be thy-self our light; Strengthen thou our
bless-ing, Come with us to stay. Come as once thou cam - est To the faith - ful
children Leaves he not a - lone. To his bless - ed prom- ise, Now in faith we
weakness, Spir - it of all might! In our doubt give coun- sel, In tempta - tion,
few,.... Pa - tient - ly a - wait - ing Je - sus' prom - ise true.
cling;— Com - for - ter most ho - ly Spread o'er us thy wing!
aid;.... Say to us in dan - ger, "Be ye not - a - fraid."

E.

1. Saints, for whom the Sa - viour bled, In your Cap- tain's foot - steps tread; Fol - low Je - sus,
2. Chris-tian sol - dier, on with me! Soon your en - e - mies must flee; Your re - ward be-
3. By the ran - som which he gave, By his tri - umph o'er the grave, Trust his might - y

and be led On to vic - to - ry! See, your foe - men take the ground,
- fore you see, Spark - ling from on high! Bold - ly take the glo - rious field,
power to save, Firm and faith - ful be; And when death's dark hour is nigh,

While the sig - nal trumpets sound, Hear his ac - cents pour a - round, Cheering mel - o - dy.
You may fall, but must not yield; You shall write up - on your shield, "Victory," tho' you die.
When the tear-drop dims the eye, You shall, in the part- ing sigh, Grasp the vic - to - ry.

MRS. HERRICK. L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. There's a land of light and beauty, Where the white-rob'd children are; And the watch-word there is
2. There's a home of joy and gladness, Where the white-rob'd children rest; And nev - er a note of
3. There's a path on the mountain summit, Where the white-rob'd children go; And the geu - tle shepherd
4. There's a crys- tal fountain flowing, Where the white-rob'd children stray; And a tree whose gold- en
5. There's a song, a rapturous choral, That the white-rob'd children sing, And a my - riad harps re-

CHORUS.

"du - ty," And their light, the morning star. There's a shining crown, And a harp of gold, For the
sad - ness, Or a sigh shall thrill the breast.
leads them, To the sun - lit vales be - low.
fruitage O - ver-hangs the path al - way.
sponsive Sound the prais-es of their King.

white-robed ones Of the Saviour's fold, In the land, the land of light and beauty.
In the land of light, in the land of light, of light and beauty.

W. F. S.

# ONCE MORE.

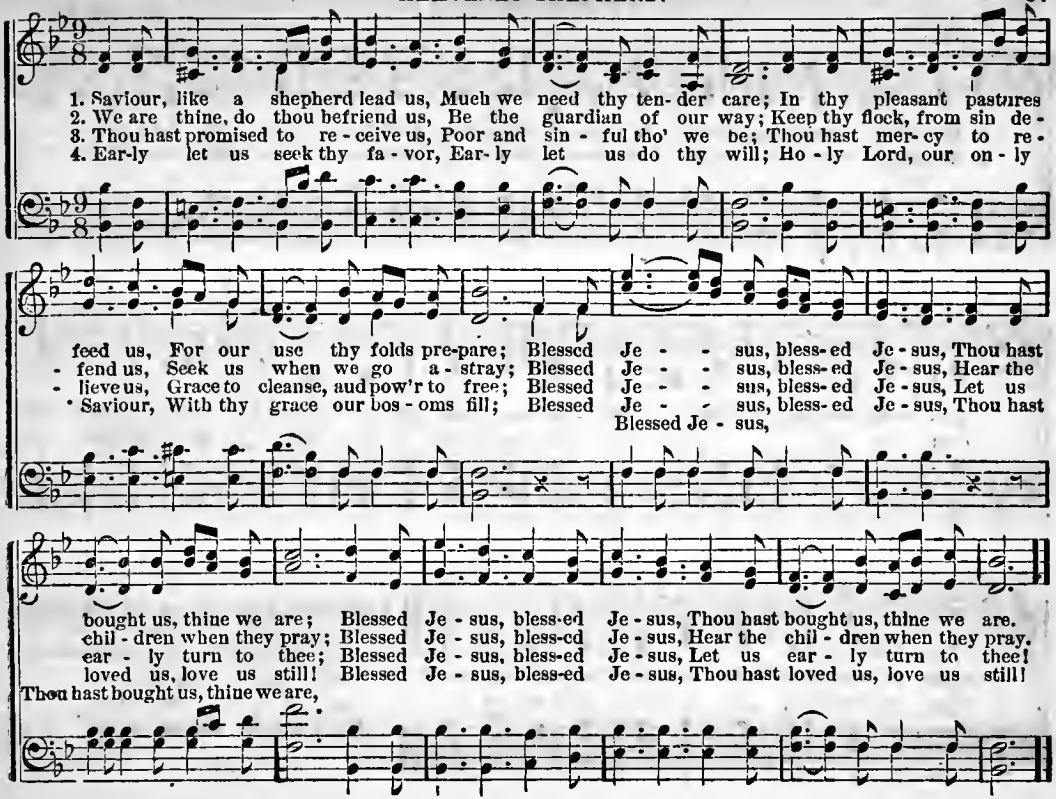
## CLOSING HYMN.

W. F. S.

1. Once more we lift our souls to Thee, Dear Fa- ther, ere we part; O let Thy blessing
2. Be with us as our way we take, Where'er our foot-steps tend. And let us feel that

now descend Up - on each wait- ing heart. For all the bless - ings we en - joy, When -
Thou art still Our Fa- ther and our Friend. If by thy mer - cy we may meet In

e'er we hith - er come, We rend- er Thee our grateful thanks In this, our Sab- bath home.
this dear place a - gain, To Fa- ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Shall be the praise: A - men.


1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy ten-der care; In thy pleasant pastures
2. We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the guardian of our way; Keep thy flock, from sin de-
3. Thou hast promised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be; Thou hast mer-cy to re-
4. Ear-ly let us seek thy fa-vor, Ear-ly let us do thy will; Ho-ly Lord, our on-ly
feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare; Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast
-fend us, Seek us when we go a-stray; Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the
-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free; Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Let us
Saviour, With thy grace our bos-oms fill; Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast
Blessed Je-sus,
bought us, thine we are; Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
chil-dren when they pray; Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.
ear-ly turn to thee; Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to thee!
loved us, love us still! Blessed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are,

# KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

Mrs. M. G. Clark.

1. Knocking, knock- ing, who is there? Wait- ing, walt- ing, oh, how fair! 'Tis a
2. Knocking, knock- ing, still he's there, Wait- ing, wait- ing, won - drous fair! But the

pil - grim, strange and king-ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore; Ah! my soul, for
door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy vine, With their dark and

such a won- der, Wilt thou not un - do the door?
cling - ing ten- drils, Ev - er round the hing - es twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes so tender
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

## ONLY FOR THEE.

E. A. Walker. W. Fisk.

1. Precious Saviour, may I live On - ly for thee; Use the talents thou dost give On - ly for thee.
2. In my joys, may I rejoice On - ly for thee; In my choosing, make my choice On- ly for thee.
2. Be my smiles, and be my tears On - ly for thee; Be my young and ri - per years On - ly for thee.

Be my spirit's deep desire On - ly for thee; May my pow'rs of mind as-pire On - ly for thee!
Meekly may I suffer grief On - ly for thee; Gratefully accept re - lief On - ly for thee!
Be my song, till lat-est breath, On - ly for thee; Be my glo - ry af - ter death On - ly for thee!

## GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with- out end. A - men.

# I WILL LOVE THEE.

L. O. E.

1. I will love Thee, all my treasure, I will love Thee, all my strength; I will love Thee
2. I will praise Thee, Sun of Glo - ry, For the bliss Thy beams have brought; I will praise Thee,
3. Be my heart more warmly glowing, Sweet and calm the tears I shed; And its love, its

with - out measure, And with-out a stain at length; I will love Thee, Light Di - vine,
will a - dore Thee, For the light I long had sought; Praise Thee that Thy words so blest,
ar - dor showing, Let my spir - it on - ward tread, Near - er to Thee, near - er still,

Till I die and call thee mine.
Sooth'd my troub-led soul to rest.
Draw this heart, this mind, this will.

4 I will love in joy or sorrow,
While I in this body dwell;
I will love to-day, to-morrow,
With a love no words can tell;
I will love Thee, Light Divine,
Till I die, and call Thee mine.

# GOD'S LOVE TO ME.

W. F. S. — WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Grander than o - cean's sto - ry Or songs of for - est trees; Pur - er than breath of morning Or evening's gen - tle breeze; Clear - er than mountain ech - oes Ring out from peaks a - bove, Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love!
2. Dear - er than an - y lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow: Strong - er than all the yearnings A mother's heart can know; Deep - er than earth's foun - da - tions, And far a - bove all thought— Broad-er than heaven's high arch - es, The love that Christ has brought!
3. Rich - er than all earth's treas - ure The wealth my soul re - ceives; Bright-er than roy - al jew - els The crown that Je - sus gives; Wondrous the con - de - scen - sion, And grace be - yond de - gree! I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me!

# TELL THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

CLARA L. SHATTUCK. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Tell, O tell the Christmas sto - ry, Children who to Christ be - long! Give to God the
2. Tell of shepherds who were fright-ed By a shining host, that sang News of joy to
3. Tell the sto - ry of the manger, Of the Child and of His star; Tell of Egypt's
4. Ah, but first in all your tell-ing Be the love of God to men! Hail! Im - man - uel,

REFRAIN.

Fa - ther, glo- ry,—All cre - a - tion swell the song!
men be- night-ed, While the list'ning midnight rang.
flight from dan-ger; Tell of wise men from a - far.
with us dwelling, Sound the note of praise a - gain!

Tell, O tell the Christmas sto - ry,

Tell it with ex- ult- ing voice! Christ is born, the Lord of glo - ry; Christ is come, let earth re - joice!

# ONWARD SPEED.

For Missionary Occasions.

*Boldly.*

1. On- ward speed thy con- q'ring flight, An - gel, on - ward speed; Cast a - broad thy ra - diant light,
2. On- ward speed thy con- q'ring flight, An - gel, on - ward haste; Quick-ly on each mountain's height,

Bid the shades re - cede; Tread the i - dols in the dust, Hea - then fanes des - troy;
Be thy stan- dard placed; Let thy bliss - ful tid - ings float Far o'er vale and hill,

Spread the gos- pel's ho - ly trust, Spread the gos- pel's joy.
Till the sweet-ly ech - oing notes Ev - 'ry bos- om thrill.

3 Onward speed thy conq'ring flight,
Angel, onward speed;
Morning bursts upon our sight,
'Tis the time decreed;
Jesus now his kingdom takes,
Thrones and empires fall:
And the joyous song awakes,
God is all in all.

# THANKSGIVING.

R. N. T. S. WILHELM.

1. Thanks to thee, Al - mighty Giv - er, For the blessings of the year; For the homes of peace and plen- ty, For the hearthstone's kind - ly cheer! Thanks for glad and grateful meet - ings In the old ancestral hall, Where the ring of joy- ful greetings, Echoes loud from wall to wall!

2. Thanks to thee for harvests gathered, For the golden sheaves of grain; Thanks for trees and vines full- - la - den, Thanks for sun-shine and for rain! Blessings from the earth un - num - bered, Blessings from the air and sky,— For our good, Al-might- y Giv - er, Here abound and multi- ply!

3. Thanks for peace with-in our borders, Thanks for all things true and grand; Thanks for government suc- - cess - ful, Thro' the peo - ple's sovereign hand! Blessings al - ways, blessings ev - er, As the gracious dews descend; O u - nite our hearts to give thee, Father, praises without end!

T. S.

1. As morning's glow-ing light a - wakes The day, its race to run, So doth the Word of God shine
2. Its beams en- light- en ev - 'ry heart That seeks the ho - ly page; And brighter shine and pur-er
3. The faith-ful, by its prom-ise led, Ex- pect - ed Christ the Lord; And we have seen their hope ful-
4. O clos - er let us keep to Thee, Dear Word of life and light, And all thy promis - es shall

REFRAIN.

forth All glo - rious as the sun.
glow With each suc-cess - ive age.
- filled, And hailed th' *In-carn- ate Word.*
grow To us more fair, more bright.

O Light of life! O Word of God! We

love Thy page di - vine! All truth, all hope and ten - der- ness Are thine, for- ev - er thine.

# WATCHMAN, ON THE WALLS OF ZION.

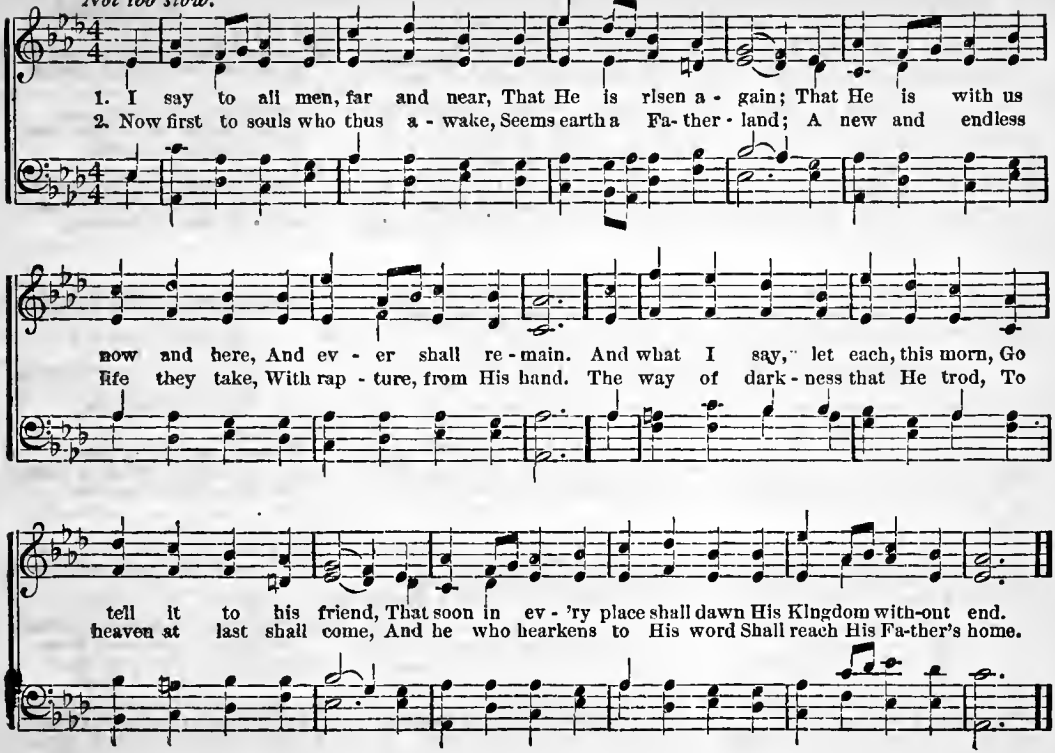
FANNIE CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Watchman on the walls of Zi- on, Tell, O tell us of the night; Dost thou see the star of prom- ise,
2. Watchman on the walls of Zi- on, Will Messi - ah they have slain, Bring the banished sons of Ju - dah
3. Watchman on the walls of Zi- on, Tell us of the future times; When shall peace and ho-ly un - ion

Is it shin - ing clear and bright? Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! O'er the mountain s
To their na - tive hills a - gain? Hal - le - lu - jah! God is ev - er Mind-ful of his
Bind the soul of ev - 'ry chime? Where the spark of love and glo - ry, Kindled to a

towering height, See it ris - ing and as - cend - ing; Mil- liona hail its wel - come light.
chos-en race; Tho' in ex - ile, he'll re - store them To a fa - ther's dear em - brace.
liv - ing flame, Make the heart of ev - 'ry Chris - tian Feel and throb and burn the same.

W. F. S.


Not too slow.
1. I say to all men, far and near, That He is risen a - gain; That He is with us
2. Now first to souls who thus a - wake, Seems earth a Fa- ther - land; A new and endless
now and here, And ev - er shall re - main. And what I say, let each, this morn, Go
life they take, With rap - ture, from His hand. The way of dark - ness that He trod, To
tell it to his friend, That soon in ev - 'ry place shall dawn His Kingdom with-out end.
heaven at last shall come, And he who hearkens to His word Shall reach His Fa-ther's home.

(1) [TUNE.—*Christmas.*]

1 Awake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

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(2) [TUNE.— *Work.*]

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies:
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

(3) [TUNE.—*Laban.*]

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

---

(4) [TUNE.— *Webb.*]

1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day;
"Ye that are men now serve him,"
Against unnumber'd foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

(5) [TUNE.—*Shining Shore.*]

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

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

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

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(6) [TUNE.—*Boylston.*]

1 Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
The day will soon be gone!

3 Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up! watch, and work, and pray!

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(7) [TUNE.—*Stockwell.*]

1 He that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine,
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

MRS. S. C. HERRICK. L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. There's a shell from the heart of the sea, Singing, evermore singing, With the sound of a sweet melo-
2. There's a shell from the heart of the sea, Singing, evermore singing, Tho' in cottage or pal-ace it
3. May my heart, like the shell from the sea, Singing, evermore singing, Blessed Jesus, be lift-ed to

- dy, Sing - ing, ev - er - more singing; There's a song in its breath of an o - cean home, Where the
be, Sing - ing, ev - er - more singing; In the em - er - ald deep, on the rock-bound shore, Where the
thee, Sing - ing, ev - er - more singing. Tho' the tempest or calm in my path-way should lie, May I

blue wa-ters dance with their crested foam, Singing, evermore singing, Singing, evermore, evermore singing.
waves are a - sleep, or the wild winds roar, Singing, evermore singing, Singing, evermore, evermore singing.
joy - ful - ly pass to my home in the sky, Singing, evermore singing, Singing, evermore, evermore singing.

# SHOW ME WHAT THE SPIRIT SAITH.

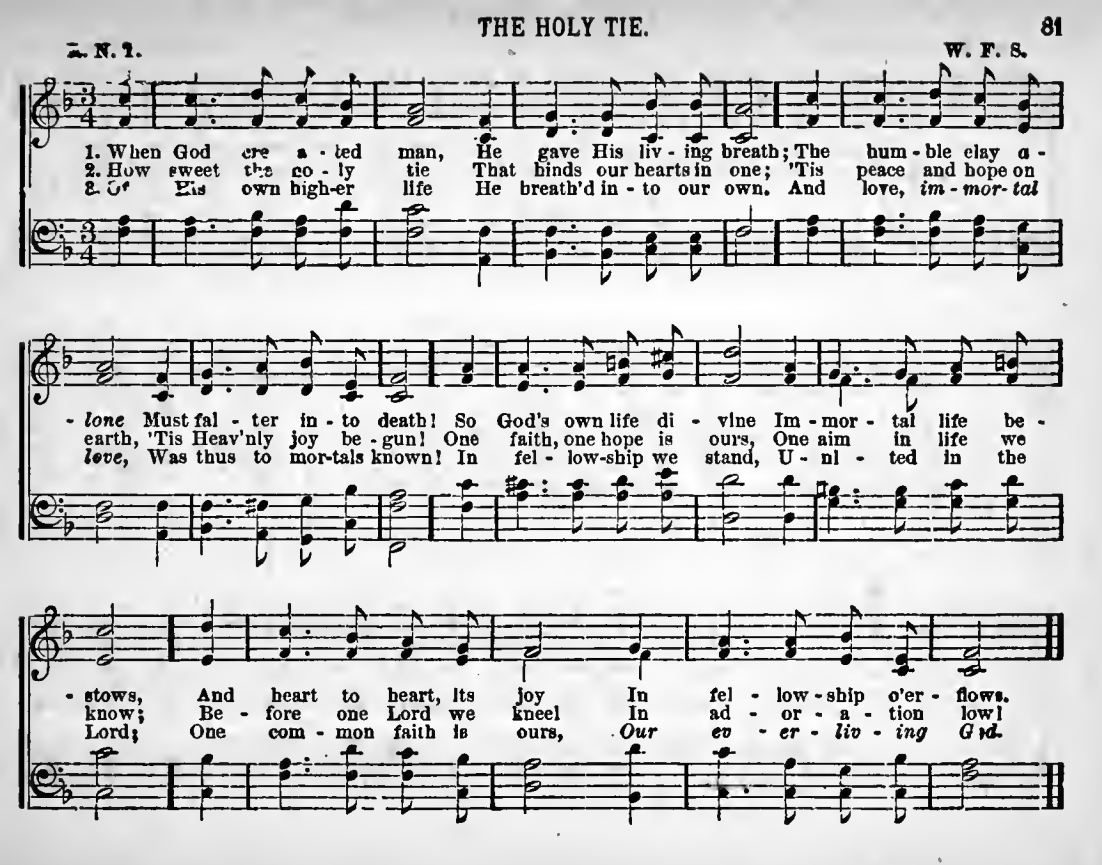
CLARA L. SHATTUCK. STUDY SONG. Arr. for this work.

