GRATEFUL PRAISE

BY

J. H. FILLMORE.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Z8
F485A.3
1884

FILLMORE BROTHERS,
185 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, O.



McFee-Co.Cin.O.

GRATEFUL PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF

New Songs for the Sunday-School.

BY J. H. FILLMORE.

CINCINNATI:
FILLMORE BROTHERS, Publishers,
185 Race St.

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1884
Grat

PREFACE

HOW desirable it is to have a collection of Sunday-school songs that charm and delight us, and songs in which both children and adults heartily join with a feeling of mutual interest! And further, how desirable, after the novelty may have worn off, to find that the songs are full of thought and meaning, and every way worthy of our minds and hearts as expressions of praise and worship: thus becoming to us more than we at first anticipated—even becoming to us helps to duty and to development of character!

Such a collection I have endeavored to make GRATEFUL PRAISE. For me to hint at a degree of success will not be taken as immodest when I call attention to the work of its contributors, for they appear on every page; and when they have not furnished the page wholly, they have furnished the inspiration of it. I take this occasion to thank them heartily, and I am sure all will be grateful who sing their songs.

If any special feature abounds in the collection, it is expressions of praise to God and Christ. I hope that all who sing from it, may thus sing in the spirit of "Grateful Praise."

J. H. FILLMORE.

CINCINNATI, O., March 10, 1884.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.

O, Praise the Lord!

BENJ. SKENE. *I will praise thee with my whole heart.*—Psalm 138: 1. J. H. F., by per.

Maestoso.

1. Praise the Lord! let all a - dore him, Sing a-loud with one ac - cord; Bring your off'rings,
2. Praise the Lord! who ev - 'ry bless-ing On our heads hath rich - ly poured; Sing a - loud, his
3. Praise the Lord! who would not praise him, He hath us to grace re-stored; To the high - est
4. Praise the Lord! your songs ex - cel - ling World-ly mu - sic's rich - est chord; Sing—your Savior's

come be - fore him, O, praise the Lord! O, praise the Lord!
love con - fess - ing, O, praise the Lord! O, praise the Lord!
hon - ors raise him, O, praise the Lord! O, praise the Lord!
glo - ry tell - ing: O, praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! O, praise the Lord!

Singing with the Heart.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.

1. When with happy fac - es Joy-ous - ly we stray, Seeking here our places On this ho - ly day;
2. If with voic-es on - ly We the Sav-ior praise, He will not ac-cept us, Nor the songs we raise!
3. Je - sus hath restored us To the Father's love! Jesus hath prepared us Mansions bright above!

And when songs of beauty From our lips shall start, Be our singing ev - er Singing with the heart!
Ear-nest love for Je - sus, It must bear a part; Ay, our singing must be Singing with the heart!
Je - sus, of our worship Thou de-serv-ing art! Be our singing ev - er Singing with the heart!

CHORUS.

Singing with the heart, Singing with the heart, Be our sing-ing ev - er Singing with the heart.

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The Old Pathway.

H. R. TRICKETT. *Ask for the old paths, where is the good way?*—Jer. 6 : 16. J. H. F.

March movement.

1. There is a way, a bless - ed way, That ho - ly feet have trod. 'Tis straight and plain, none
2. There is a way, a dang'rous way, That leads to end - less woe; 'Tis wide and broad, and
3. There is a peace, a bless - ed peace, Which Christ the Lord hath giv'n, And hearts are light and
4. There is a crown, a glorious crown, That old - path pil-grims gain, When life is done, the

CHORUS.
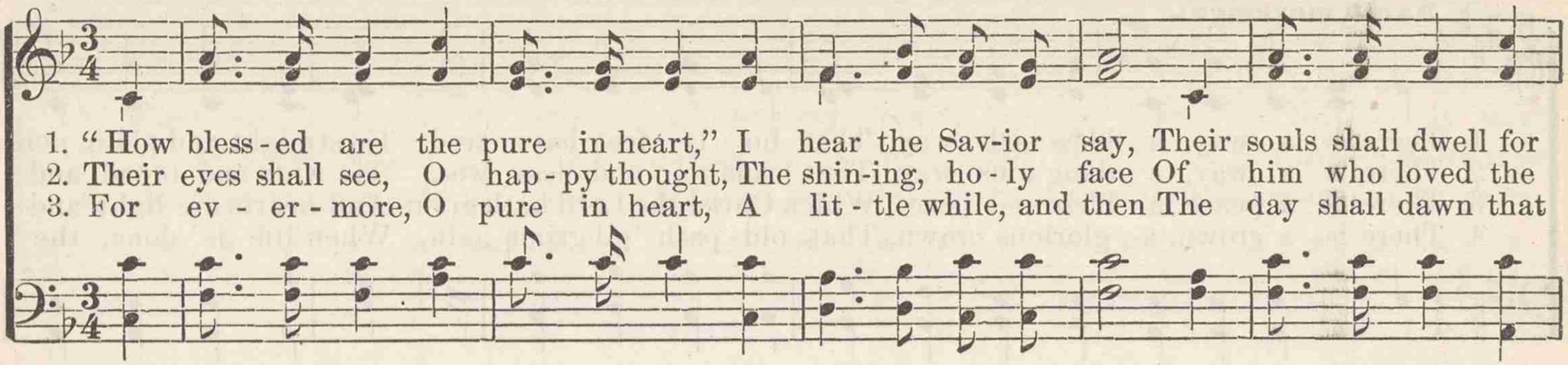
walk in vain, The old path-way to God.
leads from God, O do not that way go! Let us walk in the path, in the old, old path, In the
all is bright When on the road to heav'n.
vic - t'ry won, And they with Christ shall reign.

path the Sav - ior trod, For the old pathway is the on - ly way To bring us home to God.
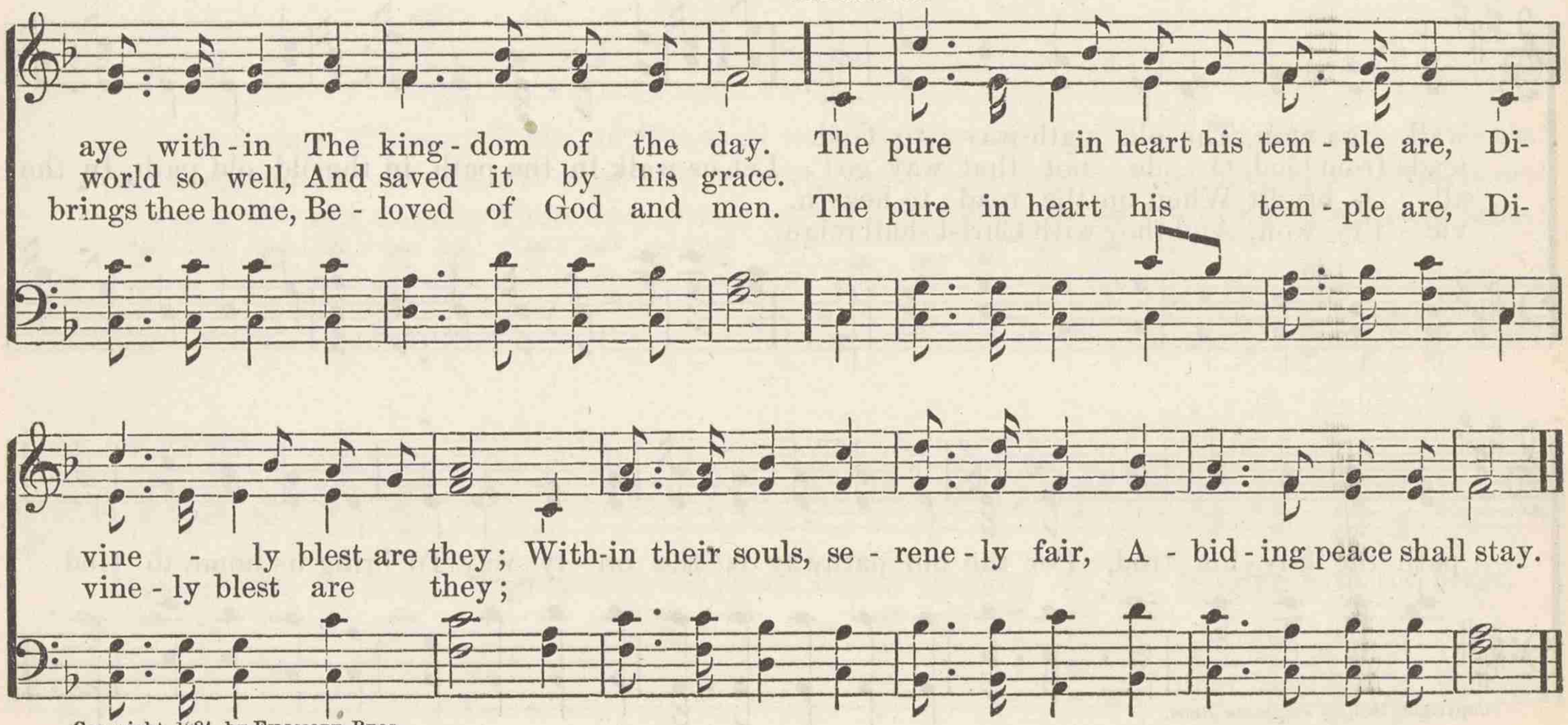
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The Pure in Heart.

MRS. A. L. D. *Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*—Matt. 5: 8. J. H. F.



CHORUS.



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The Light of the World.

D. R. LUCAS. *Let your light so shine before men.*—Matt. 5: 16. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. The light of the world you must be, T' en - light-en and res - cue man-kind, That they your exam-ple may
2. The light of the world, may your life Trans-par-ent with ex - cel-lence shine, A reproach to corruption and
3. The light of the world, every day Let your light on your fellow-men shine, That beholding your uprightness
4. The light of the world, as se - rene You march on your pil-grim-age here, May the light of your goodness be

CHORUS.

see, Of wis-dom and vir-tue com - bined.
strife, As you fol-low the Savior di - vine. The light of the world, . . . The
they, By your works to the good may in - cline.
seen, That men may your Fa-ther re - vere. The light of the world you must be, (you must be,) The

light of the world! The light of the world you must be, That all your example may see.
light of the world you must be;

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Within His Gates.

Violence shall no more be heard in thy land; . . . but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise.—Isaiah 60 : 18.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. T. FRANK ALLEN.

Duet. With spirit.

1. Within his gates what blessings wait! No crime is there, no bitter hate, No frowning brows, no cruel
2. For there is peace, and love and rest, And life beyond all measure blest; The souls for whom the Savior
3. No shadows cross the blessed light That falls so sweetly on their sight; They bid farewell to pain and

CHORUS.

hands, Where Christ, the Lord of glo - ry, stands.
died Be - hold at last the Cru - ci - fied.
fears Through all the glad im-mor-tal years.

Within his gates, with-in his gates, What joy the

happ - py soul e-lates! What rest the wea - ry one a - waits Who stands at last within his gates!

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Come in, My Child.

Written for this work. *Therefore thy gates shall be open continually.*—Isaiah 60 : 11. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Come in, my child, come in, Why stand without the gate? I glad will ope for thee, Be-
2. The way that seems so fair In childhood's happy years, May darken by and by With
3. Have faith, my child, in me, Be-lieve I will not fail; Thy ref-uge shall be sure When

CHORUS.

hold for thee I wait! Come in, . . . come in, . . . En- ter the beau-ti - ful gate! Come in, come in, my child, come in, Watch-ing for thee, I wait.
ma - ny griefs and fears.
storms thy soul as - sail. Come in, come in,

Rit.

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Are You Doers of the Word?

H. R. TRICKETT. *Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only.*—James 1: 22. J. H. F.
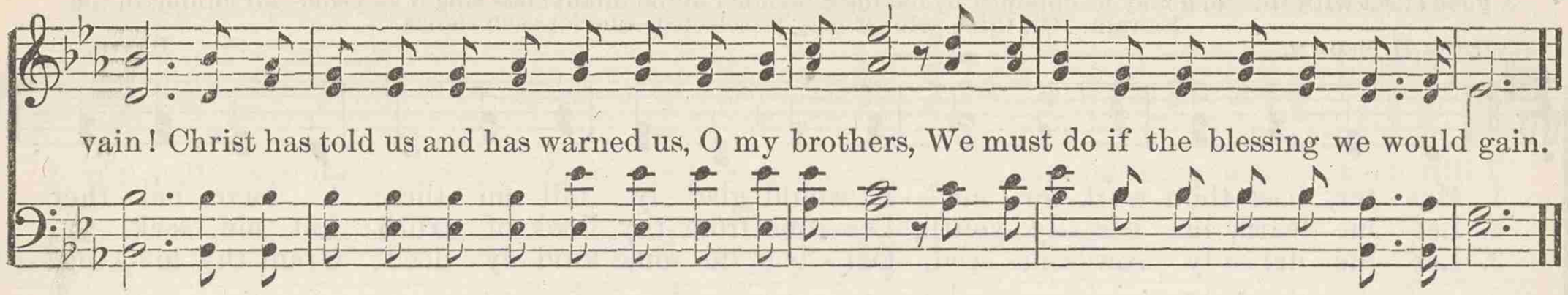
1. Are you do-ers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you keep-ers of the say-ings of the
2. Are you do-ers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you walking in the footsteps of the
3. Are you do-ers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you keep-ing the commandments of the
4. Are you do-ers of the Word, O my brothers? Are you look-ing for the com-ing of the

Lord? All in vain are your pro-fes-sions, O my brothers, If you be not do-ers of the Word.
Lord? You are building on the quicksand, O my brothers, If you be not do-ers of the Word.
Lord? Do not tell me of your feelings, O my brothers, If you be not do-ers of the Word.
Lord? All in vain your ex-pec-ta-tions, O my brothers, If you be not do-ers of the Word.

CHORUS.

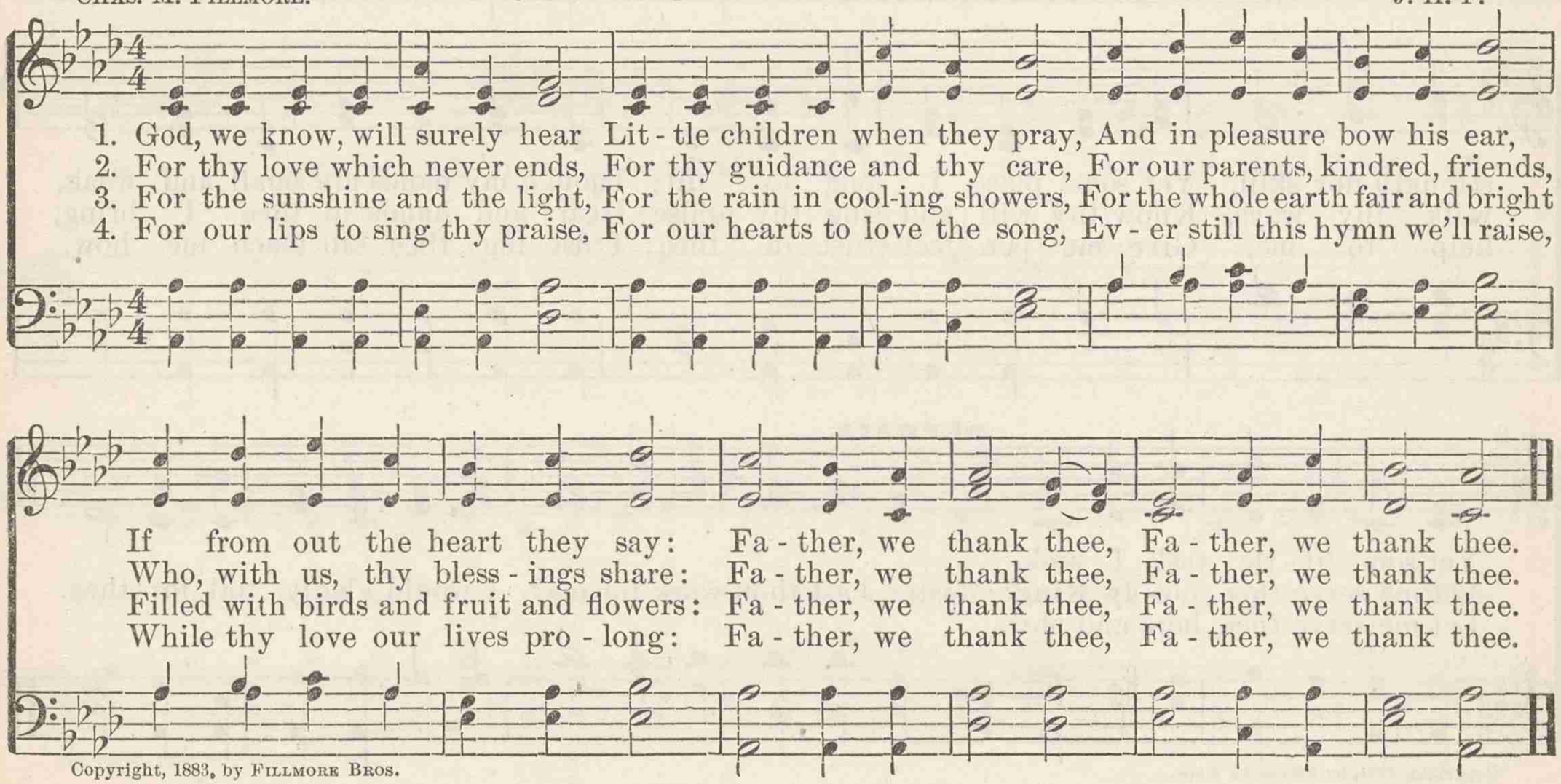
Are you doers (of the Word?) Are you doers (of the Word?) For our hearing without do-ing is in

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Father, We Thank Thee.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE. J. H. F.



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Master, Hast Thou Work for Me?

A good effect with this song may be obtained by having a member of the infant class sing it as a solo—all joining in the Refrain. Or, three soloists may be selected—one for each stanza.

JESSIE H. BROWN. DAVID.

1. Mas - ter, hast thou work for me? I would glad - ly toil for thee; I have nei - ther
2. Let me learn, in ear - ly youth, Les - sons from thy Book of truth; Let me seek to
3. Let me dai - ly sow some seed, Dai - ly do some kind - ly deed; Grant thy lov - ing

strength nor skill, Yet some place I long to fill; Though my hands are small and weak,
walk thy ways, Know thy will and sing thy praise; Heart and hands to thee I bring,
help to me, Give me per - fect trust in thee; Trust - ing thee to teach me how,

REFRAIN.

Yet some lit - tle task I seek.
Let me serve thee, ho - ly King! Master, hast thou work for me? I would gladly toil for thee.
Let me serve thee, here and now.

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[Suitable at the opening of school.] Psalms 55: 16, 17. PALMER HARTSOUGH.

I will call upon God; and the Lord shall save me. Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray, Evening, and morn-ing, and at noon will I pray. And he shall hear my voice, and he shall hear my voice, Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray. A - men.

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We've Enlisted for the War.

H. R. T. *That thou mightest war a good warfare.*—1 Tim. 1 : 18. J. H. F.

1. *We are vol - un-teers for Je - sus, We've en - list - ed for the war, We are fight-ing for a*
2. We have weapons that are mighty, We've an ar - mor that is strong, We are sure that we shall
3. Will you vol - un-teer for Je - sus? There's a golden crown for you; We are wait-ing for your

[Make the Base prominent.]

CHORUS.

kingdom That shall last for ev - er - more.

conquer, Tho' the fight be fierce and long. We've enlist - ed for the war, And our banner floats on
an-swer, O de - cide what you will do.

high; With our swords in hand We will brave-ly stand, And we'll fight un - til we die. We are

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MRS. A. L. D. J. H. F.

1. High o'er the hills of du - ty, Be - fore our wea - ry eyes, O fair, e - ter - nal
2. So fair art thou, O Zi - on, So beau - ti - ful, so blest! So glo-rious are thy
3. To - day we toil in sad - ness, To - day we bur-dens bear; To - mor-row—ah, to-

CHORUS.

cit - y, Thy walls of glo - ry rise!
port - als Thro' which we pass to rest. "Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en," Thou
mor - row! My soul, we shall be there.

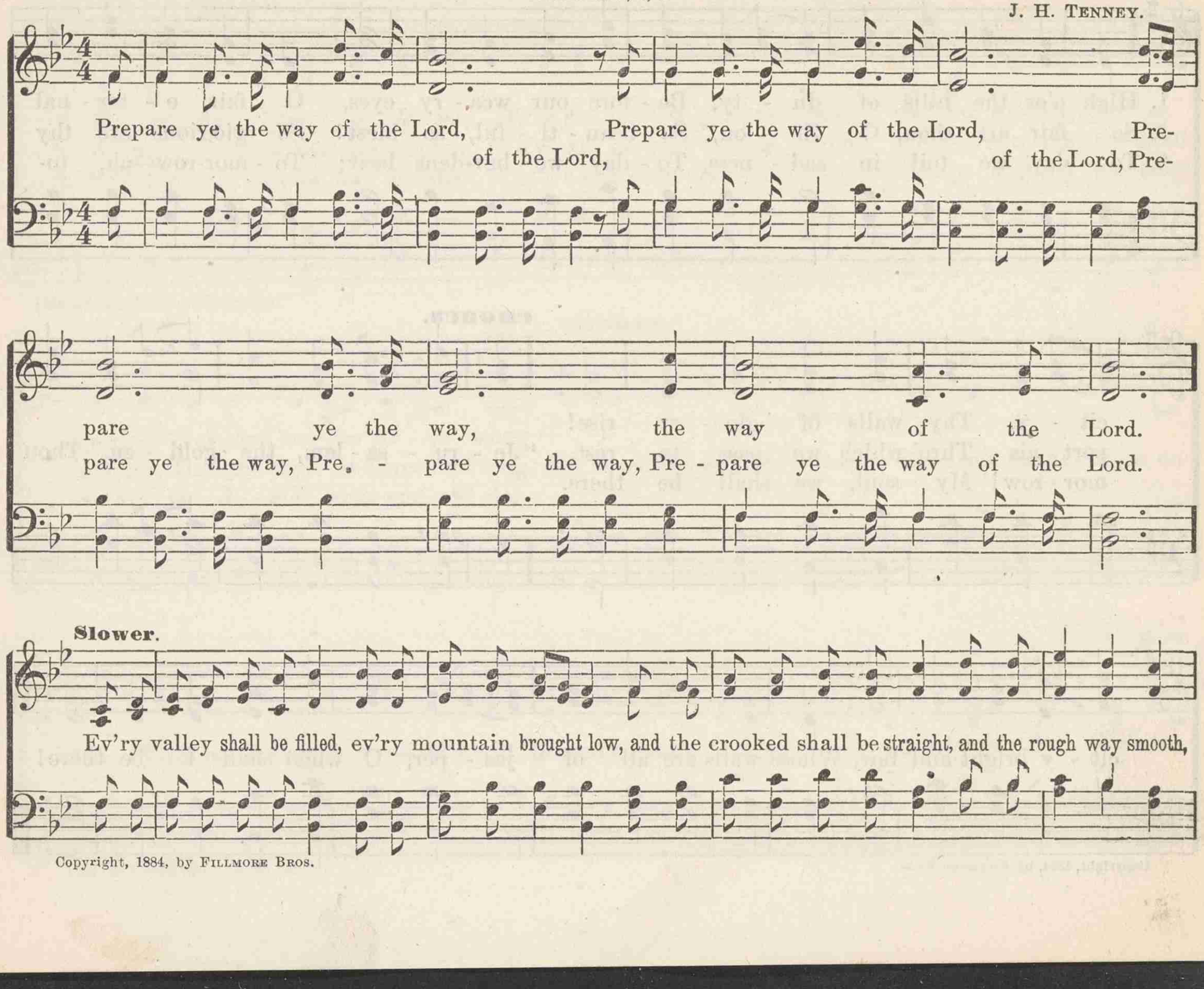
cit - y bright and fair, Whose walls are all of jas - per, O when shall I be there!

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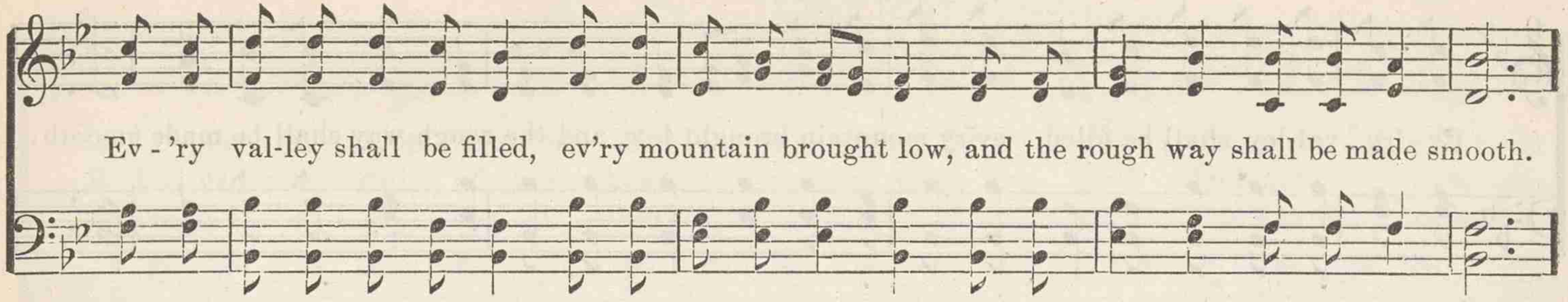
Prepare Ye the Way. Anthem.

Luke 3 : 4, 5, 6.
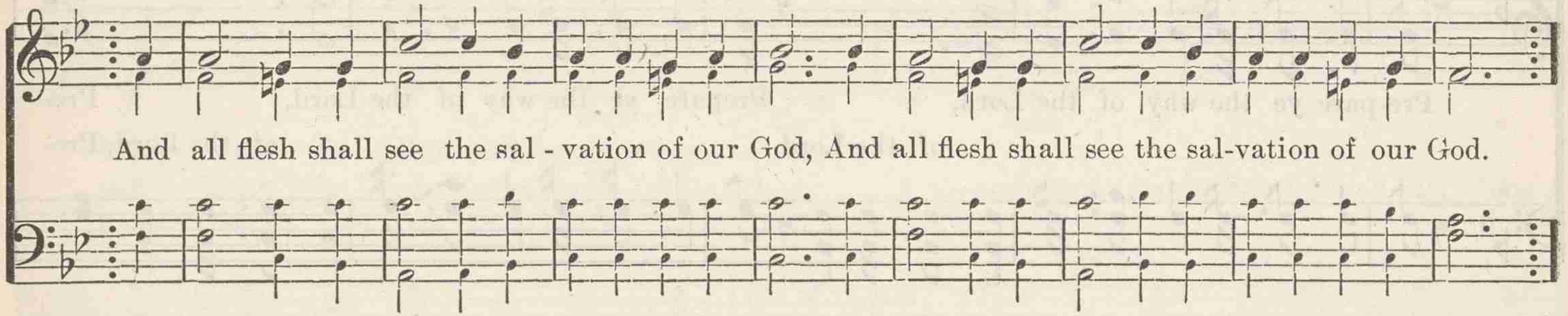
J. H. TENNEY.

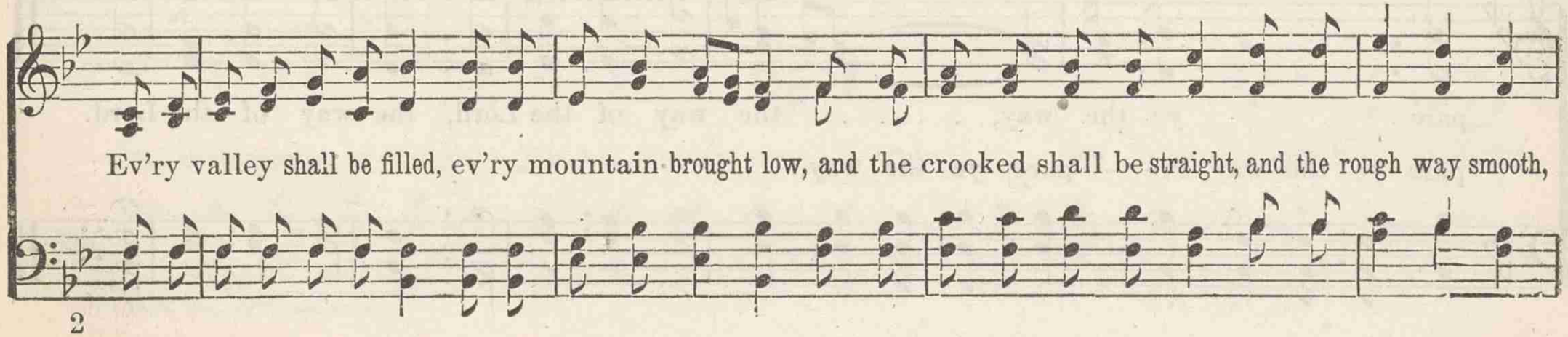


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First time as Tenor or Soprano Solo, second time Chorus.





Prepare Ye the Way. Concluded.

Ev - 'ry val-ley shall be filled, ev'ry mountain brought low, and the rough way shall be made smooth:

Pre-pare ye the way of the Lord, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, Pre-

of the Lord, of the Lord, Pre-

Slower.

pare ye the way, ... the way of the Lord, the way of the Lord.

pare ye the way, Pre - pare ye the way,

I can not Keep from Singing.

JESSIE H. BROWN. *Is any merry, let him sing psalms.*—James 5: 13. J. H. RHEEM.

1. I can not keep from sing - ing; I come with notes of praise; My grate - ful trib - ute
2. The earth is full of glad - ness; The ver - y birds are gay, And not a note of
3. There is a joy in du - ty; Each serv-ice has re - ward; The world is bright with

bring - ing To Him who guides my ways.
sad - ness Is min - gled with their lay.
beau - ty, And I must praise my Lord.

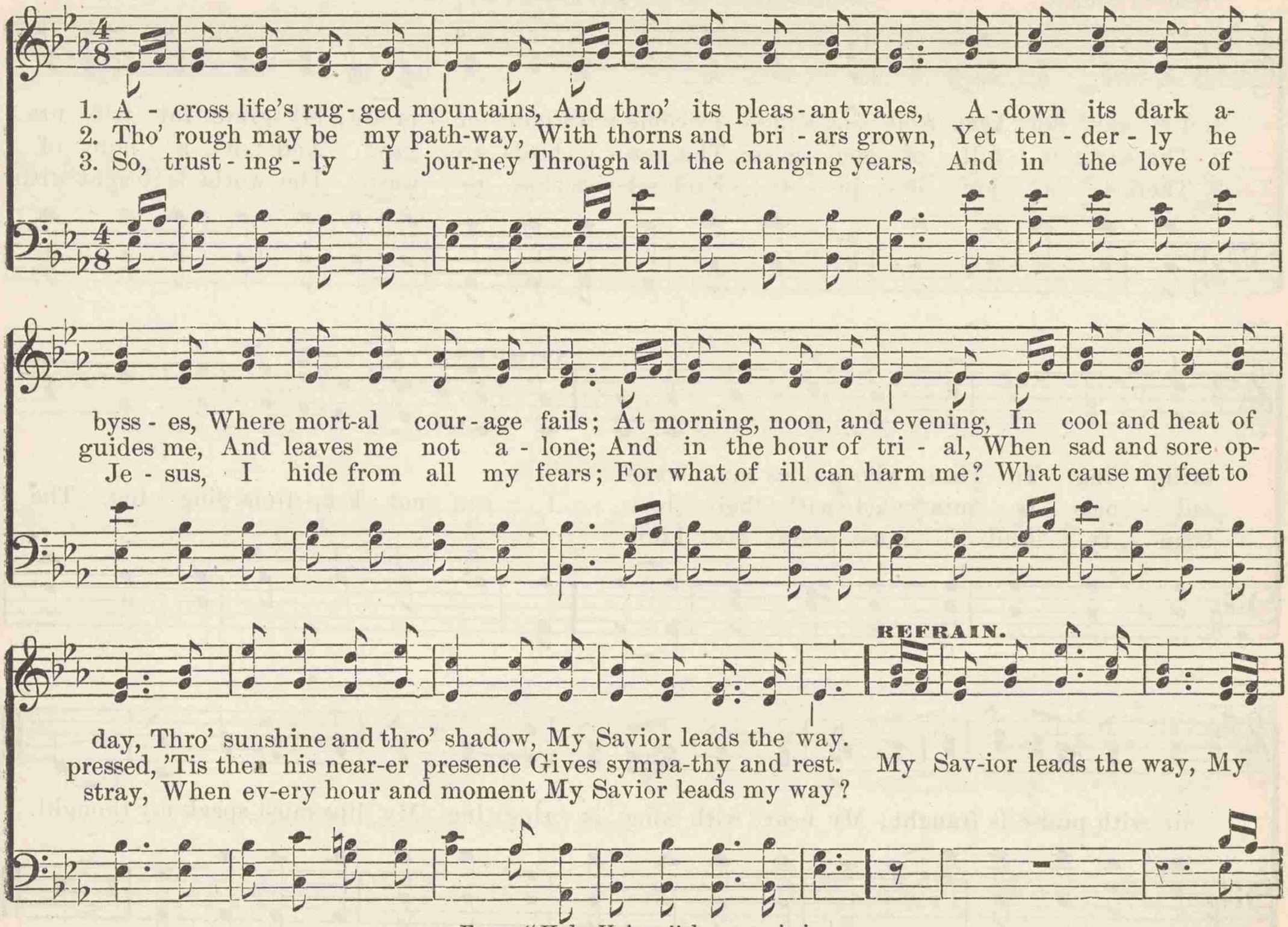
CHORUS.

I can not keep from sing - ing, The air with praise is fraught; My heart with song is ring - ing, My lips must speak my thought.
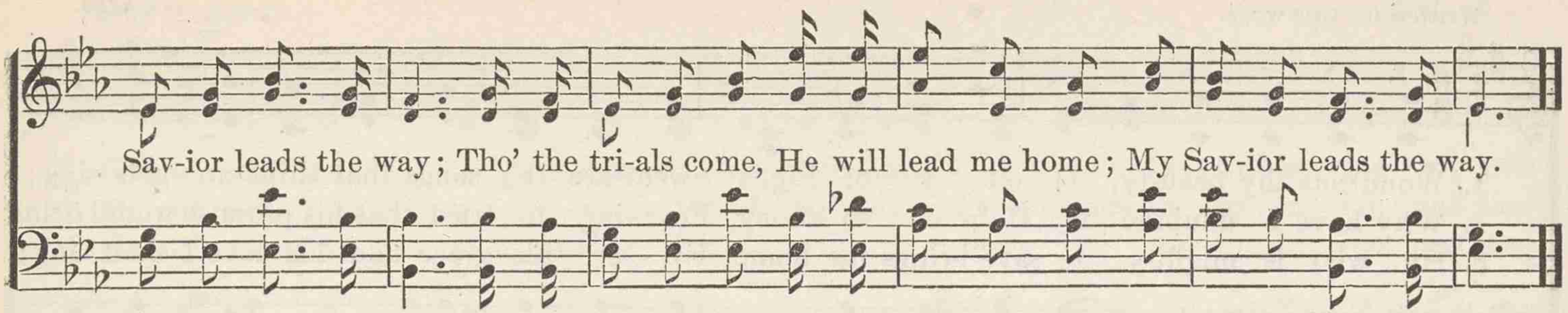
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My Savior Leads the Way.

