THE

ROYAL FAVORITE.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED HYMNS AND TUNES

SUITABLE FOR

Sunday-Schools, Bible Classes and Home Circle.

BY

ASA HULL AND D. R. M'ANALLY, JR.

ST. LOUIS:

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PREFACE.

THE writer of Ecclesiastes said: "Of making books there is no end;" and thus far, history confirms the declaration. Here is another. One which it is believed will meet the existing and constantly increasing demand for a book of a higher character, and better suited to the present advanced stage of music in the Sunday School.

The demand in all the West and South for a book like this is urgent. It is felt to be a necessity, and at the earnest solicitation of many friends, this has been prepared. It is believed the music will be found attractive and devotional. By far the greater portion, nearly or quite three-fourths, appears now for the first time, while much of the remainder is but partially known; nor is there a piece that has lost its freshness by age or use. It is therefore submitted to the careful and candid consideration of the lovers of good music for their approval and acceptance, and especially is it commended to Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, and to the many friends who have urged the publication of such a book.

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ASA HULL.
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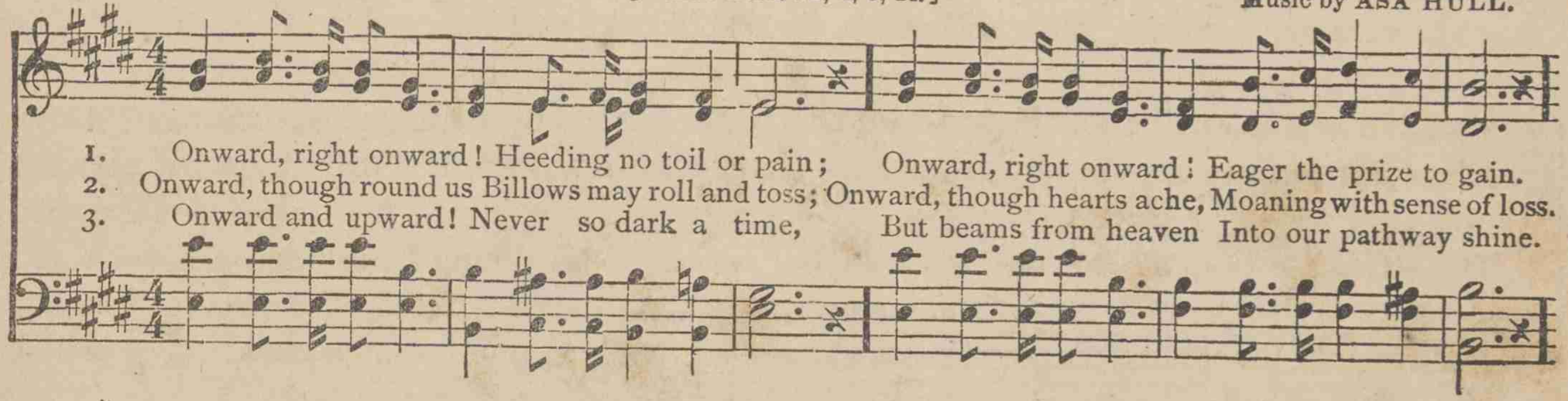
THE PUBLISHERS.

J. M. ARMSTRONG, Music Typographer, Phila.

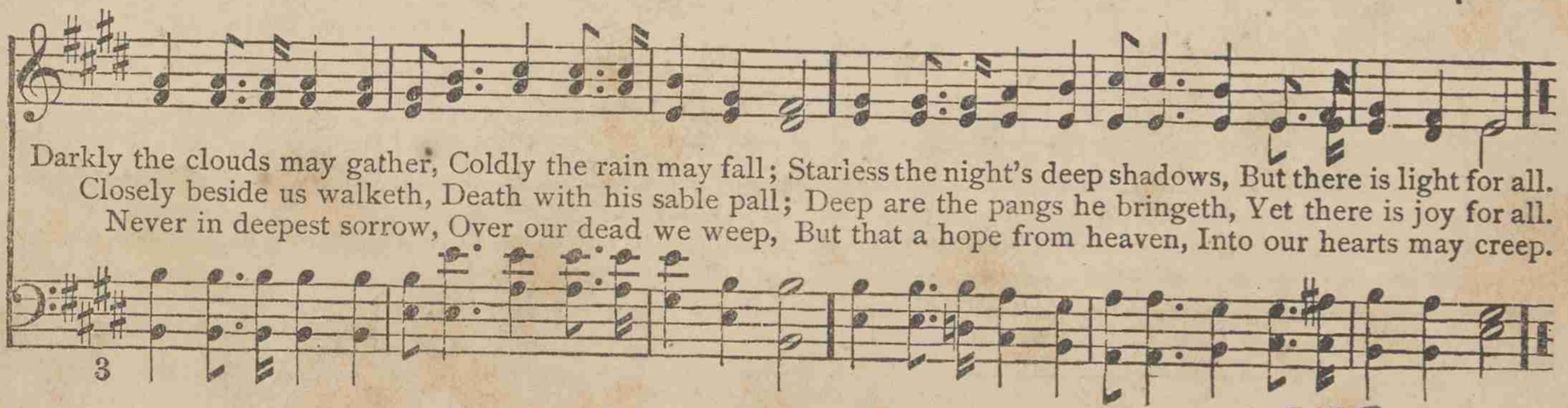
THE ROYAL FAVORITE.

ONWARD, RIGHT ONWARD.

Words by P. S. HOWELL. [Text: Phil. iii, 1, 3, 14.] Music by ASA HULL.



1. Onward, right onward! Heeding no toil or pain; Onward, right onward! Eager the prize to gain.
2. Onward, though round us Billows may roll and toss; Onward, though hearts ache, Moaning with sense of loss.
3. Onward and upward! Never so dark a time, But beams from heaven Into our pathway shine.



Darkly the clouds may gather, Coldly the rain may fall; Starless the night's deep shadows, But there is light for all.
Closely beside us walketh, Death with his sable pall; Deep are the pangs he bringeth, Yet there is joy for all.
Never in deepest sorrow, Over our dead we weep, But that a hope from heaven, Into our hearts may creep.

20479

THE ANGEL AT THE PORTAL.

A. H. [Text: Rev. xxi, 25, 26, 27.] ASA HULL.

Allegretto Sostenuto.

1. { I fear not the gloom of mid-night, I dread not the storm at sea; My Saviour can
   { I fear not, oh, I fear not, Nor heed the dark waves of sin; For the An-gel is

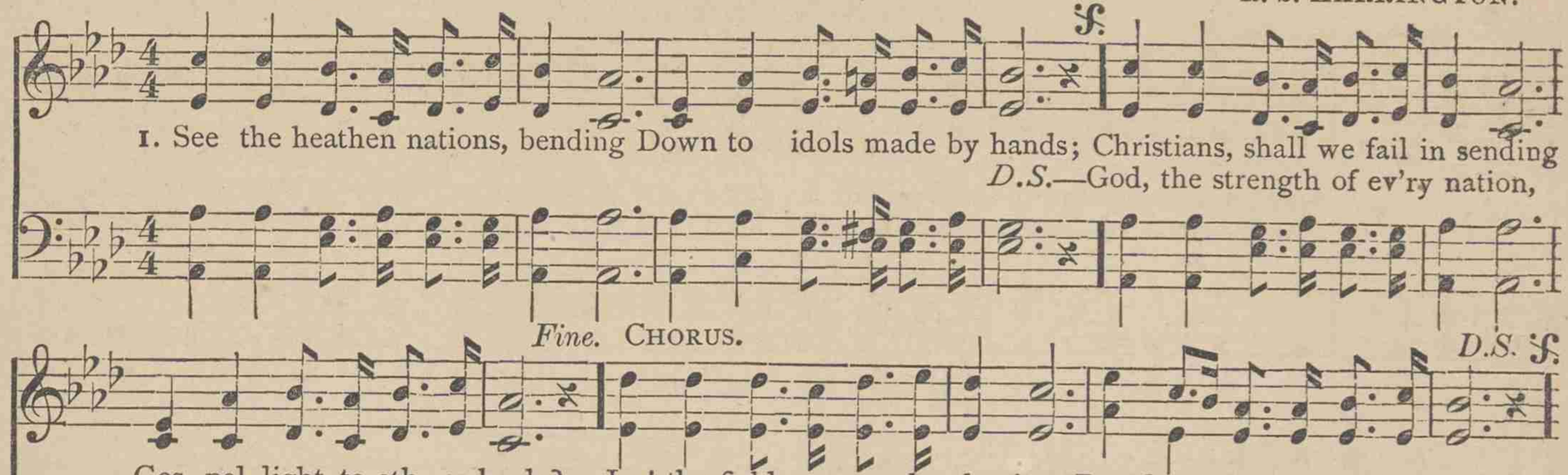
CHORUS.

calm the rag-ing bil-lows, And il-lu-mine a path for me.
wait-ing at the por-tal Of glo-ry to let me . . . in. Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting,

wait-ing to let me in; For the An-gel is waiting at the por-tal, Is waiting to let me in.

SCATTER GOLDEN GRAIN.

R. G. STAPLES. [Text: Ecc. ii, 1.] R. S. HARRINGTON.



2.

See the wickedness surrounding,
Even at your very door;
Men are found in sin abounding,
Blessed by God with bounteous store.

3.

Shall we see the heathen near us,
Or the more benighted die,
While we've time to work for Jesus,
If so, Christian, tell me why?

4.

We should always love to labor,
There's no time to idly stand,
If we wish his gracious favor,
When we reach the glory land.

CONCLUSION OF **THE ANGEL AT THE PORTAL.** OPPOSITE PAGE.

2 I heed not the world's allurements,
While glory's bright star I see;
I'll steer for the bright and shining portal,
That the angel will ope for me.
I'm seeking for joys immortal,
And crowns that the righteous win;—
And the angel is waiting at the portal,
Of glory to let me in.—*Chorus.*

3 I shrink not from cross or trial,
I shun not the narrow way;
I'll watch at the ever-op'ning portal,
For a glimpse of eternal day.
I'll join in the praise eternal,
And here will my song begin;
For the angel is waiting at the portal
Of glory to let me in.—*Chorus.*

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

ASA HULL. [Text: Isaiah, ii. 5.] GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Walk in the light the Lord hath giv'n, To guide thy steps a - right; His ho - ly Spirit sent from heav'n,
2. Walk in the light of gospel truth, That shines from God's own word; A light to guide in early youth,

CHORUS.

Can cheer the dark - est night. Walk . . . . in the light, ... walk . . . in the
The faith- ful of the Lord. Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God, Walk in the light, in the

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

3. Walk in the light! though shadows dark,
Like spectres cross thy way;
Darkness will flee before the light
Of God's eternal day.—*Chorus.*

4. Walk in the light! and thou shalt know
The love of God to thee;
The fellowship so sweet below,
In heav'n will sweeter be.—*Chorus.*

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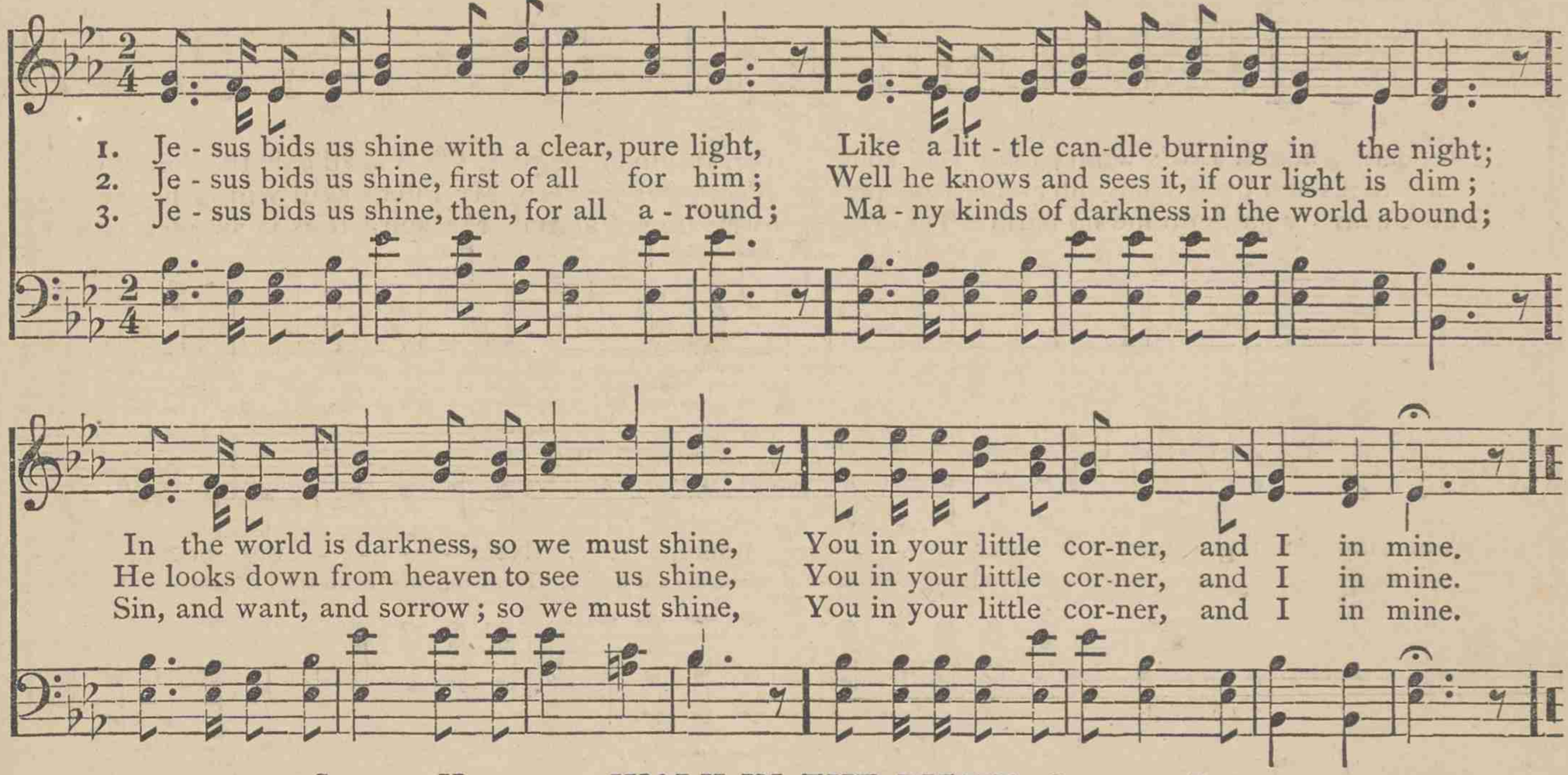
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

[Text: Matt. v, 14, 15, 16.]

ASA HULL.



SECOND HYMN FOR **WALK IN THE LIGHT.** OPPOSITE PAGE.

1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.—*Chorus.*

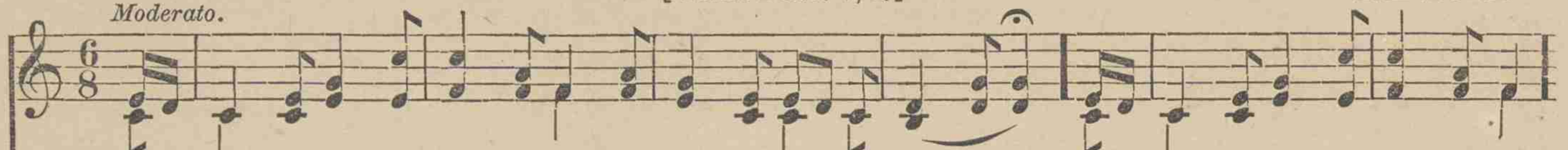
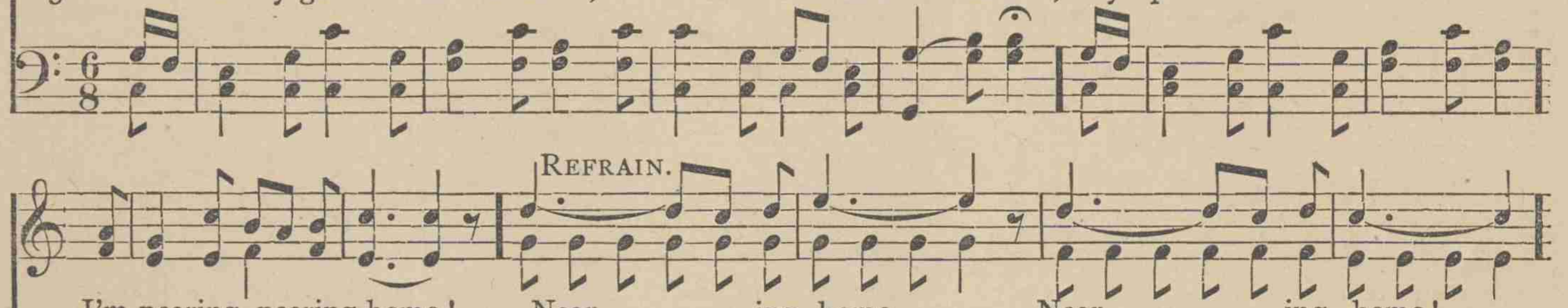
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.—*Chorus.*

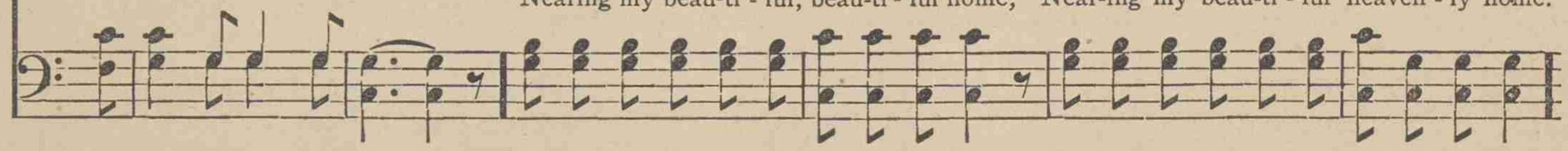
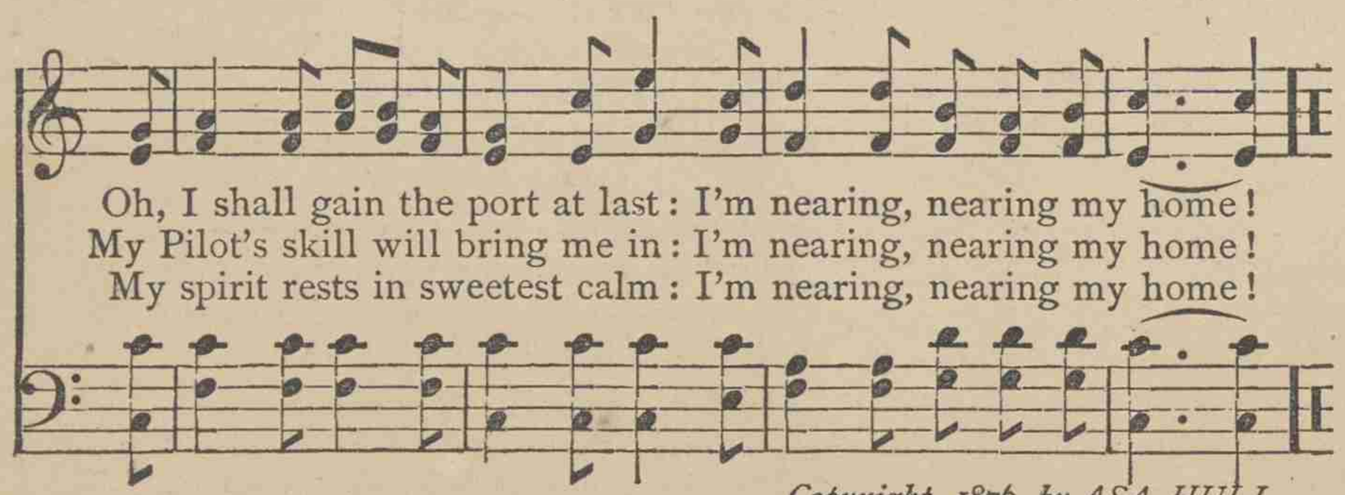
3 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.—*Chorus.*

4 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.—*Chorus.*

I'M NEARING HOME.

MARY D. JAMES. [Text: 2 Cor. v, 1.] ASA HULL.

Moderato.

1. I'm nearing home! Life's wintry blast Will soon be o'er, its gloom be past; Oh, I shall gain the port at last:—
2. Tho' rocks and quicksands intervene, And raging billows roll between, My Pilot's skill will bring me in:—
3. These heav - y gales do me no harm; Ter - rif - ic storms do not alarm; My spirit rests in sweetest calm:—

REFRAIN.

I'm nearing, nearing home! Near - - - ing home, . . . Near - - - - ing home!
Nearing my beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful home, Near-ing my beau-ti - ful heaven - ly home.

Oh, I shall gain the port at last: I'm nearing, nearing my home!
My Pilot's skill will bring me in: I'm nearing, nearing my home!
My spirit rests in sweetest calm: I'm nearing, nearing my home!

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4

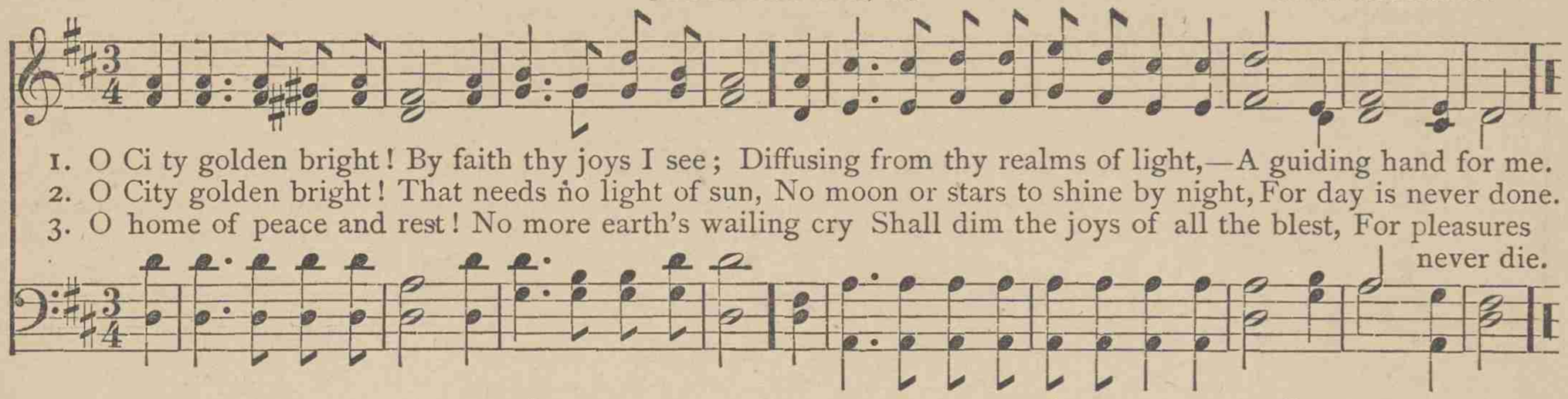
O home, sweet home! I'll soon be there,
The bliss of the redeemed to share;
Only a few more storms to bear:—
I'm nearing, nearing home!

REFRAIN.

Nearing home, nearing home!
Only a few more storms to bear:—
I'm nearing, nearing my home!

THE GOLDEN CITY.

[Text: Rev. xxii, 5.] C. H. GABRIEL.



4.

O Jesus, Lord of all!
Thy face I then shall see;
Thou too, wilt soon upon me call,
And set my spirit free.

5.

O City golden bright!
Upon thy streets of gold,
The saints shall walk in robes of white,
In ecstacies untold.

6.

I too, when life is o'er,
Shall ever dwell in thee;
I'll sing rejoicing evermore,
And ever happy be.

THE PROMISED LAND. Tune, "Nearing Home."

1.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

CHORUS. { Beautiful land, beautiful land,
:‖: Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful land, :‖:
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And view that beautiful land.

2.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green,—
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.—*Chorus.*

3.

O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.—*Chorus.*

4.

No chilling winds or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.—*Chorus.*

5.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.—*Chorus.*

GLORIOUS TIME COMING.

Dr. J. D. VINTON. [Text : St. John xiv. 2, 3.] GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Oh, the glorious time is coming, When the righteous hence will go, Where the Saviour, gently calling,
2. There the happy, hap-py spir- it Feels an ev-er-last-ing joy; Singing angels, hov'r-ing near it,
3. Yes, the glorious time is coming; Trumpets soon will sound the day, When this world shall cease its humming,

Crowns immortal will be-stow. There are garments white and shining, Golden harps and joyous song;
Blest redemption's songs em- ploy. Oh, the world of beau-ty blaz-ing, Where the happy spir- its go!
And the righteous flee a- way. Flee a-way? yes, up to Jesus, Round his throne to stand and sing,

CHORUS.

These, in beau-ty ne'er de- clin-ing, To the hap-py saints be-long. Oh, the glorious time is com-ing,
Mortal tongue, with all its praising, Never can those beauties show. Oh, the glorious time, etc.
Who from death's dominion freed us, Where eternal an-thems ring. Oh, the glorious time, etc.

com-ing, com-ing; Oh, the glorious time is coming When the saints in light, with Christ shall reign;

Oh Yes! Yes! Yes! The glorious time is coming When the saints in light, with Christ shall reign.

DENNIS. S. M.

From NAGELI.

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heav'nly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

LET THY MERCY SHINE ON ME.

[Text: Rom. x, 13.]

W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.

1. { Pass me not, O gen - tle Sa - viour, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
   { Nev - er leave me, but the rath - er Let thy (*Omit.*) . . . . . mer - cy shine on me.

CHORUS.

E - ven me, . . . O blessed Sa - viour, Let thy mer - - - cy shine on me,
E - ven me, O bless - ed Saviour, e - ven me, Let thy mer - cy shine on me, e - ven me,
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let thy mer - - cy shine on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let thy mer - cy shine on me, e - ven me.

2 Pass me not, O loving Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
For I'm longing for thy favor,
Whilst thou'rt calling, O, call me.—*Chorus.*

3 Pass me not, O mighty Saviour,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of thy great merit,
Speak some word of power to me.—*Chorus.*

THE HEALER.

Mrs. M. E. SANGSTER. [Text: Ps. ciii, 3.] ASA HULL. by per. From "Songs of the Cross."

1. Je - sus, Lord of all com - pas - sion, To thy gen - tle care we bring Dear ones when in pain they
2. Not a dart of bit - ter an - guish Pierces thro' our mor - tal flesh, Not a wound of wrath or
3. Nev - er art thou ab - sent from us, Nev - er can we call in vain, In the hour of our be-

lan - guish, Tossed on beds of suf - fer - ing; Thou canst cool the fever's burn - ing, Thou canst ease the
mal - ice, Makes our spir - it bleed a - fresh; But thy touch, so soft and ten - der, Can the heaving
reavement, In the lone - ly night of pain; Swift - er than our slow pe - ti - tion Comes thy answer

throb - bing brow;— Once in Gal - i - lee the heal - er, Thou in heav'n art heal - er now.
puls - es calm, And thy presence, e - ven ren - der Sorrow's dark - est self a balm.
where we wait, And thy light of love is bright - est When our hearts are des - o - late.

TALKING WITH JESUS.

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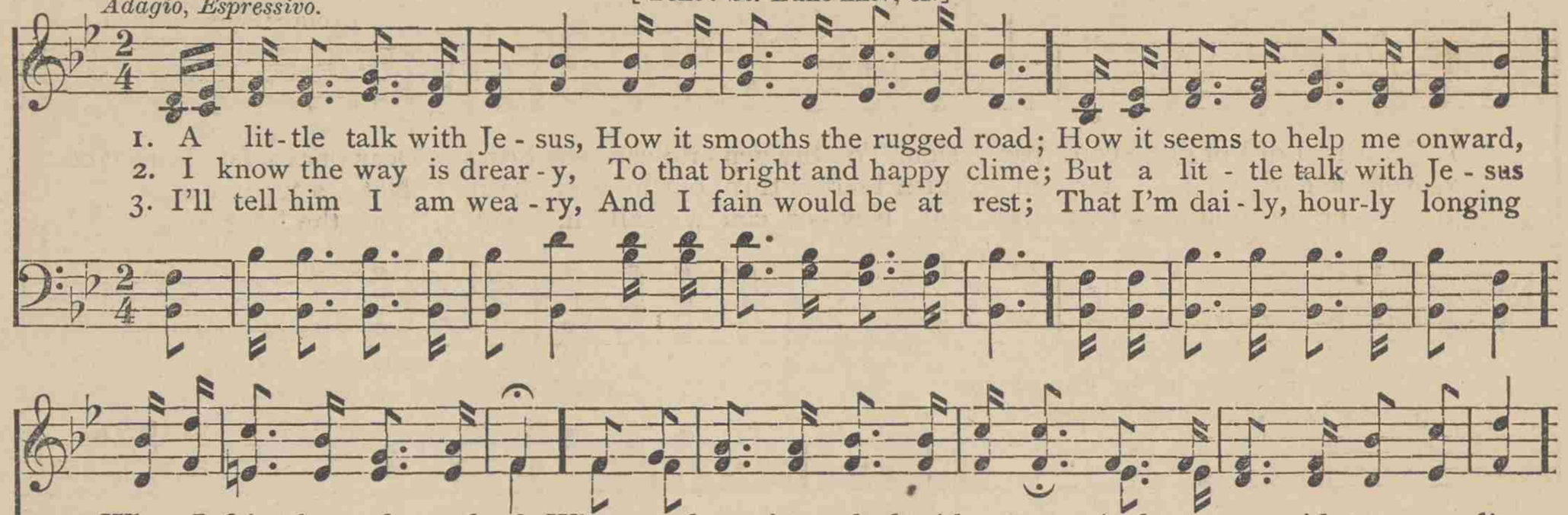
[Text: St. Luke xxiv, 32.]

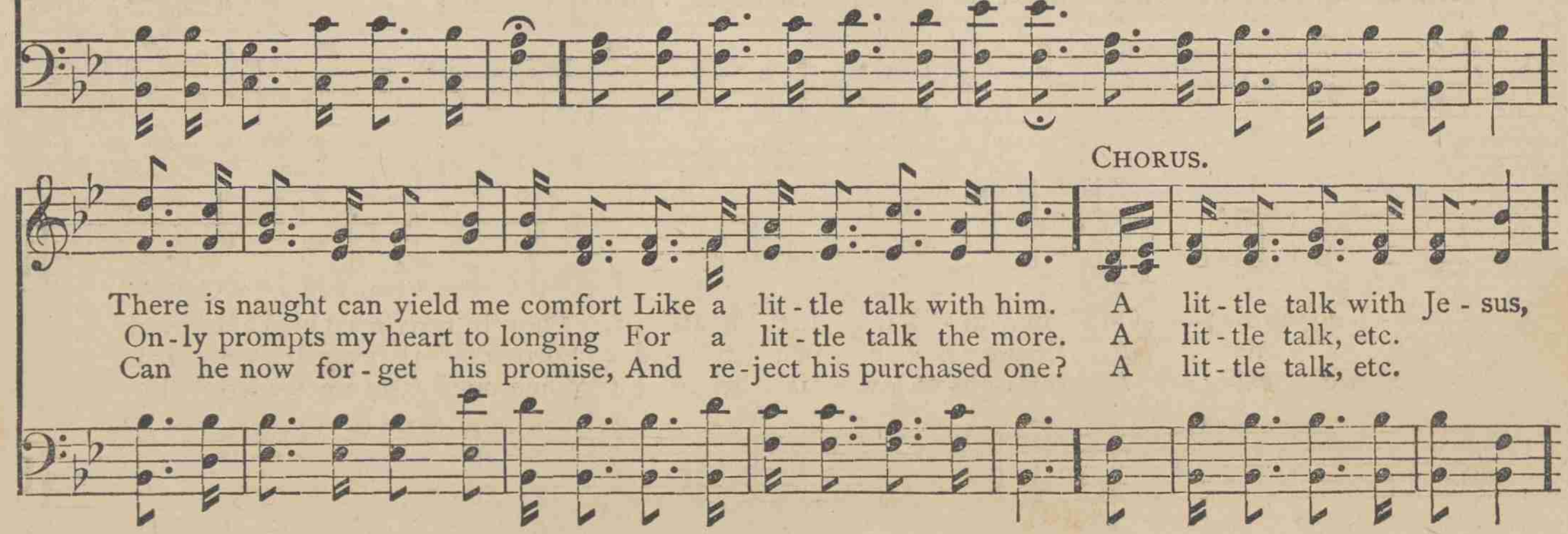
ASA HULL.

Adagio, Espressivo.



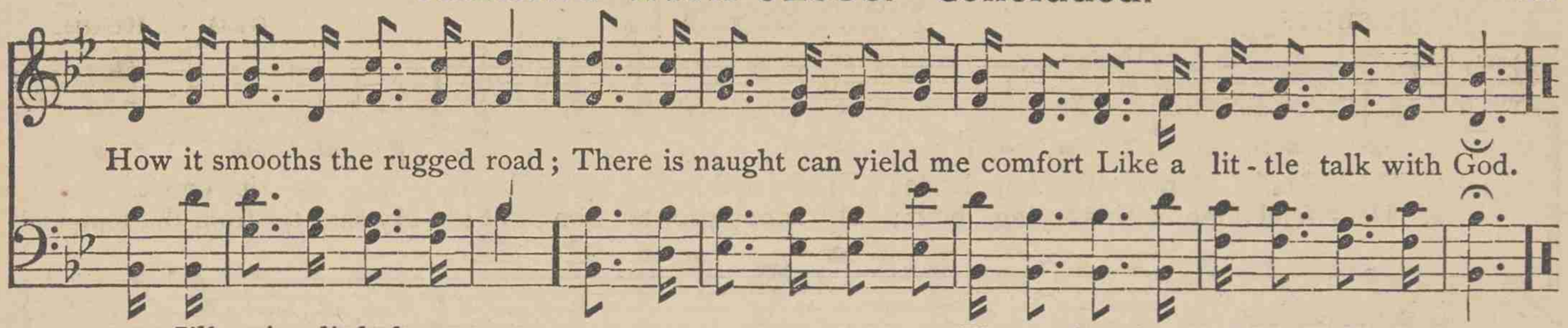
1. A lit-tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road; How it seems to help me onward,
2. I know the way is drear - y, To that bright and happy clime; But a lit - tle talk with Je - sus
3. I'll tell him I am wea - ry, And I fain would be at rest; That I'm dai - ly, hour-ly longing

When I faint beneath my load. When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,
Will refresh me an - y time. And as yet the more I know him, And his mer - cy I explore,
For a home up - on his breast. Once he gave his life a ransom, And would have me all his own,



CHORUS.

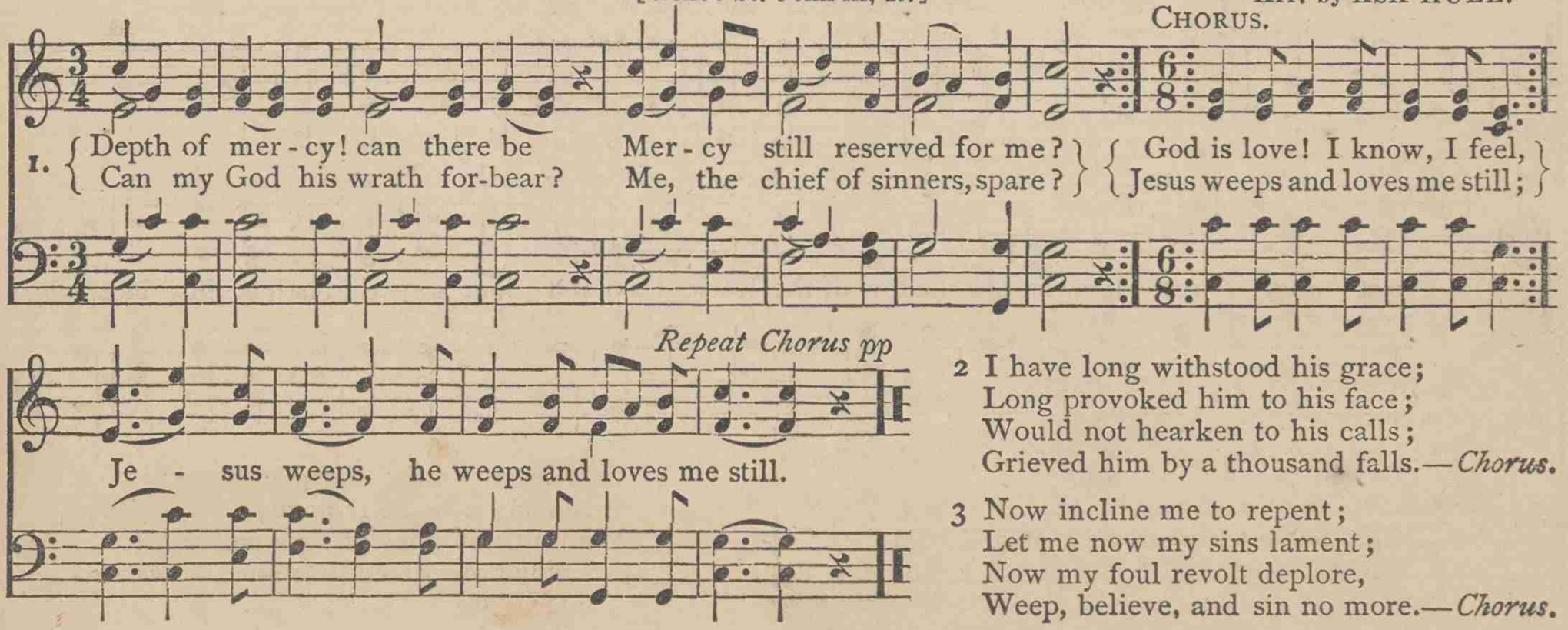
There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus,
On - ly prompts my heart to longing For a lit - tle talk the more. A lit - tle talk, etc.
Can he now for - get his promise, And re - ject his purchased one? A lit - tle talk, etc.



4 I'll wait a little longer,—
Till his own appointed time;
And will glory in the knowledge
Of a prospect so sublime.

Then, when in my Father's dwelling,
Where the many "mansions" are,
I will sweetly talk with Jesus,
And forever dwell up there.—*Chorus.*

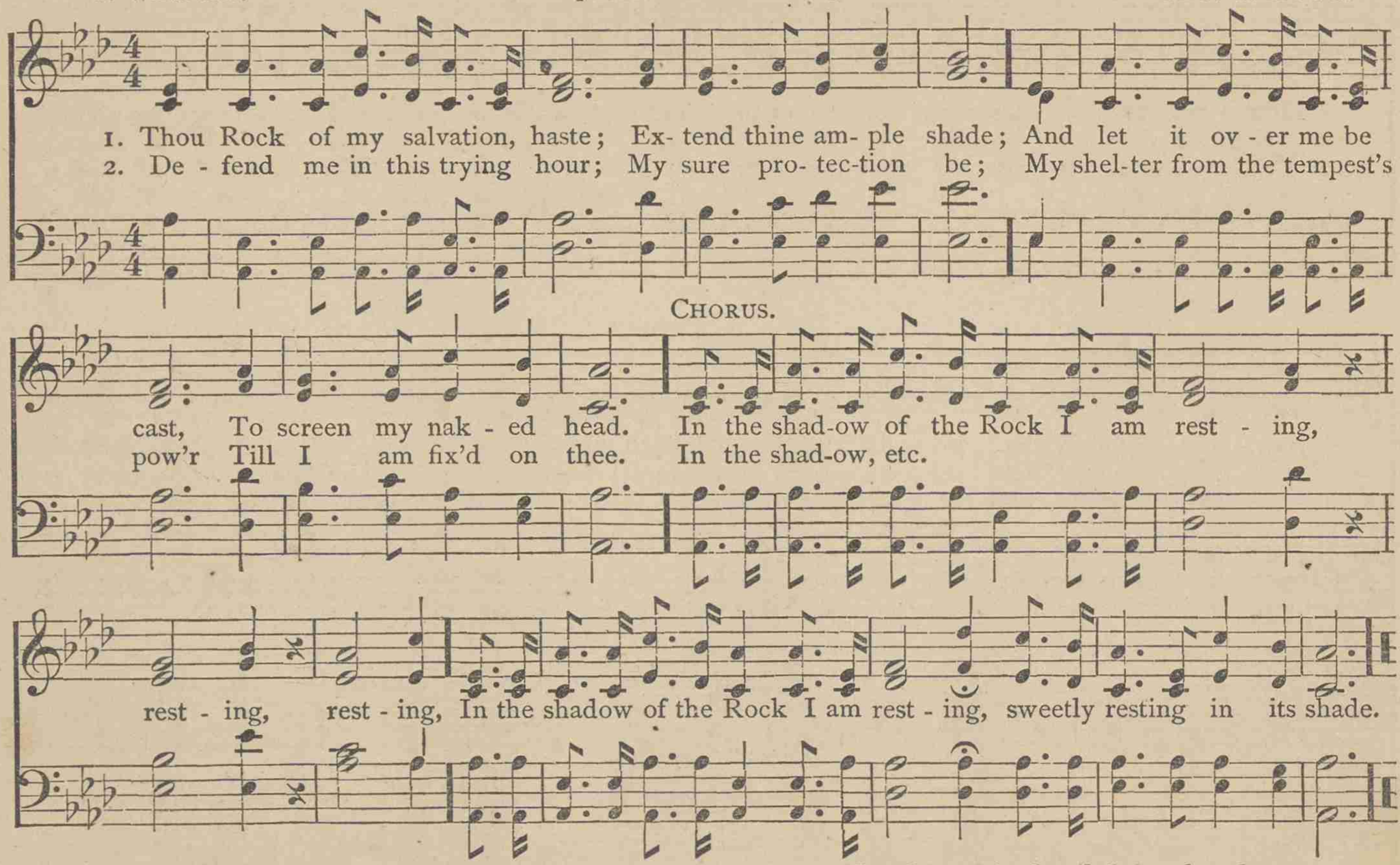
DEPTH OF MERCY.

[Text: St. John iii, 16.] Arr. by ASA HULL.

2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.—*Chorus.*

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.—*Chorus.*

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

C. WESLEY. [Text: Isaiah xxxii. 2.] GEO. C. HUGG.



3. Oh, set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand;
From fierce temptation's rage and heat
Protect me with thy hand.—*Chorus.*

4. Now let me in the cleft be placed;
Nor my defence remove;
Within thine arms of love embraced,—
Thine arms of endless love.—*Chorus.*

CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. [Text: John xii, 26.] S. J. VAIL. by per.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me; All a - long my pilgrim
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be; Glad - ly will I toil and
3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea; Then the gate of life e-

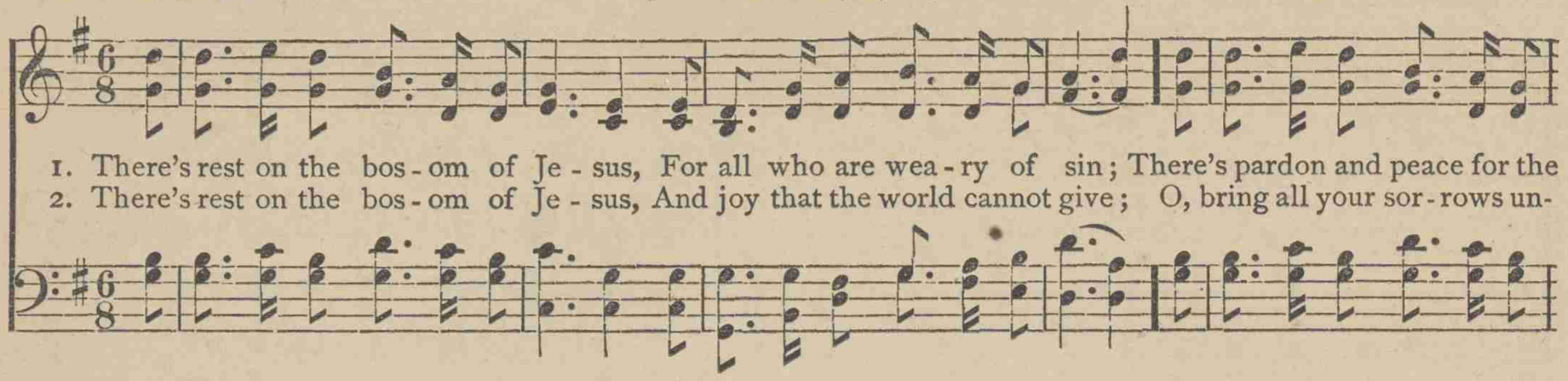
CHORUS.

jour - ney, Saviour, let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to

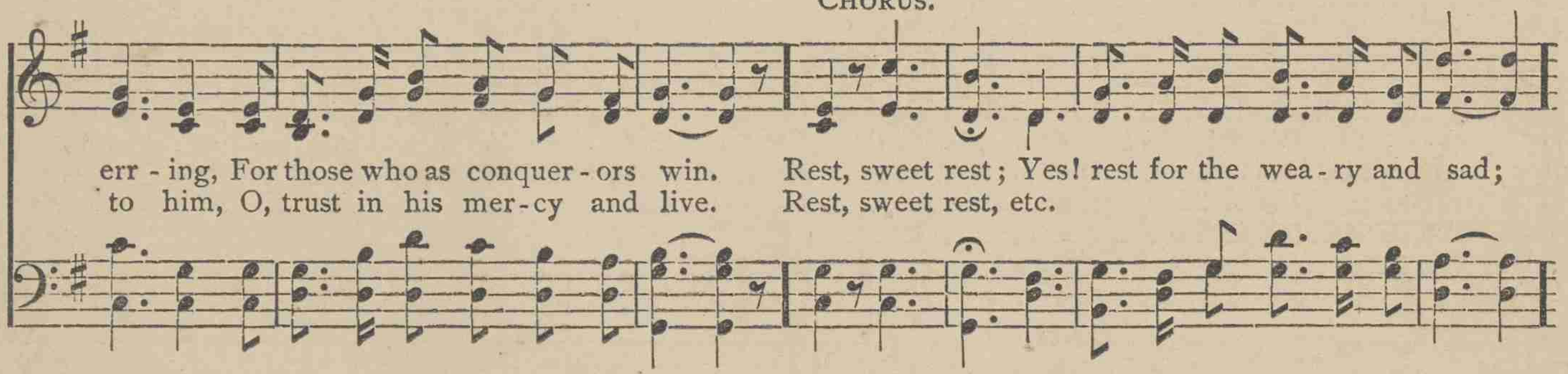
thee; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with thee.
thee; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
thee; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

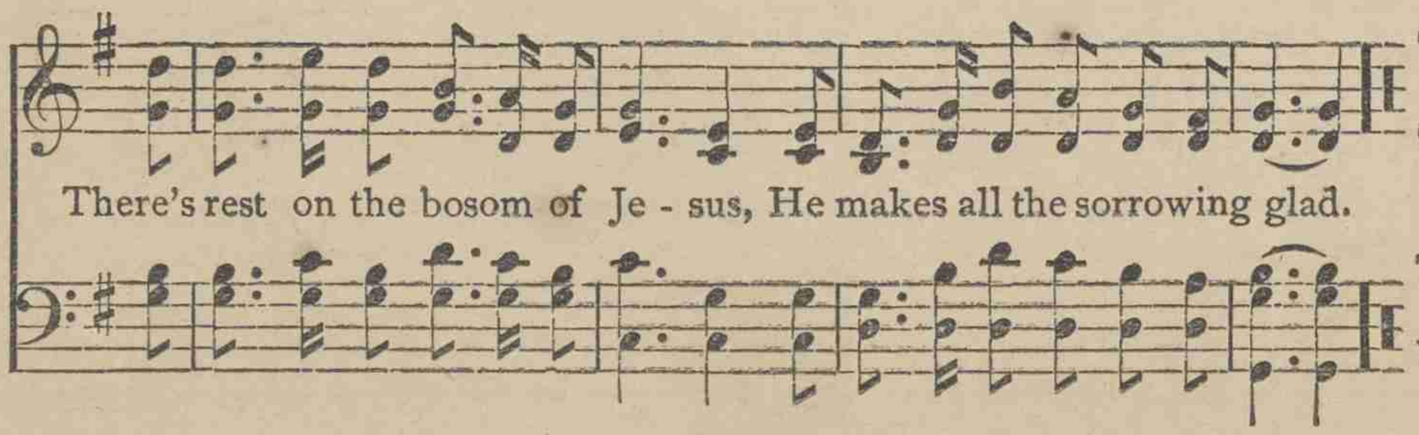
REST FOR THE WEARY AND SAD.

H. E KIMBALL. [Text: Matt. xi, 28, 29.] GEO. C. HUGG.



CHORUS.





3.
There's rest on the bosom of Jesus,
When life's day of trial is past;
O, let us be faithful, and serve him,
That we may be worthy at last.

4.
There's rest on the bosom of Jesus,
Yes, life everlasting and blest;
We'll fear not the grave, for our Saviour
Will lead us to heavenly rest.

BRING ALL TO JESUS.

MISS NELLIE HALL. [Text: Matt. xi, 28.] O. W. PILLSBURY.

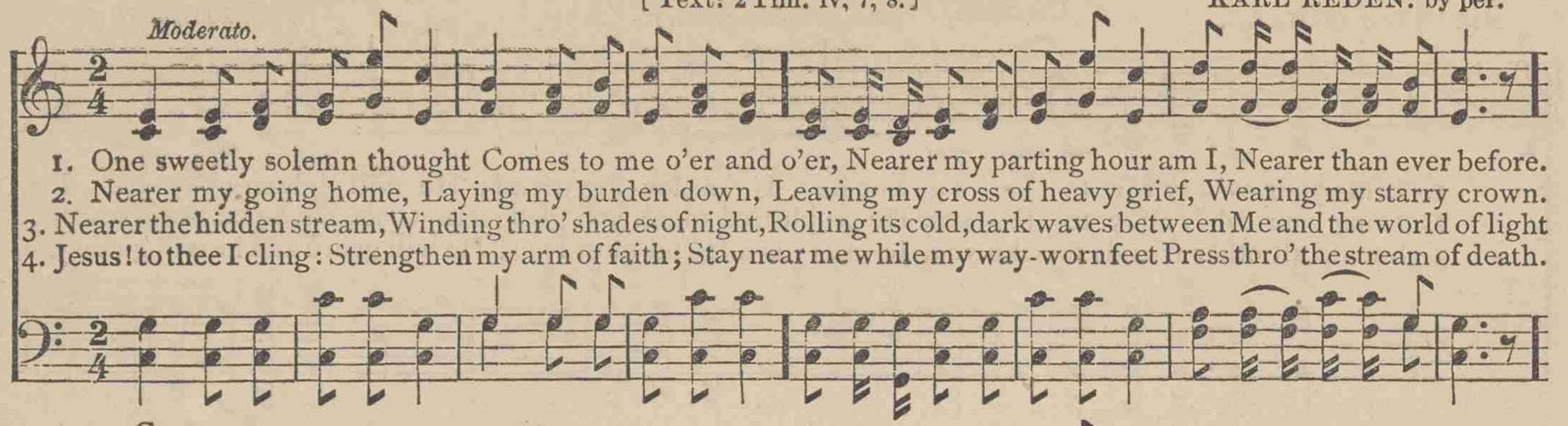
1. Bring your ev' - ry care to Je - sus, For he is a lov - ing friend; He will lighten ev'ry bur - den,
2. Bring your ev' - ry joy to Je - sus, He is pleased to see you glad; He would have you always happy,
3. Should all other friends forsake you, Je - sus is a friend most true; He will guard and he will guide you,

CHORUS.

Love and keep you to the end. Then we'll sing, . . . while here be - low, Of Je - sus and his love;
Nev - er gloomy, nev - er sad. sweet - ly sing,
Safe - ly all your journey through.

He will guard you and guide you safe - ly through, To the mansions prepared a - bove.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

[Text: 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8.] KARL REDEN. by per.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Nearer my parting hour am I, Nearer than ever before.
2. Nearer my going home, Laying my burden down, Leaving my cross of heavy grief, Wearing my starry crown.
3. Nearer the hidden stream, Winding thro' shades of night, Rolling its cold, dark waves between Me and the world of light
4. Jesus! to thee I cling: Strengthen my arm of faith; Stay near me while my way-worn feet Press thro' the stream of death.

Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be, Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crystal sea.

SHOW ME THE PATH OF LIFE.