1. Dim in vis - ion, weak in faith, Lord, I stum - ble in the way; Show me what the
2. Won - drous things Thy law doth hold, I would fain its beau - ty see; Won-drous treas-ure
3. Thee Thy law doth most re - veal, Thee my heart most longs to see; Gra - cious Lord! my

REFRAIN.

Spir - it saith, O - pen Thou mine eyes, I pray.
doth en - fold, O re - veal its wealth to me. One pe - ti - tion now I bring; That I
blind-ness heal, Man - i - fest *Thy - self* to me.

may re - ceive my sight! Lead me, O Al - might - y King, In - to nev - er - fad - ing light.


2. N. 1.
W. F. S.
1. When God cre a - ted man, He gave His liv - ing breath; The hum - ble clay a -
2. How sweet the co - ly tie That binds our hearts in one; 'Tis peace and hope on
3. Of His own high-er life He breath'd in - to our own. And love, im - mor - tal
- lone Must fal - ter in - to death! So God's own life di - vine Im - mor - tal life be -
earth, 'Tis Heav'nly joy be - gun! One faith, one hope is ours, One aim in life we
love, Was thus to mor-tals known! In fel - low-ship we stand, U - nl - ted in the
- stows, And heart to heart, its joy In fel - low - ship o'er - flows.
know; Be - fore one Lord we kneel In ad - or - a - tion low!
Lord; One com - mon faith is ours, Our ev - er - liv - ing God.

W. F. S.

# PRAISE THE REDEEMER.

W. F. SHERWIN. 1884.

1. O come, let us praise the Re - deem - er, And of - fer thanksgiving in song;
2. The song that the an - gels are swell - ing, Is "wor - thy the Lamb that was slain:"
3. We join in the heav - en - ly cho - rus, Tho' hum - ble the off - 'ring we bring;

To him lift our hearts with our voic - es, And loud hal - le - lu - jahs pro - long!
And all the redeemed ones in walt - ing, Re - ech - o the thrilling re - frain—
All hail to the might - y Re - deem - er! For He is our Sa - viour and King.

Un - to Je - sus, un - to Je - sus, All glo - ry and hon - or be -
Prais - ing Je - sus, praising Je - sus, For He is the Lamb that was
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The world with the an - thems shall

Un - to Je - sus, un - to

Un- to Je - sus,

- long; Un - to Je - sus, un - to Je - sus, All glo - ry and hon - or be - long.
slain. Praising Je - sus, praising Je - sus, For He is the Lamb that was slain.
ring. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The world with the an - them shall ring.

## THE BLISSFUL LAND.

MRS. FRANK RUSSELL. W. F. SHERWIN. Feb. 10, '83.

1. We know there is a blissful land, Where kindred spirits form a band Ce - les - tial, bright;
2. We know that all the dwellers there, Have not a tho't of woe or care, Like dwellers here;
3. No pangs of parting, severed chords, No heart-strings breaking, farewell words, No inward grief;

Where pain and sickness ne'er are found, But joy and gladness e'er a - bound, And nev - er night.
No war nor bloodshed, tears nor strife. Can en - ter in that high - er life, As on this sphere.
There love and friendship freely flow; Who does not wish and long to go? May life be brief!

# A SONG FOR WATER.

GEORGE COOPER. W. F. SHERWIN, by per.

*Sprightly.*

1. A song, a song for wa - ter bright, In love and beau - ty flow - ing! It
2. There's balm in ev - 'ry spark-ling drop, In ev - 'ry wave there's pleas- ure; In
3. It nerves the band to deeds of might! It wakes the heart to glad - ness! It
4. From ev - 'ry vale, and plain, and hill, It speaks of na - ture's kind - ness! Oh,

CHORUS.

sings its way in joy and might, The gift of heav'n be - stow-ing.
diamond spray it leaps a - way, A love- ly boon and treasure.
breathes a psalm of pure de- light, And charms us all from sadness.
may we heed the les - son still, Nor shun it in our blindness.

A song, a song for wa - ter fair; As pure and free as mountain air, As pure and free as mountain air!

# ANGELS, ROLL THE ROCK AWAY.

## EASTER HYMN.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the migh-ty prey! See, the Sav - iour
2. Shout, ye ser - aphs, an - gels, raise Your e - ter - nal songs of praise, Let the earth's re -
3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One, Glo - ry as of

quits the tomb, Glowing with im - mor - tal bloom; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
- mo - test bound, Ech - o to the bliss - ful sound; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
old to Thee Now and ev - er-more, shall be, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Hal-le - lu - jah, hal- le - lu- jah, Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day.

# CHRIST IS RISEN!

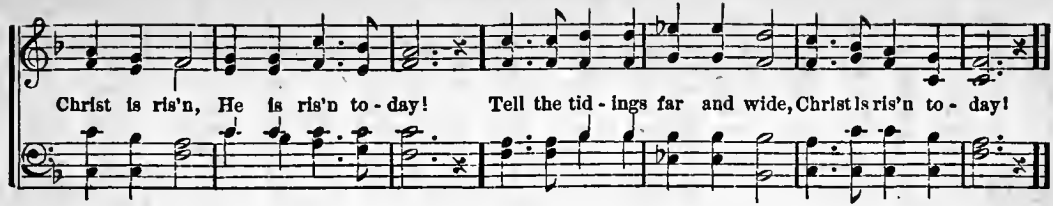
MRS. R. N. TURNER. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Ver - y ear - ly in the morn Of the first great Eas-ter - day, Came the sad and lov - ing three,
2. Lo! no Saviour in the tomb, But an an - gel form in- stead, He is ris'n, He is not here,
3. O tri - umphant, ho - ly day! An - gels sing with joy a - gain, And thro' all the courts of Heav'n,

To the tomb where Je- sus lay; Spi- ces bore they, sweet and rare, To anoint their Mas-ter there,
Seek Him not among the dead! Lo! be- fore you He will go, Fol-low on that all may know,
Rings a - loud the grand A - men! Rise, O ransom'd souls, a - rise, Finish'd is the sac - ri - fice!

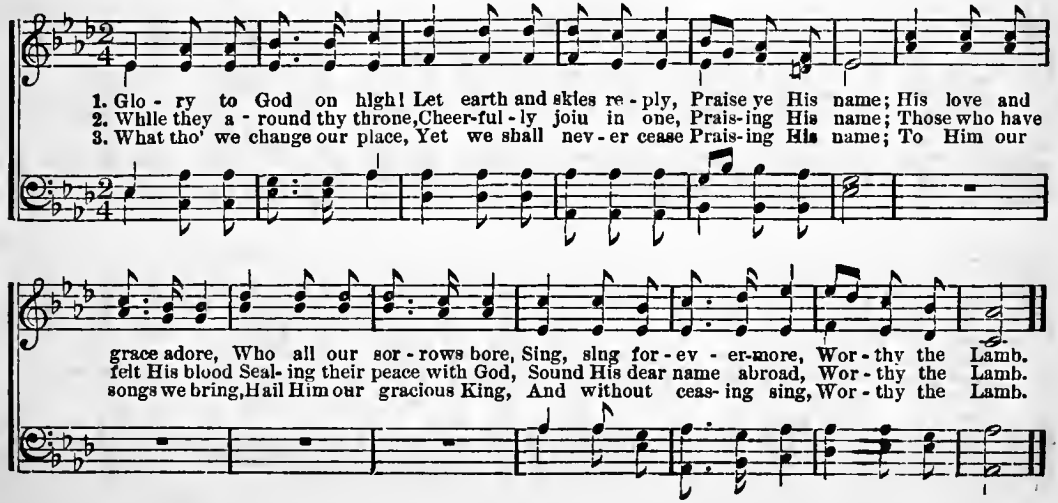
*ff* CHORUS.

But with sorrowing hearts they say, "Who shall roll the stone a - way?"
Tell it with each eag - er breath, *Christ hath burst the bands of death!* Al - le - lu - ia
Join the an - gel - car - ol clear, "*Christ is ris'n, He is not here.*"




## WORTHY THE LAMB.

E.



# PASSING ONWARD.

R. N. T. W. Fisk.

1. We are pass - ing swift - ly on - ward, In our pil - grimage be - lew, To the
2. Did he stoop in love to save us? Did He leave His home of bliss, Just to
3. Then, by all the love He bore us, By the sa - cred blood He shed, By the

home of joy and glad - ness, From the land of want and woe; Shall we press on emp - ty -
bear for us our bur - dens? Did He suf - fer death for this? While we jour - ney towards the
an - guish of His suf - fring, By the thorns up - on His head, Let us go with earn - est

- hand - ed Thro' the val - leys of the earth? Shall we thus ap - proach the port - als Where e -
king - dom, We should seek to gath - er in Gold - en har - vest for our Mas - ter—Souls re -
pur - pose Forth up - on our pil - grim way, Walking in His bless - ed foot - steps, Whereso -

REFRAIN.

- ter - nal joys have birth? We will bend, in lov ing- kind - ness, To the poor and sad and
- deemed from death and sin.
- e'er His jour - ney lay.

weak; We will lead them to the Sa - viour, And for them his fa - vor seek.

## TILL I SHALL BE SLEEPING.

MRS. DEAN SHINDLER.

1. Till I shall be sleep- ing In the sl - lent grave, God my soul is keep- ing, Who is strong to save.
2. Tho' His way be hid- den, He is al-ways true; Dai - ly come, unbid- den, Blessings ever new.
3. He who sows with weeping, Good and precious seed, Shall with joy be reap- ing In the time of need.

# HARK! THE AIR IS THRILLING.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ANNIE F. LOUD.

*f Vivace.*

1. Hark! the air is thrilling with the song we sing; Hear the music ech - o As our vol - ces ring;
2. Ev - 'ry voice we welcome, join-ing in our strain, Till our lips are si - lent in the glad re - frain;
3. Vic-t'ry o'er tempta-tion, life and death, and time; For - ti-tude and courage, mer- cy's force sublime;

High-er still and high - er ev - 'ry sound shall rise, Drawing ev - er nearer to th'e - ter-nal skies.
Gath'ring as a tor- rent roll- ing towards the sea, Lost at last in ocean'a mighty har-mo - ny.
Patience in pri - va - tion, pain in si - lence borne, Grief, humil- i - a-tion, crown of piercing thorn.

*rall.*

Would you know the meaning of our triumph song? 'Tis the joy- ous ech - o of the a - ges long;
Love, most deep and tender, is our theme to - day, Gaz- ing at the man-ger where the In- fant lay;
Yet a man in all things, touched by our grief: Bruised for our transgressions, seeking our re - lief,

*a tempo.* *poco rall.*

"Peace, good will!" was whispered, ve-ry far a - way, Ma-ny a land is answ'ring, "Peace, good will," to-day.
Boyhood's no- ble promise in the man ful- filled; Per- fect life complet- ed, self for ev - er stilled.
Say, is He not wor- thy? say, shall we not sing, Glad - ly, proudly giv - ing hom - age to our King?

## TRUST.

S. WILHELM.

1. The clouds hang hea - vy round my way, I can - not see; But thro' the
2. 'Tis sweet to keep my hand in his, While all is dim; To close my

dark- ness I be - lieve God lead - eth me.
wea - ry, ach - ing eyes, And fol - low him.

3 Through many a thorny path he leads
My tired feet;
Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet—

4 To know that he is close to me,
My God, my guide;
He leadeth me, and so I walk
Quite satisfied.

5 To my blind eyes, he may reveal
No light at all;
But while I lean on his strong arm,
I cannot fall.

# THROUGH THE LOVE OF GOD.

L. O. E.

1. Thro' the love of God, our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fa - vor,
2. Tho' we pass thro' trib- u - la - tion, All will be well; Ours is such a full sal - va - tion,

All, all is well. Precious is the blood that heal'd us, Per - fect is the
All, all is well. Hap - py still in God con - fid - ing, Trust-ful, if in

grace that seal'd us, Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us, All must be well.
Christ a - bid - ing, Ho - ly, thro' the Spir - it's guid - ing, All must be well.

# THE OPEN FOLD.

(FOR PRIMARY CLASS.)

MRS. R. N. TURNER. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Dear Lord, may I come un - to Thee! A lit - tle child knocks at the door; I
2. I know of Thy love so di - vine Thy blood that was of - fered for me; I
3. Dear Sav - lour, and what may I do, To show that I love Thee so well? I'll
4. Oh yes, for a lit - tle child, even, The name of the Sa - viour may hold, He

want to come home to Thy fold, I want to be Thine ev - er - more!
long for that love to be mine, So full, and so per - fect, and free!
work with my hand and my heart, And all of Thy ten - der-ness tell!
pla - ces wide o - pen the door, And says, "welcome home to my fold!"

CHORUS.

O lit-tle one, lamb of the flock, Come now, O come un-to Me; My arms are extended in love, My fold is now o-pen to thee!

# LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.*

## EASTER HYMN.

L. O. E.

*With spirit, but not too fast.*

1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and
D.C.—Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on high, The Sa - viour hath ris - en, and
2. Glo - ry to God, in full an - thems of joy; The be - ing he gave us death
D.C.—Lift your glad voi - ces in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and

*Fine.*

man shall not die. Vain were the ter - rors that gath - ered a - round him, And
man shall not die.
can - not de - stroy. Sad were the life we may part with to - mor - row, If
man shall not die.

short the do - min - ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet - ters of
tears were our birth - right, and death were our end; But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark

D.C.

dark - ness that bound him, Re - splen - dent in glo - ry to live and to save;
val - ley of sor - row, And bade us, im- mor - tal, to hea - ven as - cend;

*Ritard in the last measure of the D.C.

## HOW SWEET TO BE ALLOWED TO PRAY.

BELCLAIR.

*Andante.*

1. How sweet to be al - lowed to pray To God the Ho - ly One; With fil - ial love and
2. We, in these sa - cred words, can find A cure for ev - 'ry ill; They calm and soothe the

trust to say, "O God, thy will be done."
troub - led mind, And bid all care be still.

3 Oh, let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 O teach my heart the blessed way,
To imitate thy Son;
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

# WHO WILL JOIN THE ARMY?

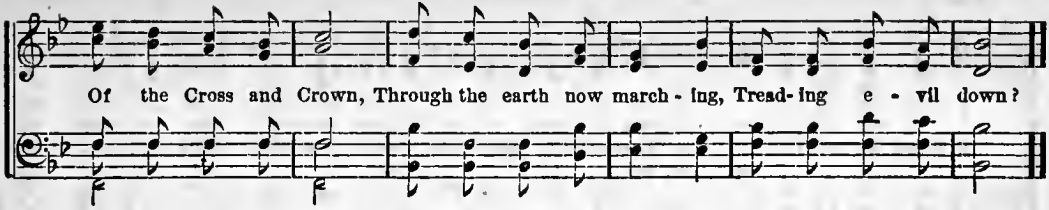
MARY B. PECK.

1. Who will join the ar - my of the Cross and Crown, Thro' the earth now march - ing
2. Who will fight the bat - tles of the Cross and Crown? Those who love the Mas - ter
3. 'Tis a dai - ly con - flict That we must en - gage, When with mon - ster e - vils

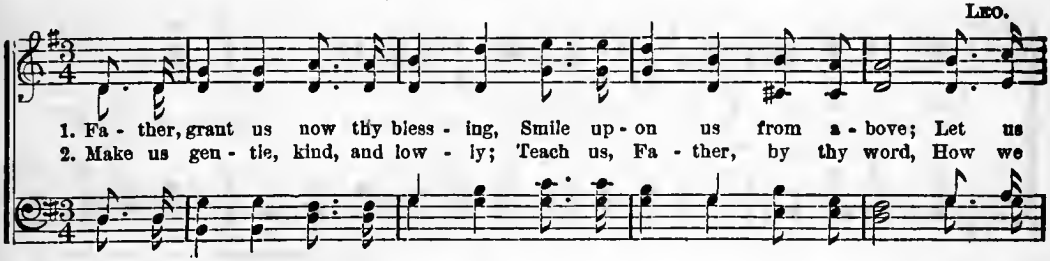
Tread - ing e - vil down? Je - sus Christ is Cap - tain Of the faith - ful band;
More than earth's re - nown. Those who stand up bold - ly, Tak - ing up their cross,
Bat - tle we would wage. Gird we then our ar - mor, Which we'll ne'er lay down

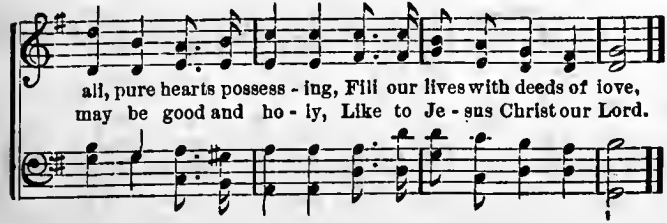
REFRAIN.

See his blood-stained ban - ner Wav - ing o'er the land.
Fight - ing sin, and brave - ly Bear - ing pain and loss. Who will join the ar - my
Till at hea - ven's por - tal We shall find our crown.




## FATHER, GRANT US NOW THY BLESSING.




### SECOND HYMN.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

R. N. T.

# FOUNT OF LIFE.

W. F. S.

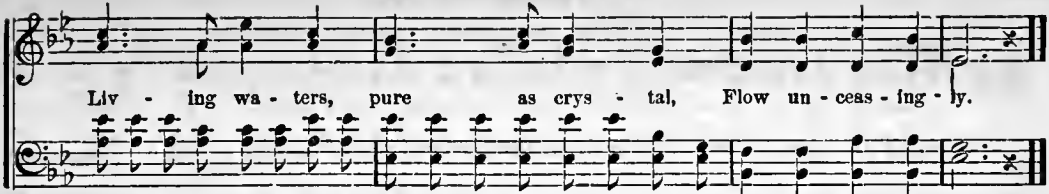
1. Fount of life, for - ev - er flow-ing Thro' this vale of sin and woe, O what depths of
2. Full and free, thy pre - cious wa-ters Wash all sin and grief a - way; And the night of
3. Fount of life, for - ev - er flow-ing, We would drink from thee and live! Wea - ry, thirst - y,

love and mer - cy, By thy wondrous power we know.
death and sor - row Turn to ev - er - last - ing day! Heal - ing streams, O
we approach thee, Now thy sweet re - fresh-ing give!