M. E. SERVOSS. *He leadeth me.*—Psa. 23 : 3. E. S. LORENZ.

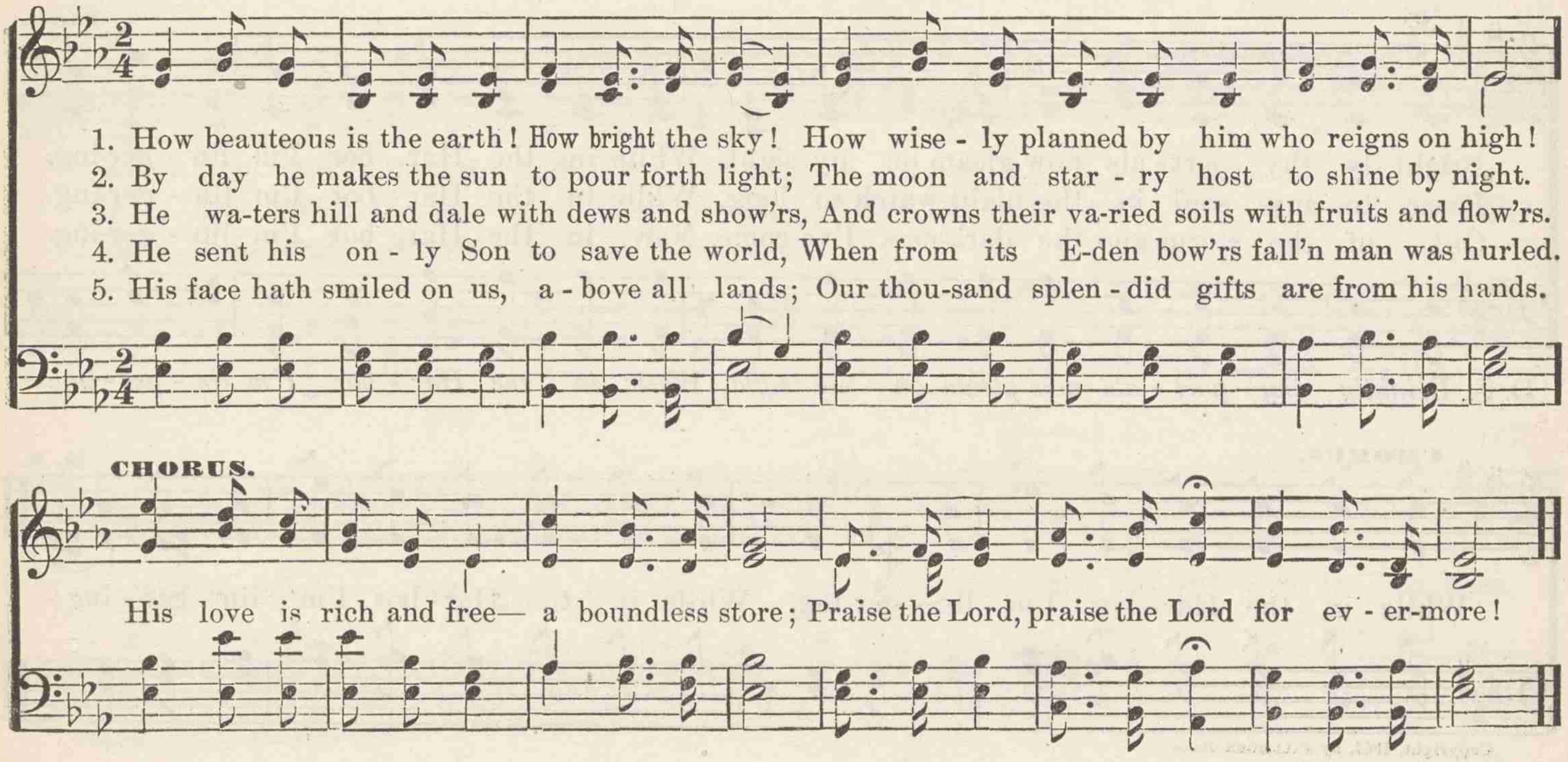


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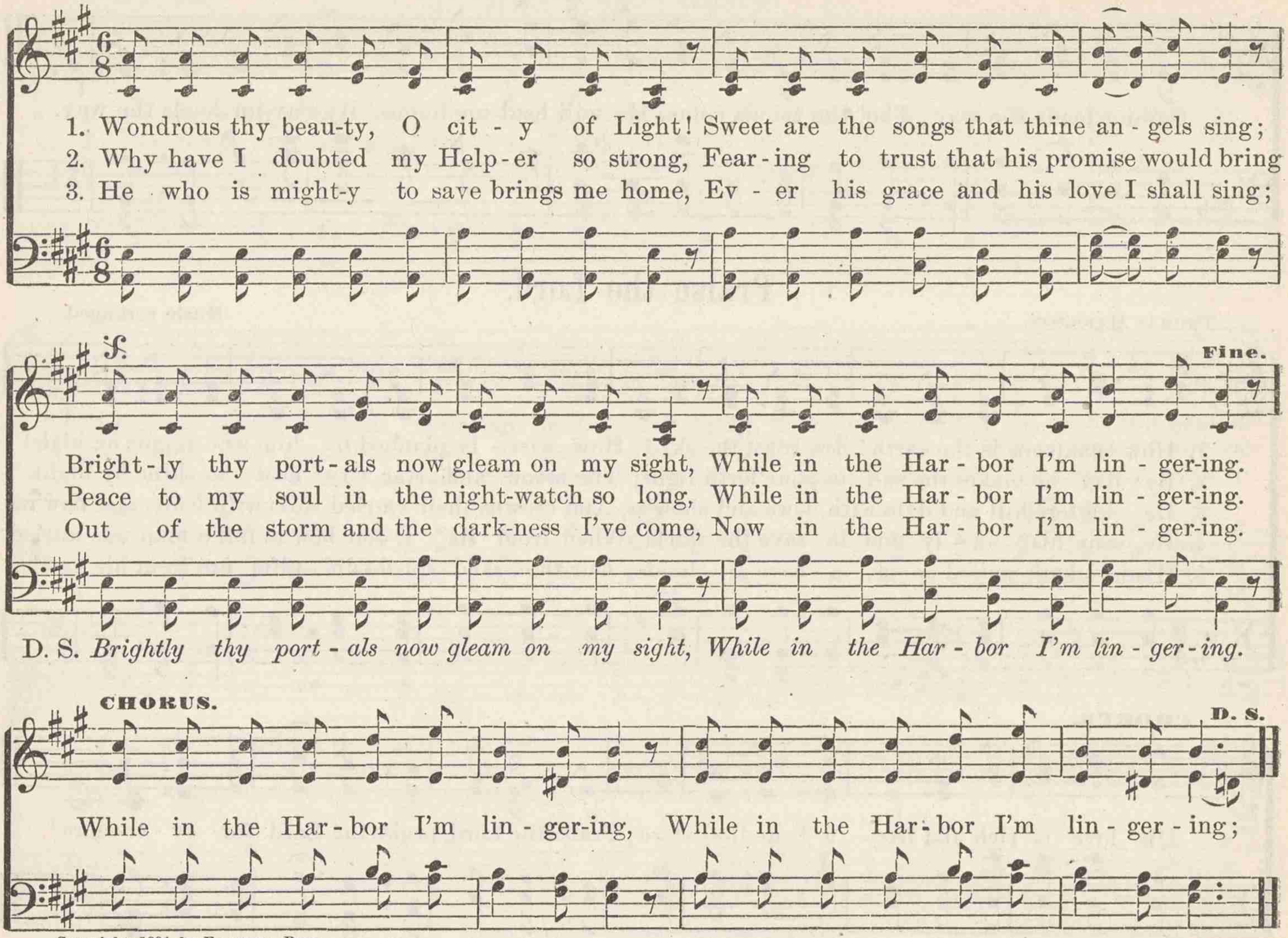
Praise the Lord.

THOMAS HARRISON. Music arranged.



In the Harbor.

Written for this work. DAVID.



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JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. Out of sad-ness in - to glad-ness, Sav-ior, thou hast bid-den me; In - to bless-ing, all pos-
2. Out of ter - ror, out of er - ror, Out of all that darkness brings, In - to un - ion and com-
3. Out of seem-ing, out of dream-ing, Out of earth's un-cer-tain - ty, In - to sure-ness and se-

REFRAIN.

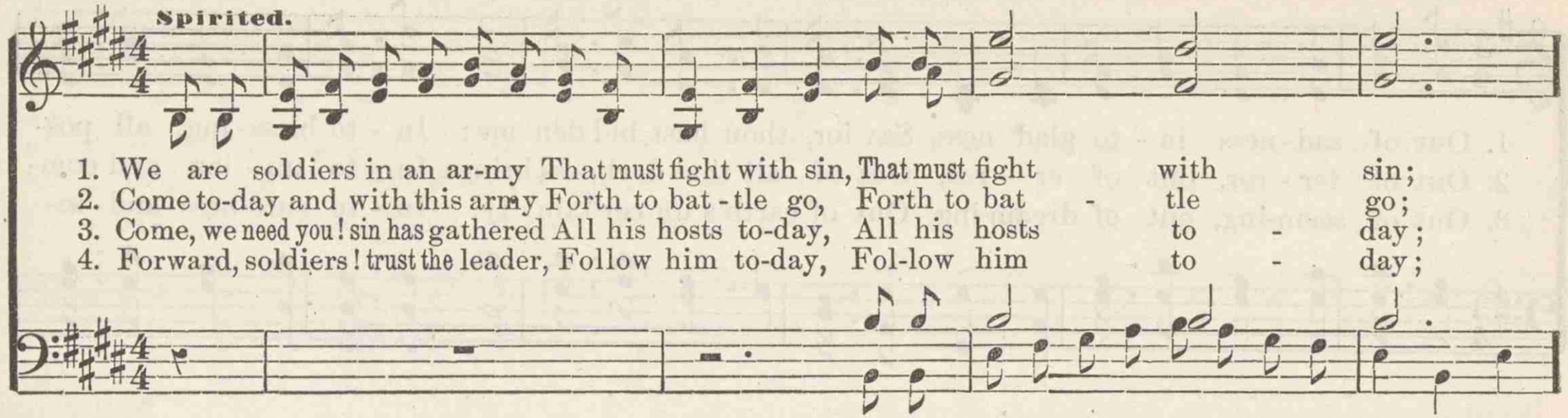
sess - ing, Out of self and in - to thee.
mun - ion With the ho - ly King of kings. Out of self and in - to thee! Lord, thy
cure - ness—Out of self and in - to thee.

wondrous love I see; Let me dai - ly far - ther flee, Out of self and in - to thee.

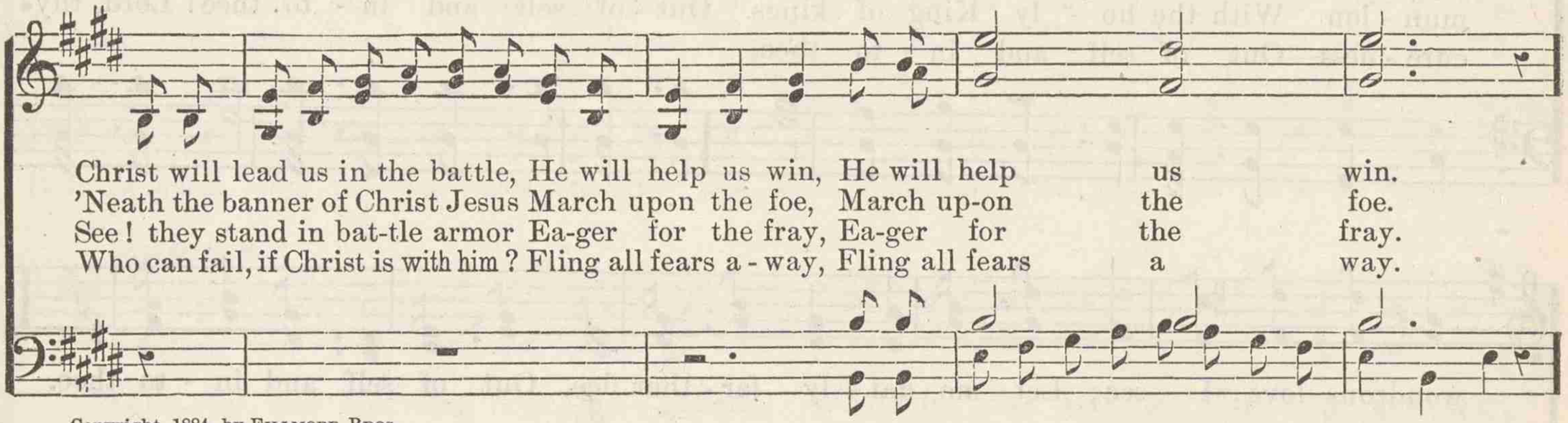
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We are Soldiers.

E. E. REXFORD. *Abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul.*—1 Peter 2: 11. DR. J. B. HERBERT.



We are soldiers in an ar-my That must fight with sin;
Come to-day and with this army Forth to bat-tle go;
Come, we need you! sin has gathered All his hosts to-day;
Forward, soldiers! trust the leader, Follow him to-day;



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Christ will lead us in the battle He will help us win.
'Neath the banner of Christ Jesus March upon the foe.
See! they stand in battle armor Ea-ger for the fray.
Who can fail, if Christ is with him? Fling all fears away.

CHORUS.

Join the ar - my, and shout the battle cry! Christ is lead-er, There'll be vict'ry by and by! O!

Join the ar - my, and shout the bat - tle cry! Christ is lead-er, There'll be vict'ry by and by!
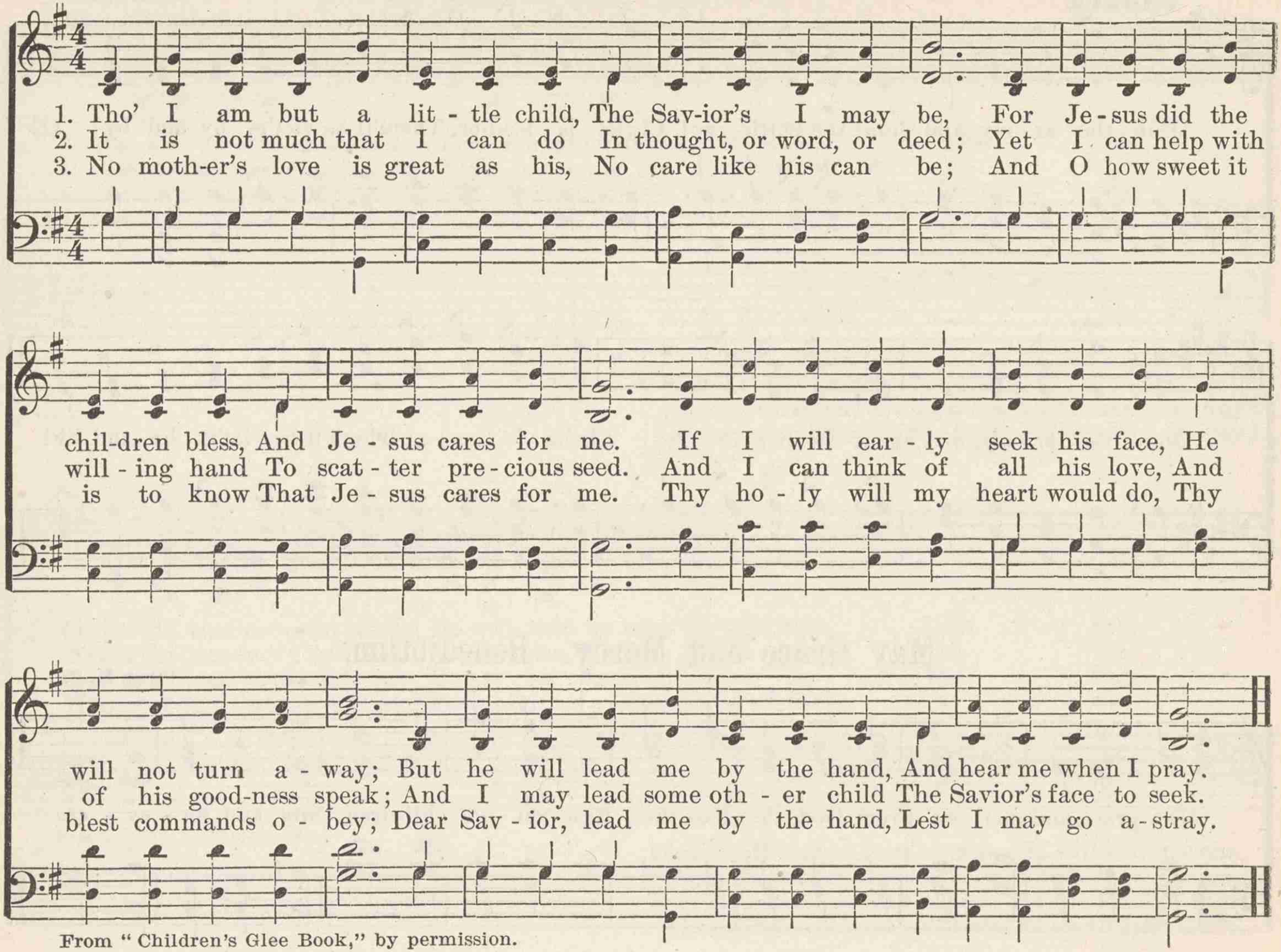
May Grace and Mercy. Benediction.

CHAS. M. F.

May grace and mer - cy From God, the Fa - ther, Rest on his chil-dren, Now and for - ev - er.

Jesus Cares for Me.

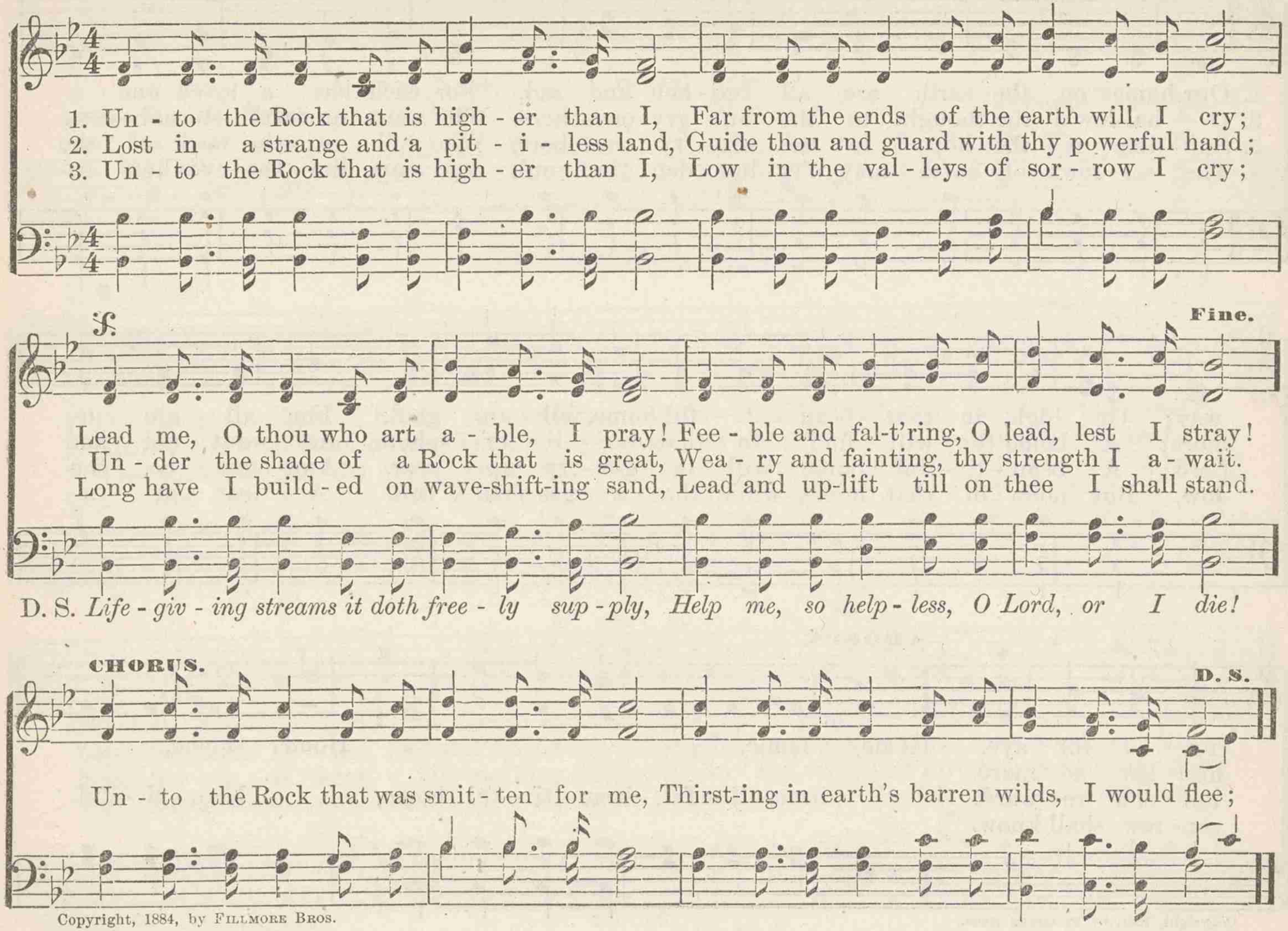
E. R. LATTA.



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The Rock that is Higher.

GRACE GLENN. *Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.*—Psa. 61 : 2. J. H. F.



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Beautiful Home on High.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. F.
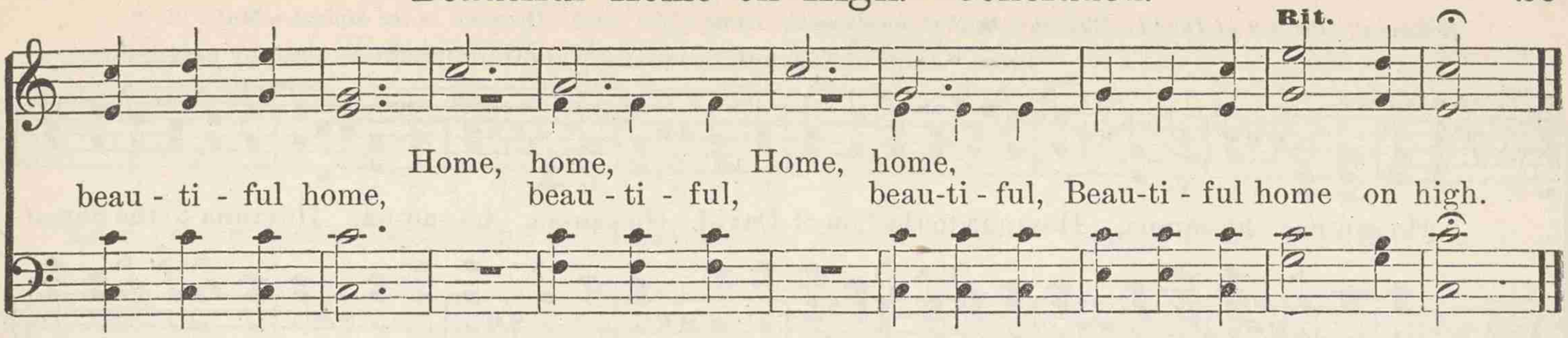
Solo.

1. Our homes on the earth are all bro-ken and sad, For each has a loved one a-way; On high, in that beau-ti-ful home, all are glad, For all are u-
2. O hal-low'd the thought to the hun-gry ones here, Who want on earth's storm-beat-en shore; A home they will find in that ho-li-er sphere, And want not and
3. Sub-lime is the hope to the wea-ry ones here, Who toil in the work of the Lord; A beau-ti-ful home will in glo-ry ap-pear, And rest be the
4. The sor-rows of earth may o'er-bur-den the soul, And tears dim the eyes here be-low, But none in that home, while the a-ges shall roll, A tear or a

CHORUS.

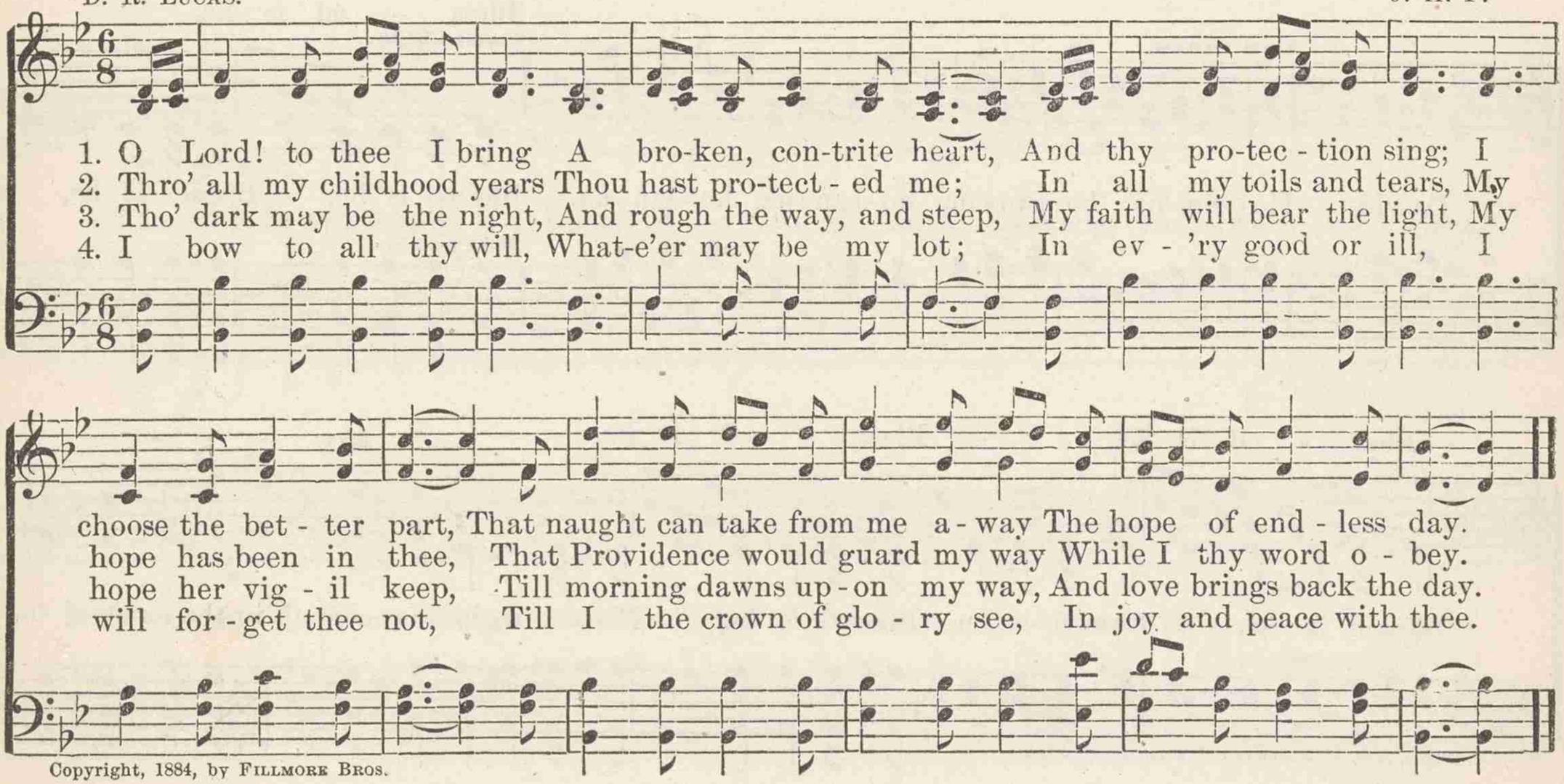
nit-ed for aye. Home, home, Home, home,
hun-ger no more.
toil-er's re-ward. beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful
sor-row shall know.

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The Savior's Care.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. F.



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Hosanna to the Son of David.

Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.—Matt. 21: 9.

From "Jesus of Nazareth in Prophecy and Fulfillment." Used by permission.

Animato.

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Hosanna to the Son of David. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Hosanna to the Son of

Bless - ed is he,

Con moto. **Cantabile.**

Da-vid. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na. Blessed is he, Blessed is he,

Marcato.

Bless - ed is he, Bless - ed is he,

Rit.

Blessed is he, Blessed is he, Blessed is he, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the

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Bless - ed is he, Bless - ed is he, Bless - ed is

Lord, (yea, blessed,) Blessed is he, Blessed is he, Blessed is he, Blessed is he, Blessed is he,

he **Rit.** - - -

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Ho-sanna, ho-sanna, Ho-sanna in the highest,

ff **Rit.**

Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho-san-na in the highest. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, Ho - san - - - na.

Thine the Praise.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. Thou who rul - est earth and heav-en, Prais - es un - to thee be - long; For the blessings thou hast giv - en, Take the trib - ute of our song.
2. For the love that crowns our liv - ing, For the hope that scat - ters fear, Let the notes of our thanksgiv - ing Reach thy ev - er - list'ning ear.
3. For the faith-ful friends who love us, For that Friend for - ev - er true, For the bliss - ful home a - bove us, We would praise thy name a - new.

CHORUS.

Fa - ther, in thy mer - cy ten - der,
Thou hast kept us all our days; Thanks to thee we gladly render, Thine the glory, thine the praise.

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If I Were a Twinkling Star.

GRACE GLENN. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. If I were a beau-ti-ful twinkling star, I would shine on the dark-est night, I would
2. There might be a wan-der-ing trav-el-er, A - far on the wilds a - lone, Who would
3. O Lord, I would shine in a child's best way, With the gleaming of life and light, And if

CHORUS.

seek where the drear-i-est path-ways are, And would light them with all my might.
lift up his eyes to the broken clouds, And would trust me to lead him home. Tho' sun or moon I
some one should fol-low my hum-ble walk, Do thou help me to lead them right.

could not be, To make the whole world bright, I'd find some little cheerless spot, And shine with all my might.

From "Voice of Joy," by permission.

Do You See the Beacon Gleaming?

JESSIE H. BROWN. T. FRANK ALLEN.
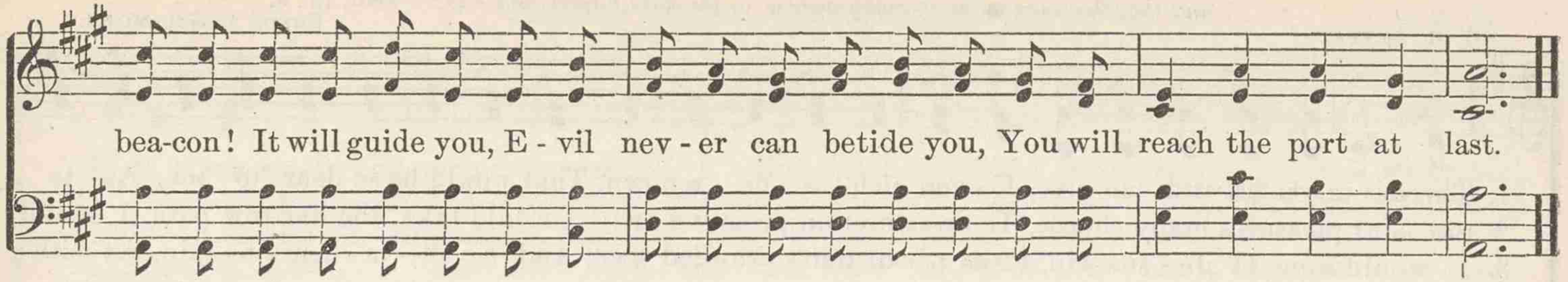
1. Do you see the bea - con gleam-ing Far a - gainst the mid-night skies? Clear and
2. Tho' the night is dark and cheer-less, Tho' the winds are cold and damp, You can
3. When the lamp, thro' dark-ness tend - ed, Fades in morn-ing's ear - ly light, You will

CHORUS.

calm its light is beam-ing, Showing where the haven lies. Watch the bea - con! It will
still be brave and fear-less, Trusting in the light-house lamp.
find your journey end - ed, And the port of Heav'n in sight. Watch the beacon! It will

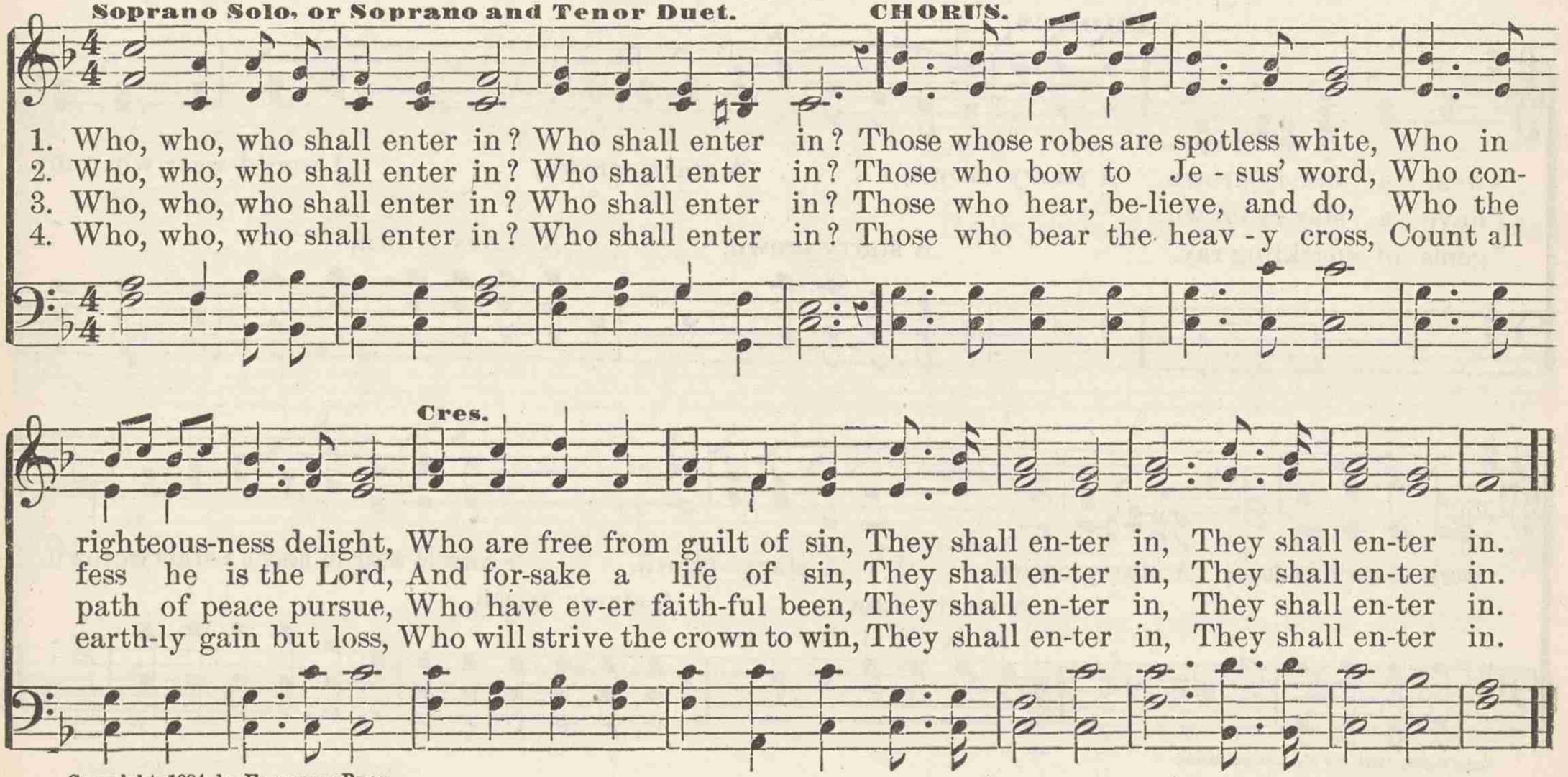
guide you, (It will guide you,) Till the rocks are safe - ly past, (safe-ly past;) Watch the

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Who Shall Enter In?