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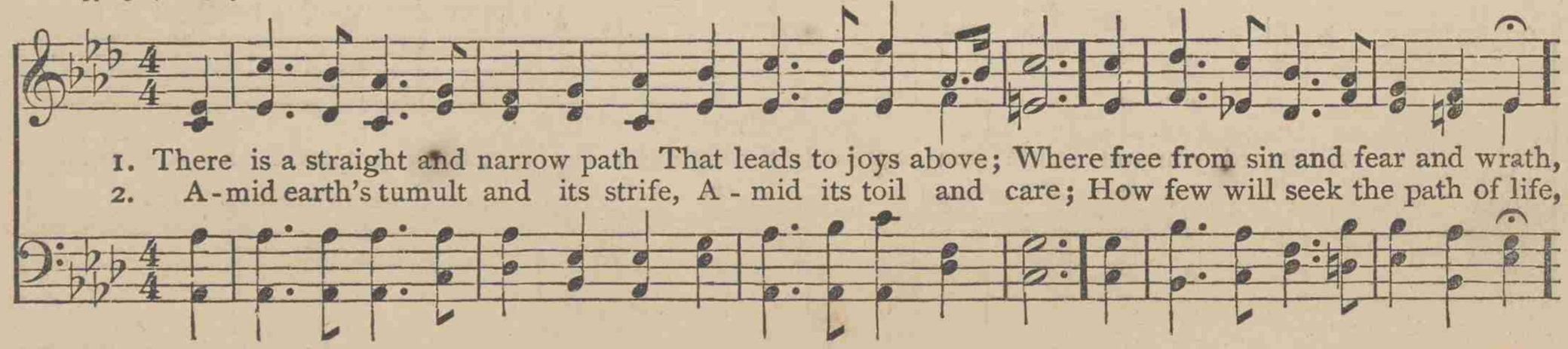
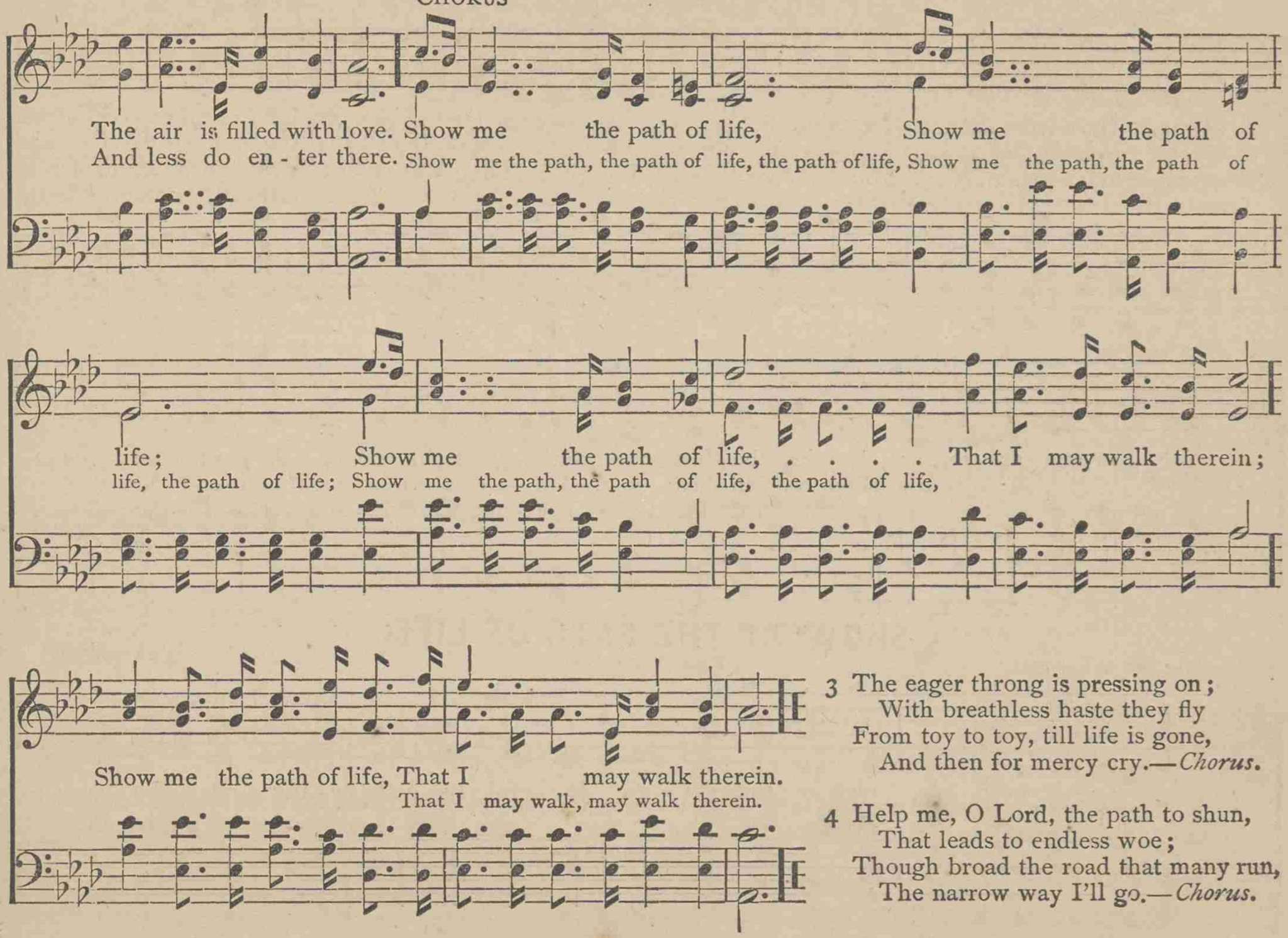
[Text: Ps. xvi, 11.] ASA HULL.



1. There is a straight and narrow path That leads to joys above; Where free from sin and fear and wrath,
2. A-mid earth's tumult and its strife, A-mid its toil and care; How few will seek the path of life,

CHORUS



3 The eager throng is pressing on;
With breathless haste they fly
From toy to toy, till life is gone,
And then for mercy cry.—*Chorus.*

4 Help me, O Lord, the path to shun,
That leads to endless woe;
Though broad the road that many run,
The narrow way I'll go.—*Chorus.*

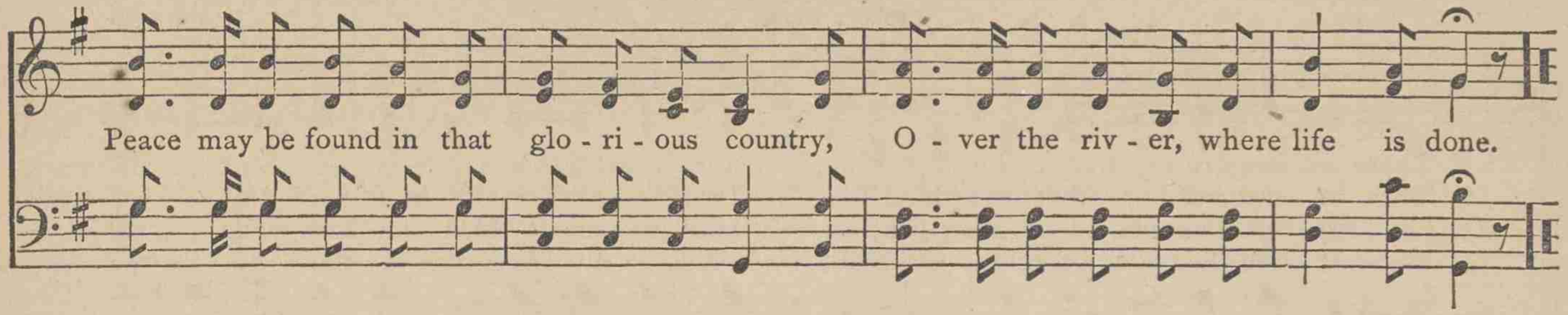
CROSSING THE RIVER.

DOT. [Text: Eccle. i, 4.] W. R. EVANS.

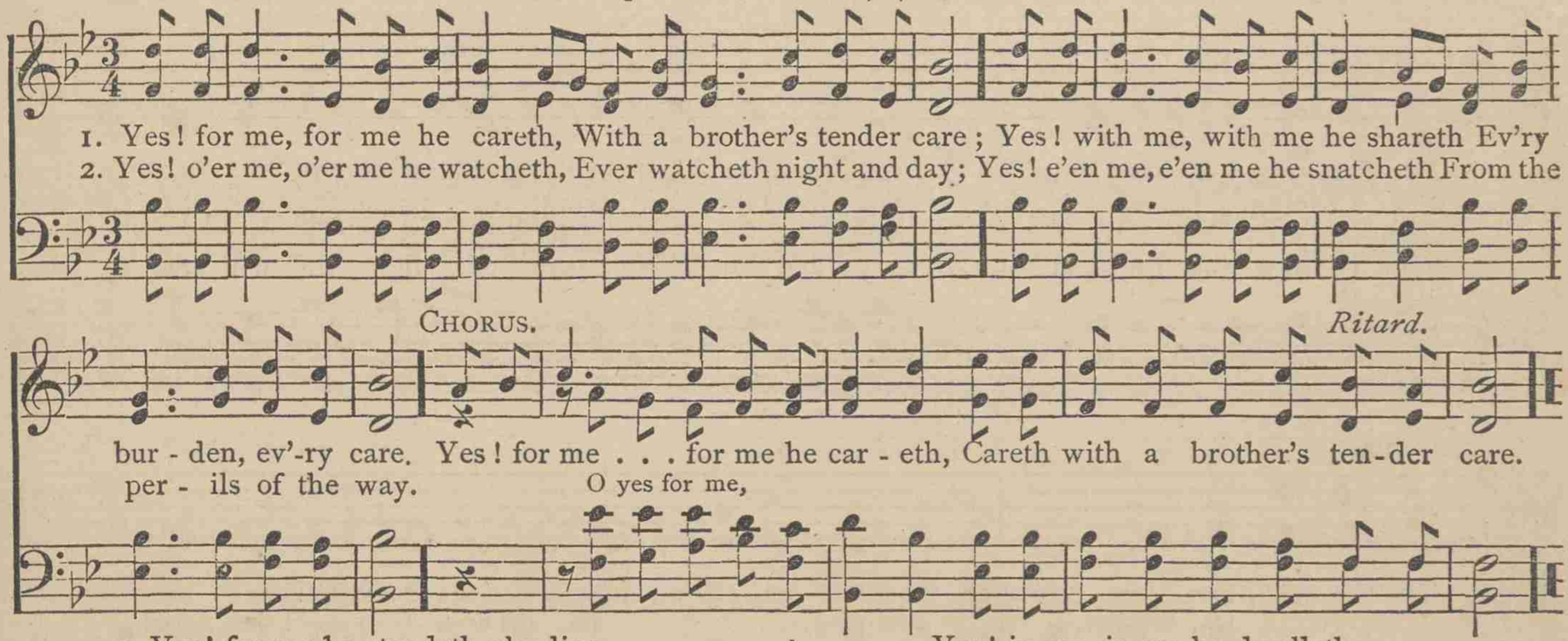
1. One by one we are cross- ing the riv - er; Naught do we fear with our Fa - ther to guide;
2. One by one may our sins be for- giv - en; Washed by the tears of re - pentance a - way;
3. One by one may we gath- er to - geth- er, When we have all reached that beauti - ful shore;

Sor - row and care we are leav-ing be - hind us, Safe - ty we'll find on the oth - er side.
Nev - er a cloud spread a shad- ow in hea - ven,—En - ter - ing there we'll find end - less day.
Mingling our voi - ces in praise to the Fa - ther, Liv - ing with Je - sus for - ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

Ov - er the riv - er, ov - er the riv - er, Joy - ful - ly gath- er - ing one by one;

YES! FOR ME HE CARETH.

[Text: St. Luke xii, 6, 7.] Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



3 Yes! for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.—*Chorus.*

4 Yes! in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here, and through eternity.—*Chorus.*

THE NEW SONG.

FLORA L. BEST. [Text: Psalms xl, 3.] JNO. R. SWENEY. by per.

Moderato.

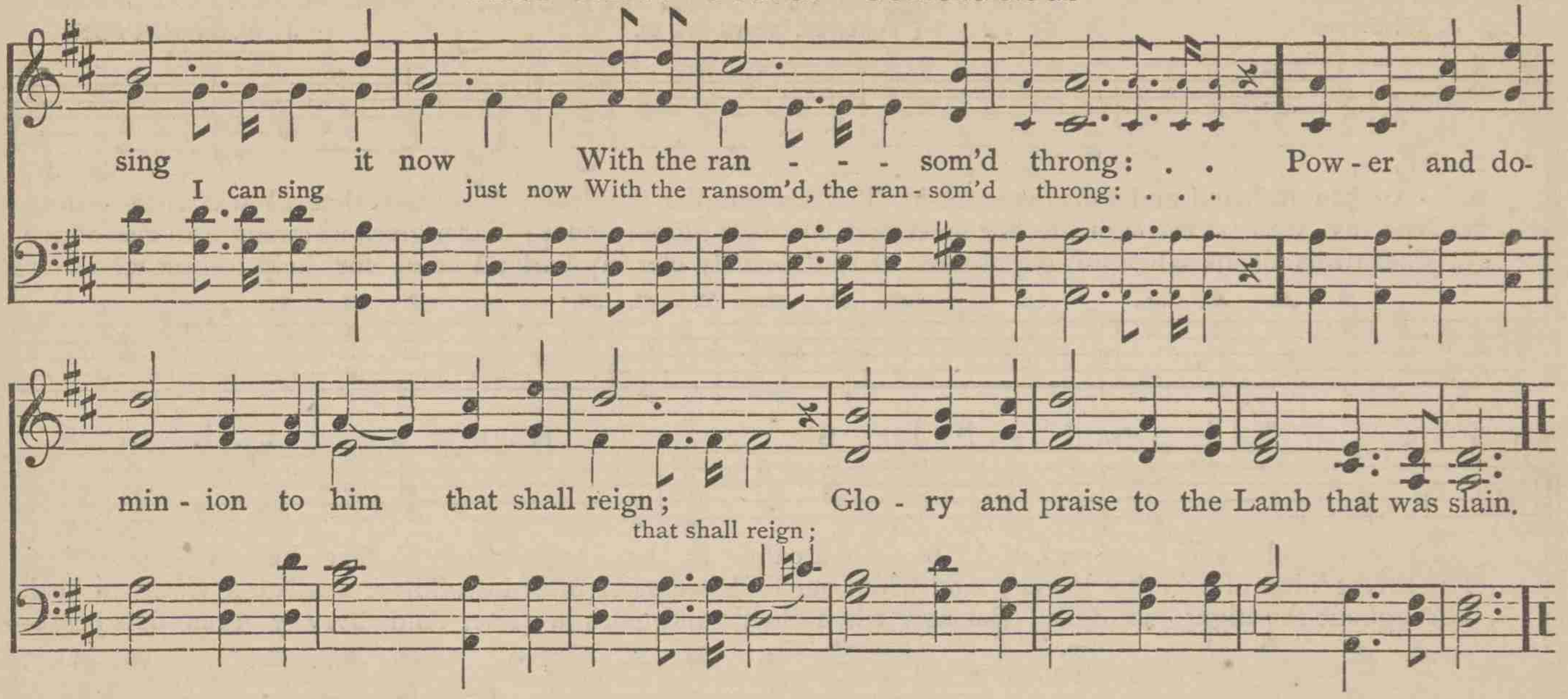
1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a bird . . in spring;
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the din . . of strife;
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra - cious Mas - ter hath made . . me glad?
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jas - per wall, When I come to the gloom of the e - ven - fall,

But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.
But I know of a home that is won - drous fair, And I sing the psalm they are sing - ing there.
When he points where the man - y man - sions be, And sweet - ly says, "There is one for thee?"
For I know that the shad - ows drear - y and dim, Have a path of light that will lead to him.

CHORUS.

Oh, the new, new song, Oh, the new, new song, I can

Oh, the new, new song, oh, the new, new song,

THE NEW SONG. Concluded.

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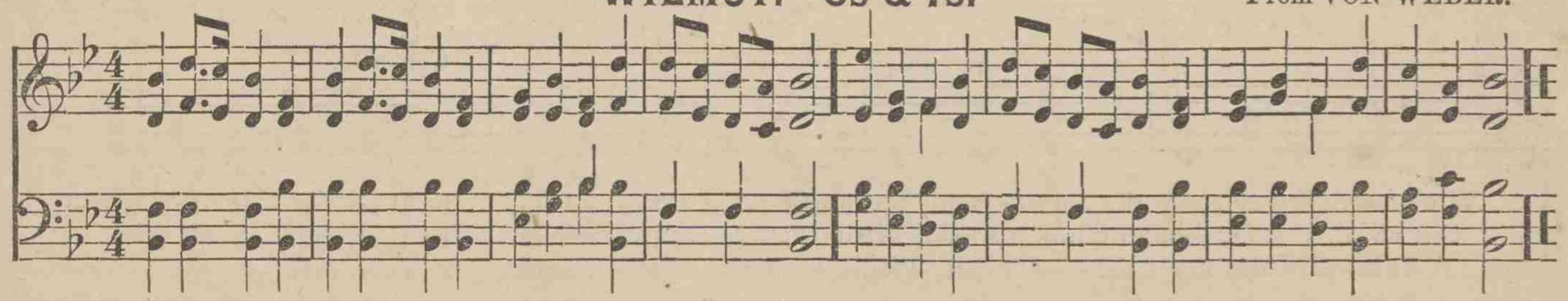


1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'er-take me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

FATHER IS AT THE WHEEL.

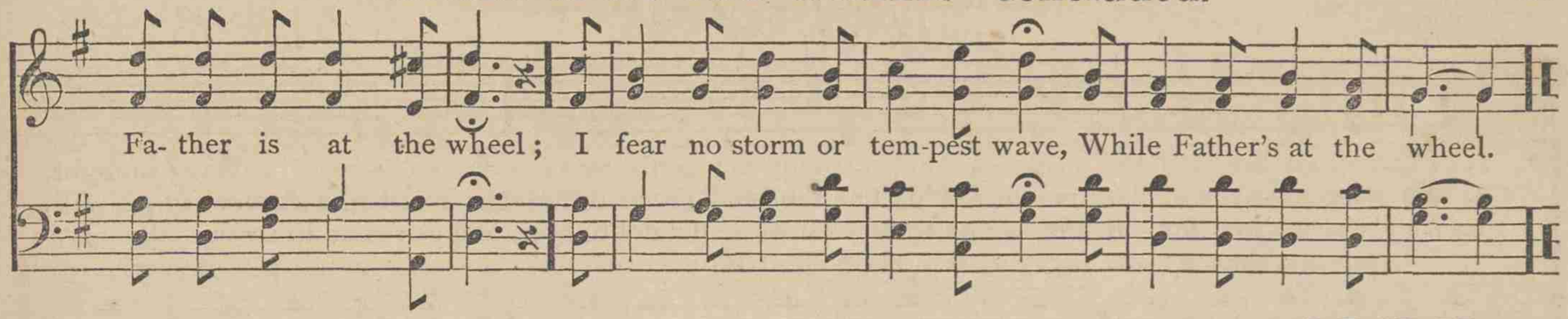
J. W. S. [Text: St. Mark iv, 40.] J. W. STOCKTON.

1. A ship in wind and storm was toss'd, The sea ran o'er the deck; It seemed that all was sure- ly lost,
2. And as we pass through life, we meet Sad sorrow's gloomy hour; Faith gives us strength to rise above
3. There was a time when an - gry waves Dash'd fiercely o'er my bark; I cried for help to him who saves,

The ves - sel soon a wreck: A boy stood calm, as he was asked If fear he did not feel;
The threat-'ning clouds that lower; And when our bark seems al -most lost, These words our woes can heal,
Throughout the night so dark; But now when clouds and gales a - rise, And heav - y thun- ders peal,—

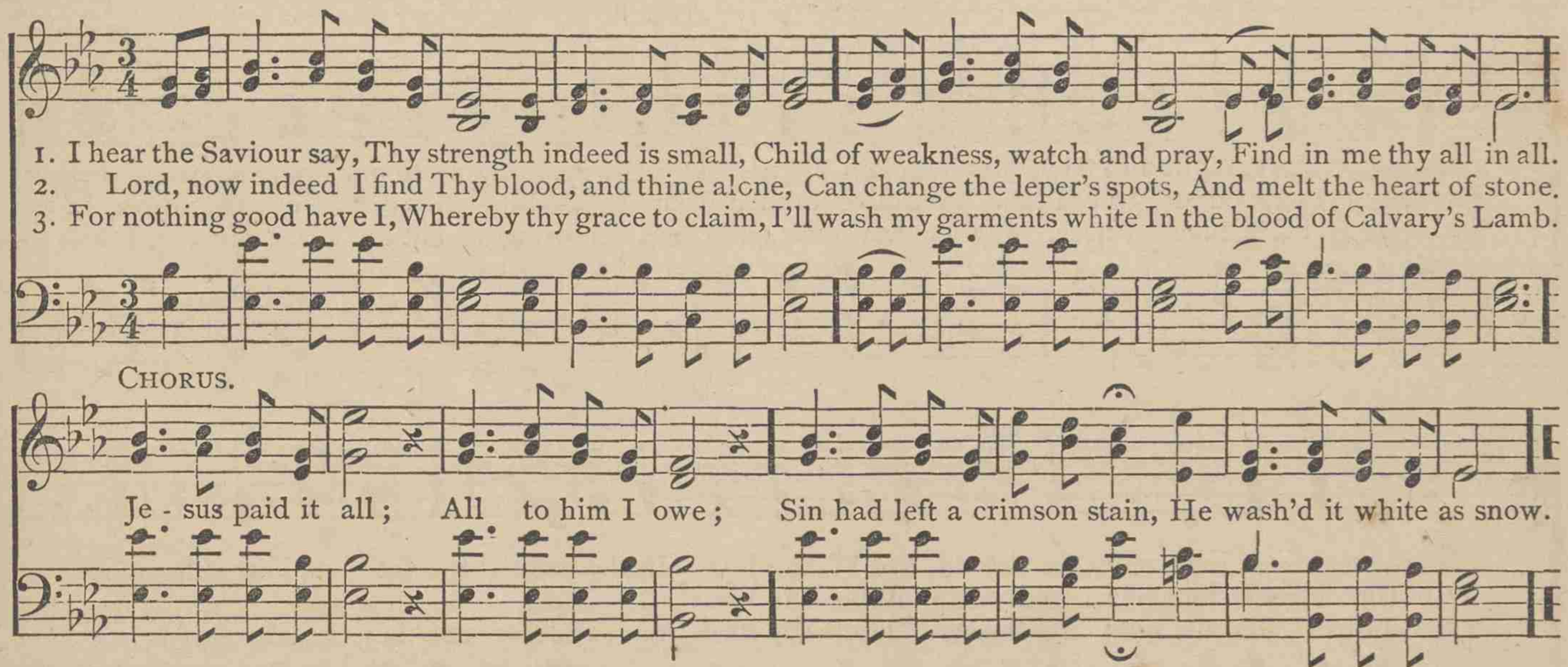
CHORUS.

When straightway came the answer bold, My Father's at the wheel. Fa-ther is at the wheel,
Our ship is safe, though tempest-toss'd, While Father's at the wheel. Fa-ther, etc.
A calm pervades my trust - ing heart, While Father's at the wheel. Fa-ther, etc.

FATHER IS AT THE WHEEL. Concluded.

E. M. HALL.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

J. T. GRAPE.
Arr'd by ASA HULL.



4 And then complete in him,
My robe his righteousness,
Close-shelter'd 'neath his side,
I am divinely blest.—*Chorus.*

5 When from my dying bed
My ransom'd soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all!"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

6 And when before the throne
I stand, in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

IN THE GLORIOUS SUNLIGHT.

Copyright, 1876, by Asa Hull.

M. C. SERVOSS.

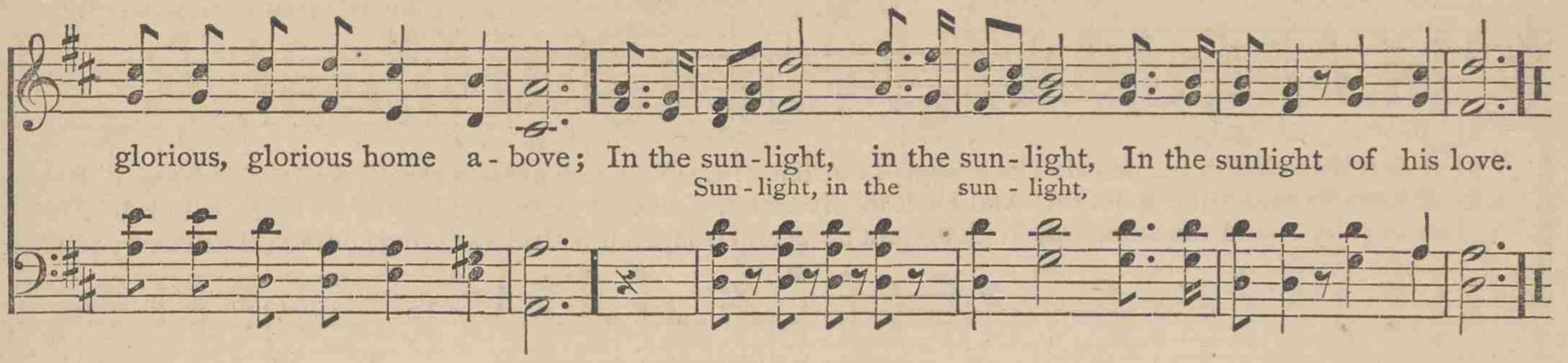
[Text: John iii, 16.]

R. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Floating on between the shadows, That surround our earthly way; Comes a beam of heavenly sunlight,
2. When we come to sin's dark val-leys, This, thy light shall guide us through; Warning us from ev'ry pit-fall,
3. We are weak, but thou art mighty, As thine own we've naught to fear; We can bravely do our du-ty,

Shining brightly, night and day; Making plain the narrow pathway, Leading to our home a-bove;—Father
Showing us the good and true. Peace, with olive branch from Zion, Folds her wings, a heav'nly dove, In the
While we feel that thou art near. May we ever, ever trust thee, Knowing naught thy love can move, While we

CHORUS.

may we ev-er jour-ney In the sunlight of thy love. In the sunlight let us jour-ney, To our
hearts of those who jour-ney In the sunlight of thy love.
jour-ney in the sunlight, In the sunlight of thy love. Sun-light let us jour-ney, To our

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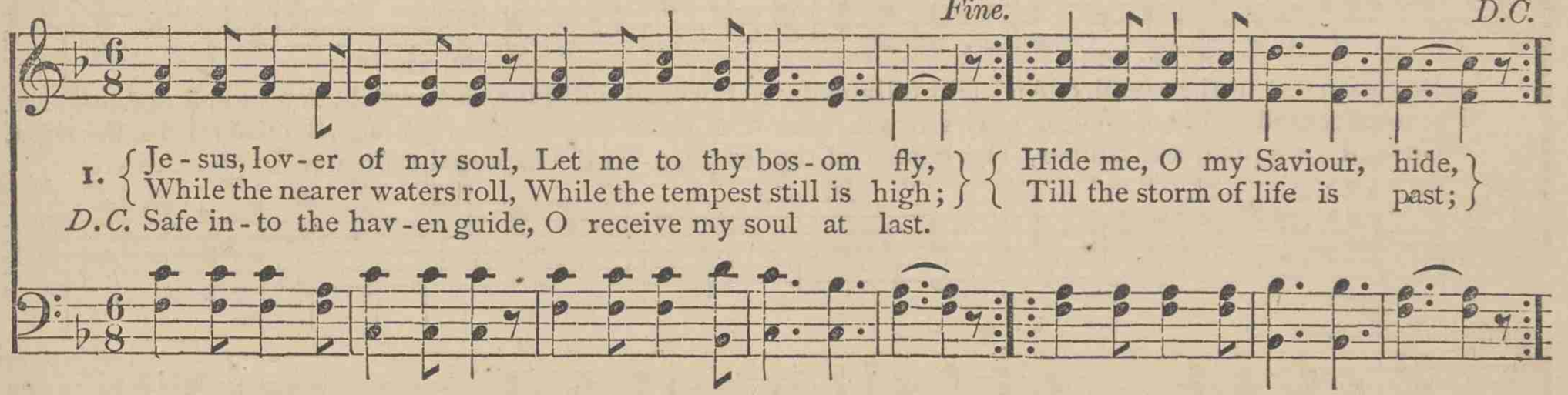

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, / While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; } { Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, / Till the storm of life is past; }
D.C. Safe in - to the hav - en guide, O receive my soul at last.

2.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

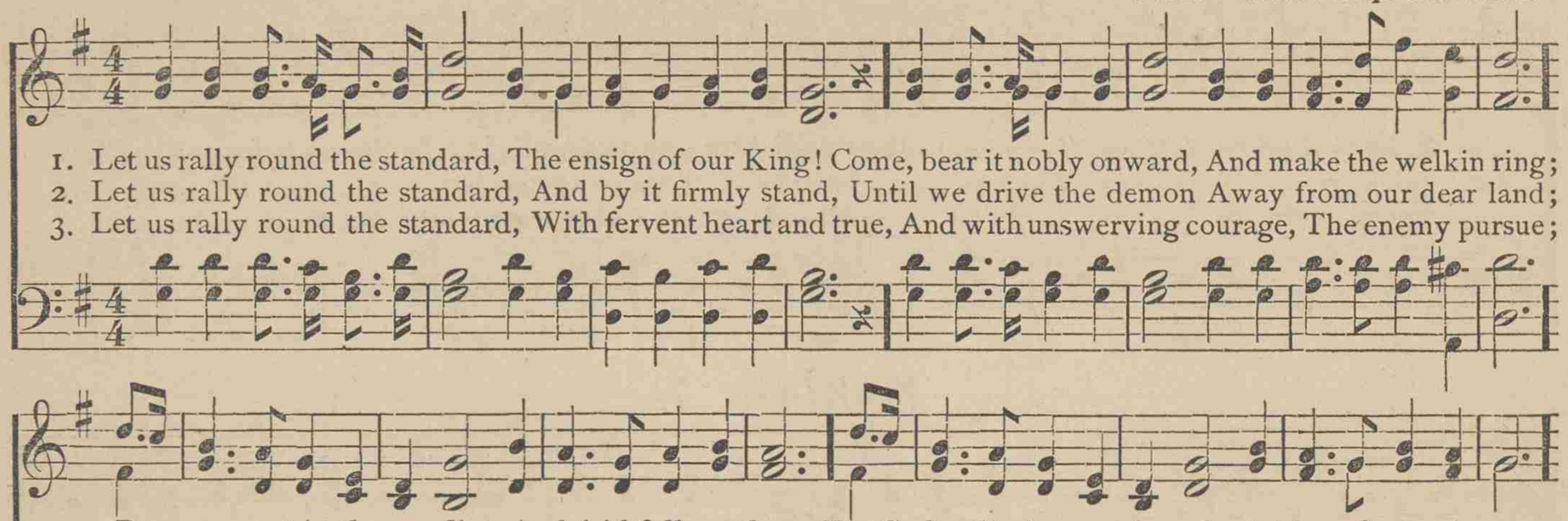
3.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

STAND FIRM, FOR GOD AND THE RIGHT.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. [Text: 1 Cor. xvi, 13, 14.] ASA HULL.
From "Hull's Temp. Glee Book."

1. Let us rally round the standard, The ensign of our King! Come, bear it nobly onward, And make the welkin ring;
2. Let us rally round the standard, And by it firmly stand, Until we drive the demon Away from our dear land;
3. Let us rally round the standard, With fervent heart and true, And with unswerving courage, The enemy pursue;

Be earn-est in the conflict, And faithfully endure, For God will give us triumph, A triumph certain, sure.
The mighty God of Israel Will nerve us for the fight, And give us strength and courage, To struggle for the right.
Un - til we plant our banner, The banner of the free, Up-on the captured ramparts, In glorious victory.

CHORUS.

Stand firm! stand firm! stand firm, and bear the standard on; Be firm, and bear the standard on Till victory is won.
Stand firm! stand firm!

LOOK EVER TO JESUS.

F. J. W. [Text: Heb. xii, 1, 2.] W. O. PERKINS.

1. Look ev- er to Je - sus, Trust well in his love; Tread manfully onward, Toward heav'n a-bove.
2. Look ev- er to Je - sus, When temptations rise; In times of desponding He hears all your cries.
3. Look ev- er to Je - sus, Our dear blessed Lord; Remember the promise Set forth in his word.

Je - sus is your Saviour, Your Shepherd and Guide; He'll car- ry you safely—Keep close by his side.
He's watching you ever, He beckons to you; Still follow his footsteps, He'll guide safely through.
He'll never reject you, When truly you come; In death he will save you, He'll carry you home.

CHORUS.

Ask his blessing to guide you, His love will provide you; Naught of grace is denied you, Look to Jesus for aid.

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

R. A. SEARLES. [Text: Psalms lxi, 2.] ASA HULL.

Moderato. May be sung as a Solo or Duett.

1. When mountains of doubt hem me in on each side, And waves of af- flic - tion roll in like a tide;
2. When storms of deep trouble rage fiercely around, When fore-bodings of ill in my spir - it abound;
3. When nearing the shore of the riv - er of death, And the moments fly swift-ly with each labored breath;
4. What-ev - er my lot, be it wear- i - ly sad, Or ac- tive - ly bu - sy, or joy- ous - ly glad;

a tempo.

When vain- ly I seek some new pathway to try, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
When the hopes of a lifetime are blighted and die, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
When los- ing my hold of each dear earth- ly tie, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
In each joy and sorrow, my God, be thou nigh, And lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

Oh, lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is

higher than I. Oh, lead me to the Rock, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is high- er than I.

HOLY FATHER.

ASA HULL.

Espressivo.

p

1. Ho- ly Fa- ther, we a - dore thee, As dis - ciples of thy Son; And whene'er we come before thee,
2. May the words by Je - sus spoken, From our sins to set us free, May the bread by Je - sus broken,

p

Be our hearts and voices one; Ev - er praying, ev - er praying, "Let thy holy will be done."
Near the Lake of Gal i - lee, Ho- ly Father, Ho- ly Father, Feed our souls, and guide to thee

C

ROCK OF AGES CLEFT FOR ME.

TOPLADY. [Text: Psalms xviii. 2.] GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

From thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
From thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

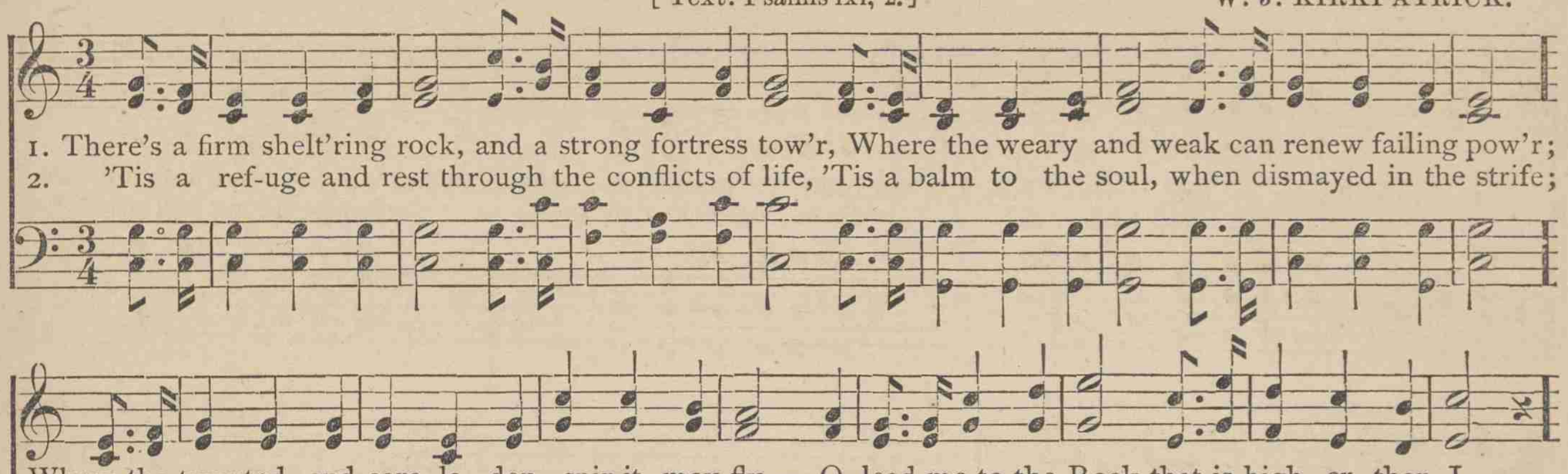
Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,—
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

[Text: Psalms lxi, 2.] W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



3 'Tis my comfort and stay, my deliv'rer and joy,
When the heart is o'erwhelmed with the ills that annoy;
When the fierce-sweeping tempest of sorrow is nigh,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

4 When the few joys of life are all flitting away,
Like the soft-fading light at the closing of day;
When the shadow of death steals the light from my eye,
O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—*Chorus.*

TRAVELING HOME.

E. S. LORENZ. [Text: Heb. xi, 16.] J. F. KINSEY. by per.

1. Saviour, thy word a lamp shall be, Guiding my feet to Zi - on; Lighting the path that
2. Saviour, I tread the heav'n-ly road, Singing and filled with pleasure; Looking by faith to
3. When I am weak and tempt-ed here, Lone-ly my way pur - su - ing; Sa-viour, I know, I

leads to thee, Cheer-ing the way to Zi - on.
thine a - bode, Seek-ing a glo - rious treas - ure.
feel thee near, Vig - or and strength re - new - ing.

CHORUS.

Trav-el - ing home, trav - el - ing home,
Trav-el - ing home, etc.
Trav-el - ing home, etc.

Trav-el - ing home to Zi - on; Trav-el - ing home, trav-el - ing home, To dwell for ev - er - more.

THERE, OVER THERE.

E. A. HOFFMAN. [Text: Rev. vii, 9.] W. O. PERKINS.

From the "Evergreen," by per.

1. There are an-gels arrayed in white, There, there, o-ver, o-ver there; And their wings are bathed in light,
2. There are mansions prepared a-bove, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there; In the land of peace and love,
3. Je-sus sits on the great white throne, There, there, over, o - ver there; And he claims me as his own,

FINE.

There, o - ver, o - ver there. I'm a pil-grim to that land, To that blest, hap - py land; And I hope ere long I may join that throng In the happy glo - ry-land. There are angels arrayed in white,
There, o - ver, o - ver there. There's a mansion there for me, O - ver death's rag-ing sea; And I fond - ly hope Soon its gates will ope, And its glory I shall see. There are mansions prepared above,
There, o - ver, o - ver there. He sus tains me by his grace In my brief earth - ly race; And I soon shall rest On his lov - ing breast, And shall see him face to face. Jesus sits on the great white throne,

CHORUS D.S.

THE WAY HE LEADS US.

[Text: Ps. xxiii, 1–6.]

CHILSON. ASA HULL.

DUET.

1. How much of joy and com - fort, How much of real cheer, The dear Lord in his kindness,
2. Each hour he draw - eth near - er, And when we need to rest, He folds his arm about us,—
3. Sometimes a pass - ing shad - ow Will flit a - cross the mind, And dim our hope of heaven,

FULL CHORUS.

Gives to his chil - dren here. So gen - tly doth he lead us, So hap - pi - ly we move,
He lays us on his breast: He gives us liv - ing wa - ters, With heav'nly man - na feeds,
Our pleas - ing pros - pects blind: But then his hand he giv - eth, To lead us safe a - long,

That ev - 'ry day our pathway Glows with his ten - der love.
And his ex - haustless boun - ty Sup - plies our ma - ny needs.
And in a moment changeth The mourning sigh to song.

4.

And when our loved ones leave us,
To come to us no more,
He draws aside the curtain,
And shows the golden shore:
We hear the praise exultant,—
The harp-strings sweetly ring,
As ransomed friends in glory
Bow to the loving king.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF LOVE.

C. H. G. [Text: Heb. xi, 16.] C. H. GABRIEL.

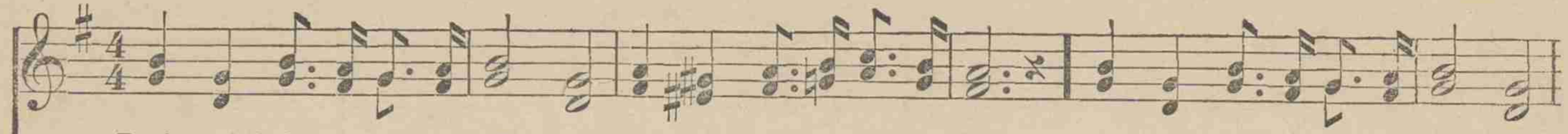
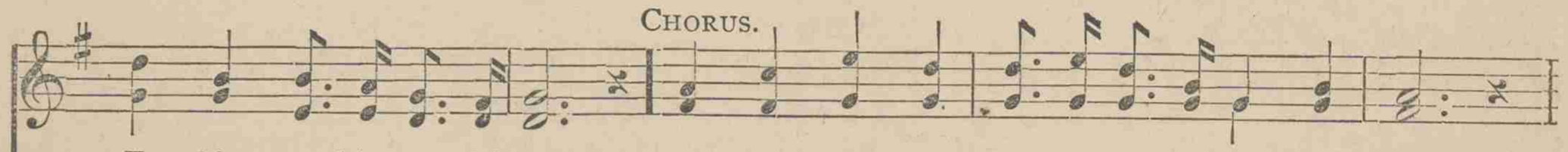
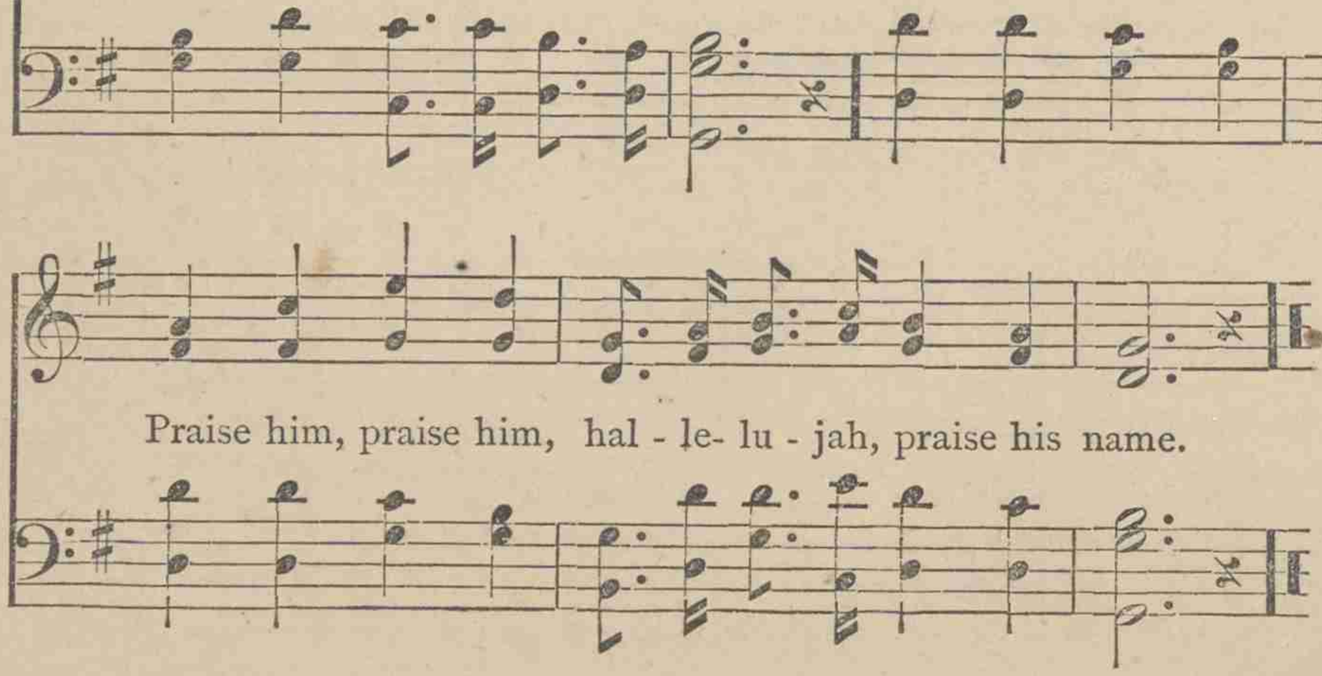
1. There's a glorious world, a world of light, Far above the star - ry sky, Where the saints and angels
2. There the songs of joy are nev - er done, And the happy chor-us rings, All a-long the shore of
3. In that glorious world, a home of love Is prepared for you and me, Where no pain or care can

CHORUS.

ev - er bright, Nev-er know a pain or sigh. In that beau - ti-ful world above, There's a
E- den's stream, As the angel chorus sings.
ev - er come, And no sorrow we shall see. In that beautiful, beautiful world, That world of light above, There's a
crown . . . . for you and me, In that beau - tiful world of love, You and I may sometime see.
beautiful, beautiful crown for you, for you and me, In that beautiful, beautiful world, That world of light above.

Ritard.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

J. H. POOLEY, M. D. [Text: 1 John v. 7.] R. G. STAPLES.



3.
Praise we bring to thee, O Spirit!
In thy later gospel days;
We who thy rich grace inherit,
Join the new creation's praise.—*Chorus.*

4.
Praise to thee, Triune Jehovah!
Equal, co-eternal Three;
Earth's resounding hallelujah
Rises jubilant to Thee.—*Chorus.*

THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

O. W. P. [Text: Zech. xiii. 1.] O. W. PILLSBURY.

1. There is a fountain o - pen'd wide, Open'd for aye in the Saviour's side; Free- ly for all flows the
2. Je - sus is calling, hear him say, Come, I will wash all your guilt a- way; Oh, hear his word, and the
3. Oh, sweet 'twill be, when life is o'er, Safely to rest on that hap- py shore! There with the ransom'd for-

CHORUS.

cleansing tide, Sinner, will you come to-day? Come to the fountain, oh, come to-day, Come to the fountain, oh,
call o- bey, Jesus bids you come to-day. Come to the fountain, etc.
evermore, Praise the Saviour's glorious name. Come to the fountain, etc.

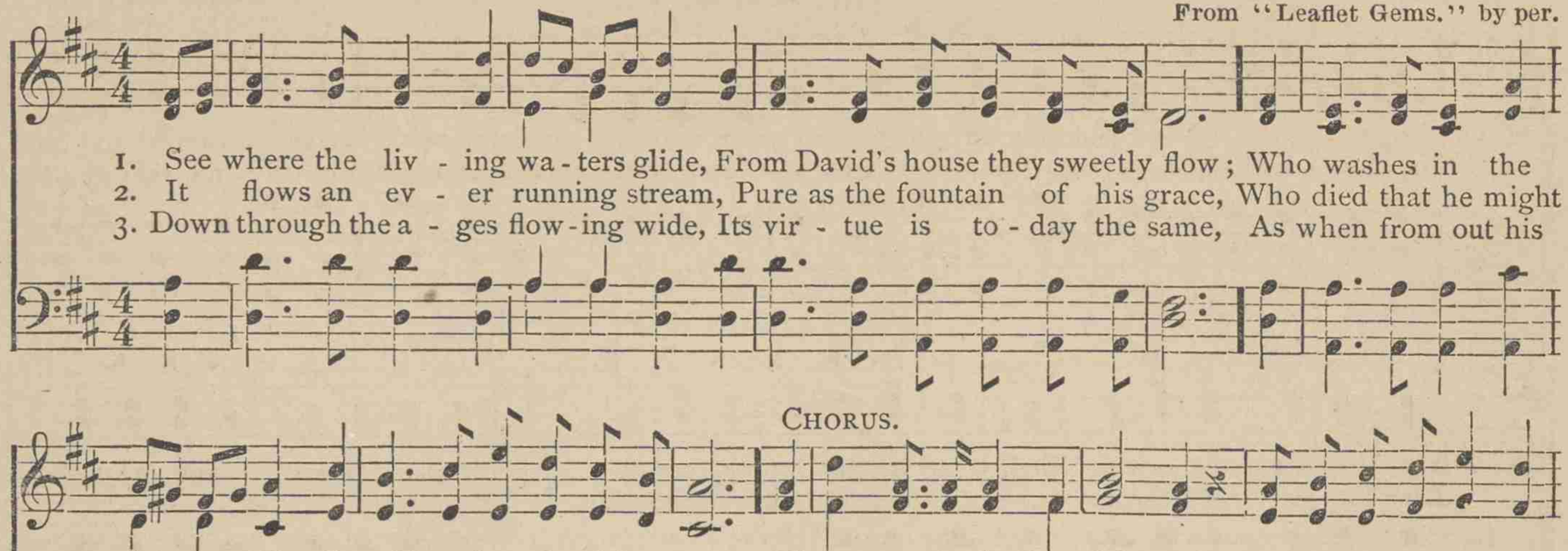
do not turn a- way; Je - sus is wait-ing to welcome you home, Do not delay, but come.

oh, come.

THE ROYAL FOUNTAIN.

WM. H. CLARK. [Text: Zech. xiii, 1.] W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

From "Leaflet Gems." by per.



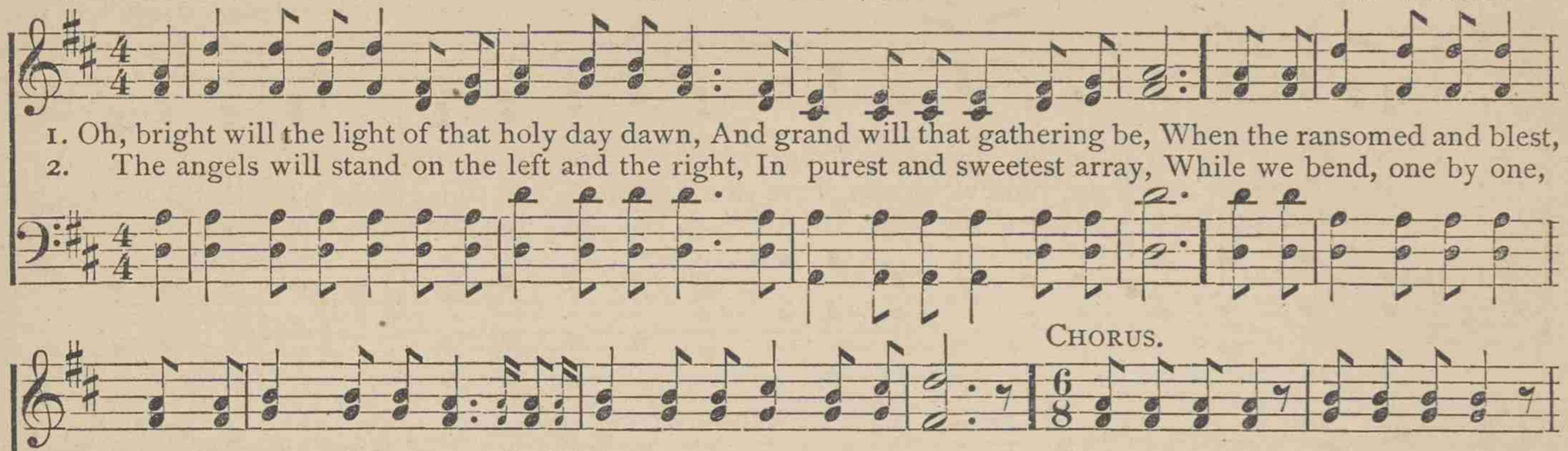
4 Whoever will, may drink and live;
New life the healing draught inspires;
From those who nothing have to give,
The royal bounty naught requires.

5 All over Canaan's goodly land,
Where saints enjoy such sweet repose;
'Mid pastures green on every hand,
King David's royal fountain flows.

HOME OF THE BLEST

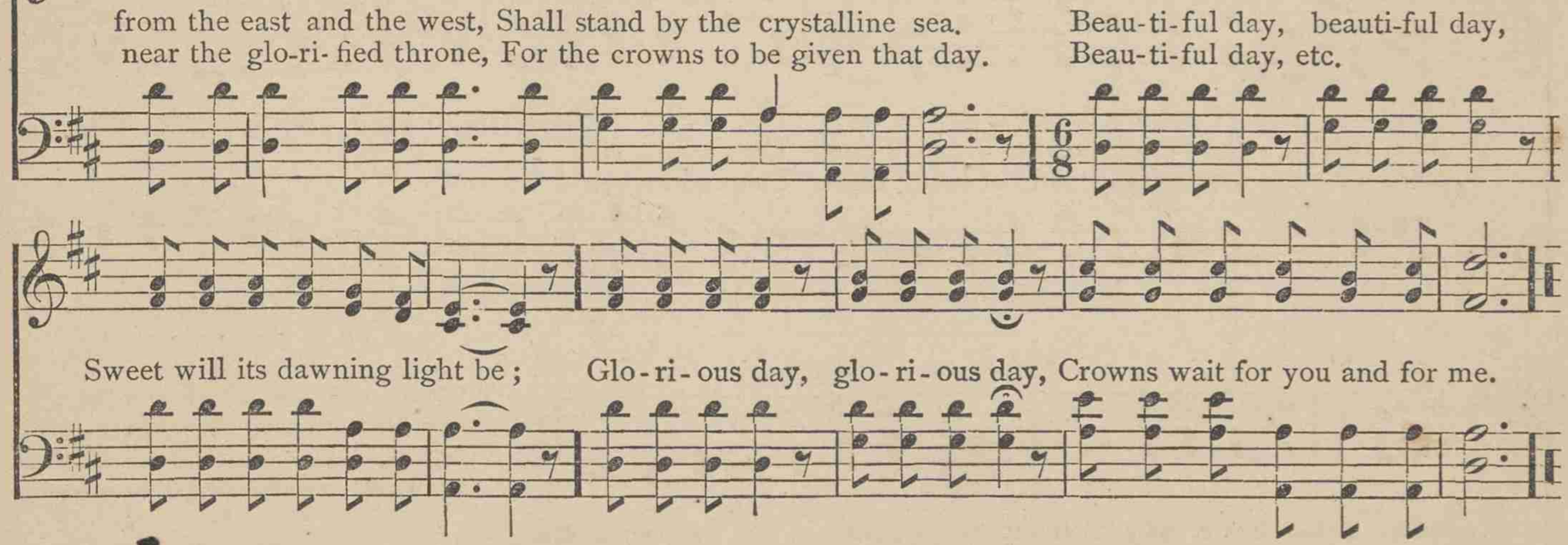
HATTIE A. WARNER. [Text: 2 Tim. iv, 8.] D. S. WYMER.

