

SPARKLING



and
BRIGHT

BY

J. H. Tenney and Chas. Edw. Prior.

The S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO.

CHICAGO.

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SPARKLING ∴ ∴
∴ ∴ and BRIGHT.



A NEW COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

Sunday Schools, Young People's Societies of Christian
Endeavor and all meetings for praise
and worship.

BY

J. H. TENNEY and CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

THE S. BRAINARD'S SONS CO.,
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PREFACE

THE continued and increasing demand for new music for Sunday Schools and for Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor has prompted us to prepare a new collection of hymns and tunes that would be adapted to the musical wants of both of these branches of Christian work. The aim and work of both of these great auxiliaries of the Christian Churches of America are so inter-connected that a book prepared for one should be suited to the needs of the other. With this fact in view the hymns and tunes of "SPARKLING AND BRIGHT" have been collected, arranged and edited, and are now offered to the public, in the belief that they will be found useful in the work of Christ, our beloved Master and Saviour, and with the prayer and in the hope that they will be blessed to the salvation of many souls, and to the glory of His name.

J. H. TENNEY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

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Sparkling and Bright.

No. 1. Sparkling and Bright.

A. P. T.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegro.

1. Spark - ling and bright we'll sing, Of Je - sus and His love, And
2. Spark - ling and bright we'll sing, With cheer - ful heart and voice, Till
3. Spark - ling and bright we'll sing Of heav'n, our home a - bove, That

thus ex - alt our glo - rious King Who reigns in heav'n a - bove.
all the na - tions far and near Have made our King their choice.
Je - sus hath pre - pared for us, With ten - der care and love.

CHORUS.

Then spark - - ling and bright, We'll all join and

Spark-ling and bright, spark ling and bright, We'll join and sing, we'll

sing,

Repeat Chorus pp.

join and sing In praise of our Re - deem-er, Our Proph - et, Priest and King.

No. 2.

Sparkling and Bright.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Songs of the kingdom we will sing while here we journey; Songs of our great
2. Songs of the Lov-ing One who blessed the lit-tle chil-dren, Songs of ad-o-
3. Songs of the vic-to-ry "to Him that o-ver-com-eth;" Songs of lov-ing

Cap-tain in whose name we fight; Songs of re-joic-ing when the
ra-tion, mer-cy, joy and peace; Songs of the heav'n-ly land where
kind-ness for the ones who stray; Songs of the man-sions fair, pre-

days are full of sunshine, When a-round us ev-'ry-thing is "Sparkling and Bright."
gold-en harps are sound-ing; We will sing un-til our earth-ly praise shall cease.
pared by our Re-deem-er, Cheer our hearts while marching to the realms of day.

CHORUS.

Spark-ling and bright with joy our songs shall be to-day, Spark-ling and bright

ap-pear the scenes a-long our way; In life's hap-py morning,

Sparkling and Bright. Concluded.

fair with truth's a - dorn-ing, Ev - 'ry eye is sparkling, ev - 'ry face is bright.

No. 3. Thanks Be To God.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Thanks be to God! to whom earth owes Sun - shine and breeze,
2. Thanks for the dark - ness that re - veals Night's star - ry dow'r;
3. Thanks for the sweet - ly, lin-g'ring night In mu - sic's tone;
4. Thanks for Thine own thrice-bless - ed Word, And Sab - bath rest;

The heath-clad hill, the vale's re - pose, Stream-let and seas. The
 And for the sa - ble cloud that heals The fe - vered flow'r; And
 For paths of knowl-edge, whose calm light Is all Thine own; For
 Thanks for the hope of glo - ry stored In man - sions blest; And

snow-drop and the sum - mer rose, The man - y voi - ced trees.
 for the rush - ing storm that peals Our weakness and Thy pow'r.
 tho'ts that at the In - fin - ite Fold their bright wings a - lone.
 for the Spir - it's com - fort poured In - to the tremb - ling breast.

No. 4. Joyfully Marching Onward.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Joy - ful - ly march - ing on - ward, Near - er to heav'n each day,
2. Joy - ful - ly march - ing on - ward, Up to the heights a - bove;
3. Joy - ful - ly march - ing on - ward, Je - sus is e'er my Guide;
4. Joy - ful - ly march - ing on - ward, Oh, it is bliss to be

marching onward,

Fol - low - ing Je - sus for ev - er, Oh, 'tis a bless - ed way.
All of earth's cares soon o - ver, Lost in the Fa - ther's love.
Storms nev - er - more can harm me While He is by my side.
Near - er each mo - ment to heav - en, Nearer its glo - ries free.

CHORUS.

Joy - ful - ly march - ing on - ward, Oh, 'tis a joy un - told, For
marching onward, 'tis a joy untold,

soon on my glo - ri - fied vis - ion, Will heav'n's pearly gates un - fold.

No. 5. Our Trusting Hearts Rejoice.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. O bless-ed hope im-mor-tal, With calm and stead-y light,
 2. O bless-ed hope in Je-sus, How dark our life would be,
 3. O bless-ed hope in Je-sus, Thy sky is ev-er clear,

A - long our path-way shin - ing Thro' clouds of deep - est night!
 How sad our hearts and lone - ly Could we not turn to thee!
 'Tis thine to lead us on ward, And cast out ev - 'ry fear.

Thy beams are gems of com-fort Let down from God a - bove,
 O star that va - ries nev - er, To thy great source we bow
 To arm our souls with cour-age, And strength to do and dare,

Re - flect - ing in their lus - tre His smile of peace and love.
 In joy - ful ad - o - ra - tion For such a gift as thou.
 To see the gates of glo - ry And cry, "our home is there."

FINE.

D.S. And in the shad-ow of his wings Our trust - ing hearts re - rejoice.

CHORUS.
 A - mid thy ra - dian splen-dor We hear our Sav - iour's voice.

D.S.

No. 6.

The Life of Jesus.

Miss F. E. PETTINGELL.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. The na-tion's hon - or he - roes, In songs their deeds re - cite;
 2. Then make the life of Je - sus Thy pat - tern and thy creed;
 3. The deeds He prac - tised, cop - y, The wrongs He scorned, re - fuse;

Ma - jes - tic, un - ex - am - pled, Is He, the na - tion's light;
 They are the no - blest he - roes, Who go where He doth lead:
 And ask when ways en - tan - gle, "Which would the Mas - ter choose?"

The won - drous life of Je - sus, Im - mac - u - late and true,
 His match - less words of wis - dom En - shrine with - in the heart,
 O life, so pure, un - self - ish, Thy spir - it we would share:

The grand, the sim - ple sto - ry, Both old and ev - er - new.
 And make His fault - less bear - ing, Thy guide - book and thy heart.
 O Light, di - vine and heal - ing, Thine im - press we would bear.

The Life of Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O life, sub-lime and ho - ly, Thy prais - es we will hymn;

Thy beams, O Light of na - tions, Shall nev - er, nev - er dim. (never dim.)

nev - er dim.

No. 7. Dear Saviour, Bend Thine Ear.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Dear Sav - iour, bend Thine ear, In ten - der mer - cy sweet;
 2. Teach me to trust in thee, For - give mine ev - 'ry sin,
 3. Let all my deeds be pure, All for thy ho - ly name,
 4. Dear Sav - iour, fit my soul For man - sions fair a - bove,

My hum - ble pray'r to hear While kneel - ing at Thy feet.
 Dear Lord, I fain would be From ev - 'ry e - vil clean.
 May I for Thee en - dure, Each sor - row, care and pain.
 And then on heav - en's shore Crown me with Thy fond love.

No. 8.

He Cares for You.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Pre-cious is the Saviour's prom-ise, Which He gave while here be-low,
 2. Ev-'ry star that shines up-on us, Ev-'ry flow'r and grass-y blade,
 3. At the feast of love in glo-ry He'll re-mem-ber all His own

That the Fa-ther's care is o'er us, And His help He will be-stow.
 Shows the greatness of His wis-dom, And His care for them displayed.
 When He reigns as King tri-um-phant On His white and shin-ing throne.

Rest in peace, O burdened spir-it, Tho' your foes in-tend to harm,
 Ev-'ry day we see His kind-ness; Beast and bird are by Him fed;
 Then, oh soul, be glad and cheer-ful 'Mid the wea-ry toils of earth;

In the Fa-ther's lov-ing pres-ence You will find a peace-ful calm.
 Can we doubt that He will give us A rich share of liv-ing bread?
 He will love and sure-ly keep you, Who hath formed and giv'n you birth.

CHORUS.

Cast on Him your heav-y bur-den, For He
 Cast on Him, on Him your heav-y bur-den,

He Cares for You. Concluded.

sure - ly cares for you; Sweet - ly now re - ly up -

For He sure - ly cares, He cares for you; Sweet - ly now re - ly, re -

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music for 'He Cares for You'. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

on Him; Ten - der ly *Rit.* He cares for you. *Repeat Chorus. pp.*

ly up - on Him; Ten - der - ly He cares, He cares for you.

Detailed description: This system contains the second and third lines of music. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom staff provides the accompaniment. The lyrics 'on Him; Ten - der ly' are followed by a 'Rit.' (ritardando) marking, then 'He cares for you.' followed by 'Repeat Chorus. pp.' (pianissimo). The final line of lyrics is 'ly up - on Him; Ten - der - ly He cares, He cares for you.' The system ends with a double bar line.

No. 9.

Callie. C. M.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. *

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. I long for house - hold voi - ces gone, For van - ished smiles I long;
2. And so be - side the si - lent sea, - I wait the muf - fled oar;
3. I know not where His is - lands lift Their frond - ed palms in air;

Detailed description: This system contains the first system of music for 'Callie'. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Three verses of lyrics are provided below the staves.

But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong.
No harm from Him can come to me, On o - cean or on shore.
I on - ly know I can - not drift Be - yond His love and care.

Detailed description: This system contains the second system of music for 'Callie'. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom staff provides the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

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No. 10.

The New Morning.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Not too fast.

1. O - ver the hill - tops the morn - ing is break - ing, Bright fall the
 2. O - ver the hill - tops the dawn - ing is gleam - ing, Glad - ning our
 3. O - ver the hill - tops the light is a - ris - ing, Hail we with

beams of the long prom - ised day; Man - y glad voic - es are
 hearts af - ter night's wea - ry reign; In - to our souls may its
 glad - ness the glo - ri - ous morn; In ev - 'ry land with a

hap - pi - ly wak - ing Ech - oes of joy, for the night's passed a - way.
 cheer - ful rays streaming, Gen - tly a - wake hope's sweet prom - ise a - gain.
 swift - ness sur - pris - ing, Er - ror is flee - ing be - fore truth's bright dawn.

Tones of re - joic - ing, how grand - ly they're swell - ing In - to an
 Zi - on - ward now are our hearts ev - er turn - ing, Strong in the
 Praise be to God for the gift of sal - va - tion, "Blessing and

The New Morning. Concluded.

an - them of praise, loud and strong, Un - to the Fa - ther, where
light of the fair gold - en dawn, Now we will wor - ship thee,
hon - or and glo - ry and pow'r," O may earth's mil - lions, each

an - gels ere dwell - ing, Ris - es the cho - rus of
Fa - ther in heav - en, Sin's wea - ry night and its
kin - dred and na - tion, Join the glad cho - rus of

CHORUS. *Do not hurry.*

soul-cheering song. O - ver the hill-tops the morn - ing is break - ing,
shadows are gone.
this fa - vored hour.

Bright fall the beams of the long promised day; Sweet are the songs that its

glad beams are wak - ing, Night and its shad - ows have vanished a - way.

No. 11. The Bells of the Beautiful City.

C. H. MANN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Swing o - pen the por - tals of glo - ry, To the
 2. Swing o - pen the por - tals of glo - ry, That the
 3. Swing o - pen the por - tals of glo - ry, That the

beau - ti - ful E - den a - bove, That the souls that are
 voice of the Lamb we may hear, That the songs of the
 lost may be - hold the true light, And the steps that are

wait - ing and thirst - ing, May drink of the foun - tain of love.
 mu - sic ce - les - tial, May float on the lis - ten - ing ear.
 wea - ry and fal - t'ring, Re - turn to the path - way of right.

CHORUS.

Let the bells..... of the beau - ti - ful cit -
 Let the bells, bells of the beau - ti - ful

The Bells of the Beautiful City. Concluded.

y, Let the bells..... of the beau - ti - ful
cit - y, Let the bells,

cit - y, Call the wan - der - ers home to their
bells of the beau - ti - ful cit - y,

rest, Bid the wea - ry and trou - bled to
rest, to their rest,

en - ter Where re - deemed ones for - ev - er are blest.

No. 12. Shine Around Me.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Je - sus, let the Ho - ly Spir - it Guide me in the paths of right;
 2. Let me move in paths of ser - vice, Lead - ing, by some win - ning word,
 3. Help me la - bor on with pa - tience, Let my life re - flect Thy light;

Just and ho - ly make me ev - er, Shine a - round me with Thy light.
 Souls, that far from Je - sus wan - der, To the high - way of the Lord.
 With Thy glo - ry and Thy bright - ness, Make my path - way a de - light.

CHORUS.

Shine a - round..... me, bless - ed light, Shine, O
 Shine around me, bless - ed and beau - ti - ful light,

bless - ed and beau - ti - ful light, O beau - ti - ful light of God;
 Shine, O shine,

Shine Around Me. Concluded.

Just and ho-ly make me ev - er, Shine around me with the beautiful light of God.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

No. 13. Rest of the Weary.

MONSELL.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Rest of the wea - ry, Joy to the sad, Hope of the
 2. When my feet stum - ble, To Thee I'll cry, Crown of the
 3. Ev - er con - fess - ing Thee, I will raise Un - to Thee

The musical score is in 4/4 time. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The melody in the upper staff is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below it. The lower staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

drea - ry, Light of the glad; Home of the stran - ger, Strength to the
 hum - ble, Cross of the high, When my steps wan - der, O - ver me
 bless - ing, Glo - ry and praise; All my en - deav - or, World with-out

This section continues the musical score from the previous block. It features the same two-staff format with treble and bass clefs. The melody and accompaniment continue, with lyrics written below the upper staff.

end, Ref - uge from dan - ger, Sav - iour and Friend.
 bend, Tru - er and fond - er, Sav - iour and Friend.
 end, Thine to be ev - er, Sav - iour and Friend.

The final section of the score concludes the piece. It maintains the 4/4 time signature and two-staff format. The melody and accompaniment lead to a final cadence, with the lyrics written below the upper staff.

No. 14.

Be of Good Cheer.

E. A. BARNES.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. The ves - sel is out in the tem - pest, The sail - ors are in dis - may;
 2. The sail - ors are los - ing their cour - age, And dark - ness is o - ver all;
 3. The sail - ors in trou - ble and dan - ger, Are breast - ing the wind and wave;
 4. And sure - ly in dan - ger or sor - row, The mes - sage is sweet to - day;

When a form is seen on the bil - lows, And Je - sus is heard to say,.....
 But a friend ap - pears in the tem - pest, And Je - sus is heard to call,.....
 When a voice comes o - ver the wa - ters, And Je - sus is near to save.....
 As in faith, we look to the Sav - iour, And lis - ten to hear Him say,.....

CHORUS. (Matt. 14: 27.)

“Be of good cheer, be of good cheer, It is I, be not a - fraid;.....
 “Be of good cheer, O be of good cheer, It is I, it is I, be not a - fraid;

O be of good cheer, be of good cheer, It is I, be not a - fraid.”
 Be of good cheer, O be of good cheer,

No. 15.

He that Believeth.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. O, I am so hap - py in Je - sus, My soul is o'er - flow - ing with
 2. O, I am be - liev - ing in Je - sus, For ten - der and lov - ing is
 3. O, sweet is the ser - vice of Je - sus, His bless - ings each mo - ment are

love; For sweet is His prom - ise and pre - cious, And
 He; Come trust in His love and com - pas - sion, Whose
 new; And sweet to our hearts as we jour - ney This

CHORUS.
 cheer - ing the light from a - bove. He that be - liev - eth,
 arms are ex - tend - ed to thee.
 prom - ise so faith - ful and true.

Glo - ry, O glo - ry! He that be - liev - eth hath life ev - er - last - ing,

He that be - liev - eth, "He that be - liev - eth, Hath ev - er - last - ing life."

No. 16. Who is This that Cometh?

ELLEN C. WEBSTER.

Isa. 63: 1.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Who is this that com eth from the land of E - dom?
 2. Who is this that com - eth, with a heart of pi - ty?
 3. Who is this that com - eth to the wine - press lone - ly?

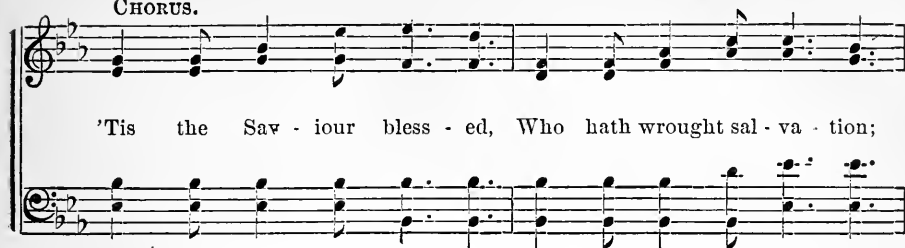
All His gar - ments dyed in pre - cious crim - son blood?
 In His hands a par - don for the wretch - ed, poor?
 Suf - f'ring on the cru - el cross for all His own,

In the great - ness of His strength we see Him trav - 'ling,
 In His heart a bless - ing for the weak and wound - ed,
 Ris - ing King and Con - q'ror o'er 'His foes so might - y,

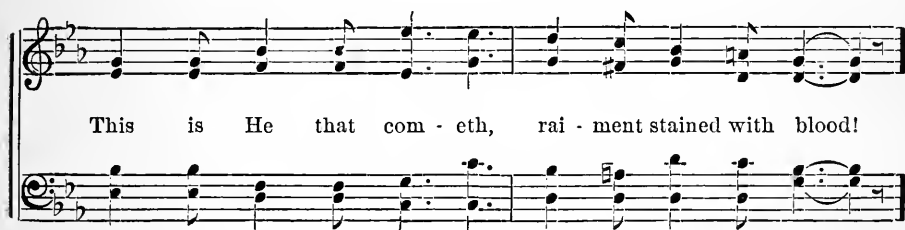
We be - hold Him as the Might - y Son of God.
 For the tempt - ed spir - it, for the sick and sore.
 Reign - ing now in glo - ry on His shin - ing throne.

Who is This that Cometh? Concluded.

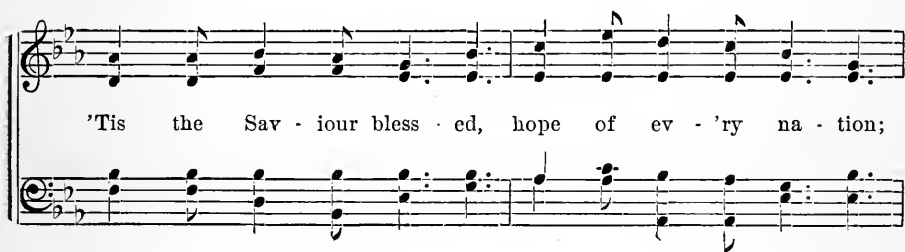
CHORUS.



'Tis the Sav - iour bless - ed, Who hath wrought sal - va - tion;



This is He that com - eth, rai - ment stained with blood!



'Tis the Sav - iour bless - ed, hope of ev - 'ry na - tion;



This is He that com - eth,—Might - y Son of God.

No. 17.

Beautiful Bethlehem!

E. R. LATTA.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Beau - ti - ful Beth - le - hem, In Ju - de - a's clime!
 2. Beau - ti - ful Beth - le - hem, In Ju - de - a's land!
 3. Beau - ti - ful Beth - le - hem! Glad my feet would stray

Oh! what a fa - vored spot, In the old - en time!
 Where the glad Ma - gi once Saw the bright star stand!
 Un - to the sa - cred spot, Where the dear babe lay!

SOLO.

Thine was the an - gel-song In the star - ry night,
 Thine were the gifts so rare By the wise men made,
 Oh! that the an - gel-song, It were mine to hear!

Thine was the shepherds' joy, Thine a won - drous sight.
 Thine was their wor - ship true To Mes - si - ah paid.
 Oh! that the guid - ing star, Might to me ap - pear!

Beautiful Bethlehem! Concluded.

f CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful Beth - le - hem! How I love the word!

rit.

Beau - ti - ful Beth - le - hem! Birth - place of the Lord.

No. 18. My Saviour Dear, I Come to Thee.

REV. W. F. COSNER.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Thoughtfully.

1. My Sav-iour dear, I come to Thee, Now let my life for Thee be spent;
2. Con-tent if on-ly Thou art nigh, As-sur-ing me that I am Thine;
3. Tho' low my earth-ly sta-tion be, I would not seek an-oth-er place
4. Give me this grace, O Sav-iour dear, To be resigned to all Thy will,

And O, what-e'er my lot may be, Help me there-with to be con-tent.
 Con-tent to suf-fer, live or die, Trust-ing Thy prom-is-es di-vine.
 Than that ap-point-ed, Lord, by Thee, Con-tent to view Thy smil-ing face.
 And when storms rise and clouds appear, Then sweet-ly whis-per, "Peace be still."

No. 19.

Heaven shall Ring.

"And they sung a new song."—Rev., 5-9.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Heav'n shall ring while they sing, Al - le - lu - ia! To the
 2. Heav'n shall ring while they sing, Al - le - lu - ia! Lo! the
 2. Heav'n shall ring while they sing, Al - le - lu - ia! Oh, let

Lamb who once was slain, this song they raise: "Thou wast slain for us, Al - le -
 grand arch - an - gel bends to catch the strain: "Thou wast slain for us, Al - le -
 earth - ly voic - es learn to sing the song: "Thou wast slain for us, Al - le -

lu - ia!" And Thy ho - ly name we praise; All glo - ry, hon - or, we would
 lu - ia!" An - gels hear the sweet re - frain, And won - der, while the heav'n - ly
 lu - ia!" Oh! ye saints, the sound prolong, Till all who dwell on earth, and

CHORUS.
 glad - ly give To Him who died that we might ev - er live. Heav'n shall
 arch - es ring With songs that none but the re - deem - ed can sing.
 all a - bove, U - nite their voic - es in re - deem - ing love.

ring, while they sing, "Thou for us wast slain, Al - le -
 Heav'n shall ring, While they sing,

Heaven shall Ring Concluded.

lu - ia!" Heav'n shall ring, while they sing, "Thou for ev - er - more shalt reign."

