THE TREBLE CLEF CHOIR

BY

GEORGE F. ROOT
AND
D. B. TOWNER.

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THE

TREBLE CLEF CHOIR.

A COLLECTION OF

Music for Female Voices.

BY

Geo. F. Root AND D. B. Towner.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

In this book, instead of putting the 1st and 2d sopranos on the first staff and the 1st and 2d altos on the second, in most of the four part songs, we put 1st soprano and 1st alto on one staff and 2d soprano and 2d alto on the other. By this plan the parts are kept more separate and are much easier to read.

As it is more difficult to play from the parts so arranged, an accompaniment is printed in which the harmony is put in the usual form with the base clef for the left hand. This is believed to be a new departure of considerable value and importance.

Take special notice of the following direction:—Play the accompaniment exactly as written. Do not play octaves in the left hand, for that would spoil the effect of the 2d alto, which is, and should be heard in almost all the chords, as the base or lowest tone. Sometimes the 2d alto is not the real base of the chord, then the instrument supplies it and it should be played.

There are some pieces in the book which should be sung without accompaniment, indeed, where the accompaniment plays only the voice parts such numbers would generally be better without accompaniment, if the parts are evenly balanced and well sung.

There are some solos, duets and trios, and some pieces where the 1st and 2d sopranos are on the same staff, and there are some pieces where the accompaniment does not exactly coincide with the voice parts, (and therefore is needed) but all those points will readily be seen.

Should Elementary Exercises be desired, a short course will be found commencing on page 176.

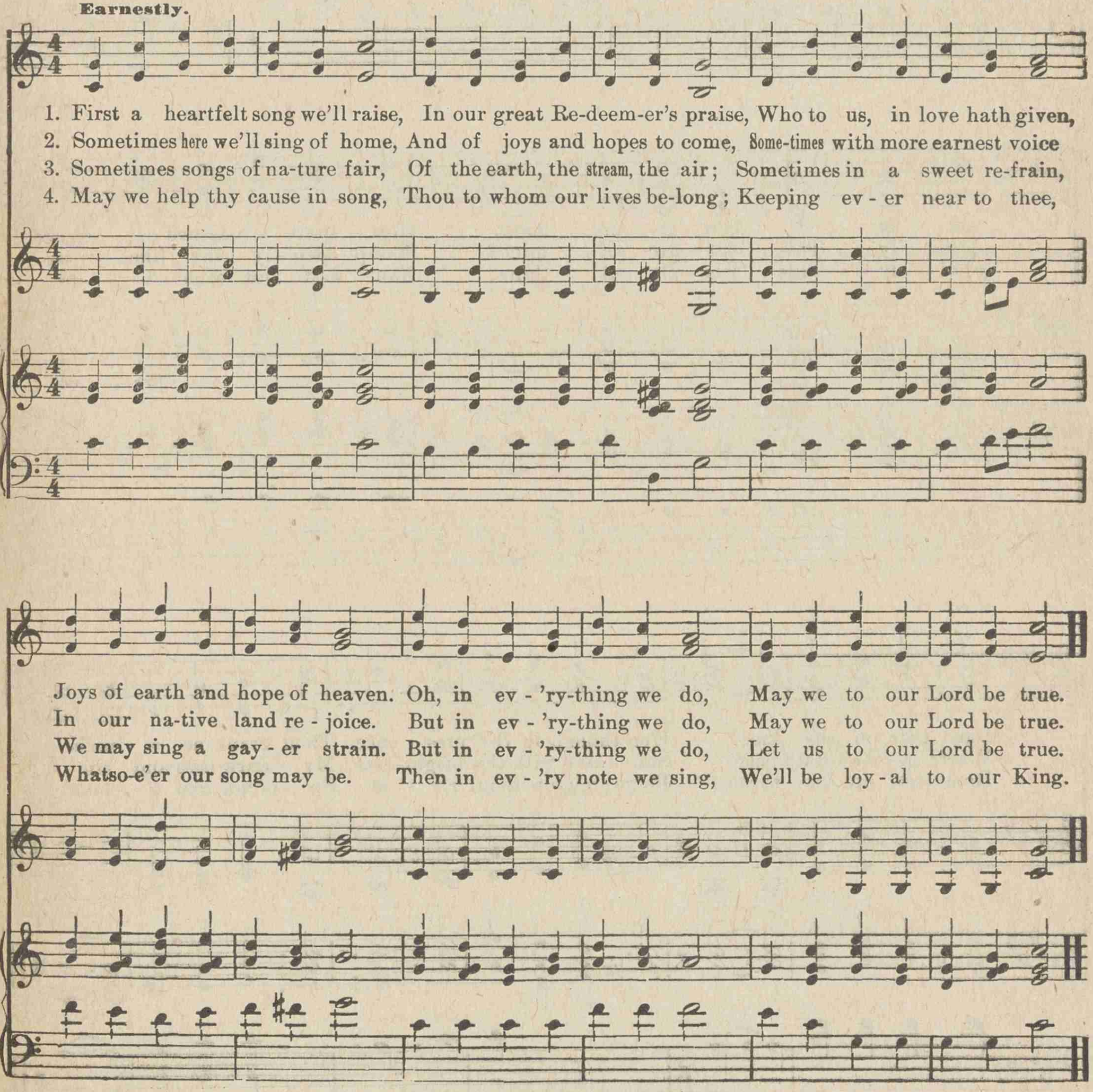
G. F. R.
D. B. T.

THE TREBLE CLEF CHOIR

FIRST A HEARTFELT SONG WE'LL RAISE.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.



1. First a heartfelt song we'll raise, In our great Re-deem-er's praise, Who to us, in love hath given,
2. Sometimes here we'll sing of home, And of joys and hopes to come, Some-times with more earnest voice
3. Sometimes songs of na-ture fair, Of the earth, the stream, the air; Sometimes in a sweet re-frain,
4. May we help thy cause in song, Thou to whom our lives be-long; Keeping ev - er near to thee,

Joys of earth and hope of heaven. Oh, in ev - 'ry-thing we do, May we to our Lord be true.
In our na-tive land re - joice. But in ev - 'ry-thing we do, May we to our Lord be true.
We may sing a gay - er strain. But in ev - 'ry-thing we do, Let us to our Lord be true.
Whatso-e'er our song may be. Then in ev - 'ry note we sing, We'll be loy - al to our King.

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4 A. J. GORDON, D.D.

HELP ME TO BE HOLY.

D. B. TOWNER. By per.

1. Help me to be ho - ly, O Fa - ther of light; Guilt bur-dened and low - ly, I bow in thy sight. How shall a stained con - science
2. Help me to be ho - ly, O Sav - ior di - vine; Why con - quer so slow - ly This nat - ure of mine? Stamp deep - ly thy like - ness
3. Help me to be ho - ly, O Spir - it di - vine; Come, sanc - ti - fy whol - ly This tem - ple of thine; Now cast out each i - dol,

Dare gaze on thy face? E'en though in thy pres - ence Thou grant me a place.
Where sa - tan's hath been, Sub - due with thy bright-ness My dark-ness and sin.
Here set up thy throne, Reign, reign without riv - al, Su - preme and a - lone.

OH, THAT MY SONG.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Oh, that my song a word might bear To cheer some soul by grief oppress—Some burdened heart bowed down with care, And point the way to home and rest.
2. Oh, that my song might find a place A - mid the gay, from care set free, And show them by thy heav'nly grace The tru - er joy of serv-ing thee. Dear Master, bless the humble strain, And to its
3. Oh, that my song a note might sound, To rouse each heart to zeal a - new, That faith may more and more a-bound, That He will bless the work we do.

CHORUS.

weakness give thy power, That some may here thy par - don gain, And ev-er bless this happy hour.

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MORNING.

J. R. MURRAY. G. F. R.

With bright, clear tones.

1. O'er the hill-top streaming,..... Lakes and riv-ers gleaming In its beams so bright,
2. Now be-fore it flee - ing,..... Hills and valleys see - ing, Greet the glowing light,
3. O - ver land and o - cean..... Earth in glad com-mo-tion, Welcomes morning beams,

See the morning light,
Sweep the shades of night,
Flow its gold - en streams,

A - wake! A - wake!

Lakes and riv - ers gleaming In its beams so bright; A - wake!.... A - wake!.... A-wake! Re-
Hills and val - leys see - ing, Greet the glowing light;
Earth in glad com - mo-tion, Welcomes morning beams; A - wake! A - wake! Re-

A - wake! A - wake!

joice in morning's light; A - wake!.. A - wake!... A-wake! Re-joice in morning's light.
joice in morning's light; A - wake! A - wake! Re-joice in morning's light.

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CAN IT BE TRUE?

REV. E. G. WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tell it a-gain; Let me hear the strange sto-ry;—Can it be true that for me Je-sus died?
2. Tell it a-gain; Let me hear it, I'm wea-ry; Wea-ry of sin, of its guilt, of its shame:—
3. Tell it a-gain; For my heart in its sad-ness Longs for the peace which you tell me he gives;
4. Tell it a-gain; I will try to be-lieve it: If it is true that for me Je-sus cares,

Did he step down from the throne of his glo-ry? Thorn-crowned, re-ject-ed, was he cru-ci-fied?
Can it be true? for sin's path-way is drea-ry, Shadowed with sor-row, with darkness, with blame.
Can it be true that for me there is gladness? Can it be true that my sins he for-gives?
Bless-ed sal-va-tion, I' now will re-ceive it; Je-sus my sin-ful-ness lov-ing-ly bears.

REFRAIN.

Yes, it is true that for thee Je-sus suffered; Yes, it is true that for thee Je-sus died.

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LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

WEBBE. Arr. by G. F. R.

Moderato.

1. Land of our Fathers! where-so-e'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home,
2. Tho' oth - er climes may brighter hopes ful - fill Land of our birth! we ev - er love thee still!

Peace and pros - per - i - ty on thy sons at - tend . . Down to pos - ter - i - ty their
Heav'n shield our hap - py home, from each hos-tile band, . . Free - dom and plen - ty ev - er

CHORUS.

in - flu-ence de-scend. All then in - vit - ing, hearts and voic- es join - ing, Sing we in har - mo-
crown our na-tive land.

ny our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land.

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TURN NOT AWAY.

G. F. R.

G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Turn not a - way from the heav'n-ly word, Spurn not the mes - sage your ears have heard;
2. "Come un - to me," hear his voice once more Ech - o - ing clear from the shin - ing shore:
3. Glad-ness and wel-come would fill each heart If you would choose now the bet - ter part;

But yield your heart to the Sav - ior's care And in his ser - vice and his glo - ry share.
"Come un - to me and I'll give you rest, Poor wea - ry wand'rer, come, be ev - er blest.
While in the pres-ence of Christ our King, An - gels their an-thems joy - ful - ly would sing.

CHORUS.

Long he has wait - ed, Long he has striv'n, Time af - ter time this mes - sage he's giv'n;

Hear now and heed it with heart bowed down And o'er the Cross, see the gold - en Crown.

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THE LORD'S BIRTHDAY.

The questions and answers may be sung by two sections, or by solo and chorus, or by all together.

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. G. F. ROOT.

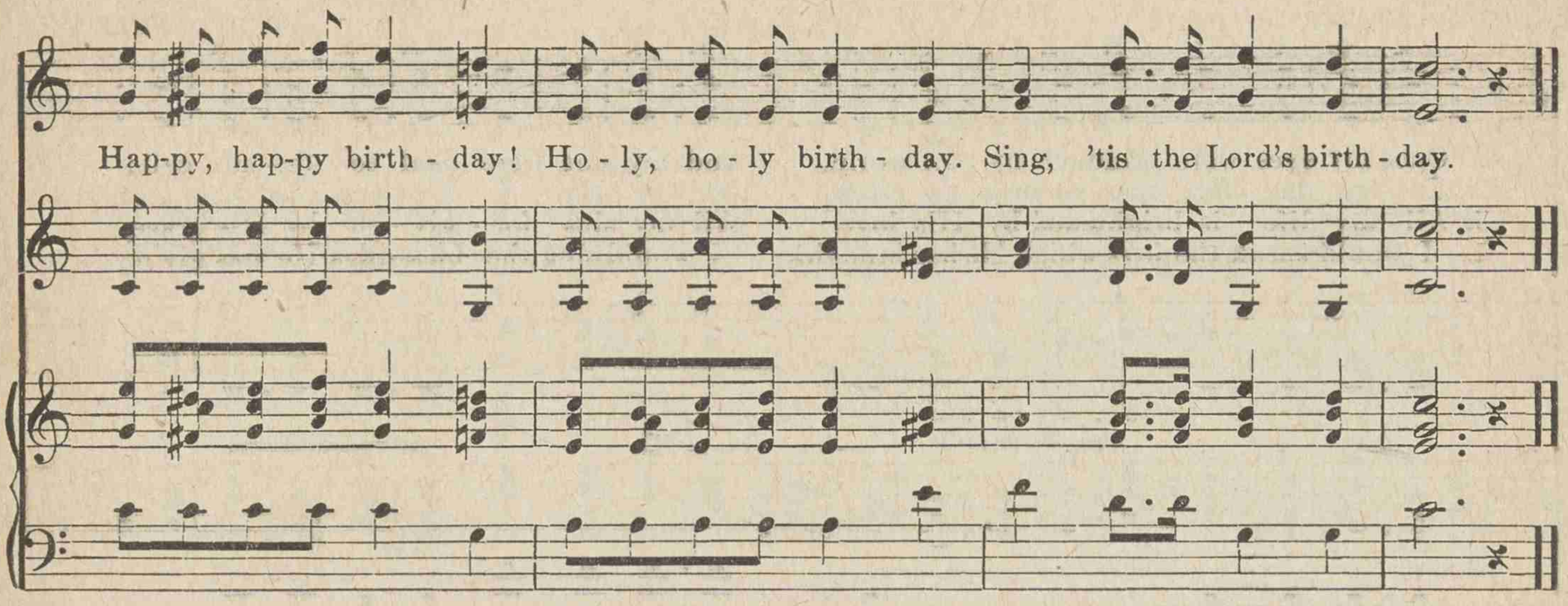
1. Why ring the bells such a glad - some peal? 'Tis to wel - come the Lord's birth - day.
2. What is the joy of this fes - tive morn? 'Tis the joy of the Lord's birth - day.
3. What makes the bless - ing of giv - ing more? 'Tis the gift of the Lord's birth - day.

Why at his feet do we hum - bly kneel? 'Tis to pray on the Lord's birth - day.
What is the love in our hearts so warm? 'Tis the love of the Lord's birth - day.
Why do our thoughts up to heav - en soar? 'Tis the pow'r of the Lord's birth - day.

CHORUS.

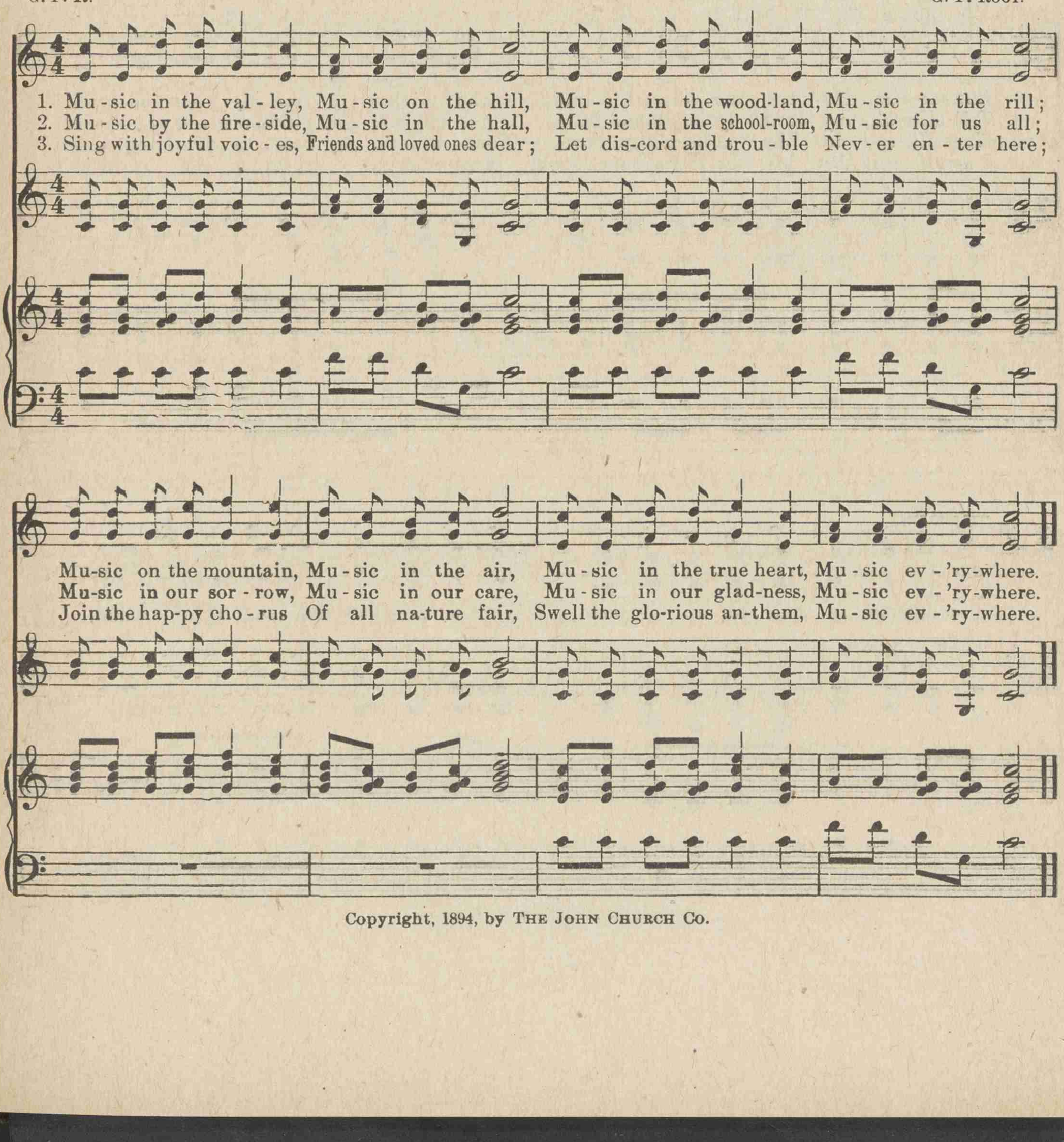
Hap-py, hap-py birth-day! Ho - ly, ho - ly birth-day. Sing, 'tis the Lord's birth-day. oh,

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MUSIC EVERYWHERE.

G. F. R. G. F. Root.



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I WILL TELL TO ALL AROUND.

ELLA LAUDER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Once my eyes were blind-ed by the world, And my ears were deaf to Je - sus' call;
2. Ev - 'ry day His mer - cy more ap- pears, Ev -'ry day I love and trust Him more;
3. All my life is brightened by His love, All my sins for - giv - en by His grace,
4. I would speak the joys which He has brought, I would sing the bless-ings He has giv'n;

But at last His ten - der voice I heard, And to Him I free - ly yield - ed all.
Tell Him all my earth - ly hopes and fears, Ask His help and guid-ance o'er and o'er.
Since His spir - it like a heav'n-ly dove, Found with-in my heart a dwell- ing place.
I would pray that all who Christ have sought, May re-ceive a crown of life in heav'n.

CHORUS.

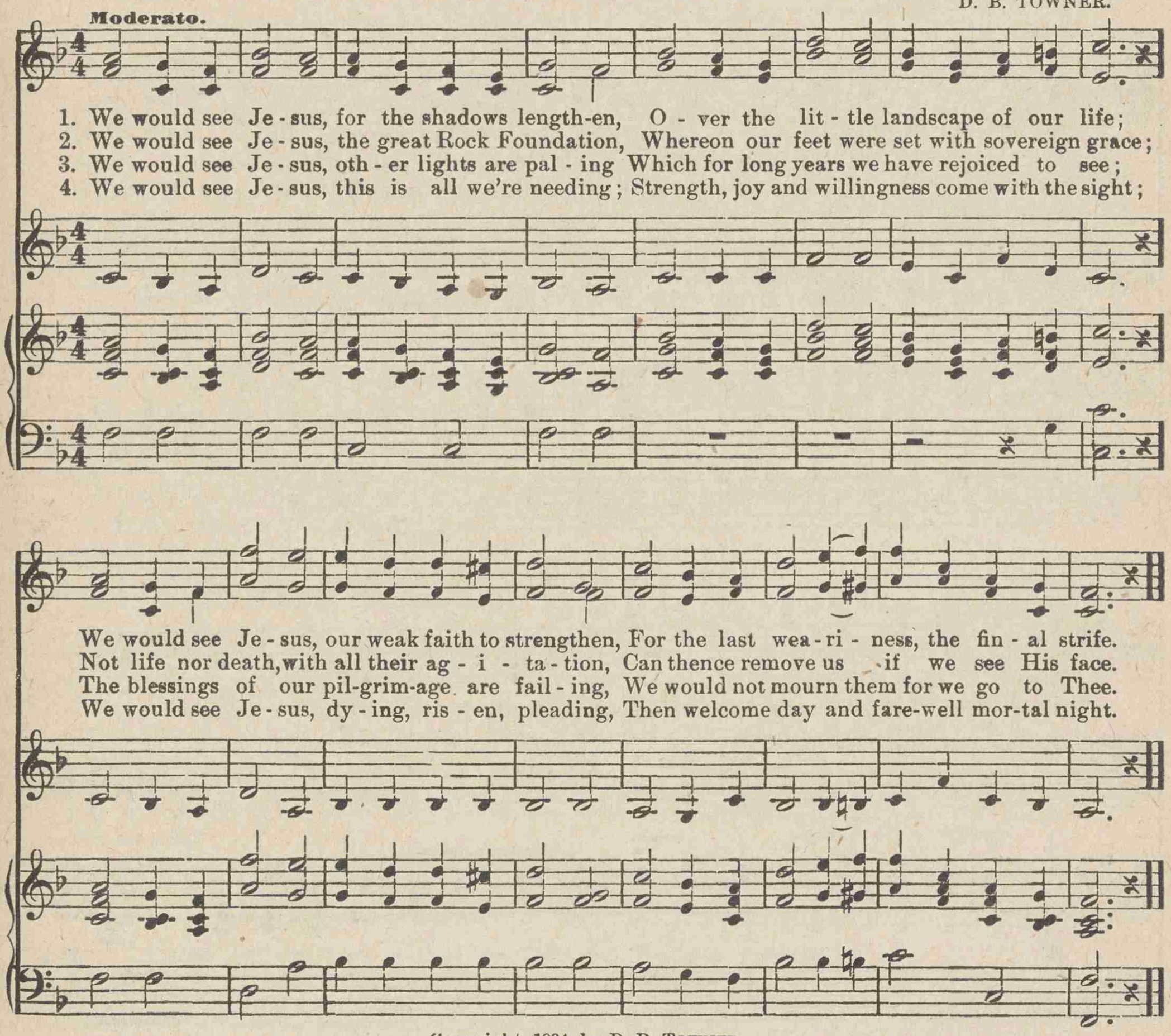
I will bold - ly tell to all a - round, What a pre-cious Sav-iour I have found,

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WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

D. B. TOWNER.



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DRIFTING AWAY.

A. A. BARRETT. GEO, F. ROOT.

1. We are drift - ing a - way on an unknown sea, To the mist-clad shores of e-
2. Oh! the sea sparkles bright in the morn of life, How the glad waves laugh in their
3. We may float for a time by some friendly sail, We may an - swer back to their

ter - ni - ty, And our seaward progress no pow'r can stay; We must drift, we must drift a - way.
sportive strife! But no seabound bark on its course may stay; We must drift, we must drift a - way.
cheery hail; But the breeze blows strong and we may not stay; We must drift, we must drift a - way.

Drift, drift a-way, We must drift, drift, a-way, Swift - ly a-way to e - ter - ni - ty,
E - ter-ni-ty,

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To the dis - tant shore 'mid the mists so gray, We must drift, we must drift a - way.

TILL HE COME.

W. S. MARTIN. Arr. by D. B. T. By per.

1. On - ly a few more burdens must we car - ry, In heat and toil beneath the scorching sun; On - ly a lit - tle longer must we tar - ry, A lit - tle long - er till He come.
2. On - ly a few more days of life's dark journey, Thro' des - ert wilds un - til the day is done; On - ly a few more dreary scenes of con - flict, A few more marches till He come.
3. On - ly a lit - tle long - er must we wan - der, Be - fore the ris - ing of the glorious sun; On - ly a lit - tle longer till the morn-ing, A lit - tle long - er till He come.
4. On - ly a lit - tle long - er glad - ly wait - ing, In ser - vice sweet, till ends this day of grace; On - ly a lit - tle longer, bless-ed prom - ise, We then shall see Him face to face.

THE LITTLE SPRING.

G. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1. A lit - tle spring had lost its way A - mong the grass and fern; A pass-ing stran - ger
2. He passed a - gain, and lo! the well By sum - mer nev - er dried, Had cooled ten thousand
3. A name-less man a - mid the crowd That throng'd the dai-ly mart, Let fall some words of
4. A whis - per on the tumult thrown, A tran - si - to - ry breath—It raised a broth - er

scooped a well, Where wea - ry man might turn. He walled it in and hung with care A
parching tongues, And saved a life be - side. O germ! O fount! O word of love! O
hope and love, Un - stud - ied from the heart. O germ! O fount! O word of love! O
from the dust, It saved a soul from death. O germ! O fount! O word of love! O

la - dle at its brink, He tho't but this, in what he did: "The thirst-y here may drink."
tho't at ran-dom cast! Ye were but lit - tle at the first, But might-y at the last.
tho't at ran-dom cast! Ye were but lit - tle at the first, But might-y at the last.
tho't at ran-dom cast! Ye were but lit - tle at the first, But might-y at the last.

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R. S. T. G. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. The clouds that fly thro' the summer sky On wings of snow-y white—The winds that glide down the
2. The waves that sweep o'er the mighty deep In tu-mult long and loud—The lightning's star as it
3. And shall the sea and the clouds be free, And all the roll-ing waves—Shall na-ture sing such a

mountain side, With footsteps soft and light—The birds that pour their chorals forth From ev'ry nodding
leaps a-far, From scudding cloud to cloud—With nature's or-gan, thunder, join The anthem of the
glorious hymn And man be will-ing slaves? Let thousand voic-es answer "no!" Till ev-'ry rock and

tree U-nite to sing with thankful heart, "God made all na-ture free, God made all na-ture free."
sea, And chant in chorus deep and grand, "God made all na-ture free, God made all na-ture free."
tree Shall ech-o back the glorious strain, "God made all na-ture free, God made all na-ture free."

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CALLING THE LOST ONE.

G. F. R. G. F. Root.

Andantino.

1. Lone-ly wan-d'rer, a-far from the ten-der Shepherd's care, On the mount-ain so bleak and cold (so cold), Fly to him who will shield you from ev-'ry dan-ger there, And will
2. Thro' the steep mountain pathways how pa-tient-ly he seeks, While the rocks ech-o back his plea (his plea), Can you still wan-der on while that voice in mer-cy speaks, Say-ing,
3. But the time soon may come when you'll hear his voice no more, If you cease not his love to spurn (to spurn), Then no arm there can save you, tho' wea-ry, weak and sore; To the

CHORUS.

bear you safe-ly to the fold. Oh, hear him call-ing now, oh, hear him call-ing now, Ye
"Come, poor lost one, come to me."
fold you nev-er can re-turn. Oh, hear him call-ing, oh, hear him call-ing,

wand'rers on the mount-ain cold (bleak and cold), Fly to him who will shield you from

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ev - 'ry dan-ger there, And will bear you safe - ly to the fold.

THERE'S A MONITOR WITHIN.

G. F. R.

G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. There's a mon - i - tor with-in, Ev - er watch-ful, ev - er true, With a read - y word to
2. If you take your wil - ful way And the tempter's hand is near, Stop and list - en while you
3. To this se - cret friend give ear, From his call turn not a - way, Be your on - ly dread and

REFRAIN.

guide, In the course we should pursue.
may, To the lov - ing accents clear. 'Tis the still small voice of the Lord, In the
fear, His re - quest to dis - o - bey.

conscience he has giv'n, Stif - le not the warning word Sent to point the way to heav'n.

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COME UNTO ME.

E. W. DENISON. D. B. TOWNER, by per.

1. Our life is war - fare; conflict nev - er cea-sing. Day af - ter day to struggle for the right,
2. Oh, ye that la - bor and are hea-vy la - den, With long-ing heart and gloomy fear op-pressed,
3. Re-membered guilt and fear-ful look-ing forward, All, all shall van - ish when that voice we hear;

Rall.

But ev - er thro' the tu - mult and the striv - ing, We hear a voice that cheers us in the fight.
To you he calls, in voice of heavenly sweet-ness, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."
Our sins he car - ries and doth bear our sor - rows, Oh, lis - ten now! he speaks in ac - cents clear.

CHORUS.

Come un-to me, . . . Come un-to me, ... Oh, weary soul, Come un-to me and rest.
Come un-to me, Come un-to me,

DON'T FRET.

G. F. B.

Moderato.

1. Has a neighbor in-jured you? Don't fret, don't fret. With no rea-son so to do, Don't
2. Has a false re-port been made? Don't fret, don't fret. Do you fear it will de-grade? Don't
3. Are your en - e - mies at work? Don't fret, don't fret, Do they still in se - cret lurk? Don't

fret, don't fret, You will sure come off the best, He's the most to an-swer for, Nev-er
fret, don't fret, It will run it - self to death, If you let it quite a - lone, It will
fret, don't fret, They can harm you not a whit, If they find you heed them not, They will

mind it, let him rest, With his bet - ter counsel - lor. Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.
die for want of breath, Or the falsehood will be shown, Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.
soon be glad to quit, And their e - vil ways for-got. Don't fret, don't fret, don't fret.

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PERFECT PEACE AND REST.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. D. B. TOWNER.

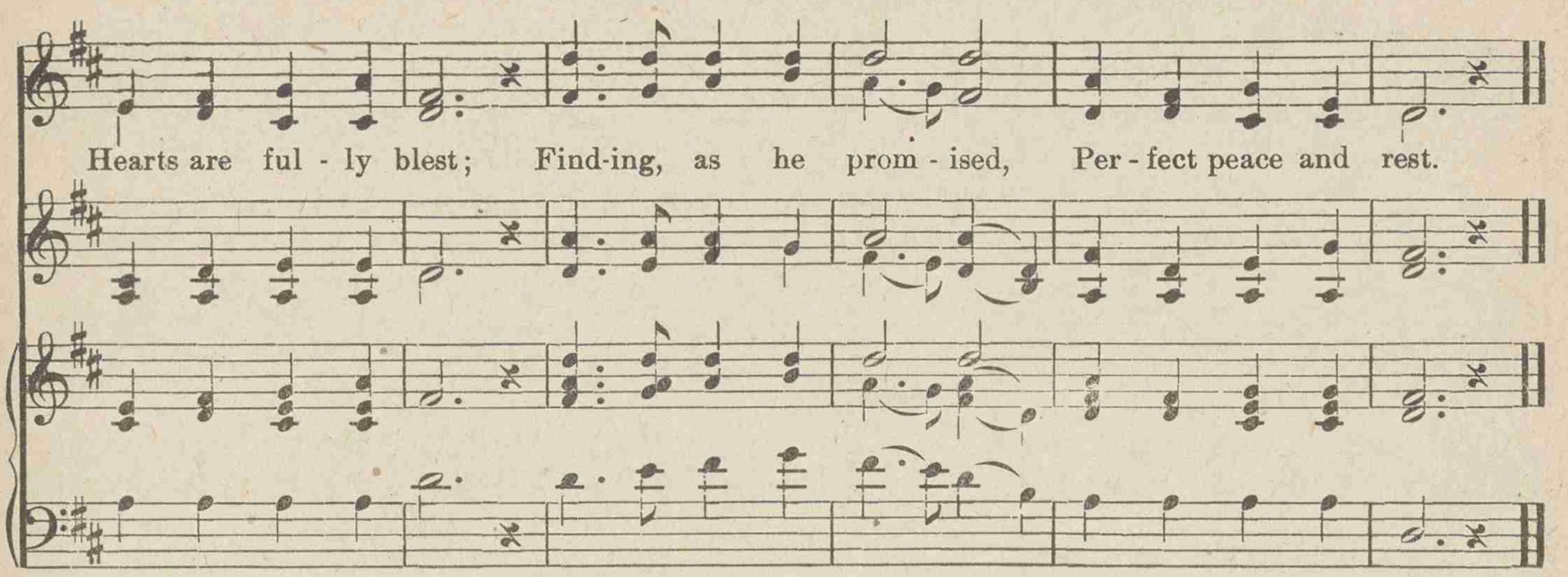
1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, Ov - er all vic - to - rious
2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of his bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can fol - low,
3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fal - leth from a - bove, Traced up - on our di - al

In its bright increase; Per - fect yet it flow - eth Ful - ler ev - 'ry day.
Nev - er trait - or stand; Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a shade of care,
By the Sun of Love. We must trust him ful - ly, All for us to do,

CHORUS.

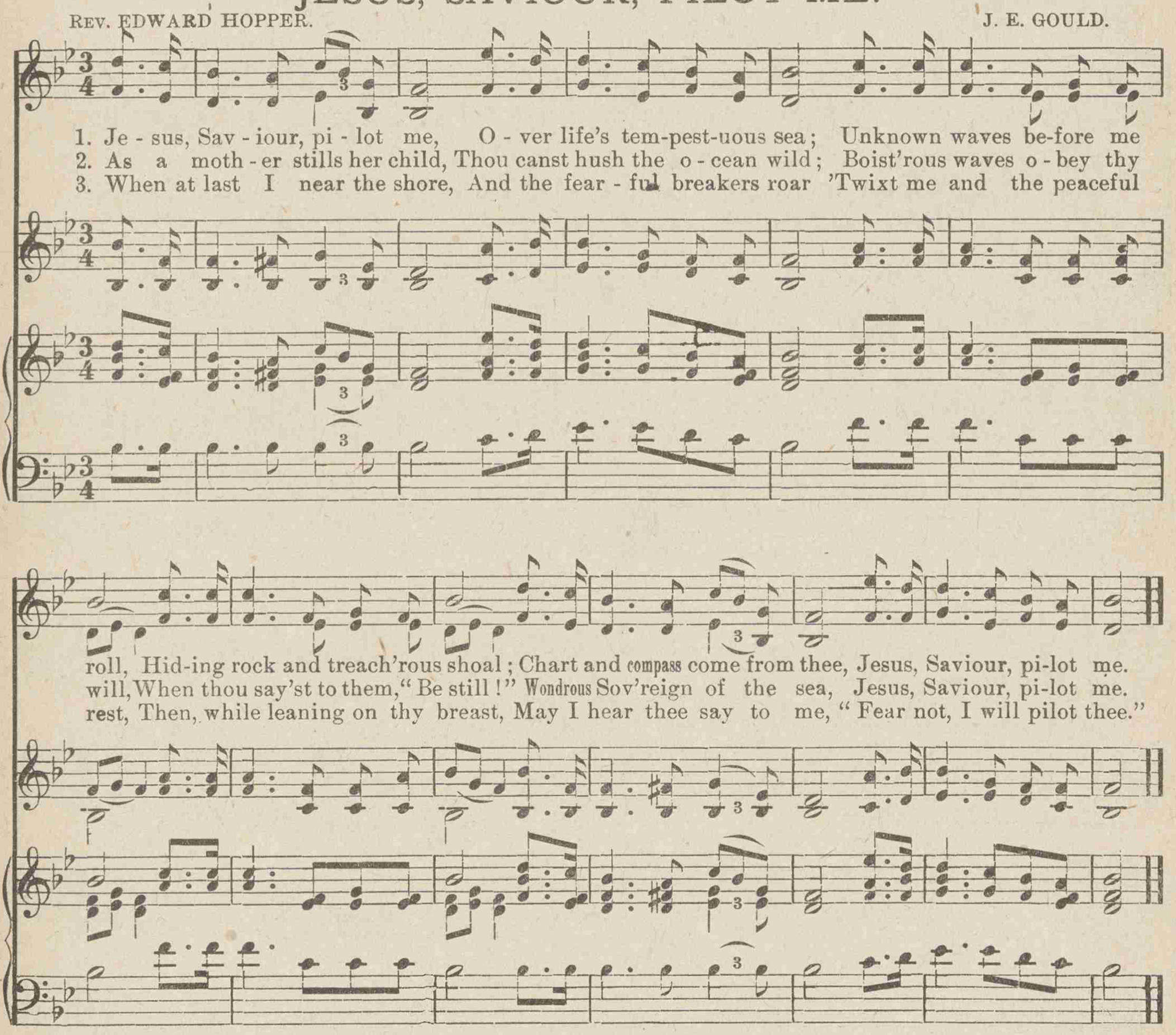
Perfect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,
They who trust him whol - ly, Find him whol - ly true.

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JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.



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ALWAYS SINGING.

G. F. ROOT

Moderato.

1. At my work I'm al-ways sing - ing, Tho' the day be cold and long, For my heart's so full of mu - sic That I can - not stop my song.
2. I am sing - ing of the sunshine, Tho' the sky is dull and gray; I am sing-ing of the flow - ers, All the chil - ly win - ter day. I am sing-ing (yes) I'm singing, Tho' the na - ture, 'Mid the win-ter's sul - len gloom.
3. I am sing - ing of the gar - den,—Of the ros - es there in bloom,—Of a thousand things in

CHORUS.

and long

days be cold, be cold and long, For my heart's so full of mu - sic, That I can-not stop my song.

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G. F. R.

Moderato.

1. Mer - ri - ly the sunbeams, Shimmer o'er the mead-ow, Fit - ful - ly the wat - er
2. When the fall - ing snow-flakes, Cov - er up the flow - ers, When the wat - er rip - ples
3. Hear the mer - ry chil - dren, Laughing in the snow-drift, See the har - dy coast - ers

Sparkles in the rill; Cheer - i - ly the bee hums 'Mid the sum-mer flow - ers,
In the ice are still, Then the lit - tle snow - bird Whistles on the fence rail,
Slid - ing down the hill; Ev - 'ry one is joy - ful, All the world are say - ing,

Hap-pi - ness is ev - 'ry-where for him who will, is ev - 'ry-where for him who will.

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GOD BLESS YOU.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. God bless you till we meet a - gain, And gent - ly hide you 'neath his wing;
2. 'Tis sweet to min - gle here be - low, In pray'r and praise and grate-ful song;
3. There is a bright-er, rich - er thought, That tin - ges life with pur - est gold;

Then may your hours be filled with joy, While in your heart his prais - es sing.
'Tis sweet our fel - low-ship to know, And to God's peo-ple here be - long.
Some day we'll meet to part no more, Some day we'll join the heav'n - ly fold.

CHORUS.

God bless you, God bless you,
God keep and bless you, God keep and bless you, Bless and keep you, till we meet a - gain.
Keep you till we meet a -

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God bless you, God bless you,

God keep and bless you, God keep and bless you, Bless and keep you till we meet a - gain.

gain,

THE KINGDOM OF SONG.

G. F. R. G. F. Root.

Allegretto.

1. Who will be - long to the king-dom of song? Let ev - 'ry heart in the wor-ship-ing throng
2. Who will be - long to the king-dom of song? Ev - 'ry brave heart who would bat - tle with wrong,
3. Who will be - long to the king-dom of song? Would you for God, home and coun-try be strong,

Glad - ly be one in the king-dom of song, Glad - ly be one in the king-dom of song.
Let him find strength in the king-dom of song, Let him find strength in the king-dom of song.
Haste to the wide spreading king-dom of song, Haste to the wide spreading king-dom of song.

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JESUS IS KNOCKING.

T. H. A. T. H. ATKINSON, arr.

1. The Sav - ior has come to a - bide with thee, Wea - ry one, worn by sin; He stand-eth out -
2. The Sav - ior a feast has pre-pared for thee, Hun - gry one, starved by sin; Then o - pen the
3. A sur-cease from sor-row the Sav - ior brings, Glad - less one, bowed by sin; Re - sist not His
4. The Sav - ior may turn from thy door a - way, Care - less one court - ing sin; If long - er you

side of thy bolt - ed door, Oh, o - pen and let Him in. List-en, Knocking,
door of thy heart just now, And let the dear Sav - ior in.
ef - fort to suc - cor thee, But hast - en and let Him in.
lin - ger with Sa-tan's throng, Arouse, then, and let Him in. List-en, Knocking,

CHORUS.

Je-sus is knocking, oh, bid Him come in; Listen, Knocking, Bid the dear Sav-ior come in.
Listen, Knocking,

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G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Now is the time! Now is the time! Re-peat - ed a - gain and a - gain From out of the
2. Now is the time! Now is the time! How earnest the heav - en - ly call! The joy of the
3. Now is the time! Now is the time! This mer-ci - ful sum-mons at - tend; His ser - vice is

CHORUS.

Ho - ly of Ho - lies, The word of the Sav - ior to men.
Sav - ior a-waits you, If you will but make Him your all. No of - fer is made for to-morrow, 'Tis
gladness in this world, And bliss in the world with-out end.

ev-er and always to - day; Be warned of the dan-ger and sorrow, That come to the souls that de-lay.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S PATH.

E. W. J. G. F. ROOT.

1. Brighter, and brighter it grows ev - 'ry day! Bet - ter, and bet - ter, each step of the way!
2. Oh! what a joy to be liv - ing to - day! Flowers of hope here be-strew-ing our way!
3. Those who have known thee, a - lone know the bliss, Ah! that so ma - ny the hap - pi - ness miss—

Fair - er and clear-er, the pure sky a - bove, Near-er and sweeter, the dear songs of love!
Ros - es, and lil - ies of prom-ise, in bloom, Rainbows, en - cir-cling the a - ges to come;
Turn from life's riv - er, and Cit - y of Gold, For bro- ken cis-terns, that nothing will hold,

Peace like a full riv - er flow-ing a - long, Hid - ing for ev - er the a - ges of wrong,
Oh! blessed Lord, what a por- tion di - vine, Art thou to him who can say *Thou art mine*;
Yet nought dear Sav- ior, can rob us of joy— Far a - bove an - y - thing earth can de - stroy;

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Bu - ry - ing deep-ly, be - neath its calm breast, Warfare, and strife, that have robbed us of rest.
In sweet sur - ren- der, and joy - ful re - pose, Thou dost o'er-come in Him all dreaded foes.
Our treasures hidden! and laid up a - bove, Safe with our Lord, in His kingdom of love.

DO YOUR BEST.

From M. A. K. G. F. R.

Moderato.

1. All a - long the for - est dim Ris - es one tri - umph- al hymn; With no thought of
2. Bird and flow'r and mountain stream In the sun- light glance and gleam; North and south and
3. One and all, then let us see, Tho' we may not might - y be, That we keep high

fear op - prest Ev - 'ry song - ster does his best, Ev - 'ry song - ster does his best.
east and west, Small and great, all do their best, Small and great, all do their best.
heav'ns be - hest, And in all things do our best, And in all things do our best.

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BE SILENT AND HEAR.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

1. Be si - lent and hear what the Lord will speak, He has a mes - sage for ev - 'ry one;
2. Be si - lent and wait for the "still small voice," Its hea-v'nly message your soul may hear;
3. Oh, hear, tho' his words should a-wake your fears, And doubts and darkness be - set your way;

It may be of warn - ing, it may be of peace, It may be "Thy will be done."
Oh, turn not a - way from its pre - cious word, That voice is your Sav - ior near.
Be guid - ed by him and the morn - ing will come, The morn of a bright - er day.

