

FILLMORES'
MALE CHOIR,
== No. 2. ==

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FILLMORES' MALE CHOIR

No. 2.

A COLLECTION OF NEW GOSPEL SONGS
FOR MALE QUARTETS AND CHORUSES.

By FINLEY LYON.

WITH SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY

FRED. A. FILLMORE AND J. H. FILLMORE.

BISHOP ROBERT WESTLY PEACH

COLLECTION OF CHURCH MUSIC
AND
HYMNOLOGY

ACQUIRED BY THE
AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY

1939

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NEW YORK.

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Hymn

1897

Fill C

27

1994

Preface...

It is said, "If you want to keep a secret, put it in a preface." We have one that we are particularly enjoying, and sedulously guarding. To get it into shape for this particular "niche of hiding" it is necessary to state first what everybody knows, to wit: The "Male Choir No. 1" was the best book among all its rivals, and the secret that we, the editors and publishers, are gleefully cherishing in our bosoms is, that this "No. 2" is a much better book. It can't be said that we have told this secret, for "nobody reads a preface"; but we fear that thousands will soon be publishing it, having found it out through the music itself.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Fillmores' Male Choir No. 2

No. 45. Come Unto Me.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. "Come un-to me, all ye that la - bor, I will give you rest,"
2. "Come un-to me, with all thy sor-row, Come, with guilt op-pressed,"
3. Just as the bird with wea ry pin-ion, Seeks its shelt'ring nest,



These are the words of Christ, our Sav-iour, "Come un-to me, and
Soft - ly He call - eth, Je - sus call-eth, "Come un-to me, and
So would my soul to Christ, the Sav-iour, Hast-en and be for-



thou shalt be blest."
thou shalt be blest." "Come unto me, Come un-to me, I will give you rest."
ev - er blest.



No. 46. Tarry Awhile With Jesus.

(May be sung as a Tenor Solo and Chorus.)

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FINLEY LYON.



1. Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus, Strength dost thou need for the day,
2. Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus, Hard is the bat - tle with sin,
3. Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus, Fields with the har-vest are white,



Soon comes its heat up - on thee, Long is thy wea - ri-some way.
Tar - ry a-while, then on - ward Go, and the vic - to - ry win.
Tar - ry a-while, then gath - er, Gird-ed with heav-en-ly might.



CHORUS.

Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus, Tar - ry a-while with Je - sus,



Blessed the hour, Mighty the pow'r, Tar-ry a-while with Je - sus.



No. 47. Though Your Sins Be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET.

1. Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow, as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un - to God, to God;
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more, no more;

CHORUS.

Tho' they be red like crimson, They shall be as wool.
 He is of great com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love.
 Look un-to me, ye peo-ple, Saith the Lord, your God.

Tho' they be red,
 He is of great
 Look un-to me,

DUET. *ff* **CHORUS.**

Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
 He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

Rit. *pp*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
 Oh, re - turn ye un - to God, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God.
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re - mem-ber them no more.

No. 48. Whiter than the Snow.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. It was long and long a - go On the tree, (On the tree,) That my
2. It was long and long a - go For my sin, (For my sin,) That my
3. Fairer than the angels bright I shall shine, (I shall shine,) In the



Saviour bowed His head and died, Yet to - day I joy to know That for
Saviour shed His precious blood, Yet to-day the crimson flow Makes me
glo - ry of that heav'nly day, And shall sing with pure delight, Praise di-



me, (yes, for me,) Flows the healing from His side. Whi - - ter than the
clean, (makes me clean,) Glory to the Lamb of God.
vine, (praise divine,) All my sins are washed a - way. Whiter than the snow,



snow, yes, whi - - ter than the
whi - ter than the snow; whi - ter than the snow,



Whiter than the Snow. Concluded.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

snow, The blood of Christ it cleanseth me, yes, whi-ter than snow.
whiter than snow,

No. 49. Walking With God.

GEORGE RAWSON.

W. H. PONTIUS.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Walk - ing with Thee, my God, Sav-iour be-nign, Dai - ly con -
2. Walk - ing with Thee, my God, Like as a child Leans on his
3. Walk - ing with Thee, my God, Humbly with Thee; Yet from all

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

fer on me Con - verse di - vine; Je - sus, in Thee re-stored,
father's strength, Cross - ing the wild; And by the way is taught
care and fear, Lov - ing - ly free, E'en as a friend with friend,

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves. The word 'Rit.' is written above the top staff.

Broth-er and bless-ed Lord, Let it be mine, Let it be mine.
Les - sons of ho - ly thought, Faith un-de-fled, Faith un - de - fled.
Cheer'd to the jour-ney's end, Walk-ing with Thee, Walk-ing with Thee.

No. 50. Coming Home.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FINLEY LYON.



1. Long I've wandered far from God, Now I'm coming home; Long the paths of
2. Husks my hungry soul have fed, Now I'm coming home; I will seek the
3. All un - fit a son to be, Now I'm coming home; But a servant's



sin I've trod, Now I'm com - ing home. Dark and drear - y
liv - ing Bread, Now I'm com - ing home. On the ta - ble
place for me, Now I'm com - ing home. Lo! the Fa - ther



is the des-ert, Rocks and thorns where'er I roam, Now the Father's
of my Fa - ther Plen-ty waits for all who come, Why with hunger
waiting, watching, Sees a - far and hastes to come, Oh, the welcome,



CODA. After last verse only.



house I seek, Now I'm coming home.
do I die, I am coming home. Why longer, oh, wand-'rer, in
oh, the joy, Now I'm coming home.



sin dost thou roam? The Fa-ther is wait - ing to wel-come thee home.



No. 51. Watching and Waiting.

MRS. W. W. SAVAGE.

(May be sung in A-flat.)

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Watching and waiting, they stand at thy portal, Cit - y of God, where there
2. Watching and waiting, where anthems of gladness Fill with their mel-o - dy
3. Watching and waiting, how happy the meeting, When we shall pass to the



falleth no night; Watching and waiting, in glo - ry im-mor-tal, Those who have
heaven's high dome; Watching and waiting, where sorrow and sadness, Never can
home of the blest; Watching and waiting, how joyful the greet-ing, That shall be



loved us and passed from our sight. Watch - ing and waiting, yes, watching and
en-ter to mar that bright home.
ours from our long-loved and lost. Watching, yes, watching and waiting,



wait-ing, Wait-ing to wel-come us there, They are watch - ing and
watching, yes, watching and



wait-ing, yes, watch-ing and wait-ing to wel-come us home, o-ver there.



No. 52. Jesus is Calling To-day.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. To - day, in the still - ness sur - round - ing, A voice all di -
2. From sin and from sor - row He calls me To fol - low in
3. To all is His sweet in - vi - ta - tion, To all are His
4. Oh, mor - tals, give ear to His plead - ing, To - day to His



vine do I hear; And sweet - er than mu - sic are sound - ing
paths of de - light, From dark - ness and doom that ap - pall me,
prom - is - es blest, For all is the won - drous sal - va - tion,
warn - ings at - tend, For swift - ly the mo - ments are speed - ing,



The ac - cents that fall on my ear. Je - - sus is
He lead - eth to heav - en so bright.
For all are the man - sions of rest.
And quick - ly the sum - mer will end. Call - ing to - day,



call - ing to - day, Come, . . . wea - ry one, un - to me;
Come un - to me, Come un - to me;



Repeat softly.



Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day, Je - sus is calling to - day.



No. 53. Press Toward the Mark.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Ring out the word from Christ the Lord, Our Captain in the skies,
2. He'll give the grace to win the race, To him who bravely tries;



3. Keep, then, the road; fight on for God, Tho' en - e - mies a - rise;
4. Bear, then, the cross, count all things loss; On Jesus fix your eyes;



To all the saved who have believed: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
For Jesus' sake the message take: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"



The Lord with thee thy strength shall be: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"
Till Christ has come, till heav'n is won: "Press toward the mark for the prize!"



Press toward the mark for the prize,

Press toward the mark for the prize,

CHORUS.



Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the mark for the prize,
Press toward the mark for the prize, Press toward the



Press toward the mark for the prize,



Let us suffer with Him and the "well-done" win, Press toward the mark for the prize.



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No. 54. Come, Spirit, Come.

MRS. HARRIET JONES.
Andante.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Come, Spir-it, come, . . . with light di-vine! . . . Il-lu-mi-
 2. Dear Sav-iour, be my con-stant guide, . . . My ev-er-
 3. A strong-er faith . . . is my de-sire, . . . A near-ness,

1. Come, Spir-it, come, with light di-vine! Il-
 2. Dear Sav-iour, be my constant guide, My
 3. A strong-er faith is my de-sire, A

nate . . . my soul; . . . Come soothe and cheer . . . this heart of
 pres - - ent Friend; . . . Oh, keep me near . . . Thy bleeding
 Lord, . . . to Thee; . . . Oh, send just now . . . the ho - ly

lu - mi-nate my wait-ing soul; Come soothe and cheer this
 ev - er-pres - ent, lov-ing Friend; Oh, keep me near Thy
 near-ness, bless-ed Lord, to Thee; Oh, send just now the

mine, . . . And ev-'ry foe con - trol. . . .
 side, Till all the strife shall end. . . .
 fire, To ev - er dwell in me. . . .

heart of mine, And ev - 'ry in - ward foe con - trol.
 bleed-ing side, Till all the toil and strife shall end.
 ho - ly fire, To ev - er sweet - ly dwell in me.