D. R. LUCAS. *Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*—Matt. 25: 22. J. H. F.



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A Starry Crown.

"... *and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.*"—Dan. 12 : 3.

E. R. LATTA. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. There is naught that earth can give, E - ven rich - es or renown, That would be so dear to me, As to wear a star-ry crown. A starry crown, . . . A starry crown, I would wear when my
2. Sin - ful pleasures many choose, To de-struc-tion press-ing on; I would take the nar-row path, I would have a star-ry crown.
3. I would some to Je - sus win, From per-di-tion's crowded way; And a di - a - dem ob - tain, Set with gems of sparkling ray. A starry crown, A starry crown,

CHORUS.

work on earth is done; A starry crown, . . . A starry crown, I would wear in heav'n a starry crown.
A starry crown, A starry crown,

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He is With Me.

H. R. TRICKETT. *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*—Heb. 13 : 5. J. H. F.

1. Je - sus speaks and says to me, I thy Lord and help will be; I am with thee,
2. When the floods and tor - rents roar, When the sun I see no more, Dark-est night shall
3. When my breath comes thick and fast, When I near the shore at last, He will say, as
4. Bless-ed Lord, I ask but this, Let me find in thee my bliss; Then, what-ev - er

nev - er fear, When the en - e - my is near.
be as day Christ shall guide me on my way.
death draws near, I am with thee, nev - er fear.
may be - tide, Hav - ing thee, I'm sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

He is with me, He is with me, He my shield and strength will be; He is with me, He is with me. Help me, Lord, to trust in thee.

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This Book I Love.

PETER VOGEL. *From a child thou hast known the Scriptures.*—2 Tim. 3: 15. DAVID.

Soprano.

1. This book I love— . . . From God it came; . . . Grace from a - bove . . . .
2. To me how dear . . . . The cheering thought, . . . That lost ones here . . . .
3. God grant me, then, ... My heart doth yearn, . . . A heavenly ken . . . .

Alto.

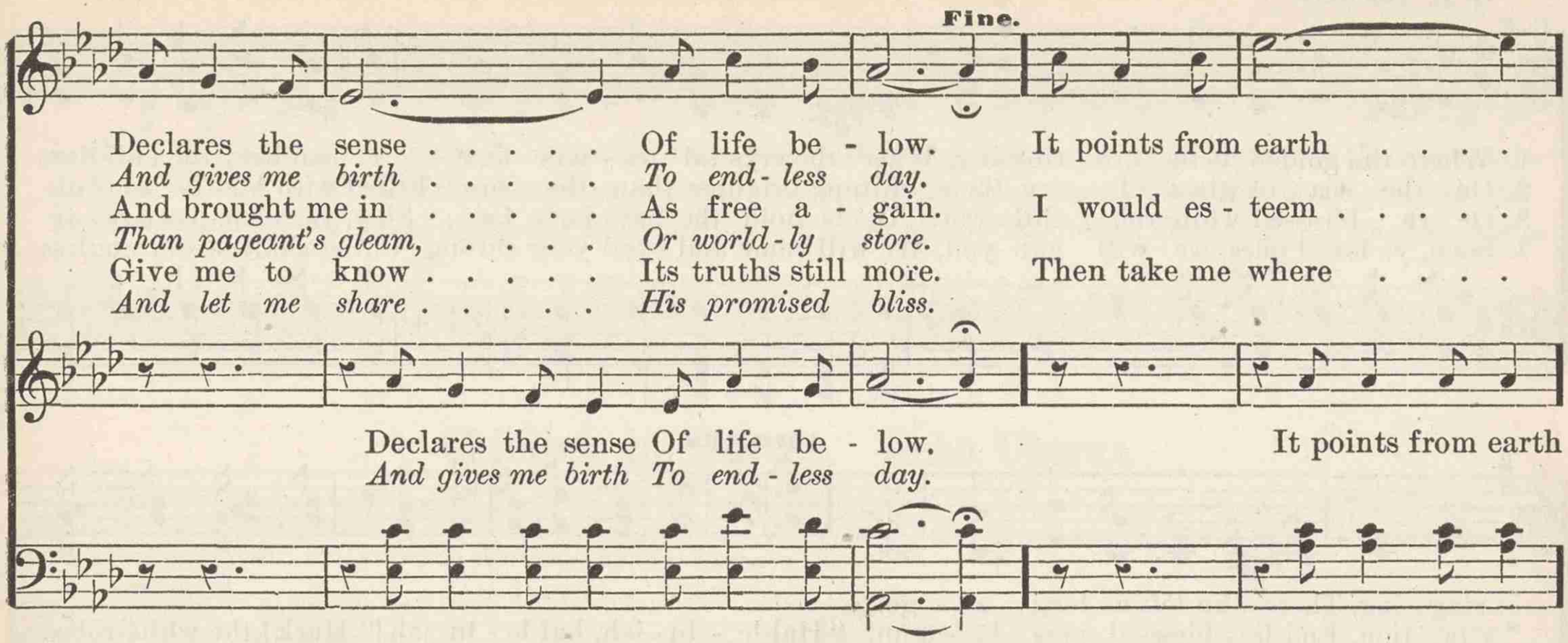
1. This book I love— From God it came; Grace from a-bove

f

In Je - sus' name. . . . It tells me whence, . . . And where I go; . . . .
D. S. *It points from earth, ... To God a - way, ...*
Our Je - sus bought! . . . Of slaves to sin . . . . . He broke the chain, ...
D. S. *I would es - teem . . . . These pa - ges more, ...*
Its truths to learn; . . . And when life's flow, ... And la - bor's o'er, ...
D. S. *Then take me where . . . . My heart now is, ...*

In Je - sus' name. It tells me whence, And where I go,
D. S. *It points from earth* *To God a - way,*

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Fine.
Declares the sense . . . . . Of life be - low. It points from earth . . . . .
And gives me birth . . . . . To end - less day.
And brought me in . . . . . As free a - gain. I would es - teem . . . . . .
Than pageant's gleam, ... Or world - ly store.
Give me to know . . . . . Its truths still more. Then take me where . . . . .
And let me share . . . . . His promised bliss.
Declares the sense Of life be - low. It points from earth
And gives me birth To end - less day.
D. S.
To God a - way, ... And gives me birth . . . . To end-less day. . . . . .
These pa - ges more, ... Than pageant's gleam . . . Or worldly store. . . . . .
My heart now is, ... And let me share . . . . His promised bliss. . . . . .
To God a - way, And gives me birth To end-less day.

Children in Heaven.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.

1. Where the golden bells are ring-ing, Where the crys-tal wa - ters flow, I can hear the chil-dren
2. On the sea of glass I see them, Shining brighter than the sun, Filled with ho - ly ex - ul-
3. O ye bless-ed white-robed chil-dren! Ye be-hold the Sav - ior's face; Sing, ye chor - is - ters of
4. Soon, ye loved ones, we will join you, We will come and swell your throng; Christ shall be our endless

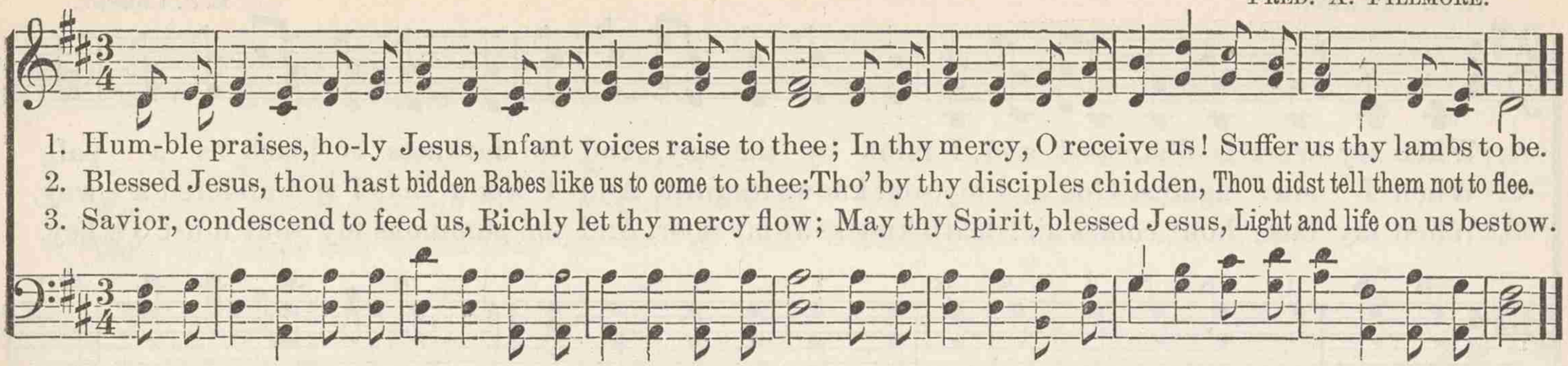
CHORUS.

sing - ing, Those who left us long a - go.
ta - tion, End-less bless-ed - ness be - gun. "Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah!" Hark! the white-robed
heav - en, Sing the won-ders of his grace.
cho - rus, God our ev - er - last - ing song.

children sweet-ly sing - ing, "Hal-le - lu - jah, hal-le - lu - jah, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

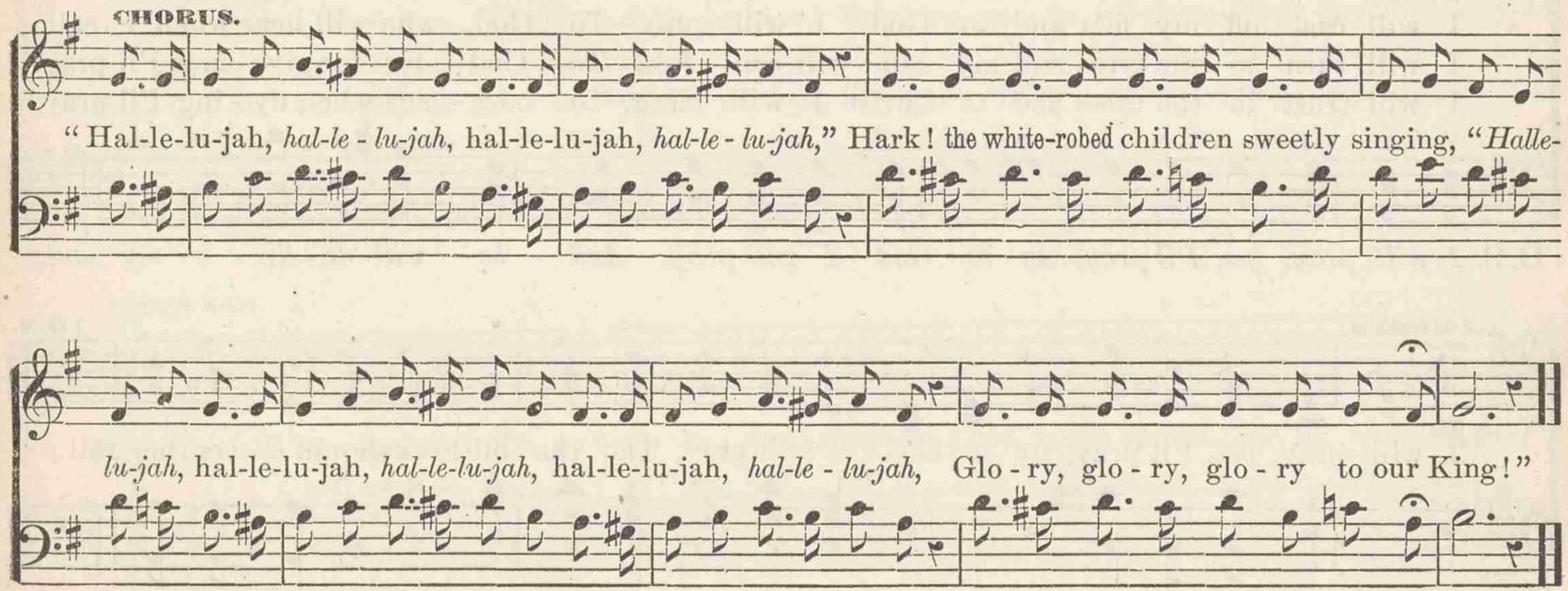
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FRED. A. FILLMORE.



Children in Heaven. Echo Chorus.

NOTE.—This alto and tenor may be used as an echo in connection with the Chorus on the opposite page. The italic words form the echo. One or two voices on each part of the echo is all that is necessary, and they need not leave the room. This echo chorus *is not essential to the song.* It can only be performed by experienced singers.



I'll Pray unto God.

H. R. TRICKETT. E. S. LORENZ.

1. When my heart is distressed and I faint by the way, And the darkness is black as a pall,
2. When I sin against God and my soul knows its guilt, And I know that I've wandered a - way,
3. When my last hour comes and death knocks at my door, And the summons my soul must o - bey,

I will cast off my fear and to God I will pray—To God, who will hear when I call.
I will turn to the cross and my sin will con - fess, To God for for-give - ness I'll pray.
I will trust in the cross and to Christ I will cling, To Je - sus when dy - ing I'll pray.

D. S. *I will pray, yes, I'll pray, un - to God I will pray, And he will de - liv - er my soul.*

CHORUS.

I will pray, yes, I'll pray, un - to God I will pray, Tho' the bil-lows should o - ver me roll;

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Hear Us While we Pray.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. Fa - ther, we implore thee, Grant thy presence here; As we wait be-fore thee, May we feel thee near;
2. We have come confess-ing Worthlessness with-in; Wilt thou grant a blessing Aft - er all our sin?
3. Thro' our cares and tri-als May we ev - er see Earthly self-de - ni - als, Upward lead to thee;

In our deep con-tri-tion, We have come to-day, Bringing our pe - ti-tion—Hear us while we pray.
In thy love con-fid-ing, We have come to-day; Grant thy tender guiding—Hear us while we pray.
Help our in - de - cision, Give us strength to-day; Grant us wider vis-ion—Hear us while we pray.

REFRAIN.

May thy will be dear-er To us all to - day; Bless-ed Lord, come nearer, As to thee we pray.

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None but Jesus.

For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.—Acts 4 : 12.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.

1. None but Je - sus is a - ble to save, None but Je - sus can con-quer the grave;
2. None but Je - sus is read - y to save, None but Je - sus his life for me gave;
3. None but Je - sus, I'll shout when I die, None but Je - sus, when up - ward I fly;

None but Je - sus can save by his blood, None but Je - sus can bring me to God.
None but Je - sus has set my soul free, None but Je - sus my Sav - ior shall be.
None but Je - sus, when heav-en I see, None but Je - sus, through e - ter - ni - ty.

D. S. *None but Je - sus can save by his blood, None but Je - sus can bring me to God.*

CHORUS.

None but Je - sus for sin can a - tone, None but Je - sus, and Je - sus a - lone;

D. S.

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Rejoice, O Earth!

HELEN A. RAINS. *The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.*—Psalms 97. ALFRED POWERS.

1. Re - joice! ye ver - nal hills, re - joice, From ev - 'ry tow'r - ing height; Pour
2. Re - joice! thou deep, re - sound - ing sea, In ev - 'ry rise and fall; Sound
3. Re - joice! O earth! with one ac - cord, Thy might - y an - thems pour, To

REFRAIN.

forth a - loud your might - y voice, To bless the God of Light. Re - joice, re-
forth thy chords tri - umph-ant - ly To him who gov - erns all. Re - joice,
bless our great Re - deem - er, Lord, Till time shall be no more.

joice, Re - joice, re-joice, Re-joice, re - joice, re-joice, re - joice!
re-joice,

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Christ is Risen from the Dead.

CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. He is ris - en, he is ris - en, Tell it out with joy-ful voice; He has burst his three days'
2. He is ris - en, he is ris - en, He hath opened heaven's gate; We are free from sin's dark
3. Blessed Lord, let all a-dore thee, Saints on earth and saints in heav'n; Every creature bow be-

CHORUS.

pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re-joice.
pris - on, Ris - en to a ho - lier state. Christ is ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ is
fore thee, Who hast all their be - ing giv'n.

ris - en, Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ is ris - en, Hal-le - lu - jah, Christ is ris - en from the dead.

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The Banner Victorious.

EMMA LINN. *And this is the victory that overcometh the world; even our faith.*—1 John 5: 4. DAVID.

1. He hath lift-ed a standard to ral - ly his peo-ple, And hosts without number are marshaled for fight;
2. To him who is faith-ful a crown shall be giv-en; To him who o'ercometh, the bright morning star,
3. He calls for his soldiers, and all shall be welcome, The guilty, the woeful, the weak and oppressed;

f. Fine.

There's no one so low - ly, and no one so fee - ble, But he may do service for God and the right.
And life ev - er - last-ing with Je - sus in heav-en, When we shall have ended this glo - ri - ous war.
We conquer thro' him who has died to re-deem us, And en - ter at last on his glo - ri - ous rest.

D. S. *There's no one so low - ly, and no one so fee - ble, But he may do serv-ice for God and the right.*

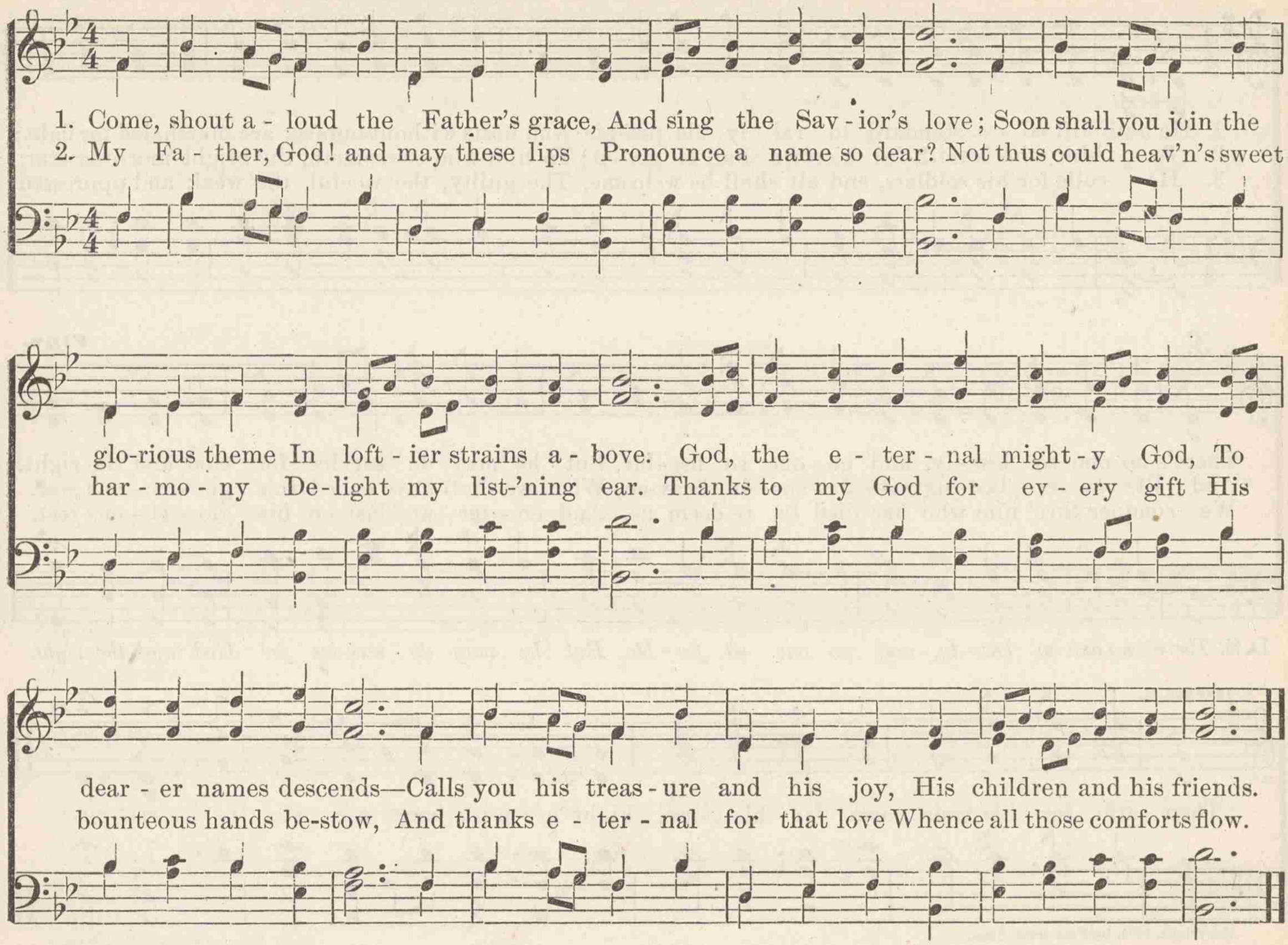
CHORUS. D. S.

Then arm for his cause, arm for his cause, Fight 'neath his ban - ner vic - to - ri - ous;

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Come, Shout Aloud the Father's Grace.

O. HEGINBOTHAM. English.



MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. *I will draw all men unto me.*—John 12 : 32. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Closer to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace; Closer within thine arms enfold me,
2. Closer to thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more, Sighing to feel thine arms around me,
3. Closer by thy sweet spirit draw me, Till I am whol-ly thine; Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me,

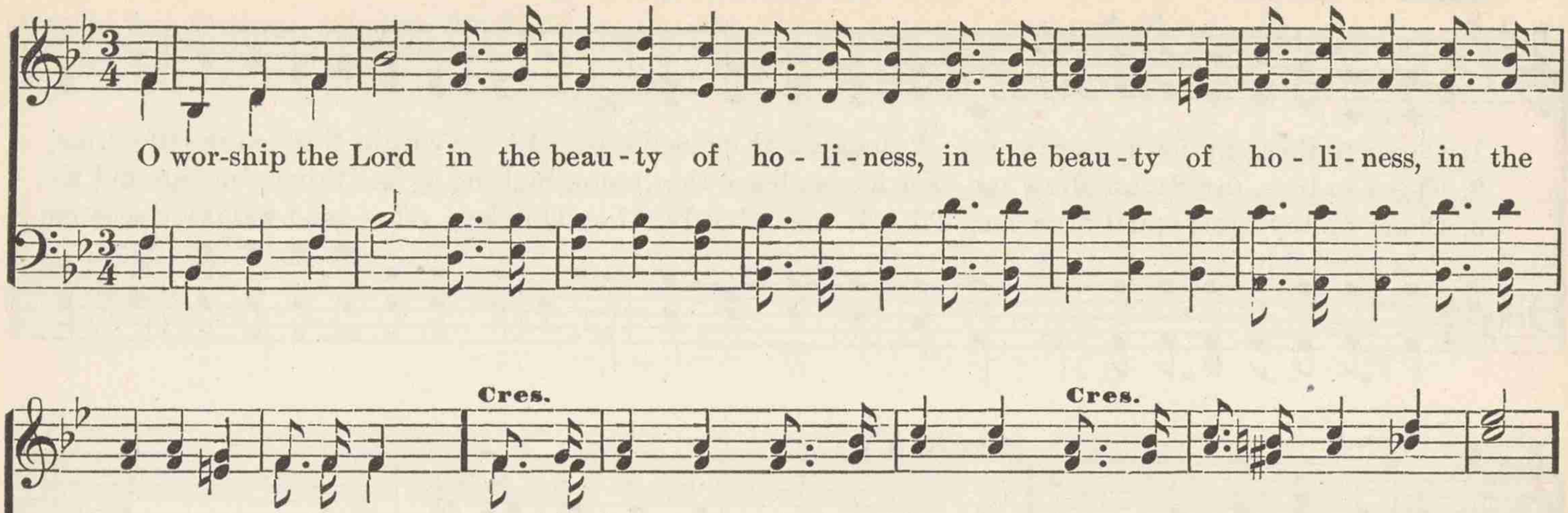
CHORUS.

I seek a rest-ing place. Clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me
And all my wand'rings o'er.
Till pure my soul shall shine. Closer, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy-

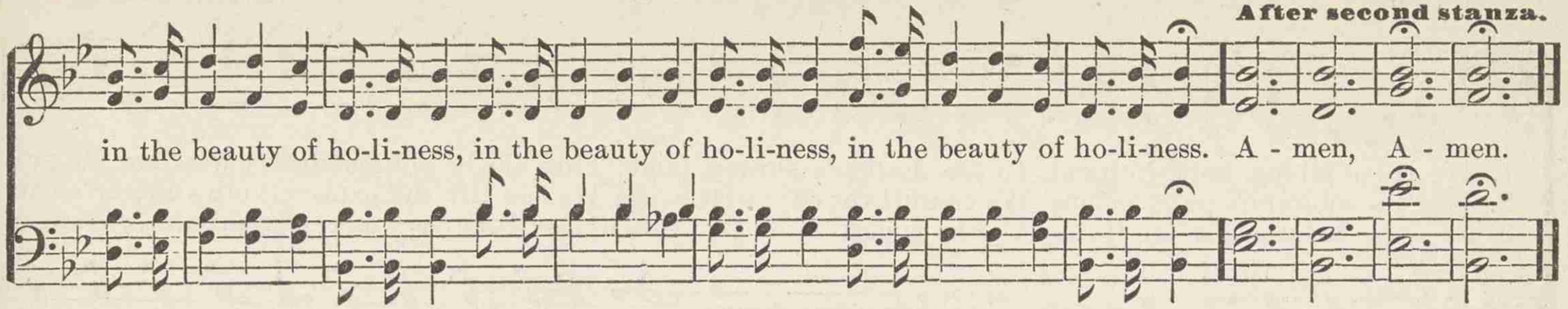
to thyself above; Clos - - er draw me to thyself a-bove.
self a - bove; Clos-er with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above, Draw me to thyself above.

O Worship the Lord! Anthem.

Psalm 96 : 6. J. H. F.

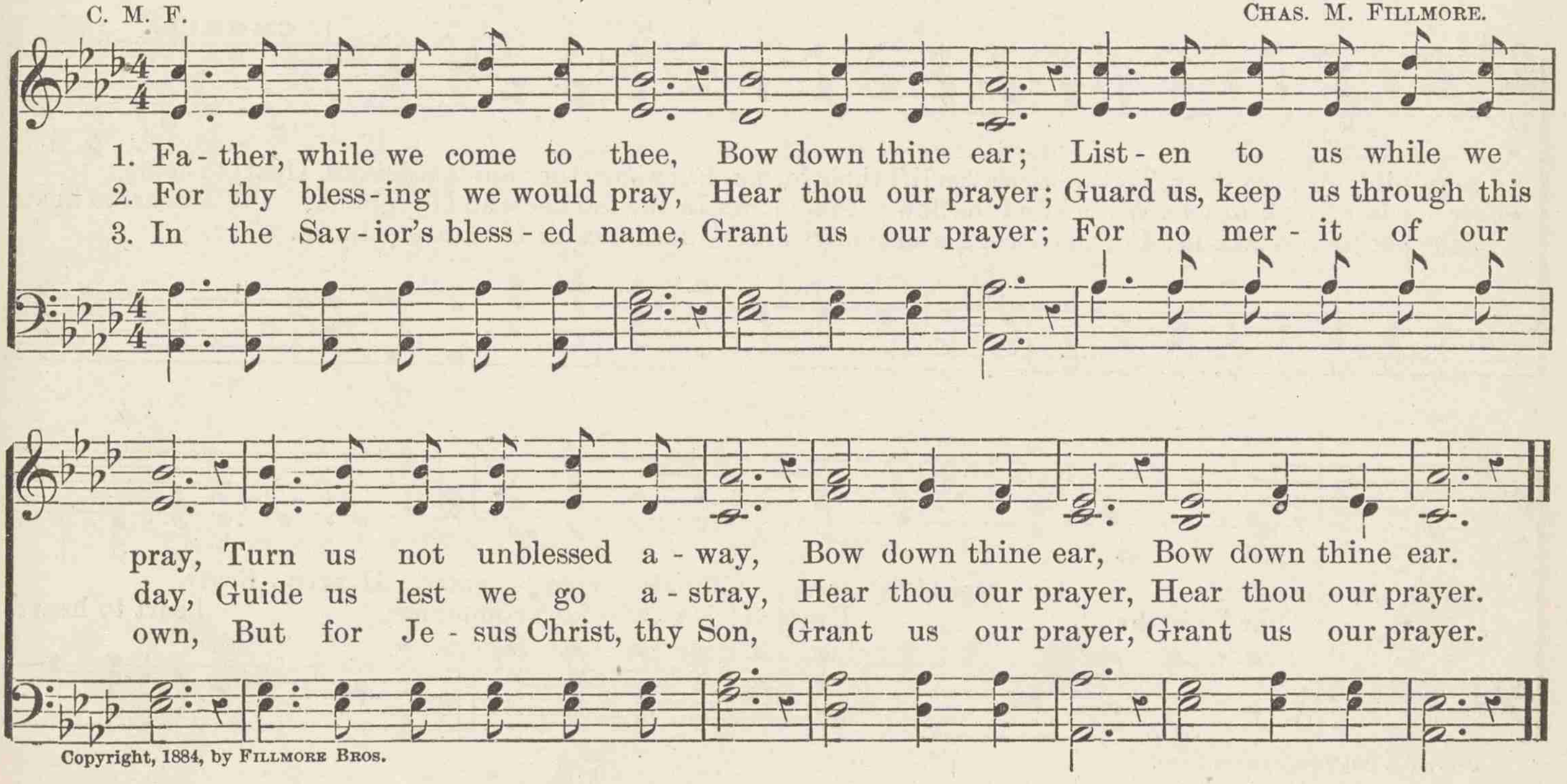


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Father, While We Come to Thee.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.



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Heart to Heart and Hand in Hand.

J. H. B. ALFRED POWERS.
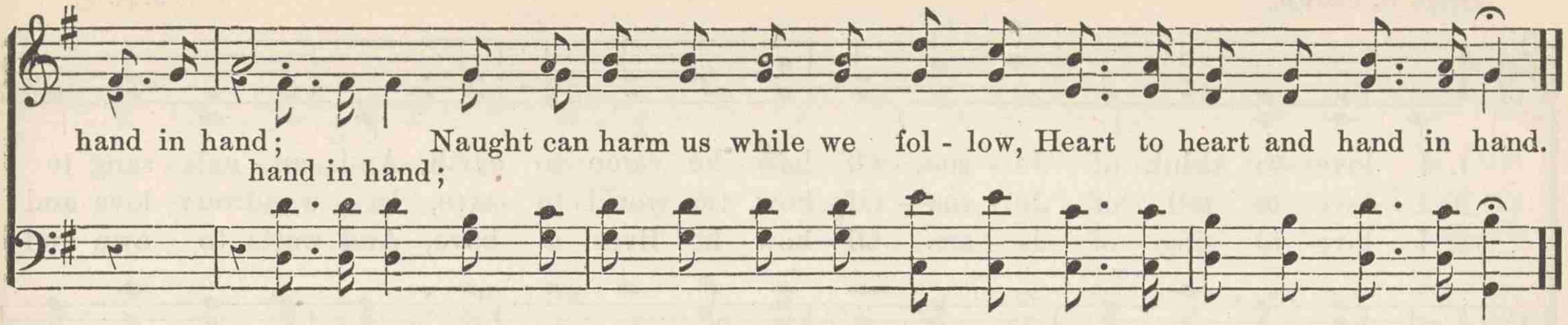
1. We are climbing, hand in hand, To the Father's sun-ny land; Thro' the bright and dreary weather, We are
2. Tho' the mountain path be long, We can fill the days with song; We can lift the loads of oth - ers, We can
3. Je - sus is our lov-ing Guide, Up the rugged mountain side; He will nev-er - more for-sake us, Danger

CHORUS.

marching on to-geth-er, To the heights that lift their forms, Far above the clouds and storms. Heart to heart,
cheer our fainting brothers, We can find the flow'rs that bloom In the darkness and the gloom. heart to heart,
can not o-ver-take us, For his strong and ready arm Guards us all from every harm.

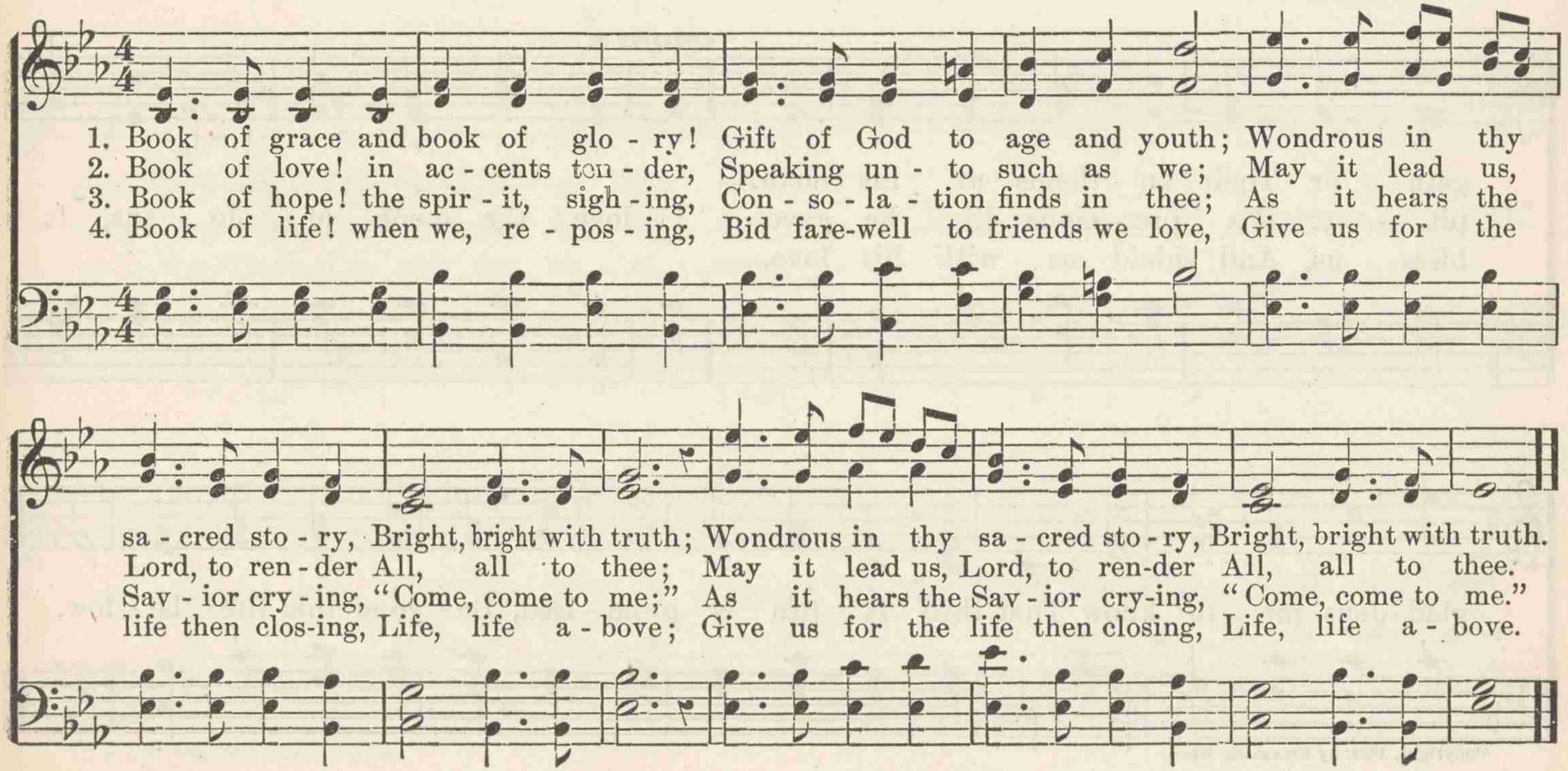
hand in hand, Up - ward! is our Guide's com - mand; Heart to heart,
hand in hand, Upward! is our Guide's command; heart to heart,

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Book of Grace and Book of Glory.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



I Love to Think of Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. I love to think of Je - sus— Of how he came to earth, And an - gels sang to-
2. I love to tell of Je - sus— Of how, the world to save, In wondrous love and
3. I love to sing of Je - sus— Of how he lives a - bove, And waits to own and

CHORUS.

geth - er Their an - thems at his birth.
pit - y, His pre - cious life he gave. I love the name of Je - sus, It
bless us, And shield us with his love.

glad - dens me to know That thro' it life is prom - ised, Be - yond this life be - low.