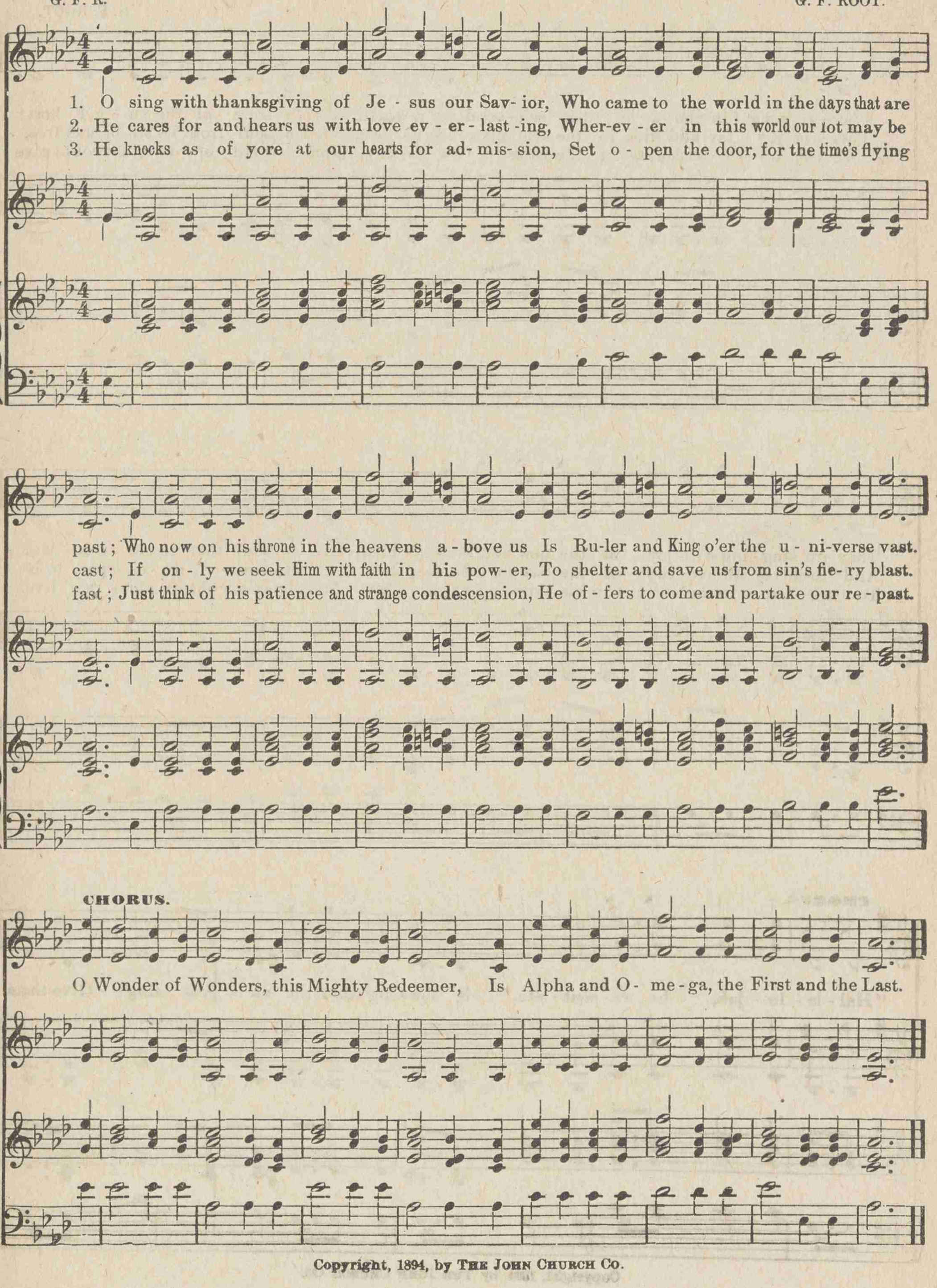
REFRAIN.

Bow down be-fore the Lord, his gracious presence seek, Bow down, be si - lent and hear what he will speak.

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ALPHA AND OMEGA.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.



1. O sing with thanksgiving of Je - sus our Sav- ior, Who came to the world in the days that are
2. He cares for and hears us with love ev - er - last -ing, Wher-ev - er in this world our lot may be
3. He knocks as of yore at our hearts for ad- mis- sion, Set o - pen the door, for the time's flying

past ; Who now on his throne in the heavens a - bove us Is Ru-ler and King o'er the u - ni-verse vast.
cast ; If on - ly we seek Him with faith in his pow- er, To shelter and save us from sin's fie- ry blast.
fast ; Just think of his patience and strange condescension, He of - fers to come and partake our re - past.

CHORUS.

O Wonder of Wonders, this Mighty Redeemer, Is Alpha and O - me - ga, the First and the Last.

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THERE'S A SONG IN THE HEAVENS.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

1. There's a song in the heav'ns, and it ech - oes down to earth, 'Tis the song of the an - gel host;
2. There is joy far and wide in the heav'nly courts a - bove, When a soul from its sin breaks free,
3. If you on - ly would come to the Bless-ed One to - day, What a thrill of delight 'twould give

They are sing - ing with joy at the new and heav'nly birth Of a soul that in sin was lost.
And re-solves to ac - cept of the Sav-ior's bless-ed love, And his faith - ful dis - ci - ple to be.
To the dear ones on earth who his lov - ing words o - bey, And the saints who in glo - ry live.

CHORUS.

"Hal - le - lu - jah, he re - pent - eth," is the song that the an - gels sing; Give them

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joy, O be-lov - ed, and let them welcome you to the ranks of the heav'n-ly King.

FOREST ECHOES.

Let four clear, true voices in another room repeat each "echo" and the last line, shutting themselves up until the imitation is correct. The last echo should commence a little before the Chorus finish their last word.

G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. A-long the path of the dim old wood I strayed in the dew-y dawn And heard far a-
2. They floated down thro' the list'ning aisles Like tones from a sil-ver dream, From realms far a-
3. And ev-er-more thro' the si-lent march, Where life's bu-sy moments throng, I hear far a-

way in the si-lent shade The ech-oes of the morn. Ech-o, ech-o, ech-o sweet, good-bye.
way where there was no grief, By life's un-ruf-fled stream. Ech-o, ech-o, ech-o sweet, good-bye.
way in the qui-et shade, Those dis-tant notes of song. Ech-o, ech-o, ech-o sweet, good-bye.

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THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

Soli. Gently. 1st. 2d. Tutti.

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

Soli. Tutti.

1st. 2d.

p

red ..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool. Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
great ..... com-pass - ion, And of won-drous love. Hear the voice that entreats you,
Me ..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord, your God. He'll for-give your transgressions,

Soli p Soli p

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

p

Tutti f Ritard.

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

Tutti f

f p Ritard.

SOME SWEET DAY.

A. H. FRENCH. D. B. TOWNER. By per.

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

fold Heaven's splendors, yet un - told, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
slain, Christ was dead but lives a - gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
where, Oh, the bliss of o - ver there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.

HER MISSION.

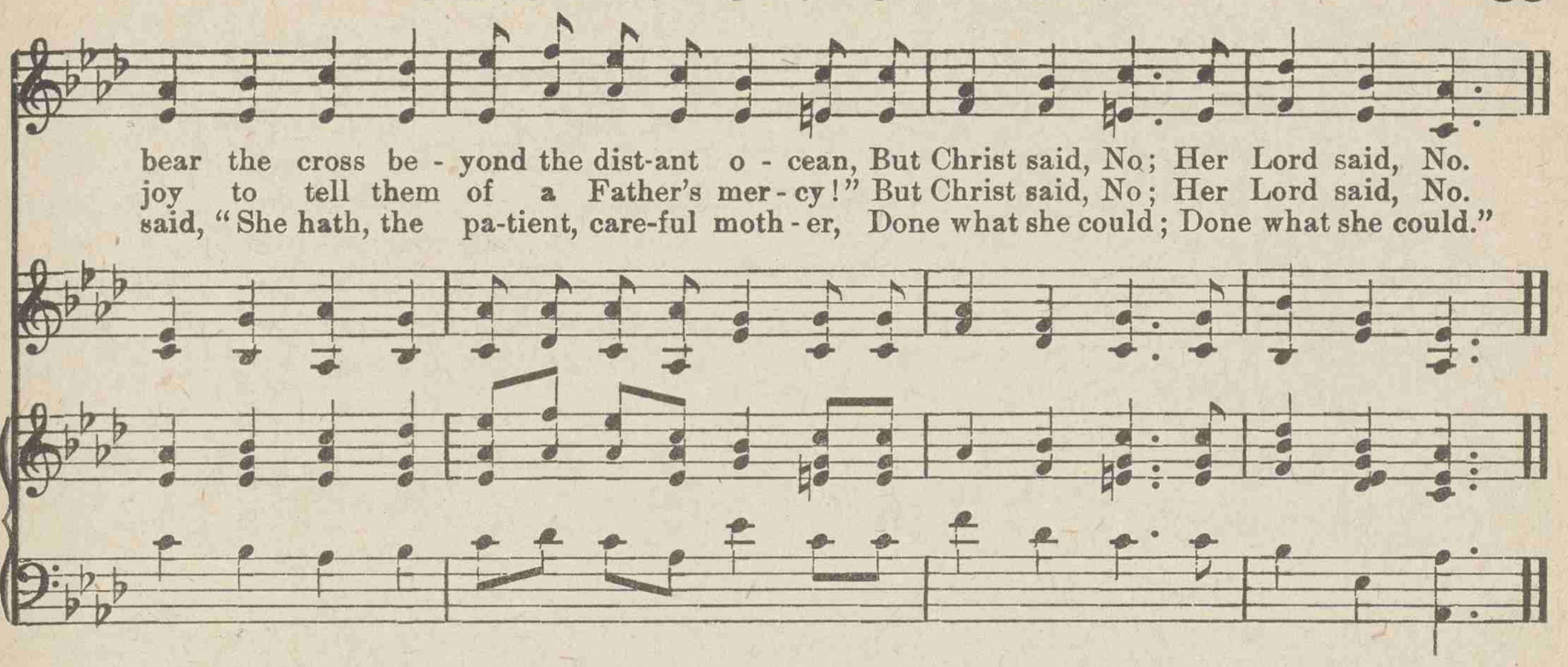
MARY BRAINARD. G. F. ROOT.

1. Not to the millions of the heathen na - tions Be-yond the sea, Be-yond the sea, To
2. She said, "Oh, to the wretched and the low - ly He send-eth me, He send - eth me, To
3. Is there no work for thee, O bless-ed Mas - ter, In all the lands, In all the lands? He

bring them ti - dings of the great sal - va - tion Her work might be, Her work might be, Tho'
tell them of a pur - er life and ho - ly My work shall be, My work shall be. Oh,
point-ed to her lit - tle ones a-round her, "Feed thou my lambs, Feed thou my lambs!" And

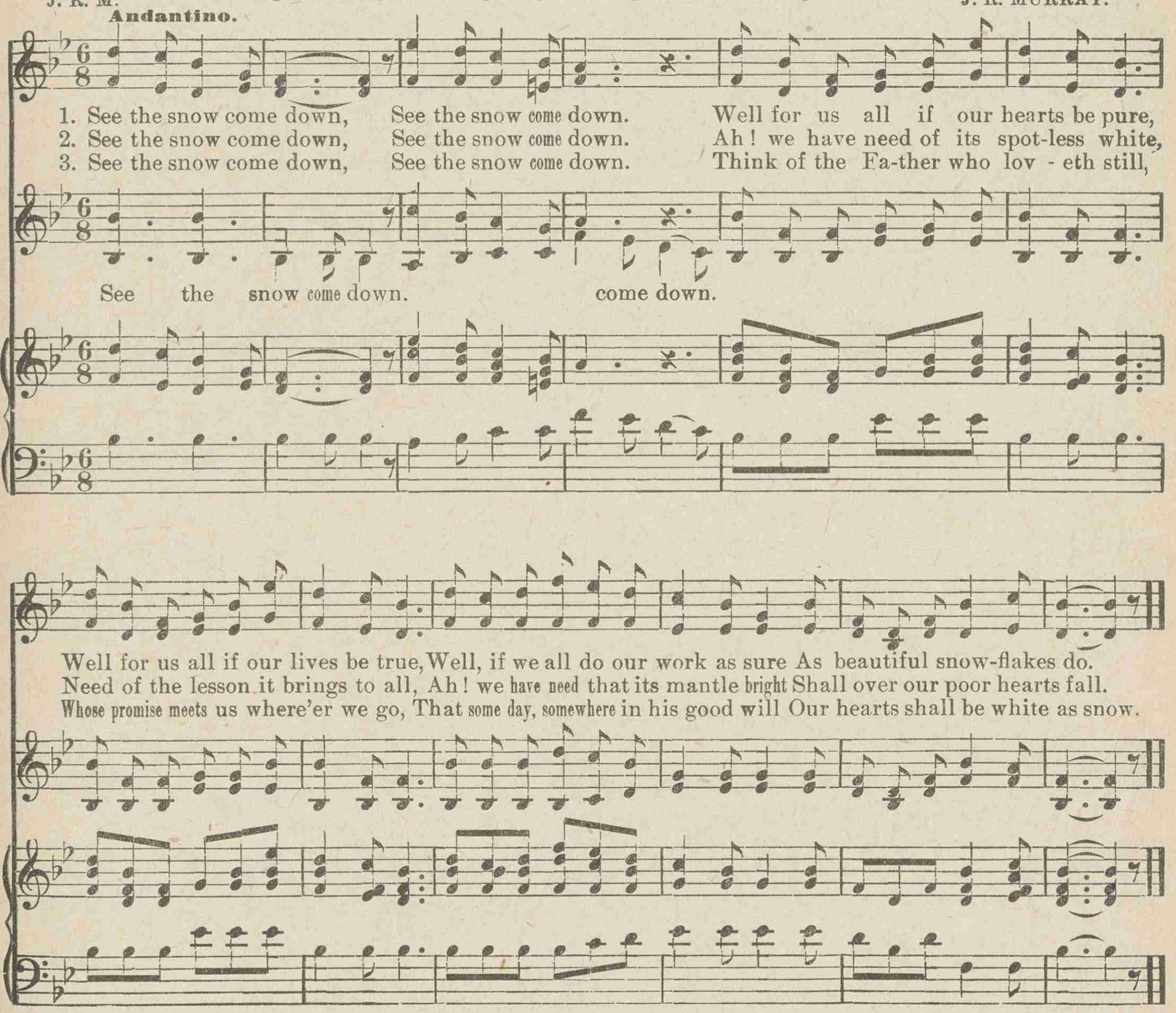
in the deep love of her young de - vo - tion She longed to go, She longed to go, And
joy to give thee to earth's hungry mill-ions Of want and woe, Of want and woe, Oh,
lit - tle bus - y hands her own di - rect - ed In do - ing good, In do - ing good. Christ

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SEE THE SNOW COME DOWN.

J. R. M. J. R. MURRAY.



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OUTSIDE THE GATE.

From a poem by ALLAN W. WOODRUFF. G. F. ROOT.

1. Out-side the gate are grief and sin, But joy and peace are found with - in, An
2. The paths of sin their feet have found, The tempt - er's snare their souls hath bound; Lord
3. How long, O bless - ed Lord! how long Must they still hear that ser - aph song, Yet
4. Oh, let those heaven-ly port - als wide, No lon - ger be to them de - nied, Oh,

an - gel cho - rus sinks and swells, Like sil - v'ry chimes of sweet toned bells, For-lorn and lone the
let that power thy hand dis - pel, And bring them safe with thee to dwell. For-give, nor let them
be de - nied that peace to gain That wash - es out sin's e - bon stain? How long, dear Sav - ior
let one sin - gle beam di - vine, Up-on their souls in glo - ry shine, Then they may yield, nor

poor souls wait, Out-side the gate, Out-side the gate.
lon - ger wait, Out-side the gate, Out-side the gate.
must they wait, Out-side the gate, Out-side the gate.
lon - ger wait, Out-side the gate, Out-side the gate.

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DREAM LAND.

G. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1. 'Tis a place we love to vis - it, The val - ley fair of pleas-ant dreams, Thro' the beau- ti - ful, beau-ti - ful meadows we wander, And in fai - ry boats we sail its streams, Thro' the beau- ti - ful, beau-ti - ful meadows we wan - der, And in fai - ry boats we sail its streams.

2. Sometimes on the lof - ty mountains With fixed, en - rap-tured gaze we stand, While a won-der- ful, won-der - ful vi - sion of glo - ry Ri - ses o'er the mys-tic gold - en land, While a won-der - ful, wonder - ful vi - sion of glo - ry Ri - ses o'er the mys-tic gold - en land.

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WAVES OF LOVE.

H. M. RICHARDS. (alt.) D. B. TOWNER.

1. O won-drous love! . . . . . a - maz - ing love, That
2. Pure bound-less love . . . . . is God a - bove, His
3. This depth of love; . . . . . this deep a - byss, Un -
4. When storms a - rise; . . . . . His voice I hear, A -

1, O wondrous love! a - maz - ing love, That

par - dons a sin - ner like me, ... The white-robed hosts . . . in heav'n a -
heart like the deep throbbing sea, ... O gra - cious way . . . . his pow'r to
fathomed will ev - er - more be, ... And con - trite hearts . . . can nev - er
bove the tem-pes - tu - ous sea: . . . . "Fear not, my child, . . . for I am

par - dons a sin - ner, a sin - ner like me, The white-robed hosts

CHORUS.

bove, Would in - to this mys - te - ry see. Waves of love o'er me
prove! He sought for and found ev - en me.
miss The bles - sing a - bun - dant and free.
near, My strength is suf - fi - cient for thee." Waves of love

in heav'n above,

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roll, I am bath - ing my soul in a bliss - ful sea of rest, And my
o'er me roll,

Rall.

Lord walks the deep, Calms the bil - lows to sleep, While I sweet - ly lean up - on His breast.

ABIDE WITH ME.

REV. H. F. LYTE. W. H. MONK. Arr. by G. F. R.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep-ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?

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ABIDE WITH ME. Concluded.

When oth - er help - ers fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me.
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; Oh, Thou who changest not, a - bide with me.
Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me.

WHERE ART THOU?

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Where art thou, oh, friend and broth - er? God the Lord is pass - ing by;
2. Hast thou left the place of du - ty? Hast thou wan - dered far from Him?
3. Far from home, oh, do not tar - ry, Turn thy steps toward heav'n a - bove;
4. Where art thou, oh, friend and broth - er? Hear God's voice at ev - en - tide;

Shall He find thee true and faith - ful? What, oh, soul, is thy re - ply?
Dost thou stand in doubt and dark - ness? Has thy faith grown faint and dim?
Seek His face whose grace and mer - cy Woo thee back with ten - der love.
Come to Him thy sin con - fess - ing, From His love no lon - ger hide.

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CHORUS.

Where art thou, ... 'tis ev - en - tide, ... Oh, why wilt

Oh, where art thou, 'tis ev - en-tide,

thou . . . . in dark - ness hide? . . . . Oh, seek no more , . . .

Oh, why wilt thou in darkness hide? Oh, seek no more

from God to roam, ... But while He calls, ... come home, come home.

from God to roam, But while He calls, come home.

SATISFIED, BY AND BY.

Arr. by REV. G. W. CROFTS. T. C. O'KANE. Arr. by D. B. T.

Moderato.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning night no more re-
2. When I shall meet the dear ones I have loved, Who once a - long my path-way sweetly
3. When I shall meet my Shep - herd and his fold, And taste a - new the love of Christ un-
4. When I in heav'n shall know as I am known, And there from Christ shall take my robe and

turns; And in whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
moved, And see how faith - ful God to me has proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
told, And walk for aye the shin - ing streets of gold, I shall be sat - is - fied.
crown, And reap in joy what I in tears have sown, I shall be sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, by and by.

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ON THE LAKE.

J. R. M.

J. R. MURRAY.

Andantino.

1. O, sweet the clos-ing of day, All care and toil put a-way, Now on the lake's sil-v'ry
2. Now bright-ly shin-ing a-bove, Stars glim-mer, speaking His love, Who guides us where'er we

way, Row, row we in sweet-est de-light. Gai-ly our pen-nons we fly,
rove, For nev-er for-got-ten are we. Row then with hearts full of joy,

Gai-ly our pen-nons we fly . .
Row then with hearts full of joy . .

Brave-ly our oars do we ply, . . Knowing no dan-ger is nigh, . .
Nev-er a care shall an-noy, . . Pleasure shall sweeten em-ploy. . .

Brave-ly our oars do we ply, Know-ing no dan-ger is nigh,
Nev-er a care shall an-noy, Pleas-ure shall sweeten em-ploy,

Joy is our watchword to-night, . . Joy is our watchword to-night.
Care shall be light-ened with glee, . . Care shall be light-ened with glee.

our watchword to-night,
be light-ened with glee,

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OH! TO LIVE FOR HIM.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, to live for Him who has died for me, Is a joy - ous life in - deed;
2. In the cares and toils of the dai - ly round, There's a Bless - ed Help - er near;
3. Oh! the joy of work - ing for such a Friend, What - so - e'er our lot may be,

For He fills my soul with his love so free, And sup - plies my ev - 'ry need.
From the faith - ful hearts where his love is found, Cast - ing out all doubt and fear.
For we know that serv - ice will nev - er end, Thro' a glad E - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

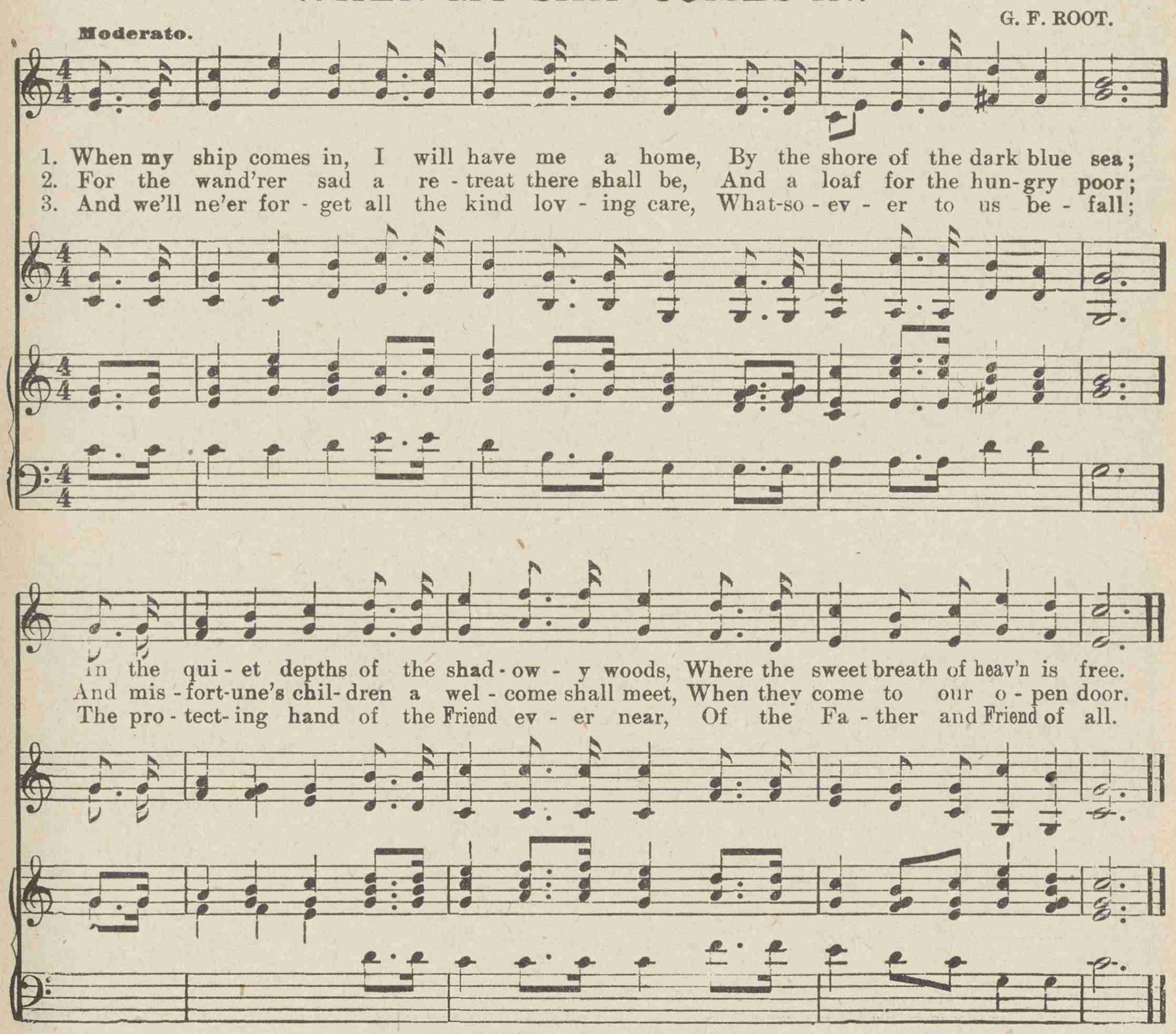
Will you come at the call of the Mas - ter to - day, And your life to his serv - ice

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WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

G. F. ROOT.



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JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Je - sus lov - - er of my soul, . . Let me to . thy
2. Oth - er ref - - uge have I none, . . Hangs my help - - less
3. Thou, O Christ, . . art all I want, . . More than all . . in
4. Plenteous grace . . with thee is found, . . Grace to par - - don

1. Je - sus lov - er, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy
2. Oth - er ref - uge, ref - uge I have none, Hangs my help - less
3. Thou, O Christ art all, art all I want, More than all in
4. Plenteous grace with thee, with thee is found, Grace to par - don

bo - som fly, . . While the near - - er wa - ters roll, . .
soul on thee, . . Leave, ah, leave . . me not a - lone, . .
thee I find, . . Raise the fall - - en, cheer the faint, . .
all my sin, . . Let the heal - - ing streams a - bound, . .

shelt' - ring bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters o'er me roll,
soul in hope on thee, Leave, ah leave me not to walk a - lone,
thee, in thee I find, Raise the fall - en, cheer the weak and faint,
all my guilt and sin, Let the heal - ing streams for me a - bound,

While the tem - - pest still is high. . . Hide me, O . . my
Still sup - port . . and com - fort me. . . All my trust . . on
Heal the sick . . and lead the blind. . . Just and ho . . ly
Make and keep . . me pure with - in. . . Thou of life . . the

While the tem - pest still is rag - ing high. Hide me, O my
Still sup - port and sweet - ly com - fort me. All my trust on
Heal the sick and lead the lame and blind. Just and ho - ly
Make and keep me, keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the

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Sav - ior hide . . Till the storm . . of life is past, . . Safe in-
thee is stayed . . All my help . . from thee I bring, . . Cov - er
is thy name, . . I am all . . . un - right- eous - ness, . . Vile and
fount- ain art, . . Let me free - - ly take of thee, . . Spring thou

Sav - ior safe - ly hide, Till the storm of life is ov - er past,
thee is firm - ly stayed, All my help from thee a - lone I bring,
is thy pre-cious name, I am all, am all un - right-eous-ness,
bless - ed fount- ain art, Let me free - ly take and drink of thee,

to . . the ha - ven, guide, . . O, re - ceive . . my soul at last. . .
my . . de - fence-less head . . With the shad - ow of thy wing. . .
full . . of sin I am . . . Thou art full . . of truth and grace. . .
up . . with - in my heart . . Rise to all . . e - ter - ni - ty. . .

Safe in - to the ha - ven, Sav - ior, guide, O re - ceive my soul at last, at last.
Cov - er my de-fence - less wea - ry head, With the shad-ow of thy gra - cious wing.
Vile and full of sin and guilt I am, Thou art full of truth and boundless grace.
Spring thou up with-in my yearn-ing heart, Rise to all, to all e - ter - ni - ty.

WHAT IS THE MASTER SAYING?

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

1. What is the Mas-ter say-ing, Say-ing to you and me, Here in His book of mer-cy,
2. What is the Mas-ter say-ing, Say-ing to old and young, In ev - 'ry rank and sta-tion,
3. What is the Mas-ter say-ing, Now to His peo-ple here? Read in His blessed pag - es,

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WHAT IS THE MASTER SAYING? Concluded.

CHORUS.

Where he who runs may see.

In ev - 'ry land and tongue? "Come un-to me, I am the way," Blessed are they who hear and o-bey.

Where shines his promise clear.

THE LORD IS SURELY COMING.

H. E. JONES. D. B. TOWNER.

1. The bless - ed Lord is com-ing, With bands of an - gels bright, Per - haps at ear - ly
2. The Lamb of God is com-ing, He can - not break His word, And in that word He
3. The Cru - ci - fied is com-ing, To reign on Zi - on's hill, His saints shall share His
4. Like as the lightning com - eth, The might - y Judge shall come, And while the trump is

morn - ing, Per - haps at dead of night; Oh, will our lamps be burn - ing, And
tells us, To look for Him our Lord, Oh some will fear to meet Him, And
glo - ry, And all His good-ness tell, While those who proud - ly scorned Him, Shall
sound - ing, Will call His chil - dren home. Oh, sin - ner fly to Je - sus, Oh,

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will our robes be clean, When in the cloud of heav-en, The mighty King is seen.
some will for Him long, Some flee a-way in ter-ror, Some raise the rapturous song.
on the mountains call, To hide them from the pres-ence Of Christ the Lord of all.
seek Him while you may, That you with joy may meet Him, Ere comes that judgment day.

CHORUS.

The Lord is sure-ly com-ing, And com-ing in His might! in His might,
The Lord, the Lord is sure-ly coming, He is coming, And coming, coming in His might! in His might,
Oh! will our lamps be burning, And will our robes be white? pure and white,
Oh! will our lamps, our lamps be burning, trimmed and burning, And will our robes, our robes be white, pure and white.

WAITING FOR YOU.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.

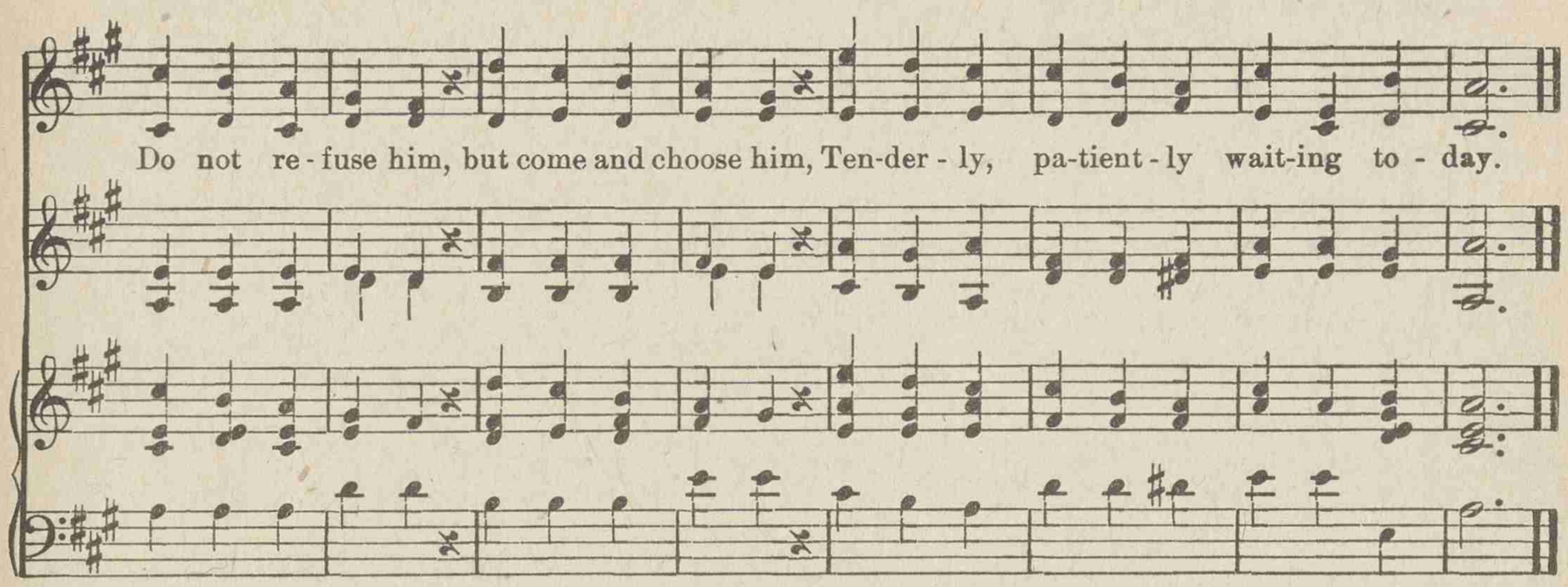
1. Is there a burdened one pres-ent to - day, Conscious that e - vil in him hath the sway?
2. Is there a care-less one hear-ing his word, Trifling perhaps with the call of our Lord?
3. Is there a wea - ry one long-ing for rest? Come to the Sav - ior and you shall be blest;

Je - sus is wait-ing, dear brother, for you, Pa-tient - ly wait-ing your life to re - new.
Still he is wait-ing, dear brother, for you, Pa-tient - ly wait-ing your soul to re - new.
For he is wait-ing for just such as you, Pa-tient - ly wait-ing your strength to re - new.

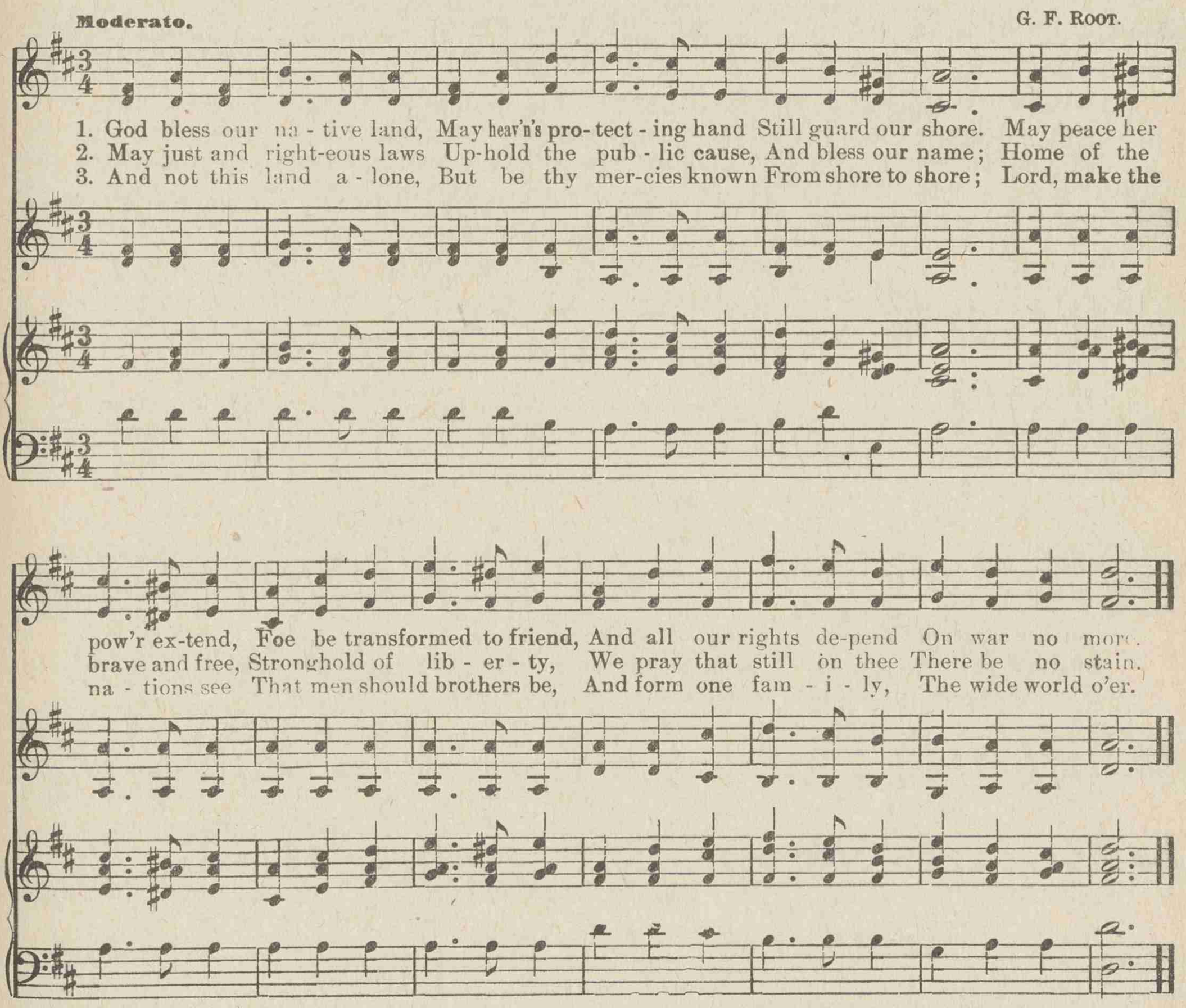
CHORUS.

Wait-ing to save you, wait-ing to bless you, Wait-ing to guard you and keep you al - way.

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GOD BLESS OUR LAND.



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I SING OF THE HOMELAND.

ANDREW SHERWOOD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. O'er all the hills of Homeland, And thro' its peace - ful vales, The mu - sic of the
2. My Sav - ior dwells in Homeland, He's fair - est of the fair, My friends who left me
3. There is no death in Homeland, No fun - 'ral dirg - es toll; There is no sad, sad

ransomed Is float-ing on the gales, A trav'ler to that country, Our Fa-ther's fold above, Here
lone - ly, Are wait-ing for me there, A worn and wear-y trav-'ler, I go to share their bliss; Far
fare - well, No wear-y sin-sick soul, Christ bring us all to know him, And save us by His truth; God

on the shores of Earthland, I sing of the home of love.
from my na - tive coun-try, I faint on the sands of this. I sing of home and the Homeland, Its
grant we find in Homeland, The bloom of e - ter - nal youth.

CHORUS.

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joy and its beau-ty rare, And smile to think of the greeting, That waits for me o - ver there.

FURTHER ON.

J. R. MURRAY. G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Oh, the light shines down from the coming day, Further on, further on, further on, further on,
2. Let us all re - joice as we journey still, Further on, further on, further on, further on,
3. There's a brighter day for our hearts to know, Further on, further on, further on, further on,

And our hearts are glad as we press our way Fur-ther on, fur-ther on, fur-ther on.
See the warm, bright beams breaking o'er the hill, Fur-ther on, fur-ther on, fur-ther on.
There's a sweet-er song than we sing be - low, Fur-ther on, fur-ther on, fur-ther on.

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IS THERE ANY GOOD THING.

MRS. L. M. BATEMAN. Theme by J. R. CLEMENTS. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Is there a - ny good thing in this gos - pel of love? Is there a - ny thing there for a
2. Is there food for the hun -gry and strength for the faint? Is there rest for the soul that is
3. In the glow of his morn-ing, his heav-en - ly day, Is there light for the grop - ing, the
4. When the sorrows of earth shall be o - ver and gone, And the rude tem-pest shocks of this

sin - ner like me? Is there a - ny good thing in this gift from a - bove? We can make but one
wea - ry of sin? For the heart that is heav - y with bur-dens of guilt? If I knock at his
doubting, the blind? Is there calm aft-er storm? Is there safe - ty at home, In his mansions of
bro - ken life cease, Can I hope, can I *know* there's a ha - ven of rest, Where I'll dwell with my

CHORUS.

an-swer, that is come and see. Come and see, come and see,
door, will he let me come in? 'Tis a
glo - ry that the lost may find? Come and see, come and see,
Sav-ior in his love and peace.

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lov - ing Father's message un - to thee, come and see, Oh, hear the voice of love, as it

plead-eth from a - bove, Be - lieve on the Lord Je - sus Christ and be free.

CRADLE SONG.

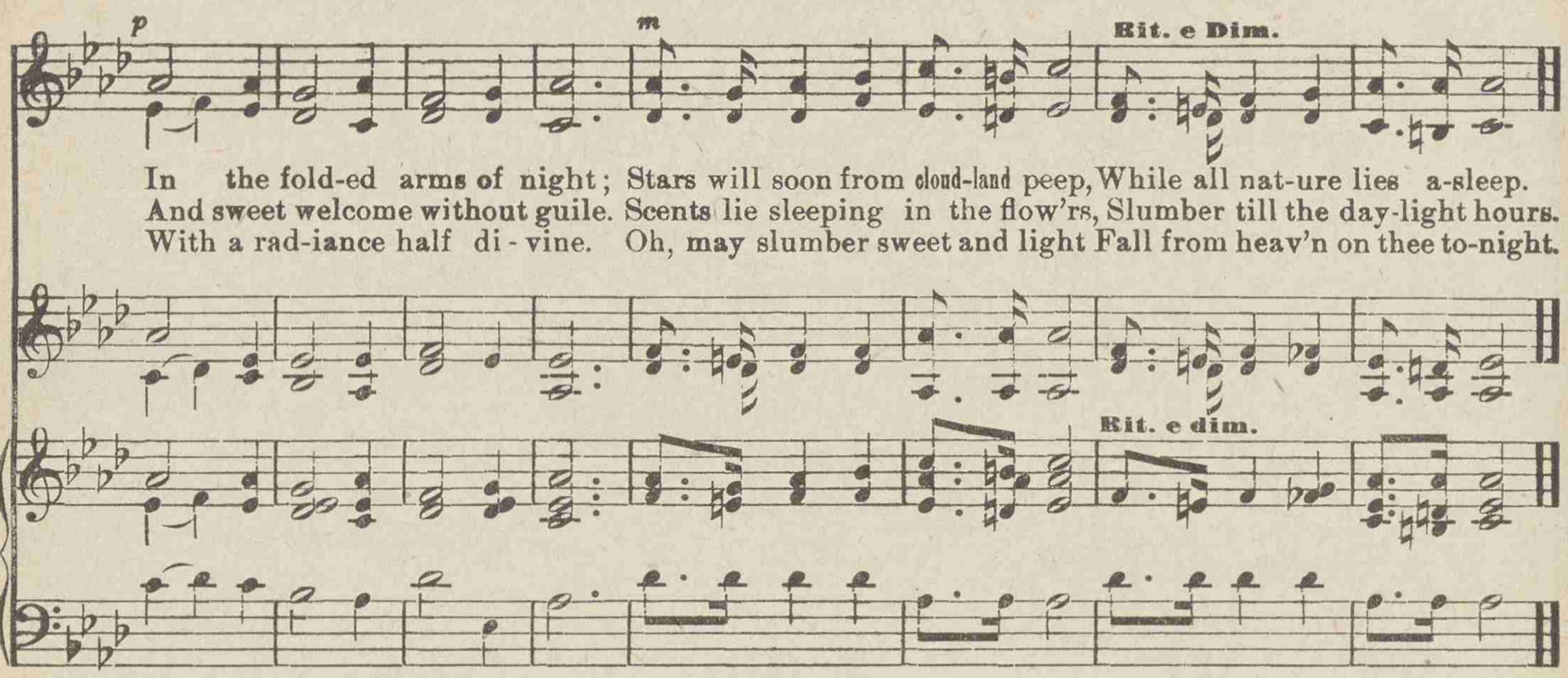
G. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1. Sleep, my child, the shadows fall, Silent darkness reigns o'er all; Bird and bloom are lost to sight
2. Buds are sleeping, close thine eyes, Wak - en with a soft surprise; Greet the morning with thy smile,
3. Sleep! the woods and vales are still, Silence reigns on tower and hill; O'er us both the pale stars shine

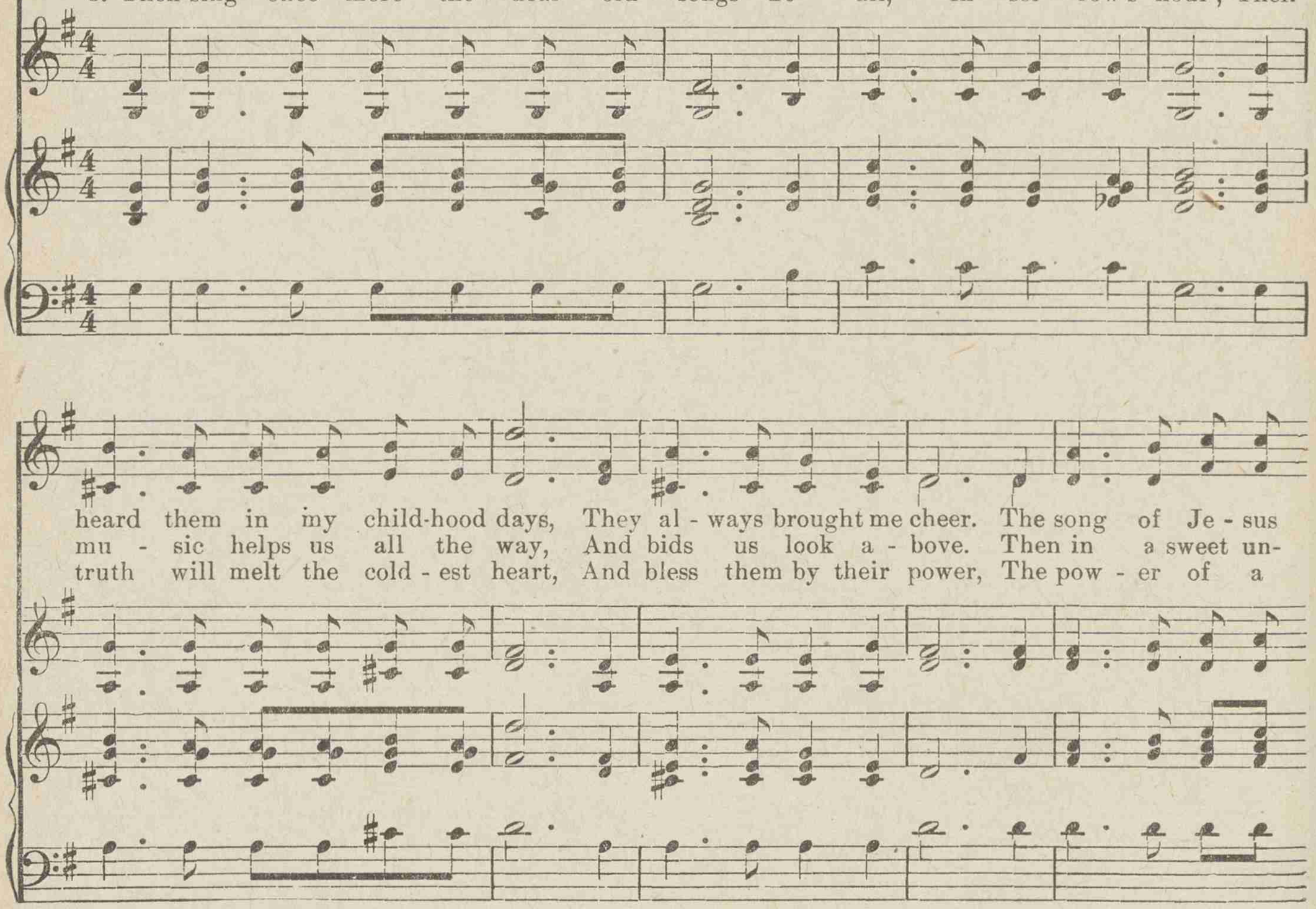
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CRADLE SONG. Concluded.



