THE TREE of LIFE FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS

BY

W. O. PERKINS & A. BYRON CONDO.

F-46.112
P419T

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THE

TREE OF LIFE.

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

AND

GOSPEL MEETINGS.

By

W. O. PERKINS,

AND

A. BYRON CONDO.

BOSTON:

G. D. RUSSELL & COMPANY,

125 TREMONT STREET.

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To the

ARMY OF SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS,

EAST, WEST, NORTH, AND SOUTH,

WHO ARE LABORING TO

Instil the Truths of the Gospel into the minds and hearts of the

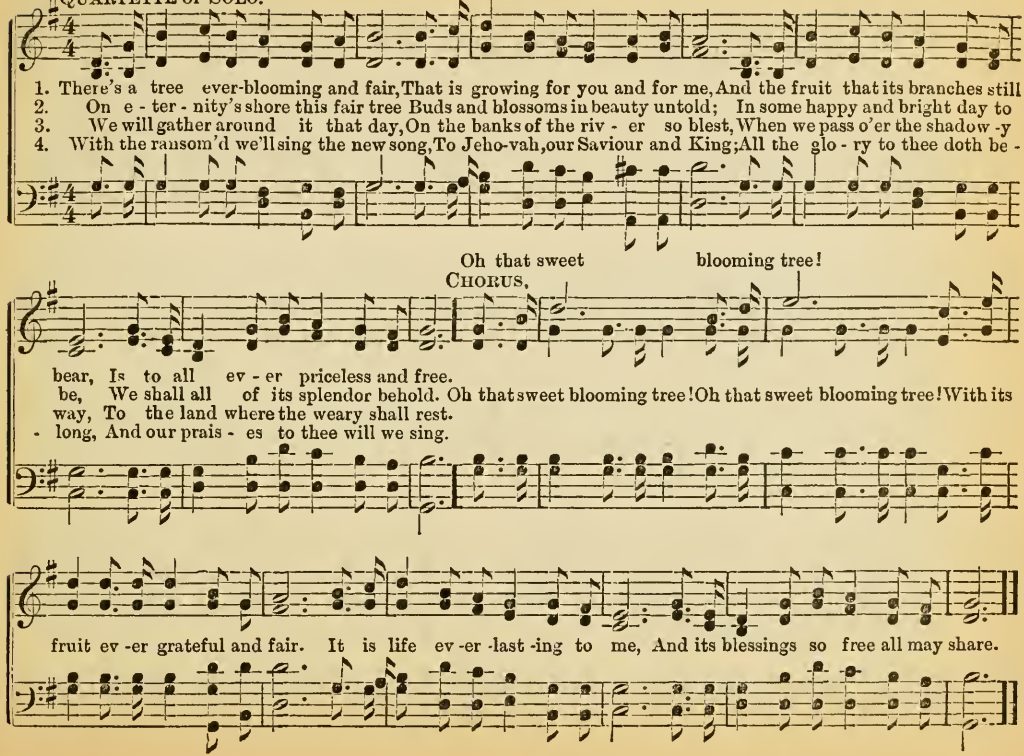
CHILDREN AND YOUTH,

This Work is Dedicated, by

W. O. PERKINS, and A. BYRON CONDO.

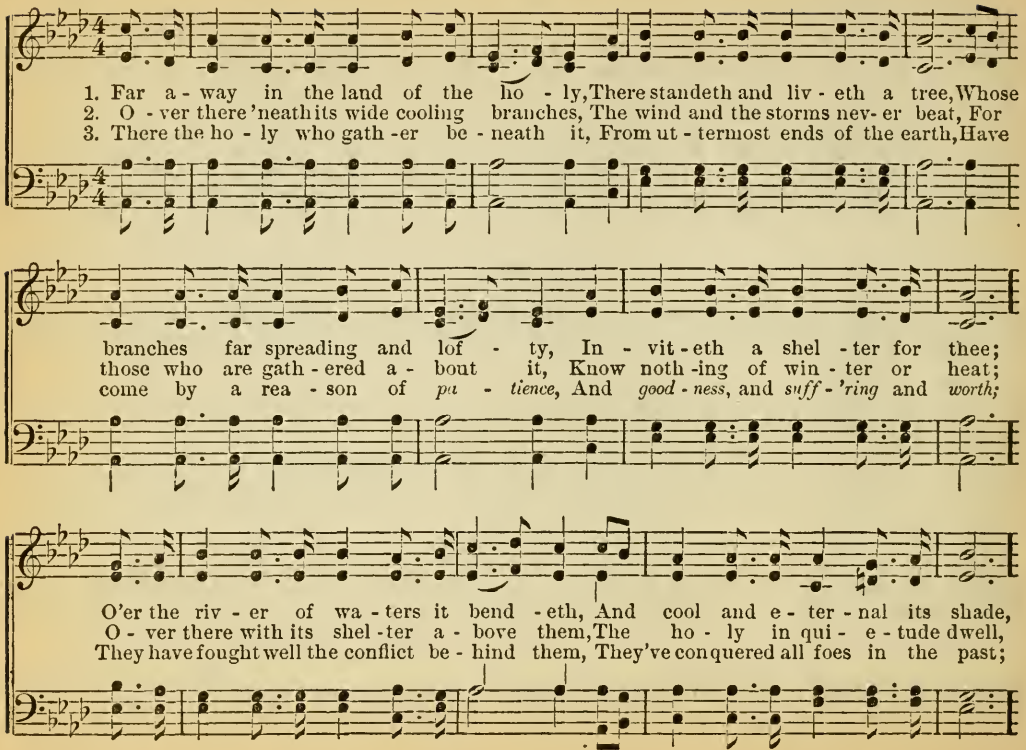
ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "And on either side of the river was there the tree of life." Rev. xxii, 2. W. O. PERKINS.

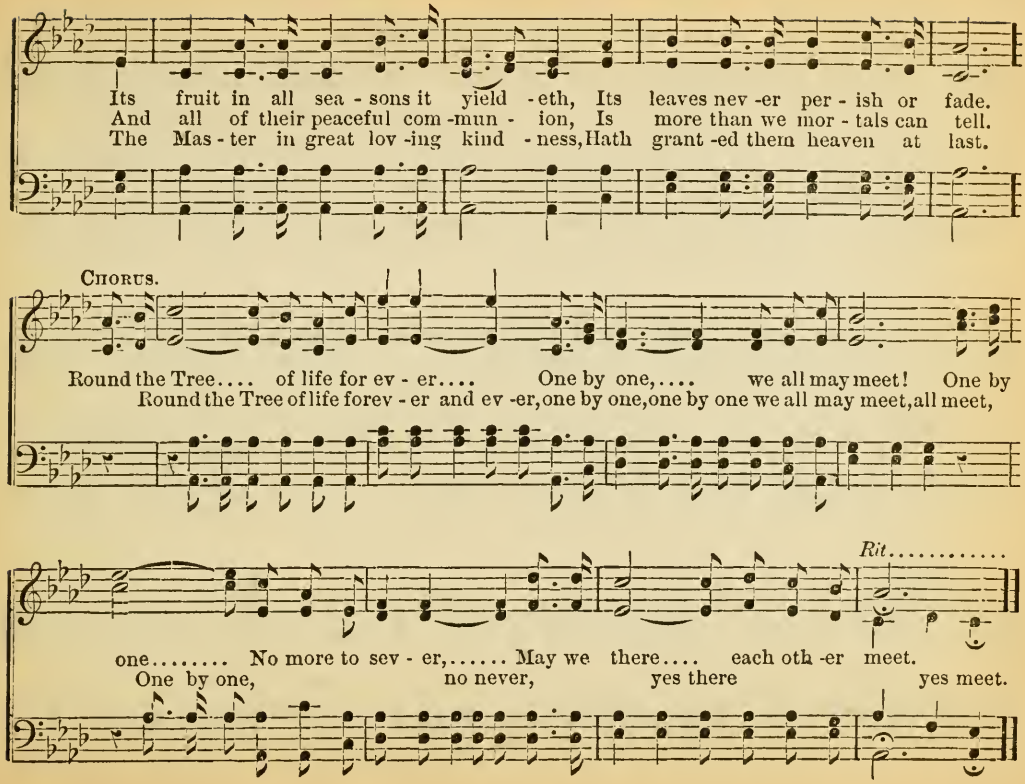
QUARTETTE OR SOLO.



THE TREE OF LIFE.

MRS. FANNIE M. PARKER. Rev. xxii, 2. A. BYRON CONDO.




Its fruit in all sea - sons it yield - eth, Its leaves nev -er per - ish or fade.
And all of their peaceful com -mun - ion, Is more than we mor - tals can tell.
The Mas - ter in great lov -ing kind - ness, Hath grant -ed them heaven at last.
Chorus.
Round the Tree.... of life for ev - er.... One by one,.... we all may meet! One by
Round the Tree of life forev - er and ev -er, one by one, one by one we all may meet, all meet,
Rit.....
one..... No more to sev - er,..... May we there.... each oth -er meet.
One by one, no never, yes there yes meet.

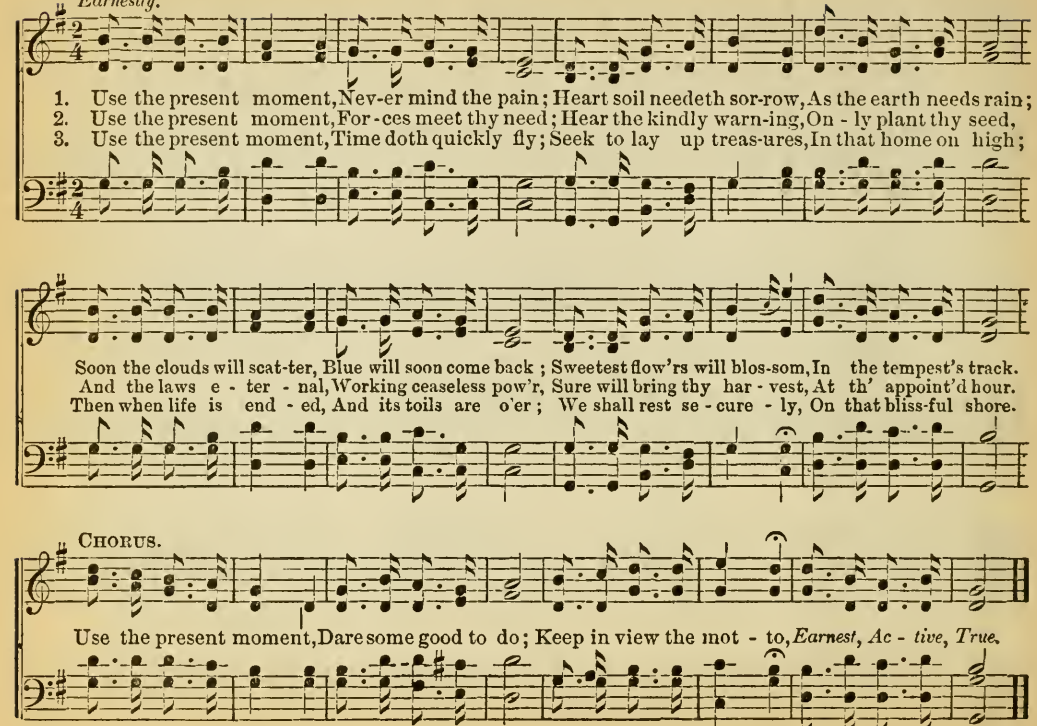
USE THE PRESENT MOMENT.

MRS. M. F. BANKS.

Respectfully inscribed to Rev. D. B. Byers.

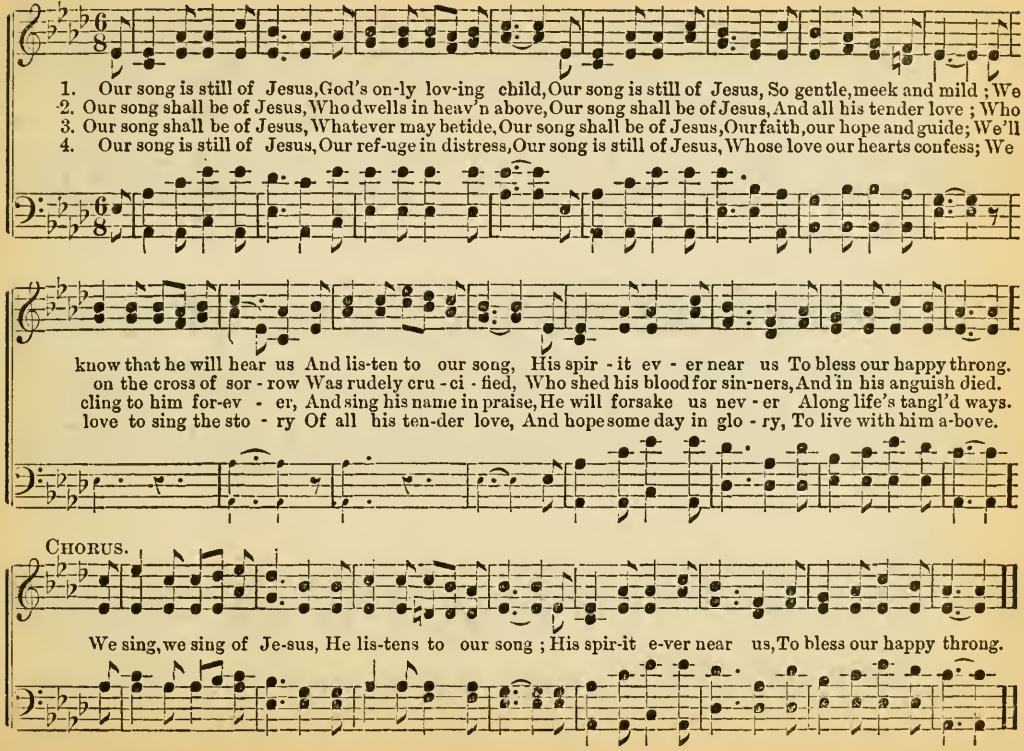
A. BYRON CONDO.

Earnestly.



OUR SONG IS STILL OF JESUS.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.



JESUS LIVES.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. Suitable for Easter. *

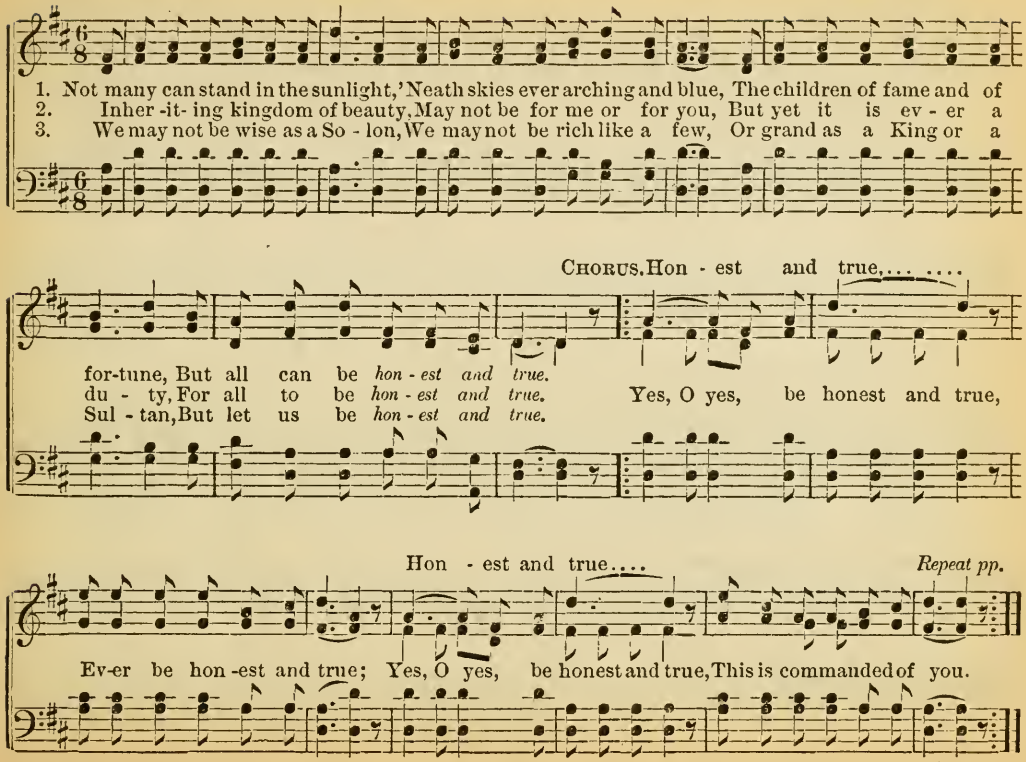
1. Je -sus lives, awake the strain, He was dead, but lives again. Cru-cified on Cal-va-ry, Shed his blood for you and me, He who died that ye might live. Eve- ry sin -ner will for- give, Turn to him in pain and loss, He will help thee bear thy cross.
2. Je -sus lives, awake the strain, He has died, but not in vain, By his suff'ring shall we be, Happy thro' e -ter- ni - ty, Clouds shall lift, and fetters break, Guilt and shame our hearts forsake, Ever raise your voice in song, I am Christ's, to him be-long.
3. Jesus lives, awake the strain, He was dead, but lives again. Hear his words of promise, blest, Ye that come to me shall rest. Sweeter words were never sung, In the songs of mortal tongue, Heed them, sinners, turn again, Has our Saviour died in vain?

CHORUS.

Je -sus lives, a-wake the strain, He was dead, but lives a - gain, Sinner to his bosom flee, There is rest and peace for thee.

HONEST AND TRUE.

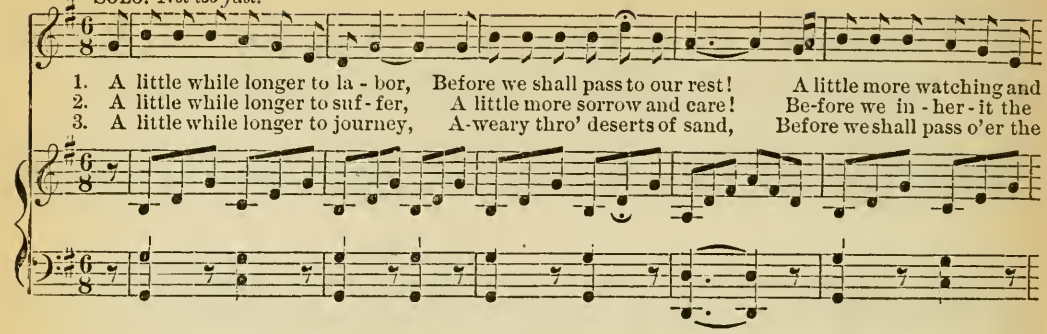
CLARA B. HEATH. In Youth's Companion. A. BYRON CONDO.



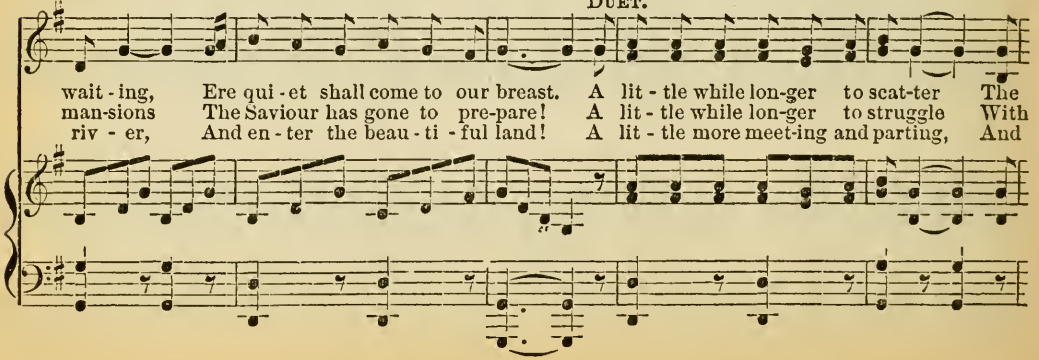
A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.

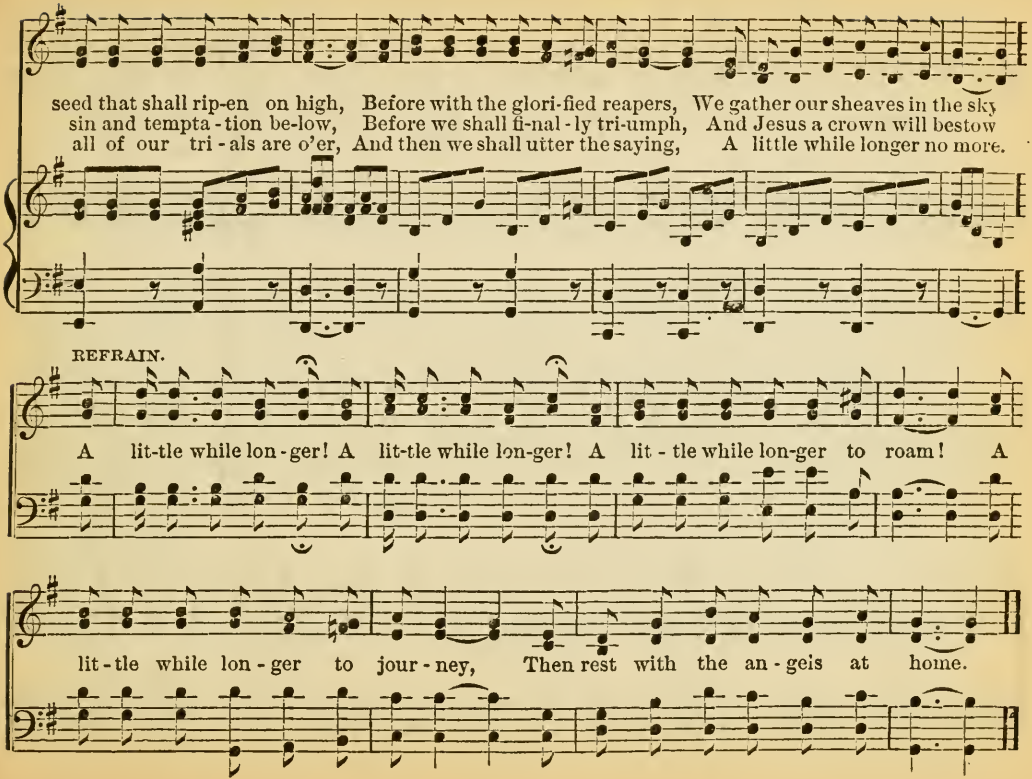
E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, By per.

SOLO. *Not too fast.*



DUET.

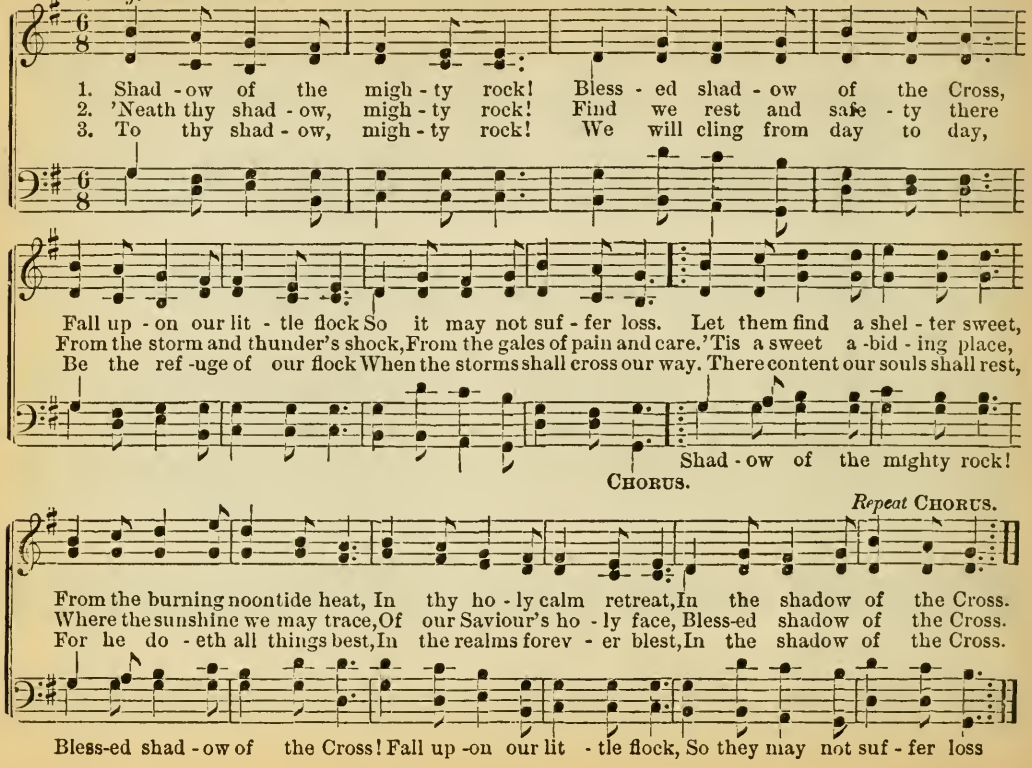



seed that shall rip-en on high, Before with the glori-fied reapers, We gather our sheaves in the sky
sin and tempta-tion be-low, Before we shall fi-nal-ly tri-umph, And Jesus a crown will bestow
all of our tri-als are o'er, And then we shall utter the saying, A little while longer no more.
REFRAIN.
A lit-tle while lon-ger! A lit-tle while lon-ger! A lit-tle while lon-ger to roam! A
lit-tle while lon-ger to jour-ney, Then rest with the an-gels at home.

SHADOW OF THE MIGHTY ROCK.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

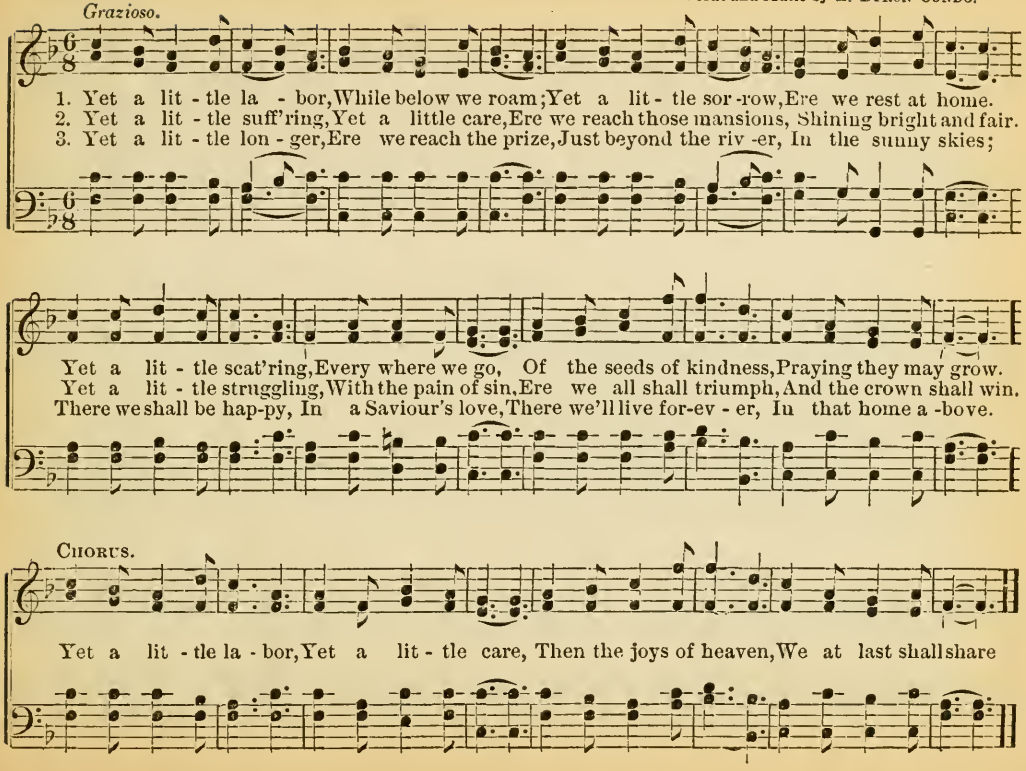
Slowly. May be sung as a Quartette, all joining in the Chorus; or the Chorus may be omitted altogether.



YET A LITTLE LABOR.

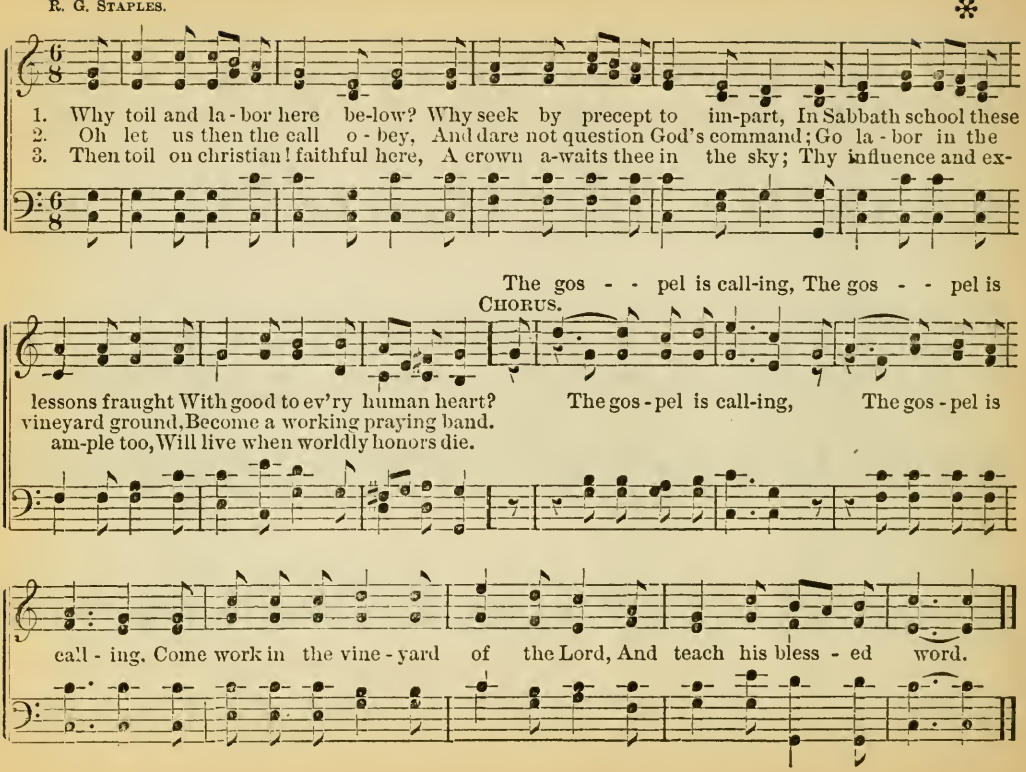
Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

Grazioso.

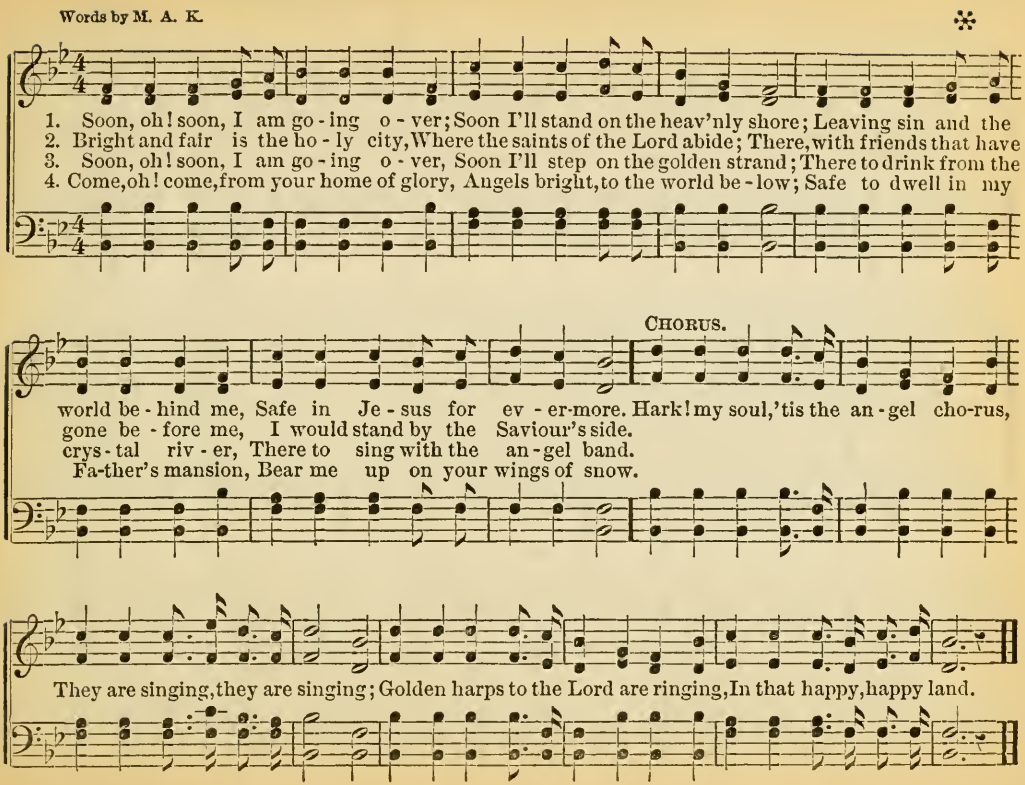


THE GOSPEL IS CALLING.

R. G. STAPLES.



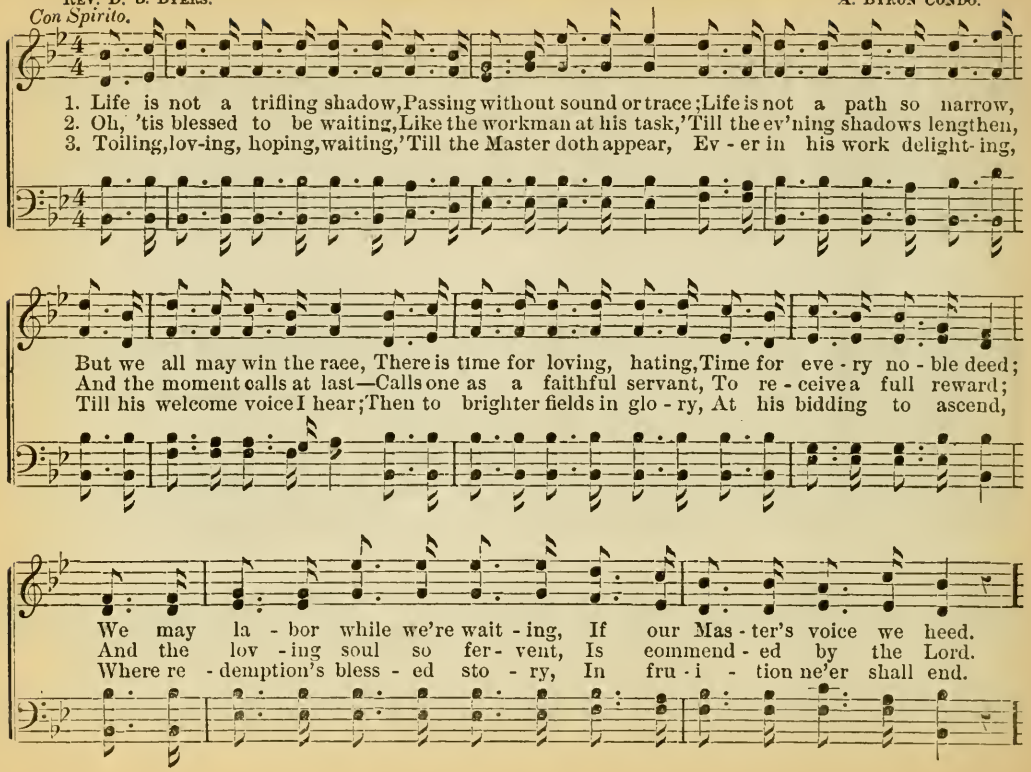
Words by M. A. K.

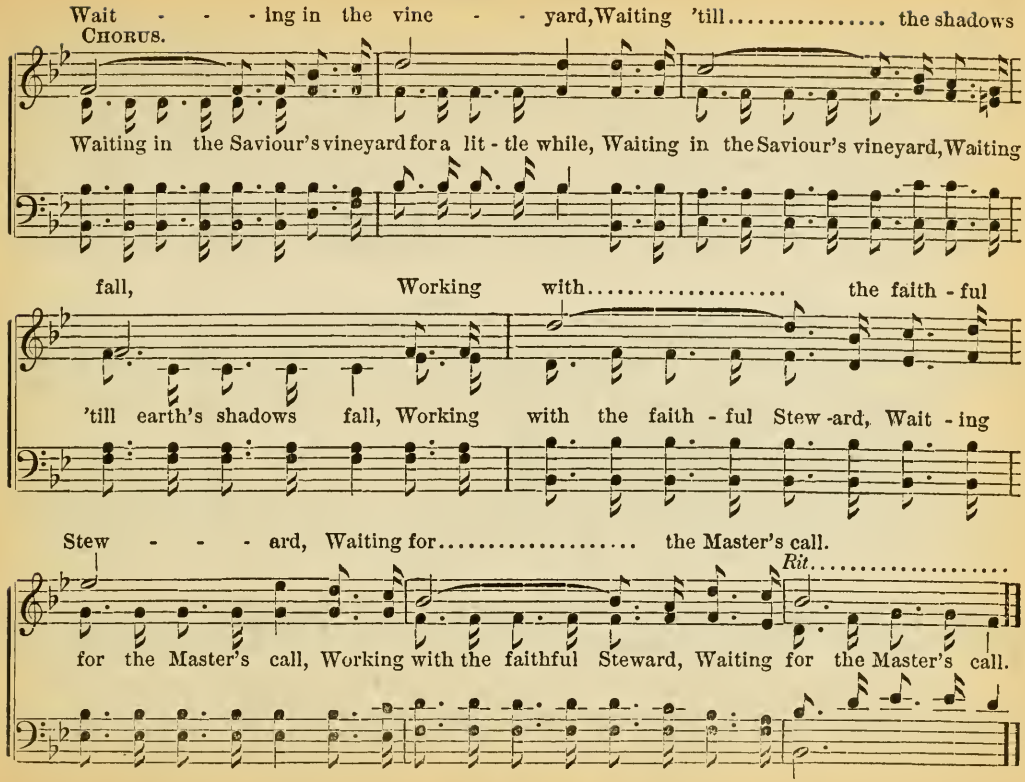

1. Soon, oh! soon, I am go - ing o - ver; Soon I'll stand on the heav'nly shore; Leaving sin and the
2. Bright and fair is the ho - ly city, Where the saints of the Lord abide; There, with friends that have
3. Soon, oh! soon, I am go - ing o - ver, Soon I'll step on the golden strand; There to drink from the
4. Come, oh! come, from your home of glory, Angels bright, to the world be - low; Safe to dwell in my
CHORUS.
world be - hind me, Safe in Je - sus for ev - er-more. Hark! my soul, 'tis the an - gel cho-rus,
gone be - fore me, I would stand by the Saviour's side.
crys - tal riv - er, There to sing with the an - gel band.
Fa-ther's mansion, Bear me up on your wings of snow.
They are singing, they are singing; Golden harps to the Lord are ringing, In that happy, happy land.

WAITING IN THE VINEYARD.

REV. D. B. BYERS. A. BYRON CONDO.

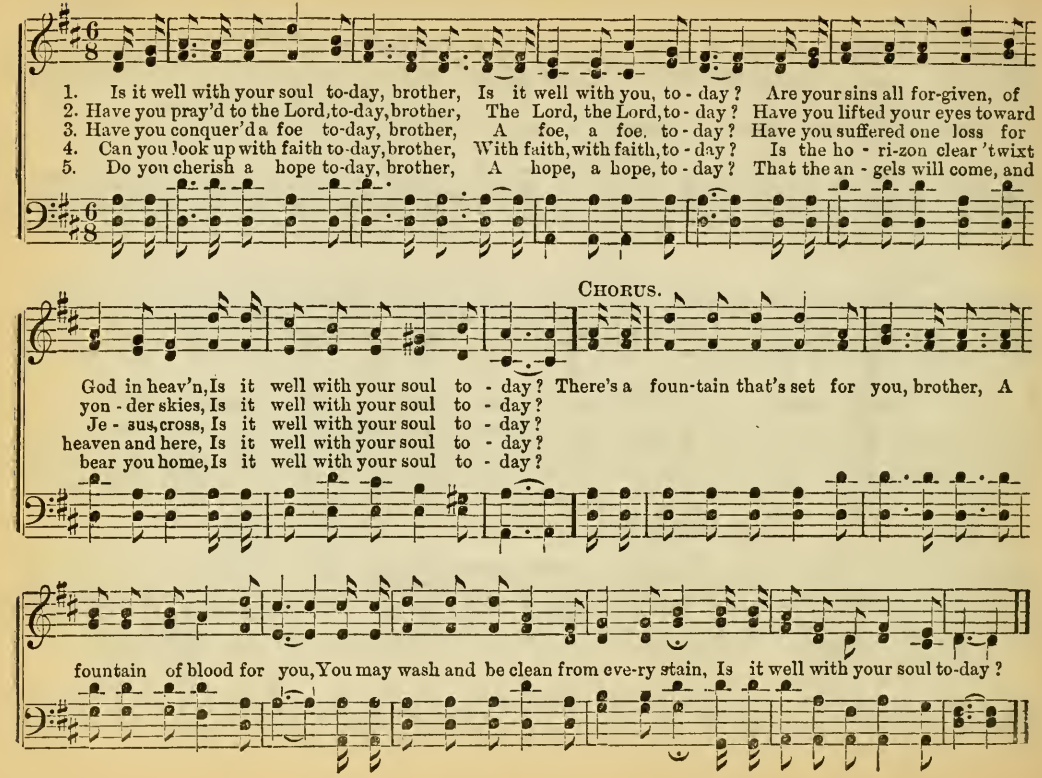
Con Spirito.




Wait - - - ing in the vine - - yard, Waiting 'till..... the shadows
Chorus.
Waiting in the Saviour's vineyard for a lit - tle while, Waiting in the Saviour's vineyard, Waiting
fall, Working with..... the faith - ful
'till earth's shadows fall, Working with the faith - ful Stew - ard, Wait - ing
Stew - - - ard, Waiting for..... the Master's call.
Rit.....
for the Master's call, Working with the faithful Steward, Waiting for the Master's call.

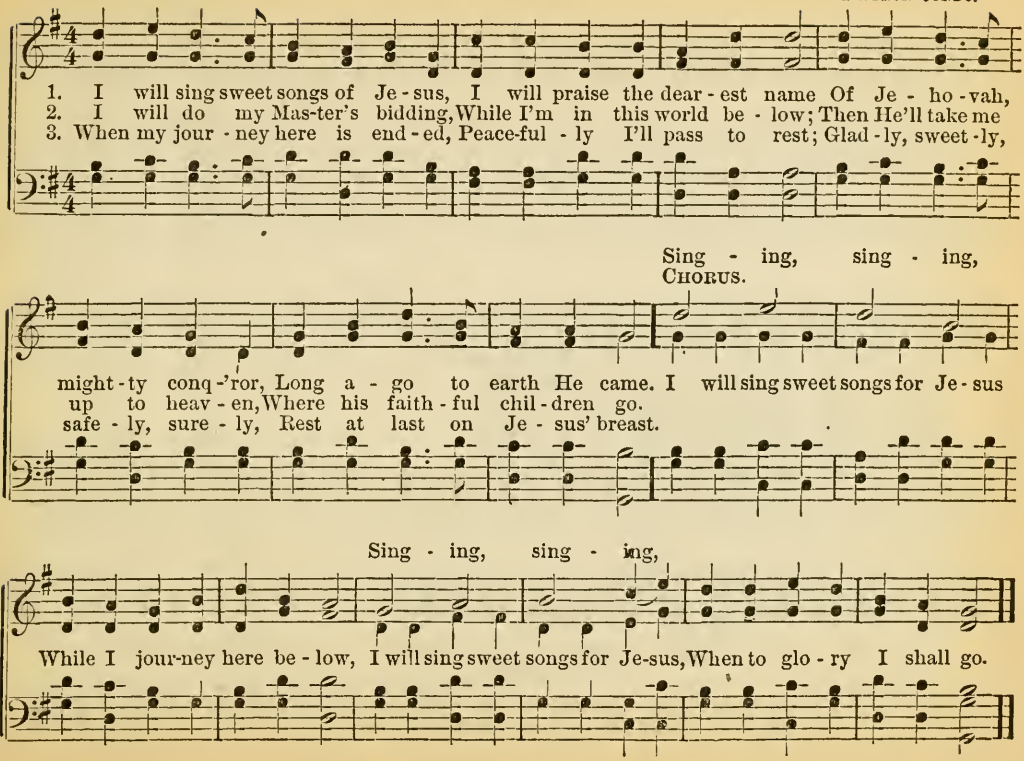
IS IT WELL?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. P.



I WILL SING SWEET SONGS.

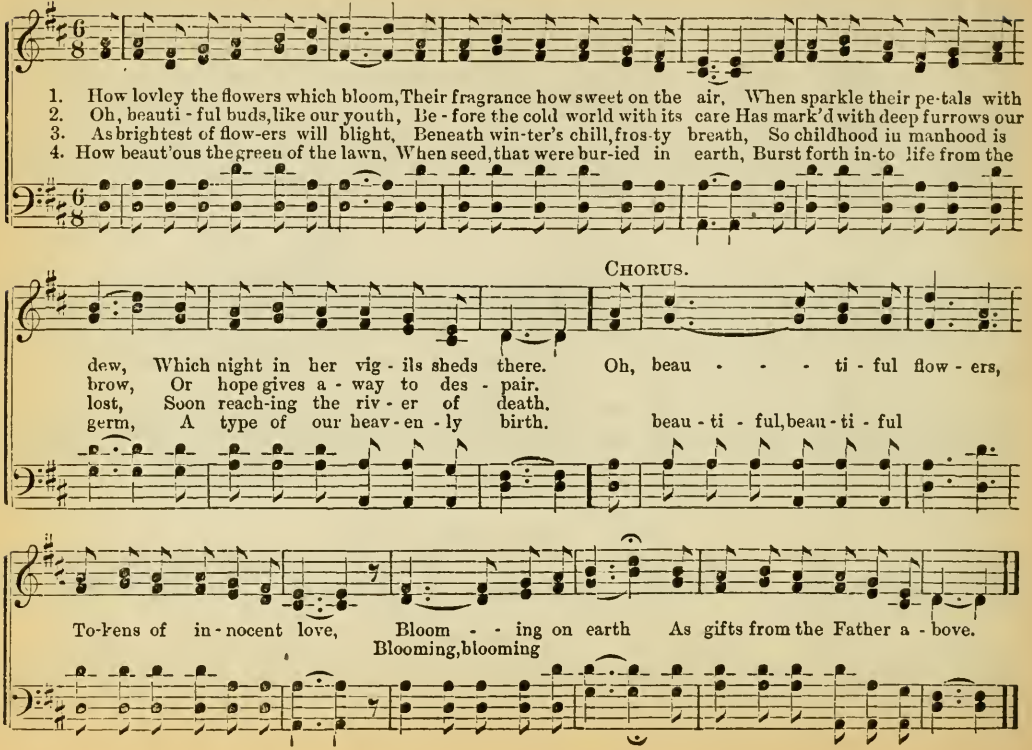
Words and Music, by A. Byron Condo.



BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

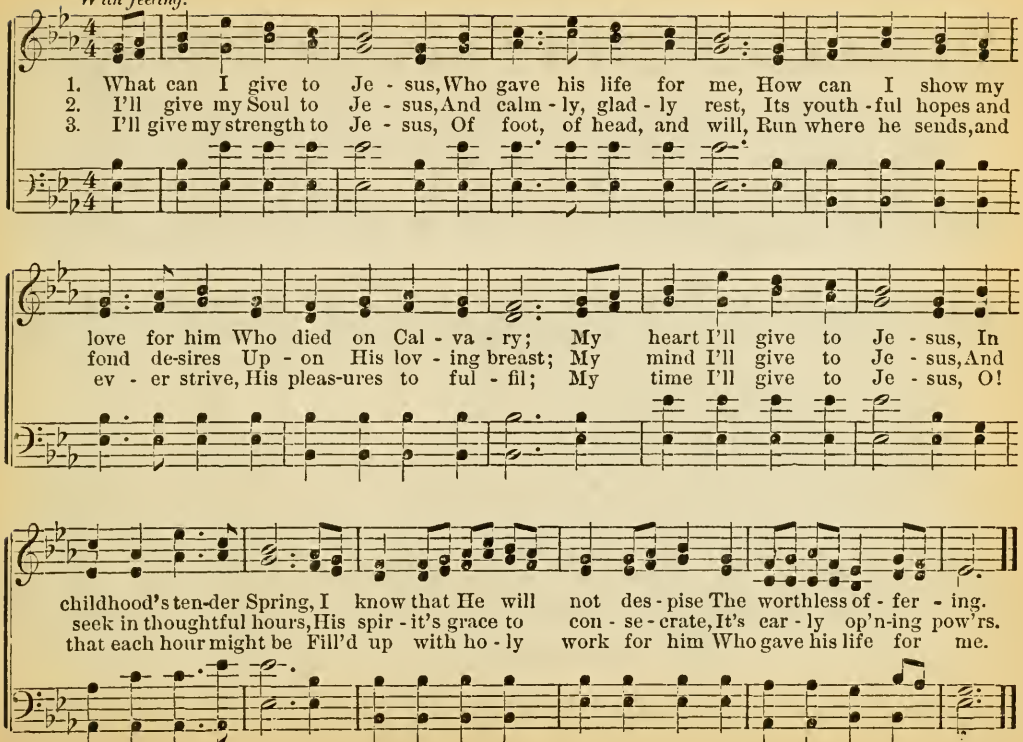
R. G. STAPLES. W. O. PERKINS, By per.

"All flesh is as grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flowers of the field." Isaiah xl: 6.



