



JOY —AND— PRAISE

For Sunday-Schools,

BY
R. A. GLENN & D. W. CRIST,

CINCINNATI, O.

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HARTFORD
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1886
Joy

PREFACE.

Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death,

O, give thanks unto the Lord ; call upon his name.

Ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

And I will bless Thy name for ever and for ever.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee.

Deliver the poor and needy, out of the hands of the wicked.

Praise the Lord all ye nations,

Rejoice in the Lord all ye righteous.

Arise, O Lord ; O God, lift up thine hand ; forget not the humble.

In the Lord put I my trust.

Sing unto the Lord a new song.

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me ; try my reins and my heart

28
G487.3

JOY AND PRAISE.

No. 1. JOY AND PRAISE.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation. Sing forth the honor of his name, make His Praise glorious. Sing unto Him a new song: play skilfully with a loud noise.

HARRIET AUBER.
Cheerful.

R. A. GLENN.

1. With Joy we hail the sa-cred day Which God has called his own;
2. Thy chos - en tem-ple, Lord, how fair, As here thy children throng,
3. Spir- it of grace, oh, deign to dwell Within thy church below;

With Joy the summons we o - bey, To wor-ship at his throne.
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer, And pour the grateful song.
Make her in ho - li-ness ex-cel, With pure de - vo-tion glow.

Chorus.

With Joy, with Joy, With Joy and Praise we come,
With Joy and Praise, with Joy and Praise we come,

We hail, dear Lord, This day with sa-cred song.
We hail, we hail, dear Lord, we hail This day with sa-cred song.

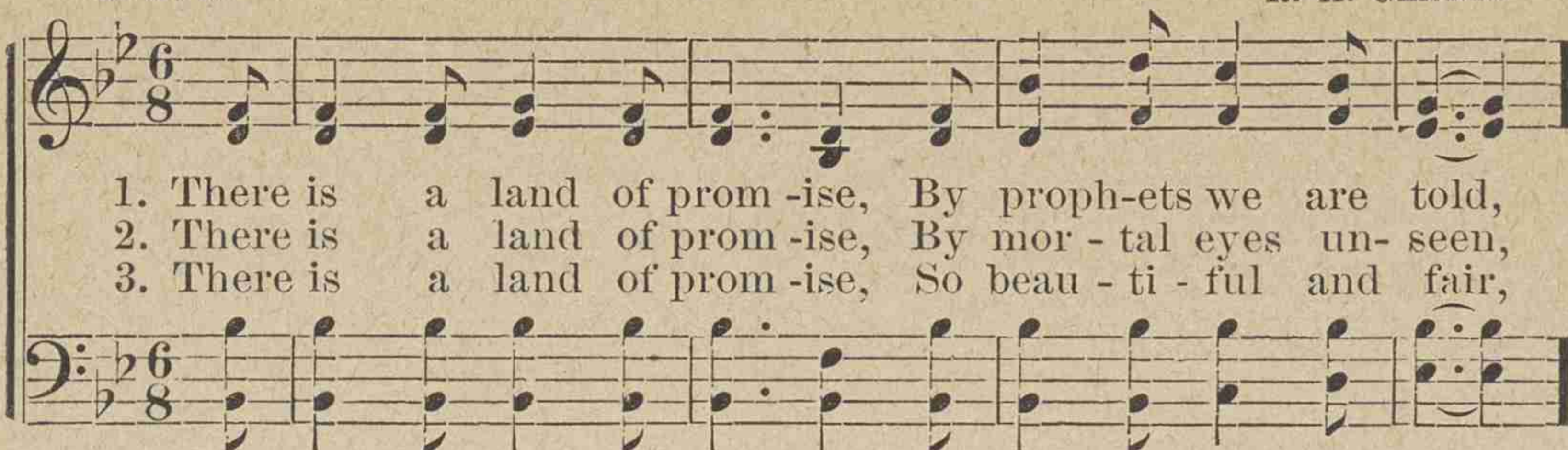
No. 2.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

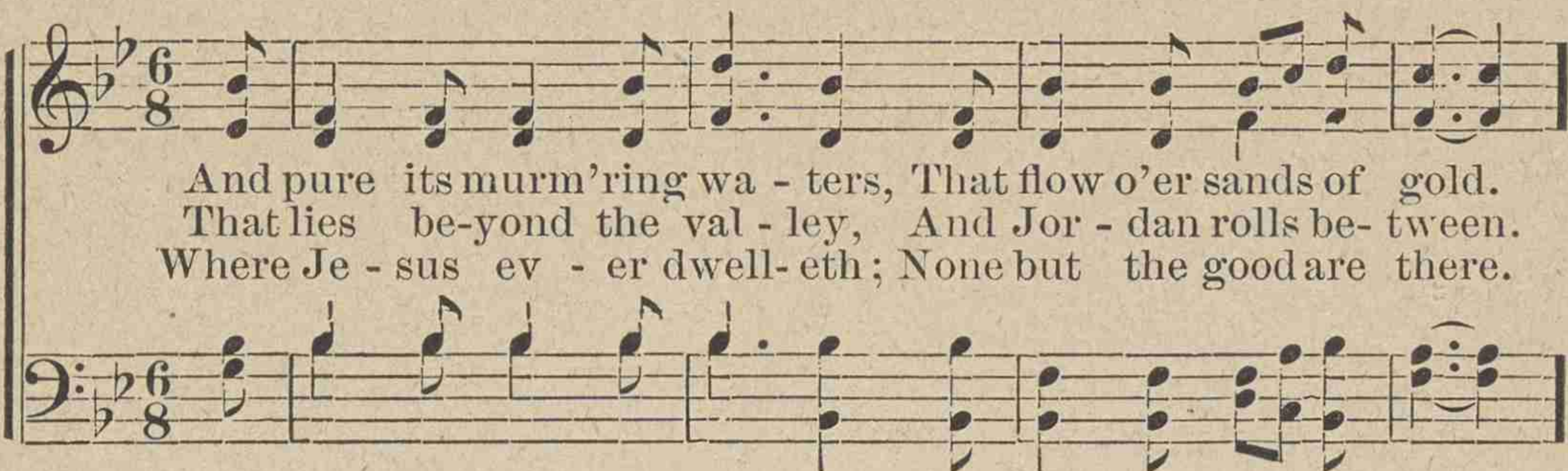
Until I come and take you away to a land of corn and wine a land of bread and vineyard. Isa. 36 : 17.

R. A. G.

R. A. GLENN.



1. There is a land of prom-ise, By proph-ets we are told,
2. There is a land of prom-ise, By mor-tal eyes un-seen,
3. There is a land of prom-ise, So beau-ti-ful and fair,



And pure its murm'ring wa-ters, That flow o'er sands of gold.
That lies be-yond the val-ley, And Jor-dan rolls be-tween.
Where Je-sus ev-er dwell-eth; None but the good are there.



Its fields are al-ways ver-dant; Its trees for-ev-er green;
Its waves so dark and tur-bid, We'll nev-er, nev-er fear;
These all arrayed in gar-ments, So pure and spot-less white;



The an-gels now in-vite us, To that bright land se-rene.
For Je-sus is our Cap-tain; He'll land us safe-ly there.
They wel-come us to glo-ry, That promised land of light.

CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful land, Its gates are
Beautiful land, beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful, beautiful land,

By permission.

THE LORD OF PROMISE. Concluded.

open to-day, The angels stand on the golden strand, And beckon my soul away.

No. 3.

FEED MY LAMBS.

Duet. Slow and Devotional.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Feed my lambs, how conde-scending, How compas-sion-ate the grace,
2. Who, without that word of bless-ing, Could our dark es-tate have told,
3. Feed my lambs, ye pas-tors, hear it; Feed the flock of his own hand,

Of the Sa-vior just as-cending, Thus to bless our in-fant race.
Sin and woe our souls distressing, Lost, and wand'ring from the fold.
Oh, for him let us re-vere it, Keep the shepherd's last command.

CHORUS.

Lov - est thou the bless - ed Sav - ior, Hast thou heard the

Rit.

great command? If thou lov-est me, thy Sav-ior, Feed my lambs.

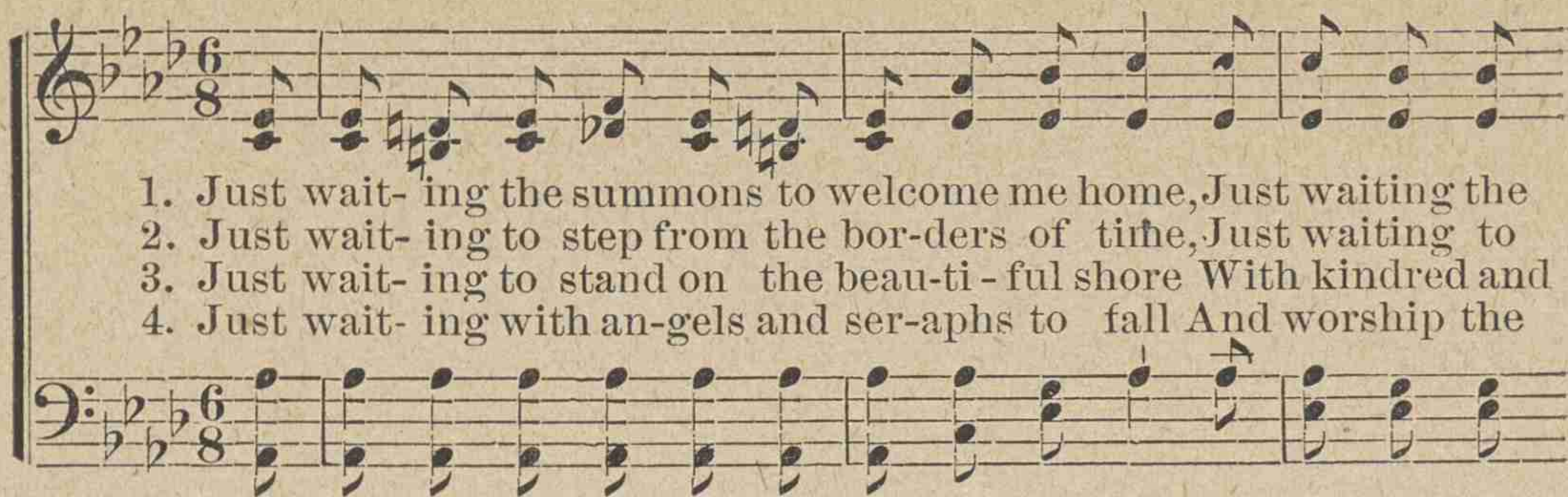
No. 4.

JUST WAITING.

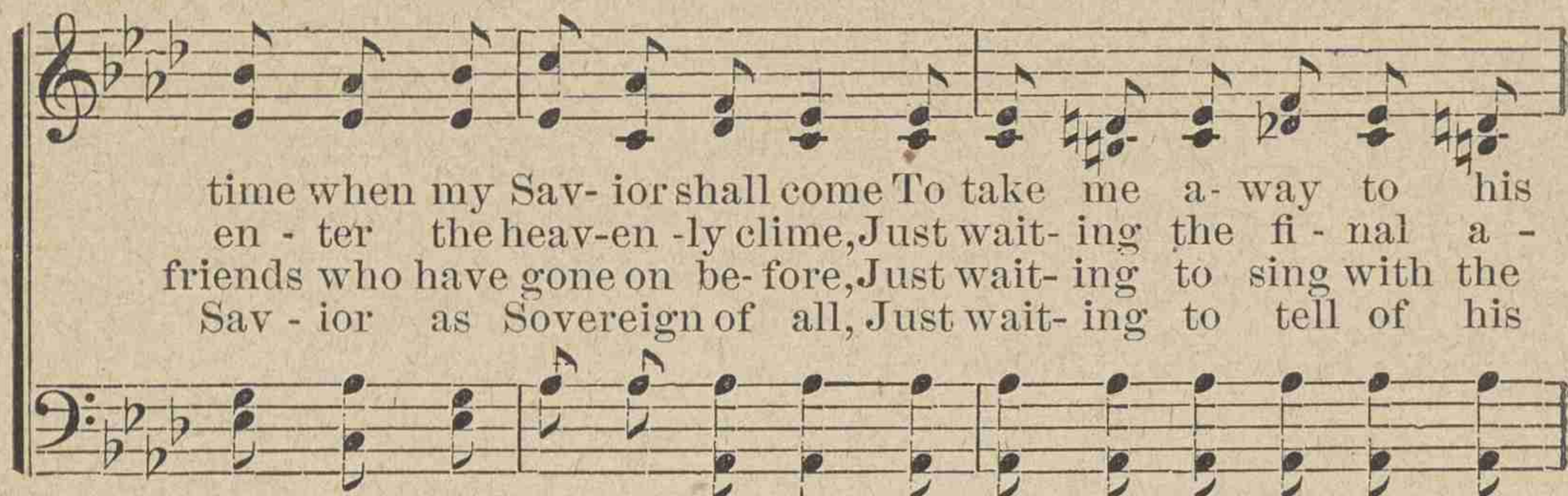
W. T. D.

"I am just waiting for the last summons." Last words of David Lowry, D. D.

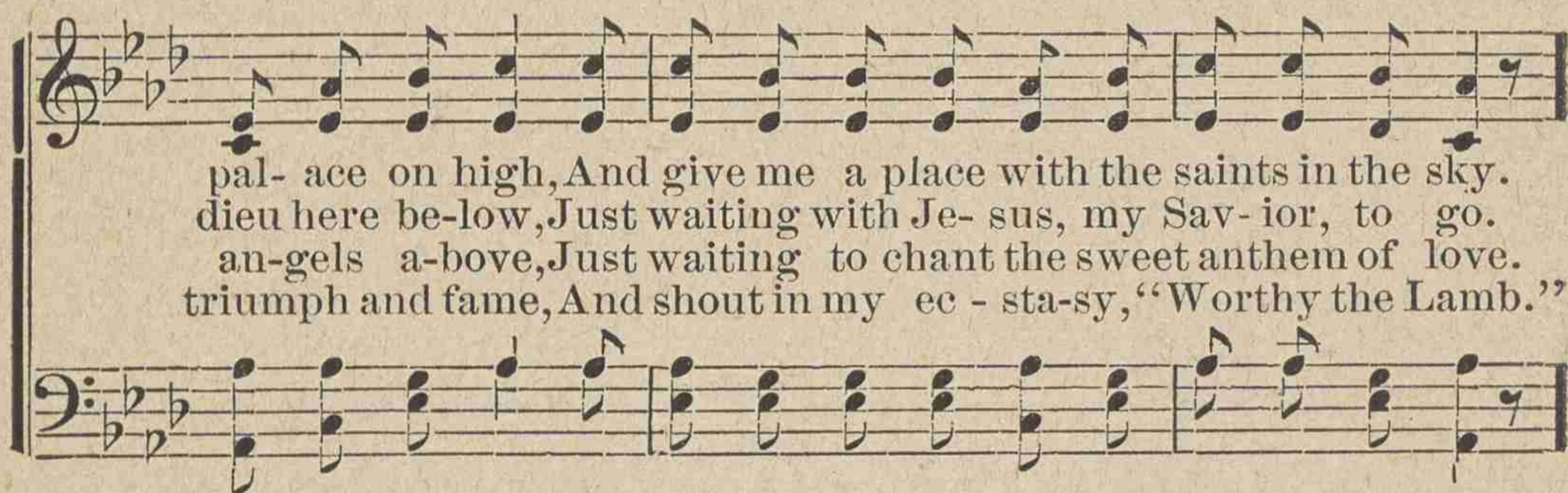
D. E. DORTCH.



1. Just wait- ing the summons to welcome me home, Just waiting the
 2. Just wait- ing to step from the bor- ders of time, Just waiting to
 3. Just wait- ing to stand on the beau- ti- ful shore With kindred and
 4. Just wait- ing with an- gels and ser- a- phs to fall And worship the

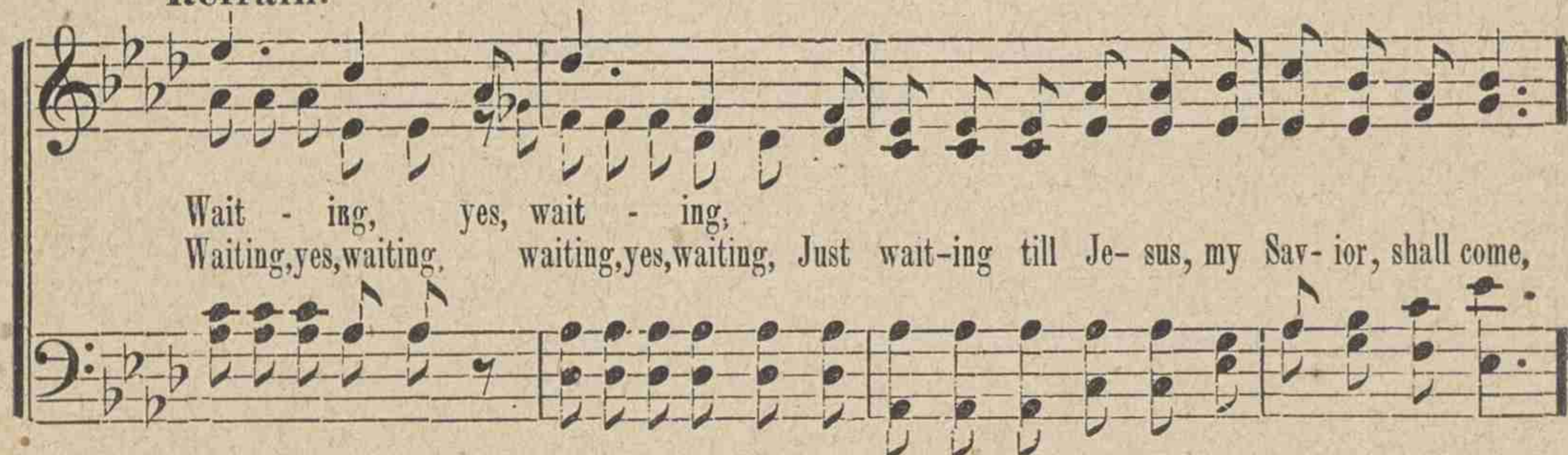


time when my Sav- ior shall come To take me a- way to his
 en - ter the heav- en - ly clime, Just wait- ing the fi - nal a -
 friends who have gone on be- fore, Just wait- ing to sing with the
 Sav - ior as Sovereign of all, Just wait- ing to tell of his

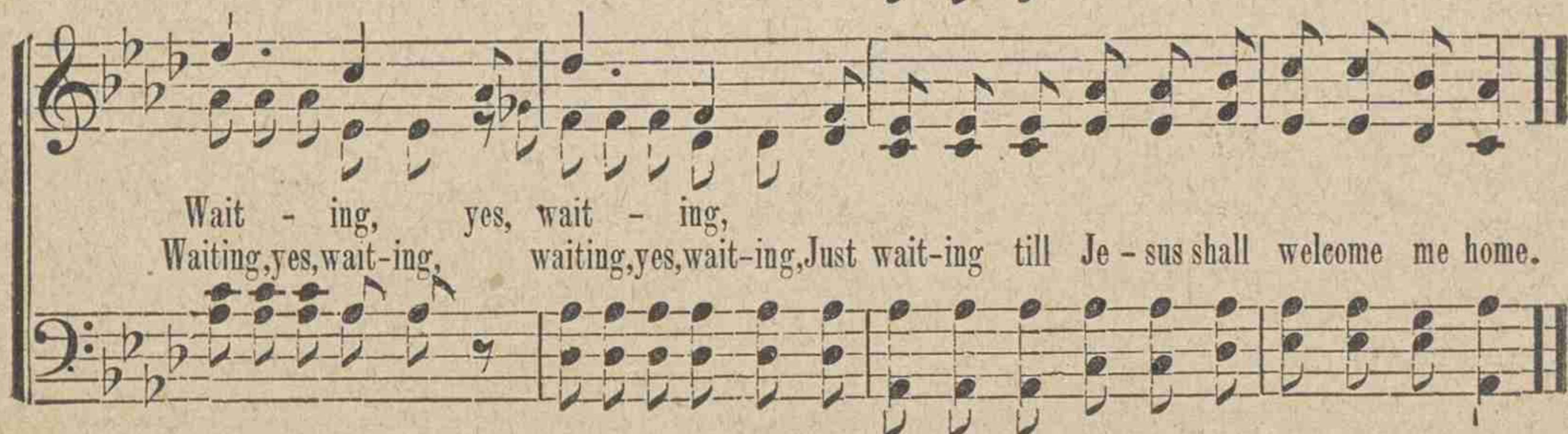


pal- ace on high, And give me a place with the saints in the sky.
 dieu here be- low, Just waiting with Je- sus, my Sav- ior, to go.
 an- gels a- bove, Just waiting to chant the sweet anthem of love.
 triumph and fame, And shout in my ec - sta- sy, "Worthy the Lamb."

Refrain.



Wait - ing, yes, wait - ing,
 Waiting, yes, waiting. waiting, yes, waiting, Just wait- ing till Je- sus, my Sav- ior, shall come,



Wait - ing, yes, wait - ing,
 Waiting, yes, wait- ing, waiting, yes, wait- ing, Just wait- ing till Je - sus shall welcome me home.

By permission of the Author.

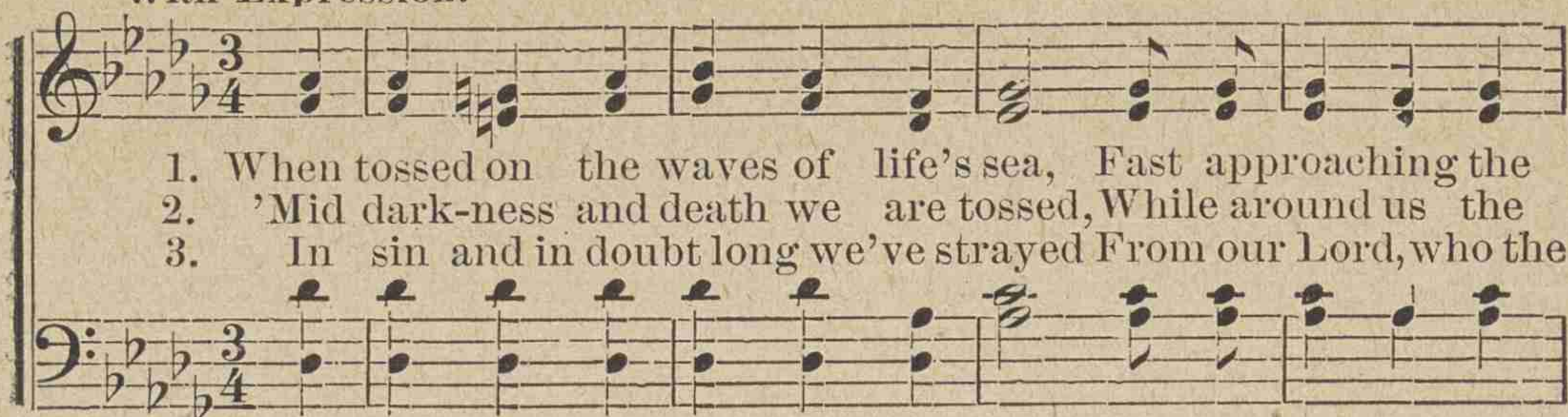
No. 5. WHISPER PEACE TO OUR SOULS.

"Lord, save us: we perish. Matt. 8: 25.

M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With Expression.

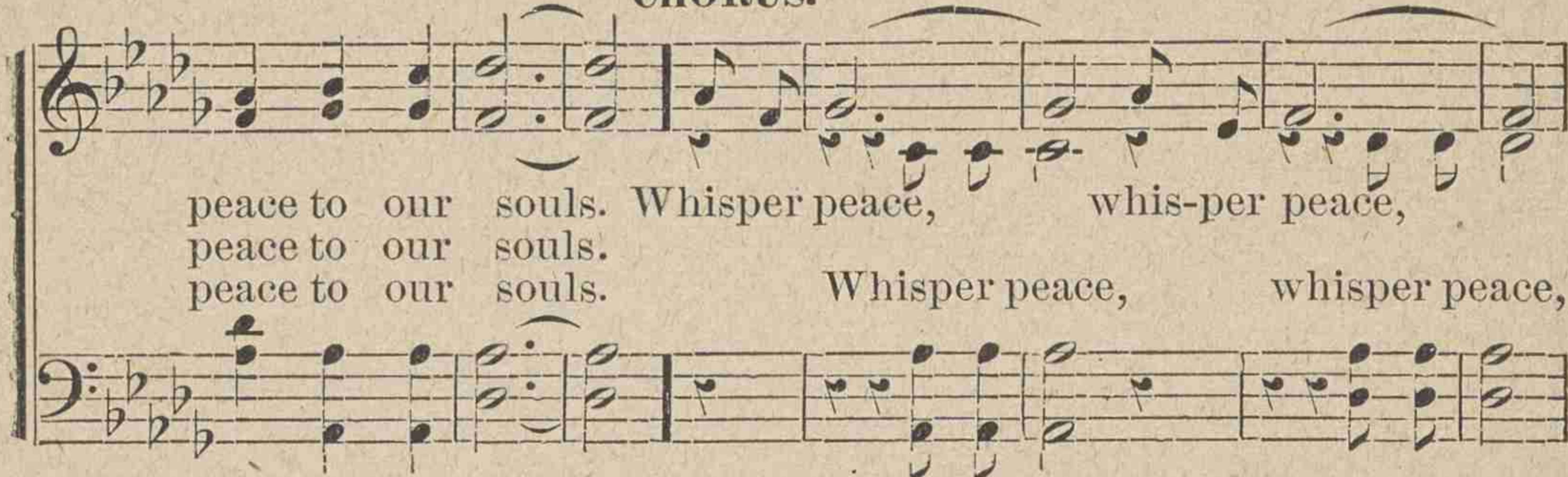


1. When tossed on the waves of life's sea, Fast approaching the
 2. 'Mid dark-ness and death we are tossed, While around us the
 3. In sin and in doubt long we've strayed From our Lord, who the



dan-ger-ous shoals, In anguish we cry, Lord, to thee, Whisper
 dread thunder rolls; O speak, Sav-ior, speak, or we're lost, Whisper
 tempest controls; We come, Lord, tho' long we're delayed, Whisper

CHORUS.



peace to our souls. Whisper peace, whis-per peace,
 peace to our souls.
 peace to our souls. Whisper peace, whisper peace,

Cres.



Whis - per peace to our souls, While the tem- pest, dear Lord,

Rit.



rag - es wild - ly with-in, Whis - per peace to our souls.

By permission.

No. 6. THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE.

C. E. LESLIE.

There is a city made by God, Whose streets are paved with gold, The glory of that

Then be prepared,
heav'nly place, By prophets has been told, to meet thy God, to

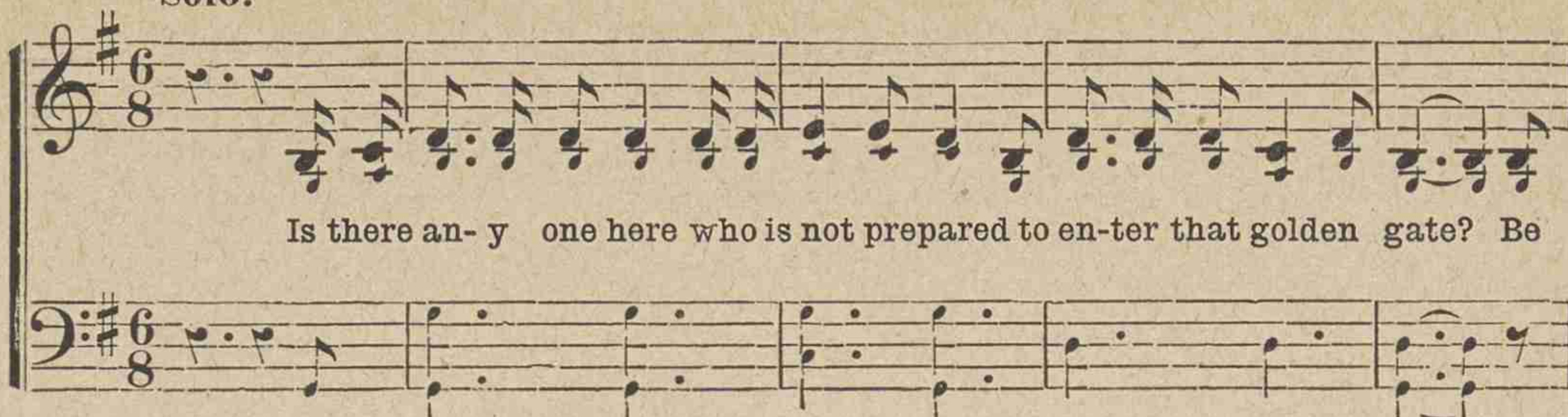
The Kings of kings,
pass thro' the golden gate. is ruler there, He guards the golden gate.

1. Man of the world, why stand you i - dle all the day?
2. Then be prepared to meet thy God, and of the feast par - take;

Look up to Christ, he will forgive, Your sins he'll wash a - way.
The bread of life is free to all Who will their sins for - sake.

THAT BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE. Concluded.

Solo.



Is there an- y one here who is not prepared to en-ter that golden gate? Be

Duet. Tenor and Alto.



read- y, for soon the time will come to en-ter the golden gate. Don't let it be said, too



late, too late, to en - ter the gold-en gate; Be read - y, for soon the time will come to

CHORUS.



en- ter that golden gate. That beauti - ful, gold-en gate, That beauti - ful, gold-en



gate; Be read - y, for soon the time will come to en - ter that golden gate.