CHORUS.

Come, Spir-it, come, with light di-vine, De - scend, O heav'nly

Come, Spirit, Come. Concluded.

Dove, Shine in un-til this heart of mine Is all a - glow with love.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a series of chords and single notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

No. 55. Lord of the Nations.

GEO. BENNETT.

F. FLEMMING.

1. Lord of the na - tions, Whom the angels wor-ship, Bow we be -
 2. Breathe we in hom-age, Pray'r to Thee, our Fa-ther, Pray'r fervent,
 3. We would a-dore Thee, Tune-ful voi - ces blend-ing, In the full

The musical notation for the first system is in treble clef, key of B-flat, and 4/4 time. It features a series of chords and single notes. The second system is in bass clef, also in B-flat and 4/4 time, continuing the harmonic structure with chords and single notes.

fore Thee, In Thy ho - ly tem - ple, Veil - ing our fa - ces,
 faith - ful, Lifting hearts to heav-en, Where the bright an - gels,
 an - them, Or the joy-ful cho - rale, Giv - ing Thee glo - ry,

The musical notation continues in the same key and time signature. The first staff of this system is in treble clef, and the second is in bass clef, both featuring chords and single notes.

Bring-ing hearts re - pent - ant, Crav - ing Thy bless - ing.
 Ho - ly, ho - ly cry - ing, Ev - er do praise Thee.
 Lord of earth and heav - en, Prais - ing Thy great name.

The musical notation concludes the piece in the same key and time signature. The first staff is in treble clef, and the second is in bass clef, both featuring chords and single notes, ending with a double bar line.

No. 56. Peace and Rest.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

MEMORIAL SONG.

J. H. FILLMORE.



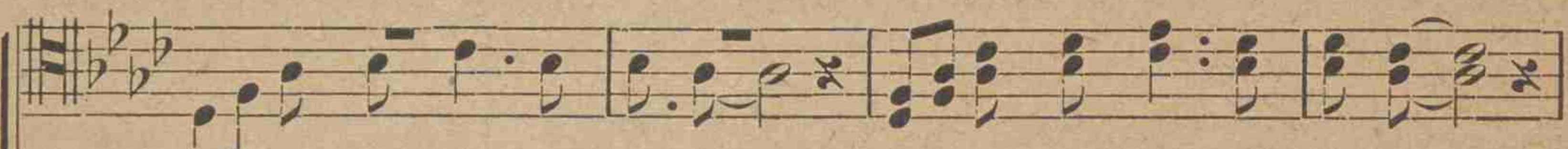
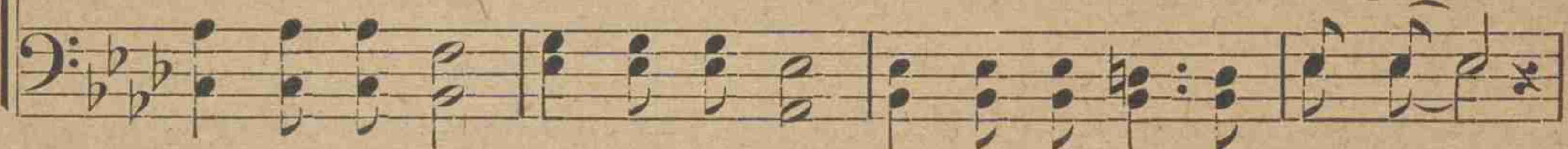
1. Soft - ly the winds are sighing, Sad - ly our hearts reply-ing,
2. While fall the tears of sor-row, Hope doth a sol - ace bor-row,
3. Now weeps the poor befriended, Now mourns the weak defended,

[Second hymn.]

1. Sis - ter, so calm-ly sleeping, Fair e'en in death's cold keeping,



One do we view, No-ble and true, Si-lent in death now ly - ing.
Clear thro' the night Gleameth the light, Light of a joyous morrow.
Great was the heart, Good was the part, Now all is past and ended.
While in our grief, Tears be relief, Thou heedest not our weeping.



Sleeping no more to wak-en, Calm in a faith un-shak-en,
His was the deed of fa - vor, His was the just be - hav-ior,
Here in the tomb we leave him Till the last trump reprieve him;
Vain now is love's reveal-ing, Vain now the heart's appealing,



O'er him we bend, Brother and friend, Him whom the Lord hath taken.
Now in the vale, Where all doth fail, His is a mighty Sav-iour.
There with the blest, Ever to rest, Je-sus, the Lord receive him.
Torn from us here, Sis-ter so dear, This wound can know no healing.



2 Soft as the light receding,
Sweet as the flow'ret fading,
Passed she away,
Joy of our day,
Gloom over all pervading.
Hers were the tones so cheerful,
Ours were the hearts so fearful;
Now all at rest,
She with the blest,
Sit we in silence prayerful.

3 Heard she sweet music falling,
Heard she her Saviour calling,
On wings of love,
Soft borne above,
Death was no more appalling,
Now green the grave we make her,
Love here shall ne'er forsake her,
Peaceful her sleep,
Peaceful her sleep,
Till the glad angels wake her.

No. 57. The Blessed Rock of Ages.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. My feet were in the mi - ry clay Un-til my Sav-iour came this way;
2. No more up-on the sink-ing sand, The storms may rage on ev-'ry hand,
3. Oh, sure foun-da - tion for my feet, While dreadful storms around me beat;



They're safe up-on the Rock to-day, The bless-ed Rock of A - ges.
I'm not a-fraid, where now I stand Up-on the Rock of A - ges.
I'll cling to Thee, thou ref-uge sweet—Thou blessed Rock of A - ges.



Oh, rest - ful Rock of A - ges, Oh, peace-ful Rock of A - ges,



Out of the miry clay, Upon the Rock to-day; The bless-ed Rock of A - ges.



No. 58. Sweet Zion Bells.

MRS. A. L. DAVIDSON.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. O'er heav'nly plains the golden chimes Of Zi - on ring to - day;
2. And we, who walk in earth-ly vales, Their joy-ful mu - sic hear;
3. They call us home, not here our rest, They soft-ly seem to say:



For passing souls those chimes are rung, To guide them on their way.
In mel - o - dy di - vine - ly sweet, So faint and yet so clear.
Be-yond the gates of Zi - on fair There shines a bright-er day.



REFRAIN.



Sweet bells, . . . sweet bells, . . . They cheer us on our
Sweet chiming Zion bells, Sweet chi-ming Zi-on bells, They cheer our



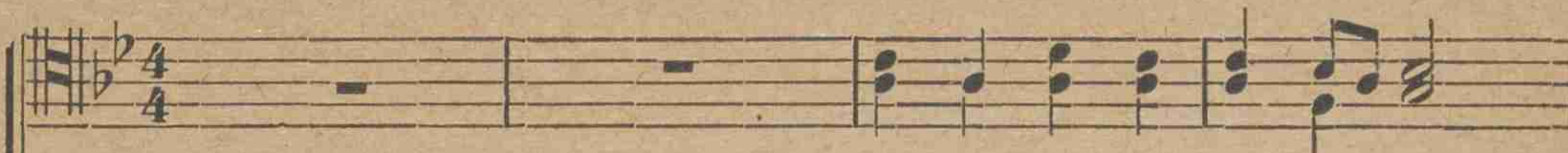
pleasant way, Sweet chiming bells, They cheer us on our pleasant way, Sweet chiming bells.
way, . . . They cheer our way, . . .



No. 59. Lovely Zion.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FINLEY LYON.



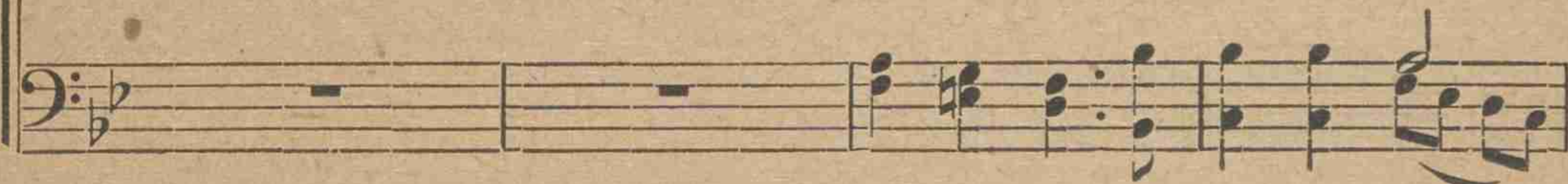
1. Zi - on, Zi - on, love-ly Zi - on, Thy fair fame the world hath heard;
2. Zi - on, Zi - on, love-ly Zi - on, From thee, brighter than the sun,
3. Zi - on, Zi - on, love-ly Zi - on, Of thee ev - er will we sing,



Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Cit - y of our bless-ed Lord;
 Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Christ shines forth to ev'ry one;
 Zi - on, Zi - on, love - ly Zi - on, Un - to thee our gifts we bring;



All thy gates are set with splendor, All thy tow'rs how bright they shine;
 From thee flows the living wa-ters Christ to all doth free - ly give,
 Time, nor sense, nor aught can sever, Zi-on these fond hearts from thee,



God Him-self is thy de - fen-der, Zi - on, cit - y all di - vine.
 There earth's dying sons and daughters Drink the precious draught and live.
 Christ hath cho-sen thee for-ev-er, He, thy King, our God shall be.