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My Hope is Anchored.

M. H. TIPTON. *Which hope we have as an anchor.*—Heb. 6: 19. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. My hope is anchored in the veil, 'Tis stead-fast and se - cure; My trust is in the
2. The Sav - ior found me on the deep, No friend-ly ha - ven near; He came on board my
3. And now the storm-y waves may roll, My fears and doubts are o'er; I'm firm - ly anchored

Sav - ior's name, His prom - is - es are sure.
trembling bark, And bade me not to fear.
to the Rock, I'm safe for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

O bless - ed hope! O precious hope! The
an - chor of my soul; 'Tis safe - ly cling-ing to the Rock, While stormy bil - lows roll.

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Guard the Gateways.

ESTELLA DAVIDSON. New arrangement.

1. Guard your lips with thought un-ceas - ing, At their port - al all the day, Let your conscience,
2. Guard your eyes with con-stant car - ing, Look with gladness on the right; Keep them fixed on
3. Guard your ear, for thro' that en-trance Tempters oft - en reach the soul, And, with soft and

care-ful warder, Watch the words that pass that way. Thus you'll grieve no friend that loves you,
what is ho - ly, Let no e - vil charm their sight! So no wick - ed thought shall en - ter
sweet beguil-ing, Point it to some longed-for goal! "Ah," they say, "so small the sin - ning,

Thus will pain no saddened heart—Of an - oth-er's wea - ry bur-den You can help to bear a part.
Thro' the gate-way of your eyes; Naught but pure and holy feel-ing Shall within your soul arise.
And the world will nev-er know." Guard your ear, for thro' this gateway Often comes your vilest foe.

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This We Can Do for Jesus.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. F. L. BRISTOW.

Moderato.

1. We are young, but we can find Something to do for Je - sus; He was ev - er meek and kind, Let us be more like Je - sus.
2. We, our pa - rents will o - bey, This will be more like Je - sus; In our work and in our play, Try - ing to be like Je - sus.
3. We can help to gath - er home, In - to the fold of Je - sus, All who from him sad - ly roam, Los-ing the care of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

We can sing our Savior's praise, We can love him all our days, We can walk in wisdom's ways, This we can do for Je - sus.

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He Will Lead Us There.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. F.

1. Je - sus tells the wel-come sto - ry Of a Fa - ther's care; Tho' we can not see his
2. Je - sus teach-es by the spar - row, We should not de - spair; Tho' the path to heav'n be
3. Je - sus teach-es by the lil - y, Of a Fa - ther's care; Tho' we pass the shadowed

CHORUS.

glo - ry, He will lead us there.
nar - row, He will lead us there.
val - ley, He will lead us there.

Tho' we can not see the Fa - ther, By his watchful,

prov - i - den-tial care, Thro' all clouds that round us gath - er, He will lead us there.

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Jesus Calls You Now.

F. L. BRISTOW. From German by F. L. BRISTOW.

DUET. Slow and pleadingly.

1. { Will you turn? will you turn from that way of death to thee? Way of death to thee, and for life to your Savior come? / Je-sus died! Je-sus died! Paid your ransom full and free, Ransom full and free, he now longs to greet you home! }

2. { To the cross! to the cross! Bring your weary hopes and fears, Weary hopes and fears, at his feet lay your burdens down! / He has said, he has said, "I will wipe away your tears," "Wipe away your tears," "I will give an im-mor-tal crown!" }

3. { At the door of your heart he is knocking evermore, Knocking evermore; hear his voice, "Rise and let me in!" / Don't refuse! don't refuse! Sinner, open wide the door, Open wide the door, he will cleanse you from all sin. }

CHORUS.

Do not think some oth - er time will do, for Je - sus calls you now! Hear him

plead, hear him plead, hear him plead for you, plead for you! See that thorn - en - cir - cled brow!

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"More than These."

JESSIE H. BROWN. John 21: 15. KARL REDEN.

DUET. Moderato. *mf*

1. When we fol - low earth - ly splen-dors, Seek-ing on - ly self - ish ease, Bless - ed Lord, we
2. When the crowns of hu - man glo - ry, We, in blind-ness, turn to seize, We can catch thy
3. Leav-ing home and friends and coun-try, O - ver land and o - ver seas, We would fol - low,

CHORUS. *f*

hear thee ask - ing, "Do ye love me more than these?"
ten - der ques-tion, "Do ye love me more than these?" "More than these?" dear Master, help us,
when thou call - est, "Do ye love me more than these?"

From our inmost hearts to say, "Lord, thou knowest that we love thee! We would serve thee day by day.

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Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.*

D. R. L. Matt. 5 : 3. J. H. F.

Not too fast.

1. Blessed those in spir - it poor, Not de - based by crime or sin, Those who feel the need of more Help di-vine, the soul with - in; More hu - mil - i - ty of mind, More sub - mis - sion day by day, More in - tent the truth to find, And its high be - hests o - bey.
2. Blessed they in spir - it poor, Not ex - alt - ed by their pride, Knock-ing at the kingdom's door, Seeking Christ, whate'er be - tide; Well convinced that he will sure All his prom - is- es ful - fill, Keep-ing them in faith se - cure, Who o - bey his ho - ly will.
3. Blessed those in spir - it poor, For the Lord to them has giv'n, Pre - cious promise that be- fore Comes to them the reign of Heav'n; 'Tis their own in - her - i - tance, Here on earth and ev - er - more, For to them he free - ly grants All the king-dom's bless - ed store.

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*This begins a series which makes a complete set of songs on the Beatitudes. For the idea and the excellent hymns I am indebted to Mr. Lucas. While it will be pleasant to frequently sing them as a series in their order, yet, of course, they will serve just as well independently—any one or more may be sung as occasion may require.—J. H. F.

Blessed are They that Mourn.

D. R. L. Matt. 5: 4. J. H. F.

1. Bless - ed are they that mourn, Be - cause of sin - ful hearts, Whose souls in deep con-
2. Bless - ed are they who mourn, Who weep with those who weep, Who feel the sor - rows
3. Bless - ed are they who mourn, Be - cause of bur - dens great, For sake of Christ su-

tri - tion burn When truth its fire im - parts; The prom - ise com - fort brings, Its
that are borne By those in shad - ows deep; They need not fear the flame, Nor
preme - ly borne, Con - tent to toil and wait; For through the cloud - y way, With

light the truth will shed, In Christ, the Sav - ior, King of kings, They shall be com-fort - ed.
sore af - flic - tion dread, For in the Sav - ior's ho - ly name, They shall be com-fort - ed.
dark-ness o - ver-spread, There comes the light of promised day, They shall be com-fort - ed.

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Blessed are the Meek.

D. R. L. Matt. 5: 5. J. H. F.

1. Bless - ed are the meek, Gen - tle ones who bow, Hum - ble - ness to seek,
2. Bless - ed are the meek, Stud - y - ing the way, Char - ac - ter to seek,
3. Bless - ed are the meek, Hum - bly bear - ing wrong, Mild - ly do they speak,

Pride to dis - a - vow, They shall gain a high and ho - ly hearth, Cho - sen
For the fu - ture day, For the day of high and ho - ly birth, Cho - sen
With a guard - ed tongue, Show - ing thus their high and ho - ly worth, Cho - sen

REFRAIN. Rit. - - - - -

ones—in - her - i - tors of earth. Bless - ed are the meek, Bless - ed are the meek

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Hungering and Thirsting.

D. R. L. Mat. 5 : 6. J. H. F.

1. Hung'ring and thirst - ing ones, Right-eous - ness crav - ing, Who would on Je - sus as the rock seek to build, Look on the en - sign high Val - iant - ly wav - ing; Bless-ed are
2. Seek - ing the Bread of Heav'n, Bread nev - er fail - ing, Com - ing like man - na, free of old, as God will'd, Take thou the prom - ise giv'n, Vic - to - ry hail - ing; Bless-ed are
3. Seek ye the fount - ain pure, Seek liv - ing wa - ters, Flow - ing from prom - i - ses of Je - sus dis-tilled; Doubt not his pur - po - ses, Gra - cious and ho - ly; Bless-ed are

ye, for ye all shall be filled, Bless - ed are ye, for ye all shall be filled.
ye, for ye all shall be filled, Bless - ed are ye, for ye all shall be filled.
ye, for ye all shall be filled, Bless - ed are ye, for ye all shall be filled.

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Blessed are the Merciful.

D. R. L. Matt. 5 : 7. J. H. F.

1. Bless-ed the mer - ci-ful, Filled with compassion, Feel-ing for those who are bear-ing their pain,
2. Bless-ed the mer - ci-ful, Joy - ful - ly giv - ing, Mer-cy to those who in pov - er - ty's bane,
3. Bless-ed the mer - ci-ful, Al-ways for - giv-ing Those who would wrongfully taunt or dis - dain,

Weeping for oth-ers' woes, Hearts full of pi - ty, Mer - ci - ful ones shall great mer-cy ob - tain.
Lone - ly and des - ti - tute, Help-less and need-y, Mer - ci - ful ones shall great mer-cy ob - tain.
Read - y to par-don them, Bear-ing no mal - ice, Mer - ci - ful ones shall great mer-cy ob - tain.

p REFRAIN.

Yea, all the mer - ci - ful mer - cy ob - tain, Yea, all the mer - ci - ful mer - cy ob - tain.

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Blessed are the Pure in Heart.

D. R. L. Matt 5 : 8. J. H. F.

1. O bless-ed are the pure in heart! Whose souls are free from sin, Who choose to walk by Zi-on's chart,
2. O bless-ed are the pure in heart! For they have God-like pow'r; Au-thor - i - ty may fail in part,
3. O bless-ed are the pure in heart! From all mis-giv - ing free; No dan - ger can a fear im-part,

The joys of heav'n to win; Who, what-so - ev - er things are pure They make their chief employ,
To crush re - bel-lion's tow'r, And el - o-quence re - sist - ed be, By wrong and sin o'er-thrown,
For they the Lord shall see; While men of pow'r shall quake with fear, And or - a - tors grow pale,
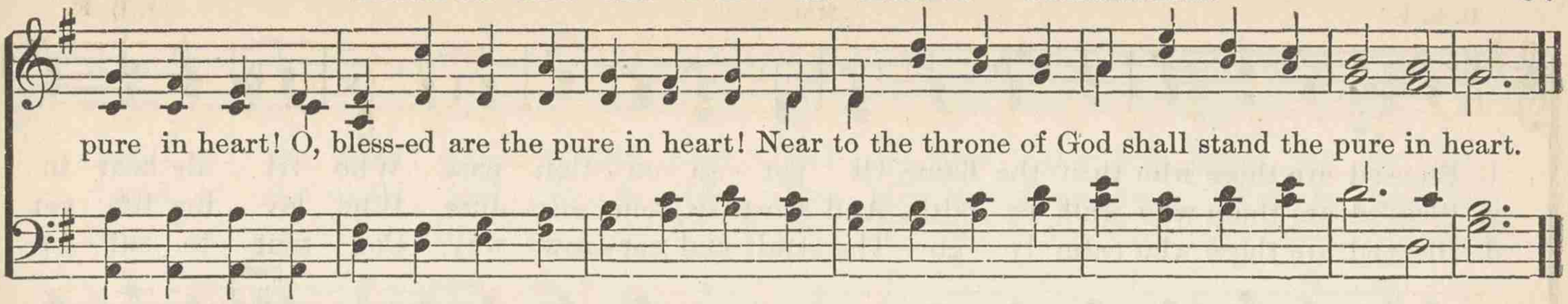
Rit.

CHORUS. A tempo.

They have the promise stead - fast, sure, They shall their God en - joy.
But ho - li - ness re - sist - less, free, Om - ni - po - tent we own. O, bless - ed are the
The pure in heart shall calm ap - pear, And not a soul shall fail.

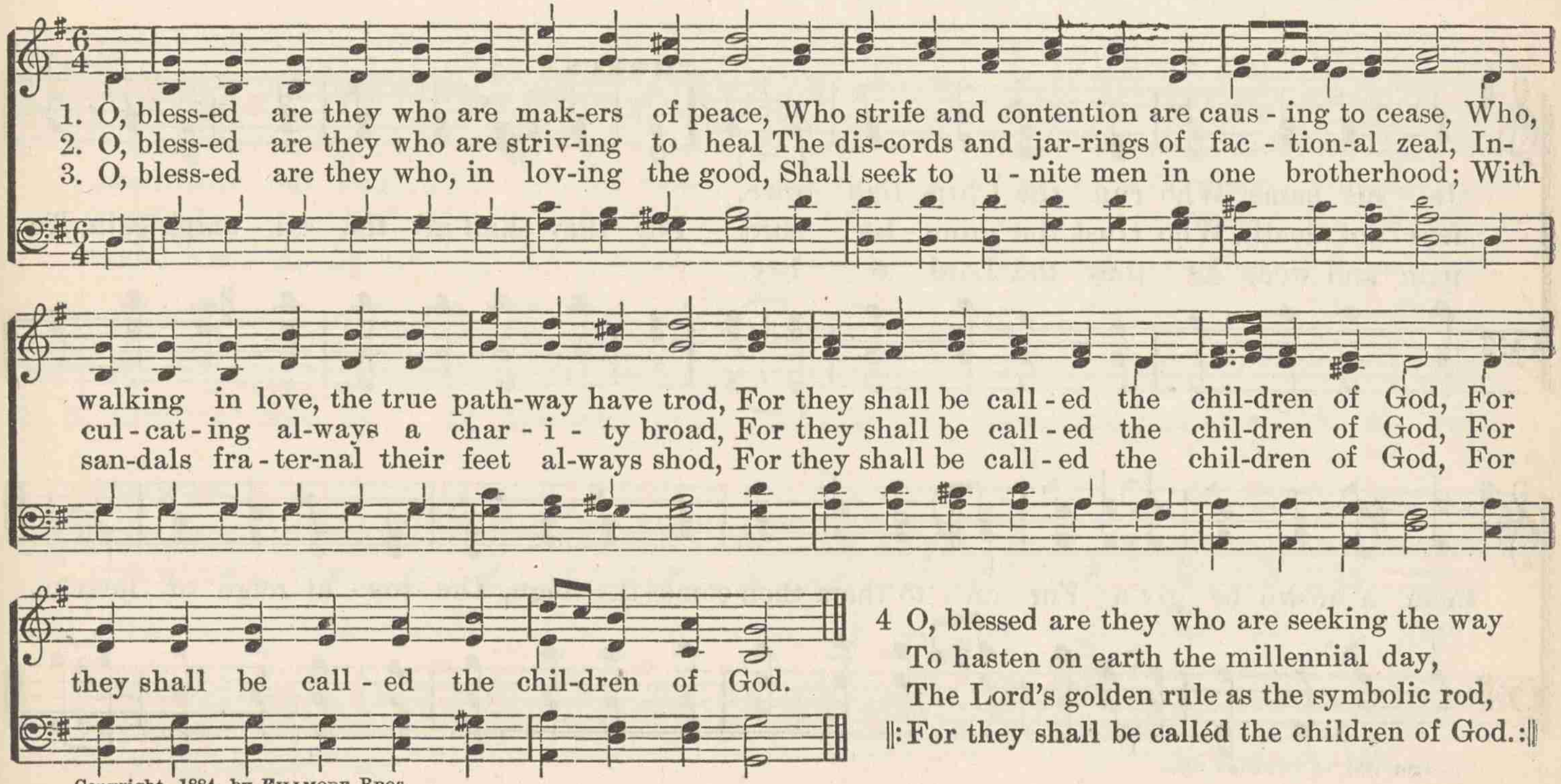
Rit.

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Blessed are the Peacemakers.

D. R. L. Matt. 5 : 9. J. H. F.



4 O, blessed are they who are seeking the way
To hasten on earth the millennial day,
The Lord's golden rule as the symbolic rod,
‖: For they shall be calléd the children of God. :‖

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Blessed are the Persecuted.

D. R. L. Matt. 5: 10. J. H. F.

1. Bless-ed are those who thro' the flame Of per - se - cu - tion pass, Who tri - als bear in
2. Bless-ed are those who walk by faith, And scorn se - rene en - dure, Who, lov - ing life, yet
3. Bless-ed are those who calm - ly go The strait and nar - row way, Con - tent to suf - fer

Je - sus' name, Who run the Chris - tian race.
fear not death, Who trust the prom - ise sure.
pain and woe, As they the Lord o - bey.

CHORUS.

For they shall all the tri - umph gain, To them a crown be giv'n; For un - to them then comes the reign, The roy - al reign of heav'n.

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H. R. TRICKETT. DAVID.

1. Light of the world! shine in my heart, Bid all the dark - ness from me de - part;
2. Light of the world! how can it be Men love the dark - ness ra - ther than thee?
3. Sun of my soul! shine on, O shine! Till all the world shall own thee di - vine;

Lord, with - out thee, dark is my soul, Shine, Sun of glo - ry, O make thou me whole.
Lord, they are blind, how can they know, Shine, Sun of glo - ry, and all thy love show.
Thou art my light, walk I in thee, Liv - ing or dy - ing, O shine thou on me.

D. S. *Shine on, shine on, O heav'n-ly light, Scat - ter the dark - ness, and ban - ish the night.*

CHORUS.

Sun of Right-eous-ness, shine! Send forth thy sav - ing light, Sav - ior di - vine;

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Blessed are the People. Anthem.

Psalm 89 ; 15, 16.

T. Frank Allen.

f **Cheerfully.**

p

Bless-ed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Blessed are the peo-ple, bless-ed are the peo-ple,

f

Bless-ed are the peo-ple that know the joyful sound, Blessed are the peo-ple that know the joy - ful

Rit. *p* **Cres.** *f* *p*

sound, They shall walk, . . . O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, They shall

the joy-ful sound, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light

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Cres. Cres. 1st time loud, 2d time soft.

walk, . . . O Lord, in the light, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they re-
They shall walk, O Lord, In thy name

joice all the day, . . . all the day, . . . And in thy righteousness, and in thy
shall they re-joice all the day; all the day,

Repeat soft. 1st time loud, 2d time soft.

righteousness shall they be ex-alt-ed. Bless-ed are the peo-ple that know the joy-ful sound.

It is Well with Thee.

D. R. LUCAS. ALFRED POWERS.

1. Pil-grim, seek-ing for the fount - ain, It is well with thee; For be-yond the lone - ly
2. Sol - dier, do not fear dis - as - ter, It is well with thee; Af - ter fight-ing for the
3. Watchman, waiting for the dawn - ing, It is well with thee; On a bright, uncloud-ed

CHORUS.

mount-ain, You the Lord shall see. Do not, then, be-come dis-cour-aged, Tho' the way may
Mas - ter, You the Lord shall see. Do not, then, be-come dis-cour-aged, Tho' the fight may
morn - ing, You the Lord shall see. Do not, then, be-come dis-cour-aged, Tho' the watch may

long and wea - ry be; Hear the promise—words of com - fort, It is well with thee.

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Our Letter from the King.

MARIE R. BUTLER. J. H. F.

1. We know a great and might-y King, Who rules a fa-mous land; And mu - sic floats thro'
2. And here's a let - ter call - ing us, A let - ter from the King, In - vit - ing all the
3. Our King is called the Won-der - ful, The might - y and the fair; His names are in our
4. So day by day we read a - gain Our let - ter from the King; And marching toward the

CHORUS.

gates of pearl, That al - ways o - pen stand. While bells of heav - en ring, While
good and true, While bells of heav - en ring. While bells, while bells of heav - en ring, While
Bi - ble here, Our let - ter, too, is there.
o - pen gates, Break forth in joy and sing. While bells, while bells of heav - en ring, While

While bells of heav - en ring, While

bells of heav-en ring, And mu-sic floats thro' gates of pearl, While bells of heav-en ring.
bells, while bells of heav-en ring,

bells of heav-en ring,

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All who would be Disciples.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. ROSECRANS
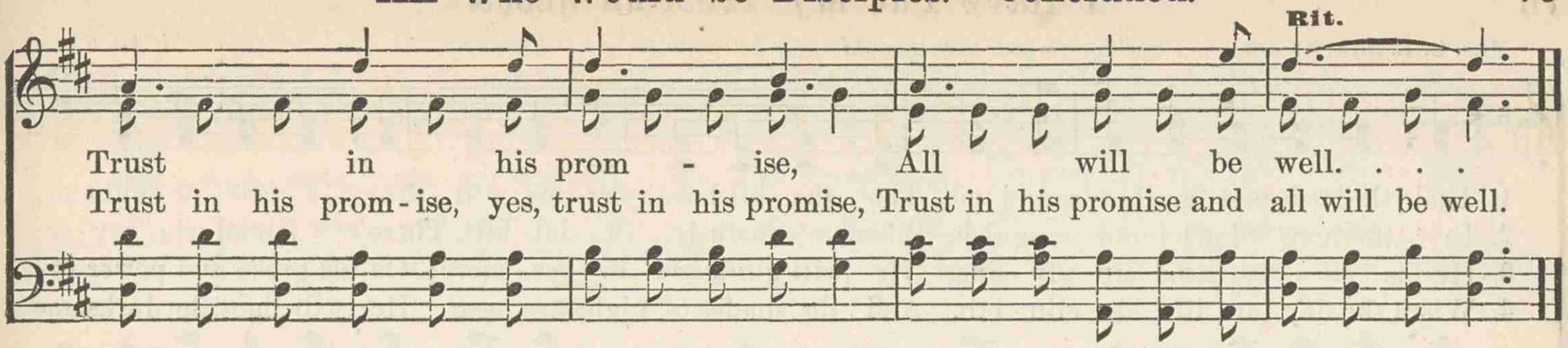
1. All who would be dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, Striv - ing a crown of glo - ry to win,
2. All who would be dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, Must in his vine-yard toil-ing be found,
3. All who would be dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, With will - ing hearts his bidding must heed,

Ma - ny temp - ta - tions have to con - tend with, Lur - ing them back to fol - ly and sin.
Nev - er com-plain - ing, low tho' the wa - ges, And tho' all hard and ster-ile the ground.
Tak - ing his cross in glad - ness up - on them, Do - ing his will in word and in deed.

CHORUS.

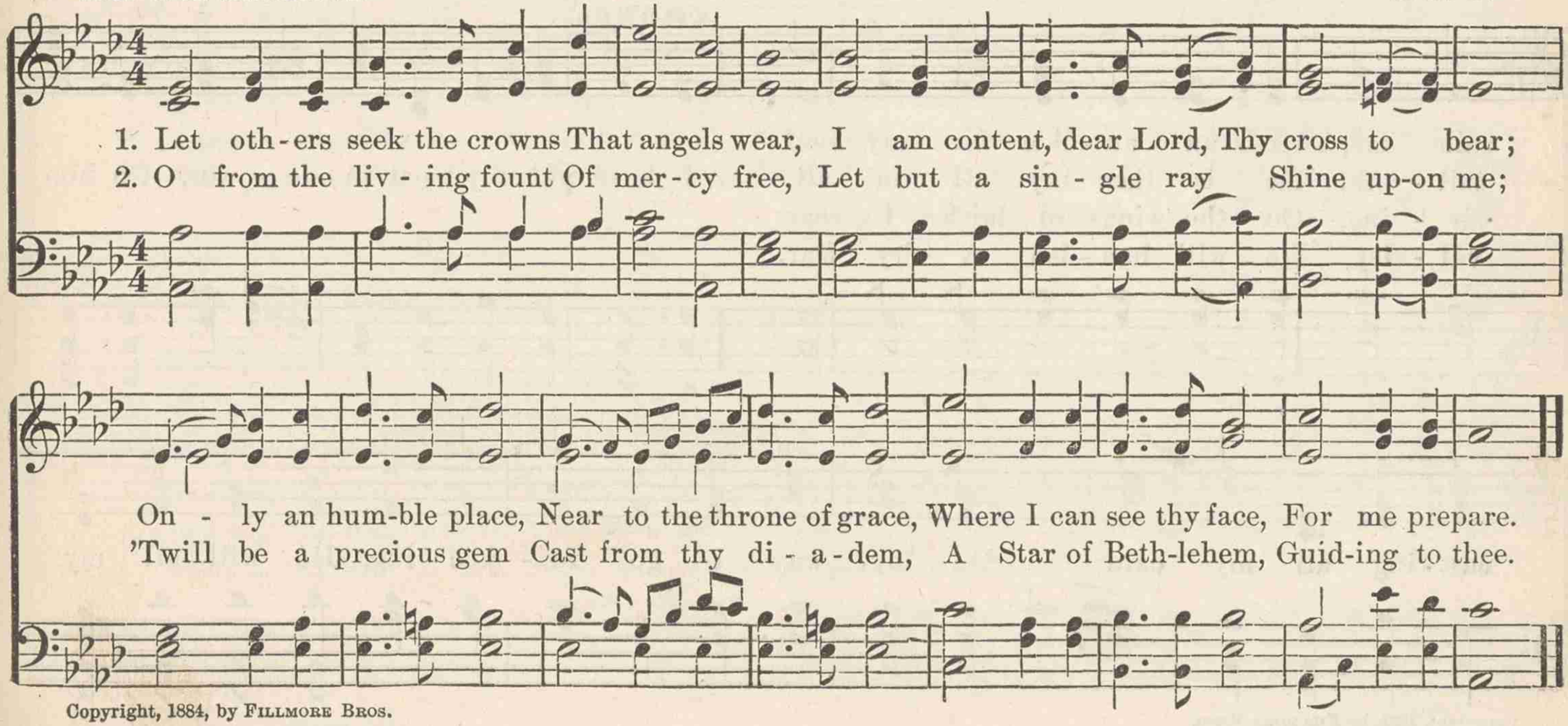
Trust in his prom - ise, He will ful - fill,
Trust in his prom - ise, yes, trust in his promise, Trust in his promise, and he will ful - fill;

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Give Me an Humble Place.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. J. H. F.



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I Have Put My Trust in Jesus.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK, *Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.*—I Peter 5 : 7. J. H. F.
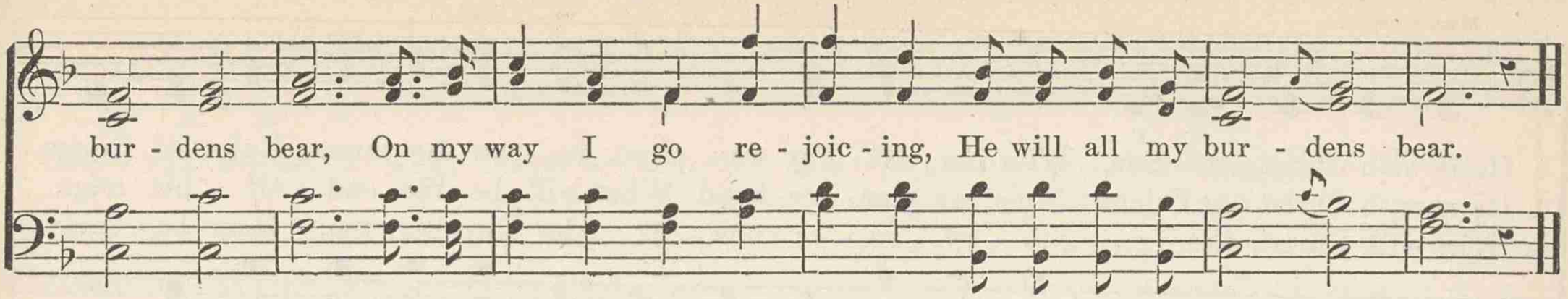
1. Tho' the tem-pest ga-ther 'round me, Tho' the bil-lows o'er me roll, Not a fear or doubt as-
2. In the hour of grief and an-guish, When my earth-ly i - dols fall, There's a friend who nev - er
3. He is ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing, He will guide me ev - er - more; On his grace and power re-
4. When the day of life de - clin - eth, And the shades of night are near, He will light the darksome

CHORUS.

sails me, There's an an - chor for my soul.
fail - eth, He is then my all in all. I have put my trust in Je - sus, On him
ly - ing, On the wings of faith I soar.
val - ley, He will ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.

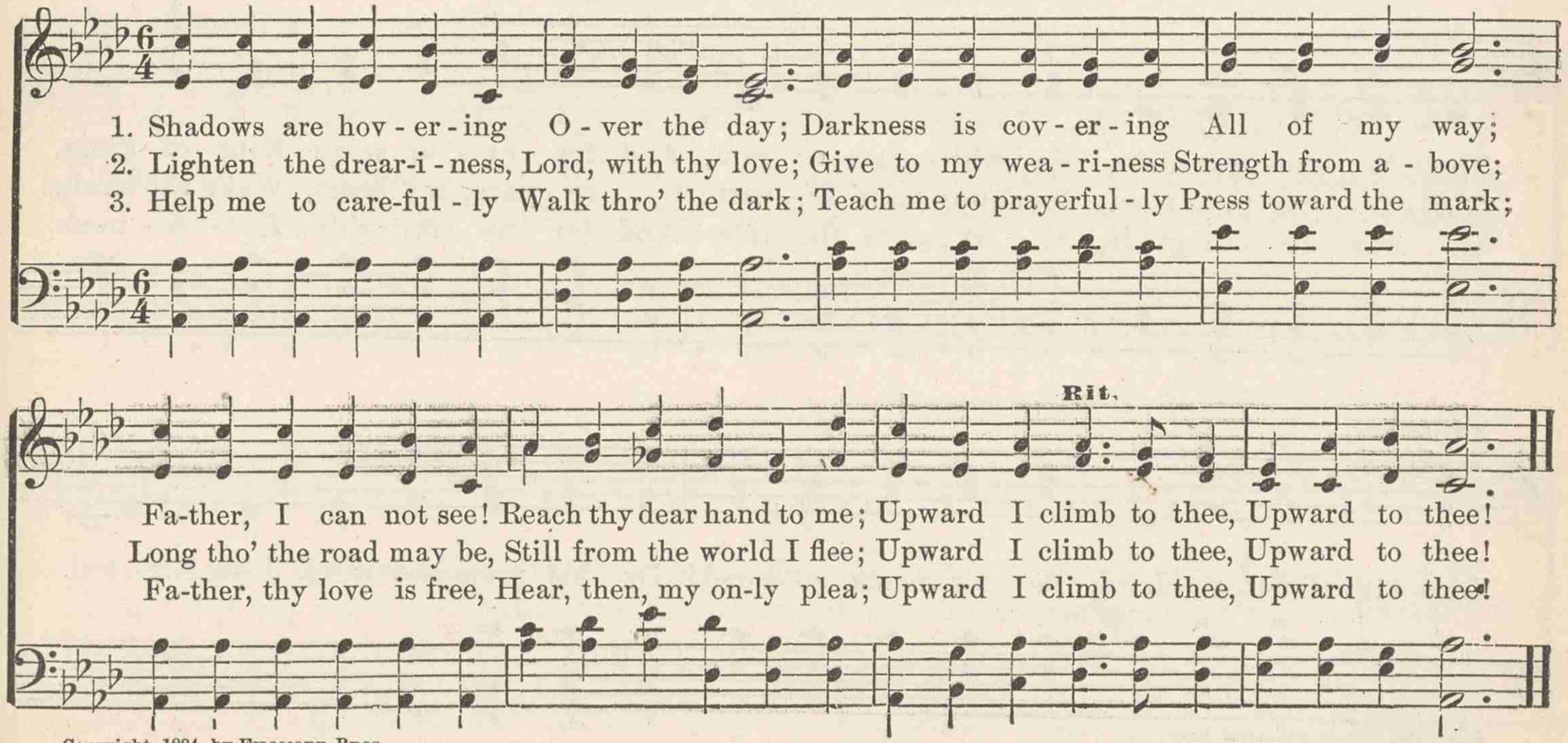
cast - ing all my care; On my way I go re - joic - ing, He will all my

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Climbing Upward.

JESSIE H. BROWN. T. FRANK ALLEN.



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Heirs with Christ.

D. R. LUCAS. DAVID.

Moderato.
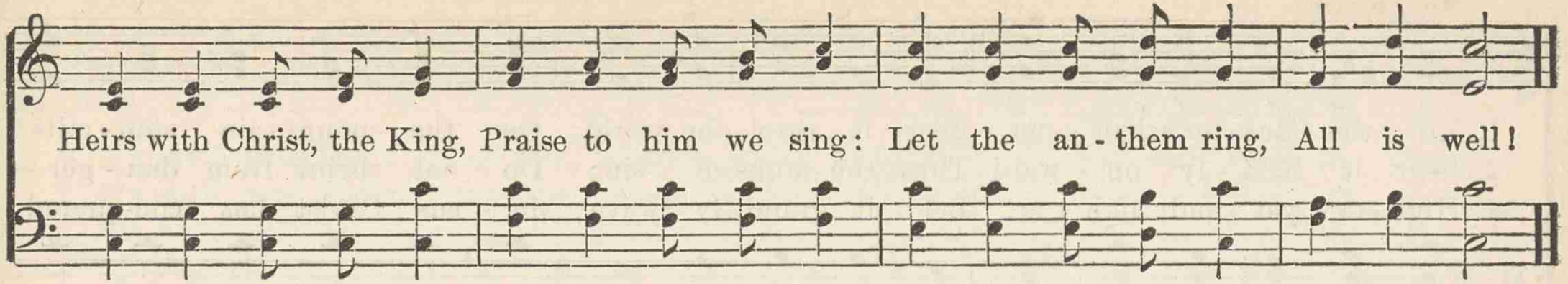
1. Heirs with Christ, the Son, Who the vic - t'ry won, And up - on the throne Rules all things.
2. Heirs with Christ, our Friend: None can com - pre - hend What will be the end Of his reign.
3. Heirs with Christ, the True—Sto - ry ev - er new—El - der brother, too, Gone be - fore:

Tho' he once was slain, He will come a - gain, And for - ev - er reign King of kings.
Glad e - mo - tions start; Troubling fears de - part; O re - joice, my heart, Wake the strain!
He will be our guide, As we cross the tide, And for us pro - vide Ev - er - more.

