



Sparkling JEWELS

A NEW COLLECTION OF
SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC.

BY

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HOWLES SHAW.

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CINCINNATI:

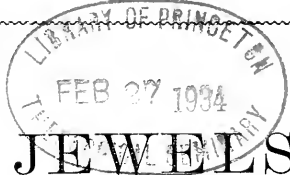
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SPARKLING JEWELS

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A NEW

COLLECTION OF CHOICE MUSIC.

BY



KNOWLES SHAW.



CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN CHURCH & CO.,
66 WEST FOURTH STREET.

PREFACE.

THE great success that has attended our former Sunday School Book, "SHINING PEARLS," and its wide-spread circulation, has encouraged the Author to contribute these "SPARKLING JEWELS" to the cause of Sunday Schools.

In this work will be found more than one hundred of the choicest gems, sparkling with living truth, fresh from the richest mines.

Many of these "JEWELS" of song have been composed especially for this work, and never appeared before; others gathered from the very best authors; and none have been admitted except such as breathe a pure gospel sentiment, uncontaminated by any light or unhallowed associations.

The music is easy, and well adapted to the hymns and songs, and may be used in Sunday Schools, Social Meetings, or in the Family Circle.

All contributors to this work have been duly credited where their compositions appear, but we would here render them our sincere thanks for the same.

We now send forth this little book on its mission; and sincerely hope, and most earnestly pray, that it may awaken in the minds of all, the love of living truth, and be instrumental in leading many early to seek the Lord, that they may be found among his "JEWELS" when he comes, and finally "Gather 'round the Great White Throne" "Over there," "Far beyond" this world of sorrow, to "Praise the Lord" forever.

KNOWLES SHAW.

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SPARKLING JEWELS.

SPARKLING JEWELS OF SONG.

Words by K. SHAW.

PROF. JACKSON.

Sparkling jew-els of song we bring,

Spark - ling songs we bring, To Christ our Proph-et, Priest, and King,

Glad our hearts the

Glad hearts the notes prolong, Singing for Je - sus our jew-els of song.

Chorus.

Sparkling, sparkling gems of song,

With happy hearts our notes pro-

Sparkling gems of song, notes prolong, with
gems of song, long, happy hearts prolong,
Then swell the chords and joyful sing, And to the Lord our jewels bring.

Then swell the chords and joyful sing,

2 Sparkling jewels of joy and love,
We bring to him who reigns above;
Savior, hear us while we sing,
Take thou the off'ring of jewels we bring.
Sparkling gems, etc.

3 And when we shall pass away,
To dwell in realms of fadeless day,
Richer gems we'll cast before
Jesus, our Savior, whom we adore.
Sparkling gems, etc.

JESUS CALLED THEM LONG AGO.

Music by K. SHAW.

1. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, Jesus called them long a - go; All the wintry
2. All a-long the mighty a - ges, All adown the solemn time, They have taken

time they're passing, Soft - ly as the fall - ing snow. When the vio - lets
up their homeward March to a se - ren - er clime. Where the watch-ing,

in the spring-time, Catch the a - zure of the sky; They are car ried
wait-ing an - gels, Lead them from the shadow dim, To the brightness

Chorus.

out to slumber Sweetly, where the vio-lets lie. Go - ing home, go - ing home,
of his presence, Who has called them un-to him.

Free from worldly woe; Je - sus gently bids them come; He called them long ago.

3 They are going, only going
Out of pain, and into bliss;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them:
Jesus called them unto him.
Going home, etc.

4 Little hearts, forever stainless;
Little hands as pure as they
Little feet, by angels guided
In a pure and perfect way:
They are going, ever going,
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 't is Jesus who has called them,
Suffer and forbid them not.
Going home, etc.

THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Tenderly.

1. Man - y children dear to us while here Have gone, but we are
2. I see the throng, I hear the song, 'Mid the angels on the oth - er

told That our ab - sent ones in heaven ap - pear, A - mong the saints en - shore; In the pastures green they are ev - er seen, On Ca - naan's peace - ful

Chorus.

rolled, As the lambs of the up - per fold. For Je - sus leads the shore, In the land where they weep no more.

ten - der lambs, They are now in the land where they ne'er grow old; How

dear to us, are the lov - ing lambs, The lambs of the up - per fold.

2 Now let us live - to Jesus give
Our strength while young and old;
So when we are gone we may rest at home,
And walk the streets of gold,
With the lambs of the upper fold.
For Jesus leads, etc.

4 Then let us go to the land above,
And be with the saints enrolled,
To bear the palm, and wear the crown,
And share that bliss untold,
With the lambs of the upper fold.
For Jesus leads, etc.

WE'LL STAND THE STORM.*

Words by AMY ARNOTT.

L. VESE.

mf Boldly.

1. How bravely sails the gal-lant ship, And thro' the tem - pest rides;
2. By rud-est gales and roughest waves, Still on-ward she is driven;

Her wings of can-vas all outspread, And like a bird she flies.
And fears no dan-ger while she finds They're bearing her to heaven.

f Chorus.

We'll stand the storm, 't will not be long, We'll anchor by and by!

We'll stand the storm, 't will not be long, We'll anchor by and by.

3 The Christian sails a stormy sea,
By angry billows tossed;
With Jesus ever in command,
He knows he'll not be lost.
We'll stand, etc.

4 We'll trust him when the days are dark,
And when the tempests roar;
For he will guide our vessel safe
To yonder blissful shore.
We'll stand, etc.

*From "Silver Wings," published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., by permission.

COME TO ME.

Words from the "CHILD'S PAPER."

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus; Hear him saying, "Come to me!"
2. Lit - tle eyes to read the Bi - ble, Giv - en from the heav'n a - bove;

Bless - ed Je - sus, who, to save us, Shed his blood on Cal - va - ry.
Lit - tle ears to hear the sto - ry Of the Savior's wondrous love;

Lit - tle souls were made to serve him, All his ho - ly law ful - fill:
Lit - tle tongues to sing his prais - es; Lit - tle feet to walk his ways;

Lit - tle hearts were made to love him, Lit - tle hands to do his will;
Lit - tle bod - ies to be temples, Where the Ho - ly Spir - it stays.

3 There are little crowns in heaven,
There are little harps of gold;
There are little shining dresses,
There are gems and joys untold.
Jesus gave his blood to buy them;
He has bought enough for all;
Little children, come to Jesus—
He has love for great and small.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.*

"The word of our God shall stand forever."

Words by FANNY CHURCH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. The book of books, the Bi - ble, Oh, guard and keep it well, To all its sa - cred
2. Read from that o - pen volume, The words your heart will move, Of all God's ten - der

pa - ges, The way of life do tell; The way of life to each 'tis free, Yes,
kind - ness, His more than mor - tal love; Dear words of truth, they never fail, They

Chorus.

Je - sus died for you and me. The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the
reach to that with - in the vale. The Bi - ble, etc.

book of love and truth, Staff for a - ged pil - grims, guide for bounding youth.

3 The lessons that it teaches,
Are love to all mankind,
Humility and mercy,
In union sweet combined;
Dear lessons of the boundless grace,
That meets the darkest sinner's case.

4 Then keep that faithful teacher,
Its precepts wise obey,
And by and by you'll enter
The Kingdom of the day;
Then joy for thee, thy work is done,
Thy Savior speaks the great "Well done!"

*From "Little Sower," by permission.

THE BANNER OF HIS LOVE.

Music by K. SHAW.

Spirited, but not too fast.

1. Ye wretched, hun - gry, starv - ing poor, Be - hold a roy - al feast;
2. See, Je - sus stands with o - pen arms, He calls, he bids you come;

Where mer - cy spreads her bounteous store For ev' - ry humble guest.
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms, But see, there yet is room.

Chorus.

Come, join in the army of the Lord; Come, join in the army of the Lord; In the

army of the Lord, 'Neath the banner of his love, Come, join in the army of the Lord.

3 Room in the Savior's bleeding heart,
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
Come, join, etc.

4 O, come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
Come, join, etc.

5 There, with united hearts and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.
Come, join, etc.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.
Come, join, etc.

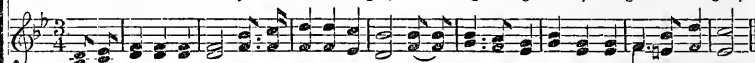
I LONG TO CROSS OVER.

Music by W. H. DOANE.



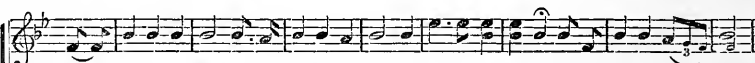
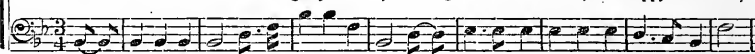
1. O, have you not heard of that realm of delight, To which our blest Savior doth each one invite;

2. 'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm of delight, O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light;

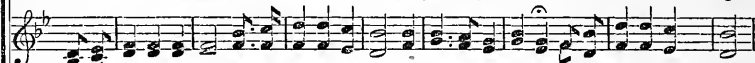


3. There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come; There the saints are all safe in their heavenly

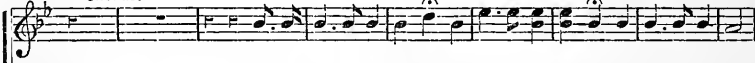
4. 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see, To reign with him ever, all happy and free;



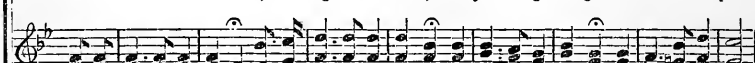
'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blest, 'Tis over the river where the weary find rest.
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die, O, I long to cross over with Jesus on high.



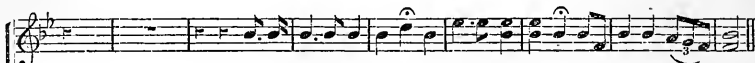
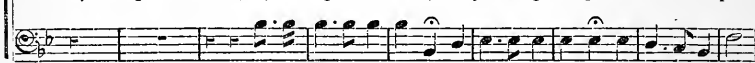
With their harps and their crowns they forever are seen, Away o'er the river where the valleys are green.
I'll join with the ransomed and with them abide, I'll cross the dark river—bright angels will guide.

*Chorus.*

O, I long to cross over, And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plain!



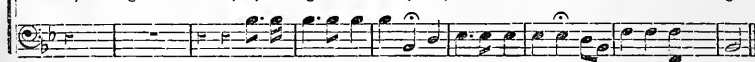
O, I long to cross over, O, I long to cross over, And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plain!



O, I long to cross over, Yes, over the river with Jesus to reign!



O, I long to cross over, O, I long to cross over, Yes, over the river with Jesus to reign!



PRECIOUS TREASURE.

"Thy word is Truth."—John xvii: 17.

Music by K. SHAW.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Pre - cious treas - ure! thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to teach me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.

Chorus.

Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine! Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine!

Pre - cious treas - ure! thou art mine! Pre - cious treas - ure! thou art mine!

3 Mine to comfort in distress,
Suffering in this wilderness;
Mine to show, by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.
Holy Bible, etc.

4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
O, thou holy book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Holy Bible, etc.

STAND UP FOR JESUS,*

Words by THETA.

mf Boldly.

1. Stand up for Je - sus! let not pride Keep thee away from him who died
 2. Stand up for Je - sus! let not fear Cause thee to shrink when danger's near;
 3. Stand up for Je - sus! let not shame Make thee deny his bles-sed name;

To save thy soul; but to the fight Go forth in thy great Captain's might.
 Je - ho - vah's arm will thee uphold, His grace can make the faint heart bold.
 The on - ly name that God has giv'n By which lost men may en - ter heaven.

ff Chorus.

Stand up for Je - sus! yea, stand fast! Con-quer or die—the conflict past,

Him that o'ercometh he will own, And place the vic-tor near his throne.

4 Stand up for Jesus! let not love
 To this vain world, thy purpose move:
 Forsaking all earth's empty toys,
 Keep thine eye fixed on heavenly joys.
 Stand up for Jesus, etc.

5 Stand up for Jesus! let not sin
 Defile thy soul, but strive to win
 The crown of righteousness, prepared
 For those who fear and serve the Lord.
 Stand up for Jesus, etc.

*From "Silver Wings," published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., by permission.

WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

"Wait on the Lord."

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Moderate.

1. Would you lay your bur - den down? Wait a lit - tle lon - ger;
2. Are your tri - als hard to bear? Wait a lit - tle lon - ger;

Would you wear a sparkling crown? Wait a lit - tle lon - ger.
These for heaven our souls pre - pare; Wait a lit - tle lon - ger.

2d time, Chorus.

God has work for thee to do; On your jour - ney still pur - sne;
Soon our sor - rows will be o'er; Soon we'll reach that peace - ful shore;

Repeat for Chorus.

Keep the bet - ter land in view, And wait a lit - tle lon - ger.
Pain and death shall come no more, Then, wait a lit - tle lon - ger.

3 Work for Jesus while 't is day,
Work a little longer;
Sow, and faint not by the way,
Work a little longer.
Think not that you work in vain;
Soon you'll reap the golden grain,
On yon bright celestial plain;
Then, wait a little longer.

4 Should your tears oft freely flow,
Wait a little longer;
Jesus wept while here below,
Wait a little longer.
Soon we'll walk the golden street;
Soon, the parted here, will meet;
Soon we'll bow at Jesus' feet;
Then, wait a little longer.

GARLANDS WE BRING.

From "THE SONG GARLAND."

Words and Music by J. WM. SUFFERN.

1. { Gar-lands we bring, fresh garlands of song, To welcome our Sa-rior and King,
sing of the Sa-rior's ten - der love, And mercies so gra-cious-ly given,
2. { Gar-lands we bring, fresh garlands of song, To Je-sus the praise all be given;
{ join with the lov - ing an - gel band, And with them our voic - es blend,

Let's join our glad voic - es with the throng Of an - gels as they sing, They }
By }
For he it was said "Oh, let them come," There's children now in heaven, We'll }
And }

him who now reigns o'er all a - bove, O'er earth and o'er sea and heaven.
with them we'll shout all glo - ry be To Je - sus, the sin - ner's friend.

Chorus.

Wafting a - long sweet gar-lands of song,
Waft-ing sweet gar - lands of song,

O - ver the land and o - ver the sea,
O - ver the land and sea,

Sing - ing for Je - sus, Yes, sing - ing for Je - sus our theme shall be.

JESUS BY THE SEA.

GEO. F. ROOT. By permission.