Heav'n shall ring, While they sing,

No. 20. I shall be Satisfied.

Dr. H. BONAR.
Moderato.

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, After whose dawning
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my ea - ger
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with

nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,
wilt Thy child em - brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace,
arms the long re - moved, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved,
eye no lon - ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is - fied,

I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, By and by. *rit.*

From "Jasper and Gold," by per. of T. C. O'Kane.

No. 21.

Trust and Obey.

REV. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo-ry He
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a-bides with us
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, For there's
 tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of His love
 Until all on the altar we lay,
 For the favor He shows,
 And the joy He bestows,
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at his feet,
 Or we'll walk by His side in the way;
 What He says we will do,
 Where He sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

No. 22.

Working for Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Work-ing for Je - sus, O, bless - ed the thought, In life's glad morning our
 2. We to our Lord will - ing ser - vants will be, Nev - er for - get-ting tho'
 3. Faith - ful - ly ev - er we'll work for our Lord, Fill - ing the place he has

tal - ents we bring, No oth - er ser - vice with joy is so fraught,
 nar - row our sphere, We can do no - bly for Je - sus, if we
 giv - en with joy; Oh! could we ask for a great - er re - ward

CHORUS.

Sweet are the burdens we bear for our King. Work-ing for Je - sus,
 Do well the small deeds that lie ev - er near.
 Than to be servants in Je - sus' em - ploy?

Work - ing for Je - sus, Glad - ly of Him as we la - bor we'll sing,

Working for Jesus, working for Je - sus, Who would not toil for so bless ed a King?

No. 23.

On the Jericho Road.

DR. J. J. MAXFIELD.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. On the Jer - i - cho road there is ser - vice to - day, For
 2. On the Jer - i - cho road you will find him to - day, Your
 3. On the Jer - i - cho road man - y forc - es com - bine, To

all who are read - y to work or to pray; A -
 broth - er who wan - ders from Je - sus a - way; Oh,
 sti - fle the voice of the Spir - it Di - vine; A -

round us are ly - ing the wound - ed and dy - ing, And
 wait not to - mor - row, his deep cup of sor - row Is
 bout us are ly - ing the wound - ed and dy - ing, Go,

CHORUS.
 few the Sa - mar - i - tans pass - ing that way. On the
 brim - ming and bit - ter, no lon - ger de - lay.
 broth - er, and pour in the oil and the wine.

On the Jericho Road. Concluded.

Jer-i - cho road, lead-ing down, The Le-vite goes care-less - ly by, Yet
down,down,down,

man - y who jour-ney a - long that way Are wounded and read-y to die.

No. 24. Sweet Thoughts of God.

R. N. TURNER.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. How sweet is the thought of our God, In the fair op'ning hour of the
2. How sweet is the thought of our God, In the tu - mult and toil of the
3. How sweet is the thought of our God, When the sun-light is lost in the
4. How sweet is the thought of our God, In the dark, si - lent hour of the

morn! So dawneth His peace in our souls, That shall live when the sunlight is gone.
day! One mo ment of ref - uge and rest On the rock that is anchored for aye.
shade! The glo - ry of earth may depart, But the joy of His love shall not fade.
night! His pow - er per-vad-eth all space, And the dark-ness to Him is but light.

No. 25.

Trusting Every Day.

W. S. MARTIN.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. The Lord is the theme, is the theme of all my song,
 2. His word is a lamp, is a lamp my feet to guide
 3. Tho' friends should all fail, should all fail and hopes de-ceive,

He is be - come my Sav - iour; In weak - ness, His grace, yes, His
 O - ver life's rug - ged path - way; I fol - low, I fol - low its
 Tho' with the sword He slay me; Yet, still in His love, in His

CHORUS.
Trust - ing,

grace doth make me strong, Trusting ev - 'ry day.
 light what-e'er be - tide, Trust - ing ev - 'ry day. Trust - ing ev - 'ry day,
 love would I be - lieve, Trust - ing ev - 'ry day.

Trust - ing,

Trust - ing (ev - 'ry day,) Trust - ing ev - 'ry day, (ev - 'ry day,)

Je - sus is near, why should I fear, Trust - ing ev - 'ry day.

No. 26.

Come to the Saviour.

"SYLVIA."

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Come to the Sav - iour, come in thy youth, Seek Him and ev - er
 2. Come to the Sav - iour, bring Him thy care, Come with thy bur - dens
 3. By wa - ters still He'll lead thee a - long, Cheer - ing thy soul with

walk in the truth; So shall thy life be hap - py and bright,
 heav - y to bear; Ask Him to guide thee safe to thy rest,—
 mu - sic and song; Till heav'n-ly glo - ries dawn on thy sight,

CHORUS.

Filled with God's bless - ed light. Oh, how sweet the
 Lean on His lov - ing breast.
 In yon - der world of light.

Sav - iour's lov - ing voice! We will ear - ly make His paths our choice:

We'll live for Je - sus, and sing His praise, Now in our youth - ful days.

No. 27. The Bells of Heaven are Ringing.

"I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Luke xv: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Down at the feet of the low - ly Naz - a - rene, A pen - i - tent
 2. Up at the gates of the bright and bet - ter land, There, ea - ger - ly
 3. Sweet 'tis to know that the voice of whis - pered pray'r As - cends up to

sin - ner in ear - nest pray'r is seen; The an - gels of heav - en be -
 wait - ing, the shin - ing ser - aphs stand To tell the glad tid - ings un -
 heav - en up - on the balm - y air, And wakes 'mid the an - gels that

hold the hallowed scene, And sing in re - joic - ing o'er sin - ners com - ing home.
 to the an - gel band, Of pen - i - tent sin - ners to Je - sus com - ing home.
 through the al - tar there, A thrill of re - joic - ing o'er sin - ners com - ing home.

CHORUS.

The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The an - gel - hosts are sing - ing, The

heav - ens thrill with praise, As choirs u - ni - ted raise, A
 The heav - ens thrill with praise, As choirs u - ni - ted

The Bells of Heaven are Ringing. Concluded.

song of re-joic-ing o'er sin-ners com-ing home.
raise A song of re-joic-ing

No. 28. The Living Stream.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Fresh from the springs e - ter - nal, Flow - eth the liv - ing stream;
2. Je - sus, the bless - ed Mas - ter, Bids us this wa - ter take,
3. "Ho ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth!" Un - to this stream draw nigh;

Bright as the morn - ing sun - light, Clear as a crys - tal gleam;
Thirst - y and al - most fam - ished, It will our soul - thirst slake;
Drink of the liv - ing wa - ter, And thou shalt nev - er die;

For that liv - ing draught we cry, It a - lone can sat - is - fy.
We will now no long er stay From that liv ing stream a - way.
In thy soul a fount shall be Spring - ing up e - ter - nal - ly.

1. Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come un - to me and rest;
 2. Come while the heart is sore and vexed with trial, Cast all thy woes on me,
 3. Bring un - to me what - ev - er most dis - tress - es, Care, tri - al, grief or pain,
 4. Come un - to me when a - ny - thing af - fects thee, See what I've borne for all,

Come un - to me with sor - row o - ver - la - dened, Come and ye shall be blest.
 Lo! I will healthy in - ner - most af - flic - tion, What - ev - er it may be.
 Com - ing in faith is strength - ening and bless - es, And bring - eth peace a - gain.
 Lo! I am with you al - ways and for - ev - er, When you are read - y, call.

CHORUS.

Come un - to me and rest, Come and be ful - ly blest,
 Come un - to me and rest, Come and be ful - ly blest,

Come with thy care and grief, Come find a sure re - lief.
 a sure re - lief.

No. 30.

Waiting for Day.

"And they cast out four anchors, and wished for day." Acts xxvii: 9.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When lost in the dark - ness, And drift - ing at sea, I'll
 2. Tho' storms may be rag - ing, And torn ev - 'ry sail, I'll
 3. Tho' strong be the cur - rents That bear me a - way I'll
 4. Tho' near to the quick - sands, And low runs the tide, I'll

CHORUS.

cast out an an - chor, And *hope* it shall be. This
 cast out an an - chor, And *faith* shall pre - vail.
 cast out an an - chor, Let *love* be my stay.
 cast out an an - chor, With *pa - tience* a - bide.

an-chor is hold-ing, I'll fear no dis may, My bark rides in safe - ty,

I'll wait for the day, My bark rides in safe - ty, I'll wait for the day.

No. 31.

How Shall I Live?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. v. 16.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

CRAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. How shall I live that my life may be tell - ing My faith and my
 2. How shall I live that the heart of my Sav - iour Shall ev - er re -
 3. How shall I live that the an - gels most ho - ly Shall gath - er a -
 4. How shall I live that the ran - somed in glo - ry Will watch for my

trust in the Sav - iour Di - vine? How shall I live that a glory - crown'd
 joyce o'er the grace He has giv'n? How shall I live that my dai - ly be -
 roud me when I come to die? How shall I live while so help - less and
 com - ing, and meet me a - bove? How shall I live that the Sa - viour will

dwel - ling, And snow - y white robe shall in heav - en be mine?
 hav - ior Shall wit - ness to men my as - sur - ance of heav'n?
 low - ly, That they with re - joic - ings shall bear me on high?
 own me, And bid me sit down to the feast of His love?

CHORUS.

How shall I live? How shall I live? Blame - less - ly ev - er,
 How shall I live? How shall I live? Blamelessly

By permission.

How Shall I Live? Concluded.

p *pp rit.*

aim - less-ly nev - er, Care - ful - ly, prayer - ful - ly, then let me live.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the concluding part of the hymn. It features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, with lyrics underneath. The dynamics are marked as *p* (piano) and *pp rit.* (pianissimo, ritardando). The bass line is indicated by a bass clef and a 4/4 time signature, with notes placed below the staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 32. Thy Will be Done.

Rev. A. A. HASKINS.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN. By per.

1. Not will of mine, O Ho - ly One, Fa - ther Di - vine,
 2. Weak and dis - tress'd, Life's path I run, Thou know-est best,—
 3. In pain and woe, With pleas-ures none, If Thou guide so,
 4. Hopes of my youth Fade one by one, Thou art my Truth,

Detailed description: This block shows the first system of the musical score for 'Thy Will be Done.' It includes a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 6/4 time signature. The melody is on a single staff with lyrics below it. The bass line is on a second staff with notes below it. The lyrics are numbered 1 through 4, corresponding to the four lines of text.

Thy will be done: To keep or lose Life's treas - ures
 Thy will be done. Tho' sor - row's night, Quench joys be -
 Thy will be done: With - out one ray Of star or
 Thy will be done: Death's mor - tal strife I would not

Detailed description: This block shows the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are aligned with the notes. The time signature remains 6/4.

won, I would not choose— Thy will be done.
 gun, Thy way is right— Thy will be done.
 sun, Thou art my way— Thy will be done.
 shun, Thou art my Life— Thy will be done.

Detailed description: This block shows the third and final system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with a double bar line. The lyrics are aligned with the notes. The time signature remains 6/4.

No. 33. Wait a Little, You May See!

E. R. LATTA.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. If be - set by doubts and fears, And no ray of light ap pears,
2. If your hopes that seemed so bright, All are doomed to suf - fer blight,
3. Where there is no care and pain, It may all be ren - dered plain,

Wait a lit - tle, wait a lit - tle you may see! If your
Wait a lit - tle, wait a lit - tle, you may see! What your
Wait a lit - tle wait a lit - tle, you may see! Trust the

bur - den seems so great, That you scarce can bear the weight,
heart would fain pos - sess, Might bring on - ly wretch - ed - ness,
Lord and do the right, Till your faith shall turn to sight,

Wait a lit - tle, wait a lit - tle, you may see.

Wait a Little, You May See! Concluded.

CHORUS. *With expression,*

Wait a lit - tle, Wait a lit - tle, you may see!
you may see!

Wait a lit - tle, wait a lit tle, you may see!
you may see!

you may see! Wait a lit - tle, you may see!
Wait a lit - tle,

Wait a lit - tle, wait a lit - tle, you may see!
rit.

No. 34. Tenting toward the Highlands.

"Separate thyself. I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right." Gen. 13: 9.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Are you tent - ing tow'rd the high-lands, With a pur - pose firm and true?
 2. Are you tent - ing tow'rd the high-lands, Or the cit - ies on the plain?
 3. Are you tent - ing tow'rd the high-lands Where the King in glo - ry reigns,

Are you tent - ing tow'rd the high-lands with a bet - ter home in view?
 Has the bless - ed news of Ca - naan to your heart ap - pealed in vain?
 Or the Sod - om and Go - mor - rah, burn - ing cit - ies of the plain?

Are your fa - ces set for Ca - naan, like the pa - tri - archs of old?
 Are you tent - ing tow'rd the high-lands, tow'rd the heav - en of His love,
 Are you tent - ing tow'rd the high-lands? oh, my broth - er, turn a - way

Are your sheep with - in the pas - ture, and your lambs with - in the fold?
 Where the Sav - iour waits to crown you in the bet - ter home a - bove?
 From the glar - ing light of Sod - om, to the light of per - fect day!

Tenting toward the Highlands. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Are you tent - ing...., are you tent - ing....
in His love, in His love,

Are you tent - ing in the Sav - iour's love? in His love?

Are you tent - ing.... Are you tent - ing....
in His love, in His love,

Are you tent - ing tow'rd the home a - bove?

No. 35. In the Land of the Forever.

PAULINA.

P. P. BLISS.
Arr. by J. H. T.

1. There's a man-sion o'er the riv - er, Which the eye of Faith can see.
2. There are pearl - y gates that o - pen, Where a crys - tal riv - er flows;
3. There's a rush of joy - ous pin - ions, When the worn and wea - ry come;
4. We have shared each oth - ers glad - ness—We have ming - led sighs and tears;

In the Land of the For - ev - er, Will you seek that home with me?
Shall we seek those lil - ied wa - ters, In that realm of dear re - pose?
May we prove the won - drous rap - ture Of a spir - it's wel - come home.
I would lose thy love - clasp nev - er, In those bright, e - ter - nal years.

CHORUS.

In the Land of the For - ev - er, In a
In the Land, in the Land of the For - ev - er, In a

man - sion o'er the riv - er, Where the
man - sion, in a man - sion o'er the riv - er, Where the

loved..... are part - ed nev - er, I will dwell, ... for aye with thee.
loved are part - ed, will dwell.

No. 36.

Endure to the End

James 1: 12.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Tho' fierce the temptation That bear - eth thee down, O yield not the strug - gle!
 2. Tho' le - gions be - set thee, Shrink not in de - spair, While wag - ing the bat - tle,
 3. When weak and discouraged, And read - y to faint, The great heart of Je - sus

O lose not thy crown! Thy Sav - iour hath promised, He sure will de - fend;
 The Lord will be there; Thy foes may be man - y, God's arm will de - fend;
 Wilt hear thy com - plaint; He'll give thee new cour - age, His help He will send,

CHORUS.

By grace thou shalt conquer, En - dure to the end. A crown shall reward thee,
 There's more that be for thee, En - dure to the end
 And thou shalt yet con - quer, En - dure to the end.

A king thou shalt be! Then up, for the vic - t'ry Is sure - ly with thee!

No. 37. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"
Exodus xxxii: 26.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Al - ways true; There's a right and wrong side,
2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand, Still 'tis not the strong side,
3. Come and join the Lord's side,—Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side,

CHORUS.

Where stand you? Choose now, choose now;
True and grand.
By and by, Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

On the right or wrong side? False or true? Choose now,
Who is on the Lord's side?

choose now; On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?
Who is on the Lord's side?

No. 38.

Jesus is Calling.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John xi. 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
 2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest, Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
 3. Je-sus is wait-ing, oh, come to him now, Wait-ing to-day, wait-ing to-day;
 4. Je-sus is plead-ing, oh, list to His voice, Plead-ing to-day, plead-ing to-day;

Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam, Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
 Bring Him thy bur-den and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
 They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quick-ly a-rise and a-way.

CHORUS.

Call-ing to-day,..... call-ing to-day,.....
 Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day, call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day;

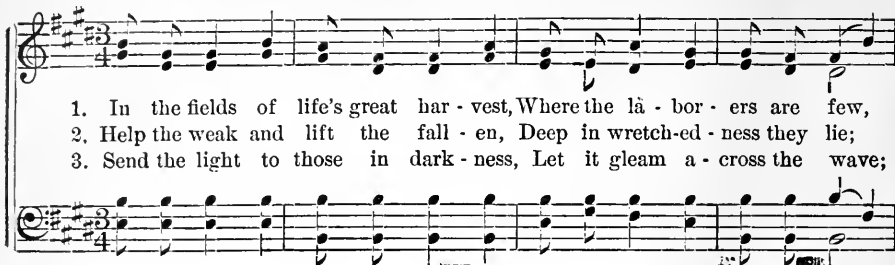
Je-sus is call-ing, is ten-der-ly calling to-day.
 Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

No. 39. Who is Ready for the Harvest?

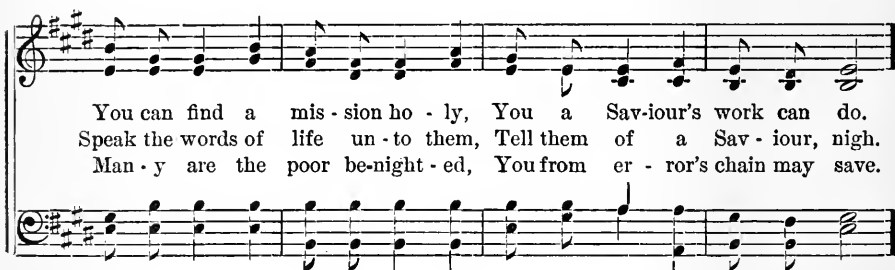
"The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few." Luke 10: 2.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

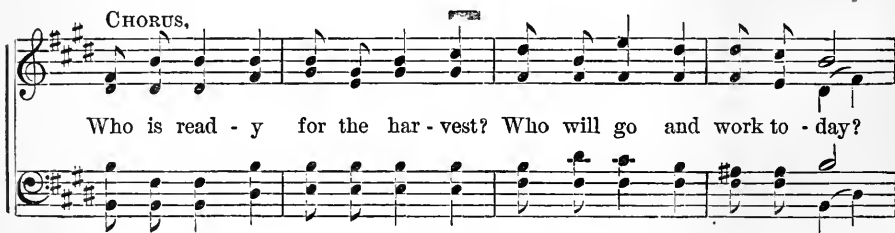


1. In the fields of life's great har - vest, Where the lâ - bor - ers are few,
2. Help the weak and lift the fall - en, Deep in wretch - ed - ness they lie;
3. Send the light to those in dark - ness, Let it gleam a - cross the wave;

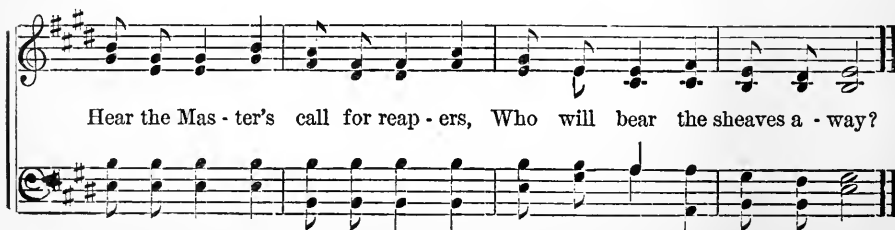


You can find a mis - sion ho - ly, You a Sav - iour's work can do.
Speak the words of life un - to them, Tell them of a Sav - iour, nigh.
Man - y are the poor be - night - ed, You from er - ror's chain may save.

CHORUS,



Who is read - y for the har - vest? Who will go and work to - day?



Hear the Mas - ter's call for reap - ers, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?

No. 40. We Praise the Redeemer.

C. H. MANN.

Psalm 96.

J. H. TENNEY.

Six beats to the measure.

1. We praise the Re - deem - er in songs that are new, We
 2. We praise the Re - deem - er with heart, lip and voice, The
 3. We praise the Re - deem - er, all - glo - rious in might, Pa -

praise Him for mer - cies de - scend - ing like dew;
 "chief 'mong ten - thous - and," we make Him our choice;
 vil - ioned in glo - ry, and splen - dor and light,

We praise Him, we praise Him, our Sav - iour a - bove; We
 We thank Him that all may sal - va - tion re - ceive, And
 Ma - jes - tic His gar - ments, with gir - dle of praise, Our

D.S. O praise Him, for praise to His name doth be - long, Till
 CHORUS.

praise Him who crowns us with bless - ings of love. O praise Him, ye
 in His rich prom - ise may free - ly be - lieve.
 Friend and Pro - tect - or, the "An - cient of Days."
 moun - tain and val - ley the ech - o re - bound.

D. S.
 peo - ple, in loud swell - ing song, Let cym - bal and or - gan with mu - sic re - sound.

No. 41. I Will Trust my Dear Redeemer.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

W. A. GALPIN. (arranged.)

1. I will *live* for my Re-deem-er, Once He lived on earth for me;
 2. I will *walk* with my Re-deem-er, With Him bear and suf-fer pain,
 3. I will *work* for my Re-deem-er, Once He toiled on earth for me;

And He lives for me in glo-ry, Pleased my faith-ful toil to see.
 That I may re-ceive the prom-ise, With Him on His throne to reign.
 And for Him in faith-ful la-bor, Day by day I long to be.

CHORUS.

I will trust..... my dear Re-deem-er, I will
 I will trust my dear Re-deem-er, I will trust my dear Re-deem-er, I will

love..... Him more and more,.....
 love Him more and more, yes, I will love Him more and more;

I will fol-low till I meet Him, I will fol-low till I
 I will fol-low till I meet Him, I will fol-low till I

I Will Trust my Dear Redeemer. Concluded.

Him On the fair,..... e - ter - nal shore.....
 meet Him On the fair, e - ter - nal shore, Up - on the fair, e - ter - nal shore.

No. 42. Guide and Guard.

"I will guide thee." Ps. 32: 8.

WHISPER SONG.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bless - ed Je - sus, guide 'my feet, Fill me with Thy
 2. Bless - ed Je - sus, take my heart, Take, O take my
 3. Bless - ed Je - sus, guide my feet, Fill me with Thy

DUET.

bles - ings sweet, Lead me by Thy lov - ing hand, Guide me to the
 sin - ful heart, Tho' I wan - der far a - way, Thou wilt hear me
 bles - ings sweet, Guide and guard me day by day, Lest I go from

ALL.

bet - ter land, Guide me, guide me, Guide and guard Thy child.
 as I pray, Help me, help me, Guide and guard Thy child.
 Thee a - stray, Guide me, guide me, Guide and guard Thy child.