THE SONG WE LOVE TO HEAR.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.



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and his love, The old fa - mil - iar strain, It sweet - ly soothes and com-forts me,
end - ing strain, With Christ the crown-ed King, We'll still re - peat the sto - ry o'er,
Sav-ior's love In might - iest strains shall ring, And tell the sto - ry o'er a - gain,

CHORUS.

Oh, sing it once a - gain.
We loved on earth to sing. The sweet old sto - ry of his love, 'Tis to the heart most
The songs we used to sing.

dear. How Je - sus loved us, sing once more..... The song we love to hear.

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FREE INDEED.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON. G. F. ROOT.

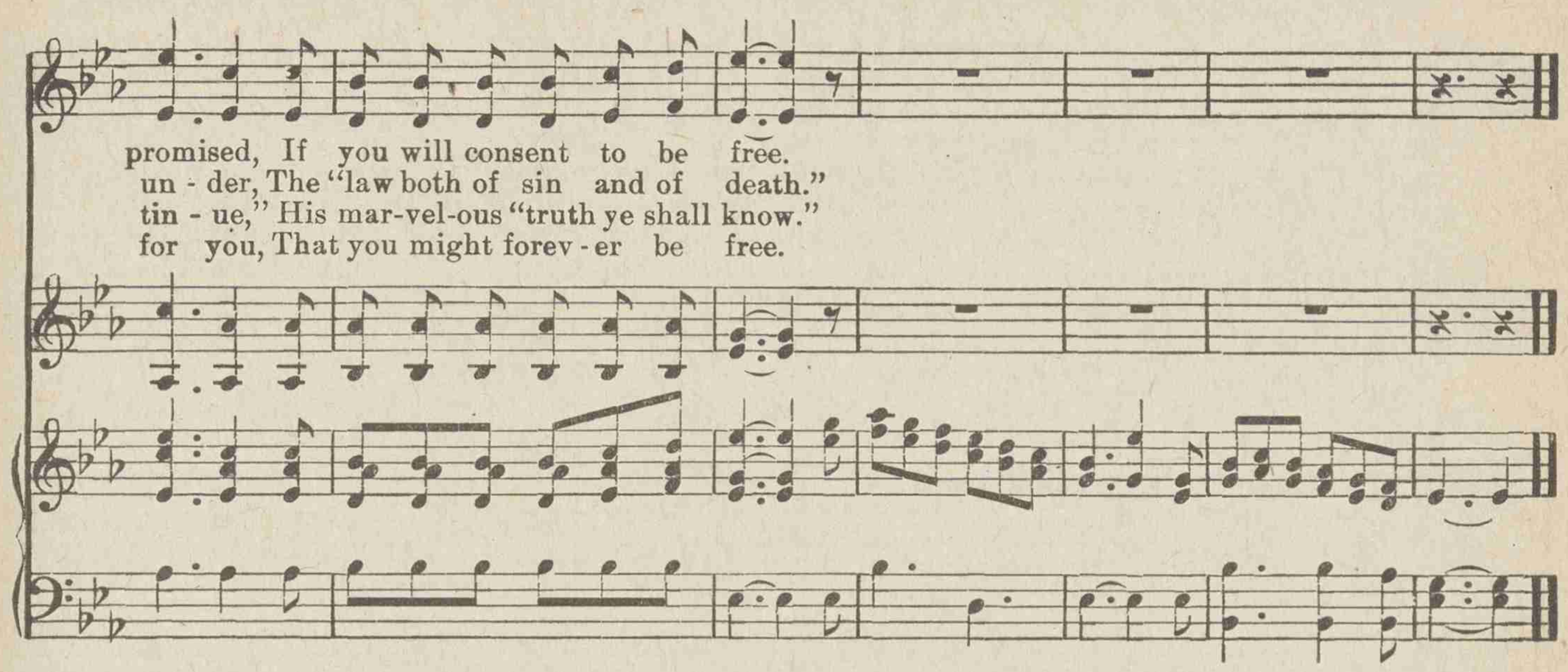
Moderato.

1. O ye who are long-ing for free - dom, Who cry in your des-per - ate need For
2. Your will is not mighty to save you, No friend may redemption se - cure From
3. But hark to the word of your Sa - vior, That measures your in - fi - nite need; If
4. Not free-dom from pain does he prom - ise, From sorrow, tempta - tion or loss, But

speed-y re-lease from your bond-age, To this word of mer-cy give heed. What-ev - er is
hab - its whose fet-ters are i - ron, From pen - al - ties sin ust en - dure. All ef - fort is
he shall your lib - er - ty give you, Then ye shall have freedom in - deed. True lib - er - ty,
freed from their power to hurt you, Your care you may leave at the croes. "Re-deemed from the

hold-ing you cap - tive, Un-conscious of chains tho' you be, There's lib - er - ty purchased and
pain-ful and fruit - less, And vain as in - vis - i - ble breath To save from the law you are
roy - al, a - bun - dant, Which none but himself can be - stow; And if in his word ye "con-
curse," for his serv - ice, By his mighty pow'r you may be, Then trust him who gave him-self

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CHRISTMAS BELLS.

G. F. R.

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IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TO-DAY.

J. EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When ear - ly morn . . . . . shall greet my eyes, ... And mid-night
2. Or if at noon,— . . . . . rich, glow - ing hour! . . . . . Thro' rift - ed
3. Or if at eve,— . . . . . sweet gloam-ing time! . . . . . My cross laid

1 When ear - ly morn shall greet my eyes,

dark . . . . has turned a - way, ... How thrills my soul . . . . with sweet sur -
clouds . . . his face should shine . . . If he should find . . . . me watch-ing
down, . . . my bur - den cease, . . . As twi-light shades, . . . shall deep - er

And midnight dark has turned away. How thrills my soul

prise, ... Oh, what if Christ . . . . should come to - day. Oh,
still, ... What sweet re - ward . . . . will then be mine. How
grow, ... I'll have a calm, ... un - end - ing peace. Oh,

with sweet surprise, Oh, what if Christ should come to - day.

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trans-port rich, my joy complete! My ten - der Sav - ior, Friend to greet, I'd sit me at his
love's sweet sto - ry I'd re - peat, With joy his bless-ed com - ing greet, I'd cast my sheaves at
bless - ed burdens glo - ri - fied, My soul shall then be sat - is - fied, I'd sit me at his

bless - ed feet, If Christ should come to - day.
his dear feet, If Christ should come to - day.
bless - ed side, If Christ should come to - day.

SAVIOR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

G. F. ROOT.

Softly and reverently.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Sav - ior, breathe an evening bless - ing, Ho - ly One, Ho - ly One; }
{ Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Ho - ly One, (*Omit.*) } Ho - ly One.

2. { Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Ho - ly One, Ho - ly One, }
{ An - gel guards from thee sur-round us, Ho - ly One, (*Omit.*) } Ho - ly One.

3. { Should our death this night o'er - take us, Ho - ly One, Ho - ly One, }
{ May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Ho - ly One, (*Omit.*) } Ho - ly One.

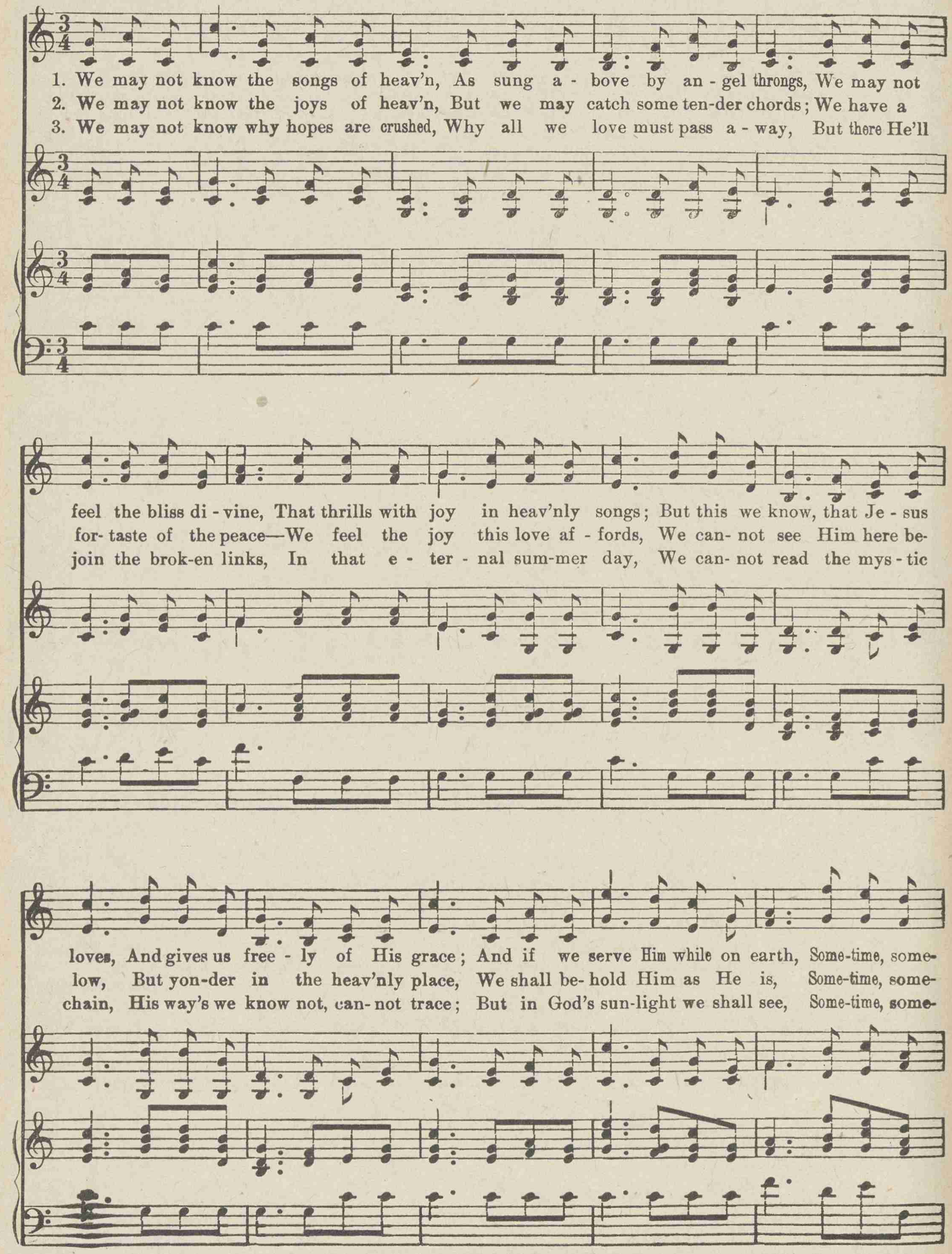
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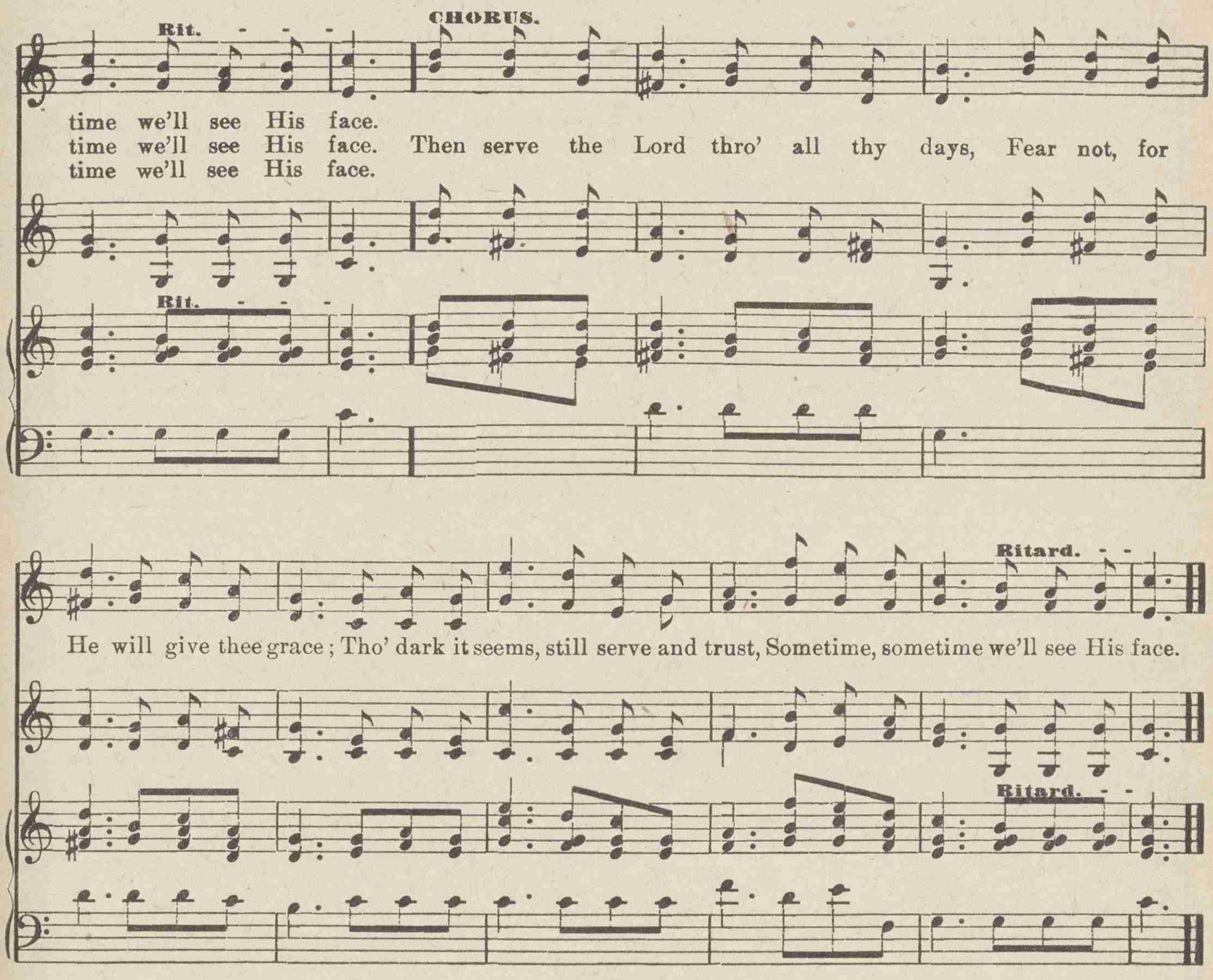
SOMETIME WE'LL SEE HIS FACE.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. We may not know the songs of heav'n, As sung a - bove by an - gel throngs, We may not feel the bliss di - vine, That thrills with joy in heav'nly songs; But this we know, that Je - sus loves, And gives us free - ly of His grace; And if we serve Him while on earth, Some-time, some-
2. We may not know the joys of heav'n, But we may catch some ten-der chords; We have a for- taste of the peace—We feel the joy this love af - fords, We can- not see Him here be- low, But yon-der in the heav'nly place, We shall be- hold Him as He is, Some-time, some-
3. We may not know why hopes are crushed, Why all we love must pass a - way, But there He'll join the brok-en links, In that e - ter - nal sum-mer day, We can- not read the mys - tic chain, His way's we know not, can- not trace; But in God's sun-light we shall see, Some-time, some-

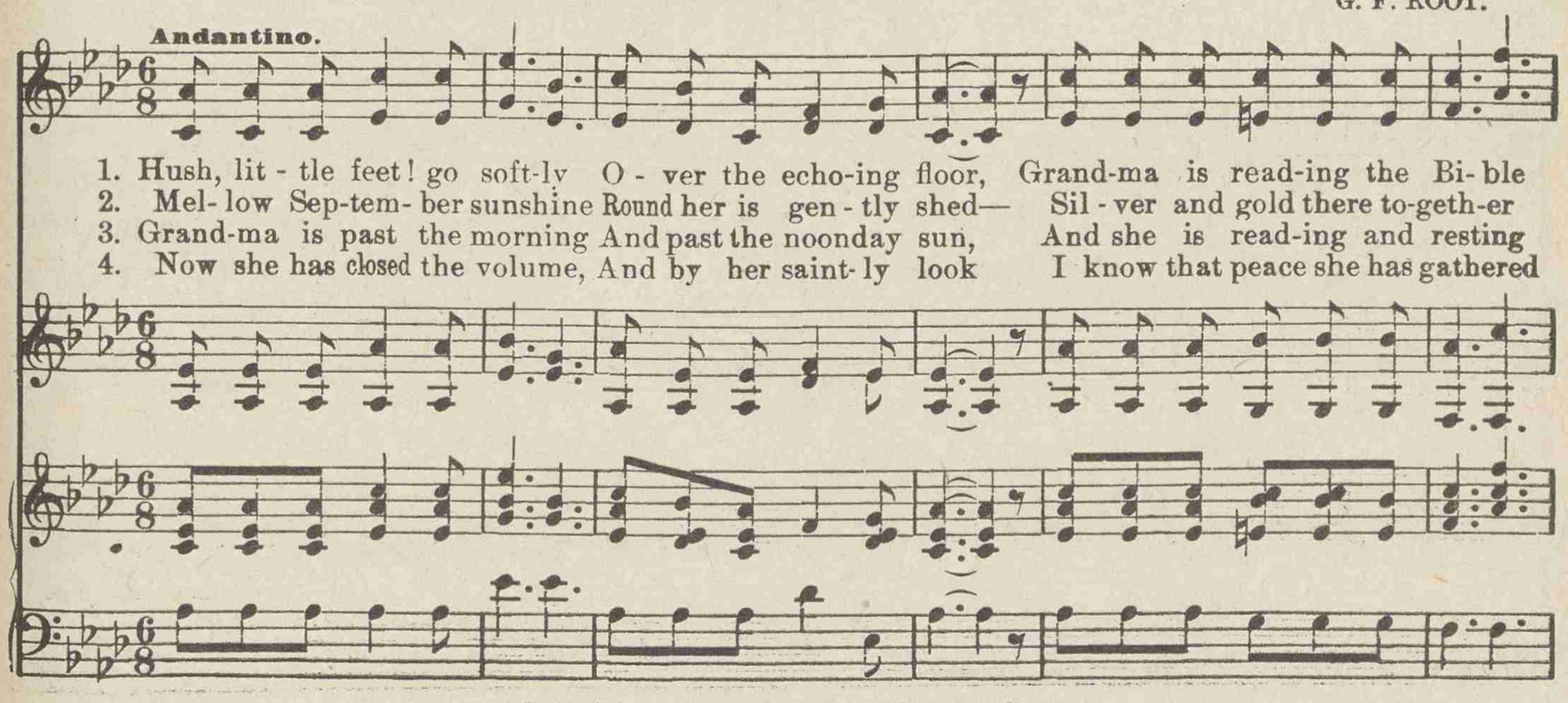


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HUSH LITTLE FEET.

G. F. ROOT.



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HUSH LITTLE FEET. Concluded.

There by the o - pen door. All of its pa- ges are dear- er still, Now she is al-most down the hill.
Crowning her bend- ed head—While now she fol-lows where saints have trod, Reading the blessed Book of God.
Af - ter her work is done; Now in the still passing Autumn eves She on- ly has to bind her sheaves.
Out of the sa - cred Book; May-be she catches just thro' that door Glimpses of Heav'ns e - ter- nal shore.

DAUGHTERS OF THE KING.

G. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1. Would you bear a roy - al ti - tle Such as oth - er hearts have sought, Would you wear a crown of
2. Strive to keep your jew- els shin-ing With a pure and ho - ly light, Faith, the diamond, Hope, the
3. You are pilgrims Heav'nward wending; Seek some oth - er soul to win For the Mas- ter you are

jew - els Bet - ter far than man hath wrought? Give your heart to Christ the Sav- ior, Teach your
sapphire, Love, the ru - by, rich and bright, When as - sailed by strong tempta-tion, World-ly
serv- ing, And thus show your love to Him, You as stars shall shine for - ev - er, When such

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lips His song to sing, "In His Name," the guide and mot-to For the "Daughters of the King."
pleasures round you cling, Pause and ask if these are wor- thy Of the "Daughters of the King."
offer- ings you can bring, 'Tis the high - est serv- ice for you As the "Daughters of the King."

CHORUS.

"In His Name," the on - ly mot - to, "In His Name," the song to sing, "In His Name," to help all

oth - er Loy- al "Daughters of the King."

O HARVEST MOON.

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

1. Let oth - ers sing the charms of spring, The beau - ty of the morn-ing, Its ro - sy days, its cloud-less skies, The grace of its a - dorn - ing; We ev - er greet the prom - ise sweet With
2. The fair springtime the summer's prime, Their wealth of flowers are bring-ing, While sweet and clear, While far and near, The woods with songs are ring - ing; But gold - en are the sheaves we bear, When smiles both glad and ten - der, But autumn comes to bless our homes, And crown the year with splen - dor.
har-vest moons are shin - ing, And clouds that lie a - long the sky Show then their sil - ver lin - ing.

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CHORUS. Moderato.

O har - vest moon, ... Fair queen of night, ... Our cup with

O har - vest moon, Fair queen of night,

o'er - flow - - - - - eth,

joy, our cup with joy o'er-flow - eth, For earth so bright. . . . With new de-

o'er - flow - - - - - eth, For earth so bright,

light, ... Her rar - est gifts be - stow - eth, Fair queen of night.

Fair queen of night.

With new de - light,

MEET ME AT THE FOUNTAIN.

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. Will you meet me at the foun - tain, When I reach the glo - ry land?
2. Will you meet me at the foun - tain, For I'm sure that I shall know
3. Will you meet me at the foun - tain, I shall long to have you near,

Will you meet me at the foun - tain. Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
Kin-dred souls and sweet com-mun - ion, More than I have known be - low.
When I meet my lov-ing Sav - ior, When His wel-come word I hear.

Oth - er friends will give me wel - come, Oth - er lov-ing voic-es cheer;
And the chor - us will be sweet - er, When it bursts up - on my ear,
He will meet me at the foun - tain, His em - brac - es I shall share,

There'll be mu - sic at the foun - tain, Will you, will you meet me there?
And my heav-en seem com-plet - er, If your hap - py voice I hear.
There'll be glo - ry at the foun - tain, Will you, will you meet me there?

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CHORUS.

Yes, I'll meet you at the foun - tain, At the foun-tain bright and fair, yes, I'll meet you fair, fair, Yes, I'll meet you

Oh, I'll meet you at the foun - tain, Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

Ritard.

Oh, I'll meet you at the foun - tain, Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

Oh, I'll meet you at the foun - tain, Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.

EVENING HYMN.

G. F. ROOT.

Cantabile.

1. Ere I sleep, for ev - ry fav - or This day showed By my God, I do bless my Sav - ior.
2. Leave me not, but ev - er love me, Let thy peace Be my bliss, Till thou hence remove me.
3. And whene'er in death I slumber, Let me rise With the wise, Counted in their num - ber.

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ONE BY ONE.

EMMA PITT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. One by one the sun - beams cheer us, Com - ing from God's lov - ing hand;
2. One by one the rain - drops fall - ing Form the riv - ers grand and strong;
3. One by one He draws His chil - dren Near - er to his lov - ing breast;
4. One by one our pray'rs as - cend - ing To his gra - cious throne on high,

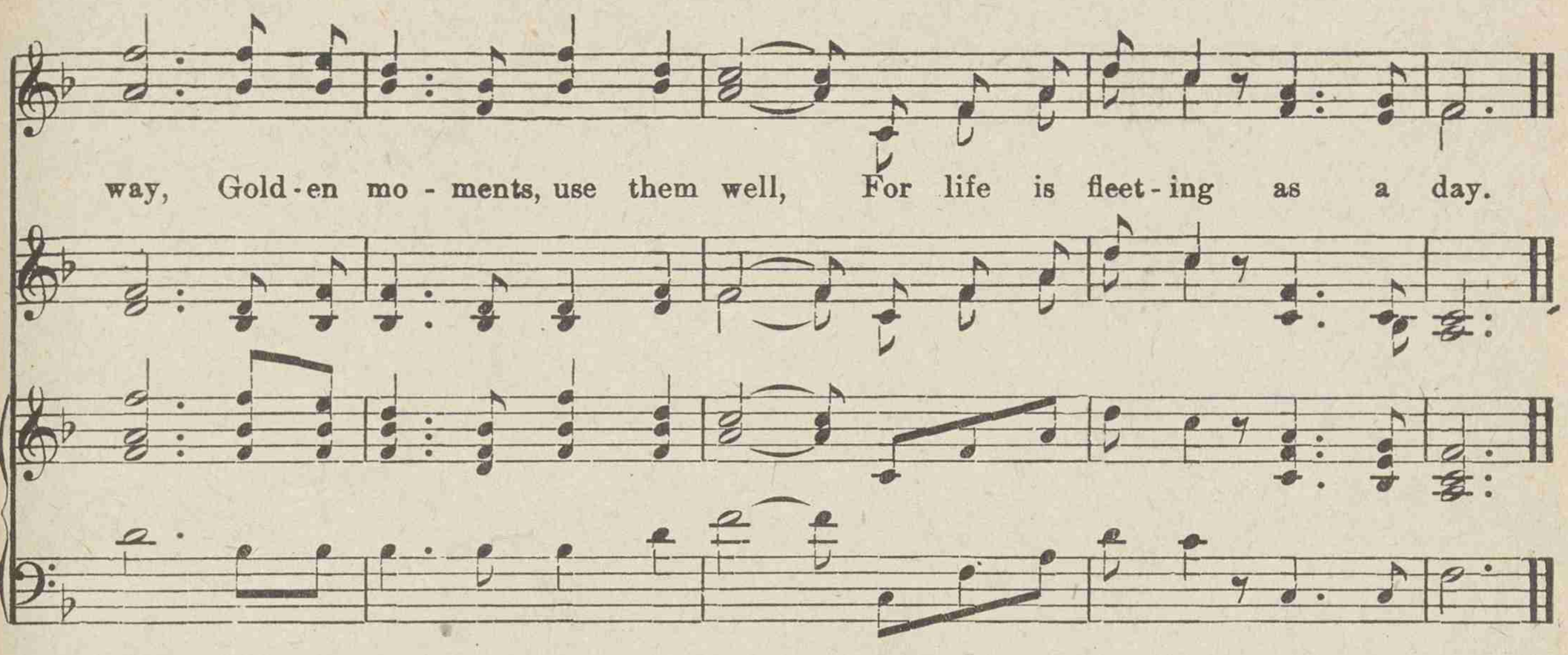
Thus may we give help and com - fort, Pass - ing thro' this bor - der land.
So our deeds of love and mer - cy On - ly to this life be - long.
'Mid life's sor - rows still he whis - pers, "Come, and I will give you rest."
Mak - ing friends with Christ, our Sav - ior, We shall greet him by - and - by.

CHORUS.

One by one, one by one, Earth's best mo - ments glide a-

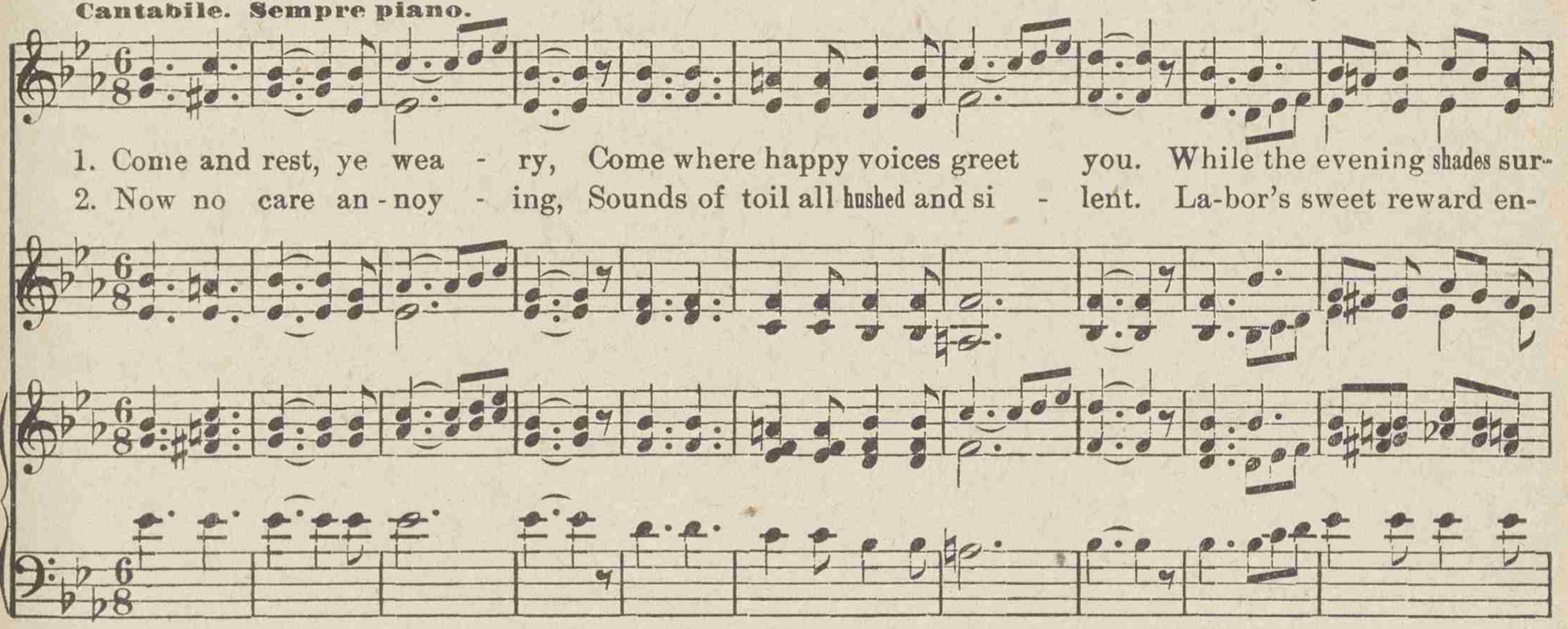
One by one, one by one,

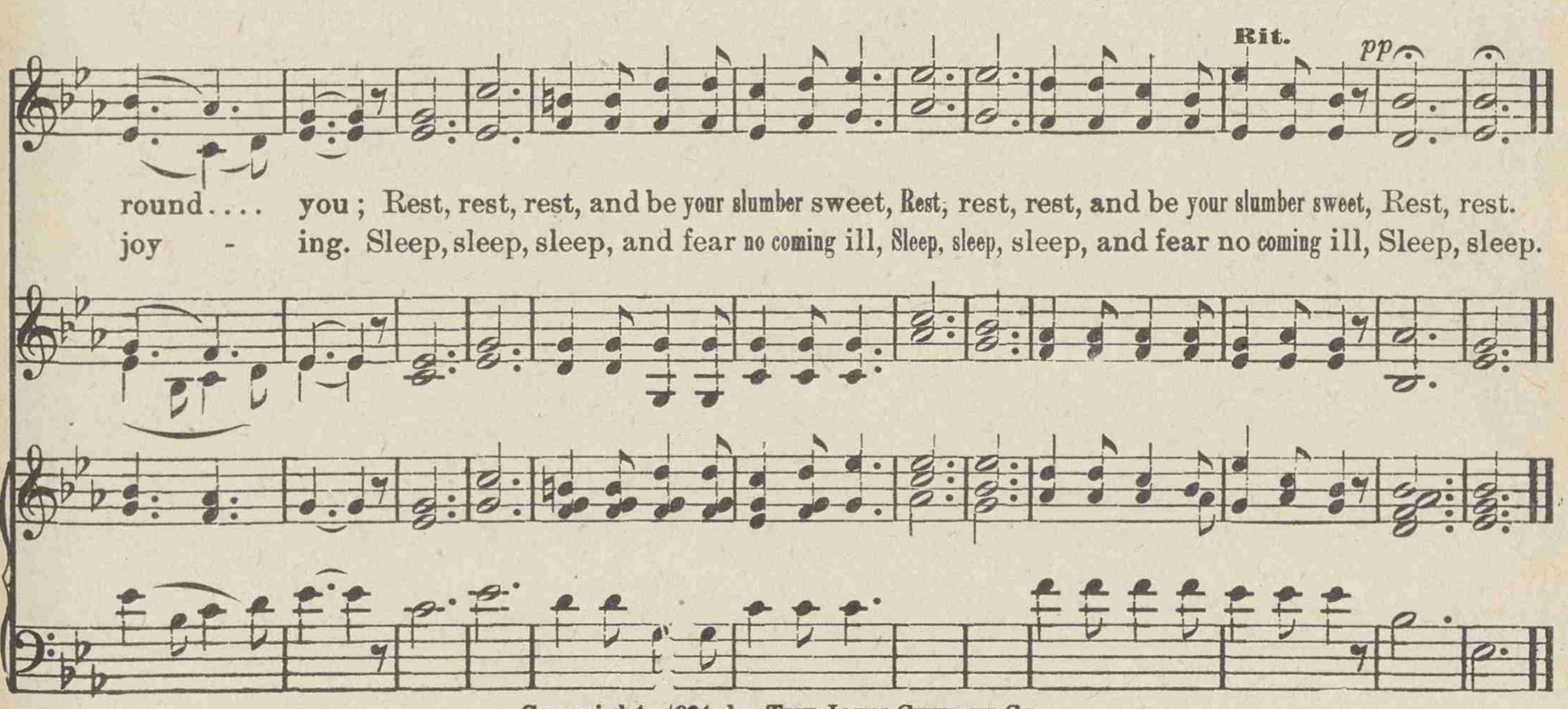
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COME AND REST, YE WEARY.

C. M. WYMAN. Arr. by G. F. ROOT.





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ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY. MRS. P. P. BLISS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Should my tears for - ev - er flow, Should my zeal no lan - guor know.
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath; When my eye - lids close in death,

1. Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,
This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and thou a - lone.
When I rise to worlds unknown, And be - hold thee on thy throne.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side that flowed,

Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me, Lord and make me pure;
In my hand no price I bring, Simp-ly to thy cross I cling;
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;

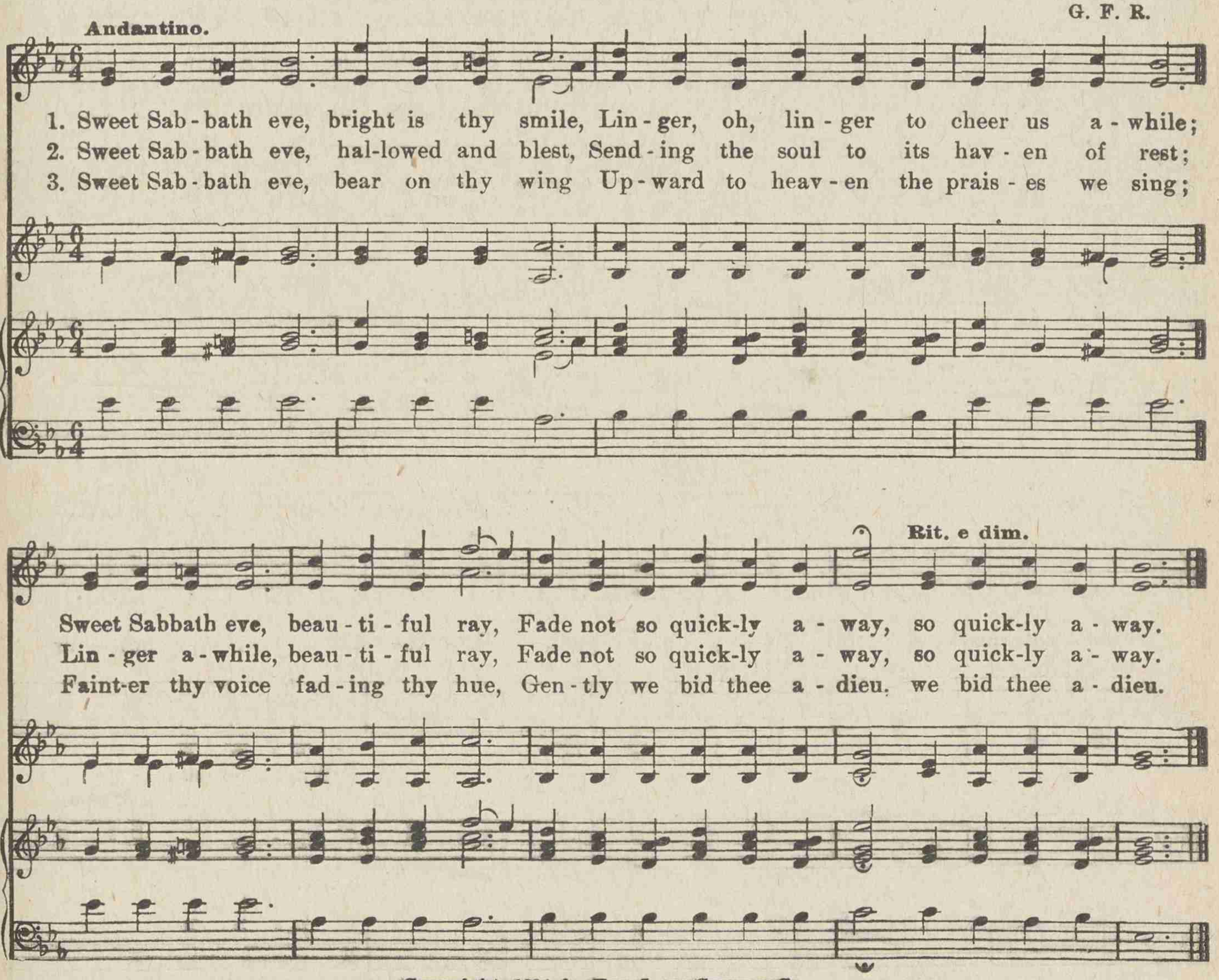
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me Lord and make me pure;

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SWEET SABBATH EVE.

G. F. R.



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THE CITY OF GOLD.

Words arr. Arr by D. B. TOWNER.

1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the Val - ley of Death, And its glo - ries can
2. There the King, our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the faith - ful with
3. In that cit - y of light, where the sun nev - er sets, The in - hab - i - tants

nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the leaves nev - er fade,
rap - ture be - hold; There the right - eous for - ev - er shall shine like the stars,
nev - er grow old; There no sor - row, no sick - ness, no death ev - er comes,

CHORUS.