Reverentially.

1. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he sat be-side the sea, Where the
 2. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he walked up-on the sea, When the
 3. O, I love to think of Je - sus as he walked be-side the sea, Where the

waves were only murm'ring on the strand, When he sat with-in the boat, on the
 waves were rolling fear-ful - ly and grand, How the winds and waves were still, at the
 fishers spread their nets up - on the shore, How he bade them fol-low him, and for-

sil - ver wave a - float, While he taught the wait-ing peo - ple on the land.
 bid - ding of his will, While he brought his loved dis - ci - ples safe to land.
 sake the paths of sin, And to be his true dis - ci - ples ev - er - more.

Chorus.

O! I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O! I
 O! I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O! I
 O! I love to think of Je - sus by the sea; O! I

love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I love the precious Word, Which he
 love to think of Je - sus by the sea, How he walked up - on the wave, His be-
 love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I long to leave my all, At the

spake to them that heard, While he taught the wait-ing peo - ple by the sea.
 lov - ed ones to save, While he brought them safely o'er the storm-y sea.
 dear Re - deem-er's call, And his true dis - ci - ple ev - er - more to be.

"I SOON SHALL GO."

Words by "IDA."

W. H. DOANE.

1. Be - yond the glad - ness and the griev - ing, I soon shall go; }
Be - yond the doubt - ing and be - liev - ing, (Omit.) - - - }

Be - yond the giv - ing and re - ceiv - ing, I soon shall go. My hap - py home,

Dear, dear home; In that land with the angel band, I'll find my heavenly home;

In that land with the an - gel band, I'll find my heavenly home.

2 Beyond the tempting and the warning,
I soon shall go;
Beyond the loving and the scorning,
Beyond the darkness and the dawning,
I soon shall go.
My happy home,
Dear, dear home;
In that land, with the angel band,
I'll find my heavenly home.

3 Beyond the smiling and the sighing,
I soon shall go;
Beyond the hoping and the crying,
Beyond the living and the dying,
I soon shall go.
My happy home,
Dear, dear home;
In that land, with the angel band,
I'll find my heavenly home.

MINE THE CROSS.

"If we suffer with him."—Rom. viii: 17.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

From "Songs of Salvation," T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Mine the cross, and thine the glo - ry, Thou hast suffered once for me;
2. All I am thy grace has made me, All I am I owe to thee;

Fine.

Let my life be calm or cloud-ed, I can trust it, Lord, to thee.
I can on-ly thank and praise thee For a love so pure and free.

Let me feel the sweet as - sur-ance Of thy pres-ence al-ways near;
I would dai - ly strive to fol - low Where thy blessed feet have led;

D. C.

Grant me on - ly this, my Fa-ther, And my soul can nev - er fear.
May I fol - low, dai - ly grow-ing Up to thee, my liv - ing head.

3 Mine the cross, and thine the glory,
Thou hast borne it once for me;
Help me bear with Christian meekness
Every trial sent by thee.
On thy strength alone relying,
With thy lamp to cheer my way,
Leaning on the staff of mercy,
I will labor, trust, and pray.

TARRY WITH ME, BLESSED JESUS.

"And he went in to tarry with them."—*Luke xxiv: 29.*

Music by K. SHAW.

1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - ior, For the day is pass - ing by;
2. Man - y friends were gathered round me In the bright days of the past;

See, the shades of evening gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.
But the grave has closed a - bove them, And I lin - ger here at last.

Chorus.

Tar - ry with me, blessed Je - sus, Leave me not till morn - ing light;

For I'm lone - ly here with - out thee, Tar - ry with me through the night.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler now the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, etc.

4 Tarry with me, O my Savior!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.
Tarry with me, etc.

HEAVY LADEN COME TO ME.

Words by C. C.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1. Who is this that calls, "O, wear-y," Who is this that cries, "O, wear-y,"
 2. Who is this that standeth wait-ing, Who is this so pa-tient wait-ing,
 3. Who is this that go-eth weep-ing For the care-less heart is sleep-ing?
 4. Who is this that prays "Forgive them," Who is this that pleads "Forgive them,"

Who is this that prays, "O, wea-ry, Hea-vy-la-den, come to me?"
 Knocking, wait-ing, call-ing, wait-ing, Thro' the dark and storm-y night?
 Who is this that go-eth weep-ing, "I have called, ye would not hear?"
 All-for-giv-ing prays, "For-give them, For they know not what they do?"

Is there rest from sor-row's sigh-ing? Is there life for sin-ners dy-ing?
 "I will sup with thee," he say-eth, "O-pen un-to me," he pray-eth,
 Lo! the Lord you have re-ject-ed, Christ, the Lord, despised, re-ject-ed!
 It is Je-sus, plead-ing, cry-ing, It is Je-sus, bleed-ing, dy-ing;

It is Je-sus who is cry-ing, "Heavy-la-den, come to me."
 It is Je-sus wait-eth, pray-eth. In the dark-ness waits the light.
 Je-sus scorned, despised, re-ject-ed! When you call, O who will hear?
 Dy-ing sin-ners, Christ is dy-ing— Must he die in vain for you?

Chorus.

Je-sus calls! will you come? Hea-vy-la-den, sin-ner come?

Je-sus calls! will you come, Come and go to the prom-ised land?

NEAR THE CROSS.

Words of last verse by K. S.

O. A. BARTHOLOMEW.

1. Near the cross our sta - tion ta - king, Earthly cares and joys for -
 2. When no eye its pi - ty gave us, When there was no arm to

sak - ing; Meet it is for us to mourn;
 save us, He his love and pow'r dis - played;

'T was for us he came from heaven, 'T was for us his heart was
 By his stripes our help and heal - ing, By his death our life re -

riv - en; All his griefs for us were borne.
 veal - ing, He for us the ran - som paid.

3 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
 That from sin we may refrain us,
 In thy griefs may deeply grieve;
 Thee our best affections giving,
 To thy praise and honor living,
 May we in thy glory live!

4 Then in realms of bliss and glory,
 We will sing the wondrous story
 Of our dear Redeemer's love,
 And through ages still unceasing,
 Joy, and bliss, and love increasing
 In our blessed home above.

WAITING AT THE DOOR.

Words by MRS. KATE M. REASONER.

From "FRESH LEAVES," by per.

1st. 2d.

1. I am waiting for the Mas-ter, Who will rise and bid me come
To the glo - ry of his presence, To the glad-ness . . . of his home. }

2. Many a wea - ry path I've traveled In the darkest storm and strife,
Bear-ing many a heav - y bur - den, Of - ten struggling . . . for my life. }

Chorus.

They are watch - - - ing at the por - tal, They are
They are watch-ing, they are watch-ing at the por - tal, They are

wait - - - ing at the door; Waiting on - - - ly for my
waiting, they are wait-ing at the door; Waiting on - ly, wait-ing on - ly for my

com - ing, All the loved . . . ones gone be - fore.
com - ing, All the loved ones, all the loved ones gone be - fore.

3 Many friends that traveled with me,
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.
But they're watching, etc.

5 Oh, how soon shall I be with them,
And shall join their glorious throng;
There to mingle in their worship,
And to swell their mighty song.
Yes, they're watching, etc.

4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumphs sooner won;
Oh, how lovingly they'll greet me
When the toils of life are done.
For they're watching, etc.

6 Yet, O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
For thy time and ways are best;
Hear me, Lord, for I am weary,
O my Father, bid me rest.
They are watching, etc.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

"I press toward the mark for the prize."—PAUL.

Words by W. S. WINFIELD.

K. SHAW.

1. Onward, Christian! onward go; Look not back to aught be - low;
2. Onward, Christian! onward move, Faithful to your Mas-ter prove;

See, the crown be-fore thee lies, Strive to gain the heav'nly prize.
Grow in grace and love di - vine, Brighter yet your light may shine..

Chorus.

On-ward and up-ward, one and all, Fol-low your Captain, hear his call;

On-ward and upward for the prize; Bound for the land beyond the skies.

3 Onward, Christian! onward march;
Though the sultry heat may parch;
Though the tempest rage and roar,
Breast the storm—'t will soon be o'er.
Onward and upward, etc.

4 Onward, then, O Christian, press;
Still the name of Christ confess;
Grace the path your Leader trod,
Pressing onward home to God.
Onward and upward, etc.

MY BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

"THE CITY LIETH FOUR SQUARE."

"These are they who have come up through great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Slowly and distinctly.

I dreamed of the land of the pure and bright, The cit-y of God, the saint's delight,

And the saints of all ages, and children were there, That city of God, and that home to share.

Chorus.

O! that beau - ti - ful dream; O! that beau - ti - ful dream;

Shall I the saints, and those children see, Or shall it be on - ly a dream?

2 I dreamed that the trials of life were o'er,
And the saints were walking the golden shore;
Where they ate of the fruit of life's evergreen tree,
O! beautiful, beautiful dream to me.
O! that beautiful dream, etc.

3 I dreamed that I saw them in robes of white;
With crowns on their brow of golden light;
I looked as they wandered life's river along,
I listened, and heard a most beautiful song.
O! that beautiful dream, etc.

OVER THERE.

From "FRESH LEAVES," by permission.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who before us the journey have
 3. My Sa - vior is now o - ver there, There my kindred and friends are at

light, Where the saints all immortal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; o - ver there, Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let

Refrain.

robed in their garments of white, over there. Over there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God.
 me fly to the land of the blest. o - ver there,

there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver
 o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there,
 My Sa - vior is now o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver

there, over there, o - ver there, over there, Oh, think of a home o - ver there.
 there, over there, o - ver there, over there, Oh, think of the friends over there.
 there, over there, o - ver there, over there, My Sa - vior is now o - ver there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see;
 Many dear to my heart, over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be at home over there.

5 We'll all meet again over there,
 When the trials of life are all o'er;
 With the ransomed eternally share
 The bliss on that beautiful shore.
 Over there, over there,
 We'll all meet again over there.

OVER THE RIVER.

From "SONG GARLAND," by permission.

T. W. HUBBARD.

1. O - ver the riv - er the crys - tal stream flows, Over the riv - er the tree of life grows ;
 2. O - ver the riv - er the streets are of gold, There are en - joy - ments and pleasures untold ;
 3. There ev'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of glory ne'er dies ;
 4. O - ver the river, we've crossed it at last ; O - ver the riv - er our dan - ger is past ;

O - ver the riv - er each lone pil - grim goes, Thro' the dim por - tals of death.
 O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old, Bear - ing the bur - den of years.
 Light - ing for - ev - er those fair up - per skies, E - den's glad plains to a - dorn.
 Safe in the har - bor our barks are moored fast, Ne'er from their haven to roam.

Close by our threshold the dark angel stands, Beck'ning us on with his pale, trembling hands ;
 There all our sighing and sorrows shall cease, Hushed by the chorus of heaven - ly peace ;
 O - ver the riv - er, fair kingdom of light, There heaven's mansions for - ev - er are bright ;
 Then will we sing with the glorified throng, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs in one hap - py song ;

Chill - ing our hearts with the cold i - cy bands, Stealing each quiv - er - ing breath.
 O - ver the riv - er, thrice hap - py re - lease, We shall be free from our fears.
 O - ver the riv - er there com - eth no night, Long is e - ter - ni - ty's morn.
 Praising the power that has brought us along, O - ver the riv - er - at home.

Chorus.

O - - - ver the riv - - - er, O - - - ver the riv - - - er,
 O - ver the ri - ver the streets are of gold, There are en - joy - ments and pleasures untold ;

O - - - ver the riv - - - er the streets are of gold.
 O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old, Bear - ing his bur - den of years.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth."

From "SINGING PILGRIM" & "MUSICAL LEAVES," by permission.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato e effettuoso.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far - a - way
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams, Its bright jas-per

home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the walls. I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin-ly the vale intervenes, Be-

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, Where no
tween the fair cit-y and me, Be - tween the fair cit-y and me, Till I

storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years of eternity roll.
fan - cy but thin - ly the vale intervenes Be - tween the fair city and me.

3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The king of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5 Oh how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

THE LAND OVER JORDAN.

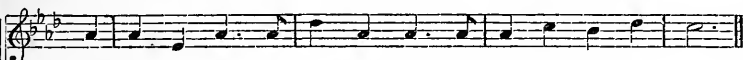
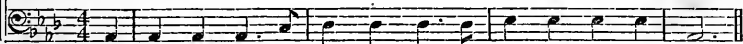
W. H. DOANE.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-with'ring flowers;



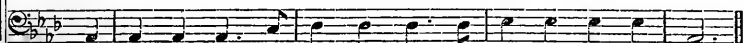
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
 4. O, could we make our doubts re-move, Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 5. Could we but climb where Mo-ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,



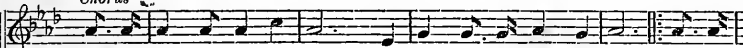
In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
 Death, like a nar-row sea di-vides This heavenly land from ours.



So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
 And view the Ca-naan that we love, With un-be-cloud-ed eyes.
 Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore.



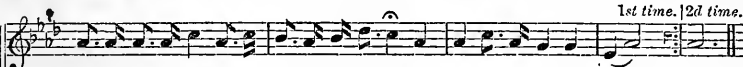
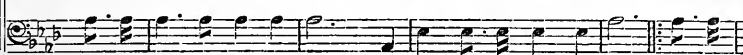
Chorus



O! the land, the love-ly land, The land o-ver Jor-dan's foam; On the



O! the land, the love-ly land, The land o-ver Jor-dan's foam; On the



golden, golden strand Wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.



golden, golden strand Wait the happy, happy band, To welcome the ransomed home.



DENNIS.

NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows,
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

CORONATION. C. M.

HOLDEN.

All Sing.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

2 You chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 You Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

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

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

THE SHINING ONES.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Duet.

1. Far a - way in the land of the pure and bright, Is the ci - ty of God with its
 2. That beau-ti - ful land we are near-ing now, Where a crown of bright glory en-
 3. With palms, and bright crowns, and robes of light, We shall roam the fair fields with e-

gold - en light; Oh, there is our home, and we ev - er shall stand, 'Mid the
 cir-cles each brow; Where the tree of life grows on that beau-ti - ful shore, Where
 ter-nal de-light; We shall join in the songs of the pu - ri - fied band, 'Mid the

Chorus.

shin-ing ones of that bet - ter land. Oh, beau-ti - ful home! oh,
 flowers shall fresh - en to fade no more. Oh, beau-ti - ful home, etc.
 shin-ing ones of the bet - ter land. Oh, beau-ti - ful home, etc.

beau-ti - ful home, Where beau-ti - ful saints sur-round the white throne, How I

long to be there, and forev - er to stand 'Mid the shining ones of that bet - ter land.