1. Oh, bright will the light of that holy day dawn, And grand will that gathering be, When the ransomed and blest,
2. The angels will stand on the left and the right, In purest and sweetest array, While we bend, one by one,



from the east and the west, Shall stand by the crystalline sea.
near the glo-ri-fied throne, For the crowns to be given that day.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful day, beauti-ful day,
Beau-ti-ful day, etc.

Sweet will its dawning light be;
Glo-ri-ous day, glo-ri-ous day, Crowns wait for you and for me.

3. And the glittering towers of the city of gold
Will ring with the chorus of song,
That shall rise to the praise of the crucified One,
From the holy and glorified throng.—*Chorus.*

4. Our crowns are laid up in the temple of light,
While we dwell in the valley below,
And each deed that we do, that is noble and true,
Will brighten their beauty we know.—*Chorus.*

WHY LONGER WAIT?

M. E. SERVOSS, [Text: Matt. xi, 28.] GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Why should I wait, when Je-sus is call-ing? Why should I wait, when mercy is free? List to him
2. Why should I wait, when troubled and wea-ry; Longing for rest the world cannot give? Rest and sweet
3. Why should I wait, when death is approaching? Thousands of spir-its younger than I, Now 'round the

CHORUS.

now, so tender-ly saying, Come, my dear child, come now unto me. Why should I wait? Why should I
peace are offered so free-ly, Turn, O my soul, to Je-sus and live. Why should I wait? etc.
throne of Je-sus are singing; No one can tell how young he may die. Why should I wait? etc.

f *Ritard.*

wait? Oh, why longer wait?

4.

Why should I wait? though life is before me,
Rough is the path, and dark is the way;
Jesus alone can keep me in safety,
Guide me through life to heaven's bright day.—*Chorus.*

5.

Why should I wait? ah, Jesus is waiting,
Waiting for me, but why should I wait?
Shall I delay, till striving to enter,
Hope can but say, "too late, oh, too late?"—*Chorus.*

WAITING FOR THE MASTER.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. [Text: Rev. xxii, 12, 13, 14.] J. H. TENNEY.

1. Waiting, waiting for the Master, Till he calls us o'er; For yonder rifting cloud reveals The
2. Fading, fading from our vision, Earth can charm no more; The jasper walls by faith we see, The
3. Watching, watching for his coming, All our suff'-rings o'er; The New Je-ru-sa-lem a-bove, Sweet

CHORUS.

com-ing of his chariot wheels, On the far-ther shore. The shining shore beyond the mystic river,
golden streets, the crystal sea, On the far-ther shore. The shining shore, etc.
emblem of e-ter-nal love, On the far-ther shore. The shining shore, etc.

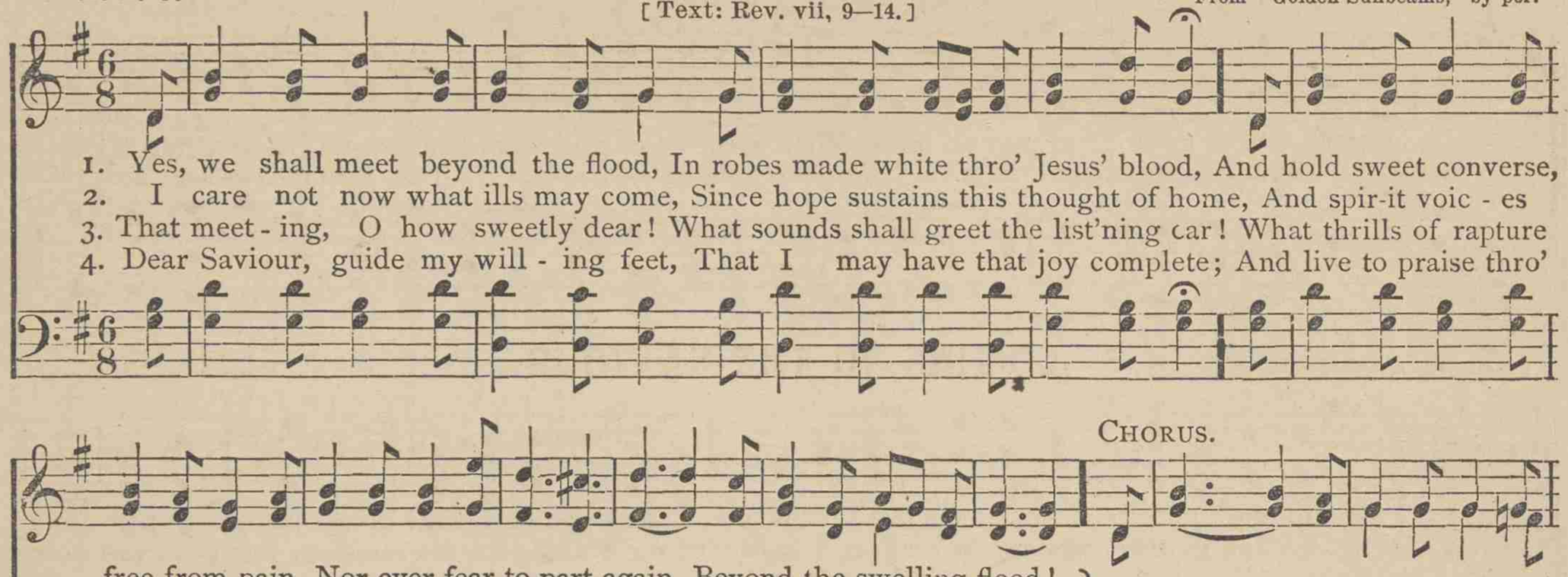
Where the angel bands are waiting On the farther shore, Where the angel bands are waiting On the farther shore.

BEYOND THE SWELLING FLOOD.

A. E. C.

[Text: Rev. vii, 9—14.]

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Golden Sunbeams," by per.



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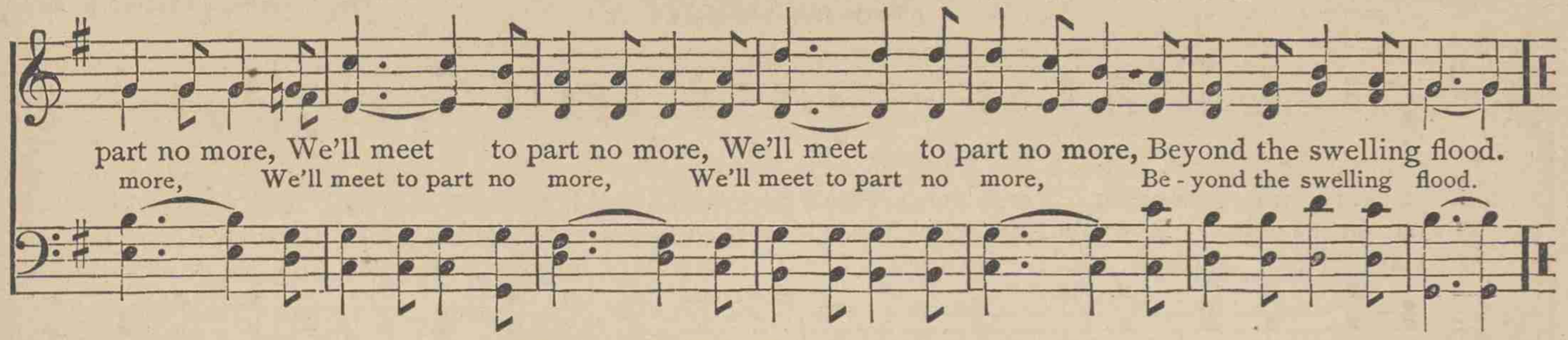
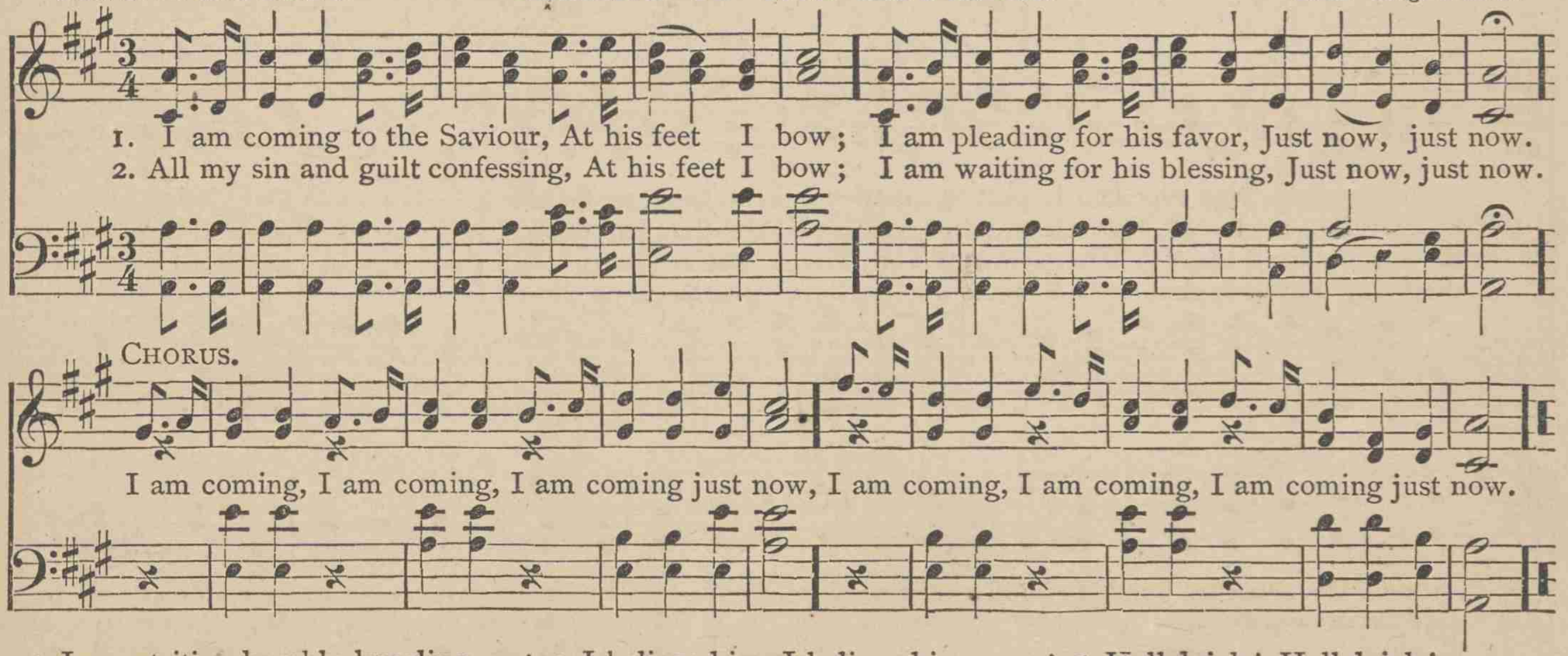

COMING TO THE SAVIOUR.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

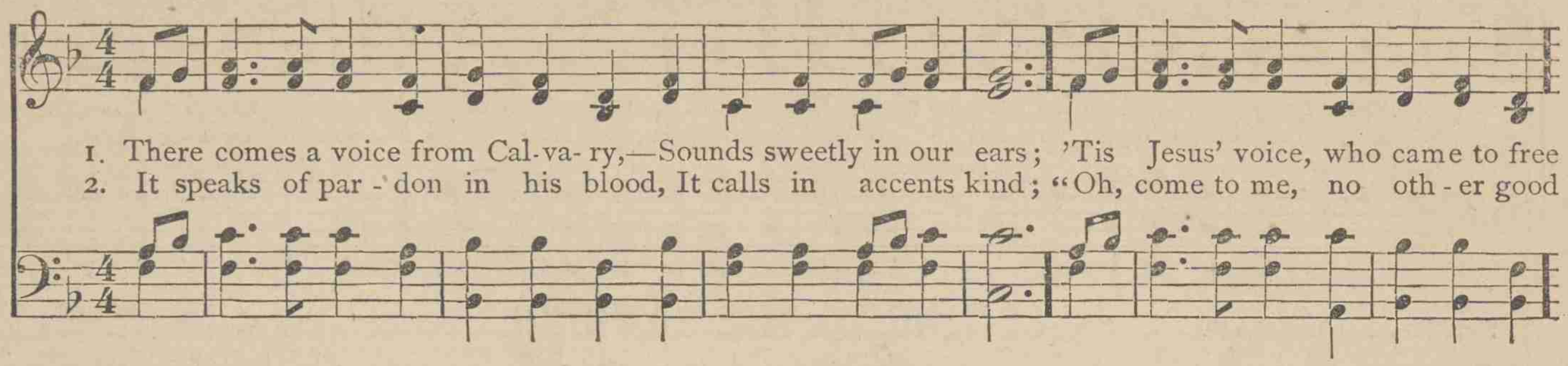
ASA HULL.
From "Songs of Faith."

3 In contrition humbly kneeling,
At his feet I bow;
I am seeking grace and healing,
Just now, just now.—*Chorus.*

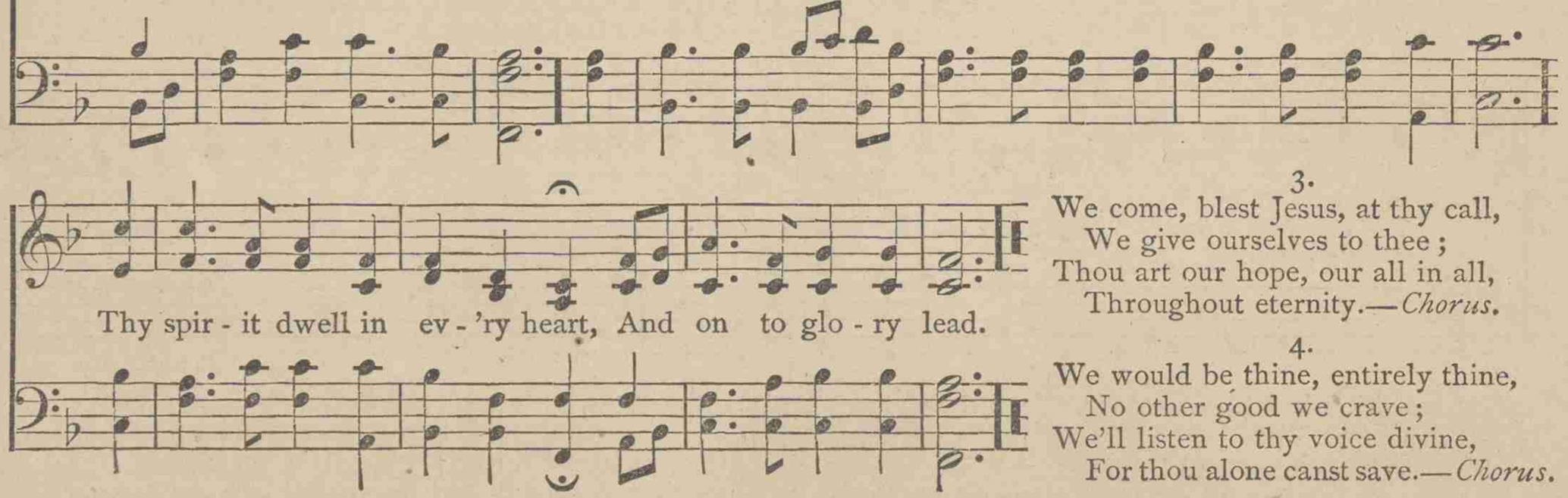
4 I believe him, I believe him,
At his feet I bow;
I receive him, I receive him,
Just now, just now.—*Chorus.*

5 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
To the Lamb once slain;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Amen! Amen!—*Chorus.*

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

A. A. SMITH. [Text: St. John x, 14—17.] R. A. KINZIL.





3.
We come, blest Jesus, at thy call,
We give ourselves to thee;
Thou art our hope, our all in all,
Throughout eternity.—*Chorus.*

4.
We would be thine, entirely thine,
No other good we crave;
We'll listen to thy voice divine,
For thou alone canst save.—*Chorus.*

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

R. G. STAPLES. [Text: Isaiah xl. 6.] W. O. PERKINS.

1. How lovely the flowers which bloom, Their fragrance how sweet on the air, When sparkle their petals with
2. O beautiful buds! like our youth, Before the cold world with its care Has mark'd with deep furrows our

CHORUS.

dew, Which night in her vig - ils sheds there. O beau - ti - ful flow - ers!
brow, Or hope gives a - way to des - pair. beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

Tokens of in - no - cent love, Bloom - ing on earth As gifts from the Father a - bove.
blooming, blooming

3. As brightest of flowers will blight,
Beneath winter's chill, frosty breath,
So childhood in manhood is lost,
Soon reaching the river of death.—*Chorus.*

4. How beauteous the green of the lawn,
When seed, that were buried in earth,
Burst forth into life from the germ,
A type of our heavenly birth.—*Chorus.*

THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

Words arr'd by ASA HULL. [Text: Heb. iv. 9.] ASA HULL.

Soli. mp *Tutti. f* *Soli. mp*

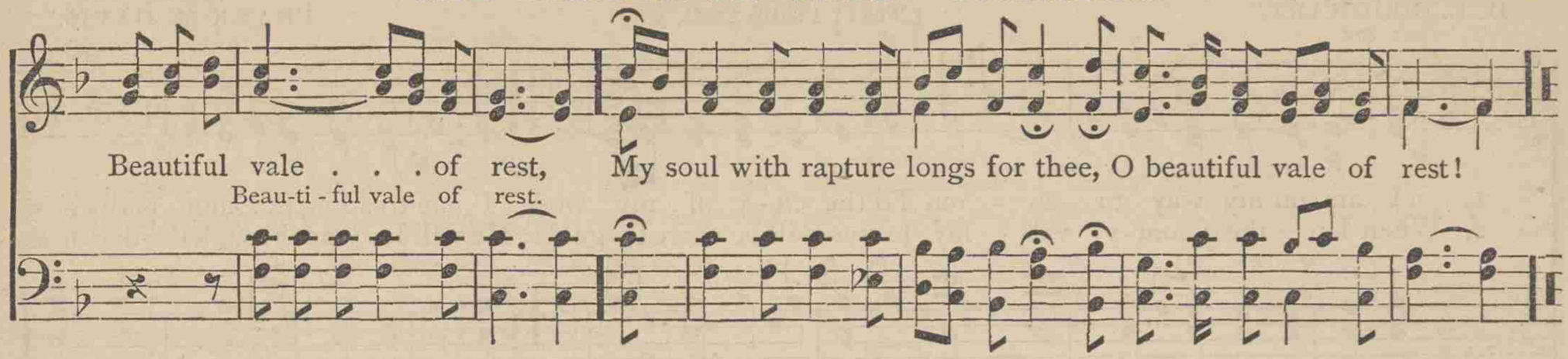
1. My soul with rapture waits for thee, Beauti - ful vale of rest; My home beyond the roll - ing sea,
2. Thy radiant fields and glowing skies, Beauti - ful vale of rest; Too pure and bright for mortal eyes,

Tutti. f *mp*

Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; I long to sing thy pleasures o'er, The beauties of thy tranquil shore,
Beau-ti-ful vale of rest; Be - side the liv-ing stream that flows, The weary heart shall find repose;

mp

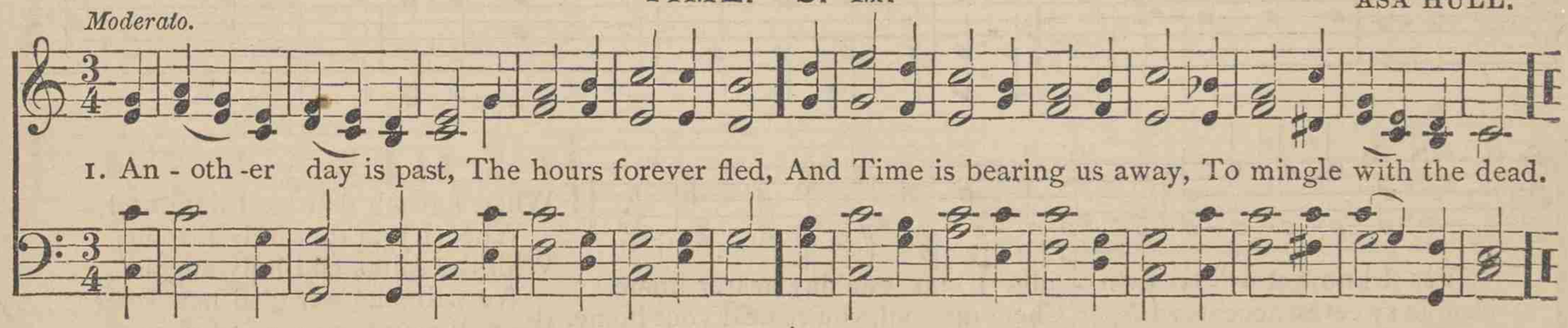
CHORUS.

Where pain and sorrow come no more, Beautiful vale of rest. Beauti-ful vale . . . of rest,
Thy pearly gates shall nev-er close, Beautiful vale of rest. Beau-ti - ful vale of rest,

3 The joys of earth, how soon they fade!
Beautiful vale of rest;
Like morning dew or evening shade,
Beautiful vale of rest;
Yet when we reach thy golden strand,
Our gentle Saviour's promised land,
We'll sing with all the ransomed band,
Beautiful vale of rest.

4 Oh, who would dwell for ever here,
Beautiful vale of rest;
With joy, unfading joy, so near?
Beautiful vale of rest;
Oh, may I live, that I may wear
A starry crown for ever there,
And breathe thy sweet and balmy air,
Beautiful vale of rest.

TIME. S. M.

ASA HULL.



2 Our minds in perfect peace,
Our Father's care shall keep;
We yield to gentle slumber now,
For thou canst never sleep.

3 How blessed, Lord, are they
On thee securely stayed!
Nor shall they be in life alarmed,
Nor be in death dismayed.

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ON THE WAY TO ZION.

D. E. GOODHART. [Text: Psalm xxiii, 4.] FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am on my way to zi - on, To the cit - y of my God; I am treading the same path - way
2. When I pass the gloom - y val - ley, Je - sus will be there to guide; He will lead me through the darkness,

That before the saints have trod. Tho' the road is rough and thorn - y, And temptations oft - en come,
He'll be ev - er at my side. He'll be with me at the riv - er, When I cross its dark - est foam,

Yet I know at ev'-ry ev'n - ing, I am one day nearer home.
And in sweetest accents whisper, Cheer up, soul, you're near your home.

3.
When I reach that land immortal,—
When I join that holy throng;
With the saints and holy angels,
We will sing our glad new song.
We will sing the praise of Jesus,
'Neath the spires of heaven's high dome,
Then with anthems loudly ringing,
Praise him in our heavenly home.

WILLING HEARTS AND READY HANDS.

D. D. BUCK. D.D. [Text: Matt. xxviii, 19, 20.] ASA HULL.

1. If we can not plant our cottage 'Mid an E - den's blooming bow'rs, Whiling life's delightful summer
2. If we can not win a ti - tle To enwreathe our humble name; If we boast not birth nor beauty,
3. If we can not read the fu - ture, Whether weal or woe be - tide, If within the veil of darkness

Gai - ly 'mid un - fad - ing flow'rs, We with ho - ly love can la - bor, Till - ing Zi - on's fer - tile lands;
Wealth nor wis - dom, might nor fame, We can still be kind - ly - hearted, Act - ing well our low - ly part;
Mer - cy from our vis - ion hide,—We can un - derstand our mission, What is here to do or bear;

We can con - secrate to du - ty Willing hearts and ready hands.
And, tho' men may be ungrateful, God will prize the humble heart.
We can love and help each other, And the cross with Jesus share.

4.

Let us, then, be ever doing;
Day declineth, night is near;
Short the time of toil and suff'ring;
Jesus numbers every tear.
See! the pearly gates are opening;
Lo! the splendor from above;
List to lov'd ones yonder singing;
Welcome to the land of love.

I AM COMING, LORD.

[Text: 1 St. John i, 7.] Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee; For cleansing in thy precious blood, That
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness ful-ly cleanse, Till
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For

CHORUS.

flow'd on Cal - va - ry. I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me,
spot - less all, and pure. I am com - ing, etc.
earth and heav'n a-bove. I am com - ing, etc.

in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

4 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.—*Chorus.*

5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.—*Chorus.*

CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

PROF. C. S. H. [Text: Psa. xxviii, 2, 6.] PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON.
From A. Hull's "S. S. Gem."

1. When the tempest ra - ges high, Sailing on life's boist'rous sea; Stormy billows I de - fy, If I
2. When mid drifting wrecks I'm cast, Darkness settling thick-ly round; Hope shall lift her light at last, If I
3. When the conq'ring waves shall close, Proudly o'er me as I die; Ov - er these brief victor foes, I shall

REFRAIN.

then may on - ly be, Anchored to the Rock, Anchored to the Rock, Shelter for me ever, Strength that faileth
then be on - ly found, Clinging to the Rock, Clinging to the Rock, Shelter for me ever, Strength that faileth
tri - umph while I cry, Clinging to the Rock, etc.

nev - er—When the storms of life are o'er, Look for me on Canaan's shore, Clinging to the Rock.
nev - er—When the storms of life are o'er, Look for me on Canaan's shore, Clinging to the Rock.

OH, BE IN EARNEST.

M. E. SERVOSS. [Text: Matt. vii, 12.] GEO. C. HUGG.

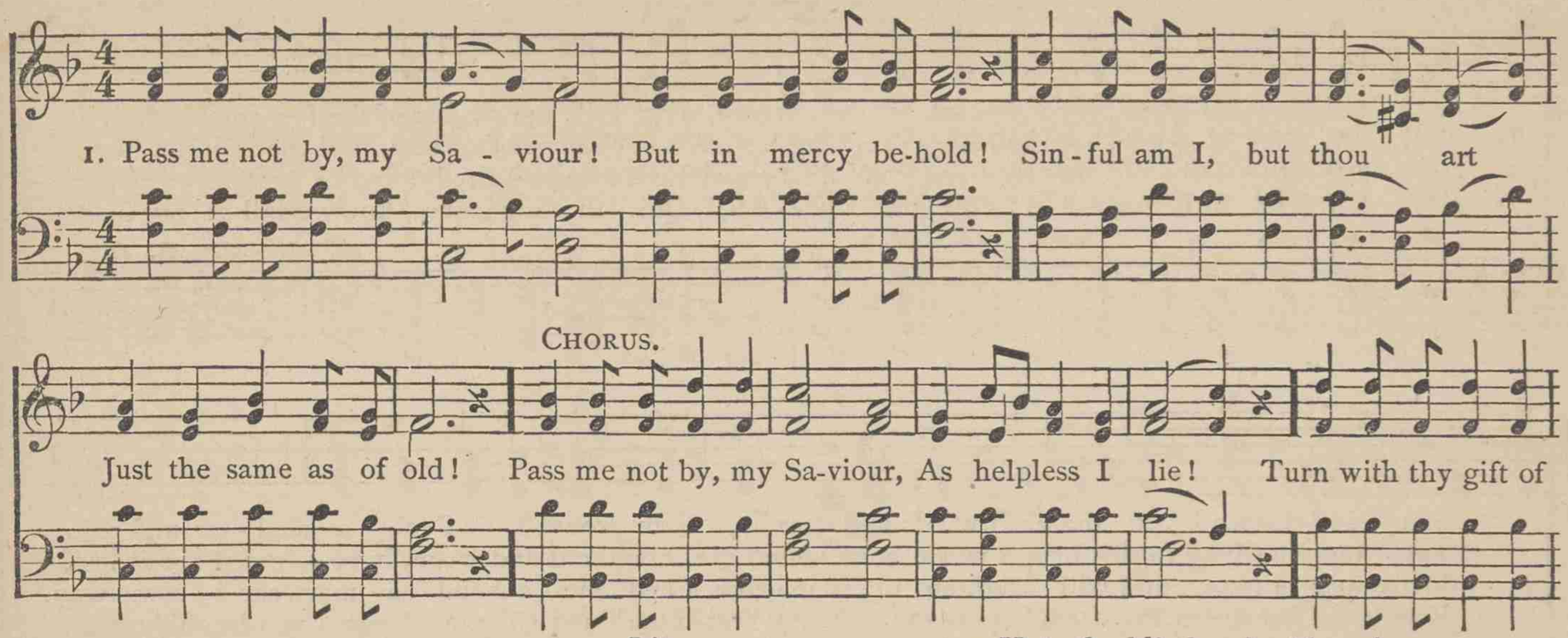
1. Oh, be earnest, friends, be earnest, In what-e'er you have to do; With your might perform your
2. Do you think the Lord will give us, What we do not strive to get; Shall we flee be-fore each
3. Do we send a-way the hun - gry, With the kind words, "be ye filled;" Is it thus we ease our

CHORUS.

mis - sion, Ev - er to your trust be true. What-so - ev - er, what - so - ev - er, If we work for
tri - al, Ere its shadow has been meet. What so - ev - er, etc.
conscience? Thus our sense of right is stilled? What-so - ev - er, etc.

God and right; What - so - ev - er be our du - ty, Let us do it with our might.

OH, PASS ME NOT BY.

E. R. LATTA. [Text: St. Mark x, 52.] C. H. GABRIEL.

2 Unto the blind and withered,
When thy home was below,
Merciful Son of David,
Thou compassion did show!—*Chorus.*

3 Though to thy throne ascended,
Thou dost care for the soul!
Jesus, just now, in mercy,
Make a poor sinner whole!—*Chorus.*

CONCLUSION OF **OH, BE IN EARNEST.** OPPOSITE PAGE.

4 Think you empty forms and wishes
Pass for work in Jesus' sight?
When he gives us leave to help him
Let us do it with our might.—*Chorus.*

5 Let us grasp each present duty,—
Do it well, as to the Lord,
And from him who notes each action
We'll receive a rich reward.—*Chorus.*

TELL ME OF HOME.

[Text: Job iii, 17.]

W. R. EVANS.

1. O tell me of home, for my heart is so weary, Fast falls the shades of the fast-com-ing night;
2. O tell me of home, for the leaves dropping 'round me, Whisper that soon will the summer be past;
3. O tell me of home, sweet retreat from all sorrow, Foot-sore and tired does the wan-der-er stray;
4. O tell me of home, ere I sink or I per-ish,—Quiv-er-ing leaves, how ye fall at my feet!

Sad is the wail of the chill winds and drear-y, Fain would I find me a shel-ter and rest.
Fet-ters that long to this bright world have bound me, Shattered and worn, have released me at last.
Whis-per a hope that will brighten the mor-row, Lend me a hand on my wear-i-some way.
Rust-y and brown as the earth-hopes we cherish, "Wel-come" and "home," blessed words, oh, how sweet!

CHORUS.

Tell me of home, oh! tell me of home, Sing of that home far a-bove with the blest;

Tell me of home, oh, tell me of home, That hav - en of peace where the wea - ry may rest.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

[Text: Acts xxvi, 28.] P. P. BLISS. by per.

1. "Al - most per - suad-ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed," Christ to re - ceive.
2. "Al - most per - suad-ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed," turn not a - way.
3. "Al - most per - suad-ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per-suad - ed," doom comes at last!

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spirit, go thy way, Some more convenient day, On thee I'll call."
Je - sus in-vites you here, Angels are ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wand'rer, come!
"Almost" cannot a - vail; "Almost" is but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Almost,—*but lost*!"

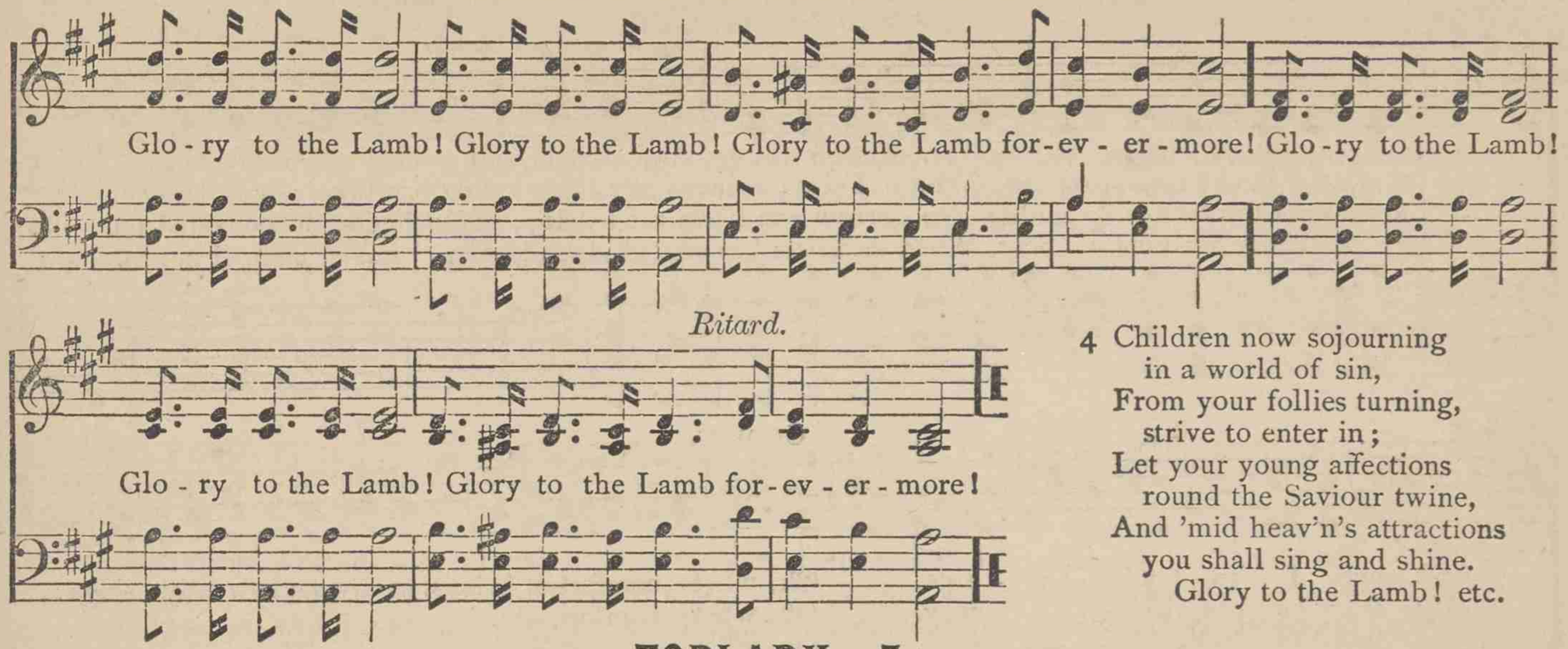
REDEMPTION'S SONG.

Words arr. from A. A. GRALEY. [Text: Rev. vii. 9, 10.] Music arr. from H. F. WIGHT.

1. Round the throne in glo - ry, happy children throng, And Redemption's story wakes the harp and song;
2. Robes of snowy whiteness, beautiful and rare; Crowns of radiant brightness– such those children wear:
3. Now the skillful fin - gers sweep the golden lyre; Not a harp-er lin - gers in that ransom'd choir;

On the ver - dant mountain, by the purling stream, Or the liv - ing fount - ain, Je - sus is their theme.
Safe from death's bereavement, sorrow and the grave, Free from sin's enslavement, vict'ry's palm they wave.
Voi - ces sweet - ly blend - ing, with the tuneful string, To the throne ascending, praise the heav'nly King.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to the Lamb, we'll praise him and adore! Glo - ry to the Lamb for - ev - er - more!

4 Children now sojourning
in a world of sin,
From your follies turning,
strive to enter in;
Let your young affections
round the Saviour twine,
And 'mid heav'n's attractions
you shall sing and shine.
Glory to the Lamb! etc.

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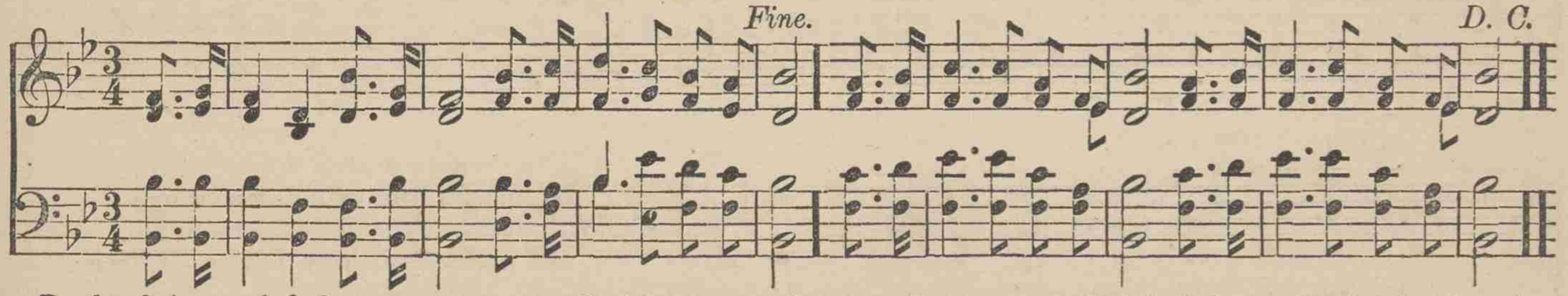
DR. T. HASTINGS.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no langour know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

UNDER HIS WINGS.

JAMES NICHOLSON. [Text: Psalms xvii, 8.] ASA HULL.

1. In God I have found a retreat, Where I can se-cure-ly a - bide; No refuge, nor rest so complete,
2. I dread not the ter-ror by night; No arrow can harm me by day; His shadow has covered me quite;
3. The pestilence walking a - bout, When darkness has settled abroad, Can nev-er compel me to doubt

CHORUS.

And here I in - tend to re - side. Oh, what comfort it brings, as my soul sweetly sings:
My fears he has driv-en a - way. Oh, what comfort, etc.
The presence and pow-er of God. Oh, what comfort, etc.

I am safe from all dan - ger while un - der his wings.

4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.—*Chorus.*

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
And ten thousand at my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.—*Chorus.*

WE'LL MEET HIM BY AND BY.

C. H. G. [Text: St. John xvii, 24.] C. H. GABRIEL.

1. While we jour- ney a-long thro' sor- row, pain, and sin, Like the waves of the o - cean wide;
2. He will show us the path o'er all the earthly road, He will cheer us along the way;
3. O, the joy that will come, and nev- er fade a-way, When we stand on the shores of heav'n;

Let us look to the Sa - viour, high a - bove the sky, And in his love a - bide.
Tho' our feet oft get wea - ry, on - ward we will go, To that bright land of day.
With the saints ev - er - more we'll sing the songs of love, To Je - sus praise be giv'n.
D.S. Ev - er more with him reign, while end - less a - ges roll, In joy pre - pared a - bove.

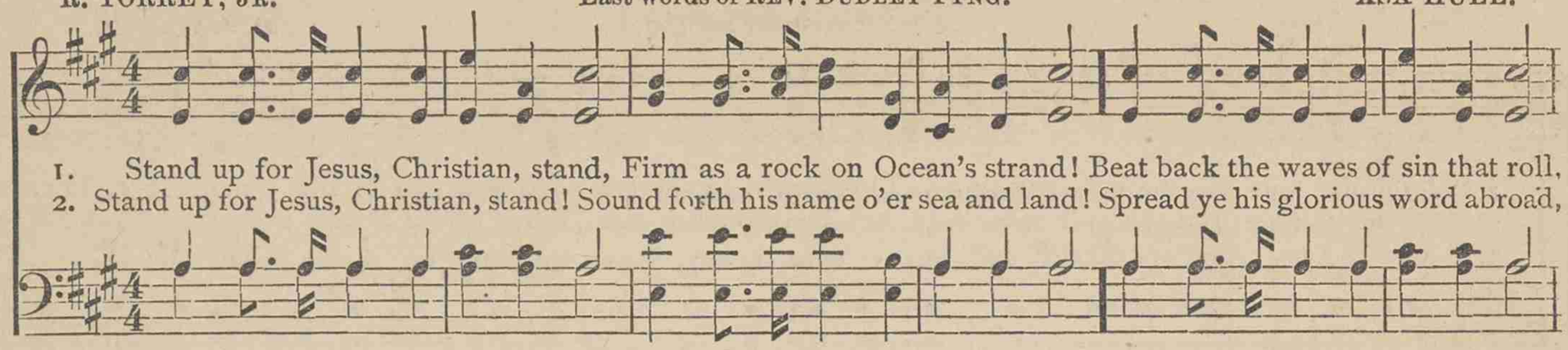
CHORUS.

We will meet him by and by, Yes, we'll meet him by and by, In his home of peace and love.

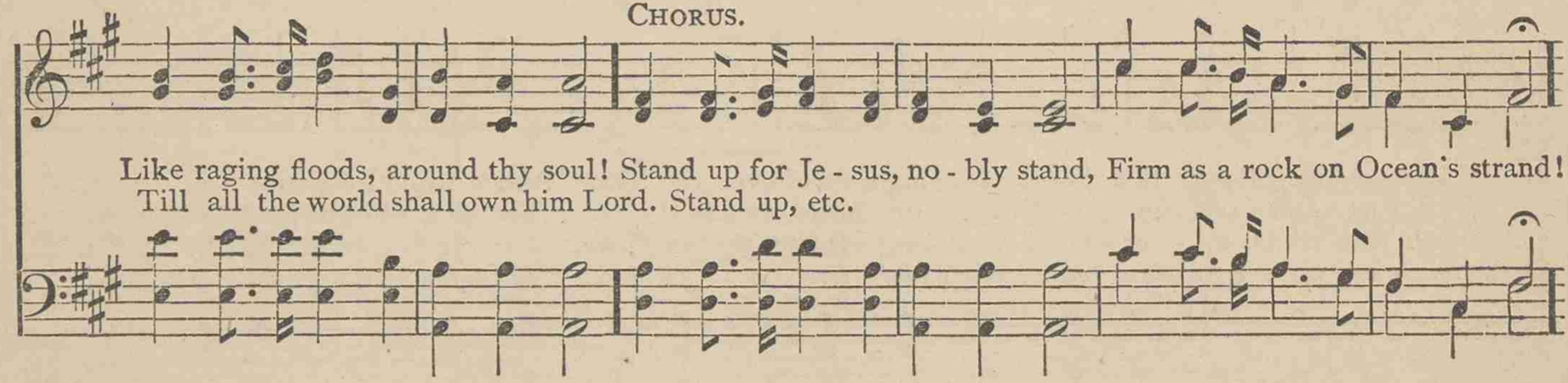
FINE. D.S.

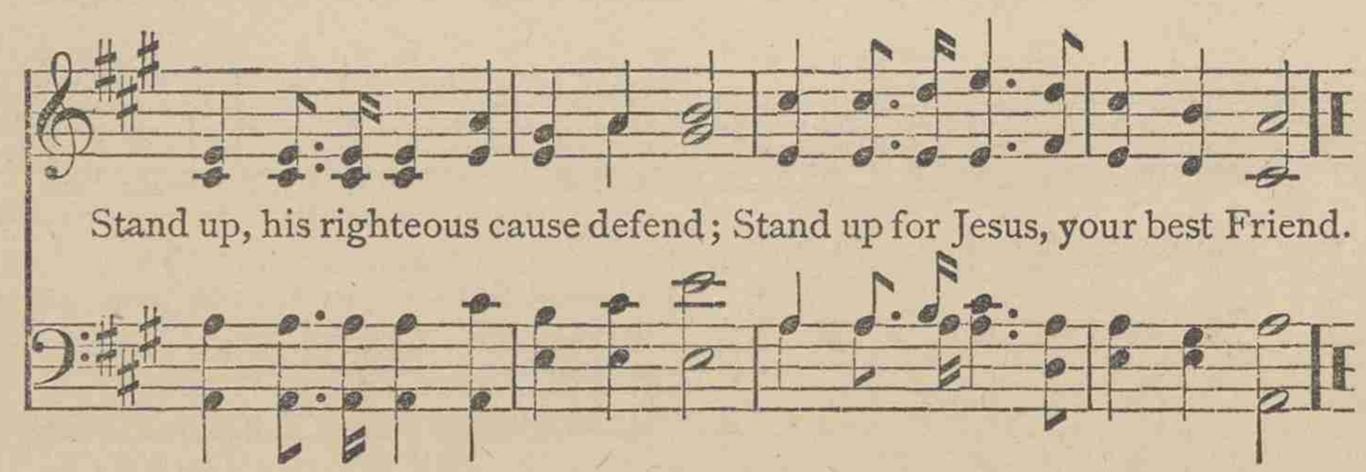
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

R. TORREY, JR. Last words of REV. DUDLEY TYNG. ASA HULL.



1. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand, Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand! Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
2. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Sound forth his name o'er sea and land! Spread ye his glorious word abroad,

CHORUS.

Like raging floods, around thy soul! Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand, Firm as a rock on Ocean's strand!
Till all the world shall own him Lord. Stand up, etc.



Stand up, his righteous cause defend; Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend.

3.
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand,
Till heathen lands, with wond'ring eye,
Its rising glory shall descry.—*Chorus.*

4.
Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light, on heav'n's bright shore.—*Chorus.*

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.

E. R. LATTA. [Text : St. John xiv, 2.] C. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, list - en to the welcome sound, That on the ear doth fall ! It says that in that home above, There's
2. Who-ev-er will his sins for sake, And seek the Saviour's face, When called to pass from earth away, May

CHORUS.

room enough for all. There's room enough for all, . . There's room enough for all, A
find in heav'n a place. Room enough for all, Room enough for all,

mansion free for you and me, There's room enough for all.

E

3.
Oh, what a multitude to-day,
Are on that blissful shore !
And yet, beside that countless throng,
There's room for millions more.—*Cho.*

4.
O blessed Saviour, guide our feet
Across the rugged plain ;
And in thy mercy grant our souls
That blessed home to gain.—*Chorus.*

TELL IT AGAIN TO ME.

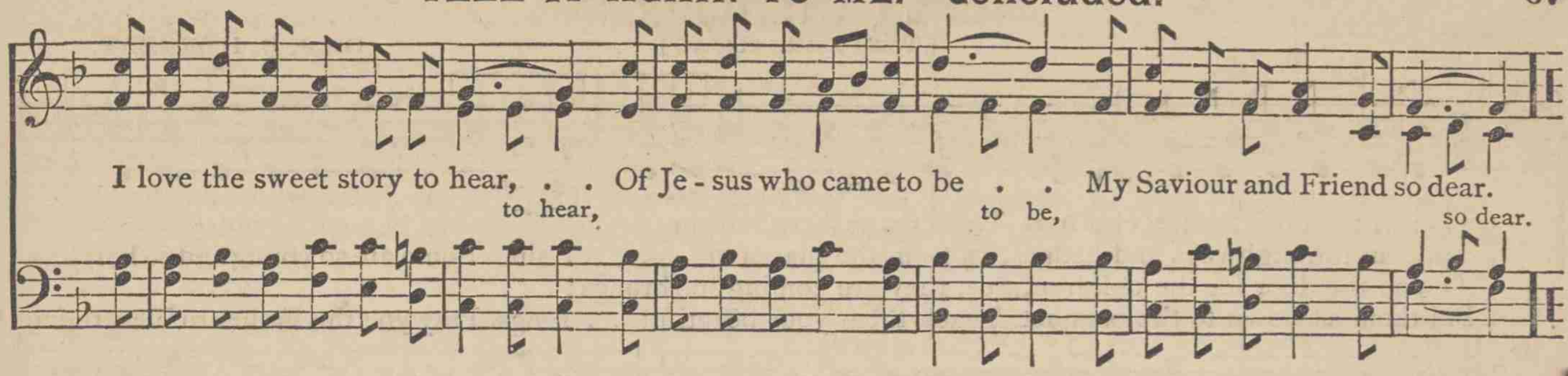
E. R. LATTA. [Text: St. John iv, 42.] C. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, tell it a - gain to me, I love the sweet story to hear, Of Je-sus who came to be,
2. Oh, tell it a - gain to me, The sto - ry so often re - told, It beareth so much of love,
3. Oh, tell it a - gain to me, Though I have so frequently heard, The story I long to hear,

My Saviour and Friend so dear. The Father's be - lov - ed Son, Who did in his glo - ry share;
'Twill nev - er to me seem old. O blessed Redeem - er now Is melted my heart of stone;
So precious in eve - ry word. O mer-ci - ful Son of God, Who suffered upon the tree.

CHORUS.

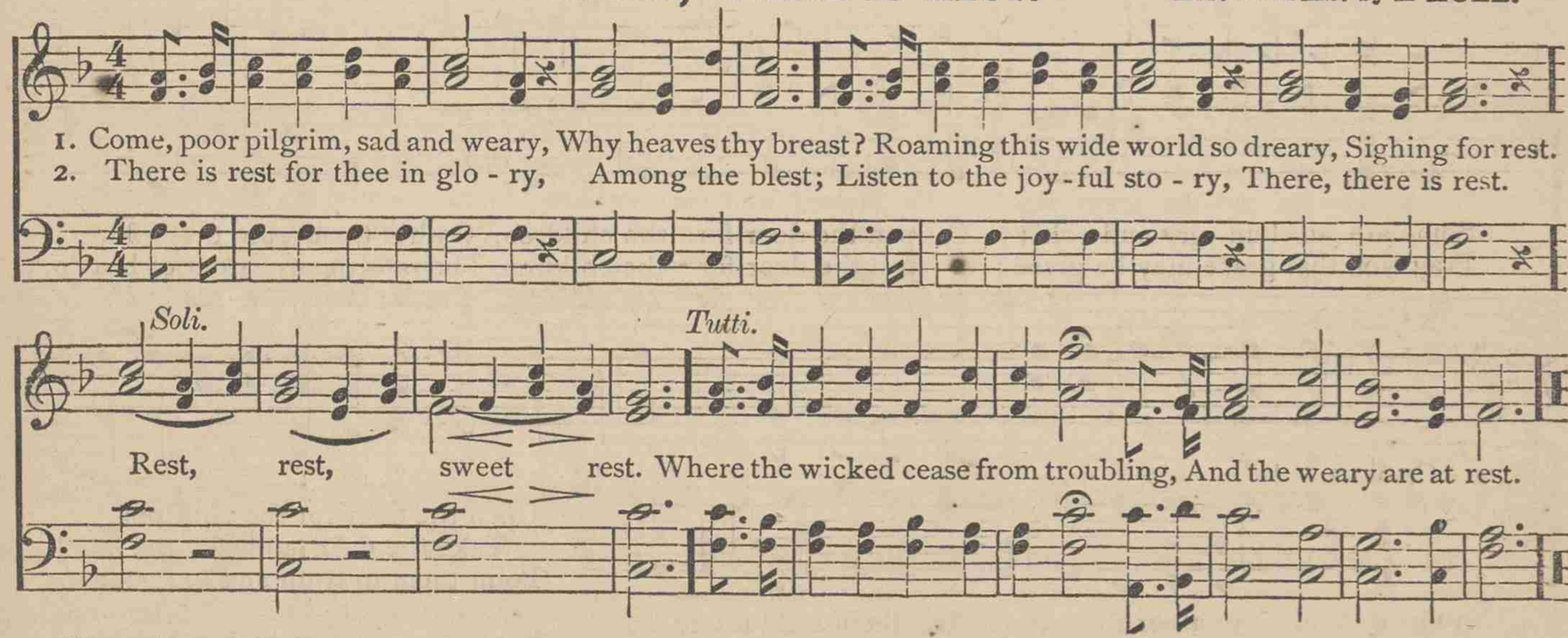
In mer - cy and love came down, The guilt of our sin to bear. Oh, tell it a-gain to me, ...
With lov - ing and gen - tle voice, My pen-i - tent spirit own. Oh, tell it, etc. to me,
The sto - ry of love di - vine, Is dearest of all to me. Oh, tell it, etc.



REV. G. D. BROWNE.

THERE, THERE IS REST.

Arr. from MS. by A HULL.



3 There the golden harps are ringing,
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,—
There, there is rest. Rest, etc.