Repeat. pp

No. 7.

LORD, I AM THINE.

Arr. for this work.

Lord, I am thine, entire-ly thine,

Maestoso.

p

Lord, I am thine, en-tire-ly thine,

Purchased and saved by blood di-vine,

Purchased and saved by blood divine,

With full con-sent, thine I would be,

With full consent thine I would be,

And own thy sov - - - - - 'reign right in me.

And own thy sov - - - 'reign right in me.

LORD, I AM THINE. Concluded.

Grant me in mer - - - - - cy now a place
Thine would I live, thine would I die,

Grant me in mer . cy now a place
Thine would I live, thine would I die,

Among the chil - - - - - dren of thy grace; A wretched
Be thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty; The vow is

Among the chil - dren of thy grace; A wretched
Be thine thro' all e - ter - ni - ty; The vow is

sin - ner lost to God, A wretch - ed sin - ner lost to
past, be - yond re - peal, The vow is past, be - yond re -

sin - ner lost to God, A wretch - ed sin - ner lost to
past, be - yond re - peal, The vow is past, be - yond re -

God, But ran - somed, by Im - man - uel's blood.
peal, And now I set the sol - emn seal.

God, to God, But ran - somed, by Im - man - uel's blood.
peal, re - peal, And now I set the sol - emn seal.

No. 8.

REAPING AS WE SOW.

D. W. C.

D. W. CRIST.



1. We are sowing, ev - er sow -ing, Seed of naught or golden grain,
2. We are sowing, ev - er sow -ing, E'en in childhood's sunny hours
3. We are sowing, ev - er sow -ing, Sowing seed from day to day,
4. Still we're sowing, ever sow -ing, Till life's latest sun has flown,



And by day and night 'tis growing Fruit we'll reap in joy or pain.
Sowing tares or seeds of gladness, Yielding thorns or fragrant flowers.
Oft with reckless hand we're flinging, In-to life along our way.
Let us then be ver - y care - ful, For we'll reap as we have sown.



CHORUS.



We shall reap as we sow, Bitter fruit or golden grain;
We shall reap as we sow,



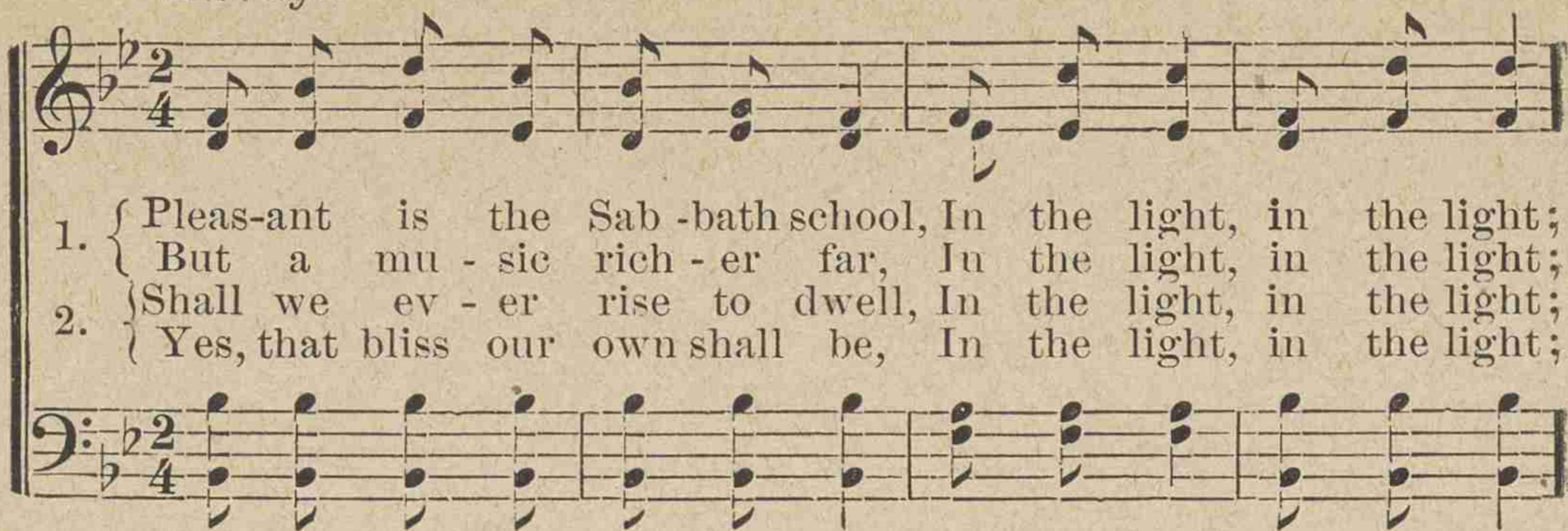
We shall reap as we sow, Peace and joy, or grief and pain.
We shall reap as we sow,



No. 9.

IN THE LIGHT.

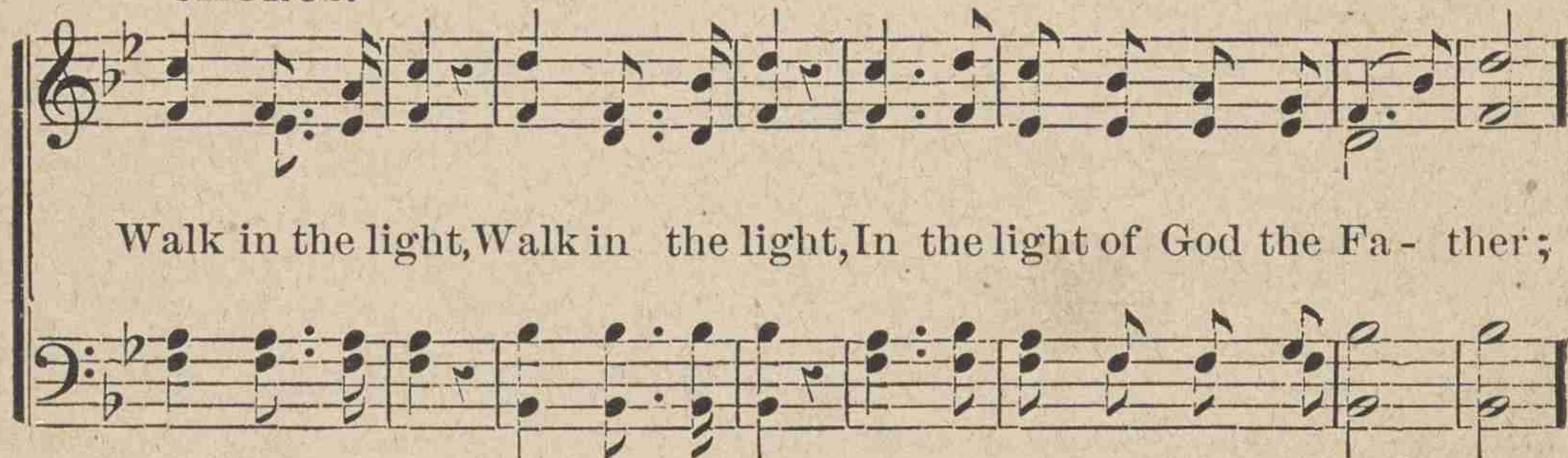
D. W. CRIST.

Merrily.

1. { Pleas-ant is the Sab-bath school, In the light, in the light;
But a mu-sic rich-er far, In the light, in the light;
2. { Shall we ev-er rise to dwell, In the light, in the light;
Yes, that bliss our own shall be, In the light, in the light;

Fine.

Seem-ing much of good to say, In the light of God.
Breathes where an-gel spir-its are, In the light of God.
Where im-mor-tal prais-es dwell, In the light of God.
All the good shall Je-sus see, In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Walk in the light, Walk in the light, In the light of God the Fa-ther;

D. C.

Walk in the light, Walk in the light, In the light, the light of God.

No. 10. ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?

"A wise man which built his house on the rock.--Matt. 7: 24.

E. E. REXFORD.

L. S. EDWARDS.



1. Are you building your house on the sand, broth-er? To-day may be
 2. The house that is built on the sand, broth-er, Does well for the
 3. The house that is built on the rock, broth-er, No tempest of
 4. Let the rock that you build your house on, broth-er, Be Je-sus the



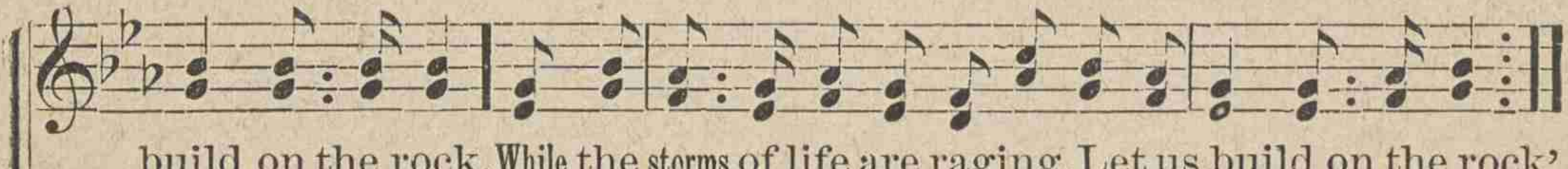
sun-ny and fair, But the morrow may bring us the tempest brother,
 calm of the day, But be wise in the sun of the present, brother,
 earth can o'er throw, While you're building, build safely and surely, brother,
 hope of us all, The house built on this steadfast foundation, brother,

CHORUS.



So choose your foundation with care.
 And build for the fu-ture I pray. Let us build on the rock ev - er
 On the rock that is steadfast below. Build on the rock,
 Will stand when the mountains shall fall.

1st. time..



build on the rock, While the storms of life are raging, Let us build on the rock?

2d. time.

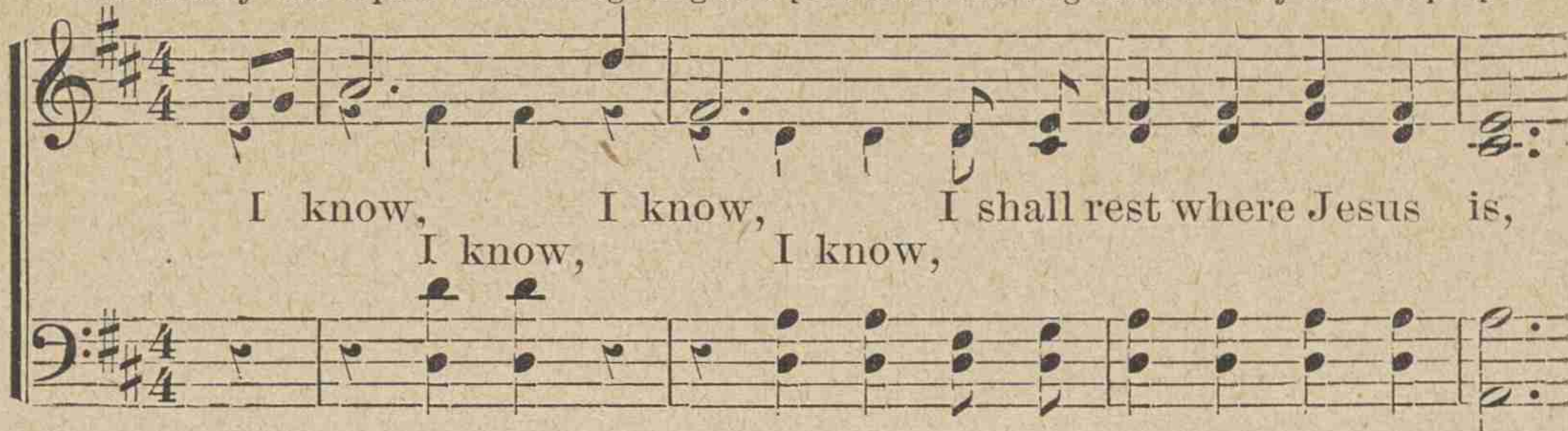


Christ the Lord, our ref-uge ev - er, Let us build on the rock.

No. 11. THE OTHER BRIGHT SHORE.

Har. by R. A. GLENN.

This melody was copied while being sung at a protracted meeting conducted by colored people.



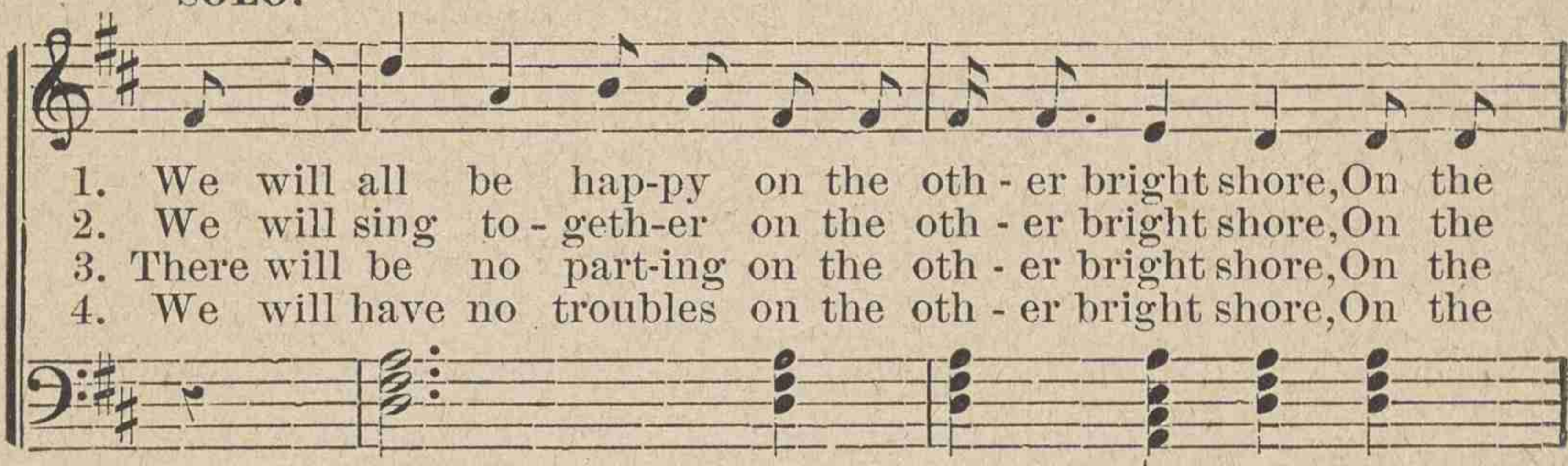
I know, I know, I shall rest where Jesus is,
I know, I know,

FINE.



I know, I know, I shall rest where Jesus is.
I know, I know,

SOLO.



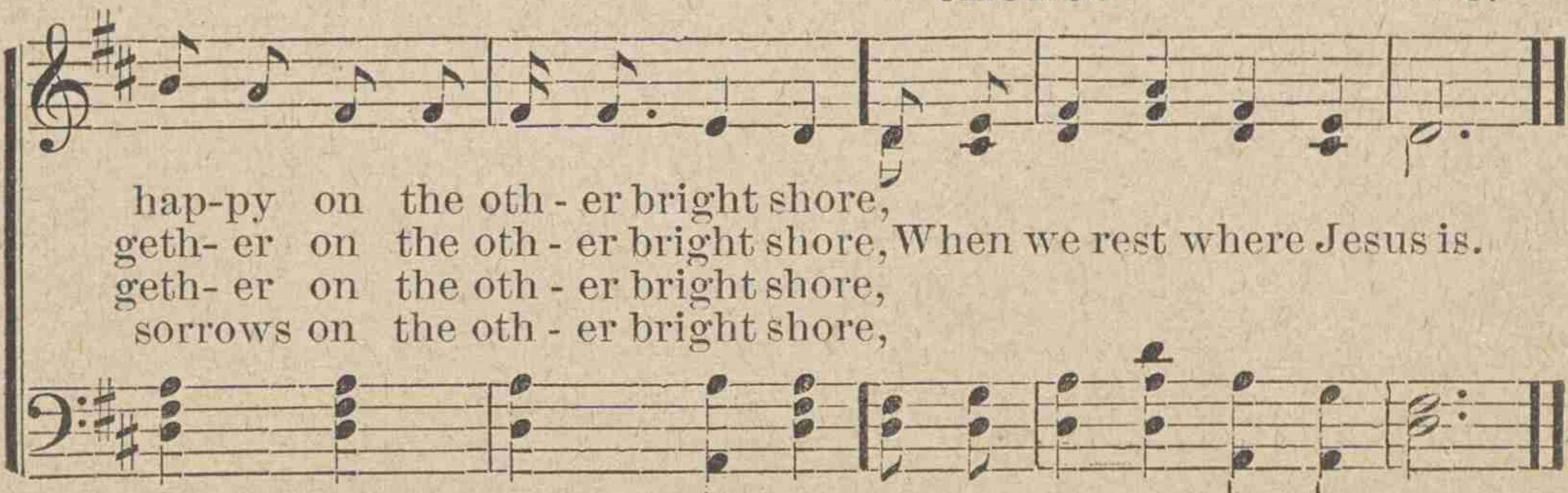
1. We will all be hap-py on the oth - er bright shore, On the
2. We will sing to - geth-er on the oth - er bright shore, On the
3. There will be no part-ing on the oth - er bright shore, On the
4. We will have no troubles on the oth - er bright shore, On the



oth - er bright shore, On the oth - er bright shore, We will all be
oth - er bright shore, On the oth - er bright shore, We will shout to -
oth - er bright shore, On the oth - er bright shore, There we'll live to -
oth - er bright shore, On the oth - er bright shore, There will be no

CHORUS.

D. C.



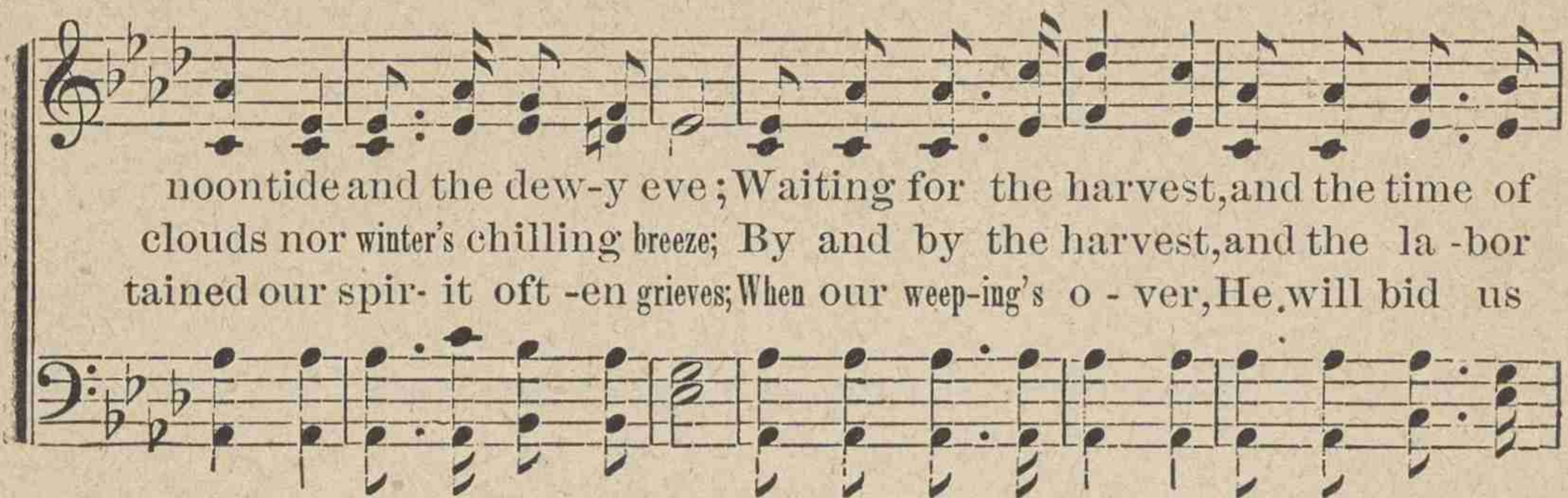
hap-py on the oth - er bright shore,
geth-er on the oth - er bright shore, When we rest where Jesus is.
geth-er on the oth - er bright shore,
sorrows on the oth - er bright shore,

No. 12. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. Sow-ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the
 2. Sow-ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither
 3. Go, then, e-venweeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sus-

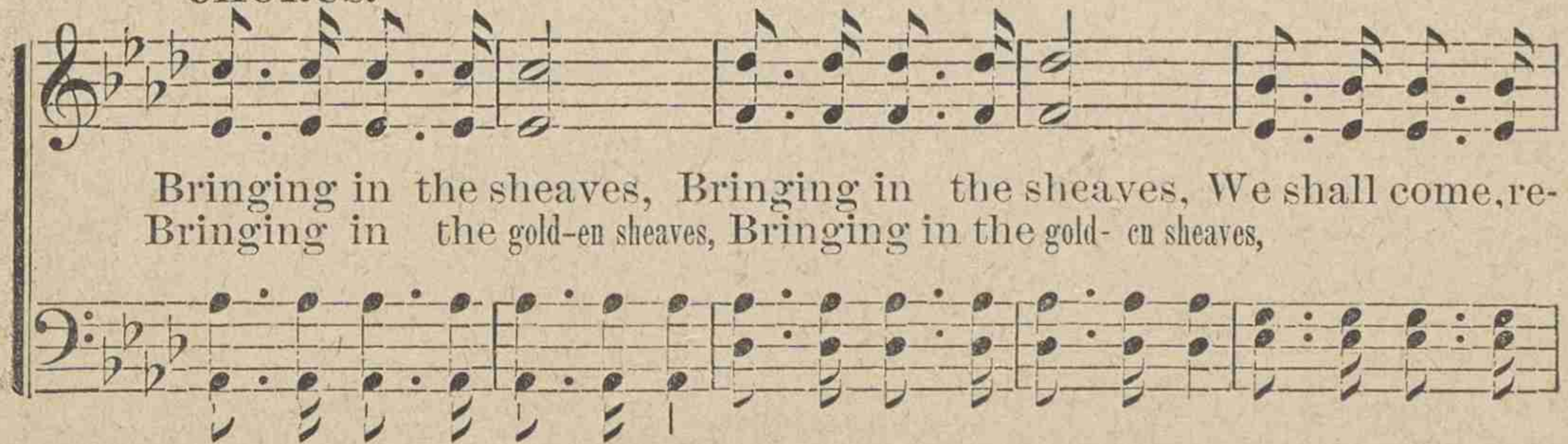


noontide and the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of
 clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la-bor
 tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us



reap-ing, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 end-ed, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 welcome, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.



Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-
 Bringing in the gold-en sheaves, Bringing in the gold-en sheaves,

BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. Concluded.

joicing, bringing in the sheaves, Bring- ing in the sheaves, Bringing in the
Bringing in the golden sheaves, Bringing in the

sheaves, We shall come, re- joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
gold-en sheaves,

No. 13.

BOW DOWN THINE EAR.

Arr. from MOZART.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear us, Show us thy mer-cy,

And grant us thy peace; We bend be- fore thee, O deign to hear us;

Give us thy mer - cy, And grant us thy peace. A - men.

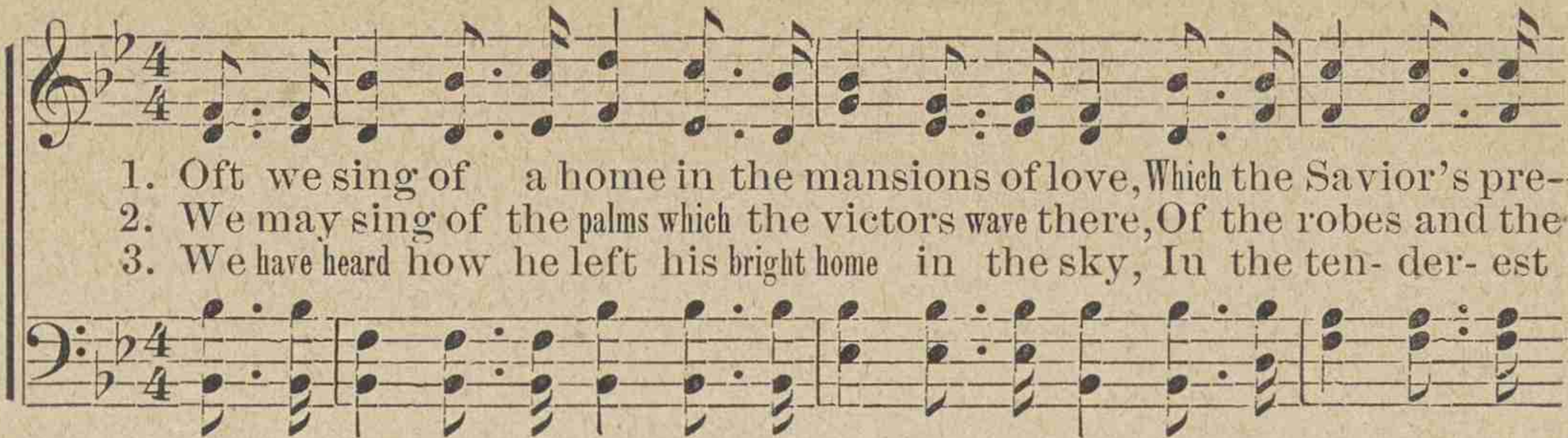
No. 14.

THE HALF IS NOT TOLD.

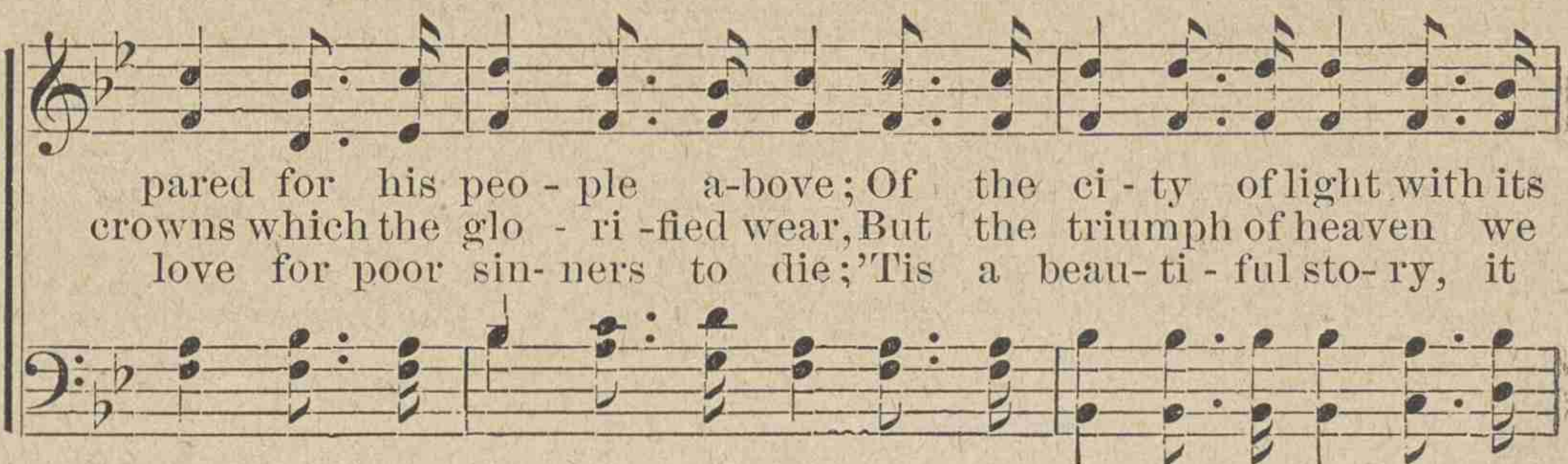
Rev. W. F. COSNER.

1 Kings 10: 7.

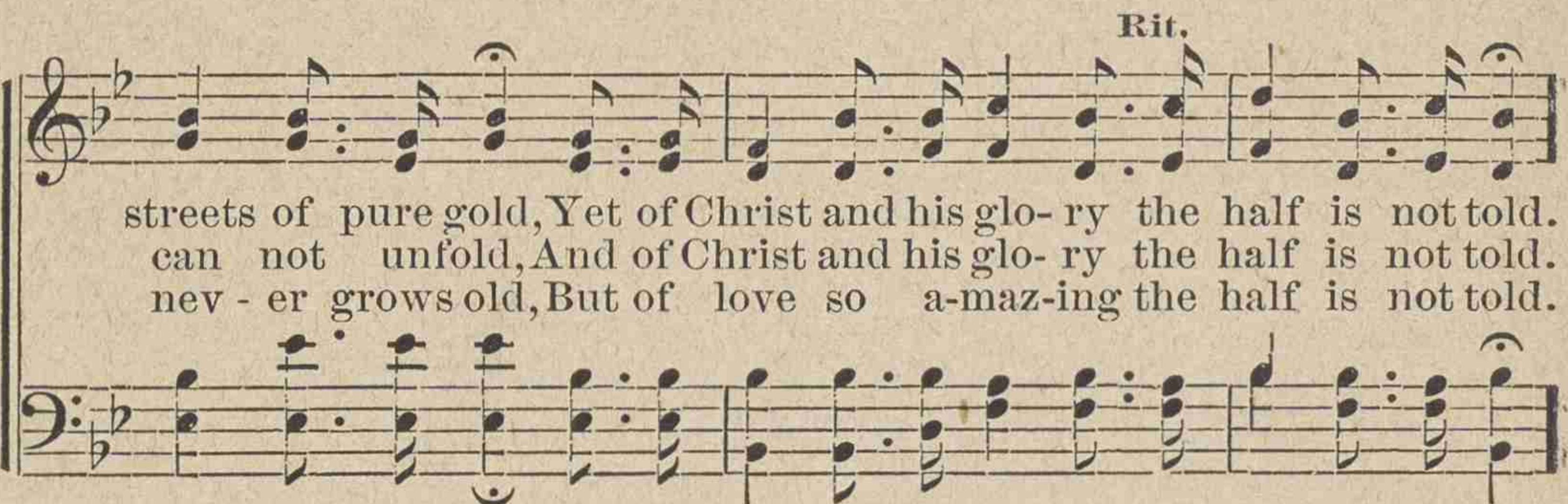
R. A. GLENN.