4 Then come, brother pilgrims, let love freely flow,
 As on to that beautiful home we shall go;
 For Jesus has said we must go hand in hand,
 If ever we enter that beautiful land.
 Oh, beautiful home, etc.

5 Oh, my soul is now weary of toiling below,
 To the home of the purified saints would I go,
 With Jesus, my Savior, forever to stand,
 'Mid the shining ones of the better land.
 Oh, beautiful home, etc.

O, HAPPY PILGRIM.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

Specially contributed to this work by W. H. DOANE.

1. O, blessed bond that makes us one, U - nit - ed in the Savior's love;
2. Though thorns may pierce our weary feet, Though heat may scorch, and cold may chill;

To Canaan's land we'll jour - ney on, Un - til we reach our home a - bove.
We still will sing our anthems sweet, And bold - ly march up Zi - on's hill.

Chorus.

O hap - py pil - grim, tell me true, To save my soul, what shall I do?

'Tis Christ a - lone can save from sin, And make us pure and white within.

3 O, brother pilgrim! look on high,
Above the clouds, above the sun;
The pearly gates are very nigh,
Our toilsome work is almost done.
O, happy pilgrim, etc.

4 O, blessed time, when we shall rise,
Our trials o'er, our cares laid down;
On angel plinious to the skies,
And there receive the pilgrim's crown.
O, happy pilgrim, etc.

TARRY NOT HERE.*

E. C. REVONS.

mf Cheerfully.

1. We are trav - el - ers here be - low, Onward, joyful - ly, still we go;
2. Oh, the light of that sky se - rene, Mor - tal vis - ion hath nev - er seen;

On - ly pil - grims here we roam; Je - sus will gath - er us home.
Strains no mor - tal ear can hear Ech - o for - ev - er there.

f Chorus.

On - ward! On - ward! Tar - ry not, tar - ry not here! On - ward to your

heav - en - ly home, Je - sus bids you welcome home. On - ward! Onward!

Tarry not, tarry not here! Onward! Onward! Tarry not, tarry not here!

3 Come and join us, a pilgrim band,
Going home to our Fatherland;
Crowns of joy, divinely fair,
Jesus will give us there.
Onward, etc.

4 Going home to the fields of light,
Going home to our mansions bright;
Oh, how happy we shall be,
Jesus there to see.
Onward, etc.

*From "Silver Wings," published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., by permission.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

DR. L. MASON.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sey - er? When will peace
2. When shall love free-ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Sa - vior; May we all

wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe
friend-ship glow, Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
there u - nite, Hap - py for - ev - er: Where kin-dred spi - rits dwell, There

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

TO-DAY THE SAVIOR CALLS.

1. To - day the Sa - vior calls; Ye wan - d'ers come;
2. To - day the Sa - vior calls; O, hear him now;

O, ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
With - in these sa - cred walls, To Je - sus bow.

3 To-day the Savior calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
O, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

KEEP ON PRAYING.

"Praying always."—EPH. vi: 18.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

From "Songs of Salvation," by per. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Long my spir - it pined in sor - row, Watching, waiting all in vain;
 2. Ye, who sigh for ho - ly pleasures, Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
 3. How the au - gel band re - joice - s, When a kneel - ing mor - tal prays;

Wait - ing for a gold - en morrow, Free from worldly care and pain,
 "Keep on praying," heavenly treasures In the end you're sure to win,
 Hear them cry, in heavenly voices, "Keep on pray - ing" all your days;

When I heard a sweet voice say - ing, In the ac - cents of a friend,
 Wres - tle with the Lord of glo - ry, Lay your troubles at his feet,
 Pray un - til you reach fair Canaan, Reach the pearly gates of day;

Cheer up, brother, "keep on praying," Keep on pray - ing to the end.
 Plead with faith in Cal - vary's sto - ry, Till your joys are all com - plete.
 Then your bliss shall end in glo - ry, And shall nev - er pass a - way.

Chorus.

When our wayward tho'ts are straying, When God's mercy seems de - lay - ing,

Then in faith we'll keep on praying, Keep on praying, Keep on praying to the end.

mp *f*

WE'RE MARCHING ON.

(Temperance Song.)

Words from "YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE VISITOR."

Contributed by J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We're marching on! we're marching on! A lit - tle, loy - al band,

And want and woe, wher-e'er we go, Must van-ish from our land.
D. C. We'll keep it bright with faith by night, And glad by day with song.

{ For wine, and ale, and rum must fall, And al - co - hol must flee; }
{ We'll break the chain of vice in twain, And set the cap-tive free; }

For we're marching on! we're marching on! And tho' our way be long,

2 We're marching on! we're marching on!
With courage calm and high,
And still above, with peace and love,
Our conquering banners fly.
At last the hosts of wrong shall yield,
The right shall reign at last;
For young and old we're bound to hold
The temperance standard fast!

CHORUS.

For we're marching on! we're marching on!
A little, loyal band;
Come woe or weal, with fervent zeal,
Around our flag we'll stand.

3 We're marching on! we're marching on!
We would not go alone;
We call on those, who hate our foes,
To make our cause their own.
We call on those who love the truth,
The children of the light,
With heart and hand to join the band,
And battle for the right.

CHORUS.

For we're marching on! we're marching on!
A little, loyal band;
Though death be near, we will not fear,
The Lord will save our land.

ZION, THE BEAUTIFUL.

"And I saw the holy city."

MUSIC by K. SHAW.

Reverently.

1. Beauti-ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful cit - y that I love,
2. Beauti-ful heaven, where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an - gels clothed in white,

Beautiful gates of pearl - y white, Beautiful temple, God its light!
He who was slain on Cal - va - ry Opens those pearly *(Omit.)* - - - gates to me. }
Beautiful strains that never tire, Beautiful harps through all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshiping at the *(Omit.)* - - - Savior's feet. }

1st time. 2d time.

Chorus. *f* *ff* *f*

Zi - on the beau-ti - ful, home of the blest; Zi - on, where pilgrims forever shall rest;

f

O when shall I dwell in that cit - y of love. Zi - on the beau-ti-ful built a-bove?

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
Zion, the beautiful, etc.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Savior see:
Haste to this heavenly home with me.
Zion, the beautiful, etc.

"RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY ABOVE."

Dr. M. F. PRICE.

Not too fast.

1. There's many a poor lit - tle boy, Whose father and mother are dead,
2. Go out in the hedges and find, For Je - sus hath given the rule,

Cres.

Whose heart is a stranger to joy; No home save a hov-el or shed.
The halt, and the maimed, and the blind; Gather them all into the school.

p Chorus.

We care not how poor or how rich they may be,

*mp**Cres.**mp*

Go bring them in, Sal - va - tion is free; Their souls are all jew - els, Whose

light by and by May shine in your crown Like the stars in the sky.

3 Go, bearing the ensign of love,
Its glories forever unfurled;
Recruit for the army above,
Your warrant embraces the world.
We care not, etc.

THE RIVER OF DEATH.*

Words by FANNY CHURCH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh, bright is the shore that lies be-yond, And shining its gold-en sands are seen ;
2. Oh, fair are the hills that greet our sight, And clad in their robes of liv - ing green,

But fear-ful and dark, with stormy waves, The riv-er of Death rolls in be-tween.
We trem-ble and turn, with tearful eyes, For the river of Death that rolls be-tween.

Chorus.

Oh, hap - py the chil-dren fair and sweet, That there on the Savior's bo - som lean ;

He car-ried them safely thro' the waves Of the riv-er of Death that rolls be-tween.

3 Oh, great is the throng of ransomed there,
Whose souls have been washed from every sin ;
And why should we shrink and fear to pass
The river of Death that rolls between ?
Oh, happy the children, etc.

4 Oh, sweet is the thought to fearful souls,
That Christ through the waters dark hath been ;
His power to save will bring us through
The river of Death that rolls between.
Oh, happy the children, etc.

*From the "Little Sower," by permission.

OUR JOURNEY.*

Words by J. POLLARD.

KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. Jour-ney-ing on-ward, ev - 'ry day, Journey-ing fur - ther on our way ;
 2. Jour-ney-ing on-ward, up-ward too ; Journeying still with heaven in view ;

Seek-ing a home of end-less rest, Beauti - ful man-sion of the blest ;
 Sow - ing the seed we may not reap ; Standing on guard, when others sleep ;

Cres. *Dim.*

Sing-ing our songs of praise and love, Journeying toward our home above !
 Jour-ney - ing on, a pil-grim band, Journeying toward the bet-ter land !

3 Journeying onward, hope shall cheer ;
 Journeying on, new joys appear !
 Angels will guide the feet that stray,
 Keeping them in the narrow way.
 Hopefully waiting, trusting still,
 Thus we may do our Master's will.

4 Journeying onward, oh, how sweet
 Shall be the rest at Jesus' feet !
 Then in the joys of saints we'll share ;
 Oh, may we meet each loved one there !
 Soon shall our pilgrim days be o'er,
 Then shall we sin and toil no more.

* From "Silver Wings," published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., by permission.

HARVEST HOME.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—
ECCLES. xi: 1.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

From "Songs of Salvation," T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa - ters, Find it af - ter ma - ny days;
2. Sow in faith, on God de - pend - ing, E'en in hard-est, poor - est soil;
3. Sow in faith, nor ev - er wea - ry, Hop-ing on, and faint-ing not,

Je - sus' toil - ing sons and daugh - ters, Loud shall sing their har-vest praise.
Pa - tient care and la - bor spend - ing, God will re - com-pense the toil.
Tho' the day be dark and drear - y, Reap-ing soon shall be thy lot.

Chorus.

God's own chil - dren glad - ly sing - ing, Sing - ing songs of har - vest home;

Gold - en sheaves in tri - umph bring - ing, Je - sus bids us wel - come home.

4 Soon shall cease the time of sowing,
Soon the waiting days be o'er,
Plenteous harvest, richly growing,
For God's glory, evermore.
God's own children, etc.

5 Golden sheaves in triumph bringing,
Jesus' reapers hasten home!
Harvest welcome gladly singing,
Jesus meets them as they come.
God's own children, etc.

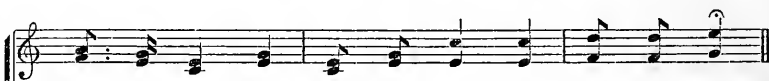
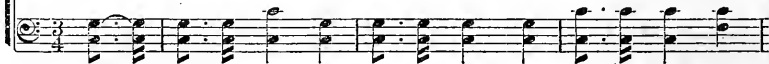
"IT IS I, BE NOT AFRAID."

Words arranged for this work.

K. SHAW.



1. Tossed with rough winds and faint with fear, A - bove the tem - pest
2. 'Tis I who led thy steps a - right; 'Tis I who gave the
3. These rag - ing winds, this surg - ing sea, Bear not a threat of



- soft and clear, What cheer - ing ac - cents greet mine ear:
 blind their sight; 'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light.
 wrath to thee; That storm has all been spent on me.



pp Duet. *Chorus. f*

"It is I, be not a - fraid," "It is I, be not a - fraid."

- 4 This bitter cup fear not to drink;
 I know it well—oh, do not shrink;
 I tasted it o'er Kedron's brink;
 "It is I; be not afraid," etc.

- 5 When on the other shore thy feet
 Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
 One well-known voice thy heart shall greet,
 "It is I; be not afraid," etc.

- 6 From out the dazzling majesty,
 He'll gently whisper, "Lov'st thou me?"
 'T was not in vain I died for thee,
 "It is I; be not afraid," etc.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

ANNIE WITTEMEYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by permission.

1. I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And Je-sus a-
 2. There is peace in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And plen-ty the
 3. There is love in the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, Such as none but

bides with me there; And his Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,
 land doth impart; There is rest for the wea-ry-vorn travel-er's feet,
 blood-washed may feel; When heav-en comes down redeemed spirits to greet,

Chorus.

And his per-fect love cast-eth out fear. Oh, come to this val-ley of
 And joy for the sor-row-ing heart. Oh, come, etc.
 And Christ sets his cov-e-nant seal. Oh, come, etc.

bless - ing

bless-ing so sweet, Where Je-sus will full-ness be-stow; Oh, be-

lieve, and receive, and con-fess him, That all his sal-va-tion may know.

- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
 That angels would fain join the strain—
 As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
 Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."
 Oh, come to this valley, etc.

THE CHILDREN'S WELCOME.

W. H. DOANE.

Sprightly.

1. We have come rejoicing on this happy day, In our Sunday-school we dearly love to stay ;
2. Thro' the week he's kept us, and his smiling face Still is beaming on us in this happy place ;

3. Jesus there is smiling on his Father's throne, Saying, Come in, welcome, come, for here is room ;
4. And in robes of glory, like the stars above, Shall my loved ones ever, ever with me rove ;

And with voi-ces blending in a sa-cred song, We the Sav-ior's praise prolong.
And the gracious Spir-it from his ho-ly throne, Tells us of a bet-ter home.

In these shining mansions, I have still a place ; Children, has-ten to my face.
Where the waving flowerets of in-mortal bloom, Shed a-round their sweet perfume.

Chorus.

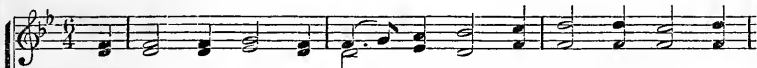
There we shall nev-er grieve him more, But with the an-gels on that shore,
There we shall nev-er grieve him more, But with the an-gels on that shore,

Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain, And ev-er with them praise his holy name.
Strike the harps of glory in a sweeter strain, And ev-er with them praise his holy name.

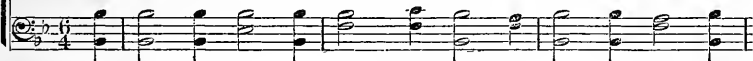
LIFE'S DREAM.

Words by LONGFELLOW.

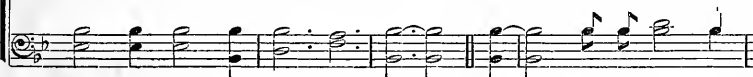
O. A. BARTHOLOMEW.