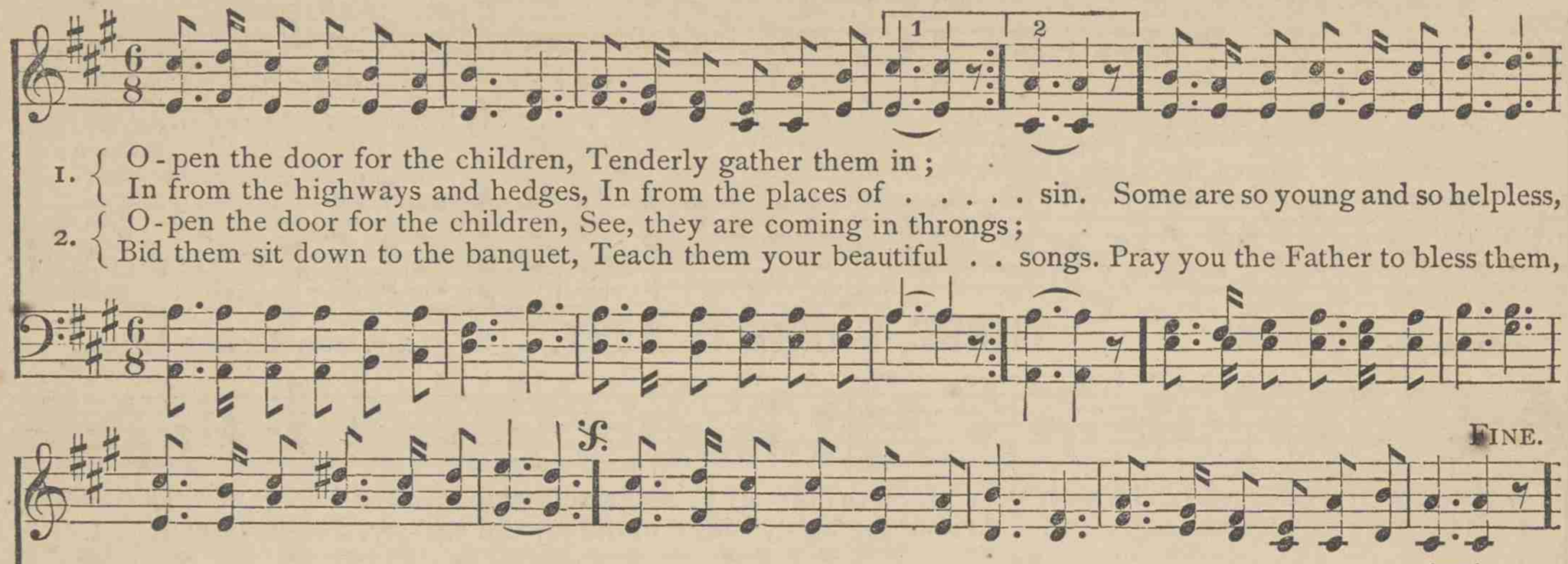
4 And while we on earth are praying,
Jesus, the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest. Rest, etc.

5 We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever,
In heavenly rest. Rest, etc.

OPEN THE DOOR.

[Text: Matt. xix, 14.]

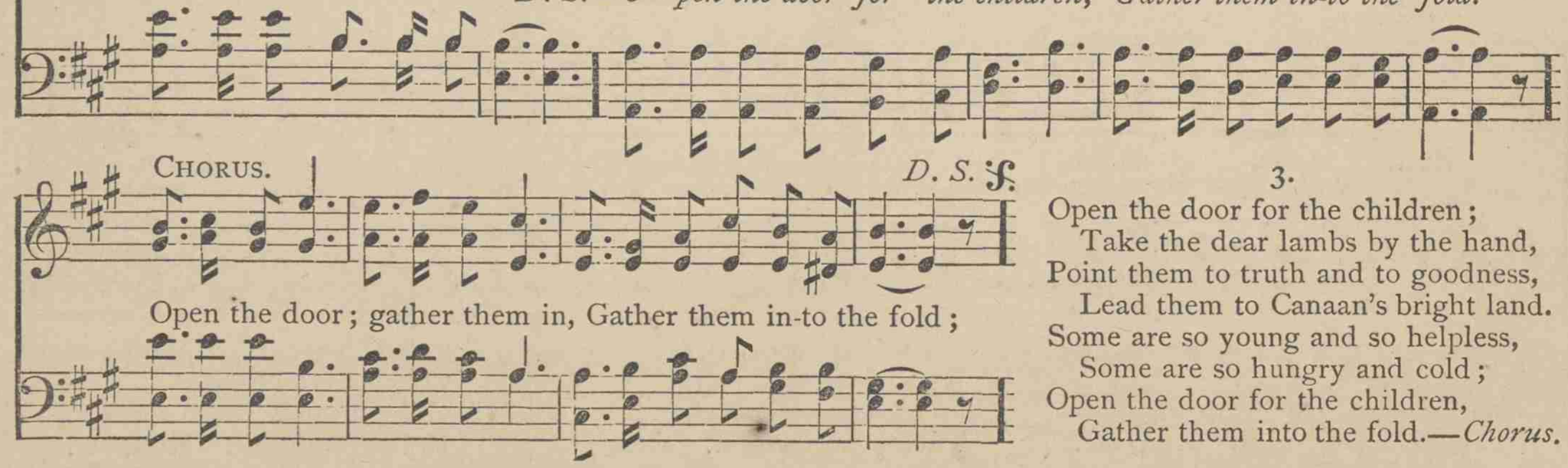
Dr. J. B. HERBERT.



1. O-pen the door for the children, Tenderly gather them in;
In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of . . . . . sin. Some are so young and so helpless,

2. O-pen the door for the children, See, they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet, Teach them your beautiful . . songs. Pray you the Father to bless them,

Some are so hun-gry and cold; O-pen the door for the children, Gather them in-to the fold.
Pray you that grace may be given; O-pen the door for the children, Theirs is the kingdom of heav'n.
D. S.—O-pen the door for the children, Gather them in-to the fold.



Open the door; gather them in, Gather them in-to the fold;

3.

Open the door for the children;
Take the dear lambs by the hand,
Point them to truth and to goodness,
Lead them to Canaan's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
Gather them into the fold.—*Chorus.*

ONLY REMEMBERED.

DR. H. BONAR. [Text: 1 Peter ii, 9.] ASA HULL.

Copyright, 1876, by ASA HULL.

Rall. ad lib.

1. Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Soar - ing from earth to its home in the sun;
2. Shall I be missed if an - oth - er suc - ceed me, Reap - ing the fields I in spring-time have sown?

a tempo. CHORUS.

Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what I have done. Only remembered,
No, for the sow - er may pass from his labors, Only remembered by what he has done. Only, etc.

on - ly remembered, Only remembered by what we have done, On - ly remembered by what we have done.

3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth I have sown,
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.—*Cho.*

4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then will his faithful and weary disciples,
All be remembered for what they have done.—*Cho.*

IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

W. H. FLAVILLE. [Text: Matt. xvii, 4.] C. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'll sing of a Saviour I love, Of a Saviour so lov-ing to me, Of glory come down from above,
2. All glo - ry to him I will give, Who hath wrought such salvation for me, I'll praise him as long as I live,

And sal-va-tion so full and so free; A pow-er supremely di - vine, A presence so sen-si-bly near,
For for-ev - er with him I shall be; In mansions of glo-ry a - bove, With him I shall ev - er be near,

CHORUS.

I know I am his, he is mine, And I feel it is good to be here. My heart is so full of his love,
And ex - ult-ing in Je- sus' love, Shall shout, it is good to be here. My heart, etc.

I feel him un-speak-a-bly near, His spir- it comes down from above, And makes it so good to be here.

so near.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

ASA HULL.
From "Star of the East."

Espressivo.

1. No night shall be in heav'n! no gath'ring gloom, Shall o'er that glo - rious landscape ev - er come;
2. No night shall be in heav'n! no sorrow's reign, No se - cret an - guish, no cor - po - real pain;
3. No night shall be in heav'n! O had I faith To rest in what the faith - ful Witness saith,

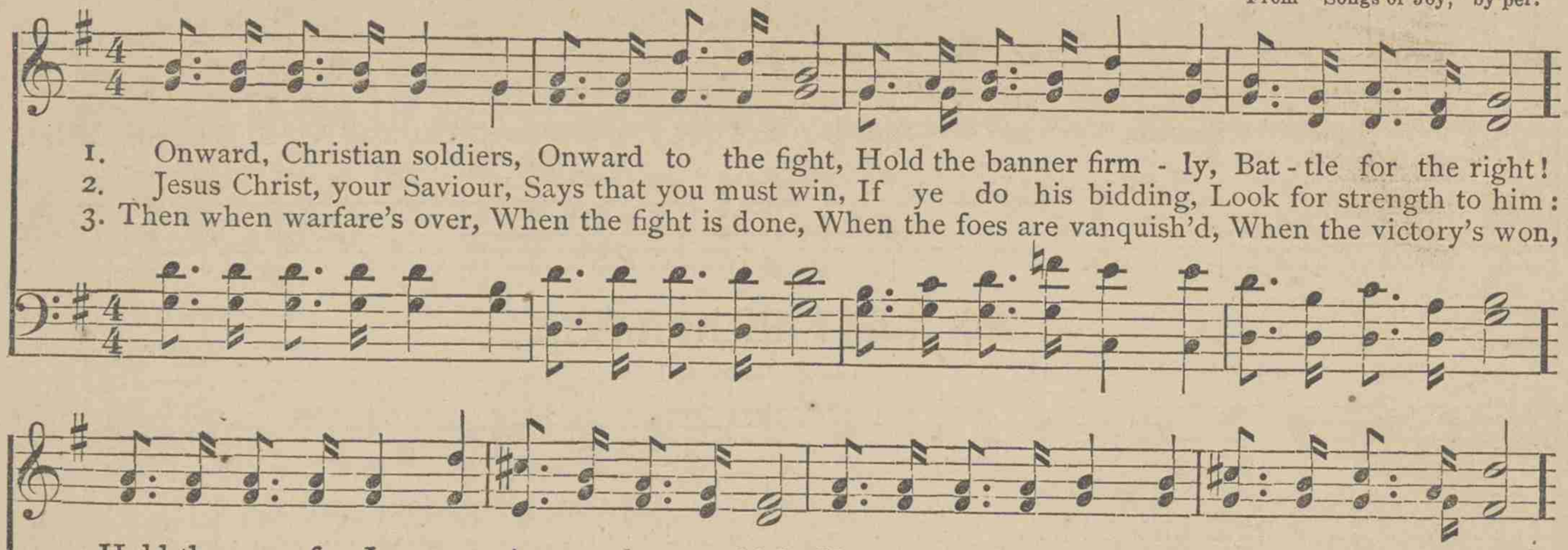
No tears shall fall in sad - ness o'er those flow'rs, That breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bow'rs.
No shiv'-ring limbs, no burn - ing fe - ver there; No soul's e - clipse, no win-ter of des - pair.
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee, And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me.

72

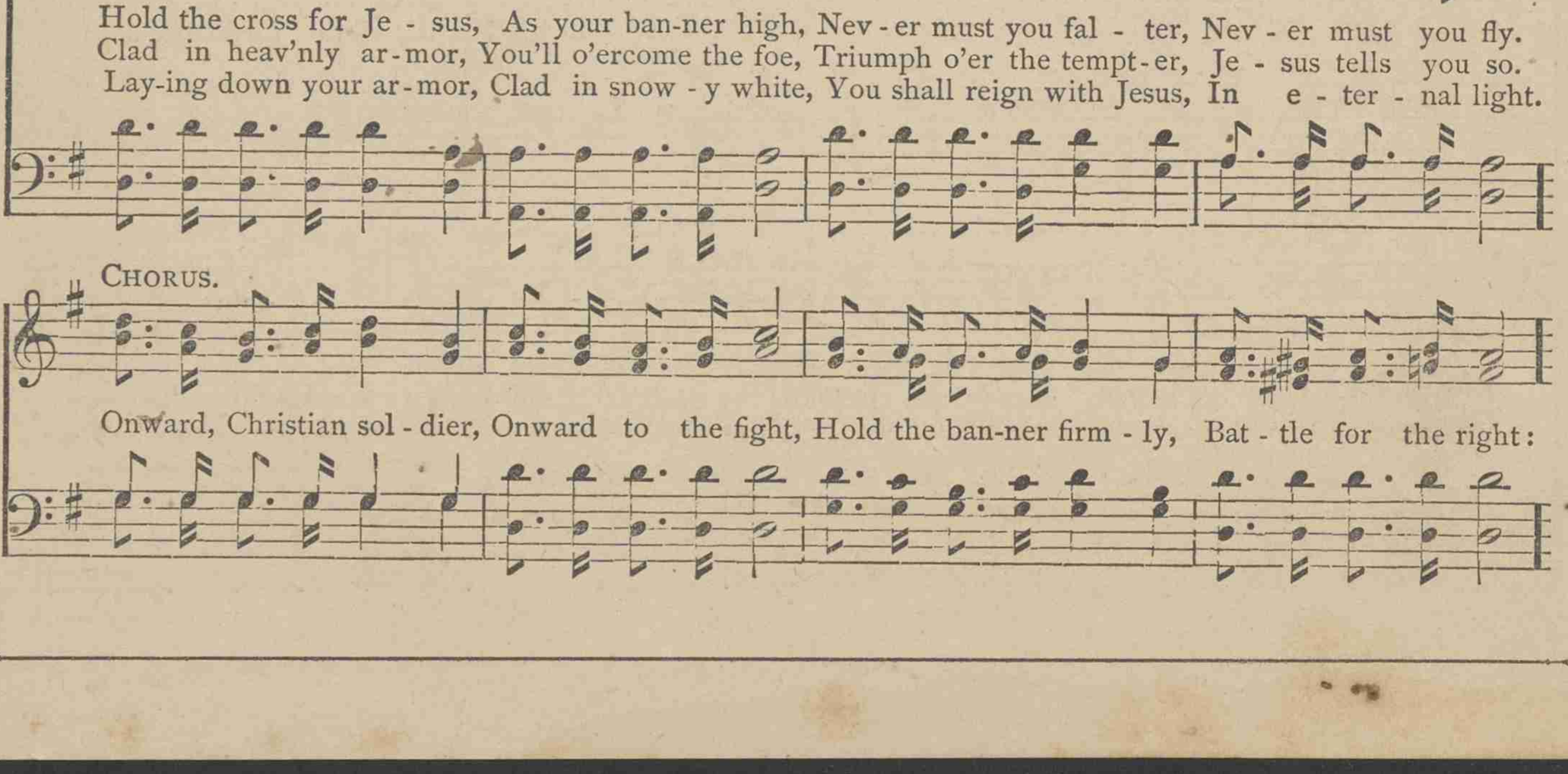
HORACE E. KIMBALL.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

J. H. TENNEY.
From "Songs of Joy," by per.



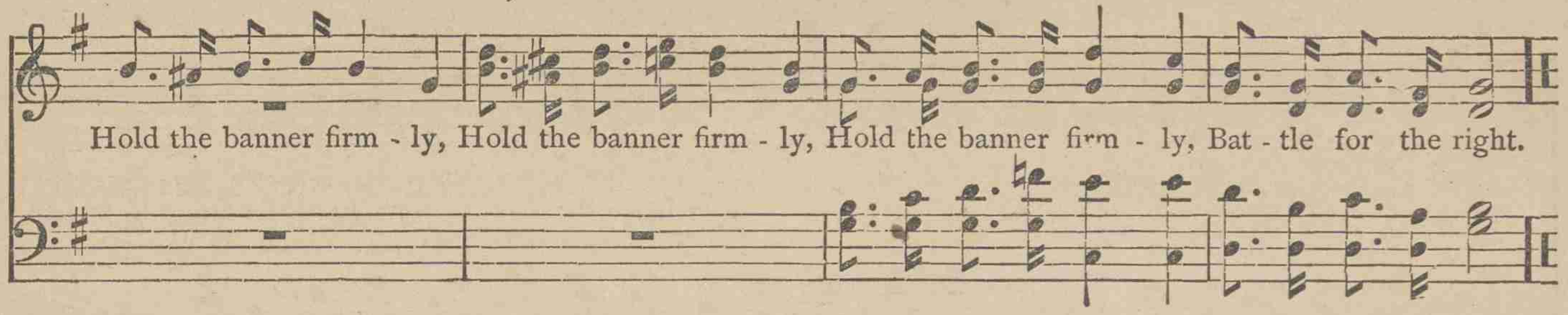
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Onward to the fight, Hold the banner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right!
2. Jesus Christ, your Saviour, Says that you must win, If ye do his bidding, Look for strength to him:
3. Then when warfare's over, When the fight is done, When the foes are vanquish'd, When the victory's won,



Hold the cross for Je - sus, As your ban-ner high, Nev - er must you fal - ter, Nev - er must you fly.
Clad in heav'nly ar - mor, You'll o'ercome the foe, Triumph o'er the tempt - er, Je - sus tells you so.
Lay-ing down your ar - mor, Clad in snow - y white, You shall reign with Jesus, In e - ter - nal light.

CHORUS.

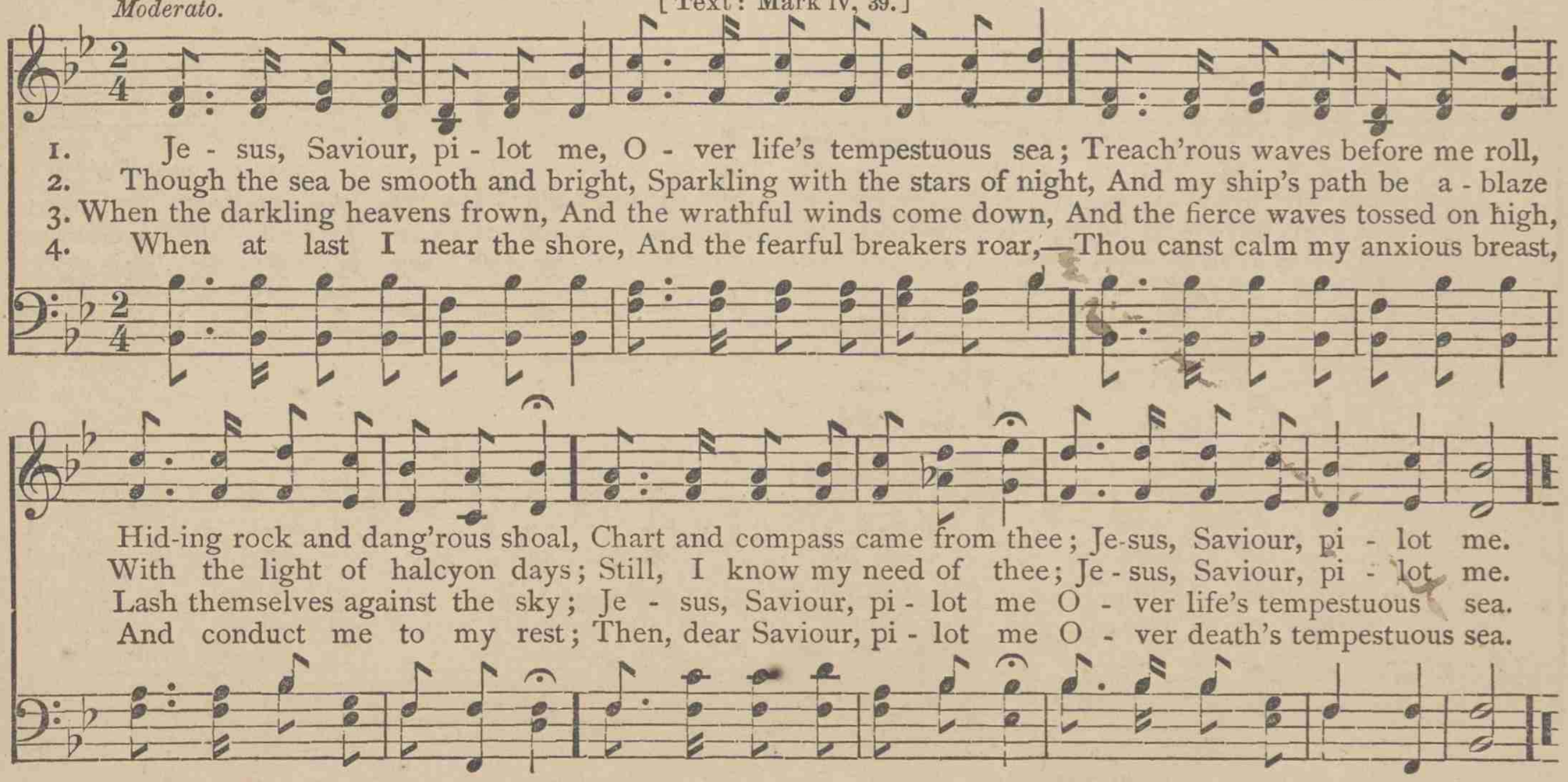
Onward, Christian sol - dier, Onward to the fight, Hold the ban-ner firm - ly, Bat - tle for the right:



JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

ASA HULL.

[Text: Mark iv, 39.]



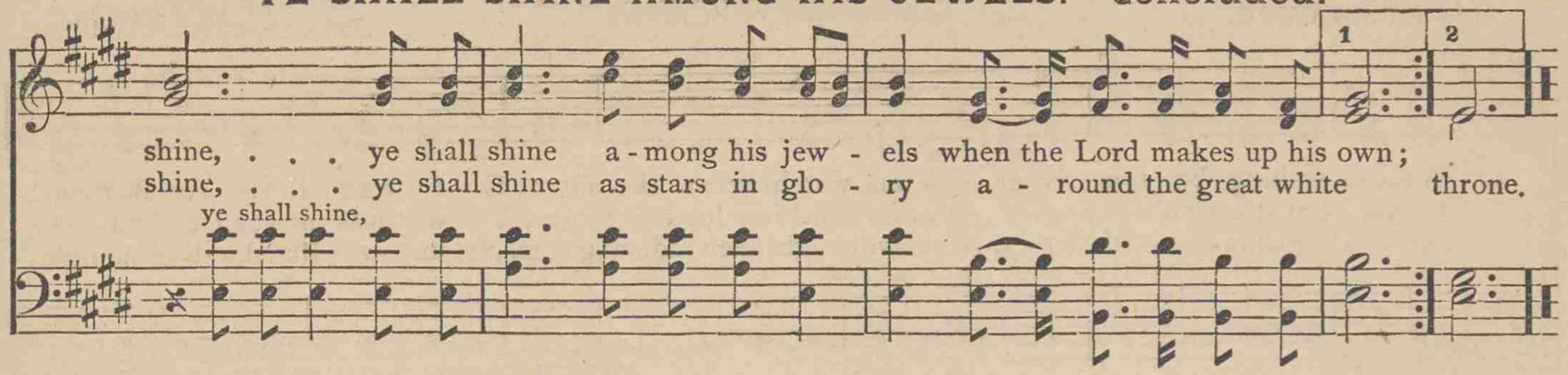
YE SHALL SHINE AMONG HIS JEWELS.

LAMPHERE. [Text : Matt. v, 14, 15, 16.] ASA HULL.

1. Keep your lamp burning bright-ly while you sojourn be - low, It will light the path - way of oth - ers as you go, Your re - ward will be in hea - ven far beyond these scenes of night;
2. Ye shall shine as the stars ev - er beau - ti - ful and bright, Ye who lead the err - ing in paths of truth and right, Ye shall shine a - mong his jew - els, when the Lord makes up his own;
3. Ye shall shine on for - ev - er in yon - der re - gion bright, Ye who go forth weep-ing to scat - ter seed and light; Ye shall reap a - bun - dant har-vest if you pray'r-ful - ly have sown,

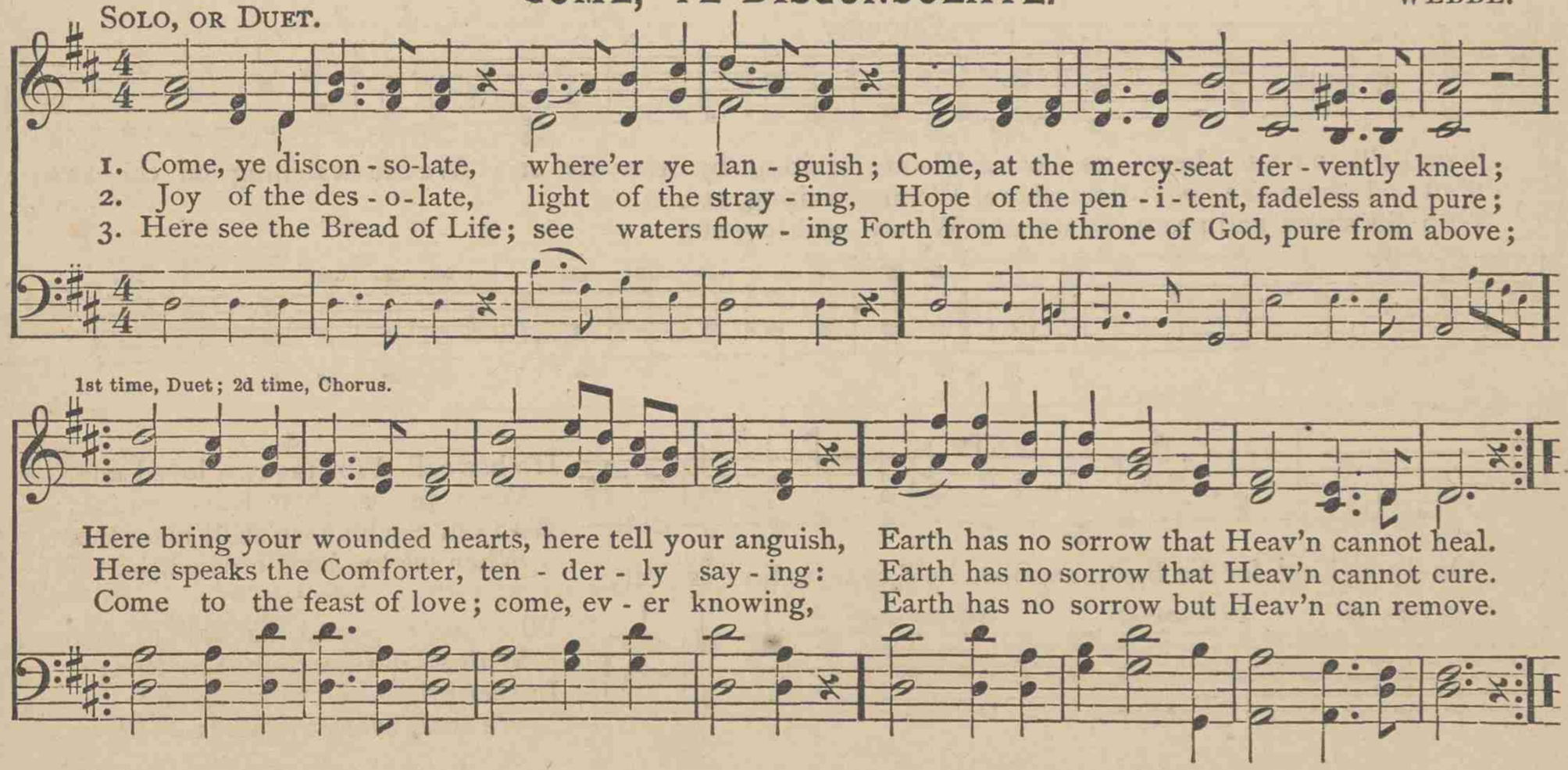
CHORUS.

Ye shall shine as stars in glo - ry; you shall dwell with the Lord of light. Ye shall shine, . . ye shall
Ye shall shine as stars in glo - ry when you stand by the pearly throne. Ye shall shine, . . . ye shall
Ye shall shine as stars in glo - ry when the Lord shall make up his own. Ye shall shine, . . . ye shall ye shall shine,



COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

WEBBE.

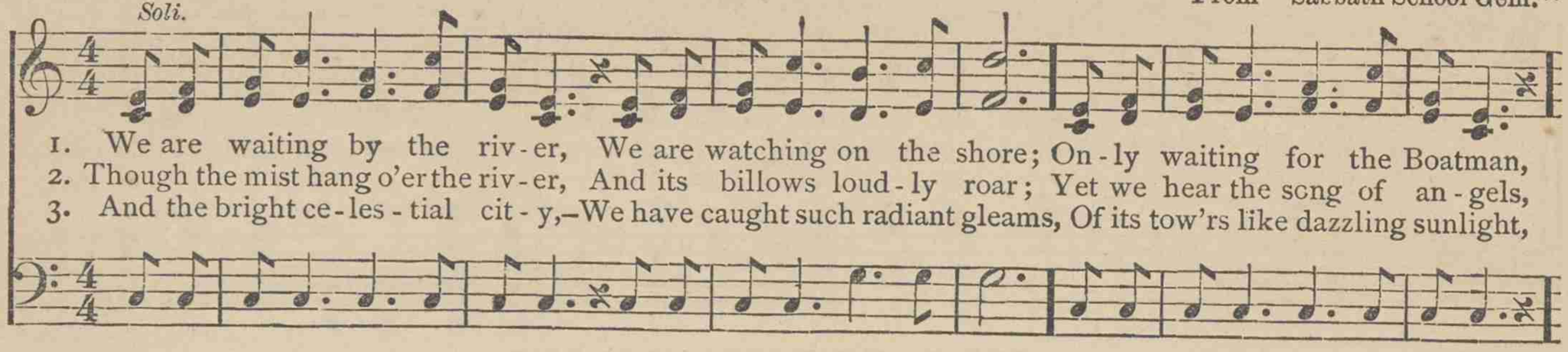


WAITING BY THE RIVER.

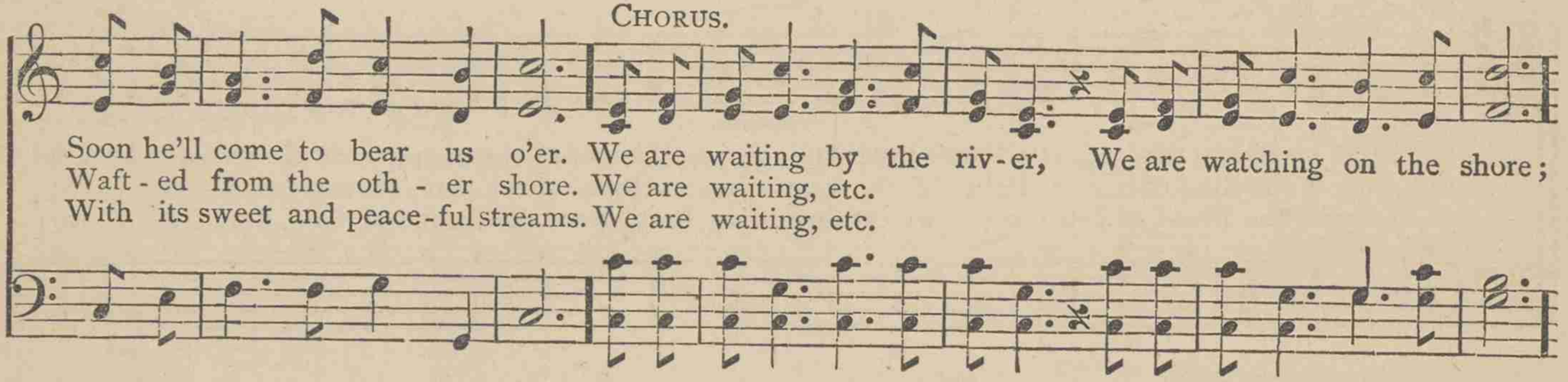
MARY P. GRIFFIN.

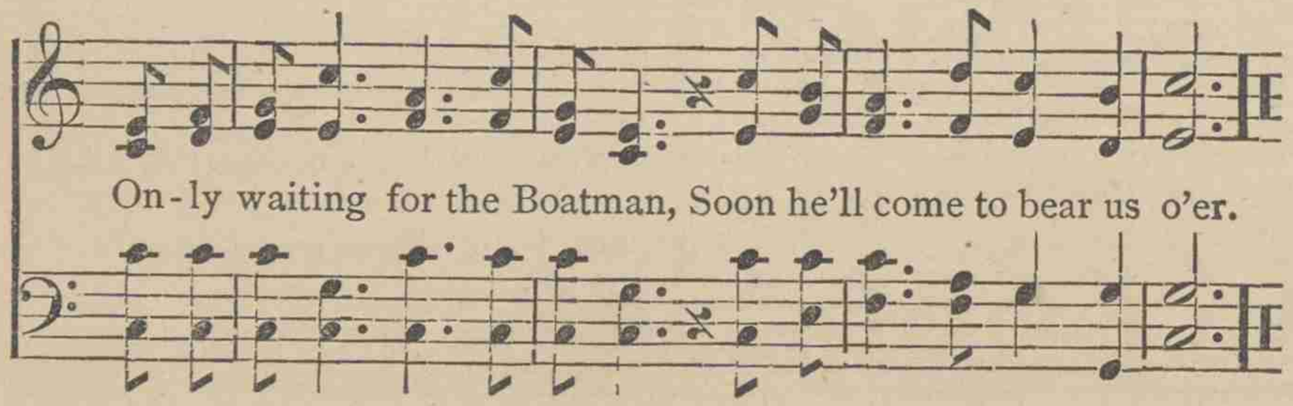
ASA HULL.
From "Sabbath School Gem."

Soli.



CHORUS.





4.

He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall meet them,
When we too have crossed the tide.

5.

When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide;
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.—*Chorus.*

HE LEADETH ME.

E. R. LATTA. [Text: Psalms xxiii, 3, 4.] C. H. GABRIEL.

1. Be - side the wa - ters mild, Where'er my lot may be, If I am but his child, My
2. In pastures fresh and green, From doubt and danger free, Up - on his arm I lean, And

CHORUS.

Sa - viour leadeth me. He lead - eth me, . . He leadeth me, . . Still with a ten - der
he up - holdeth me.

lead - eth me, leadeth me,

hand . . He lead - eth me, . . He leadeth me.
ten - der hand, lead - eth me,

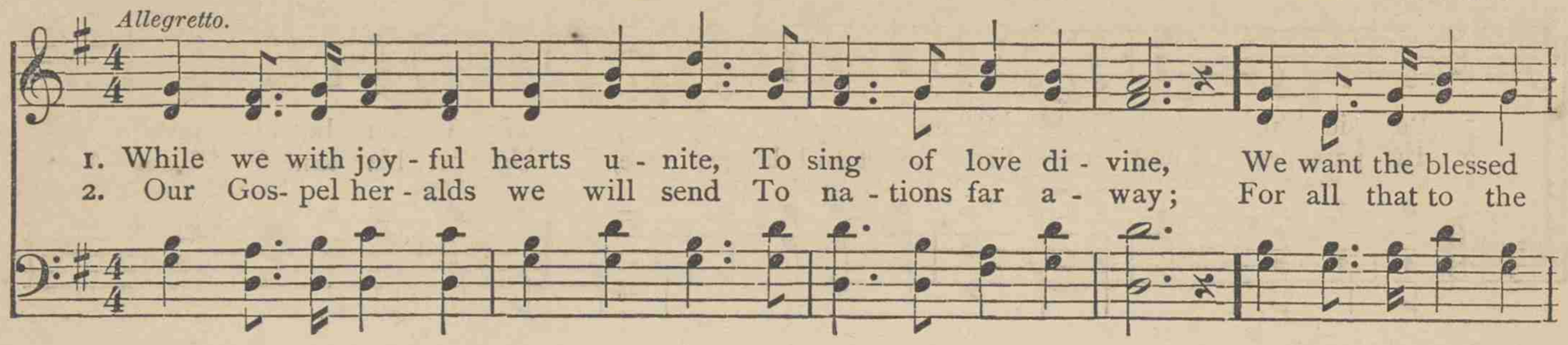
3 Long as I dwell below,
I shall his goodness see;
My heart will rest in him,
And he will comfort me.—*Chorus.*

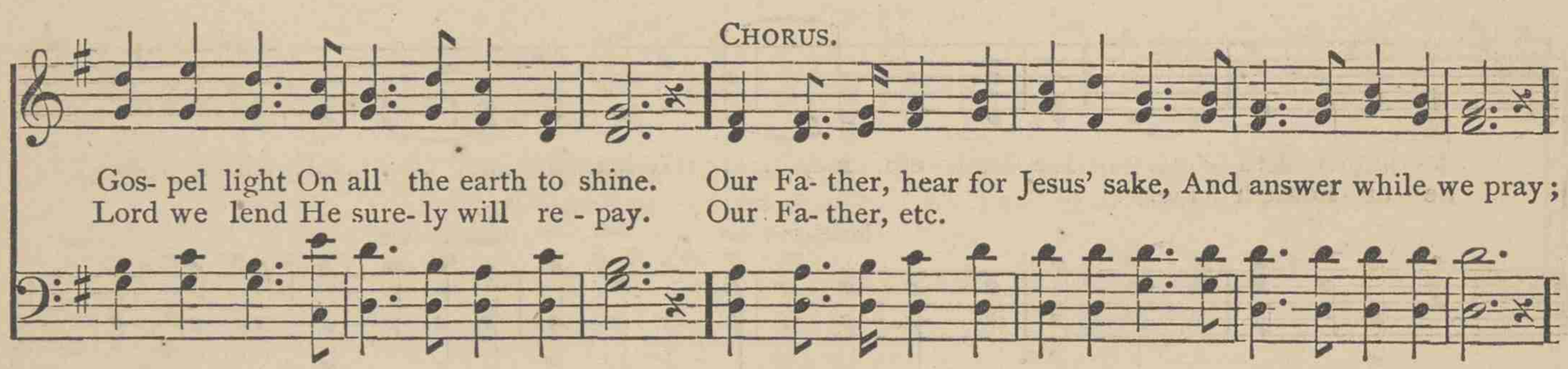
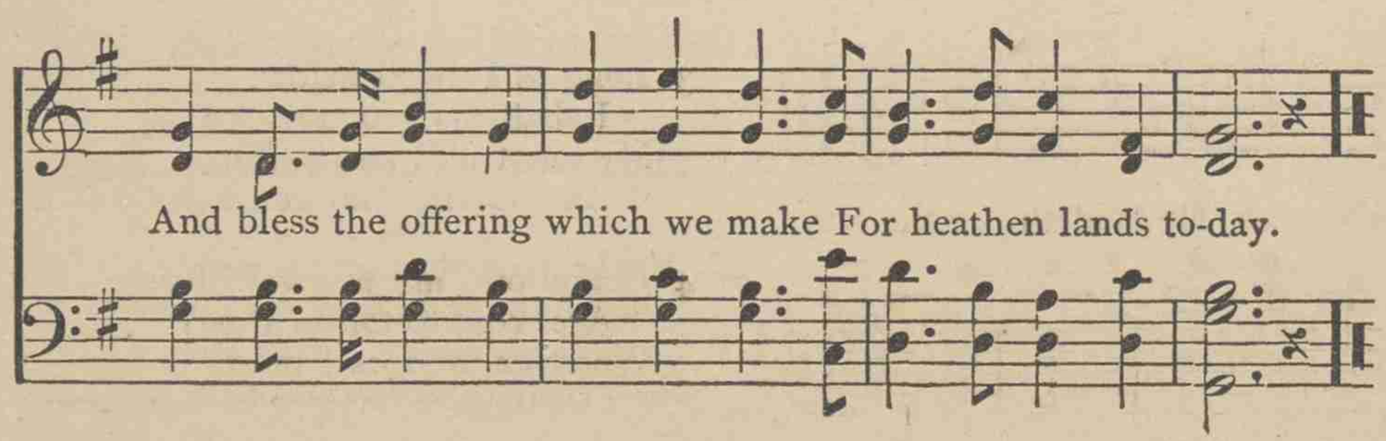
4 Dear Lord, my wayward feet
Are wont to follow thee!
Whate'er the foes I meet,
Oh, thou my helper be.—*Chorus.*

MISSIONARY HYMN.

J. NICHOLSON. [Text: Matt. xxviii, 19.] ASA HULL. by per.

Allegretto.



CHORUS.



3.

Our offering Jesus never slights
When we have done our best;
The widow when she gave two mites
Gave more than all the rest.

4.

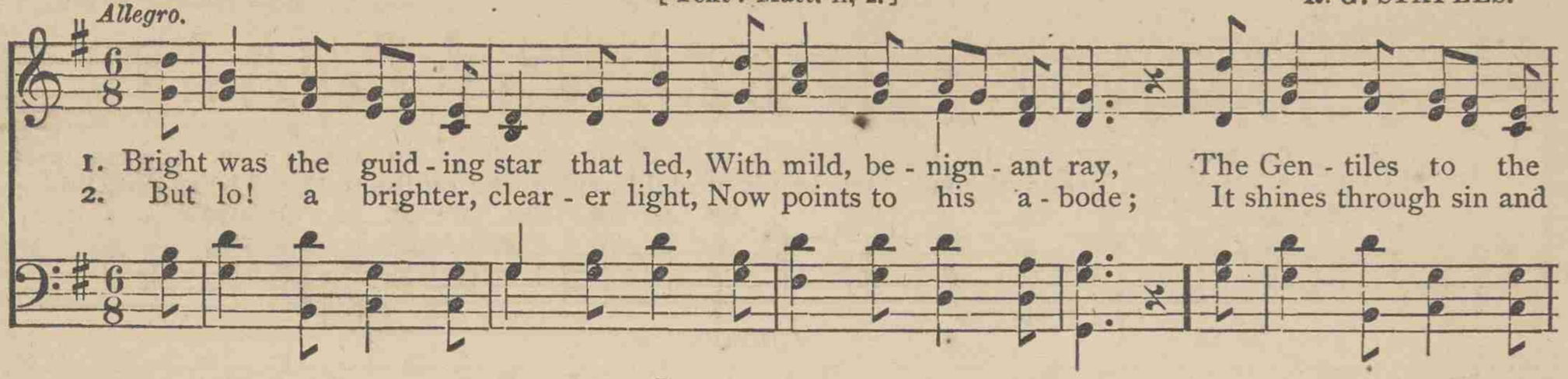
Lord, hasten on the happy time,
When all the world shall sing
Hosanna in a song sublime
To Christ, their Saviour, King.

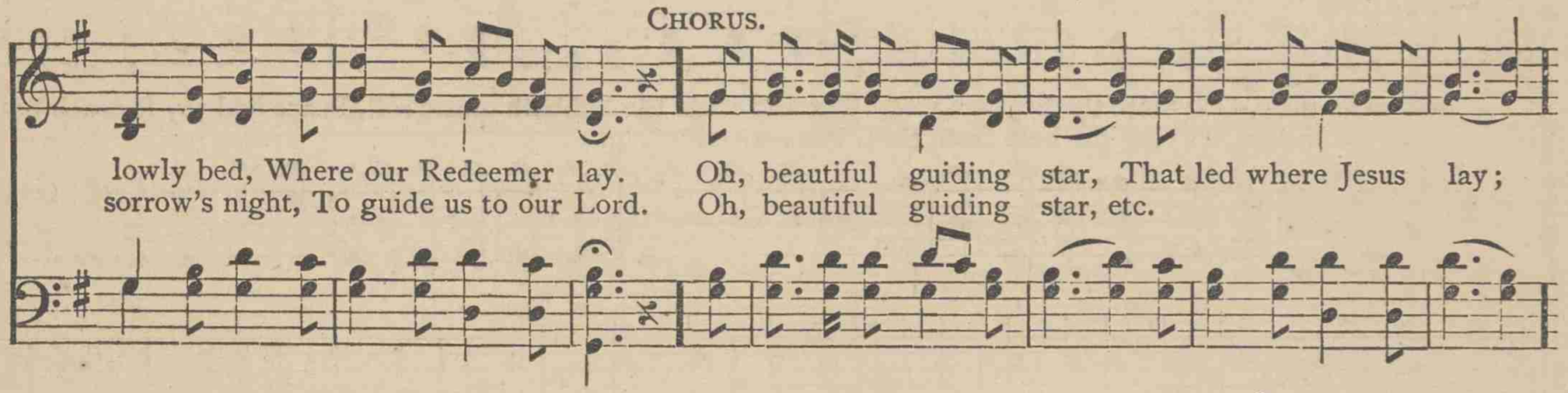
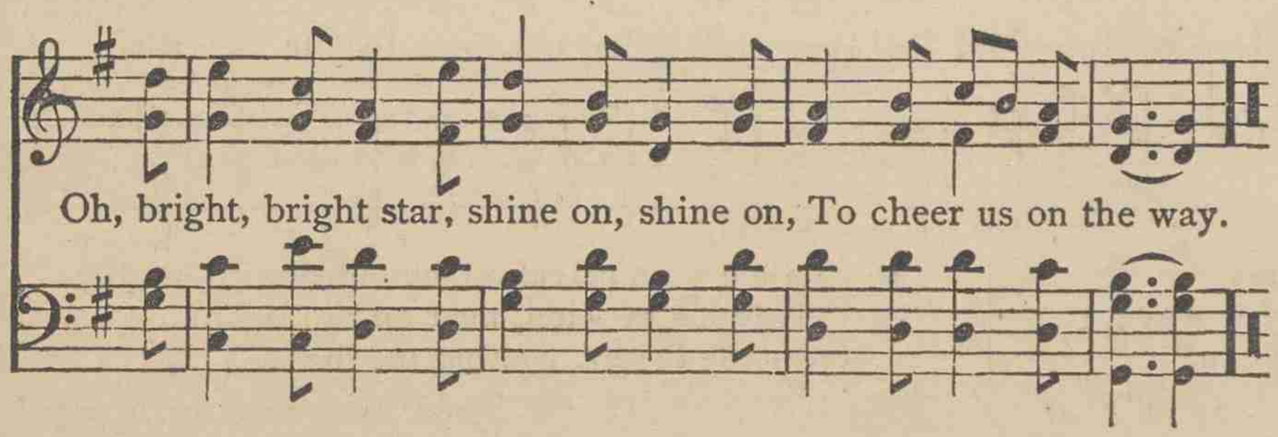
THE GUIDING STAR.

[Text: Matt. ii, 2.]

R. G. STAPLES.

Allegro.



CHORUS.

3.

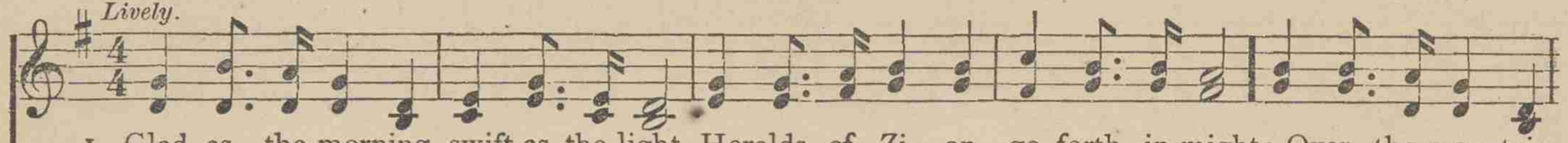
O, haste to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flow'ry meads,
The Christian's destined way.—*Cho.*

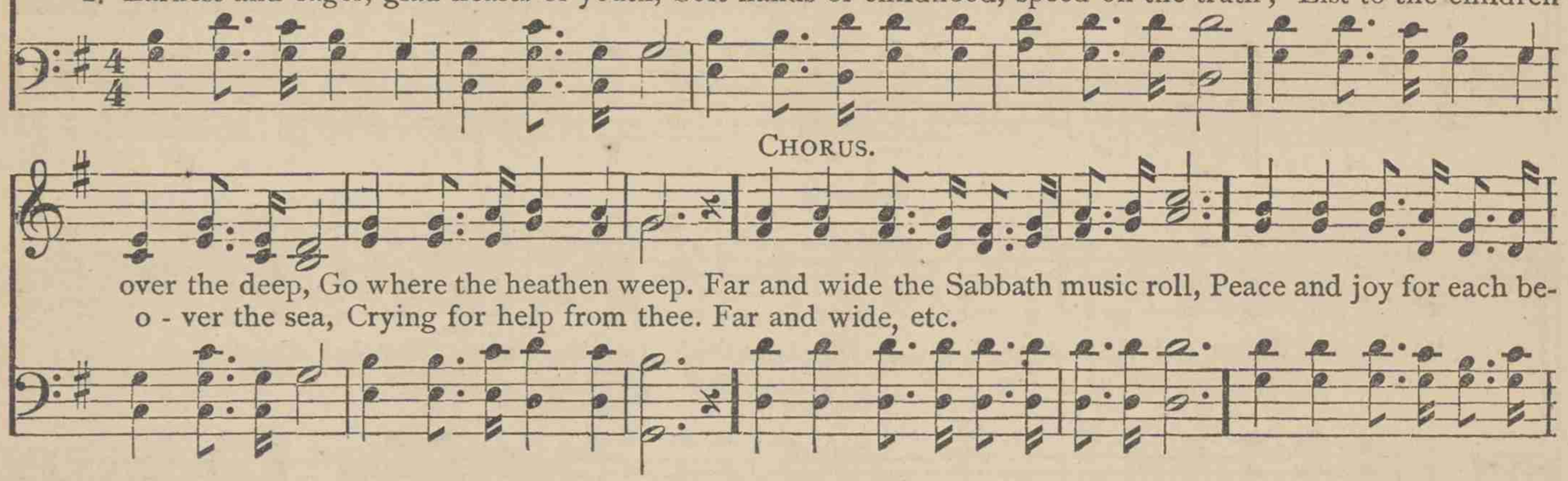
4.

O, gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follows Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heav'n.—*Cho.*

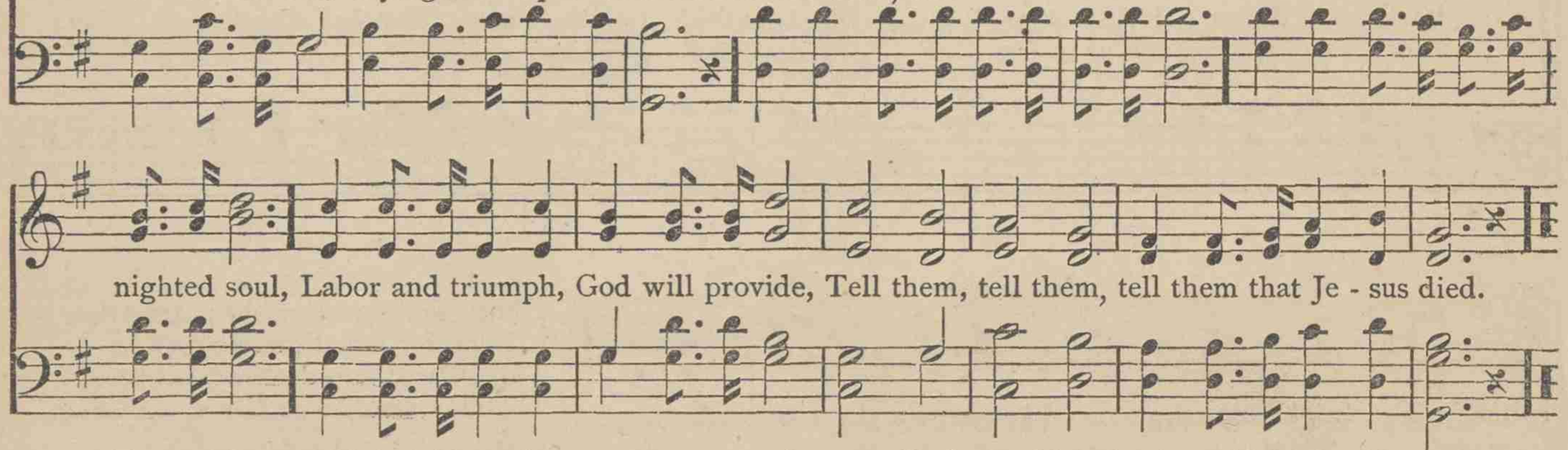
HERALDS OF ZION.

P. J. OWENS. [Text : Matt. xxiii. 19.] ASA HULL.

Lively.

1. Glad as the morning, swift as the light, Heralds of Zi - on go forth in might; Over the mountain,
2. Earnest and eager, glad hearts of youth, Soft hands of childhood, speed on the truth; List to the children



CHORUS.

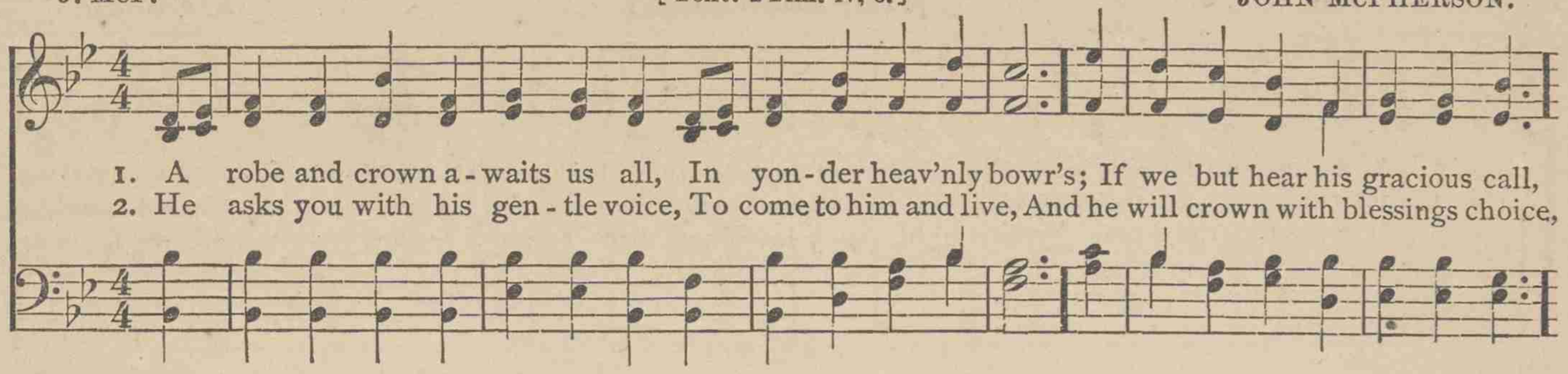
over the deep, Go where the heathen weep. Far and wide the Sabbath music roll, Peace and joy for each be-
o - ver the sea, Crying for help from thee. Far and wide, etc.

nighted soul, Labor and triumph, God will provide, Tell them, tell them, tell them that Je - sus died.