Healing streams, O fount most ho - ly,

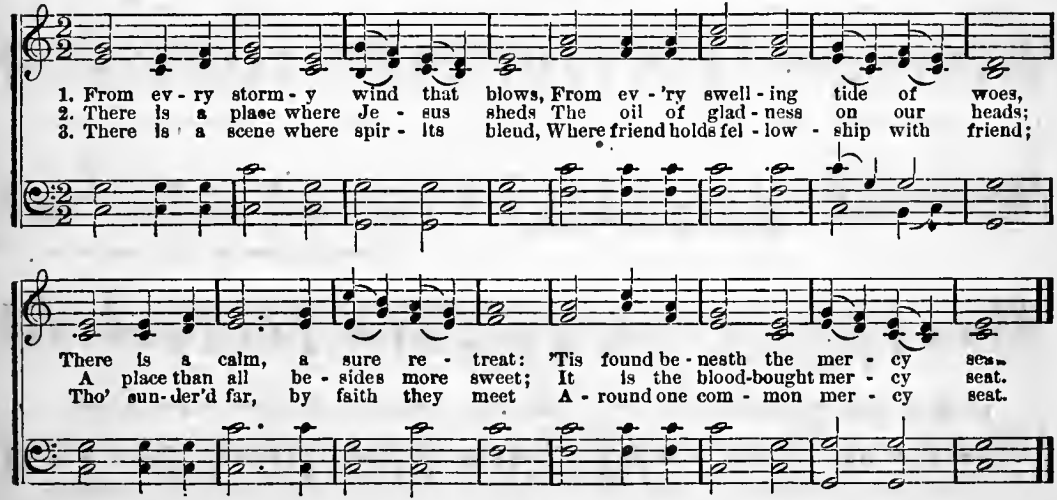
fount most ho - - ly,..... Flow from thee, flow from thee!

Heal - ing streams, O fount most ho - ly, Flow from thee, yes, flow from thee.




## SARDIUS.

H. STOWELL. L. O. EMERSON.



# A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

S. L. O. E.

*Lively.*

1. Now hail to thee, fair morning, the first of all the year; Ere gleams the ruddy sunlight,
We'll shout with voices clear, We'll

2. But let us all remember How fast the days will fly; How soon will come December, The year grow old and die, The

shout, with voices clear, The old year has departed, With all its sin and fear; With rosy smiles to greet us, Be-

year grow old and die. Then to the new year welcome, Companions, shout amain, For golden days in beauty, The

- hold the new appear, With rosy smiles to greet us, Behold the new appear.

seasons shall enchain; For golden days in beauty, The seasons shall enchain. A happy new year to all, A

1st. 2d.

A happy new year, a happy new year, a happy new year to all, happy new year to all.

happy new year to all. A happy new year, a happy new year, a happy new year to all, happy new year to all.

# O CHILDREN'S DAY!

CLARA L. SHATTUCK. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. O children's day! O day of flow'rs! We hail thy light with joy - ful song; And fairest blooms from
2. Let child- ren sing their sweetest lays To Him who made the world so fair; In clear- er notes than
3. O children! give your pur- est love To Him who is the children's Friend, And let its fragrance
4. We're children all of one great King, Who own His rule, and love His sway; O- be - dient hearts to

REFRAIN.

sum- mer bow'rs We bring, as glad - ly here we throng.
song-birds raise, Give thanks for beauty ev - 'ry- where. 'Tis children's day! let all re - joice, With
rise a - bove, With praise of saints in heav'n to blend.
Him we bring, And bless His name, on children's day.

childlike hearts, in sweet ac- cord; In gladsome numbers lift the voice, And glori - fy the Christ, our Lord.

# OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

L. O. E.

1. Op - en the door for the child - ren, Ten- der - ly gath - er them in; In from the highways and
2. Op - en the door for the child - ren, See, they are com - ing in throngs! Bid them sit down to the
3. Op - en the door for the child - ren, Take the dear ones by the hand; Point them to truth and to

hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin. Some are so young and so help - less,
ban - quet, Teach them your beautl - ful songs. Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them,
good - ness; Send them to Ca - na - an's land. Some are so young and so help - less,

Some are so hun- gry and cold; Op-en the door for the children, Gather them in-to the fold.
Pray you that grace may be given; Op-en the door for the children, Heirs of the kingdom of heaven.
Some are so hun- gry and cold; Op-en the door for the children, Gather them in-to the fold.

# RUTHERFORD.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857. EDW. FRANCIS RIMBAULT.

1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of hea - ven breaks, The sum- mer morn I've sigh'd for,
2. Oh! Christ He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams on earth I've tast - ed,

The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh, dark hath been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand,
More deep I'll drink a - bove; There to an o - cean ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im - man - uel's land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine;
He brings a poor, vile sinner,
Into His house divine.
Upon the Rock of Ages,
My soul redeemed shall stand.
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

(1) [TUNE.—*Wilmot.*]

1 Sons of day! arise from slumbers,
For the sluggish night is gone;
Swell the Saviour's marshalled numbers,
Marching where he leadeth on.

2 On the prairie and the mountain,
In the valley rich and fair,
By the river and the fountain,
Plant the sacred standard there.

3 So shall Error be supplanted,
So shall truth her vanguard keep;
So shall temple-homes be granted
To the Shepherd's wandering sheep.

---

(2) [TUNE.—*Boylston.*]

1 Lord of the harvest! hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
And all our wants supply.

2 On Thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great
The laborers are few.

---

(3) [TUNE.—*America.*]

1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world;
Tell what our Lord has done;
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is buried!

2 Swift on the wings of love,
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly!
They who His message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear,
He will be nigh!

(4) [TUNE.—*Missionary Hymn.*]

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down the golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

---

(5) [TUNE.—*Greenville.*]

1 Hail! thou God of grace and glory!
Who thy name hast magnified
By redemption's wondrous story,
By the Saviour crucified;
Thanks to thee for every blessing,
Flowing from the fount of love;
Thanks for present good unceasing,
And for hopes of bliss above.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,
Near thy bright and burning throne;
We invoke thee, God most holy!
Through thy well-beloved Son;
Send the baptism of thy Spirit,
Shed the pentacostal fire;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind thy people, Lord! in union,
With the sevenfold cord of love;
Breathe a spirit of communion
With the glorious hosts above;
Let thy work be seen progressing;
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,
Till the world, thy truth possessing,
Celebrates its jubilee.—AVELING

(6) [TUNE.—*Bethany.*]

1 Working, O Christ, with Thee,
Working with thee,
Unworthy, sinful, weak
Although we be—
Our all to Thee we give,
For thee alone we live,
And by thy grace achieve,
Working with Thee.

2 Saviour, we weary not,
Working with Thee;
As hard as thine our lot
Never can be:
Our joy and comfort this,
Thy grace sufficient is;
This changes toil to bliss,
Working with Thee.

3 So let us labor on,
Working with Thee,
Till earth to Thee is won,
From sin set free;
Till men, from shore to shore,
Receive Thee and adore,
And join us evermore,
Working with Thee.

---

(7) [*Rathbun, or Sicily.*]

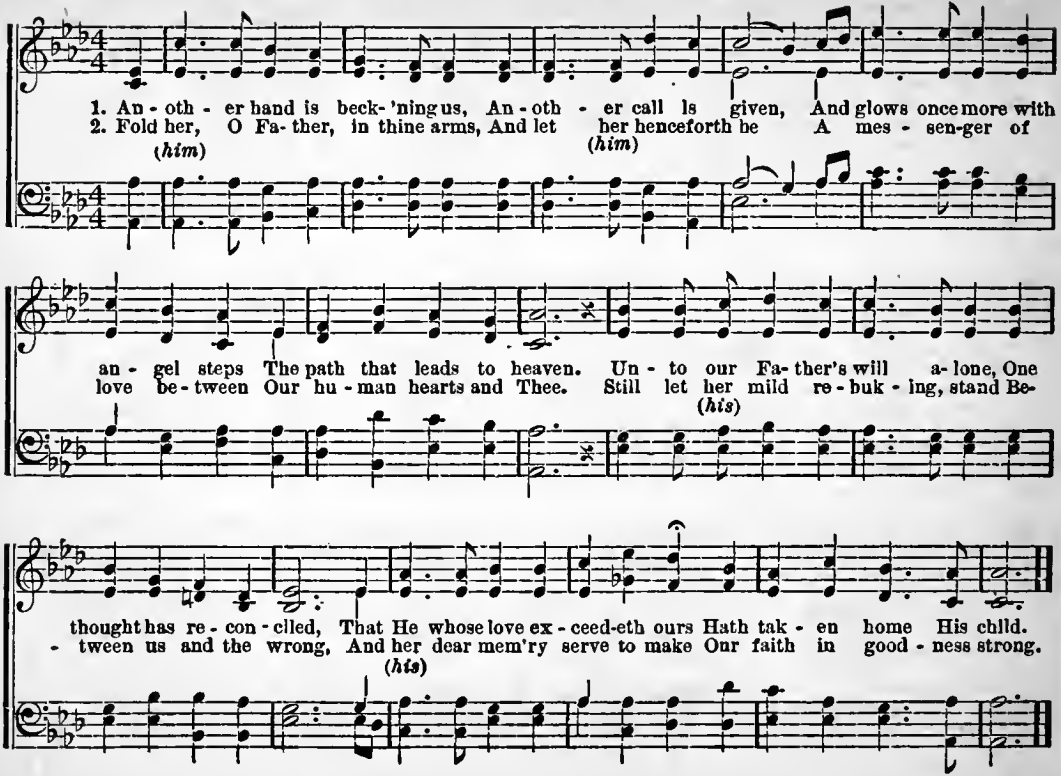
1 Now the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

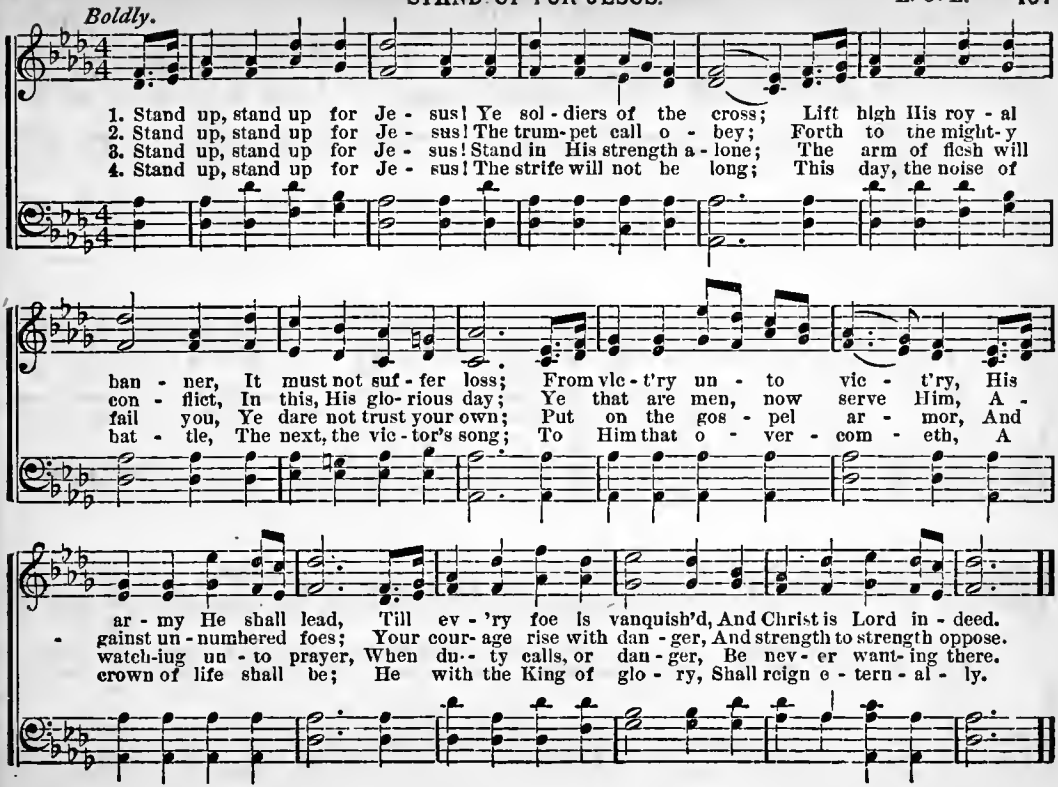
2 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King!

3 Now, the training, strange and lowly
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

# ANOTHER HAND IS BECK'NING US.

BELCLAIR.




Boldly.
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey; Forth to the might - y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of
ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
con - flict, In this, His glo - rious day; Ye that are men, now serve Him, A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And
bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A
ar - my He shall lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst un - numbered foes; Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
watch - ing un - to prayer, When du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry, Shall reign e - tern - al - ly.

# LITTLE CHILDREN, GATHER NEAR.

LULU K. ROGERS. (Suitable for a S.S. Picnic.)

1. Lit - tle child-ren, ga - ther near, Swell the an - them loud and clear; Joy and hap - pi -
2. Brightly shines the morn - ing sun, Light - ing up the hills, each one! Bright- er far when
3. Oh, how hap - py should we be, Think - ing of e - ter - ni - ty! Joys that mor - tals

BOYS. GIRLS. ALL.

- ness reign here, Chas - ing sad - ness, Wak - ing glad - ness! Then the world will seem more bright,
day is done, Is the gleam- ing In our dream- ing, Of the skies for - ev - er fair,
can - not see, Spir - its mat - ing, There are wait - ing For the loved ones here be - low;

As our voi - ces all u - nite, Sing - ing each, with all our might, God is love!
And the love and beau - ty there, When it paints up - on the air, God is love!
Oth - ers sing - ing sweet and low, As from world to world they go, God is love!

REFRAIN. *f* *ff* *pp (Echo.)*

Hill and val - ley, wood and glen, Ech - o joy - ful - ly a - gain, God is love! God is love!

*pp*

## YET THERE IS ROOM!

H. L. HASTINGS. F. GUILLAUME.

1. Yet there is room! the feast is spread For ev - 'ry hun - gry, thirst - ing soul;
2. Yet there is room! the home of peace Throws o - pen wide each crys - tal door;
3. Yet there is room! th'e - ter - nal song Waits till our voi - ces join the strain;
4. Yet there is room! the arms of love Stretch wide to wel - come sin - ners home;

And liv - ing streams and liv - ing bread Are ours, when once we reach the goal.
And voi - ces full of love and bliss Bid us come in and rove no more.
Room, room a - mid the cho - ral throng, Who praise the Lamb for sin - ners slain.
Oh, haste! no more in sor - row rove; "The Spir - it and the Bride say, come."

# FATHER, THY SON HATH DIED.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Fa - ther, Thy Son hath died The sinner's death of woe; Stoop- ing in love from heav'n to earth, Our curse to un - der - go, Our curse to un - der - go Up - on the hate - ful tree.
2. Fa - ther, Thy Son hath poured His life-blood on the earth; To cleanse a-way our guilt and stains, To give us sec - ond birth, To give us sec- ond birth, From sin to set us free.
3. Fa - ther, Thy Son is King, Heav'u's crown and earth's are His! For us, for us He bought the crown, For us he earned the bliss, For us he earned the bliss, A - men, so let it be.

REFRAIN.

Give glo - ry to thy Son, O Lord! Put hon- or on that Name of names, By bless - ing me.

# MY HEART SHALL BE A TEMPLE.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. W. F. S. By per.

1. My heart shall be a tem - ple For thee, my gra - cious Lord; I hear thy friend - ly
2. My heart shall be a tem - ple, A con - se - cra - ted place, Il - lu - mined by thy

CHORUS.

sum - mons, I o - pen at thy word..... My heart shall be a tem - ple, Pre-
glo - ry, The shin - ing of thy face.....

- pared for thee a - lone. I pray thee come and en - ter, O make it all thine own.

# O SILENT NIGHT.

EMMA PITT. (In part.) W. F. SHERWIN.

DUET. QUARTET.

1. Ju - de - a's calm and sl - lent night Had cast her veil o'er hill and plain; The
2. Then mu - sic filled the start - led air! An an - gel's voice from heaven was heard; For

INST.

stars looked on, from far - off homes, Where watching shepherds oft had lain; The sound of bu - sy
hark! "To you is born this day A Sa - viour who is Christ the Lord." The wise men fol - lowed

life was stilled In hum - ble home and rich a - bode, While lone - ly men, 'mid si - lent flocks, Heard
Bethlehem's star, Which to Mes - si - ah led the way, And worshipped there the in - fant King, Who

CHORUS.

O si - lent night!.....

sing - ing in the home of God. O hal - lowed night! We fain would hear thy
hum - bly in the man - ger lay.

song a - gain; 'Twas "*Glo - ry be to God on high; On earth good will to men.*"

## LORD, THYSELF REVEAL.

PARTING HYMN.

1. Lord, thy-self re- veal; Do thou our sorrows heal; Warm each waiting heart, And bless us ere we part.
2. Faith and hope increase, Fill ev - 'ry soul with peace; Raise our hearts above, And fill us with thy love.

# WHY WILL YE DIE?

REV. J. H. DUDLEY. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Turn, ye sin - ners, turn to Je - sus; Why will ye die? He is will-ing to receive you;
2. Now be-fore the throne He's praying, Why will ye die? To each guilty soul he's say - ing,
3. Oh! then, sin- ners, stop this moment,—Why will ye die? Flee from death and end-less tor-ment!

Why will ye die? Shun the way of sin and fol - ly, Turn to Christ, the
"Why will ye die?" Come ye wand'rers, to the Sa - viour; Tar - ry not, nor
Why will ye die? Come to Je - sus Christ, your Sa viour, Give yourselves to

pure and ho - ly; Je - sus waits to save you ful - ly—Why will ye die?
halt, nor wa - ver; Soon 'twill be too late for - ev - er,—Why will ye die?
him for - ev - er; He will save, and leave you nev - er—Why will ye die?

L. O. E.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee let me be found,
2. When I touch the blessed shore, Back the closing waves shall roll; Death's dark stream shall never-more

Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy. Fountain of o'er-flow-ing grace, Free-ly from Thy
Part from Thee my ravish'd soul. Thus, oh thus, an entrance give To the land of

full - ness give; Till I close my earth - ly race, Be it Christ for me to live.
cloud-less sky! Hav - ing known it, "Christ to live," Let me know it gain to die.

# 'TIS SWEET TO SING FOR JESUS.

MRS. S. B. HERRICK. L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. 'Tis sweet to sing for Je - sus; He gave the tune-ful voice To sound a - loud his
2. 'Tis sweet to talk for Je - sus; To tell of his dear name, Who from his fa - ther's
3. 'Tis sweet to work for Je - sus; To scat-ter in our way Sweet words and deeds of

CHORUS.

prais-es, And in his love re - joice.
glo - ry, For our re - demption came. 'Tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis bless - ed, His glorious name to
mer - cy, And kindness day by day.

sing, Who is our Priest and Proph-et, Our Saviour and our King.

4 'Tis sweet to give for Jesus;
For children, such as we,
He gave a gift more precious
Than all the world could be.

5 And oh! 'twill be with Jesus
So sweet in heaven to live,
That all life's golden moments
To him we'll freely give.

E.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic - es, Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er, Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown;
3. Sa - viour! hast - en Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo - rious day,

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

See, He sits on yon - der throne, Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
Then, with gold - en harps, we'll sing "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

# PARTING HYMN.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Hall, sweet - est, dear - est tie that binds Our glowing hearts in one; Hail, sa - cred hope that
2. From east - ern skies, from northern lands, From western hill and plain, From south- ern climes, the
3. No hope deferred, no part - ing sigh, That blessed meet- ing knows, There friend-ship beams from

tunes our minds, To sing what grace hath done; It is the hope, the bless- ed hope, Which
broth - er bands May hope to meeet a - gain; It is the hope, the bliss- ful hope, Which
ev - 'ry eye, And hope im-mor - tal grows; It is the hope, the bliss- ful hope, Which

gos - pel grace hath given; The hope, when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.
love di- vine hath given; The hope, when life and time are o'er, We all shall meet in heav'n.
love di- vine hath given; The hope, when time shall be no more, We all shall meet in heav'n.