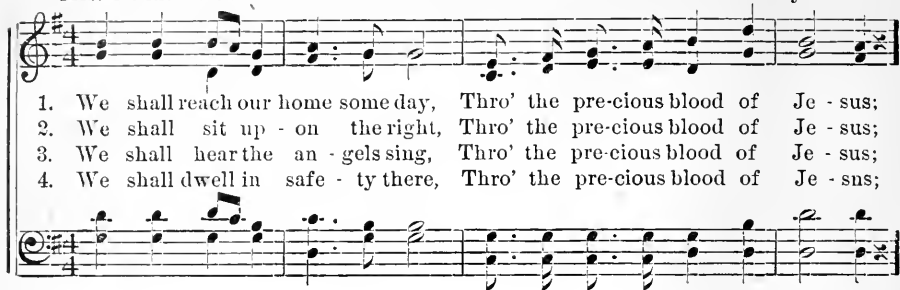
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No. 43. Through the Blood of Jesus.

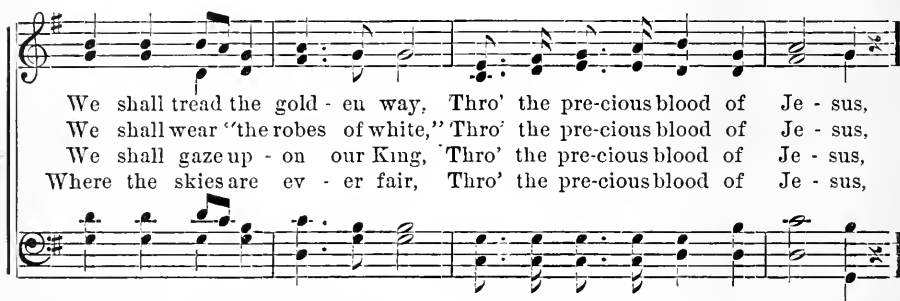
"These are they, which came out of great tribulation." Rev. 7:14.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

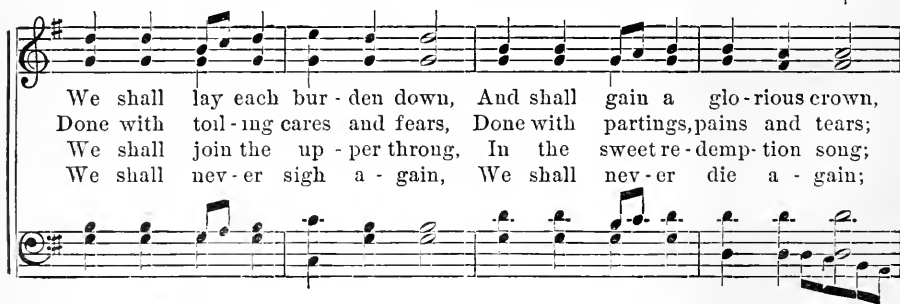
A. J. ABBEY,
Arr. by J. H. T.



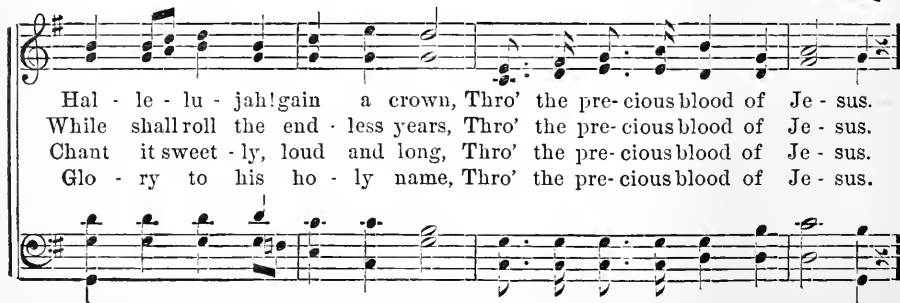
1. We shall reach our home some day, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus;
2. We shall sit up - on the right, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus;
3. We shall hear the an - gels sing, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus;
4. We shall dwell in safe - ty there, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus;



We shall tread the gold - en way, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus,
We shall wear "the robes of white," Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus,
We shall gaze up - on our King, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus,
Where the skies are ev - er fair, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus,



We shall lay each bur - den down, And shall gain a glo - rious crown,
Done with toil - ing cares and fears, Done with partings, pains and tears;
We shall join the up - per throng, In the sweet re - demp - tion song;
We shall nev - er sigh a - gain, We shall nev - er die a - gain;



Hal - le - lu - jah! gain a crown, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus.
While shall roll the end - less years, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus.
Chant it sweet - ly, loud and long, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus.
Glo - ry to his ho - ly name, Thro' the pre-cious blood of Je - sus.

Through the Blood of Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Pre-cious blood! crim-son flood! Oh, the pre-cious blood of Je - sus! Hal - le -
lu - jah, we shall gain a glo-rious crown, Thro' the precious blood of Je - sus!

No. 44. Remember Me.

"Remember me, O Lord, with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people." Ps.,-106 : 4.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. When storms a - round are sweep - ing, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
2. When walk - ing on life's o - cean, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
3. When weight of sin op - press - es, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
4. All thro' the life that's mor - tal, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

When lone my watch I'm keep - ing, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
When dark de - spair dis - tress - es, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
And when I pass death's por - tal, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Re-mem-ber me, re - member me, O Lord, re-mem-ber me, Lord, remember me.

No. 45. The Glad Over There.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. When the pear - ly gates un - fold, o - ver there, o - ver there;
 2. When we hear the mu - sic grand, o - ver there, o - ver there;
 3. When a - mong the shin - ing host, o - ver there, o - ver there;
 4. When we gaze up - on our King, o - ver there, o - ver there;

When we reach the streets of gold, o - ver there, o - ver there;
 Fill - ing all the heav - enly land, o - ver there, o - ver there;
 We shall find our loved and lost, o - ver there, o - ver there;
 How the courts with joy will ring, o - ver there, o - ver there;

How the an - thems will a - rise, As we gaze with glad sur - prise
 Saved ones' song and an - gel - strain, Hear it o'er and o'er a - gain,
 How our praise will fill the land As we take them by the hand,
 When we stand in heaven's ar - ray, With our tears all wiped a - way,

On the won - drous fields and skies, o - ver there, o - ver there,
 We will join in the re - frain, o - ver there, o - ver there;
 Ev - er - more with them to stand, o - ver there, o - ver there;
 O, the rap - ture of that day, o - ver there, o - ver there!

The Glad Over There. Concluded.

rit.

On the won - drous fields and skies, o - ver there.
 We will join in the re - frain, o - ver there.
 Ev - er - more with them to stand, o - ver there.
 O, the rap - ture of that day, o - ver there.

No. 46.

The Children's Band.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. We're a band of lit - tle chil - dren, Work - ing for our Lord and King;
 2. All the gifts that thou hast giv - en, We will keep in trust for thee;
 3. We can e'er be faith - ful ser - vants, Chil - dren tho' we be, and small;

Weak are we, but not for - got - ten Are the ti - ny gifts we bring.
 Lord, for Thine own praise and hon - or, Ev - er - more our all shall be.
 We can hear Thy voice, dear Sav - iour, We can hear Thy ten - der call.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Lord, Thou dost re - mem - ber Ev - 'ry lit - tle child of Thine;

All who will may love and serve Thee, All who will for Thee may shine.

No. 47.

Living for Jesus.

TRACY CLINTON.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Striv-ing to do my Mas-ter's will, All of my dai-ly tasks ful-fill,
 2. Heav-y the cross-es I must bear, Man-y the hours of busi-ness care,—
 3. Lift-ing His roy-al standard high, Look-ing to crowns be-yond the sky,
 4. Swift-ly the mo-ments glide a-long, Fill-ing my heart, and hand, and tongue;

Cheer-ful-ly in His ser-vice still, Would I my jour-ney pur-sue.
 Je-sus has promised all to share, While I my jour-ney pur-sue.
 Know-ing I'll tri-umph by and by, Glad I my jour-ney pur-sue.
 Yet with the cheer of pray'r and song, Do I my jour-ney pur-sue.

CHORUS.

Toil-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I may.....
 Toil-ing, toil-ing, toil-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I may,

Gath-ring the har-vest in field..... or high-
 Gath-ring, gath-ring, gath-ring the har-vest in

way..... Liv-ing for Je-sus in all..... that I
 field or high-way; Liv-ing, liv-ing, liv-ing for Je-sus in

Living for Jesus. Concluded.

do,..... Thus would I ev - er my jour - ney pur - sue.
all that I do,

No. 48. Rest, Weary One.

MARIA STRAUB.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Rest, dear - est { broth - er, }
 { sis - ter, } thy jour - ney is o'er, Rest, sweet - ly
 { one, for }

rest, on the beau - ti - ful shore; Safe - ly - at last thou hast

reached the bright goal, Fa - - ther-land, home of the soul.

Land of our Fa-ther, the home of the soul.

<p>2 Never again shall thy storm beaten breast, Sigh, deeply sigh, for the sweet "land of rest;" Gone to the Saviour's bright mansion a- bove, Rest (ever rest) in the light of His love.</p>	3	<p>Rest, dearest { brother, } { sister, } thy journey is { one, for } [o'er, Rest, sweetly rest, on the beautiful shore; Dangers and troubles shall harm thee no more, Rest (sweetly rest) on the beautiful shore.</p>
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No. 49. Yonder are many Mansions.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yon - der are man - y man - sions, Gold - en, and bright, and fair;
 2. Yon - der are streets all gold - en, Trod - den by an - gel feet,
 3. Yon - der my dear Re - deem - er, Seat - ed up - on his throne,

Soon I may hope to see them, And in the glo - ry share.
 There all the pure and ho - ly Soon I may hope to greet.
 O - pens His arms in wel - come, Hails me, His loved, His own.

CHORUS.

Yon - - der, yon - - der,
 Yon - der are man - sions, are man - sions of glo - ry,

Yon - der are man - y man - sions, Yon - - der,
 Yon - der are man - sions, are

yon - - der are man - sions bright and fair.....
 man - sions of glo - ry, Yon - der are man - sions bright and fair.

No. 50.

Come unto Me.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. O wea - ry soul, with sin dis-tress'd, Sigh - ing af - ter peace, Come
 2. Come to the cross where Je - sus died, Plead - ing mer - cy there, The
 3. Come with the sins that make you mourn, Bow at Je - sus' feet, Then

lay your wea - ry bur - den down, And find in Christ re - lease.
 Lord will turn His smil - ing face, And kind - ly hear your prayer.
 rise, all saved in Je - sus' blood, All cleaus'd and made com - plete.

CHORUS.

Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, come, And I will give you

rest! Come, lean your wea - ry heads up - on Your

lov'd Re - deem-er's breast, Your lov'd Re - deem - er's breast.

No. 51.

An Endless Alleluia.

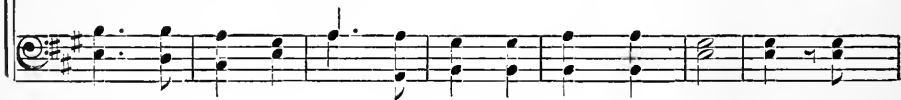
H. P. DANKS. By per.



1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du - teous praise, O cit - i - zens of
2. The Ho - ly Cit - y shall take up your strain, And with glad songs re -
3. Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss, Vic - to - rious ones, your
4. This is the rest for wea - ry ones brought back, This is the food and



heav'n, in sweet notes raise An end less Al - le - lu - ia! Ye
 sound - ing wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! In
 chant shall still be this:— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! There
 drink which none shall lack:— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia! While



next who stand be - fore th' e - ter - nal light, In hymn - ing choirs re -
 bliss - ful an sw'ring strains ye thus re - joyce To ren - der to the
 in one grand ac - claim for - ev - er ring The strains which tell the
 Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise For - e'er and tell it



ech - o to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
 Lord with thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
 hon - or of your King— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!
 out in sweet - est lays, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia!



No. 52. Hear His Earnest Plea.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Close be - side the throne of grace, In the Fa - ther's dwell - ing place,
 2. Bless - ed Je - sus! there on high, He pre - sents our carn - est cry,—
 3. Let our faith for - ev - er cling To our Sav - iour, Priest and King,

Lo! the Sav - iour stands and pleads,—For the sin - ner in - ter - cedes
 Shows His wound - ed hands and side, Whence hath flow'd the crim - son tide.
 Who be - side the Fa - ther's throne, Pleads in lan - guage all His own.

CHORUS.

Hear His ten - der, lov - ing, ear - nest plea, "Fa - ther,
 Hear His ten - der plea, hear His ear - nest plea,

draw them un - to me;"..... Hear His ten - der
 "Fa - ther, draw them un - to me, draw them un - to me," Hear His ten - der

Repeat Chorus. pp
 der, lov - ing, ear - nest plea, "Fa - ther, draw them un - to me."
 plea, "Draw them un - to me,"

No. 53.

Praise Ye the Lord!

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. Praise ye the Lord! lift up the voice with sing - ing, Sing hal - le - lu - jah
 2. Praise ye the Lord! O give Him ad - o - ra - tion, He is most worthy
 3. Praise ye the Lord! our voi - ces sing with glad - ness, For bless - ings past; yea

un - to His great name; Praise ye the Lord! while grateful notes are ringing
 of our love and praise; Praise ye the Lord! for He is our sal - va - tion,
 more than we can tell, Praise ye the Lord! our prais - es ban - ish sad - ness,

CHORUS,

Far o'er the earth, O spread a - broad His fame. Praise the Lord! sing
 Ex - alt His name in these most joy - ful lays.
 For He is good; He loves us, O so well!

hal - le - lu - jah, Praise and laud His ho - ly name; Praise the Lord! sing

hal - le - lu - jah; Praise and laud His ho - ly name.

No. 54.

Loyal to Jesus.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Loy - al to Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, Loy - al and trust - ful His
 2. Faith - ful to Je - sus, His cause to main - tain, Faith - ful in ser - vice, a
 3. Trust - ing in Je - sus, tho' fee - ble and frail, Trust - ing His prom - ise we

prais - es we sing; Loy - al and grate - ful our tri - bute we bring To
 crown to ob - tain; Faith - ful and ho - ly, a king - dom we gain, When
 nev - er can fail; Trust - ing His fa - vor, we'll sure - ly pre - vail If

CHORUS,

Him whom the an - gels a - dore. Loy - al to Je - sus, what -
 toils and temp - ta - tions are o'er.
 we shall His mer - cy im - plore.

e'er shall be - fall, Loy - al to truth and hu - man - i - ty's call,

Loy - al to du - ty, we nev - er shall fall, We'll stand for the right ev - er - more!

No. 55.

Calling Again.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Matt. 11: 28.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Far o'er the moun - tain the Shep - herd is call - ing, "Come un - to me,
 2. Far o'er the moun - tain the mes - sage is sound - ing, "Come un - to me,
 3. Far o'er the moun - tain where man - y are stray - ing, Hun - gry and cold,
 4. Seek - ing to res - cue the lone and for - sak - en, Seek - ing for thee,

come un - to me;" List to the mu - sic so ten - der - ly fall - ing,
 come un - to me;" Hear the glad ech - o still on - ward re - sounding,
 hun - gry and cold; Hark! the dear Shep - herd is lov - ing - ly say - ing,
 lost one, for thee; Now let His plead - ing the au - swer a - wak - en,

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

"Wea - ry one, come un - to me." Call - ing, call - ing, call - ing a - gain,
 "Wea - ry one, come un - to me."
 "Come with me home to the fold."
 Je - sus, Thine own I will be. call - ing;

Je - sus, the Shep - herd is call - ing a - gain, "Come un - to me, I

Calling Again. Concluded.

rit.

lan - guished for thee, Wea - ry one, dy - ing one, come un - to me."

No. 56. O, Look Not Back!

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Phil. 3: 13, 14.

Arr. from MOZART.

1. O, look not back in all thy race, Temp - ta - tion fol - lows near;
2. O, look not back! it mat - ters naught, Tho' far thy steps have come,
3. O, look not back, but on - ward press; The mo - ments quick - ly fly;
4. O, look not back! for yon - der waits A glad, a sweet sur - prise;

O, look not back, but on - ward press, The goal must soon ap - pear.
 If, fail - ing now, thy wea - ry feet Shall nev - er reach thy home.
 Thy time re - deem, the wan - ing day In haste is pass - ing by.
 Thy fly - ing feet shall reach the goal; Thy hand shall grasp the prize.

CHORUS.

Then haste thee on! press on! press on! A - way, and thou shalt win!

O, stay not in thy heav'n-bound course, If thou wouldst en - ter in.

No. 57.

We Shall Rest.

Dr. C. NYSEWANDER.

J. R. BRYANT.

1. We shall rest when life's last strug-gle On the plains of time is o'er;
 2. We shall rest, but now we're toil - ers, Har-vest - ing the gold - en grain;
 3. We shall rest in heav - en's ar - bors, Naught shall ev - er mar our peace;

We shall rest from care and la - bor, When we reach that gold - en shore.
 We shall rest, but not till Je - sus Bids us from our work re - frain.
 We shall rest, but rest in heav - en, Is re - joic - ing, sing - ing praise.

CHORUS.

We shall rest, we shall rest, We shall rest from care and la - bor,

We shall rest, we shall rest, When life's har - vest - time is o'er.

No. 58. Hail the Mighty Conqueror!

(For Easter and Children's Day.)

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Bright-est flow'rs and lil - ies sweet, Lay we now at Je - sus' feet;
2. When night's sa - ble wing had gone, An - gel hands rolled back the stone;
3. Now no more the 'cru - el thorn; Glo - ry shall His brow a - dorn;

Songs of glad - ness here we sing To the Lord, our ris - en King.
Je - sus from the grave a - rose, Con - q'ror o'er His might - y foes.
Ev - er - more the ran - somed sing, Vic - t'ry thro' a ris - en King.

CHORUS.

Hail! O hail the might-y Conquer-or! Je - sus lives, no more to die,
Oh! shout and

Sing! O sing the glo - rious vic - to - ry, Let it ech - o thro' the sky.
sing,

No. 59. Walking with the Saviour.

"Ye ought so to walk, even as He walked." 1—John 2: 6.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Are you walk-ing with the Sav-iour, In the true and liv-ing way?
 2. Are you walk-ing with the Sav-iour, Are you dai-ly do-ing good?
 3. Are you walk-ing with the Sav-iour, Does your heart with-in you burn,

Fine.
 Is the meek and low-ly Je-sus Your com-pan-ion ev-'ry day?
 Is your light a-round you burn-ing Just as bright-ly as it should?
 While the sweet-ness of com-pas-sion From His lov-ing lips you learn?

D.S. Is the meek and low-ly Je-sus Your com-pan-ion ev-'ry day?

Is your life that con-se-cra-tion To the cause of Him you love,
 Are the poor in cot-tage low-ly, And the stran-ger by the way,
 Do you wish that at the eve-ning, When the twi-ght shad-ows fall,

Which would give you con-so-la-tion, Look-ing at it from a-bove?
 Ev-er blest with words of kind-ness Which in love they've heard you say?
 That the Sav-iour would be with you, And o-be-dient to your call?

CHORUS.

D. S.

Are you walk-ing with the Sav-iour, In the true and liv-ing way?

No. 60.

Come to the Fountain.

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Come to the foun - tain of mer - cy, Come with thy sin and thy woe;
 2. Come to the foun - tain of heal - ing, Wea - ry ones wait - ing be - low;
 3. Hear the sweet prom - ise of Je - sus, Wait - ing His mer - cy to show,
 4. Je - sus "de - light - eth in mer - cy;" All His sal - va - tion may know;

Bathe in the life - giv - ing wa - ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
 Come, and find rest in its wa - ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
 'Come, tho' your sins be like crim - son, They shall be white as the snow.'
 Come, all the world, to this foun - tain, Come, and be white as the snow.

CHORUS.

Come to the foun - tain of love,.....
 Come to the foun - tain of

Come to the foun - tain of love,..... 'Tis o - pen and
 love,..... Come to the foun - tain,

free, and wait - ing for thee, Oh, come to the foun - tain of love.

No. 61. Throw Open the Gates of the City.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, The beau - ti - ful
 2. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, That its light may shine
 3. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, To the na - tions in
 4. Throw o - pen the gates of the Cit - y, Let the guests who are

Cit - y of gold, That the right - eous and ho - ly may
 out on the way; For the prod - i - gal, wea - ry of
 dark - ness and gloom; They are hear - ing the news of sal -
 bid - den, come in; Soon the Bride - groom and Bride will be

en - ter, Where the glo - ries e - ter - nal un - fold.
 wan - d'ring, Will re - turn to the Fa - ther to - day.
 va - tion, And glad - ly to Je - sus they come.
 read - y, And the feast of the mar - riage be - gin.

REFRAIN.

Let the light of the won - der - ful Cit - y Guide the pen - i - tents, wea - ry and lone,

Till they share the bright glo - ry sur - round - ing The King on His beau - ti - ful throne.

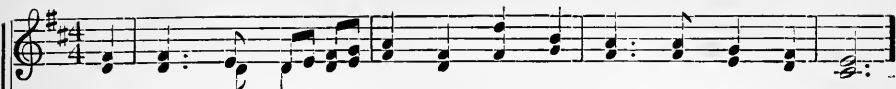
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No. 62.



No Night There.

IDA L. REED.