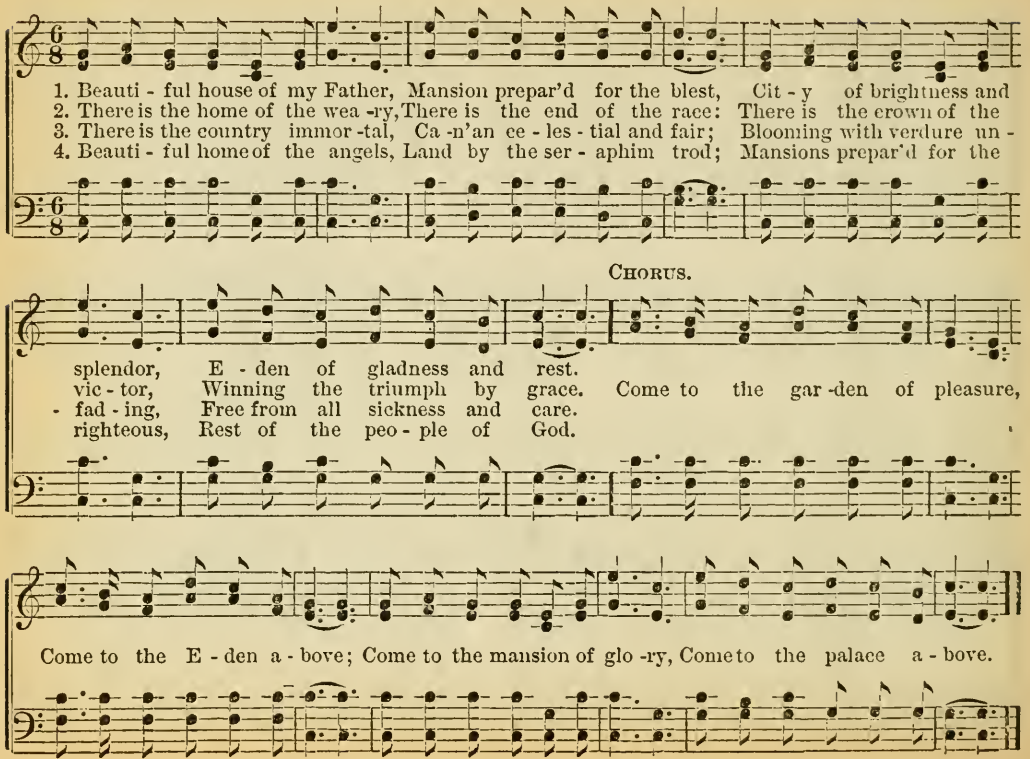
W. W. BENTLEY.

With feeling.



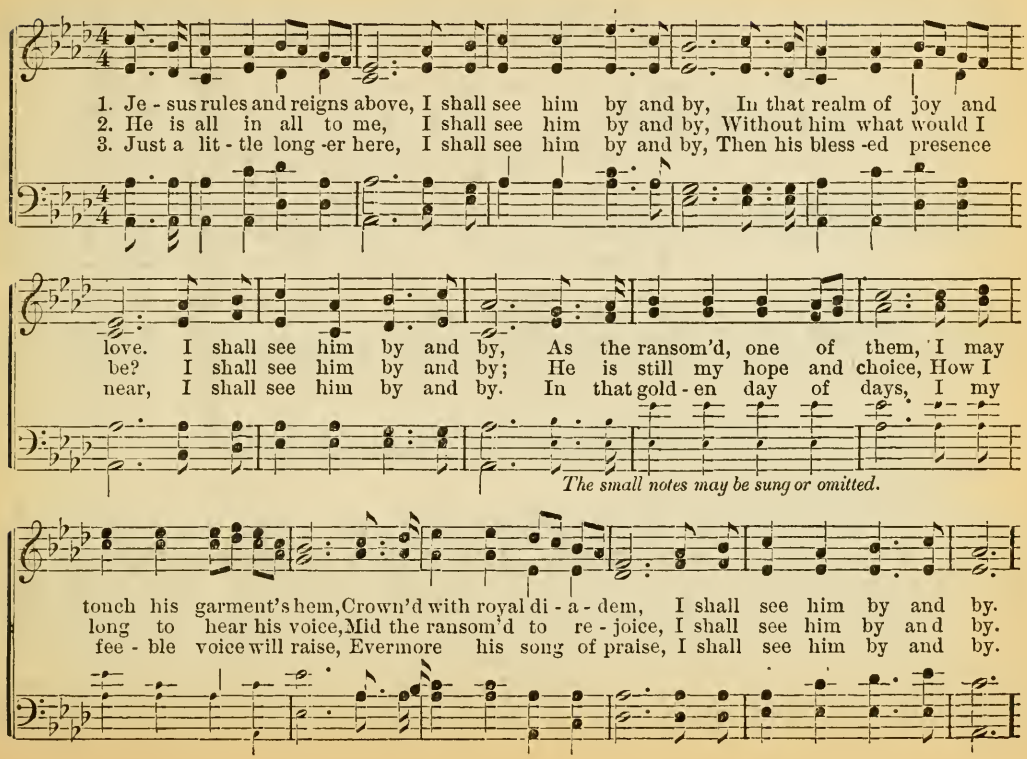
BEAUTIFUL HOME OF MY FATHER.

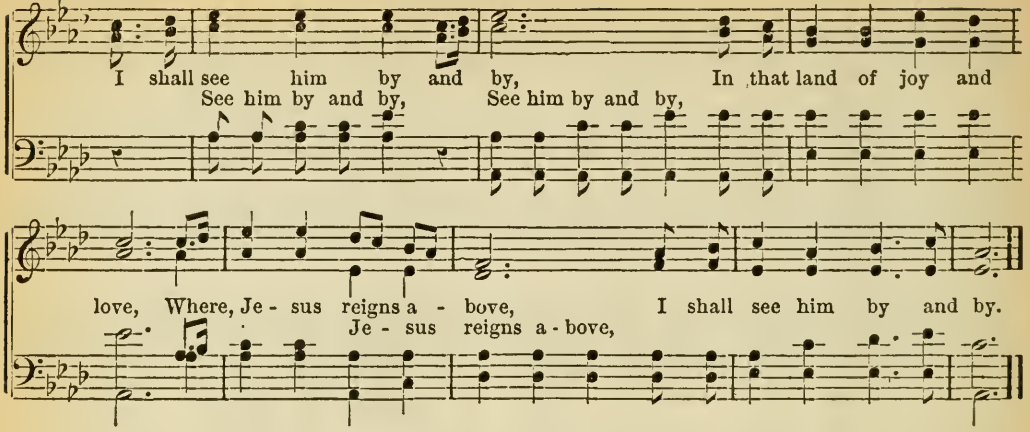
REV. J. H. MARTIN. "In my Father's house are many mansions." John, xiv, 2. D. E. DORTCH.



I SHALL SEE HIM BY AND BY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "I shall see him." Num. xxiv, 17. W. O. PERKINS.

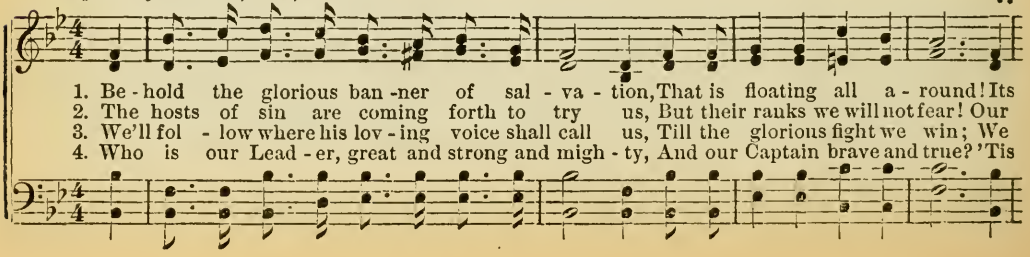


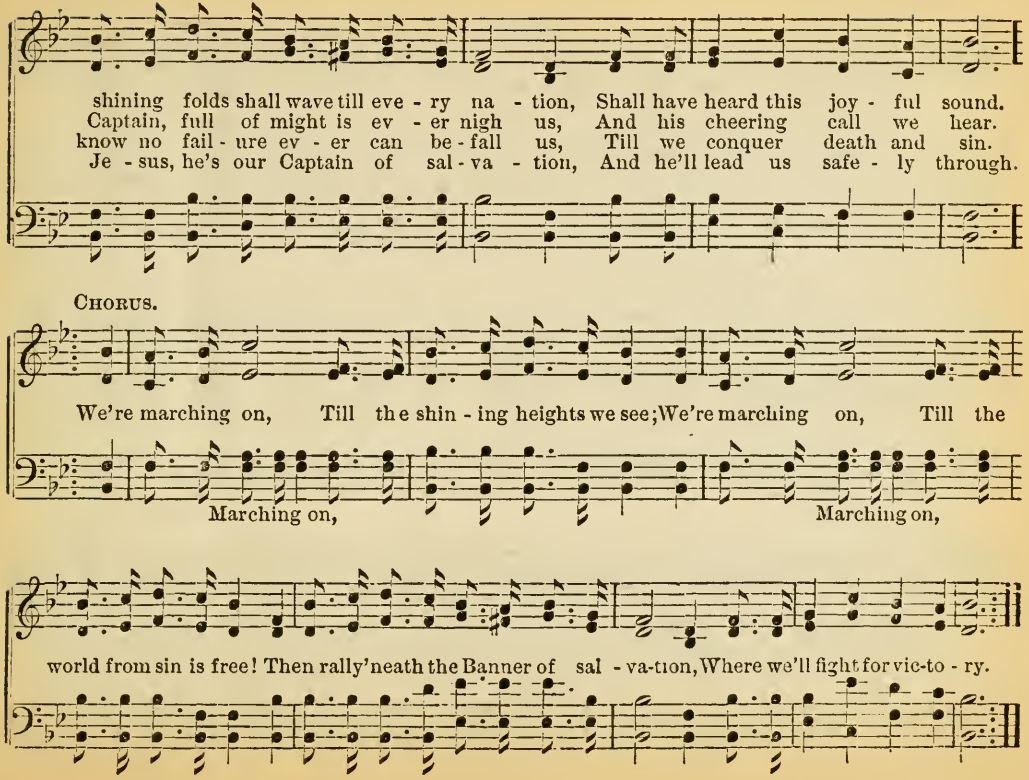


THE BANNER OF SALVATION.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

May be sung as a Solo, Duet, or Chorus.




shining folds shall wave till eve - ry na - tion, Shall have heard this joy - ful sound.
Captain, full of might is ev - er nigh us, And his cheering call we hear.
know no fail - ure ev - er can be - fall us, Till we conquer death and sin.
Je - sus, he's our Captain of sal - va - tion, And he'll lead us safe - ly through.
Chorus.
We're marching on, Till the shin - ing heights we see; We're marching on, Till the
Marching on,
Marching on,
world from sin is free! Then rally'neath the Banner of sal - va-tion, Where we'll fight for vic-to - ry.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ON HIGH.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. P.

DUET. CHORUS. DUET.

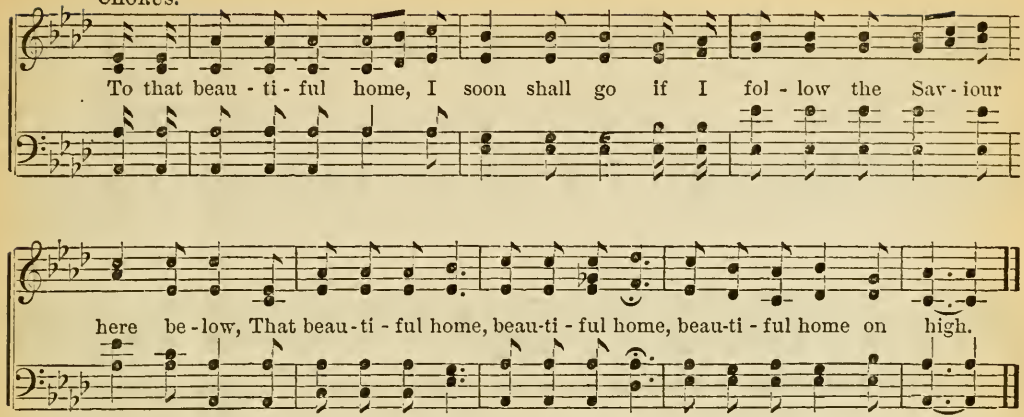
1. When I draw near thy pear - ly gate, Beau-ti - ful home on high, Where shin-ing an - gels
2. Before these earthly worlds were made, Beauti - ful home on high, Thy strong founda - tion
3. I long to tread thy peace-ful shore, Beauti - ful home on high, Where I shall sor - row

CHORUS.

watch and wait, Beau-ti - ful home on high. Oh, how my spir - it will re - joice, To
walls were laid, Beau-ti - ful home on high. Be - fore man drew his mor - tal breath, Or
nev - er - more, Beau-ti - ful home on high. I long to join the white-rob'd throng, And

hear the Saviour's gen-tle voice Say, "hither come and share my home, My beau - ti - ful home on high."
sin brought sorrow, pain, and death, Each glit'ring stone with glo-ry shone, My beau - ti - ful home on high.
sing the hal - le - lu - jah song In my dear home, no more to roam, My beau - ti - ful home on high.

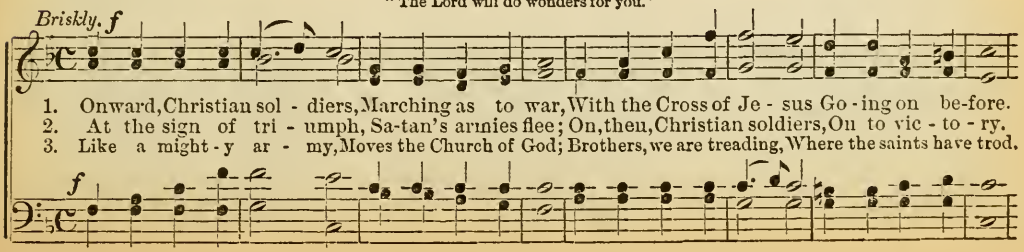
CHORUS.

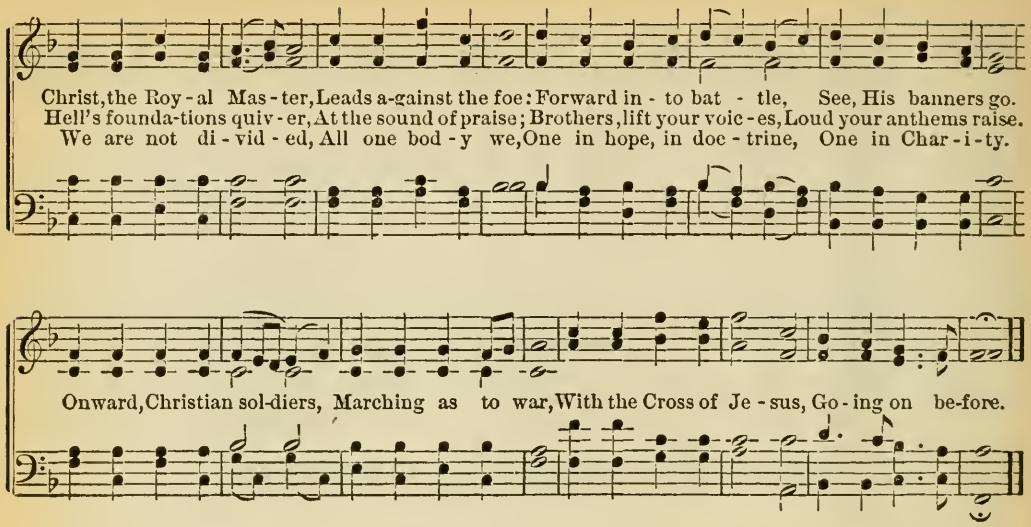


ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. BARING GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

"The Lord will do wonders for you."





4

What the saints established
That we hold for true:
What the saints believèd,
That believe we too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that Faith will hold—
Kingdoms, nations, empires,
In destruction rolled.
Onward, etc.

5

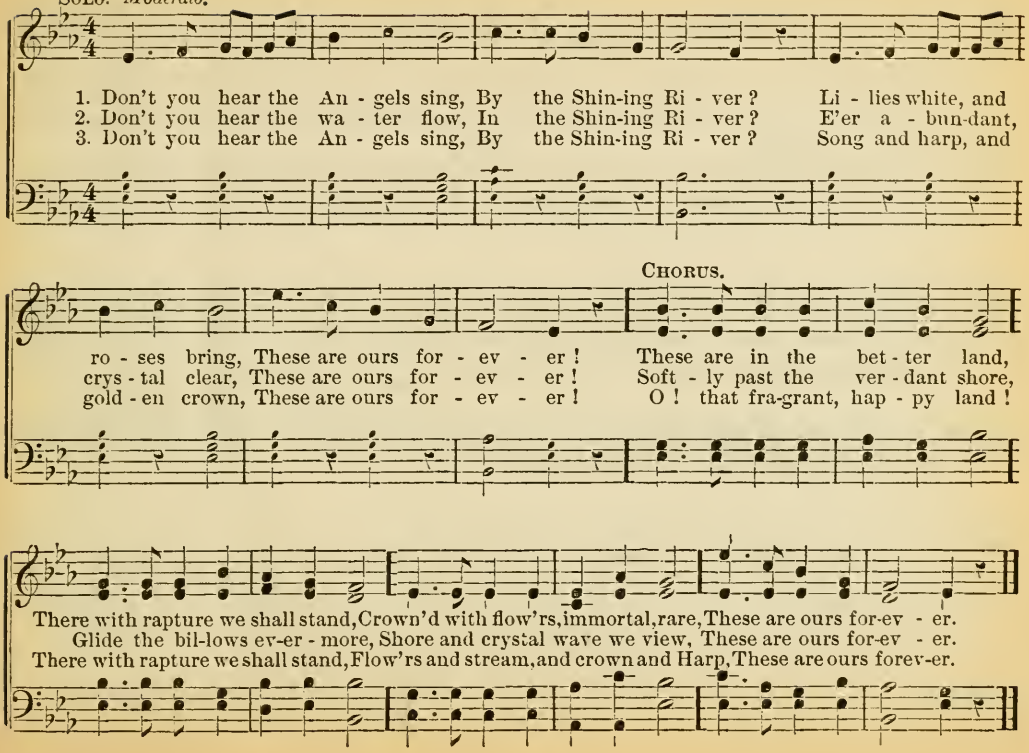
Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell will never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

6

Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King:
This, through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, etc.

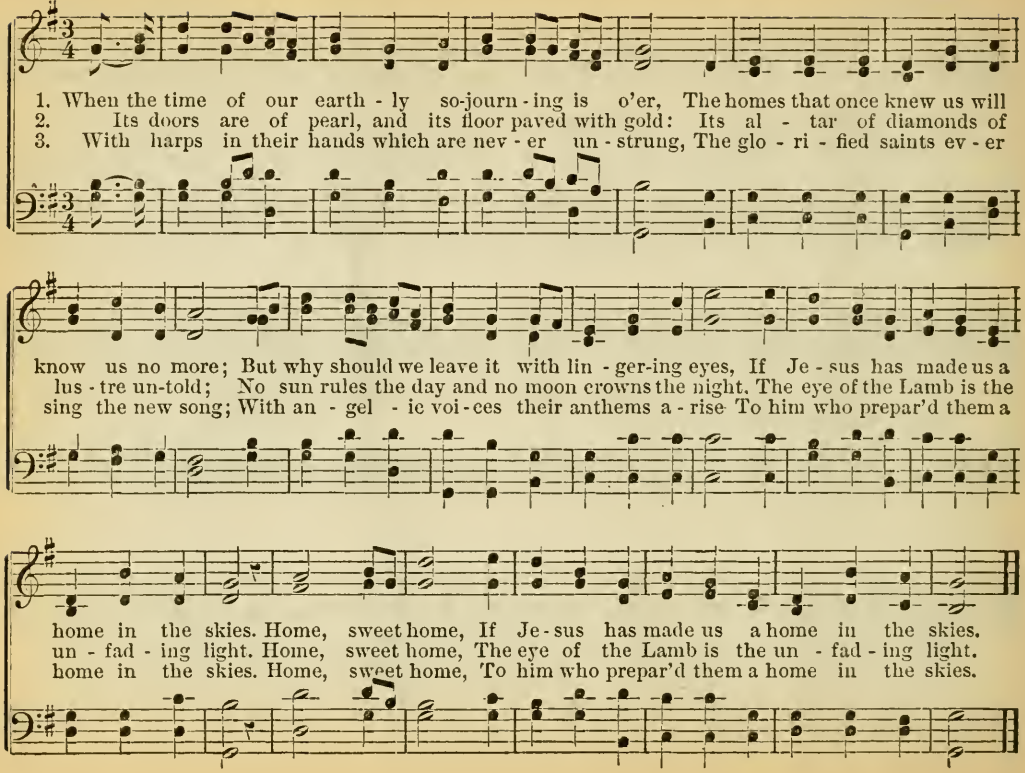
J. C. JOHNSON. A. N. JOHNSON. By per.

SOLO. *Moderato.*



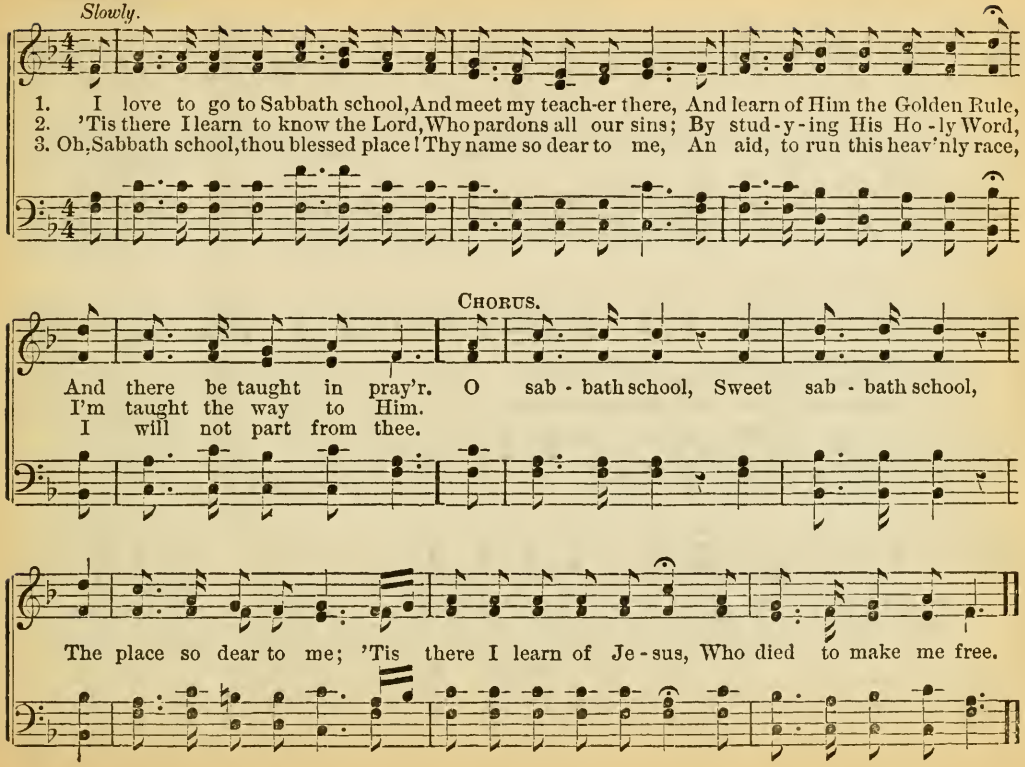
A HOME IN THE SKIES.

J. WRIGHT



Words and Music by REV. B. C. OYLER.

Slowly.

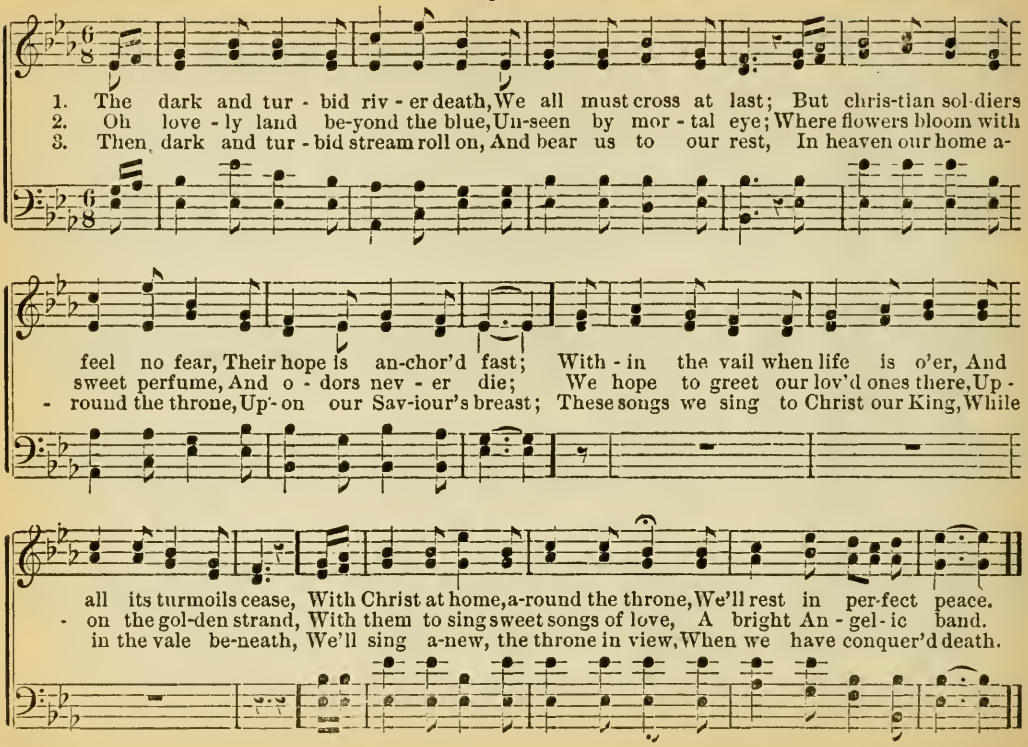


THE DARK AND TURBID RIVER.

R. G. S.

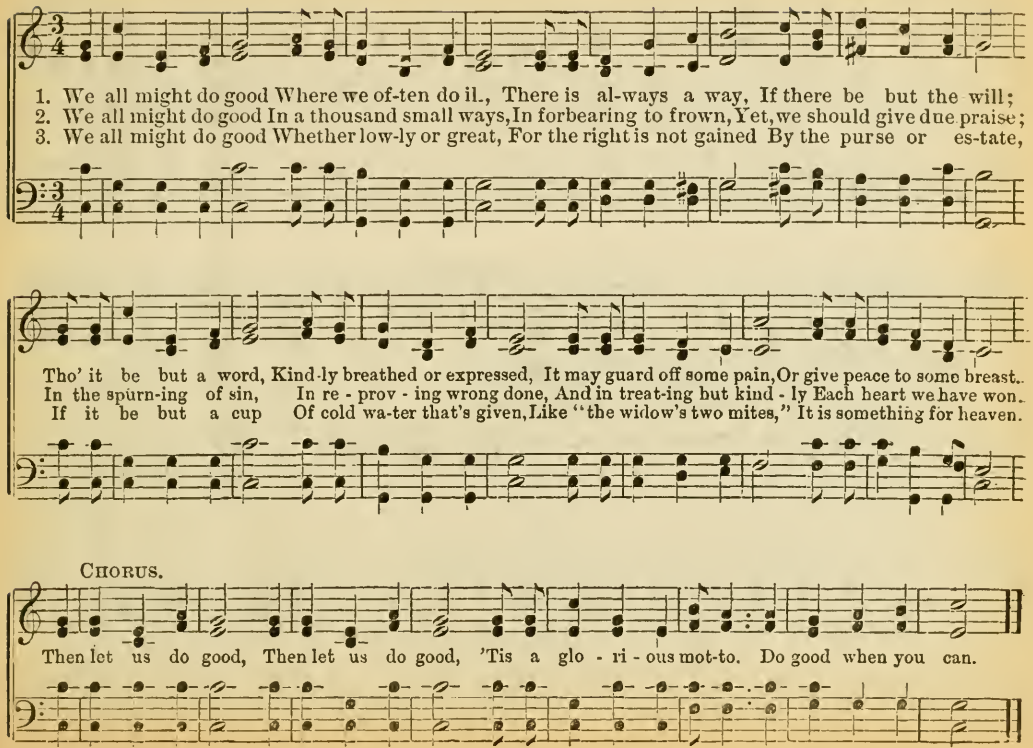
"To die is gain." Phil. x : 21.

R. G. Staples.



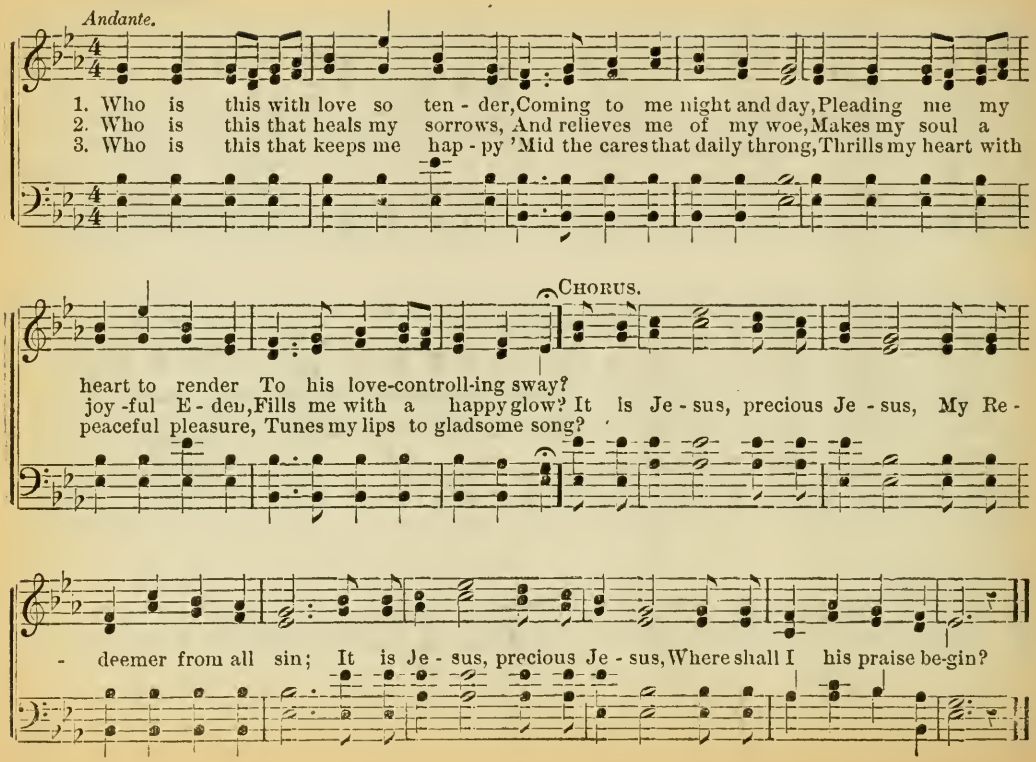
WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

G. L. BANKS. JAS. McGRANAHAN.

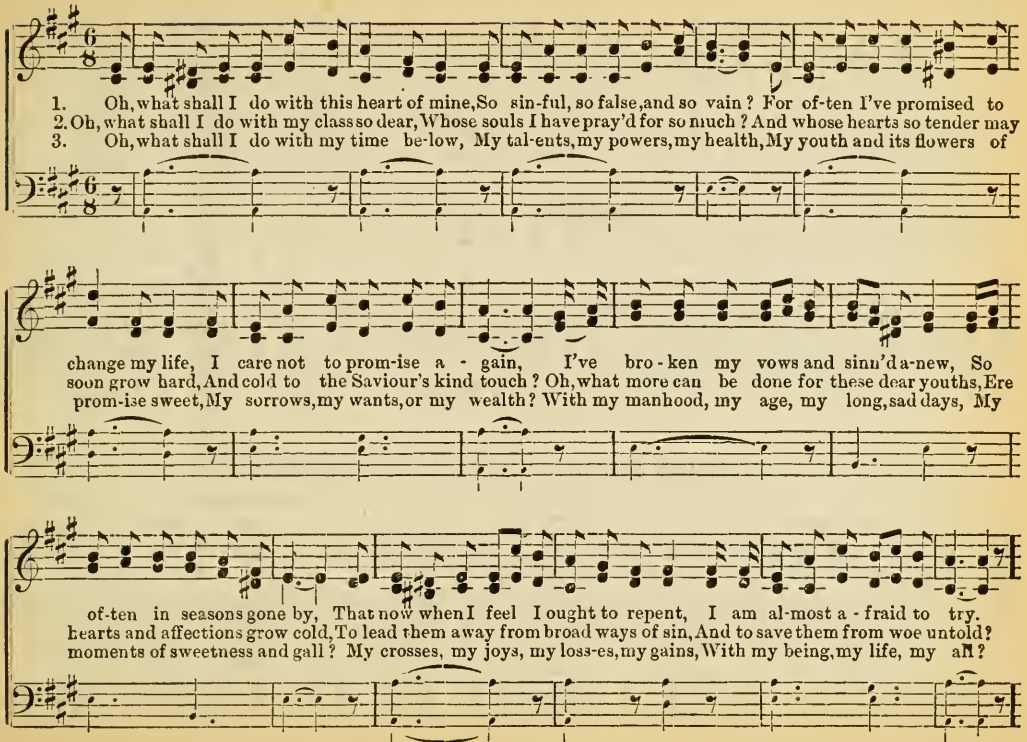


IT IS JESUS.

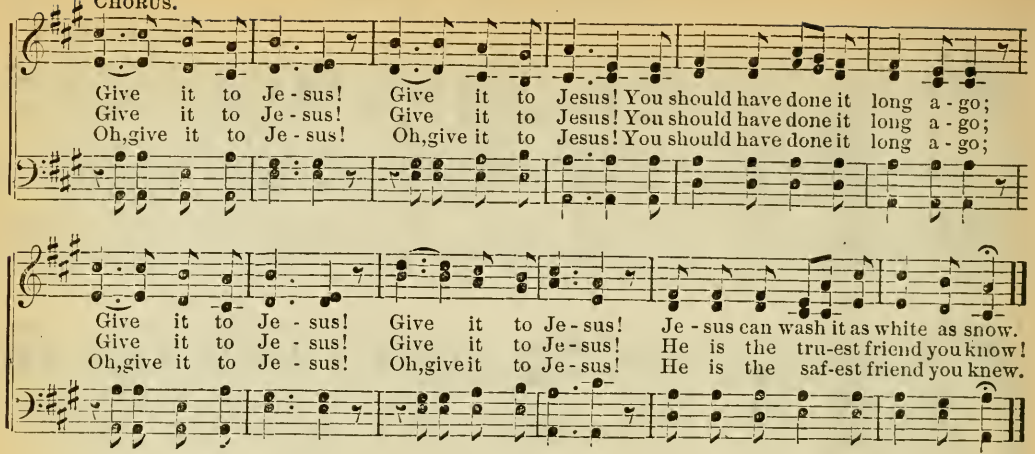
E. A. Hoffman. ✻



F. B. Copp. W. O. Perkins, by per.

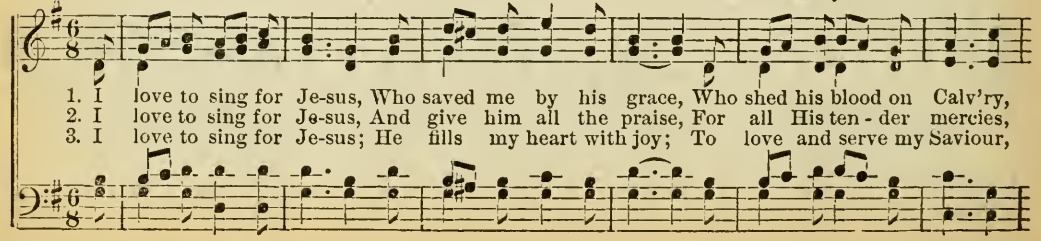


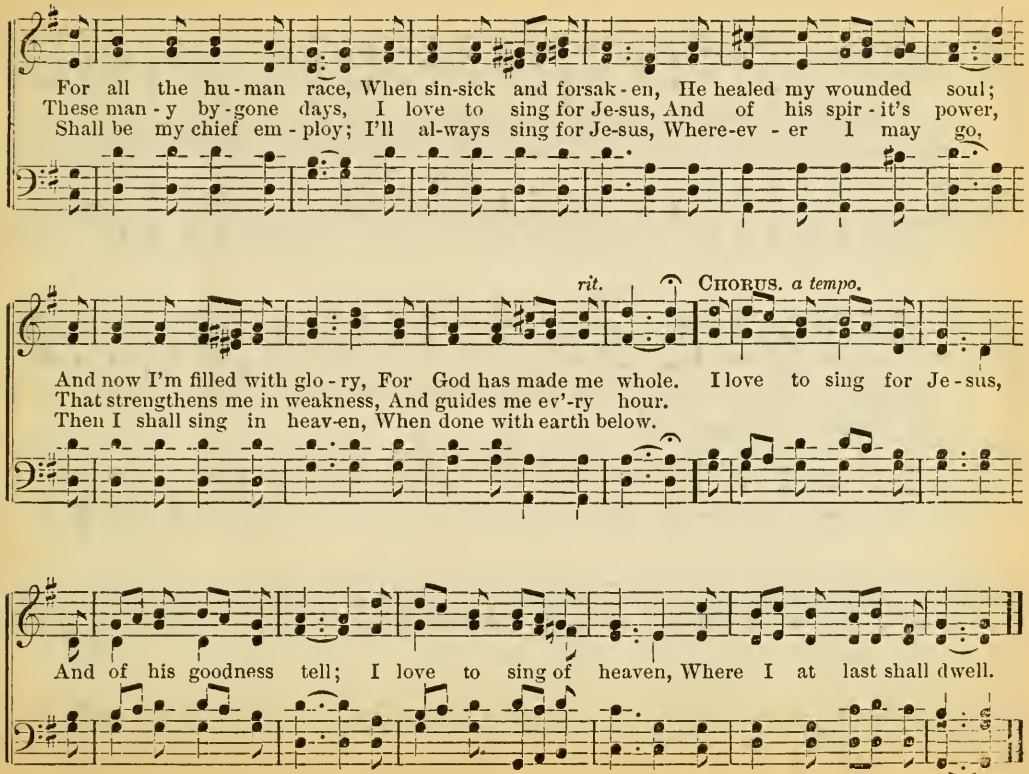
GIVE IT TO JESUS. Concluded.



I LOVE TO SING FOR JESUS.

Words and Music by A. BYRON CONDO.

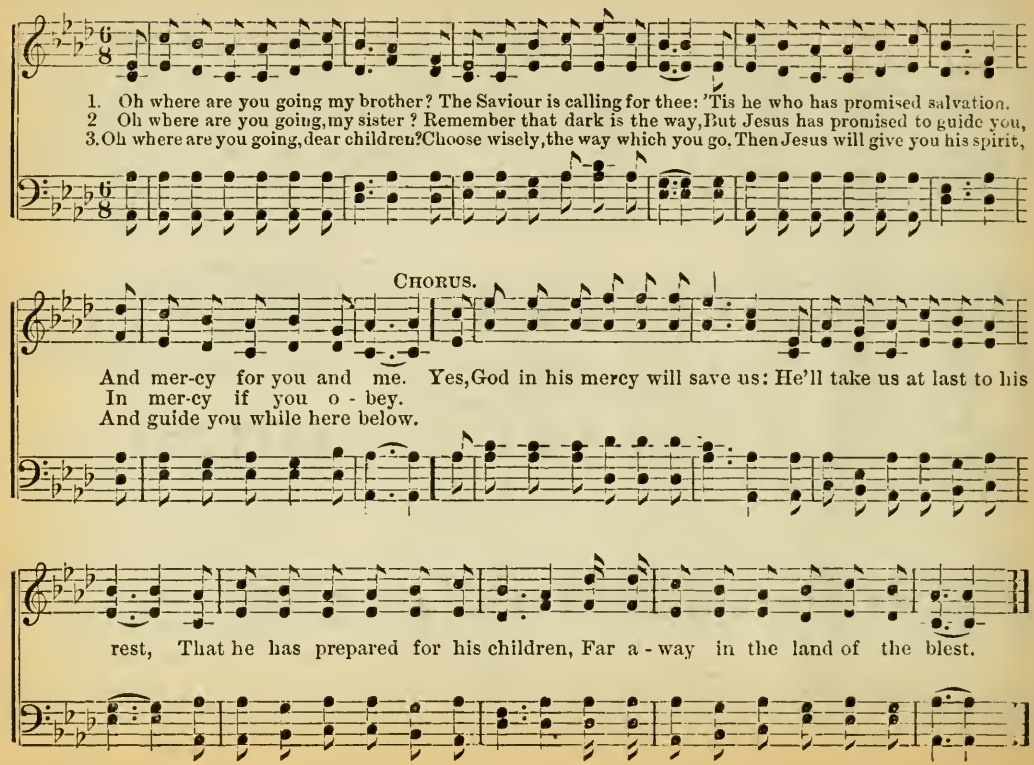



For all the hu-man race, When sin-sick and forsak-en, He healed my wounded soul;
These man-y by-gone days, I love to sing for Je-sus, And of his spir-it's power,
Shall be my chief em-ploy; I'll al-ways sing for Je-sus, Where-ev-er I may go.
rit.
CHORUS. a tempo.
And now I'm filled with glo-ry, For God has made me whole. I love to sing for Je-sus,
That strengthens me in weakness, And guides me ev'-ry hour.
Then I shall sing in heav-en, When done with earth below.
And of his goodness tell; I love to sing of heaven, Where I at last shall dwell.

GOD IN HIS MERCY WILL SAVE.

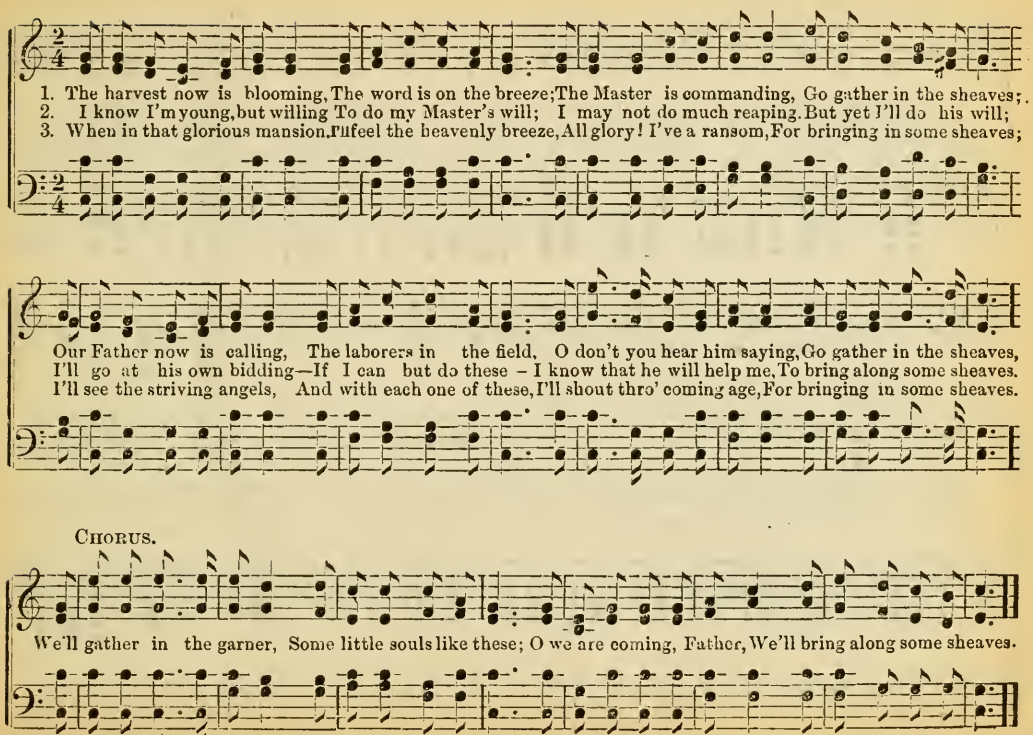
J. Mc.

A. Byron Condo.



GO GATHER IN THE SHEAVES.

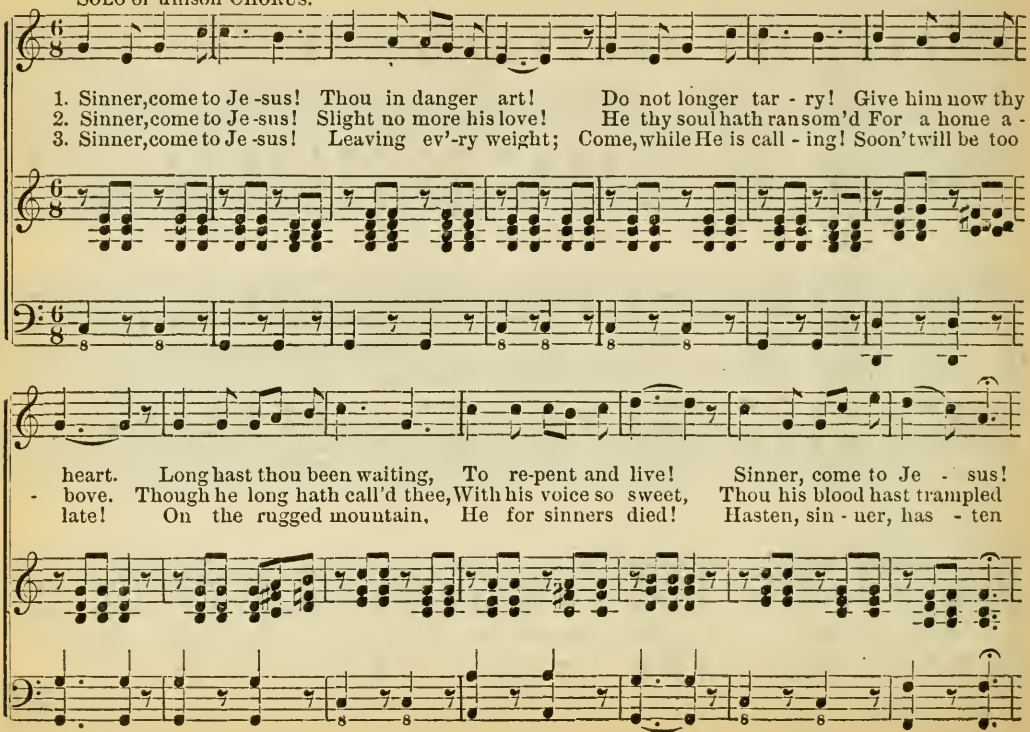
Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

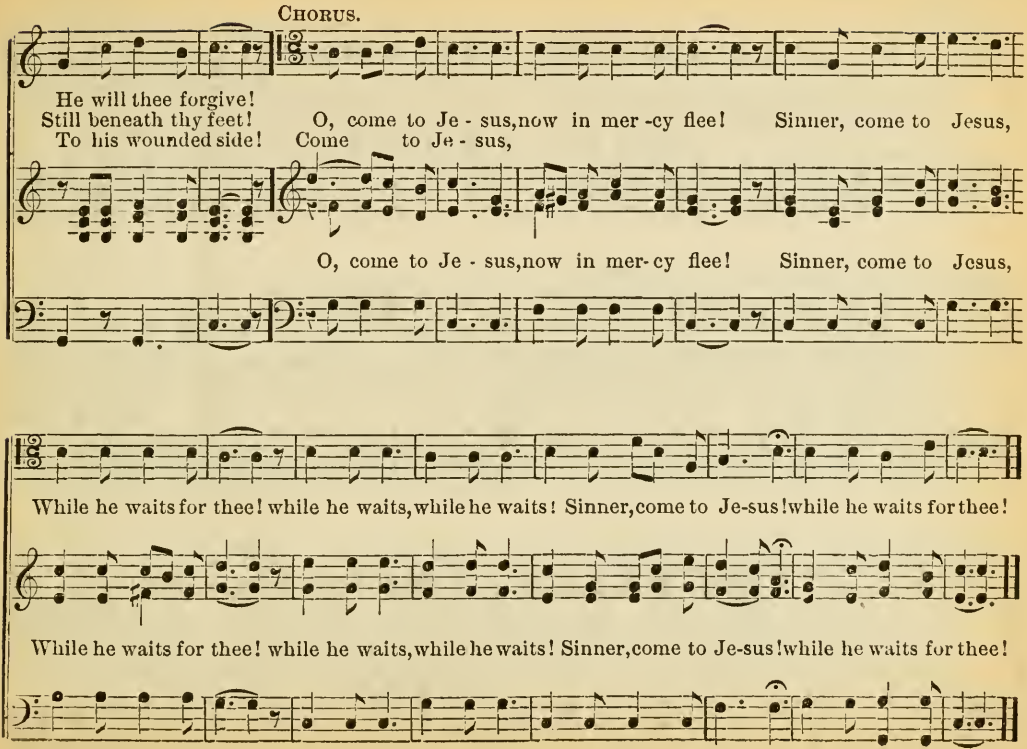


SINNER, COME TO JESUS.

E. R. LATTA. Composed for Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the celebrated revival singer. W. O. PERKINS, by permission.

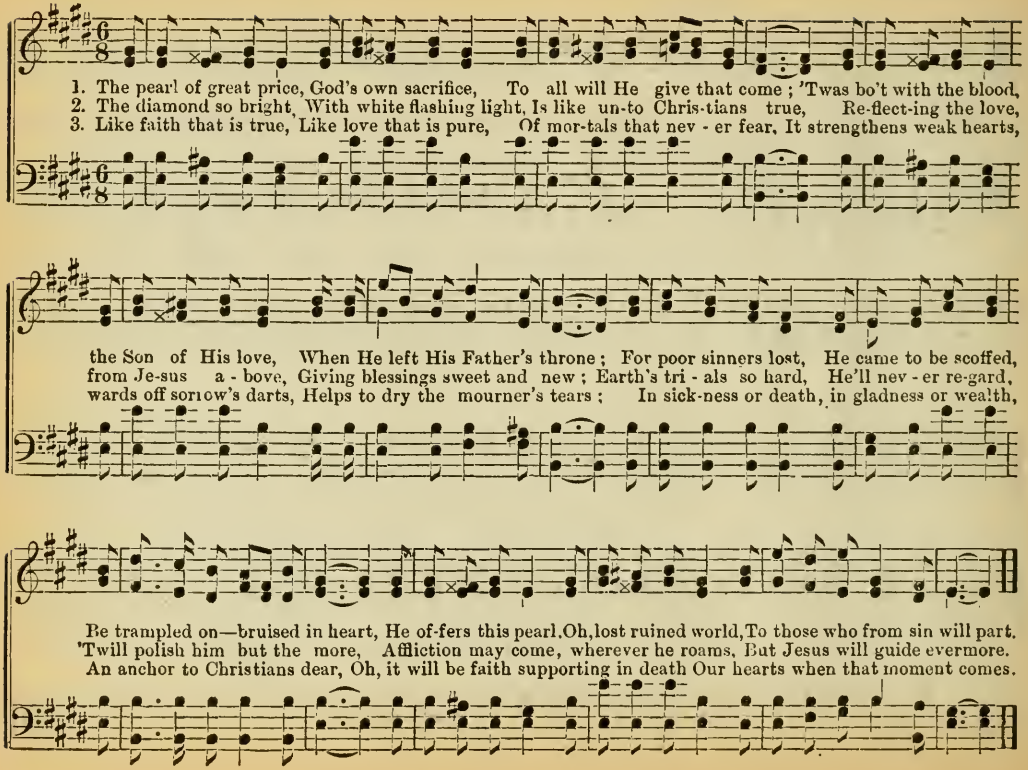
SOLO or unison CHORUS.