In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold. Where the sun nev - er

Where the sun

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sets, And the leaves nev - er fade, Where the

nev - er sets, And the leaves nev - er fade,

eyes of the faith-ful their Sav - ior be - hold, In that bea - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

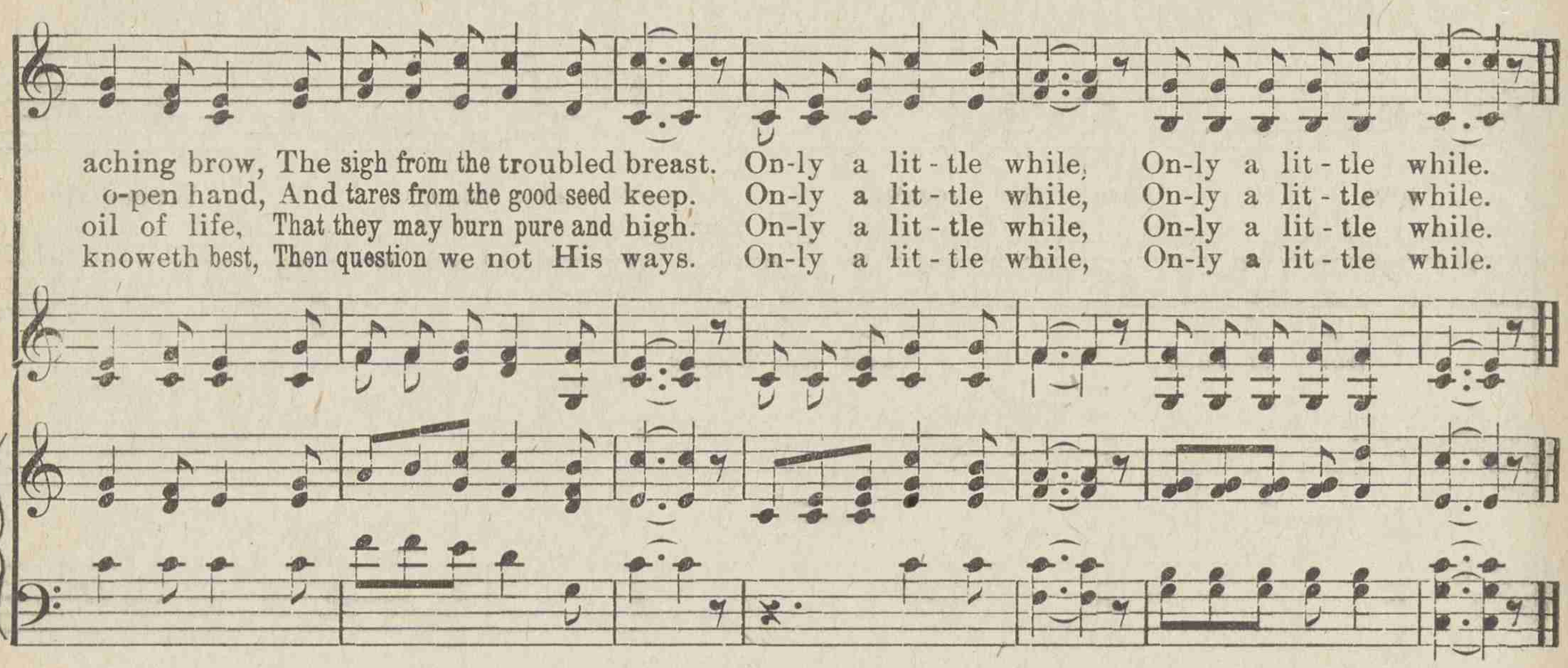
G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. On - ly a lit - tle while to work, And a long, long time to rest; Then drive the cloud from the
2. On - ly a lit - tle while to sow, And a long, long time to reap; Let's sow in faith with an
3. On - ly a while to trim our lamps, Ere the Bridegroom pass-eth by; Then fill them all with the
4. On - ly a while to watch and pray, And a long, long time to praise; Our God and Fa - ther He

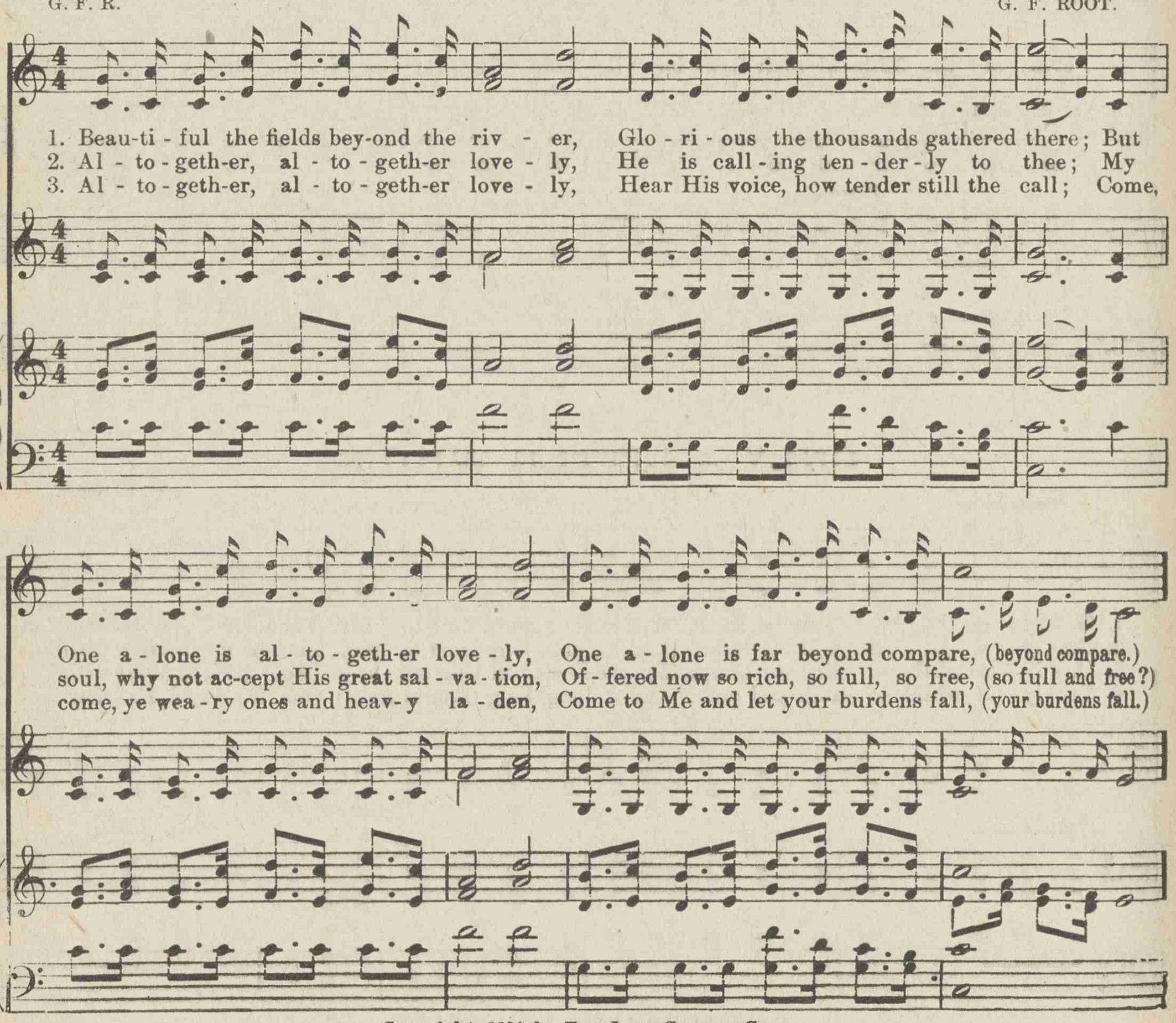
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ONLY A LITTLE WHILE. Concluded.



ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.



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CHORUS.

Oh! He is our Sa - viour and Re - deem - - - er, Roll His praise in

Oh! He is our Sav - iour, bles - sed Sav - iour and Re - deem - -

Oh! He is our Sav - iour and Re - deem - - - er, Roll His praise in

joy - ful waves a - long, For

er, Roll His praise in joy - ful waves, For al - to - geth - er, al - to - geth - er

joy - ful waves a - long, ... For al - to - geth - er

love - - - ly, Shall for - ev - er be our hap - py song, (our hap-py song.)

al - to - geth - er love-ly, Shall for - ev - er be our song, our hap - py song.

ROLLED AWAY.

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. G. F. ROOT.

Giojoso.

1. In the east the sun in glo - ry Ris - es from His gold - en bed;
2. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! All the world is bathed in light;
3. As up - rise the shin - ing lil - ies, Send - ing fra - grance to the sky,
4. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Watch and work, and hope and pray;

Sit - ting, see the white-robed an - gels In the place of Je - sus dead.
Gone the griefs of earth's temp - ta - tions, Gone the shades of earth's dark night.
So may in - cense from our wor - ship Rise to our great King on high.
Let new love in each up - ris - ing, Hail our Lord's tri - umph - ant day.

CHORUS.

Rolled a - way, (rolled a - way,) yes, rolled a - way, (rolled a - way,) The

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stone from the door of the se - pul-chre is gone, And Christ is risen to - day.

CAN YOU SING?

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS. Arr. by G. F. R.

Allegretto.

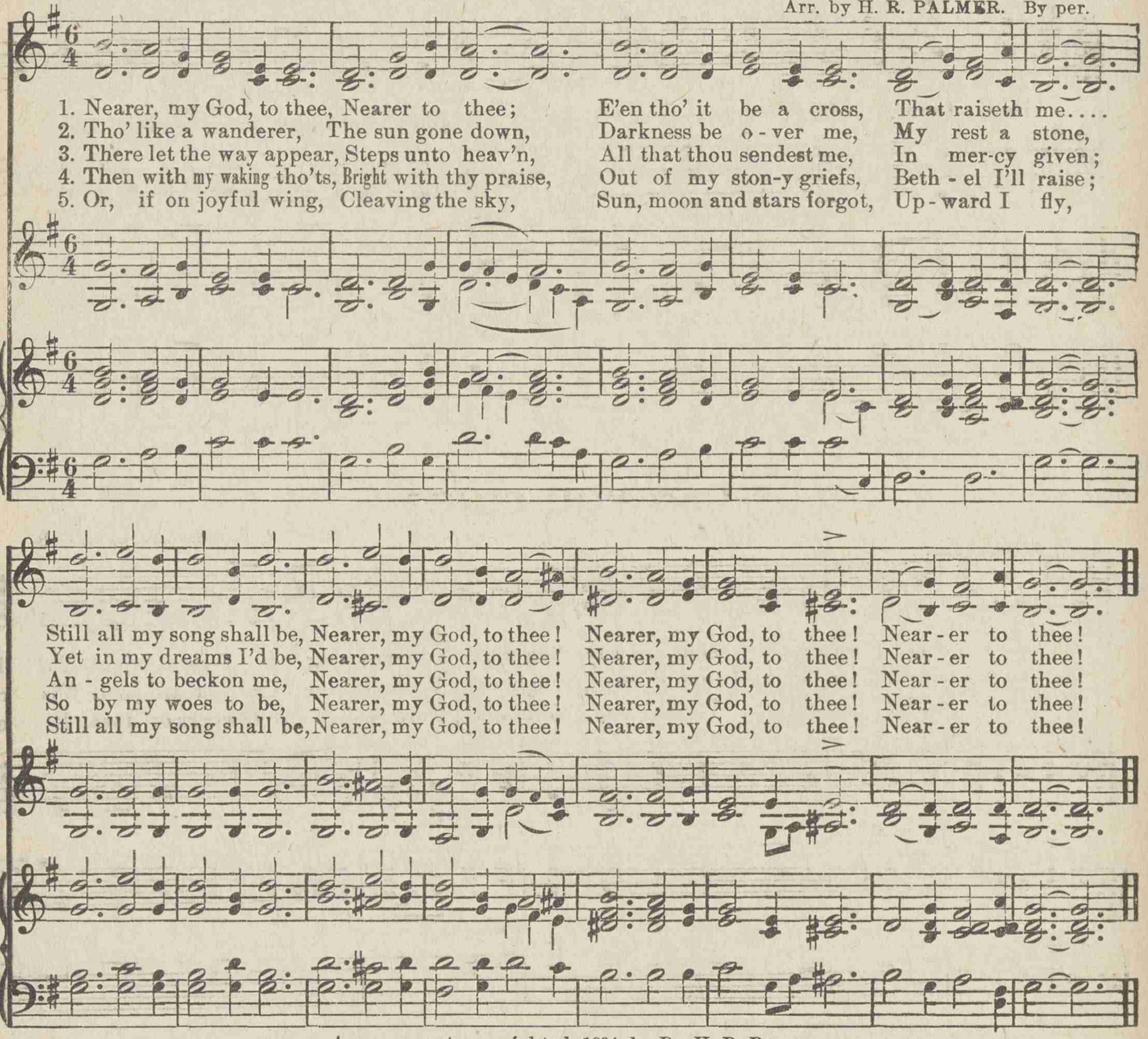
1. Can you sing? Then sing, Sing a - way, Sing well; You may sing a song to-night, That will tell for truth and right, You may sing some bur - den light, Who can tell? Who can tell?
2. Can you laugh? Then laugh, Laugh a - way, Laugh well; You may laugh tho' you are poor, Wis - er ones have laughed be - fore, You may live to laugh the more, Who can tell? Who can tell?
3. Can you work? Then work, Work a - way, Work well; Here be - gin your works of love, If the Mas - ter doth ap-prove, You may fin - ish them a - bove, Who can tell? Who can tell?

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NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS. Arranged for The Meigs Sisters' Quartet. Melody by DR. LOWELL MASON. Arr. by H. R. PALMER. By per.



1. Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross, That raiseth me....
2. Tho' like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone,
3. There let the way appear, Steps unto heav'n, All that thou sendest me, In mer-cy given;
4. Then with my waking tho'ts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my ston-y griefs, Beth-el I'll raise;
5. Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly,

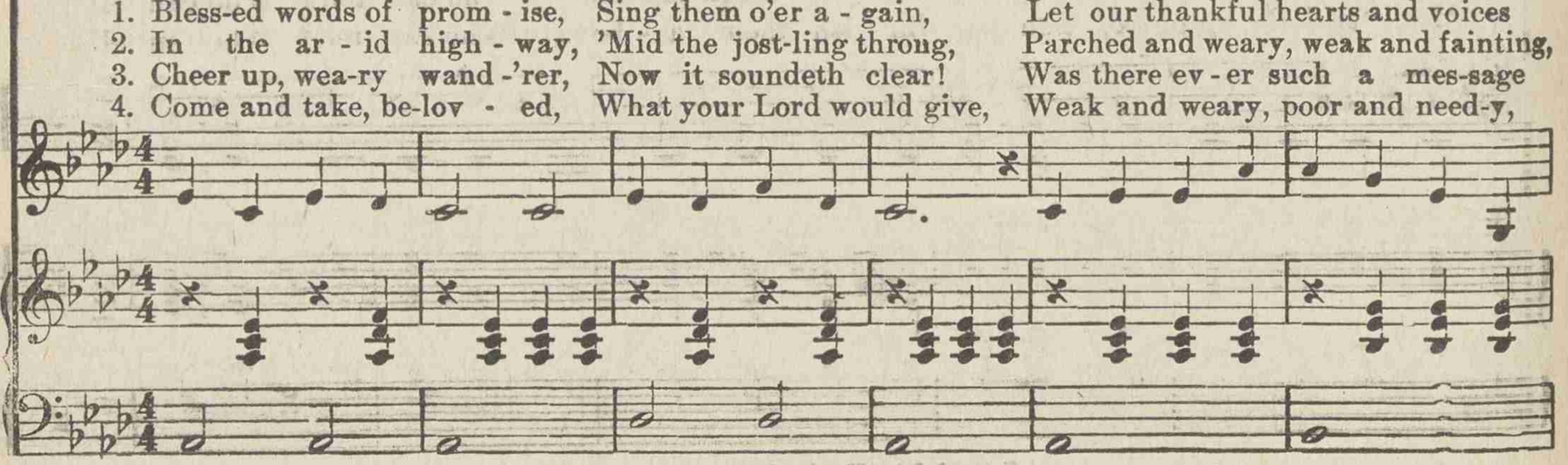
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to thee! Near-er to thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to thee! Near-er to thee!
An-gels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to thee! Near-er to thee!
So by my woes to be, Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to thee! Near-er to thee!
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee! Nearer, my God, to thee! Near-er to thee!

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HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

G. F. R. G. F. ROOT.

DUET. 2d Sopr. and 2d Alto.



1. Bless-ed words of prom-ise, Sing them o'er a-gain, Let our thankful hearts and voices
2. In the ar-id high-way, 'Mid the jost-ling throng, Parched and weary, weak and fainting,
3. Cheer up, wea-ry wand-'rer, Now it soundeth clear! Was there ev-er such a mes-sage
4. Come and take, be-lov-ed, What your Lord would give, Weak and weary, poor and need-y,

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CHORUS.

Swell the glad re - frain.
Hear this glorious song.
Given to mor - tal ear?
Come. partake and live.

Ho, ev -'ry one that thirst - eth, Come ye to the wa - ters, And

he that hath no mon - ey, Come ye buy and eat; Yea, come buy wine and milk with-out

mon -ey and without price, Yea, come buy wine and milk with-out mon-ey and without price.

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HE HAS RISEN FOR ME.

MRS. L. M. B. BATEMAN. J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

DUET.

1. There's a song on my lips, There's a song in my soul, Tho' the waves of dis-
2. There's a light in my sky, Since the break-ing of day, When the seal rent in
3. There is joy in my heart All the long, wea - ry day, For the storm o - ver

tress Deep - ly round me may roll; For I know whom I trust, Tho' the way may be
twain And the stone rolled a - way; For an an - gel spoke peace To my spir - it's a-
past, And the clouds rolled a - way. There's a rose for each thorn, And a gain for each

CHORUS.

dim, I shall safe - ly go home, If I cling close to him.
larm: He is ris - en for thee; There is noth - ing to harm. I will not be a - fraid,
loss, Since my Sav - ior him - self Gain'd a crown by the cross.

When the dark grave I see, For my Sav - ior has died And has ris - en for me.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

M. B. C. SLADE. G. F. ROOT.

1. Beau-ti - ful riv - er, Flowing for - ev - er, O - ver the crys - tals of glit - ter - ing gold,
2. Beau-ti - ful riv - er, Flowing for - ev - er, Spir-its ar - rayed in their rai-ment of white,

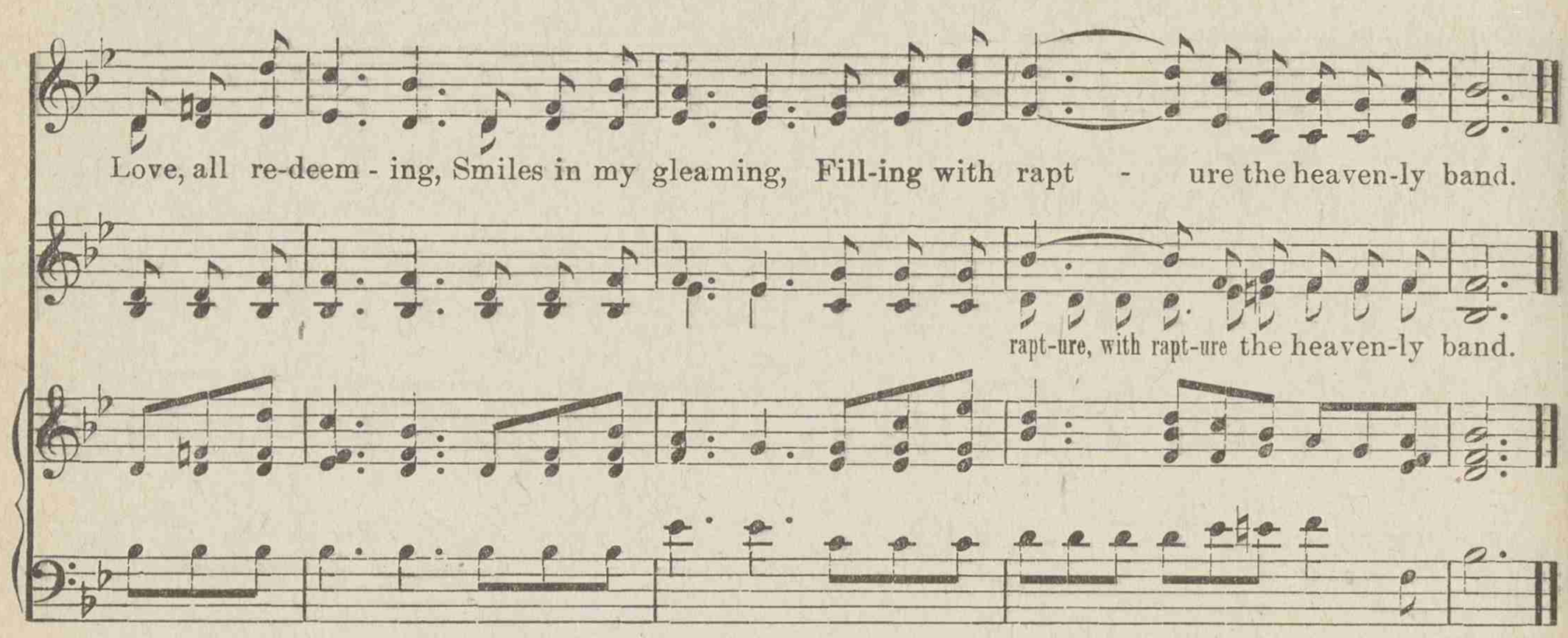
Rippling and ring - ing, What art thou sing - ing? Song ev - er new, tho' the a - - ges grow old.
List to thy sto - ry; Riv - er of glo - ry, How dost thou sing to the an - gels of light?

ages grow old, grow old.
angels of light, of light.

REFRAIN.

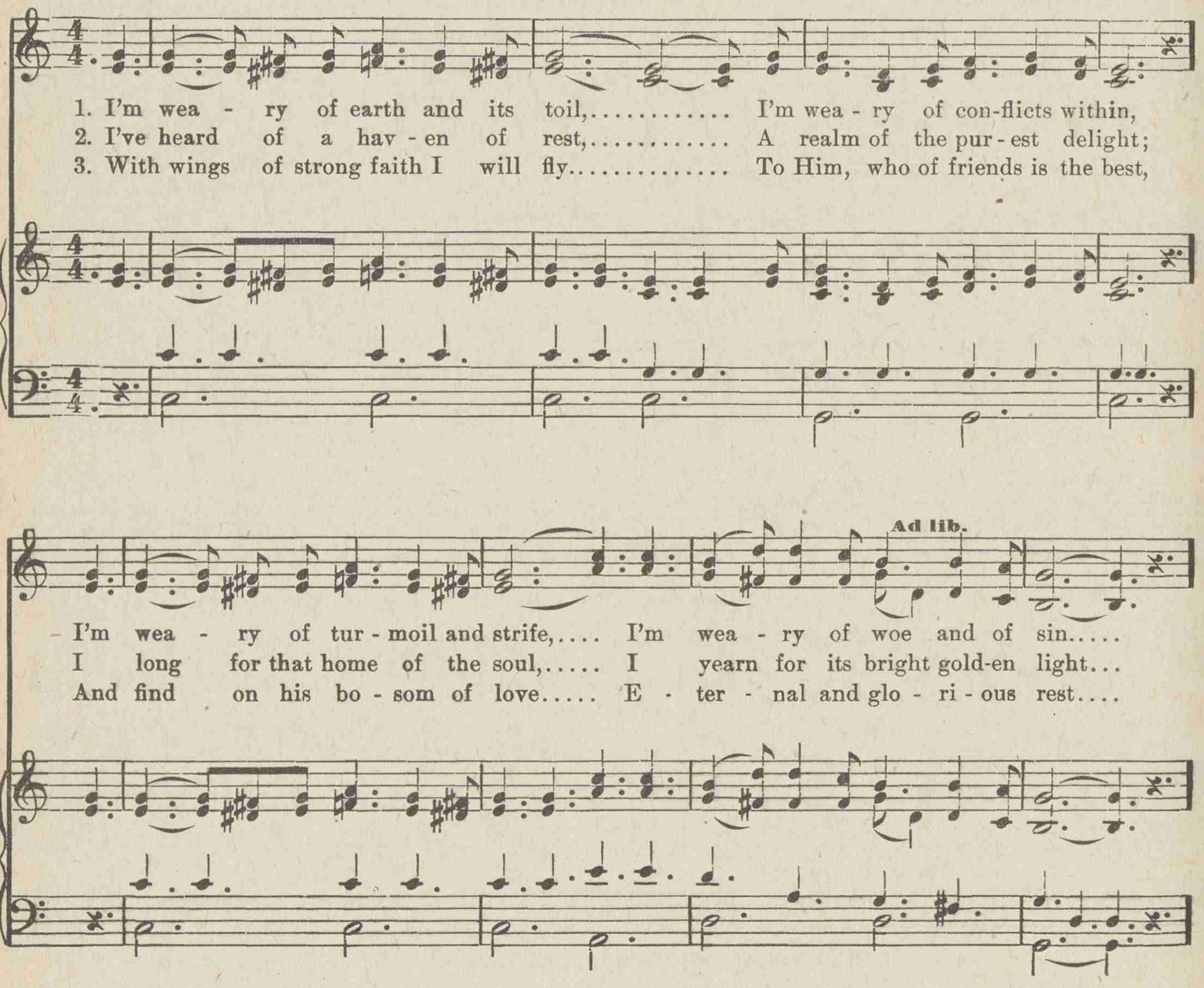
On-ward I'm go - ing, Sing-ing and flow-ing, Thro' the green fields of the "Beauti - ful Land;"

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LONGING FOR REST.

ELIZA H. MORTON. D. B. TOWNER. By per.



CHORUS.

Oh, ... that I had wings like a dove! Oh,.....that I had wings like a dove! I'd

fly away and be at rest, be at rest, I'd fly.....a - way..... and be..... at

I'd fly a - way, I'd fly a-way, I'd fly away to Him and be at

rest, sweet rest, I'd fly..... ..... a - way..... and be..... at rest, heav'nly rest.

I'd fly a - way, I'd fly away and be at rest.....

SHALL I LET HIM IN?

Met. ♩. = 66.

Words and music by H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let Him in? Pa-tient-ly pleading with
2. Shall I send Him the lov-ing word; Shall I let Him in? Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my
3. Yes, I'll o-pen this heart's proud door; Yes, I'll let Him in, Glad-ly I'll welcome Him

Sempre *pp*

my sad heart; Oh, shall I let Him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is
gracious Lord; Oh, shall I let Him in? He can in-fin-ite love impart, He can par-don this
ev-er-more, Oh, yes, I'll let Him in, Blessed Sav-ior abide with me, Cares and tri-als will

all with-in; Christ is bid-ding me turn un-to Him, Oh, shall I let Him in?
reb-el heart; Shall I bid Him for-ev-er de-part, Or shall I let Him in?
light-er be, I am safe if I'm on-ly with thee, Oh, bless-ed Lord come in.

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IS IT TOO LATE?

E. W. DENISON. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Is it too late, Oh heav'nly King, To set my spir - it free? Wilt thou receive me when I bring My wasted life to thee?
2. But dost thou yet remember, Lord, How dark my life has been? The wickedness in tho't and word, The long content in sin?
3. Since thou, dear Lord, dost take my part, With gifts of love so free, Oh let me from a hum-ble heart, Be-gin my life with thee,

I come with broken pray'rs and tears, And one most bitter thought,
I have no right and yet I pray, As one who cannot cease,
For all my soul was in despair, With sorrows and with shame,

Chorus.

Of precious days and gold - en years, That I have spent for naught.
Is it too late to find the way, To pur - i - ty and peace? It nev-er is too
Too late, I thought, for word of pray'r, Too late to speak thy name.

late, Thou shalt in - deed be free, My love for thee doth wait, Be - gin a - gain with me.

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MIRIAM'S SONG.

Arr. by G. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea; Je - ho - vah has triumph'd, his peo-ple are free,
2. Praise to the Con-quer-er, praise to the Lord, His word was our ar - row, his breath was our sword!

Sing for the pride of the Ty-rant is bro-ken, His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
Who shall re-tnrn to tell E-gypt the sto - ry, Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?

How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spok-en, And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
The Lord hath looked out from his pil - lar of glo - ry, And all her brave thou-sands are dash'd in the

wave! Sound the loud Timbrel o'er E-gypt's dark sea, Je - ho-vah has
tide, Sound the loud Timbrel o'er E-gypt's dark sea, Je - ho-vah has

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triumphed, his peo-ple are free, his peo - ple are free, his peo - ple are free. . . . .

TURN YE!

KOSCHAT. Arr. by GRACE W. ROOT.

p **Andantino.**

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, For why will ye die When God in great mer - cy is
2. How vain the de - lu - sion That while you de - lay, Your heart may grow bet - ter by
3. And now Christ is read - y Your souls to re - ceive, O how can you ques - tion if

com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you, The spir - it says come, And an - gels are
stay - ing a - way! Come wretched, come starving, Come just as you be, While streams of sal-
you will be - lieve? If sin is your bur-den, Why will ye not come? 'Tis you He bids

wait - ing to welcome you home, And an - gels are wait - ing to wel-come you home.
va - tion are flow-ing so free, While streams of sal - va - tion are flow - ing so free.
wel - come, He bids you come home, 'Tis you He bids wel-come, He bids you come home.

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94 SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

H. L. HASTINGS. H. R. PALMER.

1. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - - es cease to roll,
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - - y voyage is o'er?
3. Where the mu - - sic of the ran - somed, Rolls in har - - mo - ny a - round,
4. Shall we meet with many a loved one, Torn on earth . . from our em - brace?
5. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav - ior, When he comes . . to claim his own?

Where, in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er . . shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the fair . . ce - les-tial shore?
And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet . . me - lo-dious sound?
Shall we list - en to their voic - es, And be - hold . . them face to face?
Shall we hear him bid us wel - come, And sit down . . up - on his throne?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll meet, . . yes, we'll meet, . . Where the surg - es cease to roll;
Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet,

Yes, we'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - - es cease to roll.

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G. F. R. G. F. ROOT

1. O heav-en sent un-ion of truth and of pow'r! The hope of the world and the need of the hour; EN-
2. In by-ways of sor-row our work-ers are seen, They fol-low with joy where the Mas-ter has been; EN-
3. 'Mid vot'ries of fashion their voic-es are heard In lov-ing en-deav-or to hon-or their Lord; If
4. Such la-bors of pas-tor as may be they share, In vis-its of comfort, in meetings for pray'r; In

Connect with Chorus without losing time.

DEAV-OR FOR CHRIST is the soul-stir-ring call, EN-DEAV-OR! the watch-word that binds one and all.
DEAV-OR FOR CHRIST to each oth-er they call, EN-DEAV-OR! EN-DEAV-OR! respond one and all.
tempt-ed by gild-ed al-lure-ments to yield, EN-DEAV-OR FOR CHRIST is their watch-word and shield.
point-ing the poor, wea-ry wand'rer to heav'n, Their lives of EN-DEAV-OR FOR JE-SUS are giv'n.

CHORUS.

Till He shall ap-pear, Till He shall ap-pear To crown and bless the work so dear, To

crown . . . . bless . . . .

crown each en-deav-or And bless now and ev-er The work to His peo-ple so dear.

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READY, WHEN THE CALL IS HEARD.

J. H. JOHNSTON. D. B. TOWNER.

Moderato.

1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus, call - ing from on high, Who, to - day, will an - swer,
2. Joy - ful - ly o - bey Him, do not fear to fall, His com- mand is roy - al,
3. Ring - ing thro' the si - lence, comes the cry of need, Souls of those who per - ish

"Mas - ter, here am I?" Out up - on the high - way, there is work to do,
He is Lord of all; Oth - er voic - es call - ing, lure the heart a - way,
in the dark- ness plead, God is call - ing, call - ing, hear His ten - der plea,

Though the need is press - ing, la - bor - ers are few.
List to "Je - sus on - ly," fol - low Him to - day. Who, to - day, is read - y
Who will say, with glad - ness, "Here am I, send me?"

CHORUS.

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With a pur-pose stead-y, Will-ing now to fol - low at His word? Du - ty lies be - fore us,

God is watch- ing o'er us, Who will an - swer "Read- y," when His call is heard?

EVENING COMES.

G. F. R.

Cantabile.

G. F. ROOT.

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

1. { Day is clos - ing round the world, Evening comes! evening comes!
   { Sun - light ban - ners all are furled, *Omit* . . . . . Evening gen- tly comes!
2. { O'er the hills the shad - ows fall, Evening comes! evening comes!
   { Spreading now her sa - ble pall, *Omit* . . . . . Evening gen- tly comes!
3. { Bus - y sounds of day- light close, Evening comes! evening comes!
   { Na - ture sinks to calm re - pose, *Omit* . . . . . Evening gen- tly comes!

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HE SLUMBERS NOT.

CLARA L. SHATTUCK. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Fret not thy - self, my heart! The Lord hath care for thee; Tho' des - o - late and
2. He com - pass - es thy path, And know - eth all thy ways; A pur - pose true of
3. To Him a thous-and years Are but as yes - ter - day; An hour, an age the
4. Be si - lent, oh, my soul! Let thy complain - ings cease; On Him thy bur-den

poor thou art. He shall thy por - tion be; His cov - e - nant . . . . . .
love He hath, Which runs throughout thy days; He sees the end . . . . . .
same ap - pears— He chang-eth not for aye; And soon, or late . . . . . .
thou mayest roll, And walk henceforth in peace; Where He a - bides . . . . . .

1. His cov - e - nant

stands firm and sure, ... His mer - cy ev - - - - er shall en - dure.
thou canst not see, ... And what he wills . . . . . is best for thee.
in shade or sun, ... His plan is wrought, ... His will is done.
all storms are still'd, ... And ev - 'ry need . . . . . is more than fill'd.

stands firm and sure. His mer - cy ev - er shall en - dure.

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CHORUS.

He slum-bers not, ... He will not sleep, ... All safe thou

He slum-bers not, He will not sleep,

art, ... for He doth keep. . . . . Hold firm thy trust, ...

All safe thou art, For He doth keep. Hold firm thy trust,

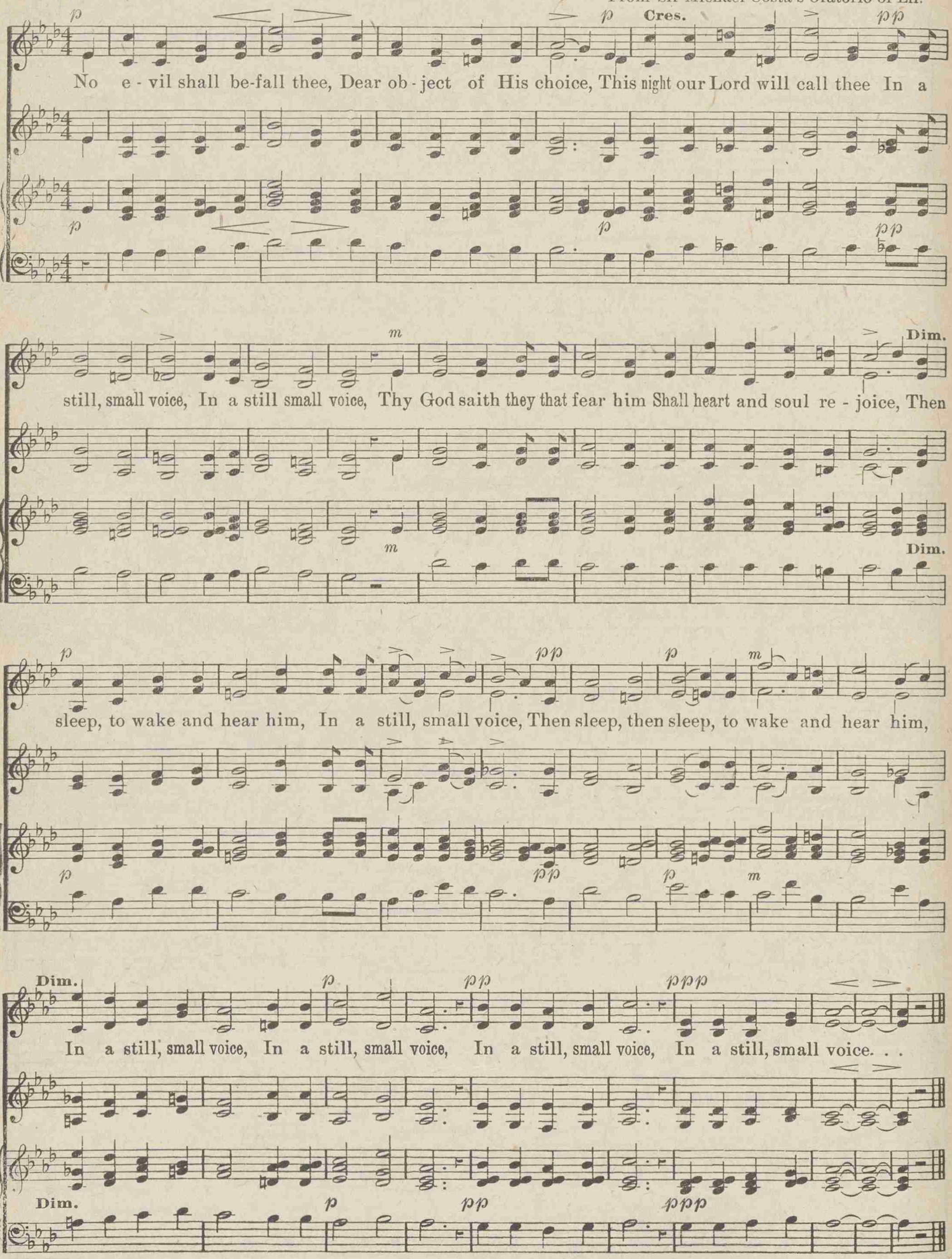
Tho' clouds a-rise, ... In God's good hand . . . . thy fu-ture lies, (thy fu-ture lies.)

Tho' clouds a-rise, In God's good hand thy fu-ture lies.

100 NO EVIL SHALL BEFALL THEE. (Angels' Chorus.)

(Preceding the Lord's calling to Samuel.)

From Sir Michael Costa's Oratorio of Eli.



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G. F. ROOT.

p **Delicatessa.**

1. The ros - es, the ros - es, Are blush-ing bright and gay; The lil - y bells are
2. The ros - es, the ros - es, How bright their soft leaves shine; While star - eyed dais - ies

bend - ing low Be-neath the sun-god's ray; The pan - sies spread their vel - vet leaves Be-
peep be-neath The dain - ty eg - lan - tine; The black-bird whis - tles on the bough With

neath the smil - ing skies, And dew-drops lie like tears with - in The vio - let's meek blue
notes of joy - ous mirth, And count-less flow - ers sweet - ly bloom To deck the joy - ous

eyes, Yes lie like ten - der tears with - in The vio - let's meek blue eyes.
earth, Yes bloom, yes glad - ly, sweet - ly bloom To deck the joy - ous earth,

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THE SUMMER LAND.

L. L. S. Arr.

G. F. ROOT.

1. The bur - den is heav - y and wea - ry the feet, But we must press on thro' the glare and the heat, How sweet when the poor fev - ered
2. The no - ble and pure gone be - fore us are there. A - wait - ing their loved ones their glo - ries to share; Oh, when shall we walk with them
3. O land of our long - ing, when troub - les as - sail— When fierce is the tem - pest and loud is the gale, We know that the waves when they

soul can be fanned, By the soft cool - ing breath of the blessed Sum- mer Land.
hand joined to hand, In the fields green and fair of the bright Sum- mer Land.
break on thy strand, Will be hushed in - to still - ness, O fair Sum- mer Land.

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MINNEHAHA.

EUGENE J. HALL. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. I come from fields of frost and snow, My wind-ing way I fol - low; I come from where the wild woods grow, I come from hill and hol - low. I foam, I flash, I leap, I dash, I glide with mu - sic mer - ry, O'er peb - bles bright with rain-bow light, A - long the love-ly prai - rie.

2. I trem-ble on the rock- y brink, My wend-ing way I fol - low; I gleam, I pause, I plunge, I sink In - to the hid - den hol - low. I loud - ly roar a - long the shore, I trem - ble, and I quiv - er; I rush a - long with joy - ous song, To greet the mighty riv - er.

CHORUS.

Min- ne - min-ne - ha - ha, Min - ne- min - ne - ha - ha, That's the song the peb-bles taught her; Min- ne - min- ne - ha - ha, Min- ne - min- ne - ha - ha, Laughing, laughing wa - ter.

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WOODBIRD! WOODBIRD!

From Abt by G. F. R.

Giojoso.

1. Wood-bird! wood - bird! say why art thou sing - ing so loud? Say why, say why, say
2. Wood-bird! wood - bird! to whom dost so cheer - ful - ly sing? To whom, to whom, to
3. Wood-bird! wood - bird! why sing-est thou all the day long? Say why, say why, say

why, ...

why, say why, Why art thou sing - ing so loud? Is it thy mate or thy
whom, to whom, Whom dost so cheer - ful - ly sing? Songs thro' the wood-lands so
why, say why, Why dost thou sing the day long? Who list - eth, who list - eth,

why, . . .

bride thou art call-ing so proud? Say why, say why, say why, say why, Why art thou singing so
mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly ring. To whom, to whom, to whom, to whom, Whom doth so cheer-ful - ly
who listeth, here to thy song? Say who, say who, say who, say who, Who list - eth here to thy

loud? Am nei - ther mate nor bride avowed, But in the woods I must sing loud, Why not?
sing, My heart is full, but not with care, But thoughts as light, as light as air, Knows not,
song? I sing a - way my whole life long, Not car-ing who may hear my song; Woodbirds,

why not? I know not why I'm sing - ing, Why not? why not? I know not why I'm sing-ing.
knows not, It knows not why 'tis sing - ing, Knows not, knows not, It knows not why 'tis sing-ing.
woodbirds, They e - ver must be sing - ing, Woodbirds, Woodbirds, They e - ver must be sing-ing.

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PARTING HYMN. 105

PHEBE A. HOLDER. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Sis - ters, 'tis the hour of part - ing, Lift we here our fare - well song, Hearts u - nit - ed,
2. Voic - es of the past are speaking, From the gold - en hours flown by, Voic - es full of
3. Voic - es from the fu - ture call us Forth un - to our work of life, Work for oth - ers,

voic - es ming-ling, Would the last sweet strain pro - long. Would the last sweet strain pro - long.
mem'ries ten - der Ev - er on our hearts to lie, Ev - er on our hearts to lie.
life in earn - est, Work of no - ble toil and strife, Work of no - ble toil and strife.

Gath-ered thus, a band un - brok - en, Where we met thro' cir - cling years, All the way we
Mem-'ries fond of teach - ers faith - ful, Truths from lips of kind-ness taught, Friendships sa - cred,
May the links that now u - nite us, Bright-en till earth's day is done, May we do our

came to - geth - er, And its light more bright ap - pears.
gath - ered treas-ures, From the mines of knowl-edge brought.
life - work no - bly, Till a heav'n-ly crown is won.

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SAILING INTO PORT.

Words Arr. D. B TOWNER.

1. Sailor, tho' the darkness gath - er, Tho' the cold waves surge and moan, Trust thy bark to God's great
2. Sailor, tho' with streamer fly - ing, Yon-der proud ship mounts the foam, And with bands of mu - sic
3. Sailor tho' the light'ning flash - es, Tho' thy sails be rent and torn, Peace shall come on hope's bright

CHORUS.

mer - cy, Fal - ter not, sail on, sail on.
play - ing, Gains the port and wel-come home. Sail - ing in - to port what mat-ter, Droop-ing
pin - ions, And de - liv-'rance with the morn.

sail or shattered mast, Glo - ry, glo - ry fills the harbor, There we'll anchor safe at last.

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Arr. from KELLAR, by GRACE W. ROOT.

Andante con espressione.

1. A-wake! my trembling lyre, On ev-'ning's quiv'ring breez - es, And let thy sil - very
2. A-wake! my trembling lyre, With har - mo-nies of heav - en, And may thy strains in-

Thro' mem'ry's gold-en

mu - sic, Steal soft-ly o'er the wear - y, And soothe their souls to rest. Thro'
spir - ing, A message bear the faint-ing, And bless with courage new.

chambers, Bid pass the

mem'ry's golden chambers, forms of beau - ty, Till lost in heav'nly rap - ture, The eye shall see the

Bid pass the

glo - ry, The ear shall hear the mu-sic, Ay, the mu - sic of the blest, Then mur-mur sweet

lyre, And let thy silvery music, Steal softly o'er the wear - y, And soothe their souls to rest.

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THE WATER LILY.

E. W. D.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Float-ing up - on the wa - ter, Fra-grant and white and fair; Once I be-held a lil - y,
2. Up from the mud-dy riv - er, Home of un - love - ly things; Out of the gloom and dark-ness,
3. Bloom of the Spir - it ho - ly, Heav - en - ly grac - es fair; Gold of the bless - ed king-dom,

Bloom-ing in beau - ty there; Slow - ly its leaves un - fold-ed, Pure as the vir - gin snow,
Meek - ly the lil - y springs. Won - der-ful in its whiteness, Rich with a heart of gold,
All are un - fold - ed there. Up from our dark-ness ris - ing, Anguish with- out re - lease,

Slen - der the stem that bore it, Root - ed in depths be - low.
Mar - vel of all the a - ges, Mys - te - ry yet un - told.
Out of our deep - est tri - al, Blos-soms the flow'r of peace.

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THE RIVER.

M. A. SANGSTER. G. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1. Far up on the mountain the riv - er be-gins, I saw it a thread in the sun; Then it
2. On, on to the val - leys it leaped and it laughed, Till deep, still, and strong it became; On its
3. Deep-heart-ed, the mirth of the brook-let was passed, It toiled for the grinding of corn; By its

grew to a brook, and thro' dell and thro' nook It dim - pled and danced in its fun. A
banks loft-y trees rocked their boughs in the breeze, And lil - ies were ta - pers a - flame. The
shores fell the beat of the lum - ber-man's feet, His raft on its cur - rent was borne. At

riv - er of sil - ver, it spark-led a-long, O - ver mead-ows besprink-led with gold; . . .
children threw pebbles and shouted with glee At the cir - cles they made in the stream; . . .
in - let and cove, where its har-bors are fair, Grand the cit - ies a - rose in their pride; . . .

With a twist and a twirl, and a loop and a curl, Thro' pas-tures the riv - u - let rolled.
And the white fish - er-boat, sent so light - ly a - float, Seemed far like a sail in a dream.
And the wealth of their streets came fr m beau- ti - ful fleets, Forth launched on its af - flu - ent tide.

REFRAIN.

Rit. - - - -

Oh, beau-ti - ful stream, thou art saying un - to me, So the riv - er of time is flow-ing to the sea.

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THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.