3. Free as the sunshine, wide as its ray,
Tidings of gladness, haste on your way;
Healing the sorrow, loosing the chain,
Teaching that Christ shall reign.—*Chorus.*

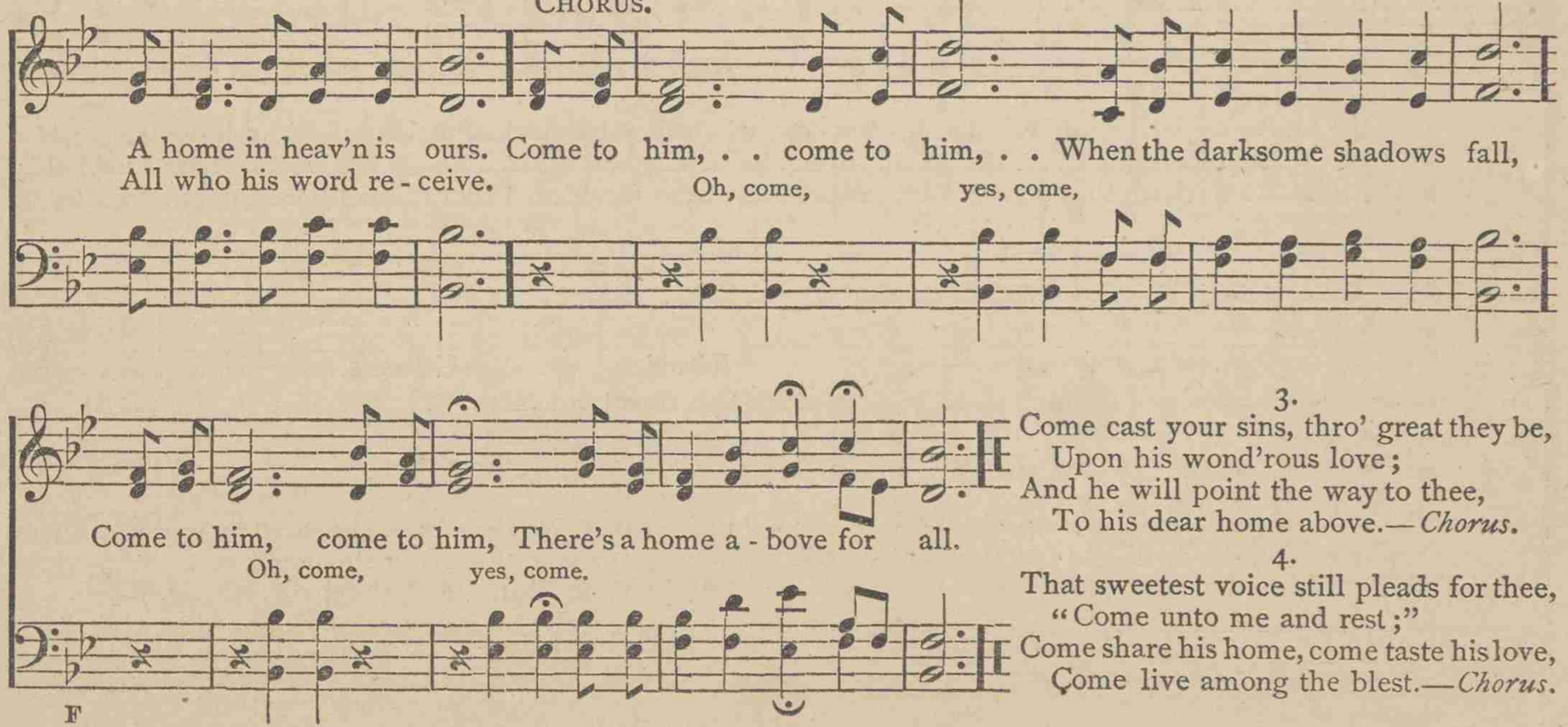
4. Clothed with salvation, shielded with might,
Heralds of Zion, bear on the light;
Over the desert, waiting for thee,
See how the shadows flee.—*Chorus.*

A ROBE AND CROWN FOR ME.

J. McP. [Text: 2 Tim. iv, 8.] JOHN McPHERSON.



CHORUS.



3.

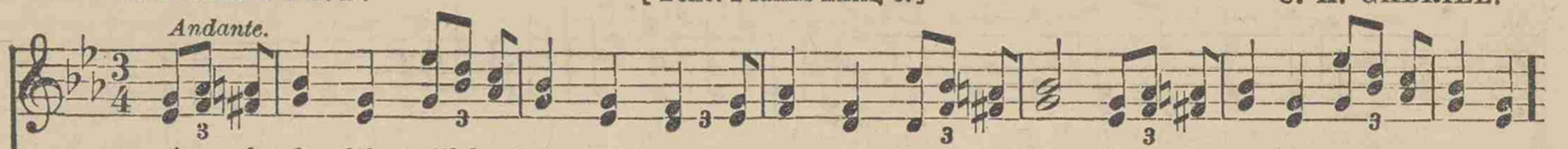
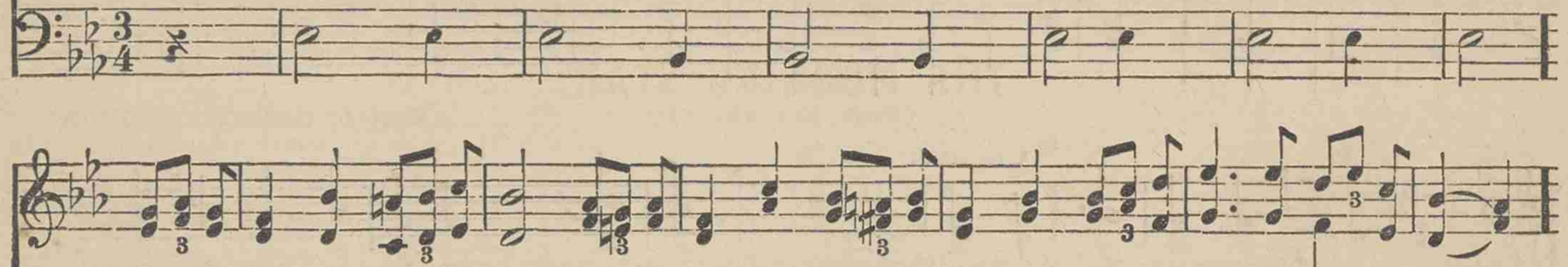
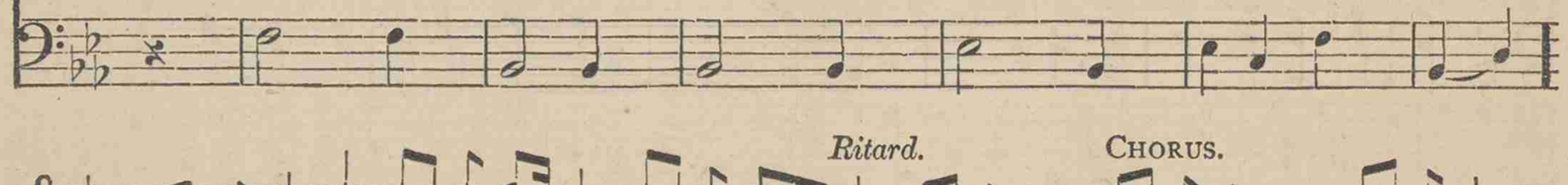
Come cast your sins, thro' great they be,
Upon his wond'rous love;
And he will point the way to thee,
To his dear home above.—*Chorus.*

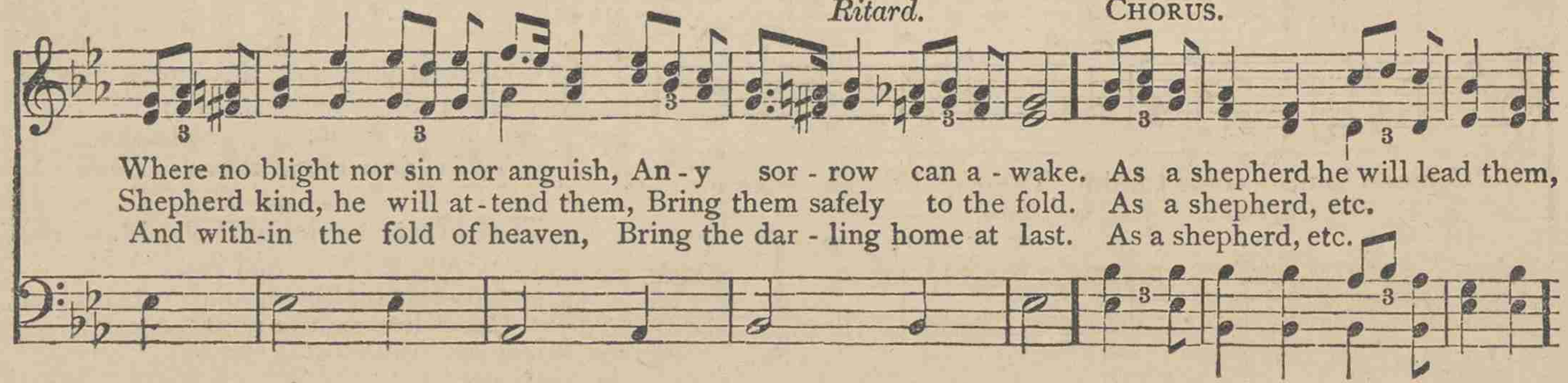
4.

That sweetest voice still pleads for thee,
"Come unto me and rest;"
Come share his home, come taste his love,
Come live among the blest.—*Chorus.*

AS A SHEPHERD.

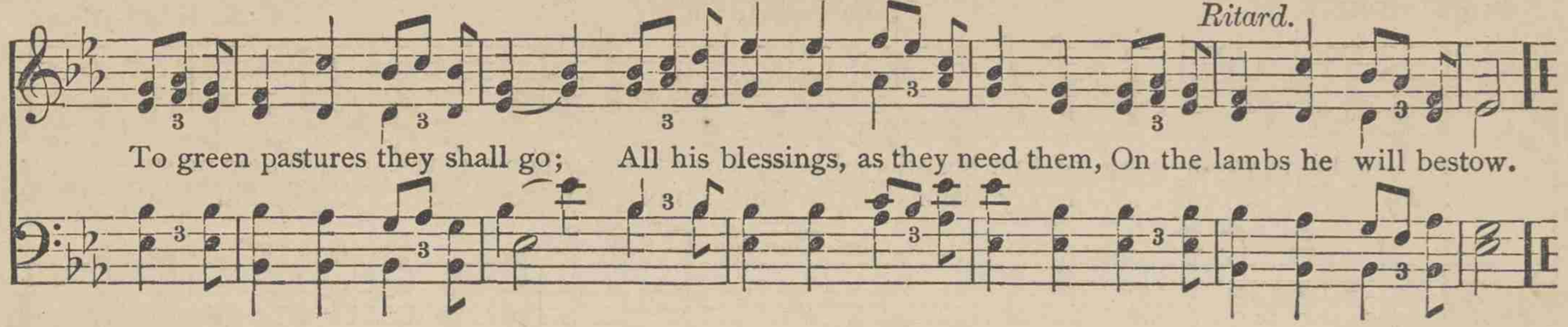
ROBT. MORRIS. LL. D. [Text: Psalms xxiii, 5.] C. H. GABRIEL.

Andante.

1 As a shepherd he will lead them, To green pastures they shall go; All his blessings, as they need them,
2. To the wells of cool ing wa-ters, In the sul-try noon of day, Ev'-ry lit-tle son and daughter,
3. If up-on the crag-gy mountain, An-y lambkins flee a-way; Je-sus, from the cooling fountain,

On the lambs he will bestow. In his bos-om when they languish, Precious children he will take,
With the gentle One shall stray. Shepherd strong, he will defend them, Though the wolf be fierce and bold;
Will o'er-take them where they stray; Will restore each babe forgiven, From the wild and ston-y waste,

Ritard. CHORUS.



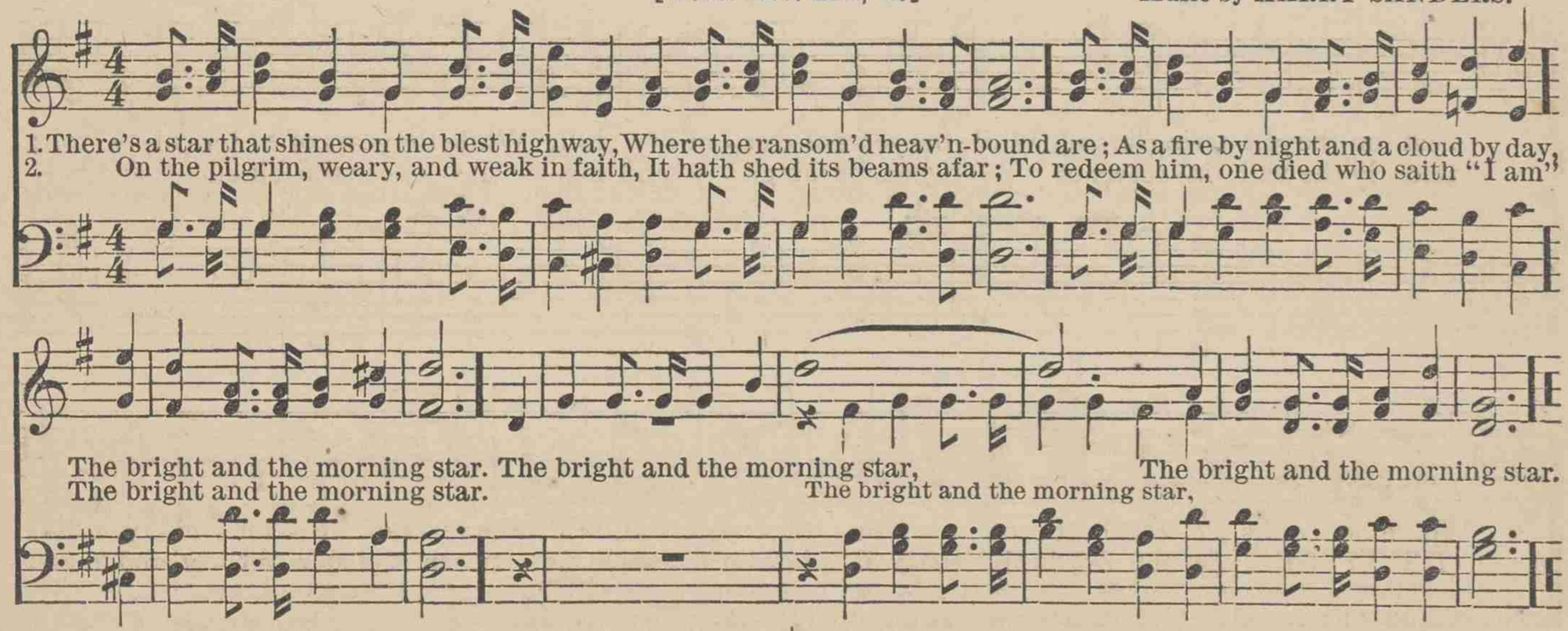
Where no blight nor sin nor anguish, An-y sor-row can a-wake. As a shepherd he will lead them,
Shepherd kind, he will at-tend them, Bring them safely to the fold. As a shepherd, etc.
And with-in the fold of heaven, Bring the dar-ling home at last. As a shepherd, etc.

AS A SHEPHERD. Concluded.



THE MORNING STAR.

[Text: Rev. xxii, 16.] Music by HARRY SANDERS.



3 Oh, the narrow, rugged, and blood-bought way
Leading to the pearly bar:
And the pilgrim stranger shall walk for aye,
:‖: By light of the morning star.:‖:

4 Shall the care and sorrow so sure to come
All our peaceful moments mar?
Nay: in gloom shines brightest the light of home,
:‖: The bright and the morning star.:‖:

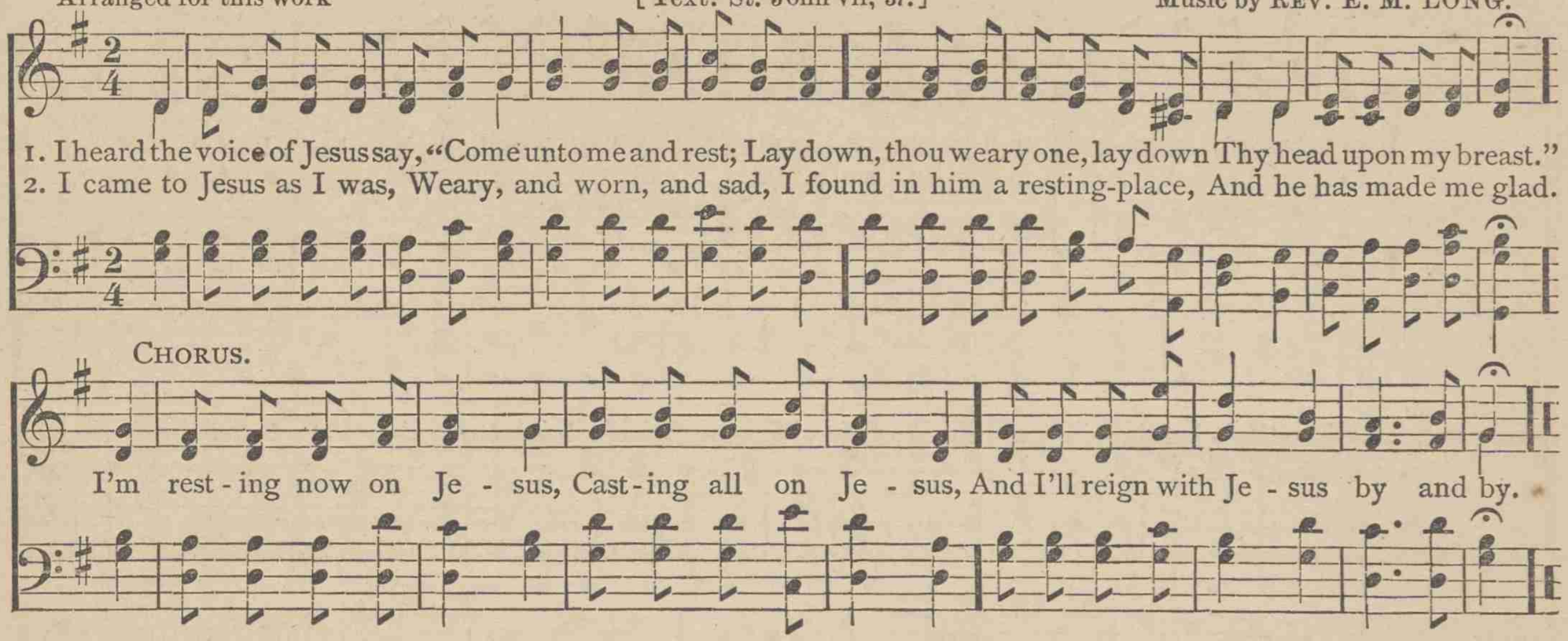
HOME OF THE SOUL.

[Text: St. James v, 13.] Arr. from PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beauti - ful land, The far-away home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit - tering strand, While the years of eter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll;
2. O, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright jasper walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - tervenes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.

Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.

RESTING IN JESUS.

Arranged for this work [Text: St. John vii, 37.] Music by REV. E. M. LONG.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."—*Chorus.*

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.—*Chorus.*

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."—*Chorus.*

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.—*Chorus.*

CONCLUSION OF **HOME OF THE SOUL.** OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
:‖: And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.:‖:
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 O, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain;
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
:‖: To meet one another again.:‖:
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

ARTHUR C. COXE. [Text: Rev. iii, 20.] ASA HULL.

Con espressione.

1. In the silent midnight watches, List! thy bosom door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh evermore.

Say not, 'tis thy pulse's beating, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the Spirit's voice entreating Thee to let the Saviour in.

CHORUS.

pp Let him in, ... Let him in, ... 'Tis the Ho-ly Spirit knocketh,—Rise, and let the Saviour in.

Let him in, Let him in,

2. Death comes down with ruthless footstep
To the hall and hut,
Think thou death will stand there knocking
When thy door is shut.
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But the door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
Death breaks in the door at last.—*Chorus.*

3. Then 'tis time to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish creature,
Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he then will know thee not.—*Chorus.*

THE PENITENT.

R. A. SEARLES. [Text: Matt. xi, 28.] ASA HULL.

1. My foot is on the threshold, My hand is on the latch; My heart is rent with sorrow, Oh! do not turn me back.
2. My hands hang limp and nerveless, My burden to remove; My fee-ble knees are shaking, Open, and show thy love.
3. Oh! haste, unlatch, I pray thee: I trust thy gracious word, "To him that knocks I'll open!" Thou true and faithful Lord.

I've come a weary distance, Long miles of grief and sin! Come sorely pressed and laden, Oh! wilt thou let me in?
My eyes are dim with watching To catch a glimpse with-in; My heavy ear is aching, To hear thee say, "Come in."
The latch turns on the promise, The door on hinge of gold; Oh! wondrous grace and glory! The half had not been told.

CHORUS.

Let me in, Oh! wilt thou let me in? I've come a wea-ry dis-tance, Oh! wilt thou let me in?
Let me in, Let me in.

BLESSED ARE THEY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. [Text: Rom. iv. 7, 9.] J. H. TENNEY.

1. Bless - ed are they that do his commandments, Bless - - ed are they; They shall receive a
2. Bless - ed are they that do his commandments, Bless - - ed are they; Je - sus will take them
3. Bless - ed are they that do his commandments, Bless - - ed are they; Je - sus will gen - tly

Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

CHORUS.

crown of bright glory That fadeth not a - way. Bless - - ed, bless - ed, bless - - ed,
when life is ov - er, Up to the realms of day.
guide them in safe-ty A-long the narrow way.

Blessed are they, Blessed are they, Blessed are they,

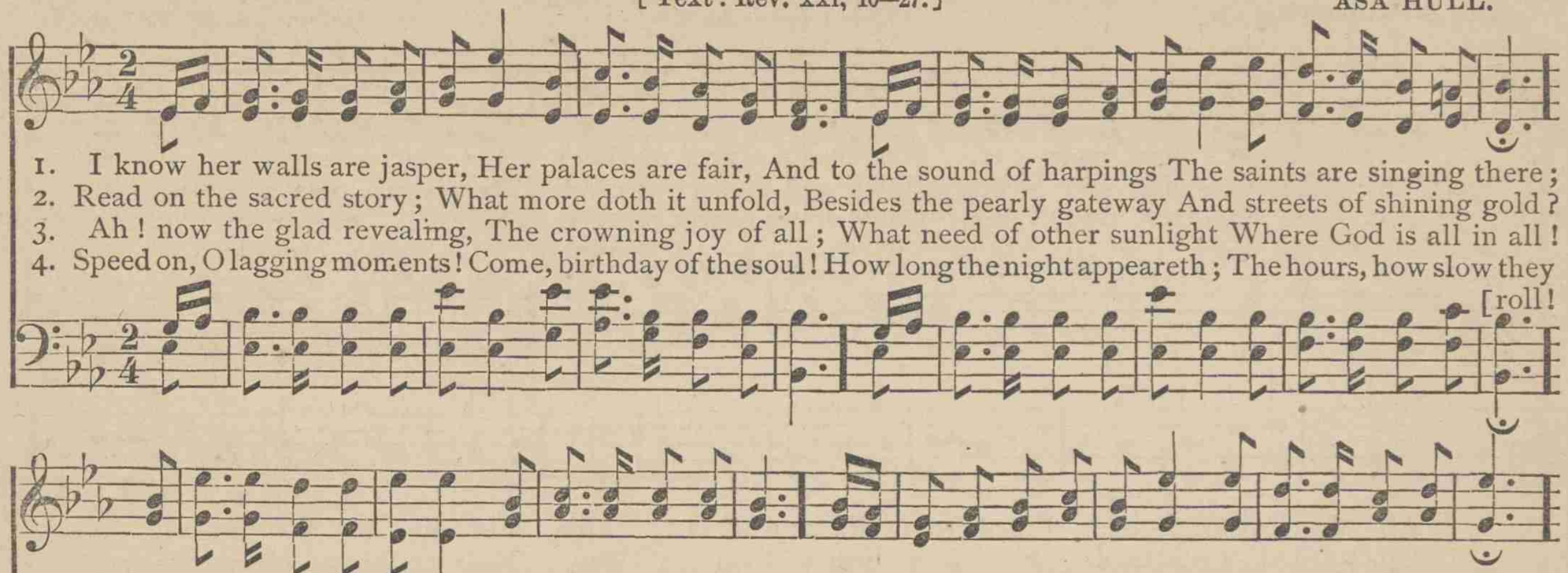
bless - ed, Bless - ed are they that do his commandments, Blessed, bless - ed are they.

Blessed are they, Bless - - ed are they.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

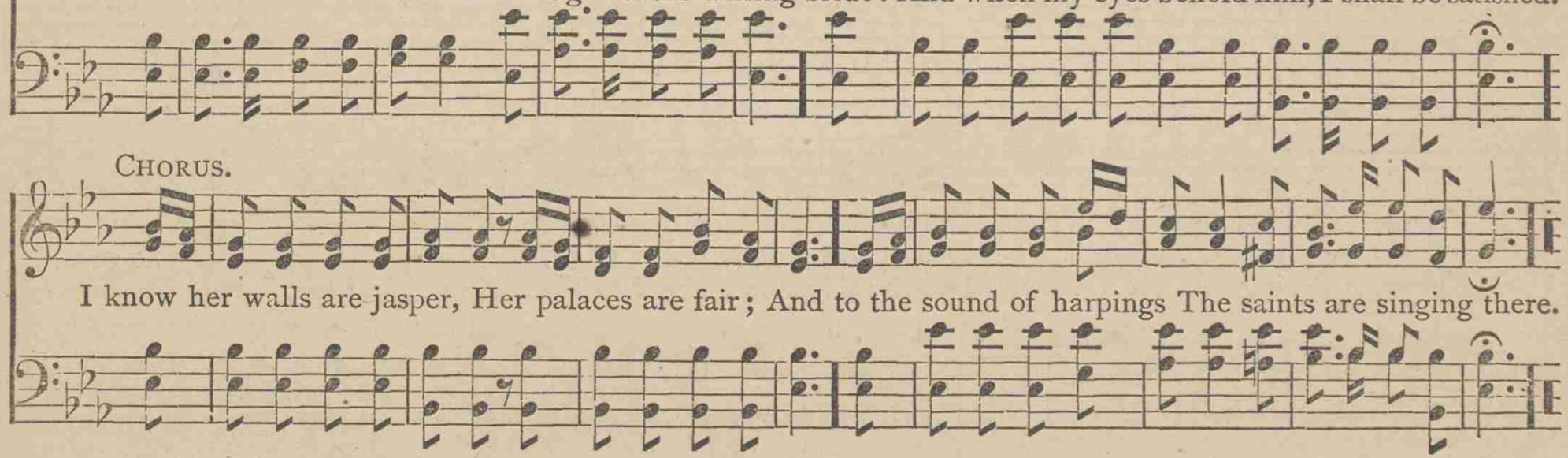
[Text : Rev. xxi, 10—27.]

ASA HULL.



1. I know her walls are jasper, Her palaces are fair, And to the sound of harpings The saints are singing there;
2. Read on the sacred story; What more doth it unfold, Besides the pearly gateway And streets of shining gold?
3. Ah! now the glad revealing, The crowning joy of all; What need of other sunlight Where God is all in all!
4. Speed on, O lagging moments! Come, birthday of the soul! How long the night appeareth; The hours, how slow they [roll!

I know that living waters Flow under fruitful trees; But ah! to make my heav'n It needeth more that these;
No temple hath that city, For none is needed there; Nor sun nor moon enlight'neth; Can darkness then be fair?
He fills the wide ethereal With glory all his own, He whom my soul adoreth—The Lamb amid the throne.
How sweet the welcome summons That greets the willing bride! And when my eyes behold him, I shall be satisfied.



CHORUS.

I know her walls are jasper, Her palaces are fair; And to the sound of harpings The saints are singing there.

CLOSER TO THEE.

Rev. E. M. LONG.

[Text: John xii, 32.]

Arranged by ASA HULL.

Allegretto.

1. Draw me, Sa - viour, near - er, Nearer and nearer to thee; Let me see still clear - er,
2. As the ea - gles soar - ing, Higher and higher as-cend, Thus, while thee a - dor - ing,
3. As the riv - er flow - ing, Daily draws nearer the sea, May I thus keep go - ing,

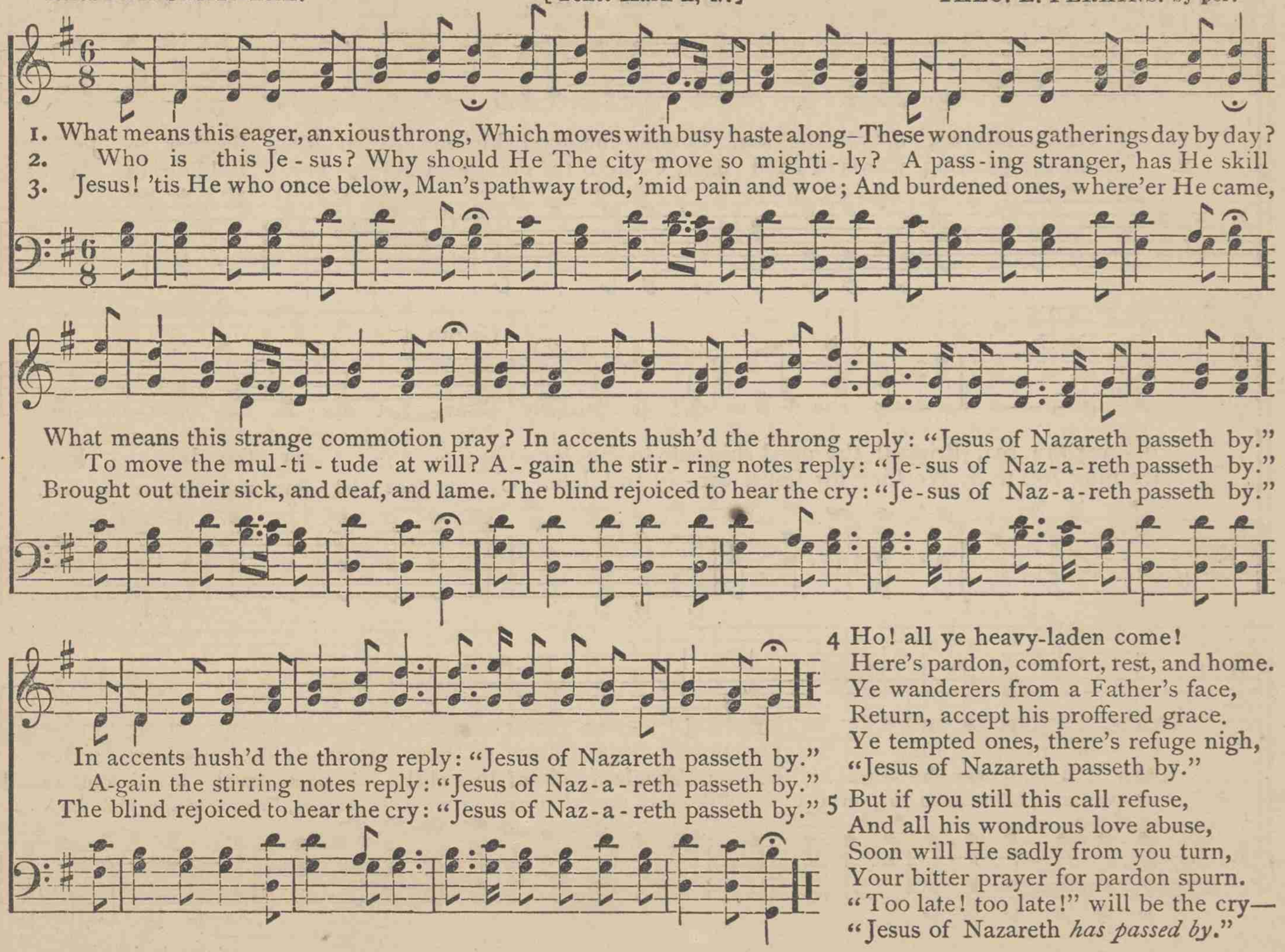
All thy love for me. Freed from self, and whol-ly thine, Let me in thy beau - ty shine;
Up - ward I would tend. Far from earth and sin a - way, Near - er heav - en's per - fect day;
Till I'm lost in thee. E'er ad-vance and grow in grace, Till I see thee face to face;

Rit.

While I sing, oh, may I be Drawn still closer, closer to thee. Closer, closer, closer to thee.
Ev - en now, oh, may I be Drawn still closer, closer to thee. Closer, closer, closer to thee.
Then I'll sing e - ter - nal-ly, Drawn still closer, closer to thee. Closer, closer, closer to thee.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

MISS ETA CAMPBELL. [Text: Mark x, 47.] THEO. E. PERKINS. by per.



1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—These wondrous gatherings day by day?
2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should He The city move so mighti - ly? A pass - ing stranger, has He skill
3. Jesus! 'tis He who once below, Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe; And burdened ones, where'er He came,

What means this strange commotion pray? In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
To move the mul - ti - tude at will? A - gain the stir - ring notes reply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame. The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."

In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
A-gain the stirring notes reply: "Jesus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry: "Jesus of Naz - a - reth passeth by."

4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

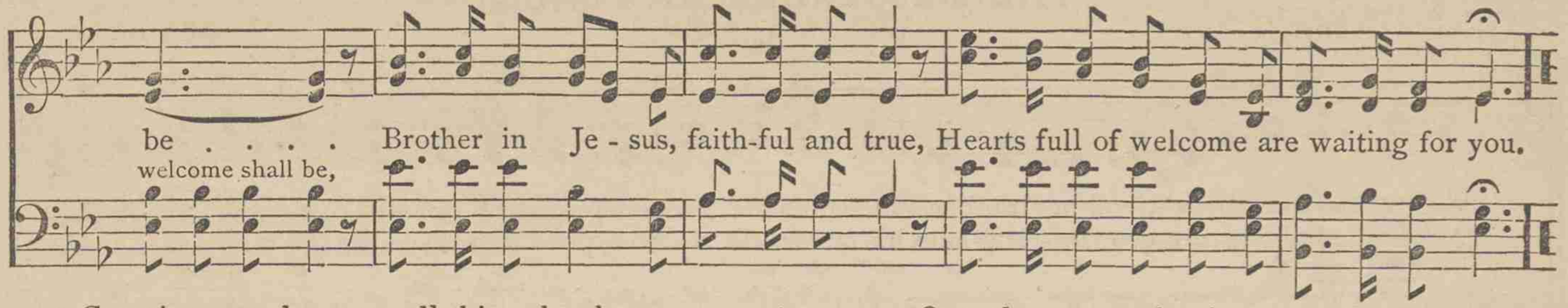
Arr'd by ASA HULL. [Text: 2 Cor. ii, 14—17.] L. L. MENTZER.

Allegro.

1. O - ver the billows, o - ver the sea, Cometh the good ship onward so free; Brother in Je - sus
2. Cometh the greeting, words of good cheer, Cometh the god-speed unto us here; Bidding us la - bor,

CHORUS.

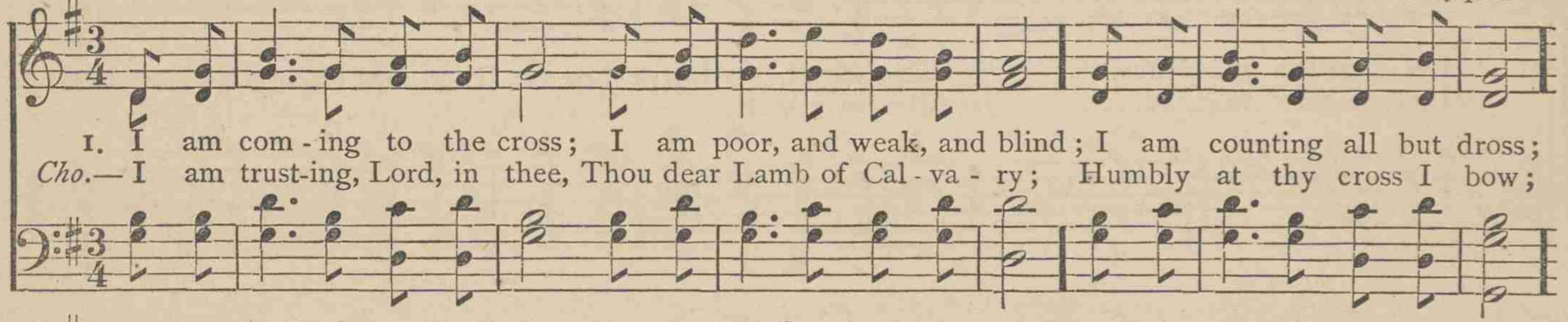
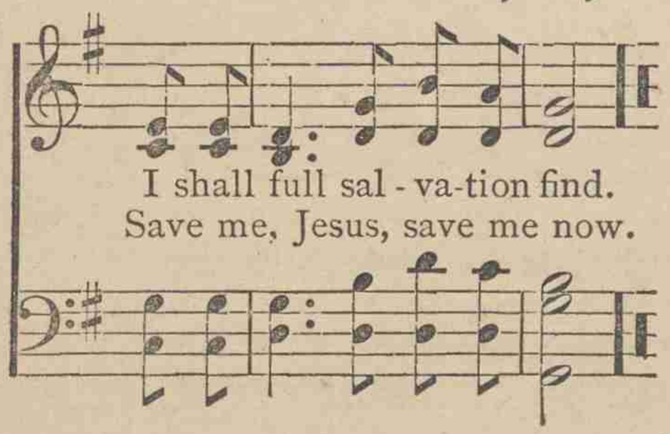
o - ver the sea, Bringeth the good ship safe to the lea. O - - - ver the bil - - lows,
learning to wait, Working for Jesus, ear - ly and late. O - ver the bil - lows and ov - er the sea,

O - ver the sea, . . . Friends of the chil - - dren wel - - come shall
O - ver the billows and o - ver the sea, Friends of the children here welcome shall be, Friends of the children here

3 Counting our pleasures, all things but loss;
Winning the lost ones unto the cross:
Soldier of Jesus, over the sea,
Bearer of tidings, welcome shall be.—*Chorus.*

4 Over the waters clasping warm hands;
Kind ties and holy binding two lands;
You of the olden, we of the new,
All in one army, let us be true.—*Chorus.*

TRUSTING IN THE LORD.

Rev. W. McDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



2.
Long my heart has sighed for thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.—*Cho.*

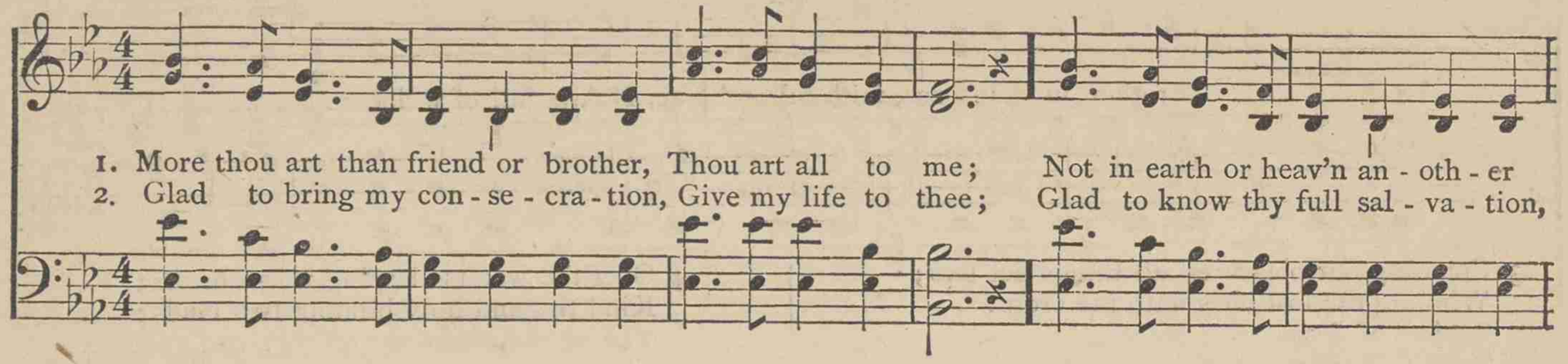
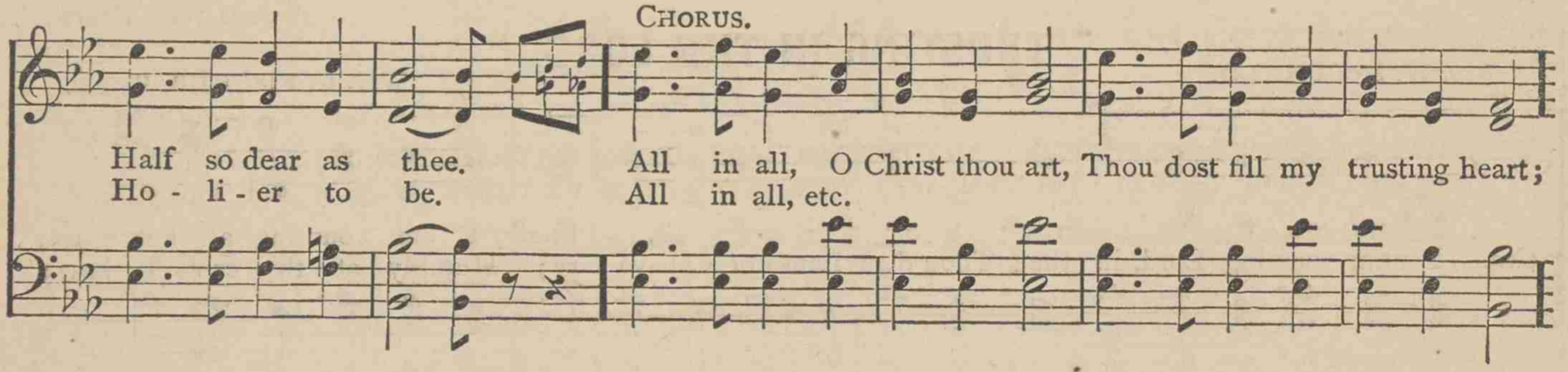
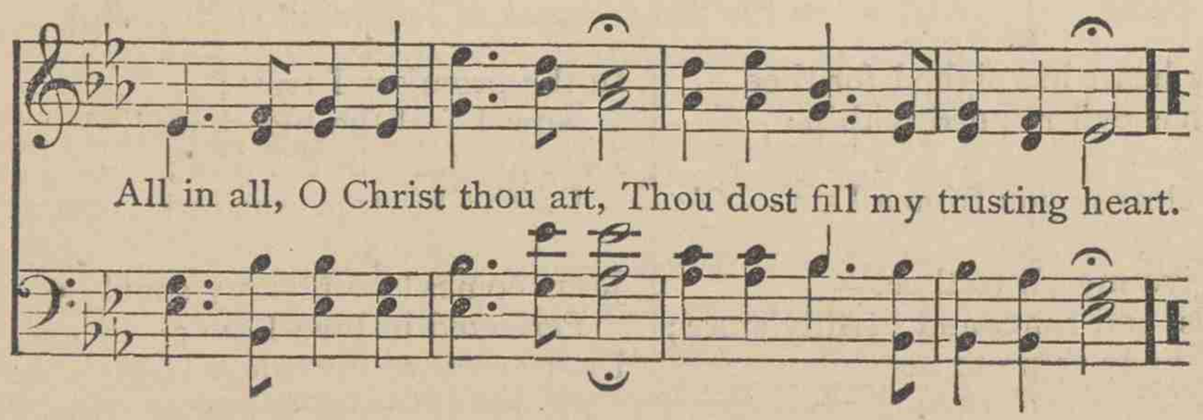
3.
Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forever more.—*Cho.*

4.
In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.—*Cho.*

5.
Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—*Cho.*

CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

REV. JOHN PARKER. [Text: Col. iii, 11.] ASA HULL.



3.
Thou hast washed my soul to whiteness,
I have liberty;
Thou dost fill my life with brightness
And sincerity.—*Chorus.*

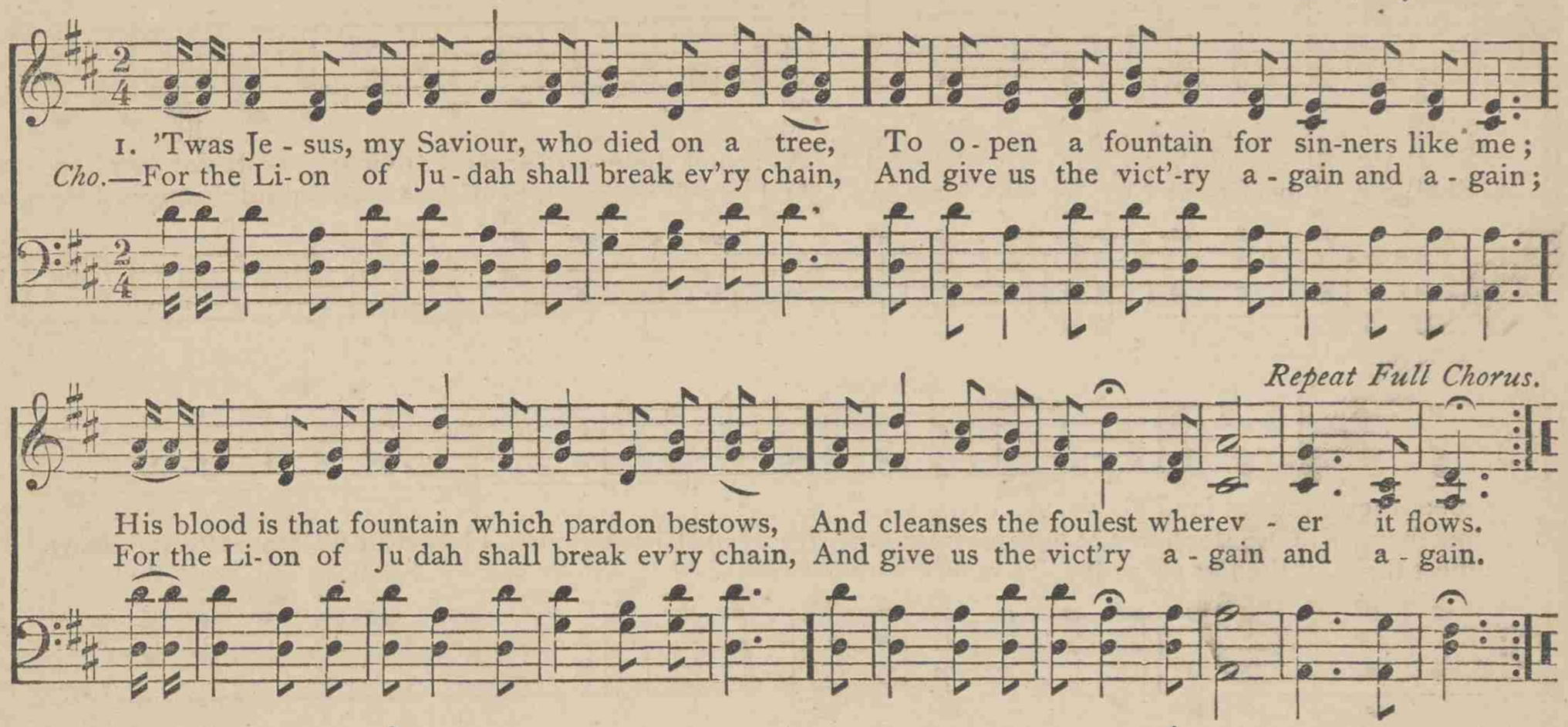
4.
Henceforth thou my perfect Saviour,
All in all to me;
Walking ever in thy favor,
I thy face shall see.—*Chorus.*

FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

H. Q. WILSON.

[Text: Rev. v, 5.

ASA HULL.
From "Vestry Chimes."



2.

And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty—his love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.
For the Lion of Judah, etc.

3.

Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.
For the Lion of Judah, etc.

4.

And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground;
Then, when heav'n and earth shall be melting away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.
For the Lion of Judah, etc.

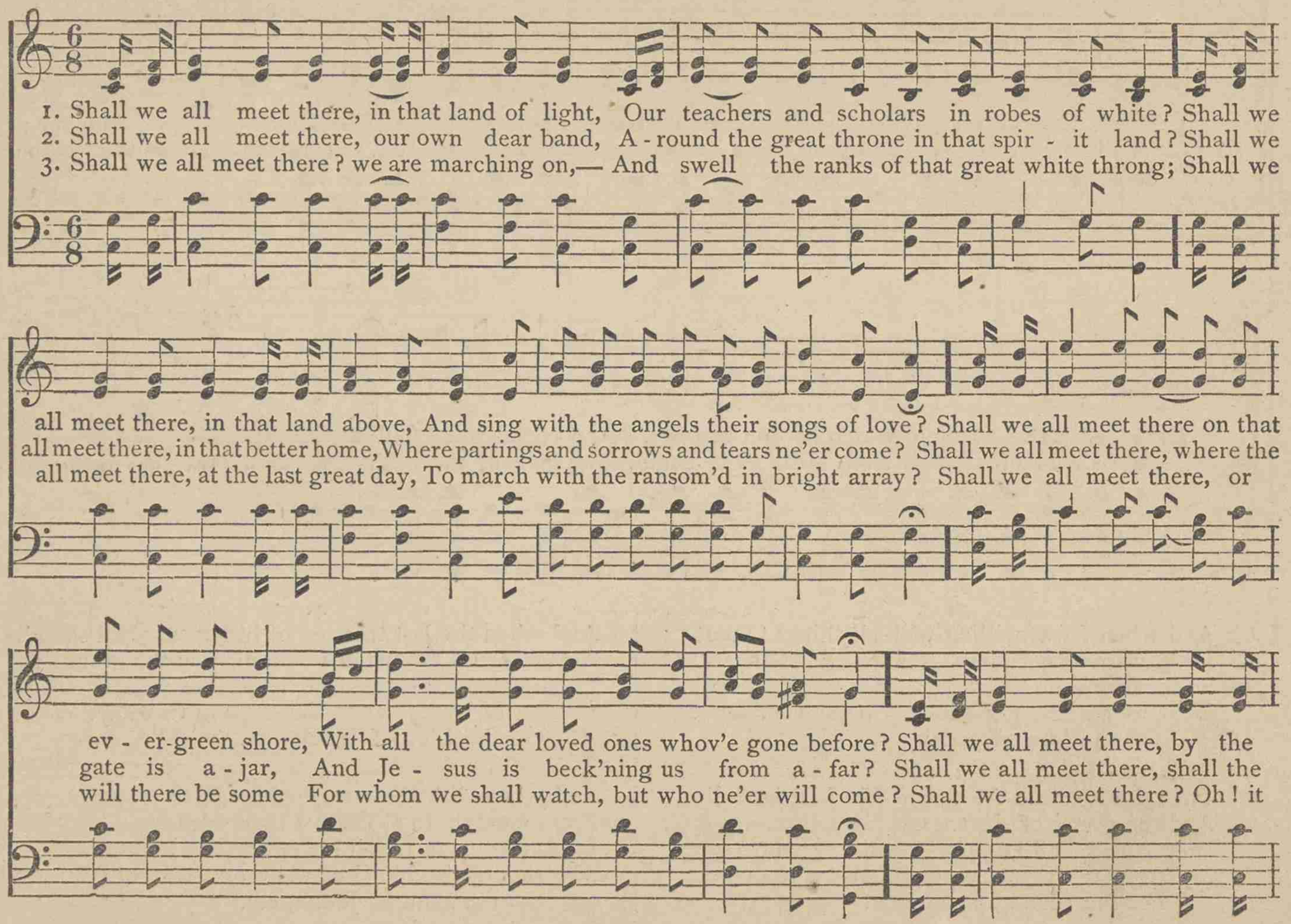
5.

And when with the ransomed by Jesus my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.
For the Lion of Judah, etc.

SHALL WE ALL MEET THERE?