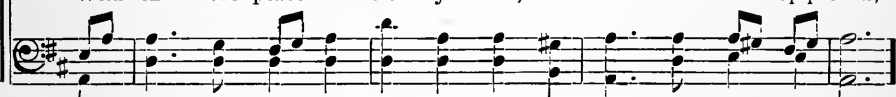

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



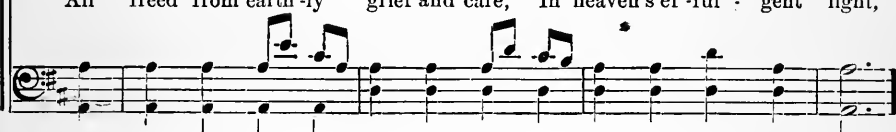
1. No night with - in that glo - rious home That just be - yond us lies;
 2. How bright must be the pearl - y gates, And jew - eled walls of light,
 3. Some - day, some - day we'll en - ter there In - to e - ter - nal rest,

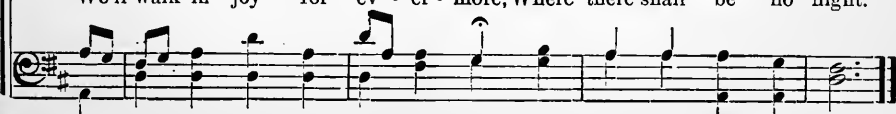
Sweet is the thought that there shall frown No wea - ry mid - night skies:
 The cit - y fair, not made with hands, Where fall no shades of night;
 With - in the peace - ful cit - y fair, That home for souls op - press'd;

All bright be - neath the smile of God, It li - eth calm and fair,
 How beau - teous are the shin - ing streets That ech - o to the tread
 All freed from earth - ly grief and care, In heaven's ef - ful - gent light,




Life's cit - y with its streets of gold, And no night fall - eth there.
 Of ran - somed ones, our loved and lost, Whom we have mourned as dead,
 We'll walk in joy for ev - er - more, Where there shall be no night.



No. 63.

The Heavenly Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Solo and Chorus.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Sing me a song of the heav'n - ly land, It will cheer my heart to
 2. Sing me a song of the heav'n - ly land, Where the night shall come no
 3. Sing me a song of the heav'n - ly land, Where the heart is free from
 4. Sing me a song of the heav'n - ly land, Where the pure and blest shall

hear Of the beau - ti - ful tree and its gold - en fruits, By the
 more; Where the buds and the flow'rs in e - ter - nal spring Shall
 care; Where I lin - ger by faith at the gates of pearl: The
 meet, And the links we have miss'd from the chain of love, Shall be

stream of life so clear....., By the stream of... life so clear.
 bloom on its ra - dian shore..... Shall bloom on its ra - dian shore.
 home of my soul is there..... The home of my soul is there.
 found at the Sav-iour's feet..... Shall be found at the Sav-iour's feet.

The Heavenly Land. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sing me a song of the heav'n-ly land,

Sing me a song of that land, Of the realm of end - less day.
Sing of the

Sing me a song of the

Where the soft, gen - tle touch of the Sav-iour's hand Shall wipe ev'-ry tear a - way.

No. 64. Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

Mrs. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

A Child's Prayer.

- CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me, Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
2. All this day Thy hand hath led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. May my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Thro' the dark - ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light,
Thou hast cloth'd and warmed and fed me, Lis - ten to my eve - ning pray'r.
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

No. 65.

The Harvest Time.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." Matt. 9: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Come where the Mas - ter is call - ing us a - way, Out in the
 2. Look for the lone hearts that need our com - fort there, Lift up the
 3. Fast wanes the sum - mer, its day will soon be o'er, Haste ere the
 4. Why do we lin - ger? the Mas - ter calls a - gain, Haste then re -

vine - yard to la - bor while we may, Come with the reap - ers and
 weak ones that heav - y bur - dens bear; Toil grow - eth light - er, the
 sun - set and morn - ing dawn no more; Life's wast - ed mo - ments we
 joic - ing to reap the gold - en grain, He will not leave us to

glean with them to - day, Pre - cious, gold - en fruit of the har - vest time.
 toil that man - y share, Help each oth - er on thro' the har - vest time.
 nev - er can re - store, Gath - er now the fruits of the har - vest time.
 la - bor here in vain, Bless - ed be the Lord of the har - vest time.

CHORUS.

Work with a will, (yes,) work with a will, Je - sus command - eth to

la - bor while we may, Fol - low the reap - ers and

The Harvest Time. Concluded.

glean with them to - day, Gath - er in the fruits of the har - vest time.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 66. Work for the Master.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Work for the Mas - ter, Work with your might, Lead - ing the stray - ing
2. Work for the Mas - ter, Work in your youth, Work in the ear - nest
3. Work for the Mas - ter, Proud - ly and brave, He will have mer - cy,

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

In - to the light; Help - ing the suf - f'ring, Cheer - ing the sad,
Spir - it of truth; Souls for the king - dom, Seek ev - 'ry day,
Je - sus will save; Then in His king - dom When work is o'er,

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves.

Lift - ing the fall - en, Mak - ing them glad.
Lead them to Je - sus, He is the Way.
We'll sing His glo - ry, Praise and a - dore.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves.

No. 67. Grandly Marching On.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Marching on, with Christ our chosen captain, Sword and helmet shin - ing bright;
 2. Marching on, the cross of Christ our glory; To the foe we will not yield;
 3. Marching on, a great and strong battalion, Soon we'll reach the rest a - bove;

Wav - ing high the glorious ban - ner, Faith our shield, in God our might.
 On - ward has - t'ning, nev - er halt - ing, Till he bids us quit the field.
 Bright the ban - ner wav - ing o'er us, With its mot - to, "God is love."

D.S.—Wav - ing high the glo - rious banner, Faith our shield, in God our might.

CHORUS.

March - ing, march - ing, Grand - ly march - ing, marching on;
 March - ing on with Christ our captain, Grand - ly

Grand - ly

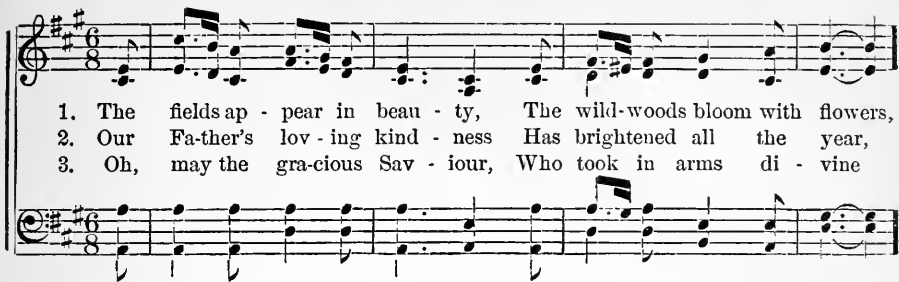
March - ing, march - ing, Bold - ly pressing on.
 March - ing to the gates ce - les - tial, Bold - ly pressing on.

D. C.

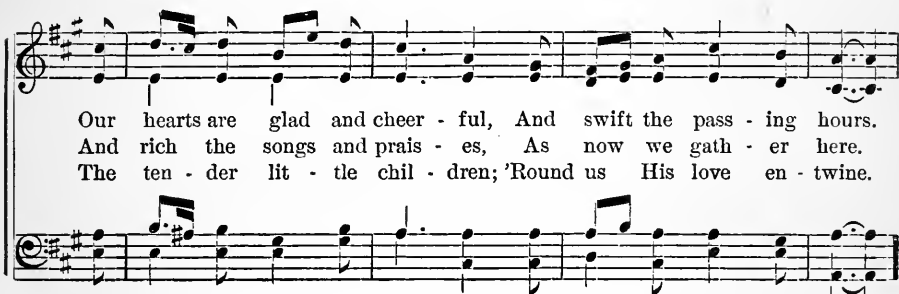
No. 68. Happy Children's Day.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

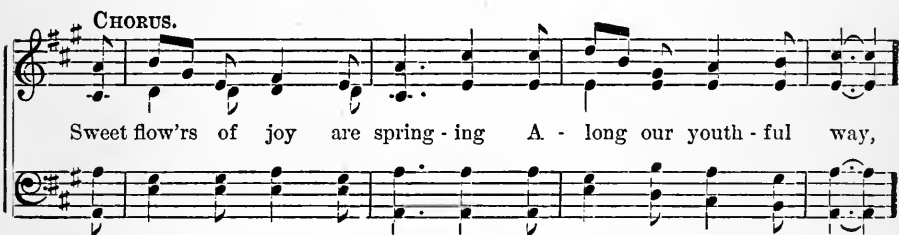


1. The fields ap - pear in beau - ty, The wild-woods bloom with flowers,
2. Our Fa-ther's lov - ing kind - ness Has brightened all the year,
3. Oh, may the gra-cious Sav - iour, Who took in arms di - vine

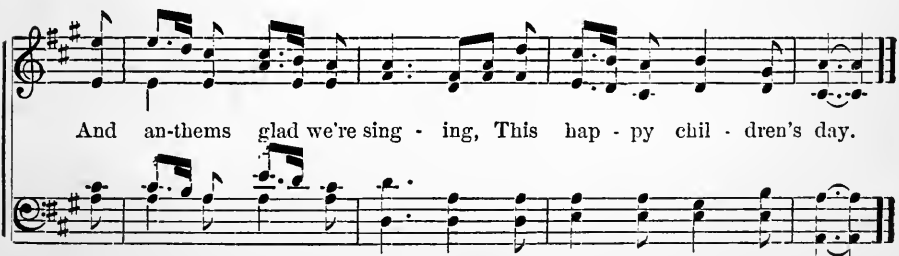


Our hearts are glad and cheer - ful, And swift the pass - ing hours.
And rich the songs and prais - es, As now we gath - er here.
The ten - der lit - tle chil - dren; 'Round us His love en - twine.

CHORUS.



Sweet flow'rs of joy are spring - ing A - long our youth - ful way,



And an-thems glad we're sing - ing, This hap - py chil - dren's day.

By permission.

No. 69.

Sing Aloud.

For Easter and Flower Sunday.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Bright flow'rs we bring the cross to deck, Sweet fra-grance fills the room;
 2. A vic - t'ry here the Sav - iour gained, A tri - umph o - ver sin;
 3. Dear Sav - iour, now en - throned on high, Be - hold us at Thy feet;

The Sav - iour who for us hath died, Has ris - en from the tomb.
 The cross shall e'er a bless - ing prove To those who life shall win.
 Help us to la - bor, Lord, for Thee, And be for glo - ry meet.

CHORUS.

Sing a - loud..... in joy - ful strain, Send the
 Sing a - loud in joy - ful strain, in joy - ful strain,

tid - ings far and wide; Je - sus lives,..... He lives a -
 Send the tid - ings far and wide, far and wide, Je - sus lives, He lives a -

gain, He lives a - gain Reigns as King,..... the Cru - ci -
 gain, He lives a - gain Reigns as King, the Cru - ci -

Sing Aloud. Concluded.

fied..... Reigns as King....., the Cru - ci - fied.
 fied, the Cru - ci - fied, Reigns as King,

No. 70. Jesus is Our Shepherd.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, wip - ing ev - 'ry tear; Fold - ed in His
 2. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, well we know His voice; How its gen - tlest
 3. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, for the sheep He bled; Ev - 'ry lamb is
 4. Je - sus is our Shep - herd, with His good - ness now, And His ten - der

bo - som, what have we to fear? On - ly let us fol - low
 whis - per, makes our hearts re - joice; Ev - en when He chid - eth,
 sprinkled with the blood He shed, Then on each He set - teth
 mer - cy He doth us en - dow; Let us sing His prais - es

whith - er He doth lead, To the thirs - ty des - ert or the dew - y mead.
 ten - der is its tone, None but He shall guide us, we are His a - lone.
 His own se - cret sign: "They that have my spir - it, these," saith He, "are mine."
 with a glad - some heart, Till in heav'n we meet Him, nev - er - more to part.

By per. of R. G. Staples.

No. 71. Sabbath Morn has Come.

ANON.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Sab - bath morn has come once more, Sab - bath bells we hear;
 2. Now, to Thee, our Fa - ther, First our song we raise;
 3. Then when Sab - bath here are o'er We in heav'n may meet,

Sweet it is a - gain to meet Teach - er and class - mates dear;
 Thanks for all the fav - or With which Thou crown'st our days;
 In that land of light and love, Thy prais - es to re - peat.

DUET.

Birds with sweet - est warb - lings, Seem to hail the day,.....
 Grant, O God, Thy bless - ing, While the chil - dren pray,.....
 There with ho - ly an - gels, Join in hap - py song,.....

O, let us with voic - es Sing our Sab - bath lay.
 May we here be learn - ing Wis - dom's pleas - ant way.
 Ev - er - more to praise Thee 'Mid that bless - ed throng.

No. 72. Let all the Children Sing.

For Children's Day.

HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Sweet songs are heard in wood-land bowers, The lit - tle brook - lets play;
2. While na - ture's mu - sic fills the air, And flow'rs a - dorn the way,
3. The lit - tle ones their tri - butes bring, To lay at Je - sus' feet,
4. Let old and young in joy - ful way Join in the song of praise,

The sun-beams kiss the pret - ty flow'rs On this, the chil - dren's day.
We gath - er in the house of pray'r On this, the chil - dren's day.
While all u - nite His praise to sing, In this, our dear re - treat.
On this glad day, this bright June day, The chil - dren's day of days.

CHORUS.

This hap - py, hap - py day in June, While all the joy - bells ring;

With woods and streams and birds in tune, Let all the chil - dren sing.

No. 73.

Speak of it Now.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. If the sweet peace of Je - sus is fill - ing your soul, And the
 2. Are you hap - py in trust - ing and serv - ing the Lord? Do you
 3. Are you press - ing a - long to the man - sions a - bove? Does your

four - tain of heal - ing is mak - ing you whole, If in faith you can
 find a de - light in pe - rus - ing His word? Are you long - ing to
 heart o - ver - flow with His won - der - ful love? Are you sing - ing the

come to the Sav - iour in pray'r, And re - lief you can find from your
 pub - lish to na - tions a - broad The glad news of sal - va - tion and
 song that the glo - ri - fied sing? Are you join - ing in praise to our

CHORUS.

bur - den of care, Will you not speak of it now? Will you not speak of it
 par - don with God? Will you not speak of it now?
 heav - en - ly King? Will you not speak of it now?

now..... Will you not speak of it now..... If you
 speak of it now? speak of it now?

Speak of it Now. Concluded.

find in the Sav-iour true comfort and peace, Will you not speak of it now?

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

No. 74. Homeward Bound.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Homeward bound, homeward bound, With the restless waves around; Swift we ride
2. Watch and pray, watch and pray, Pressing on - ward ev - 'ry day; Rocks are steep,
3. Hap - py band, hap - py band, Fol - low on at God's com - mand; Go - ing home,

The first system of the musical score for 'Homeward Bound' features two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple, homophonic setting of the lyrics.

o'er the tide, Je - sus is our guide, Steer - ing for the heav'n-ly land,
wa - ters deep, Je - sus still will keep; Sing - ing, sail - ing o'er the sea,
go - ing home, Tho' the bil - lows foam, We are Zi - on's lit - tle fleet,

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Palms and lil - ies in each hand; Homeward bound, homeward bound, With the waves around,
Je - sus will our Pi - lot be; Watch and pray, watch and pray, Keep the narrow way.
Steer - ing for the gold - en street: Happy band, happy band, Keeping Christ's command.

The third and final system of the musical score for 'Homeward Bound' consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The music concludes with a final chord. The lyrics are written below the notes.

No. 75.

"In His Name."

Trio for Female Voices.

Dedicated to "The King's Daughters."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. Of a King we are the daughters, And His roy - al name we bear,



2. Of a King we are the daughters, There is none so great as He,

3. Of a King we are the daughters, And His wealth can ne'er be told,



We are hon - ored with His pres - ence, O - ver - shad - oved by His care;



But His work is vast and bound - less, And we may not i - dle be;

For He dwell - eth in a cit - y That is built of pur - est gold;



He ap - points to each a mis - sion From His dwell - ing - place a - bove,

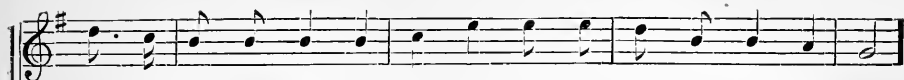


We must help to lift the bur - dens From the faint - ing and the weak,

There His faith - ful ones shall en - ter, And His bless - ed wel - come share,



“In His Name.” Concluded.



And be-stows a pre-cious bless-ing, In the sig-net of His love.



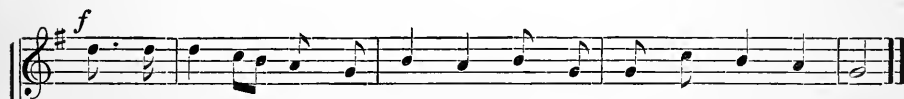
And the hun-gry souls that per-ish, He com-mand-eth us to seek.
And a crown of life and glo-ry, In His pres-ence they shall wear.



“In His name,” be this our watch-word, And our glo-ri-ous mot-to still;



“In His name,” be this our watch-word, And our glo-ri-ous mot-to still;



“In His name” with joy we la-bor, Do-ing good wher-e'er He will.



“In His name” with joy we la-bor, Do-ing good wher-e'er He will.



MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Pass - ing thro' this world of sor - row, This true pleasure we may claim;
 2. Wea - ry hearts with sor - row weep - ing, We may guide in heaven's road;
 3. We may com - fort those a - wea - ry, Make the home a cheer - ful place;

Of - ten to give a cup of wa - ter, In the Saviour's pre - cious name;
 Cheer - ful words, and ten - der, speak - ing In the name of Christ, our Lord;
 Give to all a hand of help - ing, Wear for all a smil - ing face;

Help and hap - pi - ness be - stow - ing, For the sake of Cal - v'ry's Lord,
 We may give the cup of wa - ter To some thirs - ty, famished soul,
 Rays of God's bright sunshine spreading, In the storm - y way of pain,

That we may re - ceive the bless - ing, And in - her - it the reward.
 Wipe a - way the crys - tal tear - drops, Or the storm of grief control.
 Till in yon - der world of glo - ry, We the crown of life shall gain.

CHORUS.

Tho' it be an hum - ble ser - vice, But a cup of wa - ter pure,

A Cup of Water. Concluded.

If 'tis done for love of Je - sus, The re - ward is ev - ersure.

Musical notation for the first system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

No. 77.

Love of Jesus.

L. B. M.

L. B. MITCHELL, by per,

1. 'Tis the love of Je - sus, Cheers our hearts to - day, Makes our earth a
2. 'Tis the love of Je - sus, Giv - eth hope and cheer In the hours of
3. 'Tis the love of Je - sus, Light - ens ev - 'ry task, Gives us strength and
4. 'Tis the love of Je - sus, Makes our path - way bright, Leads us ev - er
5. Bless - ed love of Je - sus, Free - ly to us giv'n, Theme of all the

Musical notation for the second system, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

CHORUS.

sum - mer, Drives the clouds a - way.
sad - ness, Com - ing to us here.
com - fort, More than we can ask. Love of Je - sus, Full, un - bound - ed,
on - ward, Up - ward to the light.
a - ges, And the song of heav'n.

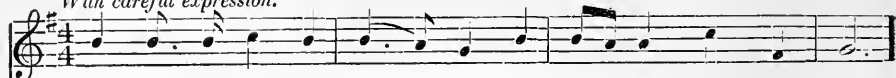
Musical notation for the chorus, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

free, Is the sweet - est sto - ry Ev - er told to me.

Musical notation for the final line, including a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff, and the accompaniment is written on a grand staff.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

With careful expression.

1. On - ly a cup of wa - ter, 'twas all I had to give;
 2. On - ly a word of com - fort, 'twas whispered soft and low;
 3. On - ly a deed of kind - ness, I tho't that none would see;



I gave it, Sav - iour, for Thy sake, that thirst - ing souls might live.
 I breathed it, Mas - ter, in Thy name, to soothe a sad heart's woe.
 So lit - tle and so low - ly, Lord, yet free - ly done for Thee.



But lo! it rose a foun - tain, that flowed with lav - ish tide,
 It rose on wings of mu - sic, and rang a clar - ion free,
 But up it sprang an an - gel, all clothed with ho - ly might,



Only a Cup of Water. Concluded.

And poured a thou - sand sil - ver rills a - long the des - ert
That woke the ech - oes of the hills and float - ed o'er the
With shin - ing wings and lov - ing eyes to cheer this world of

wide sea, a - long the des - ert wide; Sing - ing,
night, and float - ed o'er the sea; Sing - ing,
to cheer this world of night; Sing - ing,

rit. *mf*

Legato.

"Each lov - ing ser - vice, shall have its blest re - ward,

Thy lit - tle cup of wa - ter, was of - fered to the Lord."
Thy lit - tle word of com - fort, was of - fered to the Lord."
Thy lit - tle deed of kind - ness, was of - fered to the Lord."

rit.

No. 79.

Clinging to the Cross.

JOHN BOWRING.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way;
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - diance streaming, Adds more lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

CHORUS.

I am cling - ing. (to the cross,) I am cling - ing (to the cross,) I am

cling - ing to the cross to be saved, I am clinging (to the cross,)
 to be saved,

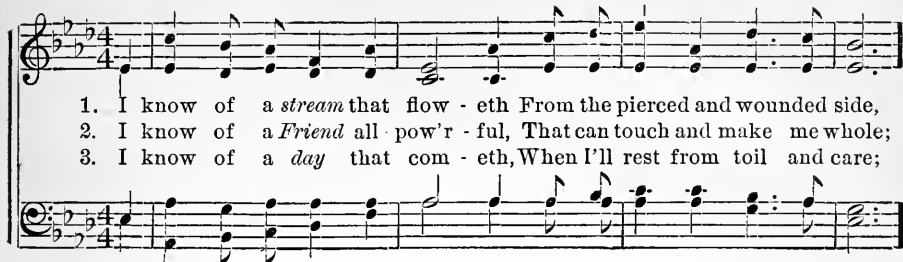
Repeat. CHORUS. pp

I am clinging (to the cross,) I am cling - ing to the cross to be saved.

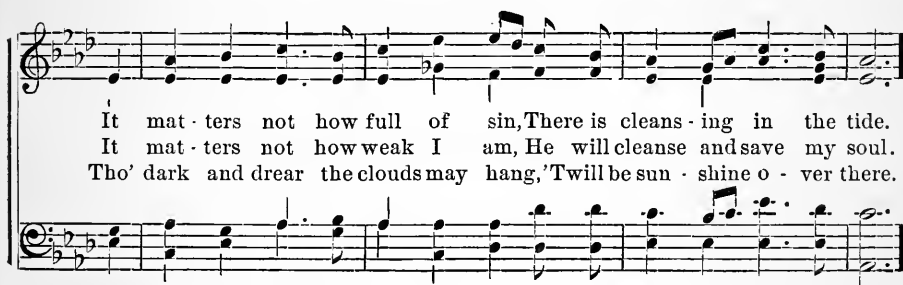
No. 80. I Know, and I am Trusting.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.