1. Oft we sing of a home in the mansions of love, Which the Savior's pre-
 2. We may sing of the palms which the victors wave there, Of the robes and the
 3. We have heard how he left his bright home in the sky, In the ten-der-est

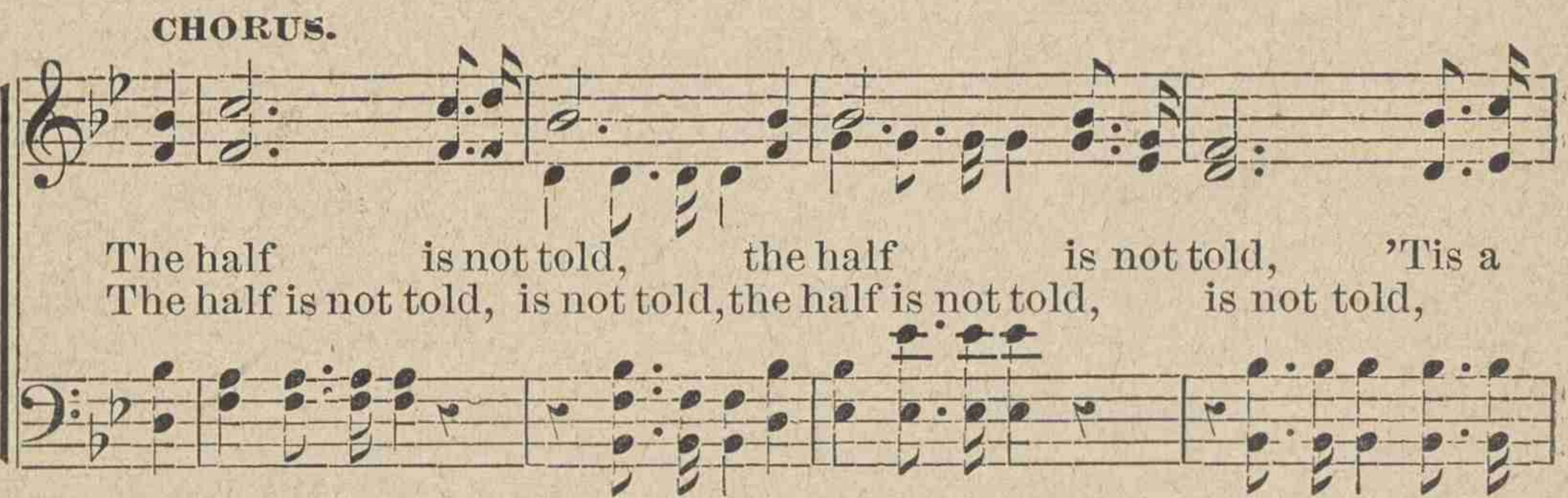


pared for his peo-ple a-bove; Of the ci-ty of light with its
 crowns which the glo-ri-fied wear, But the triumph of heaven we
 love for poor sin-ners to die; 'Tis a beau-ti-ful sto-ry, it

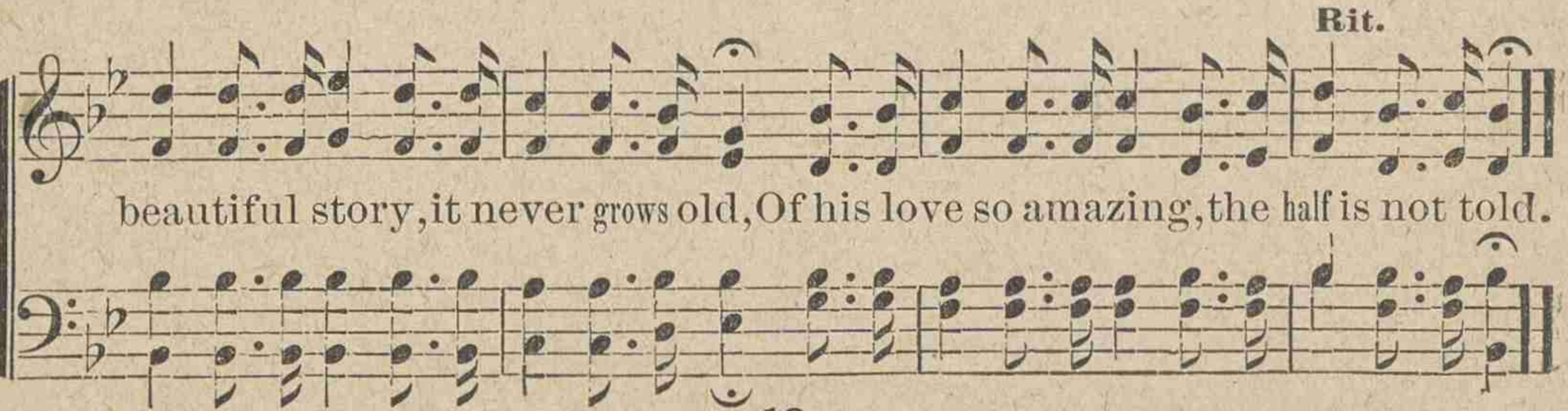


streets of pure gold, Yet of Christ and his glo-ry the half is not told.
 can not unfold, And of Christ and his glo-ry the half is not told.
 nev-er grows old, But of love so a-maz-ing the half is not told.

CHORUS.



The half is not told, the half is not told, 'Tis a
 The half is not told, is not told, the half is not told, is not told,



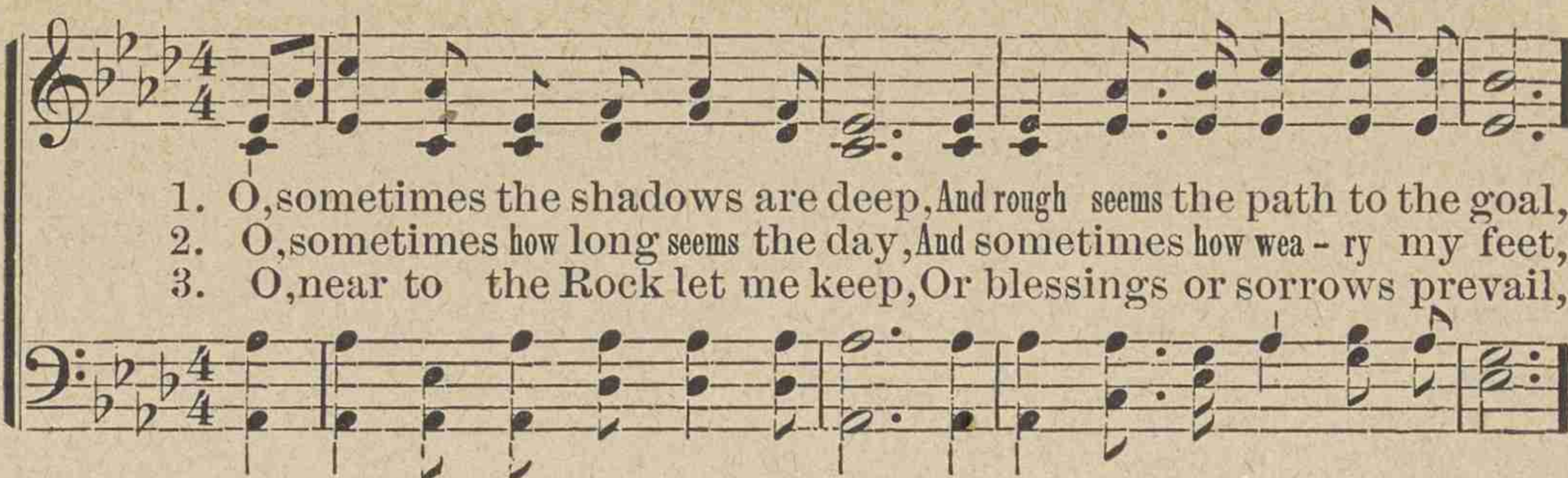
beautiful story, it never grows old, Of his love so amazing, the half is not told.

No. 15. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

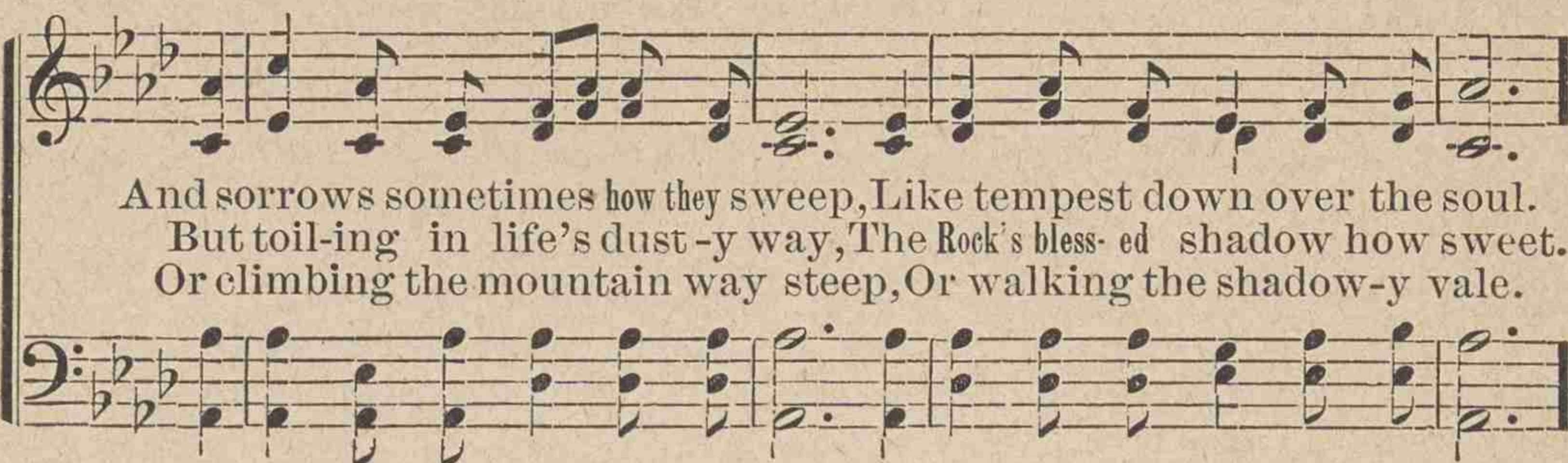
FOR PRAYER AND GOSPEL MEETINGS.

P. JOHNSON.

W. G. FISCHER.

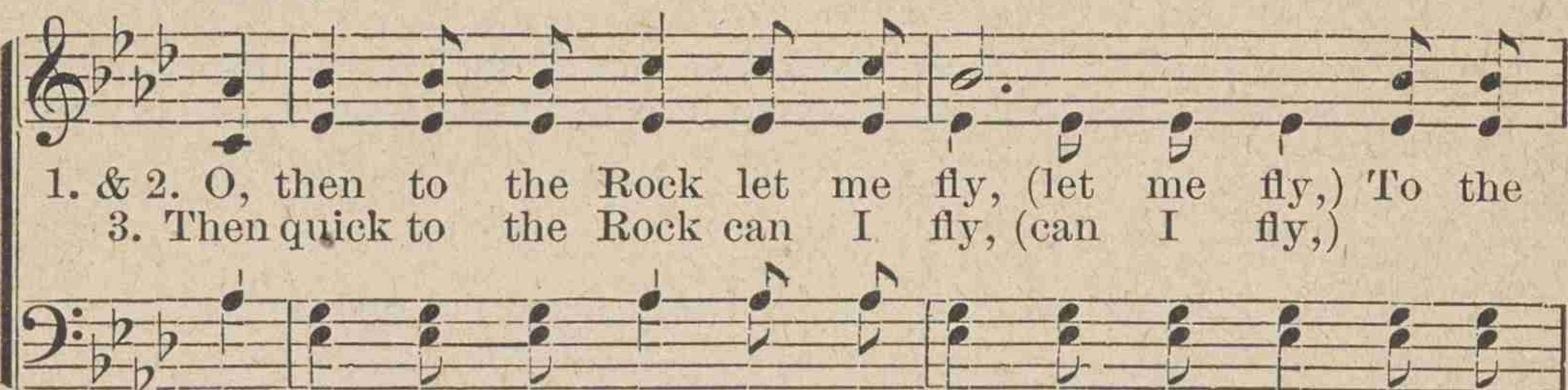


1. O, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
 2. O, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wea - ry my feet,
 3. O, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sorrows prevail,

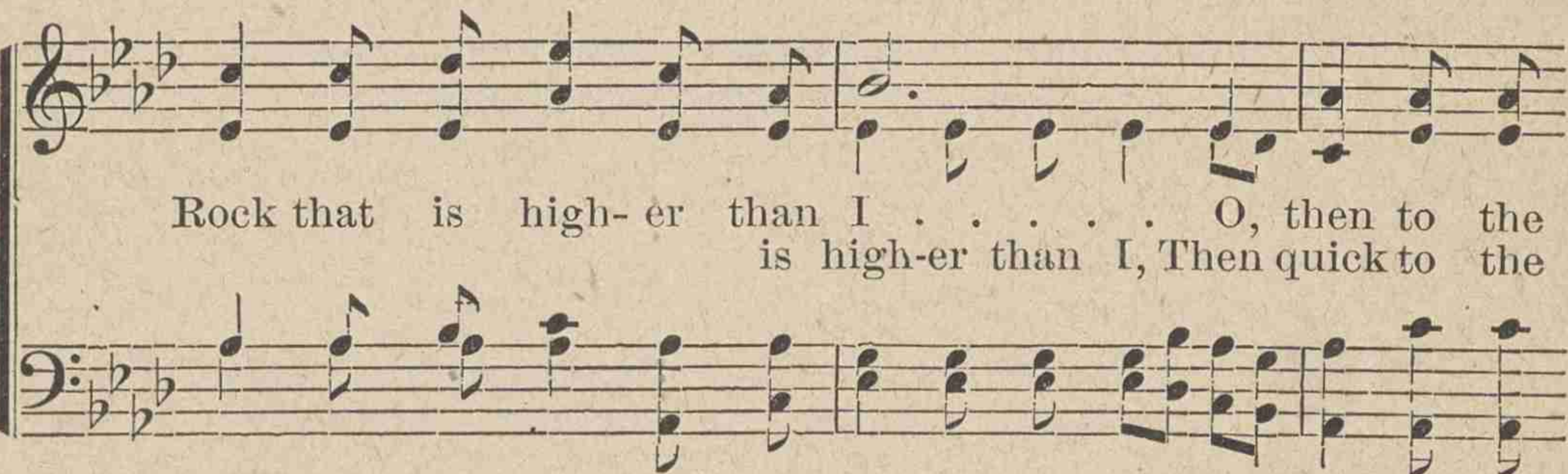


And sorrows sometimes how they sweep, Like tempest down over the soul.
 But toiling in life's dust-y way, The Rock's bless-ed shadow how sweet.
 Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadow-y vale.

CHORUS.



1. & 2. O, then to the Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the
 3. Then quick to the Rock can I fly, (can I fly,)



Rock that is high-er than I O, then to the
 is high-er than I, Then quick to the



Rock let me fly, (let me fly,) To the Rock that is higher than I.
 Rock can I fly, (can I fly,)

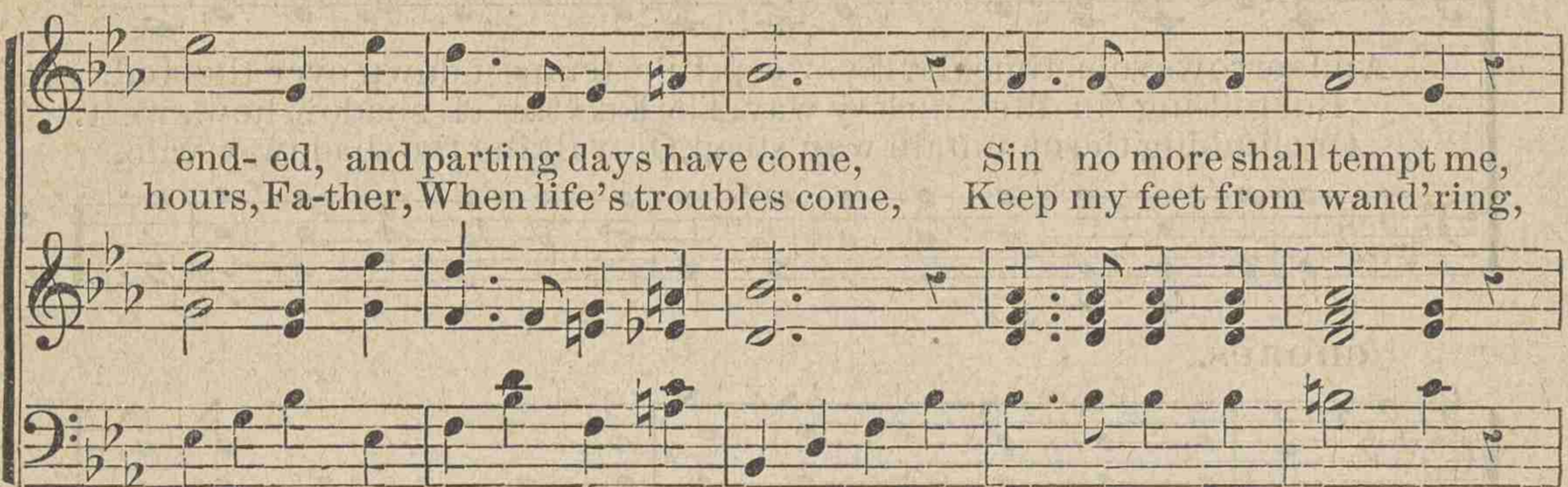
No. 16. LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER.

Words and Music by

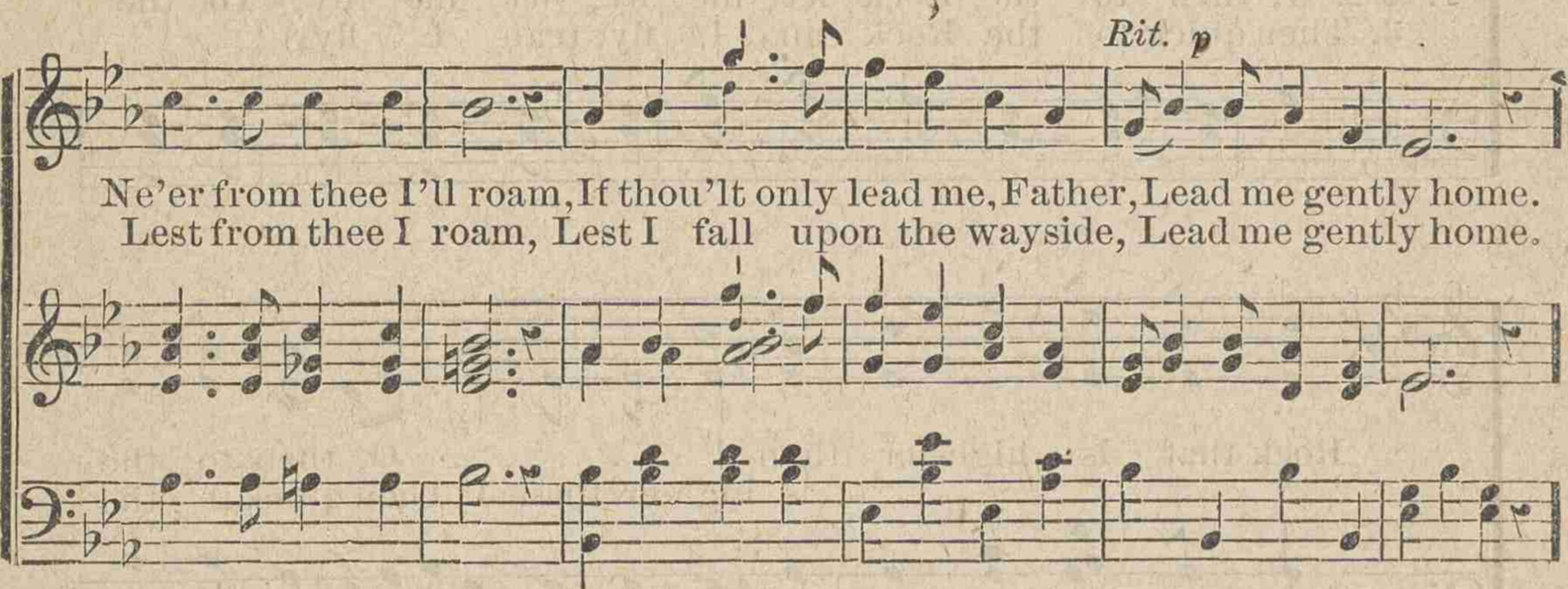
WILL L. THOMPSON.



Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home; When life's toils are
Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home; In life's darkest

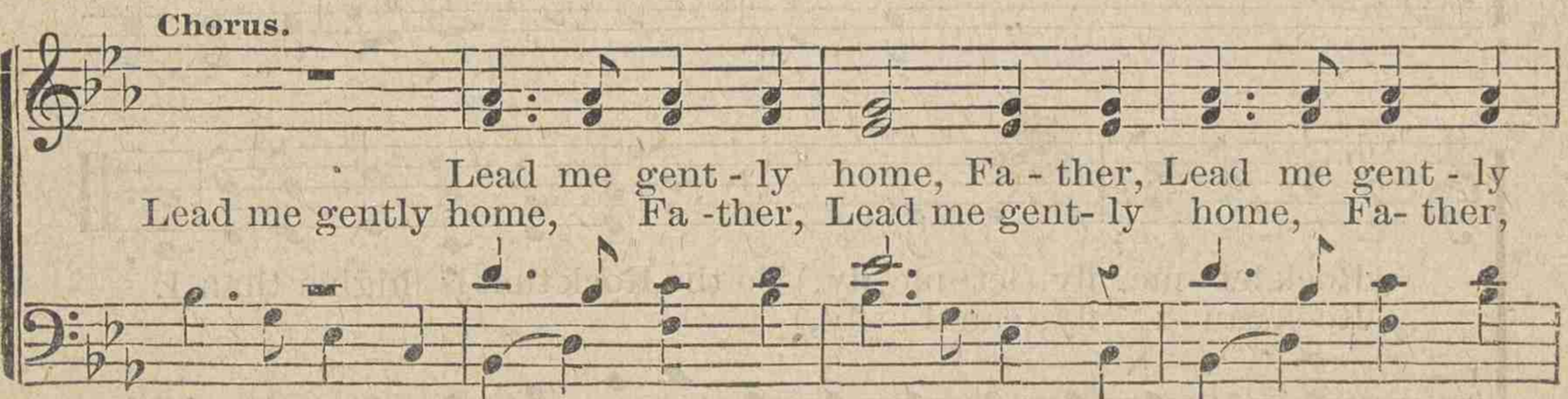


end- ed, and parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa-ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,



Rit. p
Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'lt only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I roam, Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

Chorus.



Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gent - ly
Lead me gently home, Fa - ther, Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther,

By permission of WILL. L. THOMPSON. East Liverpool, O.

LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, Concluded.

Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gent-ly home.
Lead me gent-ly, gently home.

No. 17.

FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp Quartette. Semi-Chorus.

1. Soft-ly and tender-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me,
3. Time is now fleeting, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Passing from you and from me,
4. Oh! for the wonder-ful love he has prom-ised, Promised for you and for me,

Quartette. Semi-Chorus.

See on the por-tals he's wait-ing and watch-ing, Waiting for you and for me.
Why should we ling-er and heed not his mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me.
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

Chorus. *m* *Cres.*

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,

pp *ppp* *Ritard.* *pp*

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By permission of WILL. L. THOMPSON. East Liverpool, O.

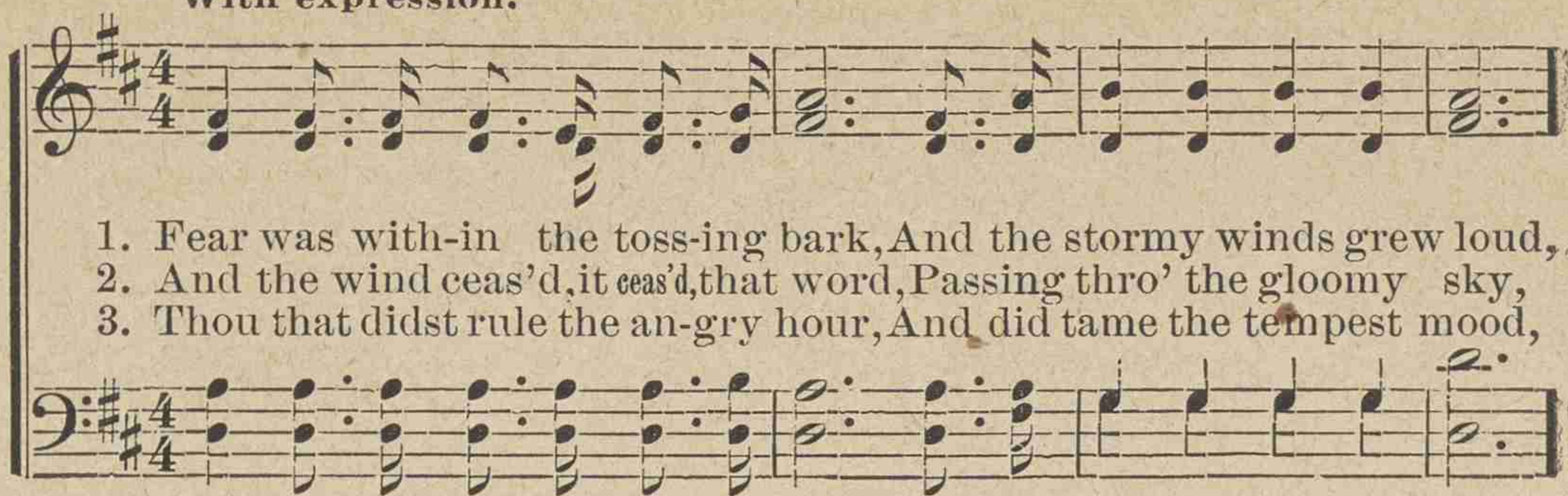
No. 18.

PEACE, BE STILL.

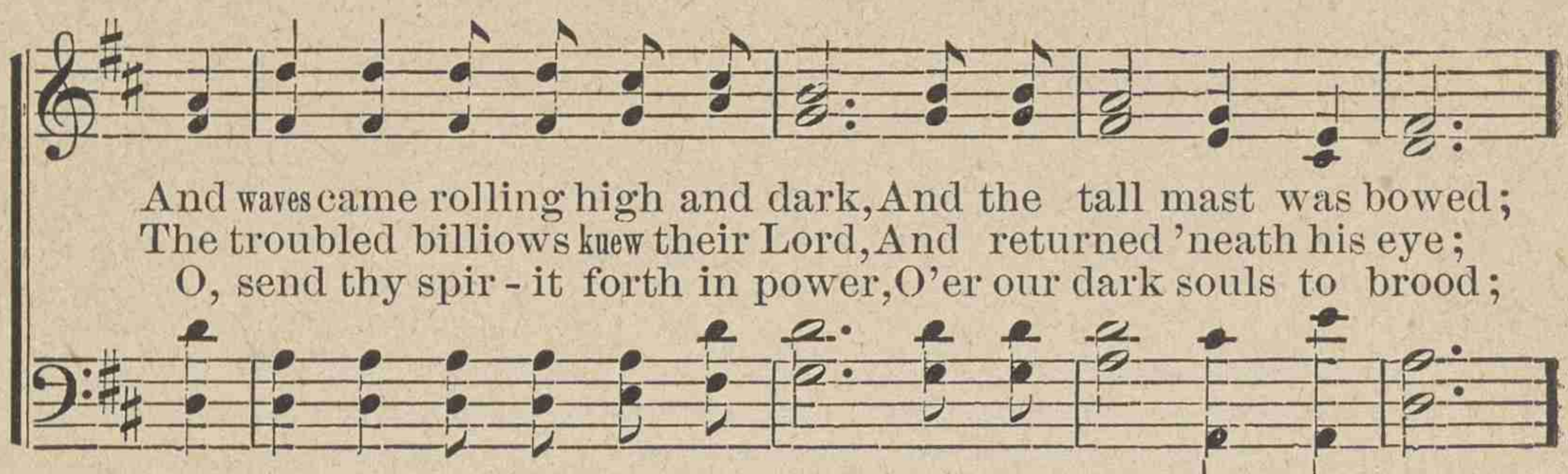
Words arranged.