1. A - las! how poor and lit - tle worth Are all those glit-t'ring
 2. Where is the strength that spurned de - cay, The step that rolled so



toys of earth, That lure us here! Dreams of a sleep that
 light and gay, The heart's blithe tone? The strength is gone, the



death must break; A-las! be-fore it bids us wake, They dis-ap - pear.
 step is slow, And joy grows wea-ri-ness and woe When age comes on.



3 Our birth is but a starting-place;
 Life is the running of the race,
 And death the goal;
 There all those glittering toys are brought;
 That path alone, of all unsought,
 Is found of all.

4 Oh, let the soul its slumbers break,
 Arouse its senses, and awake
 To see how soon
 Life, like its glories, glides away,
 And the stern footsteps of decay
 Come stealing on.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

Words by FANNY CHURCH.

From "Little Sower." J. H. TENNEY.

1. Be - side the throne of God most high, There flows a liv - ing stream ;

How mu - sic - al its dream-y tide, How bright its wa - ters gleam !

Chorus.

Oh, the wa - ter of life! It is pure and free,

And it flows thro' the years Of E - ter - ni - ty.

2 The saints of God, forever blest,
Upon its bright banks stand ;
By breezes soft and sweetly pure,
Their brows are ever fanned.
Oh, the water of life, etc.

3 They drink from that fair stream of life,
Their earthly toils are past ;
They stand within the shining gates,
And heaven is gained at last.
Oh, the water of life, etc.

'TIS RELIGION,

1 'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Sold comfort when we die,

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity !
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end,

MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD.

DR. I. MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, 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;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

J. PLEYEL.

1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now— At thy feet we hum - bly bow;
O, do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

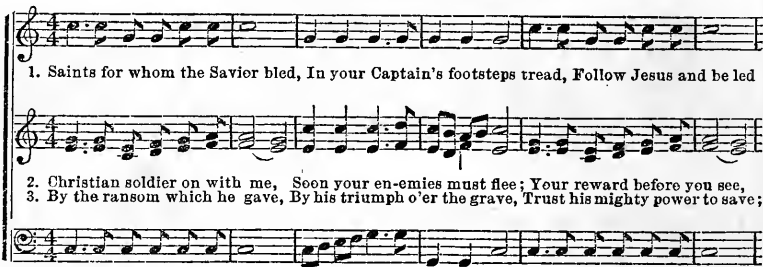
2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may peace and joy afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

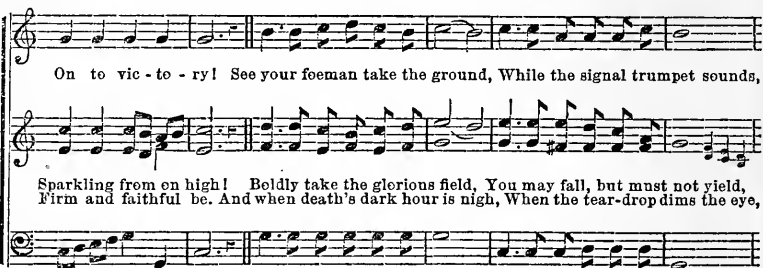
ON TO VICTORY.

W. H. D.

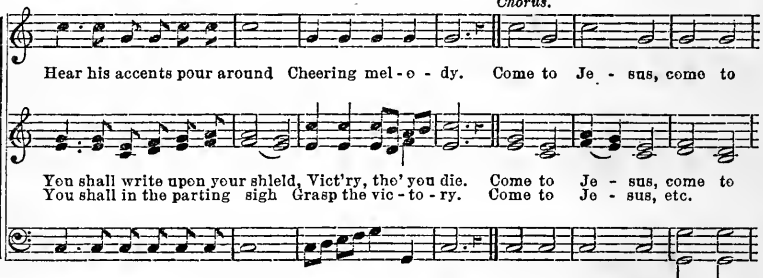


1. Saints for whom the Savior bled, In your Captain's footsteps tread, Follow Jesus and be led

2. Christian soldier on with me, Soon your en-emies must flee; Your reward before you see,
3. By the ransom which he gave, By his triumph o'er the grave, Trust his mighty power to save;



On to vic - to - ry! See your foe-man take the ground, While the signal trumpet sounds,
Sparkling from on high! Boldly take the glorious field, You may fall, but must not yield,
Firm and faithful be. And when death's dark hour is nigh, When the tear-drop dims the eye,

Chorus.


Hear his accents pour around Cheering mel-o - dy. Come to Je - sus, come to
You shall write upon your shield, Vict'ry, the' you die. Come to Je - sus, come to
You shall in the parting sigh Grasp the vic-to - ry. Come to Je - sus, etc.



Je - sus, He will write up - on thy brow, Vic-to-ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.

Je - sus, He will write up - on thy brow, Vic-to-ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry

I SEE THE ANGELS COMING NOW.

Almost the last words of Miss EMMA W. KERCHEVAL, Covington, Ky.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

Tenderly.

1. I soon shall leave a world where sin Rolls on - ward as a riv - er;
2. My Savior gent-ly bids me come; How sweet the "Old, old sto - ry;"

And gain a world where I shall rest In peace and love for - ev - er.
I long to join the an - gel band, And sing their songs in glo - ry.

Chorus. ff

I see the an - gels, beau-ti - ful an-gels! I see the an - gels com-ing now;

Repeat pp.

I see the an - gels, beau-ti - ful an-gels, Yes, 'tis the an-gels com-ing now.

3 Yes, soon will all my pains be past;
My sorrows, gone forever;
And Christ will place upon my brow,
A crown that fadeth never.
I see the angels, etc.

4 Then think not of the mournful time
When dust to dust was given;
But often think of that bright day
When we shall meet in heaven.
I see the angels, etc.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.*

Song with Vocal or Chorus Accompaniment.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

With earnest, tender expression.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly;

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly;

The first system consists of three staves: a vocal line in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time, a vocal line with lyrics, and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part maintains its rhythmic pattern, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life be past,

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past,

The third system features a more melodic piano accompaniment in the right hand, with the bass line continuing its steady accompaniment.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last;

Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last;

The final system concludes the piece with a sustained piano accompaniment in the right hand and a steady bass line.

NOTE.—This may be used occasionally with fine effect, by one Soprano singing the song, and all the Girls (and Boys whose voices have not changed), singing the Alto, while Base and Tenor sing their respective parts. Such pieces as the above, too difficult, it may be, for general use, are intended for S. S. concerts, and other public performances in which ample time for preparation is allowed. The accompanying parts should be sung in a soft, subdued tone of voice.

* From "Fresh Laurels," published by Biglow & Main, N. Y., by permission.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. Concluded.

Ritard.

Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle staff is the alto line, and the bottom staff is the bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time. The piece concludes with a 'Ritard.' (ritardando) marking.

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

Just and holy is thy name,
Prince of peace and righteousness,
Most unworthy, Lord, I am—
Thou art full of love and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thox up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

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.

HOSANNA TO JESUS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1st. 2d.

1. Children of Je - ru - sa - lem, Sing the praise of Je - sus' name;
Children, too, of modern days Join to sing the Sa - vior's . . . praise. }

The musical score for 'Hosanna to Jesus' is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The first section has two endings, labeled '1st.' and '2d.'.

Chorus. 1st. 2d.

Hark! while infant voic-es sing Loud ho-san - nas to our King! King!

The chorus is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. It also has two endings, labeled '1st.' and '2d.'.

2 We are taught to love the Lord;
We are taught to read his word;
We are taught the way to heaven;
Praise for all to God be given.
Hark! while infant, etc.

3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
All unite to swell the song;
Higher and yet higher rise,
Till hosannas reach the skies.
Hark! while infant, etc.

CHILDREN SINGING.

Written for this work.

Words and Music by BENJ. SKENE.

Sprightly.

1. Sweet hour, on Lord's day morning, The hour the children meet, With,
2. They sing of Je - sus' glo - ry, Glo - ry he had on high, And

best of all a - dorn - ing, Their fa - ces smil - ing sweet; All
of the sad, sad sto - ry, Of how he came to die. They

are so bright and joyful, Oh, what a happy throng! See! how they join with
sing of how he triumphed O'er death, the grave, and sin, And of the golden

Chorus.
rap - ture, To swell the op' - ning song. Oh, sweet - est hour of the
cit - y, And how he en - tered in. Oh, sweet - est hour, etc,

best of days, The hour the children meet To sing the Sav - ior's praise.

3 Not in the realms of glory—
Not in the courts above—
Is there a sweeter story
Than that of Jesus' love.
Is love for sinners dying,
A lost and fallen race—
He hears their groans and crying,
And saves them by his grace.
Oh, sweetest hour, etc.

4 Well may we shout our chorus
In praise of Jesus' name,
With those who've gone before us,
To magnify his fame.
Sing on, sing on, dear children,
On earth no sweeter thing
Than these same simple praises,
Which you so sweetly sing.
Oh, sweetest hour, etc.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

PHIL. iv: 7.

Words by Miss A. A. P.

K. SHAW.

1. We ask for peace, O Lord! Thy children ask thy peace; Not
2. We ask for peace, O Lord! Yet not to stand se - cure, Girt

what the world calls rest, That toll and care should cease, That thro' bright sunny
round with iron pride, Contented to en-dure; Crushing the gen-tle

hours Calm life should fleet a-way, And tranquil night should fade In
strings That human hearts should know; Untouched by others' joys Or

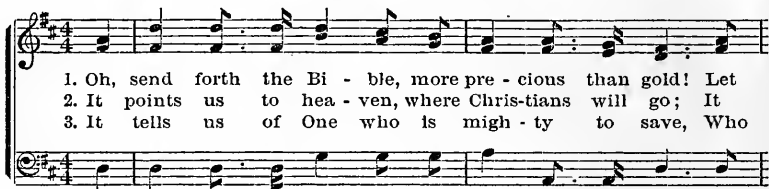
smil-ing day, It is not for such peace that we would pray.
oth - ers' woe. Thou, O dear Lord! wilt nev - er teach us so.

3 We ask thy peace, O Lord!
Thro' storm and fear and strife,
To light and guide us on
Thro' a long, struggling life;
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve, what the world calls
Our wasted might;
Yet pressing thro' the darkness to
the light.

4 It is thine own, O Lord!
Who toil while others sleep;
Who sow with loving care,
What other hands shall reap;
They lean on thee, entranced
In calm and perfect rest;
Give us that peace, O Lord!
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts that
love thee best.

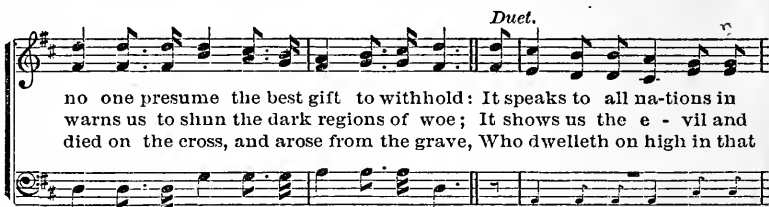
OH, SEND FORTH THE BIBLE.*

WM. B. BRADBURY.

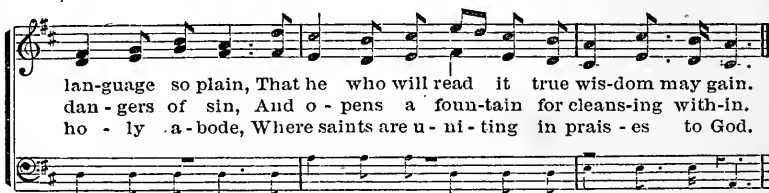


1. Oh, send forth the Bi - ble, more pre - cious than gold! Let
2. It points us to hea - ven, where Chris-tians will go; It
3. It tells us of One who is migh - ty to save, Who

Duet.

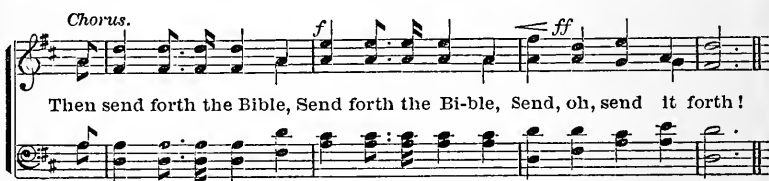


no one presume the best gift to withhold: It speaks to all na-tions in
warns us to shun the dark regions of woe; It shows us the e - vil and
died on the cross, and arose from the grave, Who dwelleth on high in that



lan-guage so plain, That he who will read it true wis-dom may gain.
dan - gers of sin, And o - pens a foun-tain for cleans-ing with-in.
ho - ly a - bode, Where saints are u - ni - ting in prais - es to God.

Chorus.



Then send forth the Bible, Send forth the Bi-ble, Send, oh, send it forth!

4 It tells us that all will awake from the tomb;
Bids sinners reflect on a judgment to come;
It tells us that mansions of bliss are prepared,
The hope of believers—their glorious reward.
Then send forth the Bible, etc.

5 Oh, who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us from danger, invites us to bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around,
Wherever the footsteps of man shall be found.
Then send forth the Bible, etc.

*From "Bright Jewels," published by Biglow & Main, N. Y., by permission.

JESUS HAS DIED FOR ME.

“In due time Christ died for the ungodly.”

From “Little Sower,” by per.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Tho' oft mine eyes with wondering gaze The works of God may see,
2. When burdened with a sense of sin, I to his cross will flee;

No work can e'er with this compare; Je - sus has died for me.
And plead for grace and peace with-in, For Je - sus died for me.

Chorus.

For Je - sus died for me, He groaned up - on the tree;

I dai - ly to his cross will flee, For Je - sus died for me.

3 The world may lure me with its smiles,
Its shallowness I see;
Its snares shall ne'er my soul beguile,
Since Jesus died for me.
For Jesus died, etc.

4 On God I'll cast my every care,
To him I'll bow the knee;
To him my every want declare,
For Jesus died for me.
For Jesus, etc.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, ye heavenly hosts above!
Praise him, all creatures of his love!
Praise him each morning, noon, and night,
Praise him with holy sweet delight.

BLESSED ANGELS.

G. Annie Shaw, aged 14, eldest daughter of our brother, who has collected these "Sparkling Gems," exclaimed a few minutes before her death, as she gazed into the border land of paradise, "Look, dear father, see the angels."

Words by L. F. BITTLE.

Prof. G. W. JACKSON.