1. I know of a *stream* that flow - eth From the pierced and wounded side,
2. I know of a *Friend* all - pow'r - ful, That can touch and make me whole;
3. I know of a *day* that com - eth, When I'll rest from toil and care;

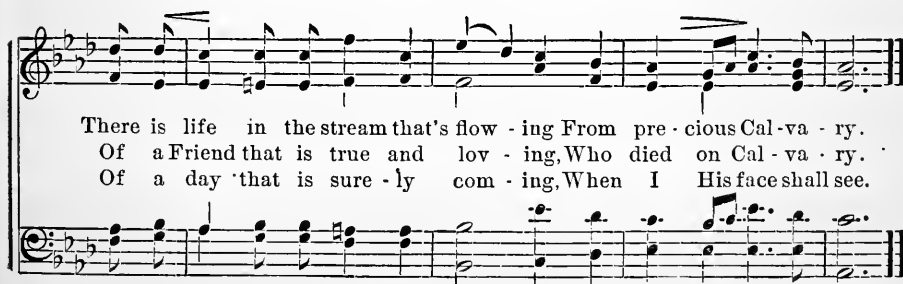


It mat - ters not how full of sin, There is cleans - ing in the tide.
It mat - ters not how weak I am, He will cleanse and save my soul.
Tho' dark and drear the clouds may hang, 'Twill be sun - shine o - ver there.

CHORUS.



I know, and I am trust - ing In the prom - ise, full and free,
I know,



There is life in the stream that's flow - ing From pre - cious Cal - va - ry.
Of a Friend that is true and lov - ing, Who died on Cal - va - ry.
Of a day that is sure - ly com - ing, When I His face shall see.

No. 81.

My Redeemer Liveth.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And to the earth will come a - gain
 2. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And at the lat - ter day will stand
 3. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And that His prom - is - es are true,

To gath - er up His pre - cious jew - els, Made free from ev - 'ry spot and stain.
 Up - on the earth to judge the peo - ple; May I be found at His right hand.
 That he will come a - gain in glo - ry, To gath - er up His cho - sen few.

CHORUS,
 For I know... my bless - ed Re - deem - er liv - eth!
 For I know my blessed Re - deem - er

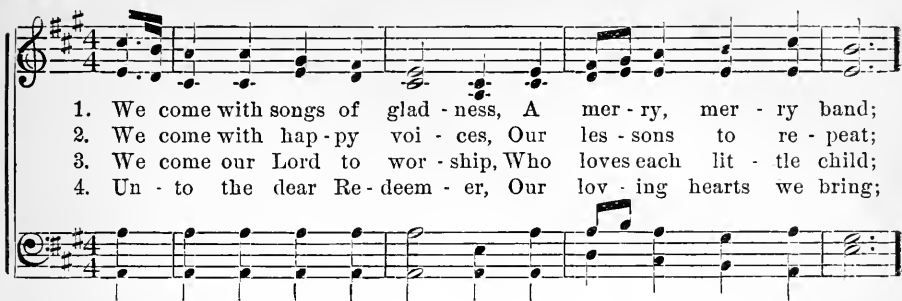
liv - eth! And to the earth will come a - gain,
 gain, will come a - gain,

Liv - eth! liv - eth! And to the earth will come a - gain.

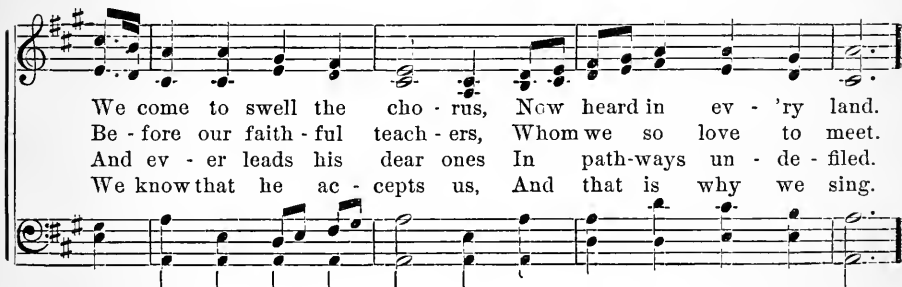
No. 82. We Come a Merry Band.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. We come with songs of glad - ness, A mer - ry, mer - ry band;
2. We come with hap - py voi - ces, Our les - sons to re - peat;
3. We come our Lord to wor - ship, Who loves each lit - tle child;
4. Un - to the dear Re - deem - er, Our lov - ing hearts we bring;



We come to swell the cho - rus, Now heard in ev - 'ry land.
Be - fore our faith - ful teach - ers, Whom we so love to meet.
And ev - er leads his dear ones In path - ways un - de - filed.
We know that he ac - cepts us, And that is why we sing.

CHORUS. >



We come, a mer - ry, merry band;

We come, we come, We come we come a mer - ry, merry, merry band;
We come a merry, merry band, We come, we come, We come a merry, merry band;



We come, we come, We come, we come, We come a merry, merry band.
We come a merry band, We come a mer - ry band,

No. 83.

The Army of Jesus.

HARRIET E. JONES

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. A brave,loy-al ar-my of sol-diers, | Is marching with Jesus to-day; |
| 2. Yes, onward this ar-my is march-ing, | The "sword of the spirit" in hand; |
| 3. The beau-ti-ful hel-met sal-va-tion, | With sandals of peace for their feet, |
| 4. March on, no-ble ar-my of Je-sus, | Still shining in gos-pel ar-ray; |



Arrayed in the beau-ti-ful ar-mor	Of those who the Saviour o-bey.
To "quench" all the "darts of the wicked,"	That peace may abound in our land.
And faith for their shield, they shall surely	The foes of our Saviour de-feat.
Your work shall be felt by the na-tion,	And you shall be victors some day.



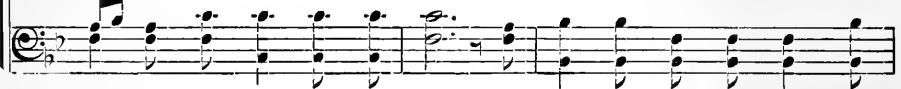
CHORUS.



This brave Christian ar-my, This glad, conq'ring ar-my, All



shin-ing in gos-pel ar-ray, Shall gath-er fresh tro-phies For



Je-sus their Cap-tain, While tread-ing the beau-ti-ful way.



No. 84.

Heart and Voice.

E. A. BARNES.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. At the fa-ding of the si - lent night, I will lift my heart and voice;
 2. 'Mid life's du - ties as they come to me, I will lift my heart and voice;
 3. For the sto - ry that is sweet and old, I will lift my heart and voice;
 4. At the com - ing of the day and night, I will lift my heart and voice;

As in greet - ing to the morn - ing light, I will lift my song and rejoice.
 'Mid the blessings that I dai - ly see, I will lift my song and rejoice.
 For its won - ders that are free - ly told, I will lift my song and rejoice.
 As I jour - ney in the gos - pel light, I will lift my song and rejoice.

CHORUS.

Heart and voice! Heart and voice! Lifted to the Fa - ther on His throne a - bove; My

heart, in thanks—my voice in song, To praise Him for His ten - der care and love.

No. 85. Suffer little Children.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. T.

1. Once the Sav - iour took the chil - dren, Laid His hand up - on each head,
 2. Bless - ed Sav - iour, we are com - ing, By the Ho - ly Spir - it led,
 3. As we come, O kind Redeem - er! Lay thy hand up - on each head,
 (*Semi-Chorus: younger Scholars.*)

And in words of warm com - pas - sion, And of ten - der love, he said:
 Com - ing to re - ceive thy bless - ing, Com - ing to the Christ who said:
 Bless us as thou didst the chil - dren, When those lov - ing words were said:

CHORUS.

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

come un - to me, Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to me, and for -

bid them not, for of such is the king - dom of heav'n, For of
 the kingdom of heav'n,

By permission of E. A. Hoffman.

Suffer Little Children. Concluded.

such is the kingdom of heav'n, The king-dom of heav'n, the king-dom of heav'n."

No. 86. What can Little Hands Do?

MRS. GRACE W. HINSDALE.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. O, what can lit - tle *hands* do To please the King of heav'n?
 2. O, what can lit - tle *lips* do To please the King of heav'n?
 3. O, what can lit - tle *eyes* do To please the King of heav'n?
 4. O, what can lit - tle *hearts* do To please the King of heav'n?

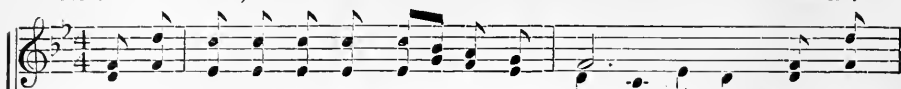
The lit - tle hands some work may try, That will some sim - ple
 The lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of
 The lit - tle eyes can up - ward look, Can learn to read God's
 Young hearts, if He His Spir - it send, Can love Him,—Ma - ker,

want sup - ply; Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
 kind - ness say; Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
 ho - ly book; Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
 Sav - iour, Friend; Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.

No. 87. In the Shadow of the Rock.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D D.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. In the shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, (let me rest,) When I
 2. I in peace will rest me there till I see, (till I see,) That the
 3. Then my pil-grim staff I'll take and once more, (and once more,) I'll my



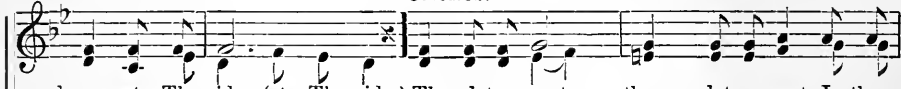
feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast; (thrill my breast:) All in
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, (o - ver me,) That the
 on - ward jour - ney make as be - fore, (as be - fore,) And with



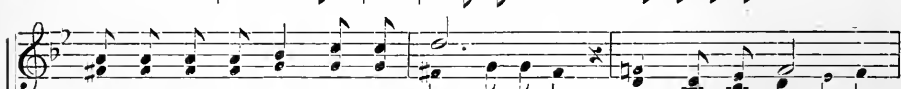
vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, (while I hide,) And my tran-quil sta - tion
 burn-ing heats are past, and the day, (and the day,) Bids the trav - el - er at
 joy - ous heart and strong I will raise, (I will raise,) Un - to Thee, O Rock, a



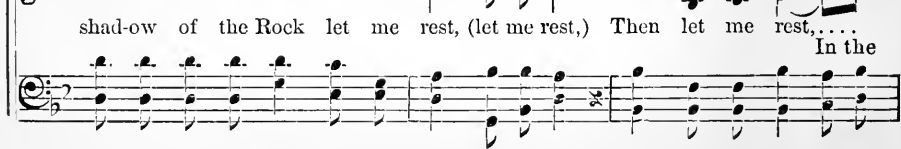
CHORUS.



keep at Thy side, (at Thy side.) Then let me rest, then let me rest, In the
 last go his way, (go his way.) In the shad-ow of the Rock,
 song glad with praise, (glad with praise.)



shad-ow of the Rock let me rest, (let me rest,) Then let me rest,....
 In the



In the Shadow of the Rock. Concluded.

then let me rest, In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest.
shad - ow of the Rock,

rit.

No. 88. Help Me, or I Die.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. O Thou ten - der, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hear my pen - i - ten - tial cry!
2. While be - fore a throne of mer - cy In con - tri - tion deep I kneel,
3. In Thy won - drous mer - cy trust - ing, Help - less at Thy feet I lie;

Do not leave me in my an - guish, Pass me not un heed - ed by.
Oh, re - move my wea - ry bur - den, And Thy grace to me re - veal!
Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it, Sav - iour, help me or I die!

CHORUS.

Save me, Save me, Do not pass me by;

Help me, O my Sav - iour, help me, Help me, or I die!

No. 89, What shall We bring?

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH,

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas - ter, Who deal - eth so
2. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas - ter, Whose love for us
3. Oh, what shall we bring to the Mas - ter, Who sought us while

kind - ly and true? Our hands are now full of His bless - ings, Be -
en - tered the grave? Who fought for our foes and subdued them, Who
go - ing a - stray? Who guid - eth our wan - der - ing foot - steps, To

CHORUS.
stowed up - on me and on you, We'll bring Him our time and our
died that our souls He might save,
re - gions where dwelleth the day,

tal - ents, We'll bring Him a heart - ser - vice sweet, We'll bring Him the

best and the bright - est, Our all we will lay at His feet,

No. 90. In the Shadow of the Cross.

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a place a - bove all oth - ers Where my spir - it loves to be;
2. On the cross my Sav - iour suf - ered, That He might a - tone for me;
3. When my heart is full of trou - ble, Then I love, on bend - ed knee,
4. Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou wilt hear me When I make my earn - est plea,

'Tis with - in the sa - cred shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
And I love the bless - ed shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
To ap - proach him, in the shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
If I kneel with - in the shad - ow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.

In the shad - ow of the cross, of the cross, In the shad - ow of the

cross, There my spir - it loves to be, In the shad - ow of the cross.
of the cross,

No. 91.

Come unto Me.

ELLEN C. WEBSTER.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hear the Saviour's voice to-day: } Come..... un-to me,.....
 2. Leave, O leave the paths of sin, }
 3. If you seek the boon of peace, } Come un-to me, come un-to me,

Sin-ners, who have gone a-stray, } Come..... un-to me;.....
 Lis-ten to the voice with-in, }
 Would you now your joys in-crease, } Come un-to me, come un-to me,

Are you wound-ed, weak and lame, Lost your char-ac-ter and name,
 Give to God your youth-ful days, Sing a-loud the songs of praise,
 Morn in ra-diant splen-dor beams; Here ful-filled your hap-py dreams,

Covered o'er with guilt and shame, } Come..... un-to me.....
 Join in Zi-on's sweet-est lays, }
 Here the liv-ing wa-ter gleams, } Come un-to me, come un-to me.

CHORUS.

"Come, and I will give you rest;" Hear the Sav-ior's plead-ing voice,

Come unto Me. Concluded.

“Come and lean up - on my breast, Come..... un - to me.”.....
 “I will give you peace and rest, Come un - to me, come un - to me.”

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a time signature of 2/5. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody with some grace notes and a steady accompaniment.

No. 92. I Shall Be Whiter than Snow.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Thy grace, O my Sav - iour, can reach ev - en me! I know that, if
 3. My soul is all weak - ness, my heart is un - clean, But Thy pre - cious
 3. I'll doubt Thee no long - er, this mo - ment I'll go, And wash in the

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a simple, hymn-like melody with a steady accompaniment.

CHORUS.

washed in Thy blood I shall be Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than
 blood can re - deem from all sin.
 blood that makes whit - er than snow.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The chorus is a simple, hymn-like melody with a steady accompaniment.

snow, If washed in that foun - tain I shall be whit - er than snow. ♯

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The final line of the song is a simple, hymn-like melody with a steady accompaniment.

No. 93. Praise the Lord of Heaven.

T. B. BROWNE,

J. H. KURZENKNABE,

1, Praise the Lord of heav - en, Praise Him in the height: Praise Him all ye
 2, Praise the Lord, ye foun - tains Of the deep, and seas, Rocks, and hills, and
 3, Praise Him men and maid - ens, Peas - ants, Prin - ces, Kings: Praise Him fowls and

an - gels, Praise Him stars of light: Praise Him skies and wa - ters,
 moun - tains, Bush - es, herbs and trees: Praise Him clouds and va - pors,
 cat - tle, All cre - a - ted things: For the name of God is

Let the ech - oes ring Loud - ly with your prais - es to our God and King.
 Snow, and hail, and fire, Storm - y winds; ful - fill - ing on - ly His de - sire.
 ex - cel - lent a - lone, O - ver earth His foot - stool, o - ver Heav'n His throne,

REFRAIN.

Praise..... the Lord of heav - en, Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r and bless - ing,

Praise the Lord, the Lord of heav'n, Glo - ry, hon - or, pow'r and bless - ing,

Ev - er - more be giv - en To our God and King.

Now and ev - er - more be giv'n To our might - y God and King.

No. 94. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown; Sweet - er far than
 3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me." Wea - ry, heav y

an - y mes sage man ev - er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
 an - y love that mor - tals have known, Kind to the err - ing one,
 lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful is he; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - iour, and thy soul is se - cure.

CHORUS.

Where..... He leads I'll fol - low,
 Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

Fol - low all the way, Fol low Je - sus ev - ry day.
 Fol - low all the way, yes, fol - low all the way.

No. 95. All Things are Yours.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

1st. Cor. 3 : 21.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. The moun - tain, hill and val - ley, A fine out-spread-ing view;
 2. The Fa - ther's price-less fa - vor, Thro' Christ the Son made known;
 3. Not now in full pos - ses - sion Of all this wealth of love;

The rill and spark - ling foun - tain In love pre-pared for you.
 The cross in all its glo - ry, An heir - ship all your own.
 As joint heir with the Sav - iour, With Him you'll share a - bove.

Solo.

The beau - ty of the morn - ing, The air and glad sun - shine, The
 The hope of bliss un - end - ing, The harp, the crown and song, The
 Nor poor your-self con - sid - er, Since "all things" are for you, The

earth with flow - 'ry land - scape, — Its ar - chi-lect di - vine.
 joys of full fru - i - tion, May all to you be - long.
 "some-times" seen thro' tear - drops, Let faith your sight re - new.

All Things are Yours. Concluded.

REFRAIN.

All things are yours! All things are yours! Let songs of rap - ture ring!
of rapture ring!

O heir with Christ, all things are yours! O hap - py child of a King!

No. 96. Nearing the Better Land.

W. A. SPATE.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Care-worn trav'ler on life's o - cean, Bound for yon - der gold - en strand,
2. Tho' the sky be dark and gloom - y, And the wild storms loudly roar,
3. Trust in God and be not fear - ful, He will lend a help - ing hand,

Look beyond the wave's com - mo - tion, Thou art near - ing that blest land.
Look with hopeful heart be - yond them, Thou art near - ing yon blest land.
Let thy heart be light and cheer - ful; Thou art near the bet - ter land.

REFRAIN.

Near - ing, near ing, near - ing, near - ing, Thou art near - ing that blest land.

From "Songs of Joy," by per.

No. 97. O Come, Let Us Worship.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. O come let us wor-ship our Sav-our and King, The Sav-our so
 2. To-day let us come ere the night-shad-ows fall, And bring to the
 3. With songs of re-joic-ing and hearts full of cheer, We come in life's

gen-tle, yet might-y to save, We'll kneel at His feet and His
 Sav-our our tri-bute of love, To Je-sus, our Shep-herd, our
 morn-ing to our bless-ed friend; With His ban-ner o'er us, we'll

prais-es we'll sing Who for us hath triumphed o'er death and the grave.
 soul's "all in all," Who reigneth in peace o'er the king-dom a-bove.
 know not a fear, His arm fail-eth nev-er, He loves to the end.

REFRAIN.

O! praise Him for-ev-er, blest Sav-our and King, Who pur-chased our

souls with His own pre-cious blood; All o-ver the earth let His

*Small notes and octaves for instrument. Bass will sing upper notes of octaves.

O Come, Let Us Worship, Concluded.

glad prais - es ring, Till all may be washed in the sin-cleans - ing flood.

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

No. 98. Jesus, I Come to Thee.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

D. F. HODGES.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Thou hast in - vit - ed me; Hum - bly and
2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Know - ing Thou lov - est me, For Thou hast
3. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Long - ing for pu - ri - ty; Now, Sav - iour,
4. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Thy blood my on - ly plea; See how im -

The second system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4.

CHORUS.

trust - ing - ly I come to Thee, Help me to come, Je - sus,
pur - chased me On Cal - va - ry,
cleanse Thou me, I come to Thee,
plor - ing - ly I come to Thee,

The chorus system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4.

Help me to come, Reach me Thy hand, Je - sus, Help me to come,

The final system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 4/4.

No. 99.

Golden Gates.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Gold - en gates, ye glis - ten, As we pause to lis - ten To the
 2. O! that bliss - ful cho - rus, Float - ing gen - tly o'er us, Plead - eth
 3. Gold - en gates, ye bright - en, and our bur - dens light - en, As we

ech - oes soft - ly fall - ing from the land of song, Where the ones who
 for each lit - tle wan - d'r'er from our Sav - iour's love; Let us strive to
 jour - ney ev - er up - ward, look - ing still to Thee; Till we reach Heav'n's

love us, as they sing a - bove us, Strike their harps a - mid the
 bring them, let us work to win them To the bless - ed path that
 glo - ry, may we tell the sto - ry Of re - deem - ing love so

CHORUS.

bright, hap - py throng. Voic - es sing - ing, sweet - ly sing ing.
 lead - eth a - bove. Voic - es sing - ing, voic - es singing, sweetly singing, singing,
 won - drous and free. Voic - es sing - ing, voic - es singing, sweetly singing, singing,

Songs of joy and tri - umph, songs of peace and love; Voic - es sing - ing, sweet - ly
 Voic - es sing - ing, voic - es

Golden Gates, Concluded.

sing - - ing In that land of glo - ry a - bove.
singing, sweet-ly singing, singing,

No. 100. Praises to our Saviour King.

C. W. R. "I will sing praises unto the Lord." Ps. 27: 6. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Sav - iour King, I would sing To Thy praise and glo - ry,
2. Once to die, from on high Thou did'st come to woo me;
3. From the dead Thou hast led Death in chains for - ev - er:

O'er and o'er, ev - er - more, Sing re - demp-tion's sto - ry;
While I live I would give Life and be - ing to Thee;
Now a - bove, from Thy love Naught my soul can sev - er;

rit.
Thou did'st bear the cross for me; I would give my - self to Thee.
Teach me all Thy ho - ly will, All Thy pleas - ure to ful - fill.
Let all earth and heav - en sing Prais - es to our Sav - iour King.

No. 101.

Gathering Homeward.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Gath - er - ing home - ward to man - sions a - bove, Nev - er to sor - row more,
 2. Gath - er - ing home - ward o'er life's sil - v'ry sea, Swift - ly their barks ride the
 3. Gath - er - ing home - ward with each coming year, Where the dread changes of

nev - er to roam; Dear ones of earth that we cher - ish and love,
 bil - low's white foam; Dear ones that we in this life ne'er shall see,
 time ne'er can come; Soon we shall meet them, this hope gives us cheer,

CHORUS.

Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing home,..... Gath - er - ing
 Gath - er - ing home. Gath - er - ing home,

home,..... Gath - er - ing home,..... Dear ones of
 gath - er - ing home, Gath - er - ing home, gath - er - ing home,

earth that we cher - ish and love, Gath - er - ing, gath - er - ing home,.....
 gath - er - ing home.