J. CREWDSON. F. L. BENJAMIN.

1. Oh, for the peace which flow - eth like a riv - er, Mak - ing life's des - ert
2. A lit - tle while for pa - tient vi - gil - keep - ing, To face the storm, to

pla - ces bloom and smile! Oh, for the faith to grasp heav'n's bright "for - ev - er,"
bat - tle with the strong; A lit - tle while to sow the seed with weep - ing,

A - mid the shadows of earth's "little while."
Then blind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.

3 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn!

4 And he who is himself the gift and giver—
The future glory and the present smile—
With the bright promise of the glad "forever"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

# HOLY FATHER, THOU HAST TAUGHT ME.

E.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone; Year-by year Thy hand hath
2. I would trust in Thy pro - tec- tion, Wholly rest up - on Thine arm; Fol- low wholly Thy di-

bro't me On thro' dan- gers oft un - known. When I wander'd, Thou hast found me, When I
- rec - tion, Thou, mine on - ly guard from harm. Keep me from my own un - do - ing, Help me

doubted, sent me light; Still Thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in Thy sight.
turn to Thee when tried; Still my footsteps, Fa - ther, viewing, Keep me ev - er at Thy side.

# IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

Borrowed in part. L. O. EMERSON.

*Moderato.*

1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con - fid - ing, For
2. Wherev - er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be - side me, And

No change my heart shall fear,
No want shall change me back,

noth - ing chan - ges here, For noth - ing chan - ges here. The storm may roar with - out me,
noth - ing can I lack, And noth - ing can I lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth,

The storm may roar with - out me, My
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His

*f* *rit.*

My heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I, can I be dismayed?
His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way he tak - eth, And I, I shall walk with Him.

heart may low be laid,
sight is nev - er dim.

# HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. We are on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward now we sweet-ly glide; We are on the o - cean sail - ing To a home beyond the tide.
2. Mil-lions now are safe - ly land - ed, O - ver on that gold- en shore; Mil - lions now are on their jour - ney, Yet there's room for mil- lions more.
3. You have kin - dred o - ver yon - der, On that bright and hap- py shore; By and by we'll swell the num - ber, When the toils of life are o'er.
4. Spread your sails, while heavenly breez - es Gent- ly waft our ves - sel on; All on board are sweetly sing - ing; Free sal - va - tion is the song.

CHORUS.

All the storms will soon be o - ver; Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor; We are on the o - cean

All the storms will soon be o - ver; Then we'll anchor in the har - bor; We are on the o - cean

*Slower.*

sail - ing To our home beyond the tide. To our home be - yond the tide.

sail - ing To our home beyond the tide.

## DAILY PETITION.

E. T. ANDREWS.

1. When first the morn - ing rays des - cend, To bless the earth with life and light, Dear
2. At noon - day, shed with - in my heart A deep - er love for kind - ness shown; And
3. And when the eve - ning shades ap - pear, To dark - en earth and bring me sleep, Be

Heaven- ly Fa - ther, be my friend, And guide me all the day and night.
let thy spir - it not de - part, But make me tru - ly more thine own.
thou, my Sav - iour, ev - er near, And me from un - seen dan - gers keep.

# NEARER HOME.

L. O. E.

1. Nearer home, yes, one day near-er, To my Father's house on high; To the green fields and the
2. One day near-er, sings the sea-man, As he glides the wa-ters o'er, While the light is soft-ly

fountains Of the land be-yond the sky. For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the
dy-ing On his dis-tant na-tive shore. Thus the Christian on life's jour-ney, As his

lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitch'd still clos-er, For we're one day near-er home.
life-boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture, "I am one day near-er home!"

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.

QUARTET OR SEMI-CHORUS.

*Gently.*

1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the U - ni- verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face

Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.

FULL CHORUS.

*p*

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts!

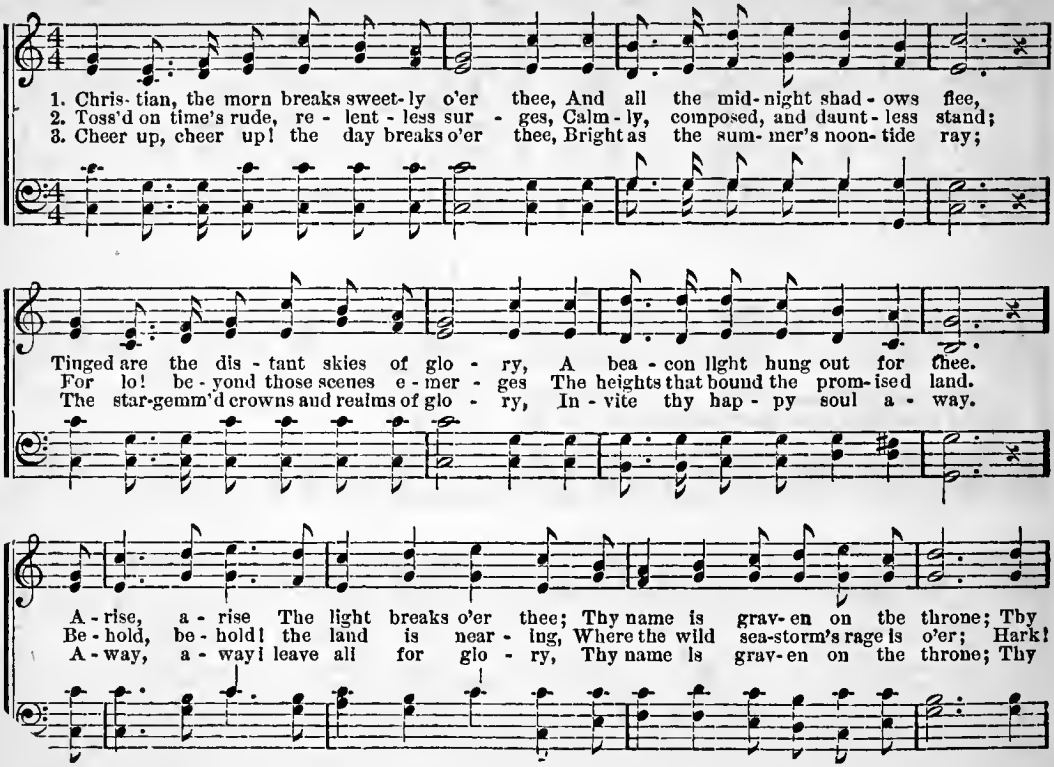
*cres.*

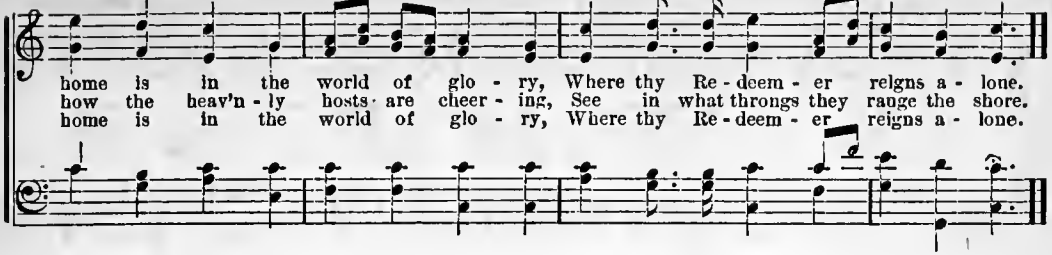
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais- ing Thee, O Lord most high!

By permission.

# "CHRISTIAN, THE MORN BREAKS SWEETLY O'ER THEE."

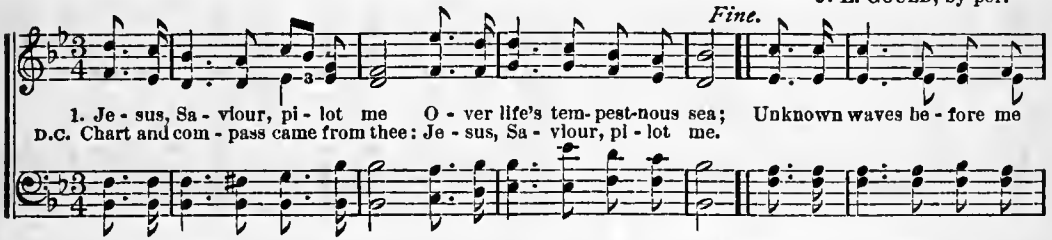
L. O. EMERSON.

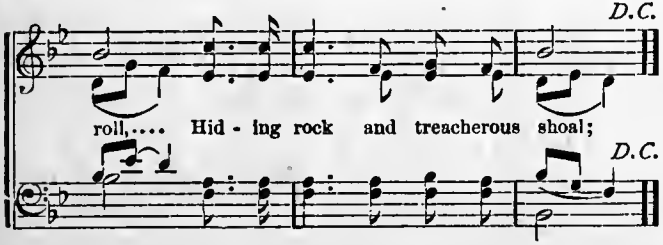





## SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD, by per.




2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

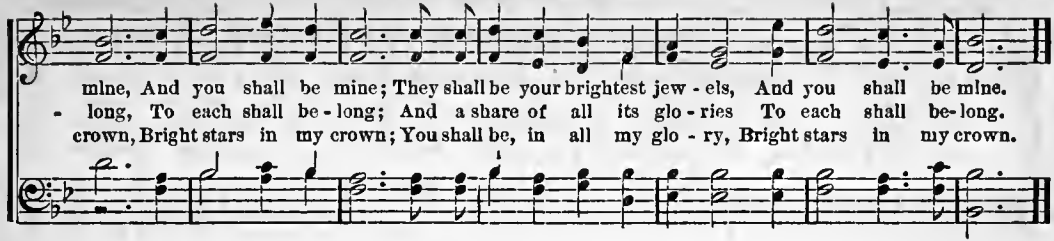
# "IF YE LOVE ME."

Mrs. S. B. Herrick. L. B. Starkweather.

1. If ye love me, lit - tle child-ren, You will keep my commandments; On your loving hearts you'll bind them In beau - ty to shine; All your life - path a - dorn- ing, Like the pearls of the morn-ing, They shall be your brightest jew - els, And you shall be mine; And you shall be

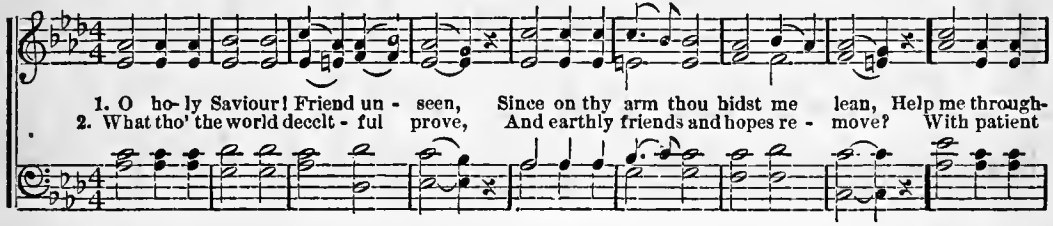
2. If ye love me, lit - tle child-ren, You shall walk in my gar- den, 'Mid the o - dor of its spi - ces, The rap - ture of song. Then your hearts shall be light- er, And your path shall be bright-er, And a share of all its glo - ries To each shall be- long; To each shall be-

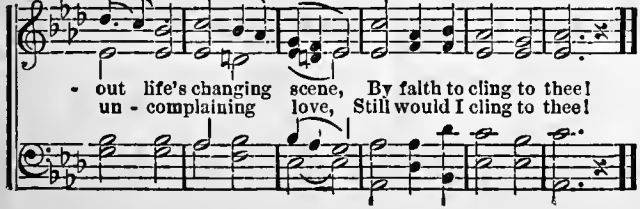
3. If ye love me, lit - tle child-ren, You shall dwell in my mansions; And your raiment, in its glo - ry, Shall shine as the sun; And my peace, like a riv - er, Flow- ing on - ward for- ev - er, I will give to you, and make you Bright stars in my crown; Bright stars in my




## O HOLY SAVIOUR!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. FLEMMING.




3 If e'er I seem to tread alone
Life's weary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 If faith and hope are often tried,
I'll ask not, need not, aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

# I HEARD A VOICE.

P. STRYKER. Arr. from GIARDINI.

1. I heard a voice, the sweetest voice That mor-tal ev - er heard; Oh! how it made my
2. I saw his face, the fair - est face That mor-tal ev - er saw; I long'd the Sa - viour
3. I felt his love, the strongest love That mor-tal ev - er felt; Oh! how it drew my

heart re - joice, And ev - 'ry feel - ing stirr'd! 'Twas Je - sus spoke to me so mild; He
to embrace, From him new life to draw. "Come un - to me," he kind - ly said, "And
soul a - bove, And made my hard heart melt! My bur - den at his feet I laid, And

call'd me to his side, And said, although with heart de - filed, I might in him con - fide.
I will give thee rest; The ran-som-price I ful - ly paid; Re - pent! believe! be blest!"
knew the joy of heav'n, As in my will - ing ear he said The blessed word, "*for - given!*"

# ONWARD! TARRY NOT HERE.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. We are trav - el - ers here below, On - ward, joy - ful - ly still we go; On - ly pil - grims here we roam, Je - sus will gath-er his children home.
2. Oh, the light of that sky serene, Mor - tal vis - ion hath nev - er seen; Strains no mor - tal ear can hear, Ech - o for - ev - er their mu - sic there.
3. Come, and join us, a pil- grim band, Go - ing home to our Father's land; Crowns of joy di - vine - ly fair, Je - sus will give to his children there.
4. Go - ing home to the fields of light, Go - ing home to our mansions bright; Oh! how hap - py we shall be, Je - sus, our Sa- viour, we there shall see.

CHORUS.

Onward! onward! tar - ry not here, Guardian an- gels hov-er-ing near, Sweetly chant their beauti-ful lay "Come, oh come to the realms of day."

# JESUS, THE CHILDREN'S KING.

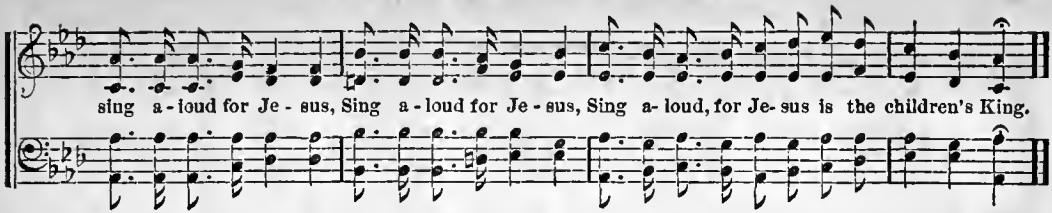
Mrs. S. B. Herrick. L. B. Starrweather.

1. A - wake, my heart, a - wake, my tongue, And sing a - loud a rap- turous song Of
2. He lived for us a life of care, That we his bless - ed - ness might share, And
3. He asks that we his lambs may be, In gen - tle - ness and pu - ri - ty, By
4. And when we reach the gold - en shore, Where toil and con- flict all are o'er. He'll

him who is the child - ren's King, Of him who bids the peo - ple sing.
from his Fa - ther's glo - ry came; Oh, sing a - loud his won - drous name.
crys - tal streams, in pas - tures fair, He'll lead us with a shep - herd's care.
place us, each a ra - diant gem, Up - on his roy - al di - a - dem.

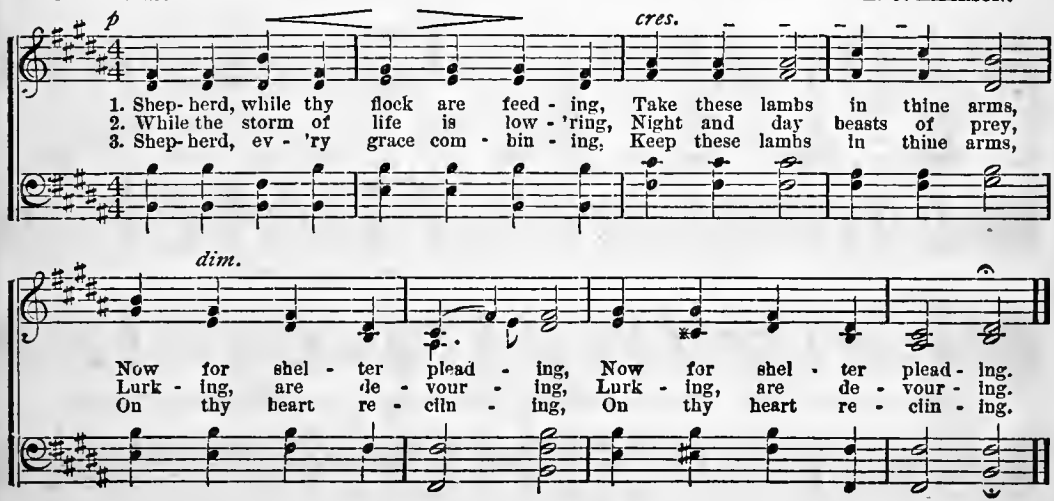
Chorus.

Blessed, bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed, bless-ed Je - sus, Je - sus is the children's King! Ah, yes, we'll




## SHEPHERD, WHILE THY FLOCK ARE FEEDING.

Dr. Thomas Hastings. L. O. Emerson.



# LOOK AROUND YOU.

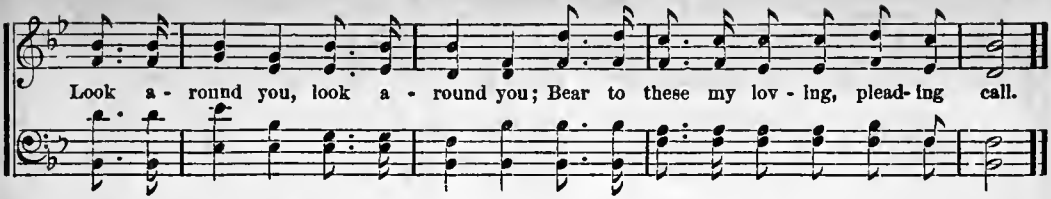
R. N. TURNER. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Ye who love the Bless - ed Mas - ter, Hear Him call, O hear Him call,—
2. Here with - in our fa - vored coun - try, There are lost and sorrowing souls;
3. Tell them of the sin - less Sa - viour— How He suf - fered pain and loss,—
4. See! His arms are wide - ex - tend - ed, Hear Him call, O hear Him call!