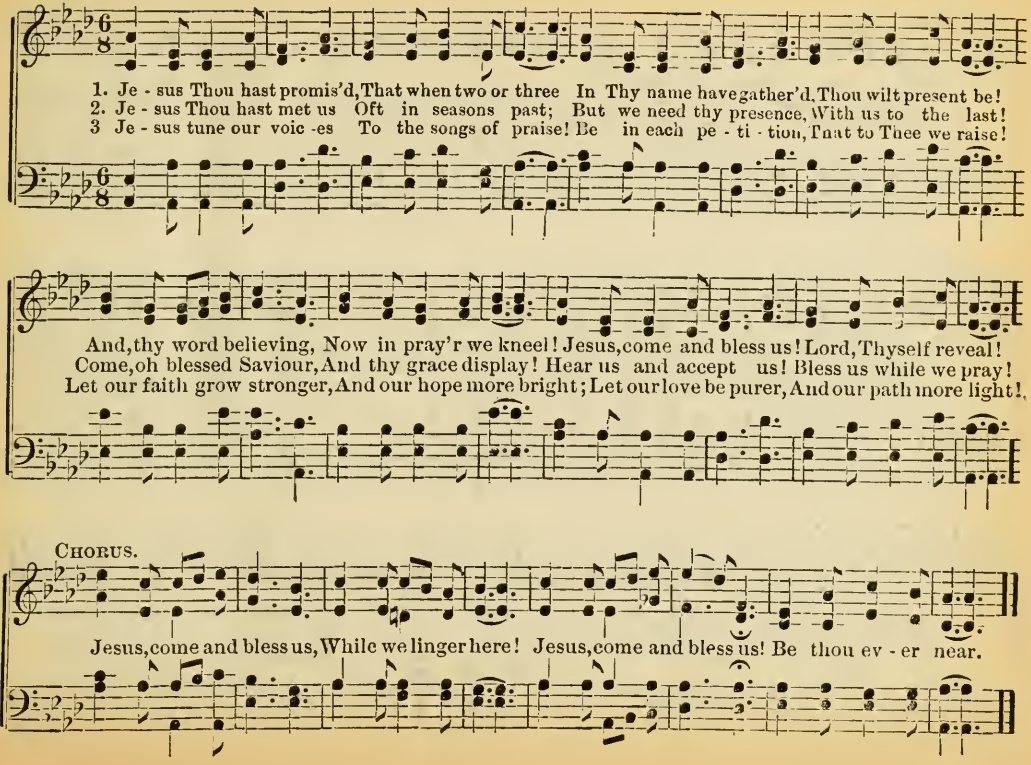

Chorus.
He will thee forgive!
Still beneath thy feet!
To his wounded side!
O, come to Je - sus, now in mer - cy flee! Sinner, come to Jesus,
Come to Je - sus,
O, come to Je - sus, now in mer - cy flee! Sinner, come to Jesus,
While he waits for thee! while he waits, while he waits! Sinner, come to Je-sus! while he waits for thee!
While he waits for thee! while he waits, while he waits! Sinner, come to Je-sus! while he waits for thee!

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

ESTHER D. CONDO. A. B. CONDO.

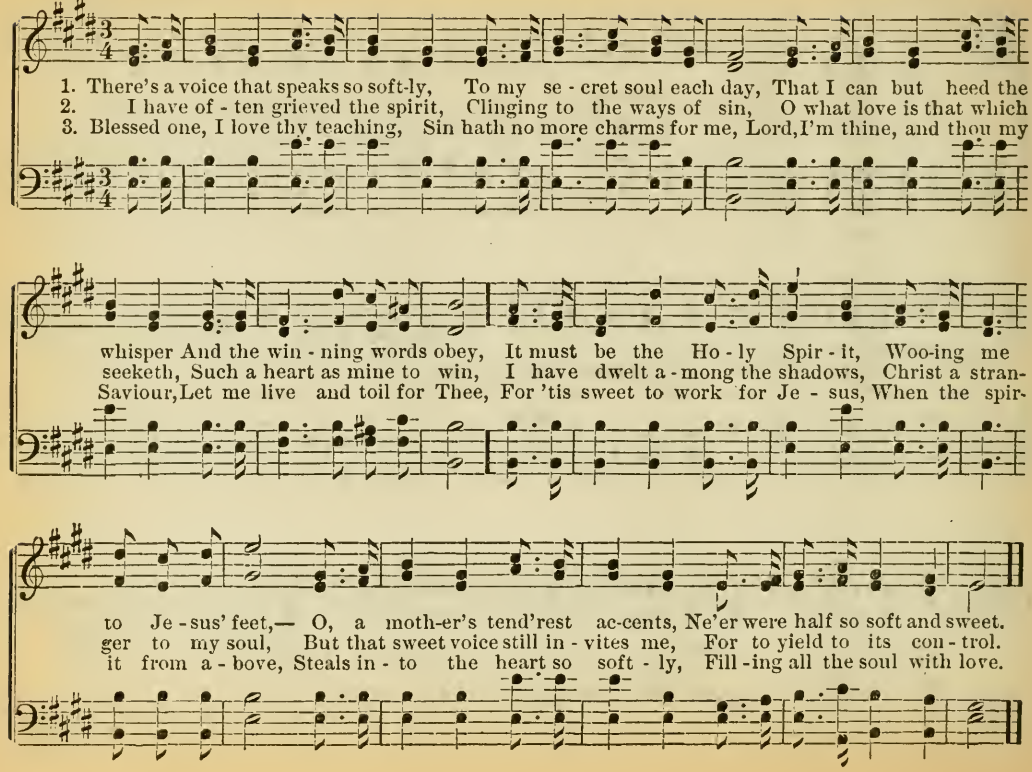


E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, by permission.

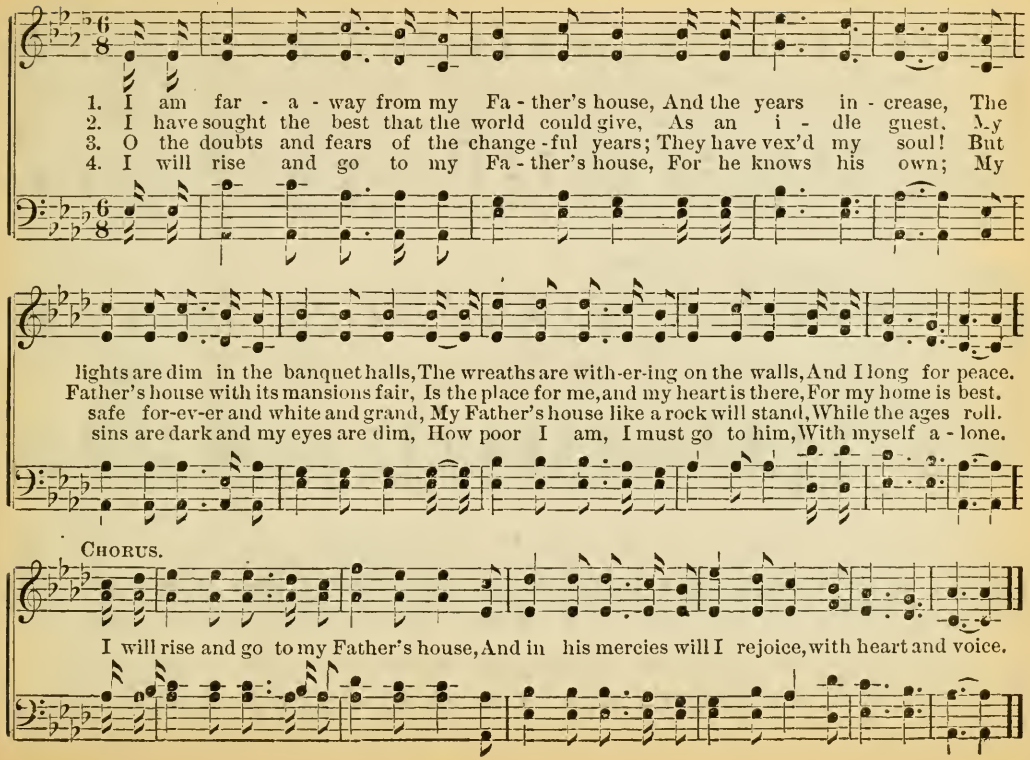


RESOLVE.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier. Frank M. Davis.

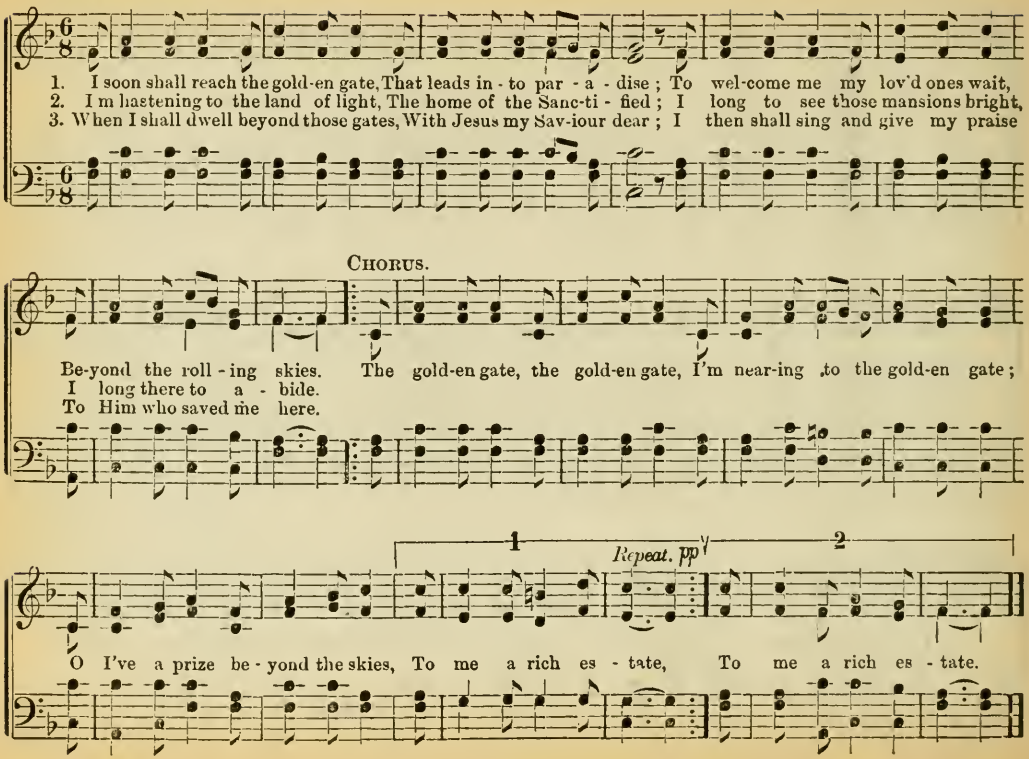


ELLEN M. H. GATES. Furnished by MR. SANKEY. W. O. PERKINS. By per.



THE GOLDEN GATE.

Words and Music by A. B. CONDO.



GOD KNOWS."

Words furnished by IRA D. SANKEY

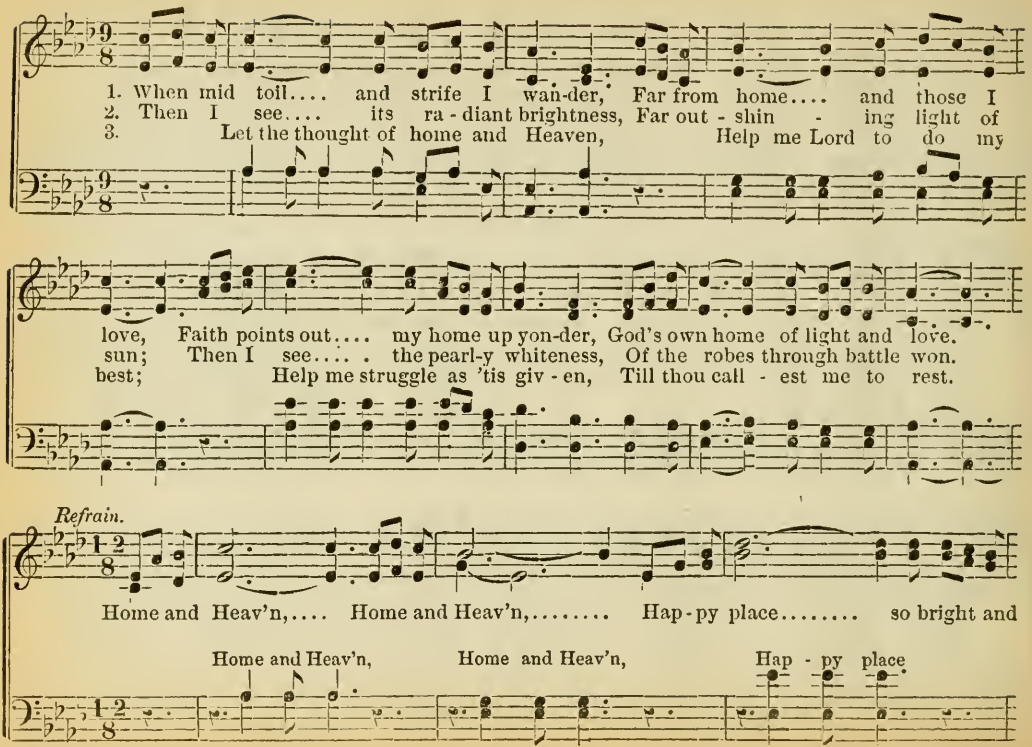
May be sung as a Solo.

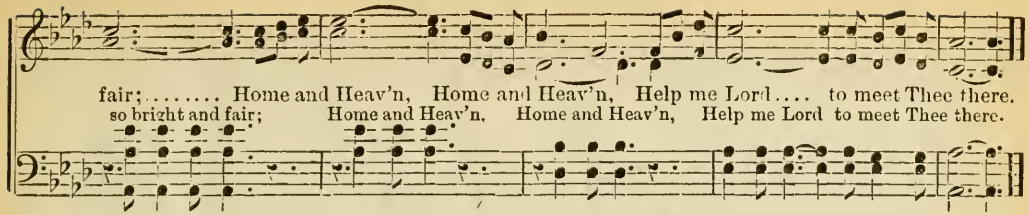
W. O. PERKINS. By per.

1. Oh! wild and dark was the winter night, When the em - i-grant ship went down, But just outside of the bar - bor bar, In the sight of the star - tled town! The rough winds howl'd, And the wild sea roar'd, And not a soul could sleep, Save the lit-tle ones on their mother's breasts, Too young to watch and weep.
2. No boat could live in the an-gry surf. And no cable could reach the land. And bold, brave hearts were up- on the shore, There was many a read - y hand, The wo - men pray'd, and the men they strove, When pray'r and work were vain, For the sun it rose o'er an aw - ful void, And si - lent was the main.
3. All day the watch - ers pac'd the sands. And all day did they scan'd the deep, All night the boom of the min - ute guns Echo'd loud - ly from steep to steep, "Give up thy dead, O thou cru - el sea! They cried athwart the space,—It was on - ly a ba - by's fra - gile form Es - cap'd from its stern embrace.
4. 'Twas on - ly one lit - tle child of ba - bies slept All so warm in the shel - ter'd town. Wrapp'd in the glow of the morning light, It lay up - on the sand, It was fair as a sculp - tor's mar-ble dream, A shell was within its hand.
5. And none could tell of her race or near to ask For the name of the ba - by dead. And so they laid her a - way at last, And there in hush'd re-pose, On the stone they rais'd at the ba-by's head, Were carven the words "God knows!"

HOME AND HEAVEN.

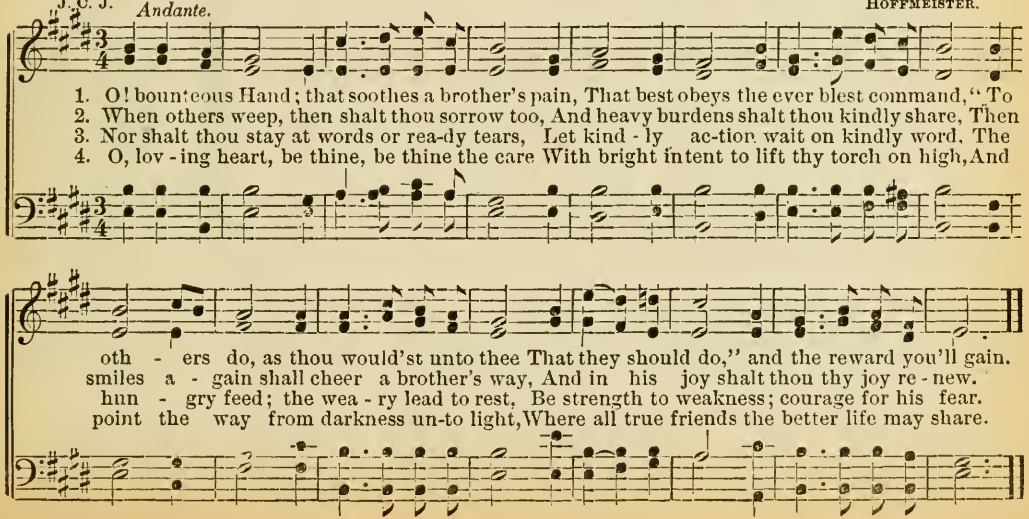
Rev. J. D. HAMMOND. D. S. HAKES. By per.





THE GOLDEN RULE.

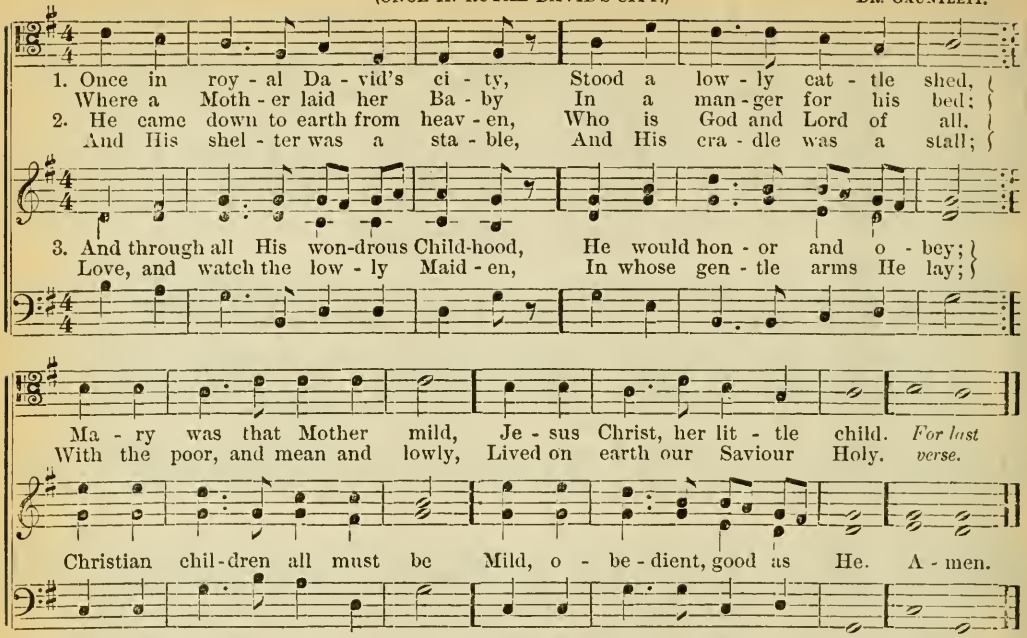
J. C. J. *Andante.* HOFFMEISTER.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.



4.

For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
:He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;:‖
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

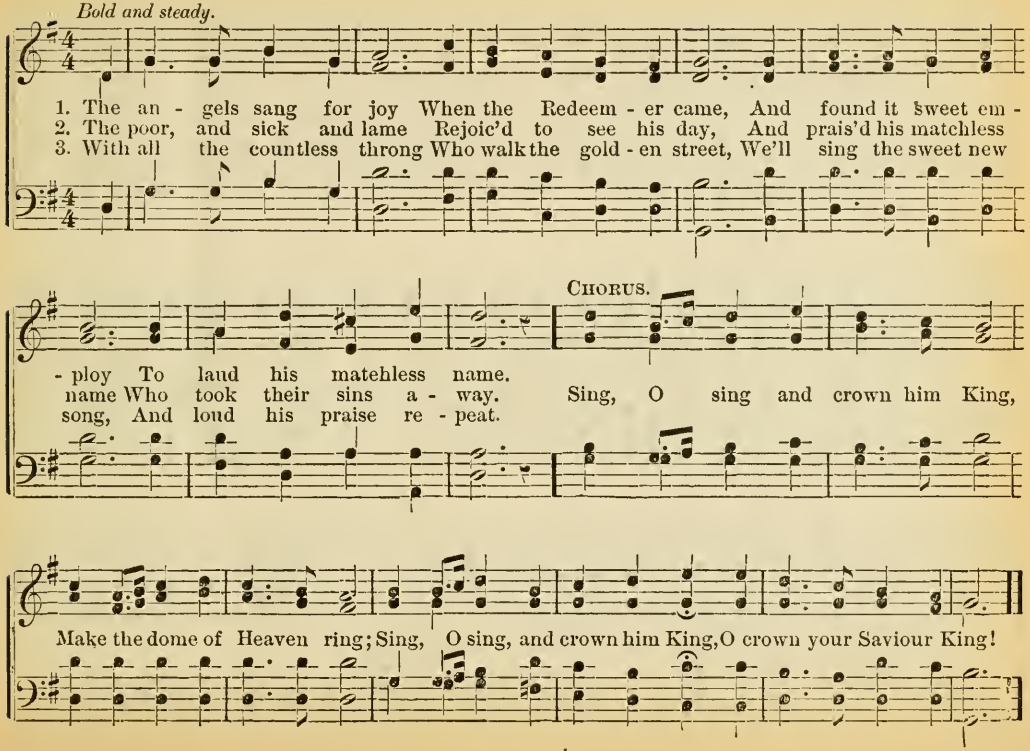
5.

And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
‖:For that Child so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above.:‖
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6.

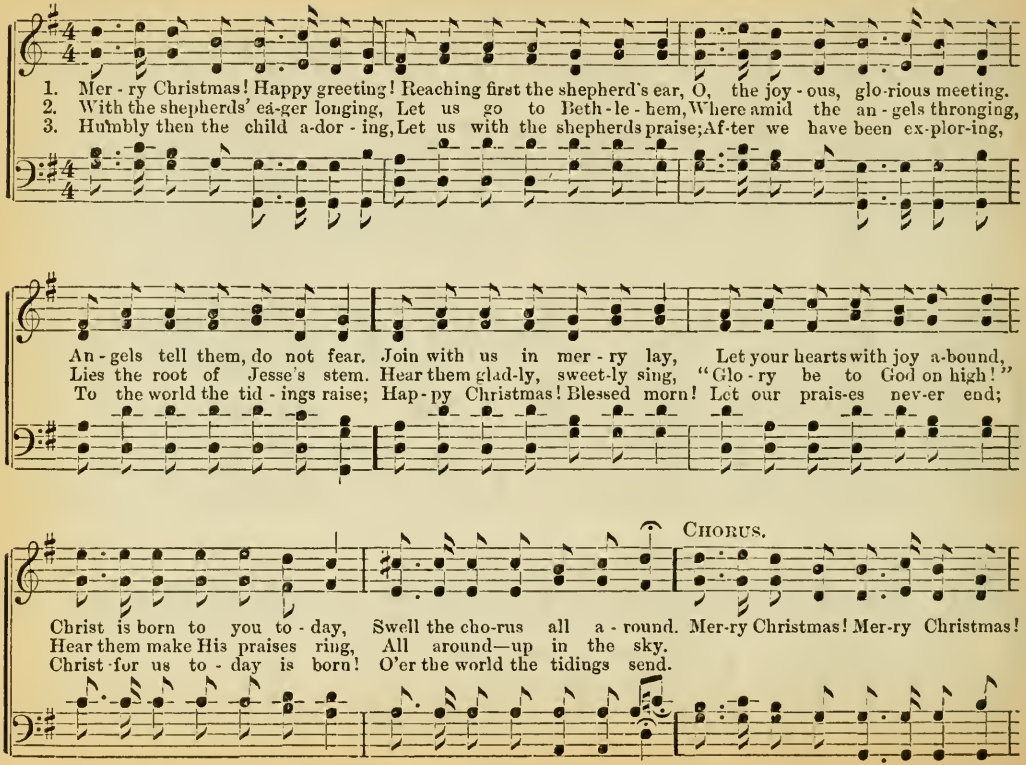
Not in that poor, lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
‖:We shall see Him; but in heaven
Set at God's right hand on high;:‖
Where like stars his children crown'd
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

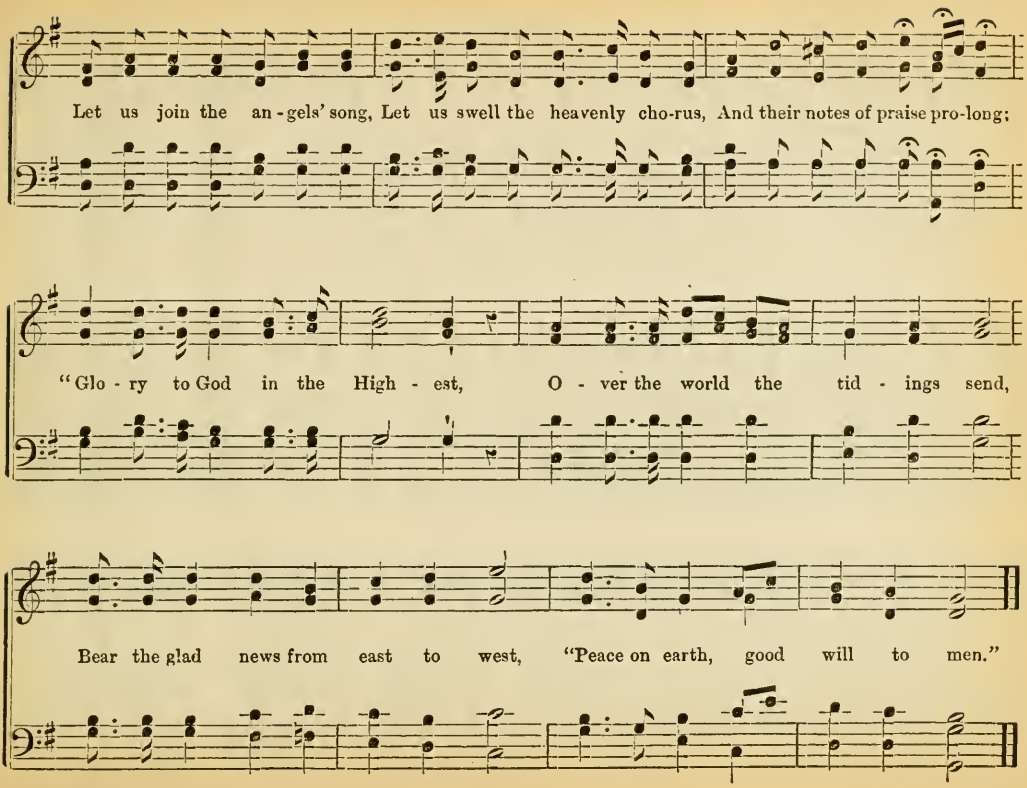
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS. W. O. PERKINS.



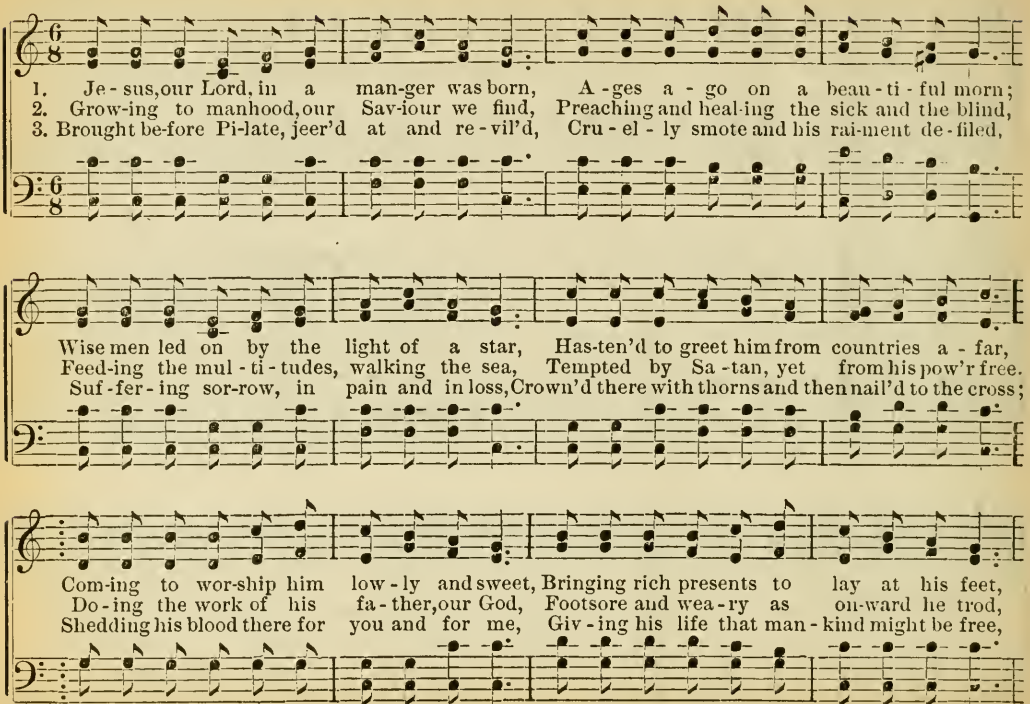
MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTIAN STAEBLER. T. C. O'KANE.

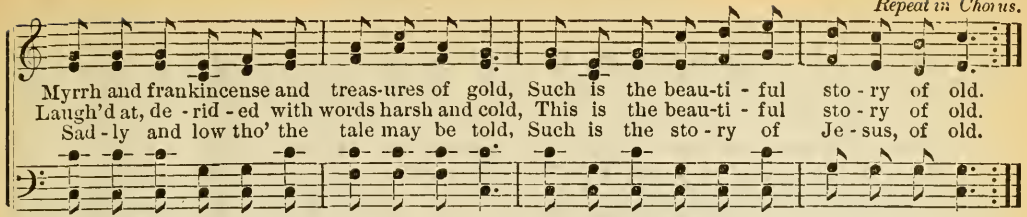



Let us join the an-gels' song, Let us swell the heavenly cho-rus, And their notes of praise pro-long;
"Glo-ry to God in the High-est, O-ver the world the tid-ings send,
Bear the glad news from east to west, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

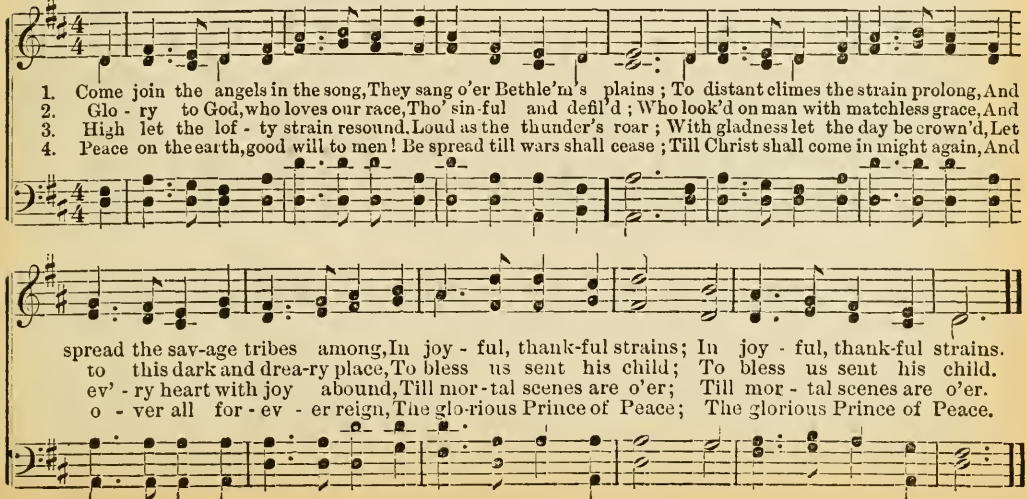
AUTHUR W. FRENCH. FOR CHRISTMAS. W. O. PERKINS.



Repeat in Chorus.

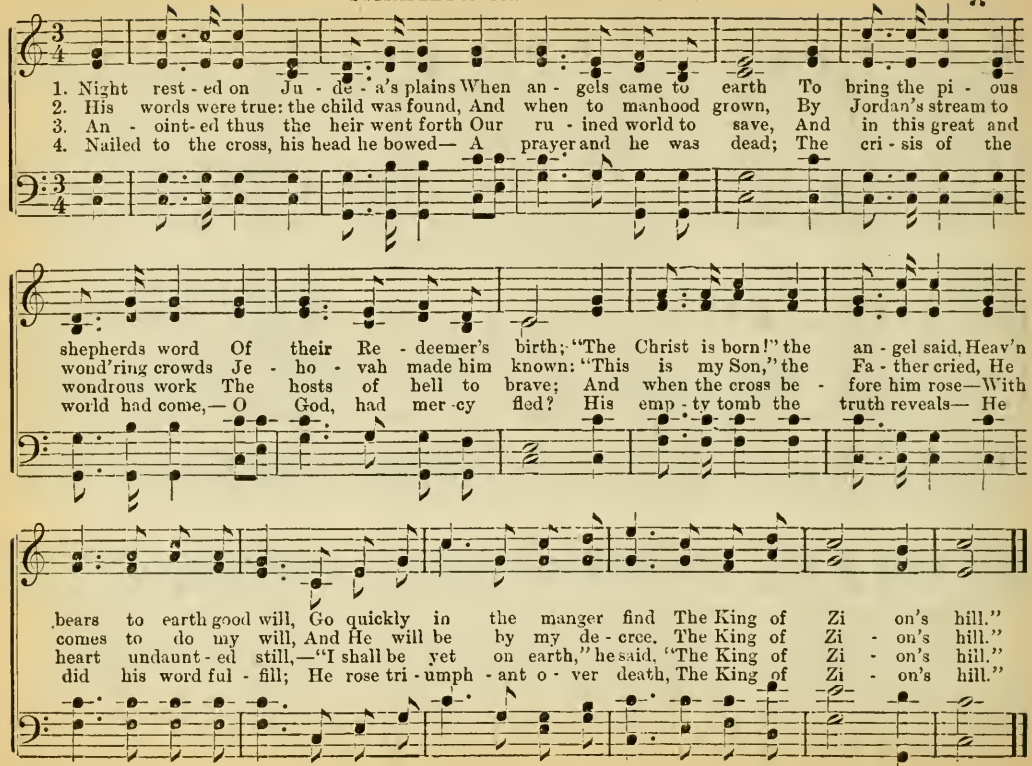


CHRISTMAS HYMN.



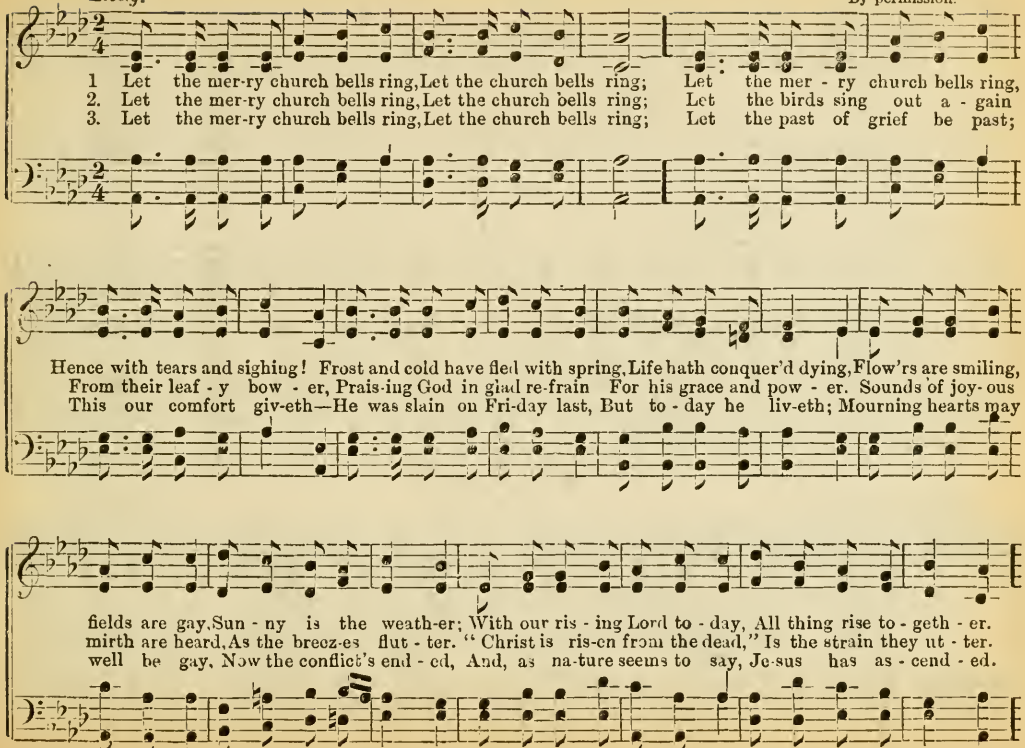
THE KING OF ZION'S HILL.

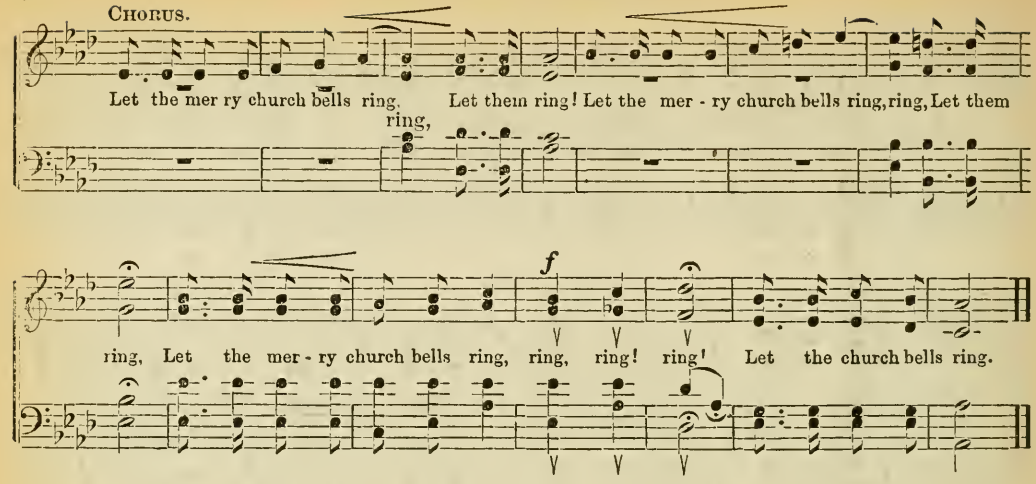
SUITABLE FOR CHRISTMAS OR EASTER.



Lively.

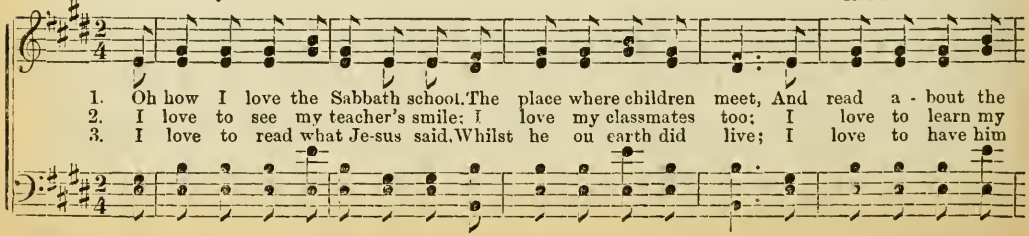
W. O. PERKINS.
By permission.

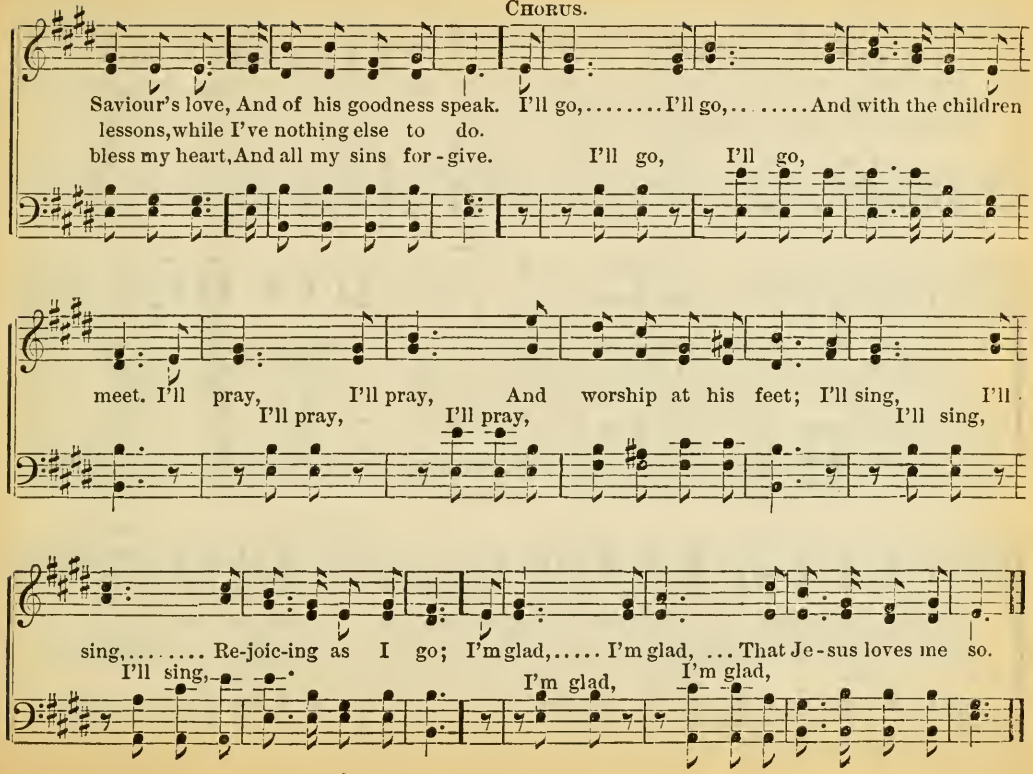




I'LL GO.

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

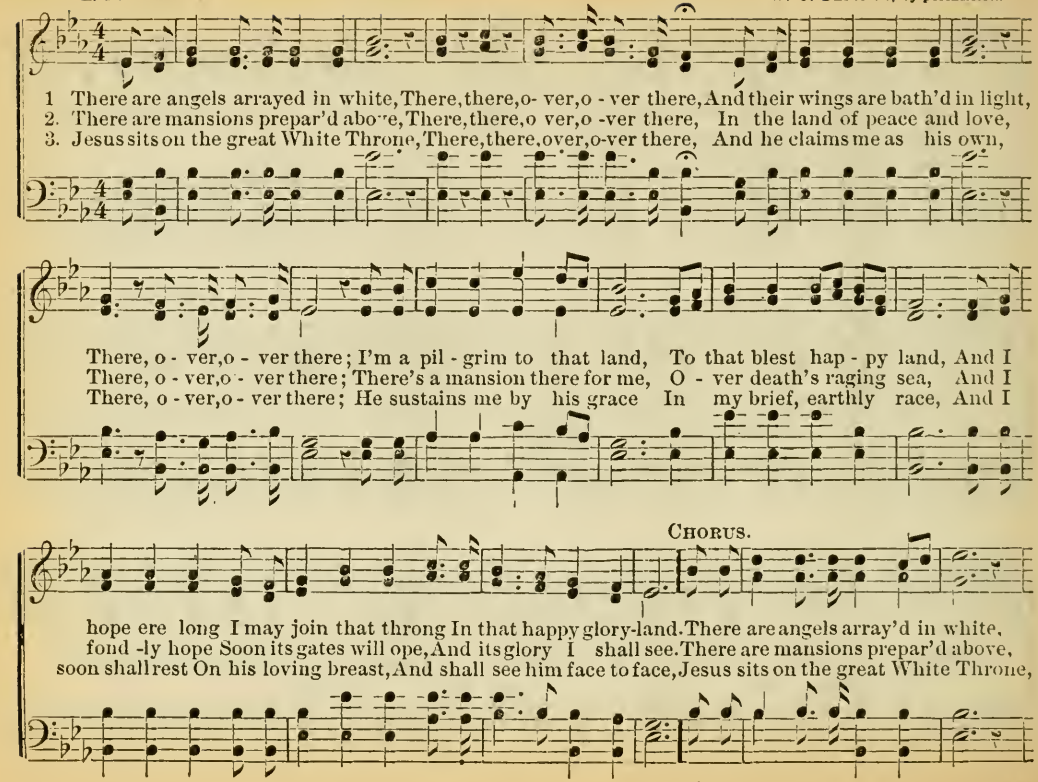


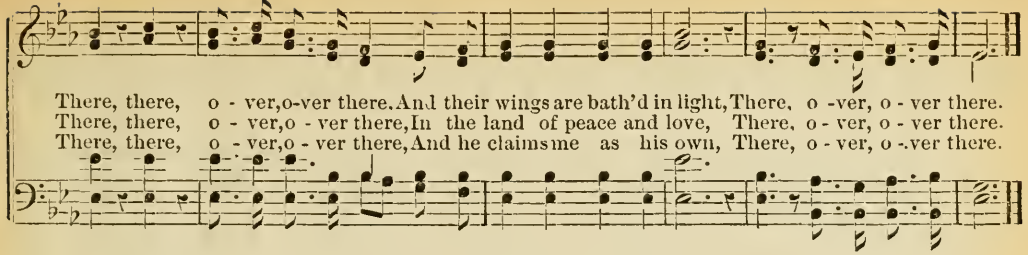

Chorus.
Saviour's love, And of his goodness speak. I'll go,.....I'll go,.....And with the children
lessons, while I've nothing else to do.
bless my heart, And all my sins for-give. I'll go, I'll go,
meet. I'll pray, I'll pray, And worship at his feet; I'll sing, I'll
I'll pray, I'll pray, I'll sing,
sing,..... Re-joic-ing as I go; I'm glad,..... I'm glad, ... That Je-sus loves me so.
I'll sing,
I'm glad, I'm glad,

OVER THERE.

E. A. HOFFMAN

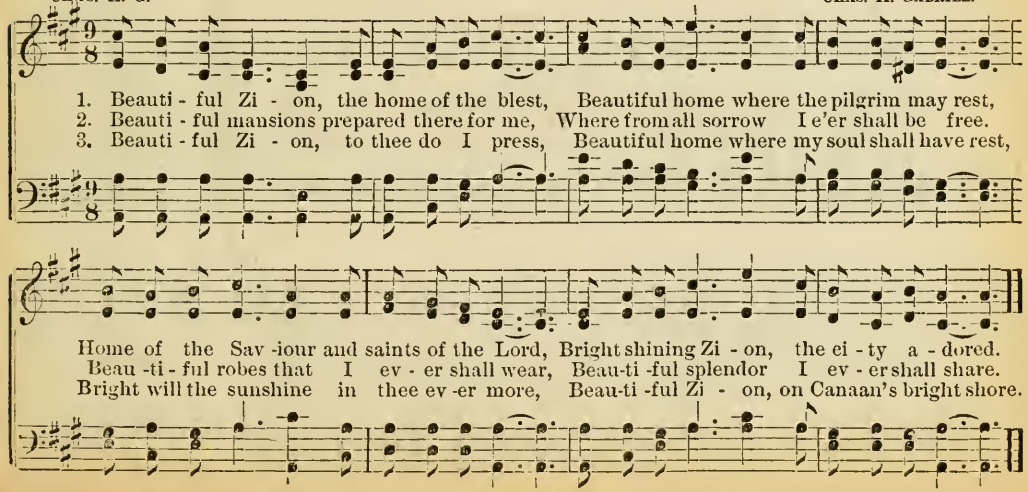
W. O. PERKINS, by permission.





BEAUTIFUL ZION.

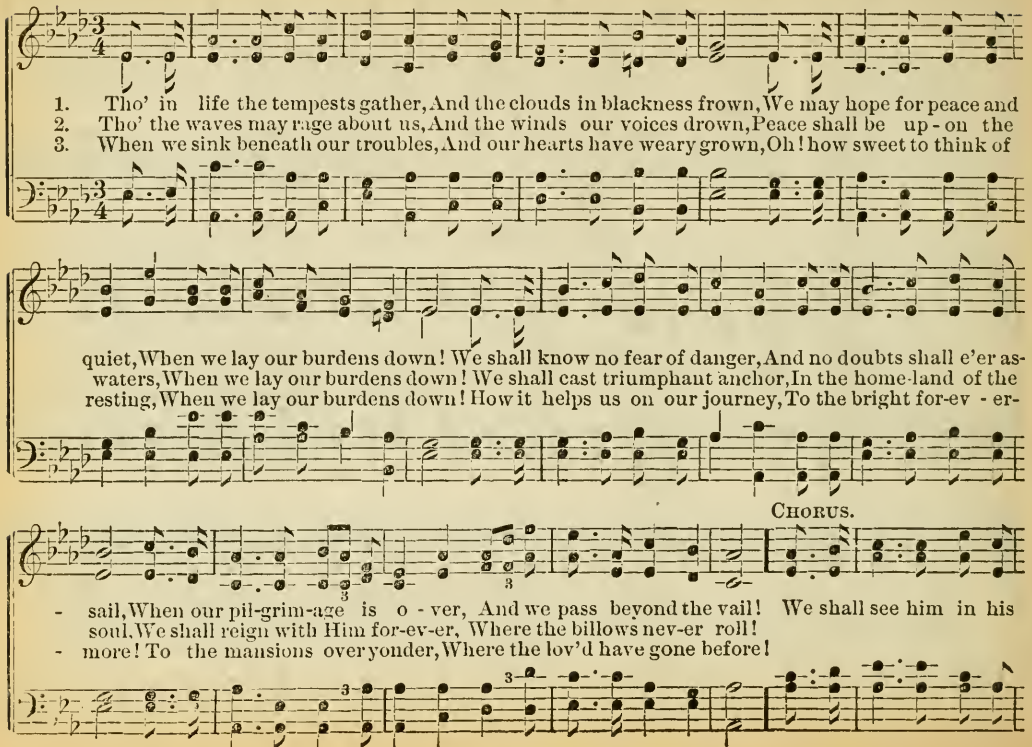
CHAS. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

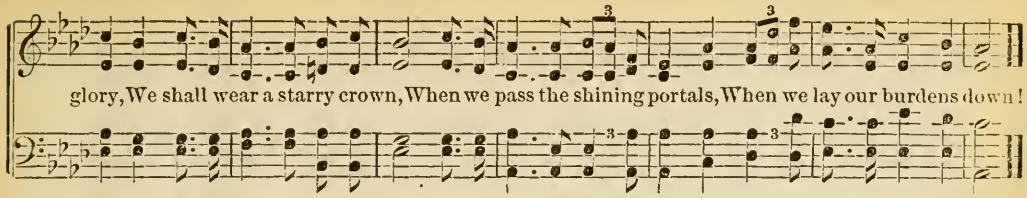


WHEN WE LAY OUR BURDENS DOWN.