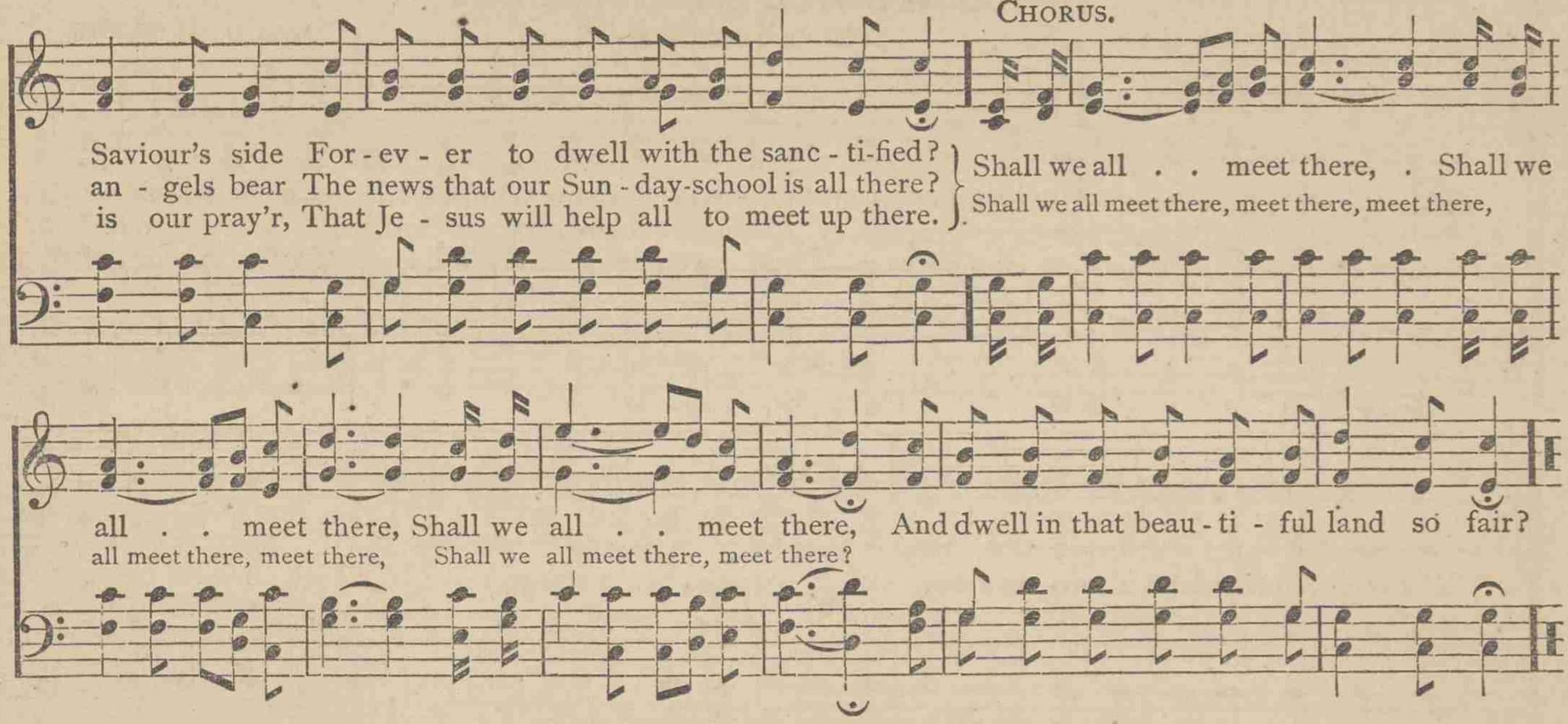
[Text: Ex. xxv, 22.] PROF. G. A. MINOR.

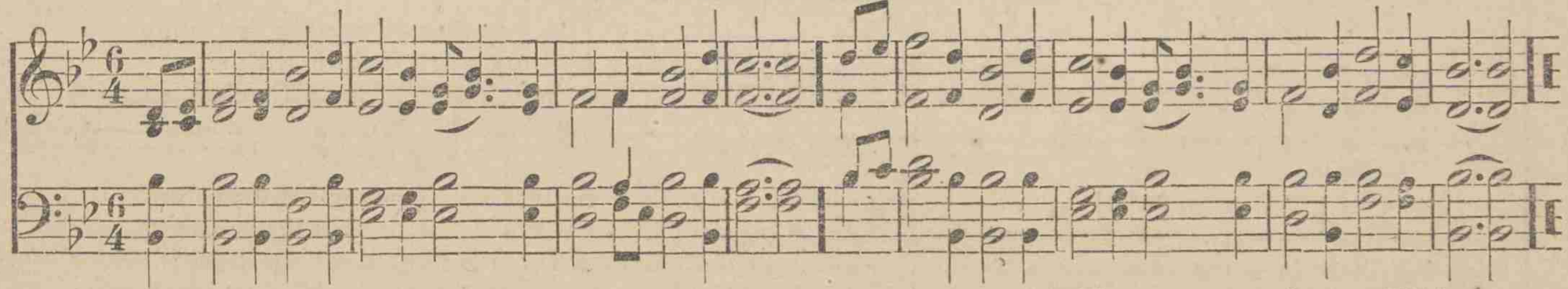
1. Shall we all meet there, in that land of light, Our teachers and scholars in robes of white? Shall we all meet there, in that land above, And sing with the angels their songs of love? Shall we all meet there on that ev - er-green shore, With all the dear loved ones whov'e gone before? Shall we all meet there, by the
2. Shall we all meet there, our own dear band, A - round the great throne in that spir - it land? Shall we all meet there, in that better home, Where partings and sorrows and tears ne'er come? Shall we all meet there, where the gate is a - jar, And Je - sus is beck'ning us from a - far? Shall we all meet there, shall the
3. Shall we all meet there? we are marching on,— And swell the ranks of that great white throng; Shall we all meet there, at the last great day, To march with the ransom'd in bright array? Shall we all meet there, or will there be some For whom we shall watch, but who ne'er will come? Shall we all meet there? Oh! it



SHALL WE ALL MEET THERE? Concluded.

CHORUS.



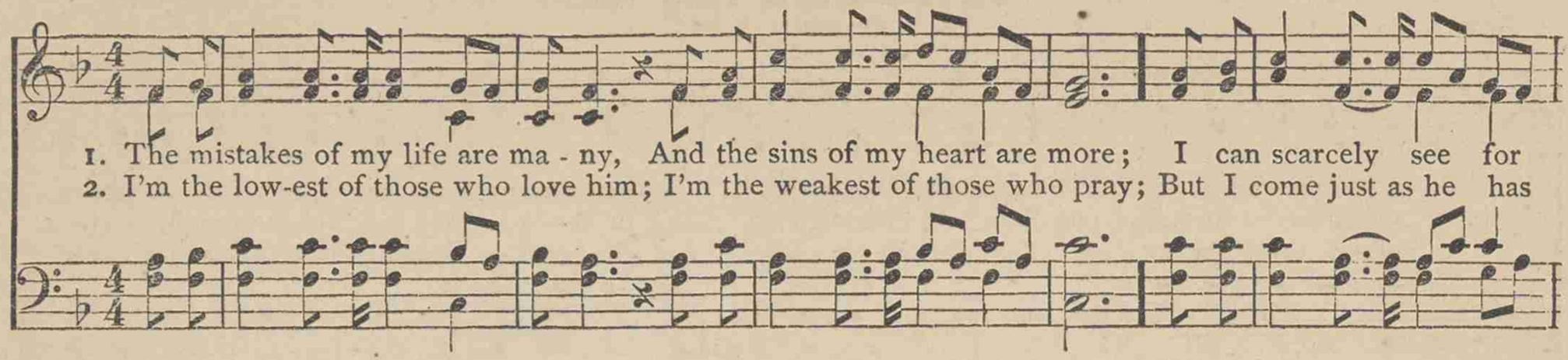
CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for ev'ry one,
And there's a cross for me.

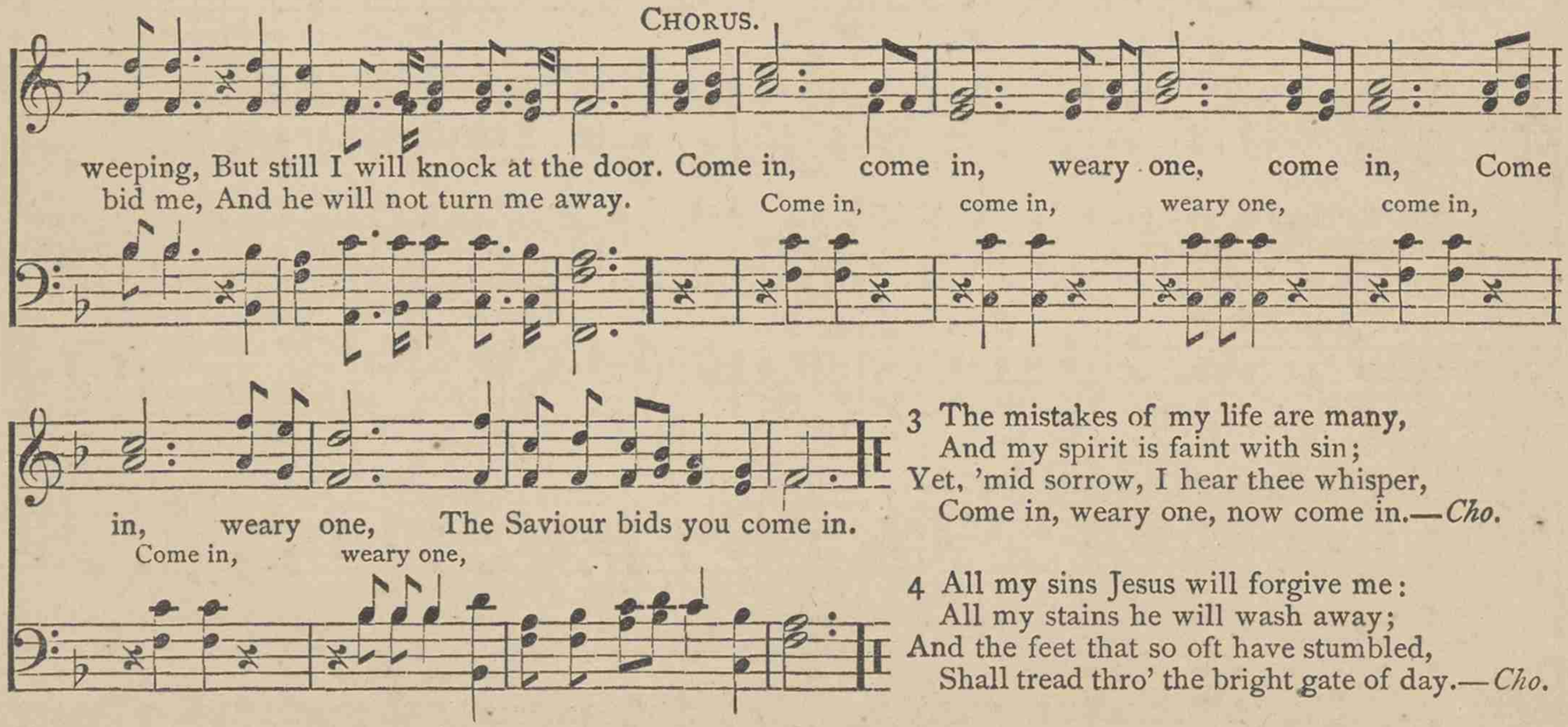
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me.

I WILL KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Words revised by D. C. J. [Text: St. Luke xiii, 24.] Rev. D. C. JOHN.



CHORUS.

3 The mistakes of my life are many,
And my spirit is faint with sin;
Yet, 'mid sorrow, I hear thee whisper,
Come in, weary one, now come in.—*Cho.*

4 All my sins Jesus will forgive me:
All my stains he will wash away;
And the feet that so oft have stumbled,
Shall tread thro' the bright gate of day.—*Cho.*

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

[Text: Gal. ii, 20.]

REV. A. A. GRALEY.

W. J. CORNELL.
Arr. by ASA HULL.

1. Jesus sought and saved me, When a wand'ring child; In the fountain laved me, Wretched and defiled.
2. All unclean he found me, Poor and comfortless; But he threw around me, Robes of righteousness.
3. Saviour, thine for-ev - er, I would wholly be; Let me nev - er, nev - er, Tire of serving thee.

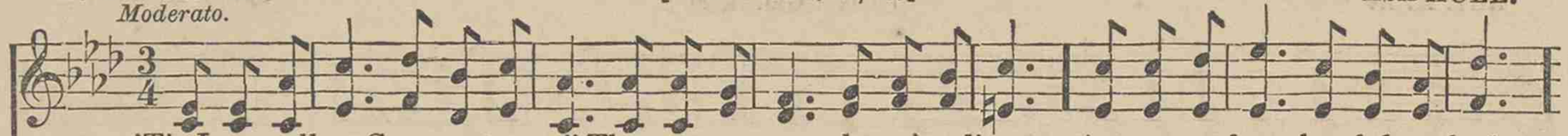
Dried the eyes so tear-ful, Bade the anguish cease, And the heart so fear-ful, Filled with heav'nly peace.
Hushed the cry of sadness, Taught me to re - joice, And to songs of gladness, Tuned my heart and voice.
Gaz - ing on thy beau-ty Will my time em - ploy; Toil is more than du - ty, 'Tis my brightest joy.

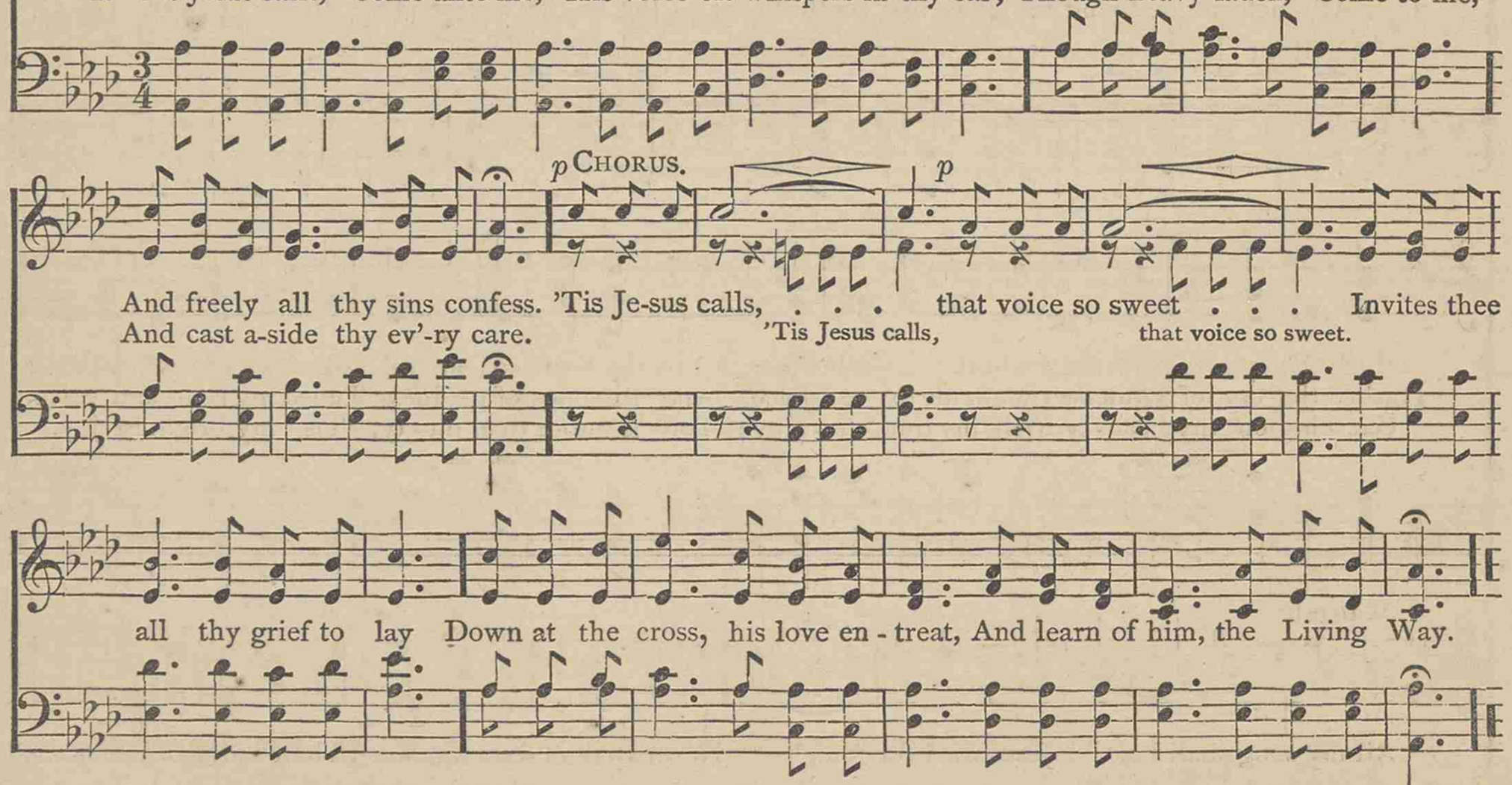
CHORUS.

All my song shall be, "Jesus died for me," Never sweeter song was sung, Than "*Jesus died for me.*"
shall be, for me,

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

R. G. STAPLES. [Text : Matt. xi, 28.] ASA HULL.

Moderato.

1. 'Tis Jesus calls, "Come unto me," Thou weary one, when sins distress; At morn and eve bend thou the knee,
2. 'Tis Jesus calls, "Come unto me," His voice oft whispers in thy ear; Though heavy laden, "Come to me,"



And freely all thy sins confess. 'Tis Je-sus calls, . . . that voice so sweet . . . Invites thee
And cast a-side thy ev'-ry care. 'Tis Jesus calls, that voice so sweet.

all thy grief to lay Down at the cross, his love en - treat, And learn of him, the Living Way.

3 'Tis Jesus calls; though racked with pain,
He'll soothe thy anguish, give thee peace;
Thou'lt seek all other helps in vain;
The gospel only can release.—*Chorus.*

4 'Tis Jesus calls! oh, now be wise,
Relent, O heart of stone, relent!
Accept the offered sacrifice,
And of thy sins at once repent.—*Chorus.*

CHILDREN IN THE HOLY TEMPLE. 101

F. J. W. [Text: Matt. xxi, 15.] W. O. PERKINS.

1. Children in the ho-ly tem-ple, Sing-ing praises to their King, Who redeemed them from destruction,
2. Children in the ho-ly tem-ple, Sing-ing of a Saviour's love, How he came to earth from heaven,
3. Children in the ho-ly tem-ple, Learning from his blessed word, Of the promis-es there giv-en,—

CHORUS.

Joy-ful-ly to him they sing.
To prepare a home a-bove.
Giv'n them by the gracious Lord.

Children in the ho-ly tem-ple, Sing-ing praises to their
Children in the ho-ly tem-ple, etc.
Children in the ho-ly tem-ple, etc.

.Sing-ing prais-es

King, Who redeemed them from destruc-tion, Joy-ful-ly to him they sing.
to their King.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!"

WILLIE WILDER. [Text: Genesis i, 3.] ASA HULL.

1. Thro' heav'n's clear arch the echoes rang As morning stars together sang; And Nature fresh from chaos
2. From star to star the watchword flies; Each shouts it onward through the skies: From out the chaos grim and

woke, When on her ear the cho - rus broke, As her Al - might - y Maker spoke, "Let there be
black, It speeds a - long its shin - ing track, Till earth the ech - o answers back, "Let there be

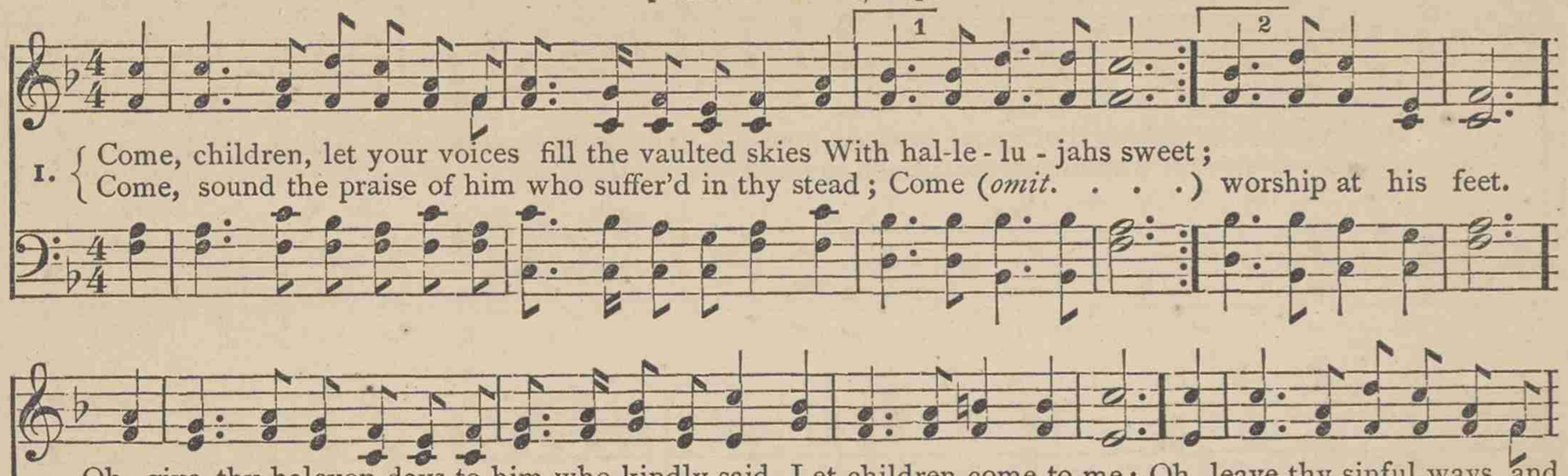
light!" . . . "Let there be light!" . . . "Let there be light!" . . . "LET THERE BE LIGHT!"
"Let there be light!" "Let there be light!" "Let there be light!" * AND THERE WAS LIGHT.

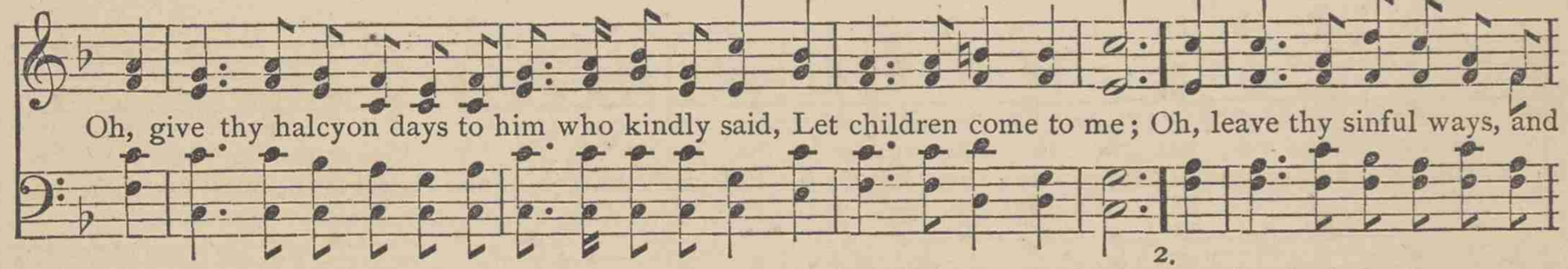
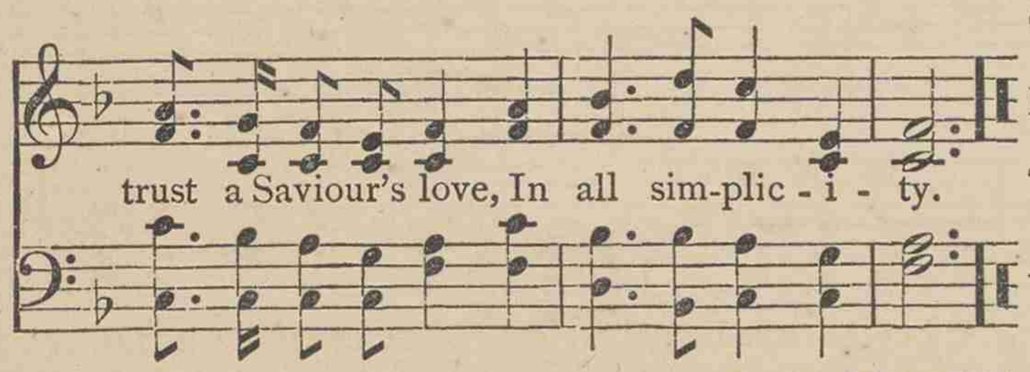
ff ff

* For second verse.

COME, SING PRAISES.

R. G. STAPLES. [Text: 1 Peter iv, 22.] R. S. HARRINGTON.



1. { Come, children, let your voices fill the vaulted skies With hal-le - lu - jahs sweet;
Come, sound the praise of him who suffer'd in thy stead; Come (*omit*. . . .) worship at his feet.

Oh, give thy halcyon days to him who kindly said, Let children come to me; Oh, leave thy sinful ways, and

trust a Saviour's love, In all sim-plic - i - ty.

2.

Come, children, and adore the Lord of glory now,
Loud swell the joyful strain,
Let praise arise from ev'ry heart,—let ev'ry voice
Join in the glad refrain.
To Christ, the precious Son of God, let joyful songs
Begin while here below,
And soon we'll sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
In glory evermore.

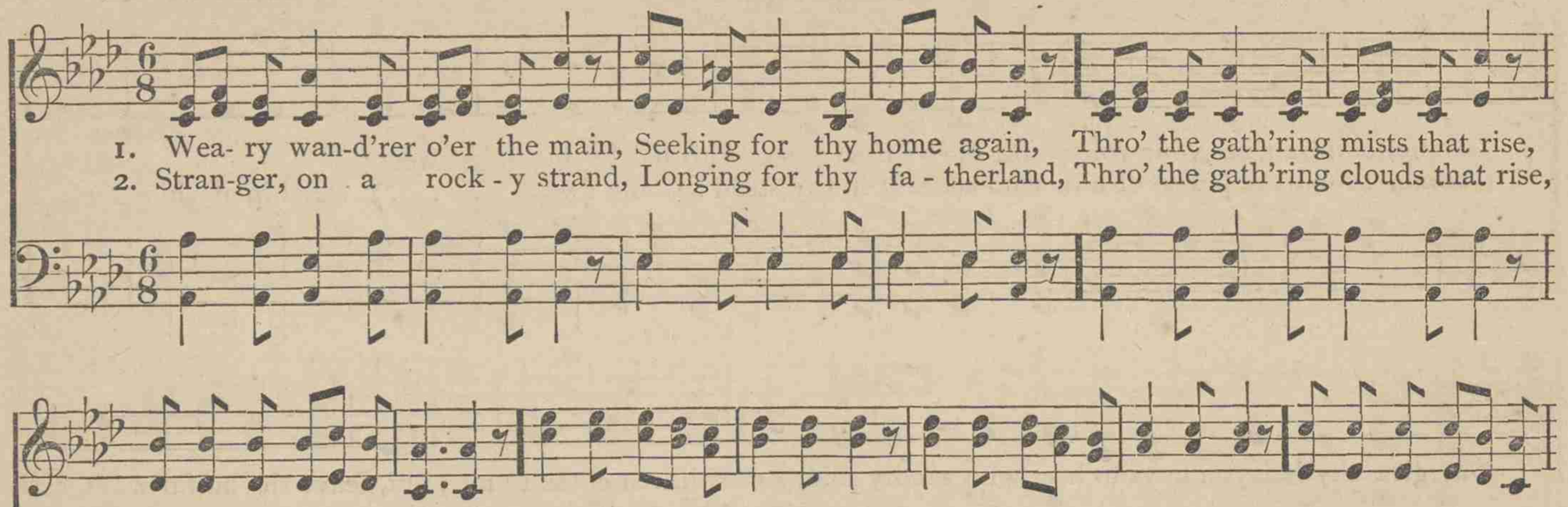
CONCLUSION OF "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 The sons of morn with lasting song,
Will ever pass the word along;
And waking men with rapture thrill,
For, breaking o'er each eastern hill,
The early dawn is shouting still,
"Let there be light!"

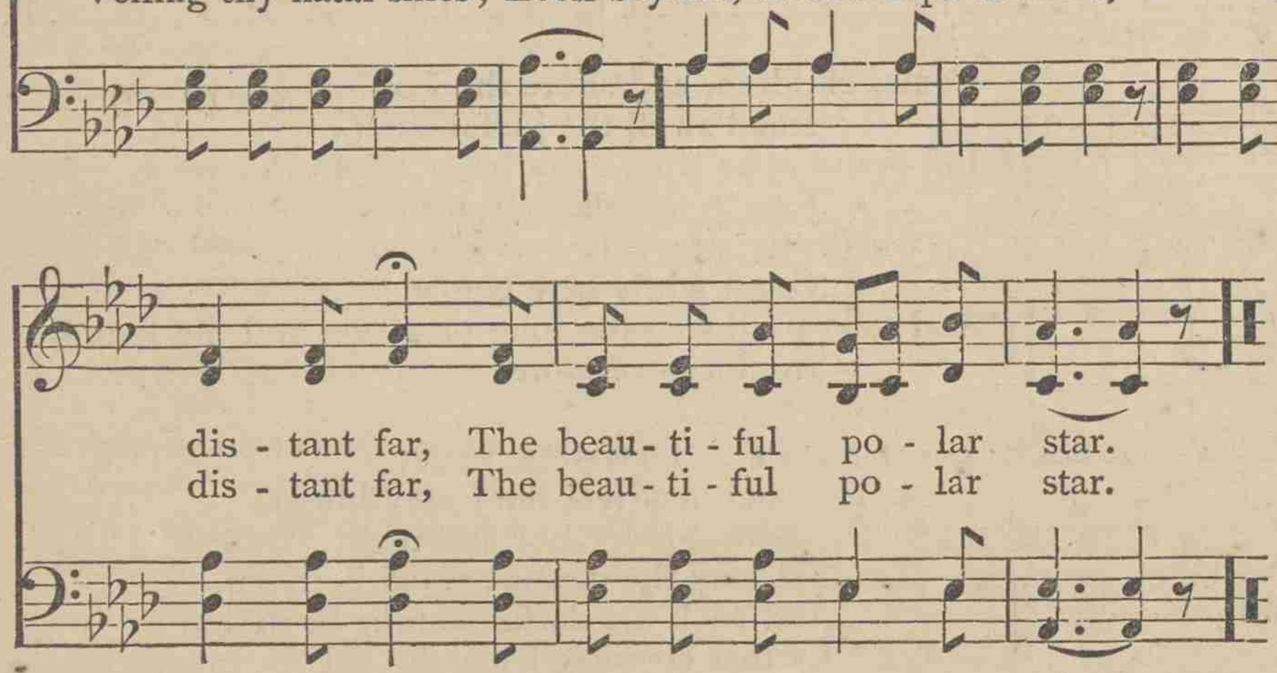
4 The soul may feel the heavy blight
Of deepest ignorance and night;
Yet may the densest cloud be riven,
And back the darkness may be driven
By that command which God has given,—
"Let there be light!"

THE POLAR STAR.

FANNY CROSBY. [Text: Psalm xxvii, 1.] T. E. PERKINS. by per.



1. Wea- ry wan-d'rer o'er the main, Seeking for thy home again, Thro' the gath'ring mists that rise,
2. Stran-ger, on a rock - y strand, Longing for thy fa - therland, Thro' the gath'ring clouds that rise,

Veiling thy natal skies; Look beyond, there's light for thee, Streaming o'er the turbid sea, Softly it smiles, tho'
Veiling thy natal skies; Look beyond, there's hope for thee, Dawning o'er a tranquil sea, Softly it smiles, tho'

dis - tant far, The beau - ti - ful po - lar star.
dis - tant far, The beau - ti - ful po - lar star.

3.

Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
Thou shalt find a sweet relief,
Though thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all;
Look beyond, there's joy for thee,
Breaking o'er a troubled sea,
Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

SWEEPING THRO' THE GATES.

Suggested by the last words of Rev. Alfred Cookman.

T. C. O' KANE. by per.

1. Who, who are these beside the chilly wave, Just on the borders of the silent grave, Shouting Je - sus'
2. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ever have found in Jesus calm repose, Such as from a
3. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire, Je - sus now says,

CHORUS.

pow'r to save, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the new Jeru - sa - lem,
pure heart flows, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates," to the new Jeru - sa - lem,
come up higher, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates," to the new Jeru - sa - lem,

1

"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."
(*Omit*. . . . . .) "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."

2

of the Lamb,

4.

Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all [are o'er;
Happy now and evermore,
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."
Sweeping thro' the streets, etc.

5.

May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
Daily from sin be kept by power divine,
Then in heav'n the saints we'll join,
"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."
Sweeping thro' the streets, etc.

106

R. G. S.

SABBATH CHIMES.

[Text: Psalms lxxxiv, 4.]

R. G. STAPLES.
From "Golden Sheaf," by per.

1. List! the merry chiming of the Sabbath bells, Sweetly calling us away; Ringing sweetly, clearly, on the
2. Let the children hasten to the Sunday School, Promptly there their teachers meet; Listen to the story of a

quiet air, On each precious Sabbath day. Haste we, then, at early dawn, While the dew is on the verdant lawn,
Saviour's love, And the precious mercy-seat. God will always meet us here. And with love our waiting hearts will cheer,

In our pleasant school room to be found, When the Sabbath day comes round.
As we gather here each Sabbath day, Learning of the bet-ter way.

CHORUS.

Sab - - - - - bath
List - en to the mer-ry, mer-ry

bells, Chime, chime on, Call - ing to the house of prayer.
chim - ing bells, Gen - tly, sweet - ly call - ing, calling us to - day,

JESUS IS MINE.

Words by BONAR. Arr. The original by ASA HULL.

1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev' - ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul away; Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine!
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawning bright, Je - sus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness; Earth has no resting - place; Je - sus a - lone can bless; Jesus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - isfied; Je - sus is mine!

SING OF HIS LOVE.

[Text: Song of Sol. ii, 4.]

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Children of the heav'nly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing, Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,

CHORUS.

Glorious in his works and ways. Sing of his love, ye angels of light, Carol his praise, ye seraphs so

Sing of his love, ye angels of light, Carol his praise, ye

bright, Join in the song, ye saints, with delight, Praising the name, wonderful name of Jesus.

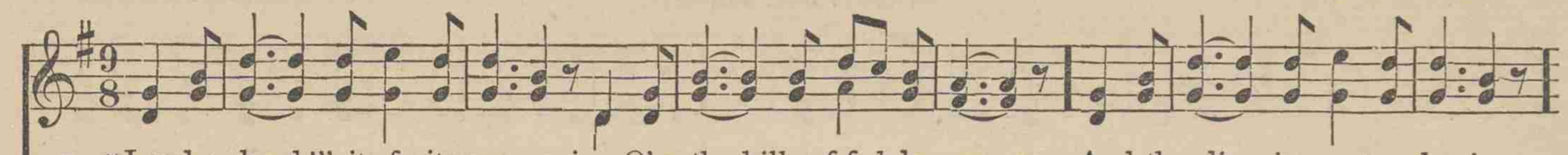
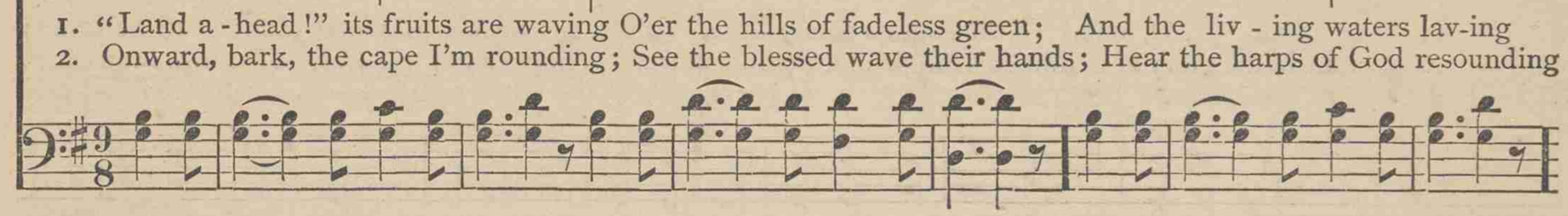
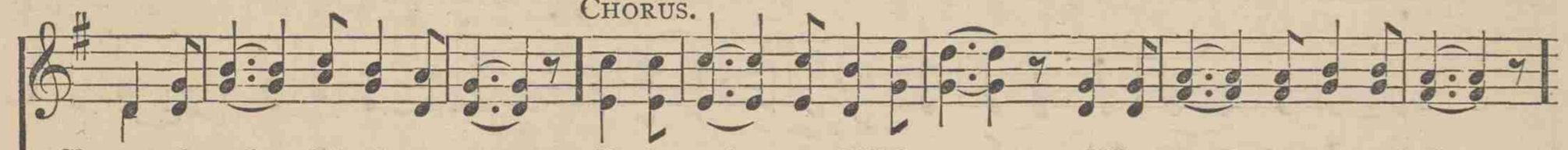
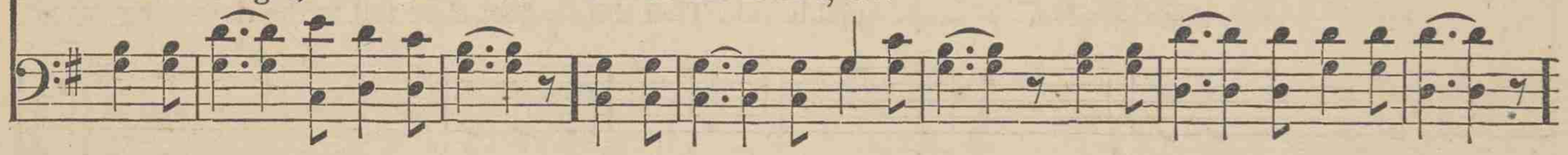
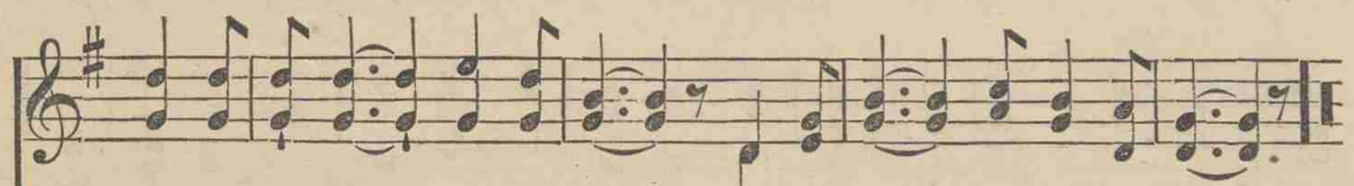
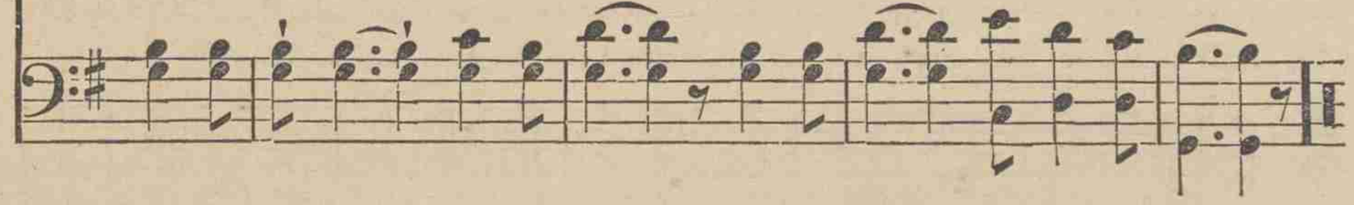
seraphs so bright, Join in the song, ye saints, with delight, Praising the

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

SAFE WITHIN THE VALE.

[Text: Heb. vi, 18, 19.] J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv-ing waters lav-ing
2. Onward, bark, the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God resounding

CHORUS.

Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter-nal shore;
From the bright, immortal bands. Rocks and storms, etc.

Drop the an-chor, furl the sail, I am safe within the vail.

3.

There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Seaward fast the tide is gliding;
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4.

Now we're safe from all temptation;
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation!
We are safe at home at last!

BEAUTIFUL GATE.

[Text: Rev. xxi, 21.]

LAVINIA P. WEEKS.

ASA HULL.
From "Anniversary Hymns."

DUET or TRIO. *Moderato.*

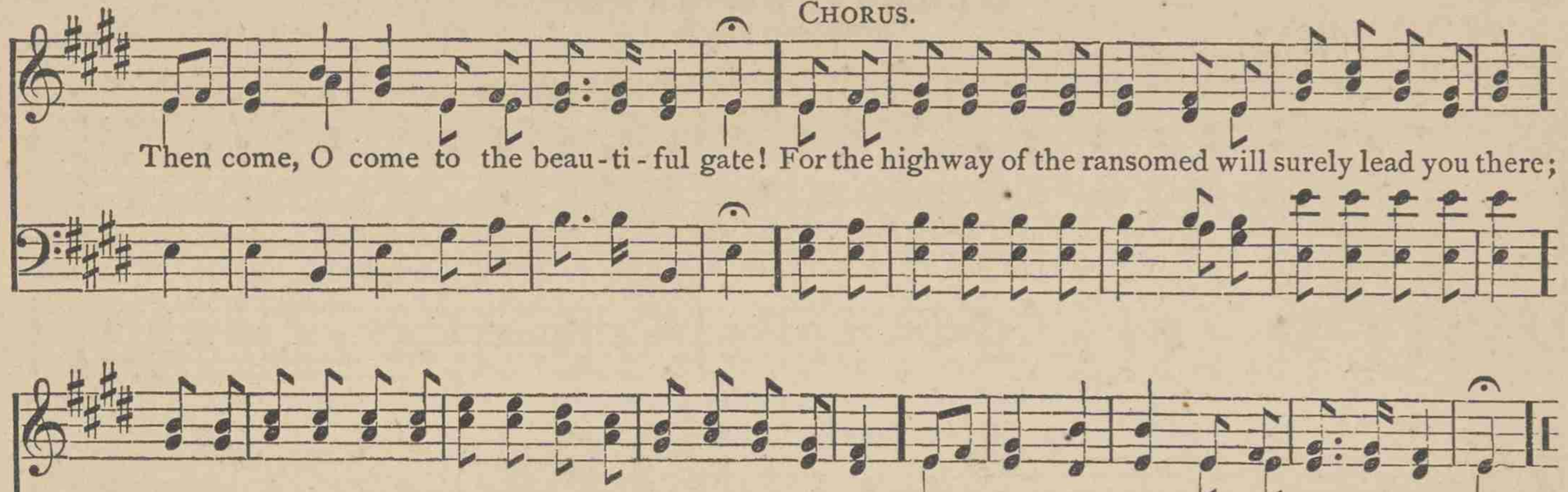
1. O, come ye, O, come ye, in youth's sunny time, Where in - nocent pleasures alone shall be thine;
2. O, come in the glory of manhood's full prime, Come when cares, hopes and pleasures, and sorrows combine;
3. Come, ye who are bear - ing the burden of years, Who have felt that this life is a vale of tears;

Come, gath - er the flow - ers, so sweet and so fair, Nor dream that the thorns are lin - ger - ing there.
By the trace on thy brow, too sure - ly I know, That thy cup of re - joicing is min - gled with woe.
Do ye mourn that the silver - y sands quickly run, That the shadow must fall to the ris - ing sun?

SEMI-CHORUS.

O, come where no sor - row shall o - ver thee roll, O, come where no earth-storm shall sully thy soul;
Come, ere the vain world has enslaved ev'ry thought, O, come where earth's sorrows shall all be forgot;
O, come where af - fec - tion shall nev - er de - cay—O, come where the beauti - ful fades not a - way;

CHORUS.



4 Come, ye who are crossing o'er death's chilling tide,
And drifting alone where the deep waters glide;
Do ye fear the dark waves that are bearing thee o'er,
That are bearing thee on to the silent shore?
O, come where are joys in perennial bloom,
Where beauty immortal awakes from the tomb,
Then come, O come to the beautiful gate.
For the highway of the ransomed, etc.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

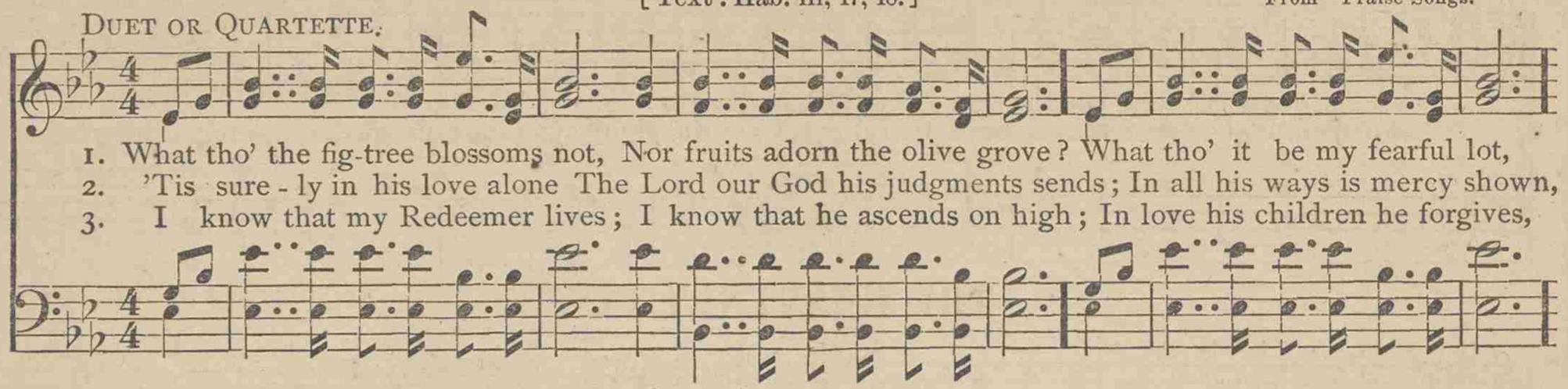
3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven:
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

TRUST IN GOD.

[Text: Hab. iii, 17, 18.]

ASA HULL.
From "Praise Songs."

DUET OR QUARTETTE.



1. What tho' the fig-tree blossoms not, Nor fruits adorn the olive grove? What tho' it be my fearful lot,
2. 'Tis sure - ly in his love alone The Lord our God his judgments sends; In all his ways is mercy shown,
3. I know that my Redeemer lives; I know that he ascends on high; In love his children he forgives,

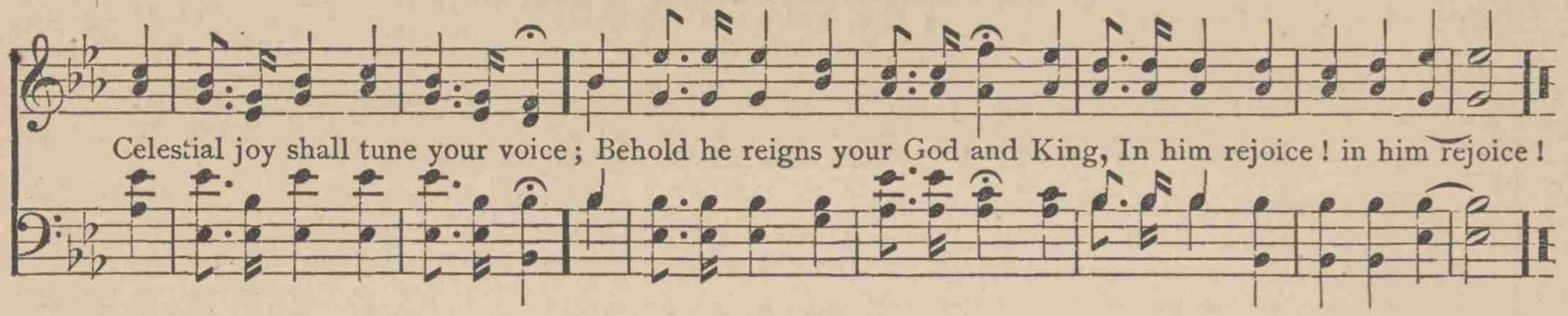
SEMI–CHORUS.

'Midst barren vines and fields to rove? Tho' bleating flocks no more I see, Nor herds within the stall appear;
Throughout the earth's remotest ends. So let us then our banners raise, To all the world his love proclaim;
And wipes the tear from ev' - ry eye. Hosanna to his name I'll sing, In whom such goodness I have found;

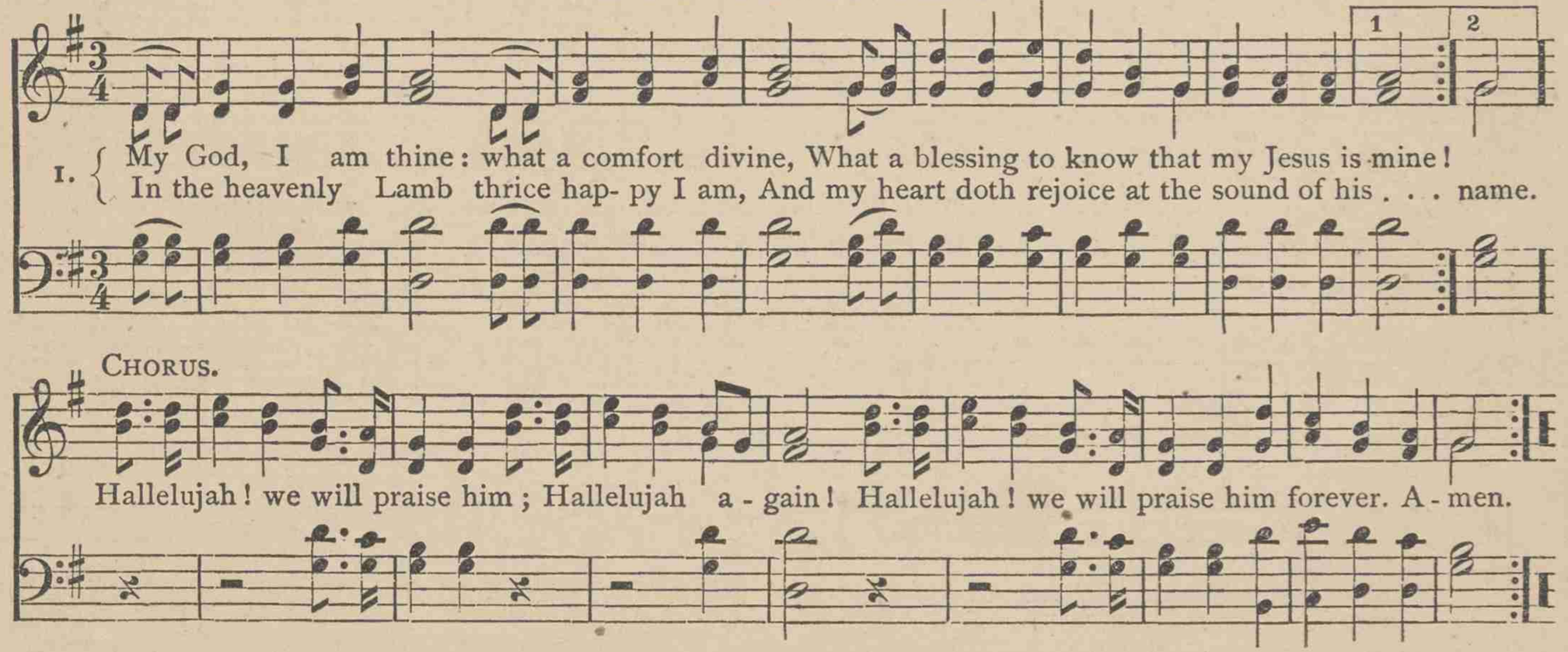
CHORUS.

Yet still in God my trust shall be, I'll serve him more from love than fear. Oh, praise his name! his glories sing!
The God of our sal - vation praise, With triumph in his holy name. Oh, praise his name, etc.
My light, my joy, my everything; Let saints and men his praise resound. Oh, praise his name, etc.

ff

TRUST IN GOD. Concluded.

THE HEAVENLY FEAST.

Arr'd by ASA HULL, 1868.



2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,
And whoever hath found it hath paradise found;
My Redeemer to know, to feel his blood flow,—
This is life everlasting—'tis heaven below.—*Chorus.*

3 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast;
That indeed is the fullness, but this is the taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus's love.—*Chorus.*

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

DAVID C. COOK. [Text: Rev. xxi. 4.] R. A. KINZIL.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful land far a-way in the skies, Where Je-sus for-ev-er is King,
2. That beau-ti-ful land is the e-ter-nal home Of saints and the peo-ple of God,

And He wip-eth a-way all the tears from their eyes, As the song of re-demp-tion they sing.
Who to-geth-er through great trib-u-la-tion have come, And have wash'd their robes white in His blood.

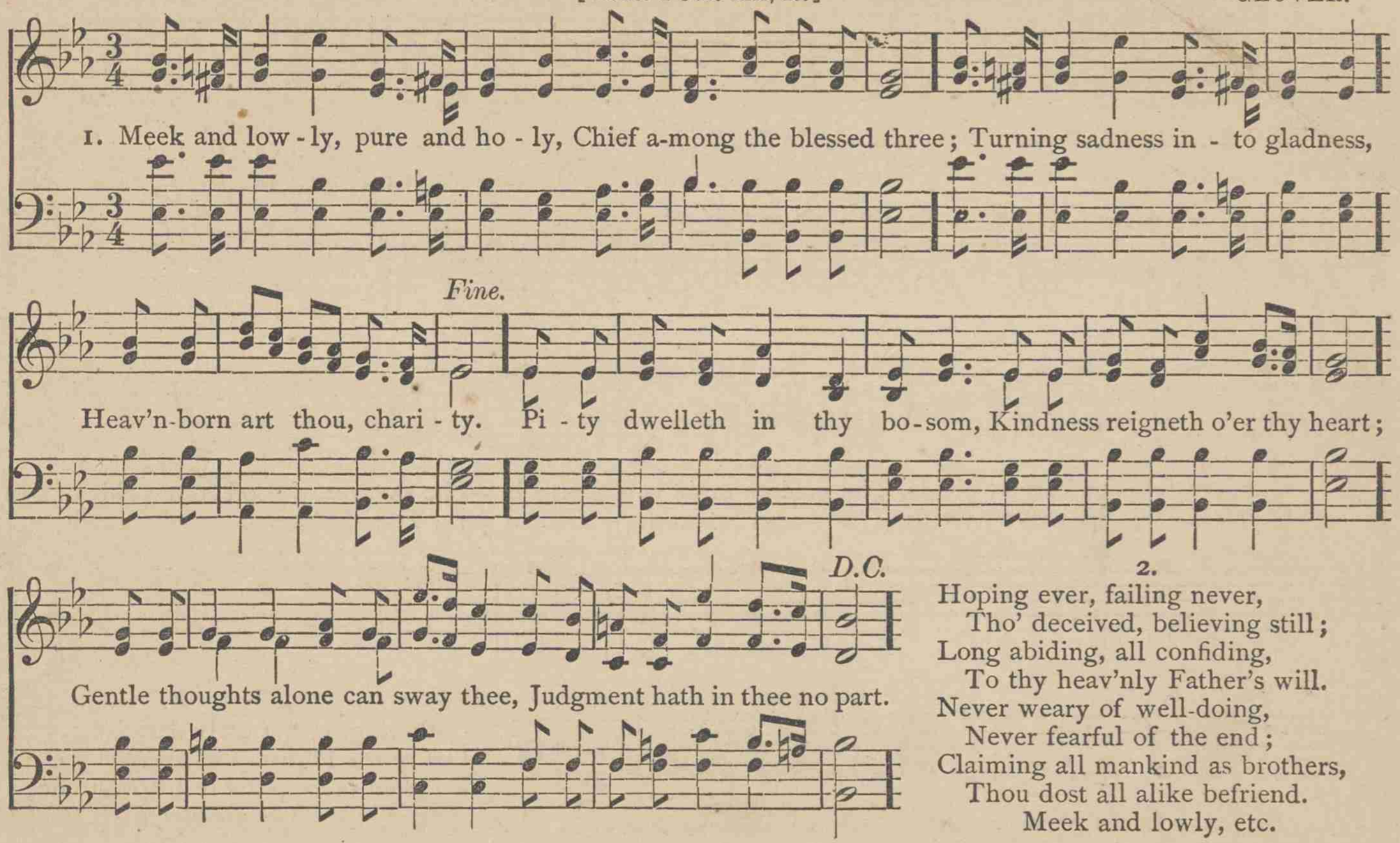
CHORUS.