CHORUS.
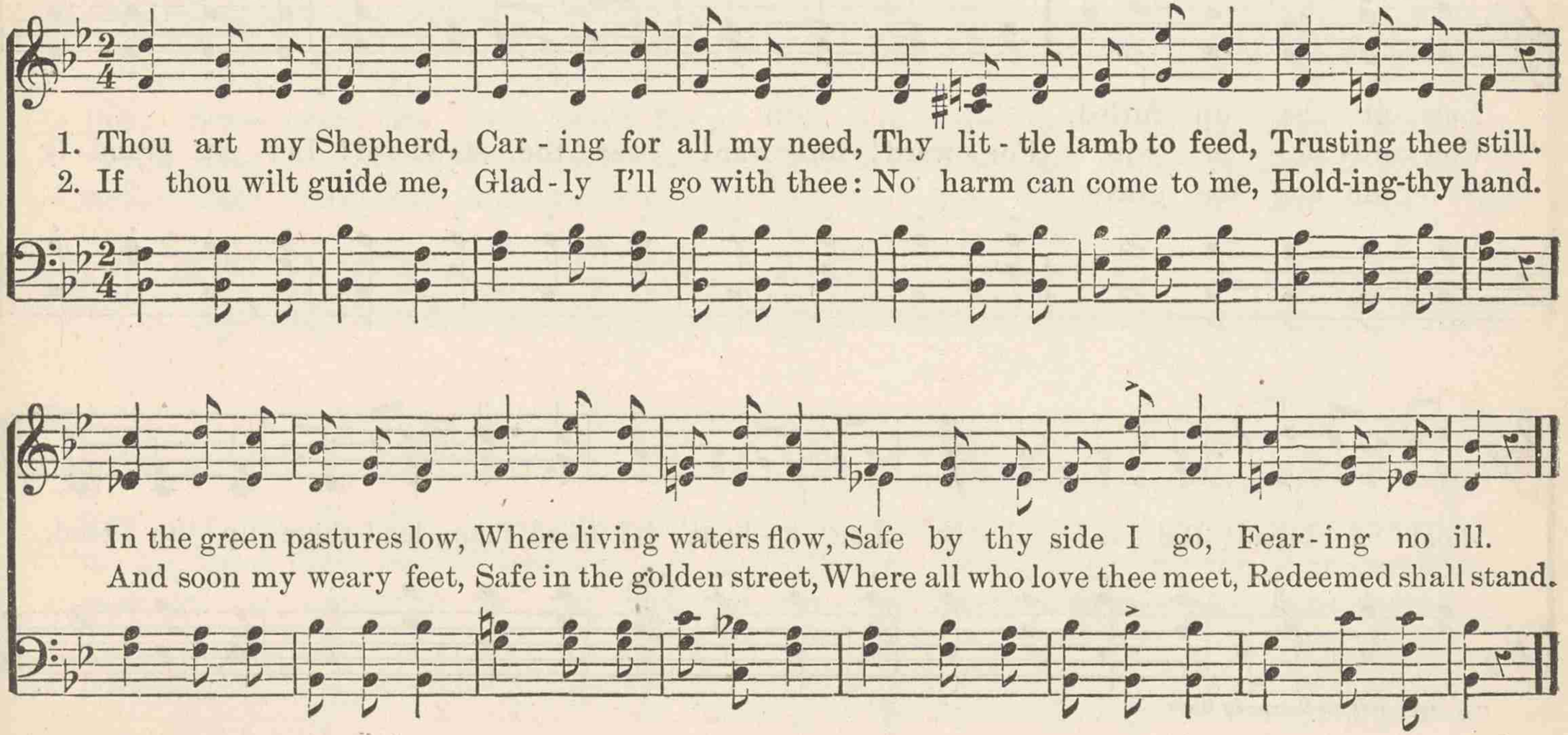
Heirs with Christ, the Lord, Be his name a - dored! By his prom-ised word, Joys fore - tell.

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Thou art my Shepherd.

M. E. THALHEIMER. J. CRAMER.



The Standard Bearer.

JESSIE H. BROWN. F. L. BRISTOW.

March time.

1. Lift the Mas-ter's ban-ner, Bear it thro' the world; On the mount-ain sum-mits
2. Bear it bold-ly on-ward Thro' the ranks of sin; Do not shrink from dan-ger—
3. High-er yet and high-er, Let it grand-ly wave; Je-sus Christ has con-quered

CHORUS.

Let it be un-furled.
Cow-ards nev-er win. For-ward! for-ward bear the stand-ard! Let it grand-ly
Sa-tan and the grave.

float a-broad; Ral-ly! ral-ly men a-bout it! Lead them, lead them up to God.

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Some Sweet Day.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH. *The hour is coming.*—John 5: 28. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. We shall reach the riv - er side, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall cross the storm - y tide, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall press the sands of gold, While be-
2. We shall pass in-side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Peace and plen - ty for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day; We shall hear the wondrous strain, Glo - ry
3. We shall meet our lov'd and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Gath'ring round the great white throne, Some sweet day, some sweet day; By the tree of life so fair, Joy and

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

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The Song of Redeeming Love.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. T. C. O'KANE.

1. There is a song, whose words express The Lord's a - bid - ing ten - der-ness, That wondrous love, so
2. It is the song that an-gels sing, When contrite hearts their homage bring, When, robed in garments
3. 'Twill nev-er cease, while a - ges roll 'Twill hymn the rap-ture of the soul; Thro' all the up - per
4. Re - deem-ing love is all its theme, In life, in death, our hope supreme; For God so loved a
5. O, won - der of re - deem-ing love! It soars the high - est heaven a - bove; It pass - es all the

CHORUS.

deep, so true, As old as Time, yet ev - er new.
pure and white, They walk as chil-dren of the light.
courts it rings In hon - or of the King of kings.
world in sin, He sent his own the lost to win.
bounds of thought, It is with rich-est bless-ings fraught.

O song of songs! its praise sublime Is

borne up - on the tide of Time; Like incense sweet, 'twill ev-er rise, The heart's a-doring sac-ri - fice.

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The Lilies of the Field.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. Matt. 6: 28. J. H. F.

Trio and Chorus.

Alto.

1. How sweet the fragrance that they yield, The snow-white lil - ies of the field, With robes as pure as
2. The Sav-ior loved these blossoms fair, Which scented all the sum-mer air, And from their sim-ple
3. When wide the golden gates are thrown, The pure in heart, and they a - lone, Like fra-grant lil - ies,

CHORUS.

The pure in heart, thro' faith and grace, Shall

an - gels wear, A message still they seem to bear:
beau-ty drew The truth, so old, yet ev - er new:
white and fair, Tho' lowly crowned, shall enter there.

The pure in heart, thro' faith and grace, Shall

see at last the Savior's face, If, like the lil-ies fair, A spot - less robe they wear.

Rit. - - -

see at last the Savior's face, If, like the lil - ies pure and fair, A spotless robe they meekly wear.

Rit. - - -

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The Strait Gate.

H. R. TRICKETT. *Strive to enter in at the strait gate.*—Luke 13 : 24. J. H. F.

1. Strive to en - ter the strait gate, Strait is the gate, Nar-row the way; En - ter ere it
2. Do not trav - el the broad way, Smooth is the path, Wide is the road; Sa - tan waits your
3. Hear the cries from the broad way, Pit - i - ful cries, Cries of de-spair; Thousands dy - ing
4. Strive to en - ter the strait gate, Short is the time, Pre-cious to you; En - ter, soon 'twill

CHORUS.

be too late, Hear the Sav - ior's voice to - day.
soul to slay, His are all who seek not God. Strait is the gate, Nar-row the way,
day by day, Sin and sor - row al - ways there.
be too late. Know ye not 'tis found by few?

Strive to find it while you may; Narrow the way, Jesus says strive, Enter and save your soul a-live.

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Day by Day.

A. P. COBB. KARL REDEN.

Moderato. *mf*

1. Day by day my path grows clearer, Day by day, yes, day by day; And my heav'n-ly home is
2. Day by day thy Word is dear-er— All its pre-cepts precious are; I would be no i-dle
3. Can I, Lord, for-get thy anguish, Pierc-ed hands and riv-en side! For me, thou in pain didst
4. Day by day is prayer more earnest, Day by day is love more real; And my fee-ble faith thou

CHORUS. *f*

near-er, Je-sus leads me all the way.
hear-er, For *to do* is bet-ter far. Bless-ed Sav-ior, mine for-ev-er! Lead me
lan-guish, For me, thou wast cru-ci-fied.
turn-est In-to warm and lov-ing zeal.

p

dai-ly by thy grace; And when ends this life's en-deavor, Let me see in heav'n thy face.

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Is My Name Written There?

JESSIE H. BROWN. Rev. 20: 12. 21: 27. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. With-in the ho-ly Book of Life, I know, The angels write with care; With names of those who triumph
2. O, precious friends have I whose hearts are pure, Whose lives are grand and fair; Their names are penned in heaven
3. When, as the gloomy bat-tle-shad-ows roll, I long for heav-en's air; The solemn question sweeps a-

CHORUS.

here be-low, Is my name writ-ten there?
I am sure, But say—Is my name there? Is my name writ-ten in the Book of Life, Where
cross my soul, Is my name writ-ten there?

shining pens re-cord? Is mine with those who conquer in the strife, And win the great re-ward?

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We are Glad, glad, glad.

GRACE GLENN. *Suffer little children to come unto me.*—Luke 18: 16. DAVID.

1. Je - sus loved children, no mat-ter how small, Loved them and called them and blessed one and all; So in his
2. "Hinder them not, let them come un-to me," So we would come, precious Sav-ior, to thee; Hear us, dear
3. "Such are the ones of the kingdom," he said. O may we walk in the way he has led! Lov-ing and

CHORUS.

home in the heav-ens a - bove, Just as on earth, he will give them his love.
Lord, when we sing and we pray, Just as of old wilt thou bless us to - day. We are glad, glad, glad, The
peace - a - ble, gen - tle and mild, Taught by our Father's own beauti - ful child.

Bi - ble has told us the sto - ry so true; We are glad, glad, glad, For Je-sus is our Sav - ior too.

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The Angels' Song.

*Lift up your heads, O ye gates; * * * and the King of glory shall come in.*—Psalm 24: 9.

D. R. LUCAS. DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Hark! the throng of an-gel voic-es, How they swell the glad re-frain; All the host of heav'n re-
2. Heav'n receives her Monarch rightful, As he comes from Cal-va-ry; An-gel song of praise de-
3. Round the throne the seraphs glorious, Hail with joy the ris-en Son; Crown the King o'er death vic-

CHORUS.

joic-es, Je-sus crowned, begins his reign.
light-ful, Ech-oes forth the ju-bi-lee. Lift your heads, ye gates im-mor-tal, He has
to-rious, With the lau-rels he hath won.

conquered death and sin; Thro' the ev-er-last-ing port-al, King of glo-ry, en-ter in.

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With Your Might.

JESSIE H. BROWN. F. L. BRISTOW.

1. Can you sing a song of praise To the Lord of life and light? Glad - ly,
2. Can you do a no - ble deed? Let a pur - pose through it thrill; Let your
3. He who watch - es o - ver all, Will re - mem - ber and re - ward; Be the

CHORUS.

then, your anthem raise, Sing it, sing it with your might.
heart within you plead, Do it, do it with a will. Then, what-ev - er you may do,
serv - ice great or small, Do it, do it for the Lord.

In the bat - tle for the right, Je - sus gave the task to you—Do it with your might.

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I will Sing unto the Lord. Anthem.

Psalm 104 : 33, 34.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Allegretto.

I will sing un - to the Lord, I will sing un - to the Lord, I will sing and praise my God

while I have my be - ing, I will sing un - to the Lord, I will sing un - to the Lord,

SOLO. Slower.

I will sing and praise my God while I have my be-ing. My med-i - tation shall be sweet, I

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Rit. Rit.

will be glad in the Lord, My med-i - ta-tion shall be sweet, I will be glad in the Lord.

A tempo.

I will sing un - to the Lord, I will sing un - to the Lord, I will sing and praise my God

while I have my be-ing. Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord, Praise ye the Lord.

Forever Thine.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. T. FRANK ALLEN.
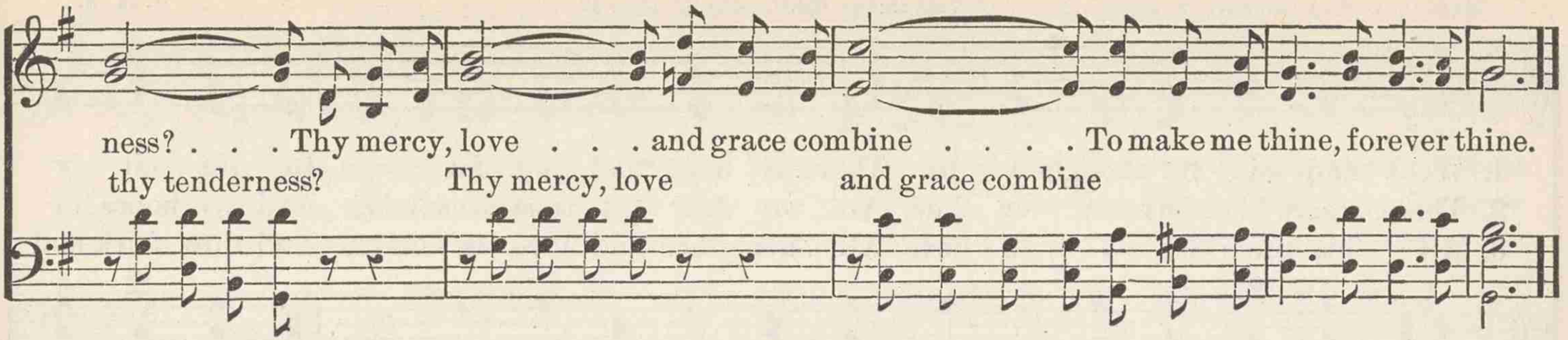
1. O thou who hast my ran - som paid, On thee my load of sin is laid;
2. A - far from thee I wan - dered long, Re - deem - ing love is now my song;
3. The world no more en - chains my soul, I bow a - lone to thy con - trol;
4. With grate - ful heart thy praise I sing, My hopes, my fears to thee I bring;

To thee my all I now re - sign, For I am thine, for - ev - er thine.
On me the beams of mer - cy shine, For I am thine, for - ev - er thine,
I on - ly know thy will di - vine, For I am thine, for - ev - er thine.
Faith's sweet as - sur - ance now is mine, For I am thine, for - ev - er thine.

CHORUS.

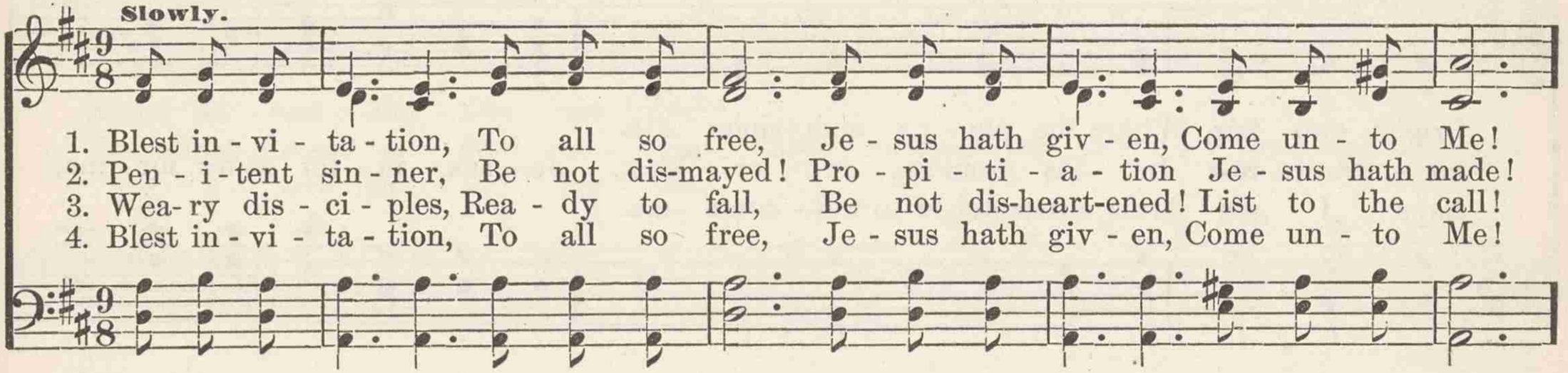
For-ev-er thine! . . . Can words express . . . . Thy wondrous love, : . . . thy ten-der-
For-ev-er thine! Can words express Thy wondrous love,
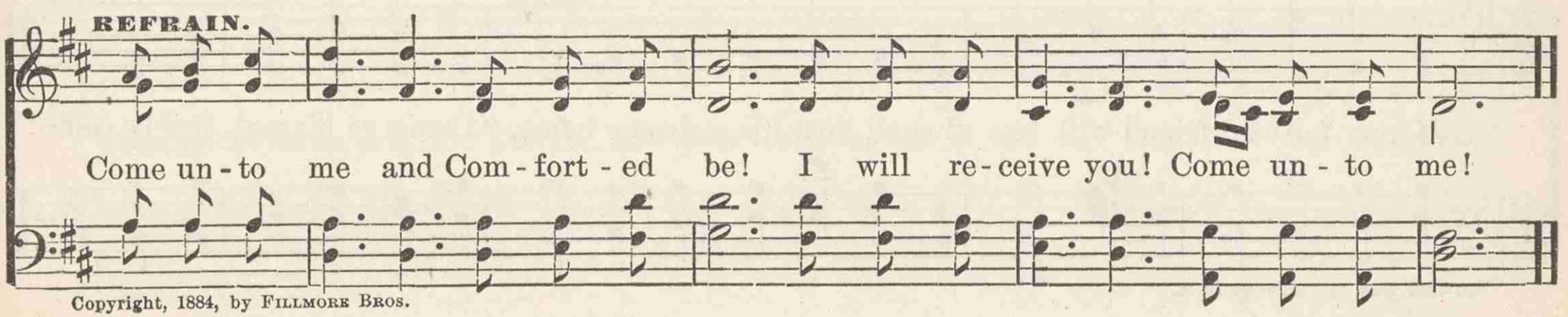
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Come unto Me.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.





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Beyond the Gates.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. *I trust in thy Word.*—Psalm 119: 42. J. H. F.

1. Weak and sin - ful though I be, There is hope and joy for me, In the cit - y
2. There, where blossoms nev - er fade, Are my dear - est treas-ures laid, And my hopes of
3. All his prom - ise I be - lieve, All his grace and love re - ceive, And thro' faith and

CHORUS.

bright and fair, Where the ma - ny man - sions are.
en - trance rest In his prom-ise, ev - er blest. Je - sus in - ter - cedes for me,
hope I see Arms outstretched to wel - come me.

He my faithful friend will be; I shall hear his welcome home, "Come, ye blessed, free-ly come!"

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Are You Building on the Rock?

JESSIE H. BROWN. *I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.*—Matt. 7 : 24. J. H. F.

1. Are you build-ing on the rock, High a - bove the sand-y beach, Where no sudden wave can shock,
2. Years, like tides, will come and go; Tell me, are you ver - y sure That they will not o - verthrow
3. Lay with patience, faith and prayer, Your foundations deep and wide; Build thereon, with watchful care,

CHORUS.

Where no beat - ing tide can reach?
Much that seemed at first se - cure? Are you hear - ing and o - bey - ing? Are you
Far a - bove the an - gry tide.

working, watching, praying? Tell me, does your dwell-ing stand On the rock, or on the sand?

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Eye Has Not Seen.

JESSIE H. BROWN. 1 Cor. 2: 9 J. H. RHEEM.

1. No eye has seen the treas - ures Which wait our ea - ger gaze; No ear has heard the
2. No heart has pictured splen - dor So rich and pure and grand, Nor dreamed of love so
3. O cit - y, fair and ho - ly, With - in thy jas - per wall A wel-come waits the

CHORUS.

meas - ures The an - gel choirs will raise.
ten - der, As reigns in that bright land. The half has not been told us, But
low - ly, And there is room for all.

we are sure of this: The Sav-ior's arms will fold us, And that will make it bliss.

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I Would be Thine.

REV. S. H. HOLLIDAY. J. H. F.

1. O Lord, I would be thine, My all to thee I give— My bod - y,
2. Since thou hast pur - chased me With pre - cious blood di - vine, Thine on - ly
3. O for the need - ed grace! Wilt thou not give it me? And lead me

spir - it, soul— Do thou the gift re - ceive.
I would be, And be en - tire - ly thine. My hands, my head, my heart, I
day by day, To live by faith in thee.

CHORUS.

on thine al - tar lay; O use me as thou wilt, Em - ploy me ev - 'ry day.

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Blessed Fountain.

H. R. TRICKETT. *And shall lead them unto living fountains of waters.*—Rev. 7 : 17. FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. O, how pre-cious is the prom - ise Which the Lord our God has given To the thirst - y
2. O, how great will be the rap - ture When our eyes that fount shall see! Then our hearts will
3. Then the cho - rus of re - demp-tion Shall in might - y thunders roar, And the wa - ter

faint - ing pil-grim, When at last he en - ters heaven!
throb with glad-ness, Then at last we shall be free. Bless - ed Fountain! ho - ly Fountain!
of the fount-ain They shall drink for ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Where the liv-ing wa-ters flow; He will lead us to the fountain, For our God has told us so.

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Rejoice, Rejoice, He Rose.

PETER VOGEL. J. H. F.

1. Re - joice, re - joice ye sons of earth, re - joice, He rose, the Son of man a - rose;
2. Re - joice, re - joice ye once-doomed souls, re - joice, We rose, in Christ our Lord we rose;
3. Re - joice, re - joice ye heirs of heav'n, re - joice, He rose, the Son of God a - rose;

Death held him in his i - cy chain, He burst the might - y links in twain, And
Our hope so long in death had lain, But Christ o'er-threw the monster's reign, And
A ris - en band with him he led, As up - ward thro' the clouds he sped, And

rose, he rose, Im - man - u - el a - rose, He rose, Im - man - u - el a - rose.
rose, he rose, Hu - man - i - ty a - rose, He rose, Hu - man - i - ty a - rose.
rose, he rose, To heav'n a - bove he rose, He rose, to heav'n a - bove he rose.

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The Kingdom Shall Stand.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.
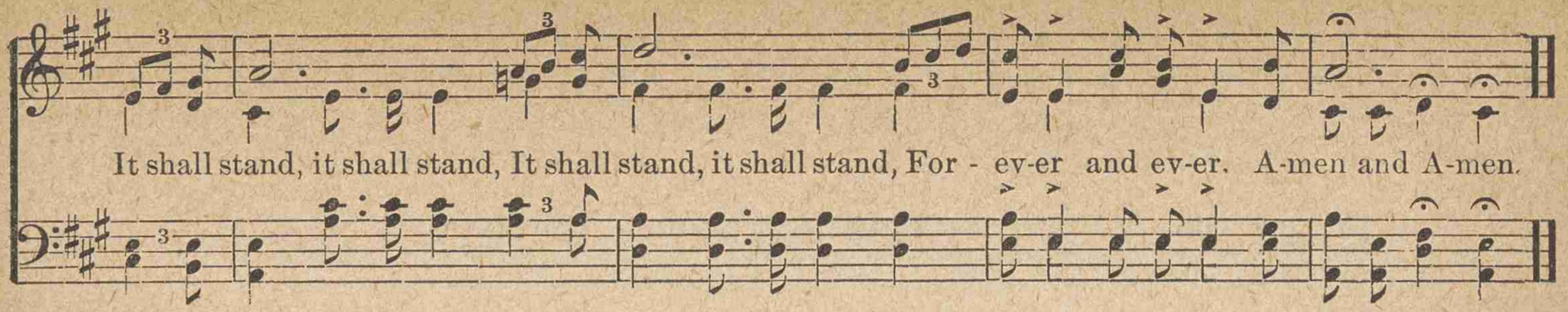
Boldly, in march style.

1. The kingdoms of earth pass a - way one by one, But the kingdom of heav - en re-mains;
2. The tempest may rage and the hur - ri-cane roar, Yea, the wind and the tor-rents de-scend,
3. The king-dom of God is now o - pen to all, E'en the vi - lest may now en - ter in;

It is built on a rock and the Lord is its King, And forev er and ev - er he reigns.
And the strong gates of hell may as - sail it in vain, For the kingdom shall stand till the end.
There's a welcome for all who will turn to the Lord, Full sal - va - tion and par - don for sin.

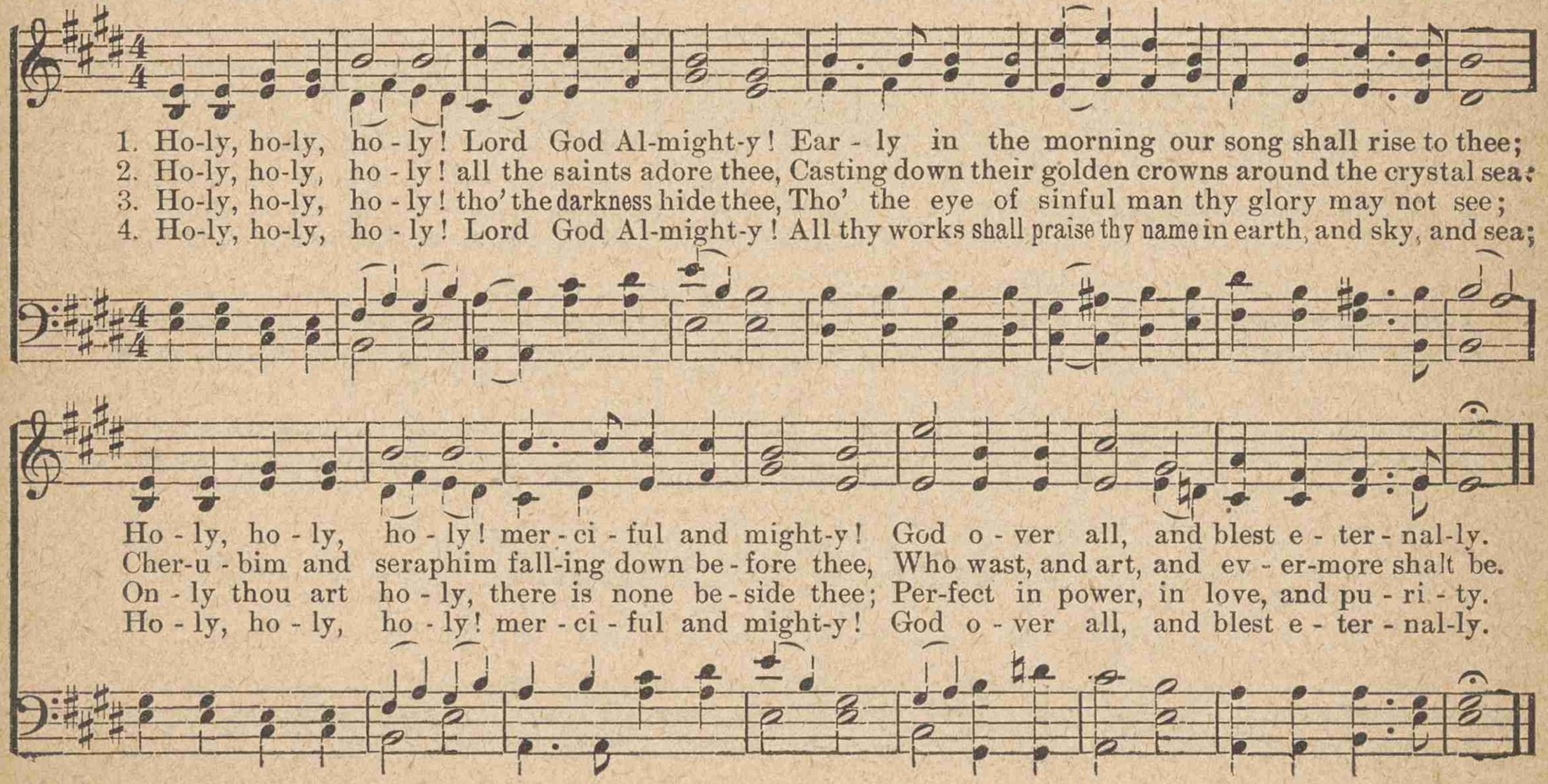
It shall stand, It shall stand, For - ev-er and ev-er and ev - er,
It shall stand, It shall stand, It shall stand;

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Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

REGINALD HEBER--alt. J. B. DYKES.



Little Givers.

Words arr. Unknown.

1. Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Trib - ute to your Heavenly King; Lay it on the
2. Lit - tle giv - ers! do your part With a glad and will - ing heart, For the an - gel
3. Give to all the darkened earth Tid - ings of a heavenly birth, Till the youth in
4. Give your heart with ho - ly love; Give your praise like that a - bove; All your life to

al - tar high, While your songs as - cend the sky.
voic - es say: "Lit - tle giv - ers! give to - day." Lit - tle giv - ers! give and sing, Bring your
ev - 'ry land Learn the Sav - ior's sweet command.
Je - sus give, And in glo - ry you shall live.

CHORUS.

off'rings to your King; Praise the Lord, so good, so true, He has giv - en all for you.

The Crystal Fountain.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. *A fountain opened for sin.*—Zeck. 13: 1. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. O come to the bright crystal fount-ain, Its wa-ters, tho' priceless, are free; O wea-ry and
2. Draw near, tho' thy sins are as scar-let, Their stain it will quickly re-move; Draw near to the
3. O thou who art thirsty for par-don, And faint with the turmoil and strife, Now, now is the

CHORUS.

heav-i-ly lad-en, 'Tis flow-ing with mer-cy for thee. Flow-ing for thee,
pit-y-ing Sav-ior, The fountain of in-fi-nite love. Flow-ing, yes, flow-ing for thee,
day of sal-va-tion, Come, drink from the fountain of life.

Flow-ing for thee, The bright crystal fountain of mercy, so free, Is flow-ing for thee.
Evermore flowing for thee, Is flowing for thee.

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Safe in Port.

MRS. C. L. S. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Past the toil, the pain, the con - flict, Vic - to - ry is mine; Rest and peace my soul are
2. Safe at last, and free for - ev - er From my wea - ry load; I can soar on wings tri-
3. Nev - er - more to droop and lan - guish 'Neath the heav - y cross; Nev - er - more in pain and

CHORUS.

fill - ing With a joy di - vine.
umph-ant, To my blest a - bode. Safe in port! aye, safe - ly an - chored On the
an - guish Shall I suf - fer loss.

gold - en strand; Home at last, in Je - sus' pres - ence Ev - er - more to stand.

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Heaven after Earth.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. Rest aft-er la - bor, Gain aft - er loss, Palm aft-er sa - ber, Crown aft - er cross.
2. Light aft-er bleak-ness, Calm aft - er fears, Strength aft-er weak-ness, Songs aft - er tears.
3. Sight aft-er grop-ing, Feast aft - er dearth, Joy aft-er hop - ing, Heav'n aft-er earth.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful sto - ry! Soul, can it be, Aught of such glo - ry Wait-eth for thee?

Ad lib.

Aft - er the sor - row, Aft - er the night, Will the to - mor - row Dawn in de - light?

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Clasp My Hand in Thine.

JESSIE H. BROWN. T. C. O'KANE.

1. When chilling shadows thickly fall, And darkness seems to cov - er all, Dear Savior, hear my pleading
2. When tempted from the nar-row way, When in for-bid-den paths I stray, In sad-ness, turning back, I
3. O, clos - er, clos - er hold my hand, And lead me to the Summer Land, Where I may in thy presence

REFRAIN.

call, And clasp my hand in thine. O, clasp my hand in thine, dear Lord, Clasp
say, "Lord, clasp my hand in thine."
stand, And clasp my hand in thine. O, clasp my hand in thine, dear Lord, Clasp

thou my hand in thine; Hear thou my prayer, grant thou thy care, And clasp my hand in thine.

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Ere the Sun goes Down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. *Work while ye have light, lest darkness come upon you.*—John 12: 35. J. H. F.

1. I have work enough to do, Ere the sun goes down; For my-self and kin-dred too, Ere the sun goes down;
2. I must speak the loving word, Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be heard, Ere the sun goes down;
3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down; God's command I must o-bey, Ere the sun goes down;

Ev-'ry i-dle whis-per stilling—With a pur-pose firm and will-ing, All my dai-ly task ful-fill-ing,
Ev-'ry cry of pit-y heed-ing, For the in-jured in-ter-ced-ing, To the light the lost ones lead-ing,
There are sins that need confessing, There are wrongs that need redressing, If I would ob-tain the bless-ing,

REFRAIN.

Ere the sun goes down. Ere the sun, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun goes down.

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I will Call upon Thee.

D. R. LUCAS. D. R. LUCAS.

1. In the day of my youth I will call up - on thee For the truth that shall guide me a - right,
2. In the day of my joy I will call up - on thee, And with thanks all my gra - ti-tude show
3. In the day of my grief I will call up - on thee, For I know thou wilt heal and sus-tain;
4. In the day of my death I will call up - on thee, As I thro' the dark val-ley shall go,

f. Fine.

That the days of my life in thy ser - vice may be A fount - ain of joy and de - light.
For the bless-ings that hal - low thy ways un - to me, As on - ward re - joic-ing I go.
And from out all my woe shall de - liv - er-ance be, And the light of redemption shall reign.
That thy rod and thy staff all my com - fort may be, That no doubt or a fear I may know.

D. S. *That the days of my life in thy ser - vice may be A fount - ain of joy and de - light.*

CHORUS. D. S.

I will call up - on thee, I will call up - on thee,
I will call up - on thee, I will call up - on thee,

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Lead Me all the Way.

E. E. REXFORD. ALFRED POWERS.

Slowly.

1. Fa - ther, the way be - fore me Is hedged about with sin; Show me the hid - den pit - falls, Lest
2. Show me the ways of dan - ger That would ensnare my feet; Help me to fight and con - quer Temp-
3. I would keep close, my Father, For - ev - er to thy side, And in thy prom-ise trust - ing, All

REFRAIN.

I should fall therein.
ta-tions that I meet. Tenderly hast thou led me, My Fa-ther, day by day; This shall my plea be
peaceful-ly a - bide.

Rit. - - - -

ev - er, O lead me all the way! This shall my plea be ev - er, O lead me all the way!

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Marching On.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Marching on, marching on, Marching on 'neath the ban-ner of our King,
marching on, marching on, marching on,

Marching on, marching on, Marching on while the notes of tri-umph ring.
marching on, marching on,

1. { We are sol-diers in the ar-my of the hosts of the Lord, Marching onward whereso - ev - er he com-
   { Bravely dar-ing ev - 'ry danger, we will joy - ful - ly sing, For there wait us great posses-sions in the

2. { Tho' the tempter may assail us from without or with-in, We will nev - er yield a mo-ment to the
   { Tho' he of - fer ev-'ry pleasure that the world can af-ford, We, with loy-al feet, shall fol-low in the

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Sing the first two braces between verses 1 & 2, then go on to the end.