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS, by per.

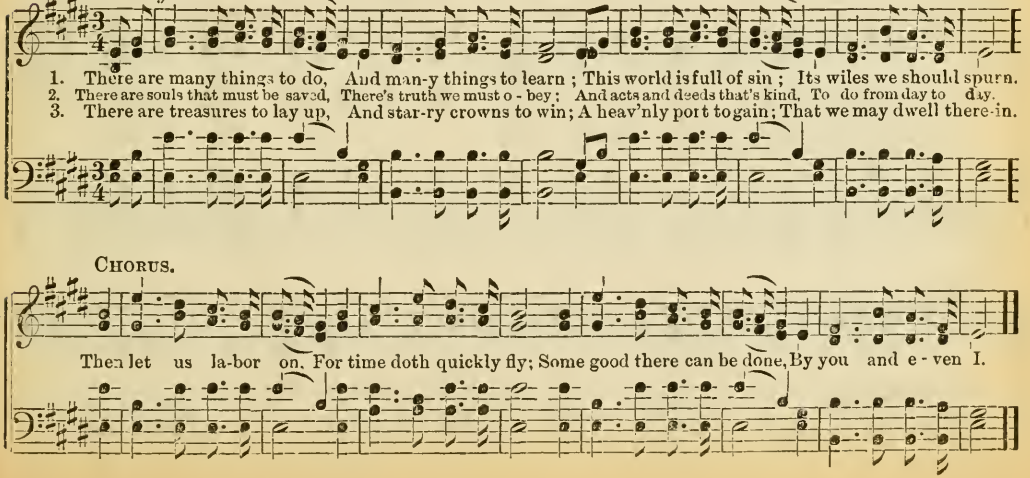
May be sung as a solo to "Chorus."





THEN LET US LABOR ON.

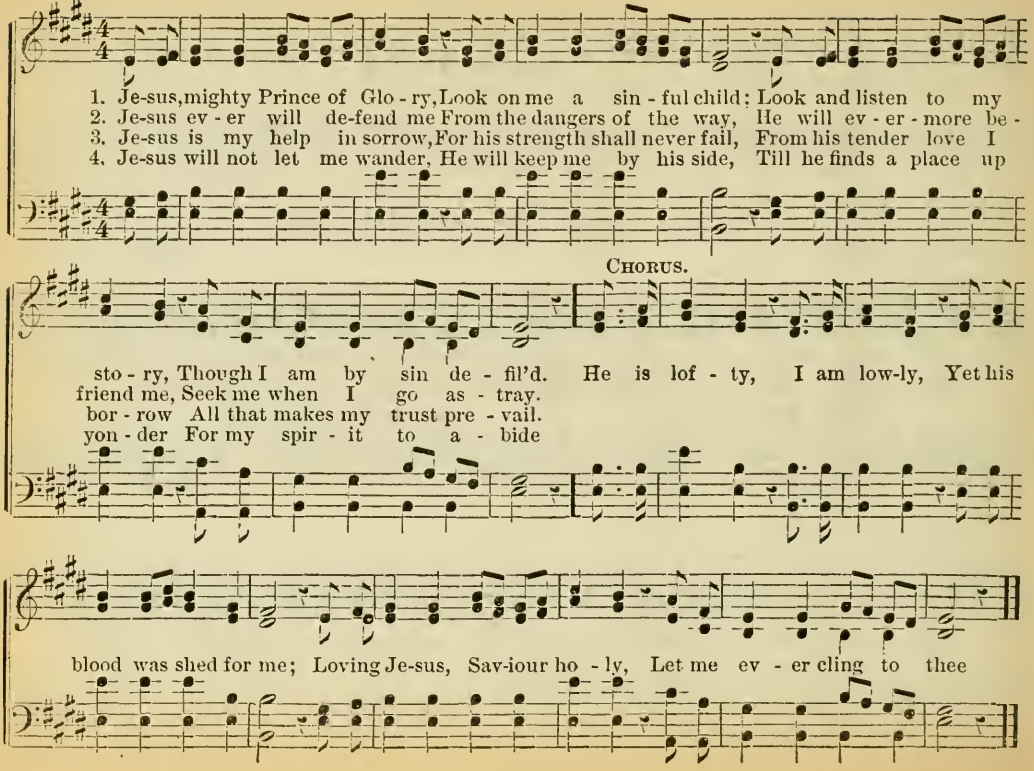
Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.



HE IS LOFTY, I AM LOWLY.

"Thine oh Lord is the greatness, the power, and the glory." 1 Ch. xxix. 11.

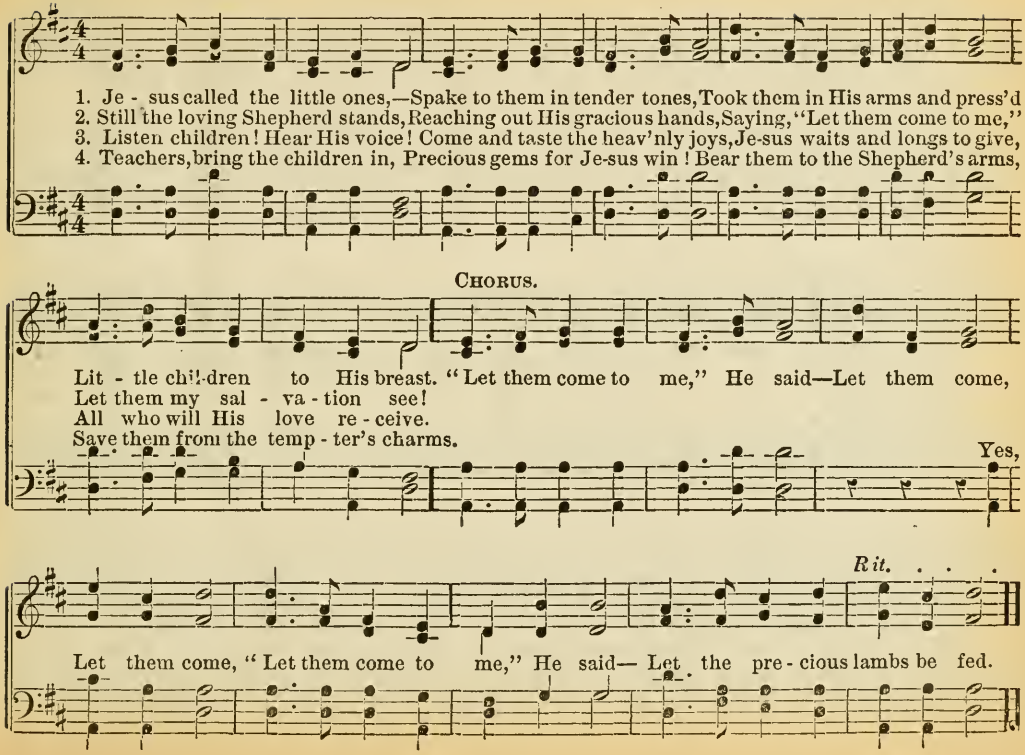
ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. P.



LET THEM COME TO ME.

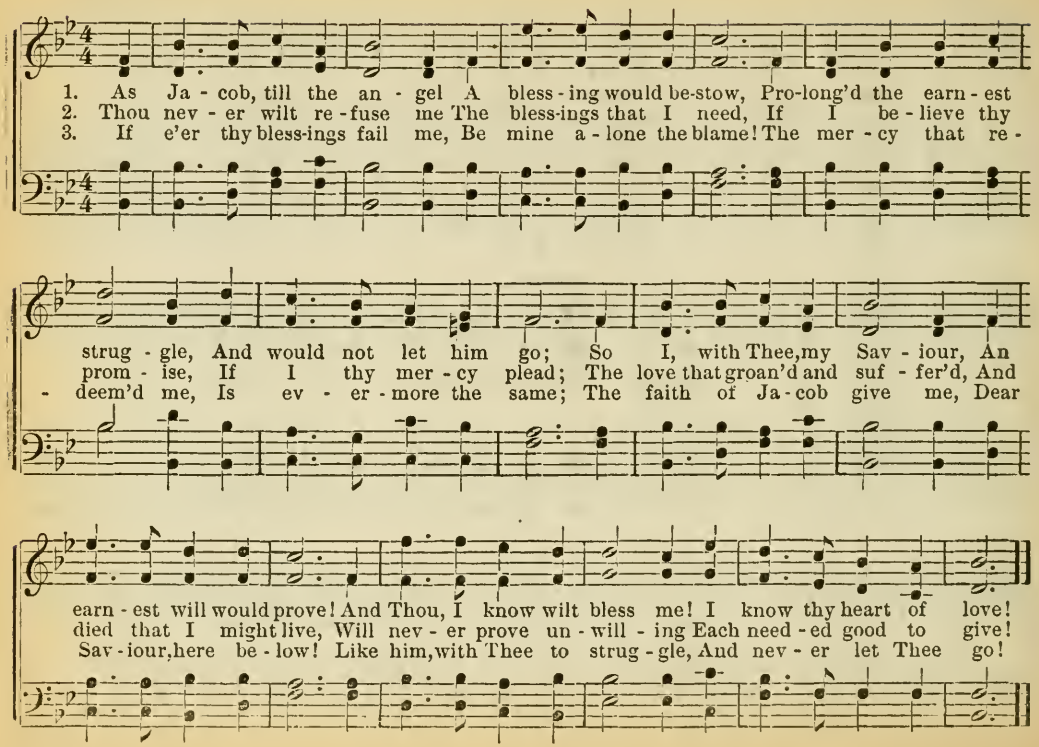
"Suffer little children to come unto me."—Luke xviii. 16.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

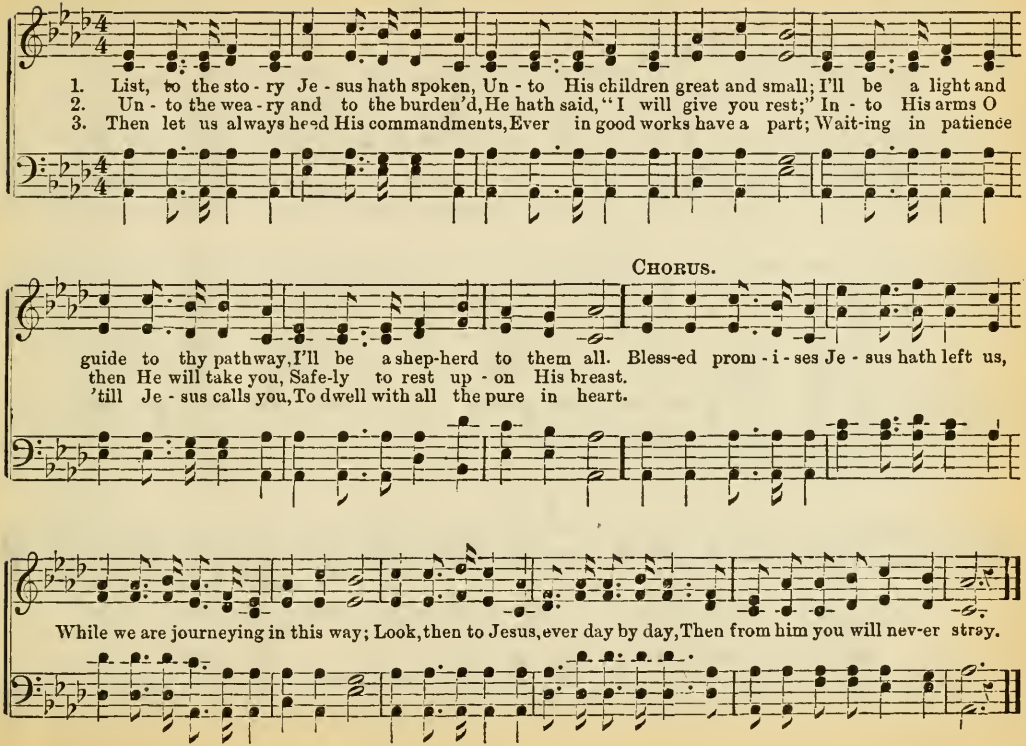


I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

E. R. Latta.

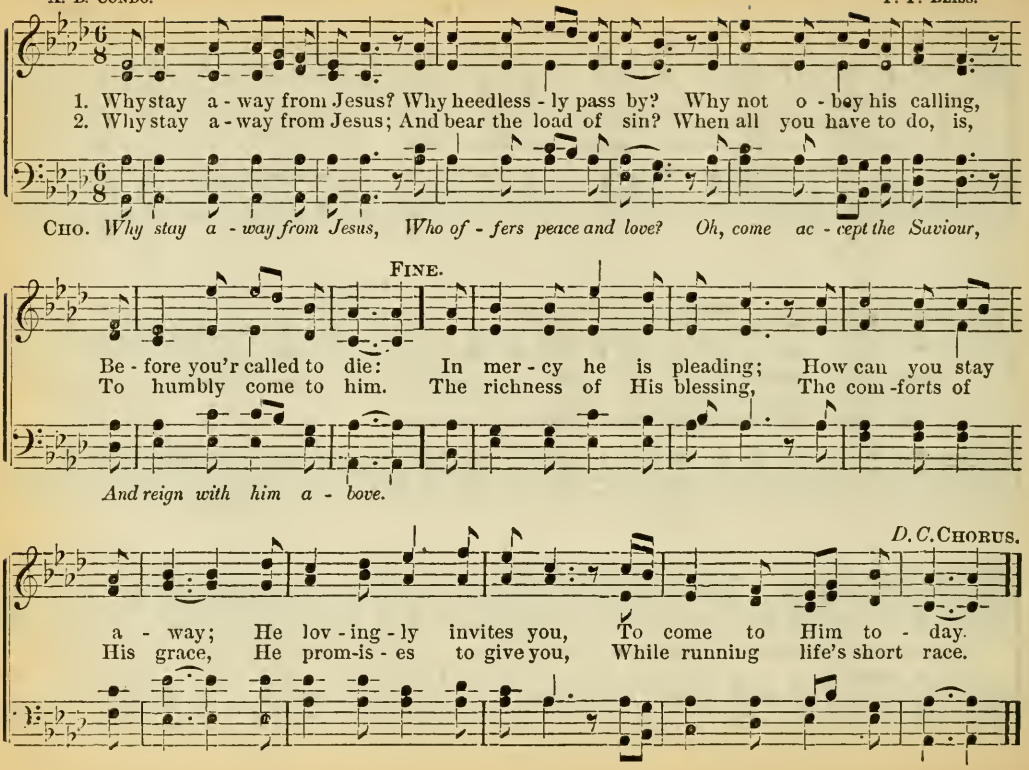


ESTHER D. CONDO. A. B. CONDO.

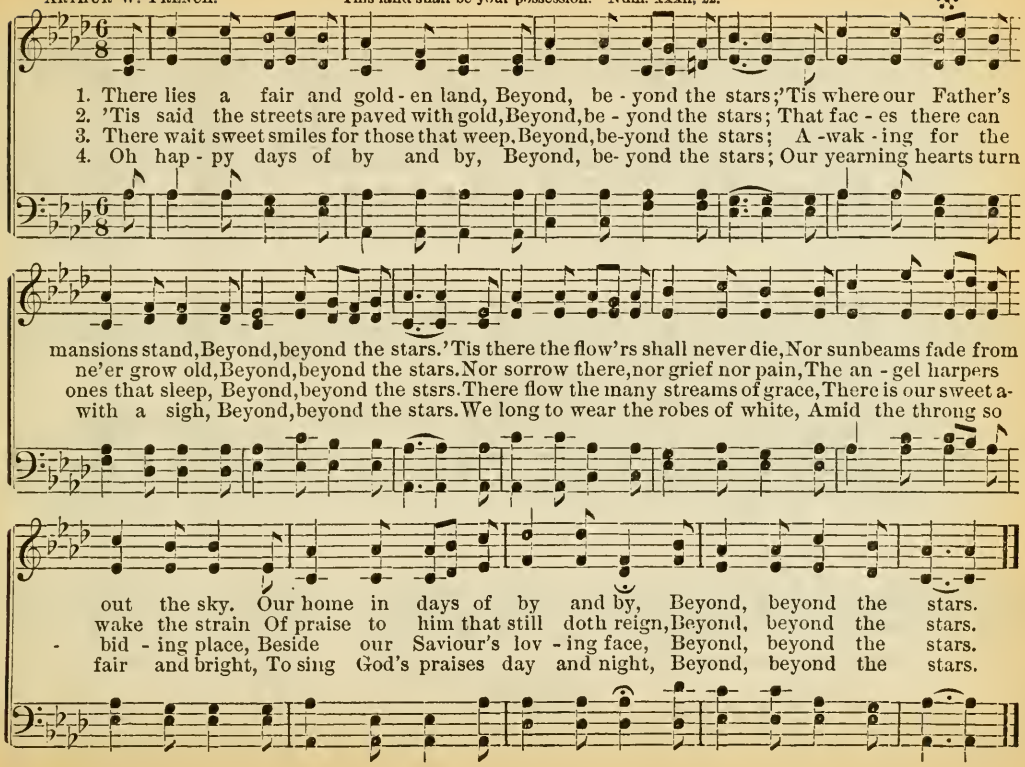


WHY STAY AWAY?

A. B. CONDO. P. P. BLISS.

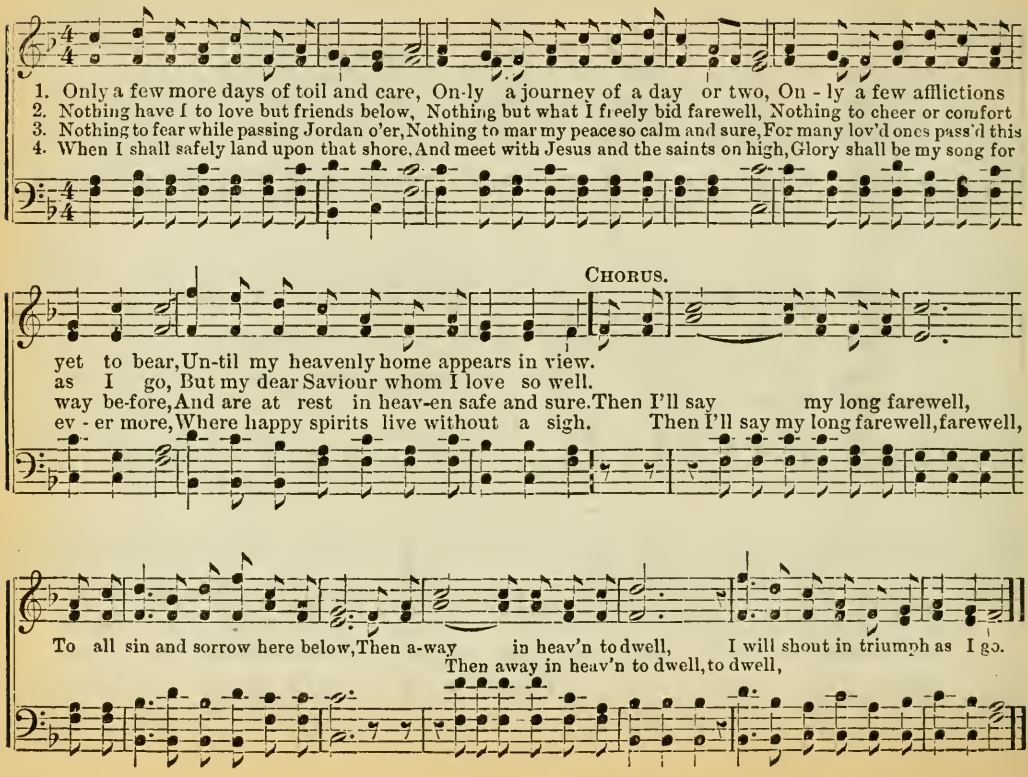


ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "This land shall be your possession." Num. xxxii, 22.



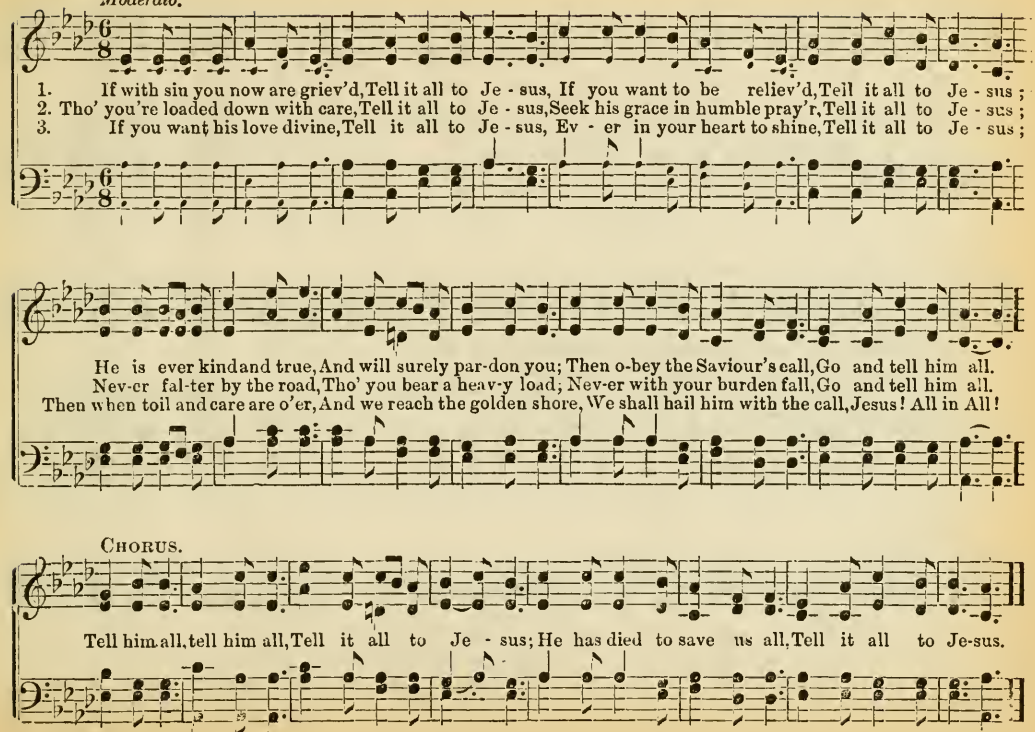
MY LONG FAREWELL.

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.



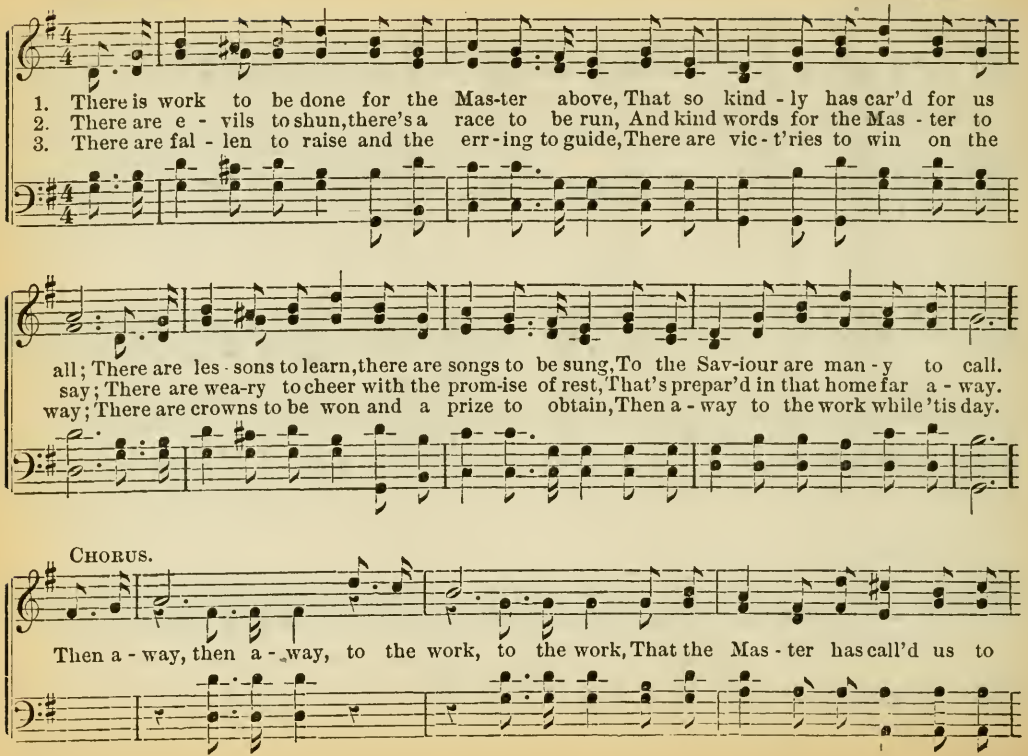
A. Byron Condo. W. O. Perkins.

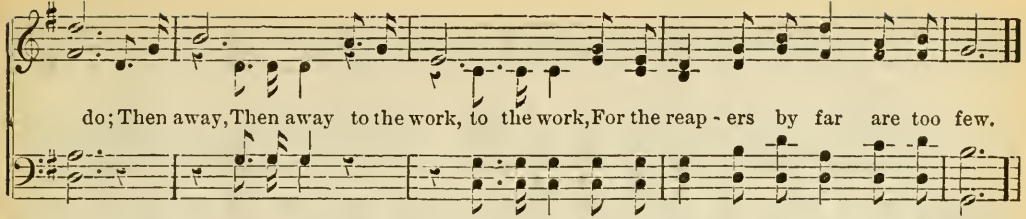
Moderato.



AWAY TO THE WORK.

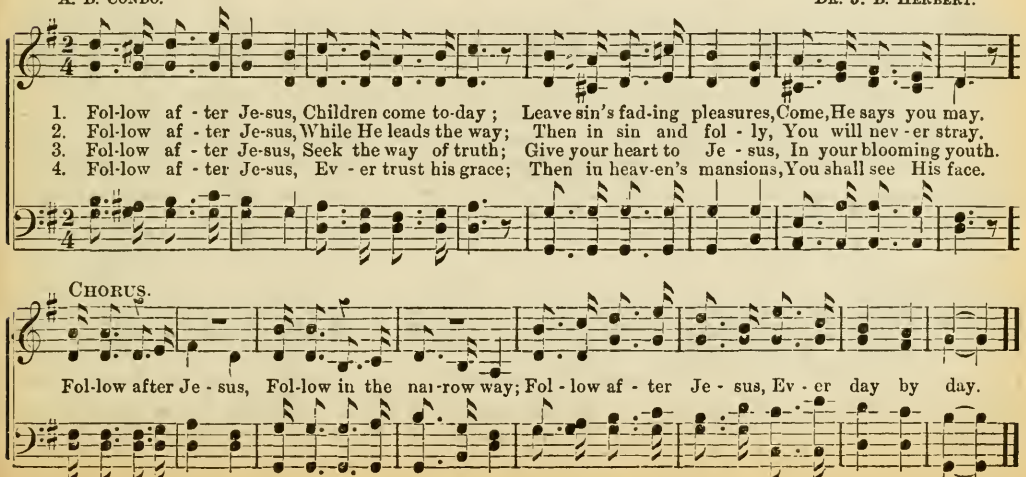
A. Byron Condo. W. O. Perkins.





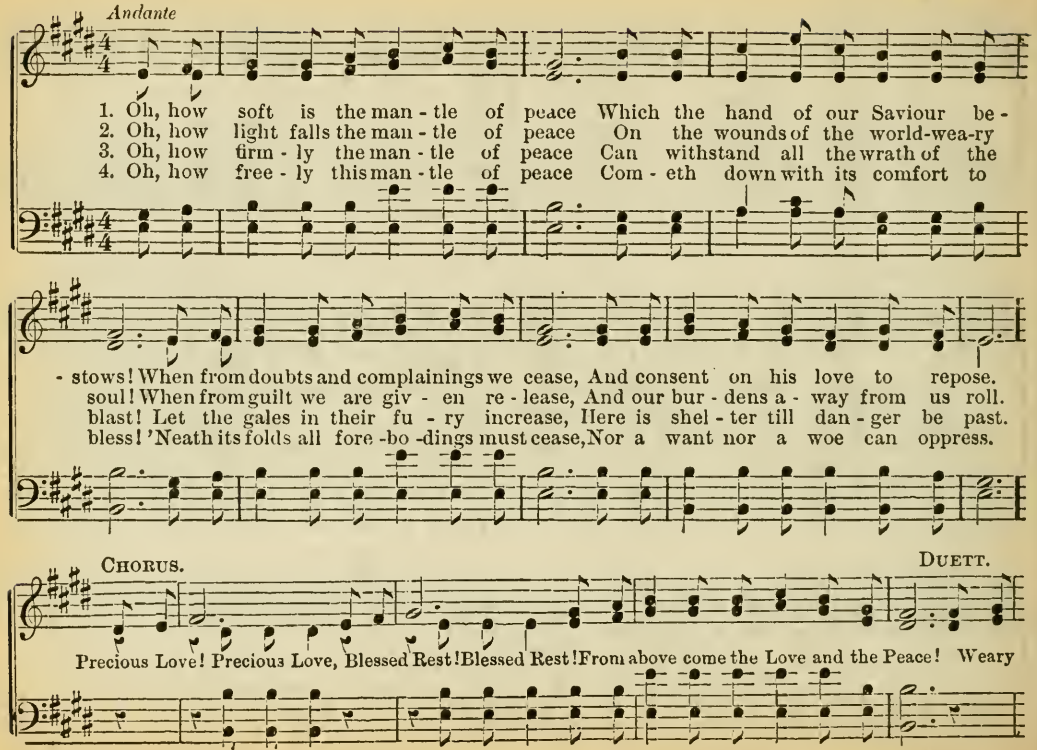
FOLLOW AFTER JESUS.

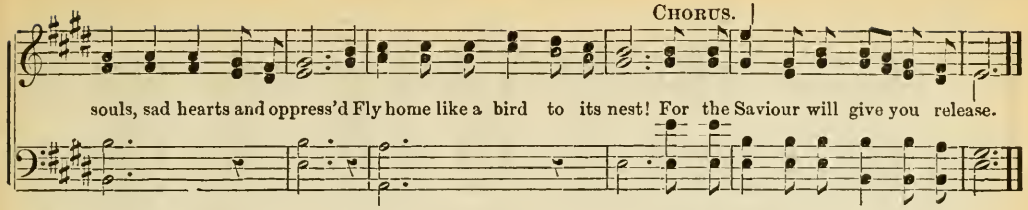
A. B. CONDO. DR. J. B. HERBERT.



THE MANTLE OF PEACE.

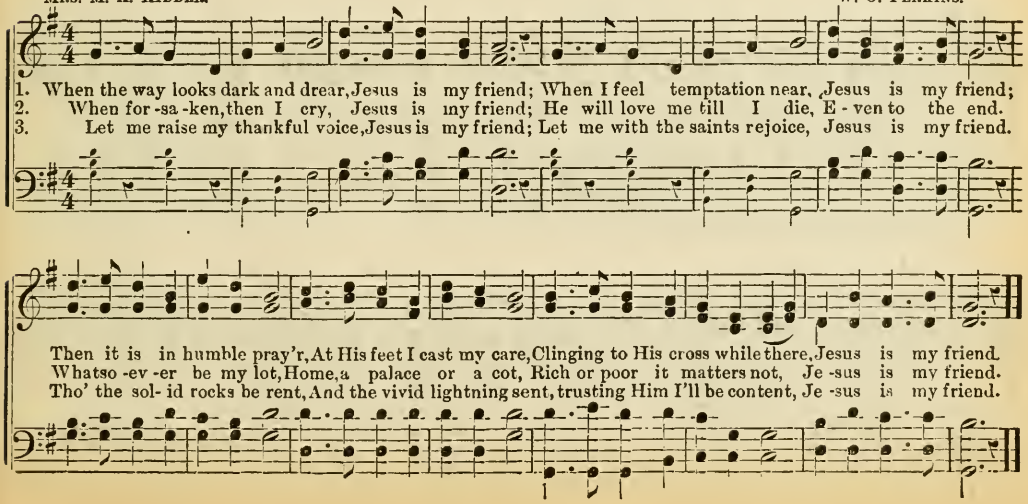
FANNIE CHADWICK. W. O. PERKINS.





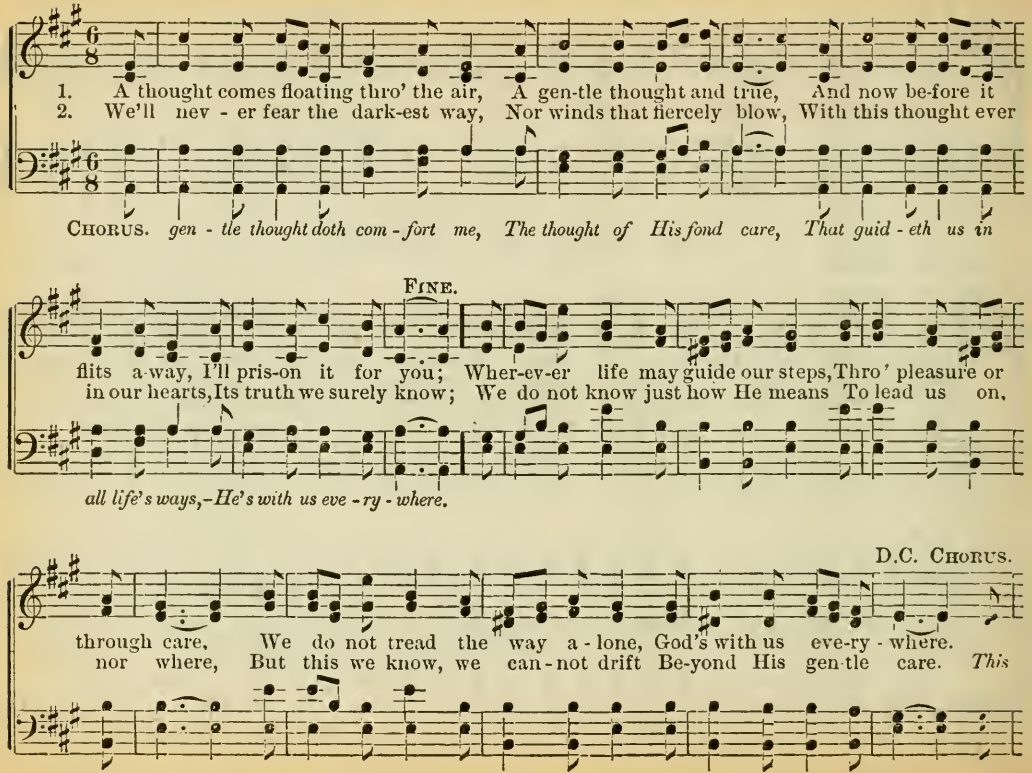
JESUS IS MY FRIEND.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. O. Perkins.

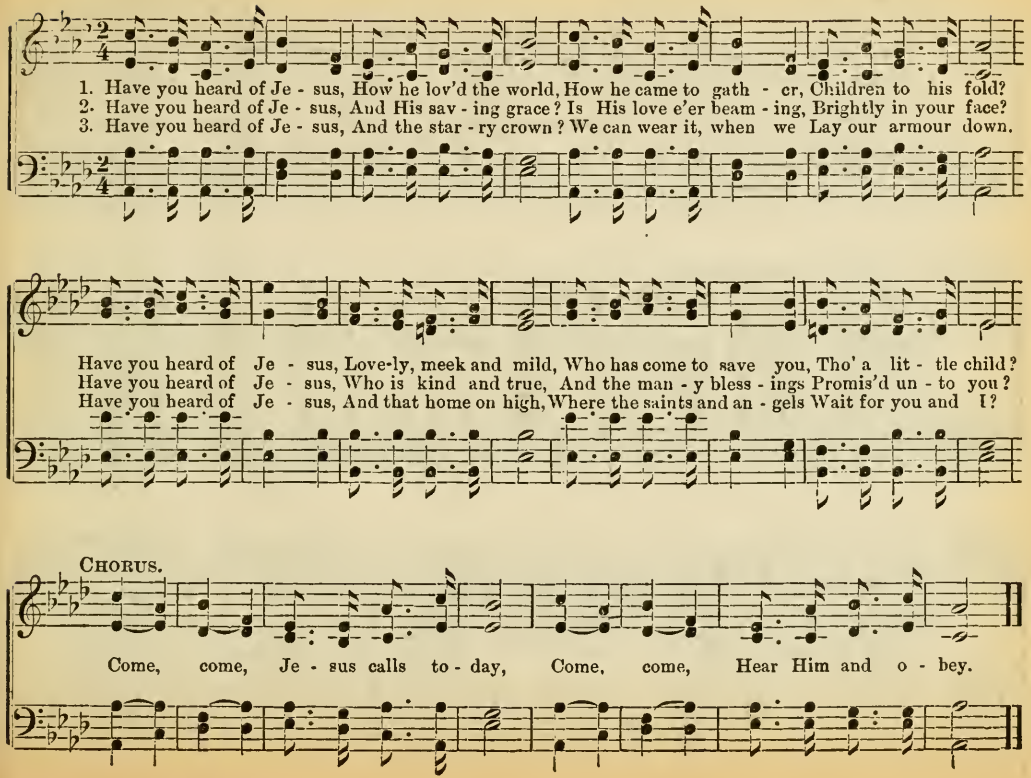


A THOUGHT COMES FLOATING.

MARY TORRENCE. A. B. CONDO.



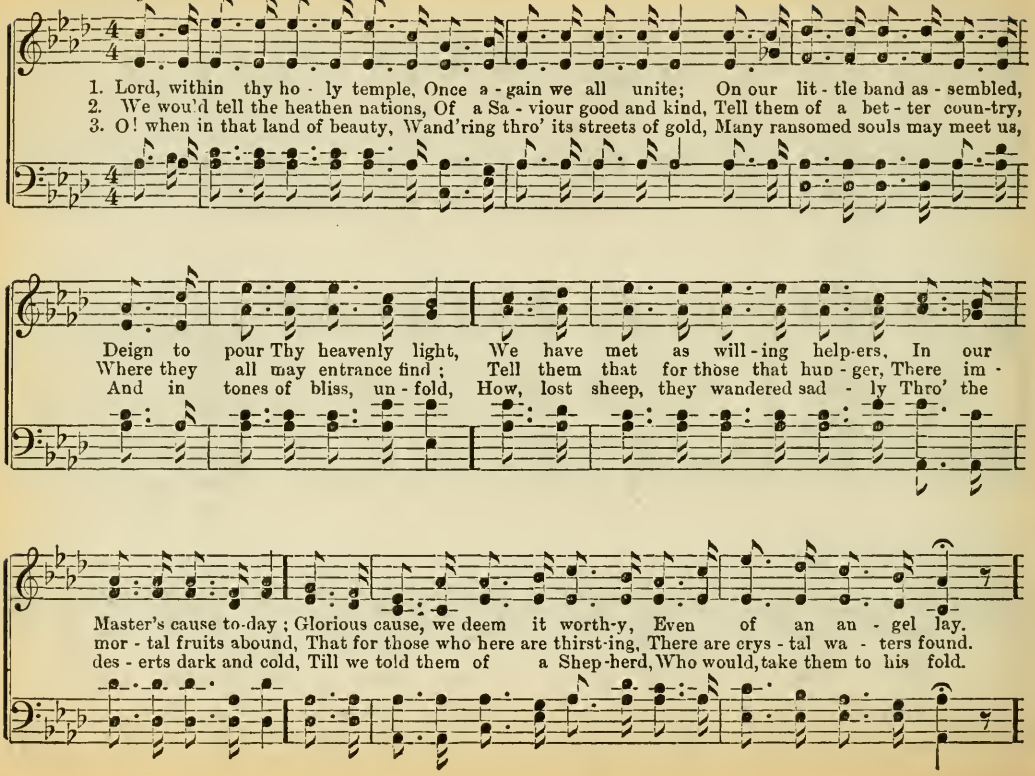
Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

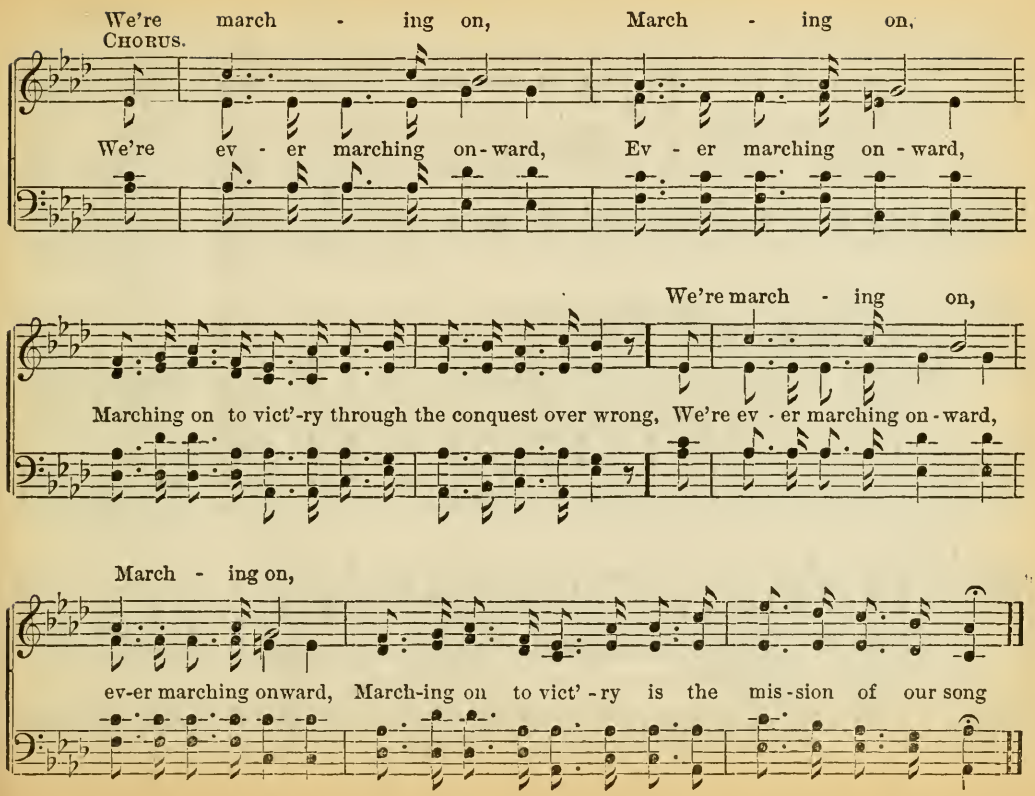


MISSIONARY SONG.

Z. Z.
Gliding.

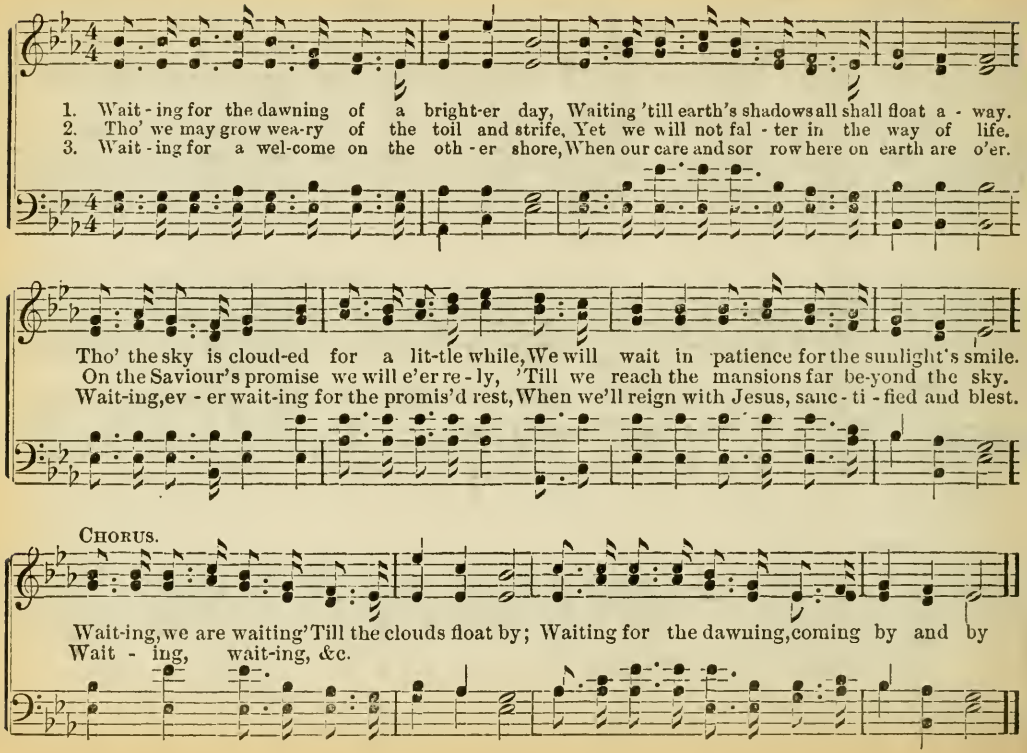
J. H. ANDERSON.




We're march - ing on, March - ing on,
CHORUS.
We're ev - er marching on-ward, Ev - er marching on - ward,
We're march - ing on,
Marching on to vict'-ry through the conquest over wrong, We're ev - er marching on - ward,
March - ing on,
ev-er marching onward, March-ing on to vict' - ry is the mis - sion of our song

WAITING FOR THE DAWNING.

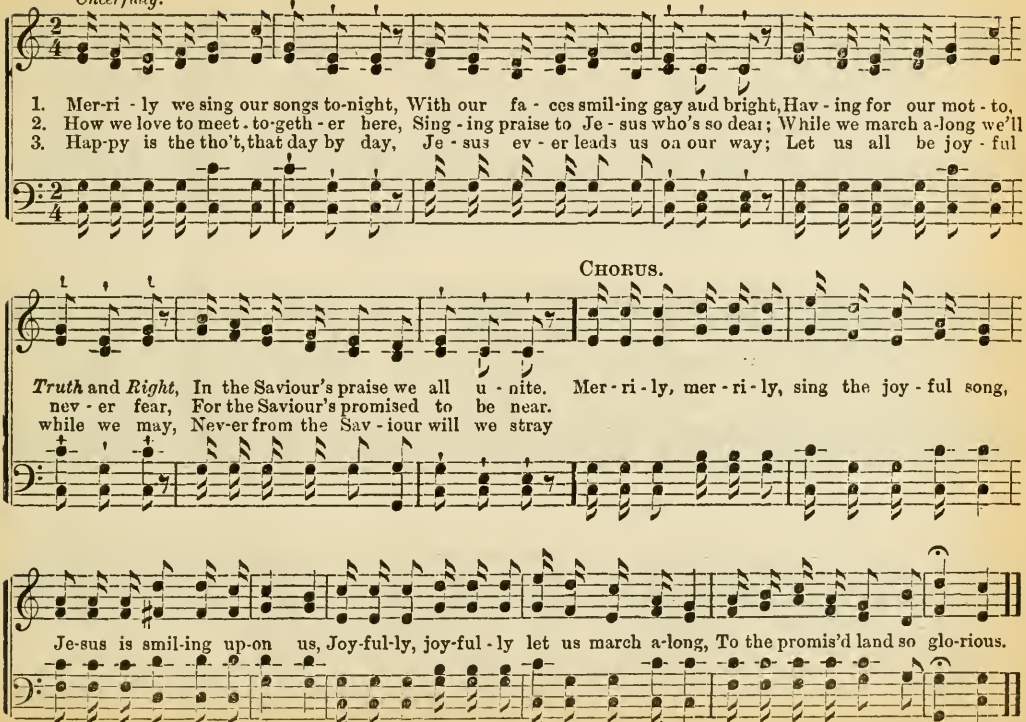
MARY TORRENCE. W. O. PERKINS.



Words and Music by A. B. C.

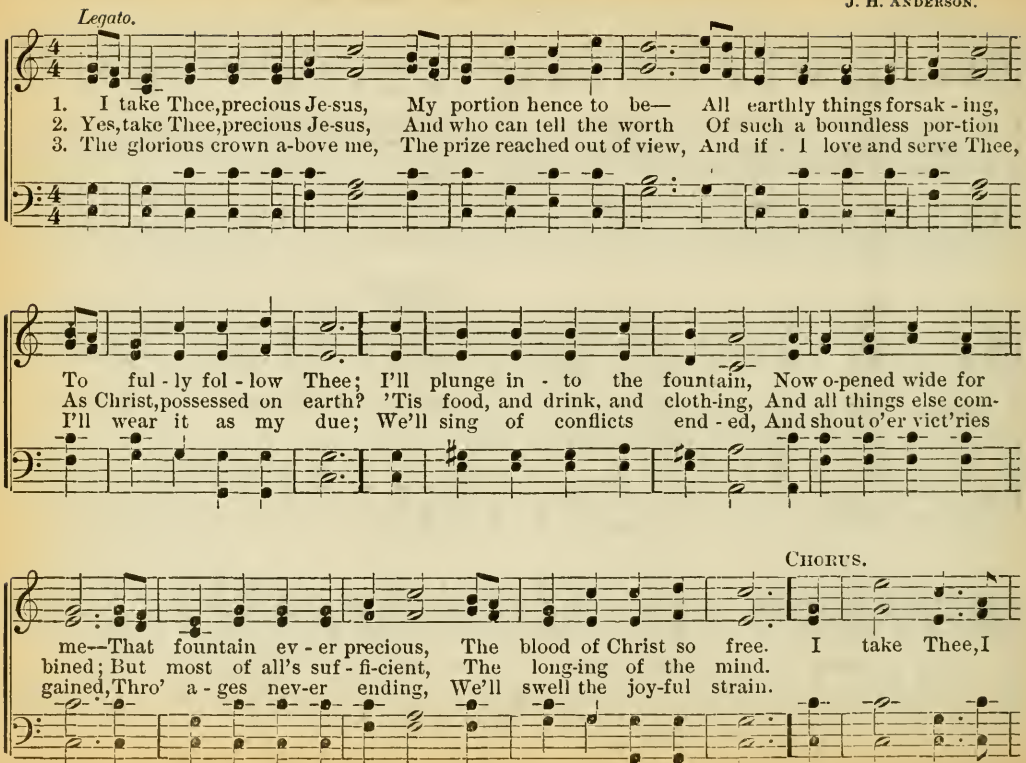
Concert piece to be sung by children as a Solo or Duett and Chorus.