1. Look, dear father, see the an - gels, As a - round me now they glide!
 2. I can see them bending o'er me, Feel them touch my pallid brow,
 3. Fare you well, dear father, mother! When I reach the sin - less shore,

They have come, I know, to guide me Thro' the Jordan's roll - ing tide;
 As the bor - der land I en - ter, And at Jor - dan's brink I bow.
 I will watch be - side the riv - er, Till the an - gels bring you o'er;

See you not their golden tresses, And their trailing robes of snow?
 Soon they'll lead me to my Savior, Soon I'll clasp his loving hand,
 I will be the first to greet you, When you touch the blooming strand,

Heard you not their rustling pinions, And their voices sweet and low?
 Then, from every care and sorrow, Safe I'll rest in Canaan's land.
 I will be the first to wel - come, When you gain the heavenly land.

Chorus.

Oh, the angels! blessed an - gels! Lovely as the morning star!
 For the angels, etc.

They have come, I know, to lead me To the land that lies a - far.
 They will come, I know, to lead you, etc.

THE CROWN.*

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

C. O. NEVERS.

mf *Cheerfully.*

1. In yon-der ra-diant world a-bove, Where angels sing, and all is love,
2. Shall I the pearl-y gates be-hold, And walk the streets of purest gold?

Where one e - ter - nal sum-mer reigns In beauty o'er the sa - cred plains,
Or on the river's bank repose, Whose stream like murmuring mu-sic flows?

f *Chorus.*

Is there a crown laid up for me? A beau-ti - ful star-ry
There is a crown laid up for me, A beau-ti - ful star-ry

crown for me? My tri - als o'er, my joy com-plete, Oh,
crown for me. My tri - als o'er, my joys com-plete, Thro'

may I cast at Je - sus' feet, My beau-ti - ful star-ry crown.
grace I'll cast at Je - sus' feet, My beau-ti - ful star-ry crown.

3 Shall I among the angel band,
A soul redeemed in glory stand?
And swell with them the choral lay,
When time itself shall pass away?
Is there a crown, etc.

4 If here I bear the Christian's part,
With all the strength of mind and heart,
My blessed Lord a pledge has given,
Of rest for me, sweet rest in heaven.
There is a crown, etc.

*From "Silver Wings," published by O. Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., by permission.

WE COME!

Words arranged for this work by K. S.

KNOWLES SHAW.

With animation.

1. We come, with hearts of glad-ness, To thee, our Lord and King,
2. Oh, fill our hearts, kind Fa-ther, With love from out thine own,
3. And has - ten thou the dawn - ing Of that e - ter - nal day,

With eyes undimmed by sad-ness, Thy wondrous love to sing;
While in thy courts we gath - er, As foll'-wers of thy Son;
When heaven and earth u - nit - ing, Shall own thy righteous sway;

To crave thy choic-est bless - ing Up - on this hal - lowed hour,
And all our plans and la - bor, Dear Fa - ther, deign to bless;
When ev - ery tongue shall bless thee, And ev - ery heart shall own

With grate-ful hearts con-fess - ing Thy wis - dom and thy power.
Look down with lov - ing fa - vor, And crown them with suc - cess.
That kingdom, power, and glo - ry Be - long to thee a - lone!

Chorus. A little faster.

We come! We come! With eyes undimmed by sad - ness;
We come! We come!

Repeat *ff*
We come with hearts of glad - ness, Our Sav - ior's praise to sing.

ONE BY ONE.

"I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. ii: 10.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

From "Songs of Salvation," T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. One by one we cross the riv - er, One by one we're passing o'er;
2. One by one we come to Je - sus, As we heed his gen - tle voice;

One by one the crowns are given, On the bright and happy shore.
One by one his vineyard en - ter, There to la - bor and re - joice.

Youth and childhood oft are passing O'er the dark and roll - ing tide,
One by one sweet flowers we gather In the glo - rious work of love -

And the bles - sed Ho - ly Spir - it Is the dy - ing Christian's guide;
Garlands for the bles - sed Sa - vior, Garlands for the realms a - bove;

And the lov - ing, gen - tle Spir - it, Bears them o'er the rolling tide.
And the lov - ing, gen - tle Spir - it, Bears them to our home of love.

3 One by one the heavy-laden
Sink beneath the noontide sun,
And the aged pilgrim welcomes
Evening shadows as they come.
One by one, with sins forgiven,

May we stand upon the shore,
Waiting till the blessed Spirit
Takes our hand and guides us o'er,
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Leads us to the shining shore.

OUR HOME BY THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Words by J. C. RIDPATH.

EMMA L. MOORE.

1. There's a riv - er a - bove in the heav-en - ly land, On whose
2. We shall dwell for a day in the low - land of care, We shall

margin the an - gels re - pose; And the dwellers that dwell by the
bow to the scourge and the rod; But our home by the banks of the

sil - ver - y sand, Are e - ter - nal - ly safe from their foes.
riv - er is fair, By the riv - er and cit - y of God.

Duet.

A riv - er whose four-tains in glit - ter - ing sheen, Springing
And the harp - ers that harp with their harps shall be - there, And the

up by the throne of the Father are seen, And there where the leaves of the
weepers that wept and the mourners that were, Shall heave not a sigh, and shall

heal - ing grow green, Is our home by the riv - er of life,
shed not a tear, By the tree and the riv - er of life.

OUR HOME BY THE RIVER OF LIFE. Concluded.

Chorus. TENOR.

Our home, Our home, Our

ALTO.

Our beau-ti-ful home on high,

SOPRANO.

Our home, Our home, Our

BASE.

Our beau-ti-ful home on high,

home, Our home, Our home, sweet home, Our

Our beau-ti-ful home on high, Our home, sweet home,

home, Our home, Our home, sweet home,

Our beau-ti-ful home on high, Our home, sweet home,

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, By the banks of the riv-er of life.

beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, By the banks of the riv-er of life.

3 In our beautiful home in the heavenly land,
 The immaculate Lamb is the Light,
 And the hosts that have gotten the victory stand
 With the palm and the raiment of white.
 At last we shall sit by the side of the stream,
 And our loved ones shall be to our souls what they seem,
 When our spirits are borne in a rapturous dream
 To our home by the river of life.
 Our home, etc.

THAT GLORIOUS LAND.

From "NEW VIOLET," by permission.

Words and Music by A. D. FILLMORE.

Solo.

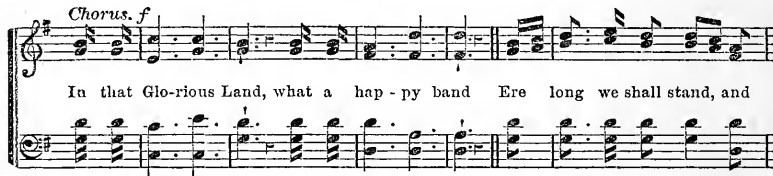


1. The Bi - ble re - veals a glorious land, Where angels and pu - ri - fied spir - its dwell,
2. Out - gush - ing beneath the throne of God, And of the blest Lamb at his right hand,
3. In the midst of the street on eith - er side, The tree of life arch - ing the way o'ershades,



Where pleasures ne'er end, at God's right hand, And anthems of praises forev - er swell.
Thence run - neth the crystal stream of life, A fountain of joy in that Glo - rious Land.
With health - giving fo - liage far and wide—No sickness this Glorious Land in - vades.

Chorus. f



In that Glo - rious Land, what a hap - py band Ere long we shall stand, and



sing with them In the cit - y of God—Je - ru - sa - lem.

- 4 Twelve manner of fruits hang pendant there,
And all who partake shall never die;
With Jesus they dwell, and ever share
The joys of that Glorious Land on high.
In that Glorious Land, etc.
- 5 The afflictions of life are brief and light,
While faith looks beyond the dark Jordan's strand,
Where goldenly shine the mansions bright,
Which Jesus prepares in that Glorious Land.
In that Glorious Land, etc.
- 6 Then come, my dear brethren, let us haste
To finish our work with unflinching hand,
And soon the sweet joys of heaven we'll taste,
With all the redeemed in that Glorious Land.
In that Glorious Land, etc.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

"Making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

By permission.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

With energy.

1. I will sing for Je - sus; With his blood he bought me,
2. Can there o - ver - take me A - ny dark dis - as - ter,

And all a - long my pilgrim way His lov - ing hand has brought me.
While I sing for Je - sus, My bless - ed, bless - ed Mas - ter?.

Chorus.

Oh! help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry

Of him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

3 I will sing for Jesus!

His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
Oh, help me sing, etc.

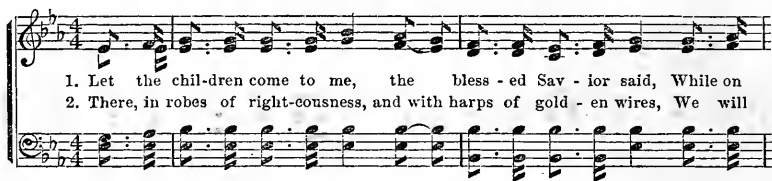
4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!

Oh, how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
Oh, help me sing, etc.

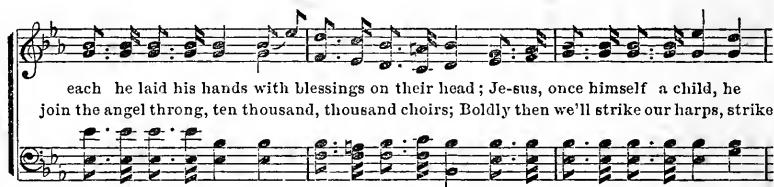
LET THE CHILDREN COME.

Words by B. SKENE.

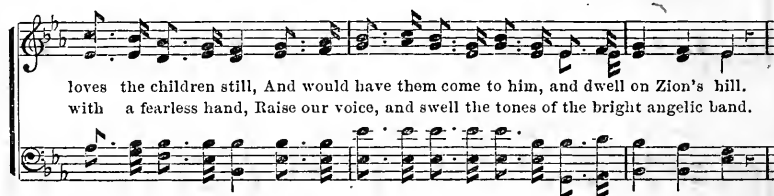
M. F. PRICE.



1. Let the chil-dren come to me, the bless-ed Sav-ior said, While on
2. There, in robes of right-cousness, and with harps of gold-en wires, We will

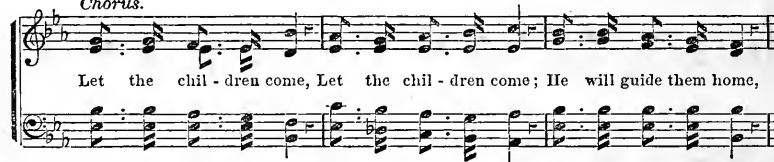


each he laid his hands with blessings on their head; Je-sus, once himself a child, he
join the angel throng, ten thousand, thousand choirs; Boldly then we'll strike our harps, strike

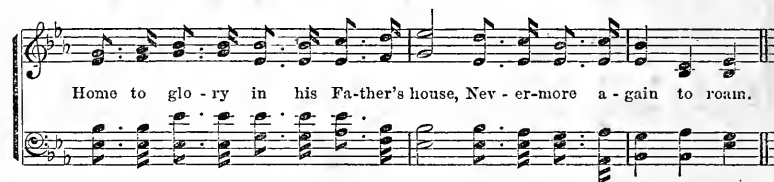


loves the children still, And would have them come to him, and dwell on Zion's hill.
with a fearless hand, Raise our voice, and swell the tones of the bright angelic band.

Chorus.



Let the chil-dren come, Let the chil-dren come; He will guide them home,



Home to glo-ry in his Fa-ther's house, Nev-er-more a-gain to roam.

3 Mingling voices, sweetest sounds, with the harp's harmonious chord,
Make the glorious music, meet to praise the blessed Lord;
All that's bright and beautiful, enjoyed in heaven above,
Is secured to children dear, in Jesus' precious love.
Let the children come, etc.

"TELL ME OF HEAVEN."

Words by Mrs. M. J. BITTLE.

K. SHAW.

Moderato.

1. { Tell me of heav-en, but not of its glo-ry, Its gateways of pearl and its
 { Not of its tow-ers in their dazzling splendor, Sur-pass-ing the glo-ri-ous
 2. { Tell me of heav-en, but not of its jew-els, That flash on the crowns that the
 { Call not be-fore me the shin-ing-robed an-gels, For heav-en to me hath at-

1st time. pavements of gold, ran-somed shall wear;
2d time. tem-ple of old. trac-tions more fair.

{ Tell me of heav-en, its
 { Land where the loved ones that
 { Tell me of heav-en, the
 { Land where they hun-ger not,

1st time. free-dom from sorrow, Land of sweet pleasures that sin can not stain;
 death has long land where no sick-ness Dis-tress-es the forms of the happy and blest;
 nei-ther grow

2d time. part-ed,
 thirs-ty;

Chorus.

If sleep-ing in Je-sus, shall all meet a-gain? Tell me of heav-en,
 The beau-ti-ful land where the wea-ry shall rest. Tell me, etc.

Tell me of heav-en, Tell me of heav-en, Of love, rest, and home.

- 3 Tell me of heaven, but not of its glory,
 Oh, speak of the love that is perfected there;
 Tell of the rest that is waiting the weary,
 Oh, sing of the home he has gone to prepare.
 'Tis not the radiance of sapphire and emerald,
 'Tis not the grandeur of heaven's high dome,
 None of these things have a tithe of the sweetness
 That dwells in the promise of love, rest, and home.
 Tell me of heaven, etc.

THE WORLD IS MY PARISH.

From "FRESH LEAVES."

"The field is the world."

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Dis - ci - ples of Je - sus why stand ye here i - dle, Go
 2. Our field is the world, and our work is be - fore us, To
 3. Per - haps we are called from the high - ways and hedg - es, To
 4. O'er is - lands that sleep in the wave - crest - ed o - cean, We'll
 5. In - stead of the thorn shall the myr - tle be plant - ed, The

work in his vineyard, he calls you to - day; The night is approaching, when
 each is ap - point - ed a mes - sage to bear; At home or a - broad, in the
 gath - er the low - ly, despised, and oppressed; If this be our du - ty, then
 scat - ter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear; O'er ice - covered re - gions and
 desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose; The palm tree re - joic - ing shall

no man can la - bor, Our Mas - ter commands us, and shall we de - lay?
 cot - tage or pal - ace, Wherev - er di - rect - ed, our mis - sion is there.
 why should we falter? We'll do it, and trust to our Sa - vior the rest.
 rock - girded mountains, The Lord will protect as his chil - dren are there.
 spread forth her branches; The lamb and the lion to - geth - er re - pose.