D. C.

mands by his word. } Marching on, marching on, Marching on while the notes of triumph
land of our King. } marching on, marching on,
promptings of sin. }
paths of the Lord: } marching on, marching on, while the notes of triumph

ring, Marching on, marching on, Marching on, shouting glo - ry to our
marching on, marching on, marching on,

Rit. - - -

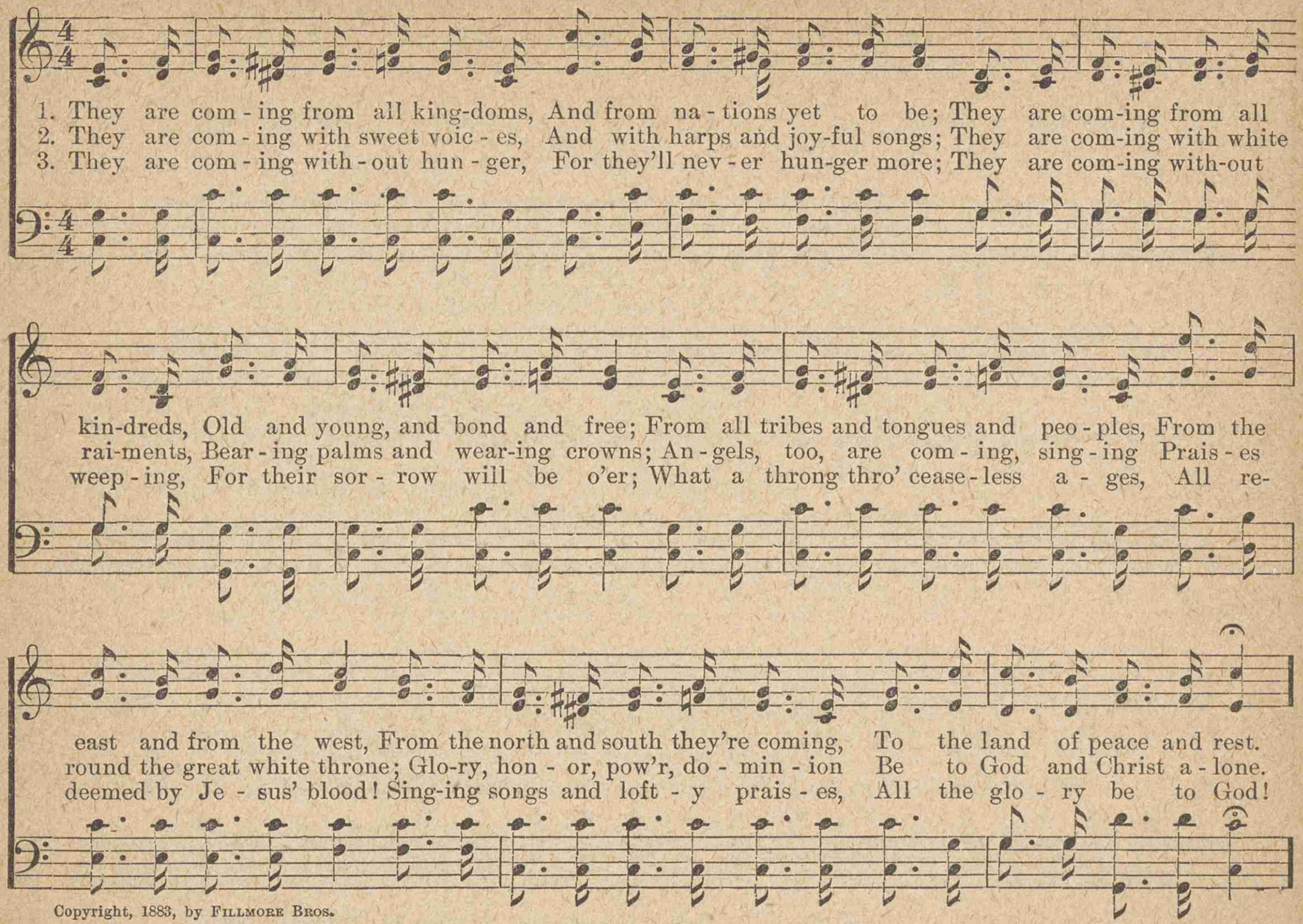
King! to our King! Marching on, shout - ing glo - ry to our King! Glo-ry, glo - ry to our King!

* Let only the voices that are fully matured, and can sing it easily, take the high note.

They are Coming.

I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb.—Rev. 7 : 9.

ROBERT MOFFETT. J. H. F.



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CHORUS.

They are com - - ing, They are com - - ing,
They are com-ing, they are com-ing, They are com-ing, they are com-ing From all tribes and tongues and

peo-ples, See them come, see them come! They are com-ing, they are com-ing, From the

east and from the west, From the north and south they're coming, To the land of peace and rest.

The Heathen Children.

H. R. TRICKETT. *And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord.*—Isa. 54 : 13. J. H. F.

1. From the children who dwell by the Ganges, From Chi - na and lands far a - way, Comes a cry to the
2. By the wind that blows o-ver the o - cean Is brought to our ears the sad cry: Can we turn a deaf
3. O, the children, the poor heathen children! How near to our heart they should be! Jesus loves them, and
4. In the day of the Lord, if we see them Surrounding the throne of the King, They will hail us as

CHORUS.

Sunday-school children, We per-ish; O, save us, we pray!
ear to their pleading? Since we're saved, shall they sadly die? O, pit - y the poor heathen chil - dren! O
died to redeem them; O, send the good news, they are free.
those who have saved them; All glo - ry to Jesus they'll sing.

Rit.

children, re-spond to the call; They are perishing now without Jesus, The Savior, who died for us all.

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Look Above.

A. P. COBB. F. L. BRISTOW.

Slow and earnestly.

1. O brothers! do your feet grow wea - ry On life's rug - ged way, And is the sky a-bove you
2. O broth-er! is your lamp still burn-ing Thro' the gloom-y night? Midst sor-rows are you still dis-
3. O broth-er! trust your gracious Sav - ior All the toil-some way; Seek, ev - er seek his lov - ing
4. Soon, brother, shall the night's deep sorrow Be for - ev - er gone; Joy com-eth with the gold - en

CHORUS.

drear - y At the close of day?
cern - ing Je - sus' promise bright? Look above! tho' the dark clouds low-er, Soon, soon will shine the
fa - vor, Oft in meek-ness pray.
morrow, Heaven's peace shall dawn.

sun; Brave hearts should nev - er shrink nor cow - er Ere their task be done!

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When the Harvest is Past.

A. P. COBB. *The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.*—Jer. 8: 20. J. H. F.

Rhythm according to the words.

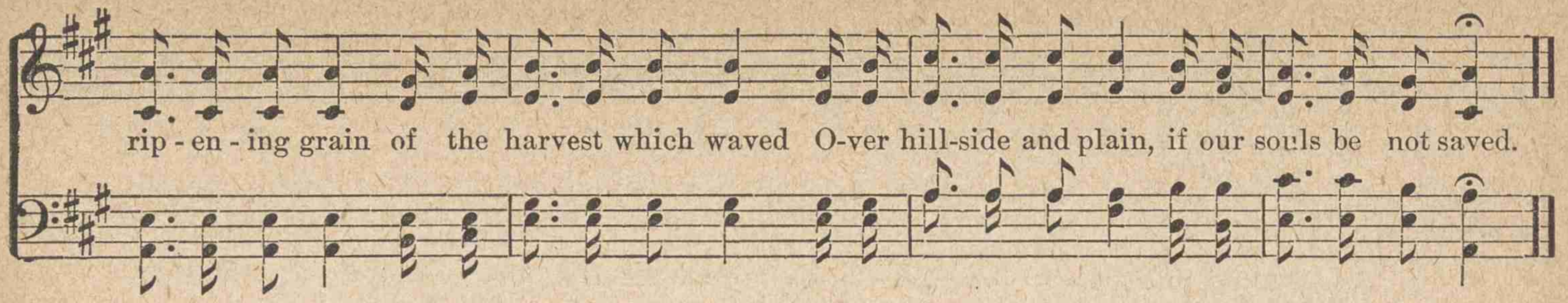
1. When the har-vest is past and the sum-mer is o'er, When gleaned is the grain that in rare beauty waved,
2. Prayerless brother of mine, for whom Je-sus has died, He calls thee to la-bor. O-bey: 'tis thy Lord.
3. When the Lord shall descend and the reapers go home, The sheaves may be many, the har-vest be long;

How fear-ful my fate if my soul be not saved, When the harvest is past and the summer is o'er!
Hear his voice. Reap the grain and receive thy reward, Pray'rless brother of mine, for whom Jesus has died.
But on-ly the faithful will join in the song, When the Lord shall descend and the reapers go home.

CHORUS.

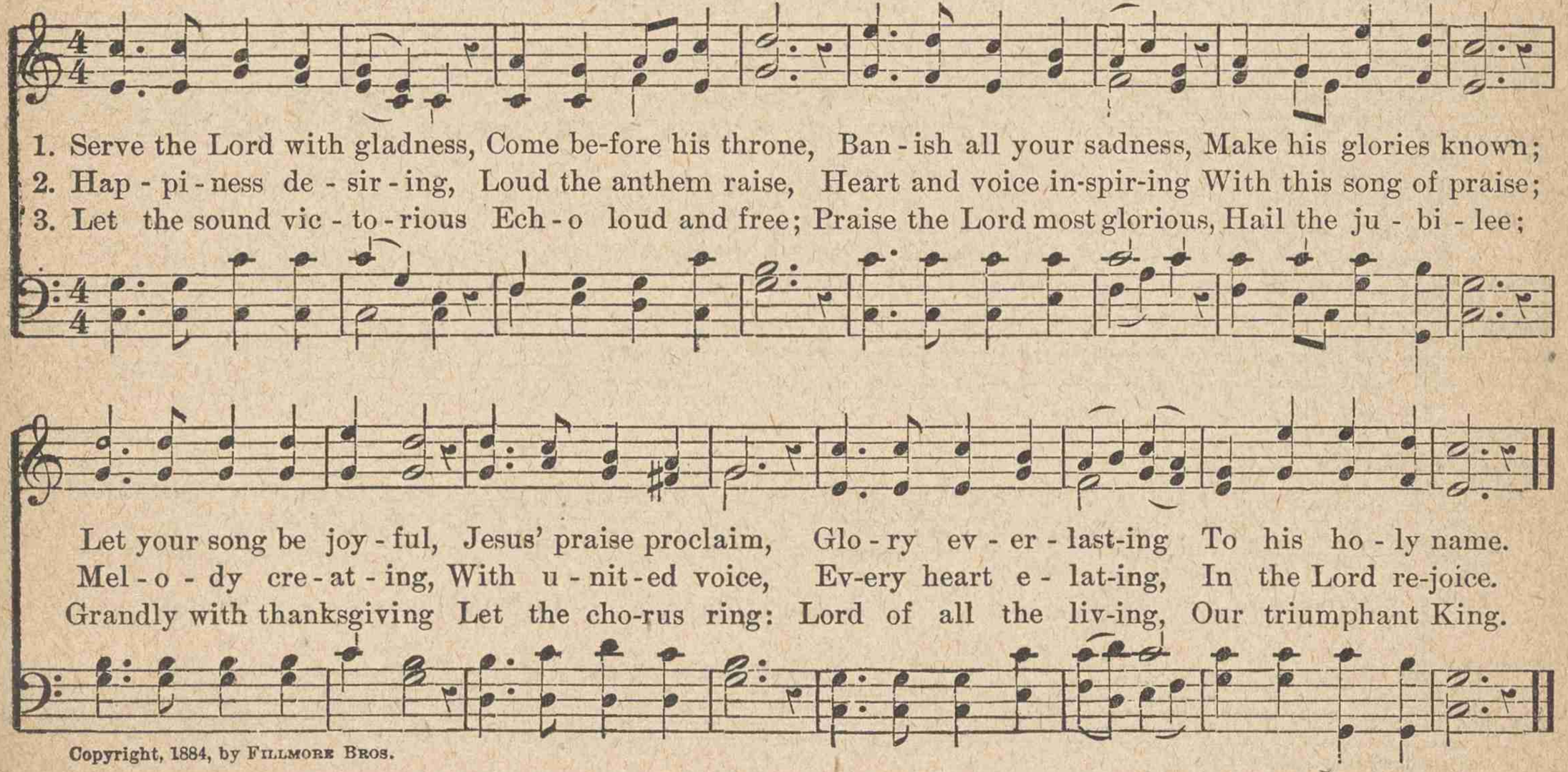
In vain, in vain the broad field, ... In vain, in vain the rich yield, ... And the
the broad field, the rich yield,

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Praise the Lord.

D. R. LUCAS. *Serve the Lord with gladness.*—Psalm 100. J. H. RHEEM.



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The Pillar of Fire.

And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.—Exodus 13 : 21.

H. R. TRICKETT, Arr. and comp. by J. H. F.
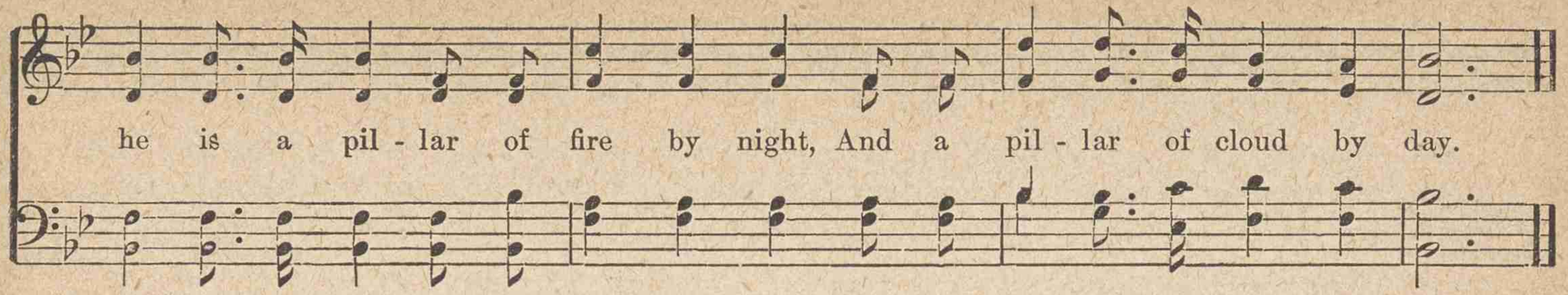
1. Our tents are all fold-ed, we're read - y to march, We will move when our God shall command;
2. Our God is our shield, and our strength, and our sun, And he gives us both glo - ry and grace;
3. Our hair has grown gray and our eyes have grown dim, We have witnessed the changing of years,
4. On, on with our journey, the Jor - dan is near, And we soon shall pass o - ver and rest;

And no dan - ger shall stop us, we'll joy - ful - ly haste Till we en - ter the beau-ti - ful land.
No good thing will he keep from the fee - blest of those Who both fear him and seek his dear face.
But our God has his cov - e - nant faith - ful - ly kept, And the past shall dis - pel all our fears.
For no swell - ings of Jor - dan shall hin - der our souls, March on-ward, God's way is the best.

CHORUS.

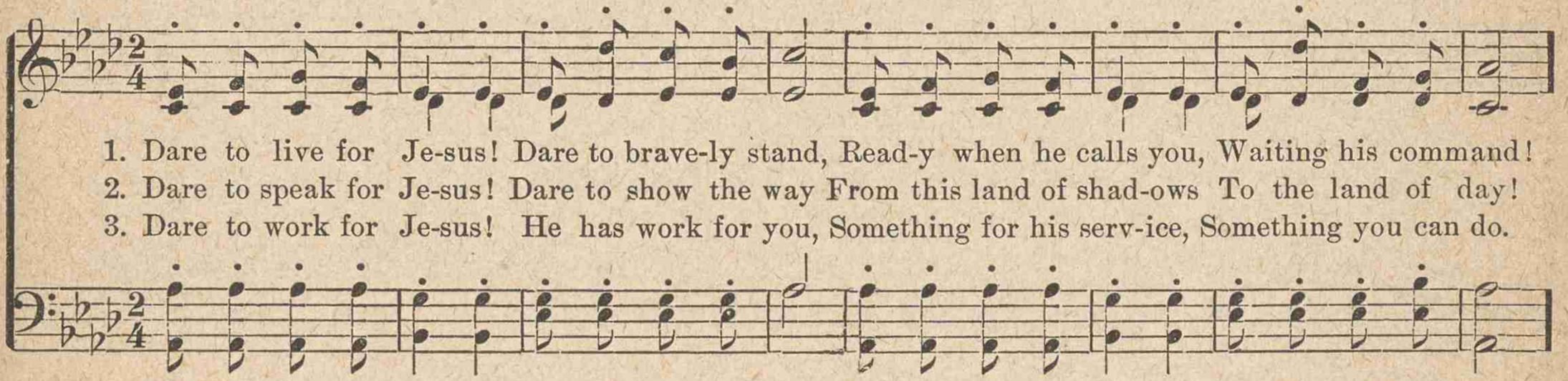
On - ward, ye saints, for our God is our light, March on - ward, he points us the way; For

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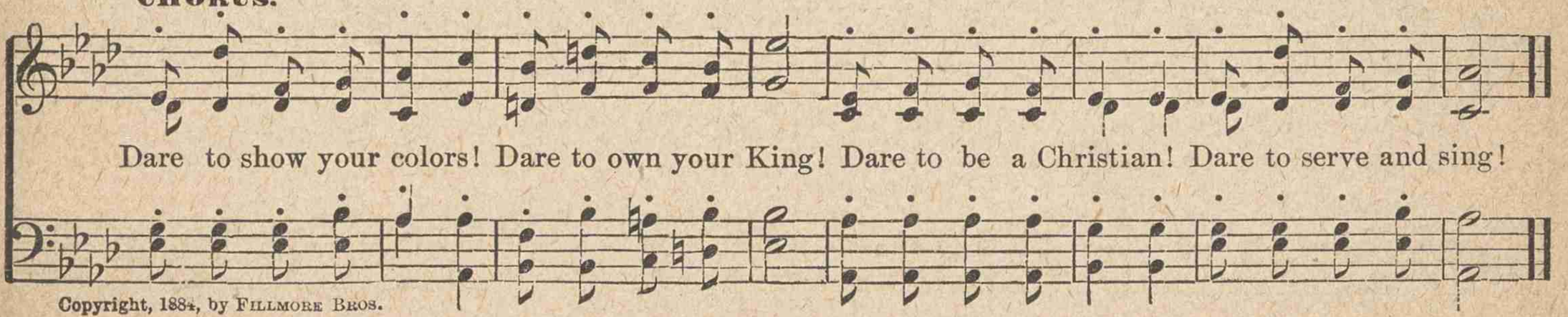


Dare to Show Your Colors.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.



CHORUS.



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Safe Harbor.
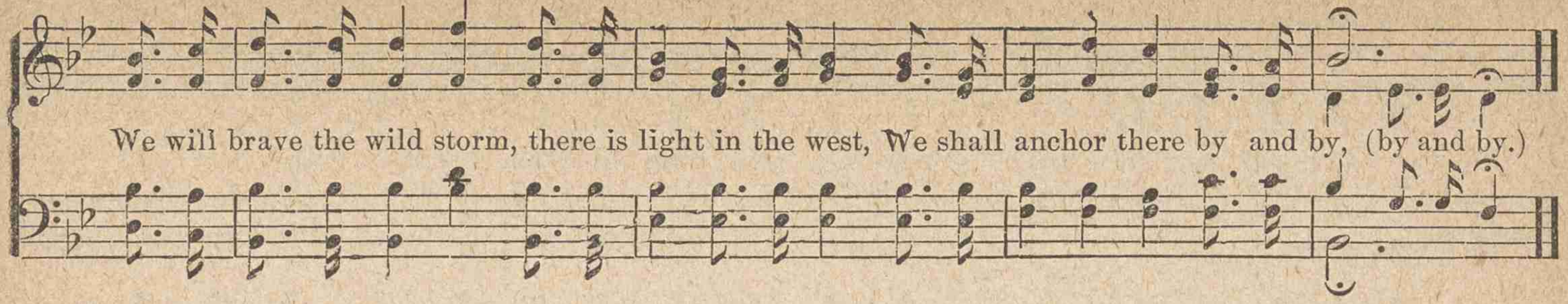
H. L. FRISBIE. H. L. FRISBIE, by per.

1. We are out on a wide storm - y o - cean, Toss'd and rent by the fierce chill - ing blast;
2. Tho' we rude - ly are torn by the tem - pest, Beat a - bout by the wild, an - gry wave,
3. See the bea - con his great love has light - ed, As it shin - eth our frail bark to guide;

But each roll of the wave bears us on - ward To the safe heav'n-ly har - bor at last.
We can trust, in the storm, to the Pi - lot, For we know he is might - y to save.
Just be-yond there is rest sure and bless - ed, For the har - bor is close by its side.

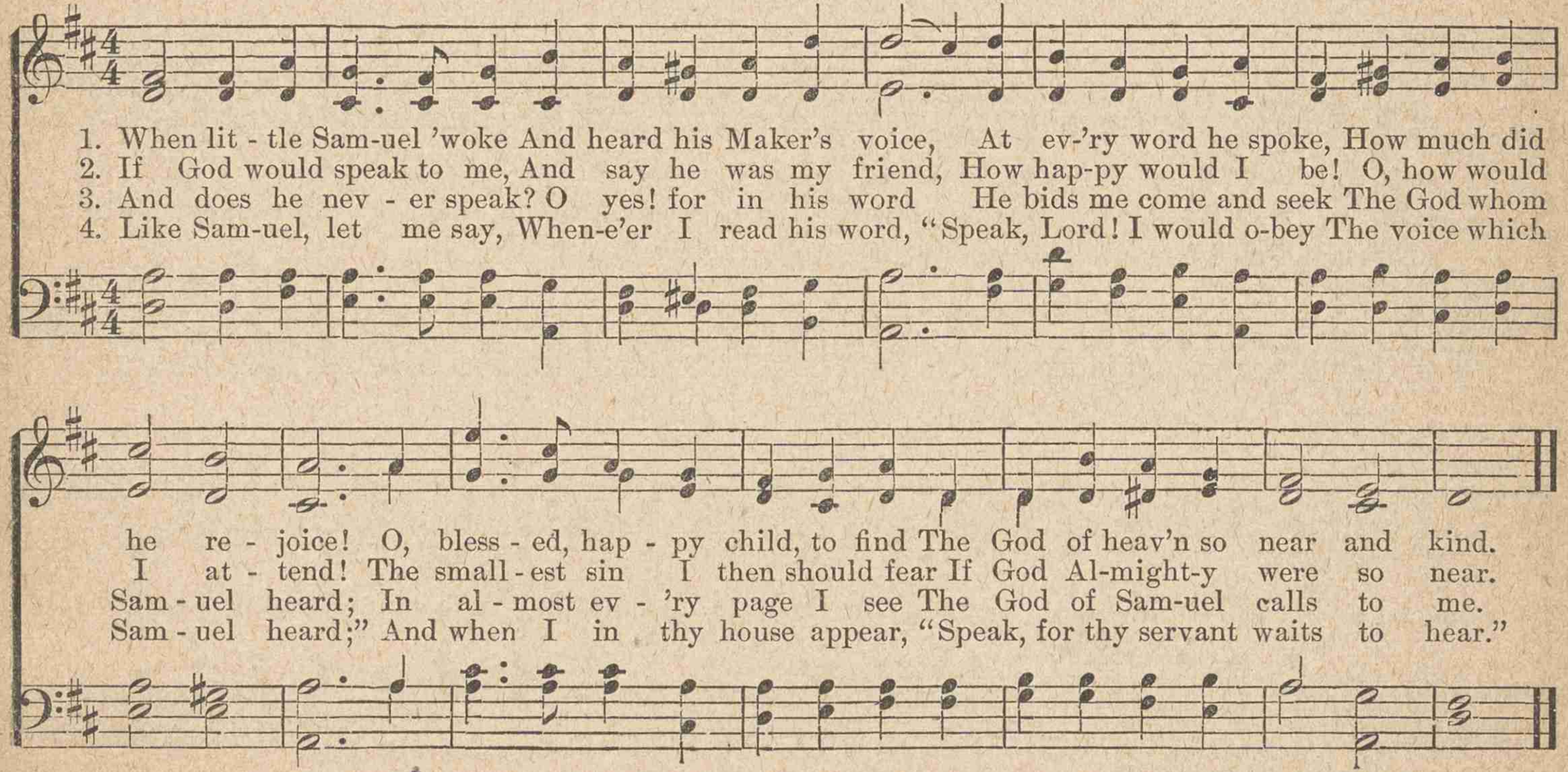
CHORUS.

In the har - bor, In the har - bor, We shall an-chor by and by;
In the har-bor, the sweet, heav'nly har-bor of rest, by and by;



When Little Samuel.

Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. 3 : 10. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



While Blossoms Wear their Dew.

JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. Do you mean to fol - low Je - sus? Do you long to own his claim? Do you want to seek and serve him—Do you hope to wear his name?
2. Have you heard the precious prom-ise Giv - en in his ho - ly Word? At the thought of how he suf - fered, Has your heart with-in you stirred? Come, then, in the ear - ly morn-ing, near the king-dom—Do not pause and turn a - way.
3. Come and give your youth to Je - sus; It will brighten all the day; You are ver - y

CHORUS.

Come, while life is sweet and new; Come before the burning noontide, Come, while blossoms wear their dew.

Rit. - - - - - -

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Jesus is Coming Again.

J. H. P. Acts 1: 9, 10, 11. J. H. PAINTER.

1. O I won-der when Je-sus is com-ing a-gain, His wait-ing be-liev-ers to bless;
2. O when will the an-gels their shouting be-gin, When Je-sus our Sav-ior will come,
3. Many loved ones will meet us and cheer our glad souls, Our joys will be full then, I know;
4. O sin-ner, de-lay not, the time is too near, It may be e'en now at your door;

And gath-er to heav-en his faith-ful ones, then, And give them sweet heav-en-ly rest?
To con-quer for-ev-er the kingdom of sin, And take all his chosen ones home?
Hal-le-lu-jahs will ring when we en-ter the goal, O Christian, be read-y to go!
O come to the Savior, there's nothing to fear, While Je-sus is walk-ing be-fore!.

D. S. *O brother, re-joice! for the prom-ise is sure, Yes, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.*

CHORUS.

O, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain! . . . O, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain! . . .
O, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain! O, Je-sus is com-ing a-gain!

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Only Waiting.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. T. C. O'KANE.

1. On - ly wait - ing, on - ly wait - ing For my lov-ing Lord's com - mand; When he calls me I shall has - ten To the bright and bet - ter land.
2. Clad in faith, as with an ar - mor, Stand-ing on the shore of Time, Soon I'll see the wondrous beau - ty Of that blest and peace - ful clime.
3. There is but a veil that hid - eth All its glo - ries from my sight; Soon the night of pain will van - ish In the morn-ing's gold - en light.
4. Trusting in the Savior's mer - its, By the Shepherd sought and found; Ev - er - last-ing arms of mer - cy, Bear me up and clasp me round.

CHORUS.

O'er the riv - er, o'er the riv - er, There is glad - ness, joy and peace; I shall dwell with God for - ev - er When he gives my soul re - lease.

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Shall I be There!

L. A. M. S. Arr. for this work.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. When earth - ly things have ceased to be, And life e - ter - nal fruit shall bear;
2. When in the bright, e - ter - nal world, The good pos - sess those man-sions fair;
3. When close a - round the Sav - ior's seat The saints have gath-ered ev - 'ry - where
4. When draw - ing near the glo - rious throne The bright, an - gel - ic hosts ap - pear

CHORUS.

When all the saints are gathered home, Shall I be there!
Se - cure at last from all that harms, Shall I be there! Shall I, shall I be there!
To cast their crowns at Je - sus' feet, Shall I be there!
To join in one glad burst of praise, Shall I be there!

Shall I, shall I be there! When all the good are gathered home, Shall I be there!

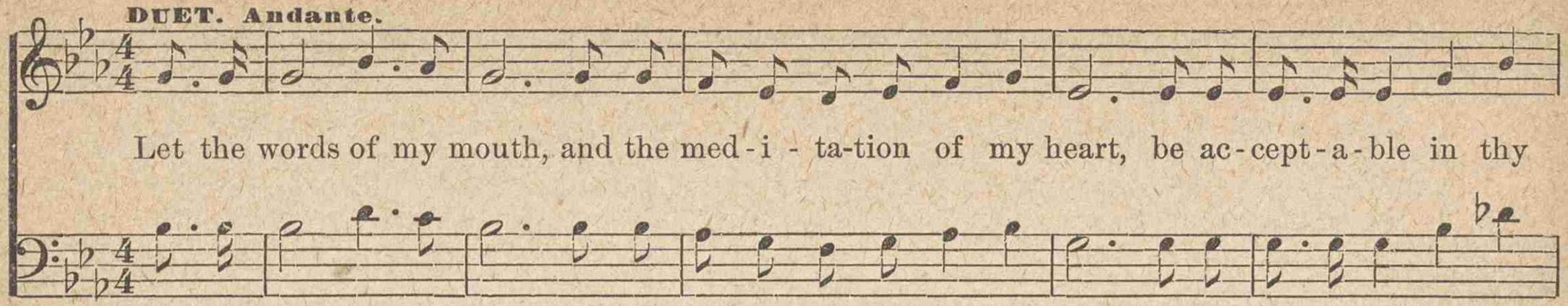
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Let the Words of my Mouth. Sentence.

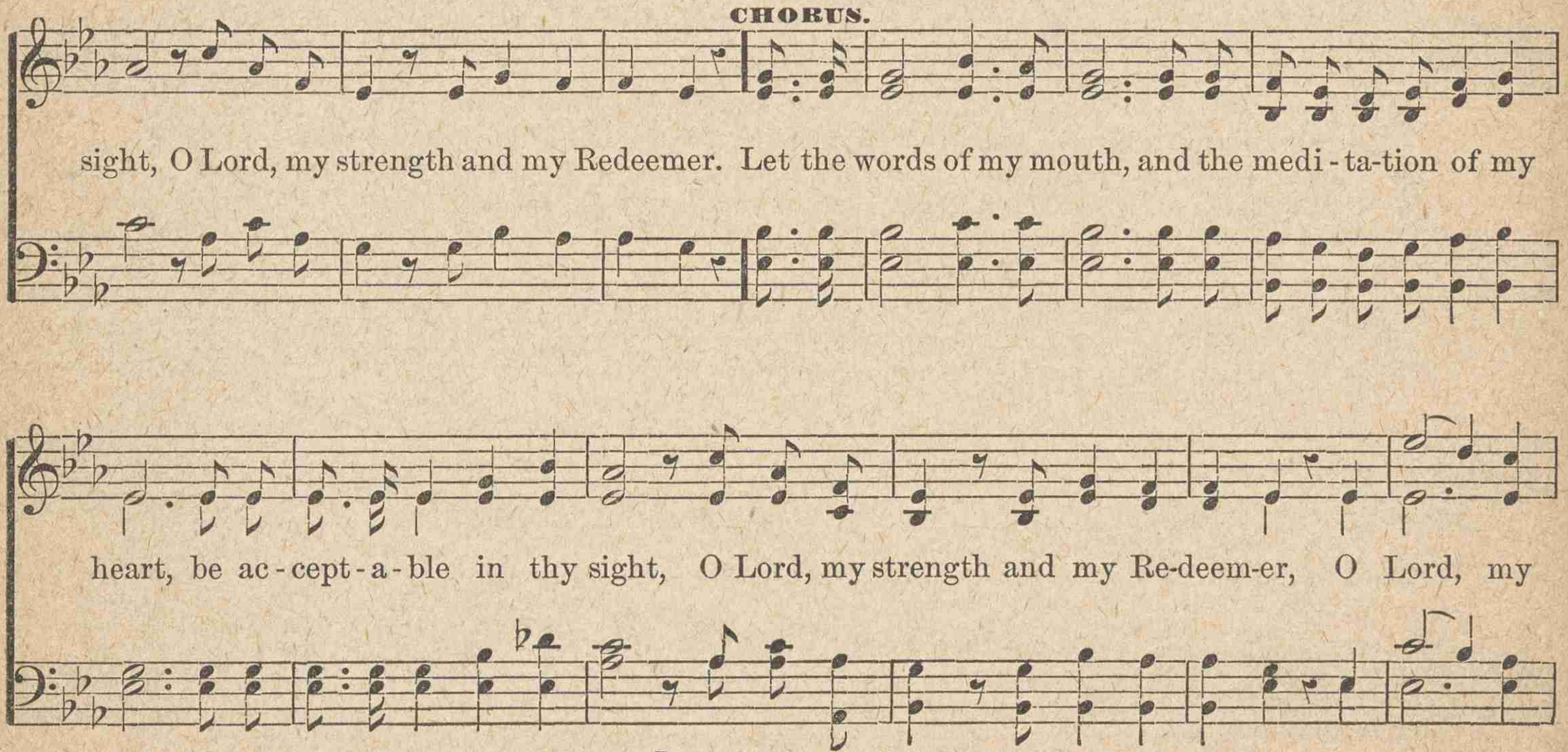
Psalm 19: 14.

A. BAUMBACH.
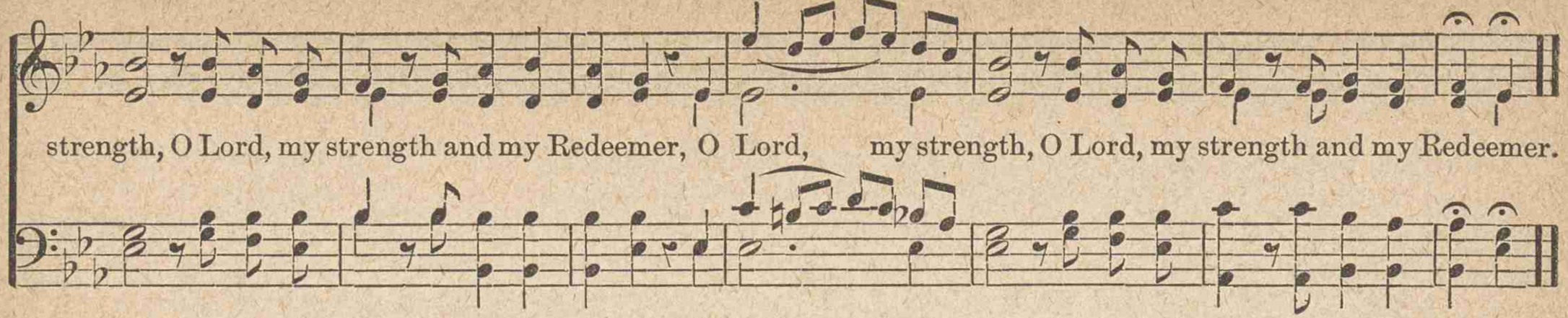
DUET. Andante.



CHORUS.