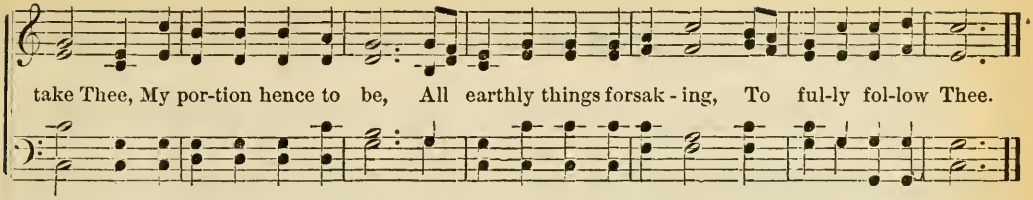
Cheerfully.



I TAKE THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

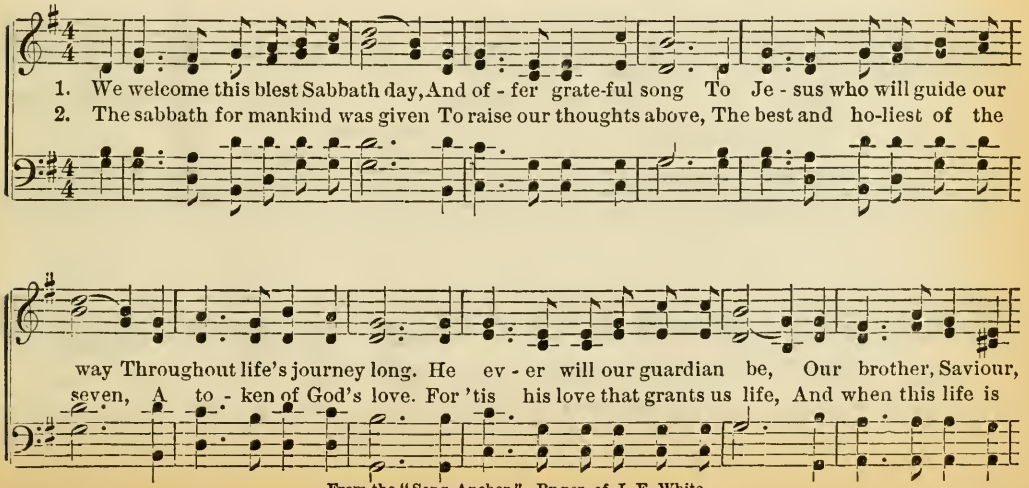
J. H. ANDERSON.



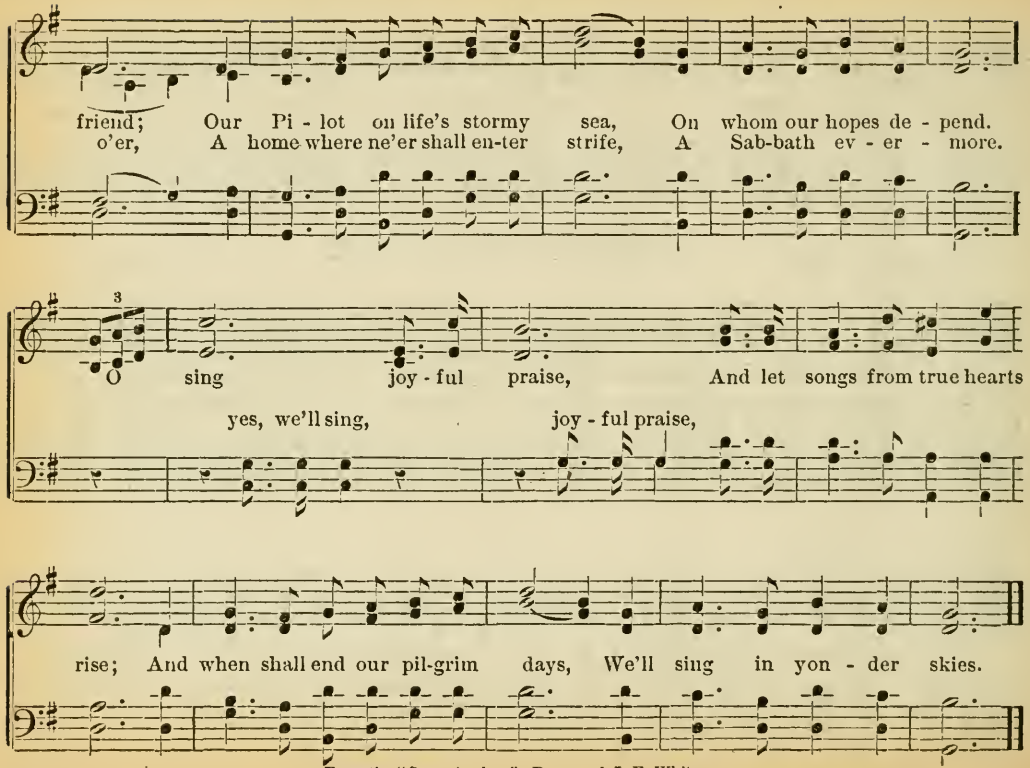


SABBATH WELCOME.

F. E. BELDEN. 1878. D. S. HAKES. 1878.



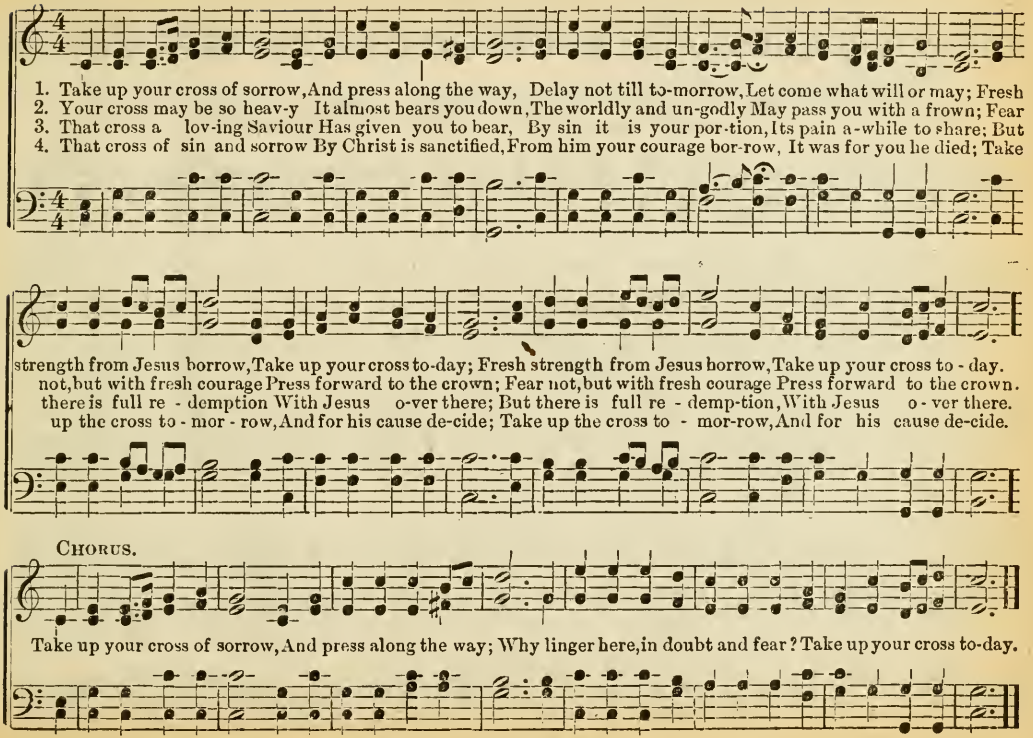
From the "Song Anchor." By per. of J. E. White.



From the "Song Anchor." By per. of J. E. White.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

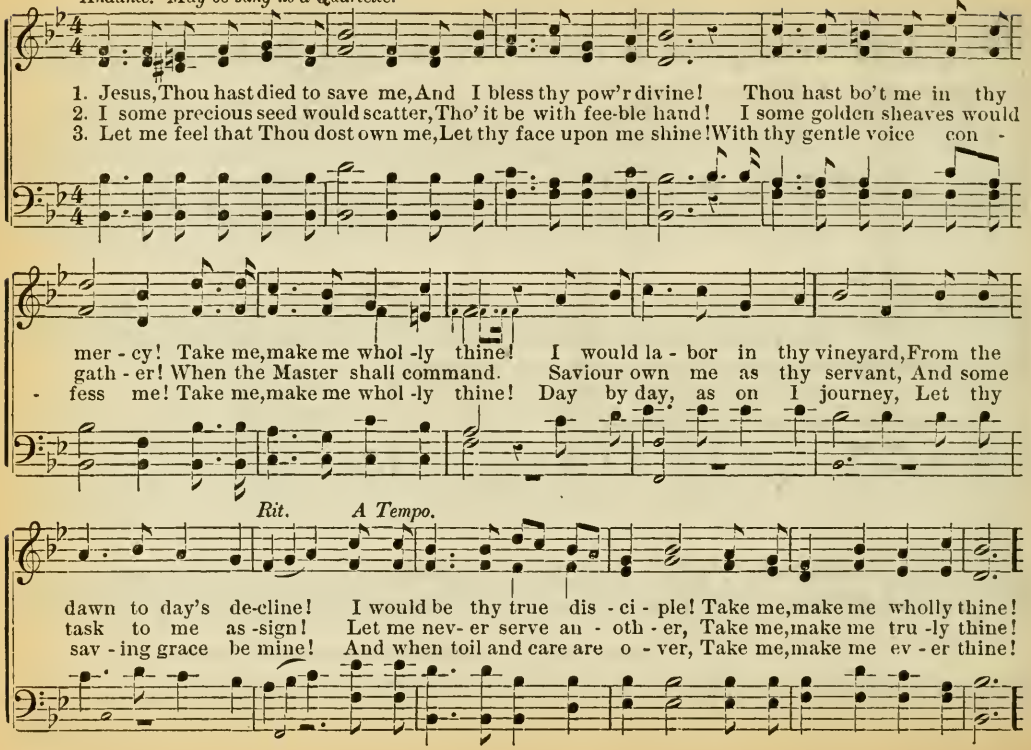
"Take up the cross and follow me." Mark x: 21.



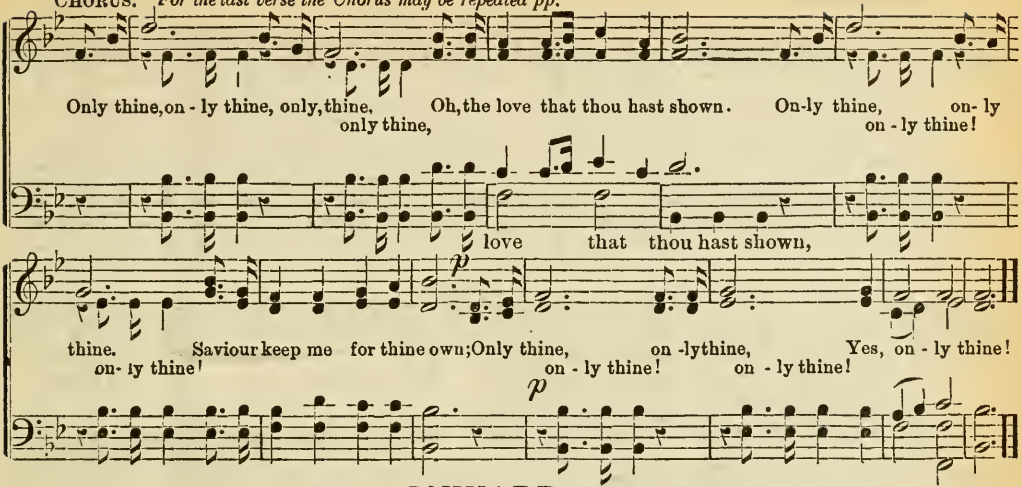
ONLY THINE!

E. R. LATTA. W. O. PERKINS.

Andante. May be sung as a Quartette.

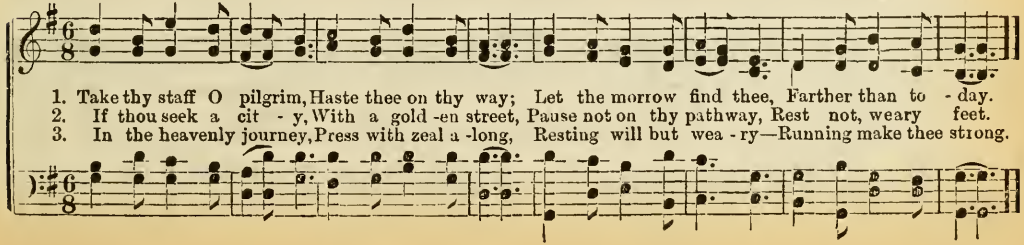


CHORUS. *For the last verse the Chorus may be repeated pp.*



ONWARD.

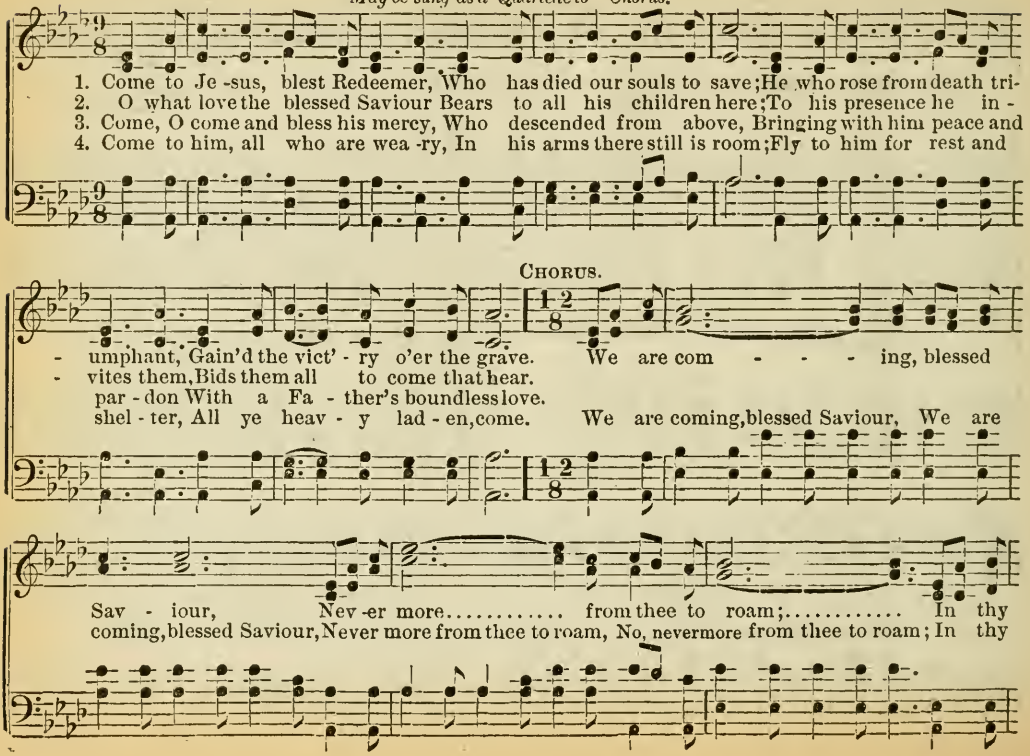
E. P. NOYES.



WE ARE COMING, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

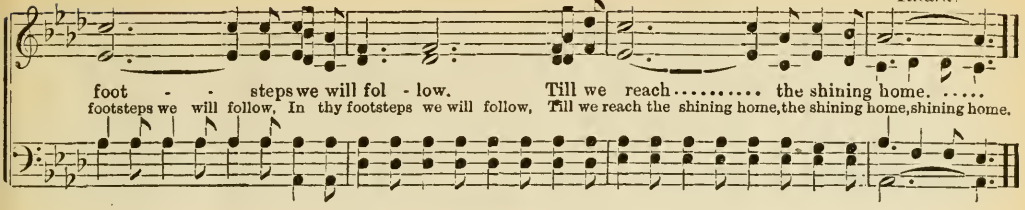
Words and Music by W. O. PERKINS.

May be sung as a Quartette to "Chorus."



Repeat Chorus pp for last verse.

Ritard.

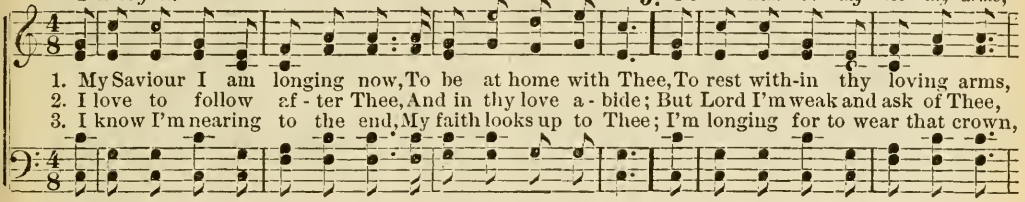


LONGING FOR REST.

Words and Melody by P. P. BLISS.

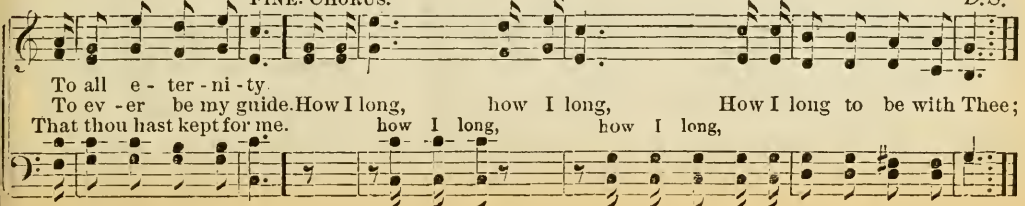
Harmonized by A. BYRON CONDO.

Not too fast.



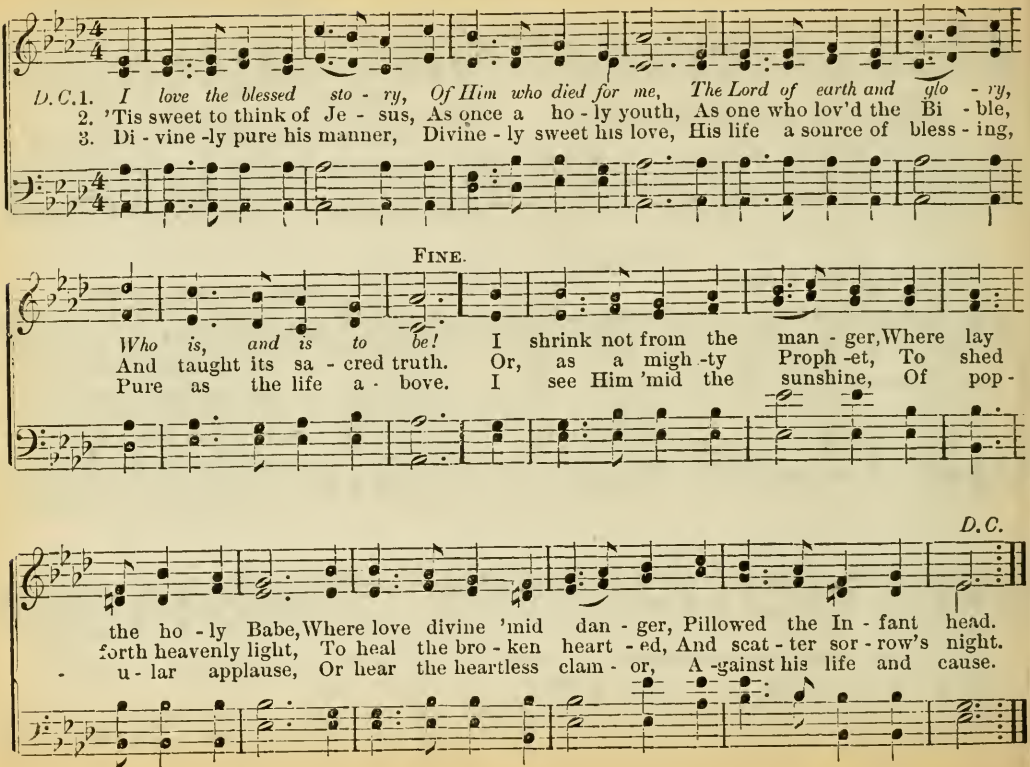
To all e - ter - ni - ty

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*



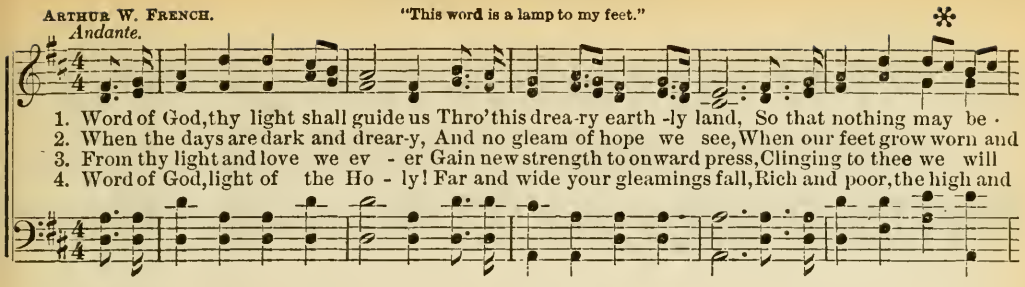
BLESSED STORY.

Rev. D. B. Byers. A. Byron Condo.

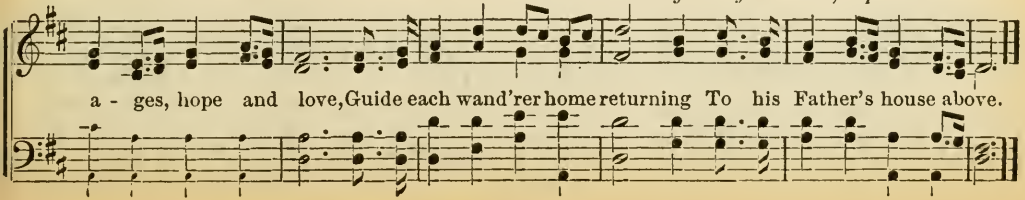


ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "This word is a lamp to my feet."

Andante.

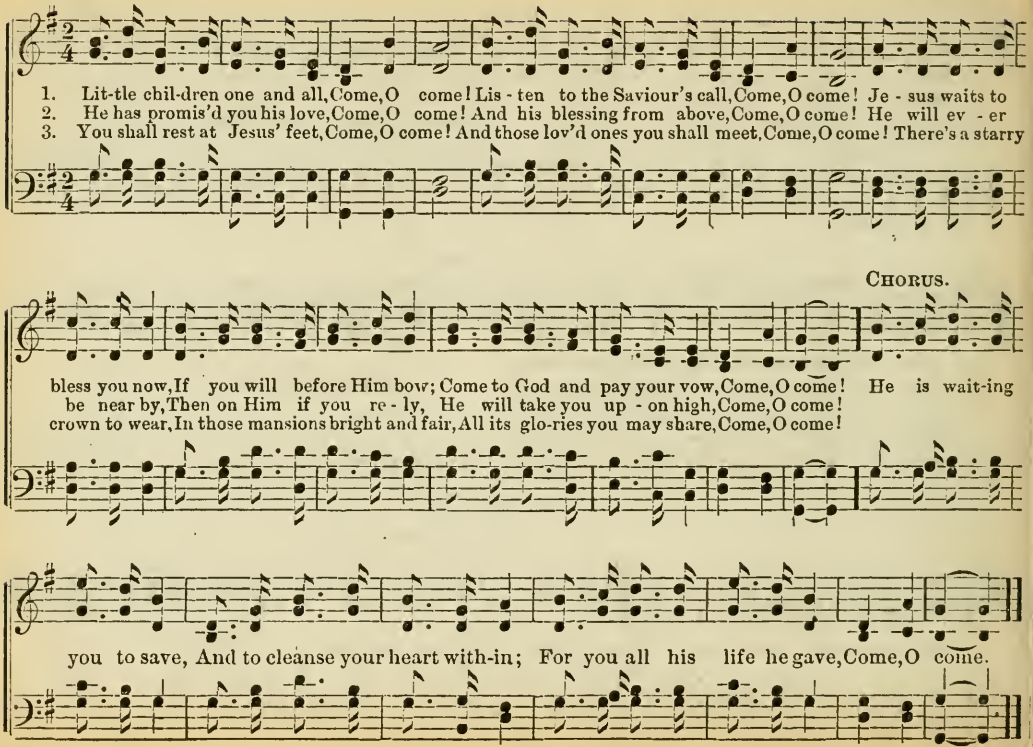


The small notes may be sung or omitted, at pleasure.

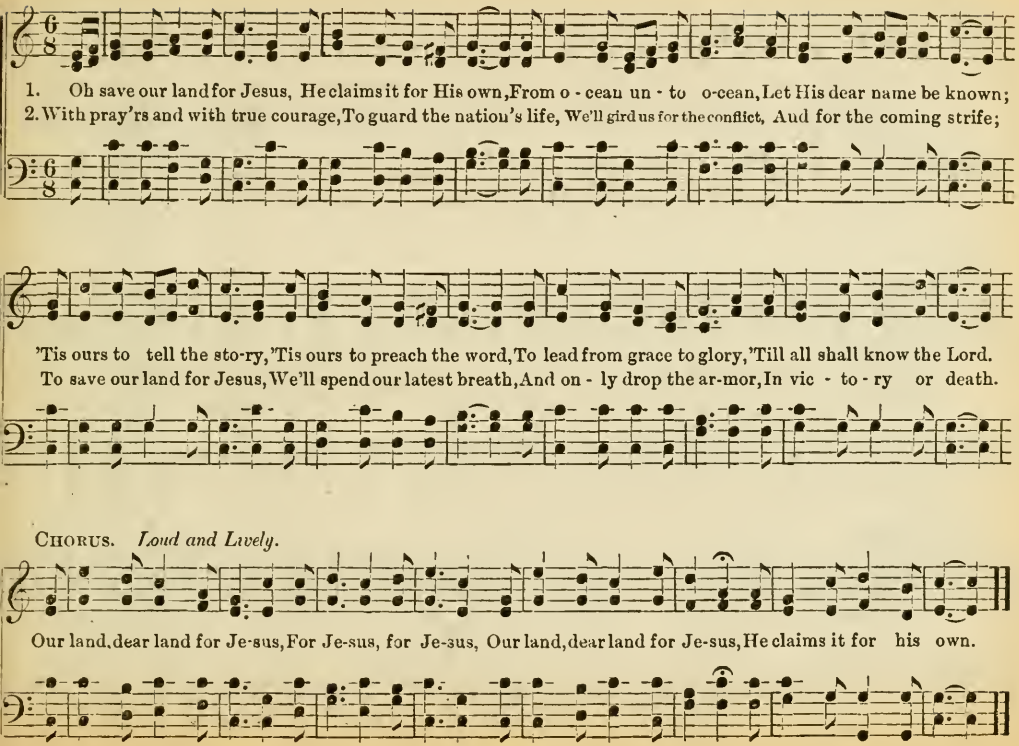


COME, O COME.

Words and Music by A. B. C

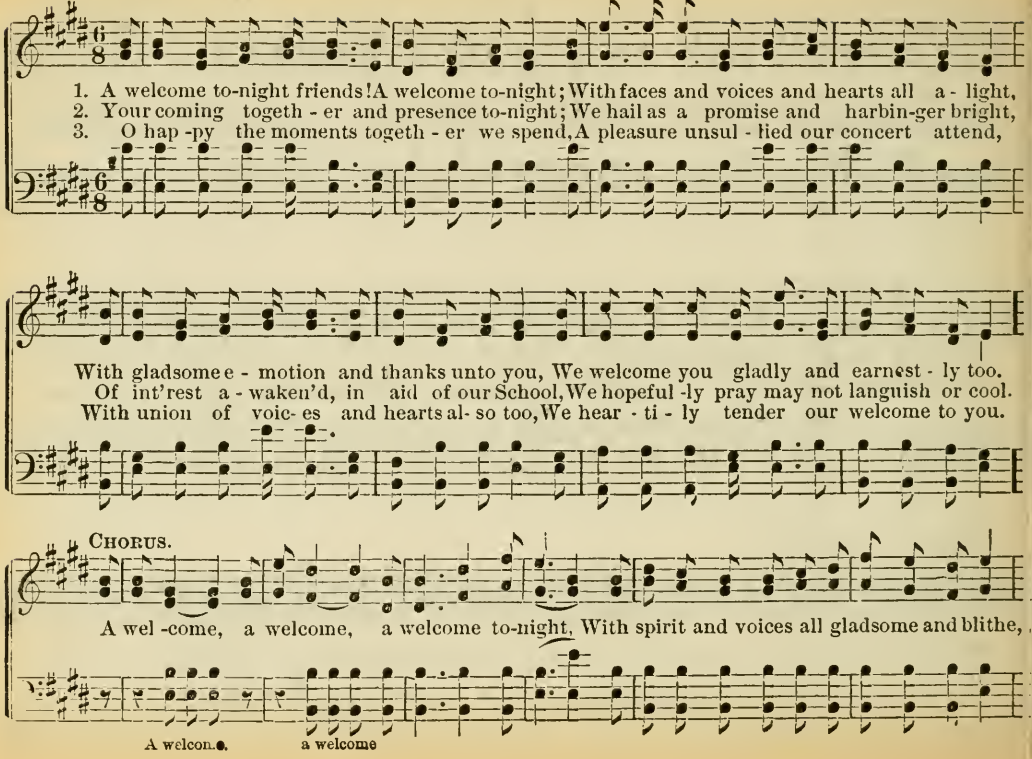


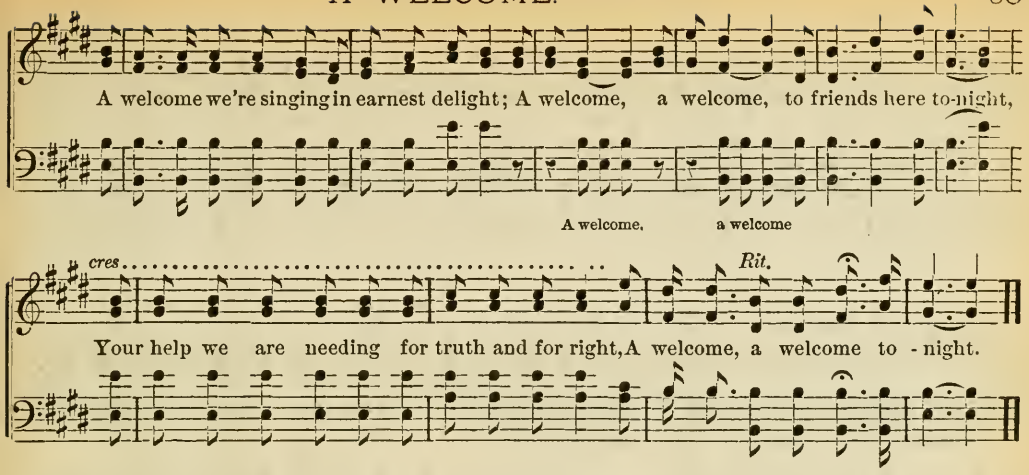
DR. J. R. DODGE.


1. Oh save our land for Jesus, He claims it for His own, From o - cean un - to o-cean, Let His dear name be known;
2. With pray'rs and with true courage, To guard the nation's life, We'll gird us for the conflict, And for the coming strife;
'Tis ours to tell the sto-ry, 'Tis ours to preach the word, To lead from grace to glory, 'Till all shall know the Lord.
To save our land for Jesus, We'll spend our latest breath, And on - ly drop the ar-mor, In vic - to - ry or death.
CHORUS. *Loud and Lively.*
Our land, dear land for Je-sus, For Je-sus, for Je-sus, Our land, dear land for Je-sus, He claims it for his own.

A WELCOME.

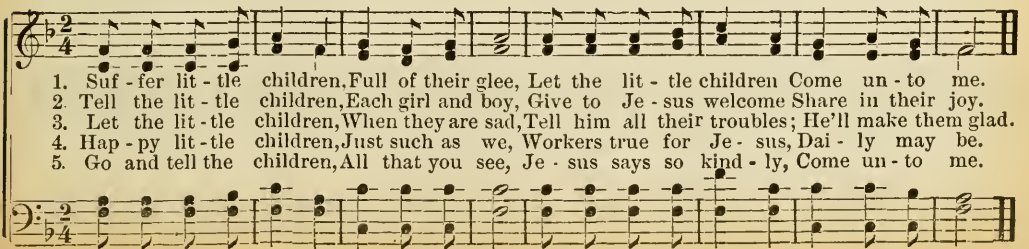
MRS. FANNIE M. PARKER. FOR S. S. CONCERTS, FESTIVITIES, &c. A. BYRON CONDO.





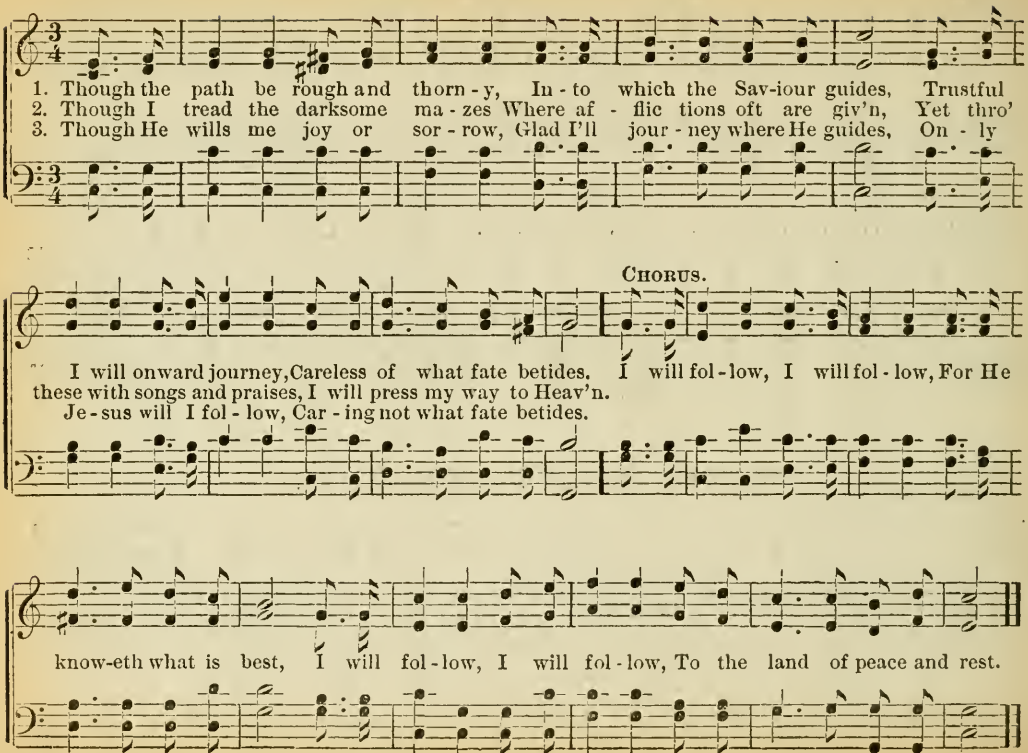
SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

FANNIE CHADWICK.



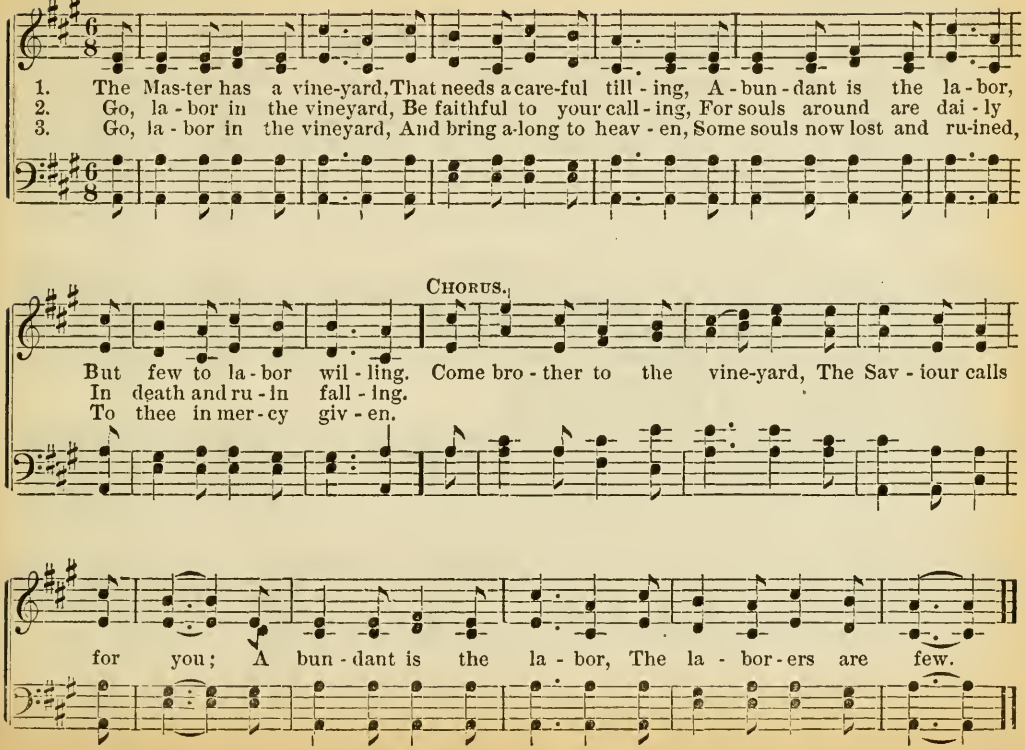
I'LL FOLLOW JESUS

E. A. HOFFMAN.



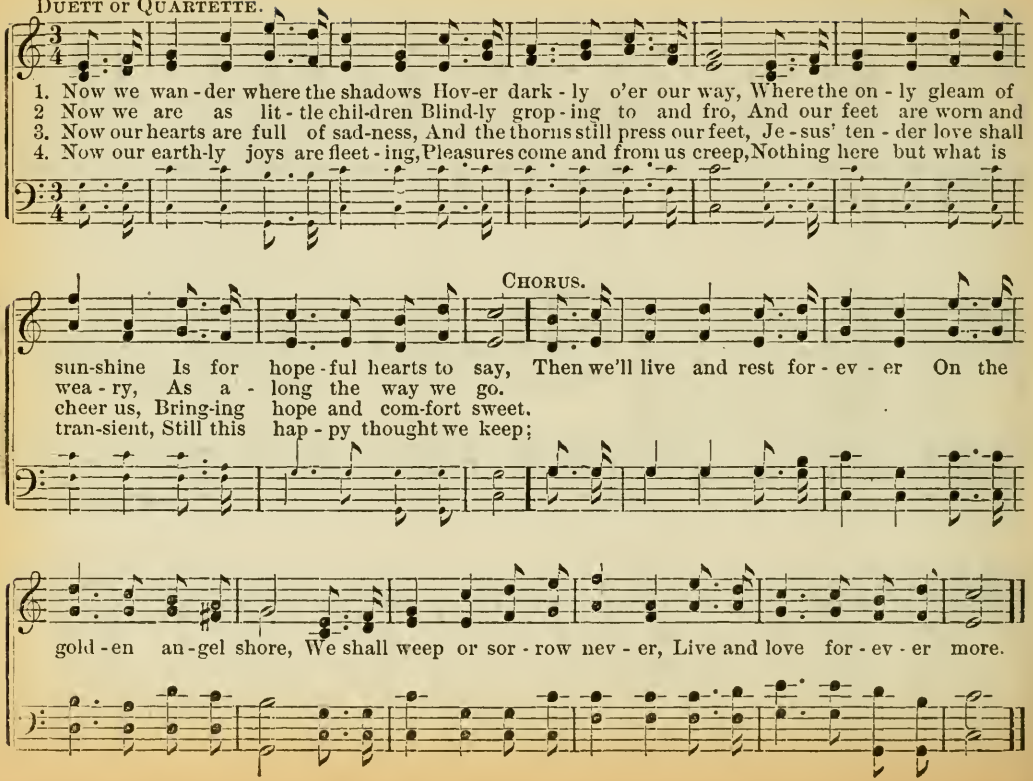
GO LABOR IN THE VINEYARD.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. B. C.



ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

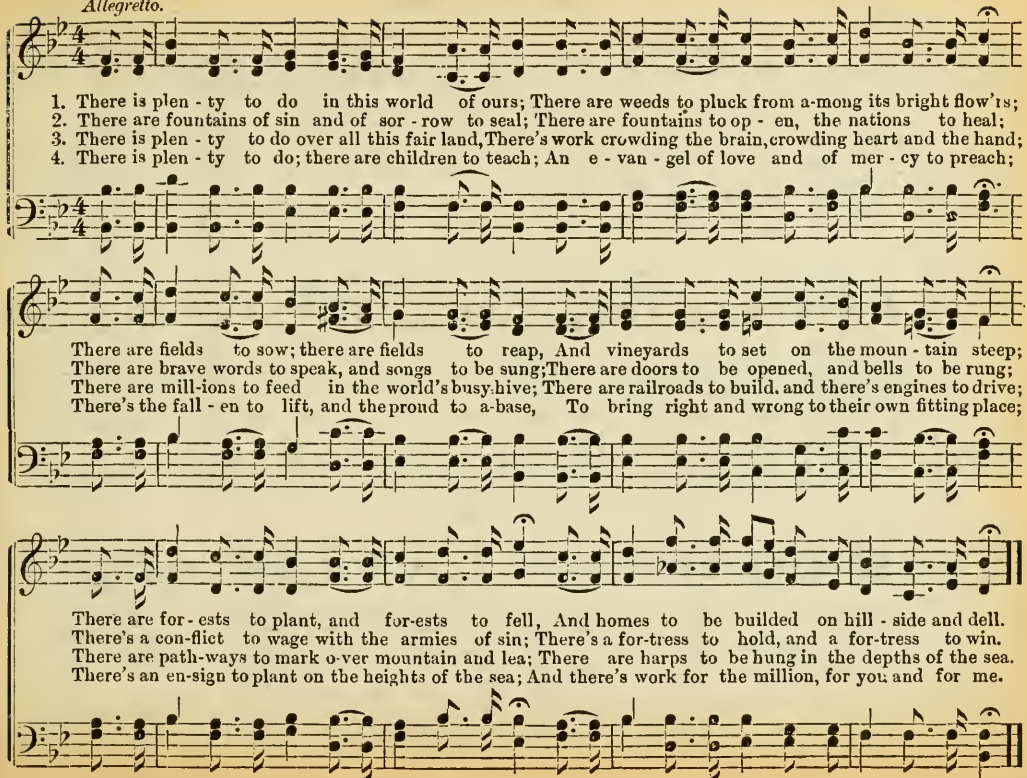
DUETT OR QUARTETTE.



PLENTY TO DO.

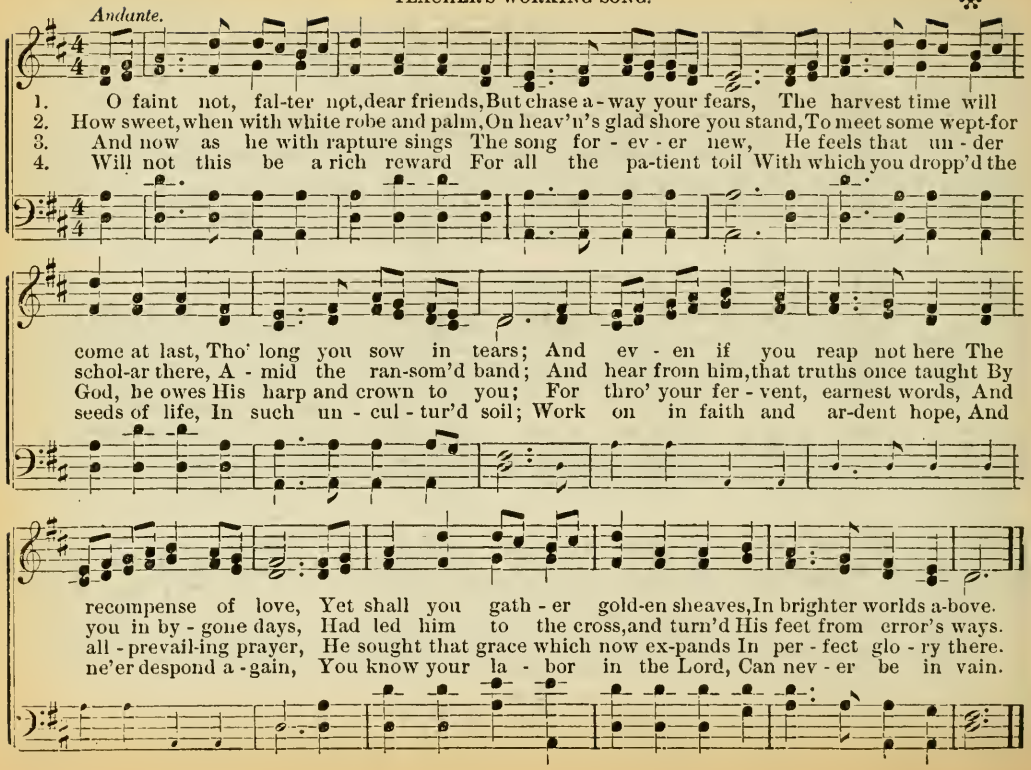
MRS. S. M. I. HENRY. J. W. RUGGLES.

Allegretto.

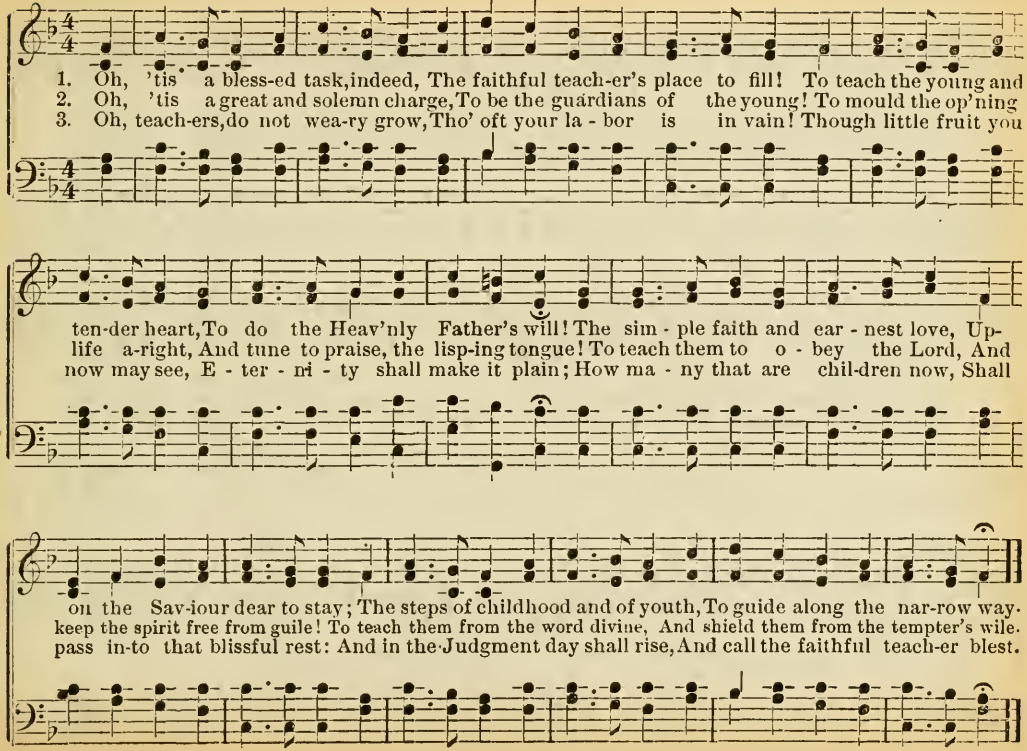


WORK ON.

TEACHER'S WORKING SONG.