No. 60. Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. DOANE.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

Base Solo.



1. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float . . . Sea-ward and
2. Fling out the ban - ner, an - gels bend . . . In anx-ious
3. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float . . . Sea-ward and



1. Fling out the ban-ner, let it float
2. Fling out the ban-ner, an-gels bend
3. Fling out the ban-ner, let it float



sky-ward, high and wide, . . The sun that lights its shin-ing
si-lence o'er the sign, . . And vain-ly seek to com-pre -
sky-ward, high and wide, . . Our glo-ry on - ly in the



Seaward and skyward, high and wide, The sun that lights its
In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And vain-ly seek to
Seaward and skyward, high and wide, Our glo-ry on - ly



folds, . . . The cross on which the Sav - iour died. . . .
hend, . . . The won - der of the love di - vine. . . .
cross, . . . Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied. . . .



shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
com - pre-hend The won - der of the love di - vine.
in the cross, Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci - fied.

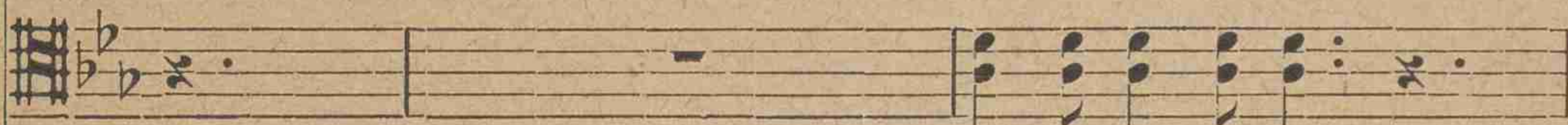


Fling Out the Banner. Concluded.

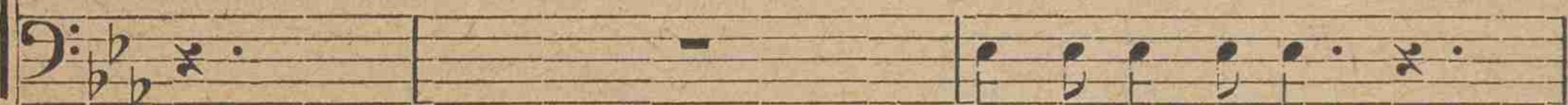
CHORUS.



Fling out the ban - ner, let it be un - furled, High and



Let it be un-furled,



wide, let it float o'er all the world, . . . Seaward and skyward,



Over all the world, Seaward and skyward, let it
Seaward and skyward,



let it shine, We con - quer on - ly in that sign. . . .



shine, . . . We con - quer on - ly in that sign. . . .
let it shine,



No. 61. Onward and Upward.

DR. H. R. PALMER.

Allegretto moderato.



1. Onward and up-ward and for - ward to day, On - ward re-
2. Onward and up-ward and home-ward the while, Up-ward, thy
3. Onward and up-ward, be strong in the Lord, He is thy



new - ing thy strength in the way; Upward, tho' rug - ged and
sun-light the Saviour's own smile; Onward, His pres-ence thy
shield, thine e - ter - nal re-ward; He is gone for-ward thy



steep be the hill, For-ward the word of the Lord to ful - fil!
shade from the heat, Homeward, for home aft-er ex - ile is sweet!
place to pre-pare, Homeward thou go - est to dwell with Him there.



f **CHORUS.**



On - - ward and up - - ward with car - ols, with



Onward and upward, onward and upward with car - ols of



Onward and Upward. Concluded.

car - ols of praise. An - gel - like an - - - - - them in
praise. . . . An-gel-like anthems, an - gel-like anthems in

pil - grim - like lays; . . . Mount - ain and
pilgrim-like lays, in pilgrim-like lays; Mountain and valley,
pilgrim-like lays; . . .

val - - - - - ley shall ech - o, shall ech - o thy song,
mountain and val - ley shall ech - o thy song, . . .

On - ward and up - ward, it is not for long.
Onward, yes, onward and up - ward, it is not for long.
up - ward

No. 62. Behold, a Stranger at the Door.

FINLEY LYON.

Andante.



1. Be - hold, a stran - ger at the door; He gen - tly
2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With melt - ing
3. But will He prove a Friend in - deed? He will; the
4. Rise, touch'd with grat - i - tude di - vine; Turn out His



Rit.



knocks, has knock'd be - fore; Hath wait - ed long, is wait - ing
heart and load - ed hands: Oh, match - less kind - ness! and He
ver - y Friend you need; The Friend of sin - ners—yes, 'tis
en - e - my and thine, That soul - des - troy - ing mon - ster,



still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill, Hath wait - ed
shows This match - less kind - ness to His foes! Oh, match - less
He, With gar - ments dyed on Cal - va - ry, The Friend of
sin, And let the heav'n - ly Strang - er in, That soul - des -



long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
kind - ness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes!
sin - ners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
troy - ing mon - ster sin, And let the heav'n - ly stran - ger in.



No. 63. Though Faint, Yet Pursuing.

JOHN N. DARBY.

THOS. KOSCHAT.

pp **Allegro.**



1. Tho' faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The
2. He rais - eth the fall - en, he cheer-eth the faint; The
3. Tho' clouds may sur-round us, our God is our light; Tho'



Lord is our lead - er, His word is our stay; Tho' suff'ring, and weak, and op-pressed, He will hear their complaint; The way may be storms rage a - round us, our God is our might; So faint yet pur-



sor-row, and tri-al be near, The Lord is our ref-uge, and
wea-ry, and thorn-y the road, But how can we fal-ter?—our
su-ing, still on-ward we come; The Lord is our lead-er, and



whom can we fear? The Lord is our ref-uge, and whom can we fear?
help is in God! But how can we fal-ter?—our help is in God!
heav'n is our home! The Lord is our lead-er, and heav'n is our home!



No. 64. My Brother is the Lamp Alight?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

J. H. FILLMORE.



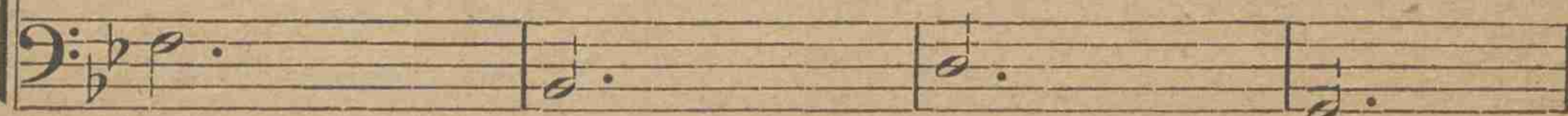
1. Each Chistian life a bea-con is To light, with steady ray, The
2. My brother, rise and trim thy lamp, That, like earth's polar star, Its
3. What, brother, if thine oil should fail, When others steered by thee, And,



path from God's fair world to this, So trim thy lamp to-day. It
light may guide the ves-sel's course Of those who sail a-far. Some
in the fierce and an-gry gale Some ship went down at sea. Oh,



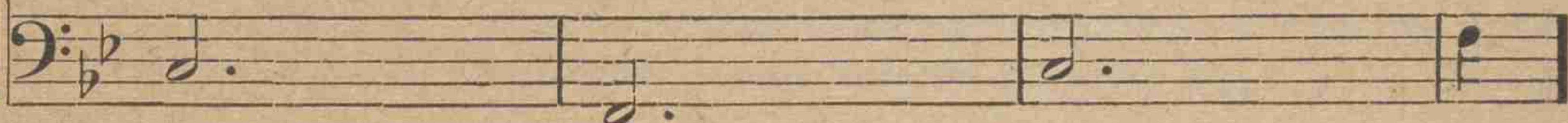
guides the sail - or safe - ly past The wrecking rocks of sin, Un-
shipwrecked sailor, see - ing thee, May pull for heaven's shore, So
keep thy bea - con burn-ing bright, And steer for yonder star, The



My Brother is the Lamp Alight? Concluded.



til to heav'n's fair shore at last The storm-tossed ship glides in.
keep thy bea - con burn-ing bright, My broth - er, ev - er-more.
lamp of God's dear love, whose light Streams ra - diant-ly a - far.