R. A. GLENN.

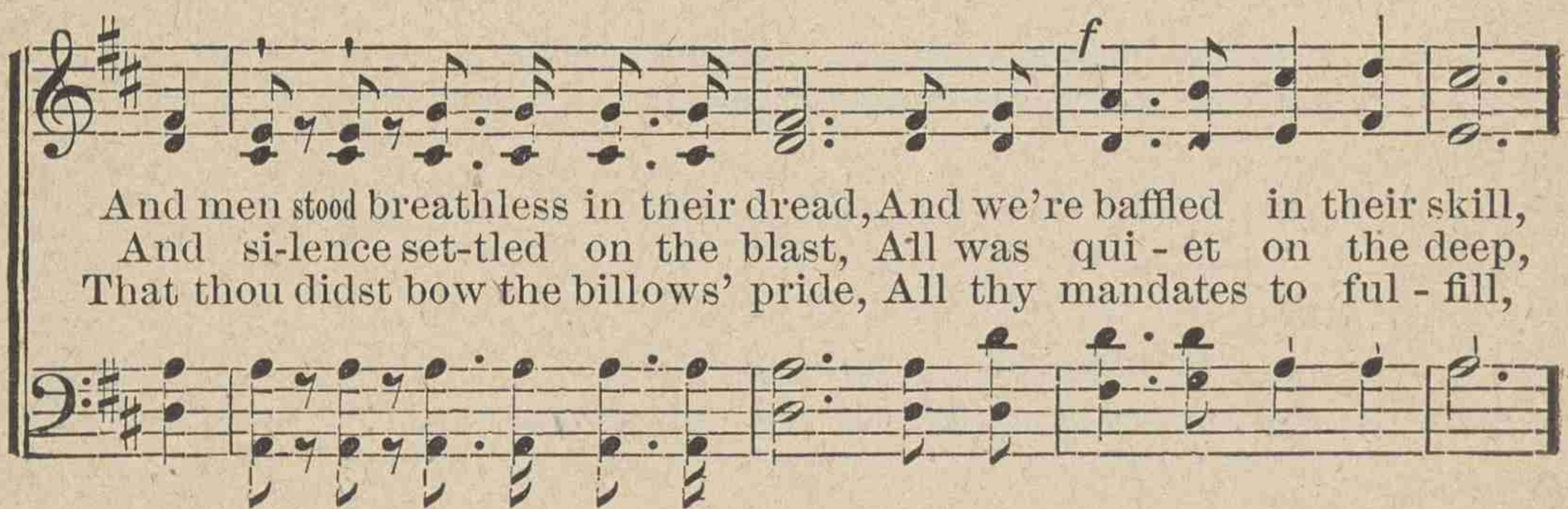
With expression.



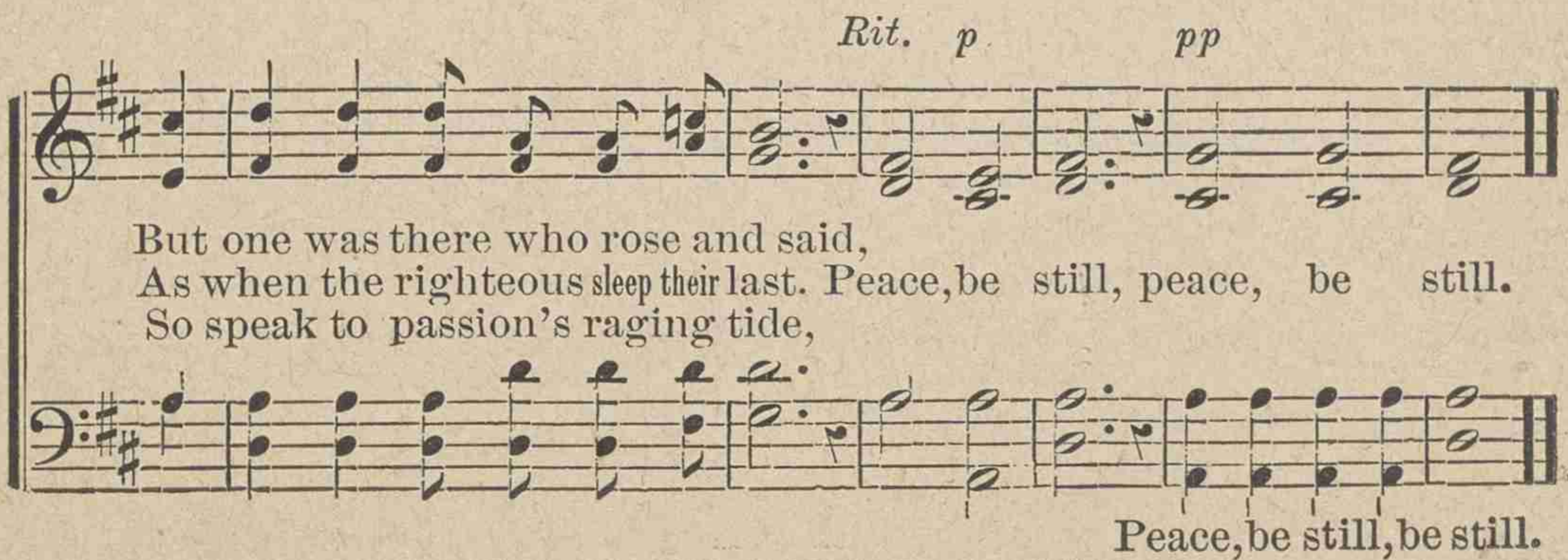
1. Fear was with-in the toss-ing bark, And the stormy winds grew loud,
 2. And the wind ceas'd, it ceas'd, that word, Passing thro' the gloomy sky,
 3. Thou that didst rule the an-gry hour, And did tame the tempest mood,



And waves came rolling high and dark, And the tall mast was bowed;
 The troubled billiows knew their Lord, And returned 'neath his eye;
 O, send thy spir - it forth in power, O'er our dark souls to brood;



And men stood breathless in their dread, And we're baffled in their skill,
 And si-lence set-tled on the blast, All was qui - et on the deep,
 That thou didst bow the billows' pride, All thy mandates to ful - fill,



But one was there who rose and said,
 As when the righteous sleep their last. Peace, be still, peace, be still.
 So speak to passion's raging tide,

Peace, be still, be still.

No. 19.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

KEEP STEP EVER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
 2. Life is more than i - dle play, It will quick - ly pass a - way;
 3. Look be - yond the pres - ent hour, Nev - er yield to Sa - tan's pow'r,



Hold your place thro' trou - bles rife? With the RIGHT keep step. Know the
 Use a - right each gold - en day, With the GOOD keep step. There are
 Tho' a - bove the clouds may low'r, With the TRUTH keep step. On - ward



world is watch - ing you, Be sin - cere in all you do, With the
 earn - est press - ing needs Fill'd a - lone by tru - est deeds, Hap - py
 press, nor on the way Loi - ter once, or waste the day: God, and

Chorus.



GOOD, the PURE, and TRUE, Ev - er firm keep step.
 he, the call who heeds, With the TRUE keep step. Keep step, keep step ever,
 TRUTH, and RIGHT all say, Strong in FAITH keep step.

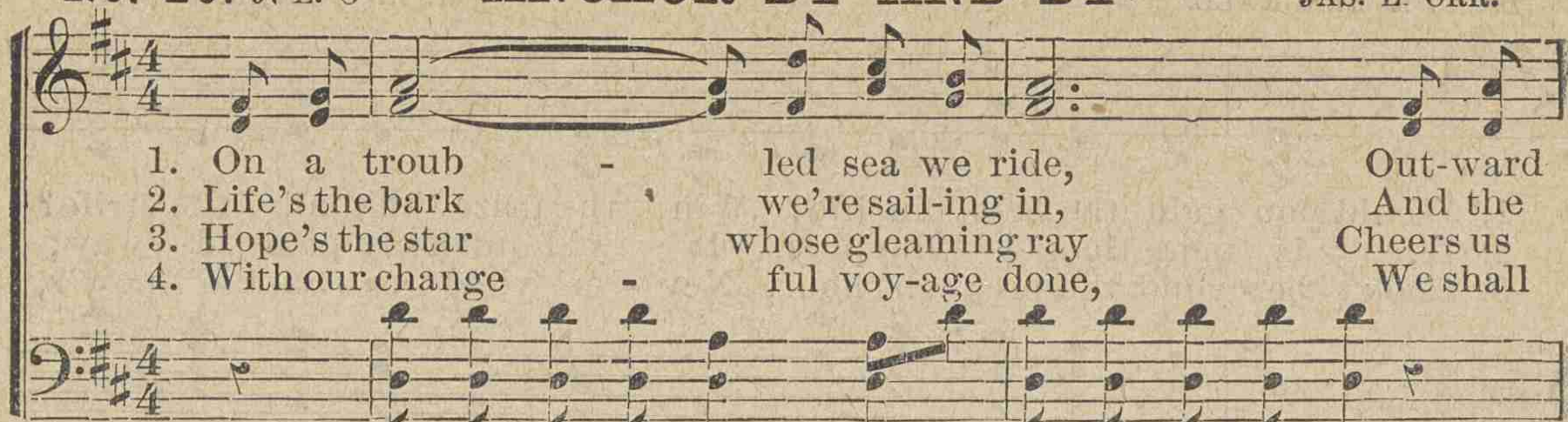


Keep step, keep step ever, Keep step, keep step, keep step, keep step ever.

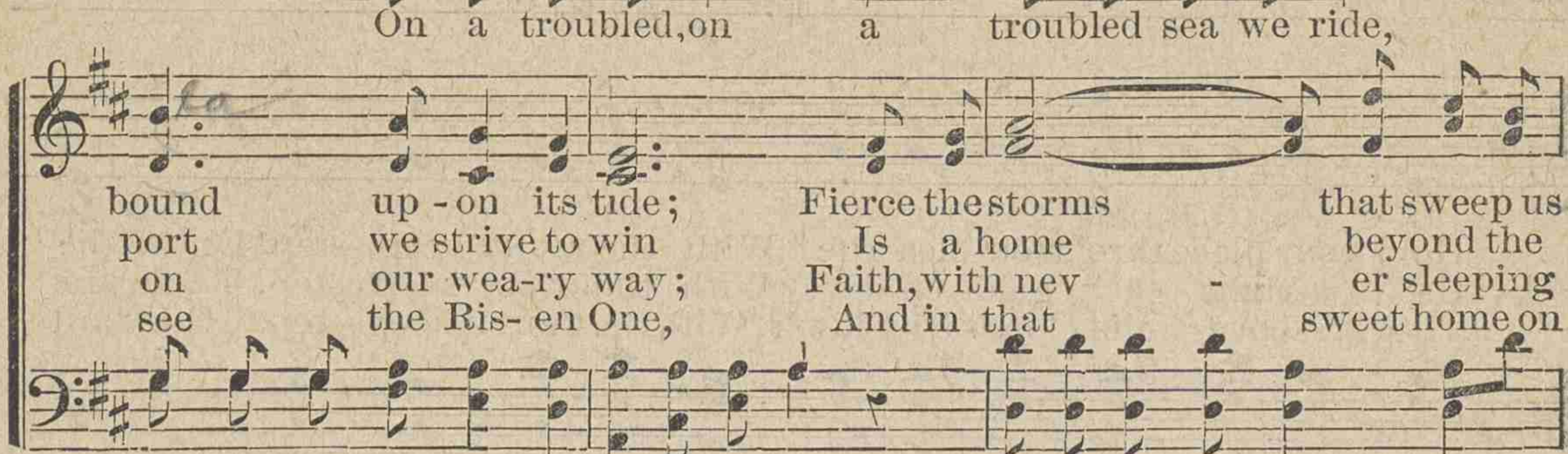
No. 20. J. L. O

ANCHOR BY AND BY.

JAS. L. ORR.

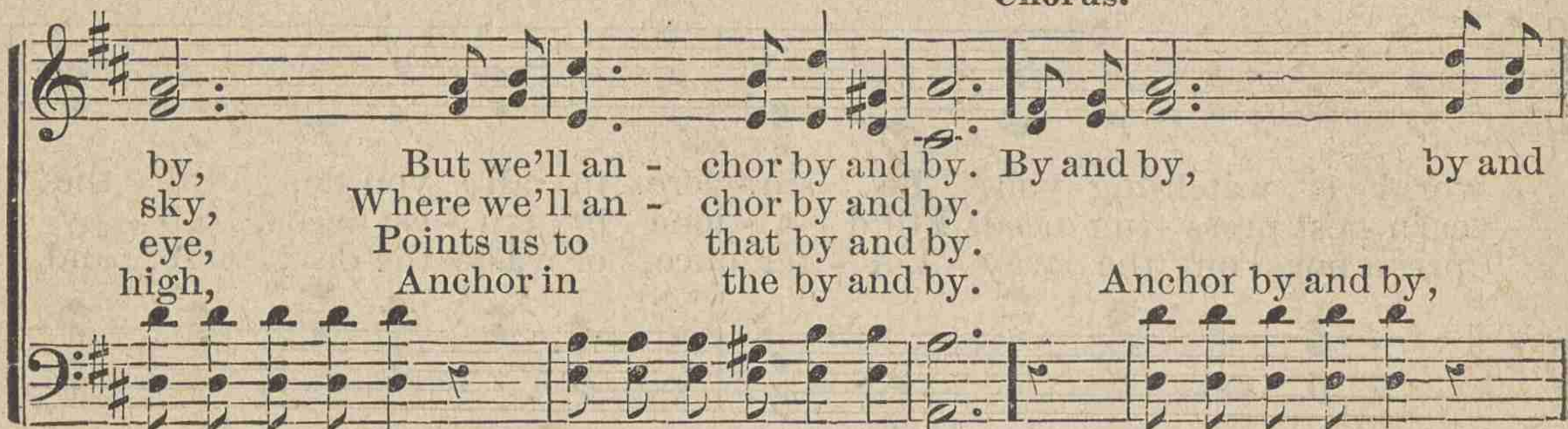


1. On a troub - led sea we ride, Out-ward
 2. Life's the bark we're sail-ing in, And the
 3. Hope's the star whose gleaming ray Cheers us
 4. With our change - ful voy-age done, We shall



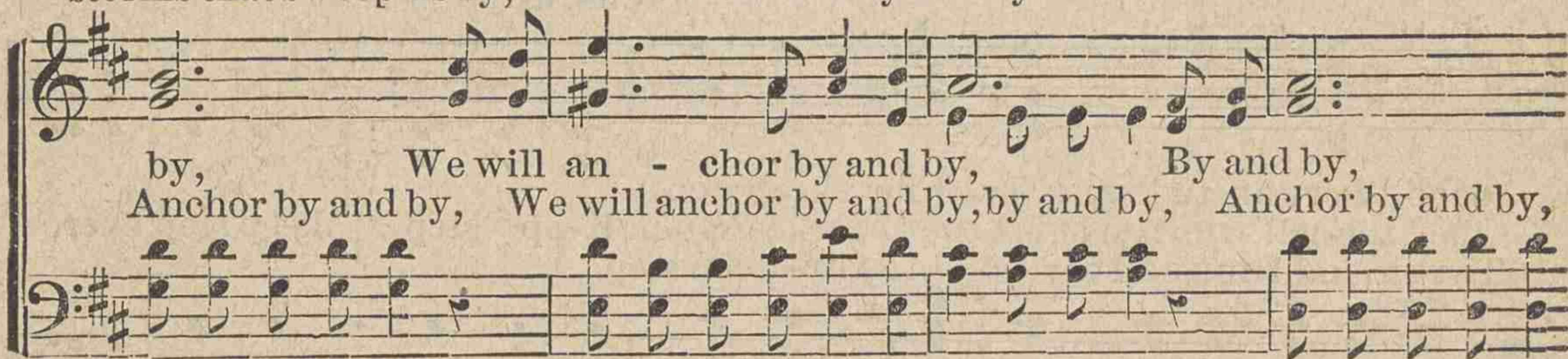
On a troubled, on a troubled sea we ride,
 bound up - on its tide; Fierce the storms that sweep us
 port we strive to win Is a home beyond the
 on our wea-ry way; Faith, with nev - er sleeping
 see the Ris- en One, And in that sweet home on

Outward bound upon its tide, on its tide; Fierce the storms, yes, fierce the
Chorus.

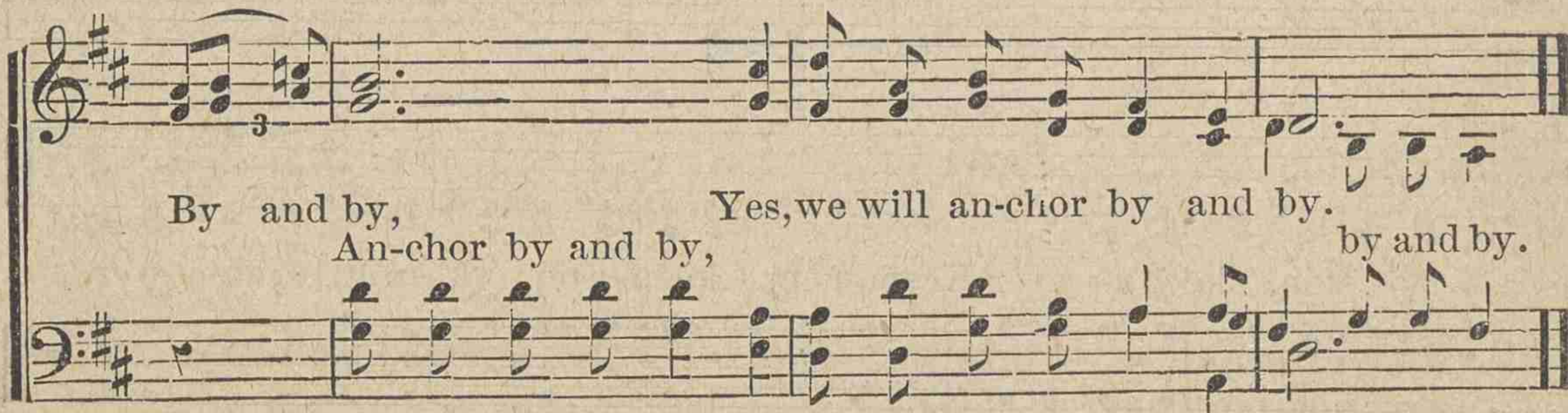


by, But we'll an - chor by and by. By and by, by and
 sky, Where we'll an - chor by and by.
 eye, Points us to that by and by.
 high, Anchor in the by and by. Anchor by and by,

storms that sweep us by, But we'll anchor by and by.



by, We will an - chor by and by, By and by,
 Anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, by and by, Anchor by and by,



By and by, Yes, we will an-chor by and by.
 An-chor by and by, by and by.

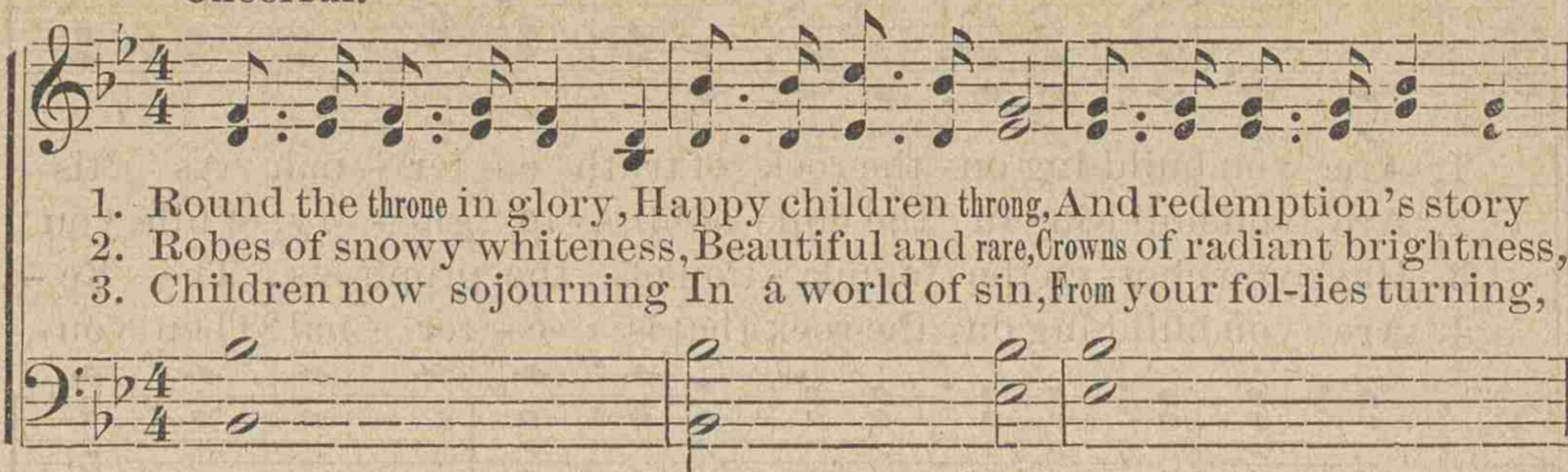
Copyright, 1883, by H. L. BENHAM & Co.

No. 21. ROUND THE THRONE IN GLORY.

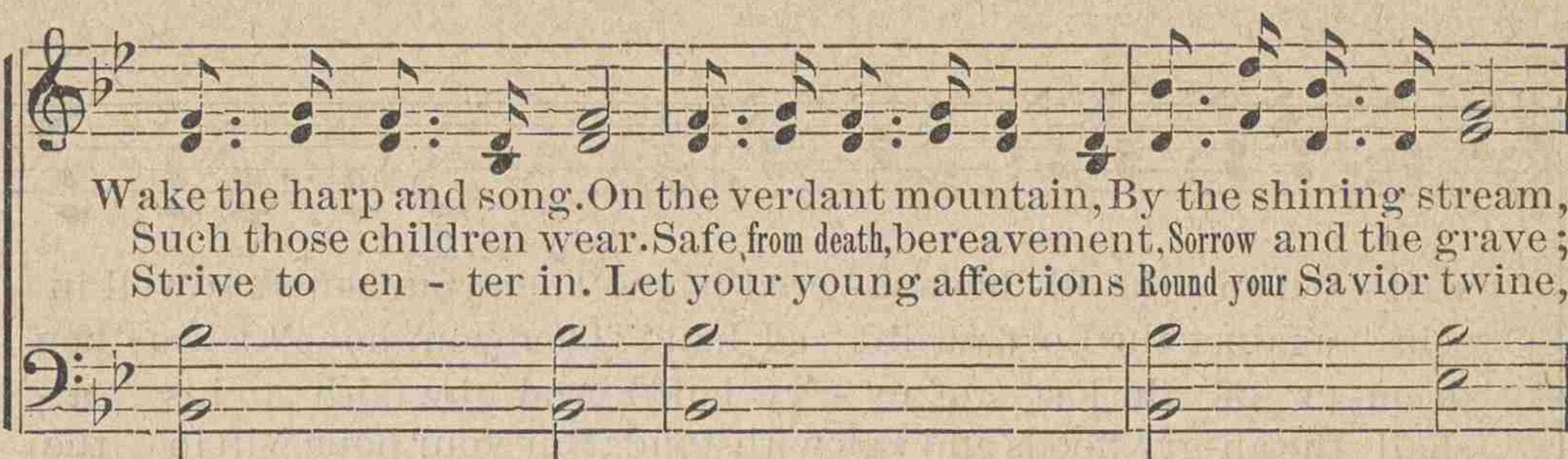
DUET AND CHORUS.

R. A. GLENN.

Cheerful.

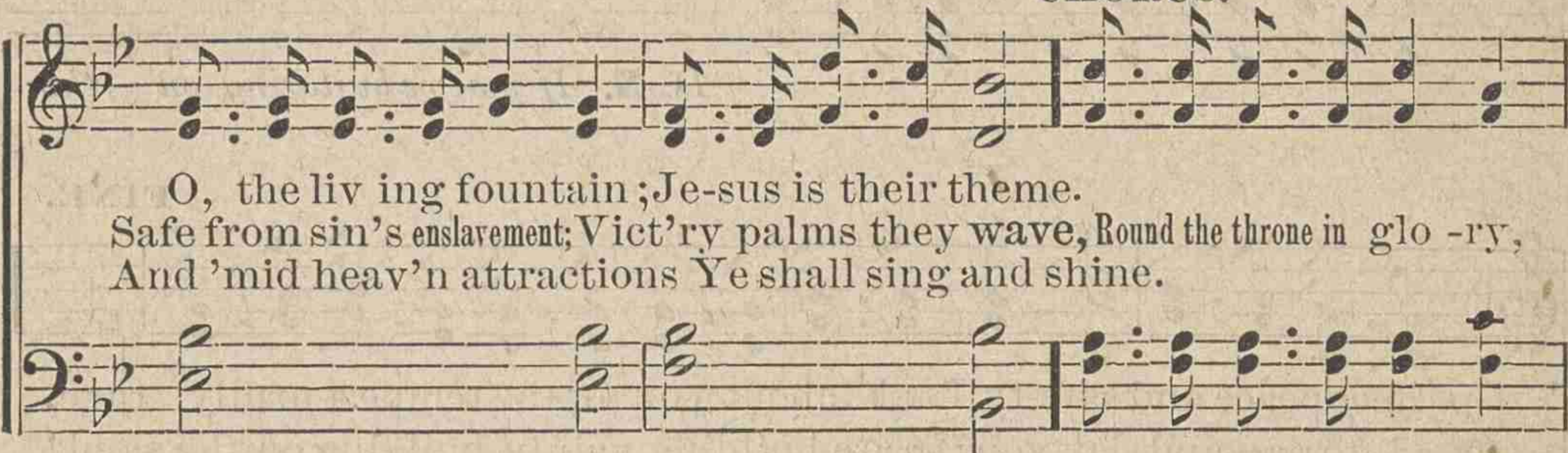


1. Round the throne in glory, Happy children throng, And redemption's story
2. Robes of snowy whiteness, Beautiful and rare, Crowns of radiant brightness,
3. Children now sojourning In a world of sin, From your fol-lies turning,



Wake the harp and song. On the verdant mountain, By the shining stream,
Such those children wear. Safe from death, bereavement, Sorrow and the grave;
Strive to en - ter in. Let your young affections Round your Savior twine,

CHORUS.



O, the liv ing fountain; Je-sus is their theme.
Safe from sin's enslavement; Vict'ry palms they wave, Round the throne in glo - ry,
And 'mid heav'n attractions Ye shall sing and shine.



Thousands of children stand, Singing with the angels In that happy land;

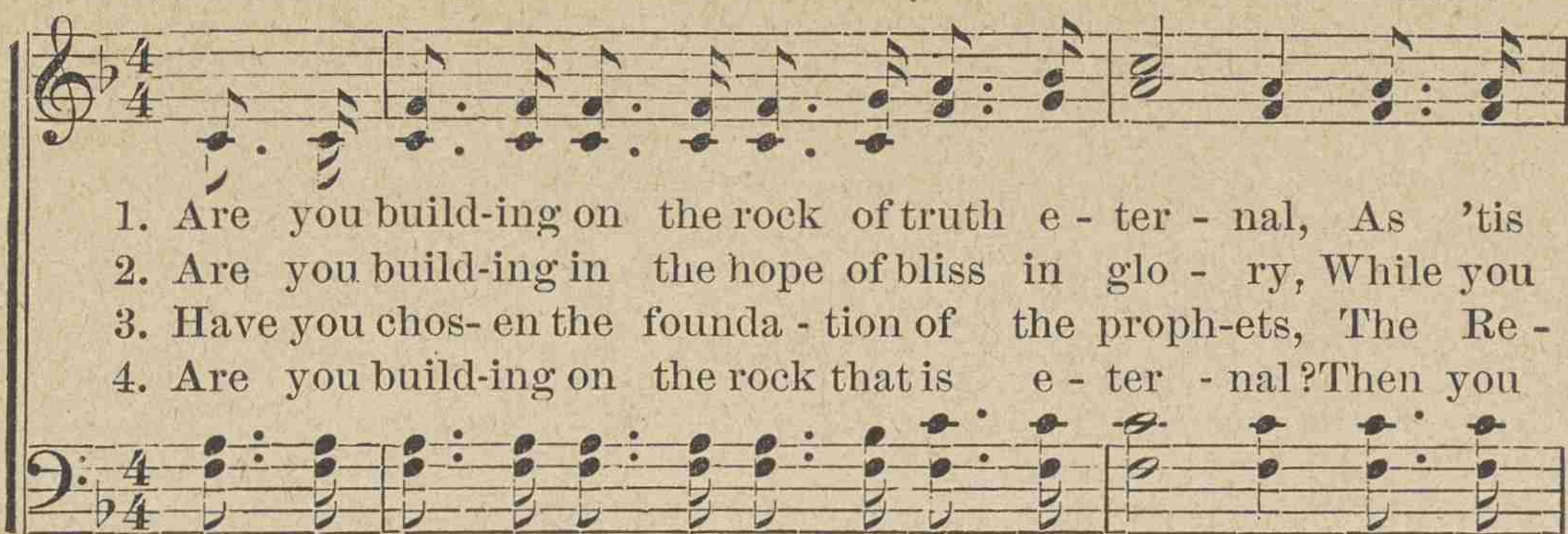


Voices sweetly blending, As they joyful sing, Glory be forever To our Heavenly King.