Chorus.

The field is the world! The field is the world! Look up, for the

har - vest is near; When the reap - ers from glo - ry Will

shout as they come, And the Lord of the har - vest ap - pear.

THE CROWN OF MY HOPE.

Specially contributed to this work.

J. G. ARCHER.

Joyfully.

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone;
2. Dissolve thou those bands that detain My soul from her portion in thee;

Oh, bear me, ye cher - u - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.
Ah! strike off this ad - amant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.

My Sav - ior, whom absent, I love; Whom, not having seen, I a - dore;
When that hap - py e - ra be - gins, When arrayed in thy glories I shine,

Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, dominion, and power!
Nor grieve a - ny more, by my sins, The bo - som on which I re - cline.

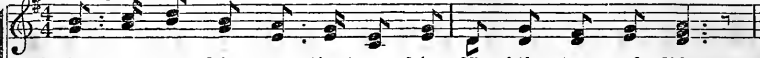
3 Oh then shall the vail be removed!
And round me thy brightness be poured;
I shall meet him whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.
And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

TO THE RIGHT BE TRUE.



From "THE NEW VIOLET," by permission.

C. C. PRATT.

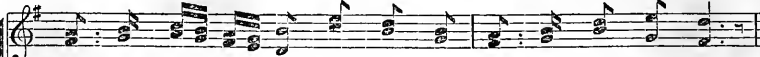
Steady time.





1. Are you marching, pa - tient marching, Thro' the storms of life ?
 2. Are you thinking, dai - ly think - ing, Of the pain - ful way,
 3. When the strong are base - ly forg - ing Fet - ters for the weak,
 4. Are you hop - ing, joy - ful hop - ing, For the rest of heaven ?

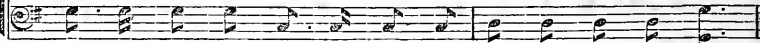
Are you meet - ing, dai - ly meet - ing, Wea - ry toll and strife?
 Of - ten ask - ing, fre - quent ask - ing, Why these suf - ferings stay?
 Shall the ear - nest, truth - ful spir - it Yield, nor dare to speak?
 Are you wait - ing, pa - tient wait - ing, Till the chains are riven?


There's a voice a - bove the tu - mult, Speaking still to you,
 Hear the pro - mise, all shall sure - ly Work for good to you,
 Spurn the thought, yes, ev - er spurn it, Hurl it far from you;
 Would you keep the heavenly man - sion Clear and bright in view,

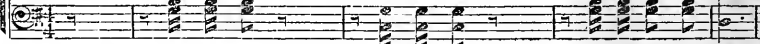

Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er wa - ver, To the right be true.
 Nev - er fear - ing, nev - er doubt - ing, To the right be true.
 Spurn the sel - fish, grasp the no - ble, To the right be true.
 Al - ways heed the ear - nest promp - ters; To the right be true.




Chorus.



To the right, To the right, To the right be true,
 To the right, To the right, To the right be true.

To the right, To the right, To the right be true.
 To the right, To the right, To the right be true.



SACRED TEARS.

"Jesus wept."

Words by Mrs. ST. LEON LOUD.

Dr. M. C. RAMSEY.

1. Draw near, ye wea - ry, bowed, and broken hearted; Ye on - ward trav'lers to a
2. The bright and spotless heir of end-less glo - ry, Wept o'er the woes of those he

peace - ful bourne; Ye from whose path the light has all de - part - ed -
came to save; And an - gels won - dered, when they heard the sto - ry,

f
Ye who in sol - i - tude are left to mourn. Tho' o'er your spir - it hath the
That he who conquered death wept o'er the grave; For 't was not when his lone - ly

p
storm-cloud swept, Sa - cred are sor - row's tears since "Je - sus wept."
watch he kept In dark Geth - se - ma - ne, that "Je - sus wept."

3 But with the friends he loved, whose hope had perished,
The Savior stood, while through his bosom rushed
A tide of sympathy for those he cherished,
And from his eyes the burning tear-drops gushed;
And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of spirit, "Jesus wept."

4 Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye!
Look up, ye mourners, hear what he hath spoken:
"He that believes on me shall never die!"
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept:
Sacred are sorrow's tears, since "Jesus wept."

WE SHALL MEET IN HEAVEN.

Mrs. A. L. DAVISON.

From "Little Sower," by per.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We are wait-ing, watch-ing here, Soon our Sav-ior will ap-pear, And we
 2. Chil-dren wait-ing his com-mand, Trust-ing in his gra-cious hand, Yielding
 3. Sol-diers rea-dy for the fray, Foes a-round in am-bush lay; We must

know that he is near; He will heed our prayer, And he takes us one by one,
 to his just demand, His is ten-der love. Sweet the les-sons we have heard,
 ev-er watch and pray, We must brave-ly fight; And when all the conflict's passed,

When our earth-ly life is done, Brings us to our dis-tant home so fair.
 From his ev-er-dur-ing word; We will trust him till we meet a-bove.
 We shall meet our Lord at last, Meet him in that land which knows no night.

Chorus.

We shall meet in heaven once more, We shall meet in heaven once more, And we'll

join in the songs of that hap-py band, On that bright, that sinless shore, With the

loved who went be-fore, We shall meet once more in heaven a joy-ous band.

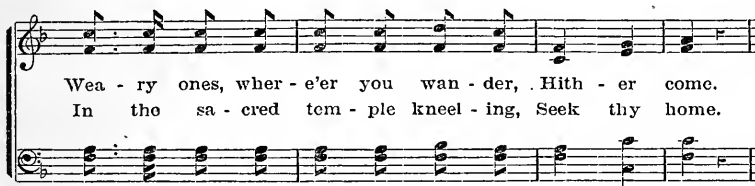
CALL OF THE BELL.

From the "Children's Friend," by A. C. HOPKINS.

With animation.



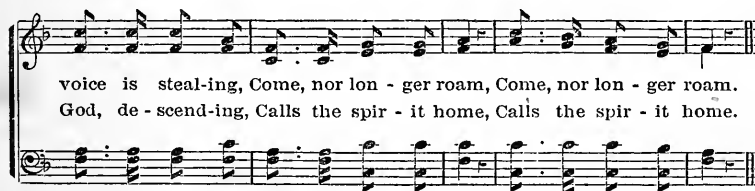
1. Hark! the deep-toned bell is call - ing, Come! oh, come!
2. Now a - gain its tones are . peal - ing, Come! oh, come!



Wea - ry ones, wher - e'er you wan - der, . Hith - er come.
In the sa - cred tem - ple kneel - ing, Seek thy home.



Loud - er now, and deep - er peal - ing, On the heart that
Come, and round the al - tar bend - ing, Love the place where



voice is steal - ing, Come, nor lon - ger roam, Come, nor lon - ger roam.
God, de - scend - ing, Calls the spir - it home, Calls the spir - it home.

3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,
Come! oh, come!
Every heart pure incense bringing,
Hither come.
Father, round thy footstool bending,
May our souls, to heaven ascending,
Find in thee their home,
Find in thee their home.

OH, GIVE ME A HOME.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

1. Oh, give me a home on that beau-ti - ful shore, Where the
 2. Our Sa - vior has gone to that mansion of rest, To pre-
 3. We have friends gone before who will greet us when we come, And the
 4. Let us walk in the steps where our ris - en Lord has trod, They will

sor-rows of life shall come nev-er more; Where we all shall meet, a
 pare us a place to dwell with the blest; We shall see him there on
 an - gels are there to wel-come us home; Oh, we there shall meet and
 lead us to dwell with children of God; When the warfare's past, with the

lov-ing, happy band, And dwell for - ev - er in that beau-ti - ful land.
 Canaan's golden strand, And sing for - ev - er in that beau-ti - ful land.
 with our loved ones stand, And praise forever in that beau-ti - ful land.
 victor's palm in hand, We'll rejoice forev-er in that beau-ti - ful land.

Chorus.

Oh, say, will you go to that beautiful home, In the land where the glorified

ev - er shall roam; With our crowns so bright, and with

an-gels we shall stand, And sing for - ev - er in that beau-ti - ful land.

IF WE KNEW.

Words by Mrs. E. H. GATES.

From "Fresh Leaves." T. C. O'KANE.

Solo or Quartet.

1. If we knew, when walking tho'tless, Thro' the crowded, noi - sy way,
 2. If we knew, when gen - ius struggled Thro' the weary nights and days,
 3. If we knew, when friends around us Close - ly press to say "Good - by,"

That some pearl of wondrous whiteness Close be - side our path - way lay,
 Sigh - ing for some word of com - fort, Lit - tle word of hope and praise;
 Which a - mong the lips that kiss us, First should 'neath the daisies lie,

We would pause, when now we hasten, We would of - ten look a - round,
 Boughs of palm and leaves of lau - rel We would place within their hands,
 We would throw our arms around them, Looking on them thro' our tears;

Ritard.
 Lest our care - less feet should trample Some rare jewel in the ground.
 Lit - tle deeds with pleasant meanings, Hungry hearts can un - derstand.
 Ten - der words of love e - ter - nal, We would whisper in their ears.

- 4 If we knew, alas! and do we
 Ever care or seek to know,
 Whether bitter herbs or roses
 In our neighbor's garden grow?
 Better far along life's pathway,
 Keep this golden rule in view,
 "You should always care for others,
 As you'd have them care for you."

ALL ARE FADING.

S. J. VAIL.

Legato.

1. Fad - ing, fad-ing, all are fad - ing, No sub-stan-tial thing is here;
2. Like a state - ly pa-geant, moving Slow-ly o'er the trembling earth,

Loved ones leave us, we are pass - ing, Pass-ing to an - oth - ersphere;
Pass the a - ges, dim and hoa - ry, Bend-ing all to sceptered death;

Like to pil-grims worn and wea-ry, Toil we on our drea - ry way,
Yes, the bright, majes - tic heav-ens, In their migh-ty march proclaim,

Thro' this night of life, while gaz-ing For the dawning of the day.
We are pass-ing, we are pass - ing, Un - to dust from whence we came.

3 But when like a baseless vision
All have faded thus away,
There is built a home eternal
For the weary pilgrim's stay.
On the hills of God it standeth,
Rearing high its golden dome,
And the song comes swelling from it,
Welcome, pilgrims, welcome home.

THE RESCUE.

"The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in time of trouble."

From "Singing Pilgrim" & "Musical Leaves," by permission of PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. A ship was on the mighty deep, With all her sails unfurled, Tho' scarce a breath, that calm still
 2. Her deck was throng'd with precious souls, The young and old were there, And some with furrowed brows that
 3. All drank the cup that Pleasure held, But gave no thought to Him, Their heaven'ly guide, whose bounteous

morn, The crest-ed billow curled. For many an hour up-on the wave That state-ly ves-sel
 woke Full man-y a trace of care. They glided on— a week had passed, The sky was still se-
 hand Had filled it to the brim. But see far off, where yonder sun Is fad-ing to his

lay; Then spread her canvass to the breeze, And proudly sailed a-way. }
 rene, As if a storm could nev-er change The beau-ty of the scene. } 4. Now peal on peal loud thunders
 rest; That bank of clouds portentous rise A - long the golden west! }

roll, And vivid lightnings flash! And now against the vessel's side The an-gry billows dash!

THE RESCUE. Continued.

Wild blows the wind! the night is dark! Huge, mas - sive rocks are near! They stand a-

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the treble clef accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

rit.
ghast, that lonely throng, And cheeks are blanched with fear. 5. Quick! quick! let ev'-ry sail be

This system contains the next three staves of music. It begins with the marking *rit.* (ritardando). The lyrics continue from the previous system. The musical notation includes various dynamics and articulation marks.

furled! But ere the word is given, The helm is gone! the shroud's on fire! The mast in

This system contains the next three staves of music. The lyrics continue with a dramatic scene of a ship's destruction.

splint-ers riv-en! One burst of anguish, long and deep, One cry of keen des - pair, From

This system contains the next three staves of music. The lyrics describe the intense suffering of the crew.

hearts that fatal hour had taught Their on - ly hope was prayer. 6. A light, a voice from

This system contains the final three staves of music on this page. It includes a double bar line and a change in time signature to 6/8. The lyrics conclude with a glimmer of hope.

THE RESCUE. Concluded.

yon - der tow'r Comes sweeping o'er the wave; Cling to the spars! there's help at hand! The

life-boat, The life-boat comes to save! The life-boat, The life-boat comes to save!

O sin-ner, on the voyage of life Thy bark awhile may glide, As tranquil as that no-ble

ship, A - long the ocean's tide. 7. But far from God, what canst thou hope? Or where for ref-uge

fy When o'er thy frail and shattered bark The storm is raging high? The storm is raging high?

CHILDREN'S ANTHEM.

From the "NEW VIOLET."

J. W. SUFFERN.

1. What are those soul-reviving strains, Which echo thus from Salem's plains?
2. Oh, what sweet music, what a song, Sounds from this bright and happy throng!

What anthems loud and loud - er still, So sweetly sound from Zi-on's hill?
Sweet songs whose melting sounds impart Joy to each raptur'd, list'ning heart;

Lo! 'tis an in - fant cho - rus sings Ho - san - na to the King of kings;
Nor these alone their voice shall raise, For we will join this song of praise;

The Savior comes, and babes proclaim Sal - va - tion sent in Je - sus' name.
Still Is - rael's children forward press, To hail the Lord their righteousnes.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart;
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosannas too;
Proclaim hosannas loud and clear:
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout thro' highest heaven.

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.

Words by MONTGOMERY.

E. McCoy.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts; Who hath not lost a friend?
 2. Be - yond the flight of time, Be - yond this vale of death,
 3. There is a world a - bove, Where part-ing is un-known;

There is no un - ion here of hearts, That finds not here an end;
 There sure - ly is some bless-ed clime Where life is not a breath,
 A whole e - ter - ni - ty of love, Formed for the good a - lone;

Were this frail world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blest.
 Nor life's af - fec - tions transient fire, Whose sparks fly upward to expire.
 And faith beholds the dy - ing here Trans - la - ted to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day.
 Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That all the earth might hear. | 3 All that my ardent soul can wish, In thee doth richly meet; Nor to my eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet. |
| 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust; Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust. | 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name With my last laboring breath, And, dying, triumph in thy cross, The antidote of death. |

JESUS AT THE WELL.