CHORUS. Melody in 2d Tenor.



My broth - er, does thy light shine out, A-cross the night of sin,



My broth - er, does thy light shine out, A-cross the night of sin,



To cheer some sail - or, homeward bound, And guide some wanderer in?



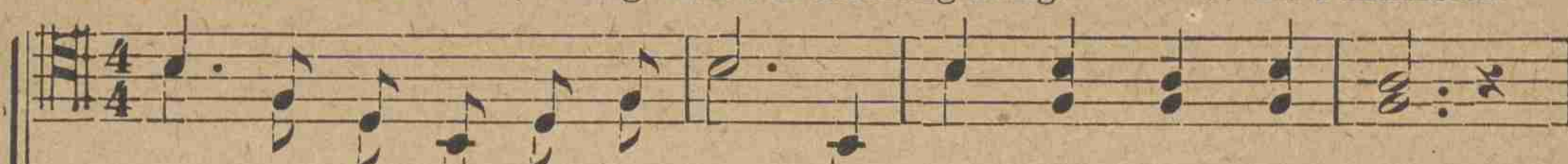
To cheer some sail - or, homeward bound, And guide some w anderer in?



No. 65. Hear Ye not the Trumpet Blast.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. (Young Men's Mustering Song.)

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Hear ye not the trumpet blast, Ye young men of our land?
 2. Hear ye not the call of right A - long the lengthening line?
 3. Hear ye not the note sub-lime A - long the a - ges borne?



See, the hosts are gathering fast—A great and val-iant band.
 High your names in letters bright On hon - or's roll shall shine.
 See ye not the glorious time, The bright, au - spi - cious morn?

CHORUS.



Young men, young men, Mus-ter for the good and true; (good and true;)



Come forth while now the foe Stands bold in view;



Come forth, your col - ors show, Christ calls for you.

No. 66. My Happy Home.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for thee ;
2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glorious to be-hold,
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleasant greens, My study long have been,—



CHORUS.

When shall my sorrows have an end ? Thy joys, when shall I see ?
Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such sparkling gems by human sight, Have never yet been seen. We're going



going home, going home, Home to the new Jerusa-lem,
home,



home,

We're going



Rit.

go-ing home, go-ing home, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem.



home,

home,

No. 67. Onward, Upward.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FINLEY LYON.



1. On - ward, up-ward, in the name of Je - sus, On - ward, up-ward,
 2. On - ward, up-ward, mighty foes are gath'ring, Hosts of Sa - tan
 3. On - ward, up-ward, short will be the con-flict, Life be done, its




hear ye, one and all, Ev - 'ry voice makes answer to the watchword,
 will thy soul as-sail, Sword of truth and hel-met of sal - va - tion,
 bat - tles all be o'er, Robes of vic - t'ry in the heav'nly king-dom,

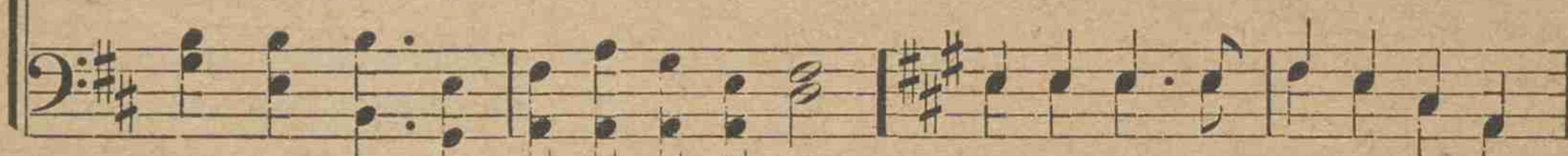


hear ye, one and all,

CHORUS.



Ev-'ry heart be in-stant at the call.
 God leads on, and ever shall prevail. 'Tis the time to lift the standard,
 Crowns of glo - ry ours for ev-er-more.




'Tis the time to sound the word, 'Tis the time of conquest glo-rious,




'Tis the time of tri-umph in the Lord. On-ward, up-ward,



Onward, Upward. Concluded.

in the name of Je - sus, On - ward, up - ward, hear ye one and all,
hear ye, one and all,

Ev'ry voice makes answer to the watchword, Ev'ry heart be instant at the call.

No. 68. Still, Still With Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

FINLEY LYON.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn-ing break - eth,
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows,
3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber,
4. So shall it be at last in that bright morn-ing,

When the bird wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee: Fair-er than morning,
The sol-emn hush of na - ture new-ly born; A - lone with Thee, in
Its clos - ing eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re-pose, be -
When the soul wak-eth, and life's shad-ows flee; Oh! in that hour, and

Rit.
lovlier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
breathless ad-o-ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
neath Thy wings o'ershadowing, But sweet-er still to wake and find Thee there.
fair-er than day's dawn-ing, Shall rise the glo-rious tho't, I am with Thee!

No. 69. The Saviour Calls.

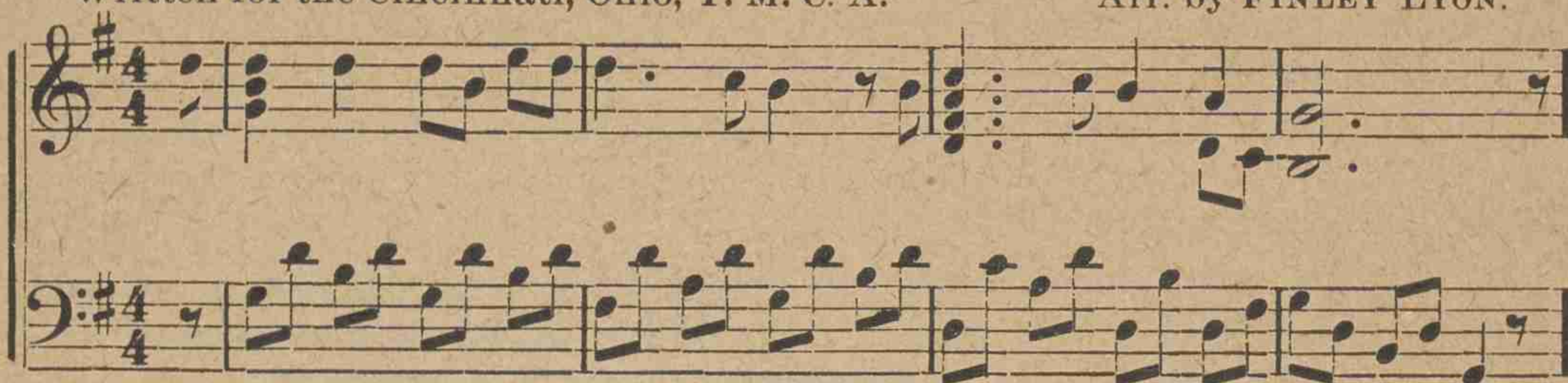
(MALE QUARTET WITH DUET AND SOLOS,)

SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

Written for the Cincinnati, Ohio, Y. M. C. A.

T. WILLIAMS.

Arr. by FINLEY LYON.



1. The gate is wide, the way is broad, That leads to mis - er -
2. With ten - der love, the Sav - iour calls, Oh, come to Him and



y and woe; And sin - ners crowd a - long the path, As
He will save; Be - lieve that for your sins He died; That



The Saviour Calls. Continued.

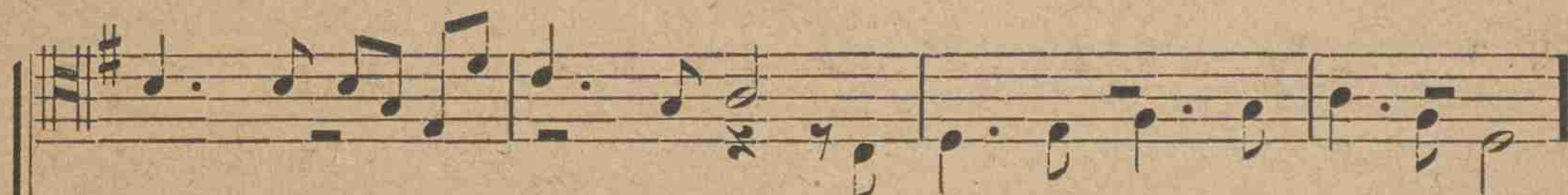


on to death they blindly go,
you might live, His life He gave.

But hark! a - mid the
That bur - den from your



sin - stained throng, A voice rings forth from heaven above, Oh,
wea - ry soul; That load of sin, He will re-move; And



sweet - er than the sweet - est song; Oh, full of mer - cy and of love.
give to you e - ter - nal life, If you will trust Him and His love.



The Saviour Calls. Continued.

First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, starting with a 'dol.' (dolando) marking. The lyrics 'Hear, sin - ner, hear ; be - lieve and live ;' are written below the staves.

Hear, sin - ner, hear ; be - lieve and live ;

Second system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Hear, sin - ner, hear ; be - lieve and live ;' are written below the staves.