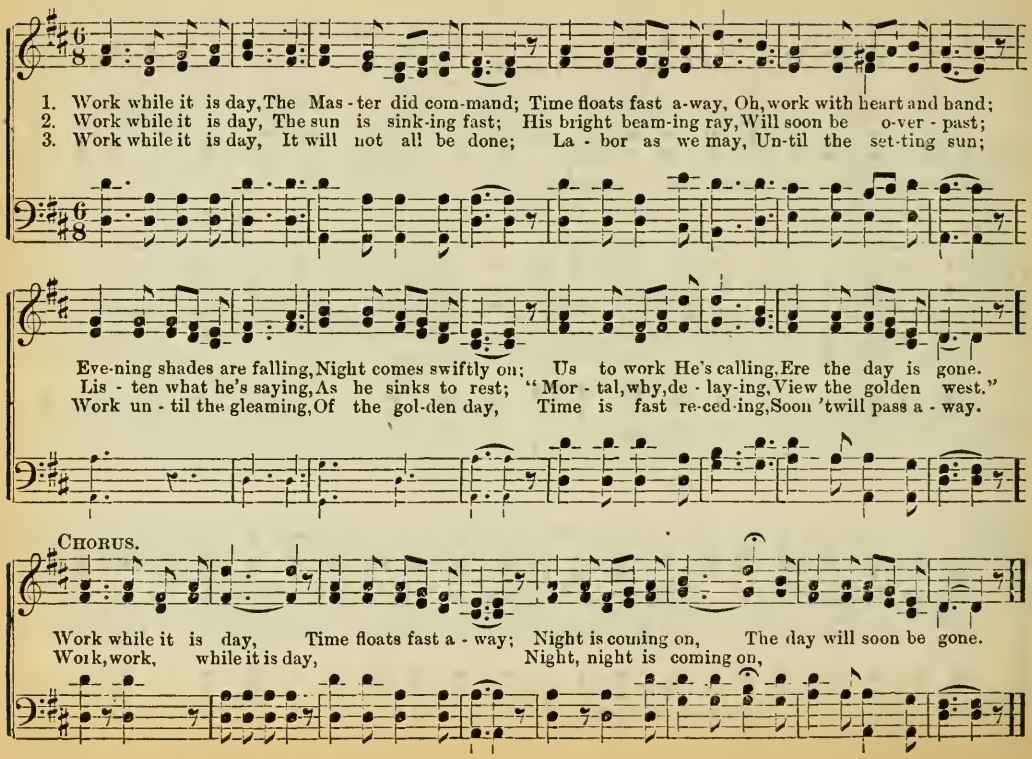


E. R. LATTA. W. O. P.


1. Oh, 'tis a bless-ed task, indeed, The faithful teach-er's place to fill! To teach the young and
2. Oh, 'tis a great and solemn charge, To be the guardians of the young! To mould the op'ning
3. Oh, teach-ers, do not wea-ry grow, Tho' oft your la - bor is in vain! Though little fruit you
ten-der heart, To do the Heav'nly Father's will! The sim - ple faith and ear - nest love, Up-
life a-right, And tune to praise, the lisp-ing tongue! To teach them to o - bey the Lord, And
now may see, E - ter - ni - ty shall make it plain; How ma - ny that are chil-dren now, Shall
on the Sav-iour dear to stay; The steps of childhood and of youth, To guide along the nar-row way.
keep the spirit free from guile! To teach them from the word divine, And shield them from the tempter's wile.
pass in-to that blissful rest: And in the Judgment day shall rise, And call the faithful teach-er blest.

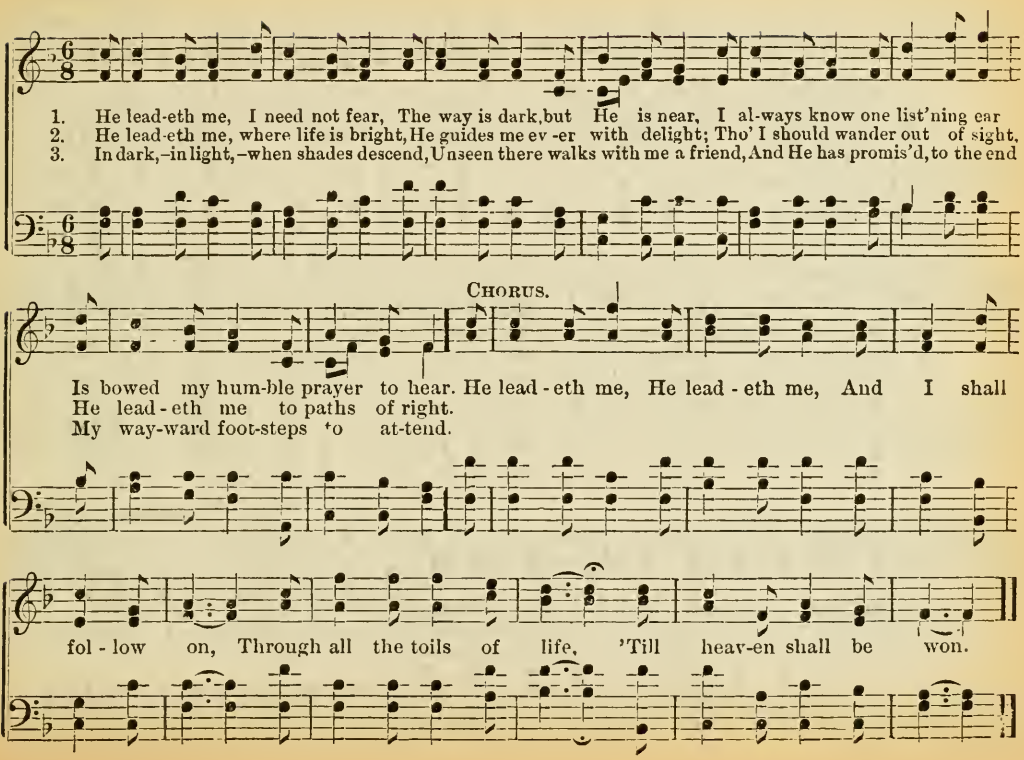
WHILE IT IS DAY.

MARY TORRENCE. W. O. PERKINS.



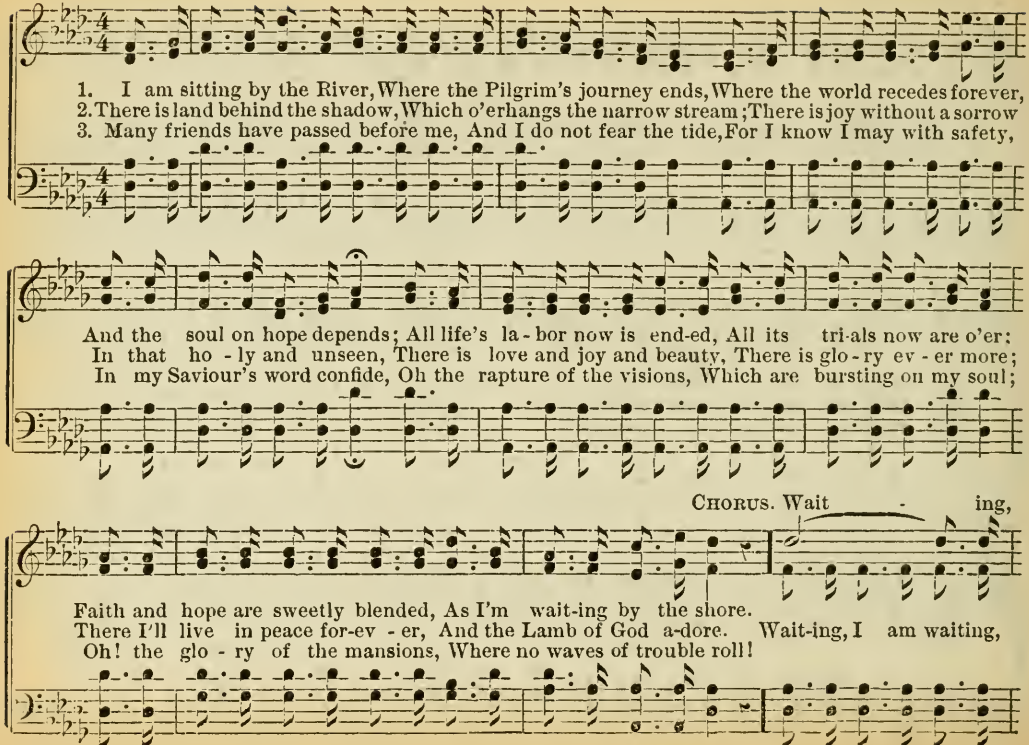
HE LEADETH ME.

A. Byron Condo. Chas. A. Lackey.



WAITING BY THE RIVER.

REV. D. B. BYERS. A. BYRON CONDO.



by the Riv - er, Sighing for..... the bliss-ful shore,..... Where the

I am longing to cross o'er, I am weary, lone and dreary, Sighing for the blissful shore; Where the

shad - ows set-tle nev - er, And life's heart - aches are no more. *Rit e dim.*

shadows set-tle nev-er, And our sorrows are all o'er, There to dwell where life's sad heartaches are no more, no more.

WEARY, HEAVY LADEN.

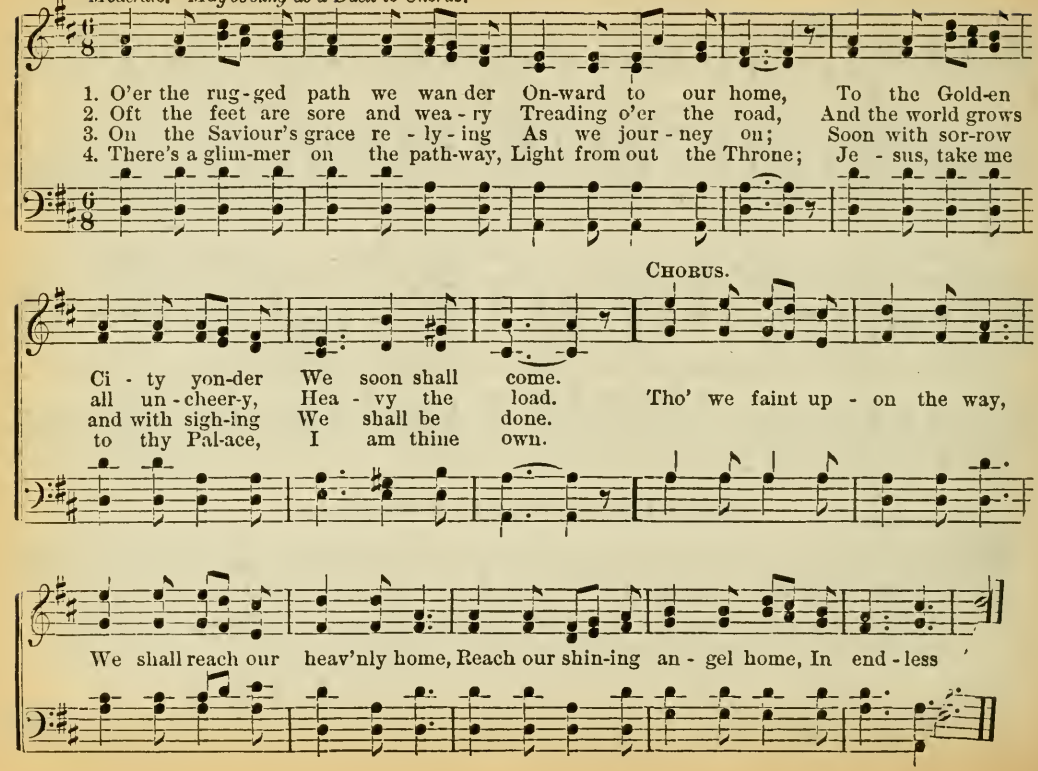
Words and Music by A. B. C.

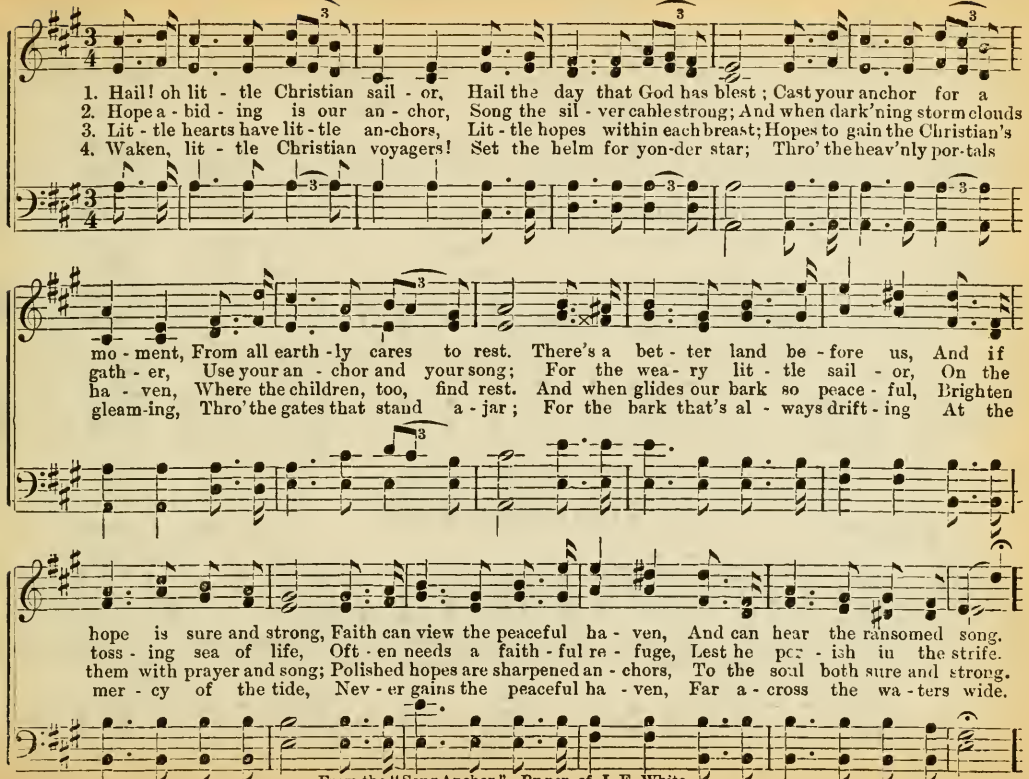
1. "Weary, heav-y la-den, Lo! I come to thee; Take my yoke up-on you; Meekly learn of me."
3. Come, for I am wait-ing; I will give you rest; You shall dwell for ev-er, Safe a-mong the blest."
"Time is fast-ly passing; Not a mo-ment lose; *Now* I of - fer mer-cy; *Now* you ought to choose."

OUR ANGEL HOME.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

Moderato. May be sung as a Duett to Chorus.





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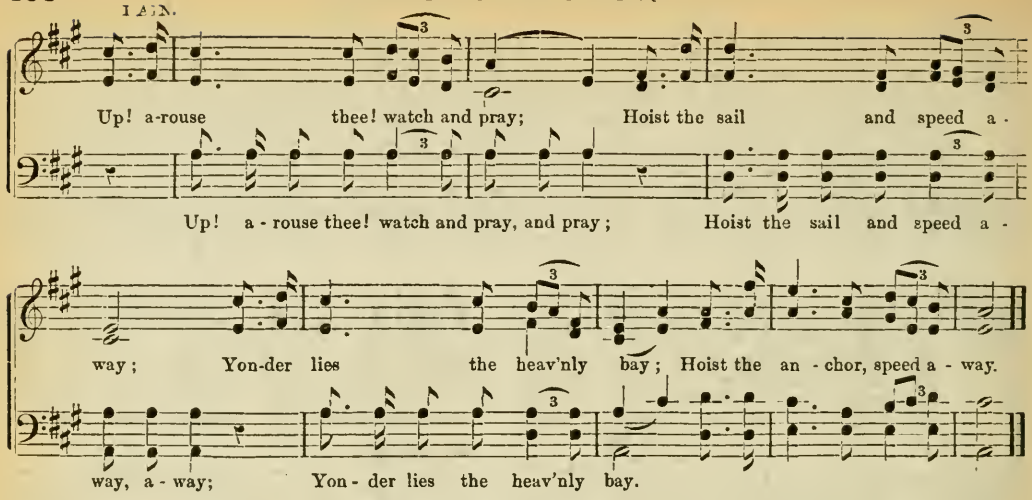
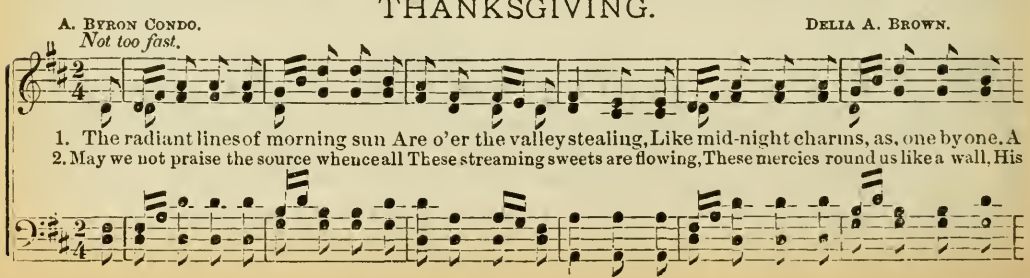
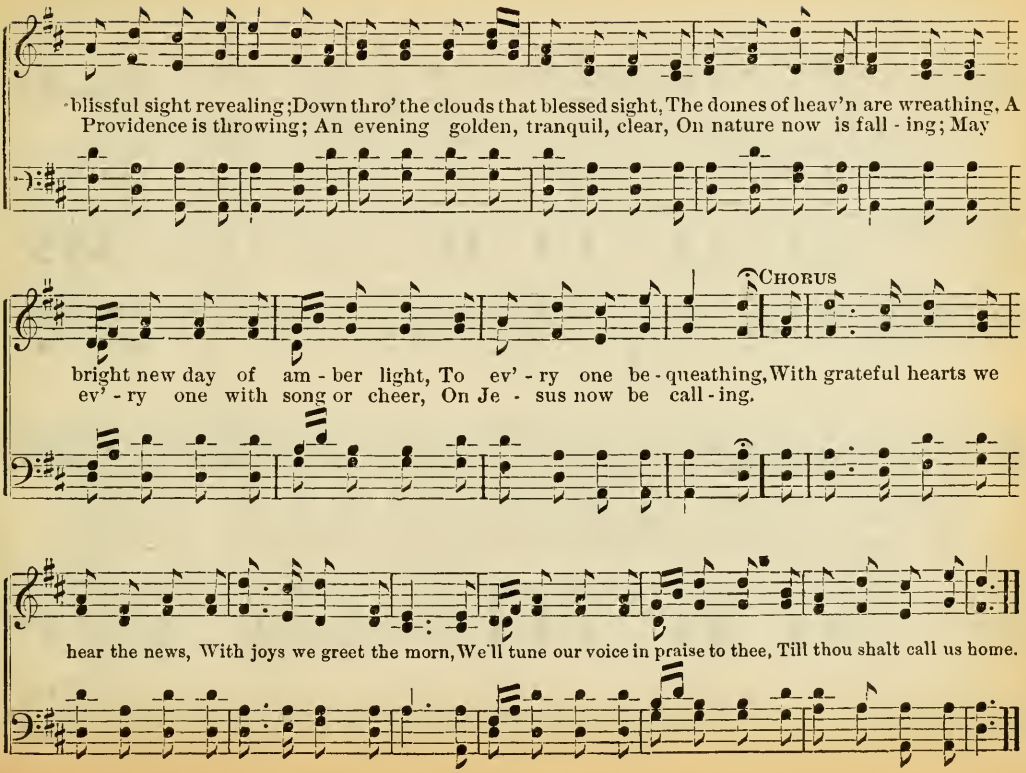


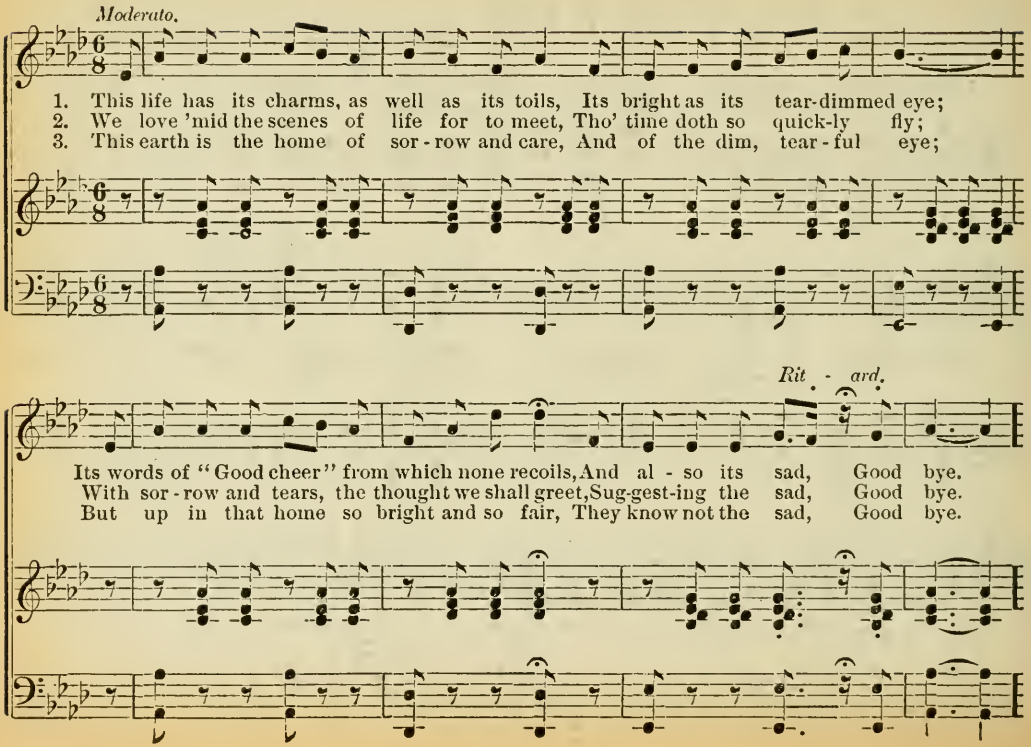
THANKSGIVING.

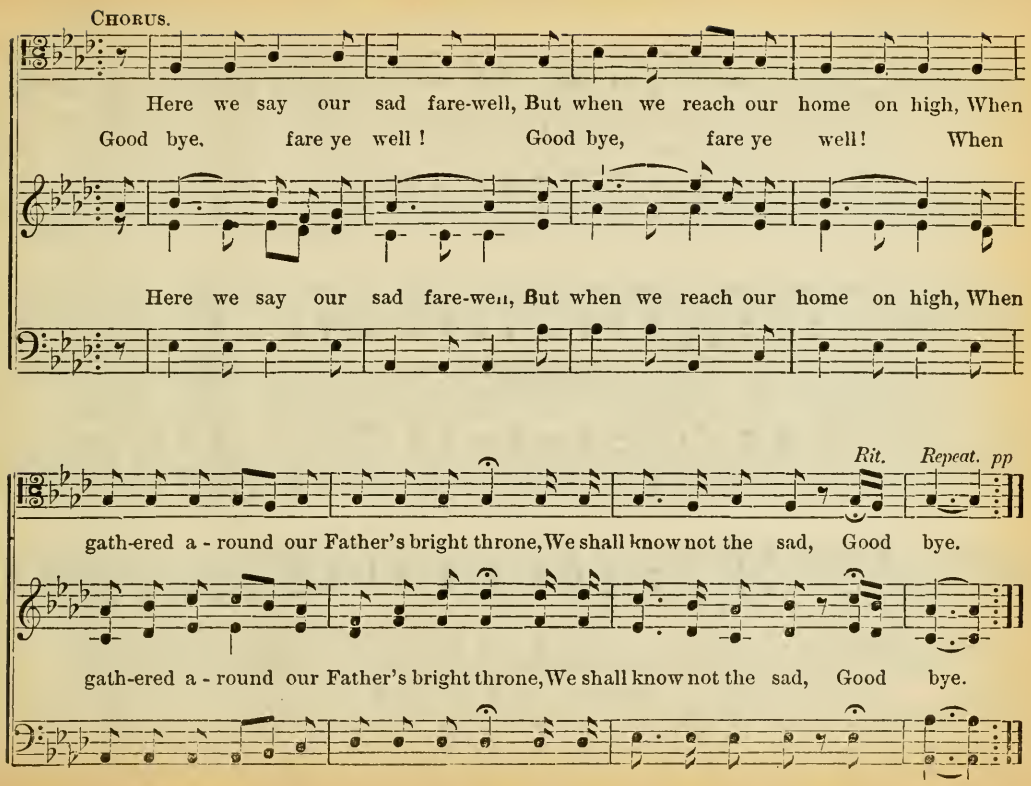



blissful sight revealing; Down thro' the clouds that blessed sight, The domes of heav'n are wreathing, A
Providence is throwing; An evening golden, tranquil, clear, On nature now is fall - ing; May
Chorus
bright new day of am - ber light, To ev' - ry one be - queathing, With grateful hearts we
ev' - ry one with song or cheer, On Je - sus now be call - ing.
hear the news, With joys we greet the morn, We'll tune our voice in praise to thee, Till thou shalt call us home.

GOOD BYE.

Rev. D. B. Byers. A. Byron Condo.

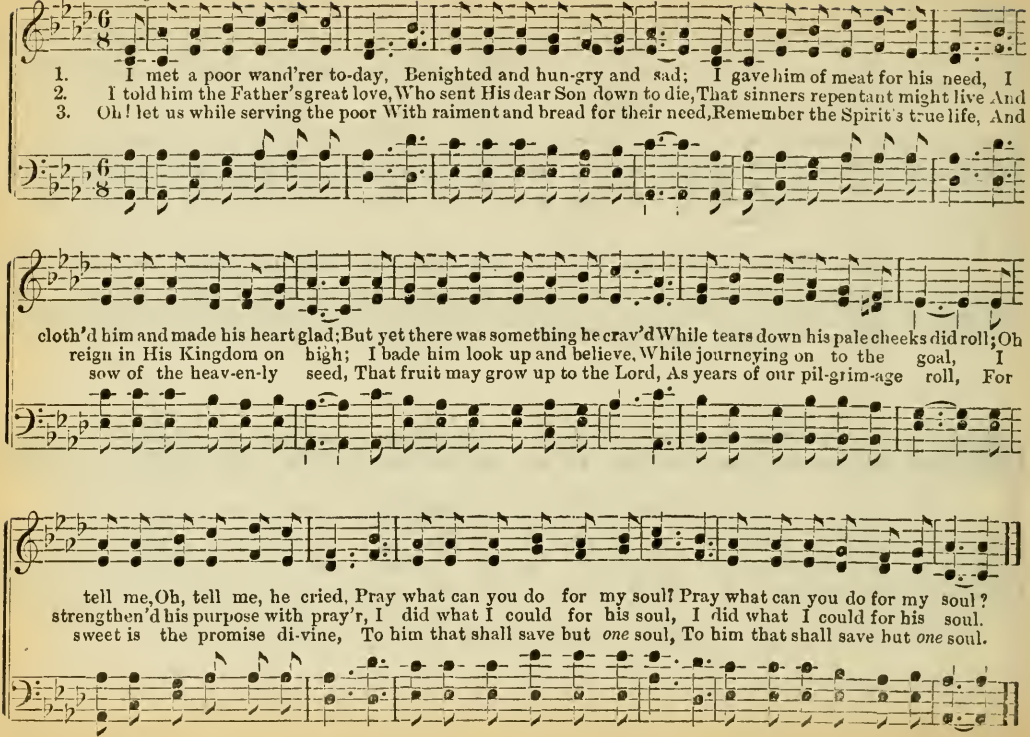



Chorus.
Here we say our sad fare-well, But when we reach our home on high, When
Good bye, fare ye well! Good bye, fare ye well! When
Here we say our sad fare-well, But when we reach our home on high, When
Rit.
Repeat.
pp
gath-ered a - round our Father's bright throne, We shall know not the sad, Good bye.
gath-ered a - round our Father's bright throne, We shall know not the sad, Good bye.

I DID WHAT I COULD.

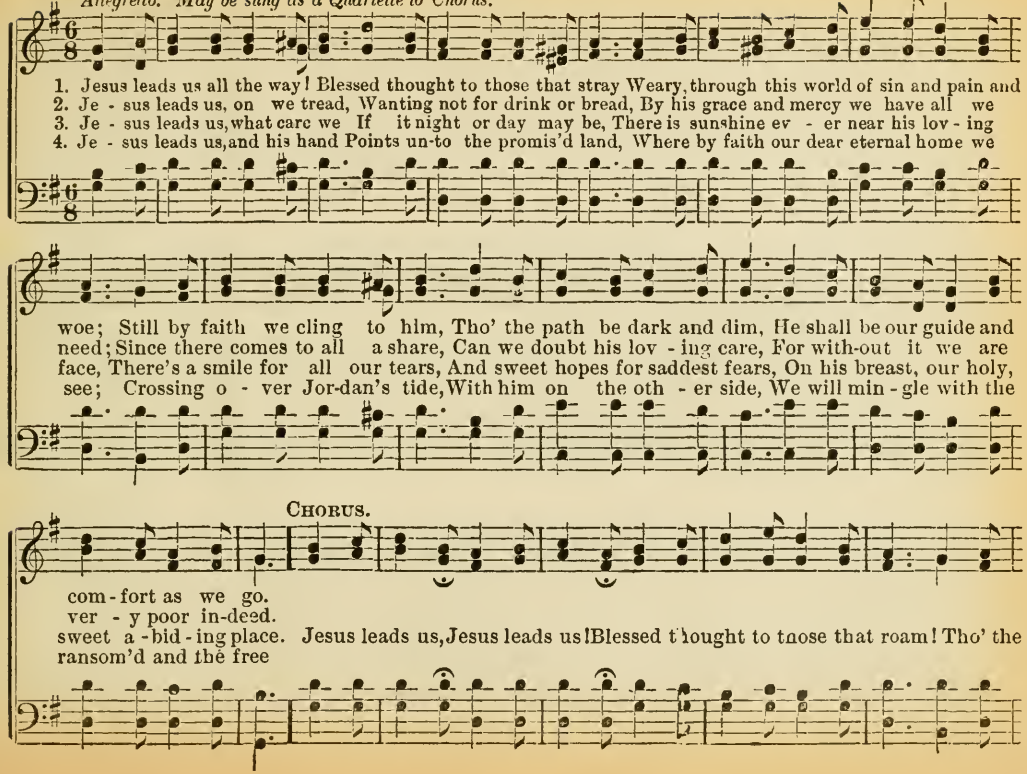
MRS. M. A. KIDDER. W. O. P.

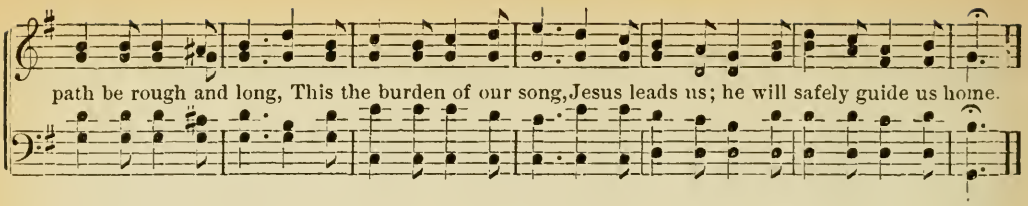
Slowly.



ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "He leadeth me." Ps. xxii, 2. W. O. PERKINS.

Allegretto. May be sung as a Quartette to Chorus.

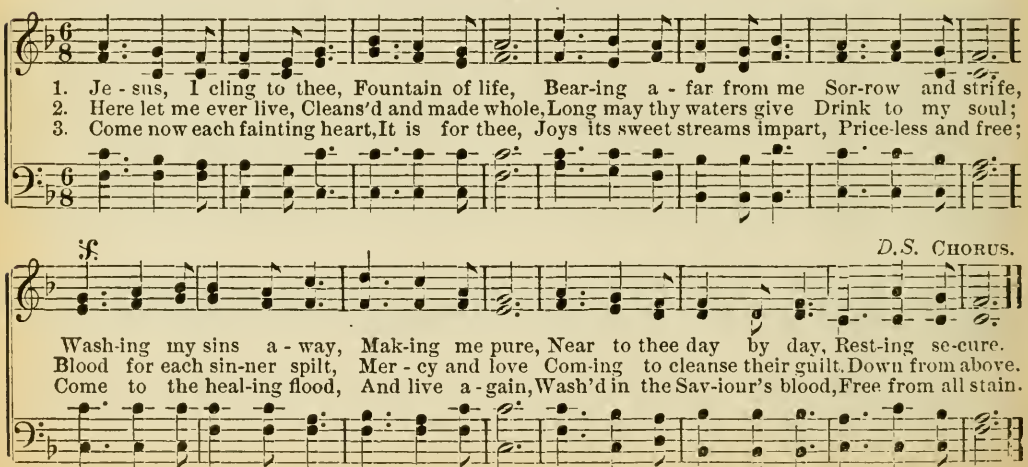




JESUS, I CLING TO THEE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

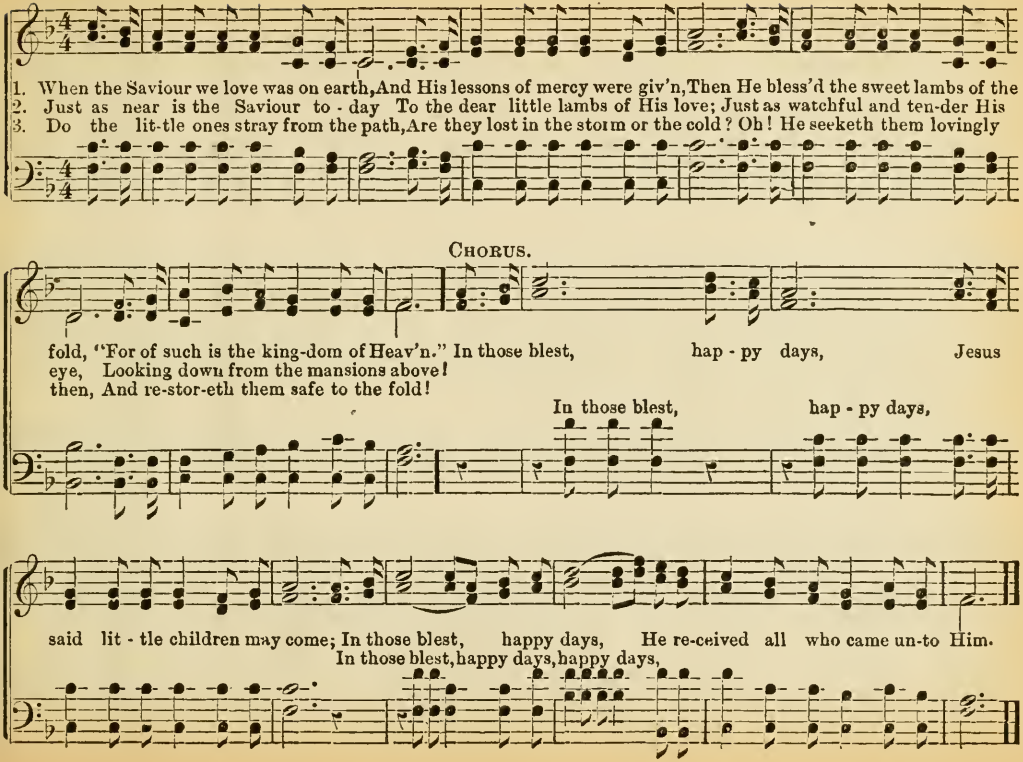
"With Thee is the Fountain of life." Ps. xxxvi. 9.

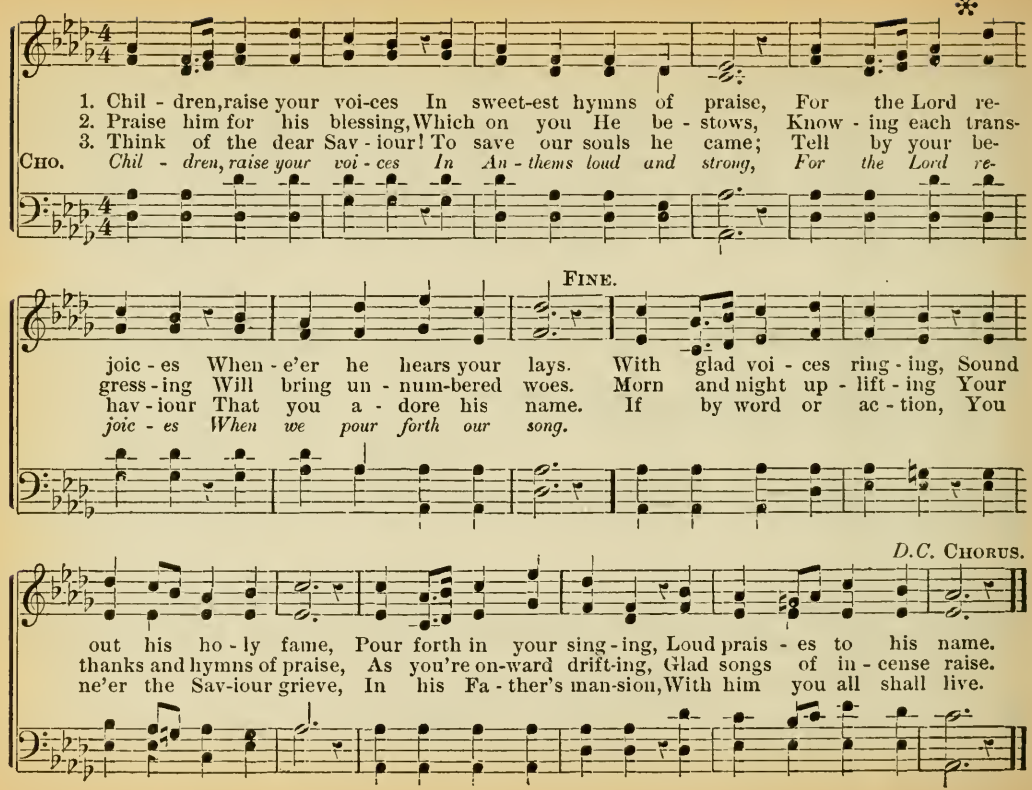


CHO. *Je - sus, I cling to thee, Bless - ed and pure, Near to thee day by day, Rest - ing se - cure.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

MRS. R. N. TURNER. W. O. PERKINS.

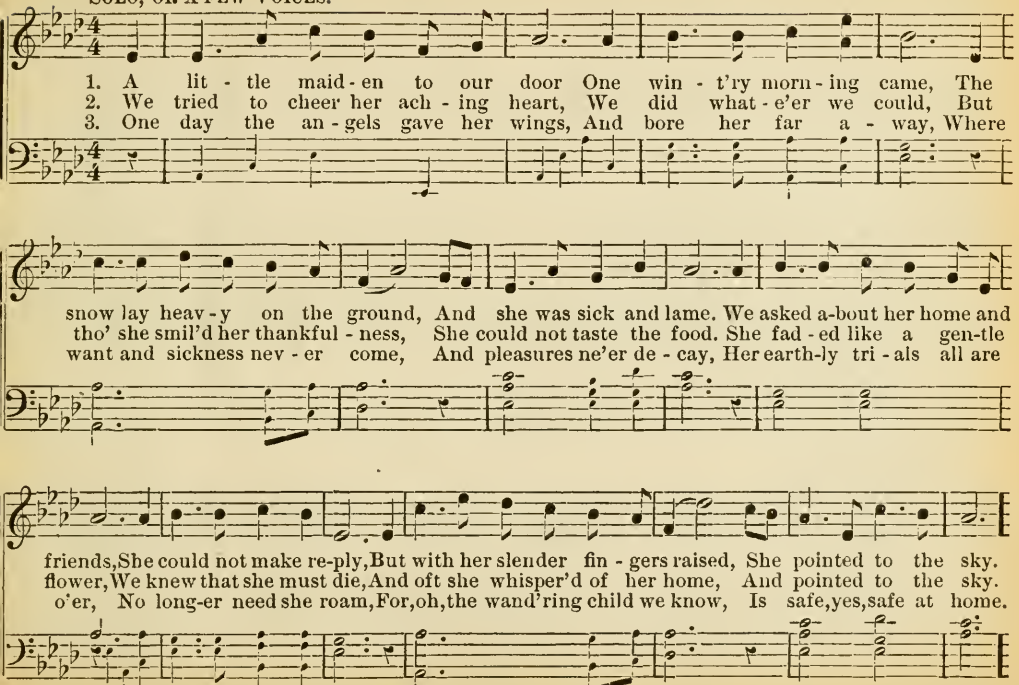



1. Chil - dren, raise your voi-ces In sweet-est hymns of praise, For the Lord re-
2. Praise him for his blessing, Which on you He be - stows, Know - ing each trans-
3. Think of the dear Sav - iour! To save our souls he came; Tell by your be-
Cho. Chil - dren, raise your voi - ces In An - thems loud and strong, For the Lord re-
FINE.
joic - es When - e'er he hears your lays. With glad voi - ces ring - ing, Sound
gress - ing Will bring un - num-bered woes. Morn and night up - lift - ing Your
hav - iour That you a - dore his name. If by word or ac - tion, You
joic - es When we pour forth our song.
D.C. CHORUS.
out his ho - ly fame, Pour forth in your sing - ing, Loud prais - es to his name.
thanks and hymns of praise, As you're on-ward drift-ing, Glad songs of in - cense raise.
ne'er the Sav-iour grieve, In his Fa - ther's man-sion, With him you all shall live.

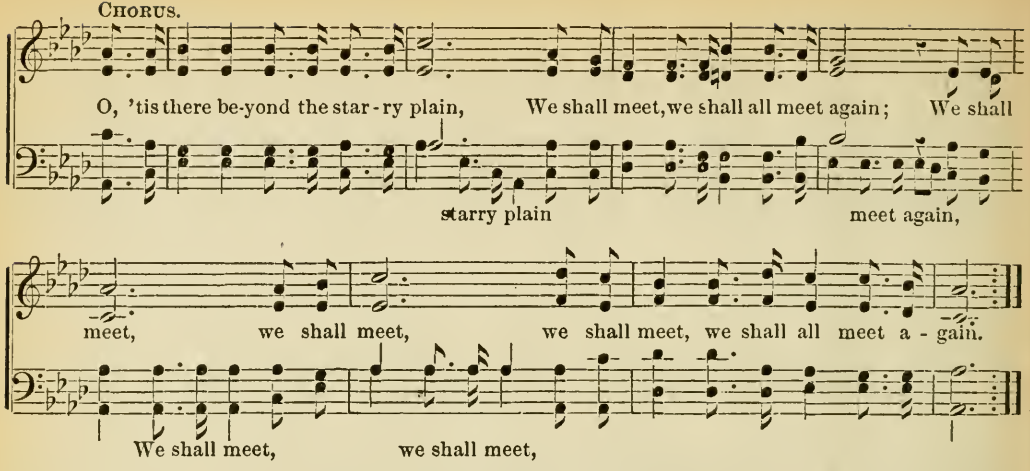
THE WANDERER.*

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. W. O. PERKINS. By per.

SOLO, OR A FEW VOICES.



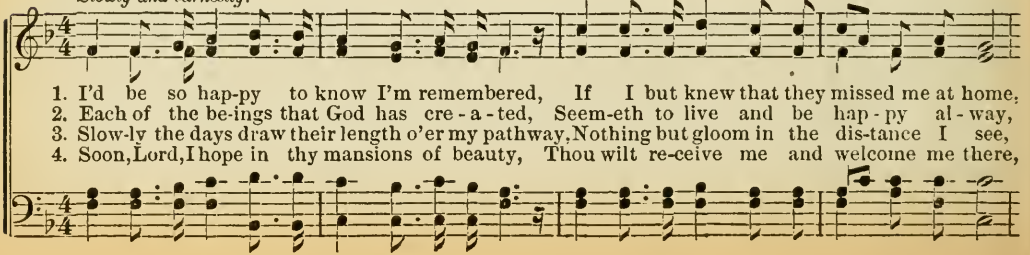
* We must never forget *the children at the door.* Thousands of them are homeless and friendless ; and many, even in this Christian land, are starving in soul and body for the want of help. *Let us help them.*

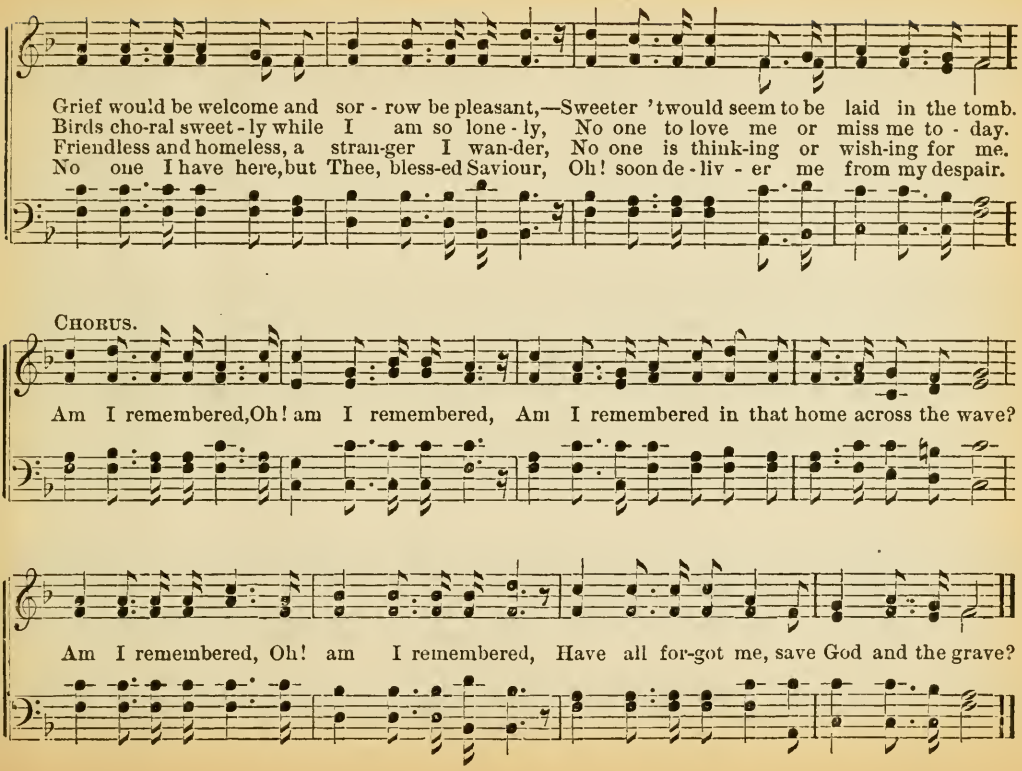


AM I REMEMBERED?

Chas. H. Gabriel. A. Byron Condo.

Slowly and earnestly.



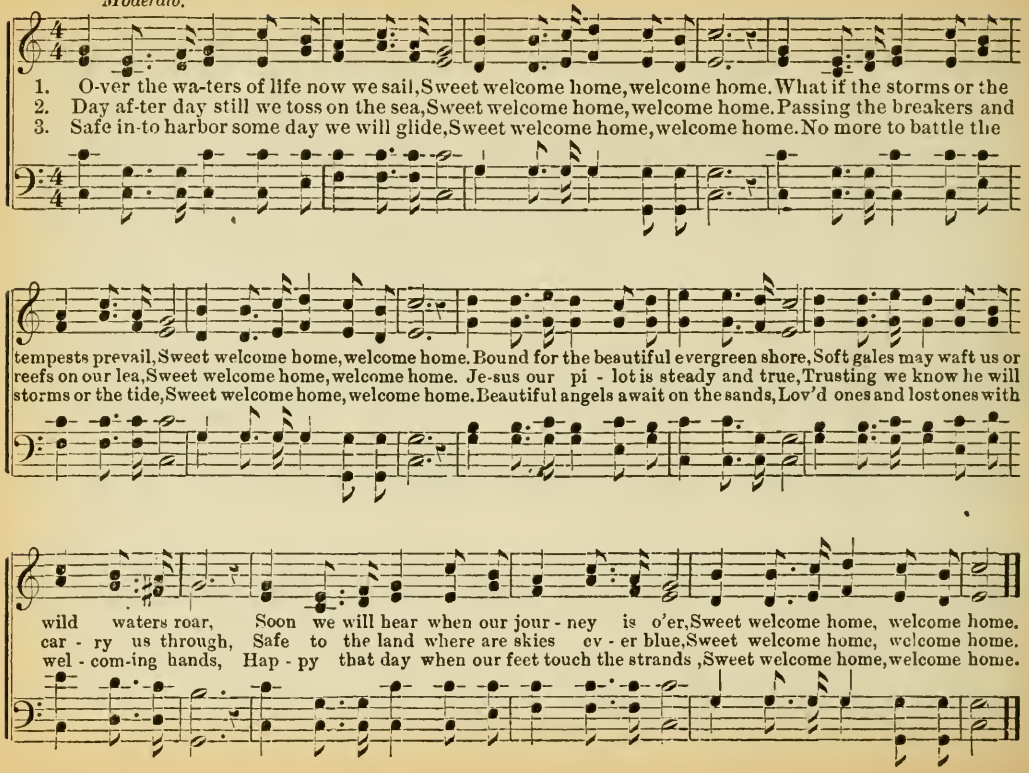

Grief would be welcome and sor - row be pleasant,—Sweeter 'twould seem to be laid in the tomb.
Birds cho-ral sweet - ly while I am so lone - ly, No one to love me or miss me to - day.
Friendless and homeless, a stran-ger I wan-der, No one is think-ing or wish-ing for me.
No one I have here, but Thee, bless-ed Saviour, Oh! soon de - liv - er me from my despair.
Chorus.
Am I remembered, Oh! am I remembered, Am I remembered in that home across the wave?
Am I remembered, Oh! am I remembered, Have all for-got me, save God and the grave?

SWEET WELCOME HOME.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

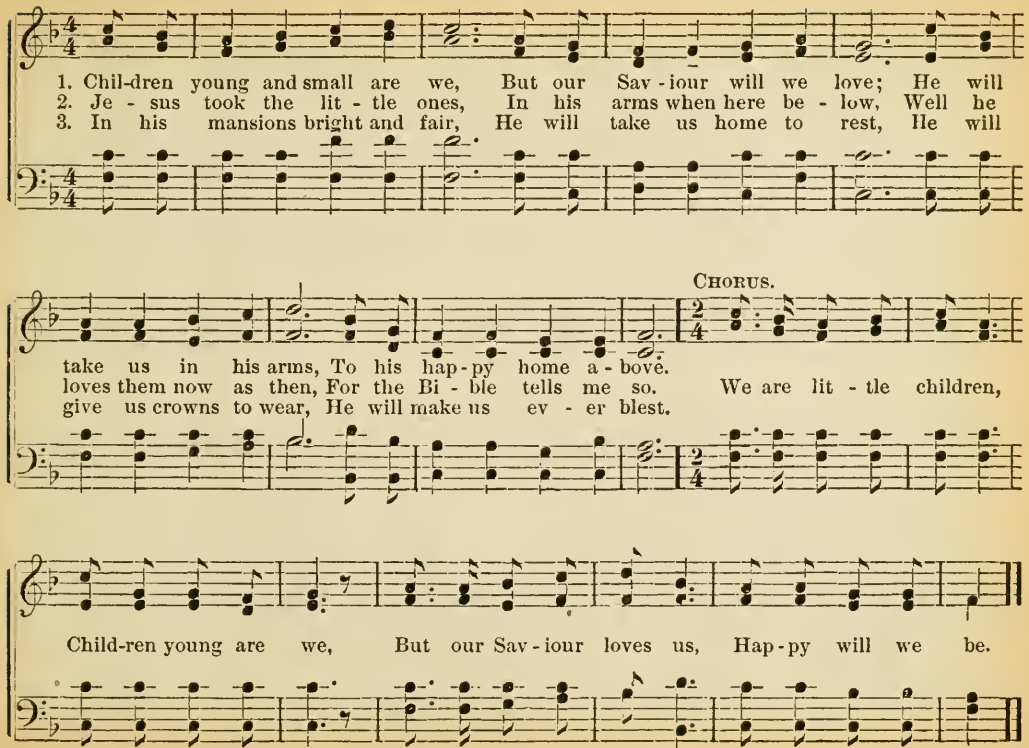
Moderato.