W. E. HICKSON. Arr. from DANBY from GRACE W. ROOT.

1. May ev - 'ry year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And truth and
2. Let good men ne'er of truth de - spair, Tho' hum - ble ef - forts fail; Oh, give not

love all hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now sor - row reigns, and
o'er un - til once more The righteous cause pre - vail; In vain and long en-

earth com-plains, For fol - ly still her pow'r maintains; But the day will sure - ly come.
dur - ing wrong, The weak may strive a-gainst the strong; But the day shall yet ap - pear.

When the might with the right And the truth shall be, With the right, ...

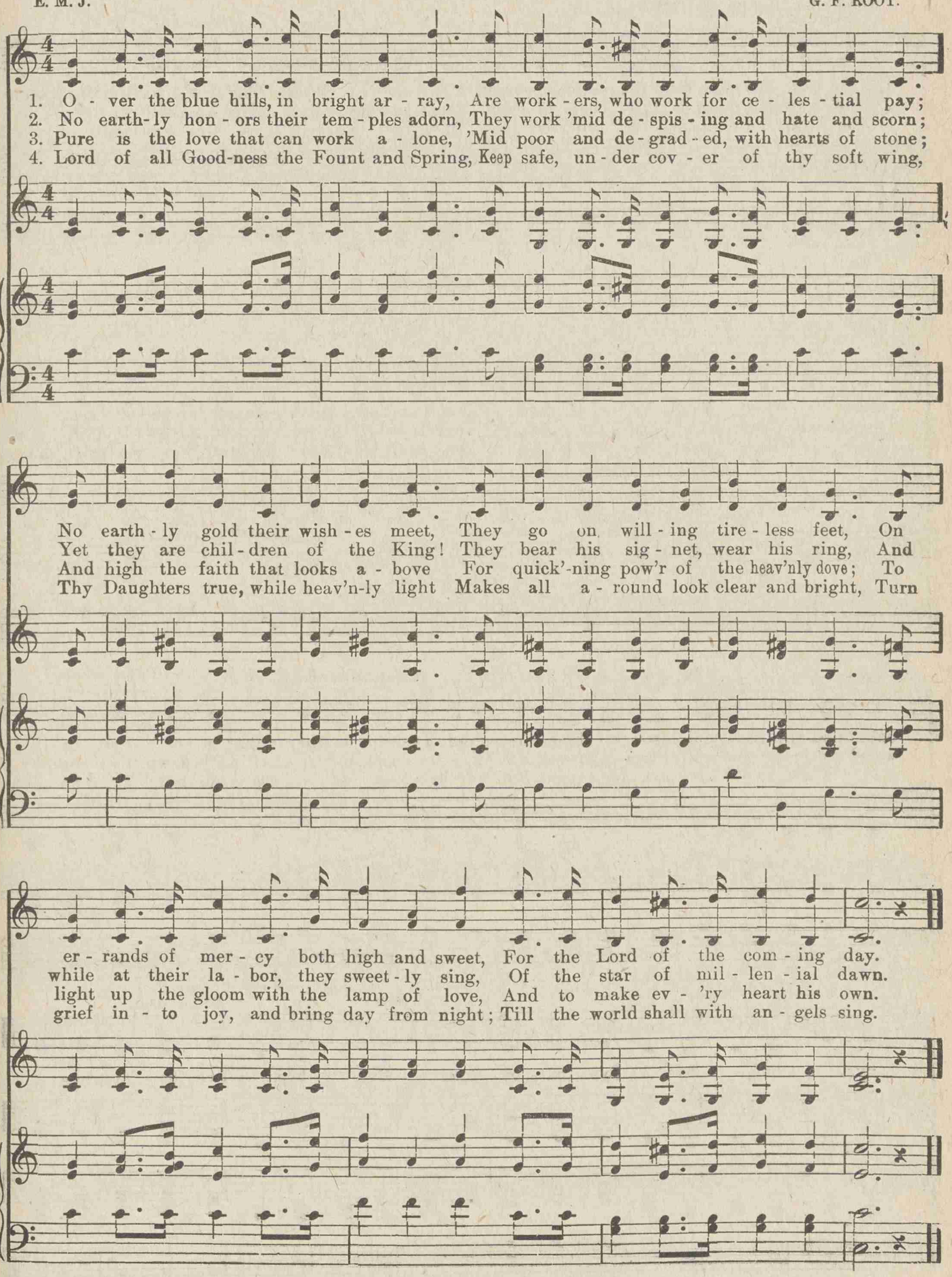
When the might with the right And the

. . And come what there may, to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

truth shall be,

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E. M. J. G. F. ROOT.



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A SUMMER LULLABY.

Words adapted from ST. NICHOLAS. GEO. F. ROOT.

Grazioso.

1. The sun has gone from the shin - ing skies, Bye, ba - by, bye, The flow'rs have shut up their
2. The squirrel's dress is a coat of grey, Bye, ba - by, bye, He wears it al - ways by
3. The squirrel's nest is an old dry tree, Bye, ba - by, bye, A fur - ry ball in his

sleep - y eyes, Bye, ba - by, bye, The stars are light-ing their lamps to see If
night and day, Bye, ba - by, bye, The rob - in sleeps in his feath - 'ry down, With
sleep is he, Bye, ba - by, bye, The rob - in's nest is high o - ver head, Where

babes and squirrels and birds all three Are sound a - sleep, as they ought to be, Bye, ba - by,
warm red breast and with wings of brown, But ba - by sleeps in a small white gown, Bye, ba - by,
leaf - y boughs of the ma - ple spread, But ba - by's nest is a cra - dle bed, Bye, ba - by,

p *pp* **Rit. e dim.**

bye, bye, bye, Bye ba - by bye, Bye, bye, Bye ba - by bye.

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Arr. from GLOVER by G. F. ROOT.

1st Voice. Allegretto.

1. Star of the twilight! Beau - ti-ful star! Glad - ly I hail thee Shin-ing a - far!
2. Ea - ger-ly watching, Wait - ing for thee, Looks the lone trav'ler O'er the dark sea:

2d Voice.

Rest from your la - bors, Chil - dren of toil! Night closes o'er ye: Rest ye a - while!
Soon as thou shin-est Soft on the air, Borne by the light breeze, Float - eth his pray'r!

CHORUS.

This is thy greet-ing, Signalled a - far; Star of the twi-light, Beautiful, beautiful star,
Watch o'er him kind-ly Hence from a - far, Light thou his pathway, Beau - ti-ful star,

Beau - ti-ful

Beautiful, beautiful

Star of twi-light, Beaut-ti - ful star! Star of twilight, Beautiful, beautiful star!

Star of the

Star of the

Star of

Star of

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THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

A. N. **Andaute. Cantabile.** G. F. ROOT.

1. Far a - way, and yet so near us, lies a land where all have been, Played be-side its sparkling
2. And the things they know and see there are so won der - ful and grand, Things that wis - er folks and
3. Once 'twas ours: 'tis ours no long - er, for when nursery time is o'er, Thro' the Land of Lit - tle

wat - ers, danced a-long its mead-ows green. Where the bus - y world we dwell in and its
old - er can - not know nor un - der-stand; In the woods they meet the fair - ies, find the
Peo-ple we may wan-der nev - er-more, But we hear their mer - ry voic - es and we

nois-es on - ly seem Like the ech - o of a tem-pest or the shadow of a dream; Like the
gi - ants in their caves, See the pal - a - ces of cloudland and the mermen in the waves, See the
see them at their play, And our own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they, And our

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Rit e dim. A tempo.

ech - o of a temp-est or the shad - ow of a dream, And it grows not old for-
pal - ac - es of cloudland and the mer - men in the waves, There they know what all the
own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they, Roam-ing ov - er shore and

ev - er, sweet and young it is to - day—'Tis the Land of Lit - tle Peo - ple, where the
birds sing—hear the se - crets of the flow'rs, For the Land of Lit - tle Peo - ple is an-
meadow, Talk - ing to the birds and flow'rs, For the Land of Lit - tle Peo - ple is a

Ritard.

hap - py chil-dren play, 'Tis the Land of Lit - tle Peo-ple, where the hap-py children play.
oth - er world than ours, For the Land of Lit - tle Peo-ple is an - oth - er world than ours.
fair - er world than ours, For the Land of Lit - tle Peo-ple is a fair- er world than ours.

GATHERING HOME.

Arranged from "Pacific Glee Book" by GRACE W. ROOT.

m **Moderato.**

1. The sun - set fades a - long the hills, Floods of gold-en light Dy - ing in - to night; Soft
2. The huntsmen ride a - long the hills In the gold - en light, While the coming night, From
3. Oh, soon for us no more will be Morn or eve-ning light, Earthly noon or night, But

twi - light now the val - ley fills, Dim the shadows fall, O - ver all, o - ver all. Hark!
spir - it wings the dew dis-tills, Bidding qui - et fall O - ver all, o - ver all. Hark!
death's un-fath - omed mys-ter - y Settling like a pall, O - ver all, o - ver all. Then

p **Cres.**

hark! the song the reap-ers sing As they gather home, Blithely gather home; Hark! how the vales and
hark! the huntsman's winding horn, As they gather home, Blithely gather home; Their tones on twilight
if the gold - en harps we hear, As we gather home, Safe - ly gather home; We'll know our Father's

p **Cres.**

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REFRAIN after each verse.

mp

woodlands ring, As the ech-oes sweet loud-ly call. Oh, hear the strain,
zeph-yrs borne, As the ech-oes sweet loud-ly call.
throne is near, And for us the sweet heav'nly call. Oh, hear . . . . the joy - ful

f

The joy - ful strain; The joy - ful strain! Gath'ring home, gath'ring home;

strain! Gath'ring home, Gath'ring home; Hark!

Repeat Refrain piano, and diminish to the end.

The glad re-frain, We're gath'ring home, The glad refrain, Gath - 'ring home.

hark! the glad refrain, Gath'ring home, Gath'ring home.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

Arr. from DR. MASON, by GRACE W. ROOT.

Allegretto.

I love . . . it, I love . . . it, the laugh . . . of a child, . . . Now

I love it, I love it, I love it, I love it, the laugh, oh, the laugh of a child, of a child, Now

rip - - pling and gen - - tle, Now mer - - ry and wild. . .

rip-pling and gen - tle, now rip-pling and gen - tle, Now mer - ry, now mer - ry and wild, and wild.

1st time.

It rings in the air with its innocent gush, Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush; It floats on the

breeze like the tones of a bell, Or the music that floats in the heart . . . of a shell.

D. C.

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2d time.

Oh, the laugh . . of a child, . . so wild . . and so free, . . Is the mer - ri - est

The laugh of a child, so wild and so free, . . Is the mer-ri-est, merri-est

sound in the world . . to me; . . The laugh of a child, . . so wild . . and so

sound in the world, the world to me; . . The laugh of a child, so wild and so

free, . . Is the mer - - ri - est sound in the world to me. . .

free, . . Is the mer - ri - est, mer - ri - est sound in the world, the world to me. . .

120 THE TWILIGHT FALLS. (Quartet and Chorus).

G. F. R.

(Should be sung without accompaniment).

G. F. ROOT.

m **QUARTET.**

The twi - light falls on the qui - et village throng, As they gath-er in the church at the close of

Cres. *mf* **Dim.**

day; Now their voic-es blend in the sweet old song, And in its lov-ing words is the prayer they pray.

p **CHORUS.** *m*

Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way, Free from care, from

QUARTET.

The light of day soft fades a - way, Now free from

p

la - bor free; Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

care and la - bor free, They cry, O Lord, I would commune with thee, I would commune with thee.

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m QUARTET.

Oh, the ca - dence of that song on the qui - et even - ing air, As we pass the

vil - lage through, we can ne'er for - get; How the sweet and mel - low strain of the

rev -'rent voic - es there From that far - off ten - der scene in our mem-'ry lin - gers yet.

Rit. e dim.

CHORUS.

(Mouths closed. As soft as the pitch can be kept true. Connect closely like the tones of an organ). Rit., sustain and die away.

hm.....

During the humming there is no separate part for the Quartet. Let them join here with the Chorus.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Close with the first "Thy will be done."

DR. MASON. Arr. by G. F. ROOT.

1. Thy will be done! In devious way the hurrying streams of life may run, Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, Thy will be done.
2. Thy will be done! If o'er us shine a gladdening and a prosperous sun. This prayer will make it more divine, Thy will be done.
3. Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er our path with gloom, One comfort, one is ours, to breathe while we adore, Thy will be done.

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122 SEE THE HILLS ARE RED AND GOLDEN.

NELLIE O. H. MOBLEX. G. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

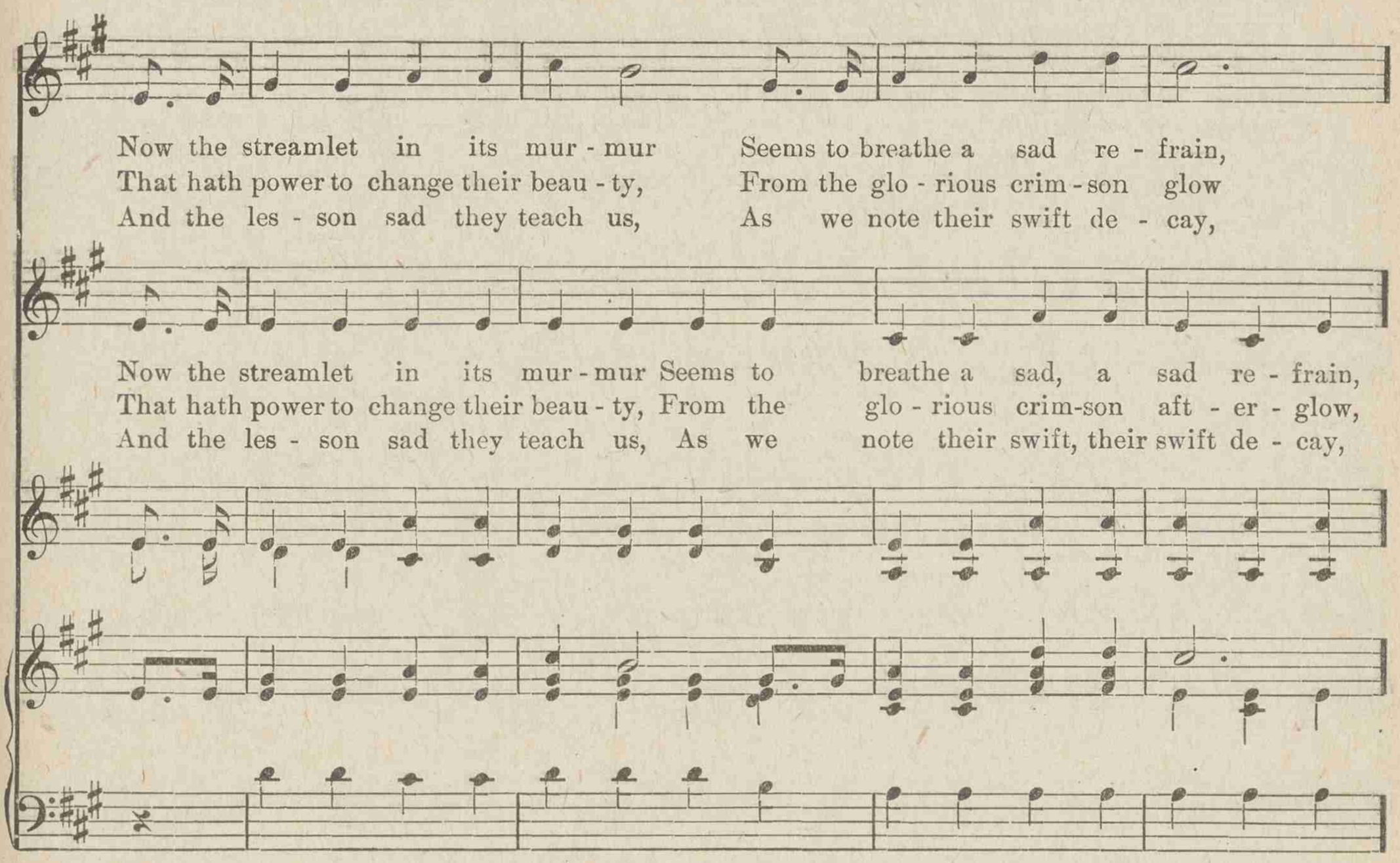
1. See the hills are red and gold - en In the sun - set's aft - er glow,.....
2. Look, the gold-en - rod and ast - er Are a - flame up - on the hill,.....
3. Daf-fo - dils and ros - es fall - en, Prone up-on the ground are laid,.....

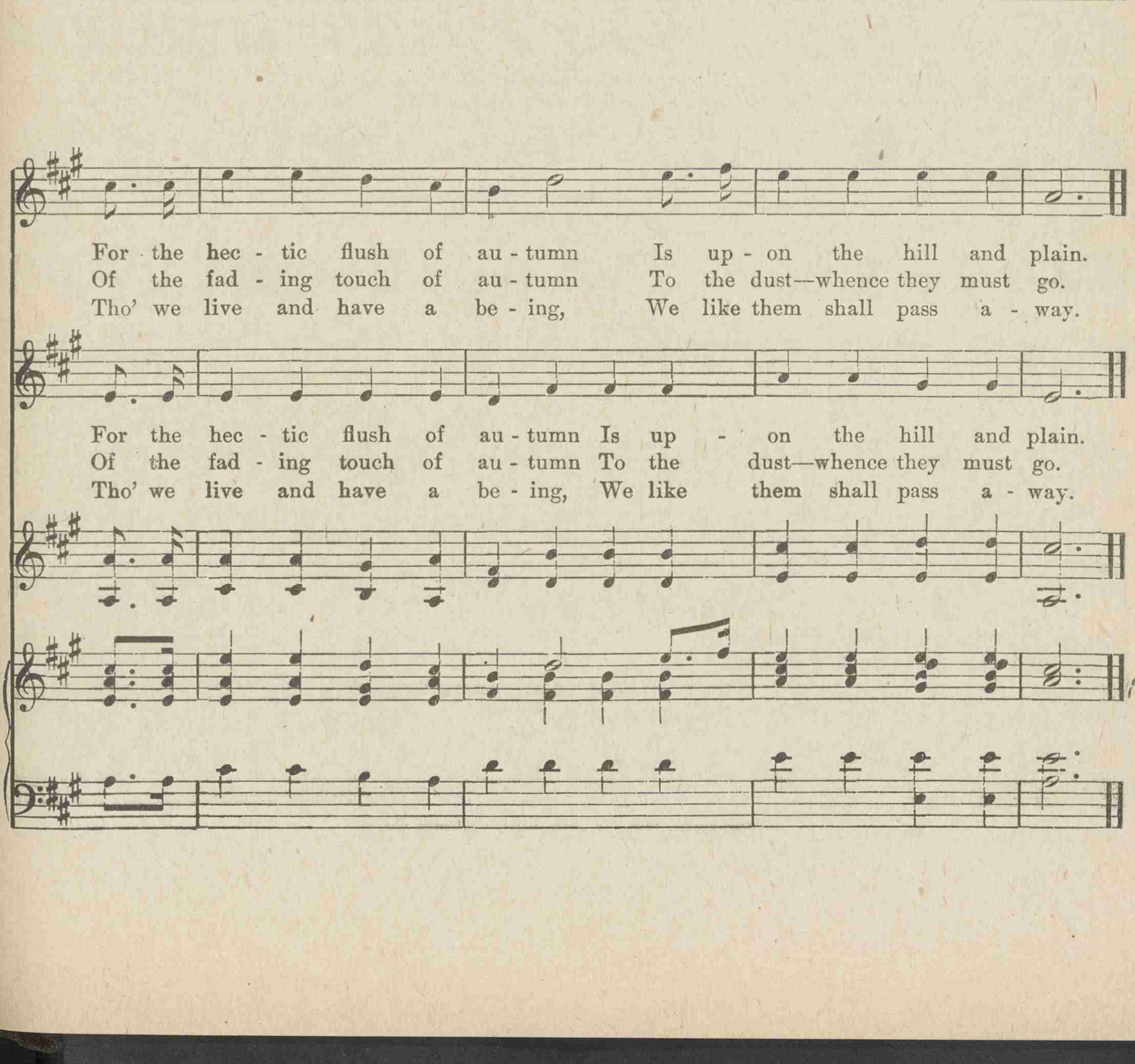
1. See the hills are red and gold-en In the sun - set's aft - er - glow, aft - er-glow,
2. Look, the gold-en - rod and ast - er Are a - flame up - on the hill, on the hill,
3. Daf-fo - dils and ros - es fall - en Prone up - on the ground are laid, there are laid,

And the au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, Fill - ing all the vale be - low;
And the ma - ple and the ald - er Bow sub - miss - ive to a will
And the dead leaves heap the hol - lows That the au - tumn rain has made;

And the au - tumn leaves are fall - ing, Fill - ing all the vale, the vale be - low;
And the ma - ple and the ald - er Bow sub - miss-ive to a po - tent will
And the dead leaves heap the hol - lows That the au - tumn rain, the rain has made;

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Now the streamlet in its mur - mur Seems to breathe a sad re - frain,
That hath power to change their beau - ty, From the glo - rious crim - son glow
And the les - son sad they teach us, As we note their swift de - cay,
Now the streamlet in its mur - mur Seems to breathe a sad, a sad re - frain,
That hath power to change their beau - ty, From the glo - rious crim-son aft - er - glow,
And the les - son sad they teach us, As we note their swift, their swift de - cay,


For the hec - tic flush of au - tumn Is up - on the hill and plain.
Of the fad - ing touch of au - tumn To the dust—whence they must go.
Tho' we live and have a be - ing, We like them shall pass a - way.
For the hec - tic flush of au - tumn Is up - on the hill and plain.
Of the fad - ing touch of au - tumn To the dust—whence they must go.
Tho' we live and have a be - ing, We like them shall pass a - way.

WHILE ALL IS HUSHED.

BARCONOLLE. From KREUTZER, by GRACE W. ROOT.

1. While all is hushed on ev - 'ry side, While all is hushed, While all is hushed on ev - 'ry side, on
2. We hear the echo-ing hills re-spond, The hills respond, We hear the echo-ing hills re-spond, the

ev - 'ry side, We wake, we wake, we wake the swell-ing note, We wake, we wake, we
hills re-spond, We hear, we hear, we hear the hills re - spond, We hear, we hear, we

wake the swelling note, The swelling note, the swelling note . . The sil - 'ry
hear the hills re-spond, The hills respond, the hills re - spond . . The moon looks

The swelling note . . . . . The
The hills re - spond, ... The

The sil - v'ry moon, the moon shines
The moon looks down, looks down with

moon, The sil - v'ry moon shines far, shines far and wide, The sil - v'ry moon The sil - v'ry moon shines
down, The moon looks down with smiles, with smiles so fond, The moon looks down, The moon looks down with

sil - v'ry moon, the sil-v'ry moon,
moon looks down, the moon looks down,

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far, . .
smiles . .

far, shines far and wide, far and wide, far and wide.
smiles, with smiles so fond, looks with smiles, smiles so fond.

far . . . and wide, far and wide,
smiles . . so fond, looks with smiles,

And smoothly, smoothly
Then wake, then wake the

And smoothly, smoothly glides our boat, The sil - v'ry moon shines clear and bright, And
Then wake, then wake the strain once more, The moon looks down with smiles so fond, Then

glides our boat, . .
strain once more, . .

Smooth - ly glides our boat, And smoothly glides . . . . And smoothly
Wake the strain once more, Then wake the strain . . . . Then wake the

smoothly glides our boat, And smoothly glides our boat, And smoothly glides our boat, And
wake the strain once more, Then wake the strain once more, Then wake the strain once more, Then

glides . . . . . boat.
strain . . . . . more.

smoothly glides our boat, And smoothly glides our boat, our boat. . . . . .
wake the strain once more, Then wake the strain once more, once more. . . . . .

TOUCH THE SOFT HARP GENTLY.

(The first measure of accompaniment shows how the chords are to be played. Touch them lightly.)

G. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

Touch the soft harp gent - ly, Sweet let its num-bers be, The dew - y eve is fad - ing, 'Tis

Leggiero.

Now the zephyrs float-ing by, To the sleep - ing

moonlight on the sea. Touch the soft harp gent - ly,

flow - 'rets sigh, Mid - night's si - lent hour is nigh,

Sweet let its numbers be. Touch the soft harp gent - ly,

FINE. SOLO. Moderato.

Touch the soft harp gent - ly. Touch the soft harp gent - ly, While all is hushed and still; . . The

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stars are beaming bright - ly Up - on the mountain rill, The stars are beaming bright - ly Up -

CHORUS.

on the mountain rill. Touch the soft harp gent - ly, While all is hushed and still, The

SOLO.

stars are beaming bright-ly Up - on the mountain rill. Phi - lo - me - la in the vale,

D. C.

Tells her mel - an - cho - ly tale To the rose and li - ly pale. Touch the soft harp gent - ly.

HOME AGAIN RETURNING.

MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY. G. F. ROOT.

2d. Alto.

1. We have wandered long from the house-hold throng, From the old fa - mil - iar pla - ces,
2. Tho' the winds are light and the skies are bright In the land where we've been stray-ing,
3. How our heart still clings to the sim - ple things We have loved in days long van-ished!

1st. Alto.

And our hearts are light with our joy to - night, As we greet your smil- ing fa - ces.
Tho' the clime is fair and a balm - y air With its sum - mer flow'rs is play - ing,
Ere our lives grew cold, and our hearts felt old, Or the dreams of youth were ban - ished.

2d. Soprano.

From our na - tive shore we will roam no more While the bright skies bend a - bove us;
Yet our hearts turned still, with a right good will, To the land be - yond the o - cean;
We have wandered far, but our guid-ing star, O'er the West-ern wa - ters burn - ing,

1st. Soprano.

Naught shall tempt our feet from our blest re - treat, With the friends who tru - ly
And we breathed its name and we sang its fame, With a tide of sweet e-
Sheds its star - ry light on our dark - est night, And we're home a - gain re-

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love us.
mo - tion.
turn - ing. Home re - turn - - - - ing, Nev - er -

CHORUS.

Oh, we are home a - gain re - turn-ing, home a - gain re - turn - ing, Nev-er- more to

more from thee to stray, Home a - gain,

wan - der from our hap - py land a - way, Oh, we're home a - gain re - turn - ing,

home a - gain, Oh, joy - - - - - ful lay.

home a - gain re - turn- ing, Pour it forth with thank-ful hearts, the joy- ful, joy- ful lay.

FAWN-FOOTED NANNIE.

LUCY LARCOM. H. R. PALMER.

1. Fawn-foot-ed Nan-nie, where have you been?
2. Lis - ten - ing Nan-nie, what did you hear?

"Chas - ing the sunbeams in - to the glen, Plung-ing thro' sil - ver lakes af - ter the moon;
"Heard the rain asking a rose to ap-pear, Heard the woods saying, the winds whis - tled wrong;

Tracking o'er the meadows bright the steps of June." Sunny-eyed Nan-nie, what did you see? "Saw the fairies sowing beauteous
Heard the streamlet vieing with the bird's sweet song." Nannie, dear Nannie, take me with you? Teaeh me all you see and hear in

leaves on the tree, Saw the waves counting the eyes of the stars, Saw the cloud-lambs sleeping on the sun-set's red bars."
nature so true. "Nay, you must borrow my ear and my eye, Or the charm will vanish and the music will die."

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CHORUS.

Nan - nie dar - ling, take me with you, Nan - nie, dar - ling,

Nan - nie, lit - tle fai - ry dar - ling, take me with you, Teach me all you see and hear in

take me with you. Trip - ping, danc - ing, gai - ly a - long,

na - ture so true. Skip - ping, trip-ping, glanc-ing, danc-ing, mer - ri - ly a - long,

Breath - ing in the mu - sic of the birds' sweet song.

D. S.

BEAUTIFUL RAIN.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

CHORUS.

p *mp*

p

Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat. Pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat, pit, pat.

Drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, *m*

Patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter, patter.

Drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop, drop,

Pour, Pour, Dim. Rit.

drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip, drop, drip,

Pour, Pour,

DUET.

1. Hear the mu - sic of the rain, falling down, On the roof and window pane, falling
2. Hear the mu - sic of the rain, falling down, On the roof and window pane, falling

falling down,

down, "Mur-mur not," it seems to say, For our Fa-ther's love to - day, Orders
down, What a les - son does it bring, What a chor - us does it sing, What a

Drop, drop, drop, drop,

falling down, Drip, drip, drip, drip,

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on - ly in our way good to fall, Like the gen - tle fall - ing rain, Ov - er
mes-sage from our King of His love, And we seem to hear Him say, Come ye

Drop, drop, Good to all, drop, drop,
Drip, drip, Of His love, drip, drip,

mountain, lake and plain, Will His ten-der care remain, Ov - er all,
children learn my way, From my fold no longer stray, Look above,

drop, drop, drop, Ov-er all Hear the music of the
drip, drip, drip, drip, Look above,

beautiful rain, pattering fall,

rain, beautiful rain, As the pear-ly drops in show'rs pattering fall,

Hear the rain tell of our Fa - ther's love for all.

Hear the sweet subdued re-frain, On the roof and window pane, Of our Father's tender love for all.

BIRD OF THE NORTH.

G. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

> Solo.

Linger not, linger not,

speed thee a - way, Bird of the North, for the chill blast is nigh; Fly to thy green sun-ny

bow-ers so gay, Sing while the soft winds go mer - ri - ly by.

p Andante.

Lin-ger not, linger not, why should'st thou stay, Nature no lon-ger is smil-ing for thee;

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Blossoms around thee are fad-ing a - way. Hush'd is thy mu-sic once hap-py and free.

Chorus.

Soon will the springtime their beauty restore, Woodland and val-ley now lone-ly and sere;

Then will we list to thy mu-sic once more; Glad-ly sweet songster, we'll welcome thee here.

Solo.

Linger not, linger not, speed thee a - way, ...

Chorus.

Linger not, linger not, speed thee a - way, Bird of the North, for the chill blast is nigh,

Linger not, linger not, speed thee a - way, . . Speed thee a-way, a - way,

Fly to the green sun - ny bow-ers so gay; Sing while the soft winds go mer - ri - ly by,

Speed thee a - way, ... Speed thee a - way, ... Speed thee a-

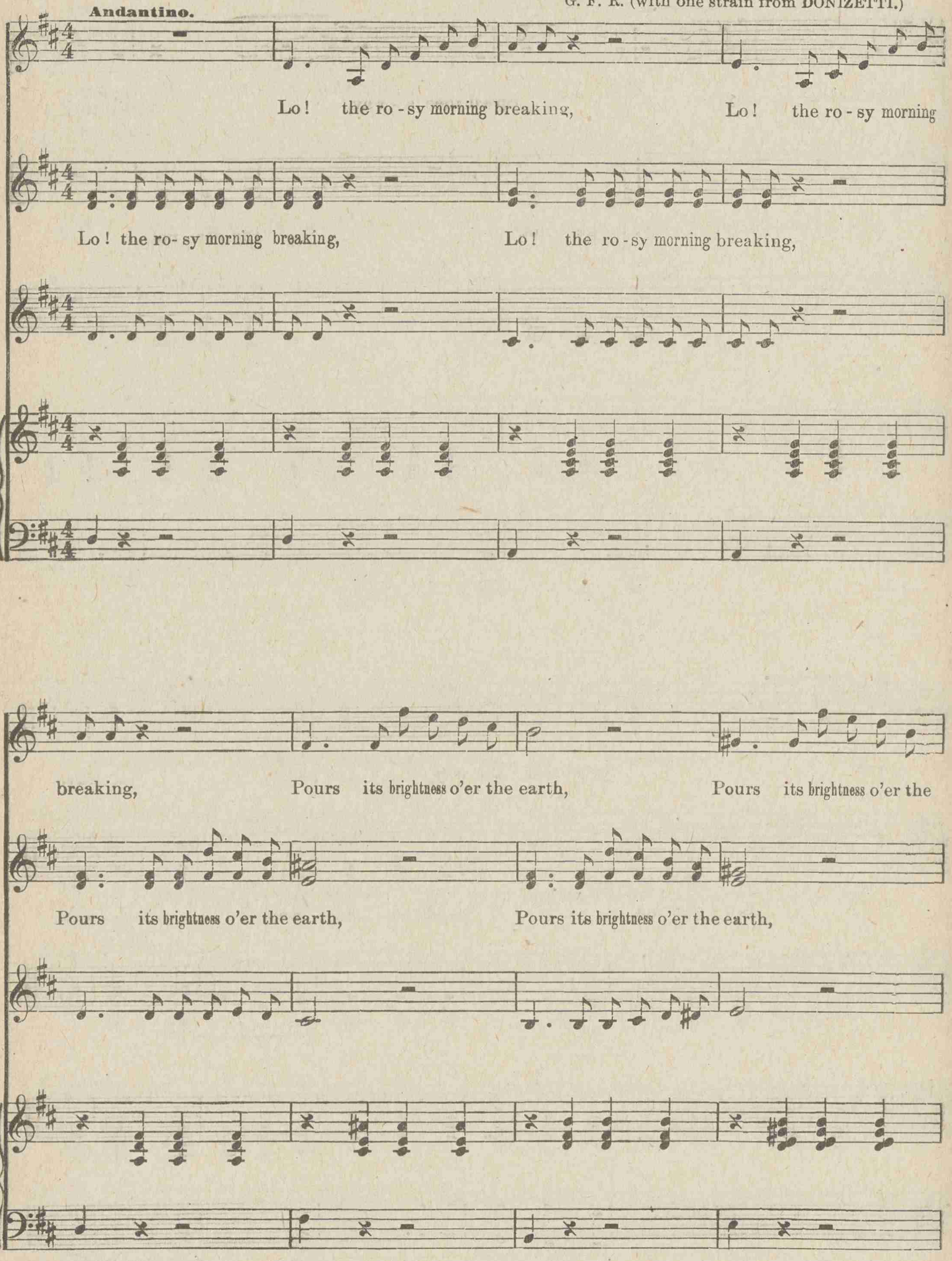
Lin - ger not, Lin-ger not,

way, ... Speed thee a - way, a - way, . . . a-way.

Lin - ger not, Speed thee a - way, . . . a-way.

GREETING TO SPRING.

G. F. R. (with one strain from DONIZETTI.)



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earth, Now, from peaceful slumbers wak - - - ing, Haste with songs to

Now, from peaceful slumbers waking, Now, from peaceful slumbers waking, Haste with songs to

hail its birth, Haste . . with songs to hail its birth, . . .

hail its birth, Haste with songs, Haste with songs, Haste with songs, to hail its birth,

GREETING TO SPRING. Continued.

Haste with songs to hail its birth.

(Let all the voices join here.)

Haste with songs, Haste with songs, Haste with songs to hail its birth. Hark! the hunter's horn is sound - ing,

Hark! The hunter's horn is sound - ing, O'er the dis-tant hills re - bound - ing, O'er the dis-tant hills re - bound - ing.

Hap - py sea - son rich the treas - ure Thou to us dost kind - ly bring,

Can we dream of aught but pleas - ure, While we greet thee gen - tle Spring, We

greet thee gen - tle, gen - tle Spring, We greet thee gen - tle Spring. . .

(After observing the Da Capo closing it with the Echo return here and play the chords below for an ending.

D. C.

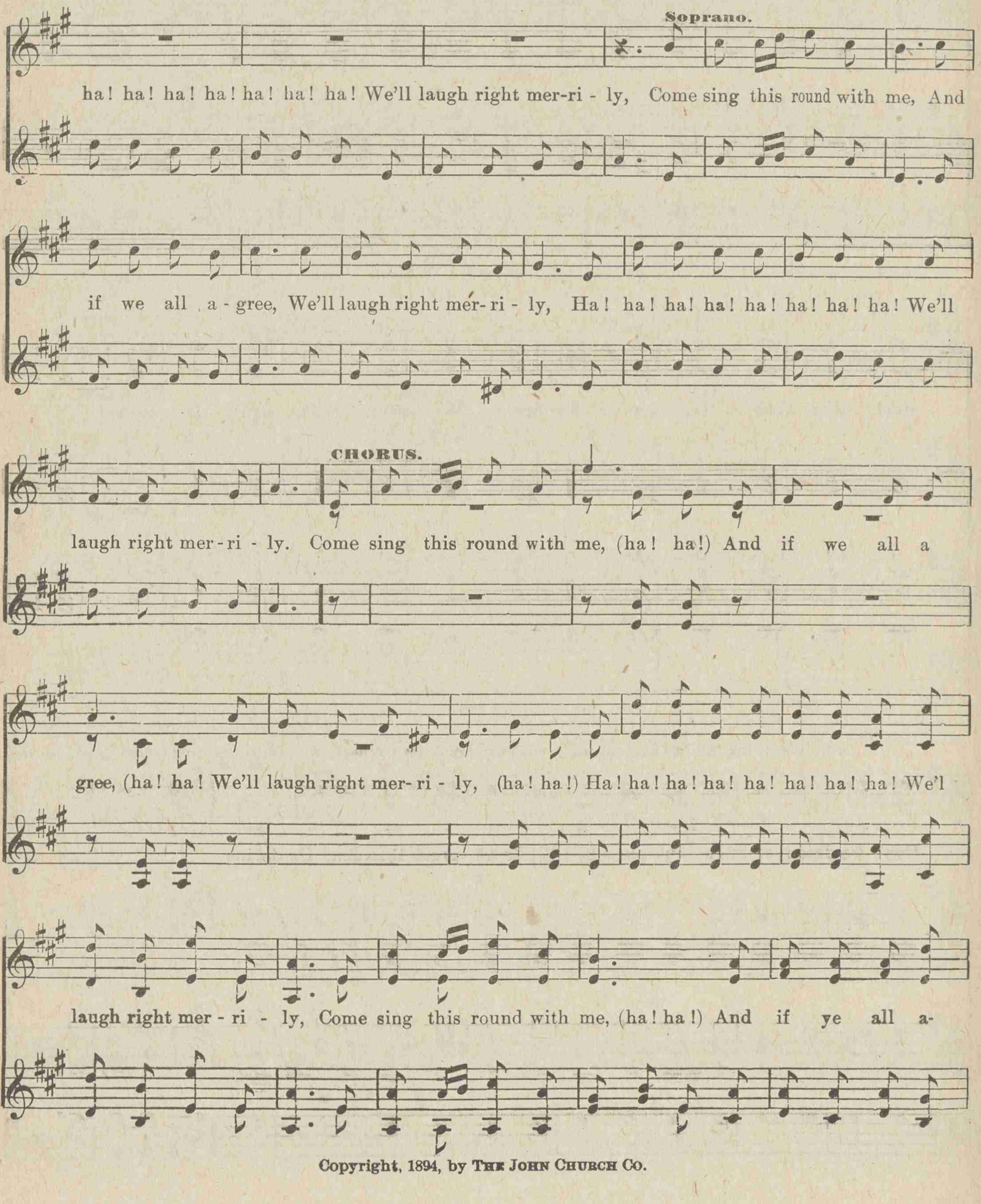
Can we dream of aught but pleas-ure, While we greet thee gen - tle Spring.

COME SING THIS ROUND WITH ME.

To be sung without accompaniment.

From MARTINI.





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free, (ha! ha!) We'll laugh right mer - ri - ly, (ha! ha!) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Accelerate.

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (ha! ha!) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (ha! ha!) Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

NOW MAY AWAKES.

G. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. Now May a - wakes the Spring, And tells the birds to sing; With threads of green she
2. With gold she crowns the hills, With hope the heart she thrills; She frees the streams en-
3. She tunes the an - them high, She opes the dai - sy's eye; She sweeps the green ca-

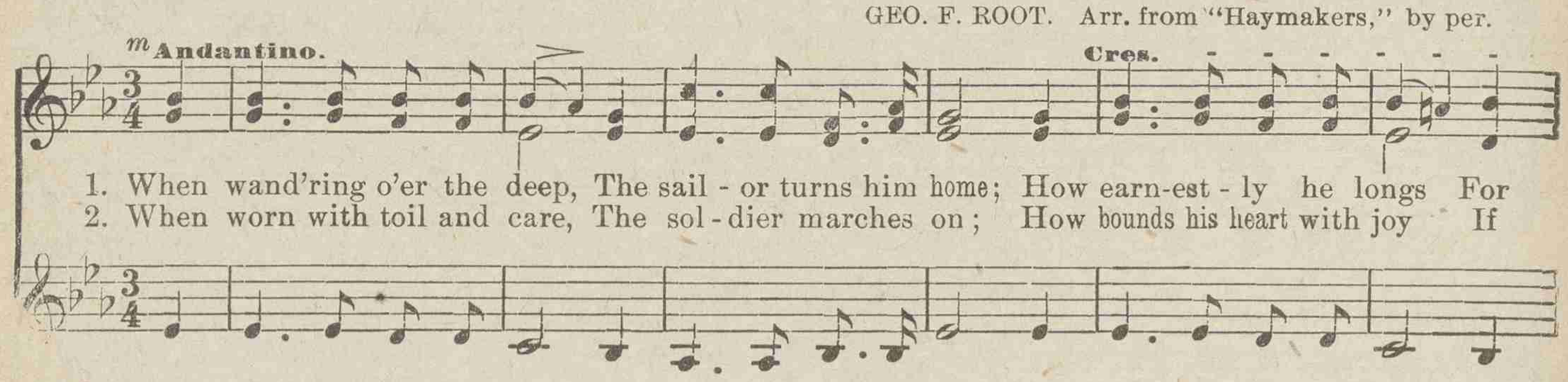
marks the trees, Where soon the leaves will woo the breeze, The leaves will woo the breeze.
chained so long, And wakes their flow - ing tide of song, Their flow - ing tide of song.
the - dral aisle, And wakes all Na - ture's ra - diant smile, All Na - ture's ra - diant smile.

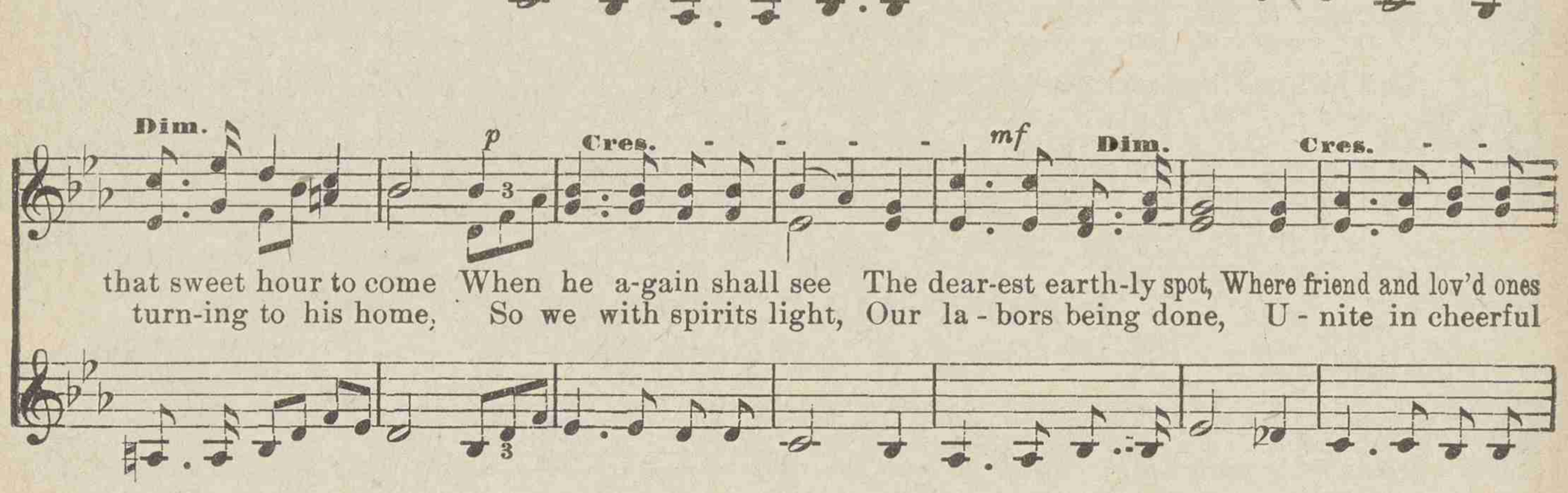
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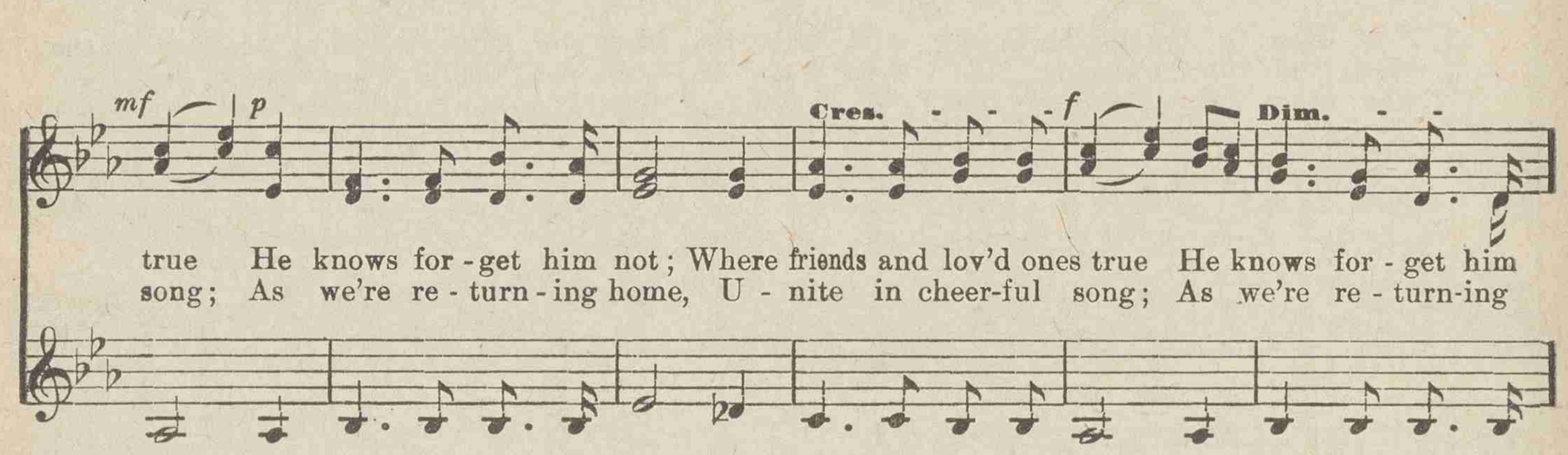
144 THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME. (Trio and Chorus.)