Hear, sin - ner, hear ; be - lieve and live ;

Third system of musical notation. It consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes, starting with a 'f' (forte) marking. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Stay, the Sav - iour calls ; stay the Sav - iour calls ;' are written below the staves. The system ends with a 3/4 time signature.

Stay, the Sav - iour calls ; stay the Sav - iour calls ;

The Saviour Calls. Concluded.

CHORUS.



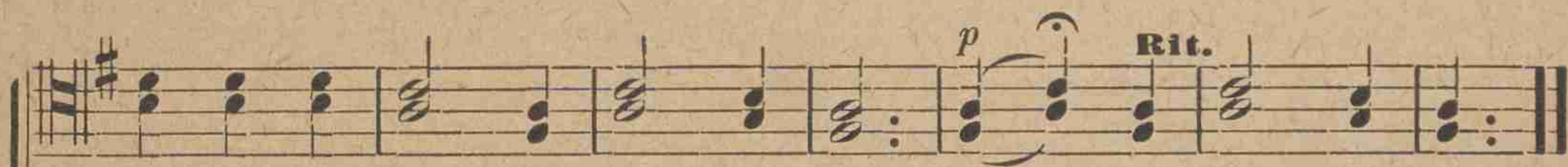
Oh, who will stay and heed the cry Of Him who says, "why will ye



die?" Now is the time, oh, do not wait; To - mor - row



it may be too late, Oh, stay, the Sav - iour calls,



the Saviour calls, The Sav - iour calls, stay, the Sav - iour calls.



No. 70. To the Work.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. To the work! to the work! We are ser-vants of God; Let us
2. To the work! to the work! Let the hun-gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! There is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! In the strength of the Lord! And a



fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
fountain of life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its
kingdom of dark-ness and er - ror shall fall, And the name of Je-
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re-ward, When the home of the



coun - sel our strength to renew, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal-
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the loud-swelling cho - rus, "Sal-
faith - ful our dwelling shall be, And we shout with the ransomed, "Sal-



CHORUS.



hands find to do. Toil-ing on,
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!"

toil - ing on,

Toil - ing on,

toil - ing on,



Toil - ing on,

Toil - ing on,

toil - ing on,

toil - ing on,

Let us



To the Work. Concluded.

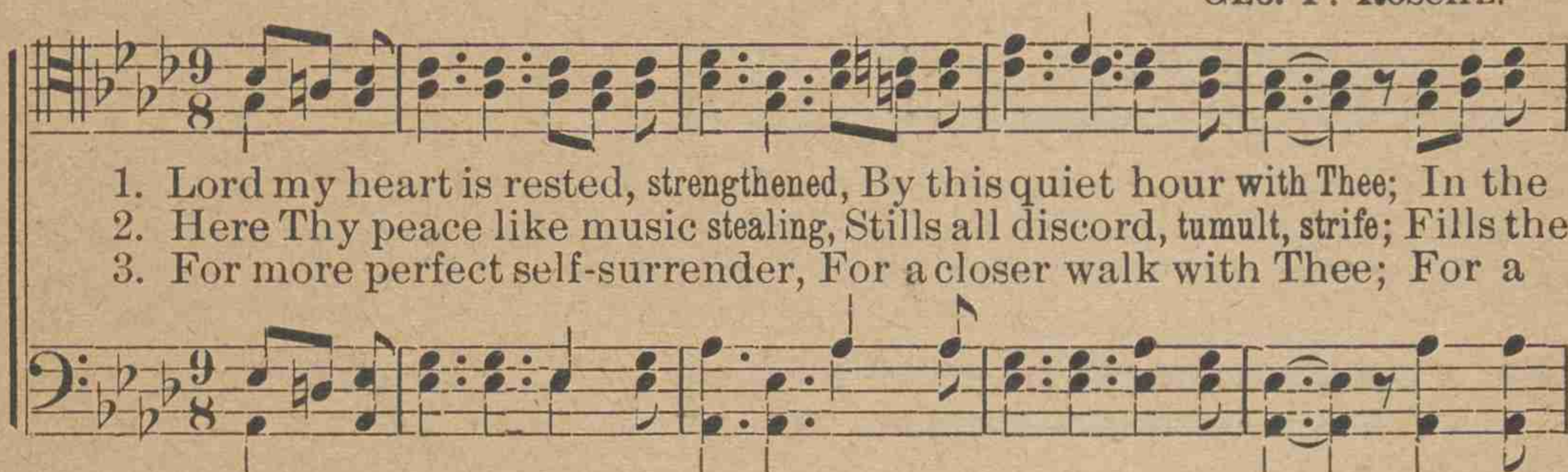
Rit.



hope, let us watch, And la - bor till the Master comes.
and trust, and pray,

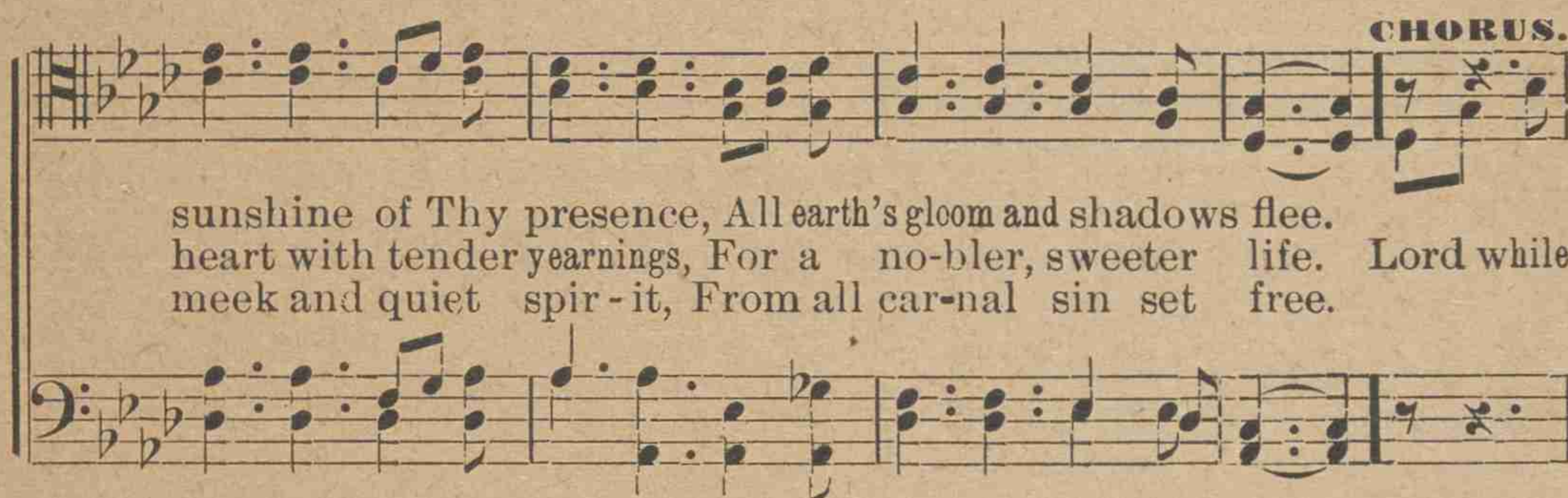
No. 71. Lord My Heart is Rested.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

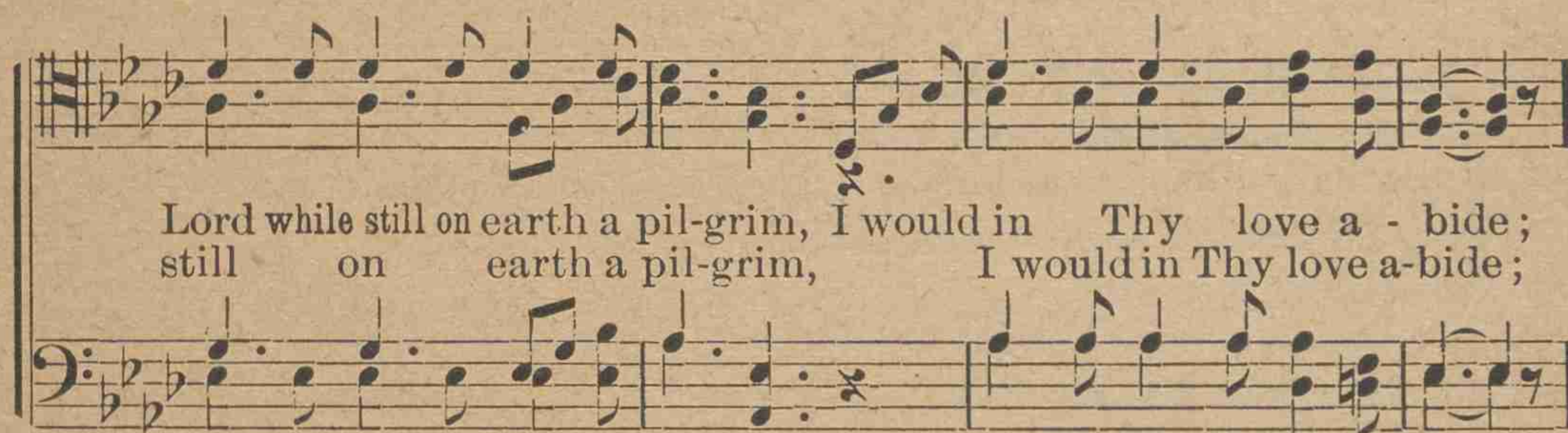


1. Lord my heart is rested, strengthened, By this quiet hour with Thee; In the
2. Here Thy peace like music stealing, Stills all discord, tumult, strife; Fills the
3. For more perfect self-surrender, For a closer walk with Thee; For a

CHORUS.



sunshine of Thy presence, All earth's gloom and shadows flee.
heart with tender yearnings, For a no-bler, sweeter life. Lord while
meek and quiet spir - it, From all car-nal sin set free.