Words by Rev. E. G. TAYLOR.*

A. ROSECRANS.

Duet.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful sto - ry the Scrip - tures tell, Of
 2. Oh, sweet were the wa - ters which came from the well, Where
 3. Of Je - sus, our Mas - ter, who sat on the well, And

Je - sus our Lord, as he sat on the well, In the
 the Sa - vior sat down as the Scrip - tures tell, But
 taught this poor wo - man, thy sto - ry we'll tell, To

cit - y of Sy - char, and taught his sweet law, To a
 sweet - er, and dear - er, and pu - rer are they Which
 all who will lis - ten, how free thou dost give Sal -

woman who came there the water to draw. She knew not the stranger, nor
 flow from the wells of Salvation to-day; For Jesus declared, as he sat
 vation's bright waters to all who will live. And grant that, like her's, our pe -

e - ven could think 'T was Je - sus, who said to her, "Give me to drink;"
 on the brink Of the well of Sa - ma - ria, "Whoev - er shall drink
 ti - tion may be—" Lord, give us this wa - ter, so sweet and so free,"

* Words from the "Sunday-School Teacher," by permission.

JESUS AT THE WELL. Concluded.

But quick - ly she learned it was Christ— it was he Who
Of the wa - ter that I for the world have in store, A
That wells of sal - va - tion may in us be found, To

Chorus.
gives of the wa - ter of life so free. The wa - ter of life, so
well have in him, and thirst never - more." The wa - ter, etc.
spring up to life, and ev - er a - bound. The wa - ter, etc.

sweet, so free, Is flow - ing for all, for you, for me; And

Christ is the giv - er, the Scriptures tell, Our Lord who sat on Ja - cob's well.

WILL YOU GO?

1 We're trav'ling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priest to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

4 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Believe, repent, be born again,
Will you go?
The Savior cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross, and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me."

ROBED IN WHITE.

Words by Mrs. M. R. BUTLER.

BENJ. SKENE.

1. One who loved the Sav - ior best, Told a sto - ry,
 2. On, through "shin - ing streets of gold," In - to jew - eled
 3. But if here our spir - its are Soiled or stained by

strange and true, Of a "Cit - y of the Blest"
 pal - ace homes, Where no dark - ness, storm, or cold,
 earth and sin, Though the gates of pearl un - bar,

Out of mor - tal reach or view, Where God's chil - dren,
 And no sun - light ev - er comes; But "the Fa - ther
 We shall nev - er en - ter in; Nev - er, nev - er

robed in white, Wan - der in his lov - ing sight.
 giv - eth light" Where his chil - dren walk in white.
 walk in white, Through the shin - ing streets of light.

4 Only hands as pure as snow,
 Only feet that stainless trod,
 Only sinless spirits go
 To the "City of our God."
 Where sweet children walk in white,
 In the Father's loving sight.

JUST BEYOND.

Words by Mrs. B. J. BITTLE.

K. SHAW.

Moderato.

1. Just be - yond the care and strife, Just be - yond, just be - yond,
2. Just be - yond this wea - ry way, Just be - yond, just be - yond,

Rise the gold - en hills of life; Just be - yond, just be - yond.
Ris - eth one un - cloud - ed day; Just be - yond, just be - yond.

Solo or Duet.

Pains and sigh - ing soon will cease, Welcome we the sweet re - lease;
Wea - ry souls by care op - pressed, Soon you'll enter in - to rest,

Chorus.

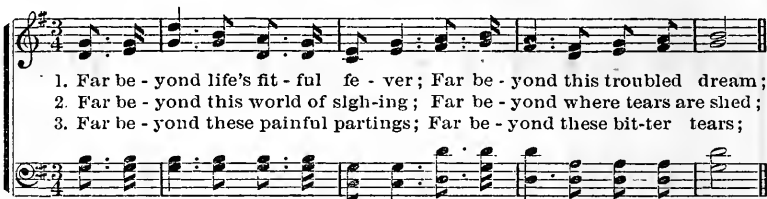
Wel - come we the dawn of peace, Just be - yond, just be - yond.
Swell the ar - my of the blest, Just be - yond, just be - yond.

3 Just beyond, though seeming far,
Just beyond, just beyond;
Though our trials heavy are,
Just beyond, just beyond
Many mansions waiting stand,
Nearing now the silver strand;
Soon we'll reach the better land,
Just beyond, just beyond.

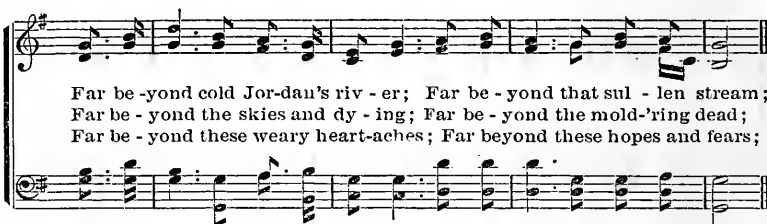
4 Just beyond, deliverance lies,
Just beyond, just beyond;
One step only, and we rise,
Just beyond, just beyond,
Unto pure, undying love,
Unto friends death can't remove;
Unto peace, all thought above,
Just beyond, just beyond.

FAR BEYOND.

Words and Music by K. SHAW.

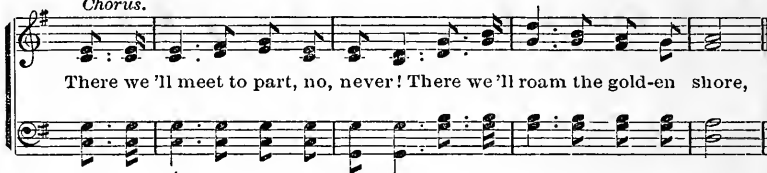


1. Far be - yond life's fit - ful fe - ver; Far be - yond this troubled dream;
 2. Far be - yond this world of sigh - ing; Far be - yond where tears are shed;
 3. Far be - yond these painful partings; Far be - yond these bit - ter tears;

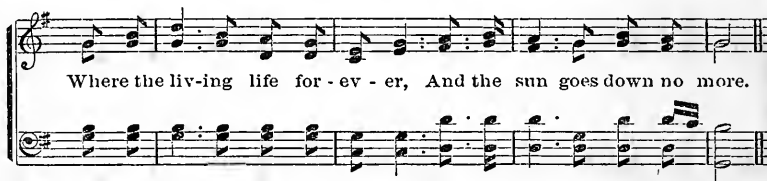


Far be - yond cold Jor - dan's riv - er; Far be - yond that sul - len stream;
 Far be - yond the skies and dy - ing; Far be - yond the mold - 'ring dead;
 Far be - yond these weary heart - aches; Far beyond these hopes and fears;

Chorus.



There we'll meet to part, no, never! There we'll roam the gold - en shore,



Where the liv - ing life for - ev - er, And the sun goes down no more.

4 Oh, that home beyond the shadows!
 That dear land we soon shall gain;
 Where we'll meet the blessed Savior,
 Free from sorrow, toil, and pain.
 There we'll meet, etc.

5 Blessed Savior, help us daily,
 While we're here on earthly ground;
 Help us walk in wisdom's pathway,
 To that world that's far beyond.
 There we'll meet, etc.

WE'LL DO ALL THAT WE CAN.

"The time is short."

From "FRESH LEAVES," by permission.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. We nev - er will think there is naught we can do, Be-
 2. And if we have on - ly a pen - ny to give, We'll
 3. But if an a - bun-dance we have at com-mand, O

cause we can't work like a man, The har-vest is great, and the
 give it, though scanty our store; For they who give nothing when
 Fa - ther! the spir - it be - stow, To scat - ter our wealth with a

lab - 'ers are few, So we must do all that we can.
 lit - tle they have, When weal - thy will give lit - tle more.
 lib - er - al hand, To cheer those in sor - row and woe.

Chorus.

Oh, yes, we'll do all that we can, Oh, yes, we'll do all that we can; The

Ritard.

harvest is great and the lab'ers are few, So we must do all that we can.

4 Though God may not call us in regions afar,
 To scatter the gospel abroad,
 We'll point those around us to Bethlehem's star,
 To heaven, to home, and to God.
 Oh yes, we'll do all, etc.

5 For Jesus our Savior, our talents, and time,
 And money, we'll cheerfully spend;
 Whatever our station, wherever our clime,
 We'll serve him, and love to the end.
 Oh yes, we'll do all, etc.

BETHANY.

"Though he be not far from every one of us."—ACTS xvii: 27.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven, All that thou

be a cross That rais - eth me! Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me,

Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the skies,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.

OUR FATHER. Chant.

"After this manner pray ye."—MATT. vi: 9.

TALLIS.

1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name;
 Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on | earth.. as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread;
 And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever..and | ever.
 [A- | men.

CHARITY THINKETH NO EVIL.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Oh, be not the first to dis-cov-er A flaw in the fame of a friend;
2. How of-ten the sigh of de-jec-tion Is heard from the hyp-ocrite's breast,

A fault in the faith of a bro-ther, Whose heart may be true to the end;
To par-o-dy truth and af-fec-tion, Or lull a sus-pi-cion to rest;

A hint or a nod may a-wa-ken Sus-pi-cion most false and un-true;
And of-ten the light smile of glad-ness Is worn by the friends that we meet,

And thus our be-lief may be sha-ken In those who are hon-est and true.
To cov-er a soul full of sad-ness, Too proud to acknowledge de-feat.

3 Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
 And low ones to trace out defects;
Let ours be a nobler ambition,
 For base is the mind that suspects.
For often the friends we hold dearest,
 Their noblest emotions conceal;
For bosoms the purest, sincerest,
 Have thoughts they can never reveal.

THE LAND CELESTIAL.

Words by FANNY CHURCH.

From "Little Sower." J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. { There is a land ce - les - tial, A world that's bright and fair;
There flows the peaceful riv - er, Be - neath the tree of life,

And o'er its ho - ly beau - ty, Floats not a cloud of care;
There comes no wail of mourn - ing, Nor sound of bit - ter strife.

Chorus.

Land of per - fect beau - ty, World so bright and fair,

When will an - gels call me, When shall I be there?

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

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

LET US LOVE EACH OTHER MORE.

Words by W. S. WINFIELD.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Pressing af - ter Christ our Sav - ior, In the path he trod be - fore,
 2. Let us bear our brother's bur - den, As our grief the Sav - ior bore;
 3. When we 've passed the pearly portal, When we 've gained that lovely shore,

That we all may grow in fa - vor, Let us love each oth - er more;
 Let us cheer the hea - vy - la - den, Let us love each oth - er more;
 When we gain the land im - mor - tal, Shall we love each oth - er more?

Sweetest friendships ev - er seek - ing, Pass - ing ev - ery tres - pass o'er,
 Let our hearts with kindness glow - ing, Strive the wanderer to re - store;
 Soon we hope to meet in heav - en, Whither now our spir - its soar;

Let us cease from e - vil speak - ing, Let us love each oth - er more.
 Sweet compas - sion ev - er show - ing, Let us love each oth - er more.
 There the Sav - ior's full - ness giv - en, We shall love each oth - er more.

Chorus.

Let us love each oth - er, Let us love each

Cho. to 3d verse. We shall love each oth - er,

We shall love each

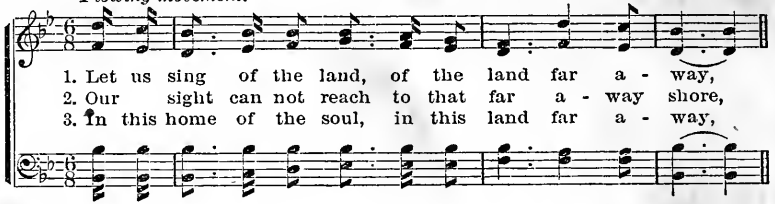
oth - er, Let us love each oth - er, Let us love each oth - er more.
 oth - er, We shall love each other, We shall love each other more.

THE BEAUTIFUL EVERMORE.


Words by EMMA PITKIN.

From "Song Garland." J. WM. SUFFERN.

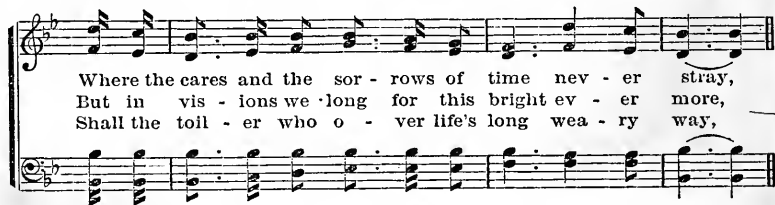
Flowing movement.



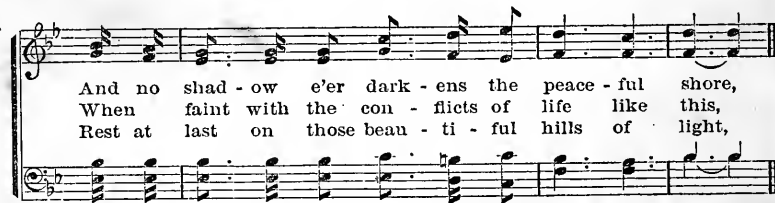
1. Let us sing of the land, of the land far a - way,
 2. Our sight can not reach to that far a - way shore,
 3. In this home of the soul, in this land far a - way,



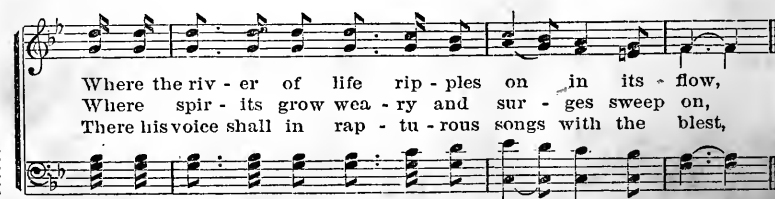
In the realm of the beau - ti - ful ev - er - more.
 Nor our souls can not pic - ture its ho - ly bliss.
 Where the glo - ri - fied meet in their robes of white,



Where the cares and the sor - rows of time nev - er stray,
 But in vis - ions we long for this bright ev - er more,
 Shall the toil - er who o - ver life's long wea - ry way,



And no shad - ow e'er dark - ens the peace - ful shore,
 When faint with the con - flicts of life like this,
 Rest at last on those beau - ti - ful hills of light,



Where the riv - er of life rip - ples on in its - flow,
 Where spir - its grow wea - ry and sur - ges sweep on,
 There his voice shall in rap - tu - rous songs with the blest,

THE BEAUTIFUL EVERMORE. Concluded.