(Should be sung without accompaniment.)

GEO. F. ROOT. Arr. from "Haymakers," by per.









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GEO. F. ROOT. Arr. from "Haymakers," by per.

Allegretto.

Rain - bow! rain-bow! Hail, hail to thee, In brightness and beau - ty ar - rayed;

Rain - bow! rain - bow! Wel - come to thee, Thou bright arch of glad prom - ise

made,
Oh, welcome, welcome, welcome, Welcome, bow of prom - ise, Welcome, arch of beau - ty,

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RAINBOW. Continued.

Wel - - come, oh, wel - - come, Thou bright arch of

Welcome, bow of prom - ise, Welcome, arch of beau - ty, Joy - ful - ly we hail thee,

beau - - ty. Joy - - - ful we hail thee, In

Joy - ful - ly we hail thee, Seal of prom-ised mer - cy, Glorious is thy bright-ness,

bright - - ness ar - rayed, Joy - - ful we

Seal of promised mer - cy, Glo - rious in thy bright - ness, Welcome, ev - er wel - come,

hail thee, oh, joy - - - ful we hail thee, oh,

Glorious arch of beau - ty, Wel - come, ev - er wel - come, Glorious arch of beau - ty,

Joy - ful - ly! Joy - ful - ly! Joy - ful - ly we hail thee, Bright arch of heav'n.

Joy - ful - ly! Joy - ful - ly! Joy - ful - ly we hail thee, Bright arch of heav'n.

RAINBOW. Concluded.

Rain-bow! rain-bow! Hail, hail to thee, In brightness and beau-ty ar-rayed;

Rainbow! rainbow! Welcome to thee, Thou bright arch of glad promise made. Hail! hail! hail!

THE THREE BUMBLE BEES.

G. F. R.

Arr. by GRACE W. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. There were three buz-zing bum-ble bees, Three buz-zing bum-ble bees; They swept the gar-den
2. There were three buz-zing bum-ble bees, Three buz-zing bum-ble bees; They swept the gar-den

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(Here the 1st alto takes the 3d part on the 1st staff.)

all the day, With their zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,

1. And ev - 'ry flow'r they
2. They sang and buzzed till

zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,

set - tled in, Just shook its sides to hear the mer - ry din, And all the leaves the
night came on, And even - ing breez - es quivered chill and lone; But to the last, the

(Here the 1st alto returns to the 2d staff.)

zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, And all the leaves the gar-den round, Kept
zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, But to the last, the gar-den round, Kept

gar - den round, Kept laughing at the fun - ny sound. Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom,

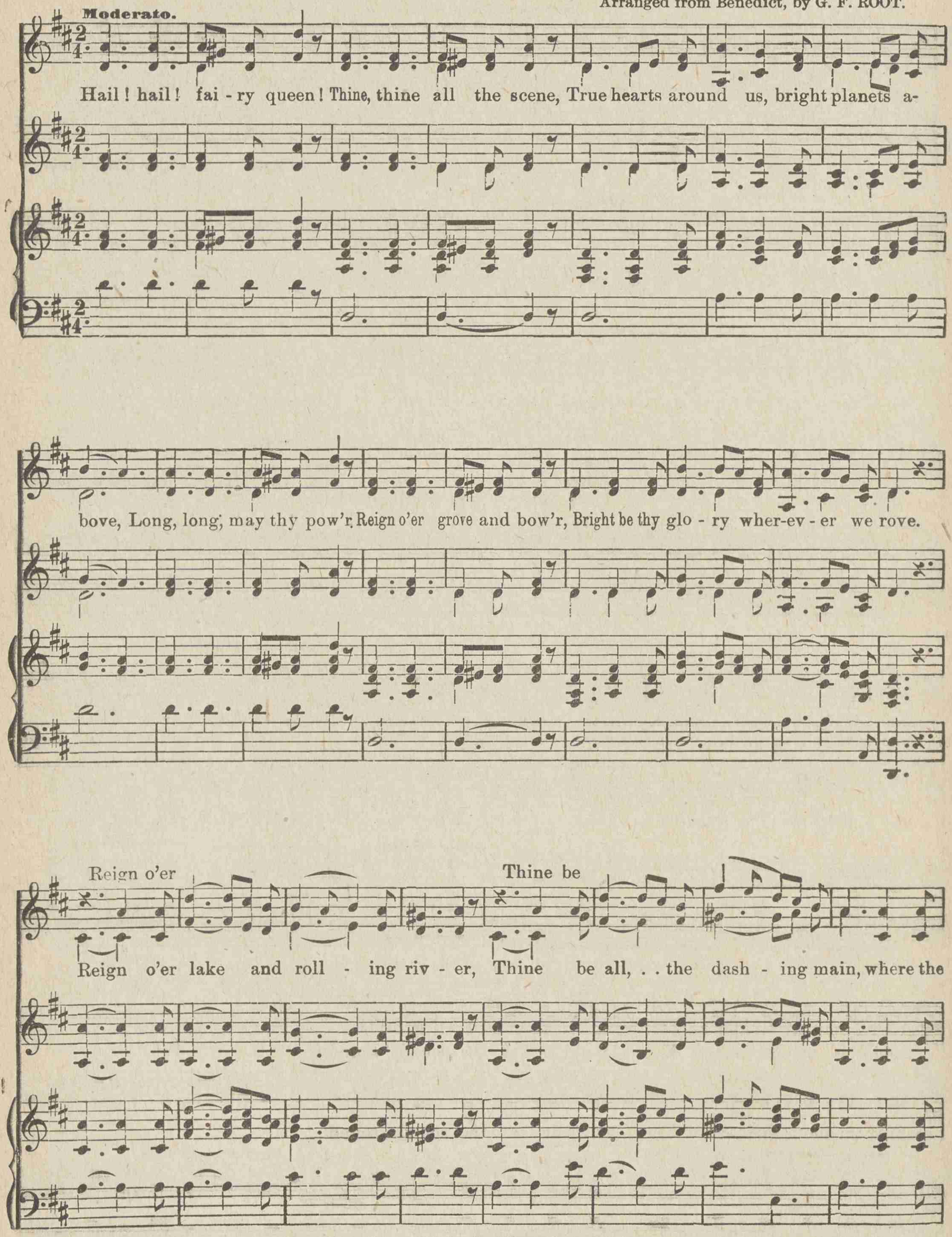
1st time. 2d time.

laughing at the sound, Kept laughing at the sound. sound.

zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom, Kept laughing at the sound. sound.

HAIL! FAIRY QUEEN.

Arranged from Benedict, by G. F. ROOT.



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sparkling moonbeams quiver, Dancing ov - er hill and plain, Yes, ...

Hail! hail! fair-y queen, Thine, thine all the scene, True hearts a-round us, bright plan-ets a - bove;

Long, long, may thy pow'r, Reign o'er grove and bow'r Bright be thy glo - ry wher-ev - er we

rove Thy glo - - - ry bright, . . . Thy glo - ry

Thy glory ev-er bright, Thy glory ev-er bright,

bright, Thy glo - - ry bright . . . . . Thy glo - ry

Thy glory ev-er bright, Thy glory ev-er bright,

bright, Thy glory ever bright, Thy glory ever bright. . . . . .

Thy glo - - - ry Thy glo - - - ry

Thy glo-ry Thy

GOOD NIGHT.

J. R. MURRAY.

Moderato.

1. Goodnight, goodnight, Ah, good the night, that wraps thee in its sil - very light, goodnight, good-
2. Goodnight, goodnight, Each night is sweet as that which made our love com-plete, goodnight, good-

night, No night is good for me, That holds not tho'ts of thee, Goodnight, Goodnight, good-
night, Till death's last night shall be Parting brief for thee and me, Goodnight,

night, good-night,

goodnight, goodnight, Oh hap - py and sweet thy dreams be to-night.

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THE LARK. (Canon.)

MENDELSSOHN.

If instruments accompany this canon they should play in exact unison with the voices, but it is intended to be sung without accompaniment. If sung without accompaniment the pitch could be taken a step lower to accommodate the alto voices.

Allegro.

1st Soprano and 1st Alto.

What mel - o - dy, hark! 'Tis thou, mer-ry lark, Thy car - ols so joy - ous out-pour - ing! I join in thy song, By thee borne a - long, To - geth - er we mount up-ward soar - ing, To- geth- er we mount upward soar - ing.

2d Soprano and 2d Alto.

What mel- o - dy, hark! 'Tis thou, mer-ry lark, Thy lark so joy - ous. lark, thy car - ols out - pour - ing! I join in thy song, By thee borne a - long, car - ols so joy - ous out-pour - ing, I join in thy song, By thee borne a - long, To - geth - er, to - geth - er, we mount up-ward soar - - ing. What geth - er we mount up-ward soar - ing, To - geth - er we mount up-ward soar - ing. mel - o - dy, hark! 'Tis thou, mer - ry lark! Thy car - ols so joy - ous out- lark so What mel - o - dy, hark! 'Tis thou, mer - ry lark, Thy car - ols out- pour - ing I join in thy song, By thee borne a - long, To - geth - er we mount up-ward joy - - ous, pour - ing. To - geth - er, to-

soar - ing, To - geth - er we mount up-ward soar - ing. To - geth - er, To - geth - er. . .

geth - er we mount up-ward soar - - ing.

To-geth- er we mount . . . . . up - - - - ward soar - - ing.

. . . . To- geth-er we mount up - ward soar - - ing.

We mount upward soar - - ing.

IF I WERE A SUNBEAM.

LUCY LARCOM, arr. G. F. R.

1. If I were a sun - beam I know what I would do, I'd go in - to the
2. Steal-ing in a - mong them The bright-est light I'd shed, Un - til each wea - ry
3. And while all looked up - ward, I there would shine and shine, Un - til they thought of

hov - els All dark with want and woe, All dark, ... all dark with want and woe.
suff - 'rer With new hope raised his head, With new, ... with new hope raised his head.
hea - ven, Their own sweet home and mine, Their own . . . . . their own sweet home and mine.

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FROM BRIGHT LANDS I COME.

Partly from DONIZETTI.

Joyfully.

1. From bright lands I come, and joy-ous - ly dancing Are the
2. From bright lands I come, and balm I am bringing To the

1. From bright lands I come, from bright lands I come, and joy - ous - ly danc-ing, joy - ous - ly danc-ing,
2. From bright lands I come, from bright lands I come, and balm I am bringing, balm I am bringing,

spir - its of earth to wel-come my birth; Tho' the
sad wound - ed heart neg - lect - ed and lone; I have

spir - its of earth to wel - come my birth, the spir - its of earth to wel - come my birth: Tho'
to ev-'ry heart, each sad, wounded heart, neg - lect - ed and lone, neg - lect - ed and lone; I've

flow-ers are hid - den, the sun-beams are glancing, And the
pow - er to ban - ish the gloom that is clinging To the

flow - ers are hid - den, sun-beams are glancing, flow - ers are hid - den, sunbeams are glancing,
pow - er to ban - ish gloom that is clinging, pow - er to ban - ish gloom that is cling-ing,

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whole world re - ech - oes with glad-ness and mirth. I
sad - dened re - mem-brance of days that are gone. I

while all the world re - ech - oes with glad-ness, ech - oes with glad-ness, glad - ness and mirth. I
sad-dened remembrance, sad-dened remembrance, days that are gone, with days that are gone. I

come not in beau - ty, I bring ye no blos-soms, Ye
come, and a vis - ion of brightness and beau - ty Is

come not in beau-ty, bring-ing the blossoms, no, not in beau-ty, bring-ing the blossoms, Ye
come, and a vis - ion, vis - ion of brightness, brightness and beauty, bright-ness and beau-ty Is

hear not the sound of the wild bird's sweet strain;
cast o'er the poor - est, the low - li - est home;

hear not the sound, ye hear not the sound of the wild bird's strain, the wild bird's strain; But
cast o'er the poor - est, cast o'er the poor - est and low - liest home, the low - liest home; I

ere long the sweet buds that sleep in earth's bosom, And the song-bird, gay tru-ant, shall re-
wak-en new moments of love and of du-ty Dreams bet-ter and ho-lier for the

Yes, yes, Then welcome, thrice welcome! the hap-py New
turn once a-gain.
year that's to come. Yes, yes, Then welcome! oh, welcome! welcome! oh, welcome! bright, happy New Year!

Year; Tho' thou bringest no flow-ers, we bid thee good

bright, happy New Year! Tho' bringing no flowers, bring-ing no flow-ers, we greet thee with cheer, we

cheer! Thou com-est right glad-ly with mirth and with song, And earth wakes to

greet thee with cheer. And earth, and earth awakes, a-

Accel. Cres.

hail thee in one joy - ous throng! Thou com-est right glad-ly with

wakes to hail thee in one joy - ous, joy - ous throng!

mirth and with song, And earth wakes to hail thee in one joy - ous throng!

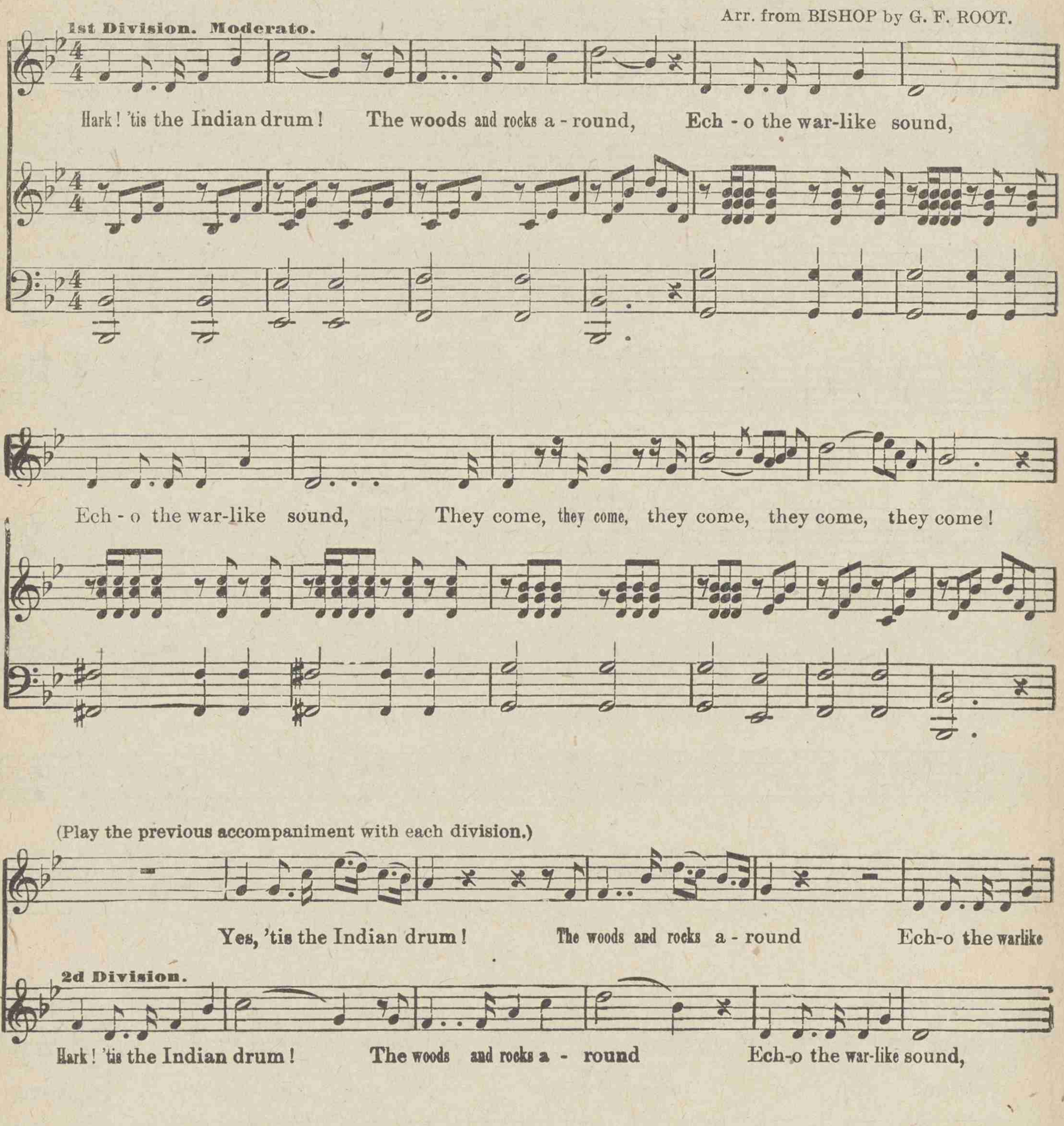
And earth, and earth a-wakes, a-wakes to hail thee in one joy-ous throng!

HARK! 'TIS THE INDIAN DRUM!

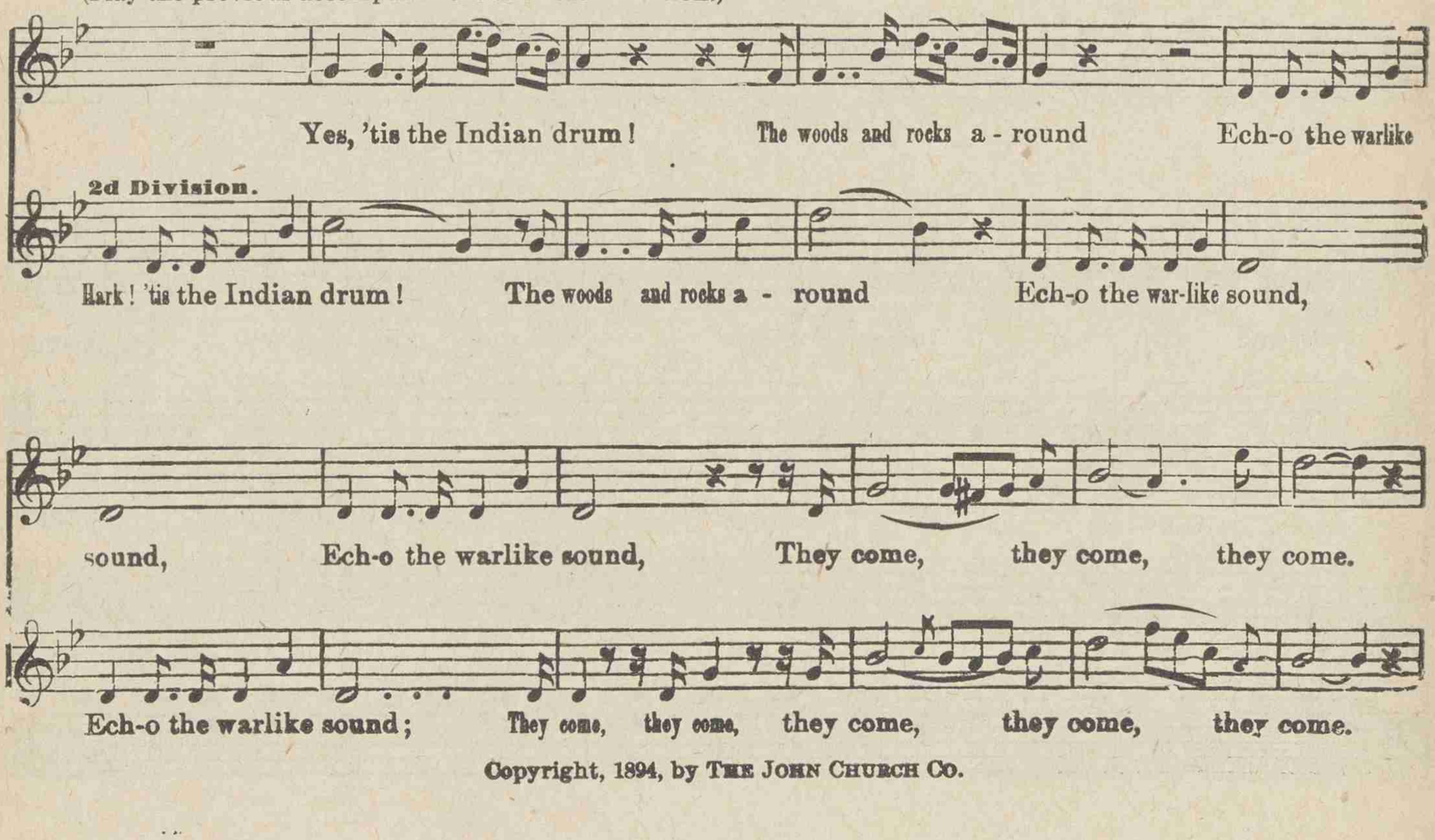
(Three equal divisions for the Canon, then let the voices take their usual parts in the Coda.)

Arr. from BISHOP by G. F. ROOT.

1st Division. Moderato.



(Play the previous accompaniment with each division.)



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Hark! hark! Hark 'tis the In-dian drum! The woods and rocks a - round, a-

Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum! The woods and rocks a - round, Ech-o the warlike

3d Division.

Hark! 'tis the Indian drum! The woods and rocks a - round Ech - o the warlike sound,

round Ech-o the war - - - like sound; They come, . . they come, they come.

sound, Echo the warlike sound; They come, . . . they come, they come.

Ech-o the warlike sound They come, they come they come, . . . they come they come.

Yes, 'tis the Indian drum, The woods and rocks a - round . . . Ech - o the war-like sound,

Hark! Hark! Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum The woods and rocks a - round, a-

Hark! 'tis the In-dian drum! The woods and rocks a - round, Echo the warlik-

Ech-o the warlike sound, They come, they come, they come, they come, they come.

round Ech-o the war - like sound, They come, . . they come, they come

sound, Echo the warlike sound; They come, . . . they come, they come.

HARK! 'TIS THE INDIAN DRUM! Concluded.

p **Coda.** **Cres.** *p*

Yes, 'tis the In- dian drum, ... the drum, Yes, 'tis the In- dian

the In - dian drum, 'tis the In-dian drum, . . .

drum, ... the drum,

Cres. *f*

drum, 'tis the In - dian drum, Hark! hark! they come! Hark! hark! they come! Hark! hark! they

'tis the In - dian drum,

ff

Come, they come, they come, Hark! hark! they come, they come, they come!

Arr. by FREDERIC W. ROOT.

mf **Moderato.**

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-col - lec - tion pre-

mf

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re - col - lec - tion pre-

p

sents them to view. The orch - ard, mead - ow, wild - wood,

p

sents them to view. The orch - ard, mead - ow, wild - wood,

f

The orch - ard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled wild - wood, And

all the loved spots that my in - fan - cy knew. *p*

The wide spread - ing pond and the *f*

all the loved spots that my in - fan - cy knew. The wide - spread-ing pond and the *p*

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p

The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell.

mill that stood by it,

mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell.....

Rall. A tempo.

Ah,.... ah,.... ah,..... The cot of my fa - ther, the

Ah,.... ah,.... ah,..... The

Rall.

Ah, ... The cot of my fa - ther, the

Ah,.... ah,.... ah,.....

pp

dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The

f

dai - ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. The

p

old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron bound buck-et,

The moss cov-ered buck - et,

old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron bound buck - et, The moss cov-ered buck - et that

p Cres. *f*

that hung in the well, that hung in the

p *f* Dim.

hung..... in the well,..... that hung..... in the

p Cres. *f*

that hung in the well, that hung in the

p Rall - - en - - tan - - do.

well, The old oak - en buck - et that hung in the well....

p

well,..... that hung in the well....

Rall - - en - - tan - - do.

well, in the well.....

ZION TRIUMPHANT.

G. F. R.

From ROSSINI. By G. F. ROOT.

m **Andantino. Cres.** *f*

Zi - on tri-umphant, in garments of light, Drive back the gloom and the darkness of night;

Cres.

m

m **Rit.**

Down in the valleys where sor - rows a - bound, There let thy life-giv-ing pres - ence be found. . . .

m **Rit.**

mf **A tempo. Cres.** *f*

Zi - on, all glorious, in garments di - vine, Shine o'er the dark lands of earth, in splendor shine.

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SOLO.

May all the world thy beau - ty be - hold, Rich - er by far than can ev - er be

told, . . . May all hearts be lift - ed thy prais - es to sing, Re - joic - ing tri -

Rit.

um-phant in Je - sus, thy King, Ev - er re-joic - ing in Je - sus, thy King. . . .

CHORUS.

mf **A tempo. Cres.** *f*

Zi - on, all glorious, in garments di - vine, Shine o'er the dark lands of earth, in splendor shine.

CODA.

mf *f*

Shine o'er the dark lands, . . in splendor shine. Zi - on arrayed in garments di-

lands, in splen - dor shine, in splendor shine, Zi-on arrayed

Shine o'er the dark lands of earth, in splen-dor shine.

m

vine, In splen - - dor shine. Far o'er the

In splen - dor shine.

dark lands, . . in splendor shine. Zi - on arrayed in garments di-vine,

lands in splen - dor shine, in splendor shine. Zion ar-rayed

Far o'er the dark lands of earth in splendor shine,

In splen - dor shine, In radiant splendor shine, In radiant splendor

In splen - dor shine. In radiant splen - dor

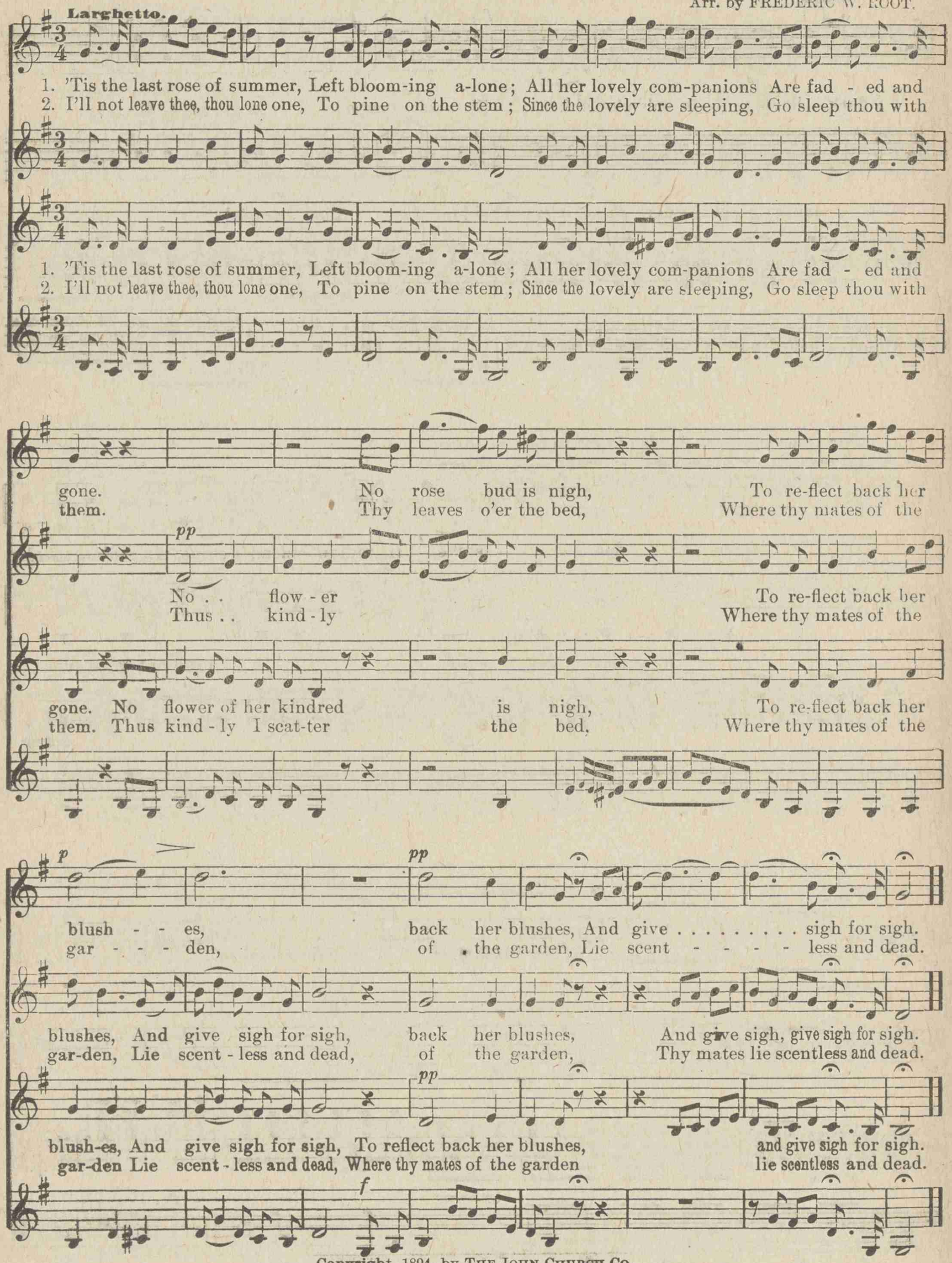
Cres.

shine . . . . . .

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(To be sung without accompaniment.)

Arr. by FREDERIC W. ROOT.

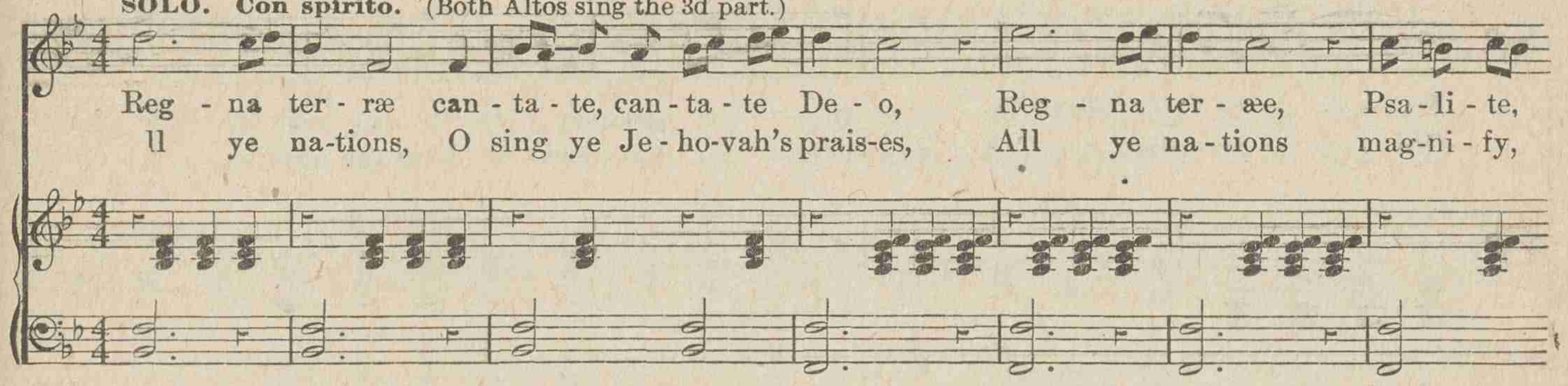


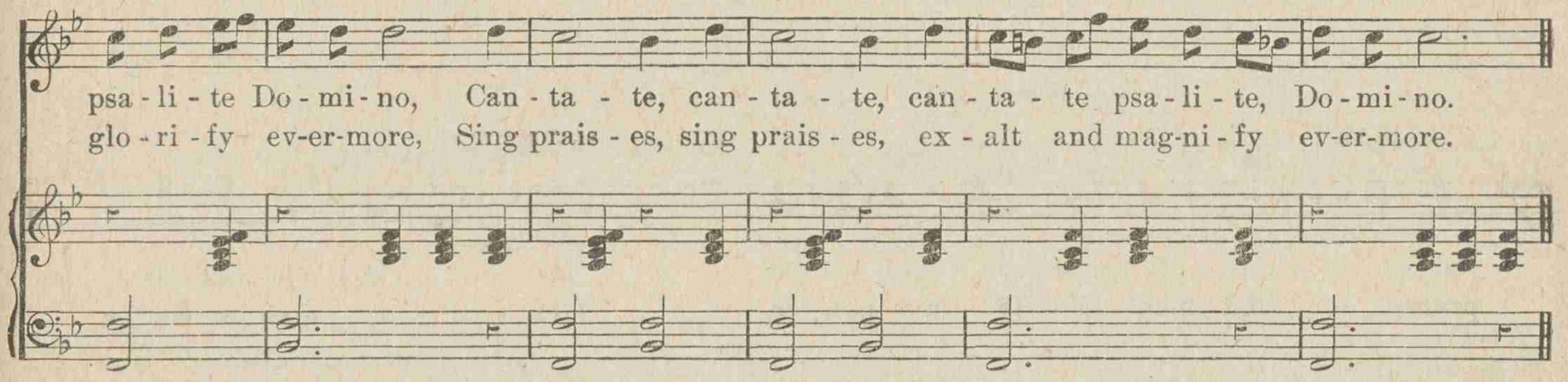
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REGNA TERRÆ.

Translation G. F. R. From an old Mass. Arr. by G. F. ROOT.

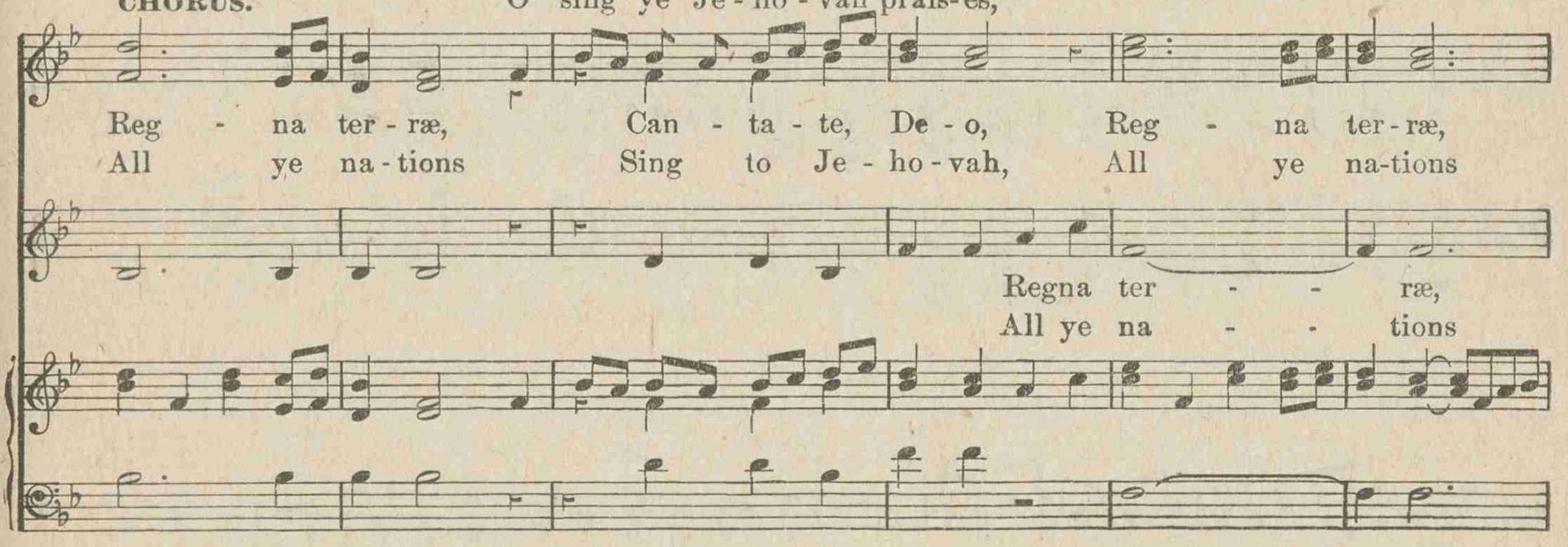
SOLO. Con spirito. (Both Altos sing the 3d part.)





Can - ta - te, can - ta - te, De - o,
O sing ye Je - ho - vah prais-es,

CHORUS.





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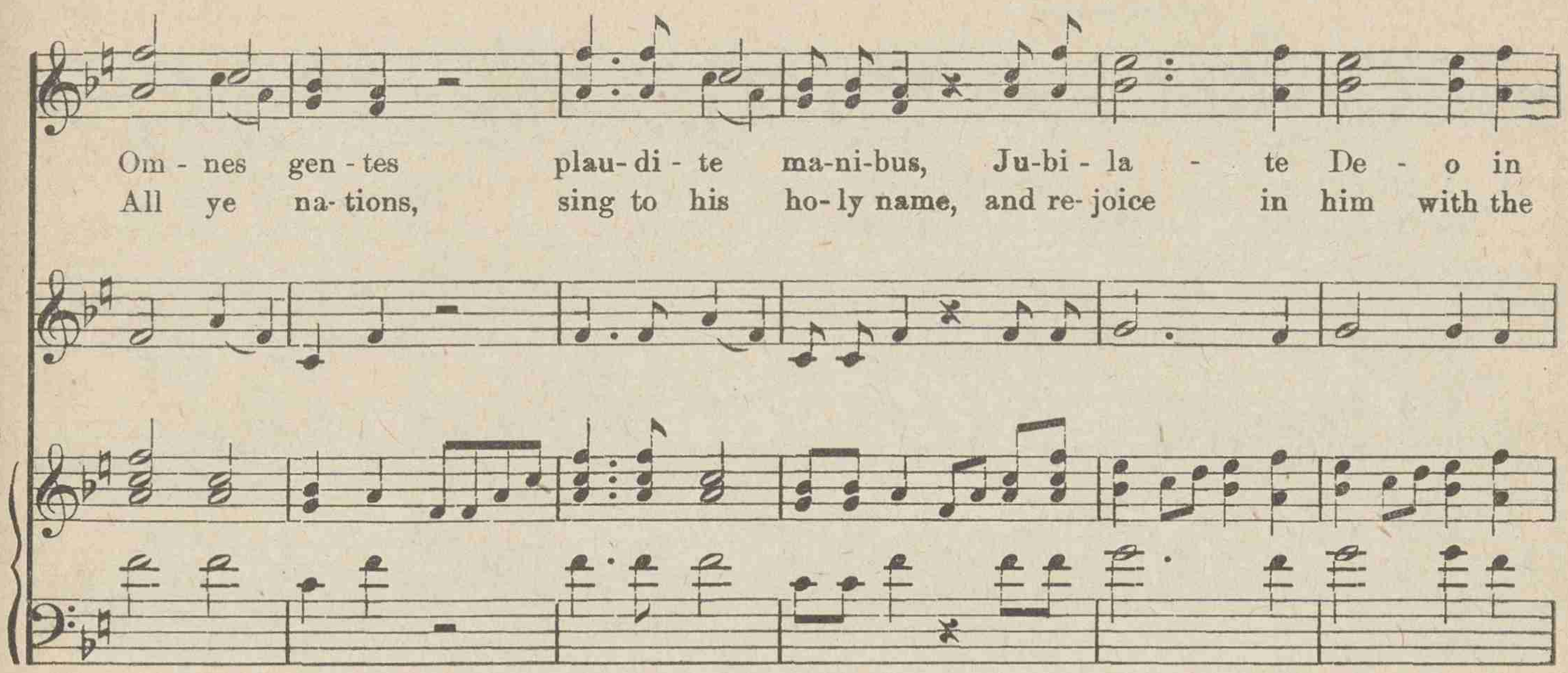
Solo.

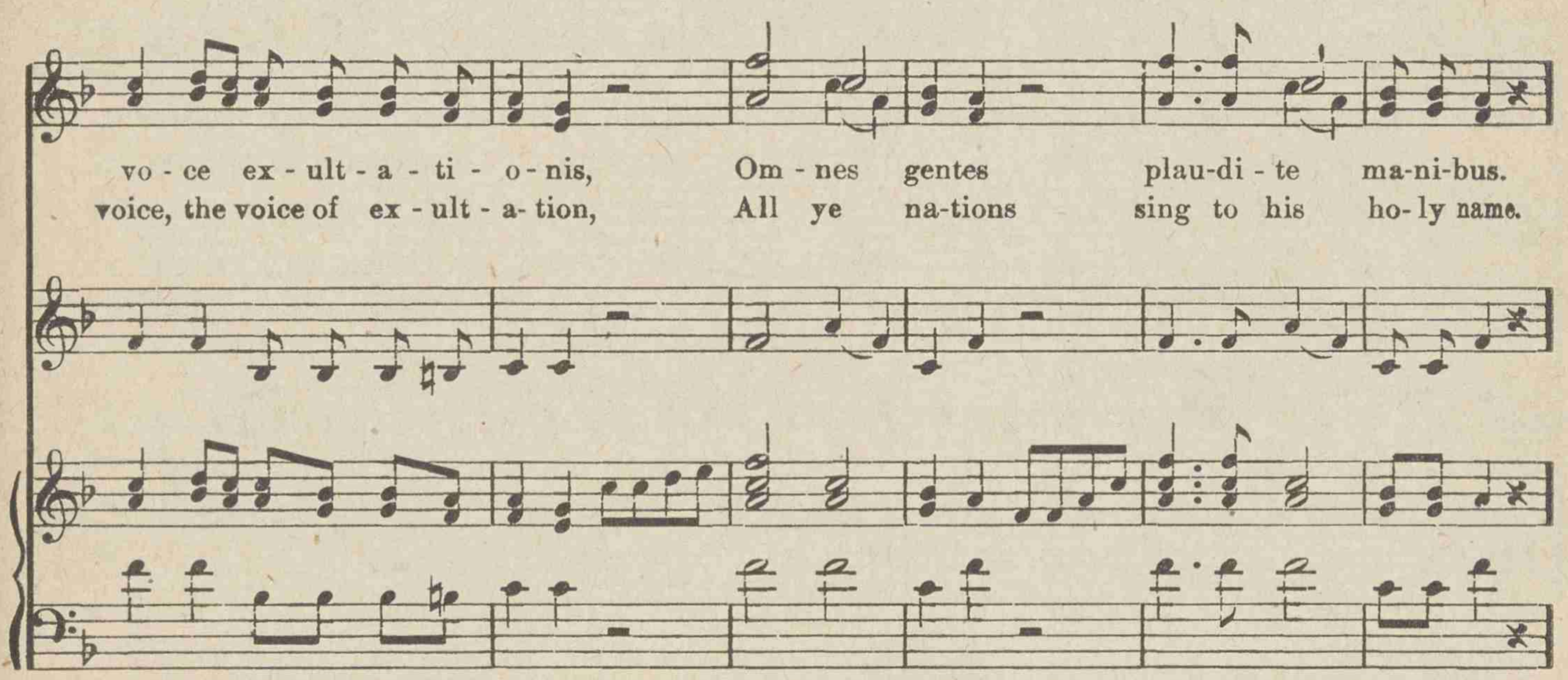
Da - - - te glo - riam De - o su - - - per Is - ra - el et su - - - per
Glo - - - ry give to God a - bove . . . the heavn's a - bove the heav'ns, . . O

CHORUS.

coe - - - los glo - riam, glo - riam e - jus. Da - - - te glo-riam De - o
praise and mag - ni - fy his pow-er. Glo - - - ry give to God a

su - - - per Is - ra - el et su - - per coe - los gloriam, gloriam e - jus.
bove . . the heav'ns, a - bove the heav'ns, O praise and mag-ni-fy his power,


Om - nes gen - tes plau- di - te ma-ni-bus, Ju-bi - la - te De - o in
All ye na- tions, sing to his ho- ly name, and re- joice in him with the


vo - ce ex - ult - a - ti - o - nis, Om - nes gentes plau-di - te ma-ni-bus.
voice, the voice of ex - ult - a- tion, All ye na-tions sing to his ho- ly name.