Lord while still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a - bid; ;
still on earth a pil-grim, I would in Thy love a-bide;



Safely through life's shades and sunshine, Keep me ev-er near Thy side.
Safely through life's shades and sunshine,

No. 72. Come, is the Blest Invitation.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

J. H. FILLMORE.



1. Come, is the blest in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come unto me, Come, is the
 2. Come, is the call of the Saviour, Come, come unto me, Come in the
 * Come, Come, Come,



*The "come" of the accompaniment is sung with humming "M."



great procla - ma - tion, Come, come unto me; All who are fainting and
 day of His fa - vor, Come, come unto me; Come while the wa - ter of
 come,



famished and poor, All who are weary and wounded and sore, Come, come where my
 life flows so free, Come while salva - tion is offered to thee, Come, come, and your



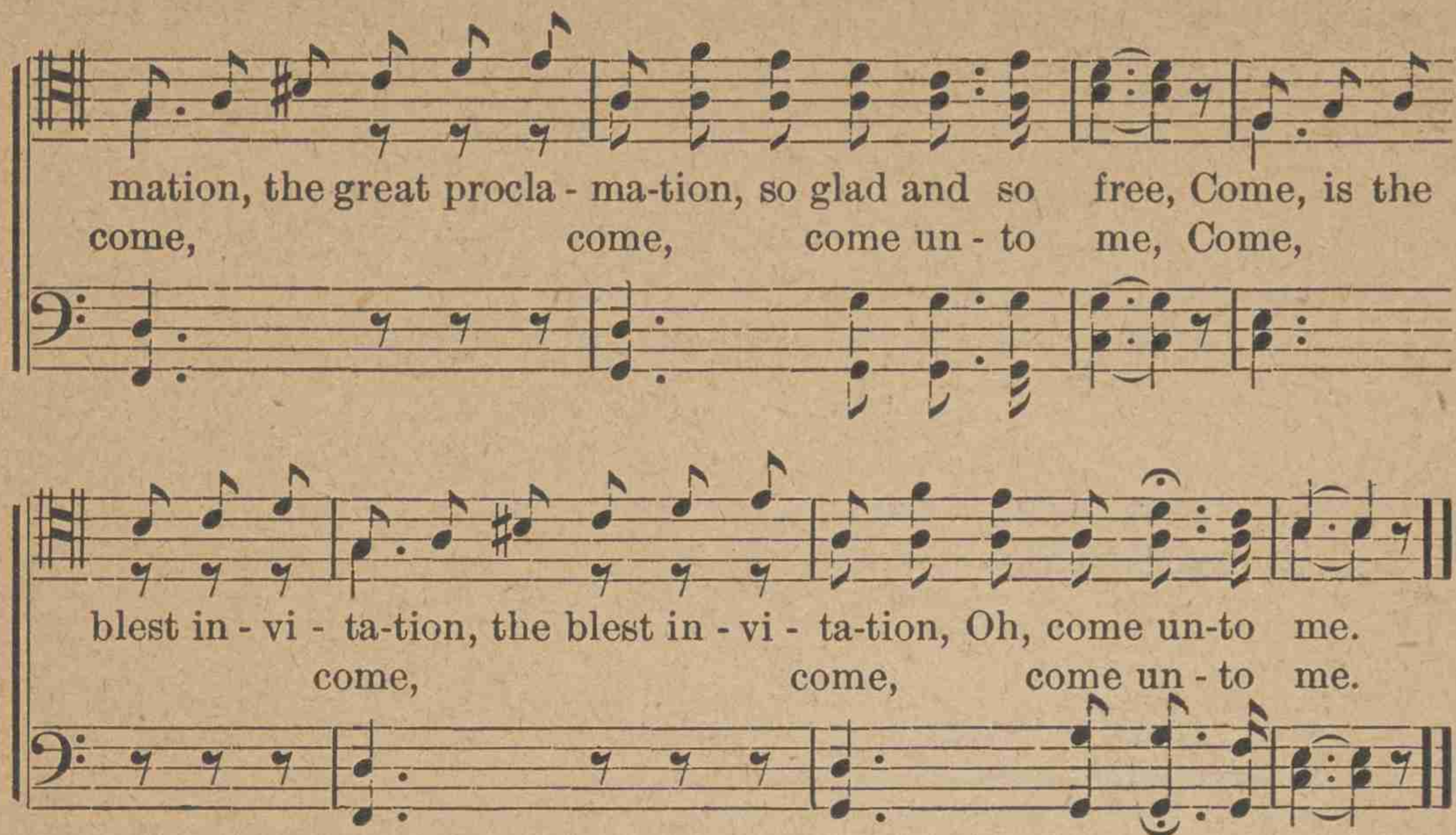
ta - ble is spread, Come, come, and your souls shall be fed, Come, is the
 soul shall find rest, Come, come, and for - ev - er be blest, Come, is the
 Come,



blest in - vi - ta - tion, Come, come unto me, Come, is the great procla -
 come, Come,



Come, is the Blest Invitation. Concluded.

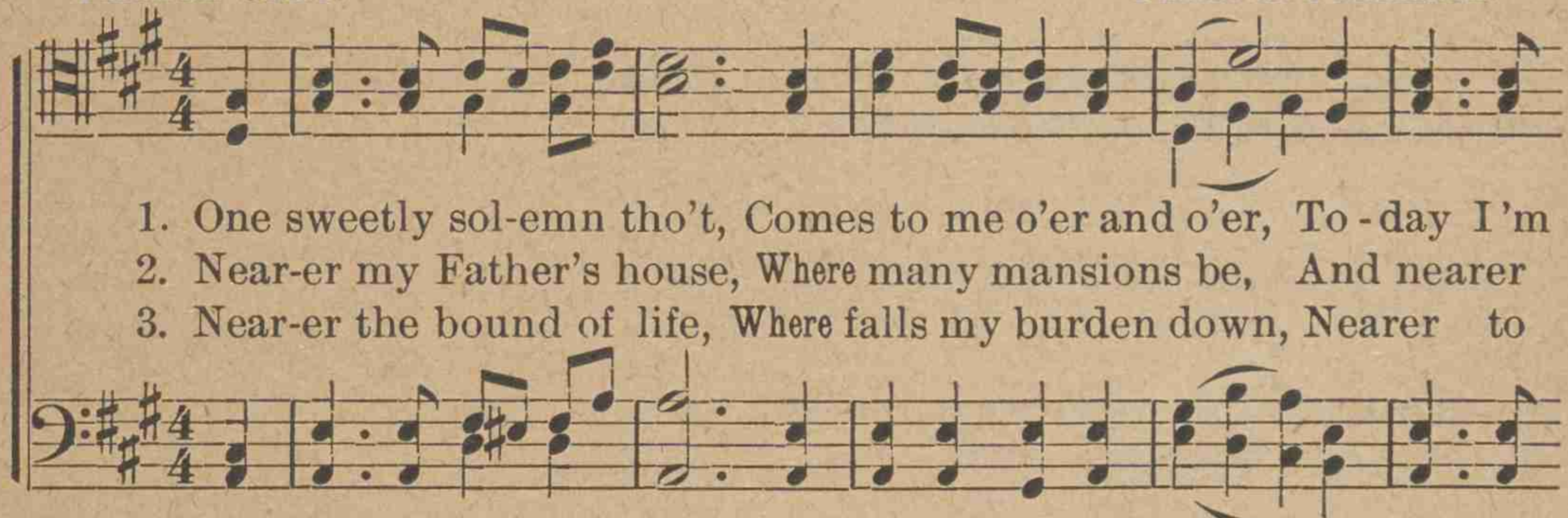


mation, the great procla - ma - tion, so glad and so free, Come, is the
 come, come, come un - to me, Come,
 blest in - vi - ta - tion, the blest in - vi - ta - tion, Oh, come un - to me.
 come, come, come un - to me.