Nev - er ruf - fled by tem - pests, by storms nev - er riven.
Ev - er on to the vale and the shad - ow of death.
Praise the Lamb who in glo - ry is reign - ing a - bove.

To the wea - - ry a rest, to the wand - 'rer a
And we long for the day that so bright will
For the strug - - gles which brought such great meas - ures of

guide, The home of the soul, and we name it heaven.
dawn, In the land nev - er reached by the spoil - er's breath.
rest, Such in - fi - nite peace, such a heaven of love.

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Infant Class Song.

M. F. PRICE.

Slow.

1. Je - sus, gen - tle Shepherd, lead me To the stream that softly flows;
2. There no e - vil thing can find me, I may lie up - on thy breast;
3. Je - sus, gen - tle Shepherd, hear me, Come, and call me one of thine;

In thy pastures guide and feed me, Where each lamb thy calling knows.
There no crooked paths shall wind me, All shall lead to peace and rest.
Let me walk, henceforth, so near thee, All thy foot-steps shall be mine.

GOOD NIGHT TILL THEN.

K. SHAW.

1. I jour-ney forth re - joic - ing, From this dark vale of tears,
2. Why thus so sad - ly weep - ing, Be - loved ones of my heart?

To heavenly joy and free - dom, From earthly cares and fears;
The Lord is good and gra - cious, Tho' now he bids us part.

Where Christ, our Lord, shall gather All his re-deemed a - gain,
Oft have we met in gladness, And we shall meet a - gain,

His king-dom to in - her - it. Good night, till then.
Set free from ev - ery sad - ness. Good night, till then.

Good night, good night, till then.

3 I go to see our Savior,
Whom we have loved below;
To see the blessed angels,
The holy saints to know;
Our dearest friends departed,
I go to find again,
And wait for you to join us.
Good-night, till then.

4 I hear the Savior calling—
The joyful hour has come;
The angels, too, are ready
To guide me to our home,
Where Christ our Lord shall gather
All his redeemed again—
His kingdom to inherit.
Good night, till then.

LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF JESUS.

Words and Music by BENJ. SKENE.

Not too fast.

1. In our Sun - day school we glad - ly meet, And
2. For the Sa - vior's words teach wis - dom's ways— The

here each oth - er kind - ly greet; With Ma - ry at the
path to take thro' all our days, That we may gain the

Mas - ter's feet, We lis - ten to the words of Je - sus!
Mas - ter's praise, We lis - ten to the words of Je - sus!

Chorus *p*

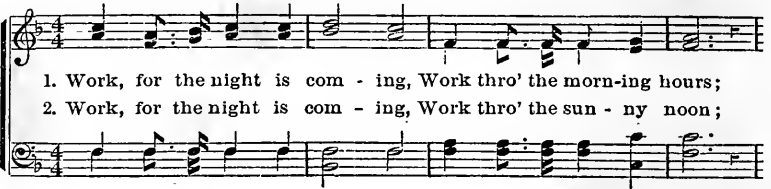
Lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten to the words of Je - sus.

3 The sinner's way we all must shun;
A race is set for us to run;
To keep the course we have begun,
We listen to the words of Jesus.
Listen! listen, etc.

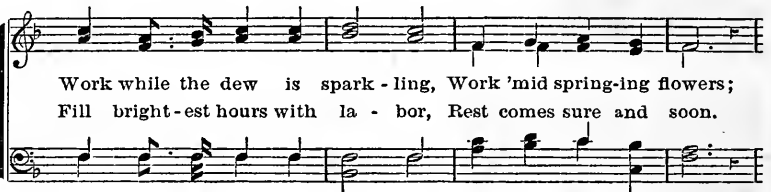
4 Oh, blessed Savior, give us grace;
May we all see thy smiling face;
Our home be in thy dwelling-place,
And listen to the words of Jesus.
Listen! listen, etc.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

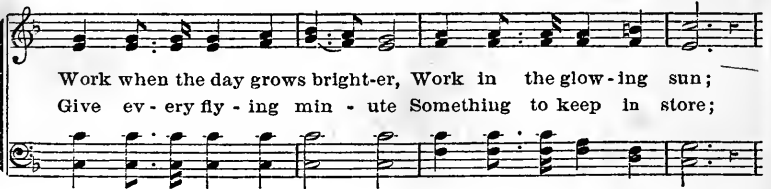
From "SONG GARDEN," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.



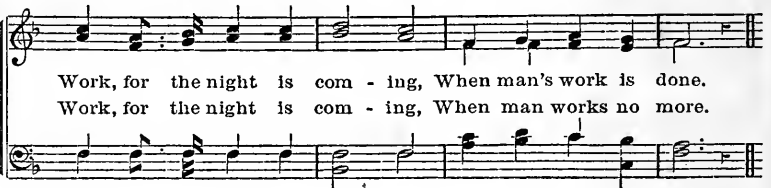
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.



Work when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

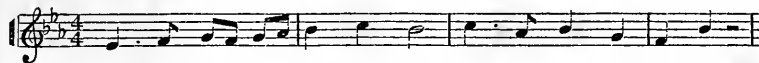
3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their red tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

THE SHINING RIVER.

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

From "Little Sower."

A. N. JOHNSON.

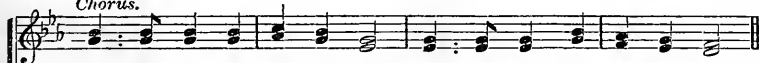


1. Don't you hear the an - gels sing By the shin - ing riv - er?
 2. Don't you hear the wa - ters flow In the shin - ing riv - er?
 3. Don't you hear the an - gels sing By the shin - ing riv - er?

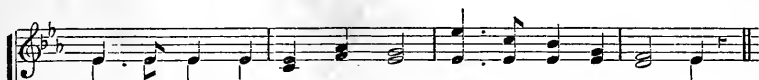
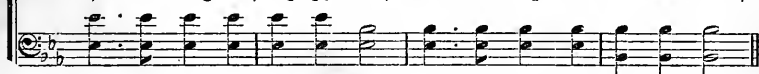


Lil - ies white and ro - ses bring—These are ours for - ev - er.
 E'er a - bun - dant, crys - tal, clear—These are ours for - ev - er.
 Song, and harp, and gol - den crown—These are ours for - ev - er.

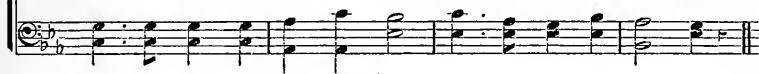
Chorus.



These are in the bet - ter land, There with rap - ture we shall stand,
 Soft - ly past the verdant shore, Glide the bil - lows ev - er - more;
 Oh, that fragrant, hap - py land, There with rap - ture we shall stand;



Crowned with flowers, immor - tal, rare—These are ours for - ev - er.
 Shore and crys - tal wave we view—These are ours for - ev - er.
 Flowers and stream, and crown and harp—These are ours for - ev - er.

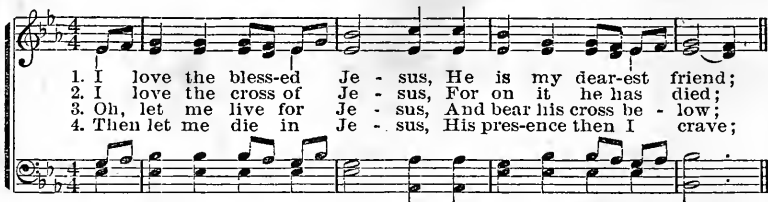


COME, HUMBLE SINNER.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve; Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last resolve: | I'll own I am a wretch undone Without his sovereign grace. |
| 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Has like a mountain rose; His kingdom now I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose. | 4 Surely he will accept my plea, For he has bid me come; Forthwith I'll rise, and to him flee, For yet, he says, there's room. |
| 3 Humbly I'll bow at his command, And there my guilt confess; | 5 I can not perish if I go; I am resolved to try; For if I stay away, I know I must forever die. |

WHEN WE GATHER.

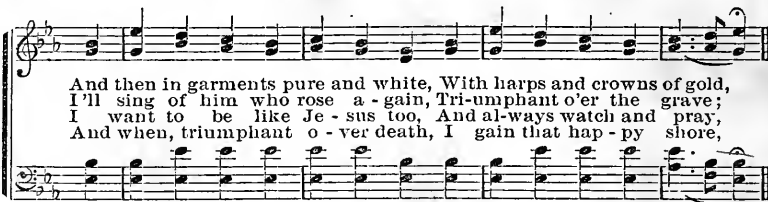
Words and Music by K. SHAW.



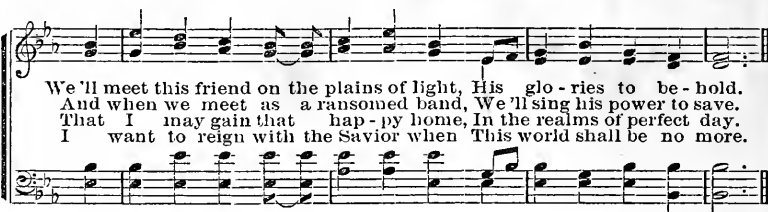
1. I love the bless-ed Je - sus, He is my dear-est friend;
 2. I love the cross of Je - sus, For on it he has died;
 3. Oh, let me live for Je - sus, And bear his cross be - low;
 4. Then let me die in Je - sus, His pres-ence then I crave;



Oh, help me sing his prais - es Till life be - low shall end;
 I'll trust his pre - cious mer - it, Since he was cru - ci - fied.
 And if the Sav - ior calls me, To suf - fer pain and woe.
 When cross-ing o - ver Jor - dan, To calm the trou-bled wave.

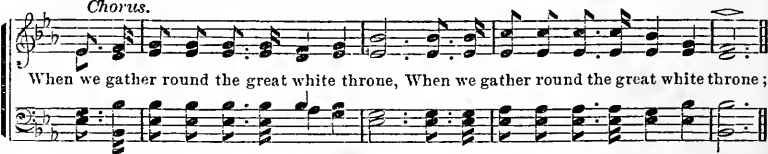


And then in garments pure and white, With harps and crowns of gold,
 I'll sing of him who rose a - gain, Tri-umphant o'er the grave;
 I want to be like Je - sus too, And al-ways watch and pray,
 And when, triumphant o - ver death, I gain that hap - py shore,

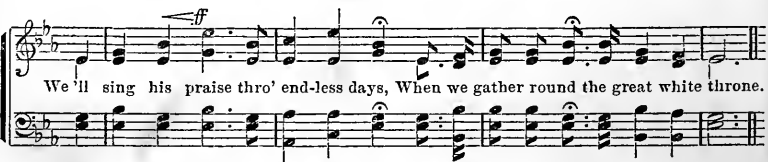


We'll meet this friend on the plains of light, His glo - ries to be - hold.
 And when we meet as a ransomed band, We'll sing his power to save.
 That I may gain that hap - py home, In the realms of perfect day.
 I want to reign with the Savior when This world shall be no more.

Chorus.



When we gather round the great white throne, When we gather round the great white throne;



We'll sing his praise thro' end-less days, When we gather round the great white throne.

PRAISE THE LORD.

Words and Music by B. SKENE.

With animation.

1. Praise the Lord! ye saints a-dore him, All u - nite with one ac - cord,
2. Praise the Lord! who ev-ery blessing On our heads hath richly poured,

Bring your off - 'rings, come be - fore him— Oh, praise the Lord,
Sing a - loud, his love con - fess - ing— Oh, praise the Lord,

Bring your off'rings, come before him, Oh, praise the Lord!
Sing a-loud, his love con-fess-ing, Oh, praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord!

3 Praise the Lord! who would not praise him?

He hath us to grace restored;
To the highest honors raise him—
Oh, praise the Lord!

4 Praise the Lord! your songs excelling

Worldly music's richest chord;
Sing—your Savior's glory telling—
Oh, praise the Lord!

5 In that world of light and glory,

We shall all, with one accord,
Meet to sing redemption's story—
Oh, praise the Lord!

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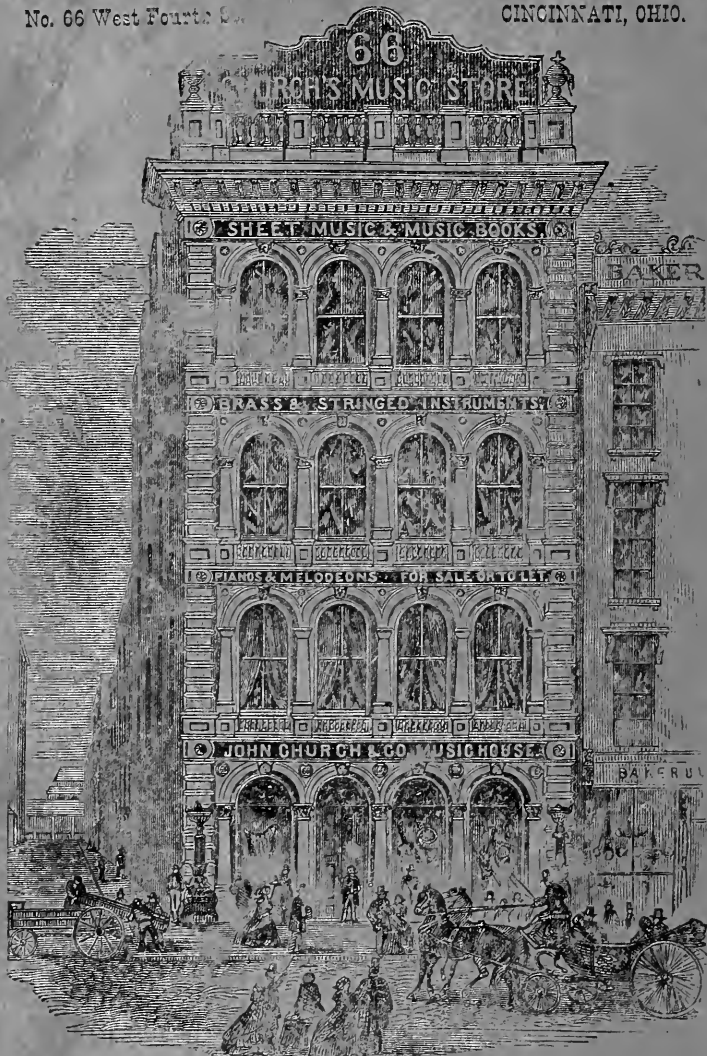
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