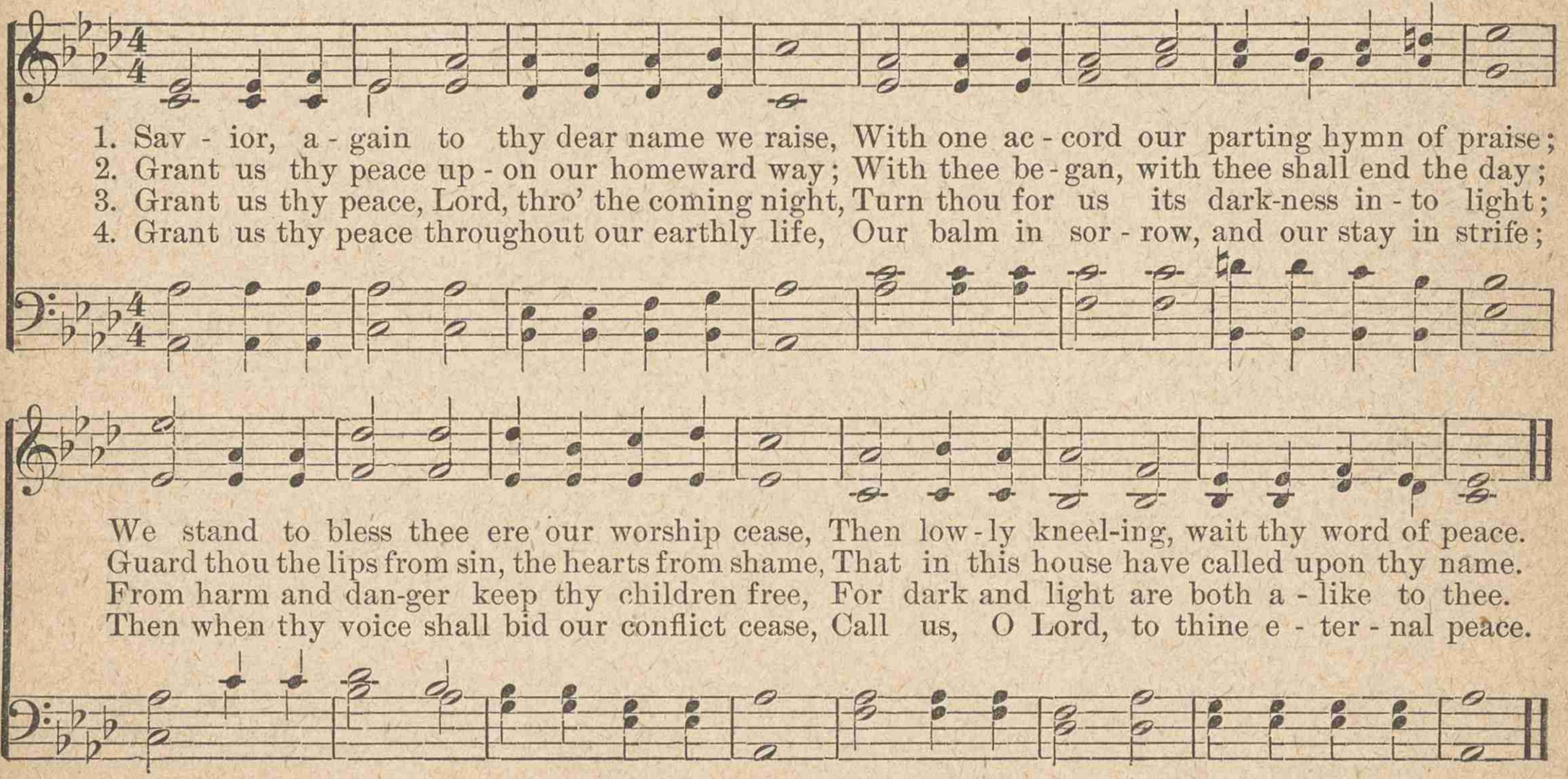


By per. O. DITSON & Co.



Savior, again to thy Dear Name.

E. J. Hopkins.



Ring the Bells!

JESSIE H. BROWN. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Ring the bells! the Savior reigns, Send the news across the plains; Tell the sto - ry far and
2. Ring the bells! their music clear, Let the sad and erring hear; Je - sus lifts the weight of
3. Ring the bells from shore to shore, Louder, louder than be - fore! Ring the knell of hate and

Ring the bells!

CHORUS.

wide: Jesus reigns—the Cruci - fied. Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Ring the
sin— Ring the bells and call them in. Ring the bells! Ring the bells!
strife, Speed the word of endless life.

Ring the bells!

bells! in tri - umph ring; Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Hail the

Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Ring the bells!

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Prophet! crown the King! Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Bid the notes of dis - cord
Ring the bells! Ring the bells!
Ring the bells!

cease— Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Je-sus reigns—the Prince of peace!
Ring the bells! Ring the bells! Ring the bells!

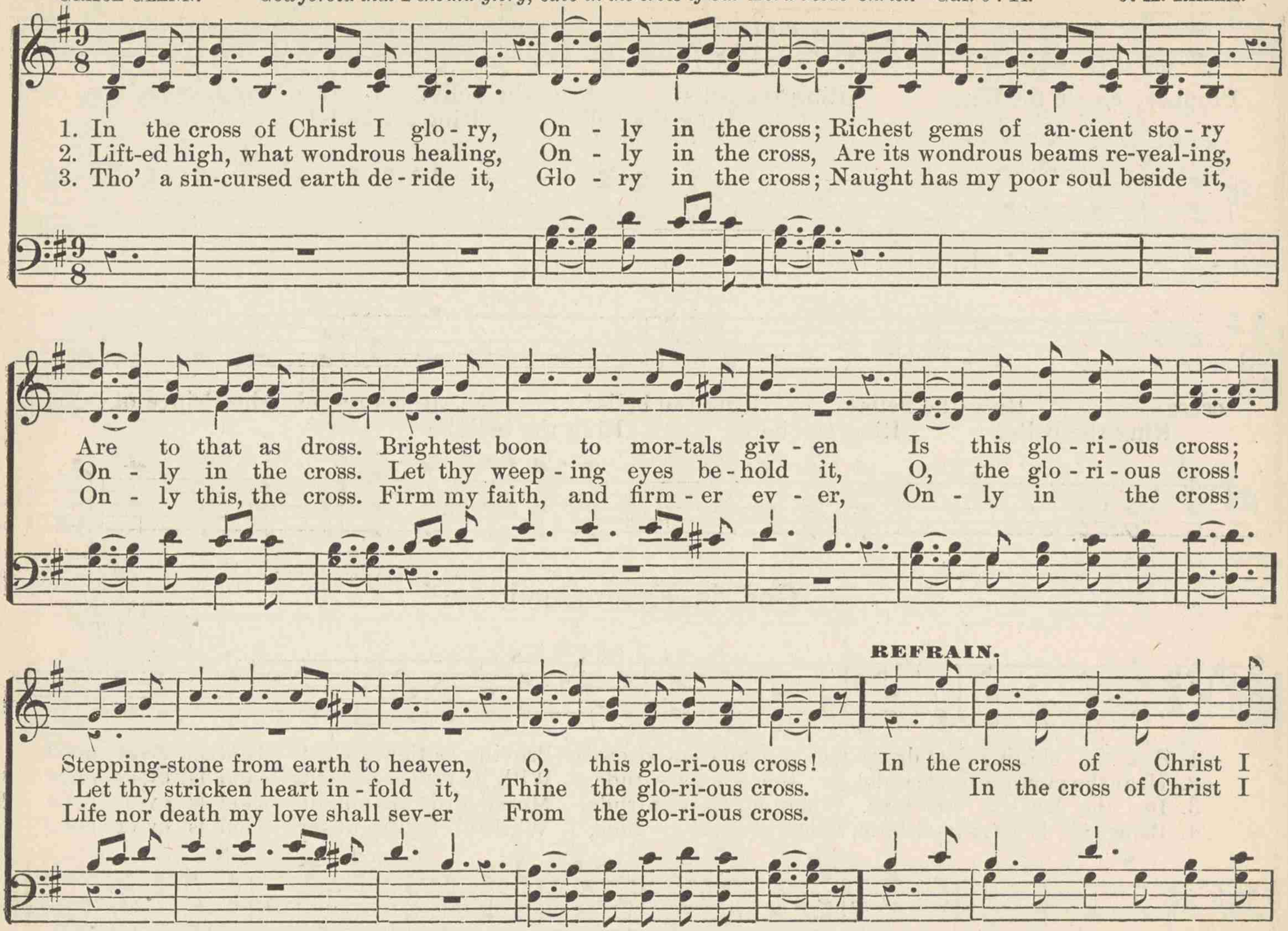
God is Ever Good.

J. H. F., by per.
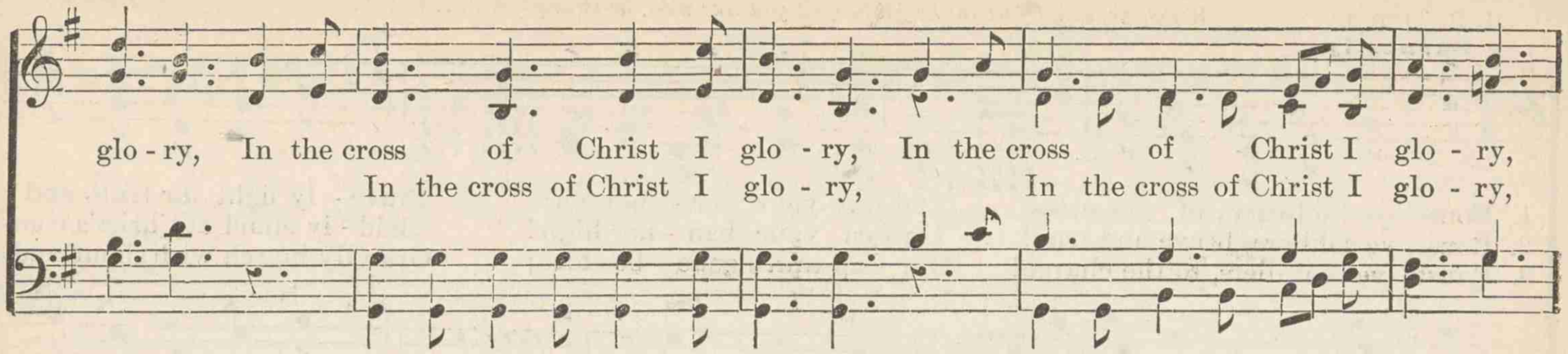
1. See the shining dew-drops On the flow-ers strewed, Proving as they sparkle—God is ev-er good.
2. Hear the mountain streamlet In the sol - i - tude, With its ripple say - ing—God is ev-er good.
3. In the leaf - y tree-tops, Where no fears intrude, Merry birds are singing—God is ev-er good.
4. Bring, my heart, thy tribute, Songs of grat - i - tude, While all nature ut-ters—God is ev-er good.

I Glory Only in the Cross.

GRACE GLENN. *God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*—Gal. 6 : 14. J. H. RHEEM.
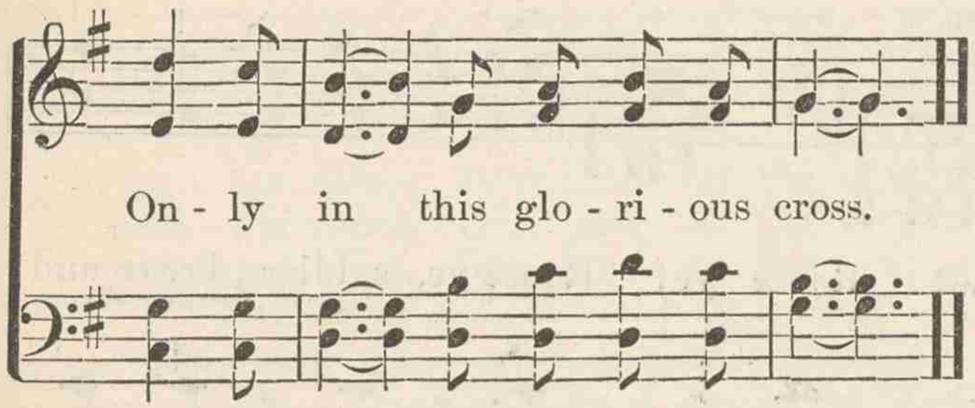


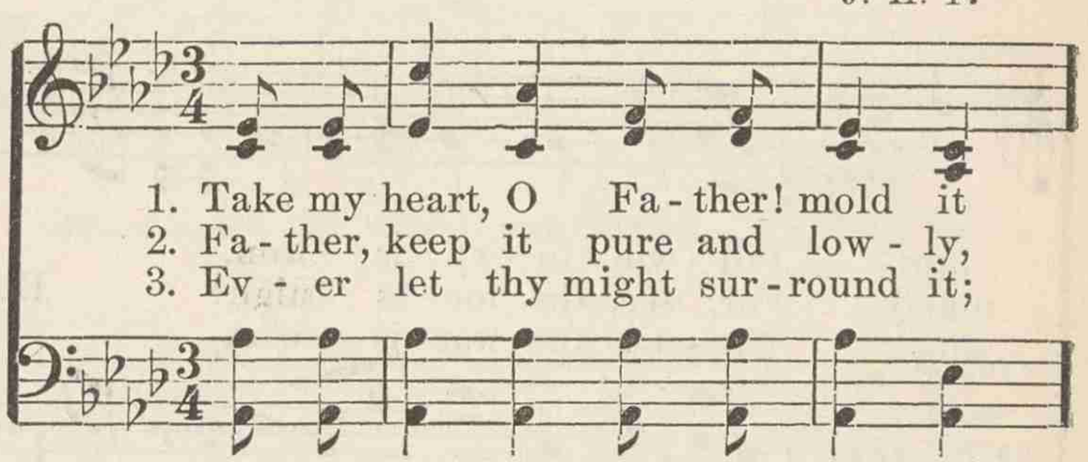
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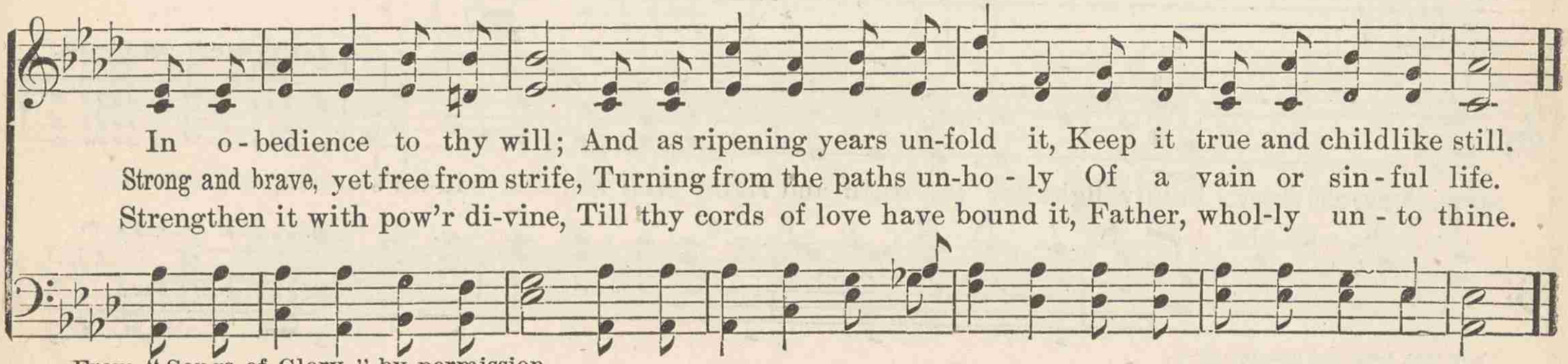


Take My Heart.

J. H. F.







From "Songs of Glory," by permission.

Rouse, ye Soldiers!

M. H. TIPTON. *Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.*—1 Cor. 16 : 13. J. H. F.

Earnestly.

1. Rouse, ye sol-diers of the cross! And put your ar - mor on; Brave - ly fight for truth and
2. Rouse, ye soldiers, brave and true! Un-furl your ban - ner high! Bold - ly stand at Christ's com-
3. Rouse, ye sol-diers, to the charge! Our Cap-tain's gone be - fore; Grandly march with shout and

CHORUS.

right Till vic - to - ry is won.
mand, For, see, the foe is nigh! Rouse ye! Rouse ye! Rouse ye, soldiers, brave and
song, Un - til the war is o'er.

strong, (brave and strong,) Boldly fight for the truth and right, And win the vic-tor's crown, crown.

1st time. **2d time.**

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JESSIE H. BROWN. J. H. F.

1. Fair land for which my spir - it yearns, I stretch my hands to thee; To thee my ea - ger
2. The o - dors of thy spreading palms Are waft - ed o'er the sea; Thy winds are fraught with
3. O, joy! thy sun - ny slopes come near; Thy ver - dant vales I see; A - gainst the blue thy

vis - ion turns, Dear land of Yet - to - be!
heal - ing balms, Dear land of Yet - to - be!
peaks grow clear, Dear land of Yet - to - be!

CHORUS.

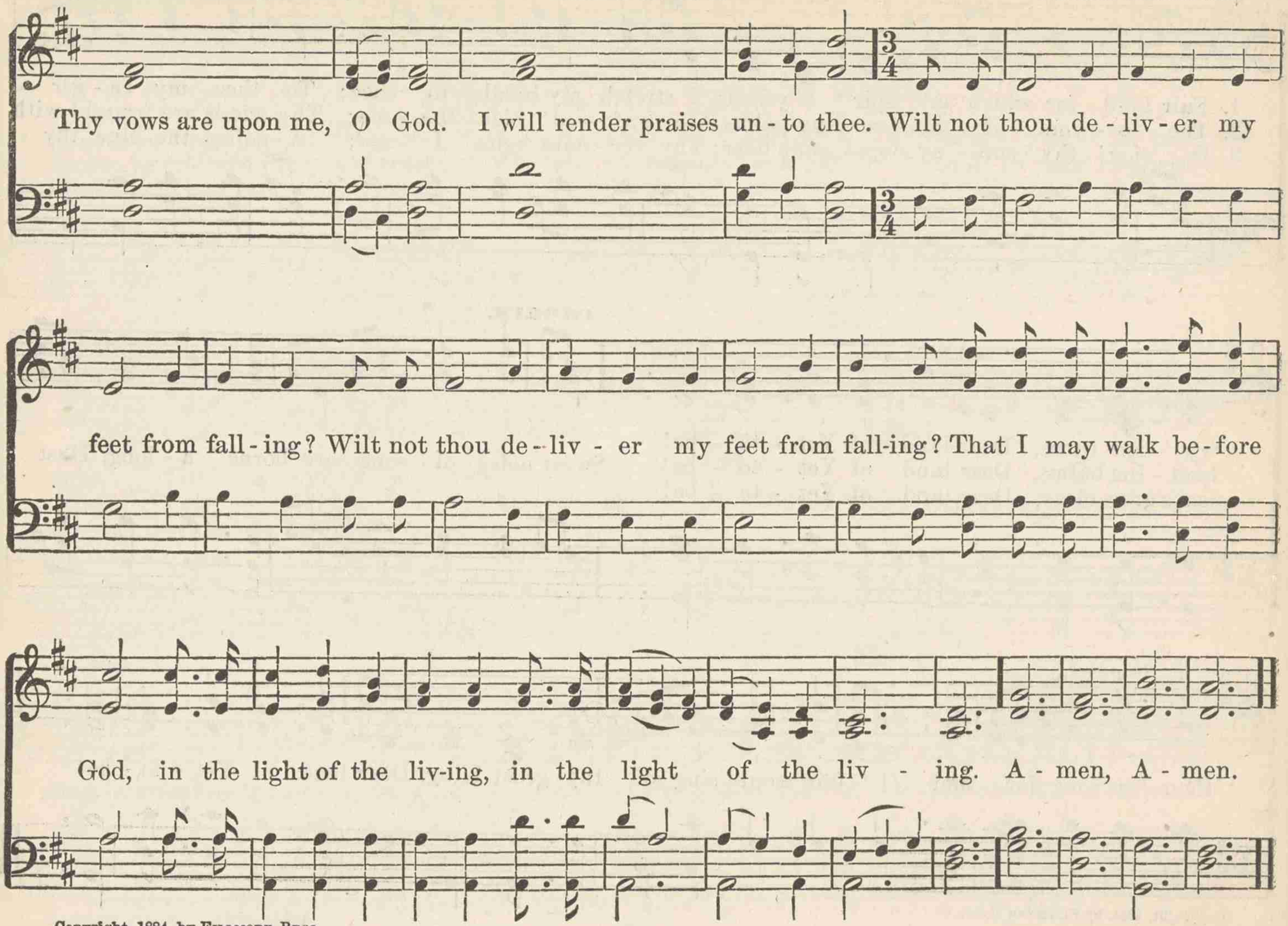
Sweet notes of song are borne a - long, Hast

thou a song for me? I fain would sing of thy great King, Dear land of Yet - to - be!

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Thy Vows are Upon Me. Sentence.

[Suitable for closing school.] Psalms 56: 12, 14. PALMER HARTSOUGH.



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A Few Brief Years—For Evermore.

JESSIE H. BROWN. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. A few brief years to bravely do our du - ty, A few brief years to wear the yoke of pain;
2. A few brief years to bear the stings of mal - ice, A few brief years till sin and sor-row cease;
3. A few brief years to spend in strong endeav-or, A few brief years to hope and trust and wait;

f. Fine.

Then we shall see the King in all his beau - ty, And share the triumphs of his ho - ly reign.
Then in the courts of our Redeemer's pal - ace, To reign with him in nev-er - broken peace.
Then, joy of joys! to reign with Christ for-ev - er, With - in the Cit - y of the jeweled gate.

D. S. *For ev - er-more to tell the precious sto - ry, How we were saved thro' God's unmeasured grace.*

CHORUS. D. S.

O blissful hope! to reign with Christ in glo-ry, For ev - ermore to see him face to face;

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Blessed are they who do His Commandments.

H. R. T.

ALFRED POWERS.

1. Bless - ed are they who do his commandments, They shall claim the tree of life; In - to the cit - y
2. Bless - ed are they who do his commandments, They shall wear the robes of white; Un-der the port-als
3. Bless - ed are they who do his commandments, They shall stand before the throne; In - to the life of

CHORUS.

they shall en - ter, They are vic-tors in the strife. Bless - ed, bless - ed,
God shall lead them, They shall serve him day and night. Blessed are they who do his commandments,
joy e - ter - nal, God shall claim them for his own.

bless - ed are they,
blessed are they, blessed are they; In-to the cit-y they shall en-ter, Bless-ed, bless-ed, blessed are they.

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He that Walketh Righteously.

Isaiah 33: 15, 16, 17.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

Duet or Solo. **Chorus.** **Duet.**

He that walketh right-eous - ly, He shall dwell on high: He that speaketh up - right - ly,

Chorus. **Duet.** **Chorus.**

He shall dwell on high: He that de - spis - eth the gain of op-pressions, He shall dwell on

Duet. **Chorus.**

high: That shut - teth his hands from hold - ing of bribes, He shall dwell on high:

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He that Walketh Righteously. Continued.

Duet. Chorus. Duet.

That stop - peth his ears from hear - ing of blood, He shall dwell on high: And Thine eyes . . . shall

Chorus.

shut - teth his eyes from see - ing e - vil, He shall dwell on high. Thine eyes shall see the

see . . . . . the King . . in his beau-ty, Thine eyes . . . . shall

King in his beauty, Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, Thine eyes shall see the

see . . . . . the King . . . in his beau - ty; They shall be-

King in his beauty, Thine eyes shall see the King in his beau - ty; They shall be-

hold the land, . . They shall be - hold the land, . . They shall be - hold the

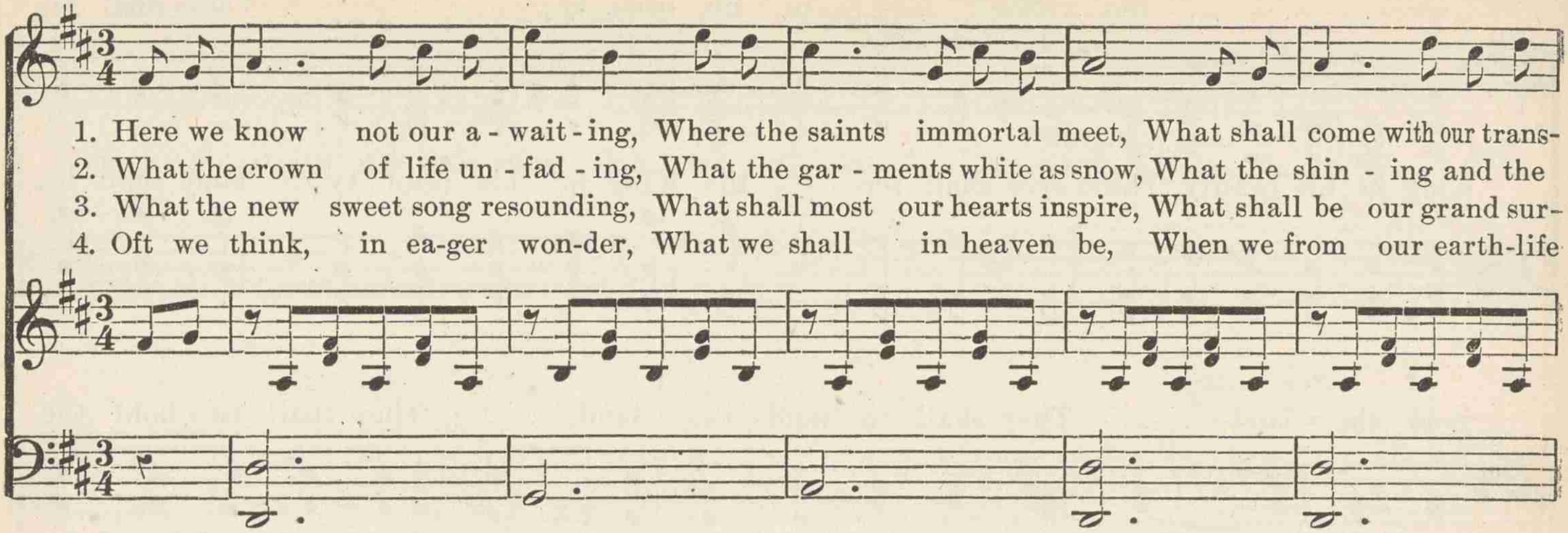
hold, be - hold the land, They shall be - hold, be - hold the land, They shall be - hold, be-

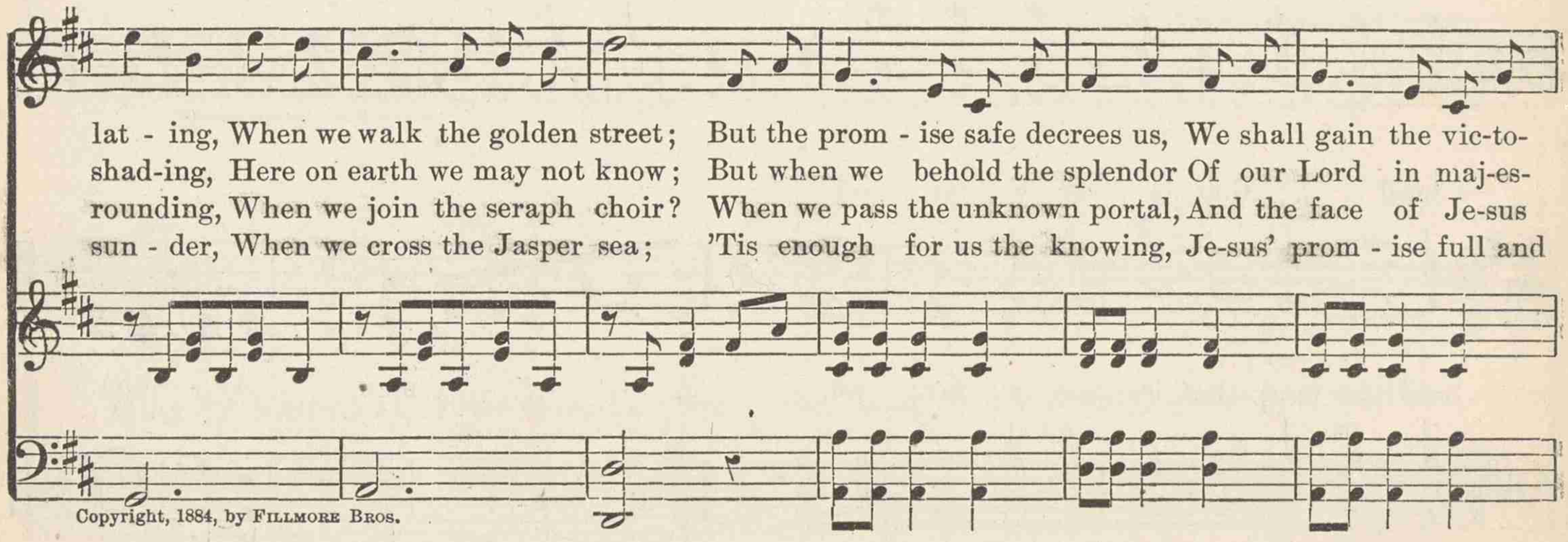
land . . that is ver - y far off.

hold the land that is ver - y far off. A - - - - men, A - men.
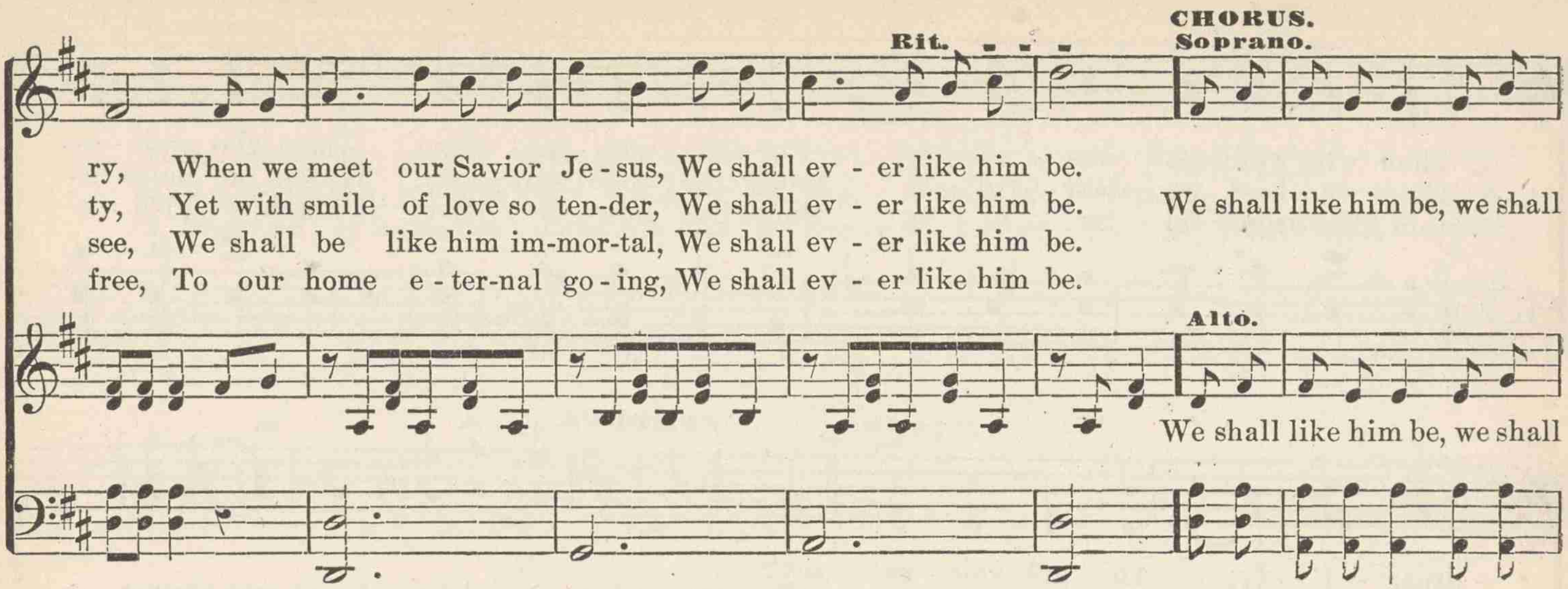
We Shall Like Him Be.
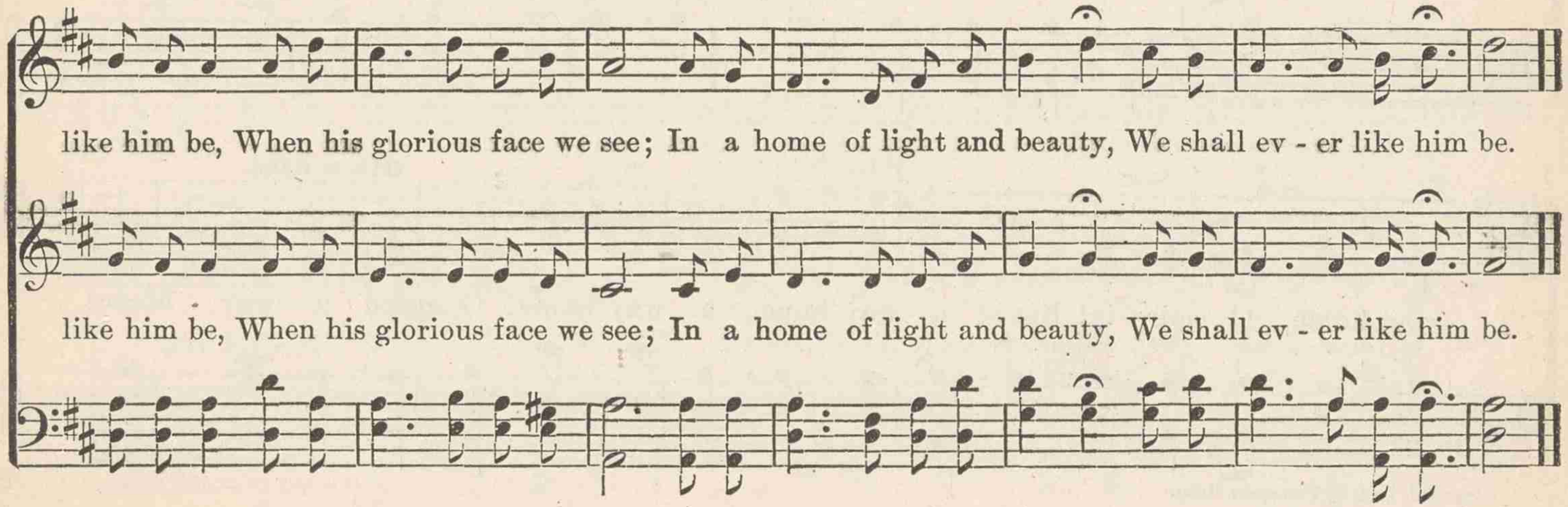
D. R. LUCAS. *But we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him.*—1 John 3: 2. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.





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Rit.
CHORUS.
Soprano.
ry, When we meet our Savior Je - sus, We shall ev - er like him be.
ty, Yet with smile of love so ten-der, We shall ev - er like him be.
see, We shall be like him im-mor-tal, We shall ev - er like him be.
free, To our home e - ter-nal go - ing, We shall ev - er like him be.
We shall like him be, we shall
Alto.
We shall like him be, we shall


like him be, When his glorious face we see; In a home of light and beauty, We shall ev - er like him be.
like him be, When his glorious face we see; In a home of light and beauty, We shall ev - er like him be.