No. 102.

Gather Jewels.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN, by per.

1. Gath - er jew - els for the Mas - ter, Pre - cious ones for whom He died,
 2. Gath - er jew - els for the Mas - ter, Seek with pur - pose firm and strong,
 3. Gath - er jew - els for the Mas - ter, Seek the lost, by sin un - done;
 4. Gath - er jew - els for the Mas - ter, Ere He comes thy crown to bring;

Seek - ing 'mid earth's sin and dark - ness, Thy Re - deem - er's ran - somed Bride.
 In the by - way and the hedg - es, Gems that to thy Lord be - long.
 Nev - er cease thy bless - ed ser - vice, Till shall set yon shin - ing sun.
 Bring the out - cast and the stran - ger To the feet of Christ, thy King.

CHORUS.

Gath - er price - less jew - er price - less jew in thy Mas - ter's name,
 Gath - er price - less jew - els in thy Mas - ter's name,

Thus..... His pas - sion share, In the crown
 Thus His might - y pas - sion share, His pas - sion share; In the crown, the crown

of thy re - joic - ing, Gems of beau - ty thou shalt wear.
 Gems of wondrous beau - ty

No. 103.

Waiting on the Shore.

"Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ."—Phil. 1:23.

* P. P. BLISS.

Arr. by J. H. T.

1. O, the day of life is clos - ing, and its sun is sink - ing low;
 2. Oh, I've had my share of tri - als, but for good they all were meant;
 3. Oh, the foot-steps of the an - gels I..... al - most seem to hear;

The night of death is com - ing, and is ver - y near I know;
 I've had my share of bless - ings, and in kind - ness they were sent;
 I know that they are read - y and I know that they are near;

My pil - grim - age is end - ing, that has been so long and sore,
 But soon I'll leave earth's fur - nace, and its tri - als will be o'er,
 And tho' death's chill - ing riv - er rolls so dark - ly on be - fore,

And now I see the riv - er and the bet - ter land be - fore.
 And soon I'll share the bless - ings of the bet - ter land be - fore.
 When Je - sus gives the sig - nal they will bear me safe - ly o'er.

REFRAIN.

I am wait - ing, I am wait - ing, and I'm long - ing, I am
 I am wait - ing, and I'm long - ing, and I'm long - ing, and I'm long - ing, I am

* One of the last hymns written by Mr. Bliss.

Waiting on the Shore. Concluded.

wait ing, on the shore,.....

wait - ing, I am I am wait-ing,
I am wait-ing, I am wait-ing on the shore, I am waiting,

Repeat Chorus. pp

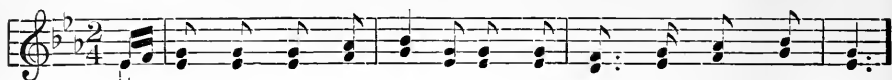
and I'm long - ing, I am wait - ing on the shore.
and I'm long - ing, and I'm long - ing,

No. 104. Teach us to Pray.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Teach us to pray! O Fa - ther! we look up to Thee, And this our
2. Teach us to pray! A form of words will not suf - fice; The heart must
3. Teach us to pray! To whom shall we, Thy children, turn? Teach us the
4. Teach us to pray! To Thee a - lone our hearts look up; Pray'r is our

one re-quest shall be, Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
bring its sac - ri - fice; Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
les - son we should learn; Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.
on - ly door of hope; Teach us to pray, Teach us to pray.



1. The world is ver - y beau - ti - ful, And full of joy to me;
2. I'm but a lit - tle pil - grim, My jour - ney's just be - gun:
3. Then, like a lit - tle pil - grim, What - ev - er I may meet,
4. Then tri - als can - not vex me, And pain I need not fear;



The sun shines out in glo - ry, On ev - 'ry - thing I see;
 They say I shall meet sor - row Be - fore my jour - ney's done,
 I'll take it, — joy or sor - row, — And lay at Je - sus' feet;
 For when I'm close by Je - sus, Grief can - not come too near,



I know I shall be hap - py While in the world I stay,
 The world is full of sor - row And suf - fer - ing, they say,
 He'll com - fort me in trou - ble, He'll wipe my tears a - way,
 Not e - ven death can harm me; When death I meet one day,

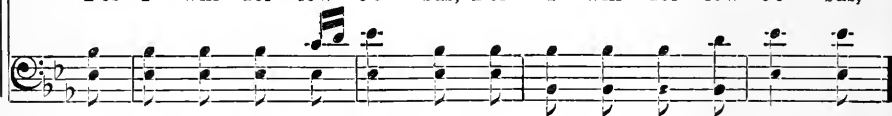


For I will fol - low Je - sus, Will fol - low all the way,
 But I will fol - low Je - sus, Will fol - low all the way,
 With joy I'll fol - low Je - sus, Will fol - low all the way,
 To heav'n I'll fol - low Je - sus, Will fol - low all the way,

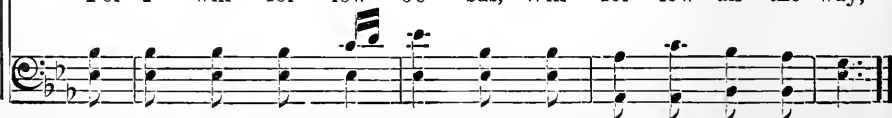
CHORUS.



For I will fol - low Je - sus, For I will fol - low Je - sus,



For I will fol - low Je - sus, Will fol - low all the way,



No. 106. The Hours of Day are over.

Evening Hymn.

H. P. DANKS. By per.

1. The hours of day are o - ver, The eve - ning calls us home;
 2. For life, and health, and shel - ter, From harm thro' - out the day;
 3. But these, O Lord, can show us Thy good - ness but in part;

Once more to Thee, O Fa - ther, with thank - ful hearts we come;
 The kind - ness of our teach - ers in point - ing out the way;
 Thy love would lead us on - ward to know Thee as thou art;

For all Thy count - less bless - ings We praise Thy ho - ly Name,
 For all the dear af - fec - tion Of pa - rents, broth - ers, friends,
 Thy Son came down from heav - en To take a - way our sin,

And own Thy love un - chang - ing, Thro' days and years the same.
 To Him our thanks we ren - der, Who these, and all things sends.
 Thy Spir - it dwells a - mong us To make us clean with - in.

4 For this, O Lord, we bless Thee,
 For this we thank Thee most:—
 The cleansing of the sinful,
 The saving of the lost;
 The Teacher ever present,
 The Friend forever nigh,
 The home prepared by Jesus
 For us above the sky.

5 Lord, gather all Thy children
 To meet Thee there at last,
 When earthly tasks are ended,
 And earthly days are past;
 With all our dear ones round us
 In that eternal home,
 Where death no more shall part us,
 And night shall never come.

No. 107. Such as I Have will I Bring.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Acts 3: 6.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Cheerfully.

1. I may not have sil - ver nor gold, My alms may be
 2. I may not be a - ble to give The la - bor of
 3. My work all un - fin - ished may wait, My plans I may

none to re - cord, But a heart that is rich in its love,
 hands or of feet, But the hom - age of heart and of soul,
 nev - er ful - fill, But a will that is sweet - ly con - tent,

CHORUS. ▶

I lay at the feet of my Lord. Oh, such as I have I will
 Will bring Him a ser - vice com - plete.
 Is bet - ter than knowledge or skill.

give,..... The brightest and best I will bring, For my
 I will give, I will bring, For my

Sav-iour hath giv-en me all..... And He is my Lord and my King,
 Sav-iour, my Saviour hath giv-en me all,

No. 108. I will Give you Rest.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. When the shad - ows deep are fall - ing, Dark - ly o'er your drea - ry way,
 2. Faint not, tho' your soul be wea - ry, There is rest be - yond it all;
 3. Toil on, then, and trust God ev - er, Drea - ry tho' your path - way be,

And you feel your strength is fail - ing As you toil on day by day;
 Lis - ten! thro' the shad - ows drea - ry, Hear the ten - der words that fall;
 Naught from Him your soul can sev - er, He will guard you ten - der - ly;

Lis - ten! there's a sweet voice ev - er Whis - p'ring low in ac - cents blest,
 "Lift thy heart, O doubt - ing pil - grim, Be no long - er sad, op - pressed;
 All these sor - rows do but try you, Brave - ly bear the bit - ter test,

"Un - to me, ye heav - y la - den, Come and I will give you rest."
 I thy faint - ing soul will strengthen, I will give thee per - fect rest."
 And re - mem - ber still the prom - ise, "Come, and I will give you rest."

No. 109.

Jesus Shall Reign.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Hark, hark the song, our souls to rap-ture wak - ing, While heav'n and earth in
 2. Hark, hark the song of ho - ly ad - o - ra - tion; Praise ye the Lord, O
 3. Hark, hark the song whose echoed strains are fly - ing, Borne on the wings of
 4. O, hap - py song of tri-umph nev-er end - ing! Soon shall we reach the

joy - ful con-cert sing; Hark, hark the song from countless mil-lions breaking,
 swell the loud ac-claim; He is the Hope and Rock of our Sal - va - tion;
 faith to ev - 'ry clime; Deep un - to deep and isle to isle are cry - ing,
 sum-mer land a - bove, There with redeemed, im-mor - tal spir - its blend-ing,

CHORUS.

Je - sus shall reign, our great ex - alt - ed King. Wave, wave your palms, ye
 Join ev - 'ry heart to mag - ni - fy His name.
 Je - sus shall reign in maj - es - ty sub - lime. *Cho. for 4th verse.*
 Shout while we sing our Sav - iour's wondrous love. Glo - ry to God, the

ran - som'd ones in glo - ry, Strike, strike your harps on yon - der bliss - ful shore
 ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Glo - ry to God, the well - be - lov - ed Son;

Wave, wave your palms, and shout the grand old sto - ry,
 Glo - ry to God, the ev - er bless - ed Spir - it,

Jesus Shall Reign. Concluded.

Je - sus shall reign when time shall be no more.
 Glo - ry to God, e - ter - nal, Three in One.

No. 110. Precious Blood of Jesus.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
 2. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole;
 3. Tho' thy sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow,
 4. Now the ho - li - est with bold - ness We may en - ter in,

Fine.

Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me.
 Let it flow in might - y cleans - ing O'er my soul.
 Je - sus' pre - cious blood will wash thee White as snow.
 For the o - pened foun - tain cleans - eth From all sin.

D.S. Oh, be - lieve it, oh, re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flowing free!

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No. 111. Why not Trust in Him Now?

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. The Sav - iour hath called thee and shown thee His love; He died for poor
2. His blood He hath shed to re - deem thee from sin; A fount has been
3. He'll clothe thee with ves - ture that's whit - er than snow; In pas - tures of

sin - ners like thee; He left His bright home in the man - sions a -
o - pened for thee; He tells thee of heav - en and bids thee come
ver - dure will lead, Where wa - ters of life in a - bun - dance do

CHORUS.
bove, The cap - tive from bon dage to free. Oh, why not trust in Him
in, The beau - ties of E - den to see.
flow, Thy soul in its rap - tures to feed.

now?..... Oh, why not trust in Him now?..... He
trust in Him now? trust in Him now?

loves thee and bids thee on Him to re - ly; Oh, why not trust in Him now?....
trust in Him now?

No. 112.

Who Will Win?

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

With martial spirit and enthusiasm.

1. 'Tis not for pleas - ure du - ty calls To ral - ly forth in arms,
 2. 'Tis not the pomp of dress par - ade, With mar - tial prow - ess rife;
 3. Tho' fierce the on - set of the foe, With cour - age we must stand;
 4. Let us be ev - er brave and true, In bat - tle for the right;

Nor shout, nor song the foe ap - palls, Nor march with trum - pet charms.
 Nor nois - y tramp of cav - al - cade, That ends the fear - ful strife.
 We soon shall see his o - ver - throw, If strong of heart and hand.
 And by the faith - ful work we do, Keep all our ar - mor bright.

CHORUS.

Who - e'er would win the vic - to - ry, Must watch, and work and pray, 'Tis
 must watch and work and pray,

toil that brings the ju - bi - lee, That gains for us the day.

No. 113. Scatter the Sunbeams.

L. M. TENNEY.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Scat - ter the sun-beams! send forth the light; Drive back the shad-ows of
 2. Scat - ter the sun-beams! cheer with thy smile; Bless oth - er souls by a
 3. Scat - ter the sun-beams! hope beam-eth bright; Bathed is her fore-head with

sor - row's dark night, Show to the cheer - less, Je - sus, the Way;
 heart with - out guile; Strive by kind ac - tions, wan - d'ers to win
 ra - di - ant light, Shed forth that bright-ness wher-e'er you go,

Point to the re - gions of heav - en - ly day.
 Back from the by - paths of er - ror and sin,
 Bless - ing and bless - ed your life's jour - ney through.

CHORUS.

Scat - ter the sun-beams, the bright gold - en sunbeams, Scat - ter the sun-beams, the

sun - beams of love; Scat - ter the sun - beams, the sun - beams of love.

No. 114.

Life, Eternal Life.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. O, tell me not to pause, vain world, O bid me not de - lay;
2. Your gold as dross, your gain as loss, In heav - en's light dis - cern;
3. I hear the voice of Je - sus call, His guid - ing light I see;



I seek a bet - ter home be - yond, And up - ward is my way.
 I glad - ly take my Saviour's cross, And all your pleas - ures spurn.
 O do not call me back, my friends, But come and walk with me.



CHORUS.



Life! Life! e - ter - nal Life! The glo - rious prize I see;



Life! Life! e - ter - nal Life! That is the prize for me....



No. 115.

Daniel, the Captive.

IDA L. REED.

Daniel 1 : 8.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

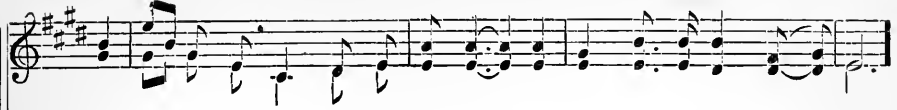
1. The or - der went forth to the sol - diers, The sol - diers of
 2. He called for the pulse and the wa - ter, For him-self and for
 3. At last when their ser - vice was o - ver, They were brought to the

Bab - y - lon's king, That they from the cap - tives of
 his broth - ers three, And ev - er they strength - ened in
 king by com - mand, With them, he com - muned in his

Is - rael, The wis - est and strong - est should bring; The chil - dren of
 wis - dom, In vig - or and beau - ty, so free; The king's meats were
 pal - ace, To them gave he pow'r in the land; No oth - ers were

kings and of prin - ces, Well fa - vored and skill - ful and fair,
 left all un - tast - ed, The rich wine still stood in the bowl,
 fa - vored as these were, Who cast self - in - dul - gence a - way,

Daniel, the Captive. Concluded.



To stud-y the Chal - de-an's teach-ings, And stand in his pal - ace there.
For he would not pam-per his bod - y, Nor hin - der the growth of his soul,
God save them all knowledge and wisdom, And strengthened their spirits each day,



CHORUS.



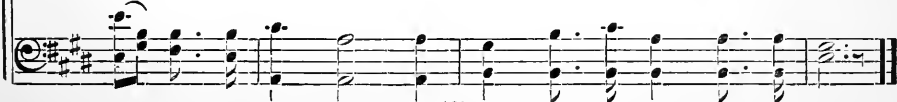
It was Dan - iel, a cap - tive a - mong them, Who



in his heart pur - posed to spare Him - self and his



brethren, from be - ing De - filed by the king's cho - sen fare.



1. Hark! a voice from heav - en From the Ho - ly One, "This is my be -
 2. Lo! a bless - ed Spir - it! Lo, the Heav'nly Dove! On our Lord de -
 3. Let the earth re - ceive Him, Let the na - tions sing, Glo - ry, hal - le -

lov - ed, Well be - lov - ed Son," Hear Him and be - lieve Him,
 scend - ing From the heav'ns a - bove, "This is my be - lov - ed,"
 lu - jah, "Je - sus is our King!" O - ver death tri - um - phant,
 D. S. Fol - low Him right glad - ly,

That He speaks is true, 'Tis a mes - sage from the Fa - ther un - to you.
 Hear the voice proclaim, "This is my be - lov - ed Son, oh! hear ye Him."
 O - ver all His foes, From the grave vic - to - ri - ous He rose! He rose!
 In the days of youth, He is thy ex - am - ple, Full of grace and truth.

CHORUS,

"This is my be - lov - ed, my well be - lov - ed Son,"

Je - sus Christ, the right - eous, Him, the liv - ing One!
 D.S.

No. 117. Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

E. A. HOFFMAN.

John 5: 6.

CHAS. ELW. PRIOR.

Slowly.

1, Wilt thou be made whole, Thy re - demp - tion com - plete?
 2, Wilt thou be made whole, And freed from thy sin?
 3, Wilt thou be made whole, Thy im - po - tence healed?

Then bring thy poor soul To the dear Sav - iour's feet; And
 Then o - pen thy heart For the Lord to come in; He
 In Je - sus a - lone Is sal - va - tion re - vealed; Then

He will have mer - cy, And kind - ly re - ceive, And per - fect - ly
 on - ly can save thee, He on - ly can bless, He on - ly can
 come to the Sav - iour And wash in the blood, And thou shalt find

CHORUS. *Rit. ad libitum.*

cleanse thee, And free - ly for - give. Wilt thou be made whole? Re -
 cleanse thee, And fill thee with peace.
 fa - vor And stand - ing with God.

pent - ant bow, And Christ will re - new thee, Just now, just now.

No. 118. Ho! Every one that Thirsteth.

H. S. P.

H. S. PERKINS, by per.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirs - teth, Come ye to the brink,
2. To you the in - vi - ta - tion Comes from Christ, our Lord;

Of wa - ters flow - ing free - ly, Come, and free - ly drink;
It has thus been re - cord - ed In His Ho - ly word;

SOLO.

Come where the stream is flow - ing, Spark - ling down the mount, Thro'
Come to the liv - ing foun - tain, Here thy soul may fill; The

ver - dant fields and mead - ows, From the ho - ly fount....
Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come, who - ev - er will."...

CHORUS.

Yes, come, the wa - ters are flow - ing For thee, with - out mon - ey or price;

Ho! Every one that Thirsteth. Concluded.

O come, and take of it free - ly, Beau - ti - ful wa - ter of life.

No. 119. Jesus is Precious.

F. M. D.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Prov. 18; 24.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je - sus is pre - cious, pre - cious to me, Thro' His dear
 2. Je - sus is pre - cious, pre - cious to me, This is my
 3. Je - sus is pre - cious, pre - cious to me, I will pro -

name my soul was made free; He is my ref - uge, safe - ty, re -
 song and ev - er shall be; No oth - er friend to me is so
 claim it o'er land and sea; Gen - tly His Spir - it leads me a -

D. S. I will ex - alt His name ev - er -

FINE. CHORUS.

treat, Rest - ing in Him is glo - ry com - plete. Je - sus is
 dear, His is a love that cast - eth out fear.
 long, Fill - ing my soul with this joy - ous song.

more, Whom ser - aphs praise and an - gels a - dore.

D. S.

pre - cious, pre - cious to me; Glo - ry to God! His blood set me free.

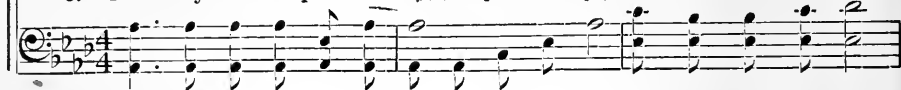
No. 120. On the Cross at Calvary.

W. S. M.

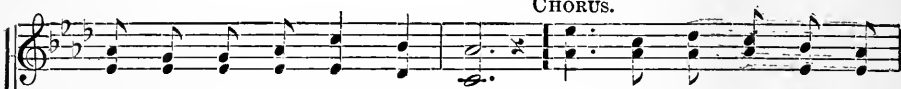
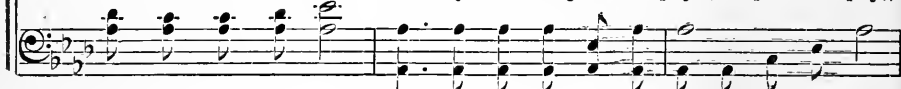
W. S. MARTIN, by per.



1. Hear the Mas-ter's lov-ing voice, (His loving voice,) Bringing from a - bove
2. Won-drous message full of grace! (So full of grace!) Un - to you we bring,
3. All thy sins He put a - way, (He put a - way,) When from out His side

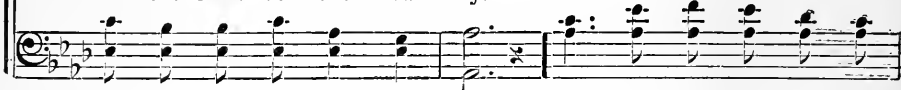


mes - sag - es of love; Sons of men, a - wake, re - joice! (awake, rejoice!)
 from the heav'n - ly King; Je - sus, took the sin - ner's place, (the sinner's place)
 came the crim - son tide; He thy ransom price did pay, (the price did pay,)



CHORUS.

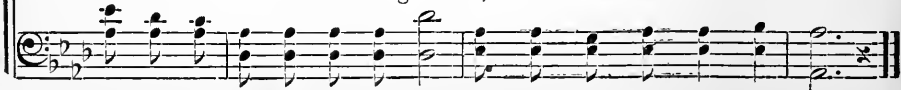
Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry. Glo - ry, glo - ry to His
 On the cross at Cal - va - ry.
 On the cross at Cal - va - ry.

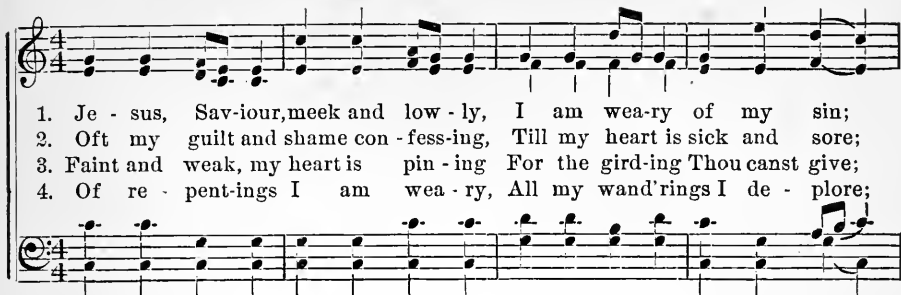


name!..... Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim; Bear - ing sin
 His pre - cious name!