Then go with me now to that Cit-y of Day, The path, though through sorrow, is sweet;

MEEK AND LOWLY, PURE AND HOLY.

[Text: 1 Cor. xiii, 13.]

GLOVER.



2.

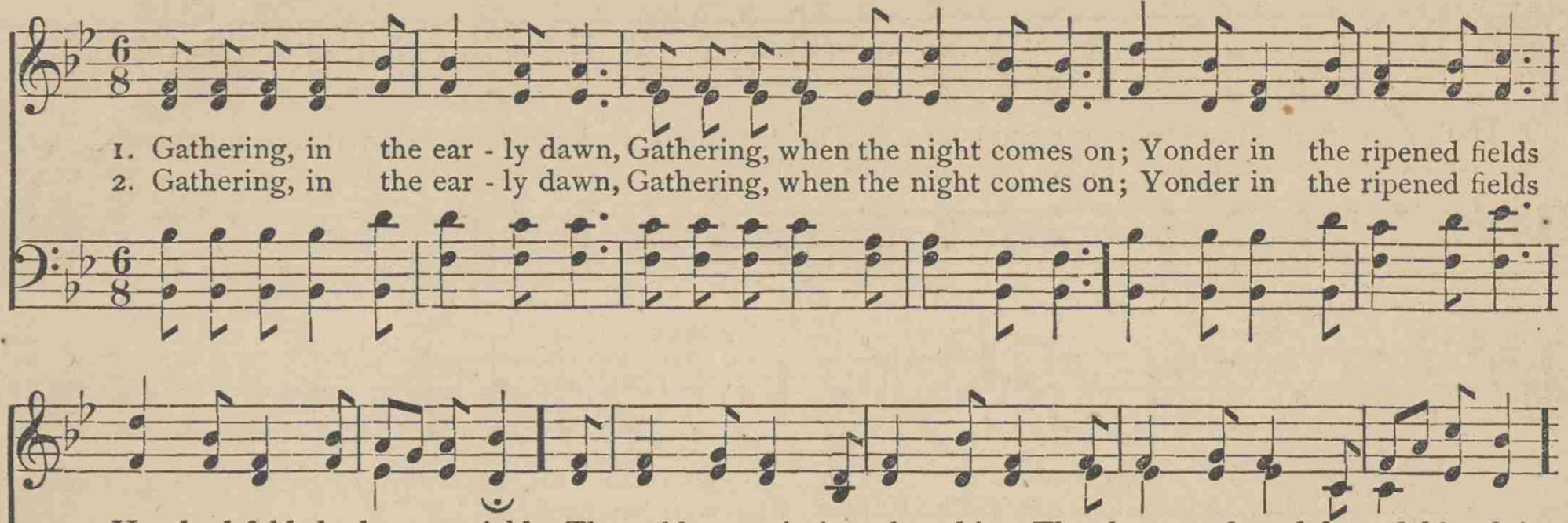
Hoping ever, failing never,
Tho' deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding,
To thy heav'nly Father's will.
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.
Meek and lowly, etc.

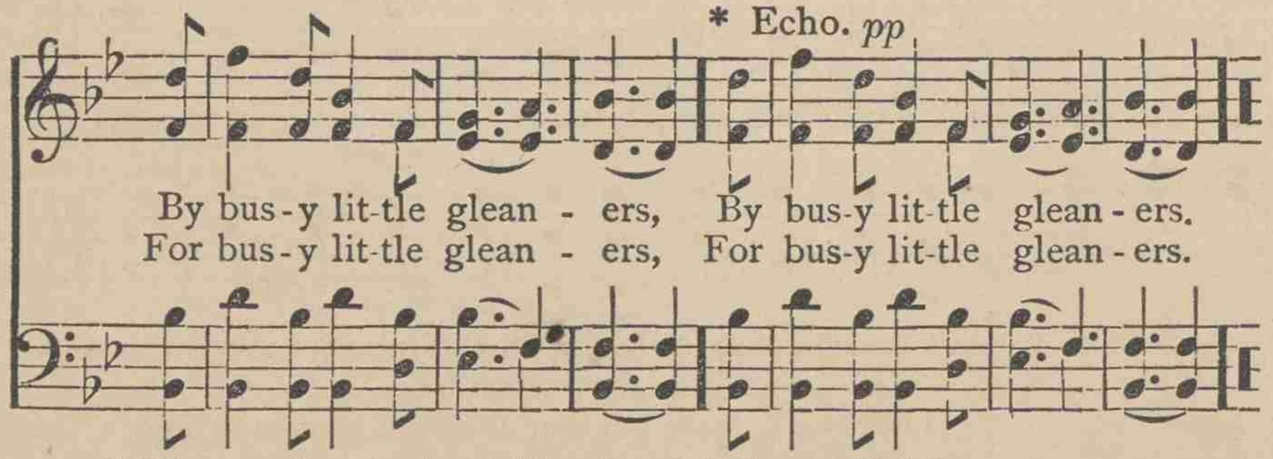
CONCLUSION OF LIFE,—A FLICK'RING TAPER. OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 A birth! a breath! A toil! a death!
Then opes the silent tomb,
To which all flesh must come,
And life is done, its goal is won;
Dreams all are ended,
Strength all expended;
In awful silence now the dust asleep,
Throbs with no love, nor heeds if friendship weep!
The marble cold, the flower-encircled knoll,
Conceal and guard the palace of a soul.

BUSY LITTLE GLEANERS.

J. H. K. [Text : Matt. 22, 9.] J. H. KURZENKNABE.





* Echo may be sung by eight or ten girls, in an adjoining room.

3.

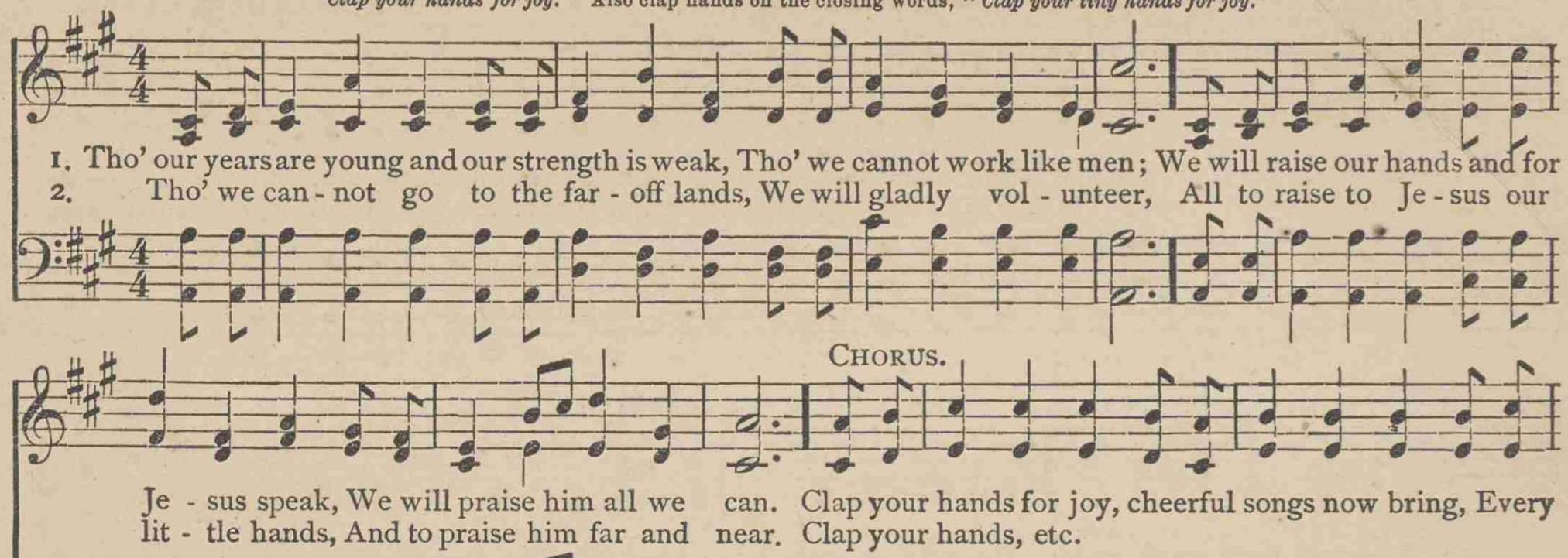
Gathering, in the early dawn, etc.
Out in the highway where you go,
To plant or reap, there's work to do;
:‖: For busy little gleaners.:‖:

4.

Gathering, in the early dawn, etc.
Amid the glow of autumn leaves,
We carry home our golden sheaves,
:‖: Such happy little gleaners.:‖:

CLAP YOUR HANDS FOR JOY.

NOTE.— Let the class raise their right hands while singing "*raise our hands,*" *etc.* All clap hands four times while singing "*Clap your hands for joy.*" Also clap hands on the closing words, "*Clap your tiny hands for joy.*"

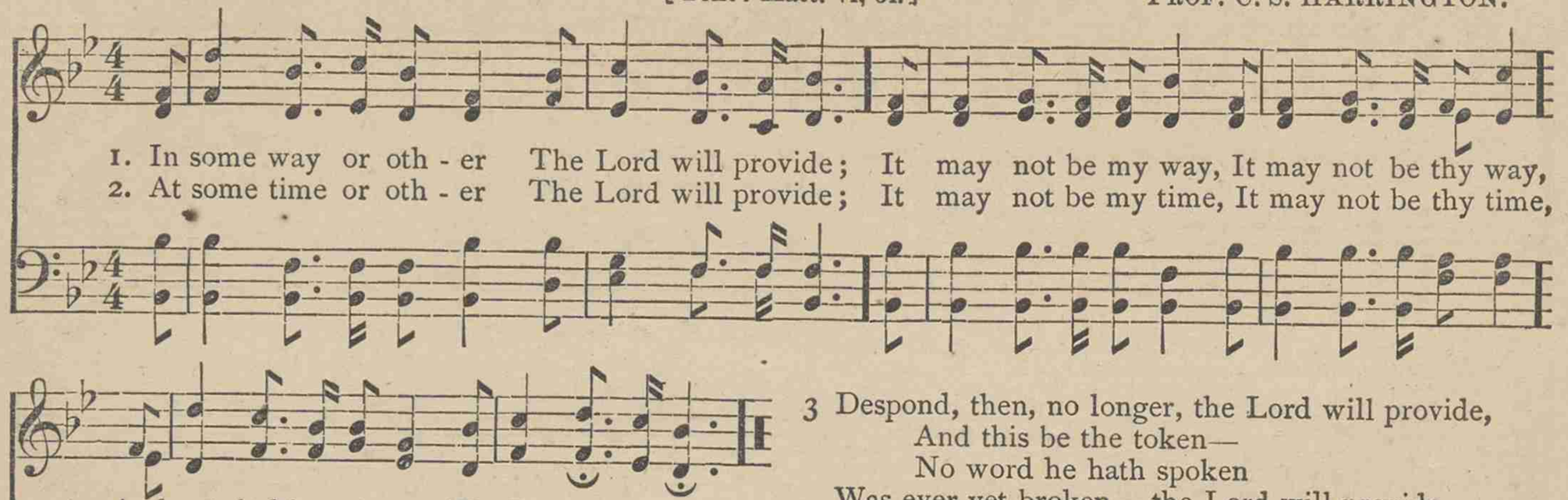


3 When our lives were bought, He the ransom paid,
And he made us white as snow;
So then raise all hands, for the Saviour said,
We should praise him here below.—*Chorus.*

4 We shall sing at last with the blood-washed throng,
On the bright celestial shore;
Then we'll raise our hands till in sweeter song,
We shall praise him forevermore.—*Chorus.*

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

MRS M. A. COOK. [Text: Matt. vi, 34.] PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON.



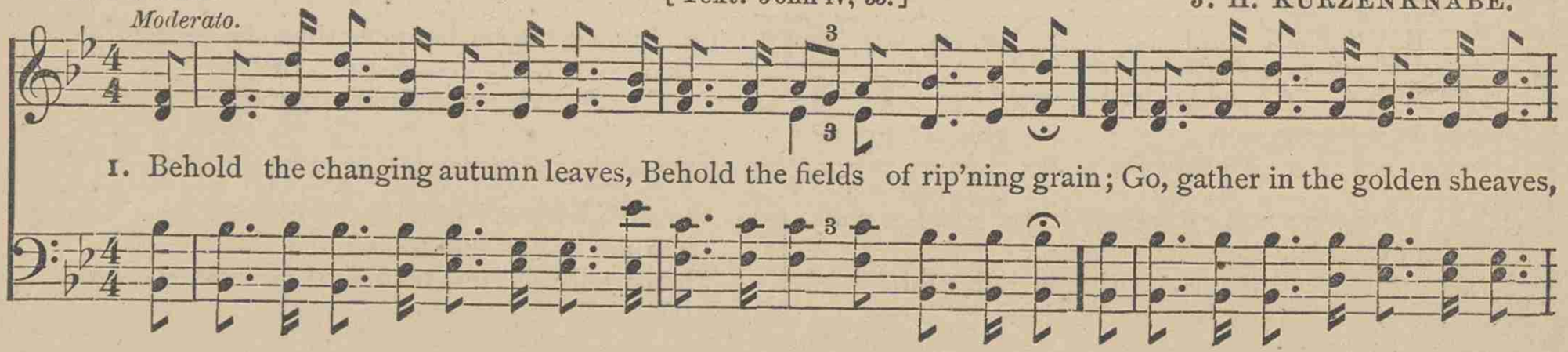
3 Despond, then, no longer, the Lord will provide,
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—the Lord will provide.

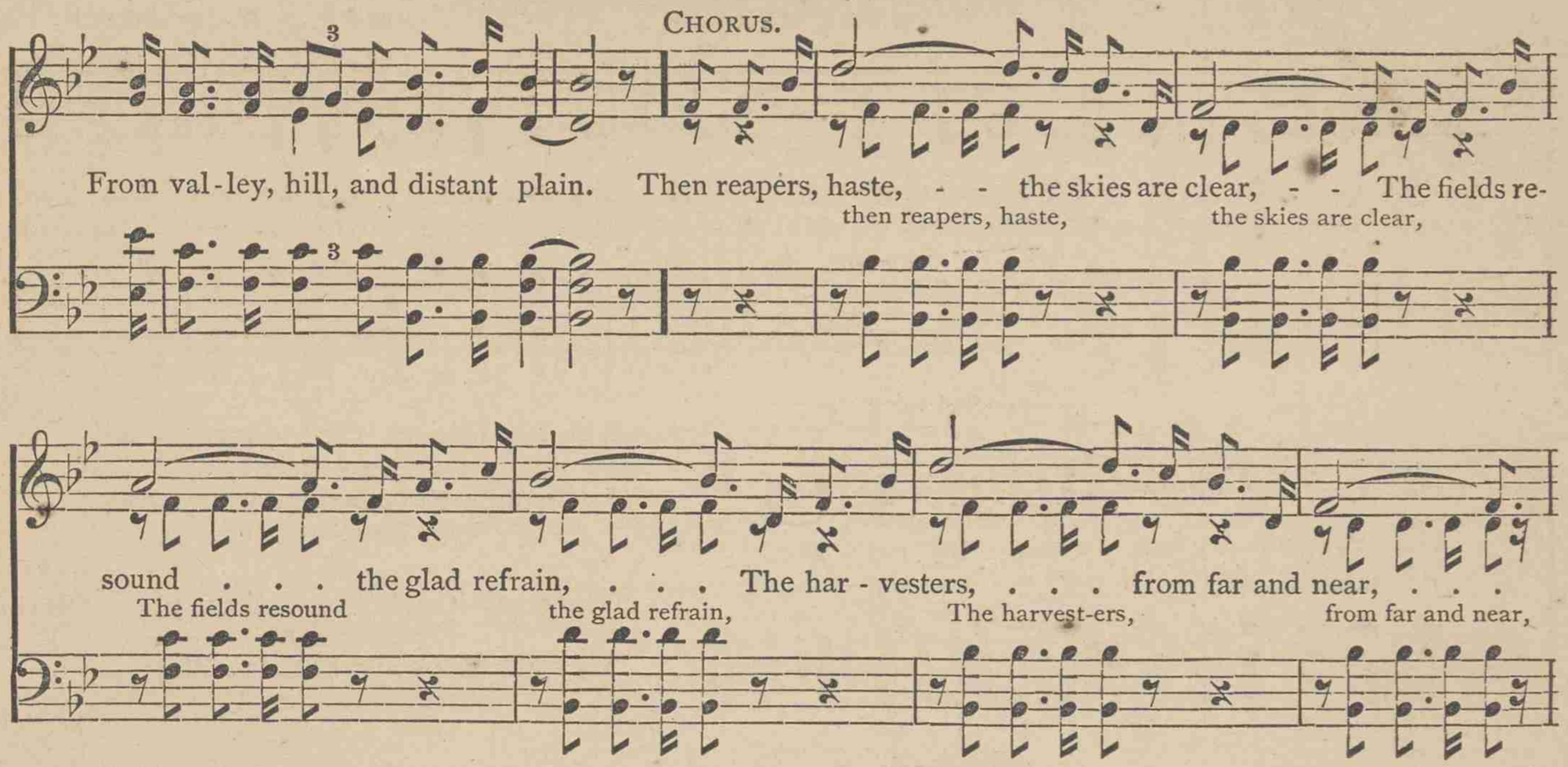
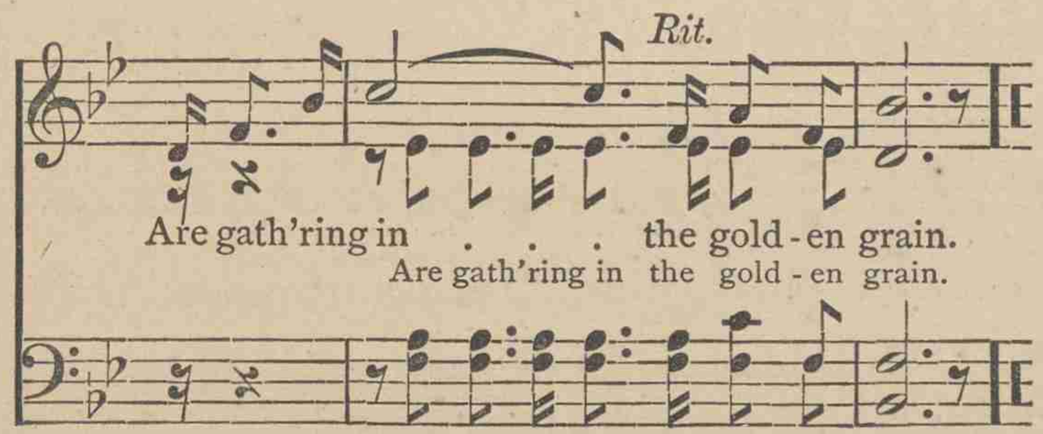
4 March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious
With shoutings, victorious
We'll join in the chorus, the Lord will provide.

THE REAPERS.

ASA HULL. [Text: John iv, 35.] Chorus Arranged from J. H. KURZENKNABE.

Moderato.

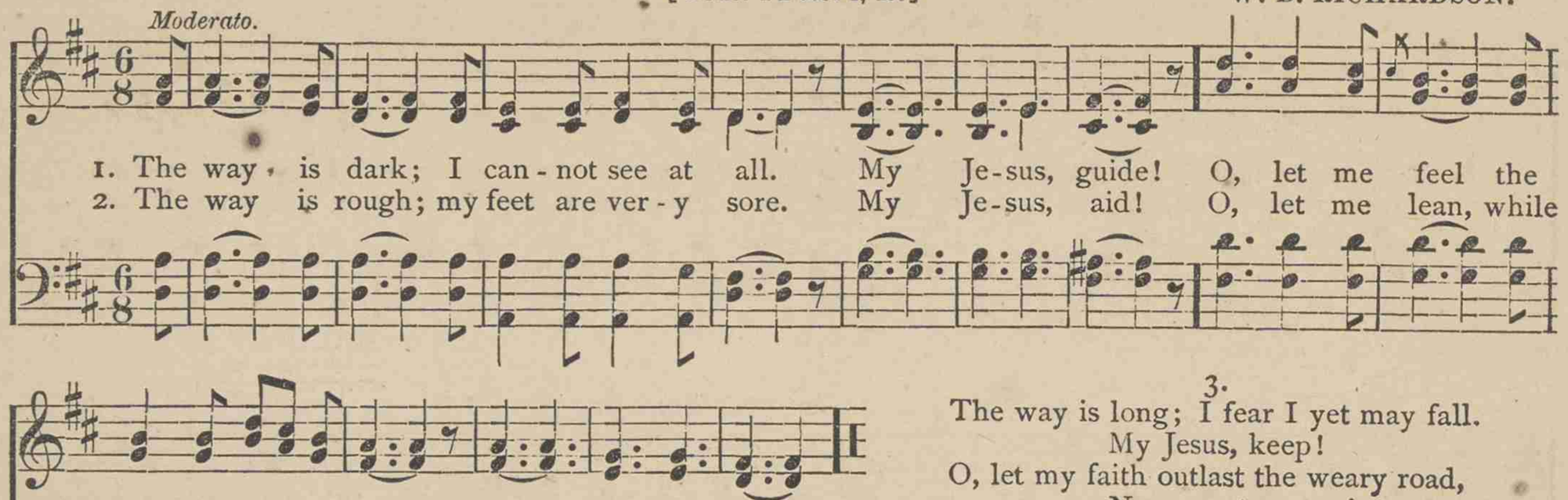


CHORUS.

2 Behold the harvest of the Lord!
Behold the broad and whitening fields!
Send out the call, send forth the word,
Till hundred-fold the harvest yields.—*Chorus.*

3 Why idle stand? there's work for all;
The Master calls, why longer wait?
Go, gather in both great and small,
Make haste, or you will be too late.—*Chorus.*

THE WAY.

[Text: 2 Peter i, 19.]

W. B. RICHARDSON.

3.

The way is long; I fear I yet may fall.
My Jesus, keep!
O, let my faith outlast the weary road,
No more to weep!

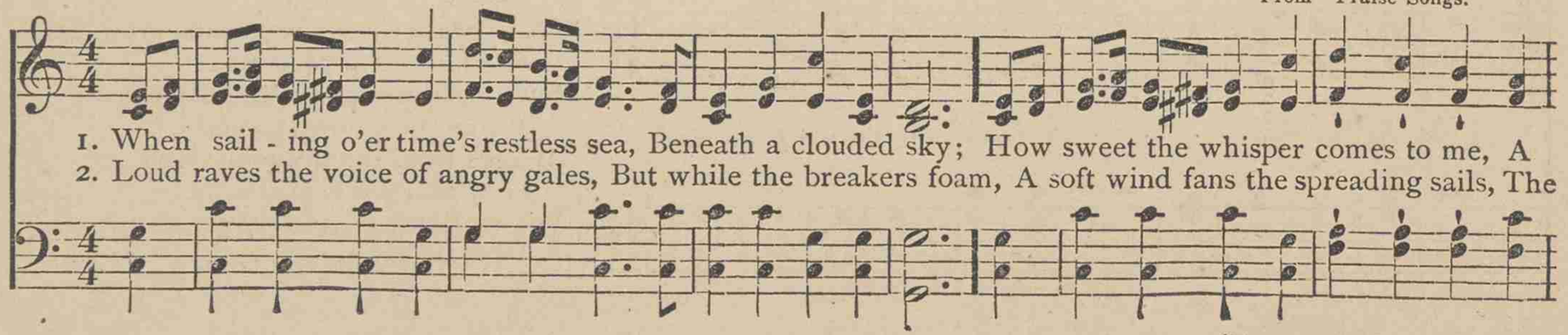
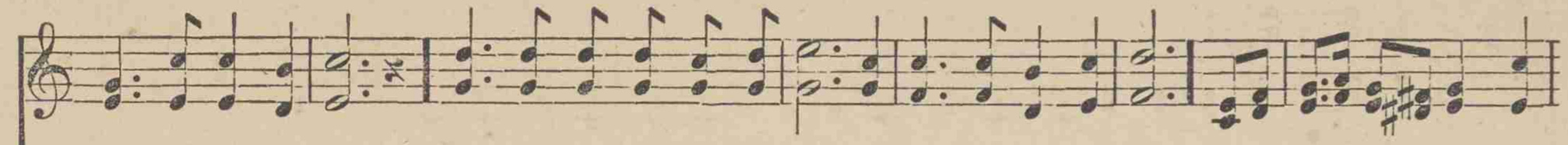
4.

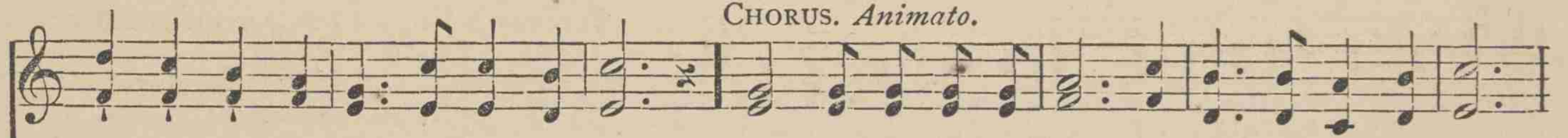
The way—it ends! the radiant gate appears!
My Jesus fast!
My spirit hastes and bounds with joy, to be
At home at last!

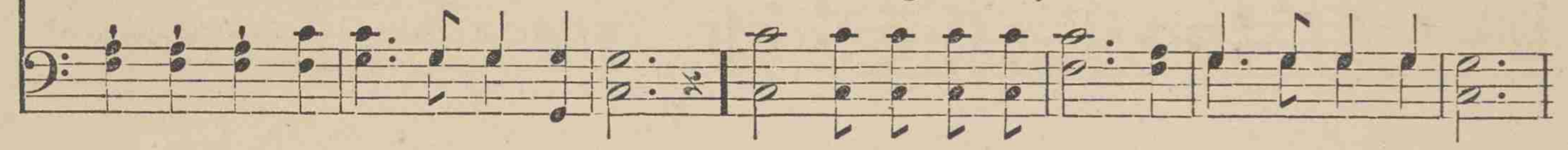
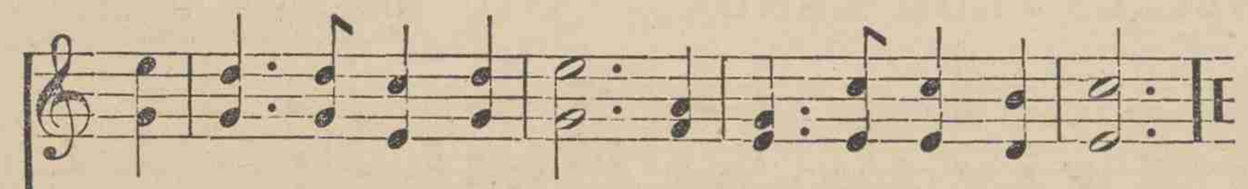
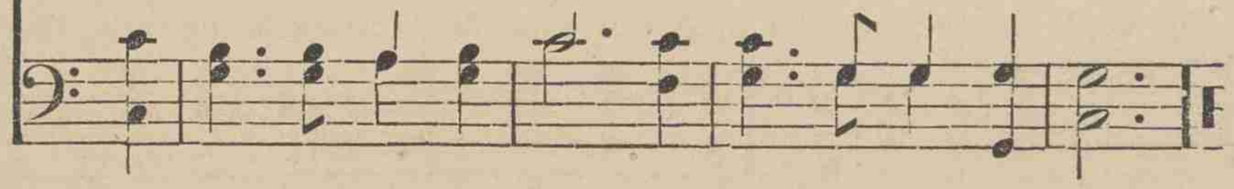
BREEZES FROM LAND.

Words by MISS P. J. OWENS.

Music by ASA HULL.
From "Praise Songs."



Saviour ev - er nigh. Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep across the sea; They waft the mu - sic
pleasant breeze from home. Breezes from the heav'nly land, They sweep the billows o'er, The voic - es of a

CHORUS. *Animato.*

on the strand, The song of hope to me. O, waiting souls, rejoice, We're near the ho - ly strand,
loving band Are waft-ed from the shore. O, waiting souls, rejoice, etc

List! 'tis the Saviour's voice, The welcome breeze from land.

3.

Then let the frowning clouds grow dark,
The tempest wildly rave;
A strong hand guides the laden bark
Across the stormy wave.
Breezes from the heavenly land,
They murmur o'er the wave,
The welcome of an outstretched hand,
A heart that bled to save.—*Chorus.*

SONGS OF HEAVEN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL. [Text: Rev. xiv, 3.] J. H. ANDERSON.

Moderato.

1. I may not know all the joy - ful songs of heaven, Sung by the countless angel - ic host up there;
2. I may not know all the glo - ri - fied immor - tals Standing before thee, the ho - ly, love - ly One;

I may not feel the sweet peace of the immortals,– Sancti - fied, glo - ri - fied, crowns of love to wear:
But I would join in the hap - py, hap - py cho - rus, Sing - ing for - ev - er around thy glorious throne.

Soli.

Yet in my soul there's a voice so low and ten - der, Telling the joys that the ho - ly an - gels know;
Then may I see all the an - gels pure and ho - ly, Then may I join in the hap - py songs they sing;

* This can be sung in E♭ if prefered.

Tutti.

Whisp'ring to me of a time when I shall join them, Joy-ful - ly leaving my burdens here below.
Then may I kneel at thy feet within thy kingdom, Praising my Saviour, my Priest, my Lord and King.

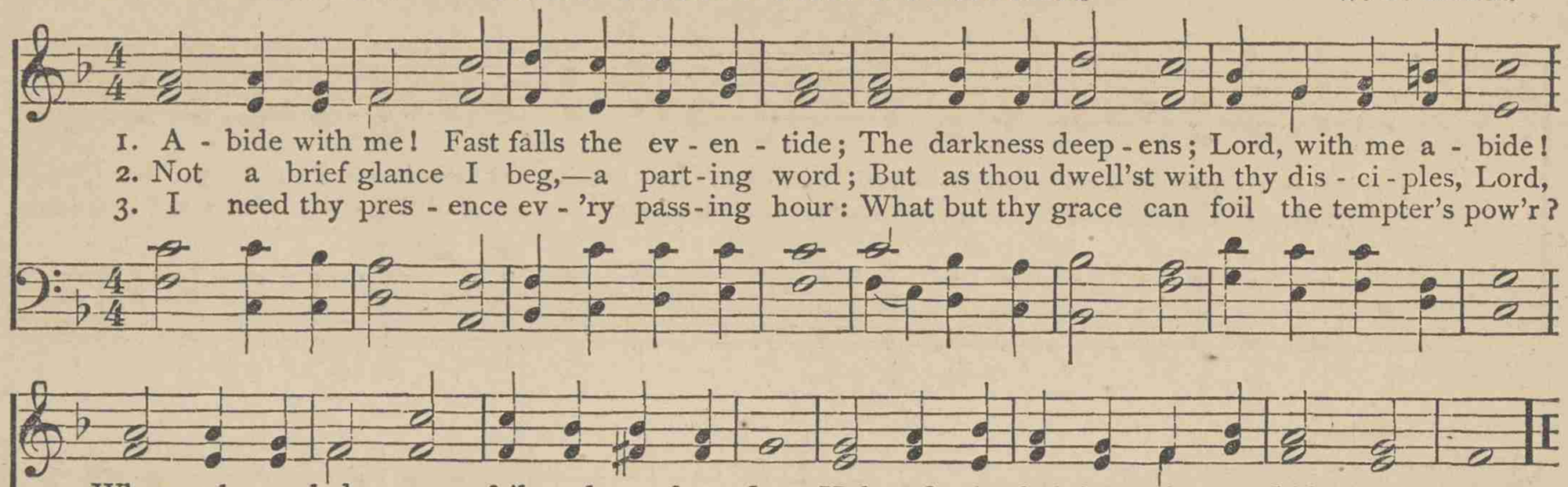
CHORUS.

Teach me, dear Je - sus, the songs of the immor - tals, Teach me to sing on my way to heav'n above;

Ritard.

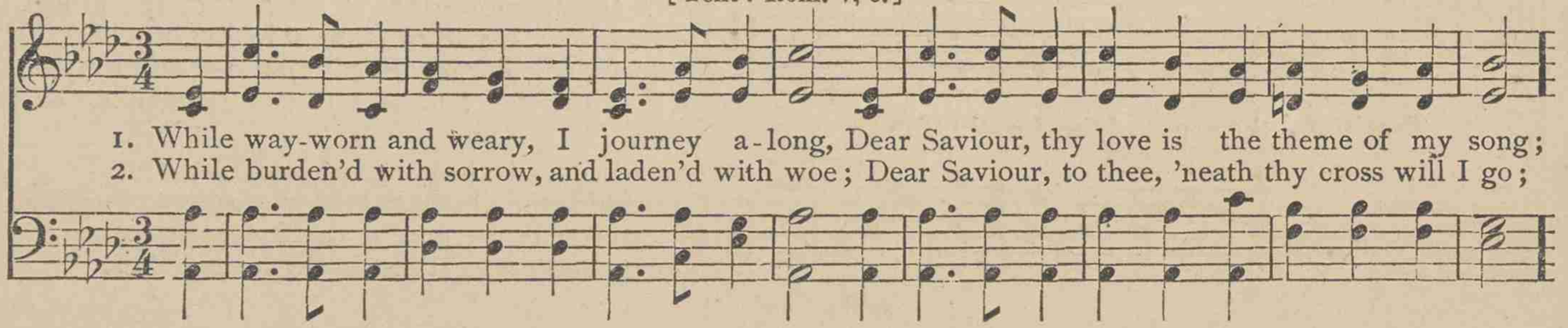
Teach me the songs of the ho - ly, ho - ly angels, Teach me the beauti - ful, the happy songs of love.

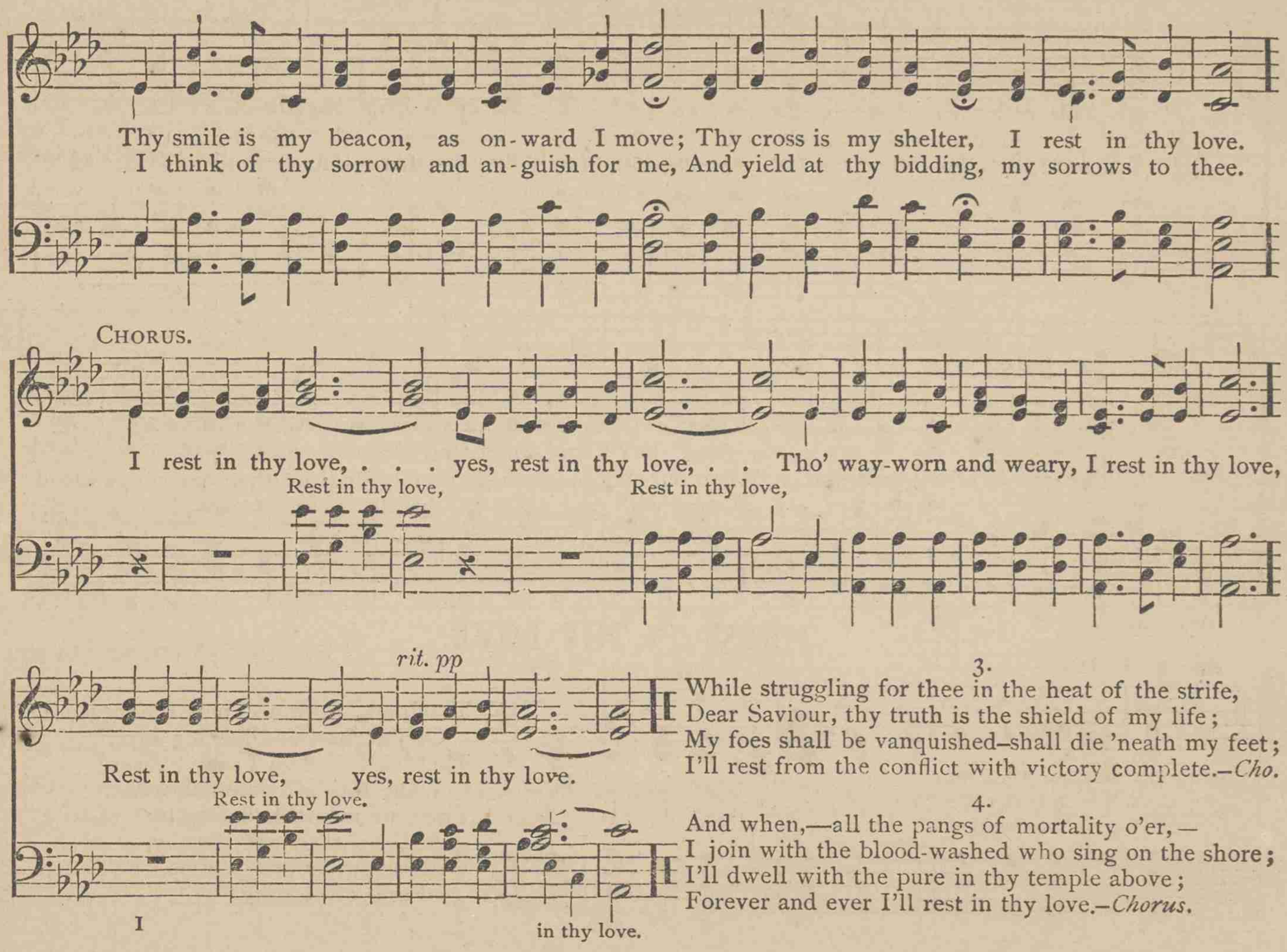
128 Rev. HENRY F. LYTE. **FAST FALLS THE EVENTIDE.** W. H. MONK.



I REST IN THY LOVE.

Rev. R. W. TODD. [Text: Rom. v, 8.] HARRY SANDERS. By per.





3.

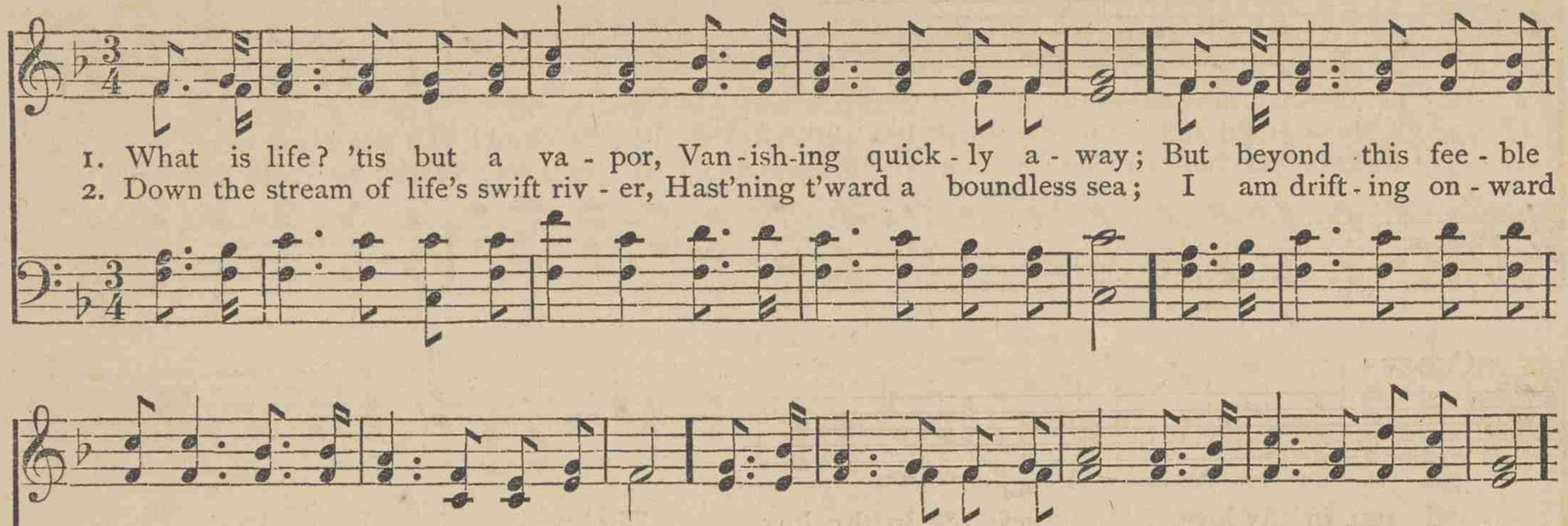
While struggling for thee in the heat of the strife,
Dear Saviour, thy truth is the shield of my life;
My foes shall be vanquished–shall die 'neath my feet;
I'll rest from the conflict with victory complete.–*Cho.*

4.

And when,—all the pangs of mortality o'er,—
I join with the blood-washed who sing on the shore;
I'll dwell with the pure in thy temple above;
Forever and ever I'll rest in thy love.–*Chorus.*

PASSING AWAY.

[Text: Psalms xc, 1—17.] Rev. E. M. LONG.



3.

Teach me, Lord, to know the measure
Of the short and fleeting days,
That with wisdom I may treasure
What will bring eternal praise.
Then the moments fleeing by
As the shadows of the sky,
Will but surely bring to me,
Glories of eternity.

SUFFER CHILDREN TO COME.

Rev. J. NICHOLAS. [Text: Matt. xix, 13, 14.] GOMER THOMAS.

1. Je - sus said, how sweet the sto - ry! Children may come un - to me, For of such in all its glo - ry, Shall my heav'nly kingdom be.
2. Oh, how grand and yet how simply, Je - sus calls the lit - tle child! His words are never harsh nor an - gry, But are lov - ing, ten-der, mild.
3. Children, yes, but not for - sa - ken, We are welcom'd by his love; Hark! he calls, and bids us has - ten To his home of joy a - bove.

CHORUS.

Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me, ... Suf - - fer the chil - - dren to come un - to me.

Suf-fer the children, suf - fer the children, Suf - fer the children to come un - to me, Suf - fer the chil - dren, suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to me, un - to me.

come un - to me, Suf - fer the chil - dren, suf - fer the chil - dren, Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me.

JESUS ON THE MOUNT.

R. A. G. R. A. GLENN.

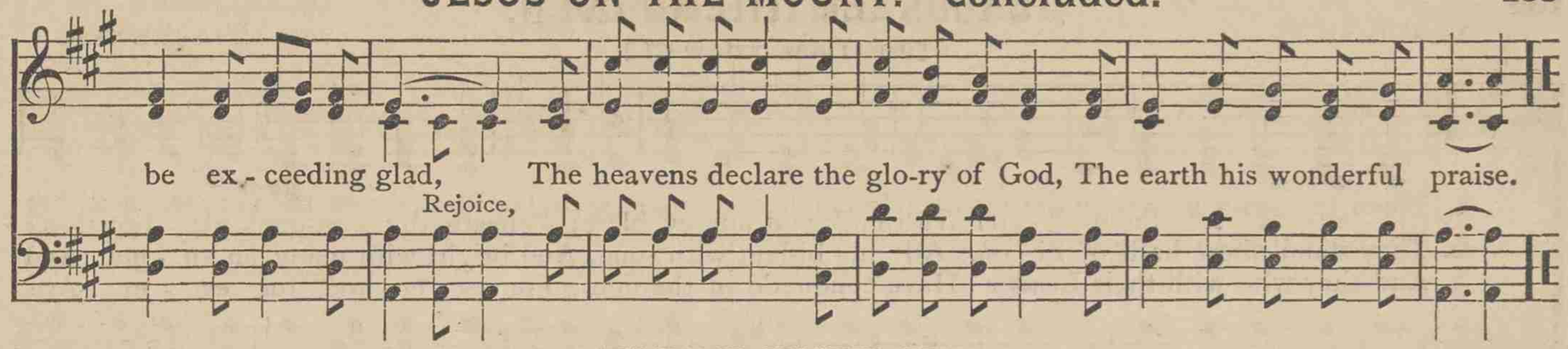
[Text: Psalms lxviii, 3.]

1. When Je - sus was up - on the mount, He taught the people saying,—Blessed are the pure in heart, For
2. When to Je - ru-salem he came, Great multitudes then followed, Spreading garments in the way, Some,
3. When Jesus was upon the earth, The deaf he caused to hear him; Everywhere the lame and halt, And

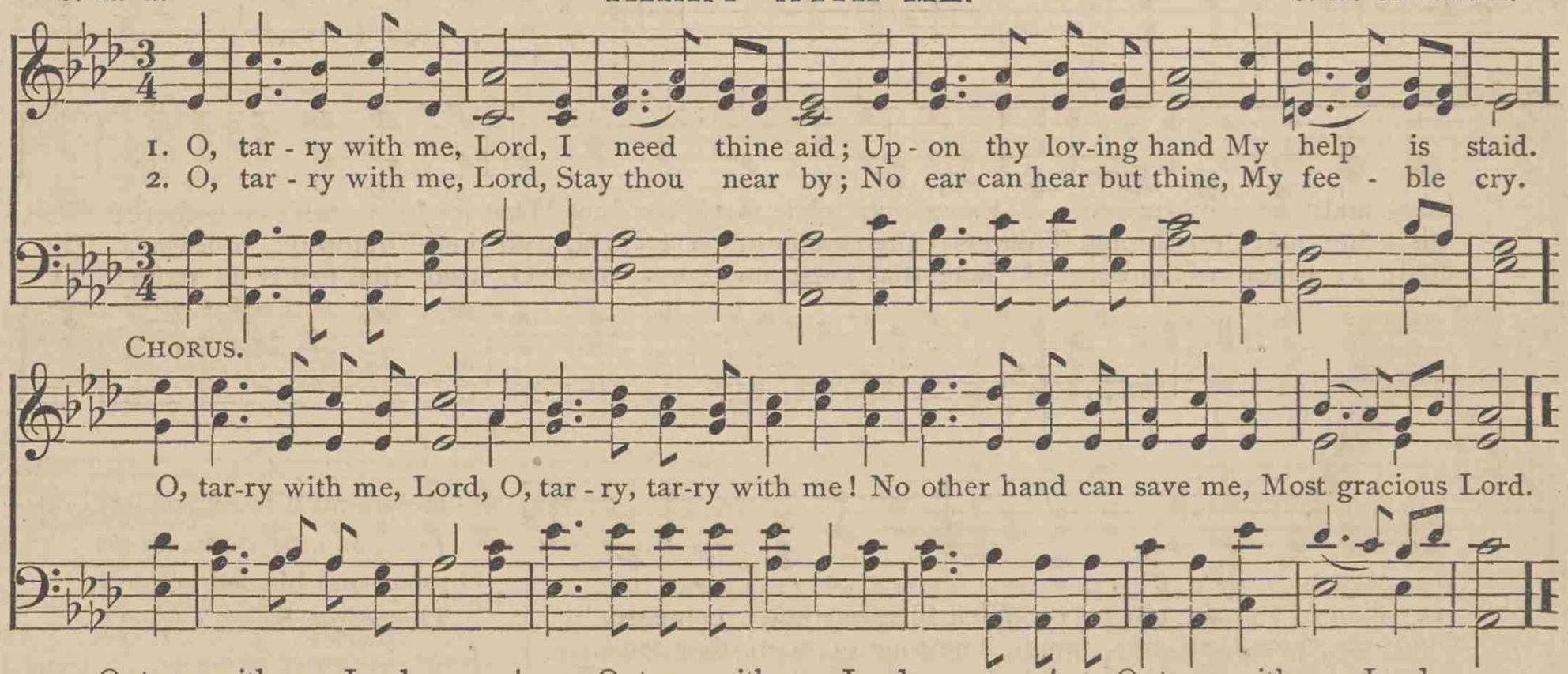
they shall see my kingdom; Bless - ed are the meek and low - ly,—To the mul - ti - tude he said,
branches of the ol - ive; When the chil-dren came to meet him, Their hosan - nas sweet - ly rang,—
blind were seeking for him: Filled with pi - ty and com - pas-sion, Breathing words of hope and love,

CHORUS.

For on such I will have mercy, They shall rejoice and be glad.
Bless-ed is the Son of Da-vid! Loudly the mul - ti - tude sang.
This was Je - sus' earthly mission, Till he was call'd home a-bove.

Re-joice, re - joice, and
Rejoice, re - joice

C. H. G.

TARRY WITH ME.

C. H. GABRIEL.

3. O, tarry with me, Lord,
My path seems lone;
Temptations press around,—
To sin I'm prone.—*Chorus.*

4. O, tarry with me, Lord,
When day seems bright,
When pleasures press around,
How soon the night!—*Chorus.*

5. O, tarry with me, Lord,
Nor let me roam
Till life on earth is past,—
Then take me home.—*Chorus.*

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

NEALE, Jr. [Text: Rev. xxi, 10—27.] Rev. H. L. JENNER.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon-ey blest; Beneath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi-lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel, And
3. And they who with their Leader Have conquer'd in the fight, For ev - er and for ev - er Are

heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait me there; What
all the mar - tyr throng. There is the throng of Da - vid, And there from toil re-leased, The
clad in robes of white. O lane that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife! O

ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.
shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
roy - al land of flow - ers! O realms of home and life!

4.

O sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

BETHLEHEM'S STAR.

[Text: Matt. ii, 1—11.]

ASA HULL.
From "Vestry Chimes."

1. When marshaled on the nightly plain, The glitt'ring host bestud the sky; One star alone, of all the train, Can fix the
2. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark, The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd The wind that
3. It was my guide, my life, my all; It bade my dark forebodings cease; And thro' the storm and danger's thrall, It led me

Soli.

sinner's wand'ring eye. Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks, From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem; But one alone the Saviour speaks,
toss'd my found'ring bark. Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem; When suddenly a star arose,
to the port of peace. Now safely moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem, For-ev-er and for-ev-er more,

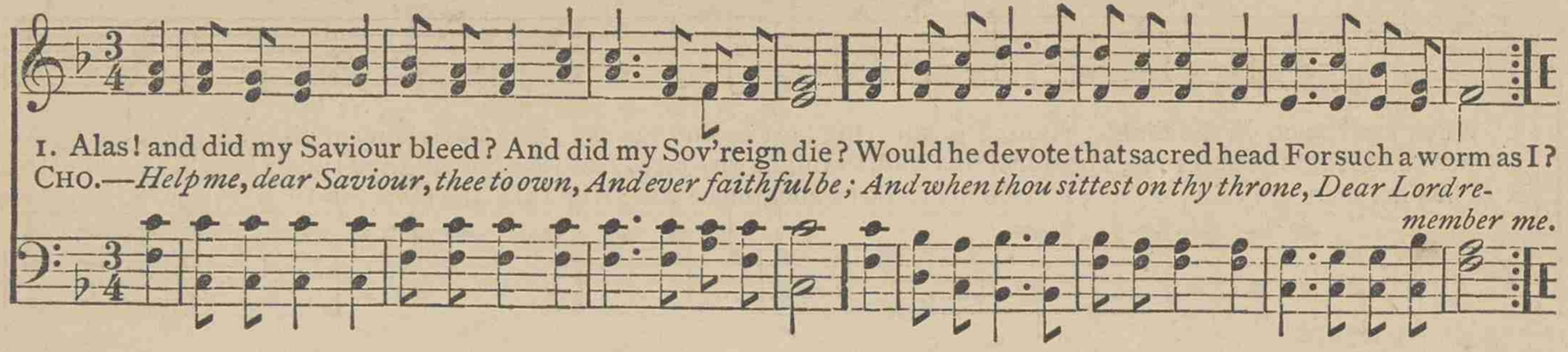
Tutti. *Cres.* *Legato.* *Dim.* *pp*

It is the Star, it is the Star, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.
It was the Star, it was the Star, It was the Star of Beth-le-hem, It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.

pp

DEAR LORD, REMEMBER ME.

[Text: Matt. xxvii, 50—53.]

ASA HULL.
From "Palm Leaves."