"Bear my gift of love to oth - ers, *I have died for all, for all!*"
Lead them to the Rock of Safe - ty— E'er the last great trum - pet rolls!
How He bore their sins and sor - rows, When He died up - on the cross!
"Bring them home to me, my chil - dren, *I have died for all, for all!*"

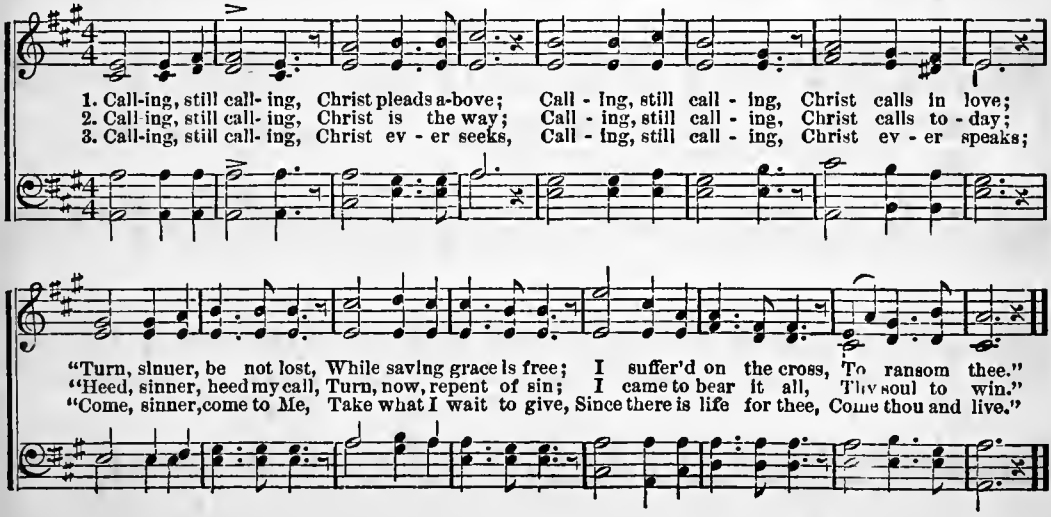
REFRAIN.

Look a - round you! there are thousands Wait-ing to re - ceive *from you* my call;
my call




## CALLING, STILL CALLING.

E. A. Barnes. L. O. Emerson.



# THE SWEETEST NAME.

Rev. G. W. Bethune, D.D. — Edwin Moore.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in hea - ven; The name be - fore his won - drous birth To Christ the Sa - viour giv - en.
2. And when he hung up - on the tree, They wrote his name a - bove him, That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er- more must love him.
3. So now up- on his Father's throne, Almight - y to re- lease us From sin and pains, He ev - er reigns, The Prince and Sa - viour, Je - sus.
4. O Je - sus, by that matchles name, Thy grace shall fail us nev - er! To - day as yes - ter- - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er.

Chorus.

We love to sing a - round our King, And hail him bless-ed Je- sus; For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as Je- sus.

# TRUST IN THE LORD.

W. F. S. W. F. S.

1. It is bet - ter to trust in the Lord, Than to lean on the wav - er - ing arm Of the kings and the
2. It is bet - ter to trust in the Lord, For the word of his promise is sure; Tho' the way may be
3. It is bet - ter to trust in the Lord, Resting firm in his in - fi - nite love; And with gladness to

REFRAIN.

prin - ces of earth; God a - lone is a refuge from harm. Trust the Lord, Oh, trust in the Lord;
rugged and dark, There are bright crowns for those who endure.
serve him be - low, Till we en - ter his kingdom a - bove.

Trust the Lord!

Low at his feet let us fall! Trust the Lord, Oh, trust in the Lord, For he is the King o - ver all.

Trust the Lord!

By permission.

# TO THE CROSS I CLING.

GEORGE COOPER. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Ref- uge in my pain and fear, Blessed boon for - ev - er near; Hope when earth - ly
2. Anchor of my wea - ry soul, While the darkling bil - lows roll; Pleas - ant man - sion

hope shall fail, Balm when hearts of ter - ror quail; Light up-on our storm-y way, Friendly guide from
of my rest, Making me a welcome guest; Tok-en of our Father's love, While in doubt and

day to day; Life may joy or sor row ing, Sav - iour, to Thy cross I cling!
fear we rove, Death may joy or sor - row ing, Sav - iour, to Thy cross I cling!

REFRAIN.

*ad lib.*

To Thy cross I cling, To Thy cross I cling,
To Thy cross, To Thy cross, Saviour, to Thy cross I cling.

MRS. S. C. HERRICK.

## ONLY ASLEEP.

E.

*Tenderly.*

1. Bear her, oh bear her so ten - der - ly, Down where the vi - o - lets bloom; Twine no dark
2. Fold the white hands so re - pos - ing - ly, An - gels her vig - ils shall keep; Close those sweet
3. Let the sweet rose-buds be gar - land - ed Fresh, for her forehead so fair; Twine, too, the
4. "On- ly a-sleep," till the wak - ing be, When the glad morning shall come; On - ly at

cypress wreath o - ver her, Je - sus has lighten'd the tomb, Je - sus has lighten'd the tomb.
eyes that so love - ing - ly Say, she is on - ly a - sleep, Say, she is on - ly a - sleep.
ten- der white lil - ly bell, In the soft folds of her hair, In the soft folds of her hair.
rest 'mid the bless - ed - ness, Je - sus, and heav-en, and home, Je - sus, and heav-en, and home.

# IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. L. O. Emerson.

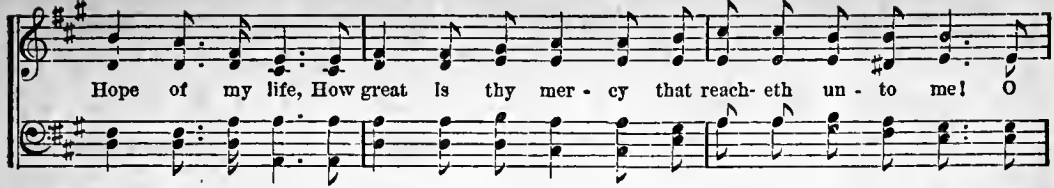
1. How firm on the hills of e - ter - nl - ty, rests The rock of my strength, in whose
2. What bliss be - yond meas-ure, to dwell on that Rock, And rest in its shadow so
3. No mor - tal can fath - om the depth of his mind, Nor meas - ure the In - fi - nite
4. O thou ev - er - last - ing, my ref - uge and hope, Thy mer - cy shall shield me, thy

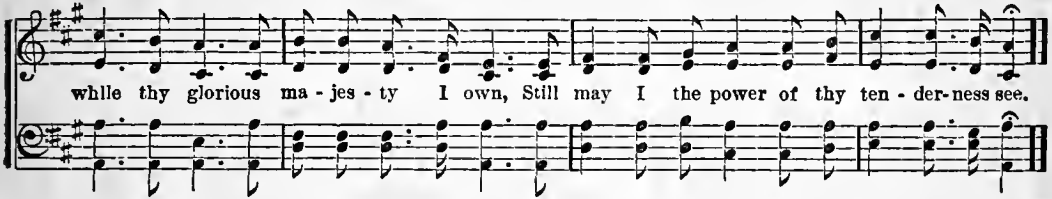
shel - ter I hide! What dau - ger ap - palls me, what ill can I fear, While
sl - lent and deep!—To know, while all e - vil en - vi - rons my way, The
length of his days— The sun can - not bright - en the path of his feet, Be -
love shall de - fend, Till safe with the spir - its im - mor - tal I rest, And

Chorus.

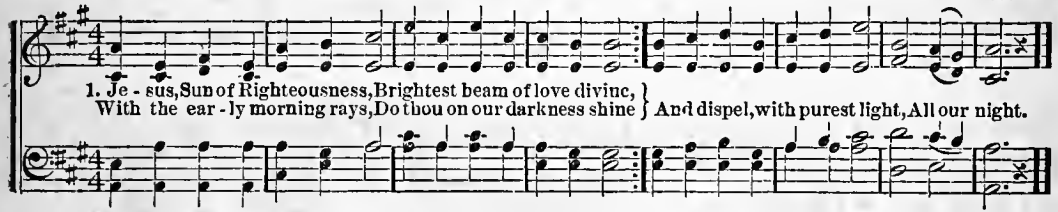
strong in the In - fi - nite One, I a - bide.
eye of Om - nl - po - tence nev - er doth sleep.
- cause from his glo - ry, it bor - rows its rays.
praise thee, e - ter - nal - ly, world with - out end.

O Rock of ref - uge,




## JESUS, SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.




2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away;
Warm and cheer us forth to go.
Gladly serve thee and obey,
All the day.

3 Thou, our only Life and guide!
Never leave us nor forsake;
In thy light may we abide,
Till the eternal morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still.

# THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

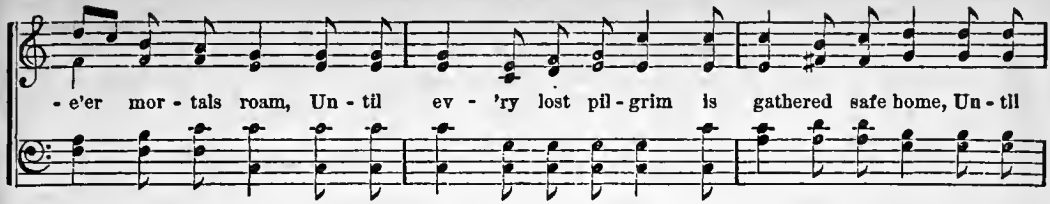
DR. J. G. HOLLAND. (CHRISTMAS CAROL.) L. O. EMERSON.

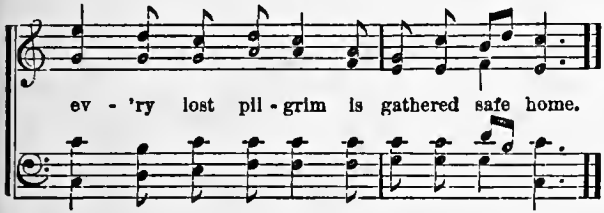
1. There's a song in the air, there's a star in the sky; There's a mother's deep pray'r and a ba - by's low cry! And the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!

2. There's a tum - ult of joy o'er the won - der- ful birth, For the Virgin's sweet boy is the Lord of the earth; And the star rains its fire while the beau - ti - ful sing, For the man - ger of Beth - le - hem cra - dles a King!

REFRAIN.

O shine, star of beau- ty, where-



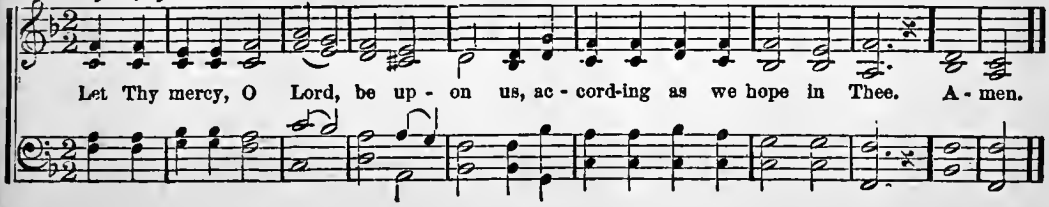

3 In the light of the star lie the ages impearled,
And the song from afar has sweptoverthe world,
Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations,that Jesus is King.
REF.

4 We rejoice in the light, and we echo the song,
That comes down thro' the night from the heavenly throng;
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.
REF.

## RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.

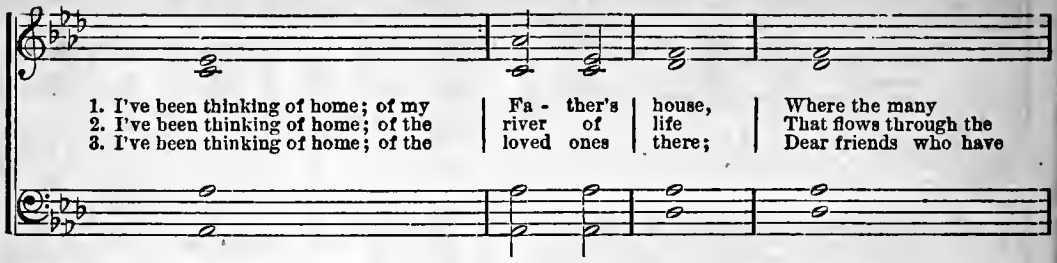
Ps. xxxiii, 22:

*Very softly.*



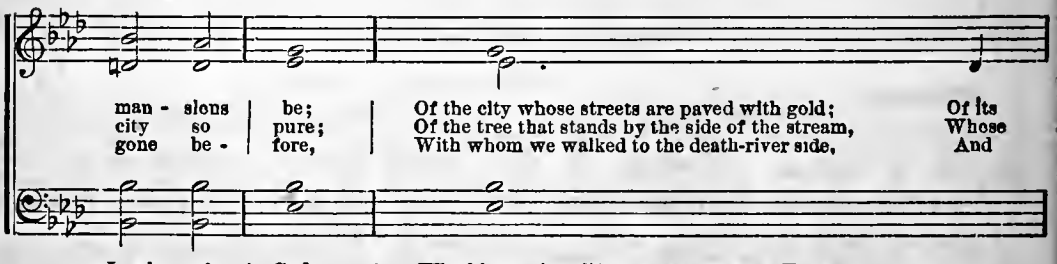
# CHANT. Thoughts of home.

L. B. STARKWEATHER.



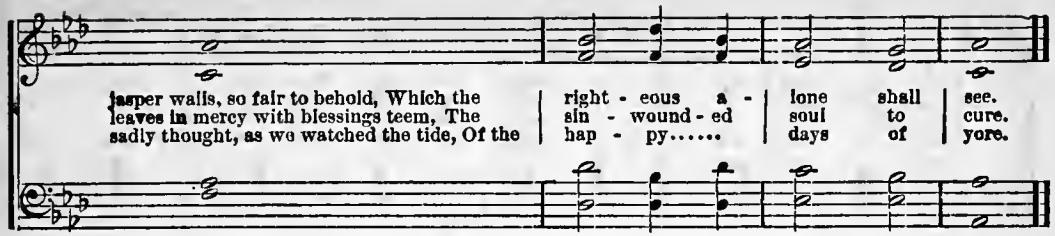
1. I've been thinking of home; of my | Fa - ther's | house, | Where the many
2. I've been thinking of home; of the | river of | life | That flows through the
3. I've been thinking of home; of the | loved ones | there; | Dear friends who have

4. I've been thinking of home; and my | heart is | full | Of love for the
5. I've been thinking of home; and I'm | lone - ly | now; | My spirit doth
6. I've been thinking of home, yea, | "home, sweet | home;" | Oh, there may we



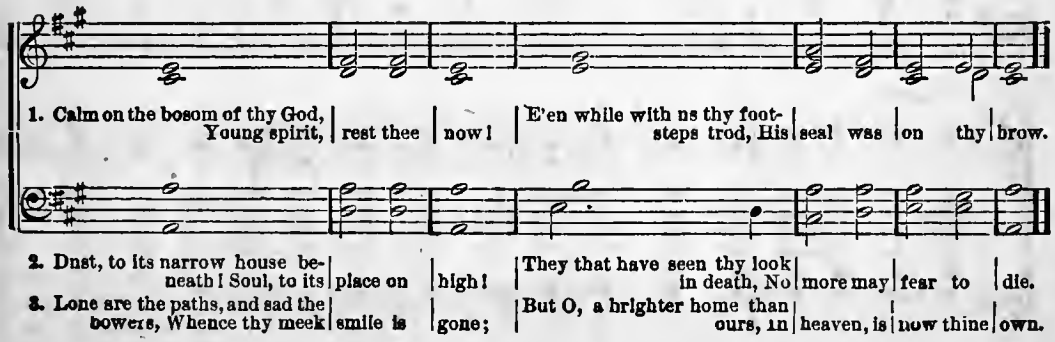
man - sions | be; | Of the city whose streets are paved with gold; | Of its
city so | pure; | Of the tree that stands by the side of the stream, | Whose
gone be - | fore, | With whom we walked to the death-river side, | And

Lamb of | God, | Who his precious life as a ransom gave, For a
long to | be | In the Better Land, where the ransomed sing Of the
all u - | nite | With the white-robed throng, and forever raise To the



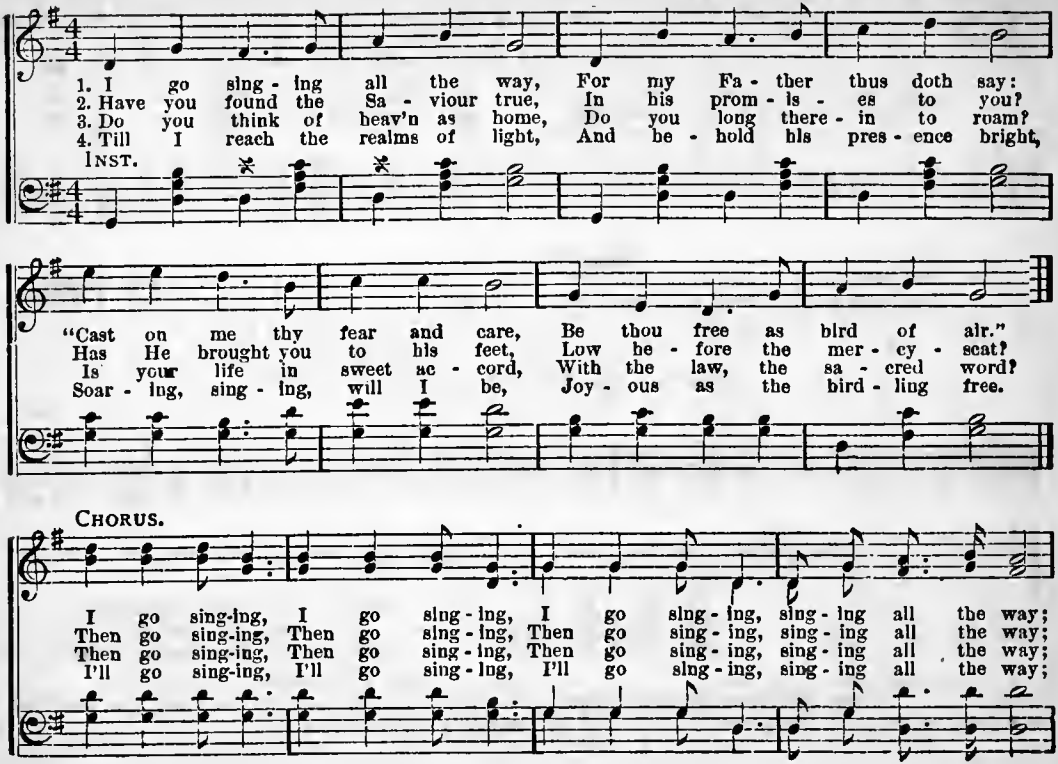

## CHANT. "Calm on the Bosom of thy God."

E.

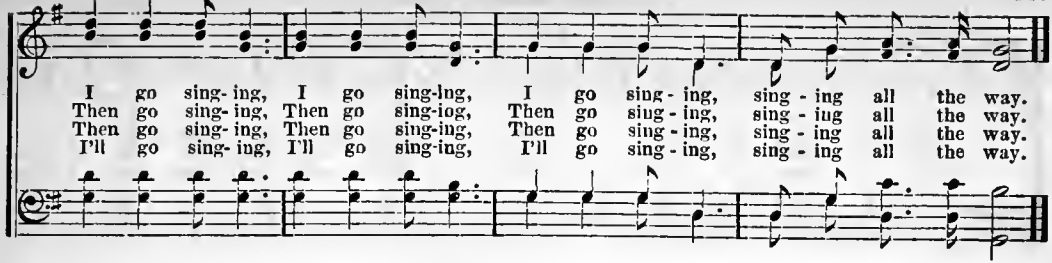


# I GO SINGING ALL THE WAY.

Words and Music by Mrs. T. J. Cook.



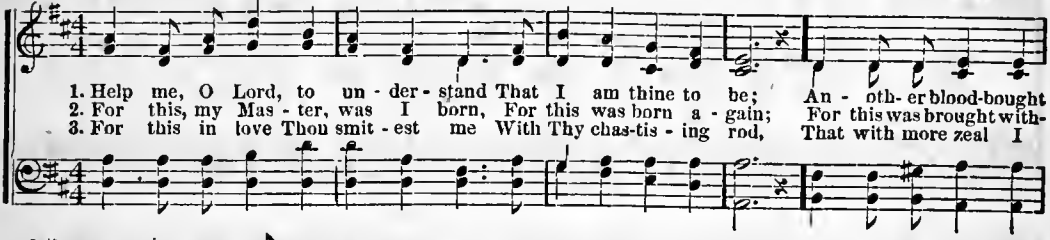
## I GO SINGING ALL THE WAY.