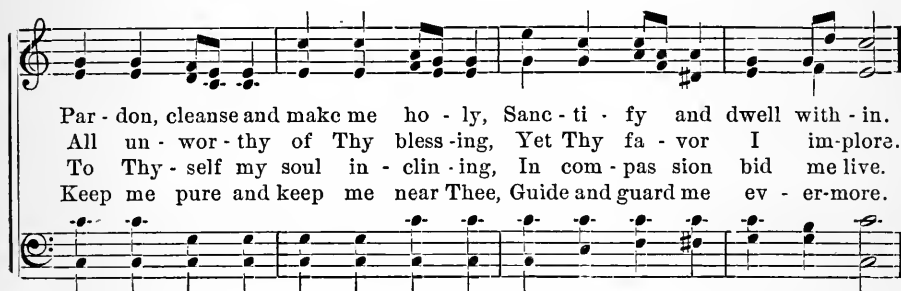


and suff'ring shame;..... Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry!
 and suff'ring shame;





1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, meek and low - ly, I am wea-ry of my sin;
 2. Oft my guilt and shame con - fess-ing, Till my heart is sick and sore;
 3. Faint and weak, my heart is pin - ing For the gird-ing Thou canst give;
 4. Of re - pent-ings I am wea - ry, All my wand'rings I de - plore;

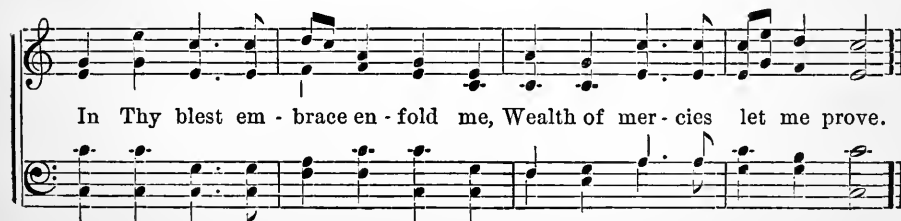


Par - don, cleanse and make me ho - ly, Sanc - ti - fy and dwell with - in.
 All un - wor - thy of Thy bless - ing, Yet Thy fa - vor I im - plora.
 To Thy - self my soul in - clin - ing, In com - pas sion bid me live.
 Keep me pure and keep me near Thee, Guide and guard me ev - er - more.

CHORUS.



Let Thine arms of love with - hold me, When from Thee my feet re - move;



In Thy blest em - brace en - fold me, Wealth of mer - cies let me prove.

No. 122.

Walking the Sea.

E. R. LATTA.

John, 6:20.

J. H. TENNEY
and A. J. ABBEY.

1. Blest were the Lord's dis - ci - ples Out on the waves to be,
2. He who could still the tem - pest, But by the words He said,
3. Oh, to have walked like Pe - ter Out on the sul - len wave,

When there ap - peared the Mas - ter, Walk - ing up - on the sea;
Out on the yield - ing wa - ter As on the land could tread;
E'en tho' I cried as he did, Cried to the Lord to save;

Tho' they were sore - ly fright - ened, Je - sus did not up - braid,
O that to me the an - swer, Had by my Lord been made,
When in my life's last mo - ments, Earth on my sight shall fade,

But to as - sure them an - swered, "It is I, be not a - fright!"
As to His first dis - ci - ples, "It is I, be not a - fright!"
Oh, let me hear the greet - ing, "It is I, be not a - fright!"

CHORUS.

Walk - ing the sea, walk - ing the sea, Now in my fan - cy He

Walking the Sea. Concluded.

com - eth to me, Won - der - ful Sav - iour, Might - y Re deem - er,

What was the ter - ror of bil - lows to Thee! Walk - ing the sea,

rit.

walk - ing the sea, Walk - ing the, bil - low - y sea.

No. 123.

Cressey. C. M.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

No. 124. Where they Never say Farewell,

"And the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. 21: 23.

E. R. LATTA.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Where they nev - er say fare-well, Where there comes no part - ing knell,
2. Where they nev - er say fare well, Where no hearts with sor - row swell,
3. Where they nev - er say fare-well, Where there sounds no toll - ing bell,

Whith - er hap - py spir - its stray When they pass from earth a - way,
Where to lone and dis - tant spot, Forms be - lov - ed wan - der not,
Where no weep - ing dims the eye, Where they nev - er breathe a sigh,

Where the bro - ken links of love, Ev - er - more un - yield - ing prove,
Where, to cross the o - cean o'er To a strange and for - eign shore,
Where their hue so bright and fair, Ro - sy cheeks for - ev - er wear,

Where no ill can e'er be - tide, Where fond hearts no more di - vide.
None shall ev - er quit the strand Of their loved, their na - tine land.
And the loved and pure in heart Nev - er - more are called to part.

CHORUS.

Oh, it will be sweet to dwell Where they nev - er say fare-well!

Where they Never say Farewell. Concluded.

mf *rit.*

'Twill be sweet, oh, sweet to dwell Where they nev - er say fare - well!

No. 125. Ever will I pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray." Psa. 55: 17.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa - ther, in the morn - ing Un - to Thee I'll pray; Let Thy lov - ing
 2. At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
 3. When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way the light, Fa - ther, then I'll
 4. Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright noon - day, In its shadowy

CHORUS.

kind - ness, Keep me thro' this day. I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
 Je - sus Till He hear my pray'r.
 pray Thee, Bless Thy child to - night.
 eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,

will I pray; Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning, Un - to Thee I'll pray,
 Ev - er will I pray;

No. 126. For the Master's Sake.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Let us work in cheer - ful way, For the Mas - ter's sake;
 2. Let us brave - ly bear the cross, For the Mas - ter's sake;
 3. Let us fight when foes as - sail, For the Mas - ter's sake;
 4. Ev - 'ry du - ty we have done For the Mas - ter's sake;

Do our du - ty day by day, For the Mas - ter's sake; Strive by
 Wel - come bur - den, pain or loss, For the Mas - ter's sake; When we
 Till our ar - mies shall pre - vail, For the Mas - ter's sake; We will
 Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry we have won For the Mas - ter's sake; Will be

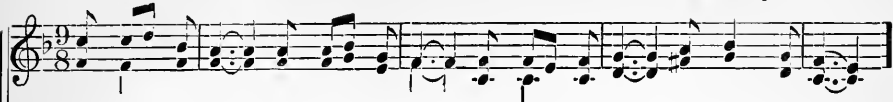
lov - ing words, to win Err - ing souls from paths of sin, Till the
 think of Him who died On the drea - ry moun - tain side, We'll be
 con - quer in the fight, If we in God's name u - nite, Stand - ing
 writ - ten o - ver there In the Book of Life so fair, Oh! how

last is gath - ered in, For the Mas - ter's sake, For the Mas - ter's sake.
 true, what - e'er be - tide, For the Mas - ter's sake, For the Mas - ter's sake.
 firm for truth and right, For the Mas - ter's sake, For the Mas - ter's sake.
 sweet to see it there: "For the Mas - ter's sake," "For the Mas - ter's sake."

No. 127. 'Tis Sweet to Know.

A. J. ABBEY.
Arr. by J. H. T.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.



1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je - sus came, To save the lost of ev - 'ry name;
2. 'Tis sweet to know that Je sus hears Re - pent-ant sighs o'er ill spent years;
3. 'Tis sweet to know that an - gels smile When sinners come, how-ev - er vile,



Yes, ev - 'ry guilt - y, sin - sick soul, May thro' His blood be clean and whole.
That He will par-don, own and bless. If we to Him our sins confess.
And kneel be - fore the mer - cy-seat, To find in Christ a rest complete.



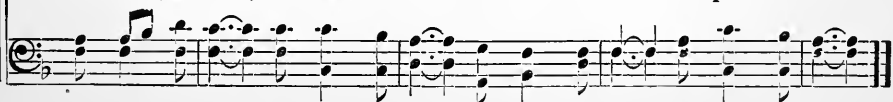
CHORUS.



O pre-cious Lamb! O dy - ing Lamb! Let all u - nite to praise His name;



To save, to save, dear Je - sus came, To save the lost! O praise His name!



No. 128. Press toward the Prize.

W. S. MARTIN.

Phil. 3: 14.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a prize in the king - dom of glo - ry, For all who are
 2. There's a crown for the saints of all a - ges, Who have fought in the
 3. Press on in the race set be - fore thee, In the strength which the

faith - ful be - low, Who be - lieve in re - demp - tion's sweet sto - ry, And
 bat - tle of life, For the fool - ish, the weak, for the sa - ges, Who
 Lord shall sup - ply; With the "ban - ner of love" float - ing o'er thee, Press

CHORUS.
 tell it a - broad as they go. Then press toward the
 vic - t'ry have won in the strife. Then press
 on toward the king - dom on high.

mark for the prize; Then press toward the mark for the prize; O slum - ber - ing
 for the prize; Then press for the prize;

broth - er, a - rise, And press toward the mark for the prize!
 O broth - er, a - rise! toward the mark for the prize!

No. 129. My Own Dear Father-land.

W. S. MARTIN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. There is a bright home just be - yond the wea - ry years, With
2. No dark - ness have they who have reached that world a - bove; No
3. O has - ten to share in the joy that knows no end, With

free - dom from sor - row and care, Where Je - sus, the Sav - iour, shall
need of the sun or the moon; They bask in the pres - ence of
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, at home; This pray'r from my heart un - to

wipe a - way our tears, And with Him His glo - ry to share.
God's e - ter - nal love, And mid - night to them is as noon.
Him shall now as - cend, De - lay not, my Mas - ter, but come.

CHORUS.

This happy place is my own dear Father-land; By faith 'mid its pleasures I roam,

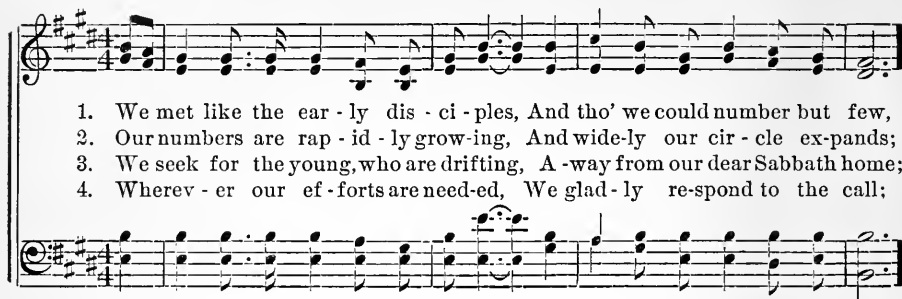
With dear ones of earth, who have joined the happy band, To rest in that heav'nly home.

No. 130. Keep Faithful our Hearts.

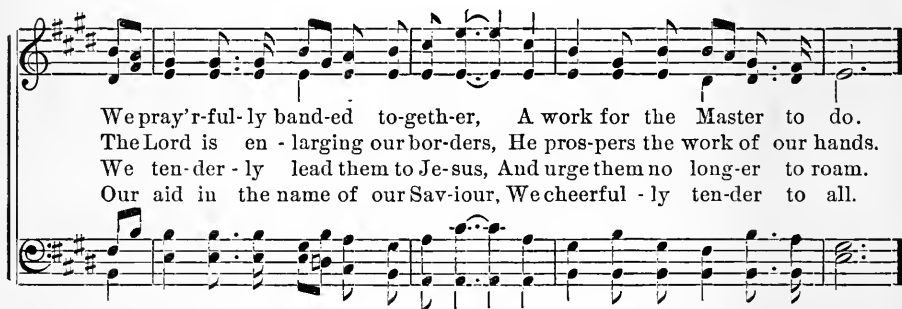
Christian Endeavor Song.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

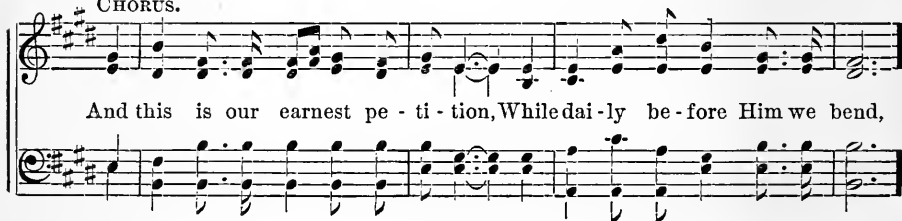


1. We met like the ear - ly dis - ci - ples, And tho' we could number but few,
2. Our numbers are rap - id - ly grow - ing, And wide - ly our cir - cle ex - pands;
3. We seek for the young, who are drifting, A - way from our dear Sabbath home;
4. Wherev - er our ef - ferts are need - ed, We glad - ly re - spond to the call;



We pray'r - ful - ly band - ed to - geth - er, A work for the Master to do.
The Lord is en - larging our bor - ders, He pros - pers the work of our hands.
We ten - der - ly lead them to Je - sus, And urge them no long - er to roam.
Our aid in the name of our Sav - iour, We cheer - ful - ly ten - der to all.

CHORUS.



And this is our earnest pe - ti - tion, While dai - ly be - fore Him we bend,



"O smile on our Christian Endeavor, Keep faith - ful our hearts to the end."

No. 131.

Shining for Jesus.

For the little ones.

IDA L. REED.

C. K. LANGLEY.

1. We're shin-ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour, Tho' lit - tle and weak we may be,
 2. We're shin-ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour, We're number'd a-mong the glad throng
 3. We're shin-ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour, Tho' small are the deeds we can do,

Yet some-way we dai - ly can serve Him, Whose love for us flow-eth so free.
 Of chil-dren who own Him their ref-uge, And praise Him thro' work, pray'r and song.
 By such we can learn to be faith - ful, And keep our lights stead-y and true.

CHORUS. our Sav-iour, a - bove.....

We're shining for Jesus, for Je-sus our Saviour, Who reigneth all princes, all princes above,
 a - bove.....

And dai-ly grow stronger and bet-ter,.... By serv-ing the Master we love.
 yes, stronger and better,

1. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, And we dā'te not i - dly stand, While an
 2. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, For its sanc - tī - ty and peace, And we
 3. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, For the chil - dren thāt we love, For the
 4. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, And we pledge there-to ōūr might, Till we

e - vil so ac-cursed Blights and des - o - lates our land. We will *
 will not ground our arms Till the reign of rum shall cease. We will
 land we hold so dear, For the God who reigns a - bove. We will
 crush the gi - ant wrong, And en - throne the cause of right. We will

CHORUS.

Stand by the Home! Stand by the Home! Save it from the
 Stand by the Home! Stand by the Home! Save it from the

foe that has reigned so long! We will
 blight of this (Omit.....) gi - ant wrong.

NOTE. This song may be sung very effectively by having a chorus of ladies sing the 1st and 3rd verses, and a chorus of men the 2nd and 4th, all uniting in the chorus.
 * The small notes are to be sung by the male voices only.

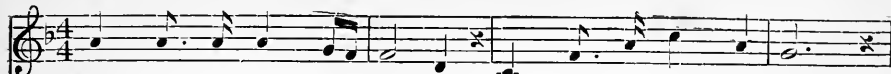
By per. of Oliver Ditson Co., owner of copyright.

No. 133. Knocking at the Door.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Rev. 3: 20.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



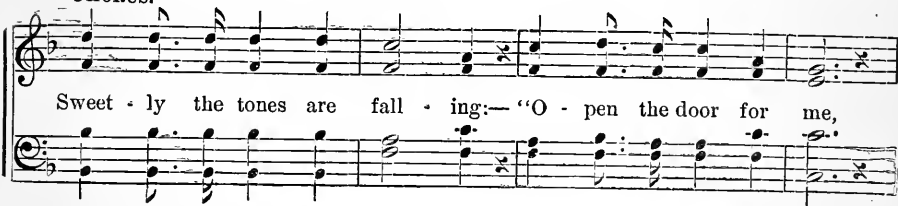
1. Who at my door is stand - ing— Pa - tient - ly draw - ing near,
 2. Lone - ly with - out He's stay - ing— Lone - ly with - in am I;
 3. All thro' the dark hours drea - ry, Knock - ing a - gain is He;
 4. Door of my heart, I has - ten! Thee will I o - pen wide;
 5. Guest of our love, He sees us, O - pen - ing now our door;



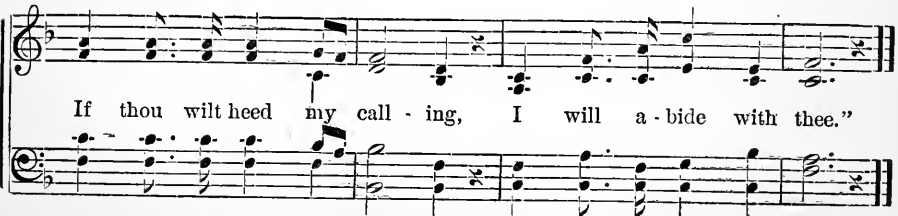
En - trance with - in de - mand - ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
 While I am still de - lay - ing, Will He not pass me by?
 Je - sus, art Thou not wea - ry, Wait - ing so long for me?
 Tho' He re - buke and chas - ten, He shall with me a - bide.
 Joy - ful - ly en - ter, Je - sus, Dwell with us ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



Sweet - ly the tones are fall - ing:— "O - pen the door for me,



If thou wilt heed my call - ing, I will a - bide with thee."

No. 134. Why the Saviour Loves Me So.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I had wandered far from home, And my heart was all im-pure, But the
2. All un-wor-thy of His grace, Once I walked the paths of sin; Now I
3. When the joys of earth, are past, And the call of death shall come, When a-

Sav-iour bade me come, Find in Him a rest se-cure; Washed in
view His lov-ing face, And His match-less fa-vor win; He doth
mid the throng at last, 'Neath the shin-ing crys-tal dome, Tho' my

crim-son fount I'm clean, On His breast I sweet-ly lean, But the
all my need sup-ply, Guid-ing me with watch-ful eye; Still in
Sav-iour I shall praise In the sweet-est an-them lays, Still for-

truth I fain would know Why the Sav-iour loves me so.
won-der I would know Why the Sav-iour loves me so.
ev-er I would know Why the Sav-iour loves me so.

CHORUS.

Loves me so, loves me so, Why the
Loves me so, the Sav-iour loves, yes, loves me so,

Why the Saviour Loves Me So. Concluded.

Sav - - iour loves me so; But the truth I fain would
 Why the Saviour loves me so, loves me so; Still in won - der I would
 Still for - ev - er I would

know Why the Sav - iour loves me so, Why the Sav - iour loves me so.

No. 135. The Lord's Prayer.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed | be Thy | name,
 2. Give us this day our | dai - ly | bread;
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in | earth as it | is in | heaven.
 And forgive us our debts, as..... | we for - give our debtors;
 For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory for - ever, A - | men.

No. 136.

Ring the Bells.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. There's a na - tion to be stirred, Ring the bells, ring the bells! Let the
 2. Sound the drum-beat of a - larm, Ring the bells, ring the bells! Call up -
 3. There is tri - umph in the air, Ring the bells, ring the bells! God has

bat - tle song be heard, Ring the bells, ring the bells! Sound it
 on the brave to arm, Ring the bells, ring the bells! Send them
 heard the peo - ple's pray'r, Ring the bells, ring the bells! O'er the

loud and sound it clear, Sound it far and sound it near,
 forth the foe to meet, Plung - ing in the bat - tle - heat,
 hills the dawn ap - pears, And the tide of vic - t'ry nears;

Sound it out with song and cheer, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
 Till the foe - men shall re - treat, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
 Fill the air with shouts and cheers, Ring the bells, ring the bells!

CHORUS.
 Ring the bells, ring, ring! Ring the bells, ring, ring! Ring the

Ring the Bells. Concluded.

bells of free - dom, ring, And the song of bat - tle sing! Ring the
 bells, ring, ring! Ring the bells, ring, ring! Let the hap - py bells of free - dom ring.

No. 137. Say not, my Soul, 'tis Night.

Rev. ELI CORWIN. D. D.

"In Him is no darkness at all."—1 John 1: 5.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Say not, my soul, 'tis night, The sun, the source of light,
 2. Say not, my soul, 'tis night, In God, the source of light,
 3. Say not, my soul, 'tis night, The sun, the source of light,
 4. Say not, my soul, 'tis night, God's truth, for - ev - er bright,

Beams ev - er - more; The clouds that in - ter - vene, Shut not His
 No dark - ness dwells; From Him a sin - gle ray Drives ev - 'ry
 Shall ev - er shine; The tran - sient cloud that flies A - cross the
 Flings light a - broad; Who its pure pre - cepts knows, In grace and

glo - ries in, But, from the heights se - rene, His splen - dors pour.
 cloud a - way, Turns dark - ness in - to day, And night dis - pels.
 sum - mer skies, Shuts not from ea - ger eyes The light di - vine.
 good - ness grows, And on his path - way glows The light of God.

No. 138.

Star and Song.

Trio and Chorus, for Christmas.

E. A. BARNES.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

SOPRANO.



1. See the star in yon - der heav - ens, As a pure and ho - ly gem,

2D SOPRANO.



2. See the star of wondrous beau ty, Gleam - ing o'er these scenes be - low;

3 See the star, the star of glo - ry, As it shines in yon - der sky,

ALTO.

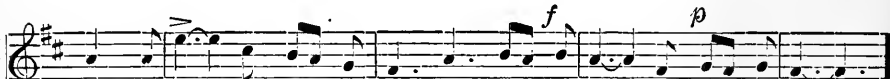


Shin - ing from the courts of glo - ry, O'er the Babe at Beth - le - hem;

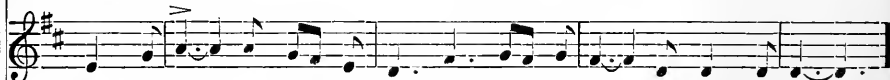


Guid - ing to the Child of Heav - en, Who was prom - ised long a - go.

While the gold - en dawn is break - ing, And the night is pass - ing by.



Hear the song, the song of an - gels, 'Mid the glo - ry of the morn,



Hear the song that sweet - ly ech - oes, O'er the start - led hills and plains,

Hear the song so sweet and bless - ed, With the tid - ings of the morn,



Star and Song. Concluded.

Bear - ing out the joy - ful mes - sage That the in - fant Lord is born.

With the hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, In its glad, tri - umph - ant strains.
Tid - ings glad and full of prom - ise, For the Lord of Life is born.

CHORUS.