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.—*Chorus.*

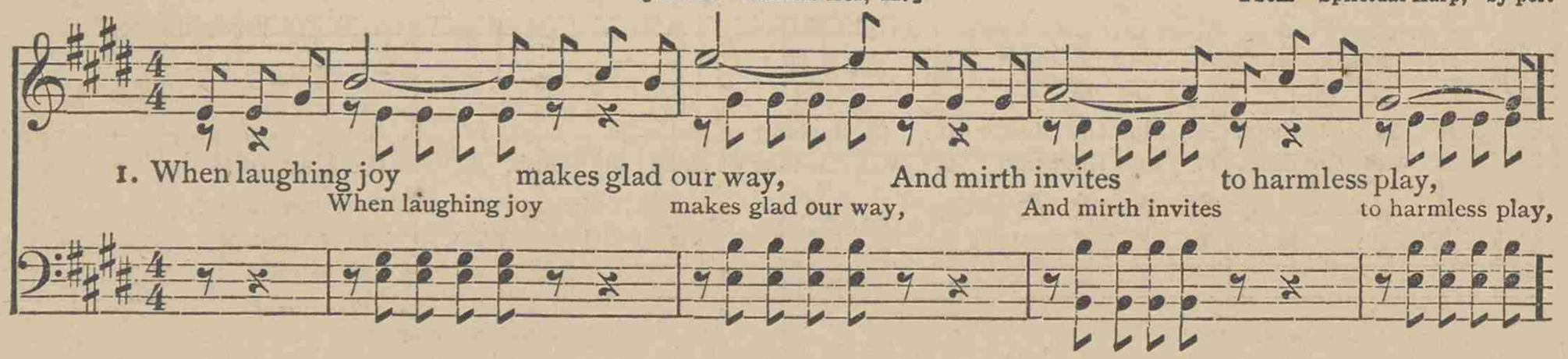
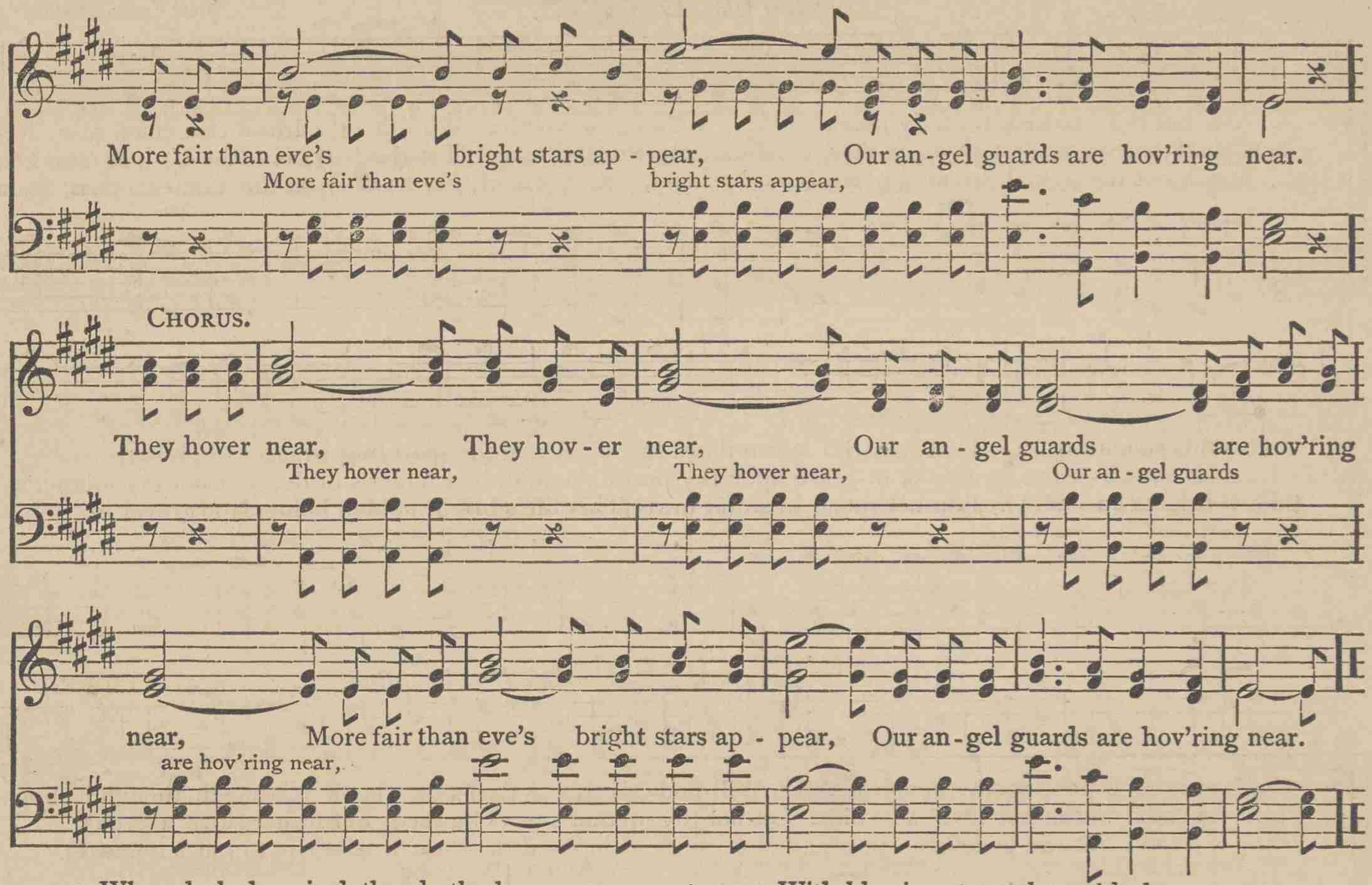
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glory in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.—*Chorus.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Chorus.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.—*Chorus.*

ANGEL GUARDIANS.

[Text: Psalms xci, 11.]

E. H. BAILEY.
From "Spiritual Harp," by per.



2 When dark despair doth rule the hour,
And make us feel its gloomy power,
Our guardians come in sympathy,
To set us from our bondage free.
They hover near, etc.

3 With blessings to each earthly home,
These messengers of heaven come,
Inspiring thoughts of higher life,
Free from all sorrow, fear, and strife.
They hover near, etc.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

[Text: Prov. xxiii, 31, 32.]

R. G. STAPLES.

ASA HULL.
From "Hull's Temp. Glee Book."

1. 'Tis but the so cial, friendly glass,– This is the song of youth; Who lit - tle dream that time, alas! Re-
2. There's sorrow in that glass for thee, Remorse, regrets, and pain; 'Tis dead- ly as the U - pas tree, Oh,
3. Touch not the so-cial, friendly glass, Son, husband, father, friend; For swift-ly on the moments pass, Soon

veals this solemn truth, That he who e-ven dares to look, Upon the sparkling wine, Will find–'tis true as
from its use ab - stain. Bring not disgrace upon thy head, Wound not a father's pride, Let not thy mother's
time will have an end. Then do not spend in sinful mirth, This life's bright golden hours, Nor grovel in the

God's own book–It stingeth, though it shine, Will find–'tis true as God's own book It stingeth, though it shine.
tears be shed, But in her love a - bide, Let not thy mother's tears be shed, But in her love a - bide.
dust of earth, But rise to loft-ier pow'rs, Nor grov - el in the dust of earth, But rise to loft-ier pow'rs.

Rall.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

[Text: 1 Cor. x, 13.]

H. R. PALMER. by per.
From "Palmer's Sab. Sch. Songs."

1. Yield not to temp- ta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help you Some other to win;
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
3. To him that o'ercom-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer, Though often cast down;

Fight man ful ly onward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
He who is our Saviour, Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Saviour to help you, He is willing to aid you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He will carry you through.

FADING, STILL FADING.

[Text: Ps. xxxiii, 18, 19, 20.] Arranged by ASA HULL.

DUET.

1. Fad-ing, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; Fa-ther in heaven, the day is de-clining;
2. Fa-ther in heav-en, oh, hear when we call,— Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;

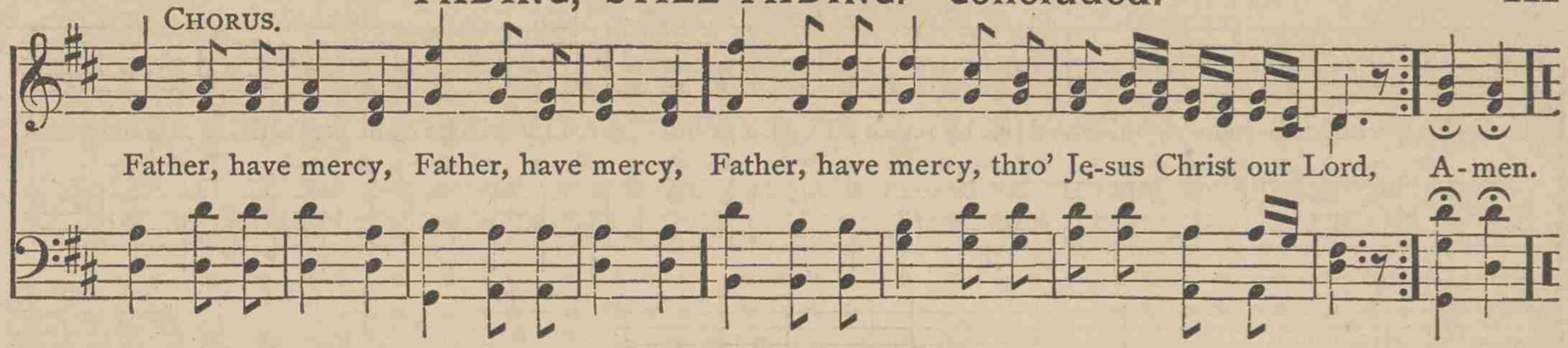
QUARTETTE.

Safe-ty and in-nocence fly with the light; Tempta-tion and dan-ger walk forth in the night;
Fee-ble and faint-ing, we trust in thy might; In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;

DUET.

From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime, Shield us from danger and save us from crime.
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns, Wake in thine arms when the morning returns.

CHORUS.



ALL FOR JESUS!

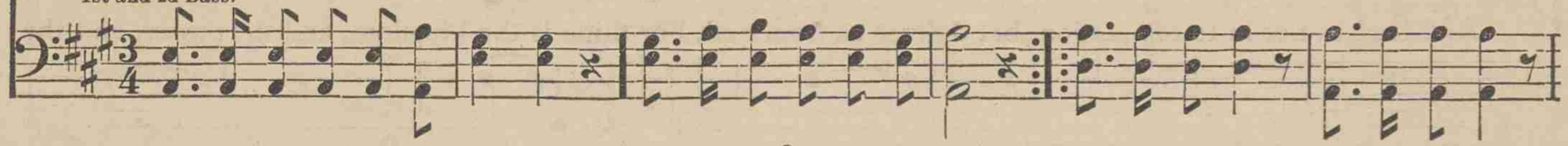
MARY D. JAMES. ASA HULL.

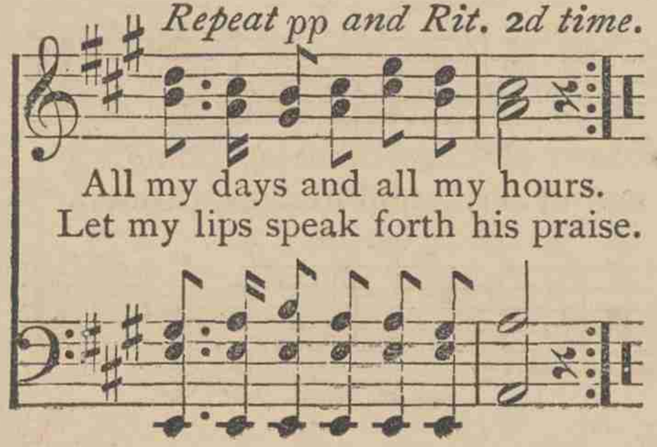
FOR MALE VOICES.

1st and 2d Tenor.

1. All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;
All my thoughts and words and doings, All my days and all my hours. } All for Jesus! all for Jesus!

2. Let my hands perform his bidding; Let my feet run in his ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only; Let my lips speak forth his praise. } All for Jesus! all for Jesus!

1st and 2d Bass.

Repeat pp and Rit. 2d time.



3.

Worldlings prize their gems of beauty,
Cling to gilded toys of dust,
Boast of wealth, and fame, and pleasure;
Only Jesus will I trust.
Only Jesus! only Jesus!
Only Jesus will I trust.

4.

Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,—
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
All for Jesus, crucified!

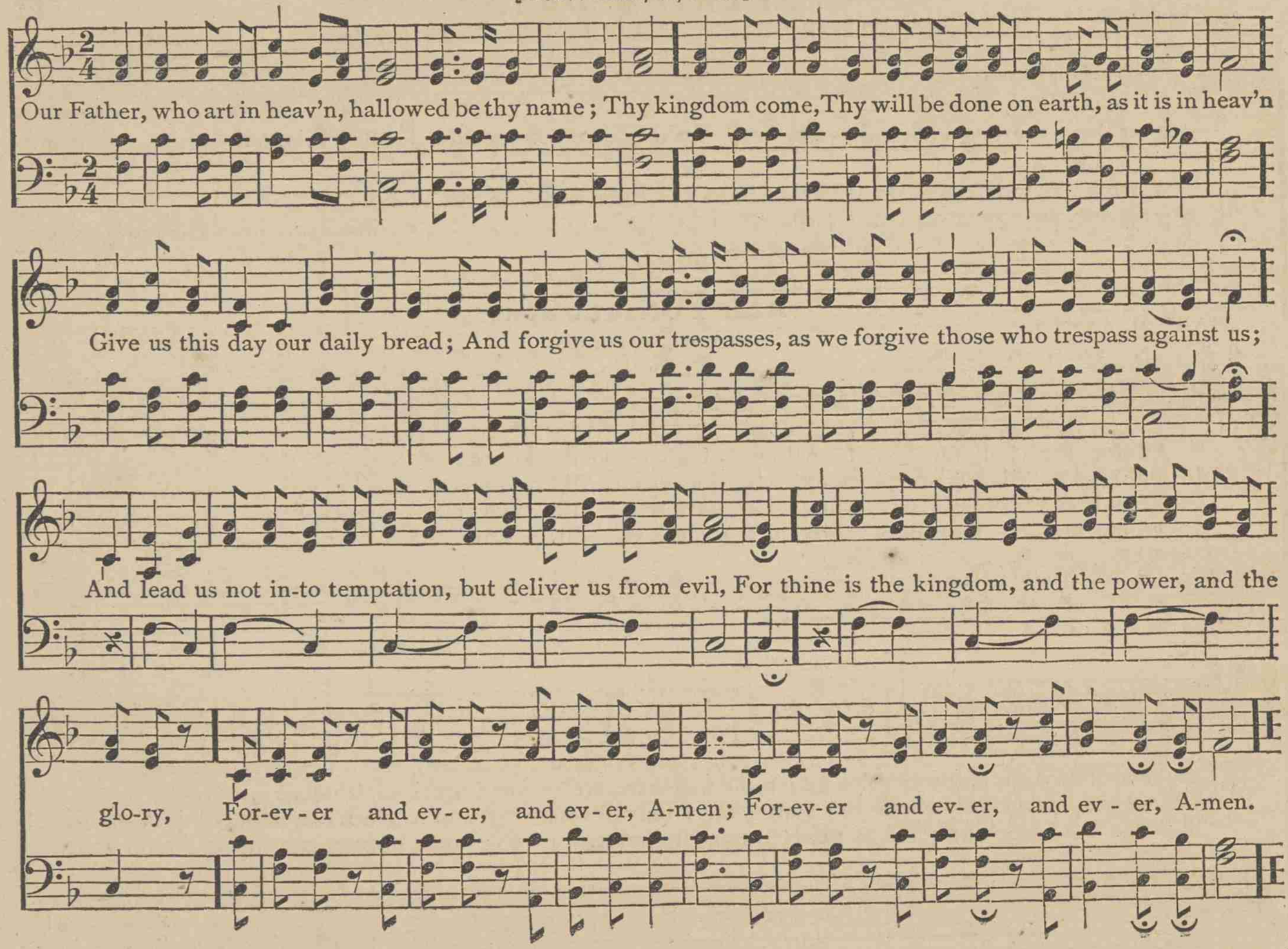
5

Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[Text: Matt, vi, 9—18.]

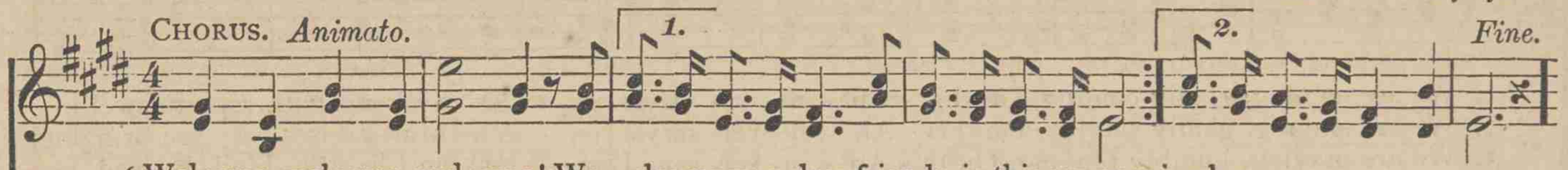
BAXTER.

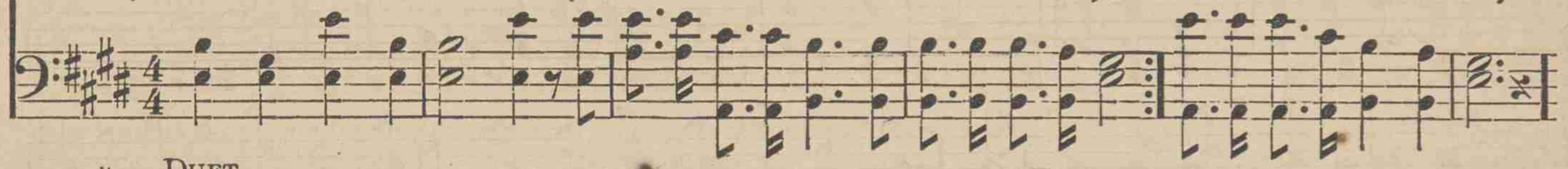
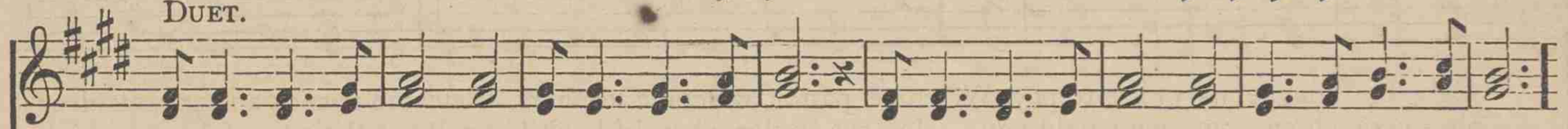
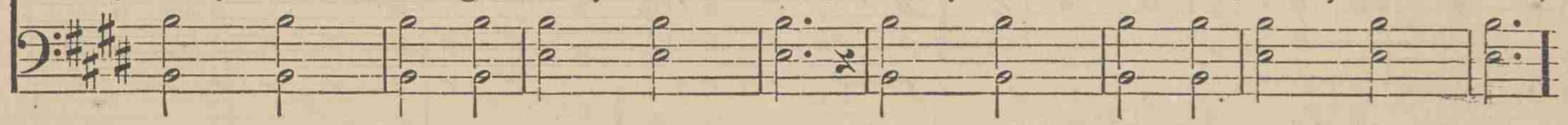
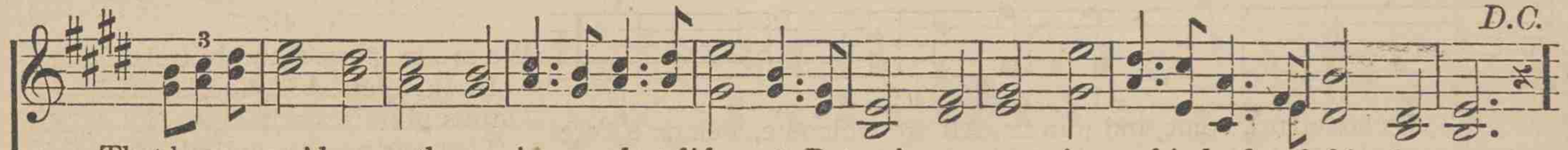
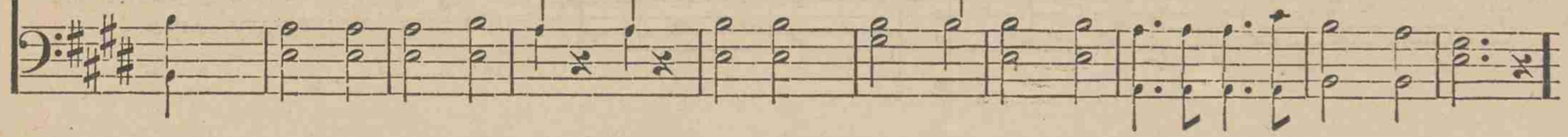


OPENING LAY.

ASA HULL. [Use Chorus before 1st verse only—after all the verses, without interludes.] ASA HULL.
From "Anniversary Hymns."

CHORUS. *Animato.*

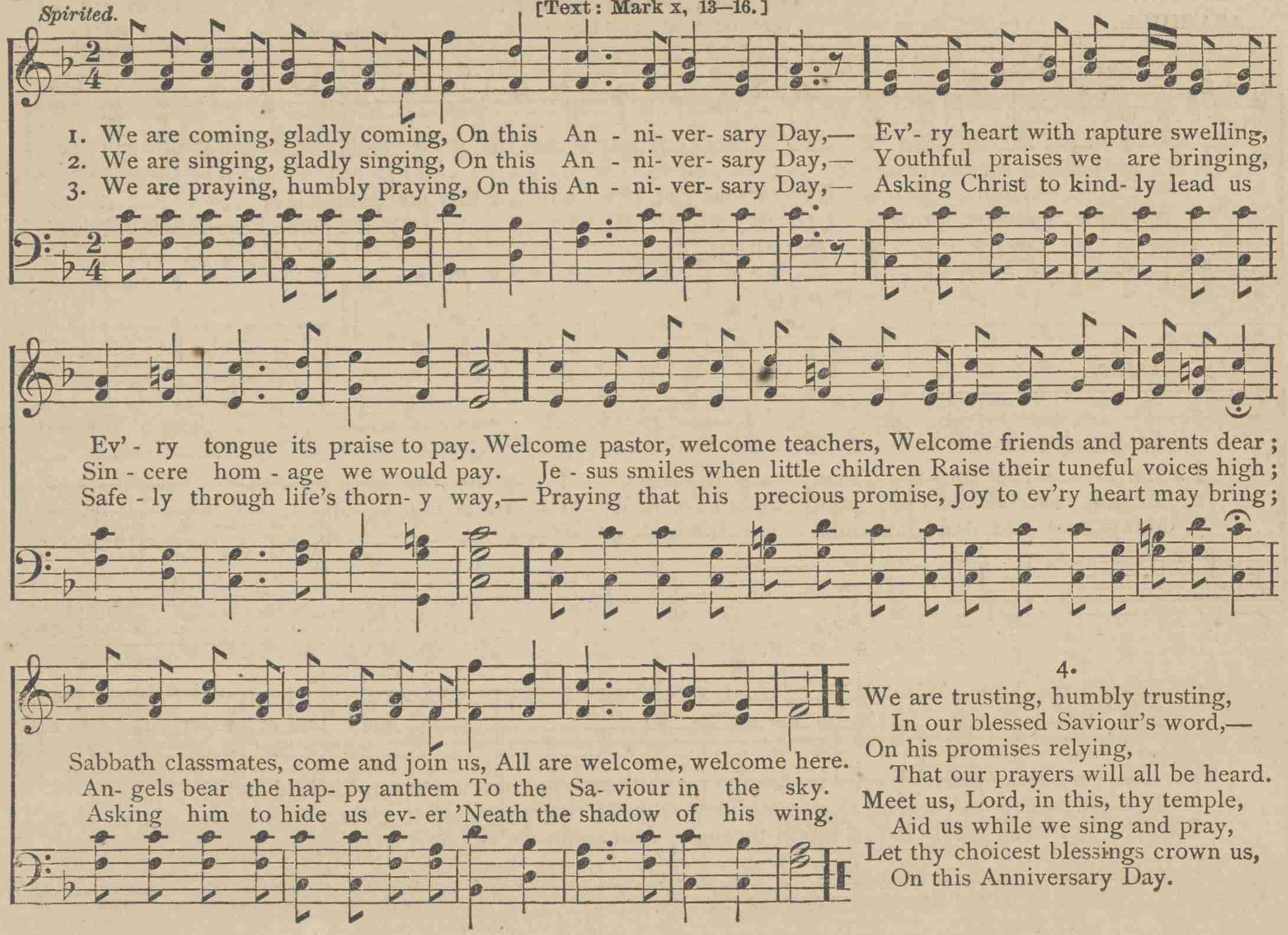


1. { Welcome, welcome, welcome! We welcome you, dear friends, in this our opening lay;
   { Welcome, welcome, welcome! (*Omit.* . . . . .) Welcome here this festal day!

DUET.

1. Many are the sor - rows, many are the tears, Ma - ny are the hopes, and ma - ny are the fears,
2. Many joys we've tast - ed, many hopes have fled, Many friends are numbered with the si - lent dead,
3. Many are the dan - gers, many are the snares, Ma - ny are the con - flicts, ma - ny are the cares,

That have cross'd our pathway since we last did meet; But we've come again, our kindred and friends to greet.
Since we met to cel - ebrate this festive day; But we've come again to greet you with our cheerful lay.
That the Lord has kindly led us safely through; And again we've come to celebrate this day with you.

COMING, GLADLY COMING.

A. ALLMUTH.

[Text: Mark x, 13—16.]

Spirited.



4.

We are trusting, humbly trusting,
In our blessed Saviour's word,—
On his promises relying,
That our prayers will all be heard.
Meet us, Lord, in this, thy temple,
Aid us while we sing and pray,
Let thy choicest blessings crown us,
On this Anniversary Day.

GREETING SONG.

[Text: Psalms c, 2.]

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Joyful hearts and smil-ing fa - ces, Gather in our school to-day; Loving words, and gentle mu - sic,
2. We are looking for thy presence, And we wait to hear thy voice; Long to hear thee, know thee, love thee,

CHORUS.

Mingle in our op'ning lay. Oh, lis-ten to the hap-py song of greet . . . ing, Sweetly
In thy love we would rejoice. Oh, lis-ten, etc. greet-ing, hap-py greet-ing,

sounding 'neath the dome; While in Jesus' name we bid thee welcome, Bid thee welcome to our Sabbath home.

3 Gently lead our hearts, O Jesus!
Help us, lest we go astray;
Teach us always to obey thee,
Guide us in the narrow way.—*Chorus.*

4 May the grace of God the Father,
And the Saviour's tender love;
With the blessed Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.—*Chorus.*

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WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

Copyright, 1876, by Asa Hull.

[Text: Rev. xi, 15.]

ASA HULL.

QUARTETTE.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o o'er the sea; Now is come the promised hour, Jesus

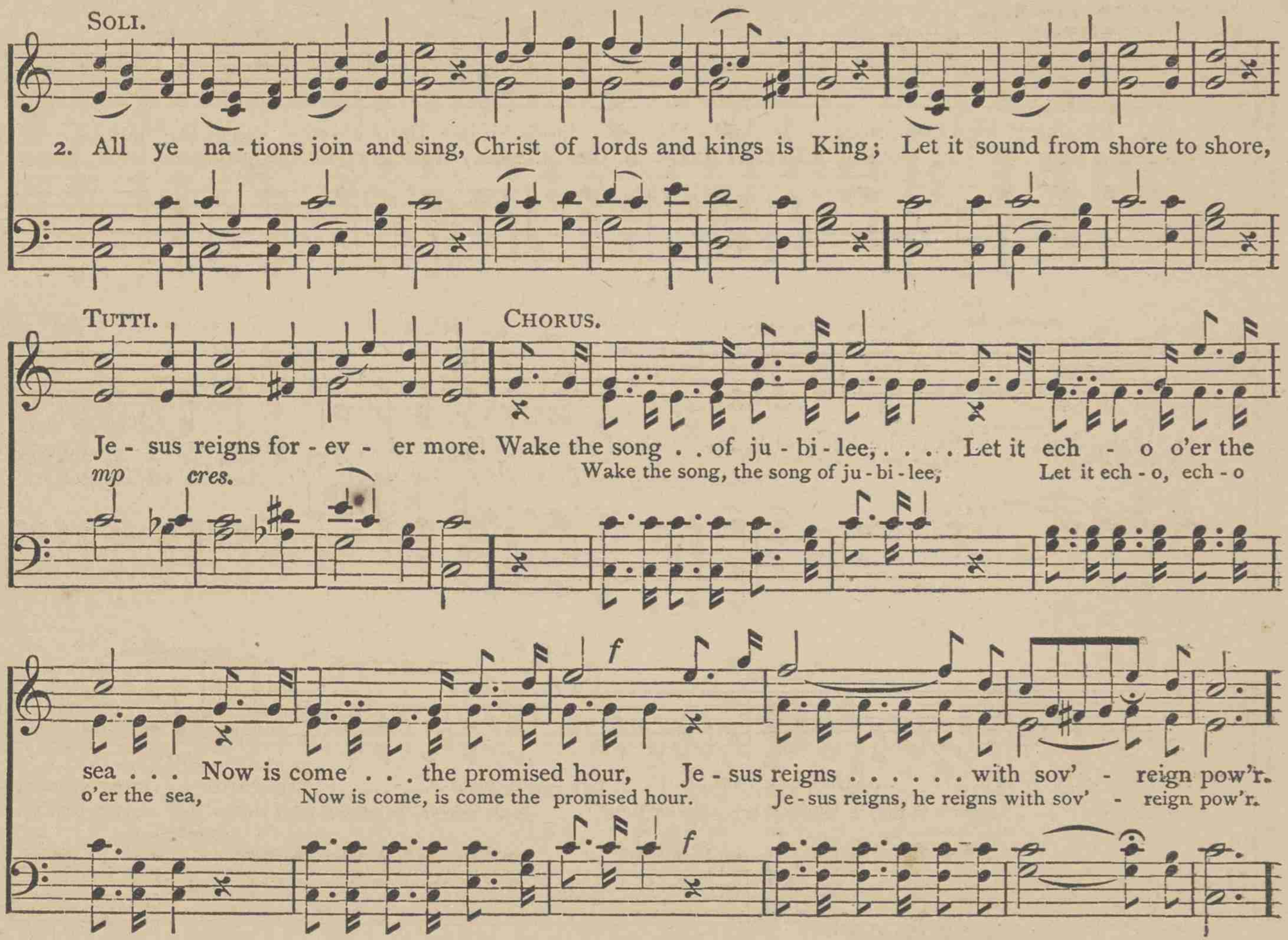
CHORUS.

reigns with sov' - reign pow'r. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - - o o'er the

Wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o, ech - o

sea; . . Now is come . . . the promised hour, Je - sus reigns . . . with sov' - reign pow'r,

o'er the sea; Now is come, is come the promised hour, Jesus reigns, he reigns with sov' - reign pow'r,


Soli.
2. All ye na - tions join and sing, Christ of lords and kings is King; Let it sound from shore to shore,
Tutti.
Chorus.
Je - sus reigns for - ev - er more. Wake the song . . of ju - bi - lee, ... Let it ech - o o'er the
Wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee, Let it ech - o, ech - o
mp
cres.
sea . . . Now is come . . . the promised hour, Je - sus reigns . . . . . with sov' - reign pow'r.
o'er the sea, Now is come, is come the promised hour. Je - sus reigns, he reigns with sov' - reign pow'r.
f
f

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE. Concluded.

SOPRANO SOLO.

3. Now the desert lands re-joice, And the is-lands join their voice; Yea, the whole cre-

ff TUTTI. CHORUS.

a-tion sings, Jesus is the King of kings. Wake the song of ju-bi-lee, Let it ech-o o'er the

Wake the song, the song of ju-bi-lee, Let it ech-o, ech-o

ff

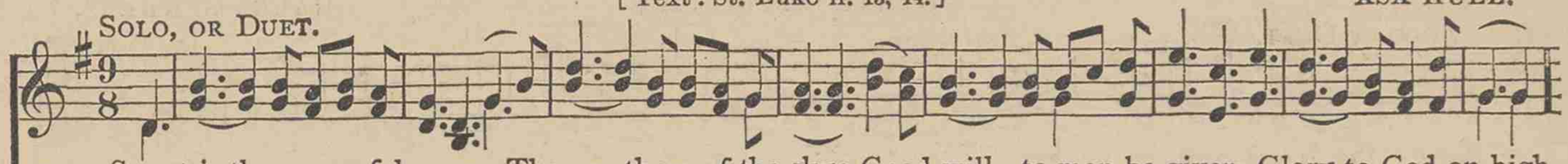
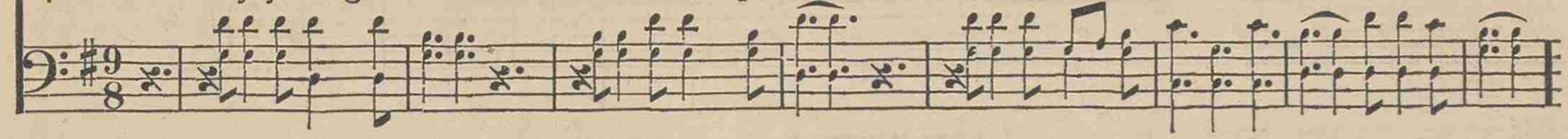
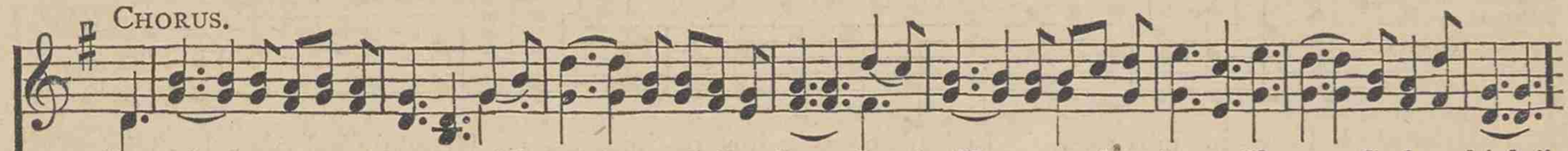
sea; . . Now is come . . the promised hour, Je-sus reigns . . . with sov'-reign pow'r.

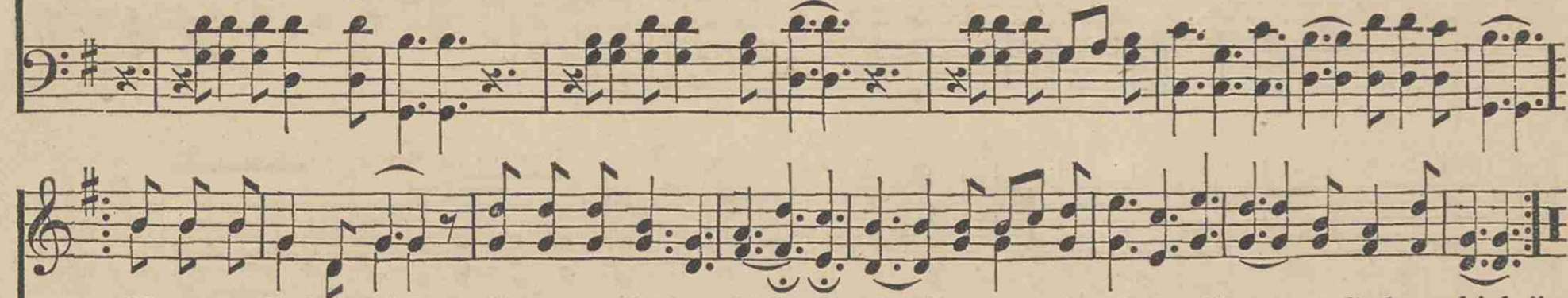
o'er the sea; Now is come, is come the promised hour, Jesus reigns, he reigns with sov'-reign pow'r.

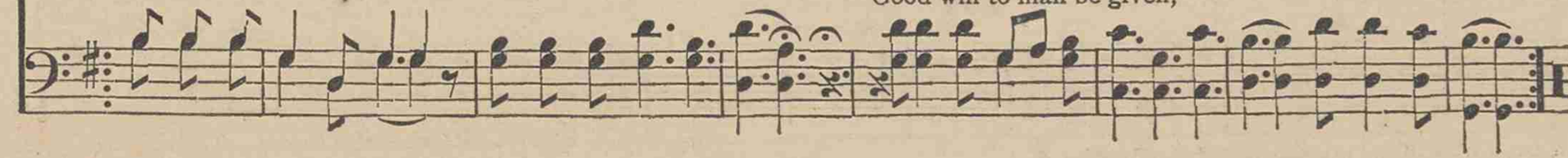
SWEET IS THE SONG OF HEAVEN.

[Text : St. Luke ii. 13, 14.]

ASA HULL.

SOLO, OR DUET.

1. Sweet is the song of heaven, The an - them of the sky; Good will to man be given, Glory to God on high.
2. While ev'ry heart rejoices, To sing of peace on earth; We'll tune our cheerful voices, To sing a Saviour's birth.
3. Publish the great salvation; Repeat the joyful strain, Through ev'ry land and nation, O'er ev'ry hill and plain.
4. Let notes of joy and gladness The cheerful strains prolong, Nor let one note of sadness Be mingled with the song.

CHORUS.

Sweet is the song of heaven, The anthem of the sky, "Good will to man be given, Glory to God on high."

Sweet is the song of heaven, The anthem of the sky; Good will to man be given,

"Glo-ry to God on high, Glo-ry to God on high; Good will to man be given, Glo-ry to God on high."

Good will to man be given,

THE ANGELIC CHOIR.

[Text: St. Luke ii, 13, 14.]

HARRY SANDERS.

SOLO or DUET.

* 1. Hark! what mean those holy voices, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th'angelic host re-joic-es,
2. Peace on earth, good will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found; Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,

FULL CHORUS.

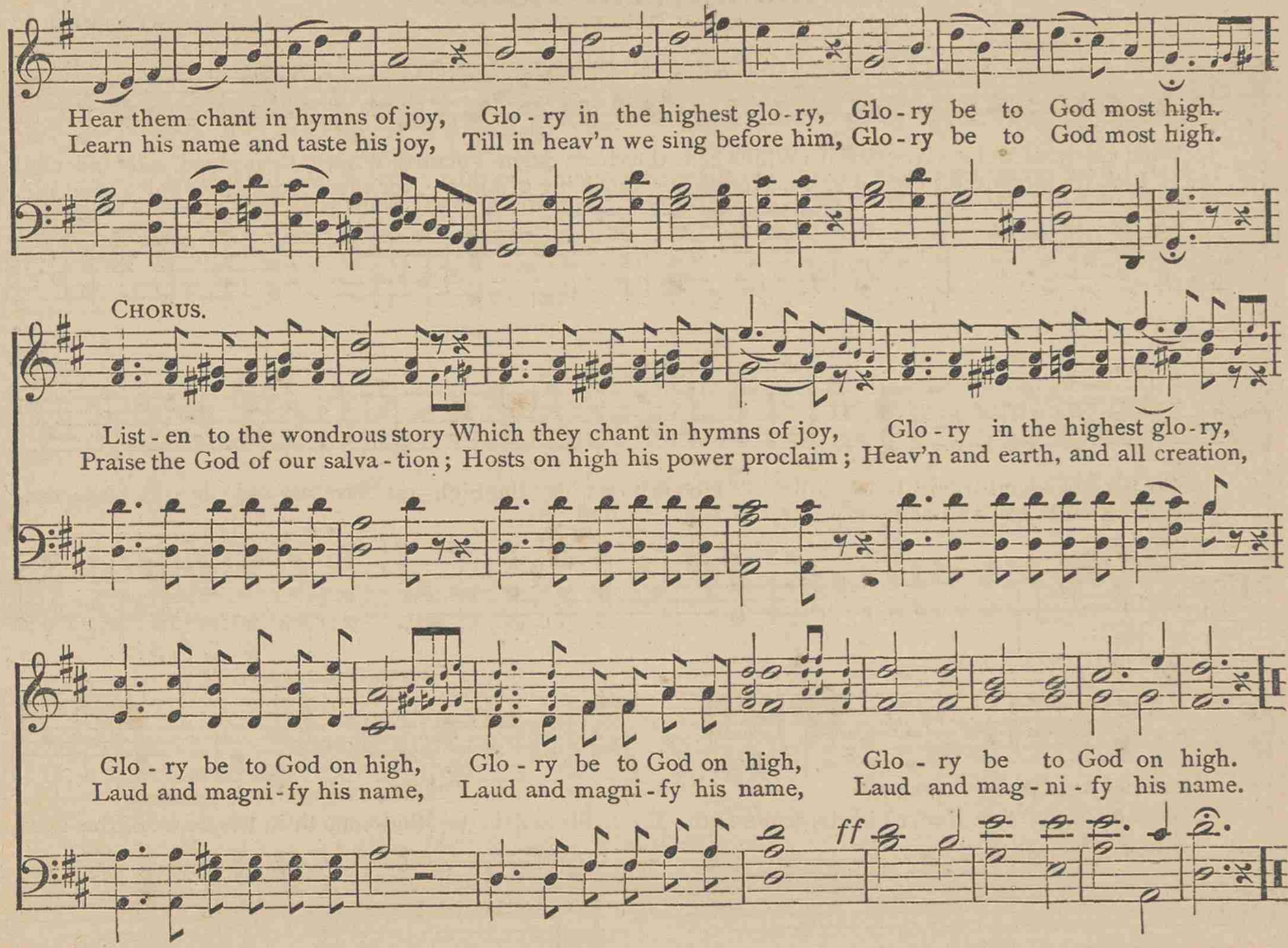
Heav'nly hal-le-lu-jahs rise. Lo! th' angel-ic host re-joic-es, Heav'nly hal-le-lu-jahs rise,
Loud our golden harps shall sound! Lo! th' angel-ic host, etc.

Heav'nly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

TENOR or SOPRANO SOLO.

Hear them tell the wondrous sto-ry,
Haste, ye mor-tals, to a-dore him,

*Play first eight measures as introduction.


Hear them chant in hymns of joy, Glo - ry in the highest glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high.
Learn his name and taste his joy, Till in heav'n we sing before him, Glo - ry be to God most high.
Chorus.
List - en to the wondrous story Which they chant in hymns of joy, Glo - ry in the highest glo - ry,
Praise the God of our salva - tion; Hosts on high his power proclaim; Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry be to God on high, Glo - ry be to God on high.
Laud and magni - fy his name, Laud and magni - fy his name, Laud and mag - ni - fy his name.
ff

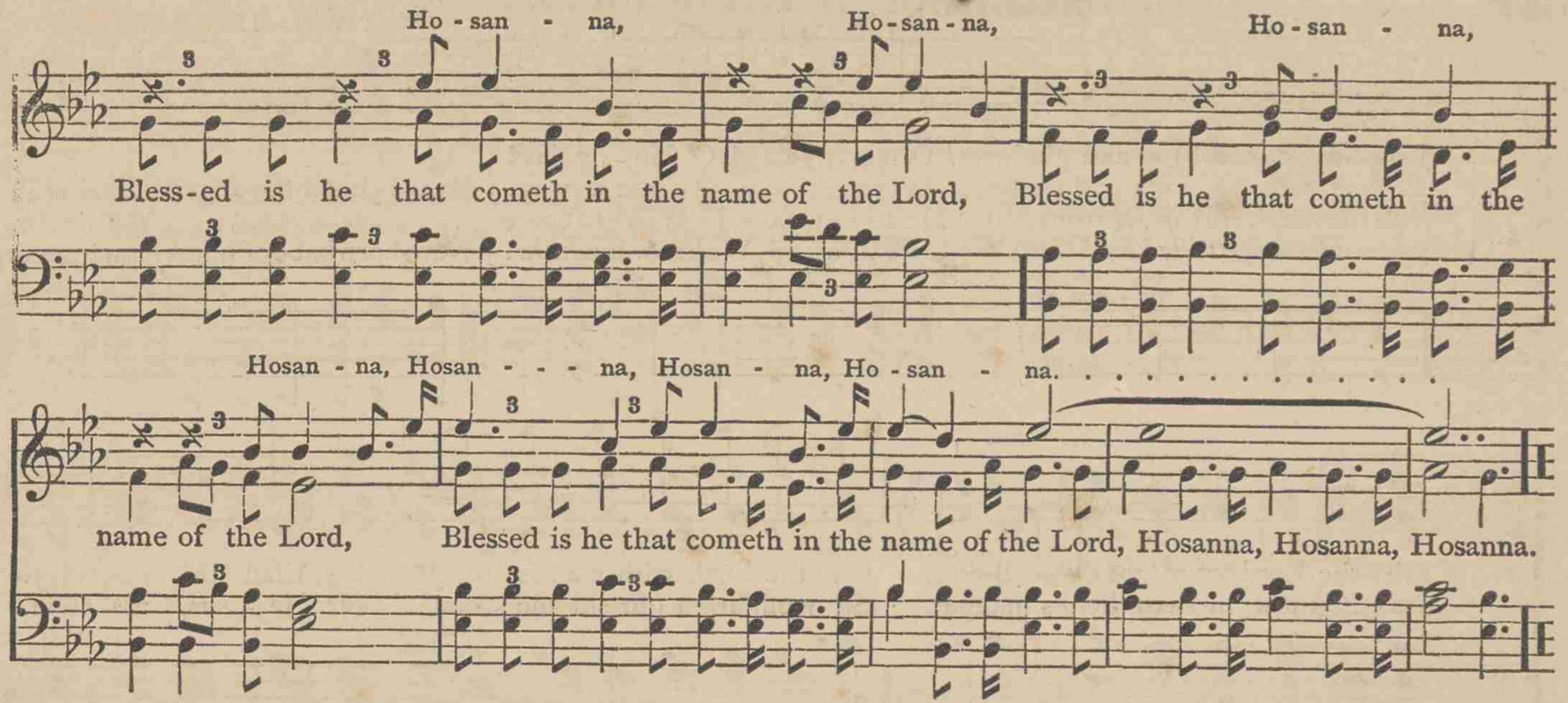
HOSANNA IN THE HIGHEST.

[Text: Matt. xxi, 9.] W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What are those soul-reviving strains Which echo thus from Salem's plains? What anthems loud, and louder still,
2. Lo! 'tis a youthful chorus sings, Hosanna to the King of kings; Nor these alone their voice shall raise,

CHORUS.

So sweetly sound from Zi-on's hill? Ho-san-na in the high-est, Ho-san-na in the high-est,
For we will join this song of praise.

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

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart:
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing hosanna too.—*Chorus.*

4 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear;
See David's Son and Lord appear!
All praise on earth to him be given,
And glory shout through highest heaven.—*Chorus.*

SECOND HYMN.

1 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murm'ring o'er the raptured soul.

2 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

3 "O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

4 He comes to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

JOY AND GLADNESS.—Christmas Anthem.

G. W. BETHUNE, D.D. [Text: St. Luke ii, 10.] ASA HULL.

First time Soprano Solo, repeat as a Quartette.

SEMI-CHORUS.

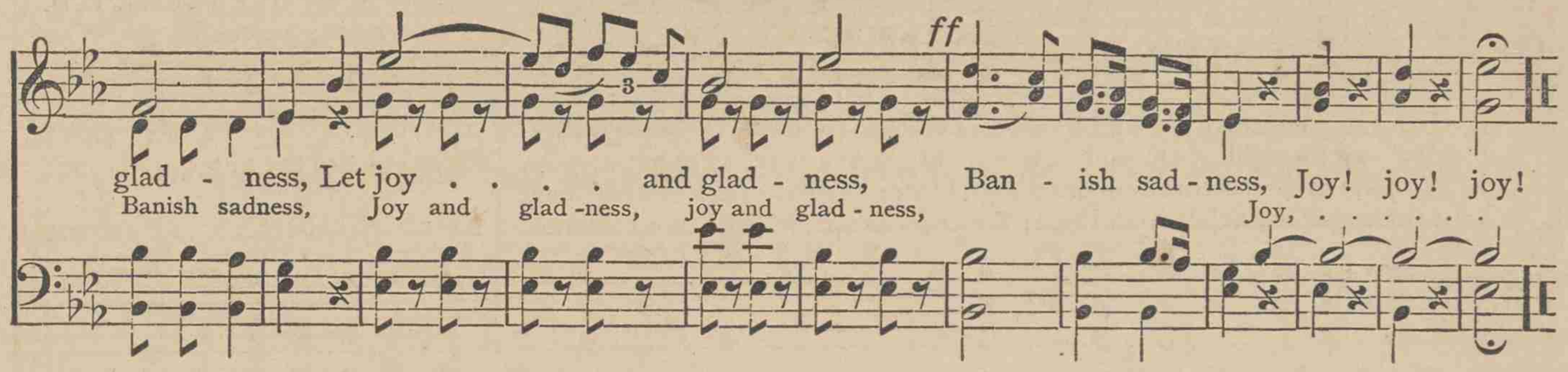
1. Joy and gladness! joy and gladness! O hap-py day! O hap-py day!
Ev'-ry thought of sin and sadness, O chase a-way, O chase a-way. Heard ye not the angels tell-ing;

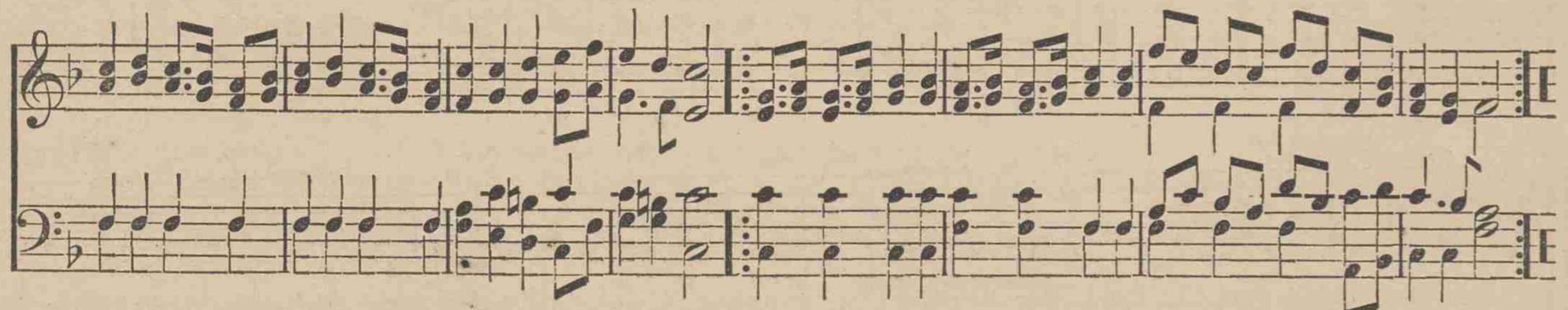
2. With the shepherd throng around him, Haste we to bow, Haste we to bow;
By the angel's sign they found him; We know him now, We know him now. New-born babe of houseless stranger,

Christ the Lord, of might ex-cell-ing, On the earth with man is dwell-ing, Clad in our clay.
Cra-dled low in Bethl'hem's manger, Sa-viour from our sin and dan-ger, Je-sus, 'tis thou.

FULL CHORUS.

Joy! joy! joy! Let joy . . . . and glad-ness, Let joy . . . . . and
Let joy, ... joy and glad-ness, joy and glad-ness, joy and glad-ness,

JOY AND GLADNESS. Concluded.

3 Thou wert born to tears and sorrows,
Pilgrim divine;
Watchful nights and weary morrows,
Brother, were thine;
By thy fight with strong temptation,
By thy cup of tribulation,
O thou God of our salvation,
With mercy shine!—*Chorus.*

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
:‖: Oh, refresh us, :‖:
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
:‖: May thy presence :‖:
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
:‖: May we ever :‖:
Reign with Christ in endless day.

CAROL, CHRISTIANS, CAROL.

[Text: St. Luke ii, 11.]

W. A. MUHLENBERG. D.D.

DUET.

Car - ol, Christians, carol, car - ol joy-ful - ly, Car-ol the good tidings, Car-ol mer - ri - ly;

CHORUS.

Car - ol, Christians, carol, car - ol joy - ful - ly, Car-ol the good tidings, Car-ol mer - ri - ly;

FINE.

And pray a gladsome Christmas For all good Christian men; Carol, Christians, carol, Christmas day again.

SOLO or DUET. *Andante.*

1. Car - ol, but with gladness, Not in songs of earth: On the Saviour's birthday, Hallowed be our mirth.
2. At the mer - ry table, Think of those who've none, Th' orphan and the widow, Hungry and a - lone.
3. List'ning an gel mu - sic, Dis-cord sure must cease; Who dare hate his brother, On this day of peace?
4. Let our hearts, responding To the ser - aph band, Wish for cheering sunshine, Bright in ev' - ry land.

p *f* *ff* *D. C. to Cho.*

While a thousand blessings Fill our hearts with glee, Christmas day we'll keep, The feast of char - i - ty.
Boun-ti - ful your off'rings To the al - tar bring, Let the poor and needy, Christmas car - ols sing.
While the heav'ns are telling To mankind good will, On - ly love and kindness, Ev - 'ry bos - om fill.
Word, and deed, and pray'r, Speed the grateful sound, Tell - ing mer - ry Christmas All the world a - round.

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