Speed away Home.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Thou who watchest wea - ri - ly For the com - ing day, Thou who wait - est drear - i - ly,
2. Thou who hast so tear - ful - ly Sown the pre - cious seed, Watch no more so fear - ful - ly,
3. Join the bright fra - ter - ni - ty Sing - ing now a - bove, Through a glad e- ter - ni - ty

f **CHORUS.** *m*

An - gel voic - es say:
Grace will meet thy need. Speed a - way home, a - way home, a -
Of re - deem-ing love.

p *f* *m* **Rit. e dim.**

way home, O spir - it! Speed a - way home, a - way home! O, speed a - way home!

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Jerusalem, I Long for Thee.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. TENNEY,

Andante.

1. A gold - en glo - ry wraps thee round, A rest - ful calm in-folds thee, Be-yond all words the peace that falls On him who now be-holds thee.
2. A - round thy jew-eled gates, I know, The mul - ti-tudes are thronging, And there their souls a res - pite find From ev - 'ry earth-ly long-ing.
3. The "ma - ny mansions" there they find The homes of joy su - per - nal, Whose walls shall stand through endless years, Whose peace shall be e - ter-nal.

CHORUS.
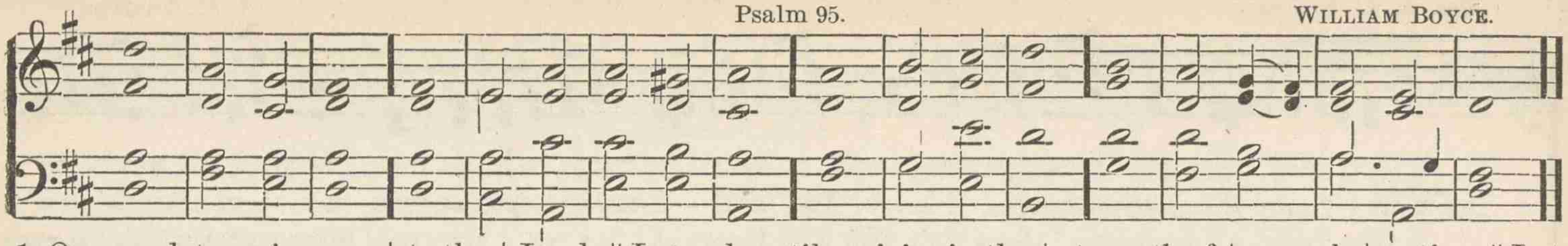
Je - ru-sa-lem, Je - ru-sa-lem, I long for thee, I long for thee; That cit - y of the liv - ing God, When shall I see, When shall I see?

Rit.

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O Come, Let Us Sing! Chant No. 1.
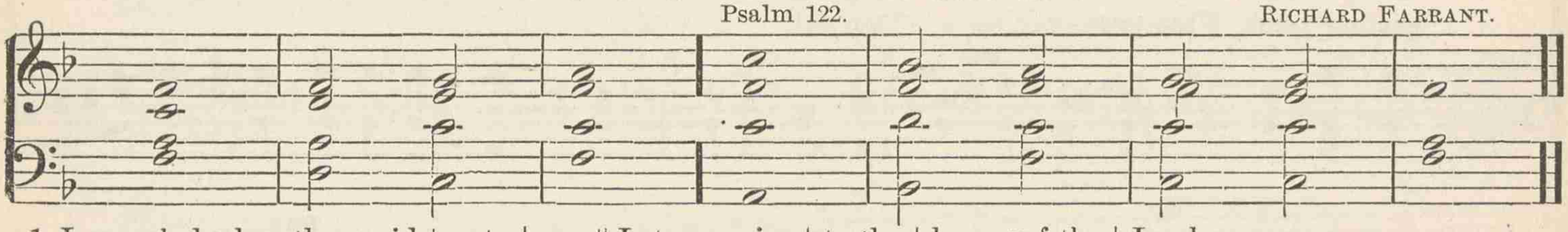
Psalm 95. WILLIAM BOYCE.



1 O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | vation. || Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving; || And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
2 For the Lord is a | great— | God; || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods. || In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth; || And the strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
3 The sea is his, | and he | made it; || And his hands pre- | paréd | the dry | land. || O come, let us worship | and fall | down; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord, our | Maker.
4 For he is the | Lord, our | God; || And we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his— | hand. || O worship the Lord in the | beauty ·· of | holiness; || Let the whole | earth ·· stand in | awe of | him.
5 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth. || For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth; || And with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

I was Glad. Chant No. 2.
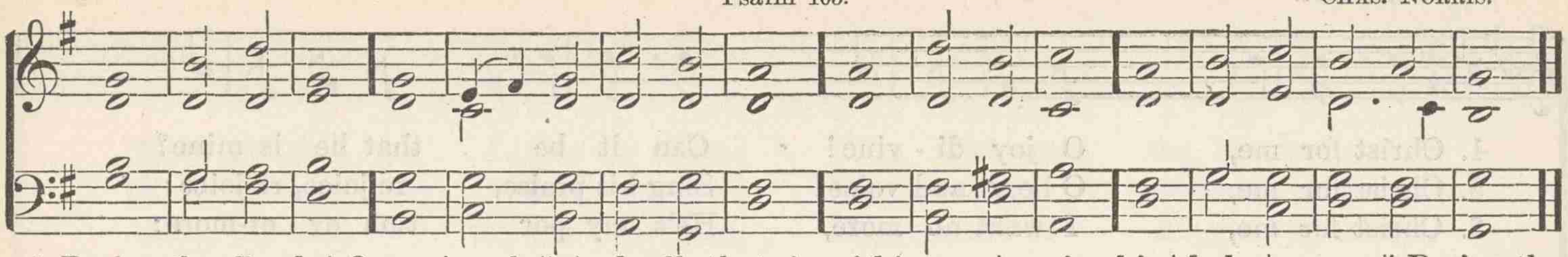
Psalm 122. RICHARD FARRANT.



1 I was glad when they said | unto | me, || Let us go in- | to the | house ·· of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall stand with- | in thy | gates, || O | Je— | rusa- | lem!
3 Jerusalem is builded | as a | city || that | is com- | pact to- | gether.
4 Whither the tribes go up, the | tribes ·· of the | Lord, || unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks un- | to the | name ·· of the | Lord.
5 For there are set | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones | of the | house of | David.
6 Pray for the peace of Je- | rusa- | lem; || they shall | prosper ·· that | love— | thee.
7 Peace be with- | in thy | walls, || and prosperi- | ty with- | in thy | palaces.
8 For my brethren and com- | panions' | sakes || I will now say, | Peace— | be with- | in thee.
9 Because of the house of the | Lord our | God || I will | seek— | thy— | good.

Praise the Lord. Chant No. 3.
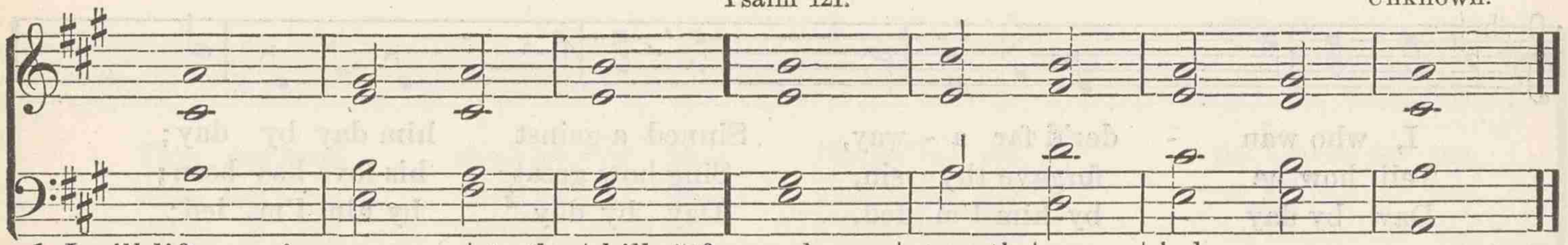
Psalm 103. CHAS. NORRIS.



1 Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || And all that is within me | praise his | holy | name. || Praise the Lord, | O my | soul, || and for- | get not | all his | benefits;
2 Who forgiveth | all thy | sin || and | heal-eth | all thine in- | firmities. || Who saveth thy life | from de- | struction || and crowneth thee with | mercy and | loving | kindness.
3 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | cel in | strength, || ye that fulfill his commandment and hearken un- | to the | voice of his | word. || O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts, || ye servants of | his that | do his | pleasure.
4 O speak good of the Lord, all ye | works of | his, || in all | places of | his do- | minion. || Praise thou the Lord, | O my | soul! || Praise thou the | Lord,— | O my | soul!

I will Lift Up Mine Eyes. Chant No. 4.

Psalm 121. Unknown.



1 I will lift up mine eyes un- | to the | hills || from whence | cometh | my— | help.
2 My help cometh | from the | Lord || which | made— | heaven and | earth.
3 He will not suffer thy | foot to be | movéd; || he that | keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, he that | keepeth | Israel || shall neither | slumber | nor— | sleep.
5 The Lord | is thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy shade up- | on thy | right— | hand.
6 The sun shall not | smite thee by | day, || nor the | moon— | by— | night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all— | evil; || he | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | coming | in || from this time forth, and | even for | ever- | more.

Christ for Me.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.
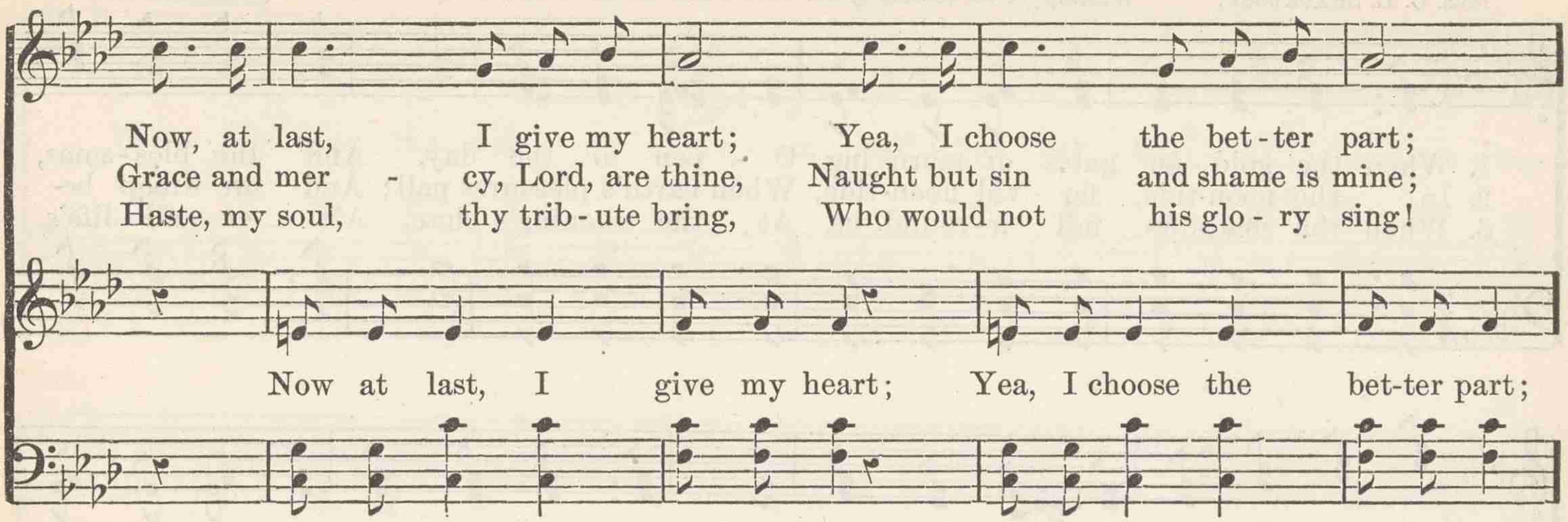
1. Christ for me, O joy di - vine! Can it be that he is mine?
2. Christ for me, O heart and voice! Sing his praise, re-joice, re-joice;
3. Christ for me, I want no more, He's my por - tion ev - er-more:
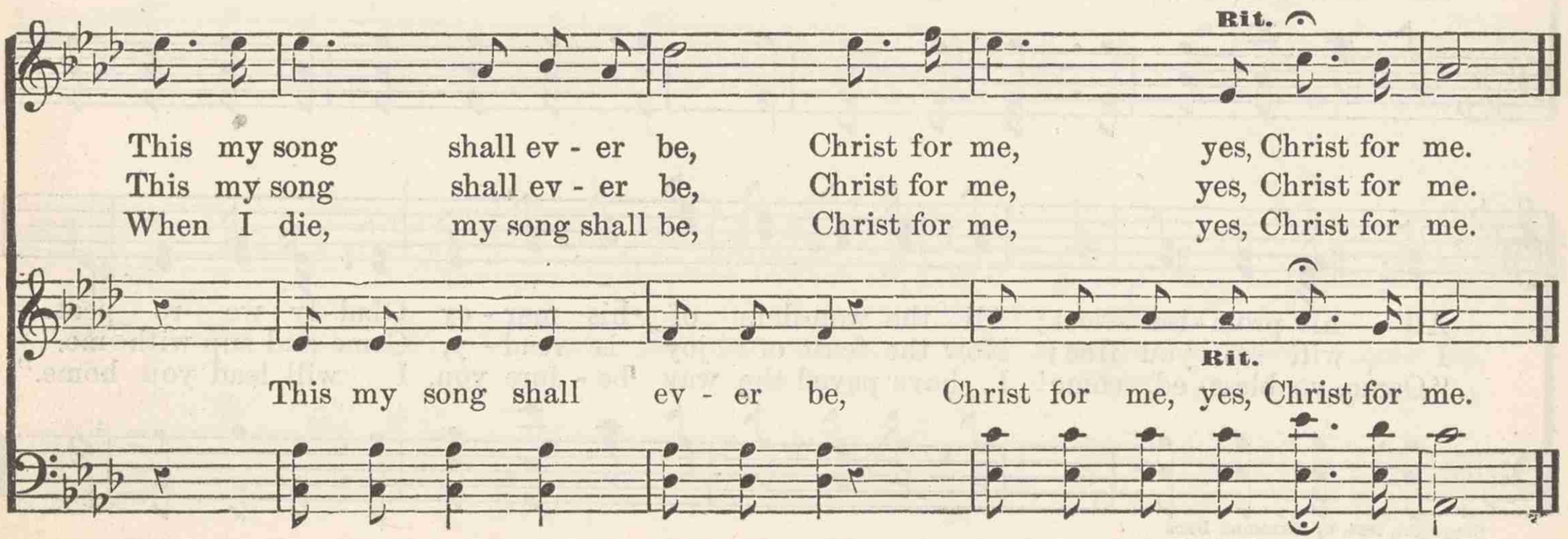
1. Christ for me, O joy di - vine! Can it be that he is mine?

I, who wan - der'd far a - way, Sinned a-gainst him day by day;
Tell how he forgave thy sin, Sing how great his love has been;
Day by day by him I'm fed, Day by day by him I'm led;

I who wan - der'd far a - way, Sinned against him day by day;

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Now, at last, I give my heart; Yea, I choose the bet-ter part;
Grace and mer - cy, Lord, are thine, Naught but sin and shame is mine;
Haste, my soul, thy trib-ute bring, Who would not his glo - ry sing!
Now at last, I give my heart; Yea, I choose the bet-ter part;


Rit.
This my song shall ev - er be, Christ for me, yes, Christ for me.
This my song shall ev - er be, Christ for me, yes, Christ for me.
When I die, my song shall be, Christ for me, yes, Christ for me.
Rit.
This my song shall ev - er be, Christ for me, yes, Christ for me.

Waiting for His Coming.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. *Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*—1 Cor. 1: 7. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. When the gold - en gates of morn - ing O - pen to the day, And the blos - soms,
2. In the noon-tide, fer - vid noon-tide, When earth's pleasures pall; And we droop be-
3. When the shad-ows fall a - round us, At the evening's close, Aft - er all life's

per - fume lad - en, Beau - ti - fy our way; While we wait our Mas - ter's com - ing,
neath our bur - dens, We may hear his call: "O ye wea - ry, heav - y lad - en,
toil and tu - mult, And its weight of woes, O how sweet will be the sum-mons:

All his prom - ise sweet; All the won-ders of his mer - cy Glad - ly we re - peat.
I will set you free; Now the feast of joy is read - y, Come and sup with me."
"Come, ye bless - ed, come! I have paved the way be - fore you, I will lead you home."

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CHORUS.

When we hear the voice be - lov - ed, Call - ing, call - ing; At the dawn - ing

or the gloaming, Call - ing home, On our hearts like sweet-est mu - sic,
soft - ly call - ing;

Fall - ing, fall - ing; O how joy - ful will our wel - come be, our wel - come be.
Will our wel - come be.

We Shall Know Each Other There.

D. R. LUCAS. J. H. F.

First voice, or voices.

1. When we climb the golden mount - ain, And the Lamb of God be - hold,
2. When we cross the riv - er flow - ing, On the bor-ders of the seen,
3. When the sun, in splendor shin - ing, Go - eth down in heav'n no more,

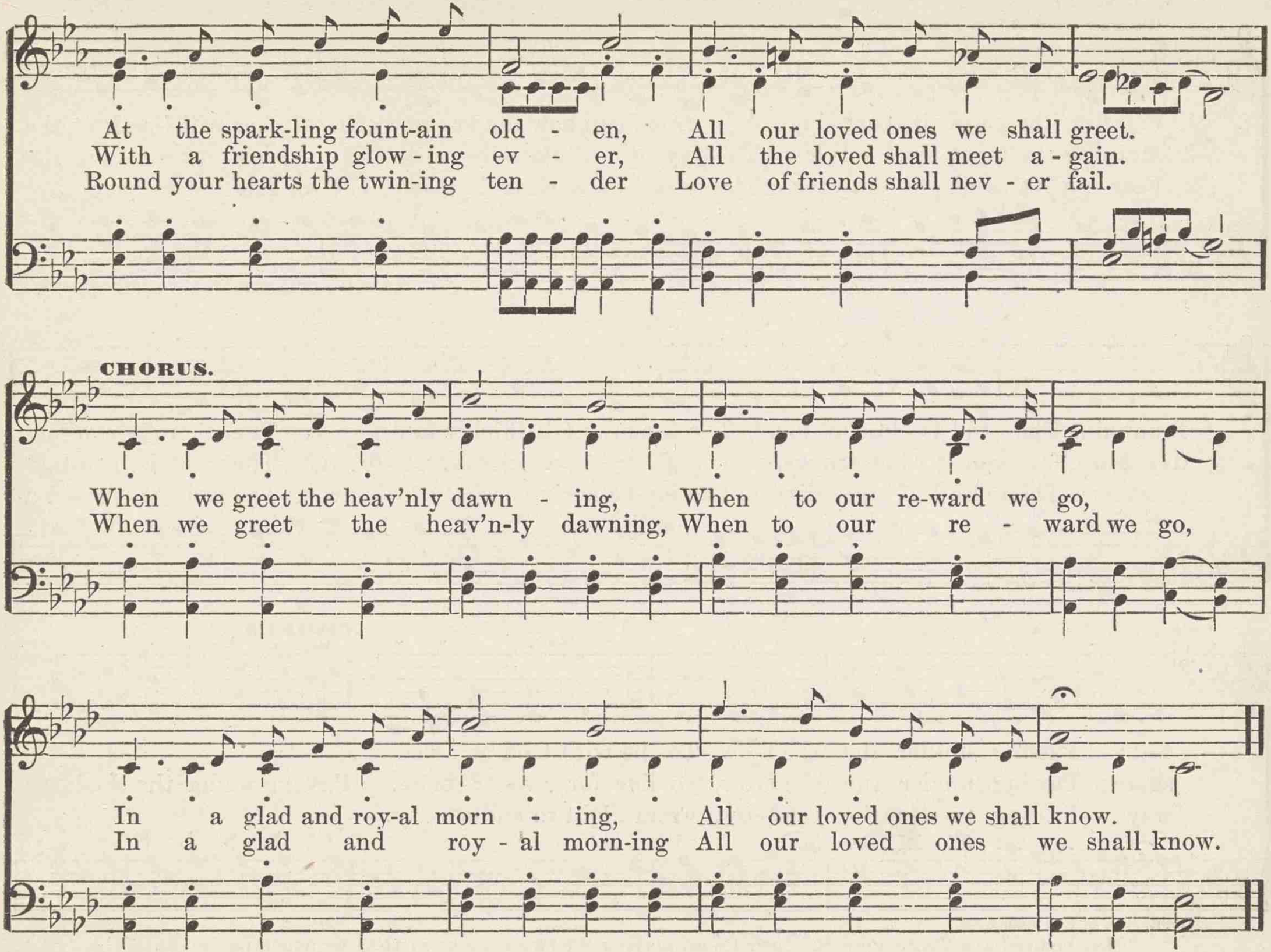
Instrument.

Shall we meet at old - en fount - ain Those our hearts have here en - rolled?
Shall our friendships, ev-er glow - ing, In our hearts a - bide se - rene?
Shall our hearts, in ten-der twin - ing, Find the loved ones gone be - fore?

Second voice, or voices.

Yes, up - on the mountain gold - en, When the Lamb of God we meet,
Yes, a-cross the flow-ing riv - er, Where the hap - py spir - its reign,
Yes, a - mid the shin-ing splen - dor Of the light be - yond the vail,

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At the spark-ling fount-ain old - en, All our loved ones we shall greet.
With a friendship glow - ing ev - er, All the loved shall meet a - gain.
Round your hearts the twin-ing ten - der Love of friends shall nev - er fail.
CHORUS.
When we greet the heav'nly dawn - ing, When to our re-ward we go,
When we greet the heav'n-ly dawning, When to our re - ward we go,
In a glad and roy-al morn - ing, All our loved ones we shall know.
In a glad and roy - al morn-ing All our loved ones we shall know.

Passing Under the Shadow.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. F.

Tenor and Alto Duet. *

1. Faint-er the pulse is beat - ing, A child can now under-stand The pitcher will break at the
2. Morning the night shall fol - low, The day of a date-less noon, The shadows are on - ly the
3. Fear not, O soul, to en - ter, The crown of a King is thine; The an-gels are waiting to

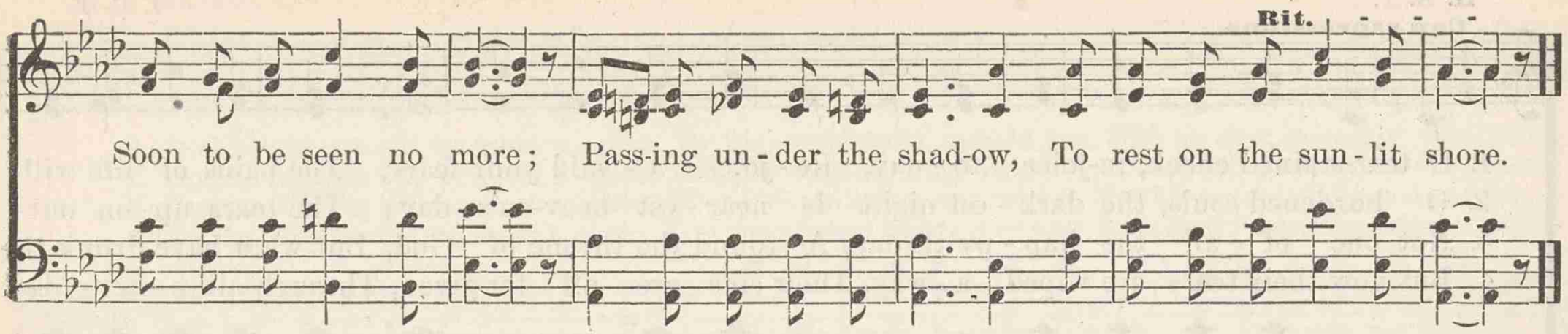
fount-ain, The end is close at hand. The shadows fall thicker and fast - er, The night is coming
day dawn, O! can it come too soon? The glory shines brighter and brighter, The soul is nearing
greet thee, Thou child of grace divine. The joy-bells ring sweetly in heaven, The soul has passed a-

Rit. - - CHORUS.

fast; Passing un-der the shad - ow, To be with God at last.
shore; Passing un-der the shad - ow, To live for ev - er - more. Passing under the shadow,
way; Passing un-der the shad - ow, From night to endless day.

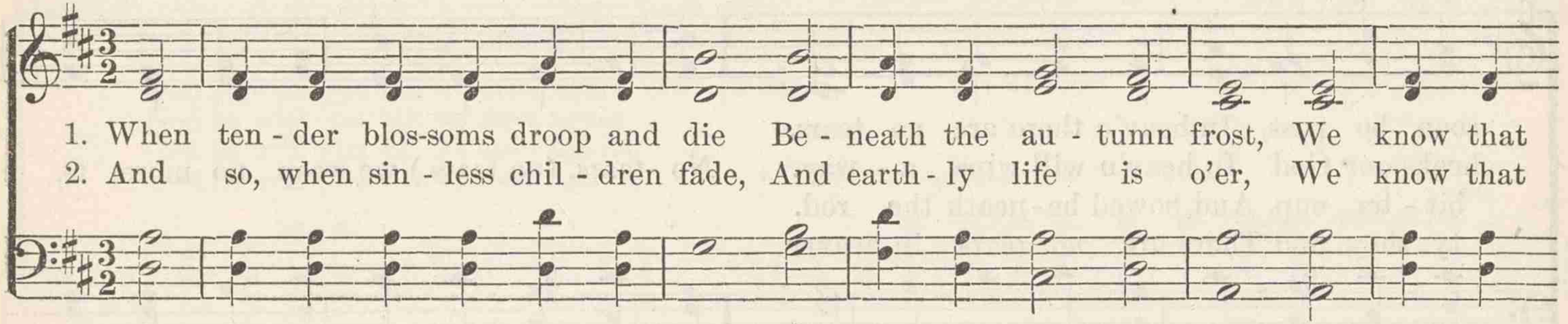
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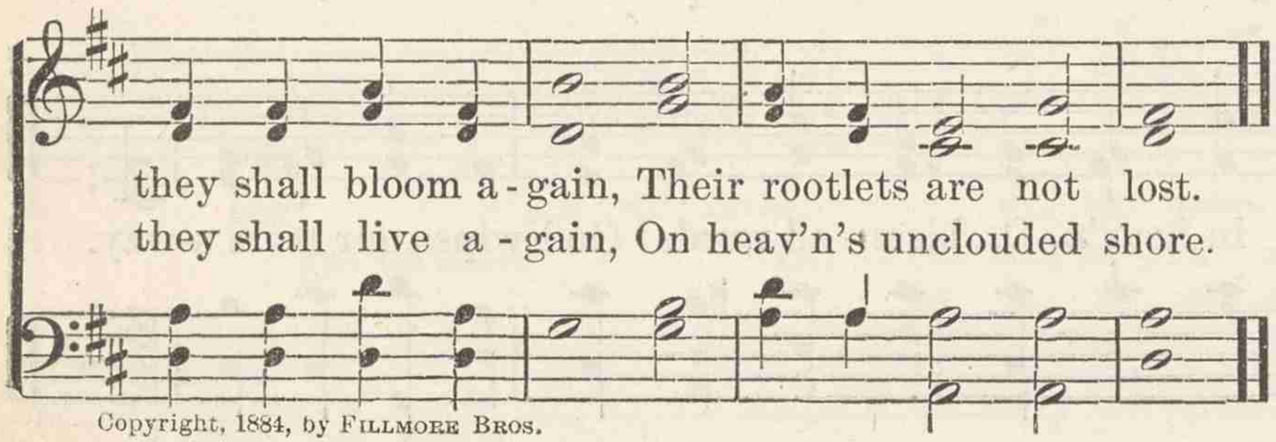
* May be used as a Tenor solo—the instrument playing the two parts as written, for accompaniment.



When Tender Blossoms Droop and Die.

E. R. LATTA. DAVID.





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3 O, blest the promise God hath given,
Of endless life above,
To those whose hearts are free from sin,
And full of Jesus' love.

4 And, happy in his kingdom blest,
Where all is undefiled,
The Savior has declared to us,
Shall be the little child.

No Tears in Heaven.

H. R. T. J. H. F.

Con espressione.

1. O tear-stained cheek, re-joice to - day, Re - joice a - mid your fears; The pains of life will
2. O burdened souls, the dark - est night Is near - est heav-en's day; The tears up - on our
3. Not one of all the hap - py throng, A - round the throne of God, But what have drunk the
4. But now their tears are wiped a - way, Their sins are all for-given, Through all e - ter - ni-

CHORUS.

soon be past, In heav'n there are no tears.
cheeks our God In heav'n will wipe a - way. No tears, (no tears,) we weep no more, O,
bit - ter cup, And bowed be - neath the rod.
ty they find There are no tears in heaven.

hast - en hap - py day! No tears in heav'n, O, bless - ed words! God wipes our tears a-way.

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God be with You.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his counsels guide, uphold you, With his sheep se-curely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings securely hide you; Dai-ly manna still di-vide you.
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick confound you, Put his arms unfailing round you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
God be with you till we meet again.
God be with you till we meet again.
God be with you till we meet again.
God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

feet; Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again..
Till we meet, Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

By per. J. E. RANKIN, Orange Valley, N. J.

No More Good-Byes.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. F.
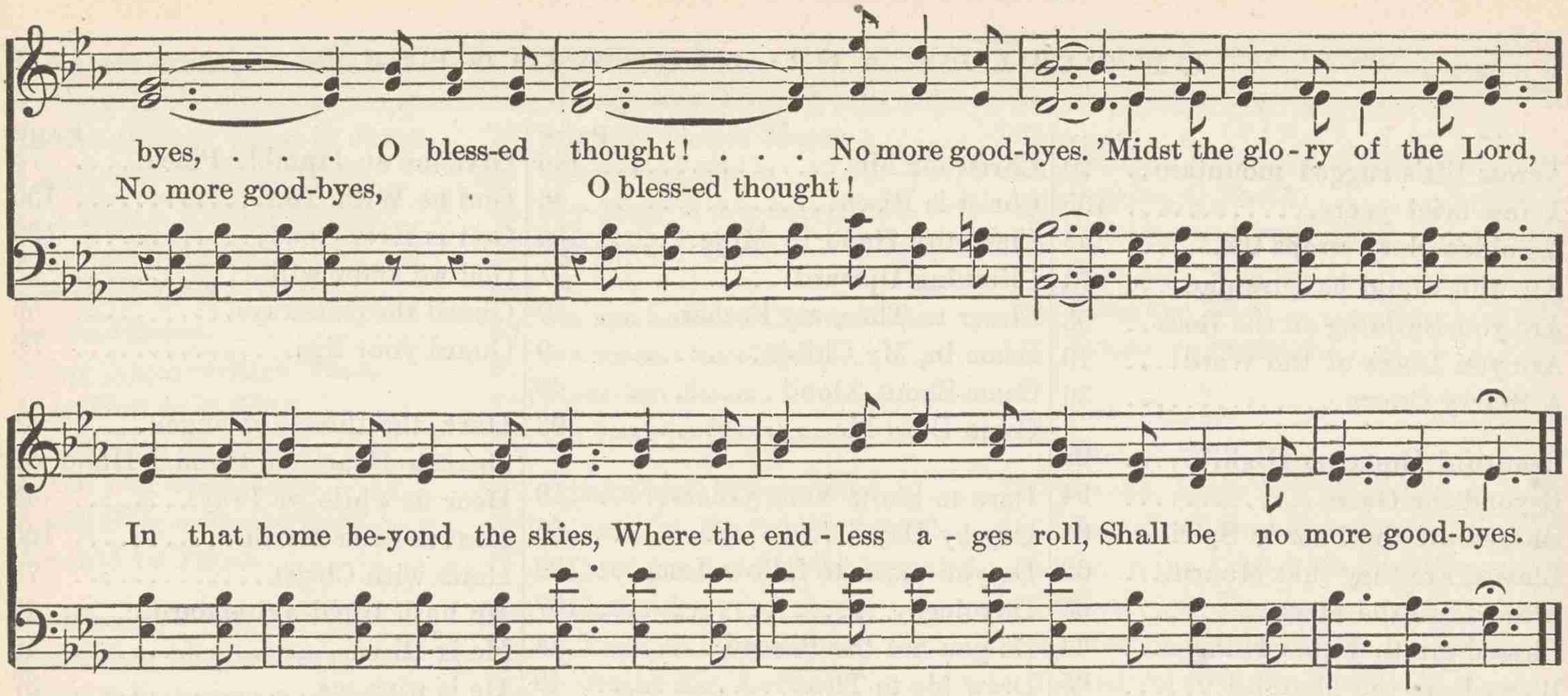
1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom, Where no chill-ing frost can fall
2. There the good again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand; Fathers, mothers, children dear
3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev-er sor-row more, Where no sick-ness e'er can come

On flow'rs that sweetly bloom; Where the glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloud-less skies,
A-round the throne shall stand; There no tem-pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise,
Where death has lost his power, Where they feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes;
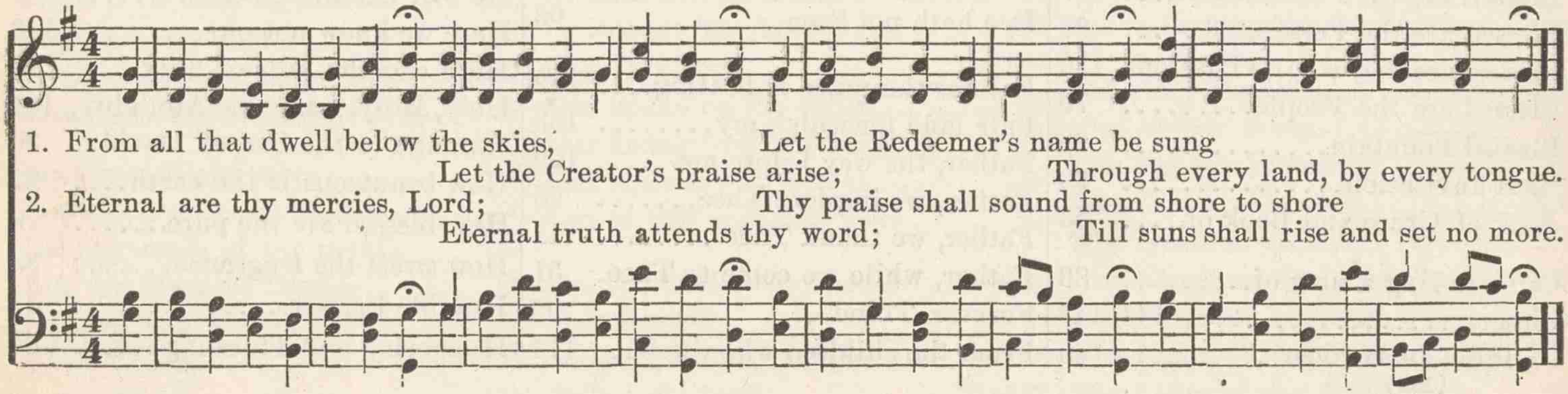
CHORUS.

There, as end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good-byes. No more good-byes, . . . No more good-
And in that e - ter-nal home Shall be no more good-byes.
All the good shall meet again, And speak no more good-byes. No more good-byes,

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From all that Dwell Below the Skies.



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