W. O. PERKINS.



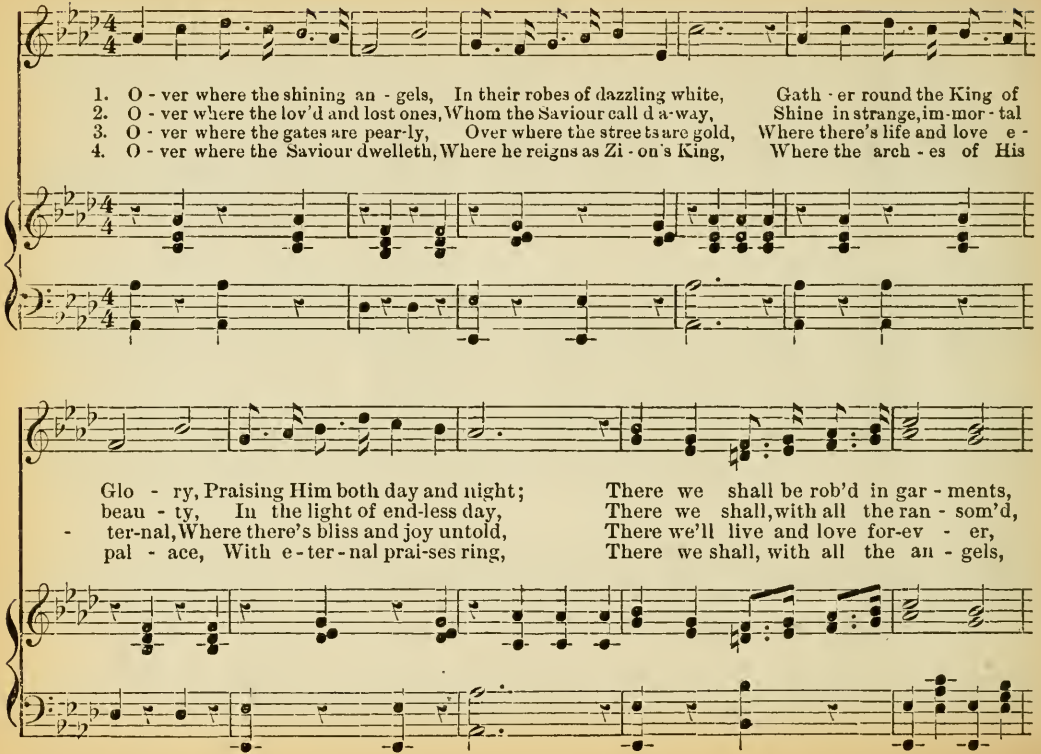
WE ARE LITTLE CHILDREN.

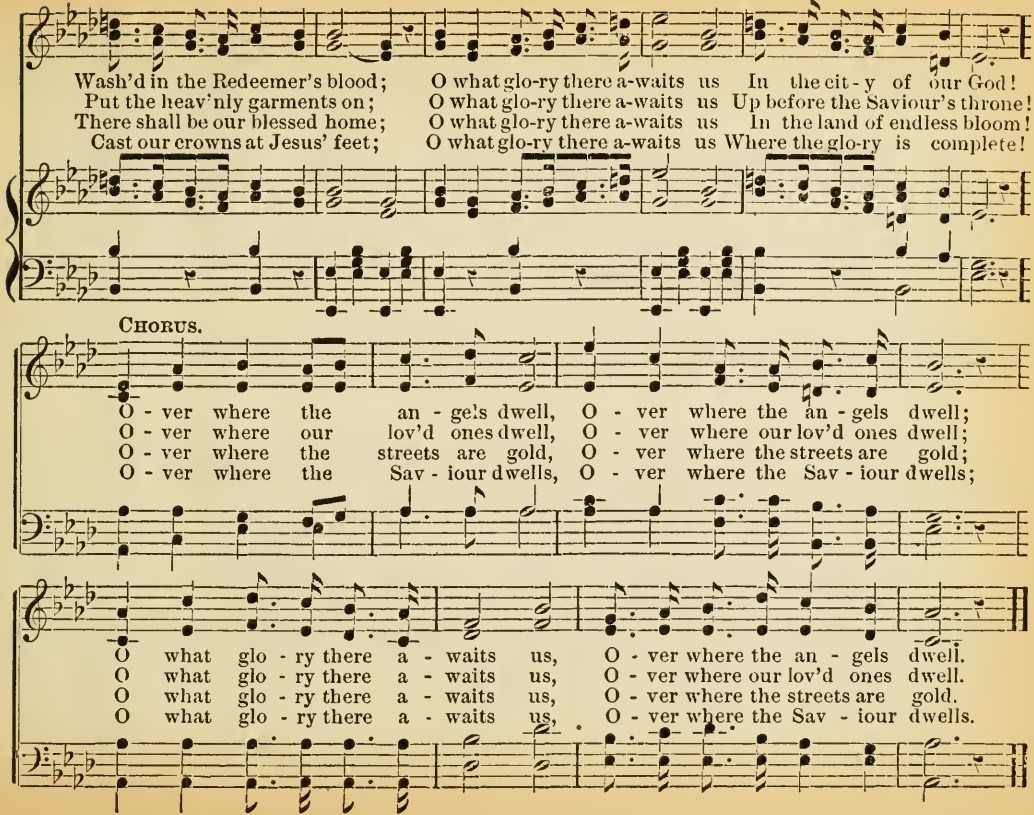
CHAS. H. GABRIEL. J. H. ROSECRANS.



OVER WHERE THE ANGELS DWELL.

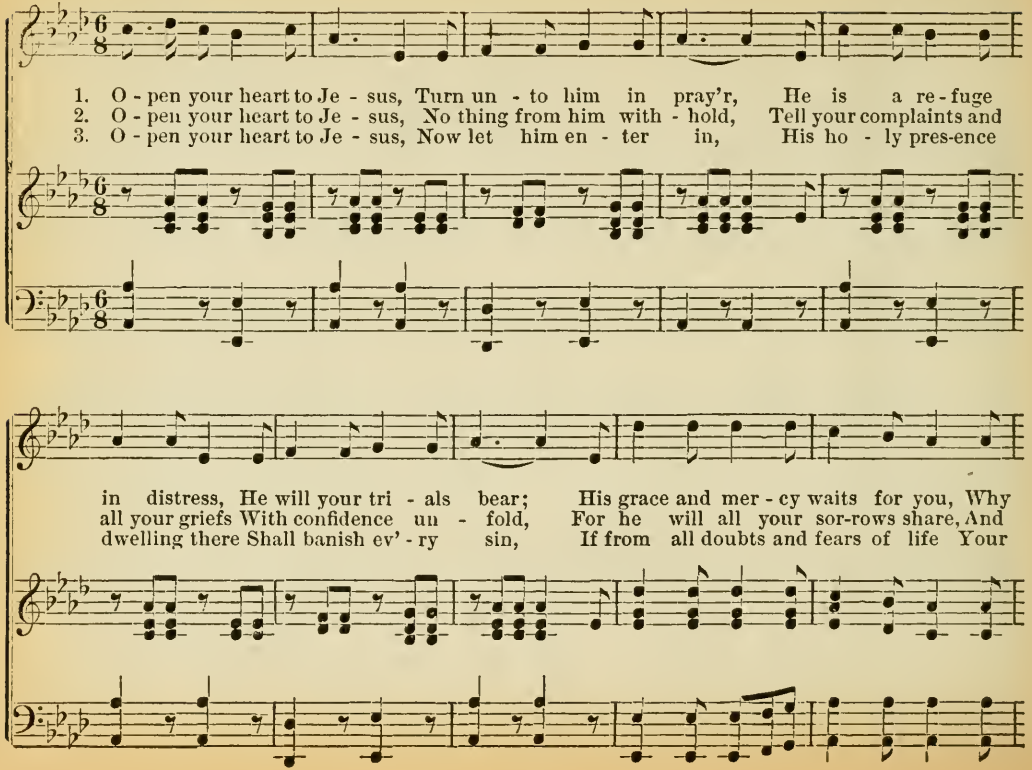
E. A. HOFFMAN. W. O. P.

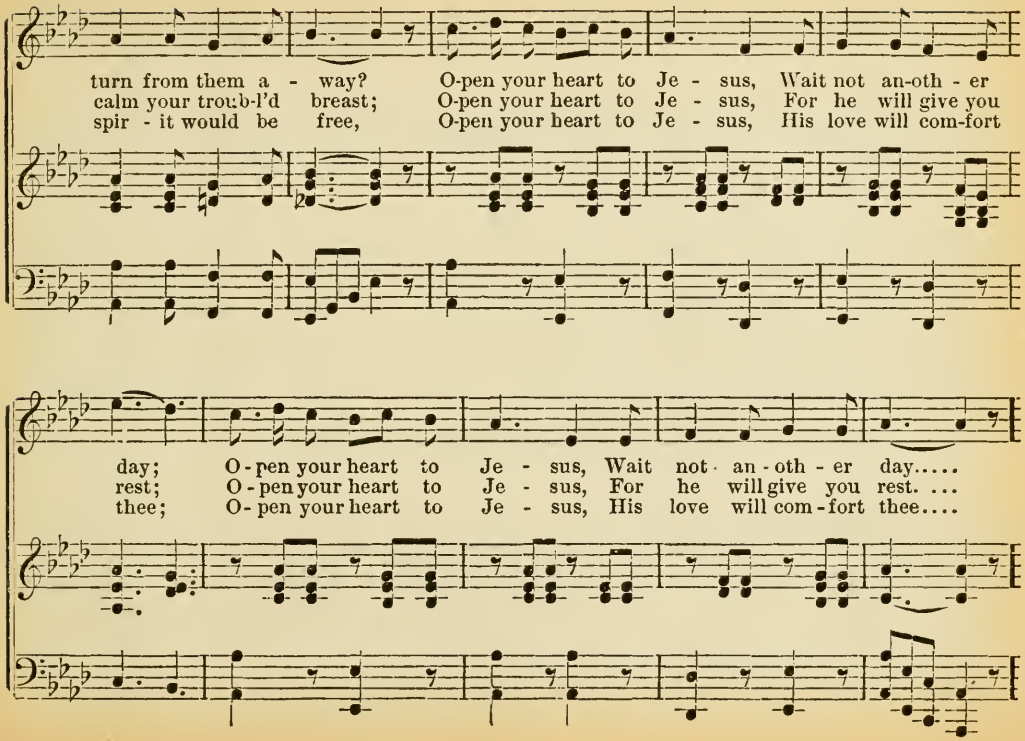


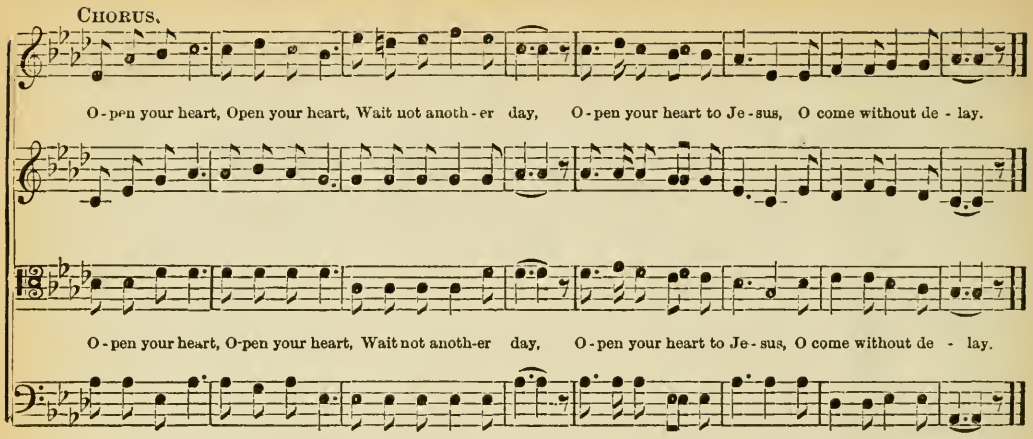

Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood; O what glo-ry there a-waits us In the cit-y of our God!
Put the heav'nly garments on; O what glo-ry there a-waits us Up before the Saviour's throne!
There shall be our blessed home; O what glo-ry there a-waits us In the land of endless bloom!
Cast our crowns at Jesus' feet; O what glo-ry there a-waits us Where the glo-ry is complete!
CHORUS.
O - ver where the an - gels dwell, O - ver where the an - gels dwell;
O - ver where our lov'd ones dwell, O - ver where our lov'd ones dwell;
O - ver where the streets are gold, O - ver where the streets are gold;
O - ver where the Sav - iour dwells, O - ver where the Sav - iour dwells;
O what glo - ry there a - waits us, O - ver where the an - gels dwell.
O what glo - ry there a - waits us, O - ver where our lov'd ones dwell.
O what glo - ry there a - waits us, O - ver where the streets are gold.
O what glo - ry there a - waits us, O - ver where the Sav - iour dwells.

OPEN YOUR HEART TO JESUS.

A. W. FRENCH. HATTIE E. CARR.

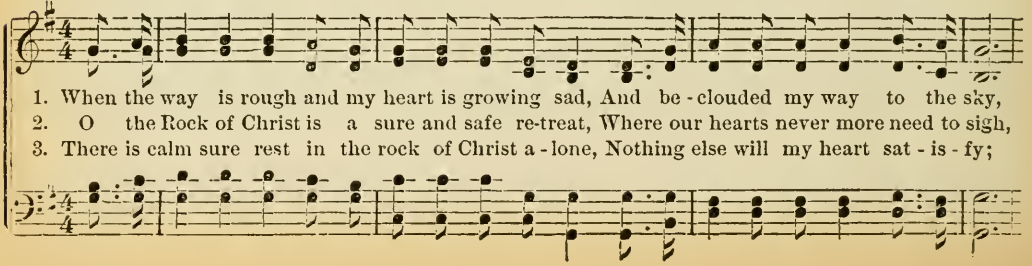


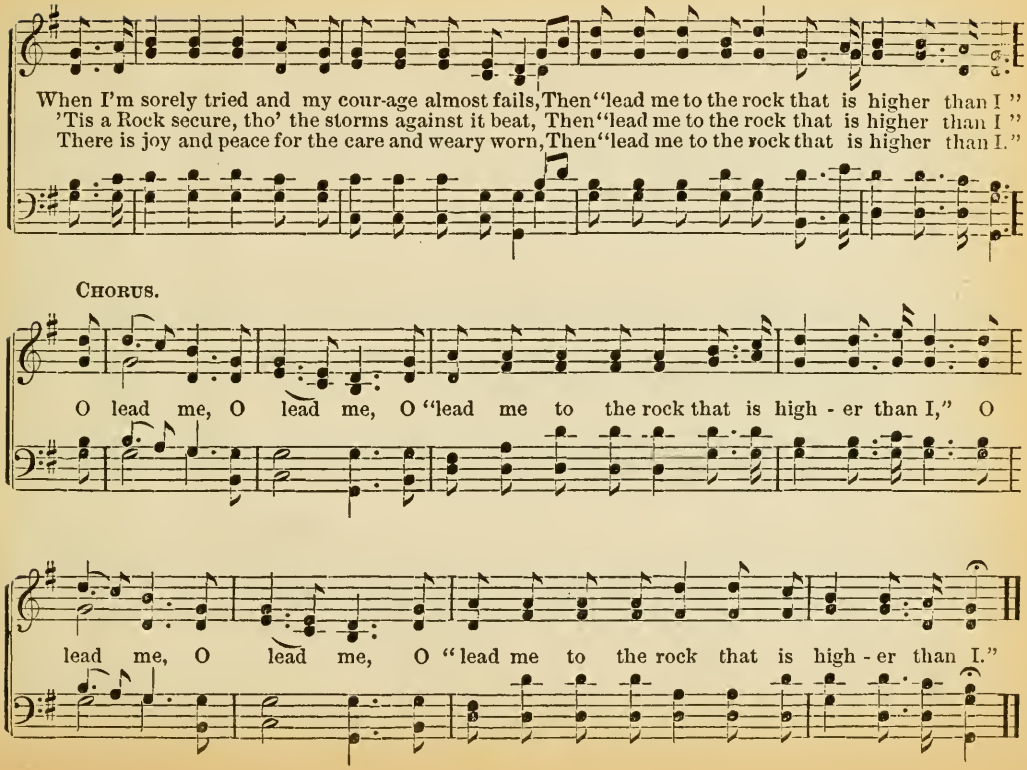

turn from them a - way? O-pen your heart to Je - sus, Wait not an-oth - er
calm your trou-b-l'd breast; O-pen your heart to Je - sus, For he will give you
spir - it would be free, O-pen your heart to Je - sus, His love will com-fort
day; O - pen your heart to Je - sus, Wait not an - oth - er day.....
rest; O - pen your heart to Je - sus, For he will give you rest. ...
thee; O - pen your heart to Je - sus, His love will com - fort thee....



LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

Words and Music by A. BYRON CONDO.



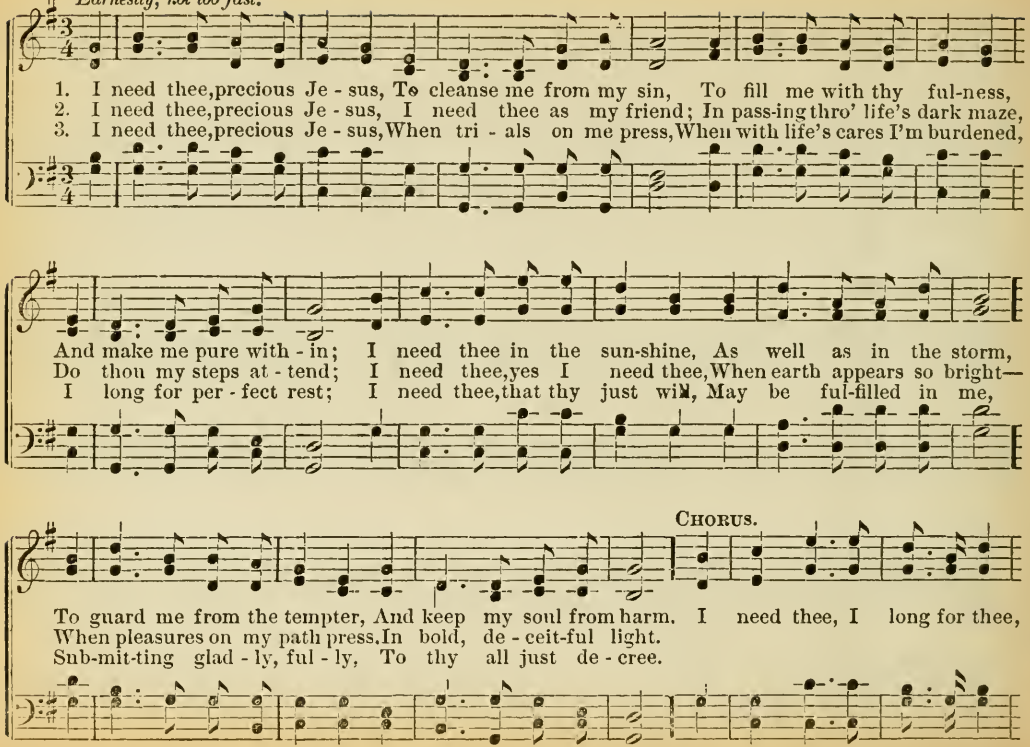

When I'm sorely tried and my cour-age almost fails, Then "lead me to the rock that is higher than I"
'Tis a Rock secure, tho' the storms against it beat, Then "lead me to the rock that is higher than I"
There is joy and peace for the care and weary worn, Then "lead me to the rock that is higher than I."
Chorus.
O lead me, O lead me, O "lead me to the rock that is high - er than I," O
lead me, O lead me, O "lead me to the rock that is high - er than I."

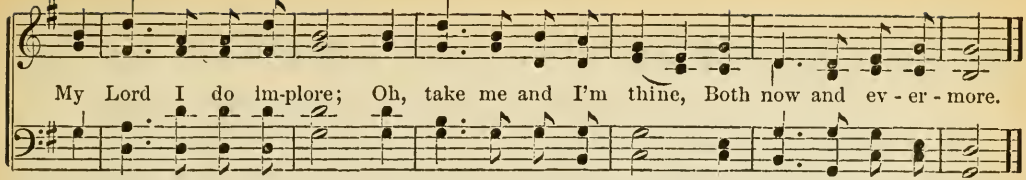
I NEED THEE.

A. B. C.

B. C. UNSELD.

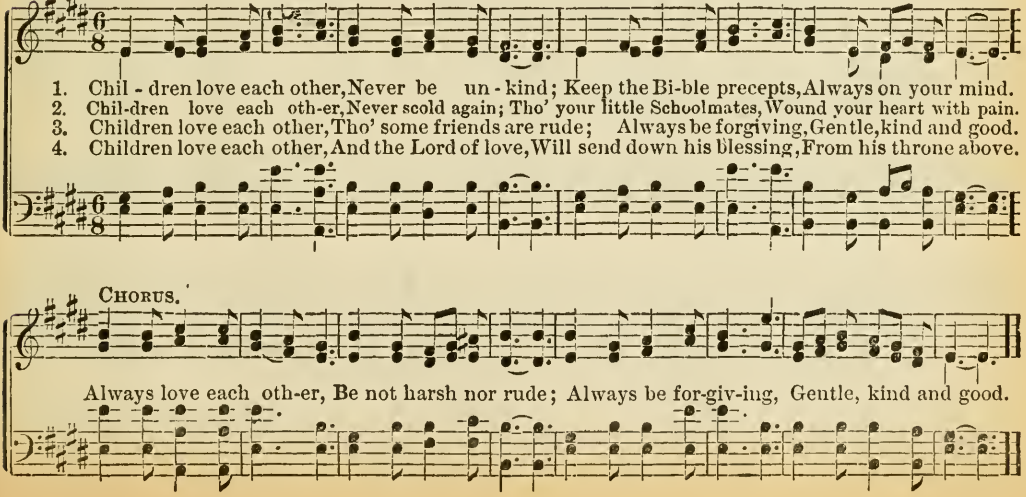
Earnestly, not too fast.





LOVE EACH OTHER.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. BYRON CONDO.

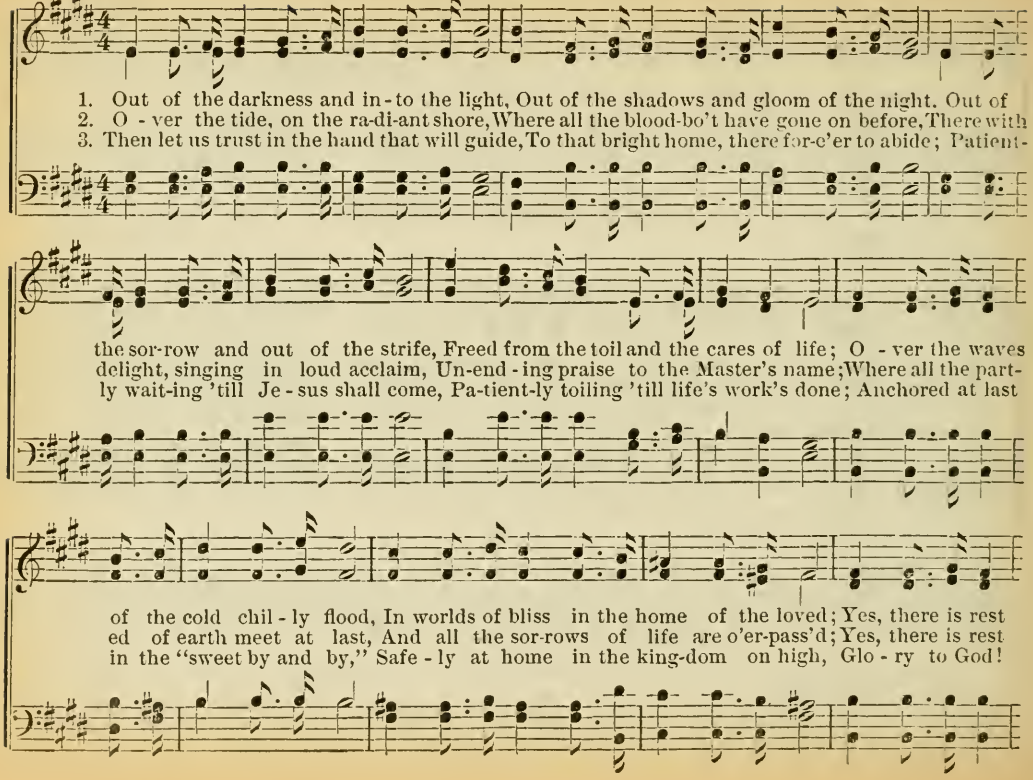


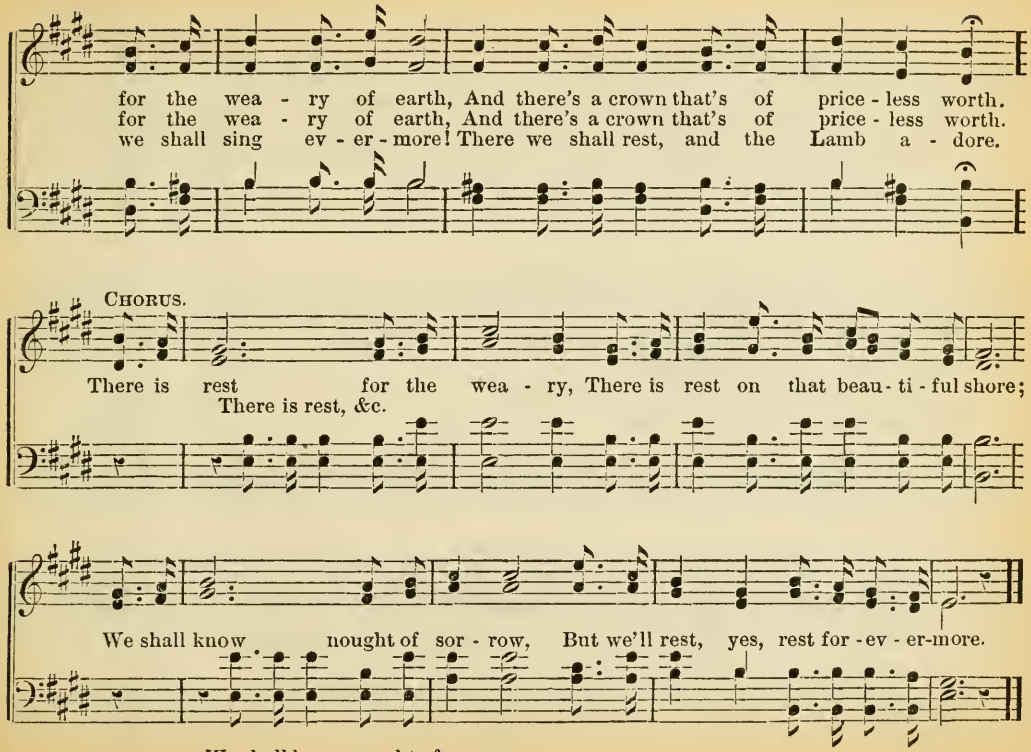
REST FOR THE WEARY.

Words and Music by

Inscribed to the Evangelical S. S., Green Castle, Iowa.

A. Byron Condo.

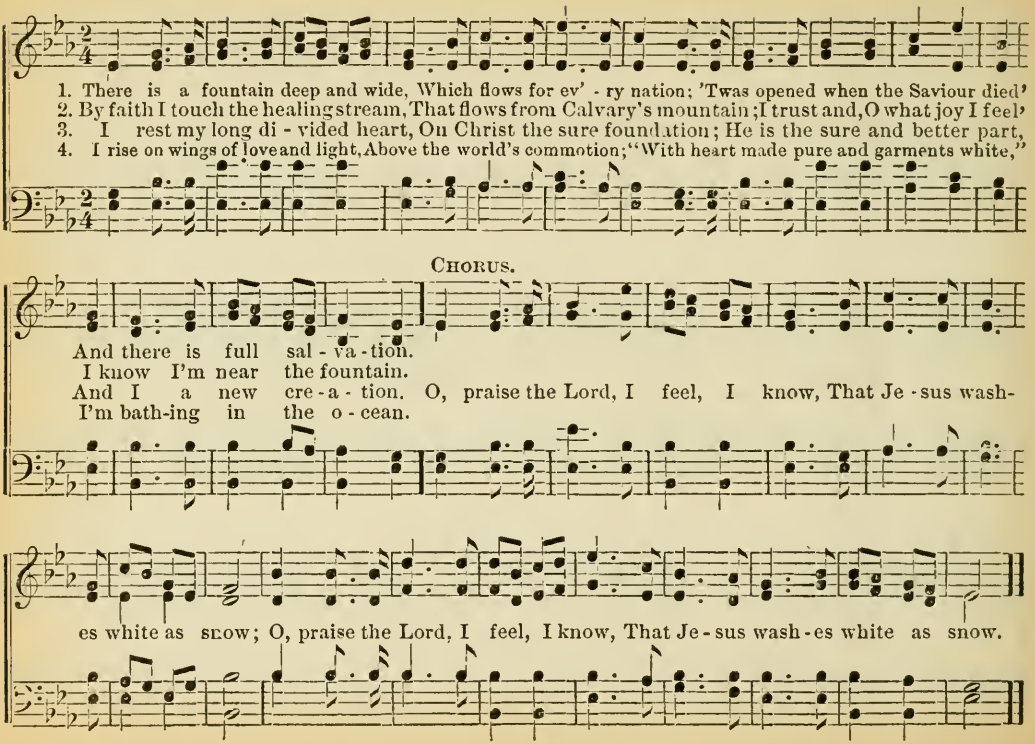




We shall know nought of sor-row,

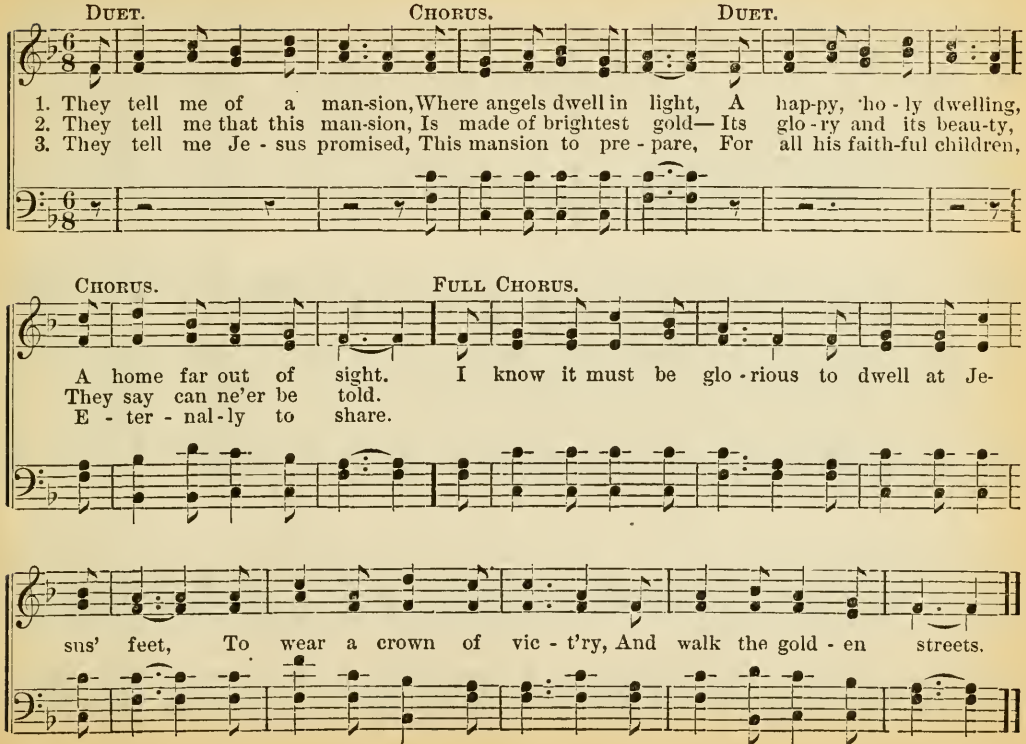
THE HEALING STREAM.

Rev. L. White. W. H. Burgett.



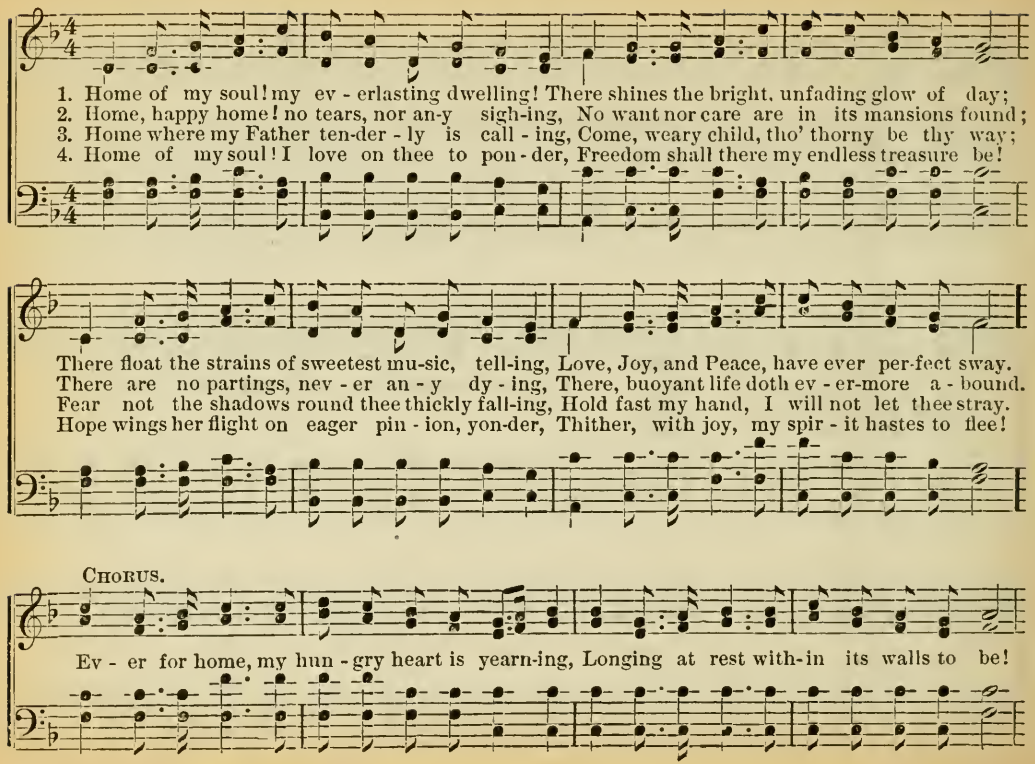
THE PROMISED MANSION.

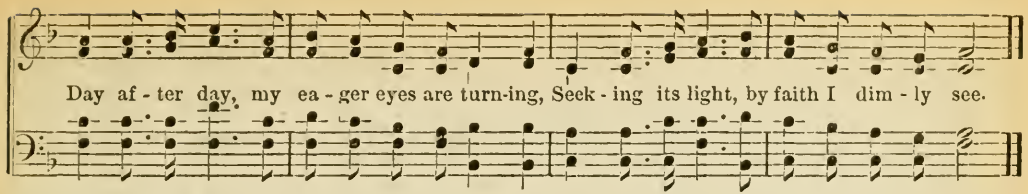
A. Byron Condo. D. D. Condo.



LONGING FOR HOME.

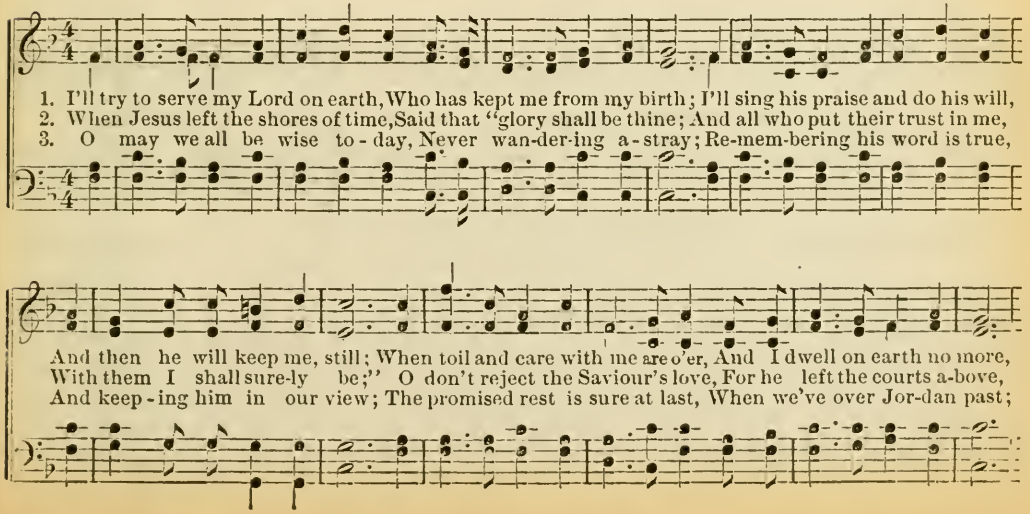
FANNIE CHADWICK. W. O. PERKINS.



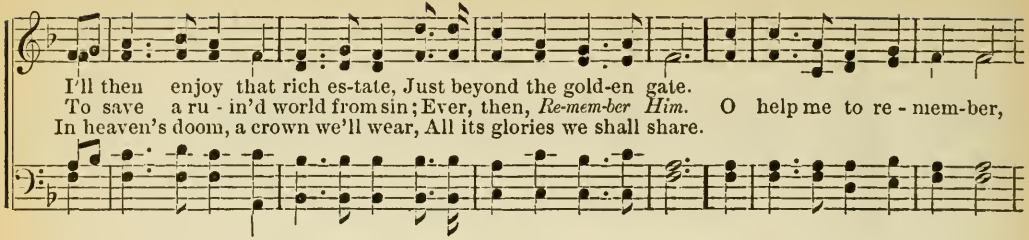


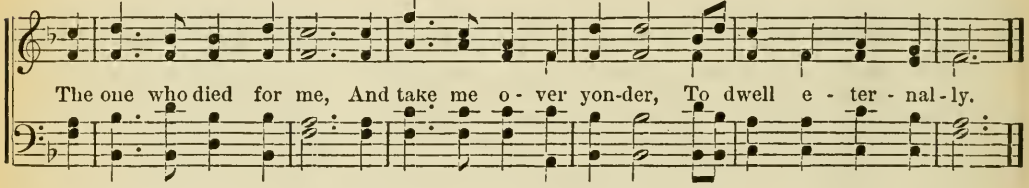
HELP ME TO REMEMBER.

MISS LYDIA FISHER. A. B. CONDO.



CHORUS.

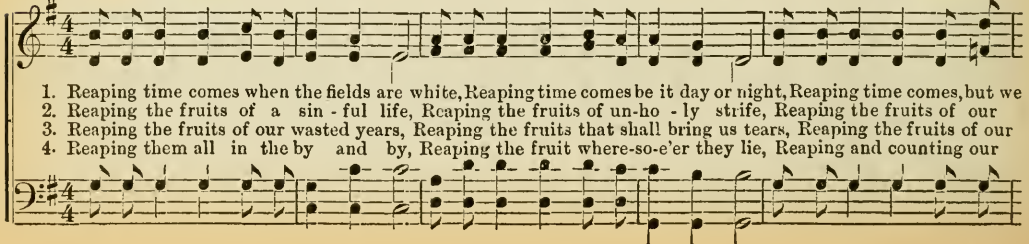


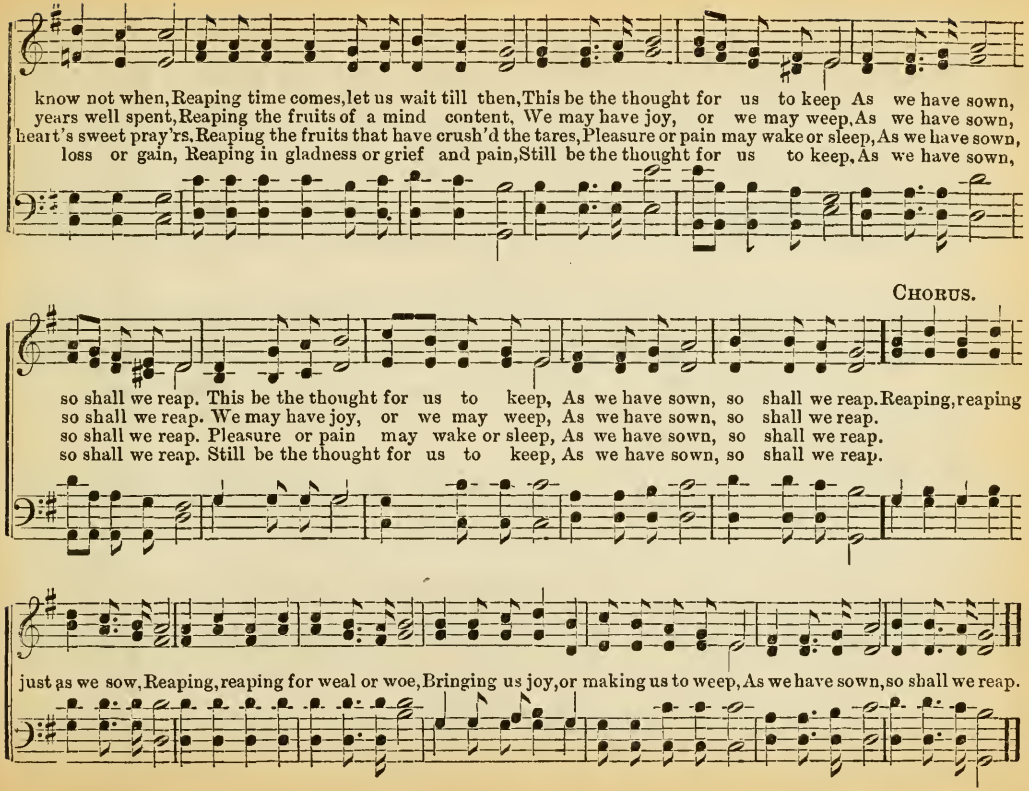


SOWING AND REAPING.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap." Gal. vi. 7.

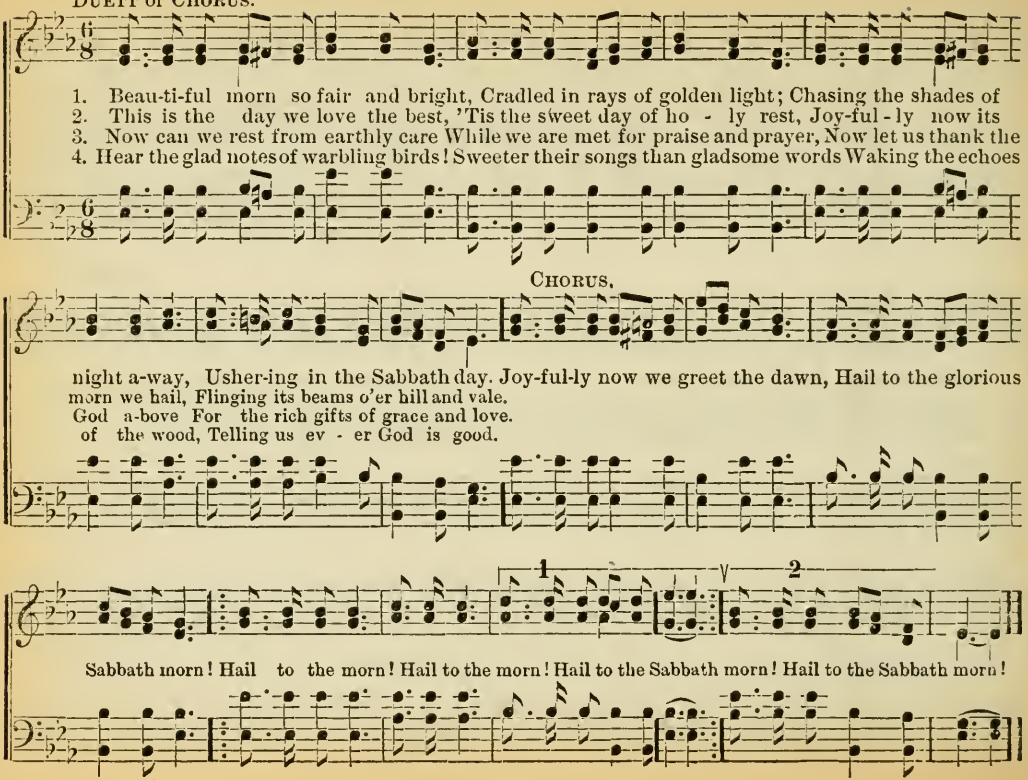



know not when, Reaping time comes, let us wait till then, This be the thought for us to keep As we have sown,
years well spent, Reaping the fruits of a mind content, We may have joy, or we may weep, As we have sown,
heart's sweet pray'rs, Reaping the fruits that have crush'd the tares, Pleasure or pain may wake or sleep, As we have sown,
loss or gain, Reaping in gladness or grief and pain, Still be the thought for us to keep, As we have sown,
Chorus.
so shall we reap. This be the thought for us to keep, As we have sown, so shall we reap. Reaping, reaping
so shall we reap. We may have joy, or we may weep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.
so shall we reap. Pleasure or pain may wake or sleep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.
so shall we reap. Still be the thought for us to keep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.
just as we sow, Reaping, reaping for weal or woe, Bringing us joy, or making us to weep, As we have sown, so shall we reap.

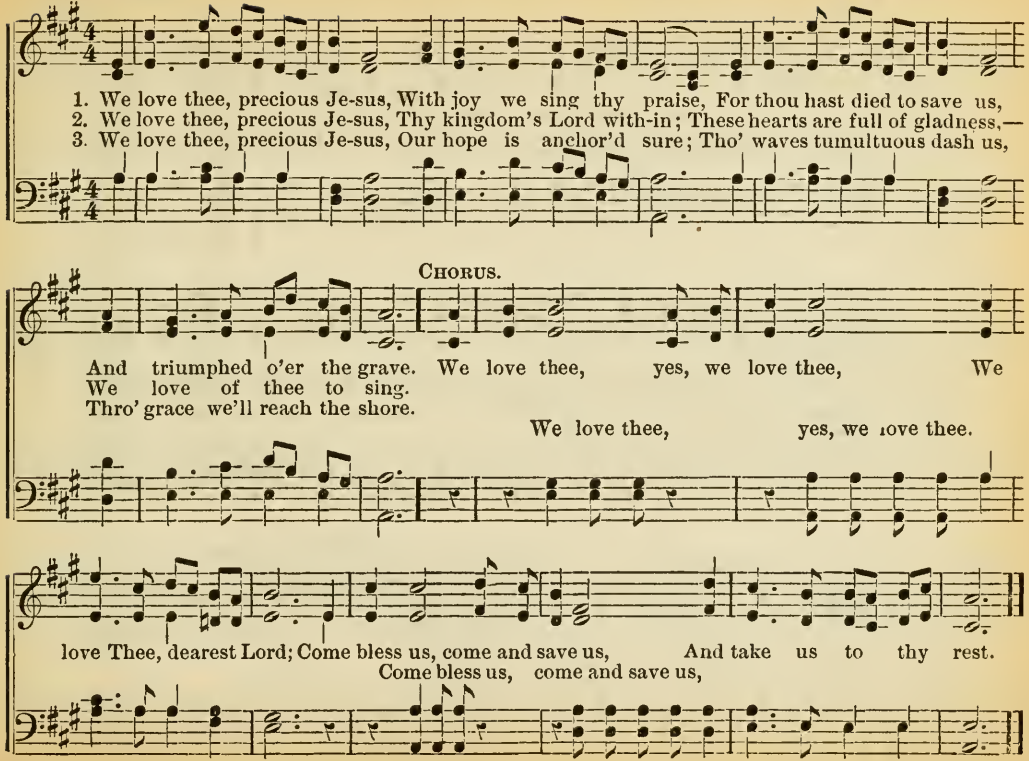
SABBATH MORN.

ELLEN M. HASTINGS. W. O. P.

DUETT OR CHORUS.



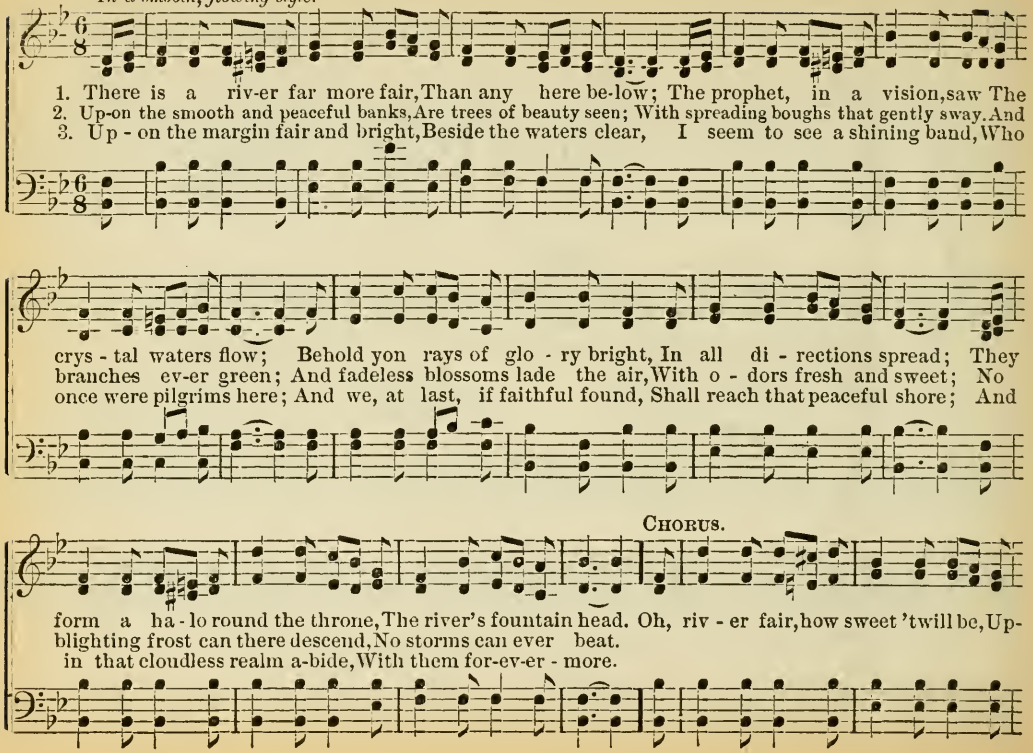
REV. P. S. ORWIG. A. BYRON CONDO.