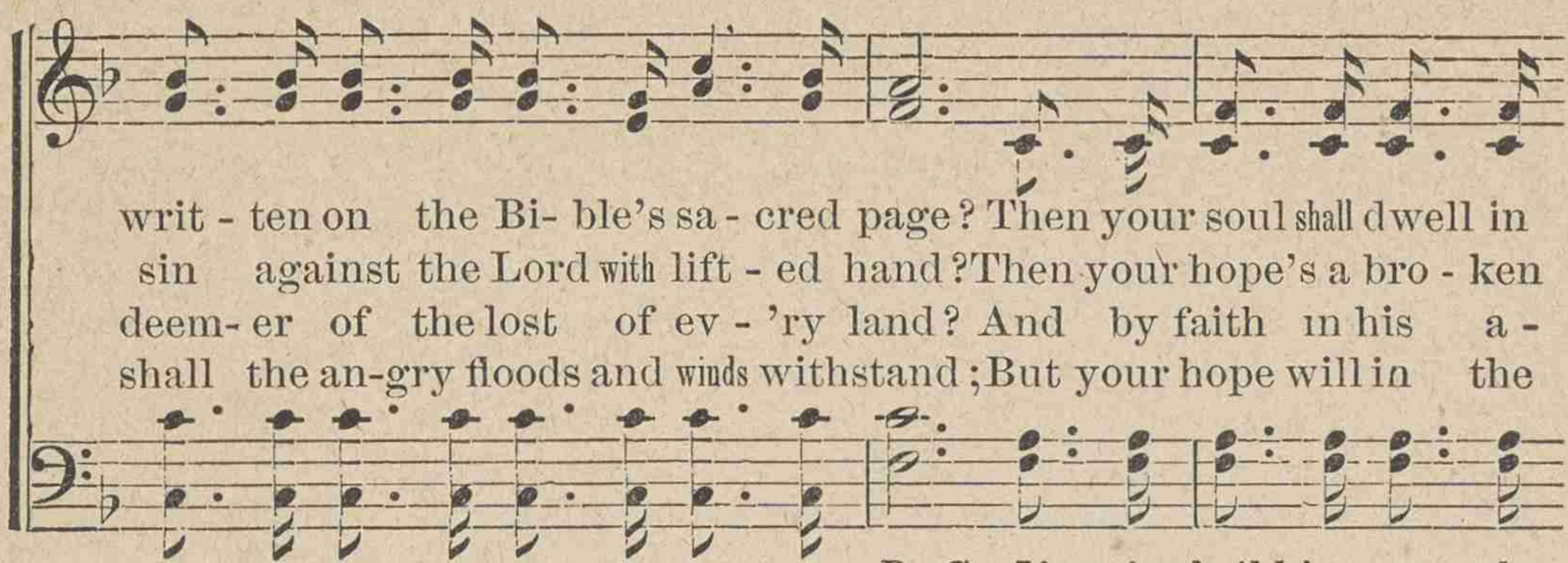
No. 22. ARE YOU BUILDING ON THE SAND?

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



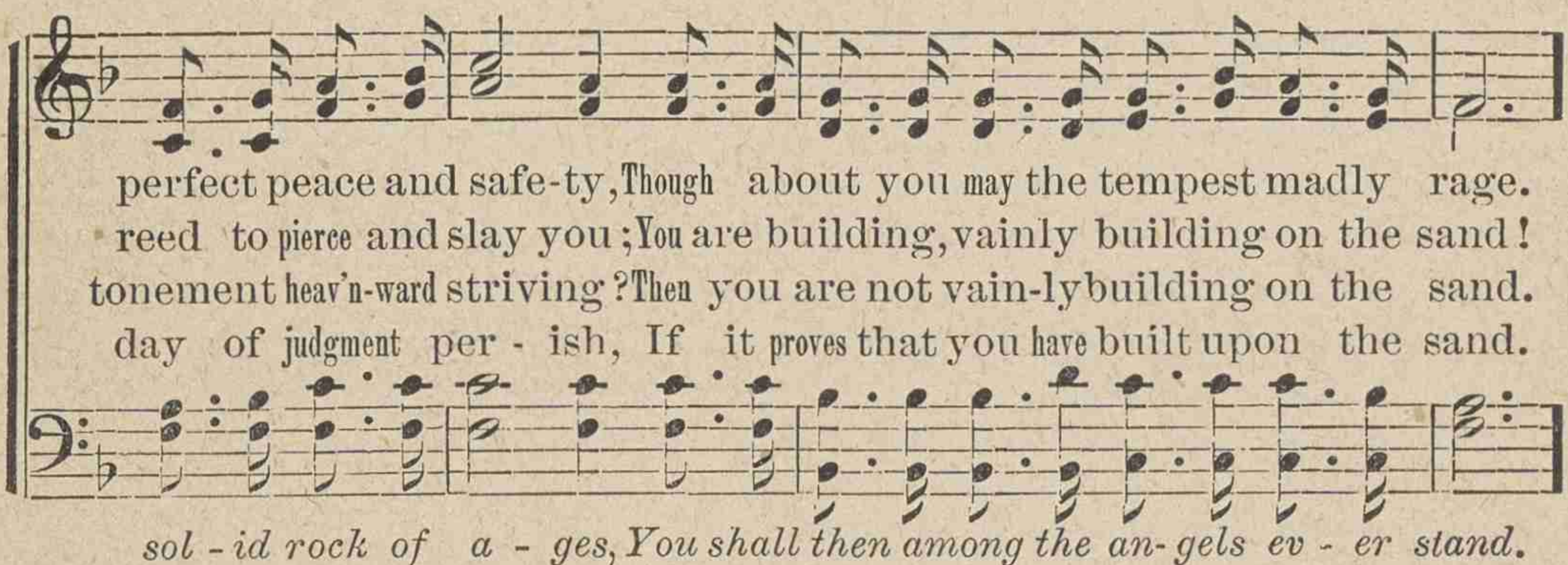
1. Are you build-ing on the rock of truth e - ter - nal, As 'tis
 2. Are you build-ing in the hope of bliss in glo - ry, While you
 3. Have you chos-en the founda - tion of the proph-ets, The Re -
 4. Are you build-ing on the rock that is e - ter - nal? Then you



writ - ten on the Bi- ble's sa - cred page? Then your soul shall dwell in
 sin against the Lord with lift - ed hand? Then your hope's a bro - ken
 deem-er of the lost of ev - 'ry land? And by faith in his a -
 shall the an-gry floods and winds withstand; But your hope will in the

D. S. If you're build-ing on the

FINE.

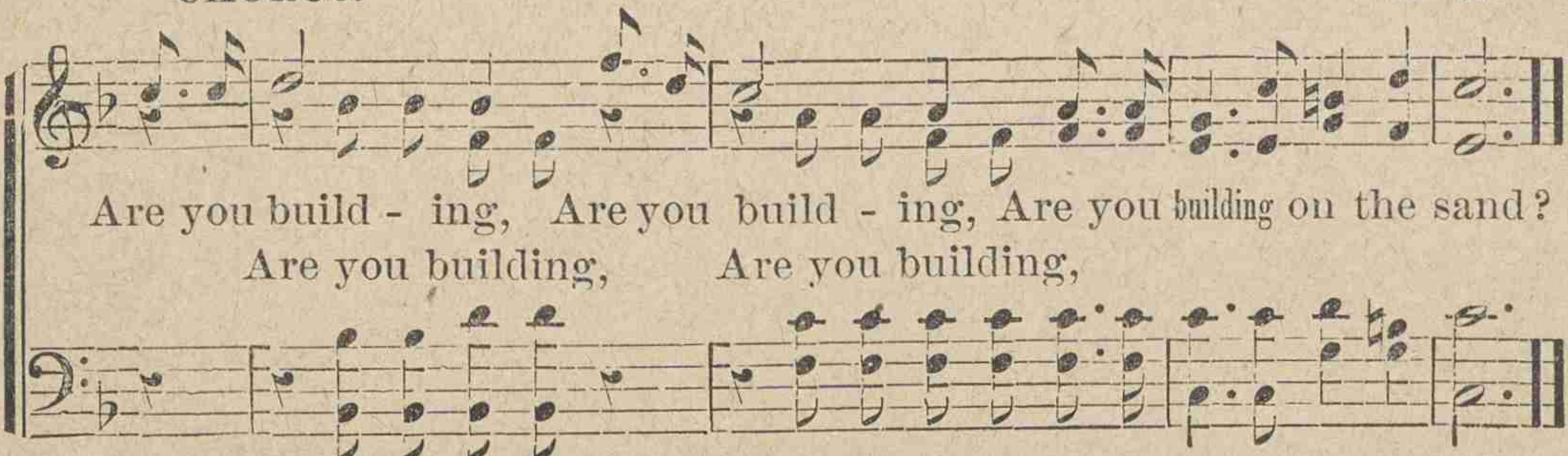


perfect peace and safe-ty, Though about you may the tempest madly rage.
 reed to pierce and slay you; You are building, vainly building on the sand!
 tonement heav'n-ward striving? Then you are not vain-ly building on the sand.
 day of judgment per - ish, If it proves that you have built upon the sand.

sol - id rock of a - ges, You shall then among the an-gels ev - er stand.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Are you build - ing, Are you build - ing, Are you building on the sand?
 Are you building, Are you building,

No. 23.

ANGRY WORDS.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. An-gry words! oh, let them nev - er From the lips un-bri - dled slip;
 2. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friendship is too sa - cred far,
 3. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken; Bitterest tho'ts are rash - ly stirred:




May the heart's best im-pulse ev - er Check them, e'er they soil the lip.
 For a mo-ment's reck-less fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar.
 Brightest links of life are brok - en By a sin - gle an - gry word.



Chorus.



"Love one anothe - er," thus saith the Savior, Children, obey thy Father's blest command;
 "Love each oth - er, Love each oth - er," 'Tis thy Father's blest command;




"Love one an - oth - er," thus saith the Sav - ior, Children, o - bey his blest command.
 "Love each other, Love each other," 'Tis his blest command.



No. 24.

MY SAVIOR, AS THOU WILT.

C. T. FREY.

Andante. Duet.



1. My Sav - ior, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine!
 2. My Sav - ior, as thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
 3. My Sav - ior, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me:



In - to thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear:
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with thee:

Quartet.



Thro' sorrow, or thro' joy, Conduct me as thine own, And help me
 Since thou on earth hast wept And sorrowed oft a - lone, If I must
 Then to my home a - bove I trav - el calmly on, And sing in

MY SAVIOR, AS THOU WILT. Concluded.

still to say, My Lord, thy will be done! Thy will, Thy will be done!
 weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done! Thy will, Thy will be done!
 life or death, My Lord, thy will be done! Thy will, Thy will be done!

No. 25.
Medley.

LOVING KINDNESS.

Western Air.

1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise,
 2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstand-ing all;
 3. When troub-le, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gath-er'd thick and thunder'd loud,

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how free;
 He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how great;
 He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing kindness, oh, how good;

Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free.
 Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great.
 Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how good.

No. 26.

CROWN HIM.

Spirited.

B —

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the man of sor - rows now
 2. Crown the Sav - ior, angels, crown him, Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
 3. Hark, those bursts of acclamation! Hark, those loud, triumphant chords!

From the fight returned victorious! Ev - ery knee to him shall bow:
 In the seat of power enthrone him, While the vault of heav - en rings:
 Je - sus takes the highest station; O, what joy the sight af - fords!

CHORUS.

Crown him! crown him! crown him! Crowns become the victor's brow,
 Crown him! crown him! crown him! Crown the Savior King of kings!
 Crown him! crown him! crown him! King of kings and Lord of lords!

Crown him, crown him,

Crown him! crown him! crown him! Crowns become the victor's brow.
 Crown him! crown him! crown him! Crown the Savior King of Kings!
 Crown him! crown him! crown him! King of kings and Lord of lords.

Crown him, crown him,

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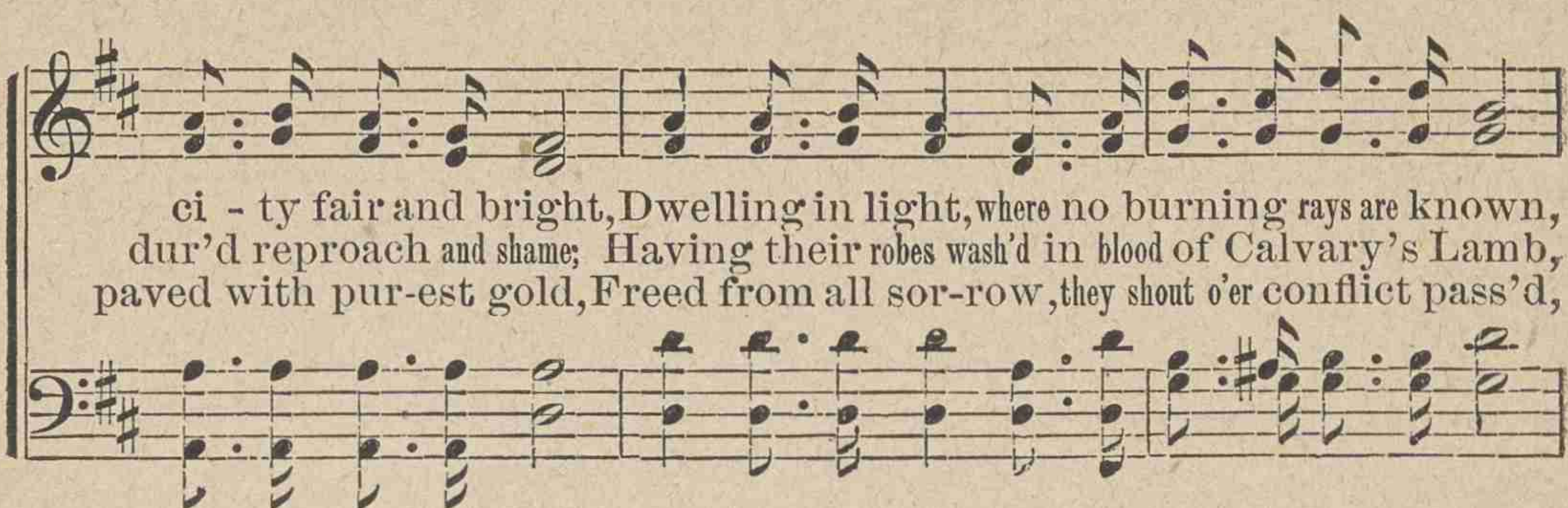
No. 27. WALKING THE GOLDEN STREETS.

A. S. DOUGHTY.

GEO. C. HUGG.

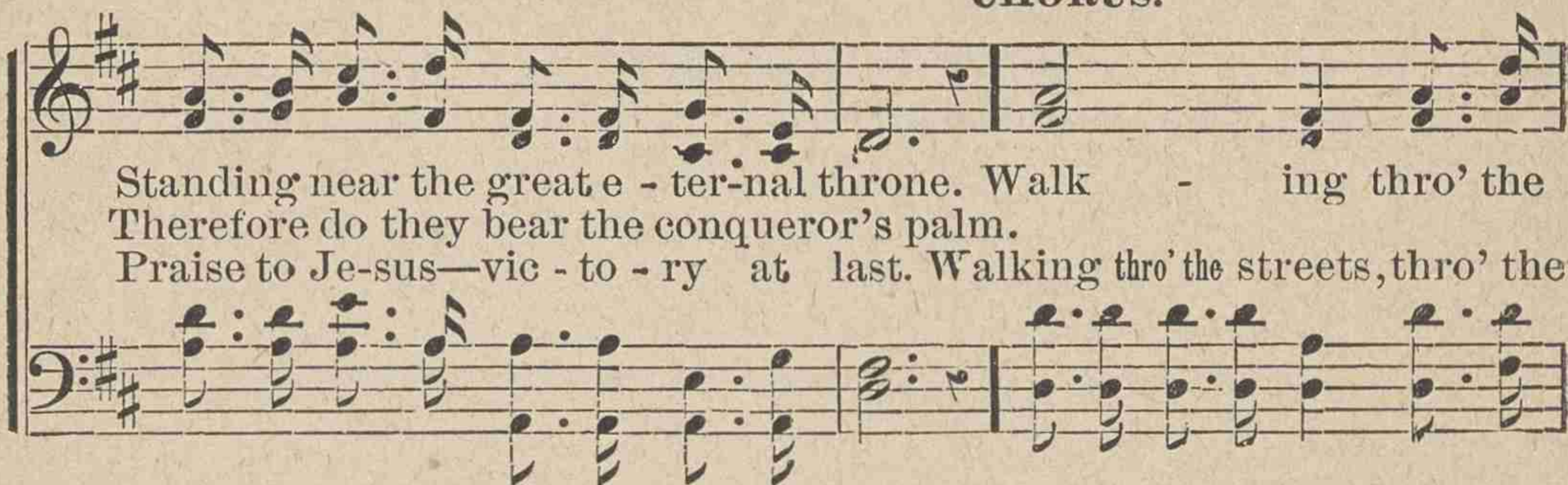


1. Who, who are these cloth'd in garments pure and white, Walking the streets of that
 2. These, these are they who through trib-u - la-tion came, Bearing the cross, who en-
 3. Therefore they dwell with the Savior they behold, Walk thro' the streets that are



ci - ty fair and bright, Dwelling in light, where no burning rays are known,
 dur'd reproach and shame; Having their robes wash'd in blood of Calvary's Lamb,
 paved with pur-est gold, Freed from all sor-row, they shout o'er conflict pass'd,

CHORUS.



Standing near the great e - ter-nal throne. Walk - ing thro' the
 Therefore do they bear the conqueror's palm.
 Praise to Je-sus—vic - to - ry at last. Walking thro' the streets, thro' the



streets, Walk - ing thro' the streets,
 beautiful golden streets, Walking thro' the streets, thro' the beautiful golden streets,



Walk - ing thro' the streets,
 Walking thro' the streets, thro' the beautiful golden streets, Of the New Jerusalem.

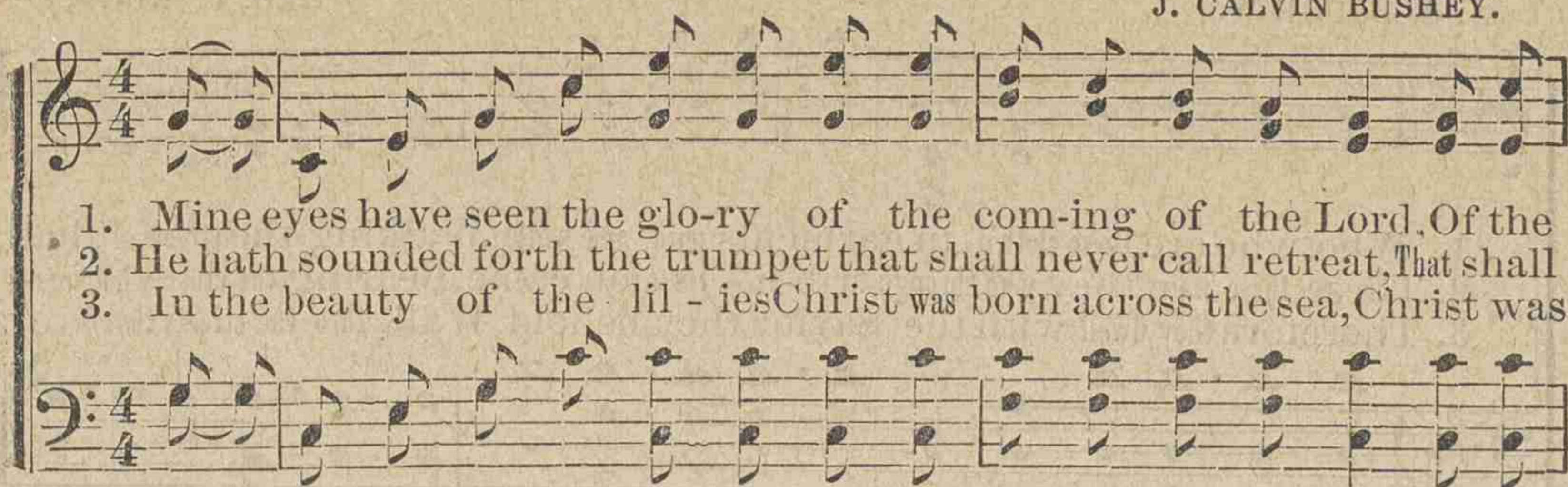
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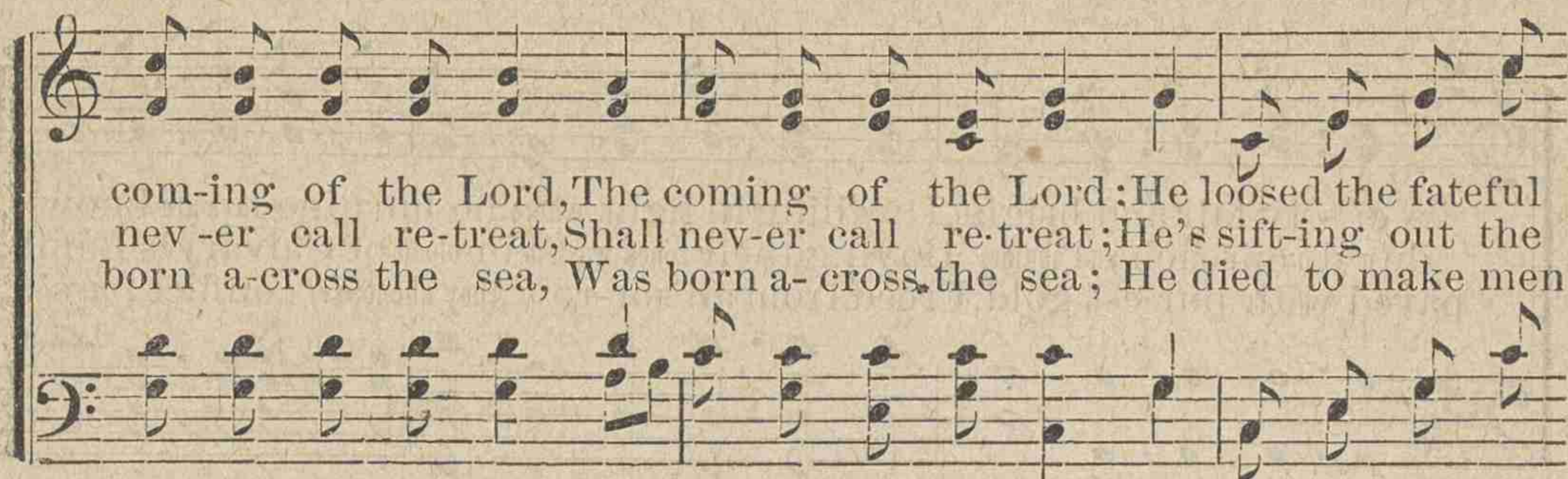
No. 28.

GOD IS MARCHING ON.

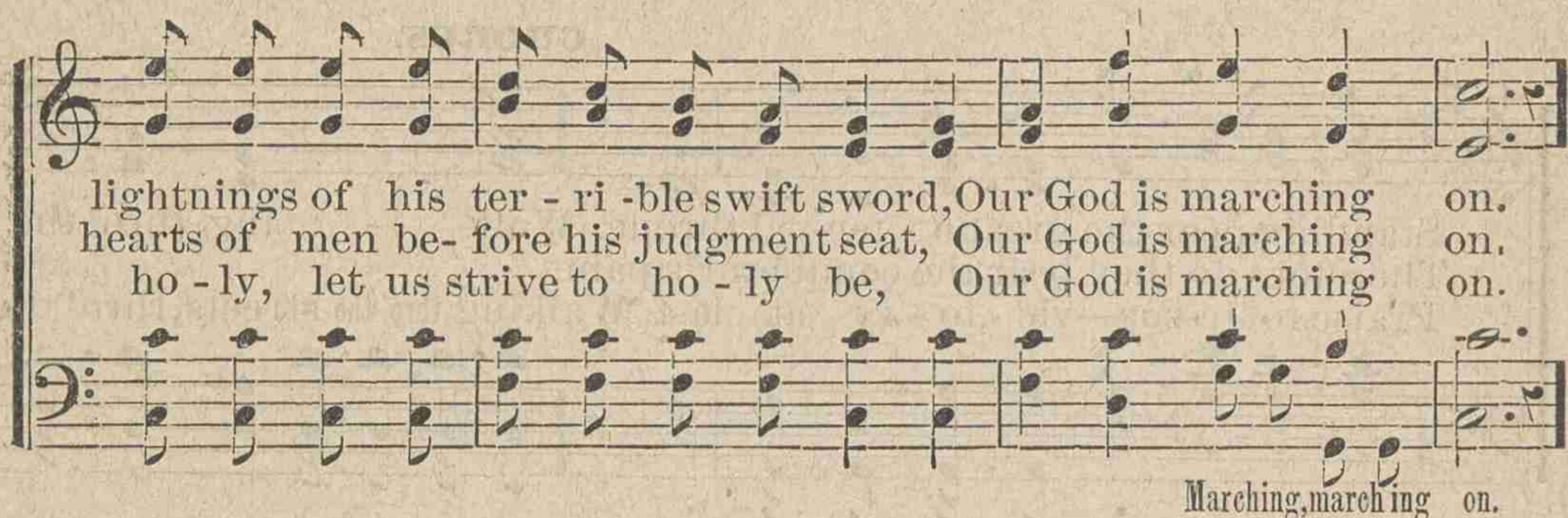
J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord, Of the
 2. He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat, That shall
 3. In the beauty of the lil - ies Christ was born across the sea, Christ was



com-ing of the Lord, The coming of the Lord: He loosed the fateful
 nev - er call re-treat, Shall nev - er call re-treat; He's sift-ing out the
 born a-cross the sea, Was born a-cross the sea; He died to make men



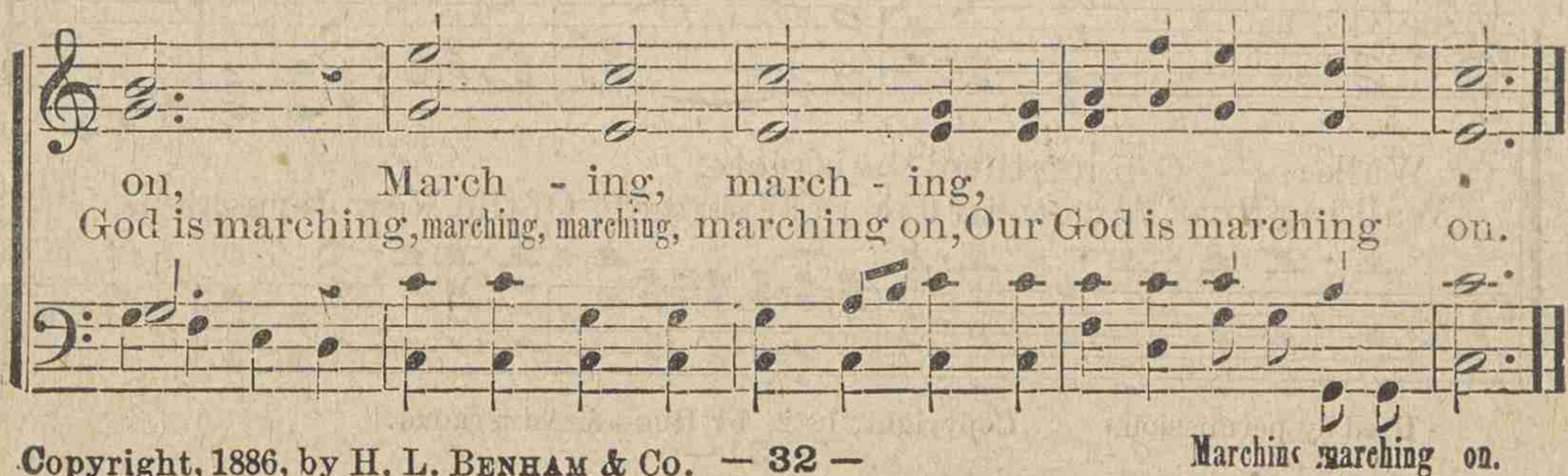
lightnings of his ter - ri - ble swift sword, Our God is marching on.
 hearts of men be-fore his judgment seat, Our God is marching on.
 ho - ly, let us strive to ho - ly be, Our God is marching on.

Marching, marching on.

CHORUS.



March - ing, ³ march - ing, ³ March - ing, march - ing
 God is marching, march - ing, God is marching, march - ing,



on, March - ing, march - ing,
 God is marching, marching, marching, marching on, Our God is marching on.

Marching, marching on.

No. 29.

I GO, DEAR LORD.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1 I hear the Savior's gen-tle voice, And music could not sweeter be ;
 2 'Tis not because of mer-it great That Je-sus call- eth earnest- ly,
 3 Where gifts have free-ly been bestowed, The Master greater things would see !
 4 My weakness and unworth-i-ness The Savior knoweth per- fect-ly,

He bids me quit the market place, Because his vineyard needeth me !
 But there's a place for ev-ery one, And there's an humble place for me !
 If I a sin- gle tal- ent have, Be left the lit - tle things to me !
 And yet he bids me haste a- way, Because he has a work for me ;

CHORUS.

I go, dear Lord, I go to-day, Thy willing ser-vant e'er to be ;

Tho' I but glean the scat-tered grain, Thou hast redeemed and needeth me.

No. 30.

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

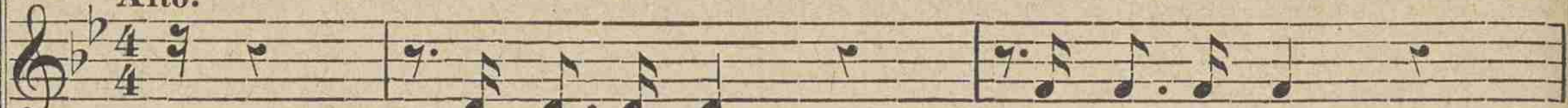
ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

H. R. PALMER, by per.



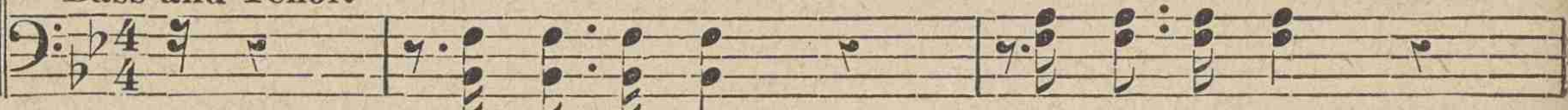
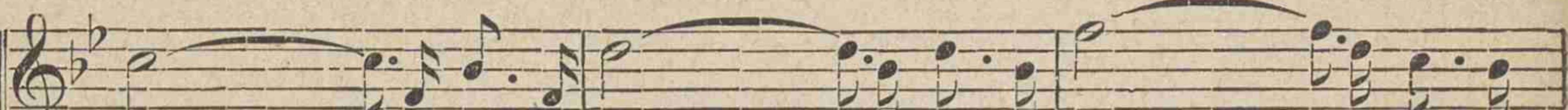
1. Each coo-ing dove and sighing bough, . . . That makes the
 2. Each flow'ry glen and moss-y dell, . . . Where happy
 3. And when I read the thrill-ing lore . . . Of him who

Alto.