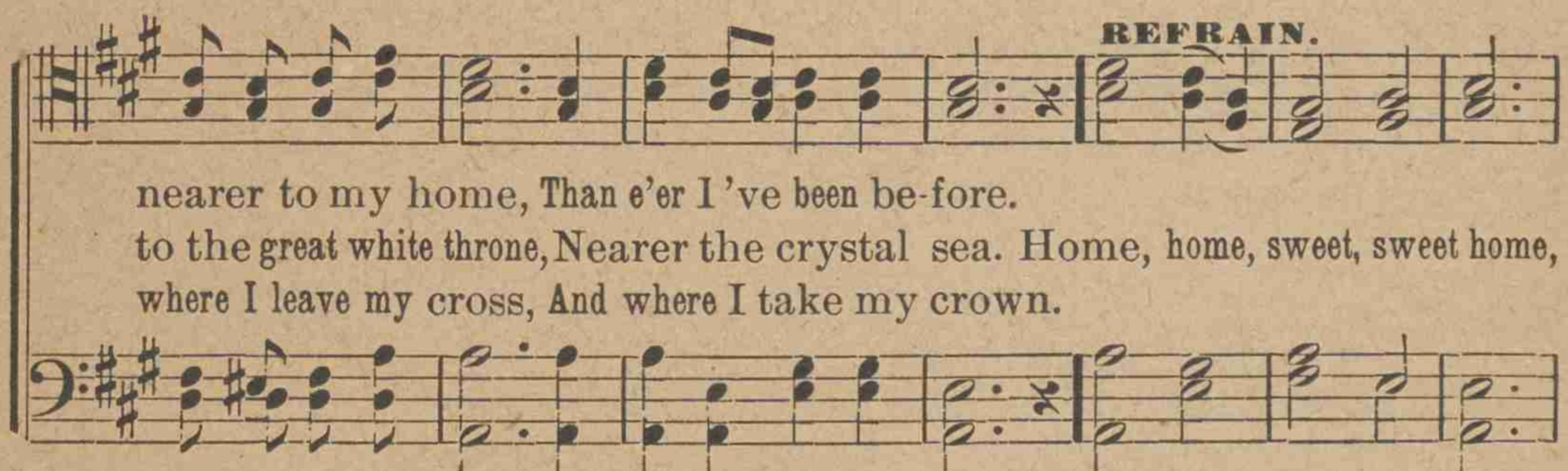
No. 73. Nearer My Home.

PHOEBE CARY.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.



1. One sweetly sol - emn tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er, To - day I'm
 2. Near - er my Father's house, Where many mansions be, And nearer
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where falls my burden down, Nearer to



REFRAIN.

nearer to my home, Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 to the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea. Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
 where I leave my cross, And where I take my crown.



To - day I'm near - er to my home, Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 [First Base prominent.]

No. 74. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

FINLEY LYON.



1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind,



There's a kindness in His jus-tice Which is more than lib-er - ty;
And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der-ful - ly kind;



There is welcome for the sin - ner, And more graces for the good,
If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word,



There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour, There is healing in His blood;
And our lives would be all sunshine, In the sweetness of our Lord;



There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour, There is healing in His blood.
And our lives would be all sunshine, In the sweetness of our Lord.



No. 75. We Shall Meet, By and By.

JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

Melody in the Second Tenor.



1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by;



And the darkness will be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life shall give us, By and by, by and by;



With the toil-some journey done, And the glorious bat - tle won,
And the strains for ev - er - more Shall resound in sweetness o'er
And the an - gels who ful - fil, All the mandates of His will,



We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Yon-der ev - er - last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
Shall at - tend and love us still, By and by, by and by.



No. 76. Come to Me.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

2d Tenor Moderato

FINLEY LYON.



1. Come to me, all ye that la-bor, Come, and I will give you
2. Come to me, all ye that hunger, To my ta - ble richly
3. Come to me, all ye that languish, I will cheer the fainting



1. Come to me, all ye that labor, Come, and I will
2. Come to me, all ye that hunger, To my ta - ble
3. Come to me, all ye that languish, I will cheer the



Rit. >



rest; Ev'-ry bur - den I have carried, Ev'ry pang has pierced my
spread, Come and taste the heavenly manna, Come and eat the living
heart, Come to me, all ye that falter, Strength a-new will I im-



give you rest, Ev'ry bur - den I have carried, Ev'ry pang has pierced my
richly spread, Come and taste the heavenly manna, Come and eat the living
fainting heart, Come to me all ye that falter, Strength anew will I im-



Ev'ry pang has
Come and eat the
Strength-anew will

Allegro.

Rit.

Dim.



breast; Come to me, ye worn and weary, I have known thine ev'ry grief,
bread; Come to me, ye poor and needy, Take from mine abundant store,
part; Come, ye wounded, come, ye dying, There is balm for ev'ry woe,



breast; Come to me, ye worn and weary, I have known thine ev'ry grief,
bread; Come to me, ye poor and needy, Take from mine abundant store,
part; Come, ye wounded, come, ye dying, There is balm for ev'ry woe,



pierced my breast;
liv - ing bread;
I im - part;

Come to Me. Concluded.

Tempo 1 mo. **Rallentando.** 



Come to me, ye heavy laden, Come, and find a sweet relief.
 Come, accept the proffered bounty, Freely take and want no more.
 Here are found the leaves of healing, Here the living waters flow.

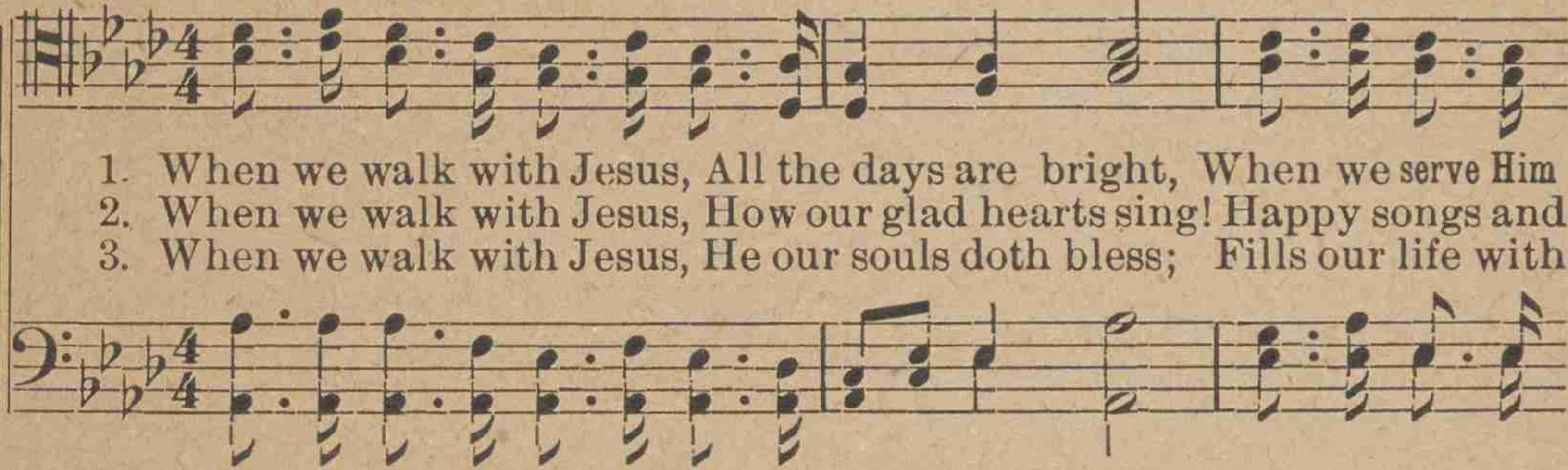
Come to me, ye heavy laden, Come, and find, and find a sweet relief.
 Come, accept the proffered bounty, Freely, freely take and want no more.
 Here are found the leaves of healing, Here the living, living waters flow.

Come, and find a sweet relief.
 Free-ly take and want no more.
 Here the liv-ing waters flow.

No. 77. When We Walk with Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. When we walk with Jesus, All the days are bright, When we serve Him
 2. When we walk with Jesus, How our glad hearts sing! Happy songs and
 3. When we walk with Jesus, He our souls doth bless; Fills our life with

CHORUS.

glad - ly, All our cares grow light.
 prais - es, Un - to Christ our King. When we walk with Je - sus,
 glad - ness, As we on - ward press.

Joy crowns ev'ry day, And love's golden sunshine, Brightens all the way.

No. 78. Tarry with Me.

MRS. C. M. SMITH.

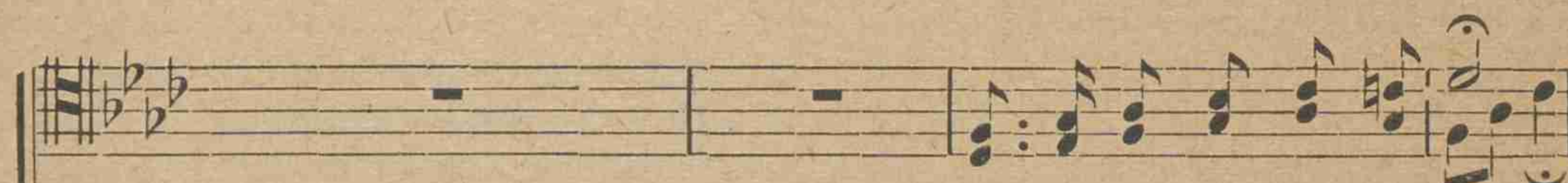
M. LINDSAY. Arr. by FINLEY LYON.