Solo.
Ju- bi- la - te De - o, Ju-bi- la - - te De - o in vo-ce ex-ul-ta- ti - o - - nis.
And re- joice in him and re- joice in him with the voice, the voice of ex-ult- a - - tion.

CHORUS.

Can-
O,

Ju - bi - la - te De - o Ju-bi - la - te De - o, Reg - na ter - ræ
Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men, hal-le - lu - jah, a - men, All ye na-tions,

ta - te, Can-ta - te, De - o.
sing ye Je-ho-vah's prais-es.

Can - ta - te De - o Reg - na ter - ræ Psal - i - te, psal - i - te
Sing to Je - ho - vah All ye na - tions mag-ni - fy, glo - ri - fy

Reg - na ter - - - - - ræ.
All ye na - - - - - tions.

Dom - i - no, Can - ta - te, can - ta - te, can - ta - te Dom - i no, Can - ta - te
ev - er - more, Sing prais - es, sing prais - es, sing prais-es to his name O praise Je-

Can-
Sing

De - o, can - ta - te De - o, Psa - li - te re - - - gi nos - - - -
ho - vah, O praise Je - ho - vah, praise, Sing and mag - - - ni - fy his

ta - te, Can - ta - te, Psa - li - te re - gi nos - tro, re - gi nos - -
prais - es, Sing prais - es, sing, sing and praise and mag - ni - fy his great

tro. Can - ta - te De - o, can - ta - te De - o, Psa - li - te re - - - gi
name. O praise Je - ho - vah O, praise Je - ho - vah, praise, sing and mag - - - ni -

tro. Can - ta - te, Can - ta - te, Psa - li - te re - gi nos - tro
name. Sing prais - es, Sing prais - es, sing, sing and praise and mag - ni -

nos - - - tro, Can - ta - te Do - mi - no, Can - ta - te, Do - mi - no. . . .
fy his name, O mag - ni - fy his name, O mag - ni - fy his name. . . .

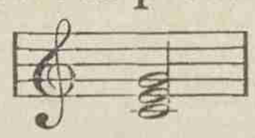
re - gi nos - tro.
fy his great name.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS.

We take it for granted that the class can sing the scale (by imitation) to the syllables, do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do, ascending and descending, and that they have been taught quarter and half notes, double measure and its representation, the pitch names of the tones of the scale (with C for one), and the treble clef. With this knowledge they are ready for the following lessons.

These lessons introduce the class at once to several different keys,—not to a full knowledge of them, but to enough knowledge to insure successful practice in them, and what is learned will be right as far as it goes; there will be nothing to unlearn and later knowledge will be deeper knowledge,—that is all. The practical advantage of beginning in this way is great, for it makes the pupils equally familiar with all the keys, enabling them to read as readily in one as in another. They may not know the reason of things now—why signatures are as they are, etc., but that will not interfere in the least with their practice. Let them receive the facts as they are stated, and become familiar with the different ways the keys are represented on the staff and at the proper time the reasons will be clear,—all the more so because of their previous practice.

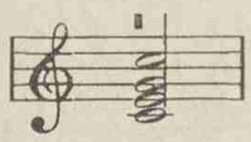
Now about the structure of these lessons. A chord consists of tones heard all at once. Here is a chord represented:



The "arpeggio" of a chord consists of the tones of the chord heard, not all at once, but one after another. Here is the arpeggio of the above chord:



Here is a full chord:



Here is the arpeggio of that chord:

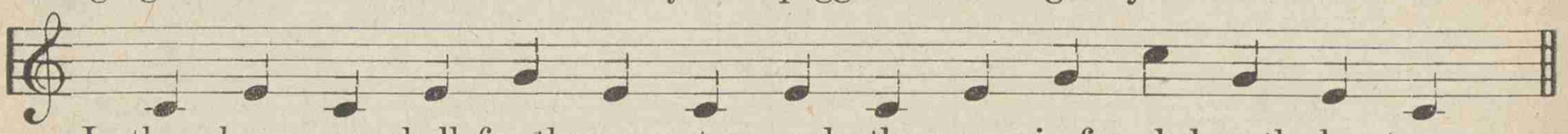


"Arpeggio" is from the word "arpa," which means a harp, and is so called because the harp gives the tones of a chord not exactly together but one a little after another.

Each of the following lessons will have some measures in scale form and some in arpeggio. By scale form is not always meant the whole scale, but any succession where there are no skips,—"stepwise," some authors call it. Here is a melody in scale form.



The chord or arpeggio form does not always mean the whole chord. Any tones of the chord in any order, ascending or descending, will constitute its arpeggio, but they must be only tones belonging to the chord. Here is a melody in arpeggio form using only one chord.



In these lessons we shall for the present use only the arpeggio foundcd on the key-tone or one (do). In harmony this tone is called the Tonic. So, speaking scientifically, we shall use only the arpeggio of the tonic chord.

The class will soon observe that when the lower do is on a line, mi will be on the next line and sol on the next and the upper do will be on a space. Whereas if the lower do is on a space, mi will be on the next space, sol on the next and the upper do on a line. Now let us practice a little:—First sing this tonic chord. Divide into three parts. Let one part take do and hold the voice to that pitch, another, mi, and the other, sol. Sing it with the syllables until it is right, then sing the words.

If the teacher thinks best to have all sing each part first, that will be a good plan.



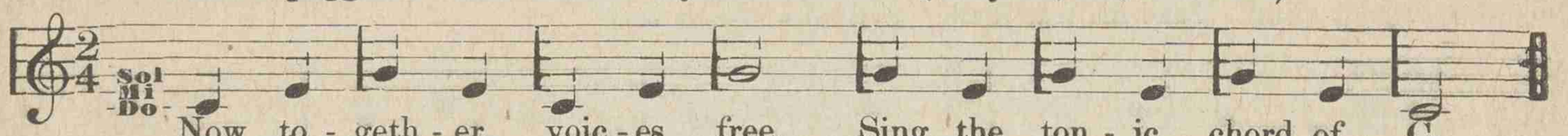
Glad and free, Glad and free, This our open - ing song shall be.

Now take the full tonic chord. Divide into four parts. Sing syllables until it goes well. Then words.



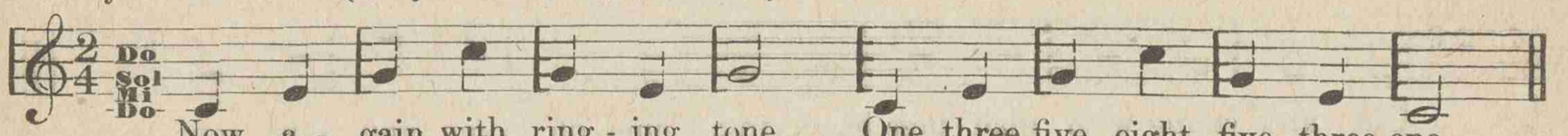
Full and strong, Full and strong, Let our num - bers flow a - long.

Now some arpeggios of this chord. Syllables first. (Only do, mi, sol used.)



Now to - geth - er, voic - es free, Sing the ton - ic chord of C.

Syllables first. (Only do, mi, sol, do, used.)



Now a - gain with ring - ing tone, One three five eight five three one.

1. Key of C. When two or three lessons have the same words they may be sung together, but let all sing each lesson first. Sing the lessons with syllables until they go smoothly, then put on the words.



Mu - sic, mu - sic, heaven-ly friend, In thy praise our voic - es blend;



Like the free and bless - ed air, Thou art with us ev - 'ry - where.

2.

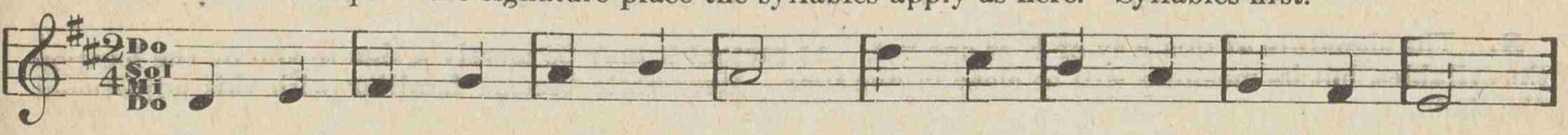


Mu - sic, mu - sic, heaven-ly friend, In thy praise our voic - es blend;



Like the free and bless - ed air, Thou art with us ev - 'ry - where.

3. Key of D. A little section of the staff just at the right of the clef is called the "signature place." When there are two sharps in the signature place the syllables apply as here. Syllables first.



Now good morn - ing, one and all! Hear ye not our mu - sic's call?

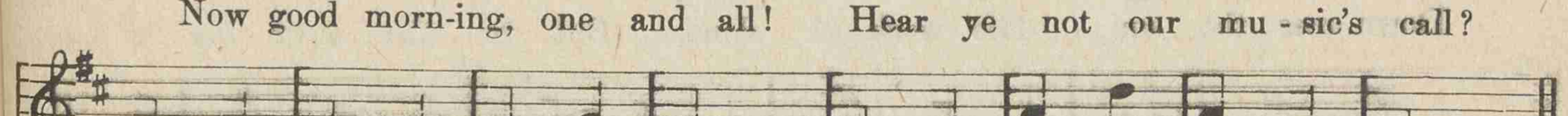


Wake from slum - ber, greet the sun! See, his long night's work is done.

4. You can practice this lesson just as well as if you knew why two sharps are necessary to this adjustment of the staff. The reasons will be satisfactory when the time comes to explain them, and will be all the clearer for the practice you have had. The syllable next below "do" is "ti," or if your teacher prefers to call it "si" that will be right. Take the true pitch,—D.

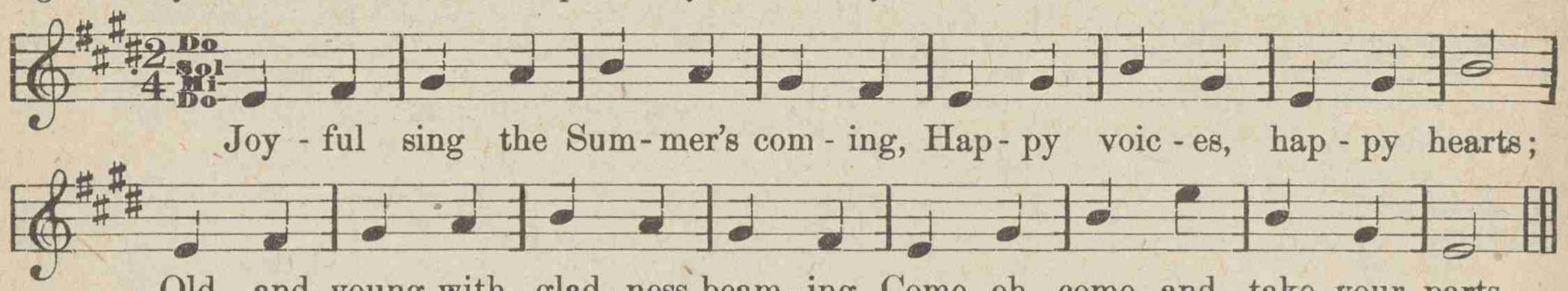


Now good morn-ing, one and all! Hear ye not our mu - sic's call?

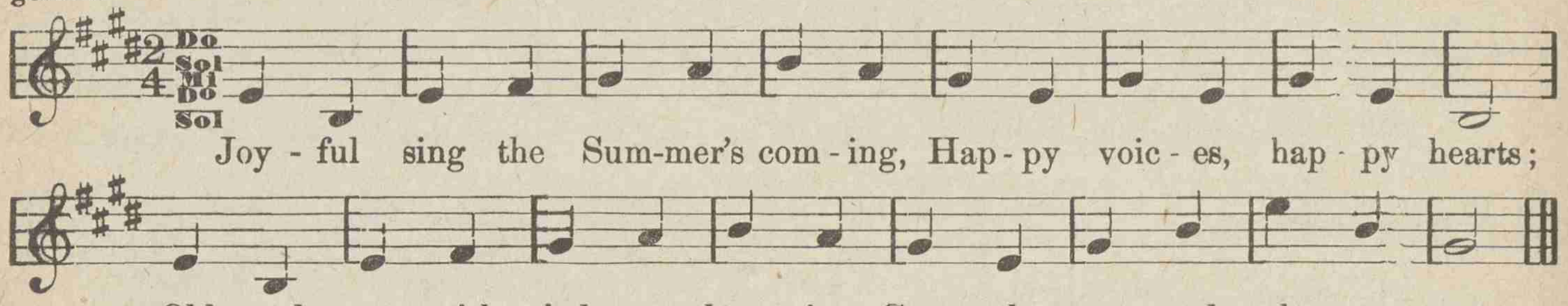


Wake from slum - ber, greet the sun! See, his long night's work is done.

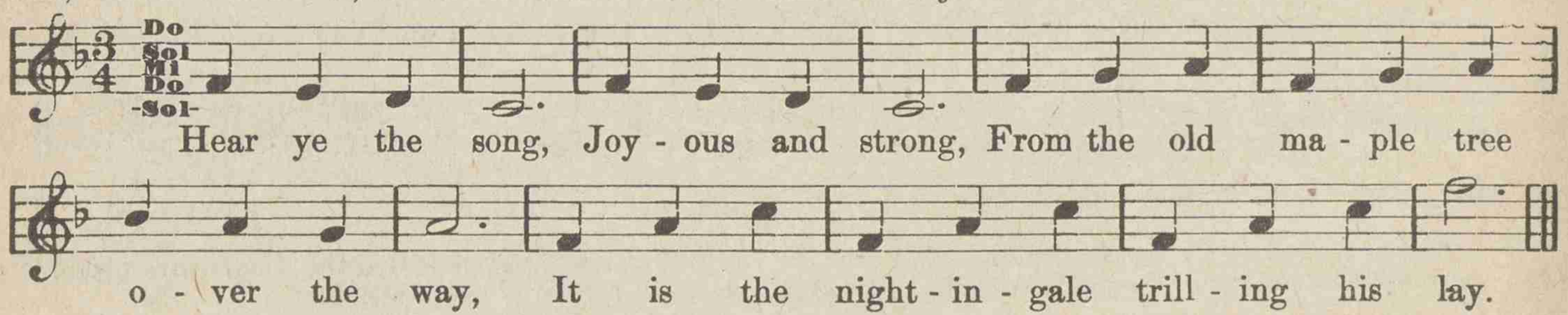
5. Key of E. Associate the signature with the place of the Key-note (do.) Get them indissolubly joined together in your mind. Take the true pitch. Syllables always first.



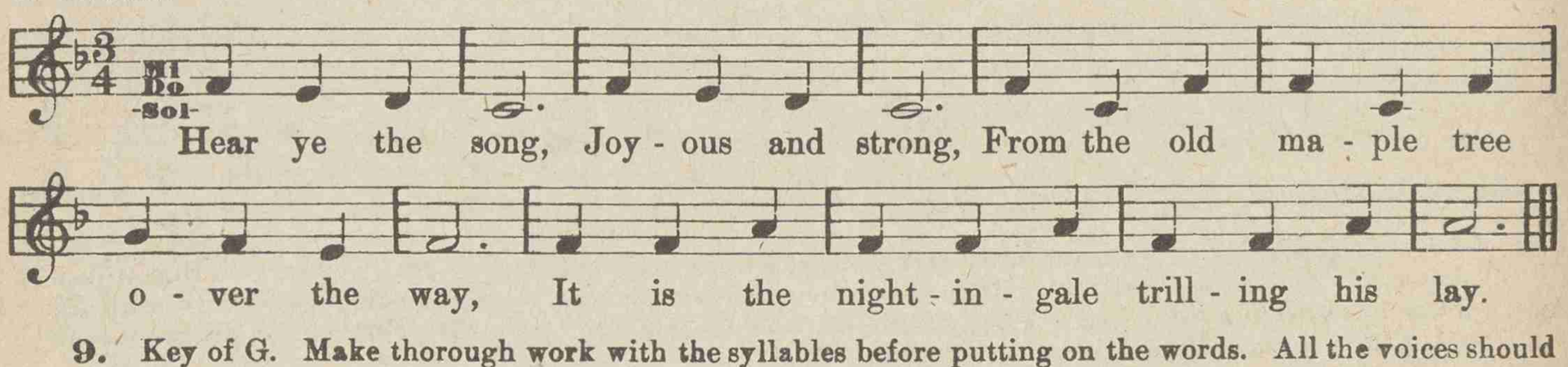
6. There is an excellent reason why four sharps so placed should be required to make the staff represent the Key of E., but you need not trouble yourself about that now. Just sing the lessons, first separate, then together.



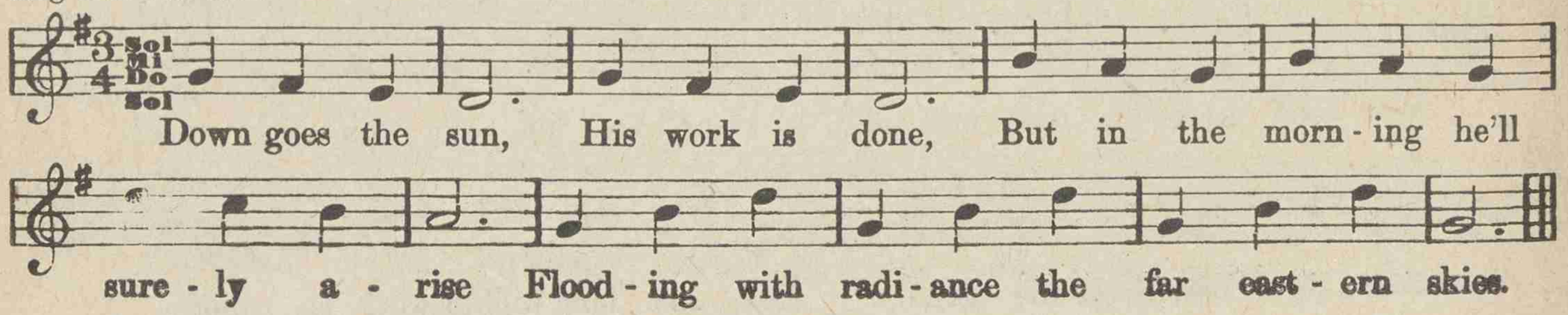
7. Key of F. Introduce Triple Measure and Dotted Half, length and note. The key-tone is central, you go up from it;—do, re, mi, fa, etc., or you go down from it;—do, ti, la, sol, etc. If you go up from it key-tone is one of an ascending scale, if you go down from it, it is eight of a descending scale. The key-tone has therefore, two numeral names, sometimes it is *one* and sometimes it is *eight*.



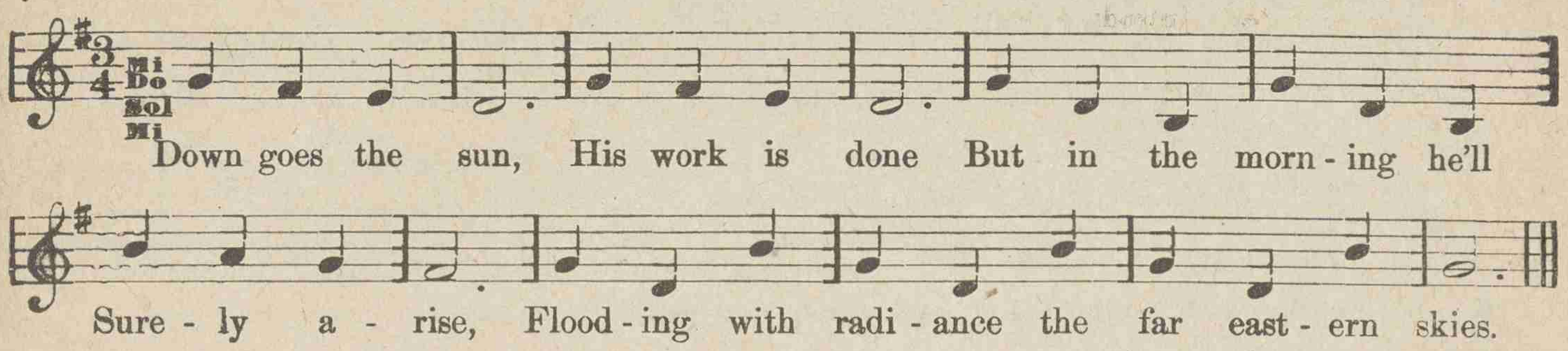
8. The signature of this Key of F. is one flat. At present it may be merely a sign to you of the location of the syllables, but its meaning will be clear in due time. Meanwhile become familiar with this adjustment of the staff.



9. Key of G. Make thorough work with the syllables before putting on the words. All the voices should sing each number.



10. Get accustomed to the different arpeggios of the tonic chord whatever be the order in which their syllables occur.



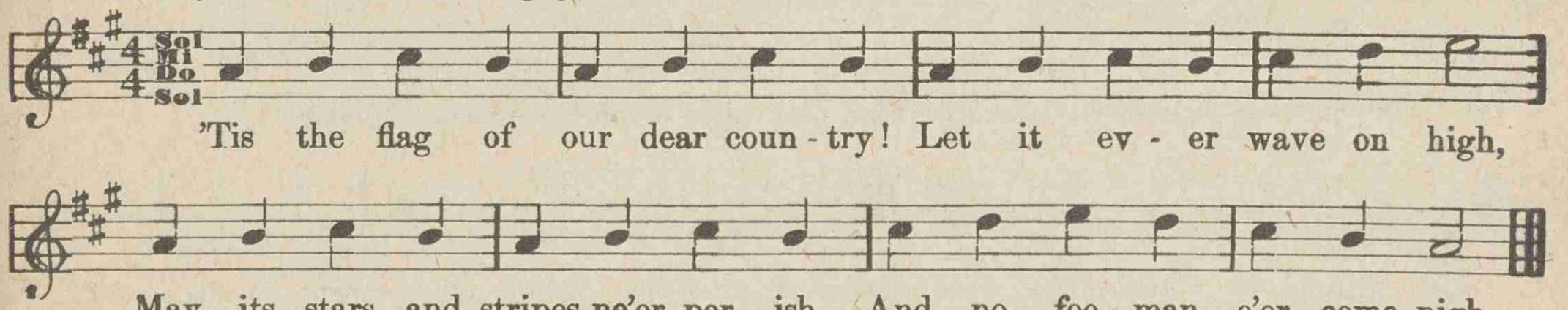
11. Key of E-flat. Introduce Quadruple measure and whole tone and note. Singing in this key seems exactly like singing in the key of E, four sharps, so far as its arrangement on the staff is concerned, but in reality the tones are all a little lower. You start with E-flat instead of E.



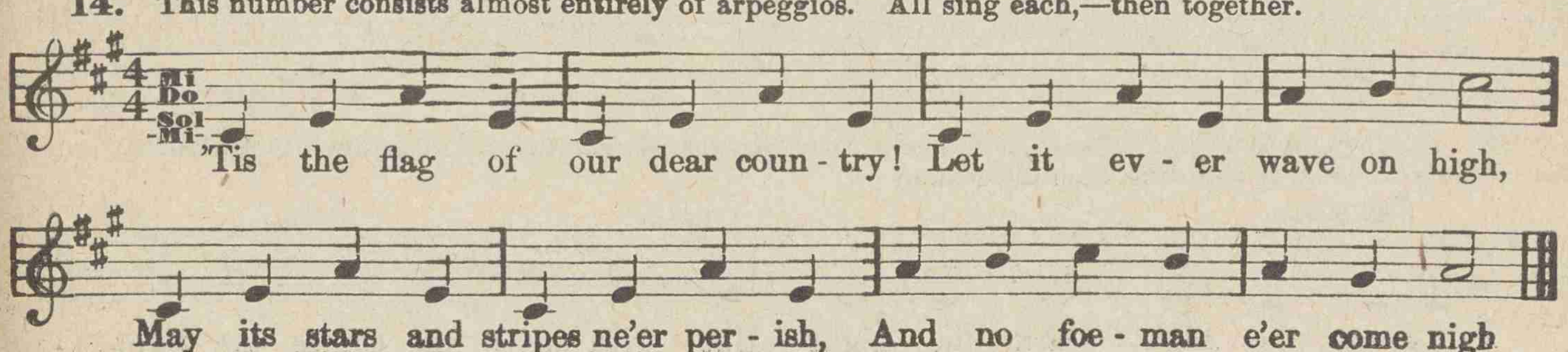
12. All sing each part first both with syllables and words.



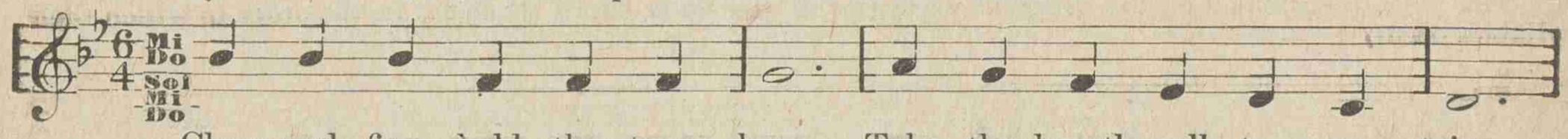
13. Key of A. There is no arpeggios in this number—all scale form.



14. This number consists almost entirely of arpeggios. All sing each,—then together.



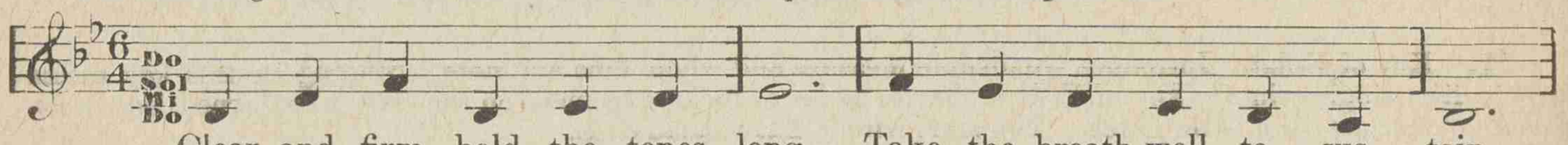
15. Key of B-flat. Introduce Sextuple measure and dotted whole.



Clear and firm, hold the tones long, Take the breath well to sus - tain,

Strive in each line of the song, Time and good tune to main - tain.

16. Beating time will in this kind of measure require considerable practice.



Clear and firm, hold the tones long, Take the breath well to sus - tain.

Strive in each line of the song, Time and good tune to main - tain.

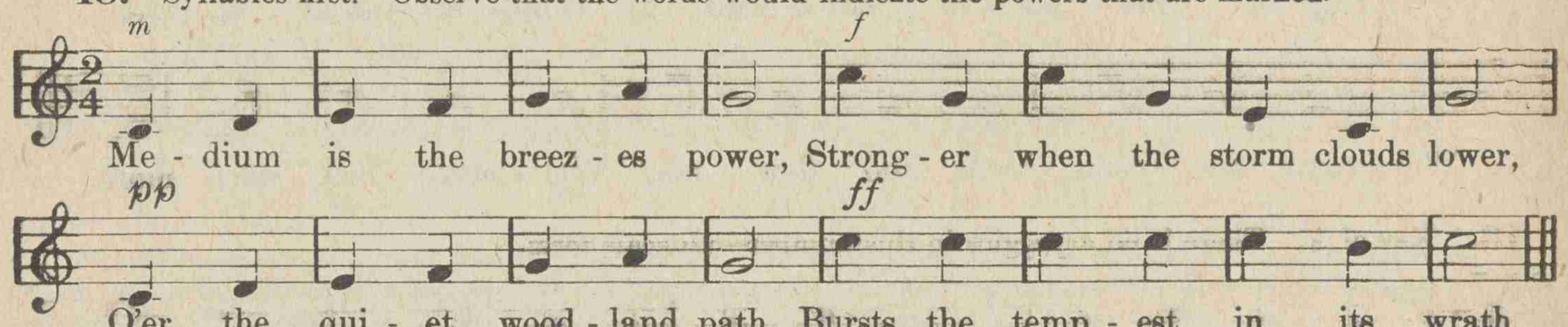
We return to the Key of C to introduce new points. Teach mezzo, forte, piano, pianissimo, fortissimo, crescendo, diminuendo and their abbreviations, also tie. The Teachers' Club has a good way of introducing these things.

17.

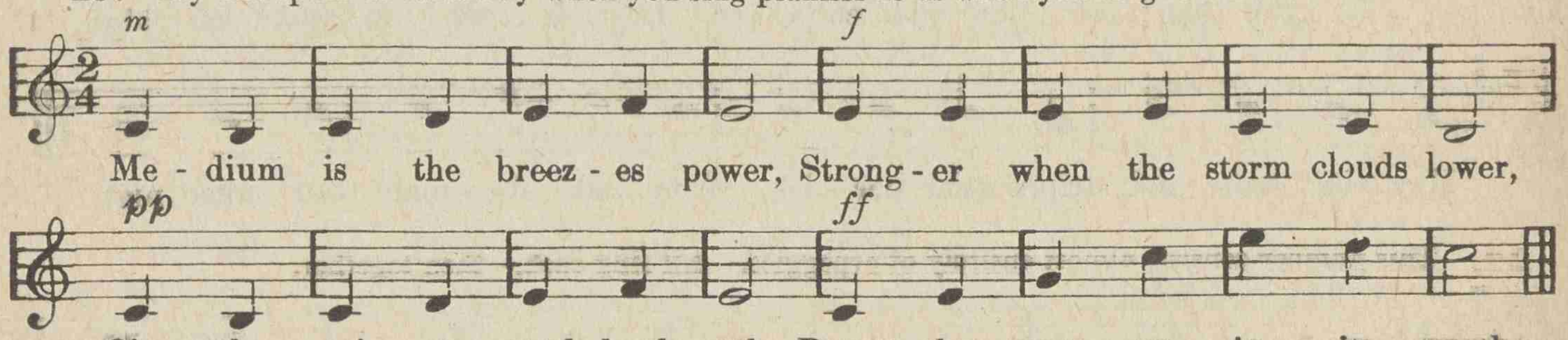


La la la la la la la la la . . . . la . . . .

18. Syllables first. Observe that the words would indicate the powers that are marked.



19. Try and speak as distinctly when you sing pianissimo as when you sing fortissimo.



20. Somber tones are made by distending the back part of the mouth (the opening into the throat) and clear tones are made by avoiding such distension.



21. Introduce Quarter and Half Rests.



See! See! Rests a - bound; Signs of si - lence, not of sound.



Yes, yes, here they're found; Signs of si - lence, not of sound.

22. Introduce Dotted Half Rest.



Now let us sing till the old win-dows shake, But let's be sure that we



make no mis - take; Yes, let's be sure that we make no mis - take.

23. Introduce Whole Rest. The whole rest is used as a measure rest in any kind of measure.



Who will make the first mis - take? Who will make the next? Who will sing in-



to the rest? Who will then be vexed? Who will make the first mis - take?



Who will make the next? Who will sing in - to the rest? Who will then be vexed?

24. It should now be as easy to apply the syllables in this key as in the key of C. All sing each lesson first, then put the three together.



When shall we sing? When shall we rest? That is the question we put to the test.

25.



When shall we sing? When shall we rest? That is the question we put to the test.

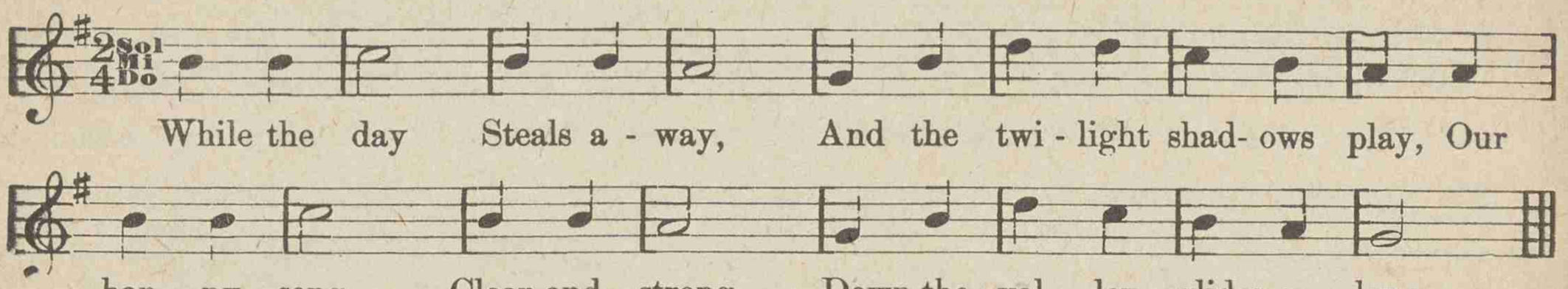
26.



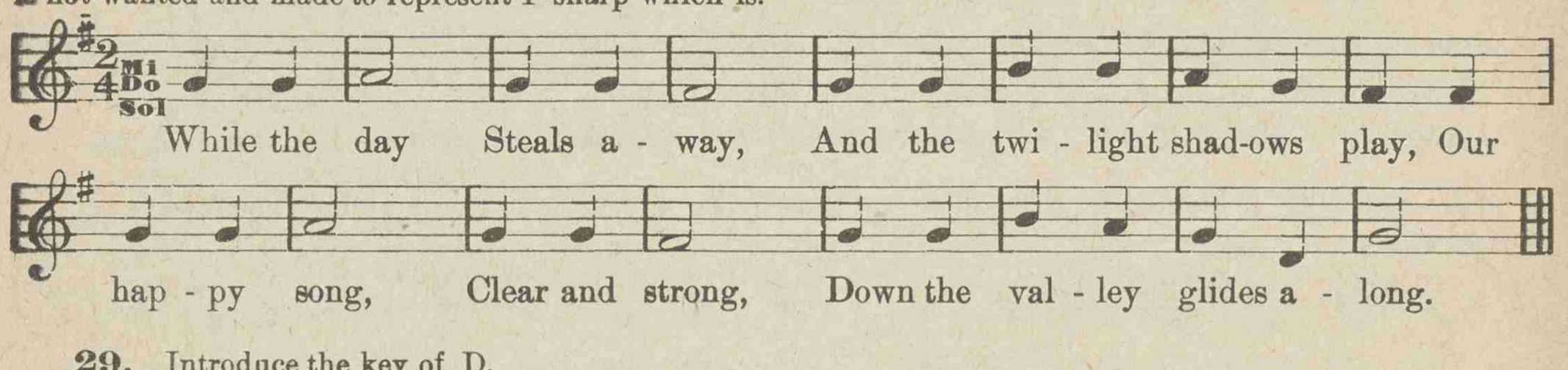
When shall we sing? When shall we rest! That is the question we put to the test.

27. Introduce the key of G.

Now we need to know the absolute (letter) names of the tones we sing. We find that when F is dropped out of a phrase or exercise or scale in the key of C and a pitch a little higher than F, named F-sharp, is substituted, that C is no longer home tone, but G is. Therefore, G being the father of the family, we are in the G family, or in musical language in the "key of G." You will notice that it is just as easy to sing F-sharp (ti) here as it was to sing B in the key of C. In fact it is just like, it having the same syllable. F would not sound well at all. The writer would be pleased if the teacher would see how this work is done in The Teachers' Club, Chap. XVII.



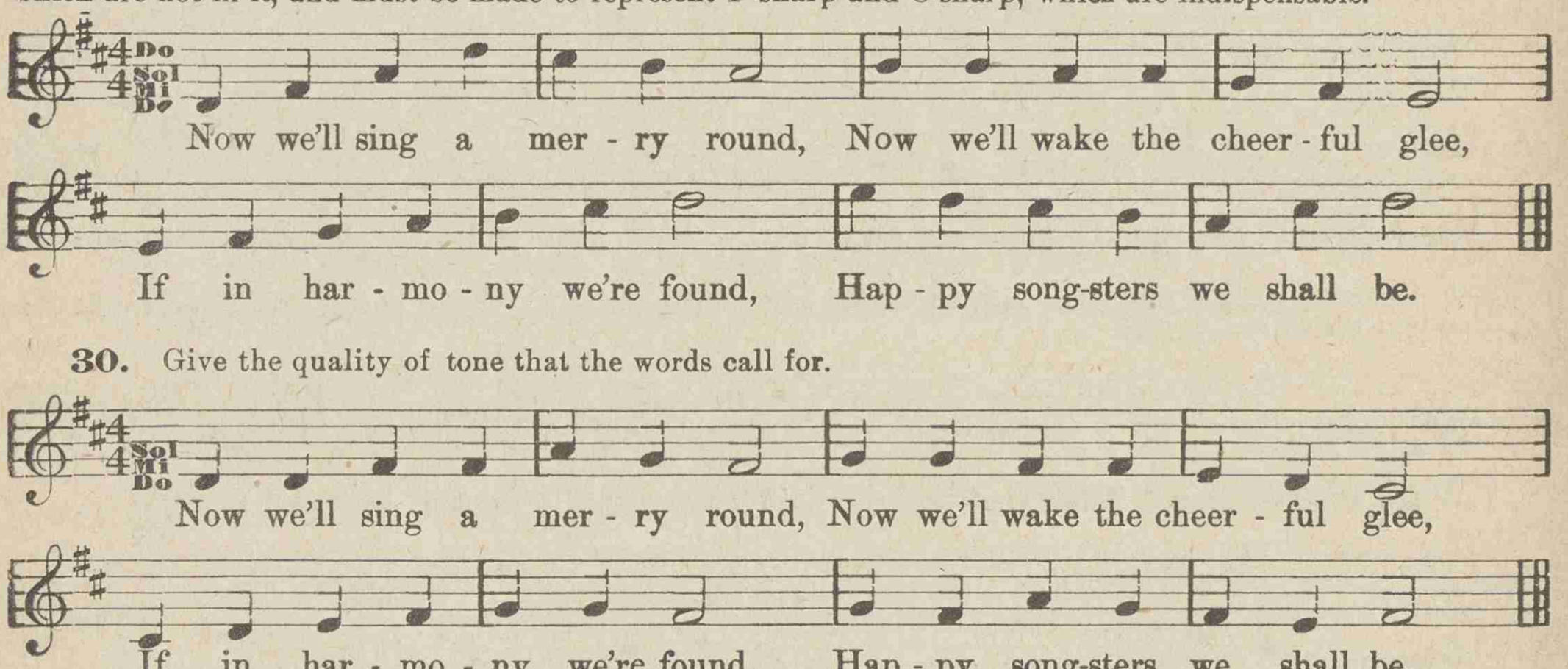
28. Since we have no F in this key, but F-sharp instead, the staff is stopped from representing F which is not wanted and made to represent F-sharp which is.



29. Introduce the key of D.

Dropping out C from the key of G and using C-sharp in its place spoils G for key-tone and makes D the satisfactory ending. This introduces us intelligently to the key of D.

To make the staff represent the pitches of this tone-family it must be stopped from representing F and C, which are not in it, and must be made to represent F-sharp and C-sharp, which are indispensable.



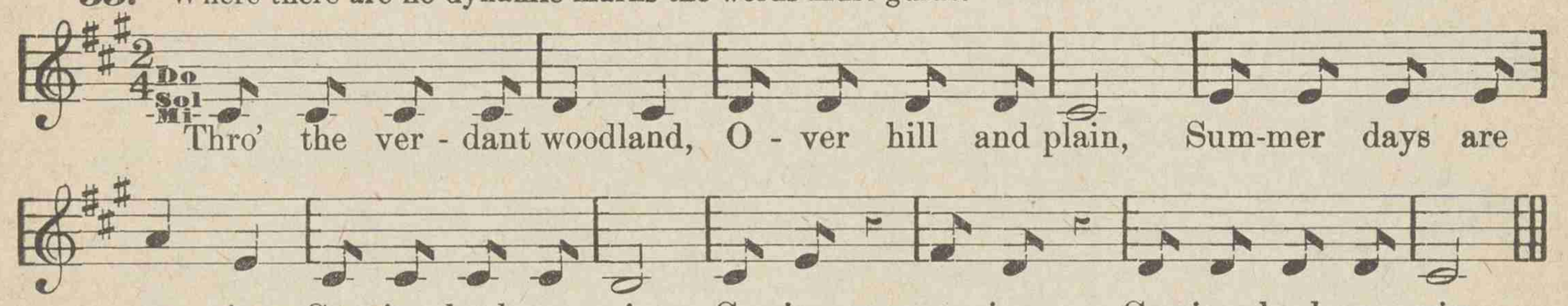
30. Give the quality of tone that the words call for.

31. (Explain eighth notes.) **MORNING BELLS. (Round in Four Parts.)**

32. Introduce the key of A. Having the key of D in mind, if G be taken from it and G-sharp substituted, there will be an entire change of feeling as to key-tone. A will be wanted. Introduce eighth notes.



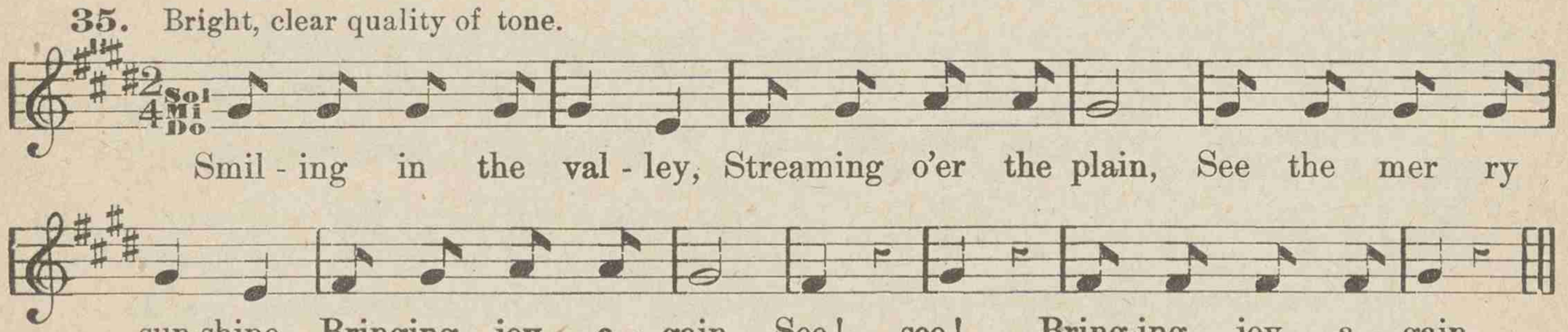
33. Where there are no dynamic marks the words must guide.