Star and song, star and song,

Star and song, star and song, Bring - ing glad tidings to all the earth, Oh!

won - der - ful star, Oh! heav - en - ly song, Oh! wonderful, wonderful star, Oh!

Star and song, star and song, Bring - ing glad tid - ings

heavenly, heavenly song,

to all the earth, Telling of Jesus and His birth, Telling of Jesus and His birth.

rit. e dim.

No. 139. At the Blest Nativity.

For Christmas.

REV. A. R. THOMPSON.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. When from out the shin - ing gate - way Of the heav'n of heav'ns above. Putting
2. Men that heard that hymn of heav - en Steal their rav-ished sens-es o'er, Heard such

on our na - ture mor - tal Came the Son of God in love; An - gels
mu - sic as had nev - er Thrilled on mor - tal ear be - fore; But in

fol - low'd, who can won - der? Up and down the heav'n - ly way, Came they,
all that host an - gel - ic, Who could ev - er sing as we, Un - to

went they, throng - ing, sing - ing, E - ven where Im - man - uel lay.
whom the King e - ter - nal, Kins - man, Sav - ior came to be?

At the Blest Nativity. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Let the choirs..... in earth and heav - en, Kind-ling
 Let the choirs in earth and heaven, Let the choirs in earth and heav-en, Kind-ling

in - - - to ec - sta - sy,..... Sing as
 in - to ec - sta - sy, Kind - ling in - to ec - sta - sy, Sing as

sang..... the ho - ly an - - - gels,
 sang the ho - ly an - gels, Sing as sang the ho - ly an - gels,

At the blest..... Na - tiv - i - ty.....
 At the blest Na - tiv - i - ty, the blest, the blest Na - tiv - i - ty.

Na - tiv - i - ty.....
 151

No. 140. Oh! Hear the Angels' Song.

For Christmas.

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Hear how the an - gels sing Glad the mes - sage now they bring;
 2. Far in the east - ern skies See the star of glo - ry rise;
 3. See now the wise men led To the Sav - ior's man - ger bed,

Sweet peace to earth is sent, Sweet - est peace and blest con - tent,
 Bright star of Beth - le - hem, Shin - ing like a di - a - dem,
 And at His in - fant feet Bow in ad - o - ra - tion sweet;

Christ who was born to - day, Takes our ev - 'ry sin a - way.
 While from the an - gel band Comes a might - y cho - rus grand:
 Still from the an - gel choir Comes these words like burn - ing fire:

"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Peace, good - will to men."

Oh, hear..... the an - gels song! They sing..... it
CHORUS.
 Hear the angel's song, Hear the angel's song! Sing it now a - gain,

Oh! Hear the Angels' Song. Concluded.

now a - gain; Sweet peace,..... sweet peace on

Sing it now a - gain, Peace, sweet peace on earth,

earth, Good will, good will to men.....

Peace, sweet peace on earth, Will, good will to men, Good will, good will to men."

No. 141. Ring out each Chiming Bell.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Christmas Song.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Once more, once more with glad - some voice, Ring out your news sublime,
2. Re - joice tho' still this fall - en world Bears many a blighting stain;
3. The shades of death are back - ward cast, The veil of truth with - drawn;

Ring out your news, your news sublime,
Bears many a blight - ing, blighting stain;
The veil, the veil of truth withdrawn.

And bid the world a - round re - joice To greet the Christmas time.
Christ's flag of tri - umph is uu - furled, He comes to rule and reign.
The heathen night is fad - ing fast Be - fore the Gos - pel dawn.

To greet, to greet the Christmas time.
He comes, He comes to rule and reign.
Be - fore, be - fore the Gos - pel dawn.

Ring out each Chiming Bell. Concluded.

Ring out the news that Christ is born With low - ly man to dwell, Re -
 Go beat your swords to ploughshares now, Go ring war's funeral knell; For
 Go sound the heav'n - ly ju - bi - lee, All fear and doubt dis - pel, The

joice, re - joice, this ho - ly morn; Ring out each chim - ing bell.
 ev - 'ry knee to Christ shall bow; Ring out each chim - ing bell.
 lost is found, the slave is free; Ring out each chim - ing bell.

CHORUS. *p* *cres.* *rit.*

Each joy - ous bell in mu - sic swell, Glad tid - ings tell that all is well;

a tempo.

For Je - sus comes with man to dwell, Ring out each chiming bell.

No. 142. The Birthday of our King.

"And they found Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in a manger."—Luke 2:16.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

Christmas Carol.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Hear the mer - ry Christmas bells, Sound - ing o'er the hill and dells;
 2. Lit - tle eyes are shin - ing bright, From the hearts in - most de - light;
 3. Youth's and maid - ens gai - ly glide, O'er the snow at ev - en - tide,
 4. Old - er hearts re - joice to - day, Well they may, yes, well they may;

Men re - joice and an - gels sing, 'Tis the birth - day of our King.
 As the an - gels kind - ly bring Gifts, this birth day of our King.
 Hear them chant and gai - ly sing, On this birth - day of our King.
 Ev - 'ry year doth near - er bring, The glad com - ing of their King.

CHORUS.

Hear the bells, The mer - ry bells, Clear and
 Hear the bells, The mer - ry bells,

sweet the mu - sic swells; Let them
 Clear and sweet the mu - sic swells, the mu - sic swells;

ring,..... Oh, let them ring, 'Tis the birth - day of our King.
 Let them ring, Let them ring,

No. 143. All Hail, Mighty Saviour!

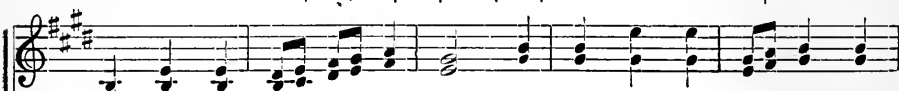
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Easter.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



1. The Sav - iour was sleep - ing, His fol - lowers were weep - ing, Their hopes had gone
2. Oh! ye who are griev - ing, come near - er be - liev - ing, The grave could not
3. He go - eth be - fore us, His ban - ner is o'er us, Lead on, bless - ed



down in the gloom of the grave; But glo - ry was dawn - ing to hold Him who made earth and skies! An an - gel from glo - ry, pro - Mas - ter till glo - ry shall dawn! Since Thou hast as - cend - ed, our



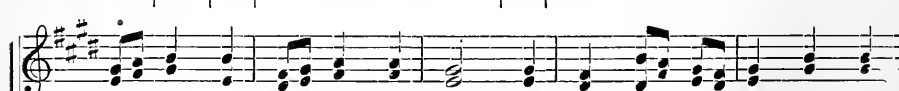
bright - en the morning, To light His up - ris - ing, Al - mighty to save. claims the glad sto - ry, "He go - eth be - fore you," Then lift up your eyes. fears are all end - ed, Our hopes are tri - um - phant This glad Eas - ter morn.



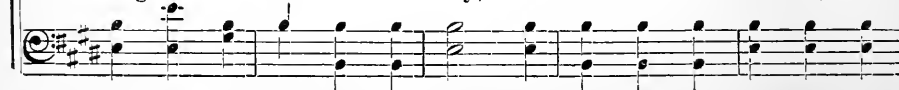
CHORUS.



All hail, mighty Sav - iour, ex - alt - ed for - ev - er, Who en - tered death's



kingdom its chains to de - stroy; Now Christ has a - ris - en, Now



All Hail, Mighty Saviour! Concluded.

Christ has a - ris - en, Ye souls that seek Je - sus shall find Him with joy.

No. 144. Goodwin. 7 & 6s.

G. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

D. S. Till

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.

Fine.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead.

D.S.

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 unnumbered foes;
Your 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,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

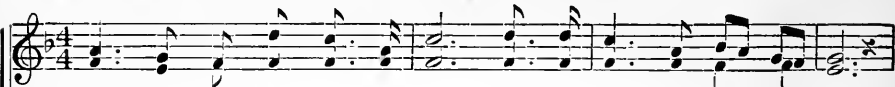
4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus.
The strife will not be long:
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 145. Christ, the Lord is risen Today.

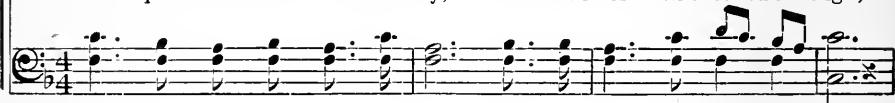
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Easter.

J. H. TENNEY.



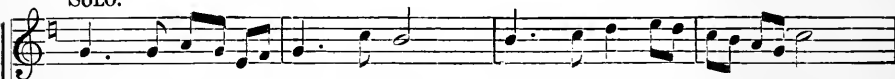
1. O'er the hills and thro' the dells Ech - oes ring of Eas - ter bells;
2. Lov - ing hearts and lov - ing hands Of - fer where His al - tar stands,
3. Tran - quil now the Eas - ter sky, Je - sus lives en - throned on high,



Glad and sweet the song we sing, Reigns o'er all the con-q'ring King.
In - cense sweet of grate - ful praise, And their loud ho - san - nas raise.
Lives to wipe a - way our tears, Lives to calm our ris - ing fears.



SOLO.



This glad morn the Sav - iour rose, Vic - t'ry gained o'er all His foes;
Mourn - ing saints! dry ev - 'ry tear, See the place, He is not here!
When the ev - 'ning shad - ows fall, And the end is drawing nigh,



Bring your gifts and choic - est flow'rs, Sing glad songs in Eas - ter bow'rs.
All un - closed the o - pen tomb, Gates of death shall wear no gloom.
His sweet pres - ence with us all, Joy - ous then 'twill be to die!



Christ, the Lord is risen Today Concluded.

CHORUS.

to - day,

Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, is risen to - day! Sing a - loud

glad - some lay,

a glad - some lay, He's risen to - day! Sing, oh, sing the glad re - frain!

Shout a - loud the joy - ous strain! Christ, the Lord is

risen to - day, is risen to - day! The Lord is risen to - day!
Christ, the Lord,

No. 146. See the Conqueror.

Easter.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

CHAS EDW. PRIOR.

1. See the conq-'ror mounts in triumph! See the King in roy - al state,
 2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee?
 3. He has raised our hu - man na - ture, In the clouds to God's right hand;

Rid - ing on the clouds, His char-iot, To the heav'nly pal - ace gate!
 Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gained the vic - to - ry;
 There we sit in heav'n - ly plac - es, There with Him in glo - ry stand;

SOLO.

Hark! the choirs of an - gel voic - es Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing;
 He who on the cross did suf - fer, He who from the grave a - rose,
 Je - sus reigns a - dored by an - gels; Man with God is on the throne;

INST.

rit ad lib.

And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re ceive their heav'nly King.
 He has van - quished sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoiled His foes.
 Might - y Lord! in Thine as - cen - sion, We by faith be - hold our own.

See the Conqueror. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is ris - en! Earth and heav'n to - geth - er sing,

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ is King!

No. 147.

Whittier. C. M.

WHITTIER.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, ev - en yet A pres - ent help is He; And
3. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said, Our lips of child-hood frame; The
4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all! What - e'er our name or sign; We

vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown, For Him no depths can drown,
 faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee, And love its Gal - i - lee.
 last, low whispers of our dead, Are burden'd with His name, Are burden'd with His name,
 own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine, We test our lives by Thine.

No. 148.

Shout for Joy.

"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." Ps. 97: 1.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.

Spirited.

1. Shout, shout for joy, the King in Zi - on reign-eth, Shout, shout for joy, and
 2. Shout, shout for joy, be - hold His roy - al stand - ard, Look how it waves o'er
 3. Shout, shout for joy, the King in Zi - on reign-eth, Lift up your hearts with
 4. Shout, shout for joy, and let the name of Je - sus, Burst from our tongues till

sound a - broad His praise; He is the Lord, our strength and our Redeem - er,
 dis - tant climes a - far, Lo! at His voice the na - tions now a - wak - ing,
 heav'n's e - ter - nal throne; He is the Lord, and there is none be - side Him,
 waft - ed thro' the sky, An - gels in light, re - spon - sive swell the cho - rus,

Great in all His won - drous works, and kind in all His ways.
 Hail the Son of right - eous - ness, the love - ly morn - ing star.
 En - ter now His tem - ple gates and fill His courts with song.
 Glo - ry to the King of kings, the might - y Lord on high.

CHORUS.

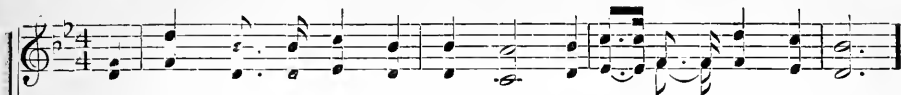
Break forth a - gain, ye ev - er - last - ing hills, Break forth a - gain and sing:

Wor - thy is the Lamb all honor to re - ceive, Blessed be the Lord, our King.

No. 149. The First Glad Song.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR, by per.



1. Oh, pil - grims a - long life's jour - ney, The wea - ri - ness now is ours;
2. To - day we can on - ly won - der What scenes will await us there;
3. Oh, what will it be to gath - er, Be - neath the bright Jasper dome;
4. To wan - der in fade - less gar - dens, To lave in the crys - tal stream;



But o - ver the bound - less des - ert, For us the per - en - nial flow'rs.
What beau - ties be - fore us o - pen, When en - t'ring that land so fair.
To walk thro' the shin - ing cit - y, And know that it is our home.
To stand by the tide - less riv - er, Where tow'rs of the cit - y gleam.



CHORUS.



Oh, how can we tell the rap - ture, The joy of the first glad song;



When we shall the pearl gate en - ter, And see the bright an - gel throng.



No. 150. Toiling Together with God.

"For we are laborers together with God."

IDA L. REED

Christian Endeavor Song.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Earnestly.

1. Toil - ing to-gether with God, our King, Oh, there is much that our
 2. Toil - ing to-gether, yes, day by day, Look - ing to Je - sus for
 3. Toil - ing to-gether, our work is sweet, Spreading the sun-light of

hands may do! Dai - ly to Him we our gifts may bring,
 strength and light; Lead - ing the lost to a bright - er way,
 love a - broad, Fol - low - ing ev - er His bless - ed feet,

CHORUS.

Ev - er we'll strive to be His ser - vants true. We're laborers to -
 Free - ing the troub - led from sor - row's dark night.
 "For we are la - borers to - geth - er with God."

geth - er with God, Each day for His king - dom a - bove; With

hand, heart and brain we will toil, That all may be crown'd in His love.

No. 151. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD.

St Gertrude.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war; With the cross of
 2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth - ers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus, Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church pre - vail; We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless ag - es, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, war,
 With the

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
 cross of Je - sus

No. 152.

Retreat. L. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS, 1822.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
 4. Oh! let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
 A place, than all be - sides, more sweet, It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat.
 Tho' sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
 This throbbing heart for - get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat.

No. 153.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
 Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
 No, when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere His name.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

No. 154.

- 1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within,
 Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
 Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice, —
 It was the Spirit's gracious call;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning, kind;
 That call thou mayst not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

No. 155.

- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from thee,
 His loving kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate,
 His loving kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Often I feel my sinful heart
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;
 But, though I oft have Him forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.
- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 Oh, may my last, expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death

No. 156.

- 1 O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
 Oh, burst these bonds and set it free!
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
 Nail my affections to the cross;
 Hallow each thought, let all within
 Be clean as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

No. 157.

Hursley. L. M.

Arr. from F. J. HAYDN.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bidewith me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
 4. If some poor wan - d'ring child of Thine Have spurned today the voice di - vine,
 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
 A - bidewith me when death is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be - gin, Let Him no more lie down in sin.
 Till in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 158.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
 But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 159.

- 1 O that my load of sin were gone;
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
 Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
 Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp Thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within,—
 Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

No. 160.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all!

No. 161.

- 1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent Thine I would be,
 And own Thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die;
 Be Thine through all eternity;
 The vow is past, beyond repeal,
 And now I set the solemn seal.
- 3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
 That bought my guilty soul for God,
 Thee, my new Master, now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my all.

No. 162.

Woodland. C. M.

N. D. GOULD, 1832.

1, I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - 'ry cum-b'ring
 2, I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im -
 3, Thus, when life's toil - some day is o'er, May its de - part - ing

care, And spend the hours of set - ting day, And spend the hours of
 plore; And all my cares and sor - rows cast, And all my cares and
 ray Be calm as this im - press - ive hour, Be calm as this im -

set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.
 sor - rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.
 pres - sive hour, And lead to end - less day!

No. 163.

Byefield. C. M.

DR. T. HASTINGS, 1840.

1. Pray'r is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - ter'd or un - ex - press'd,
 2. Pray'r is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
 3. Pray'r is the Christian's vi - tal breath, The Chris - tian's na - tive air;
 4. Pray'r is the con - trite sin - ner's voice, Re - turn - ing from his ways;

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire, That trem - bles in the breast.
 The up - ward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 His watch - word at the gates of death; He en - ters heav'n with pray'r.
 While an - gels in their songs re - joice, And cry—"Be - hold 'he prays!"

No. 164.

Naomi. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1836.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies,
 2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine, My life and death at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
 The bless - ings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee
 Thy pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end.

No. 165.

Avon. C. M.

H. WILSON.

1. Dear Fa - ther, to Thy mer cy-seat My soul for shel - ter flies:
 2. My cheer - ful hope can nev - er die, If Thou, my God, art near;
 3. Oh, nev - er let my soul re-move From this di - vine re - treat!

'Tis here I find a safe re - treat When storms and tem - pests rise.
 Thy grace can raise my com - forts high, And ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.
 Still let me trust Thy pow'r and love, And dwell be - neath Thy feet.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweet-ness fills the breast;
 2, No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
 3, O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek;
 4, But what to those who find? Ah this Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 5, Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - iour of man - kind.
 To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
 The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.
 In Thee be all our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 167.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate—
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

No. 168.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
 A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

No. 169.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb
- 2 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 3 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

No 170.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to Thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died!
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art,
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

No. 171.

Coronation. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail, the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prost-rate fall;
 2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from His al - tar call;
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty a - scribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 172.

- 1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears;
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious world around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
 To Thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 173.

- 1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad,
 The honors of Thy name.
- 3 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood availed for *me*.

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
 2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home;
 3. Soon shall our doubts and fears Sub - side at His con - trol;

Loud to the praise of love di - vine Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.
 And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - 'ry mo - ment come.
 His lov - ing kind - ness shall break thro' The mid - night of the soul.

No. 175.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
 A God to glorify;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill—
 Oh, may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.
- 3 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely,
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

No. 176.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace;
 The promise calls us near;
 There Jesus shows a smiling face,
 And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
 Thy presence and Thy love—
 That we may serve Thee here below,
 And reign with Thee above.
- 3 Teach us to live by faith—
 Conform our wills to Thine;
 Let us victorious be in death,
 And then in glory shine.

No. 177.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismayed;
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
 He gently clears thy way;
 Wait thou this time; so shall this night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Far, far above thy thought,
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully He the work hath wrought,
 That caused thy needless fear.

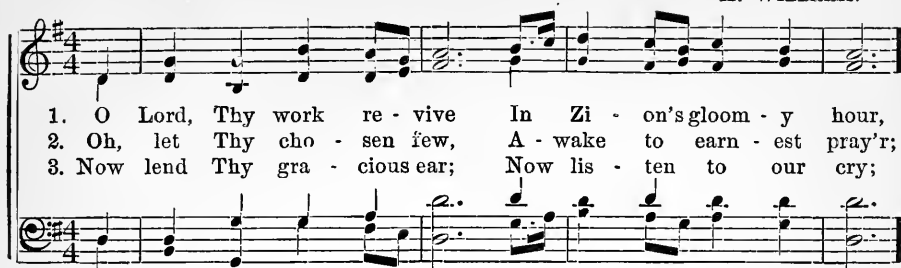
No. 178.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 'Tis that I'm nearer home to-day
 Than e'er I've been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house
 Where many mansions be;
 Nearer the solemn judgment throne,
 Nearer the jasper sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound where life
 Shall lay its burdens down;
 Where I shall leave my ill-borne cross,
 And take my blood-bought crown.
- 4 Saviour, perfect my trust,
 Confirm my feeble faith,
 And teach me fearlessly to stand
 Upon the shore of death.

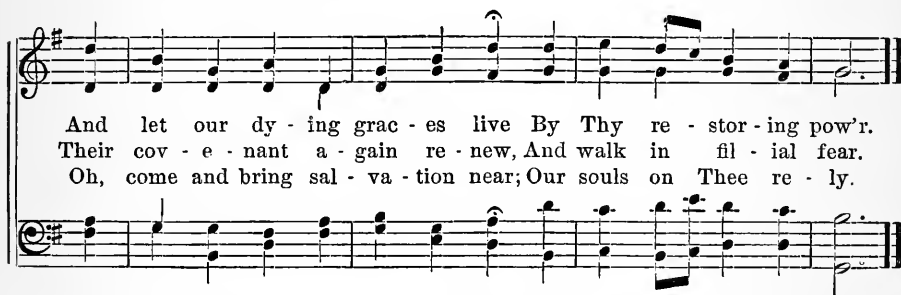
No. 179.

St. Thomas. S. M.

A. WILLIAMS.



1. O Lord, Thy work re-vive In Zi-on's gloom-y hour,
2. Oh, let Thy cho-sen few, A-wake to earn-est pray'r;
3. Now lend Thy gra-cious ear; Now lis-ten to our cry;



And let our dy-ing grac-es live By Thy re-stor-ing pow'r.
Their cov-e-nant a-gain re-new, And walk in fil-ial fear.
Oh, come and bring sal-va-tion near; Our souls on Thee re-ly.

No. 180.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the perfect germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

No. 181.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help Divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

No. 182.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

No. 183.

- 1 To Thee I lift my soul;
O Lord, I trust in Thee;
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes triumph o'er me.
- 2 Let none that wait on Thee
Be put to shame at all;
But those that without cause transgress,
Let shame upon them fall.
- 3 Show me Thy ways, O Lord!
Thy paths, oh, teach Thou me! —
And do Thou lead me in Thy truth,
Therein my Teacher be.

No. 184.

Martyn. 7s.

S. B. MARSH, 1836.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som
While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - ceive my soul at

fly, high; } { Hid3 me, O my Sav - iour - hide,
last. } Till the storm of life is past; D. C.

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 stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
Boundless love in Thee I find,
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

No. 185.

Toplady. 7s.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me; Let me hide my - self in Thee!
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy riv - en side which flow'd,
D. C.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow—
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

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