1. Each coo-ing dove and sighing bough,
 2. Each flow'ry glen and moss-y dell,
 3. And when I read the thrilling lore

Bass and Tenor.

eve . . . so blest to me, . . . Has something far . . . di-vin-er
 birds . . . in song a-gree, . . . Thro' sunny morn . . . the praises
 walked . . . up-on the sea, . . . I long, oh, how . . . I long once



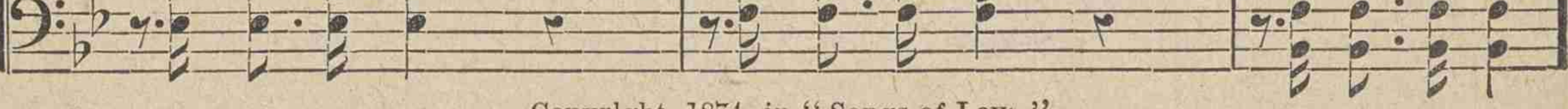
That makes the eve so blest to me, Has something far
 Where happy birds in song agree, Thro' sunny morn
 Of him who walked up-on the sea, I long, oh, how




now, . . . It bears me back . . . to Gal-i-lee. . . .
 tell . . . Of sights and sounds . . . in Gal-i-lee. . . .
 more . . . To fol-low him . . . in Gal-i-lee. . . .



di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.
 the praises tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i-lee.
 I long once more To fol-low him in Gal-i-lee.



MEMORIES OF GALILEE. Concluded.

Chorus.



Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus loved so much to be, Oh,



Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a - gain to me.

No. 31.

OUR SABBATH HOME.

Rev. W. F. COSNER.
Not too fast,

R. A. GLENN.



1. Joyful - ly a - gain we meet, In our Sabbath home, Worship - ing at Je - su's feet,
2. We with happy hearts shall sing, In our Sabbath home, Prais - ing our e - ter - nal King,
3. O, what happy hours are giv'n, In our Sabbath home, While we learn of Christ and heav'n,




In our Sab - bath home. Sab - bath home, to me so dear, Where we feel the
In our Sab - bath home. When be - fore his throne we bend, And our prayers to
In our Sab - bath home. Rest - ing still in Je - su's love, Seek - ing for the



Sav - ior near, How his love the heart can cheer, In our Sab - bath home.
him as - cend, Rich - est bless - ings shall at - tend, In our Sab - bath home.
home a - bove, May we well the hours im - prove, In our Sab - bath home.

No. 32. WATTS WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.
Joyfully,

B —



1. Come, ye that love the Lord And let your joys be known,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God,
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets,

the Lord, be known,
to sing, our God,
Zion yields, sacred sweets,



Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet ac -
But children of the heavenly King, But children of the heavenly
Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly



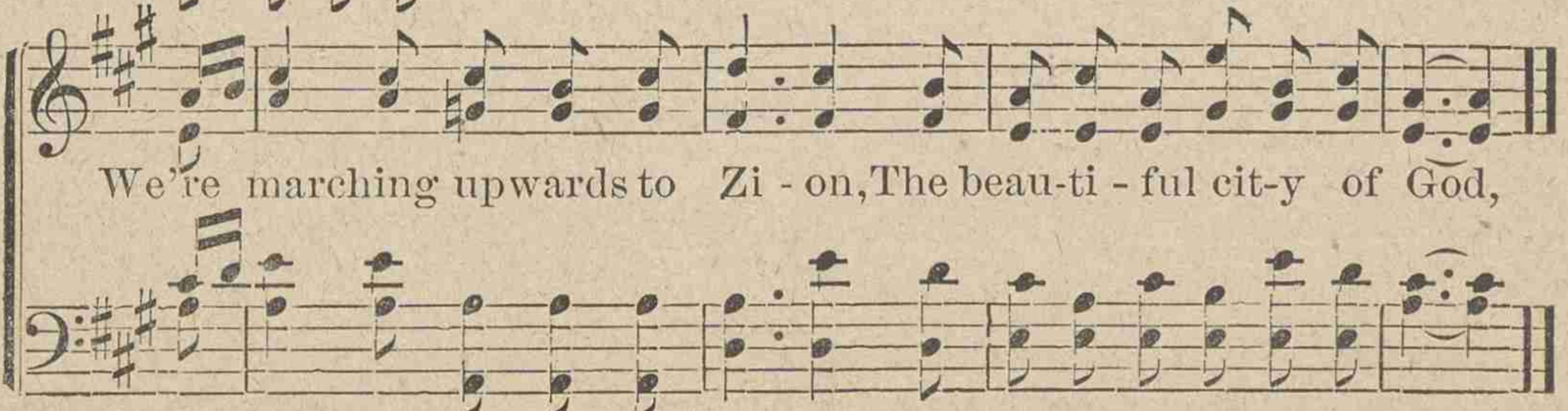
cord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
King, May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
fields, Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.

the throne,
abroad,
gold - en streets,

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beautiful, beauti - ful Zi - ou,
We're marching, we're marching, to Zion we're marching,



We're marching upwards to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God,

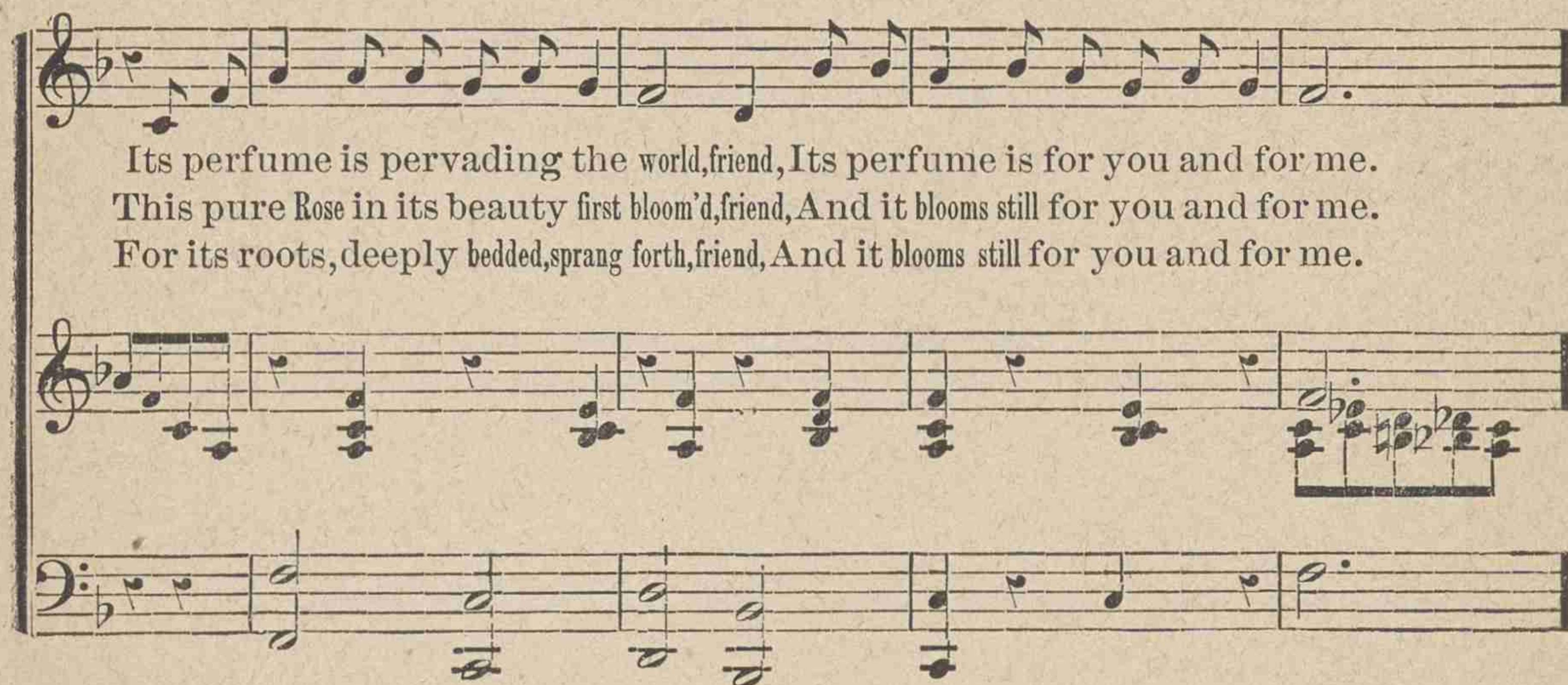
No. 33.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend, There's a Rose that is blooming for me ;
2. Long a-go in the val-ley so fair, friend, Far a-way by the beautiful sea,
3. All in vain did they crush this fair Flow'r, friend, All in vain did they shatter the tree,



Its perfume is pervading the world, friend, Its perfume is for you and for me.
This pure Rose in its beauty first bloom'd, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend, And it blooms still for you and for me.

Refrain.



There's a Rose, a love-ly Rose, And its
There's a Rose that blooms for me, a Rose that blooms for you, And its

Copyright, 1878, by H. R. PALMER.

THE ROSE OF SHARON. Concluded.



beau-ty all the world shall see; There's a Rose, a
 beau-ty all the world shall see; There's a Rose that blooms for me,



love-ly Rose, Its perfume is for you and for me.
 A Rose that blooms for you, Its perfume is for you and for me.

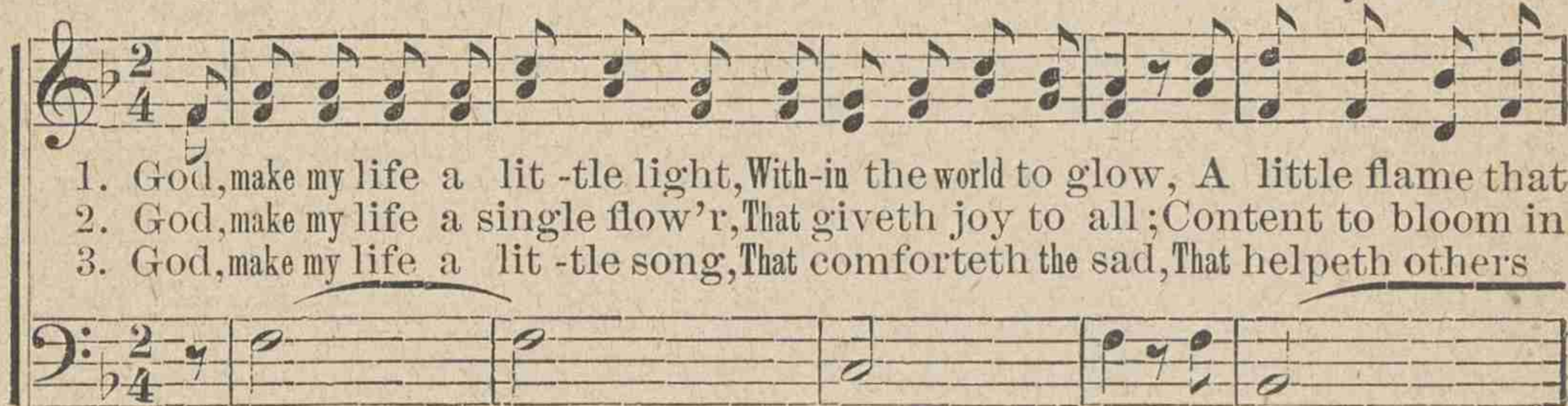
No 34.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

DUET AND CHORUS, FOR CHILDREN

S.

Arr. with Chorus by R. A. G



1. God, make my life a lit-tle light, With-in the world to glow, A little flame that
 2. God, make my life a single flow'r, That giveth joy to all; Content to bloom in
 3. God, make my life a lit-tle song, That comforteth the sad, That helpeth others

CHORUS.

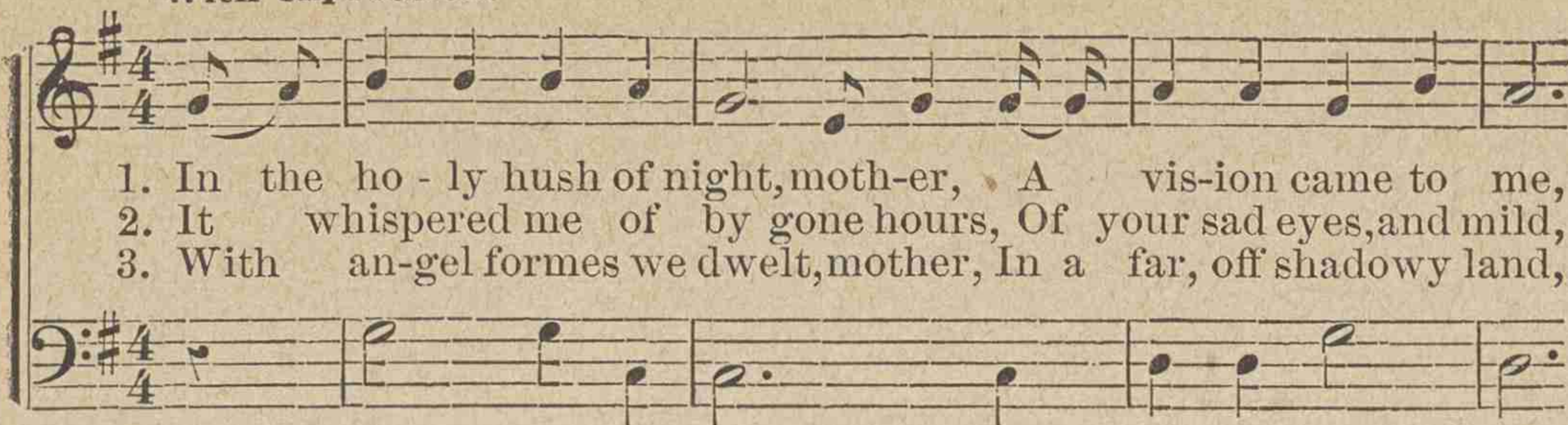


burneth bright Wher-ever I may go. Little light, little light, Wher-
 native bow'r, Although its place be small.
 to be strong, And makes the sin-ner glad. Little light, little light,

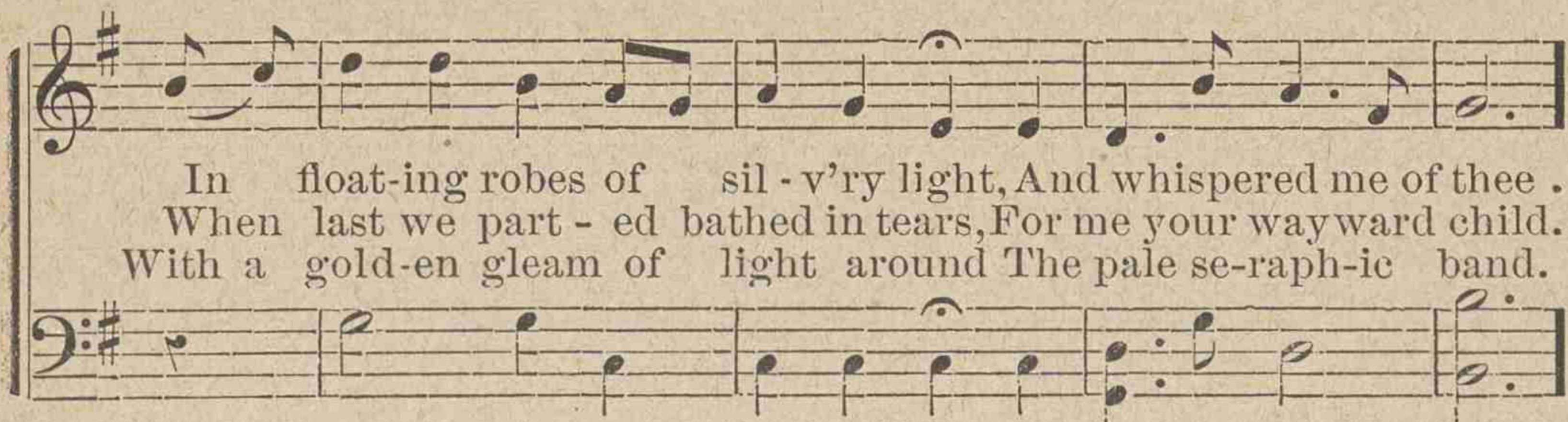


ev-er I may go, Little light, little light, Within the world to glow.
 Little light, little light,

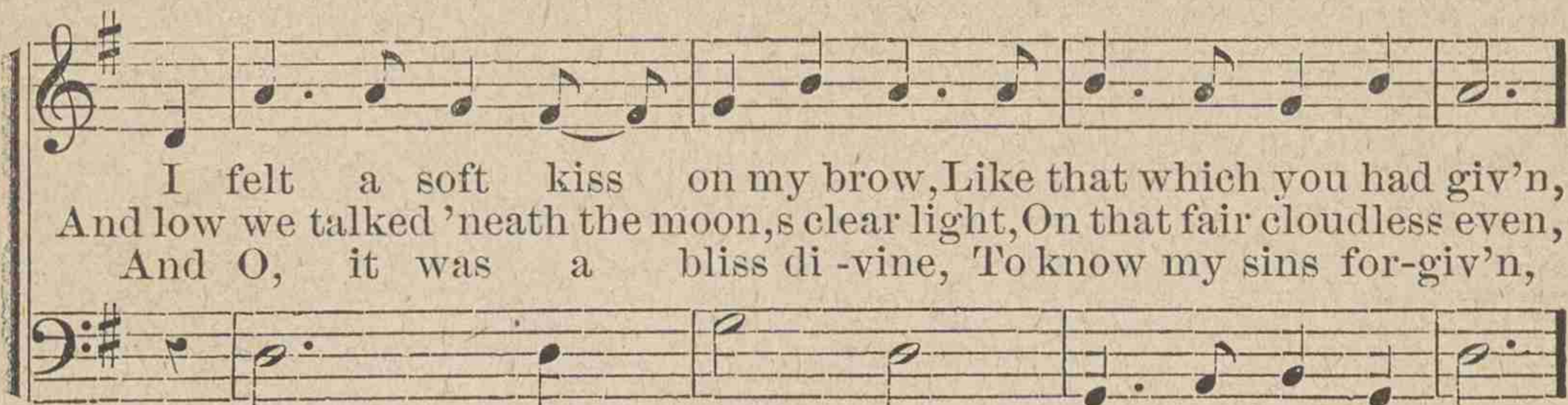
LANTHE. 35. MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN. R. A. GLENN.
With expression.



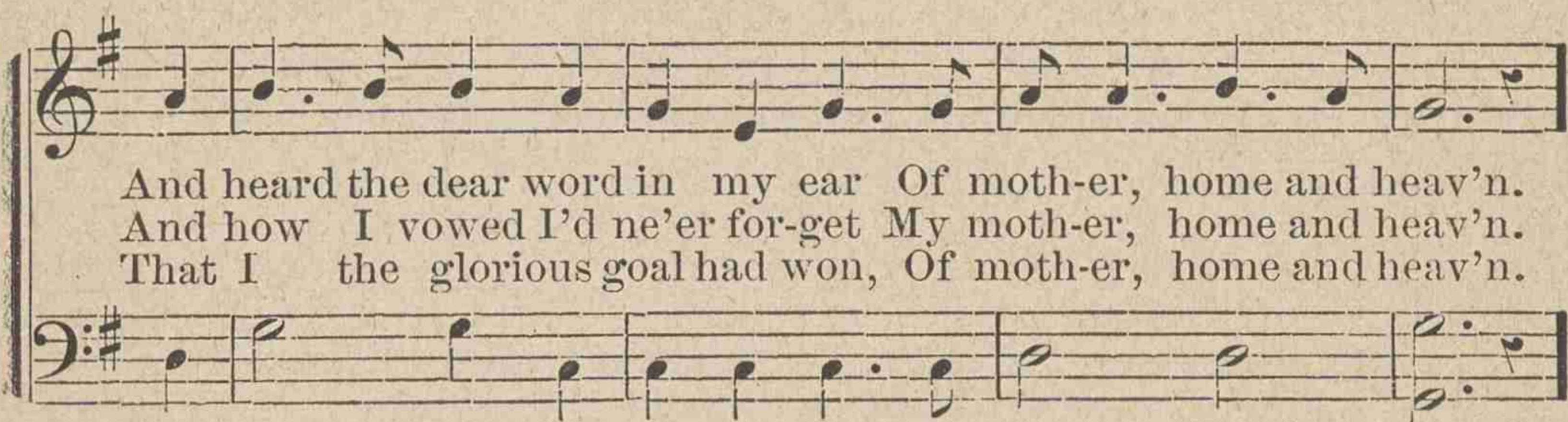
1. In the ho - ly hush of night, moth-er, A vis-ion came to me,
2. It whispered me of by gone hours, Of your sad eyes, and mild,
3. With an-gel formes we dwelt, mother, In a far, off shadowy land,



In float-ing robes of sil - v'ry light, And whispered me of thee .
When last we part - ed bathed in tears, For me your wayward child.
With a gold-en gleam of light around The pale se-raph-ic band.



I felt a soft kiss on my brow, Like that which you had giv'n,
And low we talked 'neath the moon, s clear light, On that fair cloudless even,
And O, it was a bliss di - vine, To know my sins for-giv'n,



And heard the dear word in my ear Of moth-er, home and heav'n.
And how I vowed I'd ne'er for-get My moth-er, home and heav'n.
That I the glorious goal had won, Of moth-er, home and heav'n.

CHORUS. Andante with much expression.



Moth - er, home and heav'n, Moth - er, home and heav'n, I



heard the dear word in my ear, Of moth-er, home and heav'n.

No. 36.

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

D. W. CRIST.

Joyfully.

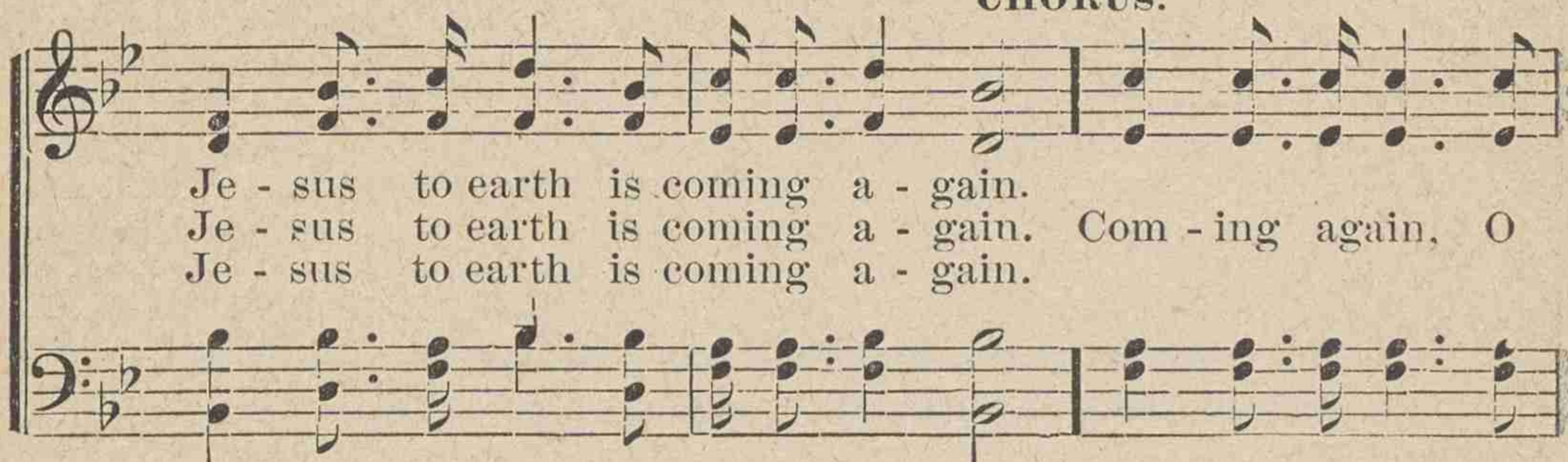


1. O - ver the val-leys, hill-tops and moun-tains, Rings out the shout from
 2. Cheering each pilgrim, wayworn and weary, No more we hear him
 3. Coming to take us o-ver the riv-er, Where we shall sing of



woodland and plain; Sing it, ye riv-ers, seas, lakes and fountains,
 fret are complain; Bright is the way that once was so drear-y,
 Him who was slain; Glad-ly, then, sing His prais-es for-ev-er,

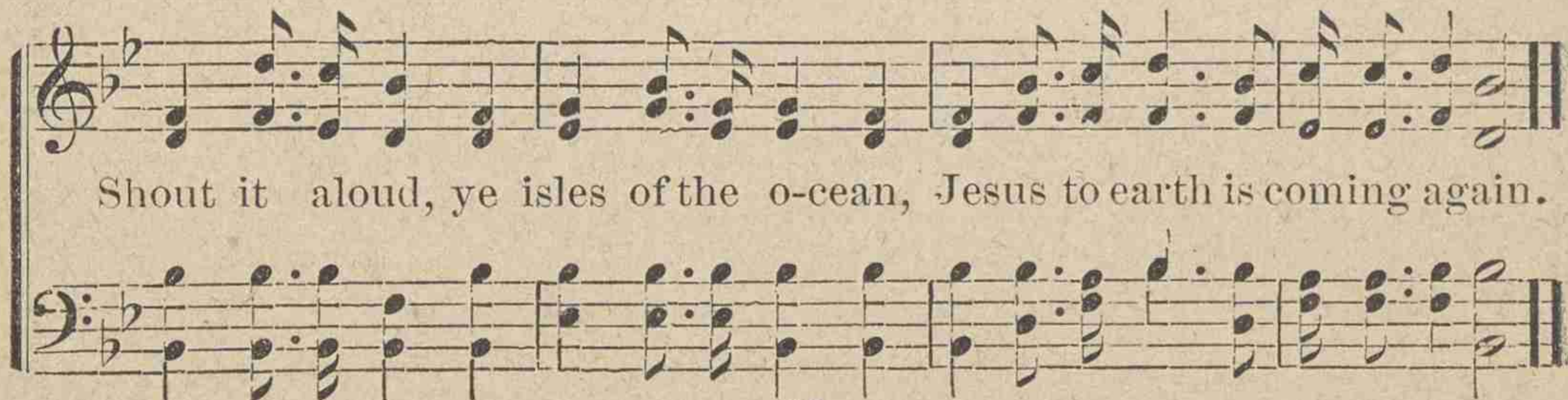
CHORUS.



Je - sus to earth is coming a - gain.
 Je - sus to earth is coming a - gain. Com - ing again, O
 Je - sus to earth is coming a - gain.



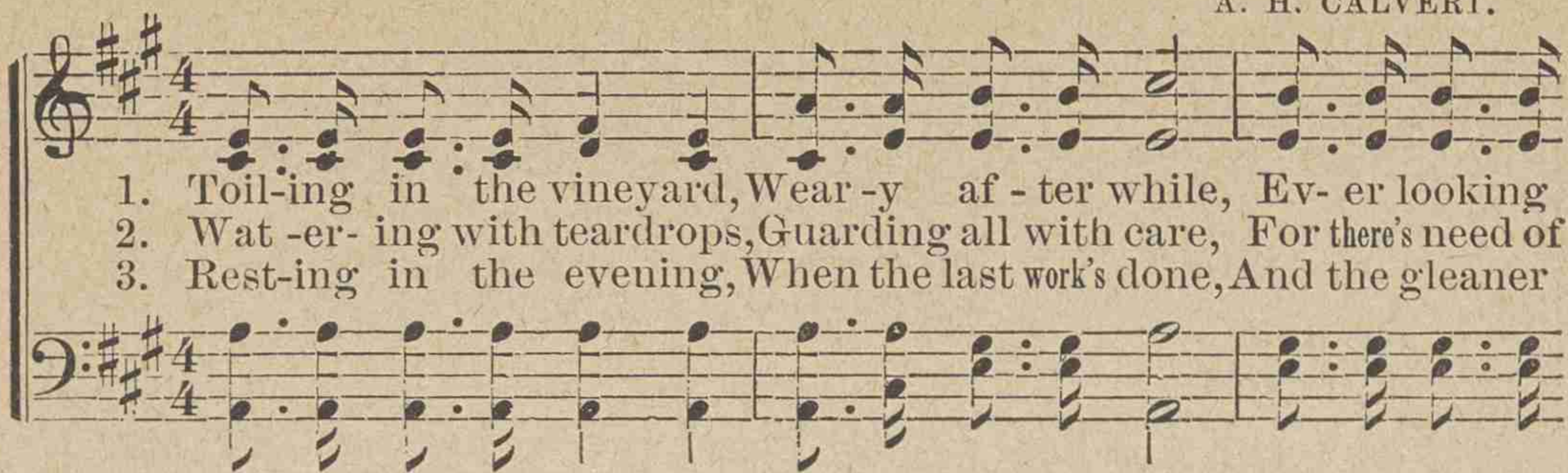
glo-ri-ous the ti-dings! Let all the earth take up the glad re-frain;



Shout it aloud, ye isles of the o-cean, Jesus to earth is coming again.

No. 37. TOILING IN THE VINEYARD.