1. Tar-ry with me, oh, my Sav-iour, For the day is pass-ing by;
2. Deeper, deep-er grow the shadows, Pal-er now the glowing west;



See the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.
Swift the night of death advances, Shall it be the night of rest.



Many friends were gathered round me, In the bright day of the past;
Tar-ry with me, oh, my Sav-iour, Lay my head up-on Thy breast,



But the grave has closed above them, And I lin-ger here the last;
Till the morning then a-wake me, Morning of e-ter-nal rest;



But the grave has closed above them, And I lin-ger here the last.
Till the morning then a-wake me, Morning of e-ter-nal rest.



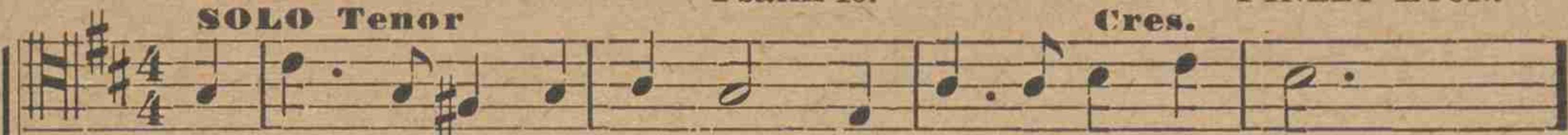
No. 79. How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me.

Psalm 13.

FINLEY LYON.

SOLO Tenor

Cres.



1. How long wilt Thou forget me, Shall it for-ev - er be;
2. How long, my soul, take counsel, Thus sad in heart each day;
3. O Lord, my God, consid - er, And hear my earnest cries;



O Lord how long neg - lect me, And hide Thy face from me.
How long shall foes ex - ult - ing, Sub-ject me to their sway.
Lest I in death should slumber, En-light - en Thou my eyes.



m CHORUS.



But on Thy tender mercies I ev - er have relied, With joy in Thy sal-



vation, My heart shall still confide; With joy in Thy salvation, My heart shall still confide.



No. 80. Saviour, I Will Praise Thee.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

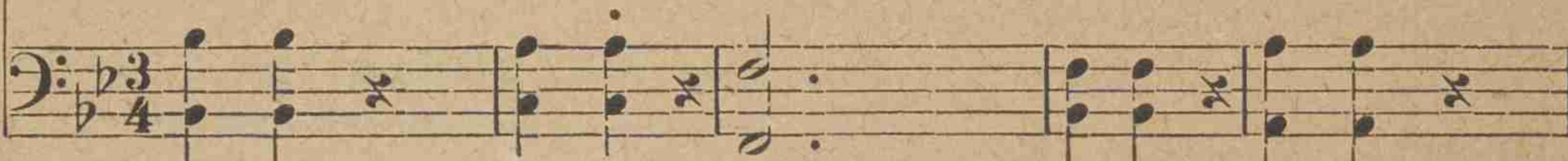
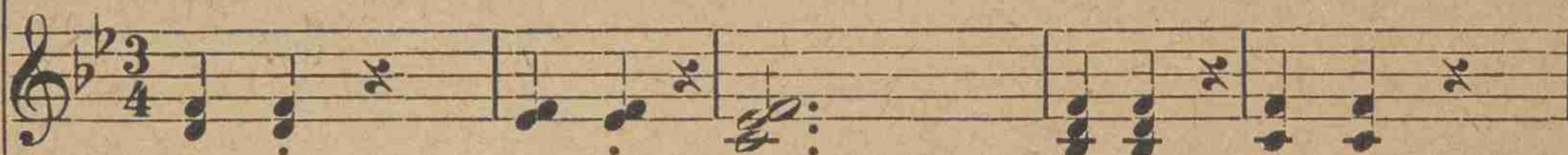
E. E. HEWITT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

Baritone Solo.



1. Saviour, I will praise Thee, Je-sus, heav'nly Friend; Gladly will I
2. Saviour, I will love Thee, Hope and refuge still; Thy soft wings a-
3. Saviour, I will serve Thee With a trustful heart; Let no tempting



raise Thee Songs that nev-er end.	For Thy tender mer - cy,
bove me, Guarding me from ill.	For redemption's sto - ry,
swerve me From the bet-ter part.	Let my in - spi-ra - tion



Seeking me, astray,	Giving sight for blindness,	Bringing me the day.
For the cross and shame,	For Thy risen glo - ry,	Blessed by Thy name.
Be Thy life di-vine;	Praise and a-dor-a - tion,	Be for-ev-er Thine.



Saviour, I Will Praise Thee. Concluded.

CHORUS.



Loving, serving, Trusting, praising, Lord, my helper be;



Lov - ing, Trust - ing, Lov - ing Thee, the Lord, my helper,



Lov-ing, serving, Trusting, praising, Till Thy face I see.



Lov - ing, Trust - ing, Till Thy face I see.

No. 81. Come Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GIARDINI, Arr.



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword;
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,



Help us to praise: Father! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our pray'r at - tend; Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us An-cient of Days!
Word suc-cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de-scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.



No. 82. Far Out on the Seas.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

FINLEY LYON.



1. Far out on the seas we are sailing, Far out on the bil-lows of time,
2. Far out on the seas we are sailing, Far out where the storms wildly sweep,
3. Far out on the seas we are sailing, Far out, but at last we be-hold



The winds blowing light, bear us onward, Our voices in melody chime.
But calm in His care we're confiding, Whose word bringeth peace on the deep.
The ha-ven in beauty so bliss-ful, The cit - y in splendor of gold.



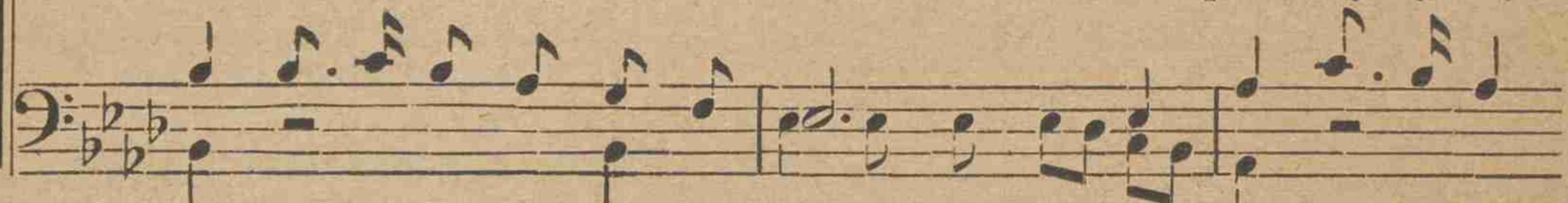
CHORUS.



Far out, far out do we sail, Far
Far out on the bil-lows we are sail - ing, Far



out the bil-lows of time, A port,
out on the heaving sea of time, A port day by day



a port drawing near, A cit - y e - ter - nal, sub-lime.
we are near - ing, A cit - y e - ter - nal, sub-lime.



No. 83. Work When the Morning Shineth.

GRACE GLENN.

FINLEY LYON



1. Work when the morning shineth, Work when the noon-day gleams,
noon-day gleams.
2. Work with a heart in - spir - ing, Work with a read - y hand,
read - y hand,
3. Work till the summons com-eth, "Join with the hosts at rest,"
the hosts at rest,



Work when the day de - clin - eth, Work in the midnight dreams.
midnight dreams.
Work for the pure and ho - ly, Work for the true and grand.
the true and grand.
So shall thy days be joy - ful, So shall thy nights be blest.
thy nights be blest.



CHORUS.



Work, watch, pray, Work for the day will soon be gone;
watch and pray,



Work, watch, pray, Soon will the Mas - ter come.
watch and pray,



No. 84. Peaceful Night.

Words Arr.

FINLEY LYON.



1. The evening bells chime clearly, They call the world to rest, Around falls night's soft
2. The moon is softly gliding, Her heav'nly path along, The planets give her



call the world to rest,
heav'n - ly path a-long,



stillness, The sun sinks in the west; A ho - ly silence keeping, The
greeting, But si - lent is their song, As rapt in seraph numbers Be-



stars watch nature sleeping, So comes the peaceful night. So comes the peaceful night,
low the sweet earth slumbers, So comes the peaceful night. So comes the peaceful night,



peaceful night,



A ho - ly silence keeping, The stars watch nature sleeping, So comes the
As rapt in ser-aph numbers, Below the sweet earth slumbers, So comes the



peaceful night, So comes the peaceful night, The peaceful night, the peaceful night.



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