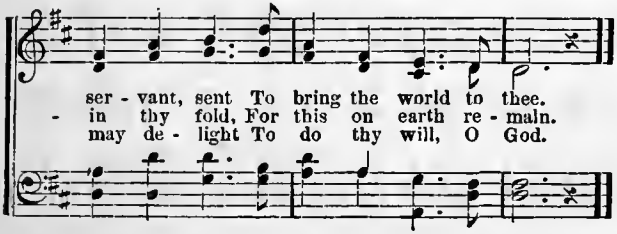



## HELP ME, O LORD.

WM. M. BAKER. D. D.

F. GUILLAUME.




4 Give me Thy Spirit, that I may
Do better service, Lord;
Thy work the measure of my life,
The measure of reward.

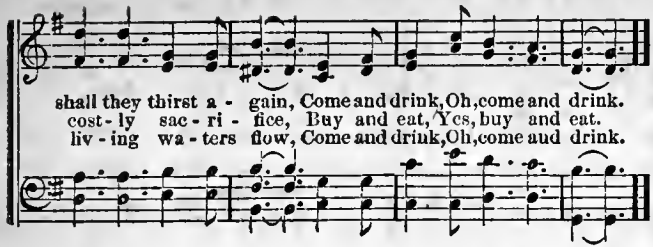
# THE GOSPEL FEAST.

REV. I. N. TARBOX. L. O. EMERSON.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Ho! each one that is a - thirst, Come and drink, Oh, come and drink; Here the liv - ing fountains burst, Come and drink, Oh, come and drink. None who come shall come in vain, This shall ease their burn - ing pain; Nev - er
2. Ye that hun - ger, far from home, Buy and eat, Oh, buy and eat; Though ye have no mon-ey, come, Buy and eat, Oh, buy and eat. Here is bread that can suf - fice, Here is food of rich - est price, Bought with
3. Let the need - y and the poor, Come and drink, Yes, come and drink; They shall find the promise sure, Come and drink, Oh, come and drink. Rich and poor, the high and low, Ye have no-where-else to go; Come where

FULL CHO.

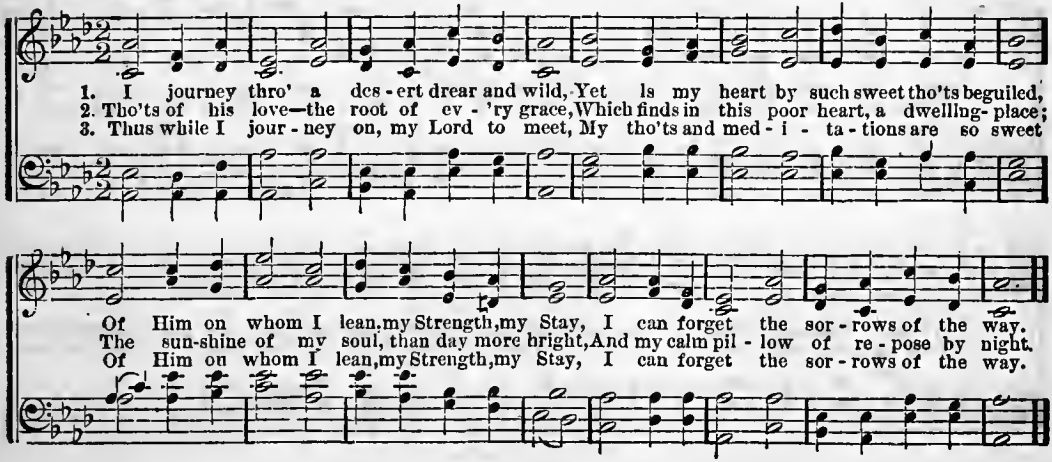



4

Wherefore spend your strength for nought!
Buy and eat, Oh, buy and eat;
Richer bread than gold ere bought,
Buy and eat, Oh, buy and eat.
Call off now thy wandering eyes,
Hear these voices from the skies,
From thy sin and sloth arise,
Buy and eat, Yes, buy and eat.

## THOUGHTS OF JESUS.

MARY JANE DECK, 1846. S. WILHELM.



W. F. S.

# IN THE MARCH OF LIFE.

W. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1874.

*March movement.*

1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the winding path be - fore us, We have naught to fear with a Sa - viour near, And his han - ner wav - ing o'er us.

CHO.—*In the march of life, &c.*

2. In the Christian race if we take our place, We may run and wea - ry nev - er; Dai - ly press- ing on till the goal be won, Un - to Je - sus look - ing ev - er.

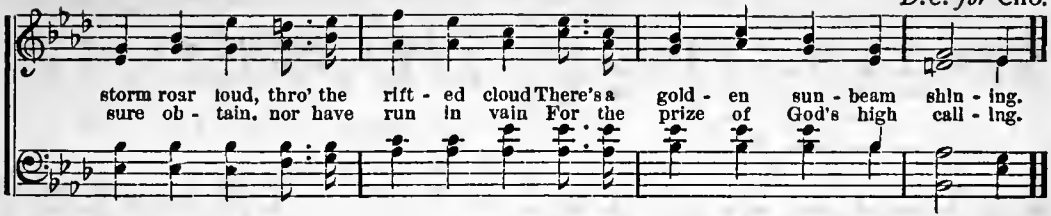
*Fine.*

If the tempest rise in the dark'ning skies, We will yield to no re - pin - ing; Tho' the

Cast-ing all our care on the Lord by pray'r, He will keep our feet from fall - ing; We will

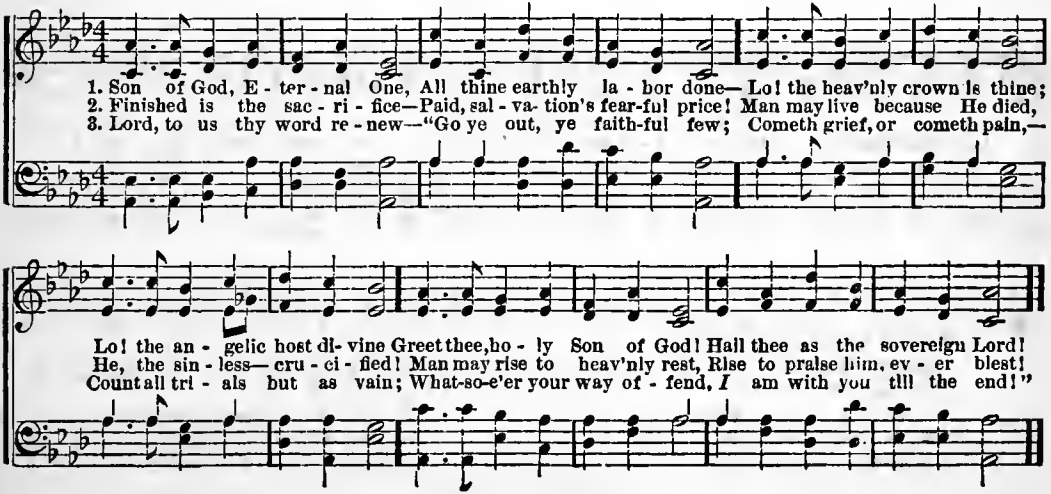
By permission.

*D.C. for* CHO.




## ASCENSION HYMN.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. SPANISH MELODY.



# CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

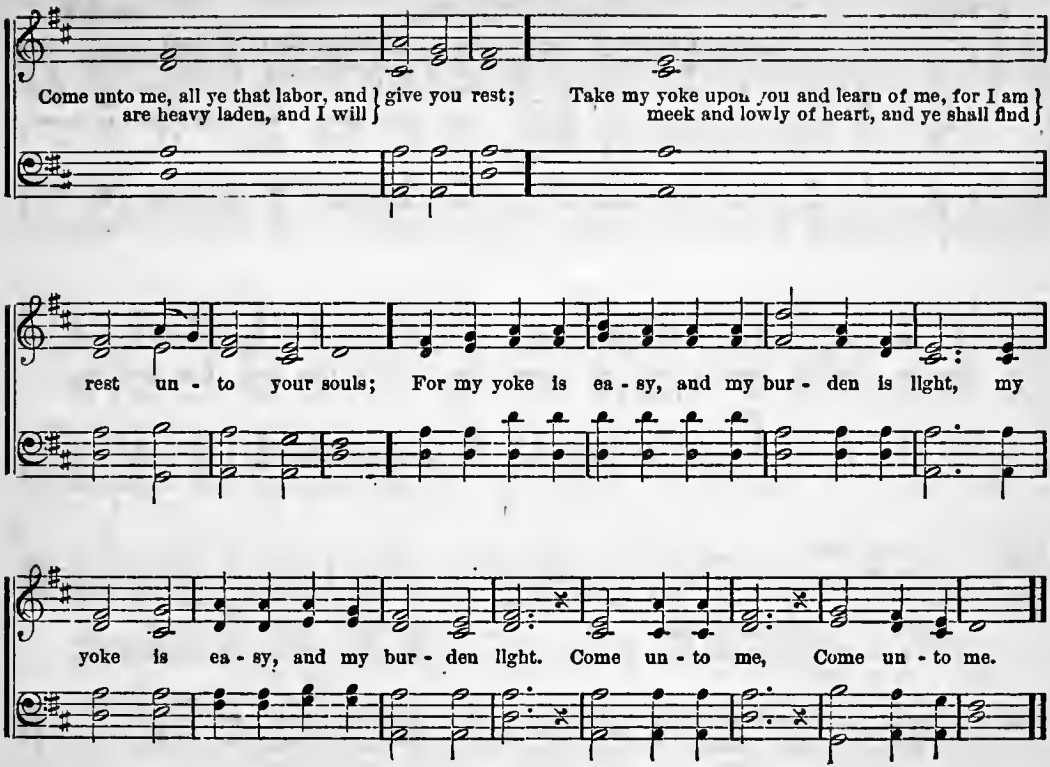
S. WOLCOTT. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov - ing zeal; The poor and
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With fer - vent prayer; The wayward

them that mourn, The faint and o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
and the lost, By rest- iess pas- sions tossed, Redeemed, at couutless cost, From dark des - pair.

3 Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.


Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;
Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find
rest un - to your souls; For my yoke is ea - sy, and my bur - den is light, my
yoke is ea - sy, and my bur - den light. Come un - to me, Come un - to me.

# THROUGH THY PROTECTING CARE.

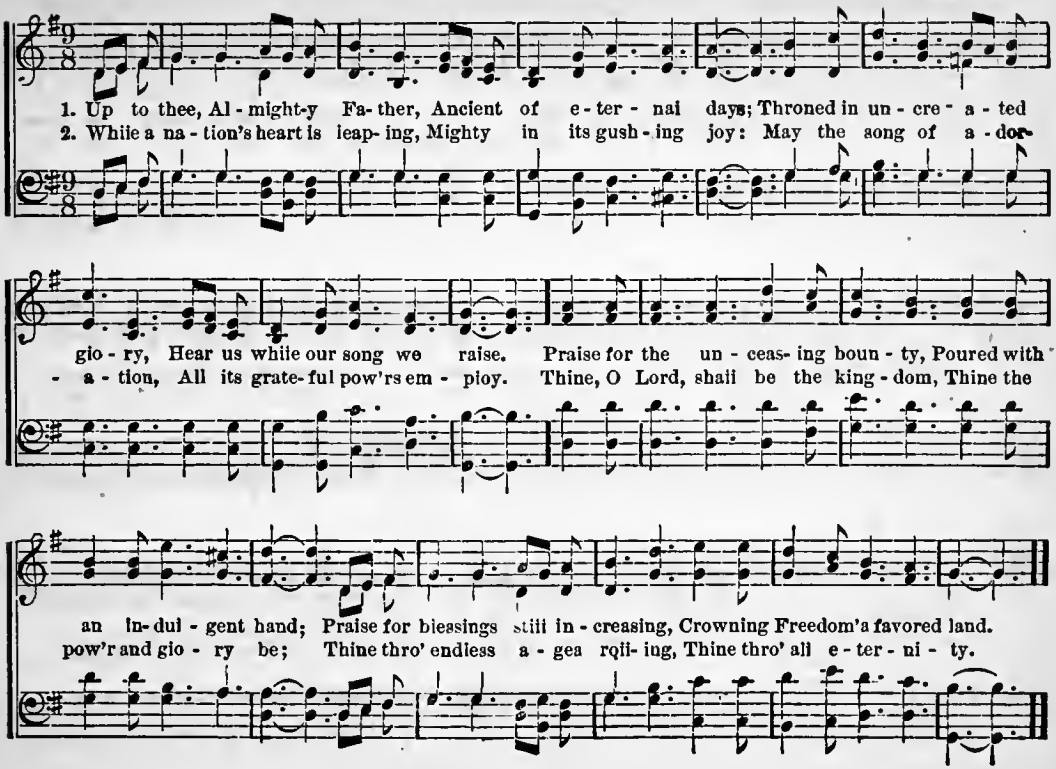
RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. (MORNING HYMN.) L. O. E.

1. Thro' thy pro - tect - ing care, Kept till the dawn - ing; Taught to draw
2. God of our sleep- ing hours, Watch o'er us wak - ing; All our im-

near in pray'r, Heed we the warn - ing. O thou great God, with thee
per - fect pow'rs, In thine hand tak - ing. In us thy work ful - fil,

Glad - ly our souls would be, Ev - er - more prais-ing thee, God of the morn - ing.
Be with thy chil - dren still, Those who o - bey thy will, Nev - er for - sak - ing.

MARTEL.


1. Up to thee, Al - might-y Fa- ther, Ancient of e - ter - nal days; Throned in un - cre - a - ted
2. While a na - tion's heart is leap- ing, Mighty in its gush - ing joy: May the song of a - dor-
gio - ry, Hear us while our song we raise. Praise for the un - ceas- ing boun - ty, Poured with
- a - tion, All its grate- ful pow'rs em - ploy. Thine, O Lord, shall be the king - dom, Thine the
an in- dul - gent hand; Praise for blessings still in - creasing, Crowning Freedom'a favored land.
pow'r and glo - ry be; Thine thro' endless a - gea rqil- ing, Thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

# HEAVENLY PASTURES.

C. WINKWORTH. *tr.* A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. Ten - der Shepherd, thou hast still'd Now thy lit - tle lamb's brief weep - ing; Ah, how
2. In this world of care and pain, Lord, thou wouldst no lon - ger leave it; To the

pece - ful, pale, and mild In its nar - row bed 'tis sleep - ing! And no sigh of
sun - ny, heavenly plain Thou dost now with joy re - ceive it— Cloth'd in robes of

anguish sore Heaves that lit - tle bo - som more.
spot-less white, Now it dwells with thee in light.

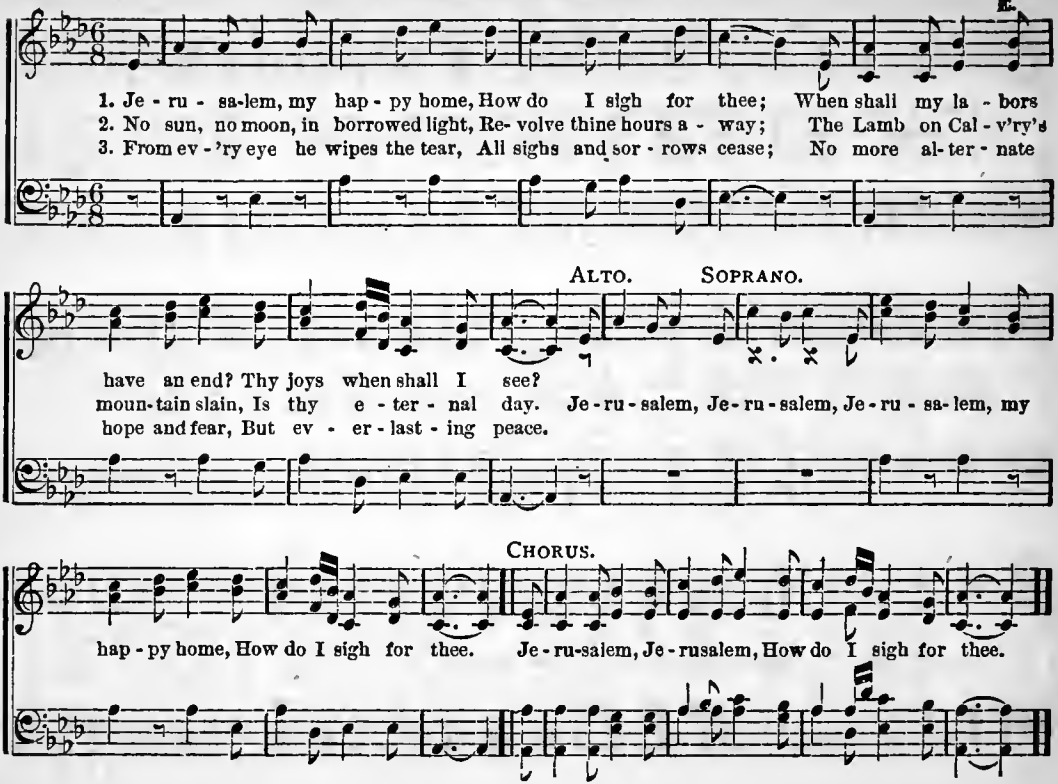
3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

# THE ANGELS' CALL.

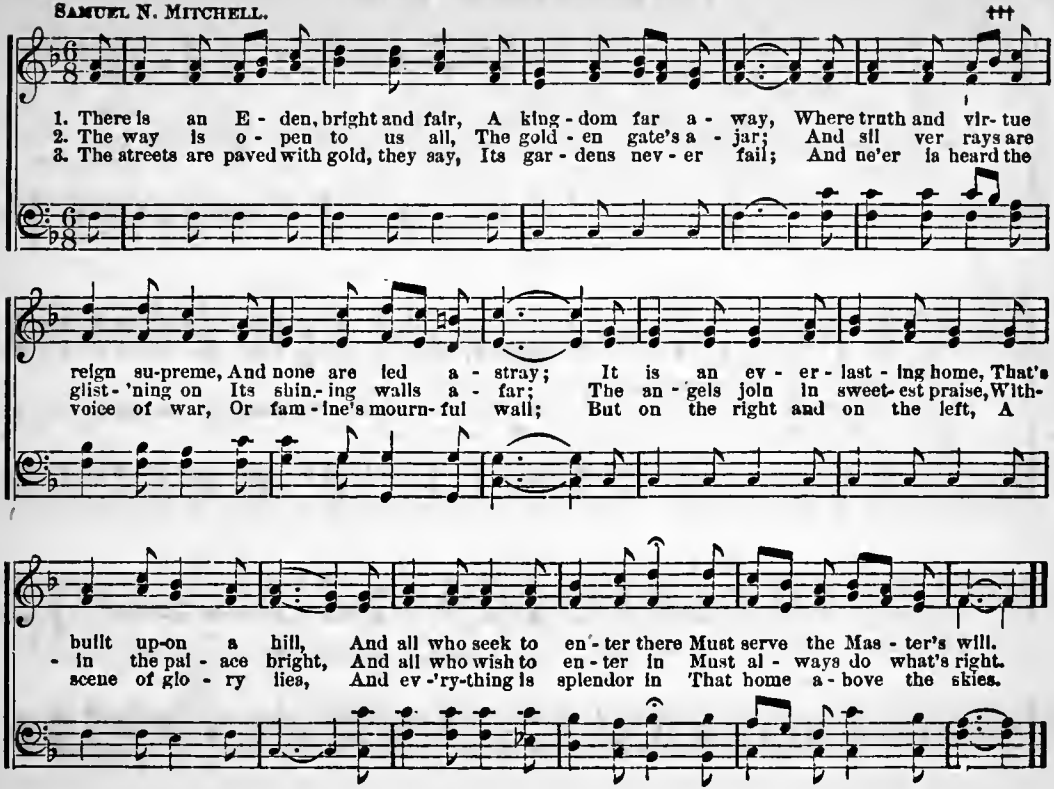
JOHN S. ADAMS — L. O. EMERSON.