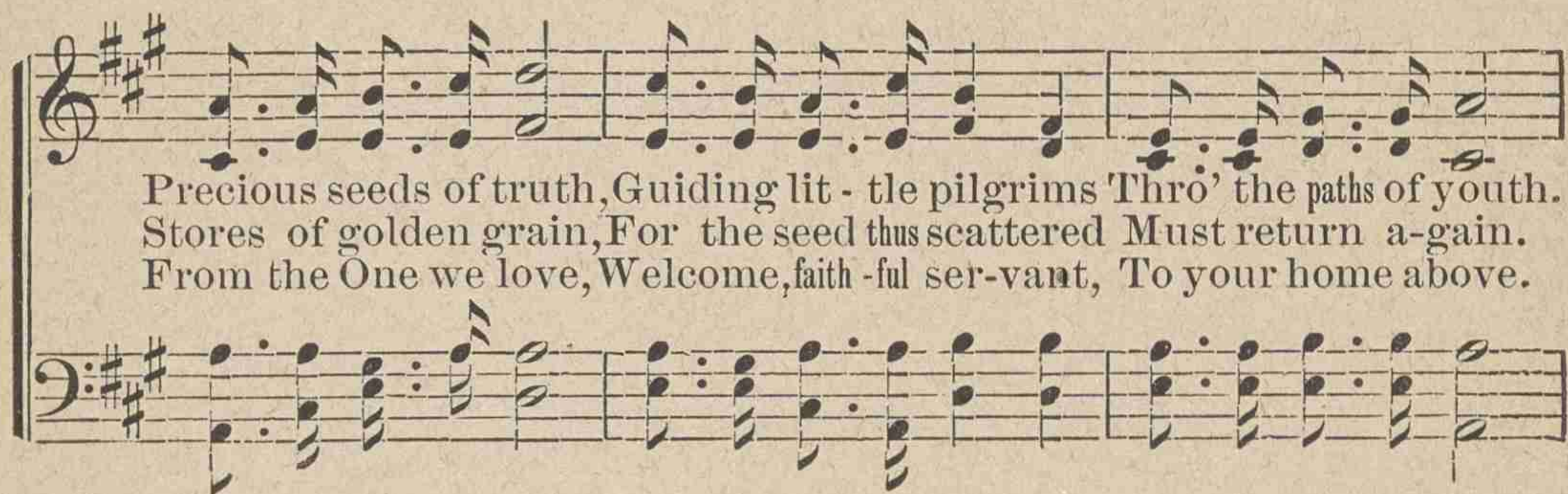
A. H. CALVERT.



1. Toil-ing in the vineyard, Wear-y af-ter while, Ev-er looking
 2. Wat-er-ing with teardrops, Guarding all with care, For there's need of
 3. Rest-ing in the evening, When the last work's done, And the gleaner



up-ward For the Mas-ter's smile; Sow-ing in the morning
 watch-ing, Need of earn-est prayer; Reap-ing in the noontide
 hast-ens To his longed for home; Then he hears the plaud-it,

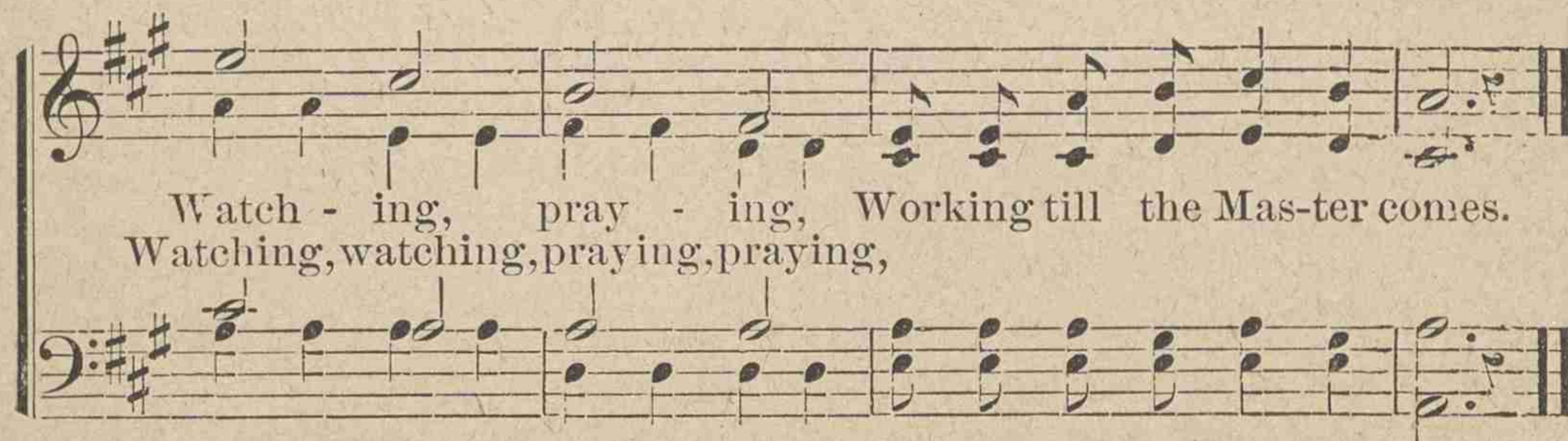


Precious seeds of truth, Guiding lit-tle pilgrims 'Thro' the paths of youth.
 Stores of golden grain, For the seed thus scattered Must return a-gain.
 From the One we love, Welcome, faith-ful ser-vant, To your home above.

CHORUS.



Toil-ing, toil-ing, Toiling till the Mas-ter calls us home;
 Toiling, toiling, toiling, toiling,



Watch-ing, pray-ing, Working till the Mas-ter comes.
 Watching, watching, praying, praying,

No. 38.

LOOK UP.

S. P. YODER.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Look up, my wea - ry broth - er, A - way from sin and strife;
 2. Look up, be - yond the glit - ter Of this false world's af - fairs;
 3. Look up! life's rug - ged lad - der, So steep and hard to climb,
 4. Look up! a silv - ry lin - ing A - dorns the dark - est clouds,

Let not your heart's af - fec - tions Rest in this fleet - ing life.
 Be - yond life's dark con - fu - sion, And self's de - ceit - ful snares.
 Will bring you to the bor - ders Of Beau - lah land sub - lime.
 Be - yond the mist of doubt - ing That now your life enshrouds.

All earth - ly things must per - ish, Life's treasures pass a - way;
 This world may reel and tot - ter, There's rest and peace a - bove;
 Be - neath you loathsome de - mons Are tempting you to fall;
 The star of hope is shin - ing, And cloud - less are the skies;

Look up! the Mas - ter calls thee To realms of end - less day.
 God's own e - ter - nal heav - en, Of nev - er dy - ing love.
 A - bove you ho - ly an - gels In tones of pi - ty call
 Look up! and then press on - ward To win the glorious prize.

No. 39.

CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

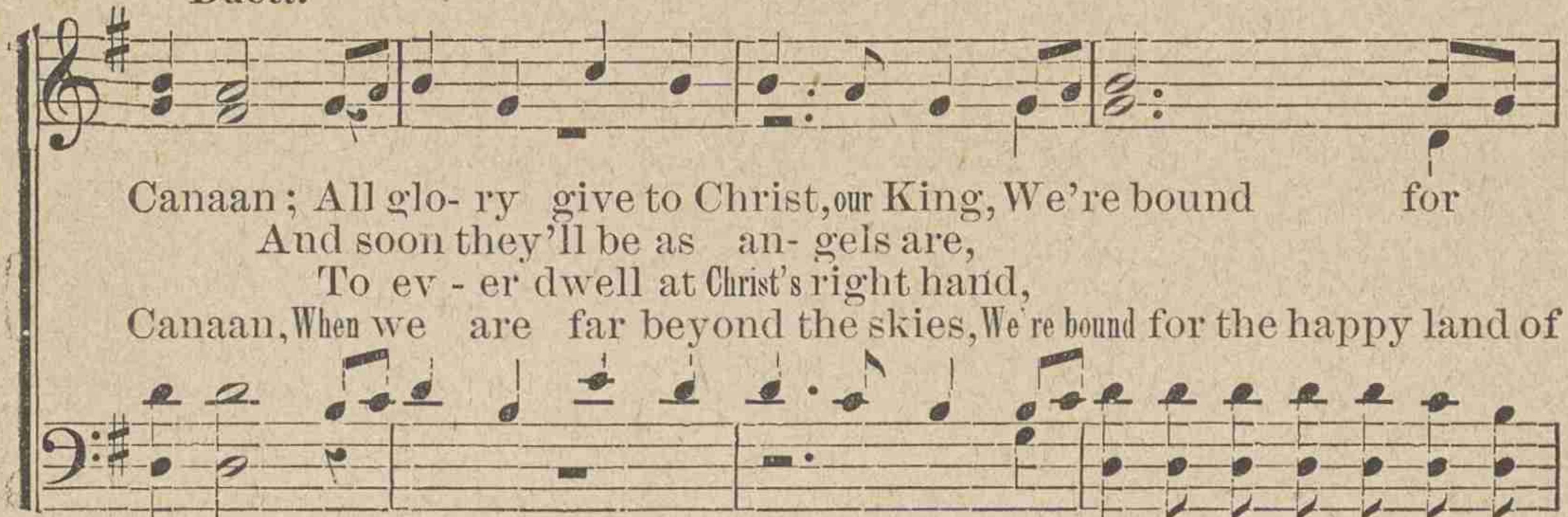
Solo.

Chorus.



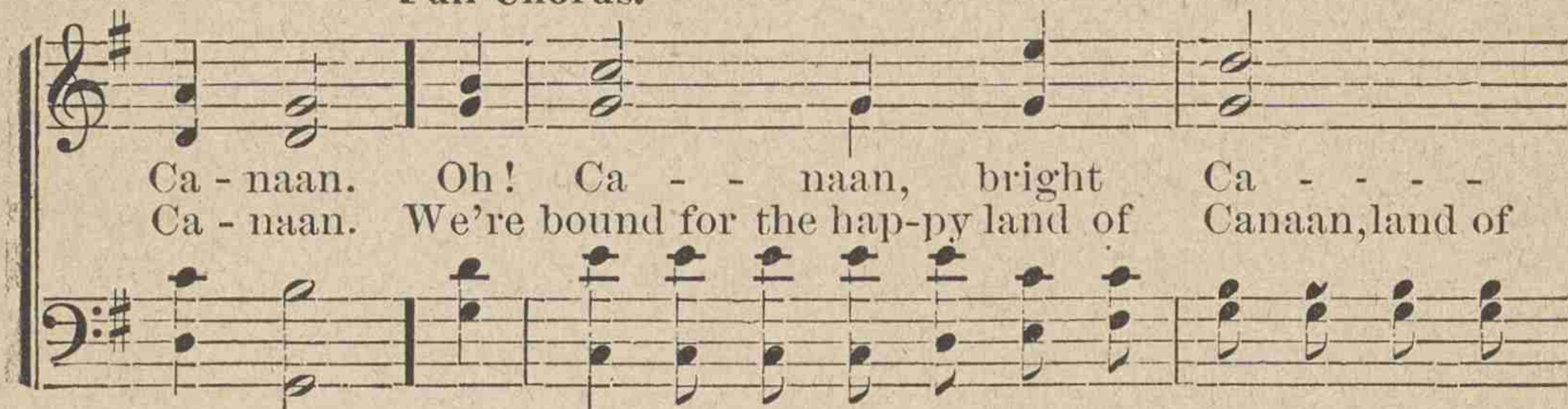
1. Come, children let us sweet-ly sing, We're bound for
 2. There, hap-py all good children here,
 3. Come, then, and join our hap - py band,
 4. Then, loud-er still our songs shall rise, We're bound for the happy land of

Duett.



Canaan; All glo-ry give to Christ, our King, We're bound for
 And soon they'll be as an- gels are,
 To ev - er dwell at Christ's right hand,
 Canaan, When we are far beyond the skies, We're bound for the happy land of

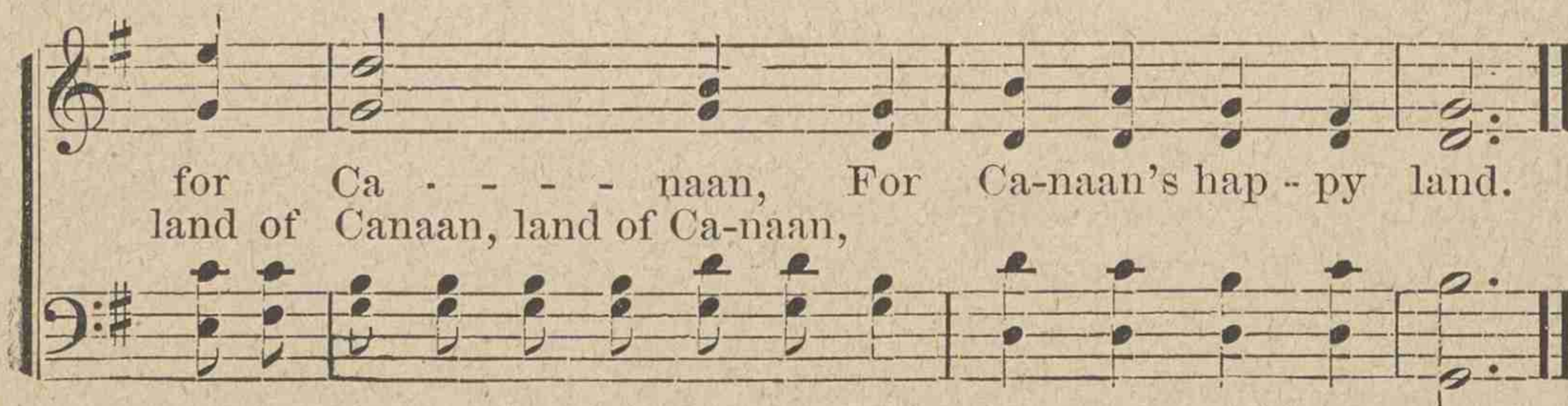
Full Chorus.



Ca - naan. Oh! Ca - - naan, bright Ca - - -
 Ca - naan. We're bound for the hap-py land of Canaan, land of



naan, Sweet Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, We're bound
 Canaan, Sweet Canaan, bright Canaan, We're bound for the happy



for Ca - - - naan, For Ca-naan's hap - py land.
 land of Canaan, land of Ca-naan,

No. 40. HEAR THE BELLS SWEETLY RINGING.

ROSA E. BUXTON.

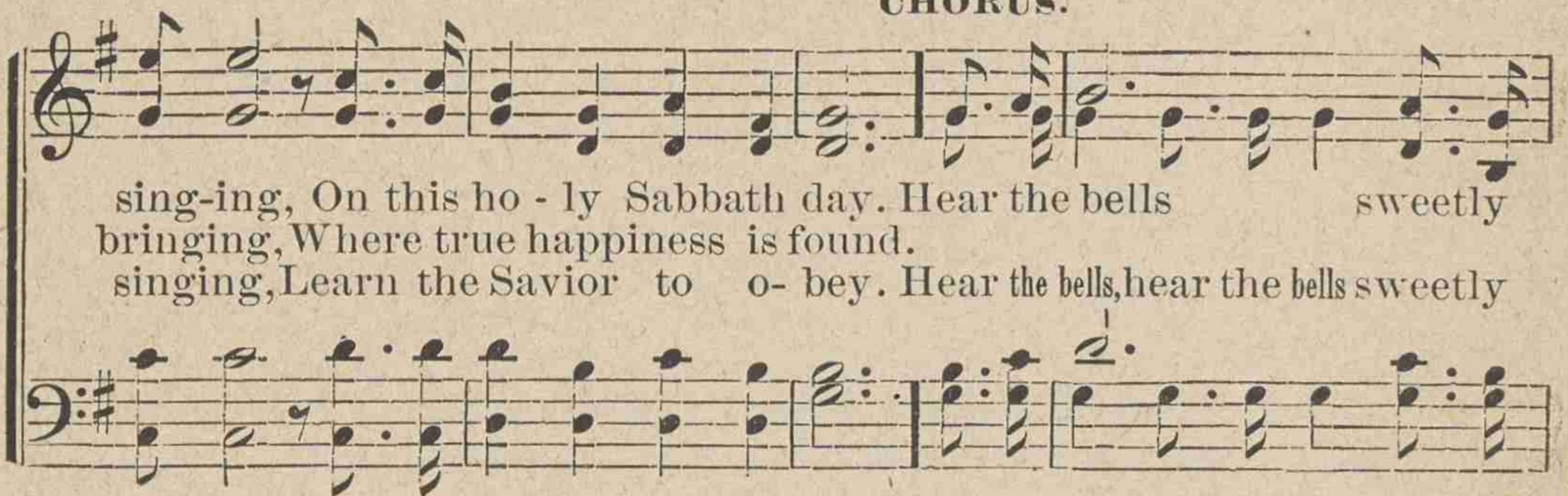


1. Hear the Sabbath school bells sweet-ly ring-ing, sweetly ringing, They are
 2. Hear the Sabbath school bells sweet-ly ring-ing, sweetly ringing, Tell-ing
 3. Hear the Sabbath school bells sweet-ly ring-ing, sweetly ringing, How they



call - ing us a - way ; With our classmates we join in prayer and
 all the world a-round, The glad news to our hearts they're ever
 sweet-ly to us say, Come, oh, come to the hour of prayer and

CHORUS.



sing-ing, On this ho - ly Sabbath day. Hear the bells sweetly
 bringing, Where true happiness is found.
 singing, Learn the Savior to o - bey. Hear the bells, hear the bells sweetly



ring-ing, sweetly ring-ing, sweet-ly
 ringing, ring-ing, ring-ing, sweetly ringing, ringing, ring-ing, sweetly



ring - ing, Hear the bells, hear the bells sweet-ly
 ring-ing, ringing, ring-ing, Hear the bells, hear the bells sweet-ly

HEAR THE BELLS SWEETLY RINGING, Concluded. Repeat Chorus.

ring-ing, On this ho - ly Sabbath day,
ringing, ringing, ringing, Sabbath day.

No. 41. LET THE CHILDREN SING.

Rev. W. F. COSNER,

R. A. GLENN.

1. Let the lit - tle chil-dren sing Prais - es to their Sa - vior, King;
2. In the kingdom of his grace Lit - tle chil-dren have a place;
3. Jesus, watching all their way, To his shepherds calls to - day,
4. From the darkness and the cold Lambs are gathered in the fold;

Chil-dren un - to him are dear, And he loves their voice to hear.
Hear him say - ing ten - der - ly, Let the children come to me,
Feed my lambs, so pure and fair, Ob - jects of my tend' rest care,
Thus when death's dark night shall come, Christ will call his chil - dren home.

CHORUS.

Let the children come, Let the children come,
Come unto me, Come unto me,

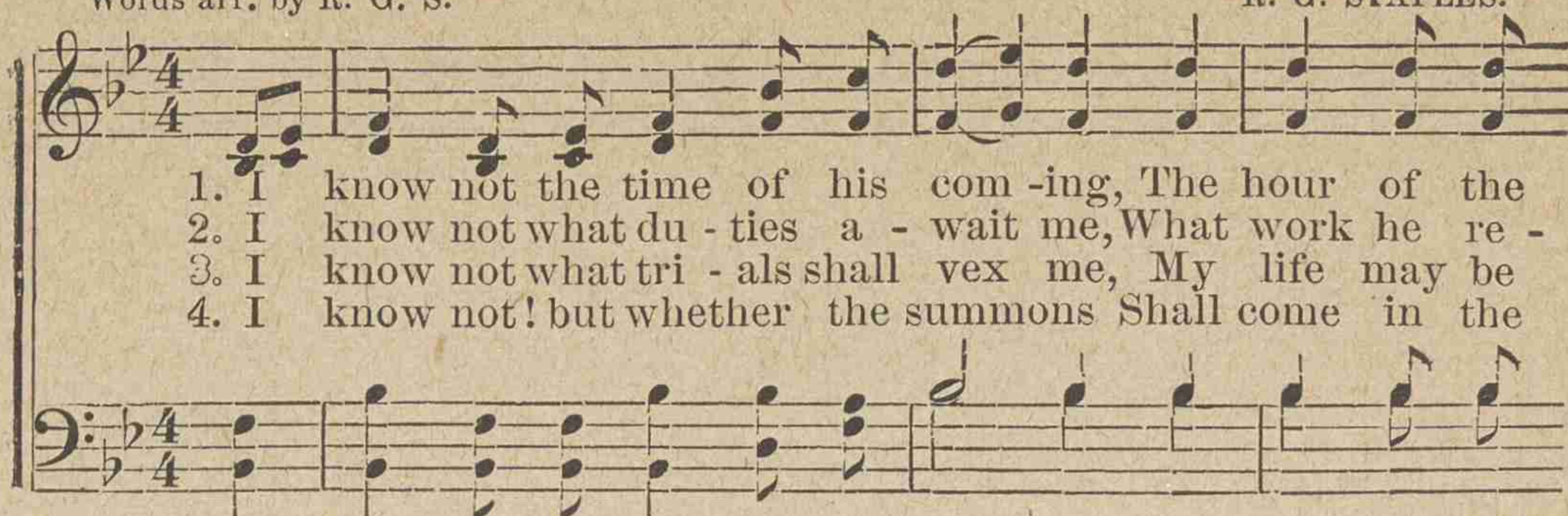
Hear him say-ing ten - der - ly, Let the children come to me.

No. 42.

I KNOW NOT THE TIME.

Words arr. by R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES.

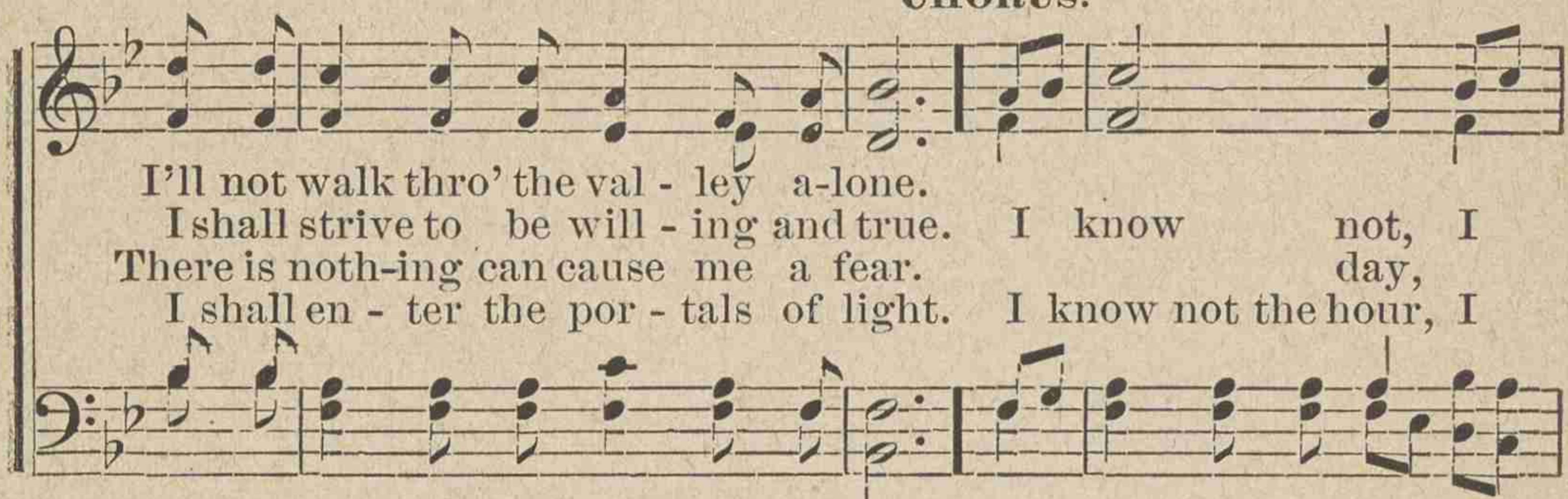


1. I know not the time of his com-ing, The hour of the
 2. I know not what du-ties a-wait me, What work he re-
 3. I know not what tri-als shall vex me, My life may be
 4. I know not! but whether the summons Shall come in the

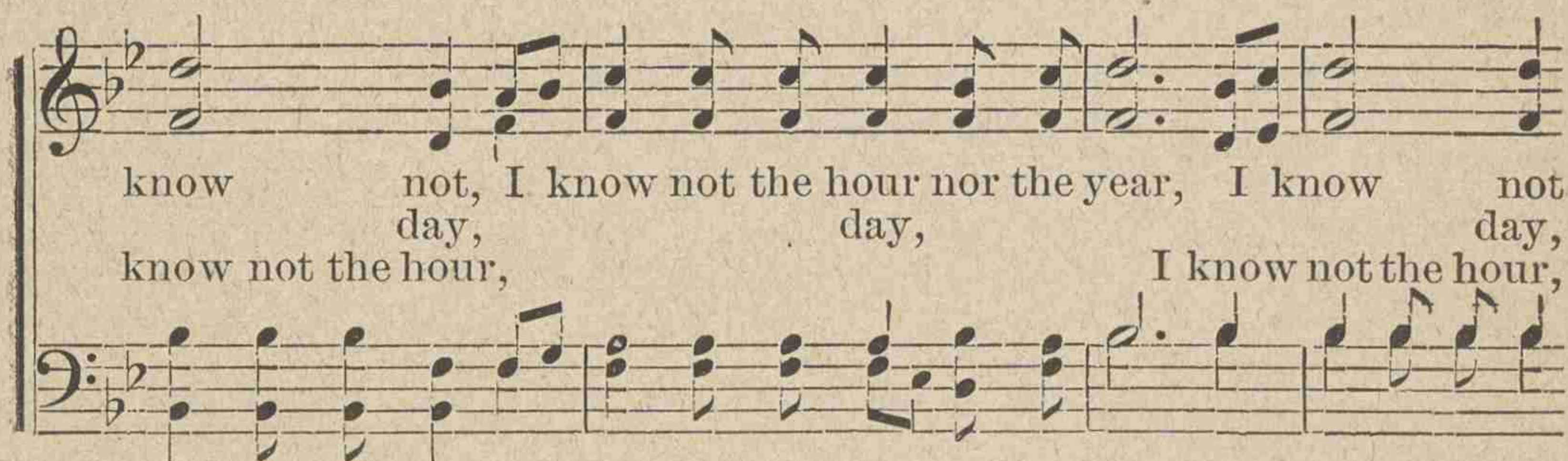


day is not known, But I know that if I am then read-y
 quires me to do, But with heart and with hands ev-er read-y
 burdened with care, Bnt I know if I trust in the Sav-ior
 day or at night, I have faith with this plea "Thou hast called me,"

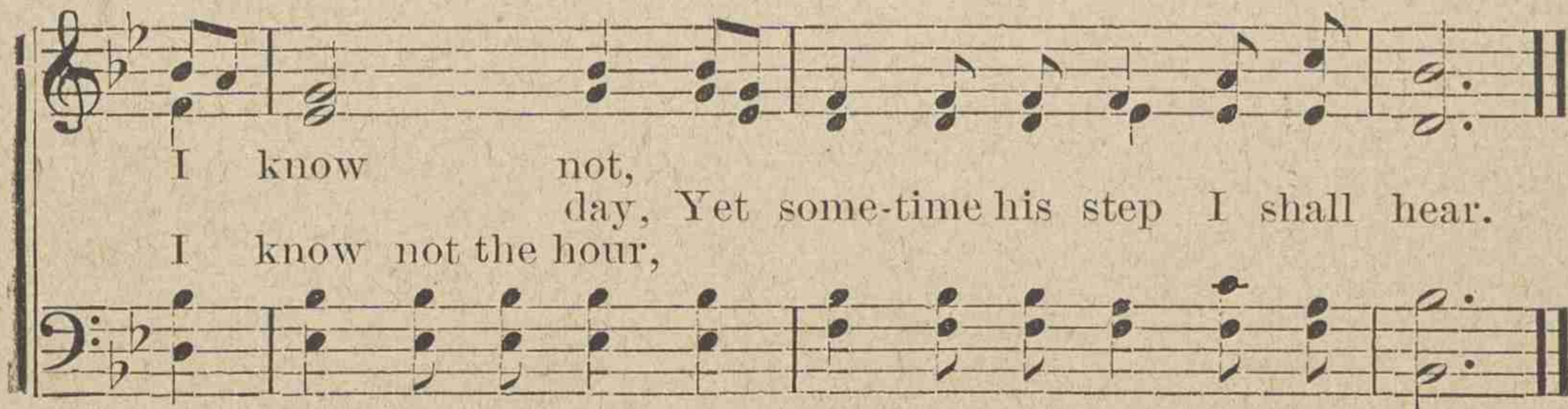
CHORUS.



I'll not walk thro' the val-ley a-lone.
 I shall strive to be will-ing and true. I know not, I
 There is noth-ing can cause me a fear. day,
 I shall en-ter the por-tals of light. I know not the hour, I



know not, I know not the hour nor the year, I know not
 day, day, day,
 know not the hour, I know not the hour,



I know not,
 day, Yet some-time his step I shall hear.
 I know not the hour,

No. 43.
E. R. LATTA.

A DIADEM THERE.