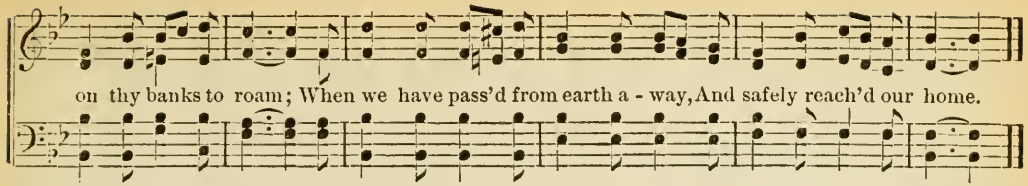


THE RIVER OF LIFE.

E. R. LATTA. "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life." Rev. xxii. 1. W. O. PERKINS.

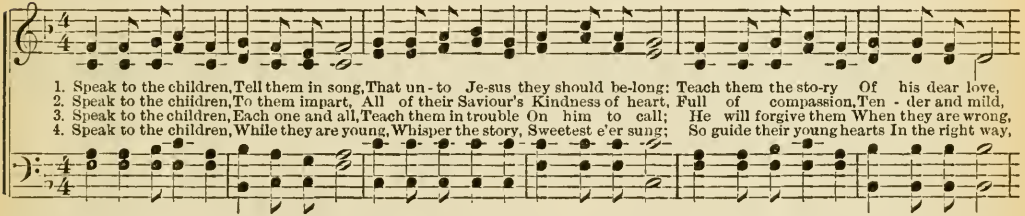
In a smooth, flowing style.



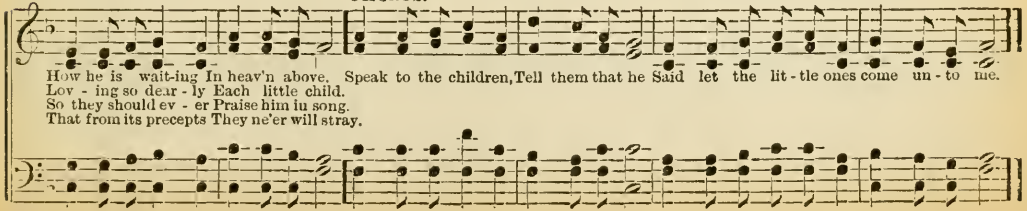


SPEAK TO THE CHILDREN.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. "Speak to the children." Exodus. xxv. 2. W. O. P.

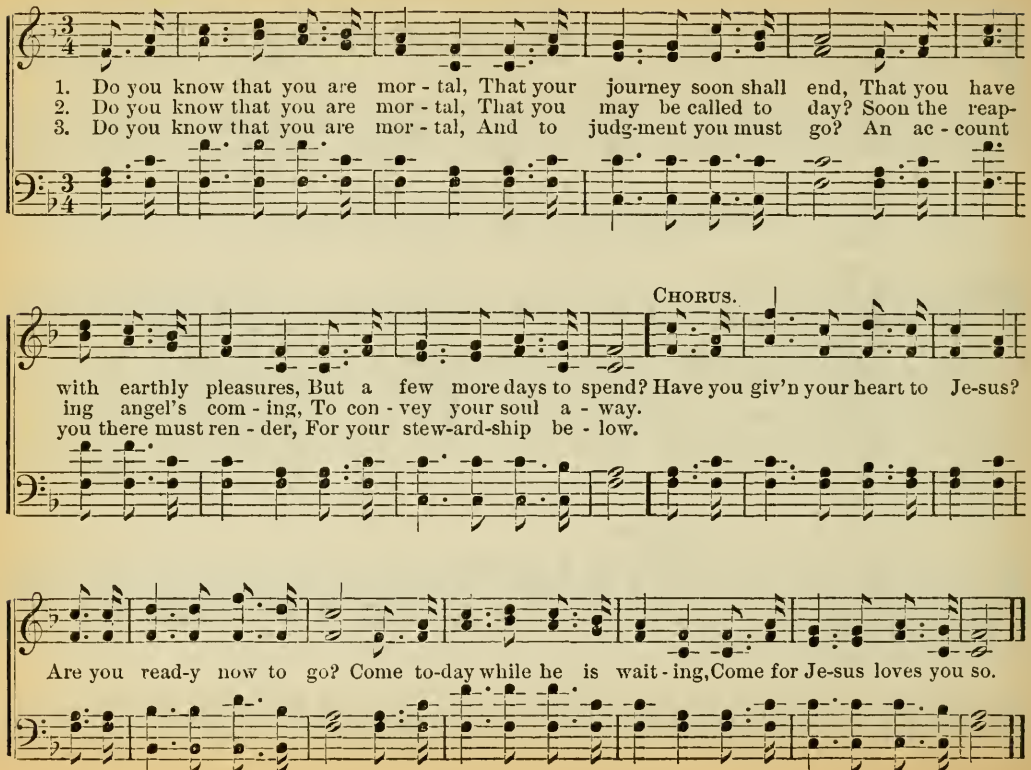


CHORUS.



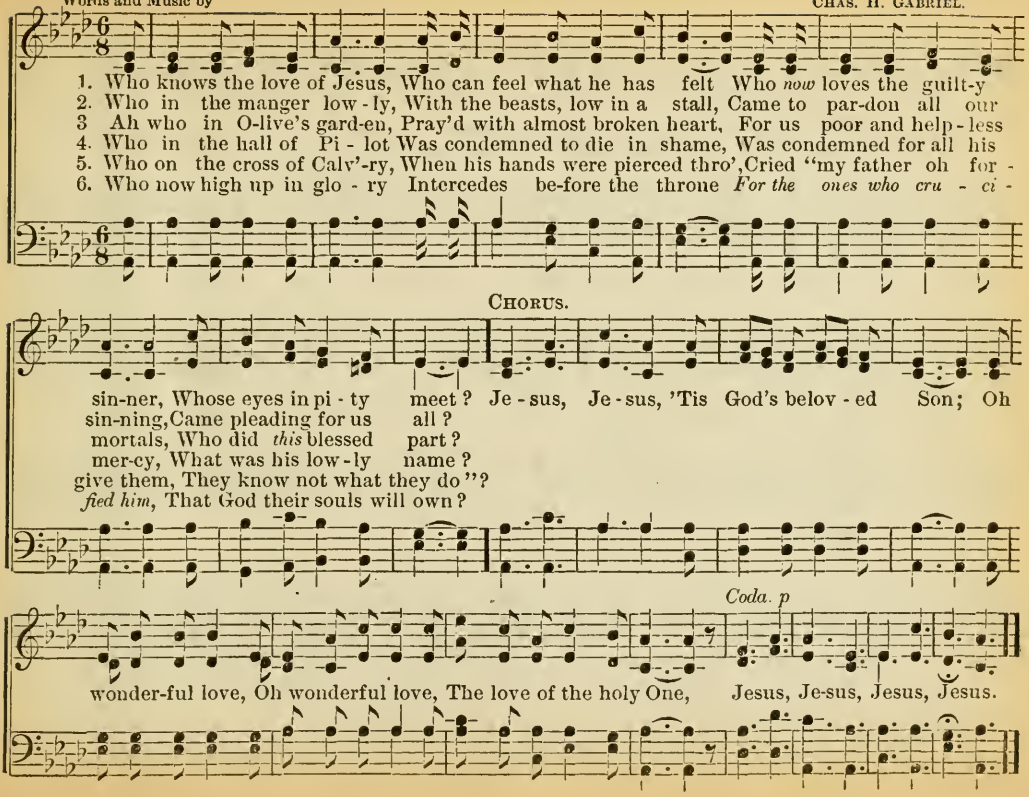
DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE MORTAL?

Words and Music by A. BYRON CONDO.



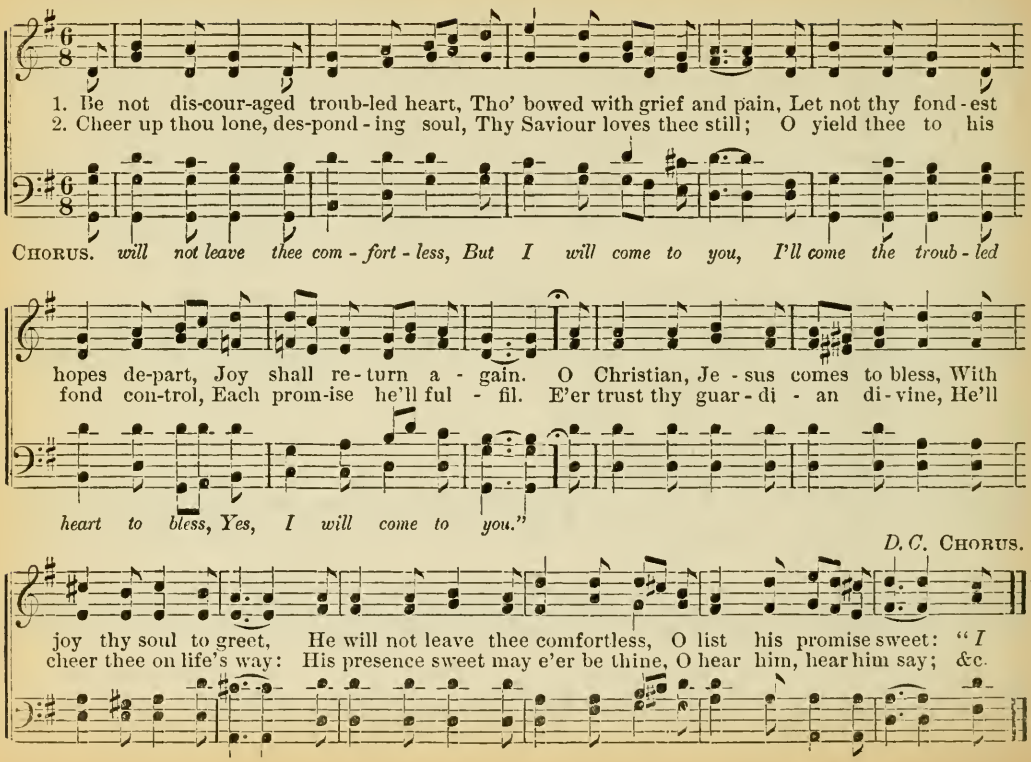
WHO KNOWS THE LOVE?

Words and Music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

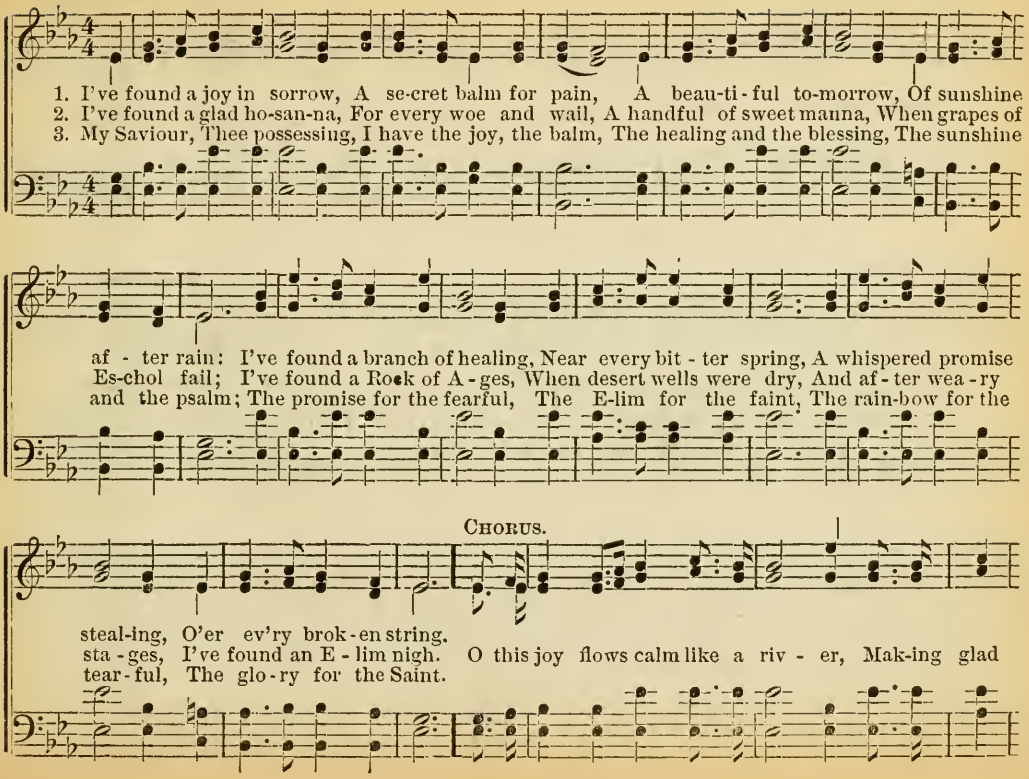


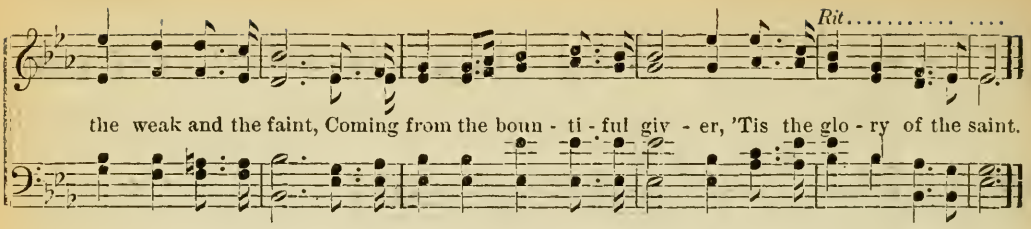
I WILL COME TO YOU.

MARIA STRAUB. T. C. O'KANE.



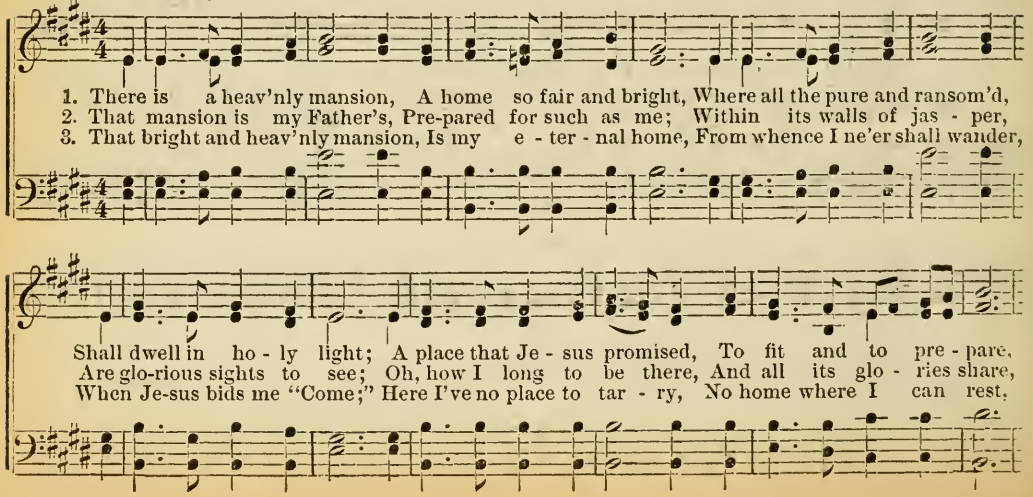
MRS. JANE F. CREWDSON. By per. A. BYRON CONDO.



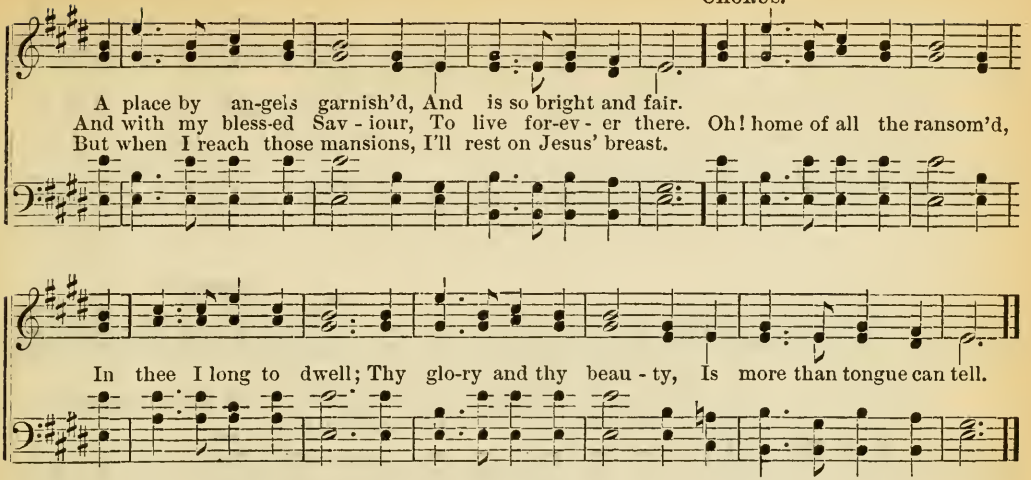


THE HOME OF THE RANSOMED.

Words and Music by A. Byron Condo.

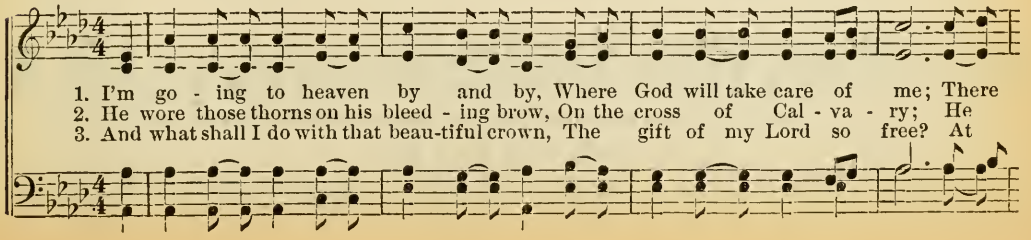


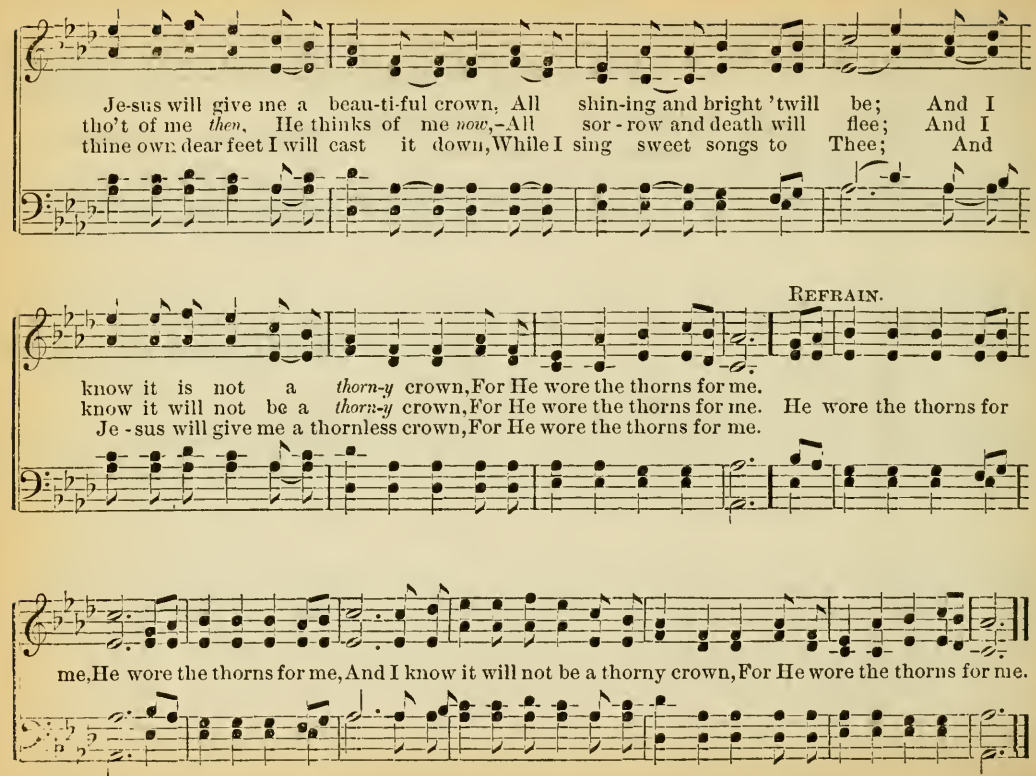
CHORUS.



HE WORE THE THORNS FOR ME.

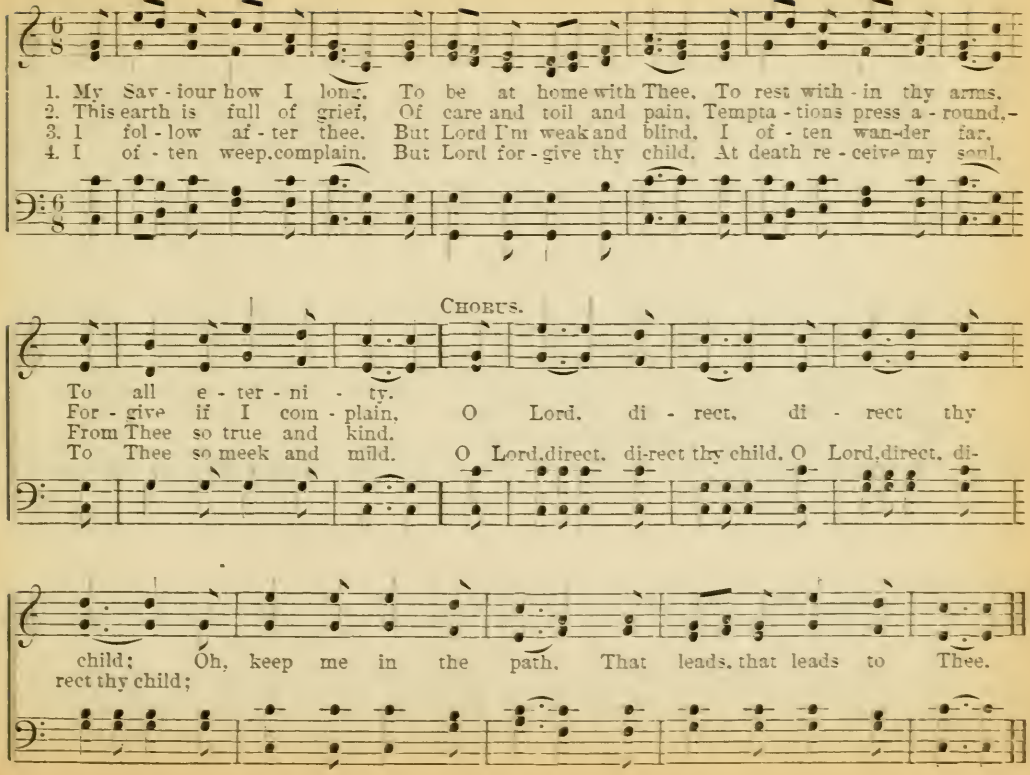
E. C. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.




Je-sus will give me a beau-ti-ful crown, All shin-ing and bright 'twill be; And I
tho't of me *then*, He thinks of me *now*,—All sor - row and death will flee; And I
thine own dear feet I will cast it down, While I sing sweet songs to Thee; And
REFRAIN.
know it is not a *thorn-y* crown, For He wore the thorns for me.
know it will not be a *thorn-y* crown, For He wore the thorns for me. He wore the thorns for
Je - sus will give me a thornless crown, For He wore the thorns for me.
me, He wore the thorns for me, And I know it will not be a thorny crown, For He wore the thorns for me.

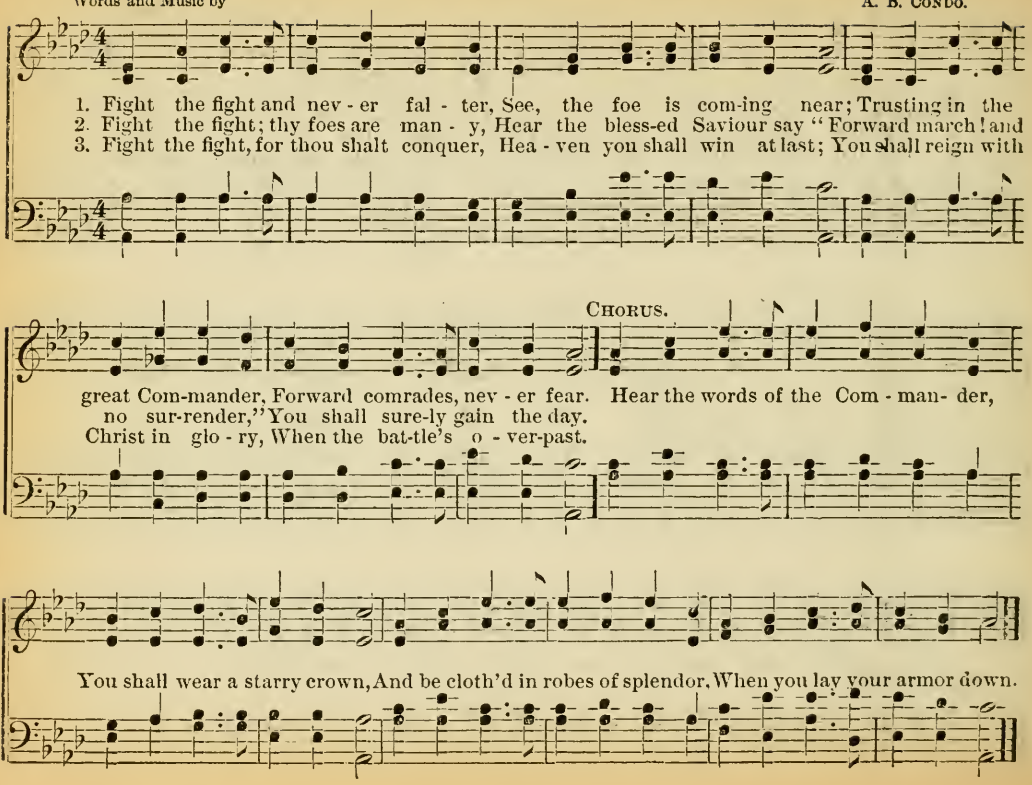
LORD DIRECT ME.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. A. BYRON CONDO.



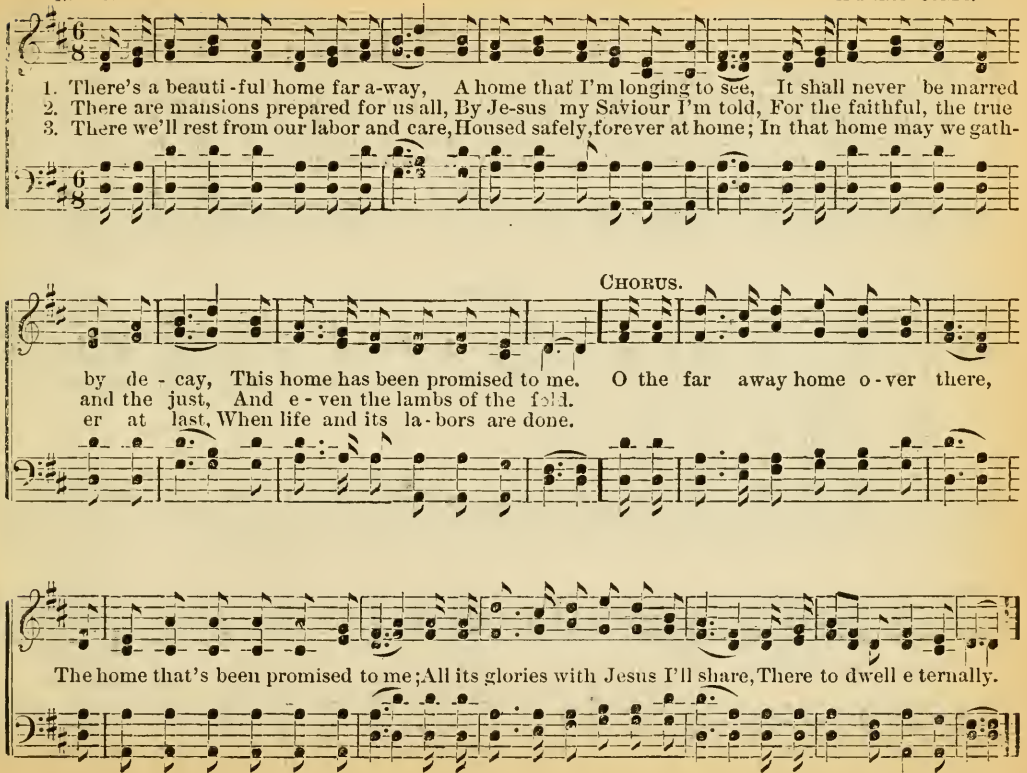
FIGHT THE FIGHT.

Words and Music by A. B. CONDO.



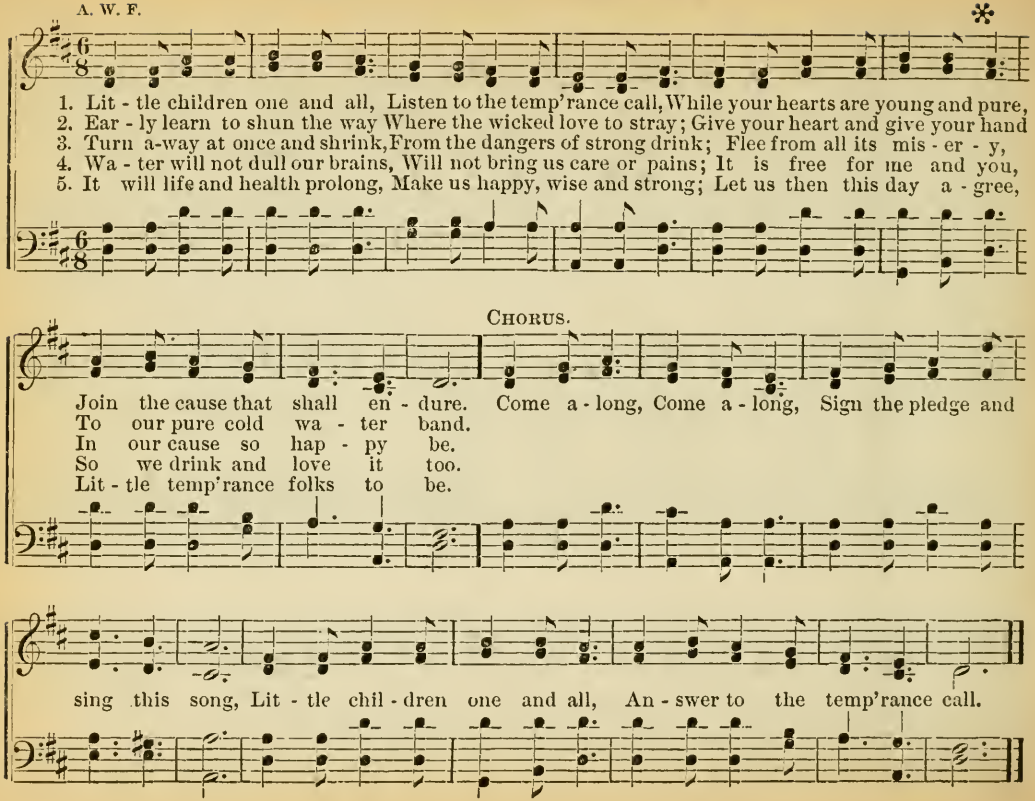
THE FAR AWAY HOME.

N. A. LUNDY. A BYRON CONDO.



LITTLE CHILDREN ONE AND ALL.

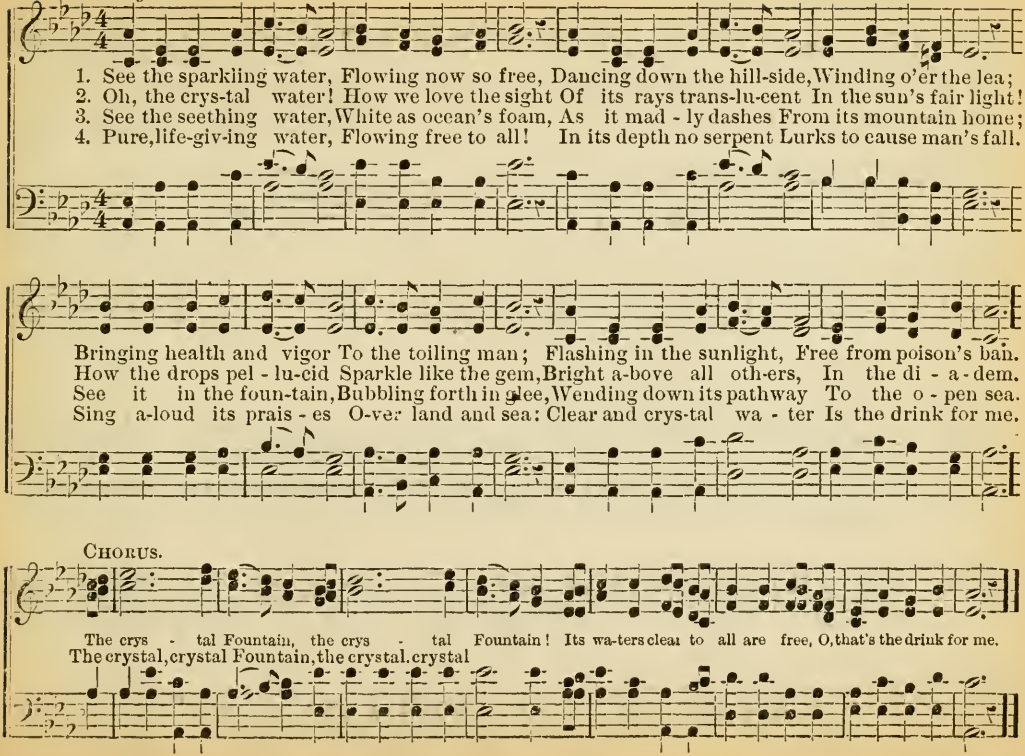
A. W. F.



THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

W. O. PERKINS.

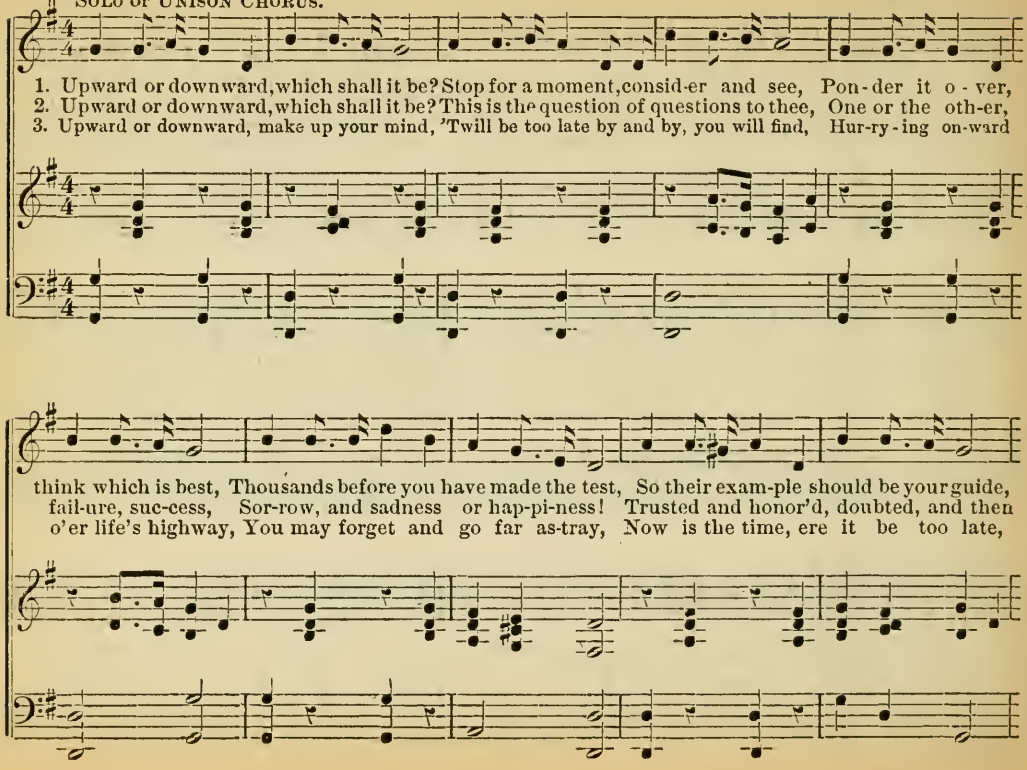
Lively.

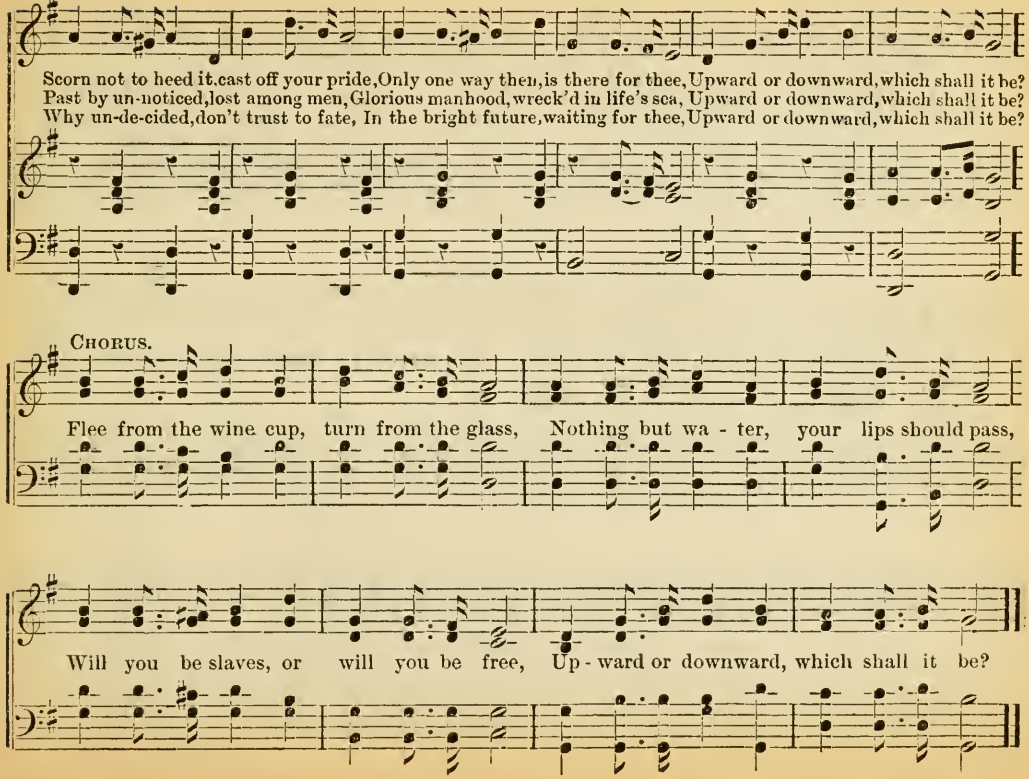


UPWARD OR DOWNWARD.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. W. O. PERKINS.

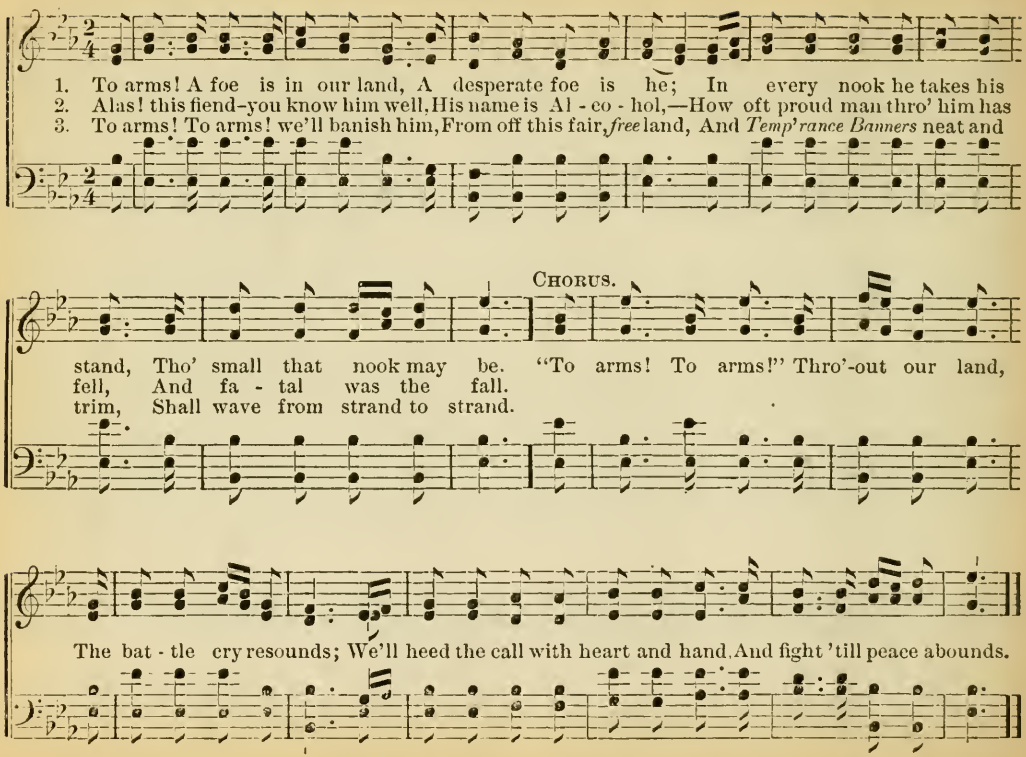
SOLO OR UNISON CHORUS.




Scorn not to heed it.cast off your pride,Only one way then,is there for thee,Upward or downward,which shall it be?
Past by un-noticed,lost among men,Glorious manhood,wreck'd in life's sea, Upward or downward,which shall it be?
Why un-de-cided,don't trust to fate, In the bright future,waiting for thee,Upward or downward,which shall it be?
Chorus.
Flee from the wine cup, turn from the glass, Nothing but wa - ter, your lips should pass,
Will you be slaves, or will you be free, Up - ward or downward, which shall it be?

TO ARMS.

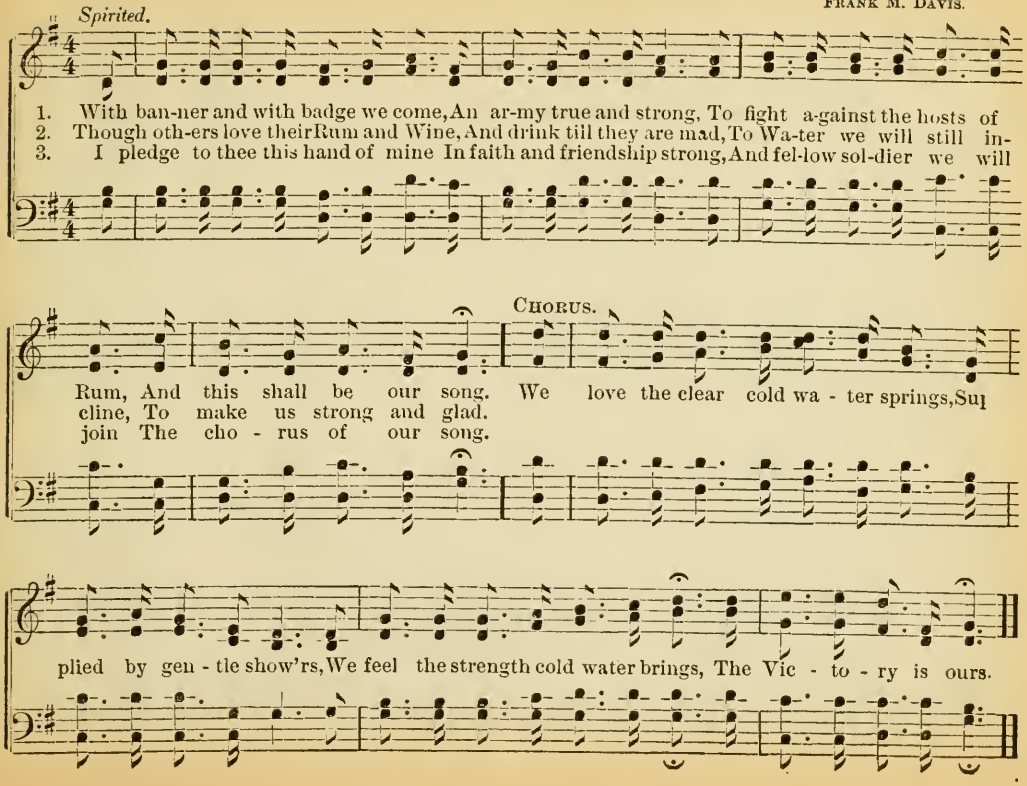
LIZZIE TOBIAS. CHILDREN'S TEMPERANCE SONG. A. BYRON CONDO.

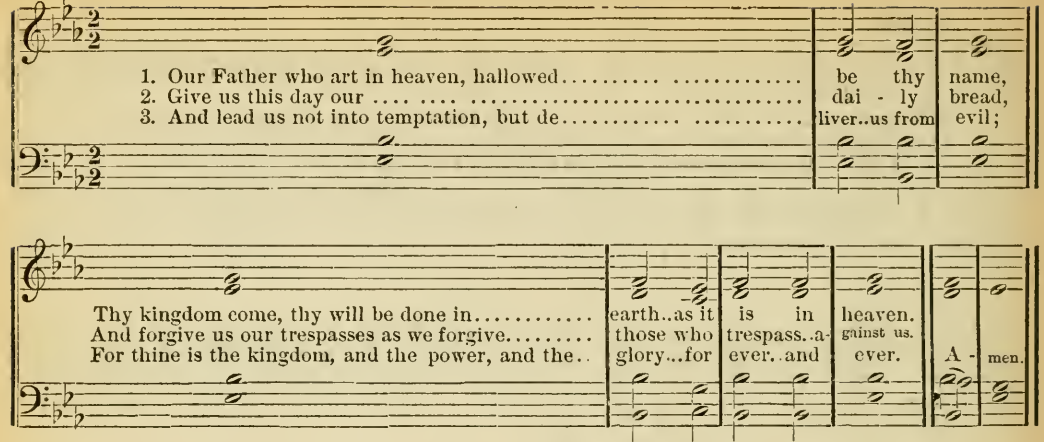


THE VICTORY IS OURS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

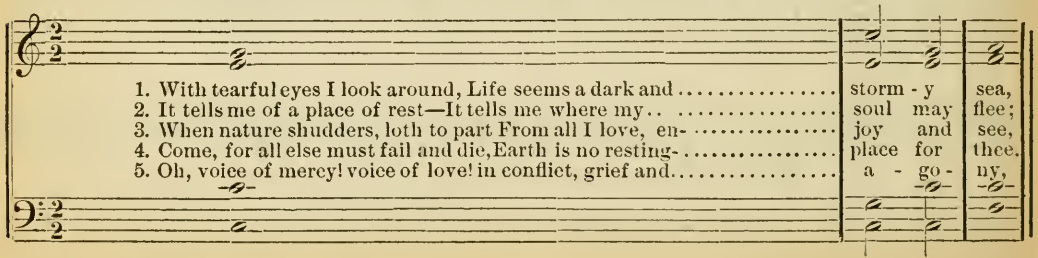
Spirited.

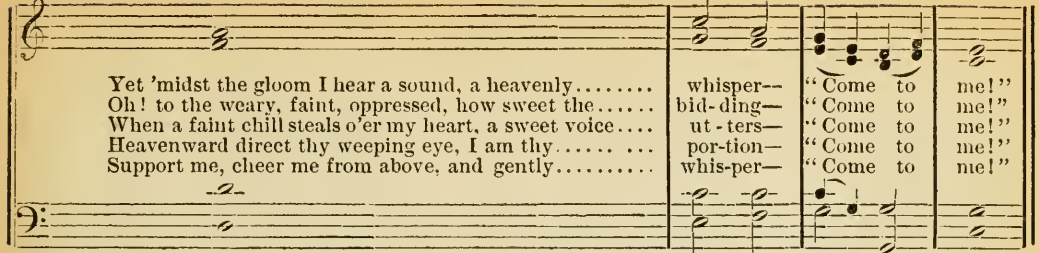




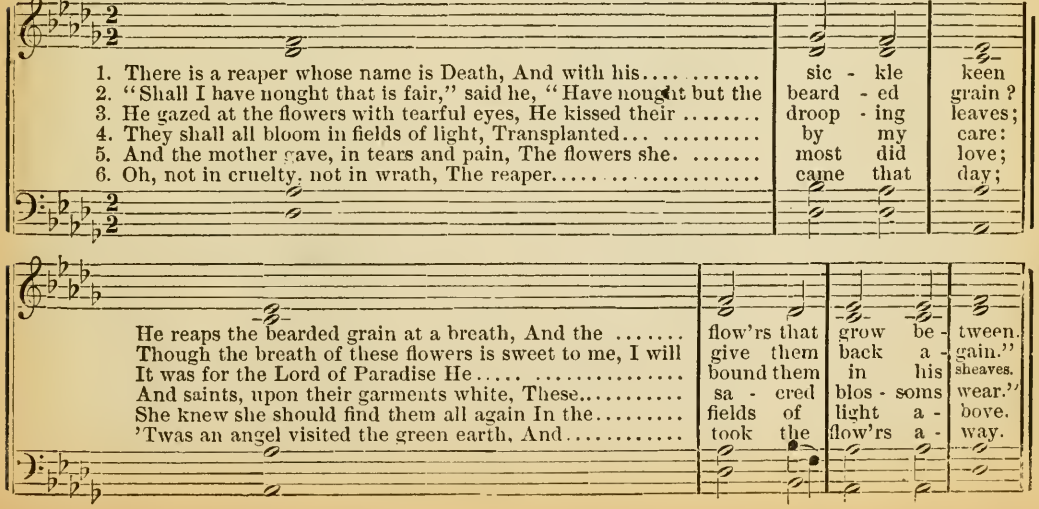
HYMN CHANT. COME TO ME.

W. O. P.





H. W. L. THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS. CHANT. W. O. P.



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