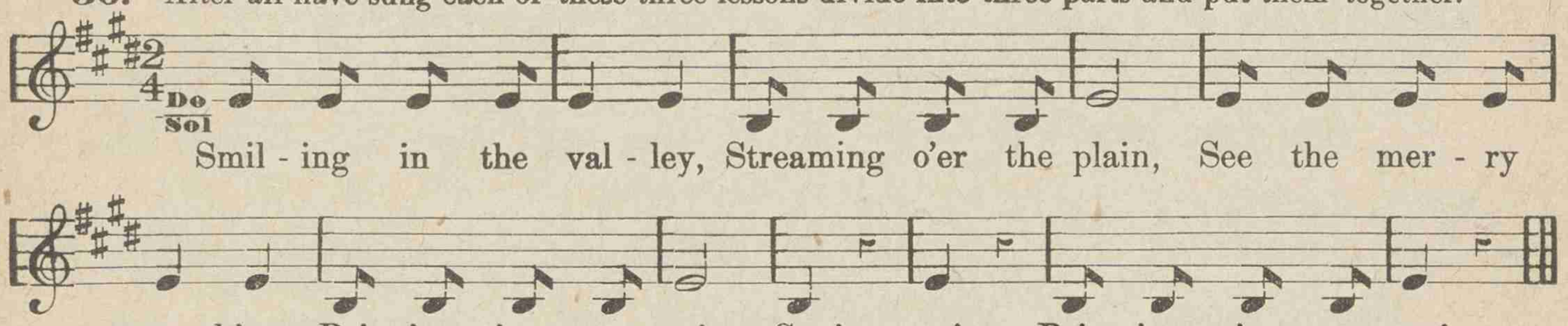
34. Introduce the key of E. Having the key of A in mind, omit D and substitute D-sharp and E becomes key-tone.



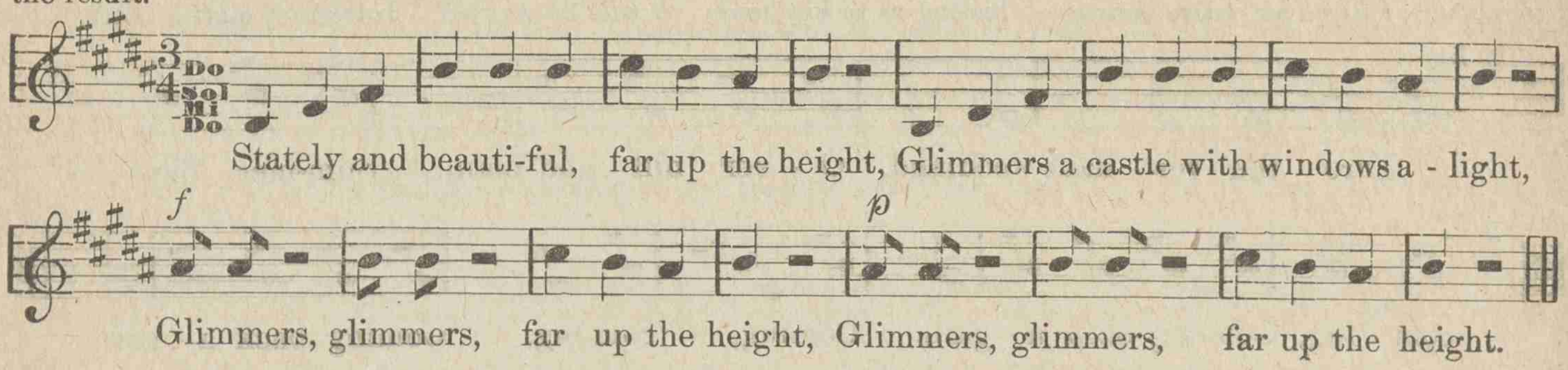
35. Bright, clear quality of tone.



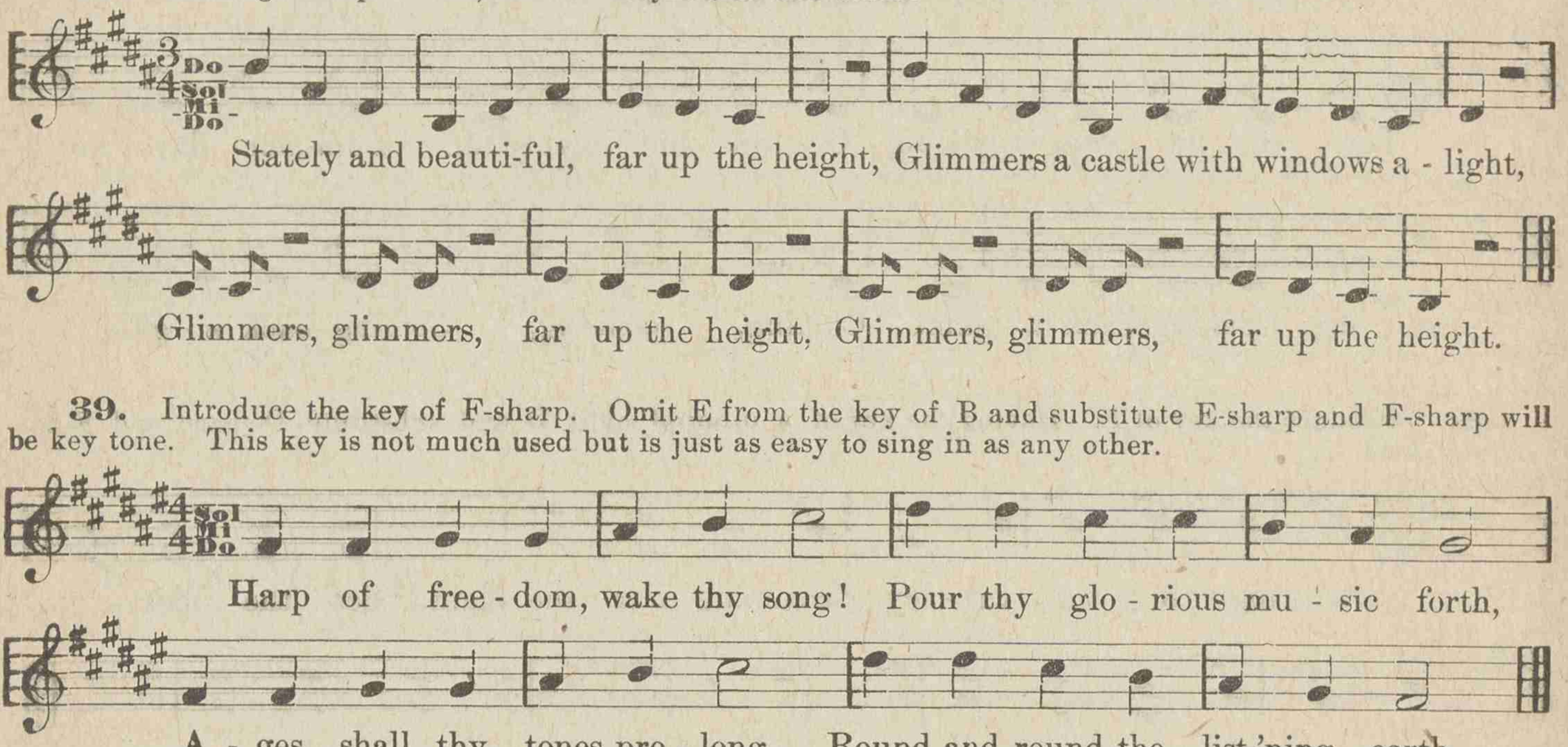
36. After all have sung each of these three lessons divide into three parts and put them together.



37. Introduce the key of B. Omit A from the key of E and substitute A-sharp and the key of B will be the result.

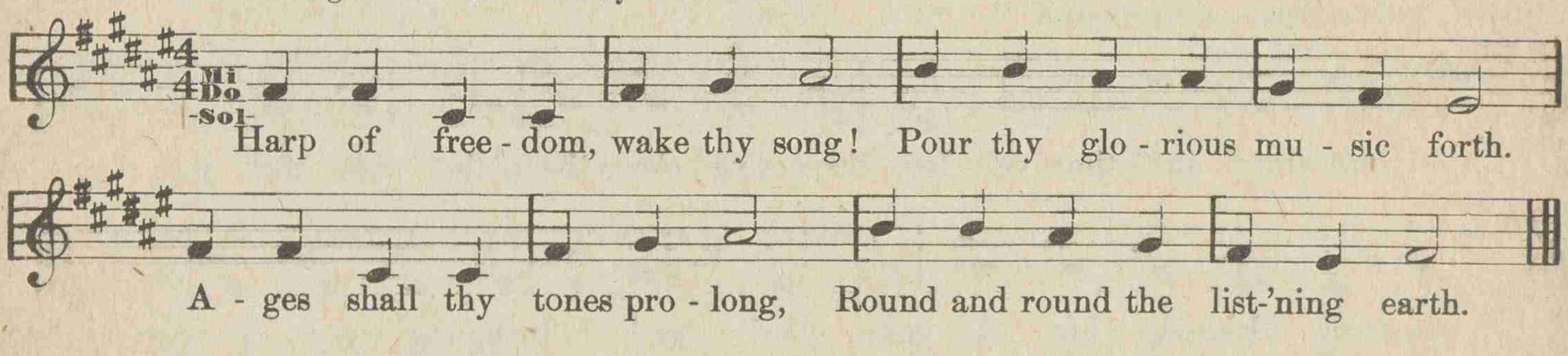


38. All sing each part first, both with syllables and words.



39. Introduce the key of F-sharp. Omit E from the key of B and substitute E-sharp and F-sharp will be key tone. This key is not much used but is just as easy to sing in as any other.

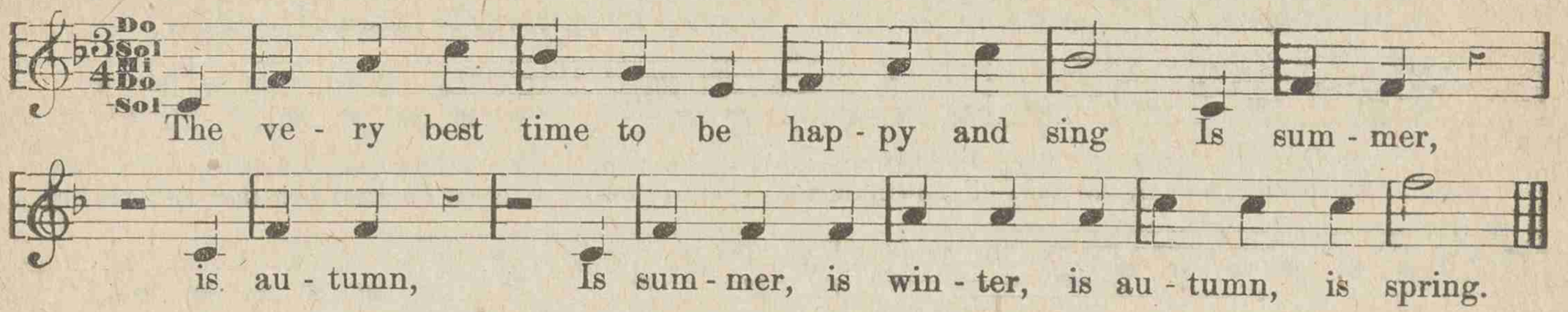
40. A full strong tone is called for by these words.



41. **HAPPY NEW YEAR.** **(Round in Five Parts.)**



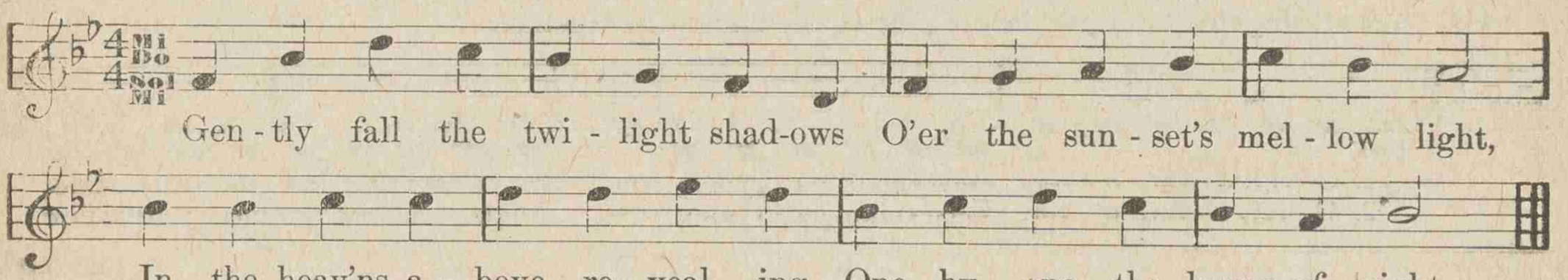
42. Introduce the key of F. (The writer would be pleased to have the teacher see how this key is introduced in The Teachers' Club.) The class will find, if B is omitted from the key of C, and a pitch a little lower than B, called B-flat, is substituted, the ear will rest with great satisfaction on F as the home-tone. The B-flat will be perfectly natural sounding here—"diatonic" is the musical word, meaning pleasant or natural-sounding. The syllables apply on the staff here just as they did in the key of F-sharp. Beginning on last beat of measure.



43. Notice the difference of opinion.



44. Introduce the key of B-flat. Omit E from the key of F and substitute E-flat and the key of B-flat will be the result. The syllables apply on the staff just as in the key of B, five sharps.



45. Let the power of voice be indicated by the words.

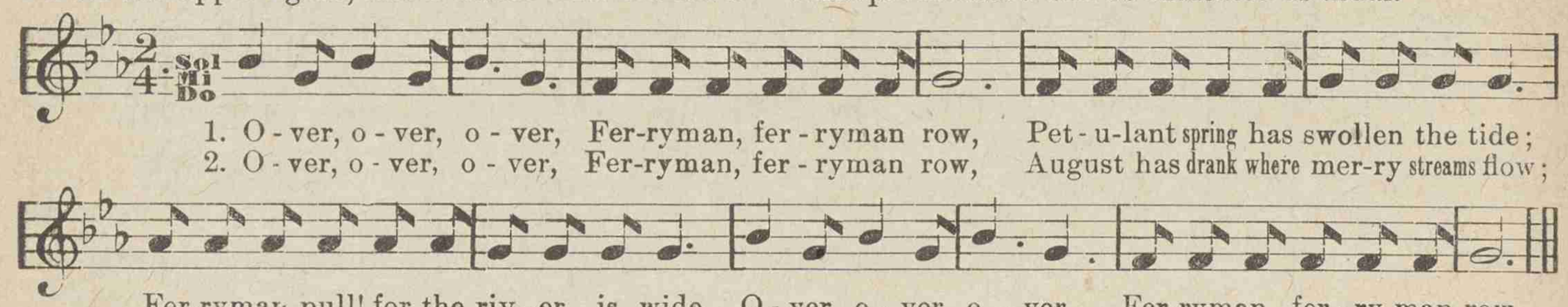


46. After all have sung each of these three lessons, put them together.



47. Introduce the key of E-flat. Omit A from key of B-flat and substitute A-flat.

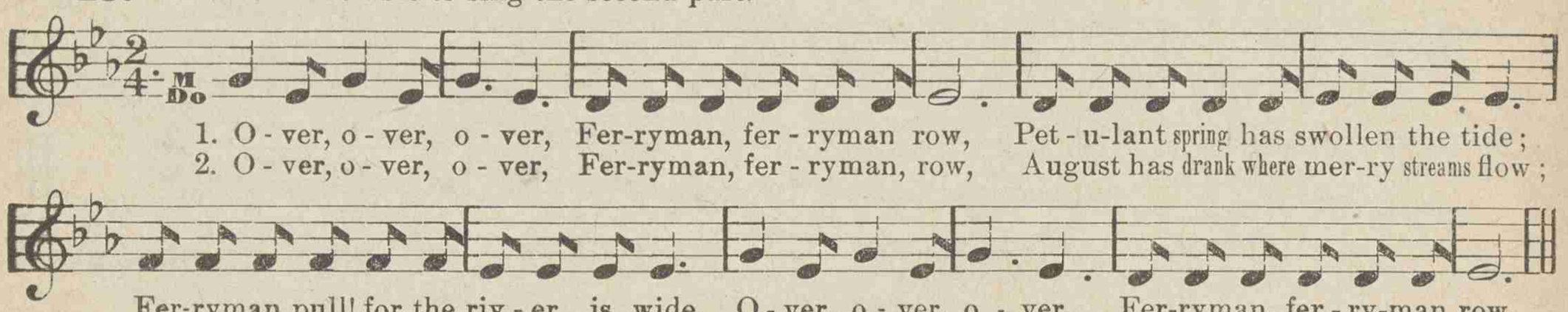
COMPOUND MEASURE.—When six eights in a measure are to be sung somewhat fast it is easier to group them into two groups of three notes in each group, and give a down beat to the first group and an up beat for the second group. This makes what is called *Compound Double Measure.* As the dotted quarter is just equal to three eighths, the dotted quarter is beat-note. In this work compound double measure will be indicated by a 2 for the upper figure, and a dotted 4 for the lower. Sextuple measure will be indicated as usual.



1. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ryman row, Pet - u-lant spring has swollen the tide;
2. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ryman row, August has drank where mer-ry streams flow;

Fer-ryman pull! for the riv - er is wide. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ry-man row.
Fer-ryman pull! for the riv - er is low. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ry-man row.

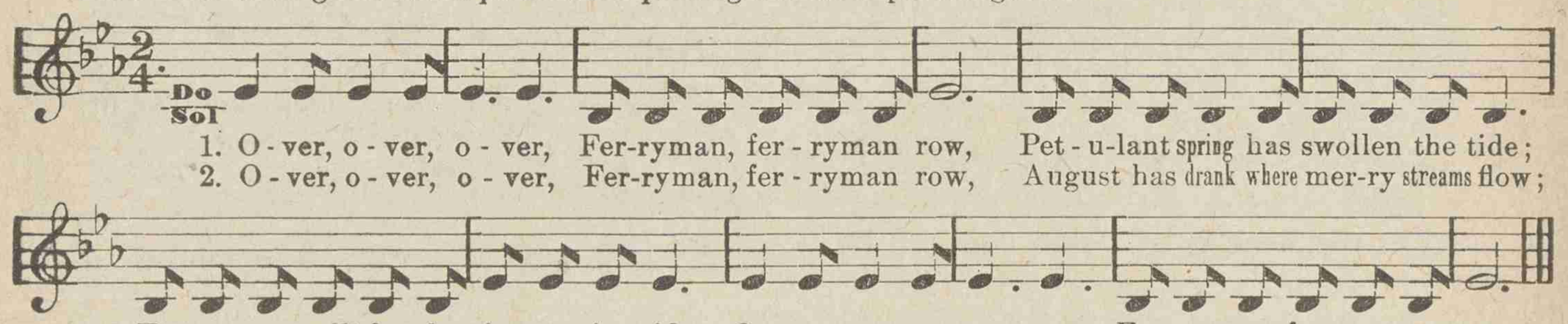
48. All should be able to sing the second part.



1. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ryman row, Pet - u-lant spring has swollen the tide;
2. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ryman, row, August has drank where mer-ry streams flow;

Fer-ryman pull! for the riv - er is wide. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ry-man row.
Fer-ryman pull! for the riv - er is low. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ry-man row.

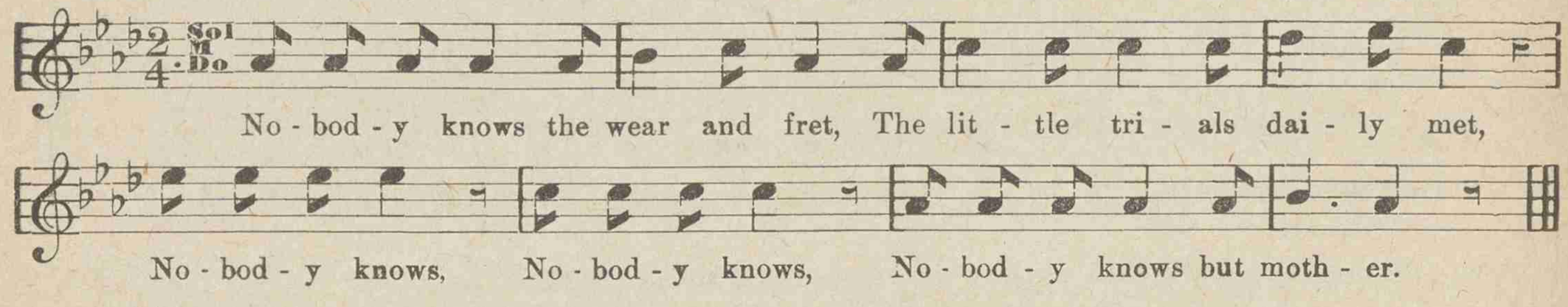
49. Let all sing this third part before putting the three parts together.



1. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ryman row, Pet - u-lant spring has swollen the tide;
2. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ryman row, August has drank where mer-ry streams flow;

Fer-ryman pull! for the riv - er is wide. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ry-man row.
Fer-ryman pull! for the riv - er is low. O - ver, o - ver, o - ver, Fer-ryman, fer - ry-man row.

50. Introduce the key of A-flat. Omit D from key of E and substitute D-flat. **Explain eighth rest.**



No - bod - y knows the wear and fret, The lit - tle tri - als dai - ly met,

No - bod - y knows, No - bod - y knows, No - bod - y knows but moth - er.

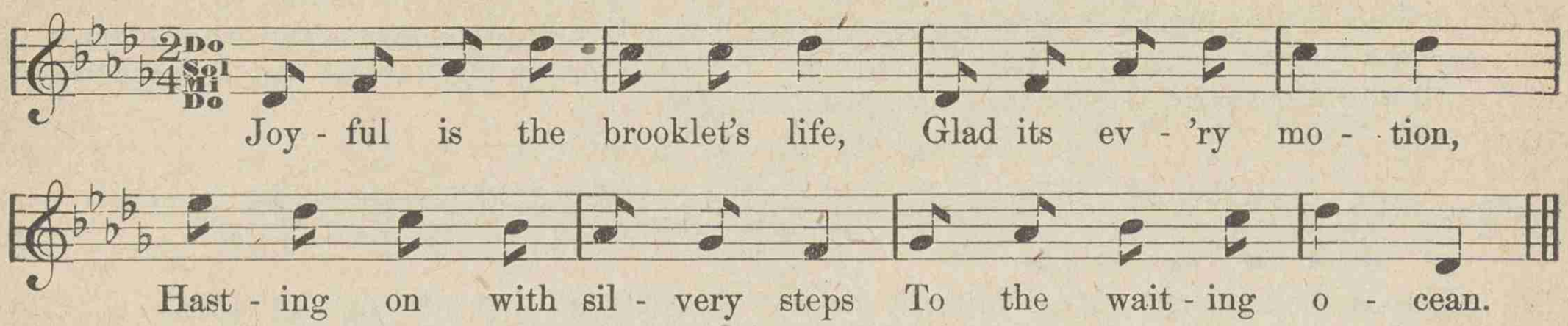
51. Notice that the syllables apply here as in the key of A, three sharps, but the pitch is not the same.



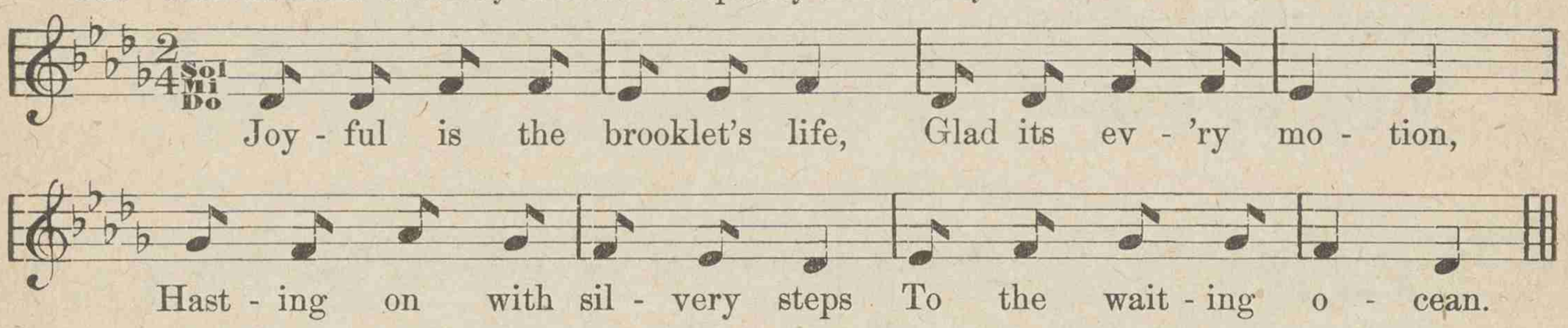
No - bod - y knows the wear and fret, The lit - tle tri - als dai - ly met.

No - bod . y knows, No - bod - y knows, No - bod - y knows but moth - er.

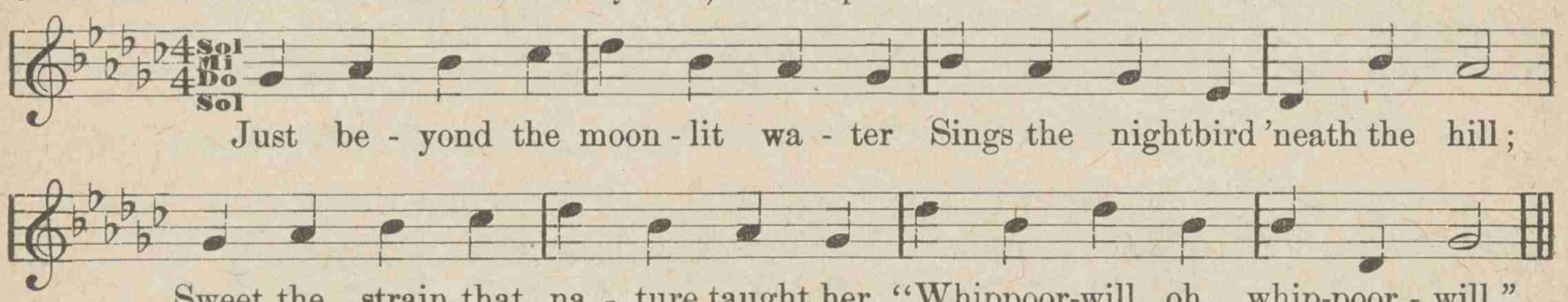
52. Introduce the key of D-flat. Omit G from the key of A-flat and substitute G-flat and D-flat will be home tone. It reads like the key of D, two sharps, and is just as easy to sing. Syllables first always.



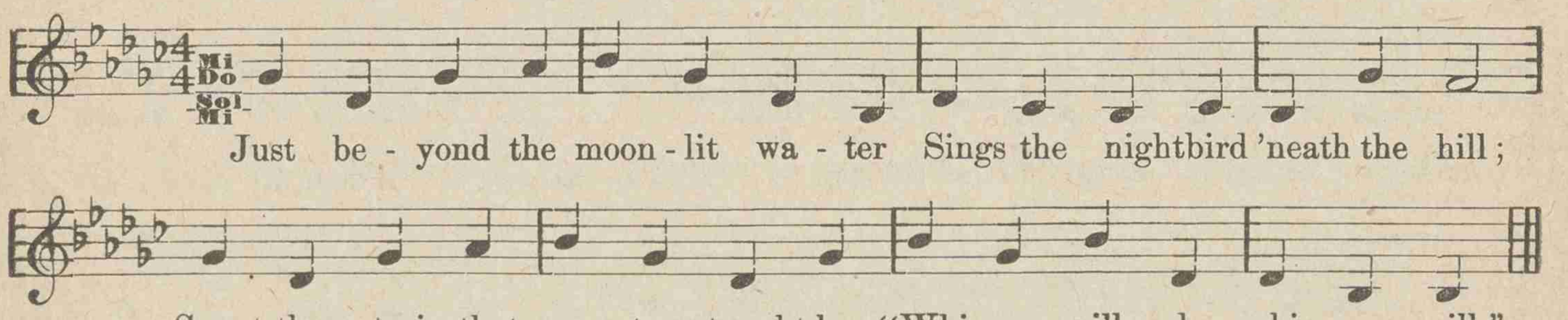
53. Give the words distinctly and with the quality of tone they call for.



54. Introduce the key of G-flat. Omit C from the key of D-flat and substitute C-flat and the key of G-flat will be the result. Reads like the key of G, one sharp.



55. This is a beautiful key and just as easy as the key of G, one sharp.



56. Introduce the triplet. **SING TOGETHER. (Round in Three Parts.)**



RECAPITULATION.

57. Every singer should be able to change quickly the *mental effect* of a tone, while using it to pass from one key to another. For example, the G which is five (sol) in the first key, should instantly have the *feeling* or mental effect of one (do) when it commences the next key. This ability to change the mental effect of a tone may be acquired by practice. Sing syllables first. Do not rely upon instrumental help after taking the pitch. All will be interested to see if the lesson comes out right.



This is the key of C, do mi sol sol. This is the key of G, mi do sol sol.



This is the key of D, do mi sol sol. This is the key of A, mi do sol sol.



This is the key of E, do mi sol sol. This is the key of B, mi do sol sol.



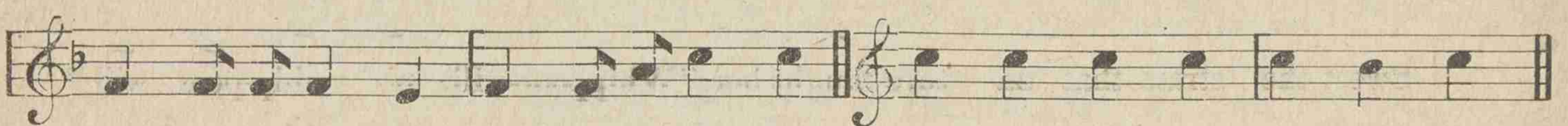
This is F-sharp and by the en-har-mon-ic change is G - flat, do sol sol.



This is the key of D-flat, do mi sol sol. This is the key of A-flat, mi do sol sol.



This is the key of E-flat, do mi sol sol. This is the key of B-flat, mi do sol sol.



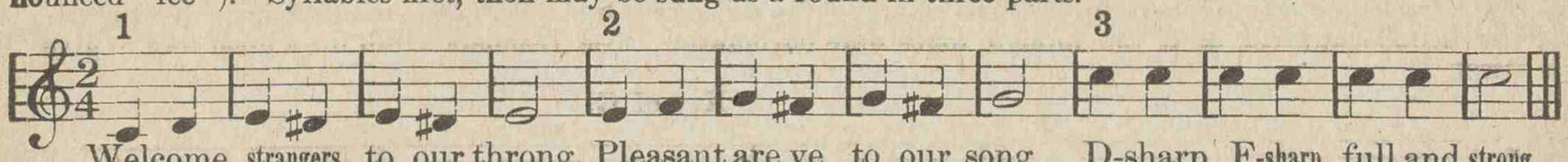
This is the key of F, do mi sol, and here we are at home a - gain.



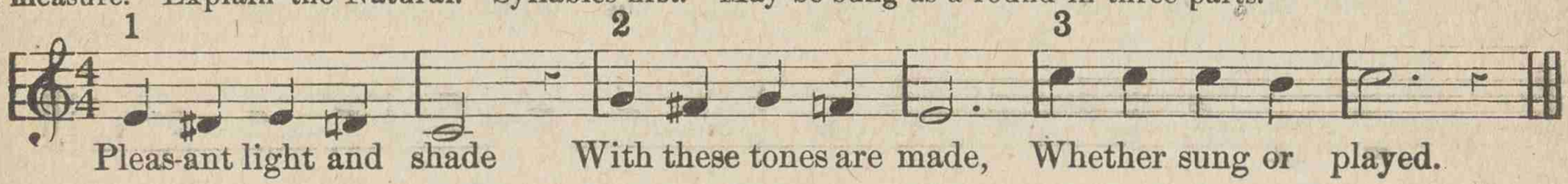
Now touch the key and let us see If we are true to the key of C.

Introduce Chromatic tones. When tones not belonging to a key are so introduced into it as not to cause a change of key tone, they are called CHROMATIC TONES. (See Teachers' Club.)

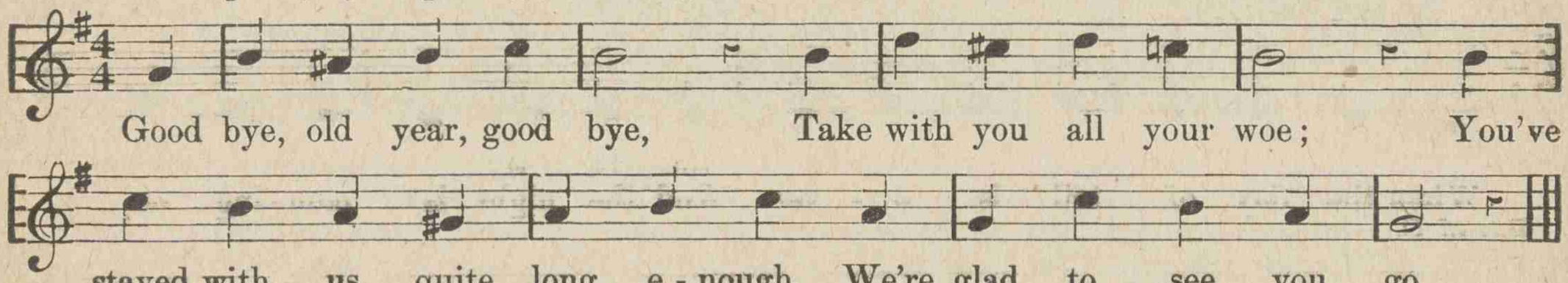
58. In the first line sharp two, syllable *ri* (pronounced "ree"), in the second sharp four, syllable *fi* (pronounced "fee"). Syllables first, then may be sung as a round in three parts.



59. Sharp two and sharp four again, but the effect of the sharp is not allowed to continue through the measure. Explain the Natural. Syllables first. May be sung as a round in three parts.



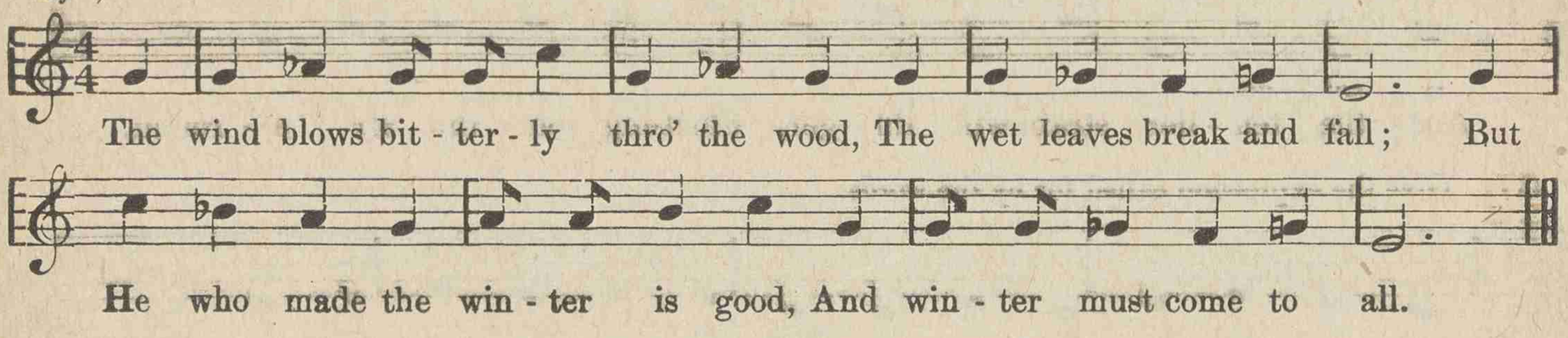
60. Sharp two, *ri*, sharp four, *fi*, and sharp one, *di*. Syllables first.



61. Sharp five, sharp two and sharp one.



62. Flat six, *le* (pronounced "lay"), flat five, *se* (pronounced "say"), and flat seven, *te* (pronounced "tay").



63. The chromatic scale.



Introduce Modulation. When accidentals do *not* cause a change of key they produce *chromatic* tones, as in the preceding lessons. When they *do* produce a change of key they are said to be Tones of Modulation, which are *diatonic* tones (regular members) of another key.

64. Strictly speaking, syllables should change at modulations, but where the modulation is short, syllables are usually applied as if the foreign tones were chromatic. (See Teachers' Club for a good way to give this lesson.

Key of G.



ti la sol fa mi re do.
When the day of toil is o - ver And the night is com - ing on,

Key of C.



How I list - en for the foot - steps That are al - ways sure to come.

65. All sing each first.

Key of G.



sol la ti
When the day of toil is o - ver And the night is com - ing on,

Key of C.



do.
How I list - en for the foot - steps That are al - ways sure to come.

66. Observe that "sol" in the key of A has the same pitch as "re" in the key of D. When there is a difficulty in getting the tone of modulation, it is helpful to make a change of syllables, either vocally or mentally, just before the modulation, as here indicated.

Key of D.



sol re fa sol fa mi mi la.
Oft the harp, un - swept by fin - ger, Trem-bles 'neath some vi - brant sound,

Key of A.



ti sol do
And the ten - der strain will lin - ger, Float-ing on the air a - round.

67. Give the expression called for by the words.



mi ti re do.
Oft the harp, un - swept by fin - ger, Trembles 'neath some vi - brant sound,

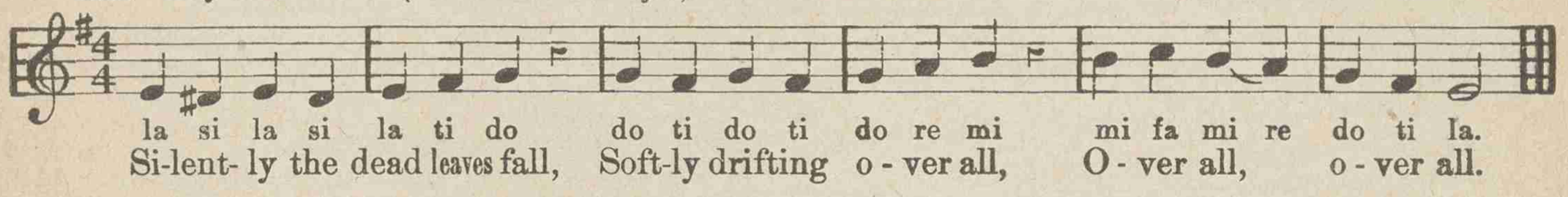
fa.
And the ten - der strain will lin - ger, Float-ing on the air a - round.

68. Introduce the Minor Key. From any Major key omit five and substitute sharp five, and a Relative Minor key will be the result. That which was sharp five becomes seven. Teachers are asked to use "ti" for seven of major keys (two of minor keys), in order that "si" may not be the syllable for two pitches of minor keys. *"Do re mi fa sol la ti do"* is neat and pleasant. (See Teachers' Club).

Key of A minor.



69. Key of E minor (relative to G major).



70. Key ot D minor (relative to F major).



71. Give the words with earnest but mournful expression.



72. Key of G minor (relative to B-flat major.)



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One word & follow with
Concordance.

Heroes

Epistles

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7 walks Ephesians

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2 records in John 1.

7 heads in Rev. 23.

Few Lord in Proverbs.

Keywords —

Peter — Hope

Paul — Faith

John — Love.

Paul — in Christ.

Romans — Justification by faith in Christ.

Corinthians — Sanctification in C —

Gal — adoption & liberty " "

Eph — fullness in C

Col — completeness in C

Thess — Hope in C.

I. Call of 1st 5 disciples
Keyword Recovery

2. Word — Obedience
3. Regeneration — Believing
4. Unpardonable Sin — Worshipping
Healing
5. Unity — Evolution
6. Friend — Drinking
7. Water — Walking in light
8. Light — Testifying
9. Light — Safety
10. Good Shep. Resurrection
11. Lazarus — Salvation Hall.
12. Lifted up. v32 — Teaching
13. Humility — Peace & comforts
14. Mansions — Joy
15. Fruit — Power
16. Promise J & G.

Luke Synoptic Gold Gospel

I. Gospel of Praise & Song
II. " " Thanksgiving
III. " " Prayer
IV " " Unbelief
V " " Poor & humble
VI " " & the lost - (4/5)
VII " " tolerance
Publicans
Philanthropy. (Good Sam)

John. Letters. 98 times)

Chapter-Study.

Place
Person
People
Purpose
Plan —

17. Lords Prayer
Separation
18. C. arrested
19 C crucified
20. C. risen
21. C spends time with disciples

By Types —

Types - Type Jesus.

1. Lamb led by man
2. Beautiful results
3. Guardians in nature
4. Separated from fallowmen
5. Its blood cleanses

Proper Names —

Abram — Exalted Father
Abraham — Father of multitudes
Isaac — Laughter
Israel — Prince of God
Moses — drawn (out)
Jesus — (Savior)
Keziah — (cassia)
Kerenhappuch — (Horn of Paint)

Symbols —

Lamb — Justification
Leaven — Corruption
Love, Sacrifice, Faith — Leaven

Promises —

Regeneration
H. Spirit
Return of Lord
Prayer
Assurance

Story of the Bible - Foster
Teaching & Teacher - Trumbull
Birdcraft. Mabel Osgood
The Life of Christ - Burton &
Matthews.
The Students Life of Jesus.
Gilbert.
Christianity & Non Christian
Religions Compared -
Talks on Psychology & Life.
Laads - James -
A Short Introduction
Gospels - Burton.
The Life & Letters of Paul the
Hebrews - Lyman
Abbott.
Poems of Henry Van Dyke
Lucile -
Great Doctrines of the Bible -
Evans -
Christianity in the Apostolic Age
Gilbert.
The Book of Books - Evans.
Training the Teacher
The Gospel for an Age of Doubt.
Van Dyke

The Song Zone system

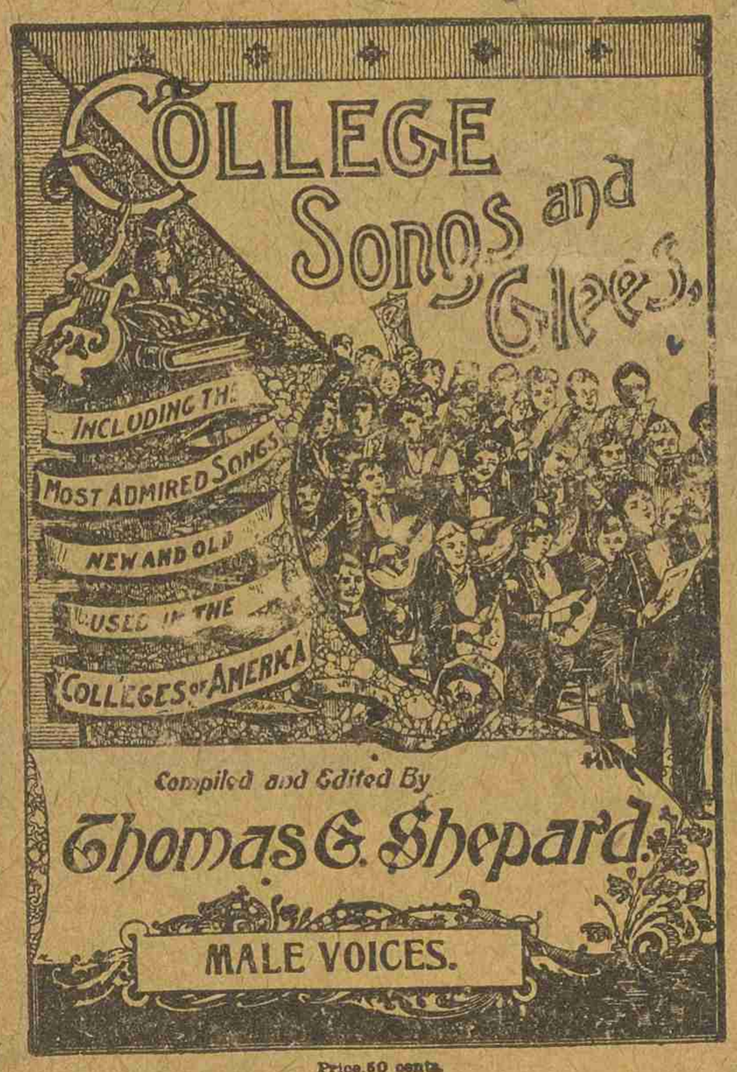
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