D. W. CRIST.



1. A wreath of renown, I might seek in vain; Whatever the strife, The
2. O keep me from sin, Dear Savior, I pray, Lest I from the path Of
3. Vain pleas-ures and sins This world can af-ford, O tempt not my heart To



treasures to gain; But if, here be-low, The cross I will bear, I
safe-ty may stray; In heav-en, at last, O grant me to share, And
rove from my Lord! I want to pos-sess In glo-ry a share, And



CHORUS.



know I shall have A di - a - dem there. A di - a - dem
place on my brow A di - a - dem there.
wear on my brow A di - a - dem there. A di - a - dem there, a



there,
di-adem there, In mansions unspeak-a - bly fair, A beau-ti-ful



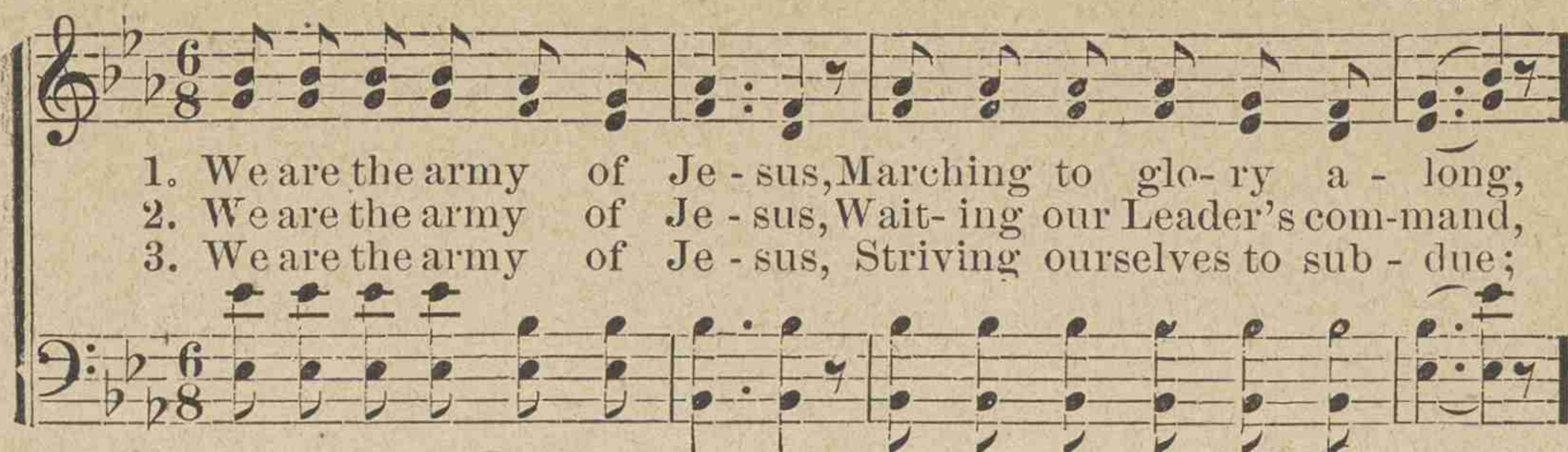
crown, For-ev - er my own, A glo-ri - ous di - a - dem there.



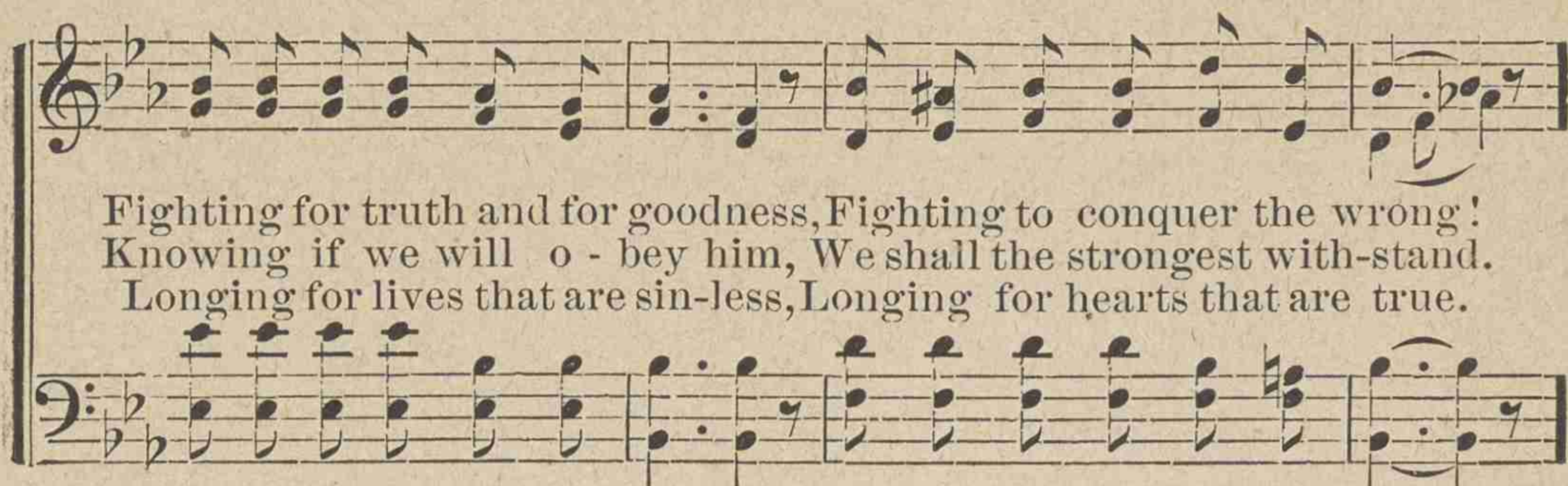
No. 44.
E. R. LATTA.

THE ARMY OF JESUS.

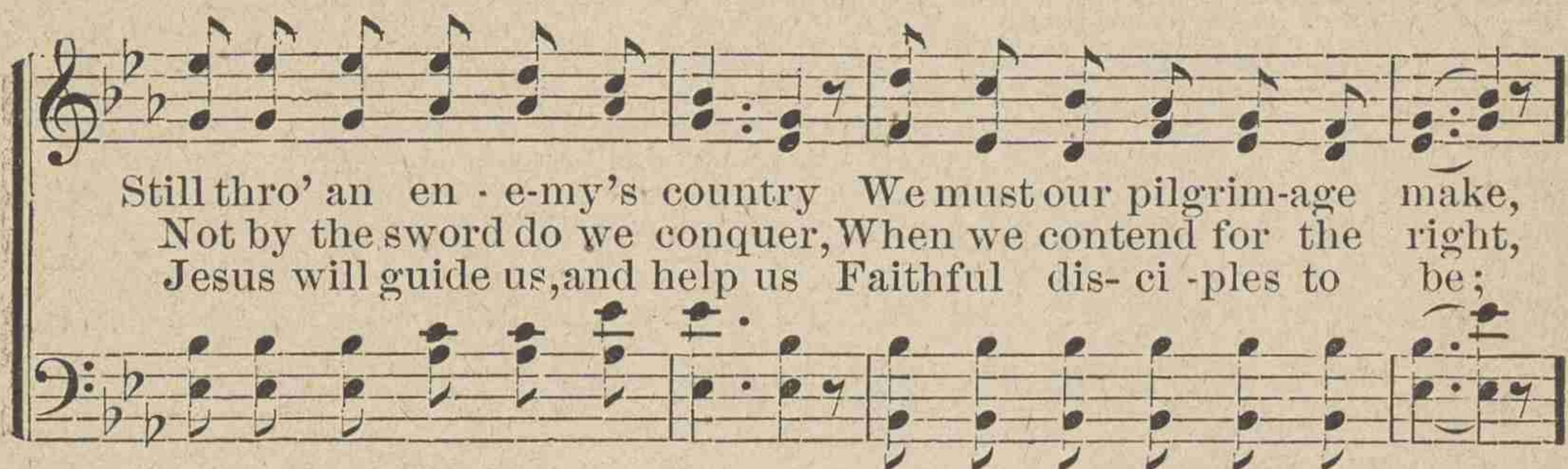
D. W. CRIST.



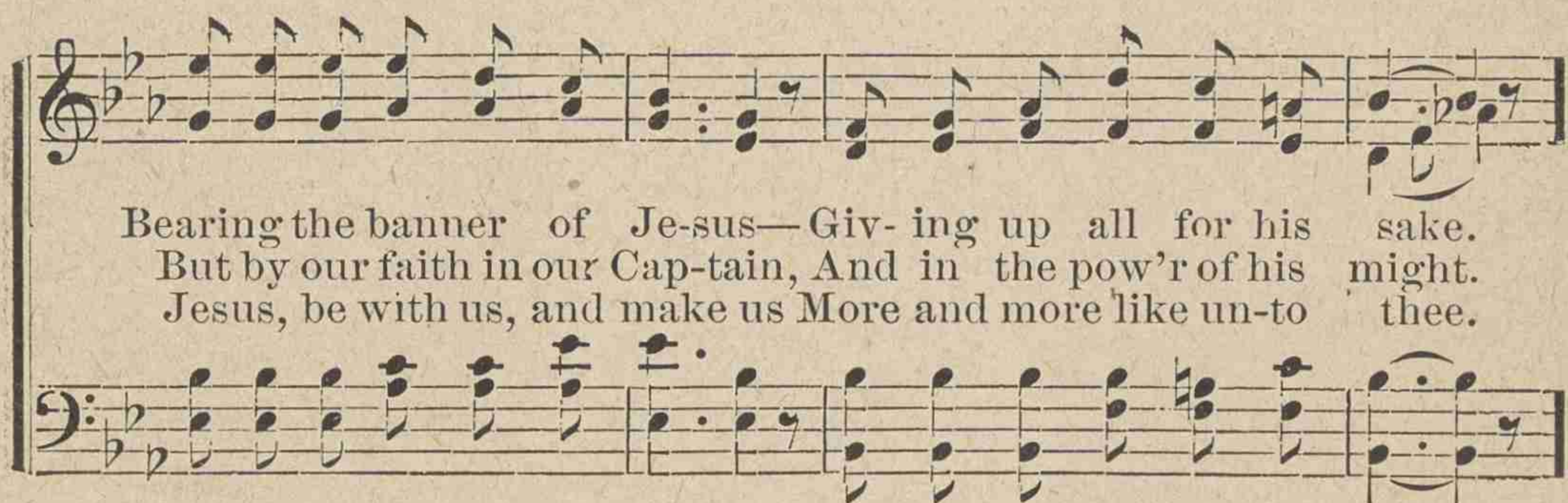
1. We are the army of Je - sus, Marching to glo - ry a - long,
2. We are the army of Je - sus, Wait - ing our Leader's com - mand,
3. We are the army of Je - sus, Striving ourselves to sub - due;



Fighting for truth and for goodness, Fighting to conquer the wrong!
Knowing if we will o - bey him, We shall the strongest with - stand.
Longing for lives that are sin - less, Longing for hearts that are true.

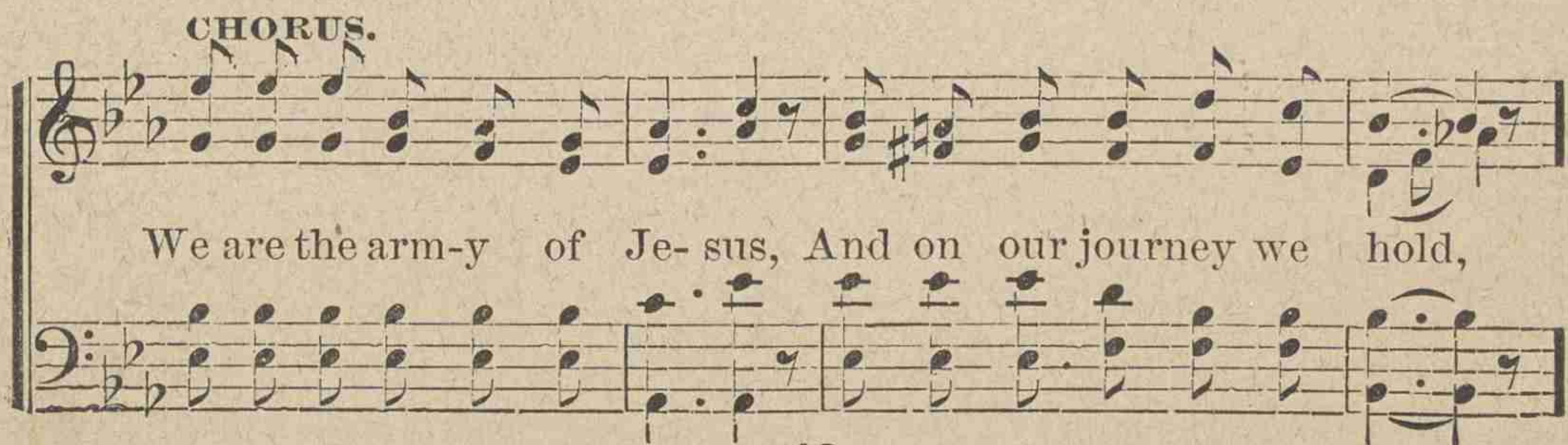


Still thro' an en - e-my's country We must our pilgrim-age make,
Not by the sword do we conquer, When we contend for the right,
Jesus will guide us, and help us Faithful dis - ci - ples to be;



Bearing the banner of Je - sus—Giv - ing up all for his sake.
But by our faith in our Cap - tain, And in the pow'r of his might.
Jesus, be with us, and make us More and more like un - to thee.

CHORUS.



We are the arm - y of Je - sus, And on our journey we hold,

THE ARMY OF JESUS. Concluded.

Seeking the heaven - ly Canaan, In the blest Bi - ble fore - told.

No. 45.

PRAISE YE THE LORD.

R. A. GLENN.

Allegretto.

1. Praise the Lord, all ye peo - ple, oh lift up your voice; Let the
 2. See the man-sions in glo - ry their por-tals un-fold, Our Re -
 3. Tho' the kingdom of earth and their splendor shall fall, Yet the
 4. To the Lord, our Cre - a - tor, sal - va - tion be-longs, Let his

CHORUS.

floods clap their hands, And the mountains rejoice.
 deemer as-cend-ing the an-gels be-hold. Hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Lord is tri umphant, he rules o - ver all.
 name be ex - alt - ed with rapture and songs.

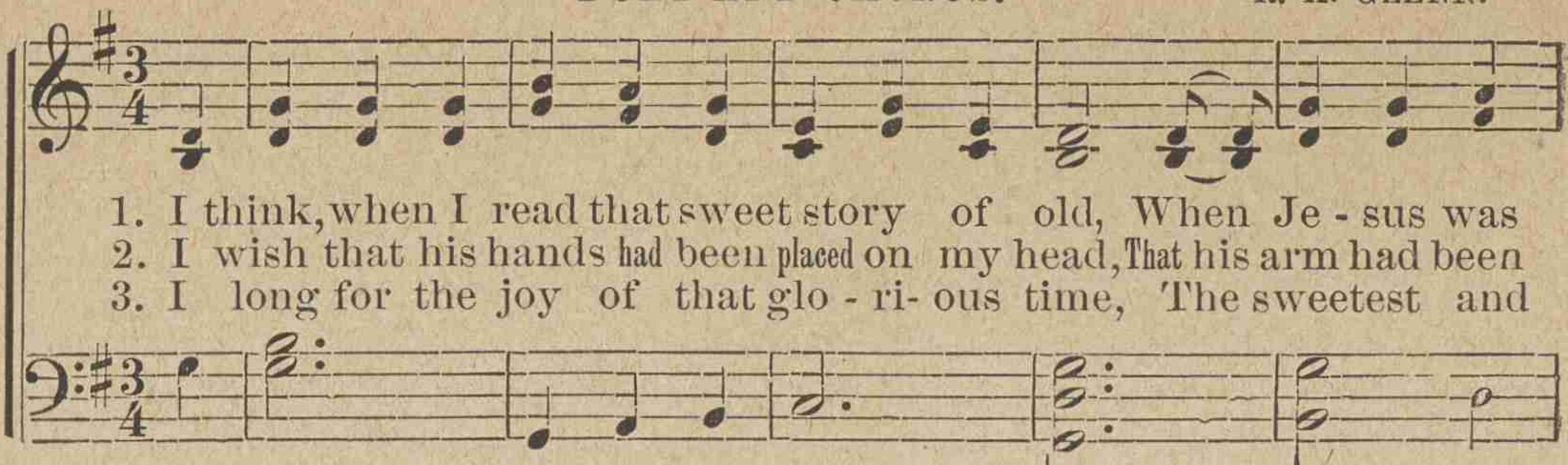
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

No. 46.

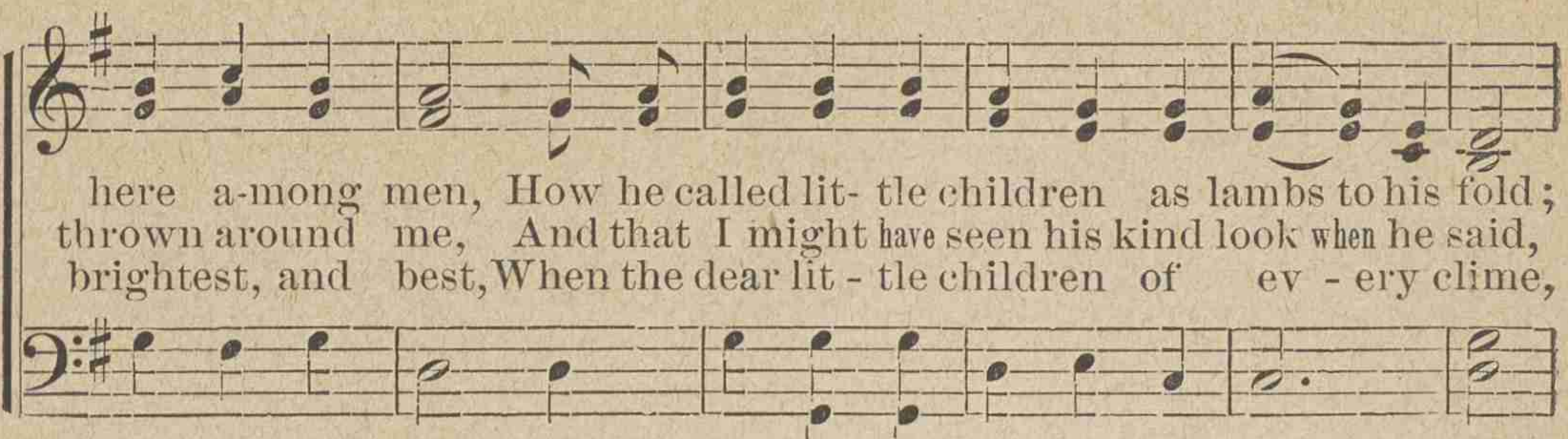
SWEET STORY.

DUET AND CHORUS.

R. A. GLENN.

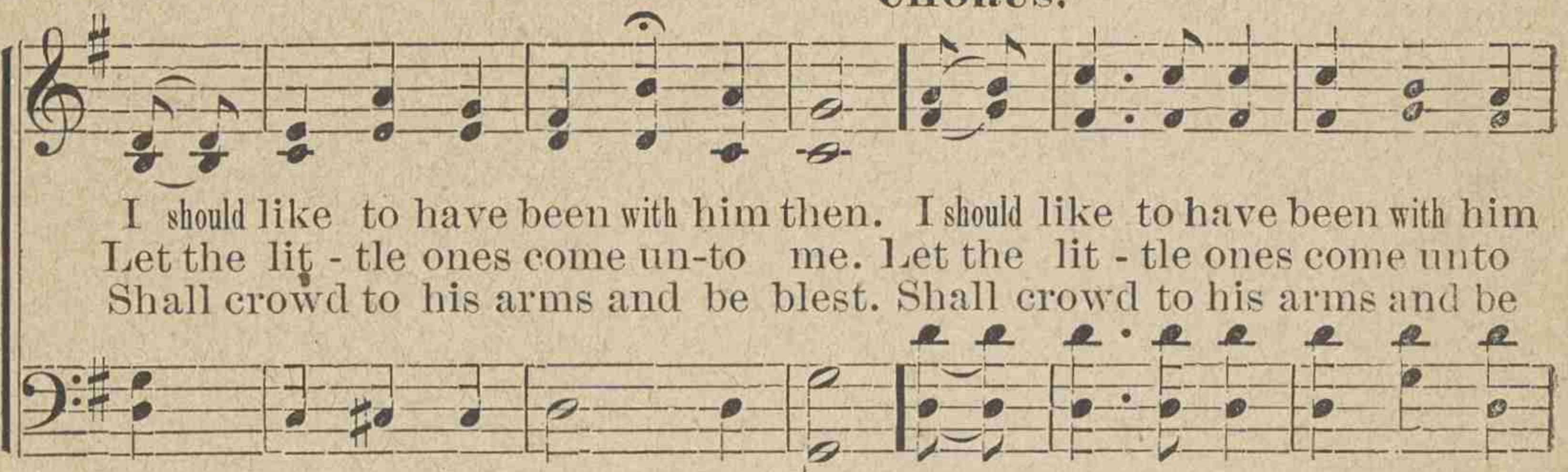


1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been
 3. I long for the joy of that glo - ri - ous time, The sweetest and

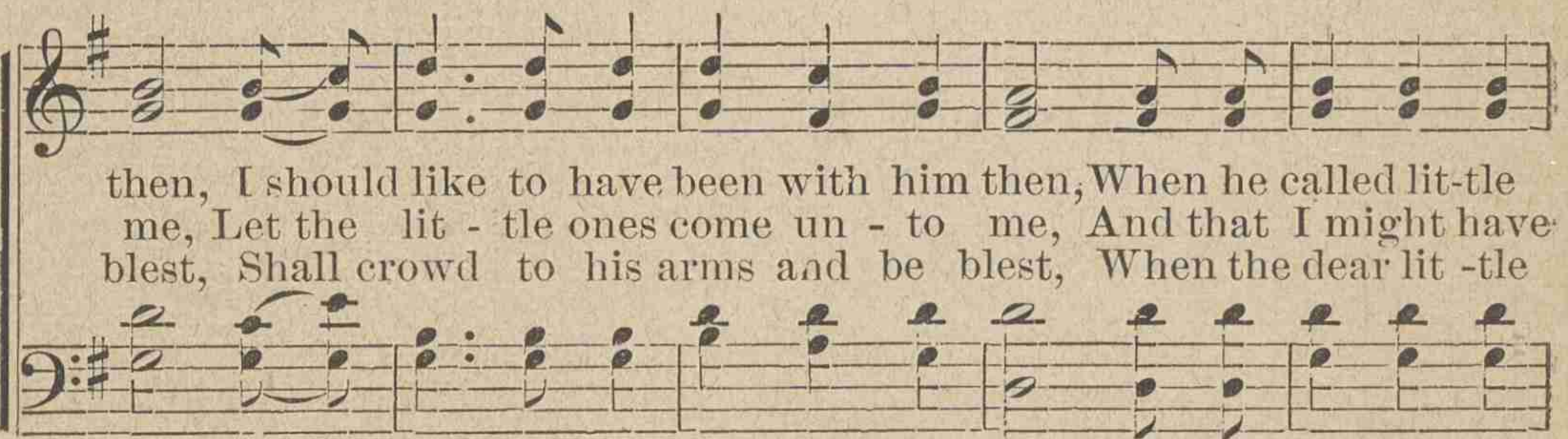


here a-mong men, How he called lit - tle children as lambs to his fold;
 thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
 brightest, and best, When the dear lit - tle children of ev - ery clime,

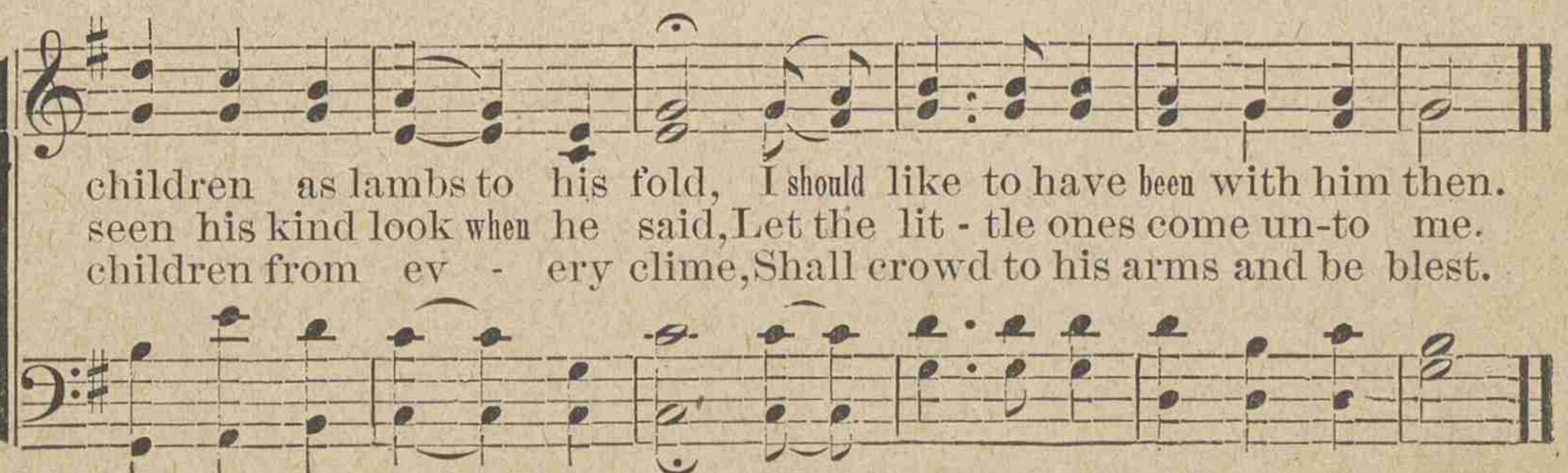
CHORUS.



I should like to have been with him then. I should like to have been with him
 Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me. Let the lit - tle ones come unto
 Shall crowd to his arms and be blest. Shall crowd to his arms and be



then, I should like to have been with him then, When he called lit - tle
 me, Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me, And that I might have
 blest, Shall crowd to his arms and be blest, When the dear lit - tle



children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.
 seen his kind look when he said, Let the lit - tle ones come un-to me.
 children from ev - ery clime, Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

INDEX.

Titles in Small Caps. First Line in Roman.

A DIADEM THERE	No. 43	LOOK UP.....	No. 38
A LITTLE LIGHT	" 34	Look up, my weary brother ...	" 38
ANCHOR BYE AND BYE.....	" 20	Look ye saints the sight.....	" 26
ANGRY WORDS.....	" 23	LORD, I AM THINE	" 7
Angry words Oh, let them, etc.	" 23	Lord, I am Thine, entirely	" 7
ARE YOU BUILDING ON THE SAND	" 22	Thine	" 7
Are you building your house,	" 10	LOVING KINDNESS	" 25
etc.....	" 22	MEMORIES OF GALILEE	" 30
Are you building on the rock?	" 25	Mine eyes have seen the glory,	" 28
Awake my soul in joyful.....	" 43	MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN...	" 35
A wreath of renown I might...	" 13	MY SAVIOUR, AS THOU WILT.....	" 24
BOW DOWN THINE EAR.....	" 13	My Saviour, as Thou wilt.....	" 24
Bow down thine ear	" 12	Off' we sing of a home, etc.....	" 14
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES	" 39	On a troubled sea we ride	" 20
CANAAN'S HAPPY LAND	" 39	ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?..	" 10
Come children, let us sweetly,	" 32	O, sometimes the shadows are	" 15
etc	" 26	deep	" 31
Come ye, that love the lord....	" 30	OUR SABBATH HOME	" 36
CROWN HIM.....	" 18	Over the valleys, hilltops, etc..	" 18
Each cooing dove is sighing...	" 3	PEACE, BE STILL	" 9
Fear was within the tossing	" 3	Pleasant is the sabbath school	" 45
bark	" 17	PRAISE YE THE LORD	" 45
FEED MY LAMBS.....	" 3	Praise the Lord all ye people..	" 8
Feed my lambs, how conde-	" 17	REAPING AS WE SOW.....	" 21
scending	" 17	ROUND THE THRONE IN GLORY,	" 21
FOR YOU AND FOR ME.....	" 28	Round the throne in glory	" 12
For you and for me.....	" 34	Sowing in the morning	" 46
GOD IS MARCHING ON.....	" 40	SWEET STORY.....	" 44
God make my life a little light,	" 40	THE ARMY OF JESUS	" 6
HEAR THE BELLS SWEETLY	" 29	THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN GATE,	" 14
RINGING.....	" 29	THE HALF IS NOT TOLD	" 2
Hear the sabbath-school bell,...	" 42	THE LAND OF PROMISE.....	" 11
I GO, DEAR LORD	" 11	THE OTHER BRIGHT SHORE.....	" 15
I hear the Saviour's gentle	" 42	THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER	" 33
voice.....	" 42	THE ROSE OF SHARON,	" 33
I KNOW NOT THE TIME	" 46	There's a rose that is blooming,	" 6
I know I shall rest where	" 9	There is a city made by God..	" 2
Jesus is.....	" 35	There is a land of promise.....	" 37
I know not the time of His....	" 36	TOILING IN THE VINEYARD.....	" 37
I think when I read, etc.....	" 1	Toiling in the vineyard	" 27
IN THE LIGHT	" 31	WALKING THE GOLDEN STREET..	" 32
In the holy hush of night	" 4	WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.....	" 8
JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.....	" 4	We are sowing, ever sowing...	" 44
JOY AND PRAISE	" 19	We are the army of Jesus	" 5
Joyfully again we meet	" 16	When tossed on the waves of	" 5
JUST WAITING.....	" 41	life's sea.....	" 27
Just waiting the summons, etc.,	" 41	WHISPER PEACE TO OUR SOULS,	" 1
KEEP STEP EVER	" 41	Who are then clothed in	" 19
LEAD ME GENTLY HOME, FATHER	" 16	With joy we hail the sacred	
Lead me gently home, Father,	" 16	day	
LET THE CHILDREN SING	" 41	Would you gain the best in	
Let the little children sing	" 41	life?	

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