1. I hear the an - gels call - ing, They're call - ing me a - way; I must be up and la - bor, Must work while it is day.
2. There are pains that I can soft - en, And bur - dens I may share; And hopes with which to bright - en The shad - ows of des - pair. No more I wait; but earn - est, Be - gin at ear - ly morn; For an - gels now are call - ing, And I shall soon be gone.
3. Then, when the day is clos - ing; The wea - ry shall have rest, The mourners cease to lan - guish; Peace reigns in ev - 'ry breast.

# JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.



SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.



# THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

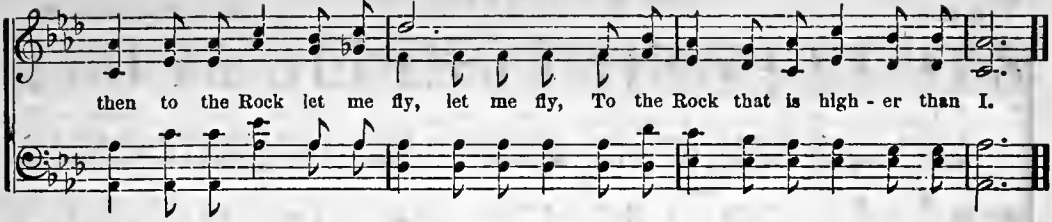
E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shad-ows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal; And sor-rows, some-
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea-ry my feet; But toil-ing in
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings or sor-rows pre-vail; Or climbing the

CHORUS.

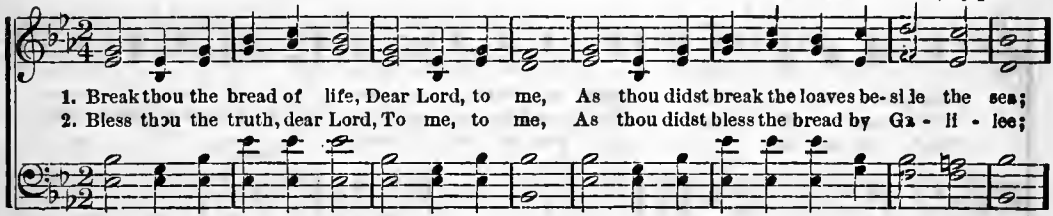
- times, how they sweep Like tem - pests down o - ver the soul.
life's dust-y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad - ow how sweet! O, then to the Rock let me
mountain way steep, Or walk - ing the shad - ow - y vale.

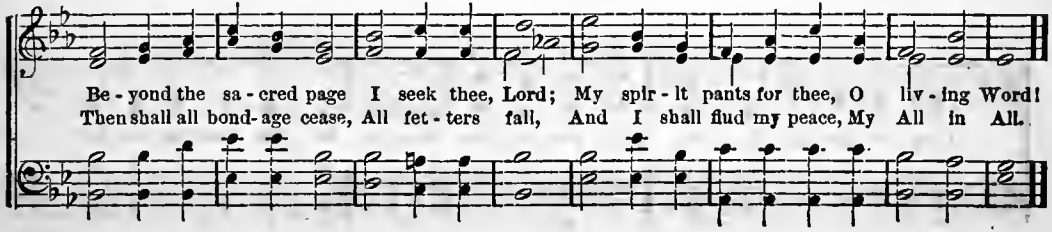
fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I; O,
let me fly, is high - er than I,




## BREAK THOU THE BREAD OF LIFE.

MARY A. LATHBURY. STUDY SONG. W. F. SHERWIN. 1877, by per.



# YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

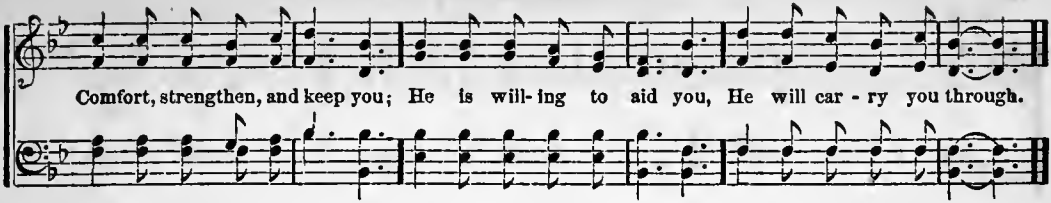
H. R. P. H. R. PALMER, by per

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For weakness is sin; Each vic-t'ry will help us
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in rev-'rence,
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we shall con-quer,

Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due;
Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true;
Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is the Sa-vlour, Our strength will re-new;

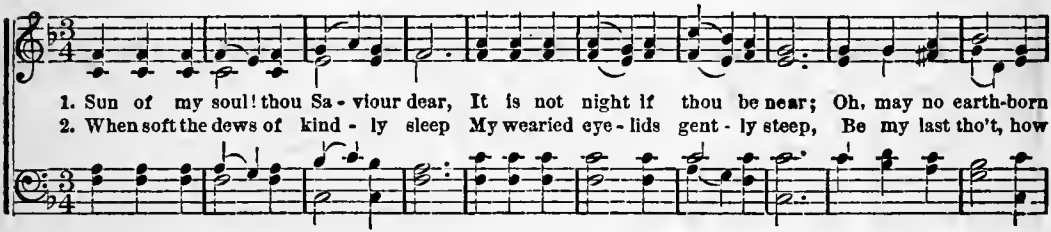
CHORUS.

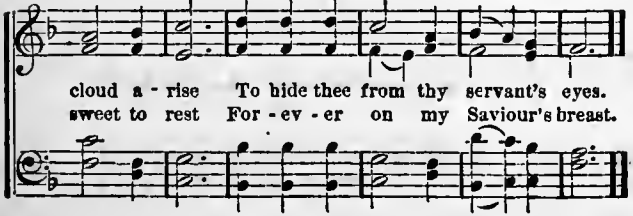
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Sa-vlour to help you,




## SUN OF MY SOUL.

KEBLE. W. H. MONK.



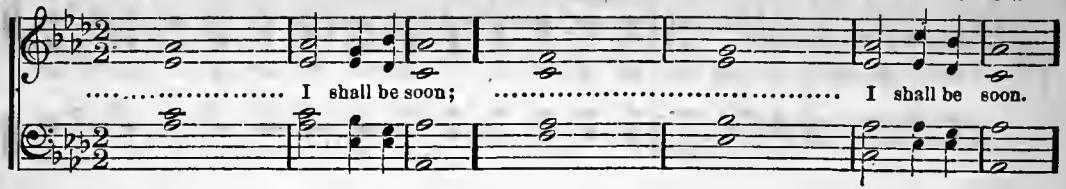




3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

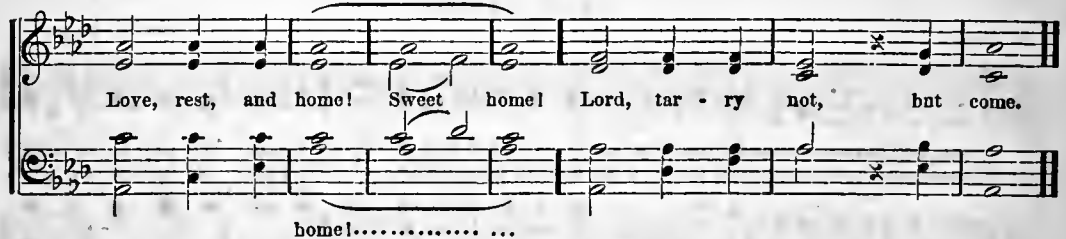
4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above

# BEYOND.

H. Bonar — W. A. Tarbutton.




Refrain.




1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the reaping, |
I shall be soon.

Ref.—Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the rising and the setting, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and forgetting |
I shall be soon. ||—Ref.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever beating, |
I shall be soon.||—Ref.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever, |
I shall be soon; ||
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the never, |
I shall be soon.||—Ref.

# HARK! THE VOICE OF CHORAL SONG.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

L. O. E.

1. Hark! the voice of chor- al song Floats up- on the breeze a- long, Chanting clear, in sol - emn lays,
2. Save from sin's destructive breath, Save from sorrow, shame, and death; From intemper - ance and strife,

Man redeem'd, to God the praise! An- gels, strike the gold - en lyre! Mortals, catch the
Save the hus- band, child- ren, wife! Cour-age! let no heart de-spair; Might- y is the

heav'n - ly fire! Thousands ransomed from the grave, Mil- lions yet our pledge shall save!
truth we bear! Forward, then, bap - tized in love, Led by wis - dom from a - bove!

# BEAUTIFUL HOPE.

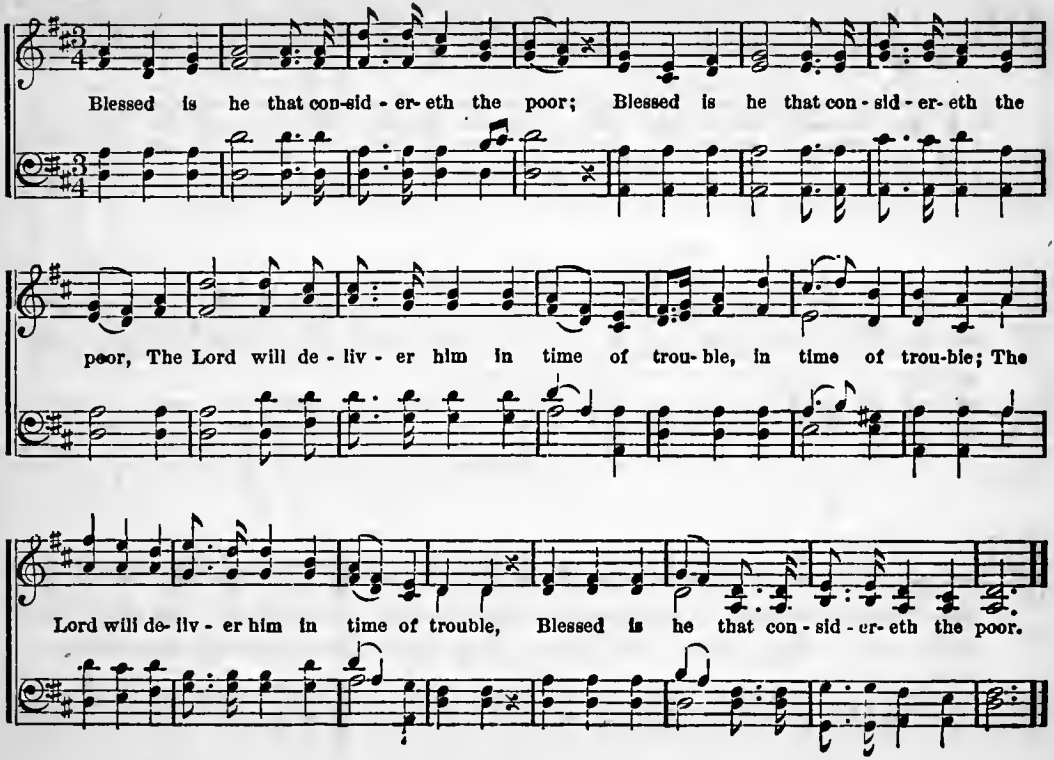
EMMA PITT. WILHELM.

1. Bean-ti- ful theme that Je - sus lives, Beau- ti - ful hope the message gives; Glo - ry and hon - or to him shall be; Now and for - ev - er in Christ we're free.
2. Beau-ti- ful hope! then let us rejoice, Then we will hear the Saviour's voice; Clasping in love the guid- ing hand, Lead-ing us on to the bet - ter land. Beauti- ful hope that gilds my sky, Yonder where
3. Beau-ti- ful hope my bos - om fills, Beau- ti - ful message with rapture thrills; Jesus has conquer'd the dread-ed tomb; Beau- ti - ful hope! sweet rest and home.

REFRAIN.

arch- es are lifted high! When the bright portals of heav'n shall ope, Then I shall gain my beauti-ful hope.

L. O. E.


Blessed is he that con-sid - er- eth the poor; Blessed is he that con - sid - er- eth the
poor, The Lord will de - liv - er him in time of trou- ble, in time of trou-ble; The
Lord will de- liv - er him in time of trouble, Blessed is he that con - sid - er- eth the poor.

# OH, SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND.

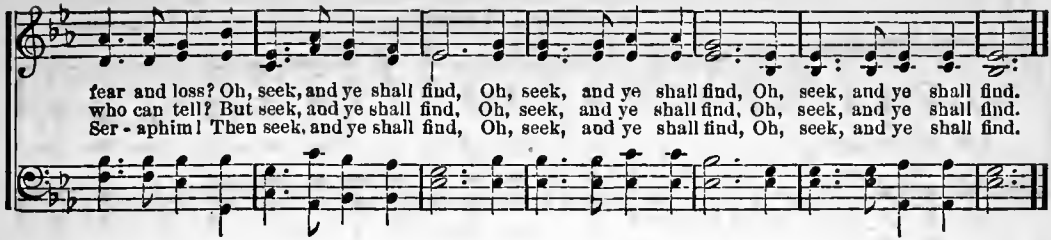
ELLOE.

1. O wea - ry souls, that on- ward creep, In dark-ness and in pain! O hearts, that droop with
2. The bliss ye crave is near at hand, While blindly ye may stray; Your Sa - viour leads you
3. A land of rest from all your care, A home of pure de - light; An end of all the

sor- rows deep, In sun- light and in rain! Behold a - far the shining Cross, Nor spurn the welcome
to the land, Sweet land of per- fect day! The Master comes, oh, la - bor well, Your sheaves in or-der
grief you share, Oh, they are near our sight! Have simple faith and trust in him, And lo! no long - er

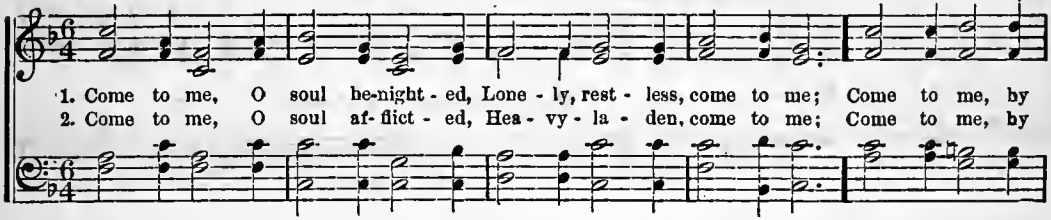
INST.

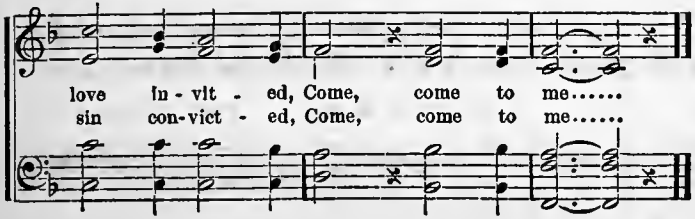
band! Why grope your way in fear and loss? Oh, seek, and ye shall find; Why grope your way in
bind! The blest re - pose, oh, who may tell? But seek, and ye shall find; The blest re-pose, oh,
blind, We gain the realms of Ser - a - phim! Then seek and ye shall find; We gain the realms of




## COME TO ME.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT, D. D. S. WILHELM.




3 Come to me, O soul relenting,
Contrite, humble, come to me;
Come to me, thy guilt repenting,
Come, come to me.

4 Come to me, O soul believing,
Hopeful, trustful, come to me·
Come to me, thy life receiving,
Come, come to me.

# LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

(EASTER ANTHEM.)

L. O. EMERSON.

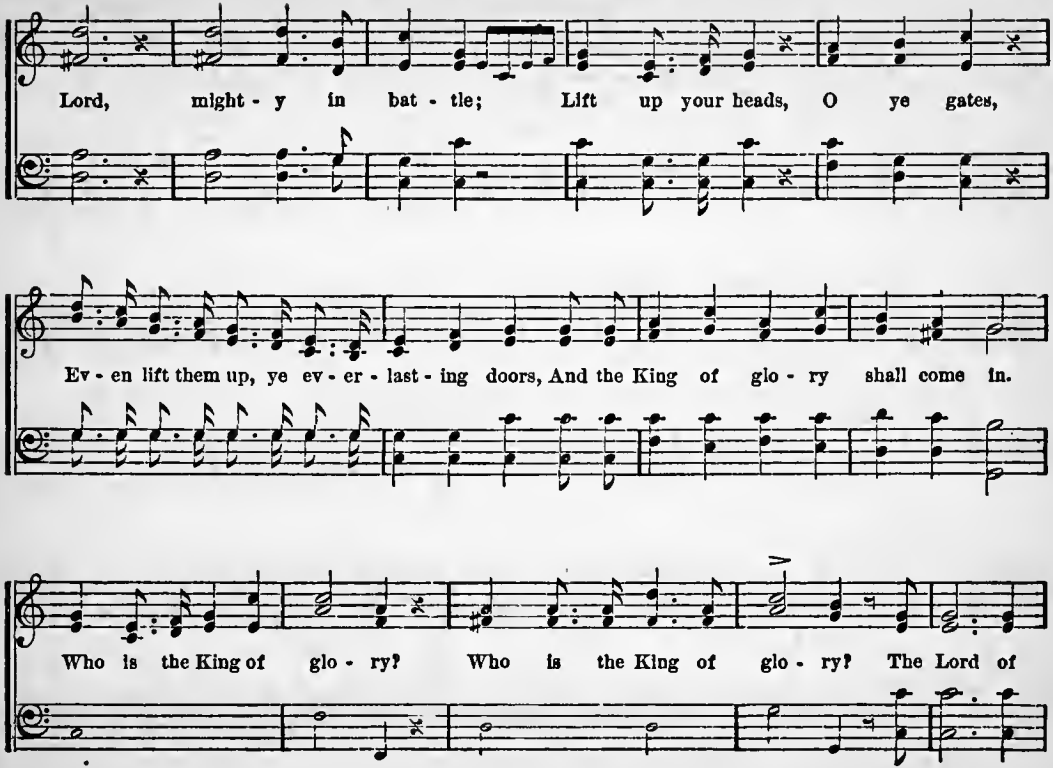
*First time, Duet.*

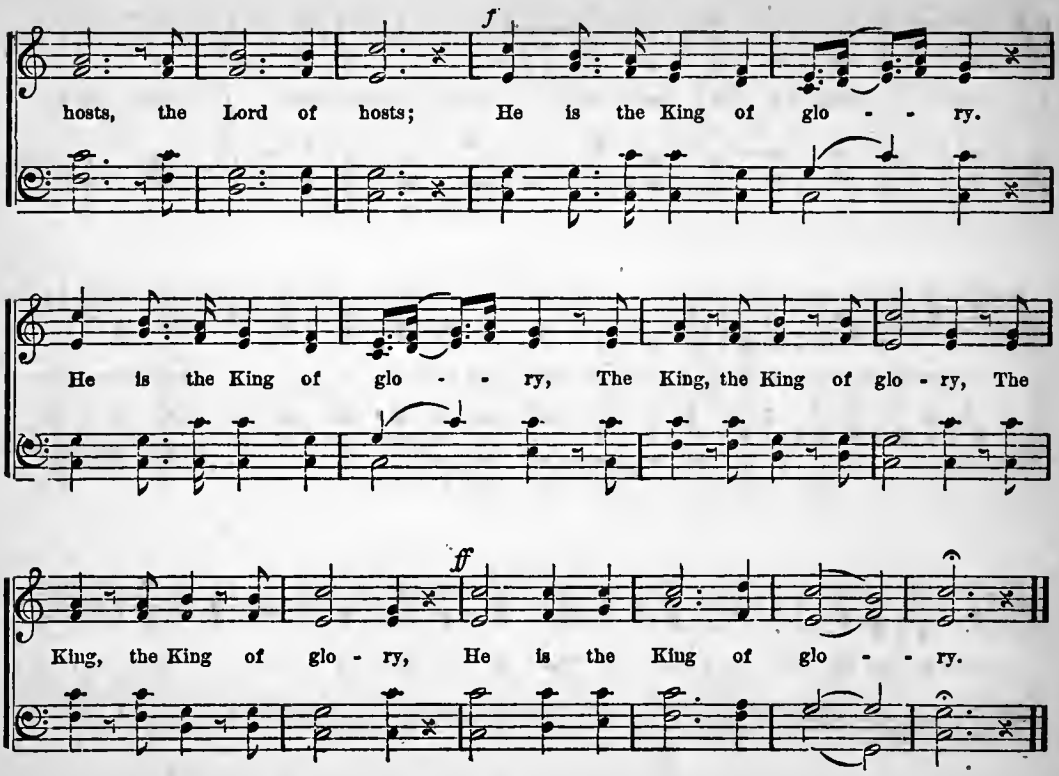
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, And be ye lift-ed up, ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the

*Repeat in Chorus.*

King of glo-ry shall come in. Who is the King of glo-ry? Who is the King of

glo-ry? The Lord, the Lord, strong and might-y; The Lord, the


Lord, might - y in bat - tle; Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
Ev - en lift them up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors, And the King of glo - ry shall come in.
Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord of


f
hosts, the Lord of hosts; He is the King of glo - - ry.
He is the King of glo - - ry, The King, the King of glo - ry, The
ff
King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - - ry.

# HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

FABER. WM. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1872.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

# CHRIST, THE FOUNTAIN.

EDWARD A. BARNES. L. O. EMERSON.

1. Lo! a Foun - tain stands to - day..... Where we see..... both sin and strife,..... And it
2. Lo! the Foun - tain flows for thee..... Seek-ing now..... thy soul to gain;..... And its
3. Thus the Foun - tain, in its flow,..... Ev - er seeks..... thy soul to save,..... That ye

1. Lo! a Foun - tain stands to - day, Where we see both sin and strife;
2. Lo! the Foun - tain flows for thee, Seek-ing now thy soul to gain;
3. Thus the Foun - tain, in its flow, Ev - er seeks thy soul to save;

flows..... to wash a - way..... Scar - let sins..... from ev - 'ry life; Bless- ed
wa - ters, pure and free,..... Take a - way..... each crim-son stain; Bless- ed
may..... re - demption know,.... By the life..... He free - ly gave; Bless- ed

And it flows to wash a - way Scar - let sins from ev - 'ry life;
And its wa - ters, pure and free, Take a - way each crimson stain;
That ye may re - demption know By the life He free - ly gave;

Fount..... of grace and love,..... Flowing from..... the throne a - bove;..... Blessed
Fount..... of love su - preme,..... Love that wait - eth to re - deem;..... Blessed
Fount..... of grace and love,..... Source of per - fect life a - bove;..... Blessed

Blessed Fount of grace and love, Flowing from the throne above,
Blessed Fount of love supreme, Love that waiteth to redeem,
Blessed Fount of grace and love, Source of perfect life a- bove,

Fount..... of grace and love,..... Flow - ing from.... the throne a - bove.
Fount..... of love su - preme,..... Love that wait - eth to re - deem.
Fount..... of grace and love..... Source of per - fect life a - bove.

Blessed Fount of grace and love, of grace and love, Flow-ing from the throne a - bove.
Blessed Fount of love su- preme, of love supreme, Love that wait - eth to re - deem.
Blessed Fount of grace and love, of grace and love, Source of per - fect life a - bove.

REFRAIN.

*p*

Christ is the Foun - tain, Christ is the Foun- tain, He who drinks for- ev - er lives.

*p*

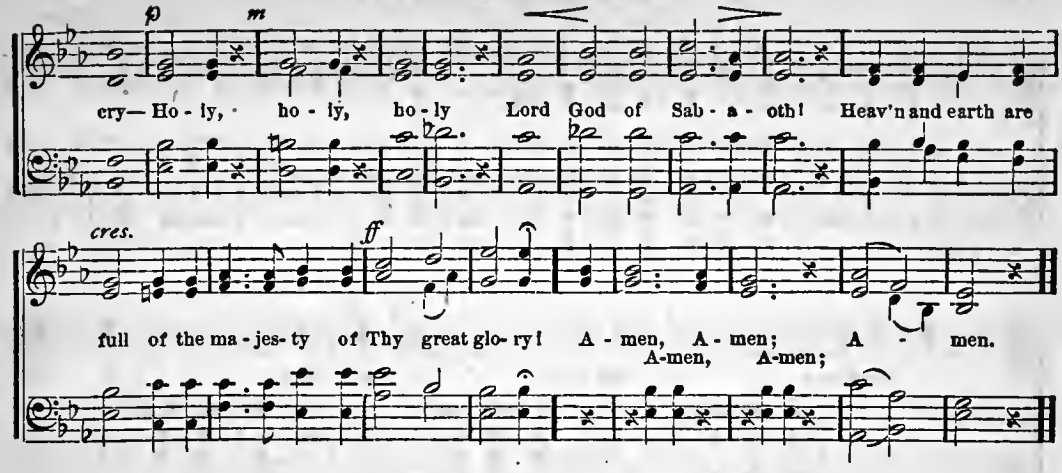
# WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD!

W. F. SHERWIN. 1884.

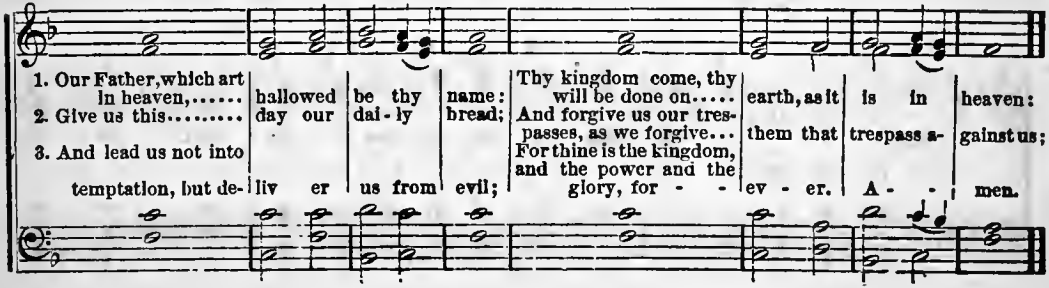
We praise Thee, O God! we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord, All the earth doth worship Thee, the

Fa-ther ev - er - last - ing. To Thee all an - gels cry a - loud; The heav'ns and

all the pow'rs there-in. To Thee Che-ru-bim, to Thee Ser-aph-im con - tin - nal - ly do




## THE LORD'S PRAYER.



# I WILL SING OF THE MERCIES OF THE LORD.

L. D. E.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord, I will sing of the mercies of the Lord,

I will sing, I will sing, I will sing, I will

I will sing, I will sing, I will sing,

sing, I will sing of the mer - cies of the Lord, Of the

I will sing,

*Fine.* *A little slower.* SEMI CHO.

mer - cies of the Lord for - ev - er. With my mouth will I make known, Will

With my mouth will I make known,

I make known Thy faith - ful - ness, With my mouth will I make

With my mouth will

*D.C. a tempo.*

known, Will I make known Thy love to all gen - er - a - tions.

I make known,

# WELCOME HOME!

W. F. S. (Welcoming the return of a Pastor.) W. F. S.

1. Shout for joy! (shout for joy!) shout for joy! (shout for joy!) Wake ev - 'ry tune - ful chord! With
2. Once a-gain, (once a-gain,) once a - gain, (once a - gain,) The song of greet - ing raise! The
3. Pas - tor dear, (pas-tor dear,) pas - tor dear, (pas-tor dear,) God'a fa - vor with thee come, And

*Fine.*

cheer - ful voice let all pro - claim The good- ness of the Lord. We bade fare - well to
Shep - herd comes to feed his flock, And guide in pleas - ant ways; To fold a - gain the
crown with blessing all thy toil Till He shall call thee home. To - geth - er now, be-

one we loved, With ming- ling tears and pain; But now, with glad re - joic - ing, sing, Thrice
wan- dering ones, To com - fort all the sad; To show the wea - ry, heaven- ly rest, And
- fore the throne, We would our vows re - new, And to the Mas - ter pledge our all, In

*D.C. Ad lib.* (after last verse.)

welcome home a-gain!
make the mourner glad. Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare us, dear Saviour, to meet in thy home.
con - se- cration true.

R. N. T.

## GO FORTH AND WORK.

1. Go forth and work for Je - sus, Glad-ly, one and all! While the bright sun shin - eth,
2. Go forth and work for Je - sus, With an earn - est heart! Com - fort souls in sad - ness,
3. Go forth and work for Je - sus! Judgment draweth nigh! Souls are call - ing, call - ing,
4. The field is white a - bout you, Dare not i - dly stay! He who sows with weep - ing,

Ere the day de - clin - eth, And the shad - ows fall.... And the shad - ows fall.
Car - ry words of glad - ness; No - bly do thy part,.... No - bly do thy part.
By the way - side fall - ing; Leave them not to die,.... Leave them not to die.
Shall be glad - ly reap - ing, Heav'n's own har - vest day,.... Heav'n's own har - vest day.

# ONCE AGAIN THE YEAR IS DONE.

CLARA L. SHATTUCK. (CLOSE OF THE YEAR, OR OTHER ANNIVERSARY.) S. WEBBE.

1. Once a - gain the year is done; Once a - gain a song we raise; Pain and pleasure storm and sun, Lord, for all we ren - der praise! Goodness all the year hath crown'd; Joy and gladness here abound; Goodness all the year hath crown'd, Joy and gladness here a - bound.

2. By Thine ev - er per - fect way Thou our steps hast on - ward led, And our souls, in dark - est day, Ne'er have fail'd of dai - ly bread. Faith - ful has Thy promise stood; Thou hast sent us naught but good; Faithful has thy promise stood, Thou hast sent us naught but good.

3. Love hath hallowed all the past; Trust doth make the fu - ture fair; Ou thy love our souls would cast Ev - 'ry dark and faith - less care.— Take Thy pres - ent good with joy, And in song our lips em - ploy.

4. Giv - er of our earth - ly days! Grant us more of Thee to know; Make each life a hymn of praise, While Thy love doth life be - stow. Then e - ter - ni - ty shall be One glad hymn of praise to thee; Then e - ter - ni - ty shall be One glad hymn of praise to thee.

# RING, MERRY BELLS.

## CHRISTMAS SONG.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Morning star, in splen-dor shin-ing, Glad we hail thee on thy way; While we chant with
2. See the des-ert robed in beau-ty, See the rose of Sha-ron bloom; While the li-ly
3. Loud ho-san-nas hail His com-ing, Fes-tive gar-ments crown His birth; Trum-pet tongues re-
4. Son of Da-vid, Prince of glo-ry, Born to set thy peo-ple free; Reign for-ev-er,

hap-py voi-ces, Christ the Lord is born to-day.
of the val-ley Breathes a-gain its sweet per-fume.
-port the sto-ry, Peace, good will to all the earth.
King e-ter-nal, All the world is blest in Thee.

CHORUS.

Ring mer-ry bells! ring mer-ry bells!

Ring, ring, ring, ring,

Sweet-ly chime this Christmas morn! Ring mer-ry bells; ring mer-ry bells! Christ the Lord is born.

ring, ring, ring ring,

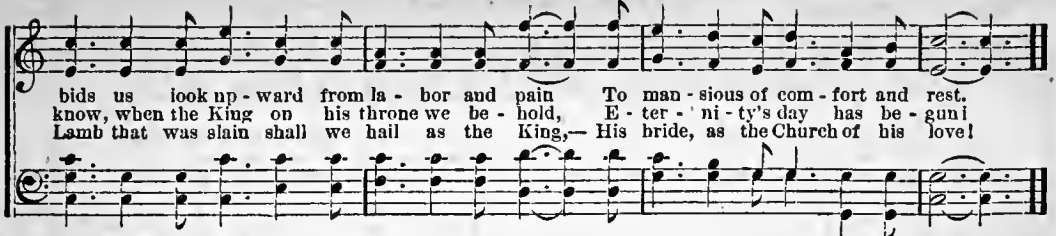
# WHAT LOVE HATH THE FATHER.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. E.

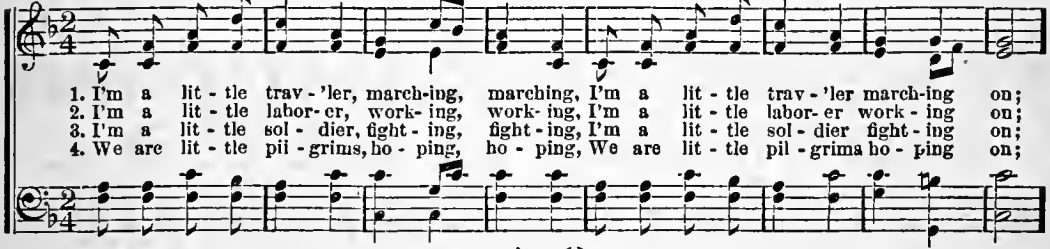
1. What love hath the Fa - ther be - stow'd up- on us, To call us the children of God! To
2. No heart can conceive, and no eye can behold What joys are prepared by the Lord; What
3. The gate - way of pearl, and the pavements of gold, Are not like the jew- els of earth; From

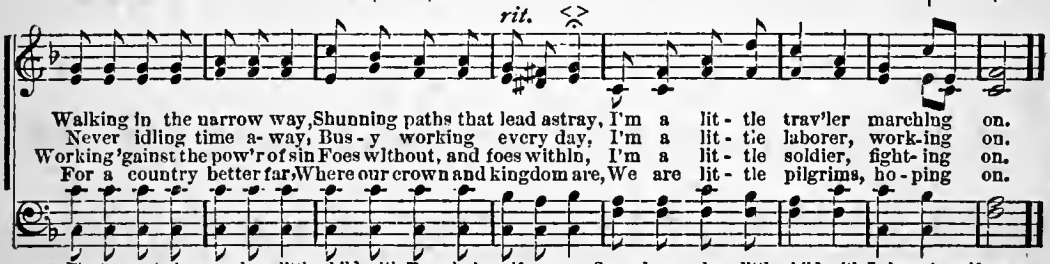
light - en our darkness, with vis - ions of joy, Revealed in his won - der-ful word! He
vis - ions of beau - ty, what glo - ries un- told, Shall be our e - ter - nal re - ward! This
God, in his ra - di - ent glo - ry and pow'r, They bor - row their beau - ty and worth!— And

o - pened our eyes to the path - way of light, That leads to the home of the blest, And
on - ly we know, we shall dwell in the light That pass - eth the light of the sun; We
there shall we gath - er, the chil - dren of God, In man-sions of brightness a - bove; The




Words arr. by F. T. E. *** LITTLE TRAVELERS.** F. T. ESTABROOK.




* *First verse* to be sung by a little child with Traveler's uniform on. *Second verse*, by a little child with Laborer's uniform on. *Third verse*, child with Soldier's uniform. *Fourth verse*, by the whole Infant Class standing in the rear.

# NEARER STILL TO JESUS.

MRS. LULA K. ROGERS. E.

1. Nearer still to Je - sus! Nearer ev-'ry day; Tho' the cross be heav-y, Dark my drear-y way.
2. Nearer still to Je - sus! Burden'd tho' I be, He will bear my sorrow, Lov-ing ev - en me!
3. Nearer still to Je - sus! Earthly sight grows dim In the heav'nly radiance Shin ing o - ver Him.

Nearer still to Je- sus, Tho' I may not see Thro' the tears that blind me, Nearer still to thee.
Nearer still to Je- sus, Trusting thro' the night, Ev'ry hour but brings me Nearer to the Light!
Nearer still to Je- sus! Welcome pain and death! Praising Him in triumph, With my la - test breath!

REFRAIN.

Nearer thee, nearer thee! Nearer ev'ry day; Draw me bless-ed Saviour, Near-er still, I pray:

**An Opening Service for Monthly Concert, or other occasions.**

**INVOCATION.**

**SINGING.**

***Supt.***—Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and the stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law.

***Response.***—And that their children which have not known any thing, may hear and learn to fear the Lord your God, as long as ye live in the land.

***Supt.***—Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world: both low and high, rich and poor, together.

***Response.***—My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew.

***Supt.***—For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater.

***Response.***—So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

***Supt.***—The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.

***Response.***—Every word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.

***Supt.***—If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

***Response.***—Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

**PRAYER.**

**SINGING.**

*Supt*—Search the Scriptures.

*Response.*—For wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

*Supt.*—Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way?

*Response.*—By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

*Supt.*—Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

*Response.*—So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and ever.

*Response.*—The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

*Supt.*—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

*Response.*—Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

*Supt.*—Order my steps in thy word; and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

*Response.*—Blessed are they that hear the word of God and keep it.

*Supt.*—For whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.

*All.*—Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning, grant that we may in such-wise hear them, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour, Jesus Christ. ***Amen.***

**CLOSING HYMN.**

**Note.**—So much depends upon the length of time allotted to the sessions, that no one order will answer for all. This is given rather by way of suggestion, to be varied according to circumstances.

*One signal. Instant silence.*

*Supt.*—The Lord is in His holy temple;

*School.*—Let all the earth keep silence before him.

*Invocation by Pastor.*

*Supt.*—O Lord, open Thou our lips,—

*School.*—And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

DOXOLOGY. L. M. (Tune, "Duke Street.")

(Standing until after next hymn.)

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.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

HYMN (of general praise).

*Supt.*—Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

*Response.*—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

*Supt.*—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

*Response.*—By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

*Supt.*—O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

*Response.*—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

**Note.**—It is well, as often as once a month, to give the ten commandments and Matt. 22: 35-40, instead of the above responses.

[*Five minutes*, if needed, for Records, Collections, Notices, etc.] *Signal.*

HYMN.—A "Study Song," or Lesson Hymn.

*Pastor.*—The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

*Supt.*—Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

*Adult Class.*—She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

*Supt.*—If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

*School.*—Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

PRAYER.—(Superintendent or Pastor.)

*Pastor.*—He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

*Read lesson* responsively or otherwise, and give "Golden Text." Teaching (uninterrupted by *any* one). Brief review or *application* by Pastor or Superintendent, or prepared Teacher. *Closing Hymn.* Report of attendance. Distribution of books and papers.

*Supt.*—(*All standing.*) The Lord watch between us when we are absent one from another.

*School.*—The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

*Pastor.*—And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

*All.*—Amen.

# INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

**NOTE.—This is intended simply to aid the Superintendent or Leader in finding hymns quickly upon general topics, without attempting complete classification.**

# INDEX.

## Titles in Small Capitals. First Lines in Roman.

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